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The Wisconsin **Octopus**



from

15¢



An Outboard Steeplechase at Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Florida



THAT'S MALCOLM POPE LEADING

THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE OUT. HEY, THIS IS DANGEROUS!

WAIT'LL THEY HIT THE FIRE HAZARD

HE Doubles in Danger!

STUNT ACE MALCOLM POPE, WHO DOUBLES FOR THE STARS, CRASHED THE MOVIES AT 60 MILES AN HOUR



I'D WANT TO BE! DOING MORE THAN 60 THROUGH THAT STUFF

SUPPOSE THEY SPILLED—OR STALLED?

40 Feet through the Air From an Inclined Platform Jump



The Last Hazard!



THE ONLY FINISHER—AND THE WINNER—MALCOLM POPE!

GREAT RACE, POPE. I'VE GOT A MOVIE CONTRACT FOR YOU. LET'S CLINCH IT WITH A CAMEL

A CAMEL ALWAYS GOES WITH A HAPPY ENDING. THEY ALWAYS TASTE SO GOOD



THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ME. A CAMEL IS JUST WHAT I WANT

MALCOLM POPE, Stunt Ace

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

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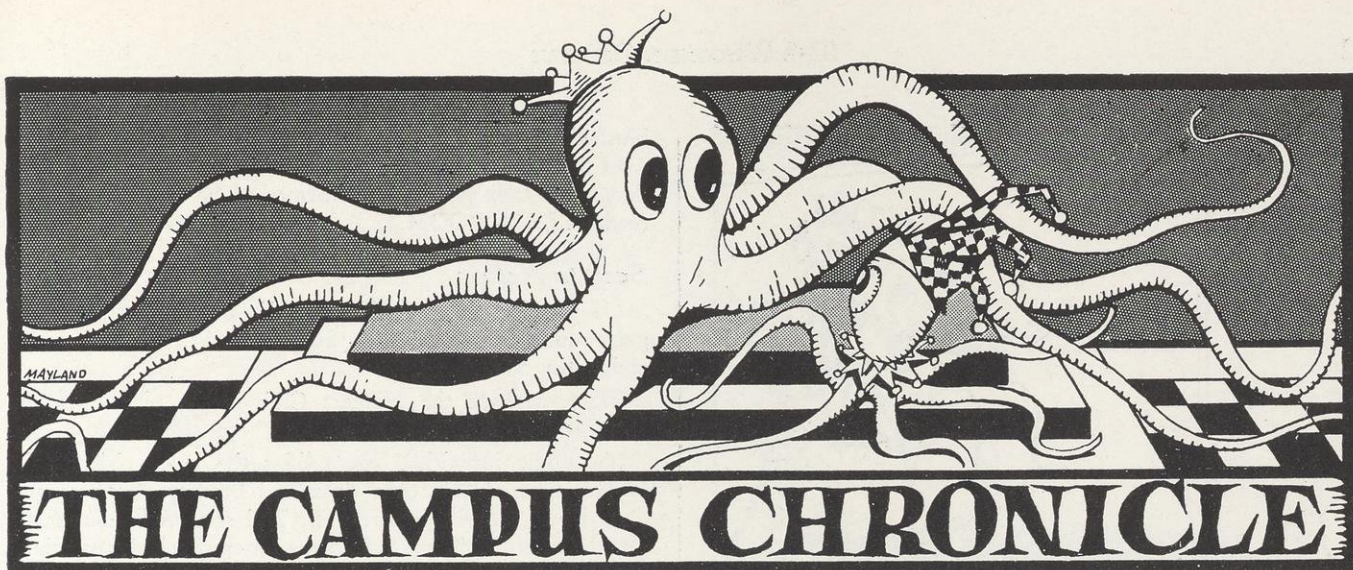
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THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



SOMEONE just came in and said that the temperature will be down to thirty-two below tonight, but we don't much care any more. Any time the thermometer sinks to lower than ten degrees above zero it isn't weather anymore. It's something evil. We still maintain that no one can be as cold as we were the other Thursday

and still live. An evil portent is in the air and all we can say is that this weather better break soon. People aren't going to keep gasping in the wind that comes screaming around Science hall much longer without doing something. Mark our words, there's going to be a revolution of some kind.

The only comforting thing about all this bitter chill is that it fits right in with the war and the new exam schedule. It's too cold out now to get really mad at the Japs or the Deans or no spring recess. It's too cold to do anything but stand around feeling the blood congeal in our veins. But when things get warmer, there'll be trouble. Not that we expect to be in on any of it. We're going to stay right here by this radiator till June 1 and just keep hoping that someone brings us food now and then.

We're just waiting for the day we walk down Langdon street and find an ear lying in the gutter.

Movie Version

Honest, it happened in a Journalism class. The professor was expounding his theory of Hearst, William Randolph (Orson Welles to you).

"I could never understand why Hearst was so much in favor of war," he wondered aloud. "Why was he always anxious for the United States to fight? Why was he always worrying about troop movements and armed strength? What made him so militaristic?"

And from the back of the room a low, sepulchral voice whispered:

"Rosebud!"

Blitz on St. Nick

The martial spirit that pervades the land influences even our tiny folk.

In the town where we live a beneficent chamber of com-

merce planned a jolly Christmas celebration for the kiddies; Santa Claus, free lollipops, and everything.

It was just dandy until old Santy started to pass out the candy. Then miniature hell broke loose. The little ones, groping, pushing, pummeling, surged forward and completely engulfed unfortunate Santa Claus. The lusty youngsters pressed toward him in an irrepressible mass, fighting for candy, tearing at Santa Claus' red and white suit.

Somewhat bewildered and terror stricken, Santa Claus escaped into a nearby business place. He went out the back door and dodged the juvenile mob by running down the alley.

In safety, further down the street, kindly old St. Nick again started to dispense the free confections. But it was no use. He was mobbed again.

The battle-maddened kiddies pressed forward anew with increased fury.

At last, Santa Claus and the chamber of commerce gave up. The candy was flung to the surging throng and the once jolly old St. Nick was spirited away in an automobile.

As an aftermath to the unfortunate affair a youthful warrior paraded about bearing a trophy of the recent fray.

"Hey, look what I got!" he yelled in triumph.

And he waved aloft Santa Claus' bedraggled black oil cloth belt.

The Power of Suggestion

Psychology 1 taught us that we are creatures of habit. Up till now we just let it go at that. But last week the force of this great psychological truth was impressed upon us most profoundly.

We watched a friend of ours as he left his history lecture. He was deep in thought over the words of wisdom which had just been delivered to him. In blank-faced reverie he stumbled out of the lecture room and into the halls. As he walked to his next class a light of recognition lit his face as he nodded to a coed who was in the same class. Still im-

mersed in history, he subconsciously followed the girl. Down the hall she led the way. Our friend and his vacant stare trailed behind.

Then the coed turned to the left and opened the door. Our friend, in a stupor, still followed. But only briefly. The very next moment he was alert and awake, conscious of the fact that he had made a grave error. He gasped,



B.



Writing papers, studying notes,
 Reading books, memory quotes,
 Gorgeous Gertie's working fast.
 But who wouldn't help Gertie pass exams
 When she has those Baron's glamor 'gams'!

Baron's

WE GIVE EAGLE STAMPS

blushed, and retreated in violent haste.

In the hallway he paused and studied the lettering on the door. His faux paus was confirmed. The lettering did *not* read, "CLASS ROOM."

Back to Nature

Do you feel the call of the wild? Do you long for the great out of doors? Are you sickened by the sham of civilization?

Then, perhaps the Hoofers Club is the place for you. *Perhaps.*

No single individual exemplifies the true spirit of the Hoofers more nobly than does Ted Bradley. Fearless, undaunted in the wildest weather, Ted sets an heroic course for his faithful followers. Into the bitterest cold he marched, smiling bravely, leading the way. He scorned to wear an overcoat. His practically bare chest was bared to the wintry winds. Hatless and coatless he braved the elements. The Hoofers were inspired.

But this did not last. Cruellest irony mocked the manliness of Mr. Bradley. Exposed to bitter snow and freezing cold, Ted toppled from his pedestal of Spartan strength and valor. For Ted the brave, Ted the fearless, Ted the strong—caught a cold and came down with *pneumonia*.

Happily, the stalwart lad is well on his way to recovery. And yet, the incident makes Ted Bradley pretty much an idol with feet of clay. Doubtless many youthful illusions have been shattered. Ted Bradley's, at any rate.

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Volume XXIII

JANUARY, 1942

Number 5

According to the Records



OH BABY, SWEET BABY

This disc features "Fats" Waller rambling on the keyboard in a medium slow tempo. The fat boy also tosses in a swell chorus to close the show. You'll like this one. *Pan-Pan* is strictly a laugh tune—here "Fats," in his particular style, takes some pot shots at an ugly pan. Piano

and voice are standout on both sides. *Bluebird*.

DAY DREAMING

Glenn Miller, in typical top-notch style does *A String of Pearls* and *Day Dreaming*. The first is a push and beat number much in the style of "In the Mood" and "Tuxedo Junction." *Day Dreaming* is really a smoothie and bound to be another in the long string of Glenn Miller hits. *Bluebird*.

LAUGH, LAUGH, LAUGH

A record we can't describe . . . Abbott and Costello at their hilarious best, doing the things that have made them the laugh sensation of the nation. Here is something different, beyond the usual scope of humorous songs and recitations. *Victor*.

I SAID NO

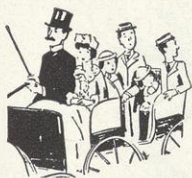
It took us a while to get the cue but we finally gathered that Yvonne King and Alvino Rey were in a negative frame of mind. The B side features Bill Schallen and Skeets Herfurt singing *Deep in the Heart of Texas*. Only so-so. *Bluebird*.

(continued on page 4)

Marriage of Figaro

Resuming activity for the new semester the Union Concert Series offers a streamlined twentieth-century version of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*. The work is sung in English by a group of young singers who, in keeping with the streamlining, are dressed completely in evening clothes. The *Marriage of Figaro* is considered to be Mozart's greatest and gaytst lyric opera, so this performance should not be missed by anyone who likes first-rate entertainment.

Don't forget—*Marriage of Figaro*, February 17 and 18 in the Union Theater at 8:00 P.M. Tickets at the Union Theater box office.



LIFE WITH FATHER

Father in the Elegant Eighties may not be much like the pater in 1942, but he'll keep you howling with laughter all through "Life With Father" which comes to the Wisconsin Union theater, Monday, Feb. 9, and Tuesday afternoon and evening, Feb. 10. It's the Chicago cast, with Percy Waram and Margalo Gillmore in the roles of red-headed father and red-headed mother, and it's explosively and consistently funny.

Try A

DANSKELLER DATE



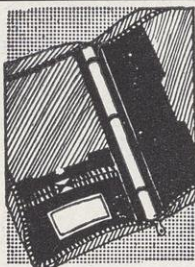
● And While You're Dancing

There are short-orders and beverages of many varieties to satiate that thirst or hunger for a snack. If you can't see it listed on the menu, ask one of the boys in the black bowties.

● The "Floor" is in place every Friday and Saturday Evenings —Music by Popular Bands on Plates.

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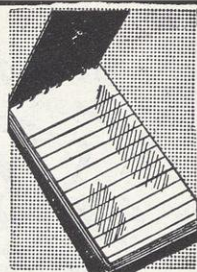
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THE LITTLE GUPPY

Since "The Three Little Fishies" we haven't heard a stinker to equal this one. Ozzie Nelson shamefully sings the vocal while his bandmen hide their faces behind their horns. *I'm Breaking My Back Putting Up a Front for You* will convince you of the futility of this record. Harriet Hilliard helps Ozzie through this one. *Bluebird*.

FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE

Irv Carrol offers some peppy swing with lyrics all about a hot quintet. Irv introduces each guy named Moe and has each play a hot little bit. *Go Home Little Girl* is nothing to write home about but not too bad. *Bluebird*.

ROCKS IN MY BED

Joe Turner pounds out the blues with the help of the Freddie Slack Trio. The result is O.K. if you like that sort of thing. The flipover, *Goin' to Chicago Blues*, is pretty much like the first side which isn't saying much. *Decca*.

YOU HAUNT MY HEART

A beautiful and romantic melody based on a Johann Strauss composition is given fair treatment by tenor Lanny Ross. *Your Love to Hold*, an adaptation from the well-known "Emperor Waltz," over-shadows the first side since it gives Lanny more opportunity to spread himself. *Victor*.

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER

Dick Todd, sporting a very nice baritone voice, turns in a swell report of himself with this record. On the reverse side Mr. Todd swings out with gusto on *How About You*, and together with the supporting orchestra make the tune go-go-go! *Bluebird*.

CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO

The Andrews Sisters have a lot of fun pushing the Chattanooga Choo Choo around and we're sure you'll like hear-

ing them do it. *For All We Know*, in a different mood, gives the Sisters plenty of opportunity to show their stuff solid. This combination is one of the best buys of the month. *Decca*.

MOONLIGHT SONATA

Glenn Miller chalks up another winner with this Beethoven adaptation which features Chummy MacGregor at the piano. The second side, *Slumber Song*, carries a rather gentle beat and is punctuated with an occasional clarinet line. Both of these tunes offer Miller at his best. *Bluebird*.

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER

Ray Eberle does the vocal for the Glenn Miller team to enhance the sweet and saxey Miller rendition of this sure-fire hit. For Hoagy Carmichael's *We're the Couple in the Castle*, Miller and Eberle again combine to produce a "top" record. *Bluebird*.

WALTZING MATILDA

For the screwiest song we've heard this season we nominate The Jester's version of *Waltzing Matilda*. You'll have to play it half a dozen times to catch the lyrics but we guarantee that they're worth the trouble for they really grow on you. *By the Beautiful Sea* is an old-timer but the Jesters give it a lively touch to make it dandy. *Decca*.

'TIS AUTUMN

Is a pleasant tune with an easy rhythm that is calculated to send you scurrying for your fireside. Woody and Carolyn Grey share the vocal. *I Guess I'll Be on My Way* is characterized by tinny instrumental work and passable vocal by Mr. Herman. *Decca*.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS

You can't beat Earl Hines' rhythm . . . he's in a class by himself. This number bears us out for Father Hines really

(continued on page 18)

RENTSCHLER'S

is the place to go for

her Prom Corsage

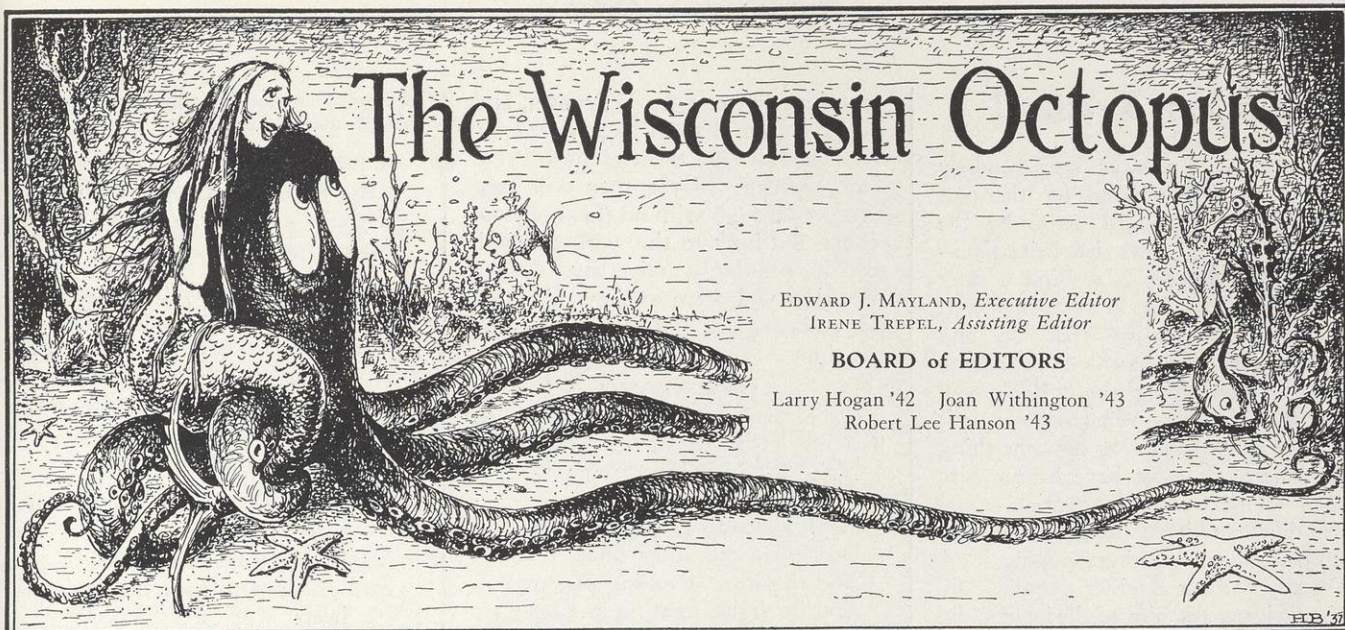
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The Wisconsin Octopus

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Volume XXIII

JANUARY, 1942

Number 5

On Second Thought

UNCLE SAM has advised people to start saving in advance for their income taxes. It won't be long before the installment plan is urged and rebates offered for cash.

A defense worker was recently beat up by angry theater patrons for booing newsreel shots of President Roosevelt. They can take away our weather reports, censor news and read our mail but when the Great Privilege of booing in movies is lost democracy is tottering.

In the whirl of cataclysmic events of the last few weeks one loses all sense of proportion. A tiny bit of news which filtered over the wires helped us keep things in their orbits. Constance Bennett, we read, has abandoned the long, straight sweep of her coiffure in favor of brushed-back, tightly curled ringlets.

Incidentally, Shirley Temple is slated for a comeback. We personally can see no good in this unless it serves to diminish the avalanche of Mickey Rooney pictures. If it did, then it would indeed be a blessing.

It has just occurred to us that Shirley and Mickey could be co-starred. An ugly thought.

News item—"A non-combatant vol-

unteer service for women to serve side-by-side with the men of the U. S. army was urged in Congress by Rep. Edith Rogers. Mrs. Rogers, wearing a deep blue suit, a light blouse and a bright red kerchief, said supervision of the corps could be placed in the war department. Speaker Raeburn, wearing a double-breasted chalkstriped gray flannel suit with English drape lapels, white shirt and a dark green foulard tie with hankie to match, probably asked for early action on the proposal by the house military affairs committee.

Priorities are affecting the slide rule, the ever-present badge of the engineer. Without their slide rules the engineers would be virtually indistinguishable from the mass of students if they would only shave occasionally.

It won't be long before the seniors are interviewing for jobs again. We know of one solicitor who is offering \$21 a month and getting many of the boys.



"What's osteo-myolitis?"

To do our bit to alleviate the paper shortage which the defense program has caused by gobbling up the supply we cut that 50 page (typed) term paper we were going to write over Christmas vacation down to 8 pages. We hope our instructor will not misunderstand our motives.

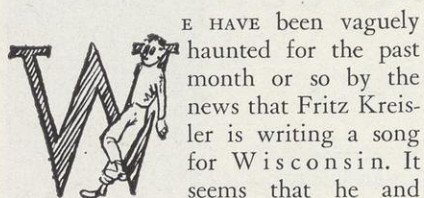
With all this talk of wartime economy and the streamlining of the university calendar, why hasn't someone suggested a cut in student classwork. Abolish all eight o'clocks for example and save 953 footcandles of energy for the Great Effort to come.

Word has come to us that there will be no more rubber erasers on pencils. It looks as though we will simply have to learn to spell at last.

A friend of ours recently confided to us what she thought was a very unpatriotic secret. "I'm stocking up on gum," she said with a knowing wink. We wondered why and she asked us if we hadn't heard about the government taking all the rubber for things.

The other day a certain "writer" on a certain alleged campus newspaper printed a retraction and an apology to Scotty Goodnight, brought about by certain rash statements which were proved untrue. It seems that the columnist was caught with his pants down.

Rip 'em, Kreisler!



WE HAVE been vaguely haunted for the past month or so by the news that Fritz Kreisler is writing a song for Wisconsin. It seems that he and President Dykstra decided to collaborate, Kreisler doing the melody and Dykstra the lyrics. What bothers us is that we keep wondering how the thing got started. It must have begun with some incident or conversation—you just don't suddenly decide to write a song without something bringing it on. Anyway, we bet Kreisler doesn't. Did Mr. Dykstra ask him to do it? Or did he ask Mr. Dykstra if he could try his hand at it? Or did it start something like this?

* * *

Scene: A street in Washington, D.C. Dykstra and Kreisler are strolling along towards the White House. The violinist is trying to take two steps in every block of pavement without treading on the cracks, while Dykstra is humming "On Wisconsin" a little off-key.

* * *

Dykstra: On Wisconsin, on da dum dum
Fight on da dee dee
Dum de dum clear down the field boys
Touchdown dum dee—
Kreisler (irritably): For heaven's sake! What *is* that you're singing? It sounds terrible!
Dykstra: Oh yeah? Well, it happens to be 'On Wisconsin'.
Kreisler: I never heard of it.
Dykstra: That shows how much you know. It's one of the most famous songs ever written.
Kreisler: Hah hah.
Dykstra: Well, if you're so smart let's see you write something better.
Kreisler: All right, I will. And it'll make that song sound sick.
Dykstra: O.K.—we'll see. You write the music, and if I think it has any possibilities, which I doubt, I'll write some words.
(Just then they are separated for a moment by a lamp-post.)
Dykstra and Kreisler (together): Bread and butter!

* * *

We have been thinking for a long time (three minutes) about the neces-

sity of a new song for Wisconsin, and we have a lot of good ideas stored up. We herewith offer them gratis to President Dykstra. Maybe they will help him get through with all this nonsense sooner and back to the work at hand, namely, running a university. At any rate, they will serve to show him that we students are not frittering away our time.

I: PEP SONG

(To be sung at athletic contests, always three beats behind the band, which is having a little trouble figuring out Mr. Kreisler's variations.)

Hey! The warriors are coming
Dressed in red and white
And the score is rolling onward
And it's fight, fight, fight.

CHORUS

And it's fight, fight, fight
All the day, afternoon and night
Pass that ball
One and all
For old Wisconsin fight.

Yay!

II. BALLAD

(For the end of beer parties and when the crowd gets together during vacation. In case

of stupor, the first line may be sung straight through until nausea sets in.)

If you're a Badger, come and sing
Raise your joyous voices high
If you're a Badger, join and sing
And never die.

Remember Badger, the dear old hill
And it's one-two-three for the moon
And Badger, never forget our glorious days together
They ended pretty darn soon.

So if you're a Badger, come and sing
Before they part, our ways
And goodbye to your little sweet-heart
And all those Badger days.

III. ALMA MATER

(Very sad. During the last verse each student raises his left arm, grasps his right shoulder-blade, and sways slowly back and forth until the end of the song, when he topples over.)

Hail, Wisconsin
Hail, Wisconsin
Hail, Wisconsin
Praise, praise.



"I should be ashamed, Eversharpe, for such lack of resolution."

Varsity, old Alma Mater
When trouble comes in days dark
We to thee, thy name so great
And always keep the spark.

Well, there they are. Kreisler and Dykstra can take their pick. We have a feeling that no matter what, everyone will keep singing "On Wisconsin," getting the second and fourth lines wrong, and always starting the song three octaves too high.

—I. T.

The Case of the Scarlet Carpet

"I say," muttered Dr. Watson as he dog-trotted along Baker Street toward the garret of the great detective, "I wonder what baffling case Holmes has discovered today."

On he ran, puffing hard, stopping only to refresh himself from a bottle labelled, "For Medicinal Purposes Only."

"For my heart," he explained to the little old lady who had been jogging along at his side, staring in frank curiosity.

Soon Dr. Watson burst into lusty song. "Oh, Baker Street is de street wheeah all de darkies and de white folks meet," he chanted raucously.

Suddenly he veered from the sidewalk and stumbled into a musty, evil-smelling hallway. The little old lady ran on, rather bewildered.

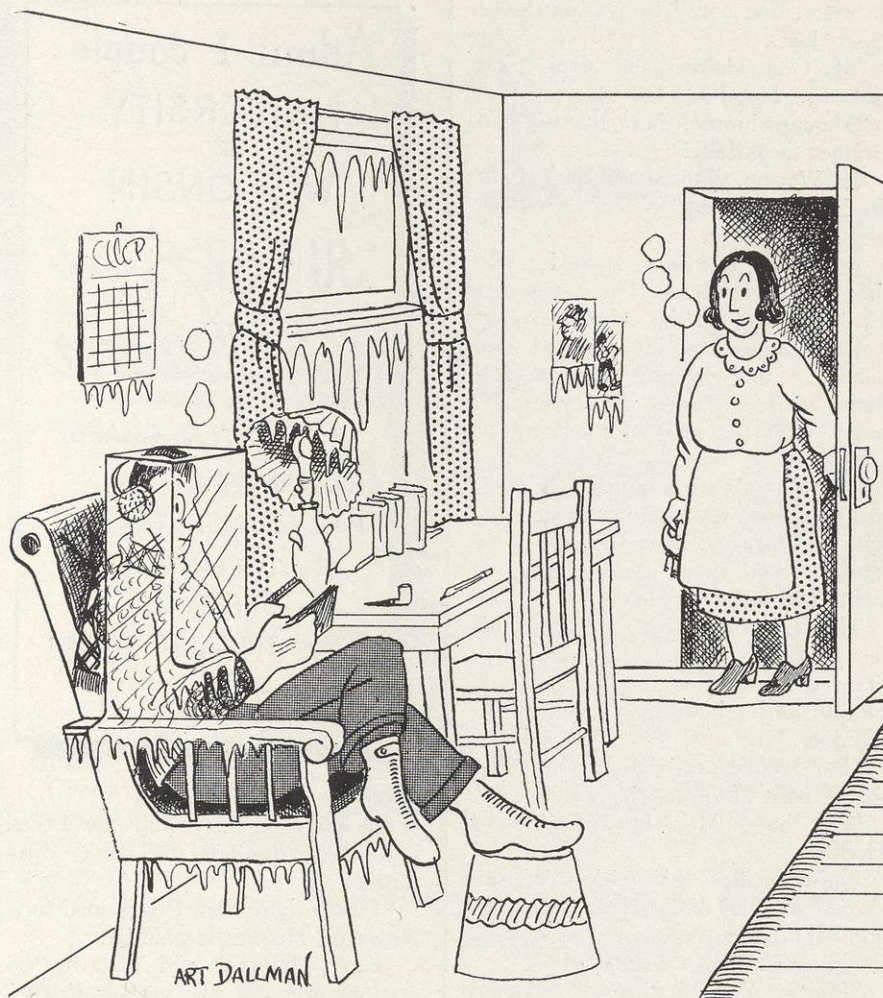
Scrambling up the trash-strewn steps, Dr. Watson paused before the door upon which had been scrawled in pale green letters, *Sherlock Holmes*. He raised his pudgy fist as if to knock. Then, with a puckish grin, he flung open the door without warning.

Holmes and Mrs. Hudson, the housekeeper were startled. Mrs. Hudson blushed furiously, smoothed her dirty-gray apron, and pretended to be dusting her left kneecap. The unperturbable Holmes seized an old issue of the *Police Gazette* and stared at it fixedly.

"I say, Holmes," said Watson chuckling and snorting in spite of himself, "you've got that *Gazette* upside down, you know." He guffawed with uncontrolled merriment.

"Rubbish, Watson," said the great detective. "I always read this way. I'll lick anyone who says different."

Then, as if to smooth over matters, Holmes spoke in a not unkindly manner. "Mrs. Hudson," he said, "perhaps you will brew us a pot of steaming tea



"Are we nice and comfy here, Rudolf?"

while I make a few deductions."

"Uhuh, Sahib," said Mrs. Hudson stupidly as she went out of the room looking doped, which she was.

"Now, Watson," said Holmes a bit cockily, "I shall start deducing."

"Your great-aunt Mabel is dead. You had oysters for breakfast. And your middle name is Irwin."

Holmes held his head erect, his leonine mane waving in the wind as he awaited Watson's adulation.

"Gawd, Holmes," gasped Watson as his jaw dropped down to his waist, "how do you do it?"



Holmes dusted his fingernails carelessly. "Mere scientific deduction, nothing more," the great detective said simply. "You told me about your aunt last Tuesday. The remains of your breakfast are still on your vest. The part about 'Irwin' I just made up. Elementary, my dear Watson. Elementary."

Doctor Watson wagged his wise old head. "Ain't you the one though, Holmes!" he said in frank admiration.

Just then Mrs. Hudson danced in bearing a samovar of steaming tea. She tried to pour the boiling liquid over Dr. Watson's head. He allowed her to pour about half of it down his neck before he grinned good-naturedly and shoved the portly housekeeper away.

"I'm one that can stand a joke, eh?" he said, pinching Mrs. Hudson's big fat cheek and winking.

Mrs. Hudson smiled a toothy smile and waddled toward Dr. Watson again.

But Dr. Watson bid her stand back. He sobered as he stood transfixed by

the claret that oozed from beneath the closet door.

"My God, Holmes," he cried, "that looks like blood!"

"Mercurochrome, more likely," said Holmes laconically.

Dr. Watson, undissuaded, pulled out his little black bag to test the sticky mess.

Test after test was applied. The shades of eventide fell. The gas jet cast lurid shadows on the cobweb-covered walls. Strange liquids bubbled and hissed in the gleaming beakers and flasks. Bats began to flit about the room. Still the man of medicine labored on.

At last Dr. Watson found it. Experiment number seventy-nine turned the trick. "Eureka," he shouted, "it's blood!" And then, more calmly, he said, "Holmes, it is blood."

The great detective sprang to his feet. "Great Scott," he exclaimed. "Hurry, Watson, we may be too late!" He put on his hunting cap and ran to the door.

"But Holmes, old boy," cried Watson,—"Mrs. Hudson—the tea—"

"Oh, hang Mrs. Hudson," said Holmes.

Rather against his wishes Watson carried out the disagreeable task. Still and all, Mrs. Hudson looked pretty silly dangling from the chandelier.

"Hurry, Watson, hurry!" shouted Holmes.

In the street they got into a hansom.

"I say, Holmes," said Watson, "isn't this a bit old-fashioned?"

"Atmosphere," replied Holmes laconically. "Limehouse," he whispered to the driver.

At last the hansom stopped. Holmes and Watson got out. Holmes squinted into the gloom. Then they crawled into what they hoped was an abandoned

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For hours, on their hands and knees, they crept through the dank, dirty tunnel.

"This is more than I bargained for," remarked Holmes laconically.

"I say, Holmes," said Watson, "everything you say, you say *laconically*."

"Oh, shut your face," said the great detective.

They crawled on.

Finally, Holmes deduced a trap-door over their heads. They raised the creaking lid and entered a dimly-lit chamber full of grotesque stone idols.

"Quiet, Watson," said Holmes. "Quiet."

They heard a snicker from behind them. "Hee, hee, hee," it went.

They wheeled around and faced a leering Oriental. "You dog!" hissed Holmes hoarsely.

The man, being half Pekingese, wagged his tail. "Order please?" he murmured.

Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson seated themselves at a table and gave the man their order.

"Oh, dat chop suey, cookin' on de stove!" sang Dr. Watson, snapping his fingers in a brisk fashion.

They ate in tense silence. The very air was charged with expectancy.

When the check came both Holmes and Watson shied away. At last Holmes noticed a curious old jade dagger that pierced the slip of paper.

His massive brow knit in great furrows as he read the message. "Watson," he said bitterly, "we've been tricked! Come on, Watson, before it's too late!"

Watson ran after Holmes, puffing hard. On and on they raced. Soon the little old lady joined them, staring intently at Dr. Watson again.

At last they reached Baker Street. With flurries of dust and the smell of burning rubber, Holmes and Watson pulled up at the garret abode of the great detective. The little old lady ran straight ahead.

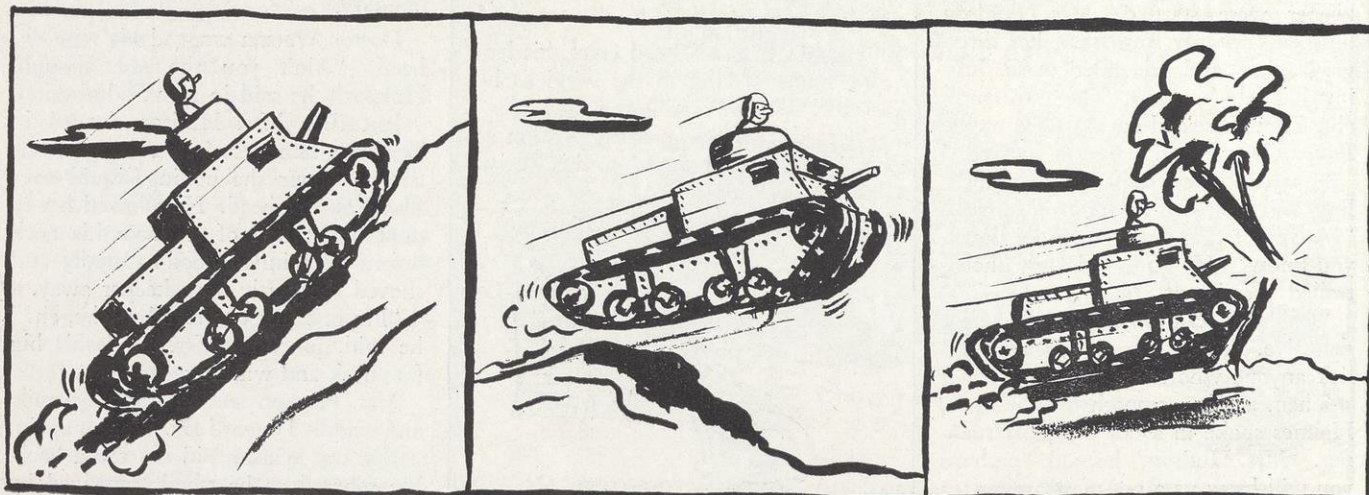
"Quiet now, you old fool," snarled Holmes.

Dr. Watson whimpered as they climbed the squeaking stairs.

They battered down the door of Holmes' hovel. The great detective whipped out his shiny service revolver with the engraved inscription, "From the ten o'clock Sunday School class—'04."

Cautiously they advanced toward the closet door. Blood still oozed over the floor. The two men listened intently for a few minutes.

Finally, Holmes snapped, "Jerk it



open, Watson! Quickly now!"

The closet door swung open.

"Lor', Mr. Holmes," said Dr. Watson, beads of perspiration standing out on his face. "Look!"

The great detective sneered. "I fear we are too late," he said. "This is a dead body."

"Great Scott, Holmes," said Dr. Watson admiringly, "how do you do it?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson," said the great detective in a cool, steady voice. "Elementary."

He smiled an enigmatic smile as he pasted another gold star in his memory book.

—R. L. H.

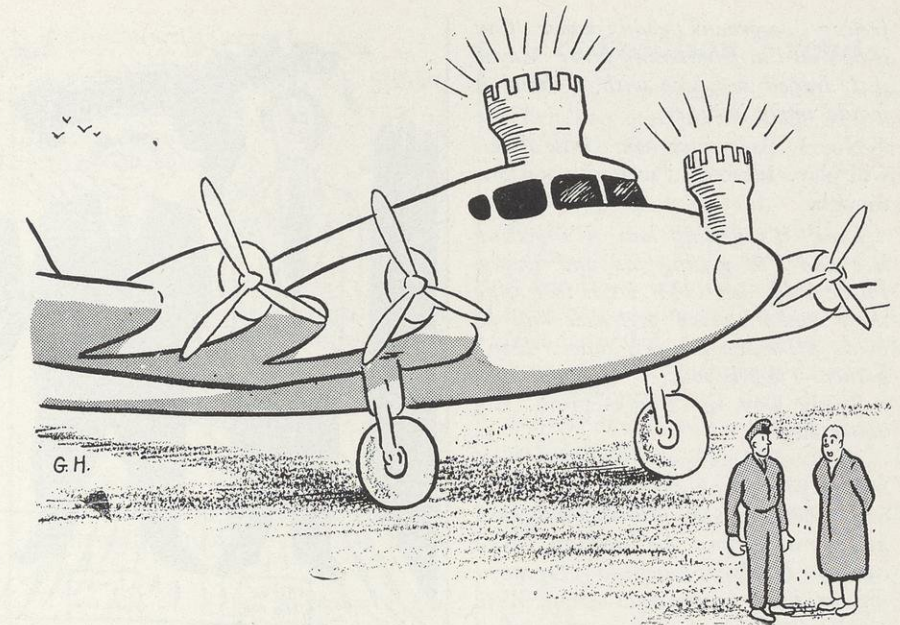
Things Are Bad All Over

(Minette Meacham, BA4, is walking down Langdon street. She is in an anxious state of mind, having just discovered that her hair looks like she has been chewing on it for the past week, that she has a term paper due the next day, and that she has no date for Junior Prom. She meets a male acquaintance, who has, at one time, taken her out for three coke dates and to a fraternity beer party. He is not handsome.

They begin to chat:)

You don't say! Junior Prom again! Yes, it does. It seems like yesterday that it was last year's prom.

Now, now. Stop with that business about last year's prom. The closest I got to last year's prom was being kicked out of the Union at three o'clock in the afternoon so they could put up the decorations. I'd better work fast. I'm a senior now. This is my last chance. Journey's end. Maybe I should take a wistful attitude—"I've never been to prom. It must be wonderful."



"And which are the Flying Fortresses?"

No. Not with him. Not the wistful attitude.

I know. Isn't it exciting? All those chairmen and publicity and the big bands. I love to dance. I'm crazy about dancing.

Well, ask me, moron. There must be some point to his talking about prom. He can't be selling tickets or taking a poll. Ask me. Ask me!

Did you really? How thrilling! Imagine dancing with the queen. I love to dance. And I always think a girl dances best when she's wearing a formal. Don't you?

I know he hasn't got a date for it yet. He hasn't asked that vile blonde at Ann Emery, and Dotty wouldn't go with him. He certainly acts like he's going to ask me. He's just shy. Isn't

that sweet? Nervous Junior asks tense Senior to prom. So what if he is only a Junior. Times are bad all over. He doesn't look like a Junior. I guess he looks more like a Freshman. But he's sweet in his own blundering little way. Listen. What's that he's saying? Oh oh.

Oh, I think you're wrong. I think now is the time we should go out and dance and try to have as much fun as we can. We should get our minds off the war. Staying away from prom would be silly.

Very funny. Trying to get out of it because of the war. So help me, he'd better come out with it soon or I'll ask him. I bet I don't look too good in this blinding sunlight. I didn't look too good this morning and I have a



econ lecture, the tonight upon which tomorrow depended. This was tonight.

Again they were in the tavern—their tavern, he thought fondly. Again they were sipping their fifth beer. Again he was gazing at her across the table, drinking in with every foamy sip her straggly brunette curls, infinitely appealing; the lush perfection of her angular curves; the shiny, bulbous nose, so very dear to him; the garish, crimson lips, full, fleshy, enticing; the high, pointed cheekbones; and the matchless, bleary eyes, giving bloodshot promise of undying devotion.

"*Pienso, piensas, pensa . . .*" she was murmuring, and Henry loved her for it, loved her with a passion beyond reason.

But bless her little soul, she's made a mistake, he thought. Not that it detracts from her shining beauty, her innate ineffable intellectuality. Henry suddenly realized he had the soul of a poet.

"*Senorita mia,*" he voiced softly, "*to quiero, pero no es pensa. Es piensa.*" Which means, "You're wrong," this being a rough translation, with omissions.

"No, no, my precious fulfillment,"

she murmured, "*pensa.*"

HENRY WILDWATER sobered. Suddenly something mighty, primeval, surged within him. "Dear," he said, "this is utterly stupid. Besides, it doesn't make sense. Anyone with an elementary knowledge of Spanish verbs knows it has to be *piensa.*"

Still she kept giggling "*pensa*" over and over and over again, until the words seared his consciousness, blinded his thinking, confounded his reason. Made him damn good and mad, in fact. She was obviously goading him, teasing him.

Gulping the last dregs of his beer and humiliation, he said simply, with pardonable emphasis, "God, but you're dumb!"

She left him, and he knew it was the end. There could be no tomorrow. All was finished. Consummated. Over. Washed up. Alphad and omegad. The fact of the matter is, he realized they were through.

Not a care in a carload . . . strange, idyllic . . . mystic, magic . . . Hell! Henry Wildwater slumped on the foam-flecked table and wept.

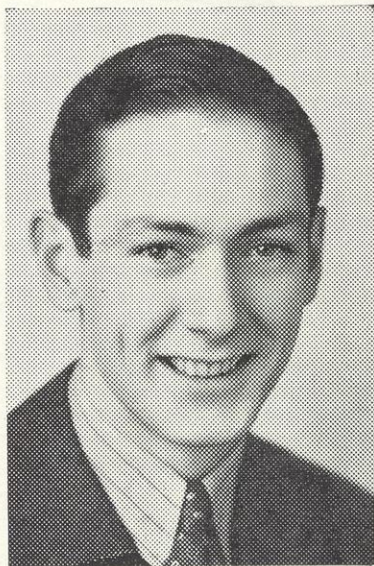
—W.G.

Population Trends

English graduates are easily spotted. Their hair curls softly about their ears and over their turned-up coat collars. They know all the answers or a reasonable facsimile thereof. They are so aware of their unusual mental endowments that one feels moved to inquire if association with normal people bores them past endurance. You can bet they have never heard of anything so mundane as the Chattanooga Choo Choo or two Hamm's. If they drink, they drink vodka. They are all very sardonic and cynical and they love to read the dirty parts aloud. They are useful to hide behind in English courses of the 100 group.

Speech grads are known for and by their pear-shaped vowels. There is no use in ever arguing with them because they have all had argumentation and debate (junior standing). They can emote lightly and frolicsomenely or sonorously and sepulchraly as the occasion demands, like pressing a button, now on, now off. This is a talent denied the common man.

The psychology majors are perhaps the most abnormal of all. They can in-



Prom Royalty

Shure, an' it's time to "Pause for Prom."

An' by the green of the Shamrock that Tommy Murphy is a handsome devil, a credit to his race. You should have seen him the night he was officially proclaimed everything that he is. Shure, an' it was a glad night for Mrs. Murphy's little boy Tommy.

Havin' the face of a real son of the sod, Tommy-boy has a tongue of Blarney and a charm placed on him by Queen Maud personally.

That mystic twinkle in his eye and his cupid's dimple grin draw friends like Killarney draws the Spring to faire Eire.

When King Thomas wends his way Prom-ward he will be surrounded by his good queen, Priscilla, from the County Kappa, and beauties from the Badger lands, and all the little folk sent there by the Faery Queene.

Hail to Eire's King of Prom, Thomas of Murphy.

A princess from the County Kappa, Priscilla was selected by the Irish King of Prom, Tom Murphy, to rule his domain with him the night of February 7.

Among the King's ministers and loyal subjects there was much speculation and doubt about the identity of his choice of queen. But as things turned out everyone was more than satisfied with his selection.

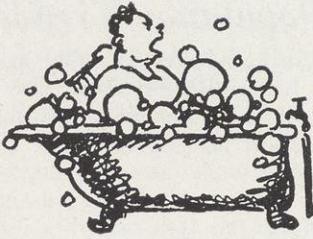
From the hinterlands of Oshkosh Priscilla

entered the novitiate of Wisconsin four short years ago. She soon became the gorgeous person she is now and her name was hushed from lip in deepest admiration. Her sister having been the queen of the Prom last year Priscilla is from a ruling family.

She matriculated in this fair school to excel in French. She is realizing her ambition.

And may she realize more ambitions, :this. Queen, Priscilla.





terview a perfect stranger for ten minutes and then write on a little white card, "Will do good work under supervision. Inferiority complex with Oedipus complex complications. Mole on left big toe." Sometimes you find them looking at you and you know your personality is being probed. They look rather ratty.

Library school students look like W day is here to stay. Their chances for marriage are somewhat worse than a teacher's. Sometimes they get lost in the stacks at the Main Library and wander around for days. Nobody notices, including themselves, but they look a little dustier when they come out.

There are some graduates in agriculture who are interested in psycho-analyzing soils. They know all about nodules and toad stools. They are, naturally, classified as Ag grads and it is only the uninformed who wonder why it takes them five years to learn to milk a cow.

The law students are very smooth.
The med students are very fast.
Has anyone seen a grad in phy ed?
—J. W.



War-Dance for Wooden Indians

PEOPLE blubber too damn much.
They are incorrigible romantics,
They are leaky-eyed sentimentalists.
They have seen too many movies.
They get on a train to go to an army camp,

And they hear offstage music,
And see somebody's by-line in front of it all.

They get a couple of classes to teach
In some damned university
And they think they are Mr. Chips.
They score a field-goal against Indiana
And they think they are Frank Merriwell.

Me, I am never romantic or sentimental.

I think the Peasant's Revolt was much more interesting than this war.

Look, here was John Ball preaching a sermon at Blackheath:

"What have we—oat-cake and straw
and the rain in the fields and the
wind on our backs."

Very pretty. They stuck heads on pikes.

And they had Wicliffe and Chaucer.
We've got Dorothy Thompson and Winchell.

They were Western Civilization a-born-ing.

We are Western Civilization a-croak-ing.

All right, I'm sorry. I take it back.
Everything is lovely. This is the best
of all possible worlds and after we
have polished off the Japanese
there will be nothing but sweetness and light.

WHERE the hell did I put my poem?
Here it is.

Yes, all is lovely.
Love conquers all.

Up, freedom; down, tyranny!
But what about these faces before me?
These flat, sullen, pig-eyed faces?
What about these laddies in the advertising offices, screaming,

"Be patriotic! Smoke Luckies!"
"Be patriotic! Have your car simonized!"

"Be patriotic! Eat Three-Star Gluten Bread!"

"Be patriotic! Use BAYER aspirin!"
FBI, go 'way from my door.

I am extremely patriotic.
I read Joe Palooka, I sing God Bless America

And I eat Three-Star Gluten Bread.

Don't get me wrong, G-man Hoover!
I ain't cynical. I'm just tired.
I forget if Social Justice means something good or bad.

I read the good John G. Winant, and he says,

"Each one of us must keep in mind,
Now and in future,
That Social Justice is a basic requisite
For a united citizenry,
For war and for peace,"

John G. Winant, in the American Labor Legislation Review.

And then I read the New Republic:

"Social Justice's aim is to create distrust of the administration and especially of the President; to persuade the people that they have no stake in the war or in the overthrow of Hitlerism."



All right, the New Republic means
Father Coughlin's Social Justice.
But I get sleepy sometimes, and it
mixes me up.

I get sleepy also when I hear the word
Freedom.

Is it Eugene Talmadge's Freedom or
is it Cordy Hull's?

Is it Liberty for the Ku Klux Klan or
for the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union?

Me, I'm just a guy.

I don't bother nobody.

I would just like to get some things
straight.

I would even sacrifice 20% of our
100% Unity if we could get some
fairly meaningful idea of where
in hell we want to go.

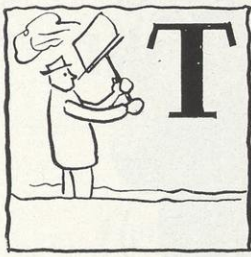
All right, all right, put it off till after
the war.

My blessings on you, Governor Talmadge, Father Coughlin!

I am glad you are being patriotic and
are eating Three-Star Gluten Bread.

—L. S.

When the Great Cold Came



THE youth of to-day has no moral fibre. They complain plain about a few days of chilly weather. They have no intestinal fortitude. But years ago people had something to cry about. It was in 1846. Present day University of Wisconsin professors had been teaching only a few years. One or two of the campus buildings had, as yet, not even been built. Madison was then inhabited mostly by Indians.

To the simple redskinned aborigines 1846 meant death and disaster. "This year meant death and disaster," they often said when they spoke of it afterward. They called it "Gimmee-gimmee-poo," or, "the year of the ten billion tricycles."*

Later, of course, when the trouble passed, the simple Indians incorporated "Gimmee-gimmee-poo" into a traveling salesman joke and forgot about their hardships. As one old chief put it, this was the origin of the expression, "Give it back to the Indians!" But he was old and his mind wandered a bit.

To get back to 1846 though. The University was plowing along without a care. Also, without an adequate library, enough money, and a winning football team. Then one day a weary Indian brave trudged onto the campus. He was a messenger. He came on foot because horses were not then in use.

He pointed a trembling finger to the north. "Ugh, ugh," he said.

Joseph K. Floppernoggin, then president of the University, groped for more vital news. "Tell us more," he beseeched the inebriated Indian.

The Redskin spoke again. "I just wanted to tell you about the mess of snow," he said, bowing his head bashfully.

"You fool!" cried President Floppernoggin, "we've already had the snow. You were too damned slow."

And in truth he had. Snow covered everything and the thermometer, had

it been invented, would have registered 86.3 below zero. Thus, the University found itself practically in the throes of winter. The Indian was stuffed with cranberries and placed in the museum.

Snow was piled up to a depth of seven yards.* Skis and snowshoes had not been invented. Consequently, class attendance dropped something awfully due to incautious dashes between classes.

An All-University convocation decided to suspend all classes. This was

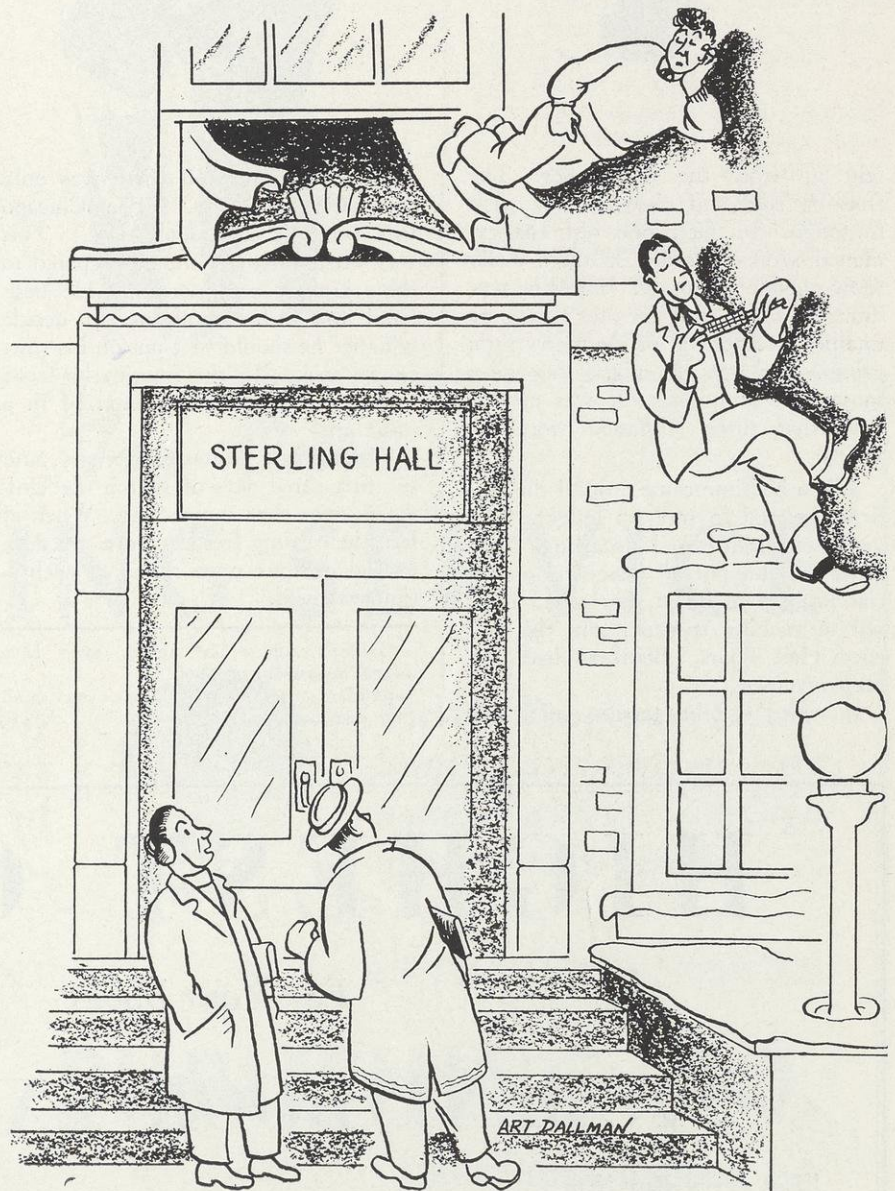
*Editor's note—No doubt the author means seven FEET.

(Author's note — No doubt the editor is confusing this with the snowfall of 1873.)

a wise move. Everyone was sick of tunneling through snow. Especially the two boys who got lost and didn't show up until the spring thaws. They were sore. "We didn't have anything to eat for two months," complained one. They both got pretty skinny.

All students and faculty members gathered in Science Hall to escape the bitter cold. Fire places had not been invented.

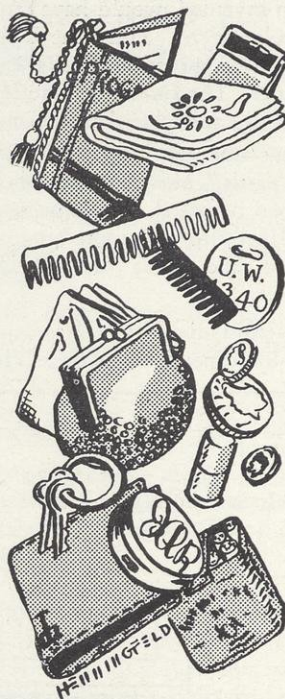
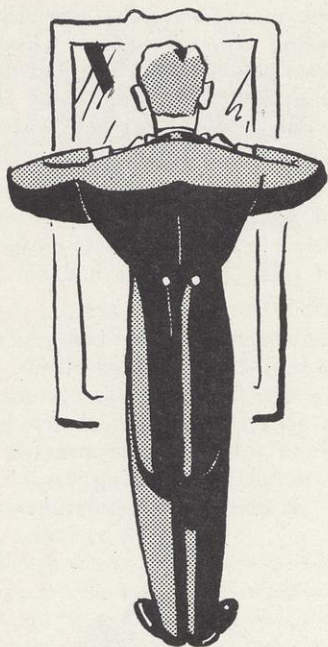
Consequently, great bonfires were built in the brick-walled rooms. For this reason the building is a bit murky, even today. With the cheery blaze, mugs of nut-brown ale and free hot dogs for all, the gathering was a happy one. At meal time hot lunches were



"Those are the two guys who flunked that gravity quiz!"

*Editor's note—The author evidently means "Icicles."

(Author's note — The editor is obviously insane.)



sent up from the Rathskeller. The freezing cold and snow outside were forgotten. In fact, one old shaggy-maned professor said, "Is there really snow outside? I forget." Later he was dumped down the elevator shaft by unanimous approval of the merry little group. Far into the night they sang songs and told jokes. It was at this time that three freshmen were expelled.

When bedtime came around the students begged to stay up longer. The genial old dean hissed a snarling "No," however, and put all dissenters on social probation. Then, he busied himself at tucking students into the Science Hall floors. Blankets had not been invented.

In spite of the terrific cold and

mountainous snowfall there was only one serious tragedy. (The Chicago Fire occurred at a later date.) This was when Julian Rumpley prepared to dress himself one morning. He hesitated for a brief instant, to decide whether he should first put on his shirt or his socks. In the interim he froze to death. Later he was interred in a museum.*

Throughout January, February, and the first three days of March the University was thus snowbound. When at last the spring freshets gave freedom to the campus once more, a celebration was held.

*Editor's note — The author must have meant "mausoleum."

(Author's note — Why don't you mind your own business!)

Songs were sung, and the second story of Bascom Hall was erected in memory of the occasion. It was on this occasion, perhaps, that Shelley penned the immortal query, "When Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

And thus, the University thawed out. The passing of the years dimmed the bitter memories of that fateful winter. As time went on students forgot the heroes of '46. And so it is, that in this pampered present, we cry out in horror at a nippy spell of twenty below zero weather. To atone for this shameful decadence a collection is being taken for the erection of a bronze plaque in the basement of Science Hall.

Will you help?

—R. L. H.

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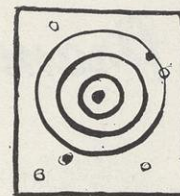
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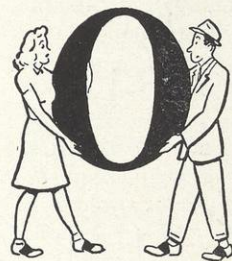
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Revised University Calendar and General Headaches for Second Semester



Octy here presents for his lucky, lucky readers the revised examination schedule and University calendar. In case any of his lucky, lucky readers have been sleeping or just staring vacantly at the ceiling for the past month or so, announcement is hereby made that because of the war and a hard winter, the old calendars and schedules are even more worthless than they were before. These new ones are the results of a faculty meeting called hastily by President Dykstra on New Year's day and held in an old ice bag.

1. New Rules Governing Undergraduates:

A. Every male undergraduate at the University is requested to



refrain from discussing the following subjects except during the hours of 12 and 12:30 a. m.

- (1) His draft status.
- (2) His prophecies of the war.
- (3) His innate mistrust of the Japs since he was three.
- (4) His new philosophy of life.
- (5) His desire to enter the air force.

B. No student will be allowed to receive a degree until he has been registered at the University less than two months.

C. System of advisers:

Each department has procured the services of a faculty member to serve as selective service adviser to male students eligible for draft. These advisers are still pretty sulky about the matter but will, upon offer of a cigarette, consent to listen to stories about draft ineligibility during

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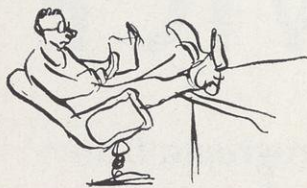
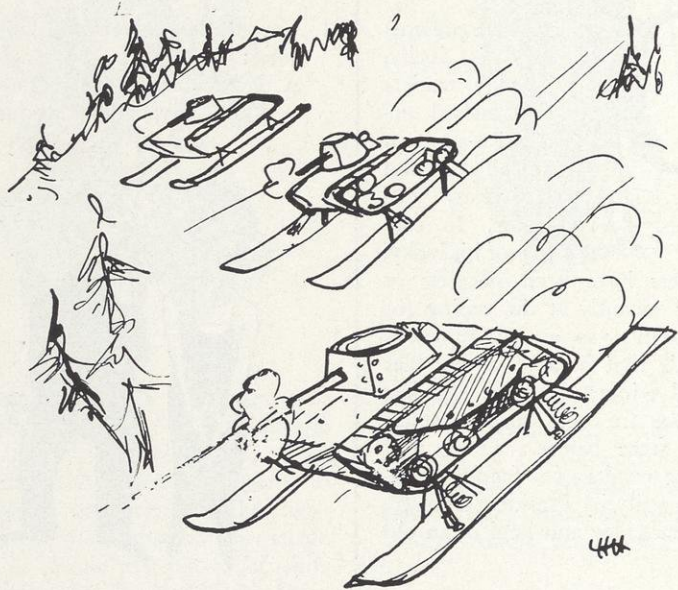
720 UNIVERSITY AVENUE—B. 1002

stated office hours. Try and find out the office hours.

- D. The new examination schedule provides for six examinations a day during the period of finals. Any student desiring to alter his schedule will be permitted to consult with one of the Deans. Faculty legislation limits Dean's speeches on the subject of responsibility of extra efforts of students during war time to five minutes.
- E. (corollary to D) Cardinal editorials and columns on responsibility of student's extra efforts during war time are limited to ten column inches per week.
- F. All students are requested not to collapse on Bascom Hill or on the roads between Sterling Hall and Park Street during final examination period. Keep your campus clean.

SECOND SEMESTER CALENDAR

- I. For balance of year:
January 30-31—Final examinations.
- II. For second semester:
January 30-31—Registration.
February 1—Instruction begins.
February 17—Mid-semester exami-



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Q.—*New formal, Gertrude? New tux, Phineas?*

A.—*No, we had them cleaned at the—*

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nations.

February 22-23—No holiday.

March 1—Condition, attainment, placement, and foreign language exams.

March 7—No holiday.

April 12—No spring recess.

April 29-30—Final examinations.

April 30 (afternoon)—Commencement.

May 1—Open house at student clinic.

REVISED EXAM SCHEDULE

(Each course listed under section 3B of first semester time table in which a final examination is given (except courses beginning with letter F and containing more than three vowels) carries in the column headed "Final Exam Group" a number which is now worthless. This number, when multiplied by three and divided by the number of hours the student spends in Bascom reading room each day, will probably correspond to a number on the list below where the day, hour, and questions of each exam are listed.)

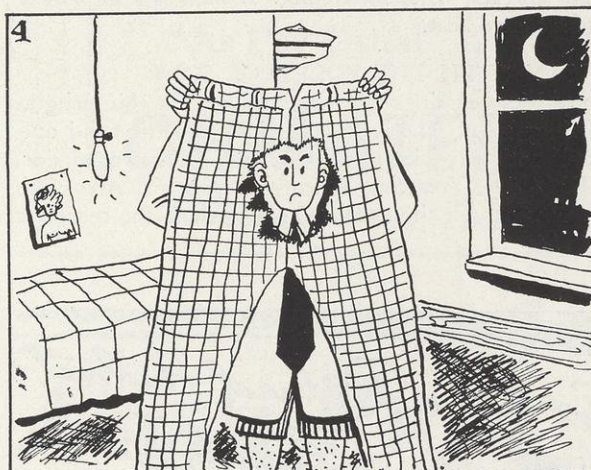
Group No.	Hour	Date of Exam
1	6	Th. Jan. 30
2	6	Th. Jan. 30
3	6	Th. Jan. 30
4	2:30	Fri. Jan. 31
5	2:30	Fri. Jan. 31

6 and following numbers to be arranged on payment of ten dollars to instructor of course.

*This schedule applies to all students except those in the college of Letters and Science, Law, Education, Engineering, Commerce, Agriculture, and Home Economics.

—I. T.

Is There Something Missing---



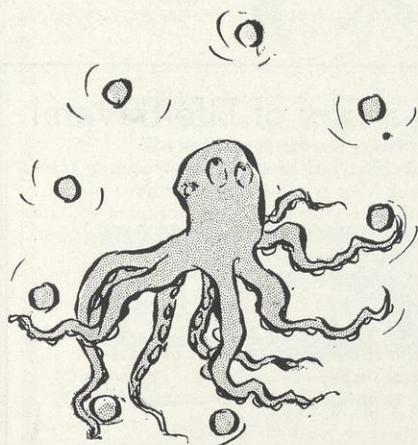
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(continued from page 4)

collides with it and comes out on top. On the B side Made-line Green and The Three Varieties conduct a musical search for *The Boy With the Wistful Eyes*. We were sorry it ended. *Bluebird*.

SOMETIMES

A haunting new ballad, written by Gus Kahn and Carmen Lombardo, is done in the typical creamy style of Sammy Kay. Tommy Ryan sings. *Begin the Beguine*, always a favorite, sounds especially good in the hands of the Kaymen and Tommy Ryan. *Victor*.

I'M THINKING TONIGHT OF MY BLUE EYES

Is a tear jerker sure but you'll like it. Lawrence Welk with the lovely voice of Jayne Walton to carry the lyric make this disc commendable. *The Band Begins to Play* is another Welk polka for your collection. Jo Ann Hubbard is heard with the words which are a trifle silly. *Decca*.

THE WINDOW WASHER MAN

The Mills Brothers sing about the happy window washer man with plenty of zip and zest. The tune is fast and sparkling and the lyrics interesting. *Delilah* is a bit slower but packs a nice beat. *Decca*.

THE MAN WITH THE LOLLYPOP SONG

Johnny Messner sings the vocal himself in this delightfully swiny tune. The lyrics are tricky and the band outdoes itself with novel instrumental effects. The second side, *Says Who? Says You, Says I!* features Jeanne D'Arcy with Johnny Messner on the vocal. On the whole the record is

creditable. *Decca*.

SAILBOAT IN THE SKY

Is a lilting number which smacks of the breezy music of the nineties. Guy Lombardo with Kenny Gardner at the helm sails right through it. *Easy Street* is easy to listen to but hard to forget. The Lombardo Trio does the warbling. *Decca*.

THE BELLS OF SAN RAQUEL

The Mills Brothers give a good account of themselves on this disc. The B side, *I Guess I'll Be on My Way*, is a pret-



ty sad affair except for the instrumental imitations the Brothers toss in from time to time. *Decca*.

EV'RY TIME

Russ Morgan can be depended on for something nice *Ev'ry Time*. Russ spotlights the timid Phyllis Lynne crooning the lyrics. On the second side Russ offers a swell arrangement of *Buckle Down, Winsocki*. If you're having trouble getting down to work in that Econ 1A course this is just your dish. *Decca*.

MADELAINE

Guy Lombardo wraps this one up in typical style. Brother Carmen takes the second chorus with meritorious results. *I Don't Want to Walk Without You* features a trumpet lead with a few sax breaks. Carmen again with the words. *Decca*.

I ASK THE STARS

We asked the stars about this one and they agreed. It's one of Artie Shaw's best. *Take Your Shoes Off, Baby* is as interesting as its title. "Hot Lips" Page displays his talents on the vocal while Artie keeps things warm with his clari-

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FREE! Win a box of Life Savers!

Win a box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the Wisconsin campus this month? Submit your wisecrack to the editors of Octy. The winner, who will receive an attractive assortment of Life Savers, will be announced next month along with winning jest.

THIS MONTH'S WINNER is Edward D. Nickolas, 140 N. Prospect Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin. Edward sent in this bit of corn—

"What are the three quickest ways of communication?"

"Telegraph, telephone and tel-a-woman."

Congratulations, Mr. Nickolas



net. *Victor.*

THE BIGGEST ASPIDASTRA IN THE WORLD

Art Kassel wrestles with this one and has tough going. As far as we could tell an Aspidastra is some kind of a plant that they write songs about. We hope to hell this won't get to be popular but we're afraid, awfully afraid. *No Need to Be Sorry* has lots of tang and catchy four-four time. The Kassel Trio puts zip into the lyrics. *Bluebird.*

I FOUND YOU IN THE RAIN

Is a soft and sentimental tune nicely played. The song is based on Chopin's Prelude No. 7 and is sung by Skinnay Ennis in a style reminiscent of his other big hits. *You Are the Lyric* carries a medium slow tempo with clarinets and muted brass trading off for the lead. Lovely songstress Carmene tells all in the final chorus. *Victor.*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ADDRESS

Victor has released a recording of the President's momentous speech made before the Congress of The United States on December 8, 1941. This speech, which called for war against Japan, may well become a historical document of world importance. This opportunity to own such a unique record ought to be considered by all collectors.



Elmer brought her Van Gogh prints,
Peter brought a big bouquet,
Roger brought her Pep-O-Mints
And took her breath away.



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

We Ain't Hit

By Priorities

YET!

... YOU CAN'T RATION FUN



*Draw
four*

"As Per Usual" ... It's

LOHMAIER'S

— You Know Where It Is —

Cash Paid for Used Texts

- 50% of the price you paid for texts in good condition needed for the second semester.
- Liberal cash prices for **all** of your texts whether or not to be used here again.

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

STATE AT LAKE STREET

In The Editor's Brown Study



RENE TREPEL has amazed the professors of the Journalism "School" by typing all her stories with her toes. She collects early American pewter, owns a Little Orphan Annie secret decoder badge and is said to be a ghost writer for Walter Lippman.

Art Dallman smokes a stinking black pipe and can drink any of the Ocry staff under the table including the business staff. Art draws like the early Martin Schongauer and achieves the distinctive line quality in his cartoons by drawing with the frayed end of a pipe cleaner.

Joan Withington—zow! Her writing isn't bad either.

Owen Kampen is a moony-eyed idealist. His extreme youth causes the staff to speak guardedly when he is present. Before Ocry, Owen had cut himself quite a slice of fame as a Western Union singing messenger but threw fame and fortune to the winds to draw cartoons for the Campus Funny Paper. Model airplanes (including a gas model, wingspread 6 feet 2 inches) and an adolescent girl named Genevieve take up most of his spare time.

Jean Sperry is a freckle-faced little chub who hails from Naugatuck, Conn. She draws silly little people dressed in peachy clothes. Mostly they look naive but occasionally there is a powerful social message.

L. S. Silk is the pseudonym for a Hungarian radical. L. S. turns in his copy written in French to get it past the censors intact from his home in Switzerland. Thorstein Veblen is the favorite author of this lad and by saving his pennies L. S. hopes to soon buy a second-hand motorcycle so he can re-read *The Theory of the Leisure Class* while driving with no hands over the Alps.

Iris Barrel discovered Freud and has retired to her Langdon Street retreat to ponder the matter. We haven't seen her lately but the stories that she sends in are fascinatingly frightening. Iris dresses like the girls in *Mademoiselle* and goes about leading a dwarfed St. Bernard. Only her very intimate friends have seen her dance her barefoot version of "The Dying Swan."

Ed. Mayland is built like a pill-box and since he went ten rounds with Henry Armstrong in Kenosha his fans have been clamoring for him to get back into the prize-ring. Ed. has promised his mother not to fight again till he graduates but after that it looks like the bright lights again. Everyone laughs at his cartoons and thinks them quite moral but they would be surprised if they could peek into The Editor's strongbox and see his more lecherous cartoons which have been withheld for obvious reasons.

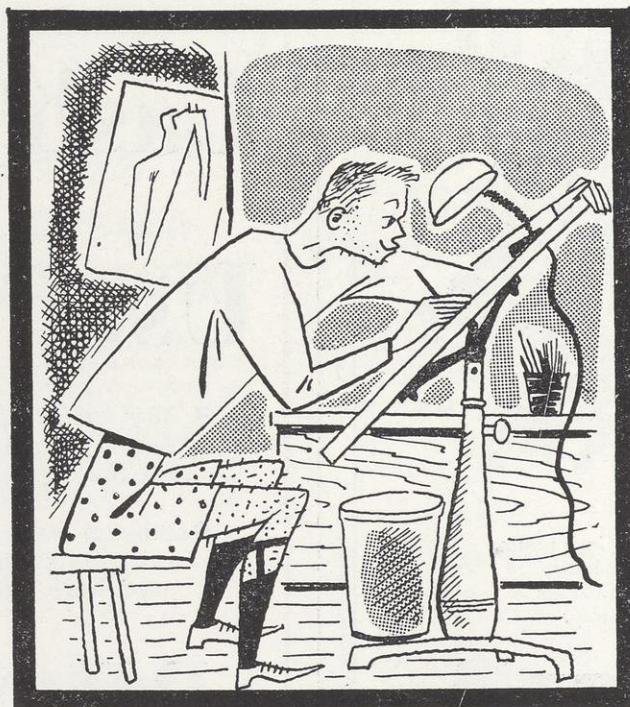
Tom Smith prides himself on his close resemblance to William Powell even though no one else has ever noticed

it. Tom will loan money to anyone at anytime and if jollied along a bit will show you the Spanish cutlass he carries in the lining of his topcoat. We expect Tom to start turning out creditable verses at almost any time but meanwhile enjoy his dissertations on Indian lore.

George Hoeveler likes the girls. And furthermore, the girls like him. We have difficulty in keeping George interested in his drawing for his mind is always at sea. Early experience with the Sea Scouts (Madison) accounts for this and the naked hula girl tatooed on his chest. George can make the hula girl quiver delightfully when he wants to but has been cautioned about it by the Dean.

Don Henningfeld is an uncouth engineer who has given us no end of trouble. We're teaching him manners and keep a supply of lollipops in the cut files to reward him for progress. Someone has taught him to recite *Cyrano de Bergerac* in its entirety but his diction is poor. We like to have him around because he can calculate things even when there are fractions involved.

Robert Lee Hanson is from Stoughton but doesn't like it to be generally known. He commutes each day with his brother Jeem on a tandem bicycle. Robert is somewhat of an enigma. He professes faith in our Youth yet sneered broadly when we tried to interest him in stamp collecting. It is a well known fact that R.L.H. has put 7 freshmen through Geography 6 with his fabulously complete set of notes. The authorities consider him as anti-administration and have demanded that we turn him over to the Student Court for trial. We need his stories so we keep him hidden in The Editor's Wine Cellar. He may be visited only by invitation.



Leonard Casper was a lumberjack in his youth but never learned to shave with an axe. In fact, he shaves poorly even with a safety razor for his face is always cris-crossed with tape. When it comes to beating out a story Leonard is unique in his method. He writes alternate lines and leaves the printer to fill in the gaps by striking the linotype keys with a flyswatter. The stories are widely read and find a ready market in Hollywood. Leonard has deplorable taste in ties.

Winifred Shepard is a cute little art major. She collects wooly dogs and fuzzy bears for her dressing table. Her cartoons are powerfully drawn with the satirical cut of Hogarth and Art Young. We will miss her when she gets married.

Ruth DeGroot doesn't write or draw but exerts unsuspected influence on the policies of the OCTOPUS. No move is made by the Board of Editors without consulting her. The Board of Control fears her and will deal with her only by mail. An advocate of progressive education Miss DeGroot is not liked by her instructors. She abhors coffee.

Make Him



Pause for Prom

Now is the time . . .

Let's all tighten the girdles,
Choose well our sweaters,
Lengthen the clinches,
And shorten the skirts.

First Band

LES BROWN

Blackhawk Record Breaker

And

JACK RAE

≡ *February Sixth, 1942* ≡



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