



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 23, No. 4 December, 1941

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, December, 1941

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WPMRQCZLCIZAP8G>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

THE WISCONSIN **Octopus** 15¢



December

G. HOEVELER



CAMELS

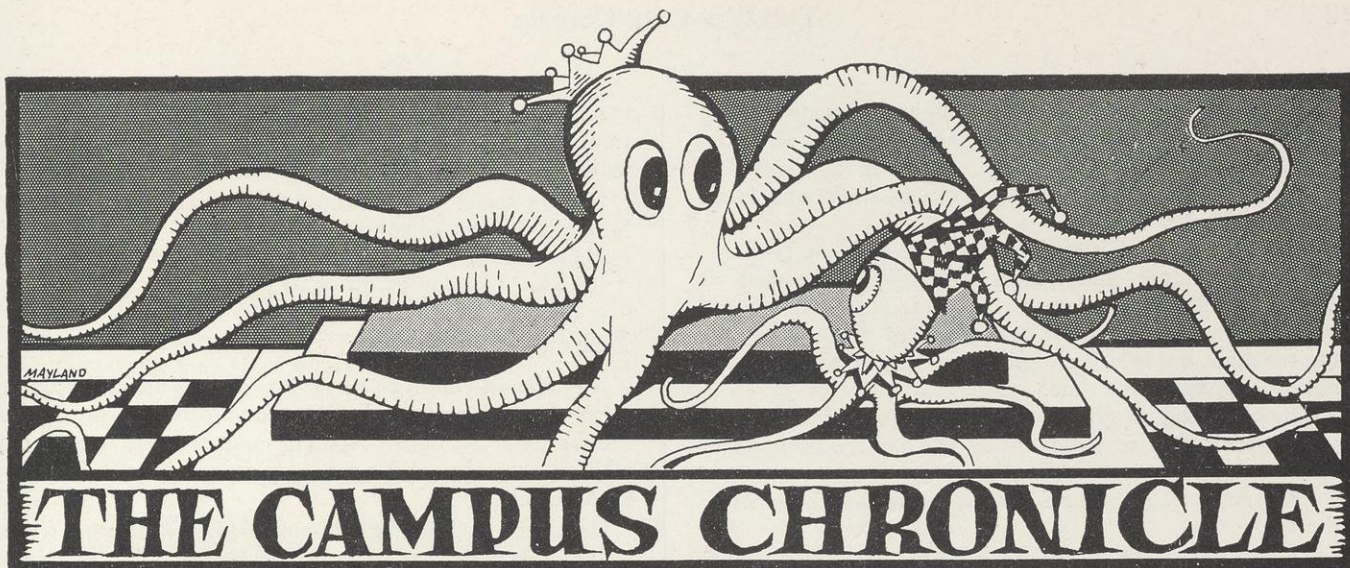
There's an added pleasure in giving Camels at Christmas. You *know* your gift will be so genuinely welcome. More smokers prefer Camels than any other cigarette. And that preference holds for men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard, too! So remember those lads in uniform... remember *all* the cigarette smokers on your list... with the cigarette of costlier tobaccos—*Camels*. Your choice of the package of four flat fifties or the popular Camel carton.

PRINCE ALBERT

If he smokes a pipe, a big, long-lasting pound of cool-burning Prince Albert spells smoking pleasure 'way into the New Year... at camp, on ship, at home. Prince Albert is choice tobacco, "no-bite" treated for mildness and "crimp cut." It's the National Joy Smoke. There's no other tobacco like it. Your local dealer has two handsome Prince Albert "specials"... the pound tin (*above*) or the special glass humidor jar. (The humidor itself makes a handsome gift!) Get yours today.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GIFTS THAT ARE SURE TO PLEASE IN BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS WRAPPERS



MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all. To you and to you and to you. Octy waves all eight tentacles in the overflowing joy of the holiday season. In a very little while you will be home meeting the old gang, sleeping until noon, and finishing up the term paper you should have started six weeks ago.

You'll be dating the old girl and singing Christmas carols and telling the folks what a dandy job you're doing at the great big old University of Wisconsin. For two blessed weeks you're going to eat real home-cooking and stuff yourself on home-made candy and cookies. When you return to Madison after this blissful fortnight it will be a new year. And we'll all pray that the Situation clears up, and that the instructor extends the deadline on that damned term-paper and we'll promise ourselves that in 1942 we're all going to bear down and really get to work. But 1942 will probably go just the way this one has. We'll struggle along our little individual paths, getting our regular share of bumps, and minor triumphs and a lot of laughs. And we'll go on just about the same as before.

But for right now we feel brave and strong and just bubbling over with holiday spirit. It's a mighty nice feeling too. So Merry Christmas again. And Happy New Year too!

Four Bell Alarm

Whenever we hear the sirens of the fire trucks tearing across the city we are seized by a strange excitement. We can see the firemen clutching grimly to their engines as they speed down the streets, see them leap from the trucks and dart into the hungry flames and emerge later with a sleeping child in their arms, and see them struggle with the lashing hoses as they play the giant streams of water on the angry flames. The whole business forms a whirling panorama before our eyes and makes our heart pound like mad.

The other day while we were standing in front of Brown's cooling our heels we suddenly heard the fire sirens begin to howl. We listened eagerly as the sound approached and gasped for joy when we saw a large hook-

and-ladder bearing down on us from Lake Street and come to a stop right under our nose. A second later another truck came roaring up State Street and pulled up in front of the Co-op. The men jumped down from their trucks and in two jerks had their axes out and the fire hoses attached to the hydrants. We watched pop-eyed. When all the equipment had been unfastened the firemen began to look about for the fire. But alas, alas, where was the fire? Thoroughly embarrassed, the firemen stood about whispering to each other and occasionally sniffing the air.

A moment later the chief's car arrived. After a brief huddle one of the less timid men went into the Co-op to ask if they had a fire but returned disappointed. The unhappy firemen loitered for a few minutes and then began reloading their gear.

Suddenly a figure darted from the small dry cleaning store establishment opposite the Co-op and shouted, "It's in here! In here!" The bewildered firemen once more uncoiled the hoses while we crept sadly up the street, supposing our disillusionment to be only a part of the process of growing up.



Animal Joy

Ah . . . to be a gay, happy, uninhibited freshman once more. To follow the fearless life unhampered by false modesties. It was only a few days ago that we spied one of these enviable creatures breaking down the oppressive barriers of convention in the subconscious mind. The autumn sun was shining brightly as she came tripping down the hill and with joyous abandon and flying skirts leaped into a large pile of innocently waiting leaves. Then with a smile for her amazed public, she picked herself up and went on her way . . . whistling . . .

Study in Blue

One of the happiest little stories we have heard in a long time concerns a couple of sorority girls and a psychology professor. The professor and his wife were invited to dinner at the girls' house one evening, and they decided to make the evening interesting for him.

So for several days before the dinner they practiced being

neurotic. One of them developed a slight but unmistakable twitch which lent an undeniable charm to her conversation, and the other whipped up a neurosis which caused her to throw back her head every few minutes, snort, and blink her eyes rapidly.

They managed to sit at the same table with the professor during the dinner, and quietly twitched and blinked all evening while carrying on an otherwise perfectly normal conversation. The professor watched them furtively all during the meal, trying to look undisturbed, but making mental notes like mad all the time.

The only other bright spot of the evening was when one of the girls remarked jokingly that she had the feeling that someone was always following her.

"Whenever I look around I expect to find someone there," she said.

"Someone is there, dearie," answered the twitching one darkly. "Every minute."

A Shot in the Dark

Wiskits is went, leaving only the faint memory of hysterical giggling in the Union theater and veiled but knife-like remarks tossed back and forth between the actresses in the different skits. We had the unique pleasure of attending try-outs and rehearsals, and it was an experience we are trying to forget.

It would be too morbid to relate all the muttered remarks, the stony glances, the icy silences maintained during humorous skits and the giggling and scuffling during the serious ones. Perhaps this one instance will illustrate the general feminine atmosphere that pervaded the entire rehearsal period.

As one group which had just finished presenting their stunt was stepping from the stage, one of the girls collided with a member of the skit which was scheduled to follow.

"I'm so sorry!" she murmured. "I was thinking of that funny little stunt of yours. Why don't you try and work it up into a skit or something?"

We went home and read about Elaine the fair and lovable.

Voice of Experience

A freshman youth we know was having unusually unfortunate experiences with his unsympathetic instructors. Flunks were coming in regularly and it was a strange day when the mail-box did not hold a stern summons from the dean's office.

Deeply affected by the sad state of things our young friend walked down Bascom Hill one day, complaining bitterly to a chum. He went into a long and tear-jerking account of his many troubles, his maladjustments, his harangues from the Front Office.

Finally, as he neared the bottom of the hill, a firm hand clapped him on the shoulder and spoke soothingly. "My boy," the tall man said, "I know just how you feel. I've felt that way many times myself. But I always get a toe-hold on the thing and dig my heels right in and stay there."

Our freshman listened respectfully. And when the solicitous stranger walked away he asked his friend, "Who the devil was that guy?"

YOUR GIFT SHOP

Nowhere in Madison will you
find a gift shop specializing in
gifts that appeal to students
either to give or to receive.

At no other store will you find
such a wide selection of cards
of interest to young people.

The CO-OP

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

DEAN G. C. SELLERY, *Pres.* JAMES A. WATROUS, *Vice-Pres.*
RAY L. HILSENHOFF, *Secretary and Treasurer*
EDWARD J. MAYLAND SAM GRECO

BUSINESS STAFF

SAM GRECO *Business Manager*
HAROLD GRISWOLD *Advertising Manager*
JOAN WITHINGTON *Personnel Director*
DICK CAMPBELL *Sales Director*
JOEY FOURT *Publicity Director*
NED WHITMORE *Circulation Director*
ELEANOR ROSNER *Specialties Director*
ROBIN L. PINDAR *Layout Director*

EDWARD J. MAYLAND, *Executive Editor*

Contributors:

George Hoeveler, L. S. Silk, Art Dallman, Helen Landsberg, Owen Kampen, Jean Sperry, Myron Gordon, Ruth De Groot, James Redding, Nancy Oestrich, Maggie Arlington Stemps, Robert Vergeront, Lena R. Brisket, Jack Fox, Tom Greenwell, Alfredo Bandershee, Llewelyn Framm, Rudolpho Magee, Don Henningfeld.

Copyright, December, 1941, by the WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, Inc., 770 Langdon Street, Madison. Published ten times during the year by the students of the University of Wisconsin. Reprint rights granted to legitimate college magazines; cuts will be loaned upon request. Entered as second class matter at the post-office, Madison, Wisconsin, under act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rate \$1.00 per year in U. S., Mexico and Timbuctoo, \$1.25 in Canada and former U. S. possessions (except the Virgin Islands), in England, no money down — no payments till God knows when.

Volume XXIII

DECEMBER, 1941

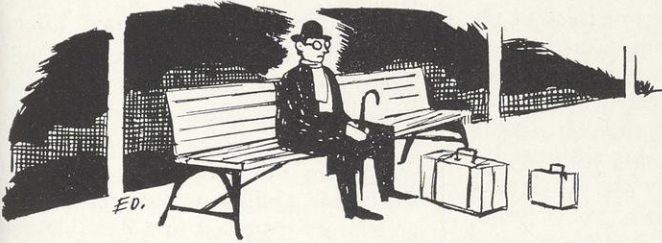
Number 4

The other boy said simply, "That, my boy, was Dykstra."

Gala Opening

For weeks we had been waiting for it. We mean the National Art Week Exhibit. For weeks our instructor had been giving us daily warnings to attend the Exhibition, the alternative being a nasty zero for the month and ill-will for the rest of the year. So we were very properly impressed. We were all set to garner favor with our pedagogue and at the same time see lots of pretty pictures and an impressive formal opening of the Exhibition by no one less than the mayor himself.

When the great day came at last we were plenty excited you can bet. We could hardly eat breakfast. Every moment



of class was cruel eons of waiting. When at last the bell rang and we were free we raced down State Street running like mad, swallowing great gulps of air, our lungs aching and our heart pounding. We prayed that we might be in time for the grand opening.

Gasping for air we at last pulled up in front of the address we had scribbled on our cuff. We were a little disappointed. It was just an old vacant store. Just a few people were lolling around outside. Next-door a man was standing on a step-ladder painting a sign. He looked at us sleepily and spit on the sidewalk. We didn't give up hope though.

About half an hour the mayor arrived. We were tense, expectant. Then, without a word he took a little key from his pocket and casually unlocked the door and allowed the mob of ten or twelve people to saunter into the Exhibition. That's all there was to it. We were crushed, beaten. We felt like crying. And all we can say is that it'll take a champagne christening to get us to another Grand Opening. We were gyped.

Information Please

Undoubtedly many students are unaware of the vast potentialities of the educational facilities of the Memorial Union. But one young man we know discovered one of those little-known services and is still shedding tears of thanksgiving.

One evening the young man came to our office looking woe-begone and persecuted and pleaded for the use of one of our silver-plated typewriters. We said yes. Ordinarily our answer would have been no, since such a practice violates rule 22-d. But he looked desperate and pulled a knife on us, so we smilingly consented.

He began to work furiously on a paper that was to be handed in on the morrow. Every few minutes he muttered, "Yeats," "Galsworthy," "Endymion," or something of the sort. Suddenly he shrieked, "Who wrote *Moby Dick*?" That startled us. But we couldn't tell him. We read the book when we were mere children. The young man began to curse. And then our wise old head offered saner counsel. "Why not," we suggested, "call the library?" His face brightened as he phoned the Union Library.

"Can you please tell me who wrote *Moby Dick*?" he

asked. There was confusion at the other end of the line. No doubt this was an emergency. There were muffled whisperings. We could picture the library attendants scurrying around, anxiously questioning everyone in the library.

Finally an exultant voice proclaimed, "James Melville."

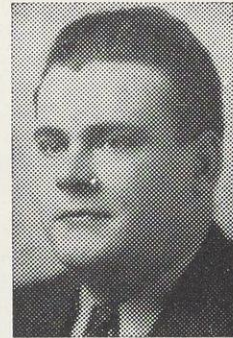
Our young friend thanked the library, smiled a beatific smile, and went back to work again.

Our Funny People

We have become somewhat innured to whatever sort of contributor slips past our double guard and into the sanctity of our office. With the passing of the years we have learned to expect all manner of humanity. And we've gotten it. We can furnish magicians, musicians, athletes, precocious infants, and practically anything else that you might want. Or might not.

But the latest addition is the real treasure. One happy afternoon while the editorial staff worked hard and the business organization lay lounging about on the tables, a young lady entered the office. After we had subdued the business staff we led the frightened lassie to a chair. Trembling with fright, she gradually responded to our gentle ministrations. Then we asked her the usual routine questions, administered the Pledge, and gave her a scarlet fever inoculation. The answer to one of the questions was what set us on our ear. "Miss Knirfl," we asked (the name is fictitious), "what is your father's vocation?" All of us were silent, awaiting the reply. The new candidate giggled. And then she lisped, "My father is a manufacturer of funeral crepe. That's where I get my sense of humor."

The staff was convulsed with laughter and fell to the floor in a body. We adjourned for the afternoon.



Madison's Largest Clothing Merchant

BILL MILLAR, the stout, amiable service-giver of the VARSITY MEN'S shop and the largest merchant in Madison, offers campus men the complete and perfect wardrobe.

Correct styling, precise tailoring, and lower prices are the keywords of his policy. Bring your apparel problems to Bill—he'll help you solve them.

the **Varsity Men's** shop
670 State

Student, Professor, and Christmas Vacation

The approach was easy.

He smiled his most winning smile. "Professor Quillikans," Jasper began, "I'd like to invite you to my home for Christmas vacation. I've told my parents about you and they're most anxious to meet you. And I think I could see to it that you'd enjoy yourself." He made a crude attempt to wink slyly.

Professor J. Humphrey Quillikans was startled by Jasper's offer. Years of experience had taught him to be on guard against students who had a "D-" average in his course. Usually they attempted violent assault. But Jasper, it seemed, was the happy rarity who extended the gentle hand of peace and good fellowship. He thought Jasper must be a very nice boy.

"Why, thank you," he said, "that's very nice of you. I'll be very happy to accept your kind invitation." He smiled beamingly and nodded his head in thankful acceptance.

But Professor J. Humphrey Quillikans did not know Jasper very well. Inside his black soul Jasper gloated over the neat ruse he had planned. For Jasper was not in a sunshiny mood about his "D-" average in Mr. Quillikans' course. The lousy bum was giving him a plenty raw deal. And he wasn't going to take it. But he wouldn't waste his time in trying to reason or argue with the old muddle-head. He was smart. He'd be subtle about it. So he thought of an insidious scheme that could not fail.

J. Humphrey Quillikans was a pitiful meek little man. Jasper supposed he got his biggest thrills in the dusty stacks of the library. He was a stupid little punk who would fall for any little crumb of soft soap. So, reasoned Jasper, if I invite him home for vacation he'll be my simpering slave for life. And then we'll watch that "D-" average soar.

ON THE ride home Jasper saw to it that Mr. Quillikans got every little attention. At shops he bought cigarettes and sandwiches and candy and showered them on his victim. Mr. Quillikans smiled dreamily and sighed often. Jasper realized that the simple instructor must be overwhelmed and awed by his taste of real life.

When they reached Jasper's home, his mother and father, properly coached,

fawned and enthused over Mr. Quillikans. It seemed to Jasper that Mr. Quillikans was not properly responsive.

That evening a nice program was planned by Jasper's mother. It included plenty of quiz games where it was expected that Mr. Quillikans would shine brightly. But Mr. Quillikans suggested that they go out and see the town.

Jasper suggested a movie. Mr. Quillikans, unerring as a homing pigeon steered them into Mac's Place. It was not long before Jasper realized that he had been tricked. He lost track of the number of steins that floated across the table, but he was conscious of the fact that he felt extremely uncomfortable and drowsy and that Mr. Quillikans was consuming his share of the flowing amber and with no sign of abatement.

At three o'clock the boys rolled home. Mr. Quillikans put Jasper to bed and then went down to raid the ice box and listen to the radio.

Jasper pulled himself out of bed at 8:30 in the morning. He felt like hell but he finally made it. At eleven o'clock Mr. Quillikans was still sleeping. Jasper laughed. A bitter laugh.

When Mr. Quillikans decided to arise he found that he had a lusty appetite. The first eggs that Jasper's mother fixed for him were too soft. But the second time they were just about right.

Mr. Quillikans didn't have much to do until dinner time. So he sat in the living room and spread cigar ashes on the rug while he listened to Jasper's swing records.

In some ways dinner was rather disastrous. Mr. Quillikans was quite a story-teller. His hardy humor caused Jasper's mother to blush. She had not expected to find traveling salesmen included in the repertoire of a college professor. Mr. Quillikans had a very hearty capacity for lamb chops too. He apologized for his love of good food, laughing good-naturedly all the while. Jasper believed that his father was a bit irked. His sister thought Mr. Quillikans was great fun. She was only ten though and her idea of sport was to mix the salt and pepper shakers.

And so it was for the whole long week. Mr. Quillikans set a torrid pace and Jasper struggled to follow. Jasper longed for sleep. His mother was often close to tears these days and her face had taken on a worn and haggard look. His father stayed away as much as possible. But Mr. Quillikans . . . Ah, Mr. Quillikans remained his jovial, smiling self. Night after night he cut his merry capers. Each night he made a tour of the recreation centers of the town. And each morning he slept until noon. He became particularly attached to Margie. Jasper was sorry that he'd ever introduced her to Mr. Quillikans. He was sure that he'd heard her scream that first night she had gone on a



ART DALLMAN

"It's a high kick, out-of-bounds"

double date with them. Afterward, Mr. Quillikans had said, "I'm a sly old rogue, aren't I?" Jasper laughingly agreed. And so, with entertainment, rest, and plenty of good food, Mr. Quillikans spent a quite satisfactory week with Jasper.

But Mr. Quillikans was in demand elsewhere too. Jasper had to share him. And so, at the end of a strenuous and carefree week he bid his host adieu. Baring his fangs, and snorting in a spirited fashion, Mr. Quillikans waved a blithe goodbye. Jasper extended a limp hand and then went to bed. His mother smiled again, and that night his father got two chops for supper.

During the rest of the vacation Jasper was happy. He recovered quite completely from the shock. Long hours of sleep and leisurely lolling about restored Jasper to his former effervescent self. By degrees he was able to convince himself that the week with Mr. Quillikans had not been spent in vain. He was sure it had been for a good cause.

He looked forward to school again with happy optimism. When classes began he made it a point to chat affably with Mr. Quillikans each day. His confidence blossomed and he knew that he had nothing to fear. He even called Mr. Quillikans *Humphrey* once in a while.

It was with a singing heart that he had a pre-exam conference with Mr. Quillikans. He was sure that he could get a "C" out of the old boy. With a decent exam he might sweep into a nice "B." Jasper was happy about the whole affair. The week of suffering seemed trivial now.

Mr. Quillikans smiled. They discussed the recent vacation, exchanging bits of pleasant memories.

And then Mr. Quillikans settled down to business. He opened his record book and frowned.

"Jasper," he said, "this hurts me. But all semester your work has been extremely poor. Lately it has been abominable. You'll have to write a mighty good exam if you want to get more than a flunk in this course."

And right there is where Jasper went stark mad. Beserk and foaming, he grabbed his chair and swung at Mr. Quillikans. Mr. Quillikans leaped nimbly to one side. He smiled at the raving youth. "Now, now, Jasper," he teased, "that wasn't cricket, you know. I'm afraid that now I'll be obliged to flunk you for certain."

Jasper just stared dumbly. And then he slumped to the floor.

—R. L. H.

Thank You Note

Dear Cousin Jake,

Don't know how to thank you for the swell bottle of bourbon you sent me for Christmas. You sure know my favorite brand. That's the kind of gift a man appreciates. Every now and then I take a little nip to kind of keep the ol' spirits warm, you know. Knowing my love for good whiskey you can appreciate that it probably won't last long. But, enough of that. Wait'll I take a littel nip, and then Ill go on.

Now that's better! How8ve you been down there/We're aall oK here, yeah. The liddle woman caught a bad cold lastweekshe was in a dreft or sumethig; sh3's alrightt now tho7 gh. She alwYs wus kind a susepab.e to drafftfs you know by gawd. E cxus\$ me a second wi ll you.

But she1/4s alrigit now d.

How in the heLLS your old battlaks hm@? Boy oboy thats good burrbun. yoo sewer got one devil of awomin there, wut (mena is a hell of a s2ell woming. Woman.

she perden meamin&te

som,,thing7s wroong w9th this dam tipeweriter the son of a wellit won6 wurk wurk rit. tHink somebuddys bin mokneying 285y 5y i36w. G3ss

illhavanuther shmall dronk. ..sxcs a mnt%..

Mebe i Be5tt/er 1/4pen the widnow ist gidetting a lotlebit warme inear. daMM coller's two tieght.

somebiddy sttokle the capital leitterx offa thzi (8 cungraptiond? foundem agin.

m\$55 clouse naow. gedding damg —*s;l eepy. dammd 1/822 gowd birbon thoygh jikE yole jerkk. hops yew croke.

yOUR cudsin

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY.

Two young swains, Nero and Rome, were in love with Claudia. Because she was so fond of music, Claudia said, "The man I marry must first learn to play the violin." Rome tried hard to learn, but without success. On the other hand, Nero was soon playing all of the gal's favorite tunes, and so they were married. It was then that Nero fiddled while Rome burned.

OR TAKING HER BACK

"When a fellow says he knows a girl like a book, it's a sure sign that he's putting her on the shelf." —Duchess.

Fraternity President: "We are Sigma Chis and honest men."

Judge: "Fine. Sigma Chis line up on this side and honest men on the other side.



PUNGENT PIPE PUTS PA IN PICKLE

—but he's out of the dog house now!



LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH! One wallop and that smelly old briar will be no more! What's the neighbor saying? "Switch to a mild tobacco like Sir Walter."



LOOKS LIKE THE START of a happy ending. Ma's in love with Sir Walter's mellow fragrance. And Pa's delighted with the cool, rich flavor of this burley blend.

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

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



UNION MADE

Tune in UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE Every Friday night—NBC Red Network Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

According to the Records



Bluebird.

EV'RYTHING I LOVE

Ray Eberle does an exceptionally fine job with the vocal in this Glenn Miller tune. Miller's men are heard in the background with some really mellow instrumental work which adds considerably to the net effect. *Baby Mine*, the second side, again features Eberle but this time it's a slow-moving lullaby from Walt Disney's *Dumbo*.

AND SO IT ENDED

Vaughn Munroe carries the ball on this waxing while his boys fill in with instrumental snatches. The tune is melancholy but sweet and pleasant to hear. We also liked the B side, *A Sinner Kissed an Angel*, and promise that you won't be disappointed when you hear it. *Bluebird*.

I THINK OF YOU

Another winner for T. Dorsey and his boys! Frank Sinatra dishes up an inspired lyric which will leave you gasping for more and probably impress even your tone-deaf room-mate. Better get this one! *Who Can I Turn To?* is much in the sultry mood and gives vocalist Jo Stafford an excellent chance to display her wares. *Victor*.

THE BIRTHDAY OF A KING

When you go home for Christmas why not take this Judy Garland recording along to help generate that good old

Christmas spirit? The second piece, *The Star of the East*, is equally good and should be in every collector's library. Judy's treatment of these songs is rich and melodious. We're certain you'll like them! *Decca*.

JOY TO THE WORLD

A rather brisk rendition which makes up in gusto what it lacks in finish. Harriet Cruise and the King's Men share the honors. *The First Noel* carries a little more sentiment and perhaps overshadows the first side. We especially liked the violin spots. *Decca*.

NOTHIN'

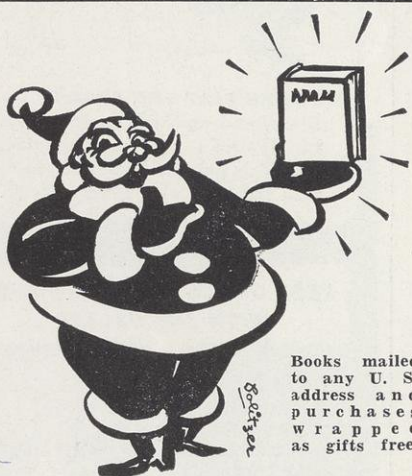
The Inkspots give this lively and tricky novelty a good run on this disc. The better side, however, is *Someone's Rocking My Dream Boat*, which is a slow and melodious tune better suited to the rhythmic Inkspots. *Decca*.

THE MAGIC OF MAGNOLIAS

Bob Eberly handles the vocal for Jimmy Dorsey with meritorious results on this waxing. The tune is easy-flowing with an occasional dramatic instrumental spot. Eberly does the vocal again in *Day-Dream*, the B side, and gives a fair account of the song. *Decca*.

STORMY WEATHER

We were a little bit disappointed with Connie Boswell's recording of this old classic. It seemed to us that Connie tried too hard to dramatize the lyrics and in so doing lost the melancholy effect of the tune. We are proud of her,



Books mailed to any U. S. address and purchases wrapped as gifts free.

Books for Christmas

Brown's larger, more complete stock of the best in books makes it easy to find just the right gift for every name on your Christmas list.

● Books of 1941

The most important books of this year—novels, biography, current affairs, travel, history, essays, poetry.

● Books for Children

Gay and handsome books for young readers of every age—hundreds of titles in stock priced from 10c to \$3.50.

● Books in low-priced editions

The Modern Library—95c each

200 of the world's best books from Homer to Hemingway.

The Modern Library Giants—\$1.25 each

56 omnibus books that are outstanding low-cost values.

Pocket and Penguin Books—25c each

DeLuxe Editions—\$1.49 to \$3.95

Reprint Editions—50c to \$1.00

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

STATE AT LAKE

reminder list

● Christmas Cards

Boxed assortments from 25c to \$1.00; individual cards from 3c, 2 for 5c to \$1.00 each.

● Fountain Pens

Parker, Sheaffer and Esterbrook in a complete range of colors and points. \$1.00 to \$17.50.

● Stationery

Eaton's fine papers in many kinds and styles all packed in lovely gift boxes.

however, for her second piece, *Gee! But I Hate to Go Home Alone*, which is a very lovely thing. *Decca*.

CITY CALLED HEAVEN

It's Glen Gray and company offering this wheel which isn't at all hard to take. Kenny Sargent's vocal is first rate. Flipover, *I Found You in the Rain*, is really dandy. Better not miss this one. *Decca*.

I'M THRILLED

Ella Fitzgerald does a masterful job with this melancholy ditty which will hit you in the pit of the stomach. *Make Love to Me* is a musical invitation done with the power that only the languid Fitzgerald can give a song. *Decca*.

YOU'RE ON MY MIND

Johnny Long features Bob Houston with the vocal on this waxing and tries hard with the instrumentals but the result is still weak. The second side, *Panic in Panama*, is pretty dreary. *Decca*.

MEMPHIS BLUES

You'll get a kick out of the rhythmic and thoroughly delightful run that Guy Lombardo gives this tune. The boys in the band are given plenty of opportunity to cut up before Kenny Gardner comes in with the lyric to finish the record. You'll like it. *S-h-i-n-e* will brighten up your day, we'll bet. *Decca*.

STRUTTIN' IN THE STRAW

A slight let-down after some of the recent Lawrence Welk successes but perhaps not too bad. *Pound the Table Polka* is a lively little thing which will gladden your heart no end. The vocal is tossed off by winsome Jo Ann Hubbard. Pretty nice! *Decca*.

**John Kotz Has
Size 16½ Neck . . .**

F 6388

CLEANING DYEING
PRESSING ALTERATIONS



Four Lakes Cleaners

SEASON'S GREETINGS . . .

Leave Your

TYPING

Here While Away for Vacation
also

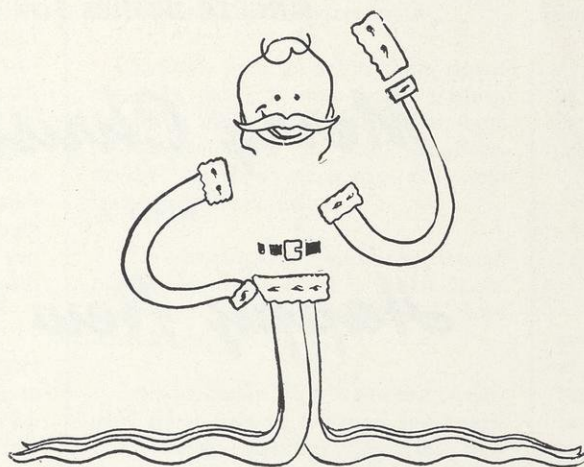
MIMEOGRAPHING and MULTIGRAPHING

Open Thru Vacation

COLLEGE TYPING CO.

Badger 3747

Across the Campus from the Library



Cheer (and other words that rhyme)

To All

(Even the Cardinal)

THE OCTOPUS



*We give you our
sincere wishes for a*

Merry Christmas

AND A

Happy New Year

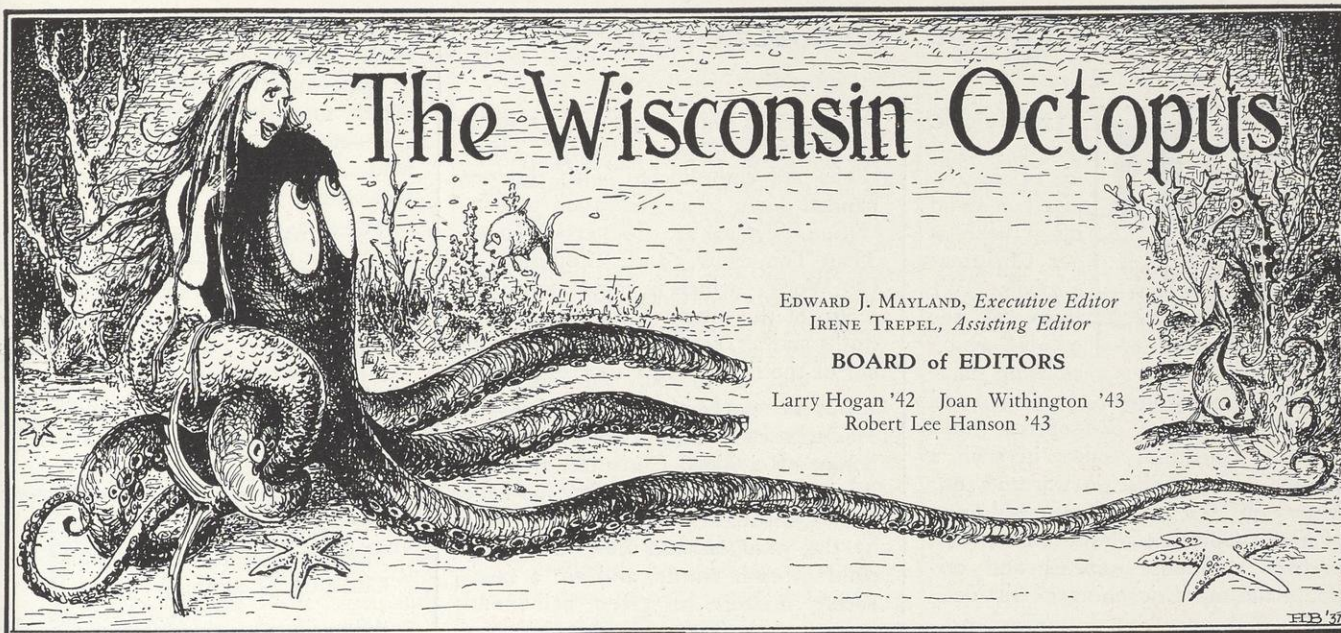


We also give you
our promise of
continued quality
PRINTING

**CAMPUS PUBLISHING
COMPANY**

823 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

BADGER 1137



Volume XXIII

DECEMBER, 1941

Number 4

On Second Thought



ACCORDING to Lloyd G. Ballard, assistant director of the state division of child welfare, American youth of today is soft, lacks

moral stamina and is probably unfit to meet the future. This doesn't bother us too much because the way the headlines read now it doesn't look like our youth will have to worry about meeting a future.

We are glad that Price Administrator Leon Henderson has promised not to restrict advertising. After all, what would life be without the Sears Roebuck catalogue to help while away a Saturday night.

Mr. DeVinny was discussing relative birth rates in his Sociology 2 lecture last week. We were startled to learn that the highest illegitimacy rate for United States and possessions is attributed to, of all place, the Virgin Isles.

Headline: *Doctor Discovers U. S. Eating Brings National Disorder.* We can only venture to guess what *not eating* might do.

Federal agents have apprehended an Iowa man for representing himself as a potential bride to matrimonial bureau correspondents. There's a name for fellows like that, you know.

Chlorine, used as a bleaching agent for pulp paper is now being requisitioned by defense industries. For some newspapers (cries of, "Oh, you Pace-maker!") yellow journalism will now become a literal reality.

The campaign for building national morale has been dealt a severe blow. President Roosevelt celebrated *both* Thanksgivings.

And in Berlin Mrs. Roosevelt makes glad the hearts of German fun-lovers. For twenty pfennigs Germans may throw five baseballs at Eleanor's smiling portrait.



"And I didn't even use mistletoe."

The prom king has chosen his queen. But even the fortunate young lady hasn't been told who it is. Nothing like winning an election to build self-confidence, we guess.

The student traffic court, according to the Cardinal, tried only student traffic cases at the last session. The radicals.

Student Is Clubbed, Sent to Infirmary—Daily Cardinal headline. Fraternity rushing, no doubt.

We read that the American Library association plans to distribute millions of books to the men in the armed forces of the U. S. The boys probably need something to keep them out of mischief since they have no guns to play with.

The papers say that the new assistant dean of women, Miss Beulah Larkin, worked on Life. A rather involved problem to say the least.

The "Nation's Foremost College Newspaper" says that the "For Men" sign outside the Rathskeller was taken down quietly and missed by no one. We wish to take exception to this for the Cardinal is evidently not aware that the entire OCTY staff has been wearing crepe in mourning of the sad event.

Christmas in Quaint Old South Gormley



HOLLY, mistletoe, sleigh-bells — we of the civilized world use these as our Christmas symbols. We think of the holiday season as being made

up of snow, laughter, presents, and carols. But in one part of the world at least, Christmas comes in such a unique manner that it warrants our inspection. For in the quaint old town of South Gormley, Mass., is celebrated perhaps the most unusual and certainly the most sickening of all Yuletides.

To understand the odd festivities of the South Gormleyans one must first know something of the history of this little village, nestling as it does in a crevice between the Atlantic watershed and a gas station. And a more fascinating town you have never seen, with its dour, mumbling inhabitants and old gnarled houses.

South Gormley is proudest of having once been visited by the well-known poet, Tennyson, who stumbled on the little town by accident one frosty Christmas night while he was looking for his right shoe. Tennyson later celebrated what he saw there in his poem "Locksley Hall." His shoe was never found.

CHRISTMAS in South Gormley starts quite early, usually in the middle of August. At this time the inhabitants board up all the windows, paint their houses gray, and scatter dirt on the sidewalks. The town maintains this festive appearance until well into the following February, when a man from the United States health service usually comes around and makes a fuss about it.

There is no Santa Claus in this little Massachusetts village. Instead, the children are taught to ask a spirit named "Ok-Eeh-Freb," or "Foulmouth," for their Christmas gifts. This spirit has never been known to grant any such request, but since the South Gormley children are remarkably dull, they keep right on asking him. His usual answer is a straightforward "No!" or else a swift clout on the mouth.

In place of our green Christmas tree,

celebrants in this happy village hang grey cloths from wire hat racks. These cloths are embroidered with mottoes handed down from generation to generation. Typical are, "Better Ill Today Than Tomorrow," and, "Things Will Get Worse," which is, incidentally, the motto of the town. These wire racks, cloths and all, are then placed in a corner of the living room and forgotten.

But do not get the idea that the Massachusetts villagers are entirely ignorant of civilized Christmas symbols. No indeed, far from it. They too have their Christmas cards. These are made by the youngest and least interesting child in each family, and are a fascinating mixture of green paint and gravy stains. They are placed in any old envelopes that happen to be lying around and delivered to the community Christmas card heap, to which the townsfolk are supposed to come on Christmas morning in order to find their own cards. What a jolly custom that is! No one who has once seen it can ever forget the sight of hundreds of pleasure-mad Gormleyans shuffling

unhappily through the great heap of cards, pausing now and then to cough or gaze sadly into the distance. The search sometimes goes on for hours, and since none of the greetings carry names, is often saddening and vaguely nauseating.

The actual celebration begins on the third morning before Christmas, when bands of villagers walk up and down the streets, chanting the legendary South Gormley Yuletide hymn. This hymn is set to a sort of wailing music and roughly translated, sounds like this:

Look out. Christmas is coming.
Things were bad but now they'll
get worse.
Measles, sadness, woe. Aieeee!
Christmas is coming.

After chanting this for two days the villagers finally become good and sick of it, and go back to their homes. Here they eat steaming bowls of dried apricots, and afterward gather around in a circle to tell again the old story of how the reindeer first came to South Gormley. This legendary tale, long celebrated as the dullest in the history of literature, soon puts everyone into a mild



"Oh, Irene, aren't I lucky to find one just my size?"

holiday coma, in which they remain until December 28, when hunger awakens them. At this time they go into the kitchen to get some of that cold veal, and the Christmas season is officially over.

And so we see the last of our tired, but happy, villager as his stooped form shuffles off toward the kitchen, mumbling under his breath, and turning now and then to shake a farewell fist at us.

—I. T.

The Little Flower Girl



IT WAS Christmas Eve everywhere else. But not in the wretched little hovel where the little flower girl and her three tiny brothers and sister huddled together to keep warm. There was no Christmas here. Only

tears and rags and cold.

When the little flower girl gathered her meager wares for sale on the streets the smaller tots whimpered. The little flower girl had been both mother and father to them for the past cruel year. But she must leave them now. She must go out on the wind-swept streets to sell violets. Otherwise her little charges would starve. Her own young heart ached for the kiddies. Christmas Eve and no Santa Claus, no toys, no clothing. It was hard.

But smiling the little flower girl brushed a tear from her cheek and wrapped the tattered shawl about her head. As she left the piano box one of the thin little waifs clutched at her hand.

"Sister," the tiny child sobbed, "aren't we going to have any candy and presents like last year?"

The little flower girl nearly wept. But she bit her lip and patted the tiny head. She was little more than a baby herself. Since Mommy and Daddy had gone she had struggled to keep her little family together. Last year they had been snug and warm and Christmas had been oh, so happy for them all. But now she was forced to wander the streets of the cruel city earning a scant few pennies selling flowers. On this very night, Christmas Eve, she was to go out into the freezing cold to sell violets.

For hours she walked in the dark and cold. Ere long her bleeding feet left a crimson trail in the new-fallen

snow. But she struggled on, sobbing her plea.

"Violets," she cried, "violets, mister? Buy violets?"

Sometimes a kind old gentleman would give her a few coppers but they were pitifully few. Hardly any at all.

Once her little brother Earl brought her a few matches. Each hour or so she would light one and close her eyes and cup her cold-blued hands to receive the blessed radiance of the flame.

Exhausted and discouraged she dragged her half-frozen little figure from door to door. At one fine mansion she heard the sound of joyful singing and rejoicing. Peeking through the leaded window she saw happy little children laughing and playing with their new Christmas toys.

Timidly she knocked at the massive oaken door. Finally a tall, stout woman answered the door.

"What do you want, ragamuffin?" the woman asked haughtily.

The little flower girl explained her quest and held out a bunch of violets.

The massive oaken door was slammed in her face.

This was all the brave little flower girl could endure. She stared with tear-filled eyes at the closed door. And then her weary little body sank to the soft, white snow.

Suddenly there was a great ringing of bells and the sound of a great choir singing. A strange soft glow of light covered the little figure lying crumpled in the snow. And the bells rang louder and the voice of the great choir rose to a mighty swell as a misty form that looked like the little flower girl slowly rose skyward.

* * *

IF YOU are not filled with compassion for the little flower girl, if your lip curls in a bitter sneer, if you weep not for this suffering child, then you should have no Yuletide, no Santa Claus. You are mean and small and cold. Christmas is not for you.

Now aren't you just a tiny bit ashamed?

—R. L. H.



"Let's match pennies, Kampen."

What to Send the Boy in Camp



What soldier laddy would not be thrilled with this matched set of marshmallow toasters?



Morning rising becomes a pleasure with a "Bugler-boy alarm clock."



Food for the intellect. Any man will appreciate a subscription to "Outdoor Life."



Brighten up his drab uniform with a flashy striped tie.



For the boy with a taste for art; a *Toujours l'amour* table lamp.



Healthy outdoors recreation. Give him a target-gun set.

Spend Your Money

Octy continues its series of instructive articles, previously featuring hints on sororities, the budget, and what to do on homecoming, with rules for Christmas shopping.

1. The initial step for the gift-giver is to make a list of the gift-receivers. The first rough draft will include the family, roommate, girl friend or boy friend, and other cherished associates. The total will come to too many people.

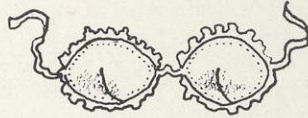
2. Stage two is reached when a vague presentiment suggests whittling the list. The roommate will be the first to go. Just let him, if it is a him, keep the tie he borrowed; or the her, if it is a her, keep the cleaning fluid she borrowed. The girl friend or boy friend is the next to get the axe. Pre-Christmas quarrels are common in the case of poverty-stricken students and are very wise for economic reasons.

3. The next step is to figure up your assets. After breaking into your piggy bank and shaking the two cents change out of the last pack of cigarettes the total will come to too little money.

4. The obvious solution is handicraft. Get yourself a little tatter available almost anywhere and tat a few pot holders. These will do beautifully for Mother. Flannel pen-wipers are easily made and are very useful gifts. If you live near a forest of birch trees, run out in the woods for a little birch bark. This makes dandy canoes and napkin rings. Cranberries, corn, and acorns strung and nail polished make lovely necklaces. The cranberries should be strung at the last possible moment, however, as they are inclined to deteriorate and smell badly. Ham bones make unusual kerchief rings. Care should be taken, however, to clean off all the old ham. The only difficulty is that you have to buy a ham with every ham bone.

A reliable method for getting a little extra spending money is to enter newspaper and radio contests. Work out a few crossword puzzles, send in a few questions, and in all probability you will win from \$10 and a set of encyclopedias to \$1,000 and a year's subscription to Child Life, with little effort.

5. After you have accounted for all your shirt-tail relations and special friends in step four, you will still find yourself with a handful of family to deal with and a budget that will allow for around a 25c lay-out apiece. Rule five is very important. *Do not try to*



find out what they want. Anybody knows that 25c is not going to cover even a down payment on a fur coat, radio, or set of Haviland china. You will simply become depressed if you find out that there are some things they would rather have than what you are going to give them.

6. Actual purchasing of the rest of your gifts will require a little planning.

The trick is to get the most appropriate gifts for the least money. If you have a brother in the army buy him a new chevron, obtainable cheap at any army store. If your father is a teacher get him a little apple basket to keep his apples in. If you have a maiden aunt, get her a bottle of "Wayward Virgin" simply by sending your name and address together with ten cents in coin to the station to which you are listening.

And there you are! Even though your pennies are few and far between, with a little ingenuity you can make your Christmas shopping a fruitful and satisfying experience.

—J. W.



Smutz Opens His Mouth

Smutz is a three year old, but any timid soul from Three Corners will let you know that he isn't in the racing class. They'd more probably say he's the slowest danged animal that ever strode up main street and held up traffic while he had a chat with officer Whitcomb.

When Smutz came to this University nobody except Eddie his owner knew anything about his chatability.

"Better I should stay unsaid," remarked Smutz. And this was odd for Smutz, who never liked anything left unsaid. As a matter of fact ever since he drank his first bottle of Green Valley Apple Cider and discovered that he could talk, nothing had ever kept him silent for more than a few minutes at a time. When nobody was around, he took up whistling in his spare time. As Eddie put it:

"The only thing he never did take up, was thinking." I think at this point

I'd better explain what is so odd about talkative Smutz, he's a horse! A real, live, chestnut galloper with the ever moving jaws of a teacher's pet. He discovered that he could talk upon drinking a bottle of Green Valley Cider and now the only way that Eddie could keep him quiet was by giving him a bottle every day. This might seem costly, but Smutz is a bit of a blackmailer, as you'll come to find out.

After a bitter argument and three of the usual bottles, Smutz was induced to remain at the stables a short distance from the dorms. Eddie claimed that it would look queer for him to share rooms with his master and it sure wouldn't smell none too queer.

Six weeks passed and the arrangement was fine. Then came exams and Eddie was in a quandary. Of course he wasn't a bad student, but between a passing knowledge of English and himself, stood a barrier of American essayists.

"What to do? What to do?" moaned Eddie as he sat atop of Smutz late in the afternoon before his test.

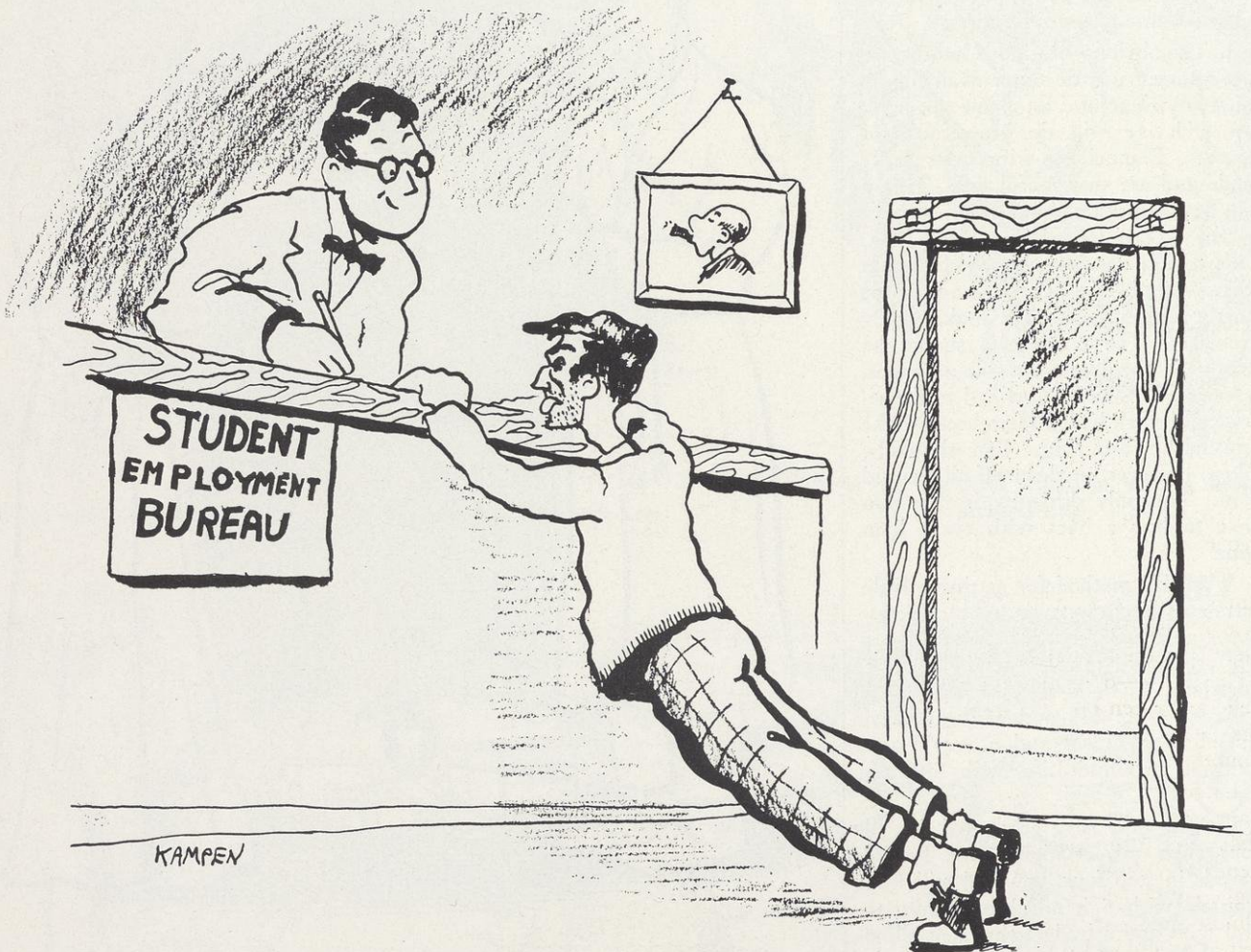


"Maybe I can help," Smutz stated flatly as he playfully pranced about on his two hind legs.

"Be quiet Smutz, this is a matter for intellect, not tongue."

"You didn't learn that at college," inserted the erstwhile Smutz.

"Didn't learn anything."



KAMPEN

"Well, Emery, your meal job finally came through."

"I offer to help, for the last time."

"Okay, I'm stuck. What's your idea my slow moving genius?"

"Never mind what my idea is, just answer me a question."

"Your English is atrocious," inserted Eddie.

"You're the one to talk," came back Smutz's sarcastic answer.

"Go ahead, I'll answer your question." Smutz pricked his ears up and turning his head around so as to see his rider asked:

"Do you think you can do a bit of acting?"

"I might," answered dubious Eddie.

"Good, then here's my plan. Bandage your hands up and put a little butter around the edges of the bandages. Then when you go to class, get there a few minutes early and ask the teacher if you couldn't take an oral exam later on this that afternoon. Tell him you burned your hands or something. If he says yes, come back to me, and bring your book of essays with you. If he says no, you haven't lost anything."

The whole idea sounded cockeyed to Eddie, but he had some faith in Smutz, and none in himself at the time, so he agreed. Wheeling about the pair headed back for the stables where Smutz was relieved of his saddle and settled down to munching some odd bits of hay which had been saturated with cider. As Eddie left he turned and looked at Smutz very pleasantly.

"You're a great pal," he said.

"You can bring two extra bottles of cider with that essay book," Smutz yelled after him.

* * *

Late that night Eddie returned with the cider and the Essay book. Both were grabbed greedily by Smutz and tucked away in the hay at the back of his stall.

"Now let me in on your plan," begged Eddie.

"Nothin' doin', you'll find out in due time." The next morning Eddie appeared and told Smutz that all was okay with the Prof and Smutz whistled "The B——d King of England" angelically between his two front teeth. Eddie left in terrified amazement and doubt.

Later that afternoon the stable attendant was amazed to find one empty stall. But more amazed were the students who witnessed the flight of a long legged stallion up Bascom Hill. "It's almost time," thought Smutz to himself as he slid in between a pair of trees that hid him from view and left him

Rest in Peace

Christmas vacations are a pain in the neck, and they are one of my strongest personal dislikes.

In the first place, it's going to be a nice walk home, what with all the bus and train strikes.

In the second place, it irks me when I send my baggage a week ahead of time and it arrives when I've been back in Madison a week,

And it is also irritating when the home town puts on a formal for the first time in twenty years and I haven't brought a dress home so I have to borrow one that makes me look like a glandular freak;

And it bothers me to forget my student directory, as I know I will, so I don't know where to send any of the cards I was going to send.

And let me say here that anyone who sends me a card I didn't expect need no longer consider me as a friend.

Besides, a vacation may be a relaxation but I doubt it

Because with term papers, a soc exam the day after, and education projects I will at least have a guilty conscience all the time though I won't do anything about it.

Also, since my family disapproves of smoking, it may be a little difficult to mend my ways.

And if anybody from the surrounding agricultural community asks me for a date, I will probably be mightily embarrassed when I fall asleep at 12:30 on week-ends and 10:30 on week days.

Wiping dishes, making calls, and composing thank you notes for seven handkerchiefs, five compacts, and nine bottles of perfume will fill a good deal of my time.

And New Year's Eve at home I will take right in my stride though some consider it no less than a crime.

Well, friends, have a fine time, drive carefully, and my heart-felt sympathy to the few

Who are not going to do anything I'm not going to do.

—J. W.

right under a classroom window.

The Prof motioned for Eddie to set himself comfortably in one of the chairs and took out a sheet of mimeographed paper.

"Who," he asked, "wrote University Days?" Eddie was stumped on the first



one. He twitched from side to side in his seat and sat with his lower jaw about two inches from his upper.

"Jaames Thurrberrr," rang out a voice somewhat like a coffee grogger.

"Correct," said the Prof. "Is there anything the matter with your throat, Edwin?"

"Hoarse," answered Eddie honestly. And the test continued.

* * *

Later that afternoon Smutz sat on his haunches guzzling cider.

"You were very eloquent," said Eddie complimenting his pal.

"You were very stupid," answered Smutz downing his cider.

—B. G.

Wouldst That I Couldst, Etc.

I'm like the Scotsman—I just sit still and let my mind wander.

You see, it was this way. The other day my alarm rang at seven, as usual, and I turned it off, as usual, and slept until a quarter of eight, as usual.

Zounds! the usual shock I got when I saw what time it was. I bounded out of bed like an All-American and tore into my clothes and tore up the Hill to my eight o'clock. Then went right back to sleep. Life, it's wonderful that way.

I woke up again about eight-thirty and thinking I was still in my own trundle bed half rolled over to turn off the alarm, but the only thing was that I fussed around that blonde's knee. It was too large to be an alarm clock so I opened my eyes and she just sat there

looking at me as though I were a Sylvia Fein painting, amazed and disgusted.

I smiled an apology and felt like crawling into one of the empty bolt holes in the leg of the seat in front of me. Now and then I'd steal a stealthy glance at her to see if she were still mad but she didn't look my way once. So I went back to sleep for the next ten minutes.

She brushed right past me when we went out after class. I really felt terrible, in a way.

I didn't have a nine o'clock class so I just curled up in the sun at the base of Lincoln's statue and went to sleep again. By ten I was wide awake for the rest of the day and went to Spanish for a while. It was one of those culture project days and everyone was a culture vulture a la espanol. I thought about Spain and a castle on one of those barren hillsides and how I would

like to be there right then.

But the discussion wasn't about Spain; it was about South and Central America. So I tore myself away from Spain and started dreaming about the jungles and the Maya ruins and how I would like to take a trip through there if that Pan-American Highway would ever be completed. It would make an ideal honeymoon trip. And I thought about that blonde again. Jeez! if I could only make it clear to her that I was really sorry. But I remembered that she wouldn't let me, so to hell with her.

So I looked up her name on the seating chart and looked her up in the directory. For a while I kicked myself for doing that, but I finally called her up and asked her to Prom. No. Mil Ball? No. Dinner next Sunday? Well—all right.

So I hung my pin, got a date for Prom, Mil Ball. Life's wonderful that way.

So, you see, just by sitting still and letting my mind wander I got more than the marshals in anybody's army got with all their planning.

—T. G.



"No peddler's license."

The question of the correct plural for the word 'mongoose' was solved by a gentleman who wanted a pair of those most interesting and affectionate creatures.

He wrote to a dealer: "Sir, please send me two mongeese."

He did not like the looks of this, tore up the paper and began again:

"Sir, please send me two mongooses."

This version not satisfying him any more than the first, he wrote again: "Sir, please send me a mongoose. And by the way, send me another."

A fiery tempered Southern gentleman wrote the following letter:

"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it. You, being neither, will understand what I mean."

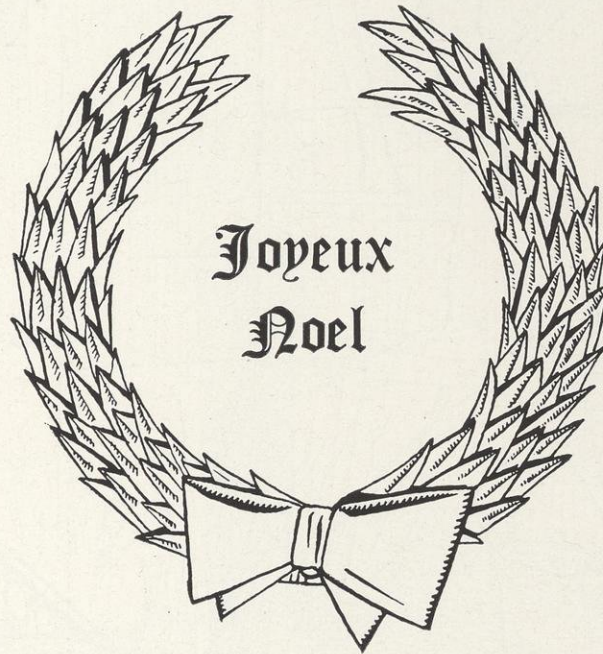
Hotel Page: "Telegram for Mr. Nidspondiavanci, Mr. Neidspondiavanci!"

Mr. Neidspondiavanci: "What initial, please?"

First girl: "I don't like your boy friend."

Second: "Why?"

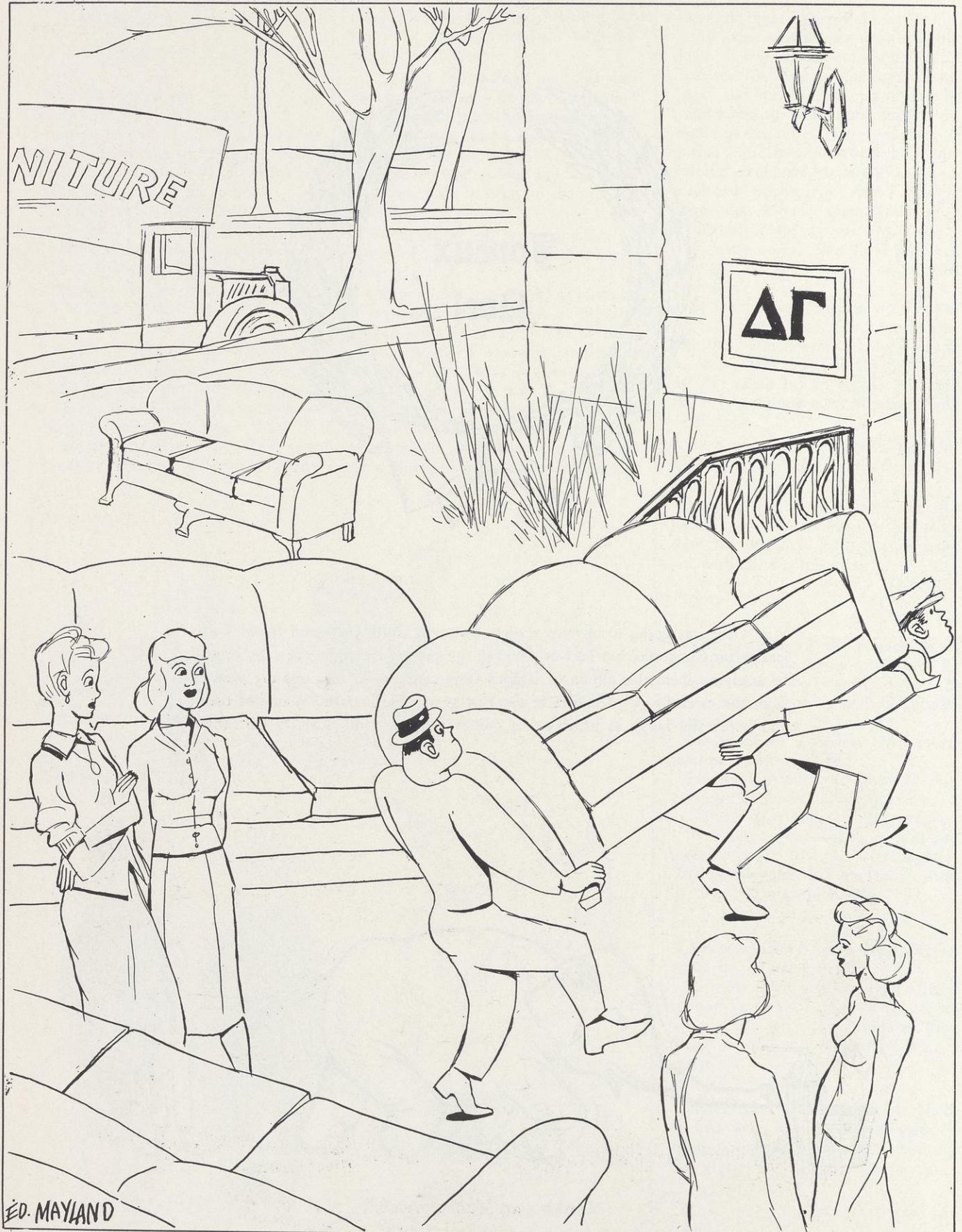
First: "He whistles dirty songs."



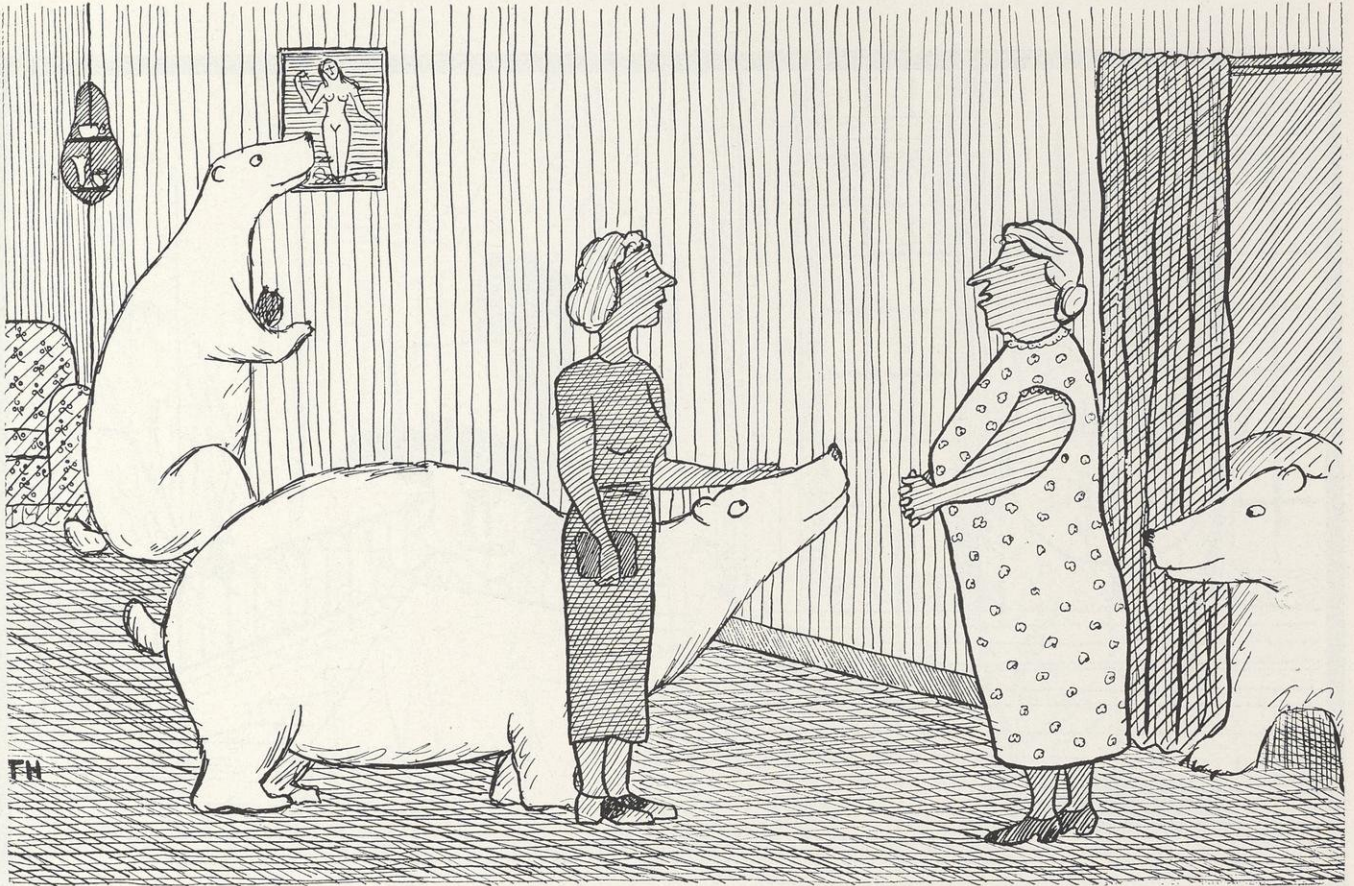
First Octy was going to buy his readers nice new mink coats and tweed sports jackets for Christmas, but he was afraid of not getting the right sizes. So instead he is giving them this album of famous Octy cartoons—a rare treasure gleaned from the carefully-guarded files of the past years. He loves every one of them, and hopes you laugh as much as he did over them. And—Merry Christmas.



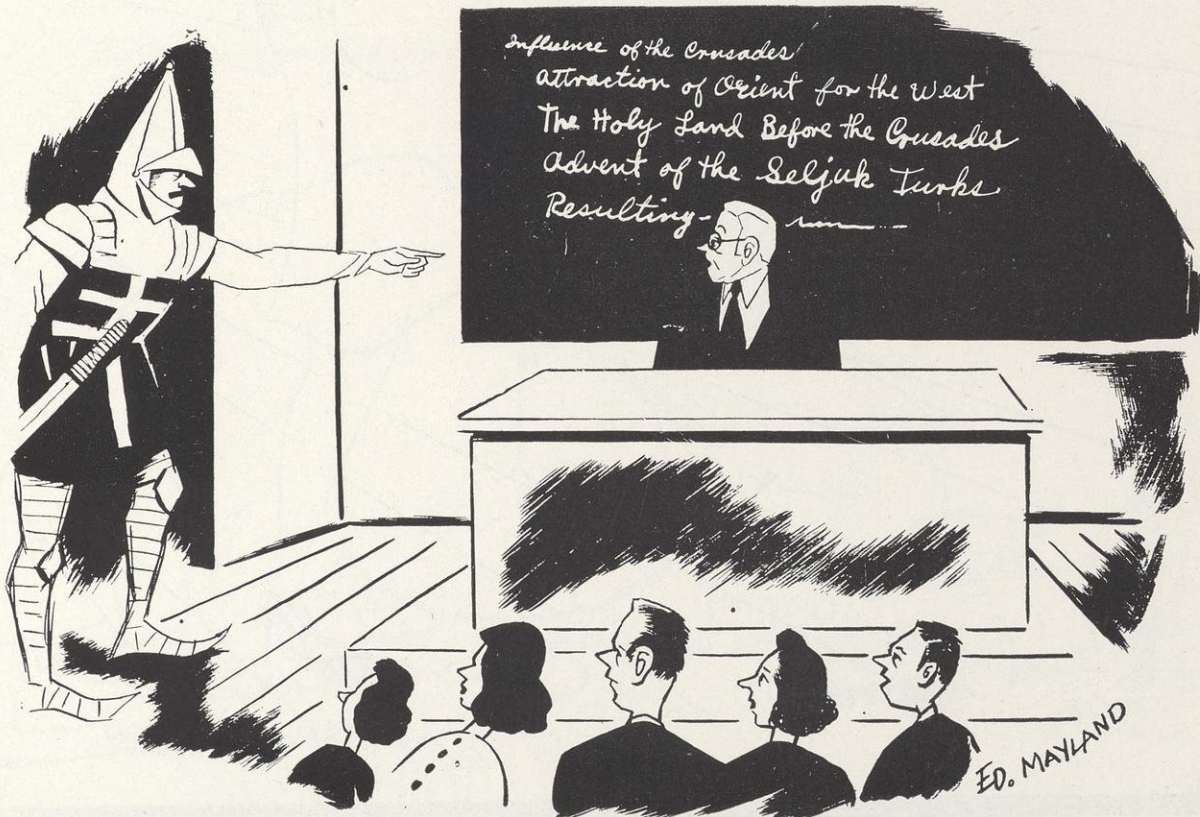
"Damn you, McBrotowich."



"The Delta Gammas are looking forward to a good season."

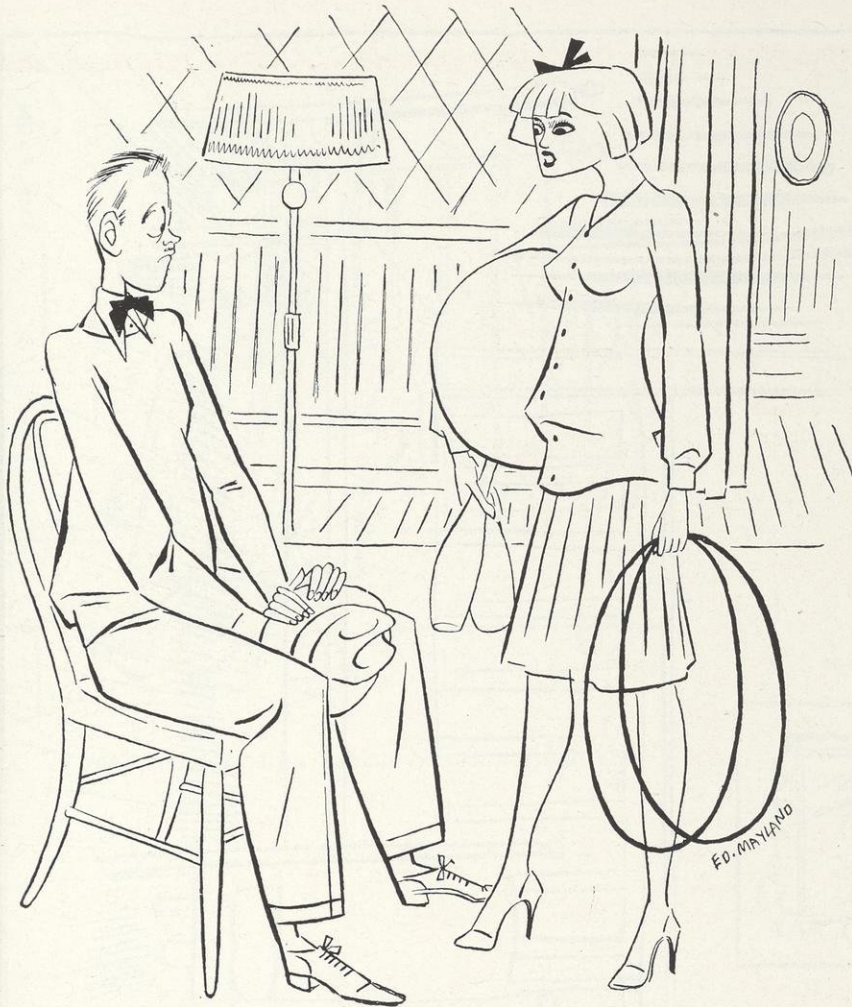


"I'll have you know Langdon Hall is not a zoo, Gertrude."



"Have you been shooting off your mouth about me again, Sellery?"

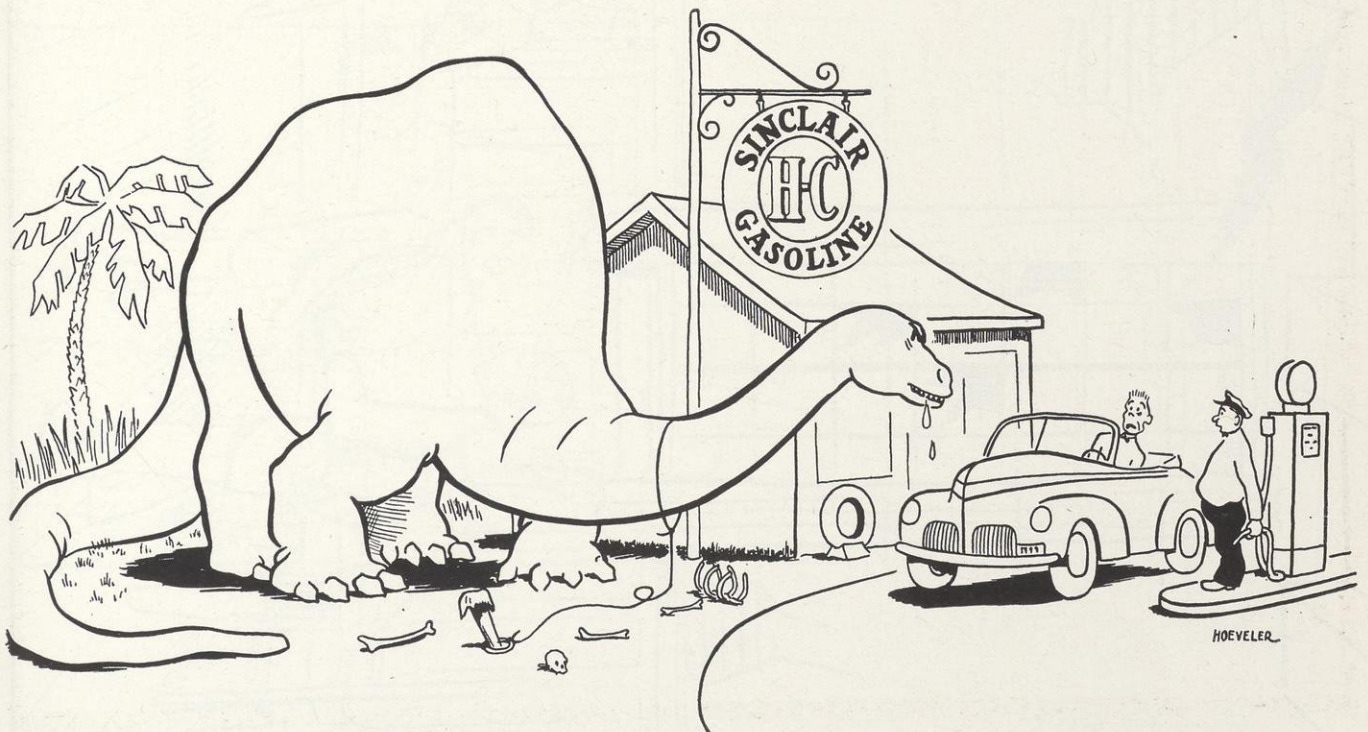




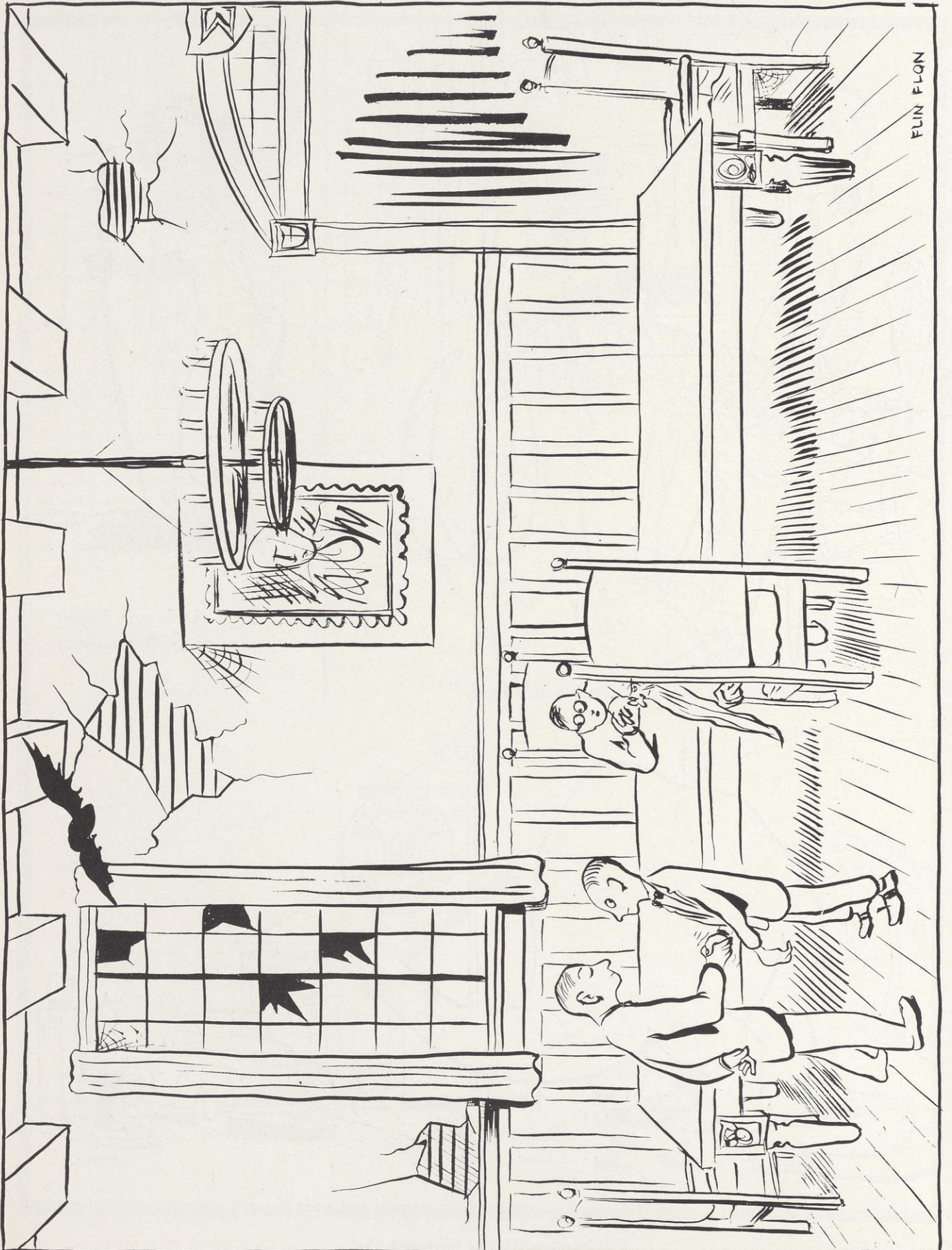
"Margie says to entertain you till she's ready."



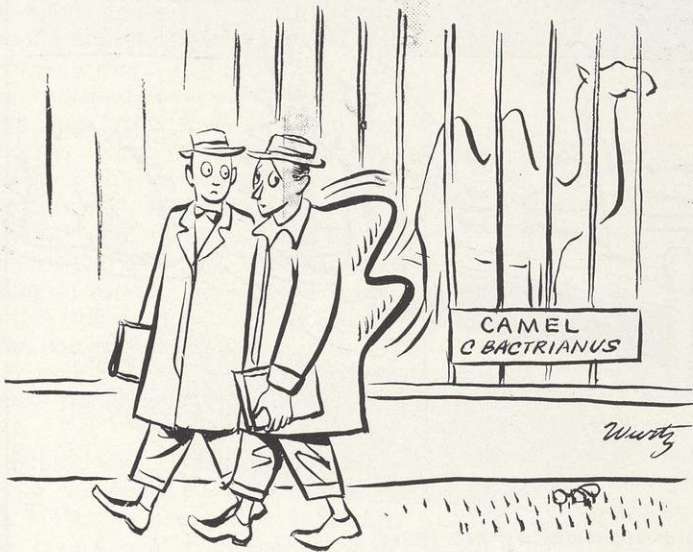
*"... on the bonnie bonnie
banks of Loch Lomond."*



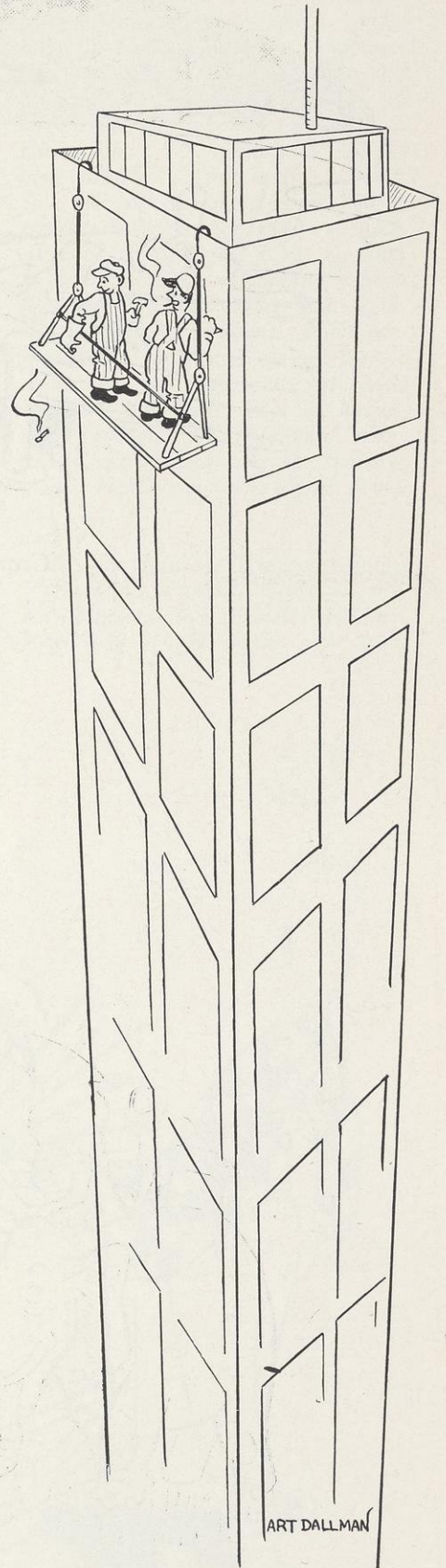
"It came with the last tank car."



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

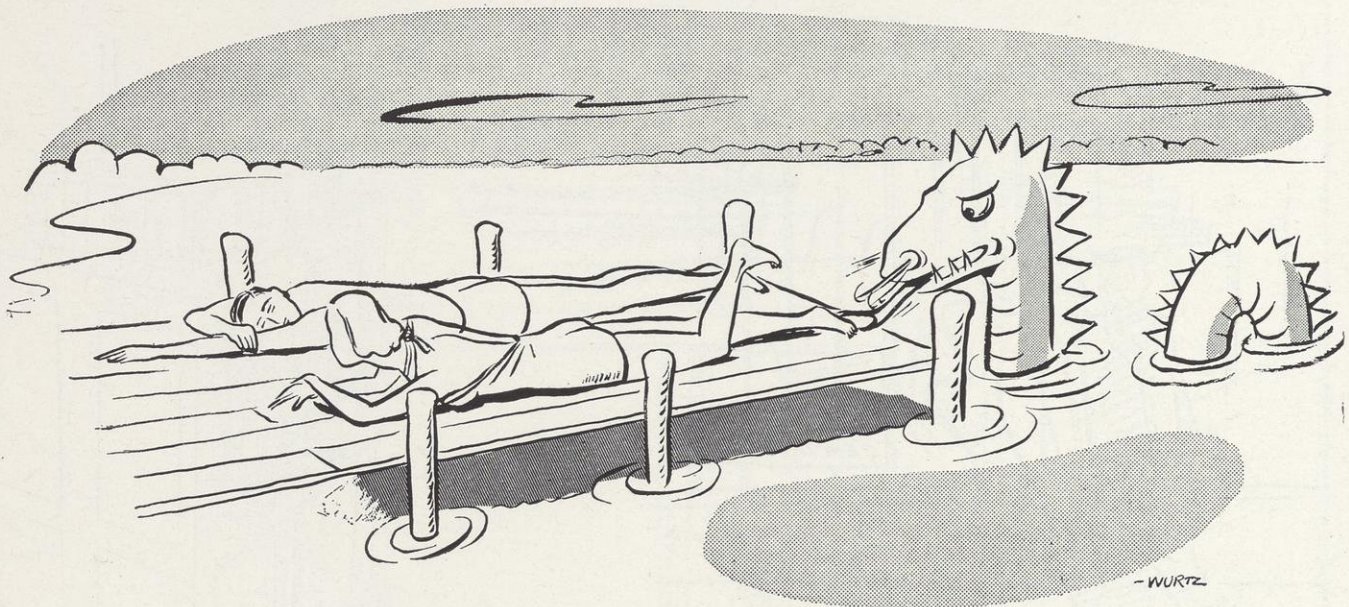


"It happens every time I wear this camel hair coat."



ART DALLMAN

"Better step on that butt, Kagebeek."



"George, will you please stop tickling my foot?"



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

The Proper Thing

(Note to the guinea hens: this is to be an experiment in modernistic writing—and simply that. Here is the forewarning: *two lines of type must be read at a time*. The upper line gives the conscious acts and thoughts of “our hero”; the lower line presents what we like to call his “subconscious reaction.” If you manage to struggle through this abomination, you will probably note that the technique resembles that of music, with bass notes filling in harmony for a major theme. If this strikes you in any way whatsoever, don’t be afraid to drop us a line: we make a hobby of collecting postmarks from psychopathic wards.)

* * *

Bill slid out of class and rolled down Zip, hip, bump, bounce, rattle, shoul- the hill on his new heels. He tried to der, crunch, ugh, screeeeech. Ahhhhh- inhale all the world at one time. School hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhchootsnoff. Ha ha, was adjourned for the holidays! By to- long way updown no more now, haha; morrow this same time he’d be home! brrringbrrrrangbrung busbustlebeeper He could forget geography and history ... number piled like pills, hills, dates, and the rest: as if he hadn’t forgotten hate, pesteees ... hahaha, flunk no funk them already, weeks ago! old goat plus red mark haha.

But there was something left undone. Uuuuummmpppphhh. Which, what- What ... ? Oh, yeah, something about howhenwherewhy, huh? Oooooh, clay- his landlady. What, for instance? He nose totem pole girdlebump; dum- could picture her fat face bobbing out thought, duncceap. Skeletal hands, of the shadows at him every week and prehistoric bone daggers, dark spiders- the phrase floating at him, “What web—lattice over broiled lips pursed about Monday?” That familiar sink- from sow’s ears. Ugghhh. Water in ing feeling in his wallet came to him slurp! basin, down, blacksickening, again. Oh, but she wasn’t so bad. suck, suck, gone. Clean basin: pretty Hadn’t she broken down the door dirty ring. Craaack! Clunk, splatter and insisted that he eat one of her muscle fist down throat with aaakkkhh apples the night he was cramming worms but so shiny: dark cover book, for German? He’d been so surprised, pronunciaakkkhhcions. Wellll, flopplo- he’d dropped the Life magazine right phopdropcrop sweetneet sweaty sweet- out of his hands! She was okay ...



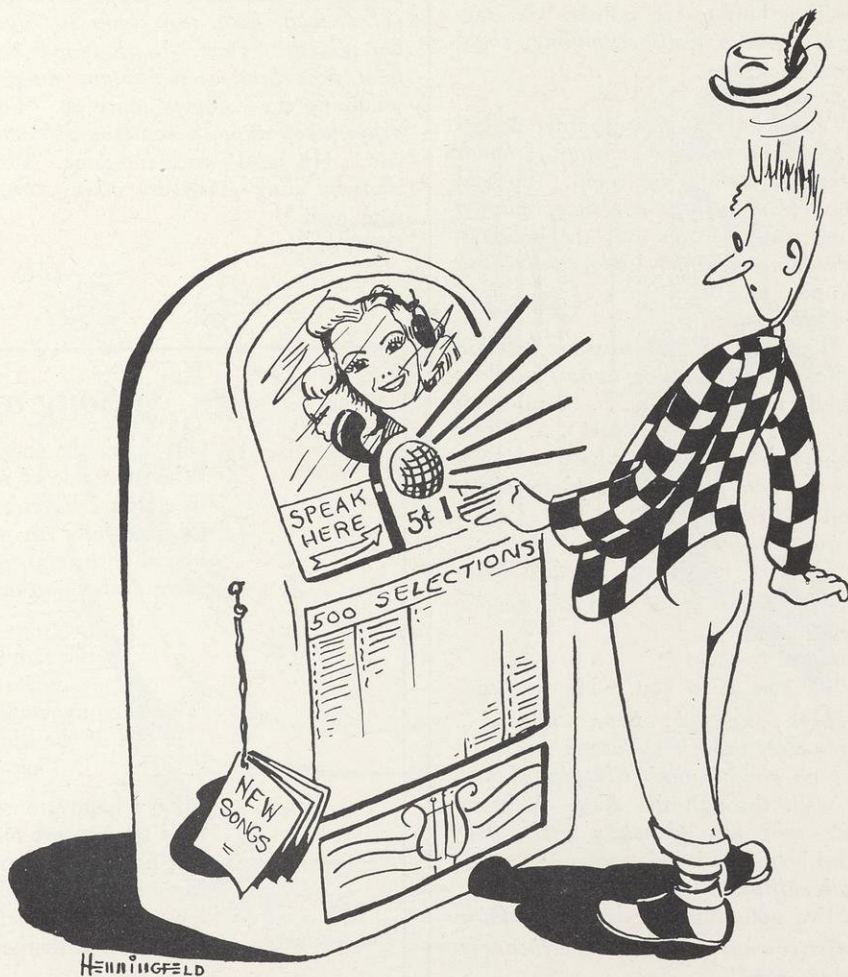
meat slipbuttercuticle . . . blanknegative.

That must be it: he was going to Yupgluphuphep: freeze trees white get her a Christmas present with the night tinsel tensile ribbonbonnet sleigh, buck he had left. She deserved it . . . worn paper, germs. W-e-l-l, headitch and besides, it was the proper thing. pull lip: etiketchup.

So—he trotted down among the de- Clipclopclippity clopcoppetyclipjoints, partment stores. There must be some- wahoo! Where wing wang won won thing he could get her. Windows float- whoo! fingertips. Massglass, ouch ed by. Doll buggies . . . electric trains eye. Buggy doll . . . shoochewchoochoo . . . Russian sable . . . strawberry short-

. . . redsniffsniff . . . redmunchahhh cake . . . bugeyed bears . . . candy crunchahh . . . kipyipeyapple . . . sick sacks . . . silk stockings . . . vacuum silk . . . slacky sackeeeee . . . phht, wig cleaners . . . beer cans in ribbons . . . wiggle . . . pop wheezle, tablelow . . . automobiles . . . ice cubes . . . Well! waspispwow . . . brrr dice . . . Haaay, Say, that locket wouldn’t look bad at whistlewhistlewhistle neck a neck all on Nancy! Not bad at all! Seventy- bustle bingo tweet, oooooomph. Cheap nine cents, marked down from eight. the bird cheep, chop chips down pile. Fortunately it looked better than it Heh, heh, vell, vell, vell, vell, vell, sounded. Not bad! He’d be having velly goodbye, eh? Shinguard, chin- a date with Nancy over the holidays guard, blabla mooosick, kickle tickle, and . . . dark . . .

But—his landlady. The proper thing! Aaakkkhh. Fungus, coffinsnails, brr. Ah! Moments like that and the deci- Hah! bright light might sight kite,



“Well, what the hell do you want?”

sions they force, make great men.
tight, fight, heights, heights, heights.

Bill jiggled the jeweler's box inside
Clinkle clankle, dada doodoo daty-
his coat pocket as he opened the door.
daity, arms and the woman I sing,
His dough was gone, but he was
white meat, neck. Plotch, scotch, haha-
happy. Nancy!—And Maggie, too.
hahaha. Yessir . . . nossir, zoo just zoo.
He'd squeezed in something for his
Shrug no hug, lug, bug, blaaaaaaa
landlady, too. After all, it was the
just blaaa: black sheep white sheep,
proper thing. She'd been nice . . .
lamb in outside, wolf inside door . . .

Just as he placed his hand through
Gorflemiffed the gudsengate and
the splintered panels to unbolt his
ouch the blanket scrape and cold iron,
door, there was an explosion at the end
brrr ice, popbangcrashwhamwhopboom
of the hall, and Maggie was steaming
bangolopolous . . . horrendous dragon
down the hallway. Bill braced himself
draggin', saggin' . . . Umph, back wall,
and smiled. A little token of . . . But
tall, brave grave. Heh! Please take . . .
she beat him to the punch. He stag-
Ugh, stomach walls crumbling, colos-
gered back.
sus collapse.

"You'll have to give me three dollars
Hehhehhehhehheh wringing hands
extra, Mr. Bung," she leered. "To hold
blood from turnips hot time redtown
your room for you over the holidays,
painted upsidedown hotdogcoldfeet but
y'know."
feelbetter later . . .

"Three . . . !" Bill saw his vacation
Yowww. Dead dog hung by tail on
rapidly fading unless . . . "Could you
line, bark . . . hark . . . spark . . . Please
make it a buck and a half, and just
please please please please please please
hold half the room?"
please puulleeeassee.

"Ha ha," mirthlessly mirthed Mag-
Sniff smell blood hehheh goodle-
gie.
poodle.

"I'll owe it to you." He was sud-
Hope . . . nogood . . . hope . . . nogood . .
denly very tired. He turned and tried
just no good, unnh! Clutslip, plunk!
to walk through the door. A heavy
plits spin fast planetary orbit, obit,
hand held him back.
ouch coffinails.

"I've gotta have at least something
Grrrowwrr, marbly rabbleboongle-
for security!"
blowwrr, grrrrr.



Bill's nerves relaxed their hold. He
Huh, hi huck hung picked, plucked,
fell to the floor, waving the locket
clunk . . . whirl whorl wheeew . . . heer:
at her. "Hock it, hock . . ." he whis-
hear here bier, sleep sleep sleep down-
pered hoarsely. Then from his other
pillow ooooooooooooooooooh. Hate faded,
pocket he withdrew a large package:
jaded, wait, here, tear, bum package.
her present. "Here," he muttered, un-
Beat beat beat beat tomtom jungle-
wrapping the complex machine. "For
drum whop sloppa whop poundabound
you." His head struck the floor. "Roll
clangety cling whangety whing, sing-
your own."
sonsing. Plop.

—L. C.

Sporting Blood

John Smith was despondent. It wasn't that he was worrying about his grades. They were fine, in fact he had hopes of making a 1.15—a one-point-one-five being something that he considered to be very nice because it was above the average of the class. And he wasn't despondent over the fear that his girl might start going out with somebody else. He didn't have a girl.

He desponded over his name, his own name. He didn't like it. John Smith. So common. So ordinary. John Smith. Ugh! Why . . . why it was downright mediocre. Yes, that was the trouble, he decided. It was too mediocre. It didn't do him justice, it didn't even justify his personality.

What John Smith didn't know was that he was a very mediocre person. And his personality was most uninteresting. It wasn't obnoxious or repulsive, it was just—uninteresting.

That is, it was uninteresting to everybody—except himself. John Smith sincerely believed himself to be a most amazing person. And it was no small wonder that he regarded himself as such. Wouldn't anybody be amazing if they could be an all-American football star; the pitcher who pitched a no-hit game in the World Series and then in the ninth inning, with two out, hit a home run to win his own ball game; the most romantic lover in all filmdom; an African explorer; a world-famed trapeze artist; the bold, daring adventurer who assassinated Hitler; and the

Song of the Season

Oh, this is the season, this is the time
When the rule of reason is not sublime.
In classes I haven't taken a note,
I'd cheerfully cut my roommate's throat,
I look with scorn on the opposite sex
Mere draft rejections and physical wrecks.

I want to go back
To the family shack
For a little rest and quiet
For my state of mind
Is of the kind
That just precedes a riot.

Like a happy moron I drift months through
And set no store on the things I do
But now in December, my classes stink
My men all look like the missing link
I want to go home, or I'll blow a fuse
I'm down with the pre-vacation blues.

—L. F.

President of the United States, all wrapped up into one individual. This, precisely, is what John Smith envisioned himself to be.

Oh, he never was more than one of these at a time. Even his own versatile mind could not picture for him the scene of himself as President doing flip-flops on a trapeze. But it was nice to be President. He would often close the bedroom door in the rooming house where he stayed, and then proceeded to hum to himself the pompous and stirring strains of "Hail to the Chief" as he majestically strode across the room. He could hear the cheering multitudes as they proclaimed him their leader. He felt the hush that settled over an expectant Congress as the members waited in awe and reverence for him to deliver a masterful address on the state of the nation.

"And here comes Smith to the plate, laadeez and gentlemen," he could hear a radio blare forth, "the great John Smith, who in nine innings of play has pitched a no-hit game and has struck out 22 men for a new world's record. There's no score on either side, and it's the last of the ninth with two out. The pitcher is warming up, and it's strike one. Here comes the next pitch, and it's strike two. Strike two on the great John Smith, and . . . WOW! A tremendous hit! The ball has hit the center field wall and bounded back . . . Smith is already rounding second . . . the speed of that fellow is amazing . . . here comes the throw . . . Smith is racing for the plate . . . he's sliding . . . HE' SAFE! A sensational home run, and the fans are sweeping down upon the field to carry him off on their shoulders."

John Smith thought it was very nice to win ball games this way. But then, he certainly couldn't put all his thoughts to baseball. He had to give some thought to this business of killing Hitler. Naturally the circumstances would have to be as melodramatic as possible—as befitted a John Smith thriller.

He wouldn't be nervous. The stalwart, gallant, manly John Smith feared nothing, not even death. Though he was leaning against a desk staring off into space, he instinctively began to breathe heavier as he pictured himself eluding the guards at Berchtasgaden) . . . but they've spotted him and were shooting . . . bullets flying all around . . . he was hit in the leg and it began to gush forth blood, but he didn't even pause to examine the wound . . . like a human fly he scaled the towering walls of the massive structure . . . final-

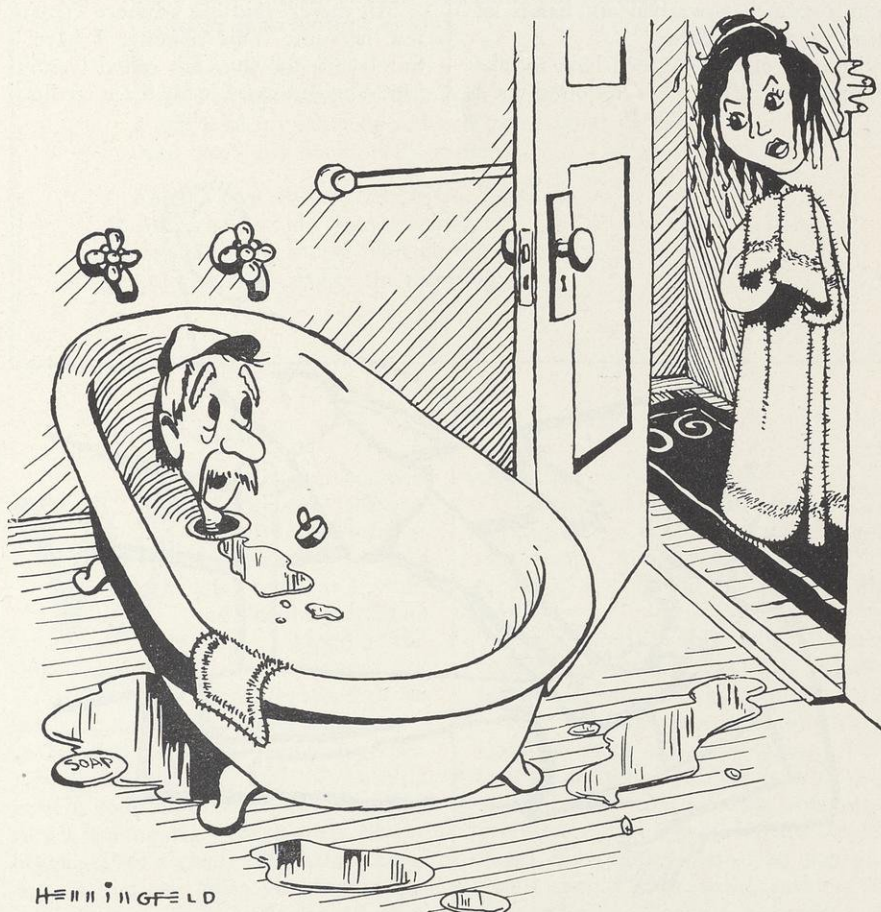


ly, high above the ground—at least two hundred feet—he shattered a window with his bare fist and entered the room. And there he stood, before a frightened, quivering man: Hitler. And then he plunged a knife through the fuhrer who immediately dropped to the floor where he writhed in intense pain for a long time before dying. His work done,

he stood upon the window sill and leaped, catching himself on a tree branch some 175 feet down. From there on escape was easy. He returned to America to be met at the docks by a throng of five million cheering people.

So you can now readily see that John Smith was no ordinary person. But he had troubles just like ordinary persons have. John Smith's trouble, as has been previously noted, was that he didn't like his name. He sat brooding and condemning his parents for their utter lack of imagination in bestowing upon him such a common ordinary name as John Smith, such a mediocre name as John Smith.

But he figured that an intelligent person like himself couldn't afford to waste time in such idleness as to brood over his own name, so he turned his thoughts to a far more important matter. A football game had to be won. Wisconsin was losing by five points with thirty seconds left to play in the game. The Badgers are on their own five-yard line. The ball goes to Smith who is running wide and then cuts in . . . —A. P.



"I think you'd better phone for my assistant!"

Can You Tell a Psychology Professor From A Hole in the Wall—or-What Is Beer?



ERE is the answer to those scoffers who come to me and say that man is the master of his fate. It seems that is all I have been

hearing lately, and it makes me pretty sick. Man is *not* the master of his fate. Man is pretty lucky if he catches an occasional glimpse of his fate from a long distance away, hiding behind a tree.

I know this, because I have been taking the same psychology course for three years. It doesn't look like the same course, and it doesn't sound like the same course, but it is the same. Sometimes it is called General Psychology and sometimes it is called Psychology of Personality, and once it was called Human Emotions, but it's always about the same thing. The exams are the same and the professor is the same. If that doesn't prove that a man's fate has washed its hands of him, then what does?

Semester after semester I have to take Psychology. Either it's required or I

need it for a group or it correlates with some other course, but whatever the reason, I have to take it. And sooner or later, usually about the second lecture, I recognize it as the same course I sat through last year and the year before that under a different name.

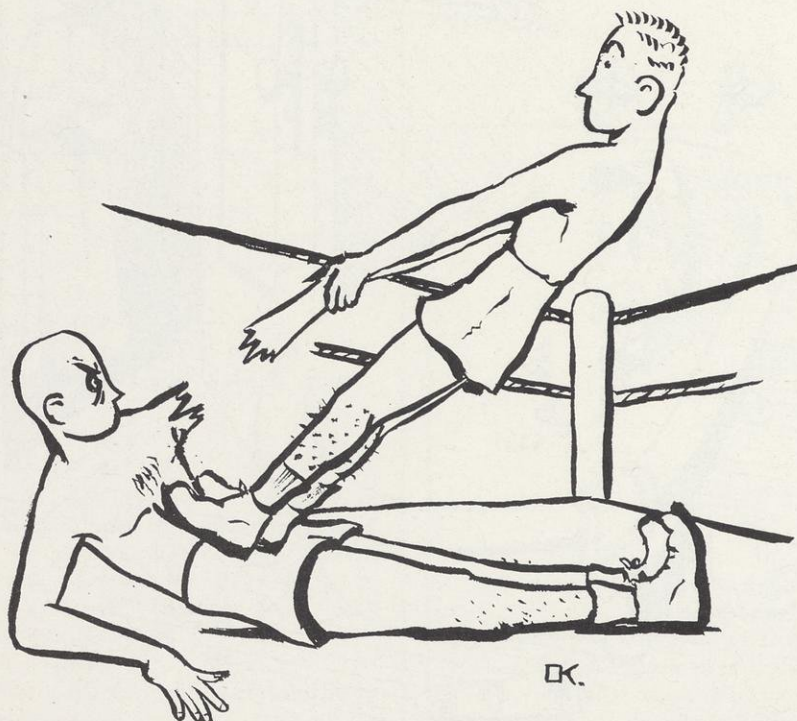
The third time I took it (the time it was called Abnormal Psychology) I began to get pretty sick of Freud and Pavlov. I went up and told the professor so, too.

"I'm beginning to get pretty sick of Freud and Pavlov," I told him. "And you, too," I added under my breath.

But nevertheless, I kept on taking it. By my Junior year I had become quite a character on campus, due to my habit of wearing a fringed shawl and wooden shoes up the hill, and to my uncontrollable twitch. I was known to my classmates affectionately as "Old Twitcher."

One fall I decided to bring matters to a head. I went to my advisor and told him how I felt about Psychology courses.

"Ah there," said my advisor. "You're just nervous. This semester I have a fine course for you. It's called Gestaltism. You can carry it for three credits."



"Damn you, McBrotowitch!"

So I carried it for three credits all semester, only pausing to drop it occasionally in favor of some sleep or a week-end in Chicago. By that time I was becoming quite adept at finding ways to keep myself busy during lectures, like trying to remember the names of all the fish I knew or cleaning out my top bureau drawer.

This could go on indefinitely, but I think by now that I have proven my point about man not being the master of his fate. Anyway, I'm certainly not the master of mine. I'm not even on speaking terms with it. The last time I saw my fate was six years ago in the Union station in Chicago when it hurried by me without a word to catch the 3:15 for Colorado.

And good riddance to it.

—I. T.

• •

And then one day she turned and saw that he was smiling at her! She smiled back at him! No, he didn't turn a way, he didn't disappear—he looked at her more intently than before!

"Smile like that again," he said.

She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed and laughed.

"Just as I thought," he said. "You look like a chipmunk."

•

"Now children," said the teacher who was trying to boost the sale of class photographs, "just think how you'll enjoy looking at the photographs when you grow up. As you look you'll say to yourself, there's Jennie, she's a nurse; there's Tom, he's a judge; and . . ."

"There's teacher," said little Bertie, "she's dead."

•

This one is said to have happened once in a criminal court. (We wouldn't want to come right out and swear to the truth of such things, but it's a lot of fun anyhow.) Anyway, the poor man on the stand was accused of a double murder. He had pleaded guilty to both of the slayings, and the prosecutor was questioning him as to his motives. "Well," the prosecutor was saying, "it's fairly obvious that the motive for the first murder was robbery. But I can't see just why you stabbed the second man?"

"Well," said the defendant, "I had to hide the knife, didn't I?"

•

Kadiak, the Eskimo, was sitting on a cake of ice telling a story. He finished and got up. "My tale is told," said he.

Dissertation on Roast Lamb

Charles Lamb was an A number one humorist, and anyone who says he wasn't just doesn't know any thing, that's all. He wasn't afraid to speak his mind, either. You just ask him what he thought and he'd tell you all right. Once someone asked him, "Well, what do you think about Milton?"

"Damn Milton," Charlie said, just like that. "Damn Milton." Boy, this



baby sure could cuss. No beating around the bush with this boy. No, sirree! He'd give it to you straight between the eyes. He must have been a wild one, going around saying Damn! right out, like we say, "Right out in front of God and everybody." Ha, ha.

Once someone said to him, "How did you learn to smoke, Chuck?" Chuck had a comeback, you bet. "I toiled after it as some men toil after virtue," he says, quick as a flash. Talk about humor. Man, oh man! Eddie Cantor can't touch him with a ten foot pole. And he smokes, too, besides swearing. He sure must have kicked the gong around.

Another time the same brainy guy who thought up asking him about Milton and smoking asked him about how he liked babies. "Boiled," says Lamb. Not any of this kitchy-kitchy-koo stuff. Not our Charlie. He likes his babies boiled. That's a hot one. Bet he liked his babes boiled, too. Get it? Babies boiled, babes boiled!

ONCE he was driving a coach for a little extra spending money and someone yelled at him, "Are you full inside?" meaning, "Is the coach full inside?" Bet you can't guess what Lamb said. He said, "Yes, I'm full inside. The last piece of pudding did the business for me!" Get it? He pretends he doesn't know this other guy is talking about the coach. "That last piece of pudding did the business for me." Is that rich! Pun, get it? Pudding—rich. Ha, ha. I could die laughing.

You gotta hand it to Lamb, though. He's a panic. Eddie Cantor can't come near him with a ten foot pole.

—J. X.

Ye Studentes Carol

(To be read slowly and in a hoarse
voice on Christmas day)

Oh pass around the flowing bowl
And give the old year warning.
It's five thousand words plus footnotes
On Christmas day in the morning.

You go ahead and deck the halls with boughs of holly
Take all your friends with you, and Joe too.
Deck the halls with holly and mistletoe and anything else
you can find around to hang up.
Just leave me alone, I have a term paper to write.

What is so jolly as a Christmas term paper?
What adds so much to the Yuletide spirit
As a term paper and a selected bibliography?

Cover me with snow and sprigs of poinsettia.
Yes, Virginia dear, of course there is a Santa Claus
Just see what he's brought me.
The best Christmas present of all.
A lovely, lovely paper to write.

Wasn't the University just dandy to me this year?
Aren't they *nice*, though?
They let me go home to write my report.
They said, "Don't sit in our stuffy old library to do your
research."
"Go home and sit in your own stuffy old library."
"And be back on time or else."

So come all ye faithful
Deck my typewriter with boughs of holly.
I will take my notes on red and green index cards.
And mark my books with mistletoe.

For it's pass around the flowing bowl
And give the old year warning.
And a merry, merry research theme
On Christmas day in the morning.

—I. T.

Udopia

WHILE his toes wandered idly over the ice-coated keys, Professor Barnum rattled his false teeth to himself and meditated. The wind, whipping the snow through the broken window and across his living room, breathed down his back and made the red corpuscles of his flannel huddle closer together. Across the room his wife sat knitting herself, with her delicate blue feet thrust among the cold embers of the hearth. Prof sighed. The same thing, day in and day out. A smutted rut that cut his glut and left his strut uncut. The folly of life! It was enough

to make a man give up playing Tschai-kowsky with his feet. And then what would the world be worth?

"I'm *sick* of it!" he suddenly shouted, plucking a handful of piano strings and rising. "I'm sick—and tired!"

"Shall I pull the bed out of the wall?"

Prof glared at his wife. "You've turned against me, too. Oh, what a happy glorious stinking world!"

This time she merely kicked up a cloud of ashes and kept quiet. Choking, he continued, "This is what I've struggled for! This is why I became a professor! This is why I voted Republican! For peanuts! Am I an elephant, that I should labor afield, tuskless, all day and come back to a bedding of hay? Heh? Oh, vengeance!"

DI SALVO'S

extends Season's Greetings

—TOM, COSMO, and JOE

HE SMOTE the wall, and a copy of Shakespeare fell on his head. Shaking it off (the copy), he began pacing the floor. "And not even peanuts! Crack open the shell—a wisp of smoke, an empty shell—and no peanuts! I tell you, I want something out of life . . ."

"Why not write to Santa Claus?"

"Enough cracks out of that liberty-bell head of yours! Ahhhhh, if only there *were* a Santa Claus. I guess I'd tell him a thing or two about the presents he's made me."

"I'm sorry about those ties. I guess they *would* make better rugs . . ."

"Naaaa! Not ties! I mean *this*! This hole he wrapped up in cellophane for me and called life." He threw his arm out of joint and gestured wildly. "Sure, I've got fame: I pretended I discovered exotrons and metronics in the atom, and people believed me. Suckers! I even measured and weighed them. Ha! And I invented the field of dolonomics for physics to explain the variability of a python ray when passing through the magentic field of zextra. Sure, sure, sure." His head bobbed up and down like a bystander's at a parade. "And I've got fortune: I expanded an empty idea of mine on old flashlight batteries into a book and made my students buy it as a text. Fame and fortune . . . but I ain't got personality!" He fell to the floor, blubbering amid the snow. "That's why my money's no good; *that's* why I don't spend it: people only care about my fame and fortune; they don't even think of me . . . as me."

A HUGE stalactite fell from the ceiling and bounced on his neck. He collapsed entirely, with wet pants: great sobbing breaths mingled with tears. Suddenly he looked up. His wife fell off her ladder.

"I've got it; I've got it."

"I knew it. You just can't lose a collar button for good!"

"No, no! A formula for success! I'll be eccentric!"

(Crunch, slop, crack, blurp, wheeze; sound effects, denoting change of scene.)

Prof stalked into lecture the next day on his knees and before any of his students could open their big mouths, he was giving them the old ssssssboom-ahwhistle stuff. Then he pulled a firecracker out of his ear and lit it. That set everything off with a bang. The bearded scholars were so nonplussed and non-minused that they forgot to yawn. Instead, they found themselves thinking, "The old goof's on the bail again." Then they settled down to the daily game of bridge, laughing uproariously at everything Prof said.

Prof was desperate. No one was paying him any more attention than if he had brains. He had an ace up his sleeve, —in fact, a whole deck. He

hauled them out and began card tricks, explaining meanwhile why an ion was so big and fat and how the traveling positron got mixed up with the neutron's daughter. Even that drew only the usual round of ammunition. So—

He caused. Then, "This morning I have a guest speaker. It isn't always that we have such a delightful opportunity. I take great pleasure in presenting . . . Santa Claus!"

He waved his hand to the empty air and stood back. This should catch them. From now on wherever he went, people would point their fingers at him instead of jabbing them. He watched the surprised silence that fell on his audience's face: at last he had person-



"Perhaps we'd better buy a new tree this year, dear."

ality. There was a soft buzz of discussion. Prof closed his eyes and waited. Suddenly they began to laugh . . . and laugh . . . and laugh . . . as if they'd never stop. He couldn't understand! He looked up. They were crying, "Batty!" to each other . . . and "Corn!" Then they continued their bridge game.

It was hopeless. Only one girl, the school idiot (Phi Beta Kappa) kept her eyes fixed on the stage; only she seemed interested. It was disgusting. His plan had fallen through. Silently he turned away.

Santa Claus threw his arm around Prof's shoulder. "Strange: they acted as if I weren't here. But don't take it so hard!"

Prof sighed. "I can't understand it. They laughed. And now I haven't got any personality.

"I don't know what's the matter with them."

—L. C.

Politics—Prelude

Our hearts are warmed by the good sportsmanship—the cleanliness of the campaigns, and the entire lack of campaign promises on either side, as politicians, athletes, and even students of proven administrative ability battle it out. The university paper, as usual, plays it fair and square, favouring neither side.

The day of elections finds all the candidates in front of Bascom smiling in friendly spirit at people whom they have never smiled at before and will never smile at again. The elections themselves are run efficiently, and in order to prevent voting twice, dupli-



"And to think I slapped his face for saying it!"

cate fee cards are never allowed except occasionally at the polls in the main library.

The results are eagerly awaited and received in the spirit of the same good-hearted fun that has characterized the whole campaign.

POLITICS—POSTLUDE

So now elections are over, the drunks who celebrated or drowned their sorrows have been unpiled from the corners and carried home. The candidates are now considering how not to flunk out of school. The few people who voted can consider themselves exceptional. The majority who didn't should

be ashamed of themselves for not taking advantage of this wonderful opportunity to be fine, noble and true citizens. The independent Badger Beauties will all be chosen for their beauty alone and not for political reasons, thanks to the far-sighted deans who fixed it so the nasty old Badger couldn't gum things up. The Greeks should all be proud of their unprecedented unity, and Janesville of her boy wonder. Prom will go on as usual. The orchestra will not care whether an independent or a Greek signs the check, and anyhow with such good college bands why should we waste our money on a name?

Wounds of battle heal, feuds cease, Greeks put their pins back on, the feverish pitch of excitement cools again, and Wisconsin sleeps. —J. W.

From AURORA BEACON NEWS:
"People of Aurora are requested to unite with chairman of board of health in having their milk tested."

A cheese producing county, no doubt!

Seen in the Want Ads of THE STATE JOURNAL: "Woman wishes to sell piano. Leaving town. Has carved legs." *War is hell, isn't it?*

New Circus Actress: You know, sir, this is my first job in a circus. You'd better tell me what to do to keep from making mistakes.

Manager: Well, don't ever undress before the bearded lady.

Prof.: "Bell, what is a synonym?"

Bell: "It's a word you use in place of another when you can't spell the other one."

"A Gay Christmas"

TOBY and MOON'S



WHERE?

Why, at Madison's Master Cleaners

— PANTORIUM —

BADGER 1180

558 State Street

"Do you read Poe?"
 "No, I read rather well."

"Never tell a secret around chairs."
 "Why?"
 "Because they are tail bearers."

Father: "Well, son, what did you learn in school today?"

Son (proudly): "I learned to say Yes, sir, and No, sir, and Yes, mam, and No, mam."

Father: "You did, eh?"
 Son: "Yeah."

Beneath Our Christmas Tree

☆ ☆ ☆

Every year on Christmas Eve since
 I was just a lad,
 We've put a package 'neath our
 tree—and marked it: "Love—to Dad."
 Just a pound of Edgeworth—though the
 cost is really small
 Of all the gifts that father gets
 he likes it best of all.

Now later on when I grew up, that
 famous tin of blue
 Appeared beneath our Christmas tree—
but this time there were two,
 For I had learned, from watching
 dad, the joy a pipe can bring.
 And trial and error taught me, too, that
 Edgeworth was the thing.

Again this year, I'm proud to say,
 beneath our Christmas tree,
 We're putting gifts of Edgeworth, yes,
but this time there'll be three.
 For my son has grown to manhood
 now, and much to my delight,
 He wants a pipe for Christmas
 and I'm going to start him right.

Edgeworth is on sale at your dealer's in an attractive log cabin Christmas wrapping.

NOTE: For those pipe smokers who haven't yet discovered the joy of EDGEWORTH, America's Finest Pipe Tobacco, we print this coupon, as a means of getting acquainted.

LARUS & BRO. CO.
 412 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia
 Please send me, at your expense, a generous sample of EDGEWORTH Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

Name _____
 (Please print your name and address clearly)

Address _____

City or Town _____

State _____ CP12

© 1941, Larus & Bro. Co.

Zoo Visitor: Where are the monkeys?
 Keeper: They're in the back making love.

Visitor: Would they come out for some peanuts?

Keeper: Would you?

Here's to the happy, bounding flea,
 You cannot tell a he from a she
 For they both look just alike, you see,
 But he can tell . . . and so can she.

The despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur, respectfully.

"Drive off a cliff, James," replied the old gentleman. "I'm committing suicide."

Student (in bookstore): "How much is this paper?"

Clerk: "Seventy-five cents a ream."

Student: "It sure is!"

Live cleanly, lad,
 Live finely, lad,
 Leave other geese the sauce:
 Live cleanly, lad,
 Live finely, lad,
 And never count the loss.

Give Books for Christmas

- HUGE SELECTION
- FREE GIFT WRAPPING
- FREE POSTAGE
 (anywhere in U. S.)

Other Suggestions

- UNIVERSITY SEAL JEWELRY
- FOUNTAIN PENS, DESK SETS,
 ETC.
- STATIONARY

Student Book Exchange

"Nearest the Campus"

"Yes, madam, what can I do for you today?"

"I'm going to be married next Tuesday and I would like to get some silk pajamas. What colors are appropriate for a bride?"

"White is the preferred color if it is your first marriage, and lavender is you have been married before."

"Well, you'd better give me some white ones with just a wee touch of lavender in them."

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour until—

"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest, in all the glory of young manhood, "I'd travel."

He felt her warm, young hand slide into his. When he looked up she was gone.

In his hand was a nickel.

A Chinaman's description of piano playing: "Them box, you fight him in the teeth, he cry."

"Now, there's nothing in this world too difficult to overcome."

"Have you ever tried squeezing shaving cream back into the tube?"

"Is your roommate broadminded?"
 "Say, that's all he thinks of."

Jim

Jim doesn't ever bring me
 dont know why
 im so crazy
 jim he lie.

Gordon Walter went out with the boys one evening and before he realized it the morning of the next day had dawned.

He hesitated to call home and tell his wife. Finally he hit upon an idea. He phoned and when his wife answered he shouted, "Don't pay the ransom, I'm back!"

First little baby in maternity ward, to second baby: "I'm a little boy baby."

Second baby: "Are you? How do you know?"

First baby (lifting up his little nightgown): "Look—blue booties!"

Waitress (looking at nickel tip left by close guest): "What're ya tryin' to do—seduce me?"

Girls!



Register NOW for Special Defense Courses

All far-seeing co-eds are taking advantage of the new curriculum just announced by Dean Jaexpus of the College of Letters and Science. Train yourself *now* to step into the important positions which will be open to you soon.

Registration Now in Progress to Train You to . . .

- membership in W club
- president of Haresfoot
- Cardinal editor
- president of student board
- prom king
- senior class president
- business manager of the Badger
- crew
- any position on Octopus

Call U. 367 for further details

*** USOA INCORPORATED**

Third Floor, Union

Free and Liberal

*United School of Amazons

With MAUREEN O'HARA
it's Chesterfield for Christmas
She is appearing in the
20th Century-Fox Production
"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"



FOR CHRISTMAS

It's Chesterfield

Here are your Milder Better-Tasting
Chesterfields again . . . in the most attractive, up-to-the-
minute Christmas gift package of the year.

Buy them for the folks at home . . . send them to your friends
and don't forget to mail them to the boys in the Service.

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE *They Satisfy*