

# **The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 20, No. 10 June, 1939**

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# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



**JUNE**

**15 ¢**





"I found a new kind of cigarette enjoyment when I began to Let up—Light up a Camel"

JOHN I. WAGNER  
CHIEF TEST PILOT

**1 ALL WOUND UP AND READY TO GO.** That's John I. Wagner enjoying a Camel cigarette as he climbs into the cockpit of a shining new Vultee plane. He makes about 40 test flights per month, puts the new models through their paces.

A big job, yes. But perhaps the hard work and adventure make the enjoyment of life's pleasures all the keener—for he certainly admires Camels! John Wagner says: "After a test flight, it's swell to let up—light up a good-tasting Camel."



**2 HERE HE GOES!** Below, the snow-capped Sierras of California. A flier must be sure of his nerves. And Wagner, like Lee Gehlbach, Col. Roscoe Turner, and other famous pilots, prefers to smoke mild, good-tasting Camels.



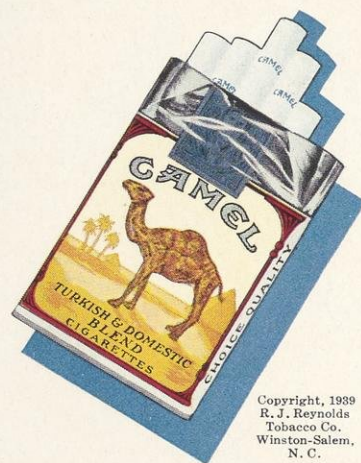
**3 THE CLASSIC TEST** of planes and men—the power-dive. The start: 20,000 feet up... nose down... motor *wide open*... the pull-out... the dive is over. How would you like to do that 40 times a month... *or once?*



**4 BACK ON terra firma,** and it tastes good to let up—light up a Camel again. "I changed to Camels and found a new smoking delight," Wagner says. "Camels are milder, non-irritating, packed with full, round flavor."



**5 "CAMEL'S MILDNESS** has meant a lot to me," he goes on, "because I'm a steady smoker and Camel is one cigarette that never tires my taste—just keeps on giving me smoking pleasure at its best." Camels will appeal to you too!



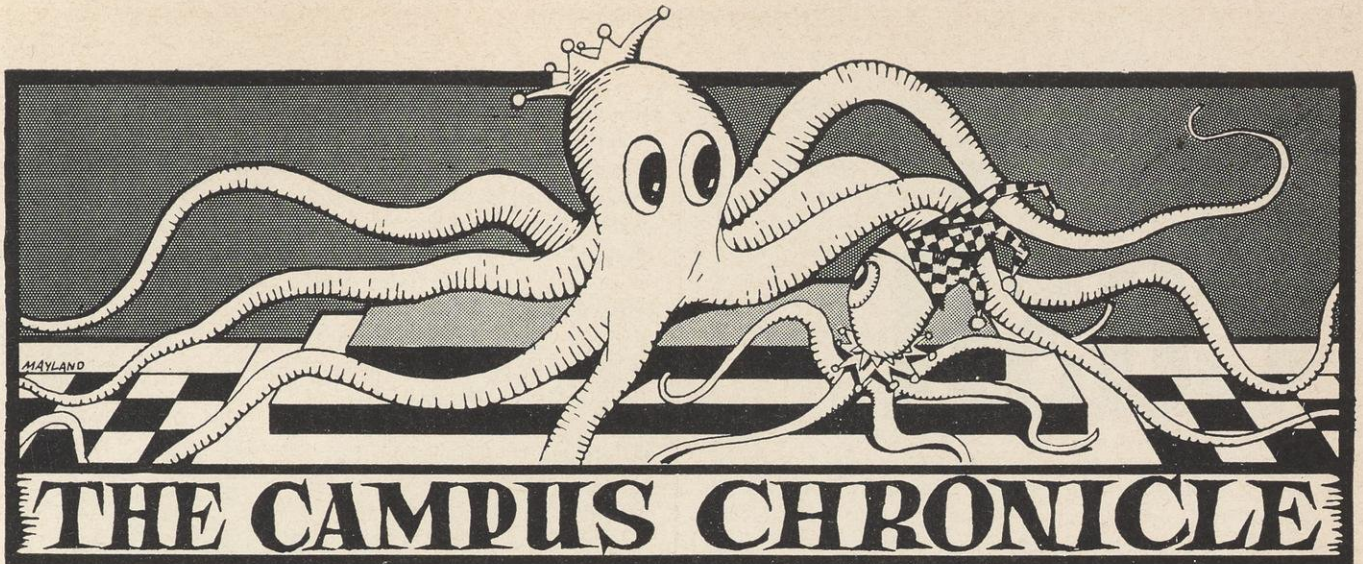
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R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.  
Winston-Salem,  
N. C.

FOR  
SMOKING PLEASURE  
AT ITS BEST

**CAMEL...**

THE CIGARETTE OF  
COSTLIER TOBACCOS





## Like Rats Leaving a Sinking Ship, Our Professors Depart; Junk to Harvard from Kittredge; Biggest Lake Road Kiss



EVERYBODY'S always moaning about the poor seniors who are leaving school. Aaah, the big babies; it's about time most of them got the heck out. But what about the faculty members that will be leaving Wisconsin next year? Who's to weep for them? For example, there's Wallace Stegner, who brought joy to the heart of the English department. He's off to Harvard, and all we have to remember him by are the fistful of scribbles on old themes, his gurgle of delight the evening he learned his first novel was sold, and a handful of witticisms—if we can recall them. Once he was discussing fascism and communism to a class. "Some people feel," he said, "a choice between them is like cutting off your face to blow your nose." Gad, the others are fading already.

And there's Miss Helen White, travelling West. She never learned how pens or pencils are operated; but she never believed anyone who insisted that her handwriting was a misprint. And so students for years have gone into the world with Miss White's message of, "Thua ex suvt-wong wut stuul ko duni," when the message should have read, "This is something that should be done."

Hilary Adair Marquand, for whom we traded Selig Perlman and a utility infielder, will be returning to the University of Cardiff. Mr. Marquand has two little sons, David and Richard, who call the choo-choo train the "puff-puff." Mr. Marquand has a smart-looking roll-collar topcoat and used to have tea every afternoon in the "John" labor office—though in Wales it was often hi, ho, and a tankard of ale with a couple of labor leaders. He has dimples.

Eliseo Vivas, the philosophy assistant professor, has a Guggenheim fellowship that will give him a year to mosey around New England. Mr. Vivas puts the philosophy of Dewey, Mann, Santayana, Lawrence, and the rest of the boys, on a Langdon Street basis. "Would you like to spend your life twiddling your thumbs or collecting streetcar transfers?" he will demand. And the answer is just as apt to be, "I would if I had enough money," as anything, because Mr. Vivas' students crack back fast, if dumb. It's Vivas' own

fault, though; he starts every quiz section with, "Well, who wants to fight?" If somebody chases him up a tree, Mr. Vivas pays the student a penny to shut up. "My history of

philosophy alone costs me two cents a day," he complains. "That's pretty much when you only get paid thirty-three cents an hour."

This list could run on quite a while, but that should hold you for now. "The university," to quote little Vivas just once more, "is the monastery of our day." There's small tragedy in getting out

of the monastery; our tears are for those who stay, especially the ones who run from cloister to cloister, leaving the inmates who love them.

### Here, Kitty

When Prof. George Lyman Kittredge, Harvard's famous Shakespearean authority, lectured here, one of the English teachers got him into a conversation about detective stories. Professor Kittredge is also a famous detective story authority. Our teacher said he had heard that Kitty had contributed a collection of the greatest detective stories to the Harvard library.

Professor Kittredge replied, "If I don't like them, I give them to Harvard."

### Intellectualism Renascent

A sign board in the Co-op window pleads, "WRITE YOUR OWN THESIS." It's advertising typewriters.

### T and F

Poise is something we've always wished we had but haven't. This was brought home to us the other day when we were taking a True-False test and the girl on our left was calmly tossing a coin and then quickly writing down the answers. One time she didn't catch it and it clattered on





# Cash for Books

The Co-op will buy all of your text books and pay up to 50% of the price you paid for books scheduled for use next fall.

The

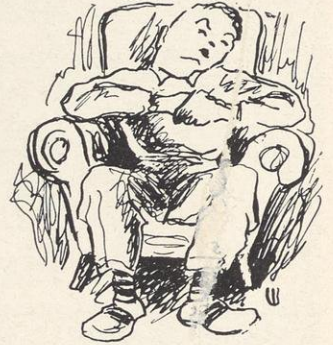
# CO-OP

the floor. We watched to see if her poise was ruffled. It wasn't. She smiled sweetly as one of the proctors picked up the coin and handed it back, saying solemnly, "Heads it is, sister." We heard her murmur, "Thank you," and then watched in admiration as she checked a (T) and went on flipping her penny.

—Pelican

### *The Ladies, Suh!*

Over our fried chicken and fritters the other night we heard a tale about the deep South that is worth a mint julep in any damn Yankee's language. A young Southern gentleman, it is revealed, in a young Southern college, wrote a story for a daily theme class. It was a wild romantic outburst about a young Southern belle, full of all the blood and drama that hot blood engenders. The climax was in the sentence, "She threw open the door and, uttering a piercing screech, fell prostitute on the floor."



The professor was unmoved. He returned the paper with one unruffled comment upon it: "We must learn to distinguish between a fallen woman and one who has momentarily lost her balance."

—Record

### *The Meek Will Inherit Exams*

Of all the stories we've heard about examinations, the one

## *The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.*

Madison, Wisconsin

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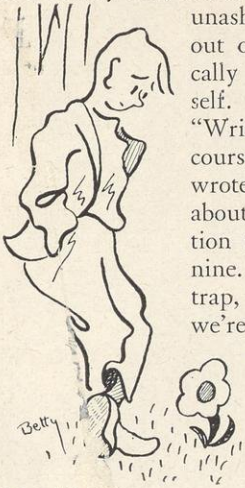
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we like best concerns the not-so-dumb freshman who went to a history final not only totally unprepared but also totally unashamed. When the papers were passed out our friend glanced at his lackadaisically and began whistling softly to himself. The sheet contained one statement: "Write everything you know about the course." He took out his bluebook and wrote modestly, "I don't know anything about the course," and left the examination room at exactly eight minutes after nine. The professor, caught in a technical trap, gave our friend an "A", and now we're laughing a little at the two hundred other students who wrote hurriedly for three hours and perhaps emerged with a "C" at best.

—Pelly



### Big Kis

On a dark, windy night recently we were passing Tripp Hall on the Lake Road. We were brooding, but suddenly were jolted out of our woolgathering by a loud and prolonged "S-s-s-smack!" as if somebody were courting with sound effects. While such antics are not precisely unknown on the Lake Road, it is not often that they should disturb the sleep of people in the vicinity—especially on such a

night. We shot a cautious glance around the gloom and saw no one. Then another gust of wind, and again the "S-s-smack!" This time the sound came from overhead. Tree-sitters? Tarzan and his mate?

Not at all, silly. Two branches were rubbing together and when the wind would catch them, you would hear the smacking. We are going to remember the spot, however, in case we ever happen to be with a shy young maid who might need a little hint.

### Hell's Bells

The other day we happened to be listening to KJBS's one o'clock revue. The announcer opened the program by saying that he would play a brand new recording of that old favorite *Frankie and Johnny*, which he did. We thought right away that this wasn't quite the thing to play over the networks. We were sure when it came to "so she took her gun and blew him straight to HELL!" At this point the record stopped playing, and the announcer broke in with an attempt at nonchalance, saying, "I don't often get to hear

the new recordings before they're played on the air. After this, I'd better. We now hear a nice recording of the Chopin Prelude in C sharp minor." Unashamed, he referred to the first record now and then throughout the program, and concluded by saying "now we leave the locale mentioned during the first part of the program by playing Why Did You Leave Heaven?"

### Sweets to the Sweet

A fellow we know lives in a boarding house where one person's mail is as good as another's and often better. One day our friend got a letter from a candy company telling him to hustle right down to the drug store to get a free carton of Kandy Koated Krunchs. It was a convincing letter—it had been composed with great pains by a couple of jokers in the house—and he hurried off to claim the prize. The girl at the drug store read the letter, decided that it was on the level, and gave him the candy. When he got back to the house, the jokers refused to believe the candy had been given him, and blurted out the whole story. Then our friend refused to believe that the letter was a fake. In the meantime the drug store prop. called up to demand payment for the candy, saying that the law prohibits returning such merchandise. The authors of the letter finally had to pay for the candy and our friend flatly refused to give them any. He reports that Kandy Koated Krunchs are very good.

### Rehearsal

While hitch-hiking down south we were very much astonished to have a hearse stop and offer us a lift. Not being at all proud in such cases, we crawled into the rear-end, dodged the coffin slide and lay down on the floor surrounded by flowers. The driver was a humorist and insisted upon veering the hearse madly at about a fifty-mile-an-hour clip as we lay there on the floor thinking of what a peculiar way we had chosen to die. Going through towns we sat up in the rear of the hearse and peered out of the windows. We wonder if those townspeople have solved the riddle of two live people in the back of a hearse. We feel considerable concern over the fact that that is probably the last time we'll ever ride in the back of a hearse.

—Pelican

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For your books that are listed for use in the fall semester we will pay 50% in CASH of the price you paid, provided the books are in good condition.

Liberal  
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## Brown's Book Shop

Corner State & Lake

Big Prize

Big Prize

Great Big Prize

## LIFE SAVERS

The winner of our final best joke contest, who will receive a fine, colored box of Life Savers, with 12 delicious flavors, if you please, is none other than

MR. MARTIN FUNK  
609 North Lake Street

That's swell, Funkie. Here's his winner:

Chicago Cop: Hey, buddy, whatcha shooting that guy for?

Gangster: Aw, mind your own business.

Chicago Cop: Listen, buddy, watch the way you talk to an officer, or I'll run you in."

PRINCE ALBERT'S  
NO-RISK OFFER  
IS TOO GOOD TO MISS,  
MEN. YOU GET  
**MILDER, TASTIER**  
SMOKING —  
**OR NO PAY!**

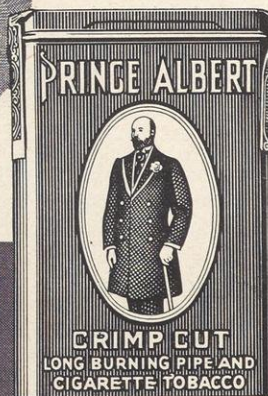


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# PRINCE ALBERT

THE  
NATIONAL  
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Volume XX

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## On Second Thought

FOR ALL seniors and graduate students who will no longer be with us at Wisconsin, we would like to offer a word of advice to carry into the great world outside. But we haven't any.

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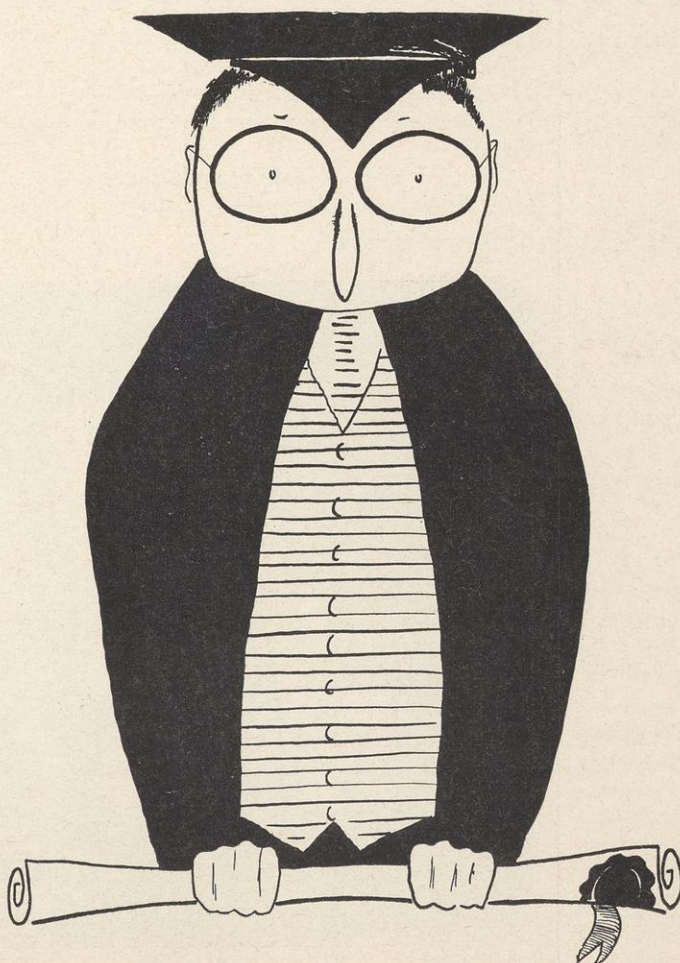
A book reviewer complains that most light novels aren't light enough. If he wants to read something really light, let him try a term paper written the night before a final.

\*\*\*

Liberals today have the choice between the battlefield and the concentration camp, observes Prof. Harold Laski. Or, in the case of Mr. Dykstra, slow roasting in a university.

\*\*\*

An angry breeder has filed a \$20,000 suit against a Portland sports editor who described racing greyhounds as "beetles" and "pigs." The sports editor probably lost that much on the first eight races.



—Princeton Tiger

A Cardinal survey finds that practically no students at Wisconsin drink. A little survey of our own reveals the equally startling fact that practically none of them eat.

\*\*\*

The "Horse and Buggy Doctor" cannot understand why any cockeyed guy would want to get himself elected to go down to the Washington bedlam. Now we know why he's still a horse and buggy doctor.

\*\*\*

Sometimes we wish Hitler would take Poland, so we could ask people if they knew why nobody in Germany could go fishing. Then we'd roar: "Because Hitler has all the Poles!"

\*\*\*

There's something saddening about seeing the school year die. Oh, well, just 97 days from the *Have-a-nice-summer's!* to the *Have-a-nice-summer?'s.*



## Parallel Romances

**I**T SEEMED natural to be out sailing with Phyllis again, and it didn't. It was the same boat, and the same wind, and the same water—and there were Phil and I, being almost formal about it.

"I'm awfully glad your family managed to get here," I said.

"Yes," she said, "we had to, even if it was so late, and for only one day."

"It didn't seem like Truro at all."

"Oh, Truro will be Truro, no matter who leaves."

I hesitated for a minute, then said it anyway: "Not when it's you who leave."

"Well, Jack!" Phil laughed. "The remnants of the old line."

I grinned, a little foolishly. "Yep," I said. "I found it in the attic yesterday."

I knew Phil wouldn't make the obvious remark, and she didn't. But you could see she'd thought of it, because, after waiting long enough so it would seem like a new conversation, she said:

"I wish I'd been here in time to see Anne."

"I wish you had," I said. "You'd have liked each other."

"Kay says she's very beautiful."

"Sure. I always pick 'em that way."

Phil made a little face. "I'm beginning to," she said.

I passed over the slur. "Beautiful?" I asked.

"No, handsome, stupid."

"Oh, handsome and stupid."

"Shut up," said Phil. Phil never gets mad.

"Attagirl," I said. "You tell me." And then, "Do you talk to Tony like that?"

"Sure," said Phil. "I have to be very strict with him."

"I trust he talks back."

"He tells me to go to hell."

"Excellent," I said. "I'll meet you there some day when Anne sends me." We grinned.

"Tell me, Jack," Phil said, "what's she like?"

"Why, she's lovely, and laughing, and excited at life, and she likes music, and outdoors, and . . ."

"Does she have freckles?"

"No."

"Oh, dear, That's important."

"It's all right," I said, "she has the character that goes with freckles."

"Does she . . ."

"Wait a minute," I said, "you've got

to keep up with me. I get a little of Tony before I tell any more about Anne."

"Hmm," said Phyllis. "Big brown eyes, not too classic a profile, great knowledge, great desire for knowledge . . ."

"And withal sympathy and understanding?"

"Oh, great sympathy and understanding. And always does the right thing, and . . ."

"Oh. I'm sorry."

"Keep quiet. At the right time, too."

"Is he a good dancer?"

"Yes. Very."

"Sense of humor?"

"Certainly."

"Hum. Sounds like me."

"I hope not," Phil said. And after a minute: "In some ways, though."

**"W**HEN'D you meet?" I asked.

"January. And you and Anne?"

"January. How small . . ."

"Yeah," Phil said, "and wasn't it nice of us to wait a few months after . . ."

"Uhhuh," I said. "Showed decent feelings. Where'd you meet him?"

"At Symphony, in the intermission. We swapped partners for the next concert."

"Gee," I said. "I didn't work that fast, and it was only a WPA concert when I met Anne."

"Did you take her to other concerts?"

"Certainly."

"Does she like Brahms?"

"She'd have to, wouldn't she?"

"And Tchaikowsky?"

"Not quite so much."

"And Wagner?"

"Well—a little."

"Oh, never mind. That still leaves her a pretty good snob."

"Sure, sure," I said. "How about Tony?"

"About the same. And he loves Sibelius."

"Goo-ood," I said. "Does he put sugar on grapefruit?"

"No, and he loves roast beef."

"So does Anne. She skis terribly, too."

"Check. Can she laugh with us at a bad movie?"

"Oh, beautifully. Does he write a good letter?"

"If he gets around to it."

"That's right. Tennis? Golf?"

"Yes. No."

"Check. Gee," I said, "and they're both Sophomores, and we saw them the same two weeks this summer . . ."

"And their initials are both 'A.L.' Pretty good, isn't it?"

I said, "It's perfect."

**W**E SCOOTED back into the harbor before the strongest breeze of the day, and we felt wonderful. The clouds were coloring radically all around the sky, and I found Venus a few minutes





before the sun went down. I missed the buoy the first time; so I took quite a good sail around the harbor before I tried again. Phil. watched me haul down the sail, and she knew just which little jobs she could do without getting in my way as I made *Iota* ship-shape.

"You're not so brown as usual," Phil said.

"No, I haven't just lain on the beach so much."

"Why, John!"

"Well, Anne couldn't quite see doing so much nothing. We were outdoors, but we played more. Anne makes me run about and see people more, and I guess it's good for me." I stopped for a minute. "You've got a great color, though," I said.

"Yep," Phil said. "I remained a beach-lier."

"Goo-ood," I said. "I hadn't pictured Tony as an old nothing-doer."

"Well," said Phil, "he isn't, really. He rather figured you got more from planned study—with, of course, a little exercise and a swim in the afternoon—than you do from the beach. I couldn't tell him any great discovery made on the beach."

"Demosthenes and the pebbles."

"He said he didn't want to be an orator."

"King Canute."

"Can't you be quiet?" Phil asked.

**I** ROWED us ashore, with Phil holding my shoes and socks to keep them dry.

"Well," I said, "that was lots of fun."

"Yep," Phil said. "Like old times."

"I hope you can get down some next summer."

"I hope so."

"And I wish you weren't leaving right away."

"But I am."

We both had cars; I stood by Phil's until she was ready to go. "Good-bye," I said.

"Good-bye." She looked at me. "You're still the same; I'm glad," she said.

"You too, me too."

"And still friends."

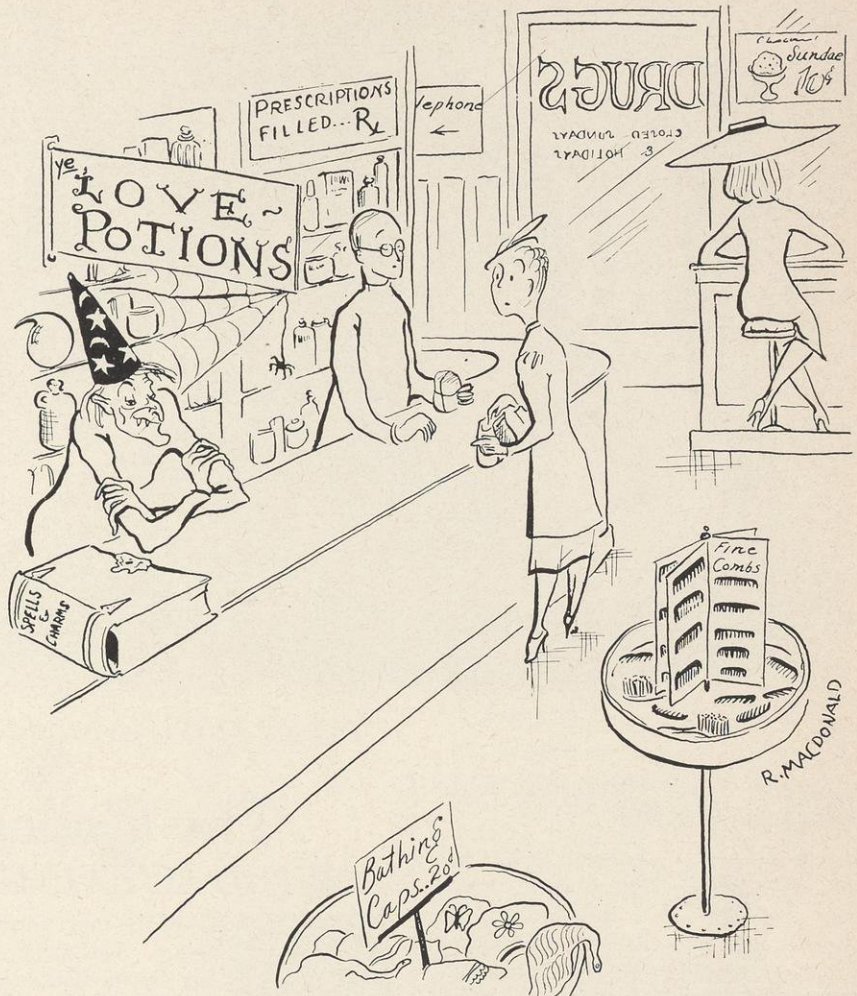
"Oh, most assuredly."

"Goo-ood," said Phil. "Remember me to your family."

"I will, and do you likewise."

"Sure enough," Phil said. She started off, turned to wave, and rounded the corner. After a minute, I got into my car and started for home.

—Harvard Lampoon



—California Pelican

## Assignment—Read Preface...

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author has read plenty of prefaces lately and presents to you this symposium along with his nausea, willy nilly, for keeps.*)

### PREFACE

**F**OR the benefit of any cretins and Mongolian Idiots that may be using this text, I have had to simplify the theory down to its basic principles—base enough, at least, to keep dirty minds from wandering—and wherever possible I have attempted to make the theory interesting for the modern pupil. It will be found, for example, that Chapter Seven "On Halving the Bisected Line," is identical with chapter eleven in "A New Biology Handbook," by P. Battershell, Jr.

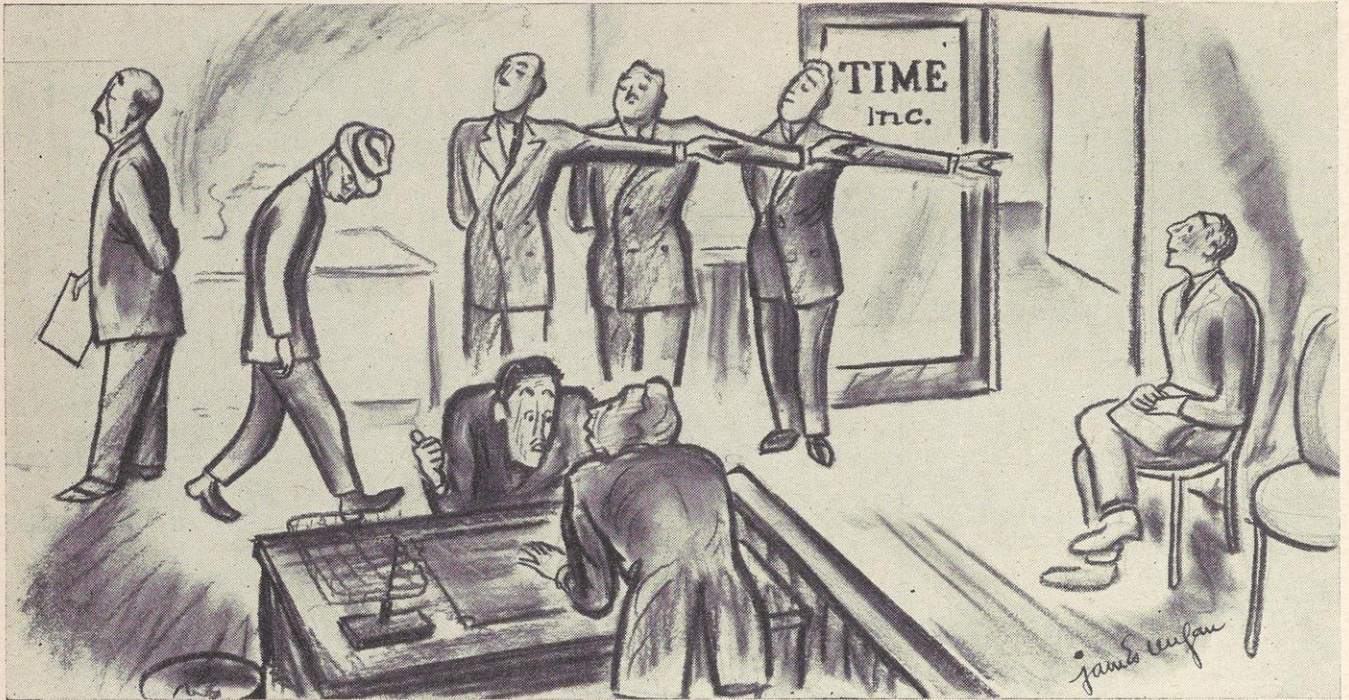
I have found from experience that practical application is valuable in fixing in the student's mind the more salient points of the theory, and consequently I have added at the end of each chapter a list of names and telephone numbers; also exercises that will

give you a body like mine or your money back.

Innumerable drastic changes and omissions have been made, as is only natural. Furthermore, I have discovered in the classroom that most students of college age have a limited command of the English language, and therefore I have deleted from the text all words of three syllables. A glossary of more difficult terms has been added on page seven which should clear up that stuff on page six.

Moreover, when beginning a new section of the theory, it must be remembered that the student has not in most cases looked at the theory in the preceding section; accordingly, at the beginning of each new section, I have prefixed a synopsis of one of the latest best selling novels. And throughout the book I have scattered Boy Scout mottoes and *mots justes* at strategic points. At the very end of the text I have added appendix one, followed by





"He used AND in a sentence!"

—Penn State Froth

appendixes 6 and 7, which have charts and graphs about stuff.

I AM INDEBTED to so many people for their assistance that I could weep; but especially am I indebted to the many people who read the manuscript over my shoulder; to the Rosenblatt Music Company for their permission to reprint "Am I Blue?"; to Mr. T. B. Muntle, who has given me so much sound advice on rock gardening; to Miss M. for being such a provocative little devil; and lastly but not leastly, to the cheery face across the breakfast table, Mrs. N.—ma femme (de chambre).

New Haven-on-Housatonic  
1939

—Yale Record

## Waterhole

The ant's a stupid little thing,  
He works his tail off in the spring.  
The grasshopper, whose sloth is  
native,  
Is winter warm and procreative.

At social whirl and giddy pace  
The bed-bug makes a dour face,  
Because he's in an awful plight  
If people don't come home at night.

—Columbia Jester

## The College of Marriage

### GRAND OPENING



ONE of the most encouraging phenomena in our present day society is the striking popularity of marriage. This popularity is equaled perhaps by only one other phenomenon—the striking popularity of divorce. Nevertheless, the prevalence of marriage is amazing. It's worse than the measles. This popularity has amazed authorities for years—especially maternity doctors, economists, social workers, landlords, butchers, bakers, candlestick makers, loan corporations, children and husbands.

Marriages are made in heaven. They are also made in a lot of other places that are putting out an inferior product, for which heaven refuses to accept any responsibility.

Education is needed in marriage, obviously. Without this education, we find young people marrying and then getting all peeved and puckered because they find it is nothing at all as they thought it would be. This is natural, for nothing in the world could be like what people think marriage is going to be like.

It is thus with great pleasure that we announce the opening of the COL-

LEGE OF MARRIAGE. This department will cover the four basic problems standing in the way of marriage: (1) Money, (2) Men, (3) Women, and (4) Money. A study of these problems will necessitate a lot of talk about the human body, endless drivel about the psychology of the female, numerous accounts of people who would rather go bicycling, and a few dozen charts you will never be able to interpret, but wait till the old folks aren't looking, and then—Oh Boy!!

#### LOWER DIVISION COURSES

ROMANCE 1A-B. *The Bees and Flowers*—Year course which gives a broad survey of the field, without ever getting down to the real dirty work. Shows that the bees and flowers have their own system but nevertheless manage to keep things going.

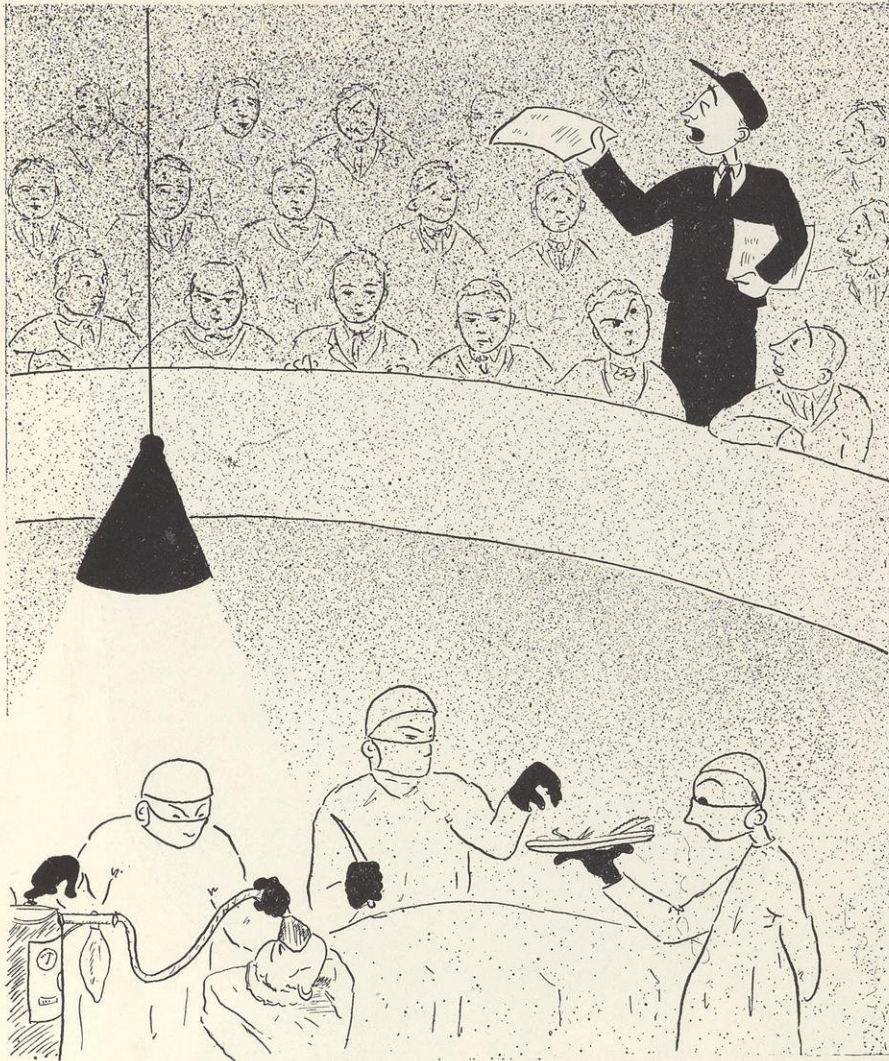
ROMANCE 46A. *The Girl*—Semester course, including case studies of one of the most peculiar sexes in captivity. How to tell the girl from the boy if necessary. How to tell the girl. How to tell. (2-2).

A CERTAIN THING 1A-B. *Survey*—A survey of the problems of—. Showing that—is not necessarily as—as people might think. (1-1).

#### UPPER DIVISION COURSES

FLIRTATION 101A-B. *The Kiss*—Completely covering the American kiss,





"Here y'are, folks,  
names and numbers of all the organs!"

—Lampoon

the Italian kiss, the German kiss and the Gallic kiss. Required course. The department feels that without the kiss as a foundation, little can be accomplished. (3-3).

MARRIAGE 127. *Choosing the Mate*—Intricate survey, conclusively showing marriage is one of the things you can't do by yourself. (1).

MARRIAGE PDQ. *The Proposal*—Formerly entitled *The Last Resort*. Not required of students who have had *The Proposition*. (3).

MARRIAGE 214 A-B. *The Ice-Man*—Year course showing what the machine age is doing to our libidos. (3-3).

SWEET NOTHINGS 236 A-B. *Billing and Coing*—Applied study of showing the wife a little attention in order to cover up certain activities in extra-curricular fields. (3-3).

—Pelican

## Aryan Lullaby

IN YOUR little armored bed,  
Sweet little baby Aryan,  
Dream of purges in the night  
Of wounded men and carrion.

Mother will buy a machine gun  
For your swasticated crib.  
Mother will buy you gas masks  
And a brand new bulletproof bib.

Mother will buy you a uniform  
And teach you how to hunt,  
And send you lacy bandages  
When you are at the front.

So hush, dear, and be quiet,  
And dry your fretful tears.  
You'll have a hero's funeral  
In just a few more years.

—Pelican

## Ideology to the Bourgeois



T first Freddie had wished Kay weren't a Communist, but pretty soon he saw that she had to be. There were plenty of girls who were tall, and plenty who were slim and yet curved, but only Kay had such large black eyes, eyes that revealed her, strong and radiant, ready to face life and fight for an ideal. You'd never find bourgeois eyes so alive, so fascinating.

The best part was, if he studied Communism for a while, there'd always be something he could talk about with her. It was hard to talk with most girls; they were all so silly. Even girls who got good marks in school never seemed to want to talk about anything serious.

Kay always smiled when she saw Freddie, and whenever she was selling tickets to lectures on the War in Spain, he bought two, even though he never used more than one. But the most exciting tickets he bought were to a Communist picnic, on the Island. Three or four rich Communists with sailboats were going to ferry the party across the harbor.

It was beautiful that night on the beach, and cold enough so that everyone wrapped up in blankets near the fire, and Freddie managed to be next to Kay.

"I hope you don't mind my butting in on your picnic like this," he said. "I'm not quite a Communist, you know."

"Goodness, no, don't worry," said Kay. "We're glad to have you. And then, we're glad to have your dollar."

Freddie wondered if Kay knew how much her words hurt. He shouldn't have reminded her of his not being a Communist, anyway; maybe she'd take it wrong, though he'd meant it as a joke. He'd have to show her that he really did have a social conscience, and he felt that by now he could show her how much he knew. He'd just wait until someone gave him an opening.

PEOPLE didn't seem to talk so much about the Cause, though, as he'd thought; rather, they talked of dances Freddie had missed, of boat-racing—Freddie didn't sail—and even of modern painting—Freddie's art ended with the nineteenth century. They mentioned Stalin only in passing, and when



Freddie quoted a few lines from the *Internationale*, they seemed ridiculously forced. He did ask Kay if he might borrow her copy of *The Coming Struggle for Power*, but she said she'd left it in New York and turned back to continue a conversation on her other side. It all seemed very strange; you could hardly have told they were Communists. Perhaps they felt they shouldn't talk Communism before him.

"I've seen you at the meetings of the League against War and Fascism," he began.

"I've noticed you there," said Kay. "You ought to bring someone; it isn't all for the sake of being serious."

"It is rather good fun: I like hearing about the Spanish situation, and the strikes, and the Russian trials."

"I hope you help us hoot the local Fascists when they try to argue."

"WELL," said Freddie, "not always. Sometimes I think it would be fairer to let the Fascist speak—that is, if you want free speech yourselves."

"You don't mean you want us to be democratic?"

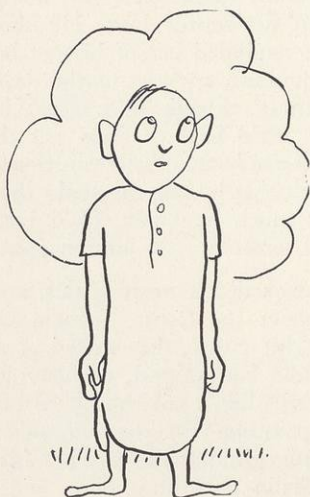
"No-o. Kay, I hope you don't think that I'm not really on your side. I really get just as upset about the state of the world as anyone. I may not be quite a Communist, but I realize that capitalism isn't perfect."

"Do tell," said Kay.

"I mean it. Really, I sometimes wish I were a Communist—it must be wonderful always being excited about what you read in the papers, and always having real ideas and ideals to talk about."

"Is that nice, making us out just a bunch of excited talkers?" asked Kay.

"I didn't mean exactly that . . ." Freddie began, but Kay had turned away to a question on her other side.



"Ho hum, another day, another bank scuttled . . ."

—Pelly

He felt that he had been stupid, that he had failed completely to get across what he was trying to say.

Perhaps, though, it was partly Kay's fault; she hadn't seemed to want to be serious. She, and everyone else, seemed to be talking like people at any other picnic: about people, only about people he didn't know. Two or three times he caught himself just about to go to sleep; he began to wonder if they were ever going home.

ALong about half past eleven, the wind started to come up, and when they finally started for home, at a quarter past one, the water was pretty rough. Freddie stumbled into the same boat as Kay and sat near the bow.

That was a mistake. The front of the boat was light and almost unloaded; every wave heaved Freddie up, and every trough let him fall, hard. With

each violent motion, he seemed to leave his stomach behind.

He stood it until they were about half way across; then he started scrambling for the stern. He never got there, though; one extra large wave twisted the boat around, and Freddie was sick. Somebody laughed, and somebody else, and then he heard Kay laughing a little too, and he crawled back to the bow. These Communists were pretty ordinary after all, he thought. Bourgeois.

He was sick twice more before they reached the shore.

—Lampoon.

#### POME

An HONEST professor named Morse  
Would lecture until he was hoarse,  
For try as he might  
He never could write  
A five dollar text for his course.

—Pelican





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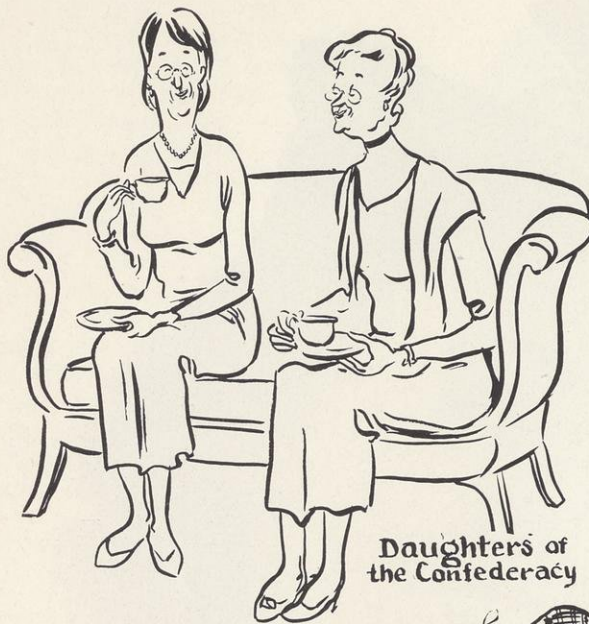
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—Carolina Buccaneer



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In this best-seller there are about a thousand people, but especially several women:

May Morgen (who symbolizes spring-time in the world; she is a blonde). Emma Eventider (who symbolizes the tragic depth of the human heart; her hair is black) and the unforgettable Amy Flovic, (the spiritual lover of Mahoogli, the hero, beaten by the world, broken, deprived of his munitions factory, and pushed off the pages of newspapers by accounts of beauty contests and other namby-pamby news).

These three women are the ones you get in intimate detail, with conversations before and after.

The one thousand people of the story are all named and described; they are interesting and familiar, and might be people in the street.

Detail is piled on detail, emotion follows emotion, philosophical bon-mot swiftly overtakes philosophical bon-mot, and when the story is finished, you have read six hundred twenty-seven thousand and some-odd words, all correctly spelled, and no dirty ones, and no bad grammar.

The book weighs seven and three quarter pounds, which is almost two times the weight of "Anthony Adverse." Mahoogli himself weighs two hundred and seventeen pounds, which is at least thirty-seven pounds more than what An. Adv. weighed. Story reading-time is 168 hours. With double features, a newsreel, a Popeye cartoon, and Ten-O-Win, the maximum time involved at a movie is four hours, and the average cost of admission is thirty-five cents. Therefore, this Saga gives you forty-two times as much for your money. In order to have 168 hours of happiness in a movie, the cost would be \$14.70. The ventilation is often poor, the people near by are often shabby, and invariably inferior to the characters of the Saga, and occasionally they take hold of your hand or your knee and try to put ideas into your head; or else you take hold of theirs, which is practically the same thing, and not a very spiritual thing to do.

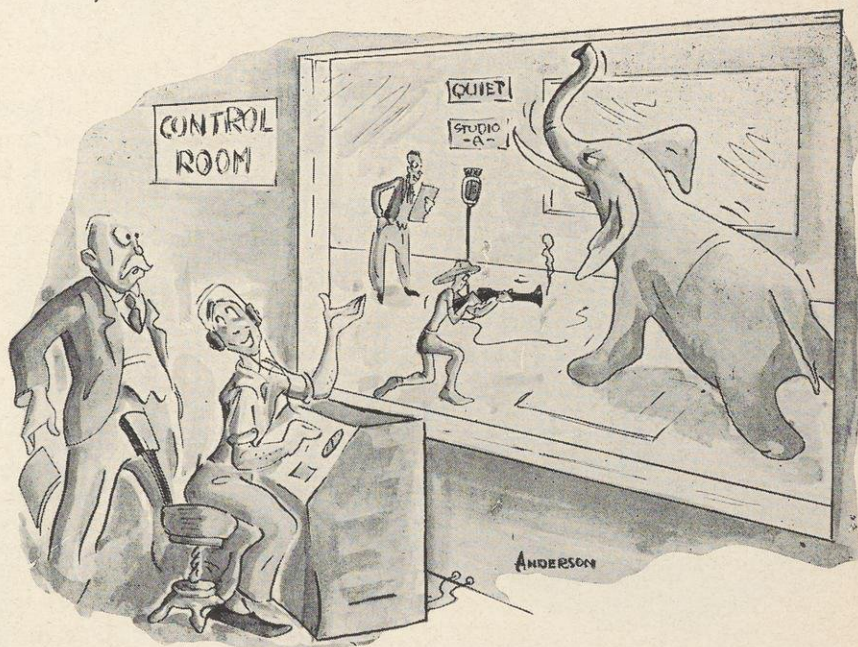
I N view of all this, it is obvious that no one can afford not to own a copy of this great adventure story, for such it is when you get right down to it. Mickey Mahoogli is the son of an Irish peasant lass named Peg who assassinated a phony Archduke of some crazy country somewhere and was carried to safety by a six-foot fellow named Abou Mahoogli, half-Arab and half-Persian. Peg herself, to balance things, is half-Irish and half-Icelandic. These people for centuries have been meeting all sorts of other funny and far-away people, and either marrying them or being first attacked and later wooed, or just attacked and left to bring up the kid the best way they know how. Young Mahoogli runs away from his father's tent, for they lived in a tent for years, all eleven of them, beating one another over the head one minute and fighting off locusts the next—runs away from the tent at the age of twelve, journeys to India and learns enough of black magic to make chapter seventy-two very quaint in a sort of incabulia way. Something like incannabulia or something like that. All the words are correctly spelled; pronunciations are up to the reader, however.

F ROM India, which is a hilly country in parts, with gentle slopes and fertile valleys here and there, I believe,

young Mahoogli, disappointed and disillusioned, travels to New York, where he has a youthful affair with Amy Flovic's mother, Miriam, the most famous madame of her day; thirty-eight years later he meets Amy Flovic and although no one knows for sure, least of all Mahoogli, Amy is his daughter. It's awfully exciting.

All this is nothing, though; where you really get your money's worth is in the philosophy of the book, for such is the stuff about God and destiny and the tragedy of mortality—philosophy. What Mahoogli's really after all the time is an understanding with God or Fate or whatever you care to call it. He is trying to know what it's all about and the uppermost question in or on (or at) his mind is: Will we ever get the things we want? (Or: What do we want: And: Is the pain worth the paltry rewards, for the rewards are, actually, paltry when you think of the violence with which the young man goes after what he thinks he wants. He always expects a great deal, and of course always gets hardly any.)

O F COURSE Mahoogli is a scoundrel, but with what a heart. He's really as innocent as a child and only kills everybody who opposes him because he's terribly energetic and unpsycho-analyzed. In the first pure joy of murder he is not conscience-stricken, but after the War (in which he sells munitions to all sides), he begins to be haunted by a sense of guilt. He begins



*"It's expensive, but it's the only thing that sounds like a clogged drain pipe."*

—Pelican



wondering what it's all about, and hurries to the arms of Emma Eventider, whose arms make no intelligent answer but are soft. At this point in the Saga the social implications begin, and the fourteen chapters on the children of London begging for five pound sterling from everybody they see, including one another and Mahoogli, is by far one of the most penetrating and pitiful accounts of the ruin coming over the world day by day ever put to paper, I believe.

In the end, alone and in a fever of some sort, he dies. This part is sad.

This is the book of the month for January and has already been called the greatest novel of all time by somebody with feeble digestion somewhere around New York somewhere.

—WILLIAM SAROYAN  
in the *Pelican*

### Canine Couplets

I've taught my faithful watchdog, Towser,  
To bite all guests too fond of "Yowser."

My Saint Bernard I've taught to bite  
All guests who come in shouting "Quite."

I sic my terrier named Zinnia  
On all who leave with "Abyssinia."

My chow dog bites below the knee  
All those who ask if I "see."

Our bulldog knows that he must bite  
All who whisper "Nightie night."

—Punch Bowl



"I bet you  
think I'm just awful."  
—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah

## We Blunder—And Learn The Truth About Vassar



### As We Thought Vassar Entertained . . .

In April, you may recall, we urged, "By all means send the crew to Poughkeepsie," because Vassar is in Poughkeepsie; Vassar is a female institution; and the crew trains hard night and day (as above). A young Vassar lady saw our page and was "intrigued with your conceptions." She set out to put us right by sending us the sketches across the page. They're not bad, either.

Well, we stood corrected, and wanted to know more about Miggs. (We called her *Miss Miggs* when we wrote to her.)

It seems that Miss Miggs is a Wisconsin girl who can "even get nostalgic at times for cows."

"My life, such as it is," she writes, "hasn't been exciting. For four years I've gotten up at 8 a. m., buried myself in the *New York Times*, and—(here, her handwriting was too much for us) stone cold toast. For four years I have stared gloomily for hours at the tree tops, from the third floor of Rockefeller Hall, etc. And in these four long years, I have not yet been able to figure out the advantages of a female institution . . . and why anyone prefers Poughkeepsie to Madison."

But at last Miggs will leave "the puddles Easterners call lakes, and relearn to sleep in the morning." The poor child is "free, white and twenty-one, allergic to books, topics, military men, and chewing gum."

That's all we know about Miggsie. But if any of our readers would like to psychoanalyze her drawings, we'd be happy to have the reports. Our own diagnosis is a slight case of exhaustion. And her sketches indicate that lots of other girls are in danger of being drowned by plunging into too-deep Vassar.

Does anybody else want to tell us anything?

—L.



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## Yeah, Swing It!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Since nearly everyone, from the best of them down, has been swinging the classics in music, we believe that such a practice should extend to other fields—such as classical poetry. So . . .)

### Shelley Finds the Little Yellow Basket

Hail to thee blythe spirit,  
Bird thou never wert.  
Thou wert no bird!  
Thou wert no bird!  
I think I heard  
Thou wert no bird!

Thou wert no owl!  
Thou wert no owl!  
They all still howl  
Thou wert no fowl!

Wert thou a jay  
Nay, nay, nay, nay!  
Wert thou chicks  
Nix, nix, nix, nix!  
Wert thou a crow?  
No, no, no, no!

Thou wert no crow.  
So!  
Hail to thee blythe spirit,  
Bird you never wert.  
Wert!

### E. A. Poe Hold Tight

Bells, bells,  
Bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Annabelle Lee want some Ullalume?

Gongs and chimes  
Just suit the times.

If you want to know just how I feel,  
Peel!

Bells, bells,  
Bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Annabelle Lee want to Ullalume?  
Bells!



### Fats Waller Tackles George Withers

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Huh? Shall I? Or shalln't I? Tell  
me someone.

Die, because a woman's fair?  
Me die because a woman's fair? I'm  
not that big a sucker.

Or make pale my cheeks with care  
Should I make 'em pale? Well, why  
don't someone answer me?

'Cause another's rosy are?  
Boy, oh boy, is her face red, Yeah  
man.

Be she fairer than the day,  
Yeah! Be she fairer than that.

Or the flowery meads in May.  
Whatever they are, even if she's still  
that fair makes no difference to  
me 'cause

If she thinks not well of me,  
Just imagine that stuck up thing not  
thinking well of me with all my  
accomplishments. She ought to be  
ashamed.

What care I how fair she be?  
Huh? What care I? I don't care.  
I don't care, I don't mind,  
Everywhere you go you'll find . . .

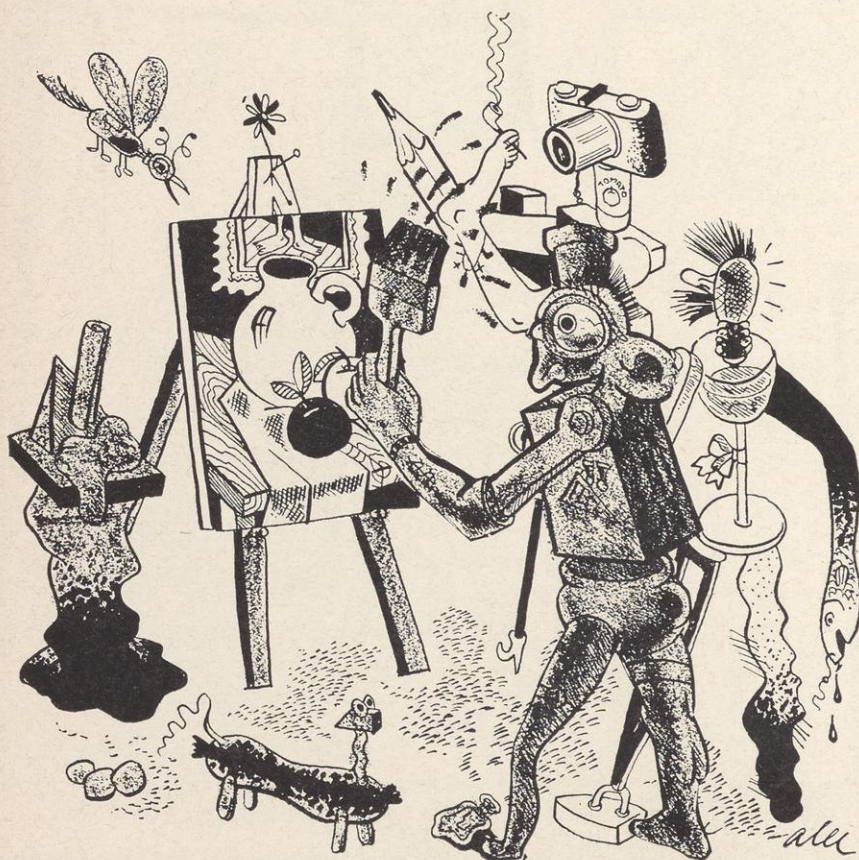
What care I how fair she be.  
Them's my opinions.

What care I how fair she be?  
Those is my sentiments.

What care I how fair she be?  
You done told the truth, brother.

What care I?

—Pelican



"But, my God, man, it's fantastic!"



## Like a Crutch

Mother (entering room): "Why, Mabel, get right down from that young man's knee."

Mabel: "No, I got here first."

—Jester

I don't cram and I don't fail,  
I don't cheat and I don't wail.  
I won't.

I've never cut a class, not one!  
In fact I don't know how it's done,  
You may think I don't have fun.  
I don't.

—Pelly

Customer—I warn you, I shan't be able to pay for this suit for three months.

Tailor—Oh, that's all right, sir. Don't worry.

Customer—Thanks. When will it be ready?

Tailor—In three months, sir.

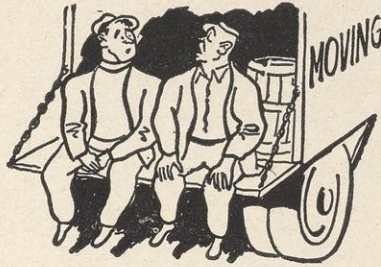
Punch Bowl

FINDS WASHINGTON WAS  
HUMAN

—New York Times

Man, you've got something there!

—Lampoon



"A fine place to put us . . . and in the last issue, too!"

"I was up all last night with my Econ."

"I thought you said you never studied."

"I didn't. I was praying."

—Marquette Mamma

And then there was the electrical engineer who couldn't sit still because he got amps in his pants. —Columns

"It's absurd for this man to charge us ten dollars for towing us ten miles."

"That's all right; he's earning it—I have my brakes on." —Becky's Nudnik

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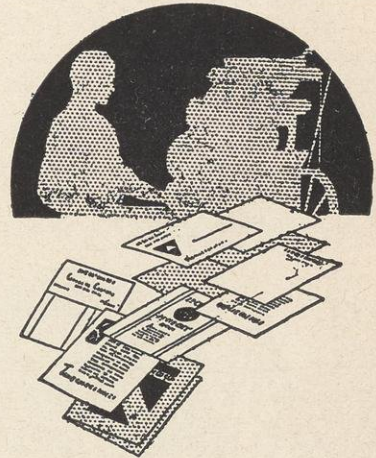
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## "If the People" ... Marx

"May I kiss your hand?"  
 "Whattsa matter, is my mouth sticky?"

—Humbug

A trio of bright little boys entered the Metropolitan Museum and made for the Egyptian exhibits, where they told an attendant that they had come to see "the dead men." He showed them where the mummies were, and they stood in front of the cases just looking. As they were going out, one of the innocents approached the attendant and asked, "You kill and stuff them yourself?"

—Punch Bowl

She: Do you know the things they've been saying about me?

He: Whaddya think I'm here for?

—Dodo

"What we need in this town," said the theatrical producer, "is something to stir up the public."

"Fine, let's have a woman ride down Broadway on a white horse like Lady Godiva did."

"Boy, that just the thing . . . I haven't seen a white horse on Broadway in years and years."

—Texas Ranger

Father—So you like your two suitors equally?

Daughter—Yes, Daddy; I simply don't know which one to marry first.

—Gargoyle

"He was kicked out of school for cheating!"

"How come?"

"He was caught counting his ribs in a physiology exam."

—Gargoyle

Excerpt from Mercer Beasley's Book, *How to Play Tennis*:

"On the follow through, the racquet points in the direction of the flight of the ball. If you had let go of the racquet when you struck the ball, the racquet would have followed the ball over the net. But, as you need your racquet for your next stroke, you do not let go of it."

Aw, Mercer, you're just kidding, aren't you?

—Varieties

"And what foreign language is that Fordham halfback studying at college?"

"English."

—Purdue Pooh-Pooh

The dear vicar's wife had just died, and in consequence he wished to be relieved of his duties for the weekend, so he sent the following message to his bishop:

"I regret to inform you that my wife has just died, and I should be obliged if you could send me a substitute for the weekend."

—Drexer

"I can read your minds like a book," said the lecturer. "I can tell what each one of you is thinking."

"Then why don't you go there?" called a voice from the back.

—Jester

"You cruel child," declared Mr. Klotz, "why did you cut that poor harmless worm in two?"

"But, Mister, he looked so lonesome," vouchsafed Tiny Tim.

—Red Cat

Bride: But, darling, if I marry you, I'll lose my job.

Groom: Can't we keep our marriage a secret?

Bride: But suppose we have a baby?

Groom: Oh, we'll tell the baby, of course.

—Pup

"I fainted and they brought me to. So I fainted again."

"Why?"

"Well, they brought me two more."

—Jester

A dictaphone owner named Gark  
 Made his vocal recordings a lark;

His shrieks, at their ripest,

Have made his poor typist

Afraid to go home in the dark.

—Tiger

American and other films portraying kissing scenes "beyond official discretion" will be banned hereafter from Japan, it was reported today. Pictures burlesquing the army and navy of any country so that they might impair popular esteem of the military will also be banished, as will films showing questionable aspects of life in royal courts.

—HERALD TRIBUNE

*There's really nothing like a good rip-snorting newsreel, though.*

—Lampoon

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## According to the Records

### The Classical



**"T** HROUGH the Looking Glass," a suite for orchestra by Deems Taylor, based on Lewis Carroll's immortal nonsense, is the big event of the month, as far as we're concerned. The suite, conducted by Howard Barlow, catches the charm of Carroll; in fact, it enlarges on the tale and carries the listener even closer to

wonder-land than the printed page can.

Taking the clew from Carroll's poetical foreword, Deems Taylor opens the first movement with a modest little song-theme that gets you right in the mood. Without a break, the music flows into the Garden of Live Flowers, where the blossoms can talk as well as Alice—"and a great deal louder." Taylor's music reflects the snappy prattle of the brilliant-colored garden creatures.

And then, in part three, comes *jabberwocky*, our favorite. The whole orchestra declares the theme of that frightful and silly beast, and then the clarinet takes up the story, starting, "'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves . . ." The comic effects Taylor produces, following Carroll's lyrics, are comicker than anything we've heard in years. The bassoons bellow, "Beware the jabberwock, my son," and in comes our hero, stepping lightly to a happy march, his "vorpal sword in hand." Then hell breaks loose among the trombones—and the jabberwock appears!

The battle with the monster crashes through a ghastly fugue, until the old vorpal xylophone goes "snicker-snack" and the jabberwock bassoon dies a horrible death. In a program note, Deems Taylor says the bassoon players refer to this passage, with rather excessive bitterness, as the "death of the bassoon."

And so the suite runs on, through the exultations of "Calooh, Calay!," the tale of the Looking-Glass insects, and the White Knight chapters. We wish we could tell you more about it. But you'd better hear it yourself some time. *Columbia*.

Among the other standouts is a Sonata for Viola and Piano (Opus II, No. 4) by the prolific young composer, Paul Hindemith. Though Hindemith's name is usually associated with "atonality" and "linear counterpoint," this sonata could hardly be called atonal. There is much freedom in the work, to be sure, yet its unmistakable key sense makes for easy listening—especially for the untrained ear. We also liked a new recording of Ravel's *Bolero* by the Boston "Pops" orchestra, with Arthur Fiedler conducting; in his hands, this too-familiar work recovers much of its pristine weirdness. It builds up to an almost frightening climax.

For them as likes, we might mention the new album of Victor Herbert melodies, with solos by Anne Jamison, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Tom Thomas, baritone. All the big Herbert tunes, from the score of "Naughty Marietta" on through "The Red Mill" are here; and they're well-treated. The above recordings are all *Victor*.

### The Popular

**AND THE ANGELS SING.** Ziggy Elman's honey of a melody gets a nice going over by Kate Smith—though we wish she'd take it easy on those high notes. *Don't Worry About Me*, urges Kate on the other side; don't worry, Miss Smith, we couldn't. *Victor*.

**THE DROSCHKY DRAG.** The New Friends of Rhythm (Shulman, Colucci, Kievman, Smirnoff, and others) drag Tchaikowsky's *Andante Cantabile* through something that's both horrible and beautiful. *When Johnny Comes Marching Home* is slightly on the schmaltz side. *Victor*.

**TO YOU** gives Tommy Dorsey a chance for some mellow slip-horn slipping. Jack Leonard does a pleasant solo on *This Is No Dream*. *Victor*.

**CORN PICKIN'.** Whee! We'll take Maxine Sullivan for our money any day, especially when a juicy one like this is backed by a womanly job like *I'm Happy About the Whole Thing*. *Victor*.

**S'POSIN'** gives Hal Kemp a song that's perfect for his warm, graceful harmonies. *Boom* isn't as exciting as it sounds, but it's not bad. *Victor*.

**HOT PRETZELS** and *Holla Lady*, by Harry's Tavern Band, both sound like pre-depression corn to us. *Victor*.

**PIPPINELLA.** Sammy Kaye does a nice job on this novelty number, but gets icky-poo on *My Heart Has Wings*.

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# In The Editor's Brown Study

## The Opposition Marches Up the Hill



UR "Poor Julius' Almanack" has apparently raised an odor. *Time* magazine, playing it as number-one educational news of the week, declared "all Wisconsin chuckled" at the page; the *Washington Post* wrote for a full-page illustrated article; and various other papers about the state and country picked up the story. Some editorials that have come to our desk, however, would indicate that not *all* Wisconsin chuckled.

The first reactions from the Republican thunderers fit snugly into their pattern. Among the conservative papers, the *Appleton Post-Crescent* was typical; it editorialized: "The Wisconsin Octopus, a student publication at the University, has issued a 'Poor Julius Almanack for 1939' in which it has gathered statements and expressions of the governor at which some fun may be poked.

"Mr. Heil is not always grammatical. Sometimes he gets the subject of a sentence mixed up with another subject. He never had the educational advantages that the students of the University have. He never even had the educational advantages those students had for years before they went to college.

"We do not question the perfect American right of students at the University to poke fun at anyone. But the impropriety of aiming darts of ridicule at the state's governor, making fun of his mannerisms, deriding his choice of language, or laughing at some confusion in his sentences, indicates a Smart Aleckism that cannot be glossed over by education. Sometimes education may be but a veneer to softly conceal ignorance . . .

"It is hardly likely that student protests have been spontaneous. Constant attacks upon the governor by students, some brutally offensive, and others yellowishly immature, may have been stimulated by something besides concern for the commonwealth.

"The Octopus says it is a periodical of humor. Impertinence might have been a more appropriate word."

\* \* \*

IT WOULD have been a pleasure to answer at length each of the assertions made above. But, happily, this is not necessary, as the *Post-Crescent* ate its own words just four days later, May 24, in its column "Under the Capitol Dome:"

"The time has come when this column feels that it is justifiable to suggest, ever so discreetly, that Julius Heil's careless loquacity may prove to be an impediment in his future career in public life.

"The idea is suggested by the fact that the Wisconsin *Octopus*, University of Wisconsin humor magazine, in its current issue devotes feature space to a long list of quotations from the public utterances of Wisconsin's governor.

"The effect, as the sagacious editors (who don't like the administration's university budget policy) probably expected, isn't at all favorable to his excellency the governor.

"There wasn't a word of comment, but the effect was such that the organ of the Progressive party (*The Capital Times*) thought it was important enough to reprint." (The

article proceeded to discuss Mr. Heil's political fumbling.)

AND so it looks as though we may have done some good, at that. Yet there were a few charges raised by the early uproar against the *Octopus* which demand some answer from us. To say that we aimed "darts of ridicule . . . deriding his choice of language, making fun of his mannerisms, or laughing at some confusion in his sentences," is absurd, when, as the *Post-Crescent* itself pointed out later that week, "there wasn't a word of comment." If the editorial writers found such ridicule in the page of verbatim quotations, then it is because they themselves saw much that was ridiculous in Governor Heil's remarks, and tried to loll themselves back into sweet tolerance by blaming *us* for the bathos, and explaining it all away through charges of "Smart Aleckism."

We should further like to point out that of the twenty quotations, eighteen had no noticeable grammatical errors in them, but were included for what they said, not how they said it. It would be ignorance and snobishness of the worst kind if our intention were to deride Mr. Heil for his lack of education; but the job of governing the state has become so complex today that one must be an expert in government to get by. And when a man goes to the opposite extreme, and evidently is proud of ignorance of political matters, it's time for the people to do some serious thinking. That is, after they get through laughing.

The slander that "it is hardly likely that student protests have been spontaneous" is too nonsensical to answer. We suppose the *Octopus* is being supported by Bascom Hall gold. Or maybe it *is* Moscow itself that's gunning for Mr. Heil.

As for our being a magazine of "impertinence" not "humor", we should like to know what *else* have been the birthrights of the jester all through history. The very nature of humor implies a degree of impertinence for the vested interests of conceit and smugness in every sphere of life.

\* \* \*

### As for This Issue . . .

IN CASE you were wondering how we got away with swiping so many stories and cartoons this month, we might mention the fact that this is our annual exchange number. This *Octopus* tradition exists for three reasons: first, to give you a chance to see what the best of our contemporaries are doing; second, to promote a Good Neighbor policy between the other magazines and Octy; third, to give our little brush-men and key-twiddlers a chance to turn in some copy for those stuffy people on the Hill who still have some illusions over what college is for. We thank the funny men on other campuses for their help; they've all been swell—and we hope they won't be sulky if, for want of space, we blow only two *particular* kisses to the California *Pelican* and the Harvard *Lampoon*.

And here we sit, writing our last words, by ginger, and all we feel is a sort of wide-awake sleepiness. May your shadows grow longer. May you prosper and suck upon blue grapes and wild honey. That's the best we can do; so long!





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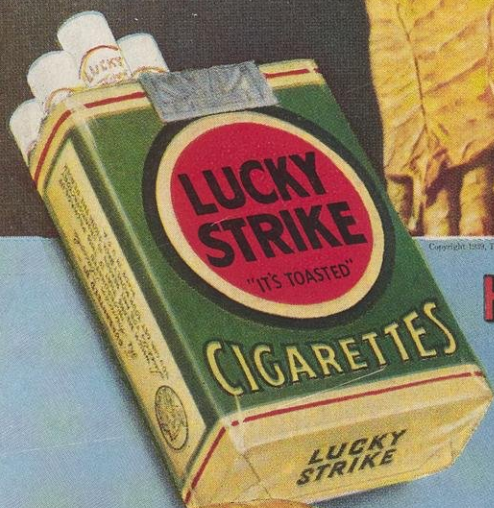


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