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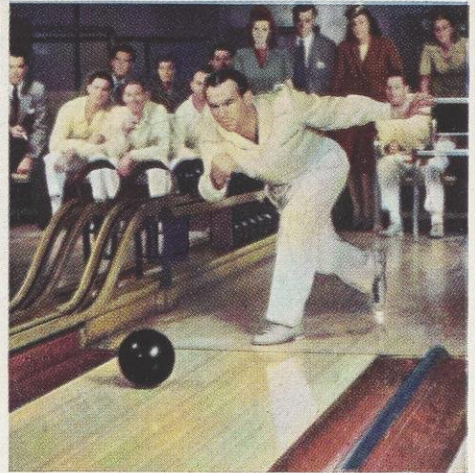
The Wisconsin OCTOPUS



February

15 cents

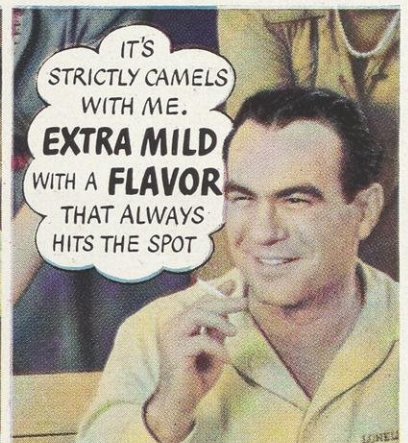
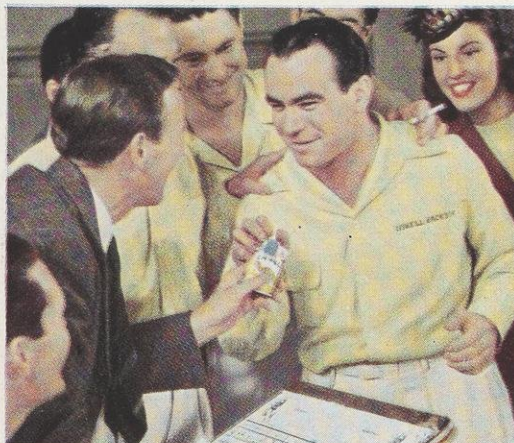
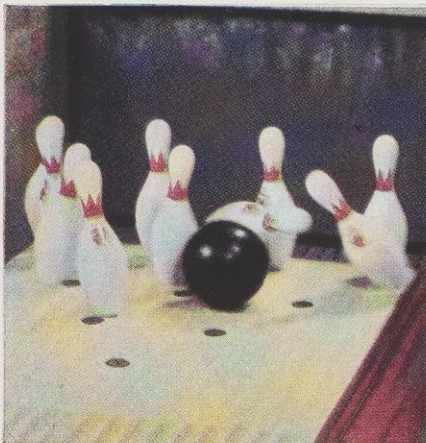
"SET 'EM UP" — FOR CHAMPION LOWELL JACKSON



AND SET UP THE CAMELS, TOO
... Whether you're in there
bowling yourself—or watch-
ing — nothing hits the spot like
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TALK ABOUT your wood-gettin' wonder! You're looking right at him—"Low" Jackson of St. Louis, 1941 All-American, captain of the world's match game champions, and possessor of one of the highest-scoring hooks in bowling today. Light up a slower-burning Camel and watch this champion in action.

THERE'S A SWIFT FLASH of the arm. The snap of a wrist. The ball whirls down the alley. Take a good long look at the way "Low" Jackson tossed that one—that's an All-American hook. Close to the gutter. Three-quarters down, she starts to break—straight for the slot. Watch it now—it's—



C-R-A-S-H! A perfect hit! The very sound of 'em falling sets you tingling all over. Like a homer with the bases loaded...a hole in one...like the full, rich flavor of a certain cigarette, it never fails to thrill. No matter how much you smoke, there's always a fresh, welcome taste to a Camel—for Camels are milder with less nicotine in the smoke.

THE SCORE-BOARD tells the story. More smokers prefer Camels...smokers like Lowell Jackson to whom mildness is so important...smokers who want a flavor that doesn't tire the taste...smokers who want more out of a cigarette than something to carry in hand or pocket. You'll never know what you've been missing until you smoke Camels.

TWENTY TIMES "Low" Jackson (above) has rolled the perfect score (300). Every time he lights up a Camel he smokes with the assurance of modern laboratory science that in the smoke of milder, slower-burning Camels there is less nicotine (see below, left). Get a package of slower-burning Camels today, and smoke out the facts for yourself.

The *smoke* of slower-burning
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than the average of the 4 other
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of the smoke itself!

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tested — slower than
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also give you a smoking
plus equal, on the
average, to

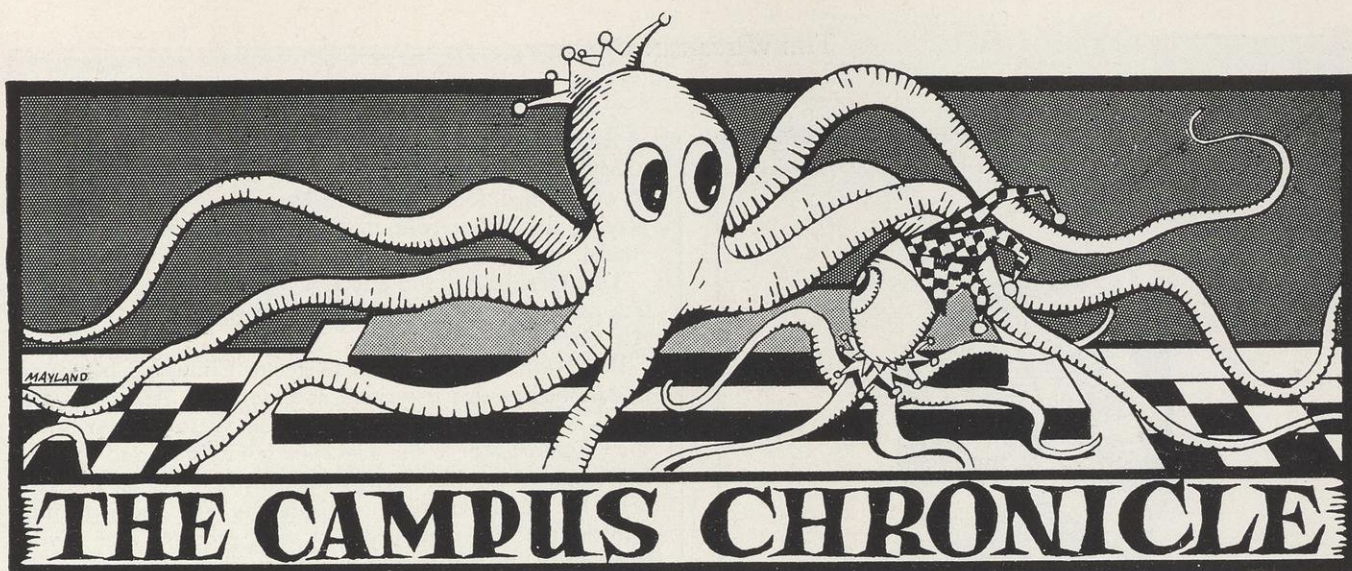
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THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



FEBRUARY, with its momentous scurry and toil, is now almost part of the past. Registering is done and the new routine is started. Enrollment has dropped by 1,000. Prom is gone and \$500 worth of defense stamps are neatly pasted into books. Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays came and went, uneventfully. (So long, George.

So long, Abe.) Winter Carnival, praise be, got gobs of snow. Cupid's holiday made myriad young hearts go pit-a-pat. Cardinal staff scribes, equipped with comic-book mentalities, labored through another fine review of OCTY. The campus learned to start the day in darkness as war-time took effect.

Anti-Education

One of our friends out at the men's dorms had a few spare hours one day and decided to accompany his freshman room-mate to the Freshman Forum final examination. Settling himself comfortably in a back seat he took one of the mimeographed question sheets and wrote the exam, just for the hell of it. Finishing in thirty minutes he handed it in along with a self-addressed post card.

No, the card didn't come back with an A. There *had* been an A marked down on it, but this was crossed off, and a B put below it. They probably took off a grade for non-attendance, our friend figures.

Frightened

On top of everything else we received a summons to see the Dean right after finishing our last exam. Pale and trembling, we presented ourselves at his office and were given a seat in the ante-room. The place resembled a scene out of Dante's inferno—girls sobbing softly, unshaven men biting their nails, muffled voices coming from the inner sanctum, and occasionally the door opening to give a glimpse of the stern Sellery confronting a student in an advanced stage of hysteria.

After the fifth co-ed had departed to pack her grips, and the seventh BMOC had been carefully placed on probation we were supported, trembling, into the office.

Oh, it was nothing. Were we taking English for two or three credits, and how was old Octy coming along? We must admit it gave us a bit of a scare, though.

Flaming Youth

We hope we're wrong. For we love the young people. We hate to see them go to pieces in the Crisis. So we hope we're wrong.

We mean, of course, about the students at the Presbyterian House and at Chadbourne Hall.



On a dark, dismal afternoon during exam week we sulked our way down State Street. Lost in an unpleasant mental state, we suddenly became aware that the rear of a huge truck juttied over onto the sidewalk, blocking our path. Then, looking up, we gasped. The truck, which was obviously delivering merchandise to the Presbyterians, bore a lurid sign that screamed to all the world, *BLANKBILGE BEER*. It startled us.

We thought about it as we walked down the street. Then, we shrugged our shoulders. "What the hell," we thought. "If the Presbyterians want a little beer, that's all right with us."

But when we got up to Chadbourne we got a real shock. For there, backed up to the rear entrance was another truck. And this time we read the brazen words, *National Distiller's Corporation of America*.

Now we don't know what to think.

War Correspondence

It's been a long time since we used to throw custard pies from the windows of the palatial offices at the R.O.T.C. boys on their slovenly parades down Langdon Street and on the mush ball fields in the olden days. We were subversive as all hell, we were.

But we are a flexible outfit, not bound by the consistency



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of small minds. Brfffsk.

And it's kind of nice to think that some of the best men in our armed forces today, come, not from the R.O.T.C. playing fields, but from the custard-pie throwing Octopus citadel.

Today let us tell you about two of our guys who are pilots, one with the Naval Air Force, the other with the Army Air Corps.

Bob Nash, who is bound to get to Chunking before ye, is stationed as this is written at Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Old Nash, who used to live in a closet on West Johnson Street, sling *sauerbraten* at the Heidelberg Hofbrau and tear his heart out over a Chi Omega (Lordie, how we all still hate her), has just been raised to upperclass rank and is turning into the best damn skinny pilot we'll probably ever have—this despite the fact that he could not even drive a car when he left Roscoe Street in Chicago for Kelly Field in Texas.

Nasho writes: "Two *Time* magazines and two *New Yorkers* are tucked away in my notebook. A couple of *PM's* peep out. But Lord! I haven't the time to look at any of them, no not a one.

"For we've had a speed-up here. The old business, just like the furniture factory. You work your keister off on piece work, and they cut the rates. Now we start classes in the morning at *seven* o'clock, whee. But we are done at 11:30. We fly at least two hours in the afternoon in hour periods. As soon as I got down this afternoon, I parked my ship, filled out my form, unbuckled my chute, walked 100 feet to the stage house where the dispatcher told me to go

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Volume XXIII

FEBRUARY, 1942

Number 6

couple of times on next morning.

Then comes some personal stuff that's none of your damned business.

Our Navy flier is Bill Baomet, who was an Octopus poet and varsity wrestler, all at once. Bill had practically as much misery as Bob in his years at Wisconsin—broken bones, no food, girls who tore *his* guts out, too, and so on. We love the unhappy people. Misery deepens and widens them, humanizes them, heightens their sensitivity and understanding and sympathy for fellow sufferers. In ease and contentment there is too often smugness and superciliousness.

Bill continues to run, for the nonce, in his own special brands of misery. He writes (in a letter to another old Octy Dostoevsky, who will best go nameless—unless you want to call him Dostoevsky): "Thanks a lot for your letter. Brief as it was, it was very welcome at this time because at present I am very griped at the whole world. Not the least important reason is the fact that I am restricted to the station until I (1) check out of radio sending (2) make up four courses I busted in Ground School (3) completely fill and hand in my Navigation notebook which has managed to preserve its virginity through the past two months, and (4) march off five hours of extra duty in the Regiment the night I got X's wedding announcement . . ."

Then there's much reminiscence of Madison, much talk of SNV'S and OS2U's, and again personal stuff. After Bill gets straightened out—and he will—he will have "a nice long leave, and then I'm off to the wars. I'm putting in for fighters, but it's all a matter of luck what you draw so I don't know as yet."

We suppose now you expect us to moralize about Bill and Bob. Suh, this is still the Octopus and we ain't *that* flexible.

A Journey to Jerusalem

"A Journey to Jerusalem," couched in Maxwell Anderson's poetic prose, staged by J. Russell Lane, directing the Wisconsin Players, and scheduled as a feature of Religious Emphasis week, March 3, 4, 5, 6, is expected to be one of the most moving plays of the campus season. Plan now, not to miss it. Tickets at the Wisconsin Union theater box office.

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According to the Records

The Classical

ROSENKAVALIER WALTZES

These gallant and ravishing waltzes from Richard Strauss's rollicking comedy of rococo manners are beautifully set forth in a rapturous and pulsating performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. A record of singularly tuneful, radiant and lilt-ing music, it should certainly entice not a few of the un-initiated to investigate other shining facets of *Der Rosen-kavalier*, for more than half of the opera is available on Victor Records by a great Viennese cast—including Lotte Lehmann, Marie Olszewska, Elizabeth Schumann and the late Richard Mayr in Musical Masterpiece Album No. 196. *Victor*.

LA JUIVE (Act 2: Passover Scene)

The tenor sensation of the present Metropolitan Opera season, Jan Peerce, here presents a great scene from the opera students will recall as the one in which Caruso made his final appearance. The point is made advisedly, for there have not been many tenors since the great Italian's day to whom the devotional lines of Eleazar in this solemn aria might have been so confidently entrusted. Mr. Peerce is gifted with a glorious voice and he uses it here with full power and deep feeling. The responses by Soprano Dorothy Sarnhoff and the male chorus, and the accompaniment of the Victor Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Wilfred Pelletier provide a rich background for the glowing line of the soloist. *Victor*.

OH, SUSANNAH

The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under the baton of Arthur Fiedler records a double winner . . . *Oh, Susannah* and *Sally in our Alley*. Both folk songs in piquant orchestral settings . . . the first in rhapsodic vein, the second in a quiet scoring for strings. The "Pops" do a swell job on both. *Victor*.

FAUST (Act 2: Invocation)

Leonard Warren, baritone, records part of the Invocation scene from the second act of Faust . . . *Avant de quitter ces lieux* (Even Bravest Heart) and from *Tales of Hoffman*, Dapertutto's Aria . . . "Sparkle, Diamond." Mr. Warren has recently triumphed in the role of Escamillo in *Carmen* and is already being considered by some as one of the leading Metropolitan baritones. In this record he voices two famil-

iar French arias with keen discernment of their dramatic expressiveness. His warm and powerful voice is recorded with striking fidelity. Wilfred Pelletier conducts the Victor Symphony Orchestra. *Victor*.

CONCERTO NO. 1 IN F-SHARP MINOR

Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No. 1* has, until recently, been overshadowed by his vastly more popular Second and Third Piano Concertos. During the current season, however, Rachmaninoff is featuring his First Concerto in the roughly revised form. The revision, made in 1917, "left hardly a note in its place" yet the most beautiful of the old themes have been retained with all the charm and freshness of their youth. Sergei Rachmaninoff presents his First Concerto on *Victor Records* with The Philadelphia Orchestra directed by Eugene Ormandy.

Rachmaninoff's tremendous technique . . . that amazing wrist power, strength and elasticity of finger work, and inexhaustible command of coloristic resource . . . is exemplified here, we believe, more thrillingly than in any of his previous recordings. This is probably due in part to the excellence of the piano reproduction.

The First Concerto is an opulent work imbued with a melodic richness and unrestrained fervor unsurpassed by similar features of Rachmaninoff's other compositions. The work has an air of novelty about it and yet one of friendly warmth . . . it abounds with dramatic contrasts. *A Victor Album (6 sides)*.

The Popular

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Guy Lombardo tosses this disc off without much care or development. The Trio does a rather mousey job with the lyrics. B side, *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee*, is spritely and features some nice work on the keyboard. Kenny Gardner on the lyrics. *Decca*.

GRIEG PIANO CONCERTO

Freddy Martin repeats himself! The Concerto master repeats his success on the Tschaikowsky Concerto, with Jack Fina turning in an excellent performance on the piano. *Serenade for Strings*, is a fine waltz which you'll have to hear to appreciate. *Bluebird*.

AUTUMN NOCTURNE

For good solid instrumental work we can always look to Glen Gray and his boys. They've outdone themselves this

(continued on page 14)



907 University

Q—New formal, Gertrude? New tux, Phineas?

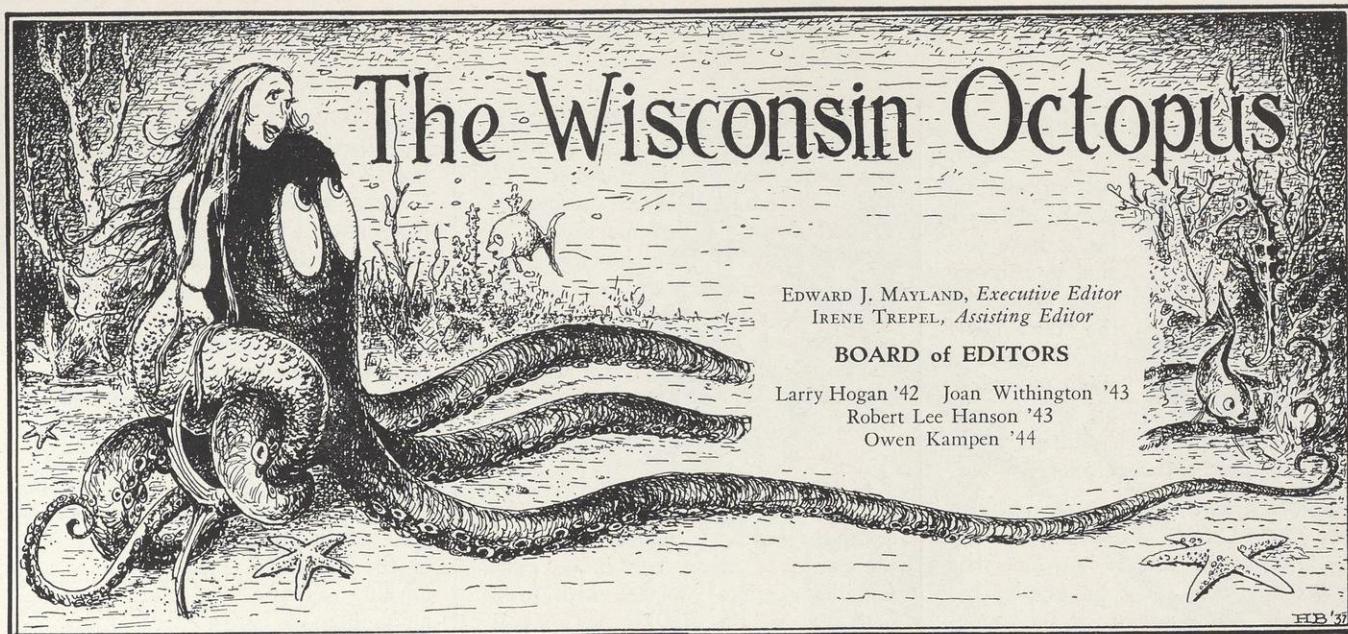
A—No, just had them cleaned for I-F.

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Volume XXIII

FEBRUARY, 1942

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On Second Thought

DR. COLE, director of student health, urges parents to keep meal-time conversations on pleasant topics if they want to aid digestion and national defense. This should make the routine of asking Dad for the family car a lot pleasanter for a lot of us.

"And he that hath no sword let him sell his cloak and buy one." With these words Colonel Roy F. Farrand, president of St. John's Military Academy, flung a war challenge to the youth of America at a recent youth meeting. We were inspired at first but after noticing how threadbare our coat was we decided not to sell it but to cut it up for pen wipers instead.

We read that the average college male opposes career-women and favors training co-eds as wives. A natural reaction to four years of wearing toe-less socks and fetching one's own pipe and slippers of an evening.

Headline: "New Comet Will Near Earth Early In March." Maybe we'll come to grips with a comet before we set the rising sun.

According to "The Leading Exponent of Campus Journalism" plaid

shirts emphasize the pioneer spirit of the campus. We've noticed that this love of antiquity has been lavished on the ventilating system in Bascom reading room.

The ROTC officials have announced that ROTC graduates over 18 are eligible for commissions. Those under 18 are requested not to carry peppermint canes in their scabbards.

We're already suffering under daylight saving time, tire rationing and a Coco-Cola shortage but now defense experts tell us that ripe olives will have to replace green olives on our relish trays. Lordie, fellows, stop needling us . . . stop needling us!

Statistics say that women lose a million single gloves a year. We're certain this proves something but we won't say anything until we find our other ice skate.



"I dressed by candlelight this morning."

Government statistics say that the best built women in the country are from Arkansas with California running only second. Since Wisconsin women don't even figure in the finals we've decided to give up that Theta we've been trying to date since September.

We noticed that compulsory training courses have been announced for students who expect to be candidates for student board posts. To carry the idea to its logical conclusion why not an elementary course in *Journalistic Endeavor* for prospective Cardinal writers. This might help attain the needed minimum of coherence.

Prom decorations hit a new low this year as far as taste and originality were concerned. The execution of the works, however, was generally good since they were taken from published drawings done by some of the most successful commercial artists in the country.

Headline: "Men May Make Toys In Workshop." Silly, isn't it? Everyone knows that college men are more interested in girls than they are in top spinning. (Except us . . . we cast lead soldiers for a hobby.)

We were startled to find this notice on the Union bulletin board: 9:30 Nutrition Group—Fried.

Here Lies Gertie



GENTLE reader, do not be alarmed, but I have just shot my roommate. Before the dean of women hears of this I must dash off my memoirs

for the benefit of other students working their way through college.

To begin with, I was born on a farm near Little Chute, Wisconsin, a thriving metropolis, which anyone who knows anything about geography has heard of. The fourteen of us youngsters spent an idyllic childhood bouncing rocks off each other's heads and chewing our papa's plugs of Standard behind the barn. Nostalgia for the old days comes over me, but enough of sentiment, for horror grips me by the throat as I pen these lines.

There lies Gertie, cold and silent like the waxen marble figures of elephants one sometimes sees in museums. No more will harassed house mothers all up and down the campus shuttle the poor girl out of their houses at the end of each semester, and no more will infuriated freshmen make the corridors of approved girls' houses ring with shouts of "Quiet Hours!" for no more will Gertie go off into the wild and weird stretches of "The Irish Washerwoman" on her clarinet.

I have covered her over with her battered orchid bedspread which is liberally covered with cigarette burns and the marks of many feet. In no mood for idle gossip, I do not wish to be bothered by the hordes of nomadic freshmen who idly wander about from room to room in approved girls' houses at night, and would be sure to bother me with foolish questions:

"Is Gertie really dead? Why?"

"Are those her real eyelashes?"

"Can I wear her pink cardigan

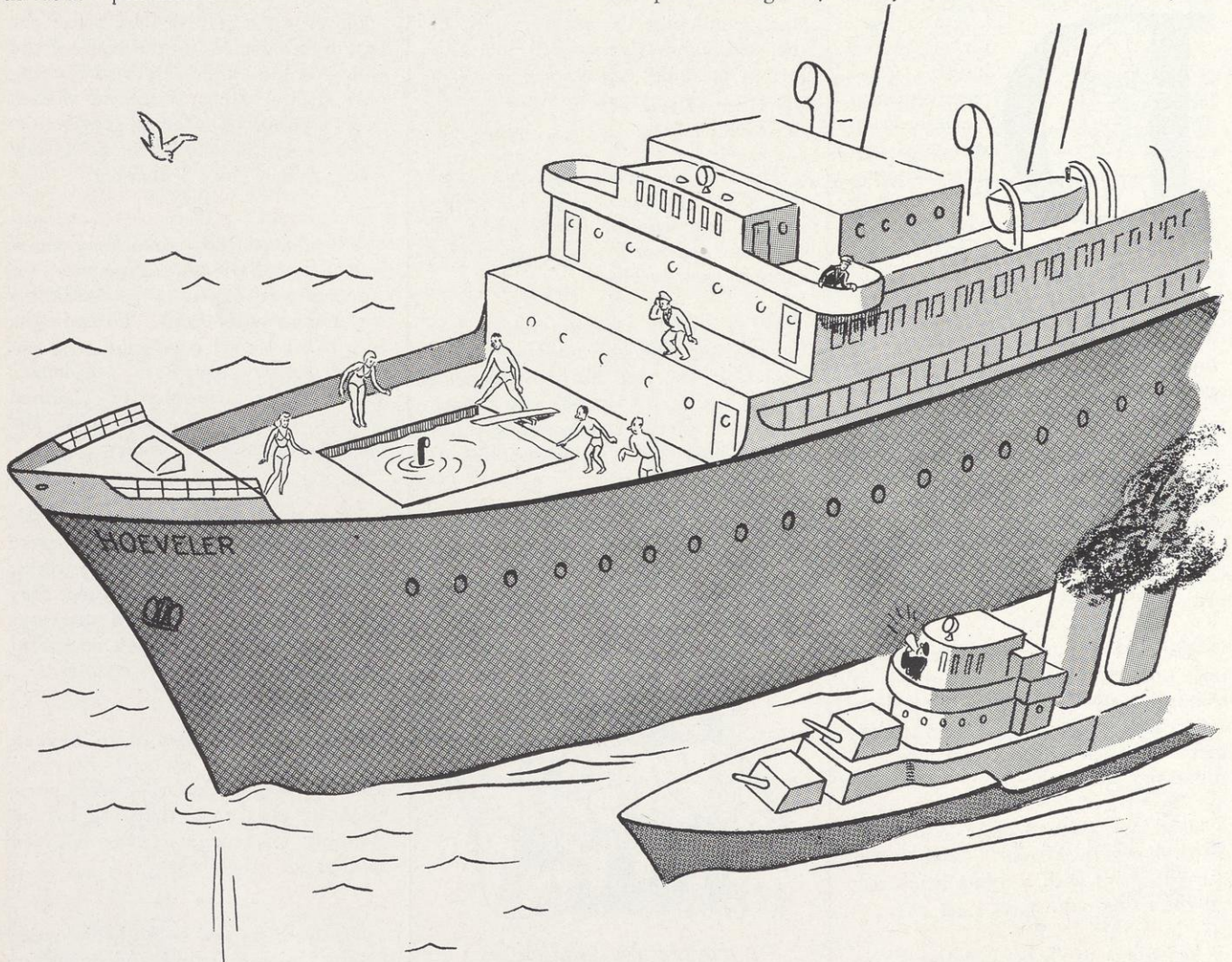
now?"

"What the H-l has she got in her hair?"

As a matter of fact, a bat, one of those absurd creatures which fly about the nocturnal air solely to seek comfortable homes on the outer areas of the craniums of unfortunate souls, is inextricably embedded in my late roommate's snarled tresses.

But to get on with my memoirs, I entered this institution of higher learning on a balmy autumn day of 1936, determined to delve deeply into the hidden secrets of home economics. In spite of the atrocious grading system of the ag school, I have been able to advance myself as far as second semester sophomore status.

Undoubtedly, the most inspiring experience of my whole career was my course in the art of the short story under the eminent author Joe Lewis last year. He paid me the highest compliment an instructor has ever given me in my entire life. "Miss Van P—," he



"Seen anything of a submarine around here?"

said in an odd choked voice, "I didn't know there were people like you still alive today." It was he who inspired me to go on in home economics.

But to get back to Gertrude and our unfortunate alliance, which neither of us was to dream would end so abruptly. How could I have known this fall, when I so unsuspectingly signed up for the last vacancy in Mrs. Grubitch's Manor that my roommate would turn out to be a clarinet player.

Well, I stood the incessant tooting and trilling of Gertie's until my rural housing and sanitation marks, not to mention my poultry raising grade, began to suffer horribly. Being a naturally high-strung person, I took to sending home requests for rhubarb leaves, which one learns in botany I are highly poisonous. Naturally, I have lost all my faith in science, for Gertie cheerfully ate all the bits of leaves which I had surreptitiously introduced into candy, and the clarinet playing still went on.

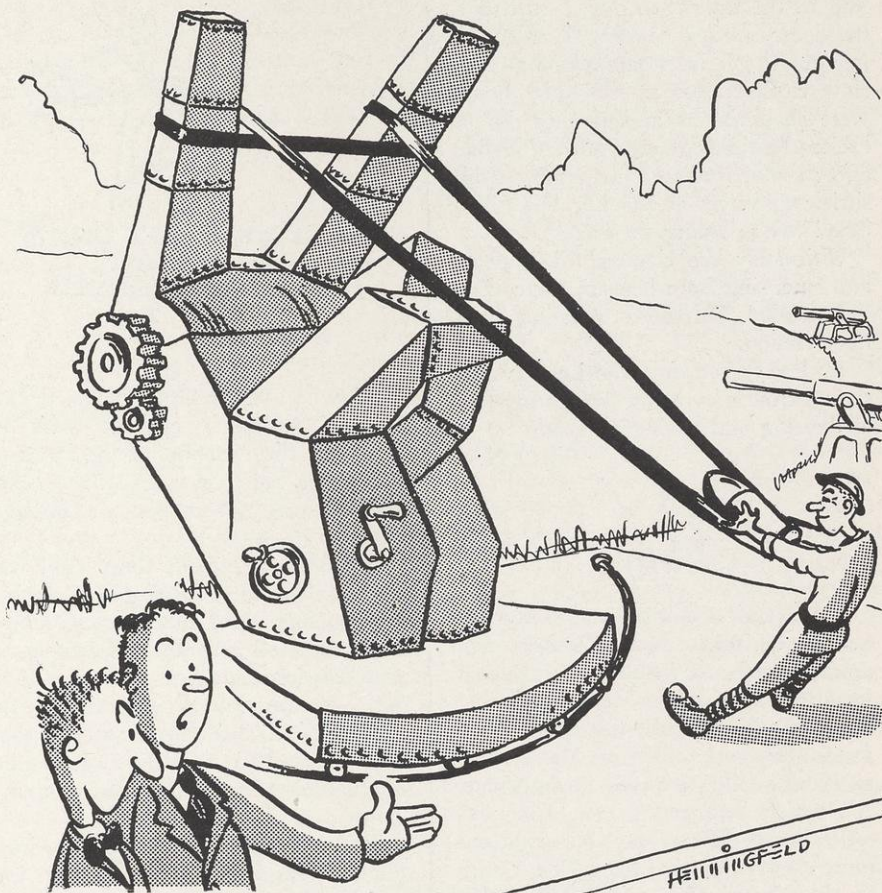
Driven to desperation, I wrote a hurried letter home, asking for the loan of papa's squirrel rifle, ostensibly for hunting pheasants on Lake Mendota. Immediately Gertie became enthusiastically enamoured of the weapon, delighting to throw open our windows and blaze away at the feline choruses on our neighboring roof tops each night.

Statistics have proven that the proportion of our population which annually suffers from bats in the hair is only a small percentage, perhaps between .0000174 and .0000176 per cent, but tonight Gertie became a statistic as she idly leaned out of our window to scare away the wailing back alley cats with her clarinet playing.

As the unfortunate girl felt the bird burrowing into her permanent, she began to emit a blood-curdling shriek. The clarinet plunged from her nerveless grasp, resounding with a clattering bounce upon the garbage cans below. Knowing full well the rigid way in which quiet hours are enforced at our approved house, I made a frantic dive for the girl, to still her unearthly cries with a blanket.

At last, somewhat subdued, Gertie wildly surveyed her head in the mirror and quietly went off into a dead swoon. With astonishing presence of mind I emptied the contents of a vase of withered flowers over her countenance.

Perhaps the smell revived her. At



"It was invented by a youth in sixth grade."

any rate, the girl rose out of masses of dripping and wilted flowers, clutching frantically at her hair.

"My God!" she shrieked, or some such profanity, "will it turn grey over night?"

Interminable hours we valiantly toiled, trying by every means to induce the misguided fowl to leave Gertie's hair. First I tried putting salt on the thing's tail to calm its struggles, then the door knob procedure as in tooth pulling, and even the application of the ancient roll of fly paper which

was suspended from our ceiling. Gertie grew wilder by the second as she felt considerable portions of her hair being uprooted, and her eyelashes became momentarily embedded in the fly paper. Sullenly, however, the bird kept up his struggles.

With sudden inspiration I seized Gertie's ivory hair brush. "Remember it's quiet hours now, Gertrude," I reminded her, bringing the brush down upon her skull with a vigorous whack in the intention of killing the bat. Somehow my hit went wild, but completely stunned my roommate. Recovering, she called me several epithets unfit for publication in these memoirs.

"Why don't you try to shoot the thing out, numbskull?" she grated ironically, pointing to papa's gun.

As the deranged woman opened her mouth to utter who knows what sort of hysterics, I grabbed the weapon in desperation, creeping behind her, resolved to kill the bat or perish myself.

Through the smoke and haze which followed the rifle's deafening report I dimly discerned Gertie's figure plung-



ing to the floor. Sensibly, I rushed to the door, carefully locking it, and pulling out the light, I plunged into bed, fully clothed, just as the quiet hours were shattered by a deafening din of excited feminine voices. With a terrible effort I contrived to reply gruffly to all shrieking voices at the key hole, "Go 'way! We're trying to sleep."

Ultimately the clamour died away, and emerging from beneath the covers, I concealed Gertrude's remains, as I have related.

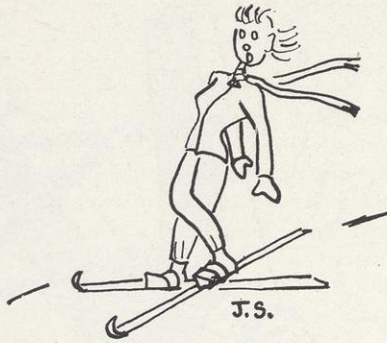
And so to bed, for who knows what the morrow may bring besides my rural housing and sanitation exam.

—R. O. N.

I Spy

I, Percival Schlumpf, was a student at the University of Wisconsin. All around me I saw inequality and social injustice. The squalor of my rooming house made me hate the splendor of fraternities and sororities. My instructors continually gave rank incompetents A's which belonged to me. Life was cruel, cruel. Every day I recognized more clearly the need for a New Order in the United States. Could I, might I, ought I hope that I, Percival Schlumpf could help establish that Order?

Then came Pearl Harbor. That decided things. In my own clever way I contacted a Japanese agent, Riki



Taki, who lived in Cross Plains. I, I, I, Percival Schlumpf, began to work directly for the Emperor of the Land of the Rising Sun! I was no longer a Nobody. I was a Somebody, a Foreign Agent.

My first assignment from Taki was to secure formulas for any vital combat mechanisms. My roommate, luckily, had conceived a combination tank-aircraft carrier-submarine during a Poli. Sci. 7 lecture. It was no trouble to induce him to hand the specifications over to me. Poor fool! He was the innocent dupe, the perfect pawn for my genius.

The next task allotted me by Cross Plains headquarters was to obtain important details of army nutrition research being carried on in the home economics department. So I phoned Acacia Thwaddleneck for a date. Acacia is a junior in home ec., and I knew that she had access to the material I required.

Cunning. That's me. Of course she was flattered when I asked her for a coke date. Any girl would be. I'm handsome. Besides, I have a winning personality. But Destiny had picked me for a stern role in the liberation of my country from the despicable curse of Democracy. Everything, I realized, must have a Purpose.

"Of course I'll go, Percy," she said eagerly.

"Oh, by the way," I added in a casual tone, "do you think you could bring some of those new recipes they've planned for the boys in the army? My landlady wants something to vary her menu, and they'd be just the thing."

Notice the way I worded it. That "boys in the army," for instance. Doesn't sound like a spy, does it? And that landlady angle. Seems perfectly innocent and logical, doesn't it? Well, that's the way I worked. Subtly.

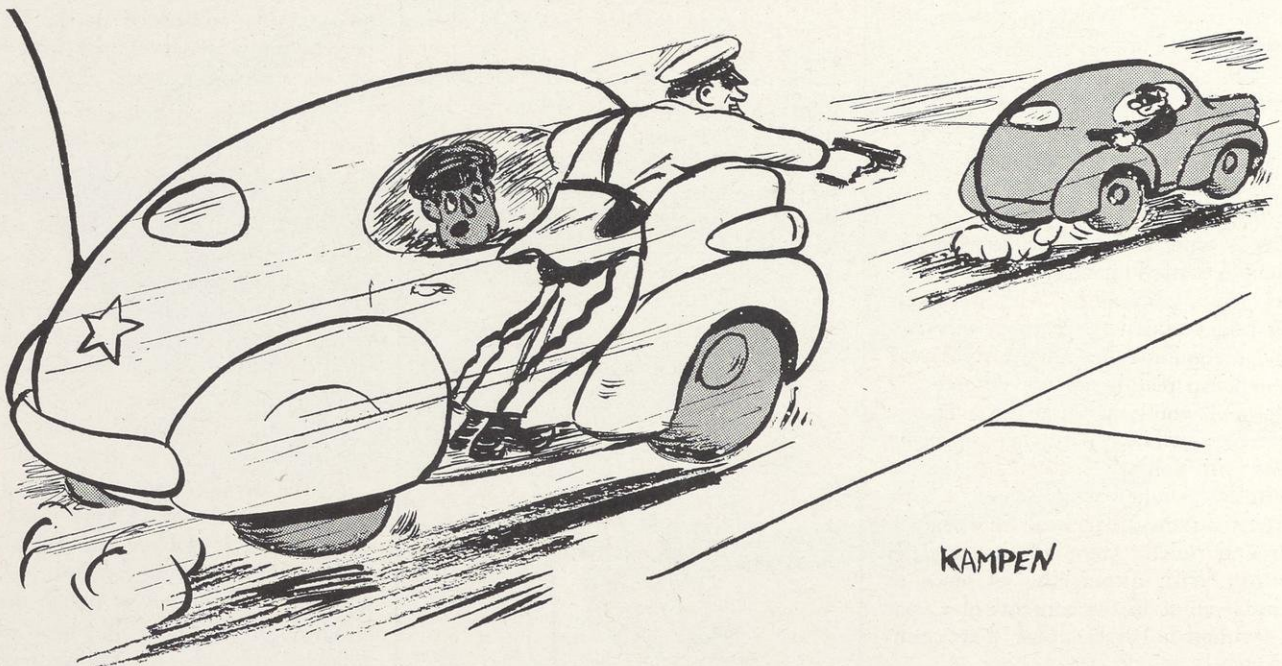
She fell for it, of course. And that night, after the introductory formalities, I reached across the table and seized her hand.

"Acacia," I said, "have you the plans?"

She blushed prettily. "Percy," she sighed, gazing fixedly at the cap on the ketchup bottle—"Percy, the plans are up to you."

For a moment I thought she had failed me. Then I realized that, in her simple mind, she had given my question romantic implications.

My patience was gone. Love had



KAMPEN

"No! No! Not the tires!"



no place in the pattern of my Great Mission. Throwing caution to the winds, I shouted desperately:

"No, no, you little fool! The recipes. The defense nutrition plans."

I could see that she was hurt and surprised. But she smiled through her tears of disappointment and handed me a sheaf of papers. I leafed through them—"tapioca cherry pie . . . scrambled eggs . . . plum preserve."

"Excellent. Just the thing. Capital. My landlady will be able to use these to good advantage," I said smoothly. Abruptly, I left her with the coke bill. She had served my purpose.

Riki Taki was overjoyed at my efficiency and immediately detailed me to obtain data on germ warfare from the biology building and send him cultures of the deadliest bacteria developed there. I got them. It wasn't easy. The matter involved split-action thinking and nerves of steel. After weeks of patient planning, I walked in the lab and took a test tube full. Then I walked out. Ingenuity had done the trick. I think I mentioned before how clever I am. Now you see that I am also ingenious.

Taki doubted me for the first time. And I can readily see how the danger involved would have deterred a lesser man than myself or tempted him to send an insipid substitute for the germs.

In short, Riki Taki sampled the bacteria. He died. The coroner investigated. The culture was traced. The FBI found our letters. I was arrested. Yes, I, through no indiscretion of my own, am in jail.

But my work will go on. Justice and

true freedom will win out. Equality and the New Order will come to America, based on the foundation laid by me, Percival Schlumpf, the greatest spy in the history of mankind.

—W.J.G.

Final Examination— Political Science 7

Name BARLOW WEEMS

Answers which are brief, to the point, and contain concrete information will be given highest rating.

I: Trace the development of the government of the United States from the ratification of the Constitution to the present time, including all branches of the government and employing specific references to the constitution. (25 points)

In tracing their development of the government of the United States from the ratification of the Constitution to the present time and including all branches of the government and giving specific references to the constitution it is necessary, primarily, to trace the beginning of the government of

the United States when the constitution was first ratified.

The government of these, the United States of America, is, and probably always will be, sprung mainly from this ramification of the Constitution which took place in the eighteenth century before the United States had a constitutional government, owing to the constitution not yet having been ratified. Hamilton was a Federalist. This ratified constitution provided for our democratic form of government as set forth in a Bill of Rights, articles in the first few articles.

Thus our government of the United States of America, based on the constitution, has grown to be a democratic government divided into several branches one of which is executive and several others and deriving its power from articles in this constitution (see above). The president is the head of it, but can be vetoed. Most of the men who drew up the constitution were wealthy land-owners. The president's election is provided for in articles in one of the articles in the constitution.

Thus we see that the United States

Susie's Success Story

Susie was pretty, Susie was sweet
But men were something she didn't meet.
Droopier dames were doing the town
While she read ads with a puzzled frown
She tried the drugstore and bought it out
But the change she sought wasn't brought about.

Then hail to the Union committee
Through whom it came to pass
That she learned the social graces
At the Monday dancing class.

She was self-conscious, she wouldn't go
But even her best friends told her so
There wasn't a hope that she'd find romance
When she couldn't function at a dance
Her roommate dragged her to meet her fate
She learned one step and she got a date.

The dancing classes grew more advanced
But Susie wasn't there
Susie was dating every night
She hadn't the time to spare.

Her first date was to a frat house brawl
She met his brothers and won them all
At dances Susie was more and more
The most sought after girl off the floor
Now she has a pin—and this is queer
She hasn't danced at a dance this year.

—D. S.



government has grown in scope and scope from the beginning when the constitution of the United States of America was ratified until today it is extremely complicated and very democratic as provided for in the constitution of the United States.

This constitution can be amended in many ways by votes, etc.

—I. T.

Uncle Peabody and the Cherry Tree

"Uncle Peabody," yelled five-year-old Gladys, "tell us a story."

Uncle Peabody pulled away. He blushed and pretended to be shy.

Little Lawrence, aged three, spat on the rug.

"Tell us about George Washington and the old apple tree," urged Gladys.

"Ha ha," sneered Lawrence wallop-ing his sister with a baseball bat. "Wrong again. It was a cherry tree. Otherwise, how could there be cherry pies?"

"That's right, Lawrence," said Uncle Peabody admiringly. It was a big fat fat cherry tree." He chuckled remin-iscently.

"Come on, kiddies," he went on, "gather around my knee and hear more."

Little Lawrence yawned and began to play Parchesi.

"Come here, you little punk, or I'll beat hell outa ya," Uncle Peabody said coaxingly.

He gathered the two infants onto his lap. Gladys sagged a little.

"My, but she's quiet," observed Uncle Peabody.

Gladys groaned.

"But, to continue," said Uncle Peabody, "George Washington was a very great man."

"Any damn fool knows that," hissed little Lawrence.

Uncle Peabody's eyes narrowed and he gave the child a nasty whack across the nose.

Immediately he was contrite. "Sorry, Lawrence," he said tenderly. "Still, it is but a flesh wound. I will go on with my tale.

"George was born in a log cabin."

"Any moron knows Washington was filthy rich," snorted Lawrence in derision. He rose and sang a couple choruses of the *Internationale*.

Uncle Peabody looked hurt. "This was a *big* log cabin," he explained. "Anyhow, George did not tell lies and grew cherry trees in Valley Forge."

"Was this before or after he threw Lincoln across the Delaware?" asked little Lawrence haughtily.

Uncle Peabody hesitated a moment, fearing a trick. Then he replied firmly, "Before!

"Also, with a hatchet which his father had given him, he led the attack at Custer's Last Stand. In memory of the event, February twenty-second was designated as Washington's Birthday. Washington Monument still marks the spot."

Uncle Peabody began to drool and he stared into the distance. Gladys rolled off his lap with a sudden flop.

Uncle Peabody began to sing softly now. "Ise comin', Ise comin'," he crooned.

"Uncle Tom! Uncle Tom!" shrieked little Lawrence shrilly.

"That's right!" cried Uncle Peabody, his eyes shining as he handed Lawrence \$64. "Now I will make like a polar bear," he said.

Little Lawrence stopped leafing through his Esquire and sighed, "I thought you were telling about Washington."

"Oh, of course," murmured Uncle Peabody, "Washington. Well, for one thing, honesty is the best policy."

"Don't look a gift horse in the mouth," chirped little Lawrence.

"A stitch in time saves nine." This from Gladys who was sitting up now and able to take a little warm broth.

"I pass," said Uncle Peabody, shuffling the cards. He made a few bewildering movements with his hands, muttered an incantation and picked the ace of spades out of his left ear. "Good, eh?" he chortled.

Little Lawrence sneered and

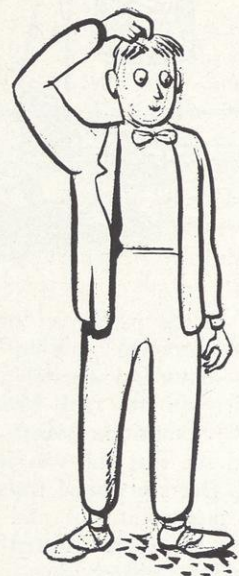
snatched the cards. "Think of a number," he said crossly.

"Five," said Uncle Peabody.

"That's right!" said Lawrence triumphantly.

Uncle Peabody scratched his head. "Do that again," he said, plainly bewildered.

Little Lawrence smiled in a superior manner and repeated the performance.



This time the number was seven.

Poor old Uncle Peabody was crushed, beaten. He shook his head wearily and stared at the floor. "You're too much for me," he said. "I guess I'm just no good any more. Maybe I should go out and hide in the snow. I could be a snow man maybe." He started to shuffle away.

"Oh, no," the two children cried, "come back, Uncle Peabody, come back!"

Uncle Peabody paused.

"You didn't tell us when Washington died," said Gladys.

Uncle Peabody smiled. Then in a confidential tone he said, "Don't you children tell a soul. Washington didn't die. I am Washington."

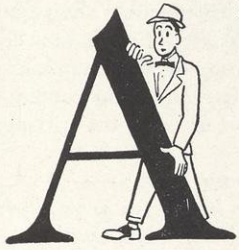
"But," said little Lawrence, "I thought you were Napoleon."

"Oh, yes," confided Uncle Peabody. "Napoleon too."

—R. L. H.



What's That Noise?



SHEPHERD who I am sharing my room with this year just asked me a question so uninteresting that I feel I must pass it on to my readers.

"Tell me about all these supernatural occurrences at the University," he asked, breathing heavily. "What is the explanation of the strange things that have been going on here?"

"They are unexplainable," I answered him, blushing. "Or, if you will, they are inexplicable. Or unexplainable."

But he would not take no for an answer, so here is what I told him about the queer spiritualistic phenomena which add so much mystery to the history of Wisconsin.

The first evidence that there were ghosts, or something unusual, around Bascom hill was in May of 1892 when Philip Kretschmer, a sophomore on probation, saw someone leaning out of a third floor window in North hall. Upon approaching closer to the building, Philip made it out to be the figure of a man, or a dog, dressed in some sort of a loosely fitting blue tunic. It kept calling to him in a whining voice, beckoning to him to come nearer. Philip was no fool and he kept his distance, trying to figure out what the thing was trying to say. The words were almost unintelligible, but sounded something like, "Veshni! Veshni! Your time has come," or something.

Philip decided that this was pretty silly, and would have paid no more attention to the incident except for the fact that at that time North hall had not yet been built. He was never able to explain this strange phenomena, and his weird tale caused many a listener to breathe a silent prayer. It also caused his expulsion from the University, after which he went to Hongkong as a rickshaw boy.

Except for an occasional murder and a yearly hailstorm during which large granite boulders fell from the sky, things in the spirit world remained rather quiet for several years until the famous 'Black Hole' incident of 1900. At this time Dean Goodnight, who was then a carefree young blade major-



ing in sociology and living in a hollow tree on Muir knoll, was interrupted in the midst of registration one fine fall day by a strange figure at his elbow. But let the kindly Dean tell the tale in his own words:

"Well, it was kind of hot and muggy and I had had a throbbing headache all day. You know the way you feel when something is going to happen? I had a —what do you call it—a premonition. Anyway, there I was, signing all those damn cards, when I felt as if someone was standing behind me. It was horrible. I knew someone was standing there but I couldn't turn around. Ugh!"

Dean Goodnight still shudders as he tells the story. The final outcome was that the Dean *was* too frightened to move and never did turn around to see

who was behind him. The question of what it was still baffles students of the occult. Was it a ghost? Some soul in torment? The Registrar?

"Anyway, it scared hell out of me," the Dean finishes, a tear in his eye.

Close on the heels of this mysterious incident came the most baffling of all phenomena to be witnessed in Madison. One cold winter day during final examinations one of the union janitors spied a student carrying something in a large brown bag. Noticing that the student had no head, the janitor immediately surmised that the head was in the bag. Being a simple man, he approached the student and asked him for the time, just to see his response. The student said nothing but handed the bag to the janitor and walked off, dragging his feet. The janitor gave the bag to the lost and found, where it was later auctioned off, along with three fountain pens and a mitten, to an exchange professor from Argentina. Unfortunately the professor returned immediately for Argentina, leaving no forwarding address. The only remaining clue to the mystery is the headless student himself who now holds the post of minnow-watcher in the biological museum. We have an appointment to see him tomorrow to straighten the



"Does it always drop this fast?"

whole matter out.

The latest ghost report to come to light was given just six months ago by a middle-aged Classic instructor, who reported being stopped on his way to the field house by a strange figure.

"It was sort of like a human," reported the instructor, sweating profusely, "except with tusks. It took me by the arm and led me over to a bench, where it sat on my lap and began to tell me some weird story. I couldn't understand a word of it, but as I looked closer at the thing I recognized it as being the image of my uncle Ferderber from Green Bay. I got plenty scared, believe me, because Uncle Ferderber was lost at sea ten years ago. The more I listened to it the more it sounded like Uncle Ferderber, who was drunk most of the time anyway. See? It was his ghost come back to haunt me. Either that or I was dreaming."

Strange, is it not? But after all, we must all admit the existence of some other invisible world bounding our normal lives. Anyone who refuses to admit this is a stubborn fool, and will get a good swift kick in the teeth if he comes around me.

All those who do admit it come on and we'll drop into Fred's for a few short ones. We can just sit around and gab and maybe have a little table rapping. —I. T.

The Card That Killed



LIVER OLSON is not in school this semester. Oliver is dead. The passing of Oliver, BA3, was rather dramatic, possibly unique. At least

it solved his problem.

Serenely he sailed through his semester exams. His self-confidence was magnificent. "I'm a cinch for a two-point-five," he thought happily.

And truly, he believed that he was. He was glad. Now his parents would send him money for breakfasts. Or at least a new dictionary. That would be nice. He was very happy.

Oliver wrote each exam with the greatest of ease. Words of shining wisdom flowed from his pen. His beautiful answers were paragons of perfection. He was almost delirious in his exultation.

He grinned and winked at his instructors when he handed in his exams

and post cards.

Even the post cards were perfect. With ingenious cunning Oliver had prepared cards with precisely the right psychological message. For hours he pondered the most effective approach. After arduous labor and long contemplation he selected as the most stirring appeal:

*My grade in your course —
I enjoyed your lectures a great deal,
Thank you very much,*

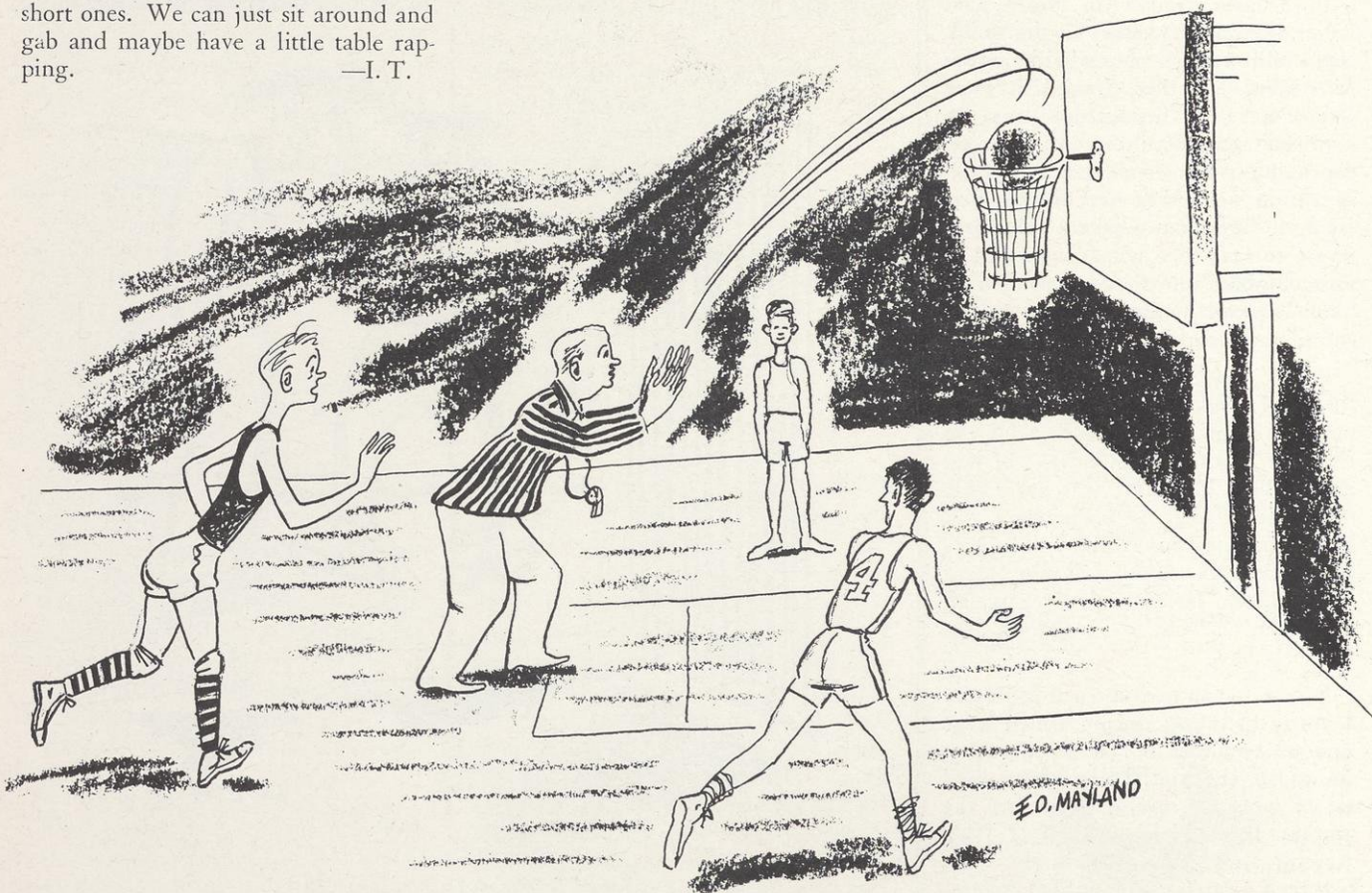
Oliver P. Olson

With this shrewd missive Oliver clinched all his exams. Then he trotted home to await the results.

In every spare moment Oliver crouched at the door, his eyes shining as he watched for the postman bringing good tidings.

For three days he watched. He slowly grew impatient and anxious as no cards came. Still he smiled confidently and his eyes continued to sparkle.

To while the hours away he figured out his grade-point possibilities. His calculations finally resolved to three possible results; the best, the probable and the worst. Oliver figured that with a lot of luck he could land a beautiful 2.81; four A's and a B. In his secret





"Kashmir, you forgot to make your bed this morning."

heart Oliver knew that there was no real hope for such a lofty total.

The most reasonable result, he figured, would be a 2.66. This was quite satisfactory. He smiled to himself as he thought of it.

Oliver figured out the third possibility only after long days of nerve-racking vigil. This result was a shabby 2.44. Oliver refused to think much about this. He scribbled it out. Still it was possible.

Then, one morning the postman brought real news. Oliver stared at the card. He looked for an A, and he saw a C.

"Gee, I thought I'd get an A," moaned Oliver.

"Tough," said the mailman sympathetically, as he slammed the door.

The next day's mail brought three cards. All were B's. Oliver cursed. In one sweep his 2.5 was gone. That meant no breakfast money. He could still get the dictionary, though, he told himself. That was something.

But the gleam in Oliver's eye gradually turned to a glaze. He began to wring his hands, tremble violently and mumble strange sounds. He waited in terror. Then, after another day, the fourth card came. Breathing hard, Oliver turned it over.

"B," he murmured.

With his higher hopes dashed away, Oliver now clung to a hope for a two-point. Feverishly, he made the calculations. If he got an A in the course still unheard from, he would garner a flat two-point. He would still get the dictionary. Tears rolled down his cheeks and he clenched his fists.

He sat down and waited. The clock on his dresser ticked loudly. Two days passed. Then, three, and four.

Oliver lay on his bed, silent, staring at the ceiling. The clock ticked more loudly than before. Days went by.

Still the card did not come. More days passed. A week went by. Oliver began to hear a ringing in his ears. It grew louder and louder. The clock hammered steadily, "Two-point, two-

point, two-point—"

At last the ringing rose to a terrible crescendo. A stabbing pain stabbed Oliver's head. His hands clutched his face. He screamed.

The ringing noise went away. The clock stopped its pounding. The room was very still.

Then, slowly, calmly, Oliver rose from the bed. He stripped off the sheets and from them he made a rope. One end he tied to the end of the bed; the other he knotted around his throat.

He opened the windows and stepped up onto the sill. "It's all I can bear," he whispered hoarsely. He wavered a bit. Then he jumped.

There was a violent snap and a crunching sound. Arms and legs stiffened out. Then the body thudded against the side of the house and hung there limply.

Five minutes later the mailman saw the body hanging from the window. Hastily, he dropped a card into the mailbox. Then he opened the door and yelled for the landlady.

—R.L.H.

Kindly clergyman, pinching little boy's knee: "And who has nice chubby pink legs?"

Little boy: "Mama."



A NEW EXCLUSIVE SATIN-FINISH

All you've longed for in a Lipstick



AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY

Constance Luft Huhn

HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks

3 LOVELY TANGEE SHADES

TANGEE RED-RED
... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All!"... harmonizes with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED
... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL
... Orange in the stick, changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose on the lips.

Now, at last, all you've longed for in a lipstick is combined in our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH... a softer, glossier sheen... a texture *not too moist—yet not too dry*... a lipstick that stays on and I really mean stays on, without blurring or smudging.

With this basic Tangee improvement, which we consider our most important news in 20 years, you now have not only Tangee's gloriously clear shades—not only the famous Tangee cream base that feels so soothing to your lips—but the exquisite grooming of a SATIN-FINISH that lasts for hours and hours.

TANGEE *Lipsticks*

WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The Geo. W. Luft Co., Distributors, 417 Fifth Ave., New York City
Send "Miracle Make-Up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipstick, matching rouge and face powder.

LIPSTICK & ROUGE: CHECK ONE

☐ NATURAL ☐ THEATRICAL RED ☐ RED-RED

FACE POWDER: CHECK ONE

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin), (15¢ in Canada.)

Name _____ Street _____

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City _____ State _____ CP22

(continued from page 4)

time, however, and cut a record that is mighty fine and will be popular for a long time. *Moonlight Cocktail* is an easy but tuneful item which offers lots of sax and clarinet. You'll like it. *Decca*.

POPOCATEPETL

Here's a swell full-throated Martin version of the famous love legend of P-O-P-O-C-A-T-E-P-E-T-L... Featuring the sure, snappy Martin rhythm and some excellent choral effects, the legend becomes a beautiful record. *I'll Never Forget*, is very touching. *Bluebird*.

YOU DON'T LOVE ME BUT I'LL ALWAYS CARE

A little melodramatic perhaps, but Lawrence Welk with the aid of songstress Jayne Walton gives it plenty of slap dash. It'll make you want to kick your heels. *Around, Around She Goes*, is the kind of stuff that sends you around the room for joy. Mr. Welk and his accordion trade honors with crooning Jayne Walton. *Decca*.

FIREMEN'S BALL

The Plehal Bros. beat this out on harmonica, guitar and slap-bass. Sure, it's corn, but you can't let your square-dance get rusty, can you? *Red Wing and Silver Bell*, is interesting. *Decca*.

BLUES IN THE NIGHT

Tops for the month is lovely Dinah Shore with this lament. Slow and sweet... the way you like it. *Sometimes*, offers booful, tuneful Dinah with an easy but potent rendition. Your roommate will probably wear this one out for you. *Bluebird*.

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU

Helen O'Connell gives this one the works and chalks up a winner. J. Dorsey puts his men through their paces in (continued on page 20)

Greeting Cards

5c to 35c

- More than 300 striking, colorful designs to choose from.
- Cards for every occasion for all your relatives and friends.

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

STATE AT LAKE STREET

Out In The Cold!



Will This Happen To You?

It may . . . for paper priorities will necessarily restrict the available copies of the BADGER to those who have paid in full in advance.

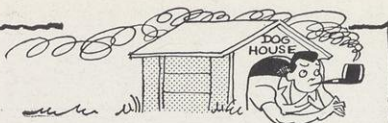
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Order Now . . . Still \$3.50

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1942 *Badger*

DORM STORE
BOOK STORES



A BICYCLE BUILT "FOR PHEW"

but Pete's out of the dog house now!



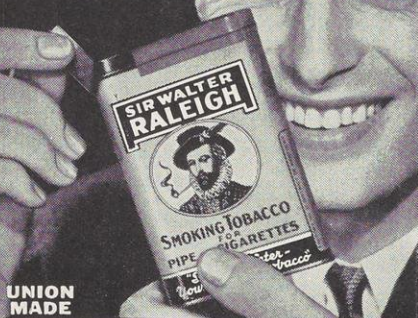
WHEN PETE LIT HIS PIPE, poor Patsy got dizzy. "Listen to me, my love!" said she. "You stop and get some mild tobacco that *smells* good or else!"



THE HAPPY ENDING! Pete got himself some Sir Walter Raleigh, that mild, mellow blend of fine burleys. And all was kopasetic! Try this brand of grand aroma.

**KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE
WITH SIR WALTER**

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION
MADE

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

Valentine to Madison

(with apologies to the New Yorker)

Cleveland's sophisticated, Washington's pretty,
But I know a nicer kind of city.
It's on Mendota, not on the sea.
Madison, my Valentine, will you be?

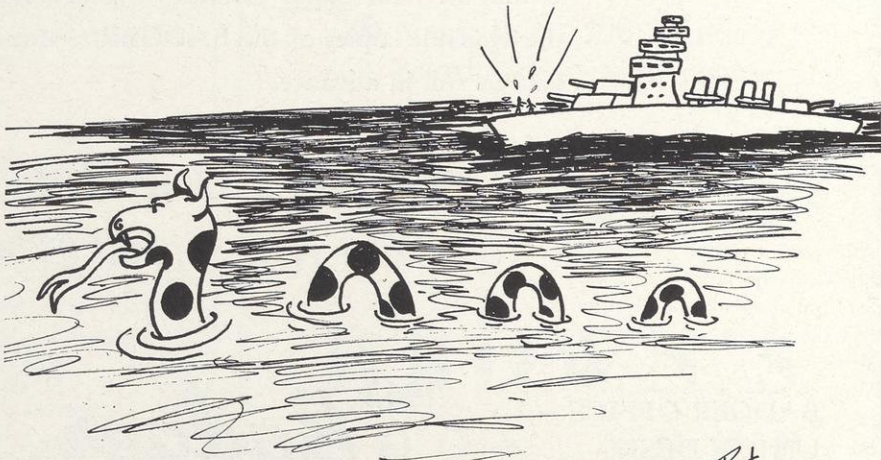
Capital City, absurd yet wise,
You're for me; I think you're prize.
Awake or asleep, you've got more than enough,
And bascom Hill, where I climb and I puff;
In jubilant tones I sing you ditties:
Your diaries, your depots, your senate committees.
You are lovely, you are alive
With a Veterans' Club and a Lakeshore Drive,
And Mac and Moore's that I've got a bill in,
And the Armory, where the Rotcies drill in.

I sing the Tenney Building in the sky,
New Yorkers think it ain't too high;
The pompous Square where the Capitol sits,
And the way you import theatrical hits;
I sing Frank Lloyd Wright's continuous proposal
For a civic center, with sewage disposal;
Streets that cross so I always get lost,
And the chilblains I get in the sub-zero frost;
The Library, built backwards, where the Phi Betes delve,
And the street lights that flicker when clocks strike twelve.
I sing your milkshakes, your Fauerbach beers.
Yes, I even sing your Roebuck, Sears.
Your governor, whom no one ever sees,
And, lest I forget—Wisconsin cheese.

Be mine alone,
You've got what it takes,
And I'll sing your praise
Across the four lakes.

Be mine, be mine.
Downtown, suburb, I like you fine.
Vilas Park, complete with bears,
Montgomery Ward and cattle fairs;
Northwestern Depot — its streamlined train,
Even your heat, your snow, your rain;
The ten-cent cabs we all pile into,
And the Madison Club that I've never been to;
Olin Terrace, a concert, a football game,
And Log Cabin bratwurst, deserved of fame.
You're indefinable, have no phylum
But professors and cokes and an insane asylum;
Your slippery streets, where I always fall,
Progressives and pawnshops and Kiekhofers' wall;
Forest Products Lab, with its work for Defense,
And snowshoes and puddles and all things immense;
And the man who breaks the ice with an ax,
And the sales you can make without paying a tax.

I sing your Dykstra,
Your John Steuart Curry,
And Gisholt who produces
Machines in a hurry;
And Tony who gives us a brew that is spiked,
And the seventy cops — all supposedly liked;
Your corner bubblers, gleaming bright,
The Ray-O-Vac factory that gives us light.
I sing the sawdust green on Ham-macher's floor,
And the street without a Rennebohm store,
And leagues for this, and leagues for that,
And William Ellery Leonard's hat.
The Eagles' Club and sundry pubs,
Chili con carne and civics clubs;
Oscar Mayer and produce of meat,
The magnificent Spring on Langdon Street.



Pat Lyons

"I think it has something to do with Jap strategy!"

But we bestest like the Union, Memo-
rial—

Me is we, 'cause we're editorial.

I care not if the others frown,
You're far better than any town.
Philadelphia's historic, New Orleans is
gay,

New York City is far away;
Chicago's nearby, that is true,
But Madison, darling, I LOVE YOU.
—I. B.



That's Life

I'm tired, so very tired of
Living
Loving
Lying
Learning
Laughing
Lauding
Limping
Lumping—
I'm so tired—damn it!

—T. G.

Where Art Thou?

I sit myself down to invoke the Muse
That elusive patroness of all things
Creative. But, wily female, that Muse
Is of today's works. Lyrics she sings
In a boogie rhythm; Hep to the jive,
She digs the latest stuff; she's got the
goods

To send the jerks to the deepest dives
And beat it out in the darkest woods.
She's off the iambic pentameter,
Straight goods for her from here right
on in.

What's the deepest groove's diameter
Worries her more than the wages of
sin.

Somebody said there's nothing new but
change

And even my Muse has spread her
range.

—T. G.



College Girls! Win Tuition or Cash Awards in

Flexees

100 WORD CONTEST

*"Why a Young Figure needs
a Foundation Garment"*

Come on, you English majors, and other students who love words, their skillful selection and subtle combinations!

This contest is open to women students (freshmen to seniors inclusive) in any established co-educational or woman's College which grants a recognized B.A. or B.S. in the United States.

It is also open to high school girls of junior and senior grades, taking the Academic Course.

These are the AWARDS OFFERED:

The official entry blank—on which the essays must be submitted—gives all the conditions governing this contest. For this entry blank and for an inspiring glimpse at the new Flexees—visit your favorite corset department as soon as possible. You are not required to buy anything.

COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS	
First Prize	\$300
Second Prize	\$200
Third Prize	\$100
(applicable on tuition in any preferred college)	
CASH AWARDS	
4 Prizes of \$25 Each . . .	\$100
20 Prizes of \$10 Each . . .	\$200
20 Prizes of \$5 Each . . .	\$100
47 PRIZES	\$1000

FLEXEES • 417 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

20,000 Customers

WHEN THE last football is laid to rest among the empty brandy bottles, players like Bozo have to dig up a new racket. It took Bozo several weeks just to find the right spade. At last he came back from his between-semesters trip home all set to percolate: he was wearing a loud rag rug he had persuaded his mother to put sleeves on, and he felt reckless, radical, and riotous. He got to work.

There was always a lot of intellectual estheticism floating around the Union, and Bozo decided to cash in on it. He was just the type: that is, he had big broad shoulders and full lips continually puckered as if he were going to spit. His best business spots were in the music listening rooms and the art gallery. He'd creep up alongside a likely looking customer and join him in staring at a gouache landscape (note: a gouache is sort of a cross between a gaucho and a goch) or some-



An Orchid

With a hand-knitted medal in his hand Octy is overjoyed to appoint Owen Kampen to his illustrious Board of Editors. Owen, a sophomore living in Madison, draws fine cartoons and will, under pressure, occasionally escort a girl to the movies. In spite of his youth and adolescent good looks, he will be entitled to all the rights and privileges granted to members of the board.

times even a sloppy moderne portrait. Bozo would squint and hmmm and cluck and crack his knuckles and twist his face out of shape just like a real art critic. Naturally he impressed his fellow bystander who had just dropped in until the line at the cloak room thinned out. So finally the sucker would look mildly at Bozo and ask casually, "What do you think of it?" That's when Bozo pounced hard.

He'd have some snappy crack ready—preferably one that sounded a bit arty—like, "His technique smells. The masses are a mess." or "The composition is decomposed." or if he felt good, maybe even a hearty "The guy's got something. He can't get it across, but it's there." Then the sucker would smile and start turning away. While he was off balance, Bozo would nudge him in the neck with a shoulder, pin his head to the wall, and pucker harder than ever.

"Sorry, sir, but I must request that you pay a slight fee of twenty-five cents for professional information—please!" A fit of stamping on the sucker's toes accompanied the latter. For some in-



ART DALLMAN

"It isn't the bottleneck we're worried about—it's the rest of the plant."

explicable reason the suckers always paid up.

The same thing occurred day after day in the music rooms. Someone would ask Bozo's opinion—rhetorically, of course—and Bozo would slap a charge of him. The line of customers was endless. Each one was afraid or refused to warn the others. Naturally, however, even in *Octopus* stories vice cannot go on being rewarded. But don't worry, we'll think up some way out.

(Here's a space where the reader can doodle while he waits:)

Okay . . . Well, one day Bozo found himself in the music room alone with a frail little fellow in a black necktie. He unbuttoned his rag coat, puckered up, and settled down into a comfortable serious position while the kid tenderly prepared the machine. The first record went on: there was a splatter of booms and then zigzag lightning streaks of flutes and violins. The kid collapsed in a chair and closed his eyes. Bozo waited. The melody hopped along . . . Ah, there was a part just like Kostelanetz! Then some more philharmonic slopwater . . . then Kostelanetz again. Rrrrrr. The record was over. The kid leaped into the air and changed the record; he dropped the top of the machine, threw a glance at Bozo and collapsed again.

This guy must be a nut, Bozo thought. Ah well, only four more records. And he's just a puny . . . Think I'll charge him *fifty* cents.

The kid was really being wafted along. His feet slowly left the floor, and Bozo was willing to bet that the chair could have been pulled from under him without him falling . . . He only came out of his trance to change records. Finally it was over. Bozo hunched his muscles.

The kid replaced the records, carefully wiped off the needle, and whispered, "Magnificent! Blhoryski at his best. There's a power in it that . . ." He swallowed, afraid to say any more: the room was filled with the sweet echoes of the *Slaebendorg Puschtel* and he didn't want to contaminate them with his earthly breath. He merely glanced at Bozo.

Bozo puckered and squinted. "Mm." He wouldn't give a comment until it was asked for; couldn't charge, other-



wise. But the kid was edging toward the door. Hey! He'd sat through five different hells, and here the slug was walking out without giving him a chance to collect. There ain't no justice! He grabbed for the door and blocked the passage.

"Wait . . . I-I'd like to hear the last . . . ah . . . movement again." Boy, what he didn't go through to earn his pay. But now the kid would ask, why?—and he'd sell him the answer.

Only the kid didn't. He merely handed over the records! The rat! Bozo purposely let them slip a bit.

"Whoops! Almost dropped 'em. Wouldn't want that to happen." That's using the old knob: *now* he'll ask why.

But—"Oh, the records aren't important. They were—but now the music is kinetic . . . released. Now it's part of the world, not of the wax. Inhale! Smell the music? The fragrance of water lilies!"

"Oh . . ." Bozo was trapped. Still—"I bet you'd like to know what I think of this composer, huh?"

"Not especially. It doesn't matter what *we* think of him . . . or the air . . . or water lilies."

The kid was getting wise.

"I *must* get on to my next class." He looked at his watch. Bozo didn't move.

"So you don't care what I think, huh?"

"No. For me Blhorski will always be the shining acme . . . I'm already five minutes late."

Ha! All hot and bothered because he couldn't make his music class! Boy, he sure was nuts about the classics! Well, let the runt wait.

But Bozo couldn't wait. He had expressed his opinions so often that they wouldn't be repressed now. "Whether you want to hear about it or not, brother, I think this Bulloney guy stench. As a water lily, he putrids. Get me?"

The kid didn't even blink (he did blanch somewhat.) He calmly took

back the records, extracted one, and ground the grooves complacently right into Bozo's face. Then he pulled the album down over the ex-player's ears.

Bozo blinked up from under his rag coat and was astounded. These music students! An anesthetic esthetic!

"Blhoryski," the kid whispered, wiping his hands, "forgive me. But you know what kinetic music is." Then to Bozo, "Well, if you'll pardon me, I must get back to the Ag building. We're expecting a baby calf."

(Leonard Casper)

As to the foolish questioners, there is a story of a man who had a scar on his forehead. When asked how he got it, he said that he bit himself.

"And how could you bite yourself on your forehead?" somebody asked him.

"Well," he replied, "I stood on a chair."

He: You see if we enter a companionate marriage we can live together a while and then, if we find we've made a mistake, we can separate.

She: Yes—but—what'll we do with the mistake?



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What is the best joke that you heard on the Wisconsin campus this month? Submit your wisecrack to the editors of Octy. The winner, who will receive an attractive assortment of Life Savers, will be announced next month along with winning jest.

THIS MONTH'S WINNER is Jimmie Wood, 205 S. Mills Street, Madison, Wisconsin. Jimmie sent in this stinker—

The saddest story of the month was about the too observant fellow who remarked to his girl: "Your stockings seem rather wrinkled."

"You brute," exclaimed the girl, "I have no stockings on."

Congratulations, Mr. Wood



Dick mumbles, "Sweet as honeydew!"

Janet sighs and quavers.

Dick says, "No—I don't mean you,
I mean these swell Life Savers!"



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

(continued from page 14)

the second chorus and helps Helen finish out the disc with a few dandy sax parts. *A Sinner Kissed an Angel*, features Bob Eberle with the vocal. Decca.

SEEING YOU AGAIN DID ME NO GOOD

Tommy Ryan gives a good account of himself with the vocal in this Sammy Kaye recording. The tempo is smooth and easy and very listenable. *Somebody Else is Taking My Place*, is quite sad but the tears won't keep you from enjoying Allan Foster's excellent singing. Victor.

THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY BALL

Irving Berlin wrote it . . . Glenn Miller plays it . . . Marion Hutton sings it . . . A combination like that is bound to be good. *Angels of Mercy*, featuring Ray Eberle is first-rate. Bluebird.

ROSE O'DAY

The Merry Macs have a lot of fun kicking this one around. You'll get a kick out of it, too. *By-U-By-O*, has plenty of swing in this MM version. This second side over-shadows *Rose O'Day* but as a whole the record is worth getting. Decca.

IT WAS ONLY A DREAM

Is gutbucket stuff. Bob Crosby and Company in charge . . . Eddie Miller struggling with the words. *Take It Easy*, shows the Crosby outfit in top form. The boys have plenty of time to strut their stuff and get things warmed up. The number is straight instrumental and carries nifty beat. Decca.

EV'RYTHING I LOVE

Sweet and low-down . . . That's Dinah Shore . . . And, Lordie, do we love her. If you haven't got this record you haven't a minute to spare. Better get it right away. Go on, put your coat on and get going. *Happy in Love*, made us very happy. Bluebird.

YOU RASCAL YOU

Louis Armstrong is frightening singing—"I'll be glad when you're dead you rascal you!" *Sleepy Time Down South*, offers Louis with some dandy trumpet leads. Decca.

BELOVED FRIEND

Jan Savitt does a creditable job with this. The vocalist, Allan De Witt, takes the spotlight. *Meditation*, is only so-so. Decca.

FOOLED

Glenn Miller and Ray Eberle turn out another winner. The piece is smooth and slow . . . spotted with swell instrumental work. *It Happened in Hawaii*, again puts Eberle out front and for our money tops the A side. Bluebird.

PLEASANT DREAMS

Lou Breese cuts himself a nice piece of cake in this waxing. Vocal honors go to Jean Williams and the Ensemble. *Chiquita* is strictly B stuff. Decca.

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

A stirring victory march . . . Sammy Kaye and the Kaye Glee Club give it plenty of color. *Dear Mom*, is pretty nauseating. Victor.

I THINK OF YOU

It's T. Dorsey this time with a lovely ballad. Frank Sinatra handles the vocal easily and Mr. T. takes the second chorus on his trombone. *Who Can I Turn To?* features some pleasant piano interludes and the warbling of Jo Stafford. Victor.

Gather Ye Phyles



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