

## **The Wisconsin Octopus: Homecoming. Vol. 21, No. 3 November, 1939**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November, 1939

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3 1940

# THE WISCONSIN DOCTOPUS



homecoming

15 Cents



*"Thanks  
to Uncle Sam*

**—tobacco's better than ever!**

... and Luckies always take the  
better grades!" says Ray Oglesby,  
tobacco auctioneer  
for 8 years.

BENJAMIN HAWKS of North  
Carolina shows Auctioneer  
Oglesby his fine tobacco seed-  
lings—grown by new U. S.  
Government methods.

RAY OGLESBY in action.  
Among *independent* tobacco  
experts like this famous auc-  
tioneer, Luckies are the 2-to-1  
favorite over all other brands.

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**Q. WHY HAVE TOBACCO CROPS BEEN BETTER?**

A. Because, even though crops vary with weather conditions, Uncle Sam's new methods of improving soil, seed and plant-food have done a fine job.

**Q. Do Luckies buy this better tobacco?**

A. Yes, indeed — *independent* experts like Ray Oglesby tell you that Luckies always *have* bought the choicer grades of each crop. In fact, that's why Mr. Oglesby has smoked Luckies for 11 years.

**Q. Do other tobacco experts prefer Luckies, too?**

A. Among these skilled auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite.

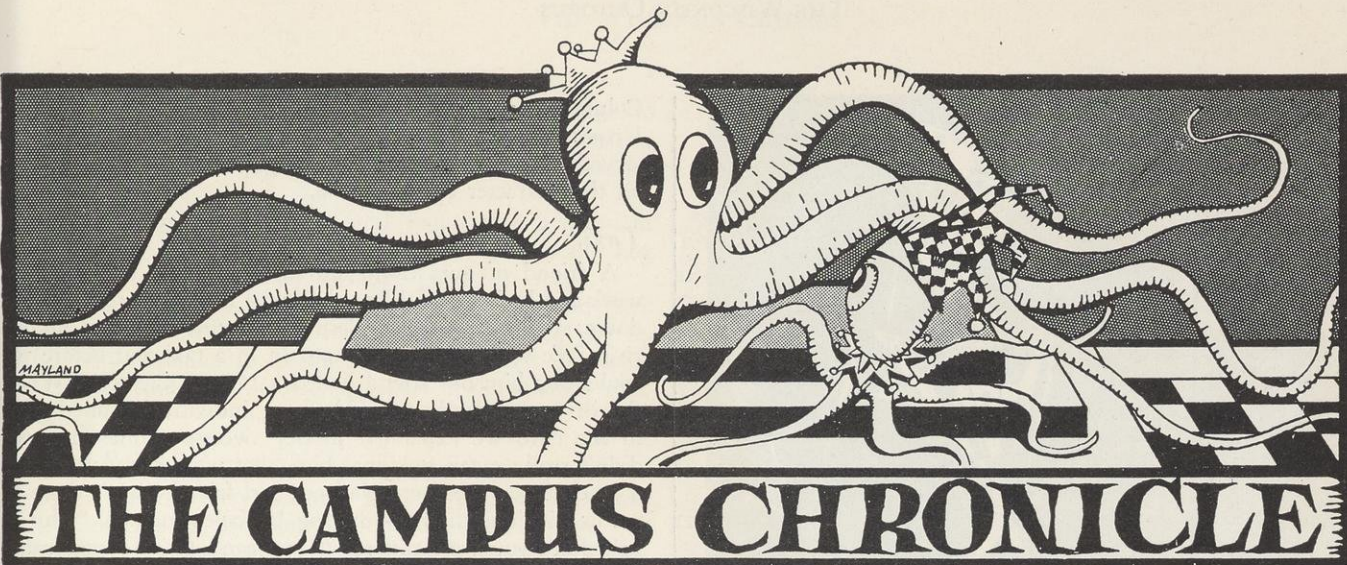
Try Luckies a week. You'll find them easy on your throat, for the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. You'll also know why . . . **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO**

**BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**



Have you  
tried a  
**LUCKY**  
lately?





THE days are really sailing away now, like calendar pages in a movie time-passage sequence. The hickory nuts we gathered of a warm September afternoon are dried out enough to break open and eat. Every single one of our suits needs pressing. The day book we decided to keep this year, like

Vincent Sheean, has disappeared somewhere or other. Vincent himself is writing articles on *Russia as a Fascist state*. We have forgotten the names of all the freshmen we met during freshman week. People are asking us if we have any Friday afternoon classes and when does the student Christmas special leave Madison. Notices about fellowships and scholarships to other universities are starting to float onto the bulletin boards. We can hardly see where we were sunburned. We have a cold.

### ***Favorite Female***

In teaching a class in literature recently an English professor asked his class which of his characters Hawthorne liked best.

The class was stumped.

With a smug grin the professor quipped, "Hester Prynne of *The Scarlet Letter* because she's the only one he ever gave an 'A' to."

### ***For Tomorrow . . .***

For some reason this post-card we found seemed to give us one of those special unearthly feelings. It had been mailed from Eitel's Old Heidelberg in Chicago—"Here you may enjoy excellent food and delightful entertainment amid colorful Old World atmosphere." The card read:

"Quite more excitement here tonight than the last time. All the old war songs, and the original Octette is back to sing them. Everybody's singing—some legionnaires singing extemporaneously. Fun."

We found the card tucked in the Cambridge Medieval History. Got your through tickets on The Road Back, buddy?

### ***Praise to Thee, Curly***

We are late for our eight-o'clock almost every morning this year—it takes so darn long to stop, take off our hats, and wave them to and fro while Curly Wentworth plays Varsity on the Carillon chimes.

### ***Enthusiasm***

We are glad to see the new spirit that seems to be leaping up in the hearts of the English department this year. Young instructors, however, should be careful not to be completely carried away by the renaissance, as one instructor was last week. In a flood of derision against the nasty disposition of Gonelin, Lear's spiteful daughter, this young man burst out, "She was a nasty-tempered bitch. Oh, I—er, shouldn't have said that—but I meant it."

### ***What's the Use?***

Something's always destroying our illusions that for once everything's hunky-dory. We were watching Father Malachy's Miracle in the new theater; everyone looked so pleasant, well-fed, thoroughly-washed and combed, and pious, too, under the influence of the play.

Then down the aisle came a grimy engineer in overalls to monkey with the heating gadgets. He looked plenty hot and disgusted.

That's how it always goes. This time it happened that we weren't the engineer. But if we had been at the court of the Hapsburgs in gay old Vienna, we'd have been waiting on tables; if we'd sailed around the world with Magellan, we'd have

been mess boy; if we'd seen the glory of ancient Babylonia, we'd have lugged soil to build the terrace.

We just never have any luck.

### ***Nasty Crack***

The University's authority on Latin America, Mr. Chester Lloyd Jones, has been making a determined effort to capture the All-University Innuendo championship. A recent Jonesism, reported from his Political Science 131 lecture, dealt with the discovery of the Virgin Islands by Christopher







Columbus, who gave the group its original name of *St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins*. "This title," observed Mr. Jones, "was in no way intended as a reflection on the character of St. Ursula."

### Taxi?

A friend of ours came into town to visit us the other week-end by bus and, like the dutiful hosts we are, we went down at the Union Bus Terminal to meet him on his arrival. We suggested riding uptown in a taxi and before we could stop him our friend hailed a 15 cent City Car. When the driver, a rough, tough looking individual, pulled over to the curb we explained in our sweetest tones that we didn't really mean to signal him, that we were waiting for a 10 cent cab. We were glad our girl friend wasn't there to see us flinch as the hack-driving Hercules sneered, "why in hell don't you wait and see if you can't get a 3 cent cab." We're sure he must have been mistaken, though. We've been here several years now and have never yet seen a 3 cent cab.

### Progress

The Rathskeller apparently is willing to play ball with us. It is at the compromising stage, at least. We still didn't get the scrambled eggs we begged for, last issue, but the Commons Committee has tried to smooth things over by serving *Frozen* malteds.

That's very nice, but, darn it, we're going to demand *poached* eggs one of these days if the scrambleds don't come, and then you *will* be stuck.

### Fat Pig

Stranger things have happened, but we were more than

## The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XXI

NOVEMBER, 1939

Number 3



a little startled when a copiously rotund hog passed us on University Avenue a few days ago. It was plodding along as nonchalantly as though headed for a chocolate coke after its two-thirty class.

We investigated, of course, and found that a transient farm truck had stopped at an arterial and the rascally hog had seized the opportunity to make good his escape.

After a while the truck driver came looking for Old Pork Chops, and spent almost a half hour chasing the pig up University Avenue. It didn't seem in the least distracted by cries of "Sueeeiii," from hog-callers in the student audience.

### Act of Faith

In last month's Octy, you may have noticed our little fake advertisements for "Fy-Bate blue books" in all courses, "all filled in with highest-quality lemon juice."

We (in our capacity as Fy-Bate Bluebooks, Inc.) offered a box of matches with each book free, so that the public could make the crib notes appear.

A young man we know reported a girl *he* knows who read the ad through very soberly four or five times, inspecting every syllable with infinite care.

Finally she looked up and declared, "It's a good idea, but what I don't see is, how do they know what the questions are going to be?"



### Buzzing, Blooming Reality

We have decided to write a little preface to this story:

In this modern world, it's not enough to know all about your own back-yard. Swift communication and transportation have made all the world our back-yard. Etc. We had a political science course once, too.

Anyhow, Prof. John Thomas Salter of the political science department, came out of South Hall the other day, and bumped into a student he knows. Professor Salter asked his friend to walk over to Sterling Hall with him; he didn't know where it was.

### Friend Indeed

In a political science quiz section, Prof. John Gaus was going straight down the row asking questions. He came to one fellow who couldn't answer.

Dr. Gaus asked, "Did you read the assignment?"

"No," said the boy.

"Well, you're in this course, aren't you?" Dr. Gaus said ironically.


"Not exactly. I'm taking Miss Ralston's place. She went to Milwaukee."

### Any Ice Today, Lady?

There are a few things we must report to you. The Quakers want us to tell you not to believe the propaganda you read about refugees. The Friends of the Duke of Windsor in America want us to vote for an International Convention to be presided over by H. R. H. Duke of Windsor as "Ambassador-at-Large for Democracy and Peace." And we have received the following letter from three coeds:

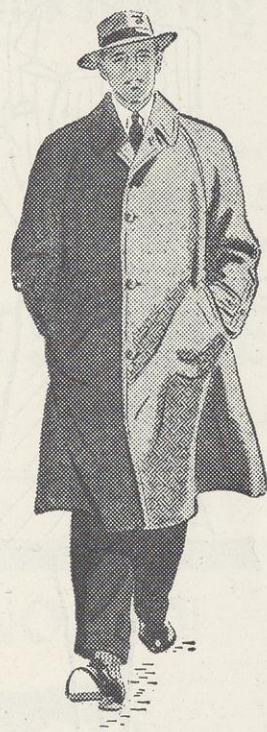
Dear Sir:

*Acting upon the firm conviction that yours is the only publication on the campus screwy enough to print this tripe, we are enclosing herewith our choice for the 1939 All-American Football Team. It may be a trifle early, but then you've*



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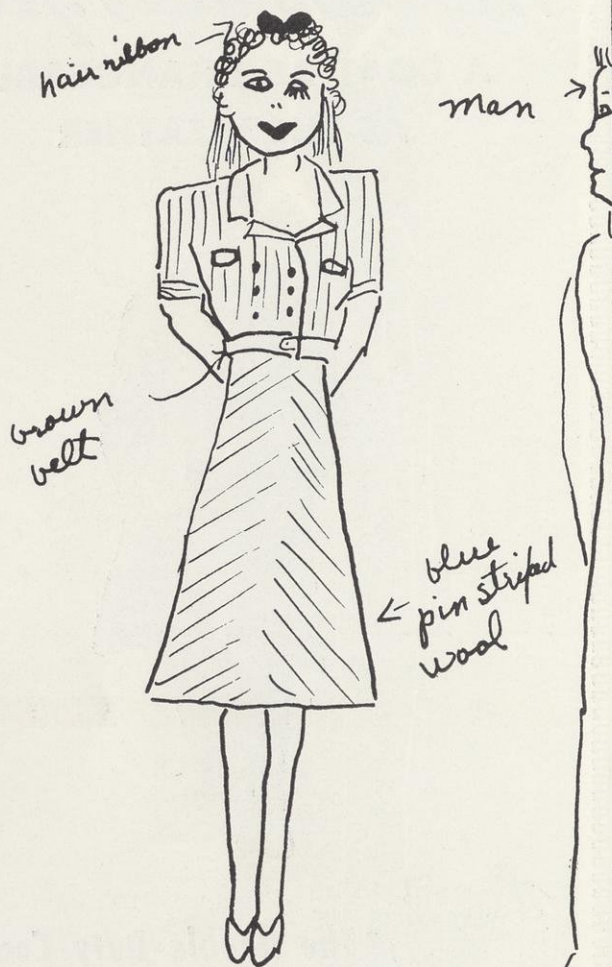
## KARSTENS

ON CAPITOL SQUARE      22 NORTH CARROLL

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Come home with  
this for home coming



as chosen and  
sketched from  
the College shop  
by Sallie Underwood,  
Delta Gamma, 42

Baronis

never really delved into the realms of sport to any extent anyhow.

LE—Tube, of Colgate

LT—Nine, Tenn

LG—Water, Maine

C—Solid, Mass

RG—Hi, Miss

RT—Deep, Pitt

RE—Shake, of De Pauw

QB—Wet, Wash

HB—Hard, Knox

HB—Banks, of Wabash

FB—Bull, Penn

Hoping (against hope) to break into the columns of your so-called humor mag, we remain,

Sincerely and lovingly yours,

Three Confused (but not from the Villa) Co-eds

### It Is Appropriate

Up in the Capitol just outside the Senate chamber, there is a long bulletin board upon which are fastened notices announcing the hearing of certain bills.

The day we looked at it, the whole bulletin board was plastered full of notices, except for one small corner. And there we saw a little notice that tickled our toes. It boldly announced that the University Extension Division was giving a course in elementary speech.



### Celebrity

The members of a Spanish class have been treating one of their classmates with undue esteem, due to a misunderstanding earlier in the semester. The girl doesn't know whether to tell them or not. But she told us.



It seems the class was having a session of conversation, and our friend was trying to tell the class that she had spent her summer ushering in a movie theater. But when the words came out the teacher and students understood her to have said she had been acting in motion pictures.

She says she's beginning to believe it herself. It doesn't feel bad, either, though she tries to keep it from going to her head.

### We Honor

Campus morons-of-the-month: the frat-club boys who got crocked and started to play firemen. They secured a sheet for a net and made one of their jolly crew jump down into it.

It's not sure yet whether it's a spinal injury or just a bad bruise.

• •

Paris relays a report that while Hitler was passing through a devastated Polish town, a dog rushed out of a house and bit him.

"Perhaps," is the typically Gallic comment, "but we should like to hear the dog's side of the story!"



## Dog in the Manger

*The girl for whom he'd really go  
Would be the quiet kind,  
She'd always keep her hair just so  
And have a decent mind.*

*She'd never wear him out with fears  
When mid-semester's fell,  
She'd not go in for guzzling beers  
Or raising minor hell.*

*She'd hang upon his every word  
As if she could forget  
That most of it was stuff she'd heard  
Before they ever met.*

*About small cares she would not gripe  
She'd take them on the chin  
She's definitely not my type  
But still—I've got his pin!*

—H. A. L.

## Remote Control

*Drink to me only with thine eyes  
'Cause I can't pay for beer,  
And don't go kissing a coffee cup  
'Cause I am over here.  
The thirst that from the throat doth rise  
Doth ask a drink of cocoa  
But if you fondly stroke the glass  
You'll surely drive me loco.*

—J. W.

## I Dislike Coeds

### And I Do

*A college girl is smooth, you know,  
The pinnacle of female grace,  
There is no place that she won't go,  
No moral danger she won't face.*

*On gin and whisky she just thrives,  
To her conventions are all rot.  
She's not afraid in rummy dives  
'Cause she can't lose what she ain't got.*

*With classes she can't bother much  
And, though she'll never make Phi Bete,  
She doesn't care for grades and such  
Just so she always has a date.*

*A girl who works she can't respect  
(Her daddy gives her dough to burn.)  
She thinks they must have some defect;  
It's much more fun to spend than earn.*

*Oh, college girls are smooth, all right,  
Sophisticated and blase,  
They like to stay out late at night  
And sit upon their pratts all day.*

—W. B.

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rid of a summer cold than  
a winter cold . . .*

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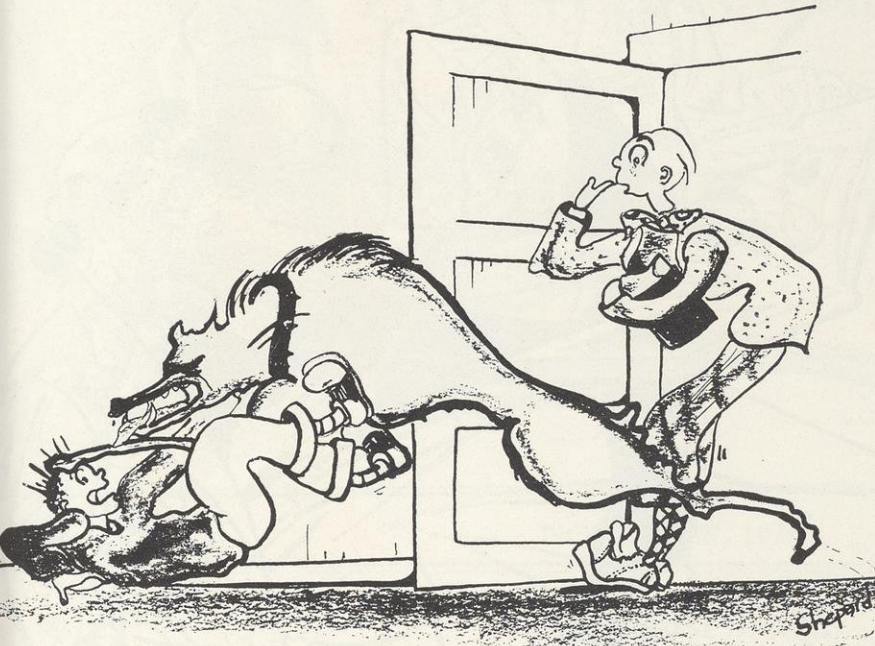
***\$1 Reserves Your Copy Now***

Sorority girls, remember, you are eligible for individual and group prizes in the current selling contest. Remember! It ends Dec. 10.

**BADGER**

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"Gee, I forgot to tell you, Sam,  
he keeps people away when I'm studying."

## Announcing

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NEW



## CAREER GIRL'S CORNER

For a long time it's been up to Heaven to protect the working girl (in college or at an office!) . . . from now on we're going to lend a hand with new togs in young miss styles and sizes . . . Investigate our selection.

**BURDICK & MURRAY  
COMPANY**

## Not That It Matters

I do not lie awake and weep  
For what is past and done,  
I'm not the sort to lose my sleep  
Because of anyone.

I do not want your kisses, dear,  
Why should I tell you lies?  
The fellows that I'm dating here  
Are all efficient guys.

I lead a peaceful life these days,  
My paths are seldom rough,  
I go in easy pleasant ways,  
And they are dull enough.

What are the shadows, then, that weave  
Across my careless heart,  
Since I'm so sure I do not grieve  
Because we had to part?

I slightly miss you. Though I know  
There's better men to find  
I'll never get another so  
Upsetting to my mind.

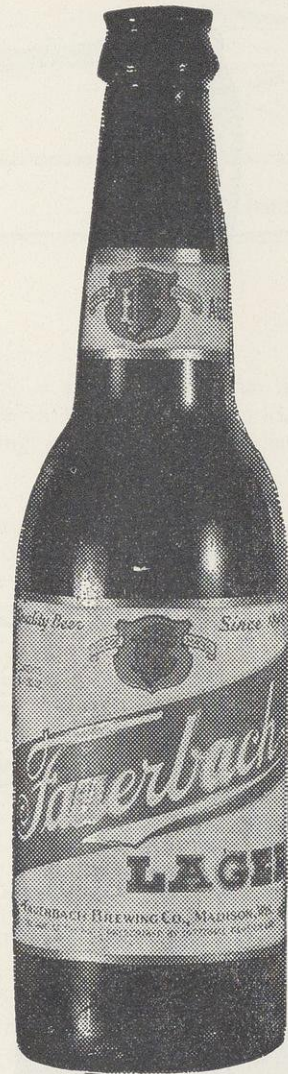
—H. A. L.

**ROOSEVELT IS PRAISED  
BY BOB FOR AID TO ART**

—CAPITAL TIMES

What does Joe think?

THE **BADGER** IDEA  
for  
*Evening  
Elegance*



**TOPS  
IN  
TOASTS**

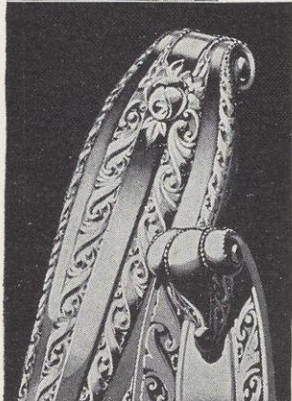
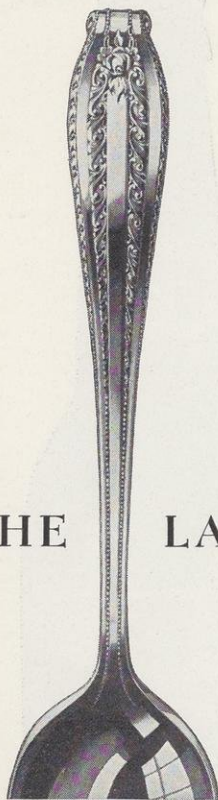


## THE LAST WORD IN "BEER JACKETS"

Poor Papa's London suits  
lose their labels... and  
Mama has fits when the  
mark of that Paris dress-  
maker disappears... But in  
spite of the Ogpu... the  
"Beer Jacket" must be served.



THE LAST WORD IN STERLING



## 3<sup>rd</sup> dimension Beauty

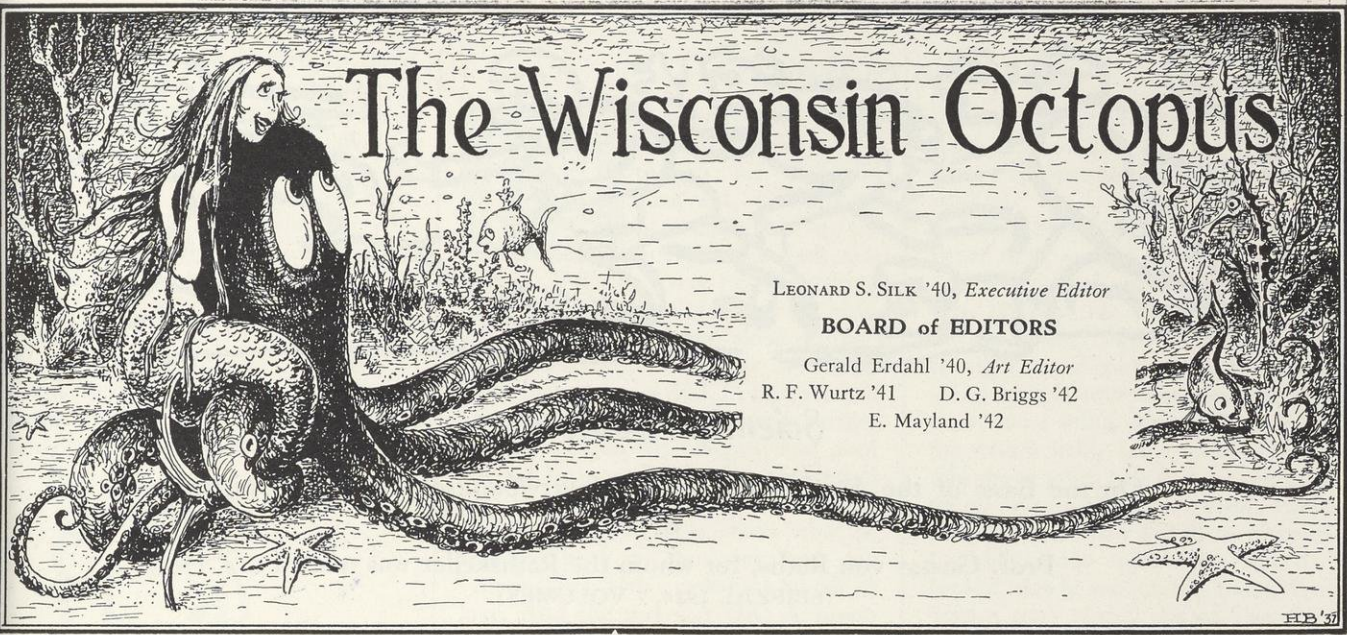
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# The Wisconsin Octopus

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Volume XXI

NOVEMBER, 1939

Number 3

## On Second Thought



SENATOR Carter Glass said of Adolf Hitler, "His word isn't worth a thrip." Thrip is English slang for threepence; the *Chicago Tribune* had better frisk Senator Glass for *more* foreign propaganda.

There is one thing we still cannot believe about the war. That is, that there is any such general as Sir Edmund Ironside.

The International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain has purged eight honorary German members. Is that cricket?

Czech demonstrations have been growing in Prague. Hitler may find he has swallowed a nest of termites.

England is making every effort to draw Italy over to its side in the war. "We must fight fascism," Chamberlain is whispering to Mussolini.

Education week throughout the United States was quite an event on this campus. We cooperated with a splendid program of six-week exams.

There's one thing about the new theater about which we've heard complaints. You'd be surprised how many

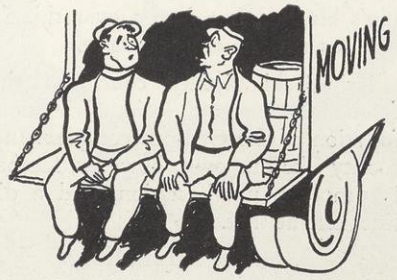
people get paddled by those seats that fly up automatically.

Well, well, well, if it isn't good old Homecoming again. Would you like us to be cynical or mushy about it, alumni?

Evidence presented before the Dies committee to brand many prominent Americans as Communists has seemed pretty flimsy to a lot of people. Some think the Dies is loaded.

The birth rate in all the democratic countries is falling off rapidly. Isn't there something *we* can do about this?

The German Ministry of the Interior has forbidden the publication of the Pope's Encyclical in Germany. If the Pope doesn't watch out, Herr Hitler will excommunicate him.



"I sit in the W section."

This is a good time to be taking a course in the Medieval world. We're making rapid progress in that direction.

Hitch-hiking to Chicago, we met an eleven-year-old boy whose favorite magazine was *The Octopus*. We prefer *American Boy*, ourselves.

We were wondering what would happen if Josef Stalin should write an article called "I Have Made Russia a Fascist State." Ten to one, the American comrades would call him a Trotskyite or a deluded idealist.

Though the *New Republic* warned not to, we rather liked *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. We even liked the learned Washington political correspondent who were *just* like two *Cardinal* reporters we met once in the Indian room.

Our loyalty to the football team is still solid. They could do a lot worse than finish second with all the tough breaks they've been having.

A new Haresfoot show stands tip-toe on the misty mountains, we have been informed. The publicity boys are starting early so we'll be whipped up to a complete frenzy by the April opening.





## Scientific Football

On the Basis of the *Machtpolitik und Schnitzelbanksetzungsfussballspielen*  
of

Prof. Gustav von Rath, for whom the Rathskeller was named  
(LEIPZIG, 1924, 7 VOLUMES)

COMPLETELY to understand football, one must examine it historically. Shakespeare takes a methodological approach:

*"Am I so round with you as you with me,  
That like a football you do spurn me thus?  
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither,  
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather."*<sup>1</sup>

The speaker here is a football, obviously. This football is neurotic; it complains because it is getting too "round." A round football is clearly of little use to men and, hence, would be an outcast.

Despite certain limitations, in Shakespeare we find a henristic starting point if we are to gain some knowledge of this dynamic interaction of relations, football.

"You spurn me hence," the ball declares to team A, "and he will spurn me hither," meaning team B. In other words, football (sometimes known as spurn-ball, or bean-ball, or bean-bag) is a social phenomenon touching on all phases of human experience, now spurning men hence, now spurning them hither (comprising associative

and/or dissociative processes with various gradations.) These will be more closely examined in chapter XVII.

Our present purpose is to explain the game to those uncritical observers who seem to believe, because they know all about scores, plays, etc., that they really *understand* football. No one yet understands football. Whether science will some day be able to explain the game is impossible to prove at this time.

In his studies of the Kanawana Islanders,<sup>2</sup> Krimposki found that football was played by the mothers of the family only. The strong young men were taken to games by Kanawana maidens who knew the secret of the sport as played by their mothers. The maidens would proceed to explain the game (played with a Boonaglam king-crab) to the youths, who never seemed to grasp its meaning. When a mother became too old to play football, she was made into a tackling mummy. That is how the word "mummy" (meaning mother) came into our language.

It might be mentioned that football was played in England in 1612 with a pig's bladder, but I pass over this for obvious reasons of good taste.

Krimposki rightly concludes that football in a sacred society is a manifestation of the Oedipus complex. In a society like our own, however, football is simply a manifestation, and a distinct one at that.

### A Priori Limitations

A football game starts with a kickoff.

Team A spurns the ball hence to team B. At once the center of interest changes from the green field to the stadium. Necks turn, hats are raised, and cheerleaders sway, twist, squirm, wave, and moan. This is an early tribal dance, much like that practiced by the Kahoolies of the East Indian Ocean, who used lobster shells for blankets and marry dolphins (if they are not closer than fourth-cousins.)

As our attention returns to the and-iron, it soon becomes apparent that conflict has developed between the two teams. The reasons for this are as follows:

1. Team A fears team B will steal its women, if it does not resist.

2. The ball is a symbol of cosmic truth and liberty, which both teams desire.

3. Team B made a slur on team A's parentage.

Thus, a game of football developed.

### Techniques

This game is played by "players." The players execute "plays." We will take up plays in chapter XLVI, but merely as a methodological approach, let us explain how a simple play is planned in advance.

It will be noticed that team A is using an "unbalanced" line. This custom developed because of the discovery that morons, imbeciles, idiots and other unbalanced types made the best players.

The ball is centered to the tail-back

<sup>1</sup> *Comedy of Errors*, Act II, Scene I, lines 82-85.

<sup>2</sup> *Love Life of the Kanawana Little-Necked Clam*, Jasper Krimposki, pp. 234-290.





(whose tail must be limited to three feet in length, though no limitations are put on his ability to swing from a tree by his hind-legs.) The tail-back hands the ball on a *reverse* (an old Egyptian platter) to the right half-back who hurls it. In a later chapter we will take up a derivative, the old Scottish game of hurling, sometimes known as curling.<sup>3</sup>

To determine who has won the football game, you take the pari-mutuel returns from the Pimlico track, mark off the last three digits, and carry your numbers-slip to the nearest candy store.



Football is sometimes known as hockey.

—L.S.

<sup>3</sup> Chadowicz points out that this should not be confused with the Dervish custom of *whirling*.

## Article by a Woman



HE wasn't such a bad looking fellow even though his ears did stick out, and any of us would have to admit that his neck *was* skinny. But there was just something about him that didn't impress the girls. All of us had taken him along on doubles at one time or another but he always turned into a dud. In fact, we had all given him up as a fitting partner for any girl on the campus; and even he had become disgusted with himself and had half decided to spend all his time studying. That is, that's what he thought he'd do, but one bad day (Black Tuesday we called it) he fell in love. And the girl was OK. A super-honey. Of course, she ignored him completely.

Naturally we got him tight and tried to make him forget about her and showed him how much more important studies were than any women. But just as soon as we thought we had him on the true path, he'd start thinking of her again, and would sober up completely.

After a few nights of this, we decided to leave him alone. And that seemed to do the trick. He just stayed over at his desk, completely absorbed

in a newspaper. We peeked in at him from time to time but his eyes didn't glance up once from the article he was reading.

About two-thirty that night I happened to be passing in front of his door and just out of curiosity I looked in. Boy, oh boy! He was in front of his mirror making faces at himself! I ran in right away and grabbed him and asked him if everything was all right or should I call a doctor. He looked at me with a sickly smile on his face and told me to go to hell and get out of his room. He weighed a good twenty pounds more than I did, so of course I didn't argue with him. But as I backed slowly out of the room, I noticed a story ripped out of *The Cardinal* lying on his dresser. It was headed, "What I Like In Men, Revealed by Possible Queen."

It was just one of those stupid *Cardinal* interviews, of course, but this one happened to be with the doll he had fallen for. There seemed to be about ten things she liked in men but I had only time to read the first one—"A habit of grinning crooked smiles." He snatched the page out of my hand and booted me out of the room. But at least I had a clue to what happened afterward. I guess I could have looked up







*"I heard you were looking for a good lineman."*

the original article, but I'd be darned if I'd spend the three cents for that rag. Anyhow, it was going to be more fun to watch and guess.

I USED to see him running about the campus wearing a huge sweatshirt with the shoulders padded all out of proportion, and I guessed that "she" preferred the athletic type. And then one night I noticed that all the boys in the house were howling about their missing 'phone books. I had a pretty good idea as to where they had gone but I didn't let on at all. You see, I felt that I had sort of a stake in the game seeing that I had come in on him that night, so I kept hunching and hoping that she'd soon crack. Just by accident, I went around to the ash bin in back of the house one night, and there, sure enough, were the ripped 'phone books. He'd evidently been practicing ripping them in two but I could see that he hadn't had much luck.

There was also the sad period when

he went around with a cigarette dangling from his lips at a precariously nonchalant angle. And that wouldn't have been so bad, except that in his struggle to do a good job of it, he replaced the cigarette by a cigar. And there was even one day when I thought I saw him with a cigar, a cigarette, and a pipe, all drooping out of his mouth.

But all this, bad as it was, was merely a preliminary to the final step, because the last thing the article must have stated was that he "must have the qualities necessary to make him a 'crazy bat' or a clown." And he must have taken the advice literally, because that's the only excuse that I could find for him that night we saw him up on the roof of our three story building, dressed in a clown suit, but with his arms outstretched and fitted to a pair of wings shapped like a bat's.

As we all ran out of the house, and stared up at him, he produced a bass drum from somewhere and started beating while he sang an aria from "Pagliacci". It sounded terrible. We de-

cided maybe we'd better get *her* to make him come down. We sent Phil after her, and after a while they came running.

She looked startled when we pointed him out to her, and she even began to cry a bit. Suddenly he caught sight of her, and with a wild yell he cut off the song and threw the drum down at her. Lucky it was a drum and not a tuba or something real heavy, because it landed right around her, with a loud flat boom boom when she broke through the heads. Just then he yelled that he was coming down, and damned if he didn't; right down on top of her and the drum.

AND that's just about all the story. They were married, of course, before the term was over, and I only saw them once after that, about a month later. She was still quite pale, but it seemed to me that his neck had grown thicker and that his ears didn't stick out any more.

—R. N.



# LIFE DISCLOSES THE HAPPY WEEKEND OF A WISCONSIN COED

**E**ACH YEAR some 103,000,000 citizens spend absolutely nothing to watch college football games. Among these is a typical 19-year-old Wisconsin coed, Clara Network, who lives at Chadbourne Hall and always rinses her stockings



Clara Network

on Saturday afternoon. Unlike one-third of Wisconsin's coeds who never have a date the whole year, (figures of Psychology Prof. Richard Wellington Husband), Clara sometimes goes out with an engineer named Hubert Schultz, whom she met at a Memorial Union dateless dance. Weekends are important events in Clara's and Hubert's lives. LIFE sent Photographer Ed Ledbetter to Madison, Wis., to cover this one; he took 17 shots with a no. 2 filter, exposure one-hundredth of a second, but got drunk in Chicago and lost the plates, so we had to have them re-drawn by a staff artist. He used black ink, white paper. These were photoengraved, dummied, inked and run on a press.



**HERE IS CLARA** in one of Chadbourne's less spacious back rooms. Hubert has been here for eleven minutes already, but Clara must wait at least fifteen so he won't think she is too anxious.



**HUBERT FIDGETS** while Clara checks out at the desk. He's wearing a brand-new suit (a size too large; his father says he's still growing) and suspects that he forgot to pull a couple of the tags off.



**THIS IS** the Polygon Dance, which engineers go to as part of their socializing process (including a subscription to the *Wisconsin Engineer*). Clara's girdle is too tight, and Great Hall is overheated. Everything points to a lovely evening for this young couple.



ED. MAYLAND

**AFTER THE DANCE**, they go to Lohmaier's. Hubert isn't having any fun because the popcorn ran out at 7:30; he hates beer without popcorn but is ashamed to drink anything else. Clara drinks lemon cokes, talks about movies.



**IT'S COLD** as all get out on the Lake Road, especially for Clara whose wrap is designed for indoor wear. There's no place to sit down or do anything. Clara's not going to let Hubert kiss her on only their third real date. Hubert doesn't care.



**THE MOON SHINES** through the tall willows outside Chadbourne Hall as Clara says goodbye to Hubert. He tries to kiss her, but she turns her cheek, making him feel quite silly. For Clara and Hubert another week-end cannot come too soon.

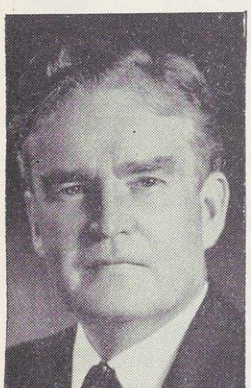


# Will Your marriage lead to happiness?

## Need Money Quick?

### Which of These Mistakes in English Do YOU Make

Got Your Inferiority Complex?



With Republican Party politics as they are, almost ANYBODY might get the Presidential nomination in 1940. At the moment some racket-buster seems to be leading the field; with all the Dick Tracy fans in the country, he may yet romp home first.

Not the blackest of the dark horses, however, is Congressman Bruce Barton, of the renowned advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn—a company which has done much to prove American advertising can sell anyone anything any time anywhere. Mr. Barton once boasted that, given enough money, he could make cancer a popular fad.

As the leader of his honorable profession, we feel Mr. Barton would make a splendid standard-bearer for the Republican Party (perhaps with the slogan, "The Man Who Put B.B.D. & O. into B.O.") and could scare more votes out of the public than any racket-buster or G-man alive.

Of course we know Mr. Barton's own firm, a pretty snazzy one, is not responsible for ALL the fear-complex advertising in America; nevertheless, Mr. Barton must realize he is a SYMBOL. And, knowing Americans, he would see the wisdom of designing campaign publicity as here indicated. Please call if we can be of further service, Mr. Barton. —L. S.

**PIMPLES!**  
**HOW BILL USED TO LOVE ME!**

Don't let unsightly hair spoil your LOVELY LEGS!

**SKINNY**  
**IN SOLID FLESH**

**NO SKINNY WOMAN HAS AN OUNCE OF SEX APPEAL**

**SKINNY SCRAWNY EDDIE MAKES THE TEAM!**



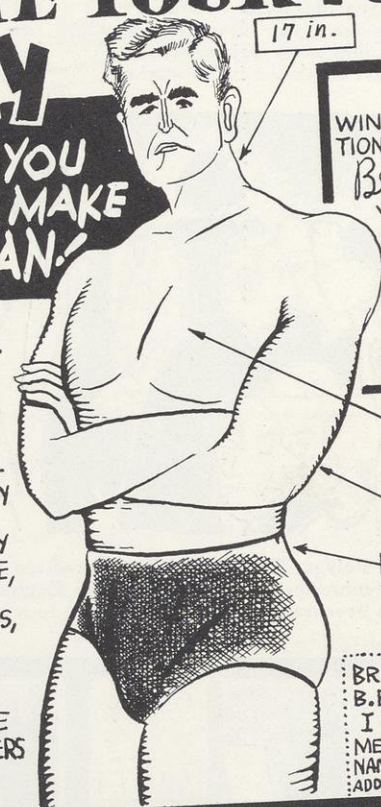
HOW A FRAIL, SICKLY, UNDERWEIGHT, LIMP, AND THE WAY TO HUSKY POUNDS, BIG SPEED, ENDLESS ENDURANCE, BECAME A BASKETBALL STAR!

## LEND ME YOUR VOTE for 1 DAY

AND I'LL GIVE YOU PROOF I CAN MAKE YOU A NEW MAN!

NO OTHER PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE IN THE WORLD HAS EVER DARED MAKE SUCH AN OFFER! ALL I WANT IS A CHANCE TO GIVE YOU PROOF—IN JUST ONE AFTERNOON YOU CAN WRITE REPUBLICAN AND MOLD A MIGHTY PHYSIQUE.

PEOPLE WILL NOTICE THE RUDDY GLOW OF HEALTH IN YOUR FACE, THE SPARKLE IN YOUR CLEAR EYES, YOUR BROAD SHOULDERS, AND THEY WILL SEEK YOUR COMPANY. YOU WILL BE THE FELLOW TO WALK OFF WITH THE PRETTIEST GIRL AND THE BEST JOB WHILE THE OTHERS WONDER HOW YOU DID IT.



17 in.



WIN THIS VIOLET ELECTION BUTTON! GIVEN BY

**Bruce Barton**  
YOUR GIRL WILL LOVE YOU IN YOUR NEW ELECTION BUTTON. IT WILL MAKE HER NOTICE HOW YOUR CHEST BULGES.

Chest, natural 47 in.

Biceps 17 inches

Waist 32 in.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK, HAPPINESS VIA THE

**BRUCE BARTON** DEP. B.B.D. & O., 383 MADISON AV. I PROMISE TO VOTE G.O. ME YOUR FREE BOOK.

NAME: ADDRESS:

## NO JOKE TO HAVE D.B.\*



\*DEMOCRATIC BALLOT

FRANKLY, WALT OLD MAN, YOU VOTE D.B. (DEMOCRATIC BALLOT.) WHAT GIRL COULD FORGIVE THAT? WHY NOT TRY THE REPUBLICANS?



## THREE MONTHS LATER

OLD WALT HAS LEARNED HIS LESSON. HE FOUND LOVE THE DEAR OLD G.O. WAY, THANKS TO A FRIEND'S ADVICE!



**VOTE REPUBLICAN AND FIND ROMANCE**







## Thou Hast Thy Music Too



T was a lovely autumn day, smelling of wood-smoke and charley-horse liniment, when Slug Czinspinski stumbled homeward from practice, tired but happy. The Big Coach himself—a short guy with lots of teeth and not much hair—had told him that if he could only for Pete's sake remember signals, he might be an All-American in two years.

Up over the Hill, scuffling through the leaves, plodded Slug when a little voice beside him said, "Hello."

Slug turned and stared at the tiny figure beside him. "Hello," he admitted inconclusively.

"You scuffle the leaves so pleasantly," said the little person. "May I walk with you?"

Slug's mouth hung open. "Who are you?" he asked slowly.

"Why, I'm a brownie," said the little man, capering in the maple leaves. "Well, for crying in the beer!"

"Aren't the trees on Picnic Point beautiful? And the swallows have been twittering across the skies all day..."

"Say listen, you," Slug sounded mad. "There ain't no brownies."

"Can you see me? Can you hear me?"

"Yeah," scowled Slug.

"Don't you believe your eyes?" The little man came close to Slug and kicked his shins.

"Ouch!" Slug had been kicked by a number of very competent shin-kickers that afternoon. "Listen, you! I don't know if this is a gag, or what. But there ain't no brownies."

His answer was a sharp pain in the other shin.

"Listen, you," sputtered Slug. "I don't care if you're a brownie or not. Take a powder, will you?" He waved a meaty fist.

The little man danced up and down in the leaves. "You are very rude," he said. "But your heart is good—"

Slug took two quick steps, and the brownie scampered across the lawn and peered from behind an oak.

"Now stay there, you little twit," growled Slug. He set off down the Hill. Once he glanced back over his shoulder. "And besides," he assured himself, "there ain't no brownies, anyway."



SLUG had been christened Casimir Koskiusko Czinspinski, though he would tear your ears off if you called him that. Casimir is one hell of a name for the toughest tackle on the freshman team.

The Oshkosh Alumni Club had given him a scholarship "for excellence as a scholar and for evidence of true moral worth." His excellence as a scholar referred not to his high school record of 27 C's, 5 D's, and four semesters in plane geometry, but rather to his record of 24.2 points scored per game in the Mid-State Prep league.

Slug's window in a sooty Murray Street student-warren looked out on the sooty alley behind the Chinese laundry.

One star shone icily above the elms and did little to illuminate the obscure pages of Poltz & Ransom's *Our Earth* (Geology I, 9 MWF, lab). Slug started at the pages desperately.

Something tapped on his window. Slug looked up. Nose to pane, on the fire-escape outside, was the brownie.

Slug opened the window.



"I was just passing by—" the brownie began.

Slug scowled, and his hands clutched into meaty fists. "Listen, yuh lousy punk," he said, "there ain't no brownies and if you know—"

"Tut tut," said the brownie, holding up a small hand. "Vile threats on such a night as this! Look—Arcturus is sparkling away, and a flock of mallards just winged across the moon. Really, Casimir old man, it is—"

"And don't call me Casimir!" shouted Slug.

"Tut tut," repeated the brownie, who leaped off the fire-escape to the safety of an elm branch just as Slug grabbed for him.

"Now go away," ordered Slug. "Go do your brownie-ing somewhere else. I don't want no truck with brownies... and besides, there ain't no brownies."

"I come with an open heart," said the brownie from the branch, "and find your hospitality—"

Slug slammed the window shut, cutting off an oath of fearful voltage if no particular originality.

THE next afternoon Slug found himself vainly charging into the row of shoulders across the scrimmage line... and even more vainly confronting the rows of numbers that spelled out plays and signals.

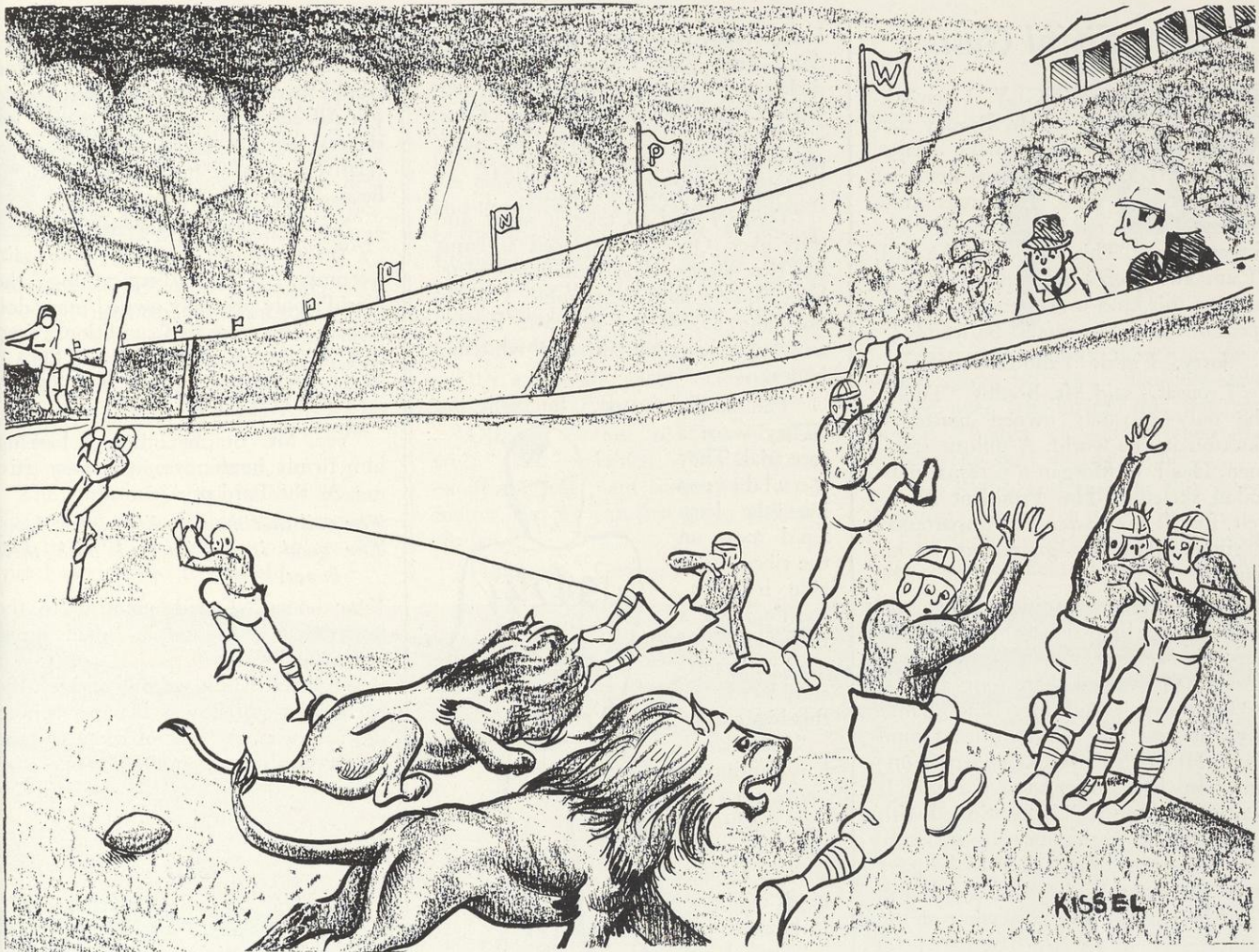
"Whassa matter, Czinspinski—too



WURTZ.

"Peterson has been working like a dog lately."





*"Serves 'em right  
for making that Latin grind Homecoming stunt chairman."*

much sofa-scrimmaging at the Pi Phi house last night?" jeered the junior line-coach.

"No, sir," said Slug, wondering vaguely where the Pi Phi house was.

"Whassa matter, then? Maybe you wanna drop football and take volleyball and fencing with a lot of English majors?"

"No, sir."

"Now look. The Alumni ain't giving you a scholarship for nothing. What's eating you, boy?"

Slug shuffled his feet. "Well," he admitted, "I didn't sleep good last night."

"Exams?" asked the coach. "Money? Women . . . ?"

"A brownie," said Slug. "He come up to my room—" The look on the face of the junior line-coach stopped him.

"A brownie!" exclaimed the coach.

"It *does* sound funny, don't it?" said Slug. "But honest—"

"See here, Czinspinski," said the coach. "Go take a cold shower—and don't play football without a helmet after this."

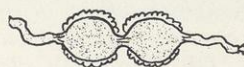
Slug dragged off toward the locker-room through the dusk.

"And Czinspinski," the coach called after him. "I wouldn't tell anyone about this brownie. They might think you was queer."

Slug walked home along the traffic-filled avenue, avoiding the leafy hill and its aged buildings. He saw no brownies.

"Because, anyway," he assured himself, "there ain't no brownies . . ."

**H**is pipe gurgled and wheezed comfortably. Keeping training didn't matter until you were a sophomore and it helped Slug to concentrate fiercely on Chapter IV, Sediments and Silt.



"The annual volume of soil washed into the Gulf by the Mississippi," proclaimed the textbook, "*is greater than—*"

A tapping came at the window. Slug closed his eyes in a look of agony. Tap tap tap tap. He opened his eyes slowly and turned around in his chair.

Through the pane he saw the brownie, whose lips moved silently outside as he danced up and down. Tap tap tap.

"Lord in Heaven!" groaned Slug; and he tottered slowly across the room to the window to open it.

**Y**es, the Big Coach—the short guy with lots of teeth and not much hair—might have been right. Slug might have been an All-American in two years. Three years, for sure.

But by Thanksgiving he was back in Oshkosh, driving a butcher's delivery truck, a living reproof to the judgment of the Oshkosh Alumni Club.

—V. V. O.



## Keen Fitful Gusts

**L**OKINGLY, I remarked to Mr. Bradby that it would make a large and delicious kettle of soup. He grew quite red and shook his finger at me. "This is no jest," he said. "I am aware of what a privilege it is to have this, and a greater show of respect on your part would be seemly."

"Sorry," I said. "I didn't know—"

"I repeat," said Mr. Bradby. "This is the only privately owned mastodon skeleton in the world. A unique specimen. Has J. P. Morgan a personal mastodon skeleton? Has President Roosevelt, for all his power and importance, a single *mastodon giganticus* to his name?"

"No," I said, "no indeed." It was cold in the barn where Mr. Bradby kept his skeleton, and it smelled as if horses had dwelled there long ago.

"Of course," said Mr. Bradby huffily, "it was not *always* thus. Grand Duke Heinrich of Mecklenburg at one time also had a mastodon skeleton. It was inferior to this," he continued with a gesture toward the towering structure of white bones; "and in 1916 he gave it to the Royal College of Hamburg. That left me in sole possession of the field."

"Couldn't you sell it?" I asked, looking at the great curving tusks and the enormous fore-leg bones. "You could get a pretty penny—"

"Sell it?" groaned Mr. Bradby. "Sell it? For heaven's sakes, man *not that!* I did it not for sordid gain, but for spiritual satisfaction. Look: three years

I dig it up; two years I study mastodons; three years I practice mounting skeletons of gophers, dogs, horses; two years I put the thing together. Glue, wire, string, screws—maybe you never put a mastodon skeleton together?"

"No," I confessed in shame.

"Twice I had to take it apart and start over. Once I misplaced a femur for two weeks. And vertebrae—vertebrae are *very* hard to assemble. I would not take \$5,000 for it." Mr. Bradby scowled at his great edifice of whitened bones.

"The swallows, too," he went on.

"They were a sore trial. They would swoop into the barn and roost on the ribs. Miserable birds, roosting on a mastodon!"

Mr. Bradby shuddered at this bitter pill.

"And, alas," he continued, "now that I have achieved this distinction among mankind, one worry haunts me."

"Yes" I encouraged him. "Life," he said, "is fleeting. Someone must inherit this unique relic. Who? My



wife hates it. My youngest daughter Audrey has five children, the mastodon would merely be an added burden. My son Alfred shows a singular dislike for skeletal remains of all sorts. My other relatives sneer at me." He tapped his head. "They think I am bats."

"No!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes. And so, my boy," he said solemnly, "I am bequeathing the world's only privately owned mastodon to *you*. There are two conditions: first, that you do not sell it; second, **THAT YOU DO NOT GIVE IT TO A GLUE-FACTORY.**"

"Yes, Mr. Bradby," I said, looking him firmly in the eye, "you may trust me. As the Bard of Avon said, *The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones.*

Your bones," I said, pointing to the late deceased mastodon, "shall prove immortal."

We shook hands warmly and left the barn. The sunset was blazing behind the hickories. A flock of coots winged slowly southward.

—G. E.N.

## Gals

*Your hips are put together,  
They're meant to act like that.  
It makes no difference whether,  
You're light or you are fat.*

*You try to dress in pants,  
Converse in slangy talk—  
But though you act like men,  
You wiggle when you walk.*

—A. C. Z.

## The Influence of the Bell Telephone Co. on Contemporary Poetry

*This atmosphere depresses me;  
There's nothing that expresses me.  
I feel a sudden great artistic dearth.  
'Twere best that I be turning me  
To show the genius burning me,  
And give the art of poetry rebirth.*

*Therefore I think I shall write me a sonnet.  
Though it's not as if Shakespeare or Shelley had done it,  
Still it has a dear rhythm that's wholly its own,  
And a meter that's standing entirely alone—  
(Excuse me a moment, he's on the first phone)—  
For it pauses at times for a well-deserved rest;  
And would I could, too, but I have to get dressed.  
Though the charm of creation is very well-known,  
It can never compete with the sweet, dulcet, tone  
Of "Charlotte! Caller!"*

—C.R.





## Mrs. Keller and the Polluted Sophomore



RS. George Keller (Northwestern '34) sat swinging her legs on a windowsill in the Beta Epsilon parlor. When her husband, George Fowler Keller (Penn State '32, B. A.; Harvard '33, M. A.; Northwestern '37, Ph. D.), Instructor in Mathematics, had told her last week that they had been invited to chaperon a fraternity party, she hadn't quite realized that it would turn out like this.

She felt antiquated.

Positively superannuated.

The trouble is, thought Mrs. Keller, I'm too old to enjoy this undergraduate fun, but still I'm young enough to feel that I oughtn't to feel so old.

The noise! They didn't *have* to turn that soda-grill phonograph up to the peak of its volume, so that the floors, the plaster, the laths under the plaster, and the ivied bricks themselves jittered to the rhythms of *South of the Border*. Probably those parties at the Kappa House back in Evanston were just as noisy—but Lordy! one grows old.

Ole Grandma Keller . . .

"It's a bowery party," George had said, "whatever that is."

"Oh, old clothes, or Gay Nineties stuff," she explained. "Old-fashioned exotic, or just plain screwy, it doesn't matter. But *we* can just go in ordinary clothes."

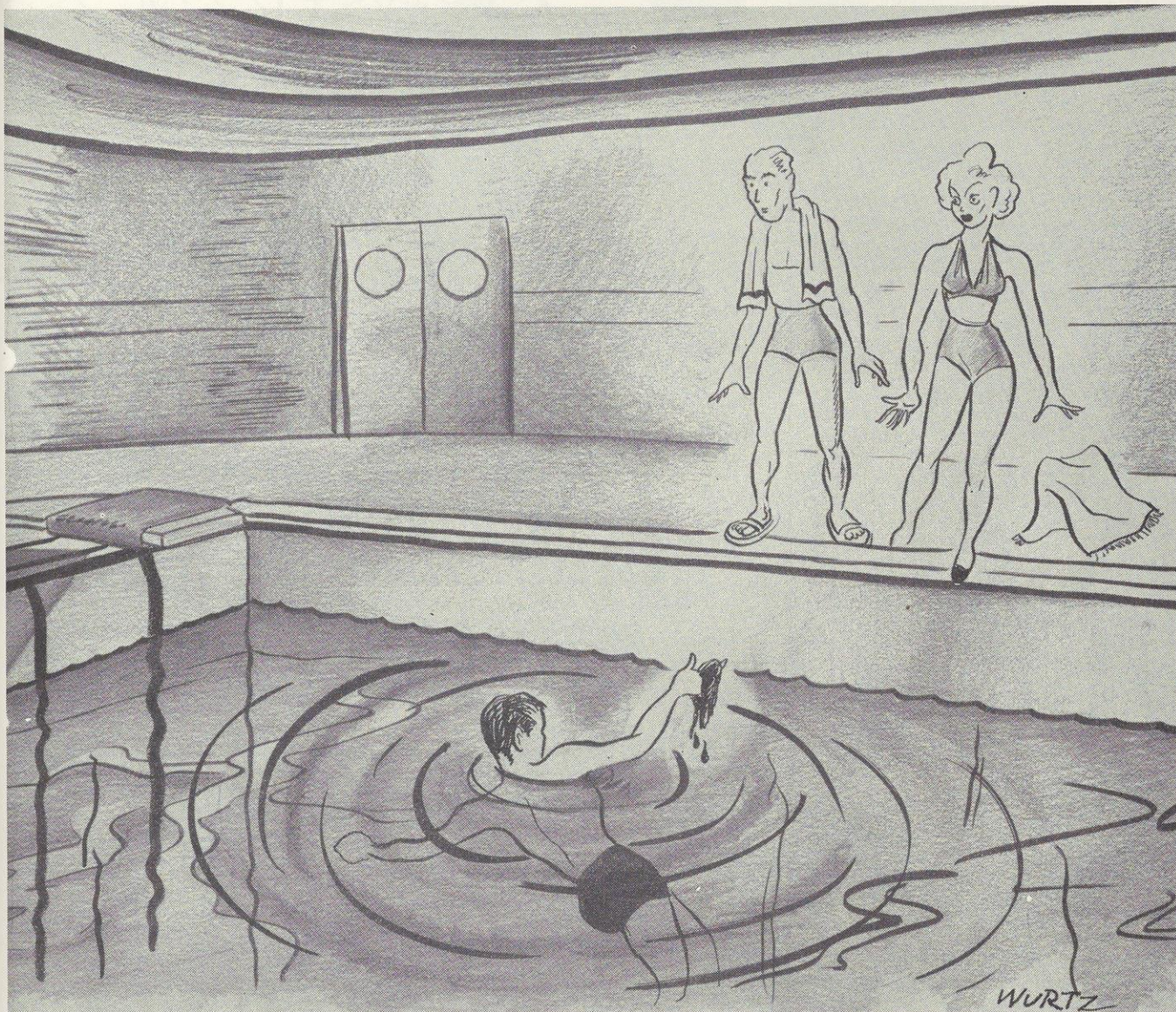
"Hmmm," George said.



Skirts were awfully short this year. That girl by the doorway—two inches over her knees. But not bad knees. Though of course when she dances the skirt swung higher . . .

Mrs. Keller had thought this jitter-bugging was out of date.

Silly little things, these girls. Freshmen, some of them, seventeen, possibly



"Look, bottom!"



sixteen. It was all so thrilling then, back in Evanston in 1931. But it can't last. You grow up; you graduate; you have a nodding acquaintance with Dante and Diminishing Returns; you marry a young mathematics instructor on \$225 a month . . .

Life to a freshman is fresh and adventurous. The obvious is novel. Buuut —oh, damn the noise anyhow! And where is that husband? Must be a line-up upstairs . . . as long as the line-up at the beer-barrel downstairs.

**W**HEN George comes back, we'll go, thought Mrs. Keller. This noise of the phonograph and the stamping of feet, plus that worm-eaten feeling of antiquation . . . sentiments of an Old Spode teacup on a mantelpiece.

"Hiyah, keed!" said a voice.

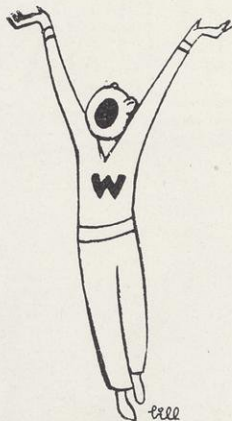
Mrs. Keller looked. Wearing a red shirt, a yellow necktie, khaki shorts, garters, tennis shoes, and a painted mustache beamed a hairy-legged youth, fragrant of beer. "Havin' fun? he leered.

"Why, yes," smiled Mrs. Keller. The lad also wore a hat. *Use Dutch Boy White Lead*, it advised the world.

He snapped his fingers and shuffled nimbly. "Come on and dance, honey," he said. "My girl went home. She said I was drinkin' too much, but you know these daaaaamned Thetas!" He took her hand. "Come on, babe. He stood you up?"

"I'm sorry," laughed Mrs. Keller. "I'm resting my feet."

"A nice little number like *you* a wall-flower!" said the youth, rubbing his



nose and smearing his mustache. "Well, au revoir!" And he half-walked, half trucked to the stairway toward the beer barrel.

And there was George at last.

"Shall we go?" he asked. "Headache still?"

"No," said Mrs. Keller. "Let's dance."

—V.V.O.



### Take You the Bass, John Milton

*Alas, what boots it with incessant toil  
To tend the hundred classes that we ought,  
And strictly keep the eye upon a book?  
Were it not better done, by care forsook,<sup>1</sup>  
To sport with some light pick-axe in a ditch,  
Untroubled by not knowing who wrote what,  
Or which king conquered which?  
What matter isn't to me that this point be  
One foot or more or less than that?  
Will knowing such contrive to make me rich?  
Or, going deeper still into my misery,  
Can it be possible to learn so much?  
Permit me, uninhibited and free,  
Content, to draw relief checks ev'ry week;  
Or, failing that, to 'scape professors' din  
In some more restful spot where bombs alone may  
speak.*

*Oh, sad and mortal men, your lives begin  
And end in pain; thus do I mask  
My anguish with a jest while round about  
Me floods o'erwhelming woe; my grades are out.*

—B. W.

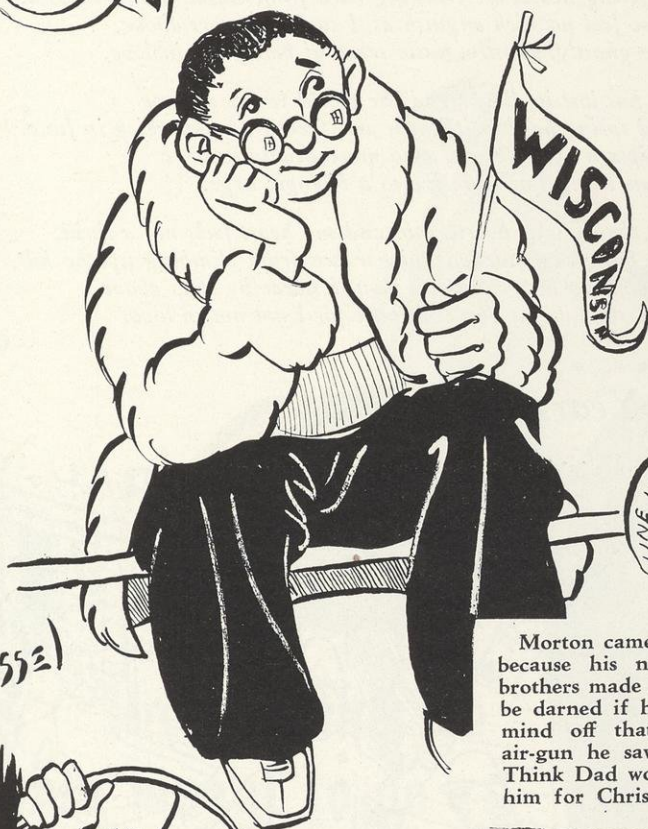
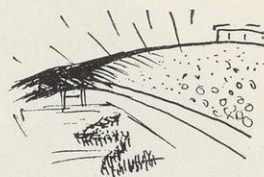
<sup>1</sup> Grammar approved by Cardinal Board of Control.



"Why all this mass hysteria?"

## Homecoming Hobbledehoy

Happy Voices of Children Fill the Air



Morton came to the game because his new fraternity brothers made him, but he'll be darned if he can get his mind off that swell Daisy air-gun he saw down town. Think Dad would get it for him for Christmas?



"Hey, Charlie, remember that night I took that red-head from Chicago out to Picnic Point?" Byron asks. Byron never even knew a red-head from Chicago, unless you count Mrs. O'Sullivan, who was his housemother for two years, and once lived in Gary, Indiana.





## Hmmm

A German professor had to refuse a Nobel prize because Nazi law now forbids any German to accept Nobel prizes. Does that mean that Hitler *won't* get the Peace award?

Increasing pressure is being put on the C.I.O. and A.F. of L. to bring about labor peace. The administration wants them to kiss and make up a campaign to beat the Republicans.

According to a Cleveland scientist, the average typist does more manual work in an eight-hour day than a ditch digger. Many of us, on the other hand, have long known that a ditch digger does more mental work in a day than the average typist.

## This Unlooked-for Sport Comes Well

*There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet—  
A plaintive wail resounding loud from Mecca back to Tophet—  
God is in his glory and the sun's in heaven above  
But I've become an atheist for I am not in love.*

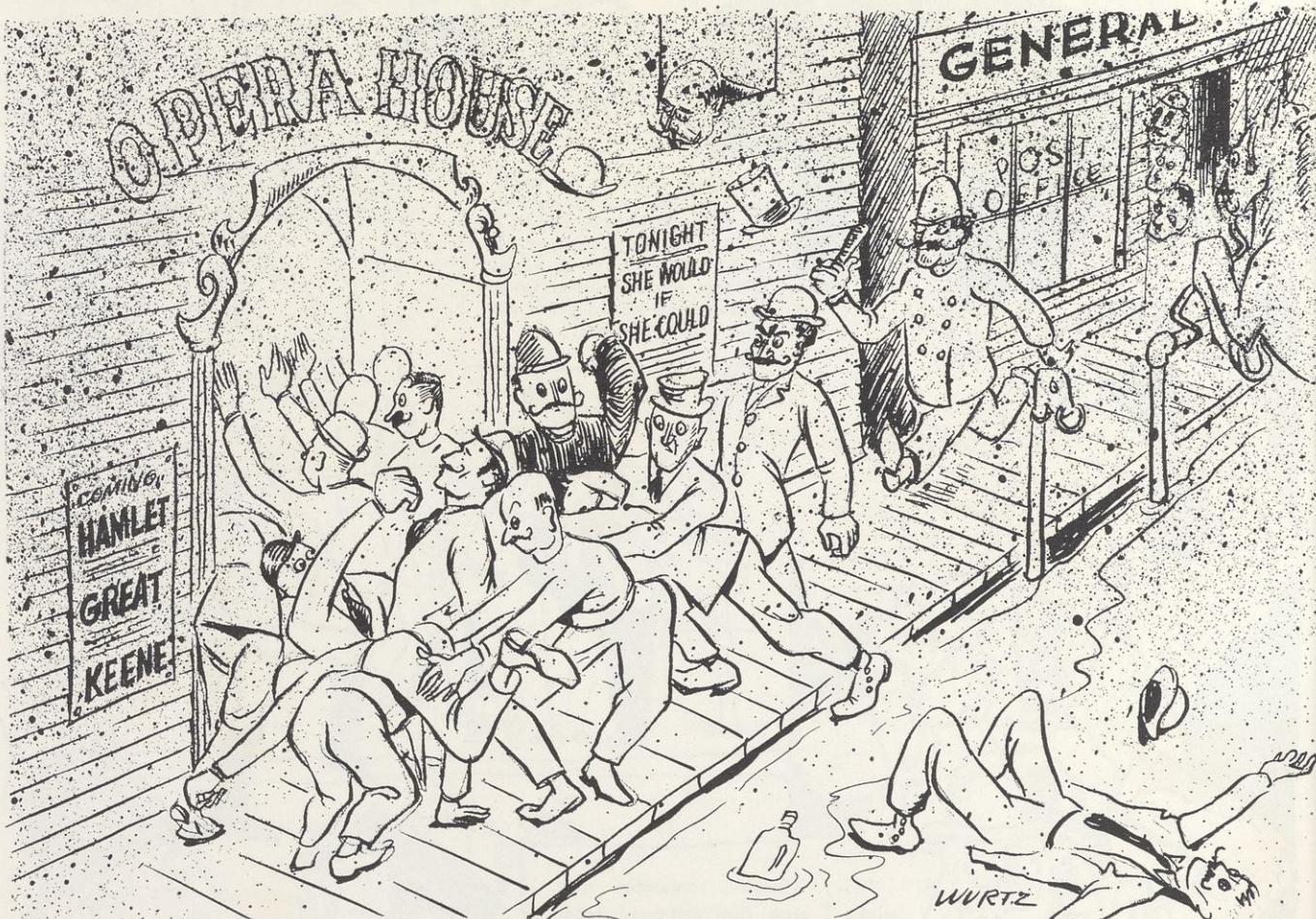
*Sorrow, death, and torture fill the world with grief and pain.  
Suffering hearts are cracking hard from China back to Spain.  
But those feel no such anguish as, I swear by stars above,  
The ghastly, ghostly, futile sense of being not in love.*

*For life has lost its flavor and the world is out of tune  
And spring has lost its savor and there's no more kick in June.  
The whiplash of a Nero is a no more deadly scourge  
Than being unresponsive to a biologic urge.*

*I survey the campus heartthrobs and my heart feels not a thrill.  
My pulse can quicken quicker just from climbing up the hill.  
And something better happen soon, I swear by stars above,  
Or I shall die of boredom pure for I am not in love.*

—C. R.

## One Hundred Years Old—No. 3



The first Homecoming riot occurred on November 21, 1839, in front of Sloane's Opera House on the square. Eighteen students and three members of the state legislature tried to rush—gratis—into a performance of "She Would If She Could." Since the university had no alumni, it is odd that there should have been a Homecoming; but this bothered no one, for the riot was a success and both policemen of the town were eviscerated.

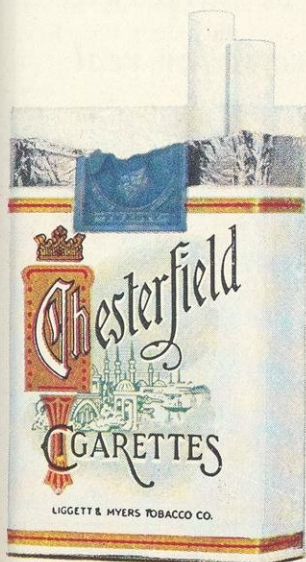




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## According to the Records

### The Popular



IN a month of peachy recordings, I have particular crushes on a little set of hot potatoes by Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, the Andrews sisters (*vive la Patty!*), Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Harry James. That doesn't sound like such a little set, I realize, but actually they're just a few drops in all the wax that flows under the dam in a month.

Goodman really does some of the most terrific, creative toodling he's done in ages. In *Love Never Went to College* he takes one brief lick that has all the mellowness, poetry and—hell, we feel silly getting this rhapsodic about it, but it seems as though all the artist that was and is Goodman is condensed in one little phrase about an inch from the end of his record. Benny gets snug-fitting rhythm backing, and Louise Tobin's solos are swell. *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*, a slower item, is just as perfect, if not as inspiring. The songs are from the new Rodgers and Hart show, "Too Many Girls." *Columbia*.

T. Dorsey may not beat the Goodman double above, but in three dandy records for *Victor* he supplies about the four happiest tunes of the month; they are *Shoot the Sherbert to Me Herbert*, *Alla En El Rancho Grande*, *Vol Vistu Gaily Star*, and *Stomp It Off*. Tommy's trombone has all its expected smoothness on these, but for the best solo work I'll take Johnny Mince, Babe Russin, and Yank Lawson. Hughie Prince does some corny but nice singing, and Edythe Wright knows what she's up to, as usual. Incidentally, in case you've been wondering about the meaning of that *Vol Vistu* thing (composed by Slim Gaillard, of Slim and Slam, the pair who wrote Flat Floot Floogie) it is simply jive talk Harlem gamblers use every time they play the numbers. The mysterious words, "laam baylo," ("lumbago?" Dorsey's number asks) in the song are the name of the voo doo god of chance.

In *Chico's Love Song*, the Andrews sisters come pretty close to their *Well, All Right*; the only reason *Chico* won't be as popular is that it hasn't the other's simplicity. Patty Andrews takes one of her warm, sensual solos, spiced with Yiddish and Italian phrases, that you'll want to play over and over. The reverse side, *The Jumpin' Jive*, isn't as good as you'd expect from the girls. Patty's solo is a little ordinary, but we still love her. *Decca*.

FOUR colored bands provided the bulk of our other favorites. Their swing is a lot more earth, more serious than those mentioned already. Even in *Bouncing Buoyancy* Duke Ellington is far from buoyant. Basie, Wilson, Hampton, and Ellington are all very different in many subtle ways; but in one respect they're much the same: there is no carelessness in their work. It seems very important to them.

Teddy Wilson's *Booly-Ja-Ja* is plain savage and is almost frightening; *Exactly Like You*, on the other side, is off-hand by comparison. Teddy's *Jumpin' on the Blacks and Whites* and *The Little Things That Mean So Much* are both fine stuff. *Columbia*.

Lionel Hampton does a nice moody job on his own composition, *Ain't Cha Comin' Home*, which features warm, lazy



solos by Chu Berry and Ziggy Elman, but, so far as I'm concerned, Hampton's at his best on lightning-finger things like *12th Street Rag* (he's at the piano) and *Hot Mallets* (he's moved over to the vibraharp). *Victor*.

"At's Count Baaa-sie!" the Harlem jits all yell when the brown Count comes on the air, and his work this month would really give them something to holler about. *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie* and *Pound Cake* (*Vocalion*) and *Hey Lawdy Mama* and *The Fives* (*Decca*) show his brilliant piano work in four moods.

Harry James is really coming along these days. In *Willow Weep for Me* and a rather sacreligious rendition of *My Buddy* Harry turns loose his high-powered trumpet; it rides. His band isn't bad, either. *Columbia*.

ADMIT a bias in favor of le jazz hot, but think it only fair to mention that there were some plenty smooth sweet things this month. Standouts were *The Girl Behind the Venetian Blind* (Russ Morgan, *Decca*), *I Didn't Know What Time It Was* and *Love Never Went to College* (Hal Kemp, *Victor*), *For Tonight* (Kay Kyser, *Columbia*), and *Last Night* (Glenn Miller, *Bluebird*.)

Students of jive (there seems to be a slew of them, from all the books on the subject that are appearing) will be interested in three doubles for *Bluebird* by Jelly-Roll Morton and his New Orleans Jazzmen. The recordings include *High Society*, *I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say, Oh, Didn't He Ramble*, *Winin' Boy Blues*, *Climax Rag*, and *West End Blues*.

*Decca* offers some good B pluses with Ella Fitzgerald's *Billy and Please Tell Me the Truth*, Bob Crosby's *Over the Rainbow* and *You and Your Love*, and Jan Savitt's *El Rancho Grande* and *720 in the Books*—a title I'm especially fond of.

Hep, hep, hep.

—CAT.

### The Classical

COLUMBIA has a new album of the *Beethoven Symphony No. 2 in D Major*. This symphony is in the best style of the earlier Beethoven. It's one of his works which we meet in his Mozartian period, yet there is little in it that could be really mistaken for that of Mozart. In fact, it completely reveals the future Beethoven, especially the scherzo and the

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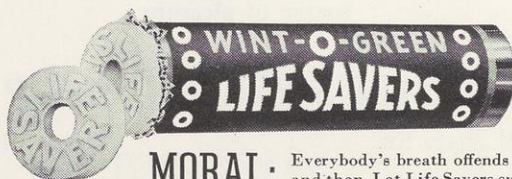
coda of the finale. The second symphony was completed in 1802, the year in which he wrote the sad letters to his brothers known as "Beethovens Will." It was a period of growing deafness, ill health, and despair, yet the work is one of life, energy, and joyfulness. It is this spirit which the London Symphony Orchestra, under the capable baton of Felix Weingartner, has been able to instill into the recording.

You'll appreciate the way Columbia treats its recordings on their analysis sheets. It handles them according to sides, even locating various orchestral effects as so many inches in from the beginning of a particular side.

QUITE outstanding among the Columbias reviewed is the Ravel *Gaspard de la Nuit*. Played by Walter Gieseking, a German born and trained pianist who made an American tour in 1926, they are transcribed with amazing taste and feeling despite their technical difficulty. Here's a chance to add something important besides symphonic work to your library.



At breath that's tainted with cheroots,  
Fair maidens oft turn up their snoots.  
Make sure your breath does not offend—  
Try Wint-O-Green Life Savers, friend.



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

AGAIN Felix Weingartner, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. This time it's Beethoven's *Consecration of the House overture in C*. This is one of the great master's more obscure works. Together with a chorus, it was written for the opening of the Josephstadt Theater in Vienna, in 1822. This places it with the last of his works—indeed, just before the Ninth Symphony.

In this overture, Beethoven saw fit to write an overture in the strict Handelian style. This style which he had been wanting to use is based upon fugal theme. The beginning is a bit too "overturish" but the latter portions are surely worthy of his name. The album is completed with a side of Egmont, *Death of Clarchen—A Columbia*.

JASCHA Heifetz, violinist, and Serge Koussevitzky, conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra collaborated to make a superb album for Victor. It is the Brahms's *Concerto in D Major* for Violin and Orchestra. The composer's only work in this form. A very special effort seems to have been put forth by the artists to make the recording approach perfection from every detail of interpretation, pitch, balance, engineering—in other words, it's got it!

MANY of you are always particularly pleased to find a release conducted by the greatly esteemed Arturo Toscanini. In an album with the intriguingly different title of *Encores* are two movements, the Adagio and the Scherzo, from the *Beethoven Quartet in F Major*. This is his last quartet and one of his most mature works. Transcribed for orchestra, there is an even greater chance to convey the depth of emotion of Beethoven in his last year. Here is surely ample proof of the secret of Toscanini's greatness, his ability to create in living sounds what the composer's genius had put in the manuscript. *Motto Perpetuo*, a welcome offering on any program is grandly done by the N.B.C. Symphony. Its persisting spirit, within the bounds of grace, makes it at once appealing. *Victor*.

—F. K.

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"But, Edgar, there aren't any Indians chasing us."

## Thanksgiving Comes But Twice a Year

THE wholesalers smirk  
With a colossal grin.  
Dead pilgrims squirm  
At the unthinkable sin,  
And roll their eyes  
From the depths of the tomb,  
Their puritan souls  
Sunk in gloom.  
The holy of holies  
Is broken at last.  
The 75th Congress has  
Severed the past.  
The turkey market  
Is split two ways,  
And we must give thanks—  
TWO Thanksgiving days.

From the Capitol's press  
Comes the latest word.  
Civil service shall eat  
Turkey on the 23rd.  
From the state of Wis.  
There rises dissention.

An irate governor  
Calls to attention  
That turkey be et  
On its day of tradition,  
Though he'd bless you all  
Of his own volition  
On simply any day of the year.

But let the turkey  
Have the last word,  
And President Roosevelt  
Will get the bird!

—A. C.

All of Henrichs' committeemen have been active in campus affairs. Guiterman, executive editor of The Daily Cardinal, is "an unusually happy choice," Henrichs said, for he was assistant general chairman in charge of promotion of last year's Golden Jubilee Homecoming celebration.

—THE DAILY CARDINAL

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# In The Editor's Brown Study

## Our Contributors



IT SEEMS to be midnight, because all our readers are grabbing at our mask-strings and demanding to know who the heck these people are who put out Octy. Our contributors are easily as glamorous as those presented by other magazines; we see no reason for not yielding to the insistent shouts for our public. (Don't shout, old public, we can hear you.)

JOYCE WILEY will be 15 years old on December 18. She's from Portland, Maine, and once won a sail-boat race from Portland to Boothbay Harbor. She's very timid, despite three years as a child actress with Gus Edwards.

ANNE CALDWELL comes from Wauwatosa, where she picked up a marked English accent. In 1923, she won second prize in a Milwaukee Baby Parade, and is still rather pretty . . . dark-haired and fair-skinned. She is a niece of Katherine Cornell.

DAVID BRIGGS, of Port Edwards, has worked in northern Wisconsin lumber camps. He can walk one hundred yards on his hands, play the nine-stringed lute, and has done fifty-eight consecutive push-ups. His brother Arthur was a Rhodes Scholar from 1931 to 1933.

HELEN LANDSBERG went to a progressive school in New York before coming to Wisconsin. It doesn't seem to have affected her one way or the other, except that she likes to sing bawdy songs, write unprintable prose, and listen to music that she doesn't like, because "it gives me feelings." She once had a complimentary letter from Dorothy Parker, but later found out her room-mate had written it.

ROGER WURTZ is one-fourth Cherokee Indian. He is from Jefferson, Wisconsin, where he is champion horse-shoe pitcher. He's in the art school now, and once gave a black-eye to an instructor. The instructor knocked out two of Roger's front teeth. Roger's drawings have appeared in *College Humor*, *Ballyhoo*, *Better Homes and Gardens* and the *American Economic Review*.

WILLIAM BAUMET is the only member of the wrestling team who writes poetry. He once hitch-hiked to Florida and spent three months on a chain gang *en route*. Also, he once sold candy bars in a burlesque show. He is black-haired, olive skinned, has a slightly pushed-in nose, and thinks he is hot stuff.

FRANCES KARNES studied for a couple of years at the Juilliard School of Music in New York, and is in the music school here. She likes to screech "Bell Bottom Trousers," lie on the floor on her tummy, and whistle through her teeth; and she doesn't like Wagner. She has nice brown hair.

GERALD ERDAHL, of Madison, is tall, blonde, and a fierce fighter. For three years before entering the University of Wisconsin he drew a comic strip, "Happy Hooligan." On a manslaughter charge, he spent six months at Waupun State

Penitentiary before his release by parole. He is a sociology major and at present is at work on a thesis exposing the Wisconsin parole system.

MARSHALL KISSEL, of Chicago, runs the 120 yard high-hurdles under 15 seconds and has worked for the Chicago *Daily News*. It is a wonder he wasn't canned, because he is very sloppy on occasion. He needs to be dealt with harshly.

WINIFRED SHEPARD drew pictures for the West High year-book, in Madison. She is very silly and she lisps a little. She has some freckles, but not enough to bother you. Her middle name is Roxana, and she has a puppy named Alfred.

BETTY BENNETT has to work at the Nurses' Dormitory. It takes a lot of her time, so we're not likely to be too tough on her when no copy appears. She's even more timid than Joyce Wiley. Once she played golf with Patty Berg but was trimmed.

VANCE OLIVIER, a native of Manchester, England, came to Wisconsin on an exchange scholarship. He has worked as a reporter on the London *Daily Mail*, and has published a novel, "Come Lammas-Eve," and a book of poetry, "Good Goose, Bite Not." Both flopped badly.

EARLE NORTH handles the billiard balls, cues and candy bars in the Rathskeller. He is a transfer student from Whitewater State Teachers College, but doesn't go around telling people about it.

CHARLOTTE RIFF lives on Magnolia Avenue in Chicago. She is majoring in Gaelic, can speak eight languages, including

Russian, Armenian, and arp-arp, and worked one summer as secretary to H. L. Mencken.

ED MAYLAND did the murals for the post-office in his home town, Racine; they were attacked in the State Legislature this year as subversive, though Ed doesn't know why. He is blonde, medium-sized, and powerfully built. He once boxed six rounds with Henry Armstrong in an exhibition fight in Kenosha.

LEONARD SILK is the pseudonym of an Indian revolutionist, whose native city is Bombay. He is a first-cousin of Ghandi and has published three books about his radical years, "India in Chains," "The Ghandi No Man Knows," and "The Grapes of Wrath." He is four feet six inches tall, black as mud, and once boxed four rounds with a Singer's midget. Beat hell out of the little punk, too.

\*\*\*\*\*

YOU, too, can be glamorous. Even if you're rather uninspiring now, Octopus will be glad to mold you and mix you with bright colors. Honest to Pete, aside from metaphors and everything, we want talent. Freshmen are welcome, of course, but we have been reminding ourselves to make a special point this time of reminding sophomores who've been considering coming around for over a year that it's high time they *did* something.

We know how sensitive most young writers and artists are. We will be very polite, quiet, reassuring, gentle. We used to be a young writer or artist *ourselves* once; we forget which.





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- 5:00 Judging of fraternity, sorority, and dormitory decorations.
- 6:45 Alumni dinner, Memorial Union
- \*7:00 PEP RALLY AND PAJAMA PARADE, Lower Campus
- \*7:45 BONFIRE AND MILITARY REVIEW, Lower Campus
- 8:15 Concert by University Band, Memorial Union
- 9:00 Dateless dance, Memorial Union

**SATURDAY, NOV. 18**

- 9:30 Conducted tour of new Union theater, Memorial Union
- 10:15 Freshman football game, Camp Randall
- \*2:00 FOOTBALL — WISCONSIN vs. PURDUE, Camp Randall
- 7:00 Banquet for Homecoming committee chairmen, Memorial Union
- \*9:00 HOMECOMING BALL, Memorial UNION

**SUNDAY, NOV. 19**

- 9:50 Carillon concert
- 10:45 Special services in Madison churches
- \*1:00 DINNERS AT FRATERNITY AND SORORITY HOUSES AND DORMITORIES FOR ALUMNI AND PARENTS

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SAYS JOHN S. DICKERSON, JR.



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