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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

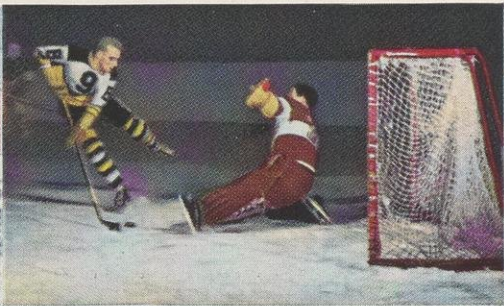


Fifteen Cents

HERE'S
ROY CONACHER
(No. 9),
HIGH-SCORING
FORWARD OF THE
BOSTON BRUINS,
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CHAMPIONS
of '39...



IN THIS ACTION SHOT he's come in like a bullet from an express rifle...he takes a pass. But the opposition's defense stops him—this time.



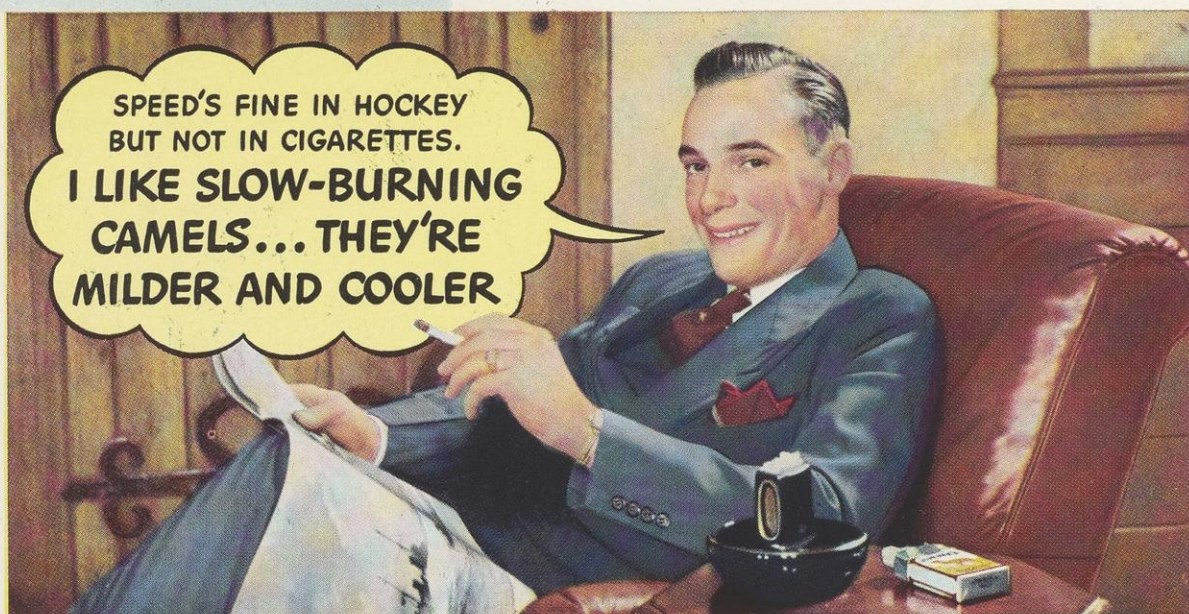
HE'S AWAY! He burns up the ice—a spectacular solo dash...nimble he dodges the defense...draws out the goalie and scores.



AGAIN a furious flash of speed...a split-second of stick magic...and the puck shoots home for the goal that wins the match.

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BUT HE SMOKES A SLOW-BURNING
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When it's easy-chair time after the hockey match, you'll find Roy Conacher of the Bruins enjoying a milder, cooler, more fragrant, and flavorful cigarette... Camels, of course.

"**SPEED'S** fine in hockey but not in cigarettes"—Roy, how right you are!

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Scientists know that nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of fragrance and flavor so mercilessly as—*excess heat*. And cigarettes that burn fast also burn *hot*. Your own taste tells you that.

Slow-burning cigarettes *don't* burn

away these precious natural elements of flavor and fragrance. They're milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler!

And the *slowest-burning* cigarette of the 16 largest-selling brands tested was *Camel*...they burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 others. (See panel at right.) Why not enjoy Camel's extra mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor? And extra smoking equal to 5 extra smokes per pack. (Again, eyes right!)

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

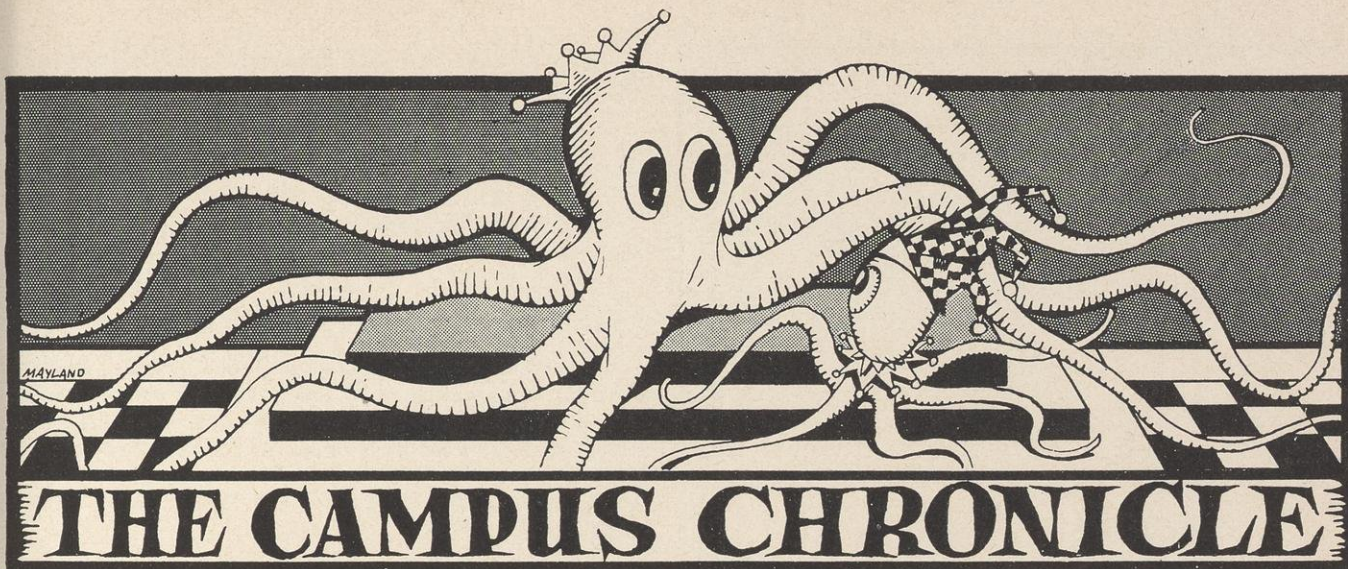


**5
EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**

FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR

CAMELS SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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THERE are certain subjects about which one may not jest. One can be funny about The Flag, sex, presidents, professors, religion, Nazis, Republicans, Fascists, art, science, or literature. But one must not joke about Communists or the Soviet Union. That would be red-baiting. Flag-baiting, sex-baiting, president-baiting, art-baiting and all the rest are fine. Give 'em hell, we are told. But not the Reds. Even if you aren't a Communist, it is foul for you to jest about Communism. The Communists stand in the forefront of the army of Democracy, and when they fall, the liberals are next. So have fun with anything else you disagree with or find amusing, but, please please please, not Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism.

Oh Lord, to paraphrase Marx, *if the people would only laugh!*

And so we roll up our sleeves deliberately, shake our heads in a sad *no* to our radical friends who, with tears in their eyes and fingers on their lips, beg us to shut up—and set down the funniest story we've heard all month.

An American was visiting Russia, and had gone out into the country with a Russian guide to look over the railroad tracks.

"Look, my friend," said the Russian, "did you ever see such railroad tracks? Nowhere in the world are there such tracks. They come from the finest, most technically-perfect steel mills in all the world. They have the greatest tensile strength, the heaviest gauge. Are they not wonderful?"

"Mmmm-hmmm," said the American, "and what about the trains?"

"Notice," said the Russian, "the clean blue steel, how well tempered it is. See how the tracks stretch out mile after mile after mile, perfectly parallel, inch after inch, mile after mile."

"Yep," said the American, "but what about the trains?"

"I must tell you about our semaphore system," the Russian went on. "In the Soviet Union, our flagging system is perfection. What signals! Railroad accidents—when does one read of them in *Pravda*? Our watchmen are sharp-eyed workers, highly trained for their task."

"Yes, yes, yes," said the American, "*but what about the trains?*"

"Nnnnyah!" cried the Russian. "*You should talk! What about the lynchings in Alabama?*"

Sociological Note

In Marriage and the Family, one of the topics suggested for book reports is "The 'Humor' Magazine in Relation to Pre-Marital Conduct."

That's us, kid.

Women

Our faith in women for the third time this month is completely destroyed.

Slouching into a seat in a Sterling Hall class room the other day, we noticed a heavily scribbled-on piece of paper on the floor. We hopefully unfolded it expecting to find a complete set of notes taken down during a similar class of a previous hour, but, lo! what a *vile* bit of literature it turned out to be. It was a set of notes all right, but notes that had been passed back and forth between two co-eds. Written in two penmanships, the note read:

"I have fun---his old steady has been donating tips on the care and handling of----- I told you no dirty cracks, etc. I don't know though, he's changed a bit."

"*I can be the sweetest thing imaginable if there's anything in it for me.*"

"He told me he thinks he's got a swell education but doesn't know anything about people and college life. I think the sweet stuff might not be it—wish I were sure."

"*How is he on technique? Didn't his old steady tell you?*"

"Lousy—but he has gone steady with a different girl since. Ought to be hard to tie down—he wants that view of campus life pretty bad—thinks he's been missing some-





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thing—surprising a fellow from a place like Milwaukee feeling that way.

“ *opposite.* ”

“Sue was talking about him—says he's very quiet—I wonder.

“*If I ever get a composite of my history—God help me!*”

Which returns us to our original thesis: misogyny is the best policy.

Slander

We have allowed ourselves to be bribed into not revealing the name of the author of the poem that follows a way down this column. The Wisconsin co-ed who wrote it insists that it was done after her first couple of weeks here, before she knew anybody. She was disgusted and dashed it off, and it wound up, of all places, in the female number of the Princeton *Tiger*.

“If you print it here,” she wept on our shoulder, “I’ll be ruined. Nobody will talk to me.” We promised not to reveal her name, so now it’ll be all right for us to print her verse:

*I know one thing
And I know it well:
War and Wisconsin
Are both hell.*

*I hate the campus,
I hate the hill;
The whole darn place
Is just a dill.*

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XXI

FEBRUARY, 1940

Number 6

*I hate the lectures,
I hate the classes
Filled with masses
Of stupid asses.*

*But the hate I hate
Worst of all the hates
Is to have to go out
On awful blind dates.*

*With some old goon
With that Midwestern look;
I'd have more fun
Reading a geography book.*

*I'm a lovely, intelligent girl
Who thinks
The whole darn state
Of Wisconsin stinks!*

Well, it's treasonous all right. Even though she claims she has recanted, maybe we'd better make her stand in the public pillory, anyhow. Her name is—ho, ho, bet we scared you that time! It's right on the tip of our tongue, and this time we really *are* going to tell. It's Mar—ius and Sulla, the great Romans! All right, we scared you enough, young lady. You may go, but behave yourself from now on.

Honor

The Octopus has been elected to membership in the Screwball Club of America, headquarters, Palace Theater, Superior, Wisconsin, on the nomination of "a friend," we are informed. The club emblem is a carpenter's brass screwball. The club high and low sign is made thus: cup your left hand and screw your right hand; point finger in same period. In answering the telephone, we must say, "Hello, this is Screw Ball Manor."

Maybe we'll have some fun for once.

Little Paradox

In Chicago last weekend we discovered the Cosmopolitan National Bank.

We also found the real-estate firm of *Fettes, Love, and Sieben*, a phrase which for some reason has replaced *St. Agnes Eve! Ah, bitter chill it was!* as the English words we have most difficulty in stopping our tongue from repeating.

Also, the beer in Chicago is hogwash.

A Visitor

This magazine, although often tempted, has never degressed so far or so low as to offer correspondence courses or to give away encyclopedias and dishes with every issue. We have never had to offer theater tickets for germ-ideas for columns. We haven't had to lure authors and artists into our palatial offices with tales of free love or to build up circulation by offering you pictures of nude women.

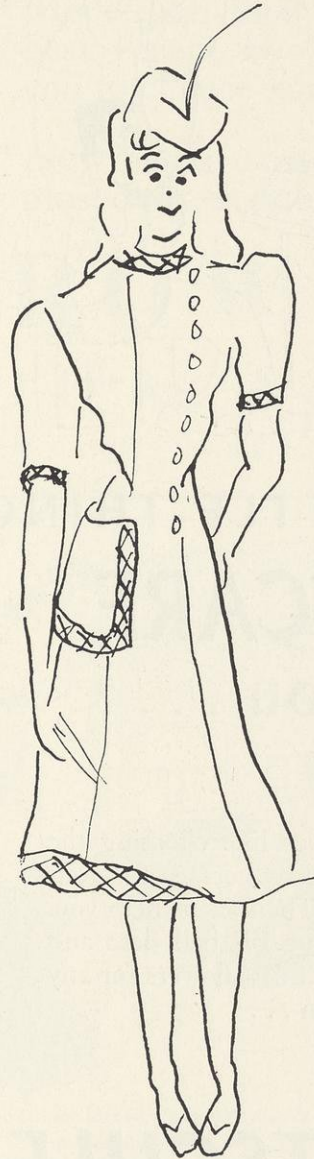
(We've often thought these were darn good ideas, personally; but you know, precedent is precedent, and there is a Dean.)

We only try to justify our existence by our vision of the folly of men and, now and then, an intrusive bit of philosophy.

Our gem this time concerns a member of our university's Board of Visitors. The Board of Visitors is something like the Board of Regents, only not so important. (Look in your red-covered catalogue.)

Our visitor was travelling about the state; and everywhere he went—Wausau, Marshfield, Stevens Point—he heard the

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same news: 1,900 freshmen had been flunked out at the end of the last semester.

Seems that these here professors, they were sore about the governor cutting their budget and not shining up to the university in general. They were out for revenge. Hence, 1,900 sad-eyed freshmen were banished.

Boiling mad, our Visitor saw his Duty to the Taxpayers. He rushed down to Madison in person to Investigate. After all, if these damned profs are spiteful enough—

The first university officer whom the visitor visited smiled quietly. "Goodness!" he said, "nineteen hundred freshmen dropped! How many freshmen do you think there *are*?"

"Why, six thousand," replied the Visitor.

We just want the taxpayers to know that their interests are being looked after diligently, the good folk of Wausau to know that they have a selfless champion of the flunked freshman, and the governor to know that the university is in capable hands.



Competitor

Every time we turn around there is another new magazine trying to cut into the college field.



Come in

AND

Prowl Around

at

FRED'S

"A Wisconsin Tradition"

In 1937, it was *College Digest*, to whom our Mr. Hyland wrote:

"First of all, may we congratulate you upon the fine idea you have for publishing a magazine without paying one cent for your material? And for getting your free material from the magazines with whom you will compete? And for condescending to build up our prestige? And for enhancing the reputation of this fine university? And for bringing fame and its rich rewards to the members of our staff?"

Mr. H's letter ran on for a while in this vein. Mr. Julius Halprin, business manager of *College Digest*, tried to get President Dykstra to invoke disciplinary action on Mr. Hyland, but Mr. Dykstra, still city manager of Cincinnati, said he'd look into the matter as soon as he was free. The incident dropped out of sight, as did *College Digest*.

Last year *College Years* arrived on the scene. It was a bit more legitimate, but its philosophy was the same: it expected the college magazines to cut their own throats, so *College Years* might live. We're not sure whether it is dead yet or not, but it hasn't come to our office for a few months now.

And the latest to turn up is *Varsity*, the *College News Magazine*, wanting to borrow one of our cuts. "We think this is one of the best bits of college humor we've come across, and as such we'd like to present it to our readers," writes Mr. Kenneth T. Ripley, editor of *Varsity*, who is a good heir to the old malarky tradition. "Of course, your magazine and your school would be given full recognition. Would you let us know right away if this is agreeable to you, and if so, send either the plate or the finished art work to VARSITY? May we place you on our exchange list?"

The answer, Mr. Ripley, is no. And you can go ahead and get us kicked out of school, if you like.



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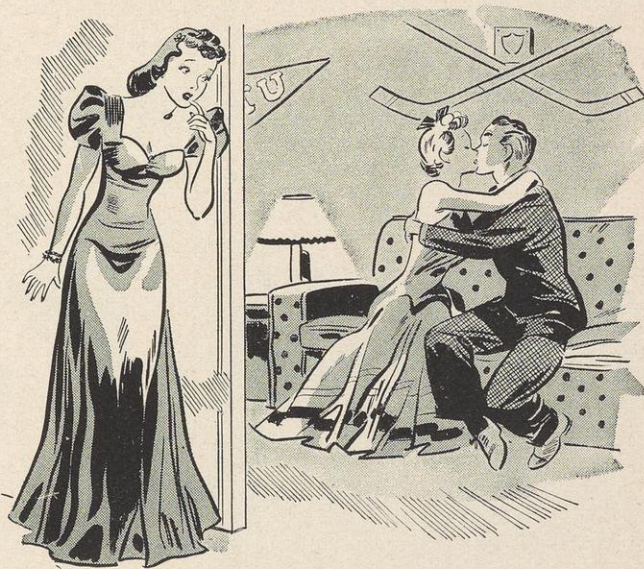
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Because Drusilla's breath was horrid
Men wouldn't even kiss her forehead.
But Pep-O-Mints so turned the tide
She gets more kisses than a bride.



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

SMOKY JOE HAD THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!

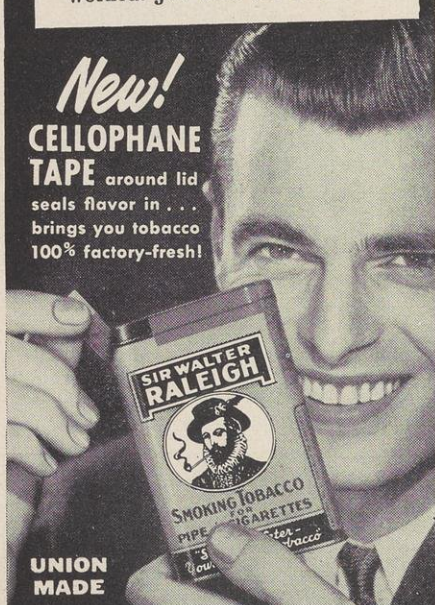


"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this Romeo is trying his darndest to smoke us out. Phew! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!" Just then



UP RIDES A RANGER, sniffs the pipe, says to clean it and refill with *mild Sir Walter*, a burley blend famous for aroma. It worked! Joe won her back!

New!
CELLOPHANE
TAPE around lid
seals flavor in . . .
brings you tobacco
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IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

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• TONY'S W.S.P.G.

Know Anything Funny?

Then mail it to the Octy office, Memorial Union, and you, too, may win a FREE Box of Life Savers.

This month's satchelful goes to—

MISS
MARCELLE FEYBUSCH
216 Langdon Street

Her joke:

"What is the French equivalent of Souse of the Border?"
"Plaster of Paris."

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

According to Records The Classical



QUIVERING and fluttering in high style, the Philadelphia Orchestra is paced through the Debussy *Nocturnes* by Leopold Stokowski in a set of new recordings for Victor. The excitement attendant upon this has less to do with the familiar *Fetes* and *Nuages* than with the infrequently heard *Sirenes*. Not to say that the *Nuages* is not as lazily fretful and the *Fetes* as pulsatingly alive as ever, and even perhaps more so, but the *Sirenes* as the evocation of pure mood is away and beyond them in interest and beauty. The female voices which alternately blend with and surge out over the orchestra are more haunting in the plaintive wail they create than anything the imagination can muster up in thinking of these fabulous sisters of the sea. Indeed, Debussy's are a species of



look your best

FOR

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. . . tonsorial artists

sirens which might well cause a sailor, like Ulysses, to shake in his boots or even bay against the silent moon, but hardly would they cause him to strain at the leash with passion. For the wordless song they sing is as sad as the falling of leaves, and it is only through its steady drive and enduring maintenance of mid-sea mood that it does not repulse, but fixes and holds the ear. The progressive climbing of the voices is made as definite as the passage up a frame of stairs which leads on and on with no beginning or end. The great swathes and innumerable secondary flickerings of the sea are woven with vastness and rich depth into the orchestral background for the song.

Stokowski with his authoritative power over any Debussy score has in these recordings let the structural element of the music burn out in such a way that there is little of the vapidity sometimes apparent in second-rate performances, and even less of dreariness. If up to this time in your spontaneous reaction of *Fetes* you have been almost driven to drink by *Nuages*, with what you thought was mere fur and fluff, then it will be a revelation to you when the latter takes shape and almost swirls with tenuous movement and vitality. But the *Sirenes* is what will get you if you loose your imagination and watch the ladies search their mirrors and stream out their sea-weed locks as they sing.

* * *

IF TIDBITS give you the gripes, you will do best to be wary of Victor's *Stars of the Metropolitan, Volume II*. Like most miscellanies, there's some good and some bad. Of course if you're the kind who, at the plea of Mr. Milton Cross (who just loves opera to death every Saturday afternoon in Box 44) have already sent your dollar to help save the Metropolitan, then perhaps you'll be quite ready to eat up every smidge of this album. But if you believe that excerpts only whet the appetite, if that, then I say tread lightly here. There are a few extraordinarily good numbers, such as the two selections, *Du Bist der Lenz* and *Siegfried heiss'inch* from *Die Walkure*, with Walter conducting and Lehmann and Melchior singing; and the selection from *Simone Boccanegra* with Kipnis holding forth is reasonably pleasant. There is at least one, in which Jepson virtually enunciates herself through arias from *La Traviata*, which is so claptrappy that, should the Met's reputation depend upon it, one would think twice about wanting to save it. But in most cases, the fact that the selections are of necessity fragmentary is the most serious source for complaint. There are artists aplenty at work, and the galaxy includes Thomas, Rathberg, Tibbett, Bjoerling, Crooks, and Norena, besides those mentioned above; but there is little of the atmosphere of the stage in the performances, almost all except the Wagner selections being unnecessarily in the concert-hall tradition. It's not only that one can't hear the audience's coughs and the thunder of applause, either; it's deeper than that, but further in analysis let's not go. If you like arias though, go ahead and pay out your money.

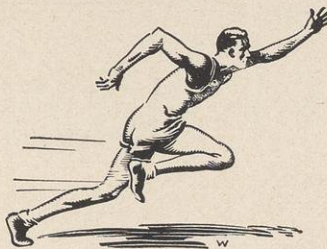
—D. H.

* * *

The Popular

WE LIKE George Gershwin's music as much as ever, but we're becoming increasingly conscious of the peculiar 1920's air about it: the jazz chords, the quick dancing beats, the blue harmonies—these are part of the Charleston, Black-Bottom decade. No telling what posterity is going to do with our Mr. Gershwin, but a melody, now and forever, is a melody. And Paul Whiteman, in *Concerto in F*, once more shows his singular ability to handle Gershwin's melo-

(continued on page 23)



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ARTISTIC LADY IN A BOX. (*In Right Box — a Club Woman type*) Mr. Webb!

MR. WEBB. (*Xing L. of L. C.*) Yes, ma'am?

ARTISTIC LADY. Mr. Webb, is there any culture or love of beauty in—Grover's Corners?

MR. WEBB. (*Smiling*) Well, ma'am, there ain't much—not in the sense you mean. Come to think of it, there's some girls that play the piano over at High School Commencement; but they ain't happy about it. No, ma'am, there isn't much culture, but maybe this is the place to tell you that we've got a lot of pleasures of a kind here: we like the sun comin' up over the mountain in the morning, and we all notice a good deal about the *birds*. We pay a lot of attention to them. And we watch the change of the seasons: yes, everybody knows about them. But those other things—you're right, ma'am,—there ain't much—Robinson Crusoe and the Bible; and Handel's Largo, we all know that; and Whistler's Mother—those are just about as far as we go.

STAGE MANAGER. (*Xing C.*) Thank you, Mr. Webb.

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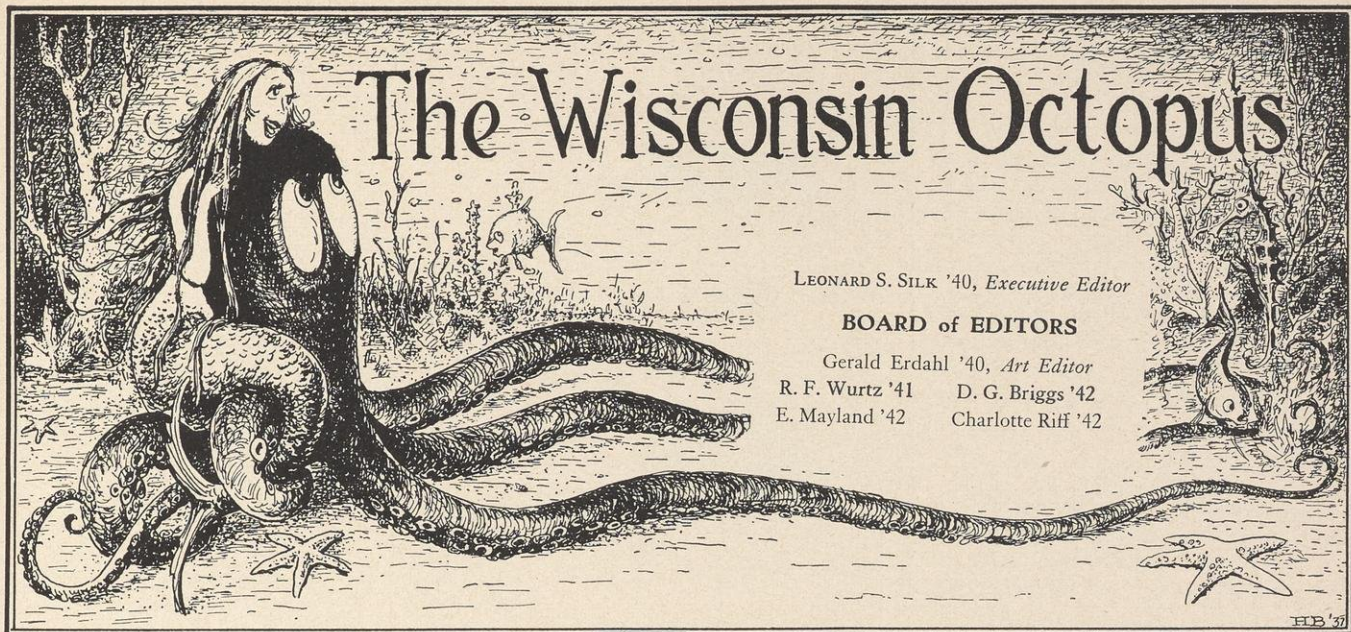
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Volume XXI

FEBRUARY, 1940

Number 6

On Second Thought



DEMOCRATS and Republicans, having announced the dates of their national conventions, are beginning to roll their big guns up to the front. We will go out on the limb by predicting a short war, ending some time in November, 1940.

We got quite a start last week from a cartoon by Berryman in the *Washington Star*, showing Farley, McNutt and Wheeler hiding behind a great big IF. We thought it was a plug for Interfraternity Ball.

John L. Lewis' peace offer to the AFL met with chilly response. When Mr. Lewis isn't blocking peace in the labor movement, it seems, he's making deceitful schemes to unite labor.

The University Theater's next play, *Our Town*, will have no scenery. If the customers feel gypped, they can go out on the balcony and get a fine view of Lake Mendota.

Fine stuff. They build a stage big

enough, and with enough pulleys and drops and what not, to stage a Barnum & Bailey circus, and they produce a show we could put on in our barn.

We are in favor of the proposed course in the History of Science. All the science we know we learned from the toothpaste ads.

We see no need, however, for the proposed courses in Contemporary Events for freshmen. Most of them are already familiar with L'il Abner and on intimate terms with Dick Tracy.

Neville Chamberlain is suffering from gout, Edouard Daladier from a broken ankle. Strangely, Dr. Goebbels has yet to announce that his enemies are on their last legs.



"Interfraternity Ball is one time us Greeks really smoke the pipe of peace."

College girls' skirts, fashion dictators decree, will be longer next year. Some of us fellows aren't going to mind graduating so much this June.

The Allies refuse to talk peace-terms with Hitler but welcome Mussolini's efforts. The Duke has been working to preserve Peace for years, but he has been cruelly misunderstood.

General Von Reichenau spends his spare time boxing with Walter Neusel, German heavyweight champion. Why not have winner meet Herr Hitler in a special bout, 25 rounds to a finish?

Only one group in the country is more anxious than either of the two great political parties to hear whether the President will seek a third term or not. They are the political cartoonists who must draw variations on that theme every other day.

We're glad to see that Angna Enters, dance mime, is scheduled to come to the Union Theater. For years, glancing through the newspapers' dramatic sections, we used to think she was the name of a play.

Octy deplores the current effect of popular radio programs on higher edu-

cation. Especially, in the last part of January, those two weeks of "Information, Please?"

* * *

The Chicago Tribune has been shunning its duty. It's time the voters knew that there are only 239 days left in which to save their country.

* * *

Wisconsin's stadium is being fixed over so that athletes can sleep and eat in it the year around. We are glad to see that football is getting rid of non-essentials, such as any contact with college.

* * *

The new girls' dormitory on Observatory Hill is nearly completed, but as yet there is no money to furnish it. Well, the Japanese have been sleeping on the floor for centuries and seem to thrive on it.

* * *

A directory of the nation's English professors will soon be published. To be entitled, probably, *Whom Is Whom*.

* * *

Senator Taft said that the way to balance the budget is to balance the budget. We've tried about everything else—so why not?



"And you were the genius
who could tell Super-X-Tract from ordinary cheese!"

A Little Dance for Little People

Verse the First

I'm not the type of a fellow who's ripe
To dance to the tune of some feminine pipe,
Whenever a clever young gretchen can sever
The tie that extends to my masculine friends.
It's not through the tricks of a Dorothy Dix,
As blazoned in headlines of wood-pulp and slicks.
No,

If she's out to please, the best recipe's
A vivacious, tenacious kiss and a squeeze.

Verse the Second (new rhyme scheme)

Though I don't want to hear an informative Kieran
Give questions and answers to courses I've chosen,

Still a date, I believe, is no recitative
Of ills—or the frills on her cute *unterhosen*.

Also aggression suffers oppression
When head rules instead and orders suppression.

A girl, I have found, though adroitly begowned,
Is merely a frigidaire wired for sound.

Verse the Third

And so if you lack the emotional knack
To make a boy think that he's on your track,
Don't bother to cake up your beauty with make-up
When one simple dimple makes any joe wake up.
And remember, my miss, for the bliss of your heart
Indiscretion is valor's most promising part:
So,

Any lad may be had if you'll just understand
That a boy in the bush is worth two in the hand.

—R. N.

Fan Mail from a Lady

You think I'm jealous? Say not so,
For I believe she's more than fair.
Her hair and skin and teeth, I know,
And legs, are all beyond compare.

Her eyes are bright as any star,
And men's heads turn as she goes by.
Her technique may be better, far,
But am I jealous?—no, not I!

Though I might make a nasty crack
If I were sure it would get back
As idle rumor, to the gent
For whom it's obviously meant.

—C.R.

To Her

Tell me please, oh won't you dear,
Is it something that you fear?
Tell me what I want to know
Before night's candles start to glow.
You have got me in a daze—
In a twisting, endless maze.
It's getting me, I've met defeat.
Where the hell do you want to eat?

—J.M.G.

They Can't Scare Us!

Characters

Joe and Alice, Rex and Peg, and a guy named Mike.

The Time

A very nice afternoon in March, 1941.

The Place

A booth in a tavern. Joe and Alice sit facing Rex and Peg. Joe pats a cigarette out of his pack. Alice doesn't see him offer her one, because she is looking into the mirror beside her booth. Peg is making a slight face at her beer and Rex is trying to remember who played shortstop for Cincinatti in 1932. Enter Mike in a big hurry. He goes up to the booth.

MIKE. Hy, everybody.

Rex says hy. Alice keeps looking into the mirror. The others nod slightly.

MIKE. Hey, did you hear about it?

REX. About what?

MIKE. About the war.

REX. Good Lord, we been hearing about that for months and months.

What the heck's so important about that?

MIKE. But we're *in* the war.

REX. Who's in it?

MIKE. We are. The United States of America.

JOE. Well, whaddayaknow!

REX. Sit down, Mike, and tell us about it. When did you hear this?

MIKE. Gosh, everybody knows it. It's in all the papers. It was on the radio. I thought *everybody* knew.

ALICE. Oh, I don't know, you can't always believe what you see in the papers.

PEG. I never see a paper anymore.

REX. I just read *Blondie* anyhow.

The others laugh. Alice gets out her lipstick and starts spreading it.

JOE. What were we talking about before this guy . . . before Mike came?

REX. Cincinatti in 1932. I think Linus Frey was the guy.

ALICE. Ho, ho, you're a poet and don't know it.

PEG. *Doesn't* know it—oh, no, it's *don't* know it, at that. *You* don't know it.

JOE. Oh, hell, let's talk about something else anyhow. How about politics?

REX. O.K. Think we'll get in the war?

MIKE. But we *are* in the war.

REX. So we are. I'd forgotten.

MIKE. Yes, and they'll probably draft us and everything.

JOE. Oh, I don't know about that. That's pretty drastic. Or shall I say pretty draftic? I don't think they'd do anything like that.

MIKE. Well, they did it the last time.

REX. Oh, you read too darn much.

MIKE. *Read* too much? Great guns, *everybody* knows that.

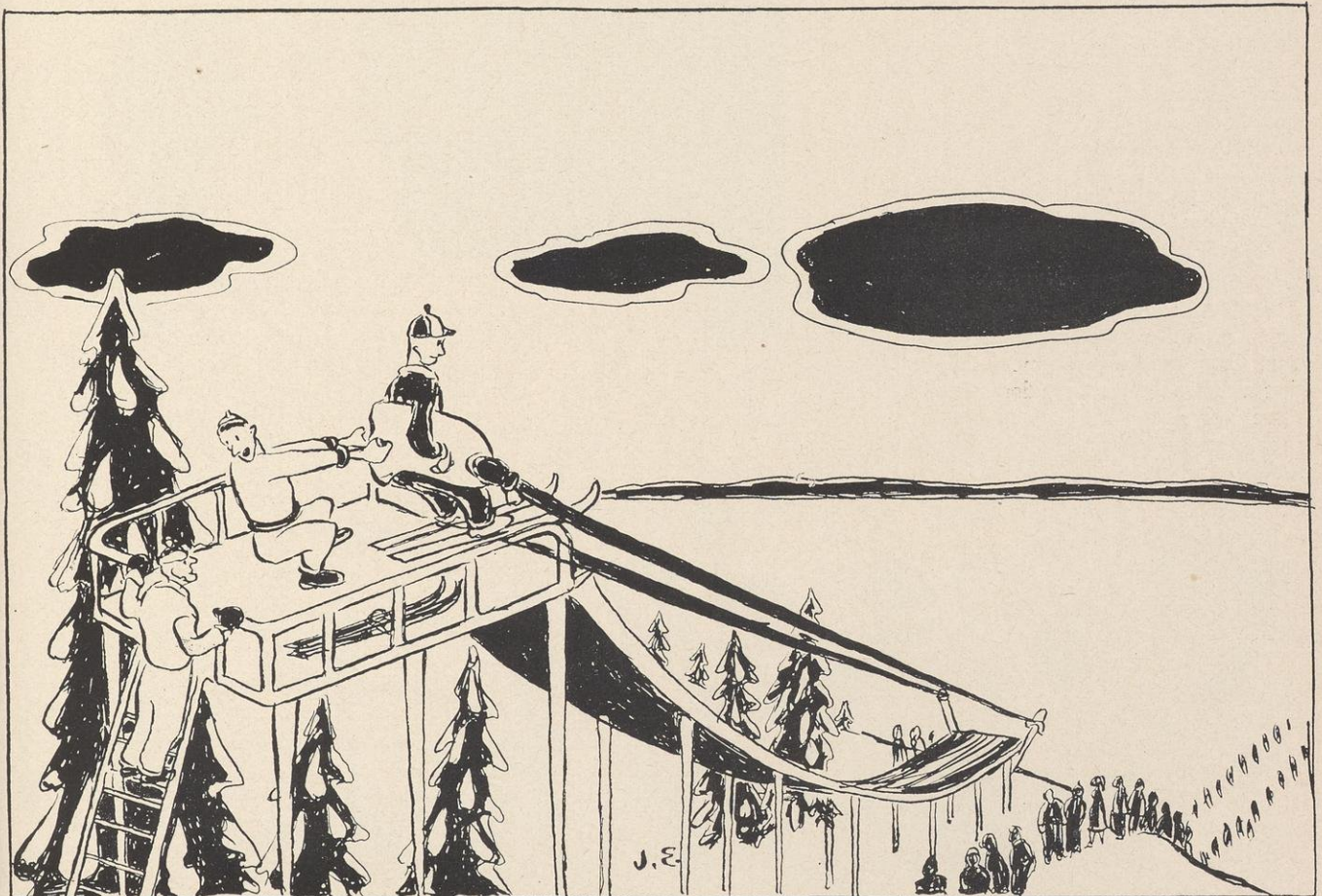
REX. Well *we* don't know it. How are you going to prove it?

ALICE. Oh, stop this arguing.

REX. I didn't start it. These liberals come around here and try to tell us this, that, and the other thing—we don't *read* anything, we don't *know* anything, we ought to be interested in *this* snivelling cause, in *that* stupid controversy.

MIKE. But, listen, *there's a war!* Americans are going to go to fight.

JOE. Stop getting hysterical. I happen to read some, too. I happen to have read an article just the other night that gives guys like us a lot of credit for not getting excited. Look, we're not vulnerable to propaganda like



"His sling-shot method is rather unconventional, but it sure gets results."

you. We don't get red in the face over these dizzy stories in the papers. ALICE. Yeah, we don't even *see* the papers.

All except Mike laugh.

JOE. Sure, that's the idea. It might sound funny to you not to see a paper, but at least we keep calm and we're not victimized.

MIKE. You mean you don't look at the papers on purpose?

JOE. Well, not quite. You know when you get to be an upperclassman around here, Mike — that's your name, isn't it?—you get awful busy. So why concern yourself with non-campus interests? You just do your job, and everything will take care of itself.

MIKE. But it *didn't* take care of itself. We're in a war.

REX. Oh, stop it, Mike, don't you see when you're licked?

MIKE. But I'm *not* licked.

PEG. Let's change this stupid subject.

MIKE. I don't *want* to change the subject.

REX. Who asked you, wise guy? You heard what the lady said.

ALICE. Oh, gee, look at us sitting here, talking away, and I'm forgetting my meeting. I've got a meeting to go to.

PEG. Which one? Can I go?

ALICE. Of course; come along. It's the Peace Federation.

MIKE. Holy smokes, there *isn't* any more Peace Federation.

ALICE. What do you mean? Why not?

MIKE. Because there's a war. When there's a war, there's no peace.

REX. Bright boy.

ALICE. Oh, I think you're wrong. There was a war before now.

MIKE. Yes, but we weren't in it.

ALICE. Oh, I see what you mean. Now that we're in the war, you don't think there will be any Peace Federation.

MIKE. Of course not. That would be *radical*.

ALICE. Oh, my! I'm resigning. I don't want to be in anything radical. Daddy didn't like the idea of my joining the Peace Federation anyhow. But I told him Marge and Betty and lots of the girls were in it, so he let me. But if he finds out about this, it'll be awful. And, gee, I really need a new car this spring.

PEG. Well *are* we going or aren't we?

ALICE. I'll have another beer. We're not going.

JOE. Hey, waitress!

No waitress comes.

JOE. This place is getting awful. You never get any service. I don't have enough to worry about, so I can't even get a beer when I want one.

PEG. Oh, you! What do *you* have to worry about?

JOE. Listen, baby, if you were out for third base, and there was an all-conference .367 hitter out for it too, you'd have *plenty* to worry about.

MIKE. Well, I think I'll be running along. Will you excuse me?

REX. Sure. So long.

The others say, "So long." Mike goes out slowly.

JOE. He's sort of a heel.

REX. Oh, he's not too bad a guy. Got the same trouble as the rest of them, though: he thinks too damn much. *A waitress comes up.*

WAITRESS. Did you call?

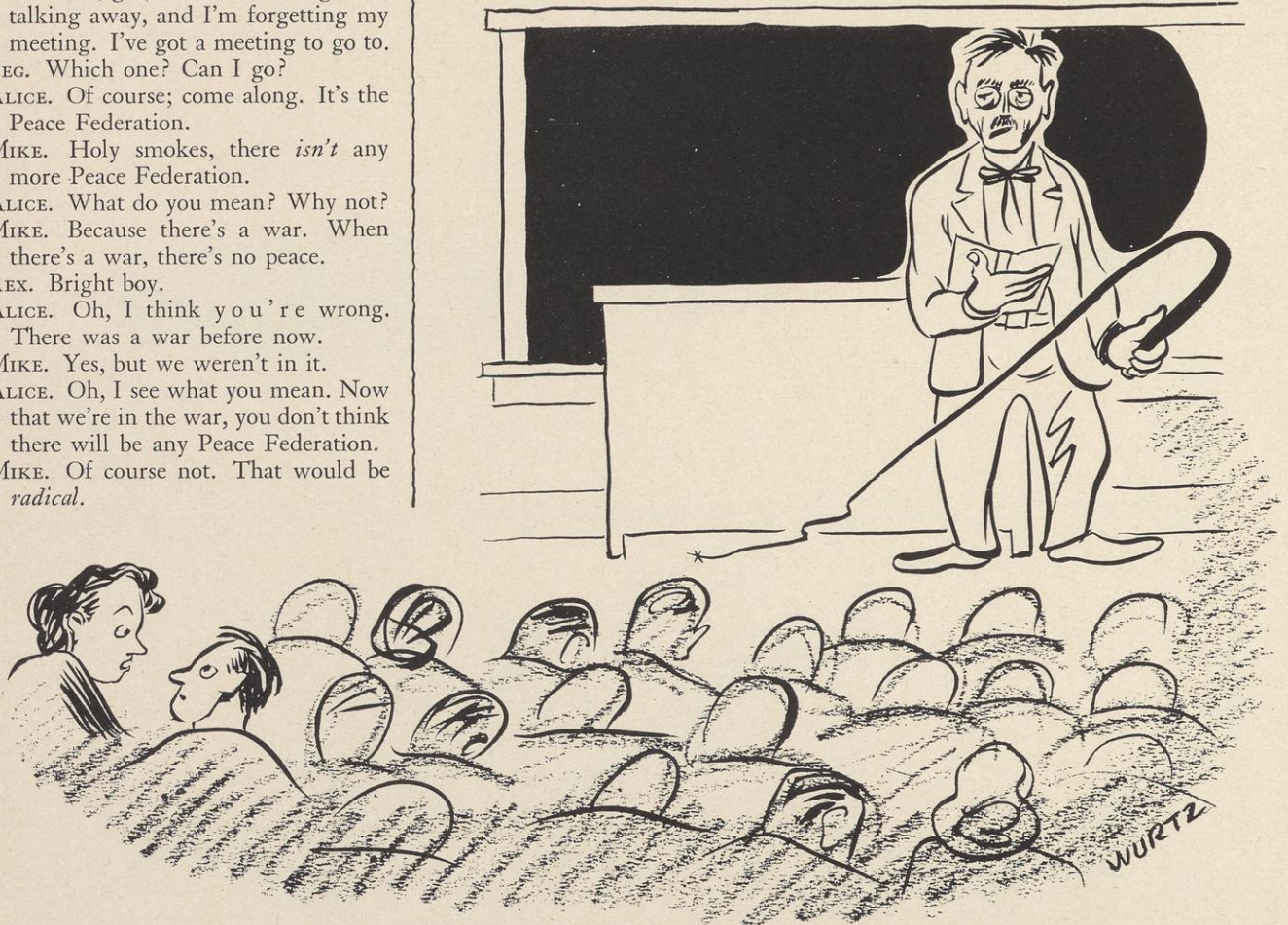
JOE. I should say so. Four beers, and please, miss, make it snappy. We ain't got all week. We got things to do.

WAITRESS. Oh, shut your face.

The curtain lowers slowly, as Joe chuckles to himself and watches the waitress's calves swinging down the aisle. Rex begins to wonder whether Bob Meusel was in left field for the Yankees in 1927. Alice returns to her mirror, and Peg slumps down in the booth, her mind (hush!) a complete blank. —L.S.

Anatomy

*Where are the cockles of my heart?
How big is the small of my back?
How deep is the pit of my stomach?
Are there rails in the intestinal track?
And must I tug awfully hard
To hoist myself by my own petard?*
—M.C.



"Professor Fink is tough, but he gets his course across."

Memoirs of a Roades Scholer—V



WELL, I figure it's time for another issu of wis. Oct. so I have decided to send you some more of my impression of Oxford, eng.

First I had ought to tell my reeders of a big difficulty I have. It is in getting my homework done. Oxford isnt like UW where you can go to a back booth in Freds to sit all night looking blank and munching popcorn in. well, my difficulty is a peculiar Eng. custom of whenever it gets dark of not turning on any lights to study by. when I ask them what's the big idea I cant study my Eng. lit., they just mumble, "Air aid percussion," of which I can't make sense.

The other appres-middi (french) I decided to take a walk into the center of the business district of "ye olde ville" of Oxford when suddenly I almost lost an eardrumb. I guess their must of been a fire somewhere, but I couldn't see no smoke, becaus a siren blew so loud that despite I put my finger in my ears, I almost was deafened.

Soon a boby (Eng. for cop) come peddling by on a bicicle and hollered to take a cover but whereas I couldn't see anything that might resembl a cover I just rested stationery and watched all the people ran into a stareway that lead down into a cellar meanwhile putting white canvas maskes on (another Engl. custom). I guess there must of been some covers down their becaus none of them apear again. The damd siren kept up blowing and all the people was gone from site, so I went back out to the univ. decideing Eng. people was beyond me, and where I could pull out my fingers from my ears without geting deafend.

PERHAPS my readers, and there are meny of them who don't have much culture having never been to Oxford, desires to know how the "nome de vil" (also french) of Oxford come about to be. So, with further 'I-do,' I'll tell you how the town come to be called Oxford

afterwhich the univ. to which I go was named.

I think maybe next time I will have further "light" to throw on this subject as one of my profs. think it wuld make a good thisis subject for me and I am going to start reserch on the etimology (yow, *there's* a five-dollar word for you, as good old Prof Becker use to say, when he wasnt bussy using ten-dollar words hisself) of Oxford.

They got even smarter guys than old Prof Becker here and some of them is pretty hard to apple-pollish, not like some of them profs at UW who can be "knocked over" for A's like taking candy from a baby. Only it's even nicer, if pos., to "knock off" the old A's than to take candy, because there ain't nothing like a straight 3 piont averege and a Phi Beta Kappa key to impress the publick.

They sure go for the genius stuff, and I don't like to brag, but I get along OK and just wate till I come back with

a Oxford degree to. Then Ill be some potatoes, as we use to say back in Combined Locks, Wis.

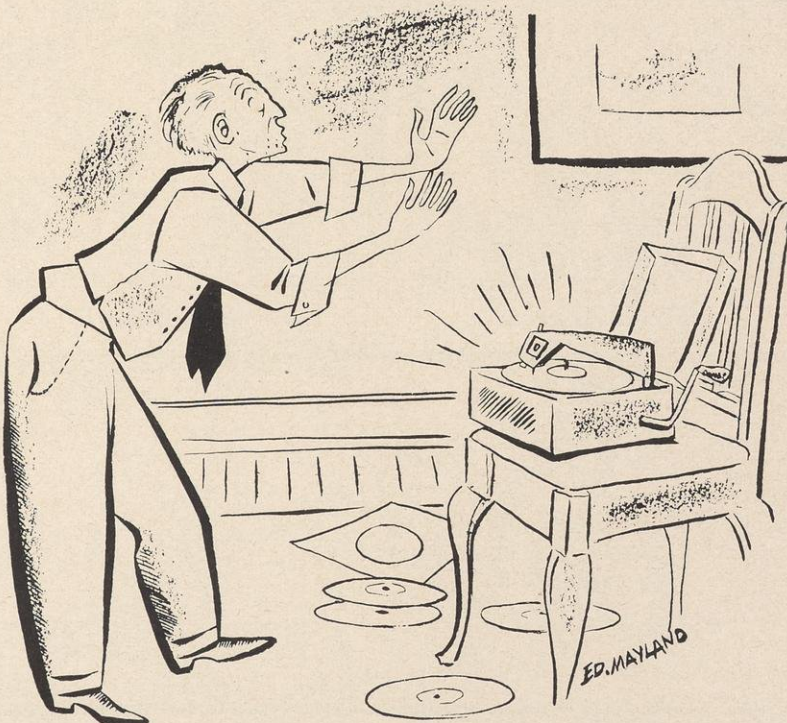
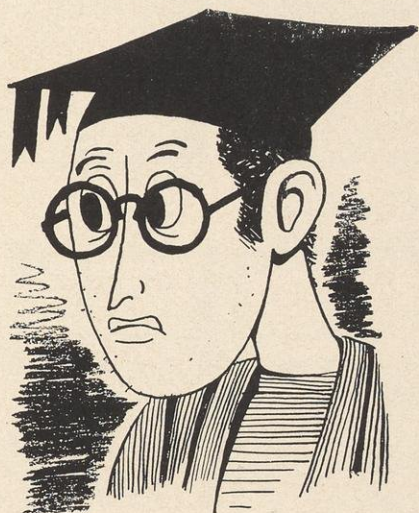
COME to think of it, I am geting pretty lonesome now and then for Combined Locks and Madisin and Wis in fact the whole damn U.S. and if these forriners don't watch theihselves maybe I will be "pulling up steaks" soon and comeing back to good old U.S. which after all ain't such a bad place at that except in some cities which have got parking meters and currupt politishians and sails taxes. (No joke.) Maybe Ill write agin soon only aint it about time you began paying for my copy? Holy smoaks, if a guy cant use his collage educashion for something what in blazes good is it?

A Wis allumnus and friend,
Godfrey Funk

Can It Be the Trees

*My heart cries out for something new—
Oh, any unknown man will do.
Don't put me off with "Dear, tut-tut."
I must get out of this damn rut!
I want to see a stranger vista.
I long to find another mista.
But dash it all, I've got the habit.
I've no more courage than a rabbit.
I try my best to pry me loose,
But time goes on, and what's the use?
Something borrowed, something blue—
I always seem to end with you!*

—C.R.



"Second violins, diminuendo, diminuendo!"



University Life, XII and XIII Centuries

Source: Dean George C. Sellery, *Medieval Civilization*



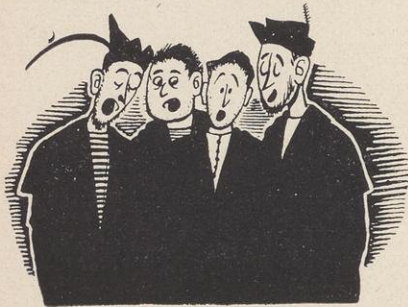
Eagle's Club



Gentleman's Game



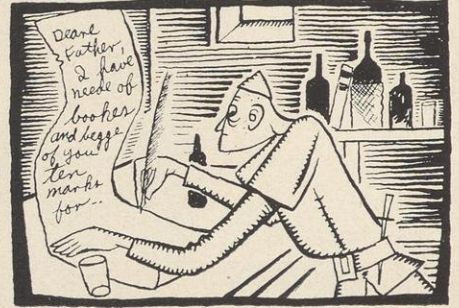
Flunked Scholar



Sweet Adeline



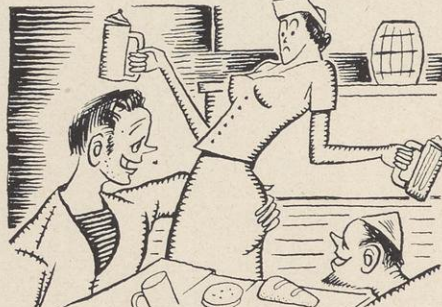
Esquire



Letter Home



Hitch-Hiker



Beer Joint



Dirty Joke



Typing Agency

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

or, The Romance of Soup in Many Climes



THE reason may be that I am now nineteen years old, teetering on the brink of manhood and becoming more aware of the serious things

in life. Or the reason may be the disorder of our sordid little planet in recent months, and the trend everywhere of re-examining many aspects of our existence.

But whatever the reason, I have been thinking a great deal about alphabet soup.

Alphabet soup is one of those things about which most of us never bother our thick heads. On the surface the subject appears simple; but when we dip into it with the spoon of curiosity, we scoop up much that is food for thought.

Our own alphabet contains twenty-six letters (*see title*); and we go our ways blithely unaware that the Russian alphabet, for example, contains thirty-two letters. *It is actually 23.07% greater than the alphabets of Emerson and Mark Twain*—small wonder the Russians have produced such giant men of letters as Tolstoi, Chekov, and Gorki!

Production of alphabets for alphabet soup in Russia must, therefore, occupy 23.07% more machinery, materials, and labor than in the United States.

Yet Russia is more backward industrially and needs all its energies for producing more tanks, machine-guns, bombs, and other necessities of civilization.

This is doubtless a major handicap to the Second (or is it the Third?) Five Year Plan. Nothing short of a change of alphabets can free a great deal of effort for the production of other goods.

But change an alphabet? Never!

An alphabet is an element of *Culture*, and in the twentieth century nothing is more important than *Culture*.

The importance of *Culture* brought about the destruction of Warsaw, for the bestial, sub-human Poles were sup-

pressing the *Culture* of Germans within their borders just as the bestial, sub-human Czechs are condemned to semi-slavery because they obstructed the *Culture* of the Sudetens.

Rumania is suppressing the *Culture* of its Hungarians, Hungary that of its Rumanians; and *there are 2,405 Bulgarians in Greece who are divorced from their own Cultural ties*—such as the works of the great Bulgarian lyric poet, Dmitri Konstantiuo (1537-1578).

No, *Culture* in these years is so precious that millions of men destroy each other in its name; and if they ruin a few universities and burn a few libraries, these are but by-products of Devotion to a Higher Cause.

So let us hear no more nonsense about changing alphabets.

FOR is not alphabet soup the acme of devotion to *Culture*? Little letters are the bricks from which those vast edifices, Shakespeare's plays and Tolstoi's novels, were built.

A Prayer

To Be Spoken, Dry-mouthed and Yawning, At Seven O'clock of a Monday Mawning

ALTHOUGH *it's no one's fault but mine, I trow,*
All classes are as nothing in my brain,
And from them gain I naught excepting now
And then a glance of scholarly disdain
For yawning widely 'neath the instructors brow.
I think 't would be far wiser to constrain
Myself to sleeping off this coma now,
For I'm a real example, you'll maintain,
Of ears that hear not—eyes that only seem
Awake. I wander in a waking dream.
Please, God, do give me soon a holiday,
A chance for blissful hours to sleep and sleep;
And bring me breakfast on a silver tray,
And softly prop me with a silken heap
Of cushions, while I view the glad array
Of food; and when I've eaten let me creep
In bed again to extend my slumberous part.
This grant me God. The wish comes from my heart.
 —C.W.

And when common men take these little letters not to their bosoms, not as a mere delight to the eye, but take them deep into their dark and secret bellies, there to digest them and renew their strength from them, we have reached the highest appreciation of *belles lettres*.

With these points clear, we can examine other alphabets. The alphabet

of Homer, Plato, and Langdon Street had only twenty-two letters.

Thus, alphabet soup in the groves of Athens must have been simpler than our own but also more boring, for the letters repeated themselves oftener. It is not too much to say that Q, W, C, and other non-Greek letters add a zest to our soup that Athens never knew.

The Sanskrit alphabet contained fifty-six letters. Only the mustiest of scholars can read it now, and even they would find themselves out over their heads in a bowl of antique Hindu soup.

Preparing Sanskrit alphabet soup in early India took the collaboration of a chef and a grammarian, for mastery of this alphabet was a feat comparable in our day to mastery of the integral calculus.

Not only the difficulties of this unwieldy alphabet, but the burden of preparing soup from it, drove the Hindus to that resigned, fatalistic philosophy where *Nirvana* or oblivion is the goal of life.

THE Arabic alphabet presents new problems. The number of its letters does not matter, but their shape does.

Arabic looks like our shorthand.

And when presented with a bowl of Arabic alphabet soup, neither you nor an Arab can tell if it is really alphabet soup or just plain noodle soup.

The little curlicues in the bottom of your bowl might be letters and they might not. Who knows? Or, as the Arab says, *Quien sabe?*

This accounts for the Arab's loss of appetite when confronted with alphabet soup, and for the reluctance with which many of them approach the dinner table at all.

We conclude that our own alphabet of twenty-six letters is the best yet devised for edible purposes. Let us cherish it with the devotion it deserves!

—C. K.

I Love You

I wish I were a carefree cow
 In green and grassy pastures.
 My friends, thank God, would, anyhow,
 Be cows instead of bastures.

—C. R.

You've Got to Know How to Handle Them



WELL, he is in love with me. There isn't any doubt of it anymore. He got good and sore when I said I didn't want to go to the boxing matches

and he said I was selfish and deliberately mean, but he stayed home with me.

It was a good fight we had. I knew he wanted it to start, and I didn't care whether it did or didn't, because what in the world have I to worry about?

"Dammit," he said, "I don't know why the hell I'm here tonight. Why did you have to pick on this night to stay home?"

"Well, you didn't have to come," I told him. "I could have enjoyed myself all right. Do you think I have to be with men all the time?"

"Probably. In fact, you do. It's the only thing that makes you sure you're a real person with any worth at all."

"All right, go then. See if it matters to me."

And he jumped up and started to go to the closet for his coat, and I let out a sigh and jumped over to the side of the couch and put my head against my arm. I was afraid for a moment he was headed straight for the door, but he wouldn't have the nerve to do that. He stopped by the parlor and saw me. I didn't see him but I knew he was looking at me. And I groaned just loud enough for him to hear, hard in my chest.

He walked over to me and put his hand on my shoulder. I shook my head and dug it down farther out of sight.

"Aw, what's the matter now?" he said. "You know I didn't mean anything by it."

I didn't say a word.

"Look," he said, "you know I wouldn't hurt you for . . . I mean, I don't want you thinking I mean everything I say. Oh, for God's sake, Beth, cut it out."

I didn't cut it out.

HE sat down on the couch beside me and tried to put his arm around me. I squirmed away from him. He got up and started for the door again. But I was so sure he couldn't even



The Interfraternity Ball

"He's not drunk, he's just muscle-bound."

make it out of the parlor I didn't even whimper.

Sure enough, he stopped in the middle of the room, whirled around, and almost screamed, "Beth, for crying out loud, will you just *listen* to me?"

"Say whatever you want," I said, real low.

"Listen, Beth, I love you," he said. He sounded awfully funny. "Doesn't that mean anything to you?" he said. "Why don't you say something?"

"How can I say anything? How am I supposed to believe you when you treat me this way?"

"I do it because I *do* love you," he said.

I raised my head and looked at him. His face looked so strained, and his eyes so cloudy, I almost burst out laughing. He put his arms around me, and I let him kiss me.

"Is everything all right now?" he asked.

"Certainly. Everything's always all right, whatever you do."

"Do you mean that seriously? I mean, am I really all right with you? God, if I thought you really did care, I could . . ."

"Could what, Jim?"

"I could really love you. I mean, not that I don't now, but I could love you for ever, for all time. Just you."

"Then I do, Jim," I said, and I kissed him properly. He was trembling all over and I thought he might die from heart failure with my arms around him, but he pulled himself up and grabbed his hat and coat and said he wanted to take a long walk and be by himself and just think about things for a while.

BUT I'm sorry I said that to him and kissed like that because not more than fifteen minutes after he'd gone, Roy Harshaw called me up for a date to his house formal, and he's president of his house and varsity basketball and all that, so I practically had to accept, didn't I?

—L.S.

To the Editor of the Press-Union,
Sir:

The finesse with which you amputate words, phrases, clauses, sentences, and paragraphs from the carefully thought-out letters sent you shows you are qualified to command real money in any short-order restaurant.

Whew! Watta skin-'em-alive artist. When you've finished removing the tender, clinging, descriptive meat from the body of a story there is hardly enough "remains" left remaining to hold dessert.

—H. L. Owens

Well, gosh, can't they even delete LEFT or REMAINING?

Winter Cruise



EE, Voigil, ain't it just too scrumptious up here on the deck? There's somethin' about a ferry boat that kinda gets you. Don't you think so, Voigil? Sorta makes you feel like maybe you was on the Queen Mary. I mean don't you feel romantic, Voigil, with the waves flap-pin' around and all them stars up there in the sky? Hey, Voigil, look at the moon way up there. Not there, you dope you, that's a flood light, over this way. Gee, Voigil, don't you feel just too romantic for words?

Yeah, I know a beer would make you more romantic but they don't sell beer on the ferry, and besides, if you ever got into a bar tonight I'd never get you out under two hours. Whatta you mean you never drink much? I suppose that was cream soda you was tank-in' up on New Year's Eve when you tried to climb the Chevrolet sign at Times Square. Aw, let's not be always naggin', Voigil, let's be real romantic tonight. Come on, put your arm around me, Voigil, I ain't a pin cushion. You

what? You feel sea sick? Why, Voigil, the boat ain't even left the dock yet. It's your unconscious mind, huh? You sure hit it on the head that time. Come on, Voigil, we'll walk around the deck a ways. Maybe that'll tune you up a little. If you ain't a walkin' killjoy, I never seen one.

Hey, Voigil, look at that couple over there by the rail. Gee, ain't love grand? Oh, you thing that's disgustin'. Well, you didn't think it was so disgustin' about two P. M. this mornin' when we was sittin' on the parlor couch. Aw right, that was different, so what? Love's love, ain't it? Whether it's on a parlor couch or a ferry boat deck.

Only not when you're hungry? Everything happens to me. OK, OK, there's a boiger joint down at the end of the deck. Think you can make it that far? First it's indigestion, then it's sea sickness, now it's hunger pains—always thinkin' about your stomach. I ain't belittlin' you, I just don't see how a guy can keep thinkin' about his stomach all the time when there's a moon and stars—no I don't want a boiger. That's right, that's just ducky, upholster the thing with onions then we won't have to take a sub. We can ride

home on your breath. Now you gotta have catsup—and you think you got indigestion. Why don't you try a little buttermilk? No. I'm not trying to be funny, but I just don't see why—oh, Voigil, we're startin' to move.

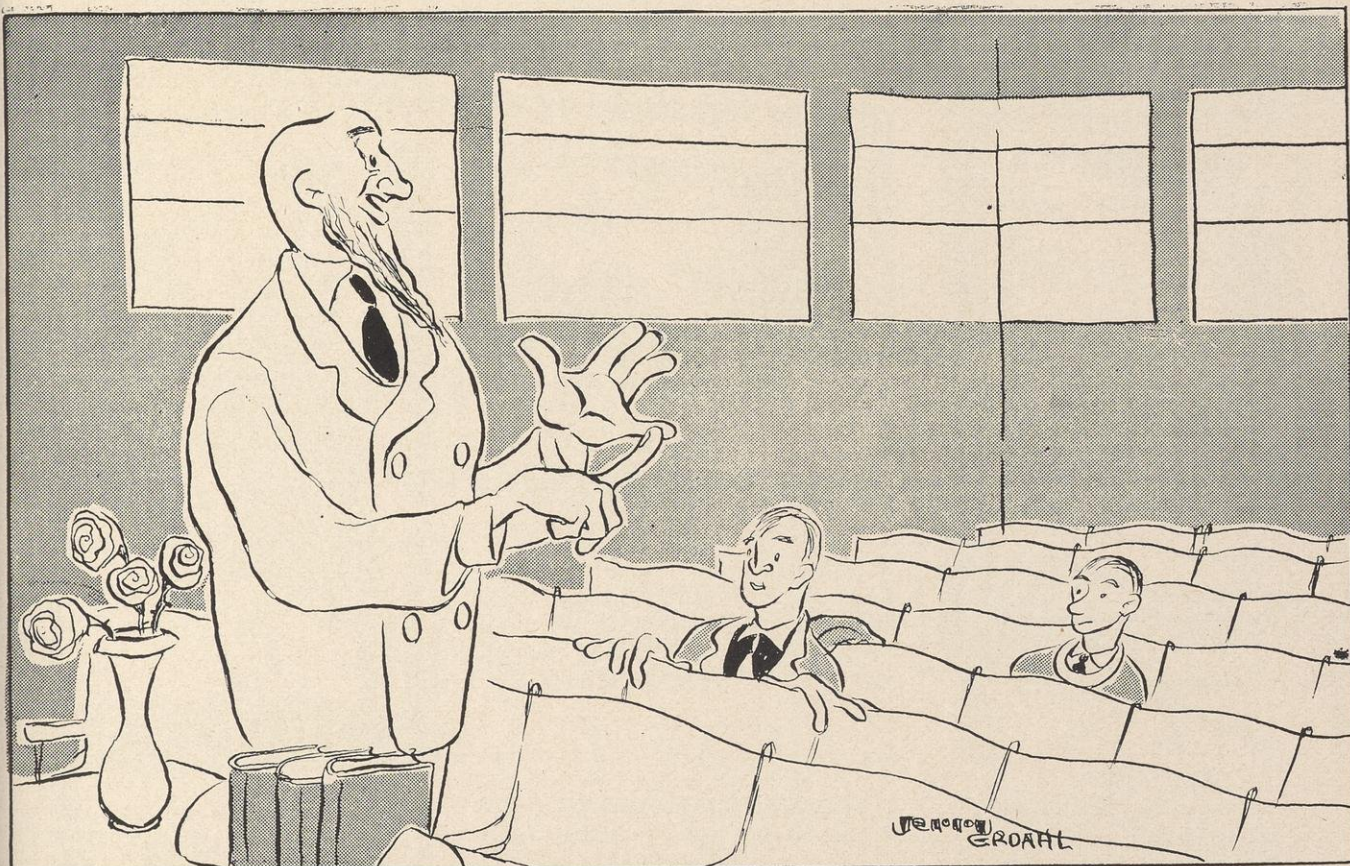
Ain't it just wonderful? Don't you feel like you was startin' on a big ocean voyage to Hawaii or maybe China or some place? Well, I know we're only going to Joisey, but you don't have to rub it in. Look at them waves, Voigil. Don't it make you feel like you was out in the ocean? Oh, it just makes you feel sick. There you go again with that—Say, Voigil, let's sorta walk over to the rail. I ain't feelin' too good myself. —J.H.

In Three Acts

*Over here is a moon-struck maiden,
Over there her saloon-struck beau.
He drinks; she thinks.*

*Over here is a starlit terrace,
Over there a secluded bench.
He blunders; she wonders.*

*Over here is a couch in the darkness,
Over there the housemother sleuth.
He tries; she cries.* —B.P.R.



"There are four factors in personality development to remember, if we are to gain wide popularity among groups of people."

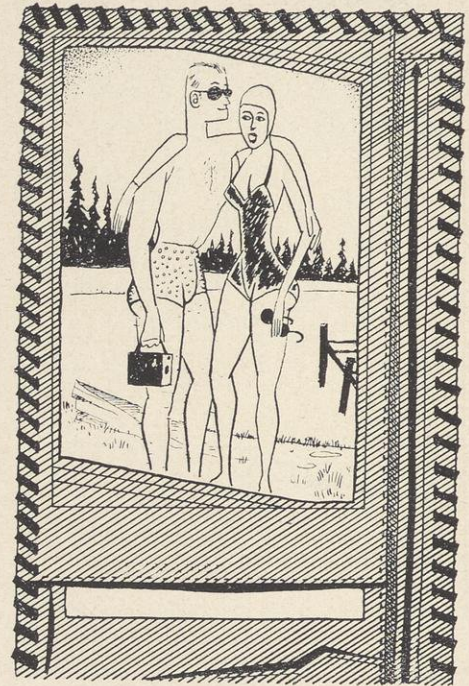
The Wallet Girls—In Their Back-Pockets, Closest to Their Hearts



• “Would you like to see what she looks like?” asks Fred Kite, Eng. 2, who’s been talking about his Betty back in Wausau. Friend Joe won’t make any cracks because Fred has that look in his eye, but Betty has a look, too.



• “You can’t really tell what she looks like under the maple,” Burt Honitzer, Ag. 3, admits, “but she’s sure got a nice figure and a swell personality—of course, you can’t really tell that very well from this little old snapshot.”



• “Bill Ralston snapped this last summer at Pine Lake,” says Jim Chesley, Phi Delt, “and you can see what she thinks of me, and when she puts her arm around you in a bathing suit, yowie! Comes from a good family, too.”



• “You mean to say *that* isn’t nice!” groans Philip Myers, Law 1. “I mean, I’m not in love with her, but, jeeze, look at that nice, soft hair and those eyes.” The picture was just wallet-filler, but soon Philip *will* be in love.



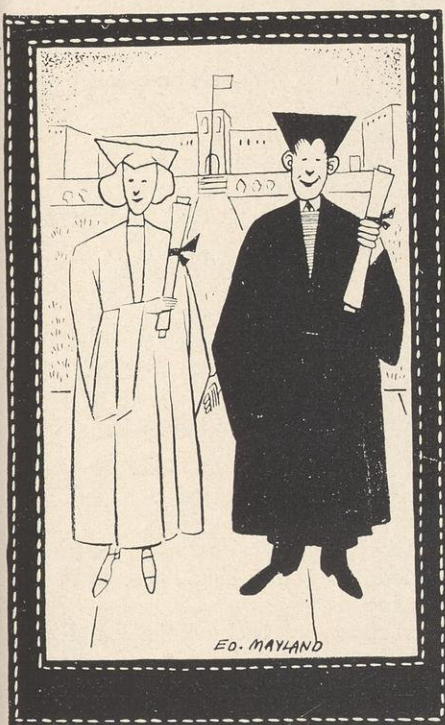
• “If you saw her (above) in person when she was really moving, you’d know a roller-skating professional *was* something,” declares Alfred Bagley, varsity tackle. “Never been sick a day.”

• “So what if it (right) *is* just torn out of a newspaper,” asks Bud Lamb, Com. 3, “does that mean she ain’t my girl? She was in a play at school, and they stuck her picture in the paper, so what’s that to be so ashamed of?”





• "Listen, brothers," says Scott Lee, Chi Psi, "Joan's a *Northwestern* Kappa and you know what *that* means." Scott got the picture before Joan transferred from Lawrence College. She is engaged to a *Northwestern* med student now.



• "I snapped this picture at graduation from C.H.S.," says Walt Peters, B.A. 1. "That's Joe Larkin standing with her. They took one of me with her but I looked like a sourpuss, even if it was the very happiest day of my life."

Wind Wrestler



EVERYBODY knows that a goodly number of deserving Democrats are going to be employed soon in taking the national census; and with That Man in the White House and stocks not worth the water you can wring out of them, the Republicans don't feel as easy about this d—d governmental snooping as they did when their own ward-healers took the census in 1930.

All this is perhaps part of the normal bickering of life, and I only mention it as contrast with another census that has been going on for some time without a whisper of complaint.

Or there may have been a whisper or two of protest, but no one listens carefully to the rustle of the birches and the sad groans of ancient oaks who remember when a good solid man like Rutherford B. Hayes was in office and the Clayton Anti-Trust Law was the dream of a few radical visionaries.

For, indeed, the government has been conducting a tree-census of late.

I have utterly no idea of what a tree-census is or how one goes about conducting them. Certain inevitable questions must arise, however; and the following is a pretty fair sketch of what taking a tree-census must be like.

Q. Your name, please?

A. Slippery Elm; but just call me—

Q. No, no. I mean your *real* name?

A. Oh, *that*. Let's see . . . *ulmus fulva*. Never could remember that infernal Latin.

Q. Male or female?

A. Male, but a hell of a lot of difference it means to a tree! For all the fun you get out of it, you might as well be a marble monument as an *ulmus fulva*.

Q. Place of residence?

A. Lot 12, section 7, town of Madison. Sandy topsoil on limestone ridge with *very* little nitrogen in the earth.

Q. Parents?

A. Well, my mother was a nice old *ulmus*, deeply rooted in tradition and all that, who made two cords of firewood and proved in her old age to be quite a flame.

Q. And your father?

A. Funny thing, the old man. Nobody ever saw him. Mother had no idea who he was, but she figured he

lived upstate somewhere. One night there was a warm north breeze, and the old man shed a lot of pollen, and . . . well, here I am.

Q. Are you gainfully employed?

A. Am I! I'm landlord for one pair of robins, three squirrels, and more insects than I could ever count. And you have no idea how boring those filthy little bugs can be!

Q. Anything else?

A. In summer I give shade to a family of five. I manufacture sugar out of sunlight and water — chlorophyll, you know. I try to fill warm evenings with a pleasant rustle, though wrestling with the howling wind is often wearying.

Q. Your age, please?

A. Nineteen rings.

Q. Yes, but how many years is that?

A. Oh, for Pete's sake! Sometimes I think you men are sappier than a sugar-maple. Get out of here, before you find that maybe the bite of an *ulmus fulva* is much worse than his bark.

Q. Think you're witty, don't you?

A. That wooden be for me to say. *Ouch!* Hey, put down that axe! Woodman, spare—

—B.B.

Rebuttal to a Sermon

on Self Control in the Presence of Frustration

This most unpleasant weight of woe

These wounds where rubs the salt
The sleepless nights I undergo
Are all my own darn fault.

For anything I'm griping of

There's no one else to blame
Hangovers, flunks, unasked for love
Are very much the same.

Cause and result, I must admit

And since I've caused the whole
I should take the result of it
With poise and self-control.

And, therefore, some might think it strange

That knowing this, I find
It does not even slightly change
My present state of mind.

—V. V. O.

The Dance

Noelle de Mosa, as the Young Girl in "The Green Table," and The Mother in "The Prodigal Son," were the outstanding women dancers.

—THE DAILY CARDINAL

Oh, she were, were she?

Tirade to Mr. X

WHEN there strolls
into my vista
Something that looks
fairly nice,
A solid, brainy sort
of mister
Worth my viewing
once or twice,
It seems likely things
will better,
Affairs take on their
natural bent,
Till his pin upon my
sweater
Rests in peace and
smug content.

So I pick on you for
quiet,
Do my best to culti-
vate
A pleasant love-life,
free from riot
And complaints that
irritate.
Count on you to make
improvements
Everybody says I
need,
Furnish warnings
and reprovments,
Inoculate me with
your creed.

First I thought you
dull and decent,

Of the species known as staid,
But developments more recent
Show a slight mistake was made.
For, I ask you, did you change me
From the ways they called outrageous?
Did you try to rearrange me?
No! My habits proved contagious!

Ergo—

The human dust has been so sifted
It's lowered sooner than uplifted.

—Q. E. D.



"O.K., Buddy, stick up your hands."

What Wild Ecstasy



FREDERICK had never before had a date with a chorus girl; but few lads in a midwestern college town ever do. All the fellows

up at the Eta Rho house were a trifle envious—and awed.

No one had seen the girl yet, including Frederick; but it is well known that chorus girls are hot numbers. Standing in the slush by the Orpheum stage-door, Frederick vaguely wondered what she'd be like.

The large poster on the brick wall help some. It read:

It's torrid! It's tantalizing!
**FOLLIES EXOTIQUE
DE MONTMARTE**

32 GAY PARISIENNES 32

Then there was a drawing of 4 gay Parisiennes 4, wearing only wisps of gauze—not even brassieres! Frederick,

being a senior, knew that the poster was exaggerated—he had eagerly gone to too many stage-shows at the Orpheum not to discount the posters by 50% of their nudity, 40% of their spiciness, and 30% of their gaiety.

But chorus girls are chorus girls . . .

Suddenly there was the gay Parisienne herself.

"You Fred Wipperfurth?" she said in an accent that suggested Passaic, N. J., rather than Paris, France.

"Yes," said Frederick. "And you must be Doris La Joie."

Miss La Joie still had her eyes made up heavily, but most of the paint was off her face. Her lips were heavily carmined; and her bloneness, if genuine, was remarkable. All in all, she was just what Frederick expected.

"Well," smiled Frederick, "where would you like to go?"

"Hmmm," said Miss La Joie. "Listen, you got any good place to bowl in this burg?"

"Bowl!" said Frederick. He had visioned a pleasant evening in a tap-room with a gorgeous blonde, maybe a little dancing or a steak, then back to her hotel . . .

Of the species known as staid,
But developments more recent
Show a slight mistake was made.
For, I ask you, did you change me
From the ways they called outrageous?
Did you try to rearrange me?
No! My habits proved contagious!

Ergo—

The human dust has been so sifted
It's lowered sooner than uplifted.

—Q. E. D.

"Sure," said Miss La Joie. "I ain't bowled since we played St. Paul. I scored 235 there one night."

"Okay," sighed Frederick, heading toward the Plaza Alleys. He loathed bowling.

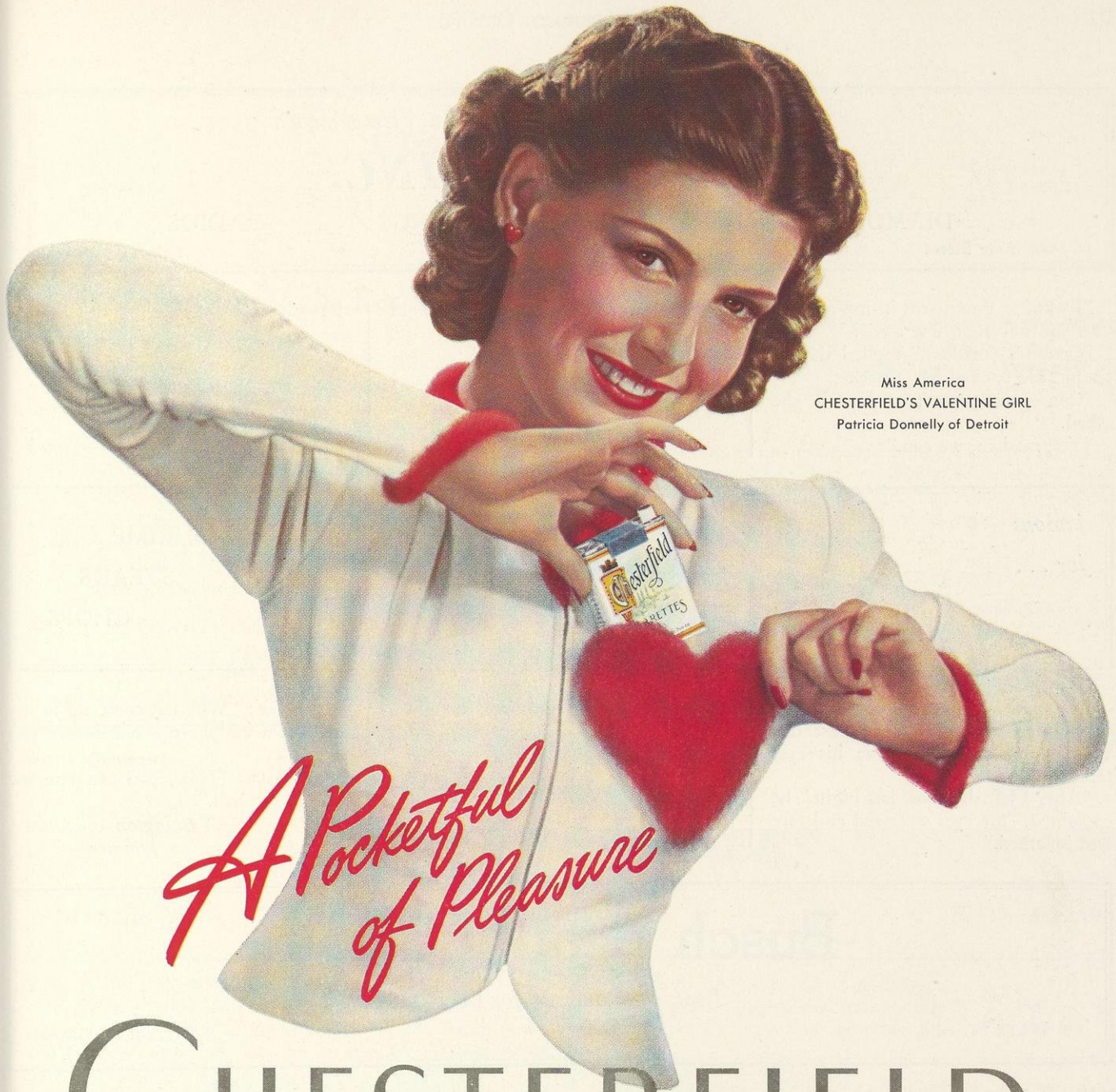
FREDERICK got back to the Eta Rho house about twelve-thirty.

"Hey, Freddie," someone yelled from the parlor. "Did yuh have a hot time with that dancer?"

Frederick smiled archly at the boys, leaving volumes unsaid, and went upstairs.

"Geez," said Herman Hanson, a freshman.

—C. K.



Miss America
CHESTERFIELD'S VALENTINE GIRL
Patricia Donnelly of Detroit

*A Pocketful
of Pleasure*

CHESTERFIELD

The real reason why Chesterfields are in more pockets every day is because Chesterfield's Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos gives you a better smoke... definitely milder, cooler and better-tasting. *You can't buy a better cigarette.*

MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK CHESTERFIELD

They Satisfy

MADISON'S LEADING CREDIT JEWELERS

SCHWARTZ, INC.

DIAMONDS

WATCHES

RINGS

RADIOS

440 State Street

Fairchild 9307

"I want to grow trees in my garden. Can you sell me a few seeds?"

"Certainly, madam," replied the assistant. He fetched her a packet.

"Can you guarantee these?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, we can."

"Will the trees be tall and thick in the trunk?"

"They should be, madam."

"And quite strong at the roots, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, madam."

"Very well, I'll take a hammock at

the same time."

—Fig-Leaf

"I'm getting married!"

"How careless of you."

—Punch

famous
for ...

The Flame

540 STATE ST. • FAIRCHILD 5662

SHRIMP

STEAKS

CHOPS

One of the freshman took in a strip tease this summer and the next day went to an oculist to have his eyes treated.

"After I left the show last night," he explained, "my eyes were red and sore and inflamed."

The Doc looked him over, thought a minute, and then remarked, "After this try blinking your eyes once or twice during the show . . . you won't miss much."

—Lampoon

The Gal: "Why not come up to my apartment and have a bite before you go home."

The Guy: "Naw, you can bite me here in the hall."

—Washington Wammer
Jammer

Busch Beauty Salon

Look your smartest for I-F BALL

640 STATE ST.

• • •

FAIRCHILD 6760

The Negro preacher was disgusted and was leaving his congregation for good.

"... Yo' is rotten sinners . . . das what yo' is . . . I knows yo' hol's up yo' pants wid nails, kase I gits all de buttons in de collection plate . . . and as a token of what I think of yo', ez I walk down the aisle on mah way out, you will find a sprig o' mistletoe pinned on mah coattail!"

—Turnip

"When you take your sister out driving, drive with both hands. When you take yo' r fraternity brother's sister, drive with your left hand. If she's nobody's sister, dont drive—park."

—Not Octopus

"I've been in a terrible state of consternation for the past three days."

"Did you ever try bran?"

—Record

And then there was the time that very same Scotchman took his wife to the country to have her baby because he had heard about rural free delivery.

—Kansas Kidney

He—"Do you know the secret of popularity?"

She—"Yes, but mother said I mustn't."

—Jack-O-Lantern

Campus Soda Grill

THE PLACE THAT MALTED MILKS MADE

FAIRCHILD 3535

FREE
DELIVERYFAST
DELIVERY

NOVELTY
JEWELRY

Fraternity Jewelry

The Jewelry Store Nearest the Campus

N. A. WETHALL

708 State Street

WATCH
REPAIRING

According to the Records

(continued from page 7)

dies. With Roy Barge at the piano, the Whiteman orchestra gives a performance that Gershwin admirers—no, in this case *lovers* is justifiable—will want to hear. *Decca*.
—D. H.

CALLING ALL BARS

The sextet of the Rhythm Club of London, directed by Leonard Feather, skips lightly through this one. There's a dandy, jangling piano solo by Hazel Scott, and, on the other side, *Mighty Like the Blues*, some thrush-like singing by the same young lady. Bluebird.

ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE

By the time Kenny Baker catches up to this one, it has lost its emotional overtones—at least for us. *It's a Blue World* comes out better. Victor.

I WANT MY MAMA

George Auld, the inheritor of the old Artie Shaw band, shows some pretty decent wares in this one, but, as we might have known, there's no shoe-filler for Mr. Shaw. The backside is *Angel*. Varsity.

WEELY

Duke Ellington, as everyone in these parts should realize by now, is as good as there is. *Weely*, however, isn't quite as good as there is, and *I Never Felt This Way* is even farther off. But it's pure Ellington, vintage 1940, and that should be enough. Columbia.

THE MUNSON STREET BREAKDOWN

Lionel Hampton, who plays traps on a piano much as he would on a drum, does a fine job with this. *I Can't Get Started*, as fine a slow jazz tune as we've had for a long time, doesn't come out as well as one might have hoped. Victor.

FORMAL
ATTIRE
A
SPECIALTYBADGER
NU-WAY CLEANERSCOMPLETE
FIVE
HOUR
SERVICE

705 State Street

WE DELIVER

Fairchild 1280

YOU'D BE SURPRISED

It's Bonnie Baker with Orrin Tucker's orchestra, and you *wouldn't* be surprised to know what it's like. *La, la la, la, you'd beeeee surprised*. On the reverse, Orrin sings *Little Girl*. Columbia.

ONE-TWO-THREE-KICK

Lawrence Welk pops this one out of his champagne bottle for Vocalion. *The Man on the Ferry* fizzles.

POM POM

The Varsity Seven, a rattling good combine, are very jolly on fast, extemporaneous-sounding stuff like this, but in the *How Long, How Long Blues*, which should have had more rehearsing, they fall down. Varsity.

ROSETTA

A long and pleasant piano solo by Earl (Father) Hines. *Glad Rag Doll* is just as good. The orchestra joins Father in *XYZ* and *Riff Medley*, of which *Riff Medley* has the title, but *XYZ* has the stuff. Bluebird.

IT'S A BLUE WORLD

Guaranteed aphrodisiac tromboning by T. Dorsey. We didn't care for *Angel* on the other side. Victor.

JUST A GIGOLO

This is by Raymond Scott's new full orchestra. It's pretty original, but it's pretty bad. *Business Man's Bounce* left us so cold that we had to get out our old Count Basie's before we could open the window again.

—L. S.

HEY, CHAMP!

got your date yet for
Interfraternity Ball?

ONLY
KENNEDY-MANSFIELD

Properly Pasteurized DAIRY PRODUCTS
Provide ALL These SAFEGUARDS

Adequate Farm Inspection
Modern Sanitary Equipment
Accurate Temperature Control
Scientific Laboratory Control
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In The Editor's Brown Study

From Dr. Pasteiner of Budapest and Dr. Frank of Maple Bluff



IN OUR mail bag this month we had a nice letter from Dr. I. Pasteiner, General Director of the Tudomanyegyetmi Koenyvta, of Budapest, Hungary. The Tudomany—oh, heck, we don't have to go through that again, do we?—is the University Library there. Dr. Pasteiner is publishing a world list of periodicals. "Therefore," he writes, "I beg you to be so kind as to send the last, or last two numbers of your Review."

We don't know quite why, but it thrills us to think we are going to be in a world index. No, we *do* know why: we have erected our tiny monument in time. When this civilization folds up, we know darn well there are practically no chances at all for an *Octopus* to survive. But a world index of periodicals!—how can it miss?

But then again we wonder. Much of what we know of Greek culture—of Aristophanes' actors, of the costumes and masks of Sophocles' tragedies, and more—comes to us through the pictures on the side of Grecian urns; these were the Mickey Mouse cereal bowls, the Donald Duck drinking glasses, and the Shirley Temple tooth-brushes of their day.

It would be just like Fate to have Octy carry the ball for our civilization, rather than the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *World's Fair Time Capsule*, and the *World Index of Periodicals*.

WE'RE always glad to hear how Dr. Glenn Frank is making out, because we have always felt a spiritual affinity to him ever since the time both of us were removed from the University of Wisconsin. We were kicked out because we didn't pay our library fees, but, when a check from home came at last, we were let back in. Dr. Frank's offense must have been a lot more serious (no one is *quite* sure of what it was), for they've never let him return.

But Dr. Frank seems to be getting along all right. We have been reading with interest the piece he dashed off for the Republican Party last week. It ran 28,000 words—about the length of two copies of the *Octopus*.

And, just to prove Dr. Frank was in good form, it was called "A Program for a Dynamic America." Ah, Dr. Frank, *Dynamic America*. Isn't that beautiful? You can hold it to your forehead like an ice-pack. America is great, America is changing, America—its mountains, vales, rock-bound coasts, truck drivers, plumbing supply salesmen, grocery clerks, third vice-presidents, fraternity boys, and all the rest—is going to be Dynamic.

Anybody that votes for a Static America these days is just plain nuts.

It was a very fine report, though, and it shatters for all time the notion that any leadership, like the Democrats', "can produce a movement of hope if it begins with the assumption that the clock of the national economy is running down, that its mechanism has become so faulty that it can be kept going only if continually run by hand—the hand of the federal government."

Anybody that doesn't get a new Republican Electric-Clock Government is doubly nuts.

There was just one thing about the report we didn't like—this phrase: "Except in situations where minimum wage and maximum hour regulations is necessary . . ." It's *are* necessary, Dr. Frank, and you'd better have that stenographer fired first thing in the morning. Or that proofreader. Or somebody.

Dr. Frank turned up some very valuable, though little-known facts, such as the longevity of Republican approval of the legal right of American workers to organize and to act collectively to improve their status. "Republican leadership," Dr. Frank writes, "recognized the principle of collective action and corporate responsibility some 50 years ago."

The National Association of Manufacturers, for one, must have been both surprised and interested to find that out. It shows good detective work on the part of Dr. Frank, and proves him easily worth his money. Who else would have known that about Republicans?

Lest we create any misunderstanding, may we make it clear that Dr. Frank's report was a very sober, liberal-conservative job? Quite smooth and unterrifying. It's only when you turn to a less-guarded speech, like Mr. Gullickson's "save the nation" address at the mid-winter State Republican convention in La Crosse, that you find out what's really going on.

"A little over 30 years ago," declared Mr. Gullickson, "a termite called Progressivism began to bore from within . . . Please remember, factions and termites always bore from within and always are work-

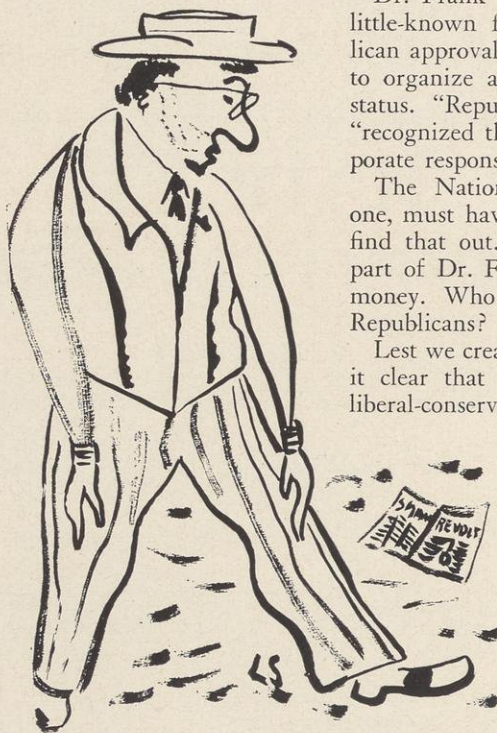
ing to disrupt the organization for the betterment of a small group."

That's the way we like to hear the boys talk! You almost had us fooled for a while, Dr. Frank. Oh you kid!

IN WELCOME to the Board of Editors, Octy is pleased to kiss Miss Charlotte Riff upon the cheek. Charlotte is an attractive and intelligent young lady from Chicago, whose only defect seems to be an inability to sit through an entire symphony. She studied ballet for a while, but didn't like that much, either. She *does* write nice verses, however, and that's where this journal pays off.

Octy wants to take this opportunity to wish all its readers a happy St. Oswald's Day (Feb. 29).

—L. S.





Resplendent...

*is this young man in formal attire for he, sir,
is attending the 1940 Inter-Fraternity Ball, the
top social event on the Greek calendar*

March 9th

INTERFRATERNITY BALL

Two-Fifty a couple



Above—AN ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. A. B. Mize of North Carolina grew some of the finest tobacco he ever raised—thanks to U. S. Government methods.

Uncle Sam.

TOBACCO EXPERT !

"U. S. Gov't methods have made tobacco better than ever . . . and Luckies buy the choicer grades," says James Walker, 19 years an independent buyer.

Q. "What are these methods of Uncle Sam's?"

Mr. Walker: "They're scientific ways of improving soil and plant food . . . that have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in recent years."

Q. "And that's what has made tobacco better?"

Mr. W: "The best in 300 years . . . even though crops do vary with the weather."

Q. "You say Luckies buy the 'Cream of the Crop'?"

Mr. W: "They sure do. That's why they're the 2-to-1 choice of independent experts—warehousemen, auctioneers, buyers. I've smoked them 10 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat—because it takes out certain harsh irritants that are found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why . . .

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO
BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

