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3 1940

THE WISCONSIN DOCTOPUS



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WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

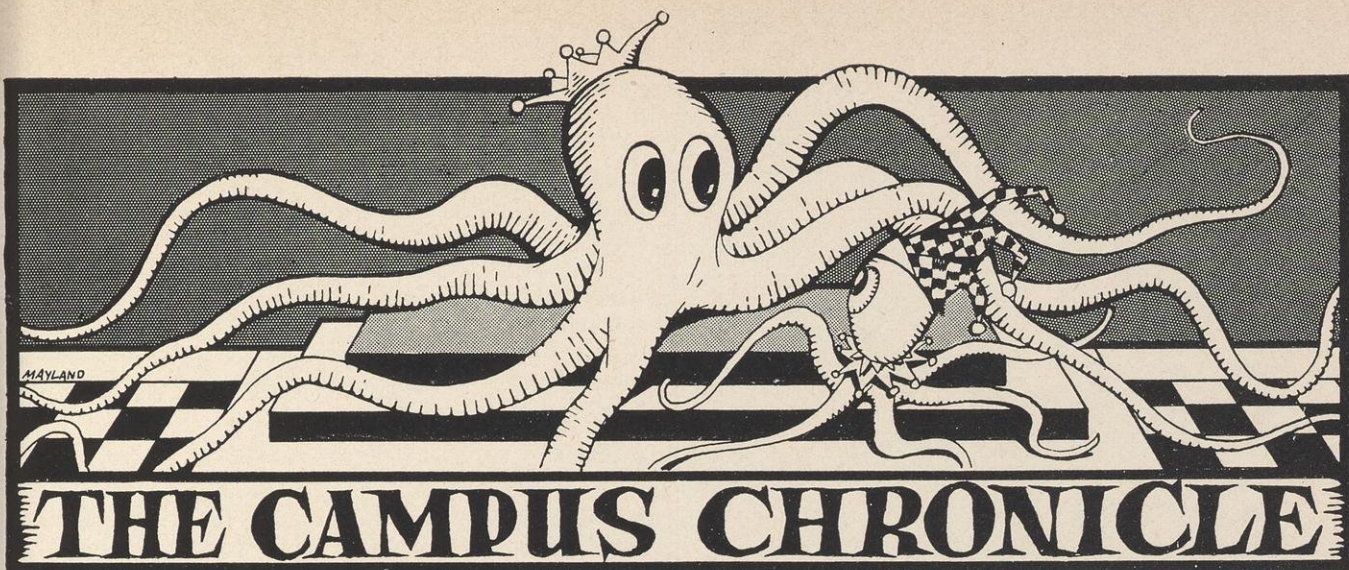
Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company



Actual color photographs. Before the harvest—inspection of a crop of better-than-ever tobacco grown at Willow Springs, N. C., by U. S. Govt. methods. (Below) H. H. Scott looks over some fine leaf after it's been cured.



*Have you tried a
Lucky lately?*



OW it's April in Madison. It may be Spring tomorrow, (it was yesterday) but today there's a sleety, cutting snow whipping around the Memorial Union and over the moor of the lower campus. We feel like a scene out of Wuthering Heights. Gad, Heathcliff, shut that damned door! This is Spring vacation (what

fun!) and Madison is a morgue. We walk along Langdon Street and the fraternity houses are tombs. Yesterday, before the blizzard began, a man was ploughing with a team of horses on the lower campus where once the lot was jammed tight with short-stops and left-fielders. In the Rathskeller there's a long row of pool tables in the dark; the one that's in use has the few stray Rathskeller rats clustered about its three cones of light like moths. The grizzled old man who spends his life there watching the experts shoot pool has no one to look at but three duffers who can't stick anything but the cueball.

Fire burn and cauldron bubble, we're going down to State Street for a shot of vodka.

Traitor

We knew we'd uncover in time what our Prof. E. A. Ross (emeritus), of the sociology department, was up to this summer. We had heard rumors that he was out besmirching the name of the University of Wisconsin—and, in a sense, it's true.

In the picture section of the Chicago Daily Times, a tabloid, of August 10, 1939, there is a page of pictures headed, "Globe-trotting professor, 72, finds world's 'best lookers' in Evanston."

And there sits Professor Ross, his knees crossed, his feet close to the camera so they look extra-large in his sandals, a lock of hair falling over his brow, and his collar turned up with a big-knotted tie pulled up loosely. The caption reads: "Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, who adopted sandals after visiting Tahiti, declares Evanston pulchritude beats anything he's seen in lifetime of travel."

The other photographs are of various Northwestern minxes, with underlines like these:

Dorothy Wheeler, 703 Hinman . . . he regrets he waited

until he was 72 before coming to Northwestern U."

"Nancy Cockrell, 1142 Hinman and Shirley Garnett, 1714 Hinman . . . he likes their style."

Heck, we don't care if Professor Ross wants to break into the tabloids—but *patriotism*, Professor Ross, PATRIOTISM! Isn't the University having enough trouble without your telling everybody all the beautiful women are in Evanston?

Come to think of it, though, maybe they are.

Science News

It's almost become a truism to report that science has so hopelessly outdistanced the rest of the world that the two universes are not even on speaking terms anymore. As an experiment we sent one of our rather bright young men, who we're sure could tell you all about the witches in Macbeth and the development of the impressionist movement in art, to cover the engineering exposition that was in Madison recently. His report follows:

"We took a stroll through the Mechanical Engineering Building the other day a few days before the exposition opened. It was the first time we had ever been there and an engineer friend of ours was showing us around. Here was the student-constructed steam engine—very complex structure; one engineering student was half wrapped into it. Before us was a room full of very complicated tooling

machines and way off in a far corner of the room *one* student worked *one* machine. Off to our left was a tangled mass of wheels, belts, levers, pistons, and pipes whose function (if it *could* function) we didn't attempt to understand. There was no engineer on this side of the room either. We saw literally hundreds of complicated machines whose interstices it must take engineering students years to learn. We sympathized with them.

"We entered another room and at one end we saw about a dozen students working feverishly over one object. What a machine this must be!

"We have lost our sympathy. The machine was a toy electric train. The engineers were pushing engine and cars along the tracks saying 'Choo-chooo . . . Hooooo.'"

After Lincoln

A story comes to us of a colored University girl who had been living quietly in a sub-let apartment above a State



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ON THE CAMPUS

Campus Publishing Company



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BADGER 1137

Street jewelry shop. The store's proprietor has complained to the landlord so frequently about having a colored girl live in the same building that the girl is to be evicted. And it's not easy for a Negress to find another room, we are told. There are always race-discrimination stories like this one coming up.

Isn't it time the university's housing authorities rubbed the sand out of their eyes, and acted to straighten out matters?

Politics

One of the nicest things about working on the Octopus are the relations with one's contemporaries on other campuses. Our favorite editor is Mr. Warner Law, late of the California *Pelican*, with whom we have had a long, unprintable correspondence.

At some points, however, the correspondence touches on one of our favorite subjects for research: the study of universals in the folkways and mores of the nation's colleges.

Campus politics, for example. We quote from Mr. Law:

"There is an election coming off in a few days that means a lot, the liberals vs the fascists and that sort of thing, and there's a hell of a lot of red baiting around our man, so things are popping. I learned today that the opposition, which started out running some funk, has pulled a beauty of a deal. You might use it some time at Wisconsin. They ran this guy, his name is Williams, but we'll call him Jones, against our man, whose name is Ralston, but whom we'll call Smith. Ralston is a frat man, but a liberal, and he was going to get liberal and frat support. He was, in other words, a cool cinch. And the other side knew it. So the

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XXI

APRIL, 1940

Number 8



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State at Lake Street

last day they slipped in a horse's tail named Twohig, whom we will call Twohig. During the three speeches, Smith gave a good, liberal speech, but not very well. Then Jones got up and made a complete ass of himself, saying things like the freedom of the Daily Cal is the greatest threat to campus democracy, and he got booed and applauded both. He lost almost all the votes he ever had. Then this slug Twohig gets up and makes beautiful fun at the other serious candidates, and says he will evade issues, and does.

"Well, the campaign goes along, and we get organized, and Jones keeps crucifying himself by saying he is in favor of compulsory ROTC, and such stuff. It is pretty clear that the whole thing stinks, for Twohig begins to pose as a cautious liberal. He is also a frat man, but a small house man, while Smith is a big house man. Anyway, Jones goes along losing votes, and then rumors start about how our man is a red hot, and he is now losing a lot of fraternity support. So it was going until today, when Jones resigns, one day before the election, in favor of Twohig. The primary, in which one was to be eliminated, was to be tomorrow, and the finals Friday, but now the finals are tomorrow, and we are caught napping. However it comes out, we have a new strategy around here. In the next election we are going to run an out and out red hot, maybe a YCLer or an ASU man, and let him take the brunt of all the red baiting, and then get our man in as a middle of the roader. I don't know how it'll come out, but it ought to be fun. Anyway, you know why I haven't written."

We had to clean the letter up a bit, but we don't think Mr. Law will object. He'll probably be quite pleased—probably, indeed, be inspired to start the *Life and Letters of Warner Law* and begin making carbon copies of all his letters, and everything. California is a very screwy state.

Some SERENADE *With a Mandolin*

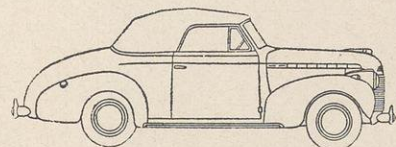


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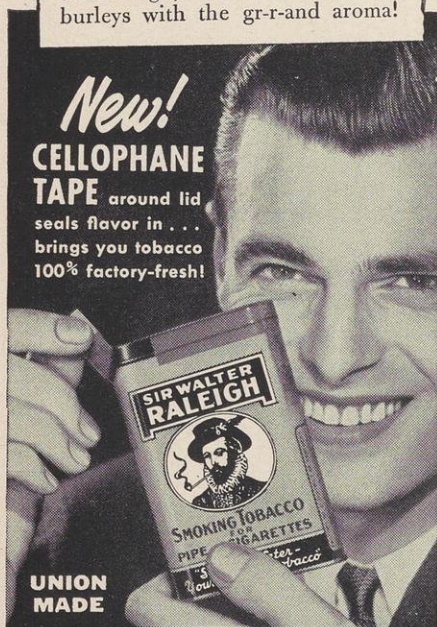


WHAT CAUSED THE FIGHT? His pipe! Bud said it tasted fine, but Sue swore it stank out loud. A fine way for sweethearts to talk! Some-one better find him a milder tobacco.



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dear,
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This lovely thing swears to be true;
To follow just one star.
You've won her, kid. She's just for
you—
And so is Miss Lamarr.

—F. H. R.

DEPARTMENT OF SUDDEN DISILLUSIONMENT

Allene would rather dance than do anything else—"and Jim's a real good dancer," she added. She further described him as tall, dark, very friendly, and an engineer.

—DAILY CARDINAL



"And I say Haresfoot guys ARE sissies!"



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According to the Records

The Classical



OME, bow your head. Enraptured attendance is in order. For a suite from Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, scored for modern orchestra by Cailliet, has been struck off by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the result is better than best. There is no finer description of this music

than that of Father Hopkins in his sonnet to Purcell: it "so throngs the ear." That it does, and more. Its superb emotional control and almost unbelievable technical poise marks it as the triumph, next only to *Lear*, of English genius.

Cailliet's adaptation is warmly sympathetic, completely in key, and a real achievement in its own right. And if the whole Opera cannot be recorded, the parts chosen to compose this suite are a worthy substitute. Readers need only to listen to Side 1 of these recordings to stop scoffing at this enthusiastic review. *Victor.*

* * *

THE American composer, Howard Hanson, in recordings for Victor, has conducted the Eastman-Rochester Symphonic Orchestra through his *Symphony No. 2* ("Romantic"). In three movements, this work gains, as few American compositions do, in stature and apparent worth on successive rehearsals. Although less than great, it has a stride of its own which seems to herald something for the future. Hanson is skilled particularly at exploring his thematic material with vigor and subtlety. At least two of the themes in this symphony can be called first-rate, both for ease and warmth; they are articulated in countless repetitions to the listeners complete gratification. There is, however, a certain disaffecting glare to the work in certain parts which would seem to indicate Hanson's fear that sobriety implies dullness. This is a perpetual problem, one sympathetically acknowledges, connected perhaps inseparably with American artistic attempts. Hanson seems, however, potentially able to solve the problem for music by his sheer mastery of multiple

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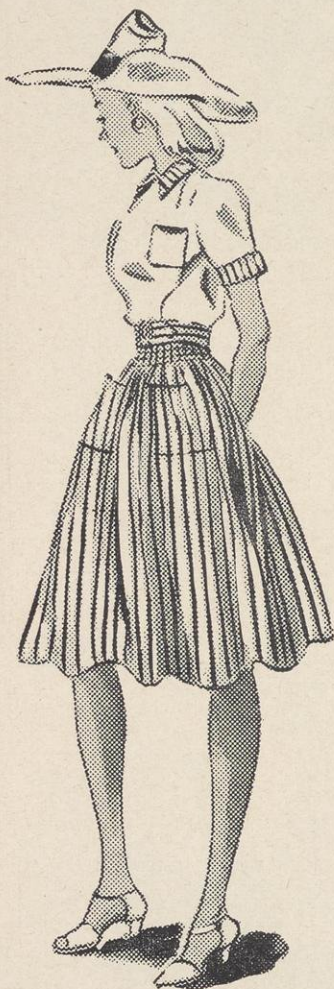
No love life had a guy named Ed
Because his breath smelled rawther dead.
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thematic material, which should finally provide a worthy alternative for certain histrionics impairing his work to date.

* * *

IN COMPLETE honesty, it is impossible to lament the acoustics of the recording chamber in which Toscanini has guided his NBC Symphony Orchestra through Beethoven's *Symphony No. 5* for Victor. To our humble ear, there seemed a total lack of flaws. But let's stop speaking in negatives—Beethoven's *Symphony* is such an experience as is rarely accorded the listener. The almost physical presence of this *Symphony* is so tremendous that in certain renditions of it one is apt to find it imperative to stop intense listening in favor of relaxed musing. Not so with this performance: the more subdued and melodic parts are so steadily soothing that even in the closest listening there are to be found recurring cycles of what might be called a kind of alleviation to the ear. This is, in truth, an event.

* * *

THERE'S a breezy, undeniably circusy atmosphere about Walter Piston's music for the ballet, *The Incredible Flutist*. Done up in a neat package, very stylish with the use of shouting voices and tricky percussion instruments, the music is played by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Fiedler's direction, as it was at its initial 1938 performance. Victor has chosen to record the music in the form of a suite composed of the best excerpts from the ballet; and both for giving the public a taste of the new and happier Piston style and for furnishing an amply sufficient idea as to the



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spirit of the ballet itself, it comes off well. This music is accompaniment, one is always aware of that; and though it seems to have authority in its own right, the music in itself lacks, in an entirely understandable and justifiable sort of way, the feeling of completeness which is undoubtedly supplied by the visual impression of the dancing. There is, however, real excitement in the balking pops and silences of the score.—D. H.

* * *

THE Pasquier Trio—a string trio consisting of violin, viola, and cello—has recorded Beethoven's *Trio No. 4 in C Minor* for Columbia. The Pasquiers, who are doing much to revive interest in the trio form, play this melancholy work with the grace and honesty that has come to be expected of them.

* * *

DEBUSSY's *Prelude a l'Après Midi d'un Faune* is performed gently, almost dreamily, by the Opera Comique Orchestra, of Paris, under the direction of G. Cloez. Decca.

* * *

YOU WILL enjoy the album of Mozart's *Symphony in D Major* ("Haffner"), recorded for Columbia this month by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The symphony builds in easy, tranquil swoops up to the lightning-bright fourth movement that reveals Mozart at his most powerful. Beecham's recording has everything you could ask for.

* * *

EXCELLENT single discs issued recently: Dimitri Mitropoulos of the baton-less fingers, conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in Beethoven's *Coriolan Overture* for (continued on page 26)

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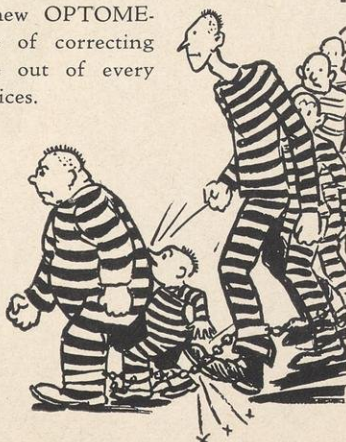
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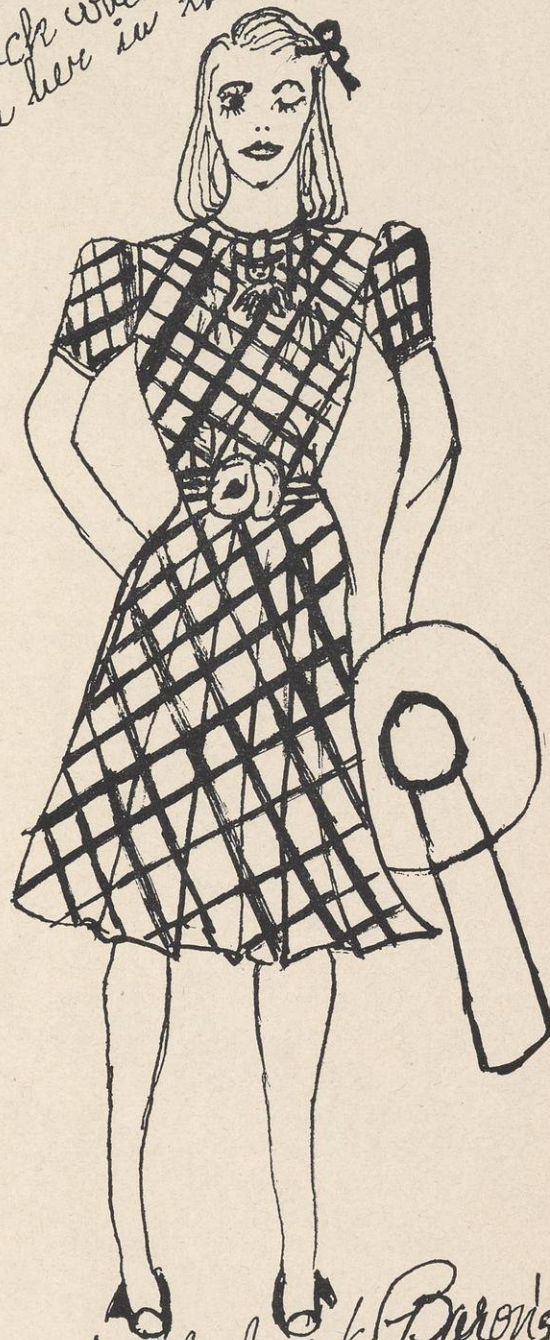
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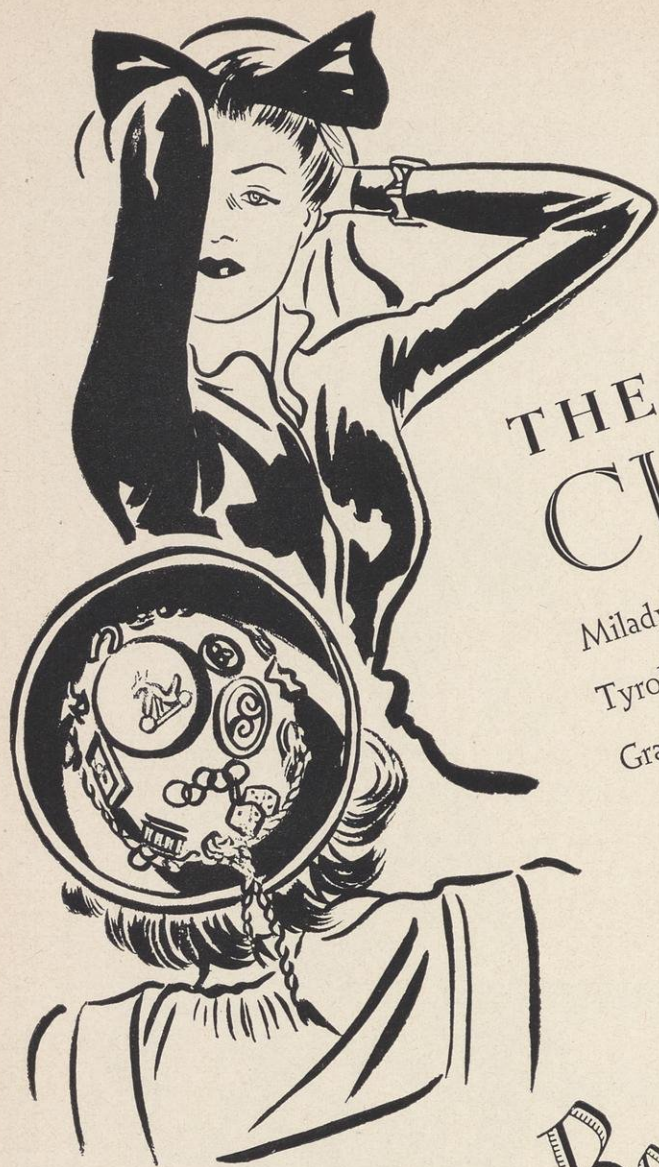


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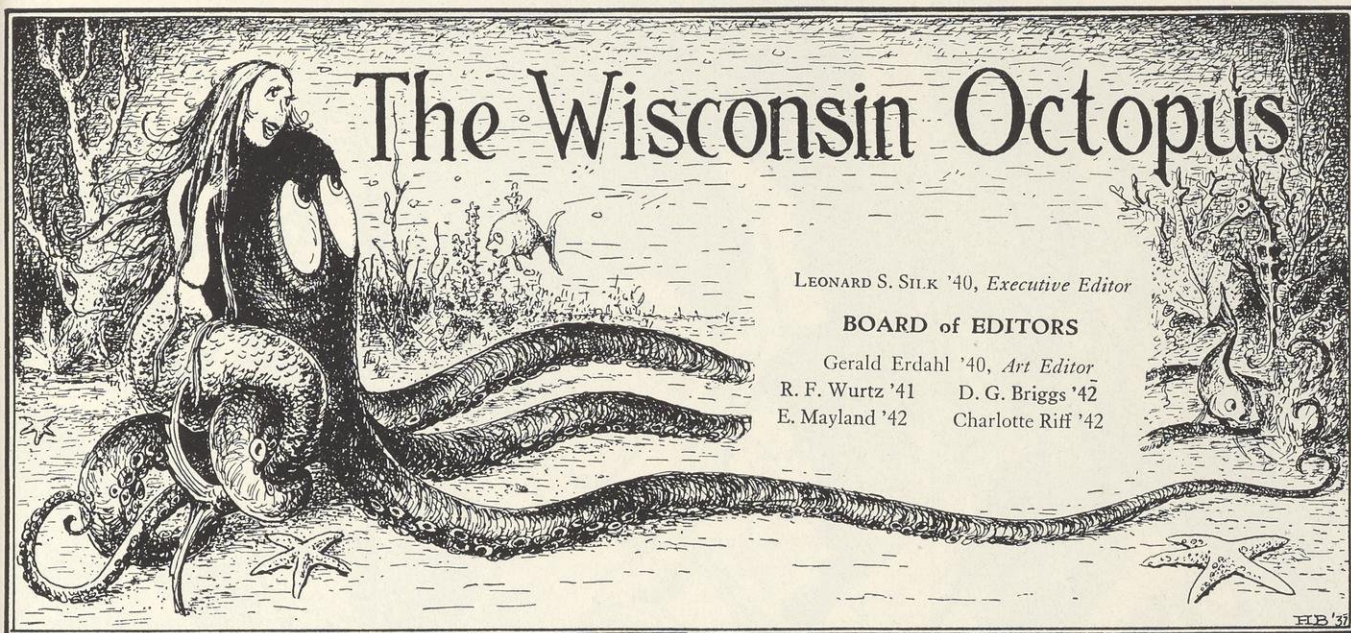


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Volume XXI

APRIL, 1940

Number 8

On Second Thought



INTEREST-
 ingly enough,
 liberal support-
 ers of President
 Roosevelt feel
 that he is be-
 coming more
 conserva-
 tive. He is now
 a little right of a little left of center.

Hitler, we read, will make momentous decisions only when the moon is in its descendancy. It's a little agreement he and the other celestial bodies worked out.

Octopus won a national contest this month as the country's outstanding college humor magazine. It was probably a dirty swindle.

Have you heard the rumors that The Daily Cardinal is going out of existence next year? We haven't either, but we might as well start one.

Propaganda - colored news about the war in the daily press leaves us completely befuddled. All we know is what we don't read in the papers.

The new Haresfoot show, "Serve It Hot," has been receiving excellent critical notices on the road. But wait till it hits the big city of Madison!

The recent exhibit on cancer in the Memorial Union curdled the blood of many students. A pox on cancer, we say!

The Fuller Brush Company has good

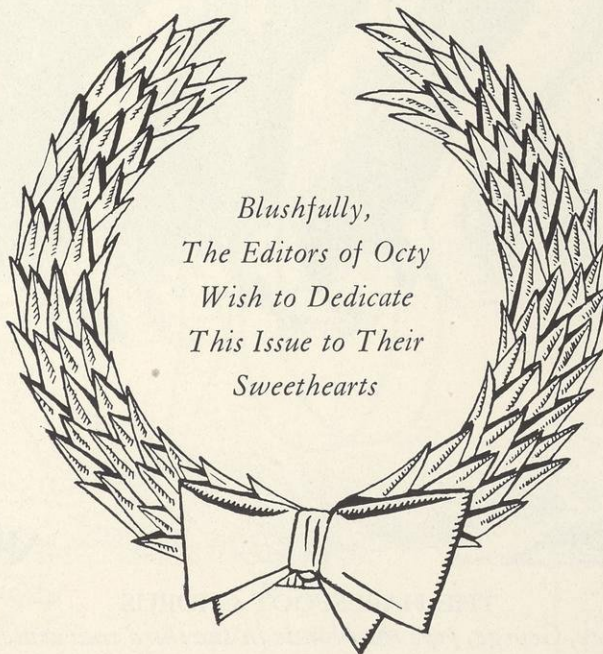
reason to be alarmed about the government these days. U. S. census takers are cutting into the privately-managed house-to-house canvassing field.

A new bill before Congress would appropriate \$500,000,000 to the needs of American Youth. We're in favor of it, but think part of it could be taken out by Youth in cokes, phonograph records, and dance comps.

The university will hold a whopping-big Spring festival in two weeks. We understand that campus skiers are going to picket the affair,

You'd think the university would expend all that time and energy the Festival will take on something permanent. Anybody knows that Spring can't last.

Phi Beta Kappa announcements brought a tremendous relaxation from work to many formerly industrious students. We should like some statistics on the numbers of Phi Betes who flunk out of school.





THE HARESFOOT CHORUS

"Hey, George, pipe the blonde in the third row center."

Prelude to a Case History



THE Editor glanced feverishly at his watch. It was one minute to four.

He looked up at the door. The handle

was turning slowly—and then the door swung open and a sexy little cutie stepped in, her eyes wide open in assumed awe of the Editor and her mouth puckered to a red, surprised O.

"My name is Marilyn Tinkle," she said brightly, "and I have a little story I want you to read. I got a B on it but my professor doesn't like me; but I think you'll like the story because it's quite a bit better than the usual run of tripe you print. Oh, what a sweet tie you're wearing!"

Two seconds to four . . .

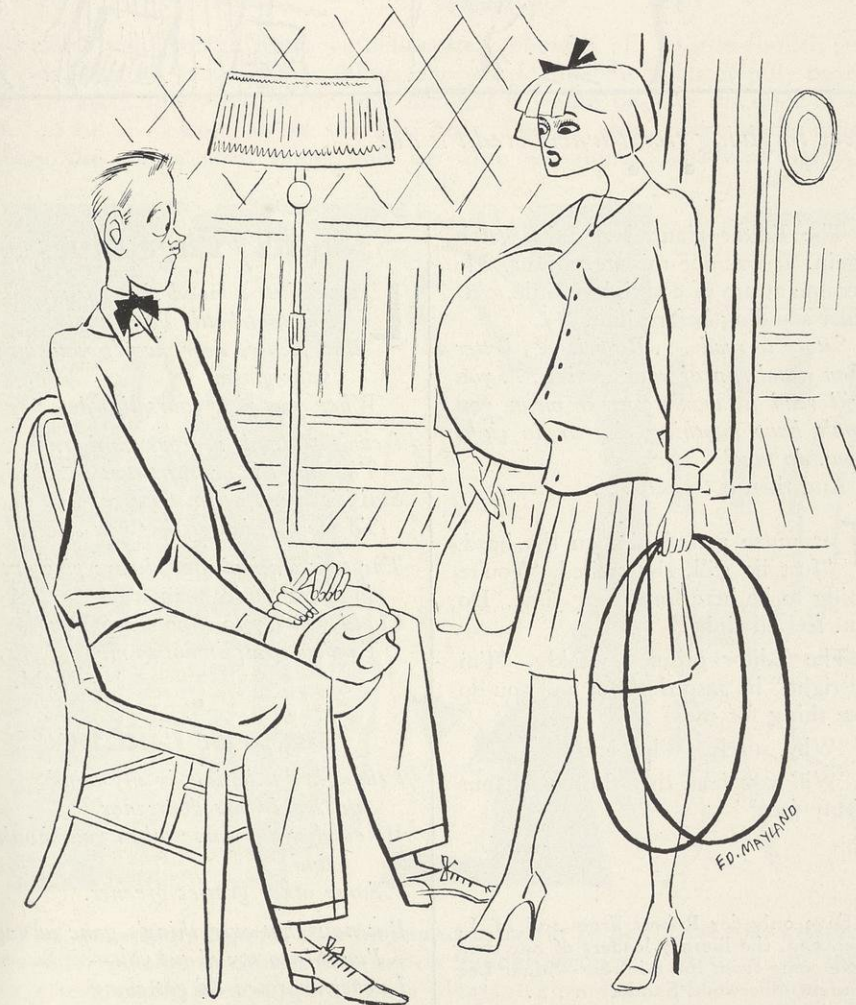
"You will read it won't you—I mean, you don't have anything else to do right now, do you?"

And then it started . . .

THE alarm clock suddenly started shouting and stamping its feet; the radiator began knocking like a broken connecting-rod in the devil's own auto; and from the bunk below Smirky Smith stuck his leg out from under the covers and kicked up at the Editor as hard as he could.

"Wake up, stupid," he said pleasantly.

The Editor pulled his tongue inside his mouth and opened one eye. The other, for some reason or other, was pasted shut with stale beer. This, he reflected as he threw off the ripped sheet and prepared to jump down, is the part of college life Hollywood has never suspected. And he jumped—right on the only thumbtack in the room. It made him yelp, but it woke



"Marjorie says I should entertain you while you're waiting."



him up, and he groped his way over to his dresser to get his razor.

"Don't get up," he said to Smirky, "it's awful out here."

He fumbled around on the dresser, picked up a hair-brush and stared into the bristles. "My God," he moaned, "do I need a shave!"

As he walked to the biff he became conscious of a pain in his foot and realized that he hadn't taken out the tack. The door of the biff was locked and a little group of mouldy looking boys were gathered in front of it.

"It's that freshman from upstate taking a bath. He's always afraid someone will look at him so he locks the door," offered one of the group. "Say, Clarence, are you almost done?"

Two loud splashes from inside: "Gosh no, I've just finished my feet."

As the Editor turned back to his room Art Binger met him. "You'll have my five today, won't you?" asked Art.

"Not exactly," stalled the Editor, "but see me this afternoon."

"At four?"

"Yeah"—as if he had five bucks.

He picked up the mail on the way to breakfast. A letter from Emily: ". . . could never really love you, but am keeping the engagement ring for sentimental reasons . . . will see you at four today, however . . ." A letter from Trixie: ". . . can't two-time me that way. Will call at four and have the whole thing out with you . . ." A letter from Klassy Klothes: ". . . trust you will be able to settle this little debt with our representative who will call at four o'clock . . ." And a letter from home: ". . . Sis sick . . . Uncle died . . .



"We believe in giving credit where credit is due."

car wrecked . . . will have to cut your allowance . . ."

BREAKFAST was a farce; lunch a mockery. Coming from his two-thirty class the Editor noticed the Dean coming toward him, a smile on his face.

"Ah, Editor," he began, "I'll see you in your office about four. It looks pretty bad about your scholarship but I'll know definitely after I've talked with Chairman Higgins. And let's see—oh, yes, you flunked your make-up exam."

The Editor shuddered, took a deep breath, and then carried on. Two blocks down the street Smirky stopped him.

"Say, our landlady is looking all over for you. She's going to see the president about the back rent, by ginger, and she's going to bring him up to your office at four o'clock. I told her where it was."

Up in his office the Editor noticed that his hands were shaking. He glanced at his watch. Five minutes to four. The phone rang. It was Gipper over at the print shop. The old man was pretty hot about some crack about him in the copy. He should be up there in about five minutes.

The Editor glanced at his watch again. It was one minute to four. He became aware of a sprightly little gretchen standing before him.

"story to read . . . B on it . . . better than usual run of your stories . . . you will read it, won't you—I mean you don't have anything else to do right now, do you?"

And then it started . . .

THE nurse patted him on the head. "Just lie still, she smiled, "You're going to be here for a long time. Do you feel all right?"

The Editor grinned weakly. "I'm all right," he gasped. "But will you do one thing for me?"

"Why, surely. What is it?"

"Will you take that thumbtack out of my foot?"

—R. N.

Save only for Robert Frost and H. L. Mencken, the literary leaders of our time have come from the midwest—Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Sanderson . . .

—WISCONSIN COUNTRY MAGAZINE

You mean the author of *Winesburg, Ohio*?

Society Page Blues

LOVE is just a mood that passes,
I cannot battle Fate.
But please, dear, won't you wear
your glasses
When you pick yourself a date?
I can't pretend, my past amigo,
That my life or heart was wrecked,
Still it's tough upon my ego
To see the dames that you select.
The past we had was always pleasant
So in its tender memory,
Could you try to choose a present
That's a compliment to me?

—M. M.

Surprise Ending

I thought I'd be low in my mind
And sad in my demeanor,
When that day came when you should
find
Some other grasses greener.
But now that everything's gone wrong
I've this to say about you—
I never dreamed I'd get along
So very well without you!

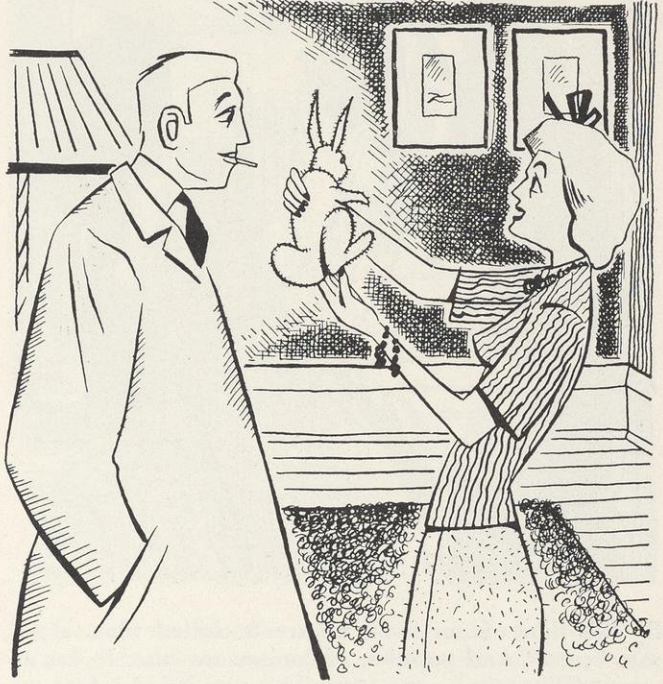
—V. O. V.

How We Won Her

The Editors of Octy Rehearse Their Innate Cunningness



We don't want you to think we deliberately planned all of this. No, it's just the way things happened. Like the day we accidentally had a car, and thought it would be nice to have a picnic, so we two had one. The air was clean, the olives were spicy, and we were all alone.



Little foolish presents were fun, too. The toy bunny rabbit or jelly beans or roller skates or the hen that cackled or the duck of soap—or even funny verses we wrote if we were in the mood—all of these helped make her happy; made us happy, too. They're nice for her bureau dresser.



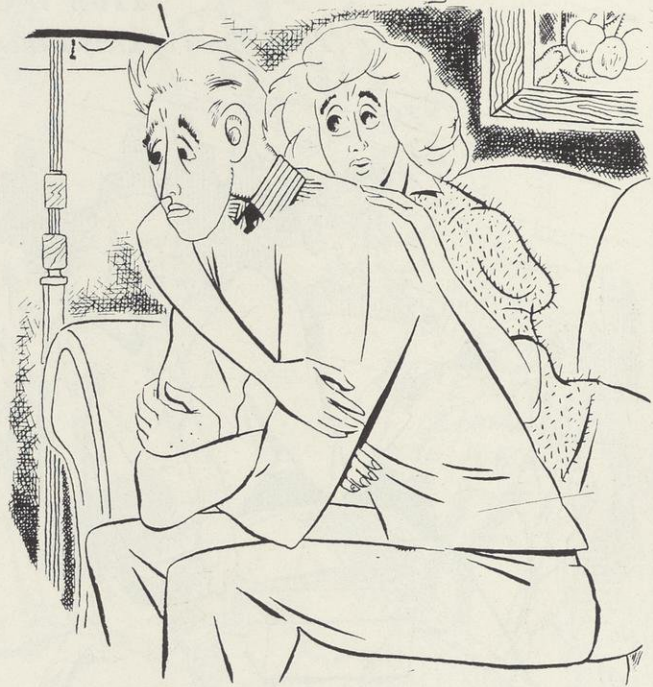
One of the editors reports that he found it useful to be a good boy. Going to church with her on Sunday, dressed like a respectable person, gave him a pleasant glow for some reason. And she always looked so fine on Sunday mornings, especially when he could afford flowers.



Not that we were trying to be (ssh!) a gentleman, but we used to do things like helping her down from high places. Sure, she could have stepped down more easily and probably wouldn't have got a run in her stocking (as she did once), but haven't you any imagination?



By this time of our lives, we aren't chilled when a girl says "cute." And puppies, of course, are cute. It was always wise to say a cute puppy was cute, to pick him up, and convince the young lady that you loved puppies, and therefore would be a good daddy and love the children.



But it wasn't a good idea always to keep everything on a sugar-and-water level. "You just don't understand me," we'd say. And sometimes she just didn't. But then she tried her best and was so very nice that we were glad she didn't understand us at first. We misunderstand, too.



In these matters you must remember you are a social being who can marshal the forces of society on your side. Housemothers, for example, are important. And we bow to no man in the art of joshing a housemother. Clucking her under the chin is sometimes too obvious, but asking her in to hear your phonograph records is subtle.



"Tell them about being very observant about how she looks," one of the editors suggests. And he's right. Our friend says that you can even carry it to things like buttoning up her sweater if it comes loose, or straightening her collar, or saying her slip is showing. Then you have a sort of vested interest in her looking nice.



Nothing like some good rough-housing now and then. In wrestling matches and fake fights, you've got to let her beat you up a little at first, then rally fast to show your manly power. And when you've beaten her up sufficiently (trying not to rip off a sleeve or something), you must kiss her fondly as the guerdon of battle.



At formals we found it easy to lay it on a bit thickly. "You're the loveliest girl here tonight, in fact, the loveliest in the whole world," we'd say. Later: "Don't we look well together? We're the handsomest couple on the floor. And the best dancers." Of 93 couples on a given floor at a given time, 87 are usually the best dancers.



The majority can't endorse this method, but one editor thought it so valuable that, to pacify him, we had to list it. Here he is playing the humble worshipper. (Oh, he probably doesn't do it like this). But the idea is to convince the young lady that anything she does is all right, anything she says, so long as she LOVES you.



It is never stated in these words, but the general theme of this early-morning tennis duet is: "You're a nice girl and I'm a nice guy, and we simply enjoy each other's company, and here we are out playing tennis on a fine morning, and aren't we fresh and clean and wonderful, and isn't it good to be so unspoiled and simple!"



Sometimes we Octy editors are hurt and we show it. It's not to be mean, or to play for sympathy,—it's just that it was a cruel thing to say, or a thoughtless thing to do, and darn it . . . Oh, I don't know . . . (That's about it.) And when she's sorry and says so, we tingle warmly and would be embarrassed if anyone knew how we felt.



We also like to give her things to eat. At a party it's pleasant to sit on the floor together and feed each other ice-cream. Or at an art show, to give her half our stick of gum. This, we figure, probably has something to do with the program of future living—what's mine is yours, we must always share and share alike. Maybe not, though.



On occasion we play the clown—play the clown on purpose, that is. "What must your husband have?" inquiring reporters always ask girls. "A sense of humor," they invariably reply. So we have a sense of humor if it kills us and our senses of humor. That's a fib; we enjoy it, too. You should see us walk like an elephant.



But when the laughing is over, and the bunnies and chewing gum are put away, there's a time for serious thinking—oh, about life and the future and if you ever fall in love with anyone else you must tell me, and whatever else we do we must never lie to each other. Along the water, beneath the moon, life can be very beautiful.

—L. S.

Title of Nation's Best College Comic Goes to Octy as Staff Runs Wild and Wine Flows Like Blood in the Palatial Offices



Octy's Editor holds up the gold trophy as his staff gives him three rousing cheers



AT FIRST we thought we'd be it, and then we didn't, so when the news finally came that we had been chosen as the best college humor magazine in the country we tingled with joy and rushed for the nearest telephone to tell our girl friends all about it. It's not every magazine that's the very best in the country,

you know.

Our closest competition for the big gold cup came from the California *Pelican* (subtitle: "Judged the Nation's Best College Comic") and the Columbia *Jester* (or, "The Laughing Lion: America's outstanding college comic"). The Harvard *Lampoon* and the Yale *Record* (which we have dubbed, "America's Two Greatest College Humor Magazines") were right in there pitching, but none of this fearsome quartet could overcome Old Eight-Legs. When the national judges' balloting had been completed, it conclusively showed that Octy had won, tentacles down.

Magazines were judged on the following points: right-handed artists' ability to draw with the right hand, using a brush less than four inches thick, and without reference to James Thurber or Ludwig Bemelmans; writers' ability to keep awake until the story is off the typewriter, without the use of adrenalin; pre-progressive educational system spelling; hectoring of printers for typographical perfection; innocence of love graphs, Kute Kandid Kamera shots, fashion flashes, short story contests, and syndicated cartoons and editorial swill from the New York advertising agent.

Also, points went for not degenerating into little *Liberty's*

or *Esquire's* or *Story's* or society pages of the Chicago *Tribune* or the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*; for courage to take swipes at the powers that be; for having editors who read books; for the ability to print capital letters like Shakespeare and not like e. e. cummings or archy the cockroach or the columbia jester; and finally, for remembering that somewhere back in history a humor magazine was somehow associated with humor.

Here is the final totalling:

Wisconsin Octopus	96 pts.
California Pelican	84 pts.
Harvard Lampoon	81 pts.
Yale Record	77 pts.
Columbia Jester	69 pts.
Princeton Tiger	52 pts.
Stanford Chaparral	52 pts.
Washington Columns	51 pts.
Dartmouth Jackolantern	37 pts.
Army Pointer and Navy Log	18 pts.
Minnesota Ski-U-Mah	11 pts.
Brown Sir Brown	4 pts.
Penn Punch Bowl, Temple Owl, Michigan Gargoyle, L.S.U. Pell-Mell, M.I.T. Voo-Doo, Tulane Urchin, Mississippi Mis-A-Sip, Penn State Froth, Iowa Frivol, and fifty-eight others	0 pts.

The judges of the contest, picked for their wide geographical distribution and proved impartiality, were Ed Mayland, Montreal, Can.; Roger Wurtz, Dallas, Tex.; Roger Gerling, Kenosha, Wis.; David Briggs, Salt Lake City, Utah; Charlotte Riff, Chicago, Ill.; Gerald Erdahl, Bridgeport, Conn.; Helen Landsberg, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Larry Hogan, San Francisco, Calif.; Leonard Silk, Atlantic City, N. J.; and Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Silk, Atlantic City, N. J.

The Evolution of a Professor



Many wonder, "How does a professor happen? How did he get that way?" It's hard to realize he was once a young man who slept in lectures and played Schneider.



It all started with his election to Phi Beta Kappa. Snobbery lifted his eyebrows a bit and caused his lips to droop. "I'm not conceited," he said. "I'm self-confident."



But this mood was crossed by a wave of meekness. At graduate club dances he was crushed by the academic mice he saw—till he knew he was one of them.



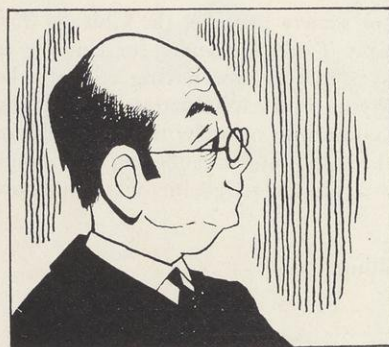
Came the day of his first skyrocket—and views of a great future in which he would give scholars, writers, statesmen, thinkers, and his own books to the world.



But then he flunked his first student. The taste of blood was in his mouth, iron entered his soul. "What joy! What power! Lives in my hands!" he thought.



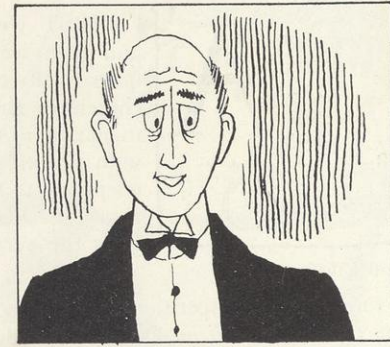
And then he published his first text-book. Riches! National fame! Immortality! And baby, wouldn't the dean be impressed. Something good would come of this.



So he was raised to the rank of professor. Serenely he contemplated his position in life. Had he contemplated his navel, he would have observed a swelling waist-line.



The years saw his emergence as a mighty academic warrior. "Professor Barron says old Welsh was an analytical language," he thundered. "This I unequivocally deny!"



He became a favorite of the Ladies' Cultural & Literary Societies of Appleton and elsewhere. "We must learn not only to love Great Literature, but to read it."



Sometimes he himself wondered why he wrote no more books. He compromised by bringing out a new edition of the old text. It also helped pay for the new Chrysler.



Came the day when he was attacked as a public menace—for what reason he never knew. He countered by attacking public menaces himself—Youth, for example.



And so evolution produced a stuck-up, student-flunking, text-revising, menace-denouncing evil old man. At the university he was shown off as an Institution.—L.S.



FRANCESCA SIMS
of TEXAS
Chesterfield Girl of the Month

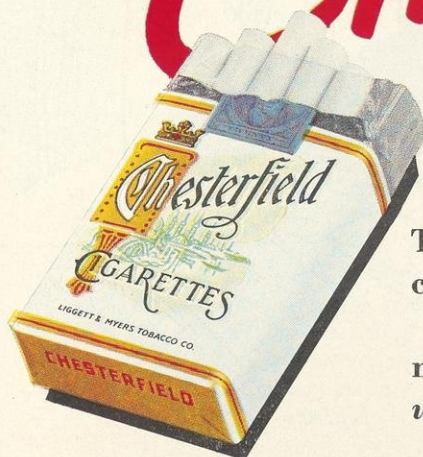
A roundup of all you
want in a cigarette

CHESTERFIELD

they're **COOLER**
they **TASTE BETTER**
they're **DEFINITELY Milder**

These are the things you get from Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

Make sure of more smoking pleasure . . . make your next pack Chesterfield and you'll say "They give me just what I want . . . **THEY SATISFY.**"



Per Aspera ad Astras



VERY once in a while I get to feeling that I am futile, life is futile, and I should Do Something. This is not difficult to understand. I am constantly surrounded by people who Do Things, and I don't like to be different. I also don't like people.

The girls in my house work on WSGA, or get three-points, or go steady, or play the violin, or maybe all four at once. And what do I do? Well, I promise that someday I will sit down

with a bridge manual and learn the game because it is a social asset. But that day never comes.

My roommate is a wonderful bridge player. The girl down the hall won the tournament last year. Edna can sing, and Marge has had the same fraternity pin for three months. Me, I just exist.

This can't go on.

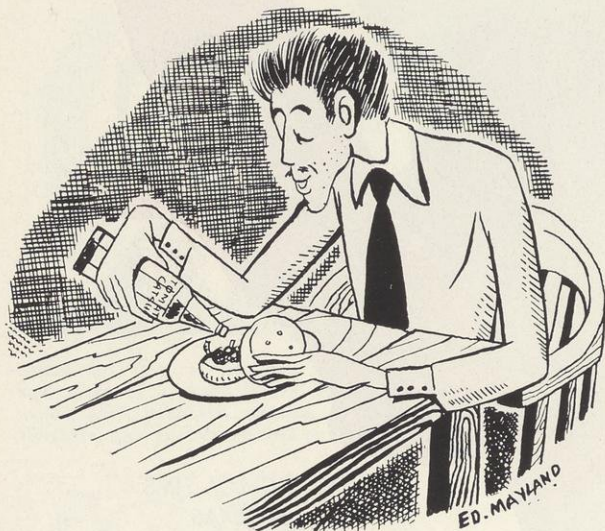
I am casting around for an ambition. Maybe I will make a career out of beer drinking. I will drink more beer than anyone else at Wisconsin. But I don't like beer.

Very well, then, I will play golf.

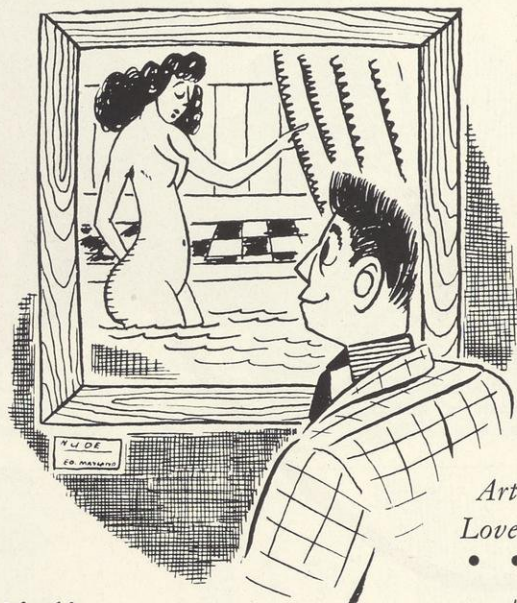
Everybody else already knows how to play golf. I had two lessons once. Or I will try bowling, except that most of the girls bowl over one hundred now and I do not like indoor sports. I can play ping pong, but I didn't enter the tournament because I forgot.

Spring is in the air, the birds are in the trees, and I haven't found a specialty. Never mind, there will come an inspiration. There must be something I can do better than other people. As soon as I get over this spring fever I will give it serious consideration.

—G. G.

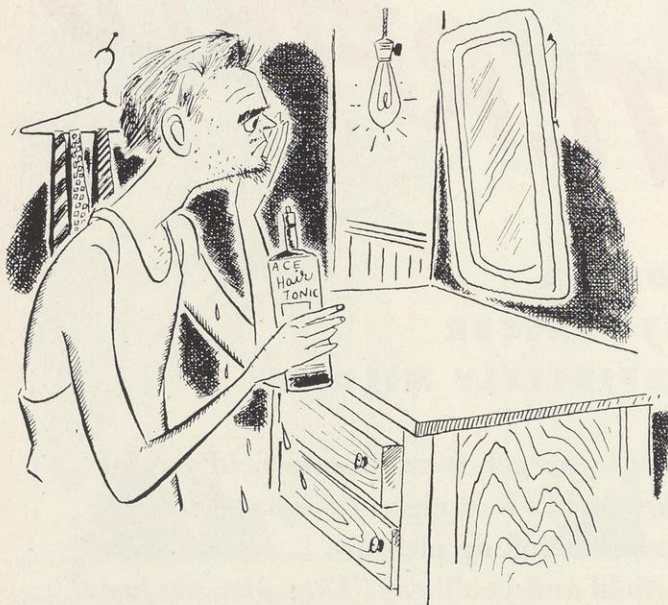


Gourmet

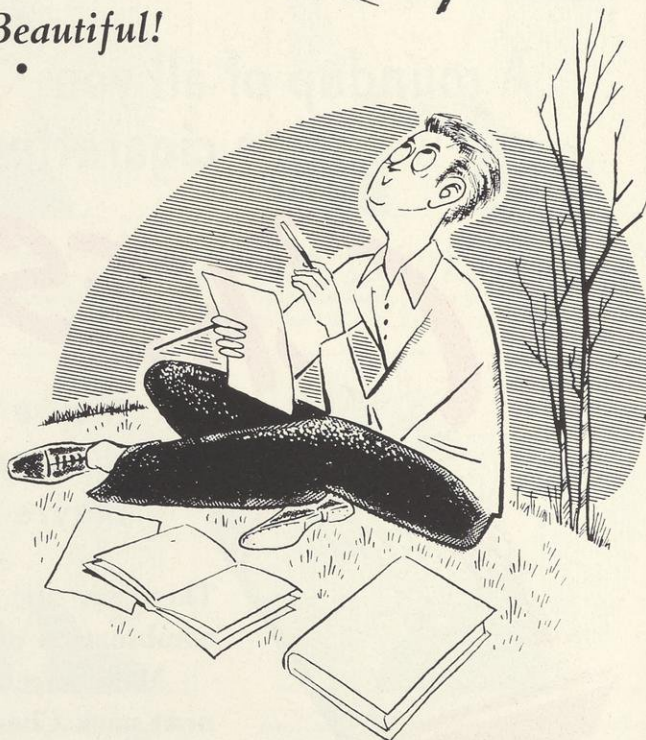


Art
Lover

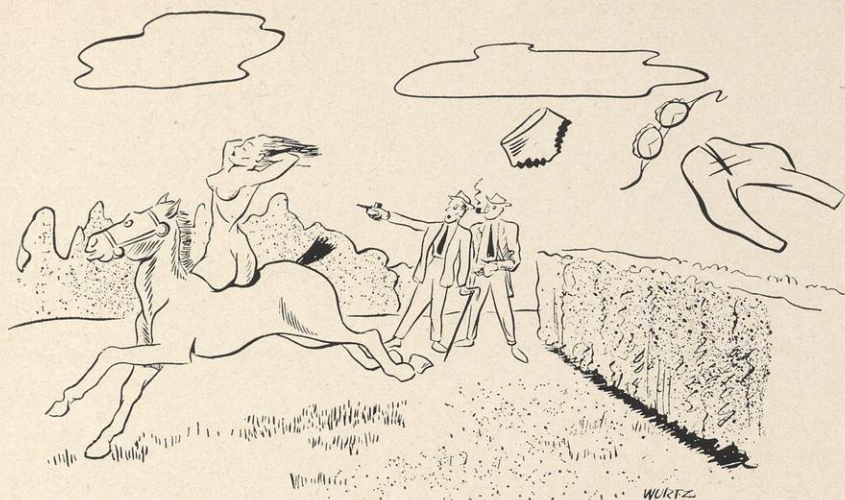
Ah, The Beautiful!



Greybeard Philosopher



Nature Poet



"She always pulls that Lady Godiva stuff on the last jump."

Into the Night

QUITE a discussion it was. And finally it ended with this—"All right, so what *are* the chances of a third term? In the first place, you've got the tradition against it to buck. That wouldn't be so bad in itself, but things aren't so wonderful anyhow. One thing is sure: it would be a closer fight and a much tougher one. Think of the strain of it! There's the matter of health and age to think of.

"On the other hand, you know, it really would be something—three terms in the White House, twelve solid years. Quite a temptation. You can hardly blame a man for thinking of how it would look in the history books.

"And of course there *is* the danger

that, unless there's a drive for a third term, the Republicans will get in. Then where's your social legislation and everything else? They'd probably smash everything. Can't let that happen.

"You've got to admit, though, that it's been wise keeping nice and Sphinx-like about the whole thing. This is no time to be telling the public what's going to be, one way or the other. Got to worry about dictating the choice of a candidate, if the third term idea is out. I guess we'll just have to wait and see what happens in the primaries. Even then we probably won't know. It's one devil of a problem," said Mr. Roosevelt, slipping off his bedroom shoes and sliding under the sheets.

"Can you reach the light from where you are?" asked Eleanor. "I'm rather tired of this talk. Do you mind, dear?"

—O. A.

A Fireplug in Every Corner

FEW are the things that don't serve to remind me
That Fate never gave me the call.
Whenever there's trouble, be sure that they'll find me
Right squarely behind the eight-ball.

I sat on my glasses and now they are ruins,
My Sat. eight o'clock is in session.
Breakfast this morning consisted of prunes,
My hat is of last summer's fashion.

The puddles I step in are always the deepest.
My ankle is sprained, I think.
Insomnia at night—comes a class, then I sleepest,
I haven't the stomach for drink.

My checkbook refuses to balance again.
I think I am catching the flu.
With so many troubles to clutter my brain,
What matters another like you?

—C. R.

To a Gentleman Who Doesn't Want to Put Ideas in My Head

I CANNOT say I yearn to share
Your bed and board for life.
In fact, I'm damned if I should care
To be your loving wife.
I like your face, I won't deny,
But what is that to me,
When it's been wasted on a guy
Of your efficiency?
For you I'd pay no heavy price
While in your present state;
I like a man who once or twice
Displays a human trait.
But please stop telling me I'm not
At all the girl you need.
With any sense, you'd know to what
That kind of talk might lead!—V. S.

Notes on Finality

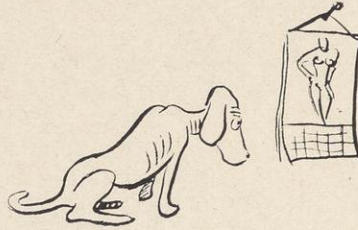
I CANNOT ask if you regret your sin;
The atmosphere just does not seem
to be
Conducive for some people to begin
By pouring out their little hearts to me.
So go your way, and do not wish me
well—
No man's my sort who can't just once
unbend,
But still I must admit that it is hell
To have unanswered questions at the
end.
—M. M.



"And next week he's going to show me
how to work a SLIDERULE."

Caleb and the R. O. T. C.

When Caleb came to the great U. of W. he was nearing physical breakdown.



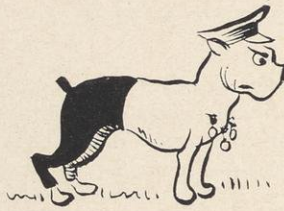
It had been the women in high school.



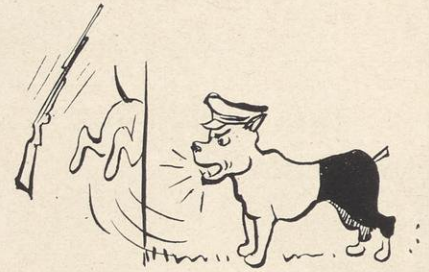
Through some error, Caleb joined the R. O. T. C.



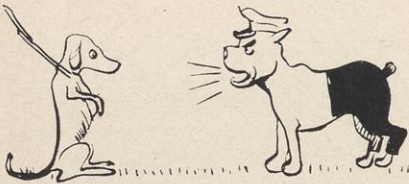
The first thing they did when Caleb went to drill was to give him a gun and make him stand at attention.



There was a Major who taught him manual of arms and things.



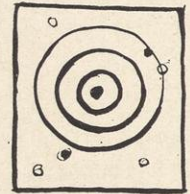
At first he was afraid of the Major who barked commands at him.



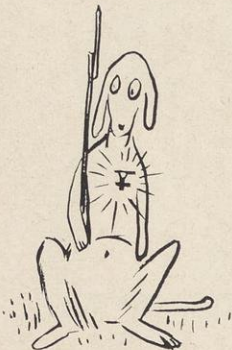
But soon he became used to the Major.



He was taught how to shoot dots on papers.



It isn't everyone who can hit a dot at 50 yards.



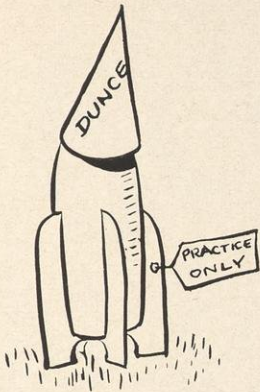
And so, Caleb got a medal. He was very proud of this.



They taught him to jump on bombs when they landed near him.



This was to save the other soldiers near him.



But for practice they used only dummy bombs which didn't go off.



They taught him how to read a map and compass.



And how to hide behind trees.



And how to do calisthenics.

Censored Red



Of course, Herbert thought he was in love. It was the most natural thing in the world because the air was just oozing with spring and chirping birds coming back from Florida with sun tans and State street floating with slush and Censored Red cigarette butts that splashed all over the trousers you just got back from the cleaners the day before or on your silk stockings if you were the wrong sex.

And Herbert thought he was in love with the most wonderful girl in all this war-torn world who had red hair and freckles and wore Censored Red lip stick and cut up frogs right across the table from him every day in zoology lab except on those days when she didn't come which were often because what red headed girl who has freckles and wears Censored Red lip stick gets a kick out of peeling a frog's liver at eight A. M. in the morning after just whipping through a chipped bowl full of Corn Fluffies and a couple of Camels.

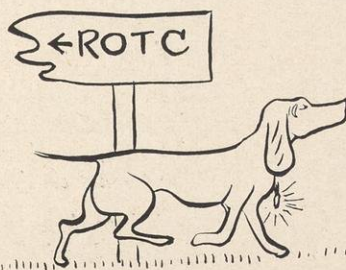
But on the mornings when she did manage to make the lab she would swivel-hip in about nine A. M. in the morning wearing a red sweater and skirt that looked like maybe it was glued on but that was because she was a Pi Phi and all Pi Phis are supposed to look like maybe they were glued to their clothes because the Pi Phis are strong in the south and everybody knows that Scarlett O'Hara came from the south and would probably have been a Pi Phi if there had been a chapter handy and Herbert would get all shaky just looking at the Pi Phi and then he would try to imagine how the

frog would look in a red sweater and skirt so that he would laugh and get his mind off of her.

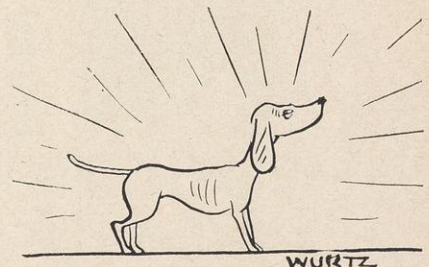
And then one day Herbert covered up the creamed corn spot on his tie and pushed the hair out of his eyes and asked her if she would like to have a coke with him down at Fred's after the lab and she said yes it would be just loads of fun and she let fly with one of her very best Irium smiles and Herbert was all shot for the rest of the period and once he even tried to stick one of the frog's legs in the pencil sharpener and everybody laughed and the frog smiled too and then the bell rang and Herbert almost collapsed.

HER name was Mary Louise and she was very affectionate and she held Herbert's arm all the way down the hill and told him how handsome he was and that she thought he was just too wonderful, the way he always seemed to know just what part of the frog was what when she couldn't and that she hated to see the poor little frogs all cut up like that because her mother was secretary of the SPCA back home where she came from and she didn't know why she had taken that terrible zoology except that someone told her it was a breeze and didn't she just wish she could get her hands on the person who had told her that because it was just the awfulest course she had ever taken and did Herbert think that maybe he could help her some night with the parts of zoology that she didn't quite understand and then they were at Fred's and they went in and sat down in a back booth right next to the phonograph which she said was playing her favorite song that reminded her of Johnnie her boy friend back home who called her long distance on the phone twice a week just to hear her voice and the name of the song was The Horse With The Laverder Eyes.

The waitress brought them two bock



And when he finally finished the course . . .



He knew that R.O.T.C. MAKES MEN!
—D. B.

beers because it was spring and spring is the time for bock beer and then Herbert put another nickel in The Horse With The Lavender Eyes because she said she always played that song whenever she had a chance because it was the least she could do for her boy friend back home who was really madly in love with her and was awfully jealous and would probably just kill anyone who tried to take her away from him and he could probably do it too because he was awfully big and had loads of muscles and played football at Dartmouth whenever he wasn't ineligible.

And then Herbert asked her if her boy friend with the muscles was home now and she said no he was due to get in town today and she hoped he wouldn't see her out with Herbert because it might be just a little on the embarrassing side and then Herbert suddenly remembered that he had left the iron burning and he got up real quick and ran all the way up Bascom hill and the air was just oozing with spring and birds coming back from Florida with sun tans and Herbert doubted whether or not he even loved his own mother.

—J. H.



"Please, buddy, I got a wife and kids!"

Rebuttal to a Sermon

THIS most unpleasant weight of woe,
These wounds where rubs the salt,
The restless nights I undergo
Are all my own darn fault.

I'm sure for what I'm griping of
There's no one else to blame,
Hangovers, flunks, unwanted love
Are very much the same.

Cause and result, I must admit,
And since cause was my role,
I should take the result of it
With poise and self-control.

And therefore, some will think it strange
That knowing this, I find
It doesn't even slightly change
My present state of mind.

—C. K.

Conversation

I GUESS I'm nothin'
But a sprig o' lust, I Jocelyn.
But days are numbered.
Die you must, you Jocelyn.
I can't complain.
I ain't gathrin' rust, I Jocelyn.
Your heritage
Is only dust, you Jocelyn.
Better 'n set still
I'd rather bust, I Jocelyn.
There's a time
You'll eat your crust, you Jocelyn.
I'll always stay
The handsomest, I Jocelyn.
Look not on me
With such disgust, MY Jocelyn!

—D. H.

Formal Statement

MY FEELINGS do not matter any more—
Not to myself, and even less to you.
Reiterated blues become a bore
And all things are not easy to review.

Therefore I find it better to deny
Myself the slight indulgence of complaint.
Not many people really wonder why
The torch I carried has become so faint.

And since these memories do me little good
Compared to fellows who are still about,
And phantoms can't compete with flesh and blood
Sooner or later, dear, you must lose out.

—V. O. V.

THIS IS FOUL



As we told our lame-brained artist, Mr. Wurtz, when he brought it to us as some super-smooth moderne class . . . "It's an abstraction and all that," he said— "you can use it for our Comic Art Show ad."

"Over our dead body," we said. But Mr. Wurtz buggered us, and here is the stupid mess.

It's all we have to tell you about Octy's Art Show that starts April 29 and lasts till May 11.

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According to the Records

(continued from page 7)

Columbia; Harry Bluestone's violin double for Brunswick—*La Plus Que Lent* of Debussy and *Hymn to the Sun* of Rimsky-Korsakov (arranged by Fritz Kreisler); and the two-piano team of Bartlett and Robinson playing the *Scaramouche* by Darius Milhaud for Columbia.

* * *

The Popular

ADIOS, MARIQUITA LINDA

Artie Shaw, the hell-raising clarinetist, is back with some class recordings for Victor. He is using a thirty-one piece orchestra including instruments like viola, cello, flute, oboe, bass clarinet, and French horn. But *mind you*, it's not a stuffed-shirt concert hall piece; it's good jazz with simply more color in the orchestra than you're used to. The big band is very carefully rehearsed and holds a steady, throbbing beat throughout—but it's not until Shaw's clarinet cuts

CHILD OF A DISORDERED BRAIN

This, in combination with the beautiful *Body and Soul* are *exactly* what we like to hear Earl (Father) Hines play. Bluebird.

ADOLF HITLER BLUES

Backed by *Be My Blitzkrieg Baby*, and recorded by a quartet with Krupa on drums, Count Basie at the piano, Lionel Hampton on vibraharp, and Artie Shaw on clarinet, these would *also* be *exactly* what we'd like to hear. Unfortunately, though, nobody has recorded them. Octopus.

FABLE OF THE ROSE

A nice-ish ballad sung by Kenny Sargent with Glen Gray's Casa Loma outfit. In *Save Your Sorrow*, we liked Pee Wee Hunt's chorus, but thought the trumpet breaks a bit thin for the super-solid saxes. Decca.

I GET A KICK OUTA CORN

Will Bradley's treatment of this makes the title superfluous. *I Gotta Get Home* did not stir us deeply. Columbia.

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through the wall of tones and starts mounting toward the upper register that the piece comes to life. *Frenesi*, the reverse, shows a dandy change of pace and more of that delectable Shavian clarinet.

KING PORTER STOMP

Columbia and Metronome Magazine's All-Star Band produce a hunk of jive that would be interesting (even if it weren't good—and it *is* good) if just to see what such a star-spangled personnel could do working together. The band includes Gene Krupa, drums; Bob Haggart, bass; Charlie Christian, guitar; Jess Stacey, piano; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Jack Teagarden and Jack Jenny, trombones; Eddie Miller, Toots Mondello, Benny Carter, and Charley Barnett, saxophones; and Harry James, Ziggy Elman, and Charley Spivak, trumpets. *King Porter Stomp* and *All Star Strut* are a couple of museum pieces, by ginger.

GLEEBY RHYTHM IS BORN

Louis Prima and his Gleeby Rhythm Orchestra reveal how they got that way, and we like them when they're gleeing, but in stuff like *Sing-A-Spell*, the musical spelling bee, *well . . .* Varsity.

BARNEY GOIN' EASY

An amazingly fine job—really and truly—turned out by Barney Bigart, with another A-1 piece, *Minuet in Blues*, on the reverse. We liked its tasty, full-bodied goodness. Vocalion.

SYMPHONY IN RIFFS

Some good jump-jump Krupa with one drum-break by the master that all the world throbs to. Baboom and yowie. Columbia.

I'M LOOKING FOR A GUY WHO PLAYS ALTO AND BARITONE AND DOUBLES ON A CLARINET AND WEARS A SIZE 37 SUIT

We had heard this on the late broadcast of Ozzie Nelson from the Blackhawk in Chicago every night for weeks now, and we still liked it. It is accompanied by a tol'able fox-trot, *Make Believe Danceland*. Bluebird.

I HAPPEN TO BE IN LOVE

Richard Himber, a real musician with a healthy orchestra, does splendidly with this and another new Cole Porter tune, *Between You and Me*. Royale.

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Nice Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I received my pile of the current "Octopus." I have heaped ashes on my head and been subject to outbursts of violent weeping ever since.

I am a cad. Two months ago when I said that I hadn't received my "Octopus" you sent me another copy without a murmur. That made me pretty cocky. When the next issue didn't arrive as soon as I thought it ought to, I sent you a bitterly sarcastic card. The next day I got my regular copy plus another tenderly inscribed, "R. L. Hanson (We Love Him)". I felt pretty miserable. I wasn't man enough to apologize.

Then a few days ago I found FOUR copies of Wisconsin's Hallowed Humor Magazine in my mail box. I beat my breast and cried out in remorse, ran into the woods and meditated for three days. You have made a better man of

me. You are a character builder. I realize now how futile it was to attempt to rebuke "Octopus." I might have known that The Bulwark of Student Liberty, The Foe of Yellow Journalism, The Source of Great Wit and Humor, would be unerring and just in all relations with its followers. I have been properly chastised. I was a blundering fool.

So strongly did I feel my wrong and your magnanimity that I curbed an impulse to open a retail magazine agency, and instead donated the extra Octopuses to the Finnish Relief Fund.

If I can ever clean your inkwells or set fire to the Cardinal office please let me know.

Please excuse my asinine assumptions of the past.

Humbly,

R. Lee Hanson,
Stoughton, Wisconsin

P. S. Please note the above change of address. I'd hate to miss an issue of "Octopus."

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for the

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is awarded to

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BARNARD HALL

Her jest—

Lady (to little boy): "My dear, does your mother know you smoke?"

Small Boy: "Madam, does your husband know you speak to strange men?"

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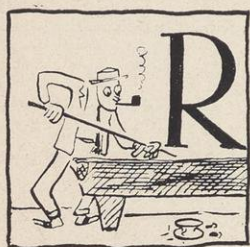
"Famous for Food"

•

Playhouse of the Big Ten

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In The Editor's Brown Study



REALLY, it is with no regrets that I leave the editorship of *Octopus*. To be sure, the job, despite headaches that were chronic, has been dandy fun and very soul-satisfying to me, but I knew the end would come, and I've been waiting for it these many months—and I'd be disappointed now if it didn't.

From almost your first issue as editor you start thinking about what you'll write when you come to your last issue. I was almost tempted to write a final farewell one lonesome February night when I felt very tender about the magazine.

But the time has come to move on. Now that I am become a man, I must put away my saddle-shoes. There shall be no whimpering for the dear old days in *this* handkerchief.

These are personal matters, though, and I don't see why anyone should be particularly interested in my state of mind as I switch masks from Leonard the Editor to Leonard the Bright Young Nothing Yet But Wait.

As always, what *is* important on this page is the *Octopus*. How we loved this magazine—and this time *we* means not *I* but Charles Fleming, Tom Hyland, My-nie Gordon, Bob Nash, Homer Haswell, Roger Wurtz, Ed Mayland, and I—nobody will ever know. Call it Narcissusism if you will, but I assure you that to us it's always been devotion to Duty, to Ideals, and to all the other silly-sounding things that are supposed to be associated with an institution one loves. When you really feel them, they no longer are silly.

Though we have sometimes seemed to despise The Flag, Mother & The Home, other human beings (called either *The People* or *The Mob* according to whether we liked them or detested them at the moment of writing), we have never despised the *Octopus*. It was not included in our growing-up cynicism. As the sociologists would put it, even a secular society must have some sacred ideal to hold it together. Our sacred ideal was Octy.

This sounds like the old malarkey to you, and I expect it to—but it's not being written for you so much as for the gentlemen already mentioned and for those who are to follow. With the next issue Roger Wurtz, of Jefferson, takes over the editorship of Octy, and Roger Gerling, of Kenosha, assumes the business manager's hot-seat. To them and to *Octopus* posterity this is our plea: don't sell out to the low-minds, the lack-wits, the money-grubbers, the illiterates, or the publicity wolves. By the guts of Goliath, remember the Glorious Tradition of those who laid down their college lives for Octy.

OCTOPUS, you must know, has always tried to be a gentleman—the kind of gentleman Don Skene, the sports writer, once defined as “a stand-up guy who will fight.” We fight clean, and we fight with humor, but, if there's an issue (and we don't breed them), we fight. An editor makes as

many friends as he can, but sometimes he makes enemies, too.

That, in brief, is the account of my stewardship. We waged our little *Blitzkrieg* against Governor Heil with our *Poor Julius' Almanack*. We tried our best (and probably helped) to disentangle the *Daily Cardinal* from William Randolph Hearst. (And why were the results of their poll on whether students wanted the Hearst service never revealed?)

We tried to squirt cold water at the crackling of any murderous war-spirit. At the same time, we didn't spare our cat-o'-nine-tails on Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Chamberlain, Father Coughlin, Bruce Barton, Nance Garner, Glenn Frank, the R. O. T. C., the Party-Line muttonheads, Porter Butts, or our landlady.

We laced it into student politics—not because we are opposed to student government, but because, when it degenerates into a messy racket, there's danger of losing democratic control altogether. That would be a real tragedy. There is no reason why a university should be less democratically managed than any other American community. You can talk about your citizenship-training programs from now till doom's day, or election day, but the way to have students trained to meet the problems that citizenship in a political democracy imposes is to let them run their own government at the university.

It's hardly necessary for me to point out that Octy wasn't all given over to these controversial issues. There was whimsy, boy-and-girl stuff, campus chronicle, second thoughts, cartoons, poetry, and so on that had no other ambition in this world than to show life and amuse the customers.

I must state that more strongly: many things must concern a college editor beside political fisticuffing. Relations between young men and young ladies, for example, probably outrank everything else in the minds of most undergraduates. Studies are important, too, and so are professors, the weather, bock beer, sororities, and various adolescent trivia—*when seen not for their picayune gossip-value but with some perspective.*

AND SO I've had my say, and have been glad to have it these many months. Saying goodbye to anything you've given a lot of time and sweat and brain-beating to is bound to be hard. Bound to be sad. And of course this goodbye is, too, but I don't want to get soupy and mawkish on the page where I've always tried to be most nastily august.

As I clean out my desk (not *my* desk now), trundle the last sheaf of yellow copy paper down to the printers (ah, old Mac, Al, Bob, Butch, Tom, and Mr. Tanner, I'll miss you), set in a heap my stacks of magazines, newspapers, books, pipes, tobacco, ice-skates, and scraps of paper scribbled with plans for Octy pages that probably will never be written or drawn, it's hard for me not to let fall just one tear. And there it goes, rolling down our cheek to the corner of our mouth (*our* editorial cheek and mouth! oh, thou beloved plural pronoun!). Octy, I love you, I love you. I can't leave you—but I must leave you forever.

Now I've said it, and I didn't want to. I'll feel terrible about this in the morning.—L. S.



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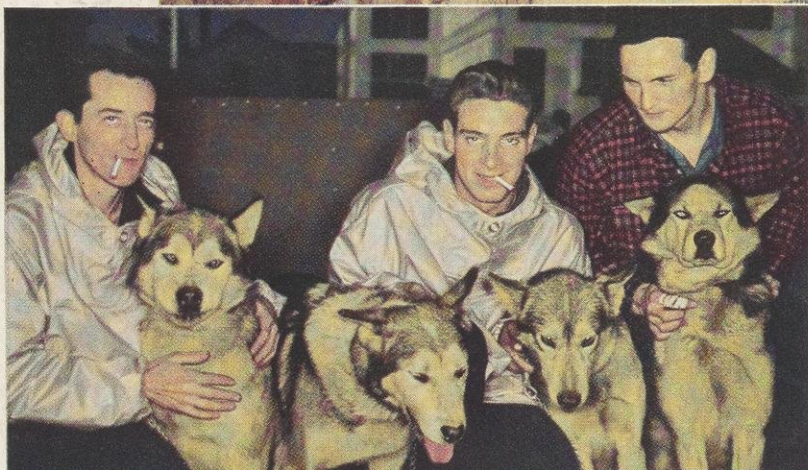
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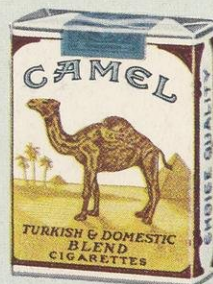


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That's how these three members of the U. S. Antarctic expedition tell of the advantages of slow-burning Camels. Richard Moulton, senior dog-driver (center), says: "Slow burning is my measure of a milder, cooler, more flavorful smoke. I'd sledge a mile for a Camel." Nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of flavor and fragrance like excess heat. Cigarettes that burn fast also burn hot. Camels are slower-burning...milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler! Camels give you more pleasure per puff...and more puffs per pack (see right).

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