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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



ART DALLMAN

MARCH

15¢

Chesterfield salutes with Millions of Fans
THE GOLDEN JUBILEE
of America's most popular sport
BASKETBALL



Every time

It's **C**hesterfield

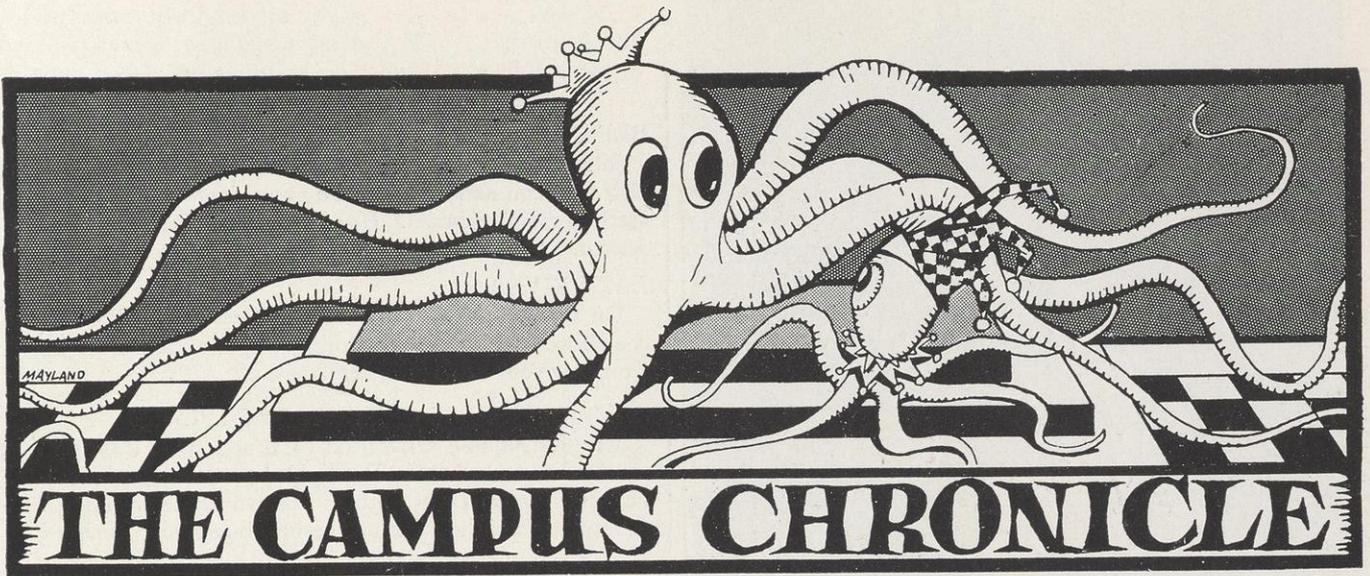
**... for Milder Better Taste
for Cooler Smoking**

Over 90,000,000 is Basketball's yearly attendance...tops for any American sport...and this year marks the celebration of its Golden Jubilee. The game was founded by Dr. James Naismith and had its modest start in 1891 in Springfield, Mass. **Such popularity must be deserved**

That's what millions of Chesterfield smokers get every time they light up...and that's why these millions are saying *Chesterfield gives me more pleasure than any other cigarette I ever smoked.*

Make your next pack Chesterfield and you too will enjoy everything you want in a cigarette...made to your taste with the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

Every time... *They Satisfy*



Dying Dog

After class one day we saw a heart-rending sight. One of the huge canines that roam the campus was stretched out on the hard cement in front of the Biology Building. His great hulk lay there, limp and motionless. A coed with no less compassion than we, but with some practical ability as well, stopped to give the animal aid. First she merely stared as we did. Then, carefully she petted the prostrate animal, stroking his shaggy coat with gentle fingers. She even felt of the poor dog's nose. When a faculty member came out of the Biology Building the coed solicited his aid.

"Oh, won't you do something?" she pleaded. "I'm afraid this dog is very sick. His nose feels awfully dry."

With proper dignity the instructor knelt beside the stricken beast and began a critical examination. By this time a curious and sympathetic audience had assembled. The big dog still lay motionless on the cold sidewalk. The biology instructor conducted his examination in silence. The coed stood close at hand, her face reflecting the awful anxiety she felt. The little crowd of watchers waited, tense and expectant.

At last the tense strain was eased. The dog moved. He got to his feet. Slowly he stretched out and gave a weary yawn. He turned his head and stared coldly at his would-be benefactors. Then serenely, almost haughtily, he sniffed the air and walked away.

Campus Constable

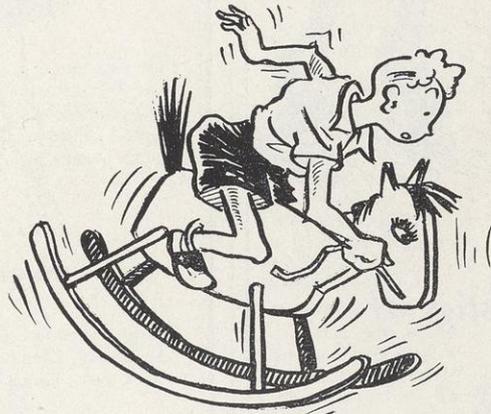
For cons now there has been a rankling in our breasts. Call it rebelling against authority, if you will. Call us cop haters. But for a long time now we've felt bitter about the haughty sneering officiousness of the campus police. Hammersly is too cocky. We can remember when he strolled his beat in civilian clothes. Then he got a real policeman's hat. His official array gradually evolved into a full uniform with a nice shiny revolver and everything. But the climax came with his acquisition of a noisy second-hand motorcycle. This made his hauteur complete and now Hammersly sneers as he roars up the Hill. So we hate his guts.

And the parking tickets he's given us probably has little or nothing to do with our attitude.

So we were delighted to receive solace from our psychology lecture last week. We were studying the factor of intelligence in relation to vocations. It was with a glow of pleasure that we heard that policemen rarely have I.Q.'s of more than 100, which isn't too lofty. We wondered what the hell Hammersly was so cocky about.

But despite the fact that our ego had been soothed, we were assailed by dark doubts. How, we thought in panic, could anyone but a genius solve a mystery by looking at scratches made by a pancake turner, as Sherlock Hammersly had done. Maybe, we decided, Joe has a right to swagger and tear around the campus like he does.

However, scowling darkly and muttering under our breath, we still think he's a nasty little bully. There, now we've said it. Go ahead, arrest us.



Weather Report

Friend of ours was shivering in his seat during a dark and cold eight o'clock lecture when he was disturbed by the creaking, mumbling, and muttered ejaculations of a fellow behind him. Easily irritated during the early morning hours, our friend turned around and asked him why, if the lecture displeased him, he didn't just go to sleep.

"Sleep?" answered the mumbler, simply. "I'm afraid if I fall asleep I'll freeze to death."

Gobs of Fun

News that 1200 navy men are coming to the Wisconsin campus has given languishing coeds just the pick-up they needed along about now. March is, at best, a sad month—a time for colds, moods, old grey snow, and sudden flaring arguments between roommates. Anything bad can happen in March, and usually does. Letters from home are few and check-less, and love affairs dissolve into a dull mist. Now when things get too bad we can just lapse into a rosy dream of blue uniforms and brass buttons on the hill and around the Pharm. Ahoy, mates!

THE BOTTOM MAN ON THE TOTEM POLE

Glen Gray spotlights the froggy voice of Pee Wee Hunt on this waxing with great success. The lyrics are dandy through both sides of this winner but the band has plenty of opportunity to strut its stuff. Plenty good. *Decca*

OH! HOW I MISS YOU TONIGHT

Bing Crosby always turns in a good show . . . and this tune is no exception. *Dear Little Boy of Mine* makes a fine companion piece for the A side. The lyrics sounded a little forced, but then, maybe we're only touchy. *Decca*

CLINK, CLINK, ANOTHER DRINK

We're not saying this is another B B Polka, but . . . it very well could be! Spike Jones and his City Slickers kick up plenty of dust but come through with a bright and clever record. *Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag* is given a lively run—and good, too. *Bluebird*

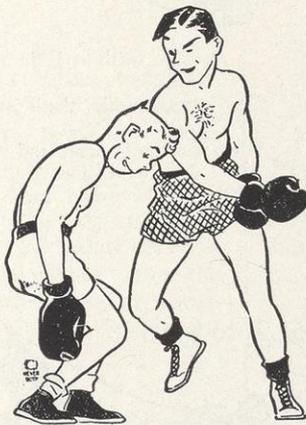
BLUES IN THE NIGHT

The Guy Lombardo version of this nifty is good . . . mostly due to the singing of Kenny Gardner. *Frankie and Johnny* is done over by the Lombardo team with Kenny Gardner riding the words. We liked the piano tinkling bar room fashion in the background. *Decca*

(continued on page 18)

It's a . . .

Knockout Idea



Dinner at Di Salvo's

- SUPERB SPAGHETTI . . . AS USUAL
- CHICKEN DINNERS
- FRENCH FRIED SHRIMP
- LENTEN DISHES

Di Salvo's

810 Regent Street

Gifford 1825



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN

*Only Tangee
has the New Satin-Finish*

ALL YOU'VE EVER LONGED FOR IN A LIPSTICK



*An Announcement
by Constance Luft Huhn*

*Head of the House of Tangee, Makers
of the World's Most Famous Lipstick*

3 LOVELY TANGEE SHADES

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

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

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

OUR new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH was created because you demanded a lipstick that would give your lips a softer, glossier sheen...with a texture *not too moist*, yet *not too dry*...that really stays on without smearing or smudging.

In bringing you our new SATIN-FINISH we have, we believe, the most important cosmetic advance of the past 20 years. Here is all you've ever longed for in a lipstick—a combination of Tangee's wonderfully flattering shades, Tangee's soothing and protective pure cream base, and the flawless grooming of Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH.

TANGEE Lipsticks

WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

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

LIPSTICK & ROUGE: CHECK ONE
 NATURAL THEATRICAL RED RED-RED
 FACE POWDER: CHECK ONE
 Peach Light Rachel Flesh Rachel Dark Rachel Tan
 I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Name _____ [Please Print] _____ Street _____
 City _____ State _____ CP42

Introduction to Spring



KIM FRIMOTH... *Badger Beauty*... typical co-ed on the University of Wisconsin campus

With spring creeping up over Madison Hills
With picnics and dances and sailing and
spills

Kim set out one day to buy her some shoes
But only succeeded in getting the blues
UNTIL SHE DID CHANCE TO SEE . . .

Doris Deb

\$4.98



. . . a shoe with style in every
line
And workmanship that's super-
fine
When she would dance and when
she would dine
DORIS DEBS would make her
shine.



\$4.98

And so this pretty co-ed
Charming from ankle to head
Found other shoes on her feet
Never really looked neat
So now she wears SUN-EES instead.

Every day and everywhere
In cloudy weather and in
fair
There'd be nothing better
than a pair
Of POLO CLUB SPORTS
shoes.

\$2.99 to \$4.98



DOWNSTAIRS SHOE SALON

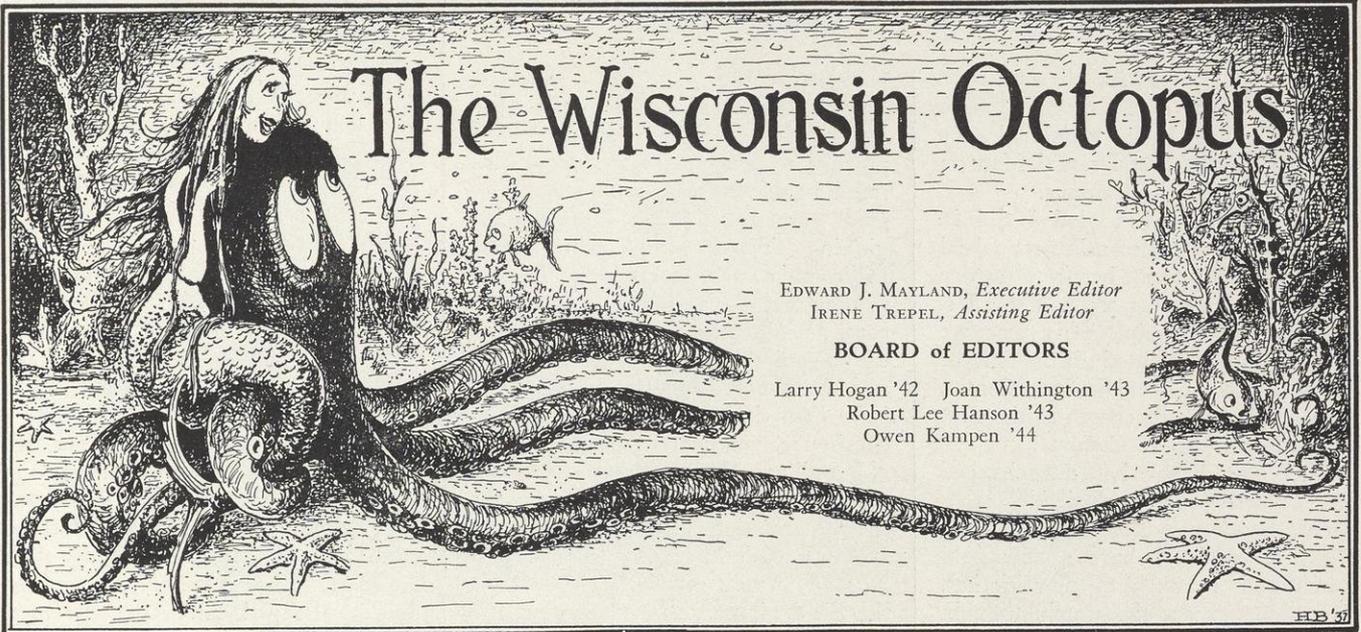
Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

The Wisconsin Octopus

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

BOARD of EDITORS

Larry Hogan '42 Joan Withington '43
Robert Lee Hanson '43
Owen Kampen '44



Volume XXIII

MARCH, 1942

Number 7

On Second Thought

SUGAR and spice, that's what little girls are made of." That's why they cost so much money.

It's pretty much a case of follow-the-leader, we guess. Immediately after the Cardinal took war-time economy measures The Saturday Evening Post upped its price to a dime.

We haven't heard much about Mussolini lately. Hitler is probably afraid that Il Duce won't say "yes" in just the right tone.

We always had a fondness for the tire company advertisements which showed a sleepy-eyed little boy and bore the slogan, "It's time to retire!" We suspect that the little boy is wide-awake now.

American ingenuity has not yet evolved a satisfactory synthetic rubber. We are depressed by the thought that not much has ever been done about the problem of old razor blades.

Glancing across the Atlantic we can almost see Adolf muttering bitterly,

"Ah, to be in England, now that April's almost here."

Haresfoot has taken notice of the war by inviting the WRENS to be their guests. It might also have been nice to make their feature song, "Any Blondes Today?"

The majority of motorists are now neglecting to drop pennies and nickels into the parking meters. An admirable curbing of the slot machine instinct.

We're happy to note that the ROTC engineers built a bridge across a stream in less than an hour. Someday, in the far future, perhaps they will be the



"Can one go to Mil Ball
with a 4-F?"

rejuvenating force of the WPA.

Harsh news, the freezing of type-writer sales. Panic-stricken we pray that the pen, at least, may be mightier than the sword.

A tenement fire, we read, has been blamed on a cigarette. *Please* be careful about smoking in Science Hall.

There will probably be no Easter egg rolling on the White House lawn this year. They're afraid, no doubt, that the eggs might be stepped on by stenographers.

The news from the Dutch Indies is not altogether disheartening. If things really began to boil, Java may yet scald the Japs.

Following Johnny Kotz's rather successful basketball season, he has been besieged by youthful autograph seekers. The members of the debate squad, it is rumored, sneer in proud disdain.

A recent army report says that there is not one spare pound of rubber for civilian needs. Solemnly we reflect on the likelihood of our wearing no more red-rubber-soled saddle shoes.

How I Won a Gold Watch, A New Wardrobe and Fame



WELL, it's all over now. As I expected, I have been acclaimed the Best Dressed Man on the Campus.

I'm glad I did it. Wisconsin needed some new glory to lift her from tawdry decadence. Last year we had the basketball championship. This year we had the unprecedented distinction of being chosen a Collegiate Style Center. And I! I have been chosen as the Best Dressed Man on the Campus!

This new honor has not changed me. I am still the same friendly, intelligent, handsome person that I was. Now, of course, I have a new gold watch and a bunch of new clothes. Everything except the watch, though, will go to the loyal boosters in my campaign. I already have plenty of clothes. You can't make the Best Dressed Man better dressed, I always say. In fact, sometimes I don't think it was right for me to win all that stuff. Sometimes I think an engineer should have gotten it.

Naturally, I knew that I would win the contest. Class always tells. Yet I am not conceited about it. I am glad to thank *Esquire* and *The Daily Cardinal* for their part in the whole affair. *Esquire* is pretty smart. They know what they're doing. They were looking for the Best Dressed Man on the Campus and I can say in all modesty, they certainly made a wise choice. I was glad to give them a little publicity for their magazine. They have class too. Did you see the cartoons in the last issue? They really had some subtle humor. The best one was the blonde lounging on the studio couch. In my opinion *Esquire* is one of the best magazines in the country.

The *Cardinal* did a good deal too, in bringing this new fame to the old Alma Mater. They brought all kinds of new advertisers into the fold and these firms really contributed some very nice apparel for the Grand Award for the Best Dressed Man on the Campus. They made a real sacrifice. Wisconsin is very lucky.

The entire campaign, I am happy to say, was unblemished by any political machinations which characterize some campus functions. It was a pure and simple matter of dressing beautifully and promenading where the

populace could view us. This required no deviation from my regular mode of living. I make it a practice to live graciously. That this small honor has come my way is no great surprise. I knew from the beginning that I would win. What makes me so very happy is the thought of the great glory and prestige that has come to Wisconsin. I'm really thrilled that *Esquire* has noticed us. For myself, I do not care. But, after all, it isn't often that the University of Wisconsin receives such an honor.

I and my Court of Honor are already planning a few little ideas for the Presentation Ceremonies for the Best Dressed Man on the Campus. The affair will, of course, be held in the Field House. As I see it now, the vast audience will take their seats silently. A huge lone searchlight will pierce the darkness. President Dykstra will be Master of Ceremonies. He will make a short introductory address, describing the Best Dressed Man on the Campus and thanking *Esquire* and *The Daily Cardinal*. Immediately following this a special cheering section in the audience equipped with neon signs will spell out "WISCONSIN'S BEST DRESSED MAN" and render a few appropriate yells such as:

Yea, *Esquire*!

Yea, *Cardinal*!

Yea, Wisconsin!

Sssss, BOOM, Ahhh—Pheww!

Best Dressed Man!

Then the University Concert Band will begin to play *Varsity* softly. And as the searchlight beams on the pile of roses at the center of the floor a pedestal will rise through the flowers and I, the Best Dressed Man on the Campus, will be viewed for the first time by the audience. As they watch in silence I will turn slowly on the pedestal displaying Wisconsin's finest clothes.

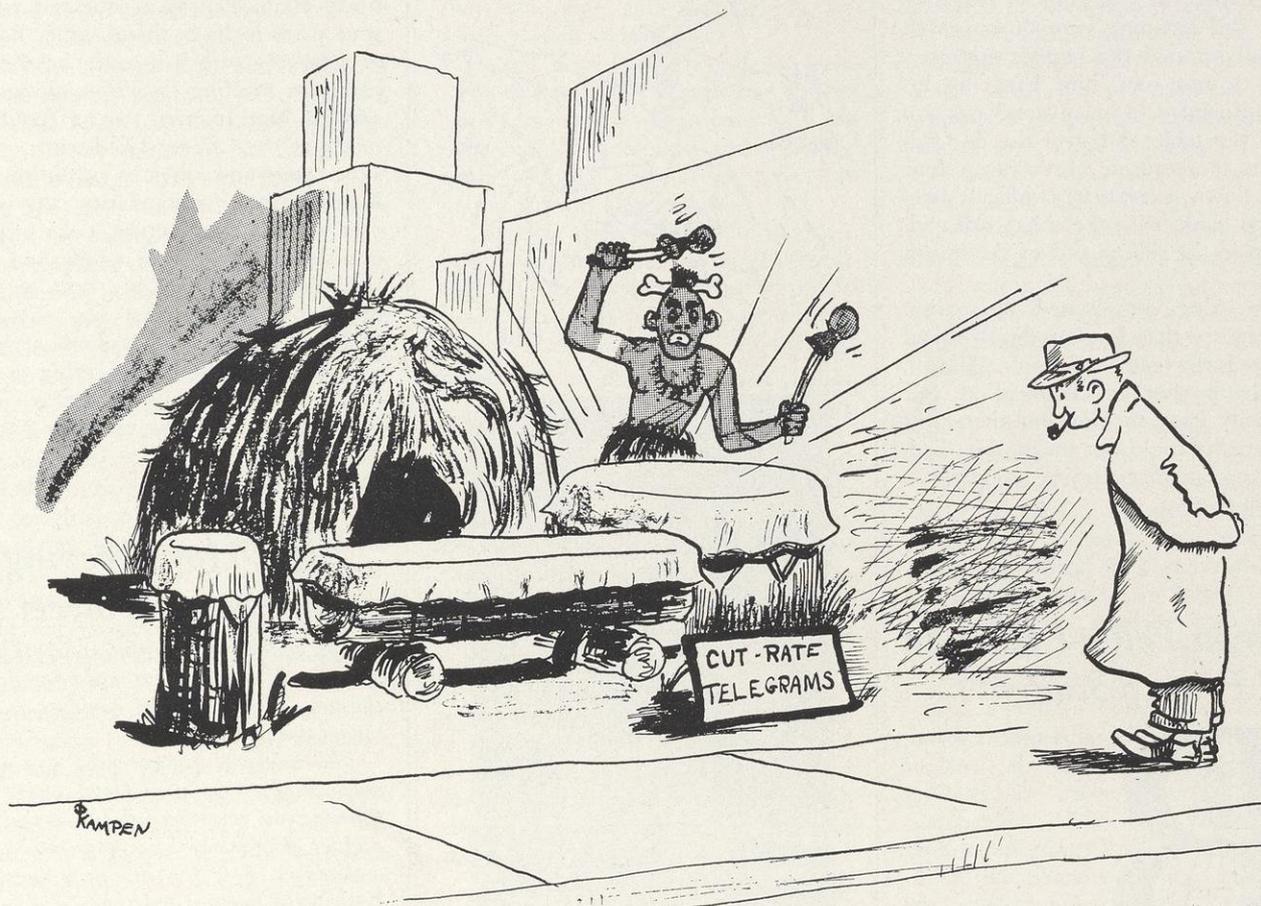
As the lights are turned on, twin banners decorated with pseudo Petty and Varga drawings by Kissel will be seen flanking the pedestal bearing the words, "Cardinal" and "Esquire." The band will play "If You Want to Be a Badger." Twenty gorgeous coeds, two of them from Wisconsin, will dance in strewing rose petals in their wake. Behind them will march the clothing merchants of Madison bearing their offerings. These they will place at the foot of the pedestal. After the merchants will come a yellow Cadillac convertible. From it will step the assistant editor of *Esquire*. After a few brief remarks he will present me with the gold watch. I will make an appropriate response in behalf of myself, the *Cardinal*, and the University of Wisconsin.

The ceremony will be closed dramatically and simply as President Dykstra presents a "W" blanket to the assistant editor of *Esquire*.

Then, slowly I will dismount from the pedestal. The crowd will applaud wildly. History will have been made at Wisconsin.

—R. L. H.





My Pool-Playing Roommate and How He Met His Doom



POOOL. Or, as the magazine articles put it, pocket billiards. That was my roommate's obsession, the insidious recreation that led to his downfall.

But, to begin . . . Joe was his name. Joe Passelgruber. Certainly a common enough name. But Joe was an uncommon fellow. He was one of those rare men to whom no achievement seemed impossible. If anyone could have gotten above a three point, Joe could have. Easy. But Joe preferred extra-curricular activities.

To show you what I mean, he bowled 200 his first line. This may not seem extraordinary, but he accomplished it by running backward each frame, sighting the pins with a small mirror held in his free hand. It must be admitted that this was no small handicap. He was the national table-tennis champion in the flyweight division; and could drink four long

beers and say "Fauerbach" without once taking a breath. Yes, Joe was superb in any kind of competitive sport. Disgustingly so.

Then came that fateful, that cursed, that damnable, that quite unpleasant night when some evil genius led our erring footsteps to a foul poolroom.

Naturally, we became loquacious after a few beers. We even talked a little. And I fearfully awaited the moment Joe would utter those fateful words. I had played pool, off and on, nights, for three years—mostly off-nights. Knowing that my roommate had somehow never familiarized himself with the sport, I feared the effect the beers might have on his venturesome spirit. A strange foreboding possessed me. I felt an empty pain in the pit of my stomach, like an agonized, gnawing hunger. So I ate a handful of pretzels.

"Joe," I cried, "Joe, don't say it." But I saw the look in his eyes and knew it was too late.

"I will say it, Bludenveld. This game needs a master. Tonight—to-night I play pool!"

And, I must say, my roommate acquitted himself creditably. He ran table sixteen times in twenty minutes, through his brilliant combination and bank shots. I had never succeeded in sinking more than seven balls at one turn. He defeated me, 240 to 4.

It seemed to me that Joe had potentialities in the game, and I frankly told him so, hoping he would be pleased at my compliment and forsake pool-playing. But he would hear none of it. "Practice . . . practice. That's what I need," he said desperately.

JOE practiced. For three days he haunted the poolroom, from opening to closing. Finally, he dropped out of school, pitched a tent in the alley behind the billiard hall, and the owner gave him a special key to the place so that he could practice all night.

My determined roommate had mastered every conceivable special shot and some not so conceivable. For example, by applying the correct touch to the cue ball, he was able to make it twist and turn and slide, outlining his

initials, JLP, in Old English lettering. Then, still retaining some of its power, the ball inserted the periods appropriately. I once saw him hang by his toes, suspended in an inverted position above the table and give the cue ball a light tap, causing it to jump four tables down, executing a difficult two-cushion bank, with the object ball ending up in the side pocket of the fourth table.

From that complicated illustration you can see that Joe Passelgruber had mastered the game of pool. Almost. Any bank shot or combination was simplicity itself to him, but there was one type he could not make. He died, a raving maniac, trying to sink a straight-in shot.

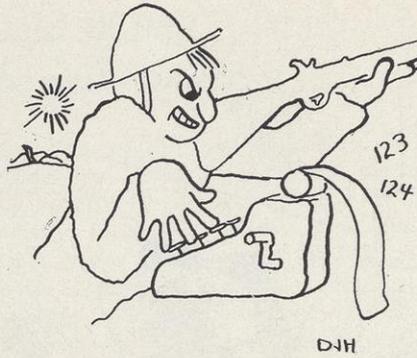
—W. J. G.

How to Tell a Politician From a Student



BECAUSE it is spring and the suckers are ripe, Octy takes this opportunity of guiding would-be politicians along the path to success. Why not be a politician? How do you know you can't pander? Here are a few simple rules which inevitably lead to success.

1. If you happen to meet two other students (at least one of whom should be C. P. Runge or the editor of the Cardinal) in a closet, an elevator, or around the table, you have the nucleus of what is known as a "political party." Purchasing a round of beers constitutes the first meeting, at which the party should be named. It may be



D.J.H.

called anything which is not downright pornographic.

2. Membership of the party may be increased by having one of the three charter members stand in the hall and ask any passing B.M.O.C.'s if they would be willing to knock off for ten minutes and join a political party. B.M.O.C.'s are not to be confused with Cardinal columnists or the president of Haresfoot.

3. The party platform must be drawn up and should consist of at least one promise to each faction of student life—fraternities, sororities, independents, and engineers. Only restrictions are on the following phrases, which may not be used more than three times each in the platform:

- student government
- revised regulations
- housing situation
- independent-Greek cooperation
- qualifications regardless of affiliation

4. Officers shall be elected on the basis of experience, scholarship, extracurricular activities, honesty, and sincerity. Persons not having these qualifications are ineligible for positions, unless their name is John Boettinger or they have paid a fee of fifty cents to the election officials.

5. You may consider yourself defi-

nately established as a politician when your party includes three former Badger members with bad teeth, has had a luncheon meeting in Tripp commons, and has been referred to as a "political machine" by Chester Goldstein.

6. From now on it is up to you to increase your unpopularity any way you see fit. Your future looks bright, but short. Tests have established the fact that eighty-nine per cent of student politicians return for class reunions ten years after graduation wearing black serge suits and trying to sell raffles for an Oddfellow's bazaar. The other eleven per cent open up barber shops.

—I. T.

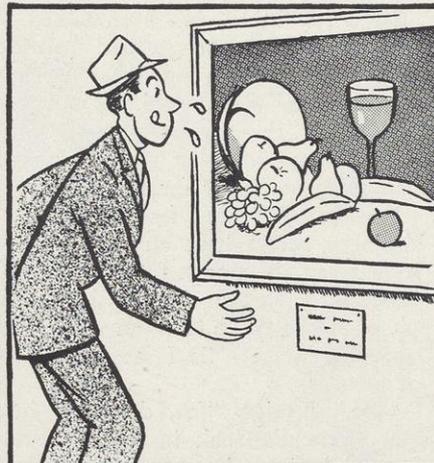
Light-Housekeeping on Langdon Street

The following account is absolutely TRUE. It consists of episodes from the lives of real people, students at our own University.

This tale will not convulse you with wild laughter, as most Octy stories do. Rather, you may be mildly startled by a view of life which is grotesquely unorthodox, even for an unpredictable University campus. As you read, constantly remember that this material is not fiction. It is stark and unvarnished truth.

During the first semester five young gentlemen made their home in a basement apartment somewhere along Langdon Street. They did their own light-housekeeping, cooking their meals and keeping their little basement abode neat and tidy. Of course, there is nothing unusual in this. Nothing at all.

But these lads were a bit unortho-



G. H.

dox in their housekeeping. They did some rather strange things.

When the novelty and thrill of home-making began to pall on them, merciful relief presented itself. To begin with, it came in the form of a destitute chum. This unfortunate youth was poverty-stricken, without any funds for bread or board. The basement-dwellers felt violent heaves of compassion in their breasts. With rare magnanimity the boys decided to do the decent and humane thing. They invited their fundless friend to share their domicile. In return, the youth agreed to do a certain amount of work for his benefactors.

And, work he did. No longer did the original occupants toil with the mundane monotony of house-work. In slothful ease they lolled on their beds and issued orders to their protege. The poor slave sweated and labored, driven incessantly by his fiendish masters. All the work was his. The charitable lads who enforced his servitude now found opportunity to divert their dynamic personalities to richer fields.

The individualism of one of the youngsters compelled him to play Fireman. To this end he shovelled glowing ashes from the furnace and filled cardboard boxes. In due time choking smoke filled the basement. Acrid clouds of it soon floated to the apartment upstairs.

The landlady grew hysterical. "Help!" she screamed. "Help!" Yelling wildly, she ran to the cellar door. "Fire!" she wailed. "For God's sake, boys, do something!"

Upstairs, occupants of the house rushed frantically about in their rooms, filling suitcases in record speed, loading their arms with clothing and personal belongings. Down the stairs

they ran, pale and gasping, to the security of the out-of-doors.

In the murky depths of the basement the roguish perpetrator of the smoky havoc smiled contentedly. Leisurely he filled a tumbler and sprinkled water over the smouldering ashes until the air was clear again.

This was a mere prelude to the main event. Of the boys' startling eccentricities, the most violent was yet to unfold itself. This was to be a final and fitting climax to their one-semester so-



Warren "Rosin-Britches" Jollymore

It's said he writes a column . . . he and shadow Cholly. Collects furry animals on trips—Old Goats, Raccoons, and Chubbies. Hates ego-centric people—that's straight stuff. Hates climb to the rock . . . but does it—so would you, Joe. Shrewd boxer, but sometimes gets the idea he'd like to slug it out—crowd favorite.

jour in the Langdon Street basement.

On a pleasant afternoon one of the lads decided to celebrate something or other. This he accomplished by attending a movie and afterwards engaging in a bit of imbibing.

Pleasantly stimulated by the liquid refreshment and by the cinematic saga of the underworld, "Johnny Eager," the celebrant swaggered homeward.

Determinedly he made his way down the basement steps. He closed the door and silently, unswervingly, made his way to the desk. He fumbled with the drawer and then pulled out a .22 caliber revolver. Carefully he filled the cartridge chambers.

Then, he wheeled on his pal who had been staring in bewilderment. In magnificent guttural tones, worthy of the most sinister of underworld characters, he addressed his friend.

"Eager," he snarled, "we are no longer friends. This is the end."

He twirled the revolver, and then, *zing*, he sent a bullet into the floor, barely missing his chum's feet.

"It is no use, Eager," sneered the gun-wielder. "You are doomed."

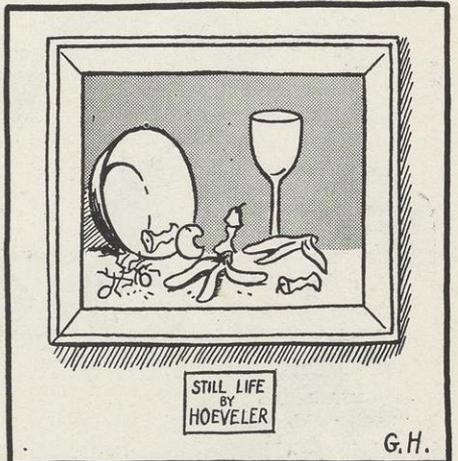
He knelt to the floor, shut one eye, and rested the muzzle of the revolver across his forearm. *Zing, zing, zing* went the gun again, and three cups on the kitchen table were demolished.

The hunted youth backed to the rear of the kitchen. Pale and trembling, he flattened himself against the wall.

"Eager," hissed the killer, "it will do no good to run away. You are a marked man."

He raised his arm and the pistol cracked again. The mirror, a few inches from the youth's head, was shattered.

The gunman refilled the cartridge



chambers.

"Now," he whispered hoarsely, "get in that closet."

The terrorized youth, having little choice, responded quickly. The door slammed shut.

Once more, the gunman raised his arm. Five shots went through the closet door, chest high.

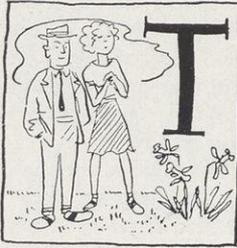
For a moment there was silence. Then the gunman opened the bullet-pierced door. Crouching on the floor was the much-shot-at youth, unhurt, but understandably unnerved by his rather unusual experience.

By this time the novelty of the little game was gone. Placidly the gunman handed over the revolver to his roommate. Then, he strolled to the closet and nonchalantly examined the assortment of perforated shirts and suits.

"Jeez, you must've been drunk," commented the near-victim sagely, as he stared absent-mindedly at the revolver and pulled the trigger. *Click, click, click* went the hammer. And then, *zing*, the last bullet went off, whizzing past the youth's ear, ending the entire episode.

—R. L. H.

Communism Simplified



THIS week, comrade, we are going to discuss communism, so stop whimpering and listen. Communism, as we know it today, is on its fourth five-year-plan. Nobody understands it anymore—not even Lenin himself, who refused to talk about it when we interviewed him. He will discuss Greta Garbo, the Brooklyn Dodgers, Kiekhofe—in fact, anything except communism. That just shows you.

To start at the beginning, Hegel was the first communist, in a way. He never admitted to being one, and flew into a rage at the very mention of the word. His friends, Shlegel and Begel, famous philosophers, liked nothing better than to tease him about it, but a few good lashes with the whip soon cured them of this playfulness. At any

rate, Hegel drew up the first principles of communism, which were later lost behind a wall of the Winter palace, so we need not discuss them here.

Next came Karl Marx, a chubby, golden-haired little rascal who all his life wanted to be a *Pradchkanyi*, or parking-lot attendant. Unable to achieve his goal because he never mastered the Russian language, he turned to philosophy. One morning, sometime in the nineteenth century, he turned up after a sleepless night with the Communist Manifesto in one hand and a vodka pill in the other.

The Communist Manifesto contains the principles of the communist movement, along with some classified ads and a crossword puzzle. We didn't read the thing ourselves, but a friend of ours knew a communist who did, and he told us about it over a couple of beers.

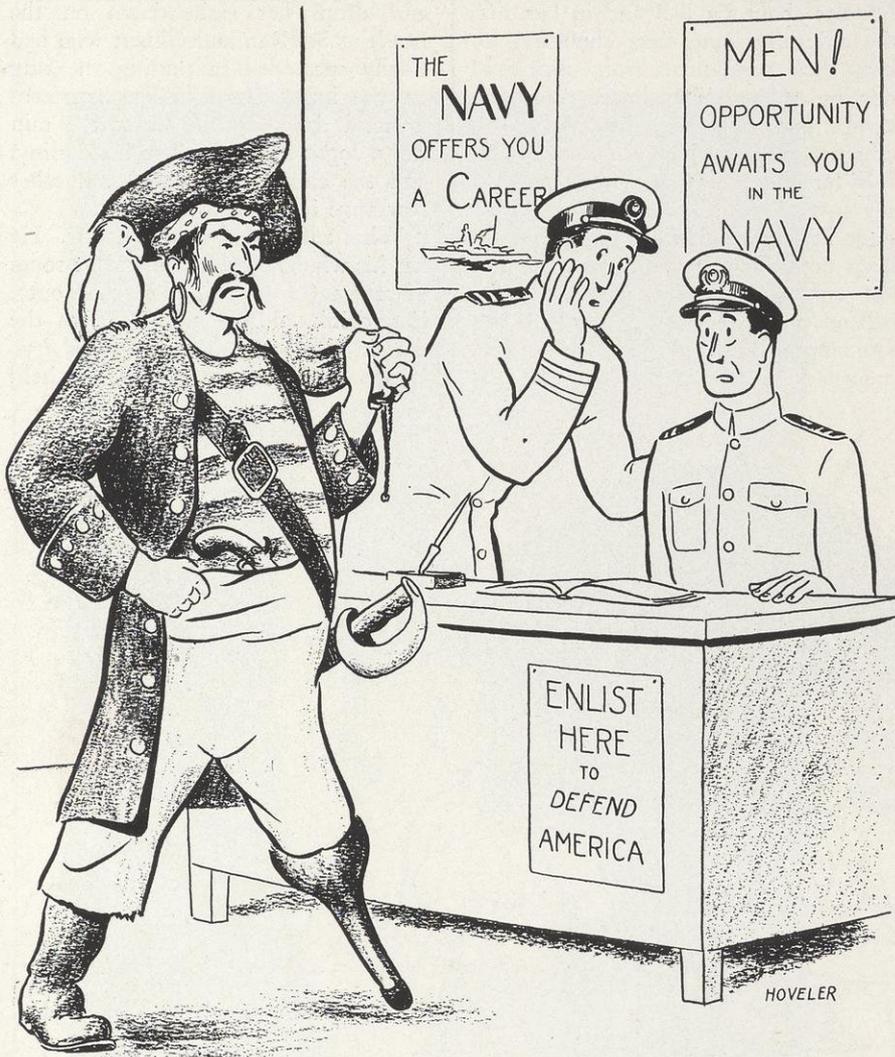
It seems (according to Marx) that the world is governed by some sort of a force, which pays no attention to our sulking, but goes right on working in spite of us. This force is economic and has blue eyes. It is responsible for revolutions, workers' uprisings, and the water pipes being frozen in the morning. In fact, it has been grinding along since the beginning of time, pestering mankind with first one thing and then another until everyone is good and sick of it. Now it seems that the next thing it has up its sleeve is the workers' revolution, which nothing is going to stop, unless everybody leaves town for a few weeks until it passes. We think a good talk with Dean Goodnight would stop it soon enough, but Marx says no. Apparently the best thing for everyone to do is string along with the workers until the thing wears itself out.

This, in its essentials, is communism. You may refer to it as Dialectic Materialism if you are in a Labor Problems class and rating between an A and a B.

Well, after Marx came Trotsky and Lenin, who played around Moscow for a while, joking with the peasants and making snow forts in front of the Winter palace, until they had a terrific argument about some technical point. This ended by Lenin branding Trotsky a dope, and Trotsky leaving suddenly for Mexico without paying his tailor. It is now considered bad form to shout "Viva Trotsky" anywhere around the Kremlin.

Now everybody loves the communists because they are giving Hitler





"He wants to know how we split the swag!"

what for, and no one will say boo at you if you carry around a sickle or sleep on a wheat stack. And we don't want to get any letters from so-called "Reds" refuting our explanation of their credo. We might have been a little hazy on certain points, but Lenin himself couldn't have been pleasanter about the whole thing.

Next week we will take up the problem of what the stuff in the bottom of your coat pocket is.

—I. T.



Stenche d'Exquisite



AY, would anyone be interested in trading in an old tire for a ripsnorting choreography? Written originally for the Ballet du African Bush which,

however, is now engaged in licking postage stamps.

The scene is prostrated in dear old Catalina island on a barren waste which is used by Cub batboys for winter practice and is turned over to a half-doped refugee, Prince Ingot, in the summer.

In the first scene we have two ex-wrestlers who collaborated on that tin-pan masterpiece, "Googoo's Gaga Over Gappan Flink." Success has not gone

to their heads; they have fought off the masses and repelled the crowds and have retired here to woo their muse on higher esthetic planes. They want to write a light opera that has no music in it, no dialogue (except for a few placards which the stars will wear about their necks), and will last a month between curtains. It will be so good that people won't realize that time is passing. Coincidentally, their names are Sullivan and Gilbert. All this fascinating background is brought out in pantomime; but they are such stinky pantomimists, that the union is picketing them, and they don't pantomime, which makes things very difficult for the audience who can't get their money back any more.

Well, onto the stage in a series of *schlapbrog de parse* trip the lovely troupe of chorus girls. It is spring and they feel like dancing, so they do. They don't keep in step, though, on the *cauterspringes* so the orchestra leader gets mad and quits. Passively resistant they perform delicate *arabesks* and *oblongesks*, light as stone chipping across the surface of a lake. (Don't ever try an *oblongesk*, brother: it's killing!)

Then — when everything's going smoothly and the audience is beginning to take off its coats, out stumbles La Belle-Belle, forty years of gorging on the hoof. It is still spring and she feels like dancing, too, but she doesn't. Instead she goes into epileptic fits and tip-toe trances known technically as the *Italian vio di fiit h'woo*. This is the sort of thing that sent Iceland's star, Bjorniiiiiiiiikjji, to an earlier grave than her tea leaves predicted. Well, La Belle-Belle elephants her way around the stage, leaping into the air, cracking the scenery, and getting stepped on by the other nymphs.

Enter a handlebar mustache bearing Prince Ingot behind. Whamm! The chorus line does *asvinkle* stagger line to the right, frowning and cracking their bones. This is all very subtle and may have to be explained in footnotes in the program, but it's too dark to read them anyway. Only La B-B flits on, oblivious; Ingot smiles. Enter behind him Sullivan and Gilbert (we forgot to tell you that they exited when they saw . . . but that's another story), carrying a keg of beer. Next, a huge Hawinkle native loaded down with gold and greenbacks. Ahhh! The chorus line pivots and charges, all attempts at interpretative dancing gone. But somehow La B-B keeps getting in

the way. (Y'know, you really can't appreciate this until you see it performed.) The steps get involved. The fems wiggle the waggle all over the stage, trying to outmaneuver the elephant: no use. Behind Ingot's back, meanwhile, Sullivan and Gilbert are trying to tap the keg. Ingot himself is running the sidelines, waving his mustache.

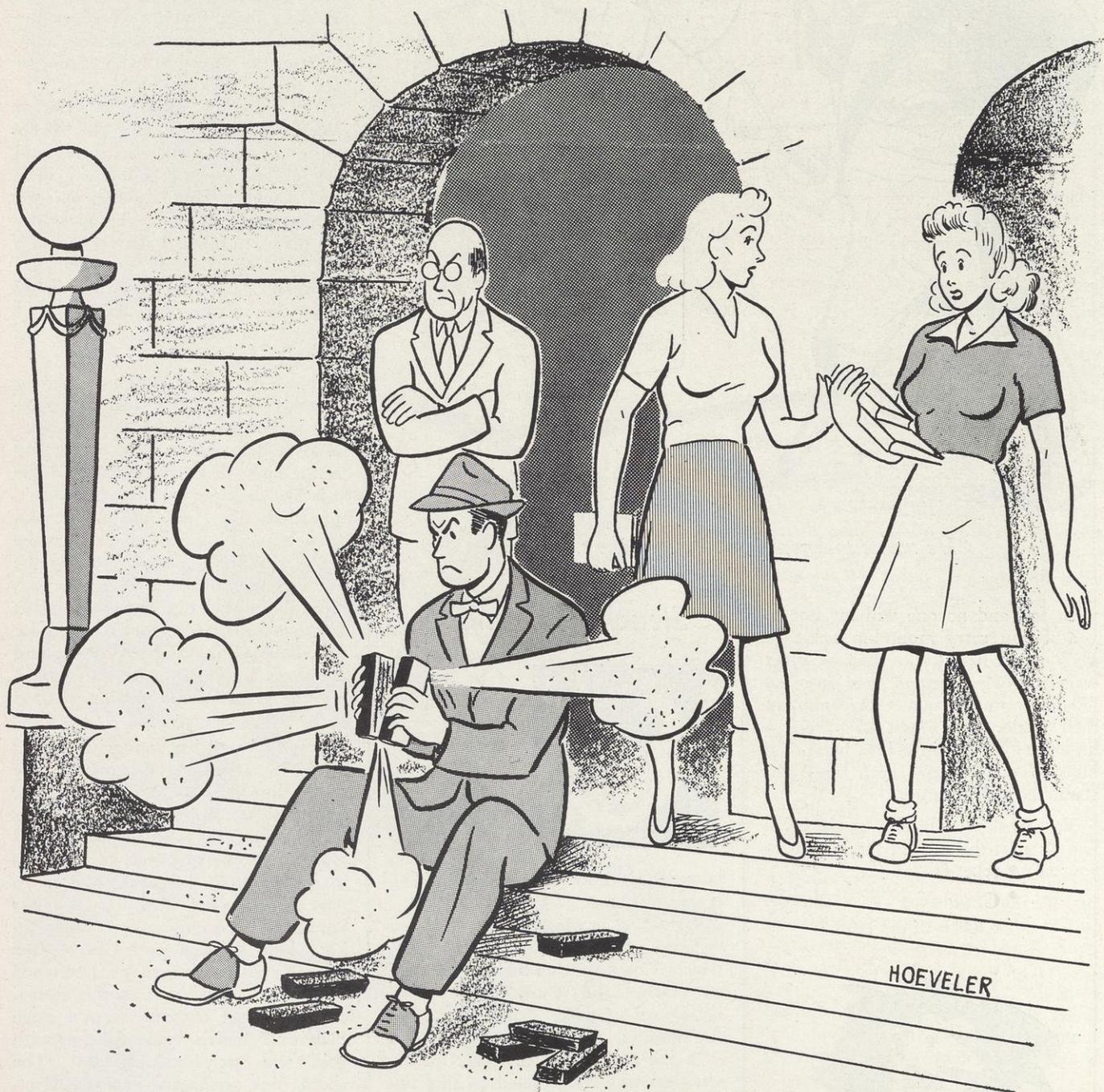
Suddenly the orchestra comes to. With a peal of thunder a heavy down-pour drenches the stage. Vanity wins over golddigging: the chorus line now

huddles about La B-B and in fact lift the old thing onto their shoulders to keep their permanents from unpermaning. (Here is a chance for some savage *lux o sprixles*. Boy!) Ingot's eyes pop as if he had just noticed La B-B for the first time (fat chance!). It's love. Bang! He rips across the stage in a graceful *silwet*. (Perhaps to keep dry too? Ah, audience, we can but speculate!) But—With a little trill on the basinet section of the orch, fate steps in. A gust of wind (really a tornado) lifts La B-B into the air

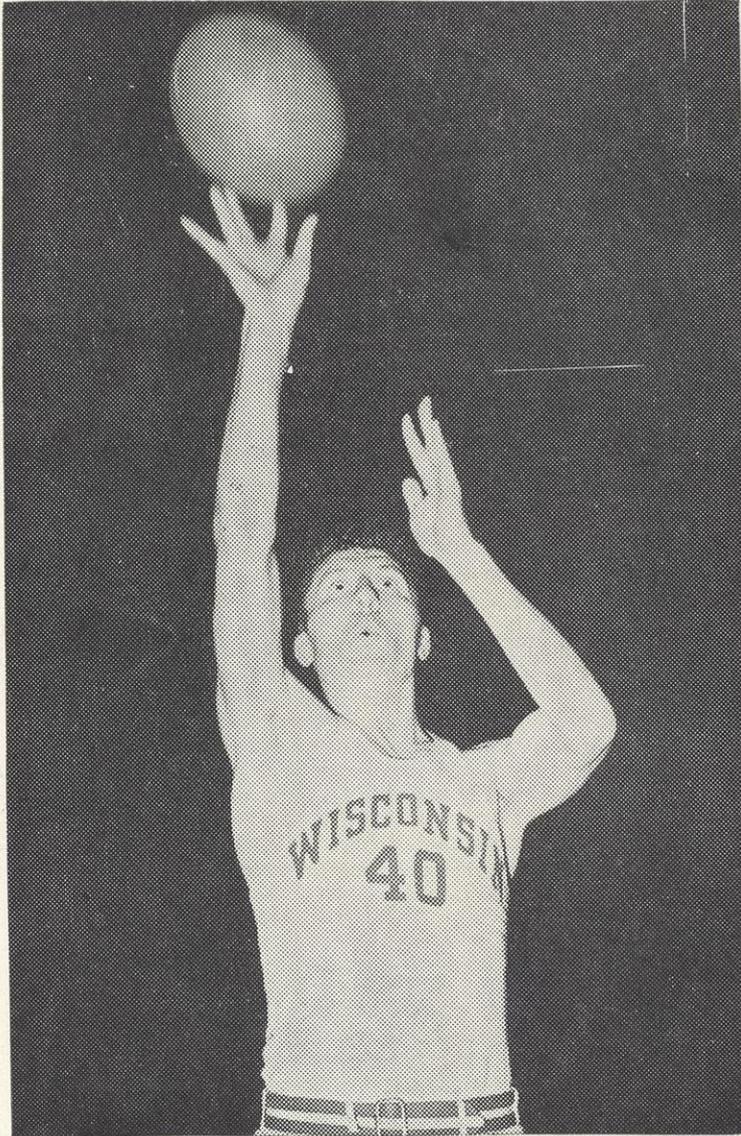
and drops her right down on the heads of Sullivan and Gilbert who had finally succeeded in putting the slug on the kug. Thunk! They perform graceful droops to the floor, the rain stops, Ingot rushes back to his darling, and the chorus line helps each other rearrange its hair.

What a finale! Ingot is happy. He has his wine, his woman—and no song, of course (cf. G. and S. blacked out). Eat, drink and be merry. When the curtain falls he dies! *Verbellum el dryo masque moocow*—you know! Heh, heh!

—L. C.



"Professor Salter is a stinker for disciplin"



JOHN KOTZ

...Basketball

Player

...Man

•

*Everything to be said . . .
has been said. We're glad
he came to Wisconsin . . . is
the kind of guy that makes
one want to sing "Varsity."*

*We sometimes wonder
what kind of a father he'll
make . . . silly isn't it?*

•

*This month's OCTY'S ADVERTISERS offer their congratulations
and best wishes to the season's athletes*

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The Ides of Julius Caesar



HAVE just received a letter from a very close friend of Julius Caesar's asking me to subscribe to a banquet they are getting up to commemorate

the Ides of March. *They* is a group of Roman playboys who like to join together every year and sit around a table to celebrate the anniversary of Caesar's famous declaration, "The Ides of March are come," which is lousy grammar any way you look at it. I have, however, decided to sever all connections with the group, as I never had a legal right to belong anyway. I never knew Caesar personally, having been too young.

Anyway, the invitation has brought to a head the whole Caesar myth. Julius never said anything about the Ides of March and would have laughed at anyone accusing him of mentioning them. That's the kind of a guy he was.



Gene "I'm Married" Rankin

— 135 —

This fella has garnered so many laurel wreaths, it would be damned silly to name them — besides that we haven't the space. This writer is still wondering how in the hell he keeps his hair so neat during a brawl . . . jocular???

The affair is too old to hurt anyone personally now, and I am sick of having all the papers and documents which I have collected to prove my claim messing up the room. There are boxes and boxes of them—laws, letters, decrees, old Roman senators—and I simply haven't the space to keep them any more.

The real story starts on the day when Caesar was walking around Rome singing to himself and trying to find a little tavern that Brutus had told him about. Not looking where he was going he suddenly bumped into an old prophet. Tipping his hat, Caesar was about to stumble on when the prophet, clutching him by the toga, whispered something in his ear.

"Think you're pretty cute, don't you?" hissed the prophet, whose name was Varvius Kleenex and who was a graduate of the most exclusive prophet school in Rome. Caesar, unable to fathom the meaning of the remark, attempted again to pass on.

"No you don't!" yelled Kleenex, who was drunk and didn't feel too well anyway. "No you don't! Listen, Mr. High and Mighty, can you lend me ten shillings till the fifteenth?"

Deciding to play along with the old

fool for a while, Caesar refused to even consider the loan. He turned out his pockets to show they were empty and even rolled up his sleeves. (It has now been discovered that Caesar always carried his money in his cheeks.)

"Well," said Kleenex, releasing him reluctantly. "Just be out of town by the end of the month or I'll tear your head off and hand it to you." (An historic Roman curse intimating a desire for the enemy to experience some hard luck.)

Caesar cried a little about the incident, but it didn't bother him much, as he was constantly being threatened and had been planning to leave town anyway.

See? So far not a word about Ides or March.

What with one thing and another, the fifteenth of March finally came along. Caesar woke up with a nagging headache and a snuffle and went around all day thinking it was the twelfth and asking people if they had an extra handkerchief. This, combined with his nasty temper, irritated Brutus and the crowd to a point where they were ready to kill him.

As a matter of fact, they *did* kill him, meanwhile calling him some pret-

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ty unpleasant names. And, as he lay dying on the steps of the parthenon, he murmured something.

Later I learned from an old lion vendor who passed the scene at that moment that what he said was simply "Oh geez, boys," but none of the crowd caught the remark.

"What did he say? What did he say?" everyone began to ask, hoping for something that would make a decent looking headline in the Morning Courier. Kleenex was in the crowd and hastily sizing up the situation realized that this was his big chance to gain fame and maybe some cold cash.

"I heard him!" He began to shout, clapping his hands with glee. "He said, 'Thank Kleenex for warning me of this and give him my gold watch fob in remembrance.' That's what he said! I predicted it!"

The crowd acclaimed him wildly and, hoisting him on their shoulders, carried him to the outskirts of the town where they promptly sold him to the Barbarians for a bag of fertilizer and some old comic books.

And still no mention of the Ides of March. Where the expression got started no one knows, but as I have proven, certainly no one in Rome ever used it. Maybe Shakespeare himself thought it up in one of his more foolish moments.

Anyway I'm not forking out \$2.50 just to sit around and drink with a lot of decadent Romans. The thing probably wouldn't break up until two or three a.m. and I have an eight o'clock the next morning.

—I. T.



Verdayne "Right in My Arms" John

— HEAVYWEIGHT —

"The Great White Father" of the squad . . . with the punch of a mule —or Blitz Tank. It still gets around that he knocked out one of his opponents with his elbows at Penn State last year. Would appreciate advice concerning amorous entanglements.



Jerry---

and the Little Man

Congratulate

- a Scrappy Boxing Squad
- and a Plucky Basketball Team

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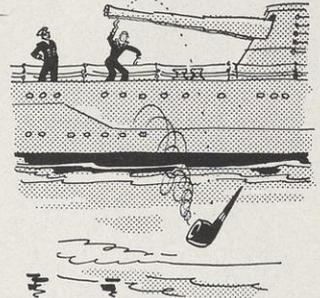
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SAILOR SMEDLEY'S PIPE WAS DEADLY

but he's out of the dog house now!



"SMELLS LIKE A DEAD WHALE! roared the Captain. "Heave it overboard! The Navy likes mild and fragrant tobacco for pipes. Try Sir Walter Raleigh."



NO, SMEDLEY DIDN'T get to be an Admiral, but he won a grin of approval from the Captain by switching to this mildest, mellow blend of finest burleys. Try a tin!

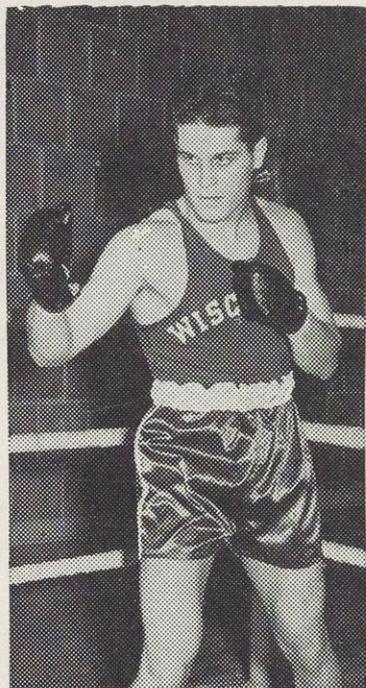
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This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



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George "Irresistible" Makris
— LIGHT HEAVY —

The man the "little Virginians" followed around when he boxed in Virginia . . . but can't play poker — ask Crandall about that. Best punch is a left cross. Does five miles road-work a day. Hails from the same county Kotz played shepherd in.

Mordaunt, A Transfer Student

Yes, his name was Mordaunt.

Mordaunt Tillpath.

He was one of those unfortunate souls,
a transfer student.

Moreover, Mordaunt came direct from Lovelord College,
a religious institution
with an enrollment of almost 400.

Lovelord College (to give you some background on the background
of Mordaunt)

was farther west than the University of Wisconsin,
though not as far as California.

It had

a nice gymnasium,
one big building (Old Main, they called it)
a men's dormitory and a women's dormitory.

Oh, yes, and a library.

And freshman hazing and daily chapel and the Latin Club and
the Religious Guild and the Shakespeare Dramatic Society and
the Christian Recreation Club—

all of which Mordaunt had been a part.

And Saturday nights the college boys and girls would relax
in a favorite tavern in the nearby town of 3,000 population.

(No faculty members or preachers could enter Butch's tavern.)

Or, sometimes, the students would go to a dance at Bickelkraut's
Ballroom, or couples would stay out all night on easily-fabricated
excuses, or ministers' daughters would get into the most
scandalous trouble—

all of which Mordaunt had been a part.

And all of which will give you some indication that this college
gave its pious students
considerable leeway

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... So Then I Says
To Her—I Says—



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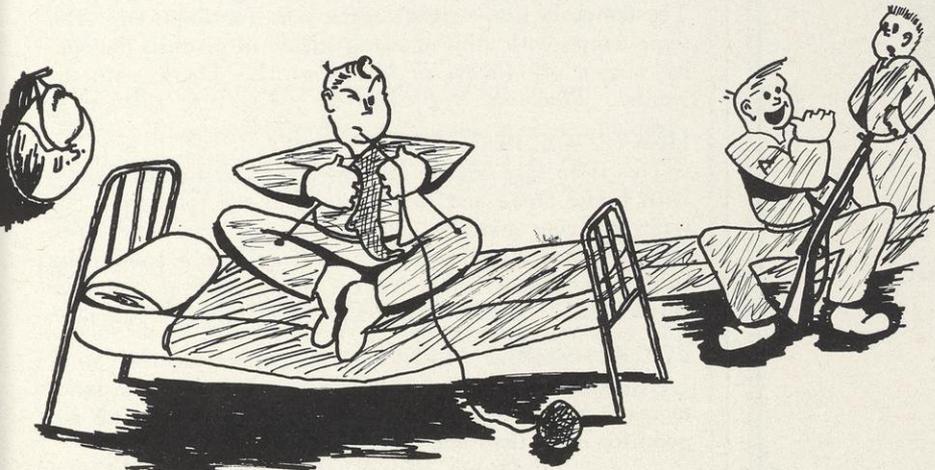
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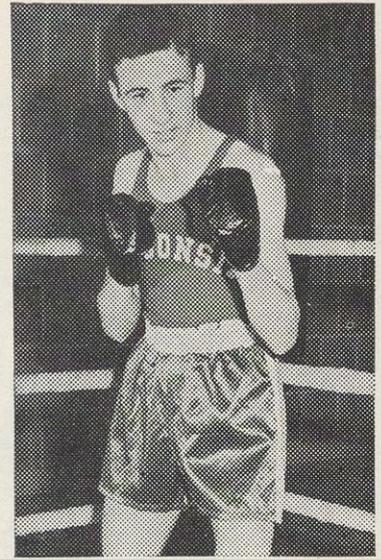
YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS

in pursuing their forbidden fruit.
 But when Mordaunt came to the U. W.,
 he found confusion—
 bewildering masses of strangers, fraternities, the U.L.L.A.,
 sororities, the Cardinal, formals, the Union, 12:30 nights,
 beer on campus, dating bureau, swing concerts . . .
 Where at Lovelord everything had been simple and forbidden—
 you chose amusements from the ones forbidden—
 here was vast infinity with no restriction.
 All the wicked fun was gone.
 Mordaunt Tillpath suffered one semester, sullen, lonely, unhappy,
 at the University,
 then transferred back to Lovelord College.

—W. G.



"He's knitting to keep up civilian morale!"



Jackie "Malted Milk" Gibson

— 125 —

A flicking left and a keen eye makes
 this lad a solid contender . . . ask
 Jackie about his weight . . . known to
 say after every victory: "I did it for
 'pop'." We like Gibson—he's good
 for us.

For a . . .

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 Thrilled seniors, sophs, and shavers;
 That is, till she began to talk—
 She didn't use LIFE SAVER'S!



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



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as always with the season's smartest in wearing apparel . . . handsomely styled — finely tailored — attractively price-tagged.

- Topcoats \$30 & \$35
- Suits \$35 & \$39.50
- Sportcoats . . \$15 & \$16.50
- Slacks \$8 & \$10

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(continued from page 3)

THE NIGHT WE CALLED IT A DAY

Bob Houston carries the ball for Johnny Long on this recording and scores as far as we are concerned. The band is meritorious in backing up the singer. *Russian Rose* is sweet and melodic accenting a violin lead with clarinet and sax counterpart. Bob Houston is good on the words. *Decca*.

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN

Bob Eberle takes over after Glenn Miller puts his boys through a luscious first chorus featuring the woodwinds. The tempo is slow—right on the nose for this song. The same tempo with a bit of swing stirred in gives us the Miller version of, *Always in My Heart*. It's Eberle with the words. *Bluebird*.

HEAVENLY, ISN'T IT?

This is an easy bounce number played by Freddy Martin with Eddie Stone and the quartette in the spotlight. The lyrics are cute and the melody pleasant. Heavenly? Yes, indeed! *When There's a Breeze on Lake Louise*, is schmaltz stuff in ¾ time. Freddy lets the strings slide through the entire side . . . Clyde Rogers does the warbling. *Bluebird*.

I'LL REMEMBER APRIL

Is pretty ordinary stuff. Woody Herman sings the lyrics to make matters worse. *I'll think of You* is better but not good for more than one turning. *Decca*.

I'LL NEVER FORGET

Hal McIntyre makes his record debut with this sparkling arrangement. We predict you'll be hearing more about this outfit. *Fooled*, is done with confidence and precision. Carl Denny sings. *Victor*.

EV'RYTHING I LOVE

Sammy Kaye does a very smart recording of this Cole Porter tune. Tommy Ryan handles the vocal in the second chorus while saxes and trombones hold sway in the first and, to conclude, the full band takes out the side to a perfect melodic conclusion. The second side, *Day Dreaming*, again features vocalist Ryan in a sweet and pleasant ballad similar to the A side. *Victor*.

THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER

Jimmy Dorsey does all right with this heart-rending tune by handing vocalist Bob Eberly the lyrics and backing him up with first-rate bandwork. *I Said No* is a tricky little job turned out in good form by Eberly and Helen O'Connell. It's worth a try. *Decca*.

HAVE YOU A
BRUSH CURL PERMANENT?

If Not . . . Why Not?
Ask the Girl Who Has

VARSITY HAIR SHOP
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A ZOOT SUIT

After hearing this we ran right out to buy a new zoot suit. The Andrews Sisters are really convincing and plenty hep! *What to Do* gives the Sisters a real struggle . . . has a lot of rhythm and a beat that's lowdown. *Decca*

AS WE WALK INTO THE SUNSET

Is a pleasant lyrical tune with nostalgic words. Bob Houston leads for Johnny Long with the crooning. *Papa Niccolini* is a gay, fast moving thing with some nice work by the Ensemble. Houston shares the lead with Helen Young. *Decca*

SING ME A SONG OF THE ISLANDS

Brother Bing warbling over a sensuous pattern of guitar and ukelele music. Not so bad. *Remember Hawaii* is just the dish for Bing. Easy rhythm and a good instrumental back drop. *Decca*

NOT MINE

Lush music by Tony in that strictly-slow-lights-low vein. Eugenie Baird handles the lyric with feeling and does the Pastor men up proud. *I'll Pray for You* features Tony on the tenor sax and Eugenie with the vocal. The bandsmen have their show, too. *Bluebird*

DON'T TELL A LIE ABOUT ME, DEAR

Vaughn Monroe baritones the first strain and then brings up the band for the finish. The work is meritorious. *All for Love* is that old pitter-patter about love again with a few nice bars of instrumental stuff. *Bluebird*

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In One Label Taken from
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Signed
SAM F. GRECO

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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 Oscar Lempert, 1914 Jefferson street, Madison. Oscar can be blamed for this one—

A woman came into a doctor's office and told the medico that she needed an operation.

"Major?" asked the doc.

"No," she answered. "Second lieutenant."

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

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This album features Jascha Heifetz, violin; Jesus Maria Sanroma, piano; and the Musical Art Quartet. The form in which this individual and distinctive chamber work is cast is patterned on the early eighteenth century model rather than on the showy lines of the concerto of later and more familiar periods. The solo instruments are never given prominence for pure display and throughout the work the place of the quartet is always above that of mere accompaniment. Hence, we have here a chamber piece of exceeding loveliness. *A Victor Album*, 8 sides.

LOVE FOR THREE ORANGES

In this glowingly orchestrated transformation scene taken from the symphonic suite Prokofieff derived from his opera, *Love for Three Oranges*, Stokowski once again demonstrates his special gifts for obtaining the maximum tonal radiance from any orchestra he conducts. The reverse side, *The Scene Infernal*, is done with a depth of feeling.

Leopold Stokowski and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. *Victor*

DANSE MACABRE

As a piano duo this piece is fascinating and is vividly demonstrated by Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff.

The arrangement is the composer's own version for two pianos. *Victor*

TRIO: ORGANUM TRIPLEX

Joseph Bonnet playing the organ in the John Hays Hammond Museum offers *Le Moulin de Paris*, *Fantaisie Sur l'Air "Une Jeune Fillette,"* and *Chaconne*. The limpid quality of these three pieces is beautifully revealed in Mr. Bonnet's tasteful registration, the most delicate arabesques clearly outlined by the splendid timbres of the superb Hammond Museum organ. *Victor*

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WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."



Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.



She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's *strictly regulation* with her.



Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's *strictly Camels*, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

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PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:

"THIS IS THE
CIGARETTE FOR ME.
EXTRA MILD—
AND THERE'S
SOMETHING SO
CHEERING ABOUT
CAMEL'S
**GRAND
FLAVOR**"



• "Extra mild," says Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room above.

Yes, there *is* less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extra mildness . . . but that alone doesn't

tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.

No, there's something else . . . something *more*. Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you'll find it only in Camels. You'll *like* it!

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

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

CAMEL—THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS



• BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average 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, N. C.