

The Wisconsin Octopus: Freshman handbook. Vol. 22, No. 1 September, 1940

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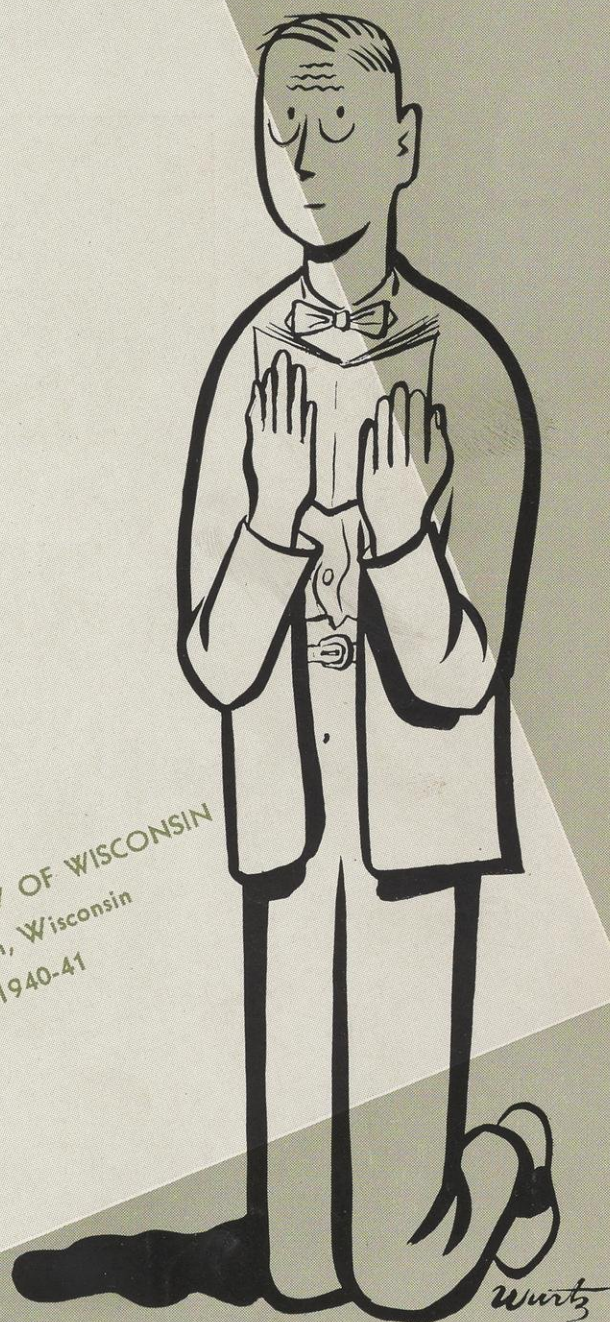
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The Wisconsin OCTOPUS

THE FRESHMAN HANDBOOK
For Use by Freshmen Throughout the Year



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
Madison, Wisconsin
1940-41

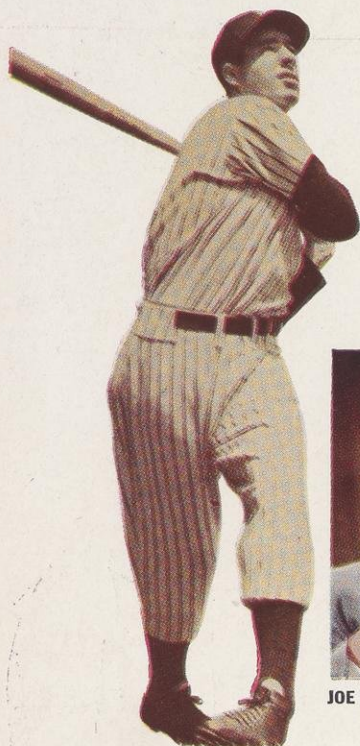


Octy's

FRESHMAN
HANDBOOK
SEPTEMBER, 1940

THEY'VE GOT THOSE EXTRAS THAT WIN BALL GAMES

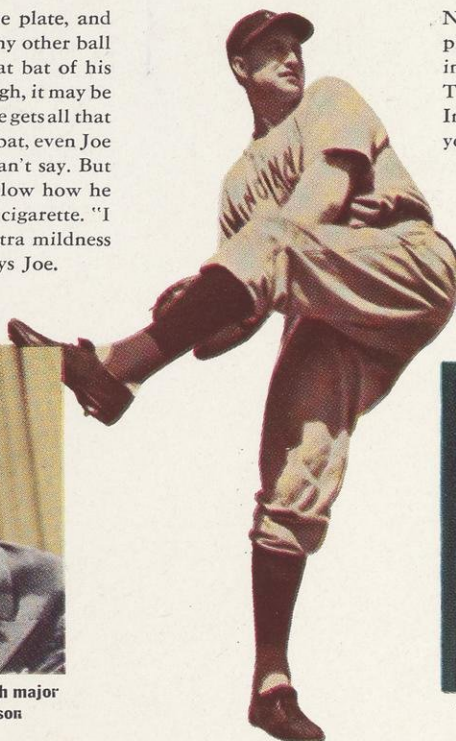
Yes, it's the extras that carried Joe DiMaggio, "Bucky" Walters, and George Case to the top. The extras of slower burning won them to Camel cigarettes



HE STEPS UP to the plate, and he looks like 'most any other ball player. But when that bat of his comes crashing through, it may be the ball game! How he gets all that extra power into his bat, even Joe Di Maggio himself can't say. But you can easily see below how he gets the *extras* in his cigarette. "I smoke Camels for extra mildness and extra flavor," says Joe.



JOE DI MAGGIO—He topped both major leagues in batting last season



NO, "Bucky" Walters has no magic pitch. The magic's in his extra pitching sense—the extra degree of control. Those are the *extras* in his pitching. In his cigarette, "Bucky" will tell you: "Extra mildness and extra coolness win with me. So I smoke slower-burning Camels." Yes, Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning mean extra pleasure—and extra smoking per pack (see below, left).



"BUCKY" WALTERS—He won more games in 1939 than any other pitcher in the majors

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

EXTRA MILDNESS

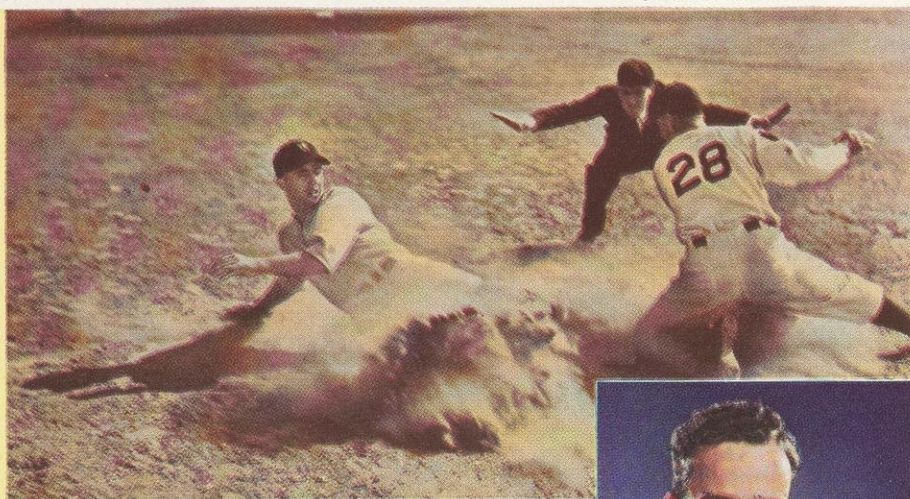
EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5

**EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



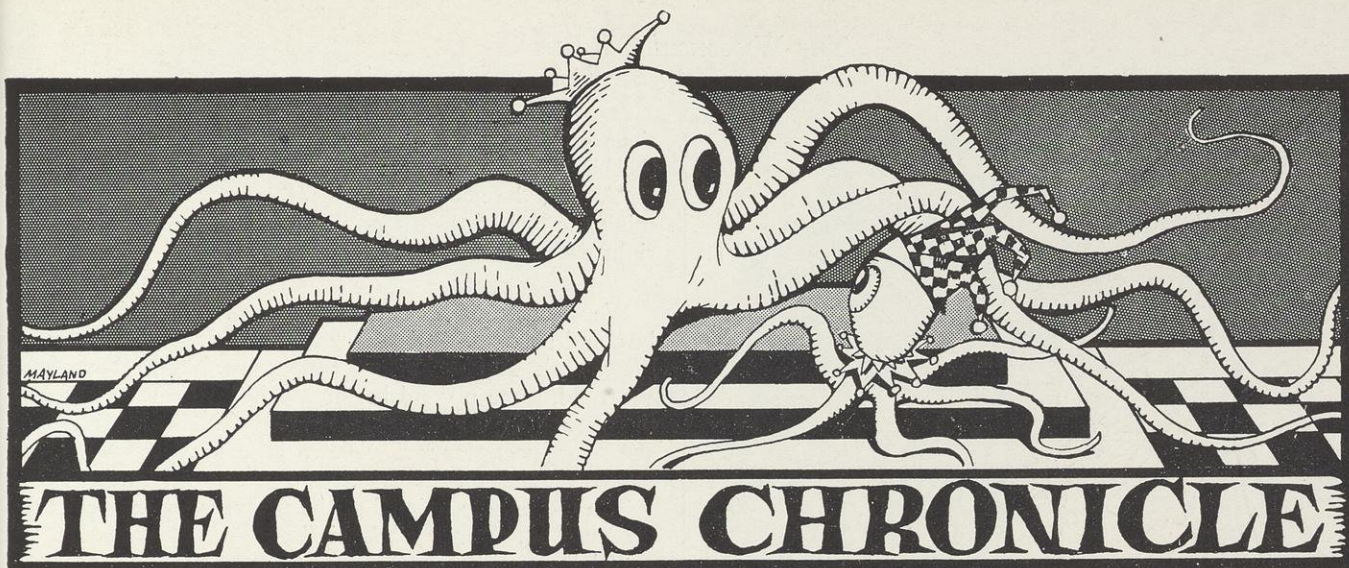
THE CASE of the stolen base—George Case. *Extra smartness* in getting the jump on the pitcher . . . *extra speed* in getting there ahead of the ball—those big extras have won George Case acclaim as the "fastest base-runner in the game today." Extras *do* make a difference—even in cigarettes.

With George Case—with millions of others—the *extras* of costlier tobaccos in slower-burning Camels are the difference between just smoking and smoking pleasure at its best. Turn to Camels. Enjoy an extra measure of mildness, coolness, and flavor—and extra smoking (see left).



GEORGE CASE—He stole more bases last year than any other man in the majors

GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



FRESHMEN—Welcome! This is a very auspicious occasion. At a time when a Third Reich sways Europe, a Third-Termite sways America, and Rumania has nothing left but one third, you, dear Freshmen, accompanied by an outlandish crop of Willkie buttons, are entering Wisconsin. You will be greeted many times this first month—often

several times by the same persons or organizations—but none will be as warm a greeting as ours. With all eight tentacles wriggling and vibrating in excited anticipation, we gallumph up to you, doff our pork pie hat, and say "Welcome!"

We might, along with our tentacles, extend some kindly advice:

1. If your first name is Henry, don't try to take a room in the new Elizabeth Waters Hall.
2. If you're caught in Madison without a room for several weeks, roll up in a blanket (newspapers will do in a pinch) on one of the marble benches in the library. The janitors are friendly and the location is ideal.
3. Don't take too seriously any of the bald-headed, bespectacled, square-faced old men in shoddy clothes you meet on the campus.
4. Don't feel discouraged if you can't at once discover the system used by the Madison busses. In the last semester of your Senior year, you'll begin to suspect that there isn't any.
5. Beware of the Madison police. They're a low form of the Julius Heil type of Republican.
6. If any lean, wild-eyed student corners you in the Rathskeller and tries to extol the finer points of Marxism to you, make your stock reply a withering, down-the-nose glance accompanied by the words "Wouldn't Herbert Hoover be *mar-velous* in the White House again!"

7. Boil off the water in the Rathskeller beer before drinking it.

8. Remember that those Orientation people who show you around during Freshman Week are just as lost here as you are. More so, if anything, for they've been here before.

9. Don't take the Freshman Handbook too seriously, either. It's a lot of frowzy and formidable preachments trying to throw you off at the start. Instead—page through this issue of the Octopus and be correctly introduced to the *real* university.

Skeptic

Wanting to know what the real down-east opinion of the world situation is, we dug up an old-timer in New England this summer and asked him.

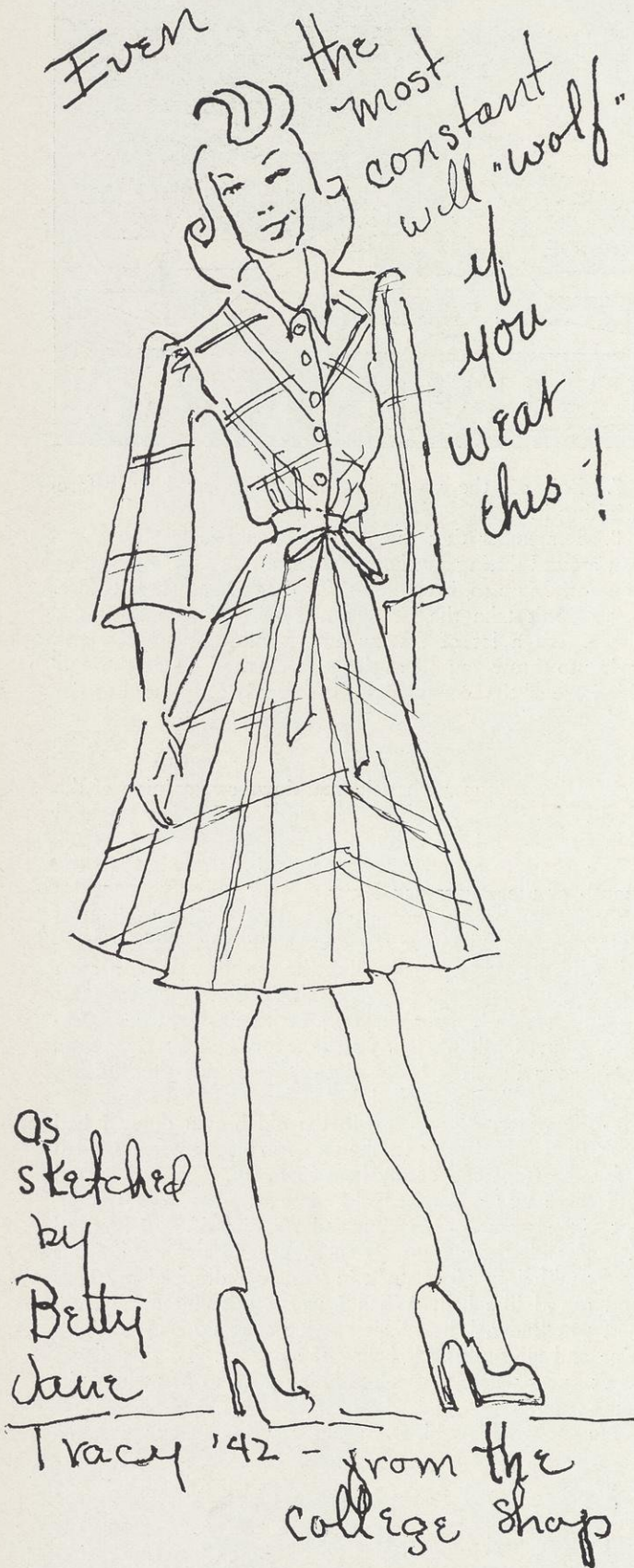
We met him as our row-boat passed his row-boat in the mouth of the Pawcatuck River.

"Well naow, ye never can tell wats a-goin' to happen next," he said when we mentioned the war. "The sits-ye-ation overe there is regular like the weather. It be a calm day and up fetches a hurricane that'll blow the roof off'n your haouse. Why, for all ye know, there might be a German submarine lyin' right off the maouth of the river here.

"Never will ferget haow skeered I was one time during the last war." He stroked his stained whiskers and spat into the water. "I was out in the old brown dorey I had back then fishin' off'n the bottom for blacks when sudden I felt the front end of my boat hitch up. I looked 'round and there was a damned old piece of rusty pipe stickin' out o'the water." He chuckled to himself. "I knowed darned well there want no rocks nor nothin' out in this water with iron pipes stuck in 'em, so I dropped my lines and rowed like hell. When I was a mite bit away from her, you know, I heard an en-gine start up and the iron pipe and all sunk back below the surface. To this day, I don't know where that sub-machine went to nor where she come from."

He stroked his whiskers again, reveling in our exclama-





Baron's

tions over his story. Then he looked a far-away look at the blue waters beyond the river mouth.

"Aye-ut," he nodded his head, "you never kin tell. Thar might be one of them German underwater boats off there right naow."

A Small World

We were standing against a telegraph pole, waiting for a bus, and glancing through the Book Review section of The New York Times, when a little colored kid, about four years old, came up and began watching us. We turned to the page where the new autobiography of Langston Hughes, the Negro poet, was reviewed. There was a large photograph of Mr. Hughes on the page.

The pickaninny pointed at the photograph, and solemnly informed us, "That's Joe Louis."

"Oh," we said.

Then the little fellow stuck out his chest, smiled happily, and revealed, "I'm Joe Louis, too."

Results

The other day one of our more aggressive ad-getters told us this story which he heard from the manager of the local Pittsburgh Plate Glass store.

It seems that a couple of years ago Octy ran a full-page cartoon of a devastating scene showing a cigar store in a South American country just after it had been wrecked by rebels' bombs. It was a horrible scene showing orphaned children and dead strewn through the street. A clean-cut young salesman says to the owner of the demolished store, "Senor Garcia, I represent the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company."

When our local manager friend saw the cartoon he en-

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Number 1

joyed it so much that he sent it to the main offices of his company. A short time later he received an acknowledgement from the president of the company. That, however, is not all of our story because ever since that time representatives from the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company have come to the University to interview job-seekers. Octy bows modestly.

"Though he had eyes, he saw not"

We were surprised, one day in Geography Quiz, to find on the board in front of the room the answers to the quiz we were about to write. The pudgy blond that sits in the next seat told us that one of the graduate students in the class had written them there just before class and, with great bold letters, had scrawled "Save" over them.

We licked our lips, smiled warmly inside, and waited.

A bald little proctor bustled in when the bell rang, glanced hurriedly at the board and distributed the mimeographed sheets. Evidently in a hurry, having seen the word "Save" written there, he had neglected to read any further, for having dispensed his burden he immediately vanished from the room. We wrote with assurance. We smiled warmly inside.

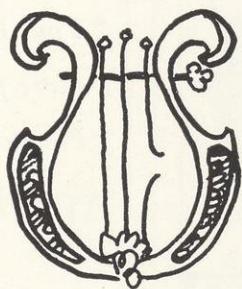
Rainy Day

One rainy afternoon this summer we were enjoying a beer with some friends at the local country club. We were barely conscious of a smudgy urchin in the far corner of the room who busily poked the glowing coals in the fireplace. As the afternoon waned the room grew darker, the rain fell steadily and conversation grew mellow with each glass.

Our felicity was well nigh perfect when suddenly the chap



Not to harp on the subject . . .



But . . .

*You'd better hustle
for your season tickets
before they're sold out!*

21st Annual

Badger 1717

Wisconsin Union Concert Series

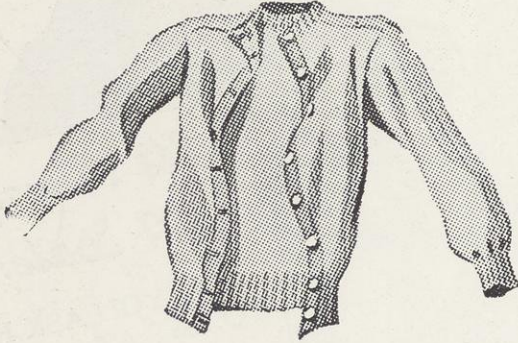
PAUL ROBESON . . .	Oct. 21
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ANATOL KAMINSKY . .	Feb. 20
LOTTE LEHMANN . .	April 15
DOROTHY MAYNOE . .	May 11

Season Tickets

\$4.	students only
\$5.	
\$6.	



Simpson's



5.00

be first to wear it!

SEAL BUTTON SWEATER

the seal of the University of Wisconsin reproduced for buttons on this classic Shetland cardigan. Rose, blue, brown, yellow, white.

at the fire turned and monotoned, "If you buy up all the liver in town, there won't be anymore."

The words came to us flatly, like globs of mud falling on the stone floor. We waited for him to continue and shivered as he turned quietly to his fire again. The rain kept on raining. We went home.

Why Is a Hole?

Our curiosity was aroused yesterday by the sound of busy men and machines behind a wall on the square. As we walked on our curiosity wound itself into a painful knot. Near the Capitol we surprised people by whirling and shuttling back toward the square. We found a gap in the wall and crept through. We were in the midst of swirling clouds of noisy dust and shouting men. This was the Inferno and we seekers after the Truth. A seedy looking plank led across a Hole to a man who seemed to be the Boss. We staggered across the Hole and stood before the Boss and waved our eight arms at the confusion and shouted questions.

This is what we learned; this is the Truth:

- 1) The Hole is a foundation for a two story building.
- 2) The two story building will be an office building.
- 3) The office building will house the Anchor Saving & Loan Co.
- 3) The two storied building will some day be ten.
- 5) A man named Joseph Boyd once owned a building where the Hole is. Now run along and don't bother the Burly Men. We hope you realize what we sacrificed to spare you the agony that was ours.

THE

"On

Wisconsin"

BADGER

Badger Board of Control

Arthur C. Nielsen, Jr. . . Danton Lake
Marlynn Beardslee . . Burleigh Jacobs . . Jane Trowbridge

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**SIGN UP
for
YOUR
COPY
ON ARRIVAL**



Our
ROOF

Doesn't

LEAK

You'll be

Gemutig Heit

at

LOHMAIER'S

710 STATE

"A Wisconsin Tradition"

Contemplated Curriculum

TELEOLOGY, Anthropology,
What's it all to me?
Hydrostatics and Quadratics,
Are too far at sea.

Can't you give me
In a major
Something that
Will someday wager
More than
Theses on the Species
Every night?

What I want is
Something frothy
With a kick,
Not texts and mothy
Senior Stacks.

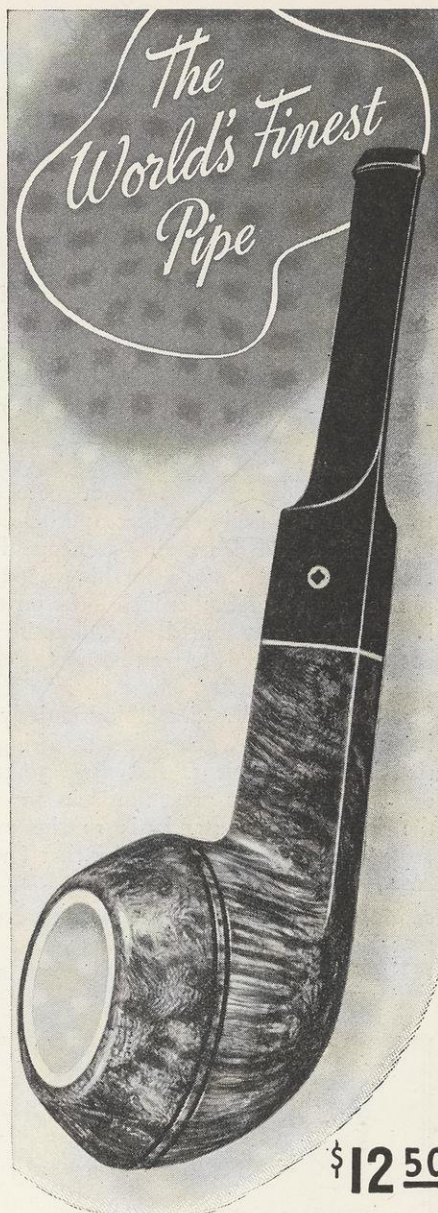
I want dames
Who'll drink at places,
With clothes, Chanel,
And Arden faces.
If there only were a
A sequence
Where I could
With meager pretense
Take the subjects that I like,
It would be a
Naughty, slaughty
One in Balzac's Feminine Psych.

—C.F.W.

Sorority
CAN BE WORN
TWO SMART WAYS

Nancee

7 SOUTH PINCKNEY
On the Square



**KAYWOODIE'S
FLAME GRAIN BRIAR**

inlaid with Meerschaum

Well, there's quite a buzz about this one in the clubs and tap-rooms—fellows who like their Kaywoodies plain want to know what the Meerschaum does to this pipe—we certainly wouldn't go to the trouble of putting the Meerschaum in there, having to go all the way to Anatolia (Turkey) to get it, unless it enhanced the smoking qualities of the pipe. Its porous, cooling presence protects the flavor, keeps the pipe mellow. The smooth mild smoke of this top-flight Kaywoodie will boost anybody's I.Q. And for looks—well, the smart crowd's all gone for it. Shown above, No. 98B.

*Yours for the asking: Pipe-Smoker's Almanac
21 interesting facts about pipes*

KAYWOODIE COMPANY

Makers of Fine Pipes since 1851

New York and London

In New York, Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue

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According to the Records

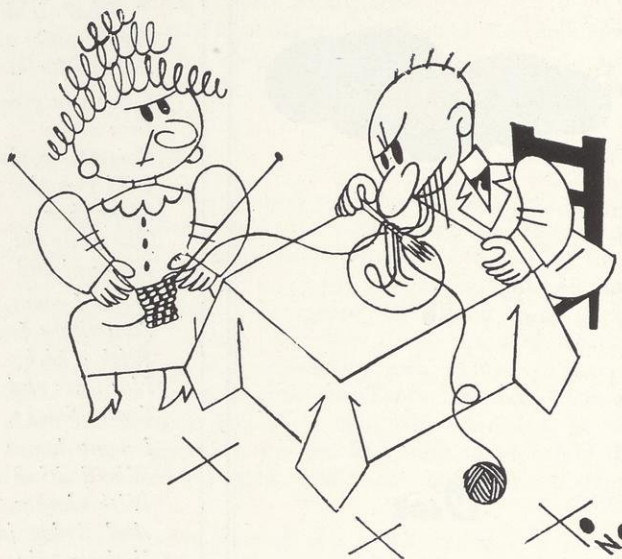
The Classical



THE MOST refreshing release of the month as far as we're concerned is the new combination of Dvorak, kiddies, and Stokowski in their composite rendition of the currently quite banal *New World Symphony*. Laurels to this new bunch, the All-American Youth Orchestra for their dashing delivery, a feat which a much more experienced orches-

tra has had difficulty in accomplishing, even under hands as beautiful and demanding as Leopold's. It seems unnecessary to laud Stokowski for his conducting, so many plumes already deck his lush locks on that score, but here is something new and daring, done by a man who stands at the top and needs to seek no novelty to remain there. To put the whole thing as he does in a letter to Secretary of State Cordell Hull: "Something entirely new is happening in this country. A generation is arising that is amazingly rich in musical talent. But these young players have no opportunity to play great music in an orchestra which has the same musical standards as the major orchestras of America. It is this opportunity that I wish to create . . ."

To find this attitude felt so strongly by one of the best conductors of the world is fine, but even finer is the fact that he actually nourished this idea to maturity. It points to the solution of the musical stalemate in which youth finds



itself today; it helps to cinch the decadence of Europe symphonically as well as creatively. From these young artists will undoubtedly come the Heifetz, Iturbi, or Feuermann of tomorrow.

These young musicians, 15,000 of them, were given preliminary tests by the NYA, winnowed down by local musicians, and finally selected by Stokowski himself. We ask

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823 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

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you to praise them yourself by hearing the clean work they do on this new Columbia Masterwork. 6 records, 11 sides, \$6.25.

MILSTEIN does a masterful piece of work in the new Columbia pressing of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D Major, one which is monumental enough to sufficiently celebrate this month, the 100th anniversary of Tchaikovsky's birth. We are surprised to find that this concerto is one of extreme difficulty for the violinist, so easily does it flow for the listener. It moves along passionately, sometimes sadly, and leaves one reconciled to the usually morbid Tchaikovsky. Though occasionally trite in expression, the composer in his vigorous soarings so adequately compensates that the listener is left, for once, contented and happy,—Almost.

Chicago Symphony directed by Frederick Stock, 8 sides, \$4.50.

IF YOU want dinner, very well. If you want music, also very well, but we think Mr. Wladimir Selinsky neither dietician nor musician in his choice of *Dinner Music*. Good violin, though. It made us cry. Columbia. 8-10 inch sides of tangoes and gypsies.

THIS is a happy note greeting the new Victor stamping of *Franck Organ Music*, played colorfully by Dr. Charles M. Courboin. Not only is it great to hear Franck in his own idiom, that of the organ and not of the much played *1st Symphony*, but it is encouraging to hear what a fine musician can do on an organ of today. Despite your possible antipathy towards the super organ of the neighborhood theater or the circus calliope we urge you to taste again the

(continued on page 26)

Welcome . . .

'44's

SAVE

on

BOOKS



. . . where **thousands** of new and used books are available at low prices . . . plus 5% rebate checks . . . the friendly store where the students get a break.



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531 State RENT-A-CAR F.334

Brown's

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And the store where you'll experience a new thrill in college shopping! Stocks are larger and more complete and service is friendly and efficient!

WISCONSIN'S LARGEST STOCK OF *Clean Used Textbooks*

The largest and most complete stock of clean reconditioned used texts ever offered Wisconsin students! They're *budget-rated for economy that will fit your own budget!

Largest Stock of New Books, Too!



★ *Budget-Rated Student Supplies*

Wisconsin's largest, most complete stock of more than 2,000 higher quality items. A complete selection to choose from so that you can *budget-rate your purchases.

5% Rebates . . .

The Cash Register Receipts you receive with each purchase at Brown's are your 5% Re-bate Checks and are good anytime! No delay or uncertainty!

Friendly Service

Plenty of friendly, courteous clerks at Brown's to give you pleasant efficient service.

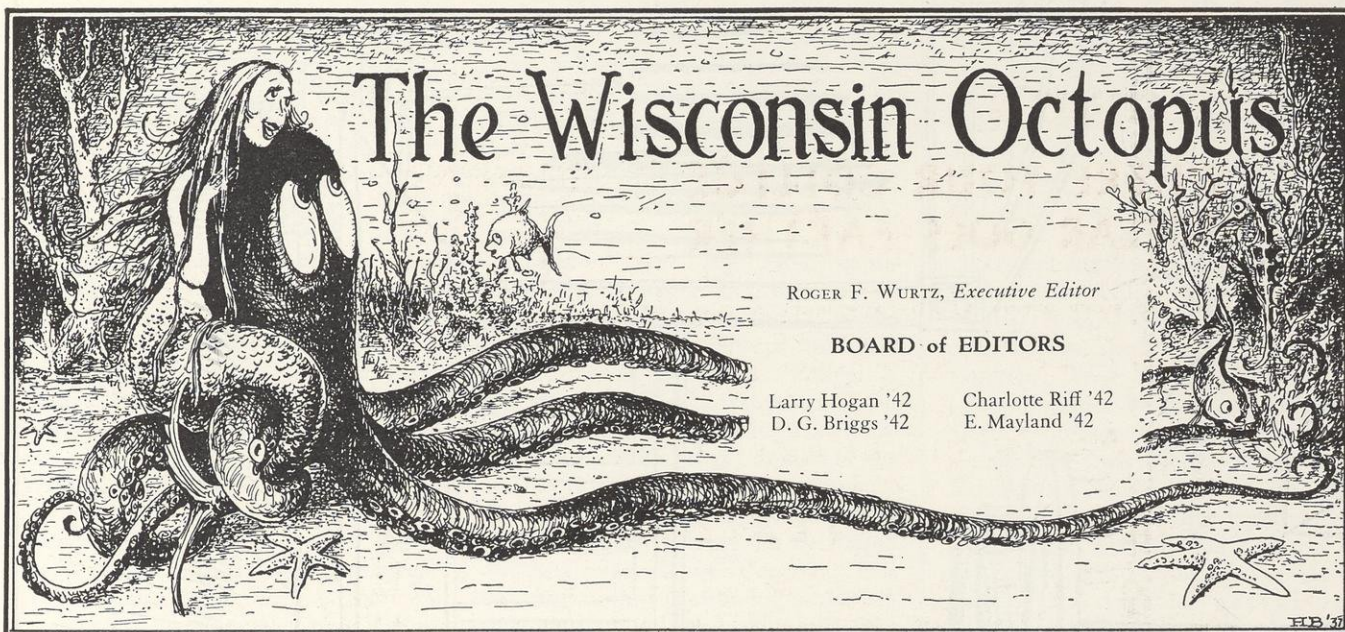
- ★ Stocks are larger at Brown's so that you can rate your purchases to fit your budget!

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STATE AND LAKE STREET



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Volume XXII

SEPTEMBER, 1940

Number 1

On Second Thought



TATE Street merchants are complaining about the westward movement of the University Campus. Next year the tent colony will be the center of the high rent district.

Hitler has told Rumania that since she will have no occasion to fight on her own she should disband her army and he will let her use the Reich's troops in case of emergency. According to *der fuhrer* it begins to look as if the two countries will have common armies, cabinets, boundaries, a common everything except a common understanding.

From the look of things in the Mediterranean it would seem as if Mussolini thinks the axis needs a little Greasing up; and that Hellas' Mohammedan neighbors are reluctant to help for fear that Russia start talking Turkey.

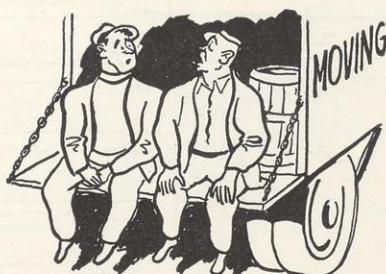
Affairs in England are not going as well as Germany had hoped. It is a discouraging fact that at the present England is much more preoccupied than occupied.

Latest reports say King Carol II has gone into exile with Magda Lupescu. Duchess, may we present Madam Lupescu.

Coffee in France, we read, has met with new restrictions on the heels of general food restrictions in preparation for a hard winter. Coffee—in France?

Louis (Kid) Kaplin, retired undefeated featherweight champion, has recently opened a restaurant in Hartford, Connecticut. Our money is on "Strangler" Lewis in 1950.

We've heard a lot of ballyhoo again this year from both the New York and San Francisco Expositions. Amos and Andy, Vallee and the World Fairs.



"When did you get back?"

Presidential candidate Wendell L. Willkie has challenged President Roosevelt to a series of debates. Oh well, the fishing season is nearly over anyway.

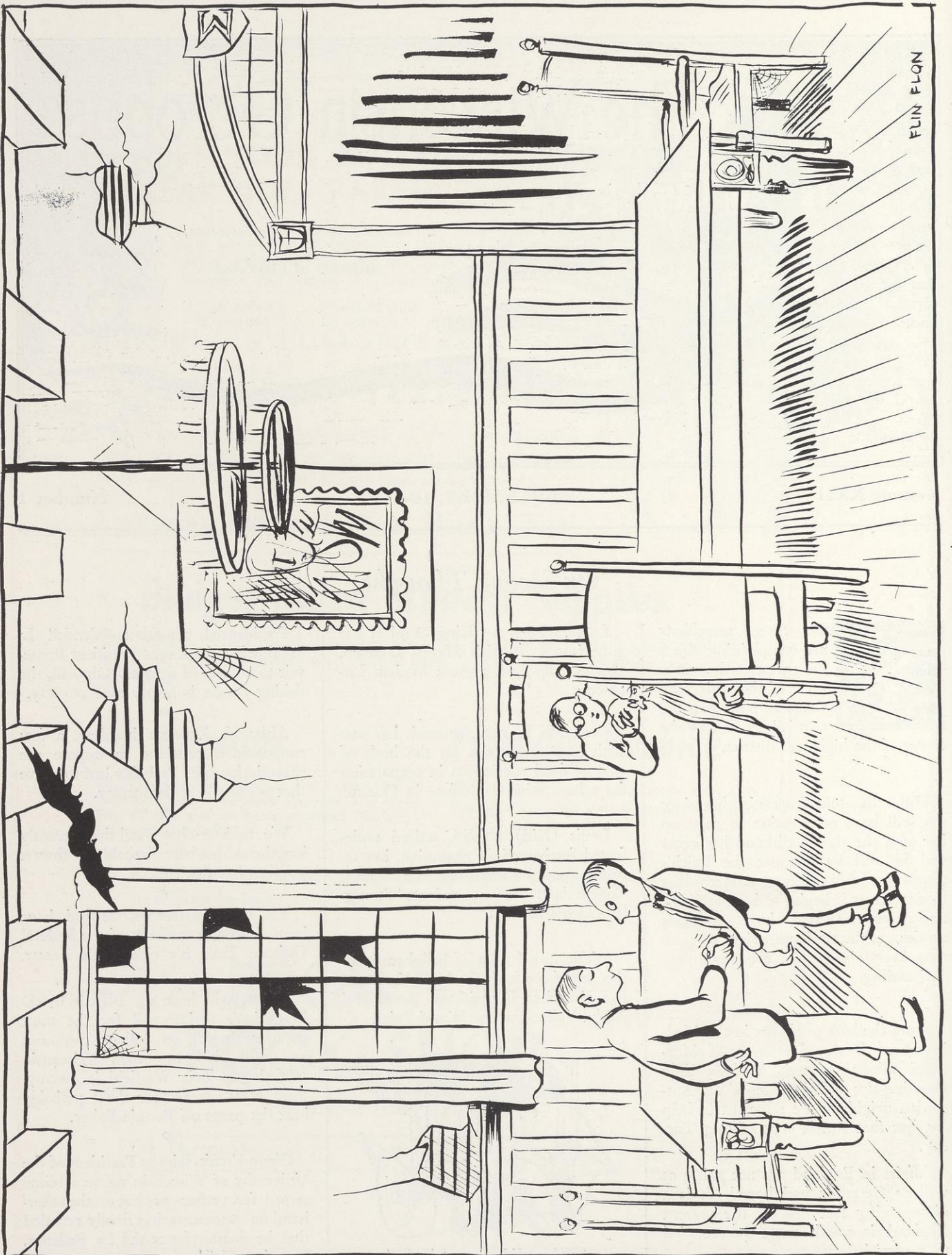
Although it seems hopeless, a few congressmen continue to oppose the conscription bill. Probably just to prove that we're still a democracy.

We noticed that Fred has recently lengthened his bar. Probably to thwart popcorn bandits.

The beer distributors, we find, have been absorbing the bulk of the Federal Defense Tax. It's either this *Ersatz*.

If you will look up BILLBOARD Magazine's spring poll for the most popular singers on college campuses you will find our own Wisconsin Nightingale Lois Warfield in twenty-third place. Next year she'll probably beat the pants off Bonnie Baker.

Glenn Frank, who as President of the University of Wisconsin set an all-time record for perhaps-yes-but-on-the-other-hand-no statements, has finally revealed that he doesn't fancy the La Follettes. Nor they Heil!



"Smithers, you have just pledged perhaps the most exclusive fraternity on the campus."

OCTY'S FRESHMAN HANDBOOK

Sorority Guide

With a slimey flourish of all eight tentacles Octy herewith presents for the first time in any publication of national scope a Sorority Guide composed and set down on parchment for the sole (soul) benefit of all incoming male and female Frosh. Prof. Hevener of the University's department of Cupid's Science and Tactics has devoted two years and a couple of extra days to intensive research work on the subject of Wisconsin Sororities and their habits. Let us delve with the utmost care through Prof. Hevener's treatise on sorority life and be thankful that we of this generation are permitted to KNOW, not merely surmise. The professor, now on a leave of absence in the southern portion of this great land (God Bless America and American Womanhood) to continue his laborious research will, from time to time, honor the pages of Octy with still more gems from his vast store of information. Look for them.

ALPHA CHI OMEGA. You'll get a kick out of this organization. *Location:* A good thirsty shuffle from the A. I. on one of those assinine courts off Langdon Street. *Badge:* A harp, or reasonable facsimile thereof, inspired by that great American folk song 'Zing Went The Strings Of My Harp'. *Ear Marks:* All the active members wear

trousers so that they will be a sure thing at the Junior class election this year. *Always To Be Found At:* The WSGA office—just watching out for their rights. *Liquor Capacity:* You wouldn't be overly surprised. *Favorite Saying:* "I'm dated up all next week, but how about tonight?"

ALPHA PHI. They have a beautiful back yard in the summer months. *Location:* 17 blocks west and 2 blocks north of the Karsten Thorpe residence, 2845 Commercial Avenue. *Badge:* A very intricate design composed of an Alpha squatting on a Phi which undoubtedly signifies that one half of the sorority doesn't speak to the other half. *Ear Marks:* A smattering of South Milwaukee accents. *Always To Be Found At:* Any hour. *Liquor Capacity:* Fair hovering toward poor owing to the fact that it's such a long walk home they are afraid they won't make it with more than two under the belt. *Favorite Saying:* "You wouldn't know it, but we're terrifically strong in the South."

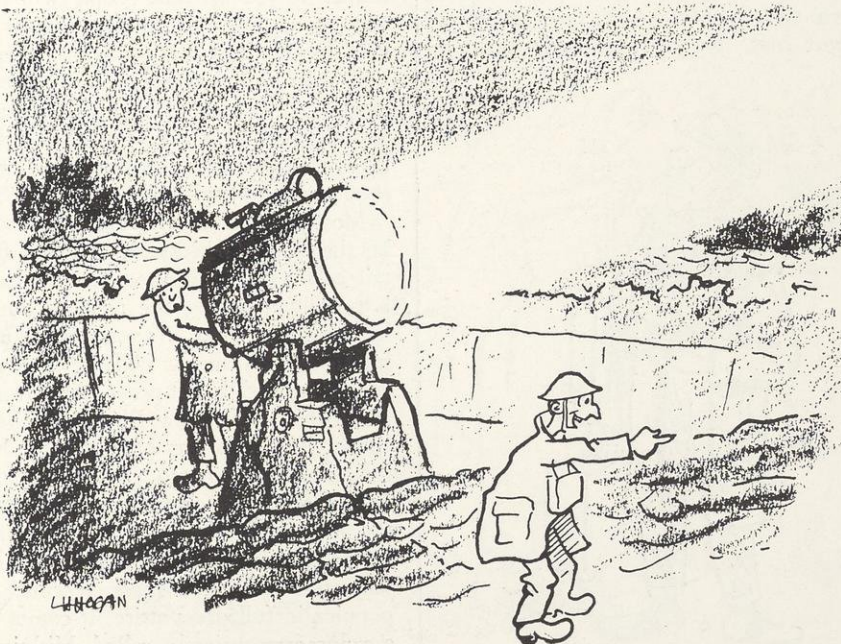
DELTA DELTA DELTA. A little face-lifting on the chapter house this year didn't improve matters much. *Location:* When you pant up to the Kappa door step, keep on going another half block. *Badge:* Three stars sitting on a crescent moon signifying that they are all a patient lot if they anticipate

seeing something like that in the sky around Madison. *Ear Marks:* They always trot around the campus in threes—it's that damn repetition again. *Always To Be Found At:* The most inconvenient hour. *Liquor Capacity:* They always order three at a whack, so you had best be prepared financially and otherwise. *Favorite Saying:* "If you think I'm homely you ought to see my roommate."—And it's ten to one you probably will.

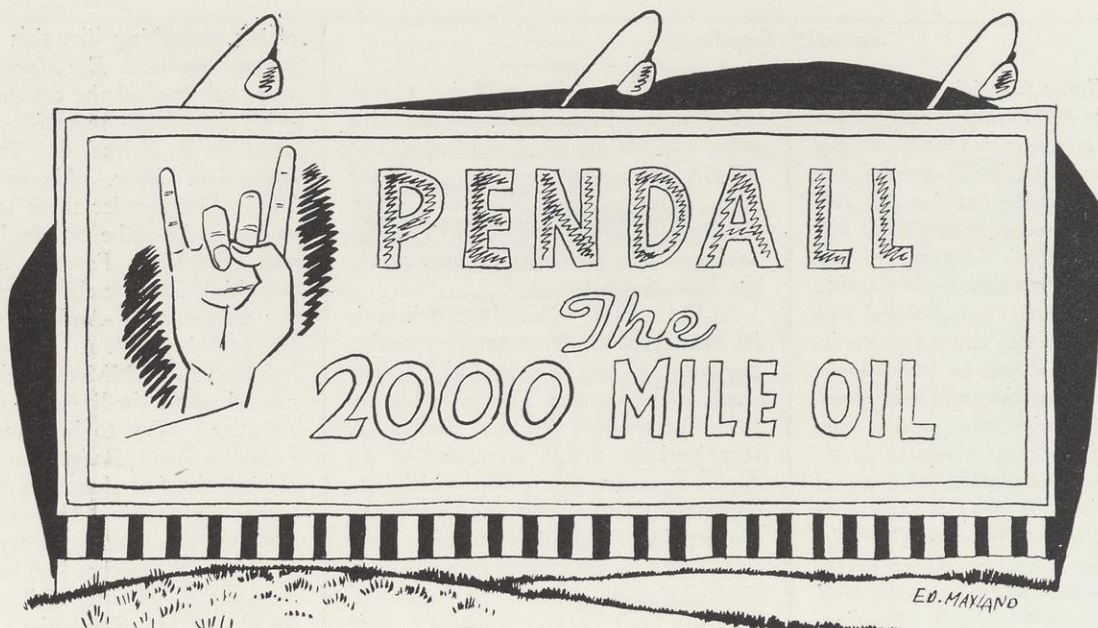
DELTA GAMMA—Puella est agricola—because she lives in a farm house. *Location:* Way to hell and gone up Langdon Street. *Badge:* An anchor signifying the fact that once you push a tootsie into their lobby—you're sunk. *Ear Marks:* Cross country legs and girdles on the clothes line because it's a long push to Sterling Hall. *Always To Be Found At:* Lohmaier's for eleven o'clock extra-curricular activities. *Liquor Capacity:* Don't let these gals kid you. They're always "I really don't want a thing but—", You'll have to roll them home. *Favorite Saying:* "Let's go out and stand on the corner. No one can see us in here."

GAMMA PHI BETA. Home for lonely college men. *Location:* Langdon at Francis, just a throne's stow from the Flame's red leather cushions, and thus permitting all Gamma Phis to whip out for a quickie before the evening nourishment. *Badge:* Something to do with a crescent moon signifying that all Gamma Phis work better in the light of a new moon. (note that). *Ear Marks:* Chipped finger nail polish and peach stains on the skirts and runs in the Nylon indicating that the Home Ec course is a stinker. *Always To Be Found (in great numbers) At:* Tony's WSPG. *Liquor Capacity:* You wouldn't believe it possible. *Favorite Saying:* "I think she's an awfully nice girl and would be a great asset to the house but her great uncle on her third cousin's side used to take a drink occasionally."

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA. Tritely termed the Cathedral owing to architectural design of chapter house. *Location:* North Henry opposite Chi Phi Pixy Roost affording both organizations a cheap thrill any evening around ten thirty. *Badge:* A key signifying someone's ability to open something or other but don't let it bother you because there isn't a Kappa in the house who could open anything more intricate than a beer can. *Ear Marks:* Legs by Steinway and a terrifically bored expression at all hours. *Always To Be*



"Olly-olly-oxun freedom!"



Found At: Cuba Club bar at the end by the ice chest. *Liquor Capacity:* Good, leaning toward tremendous in spring and summer months. *Favorite Saying:* "I yam so hayappy thayat I yamma etc, etc."

PI BETA PHI. Oh so beautiful and oh so—. *Location:* At the bend on Langdon Street, the halfway mark between the Phi Deltis and Alpha Phis. *Badge:* An arrow signifying their ability to spear the first sucker that slips a saddle shoe over the front door step. *Ear Marks:* Shorter than usual skirts; lipstick, mascara, fingernail polish, and peroxide. *Favorite Saying:* "Better things for better living through chemistry." *Always To Be Found At:* The cosmetic counter at the Pharm. *Liquor Capacity:* Fair to good on Purple Passions, otherwise nil. *Special Note:* Always manage to look virginal and seductive at the same given time.

KAPPA ALPHA THETA. Philip Morris or someone gave them a radio last year. *Location:* Directly behind the Villa, and that can be an asset or a deficit depending on how you look at either house. *Badge:* Two stars on a shield signifying that the wearer has paid her initiation fee. *Ear Marks:* That oh-can-I-neck look that will make you wonder why you never dated a Theta before. *Always To Be Found At:* Any time that is most convenient for you. *Liquor Capacity:* Always take them where nickel beer is the only refreshment. *Favorite Saying:* "The boozier is the loser." —J.H.

The Freshman Man and His Wardrobe

THE BEST advice that can be given to the freshman man is not to worry very much about his wardrobe. In a great majority of cases the freshman can get along on what he already owns in the way of clothes, with just a very few additions. Of course if you come from the South you may need something a bit warmer than the loin cloth you are accustomed to wearing.

It isn't necessary to spend very much money on clothes. All the average college man needs is a covert suit, a gray flannel suit, a tweed suit, a worsted suit, two tweed sport coats, one corduroy sport coat, five pairs of odd slacks, a

camel hair topcoat, a gabardine or whipcord topcoat, a tweed topcoat. a gabardine rain coat, a corduroy fingertip coat, a tuxedo, a set of tails, four hats, two dozen shirts, three dozen neckties, four pairs of shoes, two dozen pairs of socks, a handkerchief, and a deck of marked cards.

Most college men dress conservatively. However, if you want to be different, you can run around in a pair of corduroy slacks, a dirty sweatshirt, a pair of moccasins, and a week-old beard. If you do this, people will call you an engineer or an ag student. If you do this and carry a book, people will call you Bohemian and picturesque. At any rate, they will whisper behind your back and spread horrible rumors about you. Perhaps they will even say you voted for Landon in 1936.

Most popular this coming season will be the new khaki shade tuxedos and tail coats. This Blackout Khaki shade is rapidly replacing the recently popular Midnight Blue. Accessories include matching gas mask, collapsible hand grenades, and bullet-proof shirt front, all in this ducky new Blackout Khaki shade. The top hat of yesterday has metamorphosized into a better-looking, more serviceable hat, patterned after the helmets of the World War. This formal hat is the only item which retains the dark blue shade recently so popular in full dress attire; it comes in a color appropriately called Midnight Steel Blue.



Finances

EACH student should make a tentative budget for the freshman year.

This budget serves to keep you from spending your money while you are drawing it up. If making a budget does not appeal to you, you can get just as far by drawing up a study schedule.

The following is an estimate of the expenses of a year at the University. This does not include clothing, railroad fare, non-resident tuition fee, meals, laundry, haircuts, dates, clothing, railroad fare, and other unimportant things.

SUMMARY OF EXPENSES

	LOW.	AVE.	HIGH.
Dormitories (Adv.)	\$271	341	376
Room rent	120	150	180
Fees, textbooks	100	200	300
Poker games	40	150	300
Beer	40	150	300

Totals \$400 \$650 \$1050*

*Note—The suggested high of \$1050 should not be misunderstood. Some students can, without too much difficulty, manage to get along nicely on \$1500 to \$2500. This would of course be higher except for the credit system which enables them to get things free.

FEES AND REFUNDS. Tuition \$100.00 per semester for non-resident students. Semester fees, \$32.50, covering incidentals, infirmary service, registration, physical activity facilities, and Memorial Union membership (Adv.). Refunds of 80% within first two weeks to no refund after eight weeks. About

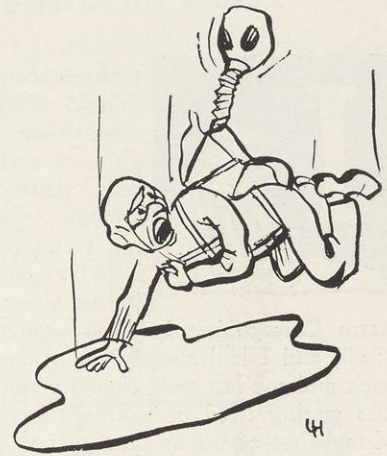
the eighth week, people become enthusiastic about withdrawing. Naturally, the refund system is so arranged for the benefit of these people that they need not trouble themselves with the problem of getting their funds.

ABOUT YOUR MONEY—Many of you who are coming to the University this fall will want either to open an account with one of the Madison banks (Protect home industries!) or to establish your identity so that you can cash your checks on your own bank.

Bring your money either in the form of a bank-draft or in a travelers' check. Never bring a personal check. Bring a lot of money. (Adv.—Madison Chamber of Commerce)

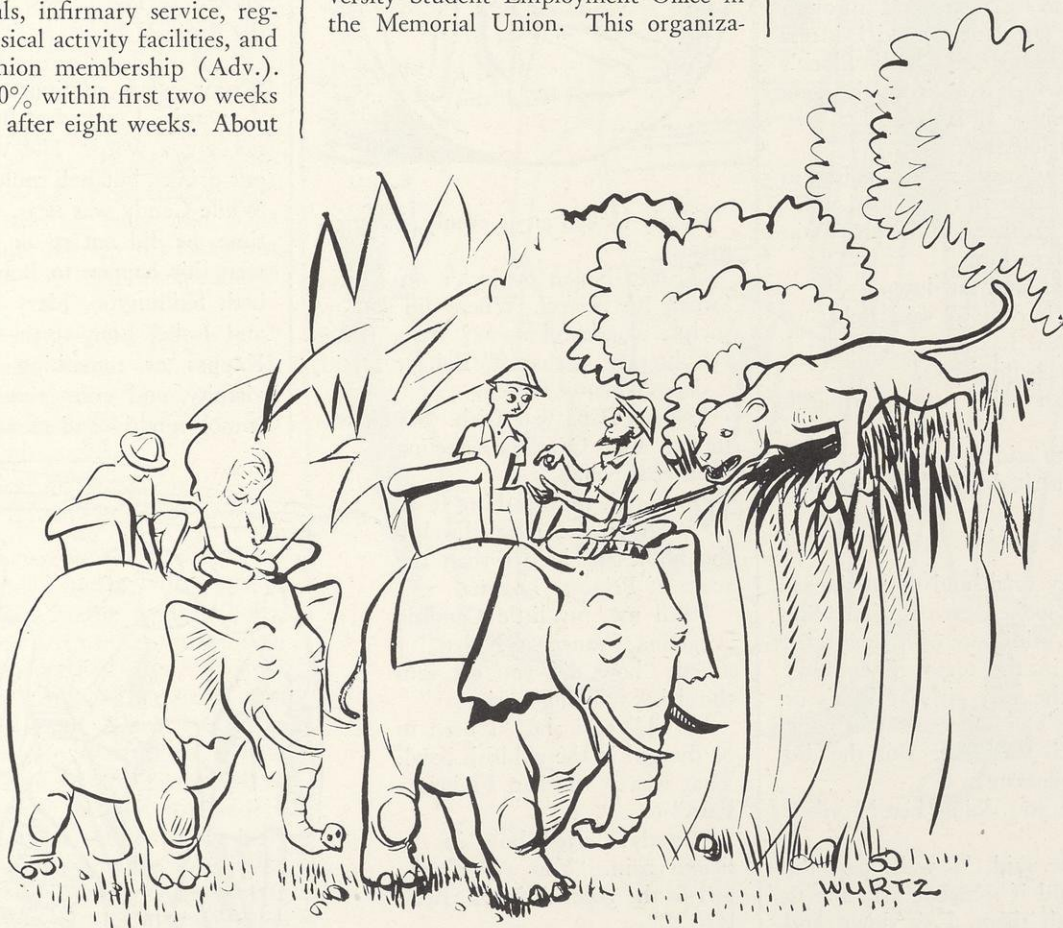
EARNING ONE'S WAY—As the work of a college course is supposed to take most of one's time, no student should attempt to earn his way unless it is absolutely necessary. And if one has to work his way through, it is generally wise to ask for a reduced schedule. About three to six credits plus a two-hour meal job is enough to occupy the average student's time.

The student who must earn part of his support should register at the University Student Employment Office in the Memorial Union. This organiza-



tion is very effective. Such registration is a sort of membership card, which enables you to come in at any time of day and chat with the people working there about the hard times, unemployment, and any number of other related subjects.

—R.P.



"... And when the leader wasn't watching, the great beast sprang."

I Love the Girl in the Goldfish Bowl



IF THERE is anything I dislike more than a gin buck and a stale, flattened cigarette spilling tobacco from both ends, it is a glass of

warm Chicago beer and no cigarette at all; and I had already had the gin buck and my last stale cigarette and I was getting tired of licking the rim of my glass of warm Chicago beer so that Bob wouldn't ask me, "Don't you like beer yet?" I like beer all right, but you need a cigarette to give body to Chicago beer. The liquid itself is sour and thin, and getting a collar on it takes half a salt-shaker. Anyhow, I get drunker on three good drags from a Camel than I do on six schooners of the dime beer they bring you at Jack's on Roscoe Street. Furthermore, a cigarette tastes bitter to me, as good beer should.

"Look," I said to Bob, who finds it quite easy to get sodden enough on Jack's beer to sit unruffled through Bobby Van's tap dancing and Princess Loanna's bellowing and Charlie Block's drum solos which constitute the gala all-star floor show at Jack's.

Bob wasn't looking.

"Look," I repeated. "I'm going to get a pack of cigarettes." I stood up.

"No, don't do that," said Bob. "You might miss something."

"Oh," I said, and sat down.

"See, here it comes," said Bob.

"What?" said I.

"That right behind you."

"Oh, yes," I said, turning around. "Hello."

"Hello," she said.

"Won't you sit down?" Bob invited, politely.

"Yes, thank you."

SHE WAS very small and when she sat down she looked even smaller. She was sort of a miniature of a leggy girl, pretty short in the torso. She didn't smile at us the way girls at Jack's or Joe's or Tony's or wherever you hang out do, which was nice. But she did look rather pleasant.

"What are you doing here?" asked Bob.

"Well," she said, "I walk past the tables here and if someone asks me to sit down with them, I sit down and make them buy drinks."

"My, you're an honest little hustler, aren't you?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "So now I will have a scotch and water."

Bob turned to call a waiter, but a waiter was there. Feeling into my change pocket, I ordered beers for Bob and me and a scotch and water for the lady.

"We should know each other better," I said. "This is Bob, and I am Leonard. Who are you?"

"I am Candy."

"Hey!" said Bob. "That's very good. What's your last name, Candy?"

"Candy Nolan."

"Oh, my God!" Bob and I both gasped. "That's wonderful," I said.

"That's great, Candy," said Bob.



Candy looked at us evenly, in agreement.

"Candy Nolan of Jack's on Roscoe Street. It's perfect. Where did you get such a wonderful name? Your father was literary, perhaps?" Bob or I said, it doesn't matter which.

"Nope. Papa was Irish. Mama was Italian. I am Candida Angelina Francesca Nolan."

WE SAT there, breathing it in. The name rang through the night air, louder than the voice of Princess Loanna.

"Tell me, my little Candida Angelina Francesca Nolan," I asked, "how did you get into the drink-hustling business?"

"Well," said she, "I used to be the girl in the goldfish bowl. That was at the San Francisco Fair."

"Candy!" cried Bob, in delicious pain. "You weren't the girl in the goldfish bowl. Really?"

"Mmmhmmm." At last she

smiled a little—with the left corner of her mouth.

"I've heard of you," I said.

"Gosh, everybody's heard of the girl in the goldfish bowl," said Bob.

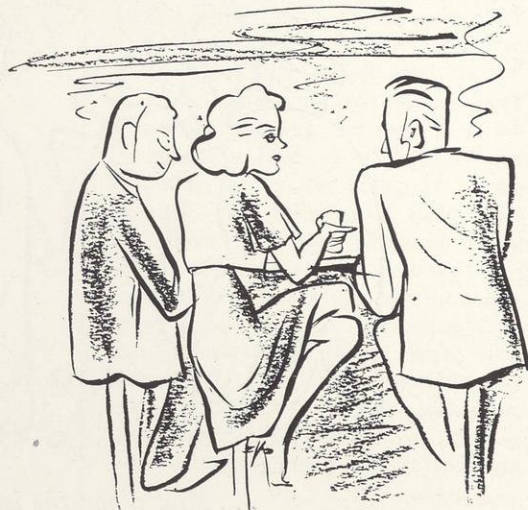
"Tell me, Candida Angelina Francesca Nolan, how did you get into the goldfish bowl business?" I asked.

"Well," she said, sitting up very straight in her booth and still not getting much of herself up over the edge of the table, "I used to be a strip teaser."

Bob looked at Miss Nolan critically. "Aren't you pretty little to be a stripper? All the ones I've ever seen were tall, willowy women with lots of . . ."

"Oh, yes," said Candy, bringing the house down about our heads, "I was known as The Littlest Strip Teaser in the Business."

THEY were glorious words, brave words. I looked at Bob, but he did not say a word. The waiter brought our drinks, but Bob could not swallow. While Candy was near, the rest of the time, he did not speak again. I have seen this happen to Bob where Elizabeth Skillington, Mary Louise Conly, and Isobel Longworth—all Thetas or Kappas or something—were in the vicinity, and every time it happened, it took months and months before Bob



was the same. I tried to fight against it, for his sake.

"What did you used to *do* when you were the littlest strip teaser in the business?" I asked, hoping like all get out that she would break down at last, would tell some foul burlesque gag, would admit to having three children and a wart on her back.

But her eyes misted, and she spoke very low. "I used to do this."

She put her finger tips gently on the lobes of her ears. She raised her pinky fingers slowly. Then deftly and noiselessly (in all the universe there was no sound) she bumped at us. It was the prettiest bump ever seen. We kept looking, but her hips were back in place, her tummy was where it belonged, and the lobes of her ears were innocent of soft finger tips.

"Look," I said, coming out of it. "I should like to buy you another scotch and water, but I haven't. . ."

She caught on right away. "I must go to the powder room," she said. "Please excuse me."

I didn't look after her when she left. I looked at Bob. Pretty bad.

"No, Bob," I said. "You can't do it."

He took eighteen cents out of his pocket and spread the nickels and pennies out in a circle. "I wish I had a lot of money," he said. "I want to buy her things."

It wasn't a funny joke. It wasn't a joke at all. It was simply Bob with love's light wings o'er-perching the walls, Bob growing paler and paler with pain, Bob pouring his full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

"Let's go," I said. "It's getting late." I stood up and started out. He followed me, forgetting his eighteen cents. I went back for the coins and put them in his pocket.

"She's much too good for us," he was saying. "Much too good."

PASSING the bar on our way out, we saw Candy Nolan, the honest hustler, the girl in the goldfish bowl, and the littlest strip teaser in the business. She was perched on a high stool at the bar, a drink in her hand, and two gentlemen in brown cocoanut straw hats looking at her, hard. There were so many questions yet unanswered—as a matter of fact, yet unasked or even thought up. I felt the weary, itchy emptiness that I get when I feel like the "sensitive young men" people write about. Lord knows what Bob felt as he watched her.

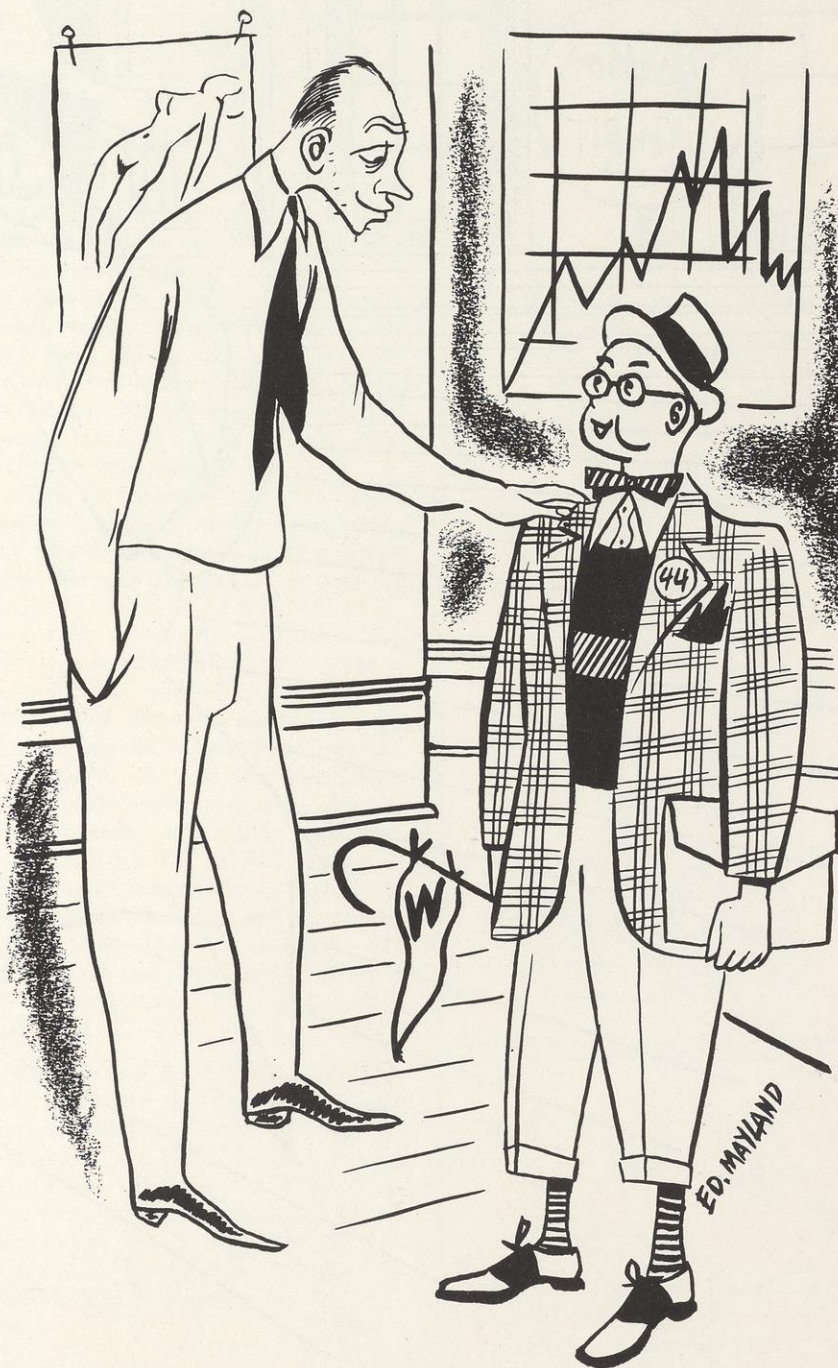
Then Candy was looking at us, and without speaking or moving her lips or eyes or nose or hips or anything, she was saying goodbye. I thought it was goodbye, come again and stay with me, you are nice boys, but I couldn't be sure.

—L.S.

Prayer

"God bless mother and father. Bless my little brothers and sisters and friends. And goodbye, God. I'm going to college."

—Jack O' Lantern



"I'm sure we'll be dandy room-mates, Mr. Grossbeck."



Rosetta Stone in Steel



AIR of hamburgers rare, and coffee." He was glad to be able to use words again, English words. He was glad he did not have to use sign language any longer; it had been so much trouble opening his mouth, holding his nose, and gesturing. It had been so much trouble saying so many things to Jean. He hadn't minded that so much.

He had come to school as articulate as the average freshman. He had accumulated many helpful monosyllables and even a few impressive polysyllables. In a moment of exuberance he had used one of these in his second freshman theme. It had been a sign from Everywhere to the instructor. He looked on Jim as a genius-bud and suggested majoring in English.

Jim had done well enough in his sophomore year, had grown a moustache and his hair was longer. He mentioned Keats occasionally and Chaucer, but only occasionally. He was not a dilettante. He found it increasingly difficult to express himself clearly. The right word or even the approximate word began to evade him. Words, he was told, did not always mean what he thought they did. There was the historical meaning, the implication, the association, the acoustical syncopation of the mutually negating diphthongs. He began to lose the old crisp feel born of ignorance. He found himself fumbling for words, clutching at their dim meaning-cores. Only his worried grunts were meaningful.

He found a strange comfort in reading the amazingly convoluted sentences of the scholars. The words chipped at his mind and felt good. One night boning for English 137 and Phonetics he lost his way in the middle of a sentence. Somewhere among the welter of contradictions as to the meaning of "if" in Hamlet and "if" in Macbeth he lost his way. He read: InthisinstanceapparentlyShakespearewasthinkingofthesimilaritybetweentheRussian "I" (heknewsome)andtheearlyceltic"F" (heknewetc.)asinfluencingthe---. "If," he said and his skin prickled, "The IF in thrift." Theifinthrift. Only an unpleasant sound. Only a mad whirling of sounds in his mind, meaningless sounds, less than the wind in the trees. Later, after he regained his composure, he began to use sign language.

He lived only to re-learn the ancient meanings in words. The memory of his ability ached in his mind. Somewhere among simple people he thought he could re-learn, in the land of Monosyllables.

IN THE mornings he went on long walks in the country. He listened to the language of the rustics. In the afternoons he sat in freshman English courses; he listened to lectures in Zoology, in Psychology and Training of the Pre-school Child (Rep.). Even among the most inane he could find nothing that opened the treasure he felt like a pain. Only the buzzing of syllables.

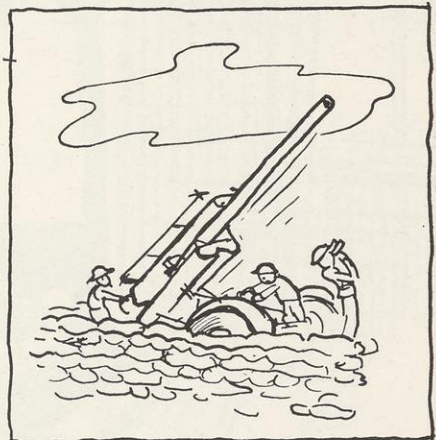
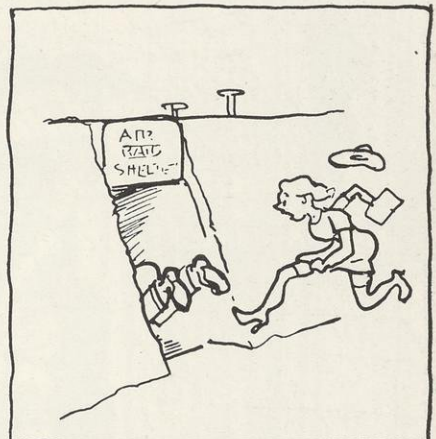
Perhaps if he groveled in slime, among the discarded of men he could find the secret. He began to investigate the labels on old cans and bottles. From rubbish pile to rubbish pile he stalked reading — *earlyjunepeas* — *preparedfromspeciallyselectedtomatoes*. He had given up shaving, his face was twisted from hours of desperate trying to fathom. No one could understand; he was frantically alone in his misery, walled by dead words.

Then it happened. He was rummaging hopelessly through rusted cans, old corsets and wrecks of perambulators. He was digging at a partially buried can with an old screw driver—a steel screw driver. His long hair stung his eyes; he raised his arm to wipe it from his face and noticed faintly distinguishable letters on one side of the flat steel handle. *Shoestoburn* he read, *shoestoburn*. A wild joy filled him. *Shoest oburn—shoe stob urn—shoes to burn. It meant—*was it true? But there it was SHOES TO BURN. Shades of Young and Champollion was he dreaming? He fumbled excitedly, turned the handle over—1124 W. Johnson. He clutched the rust pitted steel to his chest and hurried home. He did not sleep that night. * * *

As he turned down Charter off University early the next morning his heart was pounding furiously, like after a nightmare. An old man with a long rake raking old shoes into a little pile. The little pile was burning. *Shoestoburn* meant *shoes to burn*. All the way to his room he repeated: SHOES TO BURN. Jim is majoring in Phy. Ed. now. —L.P.

Scoop

A Hollywood studio has bought the screen rights to "It Can't Happen Here." The movie will be called "Here It Comes."



L. HOGAN



"Come right in, dearies, of course this is youth hostel No. 3 on the Baraboo Route."

How to Write 100 Themes



YOU MIGHT as well face it right now; there are going to be a lot, a hell of a lot, of themes in your college life. They aren't going to mean anything. You'll have to write them, but no one is going to read them. There isn't going to be even one phrase of deathless prose in the bilge you hack out. (Just save a priceless bit and read it next year if you don't believe me.) But nevertheless you will have to write till you're blue in the books if you ever want to get that Ph.B. And I'm going to try to make it as easy as possible for you.

The first part is going to take a little work.

Rule 1. Determine which of two schools you can write for: The Blood and Guts School; or the Little Old Lady School. You can either make the determination on the basis of personal preference or on instructorial preference. Your source book for the B.&G. school will be some back volume of the *Nation* or the *New Republic*. For the L.O.L. school you will use the *Reader's Digest*.

Rule 2. Memorize this simple rule: Boy meets girl. Boy gets girl. Boy loses girl. And now, Clarence, you're set! This will take you through four years with all the originality you could hope for. The plan works like this:

Suppose you belong to the L.O.L. school. You have to write a theme and

you are given a flock of moth-eaten subjects to choose from, such as: "How I Spent My Vacation"; "Youth"; "Ideals and College". Now read the whole list over a couple of times so that you have them in mind. Then pick up the source-book and thumb along till you come to a "Quotable Quotes" section. Run down the list—or a couple of them if you happen to be choosey—until you find something that has the same subject as one of the theme subjects. In the April, 1940, issue that I happened to pick up I find G. B. Shaw quoted: "Youth is a wonderful thing. What a crime to waste it on children." (You can see that you can use this same one for Youth, Crime, Waste, or Children.) Here's a swell one for "Youth". There are, and usually are, two courses now open: you can say either yes or no to Mr. Shaw and then give your arguments. This will take you through the short themes.

Fiction, and this can include biography and perhaps an author's poetry or prose, uses Rule 2. Thumb through the book again until you come to an article with a lot of atmosphere. There's one on the Klondike that is a fair illustration. Read the article (or have it read to you if you haven't learned to read) until you are feeling familiar with the background. Then take one of the paragraphs—for example, the one at the bottom of page 60 about a claim vacant for 60 days being open for new filing, apply the little formula to it. In this

case, of course, you would use miner meets claim; miner gets claim; miner loses claim. Notice the "unhappy" ending. Your story wouldn't necessarily be worse (or better) if you shifted the formula around. The fact is that the instructor isn't quite sure himself as to what a good story is (I'm not either) but he has been taught to steer away from *Saturday Evening Post* or *Collier's* endings, or the boy-gets-girl type, under the impression that anything connected with a formula is bad. If you write our formula type he probably won't recognize it as such.

And that's the basic system. By this time you have thought up thirty variations, all of which are better and which are guaranteed to get "A's"—and even might. (I remember now I forgot to mention the twist on biographical sketches. Use this last formula: have the fellow meet some ideal—it can be a theory of poetry, or a Woman, or an Idea, or anything—then he develops it—and finally loses it. Coleridge and his poetical powers; or Beethoven and Countess What's-her-name, for example.) Remember, that the more you change the facts from the original story to your own while still keeping the original background and characters, the more it will sound like you, and the better your chances for "A's". Good luck!

—R.N.

MAN CAUGHT PINCHING
WAITRESS' TIPS.

—Boston Traveler



"Big advances are being made."



"I'm the new camouflage expert, sir."

L'Amour Toujours

Lu heliger Herr Jesu," was all that Grandmother said as Adolph grabbed her. When Grandfather, Mom, and Johnny saw Dad's approaching sedan that night, they rushed to tell him.

"What? The cub killed her? I'll have the police shoot him."

"Aw, gee, Dad, have a heart. Adolph's such a good egg. He tussles with me every night after dinner. And he never bites very hard."

"Mais, oui," added Grandfather. "Adolph is a noble beast. And what is done is done. The bear will be company for the rest of us."

So Adolph lived.

A few nights later Johnny whooped down the steps to meet his father.

"Dad!" he gasped, "you can't guess what's happened!"

"What," asked his father with a sense of impending doom, "has happened?"

"Adolph just ate Grandfather."

"The brute! This time I *will* have the police shoot him."

"But, Sam," said Mom though she seemed to acquiesce, "he looks so comfortable when he sleeps in the sun. And he always obeys me. It just happened that my back was turned."

Again Adolph was begged off.

Twice a day the maturing cub wolfed three tins of Ken-L Ration. Daily his black fur grew more sleek. Throughout the contented Indian summer he lolled on his haunches against the south wall where he had found a sunny spot between two spiring bridal wreaths. And, as the days passed, Adolph was always hungry.

The skiddy song of tires on wet pavement and the sibilant *ouff-ouff* of windshield wipers cautioned the five o'clock drivers. Mr. Lipstick, as Dad was respectfully referred to in the regional offices of the A&P, irritably trod on the brake pedal as a car from the outer lane cut in front of him. That fool manager of the Sopchippy branch, he was thinking, could be called down in the morning. Right now he was heading home.

"Dad," Johnny greeted him solemnly, "you can't guess what's happened."

"Well?"

"Adolph ate Mom."

"Damn Adolph!" exploded Dad. "I'll kill him myself!" He telephoned for a 30-30 caliber rifle.

"Don't Dad," begged Johnny. "He's the only one I have to play with now."

"This time he's gone too far."

"Dad, please!"

Before the rifle was delivered, Mr. Lipstick relented.

NEXT night Adolph was waiting at the door. With a fatuous grin he announced, "I ate Johnny."

"You beast!" shouted Dad, starting for the rifle.

Adolph did not move out of the way

and his manner imperceptibly sobered. His eyes became fine and understanding and they filled with tears as he pleaded, "Please allow me a chance. You and I could be so cozy. And at night I could help you."

"What can you do?" asked Dad suspiciously. But Adolph knew that now he was safe.

Taking up the search for harder and harder butter to spread on softer and softer bread, it was Adolph who, next morning in Dad's Buick, drove off alone.

—E. N.

Ramblings of a Reactionary

THIS younger set it seems
Has found something better than schneider or spin-
the-bottle or scavenger hunting,
And it's done without teams
Or a knowledge of dribbling, passing, or punting.
It's the product of two schools of thought,
One of which says that we were born to die and that life is
but a means to an end.
(There were six such poems in the last Cardinal I bought).
They've okayed drowning and gas (special rates if you bring
a friend),
While others prefer cognac and there's something to be said
for a tigress,
Because then you save the cost of a funeral and a penny
saved is a *penny*, which today is quite a sum,
But stop me if I seem to digress.
All we need is a formal essay on hari-kari and a dissertation
on euthanasia to make the thing all done.
Then there is the group who regards the world as one grand
playground,
And while others find the entertainment value of the affairs
of Winston Churchill and the House of Commons
simply terrific,
This set prefers to rugcut around,
And finds Hitler's doings and those of the National Labor
Relations Board merely soporific.
That is, they preferred to jazz around for there came a
time when getting in at 3 a. m. was no longer thrilling,
So they would hop off in droves to a justice of the peace—
take Dubuque as a case hypothetical
(Neglecting to see if their parents were willing)
Which belongs in parentheses because a parent's consent is
usually parenthetical.
I know a candle that burns bright is better than one that
burns long and that youth must have its fling,
And that the allotted three-score-and-ten isn't all it's cracked
up to be
And life is a song that you don't have to sing,
And youth must have its latch-key and never be made to
suffer ennui.
I know all these things and allow for more beside,
But still I wonder at this flighty youth that says
"Let's get married. No, let's commit suicide."

—L.S.



"There goes brother Shalky, he never did recover from the '89 initiation."

Mr. Bjornig and the Public



MR. BJORNIG was certain he had it this time. "Look," he told Bill Johnson, "I get these two headless babies, a strong man, a fire-eater, a tattooed lady, and a Hindu. I get banners forty feet high, and I get three naked cuties out in front while you ballyhoo. Sure, it's been done before, but it's always been good; there ain't nothing to beat a good old fashioned going-on-all-the-time show."

Mr. Johnson, the man who had a voice that could drown out the siren at the snake eater's tent, was not impressed. "I don't know, Bjornig, your ideas haven't been hitting lately. This sounds like another dead pigeon. I tell you, you gotta get something the public ain't seen, like maybe if the two headless babies were Siamese twins, then you'd have something."

"I'll make 'em Siamese twins. Hell, they're dead, ain't they? Okay, we sew 'em together. Look at the power there: 'Headless Siamese Twins!' Why it'll stand the rubes on their ears."

So Mr. Bjornig sewed his headless babies together, and he started his fifty watt amplifier system playing "The Lady in Red" and his three cuties stood out in front shivering under the "Headless Siamese Twins" banner. The crowd gathered and watched the girls shiver. Mr. Johnson started talking when the amplifier quit singing. Nine people bought tickets and Mr. Johnson couldn't get another blessed soul into the tent all night.

"Bjornig," he said, "you got nothing. Maybe you'd have something if the headless Siamese twins were alive, but people don't like the looks of 'em in a bottle. Besides you can see where they're sewed together."

Mr. Bjornig kept the show going a week, playing to a total audience of 42 people. He paid every one but the Hindu whom he didn't owe anything to because he had drawn on his first week's salary and owed Mr. Bjornig two dollars.

"Johnson, I got two-hundred and fifty stones, and that's all. I gotta get something red hot or we're done for. The public has gotta be teased into our tent with an attraction they ain't ever heard of before. Something big!" A fly eluded Mr. Bjornig's swat. It buzzed happily and settled again on his lip. Mr. Bjornig swung again, and once more the fly got away.

"Smart little devil, ain't he?" Bill Johnson wanted to know.

Mr. Bjornig stood stock still. The fly buzzed and did barrel rolls, a sort of victory roll—like airplane fighters. Then he zoomed down in a dizzy tail spin only to pull out of it before he cracked up on Mr. Bjornig's shoulder. Bjornig was thinking.

"Listen, Bill, I think I got something. Go down to the popcorn stand and get me a paper bag. Hurry up."

Mr. Johnson left.

When he returned Bjornig was still standing in the same spot. "Got the bag? Good. Now look, that fly is still

around here—when he sits on me the next time, catch him in your hand, and put him in the bag. Furgodsake don't squash him."

After ten or eleven tries, Johnson had captured the fly. He put it in the bag.

"Good," Bjornig said. "Now look, Bill, I'll meet you at the hangout in Atlanta. You be there three weeks from today, and I'll give you the biggest show to yell about, you've ever seen . . . Maybe."

MR. BJORNIG was good as his word. "Have a beer, Johnson," Bjornig said, setting a package on the bar, and looking around to see that no one was watching. "Look."

Bjornig unwrapped the package. It was a miniature stage, enclosed in glass which had tiny air holes on the top. In the center of the stage sat the fly Mr. Johnson had caught.

"Well I'll be damned," Johnson said truthfully. "What're you doing with the fly? You need more than one for a fly circus, and I never heard of such a thing."

"This fly is better than any circus that ever lived. Remember that day the show folded? Well, this fly give me an idea. 'Look, Bjornig,' I told myself, 'parrots can fly and they can talk. Flies can fly too, but can they talk? Why not,' I thought. 'You gotta teach a parrot. Has anyone ever tried to teach a fly?' Well, there you got it. I got me a hotel room and I gained this fly's confidence. He thinks the world of me, don't you Cicero?"

"Yezzzzzz," the fly said. Mr. Johnson and the bartender both cautiously smelled of their beer.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Mr. Bjornig was beaming.

"What do I think of it! Bjornig, if that fly is really talking, we got the world. Holy Snipes, man, that is perhaps the biggest attraction ever thought up. The public may be deaf nowadays to big attractions but they ain't so



spoiled with this colossal stuff that they won't sail for this."

"Not only can my fly talk," Mr. Bjornig added proudly, and rightly so, "my fly can add numbers. No parrot can add numbers." He said this as though he had never thought that parrots were very much anyway.

Mr. Bjornig illustrated. "Cicero," he said kindly to his troupe, "will you please tell the gentlemen the sum of the numbers four and three."

"ZZZZSeven," Cicero zzzzz'd.

There was nothing Mr. Johnson or the bar tender could say.

Mr. Johnson didn't have a hard time filling the tent on the opening night. The enthusiastic audience pushed and tugged at each other until Mr. Bjornig stepped out on the platform.

He gave a little speech, feeling that Mr. Johnson was better at outdoor speeches, but hardly the type to explain a scientific attraction inside the tent.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began like everyone else begins, "you are about to behold a marvel never before duplicated on any stage in any world. For the last twelve years Doctor J. S. Bruntley and myself have been engaged in the fascinating but exacting work of teaching simple arithmetic to a fly. Before we could do this, we had to teach the fly to talk, in itself a task scientists had never before dared to attempt. We attempted it, ladies and gentlemen and we were successful. The fly you are about to see can both talk and add numbers. Any two ciphers. So without further ado, I will unveil for the first time before any audience, Cicero, the human fly."

Mr. Bjornig walked to the chromium table he had had built for the Hindu magician and pulled a purple velvet cloth off Cicero's cage. Cicero acted like a born trouper. He buzzed and buzzed at the audience in appreciation of their applause.

"Say a few words, will you Cicero?" Mr. Bjornig asked.

The audience quieted. Cicero stopped buzzing and lighted on the center of his little stage. Mr. Bjornig held a microphone before the cage.

Cicero obliged: "ZZZZank you," he said, "I am zzzzo happy to learn to zzzzpeak zzzzat I hope zzzzat I can zzzzpeak to all your friendzzzz who did not come here tonight." Cicero had obviously been coached by Mr. Bjornig as to what to say in his initial speech.

Everything was quiet for a second and then the audience applauded so loudly that people on the ferris wheel

demanded to be let out so they could get to the tent which undoubtedly was giving people their money's worth.

"All right, all right," said Mr. Bjornig, and the audience almost immediately stopped applauding. "Now Cicero, will you please tell the good people assembled here who, in your own opinion, is the greatest American."

"Mr. Diezzzzzz," answered the fly. More applause. Almost everyone clapped their hands except one or two who looked a little disgusted. They were immediately branded by Cicero as fifth columnists.

"All right, all right. Now Cicero will add for you. Will someone in the audience please shout out two numbers clearly so that Cicero will be sure to hear them?"

Nobody volunteered immediately, but finally a woman yelled, "Three and five."

"All right Cicero, you heard the numbers. Now tell the lady what the sum is."

Cicero thought a minute: "Zzzzeven," he said.

Mr. Bjornig looked uncomfortable. The audience didn't applaud. Finally a big fellow in the back row shouted "Fake! Fake! You said that the fly could add and he can't even add five and three. It's a gyp! Gimme my money back, you swindler!" The cry was soon taken up by the rest. Cries of "Gyp!" and "Run him out of town!" could be heard clear down to the merry-go-round. Then they all lined up at the ticket box and Mr. Johnson gave each of them his money back.

Cicero and Mr. Bjornig were left alone in the tent. "Geezzzz, I'm zzzzzorry," Cicero said, almost crying, "but I just couldn't add themmm up. I guezzzz I was zzzzzcared."

Mr. Bjornig opened up the cage and Cicero lighted on his wrist. "That's all right, Cicero, it wasn't your fault. Anybody can make mistakes. We can still be pals if you want to stick around with me. I'll strike something that'll knock their eyes out next time. Come on, I'll get you some sugar water."

"Thankzzz Mr. Bjornig," Cicero said, "I'll stick with you as long as I live. You're a great guy, and I know you'll hit something good one of these dayzzzzz." —P.P.

Prof. (taking up quiz paper)—Why the quotation marks on this paper?

Student—Courtesy to the man on my left.

—Medley

The King of Yvetot

YVETOT had a monarch wise,
Little known to history;
Early to bed, late to rise,
He snored on like a bumblebee.
And Jeanne, the buxom girl he wed,
With a bed-cap crowned his head,
'Tis said.

HE GOBBLED his four meals a day
In his palace of straw,
And riding on a donkey gray
He bore the imperial law.
Happy, simple, rationally sound,
For his convoy he carried around
A hound.

Translation from the Fench by
—L.S.



Sermon for Freshmen

HE WAS quite the Ideal College Boy,
A typical man of parts;
The delight, the absolute pride and joy
Of all but instructors' hearts.

Bound on the South by saddle shoes
On the North by a pork pie hat—
His hair was cut like the rowing crew's
And he lived at the proper frat.

He knew every face on Langdon Street
And all of the beer joints on State,
He quoted Ellis and Freud complete,
And gee, was he smooth on a date!

Though sparse indeed was professor's
praise
On his mind was never a load—
He'd swap for any credits of A's
What he learned on the Old Lake
Road.

Finale

BUT HIS brothers have heard with
some surprise
This year he can't dazzle the rushee's
eyes.

He's the Ideal College Boy, no doubt,
But that didn't prevent his flunking
out.

He won't be here so frosh can adore
him

The Board said "COLLEGE IS NO
PLACE FOR HIM!"

—N.R.

Cheese and the Xi Xi's



EVERYTHING started the night Ducky Evans tried to explain statistics to a couple of pledges who were going to major in Comp Lit.

We had eaten supper and had just finished "My Father Was a Xi Xi" which is our frat's anthem. Ducky was sitting on the piano cranking a calculating machine and jotting down figures on a large smudgy ruled paper.

"Whatcha doin'?" asked one of the pledges nosing around.

"I'm correlating," answered Ducky. "You know what correlating is, of course?"

"Naw. We don't know. We don't want to know even. And we gotta study some Dante anyway."

"Listen," said Ducky earnestly, "it's simple: correlation is when you figure out the relationship between a couple of things like Taxable Incomes and Motor Car Registrations. Only you have to be sure that there is some relationship there at first. Now, just as a joke I've correlated—"

The pledges broke in: "We gotta study Dante, really. Because after that we can read Boccaccio," and he blushed slightly. Ducky ignored him.

"—Xi Xi membership and Gressar cheese production of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. It's perfect. It comes out on a straight line!"

Just then Bill Putz, Xi Xi president, passed by and overheard Ducky's remark. He laughed pleasantly. "How does the market agree with the membership today," he wanted to know.

Ducky got a paper and looked up the hog and cheese markets. Bill turned to the two pledges. "You boys will be around Saturday, won't you? Remember you have to tar the roof."

The pledges looked at each other. It was plain to see that they had talked over this possibility. "We quit your darn frat," they said and walked out.

Just then Ducky came up with the paper. "It says here that the cheese market in Oshkosh is off two points. I guess the line won't be straight after all, because our frat is still as big as ever."

Bill Putz looked grave. "Lemme see that sheet, Ducky. We've just lost two pledges."

Well, that started it all. Two days later the cheese market fell three points

and everybody in the house was tense with anticipation. Most of them thought it was a lot of foolishness but on the other hand they wanted to be sure. All day long nothing happened; finally about ten o'clock that night Harve Nogitch and a couple of the boys went out to get a beer. They could see that nothing was going to happen.

If we had only known. About an hour later, a pledge came running along the hallway pounding on all the doorways and getting us out of bed. "They're pinched!" he shouted. "They're all pinched and I bet they get tossed outta college."

"Listen, stupid," we said, "who's pinched?"

"Why, Harve and Pete and Squirmy. They nailed a Kappa's suit of long underwear to the new-wing and painted a sign on the building and they got pinched and I bet they get kicked out."

And cheese off three points!

Well, they did get kicked out. We argued with the Dean, and our Alumni Chapter sent Chas. E. Blupper II, in person but out they went. The Kappas maintained that hell they didn't mind what was done so much, except that since everyone found out that they wore *long* underwear their date rate had gone down 50%. "I bet I could correlate that with something," yelled Ducky when he heard about it and we almost threw him out of our frat even though he was kidding. You see, the chapter began to take his statistical joke seriously.

So seriously, in fact, that when, after a week of inactivity the cheese market went up a point and we got back one of our old pledges, it voted to put in a direct wire to the Oshkosh market. The price was worth the peace of mind we got, but the market, after that one flurry, went down steadily—and the house became increasingly vacant. We

were all plenty worried, those of us who were left . . .

But our place is full now, you say, and we have five men staying over at the Chi Phi house? It's like this:

At dinner one night we filed in gloomily, only to find that the ten of us had increased to eleven. An elderly man, evidently a farmer by his—ah, clothes, was sitting at the president's right.

"Men," began our president after we had eaten, "this is Mr. Lemuel Brackenheath, owner of the largest cheese factory in Oshkosh. He has a few words for all of us."

Mr. Brackenheath got up slowly. "Boys I got a proposition for you. Your president here, has told me about the tough time you bin havin'. And I want to help you. My business, as you well know, hasn't been any too good either: cheese has been going down steadily." The boys shifted uncomfortably; they knew as much about cheese by now as anyone in Wisconsin.

Mr. B cleared his throat. "But I got an idea. You see if more people would get to know about our cheese they would certainly buy it. What the business needs is someone who can market our product successfully, someone who knows statistics and marketing. Now I understand that one of you boys fits this description to a T; in fact, I even got a picture of this boy and showed it to my little gal, Hallie, who's just achin' to marry a boy like him. So my proposition is this: if your frat wants to contribute Ducky to The Cause I'll take him into the business."

Ducky rose to his feet. "Boys," he said, and there might have been a tear in his eye—I couldn't tell for sure, "I see my duty and I'll do it. I'll marry Hallie." And when he sat down each of us had a lump in his throat that wasn't from the hamburger.

—R. N.

On Stomachs

My appetite is over-size.

It dominates in every wise.

*Although I try with right good cheer
A winsome co-ed to appear—*

*To paint my lips with practiced hand,
And manage coiffures that command
Attention from each passing he,
The effort's doomed to fail on me,
For when has come the hour to dine,
I never can feel feminine.*

—C.W.



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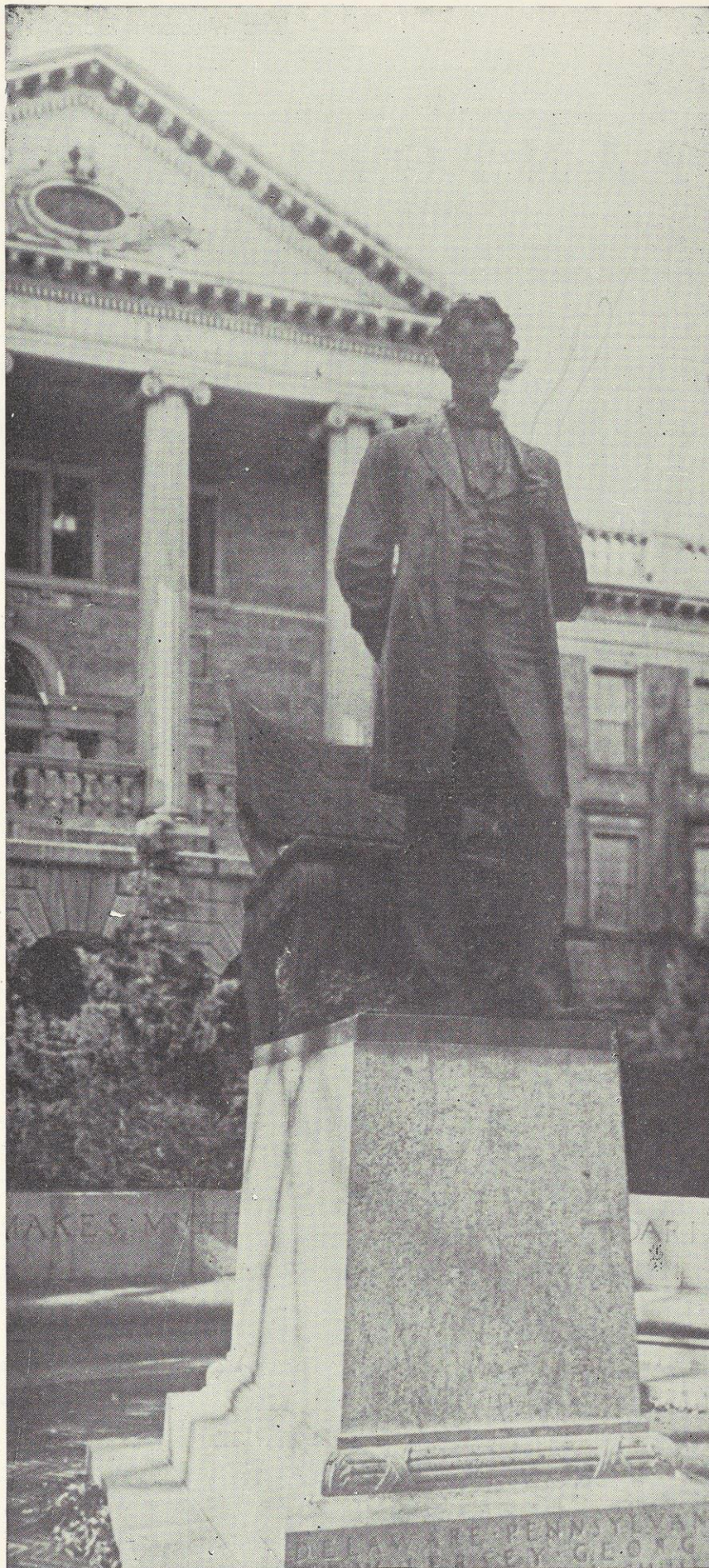
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IF YOU want something refreshingly like a right hook to knock you into peacefulness some night, try a dose of Hector Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*. It is the most powerfully living thing written. Why this man has been so long comparatively unearthed to the lay-listener was our major problem when we first heard Victor's June release of it. In our subsequent listenings, however, we have been more concerned with preventing ourselves from taking flight at the lavishness of it all. It seems that this man is the one behind half of the musical renovations of the past century. Lizt, for instance, stole the idea of a symphonic poem with one idea repeated and repeated ("idee fixe" they call it in the books) from him. This "Symphonie" is certainly proof of that fact. Its beauty of form comes from the recurring theme, growing on you until you fairly scream with delight each time it comes again.

Besides this contribution of form, he also introduced new instruments into the orchestra. He shook his flaming red hair and thumbed his nose at the classicists; with the result that he has dictated since. Lizt, Chopin, Wagner, even Debussy learned something from him.

All the original ruggedness and potency has remained in this fine pressing by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, Bruno Walter conducting. If you want naked melody and a stirring program its Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*.

WHILE we're throwing out bouquets, we should like to toss an extra large one to the concerted attempt of the recording manufacturers to bring the best in recorded music within the financial grasp of more and more people. We remain non-plussed but nevertheless exultant when we comprehend what this 50% slash will mean to us. To be able to get as fine recordings as the new Victor recording of Brahms' *Second*, 12 sides, for only \$6.50 makes for a brighter future. It is a job well-done up by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra; more pleasing, and we can't imagine why, than the dollar cheaper Columbia Masterpiece by the usually unfailing Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic. We suggest that since quality has not been sacrificed with this recent price-cut, that you can now dig deeper into your pockets for the extra dollar that will make you a Brahms connoisseur.

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In The Editor's Brown Study

... Welcome Back, Youth

TO OUR desk, these days, comes page after page of American Patriotism, or whatever you care to call it, in the form of songs, phonograph records, pamphlets and printed public addresses. From the radio the average listener hears no end of patriotic declamations. He has heard his favorite crooner and blues singer sing "God Bless America" and a smattering of five or six other patriotic songs that have suddenly sprung up in the past few months. He has heard nearly every other person whether singer, jazz band leader, or politician, coyly inject such phrases as "Gee it's great to be an American" and "Be an American and act like an American," into his program. Ministers, taxi drivers, and prostitutes all over the country are saying it; signs in taverns, on billboards, and stuck in car windows proclaim it. Buttons, natty little flags, and American-fried potatoes are to be found everywhere.

Personally we are getting a little tired of it all. Maybe they're avoiding the risk of being called fifth columnists (if anybody knows what a fifth columnist is). To us, it looks, for all the world, like stories we've heard of swindlers and thieves who go to church on Sundays.

Sakes alive, we love America. We'd like to kick the pants off anybody who doesn't, but for our part, though, we'd rather do our praying a little more quietly. We can think of nothing more hypocritical than going around in these troublesome times shouting our loyalty from the housetops. Patriotism, we think, is not all this noise. We've resolved to say we're glad to be Americans no more than twice a week,—and an extra one on Armistice Day.

NOW a personal note to freshmen. Freshman, we welcome you. We are indeed happy to hear again the patter of little feet. In fact old Octy would even be glad to hear your footsteps outside his very own door.

Octy is your magazine. It is written and drawn by students just like yourselves. We are glad to read and look at your stuff. We have plugged along for the last several years under the supposition that there is still a place for a clean, intelligent humor magazine in this world. Humor is a stable thing, it continues through prosperity and depression, war and peace—and conscription. No matter what happens in this old world of ours we can always chuckle a little and relax.

So, won't you sit yourself down soon and write or draw something for old eight legs? We know that most of you are not seasoned professionals but we have even been known to help potential writers and drawers to the pinnacles of Octopus fame. Let's arrange for a definite meeting, say Monday, September 30, Open House for all freshmen in the Octy Offices.

NOW FOR the rest of you guys. Take a good look at this Octopus. Some of you will say that Octy is not bawdy enough; some of you will say that it is too risqué. But look at it anyway, this is what you are going to get so you might as well like it.

Maybe you will learn to like it. Maybe when you have graduated and are an expert shot at pinball you will like it. Maybe when you are eating canned army rations in some noxious army camp full of bedbugs and Bonnie Baker records you will like it,—or with a bullet in your guts.

And just to show you what kind of fellows we editors are, here's a story. We found a clipping from the September 4, New York Daily News saying that an editor who writes the *Buccaneer*, the University of North Carolina's humor magazine, got sent up the river for four months. Why? Okay, we'll tell you why. Tart *Alease Tart* is a farmer's daughter who only wanted to be a buddy not a sweetheart. She jilted this guy and he fired five shots at her in a dime store,—missed, and now he is up the river. We fellows just don't give a damn.

THIS issue is our *Freshman Handbook* number. We did not give any advice to freshmen, we are merely stating facts—sometimes whimsy. Hevener, who is at the present time doing research work in the South, wrote a daring expose' of some of our sororities. The editor was scared stiff to publish this,—not for fear of local objections, but rather of the wrath of three former editors. To them he bows humbly, to you he nods in assent. If Hevener has missed anybody in this issue do

not feel oversecure—there will be another unveiling next month, and the month after. And Octy will go on and on; it will bring to light whatever needs illumination.

We found R. Pierron at Fred's one night and picked the Handbook manuscript off his booth where he had forgotten to pick it up when he left. We are sorry to have thwarted Mr. Pierron's blackmail scheme. (The university agreed to pay him an outlandish amount to keep it out of circulation.)

The review columns are small this month because we didn't send away for the stuff soon enough, and so all the boys at the record companies were gone on their vacations and we had to review our records at the local shops. Octy wishes to thank them for their courtesy. Next month you will get full-sized reviews, by the grace of the record companies and publishers.

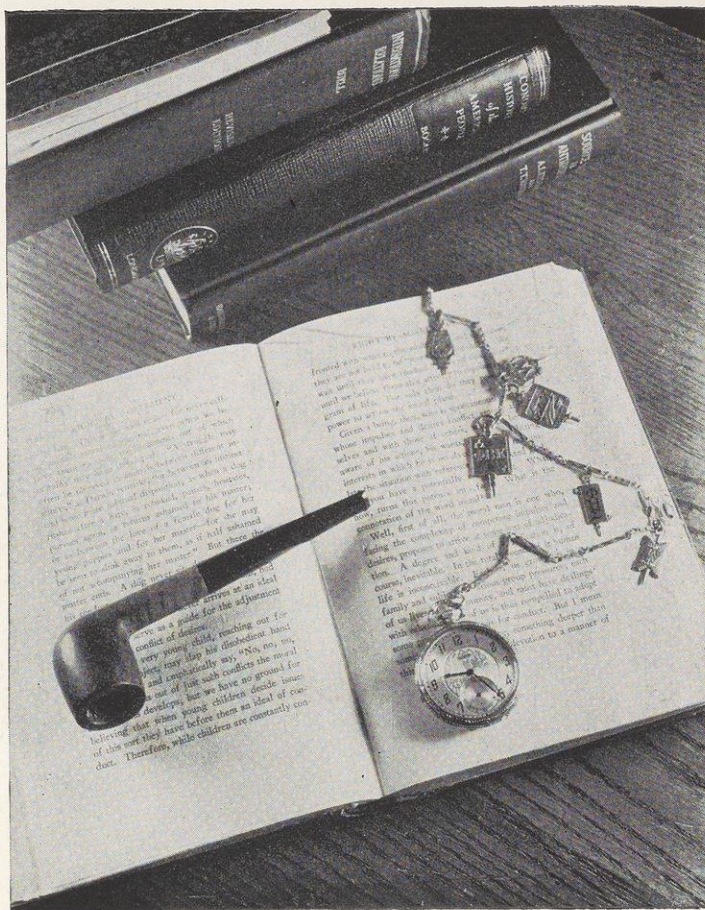
OCTY wishes to welcome to its board of editors one Larry Hogan who is a screwy-looking guy with glasses and who is an engineer (God bless them all) from Green Bay. Larry draws dandy cartoons and was particularly verdant this month. Being on the board of editors entitles Mr. Hogan to all the rights and privileges due them and he can now have free rides on Octy's pet crocodile. The rest of you guys have to pay.

—R.W.



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