



The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 23, No. 3

November, 1941

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November, 1941

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

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

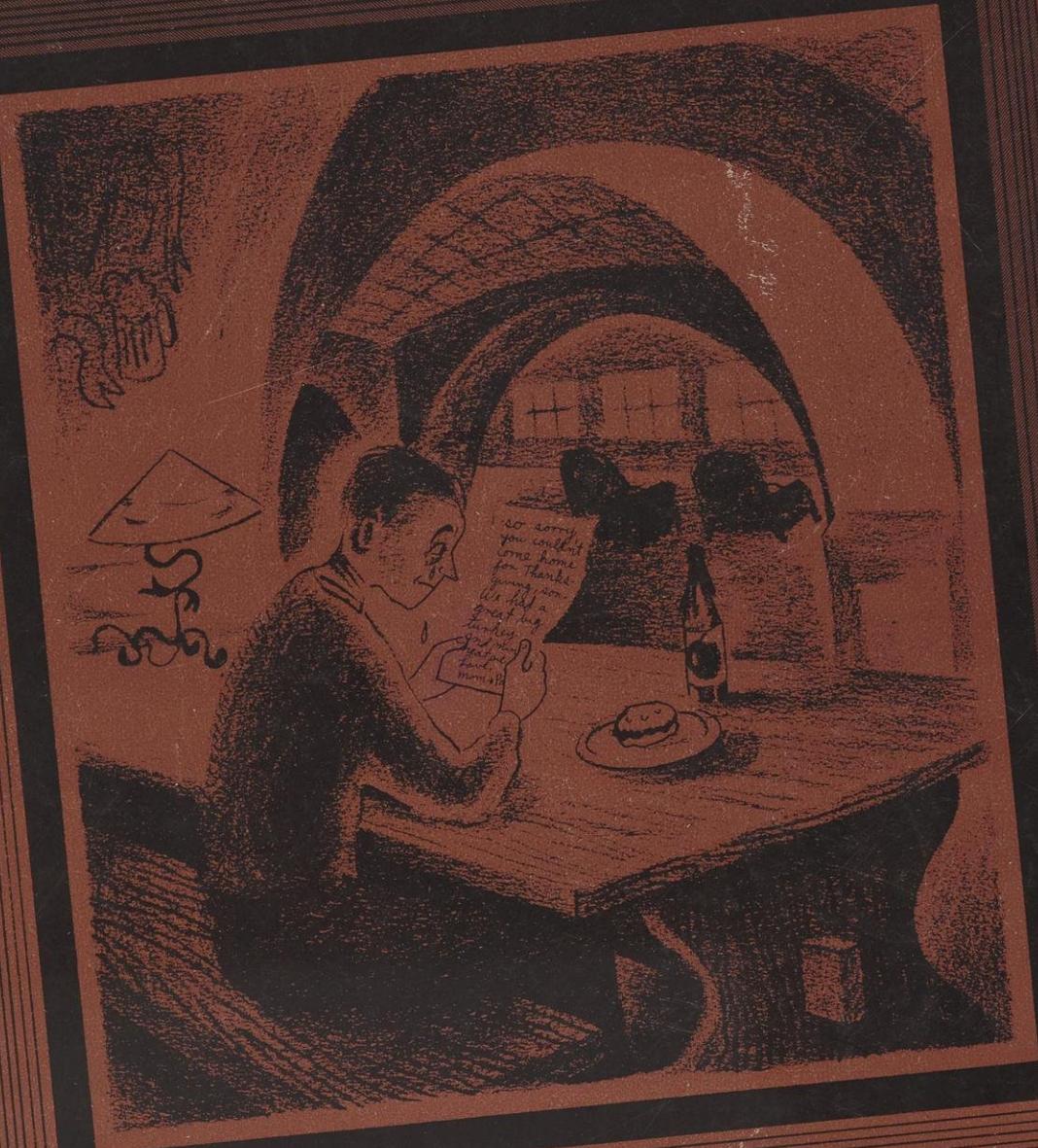
For information on re-use, see
<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

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

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

THE WISCONSIN

Octopus



15 cents

THE STUDENT'S THANKSGIVING

Lithograph

Ed. Mayland

\$500.00



MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
in the Hal Roach hit
"All-American Co-ed"
a United Artists Release

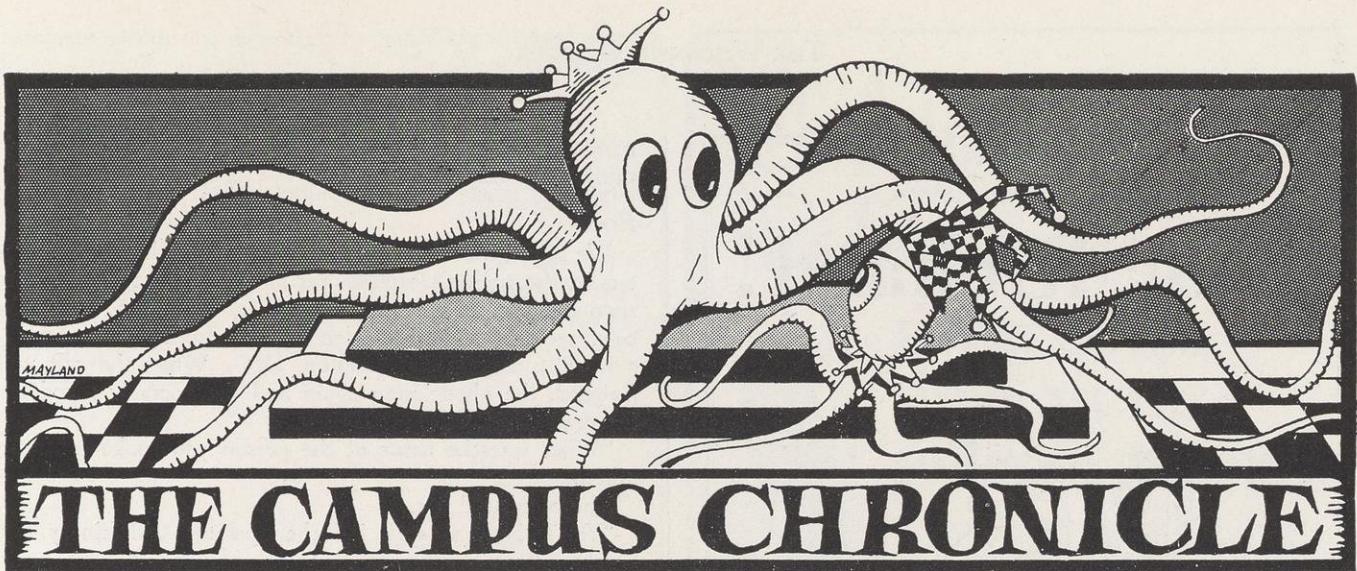
Let's Celebrate
It's **CHESTERFIELD**

Pass around the Chesterfields and it's pleasure time for everybody . . . smoking pleasure that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.

Chesterfields make good friends . . . they're milder, definitely better-tasting and cooler-smoking. Everybody who smokes them likes them.



They Satisfy



AS THE world heads into December we look about us and wonder just what the devil is going on. With cannons to the right of us and cannons to the left of us we sometimes feel afraid. Over there people are crouching in air raid shelters or standing in line with ration cards or are being shot to pieces to make the world a better place to live in. And over here people are writing to their congressmen and going hysterical over every newspaper headline and condemning as traitors those of opposing ideas. It's sickening and rotten and wrong. And too many of us are making it worse. We're forgetting that a laugh is still a pretty good thing to have, even if it's at ourselves. The whole world is taking itself too seriously and has set out in gory earnest to prove it. And there isn't much we can do about it. Except to remember how to laugh. Not because the whole set-up is anything to guffaw about. But because when people forget to laugh, their sense of perspective fades away and there is nothing left but slaughter and greed and hate. And there are some nice things left, you know. It isn't all blood and muck yet. So laugh, damn you. Put your head under the cold water faucet and laugh! That's what we're going to do.

Octopus, a Career for Youth

In years gone by, Octy's careers for youth have been confined largely to the chosen circle which makes up his staff. Never, even in our wildest, wildest dreams, though, did we expect to garner niches in life for our readers as well. But that's just what we've done. You can't blame us for being just a wee bit proud. It started when we gave samples of cheese to our subscribers with the aid of the generosity and propaganda-lust of the cheese people in the capital. With the tasty snack went an offer of five pounds of the delicious stuff to the connoisseur who offered the finest five hundred words in praise of the odiferous delicacy. One of our discriminating subscribers copped the sweet-scented prize and was thrilled as anything about it. But his mad whirl of Cinderella-success did not end there. The bright-eyed boy so impressed the Heil cheese-men that now our lucky protege is working

for the prize-donors, slicing his way to wealth and luxury—selling cheese.

Who knows? You may be next.

No Women Allowed

We weep for the boys in the dormitories. For all their lavish living, their acres of tennis courts and football fields, their magnificent woodland scenery—they are shackled slaves. They are not allowed to have women in their rooms. Before you swoon and turn a fiery crimson, get us straight. We don't mean *any* women. We're good clean lads ourselves. We mean mothers and sisters. *Real* mothers and sisters. Many are the lonely nights we've spent consoling some crushed and heart-broken freshman, sobbing because his Mommy wasn't permitted to view the room where her curly-headed baby was to live for a whole long, lonely year. Perhaps we're just sentimental old fools but we find ourselves crying out against the injustice of such a cruel rule. It's an infringement of personal liberty, rank regimentation. Something ought to be done. The dorm boys should put up a fight.

We wonder what will happen when one of the dorm inmates gets up enough spirit to try and smuggle in his grandmother.

Our Youth Problem

We have always espoused the cause of youth. We pound tables and shout wildly in defense of boys and girls. We admire the mass of us that works for an education. We even feel strongly about the housing problem for students.

But sometimes we are discouraged. Sometimes youth goes too far.

Only last week we heard two girls talking about one of their mutual acquaintances. We tried not to listen but we were not successful. And what we heard gave us quite a jolt.

"I admire her," said one of the girls. "She works awfully hard but she gets along swell."

"Where does she live this year?" asked the other girl. And then, the heart-breaking answer: "Chamberlain."

We blushed, winced, and started for the dean's office. On the way we thought it over and decided that perhaps we were just gullible old fools. After saner, more liberal



Poor Richard!



"No, Richard, I've changed my mind — I'm going with Mertin . . . He has a Capital City Rent-A-Car!"

CAPITAL CITY RENT-A-CAR

- New Cars
- Radio Equipped

531 STATE

- Low Rates
- Friendly Service

FAIRCHILD 334

pondering we are sure the girl meant "Chadbourne." We think. We hope.

Boo!

We regret that the present emergency, with its headquarters at the nation's capital, has set one-half of the citizens snooping around the other half. For instance, a Wisconsin co-ed received a prepaid telephone call from her boy-friend, a med student in Washington, D. C. When the call was finished, the phone rang again and the operator asked for the same co-ed.

"What was the name of the person you spoke to?" she asked.

The co-ed told her.

"You'll have to spell it," the operator said kindly but firmly.

She spelled it.

"Do you know where he lives?"

She didn't.

Did she know where he called from.

"I don't know," said the girl desperately. "Look, I've got a date waiting for me."

"Does he go to school?" the operator asked relentlessly.

"Yes, yes, yes," she screamed. "My date — please — I've simply got to go."

When interviewed recently, the same co-ed refused to speak of the matter. "It makes me very morbid," she said.

Strongheart of the Rathskeller

Our Rathskeller spy was floating happily in the beery

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

| | |
|--|------------------------------|
| DEAN G. C. SELLERY, Pres. | JAMES A. WATROUS, Vice-Pres. |
| RAY L. HILSENHOFF, Secretary and Treasurer | SAM GRECO |

EDWARD J. MAYLAND

BUSINESS STAFF

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| SAM GRECO | Business Manager |
| HAROLD GRISWOLD | Advertising Manager |
| JOAN WITHINGTON | Personnel Director |
| DICK CAMPBELL | Sales Director |
| JOEY FOURT | Publicity Director |
| NED WHITMORE | Circulation Director |
| ELEANOR ROSNER | Specialties Director |
| ROBIN L. PINDAR | Layout Director |

EDWARD J. MAYLAND, Executive Editor

Contributors:

George Hoeveler, L. S. Silk, Art Dallman, Helen Landsberg, Owen Kampen, Jean Sperry, Myron Gordon, Ruth De Groot, James Redding, Nancy Oestrich, Maggie Arlington Stamps, Robert Vergeront, Lena R. Brisket, Jack Fox, Tom Greenwell, Alfrido Bandershee, Llewelyn Famm, Rudolpho Magee, Don Henningfeld.

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

Volume XXIV NOVEMBER, 1941

Number 3

basement gloom one day when he noticed two boys—about fifteen—trying to order some beer. The sharp-eyed waiter was reluctant.

"You students?" he queried warily.

They assured him they were.

He was baffled for a minute. Then the gleam of inspiration flashed from his eyes.

"Let's see yer fee cards," he demanded.

And the younger looking of the two guests fished through his knickers pocket and drew forth a fee card—battered, grimy, but undeniably a fee card.

The waiter scowled at it.

"Here, what are you tryin' to pull?" he snarled. "These are from 1939!"

A short argument ensued, and the boys did not get the



beer. The waiter walked off muttering happily under his breath and polishing his Dick Tracy badge.

On Wisconsin

We don't know exactly what it means, but it's probably a sign of something. It was at a football game and Wisconsin was slipping behind, point after point. Suddenly a loyal band of rooters, about six rows down from us, let out a lusty war cry: "Fight *desperately*, Wisconsin!"

That is all.

Fight, Team!

Speaking of football and progress and such things, have you noticed how hard it is getting to be to concentrate on what is going on down on the field? There was a time when spectators at a game sat with eyes glued to the field, turning away only to grab at a passing hot-dog or candy vendor. But now all has changed. We grab at confetti, loosen balloons, laugh at the cheer-leaders, call friends ten rows down, gaze at the press-box, watch the coach, mark score-cards, and are generally kept too busy to give more than a casual glance at the field now and then to see if there has been anybody hurt lately.

Don't Forget to Vote

It was in a sorority house dining room, during lunch, that a rather touching little scene took place. We recount it only to illustrate the dimness of all glory—even the politician's.

A certain small-fry politician came in, a trifle out of breath, and, introducing himself to the president of the sorority, asked for permission to make a campaign speech. The president, a trifle flustered, stood up to introduce him.

"Girls," she announced, "girls, this is so and so. He would like to speak to you about his running for—something or other."

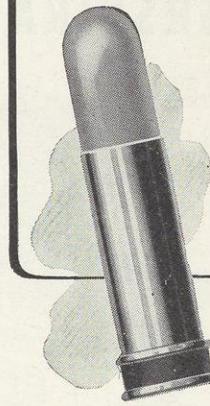
We are sorry to report that the speech was not what is called golden oratory.

"I like Tangee
Red-Red because...

It's EASY ON THE LIPS,

EASY ON THE EYES,

EASY ON THE POCKETBOOK



—was the prize-winning entry of Miss Sallie Jo Thomas of Northwestern University in Tangee Red-Red's recent Ad-Writing contest.



EASY ON THE LIPS? Indeed it is—for Red-Red is made with Tangee's famous pure cream base! It goes on like a dream ... and, once applied, clings like mad for hours and hours.



EASY ON THE EYES? It certainly is—both yours and his. Pure, clear, Tangee Red-Red blends with all fashion colors...gives your lips new life and brilliance. (Wear it together with the matching rouge and Tangee's *un*-powdery Face Powder for the most shattering effect.)

EASY ON THE POCKETBOOK?

Assuredly...not only does Tangee Red-Red save you money by lasting longer...but the new larger sizes hold more lipstick than ever before.



TANGEE Red-Red

RAREST, LOVELIEST RED OF THEM ALL

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely
STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

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

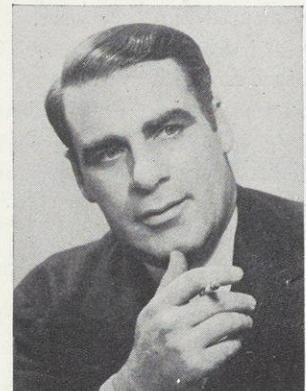


ARRID

39¢ a jar
 Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars



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



J. RUSSEL LANE
Libel!

If you like good entertainment, you won't want to miss "LIBEL!" written by Edward Wooll and presented by The Wisconsin Players on the nights of December 10, 11, 12, and 13, in the new Union Theater.

The play is a courtroom drama which deals with the establishing of the identity of a shell-shocked soldier. It is full of action and suspense, and promises to be one of the best plays of the season.

The production was directed by J. Russel Lane.

Remember "LIBEL" for an exciting evening's entertainment.

*Isn't Harder
 Just Too Cute . . .*

F.6388

CLEANING PRESSING DYEING ALTERATIONS

Four Lakes
 CLEANERS



TWO WANT-AD WRITERS MEET

Wl. wl., Chrly., I hvnt sn. y. in a lng. tme. Whre. hv. y. bn. kpng. yrslf?

Bn. wrkng. nghts., Jk. Wht. hv. y. bn. dng.?

Jst. gt. bk. frm. m. vcatn. Wnt. dn. to Pm. Bch.

Pm. Bch.? Y. pk. th. swl. plcs., dnt. y?

Pm. Bch. is swl. all rght. I had 1 grt. tme. Whn. is yr. vcatn.?

Cms. in Sept. I'm gng. cmpng. in th. Adrndk. Mts.

Do y. lk. th. mts.?

I'm crzy. abt. thm. They gve. m. a thrl. tht. ordny. wrds. cnt. dscribe.

Manuscripts

TYPING TOPICS

Term Papers

NEATLY, ACCURATELY, AND PROMPTLY TYPED . . . ALL WORK GUARANTEED

COLLEGE TYPING COMPANY

BADGER 3747

NEXT TO LOWER CAMPUS

7:30 A.M. - 8:00 P.M.

The Wisconsin Octopus

EDWARD J. MAYLAND, *Executive Editor*
IRENE TREPEL, *Assisting Editor*

BOARD of EDITORS

Larry Hogan '42 Joan Withington '43
Robert Lee Hanson '43

HB '39

Volume XXIII

NOVEMBER, 1941

Number 3

On Second Thought

WOOD PULP, formerly used in newspapers, is going into explosives. This is not a great transition, for the Cardinal, as any Cardinal staff member will testify, has always been dynamite.

Our history professor tells us that the original boundaries of Wisconsin included the site of the University of Minnesota. Perhaps it's better that we lost that section. They would have made a rather troublesome minority.

Jealous Husband Kills Wife After Joking Remark—*Headline*. Absolutely no sense of humor.

An axis ship flying a United States flag has been seized. At least they're not showing their true colors.

Priorities are taking materials normally used for Christmas toys. Santa Claus is left holding the bag.

The local WCTU condemns the experimental dry night club. It isn't much fun, is it, girls?

Lewis Blame Bethlehem Chief—*headline*. Just full of the Christmas spirit, aren't you, John?

Iceland girls say American soldiers are teaching them English words they weren't taught in school. And how are you doing, boys?

Stalin, we read, is "still the people's friend." Awfully white of you, Joe old man.

There is imminent danger of a paper shortage we hear. Shorter exams is probably the most logical solution.

As per usual the University will not give us a vacation the Friday after Thanksgiving. So hundreds of dis-

gruntled students will "go over the hill" while others go over the Hill.

At Dad's Day we choked back the tears as the Football Dads supplied the perennial between-halves entertainment. Next year they might honor the Daddies of the boys in the band.

The carillon chimes, it seems, have ceased chiming. And the ROTC, no doubt, is melting down the bells.

15,000 telephone operators are threatening to go on a strike unless their demands for shorter working hours are granted. At last the day has come when even the operators are up in arms about the wrong number menace.

Russell Sage College has added 11 new faculty members. Re-emphasizing football?

The University has a dormitory built under the seats of the stadium. That's one way of making stadiums pay, even if the team loses.

President imposes secrecy on conversations with Canadian Prime Minister. Fifty to one Eleanor wasn't there.



"Why should I read the Cardinal?"

Passion in the Forest



IT WAS nearly eventide in the small cabin half-way down in the next block. Soot-blackened snow littered the earth in the cold outside. Smoke sagged dejectedly out of the old oaken chimney. This was Thanksgiving for the poor old Pilgrims. This was the scene of love in the wild-wood. This was life in the raw.

Inside the wind-swept, tumble-down cabin two men paced the floor, shouting in hoarse monotones, gesticulating wildly.

"Biles," said the younger of the two Pilgrims, "in truth, Biles, you should not be the one."

"Yo call me that again an' ah'll beat yo down," said the other Pilgrim, who lived in the wretched hovel twenty rods to the south. He fought to keep his temper.

"Come, come old man," retorted the younger man, "let's not be a poor sport about it. I have a cold, that's all. I meant no harm."

There was silence. The two leveled-eyed men stared at each other coldly. Then they laughed carelessly and shook hands solemnly.

"You're right, of course, John," said the big Pilgrim. "You're always so right. There was a rather pathetic note in his voice, almost wistful.

"Yes, Biles," said John, "ours is a larger problem. Both of us can't have Prissy and may the best man win. We must both go to her and let her decide."

"Truly," said Biles, "that is wisdom indeed. The trail is long and hazardous, the wind is bitter cold, there may be hostile Indians, too. Yet we must go."

"Are you with me?" he yelled going into a peppy routine he had learned at college.

"I am!" said the little Pilgrim.

They bundled up warmly, each wearing two pairs of mittens and tying their mufflers over their ears.

As they trudged along, John remarked, "I suppose we should have settled this before. Prissy's been all alone this winter in that little old cabin of hers. Something could happen to her all alone like that."

Biles shrugged his shoulders. "Well, that's what she gets for building her

place twelve furlongs away from us."

"What's a furlong?" said the little Pilgrim.

"Hell, I dunno," said the big Pilgrim. You always want to know the *damndest* stuff."

The two Pilgrims were cold. Biles initiated a bit of imbibing to drive the chill away. They marched on.

"I know," said the little Pilgrim. "Let's sing to keep our spirits up."

"You're the bright one though," said the big Pilgrim admiringly. "That's a dandy idea."

John hummed the pitch and the woods echoed with, "*Shall We Gather at the River?*" This got them pretty excited and they cut loose with a bunch

of hallelujahs.

"Say, that wasn't so bad," said Biles. "Let's try, *"I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire."*"

Suddenly there was a zing and a clang and Bile's helmet was almost knocked off.

"Injuns," said John, excitedly.

"Hyuh, hyuh," snickered Biles. "They sure gave us the gong on that one."

The little Pilgrim groaned. "Come on dope, we have to make a run for it."

And so they ran. Scores of arrows filled the air and hideous war whoops issued from the forest. The Pilgrims ran hard striving to escape the redskin onslaught.



THE STUDENTS' CLINIC
"How long have you been waiting, buddy?"

"To coin a phrase," gasped the little Pilgrim, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

At last they escaped their attackers. They slowed down to a walk and licked their wounds.

"Well, anyway we made good time," said John looking at his watch. "We must be almost there."

Soon they approached the neat little



wilderness cabin.

"You go in first," urged Biles.

"What's the matter, getting chicken?" said the little Pilgrim cockily.

Bile's eyes blazed with anger, and then he blushed. "If you must know," he said, "it would be too embarrassing. One of those damned Indians pierced my derriere."

John grinned and stepped forward to press the buzzer. Both of the Pilgrims smiled prettily, hats off and hair combed.

The door was opened. The Pilgrim smiles disappeared. The boys looked hurt and puzzled.

There at the door was a tall, young Indian brave, his eyebrows raised, his tongue in his cheek. Inside sat Prissy her eyes cast demurely on the floor as she embroidered a pair of tiny moccasins.

The two Pilgrims looked angry momentarily and they started to say something.

Then the little Pilgrim softened. He clapped the big Pilgrim on the shoulder and said, "Biles, old boy, I guess we're just a couple of old fools."

"Yep," said Biles.

Together, forcing broad smiles they shouted, "All the luck in the world, Prissy! And you too, Chief!"

Then they broke down completely and cried, unashamed.

"This is a hell of a Thanksgiving, ain't it, John?" said Biles as they slowly turned away.

—R. L. H.

I'll Give You a Paper of Pins



HIS story begins like practically all of my stories, with a couple of glasses of cold beer (sometimes, of course, I have the beer stale and warm) with two young people behind them. This particular beer is their marginal glassful, standing between sobriety and crockedness, and they taste it with hesitant lips, not being so bold about getting crocked as they would have been a few years ago (when they probably appeared in one of my stories, as undergraduates.) Now this guy is a young instructor, full of his Great Mission—and now, lo, he has drunk the fateful beer and he is crocked, and the words rush in torrents. They are honest words,

because he is a very honest man, especially when crocked.

"Darling," he says, "I would be very happy to marry you."

"No," she says. "You wouldn't. I'm a miserable person. I'm a monster."

"You're not. You're very good. You are one of the best people I know. You can write shorthand and typewrite and you will make me a fine wife if you promise to help me with my papers and once in a while do a little research for me."

"But, of course, sweet, but of course I would. Oh, I would. Ah, but no. I'd do you much harm. I'm bad. Don't marry me, angel, please."

"If you are worried about my swarming over you and squashing your identity and draining the life out of you," says he, "I wouldn't. I would make you gooder and richer and nobler. I want you to go on with your poetry. I



"He said he'd do anything to beat the draft."

want you to do more with the dance. Mmmmm, *the dance*. I want you to paint and sing and make fine music and be ever so gay, *toujours gai*, night and day, for ever and ever, and do my shorthand and typing and love me."

"Oh, I want to, and I need you so badly, but—don't you see—it's just . . ."

"My lovely, are you afraid of me?"
"Yup."

"That's good. I'm afraid of you, too. *Ooooooh*, but you scare me. When you look. When you move. Your fingers. Would you strangle me in my sleep if we were married?"

"No, dear."

"I might strangle you. Sometimes I hate you, *ugh*, all over me. I could murder you."

"Sweetness, never stop hating me."
"I won't."

"Darling," says she, "you're so wonderful. You have no idea. Such balance, such health, such grace. You are a singer of songs, a dreamer of dreams. And you *know* things. Tell me what you know, baby. Tell me what your lecture was today."

"No. I forget it."

"No, my life, tell me. I need to know. I'll die if you don't tell me."

"Um, it was about the effect of the

war on labor. Many problems raised. Priorities, unemployment, defense migration, guns or butter, price movements, organization drives, anti-union reaction, labor in the last war, the hot-house growth, the open-shop drive afterward, dilution, price and wage control, and so on and on and on and on and on. WAITRESS, two more beers!"

For a while they sit there brooding, hungrily, until the waitress returns. They drink up. At last they talk again.

She says, "Why are you the smartest when you're drunkest, darling?"

"Because the beer washes away the rot. The rot is setting in. I become the stuffed shirt. I become respectable. I am unbloody, but bowed, and much ashamed. If you marry me, I will be a better man and will have courage for the fight."

"Which fight, my rightful man?"

"Any fight, *any old fight*."

"Well," says she, in her funny South Chicago accent, "I'll *think* it over, *kiiiiiiiid*. Let's go home."

SO THEY went home, and, I am quite sure, lived very unhappily ever after. Fade-out, with offstage muted trumpets playing that old favorite, "I've Got Those Anti-Intellectual Blues And I Can't Be Satisfied." —L. S.

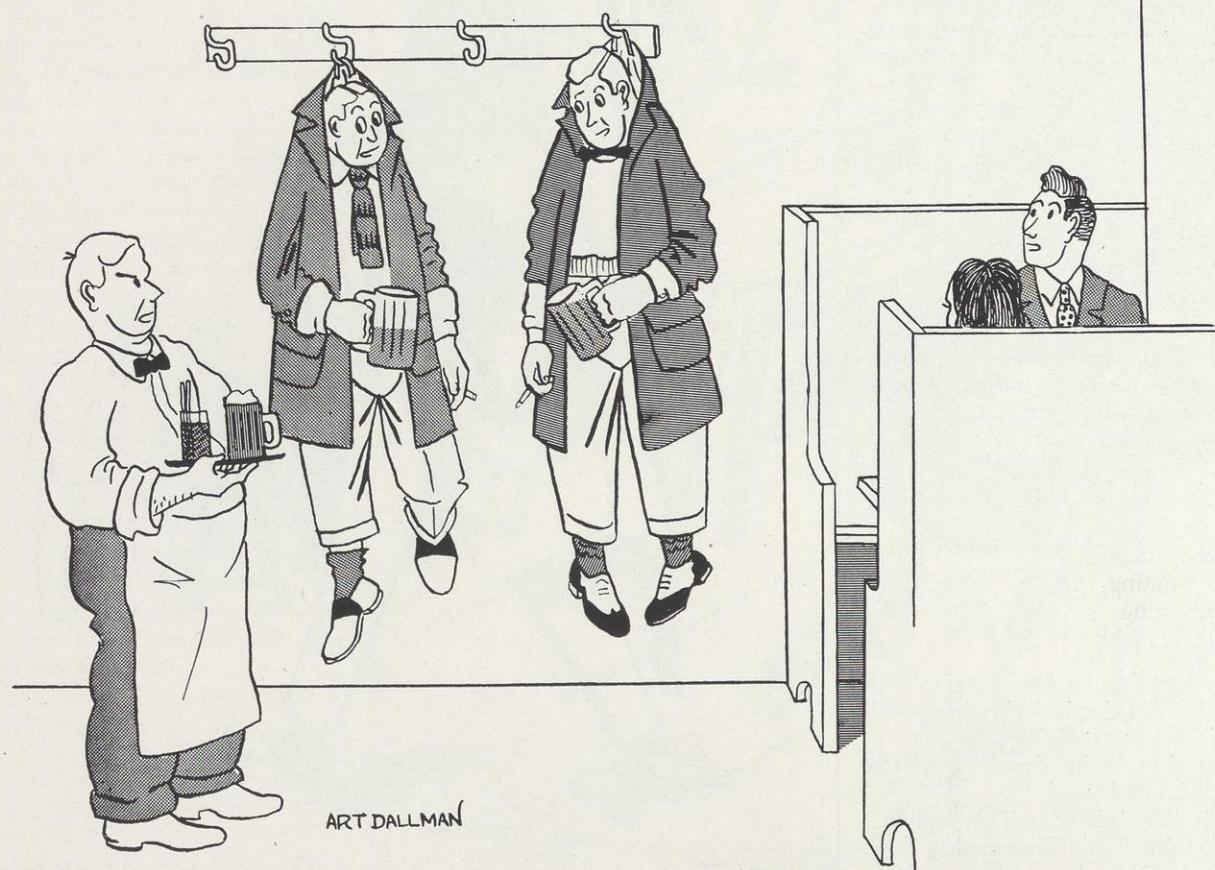
An Appreciation of Painting



F YOU can neither hum the theme of Brahms' Second nor pronounce the names of any dancers except Fred Astaire, and are thus barred from conversing on music or the dance. At least you can discuss painting. It is easy.

There was a time when all a college man was expected to know was how to make gin and open a bottle with a fifty-cent piece. Now all is changed, and unless you are one of those boys who stay awake in lectures and take notes, the only way to be popular is learn to discuss art. A little case history will illustrate my point. Henry Lurch, a sophomore, developed a violent attraction for a girl in his chemistry class, and somehow got her to accompany him to the Union. Foolishly, he went up the steps instead of through the Paul Bunyan Room.

"Oo, look," she cried. "Let's look



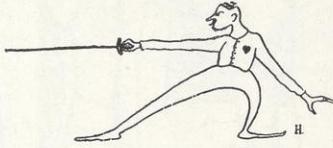
"I thought I told you guys to quit hanging around here!"

at the pictures on exhibit."

"Okay," said Henry. "Anything you say."

Somewhat dazed he followed her helplessly, occasionally muttering "You bet." Finally she stopped before a picture and pointed dramatically. "Look!" she gasped.

Henry looked. He saw two or three people who seemed like people, a house that was undeniably a house.



Some trees that had undoubtedly been painted on the spot.

"That," said Henry, "is what I call art, real art. Don't you think so?"

"I'm sorry," said the girl coldly, turning away. "I am not in the habit of speaking to strangers."

This little episode so affected Henry that he came to me for advice. I was tieless and needed a haircut, and he felt sure that I knew all about art.

For the benefit of those who, like my friend Henry, think Dali is something you scribble in a phone booth, I am making public these Helpful Hints for Aesthetic Conversation.

The first rule, the Golden Rule, is really very simple. Any picture in a style that has been reproduced at popular prices is not art. One sneers, and says, "Well, at least he has technical competence," or, depending on how you feel, "Technically, he stinks."

THE second step involves going to the library. Ask any cab driver, and he will direct you. They know everything. After filling out a few cards, get a book of Modern Art and look in the index for Picasso (not to be confused with pistachio, a form of nut). You will notice the sub-headings *Early Picasso*, or *Late Picasso*. Study the illustrations carefully, and whenever you see any painting that resembles them, say, shrugging your shoulders, "It shows the (Early or Late, choose one) Picasso influence."

This leaves you a rather narrowed field. From here in, it is easy. You are left two types of painting. One will consist of dead fish in trees, tea cups growing on bushes, fluid watches, etc. Of these you can say, sneering broadly, "Still trying to tell a story." This puts you right up with the sophis-



"Now grasp the opener firmly in your right hand—"

ticated critics, because most Art Discussers still praise this stuff. It is not reproduced cheaply, yet. But it will be. There is the sad tale of the girl who defended a modern painter and only a week later Life reproduced his work. She is now in a convent.

But if you have to like something, say, when pressed, "Bambatista Slurd." He draws wiggly lines in the new post-



neo-Cubistic style. When asked why, you can talk about universal art forms, pure motion, plasticity, functional, design, monumental and say, "At least, he is not provincial." No one will argue with you. No one knows Bambatista Slurd.

—W.M.

SCENE IN THE DRESSING ROOM — ALCOHOL FUMES AND DISCARDED UNIFORMS — *The Daily Cardinal*.

After the game the boys just relax.

Dept of Cardinal Confusion
CAA REJECTS
TRY TOO MUCH
COLLEGE ACTIVITY

—Headline

Honestly!

AG SCHOOL FINDS
BETTER CULTURES TO
INOCULATE SUICIDE

—Headline

Something new every day, isn't there?

Octy Tours the Gallery

In line with the policy of bringing to his readers the best in Wisconsin Art OCTY presents these on-the-spot drawings ripped from the sketchbook of staff artist Belvedore Snipe.



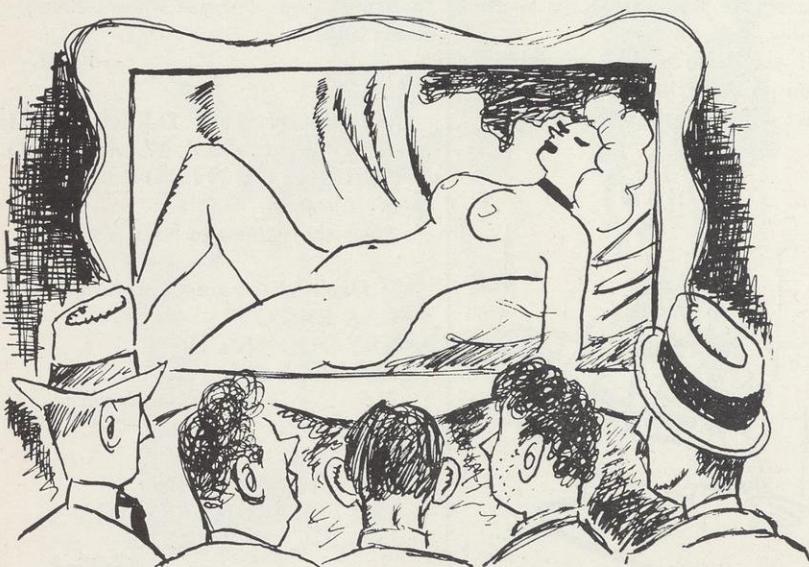
Lucridius Feupen finished his painting in a taxicab while rushing from Sauk City to meet the Salon deadline.



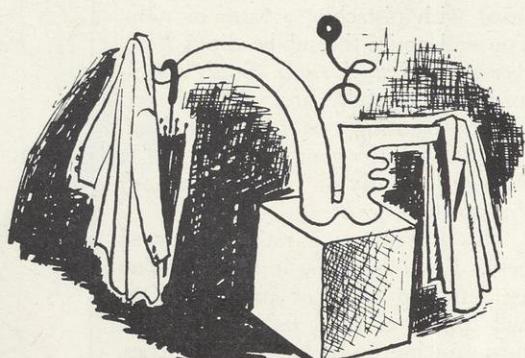
Boris Karivutzki is chosen winner of the show for his "Nocturne in Super-Conscious Dialectism," done in the new Dadaist manner.



Head of the University of Wisconsin school of art visits the salon.



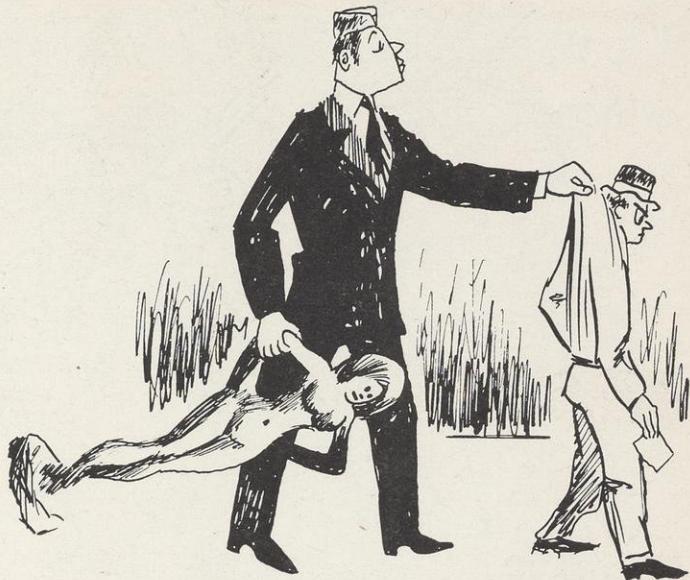
Most popular painting is picked by unanimous ballot of art-hungry students.



Functionalism is at last applied to abstract sculpture.



Student guide points out mural submitted by J. Heil, Madison.



M. Sludge, sophomore engineer and noted art collector, is apprehended attempting to borrow sculpture for his private collection.

Bacterial Culture

(NOTE: *The following play was discovered on the lake, crumpled and wet. At the risk of a friend's life we rescued it, took time out to decipher what lay beneath the coats of red rejection marks, and herewith present it for approval.*)

CHARACTERS:

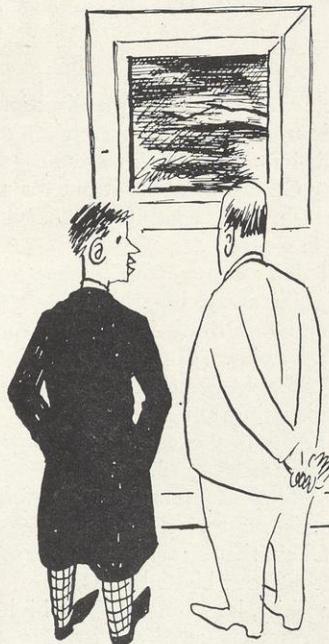
Joe Smolensk
 Mrs. Keats-Byron
 Miss Haggard
 Mme. Tonneau
 Half a dozen other women
 A literary agent

(What little action there is takes place in the loft of a stenchbound barn. Lovely handpainted tapestries, lace curtains, and lopsided busts of foreign poets clutter up the place. There is only one window, but its raspberry-stained glass allows no light to enter, so the illumination comes from a million candles arranged in unobvious holes and chinks throughout the room, since it takes too much time to light all these stubs, the room is completely dark as the play begins. Folding chairs are stacked along the walls. In the distance can be heard a fog horn and a cow, competing with one another.)

(As the curtain opens, rises, or falls—depending on what sort of a theater you have—we hear voices on the stage. Except for the agent's three-foot cigarette there is no light. He is alone with Joe.)

JOE: I'm getting nervous!

AGENT: Now, there's nothing to worry about. Mrs. Keats-Byron will be here



Two connoisseurs pause before "Landscape With Bird" to discuss its composition.

"I don't see no boid," remarks one.

"Ah, nuts," judges his friend.

in a few seconds, and then she'll take over.

JOE: I should have stuck to riveting. I prefer the nice, clean, wide-open spaces of a building in construction to this hole.

AGENT: Now, Joe! You're a poet. Remember.

JOE: Yeah, I keep forgetting. It comes so easy to me.

AGENT: You don't want to spend the rest of your life on top of that building, walking girders . . .

JOE: Oh, we'd 'a' finished that job some day.

AGENT: You've got a message. You can't be selfish. You can lead the way to Utopia.

JOE: Yeah, yeah. I keep forgetting.— But, Jeez, I'm gonna miss eating limburger with the boys this noon . . .

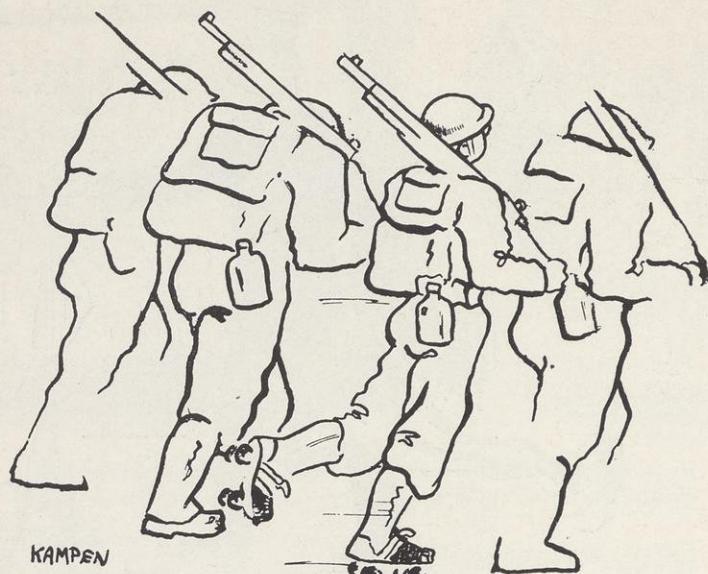
AGENT: Now watch your language. Even a poet of the soil . . . or of the steel . . . has to have a little cultural veneer.

JOE: Yeah, yeah. But, Jeez, I don't like tea, I don't think.

AGENT: Let me worry about it. If this meeting is successful, we can get lecture dates all over the country. (Enter Mrs. Keats-Byron, right, waving a lantern)

Mrs. K-B: Yoo hoo. Are you there?

AGENT: Rest your little fat heart, madam. I have brought the poet here. I think he can be coaxed to



say a few words. Unfortunately I can't stay. So: gimme the check now.

Mrs. K-B: (laughing) How utterly utterly! Here it is.

AGENT: (in loud whisper) You'd better give me Joe's check, too . . . in cash, though, if you don't mind. He can't write.

Mrs. K-B: How incredibly magnificent!

AGENT: I handle his money. Bashful, you know.

Mrs. K-B: (extending the money) Oh, I do know. I do know all the trials and foibles of literateurs. Hahahahahahaha. (agent vanishes right) When I was in Westminster Abbey last fall . . . Why, wherever have you disappeared to? . . . Mr. Smolensk!

JOE: Yeah . . . I mean, yeah, ma'am.

Mrs. K-B: (approaching) May I call you Joe? Hahahahaha.

JOE: Haha.

Mrs. K-B: Now you just hang to me. I'll take care of you. I know how poets are. Of course, I don't know them *too* well. I could get to know them . . . *you* . . . a little bit better . . . (enter the rest of the Culture Club, carrying flashlights, cigar-lighters, etc.)

Mrs. K-B: Damn!

HAG.: Have you got him? — I mean, is he here?

(Mme. Tonneau merely gurgles unintelligibly in pigeon French and rolls her eyes)

MRS. K-B: He's here. We've had quite a talk already.

HAG.: Well! I see we're a little behind.

MRS. K-B: Let's get to work. — I mean, let's cut the usual gab and get right in and pitch. — Pull up chairs, girls. (they do)

MRS. K-B: Now, I think Joe will take the floor.

TON.: He'll half to share it weeth me. I sitting am on the edge of my schair!

HAG.: Hush, hush, hush, hush! Go ahead—Joe!

JOE: Well, first . . .

MRS. K-B: He's a real American poet, girls. He does away with meter, rhyme, punctuation, meaning, and even words sometimes. He can't even write!

TON.: How seemly seemly!

JOE: I believe in verse that's got muscle in it. (the women scream at this beautiful word) Form doesn't mean nothing.



HAG.: How true! How true! — Surface things, surface . . .

JOE: Do you want the floor, madam?

HAG.: Oh, how renascential! How dilodopical!

JOE: Yeah . . . Well—I was saying: poetry's gotta be democratic, common; everyone's gotta have a hand in it . . .

TON.: Shhare the wealth of beauteeee!

JOE: Anyway, whatever poetry is, whatever it's all about, whatever's going on . . . I'm one of 'em. I want a poetry that's like dynamite; it just blows you all to hell! (the women shriek delightedly) It does something to ya *that* day. It's got a meaning. And that's how we're gonna get Utopia.

Mrs. K-B: Oh, I just *knew* it!

HAG.: (sighs) Utopia! The millennium!

JOE: (reaches under shirt, pulls out dirty scrap of paper) To start the



whole world in the right direction I made up this little thing. It ain't so good, but it's pretty marvelous. Ol' Dirty Crow Bill wrote it out for me.

TON.: Oh, joine compre vouz a vouz doy le sontre!

JOE: I don't expect you'll agree with me right away, but this thing's got dynamite. I think in the end you'll see my point. All I ask is, for Kono-kos' sake, be reasonable! Otherwise, I ain't going on.

MRS. K-B: Please continue, Joe. We promise to be good.

HAG.: Judiciousness and pyronian judgment is our major maxim.

JOE: Okay, then. (squinting) I quote: "Get off your blasted butts, You filthy, lazy sons; Hit for high..." (all the women explode: they rise, screaming ecstatically, run about, mooing, etc. There are phrases of "You've convinced us!" "What a poet!" "What a man!" "What power!" "What muscles!" "Have you got a date any night this week?" "I think he's cute!" "Such comfort you've given us!"—as the fog horn stops, the cow dies, they heap dandelions on the hero, and the curtain—closes, falls, or rises.)

—L.C.

New Officers Elect Students Again

Contrary to popular belief, the world is not flattened at both poles, but is perfectly round.

Dean Speaks

Addressing a relatively large audience of perhaps twenty-two students, H. Blackmoor Fangbaron, dean of student virtue and morals, spoke in the Union Theater Sunday afternoon on the subject; "The Evil Wrought by Rum."

Roderick Banderbee, student chairman introduced the distinguished speaker by saying, fittingly, "Gentlemen; the Dean!"

"These are serious times," observed the dean. "As one surveys the current tumultuous scene one is impressed with the feeling that these are serious times."

A solemn pause marked this declaration and the audience rose in a body with heads lowered. There was not a dry eye in the entire crowd.

Regaining his composure the Dean went on. "I suppose most of us know why we are here. And yet there is something deeper than that."

A sidelight to the address was the kicking out of two seniors who were noticed sailing paper airplanes from the balcony.

"It is damned blind futility, if I may use that word, to evade the real facts. We cannot, nay, must not fail. That, I sincerely believe, is the true way of life. That students, that is my credo!"

Dean Fangbaron hung his head modestly as he received the wild acclaim of the crowd.

The dean concluded, "These are serious days."

Gentlemen . . . The Dean



FILLERS
A memorial monument to Dorothy Glotz Liddabelle, pioneer of 'Eat Some Fresh Avocados' week, was unveiled recently in East Morbid, Vt.

Yipee! Wow! Card Rep'trs Meet Duke, Duchess

By MOE GSZP and PAUL McG

We cut our three o'clock class in Mechanical Drawing 15 and ran back to our rooms and grabbed our hats and caught the train for Baraboo.

We got to Baraboo and waited for the train back to Madison.

A wind was blowing.

Well, finally the train back to Madison came and we got on, showing our tickets. We walked through the cars looking for the Duke and Duchess. Finally we got to the last car. add duke Duchess 2 Gszp

There was a guard at the door who wouldn't let us in. We tried and tried but he wouldn't let us. Not even when we told him we were from the Daily Card.

We sent a message in to the Duke and Duchess saying we were from the Daily Card. They sent a message back saying they were happy to hear it and sorry they couldn't meet us. Get that? Pretty sharp, huh? Sorry they couldn't meet us!

Anyway, we sent them in a Cardinal subscription and we bet they were thrilled. So we met the Duke and Duchess. Some scoop, what do you say?

more more more more more more

ANNOUNCEMENT

All students interested in starting a new student daily newspaper will meet November 28, at three-thirty in Great Hall, Memorial Union.

Meet Royaltshrdlu



Some Win, Some Lose

Results of the campus wide student elections were announced last night by Dean Goodnight after the ball had been counted. The voting closed at six p. m., and tabulation began seven. Four students counted 7 votes under the supervision of faculty members.

More students voted in this election than last year, Goodnight announced happily. Only voting qualification was a fee-card and the ability to recite Constitution without peeking.

The newly elected student officers will begin their duties in December.

Weather

Cooler with showers tonight and tomorrow is what it looks like to us, some of the fellows down here at the office say I'm nuts and that it will rain before lunch. The Desk editor's elbow fell off again, which is usually a sure sign of hailstones and warmer. Take your choice.

— PLEASE Buy the Daily Cardinal —

Rah Rah Refunds Refunded

Climaxing years of bitter strife and agitation the student body began yesterday to collect refunds on bluebooks which they had been forced to buy during their college careers.

Last night Langdon Street was bubbling with bucolic hilarity as joy-maddened students celebrated their emancipation. Thousands of shouting celebrants, flaming torches held high, marched up State Street laughing and

singing raucously, storming theaters good-naturedly, and smashing plate glass windows to the tune of \$93.26 and "If You Want To Be a Badger." Local gendarmes stood nearby, smiling on the scene, tear gas handy in case of looting.

Naturally the Daily Cardinal reporter was on hand to get the comment of the newly-rich revellers. "What," asked, "are you going to do with your bluebook refund money?" are the replies he got:

Radiance Gumble, BA1: "Oh, I don't know yet. But isn't it just perfect?" Puffing hard, she ran to join the mob again.

Edmund J. Plotz, ChE3: "I think shall save it."

Ivan Damthavich BA4: "Bah, man is nawthing. Pooey!" So saying, flung his refund into the gutter where it was retrieved by a Cardinal reporter.

Eva Mae Bottingham, HygC2: and George, my steady, are going to sop up a few." Noting our shocked expression, she added, "Well, what hell! We gotta have some fun!"

Fanny Annie Logwood, HE2: fused to be quoted.

Dean S. H. Goodnight: "The affair is disgraceful. (Mutter, mutter.)"

Clifford M. Spraggs, A2: At Clifford stared blankly, smiling maliciously as he jingled the coins in his ear. "I am going to pay my dinal subscription," he said.

Governor J. P. Heil: Could not be located.

PaintingFest at Union

The seventh Wisconsin Art Salon opened last night in the Memorial Union, with John Stewart Corry as guest of honor and presiding judge. Members of the faculty and invited students viewed the 200 pictures, out of which six were picked for awards. They were all lousy.

I went down as representative of the Daily Cardinal to look at the exhibit, and believe me, I was plenty bored. There were maybe two or three good things in the whole exhibit, but most of them I could have painted myself with my hand tied behind my back. Especially the ones by the John Wildey. They don't look like anything but a sloppy mess of paint. He's some artist, ha-ha!

There was only one picture there that was real art. It was called "Hill At Sunset," and was real pretty with nice yellow and blue colors. It looked like a hill, and after all, if a picture doesn't look like what it's called, then what good is it? This picture had a blue sky and clouds and a dandy frame. The frame was gold with carvings on it, and some pink stuff in the corner.

The sculpture was awful too. Most of it I could have done with my hand tied behind my back. There were some good nudes, though, boy! If you're up around the Union take a look at them. Nothing else in the salon is worth much.

WHY THE HELL DON'T YOU PAY YOUR CARDINAL SUBSCRIPTION?

(Oh, you're not a subscriber? Sorry!)

Cardinal Sunday Section Ahh!

The Editor Writes...
From
The
BLOW'S NEST

Better Dead Yet

Being ...

FAIRWAYS SHOULD BE Abolished
Just like that. Wiped out. Eliminated. Completely effaced from the campus scene.

Wham! The Little Big Shots are up arms. Shocked, they are. Why, a university building without stairways—not a university building at all. addition! Good publicity for the university! Training in the elaborate art elevating oneself from floor to floor. Stairways are necessary, fundamental, indispensable!

What tradition? The world's set of fictions and institutions and filthy social habits have led it down the sky road to near destruction today tomorrow in the bloody, muddy, king, gory, highest horror of all ie.

What publicity for the university. The Midwest Athens, seat of culture and learning, great fountain-head of social progress, great well of scientific achievement, climbs up rickety, creaking stairways, and the taxpayers of the state are thrilled and elated. Or are they disgusted and resentful? Or do they know?

Are stairways really necessary, a veritable cornerstone in the foundation of a society worth living in? Never have the little big shots questioned that they were. And the little people have not questioned either. But recently there has been a murmur on campus.

Stairways are a social evil and part noxious system which incites class inictions, class antagonism, and a struggle. How much bitterness bleeds in the breast of him who can only bring himself to arise in the winter mornings and drag himself class when the Better Men leap like leopards up the stairways of Bascom orology. How much bitterness, and ybe even anguish maybe, of her he could not get to class at all? But se thoughts are treason to the statu. And damned unpleasant when we are happy stairs to climb.

No single act within the scope of ent government or popular student sion could do so much to elevate university in the esteem of Wisconsin's farmers and small town gro as would abolish the stairways. would prove that the young citizens m they are educating are not the spendthrifts, the foolish, thought- pleasure seeking youths of the ure which is now painted for them. ut it won't happen. The question may grow louder. The Little Big ts may glance at what they hear. they'll go on fiddling while the creep upon Rome.

ote to C. Dykstra: Just kidding, ence. Only fooling.



Storiette

Strong jaw, eyes, hands that could build, feet that could walk if they would try, and a gray suit, gray of the land and the pulse under the land.

His smugness, his looking down, his superiority, in spite of I want him again. Yes.

In better moments, altruistic-inhibitory. Now, less.

WOW! Card Interviews Royal Univ. of Wis. Daily Cardinal Reporters Meet Wally, Duke, yet! Wally, Duke Meet Daily Card. Men

Hush! Hush!

Impressionnette

Empt. Hollow hollow hollow hollow hollow.
Hush, hush.
striated tingers to death
Gold chinking asheans bending with
Hush, hush.
Slow again the white moon creeps

IT WAS AS IF

Staring out the window, uncomprehending, breathing, yes, breathing, no, is this life? I know the end, she thought.

Outside all calm, voices rising, falling. If love must come if must love come she gasped the blood streaming from wrist the welling river why so?

Why so?

"Tomorrow I leave," he said. Strong back. Coffee. Eyes across the table and a train someplace somewhere.

August Derleth, perhaps America's most prolific writer, writes on an average of thousands and thousands of words a year. Mr. Derleth's books would fill fifteen shelves measur-

Hold now, she thinking, hold now and soon it will be over and he gone and life ticking again. I was young. I wanted death. Why?

Why? You ask why!

this is Life the Truth the End
rotting corpses
hacked and torn
stinking cesspools
soaked with blood
this is Earth
berserk and screaming
this is death—

This is Death!

MAG STINKS

The cartoons in the new issue don't even make sense. And the stories! Boy! We read them over and over about ten times and we couldn't make head or tail out of them. All the boys over here at the Cardinal read them too, and they said the same thing.

NOT FUNNY

Why doesn't Octopus put out another sexy Dumpkopf issue like last year. That was O.K. We like that. How about it boys?

FAIR WARNING

And lay off the Cardinal, or no more ads.



—PLEASE Buy the Daily Cardinal—

Cardinal Forum --- A Page of Comment

— PLEASE Buy the Daily Cardinal —

Liberty Yea Free Untrammeled

The Octopus stinks!
Who says so? We do!

The Octopus, alleged campus humor magazine is the lousiest thing out. All they do is print jokes that they didn't even make up themselves and dumb cartoons and stories that nobody (even our Sunday staff) can understand. They are putrid, no kidding.

All the time they keep saying how the Cardinal is no good. This is the height of insane dumbness. But that is what you would expect from the Octopus. We hear their editorial staff was dropped on their heads when they was babies so what do you expect?

All the time they make like the New Yorker and boy do they slop it up. The dumbest fool could see that they aren't anyplace near close as that. In fact they are just a watery, pale, pathetic outfit trying to coax a laugh from the two people who read the lousy thing. About the only thing that Simple Octopus, alleged campus humor magazine can do is put a Dummkopf that is full of sex which is enshrined in a gold shrine in the Octopus office.

There is no use even taking the space and the time to criticize the Octopus because they are stinkers and wouldn't listen to us anyway, they are stuck on themselves plenty.

—Please Buy the Daily Cardinal—

Blah

This has been quite a bit of talk about starting a new campus newspaper at Wisconsin.

This not right. Because the Daily Cardinal, complete campus coverage is a wonderful paper. Anybody who says the Cardinal is "no good" is a liar. The Daily Cardinal is for free speech, and Voice of the Student and other things. Is it not true that the Daily Cardinal does its level best? Students should realize this and subscribe and help their paper. If they don't like the stuff in the Cardinal. Is that the Daily Cardinal fault? No.

Anyways, it would cost too much to start a new paper.

All-American Pace-maker

The Daily Cardinal

Complete Campus Gibberish

Founded St. Valentine's Day, 1776, as a daily newspaper at the University of Wisconsin. Owned and controlled by the School of Journalism.

Subscription rates: Business being what it is, any reasonable offer will be accepted.

—Please buy the Daily Cardinal—

Entered as fifth-class mail under act of April 1, 1860. (May be repealed.)

Editor's note: The views and opinions expressed in our columns are those of Cardinal staff members and therefore do not necessarily make sense.

EXECUTIVE EDITOR.....FRENDOF DE MASSIS
BUSINESS MANAGER.....S. O. ESS

EDITORIAL STAFF
Troubleshooters (Thank gawd!).....Dert and Schmeer
Editorial Chairman.....Why?
Fraternity Editors.....List on request
Sunday Editor.....Abject d'Art

BUSINESS STAFF
—Please buy the Daily Cardinal—

Hark to Ch. Smrk

Hope of Dem'c'r'cy



Readers Right . . .

Editor, the Daily Cardinal:

Some of my little friends have said the Cardinal is not so good. I also have been doing a lot of thinking of my own. So I have some questions:

1. Does the Cardinal print all the campus news?
2. Does it pander to BMOC promotion agents?
3. Have any editors ever grafted their way through school via the Cardinal?
4. Is the Cardinal really free from faculty control?

Some of my little friends say it wouldn't be such a tragedy if there were no Daily Cardinal. Oh, won't you reassure me?

Sincerely,

Virginia

Dear Virginia:

Your little friends are wrong. Forget that stuff they said. They are a cynical part of a cynical world.

No Cardinal? That's like saying there should be no Santa Claus or fairies. Ah, alas, how dull this world would be if there were no Cardinal. It would be as though there were no Virginias.

No, thank Gad! The Cardinal will live forever. A thousand years from now, nay ten thousand years from now, the Cardinal will continue to make glad the hearts of childhood.

Corection

Yesterday's Daily Cardinal printed a report of the disappearance of the Memorial Union after a fierce wind-storm Thursday night. The report was erroneous.

— PLEASE Buy the Daily Cardinal —
— PLEASE Buy the Daily Cardinal —

In The

Ivy Bower



These are dark days, full of evil portent is all around us. Flaming hell.

Let us look at the Situation. Close exar shows it to be repulsive. It is a mass of st gore from which may come the collapse of tion. As I see it, civilization must not die, must help.

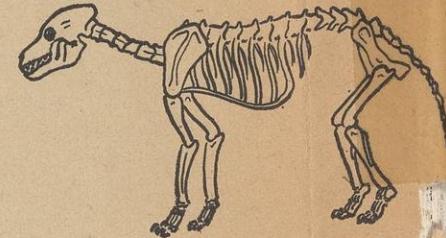
Add tower tower tower tower tower tower

The main building at the University of T sixty-three feet high. They have a complet the 1925 Encyclopedia Britanicca.

Student government is not the answe hideous tumor on the bosom of Education Democracy a mockery. Here lie broken pron ceaseless comp-mongering, insidious corruptio The whole gargantuan farce is bloated, nauseating cancerous.

Young America must think deeply and seriously on these subjects. Send ten cents and two box-tops now, and join the "Young Brooders of Ameri ca. "We think!"

Broken Promises . . .



Hey! Ads!

RATES: 7SHRDBX MORE.....MORE

WANTED

ONE ENGLISH HISTORY INSTRUCTOR.

be tall, cadaverous, under 100 pounds. Few good education, preferably with stutter Badger 580 and ask for Paul.

LOST

SOMEPLACE BETWEEN BASCOM AND
ogy, two Freshmen. White with tan mar flunking zoology. No reward, wanted for mental reasons only. If found, give a shrill, whistle.

FOUND

ONE JOURNALISM READING ROOM, messy. Contains a teletype machine, 700 of N. Y. Times, and a grayish professor.

FOR SALE

MIMEOGRAPHED SHEET WITH TITLE 'FINA Examination in Systematic Sociology' and list o questions. Will sell very cheap. Apply to Janitor Bascom Hall.

ete Campus

Cardinal Sports Parade

Athletic Litriture

Sport Jottings
Helter-Skelter

ATS BOYS!

people and some of them have not given our football team a measure of credit to which is entitled and this is lamentable and ought to be corrected for cardinal-clad warriors have more demonstrated that they have the noble spirit and fight that make us. Until then all we can say is grats boys!"

IS THE REASON

Spending hard night after night even going out late and eating bad and not ever breaking training not so easy as some people think but such is not the case. It must be fine specimens of youth before playing a hard and sometimes even then too rough is expected and injuries are considered too. All the time though they are trying hard to do their best to play good so when there is no game they block and kick and tackle for practice of which they will need. So no one can say that they do not have a lot to do and don't give enough time to practice or maybe are weak somewhere. Because really we think the reason is that they are pointing for Minnesota.

OUT ON THE LIMB

Well here we go again and try to give you the benefit of the knowledge of who we figure will be the victors in some of the grid tilts but this guessing business is not easy to say the least so don't figure we are so infallible though.

Because of very fair record this season and the old spirit as we say we pick Wisconsin Badgers over a pretty strong Minnesota aggregation, and the rest too:

Wisconsin—20; Minnesota—6.

Buy—7; The Daily Cardinal—11.

Spring Academy—26; Cranbrook School for Boys (7-20)—3 (this can be close though).

Cornell College of Animal And—16; Millstone Towers Inv—9.

we better come through this we guess, huh?

Cheering Throngs . . .

Eager
For
BattleBADGER
HARRIERS . . .

Badger Harriers On The Run

Yesterday at three thirty-seven the Badger harriers met grueling competition in a terrifically bitterly brawling triangular match with Randall Institute and Tannerdale Tech who are old and respected royals whose contests are always eagerly awaited as some of the brightest highlights of the entire harrier season.

Out of a possible number of points the Cardinal-clad harriers scored heavily rolling over a doughty opposing squad of the Terrier harriers and the harrier men of Tech. The outcome in fact, does not denote the strength of the opposing teams for actually all men were in fine condition eager for battle and pressed the victorious harriers to their finest efforts.

True-Blue Fans
See Grid Clash

Historic Camp Randall was Saturday the scene of football enthusiasm seldom seen even at historic Camp Randall. Old grads, Fathers and Sons (and Mothers and Daughters too we warrant) and cheering throngs of students jammed the vast amphitheater to witness the grid clash between the cardinal-clad gridsters of historic old Wisconsin do battle with their honored and ancient foe. The crowd was

Under the Cardinal

. . . With The

Cardinal Troubleshooters

SLURP

We may be sticking out our necks on this one, but Beta Pi "Smooch" Ligursky is really cookin' with gas for a cute little number from Ann Emery who incidentally was the heart throb of last year's Ag kink Hank Le Comp, who you will all remember as the perpetrator of the famous "Plant Kiekhofer for Arbor Day" gag which incidentally caused little Mary Beth Honk to transfer to Downer.

And whose pin was it, anyway, Ray?

* * *

WALLOPING THE ETHER WAVES

Happy days are here again—this afternoon we'll be walloping the ether waves over WCTQ at 4:45. Yes, we're going to broadcast again and don't forget to tune in. We'll have a special guest who should be of special interest to all of you. Don't forget to tune in.

* * *

IF

you call your heart-beat at the sorority house and hear a man's voice answer, "Tripp Gate House," don't threaten a court suit. Chances are you got the wrong number.

* * *

GREEN DAHLIAS

Was it Murph Schreiler, who is really cookin'

* * *

— PLEASE Buy the Daily Cardinal —

OH YEAH?

Zeta Gamma Sophie Carpnerp went to Panhandle with Gamma Zeta Bill Thron who is really cookin' gas for a cute little number from Ann Emery—the one that Prom Chairman Schlodder backed for Cardinal board prexy on the Greek-Independent-Nakoma ticket—which ended up with "Butch" coming home with one wilted gardenia.

He claims it was co-incidence—but we know better!

* * *

DOIN' THE DIAL

Don't forget to tune in on us this afternoon at 4:45. You'll be in for a swell program.

* * *

COOKIN' WITH GAS

Was it an accident that Willie Therblig, candidate for lower sophomore man on the Library committee walked into the Phi Psi house just as the boys were getting through with dinner? Or did the secret dorm. organization PLB have anything to do with the "accident"?

* * *

hold lead TS em filler p.4 add freshman smoker

* * *

RAMBLIN' ON THE RADIO

We're broadcasting this afternoon over WCTQ and we've got a swell program all lined up so tune in, will ya?

News Shows
Raw War Too

Kabn-El-Gisz, Arabia (by Radio) May 1, 1938.—Maj. Gen'l. Hugh St. Galway-Phmyre, commander in chief of the Northeast Sussex forces in this impenetrable mountain pass, announced today that the British would continue putting up strong resistance against the invading Moslem hordes. The Maj. Gen'l.'s statement is interpreted to mean that the 'Scorched Earth' policy has met with Churchill's disfavor, or something.

Commenting on the European situation, the Maj. Gen'l. said:

"Things look pretty bad on the continent now, don't you know? But there won't be war—not in a million years. Who is this Hitler, anyway? He'll never have the nerve to start anything with the democracies."

Combined Locks, Wis. Nov. 23.—Winner of the beef judging contest at the Peachrot county state fair was Robert S. Klimpner, school-boy from

estimated by some observers to be in excess of seventy-three thousand. However, this is probably an exaggeration since the historic stadium will not hold nearly this many.

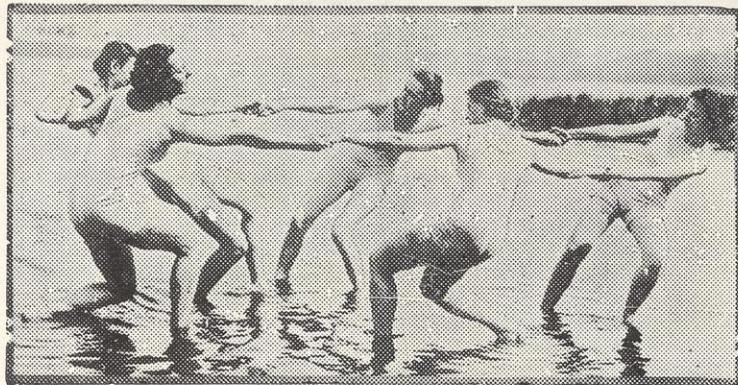
The game was the one of the finest seen in recent years said some people. Especially the second half.

The historic University of Wisconsin band paraded up and down the length of the field blowing their horns and making intricate designs. Lusty cheers

rewarded them for their fine effort in forming an huge Old English "W", surmounted by a bald eagle rampant. The band doubling as a glee-club also drew loud huzzahs.

Collegiate Indigestion

G.H.



RIVER RITES — At historic Mt. Fairybelle College the coeds perform this surf dance each autumn. They join hands and dance about until they fall exhausted. Tradition has it that the girl who stays under water longest, will probably drown. Our photographer was the first male to witness the ceremony in the one hundred and twenty-two years it has been held. Said he, "Hips, hips, hooray!"

MONEY DIDN'T STOP THEM — The campus newspaper of West Sandusky State Teachers College was close to collapse due to rising costs. But undaunted in the face of disaster the staff willingly gave up its \$1,000,000 plant and moved to humbler quarters pictured here. The man with the bicycle is the editor. He cuts costs by delivering the papers. Other struggling college papers are now following this example.



SENTIMENTAL OLD FOOL — On occasion of his fiftieth wedding anniversary, Dr. Ernst W. Budgkins, dean of men at Southeast Alabama Institute, had the marriage vows repeated in a public ceremony. Dr. and Mrs. Budgkins were photographed at the gala affair. Asked for a statement, the dean patted Mrs. Budgkins on the fanny and asked, "Happy, old girl?" "Oh, happy, so happy," she answered.



FRAILS ON THE FOAM — The girls of Starkbag Seminary have taken up crew. Says Miss Lucy Gottschmaltz, student body president, "We're going to show that us girls ain't such a weaker sex." The girls have purchased a nice new shell and are practicing like anything for the Poughkeepsie Regatta this Spring. "We can't do no worse than some of the ol' crews that clutter up the Hudson every year," shout the girls.



SHE WAS THEIR CHOICE—Winsome Tessie Mae Krumnich was selected as Campus Queen at Texas College of Dietetics and Plumbing. Tessie makes her own clothes, does not smoke or drink, supports her aged parents and two small children. She is an honor student, majoring in Municipal Government and Sewage Disposal. "I was just lucky, I guess," she says.

SMART POLITICOS—George Dample Jr. and "Ronny" Pitzer of Elwitt U. pose for what they hope will take place at prom-time. They are attempting to conciliate the proletariat who clamor for "No prom!" and the Upper Crust who demand the traditional event in full regalia. Dample advocates "Prom without pomp." Pitzer is his campaign manager.



PRIZE-WINNING DRAMA—The male students of Blamber State University still preserve their historic "Cotton-Tail Club." Each year a campus-wide contest is held to select the best musical comedy script. For the past six years the same playwright has won. The boys take both the male and female roles in the show. The music is always good. Last year the boys (and "ladies") were prevented from making an interstate tour because of the Mann Act.



SHE HAS A PERFECT RECORD—Melinda Lou Beaner of St. Oswald College has never missed a class during her three years of college. She gets there, come hell or high water. Sometimes both. She was photographed after running directly from bed to class one morning when her alarm clock failed to ring. "I don't know," Melinda mused when the picture was taken, "what will the boys think?"



YOUTH UP IN THE AIR—The U.L.L.A. of Minnetonka Springs Academy has sponsored what is believed to be the first independent air squadron on any campus. The speedy fighter shown here is the "Olga Karagovna." "Hitler has gone too far!" say this patriotic group.

Waldo Corngold Pins Back Satan's Ears

"I'm gonna study!"
The boys laughed.
"I AM GOING TO STUDY!"
The boys laughed
"I'm going to study."
Drum beat in the distance.

MONDAY

8:00—not up yet
9:00—you guessed it!
10:00—alarm clock rings
11:00—alarm clock gets up and walks out in disgust.
12:00—LUNCH
1:00—clears off desk
2:00—sharpens pencils
3:00—takes out books
4:00—fills pen
5:00—clears off desk
6:00—SUPPER
7:00—Ina Ray Hutton
10:30—Don't push, I can see the door (anyway, I'm going to study).
10:31—FOOD
11:30—Gawd, am I tired.

TUESDAY

7:00—typographical error
8:00—up before the alarm clock rings
9:00—desk cleared and books out
10:00—opens draw for pencil. Sees picture of Inez.
11:00—God, she's beautiful.
12:00—LUNCH. Takes book down with him.
1:00—Puts back book. Puts back dust on book.
2:00—disgusted, can't find book
3:00—finds book
4:00—disgusted
5:00—prepares to
6:00—EAT



Gotterdammerung

Cardinal Carrie, child of scorn,
Lost weight and wrote of the seasons,
A cursed her fate that she was born;
Here are her reasons:

Carrie loved the Sunday page
Where nit wits wrote and sighed and sputtered;
The ramblings of a Freshman sage
Were "swell," she muttered.

Carrie planned for increased sales
Reported them by dozens;
She sent subscriptions through the mails
To all her second cousins.

Carrie loved the bold-faced type
That made many a name so fragrant.
She wrote, rewrote, and copied tripe—
A journalistic vagrant

Carrie cursed the finer things,
Eyed Octopus with loathing;
The "I Read Cardinal" tagged strings
Adorned her clothing.

Cardinal Carrie, J school ace,
Gave up her room for an Ivory Tower
And wrote till the picture of her face
Graced the Coop bower.

Cardinal Carrie, quite the creature,
Became the editor, shameful name.
She couldn't censor or write a feature,
Or even spell her name.

Cardinal Carrie, the daily's pride,
Flunked out, instructor's spiting.
She changed initials, went to hide,
And kept on writing.

—Maggy Stamps

7:00—Am dead tired
8:00—Sound asleep.

FRIDAY

10:00—Didn't know how tired I was
11:00—precious gems 114
12:00—LUNCH
1:00—decides to join Cardinal
2:00—costs too much
3:00—consultation with advisor
4:00—I knew he didn't like me
5:00—makes date for Saturday night
6:00—saving hunger for Saturday night
7:00—telephones mother
8:00—NO!!!
9:00—can't go out on hunger
10:00—breaks date
11:00—beer party
12:00—takes from bottle
1:00—takes from bottle
2:00—gives to sink
3:00—Sinking.

SATURDAY

5:15—aspirin wakes him up, pulls his jaw down and hops in.
6:15—swallows

7:15—attempts a glass of water
7:16—frustrated
8:00—wakes up
9:00—loses half a buck trying to prove it
10:00—looks for athletic book
11:00—looks for athletic book
12:00—maybe it's under the tablecloth
 maybe
1:00—looks for athletic book

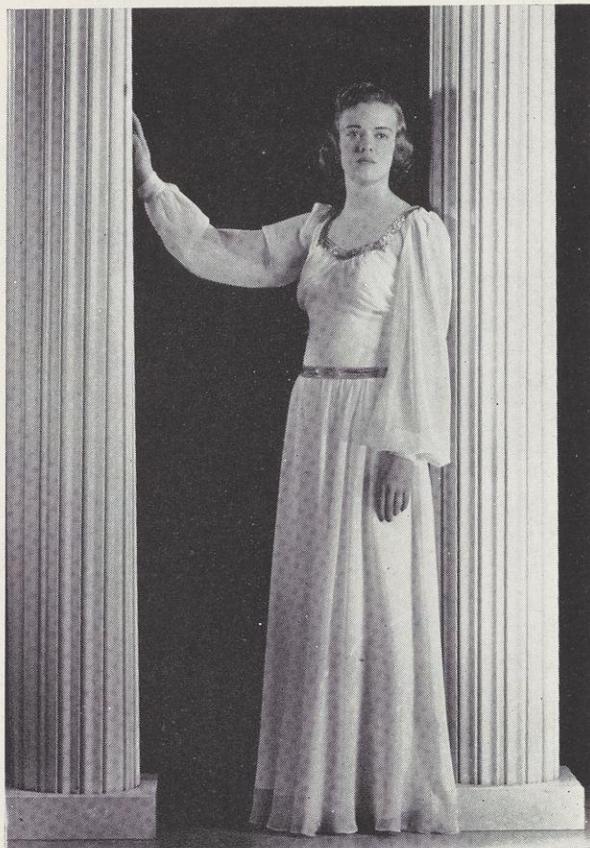


2:00—turns on radio
3:00—takes out precious gems book
4:00—finds athletic book between pp. 302-303
5:00—is found foaming at the mouth
6:00—won't eat unless Stuhldreher apologizes
7:00—damn hungry while reading reading Coward's DINNER AT EIGHT
9:00—feels sentimental
10:00—sentimental goes home
11:00—tells boys he's going out for some fresh air
12:00—she's not home
1:00—takes out book and studies
1:01—can't stand the pace
1:02—hears drums in the distance

Now he lays him down to sleep
With a book of gems at his feet
If he should die before he wakes
Stones have caused his body aches.
 or
Don't have a drummer for a room-mate.



Photo by Meuer Photoart



Miss Joan Sebastian, Kappa Kappa Gamma, in one of Baron Bros. formal gowns. You will find an excellent selection of sleek, modern gowns for the Winter Formals at BARON BROS.

Oetyl's



CLOSET CAPERS



Photo by Dudley Jones



Pat Boyle is photographed here in the charming company of Miss Eleanore Mathison and in one of the equally correct formal suits offered by Varsity Men's Shop. Correct styling, precise tailoring, and lower prices are featured at VARSITY MEN'S SHOP.





Here is a Galpaca weather-proofed and wear-tested fleece overcoat from the large stock at Davis & O'Connell . . . modeled by Dick of their force and pictured by Ed Mayland, Octy editor. This smart overcoat sells for \$24.50.

DAVIS & O'CONNELL



This smart coat from the Campus Clothes Shop may be worn with matching trousers or as a sport coat . . . modeled by Francis Mintz and sketched by Ed Mayland. These coats in all shades and colors sell for \$15 and up.

CAMPUS CLOTHES SHOP, INC.



Your wardrobe is not complete without a Society Brand worsted suit from The Hub. These fashionable suits are equipped with Waldes Kover-Zip fly closure and are priced at \$45.00. THE HUB



WHAT MANNER OF MAN ARE YOU?

Whatever the answer there's a
SOCIETY BRAND suit specially
designed for your taste and figure.

UNION GALLERY



"THE MIND IN THE MAKING"

Culture like mad
We absorb by the ream
—Significant—yes!
But what does it mean?



"AFTER SUCH PLEASURES"

"Hurry along!"
In a minute you're late
Double quick time
On a 10:30 date.

"STRANGE INTERLUDE"

A nocturnal custom
That rivals confession
You ain't lived 'til you been
To a female bull session.



"LOOK HOMeward ANGEL—"

The campus is lovely
The profs are all friendly
Everything's swell.—Dear Mother
Mother please send me.



"ALL THIS—AND HEAVEN, TOO!"

Here is a case
That is really abnormal
A real live date
And we're goin' formal.

"WINTERSET"

Schiaperelli would frown
Unapproved by Chanel
When the temperature drops
We say glamor—"To hell!"



"YOU CAN'T GO HOME—AGAIN!"

I burn the oil
I sweat and toil
That one point nothing
Must not spoil.

"THE SUN IS MY UNDOING"

The morning right after
A Friday night twosome
Make 8 o'clock labs seem
So horribly gruesome.



"THE MORTAL STORM"

inspired by Mademoiselle
A problem rare
Design with care
How in hell'll
I wear my hair?

The Great McGilhooley



VERNE McGILHOOLEY was his name. He started out in the Engineering school because he could fix the vacuum cleaner and tighten faucets at home. Never went out for football in high school because he thought it was "a bit crude." Then he met a cute little trick during his freshman year at college.

Hazel was a fine girl with a fine character. They had lots of fun together until LaVerne went home one week-end. When he returned to Madison his secret passion was busy two-timing him with some big lunk in the pitching room of the girls' dorms.

LaVerne said to himself, "I've lived clean. I'm strong. I'll beat him up!"

The following Tuesday he was on his way home when he spied a familiar face among the boys in green out at the stadium. His rival was a frosh footballer!

LaVerne said to himself, "I've lived clean. I'm strong. Gee, he's kinda big ain't he?"

From that day forth LaVerne's slide-rule wouldn't function. He kept seeing the double-crossing little wench's adorable face in the slider. So he flunked out of Engineering and became a Commerce major. Also he went out for football. (Determined fellow, wasn't he?)

Every afternoon he put on a uniform and trudged out to the gridiron. Every afternoon his rival (LaVerne found out his name was Ryan Fudd-Giddlesworth) would tackle him and smear his face in the grime. Every afternoon LaVerne would drag his aching bones back to the dressing room.

Also, every afternoon LaVerne would say to himself, "I've lived clean. I'm strong. I'm a wreck!"

This went on all season. Hazel watched him practice all season. Hazel went out with Ryan Fudd-Giddlesworth all season, too.

* * *

LaVerne was a sophomore! He wore a cardinal uniform now. Coach said he had talent—was good material. Of course, he said the same thing about Ryan. But—LaVerne was cheerful. Hadn't he dated Hazel all summer?

Sure. Hadn't she promised to go steady? Sure! Hadn't she given her word to meet him by the ski slide the Monday night of the opening week at exactly 9:00 to get his pin? Sure! Hadn't she kept her word? HELL, NO—She was out with Ryan Fudd-Giddlesworth! (In his convertible.)

LaVerne approached the stadium with renewed vigor that year. The first day out he got a chance to tackle Fudd-Giddlesworth. That tackle was a joy to behold. Coach said, "Nice tackling, McGilhooley! But, what you need is running practice—more speed, knees higher."

So every night that week LaVerne spent an hour running up the hill—up and down—thinking of football. Also he thought of Hazel; and Ryan. As he ran, instead of saying to himself, "Right, left, right, left," he said, "Hazel, Fudd-Giddlesworth, Hazel, Fudd-Giddlesworth."

By the following Monday LaVerne was certain of three things, namely: he could run fast, he hated Ryan, and he still loved Hazel. (The dope!)

Monday afternoon he grabbed a ball as soon as he got on the field, and ran and ran and ran. In the scrimmage he traveled like a bullet, you know—fast. Bust FAST! There was only one difficulty. Coach said, "McGilhooley, there was an opening in the line that time, wasn't there? THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU HEAD FOR IT?!!!?" Or take the other time when the coach said, "Be-ooty-ful running, McGilhooley, be-ooty-ful running—and fast, too. BUT WHYINELL DIDN'T YOU TAKE THE BALL ALONG?"

LaVerne was discouraged, disgrun-

tled, dismayed, and desperate. He came to the conclusion that it was his hair—it got in his eyes so he couldn't see. So he got a crew haircut; sorta like a frightened peach. Ah, what new horizons were his! He passed Hazel on the way home from the barber shop. She smiled when she saw his



haircut; even grinned. As a matter of fact she laughed like hell the minute he was out of sight.

But naive little LaVerne was happy. Now all the boys called him "Butch." He continued to improve in football. He had to make good for Hazel. And just to show up that stinker Ryan Fudd-Giddlesworth.

Butch said to himself, "I've lived clean. I'm strong. I wonder if Flash Gordon got away from the Snow Monster?"

In short, Butch had become overconfident. And the coach became underconfident. And the crew-cut didn't become Butch. So he didn't get to play that year, and when June rolled around, Butch was minus his grades, minus a "W" and minus Hazel.

LaVerne "Butch" McGilhooley spent his vacation eating worms.

* * *

Butch was a junior! But eating worms all summer was a thankless job, and his pockets were empty. So he got a restaurant job and, being on probation, hit the books hard. At mid-semester Butch got off probation, but alas, it was too late for football. We draw the curtain of charity and sympathy on our lonesome hero. (Hazel was still going with that \$‡%\$!!?)(†\$! Ryan Fudd-Giddlesworth!)

* * *

Guess what—our Butch was a senior! Things happened so fast since the previous June as to appear phenomenal. (Not bad, eh?) First of all, Butch got a job in his uncle's factory. He saved



"Yes, this is Fairchild 5000!"

his money and didn't go near Hazel all summer, that is, except for about two-dozen dates in two-dozen nights just before school started. On these happy nights Butch tried to sparkle and Hazel tried to keep from yawning, neither achieving his or her goal. Butch's family was happy with him for getting such nice grades, his hair had grown out again, and it was with a light heart that he reported for practice.

Week after week he ran, blocked,

"Not Malt, Not Rum, Not Wine, Not Nuts, So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"

6137 No. Meridian St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
June 27, 1941

Larus & Bro., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it is tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. *Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!*

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

NOTE: Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)

LARUS & BRO. CO.

211 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia

Please send me, at *your expense*, a generous sample of **EDGEWORTH** Ready-Rubbed, America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

Name _____
(Please print your name and address clearly)

Address _____

City or Town _____

State _____

CP11

tackled, slipped, fumbled and fell. But always he picked himself up and smiled. (Nauseating, isn't it?)

The boys began to joshingly call him "Stinky." Just kidding of course.

* * *

It was the last game of the year. Forty-five thousand spectators watched the boys in cardinal trot out on the field. Coach met the team and, putting his hand on Stinky's shoulder, said, "You're all going in today, boys! Let's see you fight, fight, fight!"

Swallowing hard, Stinky walked back to the bench and tried not to look too important. Playing to the stands was one thing he couldn't stand.

Well, at the end of the first quarter Philgirdel had been substituted for Gallcot, O'Cohenschmidt for Swiddle, and Bortzsch for Kleinkopf, which was nothing unusual. The score stood 14-14. Also not unusual.

Things got a bit out of hand in the second quarter. The visiting team ran their half of the score up to something like 35 or 36. Rorckle had gone in for Lappnick, Mumnumul for Sertfert, Fratterstat for Phortizee, and Vavczhniniakoffski for Skrz. The coach gave Stinky a fleeting glance. Stinky jumped up, dropped his coat, tore off his jersey, put on his helmet and ran up the sidelines. But the coach said, "No, no, McGilhooley—I'm saving you!"

Stinky said to himself, "Oh."

The second half of that game will go down in the annals of football. The boys in cardinal ran up one touchdown after another. The visiting team ran up two touchdowns after another.

In rapid succession Smerk went in for Liliwilni, Kitch for Kutch, and Vee for Victori. The score was 63-62 with the cardinals on the short end of the deal. Stinky was straining at the leash; he sat on the edge of the bench and

twitched every time the coach looked around for another victim. Such stars as Frutschi, Smutch, Carpawanikotowski, and Glurk took their turns running in vertically and being carried out horizontally.

The fourth quarter saw the score 126-125—home talent still trailing. Stinky McGilhooley was going stark, raving mad. He groveled on his knees at the coach's feet, crying, "Now, coach, NOW!!!!!!?"

"No, no, McGilhooley, you damfool—I'M SAVING YOU!"

Meanwhile, Pangbottom, Scapula, Sweeney, Lurch, Clangnelly, Calomel, Schmalzgezicht, Tzchatchoieritz, Blow and Shpanferkl had added themselves to the list of dead and dying, completely usurping the reserves. That is, except for LaVerne alias "Butch" alias "Stinky" McGilhooley, who sat on the far end of the bench sulking a very, very sulky sulk.

There were 11 seconds left in the game, the score was 181 to 178. There was one last hope for the cardinals that day—but one final and desperate chance for victory. The coach turned and shouted curtly to Stinky, "McGilhooley!"

Stinky was dazed. He couldn't believe his ears. At last his time had come. Seconds were fleeting.

Once again the coach shouted, "McGilhooley, get up,—we're sending in the bench!"

* * *

He went quietly; the attendants had no trouble with the shell of what might have been the great McGilhooley. "Stinky" will always be remembered by his friends as one of those down-to-earth chaps who, while probably not as capable as his fellow-men, still had the will to do. Respectfully, Ryan and Hazel Fudd-Giddlesworth.

—D. H.

Christmas Cards

With Your Name

... 50 for \$1.00 ...

STUDENT BOOK EXCHANGE

712 STATE

FAIRCHILD 9930

Embossed In Gold . . .

Your Own Name On
Your Own Yearbook If
Your \$3.00 Is Paid By
December 6th So



Let's Go!

1942

BADGER

Book Stores
Dorm Store

*Union Desk
Badger Office*

According to the Records

THE ANDREWS SISTERS

Two recent releases by these gals merit your ear. *Elmer's Tune* teamed with *Honey* makes a dandy combination that you'll want for the shelf. The second disc, *Jealous* and *Rancho Pillow*, features the Sisters with a couple of sure-fire hits. We liked the sprightly and gay *Rancho Pillow* especially. *Decca*.

SHEPARD'S SERENADE

Johnny Long records this one and does quite well by it. The vocalist, Bob Houston, offers some nice whistling in the chorus. *I Wish I Had a Sweetheart*, on the B side, is a sweet slow-moving piece given an adequate treatment by Bob Houston again and the boys in the band. *Decca*.

A GAY RANCHERO

Something a little different. It's Jose Morand with a spicy rumba that'll tickle your toes. *Flipover, Spanish Caprice*, is somewhat slower but still in the Latin mood. *Decca*.

FROM ONE LOVE TO ANOTHER

Bob Crosby warbles very pleasant lyrics in this waxing



Bob was handsome, Bob was tall,
Bestowed with Nature's favors.
But here's his sweetest point of all—
He always had Life Savers.



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

while his band frolics neatly in the gaps. We liked it and were similarly impressed by *I'm Trusting in You*, the back side. *Decca*.

THE WEDDING CAKE-CAKE WALK

This is corn. It's Martha Tilton trying to bear up under a weird Hollywood tune. We had no trouble in saying no to *If I Could Be Where I Wanna Be*, the reverse tune. *Decca*.

DAY DREAMING

Johnny Johnston makes a good bid with the vocal but this Richard Himber version is still pretty flat. *Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup*, the second side, is rather dull. *Decca*.

WHITE BLOSSOMS OF TAH-NI

For our money Frances Langford does a better job of this than D. Lamour did in her movie, *Aloma of the South Seas* (A stinker if we ever saw one!). Frances gives the tune a little snap and with a mediocre tune that helps a lot. *Tropical Magic* is a trivial thing and leaves us without much to say. *Decca*.

THIS LOVE OF MINE

Ella Fitzgerald comes through here with a winner. We ran it twice with pleasure. *Jim*, the second side, is something that you'd torture your roommate with if you were that kind of a person. *Decca*.

DAY DREAMING

A little stiff perhaps but not too bad. It isn't Bing's best though by any means. *Clementine*, the B side, is a not too novel novelty. *Decca*.

MA-MA-MARIA

Johnny Messner and the boys whoop this one up in fine style. The trio sounds swell and we enjoyed the instrumental spots. You'll like it. *Mama*, the second tune, is fast and light and on the whole meritorious though it sounds much like Johnny's recent success. *Decca*.

WEDDING BELLS

This oldie brought a tear to our eye. Dick Robertson and Company do a splendid job and make us happy to recom-

FREE! Win a box of Life Savers!

Win a box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

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 Arthur M. George, 1823 W. 6th St., Racine, Wisconsin. Arthur mailed in this stinker—

"Poor Danny! He died from drinking shellac."
"At least he had a fine finish."

Congratulations, Mr. George

...No Change in Prices...No Change in Quality...

KNIT SHOP

mend this record. *Till We Meet Again* is a waxing you'll find hard to part with. Anyway, we liked it. *Decca*.

B-I-BI

This is *real* corn. Kenny Gardner carries the vocal for Guy Lombardo while the trio fills in with gibberish. If you like this, we must say you have damn poor taste. *You're Driving Me Crazy* is more in the distinctive Lombardo manner and rather pleasing. *Decca*.

THE EMPEROR WALTZ

This recording by Harry Horlick is only moderately successful. The record is too short for a full treatment and the orchestra seems to lack tonal depth. *Tales from the Vienna Woods* on the reverse side of the record is even worse. The disc is short and the orchestra does not do justice to the music of this famous waltz. *Decca*.

"That girl is a lady, I'll have you know!"
"How do you know she's a lady?"
"Look at the sign on the door she just went in!"

Hint for Xmas . . .

- Fraternity Jewelry
- Wisconsin Seal Jewelry
- Cigarette Cases
- Brooches, Pendants

N. A. WETHALL

The Jewelry Store Nearest the Campus

FAIRCHILD 5793

708 STATE

Madison's Master Cleaners

PANTORIUM

PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES

BADGER 1180

558 STATE STREET

**Oh---So You
Fell for Her?**

All right, smart guy, so she is your own private Badger Beauty? Well, look . . .

If you want to warm the cockles of her granite heart, feed her—but good! Lunch—dinner—after a movie . . . build yourself up big by bringing her to

the Chocolate Shop

*Home of the
Hot Fudge*

Of course it's still
548 State Street.
You think we live
in a tent?



Christmas Cards

Printed with your name

50 cards
with envelopes \$1.00 to \$15.00

Order your cards now to avoid possible delays. 17 distinguished sample books of new 1941 designs to choose from.

BROWN'S

BOOK SHOP

STATE AT LAKE STREET

In the Editor's Brown Study

ART SALON



WE'VE spent considerable time these last few weeks in studying the paintings on exhibit in the Wisconsin Salon. We are not satisfied with them.

It is difficult to take a critical attitude towards the show since the Cardinal has been blubbering enthusiastically about the paintings for weeks. But, to hell with the Cardinal. Here we go.

Firstly, it strikes us that this show is extremely conservative. One looks in vain for a new theme, a new subject, or even a new and fresh treatment. The whole show with very few exceptions lacks fresh perception and creativeness. Many of the painters have tried to obtain originality by inadequate treatment or grotesqueness but this device has short-lived effect on the intelligent observer. One soon tires of such superficiality.

Again, we were saddened by the almost total absence of spontaneity in the pictures. By spontaneity we do not mean the slap dash quality which so many of the artists exhibiting at the Wisconsin Union injected into their work to make them appear sparklingly fresh and vital. But rather, the fire of creation which emanates from a painting when the artist has had real joy in painting it. This quality is apparent only where the artist was in sympathy with and understood his subject and was actually inspired by it. The salon paintings lacked this to a deplorable degree and it grieved us to note this.

If we were to say in a couple of words what was wrong with Wisconsin painters we would not need a great deal of time to deliberate. In our opinion these salon painters are *too intellectual*.

Our study of the salon paintings has convinced us that in far too many cases the artists are applying themselves to the painting of techniques and principles rather than actual matter. We see studies in textures, studies in composition

and studies in form but seldom do we see an artist seize these tools and employ them all at once to the job of expressing his mind about an object be it smoked fish or nude. It would be better perhaps if these salon painters could forget their facility with these techniques for they have obscured their insight and destroyed the vitality and spontaneity of their works. Once these things were out of mind the artists could really come to grips with his subject and perhaps produce *important* art. At least interesting art.

COMMERCE SCHOOL MERGER

In case anyone is interested we want to go on record as opposing the proposed Elwell-Kieckhofer merger. We should fear strongly for the few steadfast souls left in the Department of Economics who adhere to individual and free thought if they were to come under the control of Elwell's Old Line Republican Club. We say let well enough alone.

COMPLETE CAMPUS COVERAGE

We haven't confessed it to a soul as yet, but we're that guy the Cardinal has been yelling about. You've seen those posters around, you know—the ones that say why don't you buy it 'cause you all read it—well, they are meant for us. We read the Cardinal but we *never, never* buy it.

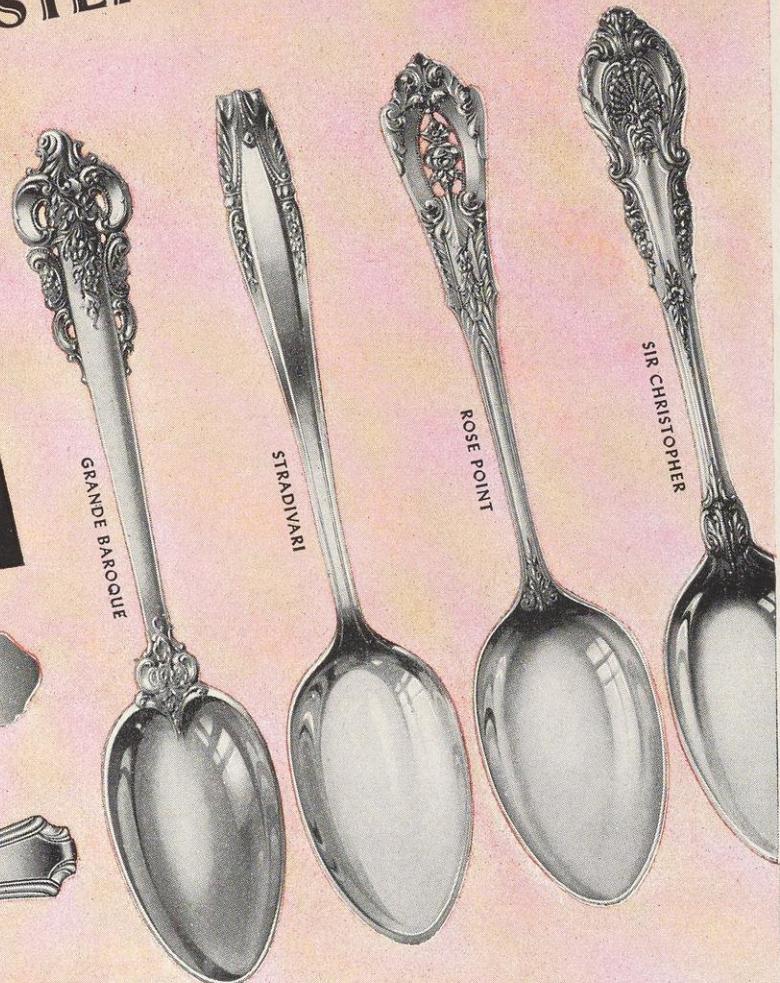
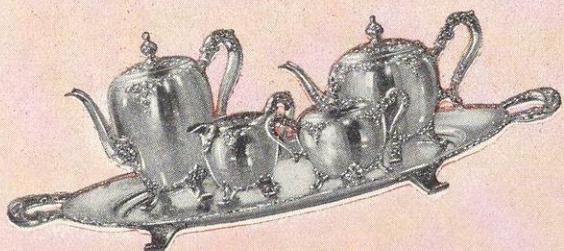
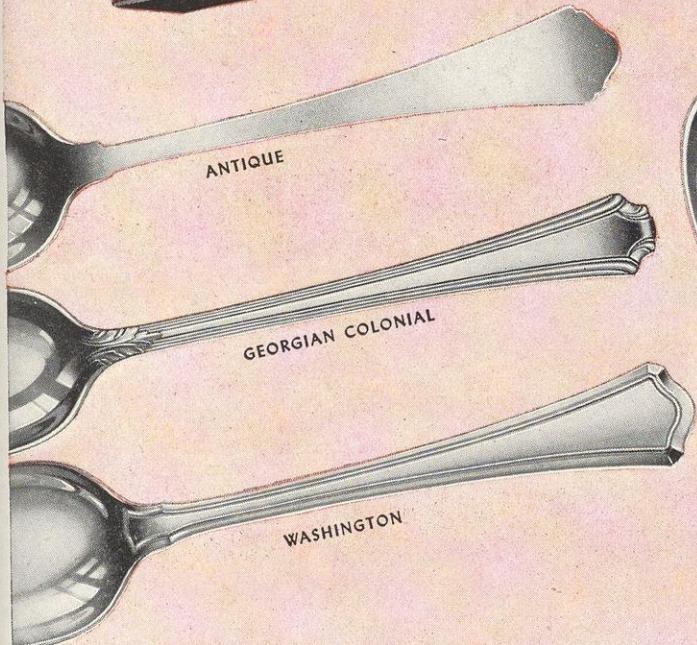
The reason we'd been reading the Cardinal lately was to gather material for the Cardinal issue which appears in this magazine by special arrangement with the Cardinal editors. This Cardinal take-off is, of course, tame compared to, say—a Sunday issue of



the "Fearless Champion"—but then, we do not have the talent available that over-runs the "city room" of the Daily Cardinal. We recommend that you do not try to read this Cardinal take-off all in one dose for it will certainly tire you if it does not first overcome you with nausea. Take it slow, try a page a day. That's about all you'll be able to stand.

To our writers, Robert L. Hanson and Irene Trepel, who are recovering in the infirmary from the effects of writing the Cardinal take-off, our heartfelt sympathy. Perhaps their work will not have been in vain. —E. M.

2 SEND FOR THIS GUIDE
TO BETTER
STERLING VALUES



May we send you a booklet of pictures and valuable information about America's Finest Sterling Patterns? Just write, Wallace Silversmiths, Wallingford, Connecticut . . . no cost or obligation will be incurred.

★ ★ Wallace Sterling is sold exclusively by established retail stores, where values are known to be honest, and "customer satisfaction" is an unquestioned rule.

XSB2C-1—It's the Navy's new dive-bombing sensation—Test Pilot Bill Ward at the stick



HOW DOES IT FEEL to dive straight down from several miles up? Bill Ward knows. He's the test pilot who put this amazing new Curtiss dive bomber through her paces for the Navy. That's Bill (left, above) smoking his (and the Navy man's) favorite cigarette. He'll tell you—

"YOUR EARS CRACKLE and pop. You think," says Bill, "the whole world's trying to squeeze the daylights out of you. You think maybe they *have*, if things go a little foggy or dark when you're pulling out of your dive." After a ride like that, a Camel tastes mighty welcome.

NOTHING COMES EVEN CLOSE TO
CAMELS WITH ME. THEY'RE **MILDER** BY FAR.
AND, MAN, WHAT A SWELL **FLAVOR**

The *smoke* of slower-burning
Camels contains

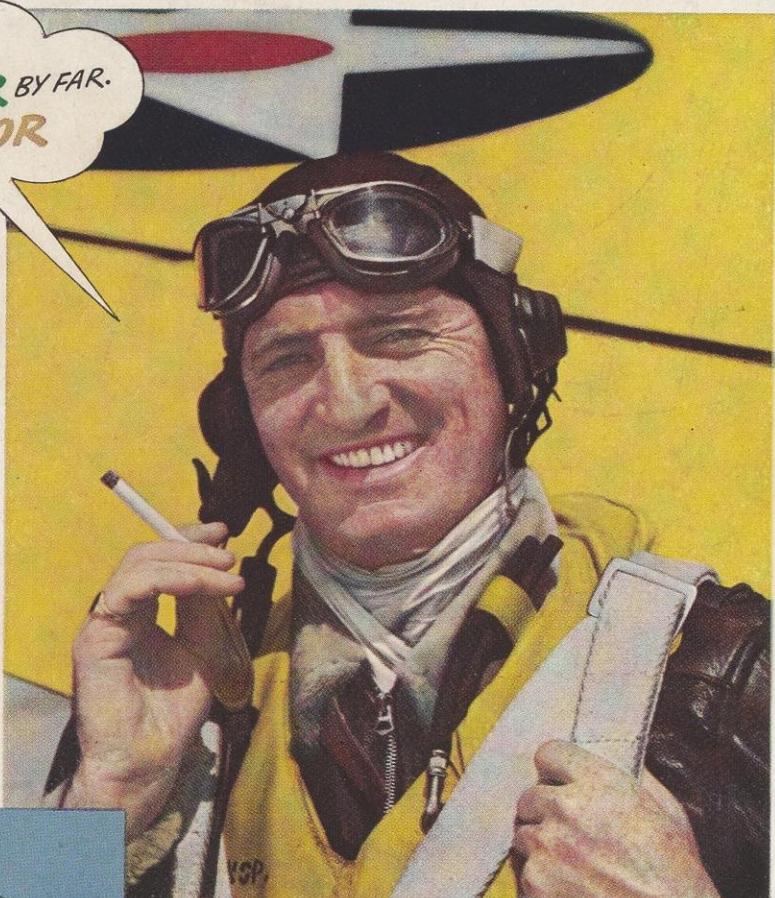
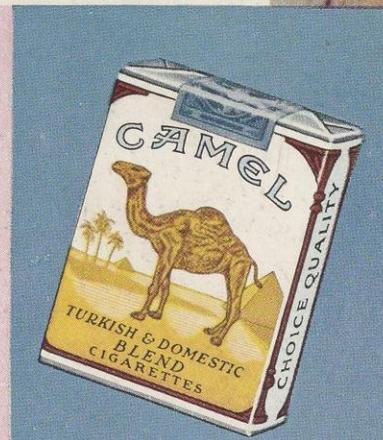
28% LESS NICOTINE

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

BY BURNING 25%
SLOWER than the aver-
age of the 4 other largest-
selling brands tested—
slower than any of them—
Camels also give you
a smoking *plus* equal,
on the average, to

5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!

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



Test Pilot Bill Ward shares the Navy
man's preference for the cigarette
of costlier tobaccos...Camel

SPEAKING of tests, Bill Ward adds: "Those recent laboratory tests showing less nicotine in the smoke of Camels only go to prove what I've always found in my smoking—Camels are milder in *lots of ways*. That's what counts with me."

Light up a Camel yourself. You'll know in the first few flavorful puffs why, with men in the service... with the millions behind them... it's Camels. (*Based on actual sales records in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.)

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCO