

The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 21, No. 9 May, 1940

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, May, 1940

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WPMRQCZLCIZAP8G>

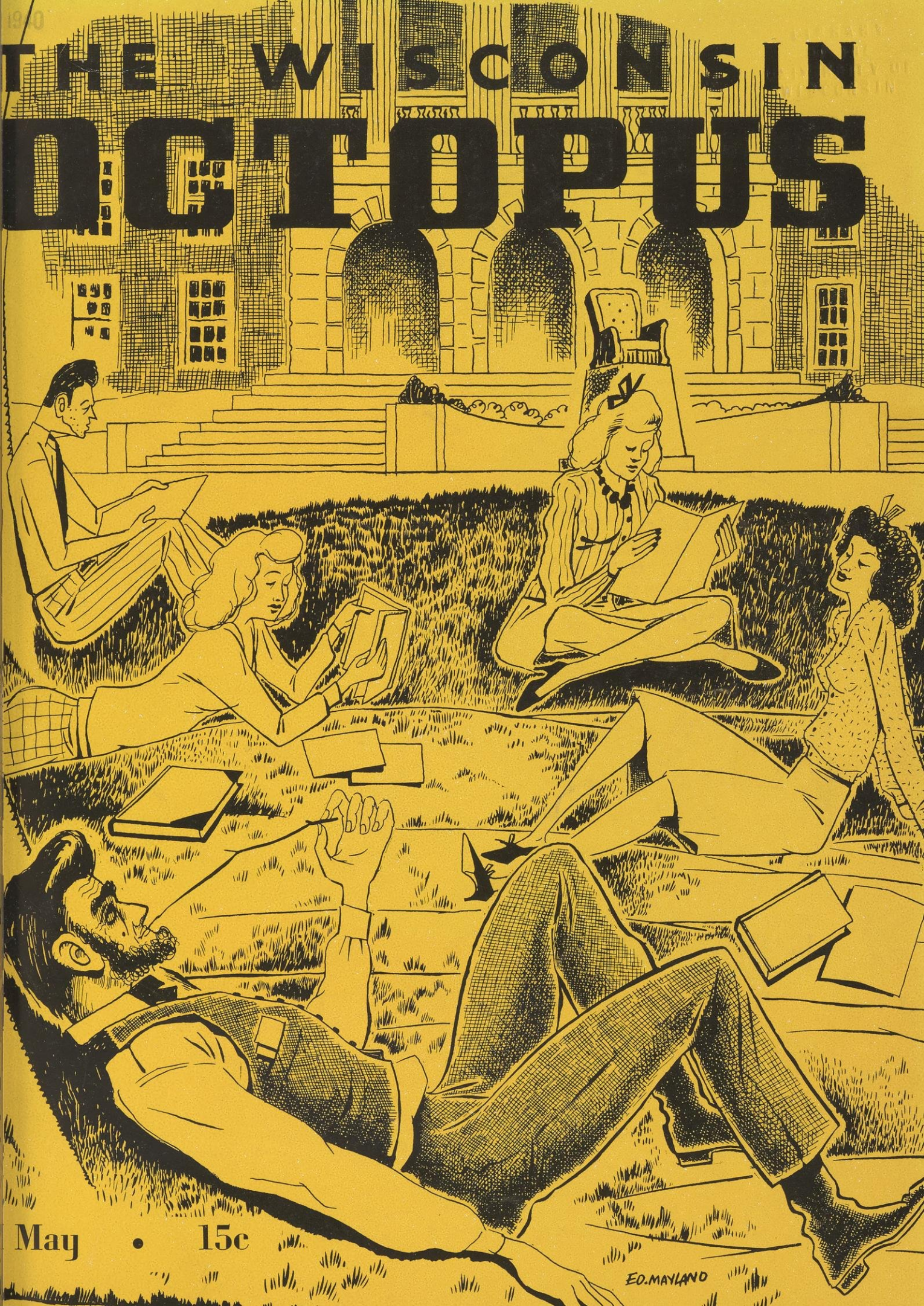
Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



THE WISCONSIN DOCTOPUS



May • 15c

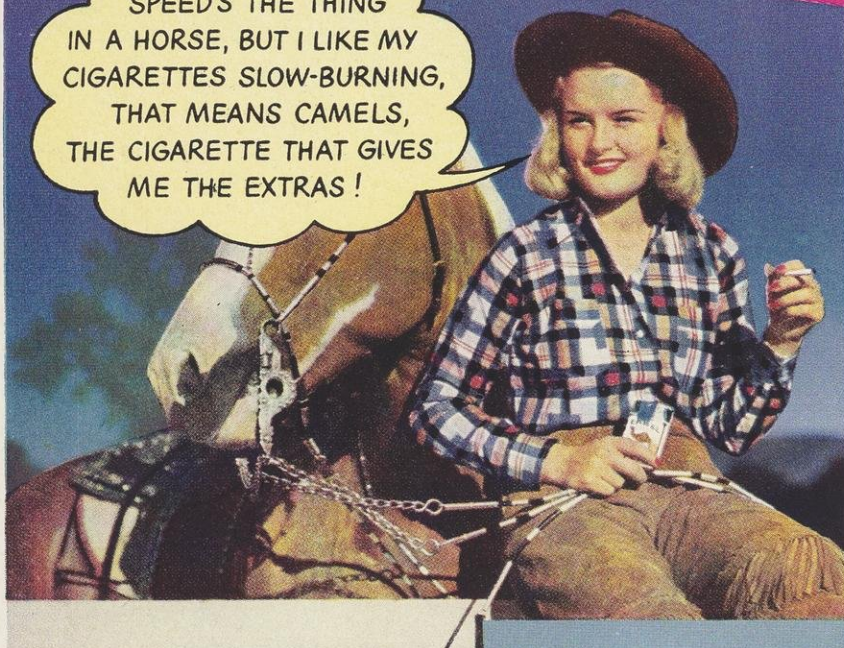
ED. MAYLAND

OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE

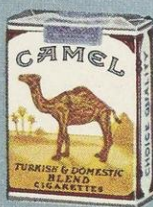
SPEED'S THE THING IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING, THAT MEANS CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!



PEGGY McMANUS (above) has won numerous cups for "all-round girl"...studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails...is a crack rifle shot...handles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

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

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!**

...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means

Extra Mildness

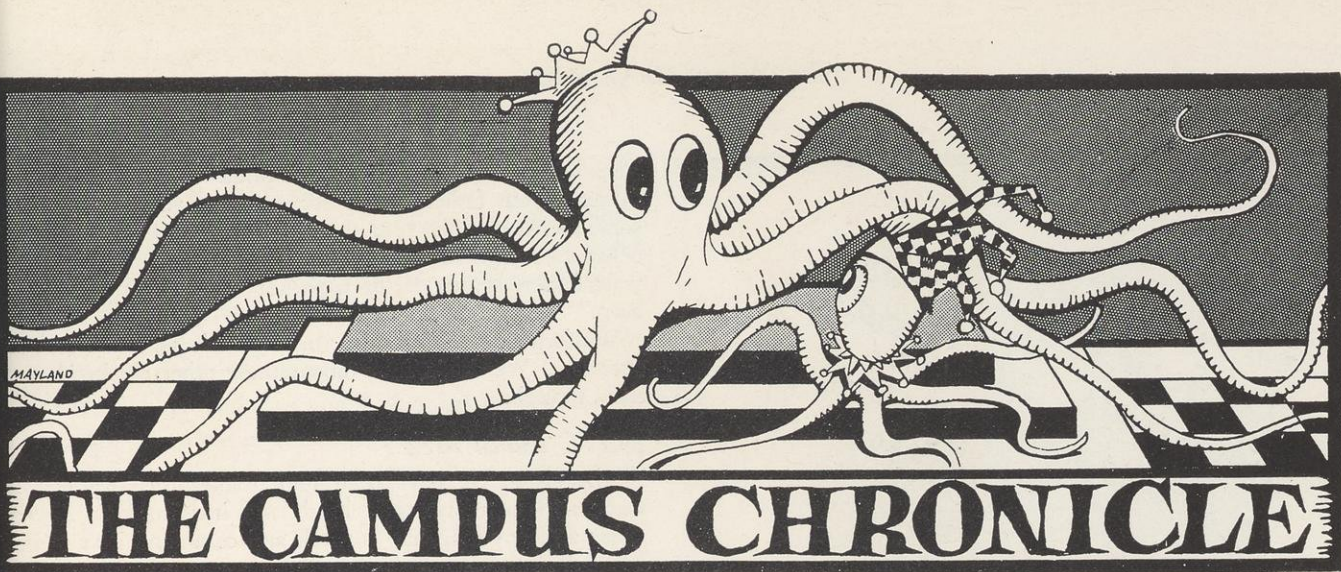
Extra Coolness

Extra Flavor

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST—people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U. S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while *extras* in Camels — an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested (see left). Thus Camels give extra smoking...a *plus* equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

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

Camels — the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos



AND now the distant sound is heard, as if from the sky, of a string breaking dying away morosely. Silence follows it, and only the sound somewhere in the distance, of the ax falling on the trees, is audible.

With these lines, Anton Chekhov closes *The Cherry Orchard*, a play we have been thinking of quite a

bit these days. The falling of the trees symbolizes the passing of the old order.

And our order is passing, too.

We sat at a dinner the other night watching it pass. "I met the strangest young man the other night," the learned woman at the head of the table said. "He's from Harvard. 'You know,' he told me, 'I've discovered the most wonderful newspaper that you have out here. The *Chicago Tribune*.'"

"Well," I said, "we think the *Chicago Tribune* is just about the worst there is."

"No," he said. "It's the best. It is positively pro-Nazi."

"Oh, come now," I said to him, "you're not pro-Nazi, are you?"

"Of course not," he said. "But I'm so strongly isolationist that anything that is likely to keep us from getting into this damned war has my full support. That even means the *Chicago Tribune*."

"Wasn't that ridiculous?" said the woman.

The gentleman at her right agreed. "People don't realize what isolation would do to our standard of living. Where would we get rubber? And all of that. Besides that, supposing Germany invaded Canada or Mexico, where would we be?"

"It's time those German militarists were crushed. Think of how things must be over there now. Why, I was brought up in Germany—I haven't a drop of German blood in me, mind you," the learned woman said, "but my father was in the embassy there, and when we would walk down the street in Berlin, these Junkers would come clanking down the street, five abreast, and shove everybody out of their way. My mother would have to get off into the gutter to let them pass. Once you saw these soldiers sweeping down the street, you'd know who's running things."

"Well," said the quiet little lady botanist at the other end of the table (she had said nothing till now), "when I was in Munich, I was riding down the road on my bicycle, and I turned the wrong way and ran smack into a company of soliders. They all stepped aside and waved to me—like this . . ." (She waved her hand gayly and gallantly.)

The talk returned to rubber and the danger of losing the Dutch East Indies. The little lady said we could get rubber from Liberia, but nobody heard her.

They said the German fleet would soon be coming over, if the Germans kept winning. The little botanist asked, "What German fleet?" but the talk had turned to a diagnosis of Hitler as a madman. Goering was insane, too. And probably Stalin.

"We're living in a world run by mental cases," one of the young people observed.

"I'm transferring to Mendota," another jested.

"It's nothing to joke about," the chamber of commerce representative declared. "We've got to do something soon. Right now."

"Yes," the learned lady agreed. "Of course there wouldn't be any conscription this time. They probably don't need our men, anyhow. Lord knows how they ever got conscription last time."

And so the logic followed. Irresistably, it seemed. Constantly. Increasingly.

You find yourself agreeing with it—half agreeing with it, at least. You can't argue hard against it. A lot of it makes sense. Two half-truths almost make a truth.

But what makes the greatest sense of all is where it is leading. It's leading to the end of our own inter-bellum childhood. Where will we be a year from now? We hate to think.

Family Trees

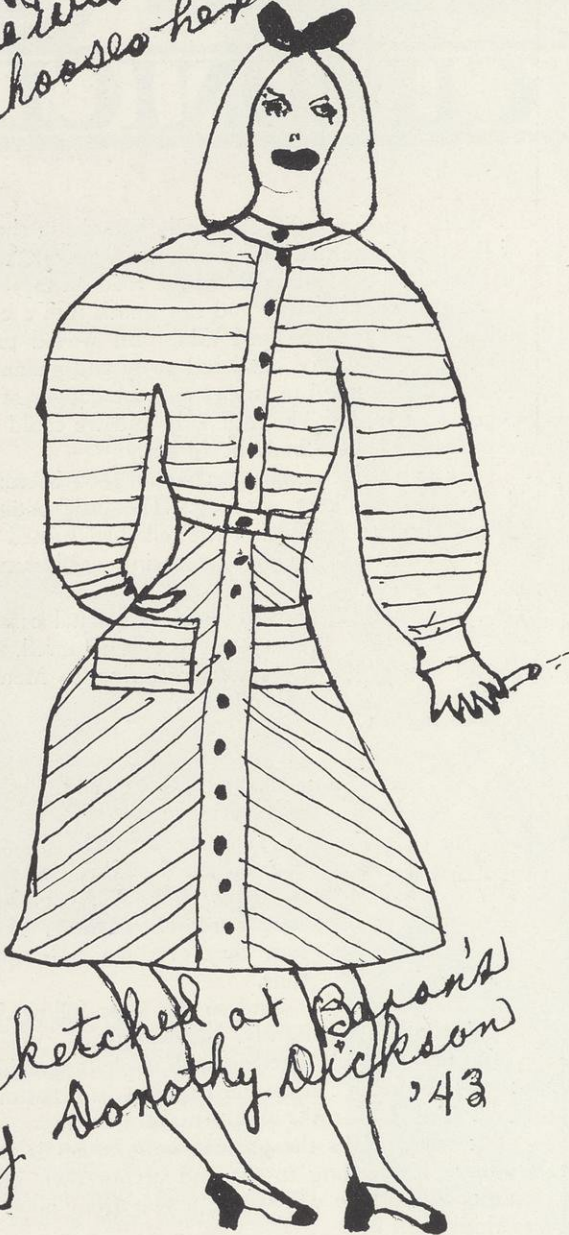
Skepticism is all right in its place, we think, but it can go too far. We believe it has definitely gone too far when we are told that we can't even be sure of our own paternal benefactor.

Mr. Taylor, of the philosophy department, with the help of Mr. Hume's skepticism, threw an illuminating shaft of insight on the family tree not long ago with this disheartening expose.

"How," he asked, and he ogled as he asked, "can you be



The "foul bird"
is given stripes;
The wise bird
chooses her own.



Baron's

sure who your father is? You think the man you call father is your father merely because since you were a child someone, preferably your mother, pointed to the man you began to recognize over your gruel bowl and said, 'This is your father, say da-da, or papa,' or whatever it may have been."

We forgive Mr. Taylor this unforgivable aspersion on our ancestors. We don't know about those other clucks in our class, though.

ROTC Builds Men

The army, we have been told, makes men leaders; it teaches them to use their heads and imaginations. *Everything* an army man has to think and command isn't in the manual of arms.

For example, one of the student R.O.T.C. colonels was recently faced with the problem of how in hell to get his company into the bleachers beside the lower campus. Nothing in any book he'd ever read said a word about it. Did he quail in the face of this unforeseen emergency? No! He squared his shoulders, threw back his chin, and bellowed: "Company—get in the stands—sit down—MARCH!"

Biggies

Slithering into a corner on all eight legs, we sat unnoticed through a committee meeting on the third floor of the Union a week or so ago. We had noticed from day to day the great number of daily meetings announced on the Union bulletin board and we had always been curious to know what of such great importance went on in all these meetings. So here we were.

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

DEAN GEORGE G. SELLERY	President
JAMES S. WATROUS	Vice-President
RAY L. HILSENHOFF	Secretary and Treasurer
ROGER W. GERLING	ROGER F. WURTZ

BUSINESS STAFF

ROGER GERLING, *Business Manager*
Larry Persechini, *Advertising Manager*

Helen B. Smith, Nancy Adams, Dorothy Dickson, Jean Grinde,
Leslie Robinson, Doris Miller, Jay Hevener, Mary Wolcott,
Connie Wolcott, Victor Strelitz, Phil Korst

ROGER F. WURTZ, *Executive Editor*

Contributors:

David Briggs, Winifred Shepard, L. S. Silk, B. Blivis,
L. Persichini, D. Huppler, C. Wolcott, Jay Hevener,
Earl North, H. Danielsyk, L. Hogan, V. Shaw,
Anne Caldwell

Copyright, May, 1940, by the WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, Inc., 770 Langdon Street, Madison. Published ten times during the year by the students of the University of Wisconsin. Reprint rights granted to legitimate college magazines; cuts will be loaned upon request. Entered as second class matter at the post-office, Madison, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription rate \$1.00 per year in U. S., Mexico and Timbuctoo, \$1.25 in Canada and U. S. possessions (except the Virgin Islands), \$1.50 in France and England, special price in Russia, and the Karelian Isthmus, 3 herrings. Single Copies, 15c

Vol. XXI

MAY, 1940

Number 9

This committee was attempting to mass-think themselves into a slogan or theme for an All-University guidance program. There were those who think of themselves as BMOC's and a few who, according to prevalent standards, didn't amount to much. And if there's anything awe-inspiring, it's a group like that straining brains for an idea.

The little men just sat there with their mouths open watching the master-minds produce.

"Jobby Lobby," ventured one, half under his breath.

"Stinko," cried the rest, glaring at him.

"I've got one," said a female committee-member, dropping her eyes and blushing. "It's really pretty good but of course that's just my opinion and I've always said that different people look at different things in different lights so you may not think so much of this as I do because you may look at it in a different light and as you're different people that may make you not like it as much as I do." The others were beginning to stir restlessly in their chairs. "Well, she continued, "it's *Quick, Henry, The Guidance . . .* well, different people *do* look at things in different lights and I just

thought . . ."

"How about this one," interrupted another loudly. "*Learn Now to be a Wow*. Ain't that a doozer?"

We felt all eight tentacles recoil in horror and disgust and we wished we had the strength of mind shown by the rest



Thesis Paper

100 sheets 39c

500 sheets . . \$1.89

Famous LANCASTER BOND approved for use on all theses . . . See Brown's quality bargains in second sheets; carbon paper; onion skin papers; and typing ribbons.

BROWN'S
BOOK SHOP
State at Lake Street

The Store for Young Men

C.W. **ANDERES** CO.

at the UNIVERSITY CO-OP



EVER HAD A PALM BEACH SUIT?

Yes or no . . . you're in for a big surprise when you see the 1940 version. Tailored with a new "contoured" collar that hugs the neck . . . Broader shoulders . . . Pucker proof seams . . . and new, smarter lines. See the new white for formal or informal wear . . .

SINGLE COATS . . . \$11.75

COATS & TROUSERS . \$16.75

PALM BEACH SLACKS . \$5.00

NOT REALLY!

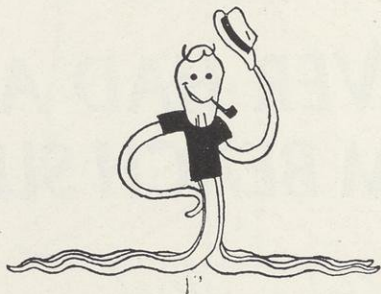


When you stand by a high altitude, you don't always want to jump!

But you'll jump at the fine, brand new clothing numbers that have just recently arrived from the manufacturers! Their smart lines, rich colors, and expert tailoring make them the answer to what you've been looking for. Come on down and shop in the home of men's wear of distinction. Go a little farther . . . your budget will stretch a lot further!

SPOO AND STEPHAN

18 - 20 North Carroll - On Capitol Square



Old Eight Legs would like to be with you wherever you are, in school or out. Won't you send him an invitation?

Send your dollar now for your 1940-41 subscription beginning with the September issue

COME OVER, EIGHT LEGS . . . YOU'RE WELCOME.
HERE IS A BUCK FOR CARFARE.

COME TO . . .

of the committee in coolly ignoring him.

There was a long silence. Wheels spun. Cogs meshed. Teeth gnashed. The committee was thinking.

"Well," said a rather scholarly member looking through his spectacles, "falling back on the science of semantics we might fit the words of the slogan to the idea we wish to express. When one attempts to obtain a position one first looks over the field, secondly, looks minutely into the part of the field he has selected, and thirdly, attempts to bring about a consummation of his desire to obtain this now located position. Therefore, I suggest *Seeking, Peeking, and Getting In* as an appropriate expression of our theme."

During this verbose recital we were edging along the wall toward the door hoping not to be seen. We hadn't made the door by the time he stopped so we stopped.

There was a dead calm.

Suddenly the learn-now-to-be-a-wow-member slapped his leg and blurted out, "*Know Your Onions and Don't Get Bunions.*"

This was too much. With a wild dash we reached the door and madly galledumphed down the hall.

Now when we pass the bulletin board in the Union lobby we know *what*.

Near-Scandal

On the unchallengeable word of Dean Goodnight, we have a little story about Miss Sarah ter Horst, the university's manager of student loans. Miss ter Horst, planning to attend a convention in another city, wired in her reservation.

Delegates to the convention were to be bunked two in a room. Miss ter Horst found that she had been assigned to a very nice roommate, except that he was a gentleman.

She consulted the committee in charge, wondering whether there might have been some mistake or whether . . . Oh, no. They couldn't have meant *that*.

The explanation, of course, was quite simple. "We thought you were *Mister Horst*," they told our Sara. Very thrilling, eh what?



A lady had three dogs which she called "Blackie," "Whitey" and "Paderwufsky." She called the white one "Whitey" because he was the whitest; the black one "Blackie" because he was the blackest, and the third one "Paderwufsky" because he was the pianist.

A parrot was sitting in the salon of a luxurious liner watching a magician do tricks. The magician served notice that he was now going to do a trick never before accomplished. He pulled up his sleeves and then proceeded to make a few fancy motions. Just at that moment the ship's boilers blew up, demolishing the ship. About five minutes later, as the parrot came to, floating about the ocean on a piece of driftwood, he muttered:

"Damned clever, damned clever."

—Exchange.

DON'T FRET,
FREDDIE . . .

HIGHEST CASH FOR BOOKS

"Let Jerry Buy 'Em"



Student Book Exchange

Near the Lower Campus

Rushee: "Who's your close-mouthed brother over there?"

Frat Man: "He ain't close-mouthed. He's waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon." —Greenie.

Angry Father: "What do you mean bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?"

Gay Blade: "Had to be at work at seven." —Joe Donovan

He: "I'm thinking of asking some girl to marry me. What do you think of the idea?"

She: "It's a great idea, if you ask me." —Urchin.

Then there was a girl named "Checkers" because she jumped whenever you made a wrong move. —Punch Bowl

In the old days, when a fellow told a girl a naughty story, she blushed at it. Nowadays, she memorizes it.



BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

by R. C. McCoy

Bright
Sayings of
Children



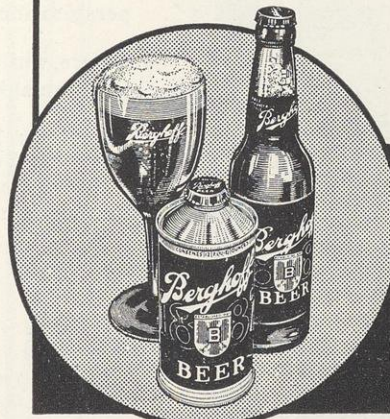
"Do you think this is the prettiest, coolest place on the block, Flora?"

"No, Frankie, it's the one down the block where you get

McCoy's "Golden Rich"
ICE CREAM
BADGER 3231 - 507 STATE ST.

WAIT!

...no longer to enjoy a completely satisfying beer—drink Berghoff.



Berghoff
BEER

BERGHOFF BREWING CORP.



FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

HER HERO RATED ZERO IN THE ART OF LOVE!

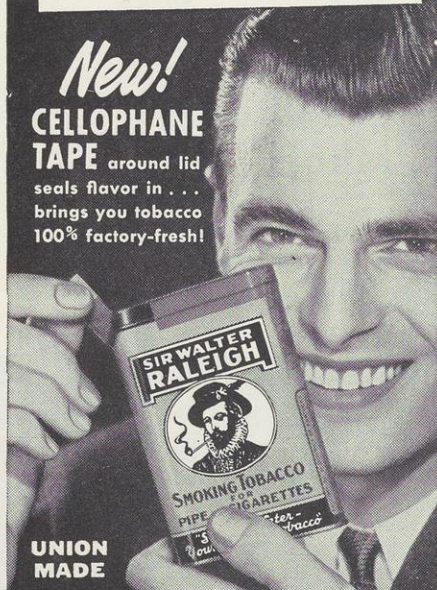


WHAT CAUSED THE FIGHT? His pipe! Bud said it tasted fine, but Sue swore it stank out loud. A fine way for sweethearts to talk! Someone better find him a milder tobacco.



HEARTS ENTWINED once again! Sue has said "yes" to Bud and his pipe since he switched to Sir Walter Raleigh, that milder blend of burleys with the gr-and aroma!

New!
**CELLOPHANE
TAPE** around lid
seals flavor in . . .
brings you tobacco
100% factory-fresh!



**UNION
MADE**

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.

He: Do you know what virgins dream about?

She: No, what?

He: I suspected as much!

—*Varieties.*

"I've stood about enough," said the humorist as they amputated his legs.

—*HoH.*

"No, Miss Lentz, a neckerchief is not the president of a sorority."

—*Exchange.*

"My boy friend doesn't smoke, drink or swear."

"Does he make all his own dresses, too?"

—*People's World.*

Old Lady—"You don't chew tobacco, do you little boy?"

Little Boy—"No, ma'am, but I could let you have a cigarette."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

Neighbor: "I heard your kid bawling last night."

Parent: "Yes, after four bawls he got his base warmed."

—*Maroon Bee.*

Fox Studio

*The smart place to
go for portrait
distinction*

ARTISTS IN

**PORTRAIT
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY**

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Call Badger 3034

for appointment

SUITE

220 TENNEY BLDG. 110 E. MAIN

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.



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.

39¢ a jar

Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars

ARRID

Octy Opens Its Mailbag:

WISCONSIN LEGISLATURE
Assembly Chamber

Dear Editor

The May issue of the Octopus has just come across my desk. I want to congratulate you boys down ther in the University for putting out such a fine piece of work. I get a big laugh off that magazine even when it critisizes the Republican Party.

A. G. Ratter


* * * *

Dear Editor

Some of we boys out here at Adams hall have decided to write to you to complain about your general attitude toward this democratic group of students who are in earnest about striving for an education. We feel that you confuse us with the College of Agriculture, for one thing. Although we are situated at quite some distance from the Memorial Union building where your offices are situated, we do not feel that you should let this distance dim your sight to such an extent that you are unable to make the distinction. Actually, we admit, when the dormitories are viewed from the roof of Bascom, the new units are horribly similar in situation and aspect to the cow barns. Lord knows that we are well aware of that. However, a magazine such as the Octopus should be able to go without resorting to a visual image when thinking of the dormitories.

Sincerely,

Cuthbert Blithers,
403 Winslow House.



Call it spring fever or whatever you like, but everyone takes time out to stop in at Fred's . . .


LOHMAIER'S
"It's a Wisconsin Tradition"

PITTSBURGH
PLATE GLASS COMPANY


Paint . . . Glass

- Polished Plate Glass
- Pennvernion Window Glass
- Mirrors . . . Dresser Tops

PAINTS . . . VARNISHES

 *Glass Blocks*

607 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
BADGER 2123



OPTOMETR-Y
OPPORTUNITY

The New
Way to Spell

Let's take a minute to be serious . . . serious about your future. Naturally, you seek a financially profitable occupation . . . one that has dignity and standing . . . one in which you can control your own activities. All this you will find in the new

OPTOMETRY

the modern complete eye examination and correction science . . . under state supervision. Today Optometrists rank with doctors and dentists in the community, and their income is commensurate with their ability.

This accredited school—the largest in the country—offers complete Optometric training in its 4 year course. Your credits give you advanced standing. Write for catalog.

L. N. NEEDLES
Registrar

Northern Illinois College of Optometry
4168 Drexel Blvd. Chicago, Illinois

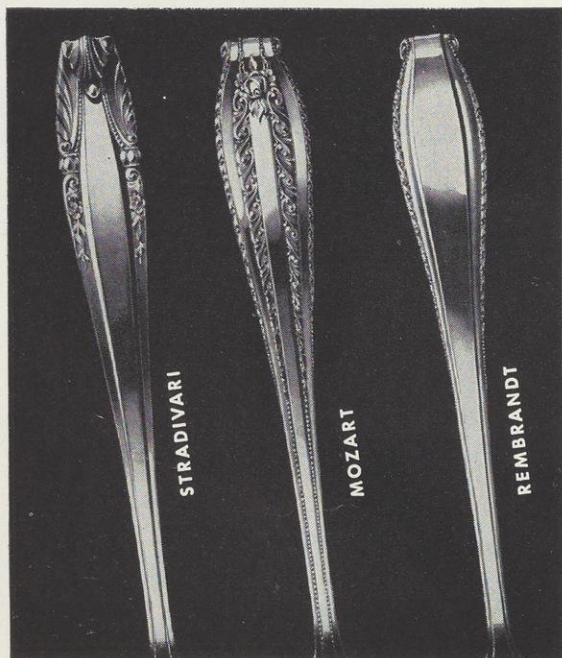
THE LAST WORD IN JITTER BOOTS

In the groove and burn up the rugs...now even shoes are going jittery...scorching clogs, torrid boots and red hot sabots...and socko hues in socks...it's sabotage.



THE LAST
WORD IN
STERLING

3rd Dimension Beauty



Wallace Silversmiths have added a plus in sterling...a hand-wrought quality that will never be imitated in cheap sterling or common plate. There is no cover charge for this extra quality in Sterling. Ask your dealer to see the "Great Master" patterns, Mozart, Rembrandt and Stradivari. Write for free brochures.

WALLACE

STERLING

WALLINGFORD • CONNECTICUT

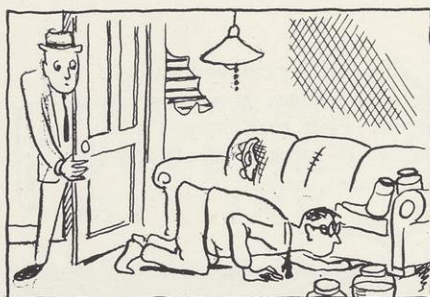
The Mating of My Friend Chester



HERE is a haunting memory of spring nights filled with the scent of distant blooming vegetation which I associate with the mating of Chester Thorpe and which sets it more among this world's hoard of tales than among the annals of science. For Chester Thorpe was a zoologist; and I have no doubt that if he were to describe his mating himself, it would be told with a repellent objectivity and published only in the formaldehyde-flavored pages of the *Quarterly Journal of Vertebrate Zoology*.

Chester was one of the threadbare folk who live on the margins of the academic life, in the dreary side-streets near our colleges, in shabby rooming-houses where poverty is the most obvious ornament of learning. Chester was far from prosperous and even looked something like a churchmouse.

But his long-nosed, almost furtively shy appearance suggested little of the



"Good Lord, Thorpe, how can you live in this stink?"

zeal and learning which he focussed, through his thick spectacles, upon mollusca and crustacea.

This curious mixture of personal diffidence and scientific acuteness greeted me when I creaked up the dark, narrow stairs of his rooming-house and thumped on his door.

"Clayton!" he said. "Do come in. I was just—"

"Good Lord, Thorpe," I said, "how can you live in this stink? And how does your landlady stand for it . . . ?" Most of us biologists leave our work in our laboratories and don't fill our rooms with pickled organs and dismantled reptiles.

"Oh, I don't mind," said Chester. "If you do, though, we can—"

"Nonsense," I said. "I don't mind. It's just that it smells so nice outdoors tonight that a sudden whiff of dead newts makes a fellow gasp . . ." I sat down on Chester's bursted sofa.

"Would you like to help me catch cockroaches?" Chester asked. "They're all over the place—"

"Cockroaches! I will *not* help you catch them. But I will help you move to a decent rooming-house."

"Oh, no," said Chester. "That's why I live here. I'm working on the ganglia of roaches, and this place is crawling with them. On top of that the rent is cheap."

"What an odd coincidence," I said. "I hope you don't become interested in fleas. You would probably stop bathing."

"I could keep a dog."

Sometimes I envy a solemn, practical mind like that.

"How has your thesis been coming?" Chester asked. "Found any more of those gymnosperms—"

"Really," I said, "this evening I'm trying to forget gymnosperms and that damned thesis."

Chester brightened up. "Then let me show you my newts," he suggested. "You'll be interested in—"

"Newts are as bad as gymnosperms," I exclaimed. "For heaven's sake, Thorpe, can't you talk anything but shop? You'd make a better scientist if you didn't have such a one-track mind. Why don't you do something else for a change besides crucifying rabbits and newts?"

CHESTER looked embarrassed and stared at the floor.

"What you really need, Thorpe," I said more kindly, "is a little contact with women. Why don't you get yourself a girl-friend or two?"

"Well . . ." began Chester. "I suppose you are right. I have been thinking of that problem for some time."

"Fine!" I said. "I know a couple of girls over at Barnard. Oh, nothing glamorous," I added when I saw Chester's nervous frown. "Just good, solid,



"... weird musical instruments . . ."

wholesome girls . . ."

"Thank you, Clayton," Chester said. "But what I mean is, I was going to approach the problem more basically. At the roots . . . biologically, you might say."

"Now see here, Thorpe," I said hotly. "I don't know what you mean; but biology and Barnard girls—or even State Street barmaids—don't always mix. Not too soon, anyway."

Chester colored deeply and fidgeted. "No, no," he said. "I don't mean anything like *that*. I mean—Well, look."

He walked over to a bookcase and took a number of objects, like weird musical instruments, from the bottom shelf. Standing in the middle of the room, he put a curved horn to his lips and blew a gruff, swelling note. "See what I mean?" he asked me.

"No."

"That sound," he said. "It's the mating call of the bull moose. Hunters use it to lure the female."

"There are no moose in Madison," I said. "That horn won't send the blood pulsing through a young lady's veins—"

"Not so fast," interrupted Chester, again the confident scientist. "Listen to these."



"... he blew a gruff, swelling note . . ."

He demonstrated the other instruments, explaining to me between noises, "Call of the Louisiana bull-frog . . . Mating call of the crow; you can buy it at any sporting-goods shop . . . Mallard, and here's a canvasback . . . Okapi; that's an African one which I can't do perfectly because I never saw an okapi . . . Some Brazilian bird, perhaps *Rhamphastida* . . . Fur-seal . . ."

Chester produced an astounding variety of ungodly sounds calculated to stir the passions of bird and beast.

"You see now what I'm planning," he said simply.

I shook my head weakly.

"I am trying to find the mating-call of *homo sapiens*."

I gulped and stared at him. In seven

years I had never for a moment known Chester Thorpe to be facetious.

"Man," I said at last, "is not a moose, or a mallard, or a frog, or anything else but *homo sapiens*. Your analogy is unsound. Frankly, Thorpe, I fear for your sanity."

"The analogy is quite reasonable," Chester protested earnestly. "*Homo sapiens* is after all but one species of the order of primates, which is a subdivision of *mammalia*, which is a subdivision of *chordata*, which is one of the eleven *phyla* of animals. Though no frog ever wrote *Hamlet*, and no moose ever composed a cantata, there is less difference biologically among *chordata* than we like to think. Especially in elementary matters like mating."

"If you're serious, Thorpe," I said uneasily, "you—"

"Serious!" he exclaimed. "I am deadly serious. But I can't blame you for doubting my plan or even my sanity. It's so overwhelmingly logical that it's blinding. The mating-call in one form or another echoes from one end of our civilization to the other. I intend to distill it, to concentrate the essence of it into one ringing note like the call of the bull-moose."

"Do not young ladies all but swoon over the rich notes of some wavy-haired tenor? Do not the sounds from this Mr. Goodman's clarinet, or this Mr. Dorsey's trombone pierce into the marrow of young ladies and sometimes excite the series of reflexes called jitter-bugging? Do not the ringing blasts of Sibelius' Sixth Symphony arouse indefinable emotions in yet other young ladies? And is there not something in almost any man's voice which strikes, at one time or another, a sympathetic vibration in some woman's soul? No, Clayton, I'm not crazy."

For several seconds I said nothing. "Your argument is not unreasonable," I wavered. "That distilled note . . . But what is wrong with the conventional manner of mating?"



"... immersed in charts of sound-waves . . ."

"Candy and flowers?" laughed Chester. "Flirting and ice-breaking and the palpitating approach? It's inefficient, for one thing. Occupies too much of people's time and energy. And it's so confused—all those tentative pairings before mating is achieved, and the tragedies that so many matings prove to be among *homo sapiens*."

"Still," I persisted, "man is *not* a moose."

"And that's just the trouble!" said Chester impatiently. "Mating among *Alces americanus*, the moose, is simple, dignified, chaste, and not without a certain poetic charm befitting its north-woods habitat. Its mating-call embodies the simple harmony so notable in the sex-relations of *Alces*."

"More important, the confused din of the mating-calls of *homo sapiens*—that futile groping among tenors, trombonists, maestros, and even the poets with their carefully chosen vowels—suggests the cause of almost universal mating woes among men."

"You may be right, Thorpe," I agreed thoughtfully. "The marital bickerings, divorces, infinite unhappiness, vice, illegitimacies . . . We're all disenchanted. We need to rediscover the pure mating-call."

Chester beamed. "I knew you'd see my point," he said. "It's very reassuring."

"But this mating-call—can you find it?"

"I feel I am on the brink of discovery," said Chester. "It's a matter of a few weeks. A few days, maybe."

Walking back to my room, I pondered Chester's idea, so reasonable and yet so magnificently absurd. But breathing deeply of the warm night-breeze, I was strangely full of hope.

II.

I hadn't seen too much of Chester since we were roommates in Botkin House in our sophomore year, but I dropped in on him twice later that week. I always found him immersed in charts of sound-waves, monographs on the psycho-biology of human speech

and the cries of animals, and phonograph records of everything from the nightingale (*daulias daulias*) to Nelson Eddy (*homo sapiens*). On my first call, Chester just sat and brooded; I was in no mood for brooding, so I left early. But the next time I called, he leaped up from the bursted sofa and almost screamed at me: "It works, Clayton, it works!"

He trotted the horn out for me. It looked much like the moose-call, simple and slightly curved. Chester was quite agitated and trembly, in part from strain and lack of sleep.

I have said that I am a scientist, too. The course of action was as clear to me as it was to Chester. "We must both try it," I said, putting the horn into my coat pocket and heading out the door. Chester chased along behind me, too fluttery to protest.

"How do you know it works?" I said, walking toward Langdon and Henry where the Gamma Phi Beta house and Ann Emery Hall would provide us with an adequate laboratory.

"I just know," said Chester, "I blew it and I felt it."

"We shall see," I said, striding along. Chester guessed where I was going, as we crossed State Street and moved toward Langdon.

"Oh, no, not Ann Emery!" he gasped. "Clayton, you can't do *that*. We—"

"Tut, tut, Thorpe," I said confidently. "Is that the spirit of Agassiz, of Darwin, or Cuvier? *You* can go back to your cockroaches if you want, but I'm going to Ann Emery—and the Gamma Phi house, too."

It was quite late; a few windows glowed at Ann Emery, but most of them were dark.

"I have misgivings—" began Chester.

"Plague your misgivings," I said; and putting the horn to my lips, like the knight Roland I blew. A long, firm-bodied, resonant note filled the air, carrying far over the dark roofs and cluttered yards of Madison, stirring the lofty elm branches, melting



"It works, Clayton, it works!"

"... young ladies all but swoon over the rich notes . . ."



into the gentle wind.

"Sounds nice," I said.

"But what will happen?" asked Chester.

We looked intently at the darkened buildings.

Again I blew. And again.

Seconds ticked by; and then here and there a light went on, here and there a head appeared at a window.

"Clayton—" whined Chester.

"Shut up," I said.

More lights went on. A few figures appeared in doorways, then more, and suddenly the night seemed to be full of female forms in nighties, pajamas, robes . . .

We turned and fled, triumphant, through the night.

III.

THE following night we went stalking. Langdon Street, we decided, was no place for us—the spirit of the Student Life & Interests Committee hangs too heavy on that leafy lane. We went instead to the other side of the square, not far from the Eagles' Ballroom.

A pair of girls walked by us with incisive heel-tappings but also with the sidewise glance that may or may not have been a come-on. One can't always tell. We stopped in front of a saloon to plan our course.

"Obviously," said Chester, "we can't blow the thing here without causing a riot."

"True," I said. "We better lie in ambush and look the field over."

Chester nodded. We walked to the middle of the block where there was a row of unlighted stores.

"This will make a good blind," I said. We stood in the shadows of a darkened doorway, where passersby scarcely noticed us, and watched the girls. "When you see one you like," I advised, "go ahead and blow, if the coast is clear."

"Me? Blow?"

"Sure, you," I said. "I'm practically engaged to a girl at Barnard."

"There's one . . ." said Chester. She was wearing a red hat and a fur piece, and she seemed likely.

Chester hurriedly put the horn to his lips and gave a weak, slightly sour peep. The young lady merely looked about indifferently with unslackened gait.

"Get a grip on yourself, Thorpe," I urged severely.

Chester blew again, a firm note this time, gentle yet urgent. "Again, softly," I said. Chester obeyed.

The young lady walked back in our direction, and we stepped from the shadows. "Good evening," I smiled.

"Hello," she admitted inconclusively. She wasn't too bad.

"We're not detaining you?" I asked.

"Well, I was going to my girl-friend Ethel's house," she said, "but I heard that noise and . . . and . . ." She seemed baffled.

"Permit me to introduce Mr. Chester Thorpe," I said. "I am Clayton Gibbs."

"Glad to meet you," she said. "I'm Gladys Callahan. You fellows live around here?"

"We attend the university," Chester blurted out.

"Oh, college boys."

"Well, not exactly," said Chester. "Not undergraduates, that is. We graduated once already, but—"

"It don't matter," said Miss Callahan, visibly upset. "You're from the U. And my old man'll wring my neck if he hears I been out with students from the U."

"Oh, now, we aren't students," Chester objected. "We're biologists."

"Oh, good God," said Miss Callahan, "I'm going." She set out determinedly down the street.

Chester stared after her for a moment, then reached for his horn, and again the mating call sounded. Gladys Callahan stopped in her tracks as if a heavy hand had fallen on her fur-clad

shoulder. Slowly she turned around and came back to us.

"Gosh," she said, "I don't know what to think. But maybe you guys aren't so bad. Let's all have a beer, huh?"

"No," said Chester with dignity. "You may go, please." Gladys Callahan, with helpless appeal and deep puzzlement clouding her powdered face, went.

Chester was beaming. "You are right, Clayton," he said. "Women are quite simple. There's nothing to be afraid of."

I clapped him on the back. "That's the old fight. Confidence is everything. I'll go now—three's a crowd, you know."

"Not tonight," said Chester. "I've had enough. But oh! tomorrow!" He patted the mating horn fondly, and we both burst into laughter.

The next evening I spent at the herbarium alone with my work, as I had resolved to let Chester proceed with his mating for himself with his newly-won confidence and love-call. About eleven o'clock I was walking back to my room when, nearing University Avenue, I met Chester. Hanging on his arm was an abundant blonde who would have been just his height with her shoes off. She seemed quite



"But, Roger, I still want to be married in white."

fascinated with him; and as I passed them, Chester winked at me. I smiled my blessing on them.

THAT was the last I have seen of Chester. I dropped in at his rooming-house one day for a visit; and the landlady told me he hadn't been there for days. The cockroaches, presumably, were flourishing riotously.

However, soon after that I noticed a newspaper account of how a road-performance of a musical comedy in Minneapolis had to be cancelled when the entire chorus disappeared twenty minutes before curtain time. "The ladies of the chorus," the story said, "were discovered in an alley near the theater where the center of attraction seemed to be a small, dark man who vanished when officers arrived . . ."

It struck me at once that this curious episode could only have been caused by Chester Thorpe and his mating horn. Chester, I thought, had better use a good deal more discretion.

But then, discretion—in some ways there is too much of it on this planet. Perhaps it would be a good thing if a pair of mighty cheeks, such as Gabriel must use on Judgment Day, could blow the mating horn and let that rich, pure note—gentle but firm and forceful—echo through the chasms of the Sierras and the dim hills of Virginia and all the plains between, upward to the stars. Meanwhile, I suppose, we shall have to rely only upon that springtime breeze after a dreary winter, the smell of sunlight made fragrant in the green veins of growing things.

—M. B. W.

Amour Sans Paroles

Write me no poem,
Sing me no song,
Just take me in your arms
Where I belong.

Paint me no picture,
My need's not for art,
Just take me and hold me
Close to your heart.

—C. M.



"Got two nickels for a dime?"

• •

Words for Zither Music

Bristly Bess was my everyday dolcy,
Bristly Bess, I guess, I guess.
With a face like a queen, if a little falsey,
That was my Bristly Bess.

Ortolan Nell was my sometime girly,
Ortolan Nell, you tell, you tell.
Thin as a rail, with a grip right burly,
That was my Ortolan Nell.

Cissy Lu had my Sunday heart,
Cissy Lu, untrue, untrue.
She talked po'try and swore real smart,
My Sunday Cissy Lu.

Bess, Nell and Lu,
Bess, Nell and Lu,
Everyday, sometime and Sunday;
Bess, Nell and Lu,
Bess, Nell and Lu,
None so pert as my Kate on Monday.

—D. H.





"Don't you feel positively naked, Doris?"

Good on Paper



AND on the other wing," Walter read, "King Eumenes shared effective command of the Roman forces with the ex-consul Cn.

Domitius Ahenobarbus—for Scipio Africanus was prevented . . ." Good old Scipio Africanus, Walter thought, not that he particularly liked Scipio himself, but his name recalled the old days in Blackridge High. There were *Scipio* and *T. Labienus*, Caesar's lieutenant—Marjorie Allenby had called him "T" in Latin translation, and everybody had laughed . . . Walter, too, even though Marjorie was his girl.

Suddenly he got up from his desk, as a hot surge swept through him. Walter thought to himself, "It is a wave of passion," and editorially blue-pencilled the phrase. The Spring was there, outside, and it was seeping through the windows that he had banged shut. "Oh, Lord," he moaned, "I've got to work, I've got to." But he knew that he couldn't . . . wouldn't . . . he was through fooling himself.

Why weren't girls here like Marjorie? They hadn't even pretty names like *Marjorie*. They weren't sweet and friendly and—but who was he to be choosy anymore? He was turning into a hermit, a "scholar," a, a hunk of flesh with a brain that wouldn't behave itself. "I know what I need," Walter mumbled, giving himself advice, "a girl . . . any girl, as long as she's a *nice* girl . . . or I'll make myself into a Frankenstein's monster."

* * *

Elaine had been in history classes with him for two years now. She knew how smart he was, and she'd be glad to go out with him, he bet. And she didn't look so bad now, when she sat opposite him there, in the booth, propping up her head with her long white hands.

"I shouldn't eat these banana royales," Walter said, "I'm fat enough as it is."

"You *do* look something like a robin red-breast from the front," she said, giggling. "I'd like to feed you crumbs sometime and watch you peck at your tummy."

Walter couldn't think of anything funny to say, so he just chuckled.

"I don't like the inside of these



"Doesn't Spring do things to you, Gunther?"

• •

booths," Elaine said. "They smell like an old rubber hose."

"Oh, no they don't!" Walter cried . . . and gulped down his scoop of chocolate ice-cream, because his conversation was stuck again. Then he thought of something, — "I like the way you hold your hands up to your face," he said.

"You mean I have nice hands," Elaine smiled. "That was really very subtle of you, as subtle as the taste of whipped cream in a chocolate ice-cream soda."

Gad, Walter thought, that was her third simile in three sentences. "Do you write poetry, Elaine?" he asked, knowing darn well she must.

"A little . . . yes, a *lot*, now that you mention it."

"Is it good?"

"Why yes, I think it's quite good."

"Oh." Then, "What's it about?"

"What a stupid question, Walt! But sometimes it's about things I hate, and love—they're the same, you know—and mostly I feel as though I *am* in love when I'm writing, though I really don't think I could be anymore, because I know too much."

Walter said "Oh" again, and would

have dipped into his banana royale if he hadn't finished it already.

When they got up to leave, Walter had trouble getting her arms into her coat sleeves. She said, "It must be nice to have ten thumbs."

On the way out, he banged into a table when he was staring at the back of her neck, where the hair curled up. "You walk through this place," she giggled, "with all the grace of a head-waiter . . . nit!"

* * *

She said goodnight to him, holding out her hand. He grabbed hold of it, and wondered if that was all he was supposed to do. He guessed that was sophisticated. She laughed at him, for no apparent reason, and said, "You'll *never* know what a lovely time I've had."

Walking home, he decided she must like him quite a bit. After all, she knew how he really was; she'd seen him at his best arguing with old Hackenschmidt about the Etruscans. And he was really very pleasant company . . . she had laughed and enjoyed herself. Only she was nicer when she didn't laugh. And she thought love was peculiar or something. And her similes were only second-rate. And she thought she was too clever. And he could never think of the right things to say when she left herself wide open for a smart one. And he could write better than she, he felt. As he walked, Walter began to compose a little essay, "One day I looked up from *The Reign of Constantinople* and it was Spring. The sky was like spun-glass at a small country carnival, with brittle clouds spilling down, long white threads breaking loose from them . . ."

But a lot of good it did him, he thought, patting his swelling middle . . . like a robin red-breast's. "Oh well," he said to himself, suddenly feeling in every part of him that Elaine thought him a boor, that he *was* a boor, that he was sick of living with himself and his own thoughts, sick for the sight of Marjorie, sick over the remembrance of what he had wanted to be and what he was becoming . . . "at least I'm good on paper," he muttered, blinking his eyes.

—L. S.



Jingling in a Whistling Wind



RUSH right in and take what you want — that's what I learned during Orientation Week. It began when I didn't have matches for my pipe. The bulletins I had said the Union was the student's home away from home so that was where I went to get some lights. A big crowd was around the main desk buying tickets for Freshman Supper or something but I put my pipe in my mouth and shoved right through. A couple of girls fainted but I guess that was because I pushed so hard or because they couldn't stand my corn-cob. (Reminded me of the time at Hard Scrabble I put my pipe on a stone beside a woodchuck Towser'd killed while I dug a hole with a pick to bury him—the woodchuck, I mean—and the critter got up and ran off.) Well, I kept my head and in the excitement I got the whole carton of book matches from the counter. That's easier than rapping on the showcase with a penny so the clerk'll think you want to buy

something and then begging a book of matches.

Everybody wasn't doing nothing so I went down to the lake for a swim. The water was fine but swimming seemed like a waste of time because I had a bath at home when we finished haying just two or three weeks before I come down here. Then I went to the Rathskeller. It was pretty crowded there so I set on a table to look around. The next thing I knew a waiter asked me to set on a chair. He said the tables weren't strong enough to be set on, but I think he was afraid I'd get the table dirty. Honest, though, I had clean pants on that day and I'd just been swimming, too. He was bigger'n I was so I got off but I thumbed my nose when he turned his back. Can't nobody tell me what to do.

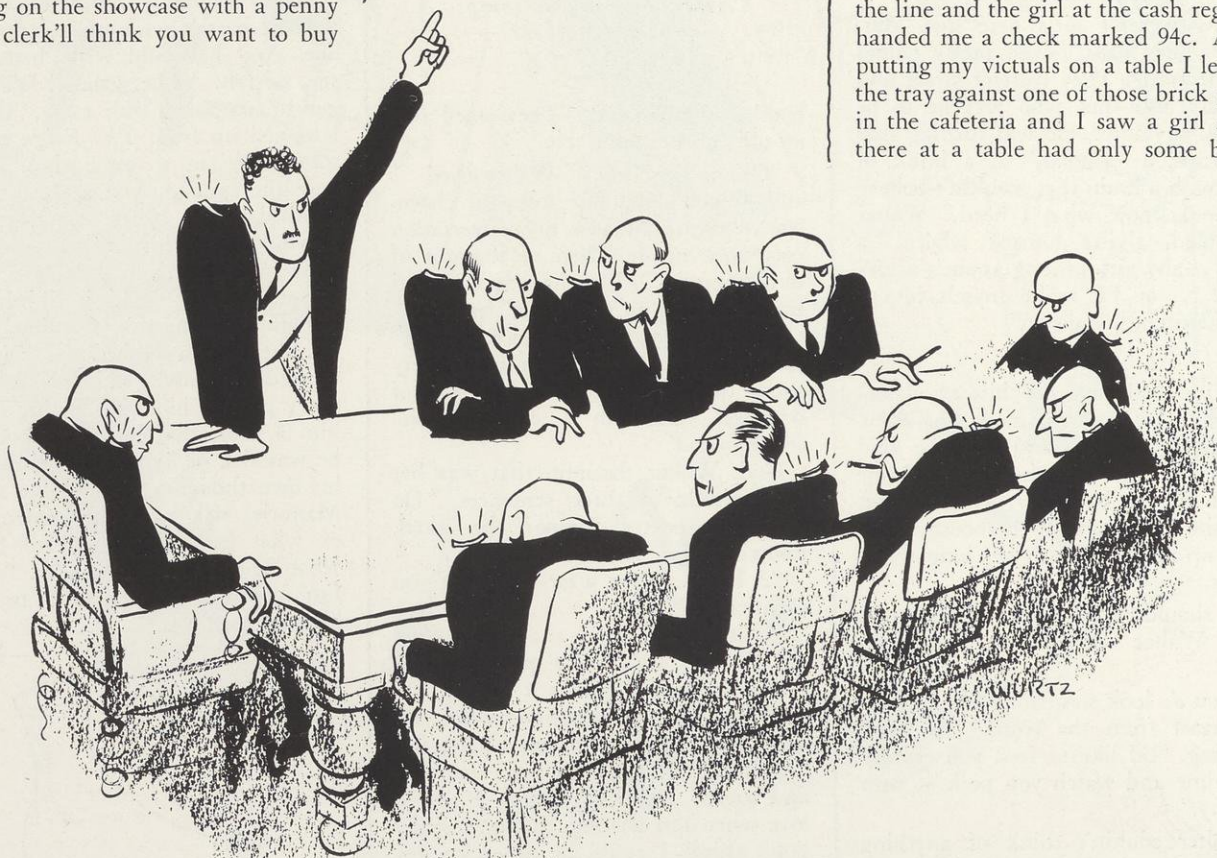
A guy brought in some newspapers on split sticks and I grabbed one right away. The paper was the *Milwaukee Journal* and when I got through reading it I took it out with me. Nobody around Hard Scrabble ever had a *Milwaukee Journal* and it makes a nice

souvenir even if it is a little dirty now. You see I didn't have nowhere to sleep that first night until I found a sheltered doorway in the gray building right across the street from the Union. So I spread the paper to lie on and used my satchel for a pillow. The concrete was pretty hard but the next day I slept all forenoon on one of the davenport up in the Council Room at the Union. They're softer than the leather ones in the Rathskeller.

WHEN I woke up I heard a noise like the building was falling down but it was only the bowling alleys. The pin boys down there wasn't much good. They couldn't set up the pins near as fast as I could roll the balls down the alley. After I'd rolled three balls the pin boy started down the alley yelling so I got out.

By that time I was hungry and I found a long line waiting to get into the Cafeteria. I went to the cloak rack at the head of the line like I was hanging up my coat, but I took the money from a couple of purses there, and stepped into place at the head of the line. Nobody said a word. The poor mugs!

I loaded up a good meal going down the line and the girl at the cash register handed me a check marked 94c. After putting my victuals on a table I leaned the tray against one of those brick posts in the cafeteria and I saw a girl right there at a table had only some bread



"Gentlemen, our trouble is that we've all got chips on our shoulders."

and butter and milk. She looked thin, too. So I left my check on the corner of the table and took hers. I bet she was surprised when she got to the cashier at the door.

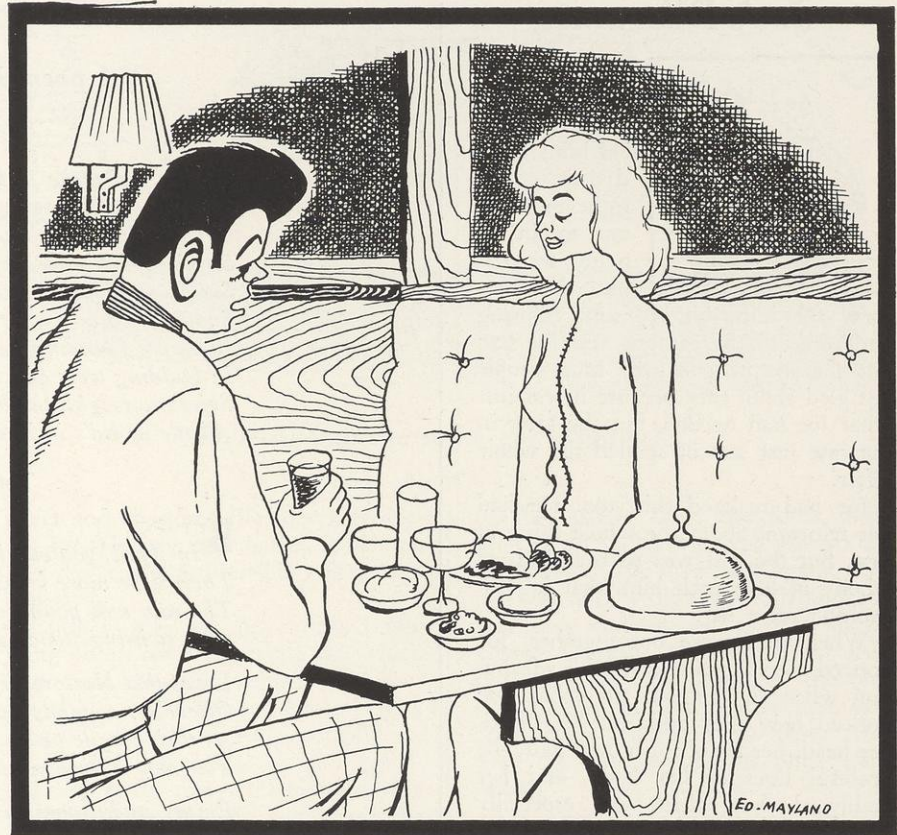
The next night I didn't feel hungry but I decided to look around anyway. Just inside the Union there was a husky fellow with a sign on his coat at a candy counter. I thought I'd better dodge him so when I picked up three big, new books at the cloakrack outside the cafeteria I beat it up some stairs and went around a hall past a sign that said "Georgian Grill" and then out the front door. I sold the books for enough to get all the books I need, but I think I'll take them back to the store, too. I've skipped all the quizzes and nobody's said a word about it. Going to the university sure is a snap. I've been here two months and haven't cracked a book. Why do some poor saps study?

II

I DON'T hardly believe anymore what the Union says about being the students home away from home because the other morning I went in the Cafeteria with a grapefruit and asked one of the blonds to fix it for my breakfast. She wouldn't do it and besides that she was nasty. She wanted to know if I had some last night's coffee that I'd like warmed up. There just ain't no justice.

One day I went in the Union Library to read. My pipe went out just then so I knocked the ashes into an ash tray on the Librarian's desk and she got mad. Anyway, why'd she put paper clips in an old ash tray? I guessed I hadn't better stay there and I went across the hall to the Graduate Lounge. The phonograph in there didn't have no horn on it. The music would've made Towser stick his nose up and howl and I thought it would sound better if I whistled. After a little I found myself sprawled on the floor outside the door and my head felt as though something'd hit it.

A beer was what I needed to pick me



"But, Lois, I thought this was a coke date."

up so I got one in the Rathskeller and carried it over to watch a pool game in the Billiard Room. My head kind of ached yet and I set the glass on the edge of a pool table while I watched the game. A fellow at the next table hit the glass with his cue when he made a shot. The beer spilled all over the green cloth and I didn't think I'd better stay there any longer either. On the way out I picked up a yellow leather jacket that somebody had left on a chair.

I have quit sleeping on the Library steps because I found a hash joint that stays open all night. They don't say nothing if I come in after the Union closes, get a plate lunch, and then read all night.

Yes, I've started to study. Last week my English instructor cornered me after class and asked about the themes I hadn't turned in. It's a waste of time to do them, though, because he doesn't like them when they are done. I got one back this morning that was marked up worse than a piece of paper my kid brother has played with. It was marked F--. But I'll fix him. Today I took some thumbtacks from a bulletin board in the Union.

The Union Librarian doesn't like me very well. Yesterday there wasn't no place to set in the Council Room so I took a newspaper in the Library. She told me I couldn't read nothing but library books there. It wasn't light enough to read in the Graduate Lounge neither so I autographed three or four of the lampshades.

Today I called up my girl when I got to the Union after my 11 o'clock. She says the cutest things like 'Does my gweat big oopsy-woopsy 'ove his 'ittle dovey?' and I talked to her till almost 12:30. There was about fifteen or twenty waiting for the phone when I came out of the booth and one little guy says, 'You think that was a rat-hole?' I'd of socked him but it looked like everybody was down on me so I controlled myself. As Pa always said, true worth will tell.

I feel kind of low tonight. Jim had a letter for me when I came to the hash joint for my plate lunch. It said 'Final warning. Report without fail at 124 Bascom Hall tomorrow at 10 a.m. (Signed) Scott H. Goodnight.' But I've been sleeping through most of my 10 o'clocks so I guess it won't hurt to forget the letter. Well, see you later.

—E. N.

Joe's Dilemma



N W A R D L Y, everybody who knew Joe pitied him. They didn't come right out and say so in so many words, but they felt

sorry for him, bitterly sorry. Spring had come to the campus and Joe had fallen desperately in love. Most people felt glad about this, because it was just what Joe had needed, but the facts in the case just sort of spoiled the whole affair.

Joe had realized this, too. He had felt reluctant about the whole thing at first, but the girl was so beautiful, so wholly in love with him, that he just couldn't resist her.

When they were out together, Joe noticed men's eyes widen with admiration when she entered the room. He noticed how they admired the tilt of her head, her beautiful brown hair, the graceful lines of her body, and her bodily rhythm which was especially noticeable when they danced.

Joe had to be rude at times to avoid introducing her to people who didn't know her. He just couldn't bring himself to do it. Even after several months, he winced every time he saw their names together in the Cardinal date lists.

Even though he realized that everybody felt sorry for him, Joe decided she was worth it. Such feminine beauty and affection more than compensated for his going steady with Hailbushnelaine Erittenblande.

—D. B.

Nocturne

*At night when tired out I be,
I wish sincerely that for me
Retiring were no harder found
Than for the jolly little hound,
Who merely turns around his couch,
And flops into a slumberous slouch.*

—C. W.



"Mr. Chairman . . ."



"... honorable judges ..."



"... worthy opponents ..."

Spring

(A poem in three parts)

Today

POETS praise the waking Spring
(Those punks plug most everything!)
Mooning couples, left and right,
Stroll by day and coo by night;
Sunbeams dance on road and wall,
Snow is scarce or not at all;
Birds are founding happy homes
In budding trees and city domes;
Skies are bright, the breeze is cozy,
All the world's in love—or dozy.

Tomorrow

BUT—
In April, you can bet your money
There'll be more STORMY days than sunny;
The rain will pound on roofs and shutters
And swirling floods will fill the gutters.

Loves that blossom like Spring flowers
Often last as many hours
As their fragile-petaled neighbors—
You may as well conserve your labors.

Empty study rooms will cry
For errant tenants; books piled high
On dusty desks will be deserted
By those with whom Dame Spring has flirted.

Epilogue

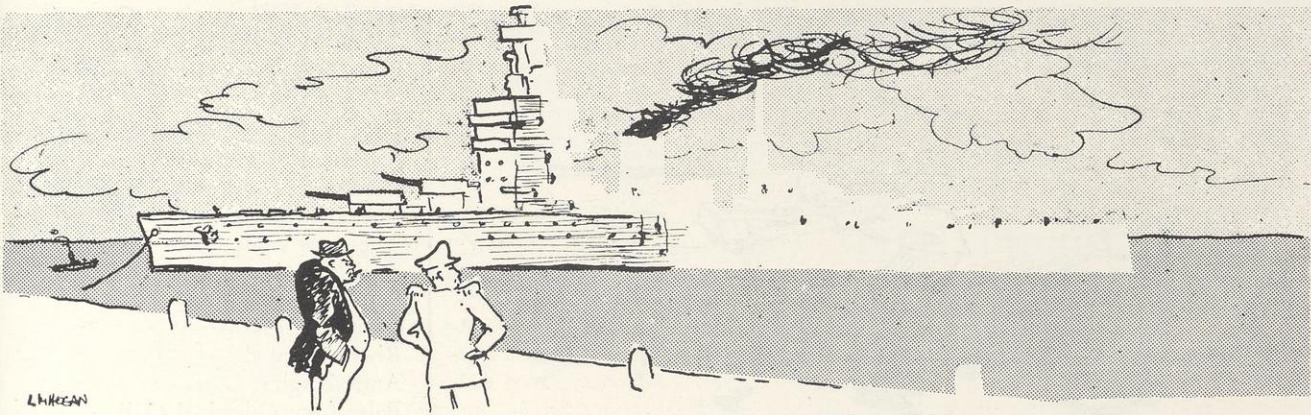
REMEMBER—
There'll be a day of reckoning
For YOU who fall in love with Spring!
—R. E. N.

On Your Way

JE T'AIME, my dear, I long to tell
You what my heart would mention
Ich Liebe dich would do as well
If you had that intention.

Yet here I sit with wrinkled brow
And Francais is no comfort.
But I can tell you anyhow,
To kindly gehen, bum, fort.

—C. R.



"Some camouflage paint, eh, Winston?"

Pike, Carp, Dogfish

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl fish who lived in Lake Mendota and her name was Catherine Carp. But all

the other little boy and girl fishes who knew Catherine very well called her Carpie because it was much easier to say Carpie than Catherine Carp, daughter of Cassio and Cassandra Carp, which was the formal way of addressing fishes in Lake Mendota. And besides, saying so many big words all at one time made the little fishes' gills tickle, and if you know anything at all about fish you know that there is nothing they hate more than ticklish gills. They just don't like them. Make them deathly ill.

Now Carpie lived with her mother and father, who were also fishes, in an old, discarded beer barrel some twenty feet from the end of the Phi Delt pier. All day long she would do nothing but flit up and down between the posts of the pier, or occasionally chat with a worm that was sitting on someone's fish hook, but all in all she led a very

quiet and cloistered life, never venturing far from the beer barrel. And then one day the most terrible thing happened.

Little Carpie had just finished nibbling on an old 7-UP bottle cap which had been dropped behind her beer barrel the night before, when Danny Dogfish, the hideous cad, suddenly appeared bristling his scales and growling real awful nasty. Carpie was very frightened because she had heard the most terrible tales about Danny Dogfish and the way he had seduced just loads of other little girl fishes in Lake Mendota, and she tried to swim away. But Danny, being a boy fish, was much faster than poor little Carpie, who was only a little girl fish, and pretty soon he caught up to her. He growled again, nastier than he had growled the first time, and he grabbed her by the tail and swam away with her to his own house which was way down at the other end of the lake under the Nurses' Dorm pier. Poor little Carpie made all kinds of bubbling noises, and she flapped her fins and tickled her gills, but she just couldn't get away from Danny Dogfish who was nastier than ever and just laughed at her.

Danny locked Carpie up in a coke bottle and shoved a big shell over the mouth of the bottle so that she couldn't get away, and then he swam around

on the outside, back and forth, looking her up and down from gills to tail and then all the way back again. Carpie was only a little girl fish and she was very embarrassed to have nasty Danny Dogfish, who was a boy fish, swimming up and down on the outside looking in at her. But there was nothing she could do. Was there? And then the most wonderful thing happened.

Peter Pike, who had known Carpie ever since she was just a little minnow, happened to flush by on his way to a dinner engagement at the Park street sewer. And Peter, seeing Carpie corked up in the coke bottle, made a big lunge at Danny Dogfish and scared him off into the middle of the lake. Then Peter, like all the heroes in all the nice story books, rescued Carpie by pushing away the shell which covered the mouth of the bottle and swam with her back to her home in the beer barrel just twenty feet off the Phi Delt pier. And Carpie, like all good little girl fishes, thanked Peter for saving her from Danny Dogfish and she smiled at Peter so hard that her gills tickled, but she didn't care because Peter was a nice little boy fish, and she thought that some day she might learn to love him.

—J. H.



"...ladies and gentlemen..."



"...and fellow students..."



"...I thank you!"

—R. Rusch



"I really don't know very much about boats."

Campus Coed Tells All

EDITOR'S NOTE: Octopus dares to print this intimate revelation of a U. W. coed. Here is the real truth! etc. etc.—

I suppose I really ought to give you some brief but startling incidents of my home life so that you will have a true insight into the real me. And I do want you to know the real me even if I have to be, shall we say, a bit indiscreet to do it.

Just about my parents. There were two of them. A mother and a father. There was another man in the family but he was my brother. Perhaps knowing I lived in a small town with three taverns and a filling station one-half block down will help you understand me better. And I do want you to understand me even if I must be brutally frank.

Grandfather went to Wisconsin. I never knew. They never told me. It was only later when I went to Wisconsin that I was told. Now I know what anguish I must have caused grandfather every time I so innocently mentioned the U. He would stare in silent grief at the fire and then walk dazedly out and never come back. Till later.

How ignorant I was about life. And I mean the real life. They never told me. Kate was kind enough to put me into Zoology 1a. I blush to think of my own ignorance. Here I was a mature woman of eighteen. I sat in the third row fifth seat.

Well, I haven't told mother yet. But there was a man! There's no stopping half way in this confession. He'd meet me after Chemistry 1b. That class was

to be a great influence on my life. All about nitric acid and everything.

He and I would walk all the way down the hill together. The image is planted forever on my mind. He was a bit more worldly than I. We, well all right I'll tell you, stopped at Lohmeyer's one day! Heaven stop father from ever reading this.

But you know life just is. Some day I will marry a man.

—A. C.

Inspiration . . . Cardinal Literary Page

I SEE it all. There is no doubt about it.

I bow my head—
Cold wind blows through my pharynx.
But time has closed
The open wound
And balm is coming.
Soothing balm
Cures neuritis
Rheumatism
And shingles,
Balm from Gilead, F. O. B.
Gilead odors wafting on.
Gilead cooking helps digestion.
Flash, flash, coast to coast,
Lincoln smiles on Gilead.
God, what's it all leading to!

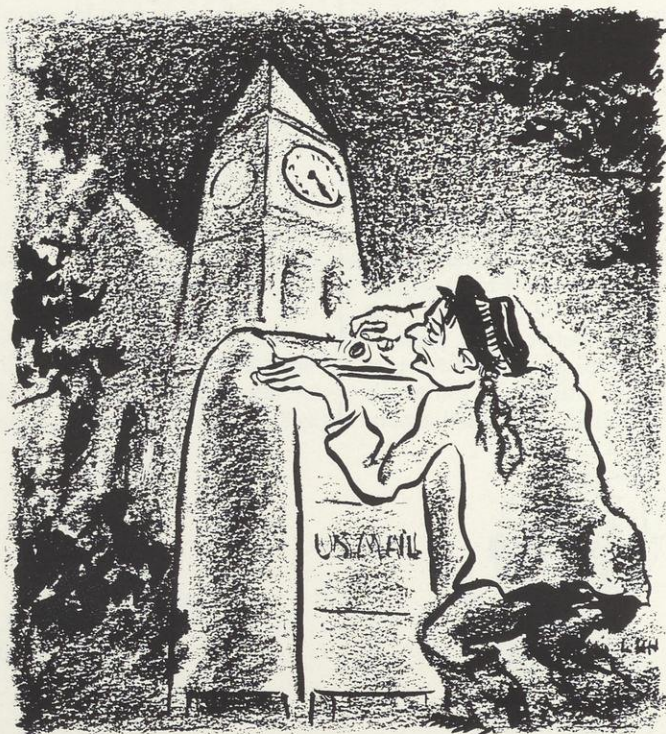
—C. RIFF

Yes, I Am

There once was a maiden from Siam
Who said to her love, young Kiam:

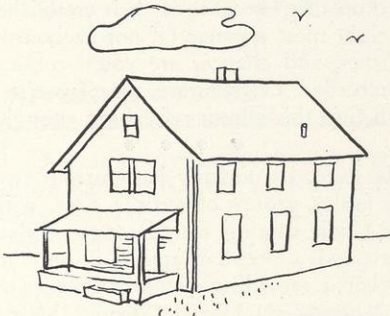
"If you kiss me, of course,
You will have to use force,

But God knows you're stronger than
I am."

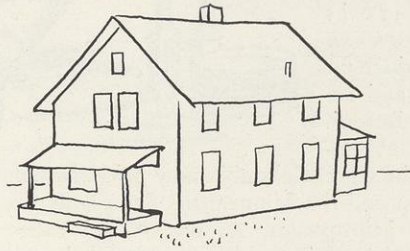


"Gosh, losing weight again."

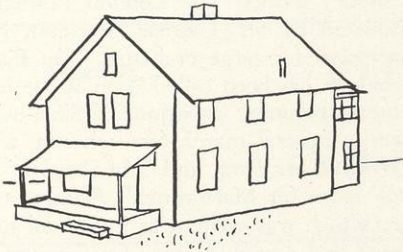
The Little Clapboard House and How It Grew



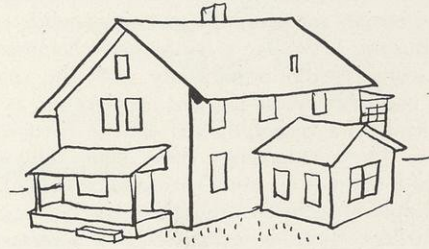
THERE it stood on good old Clymer Place, and Fred Merkle, a jolly steam-fitter, was proud of it. Business was fine, and when he bought . . .



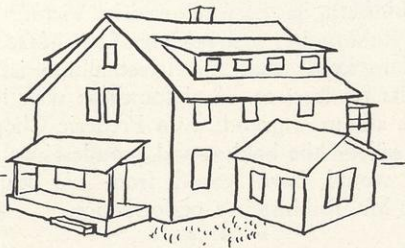
. . . Myrtle a new washing-machine for Christmas in 1924, he built a new back shed for her own laundry. In 1925 Fred had enough money to . . .



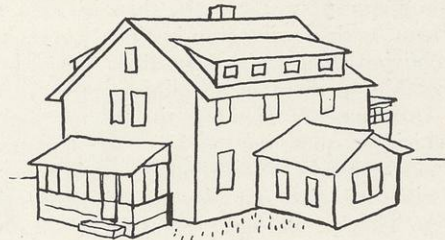
. . . invest in a poppy-seed roll business; it failed, he lost his all, and the family had to take in roomers. Fred built more living space. At first the . . .



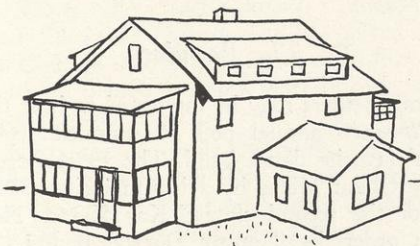
. . . roomers were two Latin teachers and a speech-correction assistant. One Latin teacher got married, so Fred built a private wing for the . . .



. . . happy couple. University enrollments boomed from 1929 to 1929, and Fred decided to cut into rich student ore. With the depression there . . .



. . . was no stopping Mr. Merkle. The old porch went at last—and was taken over by three sophomore engineers from Milwaukee. The second . . .



. . . story porch was snapped up by another trio of agriculture students who had come for a Short Course and stayed for a long one. In 1939 the . . .



FLIN FLON

. . . Merkles had reached the crest of their career. Where father, mother, and Willie had once lived, there were now 19 engineers, 5 ag students, 3 journalism majors, 2 English students, and a lawyer. "We are one big happy family," said Merkle—until all of his fine boys moved out to the new dorms.

According to the Records

The Classical

ALL sparks, flame and fire is Liszt's *Spanish Rhapsody* done up for piano and orchestra by Busoni.



In a brilliant rendering of the score, Columbia now offers it with Egon Petri at the piano and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mitropoulos. As one would expect from the ardent technician Liszt, this music is filled with the feeling of spirited dancing and of light darting on bright colors in a perpetual pleasure-bee of display. It is natively Spanish in the popular sense, descriptive of life in terms of communal festal gatherings, rather than in terms of the blank-spaciousness and the one-keyed tonality of the country itself. Liszt saw, in other words, through his own eyes, translating into music the Lisztian aspect of his gleanings while on tour in Spain. In Busoni, Liszt has a sympathetic helpmate, for the orchestral score is ever in harmony with the spirit of the solo piano part. Always swift, and as vigorous as gun-shot, the music leads to a veritable swirl of true virtuoso elegance at the close. These recordings show Petri fully up to the demands laid upon him, and Mitropoulos contributing his immense supply of nervous strength to the business at hand. Over the whole there is exercised the necessary control which preserves the work from the worst pitfalls of its perhaps intrinsic extravagance.

* * * *

IF YOU'RE one who finds the inevitable encores after the violinist's main program closer to your own private heart than the programmed music itself, then here's a field day for you. Victor, with a scavaging instinct, has rescued from the pit of oblivion some encore specialties played by Fredric Fradkin, combining them in an album aptly called *Violin Favorites*. Unashamedly obvious, the album contains the numbers which (to quote the movies) every tenement father wants his son to play ("Even though, mother, we have to starve ourselves to give our boy lessons from the great Zingaretti"). They're all here: Saint-Saens' "Le Cygne"; "Valse Bluette"; "The Old Refrain"; Kreisler-Lehar's "Frasquita"—to name but four of the six. Played authoritatively, of course, the recordings seem fresh and eloquently rich (for being, as they are, re-recordings from records made in time past). For fathers whose sons fail to come through, this album is a good second-best.

* * * *

FOR less electric, more melodious and lyric Stravinsky, there's a rather sparse helping in Columbia's recording of the *Pas de Deux* from the ballet *Baiser de la Fee*. Antal Dorati leading the London Philharmonic Orchestra is responsible for this swatch of musical tulle. Balletomane or not, you should find this pleasurable, if fragmentary.

* * * *

HARDLY classical in any strict sense of the word, Columbia's album of *Strauss Waltzes* recorded by Al Goodman and his orchestra nevertheless slips in here for lack of a more accurate category. The waltzes are deprived of their concert hall get-up and are cast into what Mr. Goodman would like to call "dance tempo." A bushel of charm is lost in the process, chiefly because the orchestral ornamentation is reduced in favor of a skeletal one-two-three, one-two-three arrangement; but for dancing, the change is justified

and should be helpful (Your reviewer lacked a partner, so he is unable to be positive on this point). There are no surprises in the album, no waltzes that haven't had the pants played off them because of their established popularity. Name the eight most popular (if not necessarily refreshing) Strauss waltzes, and chances are you'll come out with the eight here recorded. Chances are, too, if you're in a dancing mood, you'll find this album refreshing enough for service.

* * * *

THE Royale Record Company has put out two interesting, although faulty, groups of records. One, with the Hamilton College Choir singing sacred songs of Bach, Palestrina and Gevaert, has a peculiar appeal if only for the music itself; the other, a recording of *Three Pieces for Flute, Harp and String Quartet* by Daniel Gregory Mason (the Eddy Brown Ensemble playing), provides the occasional delight often provoked by minor music, new to the ear.

THE Sibelius Society, with the cooperation of Victor, has issued a splendid album of some of the great Finnish composer's shorter works. The London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, presents *En Saga*, a tone poem for large orchestra, *The Bard*, another tone poem—which has been called "one of the least known, least performed, and most important of Sibelius' works,"—*In Memoriam*, a funeral march for orchestra, a suite, (*Entr'acte*, *A Spring in the Park*, and *The Death of Melisande*) from Sibelius' score for Maeterlinck's *Pelleas et Melisande*, *Valse Triste* (which was written as incidental music to the play *Kuolema*) and a prelude to *The Tempest* of Shakespeare. All of these are excellently performed; so excellently, we dare say, that Sibelius fans will be glowing with joy for the rest of the month.

* * * *

THE second volume of Chopin's Mazurkas, played by Arthur Rubinstein, has been released by Victor. Those who have heard Rubinstein's first volume of the Mazurkas should be satisfied to know that this latest album is up to the quality of its predecessor. And for those who haven't, we say that the album is grand; even Frederic Chopin, whom Schumann called "the boldest and proudest poetic spirit of the time," would have leaped from his seat shouting "Bravo!" at Mr. Rubinstein's performance.

* * * *

SINGLE records you must hear: the prelude to *Le Deluge*, of Saint-Saens, with Dr. Charles Courboin playing the organ of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in New York; and Jussio Bjoerling singing *L'air de la fleur*, from *Carmen*, and the recitative and aria *En fermant les yeux*, from *Manon*. Victor.

The Popular

Some of our readers may be interested to hear the results of *The Billboard's* annual poll of American colleges for the students' favorite dance band. The 108 colleges participating chose Glenn Miller by a big majority—251.5 points over 82.5 for the second closest, Kay Kyser. These were followed, in order, by Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Orrin Tucker, and Jan Savitt. Our own selection (we represented this university in the poll) named Miller, Dorsey, and Goodman in that order.

Not that we think they're the *best* bands—only the most popular around here this past year. Our own tastes run to dark jive—Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Louis Armstrong. Miller, to be sure, is good stuff, and so are Eddy Duchin (without his orchestra), Dorsey, Glen Gray, and

Visit
THE NEW

JUSTO'S CLUB

ART & JENNIE BRAHMAL

3000 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

Known for
Italian Spaghetti
Ravioli
Steak Dinners

FAIRCHILD 3878

Russ Morgan. This isn't very important news to the world, we realize, but we thought it time that we at least made our prejudices clear to the public.

But to our job—

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC

Red Nichols has gathered together a fistful of musicians under the old name of "Red Nichols and his Five Pennies"—a musical title that was once something to conjure with. But the new Five Pennies are, we fear, counterfeit. The flipover has *Let Me Dream*. Oh, they're not bad; they're just not terrific. Bluebird

PA-RAN-PAN-PAN

The rrrum-pum-pum of the fast rhumba, as Xavier Cugat plays it, is truly exciting. *Loca Ilusion*, a bolero, is also very nice. Victor

BOOG IT

Cab Calloway absolutely is horrible. His orchestra's singing is even worse. The jazz is just plain trash. Darn it, Vocalion, cut out this swill.

GONE WITH "WHAT" WIND

Benny Goodman's sextet plays the thing mechanically well, but, cheest, there's no enthusiasm or joy in it. That goes for *Till Tom Special*. Columbia

Theses

TYPING TOPICS

Term Papers

NEATLY, ACCURATELY AND PROMPTLY TYPED . . . ALL WORK GUARANTEED

College Typing Company

Badger 3747

Next to Lower Campus

7:30 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.

ANGEL IN DISGUISE

Bob Crosby does a very fine bit of work with one of the most pleasant songs we've heard in a coon's age. After hearing this and its companion side, *Moments in the Moonlight*, we almost feel like taking back some of the nasty things we've said about B. Crosby's canny jive. Decca

GABRIEL MEETS THE DUKE

Erskine Hawkins does some entertaining Ellingtonian blasting in this. *Whispering Grass* can be disregarded. Bluebird

TEA FOR TWO

Just about the best of the month—with Bob Zurke hitting out the gayest boogie-woogie piano we've heard in ages. *I Love You Too Much* is marred by a foul vocal. Victor

THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Tommy Dorsey at his best, with a nice vocal by Frank Sinatra, and a peachy clarinet lick on the bridge of an appealing tune. *The Fable of the Rose* is Dorsey at his more commonplace gooiness. Victor

K O C H RENT - A - CAR NEW 1940 MODELS

313 WEST JOHNSON STREET

BADGER 1200

I'VE FOUND A NEW BABY

This and *Darktown Strutters Ball*, played by George Wettling's Chicago Rhythm Kings (with Jess Stacey setting the pace on piano) are both warmly pleasant. Decca

LOVELESS LOVE

W. C. Handy, the venerable composer of *St. Louis Blues*, is worth hearing on this and *Way Down South Where the Blues Begin*. In another excellent Varsity double, he records *St. Louis Blues* itself and *Beale Street Blues*.

BOOGIE-WOOGIE ON ST. LOUIS BLUES

Halleluja! This is the original Earl Hines and we ate it up. Yum! Yum! Give us more. Likewise we think *Number 19*, its reverse, will feel good in your ear. Bluebird

I CAN'T LOVE YOU ANY MORE

Well sung by Peggy Nolan, this is a nice change from Varsity's usual black and tan jump-jump. We'll leave the reverse to you—we don't want it. Varsity

ONLY
KENNEDY-MANSFIELD
Properly Pasteurized DAIRY PRODUCTS
Provide ALL These SAFEGUARDS

Adequate Farm Inspection
Modern Sanitary Equipment
Accurate Temperature Control
Scientific Laboratory Control
Proper Pasteurization
Prompt, Courteous Delivery

**Kennedy
Mansfield
DAIRY
PRODUCTS**

Phone:
Badger 7100
•
OFFICE and PLANT
621-629
West Washington
Avenue

In The Editor's Brown Study

The New Editor Extends His Hand



IL DESPERANDUM," we muttered, tossing uneasily on the cot. All around the room moved awesome shadows. Ghosts—ghosts of old *Octopus* editors, each with a bound volume of old *Octies* in his hand. They would point to the bound volume, leer at us and bare their teeth, then wriggle significantly.

"Way back in the dimmest corner an anemic ghost waved feebly. We could hardly make out the shade for it was the ghost of editor Fleming, long gone from the musty offices but whose immortal work still lives on. Editor Fleming had begun a succession of great *Octies*. Up and up it went through the classic whimsy of Hyland, through the light-hearted, buxom Gordon and on to the bespectacled, intellectual tornado, Silk.

From the first day we tip-toed into the *Octopus* offices in the ramshackle Old Union as a freshman, the editor had been steeped in tradition. That day he brought along his portfolio of cartoons and laid them before the sharp-nosed Hyland who uncerimoniously tossed them about on the floor and began to criticize them.

A bawdy lot of tripe they were, we reflected, pounding our pillow and remembering the imitation Petty drawings, the secretary-on-executives' knee cartoons, the smutty backhouse gags and the slap-stick jailbird stuff.

With cause, the great editors of old shuddered when we told them that we wanted to be editor some day. They looked at our bright-colored coat and unsmudged saddle shoes; they glanced nervously at our natty bow tie. Behind cupped hands they said, "I tell you he'll turn the magazine into another college *Esquire*."

FOR two long years we considered the problem. "Yup, by far," we would say, "this magazine needs some changes." Then we would think of how to make it smooth with candid-camera shots of what happens on the campus, girl-of-the-month photos with bleed-offs and super-moderne type. Yeah bo!

But then there would come to mind those uncanny mutterings of the past. We ran, we jumped and shook our head. One time we even tried running head-on against a wall. All was of no avail. We could not get rid of the awful curse. Three days we meditated in a little-known room in the Union sub-basement. Finally, haggard and frowzy, we emerged.

Our eyes were wild and bloodshot, great bags hung in festoons under them. We slunk out into the hallway flailing our arms and blinking at the electric lights. We ran to the elevator, waited a scant forty-five minutes till it arrived, shouldered our way through some fourteen-odd janitors with several refuse carts with which they had been riding in the lift, and finally burst forth on the third floor where we whipped down the hall screaming, "I'll do it! I'll do it!

I will hold up the ancient traditions! The light shall not fail!" Then we fell to the floor. Could there have been a nobler scene?

But still they were skeptical, "A Golden Age cannot last forever," wrote one old editor, "a Renaissance must enter the sere, the yellow leaf. One can hope that the *Octopus's* Renaissance may be succeeded—if it must be over, and it needn't—by a no less glorious Baroque, and that it may not return to the Dark Ages of Kandid Kamera Kuts, spiffy typography instead of genial mellowed typography, gossip-mongering, and the other dreary evasions of genuine creation."

To this challenge the new editor brandishes his brush defiantly—seven times he waves it in the air which is soon to be filled with flying fruit. He knows that not far off an army of critics are sharpening their swords and loading their guns as he prepares to throw down his shield and march out of his editorial entrenchment. But his head shall be high, his chest bare and thrust out ready to receive the attack.

OCTY will plod its treacherous path heedless of smut-seekers and lacey pants. "Beware!" we shout at comp-mongers and silly political introverts, waving our editorial fist, and then cast a meaningful glance at the big guns on the hill.

In our encampments are staunch supporters without whom we could not exist. This year more than ever, we must count on their loyalty and effort—and on yours.

Being funny, for most normal people, is nothing more than a matter of habit. We have no illusions about ourselves—we're not the only ones on this campus fit to wear the coxcomb. We've just been wearing it, and getting away with it—that's all. We just kept at it longer than anyone else.

True, the first little masterpiece of yours that comes to our desk may not make us sink to our knees shouting hosannahs over the birth of a new Aristophanes or Shaw. In fact, we may not even print it. You can understand that. But we *will* want you to keep at it. And so we've printed up a new batch of rejection slips, saying—

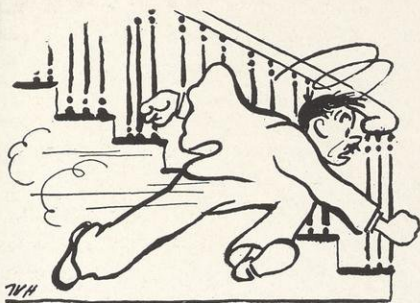
The Editors of OCTOPUS were overjoyed to receive your contribution this month. Anyone who will take the time and trouble to sit him down and set something of his inner mirth on paper—all for this magazine—shows a richness of soul that we love. And it tears our hearts to tell you that this slip you are reading is a rejection slip; they hurt us more than they do you. But it's also an invitation slip. For we want you to keep working, and we want to see you.

May we send you one of our fine rejection slips soon?

—R. W.



PLEASE



*Gee! It's Nearly
May 18!*

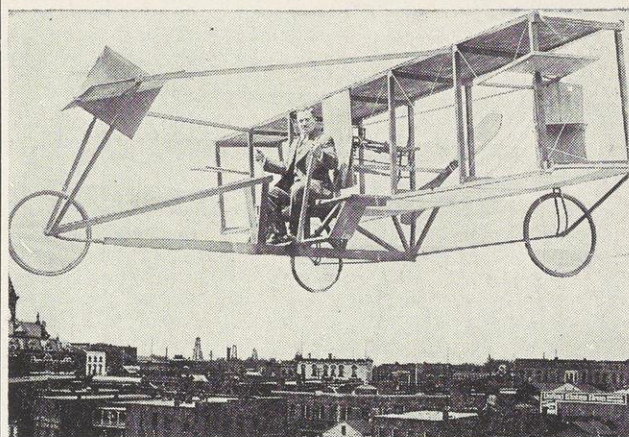
and the
BADGER price goes
up from \$3.50 to \$4.00
at 6:00, May 18 . . .

Get the best,
biggest, most colorful
and least expensive
yearbook in the Big
Ten at \$3.50 today . . .
attention, all seniors . . .

The 1940 BADGER

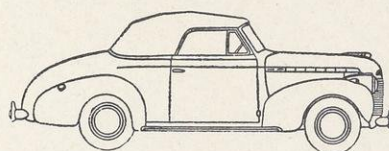
"55th Successful Year"

ALL'S FAIR



. . . . So!

*Blitzkrieg your
woo into her heart
with one of our*



NEW
Chevrolet DeLuxe
Cabriolets

WITH RADIOS

No Extra Charge

CAPITAL CITY
RENT - A - CAR

531 State

Fairchild 334



For the Merry Month of May
MISS ELAINE SHEPARD
New York and Hollywood's celebrated
model in Chesterfield's Sundial dress

Chesterfield

THE CIGARETTE
OF THE HOUR

Today more than ever, smokers are turning to Chesterfield's skillful blend of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. Now is the time for you to light up and enjoy a Chesterfield... they're **COOLER SMOKING, BETTER-TASTING AND DEFINITELY Milder.**

You can't buy a better cigarette