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The Wisconsin Octopus

COMING SOON

HARESFOOT

DEVELER

April 15¢

JOAN BENNETT in her
American Women's Voluntary
Services uniform

★
Starring in Edw. Small's United Artists
Production "Twin Beds"

*His Cigarette
and Mine*

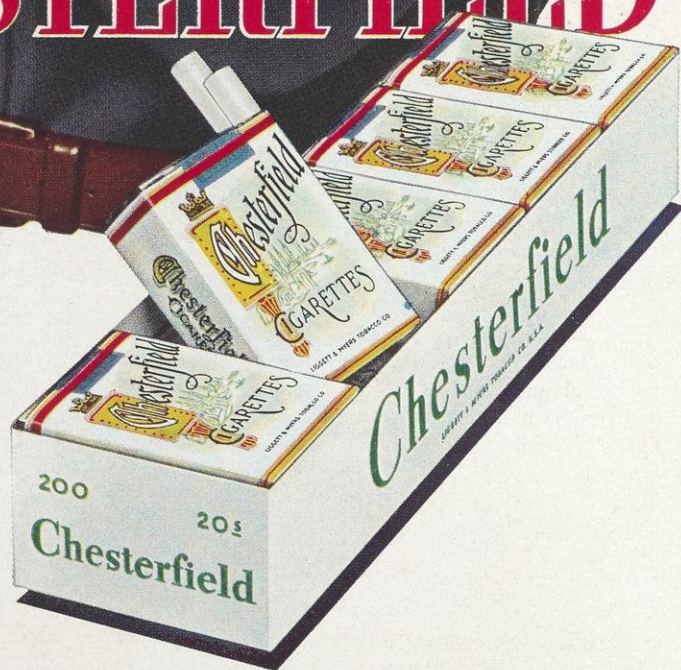
It's CHESTERFIELD

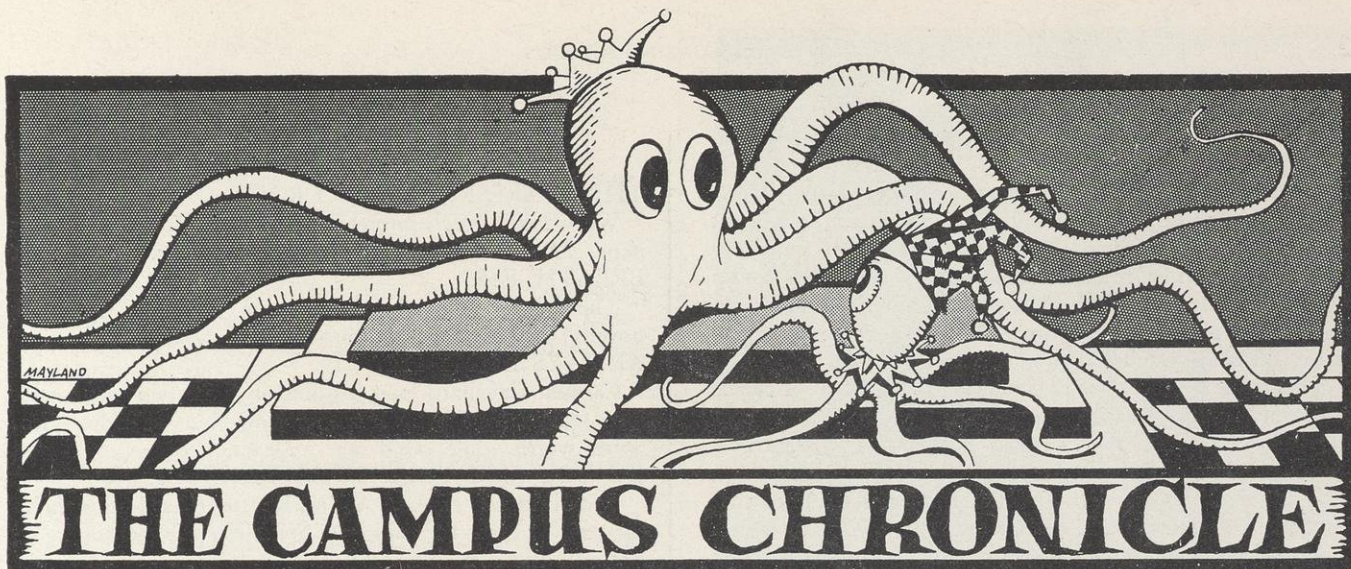
Yours too for a full share of Mildness
Better Taste and Cooler Smoking...that's what you
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of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

*Make your next pack Chesterfields... regardless
of price there is no better cigarette made today.*

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They Satisfy





SPRING has returned to Langdon street, and it can keep on snowing all it wants to—to us it is spring. Outside the stained glass windows of the palatial office the trees are getting little buds and there are six baseball games going on simultaneously on the lower campus. The Union terrace is open, with students staring dream-

ily out towards the lake and absent-mindedly chewing coke straws. We cut six classes last week, and we know a lot of people who cut even more. Nice people, too.

Finest sign of spring we've seen is the baby goat tied up on the lawn of the fraternity house next door to us. It keeps gamboling (or whatever baby goats do) around grass and going "baa, baa". Makes us feel happy all over just to look at it. Its name is Louis.

Jap Trap

We were fascinated by the Jap Trap at the War Fair in the Union, and kept coming around to look at it every five minutes, hoping that by some lucky chance we might find a Jap in it. At five o'clock, when we took our last look, it contained some old newspapers and one rubber overshoe. As we were standing there thinking about life and other things three janitors came up and carried it away. We followed them down the hall until they took it through a doorway labelled "No Admittance." We forgot about the Jap Trap because we were so mad about discrimination against students by the Union. Now we want to be a janitor when we grow up so we can go through doors labelled "No Admittance."

C'est la Guerre

The gravity of the world situation is becoming more evident on the campus as time goes on. The recent mass march of the ROTC boys even made our eyes mist a bit—

in spite of the crooked lines and the unhappy efforts to keep in step.

But perhaps the gravest exhibition of militarism has been in the bayonet practices. Here the cadets are exposed to the most soul stirring of patriotic programs. As the boys engage in mock tussels, the cadet officers cry out with rare dramatic skill, "Stick 'em in the throat! Then get 'em in the guts! Grunt when you pull the blade out! This is war! We aren't playing now!" This pseudo-gory strife goes on until the boys are sufficiently exhausted.

On at least one occasion the lads have been excited to a more complete fighting pitch by further dramatic haranguing. As the cadets focussed their gaze on the awesome

public address speaker an inspiring voice lashed out.

"Men," it said, "we must all work and sell tickets to make Mil Ball a success! The company which sells the most tickets will receive a free beer party."

All in all, we guess the ROTC boys are receiving a well-rounded military education.

For Shame!

There has recently come to our attention a question concerning student virtue and morals. We have been informed by unimpeachable authority that girls in Elizabeth Waters Hall have had a person of the opposite sex in their bedrooms. There is, we believe, some sort of a rule against conduct of this kind. We feel compelled to demand severe disciplinary action.

Perhaps we are just old-fashioned. But when girls entertain a male right in their rooms, revelling and carrying on in a shameless fashion, we believe that something should be done. The girls participating in this lawless

episode should be made to pay the penalty for their folly.

The young man in the case should also be severely censured. He is well over a year old, and should have known better.



About Books

INSIDE BENCHLEY—by Robert Benchley, Harper Bros.

Admirers of Robert Benchley (and who is not?) have at last been blessed with a long-awaited volume of rollicking nonsense. Having received a thorough acquaintanceship with the inside of Europe, Asia, South America and practically every place else, book-readers will now be happy to relax and observe what goes on *Inside Benchley*.

This latest collection of Benchleyana is made up of choice selections from former Benchley books. The volume contains the best of Benchley's essays and stories, and, needless to say, the best of Benchley is very good indeed.

Inside Benchley is filled with the effervescent humor that is cherished by thousands of Americans who like to laugh. The essays cover a tremendous variety of subjects that range from "The Social Life of the Newt," to "A Short (What there is of it) History of American Political Problems." Other masterpieces of mirth include, "The Romance of Digestion," "The Low State of Whippet Racing," "Kiddie-Kar Travel" (In America there are two classes of travel—first class, and with children.), "The Passing of the Cow," and "A Talk to Young Men."

In "A Talk to Young Men," Mr. Benchley counsels gently, "You have doubtless seen in your walks in the country, how the little butterflies and bees carry pollen from one flower to another? It is very dull and you should be glad that you are not a bee or butterfly, for where the fun comes in *that* I can't see. However, they think they are having a good time,

(continued on page 4)



Why do the gals chase after Jim?
'Cause he has looks and rhythm?
Gosh, no, it's cause they count on him
To have Life Savers whym!



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

According to the Records

THERE ARE RIVERS TO CROSS

We weren't much impressed with Hal McIntyre and this item. *The Mem'ry of This Dance* is only fair. *Victor*.
BREATHLESS

The Merry Macs do a creditable job with this lively novelty. *Hey Mabel* is gutbucket stuff. *Decca*.

ALWAYS IN MY HEART

Carmen Cavallaro is at his best on these two piano solos. The second is, *She Is*, a rather slow but melodic piece. Quite worth while, we'd say. *Decca*.

DO YOU MISS YOUR SWEETHEART?

Is definitely a stinker. Alvino Rey tries hard enough but the vocalist corns the thing up. *Smile For Me*, helps take the edge off the first side. *Bluebird*.

SHOUT, BROTHER, SHOUT

The Ink Spots turn in a swell recording of this shouting tune. *It Isn't A Dream Any More*, is slower and on the sweet side but plenty O.K. for our money. *Decca*.

WHEN MOLLIE O'NEIL DOES AN IRISH REEL

A good spritely tune that will send you clogging about the room. The Jesters do themselves up right proud. *I Had A Hat*, is the perfect companion piece. You'll like it. *Decca*.
SHE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER

Glenn Miller gives the band plenty of leeway on this one and they come through right well. Ray Eberle takes the bow for the excellent vocal. *Shhh, It's a Military Secret*, is headed for the top and we predict the Miller recording is going to have plenty to do with it. *Bluebird*.

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Volume XXIII

APRIL, 1942

Number 8

THE MARINE'S HYMN

The Victor Military Band offers an excellent recording of this stirring song. The second side, *As The Caissons Go Rolling Along*, makes this one a double winner. *Victor*.

I THREW A KISS IN THE OCEAN

Shep Fields with Marie Green on the vocal do a beautiful recording of this lovely tune. You'll want this one. *Breathless*, is only so-so. *Bluebird*.

POET AND PEASANT OVERTURE

One of the finest records Lawrence Welk has ever made is this first rate arrangement of the *Poet and Peasant Overture*. *Heaven Is Mine Again* features the lovely singing of Jayne Walton. *Decca*.

SHH, IT'S A MILITARY SECRET

Terry Shand is tops with this and especially delightful with the lyric. *I'll Be Back* is one you'll want for your collection. *Decca*.

THE LAMPLIGHTER'S SERENADE

Bing Crosby kicks this one around with little enthusiasm. *Mandy Is Two*, left us cold. *Decca*.

PAY ME NO MIND

Is plenty O.K. It's Terry Shand again and a snappy toe-tickling tune. *It's Been a Long Long Time*, gives Terry plenty of opportunity to strut his stuff. We liked it. *Decca*.

I LOOK AT HEAVEN

Dinah Shore sings . . . Freddy Martin plays . . . an unbeatable combination. *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*, has a dandy run with Freddy and Dinah at the helm. Better get this one. *Bluebird*.

YOU'LL GET THEM BLUES

Is a nerve-jarring affair. Buddy Johnson and his band are also responsible for something called, *I Wonder Who's Boogiein' My Woogie Now*. *Decca*.

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?

Connie Haines warbles the vocal for T. Dorsey and chalks up a winner. Mr. T. and the boys counter with some beautiful instrumental work in, *Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses*. *Victor*.

ONE DOZEN ROSES

Art Kassel has a dandy here. The work of the Trio on the vocals is especially good. *I Hung My Head and Cried*, is on the sweet side and very good. *Victor*.

DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE

Shep Fields gives it everything he has but the result is still luke-warm. *The Caissons Go Rolling Along*, is done in fine style and makes up for the A side. *Bluebird*.

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY FOUND A ROSE IN IRELAND

In the style of the old Irish classics this nostalgic tune should soon be a favorite. Freddy Martin helps *I'll Keep the Lovelight Burning* a lot but it still isn't a match for the first side. *Bluebird*.



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AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY

Constance Luft Huhn

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About Books

(continued from page 2)

which is all that is necessary, I suppose. Someday a bee is going to get a hold of a real book on the subject and from then on there will be mighty little pollen-toting done or I don't know my bees."

In a world that is badly in need of a laugh now and then, *Inside Benchley* brings delightful refreshment.

* * * *

AN ANTHOLOGY OF LIGHT VERSE—edited by Louis Kronenberg, Random House.

This volume of light verse is from the excellent and inexpensive Modern Library series of books. In it are representative examples of the best light verse from Shakespeare to Dorothy Parker.

The verse in this anthology is undoubtedly some of the finest of its type. However, since an attempt has been made to present the work of one hundred and fifty poets in the limited space of two hundred and eighty-odd pages, the total effect for the reader is rather sketchy and superficial.

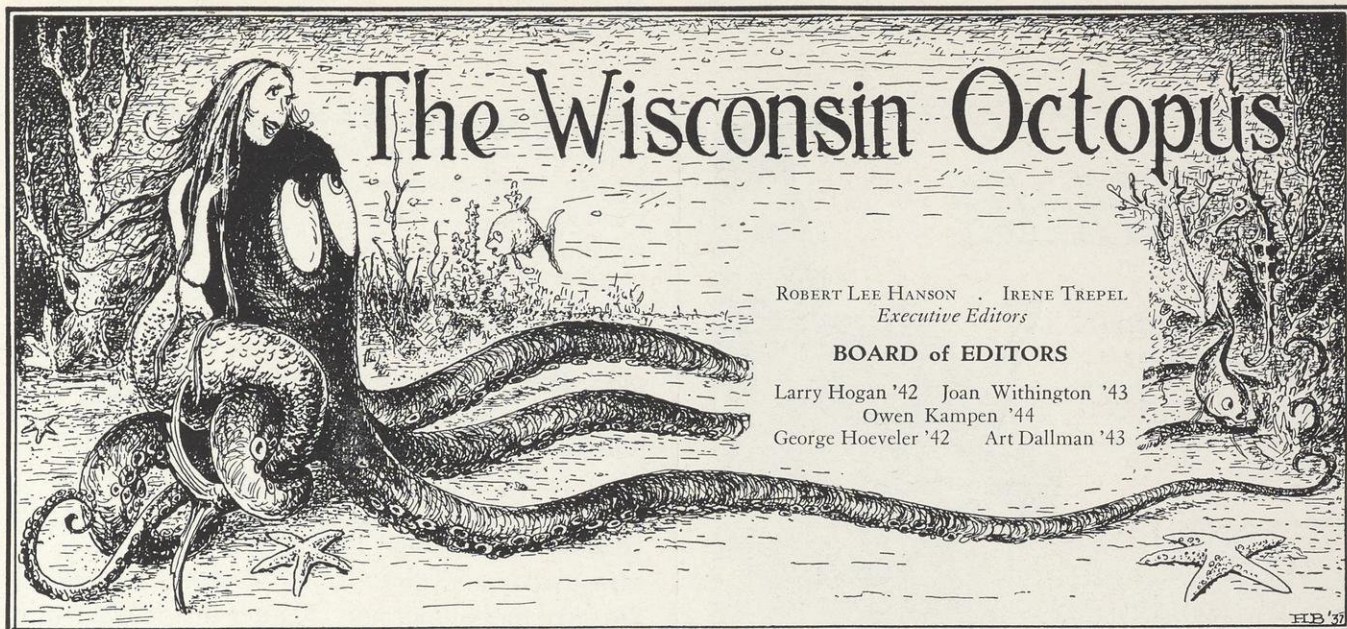
One wishes that more space could be devoted to the greater poets, even at the expense of their less-gifted colleagues.

Nevertheless, this anthology is a good one and brings the reader a collection of fine and lasting light verse.

* * * *

HOW TO SHOOT QUAIL, HOW TO SHOOT DUCKS,
AND HOW TO CATCH TROUT—by R. Osborn, Cow-
ard-McCann.

These are three little books that look like pre-primers. They consist of a number of very funny cartoons and very few words of explanation. Actually, though, the cartoons, which were done by a former cartoonist of the *Yale Record*, one of *Octy's* finer colleagues, tell a very subtle story. No fisherman or hunter can fail to appreciate the barbed brush that portrays the frailties and foibles of the stalker of wild game. Mr. Osborn draws with an insight and vividness that could come only from personal contact with the intricacies of hunting and fishing. And the total effect is most amusing. Even the rankest layman cannot fail to appreciate the bluff and biting humor of these little books.



Volume XXIII

APRIL, 1942

Number 8

In the Editor's Brown Study

Bless Their Hearts



OUR TERM as OCTOPUS Editor has ended. And, as the shadows of oblivion close about us we find ourselves in a dangerous mood.

We recall the day we crept into the palatial office with our first cartoon and how the

Editor spat on it and threw us out into the hall heaping verbal abuse on our pitiful offering. The innumerable times we slyly pushed our work under the crack of the office door and darted off into the darkness to hope in vain for even kindly rejection. Yes, back in the old days we worked and precious little thanks we got for it. Now, things are different. The young blood lounges in the palatial office and clutters the copy desk with affrontery. They are an undisciplined crew and brazen. It makes us weep to see the careless works they produce and to watch them bully the Editor into printing them. Gad, for the bull whip of Myron Gordon . . . for the vitrol tongue of L. S. Silk (bless his soul) . . . wouldn't we make the bullies work!

Though we are angered by their indulgence we have a soft spot in our hearts for our OCTY boys. They are, indeed, a happy-go-lucky crew. We have often envied the ease with which they meet life and have promised ourselves to learn their secret. We'll have time now for we have torn up our last balance sheet and given the paste and scissors to Mr. R.L.H. and Miss I.T.

We're going to miss OCTY . . . the Crocodile . . . the Cup . . . and the famous collection of Dutch Tiles. We'll miss seeing "Mister" Kampen playing happily behind the cut files with his rag dolls; miss the fun of roller skating in the upper corridor with I. T.; and the excitement of tracking down the business manager for evasive statements on advertising prospects. It was great to hear Jeem's dissertations on the movements of the compound pendulum and Dallman's lecherous stories about life in the art centers of Paris.

It's hard to part with these things for they have become an important part of our life. But, enough, we are likely to go overboard if we keep this up. We say best of luck to the new staff, bless their hearts, and Godspeed!

—E. M.

* * * *

We Begin Again

WE tyros have taken up the torch.

The flame always flickers a bit when the editorship changes hands. The job always turns out to be a bit tougher than it looked from the other side of the desk. And our job will not be made easier by the strain and strife of the times.

In spite of this, we are sure and certain about some things. The OCTOPUS will not degenerate into a war-time scandal sheet. For cons now, Octy editors have taken pride in turning out a magazine that is funny rather than sensational. Nothing will swerve us from that standard.

Of course, ever since we first crept into the Octo-

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pus office as frightened freshmen we've had our pet hopes and aspirations. Now we'll be able to give our ideas a try. But whatever the product of our efforts we hope that we can live up to what Mayland and the others have done before us.

So, goodbye Ed. It was great working for you.

Before we climb on the crocodile to ride down to the printer's with the copy, there is just one thing more. For years a secret sorrow has been gnawing at our hearts, causing us to carry about some extra Kleenex in case an involuntary tear should fall. Now we're editor and we can get it off our chest:

Most of the students have always been pretty apathetic towards old Octy. He wanders about the campus day and night, trying to capture a little of the spirit and humor and laughter that is Wisconsin,



and what does he get? Nothing but nag, nag, nag—never anything constructive. We're getting mighty sore about it, too. We know that everyone's sense of humor differs. One man's guffaw is another man's giggle. But we're not narrow minded. If you don't think what we print is funny, then bring us up something that tickles you. We may not make you an editor on the spot, but we'll let you putter around the office and climb out on the terrace with us to throw pebbles at the Rotcie boys. We like people who can laugh a lot. We want you to keep chuckling at professors, snickering at politicians, and giving the merry ha-ha to all the funny little problems that annoy you. But we need some help. Humor can only thrive among people who show their sense of humor. We're doing our best to keep ours around. What's the matter with you?

Octy is a way of life. We have our troubles too—overcuts and bills and irate printers and some pigeons outside the window that drive us crazy with their damn cooing. But we still manage to lift a pen to lampoon the Cardinal or grin happily at the confused Union committees. So come along and laugh too—at least once a month. If you get the hiccoughs we'll promise to give you a glass of water.

Dynasty Is a Ba-a-a-d Word



HE managing editor roared into the offices of the Daily C———, perspiration streaming from his brow and a sheet of paper clutched tightly in one fist. He slid through the editorial room where ten freshman reporters were looking up statistics on University buildings, dashed past the Marijuana machine, and knocked on the door of the editor's office, a converted broom closet.

The editor crawled out from under the desk where he had been looking for an extra Yo-Yo string and grinned shamefacedly at the managing editor. "Geez, Dick," he whined, "I can't think of anything for tomorrow's editorial. Honest, I've tried and tried, but I ain't got an idea. Unless we take another shot at the School of Commerce. We could change the old ones around a little and——"

The managing editor pushed him down into a chair and leaned over him shaking his fist. The managing editor had elongated ear lobes and a deviated septum. He came from New Jersey.

"Listen, Bob," he panted through clenched teeth. "I've got the biggest scoop here since the Prom King's kidnapping. It'll rip the campus wide open. It'll send the B M O C's screaming for cover. It's terrific!" He turned to the outer office where the business manager was sitting on a packing box slitting his throat.

"Our worries are over, Ray!" he chortled. "If this doesn't boost our circulation to sixty-five, I'll read an issue of Octy!"

Laughing uncontrollably at his own wit, the managing editor ran into the back shop, the editor and business manager close behind. He peered about the dark, bare room for a moment and finally spied the circulation manager pumping away at the hand press which was turning out the next day's issue.

"STOP the presses!" he screamed. The circulation manager wiped his hand across his forehead and began to cry.

"Geez, Dick," he whined. "I gotta have a helper. I can't keep pumping

this damn thing alone. We gotta get out fifty copies a day and the damn thing keeps breaking down and——"

"You said a bad word!" screamed the editor, covering his ears. "You said a word fraternity men use! It's nasty!"

"Listen," shouted the managing editor. "Forget everything but what I'm going to tell you now. This is the scoop of the century."

"What? What?" they all cried, jumping up and down in anticipation. "Tell us, please."

"Well," hissed the managing editor, glancing warily about him. "I just found out that the campus is run by——by a *dynasty*!"

"Don't use such big words," said the

business manager, sulkily.

"A *dynasty*," repeated the managing editor. "A machine, A clique. A controlling faction. Every damn——"

"That's a horrid expression. Say 'awful'."

"Oh, all right," said the managing editor, patting him on the head. "Every awful institution on this campus is controlled by a dynasty. Take the ag school. It's run by agricultural majors. No one else has a chance to get in there. Do you know who the editor of the Country magazine is going to be? An ag major! Ha! I thought that would startle you."

"Go on, go on," they pleaded. "What else?"

"Well," continued the managing editor. "Military ball is the worst. It's



"She's not so damn good-looking!"

under the control of the ROTC, and anyone who isn't an ROTC officer hasn't a chance of being a chairman. Pretty rotten, isn't it?"

"Is this true?" gasped the editor. "Dick, if we print this, it will rock the campus."

"It's true all right," said the managing editor darkly. "I have all the facts. And that isn't all. You know Haresfoot?"

The business manager let out a long whistle.

"You don't mean ——"

"Yes." The managing editor turned his back to hide the anguish and shame written on his face.

"Only a Haresfoot man can be in the show. Only a Haresfoot man can be president. If you don't belong to Haresfoot, you can't get near the place."

The editor collapsed to the floor, sobbing with mingled joy and revulsion.

"It's the biggest news story of the century," he wailed. "But to think—to think that in my own Alma Mater—but there must be no turning back. No faltering. We must fulfill our destinies as journalists. This must be exposed."

Suddenly the circulation manager began singing Varsity in a trembling voice. All joined in, standing in a circle and holding each other's hands. At the end of the song they were silent for a moment. Then the managing editor straightened up.

"Okay," he said briskly. "I'll dash over to the Union and steal a typewriter from one of the offices so we can start writing. You begin thinking of an editorial, Bob. We'll give those bas——"

"Please!" screamed the editor. "Please! Don't use language like that!"

"All right," he soothed him. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

He turned to go, but suddenly clutched at his throat. A look of bewilderment spread over his features. He gave a moan.

"What is it?" cried the editor. "What's the matter, Dick? Have you forgotten something?"

The managing editor had by this time sunk to the floor in a limp heap. His eyes were closed, his lips were covered with foam. Strangled sounds came from his throat. The others stood over him, frightened.

"Dick," pleaded the editor. "Dick,



speak to me. What is it? Have I done something to hurt you?"

"O-o-oh," moaned the managing editor. Awk shrep."

"Here's some water," said the business manager, clumsily spilling it on the managing editor's ankles. "This will bring him to."

The managing editor slowly opened his eyes and gave a convulsive shudder. Wearily he stood up, pale and trembling. He surveyed the group huddled about him, and furtively wiped a tear from his cheek.

"Boys," he said, in a faltering voice, "Boys, this means the end. The Daily C———I must close its door forever. All is lost." And he heaved a sob.

"Why? Why?" The editor was staring at him unbelievably. "We didn't do anything wrong, did we?" His lower lip began to tremble.

"Because," said the managing editor, "Because—we forgot one thing. And that one thing spells our ruin." He moistened his lips. "We too are a——a *dynasty*. We too are controlled by a clique. We too are rotten politically.

"We are all Rochedale Co-op boys.

Every last one of us. Remember our rule—no student may become an executive on the newspaper unless he resides at the Rochedale Co-op! We forgot that. And that spells our ruin. We cannot expose the other dynasties without exposing ourselves."

The circulation manager began choking himself into unconsciousness. The others stood about, stunned.

"That means——," said the editor, slowly.

"That means——", Tears streamed down the managing editor's hairy cheeks, "We must resign. As men of honor, that is the only course open to us. Shall I lead?"

AND with bowed heads the others followed him, walking single file down the corridor and towards the office of the subsidizing stockholders, to hand in their resignations. Behind them the small office was deserted except for a lone columnist squatting beside the editor's desk and cleaning his fingernails.

"Chaos," he murmured wetly. "Absolute and ultimate chaos."

—I. T.

Hilarity and Abounding Joy Reign in the Octy Office as Triumph Comes Again



DETAILS FOLLOW

MESSENGER boy, all out of breath, rushed up to the office last week and waved a telegram in our faces. Trembling and unnerved, we ripped open the telegram. Through dry, parched lips we read:

CONGRATULATIONS OCTOPUS CHOSEN AS OUTSTANDING COLLEGE HUMOR MAGAZINE OF NATION STOP

COMMITTEE OF JUDGES

The staff went wild. The long-hoarded cask of Napoleon brandy was brought out. Even the office boy had some. This was an occasion of no small moment. The finest magazine in the country! Three years in a row! Zowie!

The next day we received a long letter containing all the details of OCTY'S victory. College humor magazines were judged on the basis of "originality, excellence of editorial content, art work, mirth-provoking qualities, and high standards throughout." OCTY received special commendations for the "effervescent sparkle of OCTOPUS stories," and for "excellent execution of genuinely humorous cartoons." The judges also praised the OCTOPUS for refraining from the use of sexy, salacious trash and hackneyed syndicated material.

We don't deny that we haven't been hoping for this to happen. But three years in a row just seemed too much to hope for. Yet, the big shining silver cup and the parchment certificate are before us to prove it. Over and over again, with lingering and tender gaze, we read, "THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, First Award, Collegiate Humor Magazines, 1941-1942."

And, needless to say, we are very proud.

With due credit to our colleagues, respected and otherwise, we must offer a further word. Our honored rivals, the *California Pelican* and the *Harvard Lampoon*, as in other years, proved to be our most formidable opponents. They followed the OCTOPUS in the national ratings. However, it was significant to note that both of these magazines slipped somewhat from last year's ratings. Other lesser magazines trailed out behind the three leaders.

The leading college humor magazines were ranked as follows:

Wisconsin Octopus97
Harvard Lampoon80
California Pelican80
Yale Record71
Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern63
Princeton Tiger54
Columbia Jester36
Texas Ranger28
Northwestern Purple Parrot26
Minnesota Ski-U-Mah15
Michigan Gargoyle12

(Ninety-seven other college magazines were given rankings of .12.00.)

In the newspaper division, *The Daily Cardinal*, local student newspaper, placed sixteenth.

Judges were: Mrs. S. Grinde, Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin; Mr. O. A. Kampen, Madison; Mr. and Mrs. L. Hoeveler, Madison; Mr. R. Dallman, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin; Mr. and Mrs. I. Mayland, Racine, Wisconsin; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hanson, Stoughton, Wisconsin; Mr. and Mrs. J. Trepel, Great Neck, New York.

Anchors Aweigh



ALWAYS I have been a reformer, a passionate crusader, fighting for the down-trodden masses. At the risk of a court martial, or maybe worse, I am writing these lines . . .

Those darn old sailors, anyway. They want us to call them men, or middies, or something, but, bah, I will call them sailors. That's the way I feel. My roommate, too. He acts very important, and is, because he writes for the Daily Cardinal.

Just to show you how important Melford is, he is running a contest now, over on the East Side. He is asking housewives to tell, in 25 words or more, Why I Take the Daily Cardinal. He has gotten some mighty good results, too, like these:

"Because I find the Cardinal so soft and absorbent for removing grease spots from my husband's tie."

"Because Uncle Sam's waste-paper collector says it's superior in pulp and texture to any Madison daily."

One lady, I guess, was spoofing him. She said:

"I take the Daily Cardinal because it gives me quick relief, with no gagging or harmful after-effects." (As if she doesn't know what the Daily Cardinal is, ha-ha.)

Oh, yes, about those sailors. My roommate said to me before they came, he said:

"Look here, Alfred, there's going to be trouble, see: Right in our midst we are going to have, not soldiers, not marines, but sailors. And you know how they are, with a girl in every port, and everything. We University men are facing a great Danger, a Danger wearing a uniform to entice Our Girls from our protective arms into their black embraces."

I pointed out to Melford that it was really blue embraces, but my well-meant banter failed to cheer him. Wiping a salty tear from the lower part of his left eye, he ended his brave oration on a note of utter hopelessness:

"Sometimes, Alfred, when I think of it—sometimes I feel I just can't go on."

Well, I have done a lot of pondering since these sailors arrived. Also, I have

observed. And I find that Melford was right, dead right. First thing you see, there are Our Girls showing these fellows all around our fine campus. Next they are strolling all over, arm-in-arm, these sailors, with giddy co-ed companions, dazzled by the deceptive glamor of a uniform.

Sure, the latest these invaders can stay out during the week is 12 o'clock one night, and all the other nights it's 10 o'clock. But that is enough time to get acquainted, or worse . . .

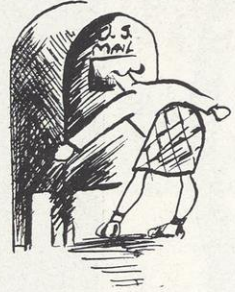
WITH my own eyes I saw Benford Baxter's best girl, brazenly bicycle-riding with a sailor. Along the lake road—and at 7 p. m. last night. Some say that Benford swears at her every other word, is a drunkard, and writes threatening letters to Lana Turner. But is that any reason his steady girl should desert him for a sailor? I will answer that question. No.

You will probably say how the sailors always smile and say "Hi" when they pass you. Huh! I give them plenty dirty looks when they try that stuff on me. Then, about how they're so polite, and never say any cuss words, and all that. Any fool can see through it. It is

clever propaganda. All the while they keep promenading through the Union with Our Girls, drinking cokes at the Pharm with Our Girls, and whispering along the lake road to Our Girls!

Honest, I would really be awful darn sore about the situation, except that I have never had a date with a University girl.

—W. GRINDE



If you see a student climbing the steps of the Memorial Union today, don't ask any questions.

—The Daily Cardinal

Don't worry about us. We won't say a word.



ART DALLMAN

"Those navy guys haven't got me licked."

Aunt Martha Corncake Invented May Day



UNT Martha Corncake," I lisped almost shyly, "did you really truly invent May Day? Honest Injun?"

Her old ears pricked up sharply at my words. She dragged out a dusty tomtom which her mother had given her for just such emergencies.

"Honest Injun," she said solemnly, stamping about slowly in a huge circle.

Then, seeing that I was but a child, she stopped her dancing and crimsoned with embarrassment. "I'm afraid you think me an old fool," she sighed, staring at her feet, which were rather flat.

"Tut, tut," I replied crisply, hoping to cheer her a bit, "You *are* a trifle revolting, but you'll always seem like home to me."

Somewhere in the distance a bugle pealed forth. We rested our heads on one another's shoulders, and in close harmony sang two choruses of "Auld Lang Syne."

This excited Aunt Martha. Thinking it New Year's Eve, she began to whoop wildly and gulp gin.

"No! No!" I shrieked, "this is May Day!" I tweaked her cherry-red nose and clapped her sagging shoulders heartily.

Almost immediately I was sorry. Aunt Martha sank to the ground and murmured weakly, "Consumption."

Seeking to ignore her confusion I turned my back while she recovered her composure.

"Is it true," I asked again quietly, "that you really invented May Day?"

"Deed it is Big Boy," replied Aunt Martha. She always referred to me as "Big Boy," despite the fact that I am only two feet tall and eighty-three years her junior. As for Aunt Martha, we children had called her "Aunt Martha" ever since Gypsy Rose Lee was a mere stripling.

Now she was sitting on the piano, her legs crossed, trying to look coy. Actually, she resembled a baked codfish. In fact, one or two autograph-seekers made the comment, "My, but she looks like a baked codfish." Later she explained to me that her mother had

been frightened by a sailor. But that is another story.

"How did you invent May Day?" I asked the voluptuous old girl.

"That's a good question," Aunt Martha answered, taking a little snuff and striking a pensive pose, "a damned good question."

After a brief pause during which she snored noisily, Aunt Martha went on.

"Inventing May Day wasn't so much," she said modestly.

"Oh, but it was," I answered in alarm, slamming a full-nelson on her, "it certainly was."

"Well," admitted Aunt Martha gaspingly, "I'm just a genius, I guess."

Laughing shrilly, I planted a swat on

Welcome!

Trembling with glee, Octy this month welcomes two more cartoonists to his Board of Directors. The fine new additions are George Hoeveler, a senior who lives in Madison, and Art Dallman, a junior from Fond du Lac. Both boys draw very funny pictures and are a great joy to have around the office. They will receive the customary gold-handled brushes awarded to artist members of the board.

her forehead, intimating that she was getting too cocky.

"Why did you choose May Day?" I asked naively.

Aunt Martha snorted in contempt. "Because you idiot-child, May Day would look pretty silly in July or September, wouldn't it?"

"I hadn't thought of it in that way," I admitted apologetically.

"Three boos and a tiger for you, stupid," she replied.

STUNG by her derisive jeers I proceeded with more caution. "But *why* did you invent May Day?" I ventured timidly.

Aunt Martha's lips puckered to the proportions of a small balloon. "I think it was for May baskets and May queens and radicals," she answered. "Mostly May queens, though."

A soft new light came into Aunt Martha's eyes. It flashed off and on, spelling out, "Eat at Jake's Place."

"I used to be May queen every year," she said with a nostalgic giggle. "Oh, my yes. Whoop de doo!"

I became alarmed. I wondered if the strain wasn't beginning to tell on Aunt Martha.

"In my day," she explained, "May queens did more than flutter around decorated with ribbons and flowers. We had some real brawls, I can tell you." She leered significantly.

I got up to leave.

Aunt Martha tried to pacify me by pouring me a glass full of liquid from her little brown barrel.

"Here," she said in a happy voice, "lemonade." She hiccupped.

I was beginning to wonder whether or not I was talking to the real inventor of May Day.

"What about May baskets and Communists on May Day?" I asked.

"Oh, damn the baskets and Communists," she said, swinging her arm and upsetting the piano. "Now when I was queen of the May, me and Charley—"

Then she lapsed into an unprintable story concerning herself and a character named Charley.

I tried to run away but Aunt Martha nabbed me and sat on my chest.

I began to cry. "I wanted that you should tell me about May Day," I whimpered. "All you do is talk nasty."

"Sorry," she said, chucking my chin until my teeth rattled. "But honest, the May queen is what really matters. The May basket stuff for kids and the propaganda tripe for the Reds is a lot of hogwash. Now me and Charley—"

"Stop!" I screamed, holding up my little hands. "I don't think you really invented May Day at all. I don't even think that you're really Aunt Martha Corncake!"

Aunt Martha once more became the sweet little old lady whom everyone loved.

"No May Day?" she cried softly. "That's like saying there aren't any fairies." She dropped her glass, and it shattered on the floor.

Then she hopped off the piano and ran to the fireplace. With misty eyes she touched a flaming torch to her old rocking chair.

"Corncake," she whispered softly.

And there I had my answer.

—R.L.H.

What Do You Know About Haresfoot?

How well acquainted are you with the customs of this traditional campus institution? Just exactly how much do you know about the inner workings of this hallowed organization? Just how much do you care?

Oh, go on and take this quiz, anyway, just for the hell of it. You may win \$50 or an old Haresfoot chorine. You may get a sick headache. Who knows?

1. Haresfoot is the name of:

- a. The boxing team
- b. A blonde on the third floor of Langdon hall
- c. A town in Pennsylvania

2. This year's Haresfoot show is called:

- a. Keep 'Em Laughin'
- b. Desire Under the Elms
- c. Fred Doerflinger

3. To become a member of Haresfoot you must have:

- a. \$500.42
- b. A cleft palate
- c. A permanent stoop

4. The authors of the show are chosen by:

- a. Hare ballot
- b. A quorum of Union janitors
- c. Pure necessity

5. The cast tours five cities, one of them being:

- a. London
- b. Combined Locks
- c. The City of Dreadful Night



"I'll see you up in the powder room."

6. The Haresfoot trip is known as:

- a. The Haresfoot trip
- b. Why Herman was expelled from the University
- c. Wow!

7. The slogan of the club is:

- a. All our men are ladies, yet everyone's a girl
- b. All our girls are women, yet everyone's a fool
- c. Where love is, there is God also

8. The president of Haresfoot likes:

- a. Himself
- b. Fred Doerflinger
- c. Publicity

(All three of these answers are correct. Give yourself a hundred on this one.)

9. Membership in the club entitles one to:

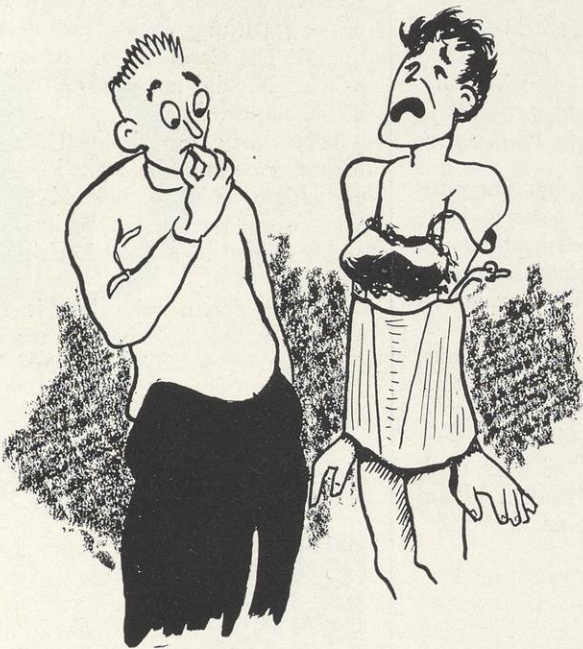
- a. Walk around dressed like a girl
- b. Steal books from the University library
- c. Flunk out of school early and avoid the June rush

10. Everyone should see Haresfoot because:

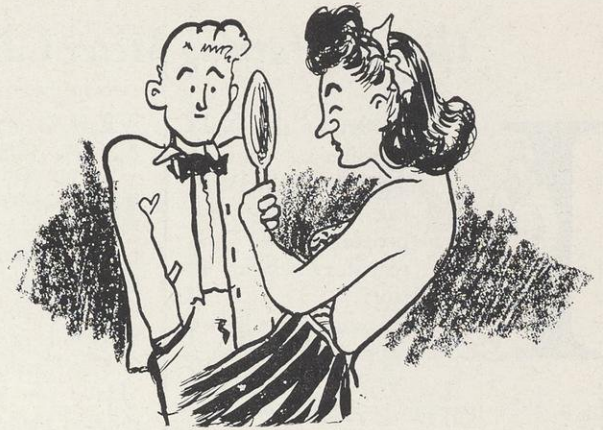
- a. It will make the boys happy
- b. The chorus line is prettier than anything you'll see around the women's dorms or sororities
- c. Haresfoot will make some money and maybe pay us for the ad on the back cover



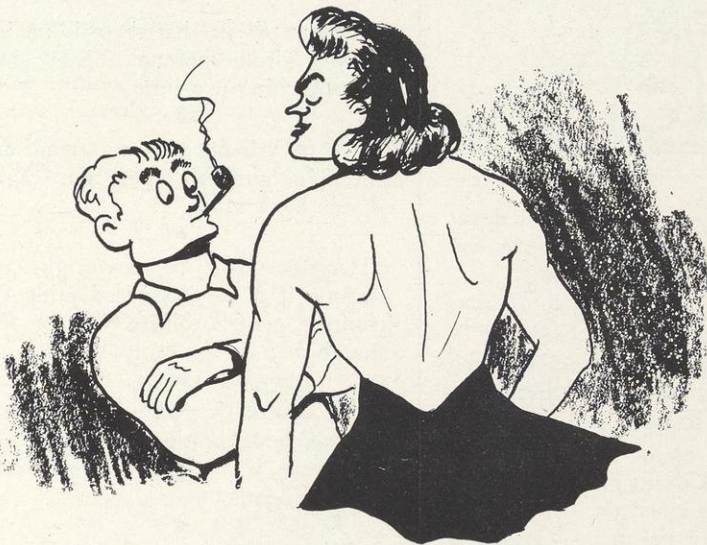
"Damn—smeared again."



"You're an engineer—don't just stand there!"



"Am I truly beautiful?"



"Six sailors whistled at me this morning—"



- KAMPEN -

"Isn't this carrying things a little too far?"

Discarded Haresfoot Gags

An Aquarium Joke (slightly fishy):

He: "That is a jelly fish."

She: "What flavor?"

Conductor: I'll have to charge full fare for your little brother—he's wearing pants.

Young Brother: Gosh, Sis, you ride free.

"Are you the boy who took my order?" asked the impatient gentleman in the Union Grill.

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter politely.

"Well, I'll be damned," he remarked, "you don't look a day older."

"What do you mean, 'I'm your opportunity'?"

"I wanta take advantage of you!"

How the Parking Meter Came Back



IN SPITE of the Daily Cardinal's colorful accounts of the Parking Meter Case, few people realize the real story behind the story.

Actually, there was still another story. This appeared in a 1924 issue of *True Confessions*. Watch for it.

To get back to the missing parking meter. Nobody was more grief-stricken than Joseph Q. Hammersly, the campus constable. Upon hearing of the theft, detective Hammersly nearly collapsed.

"Vot," he wept, "another misdemeanor from mine little campus pals, my buddies? I am swooning."

Those of you who have followed the career of handsome Joseph Hammersly will remember how he once solved a baffling case by staring at scratches on a pancake turner. After that modest Joseph Q. resolved that no more would crime flourish on the campus.

It was a fatherly resolution, probably made because he loves children. In fact we have more than once heard him say, "Mmmm—Ah loves chillun." He smiles at the students who love him so. He takes them for rides on his big roaring ol' motorcycle and feeds them peanuts. He won't even bite if treated kindly.

But Joseph Q. Hammersly hates sin. "I hate sin sho' nuff," he has been known to say, while rolling his eyes and doing a highland fling.

And so, when he received news of the stolen parking meter he sat down on the Bascom curb and cried. His little heart pounded pit-a-pat, his breast heaved, and his drippy tears fell plop-plop on the pavement.

However, Hammersly steeled himself and 'roused himself from what he now admits to have been a weak, effeminate, quite unbecoming demonstration. (He also ripped off his brass buttons and tin badge but was persuaded to replace them.) He communicated with the Daily Cardinal and they offered to run a small article about the theft. "Tell the purloiner to return the meter to the Union desk," Hammersly sneered, putting on a black moustache and a puppy nose.

Each day and all night Hammersly hid in a drain pipe on the Union roof.

HOURS, then days went by. The campus, of course, was tense and expectant. Hammersly bided his time and spun his web. He eased the strain by dropping paper bags full of water on the heads of students.

The Cardinal began to get anxious. "Have you anything to report?" they radioed Hammersly.

"Yes!" replied Hammersly, his eyes narrowing in cold fury, "tell your readers this, 'If you see a student go up the Union steps—don't say a word'."



Solemnly, the Cardinal printed the statement. They knew Hammersly was nearing the solution of the case.

One afternoon Hammersly tip-toed down to the Union desk. "Shsh," he whispered, tapping his pancake turner significantly. It was obvious that things were going to happen.

That very night, as Hammersly crouched in his drain pipe, a shrouded figure slowly climbed the Union steps. Outlined against the moon was a long pipe-like object.

"Ho hum," yawned Hammersly. "Must be Porter Butts or one of the janitors or somebody."

Then, as he stared at his pancake turner he screamed hysterically, "My gawd, the missing parking meter!"

Hammersly leaped from the roof and assaulted the shrouded figure. Using his manly strength and a large black-jack, he soon subdued his puny opponent. Joseph then tucked the parking meter into his belt and stuffed the shrouded figure into a barrel, addressing it to 823 University avenue. Joseph Q. Hammersly patted his pancake turner and smiled.

Next morning THE DAILY CAR-

DINAL printed a story saying that the missing parking meter had been returned. The Cardinal gave great credit to itself but did not disclose the name of the culprit.

Hammersly also declined to name names. However, he smiled a kindly but enigmatic smile, pointed his pancake turner toward University avenue and scribbled us a note. Looking at it we read:

"I ain't a'sayin' who done it. However, each morning now, I receive a free copy of the Daily Cardinal."

• • •

On Second Thought

THE Dean's latest ban on open house parties may be whistling in the dark. It looks to us like an attempt to refute, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die."

Experts tell us that there is no impending girdle shortage. That's probably stretching it a little.

The navy is not playing around any more. One gunner's report ran, "Sighted sub. Sank same."

Haresfoot will be downright unpatriotic if it persists in adopting the feminine gender. There will be few enough men on the campus as it is.

We are daily reminded that the *Cardinal* is celebrating its golden jubilee. Now we know what's wrong; senile dementia.

There is, we think, an undue amount of worrying about what to call this war. We think Sherman hit it pretty close.

We don't feel too badly about the loss of cuffs on our trousers. At least we'll spend less time looking for that nickel we dropped.

The housing situation is nothing to worry about. The obvious solution is to put the ROTC in pup tents on the lower campus.

The *Cardinal* asks, "Must Wisconsin students run like kids?" Yeah, slug, it looks dat way.

Plan for Attack

DURING afternoon, intensive check-up of mechanized transportation. Found to be in passable condition. Battle regalia returned from cleaners. White tie, shirt studs, patent leather shoes,—all in good order.

Unforeseen technical difficulties loom up due to vast expense of carrying on maneuvers; after one and one half hours cagey diplomacy and three clever telegrams, old man and two fraternity brothers come through with sufficient appropriations.

Division begins to roll. This section well into unfriendly territory at 8:20. Method of approach and close discussed with fellow commanders.

8:32—Foe sighted. Wearing low cut evening gown. Possessor of remarkable new weapon,—a disarming charm that causes immediate consternation in our ranks. Luckily, not completely disarmed.

9:06—Scene of action colorful array

of merry duels, battle ground well waxed; gladiators accompanied by hot campus band.

Uneventful struggles throughout evening. Air torn with victors' cries and moans of the wounded. Milling throngs cover terrain. Visibility deliciously low. Experimental blackout big success. Cries of more wounded, and other sound effects. This particular enemy submitted nicely. One decisive victory.

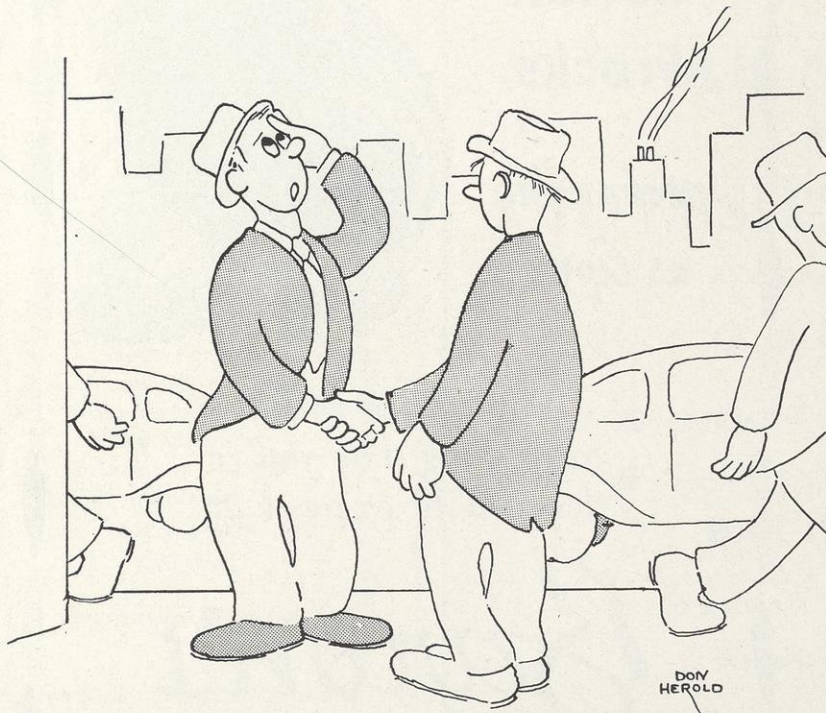
Crowds around commissary department. Low plebians. After free beer.

11:05—Leave major battle scene. Re-fortification of what Napoleon said an army marches on. In smoky dog wagon. Two hamburgers consumed,—without.

At 11:30 reconnoitering activities well under way. 11:39, unexpected resistance. At 11:45, on startling discovery that proceedings moving at too swift a pace, harsh enemy ultimatum, "Take me home."

11:45.25—Diplomatic negotiations begun feverishly.

12:02—Negotiations still under way. Enemy relents, making severe demands on our force. Terms almost synonymous with defeat. (a) Restore all territory gained. (b) Rules of war restated explicitly, with definite limitations.



"Jones? Jones? The name sounds familiar."



Jerry . . . and the Little Man

INVITE YOU

*to the Spring
Bargain Book Sale*

**STUDENT
BOOK EXCHANGE**

"Nearest the Campus"

712 State St.

712 State St.

(c) Use of certain strategic tactics banned. No indemnity, however.

12:05—Under way again, under forced draft. Time is short. Liberty or death! Victory at all costs! . . . and all that sort of thing. But foe alert and ready to repel all boarders. Splendid counter attack. Armistice, akin to defeat, signed abruptly after enemy made powerful flank movement with right hand. Face still stings.

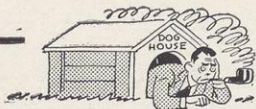
Armies on the move. Double time. 12:27—Enemy barracks reached safely. After leaving victorious foe in wake, division beats a doleful retreat to favorite pub. Afforded one tiny concession by the inexorable foe. The enemy was kissed goodnight.

—B. BERRY

RIGHT

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Placing a half-dollar on the desk, she said sharply, "What is that?"

A small voice from the back row, "Tails." —St. John's Analyst.



BUYER YELLS WHEN BRIAR SMELLS

—but Sam the Salesman is
out of the dog house now!



"WHOA, DEARIE!" chirped the secretary. "It's just your stinko pipe he didn't like. Try his favorite Sir Walter Raleigh for mild, fragrant smoking—and success!"



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tape seals flavor in,
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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Fable of Algy the Termite



ONCE there was a termite named Algy. He was a young fellow, full of joie de vivre. He attended Termite U., where he passed his

time doing all the things expected of a healthy lad. He went to dances, recited lewd stories, drank beer, and, with his fraternity brothers, spent at least one night a week boring holes in Dripkicker's wall.

Then came the terrible news that the termites and the red ants were at war.

Algy's equanimity was destroyed. His patriotism and his social consciousness were aroused. He called a mass meeting of all the students. Here it was decided that the important news of the day deserved the attention of the student body.

A committee was appointed to study the possible activities of the students.

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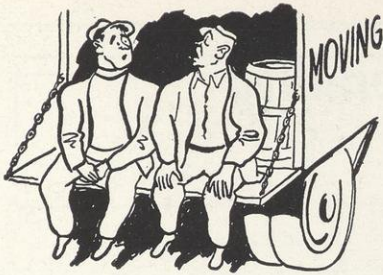
*enchanting
as April*



*... and filled with the
refreshing style you've
learned to expect at*

Baron's

WE GIVE EAGLE STAMPS



"Some nerve—shoving us
back here!"

At the end of three months the decision had been reached that the entire school would conduct a silver paper drive. A report of the work of the committee was published. It was a very long report and hundreds of thousands of copies were printed. In fact, the entire paper supply of the university was depleted, but no one minded since all were busy collecting silver paper, and no one any longer took notes or wrote examinations.

Then committees were formed in

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earnest. There was a special one to collect the silver paper from the packages of each brand of cigarettes and candy bar, a committee to retrieve it from sewers, another was assigned to waste-baskets, and so on. In short, everyone was on a committee.

To be sure, Algy, who was coordinator of all the committees, did not know what they would do with the silver paper when they had collected it. He supposed they would send it to the gov-



ernment. He did not know what the government would do with it. Neither did anyone else. That was the government's worry.

CONDITIONS soon became acute. All the dormitories and rooming houses were full of silver paper, and the students were sleeping in the trees and telegraph poles near the campus. Another committee was appointed to study the housing situation.

Eventually Algy thought the time had come to assemble the chairmen of all the silver paper committees. After six months' work a report was ready. It was as long as "War And Peace."

Difficulties arose about the printing of this opus, as there was no paper left in the school, all of it having been used to publish the report of the first committee. Finally the chairman of the "Chesterfield Committee" said, "Look, we've got all this silver paper cluttering up the whole school. If we could print on that, our worries would be over. Also, we could move back into the dormitories."

Algy liked the idea, and the chemistry department was put to work. At the end of three weeks they had perfected a method of printing on silver paper. So long was the report and so many were the people to whom copies of the thing had to be sent, that all the silver paper was used up. The students moved back into the dormitories.

Algy was given a special prize by the University for significant social service.

Moral: Go to a Student War Council meeting on the third floor of the Memorial Union and you'll see what I mean.

—T. GREENWELL

PITTSBURGH

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Dirge

The weather is nasty
And classes are boring
You can't sleep in "Zoo"
'Cause your partner is snoring.

Bascom's a morgue
You've a fear of the dead
And mornings in April
Are so cozy in bed.
The cuts are all mounting
To pull down your grade
And a 50 in quiz
Makes you sort of afraid.
You've just paid your fees
And you're really flat broke
So you can't afford Scotch
And it's hard to get coke.
Goodnight is sneering
And college is bunk
So what's the use—
You might as well flunk.

—I. B.

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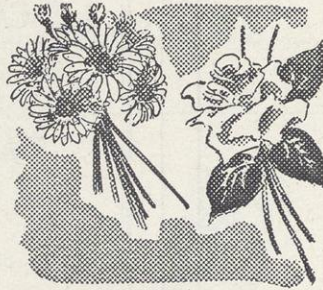
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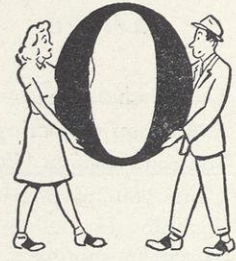
BROWN'S

BOOK SHOP

STATE AT LAKE STREETS



Laugh, Clown, Laugh



ONCE UPON a time I was a happy, normal freshman. I had come to this great university with high hopes of Phi Eta Sigma, towing a roommate—one

of the home town joes who had been here the year before and knew all the ropes, he kept telling me.

I went through the tortures of Freshman Week and the rigors of getting settled in this way of life. Smerng was of inestimable value in telling me where all the buildings were. Of course once in a while I'd screw up his instructions and wind up at the Genetics Building when I really wanted to go to North Hall, but I liked the Genetics Building and the people there liked me and used me in a lot of experiments.

One day I dropped into my room for a few minutes and discovered that my roommate had decamped for parts unknown to man or beast. I was so mad I wanted to cry but couldn't, so I dashed up to the Biology Building and swiped a crocodile. He looked so nice sitting there in the middle of the room, crying big tears like those that only a crocodile can cry. He and I used to sit on the floor with our arms around each other and cry by the hour. I called him Nylon because you could smell the Nile on him. He was gentle, too; he bit my nose only once or twice when we were wrestling but it was all in the spirit of fun and I went out and had a new nose put on so it didn't make much difference.

(continued next September)

GOODBYE NOW

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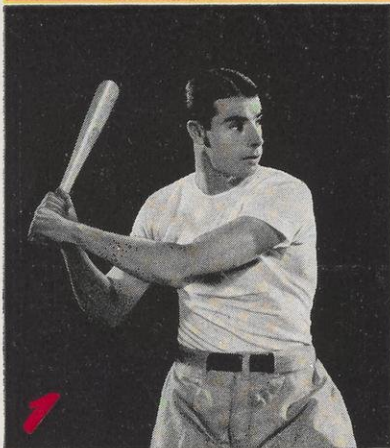


MEMORIAL UNION THEATRE
MAY 1, 2, 7 and 9

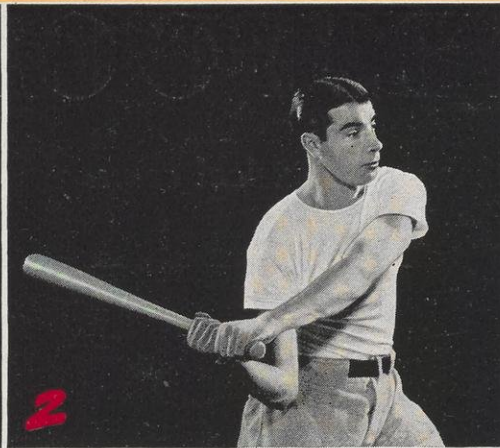
“All our girls are men, yet everyone’s a lady”

JOE DIMAGGIO'S MIGHTY SWING

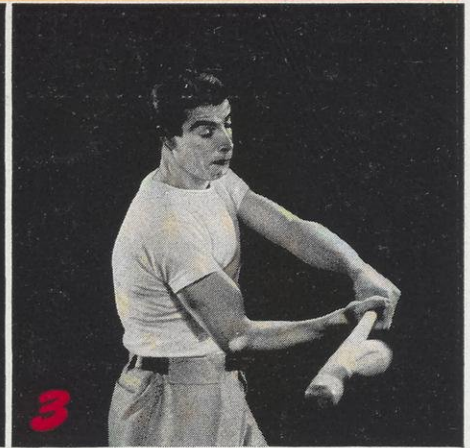
Now for the first time the amazing stroboscopic camera analyzes the swing that made baseball history



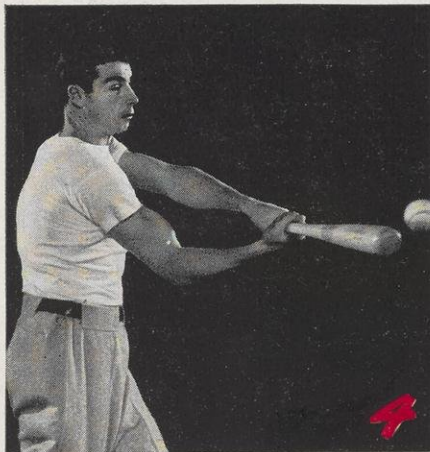
DiMaggio sizes up the pitch...



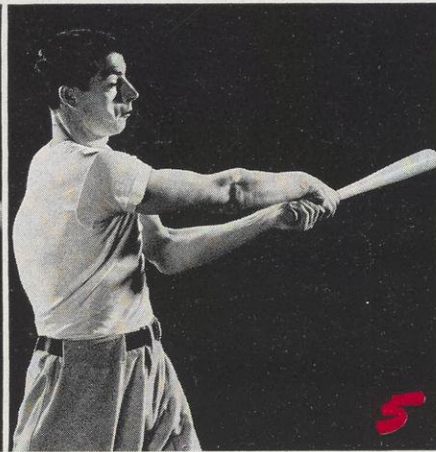
He starts that devastating swing...



Squarely...solidly...bat meets ball.



With his eyes still focused on the batted ball...



Joe follows through in a tremendous release of driving power.



A remarkable series of repetitive flashes show you the famous DiMaggio swing and follow-through all in this one picture above. Below, at the left, you see Joe enjoying a Camel. For with Joe DiMaggio, when the game is over, it's "now for a Camel." Yes, *Camel*—the milder cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

I'VE SMOKED
CAMELS
FOR 8 YEARS.
THEY HAVE THE
MILDNESS THAT
COUNTS WITH
ME

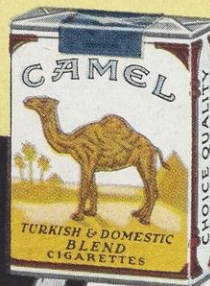
Right off the bat, Joe DiMaggio, shown here at home, will tell you: "I find Camels easy on the throat—milder in every way. And they've got the flavor that hits the spot every time. You bet I like Camels!"

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