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## **The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 22, No. 2 October, 1940**

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# *The Wisconsin* **OCTOPUS**



October

15 cents



# EXTRA DISTANCE IN HIS DRIVES— EXTRAS IN HIS CIGARETTE

YES, LARRUPING  
LAWSON LITTLE—NATIONAL  
OPEN CHAMPION—PREFERS  
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES  
THE "EXTRAS"—  
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS



I TURNED TO CAMELS  
FOR  
EXTRA MILDNESS  
AND FOUND SEVERAL  
OTHER SWELL EXTRAS, TOO,  
INCLUDING EXTRA SMOKING.  
SLOWER BURNING  
SURE IS THE TICKET  
FOR  
STEADY SMOKING

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

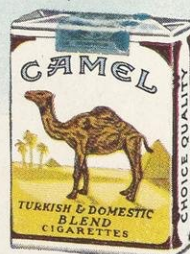
WATCH OUT, PAR—here comes *Little!* No, Lawson Little is never content unless he can better par . . . in his golf . . . in his cigarette. "I want *all* the mildness I can get in my cigarette," he says. "Camels burn slower and give me extra mildness. And Camels also give me something else I never found before—flavor that doesn't tire my taste." Yes, Camels give all the qualities you want plus an extra measure of each. The extra flavor of costlier tobaccos preserved by slower burning. The natural mildness and coolness of costlier tobaccos plus freedom from the irritating qualities of too-fast burning. And on top of *extra pleasure*—Camels give extra value (see panel at right).

YOU WATCH that ball go screaming off the tee and you shake your head. *How* does he do it? Form, timing, power, wrist action, control . . . he has them all—but Lawson Little has that *extra measure* of each which makes the difference between a good golfer and a champion. Just as the *extras* in his cigarette . . . Camel . . . make the difference between smoking and smoking pleasure at its best.

**EXTRA** MILDNESS  
**EXTRA** COOLNESS  
**EXTRA** FLAVOR

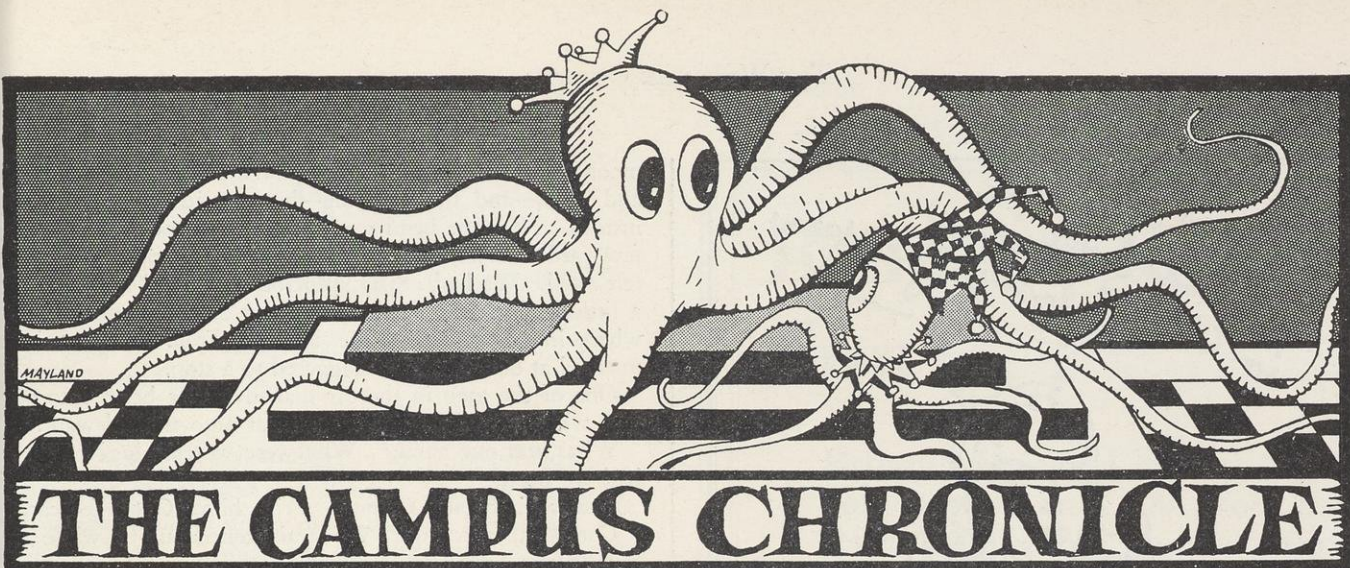
In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower* than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK!**



**GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS**  
**THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS**





WE RECENTLY met an interesting woman who had made a tour of Russia—modern Russia under the Stalin regime. She had a speaking knowledge of Russian, but she didn't tell the interpreter or the guide—who spoke only Russian—when she was being shown a Russian university with a group of tourists.

"And this building is the university dormitory," the interpreter said—translating the guide's pronouncements.

"The men's dormitory?" asked one of the tourists, an American woman.

"Well—," the guide hesitated a second. "Yes. The men live here."

"Where do the women live?" this tourist asked.

The interpreter repeated the question to the guide and grinned.

"My God!" he said in Russian. "What am I going to tell them now?"

### Telephones

We're tired of hearing about the coldness and indifference of this modern industrial age. We're sick of hearing about Franksteins being caught in the cogs of their own machinery. Take, for instance, the telephone.

We love the telephone.

Sitting in our offices late one night we were stumped for the correct spelling of the name of the one-time top gallant jazz singer who nasalated "*My Time Is Your Time*," and himself, deeply into the heart of many an admirer. We tried to picture pre-depression theater bills, we looked through

our meager library and ended up paging madly through a stack of old magazines we found in a dusty corner.

"Does it have two *l*'s and an *e*, or is it one *l* and two *e*'s," we muttered. It was long past midnight and there wasn't a chance to look it up.

Then we noticed it.

There, quietly, in sombre negrito, our telephone seemed to bow. We snatched it up and asked the lady, "How do you spell Vallee?"

"V-a-l . . . —just a minute," came back to us; then a few seconds later, "I'm not sure—I could only guess."

We hung up and continued to pace, but were interrupted by the sharp bell of the telephone again.

The operator, being just as curious as ourselves, had asked several people and they all agreed that it was spelled with two *l*'s and two *e*'s.

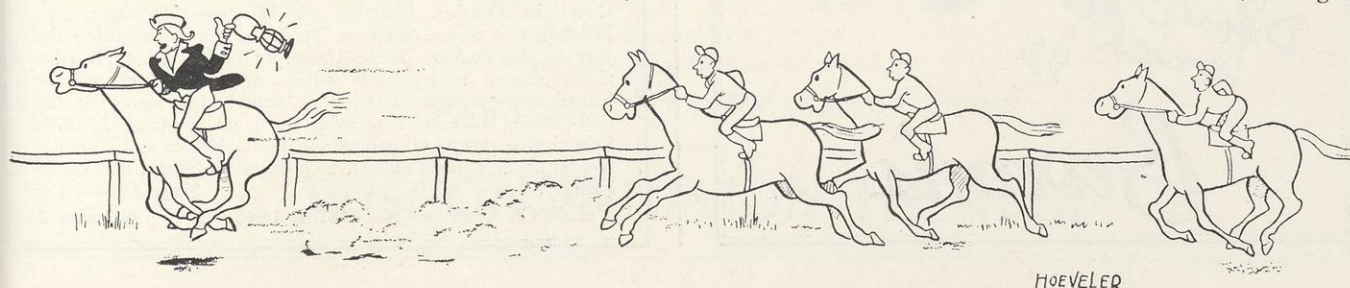
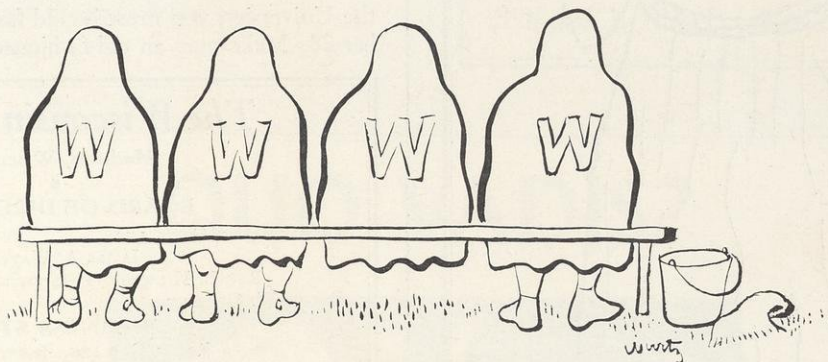
We'll never say nasty things about the telephone service again — nor

will we kick or drop our telephone on the floor.

### Midnight Reckoning

We don't usually give way to our emotions, that is, when people are watching. Sometimes in the dark we are carried away, but we've been rather discreet. We've been disappointed so often.

A couple of nights ago, for instance, we were sauntering down Langdon after a date. We were almost bloated with happiness and talking to ourselves; we always talk to ourselves when we are happy. There was music somewhere, and the sky was a soft diamond studded blue; a bright



HOEVELER



Jump into the  
swing of things  
in this jersey jumper



as  
sketched  
at Baron's  
by  
Dolores  
Lamich '42

Baron's

moon rolled along the tree tops. We began to feel healthy and glad,—and like fighting—but we just walked faster instead. Near the bend we broke into a trot and within a few yards we were whipping along at a snappy pace. We felt swell. We had nearly spent ourselves and were feeling a little foolish and thinking of Lew Ayres running somewhere in *All Quiet on the Western Front* when a siren moaned at our side. We staggered to a stop.

One of the men in the car maneuvered a beam into our face while another man stepped out onto the sidewalk.

What was our name? Why were we running? Where had we been?

How's his breath, Clancy? Frisk him. Got a fee card?

Come on, talk, Bud. We straightened our tie while we caught our breath, and talked.

We had a pleasant guttural chat. They agreed to take it easy if we admitted we had been behaving suspiciously. We did, and Clancy lowered his voice by way of an apology. We offered them cigarettes and smoked while they turned out to be nice fellows. They left suddenly on a detective's hunch in the midst of an interesting history of Langdon street robberies.

We walked home slowly, a little shaky.

### There Are Certainties

Though you can not be sure you are among the 50 per cent of freshmen who will obtain degrees, it is good to know that there are a *few* certainties. True to his name, Stephen Early, secretary to FDR, announces that Thanksgiving will be celebrated officially on Thursday, November 21. If, like the University, you must be old-fashioned, there is November 28. Make ours an old-fashioned, please.

## The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XXII

OCTOBER, 1940

Number 2



## Death

YESTERDAY at eve I was strolling in the copse behind my little Connecticut farmhouse. The birds were chirping, the sun was setting, night was on the rise. Death is like this.

Today at dawn I was strolling in the copse behind my little Connecticut farmhouse. The sun's rays had just begun to slither down through the foliage, and the calm was utter. Death is like this.

At noon I was walking down 42nd St in New York City. The din of traffic was deafening as an explosion. I was almost run over by a town car. Death is like this.

This afternoon I attended a political rally. Mr. Willkie was speaking. Instead of applause there was silence. Death is like this.

Before me now I see a black form, in a Dracula cloak. He draws a dagger from its folds, and advances toward me. Death!

—P. B.

## Reading for Fun . . .

Brown's Rental Library gives you more than 1,500 good, interesting, recent books from which to select an evening of royal entertainment.

*Rates are only 3c per day; 10c minimum; with no deposit required.*

**BROWN'S**  
**BOOK SHOP**  
STATE AT LAKE STREET

## QUO VADIS?



To the Theater, of course!  
To see, in good time—

- *Stage Door*  
Oct. 23, 24, 25, 26
- *The Concert*  
Nov. 6, 7, 8, 9

- *Knightsbridge*  
Dec. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14
- *Family Portrait*  
Mar. 5, 6, 7, 8

- *George and Margaret*  
Mar. 19, 20, 21, 22
- *The Beggar's Opera*  
April 8, 9, 10, 12

AND THE PRICE FOR ALL SIX  
—just \$1.50, \$2, or \$2.50 for the season!

WISCONSIN PLAYERS' PRODUCTIONS

IN THE

**WISCONSIN UNION THEATER**





Bad breath made Cora at each Ball  
A hapless flower (species: wall).  
But she tried Pep-O-Mints, and, sir!,  
Men stand in line to dance with her.



**MORAL:** Everybody's breath offends now  
and then. Let Life Savers sweet-  
en and refresh your breath after  
eating, drinking, and smoking.

## LIFE SAVERS

WHAT IS THE BEST JOKE YOU HEARD THIS MONTH?

The editors award a handsome carton of Life Savers to the person submitting the funniest gag of the month.

This month's lucky winner is none other than:

TOM DETTLING . 145 IOTA COURT

Tom's stinker is:

"If at first you don't succeed, try a little ardor."

## COLLEGE HUMOR CONTEST

**10 FREE 10**  
**PASSES**

TO

**MODE THEATRE**  
**WATERLOO**

20 Miles East of Madison on 19

### RULES

To the first TEN STUDENTS who assemble the following words to the picture it represents EACH will receive ONE PASS to the MODE THEATRE

SUNDAY-MONDAY, OCT. 20-21

Loretta Young . Melvin Douglas

IN

"FFRREEAAOHDSTKBYTEA"

## According to the Records

### The Popular



WE ARE very much in favor of Decca's new albums, for instance Count Basie's, containing five of the most satisfying piano solos of the time. "Oh, Red," "The Fives," "Boogie Woogie," "How Long, How Long Blues," "Fare the Honey, Fare Thee Well," "Hey, Lawdy Mama," "The Dirty Dozens," and "Dupree Blues" are all tasty enough to make you happy. But especially we want to offer plaudits to "Red Wagon" and, for something out of the ordinary, "When the Sun Goes Down." We have always been biased on the "Count" but now even more so. You'll be proud to own one of these snappy colorfully lithographed albums, we know.

In another Decca album (No. A-149) we heard Hildgarde singing Vernon Duke's songs but found them quite quiet. They are nice and restrained if you like it that way. Take this one home to the folks.

Dick Robertson's rendition of "On A Simmery Summery Day" is fine. We heard it in a country tavern this summer and couldn't rest until we possessed it. For us it rings the bell on both sides; we think "Ferryboat Serenade"—on the turnover, is damn good. DECCA.

The Merry Macs do a refreshing version on "Red Wing"—the old cobby favorite. "Dry Bones," on the backside, bored us. We think the author ought to try for a few more lyrics. DECCA.

"Come and Get It," by Glen Gray, is what we applaud for real, honest-to-goodness, solid rhythm. On the other side, "Mirage," is a nice easy-going bit of instrumentation. DECCA.

The old legendary Hussy-Bessie of the south is immortalized by Woody Herman in his "Bessie's Blues." We'll gladly hang a blue ribbon on this spinner. "Music by the Moon," another Woody Herman creation and rendition, is as good as any B-side should be. DECCA.

"Night Hop," by Benny Carter, keeps right on going—and gets there for us. We like it for its purity and body. "O. K. for Baby" sort of runs over on the sides but is tolerable. DECCA.

YOU HAVE probably noticed that Columbia's low-priced records, formerly called *Vocalion*, are now being stamped with a new label with the trade mark *Okey*. We don't know why, but we remember some old records in the family phonograph with that label. Beside changing the name new artists have been added.

### SEXTET FROM "LUCIA"

Done by Johnny Kirby and his Orchestra, this jazze! up classic is pretty good. We might even say that it managed somehow to creep in under our national aversion to such things. Maybe we liked this clean-cut version for its absence of the usual blasphemous take-offs. On the other side "*Frasquita Serenade*" is a second helping. *Okey*

### AT A DIXIE ROADSIDE DINER

This is a dandy disking done up in fine style. Unlike some of the releases last spring by another company, this number takes it a little easier. We were a little weary of



## THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



the Duke's more strenuous works—they sounded like the instruments were going to break or burn up. For our part we prefer them like this; we still like the horns in their natural range. "*My Greatest Mistake*," on the back side, is plaintive. Ivie Anderson's singing graces both sides. Victor "I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN"

The top-gallant Decca release of the month is this Ink Spot rendition. We fairly float out the window upon hearing it. There is no getting around the fact that these boys have one of the most appealing unique styles of our time. We laugh and cry with these guys. Be sure to add this platter to your collection. On the flipover, "*I Could Make You Care*." Decca "LOVE LIES"

Francis Langford really does a fine job on this one. We were particularly intrigued by the smooth tasteful accompaniment by Victor Young. "*And so do I*" in the Langford style is a number that will buzz around in your head for days. Lordy, this is tremendous, A-1 and tops. Decca. If you don't like the sweet sentimental version we suggest you try Larry Clinton on Bluebird. Of course we don't have to say much about old Larry except that it's nice to get him for 35c instead of the old six-bit outlay. "*Love Lies*" and "*I May Be Wrong*" make up the Clinton-Bluebird release. "CINCO HIJOS"—Juajira Son

Here is something really unusual in Xavier Cugat's repertoire. You'll be surprised to hear this record commence with a nifty dialogue. We don't know, and care less, what it is aside from the fact that it creates a nice Latin atmosphere. If you turn the record over you will find "*Tenare*"—Guaracha Son there. Victor —F.F.

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**STATIONERY**

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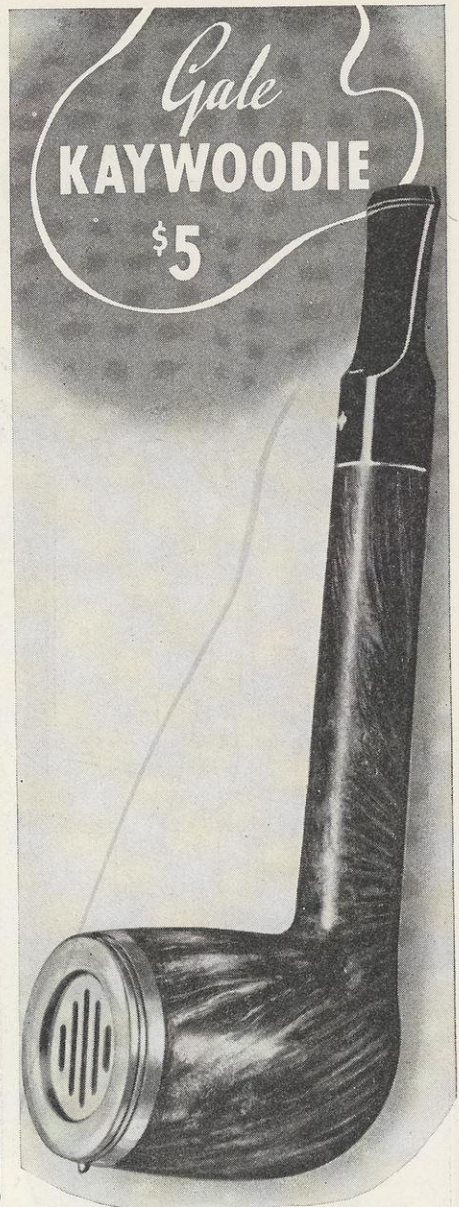
**STUDENT BOOK  
EXCHANGE**

712 STATE

WE . GIVE . REBATES



**P**AUL ROBESON, lusty Negro baritone, whose singing of "A Ballad for Americans" and "Ol' Man River" is classic in Americana music annals, opens the Wisconsin Union concert series, Oct. 21, in the Wisconsin Union theater. Robeson will be followed by pianist Egon Petri in November; violinist Anatol Kaminsky; buxom, lieder-singing Lotte Lehmann, soprano of the Metropolitan opera who renounced her native Germany for America; and equally buxom Dorothy Maynor.



### The Outdoor Pipe that operates perfectly

This pipe you've just got to have. The "watch-case" top keeps the wind from tearing into the pipe-bowl and "emptying" it. Protects the briar (and your clothing) from burning. The slotted grill controls the draft perfectly, and slides back sideways for filling and emptying. The whole pipe is trim as a watch and tight as a clam—



makes all other covered pipes like the Gay Nineties. The smartest thing for hunting, fishing, sailing, motoring. Many shapes, at dealers. Shown above, No. 04.

*Yours for the asking: Pipe-Smoker's Almanac  
21 interesting facts about pipes*

**KAYWOODIE COMPANY**

Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue, New York  
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# C. W. ANDERES CO.

at the University Co-op

*You never have to wait for  
new Varsity-Town fashions*



## Varsity-Town's COLLEGE CORD SUITS AND TOPPERS HAVE ARRIVED

... 'way ahead of time. Originally scheduled for 1941, Varsity-Town released this grand fabric idea for you to enjoy this Fall. The College Cord Suit in the "DRAPERTOWN NOTCH 3" model with its hand-needled edges, and the College Cord Topper with its Highland Trim plaid lining. Now all alibis for not looking your smartest are cancelled.

**\$35**

## Problems

I'D GIVE all I have, whate'er it may be,  
All worldly goods, from here to the  
sea,  
To end what they call an aching heart,  
To finish this hell I'd do my part.  
But how can I manage when deep  
down inside  
This same old desire just won't abide?  
Why did you, my dear, have to come in  
And spoil my life ere it could begin?  
You don't give a damn, I know it too  
well,  
And I wish I were able to tell  
you to go to hell—  
But I can't!

—J.M.G.

"Ah wins."  
"What yuh got?"  
"Three aces."  
"No yuh don't. Ah wins."  
"What yuh got?"  
"Two eights and a razor."  
"Yuh sho do. How cum yuh so  
lucky?"

## Surprise Her!

Send her a large  
'MUM' to wear  
at the next game  
... complete with  
Cardinal ribbons

35c - 50c - 75c

## Rentschler's

230 STATE ST.

BADGER 177



## The Cardinal Reports . . .

### MAINE REPUBLICAN ENROLLS AT U. of W.

A tumultuous crowd of three passers-by madly cheered, in a quite audible whisper, the arrival here last night of Matchcrick Spavin, freshman from Maine. Matchcrick, it was evident to this reporter, intended to enroll at the University.

"I wanted to go to college. Wisconsin has a college. It has also got Heil. So, ha, ha, I came here," he declared to his admirers.

The arrival of Spavin was heraded enthusiastically by the better campus circles. "As Maine goes—," a representative of Mace said, wittingly expressing the general feeling.

"We're happy about the whole thing," Meier, Palmer, and Short chanted over suds at Fred's when they heard the stirring news.

Cardinal editors predict a brilliant

journalistic career for the freshman Republican, who modestly admits that he was paste-editor of the Bangor high school annual.

The Cardinal received the Pacemaker award last year, which places it among the four best college dailies in the country. The Cardinal is, of course, by virtue of the Pacemaker award it received last year, one of the four best college papers in the country, America, God bless it; that is, land of the free, in which the Cardinal became the best college paper on the Wisconsin campus, where there is Mace, and a new dating bureau.

"I am so very happy," Spavin told this reporter. "I had been warned that Wisconsin had a barbaric atmosphere; but here I am, hardly arrived, and I feel the conservative friendliness of the place already!"

—B. B.

PLEASE

## NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

*which safely*

## STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



39¢ a jar

Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars

# ARRID



25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold . . . Try a jar today—at any store which sells toilet goods.

TRIAL JAR: Send 10 cents (stamps or coins) or a generous size jar of Arrid to Carter Products Inc., 40 Park Place, New York City.



## DOWN WENT McGINTY—

*but he's out of the dog house now!*



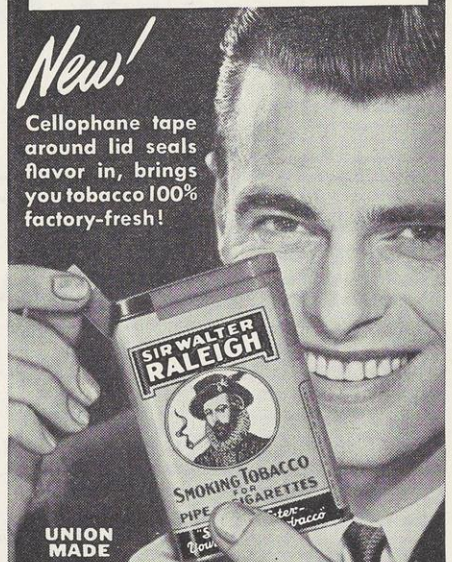
"SURE AND IT'S good riddance to an ugly-smellin' pipe!" snapped Mrs. McGinty, dropping the pipe into the water. Quick as an Irish temper, down went McGinty after it!



"NICE WORK, MISTER!" said a younglad on the dock. "But you better smoke a mildertobacco to stay out of the 'dog house'. Try the world's best-smelling blend of burleys!"

*New!*

Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION  
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**Tune in UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**  
Every Tuesday night—NBC Red network.  
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience



Wisconsin's  
1940  
HOMECOMING  
BALL

SATURDAY, NOV. 2

*Informal Dancing 9-12*

TO

THE MUSIC

*of one of the nation's most popular  
dance bands*

WHO WILL IT BE?  
YEHOUDI!?

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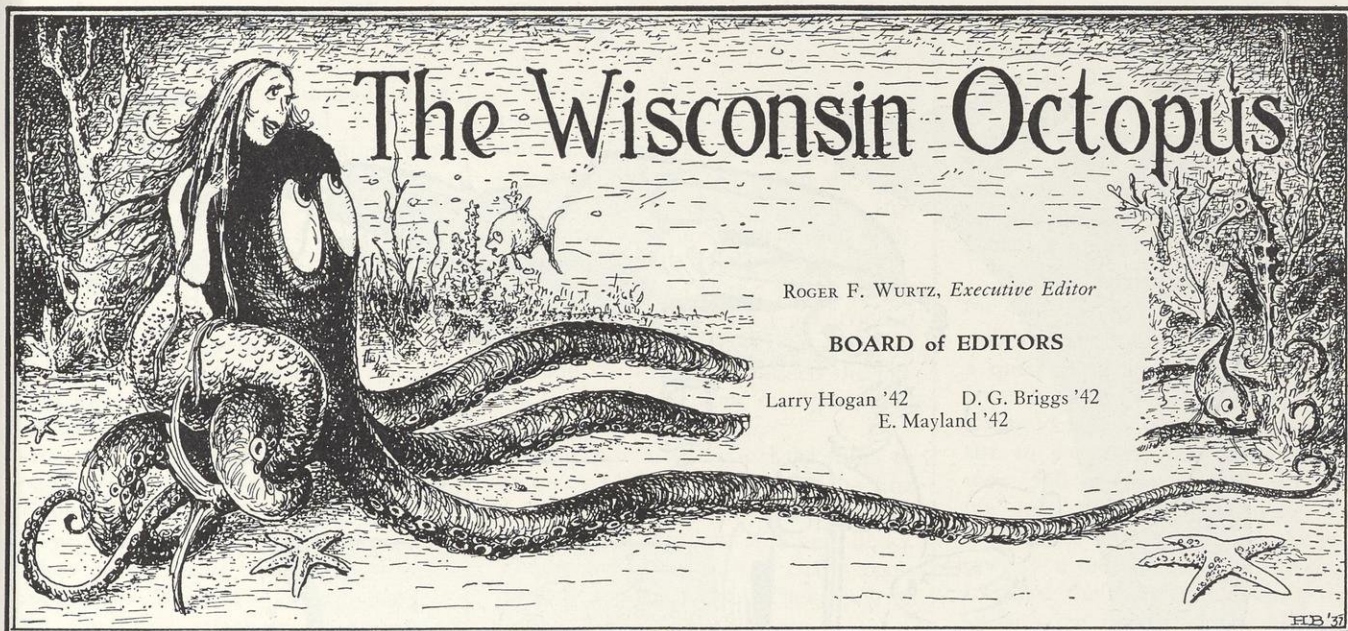
OLD GRADS MEET IN TRIPP COMMONS

dancing to

HYE LOWE AND HIS BAND

THE "CAN'T-MISS" AFFAIR OF THE WEEKEND





ROGER F. WURTZ, *Executive Editor*

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E. Mayland '42

Volume XXII

OCTOBER, 1940

Number 2

## On Second Thought

**L**HOUGH the Cardinal has swallowed the myth whole, we remain just a little skeptical of the alleged rejuvenation of Langdon St. by Mace. Kiekhofer's wall, we've noticed, still reads, "Yea, Minnesota—Hell Wisconsin!"

Sinclair Lewis, as well as the Dykstras, will hold student open house receptions this term. At least we should be able to discover which is more popular, the pen or . . .

Scratched into a corner post of the Villa Maria veranda is the French inscription, "AVIS! CHIENNES FOLLES." Our translator informs us that the line doesn't mean, as we at first thought, "Warning! Mad Dogs."

A Soviet envoy is here to regain American "friendliness;" Italy will slip us some British territory if we stay out of the war; England would gladly have the Dutch give us their East Indies. Everybody does love a fat man.

We're beginning to believe Roosevelt really meant that every citizen must sacrifice for defense. Even Dykstra must take another cut.

Tokio, it appears, is just as afraid to admit that it's afraid to state that it's afraid of war as we are to admit we're aware that there's a "situation."

Willkie asks Pres. Roosevelt whether he contemplates a fourth term. Somebody page Chairman Hamilton—there's defeatism in the ranks!

Reds win World Series—Dies or no Dies.

John Steuart Curry, we discover, used ten dozen eggs in the Kansas mural. Those highway signs may now be expected to read, "Sealed Packages of Native Art" and "If The Painting Makes You Croak, Someone Used an Iowa Yolk."



"Do you feel a draft?"

National Safety Council says it isn't the drunk who passes out that's dangerous; it's the boy who can stay vertical and still drive. Drink hearty, boys!

With Dykstra as National Conscription chief, and our business manager Gerling's uncle as state boss, this draft thing is getting a little too close.

After the Marquette game, we're betting on Willkie in November—in spite of Dr. Gallup.

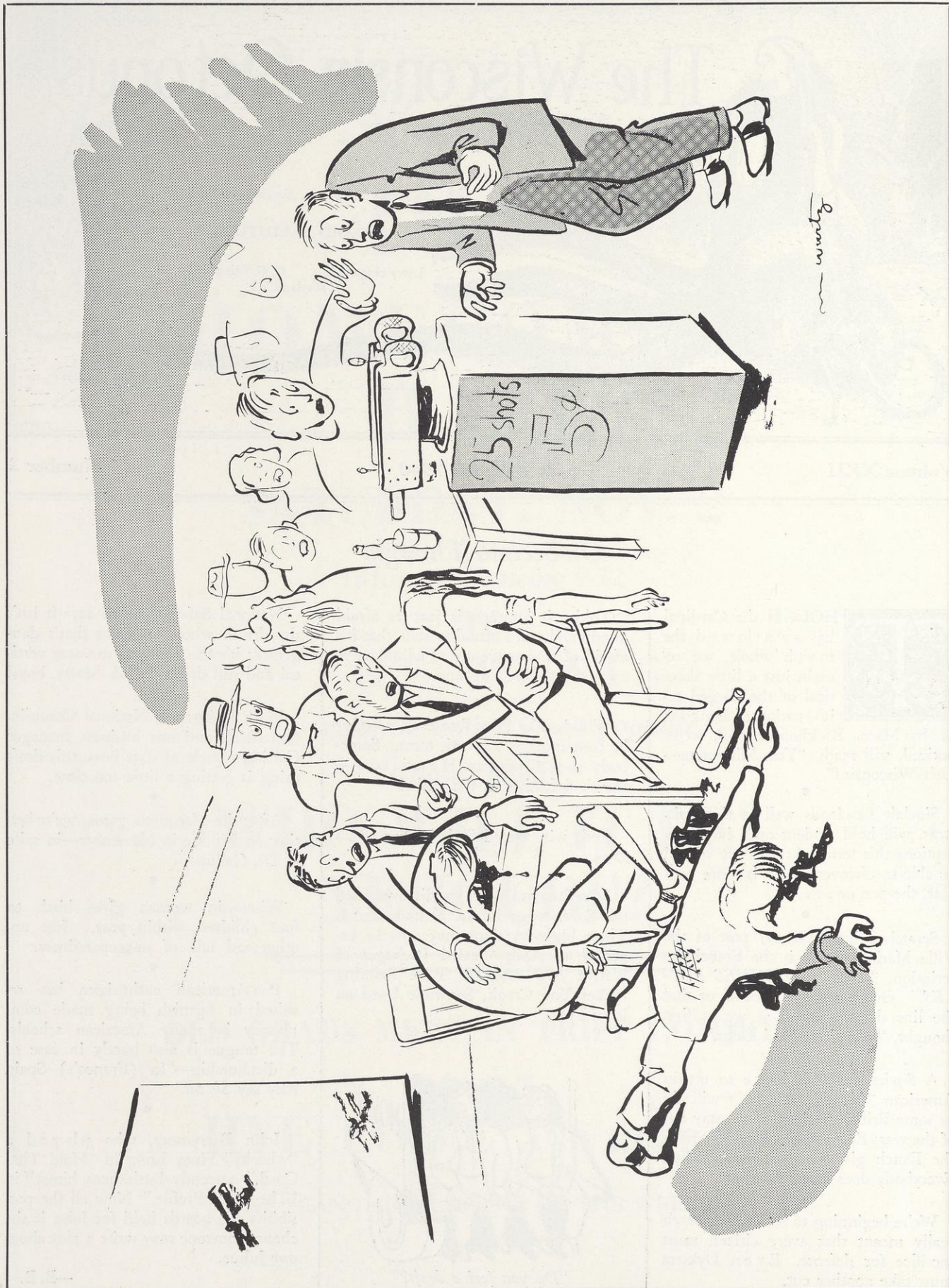
Wisconsin woman gives birth to four children within year. Just another sad tale of unpreparedness.

Pan-American enthusiasm has resulted in Spanish being made compulsory in many American schools. The tongue is also handy in case of a dictatorship—"In (Franco's) Spain they say *Si, Si!*"

John Barrymore, who played a "whacky" Huey Long in "Hold That Coed," currently burlesques himself in "The Great Profile." Now all the possibility the boards hold for John is the chance someone may write a play about *our* Julius.

—B. B.







## Tummy, Tabby



EILEEN jumped out of her bed and ran over to mine, waving a *Vogue* magazine, and saying excitedly, "Nellie! Here's just the sort of exercise program

you need."

"Exercise program for what?"

"Why, for your stomach, of course."

I might explain right now that there is nothing basically wrong with my stomach. I can crowd a turkey dinner into it and have room left over for pumpkin pie; or I can pour in coke, beer, and scotch—in such quantities that would have floored the three witches in *MacBeth*—and still not feel it. Or I can get along for a day on just one hamburger. No, there's nothing really wrong with my stomach, except, as Eileen points out, that I obviously have one. A swell one.

Ever since I have been rooming with her, Eileen has been trying to get me to do some exercises with the idea of shrinking my mid-silhouette. Most of the one-two-three-four routines—all, in fact, weren't any fun. They required work and I couldn't make a game out of any of them, so naturally I paid no attention to them, and let this Topsy motif continue.

"Look," she continued, "it says if you just follow your cat around, copying his movements, you're on the way to achieve a sleek, cat-like figure."

I reached out for the magazine and read the article. Slick phrases on slick paper. "*Cats needn't watch their waistlines . . . lithe . . . limber . . . Follow your cat, do everything he does . . . If your cat collapses with a slipper, you collapse with the other . . . If he bends double . . .*"

The idea was just novel enough to interest me. Like a cat, I'd be. Graceful, relaxed, easy to look at, smooth to touch . . . And I wouldn't have to hold it in.

THE first problem was getting the cat. I finally picked up a fluffy Persian kitten from a little boy who lived next door, but I had to convince my landlady I wasn't trying to start a pet shop. Old Ma Gillan was the type of landlady that you like to hear about; the type the Poor, Unfortunate Girl in your history class always has. I had been lucky last year but this year I was that P. U. G.

"Were you the girl who made that telephone call last week?" snarled Dear Mother Gillan, "I'll have you know it cost me a nickel!" And then she spotted the kitten. "Isn't it enough that you've put a picture on your wall without bringin' in a whole menagerie!"

"Dear Mother Gillan," I said, grinding out the words (and I get irritated easily), "this cat is flesh and blood to me and she stays!" I climbed the ladder to the second floor in dignity and silence.

A cat is a hell of a hard thing to imitate. I found this out in the first ten minutes of the new exercise. Cats jump up on window sills and desks. They crawl under rugs or chase spoons insensibly about a room. They smell of bugs.

After a week or two, when the stiffness had worn off, I settled down to a definite program of exercising only one hour, at night, about nine o'clock. And, according to my rules, if the kitten wasn't in a playful mood and slept right through the entire hour, I didn't have to do a thing—until she did.

BOB called one evening. We went into the parlor and sat down on the plank that served as a sofa—in Old Ma Gillan's concept. The kitten followed me and sat down by one of the mouse-holes along the wall. Strangely enough at that moment the nine o'clock whistle

blew so, of course, I arose and sat by the mouse-hole with the kitten. I could tell that Bob thought my conduct slightly eccentric but he was becoming used to me and said nothing for the moment. The cat sniffed at the hole. So did I. Bob coughed and I knew he was going to ask a question and I wasn't quite ready for it.

"Nellie," he began, "could you tell me just why—"

But at that moment the mouse took a quick peep and jumped out of the hole. Now, if I were a mouse, I'm sure it would take a lot more than the desire to see what was going on in a room full of humans and cats to get me out. But not this mouse. No, sir-ree. He scampered across the room, towards a red cloth garment drying in front of the fireplace. Dear Mother Gillan's red flannels! The kitten was hot after the mouse and I—kicking up the sawdust as I went along on all fours—chased after it.

Whether it was the color that attracted the mouse or the prospect of a warm hiding place I can't say, but into a leg he scooted and the kitten pounced on the drawers trying to sink its claws into the little moving hill inside. I, living up to the letter of *Vogue*, pounced on the other leg. Bob rushed over to me.

"Here, I'll get him out!" he cried and, picking up the flannels, he started swinging them around the room. The



Elizabeth Waters Hall

"Charlie McCarthy just beat out the Ford Symphony by 4 points."



kitten dug in its claws and hung on. So did I.

Then I heard a horrified voice say, "What the divvel are ye doin' with me underneathies?" and then there was a ripping and cat, mouse, boy, drawers and I all landed on Dear Mother Gillan.

I saw the mouse duck into one of the holes along the other wall, and I saw the cat race out the front door, and I heard a boy's voice say, "I pray you'll excuse me, Nellie, I promised my roommate I'd be home early," as it breezed past me. And then I was alone with Dear Mother Gillan. I burst out crying and told her the whole story. She wiped my eyes with the hem of her pinafore and said, soothingly, "My dear, dear girl. If you'd only let me know about your problem, I would have let you do the washin' for me. That would keep you svelte."

"Is it honest work?" I asked tearfully.

"It's honest as the day is long," she replied, getting in one of her corny jokes.

"Then I'll take it," I said, and I patted my tummy that was no longer to be.

—R. N.

## B --- Hill



WHEN THE idea for this article first came to my mind I decided to begin by asking several prominent persons what their views upon Bascom Hill were. I made up a list and began my inquiries. The first person I approached was Alfred de Musset.

"Mr. de Musset," I said, calling him by name, "Mr. de Musset, what is your opinion of Bascom Hill?"

"A competent man in his way," answered Mr. de Musset, "but at a time like this it is dangerous to take chances. I am voting for Roosevelt."

I posed the same question to Henry Krebs, whom I found standing in front of the capitol staring at the pavement. He meditated a few moments before answering. When he did speak, it was in a low voice, full of nostalgia and bitterness.

"I haven't got my watch," he said, "but it must be about twenty past."

These few scattered observations should serve to acquaint the reader with the current feeling now abroad

concerning the hill. It certainly is.

Few people know anything about the history of Bascom. After much tedious and, if I may say so, tedious research, I have unearthed a few facts about its obscure beginnings which may serve to throw a greater light upon the subject.

One spring day, in 1834, John Bascom was sitting quietly in his living room, when the door opened and his wife came in.

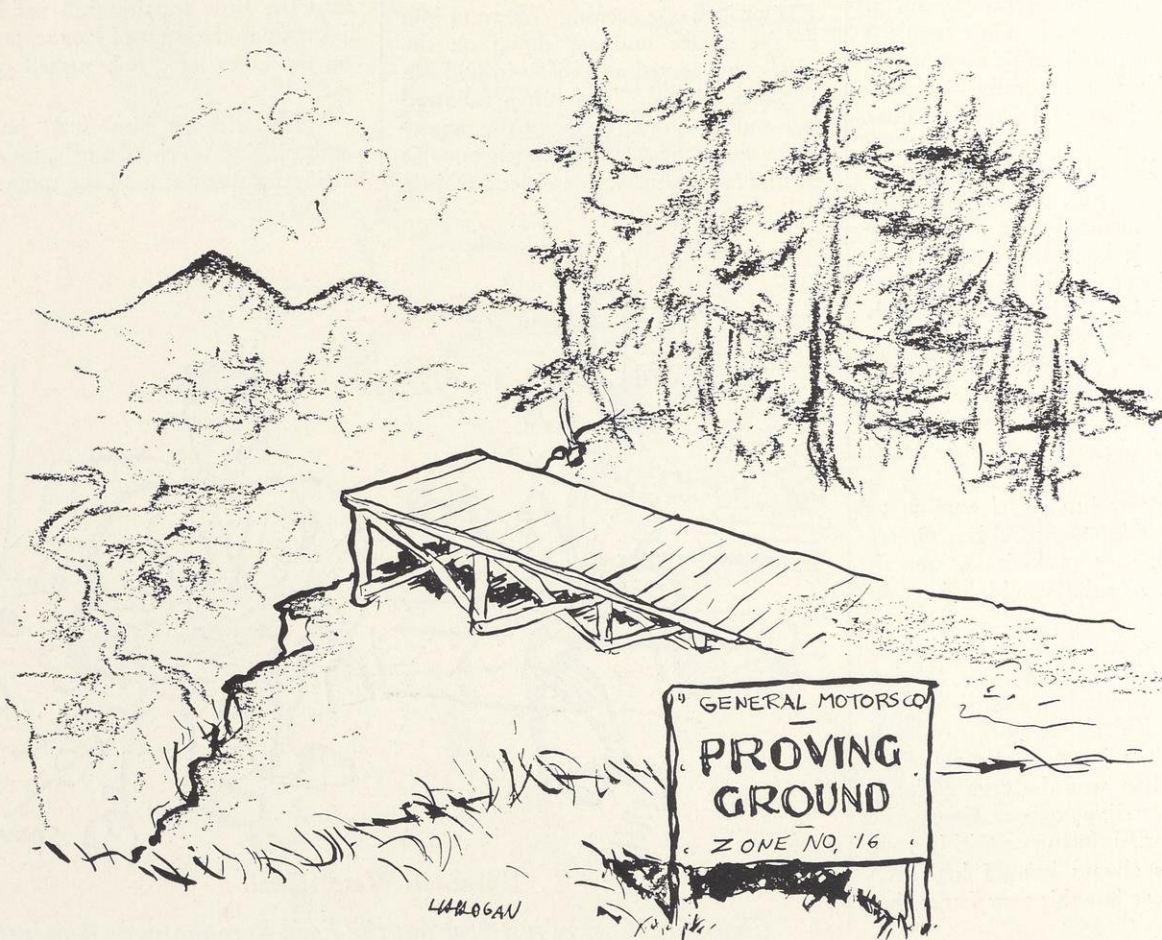
"For goodness' sake!" she said. "Stop sitting around the house like a sick cow and do something. What did you build that workshop down in the basement for anyway? Go down there and make something!"

John Bascom did go down to the basement. In fact, that was the last that his wife saw of him for almost an hour. When he came up he was grinning like a schoolboy.

"Guess what I have in my hand," he said, holding both behind his back.

"Which one?" she asked, humoring him along.

"The right," he answered, simpering.







"The University of Wisconsin?" she hazarded. "Is that it?"

"Yes!" he chortled. "I just built it!"

"Well, get it out of the house," she said. "I won't have it cluttering up the place and gathering dust. Go ahead—get it out of here."

So John Bascom sadly walked about Madison all that morning, brooding about the unfairness of life and pulling the University behind him on a string. Finally he found himself on top of Bascom Hill (named after his grandson) and, totally discouraged, left the University there and went home to listen to Superman.

Little did he dream that, less than one hundred and fifty years later, it would still be there, and humming with as much intellectual activity as any University.

THE Hill itself has become the cause of much controversy. In the past one hundred and six years, one million one hundred and thirty thousand students have attended classes there. Of these, one million one hundred and twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine have suggested eleva-

tors and escalators for the hill. The lone wolf who refused to come out in favor of mechanical help was one Homer Osk, who spoke nothing but Latvian and had a harelip.

We are all acquainted with the sad tale of Herbert Framm, freshman from Fond du Lac, who never got further than South Hall, where he would fall in a dead faint and have to be given steaming cups of adrenalin to revive him.

There is also the well known history of the deadly feud between two brothers, Frederic and Hector Krogs, as to the best method of climbing the hill—the frontal attack from Park Street, or the gently ascending incline in front of Science Hall.

Perhaps the most heartrending incident connected with Bascom is that of the now legendary graduate student who decided to reach Bascom Hall without climbing the hill at all. He worked for days, drawing up plans, and finally set out on the morning of September twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and twenty-three, to accomplish his long dream of idea. When last seen he was wandering round and round Sterling hall muttering "Excelsior!" in a hoarse whisper. Thus began the long standing feud between lawyers and engineers.

THUS it has gone. The argument still rages. Is the hill evil or good? Has it outlived its purpose, and, if so, why? There has been enough dilly-dallying and evading the issue. Clearly the whole situation boils itself down to one question, and that is:

What to do, should we?

—I. T.

### The Face on the Bar Room Floor

*He spilled his beer upon the floor,  
For he'd drunk much too much.  
Then off his stool he slowly climbed,  
The bar rail he did clutch.*

*He viewed the damage much in scorn,  
Then suddenly alarmed,  
He peered into the puddled beer  
To see whom he had harmed.*

*A face peered from the foamy lake.  
Reflection, as it's called.  
He thought he'd seen that face before  
So fearlessly he bawled—*

*As hat and coat he shed with speed  
And dived into that glimmer,  
"Be brave, my friend, I'll save you yet,  
For I'm a first class swimmer."*

—A.Z.

### Things I Like About College

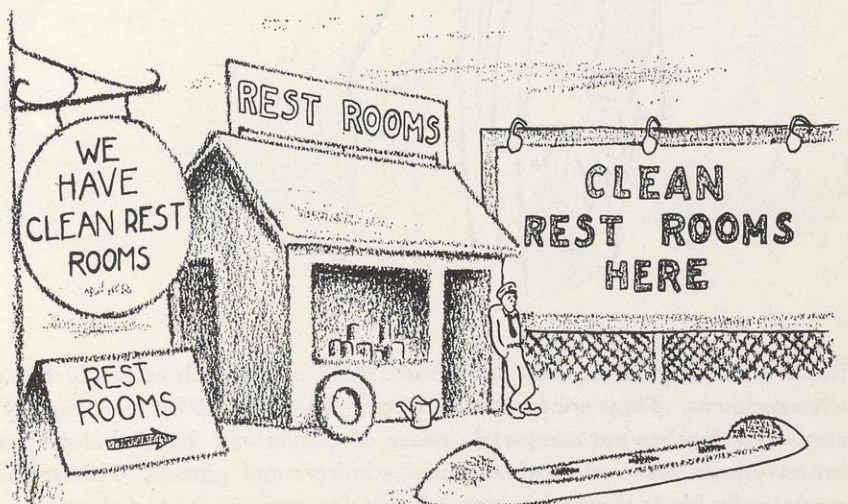
Lenient teachers.  
Boys with blond hair.  
Easy lessons.  
Boys with blond hair.  
Social activities.  
Boys with blond hair.  
Little homework.  
Boys with blond hair.

—L. S.

### Things I Dislike About College

Teachers who speak in a monotone.  
Teachers who give vague instructions.  
Teachers who don't tell jokes.  
Teachers.

—L. S.





# AFTER COM

OCTY'S SUPPLEMENT TO "R"

(see University)



The editors recommend that no virile young male let himself be caught in a multi-passenger divan or similar contrivance while in the company of a member of the opposite sex. Terrible results are likely to ensue. Women are prone to make advances, such as slyly placing their arms on the back of the seat and then, when momentarily off guard, to place them on the shoulders of the victim. If she gets this far, you're sunk.



The sorority badge is an insidious device. Men must watch carefully for any such armament. They are known to have been acquired by men usually at times when they are not completely aware of themselves. In a bibulous mood men have been accosted by determined admirers and pinned. This traditon automatically binds the recipient to a particular person. It may, therefore, be considered a safeguard in future advances.

COMING EVENTS cast their shadow of all is upon us. No matter what government, they cannot help but be the torch-bearer for young man and gathering clouds and ventures there. Because of the large percentage of conscription, say the editors, with Many regulations and formerly a



Men are warned to be especially careful in the streets. Particularly past ice cream parlors. Heckling is rampant and embarrassment. He will be wise to wear long sleeves and high



# SCRIPTION

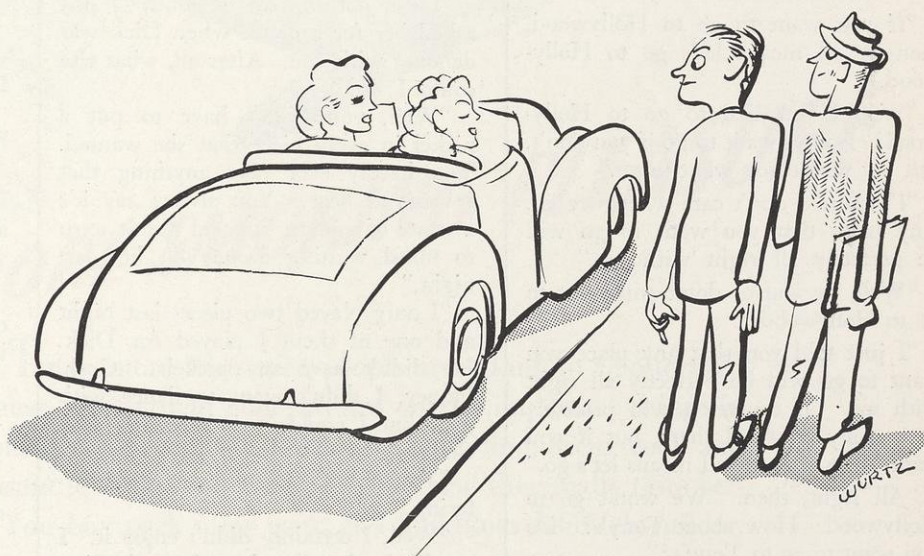
## LATIONS GOVERNING MEN"

(Regulations)

to the editors, the darkest shadow  
consider this newest act of our  
little at the prospect of it. Ever  
hood, Octy looks woefully at the  
on. Men, you are warned! . . .  
men now attending college, the  
great dearth of male students.  
ventions will require alterations.



Men are not allowed to remain out after 10:30 P. M. on week nights. They will be required to sign out upon disembarking and to sign in upon return; 12:30 nights and occasional key privileges will be granted to the strong, pug-ugly type.



walking, unaccompanied, on the  
beauty salons, and beverage dis-  
e pedestrian is subject to much  
rousers cut well below the ankle

Men are cautioned to ignore any advances from unIntroduced women. "Pick-ups" are one of the commonest forms of intrigue leading to debauchery. Many men have met with devastating results in falling to this form of trickery. Under all circumstances the editors recommend that men travel in pairs at all times. If you own a cudgel, by all means carry it.

—R. W.



## Have a Cigarette

**N**ERVOUSLY, the young man behind the steering wheel glanced across the seat at the pretty girl in the tan polo coat. She sat very still, hands jammed deep in the pockets of her coat, staring at the road ahead. The young man cleared his throat audibly and took a package of cigarettes from the dash board compartment.

"Would you like a cigarette?"

"No, thank you. I have some of my own."

"Well, I just thought you might want to try one of mine."

"No, thank you. I really don't care for one just now. But thank you just the same."

"Might make you feel a little better if you smoked a cigarette. Sort of gives you a lift, you know."

"I'm sure a cigarette wouldn't make me feel any better. Thank you just the same."

"Well, I guess I'll have one. You don't mind, do you?"

"Certainly not. Don't let me stop you. Go right ahead and smoke."

"Where would you like to go?"

"I really don't care where we go. Just go where you want to go."

"Well, how about Hollywood?"

"If you want to go to Hollywood, then by all means let's go to Hollywood."

"Would you like to go to Hollywood? I don't want to go if you don't. Just say where you want to go."

"I'm sure I don't care where we go. Any place that you want to go will be perfectly all right with me."

"Well, do you or don't you want to go to Hollywood?"

"I just told you that any place you want to go will be perfectly all right with me. Of course, it will probably be awfully crowded there, but if you want to go, then by all means let's go."

"All right, then. We won't go to Hollywood. How about Tony's? Do you want to go to Tony's?"

"Yes, I suppose we might as well go to Tony's. All your friends will probably be there."

"What do you mean all my friends will probably be there?"

"Well, they were all there last night and you seemed to be having quite a gay time with every one but me."



MARTINO

*"They say it happened during finals last semester."*

"There wasn't any one there last night but June and Dick."

"You seemed to be having quite a time with June. You walked off and left me for almost an hour."

"I did nothing of the kind. I just asked her for a dance when Dick was dancing with you. After all, what else could I do?"

"Well, you didn't have to put a nickel in every piece that she wanted. You hardly ever play anything that I want to hear. You always say it's a waste of money, but you didn't seem to mind wasting money on her last night."

"I only played two pieces last night and one of them I played for Dick. He didn't have any nickels. Gosh, Honey, I didn't want to dance with June but I couldn't do anything else. Could I?"

"You didn't look like you were suffering."

"Well, I certainly didn't enjoy it. I would much rather have been dancing with you. Honest."

"Would you, Billy? Honest?"

"Hell, you know me. I don't go for those slinky brunette types. Personally, I like the golden haired type—something like you."

"Honest? You're not just saying that?"

"Of course I'm not just saying that. I mean it. Hell, June doesn't mean a thing to me. You shouldn't worry about her. After all, I don't go for—"

"I know. You don't go for that slinky brunette type."

"That's right."

"You go for the golden-haired type. Like me. Well?"

"And how I go for that golden-haired type. Come here."

"Billy, are you really—? Billy, stop. You're mussing my hair. After all, if you're going to— Oh, Billy."

"Now where do you want to go?"

"Let's drive around the block and come back here again. I sort of like it here."

"Yeah, me too."

"And Billy—"

"Yeah?"

"I could sort of go for a cigarette now . . . One of yours."

—J. H.







**THE WAY TO MORE SMOKING PLEASURE**

Today, more than ever, people are taking to Chesterfield because Chesterfield concentrates on the important things in smoking. You smoke Chesterfields and find them cool and pleasant. You light one after another, and they really taste better. You buy pack after pack, and find them definitely milder.

**For complete smoking satisfaction  
you can't buy a better cigarette**

*Make your  
next pack*

**CHESTERFIELD**



## Thank You Very Much, Coach



THE rest of us guys laughed when we heard Wormy Sanders was going out for football. It wasn't that we disliked Wormy especially. He was a useful guy to have around the house. Without Wormy, Chuck Garms, a darn good end, and Hal Richardson, who had the makings of one of the best plunging fullbacks this school has ever seen, would have flunked out as freshmen.

We never could decide whether Wormy was really smart. Sure, he kept getting 3-point averages and stuff like that, but I've never seen such a mutton-head in all my life in a poker game. You know it takes more than weeks of grinding and apple-polishing to clean the boys at Beta Epsilon out in stud, draw, Provo, or anything else you want to play. And Wormy never cleaned the boys out. In fact, so far as I can recall he never even took a pot. Watching over his shoulder one day I saw him discard two cards of a beautiful straight—because he couldn't arrange the nine, ten, jack, queen, and king in that order.

Maybe that isn't the way to tell if a guy is smart, but that's the way I figure.

So Wormy, with his thin, round shoulders that didn't look strong enough to support a pair of shoulder pads, was out for football—and damn if he didn't get sore when we gave him

the old horse-laugh.

"I'll tell you stinkers what," Wormy said, "if I'm not varsity left half this year, I'll . . . I'll . . . well I'll bet anybody here five bucks that I am."

Everybody who was around took the bet. Wormy said no more bets when he found he had forty bucks on himself.

I'M OUT for football, too. A blocking half, third string, maybe second, that's me. I wouldn't even bet forty bucks I wouldn't get my back broken, let alone be varsity this year. But at least Coach does not chase me off to the intramural fields, so I had a chance to see how Wormy was making out.

Wormy took a pretty bad beating at first practice. He came floating up to the line, running straight up and down like a chorus girl, and Malinski and Schultz hit him so hard we almost had to call an excavation crew to dig him out of the sod. He nearly broke his

arm trying to straightarm Bull Watson. And he caught a punt, without calling for a fair catch, when Garms and Nichols were hovering over him like vultures. They pounced on him, and the coach sent the carcass to the bench for the rest of the afternoon.

Well, Wormy wasn't through by a long shot. In fact, he hadn't even begun to show his talents.

After practice, Coach was wandering off the field, when Wormy came trotting up to him—with one leg kind of dragging along, refusing to trot.

"Coach," said Wormy, "you know, that was a very interesting practice session. I really enjoyed it."

"Is that so?" said Coach, looking around, with an odd, fatherly smile on his face.

"Yes, indeed,"

Wormy went on, "you really know how to put that stuff across. Some coaches, you know, understand their field all right, but they just don't know how to get the stuff across."

"That right?" Coachie asked.

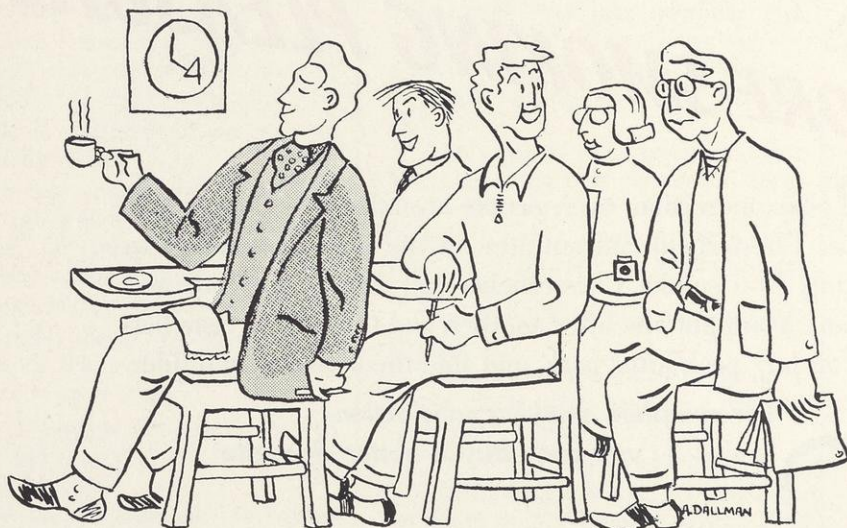
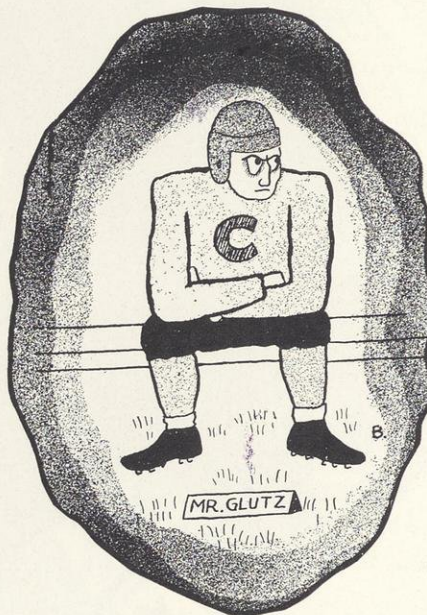
"Oh, yes. Now I don't know of any subject, that is, any sport—that I've ever taken, in which I felt more enthusiastic than I do now. Perhaps you can tell me some other books—on football and muscle-building and scientific dieting and so on—that I could read. I'd also like to do some outside work on setting-up exercises. We shouldn't underestimate the importance of this extracurricular work, do you think?"

"Nope, I guess you're right," said Coach. "Why not drop around to my office tomorrow morning, and maybe I can suggest a few other things for you to look into."

"Fine," said Wormy, "I sure do appreciate that. I'll see you tomorrow then, sir. Thank you very much."

"Oh, that's all right," said Coach, fondly.

WELL, that was the start. A few days later I was waiting in Coach's office to see about a meal job he was try-



*"He's the new exchange student from England."*



ing to get me.

Wormy was talking to the coach, so I had to wait.

"You know, Coach," Wormy was saying, "I've been reading that Adamson's book, *Calisthenics*, and I just feel that he doesn't know what he's talking about. That is to say, he hasn't any real understanding of the subject matter. He doesn't write as though he's talking from experience—the way, well, you do, Coach."

"Adamson does have many limitations," Coachie admitted. "But many men with big reputations are that way. I don't think we should underestimate Adamson's contribution. However, I am pleased to see that you are critical of the work you've been reading."

Wormy watched the coach very intently. He nodded his head over and over to everything Coach said. Now and then he would cough out a little "Mmmm-hmmm," wrinkle up his forehead and look very profound.

"Aside from Adamson, however," Wormy said, "I find Pond's *Football Fundamentals*, Roach's *A Scheme for Scientific Football*, Harrington's *Play Analysis*, and Vandever's *Calories Build Men* very helpful. Not quite so good, but still worthwhile, are Watterson's *The Training Table: A Schematic Interpretation* and Kennedy's *How to Block*."

"I quite agree," said Coach.

"I'm glad you do," said Wormy. "That is to say, it is encouraging to find that we are as one on these matters of interpretation."

"Yes, said the coach, "we do seem to be making progress." Then the coach saw me waiting for him, "Oh, do you want to see me, Spalding?" he called.

"Yeah," I said.

"I'll be with you in just a moment." It was another twenty minutes before Wormy lifted himself out of the chair and walked past me, smiling like St. Francis after a sermon to the birds.

ALL of this ground work of Wormy's began to show its results in practice. Wormy was on my squad when we scrimmaged the varsity. Norton and I blocked for him on the first play. Wormy went forty yards before Malinski caught him from behind. Then, whacko!

Wormy bounced up and down about four times after Malinski smacked him. Coach bawled Malinski out for roughing it up. He told Wormy to take it easy for the rest of the afternoon. Coach told the reporters to stick around after practice. Next day the local papers carried a big story about "Drastic Shake-up in Badger Line-up; Sanders to Start at Left Half."

It was as sudden as that. Coach had been looking for a break-away back and I guess he thought . . . well, I ain't coach.

FRIDAY afternoon before the game we went around to Wormy's room to see what he was doing. His forty bucks were in the bag, if he just started at left half, as the papers said he would, so I expected him to be in good spirits.

But no. He was bent over his desk, working furiously. *Calisthenics* and *Calories Build Men* and *Football Fundamentals* and all the rest of the damn books were spread over his desk, and he was scribbling notes as fast as he could.

"What you doing, Wormy?" I asked.

"This is my big test," he said. I know it's not right, but I'm making a pony. I got to get through my big test tomorrow. I got to cram." That's all there is to the story.

You know what's been happening to our boy Wormy. "Speed" Sanders, they call him now. Sure thing for all-conference half-back, with an outside chance for All-American. I never said Wormy wasn't fast, did I? Sure, he was fast. But who was to know that overnight he'd become "the running genius," "the football player who knows more football than the coaches," "the half-back who acts like a man of thought and thinks like a man of action," and all the other things the papers said he was.

I guess he learned his lessons all right. That gets me back to my original problem: what is apple-polishing and what ain't?

L. S.



"But, a mascot can't play."





L. HOGAN

"Drooly! Drooly! Wake up NOW!"



## Saga of Science

**B**Y THE talismen of science, he had it! At three o'clock in the afternoon Professor Piddlepot McDolt's mouth was watering so much that he felt like a Pavlov experiment.

His research, all the months he had spent in his laboratory, in that dadaist nightmare of tubes and meters and photoelectric cells, that Valpurgisnacht in glass and metal, all of it had brought forth the flower of truth, a Final Reality. Professor Piddlepot McDolt shivered with the power of it; for he, among all men, he alone, knew *Why Are Halos*.

He knew more. He knew *How!* He was more than God! He could bestow a halo on any man, blackguard as well as saint. He could take any simpleton

from his class and make him rich and famous—just by giving him a halo.

He had the key to the secret of the Tongues of Fire in the Bible, the luminous radiance of ghosts, to sun dogs. By the time McDolt had thought of all the pigeon-holes of the Unknown he could get at now, it was midnight.

Reflecting that it was time one of his colleagues found a way to eliminate the waste of sleeping-time in the life of scientists, he dropped onto a cot in one corner of his laboratory. He'd left the switch to the equipment on, and a photoelectric cell blinked invisibly against the face of the alarm clock beside him, the clock set four minutes before his 9 o'clock lecture. But McDolt didn't know; he was asleep.

**W**HEN the 9 o'clock bell rang, McDolt had not come into class. The students yawned. The earliest arrivals were already—as invariably—asleep. One said, "Where's McDolt?" A couple of girls were so bored they began reading the Cardinal.

Then the door opened, and the professor entered. He had wanted to enter dramatically, to stride forward to a waiting class, and say, "Here, students, is Truth!"

But when he came in no one seemed to notice him. At his desk he rapped for attention, and one or two notebooks were opened. "I—I've just recently discovered a rather interesting law in tempo-physics," he began finally, and a little apologetically.

As he got underway, it seemed to go better. No one back of the second row seemed to be listening, but he was telling about his own discovery and he didn't care. At last he had said it all. "Now," he cried, pointing to a girl in the first row, "Can you tell me what other uses this principle might be put to?"

"I might," the co-ed said, "but the bell's about to ring."

"How," thundered Professor Piddlepot McDolt, "how do you know? You



"We'll beat this thing, McNutt, if it takes all night."



haven't a watch."

"Intuition, I guess," the girl said, as the bell rang.

Piddlepot walked slowly from his class to his laboratory, wondering at the frivolity of his students' generation.

BEFORE a washstand he stopped to look at himself in a mirror. He looked a long time. "So," he thought, "So that's how she knew." On his face, its axis at the center of his nose, was a shadow, like the hour hand of a clock, a shadow that stayed on his face no matter how he twisted his head, or moved about. And in the mirror the shadow pointed to what would have been the 2 on a clock.

"Compensating for the inversion of image that would be . . . ." Piddlepot muttered. "Compensating . . . that would be ten o'clock. And it is ten! Why . . . this . . . is . . . horrible."

Then he turned and ran like a scared scientist back into his laboratory.

—B. B.

## The Street Car

*The street car is a friendly place,  
Unprejudiced by creed or race,  
But filled with black and brown and white—  
A hundred thousand packed in tight,  
All pushing bravely through the huddle,  
Struggling vainly in the muddle.  
Peaceful souls must fight to hold  
A place in this over-crowded fold,  
And hope their toes will keep intact,  
And bodies will remain erect.  
They marvel at the reckless Joe  
Who totally unarmed will go  
Down aisles when any fool should know  
That he would need an axe or so.  
Best of all is the conductor who  
On seeing that the car is full,  
Will merely say with friendly grin,  
"Move right on in now, people, do.  
There's always room in here for more."*

—C.W.



"Was it you, sir, who ordered the alligator pair?"



## Cicero and Mr. Bjornig Get a Job

*The tricky part of this story is that you should go back to the last issue of Octopus to see where everybody fits into the thing. This is a little device used by some of the other magazines, such as The Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, Liberty, and several others. They call these things serials. Anyway, Cicero is a talking, adding, flying fly, and he's smart as the devil, and he loves Mr. Bjornig who made him what he is. That's enough for you to start on.*



ICERO," Mr. Bjornig said, "life is definitely not the nuts. I am nowhere. My show is folded. I am broke. I have only you and Mr. Johnson left for friends. It looks like I'll have to work, maybe something menial like digging or washing dishes or something. It's dire."

Cicero buzzed, almost happily it seemed to Mr. Bjornig who did not feel like buzzing happily. "Mizzzter Bjornig, you are merely down on your luck. Zzzzzomething will turn up zzzzzoon. What if you do have to work for awhile. Evvvvery cloud has a zzzilver lining. And I will help you—in my own zzzzzmall way," which turned out to be an understatement.

So Mr. Bjornig and Cicero went job hunting after saying goodbye to Mr. Johnson, who used to do the barking for Mr. Bjornig's sideshow.

Mr. Bjornig would walk from employment office to employment office, to factory, to office, with Cicero perched in the crease above his left ear. Cicero always rode like that.

He didn't have a very loud voice, so Mr. Bjornig could hear him very easily that way, and he wasn't heavy. But there weren't many jobs to be had and the ones to be had were to be had by somebody other than Mr. Bjornig.

"I had no idea," Mr. Bjornig said with a quaver in his voice and weary feet, "that there was so few jobs for so many persons like myself who needs them most." Mr. Bjornig was fluent if not grammatical.

Cicero did help too, if you want to call it that. Sometimes he would leave his perch behind Mr. Bjornig's ear and soar off for an interview in place of Mr. Bjornig. Often it scared people to have a fly land on a desk

and demand to see the manager. Once a girl fainted twice in five minutes.

But the managers were different. They were dumber, or smarter, all the way you look at it.

Cicero could fly into an office and he would tell of Mr. Bjornig's virtues, and the manager would look at him, and say: "There may be a Mr. Bjornig, and he may be a good man like you say, but you can't kid me into thinking that you're really talking. What do you take me for? Get out!" And Cicero would fly away, often with tears in his eyes, of which he had a couple of thousand which made him really cry when he cried. Cicero was awfully sensitive.

BUT then it came. The big chance! Cicero landed Mr. Bjornig a job—in a restaurant. The manager was a big dumb Greek and he listened intently to Cicero and then he said. "How much does this guy want, this Bjornig, to work, eh?"

Cicero said: "He will work for almost nozzzzing. For his mealzzzz and mine, maybe, and I eat very sparingly. Pleazzzzze give him work, Mr. Acropolis." So the Greek did.

Cicero was sure that this Greek was not nearly so nice as the ones who used to have the food concessions at the carnivals he traveled in. They used to give him little crumbs from chocolate doughnuts, especially if Cicero would tell them a story of which he knew several good ones—or bad ones.

The first week was terrible, and so was the second of which Mr. Bjornig worked. The Greek would come out in the kitchen where Bjornig and Cicero were talking and washing dishes and he would yell at Mr. Bjornig:

"Quit it out, this talking. I can't serve two cops coffeeful weethout you

behind my beck talking. You act like a five years old kid."

That went on for a month and Mr. Bjornig was getting fed up with the whole thing. He had resolved to tell the manager off the next time he yelled about Cicero talking to him. After all, he was doing his work all right.

Then the Greek came in: "Leesen, sonny, on the plate outside what do I find. Fees, fees. There is nothing worse left dirty on a plate than fees. You are the worst dish washer I never saw. Sure, pipples eats fees on Friday, but they want it fress, not from some other pipples." Cicero then did a thing he regretted ever after. He gave Mr. Acropolis a raspberry. "Phhhzzzzzz!" he said.

The Greek grew green. "Why, you no good nothing leetel fly! Who you talking to, eh? No fly can call me a phhhzzzzzz!" Then he swung at Cicero. Cicero was perched as usual above Mr. Bjornig's ear, so Mr. Bjornig did not escape entirely. He was thrown to the floor.

But it was Cicero who was badly hurt. He received two broken legs and a sprained wing and several internal injuries which made him look as if he were dead, which he almost was. The Greek contented himself with this and left the kitchen after informing Mr. Bjornig that he was fired.

MR. BJORNIG finally got to his feet. "Cicero, Cicero, where are you?" he cried frantically. Cicero managed just a faint buzz. Mr. Bjornig found him lying under the sink. I can not describe the touching scene which followed. Mr. Bjornig cried like a baby, and he tenderly slid Cicero onto a piece of paper, and carried him out of the restaurant.

"Cicero," Mr. Bjornig said when they were outside. "All of my resources shall go toward making you well again. You have been a true friend. I have no resources to speak of, but they are at your disposal. I am going to live off my brother who is not rich but who is comfortable. I have hesitated hitherto to ask him." Cicero said nothing, feeling as if he were going to die any minute.

But Mr. Bjornig engaged the owner of a flea circus to operate and day by day Cicero grew better and better. Finally he was able to talk again.

"Mizzzter Bjornig. Ivvvv there is everrr anything I everrr do, it will be to get even with Mr. Acropolis." And Cicero did, just as soon as he





was able to fly, which was a couple of weeks later.

CICERO planned his revenge well. Every day he would sit on the radiator which heated Mr. Bjornig's brother's house. He was finally able to stand the heat for hours at a time. Then he had Mr. Bjornig fill him a glass of water and he practised every day until he was finally able to swim better than most fish.

Now he was ready.

The very next afternoon he flew to the Greek's restaurant. Every time somebody would order soup he would manage to slip into it. You can imagine what the customer said.

A couple of hundred times a day Cicero would do this. Once he almost got eaten by a fellow who didn't care if there was a fly in his soup.

It wasn't long until the Greek's business was ruined. Then Cicero showed his hand.

"Mr. Acropolis," he said, surprising the Greek almost out of his wits, "I have been the fly in other people's zzzoups, and if you want me to zzztop, just put Mr. Bjornig on the payroll every month. Call him the owner or zzzomething." It was blackmail but Cicero was a mad fly. There was nothing for Mr. Acropolis to do, so he did it. And for months the checks came in until finally the Greek offered proof that he would be better able to keep his restaurant going if he had a smaller payroll. Cicero advised Mr. Bjornig to pity the Greek and quit taking the money, which Mr. Bjornig did.

Anyway, he figured that now Cicero could not only talk and add numbers, but also could swim like a fish and sit on a hot curling iron, he would be able to get another act together, and make money.

*The Author of the above little true story has been informed several hundred times, that Cicero is not the original talking animal, but that some horse is. I do not know who learned to talk first, but perhaps it is not so strange that Cicero picked up speech so easily. His great-grandfather on his mother's side was a horse-fly. At any rate personification is not an entirely new literary device—personally I don't think that there really is a talking horse, and that Mr. Pope is lying.*

NEXT ISSUE: (If the author isn't caught by the draft) "Cicero Evades the Draft" or "Cicero Gets Married."

—P. P.

## Repondez S'il Vous Plait



LIZABETH LA VACHE?  
Yes, isn't it a lovely day?

(What have I done to deserve this? Who would have thought that I, who had been raised from the cradle to be a rugged exhibitionist, would turn out to be a sorority yes-woman? How beautiful a single negative would seem. No, Miss La Vache, I do not like *teas*, it's going to rain, and I wish you'd all go home so I could get out of this iron maiden of a girdle. That's what I'd like to say, but I will stick to my guns. Remember the Spartans, and the Alamo. Now to get out old reliable What's-Your-Major?)

You're an artist! How clever of you! I gave up in the eighth grade when they began foreshortening, perspective having nearly floored me previously. I envy anyone who can produce even a straight line. All I could ever draw was conclusions.

(That's a joke. Laugh, you heifer! Oh, I admit it's a very bad joke, but still you might moo or shake your horns at me. That glazed gaze will have me nutsy yet. I'm losing my mind, of course. Soon I shall be groveling in a corner gnawing on a tea plate. Yes, I'm surely losing my mind because with every glance Two-Ton Tessie here assumes more and more the aspect of a ruminant. May Heaven forbid my asking her what her butterfat content is or whether she approves of electric milkers or whether she's combing her tail up or down this year. Dear Lord, help me keep my grip while I feed her another bale of conversational hay.)

And what line of art are you interested in? Commercial work? Oh, dress designing. That's a very good field, and fascinating too, I imagine. I bet you design your own clothes. The dress you have on? Well, that's marvelous.

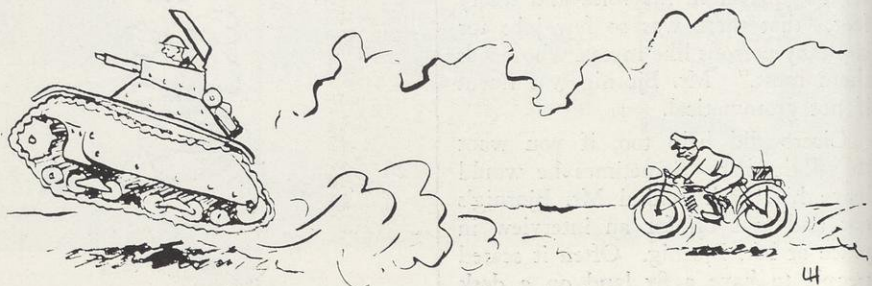
(I was sure she'd made the rag the minute she simpered about her artistic leanings. Just look at her rearranging its folds with tenderness and reverence. I bet she thinks it's a visitation of the muse. And the look of pride in her limpid brown eyes when she said she made it! Like God creating the world in six days. Well, who am I to destroy her simple pleasures? But why six-footers must cloak themselves in lavender dirndls stays an unsolved mystery in my mind. Get a load of that jumper, kid! It looks like a kangaroo's pouch. If I glance at it sideways I'll probably see little heads sticking out of it. I seem to be mixing my marsupials, metaphors, and ungulates today. Well, what's the difference? We are all members of the animal kingdom (some more than others) and sooner or later will come that blessed release when we can all graze in green pastures. Well, here we are in the barnyard again!)

Would you like cream or sugar in your tea? Do have another sandwich.

(No? Remember, you're still a growing girl, Betsy. You need nutriment, you know. All right, you're the boss. And now comes another of those silences while we both wonder what chip of repartee to cast upon the scintillating fire of our conversation. I might recite poetry. "Contented, when I'm with you, I'm contented." Or "Won't you wait, wait, wait by the old red gate.")

We might discuss pasturage, silage, or steerage. We might just sit and nibble on a carrot. We might—but can it be? Sitting Bull is pulling up stakes. Yes, I see the symptoms of departure all around her. She's saying she really must go. She's thanking me for a pleasant time. With tears in my eyes I bid her adieu. Now I can—Jeepers, here comes someone I know. The cattiest little thing this side of the Mississippi.)

—J. W.





# DESIGN FOR DRESSING



*Joan Swanson*

...Pi Beta Phi, a red wool dress with accessories of American Shield and brass button pocket flaps. As featured in *Mademoiselle*...

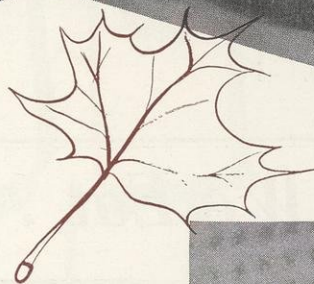
**RENDALL'S**  
AT THE CO-OP



*Ann Nichols*

...of the Collegienne Department... modelling a net formal with scrolled copper sequins on a velveteen jacket in fall's newest shade—Indian Penny...

**KESSENICH'S**



*Mary Jane Woolcott*

...Gamma Phi Beta, in black velveteen jumper with pompadour beret to match. Dusty pink sheer wool blouse...

**BURDICK & MURRAY**



*Sara Anderson*

...wears a two piece green wool sports dress with tangerine knitted push-up sleeves. Tangerine knitted scarf-stocking cap...

**SIMPSON'S**

*Photography by DeLonge*



Professor: "Why are you tardy this morning, Mr. Jones?"  
 Jones: "Class started before I got here."  
*—Awgwan.*

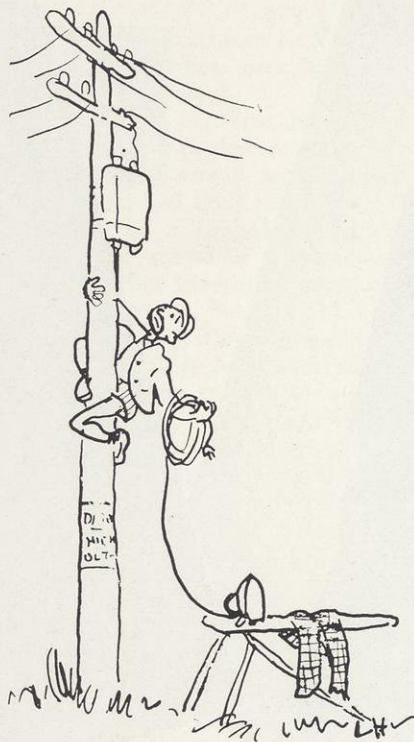
She—Do you like t'neck?  
 Gob—Naw. Me fer de drumstick.  
*—Yale Record.*

A dansa  
 A data  
 Perchanca  
 Out lata  
 A classa  
 A quizza  
 No passa  
 Gee Whizza.

*—Epitome.*

"Spit is such a horrid word," said the pig as he was about to be barbecued.  
*—Old Maid.*

One noted educator divides American colleges into two groups—those who wish they'd fired the football coach last fall, and those that wish they hadn't.  
*—California Pelican.*



"Going out tonight?"  
 "Not completely."  
*—Exchange.*

Members will please refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling.  
*Oshkosh B'Gosi.*

He—Please!  
 She—No!  
 He—Just this once!  
 She—No! I said.  
 He—Aw-hell-Ma!—all the rest of the kids are going barefoot.  
*—Malteaser*

He: Shall we sit in the parlor?  
 She: No, I'm too tired, let's go out and play tennis.  
*—Koshkonong Kollich Kut-Ups*

"Have you heard about the mamma kangaroo that spanked its baby severely for eating crackers in bed?"

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And it still is. Those crowds around the bar at meal time mean just one thing: good food and low prices. The average check is 16c. The tradition of lowest costs hasn't changed, but the appearance of the place has.

The new bar in gleaming stainless steel and black formica is the talk of the town. "Good enough to eat," as the saying goes. Come and see!

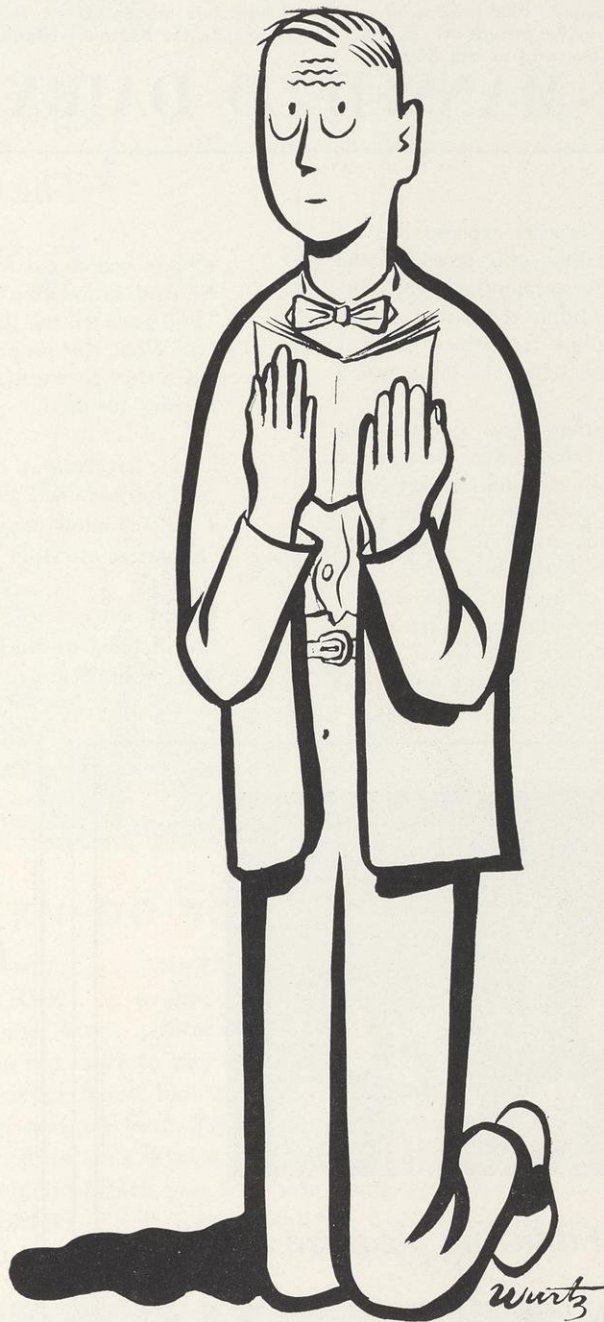
The Rathskeller is a man's hangout, but the same service is available to men and women in Paul Bunyan's Cookshack adjoining.

Open all day, from 7:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.

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### Lambs



ANY years ago my mother explained to me that the little lamb who provided the wool for my tiny sweater had really befriended me. I didn't remember things well in school, but for some reason I always remembered that the lamb was a friend of mine.

It was not until I left for college that I had ever eaten in a restaurant. As a matter of fact I had never been away from home before. I went into a little restaurant on State Street, and was handed a sheet of paper with all kinds of foods written on it. I glanced at it and suddenly turned white with shock. There, right in black and white, was *lamb stew*. Were people actually eating my little friend?

I started to walk out of this cannibalistic den when the plate of the man next to me called out "baaa, baaa". Here was a friend in need; a poor lamb chop almost burned to death.

—M.L.G.

### The Gods and I

SOME people cloak their desires in austerity, And rationalize, saying, "The gods tell me that I should act in this manner," or, "What you propose is against my ideals." Then they go ahead, and do anything they please, Feeling justified.

I, too, have a way of smoothing the road, And have trained all my gods to be fairly congenial. They will allow me to do practically anything I want, Or protect me from doing what I feel is unpleasant.

In fact when I think things over carefully, I'm inclined to candidly infer that these gods Are nothing much more than myself.

—C. W.



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This is your chance to be smart . . . win the first prize . . . a \$700.00 Sterling Silver Tea Set FREE . . . or one of the 200 other wonderful prizes. Sterling Silver dresser sets . . . Sterling Silver dishes, etc. This is an easy contest. You do not have to buy anything. Just go to your favorite jeweler or silver department, look at the beautiful patterns of Wallace Sterling flatware, and get your FREE copy of a lovely little booklet that tells about America's Finest Sterling Patterns. Study this booklet and decide which pattern you like best (your entry blank is enclosed in this booklet). Then write Wallace Silversmiths, telling which pattern you like best, giving the reason for your choice.

## ..Here is what you do

1. Get Free Sterling Booklet and entry blank from your jeweler or silver department. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and address and we will send booklet and entry blank direct to you.
2. Study this booklet and decide which pattern of Wallace Sterling you like best.
3. Write Wallace Silversmiths, Contest Department, Wallingford, Connecticut, telling why you like the pattern of your choice (25 words or less).
4. Mail your entry before midnight on November 30th, 1940.

**RULES:** Except employees of Wallace Silversmiths and their families, anyone may enter this contest. There is no age limit. Send as many entries as you like. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas then become the property of Wallace Silversmiths. Contest subject to all regulations of the United States and Canada.



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