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## **The Wisconsin Octopus: Summer issue. Vol. 21, No. 10 June, 1940**

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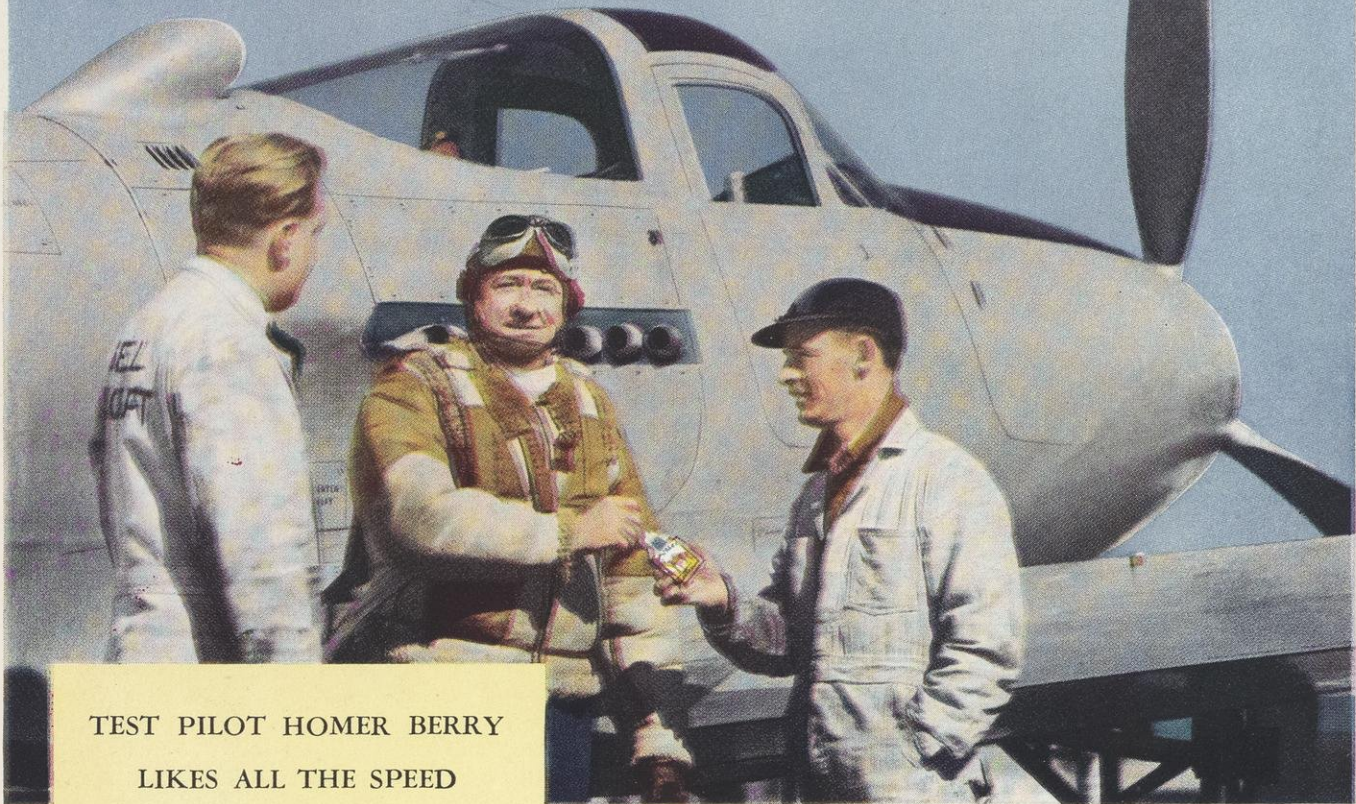
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# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



SUMMER ISSUE • 15c

**FLIES WORLD'S FASTEST PLANE!**



TEST PILOT HOMER BERRY  
LIKES ALL THE SPEED  
HE CAN GET IN A PLANE,  
BUT HE LIKES  
HIS SMOKING S-L-O-W!  
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS  
ARE HIS CIGARETTE

"FASTEST PLANE off the production line today!" That's how Homer Berry describes the Bell Airacobra, amazing new speed plane. He should know. This veteran speed test pilot started flying in 1913...started smoking Camels the same year. "No other cigarette ever gave me anything like the pleasure of a Camel," he says. "They burn slower, smoke milder and cooler. Camels don't irritate my throat and their full, rich flavor doesn't tire my taste. In 26 years, that slower burning has given me a lot of extra smoking." Before *you* take it for granted you're getting all the pleasure there is in a cigarette, try Camels. Enjoy the advantages of Camel's slower-burning costlier tobaccos. Penny for penny your best cigarette buy!

TEST PILOT HOMER BERRY SAYS:

"No fast burning for me in my cigarette. I've smoked Camels ever since there have been any Camels. They burn slower and give me more pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack. 'I'd walk a mile for a *slow-burning* Camel!'"

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



In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower* than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA  
SMOKES  
PER PACK!**

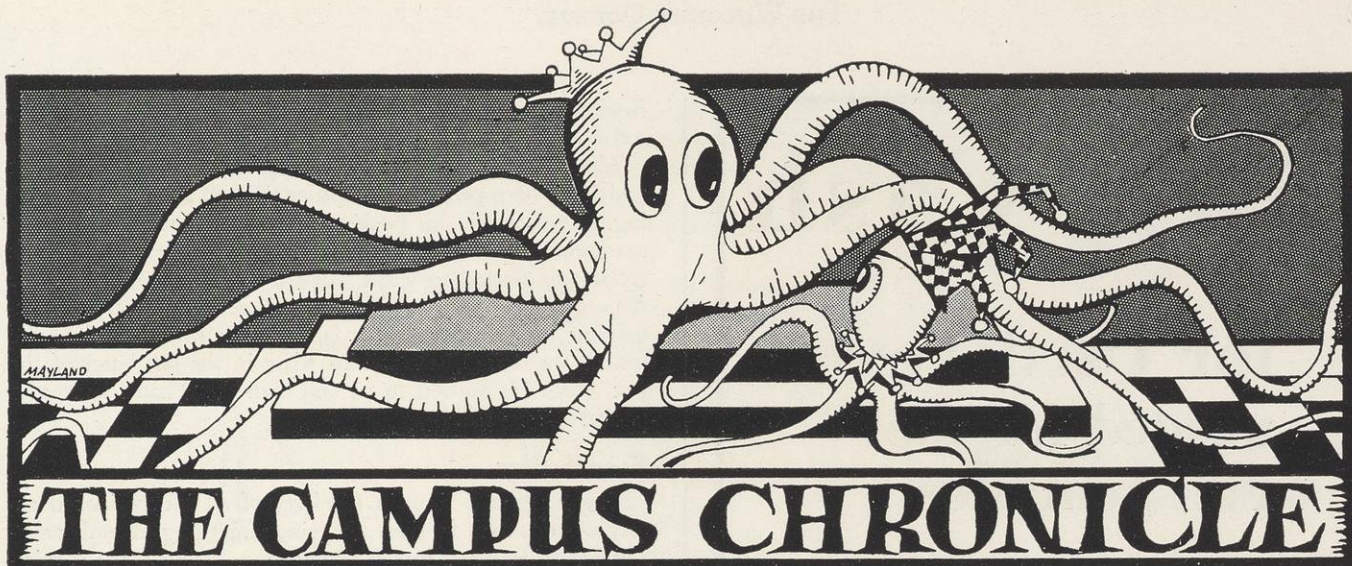
*Slower-burning Camels give you—*

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**EXTRA MILDNESS**

**EXTRA COOLNESS**

**EXTRA FLAVOR**



**W**E HAVE noticed that many persons are curious about that statue on Lincoln Terrace and are constantly asking *pourquoi* and *d'ou* (that is, if they took French 1-b).

So the other day, while conversing with an elderly janitor of one of the buildings near Lincoln Terrace, our research department decided to question this gentleman about the statue.

"About that statue of Lincoln, up there, when was that brought here and where did it come from?" our department asked.

"Well," said the janitor, pulling a straw from his mouth and blandly smirking at us, "there's quite a story attached to that." He leaned back against the building in the warm spring sun and gazed off into the distance.

"That statue," he began, "was brought here in about 1909, I think it was. At the time, it was the only replica ever made of a statue of Lincoln that stands down in Hodgeville, Kentucky. That's Lincoln's birthplace, you know. The original was made by a fellow called Adolph Augustus Weinman.

"I was a bit younger in those days. I worked for the university then, too. I had a job of helping them unload the damn thing and set it up on the base where it is today. All this was done after classes were over early one summer. They planned to have the unveiling during the graduation ceremonies in the middle part of June. They used to be held up here on the hill, you know. Before they had so many students. Well, they planned to have quite a ceremony. William Ellery Leonard was around here then. Can't remember how many times he'd been married by that time." The oldster chuckled to himself. "That fellow Leonard wrote a poem for the opening. Pretty slushy affair it was, I guess.

"Well, as I say, I saw the statue when it was being set up. It was a pretty impressive sight—Lincoln standing there in front of his chair—looking as if he was going to give a talk. When we got it erected, they put a great big sheet over it and had a big ceremony on graduation day. Hundreds of people standing 'round. They had some important woman unveil it. Well, when she pulled that string and that sheet fell away, I thought the eyes would pop out my head. There was Lincoln a-sitting down in that chair—looking just as bored as he does today—and he ain't never stood up since."

And the funny thing is, our research department believes him.

### *Gone Is the Glory*

Perhaps we shouldn't make the following disclosure, because we've heard that there's someone who lurks in that big marble house at the end of State street who thirsts after cases of inefficiency and rank professorial ignorance and mismanagement in the university, but we hope that that gentleman, who, once when introduced to an English professor, said, "When you get back to England, be sure and put in a good word for Wisconsin cheese," will overlook this.

Not much more than a decade ago, when some university geologists were wandering through the country not far west of Madison, they ran across the remains of a mastodon which had roamed about Wisconsin during the early Stone Age. Bone by bone, tooth by tooth, these geologists carried this largely decayed skeleton to the university and set it up. Wherever a bone was missing, they made one of plaster which matched the corresponding bone on the other side of the body. This was all right until they came to the tusks. Both of these were so badly decayed as to be almost placed in the past tense.

The university geologists cudgled their brains and finally took a guess that the tusks were curled, so they made some of plaster resembling the horns of a Rocky Mountain goat. These curled tusks were the fascination of students and laymen who saw them for the years that followed.

Then one day a visiting professor saw them. He laughed. The Wisconsin professors went into a huddle with him and came out blushing. The visiting gentleman knew a little more than the men here. He had proof that mastodons had never worn anything but straight tusks!

The university geologists hurriedly got out their plaster and water and started to mix. But alas, now students and laymen look at it dully and say, "What's this? Elephant?"

### *Puzzler*

Last term the man sitting next to us in one of our lectures used to bring a crossword puzzle in with him every day. That was all he brought, no books, no notes, just a daily crossword puzzle neatly clipped from the morning paper. Throughout the lecture he would sit there grimacing and chewing his pencil. Occasionally he would write in a word.

# 50% Cash

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Liberal cash prices paid for  
ALL of your texts whether  
or not to be used here again

**B R O W N ' S**  
**B O O K S H O P**  
State at Lake Street

### NOT A FACT



*No, a man with rheumatism  
can't predict bad weather!*

• Neither can a university man predict clothing values from the lecture room of Bascom hall. You've got to come down to the Capitol square, stop in at Spoo & Stephan's, the home of men's wear of distinction! Then you'll see for yourself the complete array of quality clothing in many price groups to fit every man's budget. Styles, colors, fabrics galore . . . pay a visit to this he-man's store!

**SPOO AND STEPHAN**

18 - 20 North Carroll - On Capitol Square

Just before the hour was over, he would finish the puzzle, roll it up into a ball, and throw it away.

The last lecture of the term he brought in an alarm clock and four sharp pencils. As soon as the bell had stopped ringing, he reached in his pocket and whipped out one of those mammoth Sunday special puzzles. Then he loosened his collar and started to work. All through the hour he wrote furiously, now and again glancing at the clock, then returning immediately to his labors. One minute before the lecture was over, we saw him write in the last letter of the last word. He turned to us and sighed, "Thank heaven! I passed the course!"

#### *French Play*

There comes a time in the lives of all inexperienced actors when, much to their chagrin, something of embarrassing consequences occurs during a play. Either a cue is missed, someone enters when he shouldn't, or another actor interrupts the first act with an insertion of his lines from the third act.

We saw such an event in the French department's recent production, *Le Jeu de L'Amour et du Hasard*. The play was one of those dead costume parlor dramas enlivened only by ponderous attempts at snappy conversation which, when given in French before an American audience, falls as flat as a coat of oil on a millpond.

This one was brightened up, however, when during a *you-may-kiss-just-one-hand-tee-hee* illicit love scene between the maid and butler, they sprang apart, gazed intently at the right stage door, and said, "Here comes the master."

A long pause. Nothing happened. No one appeared at the

## *The Wisconsin Octopus*

Madison, Wisconsin

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right stage door. The maid fanned herself nervously. The actor off-stage had evidently missed his cue and she had to improvise. This maid, with an undergraduate's knowledge of French, had to improvise in French!

"*Je suis sur,*" she struggled, "*que j'ai entendu ses—er—er—ses 'footsteps.'*"

Suddenly, the off-stage actor caught his cue and walked onto the stage, but, to the audience's as well as the maid's amazement through the *left* stage door.

**Campus Class Struggles**

Let me sing a song  
of social significance  
Of history, of politics  
and sociology  
A song packed with  
social facts  
And truthology

Some come to college  
for knowledge  
And earn Phi Beta Keys

Some come for good times  
and sheepskin "D'a"

But I go to fight for  
democracy  
And give my life for  
liberty

You, ivory tower instructors  
Who ignore world politics  
Strikes and Foreign wars  
And stick to technicalities

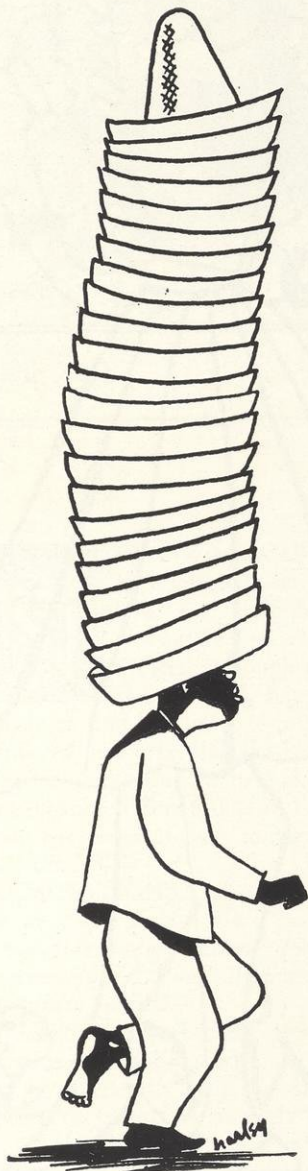
Sorry 'cause we can't crack  
your course for an "A"  
We got more than studies  
on our brains

We're plain  
simple  
common  
just ordinary

Every day students  
whose folks  
work  
hard  
for a living

And our sympathies are  
with them  
So there—stick it in your  
nose—you reactionaries

—E. W.



# 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 sum-  
mer school . . .

The  
**Co-op**

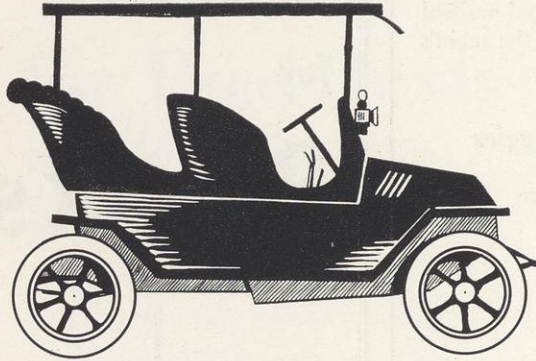


**R.S.V.P. for You Too---**

I've had so many asks for the summer---

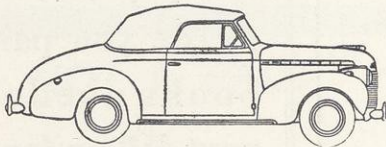
*Thank you and God bless you all . . .*

*Remember This . .*



*Grandpa had to get out and get under when he went for a ride . . .*

*But you will be riding on top of the world in one of our . . . .*



**NEW**

**Chevrolet DeLuxe Cabriolets**

**WITH RADIOS**  
*No Extra Charge*

**CAPITAL CITY RENT-A-CAR**

531 State

Fairchild 334

*When out-of-doors  
Wear pinafones*



*As sketched at Baron  
by Connie Wolcott*

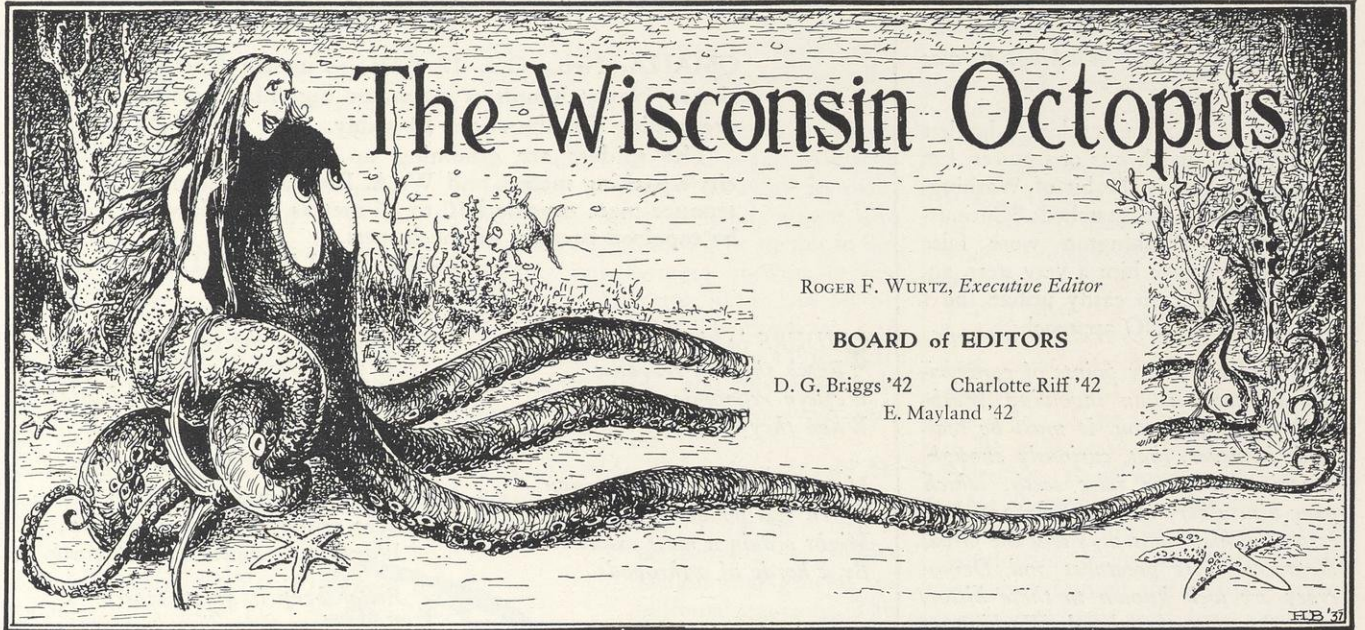
*Baron's*

# The Wisconsin Octopus

ROGER F. WURTZ, *Executive Editor*

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Volume XXI

JUNE, 1940

Number 10

## About Examinations

**N**OW that we are all safely registered, some of you are undoubtedly attending classes. Others, although deeply interested, have not been able to find the time. It must be remembered, however, that the University expects every student to make the greatest possible effort to attend Examinations. I refer specifically to page 187 of Bulletin XVII.

**EXAMINATIONS:** *All students are urged to take Finals. This includes both bonafide undergraduates and Activity participants. (Football players are also cordially invited.)*

If we students are sincerely interested in keeping our relations with the University on a friendly basis we should all, therefore, be just as sincerely interested in Mastering the Final. For those undergraduates who are either new to the University or new to the Final examinations, it would perhaps be profitable to make a brief review of examination Technique at this time.

There are three proven methods:

1. Applied Technical Study.
2. Cheating.
3. Skill.

While it is true that Applied Technical Study has a rather imposing record, this method admits to certain complications which make it more or less

impractical for the average student. Cheating, of course, is not tolerated at the University of Wisconsin.

This leaves us with Skill. At least, it leaves *some* of us with Skill. And skill, in this sense, means the ability efficiently to dispose of a question whose ramifications you have not seriously considered at any previous time.

Let us suppose this question is (and it often is) "COMPARE AND CONTRAST GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THOMAS JEFFERSON." Let us suppose (purely for the sake of argument) that you are not on the ground floor as regards the Washington and Jefferson situation. One skillful approach would be the DON'T QUOTE ME speech:

*"The question of the difference between Washington and Jefferson is necessarily related to the great number of differing qualities which are differ-*

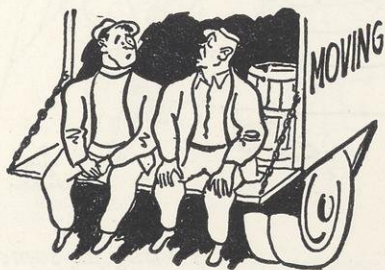
*ent in these two men. While it must be admitted that Washington differed from Jefferson in many essentials—it must also be admitted that there were also many qualities in which these men were not as different as in other qualities in which, it must be admitted, they varied from one another, or were, so to speak, entirely different. This difference . . ."*

Then there is the student who, although he is not one of the foremost authorities on the question, realizes the important issues it raises. This attitude is best expressed in the HAVE AN ORCHID approach:

*"This problem of Washington and Jefferson is certainly a formidable problem. It is one of the most formidable problems I have ever seen. It is a particularly apt question. However, a few brief points can perhaps be covered in this short time . . ."*

Students who have a good general background (but poor specific background) should use the FACTS WORTH KNOWING approach:

*"Let us compare and contrast Washington and Jefferson: Washington, we must remember, was our first president—while Jefferson assumed office at a later date. On the other hand, both were from Virginia. Yet, while Washington was known as the "father of his country," Jefferson was not. Washing-*



*I'm staying over for summer school.*



ton was a general in the Revolutionary war. Jefferson was not a general in the Revolutionary war. Washington was honest . . . ."

There is also the student who has managed to snatch bits of lectures. Let us suppose this is the bit of Washington the student has snatched: "Curiously enough, Washington wore false teeth, which gave him a very stern appearance." He can easily utilize the I WAS LISTENING approach:

"There are many points of comparison and contrast involving Washington and Jefferson. It must be realized, however, that, curiously enough, Washington wore false teeth, which gave him a very stern appearance. Jefferson (so historians say) was the Great Democrat. His greatness and Democracy are well known to these historians. On the other hand, Washington wore the false teeth, which gave him . . . ."

Curiously enough, Washington did wear false teeth.

—California Pelican

## Bugaboo

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 17 (AP)—Finance Commissioner Harry Knudsen estimates big, black spiders are costing Omaha about \$3 a day.

The spiders are gumming up the works of the city's parking meters and W. A. Robinson, the maintenance man, reported 10 to 15 meters a day have to be repaired because of the insects.

—BOSTON TRAVELER

**S**PIDERS in the parking meter  
Botch the city revenue;  
Western economics teeter  
When they seek their rendezvous.

Matter reach a new proportion  
When you ponder that the gods  
Might ordain a mass extortion  
By a horde of arthropods.

Organized and educated  
By a few commercial sages  
For the slotted elevated  
Turnstiles, they'd be advantageous.

Picture, too, the general moaning  
At your average public booth  
When the customers for phoning  
Learn at last the awful truth.

Envisage how the poor custodian  
Of a profit-making pub  
Eyes dismayed his nickelodeon,  
Wonders where the hell's the rub.

Better keep it quiet, Harry,  
Better lose three flaws per day  
Then let them know the threat they  
carry,  
See our finance rot away.

—Lampoon

• • •

Togo, the Japanese servant, walked right into his mistress's boudoir one morning unannounced.

"Togo," said his mistress severely, "you must never come into my room without knocking first. I might be dressing, you know."

"No, Madam," replied the Jap. "Togo always pleak thoo klee hole first."

—Pepper and Salt



"Waiting for someone?"

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of an English inn, the George and Dragon. "D'ou think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with George?" said the tramp.

—Old Line

Twenty per cent of Boston university's students are the victims of problems arising out of our complex social and industrial order.

—CARDINAL

And in whose social and industrial order do the other 80 per cent live?

## A Ballad of Madison Gaol



EVERYTHING began when someone on the Lecture Committee named Morris, in the midst of one of his rare streaks of broad-mindedness, decided that it was about time Wisconsin was exposed to the Fascist point of view. Morris persuaded the rest of the Lecture Committee to invite Cadmus, Fascist extraordinary, to lecture; and then Morris went around the college asking the administration, the students, and the faculty whether it would be all right. The administration, after some hesitancy, said all right: Wisconsin, they said, was a liberal college, and should have a chance to see all sides of every question. The student body shrugged its shoulders and went to the basketball game. The faculty, after much hesitancy, hesitated, and after much discussion decided that they could come to no decision.

So Morris wrote to Cadmus and invited him to give a series of lectures, asking him how much he would charge. Cadmus said he would lecture for nothing, free. The Lecture Committee was overjoyed, figuring that they could use the money to work in another viewpoint.

Cadmus drove into Madison in an armored car and took quarters in the Inn. The faculty were very interested in him, and he was besieged with invitations: tea at Dykstra's, beer-party with the German club, a bit part in one of the Union Theater productions, and all the rest. There was plenty of time: he was scheduled to be in town for a week. The professors had never before seen a real live Fascist who called himself a Fascist, and they wanted to talk to him. They talked to him as they would have talked to a child, condescendingly, smiling at one another from time to time as if to say, "Isn't he clever, though?"

Cadmus's first lecture was a flop. The Union Theater was almost empty, and without a large crowd to talk to, Cadmus had to speak rationally. It was a short lecture. The second lecture was, somehow, better attended. There were rumors of forced attendance; some said that some thugs had compelled several of the students to go to the lecture in-

stead of the movie and had bribed several others. This lecture, Cadmus talked about "Fascism is Fun."

After that, Cadmus began to warm up. And his audience began to warm up. Soon they were swaying in their seats, shooting their hands almost unconsciously into the air in answer to his salutes, and shouting answers to his questions. After the lectures, a lot of the students went downtown to eat, and found themselves pounding their fists on the tables and repeating Cadmus' words without knowing just what they meant.

A psychological rumbling could be heard all over the campus. No one knew what it was: it was an unrest, a nervousness, a dissatisfaction, and general intellectual gas-pains. The feeling grew uncontrollable. Professors began to have difficulty in handling their classes, in keeping the students' attention. Students began

to heckle, contradict, and ridicule instead of merely falling asleep. It kept getting worse.

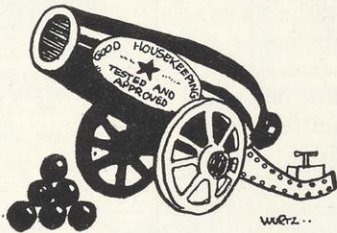
Then came the coup. One morning, the college woke up and found things changed. In the center of the campus was a machine gun. Around Bascom

was a tangle of barbed wire, and on the facade of the building was painted large the emblem of Cadmus. There was quiet that morning, wondering silence, quick whispered questions, knowing smiles.

It was announced through a public address system: Cadmus had taken over the college. Classes were to continue as usual. College bulletins were to be posted later in the day. The bulletins were posted that afternoon in all the buildings. Cadmus was going to speak that night, of course, and after the speech there was to be a big bonfire in the center of the lower campus. It was to be a "Literary Rally," as Cadmus called it. They were going to burn some of the library's books.

One of the professors objected to the burning of his favorite book. He had written it himself and he liked it; there were some very good spots in it. Cadmus grinned and had the professor thrown in jail. Another professor told his class that Cadmus habitually split his infinitives. He went to jail. Cadmus posted a denial, also. A professor of sociology repeated verbatim a passage from one of Cadmus' lectures, and his class was wrenched with laughter. Cadmus had him thrown in solitary confinement.

Soon the jail, which Cadmus had erected, was filled. The professors were  
*(continued on page 20)*



W.G.R.

W.G.R.

W.G.R.

"Third floor—anti-aircraft guns, pill boxes, tank traps, and three-inch guns. Step lively, please." —FROTH

SULLY



**H**ULLO, Jack," cried a sturdy youth with sparkling black eyes, a tousled head, and freckles which showed immediately that he was full of fun.

"Hullo, Dick," replied a tall, serious lad whose brown eyes indicated a studious nature, but whose broad shoulders proved him no less adept at good clean sports than his fellows.

The two boys walked down to the baseball field where a game was in progress between Standish Hall and their deadly rivals, Usher Academy. Dick was about three inches taller than his comrade. They had been friends for many years, attending kindergarten and school together. As they walked down the bank to join their team, they were hailed by another boy whose clean, square-cut jaw and blue eyes showed that he was the captain of the Standish baseball team.

"Hullo, Bob," said Dick as their friend joined them. Bob was about an inch taller than Dick and two inches shorter than Jack, who was three inches taller than Dick and about two inches taller than Bob. Dick was about an inch shorter than Bob.

As the three boys strode across the field the stands broke into the Standish cheer:

Wippity, wippity, wippity, wup  
Uppity, uppity, uppity, ip  
Rah, Rah, Rah  
Rah, Rah, Rah  
Bob, Dick, Jack.

The stands finished and looked embarrassed as did all who yelled the Standish cheer. The Usher boys looked furtively about and hissed their cheer:

Bats, Bugs, Beetles, Blood  
Moans of misery, mush and mud  
Snakes and spiders, sin and sex  
Ruin, rot and gory wrecks  
Nyah, Nyah, Nyah  
Hiss, Hiss, Hiss  
Usher, Usher, Nick Blake.

Nick Blake! A horrified silence filled the stands, broken only by an occasional Usher jeer. Bob looked at Dick and Dick looked at Jack. Then Jack looked at Dick and Dick looked at Bob. Then Bob looked at Jack and Jack looked

at Bob. Nick Blake was their life-long enemy who had stolen the secret formula. Even fun-loving, joking Dick was taken aback for a moment.

"Well," he said finally, "an apple a day keeps the doctor away."

At this witty sally, the boys broke into gales of laughter and their fears were stilled.

"Laugh, will you?" cried a menacing voice, and the lads saw a repulsive youth brandishing his fist. "I'll get even with you," he threatened.

"Oh yeah," replied Dick quick as a flash, sending his comrades off into fresh gales of mirth and several onlookers off to hunt for suitable weapons. And so it was that our friends entered the contest with light hearts and athlete's foot.

**T**HE game progressed without further ado until the last half of the ninth "inning." The score was 1-1, indicating that each team had scored one "run."

Bob stepped forward bat in hand to do or die for Standish, as he said. It was a tense moment. There were already two "outs," so that it was up to him to make good, for Jack was on third "base" ready to come home. Nick

threw the ball at him, and, stepping forward adroitly, he hit it. The ball, which was made of steel to thwart Bob's efforts, hurtled into the air and was about to drop into Nick's hands, which were enclosed in iron to protect them. Jack was running towards "home," but seemingly in vain. Just then, however, an aeroplane swooped down and with its wing knocked the ball out of Nick's reach so that it fell to the ground. A gay laugh was heard from the "plane" as Dick leaned out waving merrily. The game was over. Standish Hall had won and as Bob was tossed upon the shoulders of his cheering teammates, Nick Blake shook an angry fist at him and scuttled off plotting his revenge.

And to find out how Nick tried to get even with our heroes by kidnapping Jack and how his evil attempts to steal the ruby were foiled, read the next book of this series entitled "The Triumph Boys in the Mysterious East; or, How Bob Was Baffled by Rhode Island."

—Yale Record

There was a young lady named Drew  
Whose skin turned a hideous blue.

When they asked, "Is it paint?"  
She replied, "No it ain't,

And what the hell is it to you?"

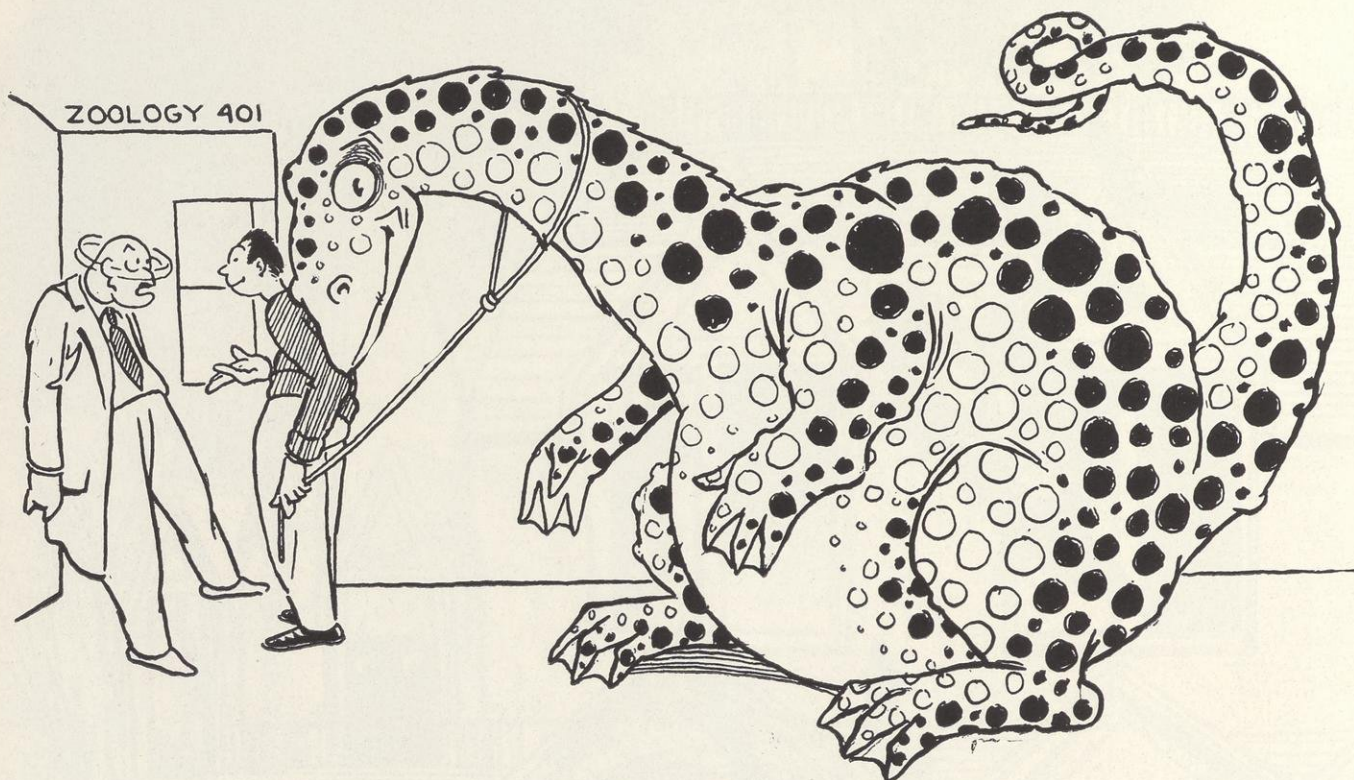
—Yale Record



"Goodness sake, professor, must you carry diminuendo that far?"



*"We're in a position to give you a good price on this one . . . it's haunted."*



*"I found it last night, professor, may I dissect it?"*

## What I Did This Summer

### A Contest for Little Folk

#### 1st Prize

This summer my daddy took Rumsey and me to Camp Two-shoes. We had a swell time except this bear got in the car and daddy got real mad, because he tried to pull out this bear by the tail, which came off in his hand. Rumsey cried then, but I didn't cry because I didn't like the old bear anyway and I like daddy a lot. Daddy says he will buy me a new Yo-yo like the other boys have if I don't tell mummy what he called that old bear. We saw a lot of bears beside the one daddy pulled the tail off of. Gee, they are big and funny. Daddy doesn't like them, I guess. Anyway he says he will knock the next bear's block off that gets in the car.

—Crosswell DuBeele, Aged 9

#### 2nd Prize

My name is Billy Juniper. I am only twelve years old, but I can already row a boat because we had one at our lake and I rowed it. A boy named Clarence came and he was supposed to take care of me, but I guess I fooled him all right. We were out in this boat, like I said, and I told Clarence that I'd like

to see if those good old oars would float. Clarence thought that was silly, but anyway I threw out the oars. Clarence sort of dived for one of them, but I guess he hurt himself on the oarlock because he lay back in the stern for a while and moaned. We didn't do much after that except sort of float around. Luckily, Clarence was a boy scout, so he fashioned a rude paddle out of an old bailing can and we tooled on home without saying much. I guess Clarence was sort of mad, but I don't like him much anyway.

—Billy Juniper, Aged 12

#### 3rd Prize

Guess what I did this summer! I went to the beach with Cousin Harry. He is a nice man and helped me with my mud-pies. He was asleep once but I pried his eyelids apart with a little stick and sprinkled sand on his eyeballs. It took him longer than usual to laugh at this fine joke; I guess maybe he was tired or something. Sometimes I climbed in the dunes without Cousin Harry or anybody. One day there were some little rabbits up there which I

threw stones at. It was easy because they were young and could hardly run at all. Also I don't think they could see yet. I bet my summer was more fun than anybody's.

—Egor Rumford, Aged 7

#### Honorable Mention

I climbed Mt. Mousemeat this summer with some little contemporaries and a dog called Snyder. This here dog brought down a cat half-way up which it turned out did not smell so good. Joey said maybe it was not a cat after all. Then we buried the funny cat under a lilac bush. When we came down in the morning the bush was dead so I guess Joey was right or something was the matter with that cat anyway. Mt. Mousemeat is very high and there are no houses on it. My old man can lick your old man, I bet.

—Jenny the Factory, Aged 8

—Lampoon

Vetoing a bill to dock horses' tails, the Governor of Michigan wrote, "If the Almighty wanted the bony part of a horse's tail six inches shorter, why didn't He make it grow that way?" And why doesn't the Governor have pen-points instead of fingernails, if the Almighty had wanted him to veto bills?

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**THEY SATISFY**

A Ubangi young man had a stammer  
That greatly diminished his glamour.  
He'd try to make quips  
But his overstretched lips  
Would crack like a riveter's hammer.

First Negro: "What fo'dat doctah  
comin' outa you house?"

Second Negro: "Oh, dunno, but Ah  
think Ah's got an Inking.

—Siren.

The wife and daughter of Lieutenant  
Berry were halted by a sentry on  
duty who had orders to allow no one  
to enter by that gate.

"Sorry, but you will have to go  
around to the front gate."

"Oh, but we're the Berry's."

"Lady, I don't care if you're the cat's  
meow! You can't go through this  
gate."

—Log.

King George has said of Great Bri-  
tain's war objectives, "We seek no ma-  
terial gain." The Empire, however,  
has apparently no objections to sitting  
tight on its past spoils.

A man gets pinched when he parks  
too near a fire hydrant, but a pretty  
girl is liable to get pinched almost any-  
where.

—Lampoon

"Just think of it! Spaniards used to  
go three thousand miles on a galleon."

"Well, you can't believe half you read  
about those foreign cars."

—Ho Hum

"Do you know why the traffic lights  
turn red?"

"No, why do they?"

"You'd turn red too, if you had to  
stop and go in the middle of the street."

—Utah Pumpkin

Joe: "I want to change my name,  
your honor."

Judge: "What is your name?"

Joe: "Joe Stinks."

Judge: "I don't blame you, what do  
you want to change it to?"

Joe: "Charlie."

—Lampoon.

### Double Trouble

A gay but impossible bat  
Had a minor affair with a cat;  
But aerial sex  
Had lethal effects,  
And neither knew where he was at.

—Lampoon

## Captain, O, My Captain



AFTER a while, the ship  
stopped rolling and the  
two men came away  
from the rail, walking  
not fast but slowly to  
the other side of the  
boat where they stood looking up at  
the bridge and Columbus, not saying  
anything at first, only looking.

"This is the ninety-third day we  
ain't seen land," said the short one,  
"what the hell."

The other man's name was Joe.

"What the hell," said Joe.

"We should have got there a month  
ago," said the short one.

"What the hell," said Joe, "what the

hell."

The short one turned around to spit  
in the ocean.

"I'm getting sick of this," he said, "I  
ain't no Eyetalian like you boys."

"The old man knows what he's do-  
ing," said Joe.

"He ain't no sailor," said the short  
one.

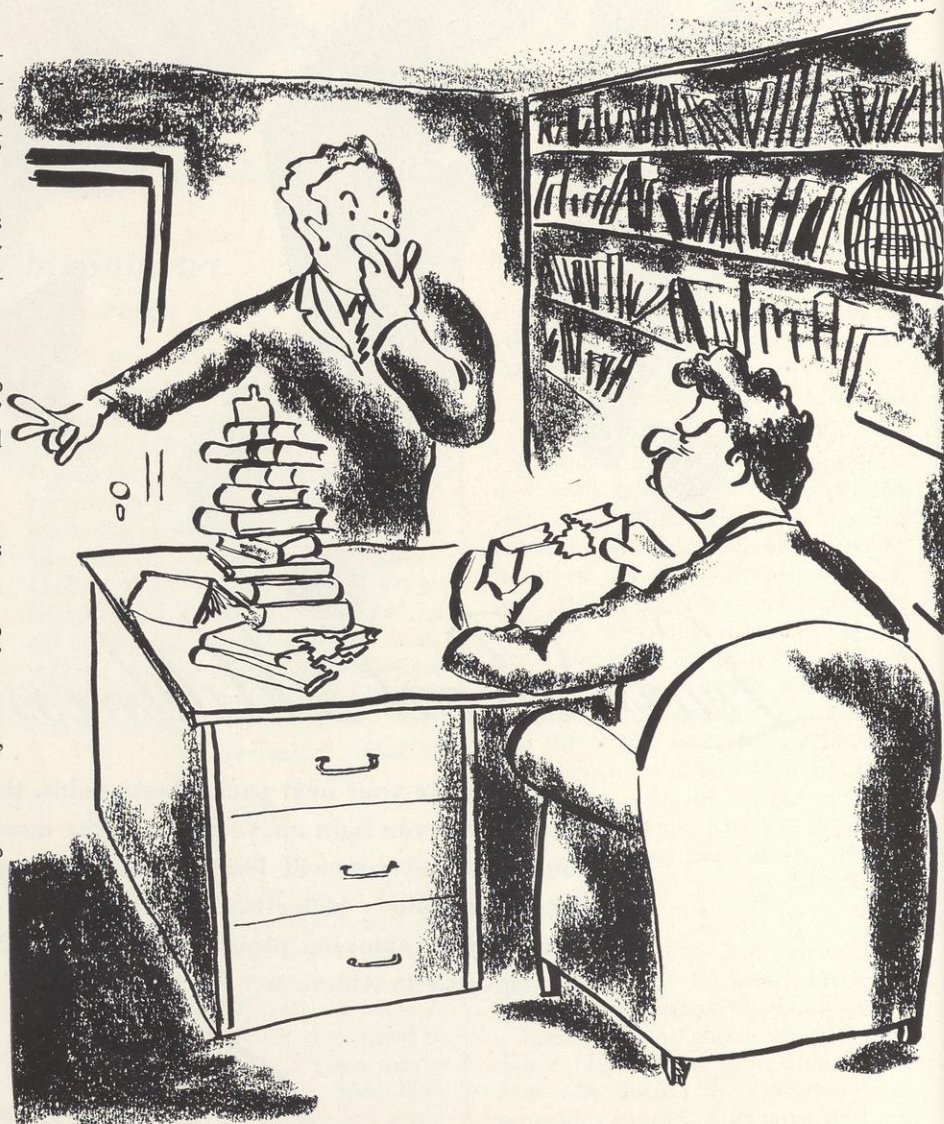
"Sure he is," said Joe.

"He ain't no sailor," said the short  
one, "he's a nance."

"What the hell," said Joe.

"Why don't he find us some land?"  
the short one said, "I ask you."

"I don't know," Joe said. His face  
was blank.



"Okay, so I'm a bookworm."





## To Work and Work Not



WE HAVE always wanted to find out why people study. Studying is not a normal activity: animals do not study. Take for example any one of the Hanover dogs. We have seen them approach books, sidle up to books and nuzzle them, but they do not care a hoot what is inside of them. We have tried to interest them in picture-books, as a starter, but we failed consistently. "A dog is man's best friend," the saying goes, but we have found that trying to talk literature to them arouses scorn, and in extreme cases, enmity. They do not laugh at Thurber, and Tolstoi does not impress them in the least. The only thing to do, really, is to let illiterate dogs lie.

This, of course, raises the question, "Why do people study?" Up to now, it has been taken for granted that people study, and that is all there is to it. This implies an irrational universe. Confident that reason prevails, we have conducted a survey to discover why students study; and on the basis of this survey, we have divided the students into several types.

### Type A—The Grind

THE Grind is logically the first type we should discuss, because he studies hardest. He wears horn-rimmed glasses and trousers which bag in the seat. He never talks to anyone, but spends all his time in the library and usually has his favorite seat in the stacks. Occasionally he goes downstairs to the bathroom and always uses the same toilet. When

this toilet is in use, he waits, feeling frustrated. He always brings a book to the bathroom, thinking in this way to avoid any triumph of matter over mind.

The Grind is an intellectual grain-elevator. He wants to store up as much knowledge as he can, in order to be able to back up some statement he might some day make when he is in a talkative mood. He thinks sex is very vulgar, and at times when he feels like being "chummy" talks about sex very crudely, using the popular slang and simultaneously thinking of the Latin.

He usually starts studying as a Mark-Hound (see Type B), but continues because he has nothing better to do. By the time he is a senior, his legs and arms have become vestigial, and the only remaining functional member of his body is the finger he uses to turn pages.

### Type B—The Mark-Hound

THE Mark-Hound's most frequent comment on life is, "Whatcha think we're gonna get on the exam—huh?" He is generally a small, weasel-like creature who is constantly grinning at professors. He knows absolutely nothing outside of the material he thinks will be needed on the exam, and he always tries to be "one of the fellows." Around exam time, he is very popular. When his beer-drinking friends rib him for being an "intellectual," he merely waves his hand, grins self-deprecatorily, and says, "Aw, cut it out, Joe," (if his friend's name happens to be Joe).

He never cuts a class, and always asks questions in class whose answers he already knows, because someone once told him that inquisitiveness is a sign of intelligence. All his dreams are about floating Phi Beta Kappa keys.

Another of his favorite expressions is, "I never crack a book." Like the Grind, therefore, he often studies in the library bathroom. The Mark-Hound, however, always locks the door. This is not due to modesty, but to a fear that someone will catch him studying. When the report cards come, he pretends not to be interested.

### Type C—The Intellectual

THE Intellectual does not have to study. On exams he does not answer the questions asked, but makes up his own questions and answers them. The professor generally writes a few vaguely critical remarks in the



"But, darling, I love you."

margin to prove that he knows what the Intellectual is talking about, and gives him a good mark: The Intellectual has a room full of books which he reads in order to discuss them with other intellectuals. He calls the authors by their first names: "Ernie" Hemingway, "Jack" Dos Passos, "Ozzie" Spengler, and so forth. This is because he understands them. He wears a necktie, never changes his shirt, and consequently smells. He is usually tall, though there are some small intellectuals. Contrary to popular superstition, he does not always have a high forehead. There are some intellectuals who have no forehead whatsoever.

The Intellectual spends much of his time sitting in an uncomfortable chair. This is when he is thinking creatively. The rest of his time he spends listening to music, reading the *Nation*, and trying to think of things he can have thoughts about. He often goes to classes in order to be stimulated. After he graduates from college, he usually

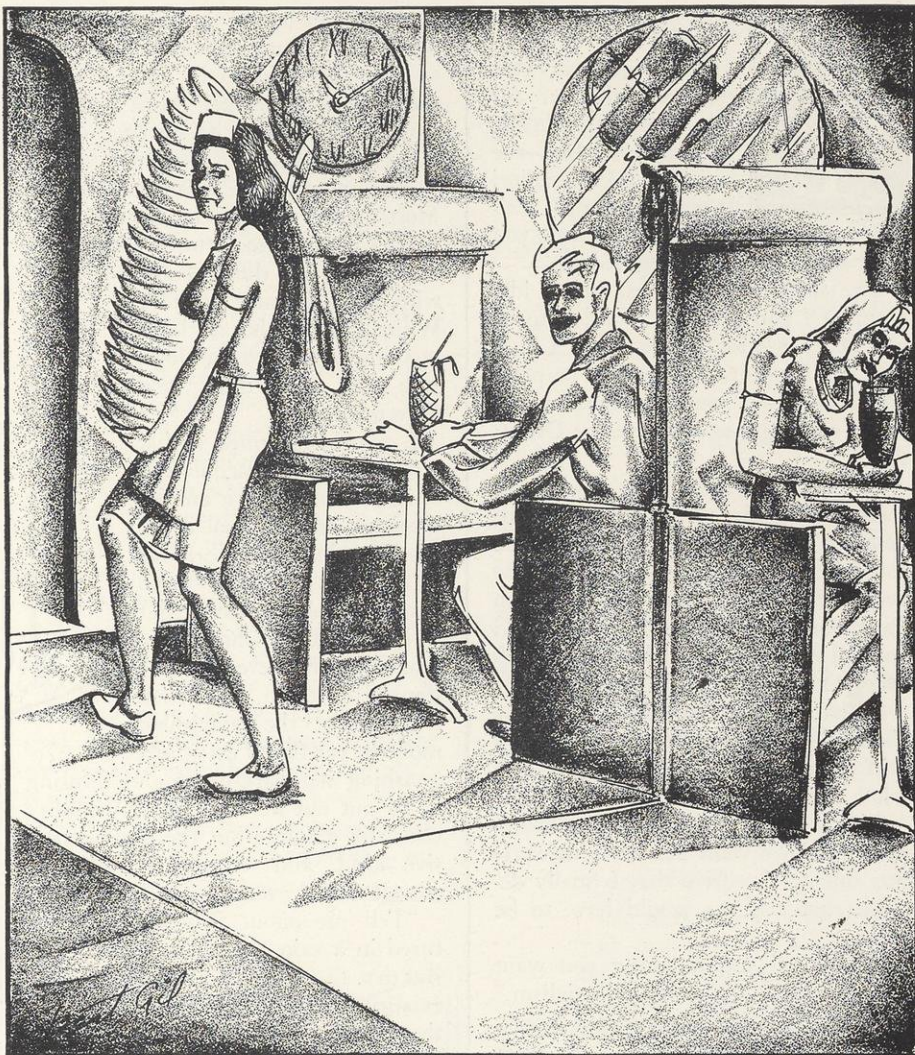
goes to Spain and writes about civil wars. After a while, he turns into a very nice degenerate.

#### Type D—The Self-conscious Loafer

THIS type does not study, but does not enjoy loafing because he is constantly thinking that he ought to be studying. Every night he goes to the movies, except when they are showing Nelson Eddy. On those nights, he drinks beer and says, "I ought to be studying." He slowly develops a neurosis which turns, in his senior year, into a mental wart.

The Self-conscious Loafer always has wavy hair, and carries an armload of books wherever he goes, hoping that he will study. Often he walks into the library; but every time, he either meets someone who persuades him to come to the movies, or he strikes up a conversation with the girl at the desk and makes a date for the next night (which he had set aside for the last two weeks' Ecce assignment).

Several times a week, he settles him-



"Pssst, busy tonight, Babe?"

#### Limericks

A man come up to me and sayed: an undersized sage in old Greece had an indefatigable niece who gave him instruction in fission and fruction which gave him unspeakable peace. Also: there's a witch in a hovel near Brussels who aspires to bust all her bustles she jumped over a horse as a matter of course to see if it damaged her muscles.

—Columbia Jester

#### DISCUSSION

Three men were sitting on a park bench in Germany. One, who was reading a paper, finished an article, looked up and said, "Tsk, tsk."

The second man looked over, read the article, and he too, said "Tsk, tsk."

The third man stood up and said, "If you guys are going to talk politics I'm going."

—Reader's Digest

self in his room, tells his roommate to shut up, and prepares to study. He sits for a while with a book on his lap. Then he gets up and goes next door to make sure he is doing the right assignment. When he comes back, he wants a cigarette, so he goes into the next room to get a package. Then he settles down, all ready to study, but finds that the light is bad. He adjusts the lamp for a long time, until finally the fuse blows. Then he gives up and goes down the hall and drinks beer.

An egg come up to me and sayed: I am alfadelt, I sure am smooth apple. I larfed: egg is apple, I said. Money makes merry, I said. Sure does, he said. So Psi U's come along. Huh, rotten apples they sayed and larfed real loud. Gawsh, I sayed. Chroust.

—Columbia Jester

## The Dream Car



**L**KNEW right away that that was the car for me. The sign outside had said, "At last—the car with a Personality! It walks—it talks: feeling lonely?—here is the car to keep you company on your longest rides!"

The store was spacious. In an idle moment I paced it and found it to be just 300 yards long. The clerk, a little man with an annoying way of perpetually washing his hands in a small washbasin, was eager to show me the Dream Car.

"It has everything," he said bashfully. Quickly he went over the minor details: Two-way radio, a roof which could be folded up and tucked in the vest pocket, a collapsible front porch for those long summer evenings, and enough room inside to hang the wash every Monday.

"What would you like to know about the European situation?" the car said suddenly. "I can even tell you when Hitler's going to be killed."

The clerk hustled it up for the moment, and we went out for a drive. It was during the drive that I finally decided that this car would have to be mine.

"I can tell you anything you want to know about dialectical materialism," crooned the car as it accelerated rapidly to a cool 100 m.p.h. on the open road. "I'm pretty hot on the question of nominalism vs. realism, too."

After a spirited conversation about Degas and Cezanne, we sped blithely back to the store, and I hastily purchased this genius on wheels. The man with the washbasin gave me a special booklet which said that this particular car was an expert on the Near Eastern question and could recite big league batting averages for many years back as well. While taking it home, I engaged playfully in a conversation on the atomic theory.

**T**HAT evening, over some good drinks, the car nonchalantly smoked its fan-belt and conversed cheerfully on the subject of the National Debt. At eleven o'clock sharp it took off its tires and went into warm storage.

The next morning was not so good. Evidently the car hadn't liked that highball that I had given it to lull it to sleep the night before. Its front bumper was bent all out of shape and its left fender was dangerously swollen.

"Either you mix better drinks or I

pack up and leave," it growled. "Now bring me a Bromo-Seltzer."

A bit non-plussed by this, I nevertheless got the seltzer for it and laid a wet towel across its steering wheel. It was still irked.

"I suppose you're a damn Democrat. Most of the people who drive around in cars like this seem to be Democrats. I tell you, it's those people with their dictator in the White House who are leading this country to the dogs. You just wait until next November."

I quickly informed it that I was as solid a Republican as it was, and took it out for a snappy drive to cool it off. Nothing doing—the car was set against me. The radio would not play anything but "Three Little Fishies," the brakes groaned every time I stepped on them, and when I tried out the collapsible roof, the car flared up at me, gnashing its spark-plugs and refusing to be put out in the cold. It wouldn't take any gasoline but the most expensive kind, and seemed to want to change its oil every ten miles or so.

"Tell me about Rumania," I ventured in a vain attempt to cheer it up. But that also went for naught: the car expostulated for a moment on Russia, then settled into a groove about Hitler. Every time I tried to introduce a new subject its floorboards would bristle up in anger and it would go on talking rather dully about Hitler, which I was plenty sick of by this time.

That evening I only gave it Coca-Cola, hoping that this would refresh its mind. Instead it settled back on its spare tire, yawned briefly but ungracefully, and idly began polishing its hub-caps. Every time I asked it a simple question it would reply tersely and then refuse to go on with the conversation.

The next morning, Coca-Cola or no Coca-Cola, it was still in a completely sullen mood. By this time I was fed up and would have no more of it. It gloated to itself on the way back to the store, every now and then making caustic remarks about my new suit. The little man with the washbasin was crestfallen at my reports of it, and used up three cakes of soap apologizing.

"Whatever could have come over it!" he wailed. "It never talked back that way to me. It must have blown out a gasket. We can fix it for you easily.

But I was through with all personality cars. I decided then and there that in the future I'd do all the talking myself when in the presence of automobiles. For how would I ever get to a place that the car didn't like?

As I was leaving in disgust, I looked back at the car. Its radiator was snorting merrily and it threw up its spare tire in the sheer joy of being free again.

—Lampoon

## Dropped Freshman

Oh, I'm a dropped freshman,  
I don't give a damn;  
I'll rot in my quarters  
Before I will cram  
For any such thing  
As a final exam.

Rah! Rah! and a cheer for  
the college.

My pop doesn't like it  
But what do I care?  
I'll spend all his dough  
On grease for my hair

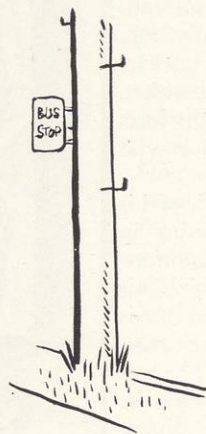
For I am the answer  
To every girl's prayer.

Rah! Rah! and there's nothing like  
college!

This shrewd attitude  
Was destined to sprout  
Results which soon put my  
Indifference to rout;  
Now I'm a dropped freshman—  
Dropped all the way out.

Would God I were back in my col-  
lege!

—Lampoon



## In the Editor's Brown Study

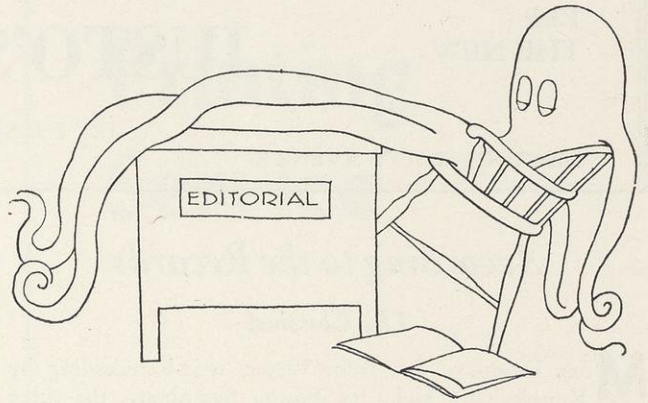


O this is an exchange issue," we chortled and pulled down umptynine stacks of magazines received all during the year from colleges all over the country. But our wry smile soon faded. Yes, and well it might for after we had spent several hours separating the meager stack now on our desk from the great heap we had called our exchange files, we realized what a low ebb the run-of-the-mill college humor magazine was. We tried to blink it out of our eyes, but no, there it was running down our cheek and splashing flatly on the floor. We pulled out our hanky and blew hard.

Then we settled back in our chair to ponder. We remembered looking through the correspondence files of previous editors, remembered their valient fight for real honest-to-gosh original humor magazines. We shuddered when he read lengthy letters from the College Magazine Editorial Group which offered to furnish several pages of ready-to-wear humor magazine, all

done up in ultra-modern style printed and cut to fit into your magazine. We remembered an insidious coup with a national advertising agent who promised more advertising if Octy would only agree. We grimaced when we realized that more than half the stack we had gone through was syndicated, centrally prepared, and sent all over the country to be inserted in college humor magazines. A wholesale plagiarism done shamelessly at a tremendous scale.

We looked back over the old Octys and smiled proudly and set ourself to clipping the best we could find. So here you have it—the best we could find. If you don't like this magazine we refuse to take the blame, but we're betting you will for we have leaned heavily on our best contemporaries, namely: *The Harvard Lampoon, Calif-*



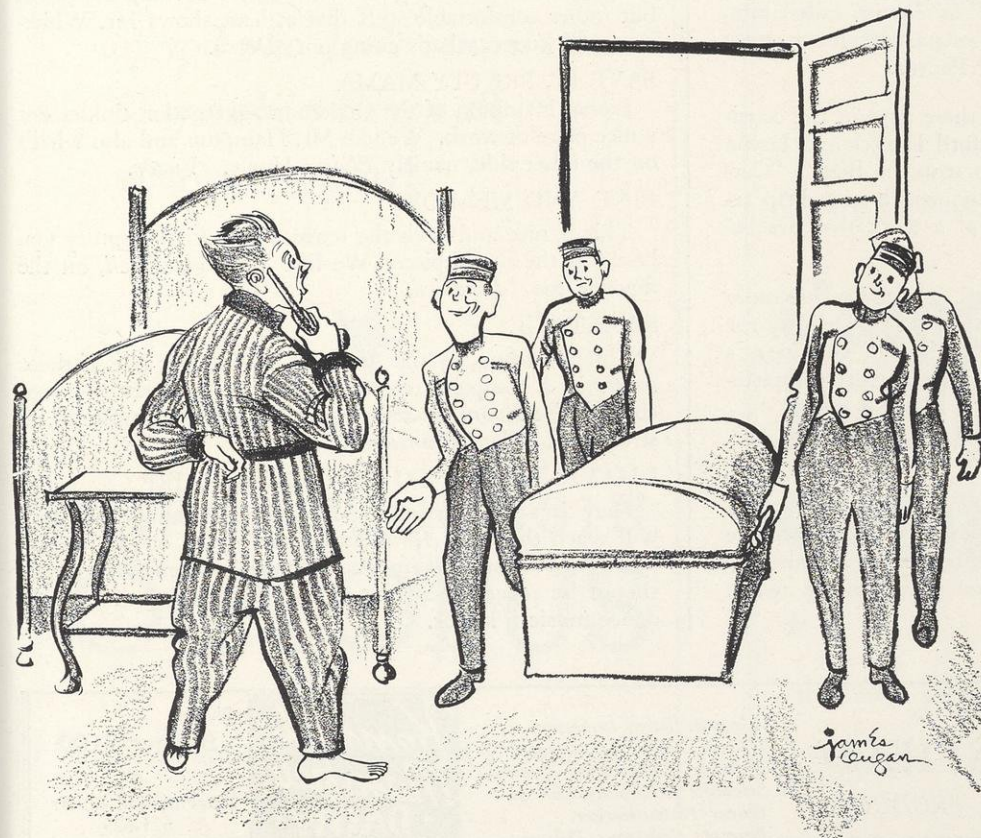
*ornia Pelican, Froth, and Jack-O-Lantern.* We want to thank them for they have been swell.

### And in Another Vein . . .

WE are becoming accustomed to reading phrases like, "As passed by the censor" . . . "Berlin says" . . . and "according to our war correspondent" in the daily papers. Yes, accustomed and very nearly nauseated—sometimes we'd rather forget it. Today we found that even our English class is not immune to war-colored terminology.

We were violently awakened from our bemused woolgathering by the statement: ". . . the armistice began in 1918 and lasted until September, 1939." We shook our head and stared hard at our watch. No, we weren't in our history lecture and we had been talking about contemporary English Poets in English. Well, it all turned out that Mr. Fulcher had been discussing the influence of the Great War on the contemporary bards.

Nevertheless, those words set us thinking. Here we are wondering how long before we will be called to the colors and suddenly realizing that the last great war was never really settled. In our history book we read that the Treaty of Versailles was unfair. In our own minds we have come to the conclusion that either it was too fair or not unfair enough. At any rate we are convinced that if the people of the world are seeking a newer, more adaptable form of government we are certainly going in opposite directions.



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## According to the Records

### The Classical

**M**ORE DEBUSSY. But from Victor, with recording by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony, the three symphonic sketches, *La Mer*, are nothing to pass over without a whimper of acclaim. Debussy is the musical authority on sea mood, and in these sketches he has translated into a vast waving-and-lapping score his minutest observations. The third sketch, which is titled "The Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea," is especially atmospheric and alluring. Not to say that there isn't authentic salt in each of these sketches, but the third, blessed as it is with a Franck-like lyric theme of captivating beauty, seems to be the final word in the genre of suggestive and acutely analytical musical description. Koussevitzky guides like Neptune, and the Orchestra answers to his beck like an entourage of harmonious winds.

**C**OLUMBIA has added to its Masterworks set the *Sonata in C minor* of Francesca Geminiani, an Italian composer (1667-1762) remembered more today perhaps for his personal eccentricities than for his music. This sonata, however, has a placid and warm beauty that gives little indication of the fire of "il furibondo Geminiani" as Tartini called him. Arnold Belnick, violinist, plays the sonata with much grace and color, accompanied by Valdimir Padwa.

**R**oyale is making a place for itself these days in the classical record field. This month Clifford Herzer and Jascha Zayde, pianists, run freely over the score of Bizet's "Carmen," and turn out *Carmen Fantasy*, which may help restore to you some of the freshness of a work that has become perhaps too familiar.

**J**ACQUES FRAY and Mario Braggiotti, a well-known radio two-piano team, have recorded an album of Debussy for Decca. There are *The Submerged Cathedral*, *Golliwogg's Cakewalk*, *Reverie*, *Fetes*, and *Joyous Isle*, all very completely done.

### The Popular

#### EVERYTHING IS HOTSY TOTSY NOW

Freddy "Schnickelfritz" Fisher, whom we love because his corn is so honest—not like Guy Lombardo's, tears this down. His *Swingin' at the Hoedown* is beautifully awful. Decca.

#### ON THE ISLE OF MAY

Based on Tchaikowsky's *D Major String Quartette*, this thing turns out as foully as we would have believed possible. It actually sounds, when you hear the vocals, like a swipe from *The Isle of Capri*, which was as bad as there was. It's probably not Connie Boswell's fault, for *Gotta Get Home*, the backside, is quite satisfactory. Decca.

#### HAVEN'T NAMED IT YET

With the informality its title implies, our boy Lionel Hampton raps out this very happy medium-light swing. *I'm On My Way From You* is swell blues. Victor.

#### RODGERS AND HART ALBUM

Columbia issues the first of a new monthly popular album series with sixteen songs by the team that has been called "America's Gilbert and Sullivan." These are very pretty and, it seems, permanent melodies, recorded by a twenty-piece orchestra with Composer Rodgers at the piano.

#### ALICE BLUE GOWN

Harry James goes over to Varsity Records and is at his best in both *Alice* and *Headin' for Hallelujah*.

#### STEP UP AND SHAKE MY HAND

This and *Hooray for Spinach* are played by the swing wing of Paul Whiteman's outfit. Oh, it's nothing too good, but rather comfortable stuff that at least shows Mr. Whiteman still knows what's going on. Decca.

#### SAVE IT, PRETTY MAMA

Lionel Hampton of the Goodman aggregation tinkles out a nice piece of work. We like Mr. Hampton and also what's on the other side, namely *Flying Home*. Victor.

#### FINE AND MELLOW

This is nice and with the sensual "twentieth century Gabriel" at the mouthpiece. We like *Midnight Stroll*, on the flipover, too. Bluebird.

#### SWEET SUE

This recording, by the Alec Wilder Octet, is one of those *muts* in a complete record library. Yes, it's hot, but not corny. *Blue Room*, its reverse, is done in a very unusual instrumental style. Brunswick.

#### I HAVEN'T TIME TO BE A MILLIONAIRE

Here is a really swell rendition of a number we think will reach the top. *April Played the Fiddle* on the reverse is likewise a three-bell-ringer. Both are by Tom Dorsey who should be regarded as one of the wheelhorses of modern dance music. Victor.

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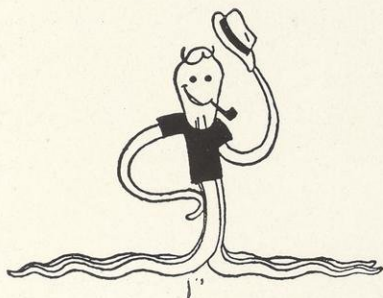
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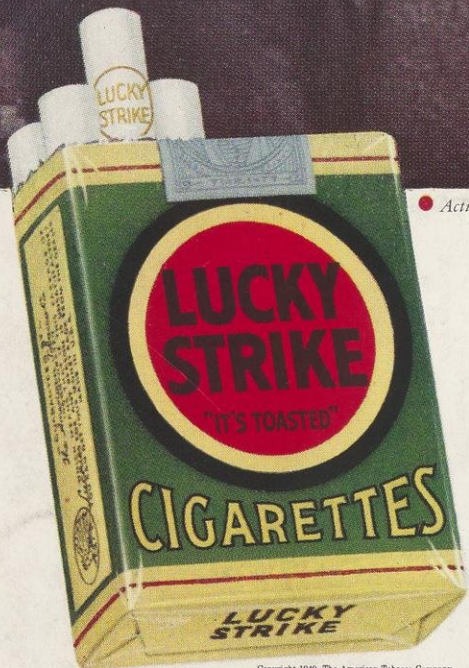
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