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The Wisconsin OCTOPUS

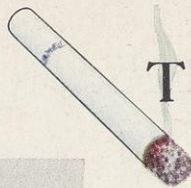


June 15 Cents

HOEVELER

THE SMOKE'S

THE THING!



**"You bet I smoke
Camels; they burn
slower and smoke
Extra Mild"**

—Right, Ben Hogan!

The *smoke* of slower-burning
Camels gives you

28%

Less Nicotine

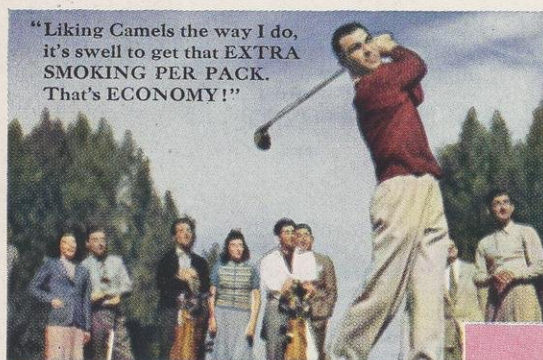
than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling brands tested—less than
any of them—according to independent
scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

135 POUNDS—but they say he has the greatest
swing in golf. And to champion Ben Hogan, Camel's
extra mildness is mighty important. Important to
any smoker... because this extra mildness is in
the smoke itself.

And Camels give you less nicotine in the smoke
than any of the other 4 largest-selling brands
tested... 28% *less* than the average of the other
brands. Extra mildness—extra freedom from nico-
tine in the smoke. Switch to Camels *now!*

**"Extra Flavor
always hits the spot.
That's why I don't
tire of smoking
Camels"**

**"And Camels
smoke so much
Cooler, too!"**



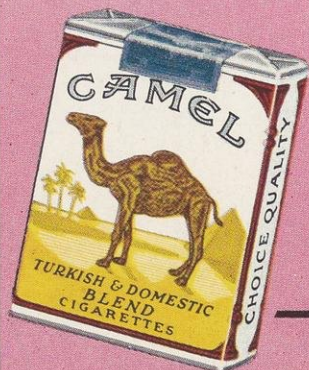
**"Liking Camels the way I do,
it's swell to get that EXTRA
SMOKING PER PACK.
That's ECONOMY!"**



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!

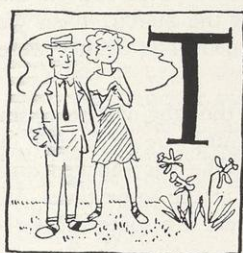
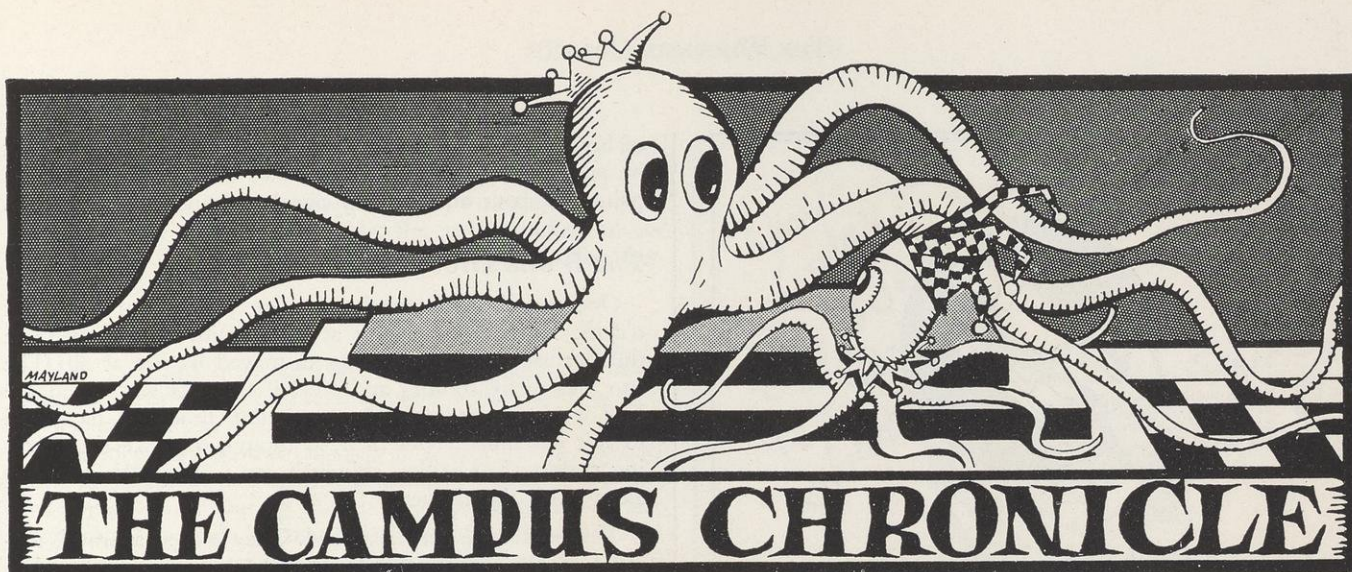
For even greater economy and con-
venience, get Camels by the carton at
attractive carton prices.



"THAT CAMEL FLAVOR is something very
special," says Ben Hogan (*above*). Yes, too-fast
burning in a cigarette dulls flavor and fragrance.
Camels burn slower, give you a cooler, more flavor-
ful smoke... and *less nicotine* (see *above*).

Camel

the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos



THE other night we were awakened by screaming in the hall and cries of, "There's a bat in the house!" We opened the door to tell people to be quiet, and the thing must have flown into our room then. Anyway, about ten minutes later we were dozing off when we heard the soft whirring of wings and a few muffled crashes as the thing

bumped into ink bottles and lamps. Our room-mate started to whimper softly, and we were just telling her to be brave when the thing zoomed past our head and landed on the bed.

We call it a thing because it didn't look like any bat we've ever seen. It was sort of a cross between a hummingbird and a flounder, with chicken's feet. Anyway, we made a hasty exit to summon the girl next door, who is very brave about such things. She got an umbrella and poked around the room while we hovered in the telephone closet. She finally reported that the thing was gone, and we went back to bed.

Everything would be all right except that we are sure that the thing is hanging, head down, from the hat rack in the closet. Its eyes are staring at the door, just waiting for us to open it. It's going to wait a long time though, because we're not even going near that door until next Walpurgis night. By that time it may have turned around.

Fame Is the Spur

The other day we saw something that made us smile. That is, we smiled at first. And then we sobered and saddened. We pondered the impermanency of man-made fame and fortune.

It happened in a musty, dusty little antique shop. We were searching for new additions to our splendid collections of silver snuff boxes and cut-glass wine jugs. As we picked out way among the ancient marble-topped bureaus and broken rocking chairs we paused to look at the usual assortment of bric-a-brac. There, wedged between a blue

and white china hen and a dented pewter mug was a little glass saucer. It contained a mongrel lot of fancy buttons, medals and coins. We almost passed by when we noticed a few old campaign buttons endorsing the political greats and near-greats of another day. We read, "Bryan and Silver," "Vote for McKinley," "I'm for T.R.!" "Elect James G. Blaine." And among the other buttons in this little antique shop there was one which shone forth in bright red, white and blue magnificence. With a big lump of nostalgia in our throat, through misty eyes we read, "Win With Willkie!"

We're thinking seriously about making a tour of Europe in the near future.

Brightening Up the Place

At first we didn't like them at all. We mean the painters who sloshed hideous ochre-umber liquid over the ancient doorways and casements of North Hall. We were mildly irked when they blocked our favorite entrance to the building with their ladders and buckets and sticky overalls. We said bad words when some of the anaemic-looking, evil-smelling paint splashed on our brand-new brown gabardines. We thought unkind thoughts about the painter who smiled and sucked on his pipe as he asked us to pick up his brush that had practically fallen on us. We almost threw it back at him.

We sulked a bit during the class period. But eventually our fury abated and we got back to what we facetiously call normal. By the time the bell rang we were making funny faces, cracking our knuckles and having just a dandy time.

But on the way out we began to feel bitter again. For there tacked up on the freshly painted planks was the taunting placard of our pals the painters. "Gawd," we thought, "that's rare irony; reminding *us* that the paint's wet!" But we were wrong. The signs *didn't* bear the customary bald, curt "WET PAINT". Instead we read a blithesome:

"NO, NO, MUSTN'T TOUCH!"

And from the other:

"THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S FRESH!"

We don't feel lowly at all any more. We are at peace with the painters. We think that anyone who brings a bit





*I am Thinking
of this Thing
Called*

GOOD PRINTING

and find that only by a combination of skilled workmanship, good paper and appropriate type faces can the finer quality of printing be produced . . .

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of bright whimsy into usually drab, mundane things must be pretty fine people. After this we don't care how much paint they pour on us. They can drench us. We won't care.

The World Grows Smaller

One morning last week we were walking to our eight o'clock more than usually at peace with the world. The dull lecture that was coming dismayed us not at all. The sun was really shining and we felt fine. As we neared the Hill we began to whistle some jaunty tune that happened to suit our mood. And then, as though to make the morning perfect the Carillon chimes began to play. We whistled along with the chimes.

The bells were very beautiful. They played a proud, majestic march. It sounded familiar to us. We had heard it before in awe-inspiring scenes in historical film and on the radio. We tried to recall the name of the march. Then we remembered. We stood still and listened. The chimes were playing *Deutschland Uber Alles*.

For a brief, distorted moment we thought of Patriotism and Hate and Tolerance and something we had read in English 30 about Truth and Beauty. We felt shocked and bewildered and somehow pleased all at the same time. All the world's not mad we thought. There are some things—like music, that will never change.

Then suddenly, as if mocking our thoughts, the Carillon rang out with a different song. Only the first few measures

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Volume XXII

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Number 10

of the march had been played. The terrible mistake had been caught.

The march *had* to be stopped we told ourselves. It was the only thing that could be done. But as we walked on up the hill the sun seemed to shine less brightly. The day seemed less fair.

Pride

Here is a sad little story we heard. It might be titled "Love's Labor Lost". Or make up your own title . . .

A young fellow, a teaching assistant and consequently of very modest means, was engaged to a nice girl, a student, here in Madison, and their engagement went on and on, for a year or so. During this time, they always ate in the restaurants around Madison; and it happened that the young man was a very sensitive and conscientious chap, who prided himself on doing the gentlemanly thing, so wherever they went, he was always careful to tip the waitresses the proper amount.

When it came almost time for their marriage, the girl gave her fiance a surprise wedding present. She presented him with over a hundred dollars, which was the sum of all the tips which he had been leaving on various restaurant tables. She, all this time, had been surreptitiously slipping the dimes and nickels into her purse as they left, and saving them.

Our hero was so humiliated that he broke their engagement on the spot, and refused to marry the girl.

Brains

The other night as we were crossing the road in front of the Libe we were just missed by a big dark car. We called "*Lights!*" after it, as is our wont. We were mildly surprised to see it stop about half a block farther on. We were downright astonished when the driver, a middle-aged lady, got out, walked up to us, and said apologetically, "They're both burned out—but I'll have them fixed as soon as I can get to the garage down on University."

Wise Guy, Eh?

All candidates for the Ph.D. degree, as you know, must pass an exam to prove they have a reading knowledge of German; the University is very strict about this requirement.

A while ago, a graduate student from Germany felt that he obviously had an unfair advantage over the other students, since German was his native tongue—so he rather nobly offered to substitute some other language, Spanish for example, just to make the examination fairer.

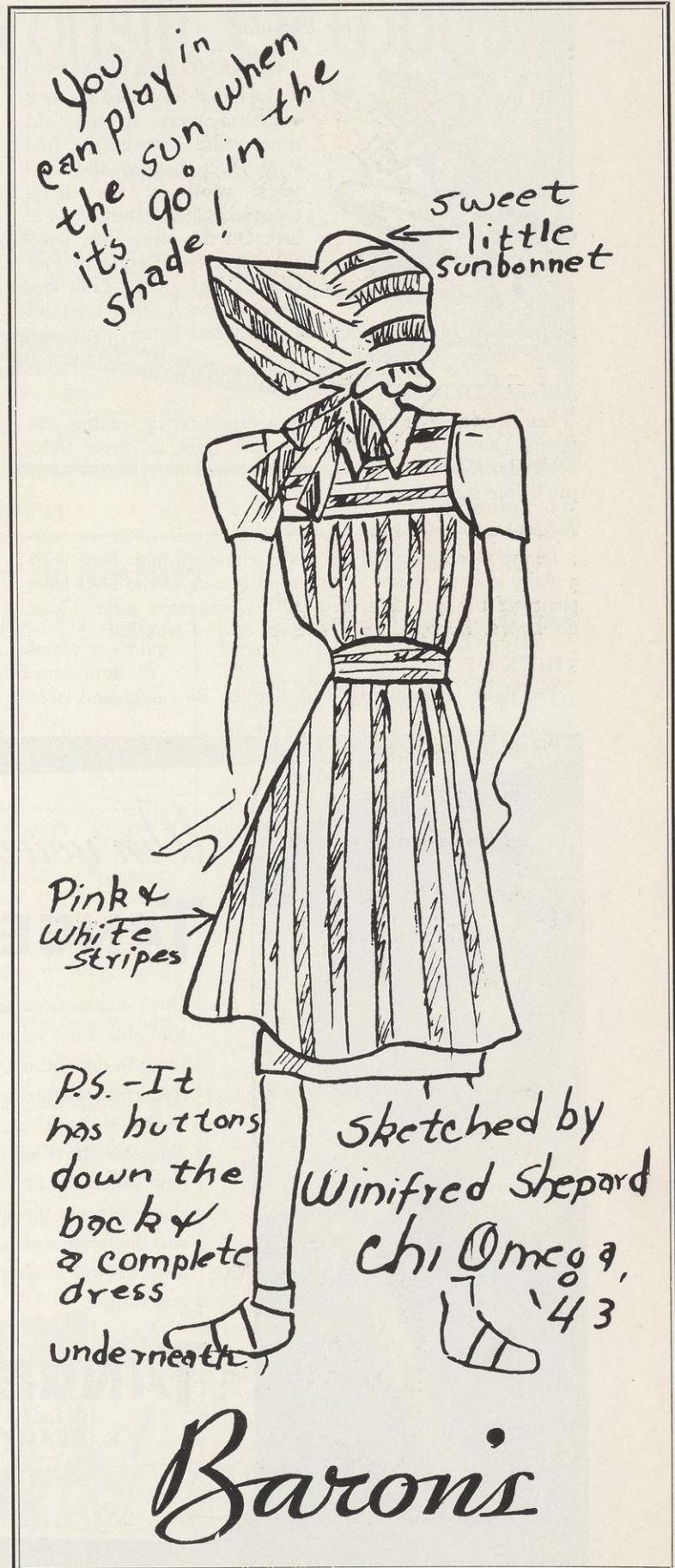
But the University wasn't going to be caught napping so easily; no sir. Everyone had to take a German exam, and he needn't think he was going to be an exception. So the student dutifully took his German examination. He says it was a snap.

What?

A married couple of our acquaintance have a little boy who recently reached the ripe age of nine years. As a treat, he was allowed to stay up later than usual, but when it became time for him to go to bed he was still reluctant to leave the grownups. His parents assured him he was still too young to stay up late, and as he was ushered from the room he asked: "Mama, how long have you and daddy been married?"

"For fifteen years," his mother answered, surprised.

"Well!" he said accusingly. "You know I could have been a lot older by now if you'd wanted to!"



According to the Records

The Popular



THE BAND PLAYED ON

Raymond Scott and his new orchestra mess up this old time waltz favorite in fine style. We thought the nostalgic vocal by the furry-tongued Clyde Burke quite bad. On the other side, however, we were happy to find Gloria Hart giving *Let's Get Away From It All* a splendid

singfare. After hearing Gloria you'll feel better about the whole thing. *Columbia*.

ALEXANDER THE SWOOSIE

Les Brown gives this novelty a bright, crisp waxing featuring Doris Day warbling the cute verse in clever style. Backside, *Keep Cool, Fool*, leaves us cool but then perhaps you'll like it. *Okeh*.

A SMO-O-OTH ONE

Benny Goodman and his sextet come through here with a really smooth platter. The tempo is easy so the boys have plenty of time to strut their stuff. Companion piece, *Good Enough to Keep*, is a sure fire sell-out. *Columbia*.

THINK OF ME

You'll be playing this Will Bradley disc over and over

again if you're anything like us. We've always had a weakness for slow easy rhythms and Ray McKinley with his drums brings it to this spinning in a plus fashion. *Tea for Two* holds its own on the backside with snappy instrumental work by the Ray McKinley Quartet. *Columbia*.

REMEMBER DAD

Jerry Colonna, the one and only, is a laff riot on this disc. You'll have to hear him, though, to really appreciate his comic antics. Flipover, *Lalita*, is another masterpiece of humor—Colonna goes awooing in English, Spanish, and boogie-woogie. You'll have to watch yourself when you play this record, though. It made us laugh till we cried. *Columbia*.

TOY PIANO JUMP

Is a novel recording done up and neatly packaged by Horace Heidt. Frankie Carle at the piano does what we call a damn fine piece of keyboard-work. B side rates a grade A for *Toy Piano Minuet* wherein we find Carle's nimble fingers all over the place. *Columbia*.

HI THERE, MISTER MOON

Al Donahue dresses this tune up very nicely. The waxing, featuring songstress Dee Keating with the chorus, is plenty danceable and sweet. Donahue himself is heard with a neat sax lead. Plattermate, *It's Nothing New*, with Phil Brito doing the vocal completes this double winner. *Okeh*.

DO I WORRY

Bravo, we say to Claude Thornhill and his band for this
(continued on page 18)




Win your *LLD*[★] with

TANGEE *Red-Red*

Once commencement day is past—and your thoughts turn to summertime swains—continue to depend on your RED-RED lips for that flattering, shattering effect!

One of the rarest, loveliest reds of them all, Tangee's startling RED-RED lipstick brings a new sauciness to your lips. The pure, clear shade accents the whiteness of your teeth... and the famous cream base helps prevent that dry, "drawn" feeling. Ask for RED-RED, lipstick and rouge!

TANGEE *Red-Red*

...REALLY STAYS ON!

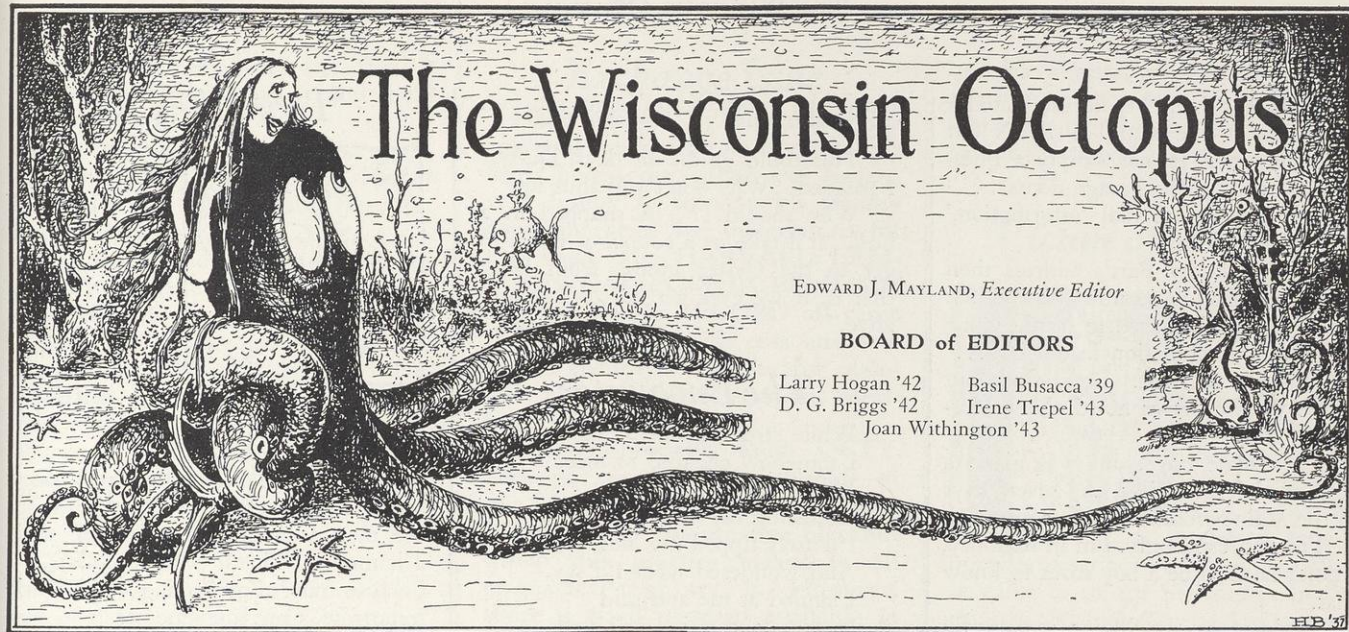
★ Degree of Lovely Lips

The Wisconsin Octopus

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Volume XXII

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Duffy Baggert in Roxbury



IT REALLY wasn't a case of being lost at all. I knew we were in Roxbury.

"Damn Bart Morris anyway," Duffy said loudly in my ear. Two

women standing near us at the bus stop nudged each other, twisted their heads around, and eyed Duffy. He pretended to stare past them at the cop in the middle of the street. They nudged each other again and would have turned away, but the taller one brought her elbow up sharply and knocked a small bundle from under her companion's arm. I edged down along the curb, endeavoring to suppress a giggle.

"Take the Neponset car in the Park Street Under, Duffy," Bart had said as we left the office of the weather bureau. "It'll take you to the Oyster House in four stops."

I should have known better than to trust Bart. Blinking its lights uncertainly, our car had rumbled underground for about ten minutes before it shot up into daylight, swinging around a sharp curve into the end of the line.

"Roxbury terminal. Damn Morris," Duffy said it again.

I had fifteen cents in my pocket. I could have called Bart and told him we were in Roxbury and that he would have to get us back to the Oyster

House where I could cash a check. I could have told him almost anything, but I couldn't remember his number.

"Do you know Bart's new number, Duffy?" I asked hopefully.

Duffy shuffled back and forth to keep warm. "Well, I do . . . in a way, Lester," he answered finally, looking at his feet with a frown. "I have a system for remembering numbers—anybody's number. I can even remember how I remember Bart's number. The first digit is twice the second, which is half the third minus two. The third is the fourth plus the first. . . ."

"Yes?"

"I can't remember the fourth number."

"Nice going."

"It's a larger number than you'd think from the system, Lester. The bus will be along any minute. Besides, I've forgotten his exchange. I don't call Bart very often."

In disgust, I walked over to the cigar store window and peered in at the counter display, vaguely hoping to

find a notice in large letters, "Bart Morris' telephone is Capitol 7734."

"Listerine, small size, sixteen cents," I muttered, turning back. With his hands outstretched to balance, Duffy was walking, pigeon-toed, down a pavement line in the sidewalk. I followed him in silence up to the next bus stop.

"When I think of all the things I remember how to remember, it makes me sick, Lester," Duffy complained. He stopped and waved his arms wildly to keep his balance on the pavement line. "In grade school I was taught to say 'Very Many Selfish Girls Have Bad Teeth' to remember something in Astronomy. The first letter of each word stood for something; I can't recall just what. It may have been the planets in ascending order, or in descending order, or in order of their distance from the sun, or just willy-nilly, in any order." Duffy tried the words with each step as he tight-rope down the sidewalk. "Very, Venus . . . Many, Mercury . . . Selfish, Saturn . . . Girls . . . Girls . . ." Duffy couldn't find a planet to fit. It made him lose a step. He stumbled into a fruit vendor's wagon. Several apples bounced onto the sidewalk and rolled off the curb. "Noblesse oblige," Duffy said, picking the apples up. "Give the man a dime, Lester." Like a sucker, I gave ten of my fifteen cents to the man. "If I were home in Dedham, and if Bart Morris still lived out by the reservoir, I could phone him easily enough," Duffy said as he continued his circus act along



"This summer I shall live!"

the pavement line. "My license plate on the sedan is the same as Bart's old phone number. It was simply a question of opening the garage doors . . ."

"You can always dial 'information,' Duffy," I broke in.

"I didn't know Bart's address then any better than I do now, except that his street number used to be the same as the safe combination in our old . . ."

"Enough of that. Let's find out where we are, never mind about Morris."

"I see some boy scout was given a gold medal for being lost seven days in the Maine woods," Duffy continued.

"I'm not lost, Duffy. I'm in Roxbury. I don't have to be a boy scout to know that."

"Roxbury or the Maine woods. I'll take the Maine woods. We have to get to the Oyster House to cash a check before we can eat. You don't see any roots and wild berries in Roxbury, do you, Lester? A boy scout can rub something together and build a fire. I'd like to see you building a fire in some alley around here. The sun rises in the east in the Maine woods. You know, Lester, you can't get lost in the woods. I've never seen the sun in Roxbury. Then, there are trees in the woods. . . . There are trees, and bark, and moss. The moss is on one side of the tree, and the bark is thicker on one side. . . . Anyway, you can tell how to go north, or how to go in, or maybe how to get

out of the woods, if you've got moss on a tree."

"This could go on for days, Duffy," I pleaded. "Why don't you shut up?"

"Why should I?" he snapped in a huff. "It'll take us a couple of hours to get to the Oyster House from here; that is, if we ever get out of Roxbury alive."

—Lampoon

The Encounter

While strolling down the street
I somehow chanced to meet
Myself the other day.

Adjusting my cravat,
I tensely tipped my hat,
And wondered what I'd say.
I smiled at me and said
In language quite well-bred,
"I hope it doesn't rain."
Relieved by this remark,
I answered, for a lark,
"I hope it *does*—in Spain."
Diverted by my quip,
I then began to skip,
While shouting, "What a card!"
And at this compliment,
I really must assent,
I rose in my regard.
We had a pleasant chat
About—Oh, this and that,
And then we said goodbye.
While strolling down the street
I've never chanced to meet
A nicer man than I.

—Lampoon

'Twixt the Cup



DROPPED my shaver yesterday," Jim told the man at Remington-Rand. "I think all it needs is a new head." "Hmmm," the man answered.

answered.

"I'm sorry I dropped it."

"Oh, that's all right. But you'll need a new case too. See how weak this is," the man said, splitting the case with a hammer. "That'll be four dollars."

"Just four? I'm leaving New York tomorrow. Can you send it?"

"Well, I guess we can if we have to."

Two weeks later Jim tore into the package from Remington-Rand to find his shaver. And there it was—split case, broken head and all. Jim gave what psychologists call "the complete shrug" and set out for Remington-Rand's Boston branch.

There a Mr. C. D. Hurley, Jim noted, put down his paper, glared at Jim, and said, "Whadda ya want?" Jim explained that his shaver wasn't fixed and would Mr. Hurley do something about it.

"Well," Mr. Hurley said, "in the first place, you don't just want your old shaver fixed—you want a new one with two ends. That'll be four dollars more. So you come back Friday with four dollars and I'll have it all straightened out."

"O. K.," said Jim, and, whistling, walked out.

Friday Jim dodged traffic and crammed himself into a subway to get to Remington-Rand. Breathless, he ran into Mr. Hurley's office.

"Can I have my shaver now?"

"No," Mr. Hurley said, "and I'm really sort of sorry about this. You forgot to write New York about it. But I think I can get around to it next week. Tell you what—leave your telephone number, and I'll call you."

So JIM made the trek home again and waited for his shaver to come. He was sure, he told his roommate, that it would come next week.

It didn't. It didn't come the week after either. Jim made his decision, "if he doesn't call me this week, I'll call him!"

Jim called Mr. Hurley. Mr. Hurley, it seems, had received the shaver two weeks ago, but must have mislaid the



"I after e except before c—i before e except after c—i after c except before e—e before c . . ."

—LAMPPOON

telephone number—or was that it right on his desk? Anyway, Jim could come down any time.

And so Jim arrived, breathless again, at Mr. Hurley's office. Mr. Hurley showed him the shaver and asked for four dollars.

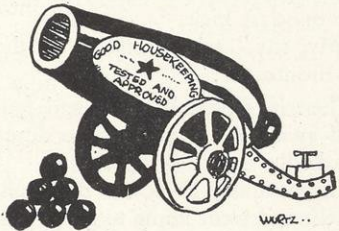
"And it would be a lot easier for me if you have cash."

Jim slipped into the line of business tycoons and grocery clerks going into the Second National Bank and presented his Harvard Trust Co. check to the "paying" teller. The teller, Mr. Pauson, Jim noted, told him, "I can't cash this check. You see, you can't come into a bank cold and expect them to cash a check."

"Cold, huh?"

"Why, we aren't even a correspondent of the Harvard Trust Co."

"Not even a correspondent! I didn't realize that." Jim joined the other dis-



appointed tycoons on the way out and made his way to the First National Bank.

THIS was a much larger establishment, so Jim asked a guard, Mr. Balfour, where he could cash his check. Mr. Balfour directed him to Mr. Crafts, a guard downstairs.

Mr. Crafts directed him to Mr. Woodward, a teller.

Mr. Woodward directed him to Mr. Arthur, seated at a desk.

Mr. Arthur directed him to Mr. Robinson at another desk.

Mr. Robinson asked, "Can I help you?"

"I want to cash this check."

"You can't come into a bank cold and expect them to cash a check. Why we aren't even a correspondent of the Harvard Trust Co."

"I know. But I have a Bursar's card from Harvard. And a Co-op card. And a participation card. And a dining-hall card. And a driver's license. And a Social Security card. And a Senior life-saving card."

"All right, all right—give the teller your check and he'll give you the money. Just take those cards away."

Jim went back to Mr. Woodward, got his money, and with head held high walked past Messrs. Robinson, Arthur, Crafts, and Balfour and on down the street to Remington-Rand

Exchange Issue

Hard pressed by impending exams and harried by an over-zealous draft board the editor was happy, very happy to turn to his worthy contemporaries for material to fill this issue. The HARVARD LAMPOON, CALIFORNIA PELICAN, and the YALE RECORD all came through royally with cuts and stories in answer to his plea for material. He extends to them his blessings.

As you probably know OCTY does not use exchange humor in any of his first nine issues for he is frightened by the creative blackout which this practice brings to all magazines that try it. However, there is good material available in the top three or four magazines in the country and OCTY herewith presents the cream of this college humor. He has limited his exchange stuff to one issue and he acknowledges that it is borrowed so he's still in a class above the MISSISSIPPI PUMPKIN and the IOWA CORNSTALK.

The last joke has been clipped, the last stamp licked, so OCTY, his loyal staff and the editor with tears coursing through his stubbly beard wish you a very pleasant summer and caution you to stay out of the water after eating.

and Mr. Hurley. He gave Mr. Hurley the four dollars, took his shaver, and walked out. When he got outside, he shouted once and ran down the street.

—Lampoon

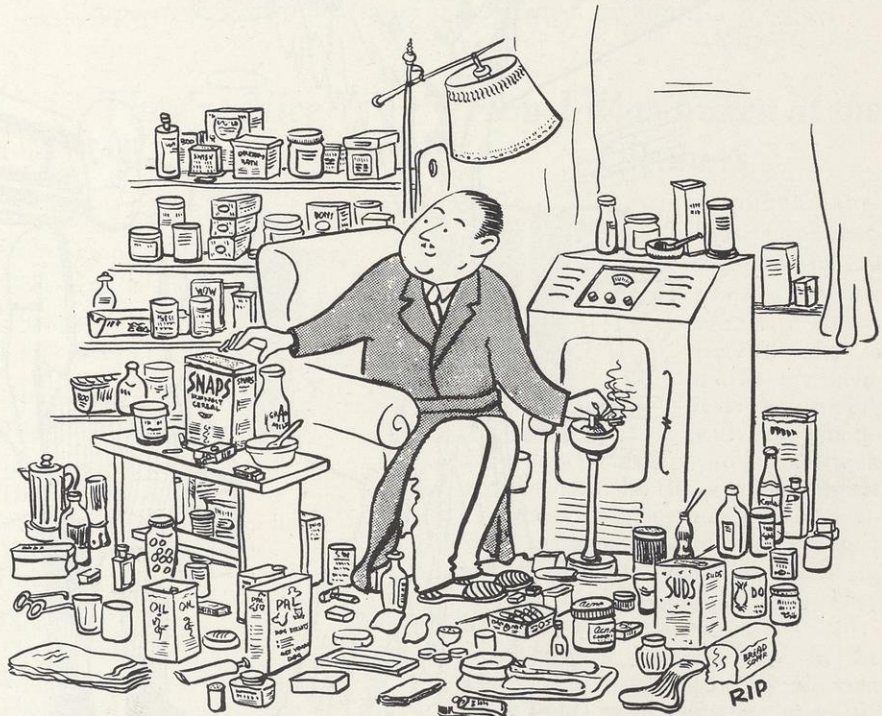
Victim of Thought



GNATZ TOONERVILLE had always believed in the power of the mind—right from the beginning, when as a child he was much impressed by the

miracles described in the Bible. When he came to college his courses in Psychology and Biology served to strengthen the idea greatly. It was during the winter of his Sophomore year that the surprising thing happened. . . .

He went back to his room one snowy afternoon after a Biology Laboratory period, and ran himself a bath (his was the only bath-tub in the college). As he stepped into it he could still see the snake they had dissected in his mind's eye, and the intoxicating perfume of formaldehyde was still in his nostrils. He was marvelling at the intricate convolutions of the snake's interior, when he felt something smooth and slippery wriggling against his back. He screeched and jumped out of the tub,



"The makers of Lucky Toasties, the toasted cigarette, bid their loyal listeners a good night . . . this is Station QLM . . . Good morning folks, this is the Snaps program, bidding all its loyal listeners . . ."

—PELICAN

and felt faintly ill when he looked and saw a large serpent swimming lazily around in it.

Now Ignatz was very much troubled by this occurrence, and went to bed to think. He hadn't been drinking—he didn't have the habit—and as far as he knew there was no streak of insanity in his family. He was about to give up in despair and turn himself in to the Health Department, when an old thought popped up. The power of the mind! That was it. Excitedly he rushed back to the bathroom, and filled the basin. Then he thought very, very hard, and looked at the water. Sure enough, a great green frog hopped up onto the edge of the sink. Then Ignatz tried to think of something else; the frog leaped into the air and disappeared.

IGGY was now crazy with delight. He would astound the whole scientific world! Then he thought of his girl. She had been pretty cold lately; and she was so beautiful—glossy white skin, undulating figure, smooth, tapered limbs, and such eyes! And now, if she—. He felt a gentle hand on his shoulder. He turned around and there

was his girl in the flesh—and only in the flesh! He closed his eyes and fainted dead away.

The next morning—for it was morning before he awoke—Iggy went to the laboratory to experiment. He decided to avoid the thought of women, as it wasn't safe with Campus cops as active as they were. So he soon brought a Pterodactyl to life, and it almost pecked his eyes out before he got rid of it. Then he crouched down behind a table, took a deep breath, and began to think very, very hard. Immediately there was a terrifying roar. When Iggy looked up, most of the furniture was lying in ruins, and glass was flying through the air like hail. A huge dinosaur was in the room, and he was furious because the ceiling was giving him a cramp in the neck. He stamped his great feet, growled like thunder, and took a step forward. Iggy's table was turned into matchwood, and he stood up, undefended. The dinosaur gargled raucously in triumph, and the whole building shook. Iggy was almost overcome by the hot stench of the animal's breath, and began to wonder if he ever brushed his teeth after eating. But

that was his last thought.

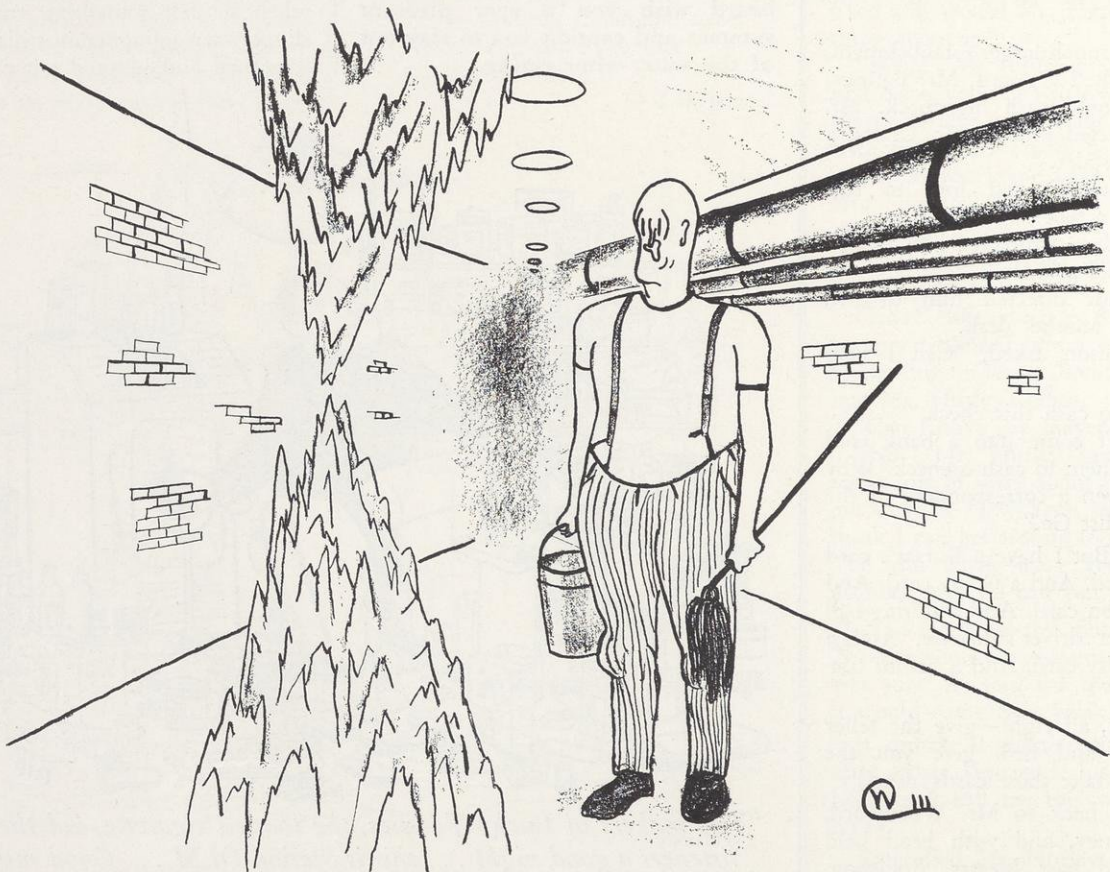
Now it so happened that Professor Baithook came around at this very moment, for, trying to work in his study, he found it difficult to concentrate with the intermittent explosions of sound and the crashing of glass coming from the laboratory. He opened the door just in time to see Iggy's feet, protruding from the animal's mouth, give one last kick.

"My, my," said Professor Baithook. "A Brontosaur."

Then he closed his eyes and fainted dead away. As he did so the dinosaur vanished.

The next day Professor Baithook resigned, and went home to grow onions.

—Record



—YALE RECORD

Unless It Wanders

WHY don't be silly," Henry heard the girl's voice say. "Of course I'm happy." She sounded distant. Henry was plainly worried. Things had been running smoothly until this talk. As he sat, he could not visualize Dorothy clearly. He seemed to be speaking to a mere voice. Dazed, he tried to pull himself together. With measured words, he tried to control himself. "But Dorothy," he quivered, "there's something wrong. What has come between us? Please tell me what it is."

Dorothy's answer came back, cool and clipped, "Use your head, Hank. Don't you know what's between us? Miles, dear, miles and miles. Why, I feel that I am not with you." She took another sip of her Tom Collins, which, due to the Florida sun's warmth, was becoming more water than either Tom or Collins.

Henry fairly writhed. Where were Dorothy's warmth and affection? "But Dot," he pleaded, "we got along perfectly until now. We simply got out of touch. I can hardly understand you. Everything you say is indistinct. We seem to have lost our intimacy. I'll wait for you to come back to me though."

Dorothy took off her jacket, preparing for a swim. She took the last sip of the anemic Tom Collins, and her reply, blurred and hazy, came to Henry. "Well, all right, Hank," she said. "I hate to end this, but I think our time is up."

Henry looked at his watch, and said, "Yes, three minutes. Goodbye, Dorothy." He placed the receiver back on the telephone, and returned to the unfinished work on his desk.

—Lampoon



"Impossible, Zarnoff. Mother always used six eggs."

—YALE RECORD

They're Nice

I like men.
They do what they please;
They don't suffer through teas;
They're loud when they sneeze;
They bend at the knees;
They get D's.
I like men!

I like men.
They step on your feet;
They smoke on the street;
They're seldom neat;
They yell when they meet;
They know how to cheat.
I like men.

I like men.
They're rare;
They cut off their hair;
They swear.
They always dare
And never care.
I like men!

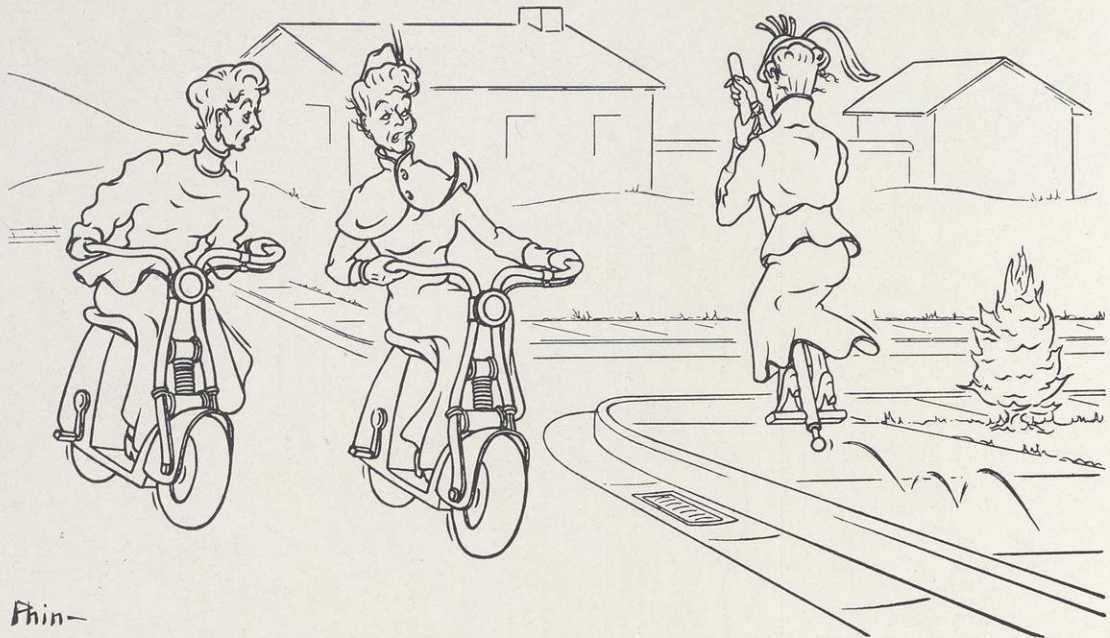
—Longneck

How I Was Taken at the Cleaners



THE phenomenal feats of engineering, like why is a strapless bathing suit, have always puzzled me, so maybe my helplessness in coping with the moth-proof-bag problem is unique. I think not, however. In fact, I rather suspect that there are many hundreds of thousands who have been buffaloed in a similar way, but dare not admit it, for fear they would look silly. They have something there.

Anyhow, it was this way. In the early summer, an apparently innocent letter from my grandmother came my way. She told me what the weather had been like, and then, with studied carelessness, she slipped in the following casual remark: "I have been won-



Phin-

"Don't speak to Theodora Williams—she's peculiar."

—LAMPPOON

dering about your winter clothes. Moths, as you know, often attack woollens in the summertime, particularly in Cambridge. Go, therefore, to a dry-cleansing establishment and procure a number of moth-proof bags, which can be had most reasonably. Your grandfather lost \$32 at flinch yesterday."

Nothing at all, you see, about how I was expected to get the clothes inside the bags. At the time, I thought of this as a mere oversight, never realizing that my crafty grandmother had no intention of telling me how it was done. For no one in the whole world knows the secret.

But I took her advice, and went down to a dry-cleanser's.

"Give me four moth-proof bags," I said, slapping down fifty cents on the counter.

The cleanser said nothing, but went into the rear of his shop and came back with the bags.

"How much?" I said.

"Seventy-five cents," he said.

I added a quarter to my fifty cents.

"A piece," he said.

"I'll take one," I said.

I held up the bag. It was made of paper, and was about ten feet long. The bottom had an open flap, while at the top was a very small hole for the hook of the coat-hanger. There were no openings at the sides at all.

"Just moisten that flap at the bottom with saliva," the man said, "after you've got the clothing inside."

"After you've got the clothing inside." Very funny. The man took my

seventy-five cents, which was next to the most wretched business deal of the day.

At any rate, I led the bag upstairs to my room, and got ready to put the clothes inside. First I hung a suit neatly on a hanger, emptied all the pockets, and threw moth-flakes all over everything. Then I laid the bag across my bed and holding the suit by the hanger, reached up into the bag as far as I could; but my hand wasn't within four feet of the top of it. I withdrew and looked over the situation. This time, I crawled up inside the bag, dragging the suit with me. After a while, we came to the top, and I pushed the hanger through the little hole. Success seemed certain, but as I turned around in the bag and started back to the open end, my feet tore through the sides, and six bits went up the flue.

I clambored out of the bag, and returned to the cleanser's.

"See here," I said. "You sold me a defective moth-bag."



"Did you moisten the flap with saliva?" he said.

"No," I admitted. "Nor did I say 'by the great horn spoon'."

"Well then," he said. "You'll have to buy a new bag."

He sold me a new bag, which was easily the dirtiest transaction ever.

I WENT back to my room to start again with different tactics. This time I stood on the bureau, holding the hanger with one hand, while I tried to drop the bag over the top. This is impossible, and I came about as close as the Phillies. With my grandmother's name and a fearful oath on my lips, I stood there, trembling with rage, when a brilliant thought pierced my consciousness. Quickly I ripped off my clothes, and taking the suit off its hanger, put it on. Then I pulled the moth-bag over my head, and, with the empty hanger in my teeth, began taking off the suit again. In the dark inside the bag I worked feverishly for the better part of an hour and fifteen minutes, but it was no use. I was baffled, licked. Finally, I got panicky, and anybody who thinks I can't fight my way out of a paper bag should have been there. I was terrific. I tore it to small shreds. I mangled it to ribbons. I fell on the bed. I cried.

—Lampoon

A small boy was hurrying to school, and as he hurried, he prayed, "Dear God, don't let me be late—please God, don't let me be late." Then he happened to stumble and said, "You don't have to shove."

PATRICIA MORISON
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
currently appearing in Paramount's
"The Roundup"



Yes, you will quickly like everything about
Chesterfields...they're cooler and milder with *plenty*
of good taste. You are entitled to all these things in
a cigarette and you get them in Chesterfield's right
combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

EVERYWHERE YOU GO... *They Satisfy*



"So, Polly wants a cracker, eh?"

—YALE RECORD

Roses is Roses

O random rose, the poets say
That you would smell as sweetly,
If I should meet
You on the street
And call you indiscreetly

Some other name, like broccoli,
Papaya or banana.
I grant the fact,
Until I act
In this vexatious manner.

They add that one of you is there
When summer leaves without it;
But I'm away
By Labor Day,
So who am I to doubt it?

And Gertie Stein intones you are,
Above all things, a rose.
Then who are we
To disagree,
When Gertie says she knows?

But poets whistle through their hats
And gab in glib romances.
To this recruit
You constitute
A drain on his finances.

—Lampoon

To an Alarm Clock Awakening the Poet for a Class in the French Language

O vixen of my Resolution,
O shrieking bell of steel,
O problem grim without solution,
Hast thou no heart to feel
The honeyed torpor seeping through
My languid veins, to see
The soothing dream that takes me to
A pleasant land and free
Where it is never five of nine?
Enough, thou ill-bred wench!
I strike thee dead, and sleep is mine.
I never did like French.

—Lampoon



Postage Due, One Cent



LEONARD recognized the postman's crunching step up the stairs, and he fairly flew down three flights of stairs to his box, leading the postman in by

a length. He could hardly fail to get a letter today, so many owed him—Janie, Harriet, Priscilla, Tut, Punky, Nat, Angie—any number of them. Of course, he could understand; it was hard getting settled in school, and if Leonard found time to write damned good letters even at Harvard, well, they were all pretty dumb kids. Lots of fun to fool around with, though, if you didn't take them too seriously.

"I'm Blake, in 43," Leonard said.

"Yeah," said the postman. "I know."

It was funny, though, that *none* of them should write. It wasn't as if they knew just loads of Harvard Freshmen. Leonard had pretty well impressed on them the difference between state universities and Harvard. Harvard was taking only the best of the nation these days, and if a man could get into Harvard studying as little as Leonard, you could see that he must be pretty well tops.

The mail kept popping into 42, and 44, and 33, and 53, and Leonard calculated again the time it must take letters to get back home, and he added a couple of days for the stupidity of the Cambridge Post Office. Harriet at least should have written him by now. Of course, she had been rather silly about that time at the end of the summer, when he invited her to the Club dance and then took her kid sister, but she'd been sour that week anyway. And she'd had it coming to her.

Something was damned well wrong; that was the end of all the letters except those for the first floor door-slots. Leonard turned away, and started back up.

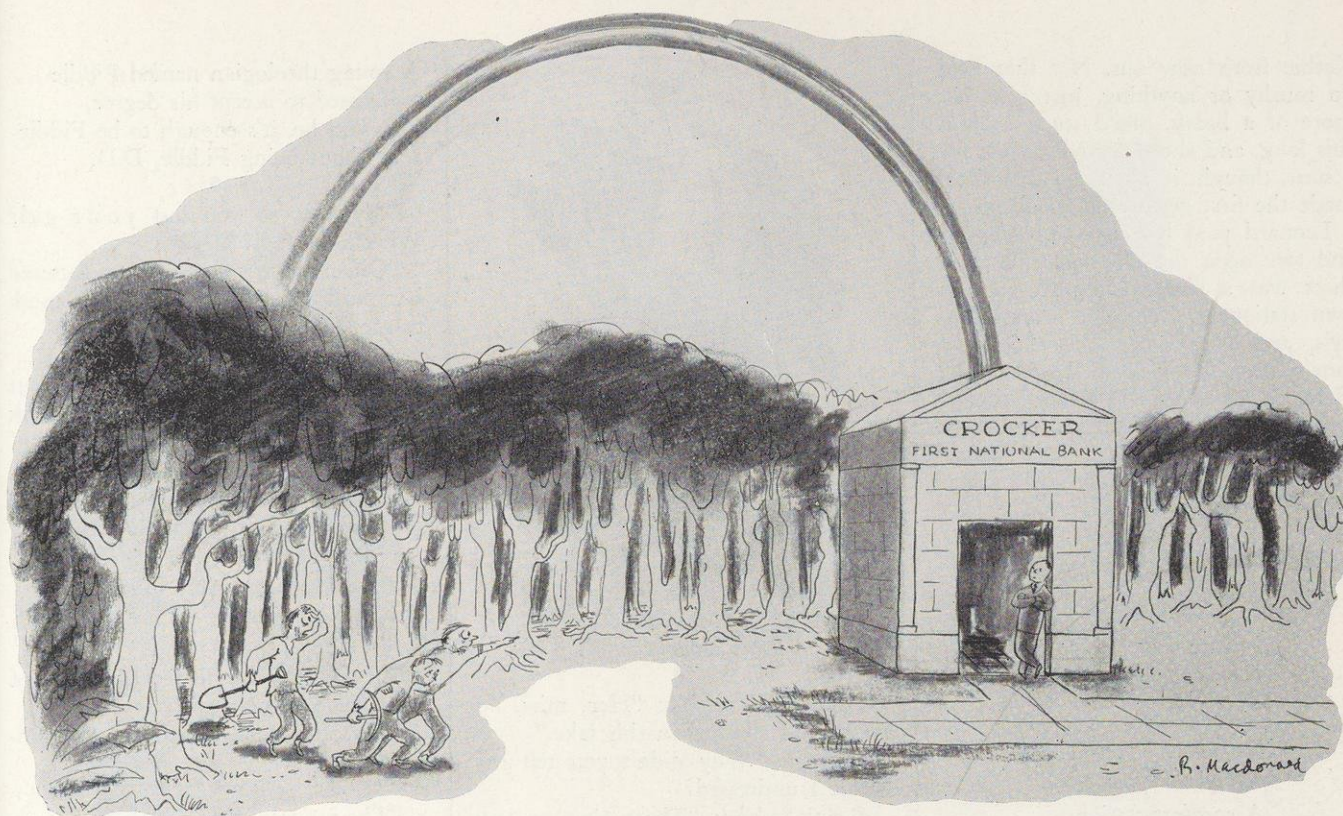
SUDDENLY the postman seemed to have something. "Blake?" he called.

"Yes?" said Leonard. "Something for me?"

"Yeah. Postage due, one cent."

"Give it to me; I'll go up for the cent," Leonard said.

"I have to have the cent first." The postman held the letter tight in hand. But Leonard did recognize the firm backhand on the fat envelope; it was



Kathie's. "Hold it a minute," he cried. "I'll be right back." He dashed upstairs.

It was funny; he hadn't really expected one from Kathie. Now that he thought of it, though, he didn't know why not. Maybe she'd seemed a little less friendly towards the end of the summer, after the time he left her on the island, but he should have known she wouldn't take that sort of thing seriously.

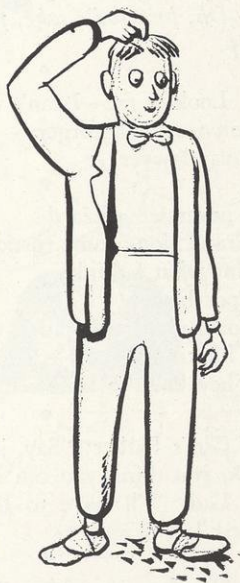
There wasn't any change in any coat pockets. "Can you change a two dollar bill?" he called down.

"Naw," the postman called back, "unlucky."

"What?"

"No. I haven't got it. I'll be in Thayer."

"You *could* wait a minute," said Leonard, but he ran back into the room anyway; he remembered losing a penny in the big stuffed chair the day before, and he hummed a little tune to him-



self as he ran his hand down the sides. Good old Kathie.

KATHIE really had more than you'd sometimes think. He'd really had her there in the back of his head all the time. She had more real stuff than most any of the others. Of course, it was pretty dumb to put a two-cent stamp on a letter way to Cambridge; he'd have to give her a good razzing about that.

He couldn't find anything in the chair; some places he couldn't get his hand all the way down. And there wasn't anything in any of his pants pockets. "First time I ever really needed a roommate," Leonard said, as if to Kathie, on failing to find anything under the sofa, or in the dirt on the closet floor. He scurried around knocking on doors, but Freshmen go to classes in the morning, particularly Freshmen who live on fourth and fifth floors. Mrs. Doherty didn't have a penny, and neither did the biddy on the third floor. Leonard gave up and set across to Leavitt and Pierce's to change his bill.

He wondered if Kathie knew he'd written to the other girls. It might not do any harm to make her a bit jealous. Though, you know, perhaps she was already—that was probably why she'd been so sour. She'd sort of been first with him, and then when he spread

—PELICAN
out, she didn't like it. Sure, that was why.

It was funny; you didn't like it when girls tried holding you down, and yet it was sort of nice having them worried. It showed they were interested. Kathie was the kind of girl you wanted interested; these others weren't much. It was better to stick to one girl mostly; no harm to flirt around once in a while, but when you knew one real girl—

Leonard changed his bill and fairly raced back to Thayer. The postman had left the South and Center entries, but he was still in the North.

"Here's the cent," said Leonard.

"Wait a while, buddy. Your letter's in my bag somewhere."

He wouldn't be quite so tough on

Mostly Diptera

Mosquitoes are discreet;
They raise their two hind feet
Defensively to eat.
Most deerflies are polite
In many ways despite
The vigor of their bite.
And green-eyed flies don't lack
A subtly planned attack
That foils their victim's whack.
The stupid one's the gnat
Who is so little that
He don't know where he's at.

—Pelican

Kathie from now out. Not that he'd go mushy or anything, just give her more of a break. She'd stuck to him this long, and she deserved it. Just for a start, though, it was good that she'd made the first gesture of friendship.

Leonard paid his cent and grabbed and tore open the envelope. The first sheet was a blank piece of Kathie's own stationery. Behind it came Punky's, and Nat's, and Priscilla's, and Jane's, and Tut's, and Angie's, and Harriet's, all of them unused. Leonard threw the whole to the floor, and there was a sound of metal. The postman grinned; a shiny new penny had rolled out on the floor.

—Lampoon

Lament

I moan
I groan
Anticipation,
Oh joy
Ahoy!
A comfort station.

—I. B.

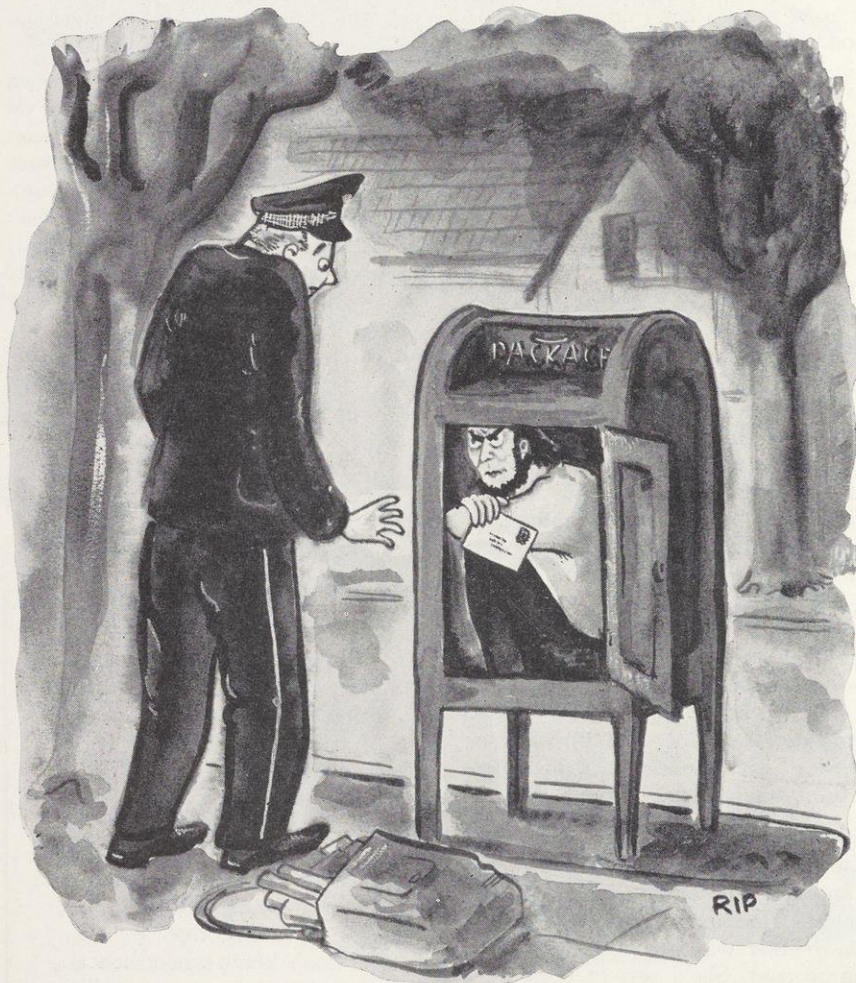


There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best way to meter
Is to meter alone.
There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone,
But the best way to letter
Is to letter alone.

Country Constable: "Hey, miss, no swimming allowed in this lake."

Flapper: "Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?"

Constable: "There ain't no law against undressing."



—PELICAN

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree,
For, said he, it's enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle, D.D.

"My, my, so you lost your girl?
What happened?"

"Oh, nothing much. I just flattered
her until she was too proud to speak
to me."

A glamorous creature named Plunkett
Grabbed a doughnut in order to dunk
it.

In judgment she erred
And disaster incurred,
For in trying to dunk it she sunk it.

A dainty foot, a lovely torso
Can make a friendly feeling more so.

"Is that the English department of
the college over there?"

"Yes, that's our chamber of com-
mas."

"The modern girl is nothing but an
animated doll," declares a modern nov-
elist. He must admit, however, that
she does not call 'Mamma' when she
is squeezed.

—Log.

She might later, though.

—Jack-o-Lantern.

How much later? —Lampoon.

This is getting good. —Tiger.

This is getting dirty. —Record.

This is getting boring. —Froth.

Ho-hum, let's go to class.

—Chaparral.

She might later, though. —Jacko.

Oh, for God's sake, fellows, break it
up.

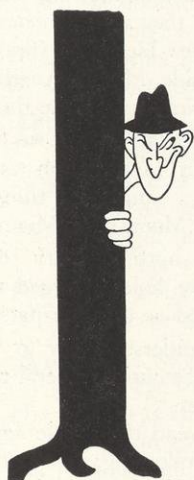
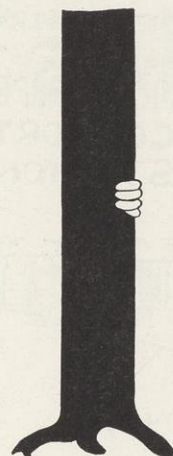
Look at me—I can't write and I was
convicted of forgery—did I have a
lousy lawyer.

I never see a lizard
Crawl along some rustic fence
But what I think:
Poor brute,
Some child will pluck you thence,
Thinking you are edible.
They have so little sense.

Girl's Father: "Say, it's two o'clock.
Do you think you can stay all night?"

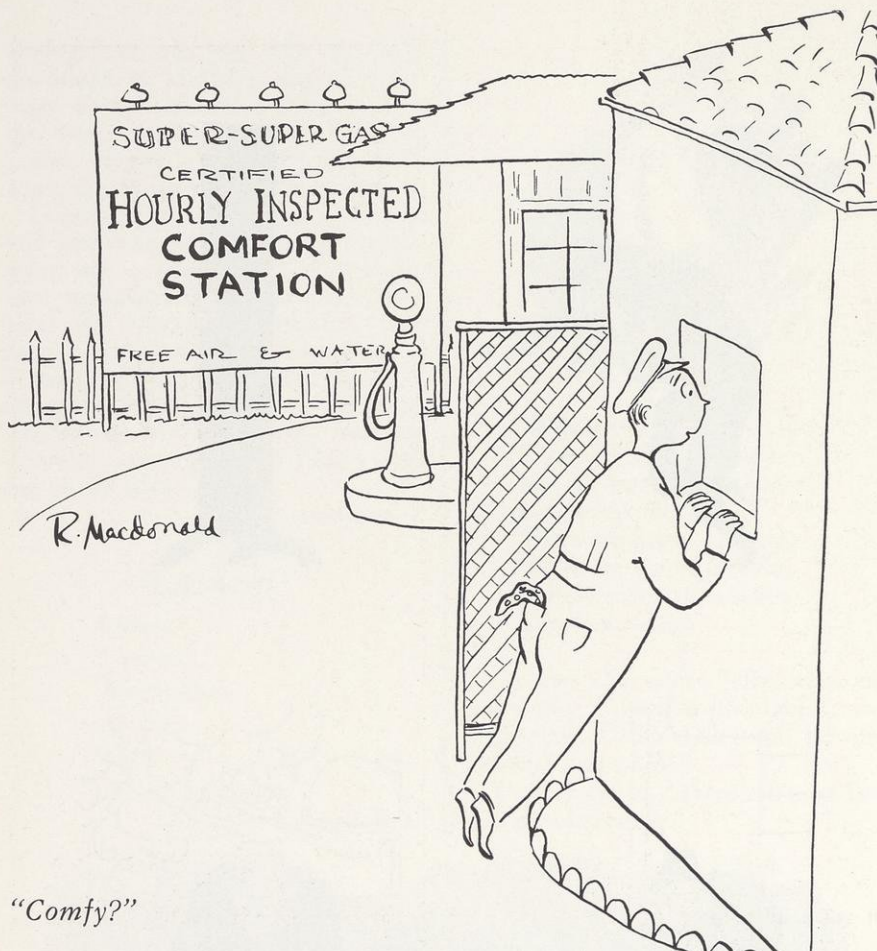
Lad: "I'll have to telephone home
first."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Astor, but that
would never have happened if you
hadn't stepped between me and that
spittoon."



Wood

—LAMPON



"Comfy?"

HIGHEST CASH

for
Books

AT THE

Student Book Exchange

Incorporated

"LET JERRY BUY 'EM"

Fall Buttons Prospects



WHILE I was coming through the Ritz this morning on my way to classes, I plucked a piece of paper out of the house-detective's pocket. Wonder of wonder, the paper turned out to be *Gateway*, a magazine issued by Hotel Service, Inc., and a tidy little sixteen-page handbill if I ever saw one. It contained, and still does, approximately fifteen and a half pages advertising various hostels, art galleries and snowshoe rabbits.

Of course these commercials proved fascinating, and it was only with a sense of duty that I focused a languid monocle on the half-page of reading-matter. And Mac, I've been there since. Why? Get this.

The text says: "The newly-formed Newtonville collectors' club will be known as the 'Bay State Button Club'. The preliminaries are over and the club

jumps into the winter season with weather eyes open wide for buttons . . . would be glad to hear from collectors and from other button clubs".

Unfortunately, our local button club shut up shop last year about the time when the hounds of spring were on winter's zippers, but even now I treasure the minutes of our meetings. If I could touch my pastor for a letter, would you put me up for election to your frat, Newtonvilleins? There's nothing I'd enjoy more than living again the gay, mad life of a buttoneer, straining Waban's native quarter through a sieve in search of rare specimens, pursuing my chosen hobby, butterfly-net in hand, as far as the *Rive Gauche* of Newton Upper Falls. Couldn't I kibitz at a meeting if I brought a needle and thread?

As to qualifications for membership, my collection is of age and can speak for itself. I have.

1. Roman button. Supposed to have held together the *toga praetexta* and the greave. Head of Trajan carved on one side, Marcus Aurelius on the other. Nothing on the third.
2. Scallop-edged button. Said to be missing clue in Hauptmann case; picked up for a song. The title of the song was "Moon over Miami."
3. Large round button. Very old. With the center holes plugged up, this can be used as a butter-pat.

All this, you understand, is to say nothing of my prize curios, several rare vintage buttonholes.

Hold it! I just read the article again and noticed the following: "Although the main activity will be searching for the unusual in buttons, the purpose of the club is largely social."

You know, I had a sneaking suspicion that more went on in Newtonville than merely sitting around swapping dirty buttons. Don't bother with this neophyte any longer, brethren. A simon-button-purist like myself just never learned to mix business with pleasure. You'd better disregard all the above, please.

—Lampoon



With Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley

Metre from "The Passing of the Backhouse" by Riley

WHEN memory keeps me company and moves to smiles or tears,
A weather beaten figure moves through the mist of years.

Out beyond the 'Styx' he lived, a half a mile plus four,
And hurrying feet a path had made straight to his open door.

His structure was based upon a simple classic art;

His chin o'erhung his collar and his hair refused to part.

But oft the passing traveler drove slow and heaved a sigh

To see the maids walk past his house with glances soft and shy.

HE HAD a jeweled frat pin that the girls all loved so well;

But better still I loved his speech when he said 'damn' or 'hell.'

The only perfume that he used was the strong scent of beer

That told the night o'ertaken tramp that human life was near.

On lazy August afternoons he had a little bower,

Delightful, where we girls all sat and talked away an hour.

For there the summer evening its every care entwined;

He slipped one arm before our waists, the other one behind.

ALL DAY fat spiders spun their webs to catch the buzzing flies

That flitted to and from the house where John made google eyes.

And once a swarm of hornets bold had built their palace there,

And stung an unsuspecting miss—I must not tell you where.

Then the counsellor took a flaming pole—that was a happy day!

He nearly burned the building up, but the hornets left to stay.

When summer blooms began to fade and winter to carouse,

He practiced up on dancing, and his, oh, so stately bows.

BUT WHEN the crust was on the snow, and sullen skies were gray,

Forsooth the Pi Kap bower was no place where one could stay.

Now he did everything the opposite as folks of common mind;

He didn't wear the usual clothes but got a different kind.

The torture of his sarcasm could make a Spartan sob,

But in his wake I noticed an adoring female mob.

For all the girls, 'tis sad to say, he used one fraternity pin,

Because he was a frugal man and didn't have the tin.

AND EVERY Saturday evening when he went out to dance,

He'd eye the feminine stagline with but a passing glance.

His mind was all too clearly on his partner. Arms entwined

They danced the Conga, and he forgot the girls he left behind.

But John was all too tender, and alas! he heard one day

That he must stop his gadding or he would pass away.

Then the Dean said that ambition was a thing that boys should shun,

And John must play with college girls till college days were done.

BUT STILL I marvel at the craft that cut his type so true.

He flirted with the slender one; he'd even flirt with you.

Oh, dear old college boyfriend, I've shopped around a bit,

And in the laps of better men my lot has been to sit;

But 'ere I die I'll eat the fruit of trees I robbed of yore,

Then seek the house where my initials are carved upon the door.

I ween his kind endearing words will soothe my jaded brain;

I'm now grownup, but none the less, I'll worship in his train.

—M. E. H.

A simple countryman saw a gaudy-plumaged parrot on the roof of his cottage.

He climbed to capture it.

The parrot looked at him and said sharply, "What do you want?"

The countryman touched his cap. "Beg pardon, sir. I thought you were a bird."

He: "I'm a man of few words. Will you kiss me or won't you?"

She: "I wouldn't normally, but you've talked me into it."

•

Conductor: "Can't you see the sign says 'No Smoking?'"

Gob: Sure, Mate, that's plain enough. But here's another dizzy sign that says, "Wear Nemo Corsets," so I ain't paying attention any of 'em.

Cash

for

Books

The Co-op will buy
all of your text books
and pay 50% of the
price you paid for
books needed for
next fall or for summer school . . .

The

Co-op

GRADUATION TIME FOR PIPE SMOKERS

THERE'S A SAYING among pipe lovers that "men graduate to **EDGEWORTH**."

AS IT IS WITH all men who smoke a pipe, you may be ...right now...in the middle of that unhappy process of trying and discarding one tobacco after another.

IF SO, THE TIME has come for you to graduate...to discover the cool, biteless smoking pleasure the **EDGEWORTH Blend** brings.

FAR BE IT FROM US to urge you to rush to the nearest tobacco counter and buy a tin or handy pocket pouch of "America's Finest Pipe Tobacco."

INSTEAD, WE INVITE you to try **EDGEWORTH** at our expense. Send in the coupon below for a generous sample. We know you'll like it. For **EDGEWORTH** is a young man's smoke, blended to a young man's taste.

-----TRY GENEROUS SAMPLE (At Our Expense)-----

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203 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia
Please send me, at your expense, a generous sample of **EDGEWORTH**
Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

NAME _____
(Please print your name and address clearly)
ADDRESS _____
CITY OR TOWN _____
STATE _____

Lines in Memory of a Name I Can't Pronounce

Full of odd Perversities,
Woman is much too hard to please
Since the Days of Heloise.

Now She estimates the Boys
With a Candour that annoys;
Gone the Days of poor Heloise.

Man has learned to improvise;
Woman, to discuss His Lies
Since the Days of Heloise.

Should some Lobcock try to squeezer
She will stosh him on the Beezer;
Gone the Days of Heloise.

Disgruntled Poets, scorned by Shes,
Have written ranting Rimes like these
E'er since (pronounce it how you please)
The Days of lovely Heloise.

—Froth

Death of a Glow-Worm

The glow-worm writhed and twisted;
He whose humble day consisted
In sole pursuit of food and life
Was dying now in pain and strife.
The glow-worm forced one final fire
To burn, and lit himself, his pyre.

—Lampoon

(continued from page 4)

dandy recording. The vocalizing of Dick Harding gives the disc an additional zest that you'll like. The flipover, *Sleepy Serenade*, is as sweet a piece of music we've heard in many a moon. Our boy Claude does some capital keyboard work here with excellent accompaniment. *Okeh*.

STACK OF BARLEY

Claude Thornhill wrote this number himself and handles it with a loving touch. We predict a big play for this record for it moves nicely and is fine dance music. Discmate is *Hungarian Dance No. 5* which offers Thornhill a chance to show what a jazz band can do with symphonic music. On the whole the result is rather good. *Okeh*.

AU REET

A newcomer, Sam Donahue, has what it takes to get on to the top. You probably won't catch the lyric which is Harlem jargon but the disc carries a hot beat. On the reverse, *They Still Make Love in London*, introduces vocalist Frances Claire with a smooth new love song. We like her. *Bluebird*.

MOONGLOW

Coupled with *My Blue Heaven* is one of the best Artie Shaw records we've ever heard. We like Shaw's policy of treating some of the older hit tunes in his new creamy style. Both tunes are given a full treatment and played with the feeling and respect that these old standards deserve. *Victor*.

BLUES

Artie Shaw and his band beat out a blues sequence here which carries through two sides in an easy pleasant style. Artie himself carries the ball with some nifty clarinet leads

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in a few of the choice grooves. Despite our first impression we were not a bit melancholy after we had turned this disc. As a matter of fact, we were pretty happy about it. *Victor*.

BLUE DANUBE

It's a killer of an arrangement featuring Teddy Powell's phenomenal trumpet section and makes a brilliant instrumental conception in swingtime but as far as we are concerned it doesn't take. We flopped the disc and had more fun listening to Ruth Gaylor sing *Rendezvous in Rio*. *Bluebird*.

COO DINNY COO

We're nuts about this one. The New Friends of Rhythm do an exceptionally fine job of it. No vocal, just a good instrumental. Better hustle out and buy it right away. *Sweet Sue, Just You*, another instrumental, is also supreme. *Victor*.

AURORA

The Andrews Sisters come through again with one of their sensual and spicy arrangements. It's fast and breezy clean through and spins out before you know it. *Music Makers* on the backside is fine stuff. Why don't you get it? *Decca*.

NOW DO YOU CALL THAT A BUDDY

Jeez! This is great! Louis Armstrong and his orchestra are superb in their handling of this tune. Louis himself is heard with the vocal while the band fills in with a steady blues beat that will get you. *Hey Lawdy Mama* is excellent.

Not really a B side we think but rather, a second A. *Decca*.

AFTER YOU'VE GONE

Guy Lombardo has two fine discs out this month. Our favorite is *After You've Gone* coupled with *Nobody's Sweetheart*. Both of these tunes are from the files but the Lombardo team dolls them up like new. Very good.

Another recording carries *I'll See You in My Dreams* and *Good Night Sweetheart*. Kenny Gardner handles the vocal in each case and does very well. Both of these records should be in your collection. *Decca*.

WILD FLOWER

Dick Kuhn is to be complimented for this waxing. The instrumental work will catch your ear. The snappy guitar in the background is especially good. *Bambalina*, discmate, is just plain dandy. *Decca*.

ROCKIN' CHAIR

Decca has a series of Mildred Bailey recordings which we are happy to recommend. *Rockin' Chair*, the Hoagy Carmichael tune which Mildred uses as her theme, is of course familiar to all of you and needs no comment. The B side of this disc is *Sometimes I'm Happy* which is done very well with the help of the Delta Rhythm Boys.

Squeeze Me and *Downhearted Blues* get along just fine as discmates. Mildred is at her best in both of these tunes and should satisfy even her most particular fan.

Honeysuckle Rose as done by Mildred Bailey is supreme. It's a good chance too, to learn the words of this old classic so you won't have to whistle all but the first line any more.

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Flopover, *Willow Tree*, is a Fats Waller tune. Mildred handles it tenderly and we're sure you'll hear it without compunction. *Decca*.

THE HUT-SUT SONG

The Four King Sisters do this Swedish serenade up in dandy style. Flipover, *Music Makers*, is a side you'll want to hear a good many times. Very neat. *Bluebird*.

CLARINET POLKA

Lawrence Welk has turned what we think are a couple of the best discs of the month. *Clarinet Polka* is a fast lively instrumental sparkling with accordion bits in the best Welk style. The B side is *Canadian Capers* which we warrant will set you capering about the room in no time at all.

The second disc is equally smooth. *Friendly Tavern Polka* on the A side and on the backside, *You Are My Sunshine*. Though the latter has been much played Lawrence Welk gives it an extra something which makes it pleasing to the ear. Both carry vocals. *Decca*.

MY SISTER AND I

We resent propaganda in our movies and music so after playing this Jimmy Dorsey disc through we had but one choice—we leaned over our waste basket and quietly vomited. *In the Hush of the Night* features Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell in a happy combination of soft melodious rhythms and contrasting jazz. We like this a lot and so will you. *Decca*.

The Classic

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

Stirred by the vigorous beauty of Walt Whitman's writings on democracy, Mr. George Kleinsinger has set them to music and welded them musically into cantata form. The work appears in the new two record RCA Victor record album and is sung by John Charles Thomas. The radio chorus of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union forms the varied choral patterns which serve as background for the singing of Mr. Thomas.

Throughout, the piece is marked by a brisk rhythm, so characteristic an element of American folk music. Like a modern Whitman, the composer of *I Hear America Singing* has drawn his music from the American people. Song of the mason, song of the mother, song of the children . . . "each singing what belongs to him or her and to no one else" . . . These individual carolings Whitman felt made up the life and progress of a great American people.

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"*I Hear America Singing, the Varied Carols I Hear.*"
Victor.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

Many readers who enjoyed the recent performance of *The Beggar's Opera* at the Union Theater will be interested in the fine RCA Victor six record album of this work. The composition is by John Gay, the new musical version by Frederick Austin. Many famous artists are heard in the series, among them Audrey Mildmay, Bruce Flegg, Roy Henderson, Joseph Farrington, Ruby Gelchrist, Linda Bray, Michael Redgrave, Constance Willis and Michael Mudie directing chorus and orchestra.

Chiefly the success of *The Beggar's Opera* was derived from the cleverness of Gay's lyrics but also was compounded in part out of a reaction against current operatic practices of the early 18th century, in part out of topical political and social satire, in part out of clever lyrics set to popular tunes. The success of *The Beggar's Opera* began a long tradition in "ballad operas" and, indeed, when some of the older ballad operas are played today they at once provoke the remark, "Why, it's almost like Sullivan."

While the bulk of the songs from the opera have been recorded they have not all been included in the album. Still, the collection would make a fine addition to any library. Victor.

LOVE COME AID MY WEAKNESS

Marion Anderson is heard here with two tender songs from Samson and Delilah. The first, *Love Come Aid My Weakness*, is a slow and well modulated composition which does not seem to tax the full abilities of the singer. *My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice* is well handled and as the first, rather tenderly. The assisting orchestra is directed by Lawrence Collingwood. Victor.

FLOODS OF SPRING

Donald Dickson, baritone, has added another feather to his cap with this excellent rendition. Mr. Dickson is supported by the Victor Concert Orchestra directed by Nat. W. Finston. The intensity of the mood in this piece has given Mr. Dickson a fine opportunity to bring into play the full melodious strength of his voice. *Sorrow in the Spring* the second Rachmaninoff song is marked by its virility and heavy-handed piano passage. Mr. Dickson is again superb. Victor.
R.D.

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