

The Wisconsin Octopus: Championship issue. Vol. 22, No. 7 March, 1941

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, March, 1941

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The Wisconsin **OCTOPUS**



Championship Issue

15 Cents

IN A CIGARETTE



THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU

EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND —

28%

LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself



By burning 25%
slower

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 extra smokes per pack!



WHEN you get right down to it, a cigarette is only as flavorful—only as cool—only as mild—as it smokes. The smoke's the thing!

Obvious—yes, but important—all-important because what you get in the smoke of your cigarette depends so much on the way your cigarette burns.

Science has pointed out that Camels are definitely slower-burning (*see left*). That means a smoke with more mildness, more coolness, and more flavor.

Now—Science confirms another important advantage of slower burning... of Camels.

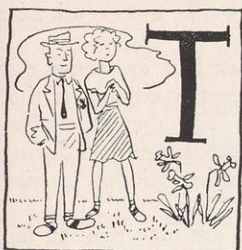
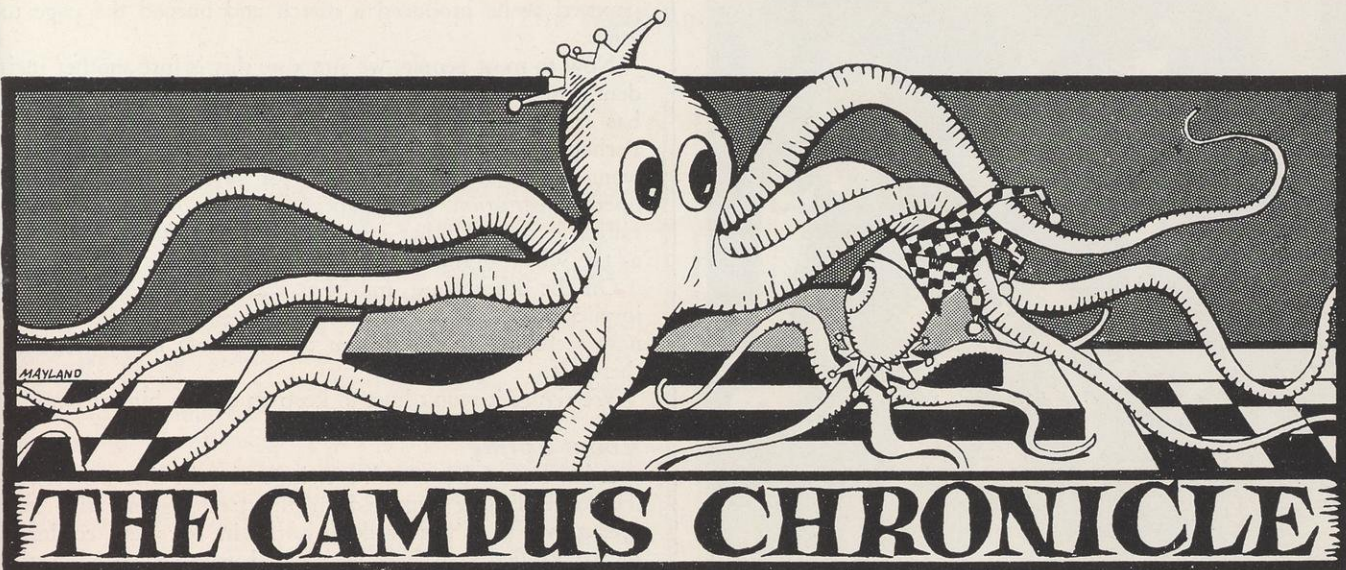
Less nicotine—in the smoke! Less than any of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—28% less than the average!

Light up a Camel... a s-l-o-w-burning Camel... and smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

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

CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —

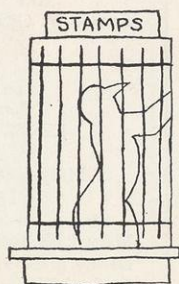


This month Octy is celebrating a visitor. He's an old man who hobbles about on a cane, calling on people and institutions here and there. One never knows where he will turn up next, but just now he is paying a visit to this university.

Sometimes, when he comes on a mission of importance, he's welcomed with blaring trumpets and great festivity. At other times, his visits go unheralded. No one notices him. But he's always welcome.

Visits here and there which were not deserved and occasional misuse have made him bent and worn and crippled. But this does not hide his true spirit. When you have earned a visit from him, you can see that he's full of vigor and vitality, that he has a keen sense of justice and fair play.

Wisconsin, this year, has earned a visit and we can feel his spirit moving across the campus. It wasn't an easy thing to get him to come. It took long months of hard work, of continual superiority under terrific competition, of spirited enthusiasm. Most of this work fell to five men, but the whole campus contributed the enthusiasm. This combination won Wisconsin a visit. We can feel proud to act as host to this old man, the Spirit of Championship. That's why Octy dedicates this issue to those five men, the Wisconsin campus, and the proud, bent old man.



AcD

a feat we've always envied. We watched him for a while, hoping to see some action, but he lay there complacently with that glassy stare. We flicked a finger on the glass. We made faces. We squeaked. We even grunted once or twice, but not a scale moved, not a vertebra quivered.

This called for psychology, we decided. A swift look around the room showed there were no onlookers. We crouched down with our face close to the glass, started whistling an Indian snake-charmer's song, and slowly moved a finger back and forth in time to the soft strains of the music. After a few minutes, the pupils of those glassy eyes grew bigger and bigger. The head slowly lifted and began to sway to and fro. The tip of the tail shivered slightly. The tongue flicked out and back a few times. Gradually the head rose higher and higher until it was an inch or two above the back. We increased the tempo of the music and the head moved faster and faster and faster.

Suddenly we heard a gasp behind us.

We had become concentrated in our work and that gasp frightened us. We turned quickly and caught sight of a girl fleeing off among the cases of pickled tape worms and gila monsters, looking back over her shoulder at us with wild eyes as if we were some black-cloaked evil sorcerer. She disappeared behind a fungus exhibit.

We looked at the snake again and the head had returned to the back, the glassy stare once more filled the eyes.

We remembered our history assignment and went off to Bascom reading room.

Mystery

Hurrying up the hill to our eight o'clock the other day we were witnesses to a bit of drama which has stuck in our crop ever since.

Just in front of us there walked a fellow who seemed intent on reading what we imagined to be his morning mail. Suddenly, with patience gone, he crumpled the paper into a ball and dashed it into the gutter. He took a few more steps, looked around furtively, and then wheeled about to reclaim the shreds. Carefully he unrolled it. We watched

Snakes

Very interesting exhibits are shown every week in the lobby of the Biology building—that room where the cases full of pickled tape worms and gila monsters are. The instructors put up a live exhibit every week of cray-fish, rabbits, guinea pigs, and such, to amuse the passers by. We had an hour to waste on the hill the other day, so we wandered over to see what the latest curiosity was.

When we peered into the glass case we were confronted by the glassy stare of a long and blackish snake. He was coiled up in the sand with his head resting on his back—



Build up Your Stag Line... with **TANGEE** Red-Red

You will discover that girls who know the secret of how to win friends and influence people are boosters for Tangee RED-RED Lipstick.

RED-RED's new and startling shade blends with the new fashion colors, accents the whiteness of your teeth. RED-RED's pure cream base helps prevent chapping and relieves that dry, "drawn" feeling.

Try Tangee RED-RED . . . and the matching rouge, too!



TANGEE Red-Red

REALLY STAYS ON!



popeyed as he produced a match and burned the page to ashes.

Now to most people, we suppose, this is just another incident, but to our fertile brain (we are a Charlie Chan fan) has come a veritable flood of disturbing interpretations: Perhaps it was subversive literature—and in that case we want to thank the gentleman for saving this, our great liberal institution. The papers are full of book burning rallies at several other schools and this instance strikes us as the whole drama in miniature.

On the other hand, maybe it was a letter with dreadful implications from some designing wench, or plans for a new secret bomb sight. You can see how many solutions there are.

We figure it won't hurt to keep an eye on him anyway.

About Spring

It has always been with a twinge of guilt that we viewed the local birdlife hunched in the trees against the cold spring winds as we walked warm in our new corduroy sheep skinned coat and fleece-lined galoshes through the slush. We've tried to help, though. We have dutifully scattered crumbs for the birds, snowbound by late blizzards, and built an occasional shelter after a plan clipped from a 1926 *Popular Mechanics*. Credits towards our Wild Life Merit Badge piled up at a fine rate.

However, a recent incident has caused us to change our efforts to other fields. A Langdon Street co-ed reports that our feathered friends are quite able to look after themselves between blizzards. She swears up and down that during the blustery weather the robin outside her window carried a pink Kleenex tissue in his bill.

We have given up bird houses and are now making big

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Volume XXII

MARCH, 1941

Number 7

dough casting lead soldiers.

—E.M.

Air Raid

A friend of ours was telling us about a concern in Watertown, Wisconsin, which builds coin machines. It seems that this organization has a foreign outlet in London and that all income tax returns and exemptions from the London office are handled through the Watertown base.

What tickled us was the fact that it seems that there are certain precautions which must be taken at the London office with relation to air raids. The expenses for these precautions, we understand, are exempt from income tax and therefore must be entered on the report.

We keep thinking what will the big guns be thinking when they get a report stating an expenditure of four-hundred-some odd dollars "For air-raid precautions." Oh well, we can hear them say, I suppose it doesn't hurt to play safe even in Watertown.

Bar Story

We had a visitor the other day who told of a bit of business he watched at a Milwaukee bar. Our friend was standing at the rail when a shabby bloke came up. "You look like a guy who'd take my last cent for a drink," he cracked at the bartender, after ordering scotch.

"You're damn right, I would," said the barkeep, setting the drink in front of him.

Thereupon the shabby one emptied the glass, looked contemplatively back across the bar, set down a penny, and without another word, walked away.

Our friend says the bartender just watched him go.



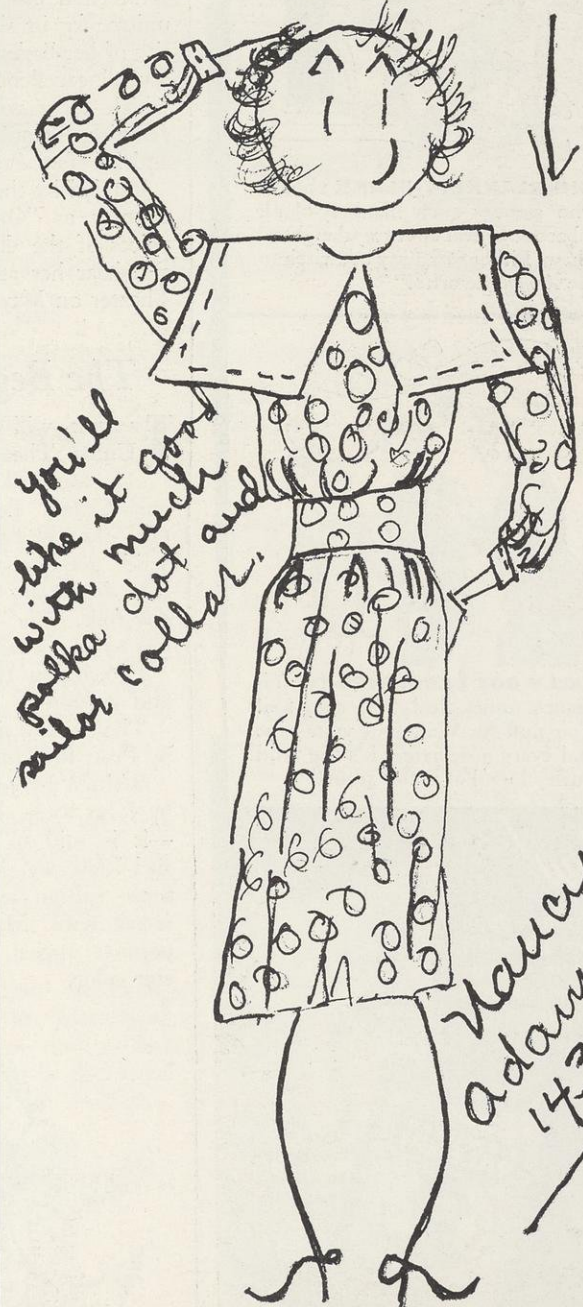
Dick mumbles, "Sweet as honeydew!"
Janet sighs and quavers.
Dick says, "No—I don't mean you,
I mean these swell Life Savers!"



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

The "Nuggin" Dress

grey blue
background



you'll
like it good
with much
polka dot and
sailor collar.

Nancy
Adams
143

Baron's

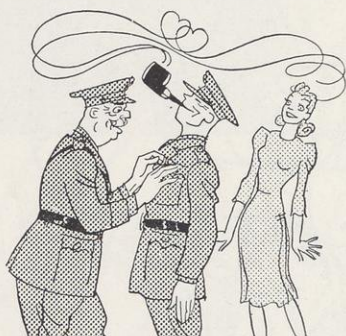


PRIVATE KELLY'S PIPE WAS SMELLY—

but he's out of the dog house now!



"NO BLANKETY-BLANK rookie who smokes such blankety-blank tobacco can ever marry my daughter! Phew! Either *stay away* or switch to the Army's favorite!"



KELLY GOT DECORATED for fragrance under fire! You can, too! You puff Sir Walter in your pipe and every nose agrees it's the mild burley blend of grand aroma!"

New!

Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



Tune in UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE
Every Tuesday night—NBC Red network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

..THEATER..

Dorothy Maynor

IN fifteen months, ever since she first sang with Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Berkshire, Dorothy Maynor has become a new star on the musical horizon. Miss Maynor's story is a tale of Cinderella. The daughter of a colored Virginia minister was rocketed to fame so fast that she hardly believes it now.

When she is in New York she still takes regular lessons from her teacher, John Alan Houghton. Her singing is unique for its simplicity and the intensity of her lieder. Already she has made several excellent recordings for Victor which Octy will review next month (Louise, Depuis Le Jour, *Carpentier* and *L'enfant Prodigue, Debussy*.)

Lauded by the greatest critics in this country as "One of the outstanding voices of the day," you may both see and hear her at the Wisconsin Union Theater on May 10 and 11.

The Beggar's Opera

IF YOU will go to the Wisconsin Union Theater on April 8, 9, 10, 12, you will find there, "The Beggar's Opera." Being the first attempt to take the theater out of the formerly staid, goody-goody, carriage class and into the hearts of the common, everyday folk, "The Beggar's Opera" promises to go the whole hog.

Directed by Prof. Ronald E. Mitchell and written by John Gay.

The Wisconsin Players are directed by Prof. Ronald E. Mitchell.

Written by John Gay and produced by John Rich—in 18th century humor—it is said to have made Gay rich and Rich gay. MacHeath is the handsome ruffian and Polly Peachum his secret wife. Many revivals attest its popular appeal, tunefulness, and theater color.



LORD TAYLOR SPORTSWEAR

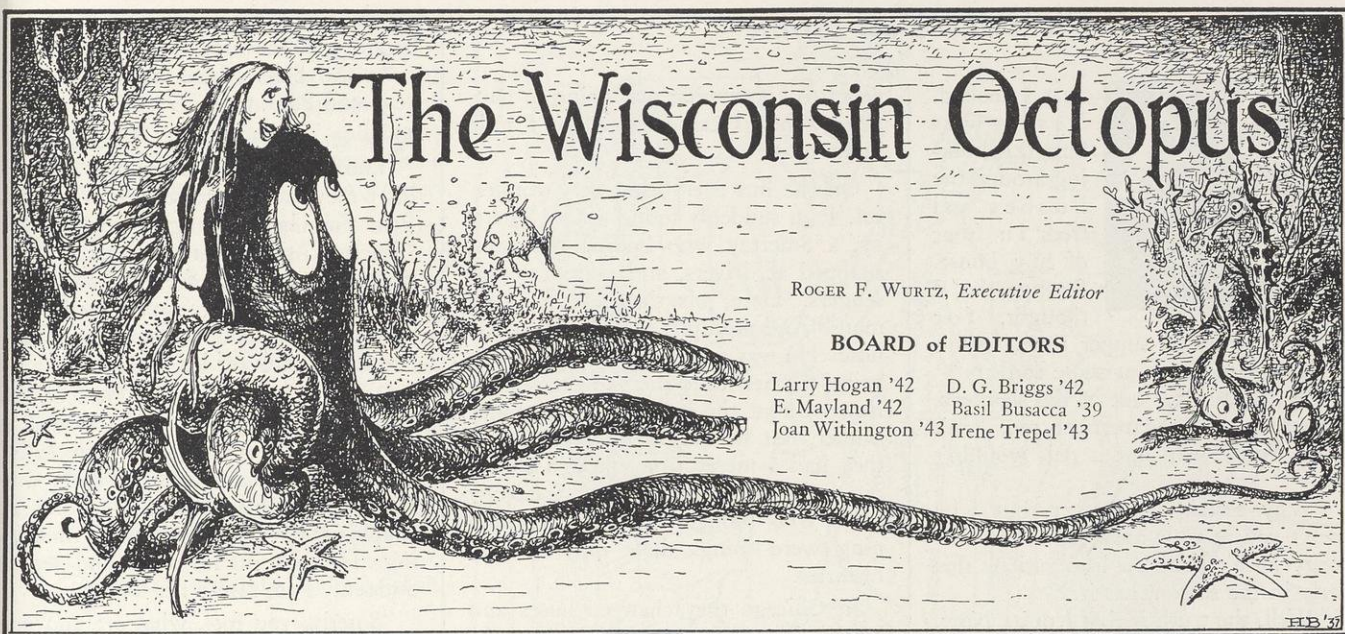
The smartest, finest sports outfits . . . The styles are distinctive and exclusive fabrics are of superb custom and quality . . . see them in the new spring tones.

Jackets—\$12.50

Slacks—\$5.85

DAVIS & OCONNELL

114 State Street



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Volume XXII

MARCH, 1941

Number 7

On Second Thought



CHOENFELD et al, grouse that last month's *Octy* (which parodied mediocre college magazines) was directed at them. Vanity, thy name is *Daily Cardinal*.

In Agbacty a scientist is forcing a germ, which produces a couple of chemicals vital to war-industry, to step up production. The SPCA can take it—or go join the Fifth Column.

Don Juan, anemic pretender to the Spanish throne, announces that his only interests are the restoration of the monarchy and the solution of Spanish political problems. Don Juan—*Hmm!*

Wisconsin's Little Dies committee is all ready to start investigating. But so far as we know, Shirley Temple has never been in this state.

Chicago nurse, suing for divorce, wants to have back the \$3,000 she spent to put her husband through college. We'd suggest the debt be cancelled out by awarding her his framed sheepskin.

National guardsmen complain of the ban on civilian clothes because, "girls don't trust the uniform." There's something about a soldier . . .

A national association of manufacturers is campaigning to rid American schools of texts that question the perfection of the U. S. Learn while you can—after this year there won't have been any Civil War, and the Whiskey Rebellion will be the Soda Pop Rally, and you'll have to buy your econ instructor a dozen beers before he'll whisper that there's still unemployment.

As University enrollments drop the word comes that trades-apprentices are up 20% and still rising. This cynic generation must want to make a living!

Roosevelt Pledges Ever-Increasing Aid to Britain—*Headline*. More food, more guns, more planes—and to date there are 500 Americans in the Royal Air Force! —B. B.



"You ought to make your *Soph Shuffle* dates earlier."

Immediately upon Roosevelt's signing the Lend-Lease bill, RAF pilots bombed the continent in massed flight. The first reported destruction, we note, was of an *American* consulate.

The conservative Church of England has just published a plan that would make post-war Europe a cooperative commonwealth in which all productive goods will be communally owned. The radicals—that sounds like something Jesus might have said!

A naval commander suggests that the commander-in-chief of the fleet direct battle by radio from a plane. An admiral in the "front line"—what *will* they think of next?

Londoners have been advised, "If you see a German soldier, call a bobby." First things first!—one can't wait until the army gets back from the Mediterranean.

Mussolini, playing Caesar last week, demanded his soldiers lick the Greeks at least once by Saturday, the 15th. They couldn't, of course—Saturday was the Ides of March.

I'll Take You Home



AGAIN I looked. Yes, it was Smertz, skulking around the bushes and trees in front of my house. Strange tho, I thought, for him to be out at supper time. Didn't he have a meal job at some sorority?

He finally came out of the shadows, hesitantly. "You remember me, don't you? You'd help out a pal, wouldn't you?"

"Why certainly, Smertz, but why aren't you at your meal job? Your sorority hasn't gone on iron rations this early in the season, has it?"

"Well, the truth is that I quit. Now, hold on there—you'd have done the same, begob. I know eating's important—but there was a girl . . ."

It seems Smertz had met a gretchen at a dance someplace. She couldn't have been as different as he made out, but even in his wild descriptions of her I could see she was no ordinary co-ed. "Her hair was blond, full of strange sparkling lights when the sun hit it. It gave you—oh, a wonderful feeling inside you just to look at her!" Whew!

Anyway, he'd fallen in love with her—Pam, her name was—and fell hard. Lord, how he'd tried to impress her! "I used to make her sandwiches and fly them up to her room by my model airplanes. She loved my peanut butter, but claimed the mustard on the ham sandwiches gave her a case of prickly heat on her—" he blushed here, and averted his eyes, "—you know where I mean."

Evidently she didn't give him much of a play. Oh, she liked him, no doubt of it, but there was a moonfaced, curly-headed editor on her list who was removing most of her lipstick.

Smertz knew about this other fellow, but paid him scant heed, as they say. After all, Smertz could boast of having won the Inter-Fraternity Model Airplane meet the year before and was looked upon as prospective Prom King material by the boys of his fratty-eating club.

AND THEN Christmas vacation came. They both lived in Ohio; he in Canton, she, like a typical sorority girl, in Upper Sandusky. And they decided to ride home together—on the bus. "It was cheaper," he moaned, "and how

was I to know what was going to happen? When I came to college I rode in an auto."

On the bus everything was wonderful. Pam suddenly found a new Smertz, a Smertz who bullied red caps, snapped at drivers, and glared at passengers. "Here," she thought, "is a new man!" And promptly kissed him on the nose. He was a bit startled at first, this being the first time she had ever kissed him without the bribe of a two-dollar dinner, but he caught on rapidly and they had a merry time, though shocking somewhat a couple of Sociology profs who thought kissing and hugging were things done only in case histories.

In Chicago they changed buses and by the time they were rolling along the flat land of Indiana, where nothing stands out save Hungarians, it was time to go to sleep. They would get in Canton about eight the next morning.

Pam gave Smertz a final kiss. "I'm going to sleep now, baby boy," and she curled up in her seat, throwing her coat over her like a blanket. Her back was towards Smertz.

She had no idea what he was up to

till she heard his voice rising above the booming of the tires.

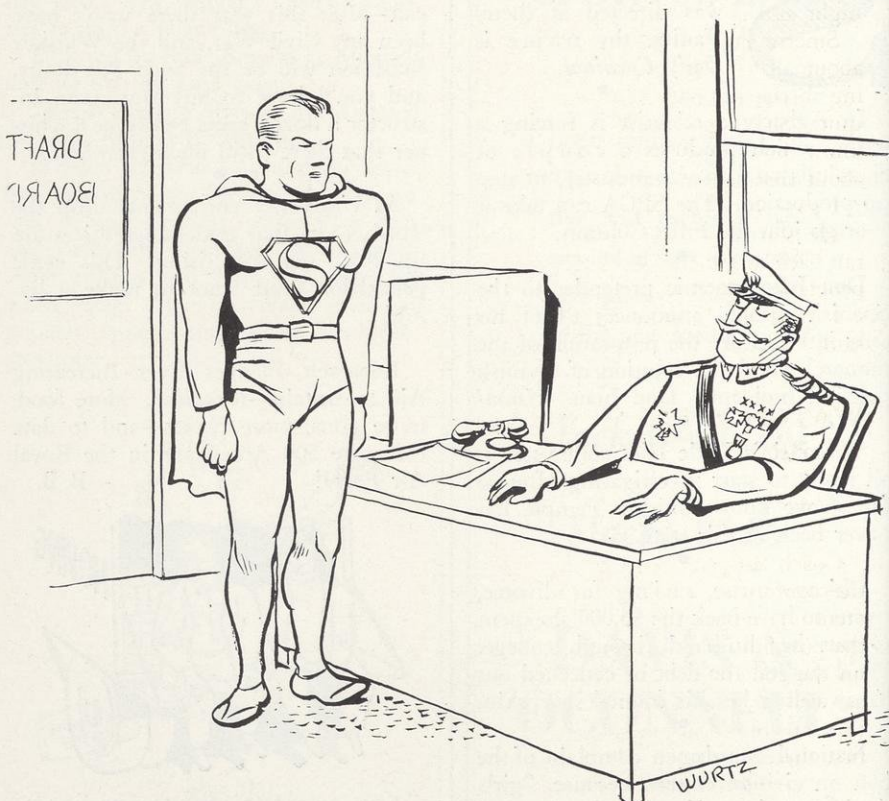
"—and bless Mama and Papa. Oh yes—and Pam, too—"

SHE sat up electrified. Smertz was kneeling in the narrow aisle, saying his prayers. A passenger snickered. Pam felt her face growing red. "Smertz!" she began but he had already jumped to his feet and was rummaging around in a small bag. Triumphant he pulled out a suit of pajamas and took off his coat.

Pam just stared at him. He took off his vest. And his tie. He whistled a few bars of "Jeannie" absent-mindedly. Evidently he hadn't realized there was anything strange about his actions. A couple of the passengers were muttering. He took off his shoes and socks. Suddenly Pam found her tongue.

"Smertz, you fool, what are you doing! Put your clothes back on this instant." His shirt was off by this time, and then his undershirt. As he put on his pajama coat a little old teacher screamed and the driver, seeing that something was happening, put on the brakes as hard as he dared.

Smertz slipped out of his trousers as gracefully as he could in the cramped aisle and handed them to Pam. "Will you fold them, dear?" Be sure to get



"My boy—we've heard about you."

the crease straight." She flung them to the floor.

He looked around a couple of times as the bus came to a lurching halt. Don't you women look—" and he slid off his shorts and then hopped around trying to slip into the pajama trousers.

SWITCHING off the ignition, the bus driver leaped from his seat and ran back to Smertz. "Damn it all," he yelled, "I run a respectable bus. No fresh college kid is going to run around stark nekkid and get away with it. You put your pants on, mister, or I'll call a cop at the next stop and have you pinched!"

Bewildered, Smertz protested. "But I'm going to sleep now. You don't expect me to sleep in my good clothes, do you?"

"Damn it, I certainly do!" roared the driver.

Pam tugged on Smertz's sleeve. "Put them on, please—for my sake." And ruefully he did.

"Why?" he wanted to know as he climbed into the seat beside her. "Why can't I—"

"People don't get undressed when they ride in buses," she answered coldly, and her voice was a thousand miles away. "I would have told you that before, but I never thought the situation would occur. And when you get off at Canton, don't bother to wake me. Good night and good bye."

Smertz shuffled his feet. "And that's about all. I just couldn't stand working in the same sorority with her, so I quit. She kept looking at me—you know how women do. And—how about that dime?"

I gave him the dime.

He started to walk away and then ran back to me. "I couldn't know about people in a bus, could I—could I?"

I gave him another dime. "No," I said, "you couldn't." —R.N.

WATCH YOUR HORSES BREED WARNS OWNER

—WESTERLY (R. I.) SUN

Zowie!

Coach Sanger refuses to comment on the conference chances of the Badger (tennis) representatives. He believes the possibilities of the team depend upon the showing of the new candidates, as well as the discontinuance of the previous brand of play by the returning first three.

—DAILY CARDINAL, March 5, 1941

Come now, coach—they weren't as bad as all that!



"... you and your damn coffee."

Basketball for Beginners



HERE are three main rules to follow in watching and understanding a basketball game.

1. You must be someplace

where a game is being played. This is all-important, because you will look pretty silly wandering about a swimming pool or a traffic intersection asking people who made that last basket.

2. You must not confuse the game you are watching with any other game involving the use of a ball, such as football, baseball, or Twenty Questions.

3. You must know the name of at least one player on the team. This will enable you to scream "Guard him, McGorsky!" at intervals, which remark gives you the air of a sporting enthusiast, unless McGorsky doesn't happen to be on the court at the moment.

You will be shown to your seat by a polite young man with a W on his sweater. As you are following him up to where your seat is located you will buy, from various other young men

with Ws on their sweaters, a bag of popcorn, two candy bars, a souvenir program, and perhaps a red plush badge. You will also be approached by someone selling Cardinal subscriptions. By this time you will have reached the seven hundred and twenty-second row, which is called double Z, or Curly for short. About a thousand feet down as the crow flies you will see a small white square with thin red marks on it. This is the basketball court or, as it is sometimes called, simply 'The basketball court.'

Now, before the game begins, check over in your mind the few simple rules which are the elements of the game. There are five men on each side, and each group of five is called a 'team.' This 'team' is composed of a center, a forward, a guard, and two men to kick the orange peelings off the court floor. There is also a referee.

The game begins by the referee tossing the ball into the air and the two centers jumping for it. Whichever one gets it is given three merits and allowed to make a wish. Then the ball is tossed to the other team, and a player whose name begins with W must

touch it twice. If he fails to do this he has made what is known as a 'personal foul' and is considered pretty much of a boor.

Then the referee grabs the ball and runs three times around the court with it, both teams in hot pursuit. At the end of the third round he hands it to the man in back of him, who throws it into the basket. At this feat there are shouts of "bully for you!" and the game comes to an end with the singing of Alma Mater.

Now that the rules are clear in your mind, look down at the court. You will not be able to see anything that is going on, but you can still enter into the spirit of the game. Keep shouting "Watch that ball!" and "Foul! Foul!" every few minutes, and make a few marks on your score card at strategic intervals. If you tire of shouting after awhile, you can spend some time asking the man next to you various questions which he will be only too glad to

answer. A few well worded inquiries will serve to set you straight on the progress of the game. Begin by requesting the score at the end of the half. Follow this with inquiries as to the identity of the third player on the right; the reason for the referee calling time out; the amount of oxygen in two cubic centimeters of air; and the names of the first ten presidents of the United States.

The final quarter of the game is most thrilling, so watch it closely. It consists of a race to see who will be last out of the field house. No holds are barred, and each player is allowed seven stops on the steps leading toward the exit in order to see what that big cheer was about. The last ten people out are penalized by having to sing 'Varsity' and being deprived of their athletic books.

As a matter of fact, I am still waiting to go to my first basketball game.

—I. T.

Portrait of the Model as a Spare Rib

Because of numerous requests for more information concerning Sylvia Sauerwine, Octy's girl of the month in the last issue, the editors here present her autobiography. Sylvia was offered a great deal of money (three dollars) for this confession, but it is well worth the expenditure. It is completely unexpurgated, and was written on white bond paper with a Ticonderoga No. 4 pencil (adv.)



IT WAS snowing and her ribs were poking out. Her ribs always poked out. When it snowed they took on an atmospheric

quality. Lean ribs. Firm ribs. Spare ribs. Wilde loved those ribs and in leap year February has twenty-nine . . . All the while there were moocows frisking in the snow. Their ribs never poked out and their tails drooped. She had no tail to droop and it made her sad. Very sad. When she felt sad she was unhappy. "Why do I not have a tail? Oh, unhappy day! Oh, anthropological curse!" she thought. And as she pondered she mouthed the words. Those words, her mouth opened "Oh, unhappy day!" There, she had said it. She was sad. Very sad and she sang the song. It was her song.

"I put a stick of T
In my dresser drawer
Now the bugs is bitin' me
Cause there ain't no more."

. . . no more, no more, not any more. It will never be. I am allergic and I live with gastronomic visions. Thick onion soup and pickled eels belong to the past. The dim digestible past. When my basic urge could be satisfied. But now I am allergic and I live on spaghetti. How it twirls . . . and curls . . . and whirls . . . like a dervish . . . and for two years I lived in the Orient and practiced Yoghism and Jui Jitsu. I was known as Spare Ribs Sylvia and Carmelite Monks and slant-eyed Orientals and white men with short pants and Hindu beggars and blind men came for miles to see the left protrusion of my torso, the long torso which is making fashion headlines and the Lease Lend bill is now an actuality.



"Orville is
simply infatuated with his ceramics."



"Damn you, McBrotowitch!"

I lived in an insulated cave with a Salerno butter cookie and a can of Sterno. I reigned like a queen and once a great storm flooded the cave.

I was queen of the Mendota Frolic once and have been engaged as a Muse for the Cardinal columnists. I am much more attractive on a typewriter than a badger, or an otter, or a chipmunk with stripes. This I know. *Their* ribs don't show. That is how I came to be a model. Such poise!

I have a fur coat too—with no stripes. I felt sorry for the little bunnies but it is just as cruel to be carnivorous but the price of cheese is going up. It is better on pie than ice-cream. Can you bake a cherry pie?

I like James Joyce because his mother smelled better than his father. It is difficult to obtain foreign perfumes these days and market prices are rising. Kieckhofer says so. I heard him. Kieckhofer knows. Do you know Kieckhofer? Kieckhofer has a wall. Red. And white.

I remember when my father read me 'The Rover Boys' and 'The Way of All Flesh.' They were easier for a six year old to grasp than Das Kapital. Political implications. Moscow in the spring. Once I loved a Trotskyite. Red. Red. Red. He was a beautiful man but not so beautiful as my father even though he had a red nose and a hairy face and long sensitive flat feet. My mother's face was smooth as silk and my dress for the dance was so beautiful. The light shown softly and the punch was unspiked. A prom is a prom is a prom. There is deep philosophical implication in Joyce. He was a wonderful man—my father. How his nose shown in the sun!

There is nothing finer than to lie in the sun. The hot sun. The beaming sun. To bask. O bliss! The sun. Mad dogs and Englishmen and the cool monumental peace of a Devonshire

countryside with the squirrels and quail.

ONCE I went to the zoo. It was a lovely zoo and the animals and the peanuts. Habitat North Africa. North Africa, with its aborgines and dachshunds. The giraffe's neck was long and lean and lovely—like mine, but longer and leaner, but not lovelier. He had spots like I did when I had the measles and couldn't go to school. How my school-mates hated me. How I hated them. How we hated each other. They were jealous of my ribs. I was unaware of it then, but I know it now. Then I was plain and prim and pigtailed. They were jealous because I won every potsey game and jumped rope doubly dutch and spelled giraffe with two Fs. But they were most of all jealous of the ribs I was unaware of . . . The dunce cap with Henry's round face hanging out beneath its white folds.

He wore heavy tortoise-rim spectacles and twitched. But I loved Henry because he appreciated my unpadded frame. Gaunt, Gothic, grotesque, but endowed with a strange beauty and



bearing a prophecy of things to come. Do you play croquet? His eyes were always half closed beneath his tortoiseshimmed spectacles. He always said, "You must have something, although i can't see it." And he meant my ribs which I always kept covered with due maidenly modesty and red calico. I loved him for his defective vision. He must have known one day I would be chosen Octy's girl of the month at your local news-stand or by subscription for fifteen cents a copy Rural Free Delivery. It is difficult to be the girl of the month at that price. Fifteen cents a copy is a small sum and the cure for Henry lies in 100 watt bulbs by General Electric who broadcast every week.

But all will be well for I know that Henry in his lonely cell is thinking of my spare-ribs as he drinks his scotch and sauerkraut juice. He has a great number . . . it will never be called. He will never be conscripted for he has no I.Q. and a deviated septum and he twitches. I am glad he twitches. So glad. He looks bad in khaki.

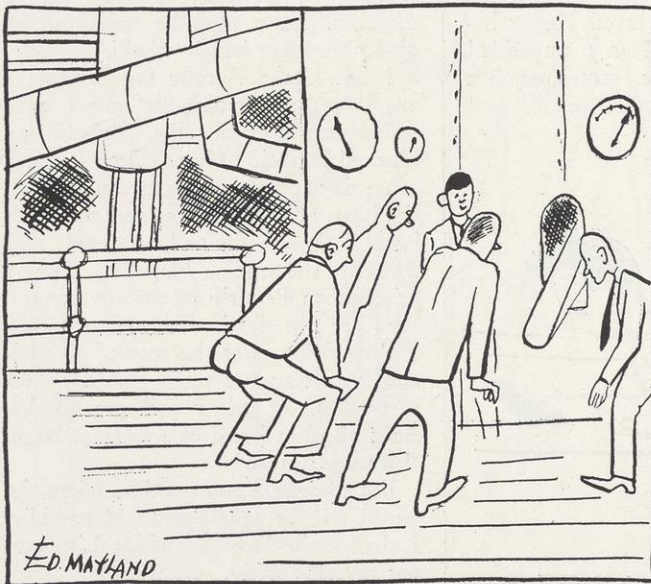
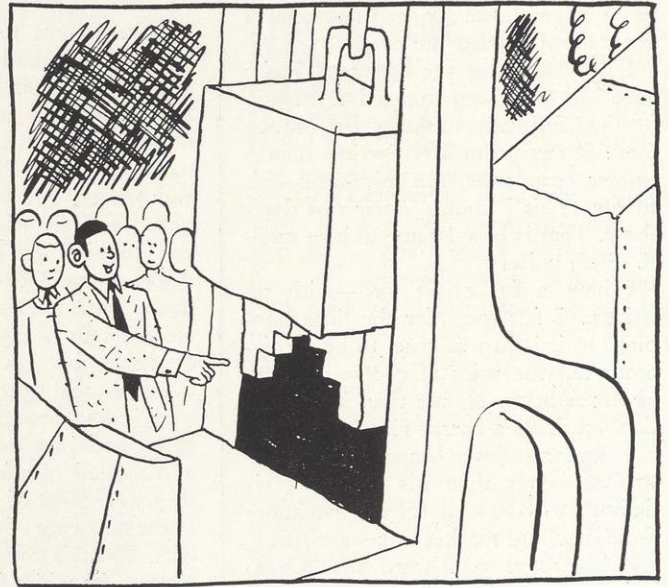
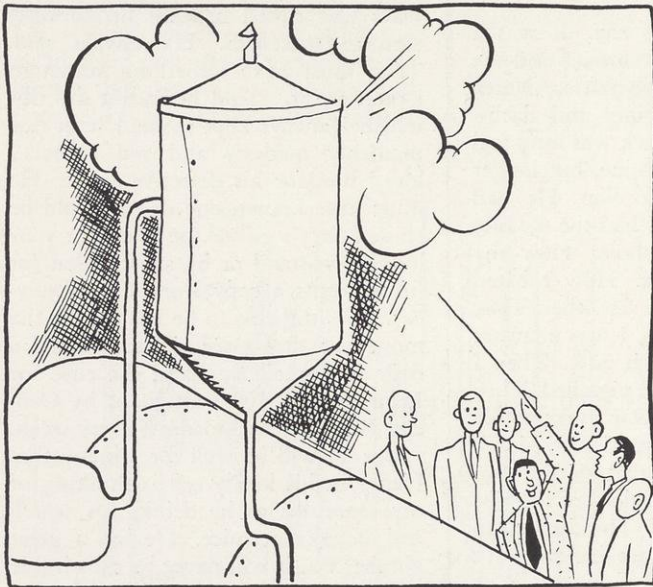
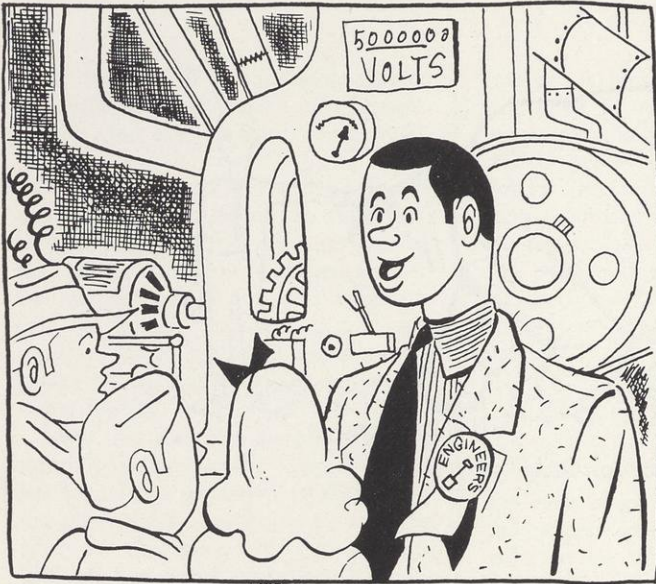
I feel like a Bundle for Britain. I am lean and charitable and I have rolled bandages all day. Behold my blisters! O faith. O hope. Do you think some day spring will come again with the birds and the picnics and the Bock beer? I should like to be an eagle and fly above the studio. Flap flap. How I cried when Roger's cat ate my canary. And her ribs shook with melancholia.

Frustration is at the root of all maladjustment and as yet my laundry bill is unpaid. O grimy evil greenbacks! Root of all evil and of society at large. Why was I born?

But there will come a time when the world will be sane again. Meanwhile, I shall smile like the Mona Lisa and pat my ribs softly.

Life.

—I. B.



We go to the Engineering Exposition

Love Story of an Artist

After the Manner of Mr. William Saroyan, the Well Known Genius



or a thing. I wasn't thinking about anything. Myself upon the earth of course. Myself eating sleeping drinking swimming

walking dunking doughnuts. But not a thing really.

I mean I was alive but I wasn't thinking really. At the time of which I am speaking I was standing on the corner of State and Lake streets in the city of Madison in Wisconsin, which is a state in America. Two girls in bandannas had come out of Rennebohm's and walked across the sidewalk. They didn't see me and then they got on a bus. It was that sort of a day, and I really wasn't thinking about a thing.

And then I began to think, the mind-plasm in convolutions of labor not orderly, not in a nice logical English Professor superhighway with no intersections way of thinking. Not at all.

June, I thought. June is a month, but I was thinking about the girl. The living human wonderful beast upon the earth, the inhaling exhaling living maddening intoxicating delighting terrifying segment of the race, of Woman that is. June the living wonderful maddening beautiful segment of Woman!

Blissfully horizontal amid verticalness the highly-polished mathematics mind. I wouldn't sell at 90—understand? Fingers you know with power to crush a sapling but always Night and remembering and forgetting now no mind slick as a green onion to the toes amid universal forgetting the sometimes remembering again the freighttrain derailed rolling over James was it Henry then trend or perhaps train really June I love you I'm not sleeping amid, amid, amid I'm on the corner of State and Lake streets in the city of Madison and I'm not thinking about a bit of a thing only living breathing inhaling exhaling breathing Myself upon the earth, I mean, you must understand June, the Play's the thing new every five minutes there are billboards on Broadway like that and I'm a writer and tortured tortured tortured last long enough to become a shortshort June. Please one more time I must be in Story the name before the public you know till they call author

like Philip Morris and I must I must Last long enough to become just a shortstory June and so I love you June in January or July or anytime at all I need to write when I'm tortured tortured.

I began to write of myself upon the earth inhaling exhaling in love with June till I get off two thousand words; and Diogenes or someplace will take it.

For a long time I had been sitting there, chilled now all through me from the curbing, and then I put the type-

writer back in the case, and stood up, and walked into Rennebohm's across the sidewalk.

"A lemon coke," I said. "With ice." "I have just written a wonderful story," I said.

"How do you know it's a wonderful story?" the young genius behind the counter asked.

"Because I can't understand it," I said, thinking of myself upon the earth inhaling and exhaling, and why the hell have they no beer at Rennebohm's.

Daily Reminder for SPEECH MAJORS....

I DIDN'T LITHE ONETH

I GOT TO BED EARLY

NON-OBLIGATORY

I INHALED 40 TIMES

I EXHALED 39 TIMES

**I EXPANDED MY
DIAPHRAGM 2 FEET**

**I BRUSHED UP ON MY
CONSONANTS.**

**I HAD A GOOD VOWEL
MOVEMENT**

PERFECT WEEKS

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ED MAYLAND

Letters

MR. PORTER BUTTS
BIG CHIEF MEMORIAL UNION
MADISON, WIS.
DEAR MR. BUTTS:

Listen Mr. Butts lets get this strate. Maybe you don't remember me from my letter because you have seen my fase a lot an not my tipe writing so much but I am Joe Grobes and now you must know I am a Janitor in Union. The reason I am writing this is not just I need exercise in spelling but some things lately getting me mad and I'm telling you about them so you can fix them up quick before I get good and sore.

You know and I know that a Janitor in Union is pretty important fella, in fact next to you we are running it. Union is a pretty big place and takes a lot of time to clean and straten up and lately has been Students running all over place. Students are people attending the University up on the hill and someone must have told them about Union because suddenly they are all coming at once and Mr. Butts either they go or me. I am big strong fella not sensitive but last night these damn Students upset me so I come home and I cry like a little baby. Listen.

I am down in bacement yesterday and have an important message to bring to cleaning lady on third floor. When a janitor in Union is entrusted with a message it is pretty important so I ring elevator rite away and wate. Pretty soon, about ten minutes, elevator comes filled with three Students all male. They look slitley mad but I get in meanwhile not speaking to any of them. One of them turns to me and says, "What's the idea calling the elevator down to the bacement we've been riding in this thing for an hour and we want to get to the third floor." Mr. Butts I am a calm man but I got excited and I said, "Who do you think this elevator is run for—janitors or you?" This shuts them up and we ride to third floor but when we get there they run out and shut the door and leave me locked in. I kick and yell, but soon someone pushes buton and I have to ride back to bacement and admit to Cheif custodian that I failed to deliver message to cleaning lady which is a big disgrace Mr. Butts and no more gold stars all week.

This is just a small insident of what has been going on in Union sinse Students think they own it. Mr. Butts everytime I come to clean a room there

are Students sitting around table yelling to me, "Get out! This is Student board meeting!" and I have to throw them out of room one by one each sepatly which I do not like because I am well-bred fella and dislike fyting. So Mr. Butts I am writing you to do something and with yore influence give Union back to the Janitors and we will promise to keep the floors clean like before and no more leaving mops in Music room.

Sinc'r'ly.

JOSEPH GROBES, ESQ.

DEAR MR. WURTZ:

I am discontinuing my membership in your club and I want my 30c back. You published an article a while ago called "How to write a hundred themes," and by God I can't get any more than ninety-nine out of it.

Gimme my 30c back.

You said, quote, Memorize this simple rule: boy meets girl, boy gets girl, boy loses girl. Then change it around a bit, and there, ping, are a hundred themes. I'm taking freshman English, so I tried it.

The first theme was okay. Boy met girl and liked her fine. The girl's name was Vivality Blumber and the boy's name was Spud Pettigrew. He happened to sit next to her in the first chem lecture before the professor separated the sheep from the goats. He lost her when the bell rang. I thought that was original, his not getting her, I mean.

The second time they met was okay, too. Again I exercised my originality by having *girl* meet *boy*, this time, in chem quiz. She borrowed his Cardinal—half of it—and then went and had a coke.

Boy, they really got along. First thing I knew they were going steady, and for about fifty themes I was sitting pretty. They fought because she was too rich, he went out with a blonde, she double crossed him, he stood her up, etc. They made up because of their terrific love.

Then they started having trouble. He got serious about this blonde, and she found a grey Packard convertible, and I couldn't do a damn thing with them. They couldn't see it my way at all, and as your formula didn't mention triangles or rectangles my sixty-third and fourth themes were about two weeks belated while I argued with Vivality and Spud. I told Spud what

a wonderful girl Vivvy was and I told Vivvy what a wonderful guy Spud was and at last I thought I had them patched up enough to buffet their way to the end of the semester at least.

Anyway, I got through the ninety-eighth theme. I knew, of course, that they were double-crossing each other, but I hoped I could keep it dark enough to finish the course before they cracked up.

After the ninety-ninth theme I got really worried. Spud and Vivality met in the Pharm one day. Spud had blonde hairs on his coat collar, to one end of which the blonde was attached. Vivality was steering the grey Packard down toward an end booth. "Hi ya," says Spud, but without enthusiasm, and Vivality merely honked.

Then the worst happened, just like I was afraid it would. He called her up that evening because the blonde was busy, and asked for a date. And Vivality told him she had married the Packard a week ago.

I'd known it several days, of course, but I'd hoped to write the hundredth theme before Spud found out. You can imagine my feelings as the deadline approaches.

Well, Mr. Wurtz, you've got two choices. Either get me out of this jam or give me back 30c of my Octy subscription. I know you will do one or the other because I know you are a man of honor.

Sincerely,

J. W.

Dear Miss J(angled) W(its):

Sure we got honor. We even got an answer. Your English professor, whom we just got on the phone, says that in theme 66, Spud discovers the blond holds a mortgage on his pappy's business, besides owning three munition companies. Now guess what? Spud marries the blond, saves his pappy's fortune; and next year you can squeeze another 100 themes out of the idea, by just killing off the blond and the Packard, solving the crimes, and starting new romances between Spud, Vivality and the detectives, maids, and other people who'll get into the solutions somewhere.

Sincerely,

JOE KULTURKAMPF,
vice-editor in charge of
education-export.

P.S. Naturally you will cut us in for 20% after you graduate and start selling the stuff to True Story.

J. K.



OUR OWN PATSY GARRETT
out in front with Chesterfields
and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians

*Sure an' the
Big Parade's to*

Chesterfield

... for Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself, with the three important things you want in a cigarette... *MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE* and *COOLER SMOKING*. Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos has so many things a smoker likes... *that Chesterfield is just naturally called the smoker's cigarette.*

They Satisfy

Career Girl

Once there was a co-ed named Myrtis who had a terrible complex, namely, inferiority.

And the reason she was this way was because she had nothing which could possibly make her feel famous or give her a feeling of superiority.

She was not pretty, she was ordinary looking, and people always said about her, "Who is that girl? I have seen her someplace before, but the circumstances could not have been very exciting."

In other words, her feminine attractions were negative rather than inciting.

One day she checked over her assets and she decided that she wasn't pretty and she wasn't clever and she didn't look well in sweaters, but there was one thing she could do to make herself famous.

And perhaps be as well known as Madame Du Barry or Eleanor Roosevelt or Andy's partner Amos.

She decided that she would go out for all kinds of activities, and she took her fee card and she went to the Union (Memorial).

And she went from office to office and meeting to meeting and she told everybody that she was Myrtis and that she was prepared to be very active on every committee in the Union, and all this she said in a tone dictatorial.

And after she had finished with the Union she went to the Cardinal and wrote a wonderful news story about the fire in South Hall that had destroyed the entire building and two deans.

Which wasn't true but was printed on the front page because after all a well-written story justifies the most libelous means.

About a month later one day Myrtis got a whole pile of mail.

And in the mail were lots of letters telling her that she was chairman of Student Board and director of Badger Board and president of the Student Life and Interests Committee and a lot of other committees, and best of all she was a desk editor of the Cardinal and she shouted "Whoops! I knew I could not fail!"

But alas! The last letter in the pile was from a very influential dean who coldly informed her that because of overwhelming attendance to activities and overwhelming inattendance to class work she had been from the University eliminated.

And Myrtis tore her hair and wailed and herself recriminated.

But it was too late, and she had to resign from all her chairmanships and from the Cardinal and she left the four hundred and two committees in the Union feeling mighty blue.

And the moral of this is, you can't butter your bread on both sides and lie in it too.

—I. T.

Problem



ON A RECENT Tuesday I noticed a little article in the paper saying that a bull was marooned on a tiny island in Canyon

lake in Arizona. It seems that the bull was trapped there when water was let into the lake from a reservoir.

I didn't pay much attention to it just then, but a little while later I began to wonder what was meant by "tiny island." Does the bull have room to move around, or does he just stand there in one position? (This would be very tiring, to say the least.) And is it a tiny island when the tide is in, or when the tide is out? You can't expect the bull to get a wink of sleep with water splashing around his legs.

After several days spent in trying to forget the whole business, I decided to write a letter to the Phoenix Chamber of Commerce. I told them that they had better do something soon, or the bull would die of hunger. They can't simply leave a dead bull sitting out on an island.

I really thought it was a very nice letter, but I decided to tear it up when I thought of the reply that I would undoubtedly get. They would bawl me out and tell me to mind my own business. After all, it *is* their bull. Besides, they would be very angry with me for not making any concrete suggestions, and would put in some crack about Wisconsin cheese. This would leave me very moody, and I wouldn't talk to anyone for two hours at a time.

Now, when I try to study, I always hear a voice in the back of my mind asking, "Well, how *is* it going to get off?"

"How is what going to get off?" I dodge very innocently.

"You know very well what I mean," it screams. "How is the *bull* going to get off?"

When this happens, I just lie down on the floor, kick my legs and yell "eeeeEEEEEE" at the top of my voice.

I've been following the papers very carefully for almost a week now, but I haven't seen anything else about the bull. If anyone knows anything about getting the bull off of the island, please let me know. I'll be only too glad to forward a plan to Phoenix.

—M. B.

Revival Meeting



H, DEAN," said the Registrar, "may I see you a few moments?" The Registrar had a strange gleam in his eye and he glanced

about furtively. "Dean, don't tell anybody about this. It's about next year's enrollment."

"Yes?" replied the Dean raising his eyebrows and rubbing his hands together.

"Do you know what?"

"No, what?" answered the Dean becoming rather peevish.

"Wellll—you know, this year our team has a basketball championship—"

"Oh, good gawd man, come around and see me when I'm not so busy."

The Registrar looked hurt and started to cry. "Wait, wait! What I wanted to say is that three hundred eighteen young fine athletes have written about entering our school next fall.

"My, my," said the Dean, "Three hundred eighteen. That's quite good isn't it?"

"Yes, that's quite nice, quite nice," said the Registrar. "But there is one other thing—," He twisted his handkerchief nervously. "All the boys want scholarships."

"Oh," said the Dean weakly, "scholarships, eh? Three hundred eighteen is a goodly number, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's a lot. I was afraid that it would be too many." The Registrar tried to smile bravely as he turned to go. "Too bad. My, I'll bet there'd be a lot of fine football and basketball players in that bunch. That's life I guess."

THE DEAN was blinking his eyes and biting his lips.

The Registrar, sly rogue, was playing the role of the tantalizer.

"Yup, too bad—"

Perspiration dripped from the face of the Dean. "They might be a great help to us. If they could only do something else too. It would cost a lot of money." Then inspiration struck him flush in the face. "Do you suppose," he said, "that there are billiard players among them?"

A smile spread over the face of the wily registrar. "Yes, Dean," he cooed, "I'm sure of it!"

That clinched it. Hand in hand, the

pair ran to tell the news to the athletic department.

"GENTLEMEN," began the Dean gravely, "gentlemen, we have fine news for you. Our Institution has, through its success on the field of athletic competition, attracted a number of fine prospects to its halls of learning. The coming autumn we will be able to deliver to you a number of sterling specimens of athletic prowess—318 of them!"

The athletic department was stunned. An awesome silence dominated the scene. Then three loud huzzahs were given. The little group leaped into a mad frenzy of exultation. Around and around they ran, whooping loudly and shouting, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Then one member of the athletic department stepped to the center of the circle and motioned for silence. There was quiet once again.

The athletic department man looked very happy.

He rolled his eyes.

He got a seven.

"Hot dog," he murmured, "baby gets a new pair of shoes!"

—L. R.

Man from Utopia

(With a quick obeisance to the guy who had the idea before all the rest of us.)

If he can do his work when all about him

Are raising hell and begging him to drop it,

Or let you and his suit go off without him

And offer up his overcoat to top it—

If he can know his stuff and yet not lecture

While you pursue the foamy stuff that fizzes

But pass his bluebook on for your inspection

When you're caught short in unexpected quizzes—

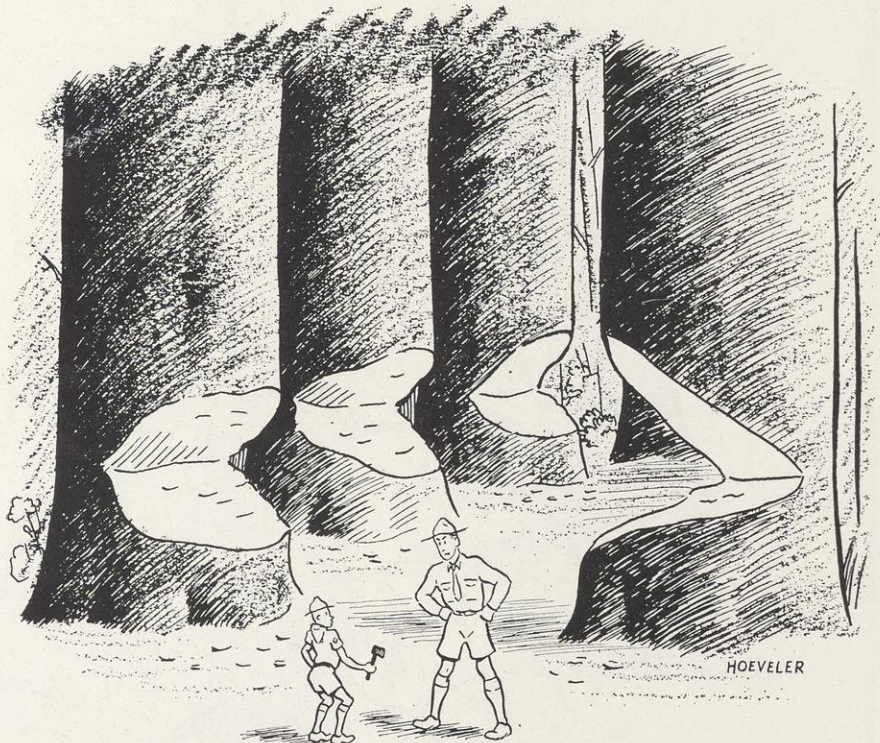
If he can be a good guy with the women

A quiet sort—but one who won't get moody,

Half Phi Bete and half souse, but always human

That's not your roommate, kid. His name's Yehudi!

—H. A. L.



"Anderson, I'm afraid you're carrying this trail blazing too far!"

POETRY CORNER

Lecture Notes

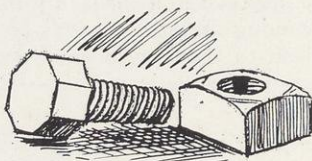
I hope that I shall never see
Anyone else as bored as me.
I'm sick of talk—I want to hear
No more gush except "more beer"
But sadly though my classes pall
They don't serve beer in Bascom Hall.

This is futile, this is trash,
Must we listen to this rot?
Does Pop want such for his cash?
Absolutely, he does not!

General education's fine,
But we've had enough of these
Generalities of thine—
Get thee down to business, please.

"Get thee down to business, please"
Implies a fact or two
You might as well expect the trees
To drop a fin on you.

—H. A. L.



Finis With a Postscript

Nothing reminds me of you—
Not slide-rules, orchids, or beer,
Or sunsets we used to view
From that dark, convenient pier.

Nothing reminds me of you—
I can walk beneath a moon
With something better to do
Than whistle a last year's tune.

You needn't worry, I'm through
I've reached the end of the ends
Nothing reminds me of you—
Except our mutual friends.

—H. A. L.

Poyme

I think
I know
why poets
write
in rows
and compose
verses
instead
of prose.
They figure
they'll
be rich
in time;
for poets,
you know,
are paid
by the line.

—K. S.

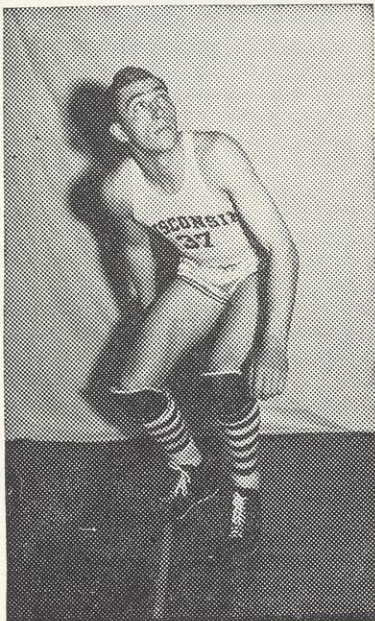


"Have you seen
Gertie's new mousseline de soie evening gown?"

This Month

OCTIE'S ADVERTISERS

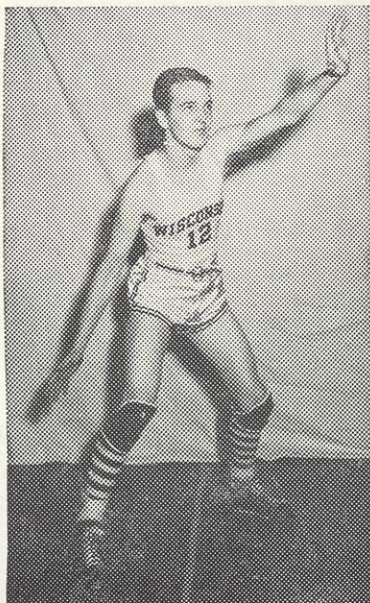
Offer Their Congratulations and Best Wishes to a Great Team



ENGLUND



KOTZ

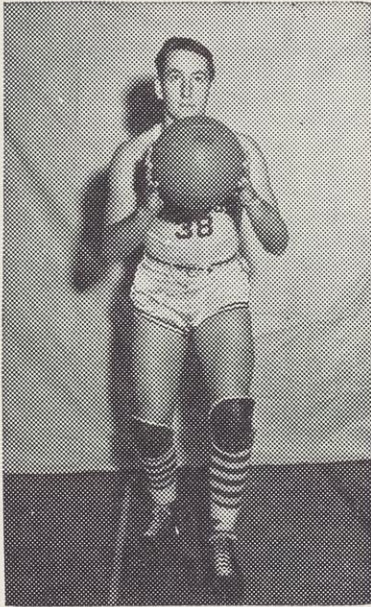


STRAIN



REHM

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 BADGER FOR 1941
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CHARLIE EPPERSON . . .

PEd3—409 Fourth St., Jackson, Mich.

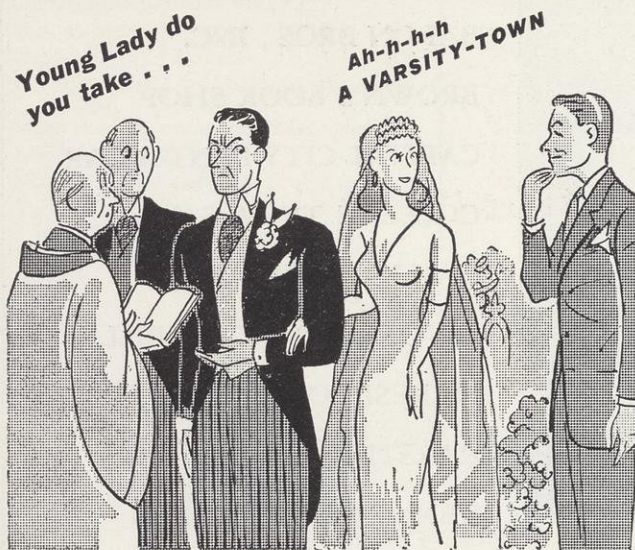
124 Langdon F 195

So goes the directory,

But we say:

We don't know this guy, but we saw him one day in front of the Kappa house, and we're damned glad he is going to be back next year. One reason is because he looks to old Octy like the kind of a guy he would like to know, and the other . . . well, kind of obvious, isn't it? He played a nice game this year, and sports experts that we aren't, we always felt more secure when he was in there. A couple of times he really proved it. But we live on sensational stuff. Don't be like us.

The permanent record of this Championship Team is in the
... 1941 BADGER



Without ceremony . . . we vow that a Varsity-Town knows no competition. Once you've worn these style pacemakers, you'll never alter your affections. Their casualness, ease, their model distinction and pattern originality will unite you with them for life. For Spring '41 . . . more romance than ever in modeling and in color blends. Remember . . . for perfect grooming . . . you'll always be a "best man" in a Varsity-Town!

\$30-\$35

C. W. ANDERES CO.

at the UNIVERSITY CO-OP

A SMART STORE FOR UNIVERSITY MEN

WE'VE RENTED
CARS SINCE
THEY WERE
CHARIOTS.....



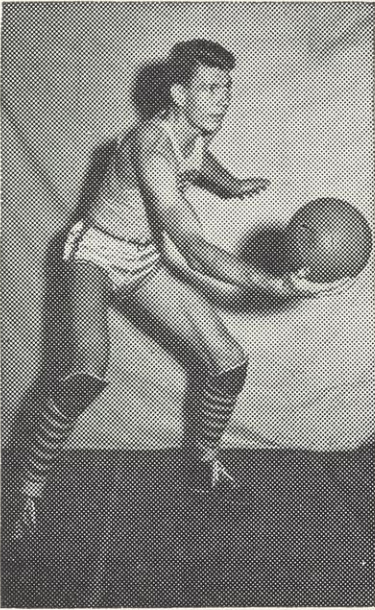
Make This
MILITARY BALL
A Mechanized One

SHE WILL APPRECIATE IT

Most Economical Rates in Madison

MADISON'S FINEST CARS • MADISON'S LOWEST RATES

CAPITAL CITY
531 State **RENT-A-CAR** F. 334

**DONALD TIMMERMAN . . .**

ME3—1017 S. Main Ave., Sioux Falls, S. D.

145 Iota Ct. B 7340

*So goes the directory,**But we say:*

Octy is handing this boy a mug for being the highest scoring man in the Big Ten this season; he scored and he is high. Stampf or no Stampf, this boy is high for us. Seriously, though, Don, we'll miss you. May you have the best of luck. We were a little afraid, sports experts that we aren't, when Tim stepped on to the court. He made us feel terribly guilty this season, and ashamed. We're confessing, aren't we? Forgive us, and thanks.

The permanent record of this Championship Team is in the
 . . . 1941 BADGER

*If you are, expect to be, or have been drafted
 . . . be sure to attend*

MILITARY BALL FOR 1941

with

**RAY NOBLE
 MARY MARSHALL
 HARESFOOT**

★

**FRIDAY, APRIL 4th
 Memorial Union**

★

**FOUR DOLLARS
 FORMAL**

BROWN'S*Wisconsin's largest college book store*

Wisconsin Pennants

- Made of good quality felt. Lots of styles and sizes to choose from. 10c to \$1.25
- Gummed paper stickers—for glass and opaque surfaces. 5c per dozen to 8c each

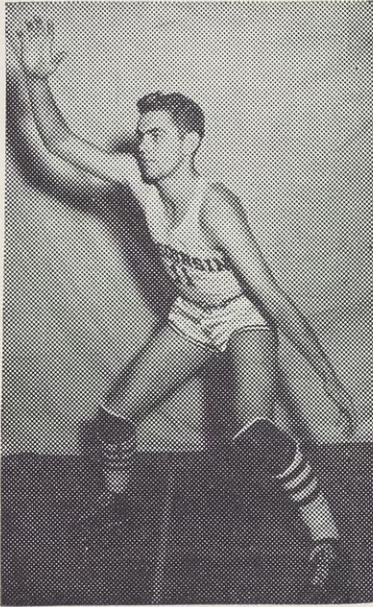
COLLEGE PETS

- Cleverly designed animals of brilliant Cardinal Red and White felt. 98c to \$2.95

JEWELRY

- Keys, Key Chains, Bracelets, Compacts—all with the University Seal. 75c to \$7.50

**BROWN'S
 BOOK SHOP
 STATE AT LAKE STREET**

**ROBERT ALWIN . . .**

PhB3—Madison

501 Maple Ave. B 6154

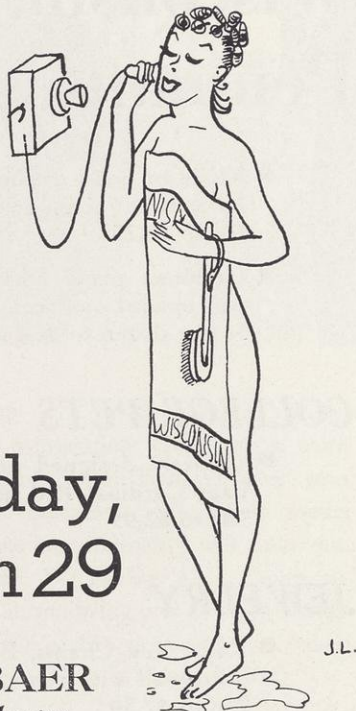
*So goes the directory,**But we say (1:00 a.m. and we're tired):*

We can't think of any one we would rather have succeed Alwin at guard for next year than Alwin. We're glad he will be back. If we can manage it we will be up (we live down) to check on him during the summer. We wish we had some of his memories, and thrills. Sports experts that we aren't, we never gave Alwin much thought. He was always there going his part and pointing regularly. The rest of the squad would not agree perhaps. But what can you say to a guy who has helped win a championship for his school.

The permanent record of this Championship Team is in the
 . . . 1941 BADGER

Soph Shuffle?

Why of course
 I'll go, Dick . . .
 all the biggies
 will be there
 on . . .



Saturday, March 29

BILLY BAER
and his orchestra

FLOOR SHOW

ONE DOLLAR AND $\frac{1}{2}$

INFORMAL

KARSTENS

*for smart clothes
 for men*

SUITS

\$29.50 to \$40

SPORT COATS

\$15 and \$20

COVERT SLACKS

\$5.50 to \$8

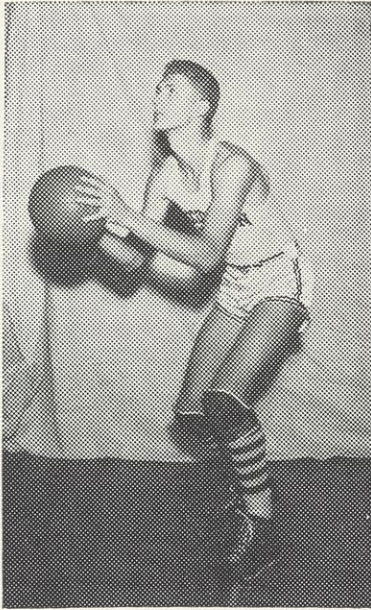
MANSFIELD OXFORDS

\$6 and \$6.50

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square

22 North Carroll



WARREN SCHRAGE . . .

SC(PhB)3—11 W. Main St., Plymouth

925 W. Johnson F 1975

So goes the directory,

But we say (1:15 a.m. Duchin is playing!):

Looking back over the season, without the estimable Mr. Siegrist's help, we can remember how excited we were during the Chicago game. We were excited because Schrage was in at center. He played like to dim the dismay at Englund's leaving. We hope Coach Harold (Bud) Foster uses him at center next season. And we will be sitting behind the tall guy from Kenosha who will be yelling for another great center. On this prediction hangs our future. Roundy does it.

The permanent record of this Championship Team is in the
... 1941 BADGER

SPORTS-YARNS

**SHETLAND
CASHMER
ZEPHYR**

and
ALL ENGLISH and FRENCH YARNS
in

EASTER PASTELS

*Quality Yarns and Knitting
to order*

KNIT SHOP

24 N. CARROLL

THE VARSITY MEN'S SHOP

Catering to Young Men's
wardrobe ideas at prices all
Young Men can afford.

*Extending
a Congenial Invitation
to Browsers*

THE VARSITY

670 STATE STREET

FOR A . . .

JOYOUS EASTER

*"Say it with
FLOWERS"
from . . .*

RENTSCHLER'S

230 STATE STREET

BADGER 177

Student Headquarters

A WINNER
IN
FOUNTAIN AND
LUNCH SERVICE

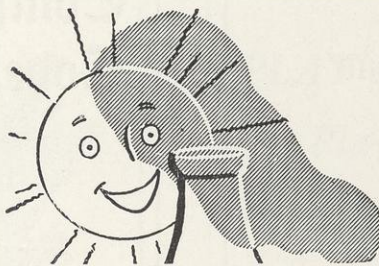
•
A complete
Drug and Pharmaceutical
Supply

MALLATT'S

720 STATE

Fairchild 3400

Fairchild 230



... FOR A SUNNY SMILE

drink

Vitamin D Milk

KENNEDY- MANSFIELD DAIRY

TELEPHONE BADGER 7100

CONGRATULATIONS

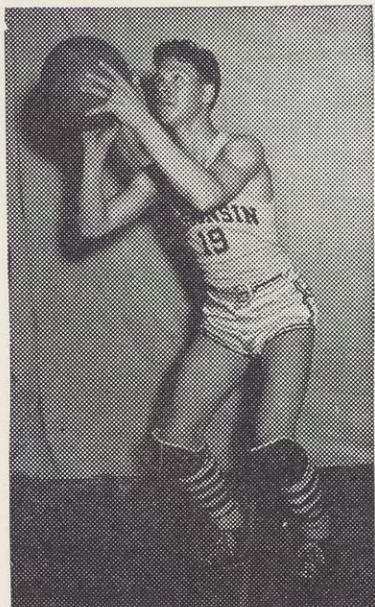
and

GOOD LUCK

STUDENT BOOK EXCHANGE

NEAREST THE CAMPUS

712 State Street

**RAYMOND LENHEISER . . .**

HE1—1340A Eagle St., Rhinelander

223 W. Gilman F 951

*The directory,**We (1:35)*

We picked blueberries in Rhinelander one summer. We did not meet Lenheiser. We're sorry we didn't because we might have helped him through his exams this year. He was the sixth man, experts that we aren't, we think there were six men on this team, who played during the stretch drive. We're expecting him to contribute a great deal to our next year's championship. He'll be more than a thumb, we hazard a guess, in the dam lineup. Please, God, don't make Kotz and Lenny feud during the summer. Amen.

The permanent record of this Championship Team is in the
 . . . 1941 BADGER

**THE
 PICTURE STORY
 OF A
 GREAT TEAM**

YOUR ONLY
 PERMANENT
 RECORD OF
 THE 1941
 CHAMPIONSHIP
 BASKETBALL
 TEAM

*The 1941***WISCONSIN BADGER**

Badger Office

Union Desk

**Complete Campus
 Coverage**

BENDS

A

KNEE

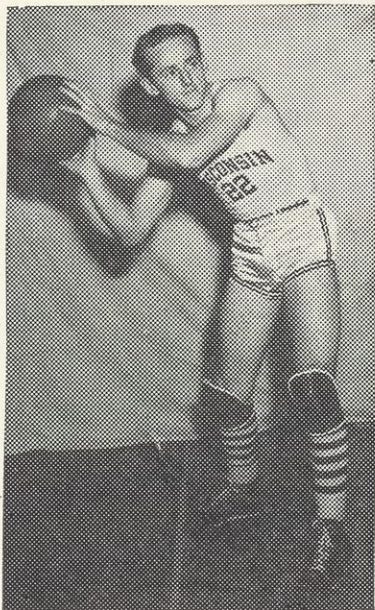
TO

**Complete Court
 Coverage**

A TEAM

AND ITS COACH

The Daily Cardinal*"Wisconsin All-American Pace-maker Newspaper"*



EDWARD SCHEIWE . . .

PEd2—1508 Alto Blvd., Chicago Heights, Ill.

124 Langdon F 195

The directory,

(1:50)

This guy's hair bothered us all season. He was a dynamo on the court. A dynamo is for some place not on the court. Experts that we are not, Scheiwe always perked us up during a game. We would have fun trying to locate the girl he kept one eye on while he dribbled. He is a remarkable man. We have a great faith in Mr. Foster, and if he says Scheiwe, we say Scheiwe; we can't say very much else.

The permanent record of this Championship Team is in the
 . . . 1941 BADGER

FRATERNITY JEWELRY

WATCH REPAIRING

N. A. WETHALL*The Jewelry Store Nearest the Campus*

708 State Street

Office—F-5793; Residence—B-1946

Madison, Wisconsin

LIFE SAVERS

WHAT IS THE BEST JOKE YOU HEARD THIS MONTH?

The editors award a handsome carton of Life Savers to the person submitting the funniest gag of the month.

This month's lucky winner is none other than:

Bruce Raymond—1124 W. Johnson, Madison, Wisconsin*Bruce's button-popper follows, viz:**She: "Don't you just love to see a musical review?"**He: "Of course, dear, of chorus!"*

MADISON'S MASTER CLEANERS

PANTORIUM CO.

BADGER 1180

558 State Street
907 University Avenue*Madison's Leading Credit**Jeweler***SCHWARTZ INC.**

440 STATE

Phone Fairchild 9307

**PERK
UP!****AT LOHMAIERS**

710 STATE STREET

*"A Wisconsin Tradition"***PLAY BALL!***We Play Ball**With You***THE COLLEGE TYPING
COMPANY****STUDENT TYPING
COMPLETE****LETTER SHOP SERVICES**

BADGER 3747

Next to Lower Campus

IN THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

We Are Secure

ALL kinds of little things bother an editor. Mostly he pushes them under and tries to forget. One of the boys was telling us, a minute ago, that it was that practice that later breeds horrible uprisings and revolt. We are inclined to agree with him after last month's issue. But, we've sent our stalking horse out, we've seen the results, and we are satisfied. To everybody we snarl, "There . . . we told you so!" and settle back ever so much the more securely in our editorial sanctum. We're through piddling around!

We had a little talk with Clarence the other day. He, and several other Cardinal boys, keep asking us why we don't publish a Cardinal issue like we always did in years past. We didn't answer them at the time. We didn't know what to say. We have been scratching our head about the idea for a fortnight, however, and we've come to this conclusion: The Cardinal doesn't rate a lampoon. In fact the Cardinal has done that job for themselves. We told Clarence we wouldn't fight with him and we're not going to, but we believe that courtesy demands an answer to the question. The answer, Clarence, is that the best possible travesty we could produce on your paper couldn't be anything else but a reprint of one of your consistently absurd issues. With the exception of a small part of the literary page (We are nursing a private hope that the editor and his henchman, the starry-eyed Mr. Samuelson, will get lost on one of those hikes) we congratulate the Cardinal for their intensely humorous paper. In fact it is so humorous that we must admit that you have kept us plugging to make our magazine even funnier.

And to close the matter for good we should like to say just one more thing about the whole infested business and, more explicitly—the corrupt advertising-editorial coup. We have always heard the advertisers don't dictate the editorial policy of a good newspaper. We also know that the Cardinal coerces their advertisers to spend most of their advertising budget on Cardinal advertising with the threat that unless they do they won't get front page publicity . . . and we've always thought the Cardinal was the student's newspaper and that *Mil Ball* and *Soph Shuffle* was news.

WITH that off our chests we are decided to settle down and be nice. Underneath our cantankerous epidermis we are really very happy. The things that make us happy are letters like this one from a Miss Brisbane '40 who now lives in Washington, D. C. . . .

"Spasmodically I am overcome with yearnings for the haunts and habits—the atmosphere and associations of Langdon Street. I feel that only Octy can relieve the pain.

"For starting my subscription and for keeping Octy a thing of beauty and a joy forever—as always—Thank you."

. . . and articles like this, printed in the December issue

of the HARVARD LAMPOON . . .

"Believing that credit should be given where it is due, he (Lampy) takes pleasure in presenting his personal palm of merit to the Wisconsin OCTOPUS, for the consistent high standard of its contents . . . the quality of the literary material is good, the make-up is excellent, and the cartoons are humorous and well-drawn by the staff artist. LAMPY is always glad to see a large co-educational university that is uninterested in love-graphs and candid camera shots of two fans flinging woo on the edge of a moon-lit lake. He hopes the OCTOPUS will continue in its present vein."

ONE more thing. As anyone can see Octy is now blessed with a large and talented editorial staff. But, no matter how large or talented, we are ever watchful for more writers, more cartoonists, poets, advertising salesmen, publicity men, idea men, what-have-you? Yes sir, if you have a talent or a frank, honest desire to apply yourself to the production of Octy, we invite you. Maybe you're not Ogden Nash, Robert Benchley, or Peter Arno—maybe we won't even print your first product. But do not be afraid of us. The editor has a big bag of apples in his desk. We like you . . . lots!

A couple of days ago a young man sat in our lavish outer office for an hour and then when we got there he said that he writes and that he had a story for us but that he didn't bring it along because he didn't know if we wanted to see it or not. We told the man that he was a very nice fellow and that no doubt he would be very nice to chum around with and that we bet he was a bear at anagrams, but no matter what his physical mass presented to us we

could not read his story—much less use it—without seeing it. So, if you write things on paper, or draw on cardboard, bring the paper with the writing or the cardboard with the drawing on it to the editor. There is one exception: If you carve in marble, or red granite, we can understand that it would be a very difficult task to bring it to us—in that case we will have the Crocodile brought around and the editor and the whole blooming staff will travel to your place, a-hooting and a-shouting for fair.

If you are lucky you can ride back with us . . . unless you are a skeptic and don't believe we have a crocodile. We've heard lots of people say that we really don't have a crocodile. Once, last year, they said we didn't have Dutch tiles either. Let it be said at this time that Octy has no patience with skeptics. Especially like the lady that called us up last week and said that she didn't think a Badger Queen wrote that autobiography in the last issue at all, and that if she did she (the lady) thought that it was very poorly written and that she shouldn't have used phrases like "poor little me."

We feel fine now . . . we're going to let those apples ferment.

—R.W.



The University of Wisconsin
HARESFOOT CLUB

presents its

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Shown left to right above are: Ada Leonard, ex-strip tease artiste, looking over part of this year's chorus lineup composed of: Jim Porter; Gene Englund, All-American basketball star; George Paskvan, all-conference football star; Eugene Detloff; and Ted Thomas

"PLACE YOUR BETS"

Playing 11 Cities in Two States

- La CROSSE
- WAUSAU
- APPLETON
- MONROE

- ROCKFORD, ILL.
- EAU CLAIRE

- KENOSHA
- GREEN BAY
- MILWAUKEE
- RACINE

AND MADISON



*"Lady, leaf like
this costs plenty!"*

"But Luckies pay the price to get it!"
says Jim Hill, Jr., independent tobacco buyer

"Year after year I've seen Luckies buy the finer, the milder tobaccos and pay the price for 'em, too," says Jim Hill, Jr., of Winston-Salem, N. C. "That's why I've smoked Luckies 5 years and that's why most other independent tobacco men smoke them!"

When you buy tobacco, you get what you pay for. And Luckies pay higher prices for the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. If you're smoking more today, *real mildness* is important. So take a tip from the independent tobacco experts—the buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen. Smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke.

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With men who know tobacco best — it's LUCKIES 2 to 1