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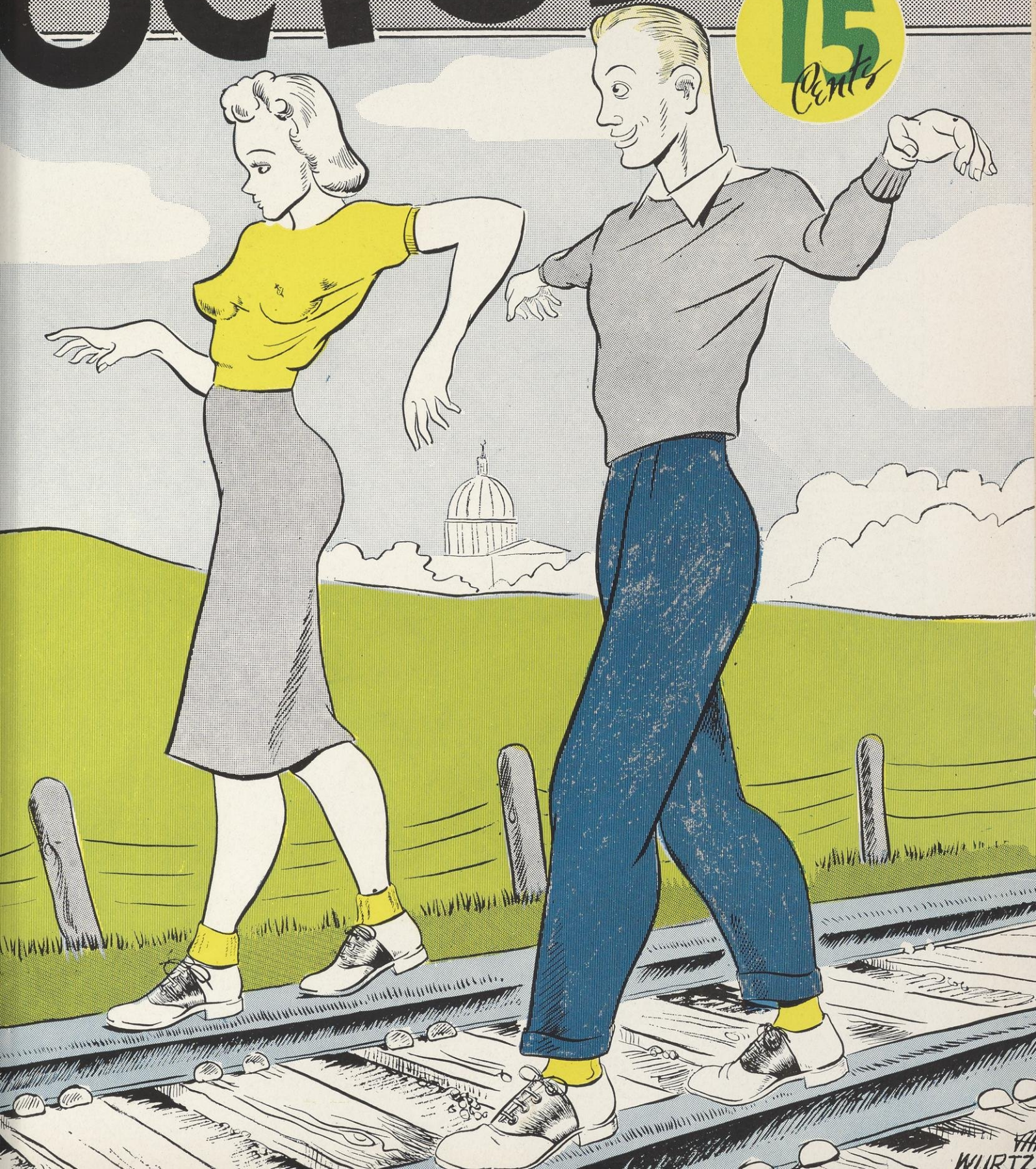
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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

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A HOLLYWOOD STUNT GIRL deserves **REAL SMOKING PLEASURE!**

ALINE GOODWIN, OF THE MOVIES, WORKS HARDER THAN MOST MEN. SHE PRAISES A REST AND A CAMEL FOR FULL SMOKING ENJOYMENT

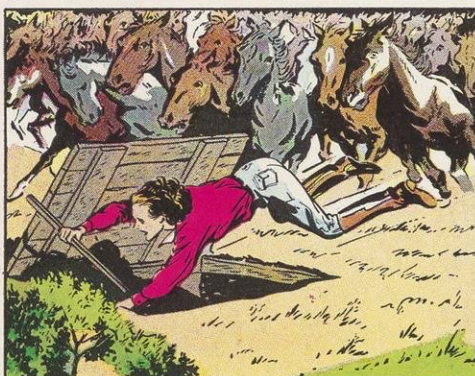
ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES

EMERGENCY SAFETY PIT (IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG)

PATH OF RESCUER

MISS GOODWIN FALLS OFF HER HORSE

1500 HORSES STAMPEDE



"AFTER I ENJOYED MY SIXTH PACKAGE of Camels," says Fredrick West, master engraver, "I took them on for life. Camels taste better. They are so mild and mellow. They're gentle to my throat—which proves Camels are *extra mild!* My work requires intense concentration. So, through the day, I take time to let up—light up a Camel. Camels taste grand. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' too!"



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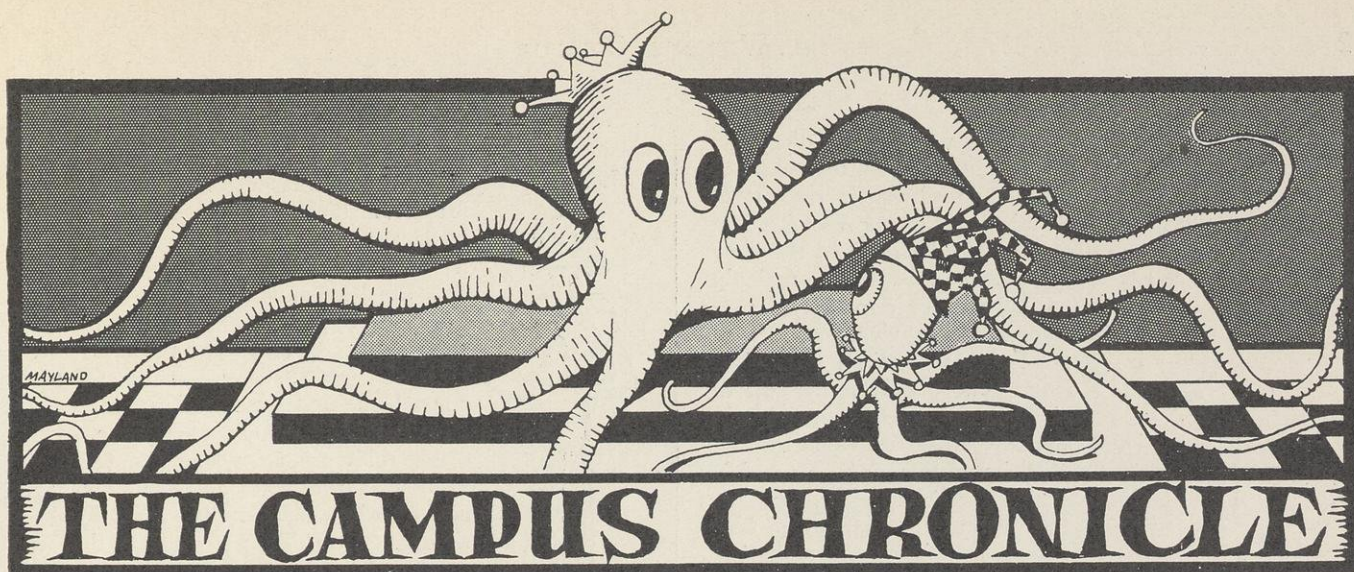
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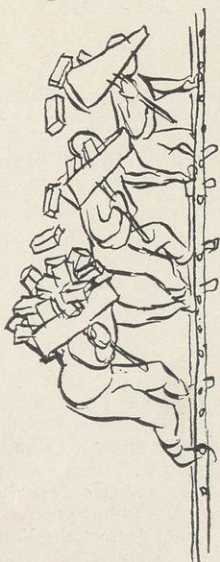
NEAR sundown the other day we disguised ourselves as workmen, by taking off our saddle-shoes, and, for your benefit, sneaked into the new wing of the Union when everyone was gone except the night-watchman and, we think, a few phantoms. We got into the building, which was boarded up at all doors and windows, by climbing a chalky ladder to the second-floor promenade. If it makes anybody happier, we ripped our pants on a spike sticking out from the last rung.

On the right side, facing Lake Mendota, we found a little passageway, the beams of which were padded with old blueprints. We followed the blueprints into the little experimental theater. It wasn't till we reached the center of the pint-sized auditorium that we realized the concrete floor was wettish.

We climbed up on the stage and looked back, but there were no footprints. Our Mr. Bob, in charge of notebooks, pencils, etc., teetered for a second on the edge of the stage and almost fell into the well, where magicians some day will disappear, but we grabbed him and said reassuringly, "It's not so deep as a Dorothy Parker well." His face was green, as he murmured, "It's deep as an *H. G. Well*."

Dragging him along past yards of pipes, hollow tan bricks, chunks of plaster, saw-horses and planks, we descended to the basement. Pipe crossings stretched up to the ceiling; we figured we were below the main auditorium. We went through two doors and came out in a tremendous rectangle that seemed about the size of South Hall, with all floors and rooms out.

And there, in a dark corner, was a winding staircase that whirled up and up and up, almost out of sight. Suddenly we thought we saw our first phantom. He flew up the stairway, swirling a cape about him. He had a face like the Phantom



of the Opera. It was when Bob said, "*S. S. Van Dine wrote this new wing*," that we saw him.

Undaunted, we climbed up the winding iron stairs that led to the fly-gallery—for this was the stage of the big theater. The area seemed to get bigger and bigger as we went up. There were no railings along the occasional platforms. By the time we reached the top, about a mile up, Bob was trembling. He made *us* nervous.

We climbed out on the slim metal slats that formed a grid over the top of the big box and walked along, stretching our legs over gaps that looked a rod wide where there was a dead drop to the floor. It was worse than a Harold Lloyd picture.

And then we were out on the roof, looking across a Madison that seemed like a forest from that height, with just a few houses sticking up above the elms. Back across the metal slats, down the long, long stairway to the floor, past the pebbly-wire wall in the main auditorium (that looked beautiful even in plaster, tin, and steel), across workmen's boards, through doors and then—we were trapped. There was no way out.

"Where the devil did that door go?" Bob whispered. It was lost somewhere behind a web of powdery boards. There were footprints, and the phantoms were after us. We climbed up, and leaped down out of a window. We ran along the promenade, but someone was coming the other way. We found a door, ducked into a little blind chamber that the architect had evidently forgotten—and waited. No more steps. We stole out, peeked around corners, and climbed down our ladder to the yellow mud.

The new wing is very nice; we think you're going to like it. That's all we know, and, darn it, you won't get another word out of us on the subject. We'll probably be haunted, as it is.

False Confessions

Last week one of the University's lady professors, reading an article to her class, came to the sentence: "I am a Virginian." She slipped, and it came out, "I am a virgin."

As though that weren't enough, she tried to correct it. "Oh, no, I don't mean *that*," she said. The class knew what she meant.

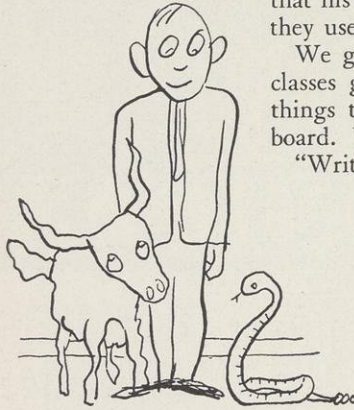
We Survey Freshman English

After three years it's hard to remember much of freshman English class except a few fragments of Proust and Walter

Pater. Our instructor used to read us bits from the New Yorker, and we wrote an autobiography which we called "Tahiti Holiday." (The instructor read *that* in class, too.) We still see the teacher around. We had a coke with him in the rathskeller the other day. He doesn't read the New Yorker to his classes any more. And he seems to doubt that his classes are so much fun as they used to be when.

We get a good idea of English classes generally from the sort of things that get left on the blackboard. We liked this one:

"Write a theme (200 words). Realistic description. Attempt to reproduce horror, fear, terror, physical revulsion, or pity. Suggested topics: 1) a corpse, 2) in the ambulance, 3) in the dissecting room, 4) co-eds, 5) the stockyards, 6) the city dump,



7) waterfront scene, 8) trenches after the battle." We'll take number four.

A second item shows the sort of things they talk about now in freshman English classes:

"Friday Theme

"1) You have a date. The date calls to report he (she) is sick. You go to Hollywood with another date and discover the supposed invalid there.

"2) A dude goes hunting for big game. He sees a brown animal in the bushes, fires, and kills Farmer Jones' cow.

"3) A student picks up an attractive number (men or women) at a public dance, gives him a line, later discovers that the person knew all about him.

"4) You go home at night and find a corpse (man or woman) in your room. You call the police. Before they come the corpse comes to life and starts yelling."

Aside from the problems involved in changing the "he's" to "she's" to suit one's need, we find these theme suggestions quite inspiring. We are glad to see that at last a substitute has been found for the standard "How to Build a Bird House."

And the examinations seem just as modern. The class took a glimpse at some of the Bible. And came the mid-semester:

"1) Take A) or B):

"A) Discuss the authorship of the Book of Genesis.

"B) King Solomon attempts to persuade a Wisconsin co-ed to enter the royal harem. Write the king's speech."

All right, but keep it clean.

Boring from Within

Some evening as you strut along the lower campus, take your eyes off the firmament and gaze into the skies; specifically, at the flag pole in back of the Library. It was pitch dark out, around 8:30 o'clock, when we looked up there and were astounded to see the United States American Flag still there!

Now, calmly, let us find out who the culprit is and bring him to the realization that the Flag, subh, must be cared for more tenderly. We'll venture that the janitor, or whoever it is who should handle the matter, is (a) an alien, (b) a blasphemous socialist, and (c) should be sent back where he came from.

Hmmm, we'll bet he doesn't even know the words to "Varsity."

Fashion Note Bene

Lad, if you don't want to chance being run out of the Historical Library stacks on an etiquette book, then don't even come near the place in shirt and suspenders. It's a tradition that has been inherited from "libraries in the east" and has been in the library ever since it was erected. On the other hand, girls can wear suspenders till the cows come home and the librarians won't say a word. Evidently, only man is vile.



All rules are off where the University Library is concerned, and presumably you could go into their stacks wrapped only in thought—if you happened to live that way.

We got a glimpse of the shape of things to come, however, when we asked what would happen if a girl tried to enter the stacks clad only in shorts and a halter. "I—I can't say what would happen," replied the librarian, and then, full of years of Historical Library tradition, she added,

"but that question has never come up."

Tout Fini

We have mentioned before the commentaries penned by students in the margins of books. Some scrawls have been funny, some silly, others undecipherable. But we saw one the other day that gave us a lump in the throat, made our eyes watery, and tugged at our bosom. It came at the end

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Madison, Wisconsin

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of *Elements of Geography*, by Wisconsin's Professors Finch and Trewartha. In this book there are exactly 999 numbered paragraphs, and after the last one, number 999, came this tragic epistle, scribbled in a shaky hand:

"1000. The authors of this otherwise prodigious volume have failed to come thru at this final point. So as not to leave the work unfinished I have taken it upon myself to add this 1000th paragraph. To further readers of this book I will hereby present to you the world, its climates, its geographical realms and its intolerable complexities, and hope you fare better with them than I did. I still don't know the difference between a mountain and a mole-hill.

Very sincerely yours
One who knows"

Our Mr. Tressler

Once upon a time there was an editor of the *Octopus* named Irving D. Tressler. In December, 1927, Mr. Tressler wrote a piece called "Sherwood Anderson Buys Some Pickled Herring," that was to appear in the slowly-dying *Wisconsin Literary Magazine*. In fact, it did appear, and was torn out of the magazine; a scary blue CENSORED BY THE DEAN OF MEN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN was stamped on what was left of the top of the page. This almost killed poor Mr. Tressler, who was then 79 years old, according to a little book he sent us this week. It's his new ripost, "With Malice Toward All."

"Irving D. Tressler," a foreword says, "knows little about his ancestry aside from the fact that his father told him he sprang from a bus. He is now well over 90 years of age and getting more childish with each decade that passes. . . . In 1890 Mr. Tressler took a B.A. at the University of Wisconsin and in 1932 he took an ash tray from the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, but insists he has never done anything with either of them."

In the new book, old Tressler points out that Americans seem even funnier than the English — "all Greek restaurant cooks wear hip boots and bathe only at the point of a gun"; "Miami Beach is completely surrounded by yachts and stomachs"; and there are sharecropper "men and boys, with the horses so boney they look like stuffed x-ray negatives."

We think it's a nice book, and we *ain't* prejudiced.

What's the Name?

Ever heard of Nikolai Lenin? Chances are one in three that you have not, if you're a sophomore. Maxine Sullivan? We'd bet even money against your knowing her. Same odds on William Jennings Bryan. And we wouldn't even be too sure you'd get J. P. Morgan.

Besides proving that, of 258 Wisconsin students questioned, 43.6 per cent were Republicans, a questionnaire

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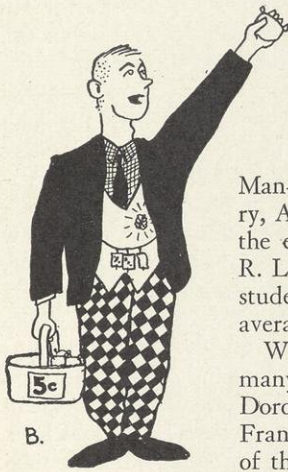


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given to English 2b classes showed that they not only did not know *how* the other half lived, but *who* the other half were. Tom Amlie may be called a red on the front pages of all the newspapers in the country, but 135 of the 258 sophomores in his own state could not place him. And 132 had never heard of Wisconsin's



B.

Man-with-the-Pipe, John Steuart Curry, Artist in Residence. The name of the editor of *Time* and *Life*, Henry R. Luce, was recognized by only five students. Of 40 names listed, the average sophomore knew only half.

What went wrong? How could so many university students fail to place Dorothy Thompson, Wallie Simpson, Frances Perkins, Eduard Benes? One of the instructors showed us some of the papers. Many had just long lines

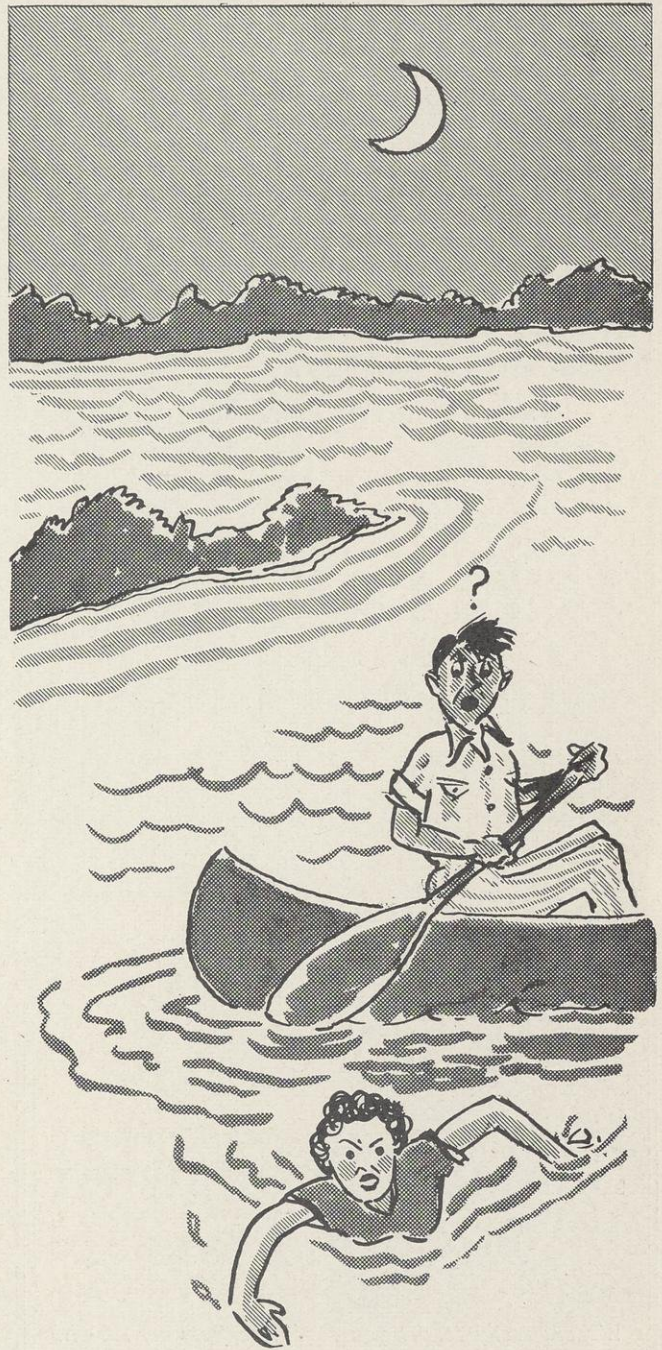
of blanks, but there were some juicy boners. For instance, Col. House, President Wilson's ambassador without portfolio, was mistaken for President Roosevelt's former secretary, Col. Howe, and even for the Chicago *Tribune's* Col. McCormick.

But some errors were harder to chase down. Why should Wallis Simpson be taken for a banker? Or Clarence Darrow for a famous author and newspaper columnist? As a matter of fact, some wiseguys called everyone on the list including John Steuart Curry an author, probably believing that at some time, no matter what his business, each had written *something*. And poor Stuart Chase was made a writer of fiction. We'd like to see him called that to his face.

Pearl Buck came out an author all right, but in several instances it seemed that she wrote about the explorations of her "husband," Frank Buck. Eduard Benes was once president of France. Lenin was one of Hitler's aides. Kurt Schuschnig was taken for 1) one of Hitler's right-hand-men, 2) a Nazi leader, 3) Chief of the Sudeten Germans, and 4) former president of Argentina.

Oh, well. We'll make believe we never found out.

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***My Bed as a Boy Scout
And How It Grew***

EVER since I was a little shaver I had considered my bed as merely something to be crawled into, squirmed around upon for eight or nine hours, and then crawled out of. I would have patted you sympathetically on the back and handed you a couple of aspirins had you told me that a bed could have a personality. But listen, stranger, just listen.

On the desk next to my bed is a boy scout manual which my kid brother left a couple of months ago on a visit. I hold this to be the key to the whole situation.

It all began when I hopped out of bed one morning. (You all understand that by "hopped" I mean I opened my eyes an hour late, got a foot-wide run in my pajamas as I struggled into a semi-sitting position, and stumbled over the darn alarm clock as I tried to reach the other side of the room.) Just by accident I looked back at my bed and, of all things, instead of the sheets being in the familiar wad, they were tied in a trim square knot. I examined the knot and found that my brother couldn't have done better himself. Uncanny though it was, I had to scoot for class and promptly forgot about it all.

The next morning I noticed that the sheets were in a knot again: this time in two half-hitches, well executed, and with a little flair. I was interested but a little annoyed. "Listen, old man," I said to my bed, "if I sew a couple of merit badges on you will you call it quits?"

When I came back from my afternoon classes I found that the legs had mysteriously come off one side of the bed and that it was now in the shape of a perfect lean-to. Around in front a little fire of old cigarettes was burning briskly. It looked like a typical campfire scene.

"By ginger, girl," I thought to myself, "you're in this now and you might as well play the game." So I put on a plaid shirt and strapped a hatchet around my waist. I started to learn a scout creed: "A co-ed is Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, and so on." And through it all my bed behaved like a brother.

My new camp routine started promptly at six in the morning. If I had slept on the bed the night before it would collapse; if I had slept under it *a la* lean-to it would fall on top of me. In either case I got up at six. Then I'd throw a couple of cigarettes on the fire and put the coffee on to boil. A quick dip in the showers would give me an appetite for breakfast, and afterwards we would try some scout pastime in which we both could indulge such as tumbling, bed-post whittling, or fire-by-friction.

When classes were over in the afternoon, I'd work out for about an hour on semaphore using pillowslips for flags and then get supper. After supper, I'd sing songs before the campfire, strumming the melody on the bed-springs and finishing the day with a rousing chorus of "A Long Long Trail."

Well, that's the life I lead now, and I'm round-cheeked as a tomato soup ad. I realize, however, that the simple life wouldn't appeal to everyone; so if you want to guard against it keep an eye open for the first signs, and if you notice that your bedsheet is in a trig square knot some morning, then be prepared at any moment to have a visit from the Beaver Patrol.

—ELIZABETH LOUNSBURY

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ELEPHANTS are large mammals. Most elephants are found in Africa and Asia. Some live alone and aren't found. These are the ones which are evicted from the herds and get sore. They keep thinking about how bad they've been treated and after awhile they turn into rogues. Some of them turn into an old jungle path and go far away.

Elephants can't see very well in the daytime or at night. They have a very well developed sense of smell, though. When the wind blows right, they can smell a hunter five miles away. Hunters take this into account and try to approach from the other side or take a bath. Elephants walk most of the time; there aren't many cars or trains in Africa.

Most elephant tusks weigh about three hundred pounds, but sometimes they find large ones. They are very valuable because, like piano keys, billiard balls, and loaded dice, they are made of genuine ivory. The tusks are really large teeth. Elephants have few other teeth, especially if they are very old. They are called molars because they are so big.

ELEPHANTS in India often charge tigers, if their credit is good. In America, we have elephants in zoos, in circuses, and in the movies. They are different kinds though. The zoo elephants eat peanuts. The circus elephants eat hay and drink a lot of water. The movie elephants always go around in big bunches and trample on African villages with their big feet.

In India there are some elephants which are considered sacred because they are white.

An elephant never forgets.

—R. P.

My boy, beware of the baby stare
Because if it's a bluff
She knows too much and if it's not
She doesn't know enough.

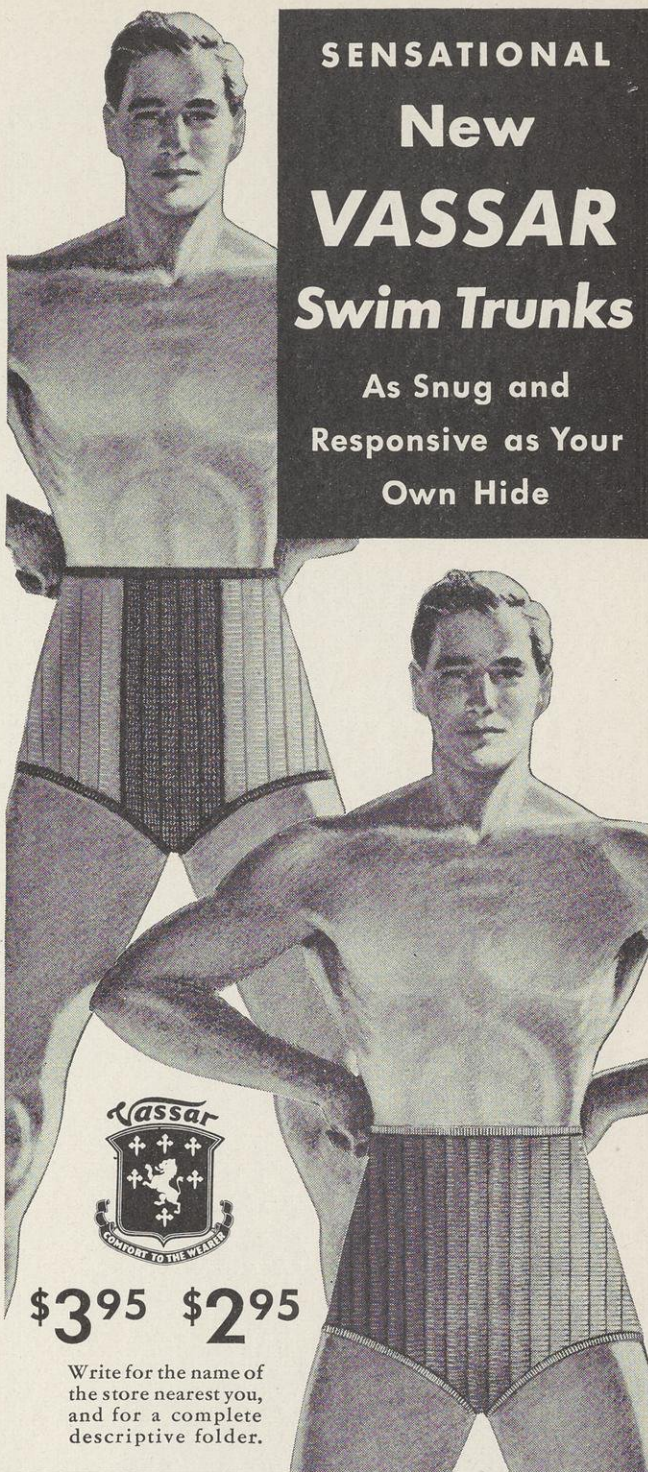
—Tiger

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“**I**N A TUB of slime,” said the harridan,
“Is a gorgon’s head with a jaw of lead
And three legs cut off a caliban
And the peeled forehead of our dear Japan.”

“That’s good to eat,” the baboon said,
As he gulped a stone with a German moan
And watched his eyes turn bloody red
And glow the shade of a monkey dead.

“And, oh, to be in England, too!”
Wailed the black eyesore, and shut the door,
And tumbled, and grumbled a humbled “Boo!”
While the gilded cage became a pew
For a flappydoo and a wand’ring Jew.

Then the harridan, and the caliban,
And the flappydoo and the wand’ring Jew
And the monkey dead with the rolling head
Boiled and bubbled, toiled and troubled,
Till a speaker rose, and said, “You see
The facts above are one, two, three
Why there should be an excellent reason
In this delightful hunting season
With a three-fold axis
And higher taxes
To go to war.
We go to war.
Oh, do not fear;
The logic’s clear.
And God is ours.

They bubbled out of the oily pot.
And Satan roared, “What fun I’ve got.”

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Advice to the Not-So-Lovelorn

*With a reassuring touch
 Sit and hold my hand,
 Listen while I talk too much
 And say you understand,
 And I'll remember incidents
 That I should best ignore
 And make my vows of penitence
 And swear to sin no more.*

*Then tell me I'm a fool to care
 What other fools may think
 That I can drown the worst despair
 In any ten cent drink.
 Brush all my little fears away
 As silly, stupid stuff—
 Tomorrow morning I shall say,
 "His line was good enough!"*

—H. A. L.

Stoodent: Let's cut classes and take in a movie.
 Second Stooqe: Can't do it, old man, I need the sleep.
 —O'Gosh

"Do you neck with the lights on or off?"
 "Yes."
 —Brainshackled

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bellboy. "I ain't going to pay my good money for a pig-sty with a measly little folding bed in it," she exclaimed. "If you think that just because I'm from the country—"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short: "Get in, mum, get in. This ain't your room. This is the elevator."
 —Popcorn

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the professor as he erased the board.
 —Panther

"I'll give you a kiss if you'll take me for a ride in your new car."
 "That's fare enough."
 —Pink Lady

C.W. ANDERES CO.

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Tops the Summer Wardrobe



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Palm Beach Suits \$15.50

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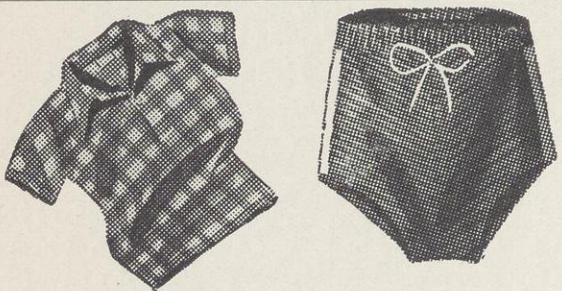
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BOOKS

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Student Book Exchange
 Near the Lower Campus

Former: Dick, old man, can you let
 me have five . . .
 Latter: No . . .
 Former: . . . minutes of your time?
 Latter: . . . trouble at all, old scout.
 —Pelican

•

How does Caroline kiss?
 Did you ever play a tuba?
 —Kangaroo

•

Professor—Young man, how many
 times have I told you to get to this
 class on time!
 Student—I don't know, I thought
 you were keeping score.
 —Penn Reactionary



**PRINCE ALBERT'S
 NO-RISK OFFER
 SAYS: 'MELLOWEST,
 TASTIEST.' AND,
 MAN, I SOON SAID
 THE SAME—
 AND HOW!**

YOU CAN'T LOSE

on Prince Albert's fair-and-square
 guarantee (lower left). Either P. A.'s
 choice tobaccos put you next to
 princely smoking or back comes
 every cent you paid—and *no quib-
 bling!* Prince Albert's special
 "crimp cut" tamps down easy and
 burns slower for longer sessions of
 rich, tasty smoking. Mild? You said
 it! P. A. smokes cool, so mellow be-
 cause it's "no-bite" treated. There's
 no other tobacco like Prince Albert,
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**STEP RIGHT UP. HERE'S
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 Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince
 Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest,
 tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked,
 return the pocket tin with the rest of
 the tobacco in it to us at any time within
 a month from this date, and we will re-
 fund full purchase price, plus postage.
 (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
 Winston-Salem, North Carolina

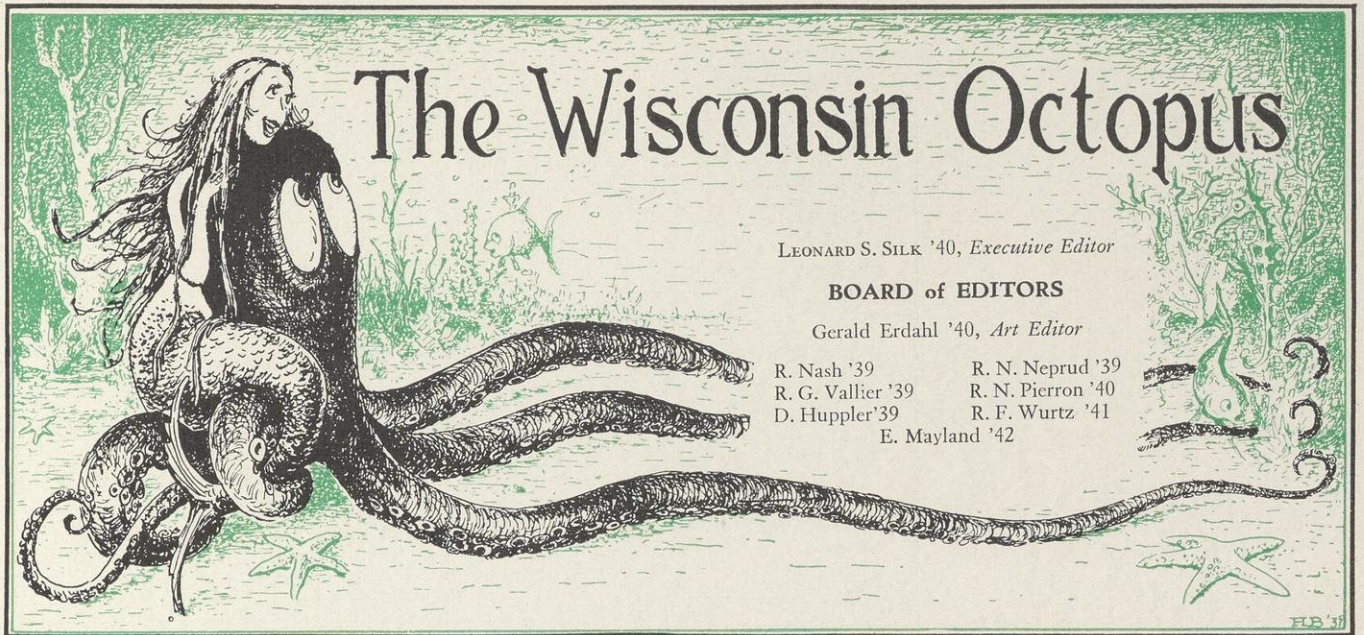
**PRINCE
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 THE NATIONAL
 JOY SMOKE



**SO
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50

pipefuls of fragrant to-
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 tin of Prince Albert



The Wisconsin Octopus

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Volume XX

MAY, 1939

Number 9

On Second Thought



It makes us very happy to see that Parents' Weekend is once more with us. We wish to go on record as being definitely in favor of parents.

A junior American Newspaper Guild is being organized here for student journalists. We'll join if they'll let us throw half a brick through the windows of that sweat-and-fink shop down the hall.

There are all kinds of theories about what is happening now in Europe. We like best the one that says a wind blew in while Hitler was reading, and lost his place in *Mein Kampf*.

The New York Board of Education is being urged to drive out all teachers not standing for 100 per cent Americanism. It's going to be hard on those instructors who have long acted on the assumption that 70 was passing.

Many have charged that the *Daily Cardinal* was merely seeking publicity by rushing into meaningless conferences with Governor Heil over the university budget cut. The *Cardinal* would put out a seven-star final and raise its price a nickel if it learned Domsday were here.

There is reason to believe that Hitler has lost his confidence in the Nazi party. Last week he declared, "I place no faith in the words of those who are warmongers and agitators."

It seems silly for the city to be spending thousands of dollars for tearing up State Street. The engineers and the lawyers would gladly have done it for nothing.

Hitler continues to clamor for colonies. Any day now the Nazi press will proclaim the Ubangis and Zulus are pure Aryans, begging for *anschluss*.

"Snow White" has grossed more in fifteen months than any motion picture ever released. Personally, we thought White's acting rather immature . . . and as for the Seven Dwarfs, why, we'll take the three Marx brothers, and spot you four any day.



"Gee, if they raise fees, we'll have to sell the truck."

All of this goldfish swallowing has at least one good result. Mankind is finally evening up the score of Jonah and the whale.

Final examinations are just around the corner. Wouldn't it be wonderful if former President Hoover should come out with that statement?

At least we know where *Russia* stands in the present foreign set-up. Ivan M. Maisky made everything clear by saying, "We are going to assist Europe in case of aggression."

Senator Hattie Caraway recently reported that one of her constituents has urged her to take up a collection in Congress for a set of false teeth. It would be easier there to pick up a few false tongues.

In Boston, Cardinal O'Connell declared, "A clever psychologist of the day has said that you can tell the quality of a woman's brain by the kind of hat that covers it." Have you noticed the growing vogue among co-eds for bareheadedness?

Six Wisconsin Republican Congressmen are favoring the establishment of concentration camps in the United States. And if aliens don't like our concentration camps, they can go back to the ones they came from.

Remembering Mr. Jones



IT IS one of the misfortunes of the present day economic system, so-called, that there is no place for sentiment in business. If a corporation is going under, why heave to and let her sink unless there's a chance of snatching a couple of plums as she goes down. It is not the purpose of this story, however, to give in to a general crying over milked corporations, but to give a specific example, one which presents not merely a corporate history, but one which embodies the story of the American people, their hardships, successes, and their final decline. In short, I present: Mr. Jones.

* * *

We children sat uncomfortably at our new large desks, our eyes clinging to Miss Lounsbury, the blond and glorious third grade teacher, our hands clutching Poston's "Arithmetic Lessons For Little People" and our feet aimlessly stretching for the floor. Miss Lounsbury took roll, and then announced in a voice as wonderful as that autumn day, "Children, our arithmetic lesson for today is on page five. I'll read the first problem to you and I want you all to have the answer. 'Mr. Jones, a bright young man, is starting in business. If he spends five thousand dollars for a store, two thousand for stock and one for fixtures, how much did he spend all together?'"

That was my first introduction to Mr. Jones. That his business prospered, I had no doubt, since in question five we learned that he "made a profit of sixty dollars a week but engaged a clerk at ten. What was his net profit?" And he was kind, too. Take that clerk, for instance. We learned during the Tuesday reading hour that a boy named Leonard sold papers all day long in order to buy bread crusts for the family. One day Mr. Jones, a storekeeper, gave the boy too much change for a paper. Whereupon the boy raced after Mr. Jones, gave him the right change, and, heavens to Betsy, got a clerk's job in Jones' store.

For the next six years we continued to get flashes of the progress of the firm. The business never faltered in those early years, though at times the going was rough. On the final exam in fifth grade a lady came into the store of Jones and company and wanted $7\frac{3}{5}$ pounds of flour which was selling at 11 cents a pound. What change

should she get from a dollar bill? As a matter of fact my father was running a grocery store at the time and on the previous day a lady had come in and asked for a pound and a half of flour. Dad carried flour only in fifty pound sacks and told her so, and when she made a fuss about it, he told her to get the hell out of the store, and take her trade somewhere else. I put that down on the paper, but managed to pass after dad told the principal that was the way he did business.

The next year Jones and company issued stock, taking for themselves the name of the XYZ Corporation (6%, common), and it seemed they were entering upon a new plateau. In seventh grade, they made a profit of a hundred thousand dollars on one transaction and, in eighth, another hundred.

In high school, although we missed the social side of the business, we were

still able to keep up with them financially. Competition was fiercer than at any other time since fifth grade, and prices fell as the pages whizzed by, but through it all the XYZ Corporation paid its dividends. For instance, if the ABC corporation paid out to Smith, the principle stock holder, five times as much as Jones of the XYZ Corporation, who only owns twenty-five percent of that stock, what is the capitalization of ABC, if both pay 6%? Which would be the more profitable investment? (It was ABC.) Which the safer? (XYZ!) That was XYZ for you, neat but not gaudy!

THEN, in Freshman Comp in college, we got a glimpse of what was to come. Jones' letters were hopelessly outmoded; "Honored Madams," "Yr. ob'n't servant's," written in a gentlemanly hand and beautifully phrased, went out of the picture, carried away in the tumbril of a 2:30 MWF. In their



"Mrs. Dykstra says it looks like rain and we should run up to Bascom Hall and close the windows."

places we wrote "Sirs" or "Hope to contact you Tuesday."

In Econ. I we saw things clearly for the first time. Advances such as Technological Improvements had been made in the field, but Jones who had always done things his way, by God, wasn't to be swayed. We saw as the course progressed the terrible effects of following Unsound Economic Practices, the inexorableness of Supply and Demand, and the horrible Fate of the Marginal Producer. Jones probably could have got the Corporation out of the clutches of the first two, by following Sound Economic Practices, and admitting Supply and Demand. But he couldn't get off the margin. In the Rent of Land especially we could see all too well what was happening. There was a little diagram showing rectangles of various heights and a line drawn through them all. The XYZ Corporation was right on the line.

It was the time for a crisis. What would happen? Would the bottom drop out of the market? Or the Extensive Margin have to be pulled in? Well, what actually happened was that the next year in Labor Problems a strike was pulled during a quiz section.

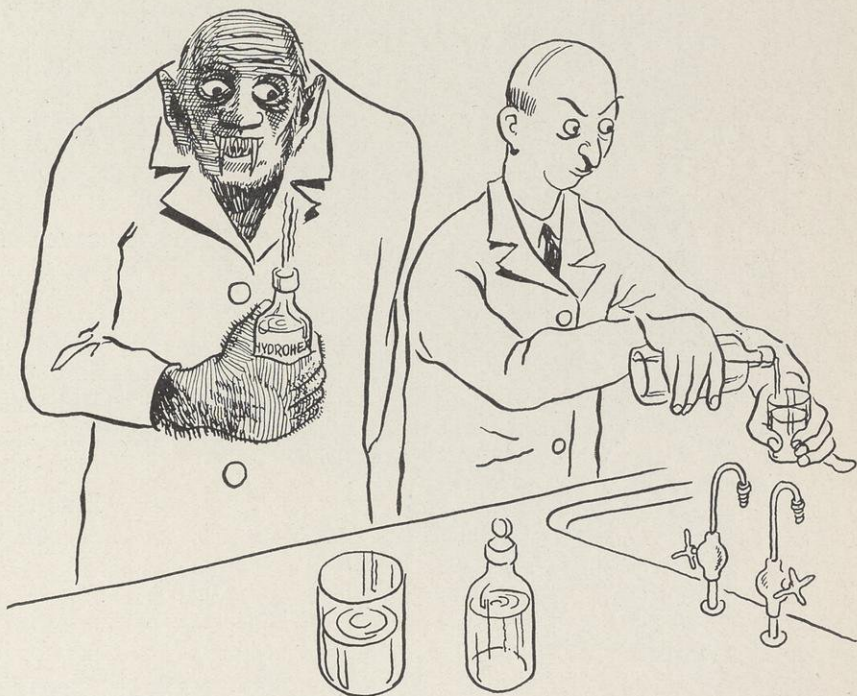
For the purpose of illustration there was craft, an industrial, and a company union. Jones, right in his own way of thinking, refused to meet the demands of any of the groups and pathetically held off for a semester. And then, suddenly, it was all over.

We noticed it first in Statistics. For one week we thought there might be a chance but the next exercise was the The Elimination Of the Seasonal Pattern; when we took that out the XYZ Corporation tottered and, as we extrapolated on the graph, it fell. A quick check in Business Accounting showed the firm almost totally insolvent—Jones must have kept the business going those last few semesters on sheer grit.

* * *

I AM GOING to reserve judgment on Jones, even though this causes a howl from my duty-laden friends, and I am going to mix business with sentiment, because, for every Multiple Trust that Jones set up in Taxation, I can remember a hundred problems that came out in whole numbers in fourth grade; for every phoney security in Business Ethics, I can show you ten long division problems of his that came out right the first time. Extrapolate these short brown hairs if you must, but Jones and I will go down fighting, together!

—R. NASH



WURTZ

"You don't look much like the photograph on your Yale transcript, Dr. Jeckyll."

And Sadly Teach

THERE'S the saddest, strangest story
Of a mite of a professor
Who was simply in his glory
When the lecture hour came.
With a neat elaboration
He harangued about the nation;
With his best gesticulation
He described Revere's wild ride.
His eyes would glow with fire,
With his larynx mounting higher—
You could almost hear the horse's
hooves
Thunder down the aisle.
Though he made his lectures glisten,
Not a soul was there to listen;
Though he lectured and he lectured
Not a person ever came.

One day as he stood talking
Through the doorway there came
walking
First one student, then another,
Until every seat was filled.
How the little man was thrilled!
He had never hoped for more;
Great tears rolled down his eyes
And fell upon the floor.
He blessed them every single one
And in a most disarming way
Dismissed the class and got three cheers
Upon that no-cut day.

—ANNE CALDWELL

Old Pal Bud

"WHO gave it to you, Betty?" Bud roared, "Who gave you the shiner?" Bud was always trying to get her sore that way, and me too, because she was my girl.

Betty said between set teeth, "Bud, will you shut up? People are looking." And people were looking. Everybody was staring at us and whispering.

Bud laughed again. He called over a waiter. Then, pointing at Betty's left eye with his forefinger, he said in a high voice, "Look, she's got a mouse, hasn't she? Look closer, closer—now, can you see it?" People at the other tables were craning forward to see whether Betty did have a black eye.

When the waiter left, Bud shouted triumphantly, "See, I told you she had a black eye."

People were starting to crowd around us. "There it is," Bud said to them, "right there. The left eye. Everybody look."

By then there was a crowd circling around, gaping at Betty's eye. She started to cry. I grabbed her by one arm and rushed her out of the place. Bud followed slowly at a distance.

"Hey, whassamatter?" he asked.

Next morning, Bud had a black eye.

—R. PIERRON

LOVE ON THE

It's L'Amour Le Merrier



FLY, youngsters, fly to the Road by the Lake,
 Where the voice of the turtle is heard;
 Haste, Badgers, haste—every poet and rake
 Knows that Love rides the song of a bird.
 So crawl on your knees
 With the buglets and fleas;
 Your libido awaits the good word.
 Fly, children, *please*,
 Like the birds, like the bees
 Or you won't find a place in the herd

WITH—

MORRISON DILL,
 Who mounted the hill
 For thirty-two weeks
 running straight.
 To sit at a table
 Next to Miss Mable,
 The chilliest Junior
 Phi Bete.



Now in the open
 He's hopin' to rope in
 Miss Mable despite
 her prim tone,
 By quoting from Heine
 And Shelley, and fina-
 lly chanting some verse of
 his own.

LYMAN J. BEAN
 Is playing a scene
 He saw at the movies last night
 But Marjorie Daw
 Saw it befaw
 And knows he's not doing it right.



LAKE ROAD

When Badgers Philander

BORIS BAZOTSKY
Danced the Kazotsky
When roses were blooming in Omsk,
But now Leon Trotsky
Is driving him notsky
And love is a thing for the dumpsk.



GUINEVIERE BONN,
A young Amazon,
Insists upon sheltering men;
Because she is sure
That *her* heart is pure,
Her passion's the passion
of ten.

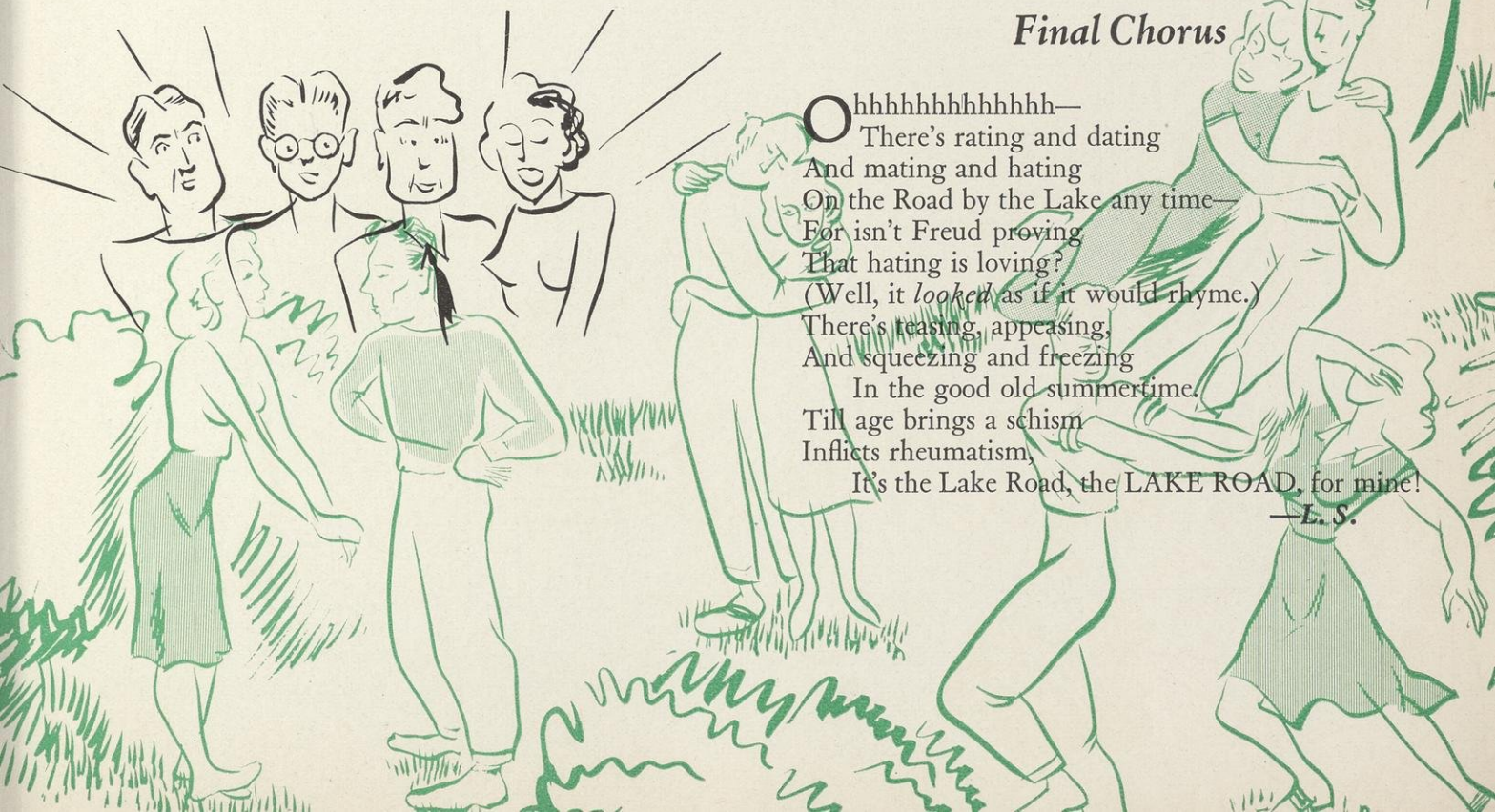


But Hemingway Hash,
A coy English flash,
Tortured by creative pains,
Cries, "Gwenny, my pet,
I fear you will get
My trousers all messed up
with stains."

Final Chorus

Ohhhhhhhhhhhh—
There's rating and dating
And mating and hating
On the Road by the Lake any time—
For isn't Freud proving
That hating is loving?
(Well, it *looked* as if it would rhyme.)
There's teasing, appeasing,
And squeezing and freezing
In the good old summertime.
Till age brings a schism
Inflicts rheumatism,
It's the Lake Road, the LAKE ROAD, for mine!

—L. S.



Elizabeth Helps Uncle Sam



UT, who *are* you? Why do you want me to come down to the lounge?" asked Elizabeth, moving around on her bed until she got the telephone adjusted to her ear. "I have a quiz in Comparative Anatomy tomorrow and I've just got past Noses," and she wiggled her nose to emphasize her point. "Strange men shouldn't call up young ladies demanding that they come down immediately without giving some reason — like a coke, or a roller-skating date."

"Miss Elizabeth," replied the Voice, "I can only say that it's for the service of your country!"

"My country!" gasped Elizabeth, "I'll be right down."

A half hour later she walked warily into the lounge and a tall dark figure rose sleepily from a sofa to meet her. "I'm afraid I'm a bit late," apologized Elizabeth, "but I had to press a skirt. You know how chatreuse is in the spring."

"Yes, I know well, but I'll talk with you later on that point. Right now I want to explain the purpose of my errand. You, Miss Elizabeth, have been chosen, by a purely random sample, to assist the government—if you so desire—as a *spy*."

"Oh, I do!"

"Well, then, the facts in the case are simple: Japan is building a new battleship and we want to find out the secret of it."

"Goodness, would I have to go to Japan?"

"No, that's the nice part of it. You can stay right here in Madison. You see, the cost of sending spies abroad is so great that Mr. Roosevelt signed a reciprocal trade treaty with Japan; they build their battleships here and we build ours over there. Both countries are satisfied and it saves us a lot of money."

"But don't the Republicans say anything?"

"The Republicans *always* say something; we don't let it bother us."

"Well, I'll go with you, but I've got to be back at twelve-thirty. And remember, no notoriety about this. I wouldn't want it to get into the Troubleshooter."

"Who reads the Troubleshooter anyway?" asked the Head Spy as they went outside and hailed a taxi.

"That's true too," murmured Elizabeth as they got into the cab. The shades, she noticed, were drawn . . .

AS THEY approached the ship yards, it was obvious that there was much going on. Searchlights swept the sky and Elizabeth was almost certain that she could distinguish little themes in the crashing symphony of noise that pounded on her ears. The cab drew up to a long, low building.

Inside, a little man in a Japanese officer's uniform was arguing with a couple of burly workman, but he was close to tears. American workmen were evidently much different from Japanese.

The little man broke off as the couple entered. "What do *you* want, please? Hasn't this miserable person trouble enough with a strike just being called, without people coming in to bother him?"

"Humble people just came in to listen to radio," said Elizabeth brightly.

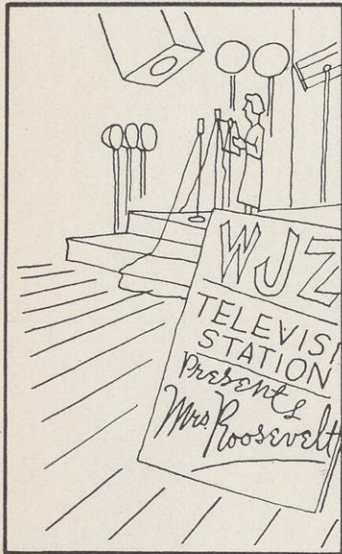
"Well, don't play it too loud—and lay off that Charlie Chan dialect," and he turned back to the men. "Boys, extremely necessary to keep production going, and also keep harmony among ourselves. Can't strike be settled peacefully?"

"Sure, if that fathead will only listen to reason," said the larger of the two men. "We Ladies' Garment Workers have established a precedent in producing shows, and if "Nuts and Bolts" is going to be put on at all, we're the ones to do it!"

"Listen, you dope, "Variety" gave you "Stix Nix's" in every show outside of New York. And besides you ought to see the swell routines our Shipbuilders Union has worked out."

"OK, wise guy, if you think your men are so good I'll go out and see what you've got. And we'll take Shorty here along to judge." And, tucking the little officer under his arm, the Shipbuilder strode out of the office with the other worker and the two spies following.

TIME was when unions were much narrower in their outlook upon life and "props" to them were something used to hold up the desk at headquarters. Now all is changed, and even a battleship cannot be built without at least one revue to its credit.



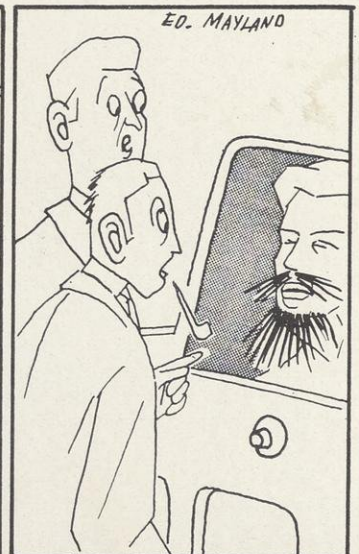
"My friends . . . as I speak to you this day, my heart . . ."



... And democracy, to live, must start at home, despite those groups . . ."



"Y'know, Sam, she's really tellin' 'em today . . . Eleanor's all right . . ."



"But there go those D.A.R. propagandists cutting in again!"

ED. MAYLAND



"That Bombay Construction Co. is beating us all hollow."

The little party threaded its way over beams and around cranes and finally came to the makeshift stage on "A" deck where two belligerent lines of workmen were drawn up facing one another. They wore slacks and rompers over their overalls as a little bow to theater tradition, and several were shuffling their tap-shoes.

The officer disengaged himself, straightened his sword, and hollered out the commands: "Companies, present arms! Present legs! Forward, DANCE!" The two lines went into a routine that would have been the envy of any chorine. Buck-and-wings, Eleanor Powell back-slips, and a final off-to-Buffalo that left the group breathless. And both sides were equally good. It looked as if there might be trouble.

Elizabeth suddenly became conscious of the Head Spy whispering in her ear:

"I'm going to run for it, so keep them interested for a couple of minutes to give me a head start. That officer saw me taking a couple of pictures and you know how allergic Japanese are to photographers," and with that he slipped back into the shadows.

"Why, you foolish men," exclaimed Elizabeth, as soon as she had finished jotting down some notes on the dance steps, "Instead of bickering over rights, why don't you simply amalgamate the two unions into, say, The Ladies' Shipbuilders Union. And you might even—goodness, it's twelve-twenty!—I've got to run!" And, stopping just long enough to make a last hurried sketch, she scampered off to where her companion was hiding. Miraculously, a taxi was passing, and they made it back to the house in less than ten minutes.

"Tell me," she asked as they stood outside, "what does the government want with dance routines?"

"Well, it's like this. I'm connected with the WPA and for the last three months the *Chicago Tribune* has been giving us "Stix Nix's" in all their reviews of our shows. So Mr. Roosevelt asked me to find out how the other half danced. With your help, Miss Elizabeth, I think the government can rest easily tonight. And I want to thank you in the name of the Secret Service."

"Why, you're welcome, sir, and tell Mr. Roosevelt I hope the next show gets a good review from the *Tribune*."

"Well, who reads the *Tribune* anyway?" asked the Head Spy.

"That's true too," murmured Elizabeth as she gave the man her hand.

—R. N.



"It serves Mr. Whelan right for putting that damn Termite Circus next door."

Poor Julius' Almanack for 1939

*Being Proverbs and Preachments, Suitable for Committing to Memory
—These Most Faithfully Set Down from the Publick Utterances
Of Your Friend and Ours, the Reticent Mr. Heil*



VEN when you call me governor at high noon, January 2, I will be the same plain, humble, poverty-stricken peasant boy you knew yesterday.

terday.

I won the hearts and souls of the people.

We'll have to talk over Waukesha [industrial school for delinquent boys]. I'm interested in that because I came pretty near going there once.

I wonder whether it is better for them to die of silicosis or from the draft [for minimizing silica dust] . . . Dr. Harper, I'm for your program, but, God bless your heart, I don't want to spend the money.

You know, I'd like to see the king and queen of one of the world's greatest democracies . . . and I might be able to get a word in edgewise about Wisconsin cheese.

In my mind are many thoughts.

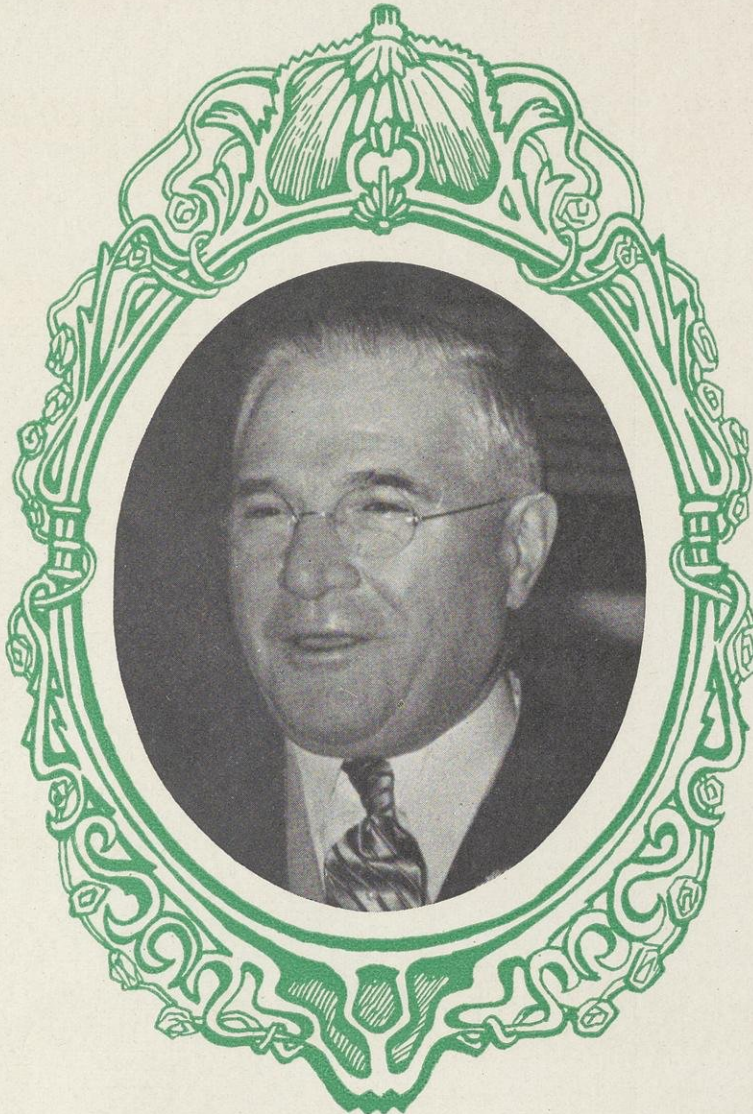
These kids that come here and make remarks . . . I'm going to have that young man brought before me and if he don't belong in the state of Wisconsin I'm going to kick him out. It only makes my blood boil, and when it comes to dishing out the funds for the university for keeping those lads on the campus, I won't be so free with it. And I hope this gets back to the university.

And if you want to be courteous to me, won't you, when you go to bed at night, just say a prayer for me, as I go

forth as a good Christian soldier to heal our wounds?

I'm not going to favor any special crowds above any other.

Our Governor



Julius P. Heil

Some teachers ain't loaded up and I'm going to get in on that before I'm through.

Wouldn't it be good not to talk about it [salary cutting] and let nature take its course?

Now, I don't need a pencil to find out they [President Dykstra and university officials] don't know what their talking about. They know I didn't go to school so they thought "We can fool that boy."

The Department of Commerce. That's the one I gave all the hell to, isn't it?

This [the capitol] is a building of beauty. It is an edifice.

I'm for the Irish, God bless them. They should have all the education they need.

If labor is not honorable, I'll make it honorable. And if we have industrialists who are not honorable, I'll talk it over with those boys.

I think our white father in Washington needs divine guidance. Won't you pray that our father in Washington will have his mind changed?

I am very friendly to the university. I want to see Wisconsin have the best university in America. Something is smouldering somewhere and I want to clean it up. I want to get rid of this cancerous growth or kill the patient.

I did labor the greatest service I could do when I signed that bill [the Catlin Bill barring "stranger" picketing].

Employees are depending on you industrialists for guidance. And you must be kind enough to be their fathers and help those in distress. There's a new era coming [for workers], dear folks.

We Woo the Muse



SPRING is here. Poets flourish in superabundance. They're here, they're there. The most prosaic soul suddenly finds himself inspired and attempts to put beauty into rhymed words. The grind takes time off from his econ to pen a few lines of poetry. All fine inspiration in the balmy air of spring and the fragrance of posies.

Our moronic roommate attempts a long, epic poem all about a girl called Nell and her downfall. He starts out strong—his meter and rhyme are perfect.

*"Ah, Spring has come, tra la, tra la,
And Nell is young and fool-
ish. And so, forgive her, dear Fa-
ther, and please cease to drool
So.*

*You see, our Nell is not to blame,
A snaky scoundrel de-
ceived her and basely he defam-
ed her, the villain P
S. The heel.*

*J. L. Blackstone he called himself,
Said she'd be Mrs. B. be.
She believed him. Now, then, eleph-
ants don't forget. But he
Did."*

By this time, our roommate feels a bit fagged. So he runs out and acquires for himself some inspiration and a new slant at a dime a glass. Then he sits down and continues:

*"She wanted a ring and a wed-
ding, but he betrayed her
And said, No, my sweet little head-
ache, dum de la, the ser-
pent.*

*The dirty snake, he did beat her
Hisssssssssssssssss
And he, humph, didn't have a per-
mit either. Hissss
Hallelujah."*

After this attempt he quietly started a sonnet on love and flowers.

Another lad sat next to us in Spanish class. With a far-away look and a half-smile on his face, he ignored translations and wrote in the back of his book:

*"It was not mere love,
But rather,
A vibrant meeting of twin souls,
Burning in one muted, silent flame,
Free of that conventional chrysalis*

Of prudish inconsideration."

Here he paused a moment, then glanced at his wristwatch, and hurriedly wrote the next line:

"But that ecstasy has fled forever—"

The boy was obviously stumped. He wracked his brain. The fellow sitting on the other side of him made suggestions. I made suggestions. But this lofty poet rejected them with a sweep of his hand. Then he scratched out the last line. Suddenly a gleam of inspiration shone in his eyes and he rewrote the last line and finished his poem as the bell rang:

*"But that ecstasy has fled forever,
So let's go out for a hamburger."*

IN A political science class we dropped behind a little with our note-taking. As we leaned over to glance at the notes of the girl sitting next to us, we read,

*"Municipal administration
Is a serious situation."*

That frightened us a bit. In fact, we were still dazed when we got on a bus at noon and stumbled. The driver frowned and admonished us:

*"Watch your step, please,
Or you'll surely skin your knees."*

There was no escaping them. Poets everywhere. They were driving us mad.

A bum stopped us on the street and entreated:

*"Say, mister, can you spare a dime,
For some coffee, though it doesn't
rhyme."*

That was the last straw, we decided. So we went out and bought half a dozen volumes of poetry. We read it out loud to ourselves and sigh deeply and significantly. We think it's going to keep us busy for a while.

*"We really think this poetry
Has done some awful things to we."
—R. P.*



*"Mein Fuehrer, Herr Roosevelt
hat zweihundert NEUNZEHN Minuten gesprochen!"*

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Fate

I AM the captain of my soul,
 The emperor of my fate;
 My destiny lies in my hands,
 The time and tide must wait.

*Who bars my way to high repute
 Will meet a mighty wrath;
 I'll fill the river beds with blood
 Of creatures in my path.*

*There's not a force I will not face;
 They cringe to hear my shout;
 That's why I cannot understand . . .
 The Dean . . . he flunked me out.*

—J. J. LA R.



A Fable



ONCE upon a time there was a Great State Legislator who heard that the only foreign languages offered at the Great State University were German, French, and Spanish. He was shocked. It deeply distressed him, he said, that at the Great State University, "so few founts of learning should be feeding the flame of knowledge." For like most state legislators, he was a renowned soldier; he spoke 27 languages, and enjoyed reading Confucius in the original Chinese.

He was not alone in his desire to have the Great State University offer additional languages. In the state population were 7,642 Esthonians and 12-96 Ruthenians, not to mention 359 Chinese laundrymen. These people were discontented. They were rioting in the streets. They were writing to newspapers. At nothing would they stop to achieve their altruistic purpose of conferring the beauties of their languages on the benighted university students. This was their unselfish desire; only this would appease them.

To prevent further outbreaks, the Great Legislator had his colleagues pass a bill requiring the university to offer these languages. Learned Ruthenian and Esthonian scholars were hired. To teach Chinese the renowned Professor Long was engaged (not the Dr. Long from Tientsin, but Professor Ho Lee Gad How Long from Peiping); and a special committee went to Africa, where they secured the noted Bantu scholar, Mgawdmon, from the University of Timbuktu. After he was properly secured, they shipped him back to the Great State University.

After this it would seem that the outraged nationalities should be satisfied. But they were not; for only three students enrolled for Esthonian, two for Ruthenian, and one for Chinese; and the noted African scholar spent two hours of each week teaching Bantu 1a to the rear wall.

Five years later, some one told the Renowned Legislator of this situation. When he reported it to the legislature, every member paled. They all knew that immediate and drastic measures had to be taken if the situation were to be saved. In the face of the awful magnitude of the crisis, a hush fell on their deliberations. The fateful session lasted through the entire night.

The first to awake in the morning

was the Renowned Legislator. He promptly announced to the sleeping figures around him: "Gentlemen, I have the solution! The seeds of knowledge shall resound again through the halls of our gr-r-reat University!" Thereupon he wrote out a bill, and awoke enough of his colleagues to pass it. This measure required that all university students with any grandparents of Esthonian, Ruthenian, Chinese, or African extraction had to major in these languages.

After this, the largest halls on the campus could hardly hold the new language classes. Engineering suffered; commerce got still worse. But the state nationalities were satisfied.

The very next year Yousef Zadonowicz Kiang Washington entered the

Great State University. He was composed of equal parts of Esthonian, Ruthenian, Chinese, and Negro. The dean did not know what to do, but finally made him major in all four of these languages.

THE luckless lad labored unceasingly. He carried 30 credits a semester. He walked between classes studying his books. He even pondered over them Saturday nights and Sunday mornings. But to no avail. Came mid-semester and his language grades all read F. He told the dean that Chinese and Bantu were rather troublesome, because Dr. Long lectured in Pidgin English, and the noted Bantu scholar spoke no English of any kind.

In desperation, the harassed student

went before the legislature. He pleaded for permission to drop languages; he said he had come to college to learn electrical engineering. Before he could finish, the Celebrated Legislator leaped to his feet in a rage. He leveled his finger at the student and aimed it carefully. "You, sirrah!" he roared, "are insulting the noble Esthonians all over our great state!"

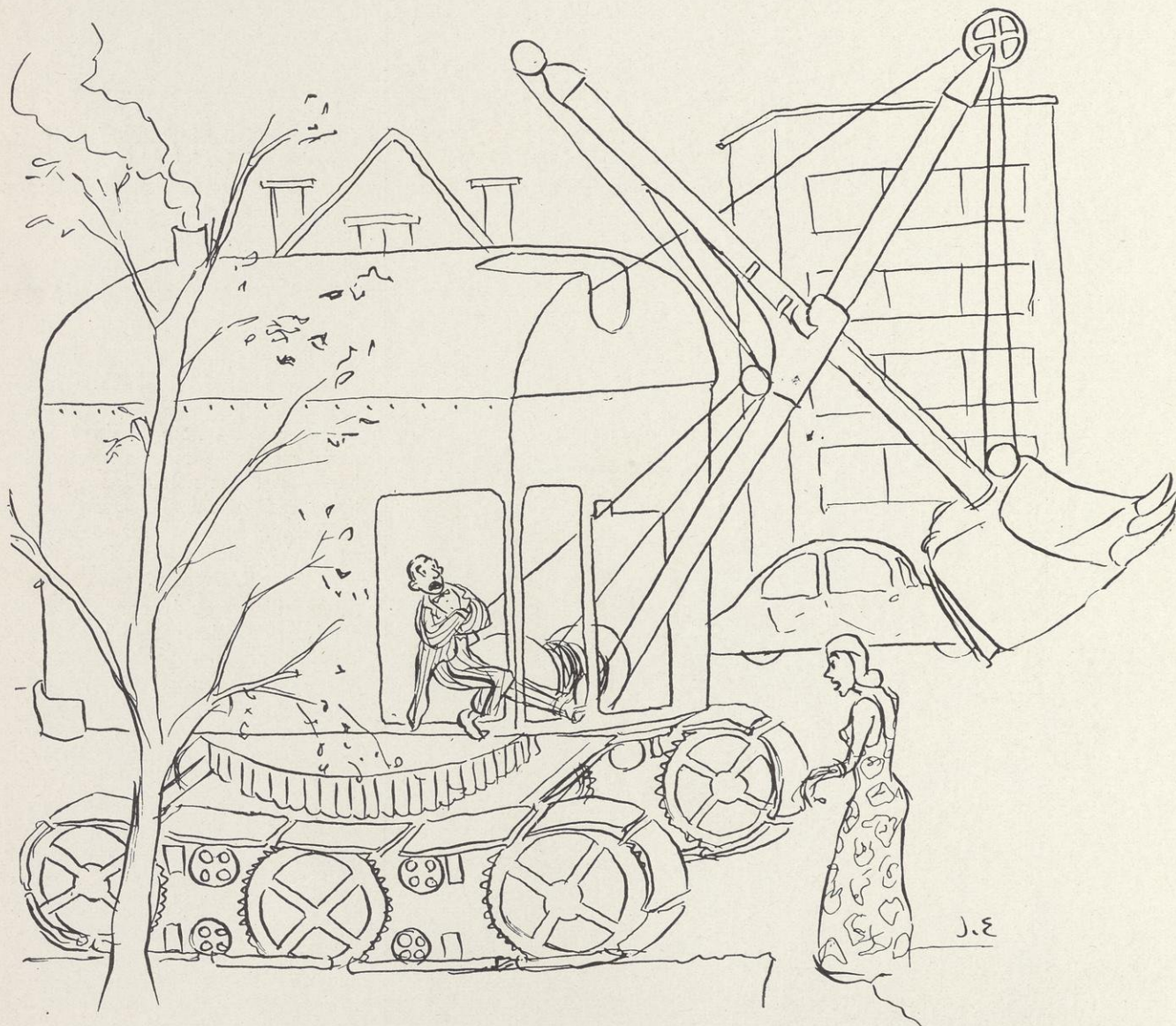
"And the Ruthenians!" another member howled.

"And the Chinese!" a third bellowed.

"And the Africans!" a fourth shrieked.

"Back to your books, if it kills you!" the Speaker snapped with finality.

—T. KRASEMAN



"But, darling, ANYBODY can go to Senior Ball in a Studebaker."

Try, Try

YOU FLUNKED your Spanish test, your folks didn't send you a letter with a check in it, your girl turned you down when you asked for a date, and your roommate refused point-blank to lend you three bucks. But don't let it get you down. Be cheerful and optimistic. Make yourself believe that tomorrow you'll pass your Spanish test, your folks will send you a check, your girl will be only too glad to go out with you, and your roommate will cheerfully give you that three bucks.

Then tomorrow, you flunk another Spanish test, you don't get a check, your girl still won't go out with you, and your roommate blackens your eye for bothering him about money. But don't let it get you down. Be cheerful and optimistic. Have a good, long laugh on yourself for kidding yourself into believing everything would be okay.

*Dark Room*

*Darkness upon our way,
Rustling of people like sprites,
Silhouette shadows of gray—
"What fool turned off the lights?"*
—J. G.

A. It is as follows: "The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and cuties. Help us to play the man.

—STATE JOURNAL

To hell with the concerns; we won't need any help with the others.

**GRASSHOPPER, CORN
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—STATE JOURNAL

They'll probably plan their crop destruction program.

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PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

NEW RADIO PROGRAM: Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," 10:30 EDST Tues. nights, NBC Red Network.

"If the People Would Only Read"---Marx

"You probably don't remember me," began the self-made man proudly, "but thirty years ago when I was a poor, humble boy you gave me a message to deliver."

"Yes, yes," cried the busy man. "Where's the answer?"

—Oshkosh O'Gosh

First Angler: "I caught a fish so big that my friends wouldn't let me pull it aboard for fear of swamping the boat."

Second Angler: "I quite believe you. I once had a similar experience on board the Queen Mary."

—Providence Journal

A violinist entered a little music shop in London.

"I want an E-string, if you please," he observed to the man behind the counter.

Nervously producing a box from behind the counter, the cockney said, "Would you mind pickin' one out for yourself? Y'know, I 'ardly can tell the 'e's from the she's."

—Drexel Drexard

The bride was very much concerned upon finding twin beds in the hotel room. When asked the matter, she replied:

"I certainly thought we would get a room to ourselves."

—Becky's Newcomer

"Do you smoke?"

"Why, yes."

"Have you an extra cigarette on you?"

—Alabama Moron

Two Irishmen had worked in a stone quarry for years. Murphy was careless in handling dynamite one day and his friend Kelly was given the job of carrying the sad news to his widow.

"Mrs. Murphy," said he, "isn't today when the fellow calls for the payment on your husband's life insurance?"

"It is," was the reply.

"Well, now, a word in your ear. Sure ye can snap your fingers at him today."

—La Vie Parisienne

Diner: Waiter, I came in yesterday for a steak.

Waiter: Yes, sir. Will you have the same today?

Diner: Well, I might as well, if no one else is using it.

—O'Gosh

Wife No. 999—Do you love me, your majesty?

King Solomon—I certainly do, my dear. Why, you are one in a thousand.

—Gargoyle

Mistress: "You know, I suspect my husband has a love affair with his stenographer."

Maid: "I don't believe it. You're just saying it to make me jealous."

—Beobachter



A soldier was having refreshments at one of the army canteens when a chum came up.

"Hullo, Tom," he said. "What have you got there, tea or coffee?"

Tom shook his head, "They didn't say," he replied.

—Kitty

"So you are knitting a vest? But surely that would be too small for anyone to wear."

"Yes, but that doesn't matter—it's only for charity!"

—Pitt Plagiaryzer

"Hey, what time is it by your watch?"

"Quarter to."

"Quarter to what?"

"I don't know—times got so bad I had to lay off one of the hands."

—Annapolis Log

According to the Records

The Classical

TO QUIBBLE OVER the similarity of Beethoven's "Symphony No. 1" to Mozart's "Jupiter" is so much flub-dub. That the No. 1 possesses a melodic style, harmonic sobriety and unique instrumentation (soft drums and an abundance of winds) is the chief consideration. Who gives a hoot in hell about the source of beauty; it's the ultimate effect that counts. The new *Victor* album, Toscanini conducted, is a magnificent creation. For filler, one of Brahms' greatest works, the "Tragic Overture," is included. *Victor*.

The crashing Haydn "Symphony No. 94" which you know as the "Surprise" is masterfully performed by the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, revealing a fresh spontaneity, a booming gayety. The "Surprise" belongs to that group of symphonies composed in London and shows the Mozart influence of introducing clarinets to the orchestration. This is a performance well played with competent mechanical effects. *Columbia*.

"Ah, Sweet Mystery . . ." etc. stuff by Victor Herbert comes just in time to carry us through the coming struggle with that book we intended to open in February. The music is nice for that Sunday afternoon "ummmmm," too. The *Victor* Salon Orchestra under a Mr. Shilkert does the honors. *Victor*.

The Liszt "Concerto No. 2 in A Major" has long been the virtuoso concerto *par excellence*. The performance done by the pianist Egon Petri assisted by the London Philharmonic Orch is done in no complacent, casual manner; rather it is an audacious bravura revealing a worthy style. *Columbia*.

The bombastic waxings of Wagner have been well made by the *Decca* people. We especially enjoyed the recording of excerpts from "Die Walkure" by the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Siegfried Wagner. Our spinner shivers under the Wagnerian boomings, but one can even enjoy a shiver, eh? *Decca*.

Outstanding contribution of the month is the Kreisler "Poupee Valsante" and "Chanson Indue" (which you may know as the "Song of India"—composed, we understand, by T. Dorsey with the collaboration of N. Rimsky Korsakov). A typical Kreisler triumph. *Victor*.

Charpentier's "Le Couronnement de la Muse du Peuple" has been put down by the *Decca* Wax Works under the baton of Gustave Charpentier himself, leading the Odeon Symphony Orchestra. We've never heard it played better. 'Tis truth. *Decca*.



We liked the "Fidelio Overture" to Beethoven's only opera, and the understanding shown by Felix Weingartner with the London Philharmonic is gratifying. *Columbia*.

For the piano, Anatole Kitain presents a group of choice selections, viz: Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" and "Etude Tableau in F Minor" and Scriabin's "Etude and Prelude." He places better than our sister Josie who took first place in the amateur show against the stiffest competition in Kenosha. So! That proves Kitain is good. *Columbia*.

The Popular

IT'S ALL SO NEW TO ME

Joan Crawford may be pretty, but as a songstress she steenk. Why *Victor* let her do this is beyond our conception. Her voice is cold rock when you can't see Joan. Her *I'm in Love With the Honorable Mr. So and So* would merit words best left politely as "so and so." *Victor*.
IF I DIDN'T CARE

Bob Crosby is in the best of health on this recording which also gives us his *At a Little Hot Dog Stand*. Buy it. *Decca*.

THE CHESTNUT TREE

Kemp's contribution this month is featured by the lovely novelty on the B side: *Three Little Fishies*. Pert, clever, and well-done, it is an excellent recording. *Victor*.

ARE THERE ANY MORE LIKE YOU AT HOME?

Happy Kay Kyser is first-rate here. His Harry Babbitt is one of the best tenor voices in the business. *I Want My Share of Love* is also a neat disc. *Brunswick*.

IN A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS

Dick Powell sings this with Harry Sosnik providing the orchestration. On the B side is *Mr. and Mrs. America*, an-

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other in a series of patriotic songs which don't quite hit a George M. Cohan standard. An ace recording however. *Decca.*

GLORIANNA

Herbie Kay, a perpetual favorite amongst college folk, is back with us in this and *It's All So New to Me*. There is dandy chorus work in *Glorianna*. One of the best records of the month. *Vocalion.*

IF YOU EVER CHANGE YOUR MIND

Ever hear of Artie Shaw? Well, he's the lad who's doing things this year. You'll go for his *You Grow Sweeter as the Years Go By*. *Bluebird.*

LOVE'S A NECESSARY THING

The rocking chair lady, mam Bailey, is all right here, but even better in *I Can Read Between the Lines*. Her orchestra sounds weak, but Mildred herself will put over the song. *Vocalion.*

AND THE ANGELS SING

Decca chalks up a hit with this Jan Savitt waxing. Jan takes good care of the swing while Bon Bon does the same with the lyrics. *Snug as a Bug in a Rug* is also tops. *Decca.*

AIN'T SHE SWEET

Lawrence Welk champagnes this record in fine style. We think it as good as it is ancient. *My Donnie Lee*, on the reverse, is so-so.

CHEW CHEW CHEW CHEW CHEW

The engine on this chu-chu belongs to Miss Ella Fitzgerald, and does it purr lovely! Wow! We think her singing with Chick Webb's playing is one of the finest things in recorded music. The B side has *It's Slumbertime Along the Swanee*. *Decca.*

IT HAD TO BE YOU

Reinhardt and Grappelly, those ever-hot gentlemen of swing, are in good shape here. You'll also get icky with *Tornerai*. *Decca.*

INDIAN SUMMER

A lovely album of Victor Herbert's masterpieces which includes *Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life*, *Sweethearts* (Bing Crosby), *Italian Street Song*, and the *Gypsy Love Song* merits the attention of Herbert admirers. We enjoyed it immensely. *Decca.*

OUT OF THE STARLIGHT

Comes Sammy Kayo and some swell music. You should enjoy Tommy Ryan singing *Rainbow Valley* and *We've Come a Long Way Together*. *Victor.*

Fashion Notes—for Majors In:

Education

Third grade little girls are going to be pop-eyed when they see their college sisters in the new little girl bathing suits. And there's a purpose to them too: a romper outfit will subdue the toughest lifeguard in about three minutes, while if you wear one of the saucy top-and-bottom suits you'll have to rescue *him*.

Medieval History

Jester's shoes are in for the season, and in case you missed that lecture, they go up into a definite curl. Don't let your minister see you wearing them and don't let your professor miss you.

Biology

Quizzes this year have stressed pearls in everything; you can even wear them on shirts! Hellers Certified Culture Pearls are recommended, and you can wear them, without qualms, with tweeds or hoop skirts. You can also wear them on a ring in your nose.

Art Education

Old masters are all right in their places but the important problem is what about a young miss? And more particularly, what about her hair? The facts in the case are: hair is down, thank goodness, and preferably worn short; and around the campus, lady, don't hide your hair under a *babushka* bushel. Wisconsin men don't like them, claiming that it gives them *oh-hum-itis* to which they are particularly allergic.

—E'BETH

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Like a Crutch

A famous Negro died down South and fellow Negroes from miles around came to pay their last respects to him. The melodious wailing that accompanied this ceremony attracted the attention of a passerby white man who could not resist the temptation to find out exactly what was going on. He was just about to enter the house of the deceased when he noticed a little colored boy posted right at the edge of the door. "Why don't you go inside?" the white man asked.

"Ah can't go inside," came the reply. "Ah is the crepe."
—*Eight-Ball*

There once was a young fellow named Breeze,
Who pulled in his M. A.'s and D. D.'s;
But so great was the strain
Said the doctor, "'Tis plain
You are killing yourself by degrees."

—*Florida Fishface*

"Some Burgundy, 1917, waiter, and some Chase & Sanborn, May 15."

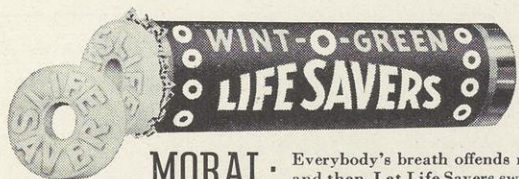
—*Purdue Pooh-Pooh*

Mr. Brotnyanski—"The milkman told me he made love to every dame on the route with the exception of one."

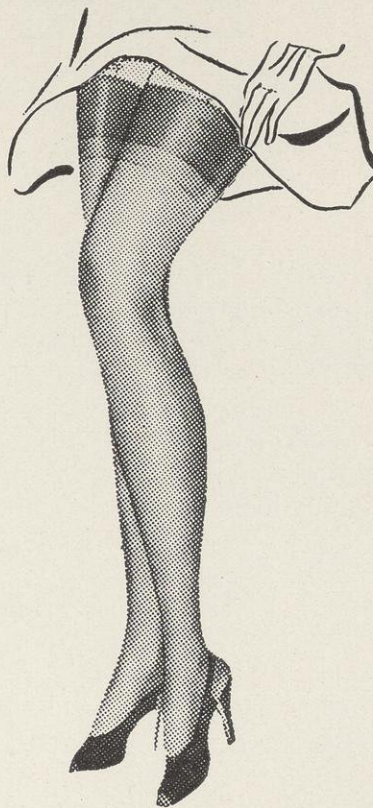
Mrs. Brotnyanski—"That must have been that snooty Mrs. Blotzevitch next door."
—*Phoenix*



At breath that's tainted with cheroots,
Fair maidens oft turn up their snoots.
Make sure *your* breath does not offend—
Try Wint-O-Green Life Savers. friend.



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



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LESS THAN 197 LEFT!

In The Editor's Brown Study

Comes a Revolution



HIS is going to be shop talk. Working on the *Octopus*, we naturally get its significance in the scheme of things all out of focus and sometimes imagine that until we speak, the Congress of the United States is powerless to act and, if we should miss an issue one month, the sun would never rise again. We realize, however, that you'd rather hear about something else than *us*, but, for our part, you can go take a running jump in the lake, and we do mean Mendota. We can have our own way just once, can't we?

You may have heard the rumor that there's a new staff putting out *Octopus*. Much as we enjoy spiking rumors, just on principle, we admit that this one is fairly true. Tom Hyland stretches a calloused hand from his Harvard grave, Mynie Gordon (known to his friends as The Fat Boy) still casts a healthy glow about the office and threatens to kick the new editor out of Myron's desk, Bob Nash continues to study his Public Utilities, prone on the copy-table, and peoples our rooms with his harem, while Homer Haswell, unashamed of the tears that are always rolling down his shirtfront, sings, "I'm Haswell the Hasbeen."

And so *Octopus* is still in the family. No one must needs fear. (We love that *must needs*. We learned it from our philosophy professor.)

If you don't mind our sniffing a little, we'd like to say that it really hurts to see these bright lamps going out all over the *Octopus* office. They've been swell people, and the sorrow of parting isn't sweet. Wherever they go, whatever they do, *Octopus* will leave a light burning in the window for them.

Strike Cymbal, Beat Drum!

Of course there are the *new* familiar faces—maybe we'll tell you about them some other time. We'd like to say just a word, though, about Ed Mayland, because he is hereby promoted to the Board of Editors. Ed's the first freshman in years to weigh down a Board swivel-chair, and, whether you think so or not, that's quite an honor. We're not even going to say that Ed "shows promise"; he doesn't bother showing promises. He works hard month by month and delivers. Hey, Gus, give the kid a chord!

And what about Octy itself next year? Well, you know about what to expect. We are going to try to give our artists a chance to swing out a bit more, with plenty of orchestral brass from the literary department. And we intend to keep our eyes open, if it takes all eight tentacles to hold the lids up. It's about time *somebody* took advantage of the scarcity of competition around here for getting you the news while it's news. Our *Campus Chronicle*, slightly remodeled in form, is ready for action.

We Bite the Hand

College magazines, especially those that should know better, have been dragging along, moon-eyed, behind the *New Yorker* long enough. Heaven's to Betsy, we don't want to smash the bottle that nourished us but, after all, the *New Yorker* is the *New Yorker*. The slavish imitation of it by most college funny-books is practically plagiarism—plagiarism of style, art-work, layout, departments, and all.

As the *New Yorker* is the *New Yorker*, so should a college magazine be a college magazine. A Patagonian bushman with a good scissor-finger could edit the better-than-average college humor magazine himself, if you put a copy of the *New Yorker* (and, in some worse cases, *Esquire*) in one hairy hand and a sheaf of syndicated college junk, circulated by New York

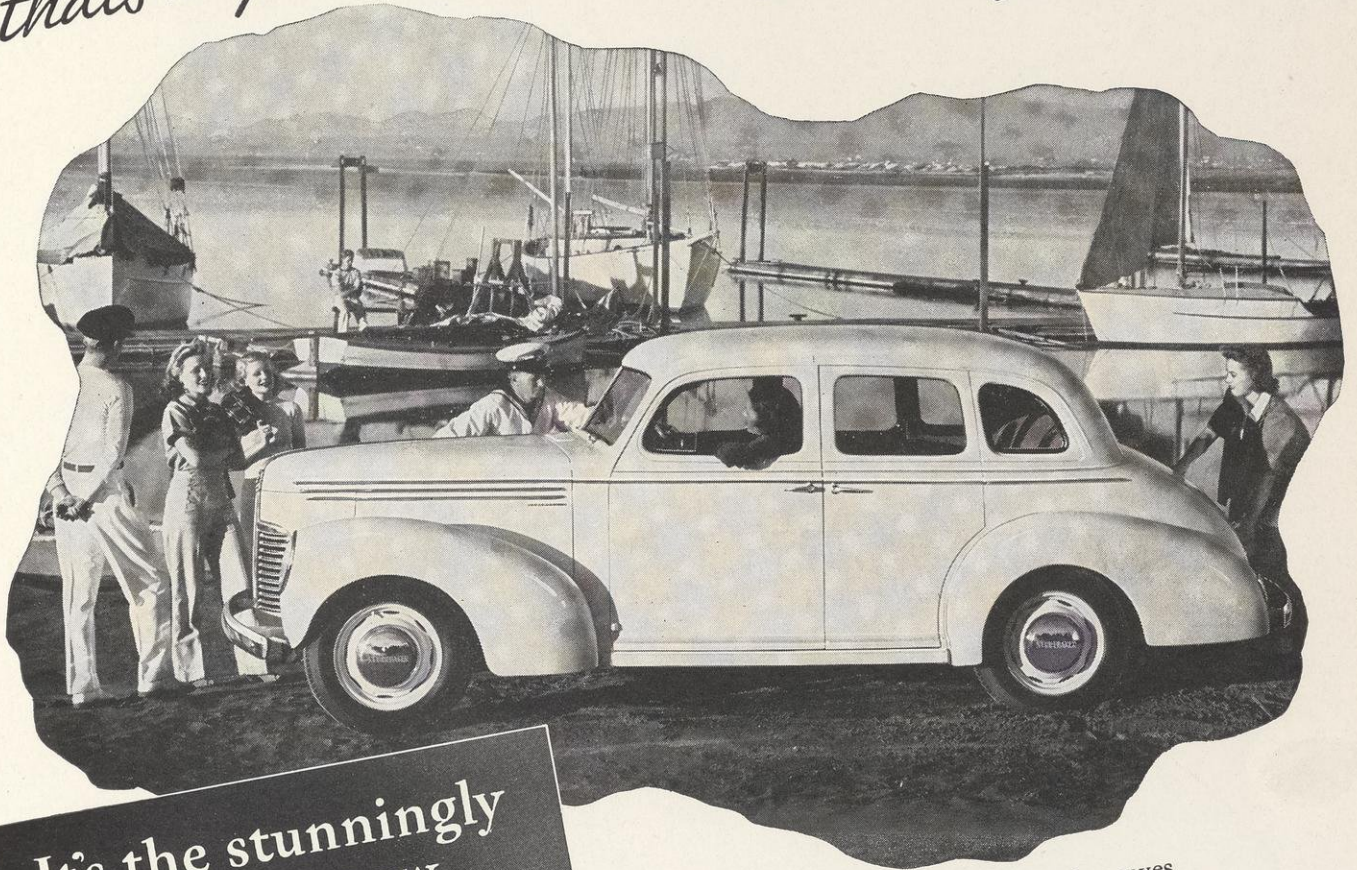


advertising agents, in the other. And he could stay in Patagonia and do better than the *average* college gossip-and-candid-camera-shot rag.

As much as possible, we're going to strike out for ourselves. By close cooperation between writers and artists (and, in Erdahl, Wurtz, and Mayland, we fortunately have three of the best cartoonists in the country) we may even *create*. Our fathers did it.

Take a look at the center-spread to see what we mean. Yeh, and you'd better take a look at the Heil page while you're at it. Good art and sharp writing should shade into one another. At the turn of the century, French magazines like *L'Assiette au Beurre* knew this, but the world has since forgotten. So much has been forgotten since the World War! And there we go again, pretending to know all about it. We *would* like to change our slogan to "intellectual, but not intelligent." You'd best behave yourself and laugh real hard this month, or we may yet.

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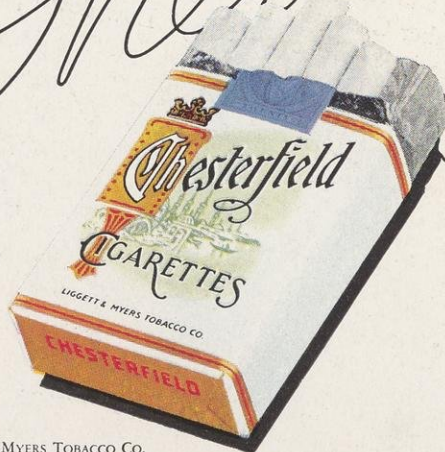
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