



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Octopus: Haresfoot. Vol. 22, No. 8 April, 1941

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, April, 1941

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WPMRQCZLCIZAP8G>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

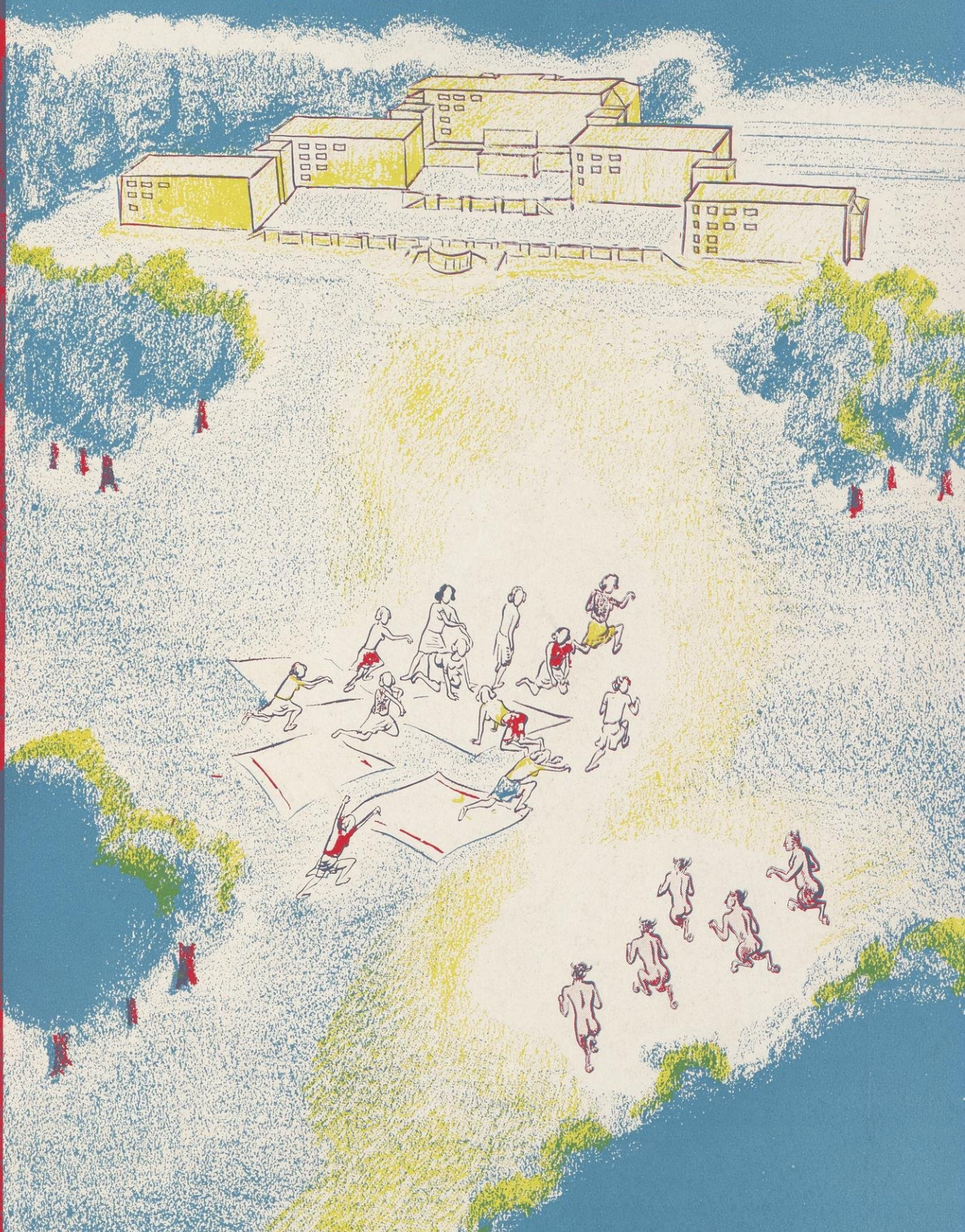
<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

HARKERS FOOT

OCTOPUS



APRIL 15¢



***"THIS LIGHTER LEAF
IS Milder, MISS..."***

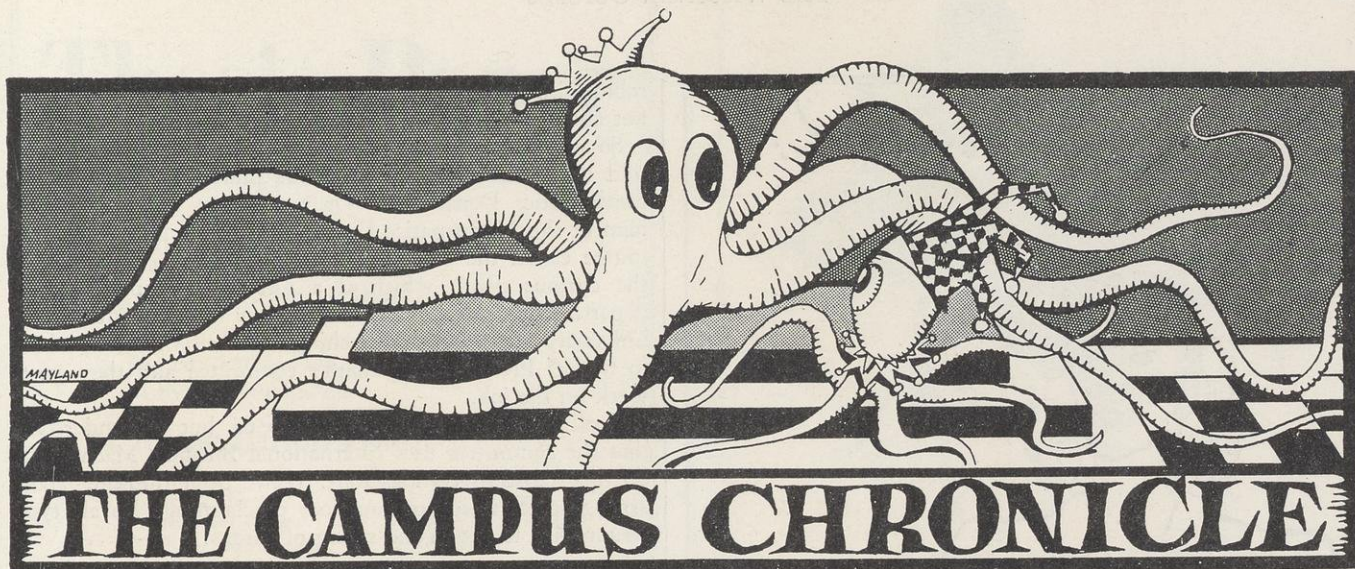
"... it costs more, too—but Luckies pay the price!" says Joe Cuthrell, tobacco auctioneer

THERE'S no two ways about it—the lighter, milder tobacco comes high, and Luckies pay the price to get it. That's why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—fellows like me, who actually see the sales—smoke Luckies as a matter of course!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So why not decide to smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

Copyright 1941 The American Tobacco Company

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



THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



It's April in Madison and the grass begins to turn . . . Sounds like some kind of a rollicking ballad and we wish it were. We are in a peculiar dilemma between a sad mood which we acquired about half-way through this our last issue and a delightful one inspired by pleasant odors, kites and the return of sweaters on the fair bosoms

around Bascom's motherly portals. We were going to the "Beggar's Opera" last night when we heard the sound of marching feet and barking military commands coming from the lower campus. En garde, we hustled across the street with our date to investigate. A lot of things whirled through our minds. Was Madison in danger of a night attack? Had the state militia arrived to quell some mob demonstration?

We were quieted when we found it was just the ROTC boys tromping up and down jerking their guns from one position to the other to the accompaniment of 1-2-3-4s.

We tapped one of the outriggers on the shoulder and said to him, "What is it?"

"Just a Pershing Rifles drill," he said. "It's a pleasant evening so we decided to drill outside."

Something twisted deep inside us. We went to the theater. Well, we supposed, that's spring too.

Turnabout

With Elmer Genzmer trying to pass an amendment to the ROTC bill in the state legislature which would require coeds to be trained for taxicab driving, blackout police work, snuffing out of incendiary bombs and machine shop work, with Lois Warfield trying to grab off Prom Kingship

last year, and Haresfoot trying their damndest to imitate women, we have a proposal. Why not forget about the whole sex differentiation business? Let the women drive the taxicabs and be Prom Kings. If science will just try a little harder maybe the rest of us guys can sit back and have babies.

Sabotage

They're gone now, but in case you were wondering what those people sitting at the tables just inside the Union's various entrances were doing, they were counting. They wanted to know how many people entered the Union every day. It's some sort of a survey like the man you used to see sitting on the corner of Park Street and University Avenue counting cars last year. Except that the stoopies in the Union are counting people instead of cars.

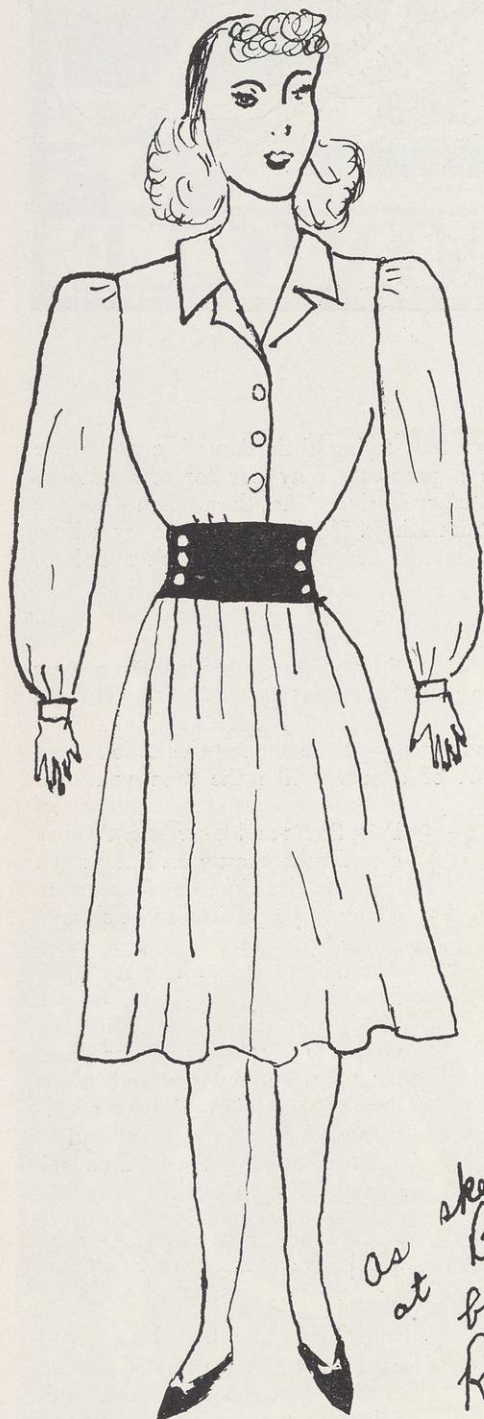
We guess we've got a nasty strain in us somewhere for upon hearing what was going on we set about to throw a wrench in the works. (Keep this under your hat.) Everytime we walked in one door of the Union we'd get counted and then run out again and in another door. At the time we thought it was a little silly but we'll get our due when the survey comes out and we can say, "Yeah, yeah! It's inaccurate!"

Signs

It's been bothering us for several days now, and we finally decided to find out about the new sign painted on the walls at Bascom Hall leading to the Reserve Book Room. It says "I. B. M. Room" and an arrow points down toward the book room. We followed it down one day and at the bottom of the stairs we found a door marked "International Business Machines." We peered in and found nothing but an empty



Super-smooth!!



*as sketched
at
Baron's
by
Ruby Kutz
'42*

Baron's

room with a gargantuan gilded picture frame . . . we'll find out about that too—later.

So we scurried around asking questions and were finally told that the whole business was under the wing of the Mathematics Department. Or rather that Professor Ingraham of the Mathematics Department is the head of a committee called the Hollerith Department (also inscribed on the curious door) which is a sort of free-lance research department. In other words, if any department in the university wants any researching done all they need do is to tip off Professor Ingraham's committee and they go to work on the job.

It all seems a little disjointed to us, but we understand that the committee uses International Business Machines to do the statistical compilations. We've been thinking about arranging for a sign on our door proclaiming "Royal" typewriters just to get in the swing of things.

Firemen

We have always stood in great awe of firemen, but an incident which we witnessed a few days ago has shaken our faith in them a little. Walking peacefully along State Street we were suddenly disturbed by a great red fire truck screaming around a corner and jerking to a stop a few feet from where we were standing. The firemen—there were about five of them—just sat in the truck looking vaguely about them. Finally the driver leaned over and asked a man, in the small crowd that had gathered, if he knew

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

DEAN G. C. SELLERY, *Pres.* JAMES A. WATROUS, *Vice-Pres.*
RAY L. HILSENHOFF—*Secretary and Treasurer*
ROGER W. GERLING ROGER F. WURTZ

BUSINESS STAFF

ROGER GERLING, *Business Manager*
LARRY PERSECHINI, *Advertising Manager*
JOAN WITHINGTON, *Assistant Advertising Manager*
SAM GRECO, *Publicity Manager*
Mary Jane Wolcott . Connie Wolcott . Phil Korst
Danny McNamara . Ralph Behrens
PAT BISSELL, *Slots Manager*
Mary Jane Wolcott, Connie Wolcott, Phil Korst, Ralph Behrens,
Danny McNamara, Bill Kopps, Robert Braeger, Eleanor Rosner,
Sanford Bloom, Stanley O'Malley

ROGER F. WURTZ, *Executive Editor*

Contributors:

George Hoeveler, Lars Larsons, L. S. Silk, Art Dallman, Ken Bellile, Helen Lansberg, Owen Kampen, John Livy Werener, Mary Elizabeth Harvey, Iris Barrel

Copyright, January, 1941, by the WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, Inc., 770 Langdon Street, Madison. Published ten times during the year by the students of the University of Wisconsin. Reprint rights granted to legitimate college magazines; cuts will be loaned upon request. Entered as second class matter at the post-office, Madison, Wisconsin, under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rate \$1.00 per year in U. S., Mexico and Timbuc-too, \$1.25 in Canada and U. S. possessions (except the Virgin Islands), in England, no money down—no payments till God knows when.

Volume XXII

APRIL, 1941

Number 8

Thesis Paper

University approved for every thesis

•Lancaster Bond

•Anniversary Bond

6c for 12 sheets
39c for 100 sheets
\$1.89 for 500 sheets

•Plover Linen Bond

Light-weight

8c for 12 sheets
55c for 100 sheets
\$2.40 for 500 sheets

Heavy-weight

10c for 12 sheets
75c for 100 sheets
\$3.75 for 500 sheets

•Crane's Japanese Linen

1c per sheet \$4.50 for 500 sheets

BROWN'S

BOOK SHOP

STATE AT LAKE STREET

where 210 State Street was. The man said he didn't know. The driver and his four comrades got out of the truck and began to look miserably at the numbers on the buildings. They weren't panicky or excited—they would just walk up to a door slowly, shake their heads, and walk away. Finally a policeman appeared and said he thought that 210 State was around the corner. The firemen climbed into the truck which backed around the corner and out of sight, leaving us staring sadly into the middle distance.

Mr. Dykstra

We had an eerie experience in Poli. Sci. 7 that we don't like to think about. It was during one of the lectures given by President Dykstra, and we were seated behind two girls whose conversation unnerved us no little. Mr. Dykstra was introduced by Mr. Stokes. "This is President Dykstra," announced Mr. Stokes.



"So he says," remarked one of the girls to the other, an undercurrent of mystery in her voice. During the entire lecture the girl didn't take a note—just sat there staring at Mr. Dykstra. We began to feel uncomfortable, although we didn't know why. Every once in a while the girl would say "Ha!" or "Did you hear *that*?" to her friend, who seemed to remain undisturbed by it all until, towards the end of the lecture she turned to the agi-

tator and remarked that Mr. Dykstra resembled President Roosevelt.



Tom couldn't reach the initial sack
With marvelous, matchless Mae,
Until he gave her a succulent pack
Of Life Savers every day.



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

A SPECIAL COURSE FOR PIPE SMOKERS

IF ALL THE COURSES in the curriculum are planned with an eye to the future, why is there not a course on pipe smoking? For the solid contentment men find in their pipes is one of life's greatest satisfactions.

WE BELIEVE THAT the key to this problem is in the blend you smoke. And so we offer you a generous sample of America's Finest Pipe Tobacco...enough for an eight hour course in smoking pleasure.

YOU'LL FIND EDGEWORTH smooth, cool, and aromatic...specially blended to a young man's taste.

NATURALLY, TASTES differ. Yet many college seniors tell us that their first freshman pipes were packed with **EDGEWORTH**—and today, four years later, they still ask for the familiar blue tin.

USE THIS VALUABLE COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO.
203 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia

CP-5

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 _____

About Octymen

INSTRUMENTAL in gaining the glory for this year's Octopus are the members of the Board of Editors. In addition to Editor Wurtz who is a well-known authority on anarctic zoological life, and who is noted on this campus for his wit, his verve and his sixteen cylinder Cadillac speedster, the board includes Joan Withington, Ed Mayland, Irene Trepel, Basil Busacca, Larry Hogan and D. G. Briggs.

Ed Mayland has a deathly fear of brown horses which he can't explain. For this reason he seldom visits his family's ranch in northern Montana. He has made numerous technical experiments in an attempt to improve the bore of the B-B gun. An infected finger kept him out of the intercollegiate boxing matches this year.

Larry Hogan is a fine musician as well as a cartoonist. He is a concert cornetist and with his horn often keeps the staff enthralled for hours. A resident of Big Nugget, Alaska, he travels several hundred miles by dog sled each year in order to attend the University.

Irene Trepel is the outdoor type. She captains the women's varsity la crosse team and during her summer vacations she travels with Ringling Brother's Circus. This is natural since her home is in Sarasota, Florida.

Joan Withington taught rural school in Bleak Platte, Nevada, so that she could come to the University of Wisconsin. She also works on the Campus Women's Suffrage League. Joan lives on a little farm near Providence, Rhode Island.

Basil Busacca was once national amateur backgammon champion and is an eminent authority on world affairs. He has memorized the entire works of William Shakespeare

(well-known poet and playwright) and continually confounds us with his store of knowledge. Last year he won \$14,382.50 in radio quiz programs. He calls Passaic, New Jersey, home.

David Briggs was reared in a small village in Mexico and speaks Spanish more fluently than English. He is an authority on Maya Indians and has already written three books on the subject. He also builds model airplanes.

Muse Abondend

Some people worry because they have blown a fuse,
But I have really got trouble because I have blown a muse.
The situation a-musing has ceased to be,
Especially when I consider that this particular muse has for life been leased to me.

For though in other respects this muse of mine is on the shady side of terrific

Nevertheless we would both be better off if it were considerably more prolific.

And the question is what do you do when your muse is stalled?

Can you apply Three-in-One or have a wrecker called?

Uh uh, and various other negatives including no;

You simply sit back and watch the deadlines come and go;

So, while everyone else is wondering whether to write about

Easter eggs or Easter bunnies and can't decide,

I have no such problem because I am still working on the merry Christmas tide.

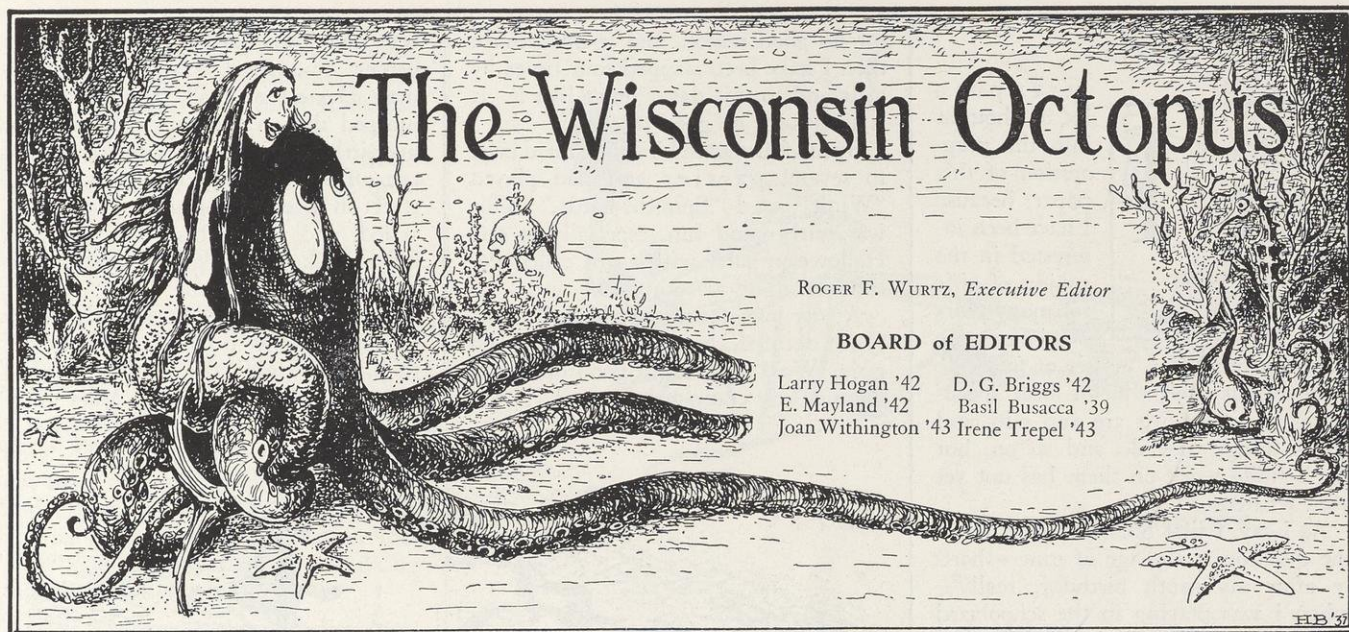
—J. W.



*He'll love-love
the Red-Red of your Lips*

THIS SPRING the roving male eye is being caught—and held—by tantalizing RED-RED lips. One of the rarest and loveliest reds of them all, Tangee RED-RED Lipstick goes on smoothly...stays on for hours. The pure cream base helps end that dry, "drawn" feeling and RED-RED's startling new shade blends perfectly with this season's bright fashion colors. Wear RED-RED...and the matching rouge as well.

TANGEE Red-Red
...**REALLY STAYS ON!**



Volume XXII

APRIL, 1941

Number 8

On Second Thought



CURIOSLY enough we predict 1940-41 will go down as the Year of Apathy at Wisconsin. No one pilfered the Prom

King, there wasn't any St. Pat's brawl, and Mil Ball didn't even have to buck a boycott.

After a five-year, \$1,400,000 attempt, a reclamation gang has succeeded in cooling the concrete in the Grand Coulee dam. Now if the boys would just take time out to visit legislators Brown and Collier.

In the Reich, new laws direct men to send wives out to work for the support of the family. Our press must stop printing this sort of Nazi propaganda, if we are to have any sort of concerted defense effort.

Painter Thomas Benton thinks his pictures should be hung in cocktail bars. That's all right—we can understand how an artist would get a little bored by Petty girls and prints showing the "Stag at Bay."

"Yacht club sailing course will be held today in Bascom theater instead of the Chemistry building as previously announced." (*Cardinal*) And if that fails, they might try the lake.

A writer says that Germany finds the war "inconvenient." It's the same thing over here—from now on, we're told, no more *lutefisk*!

Brand new Colonel No 165 in the Heil retinue is Harold Lloyd. The Hollywood comedian, also, was most successful in his silent days.

The lifting of the fog of Depression is now official—Ever since last month the "Help Wanted" columns have been as long as the "Work Wanted."



"I was second from the right in the '36 chorus."

The Committee on Quality has turned in its report comparing the faculty situation today, and ten years ago. Graduate assistants are currently better, we're told; on the other hand there are voids where were Professors Miecklejohn, Kirk, Linton, and the rest.

The front-page Allis-Chalmers strike has been settled, and the factory is turning out defense orders on a 24-hour schedule. This intelligence you will find in small type on page 20 of your favorite Republican newspaper.

We think one aspect of the Royal Air Force threat (potential) to Hitler has been overlooked. Last week we read that twenty-five London misses had named one RAF flier as the father of their twenty-five babes-to-be.

After twenty-six years on the statutes, an Arizona law has been declared unconstitutional. Shucks—just when everybody was getting used to it...

Iowa, it is announced, has stopped its *assembly-line* marriage-mill, and now demands health certificates of would-be-weds. This editor smugly relays the information, having slipped through way last fall to trade rings there with the last of the literate *Cardinal* writers.

Girls



HAVE put a lot of thought into the preparation of this paper, because I have been interested in the subject of girls for many years—since my

ninth birthday, as a matter of fact.

There has been a lot of loose speculating on what girls are and why and about things they do and so on, but the definite work on them has not yet been written.

As I say, I first became interested in the question at the age of nine—shortly after my ninth birthday, really—when I was playing in the schoolyard by myself, pitching a tennis ball against the wall and pretending to be Rube Waddell and Lefty Grove and Herb Pennock. I was calling balls and strikes against myself, calling them honestly, and trying to outwit Bob Meusel and Honus Wagner and Tris Speaker and many other sluggers, when this girl came up and asked if she could play with me.

"Sure," I said, "if you want to." That's about all I had to say to this girl for a half hour or so. I had a half-split bat along, and I pitched some in to her and let her try to hit them. She stood just like any old girl with a bat, her left foot in the bucket and the bat on her shoulder. She would take a horrible cut at the ball, swinging in a crazy arc, and she could never hit it unless I deliberately pitched to the spot where I knew her bat would be when she swung. Then she pitched to me for a while, and every time I hit one I'd have to go chase it myself. This was a pain in the neck so I finally said, "Let's play grounders." She was awful at that, too.

Finally we both began going for the ball together as it came off the wall, and it ended up when I banged her in the head by accident, and she started to bawl. She went home bawling and that was all.

Three weeks later I tried playing with a girl again, but once more I hit her accidentally with the bat on her arm, and this girl started bawling, too.

I could go on at great length to support this truth about girls: That you can't play anything with them without their getting hurt and bawling.

WHEN I was twelve years old, a girl slapped my face for the first time,

for no good reason, and it hurt. Since then I have been slapped four times by girls and to this day I don't like it. It is always for no good reason.

By my fourteenth birthday, I had been to several parties and had played "Wink" and "Spin-the-bottle." This was fairly good fun, especially at one Hallowe'en party with a girl called Pochontas. She wore lipstick.

At my own fourteenth birthday party, I decided, however, to invite no girls. We'd just have a good old party without any crazy girls around. But it

was one lousy party. Bunny Heidelberg, Bud Ford, Harry Katz, Rodman Dayton and all the other guys jumped me on the couch to give me my birthday swats. They broke an arm rest off one of the parlor chairs, spilled stuff all over the dining room floor, yelled, and had fights. And anyhow, nobody liked the party. That taught me that girls had some uses.

One of the things I learned in high school was how to talk to girls. Before then, I just didn't talk to them. Peggy Bennett, Dot McDonough, Mary Alice



"Due to technical difficulties beyond our control, the Jolly Riser's Hour will not be heard this morning."

Holt, Ethel Ferrerstein, Bertha Toppin, Gladys Engle, and several others had been in my room since third grade, but I had never said more than, "Yes," "No," or "Miss Waters says you should help clean the erasers" to any of them all the way up to high school.

Talking to girls is different from talking to boys. You have to *feel* different. You have to make believe, "Oh, this is great sport, talking to a girl, how exciting"—and all that junk. When you talk to boys, you just talk.

Girls don't know anything about boys. They think some boys are different from others, that some are "good" and others are "bad" but all boys are approximately the same, except that some have learned the trick of talking to girls and others haven't.

Girls like you to make believe you are a perfect gentleman, except under certain circumstances.

JUST as some people think that one blackamoor is just about like another blackamoor, many young men think one girl is just about like another girl. This is not true of blackamoors, but it is true of girls.

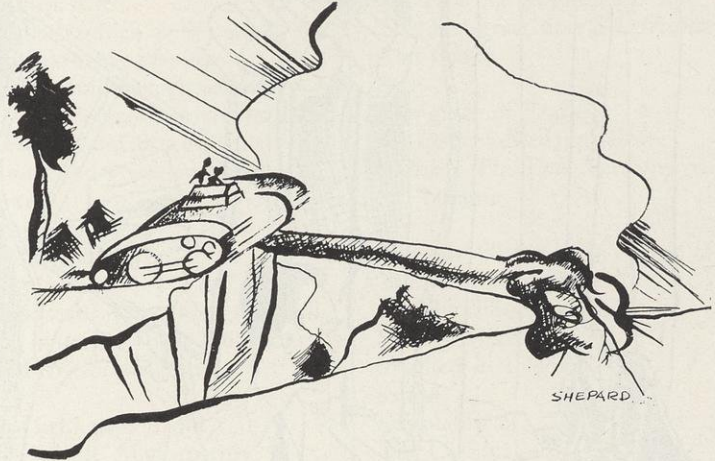
In every single girl I have known, there is a fundamentally silly streak. Whether they go whole hog and giggle most of the time, or just say, "I know something about you-oo," or "I've got *your* number," or Don't be redick," or "Nifty!" or whether they smoke cigarettes awkwardly or whether they smoke them fairly well but tread on the butt like Diana stepping from her bath, they are fundamentally silly.

Some people contend that motherhood puts an end to all this silliness, but I do not think so. All the mothers I have known, far from being the embodiments of Women Eternal or The Will to Create, spend all their time after baby has come gabbing about new formulas and "dies."

Later on, when baby has grown into normal, intelligent boyhood, they take to pinching him by the ear or cautioning him about playing with certain other normal, intelligent boys. They also start going to Parent-Teachers' Association meetings and blabbing about "The Problem of Modern Youth."

I must admit, however, that there are certain girls whom I like. This is simply because they are pretty, talk in nice, girl voices, and often seem to catch on to what I am saying. There is no other reason.

—L.S.



"They say these things will go anywhere."

Well, Spring Is Here

or, Throw It Away

Spring is the season which of all seasons is much too over-rated
Nobody goes around saying, "Whoops! Winter is here!" or when they begin
to perspire in big drops and they know that summer is
icumen in do they feel particularly elated.

Even in the fall nobody really gets excited and starry-eyed over the
wonders of nature, and don't tell me that you can't see
the first robin in any season but spring because
my answer will come back fast

And I will say, maybe you can't see the first robin in the fall, but you
can, if you are lucky, see the last

Because one of the things I particularly dislike about spring are the
big fat robins that hop on lawns and make that horrible
grating cheeping sound

And maybe you think I would feel a little better about the season if
there weren't any robins around

But I wouldn't, because another thing that makes me definitely antagonistic
towards any month after March and before July is the
way people are always saying, "Come on, it's too
nice to sit in this stuffy room, let's go
out and take a walk around the lake."

My theory is that it is never too nice outside to sit inside, and I wouldn't
so much mind going outside if I didn't have to keep moving
once I got there, but anyone who has made the most
elementary study of sleep knows that when you
are walking around a lake it is essential
that you stay at least partially awake.

So I say that I wouldn't mind spring if I could be left to enjoy it in
peace and rest the way it was meant to be enjoyed by
whoever started the whole thing

But instead everyone keeps saying that I should look at the robins or smell
the crocuses or worst of all confiding to me that if they
could only write the first thing they would dash
off would be a poem about spring.

And last, but not least, there is one burning question connected with this
season the answer to which I have never even dimly sighted
And that is, why is it that with the coming of the vernal equinox my
unrequited love seems to get more and more
unrequited?

—I. T.



*"Mortell is
one of our older men."*

How I Got My Job in the Lumber Mill

or, Making Democracy Work

Once upon a
time
I took a walk
It is not often that I do
Since cab fare in Madison is very
Inexpensive.
Besides I was
Broke
And cab fare is very expensive
When you are living off the
Fat
Of your sorority sisters
It was a lovely
Day I thought
It is not often that I think And
In '76 the sky was
Red
Paul Robeson said so
As I strolled I

Looked
It is not often
That I Look
For it is a Stalinist
Publication
Skirts are getting
Shorter I speculated and
So does my father
Which
Is the reason I am without an
Allowance this month
In the wilds of
North Henry street I took a deep
Breath It is not often that I
breathe But then it was
Spring and the cavity in my chest was
Getting deeper
As I breathed
My spirits soared heavenward and
my carcass fell
earthward
And the way of all
Flesh,
You see

I had tripped upon
Something that strangely
resembled the
Creature
Whose pin I was wearing
My steady is gruesome
And tall
and eats peas
with a spoon he
was mine on a
Tripp hall exchange dinner
This
Has nothing to do with
The case in point but
I always feel a romantic
Note and perk up even
The most ungraceful stumble
My day dreams were
Shattered in less than
An instant when I
Learned I was sprawled
On
A canine who looked like the ad for a
mange cure (adv.)
He was lovely Complete
with tail and appetite and
fleas
Which I read somewhere are the
things if you lie down with those
infested you arise with
How proverbial He
will prove a stimulating companion
and the can of
Red Heart
My
Date sent me the
Nite of Mil Ball will
At last prove
Functional
He
Is very interesting I thought
(There—it was getting easier)
And his
Approach was very
Unsophisticated
He will be
My best friend
my rock
My redeemer
And a great source
Of comfort to me when I
And sad and 'lone
Dee-oo-le-ay
My roommate will
Love him
For





She is a second
Class girl Scout
And a Home ec major who is
fighting for larger quarters and
A
Right wing for those who
Have only a
Left
Her man's career
Is animal husbandry and
The dog
Will prove less conspic-
uous on
Coke dates
Than the mangy
Sheep
he totes around
My housemother will
love him too I thought—(there
It was becoming a habit)
He will always keep 10:30
nites and will not drink or
Smoke
She is
Very kind (my HM) to
morons and mirror writers
And is addicted to the use
Of Johnson's baby powder
Poochie
will be very helpful as
far as my diet
Is concerned for
I will not munch on dog
Biscuits
Between meals
Although
The dog is animal
I
Am not sure it is
male
And therefore in the
Future
I must refer to him as
neuter gender
But
It has many white
Teeth
That shine and gleam which should be

Of great interest to
Dental students which at Wisconsin we
do not have any of—alas
I thought it would be democratic
And sleep with equal ease at Marriage
And the Family and Peace
Convocations and I was sure it was
Housebroken
on everything but the
Cardinal this I know So
I enrolled it as an
unclassified student in this great uni-
versity where it spent long hours
Sifting and Winnowing the
Truth
On botany field trips it did
very well—on the Angiosperms
And
was the only student in Psych 1 who
could not get
Pavlov off its mind along with
Indiana
It dated Phi Mus and

Chi Phis indiscriminately for
This is a great liberal University
And finally
By
The grace of God
And nearsighted professors
It made Phi Bete Pershing rifles and
became

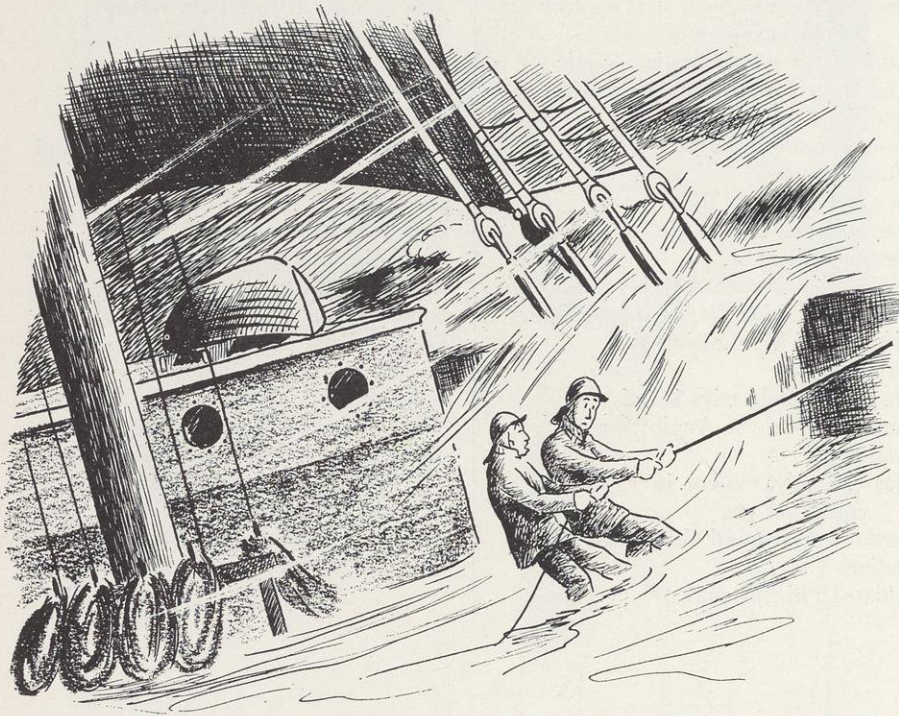
co-
Assistant chairman in charge of
The Wisconsin Dames
And by diligently taking its
Sunday Hike
Worked itself down
to the
Editorship of
The Cardinal
Moral:

*Stick close to your books
And never make a slip
And you can succeed Clarence to
The editorship.*

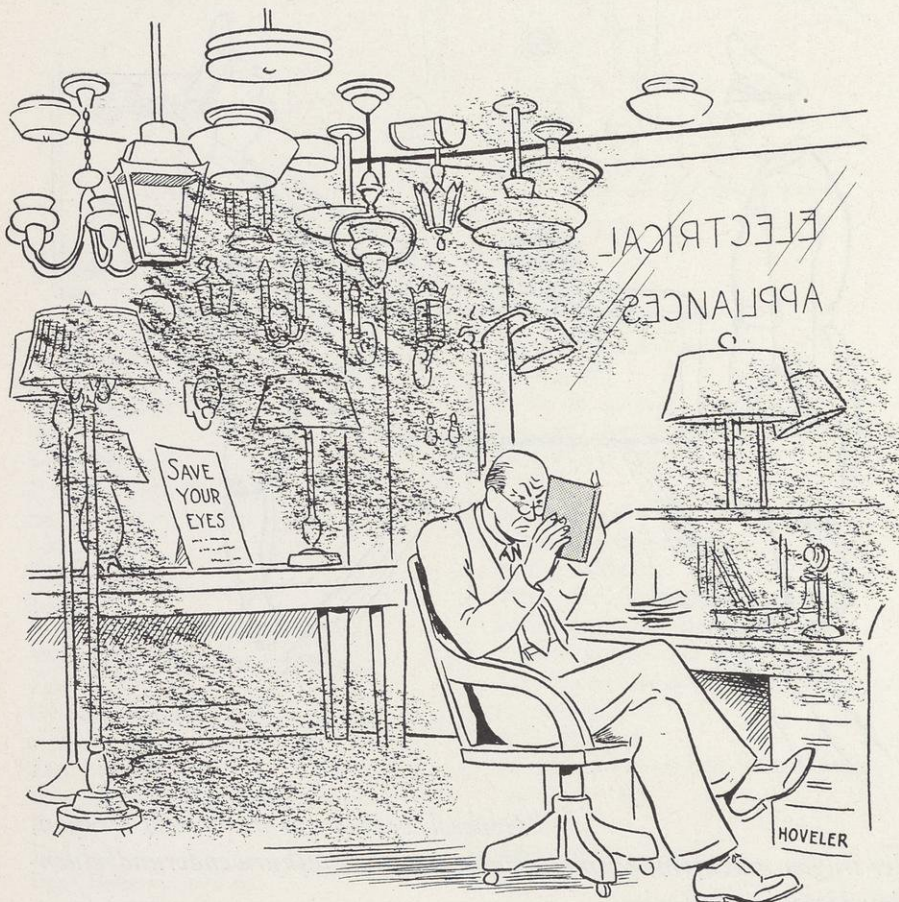
—I. B.



"General, behold our new secret weapon,
*der tragbarmitenfernungsmesserausrüstet und auf kurwender und fuluen-
detod Strahlenauswerfer!*"



*"I keep being
afraid of the draft."*



When Spring Came



OR three years—three solid uneventful years—Le Roy went to the University. And he was quite happy. He loved

mathematics and he loved music and all during these three years he had music and mathematics. So he was satisfied.

Le Roy wore garters and often stole self-conscious looks at himself in the long mirror in his room. He kept his shoes shined and he never swore. Everyday when classes were over he would gather up his stack of yellow-covered music books. And then he would go to the Union to play the piano. Chopin, Beethoven, Mendelssohn. For nearly three years it was like this. Daily he could be seen walking over the hill, stopping now and then to hitch up a garter. Then, at the Union, he would play. He played beautifully, lost in the music, unaware of the occasional bystanders that would stop to listen. And then he would go back to his dingy room to work mathematics. And while trains hissed and clanged on the railroad tracks outside his window he would dream of the brilliance of the "Emperor Concerto." (The incomparable "Emperor Concerto!")

He allowed himself two deviations from this routine. Once in a great while he would go to see a documentary film in Play Circle. And he made it a point to have his desk littered with papers and dust and books. Beethoven had been untidy, too.

BUT IN THE Spring of his Junior year a change came to Le Roy.

Gradually, it started. He loaned his metronome to a girl musician. This was all we could find out. He told us not to be "silly." That was all. But it was a start.

Then, one day something did happen. Le Roy was playing in the Union, and the girl was listening to him. Le Roy played with finesse and spirit. When he was ready to leave the girl asked him if he would please play a little longer. Le Roy said yes.

When Le Roy came home his face was flushed and he had a flitting, almost roguish smile. He actually admitted that he had been talking to a



*"Yeah, tie it to
that post so we won't drift."*

girl. He hastened to add that she was a niece of a concert pianist. *That* was wonderful. Was she nice looking? The inevitable crimson appeared. Yes, she was rather pretty. In fact, we could infer that she was *plenty* nice looking.

Then we got another jolt. After this unprecedented interest in a girl, Le Roy didn't even know her name. The whole thing was heart-warming to us and yet, in a way, very discouraging.

BUT THE thing developed. More days at the Union followed. And the girl listened to him quite often.

Weeks passed and Le Roy was beginning to think new thoughts about girls. He learned to know her very well. He started to wear saddle shoes. He threw away the garters. He occasionally stopped to play a bit of Gershwin and Berlin. He even learned to dance.

And then one day he asked her. He asked her to go to the Soph Shuffle with him.

And she said no. She was going with somebody else. She was sorry. Someone else had already asked her—.

That afternoon Le Roy went to the Union. He played the entire Emperor Concerto. Thirty-five minutes. Then he went over to State Street and bought a quart of beer and took it to his room.

And Le Roy got gloriously drunk.

—L. L.



*"Smoape seems a
bit under the weather this morning."*



It's okay, Mr. Fitzgerald—we're on the house."

My Rare Tropical Disease



USED to be afraid of leprosy, but compared to what I have now, leprosy would be a pleasure. I don't know the exact name

to call what I have now, as I haven't had it officially diagnosed yet, but I doubt whether even the doctors could find a title that would do it justice. Perhaps elementary slogs would be the closest. Even that wouldn't take care of the little green mosses and creepers I have to keep brushing off me.

The first inkling I had of some mysterious germ or termite working within me was the day that I became a tree. I was walking along the street when all of a sudden I stopped and lifted my arms into the air. I just stood there, with all the people walking by me, and was a tree. I enjoyed it so much that there and then I decided to be a tree for at least four or five days out of every week. But in about five minutes my roommate came walking along and saw me.

"What do you think you're doing?" she asked me irritably. "You look very silly, and besides you're in the way."

"That's all right," I answered. "Just build a small fence around me to protect my roots and leave me alone."

She got very angry and made me walk home with her. When I thought about it a little I became a trifle nervous, but I soon made myself forget the whole incident. However, the disease was already fast at work within me, and about a week later a terrible thing happened—a thing that convinced me that I must have something.

I WAS sitting in a lecture at about ten-thirty in the morning. It was a rainy day, and the professor was droning on in a sort of lethargic baritone about the theory of price distribution when I suddenly got out of my seat and walked to the platform. I walked very slowly, but firmly. The professor looked at me with surprise, and, as I reached the steps of the rostrum, let his voice die out in the middle of a sentence.

"You must go now, you know," I said to him in a loud voice.

He looked slightly panicky.

"Now!" I shouted. Then lower, "Before they come."

"Before who come?" he asked, wiping his forehead and eyeing me nervously.

The class was perfectly still, watch-

ing the nightmarish little scene with a fascinated horror.

"The men for the jewels," I answered impatiently. "The czar's men. They know you have them. All is lost."

"What is all this nonsense?" roared the professor. "Back to your seat! Stop this babble about jewels and the czar! You must be crazy!"

"Aren't you Michael Gorlioff?" I asked. "And haven't you the crown jewels in your possession?"

"No!" he almost screamed.

"My mistake," I murmured, and walked quietly back to my seat.

That was all.

He never mentioned the incident to me. He either thought that I was crazy and dangerous to antagonize, or else that I was going through some kind of a ghastly fraternity initiation. I never said anything about it again either. It just happened.

THINGS have gone this way for about three months. I fear that the crisis is near. I no longer have much control over my faculties, and only yesterday I refused to walk up the hill because I said I was a glacier and would scratch it. I also have been getting into the habit of arguing for long hours with the little burnt-orange gleebe that follows me wherever I go. He insists that he has invented something called 'fire' which he is endeavoring to get patented, and wants me to finance his hare-brained scheme.

As you can see, the symptoms seem ominous. I fear that I picked up some exotic germ while trekking through the Malayan jungle on the expedition I was sent on by the Rockefeller Foundation some years ago. The treacherous tropics have apparently left me with a lasting souvenir of their malevolence—a dreaded disease—a rare, tropical disease. For if it is not that, then what is it?
—I.T.





LOUISE STANLEY
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month

Ahead for MILDNESS...for BETTER TASTE and COOLER SMOKING

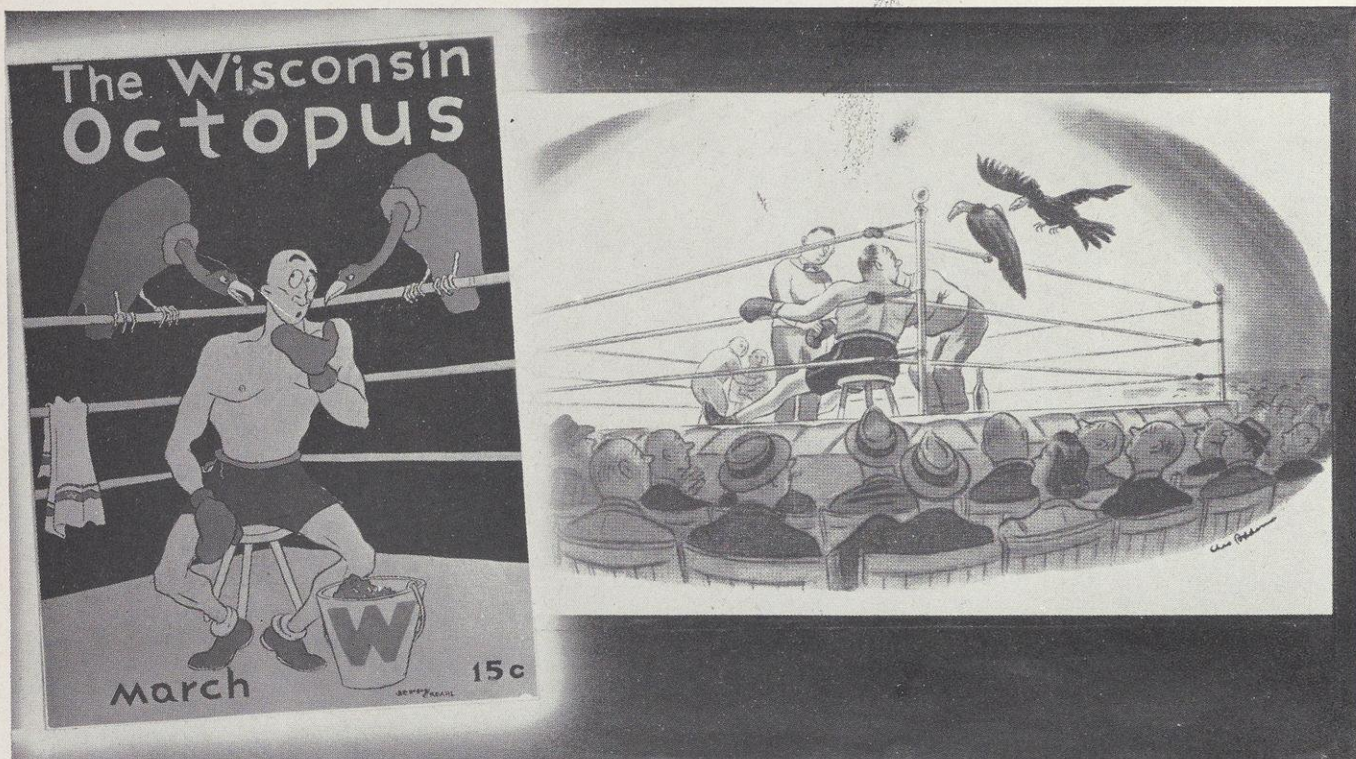
...that's what smokers want these days and Chesterfields are quick to give it with their right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos...They Satisfy.

Everywhere you look you see those friendly white packages...it's the smoker's cigarette.

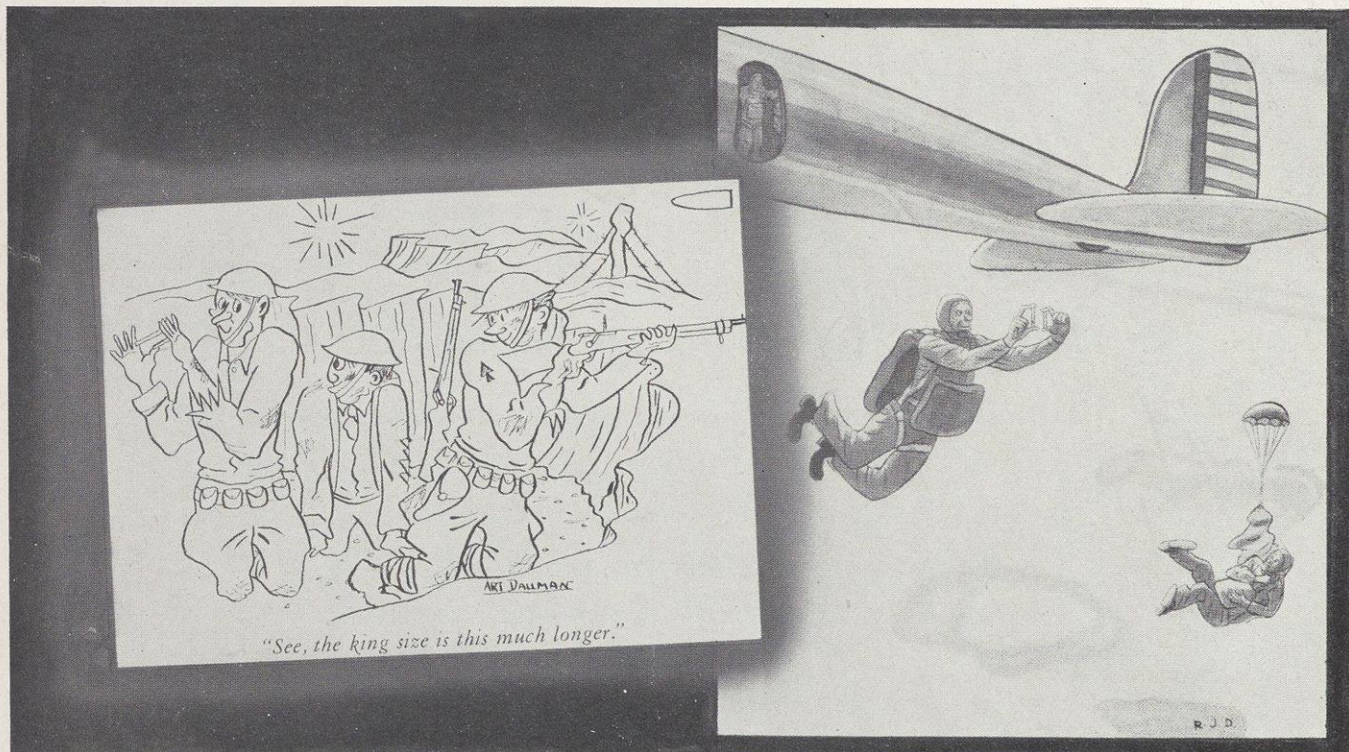
CHESTERFIELD

Swipes

As proof to its readers, Octy reproduces these cartoons to demonstrate beyond a doubt that he brings the best of current humor to our campus even before its accredited contemporaries.

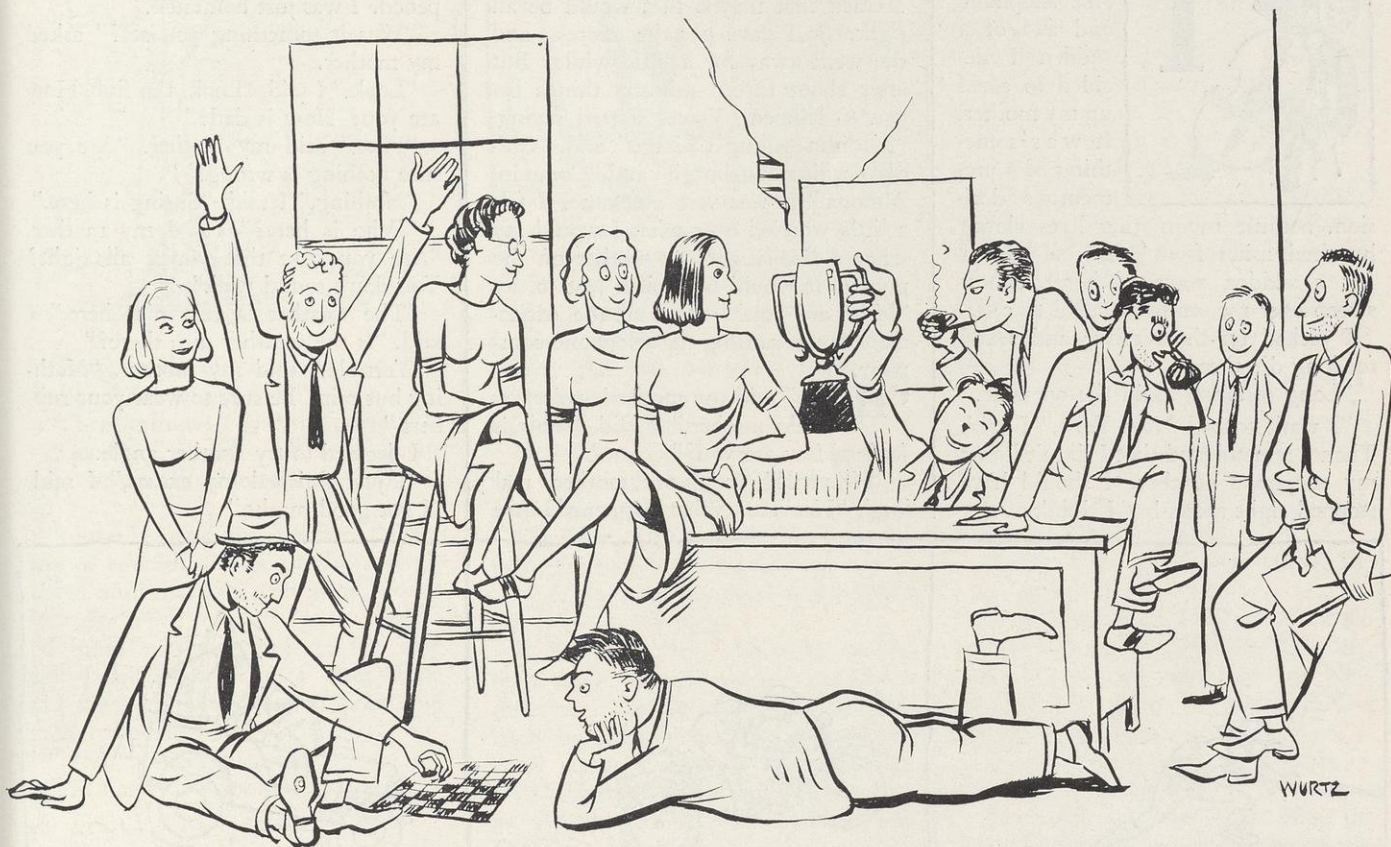


At the left is a reproduction of Octy's cover design of March, 1939. **THE NEW YORKER** printed the cartoon at the right in its issue of January 25, 1941. To Octy's letter New Yorker replied, "The similarity is purely coincidental, it happens all the time."



Octy ran the cartoon at the left in his issue of December 1940. The remarkable similarity of **THE NEW YORKER**'s cartoon of March 8, 1941, is plainly evident. The New Yorker's cartoon was lauded in *Time*, March 17, 1941.

Octy's Staff Engages in Mad Revels as Second National Championship Comes to Wisconsin



SURE ENOUGH, it's really happened. We're still giddy from the whirlwind of events in the past few days. We couldn't believe it when the messenger boy first brought it in, but there it is; a great big silver cup and a dandy certificate; as far as we know

the Octopus is again the best bloody humor magazine in the country.

Octy won on all-around excellence. The board of impartial judges commended the high quality of stories, the originality and craftsmanship of the art work, and the "consistently high standards of intelligent humor." Octy was lauded for its policy of refusing to stoop to the use of syndicated material, the absence of swiped gags, and lack of salacious sex trash.

Again this year our closest competition was the *California Pelican* and the *Harvard Lampoon*, who were tied up for second place. Near the top were the *Yale Record* and *Princeton Tiger*. Magazines were judged on the following points: right-handed artist's ability to draw with the right hand, using a brush less than four inches thick; writers' ability to keep awake until the story is off the typewriter, without

the use of adrenalin; pre-progressive educational system spelling; and hectoring of printers for typographical perfection.

For those who love statistics here are the final rankings of the leading college humor magazines of the nation:

Wisconsin Octopus	97 pts.
Harvard Lampoon	83 pts.
California Pelican	83 pts.
Yale Record	66 pts.
Princeton Tiger	64 pts.
Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern	50 pts.
Columbia Jester	48 pts.
Washington Columns	27 pts.
Minnesota Ski-U-Mah	15 pts.
Texas Ranger	15 pts.
Kitty Kat, Michigan Gargoyle, Urchin, Mis-A-Sip, Penn State Froth, Iowa Frivol, New York University Medley, and empty-nine others	00 pts.

The judges, picked for their wide geographical distribution and proved impartiality, were: Ed Mayland, Butte, Montana; Irene Trepel, Sarasota, Florida; Joan Withington, Bleak Platte, Nevada; Larry Hogan, Big Nugget, Alaska; Basil Bussaca, Moscow, Russia; D. G. Briggs, Genesee Depot, Wisconsin; Charlotte Williams, Bisbee, Arizona; Roger Wurtz, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin; and Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Wurtz, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

I Was



I was looking at the telephone and all of a sudden I decided to call up my mother. It was something of a momentous decision,

because my mother lives eleven hundred miles from Madison. But I felt a sudden wave of homesickness sweep over me, and I decided to call.

I picked up the receiver and asked for long distance.

"Long distance," said the operator.

"I want to call New York," I said. Then I remembered that I didn't know my telephone number. I should have stopped right there, but I didn't.

"I don't know the number," I said, "but I can give you the street address."

The operator thought about it and decided that maybe that would be all right. So I gave her the address, and she went away for a little while. But after about fifteen minutes things began to happen. Voices started saying, "Madison calling Chicago" and, "Chicago calling Pittsburgh" and "Come in, Altoona." It was very awesome. I felt a little worried over what I would say when I finally got my mother on the phone. It would be foolish just to say "How are you?" after all the excitement I was causing the telephone company.

"HELLO," said my mother's voice.

"Hello mother," I said. "This is Janie. How are you?"

"Heavens!" said my mother, real loud. "Heavens! What happened? Are

you hurt?"

I should have known.

"No, mother," I said. "Nothing happened. I was just homesick."

"Was it something you ate?" asked my mother.

"Look," I said. "Look. I'm fine. How are you? How is dad?"

"Fine," said my mother. "Are you sure nothing is wrong?"

"Nothing," I said. "Spring is here."

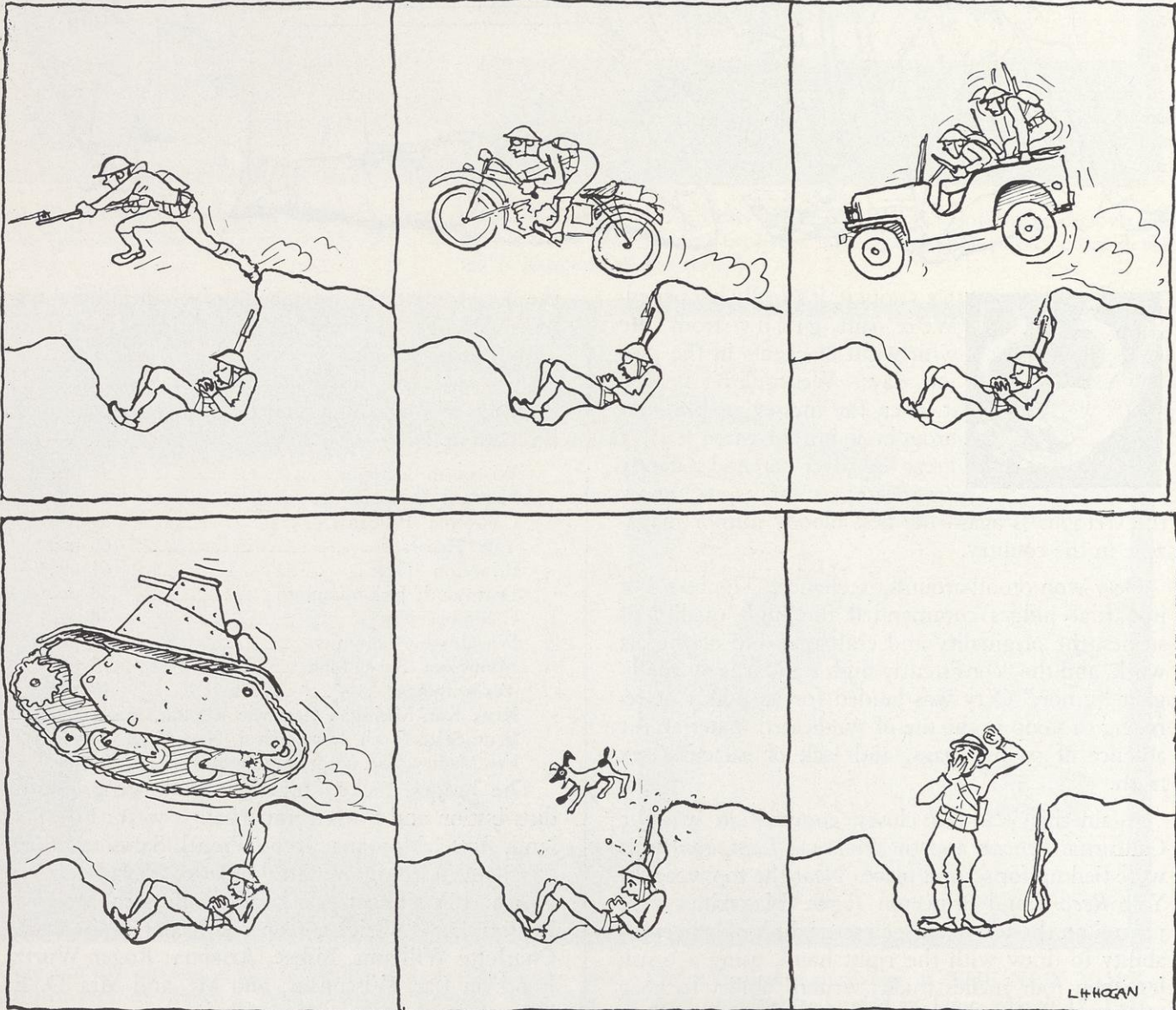
"Who is here?" said my mother. "Are you sure that you're all right? You don't sound well."

"The weather is very nice here," I said. "Is the weather nice there?"

"Terrible," said my mother. "Nothing but rain. Be sure to wear your rubbers."

I decided to try another angle.

"I just finished my exams," I said. "I got good marks."



L.H. HOGAN



"Don't study too hard," said my mother. "You sound tired."

"Three minutes," said the operator.

"Good-by," I said. "I'll be home in three weeks. We can talk then. Good-by."

"Listen," said my mother. "Take care of yourself and be careful and go to bed until that cold goes away. Good-by."

I hung up the receiver. I felt very sad. I decided to write a letter home and say everything I hadn't been able to over the telephone.

"Dear mother," I started . . .

"I'm fine. How are you and dad? . . .
—I. T.

German authorities conducted foreign newspaper men to Berlin industrial plants. From an automobile touring the grounds and from a tower atop the thirteen story administration building, no madame was visible.

—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

Oh well, better luck next time.

Eulogy from Officialdom



WE BLUSH to make this material public. We're that modest. But when a University official voices his views concerning Octy, and such very nice views too, we just can't hold back. Of course we refrain from using the real name of the University Official. But with a smart reader like you we guess it doesn't make any difference. The following is approximately FACT:

Octy Man. Good afternoon, sir. I'd like very much to talk to you for a few moments.

Big Shot. Haarumph! Sorry young man, I'm very busy. Good day!

O. M. Perhaps you don't understand. I'm from the Octopus.

B. S. What? Octy? Oh, sorry young man, sorry. If you're from Octy that's different. I've been pestered terribly lately by petty rabble. You know, Cardinal reporters and the like. Ah, but Octy! Here, have a chair. Have a cigar. And now, what was it you wished to see me about?

O. M. Well sir, as you may well realize, another triumphant year for Octy is rapidly drawing to a close. We thought it quite appropriate to have your opinion on our work of the past season.

B. S. Quite, young man. Quite. Glad

to. Octy means a good deal to me, nay, to the entire University. I love Octy.

O. M. Well, thank you. And what would you say Octy contributes to campus life?

B. S. Octy men of the past, and this year, Editor Wurtz and his merry crew, have symbolized the best of Wisconsin. Nothing of shallow, mouldy tawdriness for Octy. Octy is fine. Octy is noble. Octy is Wisconsin!

O. M. May I borrow your handkerchief, sir? Er—a h, what about the Dummkopf issue?

B. S. That (CENSORED)!!!

O. M. Hehheh. Yes, of course sir. I was only joshing. Here, better take a little of this . . .

B. S. Ah, that's better. One must be tolerant I suppose, mustn't one?

O. M. Sure. And what about the other issues?

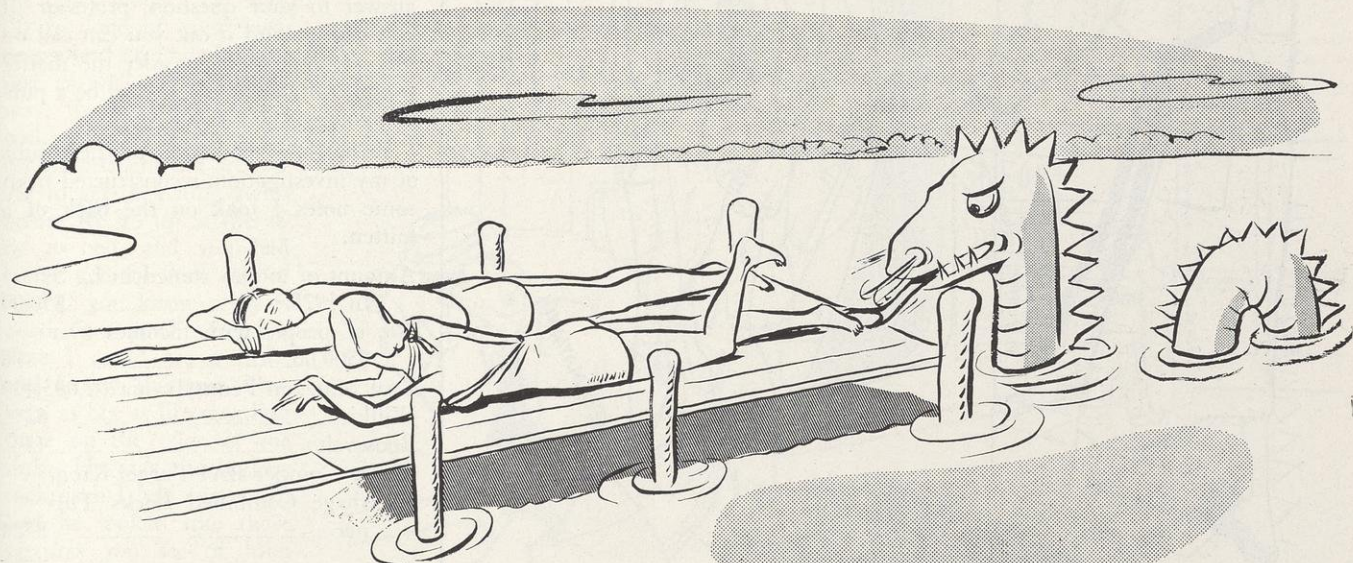
B. S. Oh, fine. Really fine! Each month I've waited anxiously for Octy. First I read Octy and then the New Yorker. I'm going to drop my New Yorker subscription.

O. M. Thank you, sir. That is indeed high praise.

B. S. Not at all, not at all. Why, the Octy cartoons and articles are consistently excellent. Really excellent. The paragon of fine humor, I might say.

O. M. You overwhelm us.

B. S. Ah! I see them now. The works of the year, matchless in their magnificence. The Freshman Handbook issue, the Football, Thanksgiving, Christ-



—WURTZ

"George!—will you please stop tickling my foot."

mas, Prom, and the Championship numbers. Wonderful, all wonderful.

O. M. I hardly know what to say.

B. S. And best of all is the Spirit of Octy. The real philosophy that underlies everything in Octy. I wish more people would look beneath the surface when they read Octy. Octy has a heart.

O. M. Yes sir, we feel that way too. Octy has a heart all right.

B. S. Bless all of you Octy people.

O. M. And of course you've heard of Octy's latest victory?

B. S. You mean—

O. M. Yes, I mean the signal triumph that has come to Octy with the publication of the final issue under Editor Wurtz.

B. S. I know. I was immensely excited about it. Octy certainly deserves the Gold Cup for being the Finest Humor Publication in the Nation.

O. M. Thank you, sir. Down deep inside we think so too.

B. S. It's a great honor. It's really wonderful; Octopus and the basketball team both winning national championships.

O. M. It certainly is. Wonderful.

B. S. Gosh, I'm getting all stirred up. These championships—Spring—and everything. Gosh.

O. M. I think I understand, sir.

B. S. Oh, come on, let's go down and play a little billiards.

—L. L.



SAE House

"Oh, pardon me, I'm back early for summer school."

An Open Letter to the Head of the Economics Department

Dear Sir:

In the course of your lecture you referred to the fact that there is no adequate information concerning the number of consumer units actually spent by people on the purchase of bread. You said, "No one in the United States knows the answer to the question of how many consumer units are spent on bread."

I know the answer, and it just makes me furious to hear you say that no one in the United States knows it.

I started my studies in the fall of 1926 as an independent investigator. I gathered the names of three thousand families all over the country, and started by questioning at the house next door to ours, deciding to work west, and reach Kansas by December.

To each subject I put the same question. I asked them how much they spent for bread. It was as simple as that. Then I began to vary my questions from door to door. I would ask their opinion on bi-metalism, how much they paid for that suit, who built this house, anyway, and how many fingers am I holding up.

Well, when I had finished my investigations I went home, and tabulated the results. Then I put them in my desk drawer—I'm sure I put them there, and someone must have taken them out, because I can't seem to find them anyplace. Anyway, I know the answer to your question, professor. If you care to find it out you can call on me. If not, I will consider the matter closed. Of course, there must be a public apology.

Below is a tabulation of the results of my investigation, reconstructed from some notes I took on the back of a mitten.

Amount of money coined in U. S.	
in 1928	\$50.00
No. of people with incomes over	
\$500.00	76
Coal Mines in Pennsylvania ..	2,003,400
Willkie	62%
Roosevelt	43%
Henry Gomper BA1 Turner-Kron-	
shage Combined Locks Tur-	
ner	8724

3200

(fiscal year omitting Jan 4. when it rained)

—I. T.

Tale of the Unusual Roach

WE WERE sitting in the living room playing a little contract with two queens from the Kappa house. One of the girls was thirsty. She said so, and said to me, "Wilbert, can I have a drink?" I said sure she could have a drink. So I went out to the kitchen, I mean to the butler's pantry, because we have our kitchen downstairs in our frat, and I was going to get her a drink of water seeing as how both Mac and me were broke, and we had to take that request of the Kappa at its face value which meant that a drink means a drink of water, which we had plenty of in the butler's pantry which is upstairs where we were and not down like the kitchen. Well, I was all set to draw the water from the tap when I noticed that there was some commotion going on around the vicinity of the sink. I didn't turn on the light, because we didn't have any light in there as we were using it to play bridge with in the living room. As I say, I reached over for the tap, which I couldn't see but whose whereabouts I knew from past experience, when I heard this low and masculine voice coming from where that faucet was. It said, "Get the hell away from that faucet. Can you not see we are swimming?"

I didn't know who had said that, and as it was dark so I couldn't see, I said, "Who are you?" Like that . . . Well, that was enough for the other fellow. He said, "It is none of your business who I am, but I might just as well tell you anyway. I am Herman, the cockroach, and these are my friends, and we are trying to get in a little swim before we go up to the attic to bed, and you had better get the hell out of here if you know what is good for you." By that time I could see a little, and I saw this guy Herman as big as life standing there on the edge of the sink. He was the biggest cockroach I had ever seen; and he looked like those pictures you see of John Brown, the abolitionist. He had a wild look in his eye that I didn't like so I said,

"O. K., Herman," and went back to where we were playing contract. Of course I wasn't no coward and did this merely because I thought it would be mean to spoil all the fun that Herman and his friends were having swimming.

I told Gertrude, that was the name of the Kappa, I said, "Gertrude, the water is turned off, and I can't get you anything to drink right now. Maybe in a half-hour or so." So Mac went out to the butler's pantry. In a little while he came back and looking a little pale, I thought. He said to Gertrude, "By gosh, Gertrude, I guess Wilbert is right. The water has been shut off, so I guess you can't have any water for a half-hour or so."

WE DIDN'T see much of Herman after that until one day Johannsen, who is the fellow who takes care of the furnace, asked the fellows eating at the table who had been doing the good samaritan act with the furnace. Nobody knew what he was talking about, so I asked him. "Ole," I said, "What do you mean, 'good samaritan act'?" You see that furnace room was one place that nobody except Johannsen ever had anything to do with, because it was a messy place generally, and besides no one liked to go around shoveling coal. So then Ole tells us that for the past week, during the cold spell, that someone has been going down in the furnace room and stoking the fur-

nace unbeknownst to him, Ole. Ole said there wasn't no such things as pixies. So then Algy Mossback, who is our wit, said, "then I guess it must have been those little green men I see every Sunday morning running up and down my bed." Ole, who is in the College of Engineering, and who has never seen any of those little green men, looked kind of puzzled and said he guessed that must have been who it was.

But Ole wasn't satisfied and wanted to get at the bottom of it so he could know when and when not to expect those little green men, so that he wouldn't have to waste all that time running up and down the stairs to the basement every three hours or so. So I told Ole that if he was willing that I'd take turns with him standing watch down in the furnace room and see who was doing him all that kindness. I didn't tell him anything about Herman and his friends because I still didn't believe what I had seen in the butler's pantry. Neither did Mac. So I stood watch, alternating with Ole. Along about one-thirty of the first night I was down there hiding behind a big plank in a corner, when I heard the door open and somebody say, "Kee-rowwst, but it's cold!" and there was Herman. He had on that big sheepskin coat Hunt bought for the Winter Carnival back in '38, but I could tell it was Herman, because there wasn't ever a cockroach that could be as big



"It says, Sneak!"



candy mint pink jersey

new confection for spring evenings . . . worn by Elizabeth Eschlemen, '43 . . . Kappa Alpha Theta. From Mademoiselle, \$22.95.

SIMPSON'S



B.

You're going to the
wrong place, fella . .

15c

AT YOUR NEWSTAND

THE OCTOPUS

as this fellow Herman, and besides I recognized that deep bass voice. Also Hunt hadn't been in school for three semesters.

Then Herman picked up the shovel and began to stoke that furnace. I never saw anybody work so fast in all my life. I seen some firemen on railroads but they wasn't nothing to what Herman was. Pretty soon he took off that sheepskin, and got into high gear. He filled that hopper in about three and a half minutes. The best time that Ole ever made was seven and three-quarters, so you can see what a worker Herman was. Then he stood there in front of the fire cursing Johannsen up and down and muttered something about getting even with that "damned Scandehoovian"—then he pulled out.

I ran right upstairs and told Ole. Well, Ole didn't say much except that he didn't believe it. But anyway Ole slept with me that night because he said that he had a hunch that his alarm clock wouldn't go off the next morning and he wanted to be sure that he didn't miss his eight o'clock. This was funny because Ole didn't have no classes the next morning, on account of it was Monday and he didn't have any classes until Tuesday. Of course we didn't say anything to the other fellows about it because we really didn't believe it and there wasn't no reason to get excited anyway. Ole was always very conscientious about the fire after that and said that he had been very lax in his duties before but was turning over a new leaf now and promised that the house had never been so warm as it would be from now on.

THAT was the last of Herman for a week or so until one day we had the big commotion in the kitchen. Well, we were all eating in the dining room, or rather, we were waiting to eat, when we heard all this noise in the butler's pantry between the cook, who was downstairs in the kitchen and the waiters who were yelling something down the dumbwaiter about "what's the idea of sending up all those empty plates" and asking the cook if she thought it was Lent or something.

So he went down and told her that the boys were hungry and had a hockey game with the Kappa Sigs and would like their food. Well, the cook, who has been around here too long, anyway, said that if he felt that way about it he could load the plates on the "dummy" himself. So Snoop loaded on the plates, about four of them, and then hollered, "Let 'er go!" So Brigg pulled up the dummy and sure enough when the dummy got upstairs there was nothing but pickles on the plates.



PRIVATE KELLY'S PIPE WAS SMELLY—

but he's out of the dog house now!



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



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

New!

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



UNION
MADE

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

Distinctive PORTRAITS

by

SANCHEZ

PHOTOGRAPHER

for

1941 Badger
and Class of '41

•

524 STATE

"What would you call a man who
has been lucky in love?"

"A bachelor!"

•

"I wonder whom this telegram is
from?"

"Western Union. I recognize the
handwriting." —*Exchange.*

•

It's a good observation that girls with
the least principle draw the most interest.

LIFE SAVERS

•

WHAT IS THE BEST JOKE YOU
HEARD THIS MONTH?

The editors award a handsome carton
of Life Savers to the person submitting
the funniest gag of the month. This
month's lucky winner is none other
than:

ROBERT WOODS
703 State Street

His guffaw-producer follows:

She—Do you like t'neck?

Gob—Naw. Me fer de drumstick.



ARE YOU BUSY?

... *Here's what busy people
say about OCTOPUS*

"Octopus is better than it's ever been. It's not just a lot of . . . oh . . .
it's academic and close to real college life. I like Octy."

—Dean GEORGE C. SELLERY

"The Octopus is my favorite magazine."

—Both Mrs. CLARENCE DYKSTRA and Mrs. LLOYD K. GARRISON

"I was amused by your clever review . . ."

—BENNETT A. CERF, *Publisher, Randon House, Inc.*

"I brought it home, but my family grabbed it before I could read it."

—Prof. SELIG PERLMAN

"Octopus is funny, really funny. Its humor is mature and intelligent. It
is very lively and clever; the quality of the writing and drawing is high."

—WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

According to the Records

The Popular

BARBARA ALLEN

"In the merry month of May . . ." you've read the traditional ballad in English 30. This is the jazzed rendition by Les Brown and his orchestra and we thought it intensely interesting. Doris Day sings *Broomstreet* on its reverse. You don't have to listen to that. *Okeh*

PETITE

Raymond Scott's new theme song played by his new orchestra sits well on our ears. The lament, *When Cootie Left the Duke*, written to commemorate the brilliant Mr. Williams' transition to Mr. Goodman's organization, is equally delightful. The whole business is *de la creme* we say. *Columbia*

MY HEART AT THY SWEET VOICE

Done over quite well from the original Saint-Saens version, this Jan Savitt jazzed arrangement strikes us as piquant. *The Young Prince and the Young Princess*, from "Scheherazade," is comparable. We have a regular aversion to the idea but we claim that if the boys insist, this is good. *Decca*

SOUTHPAW SERENADE

With a drum—played by Ray McKinley—and a piano—played by Freddie Slack—here is some of the most potent jive we have heard in a coon's age. Freddie's southpaw is

really *non pareil*, and the remarkable part is that there isn't a weak spot in the whole cutting. *Bounce Me Brother with a Solid Four* on t'other side is plenty okay, but it has tough competition with its companion piece. For collectors we dub this Jazz Masterwork the salt of the earth. For the rest of you guys—you haven't lived until you've heard it. Worth its weight in gold; you can do a whole lot worse with a half-a-check. *Columbia*

AMAPOLA

Jimmy Dorsey's version of "Pretty Little Poppy" is good potatoes for our money any day. The combination is perfect—first slow and romantic and then doubled rhythm. On the slow deal we hear Bob Eberly and then, on the quickie, Helen O'Connell taps in for a rousing climax. *Donna Maria?* . . . oh well . . . *Decca*

WE COULD MAKE SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC

Played in the charming manner of Wayne King and His Orchestra, this number goes a long way in satisfying your yearnings for good modern dance music *sans* boop-poop. *These Things You Left Me*, its companion piece, falls in the same category. In short, it's good music well played. *Victor*

OH LOOK AT ME NOW

Benny Goodman does a fine job on the popular favorite with his entire band. On the other side, *Lazy River*, is meritorious. *Columbia*

PERSPICACITY

From their oldy files, The Four King Sisters do an inter-

for the last
social events of
the year . . .

for Spring Formals
for Parents' Week End
for Commencement

'Say It with Flowers'

from

Rentschler's

230 STATE

BADGER 177

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



39¢ a jar

Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars



Women use more Arrid than any other deodorant . . . Try a jar today—at any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID



Your Password is PEP!

Buoyant good health is your key to success and happiness. KENNEDY-MANSFIELD VITAMIN D irradiated milks protect your health throughout life. *Drink it at every meal!*

KENNEDY-MANSFIELD Dairy Company

pretation about hanging apples on lilac trees. It's good. *Where the Mountains Meet the Moon*, on the reverse, is slow, mushy and unsatisfactory. *Bluebird*

THE WISE OLD OWL

Here is a well-cut version of a current favorite done majestically. Always a gentleman, Joe Reichman elevates the song to a level we thought impossible. Its reverse, *Toy Piano Minuet*, is one of those tedious novelty tunes you plod through. *Victor*

STRAIGHT EIGHT BOOGIE

Done by Teddy Powell, this disk is swiftly spun and adroitly. No, they haven't finished prostituting boogie yet. In fact, this ain't bad. On the backside: *Talking to the Wind*—we'd rather not say anything. *Bluebird*

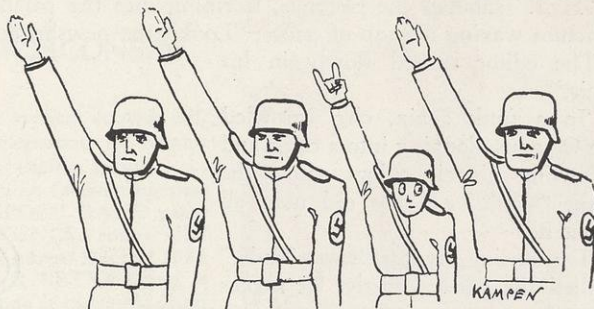
The Classical

Four favorite overtures, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna*, *Light Cavalry*, and the *Poet and Peasant*, are bound together in a new Victor album. Played in concerts the world over, these old favorites should belong to every collector who likes stirring, not so deep, lively music. The *Light Cavalry* Overture alone is enough to set your tone deaf room mate to gesticulating with the imaginary baton.

Marian Anderson's vibrant contralto is captured on a new Victor recording. She sings two lieder composed by Jean Sibelius, *Slow as the Colors* and *O Wert Thou Here*. Marian Anderson's genius in the interpretation of emotional meditations of this sort remains unchallenged.

A new Decca album presents Robert Goldsand at the piano playing six charming *Chopin waltzes*. They have moments of tenderness and meditation but have their source in no deep emotion. The waltzes are exactly what they were meant to be, piano salon pieces to be played intimately.

The superb soprano voice of Dorothy Maynor is heard on a new Victor single giving exquisite treatment to an air from *Louise* by Charpentier. The lament, *Depuis la jour*, is a sweet, rich, plaintive melody exactly suiting the qualities



of Dorothy Maynor's voice. On the other side, she sings an excerpt from Debussy's *L'Enfant Prodigue*, *The Years Roll By*. Debussy wrote *The Prodigal Son* early in his career and its essential style is not that of Debussy but rather of Massenet. It is probably all for the best, however, since the academy judges at that time would scarcely have awarded the *Prix de Rome* to anything that smacked of the revolutionary Debussy that was to come. Dorothy Maynor will sing at the Wisconsin Union Theater on May 10 and 11.

—J. L. W.

are you HARD TO PLEASE?

... Then the place for you is Jerry's. Come in and see our new line of plain and crested jewelry. You'll thrill to the nifty designs. You'll swoon at their sparkling brilliance. In short ... you'll like!



STUDENT BOOK EXCHANGE

712 STATE

"Nearest the Campus"

YOU CAN HAVE FUN



during vacation ...

Don't spend all your time at the typewriter pounding out a term paper. Give us the manuscript and *zing!* ... your worries will be gone and you can enjoy the spring recess.

College Typing Company

CAMPUS ARCADE BUILDING

Across the Campus from the Library

IN THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

or, Mr. Wurtz delivers his Sunday Morning Service

or, Mr. Wurtz delivers his . . .



IT WAS a balmy, spring night and the editor rocked pensively on the squeaking old swivel chair. From the open window came the distant notes of a piano being played somewhere in the adjacent wing. On the floor near his desk, where they had been kicked from his stockinged feet, lay the editor's worn-out saddle-shoes. As he stared at them laying there—one on its side, the other on its sole—they seemed significant somehow. Yes, tonight with this last sheaf of yellow copy paper, he would cast aside his editorial cloak, dust off the old hot seat and then he would no longer be Roger the Editor, but just plain Roger—another college man looking for a place in this world.

"Hail!" shouted the Octopus, storming into the palatial sanctum waving a scrap of paper, "Lookit the newsbreak!"

The editor turned slowly in his chair.

"In a funk again, eh?" growled the Octopus, flopping into a chair and sprawling his eight legs across the desk, "Well, tell the old man all about it."

"I'm writing my last Brown Study," replied the editor quietly, "it makes me sad . . ."

"Your plight is a common one," began the Octopus, "I've been expecting this for a week. It happens every year about this time. I remember Hyland—he and that damned crocodile. He started to break down for a minute and then finally finished off with one last shot at the old magazine ideals. Silk was going to be tough and say that he was glad it was over. He broke down crying in the suds too. Fleming . . . Gordon . . . they all did it. Here, take these," He picked a stack of this year's issues off the copy table and flung them at the editor, "Take a look at them—do they make you unhappy?"

"Hmmm" hmmmmed the editor paging through the September *Freshman Handbook* issue, "Gee! there's Hevener's sorority guide. Remember how they howled about that? And then there's the Second Thought page . . . Basil did a swell job on them . . . consistently . . . every issue. Here's Ed Mayland's Picasso Cartoon. Remember how many magazines reprinted that? And good old Nash—he always came through in a pinch!" The editor paged through the succeeding issues. His lips formed names reverently, "—Hogan—Trepel—Withington—Briggs—Persechini—Hoeveler—Dallman—Hanson—" Fine people, every one of them, he proclaimed. They and the rest of the contributors are the ones that deserve the credit for upholding Octy's name.

"Well, we spewed out our wrath in the *Dummkopf Issue*. We exposed the Cardinal grafters in the Brown Study of the *Championship Issue* (They admitted they are the campus funny-paper, but they didn't say anything about the

advertising coup.) . . . I suppose we ought to feel pretty good eh, Octy?"

"Right you are!" shouted the Octopus as he sailed his hat toward the peg and settled deeper into the luxurious upholstered chair one of the boys had swiped from the lounge. "Now tell them what you think about humor magazines."

The editor's face brightened. From the bottom drawer of his desk he pulled his favorite soap box, cleared his throat, and mounted.

IN THESE troubled times of war and unrest the importance of laughter is even greater than ever before. Humor makes things bearable, strengthens a civilized people's resolve to carry on. Octy must continue to perpetuate humor—real, clean, intelligent humor. Octy must continue to be light-hearted, but not light-headed.

"Lasting, satisfying humor has never been found in smut, in dog-and-hydrant, voluptuous-trollop cartoons. Nor has any real humor been derived from unfunny kandid kamera

kutz, or rah-rah, Joe-college society piddling." The editor sneered contemptuously, then boomed, "Real humor is around us and in us every day. It is the job of the humorist to find that humor with his own sharpened perception. That humor is the pigment, but the pigment isn't worth a hoot while it's still in the tube. It needs the artist to squeeze it out on the palette, and then with the deft strokes of his brush, to put it on the canvas in its various nuances and intensities so that the finished work is

pleasant to the beholder. The artist, in this case, is the humorist. The pigments are at hand all about us. It's his job to create the finished product and, if he can, make it a masterpiece. The muses don't always sit on our typewriters and brushes, and sometimes the imp is hard to catch, but at least we can try.

"Octy is addicted to humor and consecrated to truth. It has a soul with which its readers feel a kinship. Octy loves and is loved. It holds a burning torch for youth—for clean, unadulterated, intelligent humor of youth and for youth. Octy has an aim, it has ideals and it will strive for those ideals or die in the attempt!"

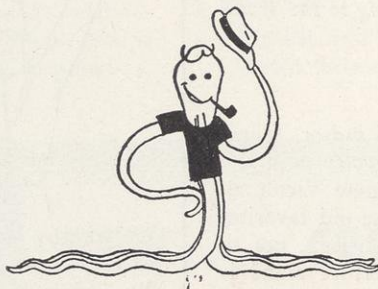
The editor wiped the beads of sweat from his brow. His eyes were blazing still as he climbed down from his soap-box. "Whew!" he breathed.

"Bully! bully! Hurrah!" shouted the Octopus, "Let's have a cup of coffee."

The editor poked his feet into the shabby saddle-shoes and grabbed his coat.

Just outside the office a little old man was carefully painting letters on the door. The editor paused and watched the letters appear: E D M A Y L A N D . . . Editor, they read. A great salty tear welled up from one eye, slipped off his cheek and spattered flatly on the floor. "Good luck, Ed, it's all yours now—yours and the stalwart staff's" he murmured, turned abruptly and hurried toward the elevator.

—R. W.



"PLACE YOUR BETS"

ON THE
43rd ANNUAL PRODUCTION

OF THE

HARESFOOT CLUB

OF THE

UNIVERSITY of WISCONSIN

A laugh-provoking all-male musical comedy hit, set in the glamorous background of Miami Beach at the height of the racing season . . . HARESFOOT CHORINES in fascinating new dance routines . . . HARESFOOT BAND playing new HARESFOOT TUNES, songs that are sweeping the country by storm. See the 1941 production, "PLACE YOUR BETS," when it plays your home town or when it plays Madison at the Union Theatre . . .

FEATURING . . .

- 8 NEW SONGS
- 16 LUSCIOUS "CHORINES"
- 18 PIECE ORCHESTRA
- COLORFUL SCENES
- 12 NEW DANCE CREATIONS

TOURING 9 CITIES IN 2 STATES

- Monroe
- La Crosse
- Green Bay
- Eau Claire
- Wausau
- Racine
- Rockford, Ill.
- Milwaukee

FORMAL MADISON PREMIERE, MAY 2

also appearing at

THE WISCONSIN UNION THEATRE

May 3, 8 and 10

"ALL OUR GIRLS ARE MEN, YET EVERYONE'S A LADY"

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR

AND

28%
LESS
NICOTINE

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

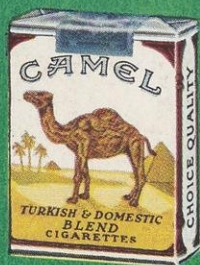
IT'S NEWS! Not the picture kind—but
news of first importance to smokers.

Independent laboratory findings as to
Camels and the four other largest-selling
brands tested—the four brands that most
smokers who are not Camel “fans” now use
—show that Camels give you less nicotine
in the smoke. And, the smoke's the thing!

But that's only the start of the story!
Camel brings you the extra mildness, extra
coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking of
slower-burning costlier tobaccos. Get
Camels your very next pack. Why not get a
carton—for economy and convenience?

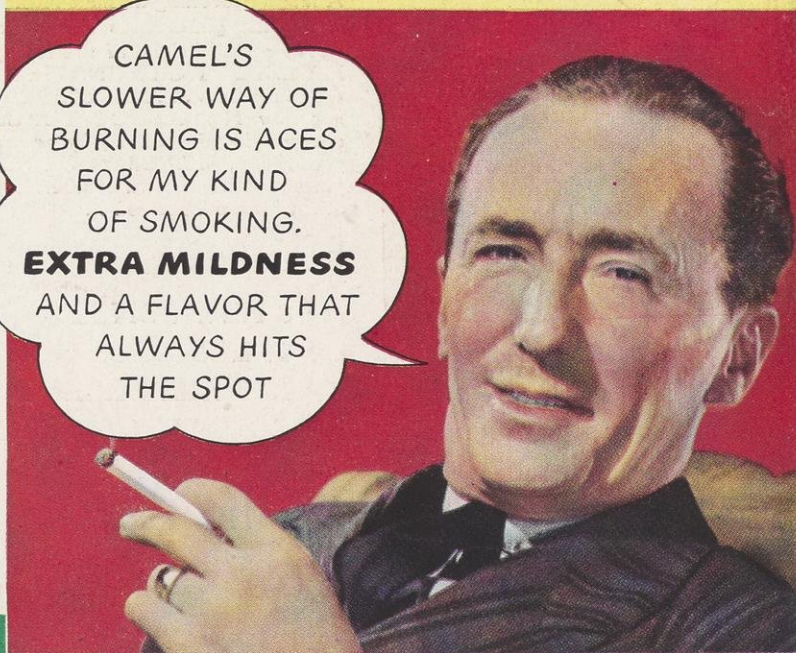
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE
SMOKE'S
THE
THING!



HOT AFTER HISTORY! It's Donahue of Pathé who follows the news the world over with camera . . . with Camels! He's off again for more exclusive pictures. Below, you see how Bob Donahue gets exclusive “extras” in his smoking. He smokes Camels, of course. Only Camels give you those “extras” of slower-burning costlier tobaccos.

CAMEL'S
SLOWER WAY OF
BURNING IS ACES
FOR MY KIND
OF SMOKING.
EXTRA MILDNESS
AND A FLAVOR THAT
ALWAYS HITS
THE SPOT



“I’LL TELL YOU,” said Bob when he got his picture *taken* (above), “I smoke a good bit in my job. And my cigarette has to be more than mild—it has to be *extra* mild. Camel is the one brand I’ve found that gives me extra mildness and at the same time a flavor that doesn’t go flat on my taste.”

Make Camels your next cigarette purchase. Enjoy that Camel flavor with extra mildness and extra freedom from nicotine in the smoke.

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!**

CAMEL—THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE