



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 22, No. 3 November, 1940

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November, 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

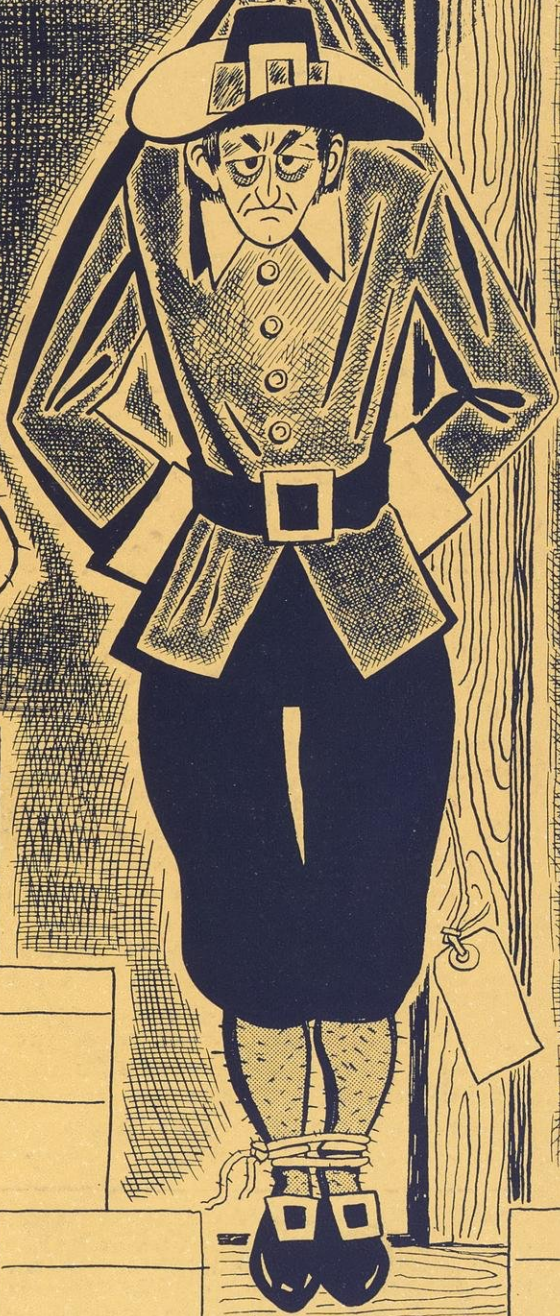
<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

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

OCTOPUS



MEATS

November - 15 cents

ED. MAWLAND
16



● Actual color photograph—a fine lot of ripe, golden tobacco leaf.

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

FINER TOBACCOS—for you who smoke, those two words have a world of meaning.

First, they tell you why most independent tobacco experts smoke Luckies.

Second, finer tobaccos are the big reason why Luckies have a lower nicotine content.

Yes... authoritative tests reveal that for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands... less than any one of them.★

You see, Luckies analyze tobacco before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is not only rich and mellow, but milder—naturally low in nicotine.

The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of genuine mildness. So try Luckies for a week. Remember—with independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

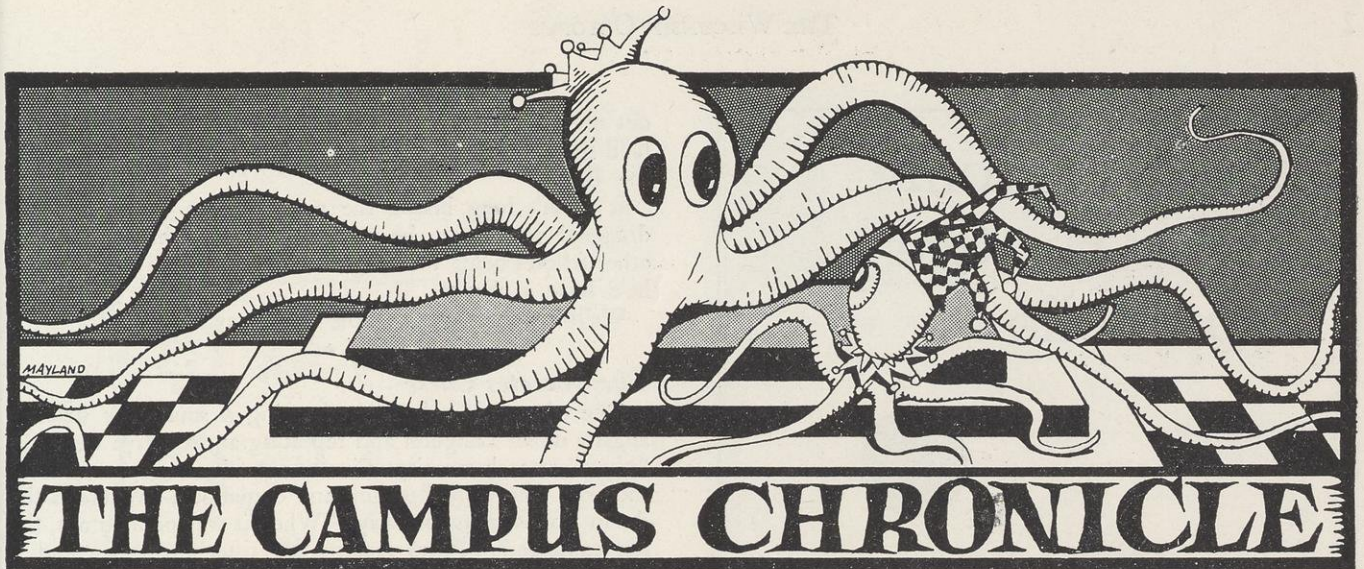
★ NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940, Lucky Strike has averaged
9.46% less nicotine than Brand A 15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B 4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

Lucky Strike's nicotine content averaged 2.01 parts per hundred.

Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company

Luckies—the smoke tobacco experts smoke



LISTENING to Pro Arte the other Sunday, something took our attention away from the musicians, and before looking back we glanced about the Theater—at the salmon color we've never been able to understand, at the lights, and at the half-columns that frame the stage.

Then we noticed something we'd never seen before—at least we'd never been aware that we saw it. In each column, at what we guessed was shoulder-height, was a one-inch hole, and through the holes we could see light.

After the concert we slipped backstage and had a look. We bent forward, and discovered that, by resting a jawl in the niche and shutting one eye, we could see most of the theater.

Back in the office we assigned our best joke-clipper to ferret out why. He did, and here it is: The holes are there so that the actors can look out and see the audience. To find out, we suppose, whether the crowd is hot or cold, big or small, or whatever else theater audiences are supposed to be. Anyway, if you too were wondering, now you know.

Of Man and Cabs

Until recently we never doubted the old line that "Man is a gregarious animal." We do now. We were getting into the back seat of a cab that already had two occupants, one in each corner. For a moment we expected that the chap on our side, would slide over to the center, beside the comely coed on the far side, to let us enter. He didn't, and suddenly we remembered we'd seen this reluctance to proximity before between strangers, and hurriedly climbed over his feet into the center, feeling like a little insulated herring in a can of sardines.

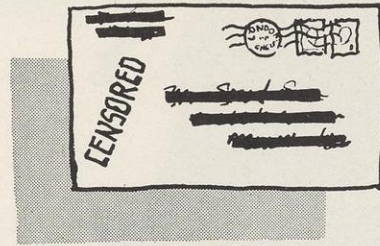
Blindfolds in the Union

The elevator in the Union didn't seem to be working, and we had just started to shuffle toward the stairs the other night, thinking about the imperfections of technology, when we bumped smack into a group of very tall young men who had napkins bound over their eyes. They were very casually talking about courses, and they didn't seem to realize their eyes were blindfolded.

"Why?" we asked aloud, but they didn't seem to notice us either. So we just watched, and after a bit the chaps began wandering off in different directions, doing pretty well for guys wearing napkins for glasses. One very sober young man who wasn't blindfolded seemed to be the shep-

herd of the flock, and we repeated our question to him.

"Some sort of initiation," he told us so curtly that we decided to leave it at that, and started up the stairs. It wasn't till we'd climbed to third that we noticed the elevator was working again.



The Mouths of Babes

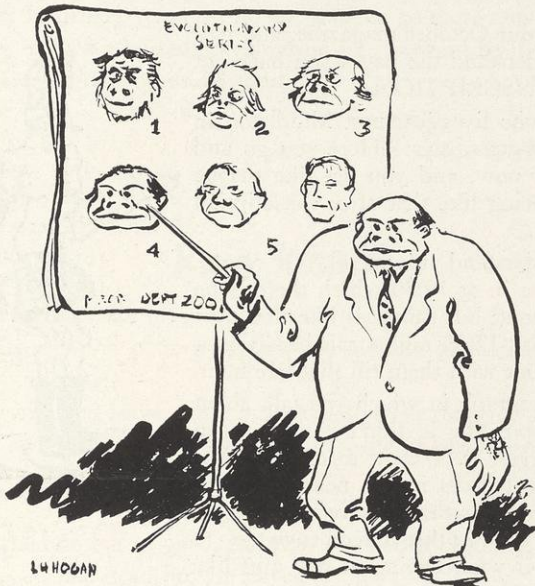
We've never been one to talk much about the Land of the Free, because when we do we always get choked up, and begin to feel silly. But this morning we were on University Avenue, passing Lake, which is blocked off for paving, and we noticed half a dozen kids, most of them girls, playing touch football. We'd have just gone on, but one of them called at us, "You want to play football?" The urchin had Oriental ancestry, Chinese we thought, but we weren't sure. Stocks of the others were French, English, Italian, Polish, and mixtures of these. We happened to be about six minutes away from a midsemester and couldn't play. But we wanted to! Because right there, in that game between a bunch of kids only two or three generations away from a flock of other nations, was something that looked to us like America!

Spill and Pelt

A friend told us, the other day, of a friend of his who enrolled this fall in St. John's Military Academy at Delafield, Wisconsin. Ardent followers of the Chicago Bears will remember that Delafield is also that football team's pre-season workout location, and that their field is adjacent to the academy's.

It seems that this friend of our friend's wanted to go out for football and accordingly reported to the academy coach. At the time the coach was preoccupied. Bemused, he sent him alone to get a uniform and with instructions to go

game go at that. Then the p. a. system announced play resumed, and more than three minutes to go. It comes to this: there's too damn much anguish in this matter of Man vs. Machine.



Recessional

I RECOGNIZED his hurried pace,
 And fleetly after him I sped;
 I locked him in a fond embrace.

A stranger turned! Was my face red!
 Lord God of hosts, be with me yet.
 Let me forget, let me forget.

The joke, the funniest one I knew,
 I told them in the best of style,
 Expecting mirth when I was through.

I didn't even get a smile.
 Lord God of hosts, be with me yet.
 Let me forget, let me forget.

Into my neighbor's room I flounced
 In negligee and dripping hair.
 Out of my neighbor's room I bounced,
 For her two brothers both were there.

Lord God of hosts, be with me yet.
 Let me forget, let me forget.

The day I shot a forty-three
 I faced the world with smile and song.
 Then while my friends rejoiced with me
 The caddy found he'd added wrong.

For frantic boast and foolish word
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Degrading mishaps, trifling care
 That irritate the best of men
 Lord, give us fortitude to bear.

We'll no doubt meet them all again.
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet.
 Let me forget, let me forget.

—J.W.

CASUAL *From Smith to Southern Cal.-the College Miss points with pride to her* **CLEVER**

TELEVISION BOOTS

Smartly styled...these Easy Side Slide Boots are "On and Off" in a flash!

Wear them RAIN or SHINE

be clever...be carefree...wear

Cambridge TELEVISION BOOTS
RED · WHITE · BLACK

on sale at:

STRAUSS SHOE COMPANY **BARON BROS. INC.**
 12 E. MIFFLIN 14 W. MIFFLIN

A GIFT THAT CLICKS!

★

Say "Merry Christmas" with an

argus
CANDID CAMERA

Thrilling, high-speed Argus cameras appeal to everyone . . . father, mother, sister, brother, friend or sweetheart. Night and day, indoors and out, in any kind of weather . . . Argus snaps the action on the spot. Has a wide range of shutter speeds, a fine, fast triplet Anastigmat lens. Choice of models from \$7.50 to \$30.

PHOTOART HOUSE

411 STATE FAIRCHILD 21

Letters to the Editor

Roger Wurtz
 Editor, Wisconsin Octopus,
 Memorial Union, Madison

Dear Mr. Wurtz:

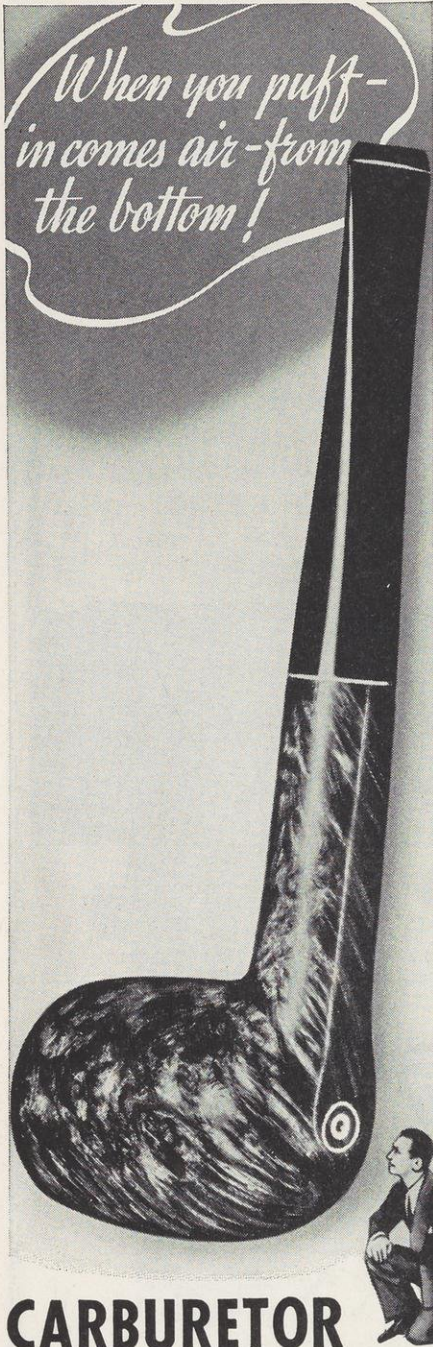
I have just been reading your October magazine, and it is all right except I do not understand the pages you have got under the title AFTER CONSCRIPTION.

It is like my girl Hilda, who lives just past Middleton in the far wing of Elizabeth Waters, says: "Here you go and write up the way things is now, and you act like maybe they're only going to start being like that after conscription or else like maybe are funny."

Mr. Wurtz, I do not understand this at all. Of course, you talk like men have to be in at 10:30 which there is no rule by the dean here yet about; but things is like that now really on account of girls with 12:30 nights can hardly ever at all get their dates to stay out with them till that late hour.

And then there is that paragraph in which you talk about the hanging of the sorority-pin like it didn't never happen and you were daring to suggest it. I want to tell you, Mr. Wurtz, that all three of the fellows in the next room out here at the short-course dorm are wearing sorority-pins; and where have you been all the time in this college anyway?

It seems to me like this—if you're going to put stuff like this I have been talking about in your magazine, you should have black lines around it, like a death-letter, and not like it



**CARBURETOR
 KAYWOODIE \$4**
 U. S. Pat. No. 2,082,106

Wonderful thing, Science—for doing something to make smoking happier for men who puff fast—furiously on their pipes. For them, for *you*, Kaywoodie invented the Carburetor Kaywoodie, that has a tiny air-intake inlet in the bottom of the bowl. When you puff, in comes air through the inlet. Puff harder—in comes more air. The more you puff, the more air. Result: your smoke stays cool and sweet and serene no matter how fast you draw in smoke. For cooler, happier smoking, treat yourself to a Carburetor Kaywoodie. Four dollars does it at any good tobacconist's. Shown above, No. 22.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
 Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue, New York

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.

39¢ a jar

Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars

ARRID

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.

was funny, which it is not on account of it is very, very tragic.

Mostly, however, I like your magazine, and you may print this letter if you want to on account of I am not signing my real name, or Hilda would not like it and I have never been to the Infirmary yet and I do not want to go there now, especially in such a busted-up condition like I would be if I used my own name, you understand.

Very truly,
—JOE SMITH

Rain Sonata

SOFTLY the rain plays a sonata on the roof,
Its sonorous pattern vaguely reminiscent of ancient tom-toms;

The withered leaves trace a stark design on the grey sky;
The classroom is silent save for the rustle of turning pages.
From where I sit I can see

The drops plat gently into faery pools.
But the rain has stopped, and now the withered leaves,

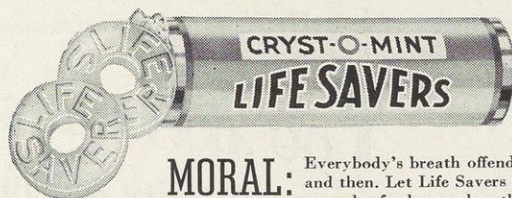
The dead brown leaves,
Trail their design against the glory of the sky.

As I watch the magnificent rainbow, I feel
That God is looking through the clouds.

— M.L.H.

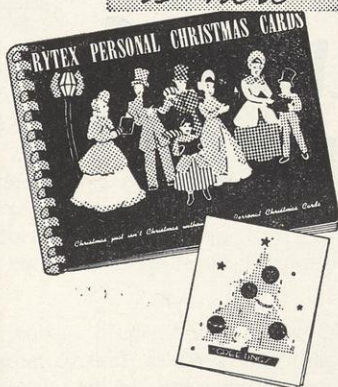


Once distance lent enchantment to
A bad-breathed girl named Mary Lou.
But she sipped Cryst-O-Mints so now
Men hold her on their laps, and how!



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

The
RYTEX
PERSONAL
CHRISTMAS
CARD BOOK
is here



Order Yours Now!

Christmas Cards

printed with your name

- 22 distinctive sample books give you the widest possible selection — Rytex; American Artists; Gibson; Henderson and other nationally known lines.
- Modern, conservative, humorous, formal—these are colorful, new designs that will make your choice easy and pleasant.
- Prices range from \$1.00 to \$27.50 for 50 cards printed with your name, and 50 envelopes.

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

CORNER . STATE . and . LAKE . STREETS

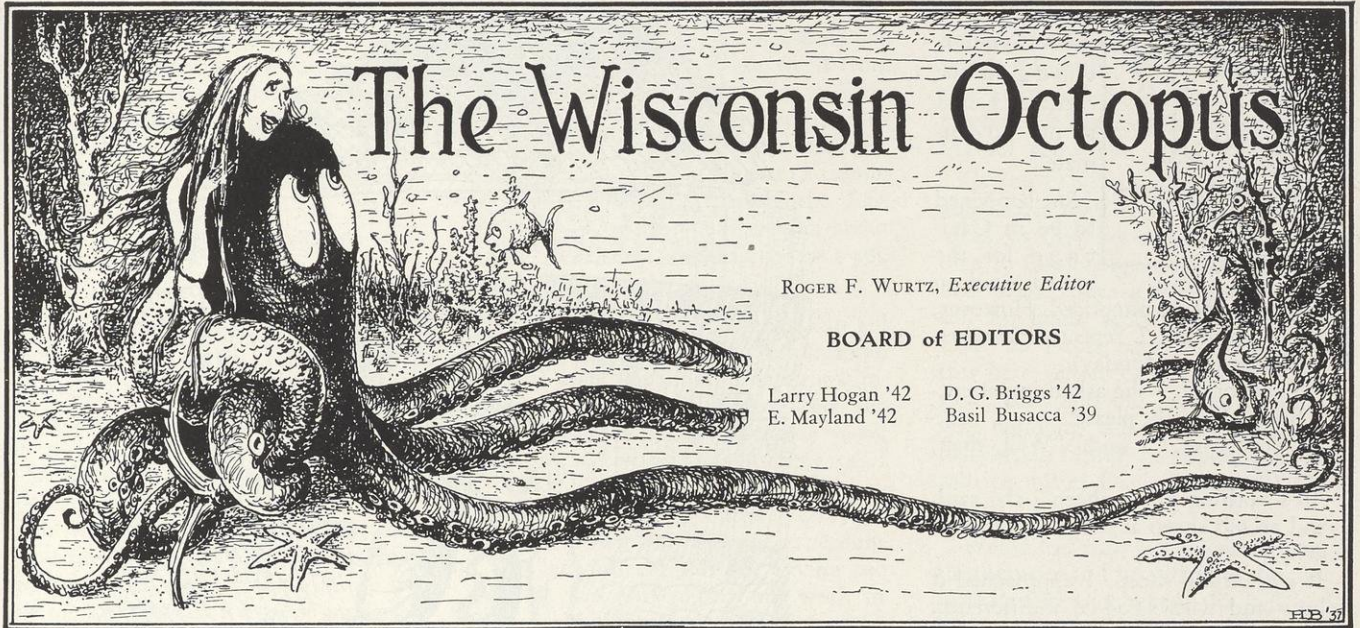
Try our

PRINTING SERVICE

YOU ARE INVITED to visit our new location at 823 University Avenue. We are housed in our own modern building, and increased floor space and facilities assure prompt and increased service to our customers. **WE'RE EXPECTING YOU TO CALL.**

CAMPUS PUBLISHING COMPANY

823 University Avenue
Telephone Badger 1137



The Wisconsin Octopus

ROGER F. WURTZ, *Executive Editor*

BOARD of EDITORS

Larry Hogan '42
E. Mayland '42

D. G. Briggs '42
Basil Busacca '39

Volume XXII

NOVEMBER, 1940

Number 3

On Second Thought



GERMAN colleges, we read, tolerate only professors whose posture is straight as an exclamation point—because of the aggressive ideal of the Nazi

Kultur. On the same principle, we continue to employ teachers bent to a parthesis.

John L. Lewis will resign CIO control if FDR wins. Greater love hath no man than to give up his public life . . .

State street taverns announce they will serve no male student who cannot produce a selective service card. Coeds may continue to tipple anonymously.

Scientists discover that music is an anesthetic-*Etude*. We're saving that one bad molar till we can say, "Before you pull, doc, give us a hypo of Dorsey."

Voting the other day we noticed that the presidential ballot was gun-metal blue. What with the temperature and the draft, so were the voters.

Milwaukee Journal reports 8,000 University of Wisconsin students in mad riots on State street. We wonder—when it passed us, the crowd was led by a chap who jingled a cowbell against a case of beer, shouting, "Win With Illinois and Willkie!"

The Axis has to have Greece—We were sure this era of ersatz couldn't last forever.

French doctor prescribes for longevity: whiskey, tobacco, lots of food, no exertion. We're pointing to become centenarians.



"The more you think about it, the less it seems like Thanksgiving!"

Cardinal grumbles as Mace places only one candidate. We'd feel rather Badgered too.

At the outbreak of the first World War, the musk-plant suddenly and finally lost its odor. The Vichy government would have us believe that Hitler's done the trick again.

Notre Dame beats Army by a bare 7-0. What's this propaganda about the defense program bogging down!

Dykstra finds response to draft-registration "gratifying." What were those alternatives again, something about a fine of \$10,000, five years in jail?

A committee, we're told, will run the University during the Dykstra leave-of-absence. Another victory in the comeback of the Huddle System?

Nazis have ex-King Carol arrested on charge of stealing Rumanian crown-jewels and money. Just like old Chicago: "You grab it—we'll hi-jack it!"

Anti-Saloon League supports Republican tavern-keeper in election. He must have offered drinks all around.

—B.B.

Sheep Shepped Cheap



HERE'S something in the corner," I said to my room-mate.

She happened to be in Chicago for the weekend, so

the remark passed unnoticed. However, nothing daunted, I repeated it when she returned on Monday.

"What corner?" she asked impatiently. "Speak English, please."

"If you insist," I said. "Well, then, *krebs osk*."

"It's nothing but a sheep," she said. "And an old sheep at that. Don't be so touchy."

It was an old sheep. I approached it calmly and with stolid indifference, meanwhile sweating profusely.

"Pardon me," I said, "but you're sitting on my French dictionary."

The sheep just stared at me. It didn't move an inch. It just stared. What could I do?

My room-mate and I decided to forget the whole thing. And so we did, except to pace up and down the room frantically for a week.

It was the sheep who finally made the first move.

"I suppose you wonder why I'm here," he said one day, speaking with a slight nasal twang. "Well, I'm avoiding conscription."

"They're not conscripting sheep," I said.

"Of course not," he answered. "Not all sheep. Just me. Have you a Kleenex? This darn hay fever!"

I gave him a handkerchief, which he began twisting agitatedly.

"Come now," I said. "Don't take on so. I'm sure you're mistaken about this conscription business. Why should they draft you?"

"I don't know," he wailed. "I can't imagine why, but they are. And I just can't go. I'm all tied up for the next four years, and it would be my ruination. You must help me."

Well, we discussed it pro and con for hours, and we finally managed to convince him that he was mistaken.

"Just to convince yourself," I suggested, "why don't you take a walk up to the field house and peek in. In fact, you might even walk up to the registration desk, sort of nonchalantly. They won't even know you're there. Then you'll feel better."



"No! No! — I said the script t's were poorly typed."

"Do you really think so?" he asked. "I'm sure of it," I said.

So he went. My room-mate and I had a merry time laughing over his delusions all afternoon.

THE SHEEP came back about five o'clock. The minute I saw him I knew that something was wrong. He was absolutely pale.

"They did it!" he mumbled through chattering teeth. "They drafted me! Look!" And he held out a registration card.

Sure enough they had drafted him! I couldn't say a word.

"I was afraid of that," said my room-mate.

The sheep began to sob.

"Buck up!" I said to him. "Pull

yourself together! You may be deferred."

"I doubt it," he whined.

I was beginning to be disgusted with his cowardly attitude.

"If we can get his mind off conscription he'll be all right," I said to my room-mate. "Get the freshman handbook and look under 'G.'"

"Getting mind off," she read, "Getting mind off allowance, getting mind off athlete's foot, getting mind off budgets, ah! here it is! Getting mind off conscription!"

"Well, read it!" I said. "Hurry!"

"It says here," she said, "That the best thing is to get him down to Professor Cameron of the psychology department."

"Let's go," I said, and no sooner said

than done. We were soon panting before the door of the psychology department.

"Is Professor Cameron in?" I asked nobody in particular. No answer was forthcoming, so we walked in. The professor was seated on the floor toasting marshmallows over his electric grid.

"Professor Cameron," I said, "do you think you could help us out with a nervous sheep of conscription age with no dependents?"

The professor's eyes lit up. "Is it frustrated sheep?" he asked hopefully.

"Yes," I answered simply. "I am an authority on frustrated sheep!" chortled the professor. "Bring it in! Leave it with me! It will be in good hands!"

THE SHEEP walked in sheepishly and sat down in a corner. We bid him goodbye sadly, and the last glimpse we saw of him he was in earnest conversation with the professor.

Since then we have received weekly reports on his behavior. His mental attitude is improving, and the psychology department feels that if it can only keep on at this rate until June he will be fit as a fiddle again.

At any rate, the matter is out of our hands. It was a valuable experience, and one that we would not have missed, but we keep the door to our room locked now, and the corners are dusted daily. For, as my room-mate says, "Once is too much."

And I agree with her. —I.T.

Sorry, Chief... I Got to Quit

For you I've turned
Out words that burned,
And would again, but can't.

I used to "sing,"
(Bronx-bird on wing!)
And though I could, I can't.

For I've been taught metre,
Which sings so much sweeter.
And in English I've learned what is
right.

Longinus and Plato,
Sage Vida and Cato,
Have forced me to eschew the trite.

So I've pondered the critics,
And learned analytics.
But now that I'm wise—I can't write!

—BB

Dear Toots



was here.

It is hi time you got word from the home folks, so here is word in no uncertain terms about what the East has been about since last you was here.

One part of the East which I can tell you about with authority is midtown Boston and surrounding environs including Harvard. When you get the Sunday papers some time this week you will see where The Johnnies as I like to call them beat a fiting Jeff eleven to the tune of 13-0 after a scoreless first half which I did not see on account I was late because the guy giving me the ride was late getting out work in Springfield, Mass.

I might note here that it was planned for me to meet a Harvard grad student who I know in Harvard Square before the game. Naturly he got tired of waiting after the first hour and left so I was without visible means of support when the game was done and the dusk settled down like a wet blanket on Soldier's Field. Well using my head I wiped over to a Crimson dormitory and used a phone. No says Mrs. Chisholm after I called a second time from the

Statler Hotel having missed connections when using the Crimson phone I do not know where George is except he might be at Harvard Square again looking for you.

Saying O.K. as politely as is conceivable under the circumstances I grabbed a taxi as they say in Gotham and tore over to Cambridge, but the elusive kid had ducked into a telephone booth to call up home again and I didn't see him. So I tore back to the Statler in this here yellow cab to a total tune of two bucks and jest waited around. It was not long before a well decorated man began filling the sedate lobby with call for mister Davis like in the philip morris ad.

Well I had finly got a hold of him in this manner and he yells into the phone to the effect that where the hell had I been which I said vice versa to in such a loud manner that the sedate lobby showed a sudden lively interest. Come over in a subway he said it is cheaper which I aggreed to with a vengeance and hung up to the disappointment of the sedate lobby.

Well my friend george told me when I got him at last that he was forced to go over to a Harvard profs house that nite to take care of his English refugee child. But he said that we would not be forced to stay long because Jim



"Draw one what?"

Brown, Amherst '39, and a friend of his, had said he would take over the job of nursemaid that night so George could be free to hit the hi spots with me.

Well George and me dined with Jim, a good guy Delta Tau or not, in a nifty little spot where I left my suitcase so's later on that night I had to borrow a pair of George's pajamas far too little for me. The suitcase is still in Cambridge but to continue:

WE THREE went over to Professor Pope's domain and greeted him and his twenty-two year son who had one of them Boston one-line smoothies on his arm that can talk you down in a real cultured way. Also present was the profs wife who is scotch up to the ears and sounds like the shades of Burns when she opens her trap. They soon left for this very swank affair they were going to. And we was alone with this English refugee child who was a card from the word go despite he was only twelve years old.

Now get the picture: here I am a perfect stranger sitting down to chat with a miniature Briton in a colonial house undoubtedly constructed by the Pilgrims, a joint owned by one of Harvard's great art professors.

Well says the child how would you like to see the paintings that Mr. Pope has done. Well George and Jim is art students that can draw unclothed ladies at the drop of a hat and so of course they says sure. I had no choice so I puts my O.K. on and we drift around the spooky old joint while the brilliant little rascal gives us a running commentary that would land him a job with the Metrop. Museum up on Central Park any time. I can hardly type when I think of him speaking at length on the beauties of these here damsels au naturel.

Well that was finly through and we sat down and I got quite cardy in order to lighten the thing up. Well the kid gave me a laff here and there out of courtesy but most of the time he would say "how decent" every time I got one off. Have you ever had some one say that after what you thot was a pritty fair remark?

GEORGE and me finally tucked the Briton into bed and left Jim with him so we could take a few spots. We had about two (2) planter punches in Cambridge and then aimed for Boston where we got into what is called the silver dollar bar.

We were sat with some planters punches for no more than three minutes when a cop left the place with the

president of the Amherst College Glee Club in custody which was understandable on account he had blood all over his collar due to fite in the back end of the joint.

The cop told me that he did not plan to arrest him but only to throw him out which I could well believe because if all the guys thrown out of that place that night were piled in a heap it would be collasal as well as a strain on the Boston lockups.

Well we sat down again and who should join us but Chester and a cross-eyed date due the scarcity of tables in the place. Now we and Chester had not had the previous pleasure of aquaintence but we soon found common ground in the fact that we were all erstwhile high school lads. Chester I said where did you go to high school would you mind telling me? Chester blushed and allowed that I would laff if he told me. Then he gives a horrible laugh which scared me to death.

Upon my recovery I said no I wont Chet go ahead and tell me. E. B. he whispers and gives off with this awful gurgle again. Chet! No wonder you was reticent I came back. At this point

his date smirked out a cross-eyed agreement with me, and we was fast friends.

They allowed we were college boys by the words we used but I crossed them by telling them I was a singer and tossed off a few bars in harmony with the little jewess crooning into a mike behind me to prove my point. They liked it and guessed it would be nice if I would step to the platform and ring out an number with the Armenian lass, but I guessed I wouldn't on account of I was on vacation which awed them to a standstill.

To cut off a few pages from this saga I finally landed in one of George's beds in his pajamas out in Wobun mass which is just outside of cambridge. It was a very good game.

Now Toots how can you expect me to be normal and rational and perhaps a little gallante in my letters when my life is such a merry-go-round? The foregoing is the absolute and ungar-nished truth and is an example of why I am often classified as somewhat off by a crule world which refuses to understand. Toots, tell me that you under stand.

Love,
—JOE.



"... it keeps following me."

Pixilated



ALFRED WIGGINS popped another caffeine tablet into his mouth and washed it down with a gulp of black coffee. Rising like a Sphinx

out of the desert of lecture notes and old exam papers spread out on the desk, a battered alarm clock ticked off the seconds at him. Four thirty. And at eight o'clock he had to write the first of his mid-semester. He passed his hand over his damp forehead wearily and plunged into his work.

Across the room his room-mate snored peacefully in little snorts and hisses. The alarm clock ticked hypnotically and Alfred stared at the figures and writing in front of him until his eyes ached and the letters swam over the pages in column of squads formation. He ordered them back to their rightful places but it was no use. Row after row they passed in review like the Marching Dead in Kiekhofer's Armistice Day lecture, saluting him with mocking gestures.

Alfred groaned. He was sunk. Why, why in hell hadn't he kept up with the current work? Nobody could cram nine weeks' work into a single night. He'd flunk for sure. There was no way out.

"You're wrong, there is a way out," a little voice said decisively. "Who said that?" cried Alfred, looking around the room.

"I did," said the alarm clock. "You did?"

"Yes, I did."
"Nuts," said Alfred, and turned back to his work.

The alarm clock reached out with its hour hand and seized him by the nose.



"Yes, I am Lucifer . . ."

"Now, you listen to me. There is a way for you to pass not only this exam but every one you ever take."

"You're crazy," Alfred argued, struggling to free his nose from the iron grasp of the alarm clock. "I haven't opened a book this semester and you try to tell me I can pass all my exams. Why, I'd sell my soul to get through all my courses."

The alarm clock released Alfred's nose and folded its hands. "That's just what I mean," it said triumphantly.

Alfred turned pale. "Then you must be . . ."

"Yes," roared the clock, turning suddenly into a coal black scaly figure seven feet tall. "Yes, I am Lucifer, Prince of Darkness, Lord of the Nether Regions!"

Alfred was dumbfounded.

"Alfred Horace Wiggins, BA2, henceforth you shall pass every examination you take and in return I shall claim your immortal soul on the day you complete your education. I have spoken." And to seal the bargain the figure branded Alfred on the throat with its thumbprint.

THAT year and the following year, Alfred passed all his exams with honors. He went out on coke dates every night of the week and took part in all sorts of extra-curricular activities. Year in and year out he never looked at a book. Life had indeed become very pleasant and Alfred should have been happy. However, as he enrolled in the fall of his senior year, he grew uneasy.

In June he would have finished and it would become necessary to fulfill his share of the bargain. It seemed to him that his alarm clock was watching him from its place on his desk and once he was almost sure he caught it rubbing its hands expectantly. Alfred turned to ridiculous extremes in his efforts to forget his predicament. He became known as the Phi Beta Playboy and everyone wondered when he found time to study for the examinations he wrote so wonderfully well. He even degraded himself to the extent of entering campus politics and running for Senior Class President.

FINALLY, just before the first semester finals, Alfred turned for advice to the pastor of his church and explained what he had done. Reverend Henderson was sympathetic. He wrinkled his brow in thought and for a long while sat motionless. Alfred watched him, cracking his knuckles worriedly. After an hour and forty minutes Reverend Henderson



—turned for advice.

shouted, "Eureka," and tossed his wig into the air three times. He then regained his composure and addressed himself to Alfred.

"My boy," he said in his most sanctimonious tones, "you have done a very wicked thing. Nevertheless I believe you can be saved. According to Wisconsin Revised Statutes, Section 14, Paragraph 8a 'any contract is null and void when and if either of the contracting parties shall fail to fulfill the terms of the contract'. Since this contract was agreed upon in this State, all that will be necessary is for you to flunk one of your exams and you will be released from your bargain."

"And now, lest Satan tempt you further so that you inadvertently pass your



"Alfred groaned. He was sunk."

exams, I shall exorcise you." Having said this, Reverend Henderson poured two quarts of holy water over Alfred's head and down his neck. He then struck Alfred three times over the head with a heavy golden crucifix, saying, "Begone! Begone! Begone! That will be five dollars, please."

Alfred had the three bruises on his head dressed at the infirmary and, filled with the holy spirit, went up on the Hill and failed all his examinations gloriously.

That night the alarm clock on his desk looked at Alfred reproachfully. Its ticking grew weaker and weaker until finally, with a last burst of energy, it started ringing furiously and leaped out the window, leaving behind a faint odor of brimstone.

Alfred was deliriously happy. He had two coke dates every night and devoted all his time to being the finest President the Senior Class had ever had. This required very little effort. And in the Spring, Alfred, now a happy man, became the first Phi Beta ever to flunk out of school.

—W.B.

He Saved Money



THE LETTER from his father was clear enough. "You have been spending too much money lately, son. You must learn to save money. I wish you'd try your best to save next month." There was no mistaking what his father meant, Roger told himself.

Well, why not? He could save money if he tried. Roger threw his shoulders back, set his teeth.

He learned that he could save fifty cents on \$5.50 by buying meal tickets. Roger bought two a week, thus saving a dollar every week. Sometimes he couldn't eat \$11 worth of food a week so he had to bring in his friends. But, he was saving money and he felt proud.

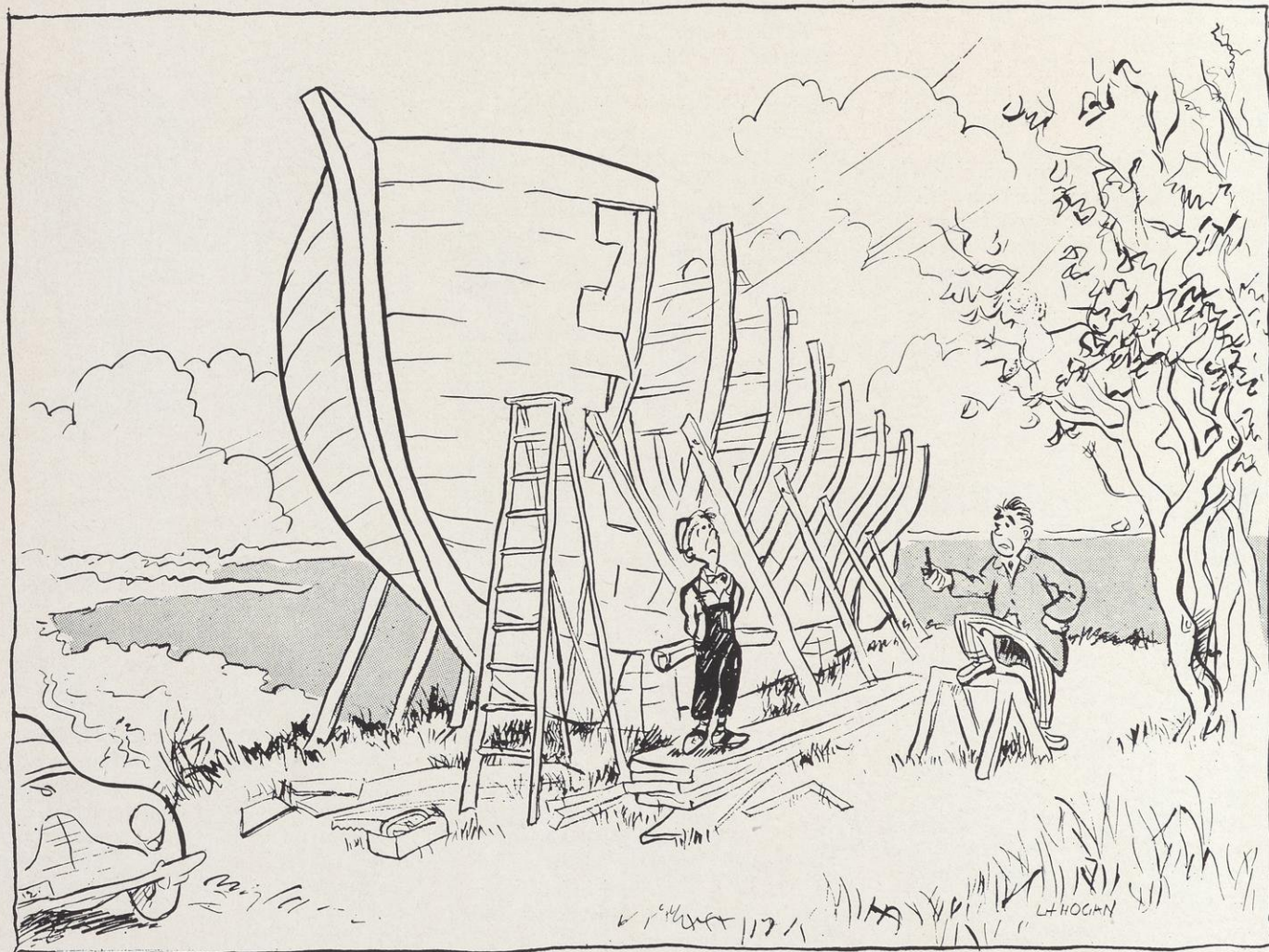
Roger also learned that he could save fifteen cents by going to a movie just before six instead of after. So he went to a movie every afternoon and saved \$1.05 a week that way.

One day he was walking by a clothing store when he noticed they were having a sale. All shirts were marked down a dollar. Roger promptly bought a dozen and saved \$12. He also found he'd get a 10% reduction on a suit, so he bought two new suits, saving another \$6.

He bought his cigarettes by the carton and saved money that way. He bought beer by cases and saved more money. He bought comps from assistant general chairmen at half price and went to a lot of formal dances he'd ignored before. He sent his girl lots of flowers because roses were cheaper by the dozen.

At the end of the month Roger was elated. He happily sat down and wrote his father. "Dear Dad," he began, "I must have \$200 at once as I owe some money to my fraternity brothers. I am sure you will be glad to know that I saved \$30.00 during last month."

—R. P.



"... and then what did the vision say?"

Q



*Double and redouble your
pleasure with the
Smoker's Cigarette*



Chesterfield

COOLER Milder BETTER-TASTING



*Do you smoke the
cigarette that
Satisfies*



Q

Guy Goes To Library . . .



EXULTS AT HAVING FOUND A SEAT.



PULLS OFF COAT. NOTICES FINE-LOOKING BLONDE.



MARVELS AT THE AMOUNT OF PEOPLE STUDYING.



IDLY RUNS THROUGH THE PAGES OF HIS BOOK . . .
LIKES THE PECULIAR SOUND THE PAGES MAKE.



SIGHS AND SETTLES HIMSELF TO READ.



SEES A FRATERNITY BROTHER COME IN.



GIVES HIM THE SIGNAL.



TALKS A WHILE ABOUT HOUSE-PARTY DATE.



LOOKS AT CLOCK. NOTICES HE HAS BEEN HERE AN HOUR ALREADY.



FALLS ASLEEP OF SHEER EXHAUSTION.



AWAKENS TO FIND IT IS NEARLY CLOSING TIME.



LEAVES FEELING HE HAS DONE HIS DUTY.

Chaos



FEW years ago, Lawrence Fiskerton was a student on our campus. He wanted to become a champion chime chimer. This was nice because the music school had a great penchant for developing first class chimers. So Lawrence was very happy.

Lawrence disdained to play in the band. He just smiled dreamily and hummed softly to himself and thought of the great day when he would play in the Carillon Tower.

Very often he was late for his eight o'clocks. This was because Lawrence always closed his eyes and stood at attention whenever the chimes rang out "Varsity" or "Coming Through the Rye."

But sorrow crept into the life of Lawrence. He began to hate practically everything. He began to tire of staying in the Rathskeller. He was sorry that he'd ever bet he could live there a whole year. It was easy to hide in the luxurious marble compartments of the men's washroom. But he got pretty tired of the old "Cardinals" laying around the place; they made awfully poor blankets and even worse reading material. And the hamburger made him sick sometimes, too.

Even before Lawrence lost complete faith in stuff he began to wonder about the wisdom of Wisconsin professors. He became slightly bitter at having to climb into musty, dusty Science Hall just to find how much higher one hill was than another, and to color maps red and yellow and purple as he had once done in District School No. 8. And flecks of foam appeared whenever Lawrence wondered why professors told such smelly old jokes, why he had to spend one-fourth of his college career studying foreign languages, and why well-knit blondes were so disconcerting. No one could ever give him the reasons.

A rather odious year passed and Lawrence was still determined to get book learning. Sometimes things were pretty bad. Like the time he threw his book at an English instructor. She had ridiculed him for not knowing any of Shakespeare's sonnets. And that made Lawrence sore.

But he tolerated these things, for

through salty tears he always saw the vision of the chimes. Finally, Lawrence became satisfied that his powers were developed enough to do justice to his Big Ambition.

SO ONE day, after fortifying himself with eight glasses of liquid amber, Lawrence ran up over the hill toward the Carillon Tower.

Once there, a sudden great fear swept over his quivering frame. But he got a grip on himself, a tight one that left nasty red marks, and knocked on the door.

A little man, who had a bell on his head with "Liberty" written on it in big red letters, opened the door.

"Please, sir," said Lawrence, "for nearly three years I've been working very hard, and now I think that I'm qualified for a trial at playing the chimes."

The little man glowered. "Sorry, I handle that job."

"But I've been working very hard," said Lawrence.

"Sorry, I handle that!" snapped the little man with an ominous rumble in his usually bell-like voice.

"But I've worked—" and Lawrence's voice broke and he began to weep. Then he made a sudden lunge against the door.

"Sorry," concluded the little man, giving Lawrence a violent shove.

Lawrence hit the pavement head

first, which was lucky, but he also broke a leg.

IN THE infirmary he had plenty of time to think. During the seven months that the internes were gaining practical experience Lawrence whistled, "Some Day My Splints Will Come" and decided he was wasting his life.

As soon as they set him free, Lawrence bounded over the hill to Music Hall. Leaping up the steps, he climbed to the top of the clock tower. He has been there ever since.

Lawrence Fiskerton decided that he could best serve the world by striking the hour in the Music Hall tower. He loved the very phrase, "Striking the hour in the Music Hall tower."

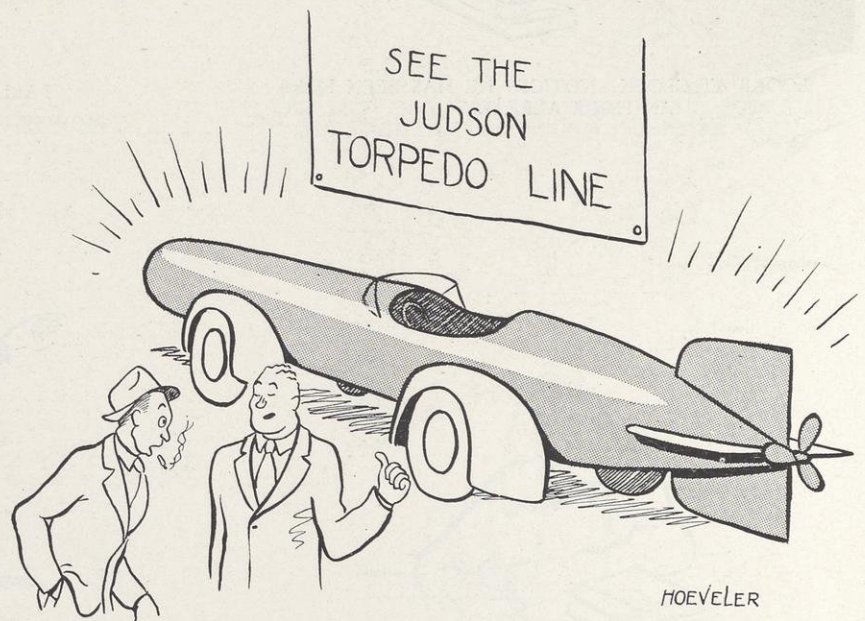
At first, firemen and deans and policemen tried to make him come down, but Lawrence just cackled madly and poured molten lead on their heads. They let him alone after that you can bet.

So Lawrence lives, with his back numbers of "Esquire" and volumes of Chinese philosophy, letting his Alma Mater know what time it is.

And no one blames him for slightly erratic service.

Three times a day a white-coated Rathskeller waiter carries soup and sandwiches to Music Hall, and comes back biting his lip and staring at the ground.

We will now have a moment of silent meditation. —RLH



"Yes, all of our new models are readily convertible into defense weapons."



*"According to this plan
Miss DeGroot's room should be right here."*

Smooth as Silk



FIRST met Mr. Silk, quite by accident, in a dirty cage. It is strange I hadn't noticed the cage before. It was a parrot - c a g e

affair and it hung on a wire rope from the dome of our state capitol, certainly a conspicuous place.

I suppose I noticed it this time because the cage spun slowly as I entered the building and I noticed Mr. Silk's eyes glinting down at me; they were the eyes of a man rather fed-up with his environment. I remember I said to myself at the time 'that man needs a change of environment.' I didn't have time to say anything more for I was busy climbing the stairs to the dome-balcony for a closer inspection of, I discovered, Mr. Silk.

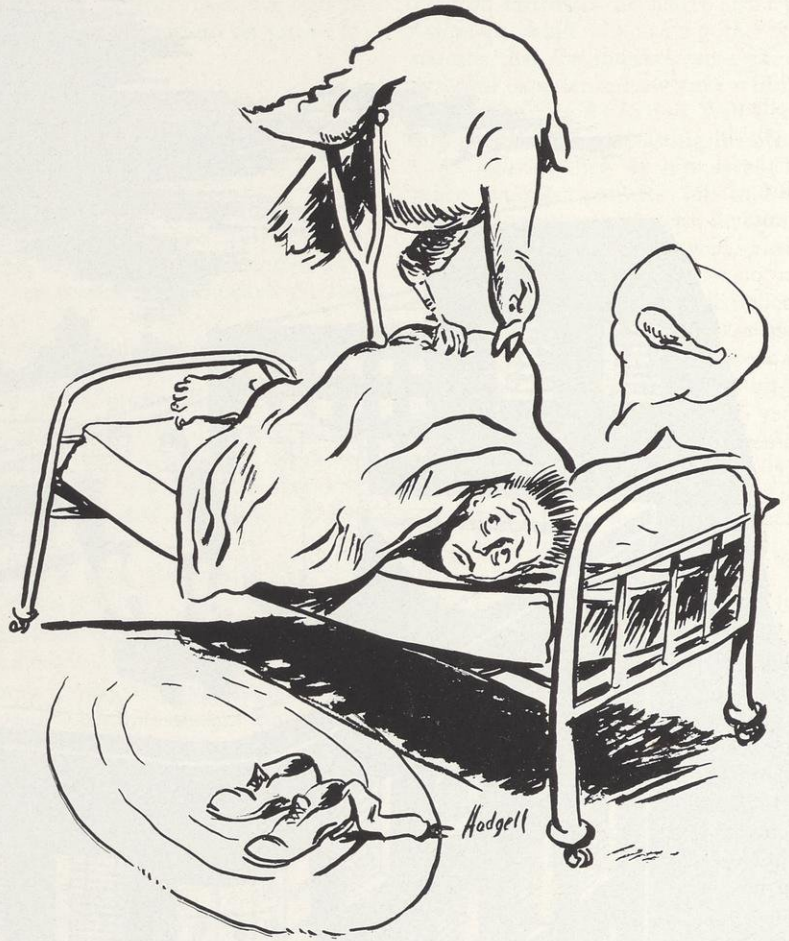
There was not a placard identifying Mr. Silk; and he occasionally turning his haunches in the center of a cage and the cage was spinning slowly in the air. This was something for my innate curiosity. I was hypnotized by the slow motion of the cage, first to the left and then to the right, depending of course on when one first saw the cage. I stood there at the balcony rail for a very long time looking at Mr. Silk and he occasionally turning on me the eyes of a man fed-up with his environment. And nothing more.

The rays of a tired sun were burnishing the burnishable glass of the dome when a man in a blue uniform appeared on the scene. I was rather startled by his appearance, but my innate curiosity compelled me to remain. He came almost directly at me from the opposite side of the circular balcony swinging on a trapeze and holding a little round cheese in one hand.

As THE trapeze approached the cage he called to Mr. Silk, "Good evening, Smoothie."

Mr. Silk only stood up. He had been sitting on a little round cheese. He put his hand between the bars and snatched the cheese from the man's hand as he swung by. And nothing more.

Of course I hurried to the other side of the balcony and accosted the man who obviously was a capitol at-



tendant. "Pardon me, sir," I said, "but who is the little sad-eyed man in the cage?" "Him," he smiled, "that's Mr. Silk. We call him Smoothie and if you have a little time I'll tell you why." His attitude put me on my guard, but my innate curiosity bade me listen.

"A COUPLE of years ago," he began and settled himself on the balcony railing, "a couple of years ago, as you may know, a man from a little town near here came to live in this city. Well, he does, every once in awhile but not so's you'd notice it too much."

I settled myself more comfortably on the railing beside him and we lit cigarettes and Mr. Silk spun slowly in his cage to our right and left.

"It seems this man was, and still is, quite a business man. He took it into his head that the city wasn't doing as well as it should, in a business sense. He figured what it needed was more advertising, which is a good thing.

Cheese, he decided was the fulcrum, you might say, on which he was going to hoist the city. He was going to make the country cheese conscious."

He whipped out a little card from one of his pockets. "See this? This is the kind of stuff we get in our pay envelope every month. We got to have cheese on our breath every day or it goes hard on us. I eat a lot of cheese." He seemed to be brooding. "This little card I'm showing you is the kind of stuff I'm talking about."

There it was, in bold type, a couplet the like of which I shall never see again:

*If you want to be a smoothie
Eat as much good cheese every day as
you can pile on a cookie.*

"That isn't all," continued my necessarily anonymous friend, "I get a different one every month."

I learned he did not refer to genre. He had pockets full of them. The first line was always the same. I men-

tioned this monotonous fact to Mr. X. "Yeah, that was the rub. That's the reason for Mr. Silk. The boss figured we had to have something to go by. 'We got to have someone who is smooth, God bless him,' he used to say. And then he would be sad because of the possible expense and he would pace the floors for a minute or two, thinking hard. Suddenly he would go and come back in a couple of months or so. He was always a busy man. Then one day he got it. 'God bless them,' he said, 'I'll find the smoothest college man and keep him here as an example for our native poets. They owe me something,' he would chuckle. So they got Mr. Silk. He was an editor of something up there once. All them editors are smoothies, but Mr. Silk, he was the smoothest one of the lot. He put up a little fuss, you can understand. There was things he wanted to do. Some fool things like shouldering a cause, or something no one could understand a smoothie wanting to do. Sometimes I think he isn't a real smoothie, but the boss thinks so, and that goes."

I looked at Mr. Silk sitting there on his haunches brooding with the eyes of a man, etc., and at his fine intelligent face and his hair in crisp waves and his impeccable clothes. He looked the part.

"The boss does his laundry," said Mr. X, "I'm the only one allowed to go near him. There must be some sort of reason a psychologist would know for that." I agreed there might be. Mr. X said he had to go somewhere to "check up," so I thanked him for his trouble and left the building.

OF COURSE, there is nothing absolutely to be done for Mr. Silk, but I have a plan for informing him that the boss does his laundry and thinks a great deal of him and that a psychologist might have a good reason for his affection. I am sure Mr. Silk would perk up just a bit and perhaps eat a little more cheese and postpone shouldering a cause long enough to serve as an example for our native lymericists in their fight for a fulcrum.

AMBIGUOUS ARTIST'S DEPT.

(from the *Herald-Tribune*)

SUNDAY, 6

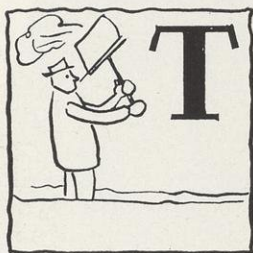
Paul Robeson, Baryton, Carnegie Hall, evening

MONDAY, 7

Elna Sherman, virginalist, Town Hall, evening

Pleasant occupations, no doubt.

Beat Me, Daddy, Seven and Seven-eighths to the Bar



HIS was in the cold winter of '38 when I learned to drink tequilla and vodka.

Tequilla and vodka don't have anything to do with this story, but they show you which stage of growing up I was at. It was at the stage where you love life and get in big arguments over hot jazz is just as much an art form as any mazurka or nocturne or anything, and what about Bix and Jelly Roll Morton and Billy Bolden. Sure, you like classical music, too, and you like to be able to talk baseball with names and averages, and what's the best wine to go with each course of a meal, and for crying out loud don't take soda with scotch. Water.

In this cold winter night I had said goodnight to my girl in front of her dormitory. How could they make anyone so alive and warm-blooded and brilliant as we say goodnight at ten thirty?

Ah, the system. Blast the system.

So I went over to fat Jerry's and stopped him from studying and wrestled him around on his chair. Then he began to get sore at me, so I had to keep wrestling him till he decided I was a damned itch and a screwball but very lovable and unique. Then we sat down and listened to the radio and talked about our women for a couple of hours.

Now the local radio stations were all closing down and we couldn't get a thing on Jerry's battered two-station radio. It was the time of night I liked, and I wanted to get something to drink, but where the heck could we at this hour, and anyhow Jerry was sleepy and had an eight o'clock tomorrow.

Okay, I'll go home, I said.

Yowie, it was cold out. I ran as far as State Street.

BUT when I got to State Street I heard something wild and beautiful. Hot jazz. You don't call it hot jive—that is commercial and highschoolish and joecollegeish but you call it hot jazz which is intelligent and vibrant and shows you read books about Dixieland



"Damn you, McBrotowitch!"

and barrelhouse and Chicago jazz, and naturally *The New Yorker* and people like John O'Hara and James Farrell and Joyce, if you want the master himself.

This hot jazz was coming from a State Street Eat house. You know those signs that say EAT. They save lots of money in neon tubing but you lose your appetite when you look at them. EAT. Not on your life.

I went into the eathouse and the orchestra—piano, trumpet, clarinet, and drum—were really blasting away, not too good but very loud and exciting. I got a cup of coffee and a cinnamon bun at the counter and took it to a booth where I could watch them.

I sat there, tapping my foot and whistling my own hot licks when the breaks came. But the trumpet or the clarinet always drowned me out so I couldn't hear myself. But when the piano played, I stopped whistling. He was a wonderful pianist, very big and goodlooking and pleasantfaced and sad-eyed and very, very drunk. But bambambamboombambambamboomb did he wallop out boogie-woogie. Slapdash, inventive, enjoying every bar of it.

My but he was wonderful. A cigarette hung from his lip. He hummed through his wide-flanged nostrils. He winced when the trumpet attacked. Be-

tween every number he would say, "And now we will play the Fast Blues." The Fast Blues always started the same way but it was always different.

Ah, this was what I wanted. This is where I was meant to be. Here was Life, squealing out of a clarinet, rolling off a keyboard. All I needed was something to drink.

I WALKED up to the bandstand—in the eathouse's store window. There were only two other guys there beside the band and me. One of the onlookers borrowed the trumpet and played a fair-to-middling chorus. Then the pianist slapped into his finest variation of the Fast Blues. And I stood there whistling along, whistling louder than I'd ever whistled.

The pianist came to the break, pointed to me, and said, "Take it!" I took it. And oh, but it was a lousy lick. Where had all my originality gone? Why couldn't I extemporize with a little color instead of repeating the same stupid figure over and over? I was a failure. The trumpet picked up the chorus before I was half through it.

I went out the door, back into the cold, feeling pretty low. The heavy plunk of the piano followed me across the street. Why couldn't I be the real stuff like that drunken cigarettedroop-

ing tall sadeyed fast blues pianoplayer? Hell, in the field of my hottest love I was a fraud and a twentieth-rater. Anyhow, I could keep it a secret from Ann and Barron and Bill and Jerry and all the others I had hornswoggled.

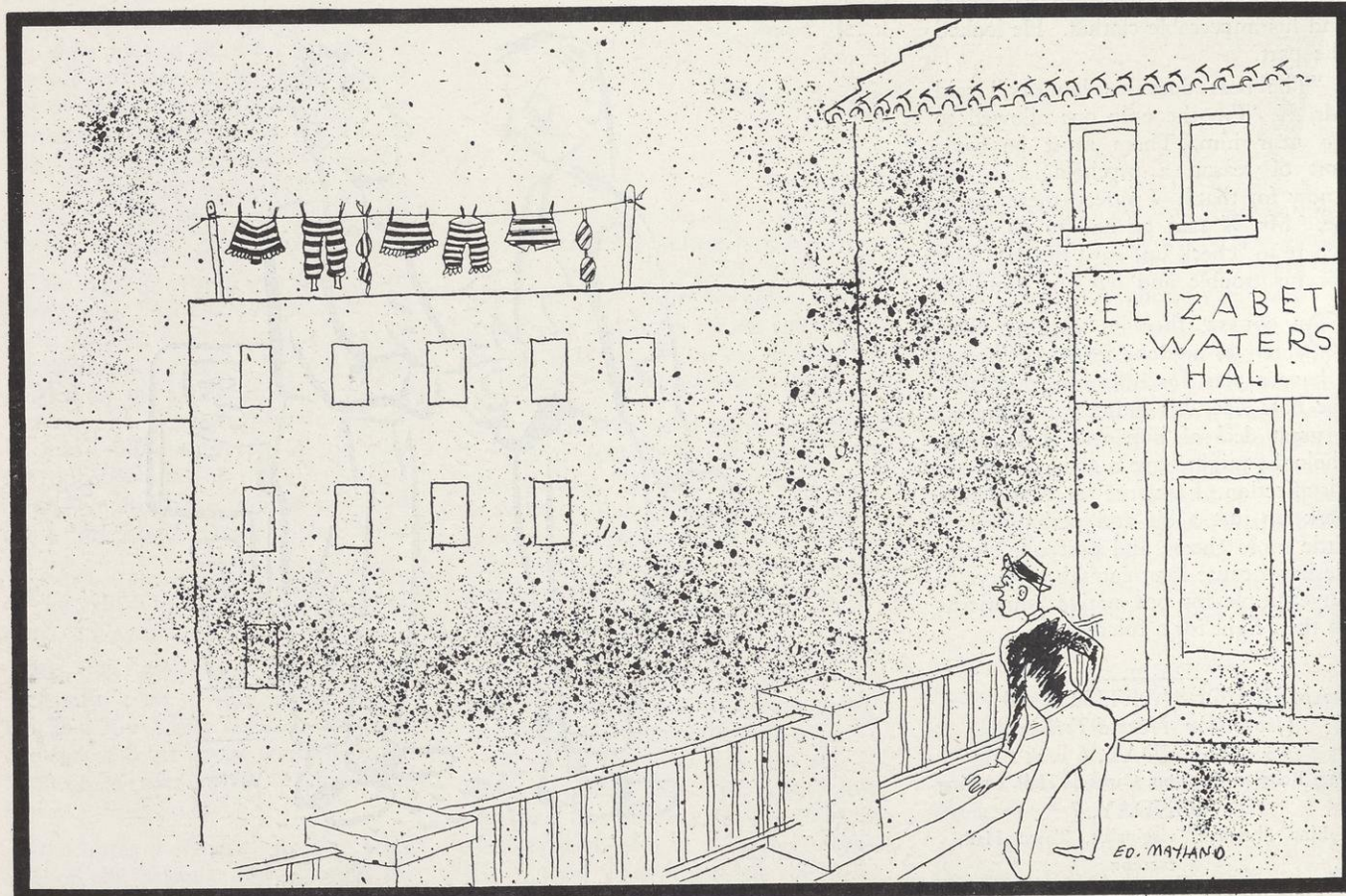
—L.S.



Nocturne

WHEN I am tired out at night,
I cannot help but think it right
That we should go about unclad,
For by the time I'm set for bed
The welcome drowsiness has fled
To leave me wide awake and sad . . .
I curse convention's pallid scenes,
And pore on nudist magazines.

—C. W.



DESIGN FOR DRESSING



lanlon
t, in bod-
red silk
metallic
eeves and
\$14.95 . . .
DICK &
JRRAY



Joan Sebastian

. . . Kappa Kappa Gamma, shown wearing a Grecian draped white silk jersey formal, accented at waist and decollete by red wool bands . . .

TIFFANY FASHIONS BY ANNE

Helen Welch

. . . Alpha Chi Omega, wearing a white double net skirt with sequin trim on skirt and sleeves . . . \$22.50 . . .

RENDALL'S AT THE CO-OP



Dorothy Dickson

. . . Delta Gamma, wearing an Original Queen Frock. Flame red, bagara crepe with a gold necklace studded with zurcons . . .

WOLDENBERG'S



Come In

for

a

Sunday Dinner

Lohmaier's

710 STATE

"A Wisconsin Tradition"

According to Records

The Popular

RUMBOOGIE

Gene Krupa's lovely singer, Irene Daye, does herself proud a bit on this dinger. We like it plenty. On the reverse "A Nightingale Sang in Berkley Square" is exactly what you would expect to hear a nightingale sing. It'll be neck and neck with the vocalist Howard De Laney and the Eberly boys if this keeps up.—*Okeh*.

A SONG OF OLD HAWAII

If you select your recordings by the band's name you'll be disappointed with this Woody Herma n discing. "Romance, Romance!" we moaned and tossed it off our turntable. But "Frenesi," sung ever so slowly by Woody, on the about face is even more disappointing.—*Decca*.

I'M SATISFIED WITH MY GAL

This is one of Columbia's original issues re-recorded. The first sin was committed in 1936. This is real honest-to-goodness jazz for the connoisseur only and should be in your library if you are one. "High Society," on the reverse, follows through very well. It's Jazz! Jazz! real knock-down-and-drag-out corn with plenty of good breaks.—*Columbia*.

PUA HAU O MALEKA

Al Kealoha Perry and His Singing Surfriders ride through this chant in good style. You'll have a lot of fun listening to the grunts. We caught ourselves doing a hula before it was half through. "Nani Wale Ka Mahina," on the other side, is a second helping just in case you wear out the first side. Get it by all means!—*Decca*.

OUR LOVE AFFAIR

Someone said, "All good things come in small packages" and we agree after listening to this Eddy Duchin recording. Although the turns are meager you can't beat the charm of this lilting rendition. The vocal chorus is by June Robbins and John Drake with Eddy's sophisticated piano covering the thin spots just right. "The Same Old Story" on the b-side is fine too.—*Columbia*.

MOON OVER BURMA

This is Casa Loma with sugar if you like 'em sweet. It's nice. Even, it has a Burma-ish atmosphere. As titles go, "When You Awake" is probably okay



WOULD YOU
LIKE TO
ROCKET YOUR
WAY INTO HER
HEART?

RENTSCHLER'S

230 STATE ST., Badger 177

KNIT GIFTS

Begin Now

NON-SHRINK
SOCK YARNS
SCOTCH YARNS
FRENCH YARNS

KNITTING TO ORDER

at the

KNIT SHOP

24 N. CARROLL

if you are; for our part, though, we'd rather sleep—soundly.—*Decca*.

CAPRICE IN OLD STYLE

This is a light semi-classic done well by the master Alec Templeton. A lot of keys go down in a short time and out comes a harpsichord-sounding tune. It's characteristically Templeton—light, whimsical and very pleasant. "Vocal Impressions" of a Russian Basso and English Ballad Singer need no comment. You'll find this recording at the usual high Templeton level.—*Columbia*.

ROCK-A-BYE THE BOOGIE

The new man in the field, Will Bradley, turns out some real salt on this spinner. Words can't translate this one—you'll just have to listen to it—and its mate, "Scramble Two."—*Columbia*.

THE WORLD IS MAD

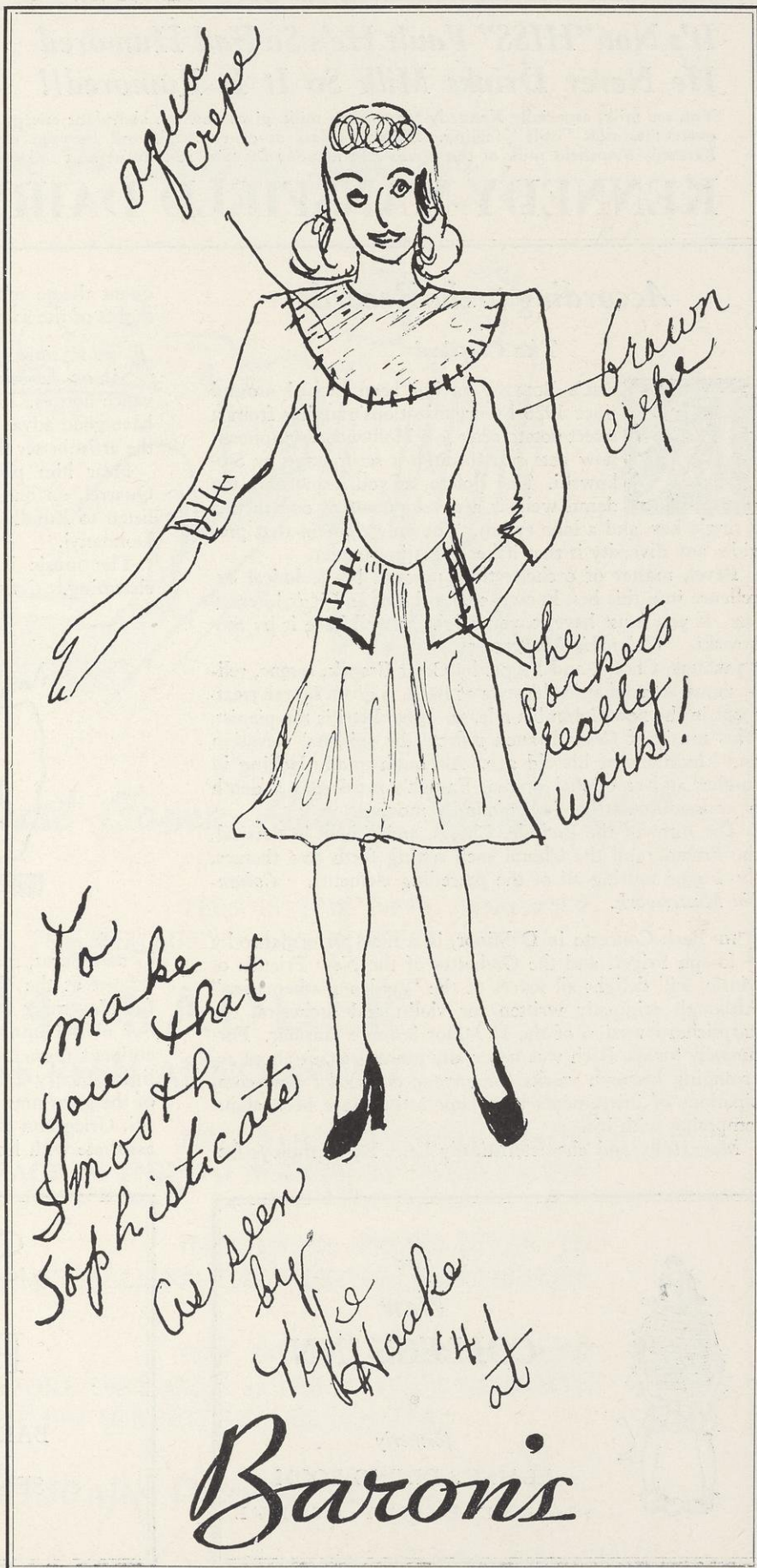
The old Count really carries the mail on this recording. Don't play this before you retire. We claim that nobody but the nonpareil Basie can take a piano around the back of an orchestra so well and then poke it out just right. Here's your chance to get two full sides of the real "pipe-and-slipper's-yet-fast-and-fresh" Basie product. Zowie!—*Okeh*.

DO YOU EVER THINK OF ME

Here's a new combination of Bing Crosby with the Merry Macs. It's a new idea and although the romantic Crosby seems to buck the light-hearted Macs it really turns out quite well. "Refreshing" we claim, is the word. "You Made Me Love You" on the reverse, is another good standard.—*Decca*.

RUMBOOGIE

Gene Krupa and his singer wind this basic boogie number up right. Aside from a couple of spots where we think it's a little too tight, he does well. "Old, Old Castle in Scotland" is not only for Scotsmen.—*Okeh*.



LIFE SAVERS

What is the best joke you have heard this month?

Each month the editors award a hand-drawn cartoon of Life Savers to the person submitting the funniest gag.

This month's prize winner is none other than:

HARRY KAUL, 620 North Lake
Harry's gutbuster is:

"Said one tonsil to the other, 'This must be Capistrano . . . here comes another swallow'."

As seen by Mike Haake 4/1 at Baronis

**It's Not "HISS" Fault He's So Bad Humored
He Never Drinks Milk So It Is Rumored!!**

You see milk, especially Kennedy-Mansfield's milk, gives you the abundant energy that quickly overcomes that "owly" feeling. Drink a glass at every meal, and between classes. Enjoy Kennedy-Mansfield milk at the house and at your favorite restaurant and soda fountain . . .

KENNEDY-MANSFIELD DAIRY—BADGER 7100



According to the Records

The Classical



RAVEL'S BOLERO, having been kicked around since 1928 by organizations ranging from a sweet potato octet to a Hollywood symphony, now gets run through a scrimmage by Stokowski. The Bolero, as you know only too damn well, is a development of one theme, a single key, and a lone rythm. The only element that provides any diversity is that it keeps getting louder.

Ravel, master of orchestration, puts all his technical excellence into this best-known composition, and it *is* interesting. If you must have it, you might as well have it by Stokowski. *Columbia Masterwork.*

PRELUDE, Choral, and Fugue by Cesar Franck, serene, religious, somewhat in the style of Bach, is given superb treatment in the new Columbia release. Egon Petri is the pianist. This music of Cesar Franck reflects the spiritual elevation and kindness of his old age. Although totally lacking in conflict and emotional drama, Franck's music has a depth of consciousness that is profoundly moving.

The form of the Prelude, Choral, and Fugue is classical, the Prelude and the Choral each setting forth two themes, the Fugue uniting all of the preceding elements. *Columbia Masterwork.*

THE Bach Concerto in D Minor, in a new performance by Joseph Szigeti and the Orchestra of the New Friends of Music, will delight all lovers of the "golden mathematics." Although originally written for violin and orchestra, the harpsichord version of the D Minor is more familiar. Fortunately for us, Bach was never any more hesitant about rearranging his own works (or anyone else's) for new combinations of instruments than later artists have been about tampering with his.

Masterfully and characteristically here, Bach employs fre-

quent theme reiterations, in complete unity with elaborate flights of the solo instrument. *Columbia Masterwork.*

A SHORT time ago Edward Kilenyi, European pianist, burst in on America in the wake of tons of grandiloquent advance notices. It is, of course, customary for a debutante to have good advance notices, but it is refreshingly rare to find the artist better than the posies that preceded him. Kilenyi is.


Hear him play two sketches, A Bit Drunk, and The Quarrel, on one side of a Columbia record; on the other, listen to Ruralia Hungarica, composed by his own teacher, Dohnanyi.

The music is whimsical, sparkling-gay, and altogether charming. *Columbia Masterwork.* —J.L.W.



G. H.

EGON PETRI, master of the pianoforte, plays a second concert at the Union Theater, his first concert—scheduled for November 26—having been sold out. Petri, teacher of our own Gunnar Johanson, descends from generations of eminent musicians, his father being the famous Dutch violinist, Henry Petri. Egon Petri has associated with several of the great masters, including Clara Schumann, T'schaikowski, Grieg and Brahms. Thursday, November 27, you may associate with him.



THE
New
COLLEGE INN

•

formerly

ELAINE'S DINING ROOM

925 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

SANCHEZ

FOR

PORTRAITS

OFFICIAL

BADGER PHOTOGRAPHER

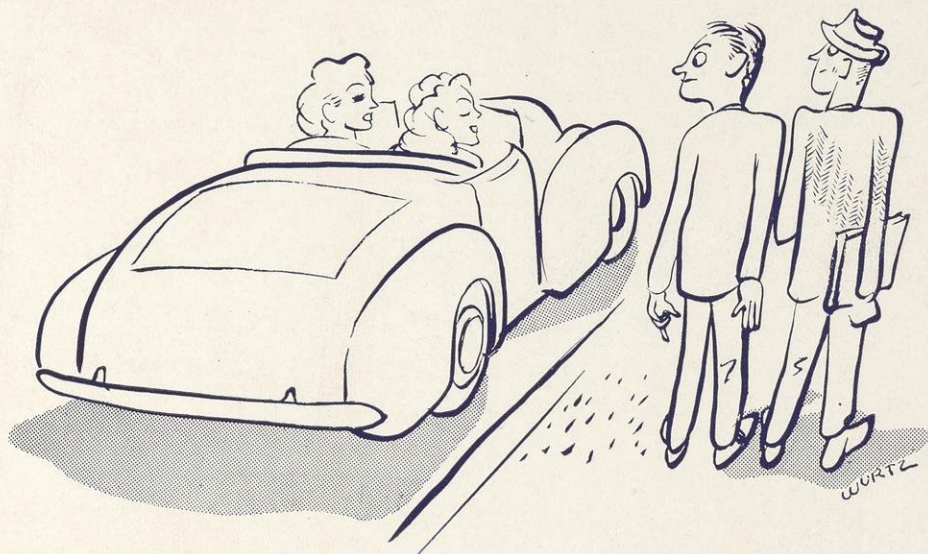
AND

SENIOR PHOTOGRAPHER

524 STATE



"If You Want to Buy a Badger . . .



. . . Just Come Along With Us"

THIS IS THE NEW "SORORITY
WAIL," EVER SINCE THE SORORITY SALES CONTEST OF THE . . .

1941 BADGER HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED

HELP YOUR FAVORITE SORORITY WIN A FREE PAGE IN THE 1941 BADGER BY SUBSCRIBING NOW . . .

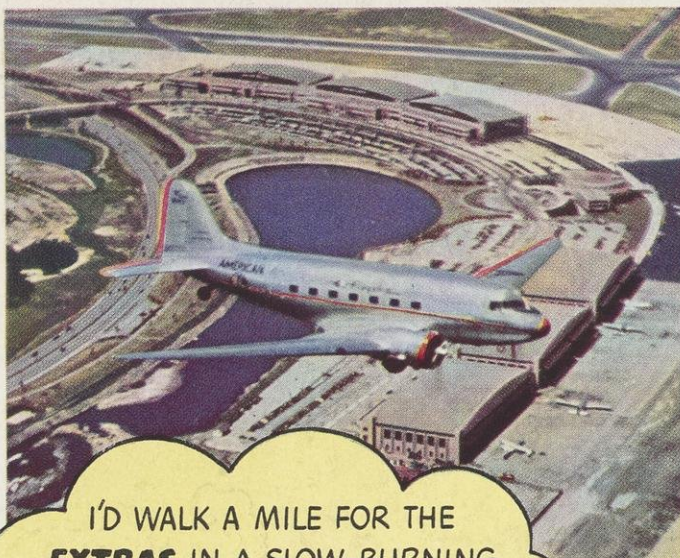
INDIVIDUAL PRIZES GIVEN TO
THE SORORITY WOMEN SELLING THE MOST BADGERS BEFORE
DECEMBER 12 . . .

ONE DOLLAR DEPOSIT AND
TWO DOLLARS BEFORE DECEMBER 12 HELPS YOUR FAVORITE
SORORITY WIN THE 1941 SORORITY SALES CONTEST . . .

\$3.50 after December 12

**YOU NEVER SEE HIM —
BUT HIS EXTRA SKILL
FLIES WITH YOU EVERY
MILE!**

WILLIAM H. MILLER
Flight Supt., American Airlines



I'D WALK A MILE FOR THE
EXTRAS IN A SLOW-BURNING
CAMEL. CAMELS ARE EXTRA
MILD, BUT THE FLAVOR'S ALL THERE
— **EXTRA** FLAVOR.



THE ARMCHAIR above is his cockpit— but Bill Miller flies as many as 100 planes a day. North, south, east, and west from New York's LaGuardia Field (*air view upper right*) his radio control-room directs the course of *American's* giant flagships.

Flier, navigator, engineer, traffic executive all in one—yes, flight superintendent Bill Miller is a man with the extras—a man who gets the extras, too...the extra pleasure and extra smoking in slower-burning Camels.

For Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning give you extra mildness and coolness with a flavor that holds its appeal through the last extra puff. Camels also give you extra smoking per pack (*see right*).

**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!**

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



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