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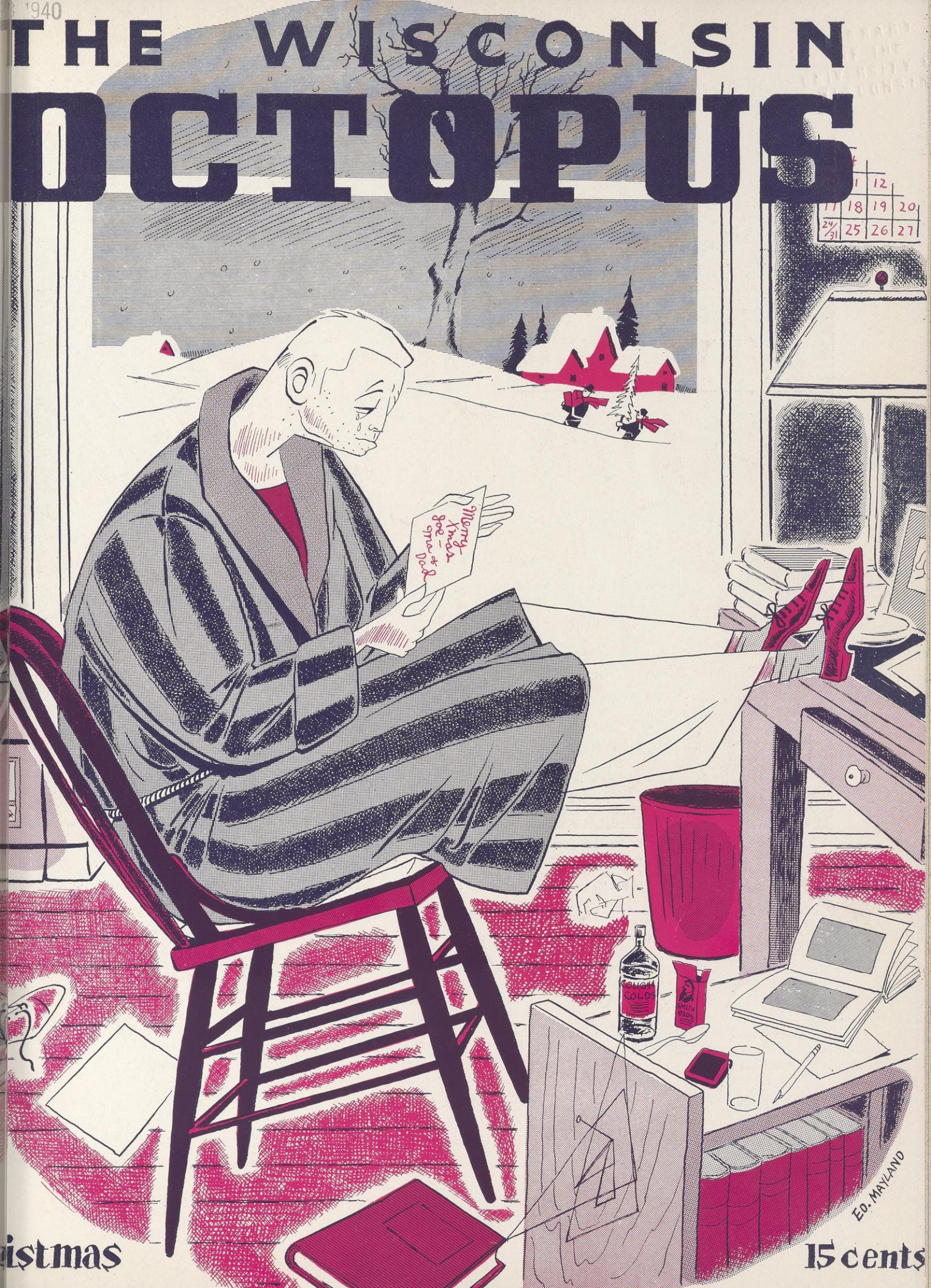
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THE WISCONSIN DOCTOPUS



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ED. MAYLAND

“Have you ever noticed
that Camels burn
longer and give you
more smoking?”

ASKS VAN CAMPEN HEILNER
FAMOUS GAME AND FISHING AUTHORITY



Above, “VAN” waiting in the duck blinds for the “zero hour.” Explorer, sportsman, scientist, conservationist, author of the authoritative, new “A Book on Duck Shooting,” Heilner knows the waterfowl flyways from California to Maine, Alaska to Mexico, and those of Europe too. “Van” has been a Camel smoker for 18 years.

YOU can tell a lot about a cigarette by whether it burns fast or slowly. Camel cigarettes are noted for their long burning. In fact, they burned longer, slower *than any other brand*, in recent scientific tests (see right). Van Campen Heilner, the famous American authority on wild game, points out an interesting angle to this.

“Camels give *more smoking* because they burn so slowly,” he says. “And I think the way they burn is a very good way to judge the *quality* of cigarettes too. I notice this about Camels—I can smoke them steadily and they still taste smooth and cool, and my mouth feels fresh—not dry—with no throat irritation. Camels are mild, flavory. They give more genuine pleasure per puff—and more puffs per pack.” Turn to Camels. Get extra smoking per pack—topped off with the delicate taste of choice quality tobaccos. For contentment—smoke Camels!

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

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower than any of them*—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!



Cigarettes were compared recently...sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

- 1** CAMELS were found to contain **MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT** than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.
- 2** CAMELS BURNED **SLOWER** THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of **5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

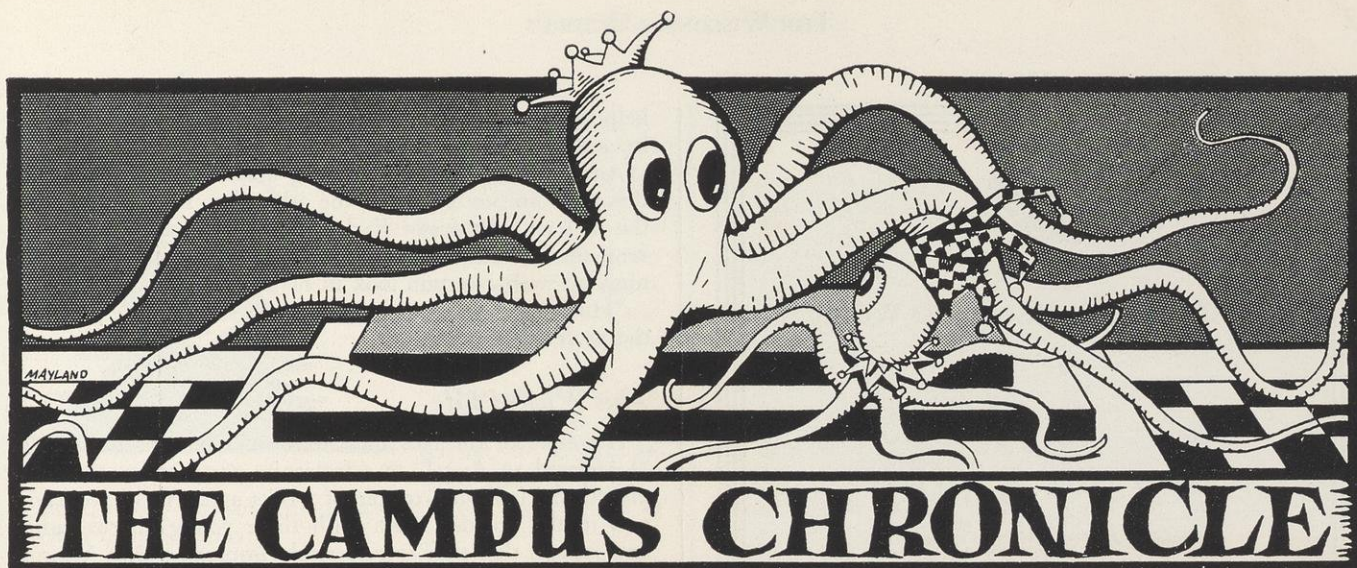
- 3** In the same tests, CAMELS **HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER** than the average time for all the other brands.

Don't deny yourself the pleasure of smoking Camels, the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

**PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE
BUY!**

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

CAMELS—Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos



WHEN we try to think of Christmas vacation, we find the concept too immense for us. It is an idea compounded of roast turkey, purple cranberry sauce, good silverware, orange juice in bed, the rediscovered feel of the old room, a pleasantly blank mind, a vague unrest about work not getting done, movies, *more* food, the old, familiar faces and furniture and wallpaper and books. That's only a start, but our list is getting out of hand already. It just comes down to a general hot flush of niceness.

A vacation is a noble thing; it is the best thing about college. When someone asks us what we got out of the university, we are going to remember to say, "Some nice vacations."

How's That?

Not long ago while Dean Sellery was reading to his Medieval Civilization class, he mispronounced the word *deaf* as *deef*. The class snickered a little.

"Well," said the jolly old Dean, looking up from his text, "there was a reason for that. It's a story from Winnipeg that a very dear friend of mine told me. It's a little profane, but this friend was a fine Christian gentleman."

Anyhow, here's the story, and we hope nobody will object to it because Dean Sellery told it to us and *he* is a fine Christian gentleman.

At a banquet before a legal society in Winnipeg, an American was presiding. Before the dinner started, the American asked one of his Canadian friends to tell him who was to say grace. The Canadian whispered, "Old Brown, down there near the end of the table, always says grace."

"Thank you," said the American, and stood up. Everyone around the table stood up, too, and the chairman said, "Mr. Brown, will you please say grace?"

Brown cocked his head on one side and bellowed, "I know you're talking to me, but I'm so God damned deaf I can't hear a word you're saying."

Doity Woik

It's not often we find a politician talking honestly about his racket, but listen to this guaranteed, certified, honest-to-goodness statement from the newly-elected president of the junior class and prom-king-to-be, Mr. John F. Howell, of Hartsdale Towers, Hartsdale, New York:

"A politician is often disparagingly spoken of because he

is misunderstood by the general public, the public does not realize the type of work he has to do, they do not realize how much work he has to do, and they do not realize that his political job is his bread and butter and that he naturally must look out for himself, and keep his election assured and his job secure."

We'll try to keep that in mind, Mr. Howell.

Discussing tactics, our junior president observes, "There is competition among politicians and for political jobs just as there is in any business and for any position, when politicians conflict they are competing and the fact that the politicians are so much in the public eye makes these conflicts all the more obvious. Criticism is heaped upon the politician by his rivals, the opponents always try to make him look bad to the public, so that he will not be elected and they, the opposition, will be."



B.

Well, well!

We found this little statement in a blue book which Mr. Howell filled as an examination in Political Science 122.

He got a 70.

Our Friend, the Republican

Congressman Bruce Barton, big man of the famous advertising firm, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., liked (we think though we're not sure) our center-spread about him. In a note to us this month, Mr. Barton writes, "Under the circumstances, I think you have treated me very well."

He goes on to say, however, "I never said that 'given enough money I could make cancer a popular fad.' This is just one of those stories that somebody starts and which never can be caught by a denial. I don't bother much with denials, anyway. My father used to quote with approval a saying of a doughty old Englishman: "Never explain, never retract, never apologize. Get it done, and let them howl."

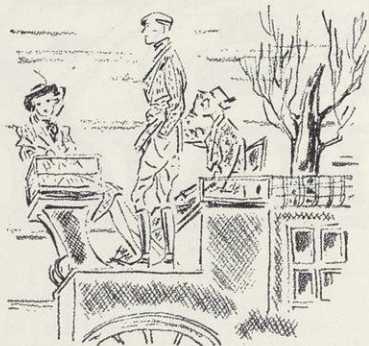
Arrrrrooooooooooooo!

Soft Soap

One of the younger members of the Economics Department has a particularly charming and girlish wife. It'll



GIFTS FOR SPORTING MEN AND WOMEN



From the four corners of the Earth, we have gathered the finest things for men and women who love the out of doors . . . To name a few—Pipes from Dunhill of London, Sweaters from Bracman and Robertson of Scotland, Cashmere Mufflers from Elgin, Scotland, Gloves from Sleep of London, and Leather Goods from Mark Cross.

MacNEIL and MOORE

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MADISON

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a selection of flowering plants and cut flowers for every gift budget . . .

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BADGER 177

Greenhouses—Regent at Highland Avenue

help the story to name names—Assistant Professor Jim Earley and wife Emily.

Anyhow, Mrs. Earley is taking a few courses on the hill this year. In Sterling Hall, the other day, she walked down the hall with Professor Earley. When she said goodbye to him, she was surprised to see a classmate of hers come running up with a certain look in his eye.

"Hmmm," the student cried, "fine stuff—apple-polishing the professor!"

This Wicked Life

A couple of the lads took some members of the cast of "I Married an Angel" to a fraternity party, when the show played in Madison a couple of weeks ago. A girl we know was in the powder room with these young chorus ladies, and reports that they were terribly impressed with Wisconsin college life. It was the first fraternity party for both of them.

"And what do you think of these college fellows?" one showgirl asked.

"Oh, I like them," the second hooper said, "but, gosh, I'm afraid of them."

Up, Lad!

We are always amused at the means some professors use to keep their classes awake. Some of them utilize such elementary methods as talking loudly, gesticulating wildly, or, though few think of this, talking interestingly. There are some gentlemen of learning on the campus, however, who are really fiendishly resourceful in selecting their methods.

An English professor used one of the more unsportsman-

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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like methods a few weeks ago when he droned on about the



stage in Shakespeare's day and, shifting his talk to their sound effects, he suddenly slammed a book down on his desk by way of illustration. Some students lost ten years' growth.

One of the more subtle means is to interrupt the lecture, assume a coy look, blush

a little, like a woman telling her husband they're going to have a baby, and say:

"What I just said reminds me of a story I heard the other day." Then he waits respectfully while those students with insomnia nudge their neighbors. He begins again when the class has assumed an expectant grin:

"One day there was a terrific thunder storm and a man riding on a street car was struck by lightning! But he wasn't hurt a bit! Know why he wasn't hurt?"

Everyone shakes his head "no."

"Because he was a conductor."

Rushing

We have a special affection for people who bring us good verbatim quotations—like these that were copied down as they leaked out of a booth in one of the campus coke dens.

"Do you think she would go Chi Omega?"

"Oh no, I'm certain she would go Pi Phi."

"I think she would either have gone Chi Omega or Delta Gam."

"My dear, no! Never D.G. She couldn't go D.G."

"Well, at least I'm sure she wouldn't go Pi Phi."

"Oh, I think you're mistaken there. I'm positive. She'll go Pi Phi."

"Well, maybe you're right. But she *might* go Chi Omega."

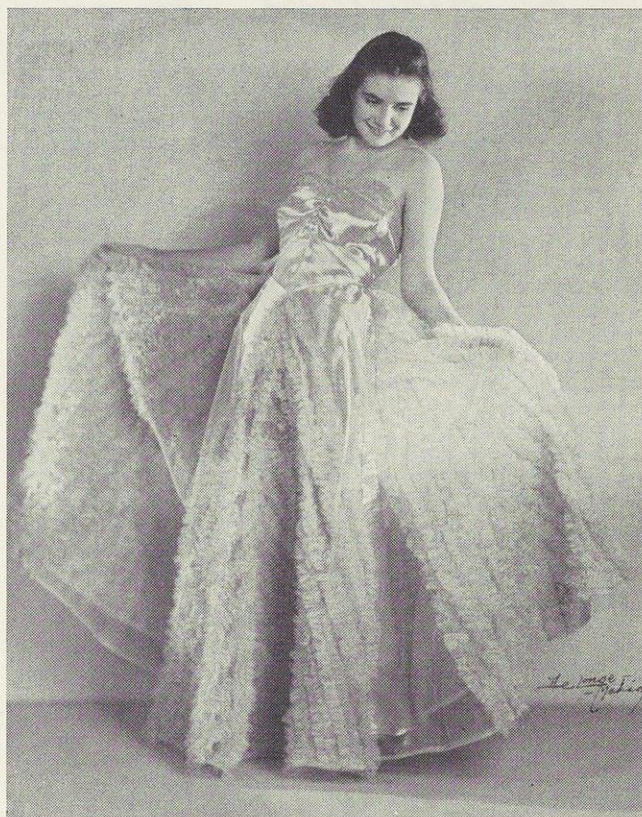
"Just as long as she doesn't go Kappa Sig! . . ."

Ding-a-ling

On the General Regulations for Sociology 1, we find the following injunction to students: "PLEASE DO NOT ATTEMPT TO CONSULT ANY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OUTSIDE OF REGULAR OFFICE HOURS. Telephone calls to residences about examinations, assignments, etc., will not be answered."

We completely approve of this policy and think the Sociology Department is to be commended for its firm stand on not answering the telephone. There is just one thing that bothers us, however: how the heck do they know, when the telephone rings, whether the call is going to be about examinations, assignments, etc.,—*how do they know when and when not to pick it up?*

Probably just another new predictive power this growing science has developed.



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(Joke)

There is at least one professor on this campus who takes pains to make things clear in his lectures. He really takes *pains*! An example of this came up the other day when he explained one phase of Hamlin Garlin's love of the frontier.

"Hamlin Garlin *liked* Indians," he said, "—with reservations."

Press Conference

We doubt whether Fredric March had a very good time on his visit here, but probably the worst of it all was his interview with the student luminaries of the *Cardinal*, *Badger*, and *Haresfoot*. We were there, too, but as anybody will tell you, we are not a luminary.

Mr. March came into the Loraine Hotel looking as though he would tear off the next hand offered for him to shake. His face was actually haggard, as he swept through the lobby without a suggestion of the good nature he had shown before the back-slappers and, Heaven help us, the autograph collectors had worn him out.

His jaws tense, he hurried upstairs to rest for five minutes before the student wolves were to be turned loose on him. The *Daily Cardinal*, it seems, had arranged the interview and therefore had exclusive rights to annoy him.

It was willing to share these rights with the *Badger* (which wanted him to promise "to get together with Don Ameche" to pick the *Badger* beauties) and with *Haresfoot*, which needed him to pose for some publicity pictures.

The students busted upstairs and into the outer bedroom. Mr. March was in the next room waiting—probably cursing homecoming in general and himself in particular for getting tangled up in such a mess.

His face showed what he was thinking when the boys asked him to pose for pictures. But he consented. As the flash-light bulbs went off, the *Cardinal* reporter started asking his questions:

"Do you think your experience in dramatic work at the University helped you in your later career?"

Mr. March looked as though he felt like telling the *Cardinal* man what he could do with his stereotyped question. Rather than give the stereotyped reply, Mr. March started to say he didn't know. Then, seeing it would be useless, he said he supposed his dramatic work here had given him some confidence in himself. What could he answer to such a question?

That didn't worry the *Cardinal's* man. He polished the weary remark into a glowing statement on the confidence our University theater had instilled in Fredric March.

"Has football changed—has it become bigger—since you were here?" the reporter continued in the same clever vein.

All the while the photographers were hustling about, knocking over their tripod, pushing new people forward to be snapped with Mr. March.

It's too painful to prolong this. We hope it didn't leave as bad a taste in Mr. March's mouth as it did in our own,



Completely lacking in good humor or good sense, the boys had their day of playing reporter. We hope *they* enjoyed it.

We'd like to make one suggestion: that the *Cardinal* write to Robert Taylor and ask him whether *his* dramatic work at Pomona College helped him in his career. Then they will know for sure whether to continue the New Theater or not.

And to Mr. March himself we offer our apologies. We should have left the room immediately, instead of trying to ask questions about unionism in the motion picture industry (a subject obviously of no interest to anyone—which is the reason the newspapers throughout the country have featured page-one stories on actors' unionism all through the Summer and Fall, down to just last week.)

The hell of it was, the *Cardinal* boy, who had apparently run out of questions, took our interest in Mr. March's view of the West Coast situation as a cue to muscle us out of the conversation and to change the subject.

But why not? The *Cardinal* had arranged the interview. It was positively a *Cardinal* interview in the grand manner, and Mr. March had to be glamorized and human-interested.

It will go down in history, setting the tone for all future *Cardinal* interviews.

Secrets

One of our girls reports an aspect of the life of a college from which the male members of society are unfortunately barred—the clusters around the mirror in any of those little rooms reserved for women in Bascom or the Union.

"There are several predominant types," we hear, "the most common being the glamor girl who huddles close to the glass, exchanging searching though satisfied glances with the reflected image, while repairing damages to the hair and face invisible to even the most watchful eye. Elbowing behind her is the girl whose hair looks *foul*, and who nearly died when she got up this morning and observed that she

was getting a cold sore and a bump on her chin and her nose was peeling. This goes on for minutes at a stretch. An occasional girl is plainly so dissatisfied with her appearance as to be absolutely nauseated at being forced to look in the mirror, and whisks in and out palely after one furtive push at the hair which spirals above her brow."

Girls, we don't believe a word of it. We don't dare.

No No-Cuts

"The punctuality of nature has always bothered the world," said a professor in lecturing about the Wife of Bath last week. "But in the days of chivalric romances, calendar-trouble was avoided by adding a day of grace to the period of the knight's quest. That made things come out right and thus we have the expression 'a twelve-month and a day'."

The class was highly diverted when he enthusiastically continued: "The day-of-grace custom is still used. Now, if you were to have a seven day vacation beginning right now on Monday, when would you come back?"

All this happened on Wednesday.



Give Books for Christmas

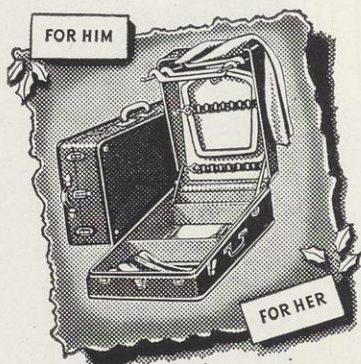
- HUGE SELECTION
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Plaint of a Weeping Willow

It's starting all over again
The warmth of his smile and the touch of his hand—
Oh, you don't need to tell me, I know where I stand,
But it's starting all over again.

Once more I lie sleepless at night—
For the feel of his lips and his heart near my breast
And since I can't have them, to hell with the rest!
Once more I lie sleepless at night.

The dreaming and hoping and pain—
As here in the darkness I try to discover
Just why must Fate send me that same stupid lover—
It's starting all over again.

—C. R.

Aryan Lullaby

HE WHO tans as dark as earth
Runs the risk of questioned birth.
Complexions really far too swart
Give rise to thoughts they hadn't ort!
—Record

"Mother," said little Jane, "can I go out to play?"

"You may play with little girls, but not the boys, they're too rough."

"But, Mother, if I can find a nice smooth little boy, can I play with him?"
—Covered Wagon

Newspaper Item: "Mrs. Lottie Prim was granted a divorce when she testified that since she and her husband were married he had spoken to her but three times. She was awarded the custody of their three children."

—Indiana Boredwalk.

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord, my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
Turn off the alarm clock.

—Other World

Meters and Letters

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best way to meter
Is to meter alone.

There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone,
But the best way to letter
Is to letter alone.

Intellectual

Two students were talking one noon
On a bench near the old Music Room.

They tore all apart—
The whole problem of art,
Till one said, "I hope we eat soon."
—M. F.

When necessary, students are permitted to go to town once a week, girls Wednesday, boys Thursday.

—Oakwood Junior College Catalogue
Come, come! Let's get together on this.

—Lamphoon



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Probably the shortest book ever written would be "Who's Who in Germany."

I like an exam
I think they're fun.
I never cram
And I never flunk one.
(I'm the professor.)

—Old Line

"Daughter, your hair is all mussed up. Did the young man kiss you against your will?"
 "He thinks he did, mother." —*Pointer*

—*Pointer*

The maid had been using surreptitiously the bath tub of her employer, an elderly bishop. He was a bachelor, very fastidious about his toilet, and desired the exclusive use of his tub.

He reprimanded the maid with much indignation:
 "What distresses me most, Mary, is that you have done
 this behind my back."
 —*Penn Reactionary*

—Penn Reactionary

He: "Darling, your waist is the smallest I have ever seen."
She: "Of corset is." —*Banter*

—*Banter*

“Did you see by the paper where one man ate six dozen pancakes?”

"Oh, how waffle."

The modern wallflower is the girl who dances all the time.

—Old Line

The drunk tip-toed up the stairs, shoes in hand. He patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climbed into bed smiling at the thought he'd put one over on the wife.

Came the dawn. The ex-drunk opened his eyes and there stood his wife, glaring at him.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" quoth he.

"You were drunk last night?" she replied.

"Why darling, I was nothing of the sort."

"Well, if you weren't, who put all the adhesive tape on the bathroom mirror?"

—Drexer

Wise guy (to taxi driver): Taxi?

Taxi driver: Yep

Wise guy: That's what I thought it was.

$$-V_{00} D_{00}$$

A modern young flapper was Min,
She tried every scheme to get thin,
In her attempt to reduce,

She sipped orange juice,
'Til she slipped through the straw and fell in. —*Gargoyle*

Judge—Have you not appeared before me as a witness in this suit, madam?

Lady—No, indeed! This is the first time I've ever worn it.

—*Tiger*

Wife: Did you see the doctor today?

Hubby: Yep, just one more installment and the baby's ours.

—*Eight Ball*



An' if you all haven't got dates for the Pre-Prom right now you'd jus' better get loggin' . . . 'cause your ole Santa and your ole honey chile are gonna be likin' Pre-Prom dates plenty much . . . yeh, yeh

PRE-PROM



TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE OCTY STAFFS,
AND ALL THEIR FRIENDS
(and enemies, too)

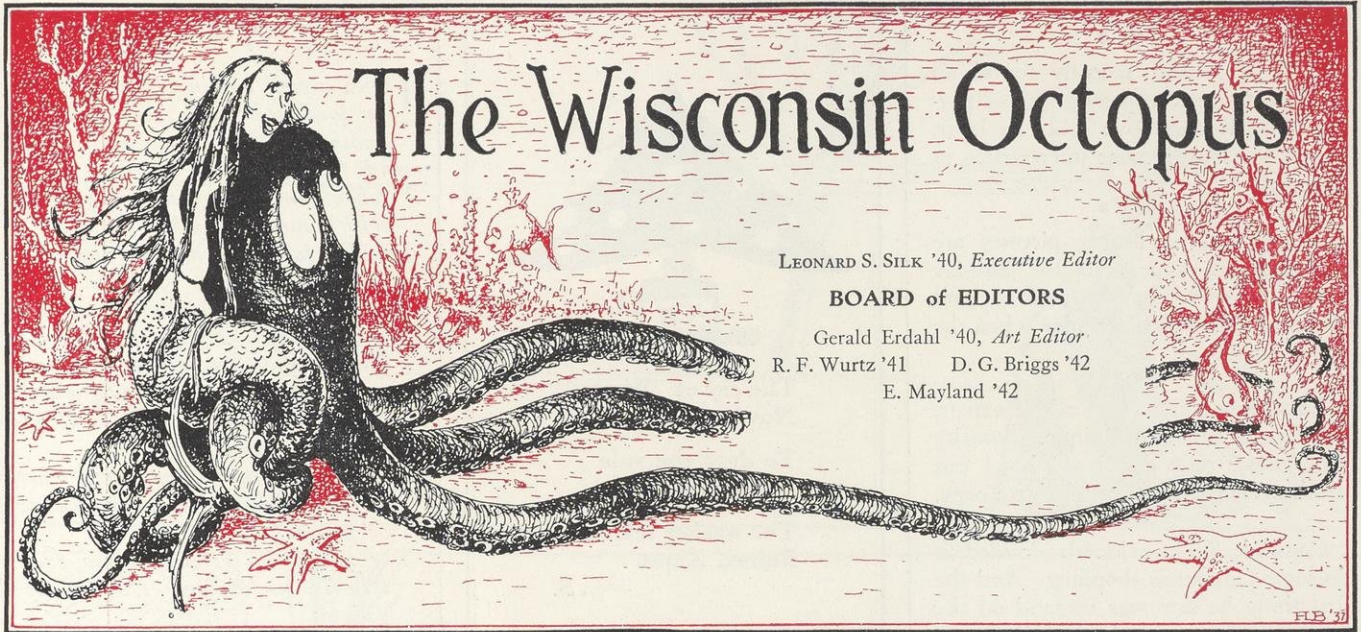
*Especially do we express the hope to the Editorial Staff
that all their wishbones may turn out to be funny bones*

Campus Publishing Company

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BADGER 1137



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Volume XXI

DECEMBER, 1939

Number 4

On Second Thought

WE SEND season's greetings to all our readers who will wave their hand and smile back at old Octy below. If you're not going to get in the Christmas spirit and cooperate, how can you expect *us* to be jolly? Now *that's* a good smile!

* * *

There is a movement afoot to grant women the use of the Rathskeller. Over our dead hamburgers!

* * *

We read that Vice President Garner celebrated his seventy-first birthday last week by deer-hunting and cooking in the open. Couldn't his press agents have scared up a nice bear for the youthful vice president to wrestle?

* * *

The original Merry Widow, on tour with a road show, left Madison before the opening of the student production of that famous musical comedy. Several local publicity men are not expected to survive the shock.

* * *

Adolf Hitler continues to make his threats of starting a "war in earnest." Psychiatrists have long compared Herr Hitler to another gentleman who stressed the importance of being earnest.

The unsolved murder of O'Hare is another stain to be placed on Chicago's escutcheon. If there is any room.

* * *

A radio commentator deplores the lack of appearance of any new war songs. We suggest "The Beer Barrel Polka" played by a hillbilly band; that would make anybody fightin' mad.

* * *

The Polish zloty has been abolished as legal tender by the Nazis. This means one less crib note for Money and Banking students.

* * *

The *Chicago Tribune* bemoans the huge increasing debt piled up by the New Deal administration. Does this



mean it has finally conceded the 1936 election?

* * *

In securing passports under an assumed name, Earl Browder says he was only emulating "the most aristocratic society." Fine business for a leader of the working class!

* * *

Germany has a four-year plan, Russia a five. Has Roosevelt a *twelve*?

* * *

Now showing: Tobacco Road, sixth year. Dies Committee, second year.

* * *

Germany is now making paper from potatoes. It's probably for the benefit of those who remark at the end of a semester, "If I didn't write an A paper, I'll eat it."

* * *

The new Rumanian premier promises his nation will remain neutral. When you run an oil station, you have to be nice to all your customers.

* * *

The Navy's new destroyers have everything except stability. This will be corrected, however, before the first newsreel shots are taken.

* * *

Premier Hepburn of Ontario declares that some Canadian soldiers hadn't been issued a change of underwear since they enlisted. If they were fraternity men they

probably didn't know the difference.

* * *

A federal court recently found an artificial flower company guilty of paying child workers two cents an hour. Damn this government interference in business!

* * *

Miami bathing beauty pictures are beginning to appear in the Sunday rotos. We're saving them all to look at on that inevitable zero day when the boiler bursts.

* * *

Flattering a man, says a love expert, requires a subtle technique. Sorority girls whose only line is, "I bet I can drink more than you can," please copy.

* * *

Comrade Stalin evidently decided to do some Christmas shopping. And the first thing he saw was Finland on the bargain counter, reindeers and all.



The cry of "Wassail!"
Now's a fossil.

To drag the yule
Marks one a fool.

The weaker sex has
Ruined Xmas.

—L. S.



ED. MAYLAND

"Oh, Georgie, you shouldn't have done it!"

Age of Innocence

I FIND myself looking back over three or four years, one very much like another,

And recalling with nostalgia an age when I was not continually in love with someone or other.

I used to fall asleep at night the minute I hit the mattress.

And never spent sleepless hours wondering, does he like them dark or fair, short or tall, thin or fattess.

I never knew anybody whose touch could make my insides feel like overdone asparagus—

I never for a minute wondered whether my position with anyone was safe or precaragus.

The telephone seemed to me an extremely useful and well-conceived gadget;

The thought never occurred to me that a temporary cessation of ringing on its part might one day lead me to contemplate mayhem and assault with a hadget.

In short, I was never troubled by the rough course of love for years after I ceased lithping prayerth on my mother's bothom.

As I look back on those years I can't imagine how I ever lived throthom.

—V. C.

The Postman Only

EACH day the mailman makes his rounds

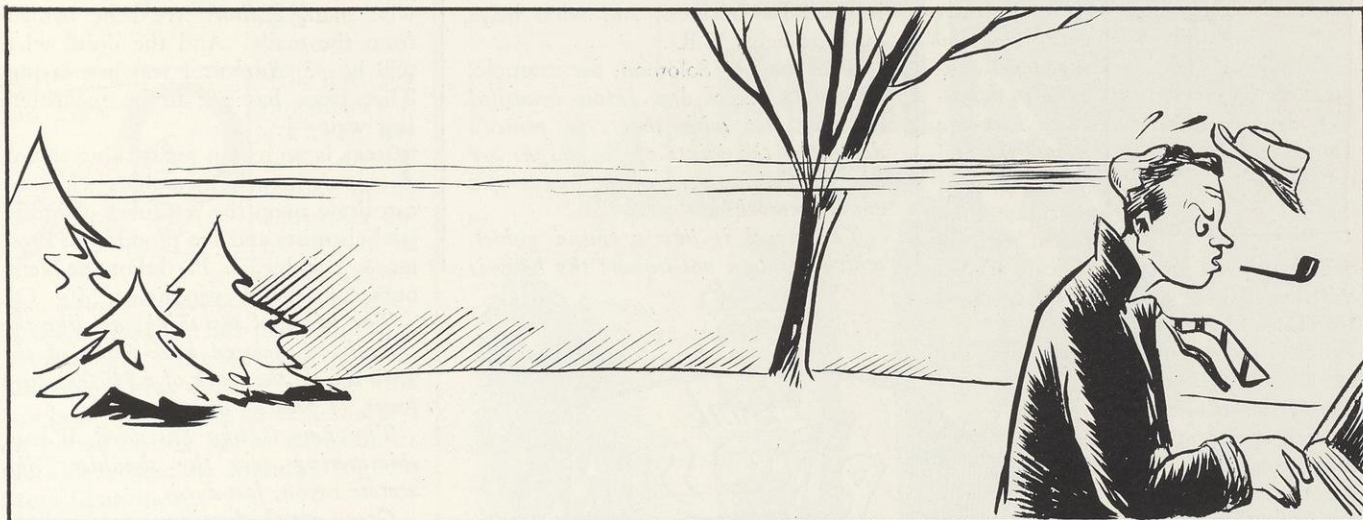
To bear the loving words;
No matter what the seasons do
The mail is certain to come through.
At least, so I have heard.

At ten o'clock, at two o'clock
The envelopes arrive,
But to the writer of this pome
It seems as if the folks at home
Forget she's still alive.

Everyone else has one day when
She does not draw a blank;
Though distance makes a girl more dear,
The only man from whom I hear
Is the cashier at the bank.

His monthly statements, ads, and bills
Are all I ever see;
So if they do or do not fail,
Nuts, says I, to the U. S. mail!
It's no damn good to me.

—H. A. L.



Made in U.S.A.



HE AIR was cold, and the night was filled with countless Lux-like snow flakes."

When I read that line in a recent prize-

winning short story, my heart leaped with excitement and my eyes sparkled like Coty's bath salts.

This single sentence is the first ray of a new literary dawn, the first rosy lipstick smear in the dim eastern skies. We are teetering on the verge of the celluloplastic, or DuPont, era of literature—the up-to-the-minute successor of the neo-classic, or Johnsonian era, and of the romantic, or Wordsworthian, era.

Shakespeare merely held up the mirror to nature. We are privileged to hold the mirror up to the more varied stock of a chain drugstore, and to see nature reflected in the glass.

Most of our images were getting threadbare anyhow. You can liken a girl's eyes to stars, her teeth to pearls, her fair bosom to a snow-drift, and her kisses to a draught of wine only so many times before the image is like a stale doughnut or last week's Cardinal.

With natural images, like our sup-

plies of crude-oil, fast becoming exhausted, it is natural that we should fall back upon synthetic products. This is good for business, and what helps business helps YOU.

The Song of Solomon, for example, is terribly out of date. *How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.*

Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is

it's in the Bible, isn't it? *Editor:* Yeah, but this isn't no Bible; this is a student publi— *Author:* Solomon was a wise man. *Editor:* We'll be banned from the mails! And the dean, what will he—? *Author:* I was just saying. That piece has got to be re-written. Just wait—]

THERE is no reason for sticking to Solomon's homely metaphors when we can draw upon the test-tubes of industrial chemists and the products of Procter & Gamble, I. E. duPont de Nemours, and the Westinghouse Mfg. Co.

The joints of thy thighs are like the smooth oil-enclosed knee-action of the 1940 Buick, the work of a \$40,000 drop forge, O prince's daughter.

Thy hair is like Shredded Wheat, shimmering over thy shoulders like acetate rayon, fast-dyed.

Green are thy luminous eyes and red thy lips like a traffic light; verily they control my heart.

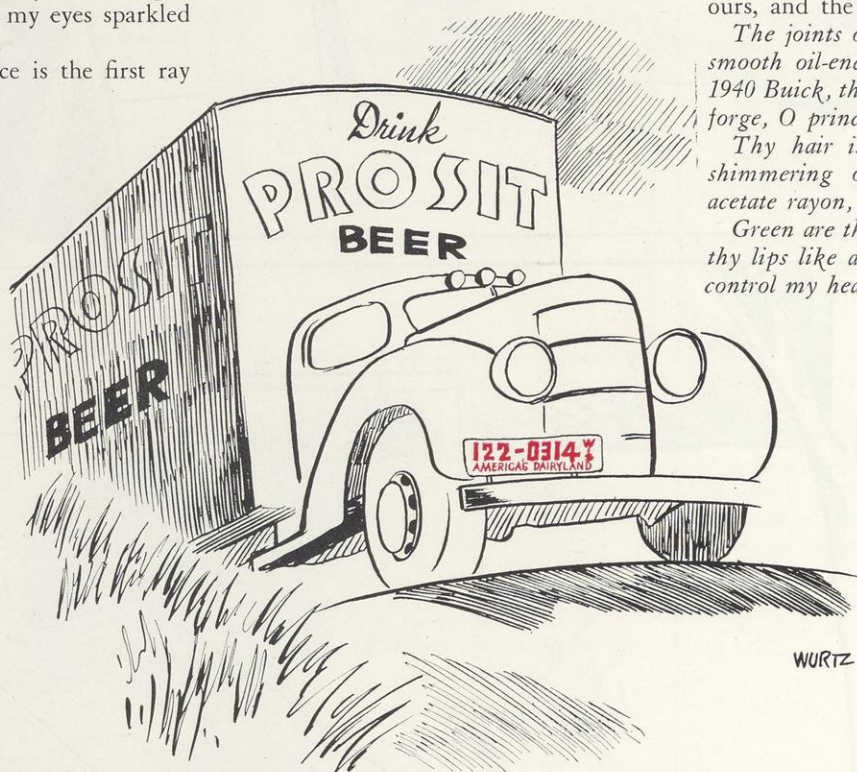
Thy presence fill-eth me with strength, as of Squibb vitamin tablets: like too much Bromo-Seltzer, my heart overfloweth and spilleth at thy feet.

That is certainly a more sanitary, stream-lined, economical, and efficient poetry than they turned out in Jerusalem in 975 B. C. Our tale-tellers and poets are just now waking

up to the opportunities of the business man's culture.

But now the cool winter sunshine pours through my study-windows like a long orange phosphate, and these Lux-like snow flakes dance down from the great Kelvinator sky. Winter is almost here; but the air-conditioned spring of a great age is just beginning.

—B. B.



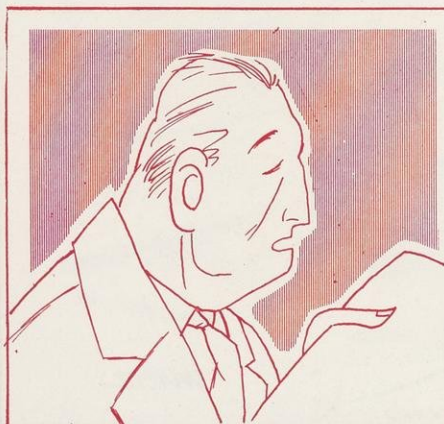
WURTZ

like a heap of wheat set about with lilies.

This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

[*Editor:* Hey, for Pete's sake! We can't print that sort of— *Author:* Well,

The Professor Tells His Joke . . .



Lay an Egg



ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who decided to stay up all Christmas eve to see if he could see Santa Claus. Early in the evening he hid under the sofa. By midnight every one had gone to bed and all was quiet. Then the little boy heard a noise up in the chimney. He got all excited, but he stayed under the sofa so that he wouldn't frighten Santa Claus away.

The rustling in the chimney increased and suddenly there was a plop. When the ashes had all settled down, the little boy looked and saw, not Santa Claus, but a big lop-eared rabbit.

The little boy was amazed. The rabbit hopped over to the tree and by a method that must be censored, deposited two or three great big multi-colored eggs. The little boy squirmed out from under the sofa and approached the rabbit.

"You aren't Santa Claus," said the little boy, "because Santa Claus doesn't lay eggs."

"No, I'm not Santa Claus," returned the rabbit—not batting an eye. "If you really want to know who I am, I'll tell you."

"Do," said the little boy.

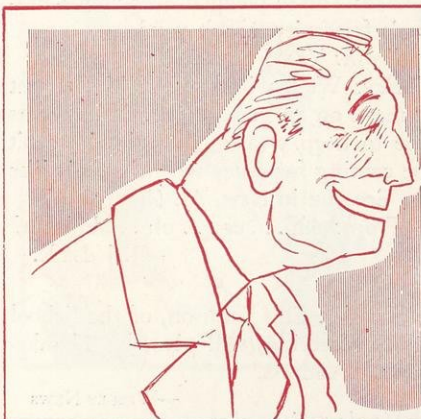
"I'm the Easter rabbit. You may think I'm a little early, but you understand—you know how unsettled the holiday calendar is this year—you can understand my having to come early to be sure. You see, it's—it's," the rabbit dropped his eyes apologetically, "it's just our unpredictable President."

"Get out of here!" cried the little boy, "I'm sick of these Roosevelt-and-holiday jokes."

—D. B.



"Your own son home one night the whole winter, and you won't let him have the car!"



ED. MAYLAND



Beauty and the Infant

Place:

A fraternity house telephone booth.

Time:

9 o'clock in the evening.

Freshman: Hello, operator? ... Fairchild 7101.

Switchboard: Ann Emery.

Frosh: May I speak to Beverly Meister, please?

Room 306: Hello.

Frosh: Hello, may I speak to Beverly?

Room 306: This is she.

Frosh: Hello, Beverly, this is Alfred Larson. I ...

Beverly: Alfred who?

Frosh: Alfred Larson. You know ... History 1 ... I met you at your open house too.

Beverly: Oh yes ... well?

Frosh: Well ... well ... er, that was some lecture this morning, wasn't it?

Bev: It certainly was.

Frosh: I was ... that is ... well, how are you coming with the course?

Bev: Oh, not half bad. And you?

Frosh: Oh, I like it all right; that is ... huh ... until that test we had in quiz section. By the way, are you ...

Bev: Could you make it short, Al? I've got to get ready for a coke date now.

Frosh: Well, I was wondering ... you know Pre-Prom ...

Bev: What?

Frosh: I mean ... er ... that is, do



you know what the reading assignment is for history this week?

Bev: Reading assignment? Is that what you want?

Frosh: Well, not exactly.

I was wondering maybe perhaps by chance you weren't doing anything next ...

Bev: Oh, I'm awfully sorry, Al. I'm all taken care of for weeks and weeks ahead. Now about that reading assignment. I think it's chapters 7 and 8 in ...

Frosh: Oh ... uh ... I see. You don't think that ...

Bev: Yes, that's it; pages 208 to 251 for Friday. Now I'll have to go if you don't ...

Frosh: Okay, okay, I've got the assignment. Some other time, maybe, huh? I just thought that ...

Bev: Oh, just another thing. Would you do something for me, Al?

No, No!

HE murmured
Softly
"Please."
I shook
My head.
His great
Brown eyes
Came close
To Mine.



Then
I felt
The hot
Blood make
My cheek
Grow red.
I thought
I'd better
Try
Another
Line.
His hair
Was curled
In ringlets
On
His brow.
His hand
Crept close
And made
My heart
Beat fast.
I thought
"I'd better
Stop
This business
Now,"
And said
"I DON'T
Like shoes
Which have
That last."

—V.C.



Frosh: Why ... er ... sure thing, Beverly; I'd be glad to ...

Bev: You're pledged over at Joe Fraser's fraternity, aren't you?

Frosh: Yes, I am.

Bev: Well, will you tell him to get a move on and come over. If he wants me to keep wearing his pin, he can't be coming for dates when he feels like it. See you in class, Al. (hangs up)

Frosh: Ah ... er ... uh ... hmmm?
—J. J. La R.

Dear F. Ellis Johnson, of the School of Engineering, will give the Thanksgiving Address.

Apple-polishers!

—WESLEY NEWS



The Prudish Housemother Who Went Too Far

A Winter's Tale



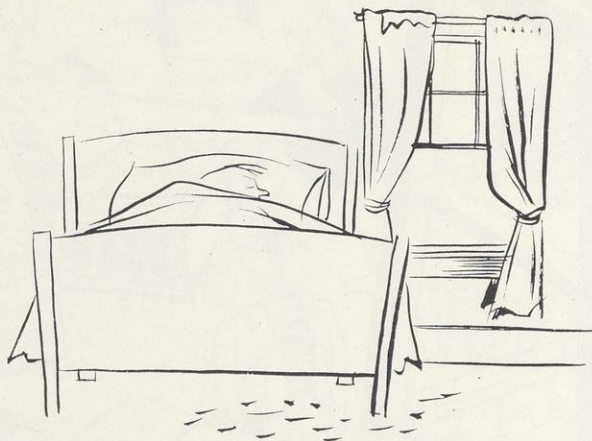
BEING A FINE, GROWN-UP SENIOR, RODNEY
REALIZES CHRISTMAS VACATION IS REALLY
TERM-PAPER FORTNIGHT—



AND THEREFORE GATHERS HIS BOOKS AND
NOTES AND TYPEWRITER—



AND HURRIES HOME TO MAMA AND
PAPA—



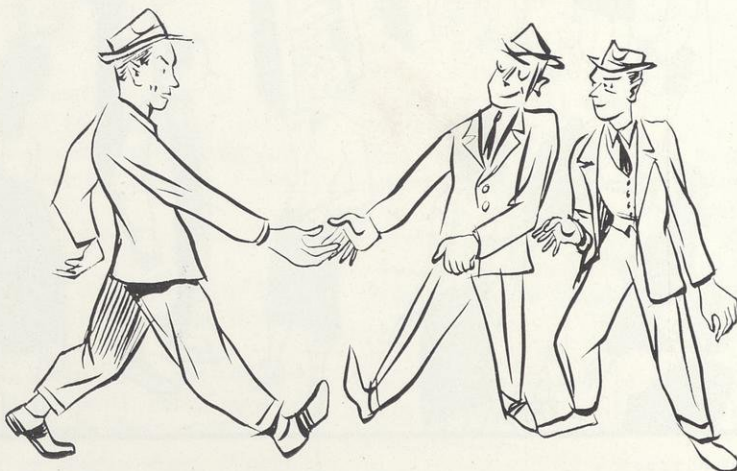
SO HE CAN START WORK AS SOON AS HE'S RESTED
UP FROM THE TRAIN RIDE—



AND HAS BEEN AROUND TO SEE THE
RELATIVES—



AND HAS DONE A FEW ODD JOBS AROUND THE HOUSE, LIKE
GIVING THE CAR A GOOD GOING-OVER FOR A CHANGE—

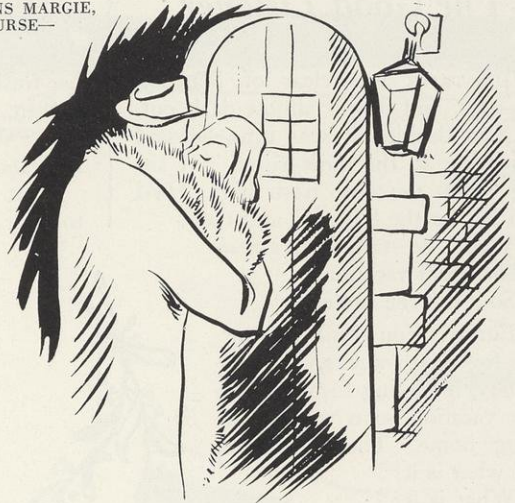


AND FINALLY GOT HOLD OF PETE AND FRITZ—

FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE—



AND THAT MEANS MARGIE,
TOO, OF COURSE—



TO HER OLD HIGH-SCHOOL
SORORITY FORMAL—



AND ONE NIGHT TO THE MOVIES WITH HER, AND
CHRISTMAS NIGHT OUT CAROLLING, AND
NEW YEAR'S EVE OUT HOWLING—



NECESSITATING AT LEAST A GOOD DAY
OF RELAXATION AND SKATING—



BEFORE THE COLD PLUNGE BACK TO
COLLEGE FOR THE FIRST WEEKS OF
THE NEW YEAR—



WHICH, OF COURSE, ARE KNOWN TO EVERY
SENIOR AS TERM-PAPER FORTNIGHT.

The Good Listener

THE TRAIN was clear of Madison now, and it was almost dark out.

Leo decided it was time he said something to the dark-haired girl sitting across the aisle from him. He'd seen her on the hill now and then.

"Well," he started, "it's really Christmas vacation."

"So it is," she agreed.

"Funny. You think to yourself for days, weeks, before—oh boy, it's going to be Christmas vacation soon and I'll be going home. Then it comes, and what is it?"

"What is it?"

"I don't know—it's just *this*. It's the same. It might as well be yesterday, sitting and having a coke. It might as well be two weeks ago, sitting up before an exam."

"Don't talk about school."

Leo decided she was pretty dumb, but he had become interested in what he was saying himself. "You know," he went on, "sometimes I think the day is just about as good as another. We think the next one is going to be different. We sort of abstract reality when we're thinking about it, but when it comes it's nothing to talk about—except very rarely."

"I'm glad you think so," she said, irrelevantly. It was just one of the things people said when they hadn't anything to say. Oh well, if she couldn't talk, she was probably good for other things.

"Now, for instance," Leo continued, "already, though we've been out of Madison maybe ten minutes, I can imagine going back and seeing the lake and campus and meeting everybody. And when I get home, I'll be thinking, boy, it's going to be swell to be back. Why isn't it swell now, now that I'm on vacation, on this very train that I imagined? What the hell do I want out of life? Is it the same for you?"

"What?" she said.

"I say, is it the same for you?"

"Is *what* the same for me?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all," Leo said, with a fleck of sarcasm. She was disgusting, absolutely. He decided to get up and go through the trains looking for people he knew.

As he started to rise, she cried, "Oh, where are you going?"

"Just for a walk."

"Oh, don't go 'way," the girl smiled. "I like to hear you talk."

Leo sat down again, and regarded her fresh cheeks with regained interest. "I can wiggle my ears, too," he told her. "Which shall I do, talk or wiggle my ears?"

"Just talk," she said, deeply. "I like to hear you talk." —L. S.

'Fess Up

Confession's sure to ease your heart

*And leave it light and free,
So take your little soul apart
For all the girls to see.*

Describe in full your private hell,

*The weary midnight through
Those million things you should not tell*

But somehow, always do.

*And later when you lose your shirt,
The incident may show*

*You're certain never to be hurt
By what your friends don't know.*

—R. R.



Feel a Draft

*In lecture I sit staring
Beyond the farther wall,
The prof's most violent glaring
Disturbs me not at all.*

*I do not hear the rustle,
When chapters are assigned;
Dismissal's frantic bustle
Is distant from my mind.*

*In bluebooks, when I scribble,
I am not much concerned
If what I write is drivel
And not the stuff I've learned.*

*This blissful state of being
With men has naught to do,
For when my heart goes fleeing
My thoughts are dark with rue.*

*By love I'm not selected
My heart lies calm in me,
But just now I'm affected
By wintry lethargy.*

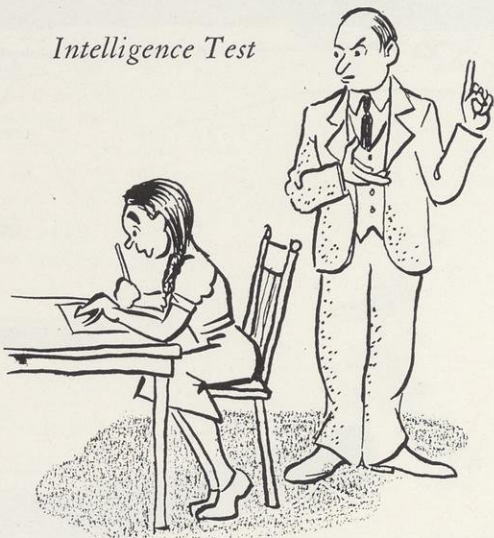
—H. A. L.

*"I hope there aren't any
more footnotes,
professor."*





"General von Schlumpf wants to know, can you spare a cup of sugar for the plum pudding?"

Intelligence Test*Anthropoid Research*

• •

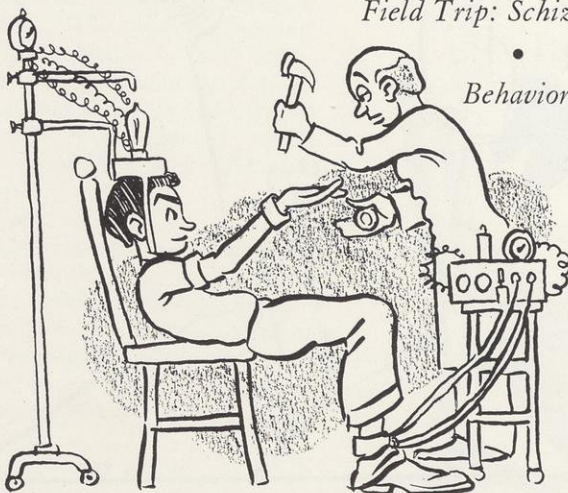
*The
Psychology
Department*

• •

Field Trip: Schizophrenia

• •

Behaviorist



"... and then, of
course, there is the
Freudian interpre-
tation ..."



Adventure of the Windmills



WHILE crossing the plain with his trusty squire Sancho Panza, Der Leth caught sight of several windmills and exclaimed:

"Fortune is guiding our affairs better than we could have desired. Look yonder, friend Sancho, where several huge editors are revealed whom I intend shall crucify me with countless publicity. With that we will enrich ourselves for this is fair war, and besides it is doing God great service to get my books sold."

"What editors?" asked Sancho Panza.

"Those thou seest there," replied his master, "with the long arms, whose leased wires are wont to be of 2,000 leagues length."

"Take care, sir," cried Sancho, "for those we see yonder are not editors but three-story windmills. And what in them looks like arms and leased wires are the sails which, being whirled about by the wind, make the millstone to go."

"It is manifest," answered Der Leth, "that thou art not more experienced in this manner of obtaining publicity than thou art in writing praiseworthy reviews of my books. They are editors, and if thou are afraid, get thee away home and dispose thyself to thick-fingered scribbling while I go to engage with them in fierce and unequal combat."

Without heeding the warning cries which Sancho Panza uttered, he immediately clapped spurs to Rozinante, his typewriter. So fully persuaded was he that they were editors that he did not stop to mark what they were, but shouted to them in a loud voice:

"Fly not, cowards, vile creatures! Though I do not find it any longer reasonable to expect fair play, lo! it is a single cavalier who assails you!"

War news having caused a slight breeze to spring up at this moment, the great sail-arms began to move. Perceiving this Der Leth cried:

"Although ye should wield more wires than does the giant Hearst, ye shall pay me tribute for my scrap books!"

Commending himself with his whole soul to his beloved lady Public, beseeching her to succor him in this peril, he charged at Rozinante's best gallop and attacked the first mill before

him. So great was the violence of his thrust that the lance was shattered to pieces in the turning sail, while the steed and its rider were sent rolling over the plain sorely damaged.

SANCHO PANZA hastened to his master's help as fast as his ass could go. Such a shock had Rozinante given the knight in his fall that he lay, quite



unable to stir, dreaming that he was stretched on the banks of the Wisconsin river being scrubbed with sand by his youthful admirers.

"God bless me," cried Sancho, "did I not tell your worship to look what you were doing? They were naught but windmills. Nobody could mistake them but one who had more such wheels in his head."

"Peace, friend Sancho," said Der

Leth, "for the ways of publicity are more than others subject to continual mutation. And moreover, I believe that the same rascals who lately robbed me of my complacency hath turned these editors into windmills in order to deprive me of the glory of their overthrow. For so great is the enmity they bear me. But in the upshot their evil arts shall little avail against the goodness of my wit."

"God send it as He will," answered Sancho. Being helped to rise, the knight remounted Rozinante whose keys were half dislocated by the tumble.

—E. N.

Wet Your Lips

I CAN write a verse for Octy
And, if need be, make it rhyme.
Perhaps I'd pass my chemistry
If I should take the time.

I get around enough to have
A man or two to spare;
Of propositions, pro and con,
I've got my equal share.

I often think I'm pretty good—
At least as good girls go,
But now I'm in the sort of mood
Described as indigo.

The gloom is deep enough to see;
The atmosphere is dense—
My ego has deserted me;
I've lost my confidence.

By pride I'm totally forsook;
I've not a thing to say—
Last week I had my picture took.
The proofs came back today.

—H. A. L.

Elementary Survey of Frustration

HAVE you ever been in math class now and then, now and then—

In a masculine math 5 class now and then?
Where you look around you blindly
For a single word that's kindly,
And you only hear the crack behind your back?

Have you ever been in chem lab every day, every day,
In a quantitative chem lab every day?—
where the most you make are gases
And no man has heard of passes
And your sex appeal has pass-ed with the acid?

Do you know the ways of science with a maid, with a maid,
Of a scientific science with a maid?—
Well, dear Glicksman, I've obeyed 'em;
By the living God that made 'em,
I swear next year this poor wreck will be Home Ec!

—C. R.

Memoirs of a Roades Scholer, III

By Godfrey Funk, Esk.



HIS is a continuation of the articals I (a wis. allumnus) wrote for youse readers before in the wis. Oct. well, I'm hear in the quain't village of Oxford at last. The first thing I did when I got hear was threefold: I got settled in a flat, I got enregistered in my Eng. Lit. course, and I got a by-cicle.

I had quite a job getting a joint to stay in while here. The jerks who run the univ. said I'd have to stay in a bilding with all the other "blokes" in my colledge, which had ought to be pretty good I thought then, until they showed me the room and I'd staid there a night. Its in a big stone bldg. but the room is the reverse size. All one wall is a window almost and the other wall is an ornamantle fire place with a bed with a curtan stuck up on four posts over it in the middle of said room. I red somewhere once that

*"The olden clothed canopie
Does catch the louses nightlie
Which falle from ceiling heightie-e
To bighteth three."*

(Handrake, Wm. B., "Antique Pestilancie," 1664) and I couldn't never figure out why the louses couldn't crawl to the underside of the canopy and drop from their. So I figured if they'd gone and put canopys their, they must of had a reason for it, so I didnt sleep in bed but in a chair.

Its beginning to get pretty damn cold

here now and esp. when it gets dark. One of the first things I did was to look for a radiator to set on when I got there but after a fruitless search of over an hour, I couldn't find none, so at last in desperition I bilt a bond fire in the ornimantal fire place with some sticks I found lying around and towards a. m. I had to use the back part of the bed, but with even all the fire all the heat went up the chimny so I still froze and sat there like an icycle all night.

WELL, now, I tell you, I wasnt going to live in a shack like that (it was even worst than the place I had on West Johnson St. back at Madison). So came the morn I went hunting for a suitable place to stay.

I finally found a flat accros the town which is prety good—at least better than any others in town. It hasn't got no windows so the cold air wont be comming in and there isnt a fire place to let all the heat go up the chimny. The owner said I could make up for the lack of radiators and fireplaces buy bilding a fire on the floor (it's dirt so it wont catch fire) and keep all the heat in the room. It works, two, except that it keeps a lot of the smoke in with it.

Well, when I finally got setled, I went to enregister in my course in Eng. Lit. When you go to the univ. hear, you have to wear a cap and gown, like when I got my sheap skin at Wis. only all the time. This is very good if all you're cloths are at the lawndry or you get up late and have to rush to class



"... catch the louses ..."

• •

without waiting to put on your pants. I thought I had been discovered doing that the other day because every one I met wood stare down at me but I decided they were staring at my saddal shoes because no body wears them around here but I still ware them from habit (pun). But I'm still not too sure that it was the shoes they stared at that day.

When I enregistered I learnt something which I dont like about there system here. Its the regementation. You cant work up to be a Fellow here unless your first name is Donald. All the Fellows are called Don Ellroy this and Don Maurice that.

Another thing I had to get used to was everyone uses bicycles to go anyplace. I had used a velocipead (what the Eng. call a bicycle) only once before when I had gone from Madison to the Devil's Barbecue in Baraboo on a two day drunk while I was a scholer at UW, but I dont remember much about that, so I sort of wobbled for the first few days after I succumbed to the Eng. custom, and but for presserverance I would have given it up because of the trouble I had with my cap blowing off and my gown getting caught in the chain. I cured the latter by rolling up the gown—but that often proves imbarasing when the time is lacking in the erly a.m. and I neglect to wear pants as abovementioned.

(to be continued)

—D. B.



"... I succumbed to the Eng. custom ..."



OPERATOR: "Are you waiting, sir?"

Gathering Winter Fuel



WITH no no-cuts a man should surely
Do his Christmas leaving early.
So, fearing something may be missed,
The wise collegian checks his list—
There's the beer for the strain
Of that ride on the train,
And a goodly assemblage of Petty.
With due care he collects
All his old cancelled checks—
When he's through they resemble confetti.

The naive local best
Will, of course, be impressed
By his roommate's fraternity pin.
And his alibi's stocked
For the topcoat he hocked
To finance an orgy of sin.

There's the whole five-foot shelf
Of his books for himself
To display when dad's lectures get solemn.
And ten copies he'll take
Showing where, by mistake,
His name crashed a T'Shooter column.
Then he pours out his heart with the love that is in it—
He can mail it at home if he finds a free minute—
In a tender epistle with which to bring closer
His soul to a female whose home's Wauwatosa.
His suitcase is packed and the struggle is through.
With necessities present, what more should he do?
'Mid pleasures and palaces though he may roam,
A toothbrush is all a man needs to go home!

—C. R.

MY DARLING WISHING YOU ALL THE JOYS OF LIFE WITH ALL THE LOVE OF MY HEART THIS

CHRISTMAS DAY YOURS HENRY CV134

. . . MISS ALICE BRECHNER 1242

FRONT STREET TOLEDO O MY DEAREST

MERRY CHRISTMAS STOP I WISH FROM

THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART WE COULD

BE TOGETHER MY DEAR ONE LETTER

FOLLOWS BALDWIN CV135 . . .

CHARLES L FLEMING BELLEVUE

STRATFORD HOTEL PHILA PA DEAREST

CHARLIE WITH ALL MY HEART I SEND

YOU MY LOVE FOR CHRISTMAS AND

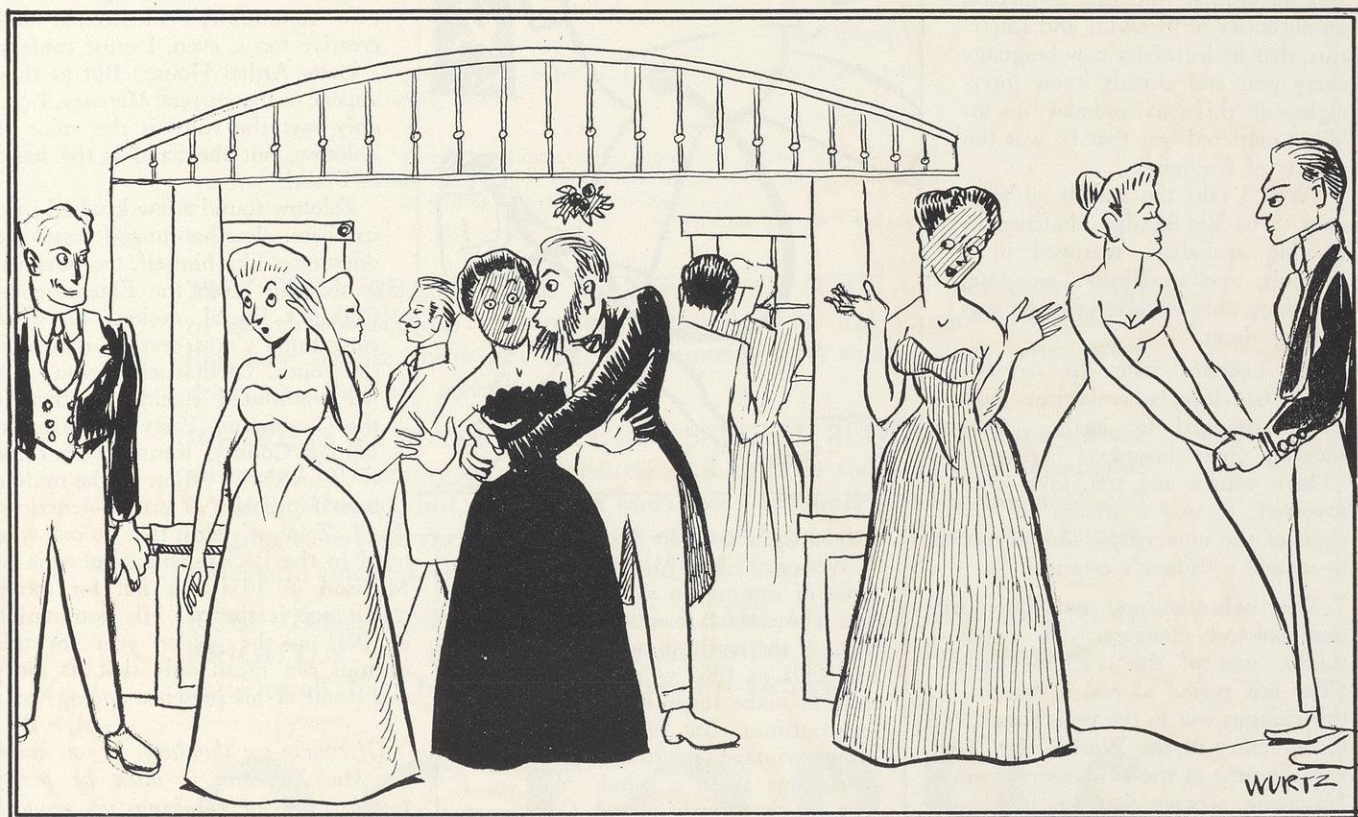
MY PRAYERS FOR YOUR HEALTH

WEALTH AND HAPPINESS DARLING

MARTHA CV136 . . . MRS PAUL



One Hundred Years Old—No. 4



The first all-university Christmas party was held on, of all days, Dec. 25, 1839, the year the Great Blizzard snowed out all roads surrounding Madison so that none of the fourteen out-of-city students could get home for the holidays. At the party in the home of Latin Professor Barnaby M. Malt, for whom the Malt House was later named, Dean Abner North kissed Miss Bessie Bell, a young English instructress after whom the Bell Tower was named, when she immodestly stood under the mistletoe. It was the scandal of the campus for months.

Muse on the Leash

For Auld Lang Zolotow

(Editor's note: In the current issue of the American Mercury is an article called Bohemia on the Campus, concerning the University of Wisconsin in 1931. Written by Maurice Zolotow, a former student here, the article reads as tenderly and smoothly as a tear running down a cheek. Its only defect, we learn from people who were also here in 1931, is that it's a lot of nonsense. And we won't smile when we say that, suh.)

WE DECIDED the best way to get at the article would be to go to its central figure—Prof. William Ellery Leonard. "Prof. Leonard," Zolotow writes, "symbolized the university."

"Wherever you walked . . . you were sure to bump into him taking a stroll, his large-jointed fingers clasped behind his back. That he was an old-hat romantic sonneteer, an authority on Beowulf and Lucretius, that he learned a new language every year and already knew forty-eight—all this was secondary to us. What mattered was that he was the apostle of freedom."

"Well," said the apostle of freedom to us last Sunday, slouched in his big arm-chair, wrapped in a bathrobe and smoking a cigarette, "Zolotow didn't know what he was talking about."

Dr. Leonard hates to see the whole free-love-bohemianism-radicalism dragged up again. "That rocking chair business," he says. "There wasn't any free love issue involved. It was a matter of the right of the university's administration to invade a student's quarters."

The bohemianism and liberalism that Zolotow eulogizes, Dr. Leonard thinks, was of the crackpot variety. "The last period of real liberalism on this campus was in the years from 1912 to our entry in the World War. That was the time of the Wisconsin Literary Magazine, a paper that was just about as good as The New Republic, with young writers like Ernie Meyer, who's on The New York Post now, R. D. Jamieson—he's at Tsing-Hua University in Peiping—Johann Smertenko, and Horace Gregory. That was the time of the old University Forum, with speakers like Norman Angell."

Dr. Leonard has no recollection whatsoever of Zolotow, but said that, of course, meant nothing one way or the other. "I don't know," he said, shaking his head at the whole business. "I don't know."

* * *

There were others whom we spoke with who put it a lot more strongly. One of these, now an instructor in the economics department, wrote us a piece about Bohemia on the Campus. It follows.

* * *



I READ the article on the University of Wisconsin in 1931 A.D. with the sense of coming on something strange and momentous; it appears to be a segment of the world in one of those years like 1492 or 1066 which only wait on time to make them Roman *I's* in college outlines. But for me, and others of my vintage, its strangeness lies in revelations about a mind. You see I was in the Experimental College in 1931, and I knew Zolotow.

Out of his feel of kinship for them, he came to join the queeries that lived and worked and played in Adams Hall. I remember well when Zolotow first appeared among us. We sat, in customary fashion, around an open fire in La Follette House den, when in

walked this person under a curled and elegant mustache. Upon his coat lapel there hung a medal. (Later researchers revealed it was a prize for high school dramatic criticism.) "Well, fellows," he asked, the voice an octave too low, a decible too loud, "what after all is truth?"

"Look," said someone, "an intellectual, fresh from Public School No. 49 in Brooklyn!"

"Scram, Nancy," said someone else and I wouldn't be surprised if it was me. And when he backed out, pulling a copy of the *New Republic* from his pocket to grace a hasty exit, we returned to our discussion of Clara Bow.

Not that we weren't queer in a way, too—we were—but we were exclusive; we could take our dialectic or leave it alone. Zolotow never learned to hold his absolutes.

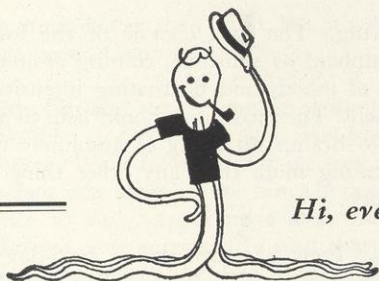
I knew all the people whom he has made into composites and dressed in complexes for selling to a gullible editor. I knew the spiked beer they sold on State Street, the Dago red that made Regent Street the community's intellectual and creative focus, even, I must confess, I knew Arden House. But as they appear in the current *Mercury*, I can only say: the voice is the voice of Zolotow, but the hand is the hand of Freud.

Zolotow found a few kindred spirits here. Leather-lunged crackpot dilettantes like himself, too obviously mad for even the Experimental College's liberal notions of what constituted a cross-section of American youth. Of that select group one has committed suicide, another is the Communist Party organizer in Harlan County, Kentucky, a third is the executive officer in the middle west for Hitler's German-American Bund. Zolotow's bleat that no one who lived in the Bachannalian Bohemia of Madison in 1931 can fall for totalitarian pop is absurd. His nomination of 1931 as the golden year for this campus can mean only that its glory is a result of his presence among us.

—M. S. P.

Of course we shouldn't be too harsh on Mr. Zolotow. It must be pretty tough to keep thinking up enough pieces to make your living as a hack writer. After a while you're willing to turn your literary passion loose on anything that might pay the month's rent.

Mr. Zolotow, we'll tell you now, was an old Octopus man. Now—haven't we been unflinching and entirely objective about this whole thing?—L. S.



Hi, everybody! We hope you won't think us boastful...

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—DEAN GEORGE SELLERY

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—BENNETT A. CERF, *publisher, Random House, Inc.*

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—ELIZABETH ROLLENT, *editorial offices, Life Magazine*

" . . . Wisconsin's funnypaper . . ."

—*Time Magazine*

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—WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

THE ONLY REASON WE BRING ALL OF THIS UP is that we want to see this Wisconsin institution continued. The way it gets continued is that new people come out for the magazine and *work*. They write, they draw, and they sell advertisements.

WE WISH TO MAKE A SPECIAL, SPECIAL REQUEST that all those interested in working on the business staff drop in soon. The editorial staff is writing this ad, but, Lordy, we know only too well that the business staff constitutes at least the *red* corpuscles of our life's blood. If you want bigger, fatter and juicier Octopuses, come and help out.

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OCTOPUS

"A Career for Youth"

According to the Records

The Classical



SURELY, elegantly, the Philadelphia Orchestra with Eugene Ormandy in the podium has tricked up Mozart's *Divertimento No. 10, in F Major* with all the grace of a sophisticated rustic dance. And a delightful thing it is, all the way around. In the patterned variability of the clean, resounding music there is a picture

of Mozart cavorting with the Rococo genius, traipsing from diamond-dewed dells and beribboned shepherd's-crooks to marble-floored ball rooms and reflecting mirrors without end. Yet here is the strenuous hand of the twenty-year-old Mozart visible in superb reality, creating miracles in the very act of settling down into his craft.

This *Divertimento* is orchestrated for strings and two horns; out of the interplay, and especially in the first sonata movement and the Allegro conclusion, there rises a wealth of gloriously melodious passages. Here is music designed to ring in the ear unfrayed for days to come. This album is a haven for those who have cast off the delusion of Wagner and are not quite sure where to turn. *Victor*.

Columbia has added to its Masterworks series Brahms' *Symphony No. 1, in C Minor*. Recorded by Felix Weingartner and the London Symphony Orchestra, it is the most masterly interpretation to date of this monumental work. Although apparently written under the tutelage of Beethoven, this first symphony differs not so much in kind as in degree from the temper of Brahms' great predecessor. As a mark of the difference, there is primarily the compelling exposition of the two levels on which this symphony attracts the listener: the almost cross-referential complication of the many themes, leading analysis a merry chase, and the immediately apparent, resolved character of the work as a whole. The combination is peculiarly Brahms, as is demonstrated so clearly in this first of his symphonies. It displays the many sophistications in the art of Brahms; his method here is perhaps as close to that of the textual scholar as is compatible with original creative work.

But it is exactly the academic quality which gives the strength and body to his work, and his transcending of the academicism rampant in him which constitutes its greatness. Heavy, often gruff, this symphony is nonetheless spir-

itually rich and moving. The lush chorale of the fourth movement is as triumphant as sunshine, coming as it does after the wide range of moods and fluctuating intensity of the preceding movement. The recording should help to allay the modish reaction to Brahms, it being of absolutely first-rate quality and revealing more than any other thing the multiplicity of the work.

Tinkle-tongued Lily Pons has provided a field-day for her admirers in *Victor's* album, *Lily Pons in Song*. And as true as Christmas trees are now in bloom, here is Miss Pons in song. There is nothing quite like that glistening coloratura, one feels. So controlled, so flawlessly accurate in these recordings as to seem nothing short of marvelous.

Miss Pons here capers through the well-strayed gardens of the inevitable coloratura repertoire, including such reliables as *Le Beau Danube Bleu*, *Villanelle*, and *Les Roses d'Ispahan*. Then too there are two quiet, fluttering Debussy songs and beyond anything else, an incomparable rendering of the *Une Tabatiere a Musique*, with nasalizations as mechanically flat as the text requires. Add to Miss Pons being consistently in superb voice the fact that Andre Kostelanetz conducts the orchestral accompaniments, and the picture is just about complete. These are songs filled with fresh morning breezes, and Miss Pons is completely up to them.

One may have outgrown the particular aspect of Tschai-kowsky apparent in his *Nutcracker Suite*, but it's a vile-hearted wretch who will dance in attendance at an open desecration of that facile music. Desecration is the word for Alexander Smallens' and the Decca Little Symphony Orchestra's rendition, apparently designed for the juke box trade. To accentuate, as Mr. Smallens does, the natural glibness of the score here proves disastrous. It is like snapping a statue that is generally accepted as marble and, amid the resounding clatter of the echo within, proving the material is but dross, and patchy at that.

Coupled in *Victor's* Album M-618 are Beethoven's *Consecration of the House Overture* and Paisiello's *The Barber of Seville Overture*. The first named is interesting chiefly because it represents Beethoven consciously subjecting his pen to the style of his predecessor Handel. It is a work of many climaxes, leaving the listener in large part fagged. The Paisiello overture is worth hearing, if only because of its historical significance, being part of the opera which Rossini's later version of the "Barber" had to overcome before it gained the boards once and for all. There is something close to orchestrated slapstick in Paisiello's version, but the general impression is of its strong, wiry quality. Both the Beethoven and Paisiello overtures are brilliantly recorded by the Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting.

—D. H.

The Popular

It doesn't seem as though the dirty, two-fisted, low-down hot jazz critics are taking Benny Goodman's new sextet (Goodman; Hampton; Fletcher Henderson on piano; Artie Bernstein, bass; Nick Fatool, drums; and Charlie Christian, guitar) to their bosoms. But, gosh, maybe we're not as uncouth as we think we are, because for our money *Rose Room* is as good as there is. It keeps a swelling, throbbing beat throughout, gives Christian a chance to do one of the sweetest electric guitar solos we've heard, and in general leaves a very nice taste in the mouth. *Flying Home*, we'll grant,

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isn't much better than so-so, but it's not much worse than pretty good. *Columbia*.

* * * *

Judy Garland sings a couple of songs from "The Wizard of Oz" on a *Decca* double—*The Jitterbug* and *Over the Rainbow*. We'll be darned if we can remember when *The Jitterbug* was sung in the film. It doesn't make much difference to Judy, apparently; she's nice. For some screwy reason we were surprised to find that she sounded just the same on records as she does in the movies; as we said, she's nice.

* * * *

Tommy Dorsey does just about what you'd expect with two songs from the new Jerome Kern musical, "Very Warm for May." *That Lucky Fellow* and *All the Things You Are* are both danceable and sing-it-in-her-earable. *Victor*.

* * * *

Wee Bonnie Baker, the young lady who seems to have cooed her way past Madeleine Carroll and Hedy LaMarr in the college boys' heart of hearts, does another pleasant job with *If I Knew Then*. She sings with Orrin Tucker's orchestra, you know; Orrin himself takes care of the feminine trade with the vocal on the reverse, *All in Favor Say "Aye."* We, of course, will take Bonnie. *Columbia*.

* * * *

Hot jazz from the latter part of the classic age (1932, in this case—any jive coming Before Goodman, it seems, is in the classic age) is spread all over *Lay Your Racket* and *I Want You Tonight*, reissued by *Bluebird* from an old cutting by Sidney Bechet and his New Orleans Feetwarmers. It really is a sensational double, with Bechet, on soprano sax, and Ladnier, on trumpet, leading the attack. If *I Want You Tonight* doesn't make you feel that you're half-drunk in a booth somewhere on 125th Street—or Basin Street—then you've never been half-drunk in a booth somewhere on 125th Street or Basin Street. That's all right, too.

* * * *

The Raymond Scott Quintet slugs out a *must*—or at least an *ought to*—in *New Year's Eve in a Haunted House* and *The Girl With the Light Blue Hair*. *Columbia*.

The Andrews sisters and Bing Crosby join forces in just about the nicest novelty number of the month—*Yodelin' Jive*. In *Chiribiribin* they're, oh, disappointing is strong enough. *Decca*.

Kay Kyser's "students" will probably be satisfied with *Hello, Mr. Kringle* and *What's New*. *Columbia*.

Eddy Duchin's students (ourselves, among them) will not be satisfied, however, with *Goody Goodbye* or *Smarty Pants*. Another Duchin pair, *Honestly* and *If What You Say Is True*, is a lot better. *Columbia*.

Victor is showing considerable imagination these days. Witness Alec Templeton's unusual monologues, of which *The Three Little Fishes*, as Dr. Walter Damrosch would present it on a musical appreciation program for kiddies, is perhaps the best example. Witness the dramatic recordings, like John Gielgud and Edith Evans in a scene from "The Importance of Being Earnest." Witness their swell reissues under the *Bluebird* label. Witness.

Decca offers a Big Ten College Medley played by the King's Band that you might like to have around the house.

A very fine record, marked by dandy scoring and a Shavian clarinet at its best, is Artie Shaw's *I Surrender, Dear* and *Oh, Lady Be Good*. *Bluebird*.

Bob Crosby's Bob Cats go through *Washington* and *Lee Swing* and *Peruna* in not their best Dixieland style. They've really done lots better. *Decca*.

—L. S.

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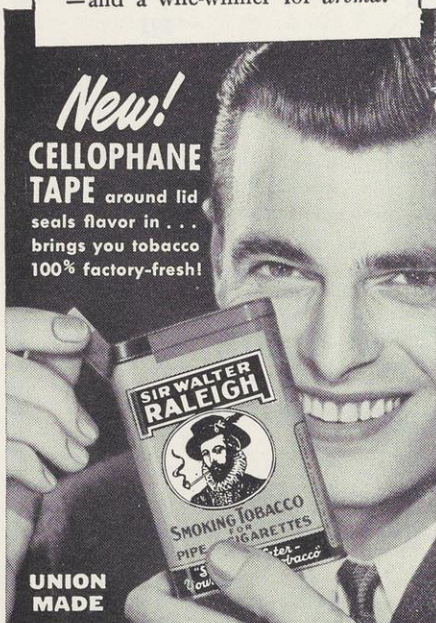


HAVE A HEART on your husband, ma'am—don't bawl him out for smoking. After all, it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy *tobacco* he always buys.



NO MORE FIGHTS. Some friend switched him to Sir Walter—two ounces of cool-smokin' burley—so mild it *never* bites the tongue—and a wife-winner for *aroma*!

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IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

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

"... And Laughter Holding Both His Sides ..."

Housewife (to tramp): "I know you. You are one of the tramps I gave a pie to last summer."

Tramp: "You are right, madam. You gave it to three of us. I am the sole survivor."

—Fig-Leaf

Teacher—Jimmie, are you eating candy or chewing gum?

Jimmie—Neither; I'm soaking a prune to eat at recess.

—Old Line

A student of English, named Pike, Insisted on saying "oblique."

Though his teacher would shriek That the word was "oblique," He said, "Nope, I knows what I like."

—Pumpkin

Moore: "Say, got a cigarette?"

Stone: "Sure, but they're all promised."

—New Republic

Will

Oh, mother, may I go out to swim? Why not, my darling daughter, You're so damned near naked anyhow You'd look better in the water.

—Bored Walk

A young lady went into a drug store. "Have you any Lifebuoy?" she asked.

"Set the pace, lady," said the young drug clerk, "set the pace."

—Ranger

Prof: "What is geometry?"

Stude: "The little acorn grew and grew, and one day woke up and said, 'Gee-om-etry'."

—Oshkosh O'Gosh

"Won't you join me in a cup of coffee?"

"You get in first."

—Record

"I guess you've gone out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

No answer.

"I say, I guess you've gone out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

"I heard you the first time, I was trying to think."

—Schmaltz's Weekly

*A morose and extraneous louse
Met a moth in the pelt of a mouse.*

*The moth was a fussy
But sensual hussy*

Whom he took as his common-law spouse.

—Lampoon

A man who took a great pride in his lawn, found to his dismay last fall a heavy crop of dandelions. He did his best to uproot and destroy them, but all his efforts were unsuccessful, so he decided to write to the Federal Department of Agriculture to ask for some advice.

In his letters he described his woes at great length, told all about the things that he had tried and done to destroy the pesky dandelions and ended by asking: "What do I do now?"

In due time came this reply: "We suggest you learn to love them."

—Froth

"What's your name?"

"I don't know, but I'm beautiful."

—Froth

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Scene in the counting room of the election committee in a small town in Georgia.

Time: Two hours before the closing of the polls.

Official Counter: "Say, what do ah do with this heah Republican ballot?"

—Oshkosh O'Gosh

There should be no monotony

In studying your botany;

It helps to spur and train the brain
Unless you haven't gotny.

—Eight-ball

Cop—Say, young fellow, there's no parking here; you can't loaf along this road!

Voice Within Car—Who's loafing?

—Meatball

*A flea and fly in a flue
Were imprisoned, but what could they do?*

*Let's flee said the fly,
Let's fly said the flea,
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.*

—Pumpkin

Justice: "Do you take this woman for butter or for wurst?"

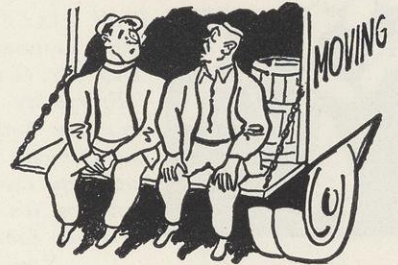
Groom: "Oh, liver alone, I never sausage nerve."

—Lampon

"How do you manage to keep drinking coffee at the Phi Gam House?"

"I take a spoonful of Drano every week."

—Covered Wagon



"A whole year we're the best thing in the issue, and Christmas comes, and what do they do to us?"

He-Frosh: "Do you love me?"

She-Frosh: "Uh-hunh."

He-Frosh: "Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?"

—Madison Business
College Bugle

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Worm;

Him dummy.

Him got no mummy,

Him got no legs;

Him crawl on his tummy,

Him dummy,

Worm.

—Appleton Applesauce

Medico: Ask the accident victim what his name is, so we can notify his family.

Nurse (a few minutes later): He says his family knows his name, sir.

—Tennessee Turnip

"Oh, Fred, the baby has swallowed the matches. What shall we do?"

"Here, use my lighter."

"Ma! Ma! A big truck just ran over Pa and squashed him all over the street!"

"Junior, how many times have I told you not to talk about such things when I'm eating?"

—Fortune

COME NEXT SUNDAY AND HEAR REV. HUGH DANNING. *Keep a Stiff Upper Lip.*

—Westwood Baptist Church

Hold on a minute, Rev., we're coming.

—Lampon

Girls wear ribbons in their hair because,—all bags should be tied at the top.

—Snake-Eye

A man walked into the pool parlor and said: "I'll give a dollar to the laziest man in here."

A man lying on a billiard table: "Roll me over, buddy, and stick it in my back pocket."

—Prankster

She: "We're going to give the bride a shower."

He: "Count me in. I'll bring the soap."

—Filibuster

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In The Editor's Brown Study

A Personal Letter



FEW afternoons ago I had a rather unusual letter, saying:

Dear Mr. Octopus,

Everybody is saying that there isn't any Santa Claus. Papa says that I should write to you and find out. Papa says, "If you see it in the OCTOPUS, it's so." Mr. Octopus, is there any Santa Claus?

Your friend, Santa Claus

Well, Santa, I admit it was something of a surprise to hear from you. I was just sitting down to write my own letter to you. So I'll answer yours right away.

I know it's been hard for you, Santa, to keep believing in yourself. There are so many sourpusses who go around growling, "Bah . . . Christmas . . . something the merchants thought up to clean out their stock. Cheap, sentimental fudge used to sweeten up their filthy commercialism."

Then there are the lewdies who tell Santa Claus jokes and draw cartoons in *Esquire* (and the bushels of college magazines that live off *Esquire*) showing you climbing down a chimney to visit some wench.

And the "modern" parents who think children shouldn't be filled up with fairytales about you.

And the editorial writers and cartoonists who will decide they have thought up the greatest gag of the age when they draw a blood-soaked battlefield and write beneath it, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Santa, if you really want to know, I came near doing one like that myself. But every time I tried to get out a good nasty crack, it would stick in my throat. I couldn't be nasty, because I still believe in you, Santa Claus.

And what reason have we lucky fools to feel nasty about Santa Claus and Christmas? What whimpering babies we'd be!

When we see the good spirit the little people across the ocean are fighting to maintain, and are maintaining, in this miserable war, we should be ashamed. It takes a darn sight more courage to keep your chin up and be pleasant and whimsical—to tell funny stories and laugh at them, and to work for better days—than it does to sulk in a corner, scowling and muttering about the end of the world, or at least of idealism, and imagining yourself a fine, embittered, disillusioned cynic.

Santa, I hope you haven't become a disillusioned old cynic. Sometimes, here in the office, we sour up—but whenever a *Punch* comes from England, smelling of good fun, good taste, rich ale, and . . . alack . . . gunpowder, we take heart again.

Or when we see a card from England with some little family smiling broadly and wishing us a very merry Christmas from the entrance of their bomb-proof.

YOU know, you've really got to buck up, Santa. If you listen to the things people say about you long enough, you even begin to believe them yourself. You forget that you're really a nice fellow who doesn't want to bother anybody (wants, in fact, to help out if it's possible) and is after leading a jolly, peaceful life with a few good friends handy . . . and you get to thinking, so they think I'm a dirty dog, do they? Well, I'll show those stinkers. Maybe I *am* a dirty dog. I'll get even. I'll show them that even a dirty dog has teeth and can bite.

And sometimes you remember that that sounds pretty much like a quotation from *The Merchant of Venice*, and you laugh at yourself and beg Mr. Shakespeare's pardon . . . and sometimes you don't notice it at all, and you *do* turn into a dirty dog. There are an awful lot of dirty mad dogs running in the streets these days, Santa. I'll be darned if I know what to do about them. Even if I did, and was positive of "a program," as are some of the boys and girls who put all their faith in points A, B, C & D, I wouldn't take any odds on my perfect program's being successful. I don't think we can get away from the fact, Santa, that these are pretty black days for the world and that, when the historians write about us, they won't have many nice things to say. We're in a pretty rotten mess.

But that doesn't mean we have to make things worse than they are. Living is still fun. The books we haven't read, the music we haven't heard, the stories we haven't told, the children we haven't had . . . the *living* we haven't done! Kids like us are really just starting to know what living means. You know, when you think of war and what it would mean to our generation who've been studying and preparing for years—and to our parents—it just makes you sick, Santa.

Aw, shucks. I was supposed to be cheering you up, wasn't I? Well, look, Santa, there *is* a Santa and you're it, and you'll just have to believe me. Nobody, no dictator, no nation, no world state, no *nothing* can crush the spirit of Santy out of people. We little people have a heck of a time, but I've got a hunch we'll come through. And if we're not going to, I prefer to think we will. It's one of the luxuries I allow myself.

AND that reminds me, Santy . . . if you don't mind my sneaking up on you like this. There were a few other things I had in mind when I started to write. If it wouldn't be too much trouble, I wonder if you could bring me:

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 pr. ice-skates | 1 hockey stick |
| 3 typewriter ribbons | 1 colored muffler |
| 3 <i>funny</i> writers | 2 boxes fudge (white) |
| 1 more cartoonist | 1 paint brush |
| 3 good advertising men | 1 job after graduation |

I GUESS that's about all, Santy. Remember now: *preserventia vincit omnia*, and you are a real Santa, and don't forget the presents. I have been a good boy, I think.

Yours respectfully, —L. S.





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