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THE WISCONSIN DOCTOPUS

Politics Issue

15 cents



"I GET

EXTRA
MILDNESS

EXTRA
COOLNESS

EXTRA
FLAVOR

in slower-burning
Camels," says Bill Corum,
famed sports writer
and columnist



SURE
I WORK FAST—
BUT I LIKE MY
SMOKING SLOW.
MILDER, COOLER
CAMELS ARE CHAMPS
WITH ME

LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking—slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill...typewriter...books...pictures...and Camels—slow-burning Camels. "I find them milder and cooler—and thriftier," he says.

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

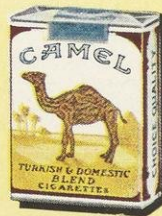
BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's *sprinted* . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

His own common sense and experience tell him what scientists have found out in their research laboratories—that "slow-burning cigarettes are extra mild, extra cool, fragrant, and flavorful."

Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And nothing so surely wrecks the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance as excess heat. No wonder you get a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

The delightful mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor of Camels are explained by this important finding—Camels proved to be the *slowest*-burning cigarette of the sixteen largest-selling brands tested! (*The panel at the right explains the test.*)

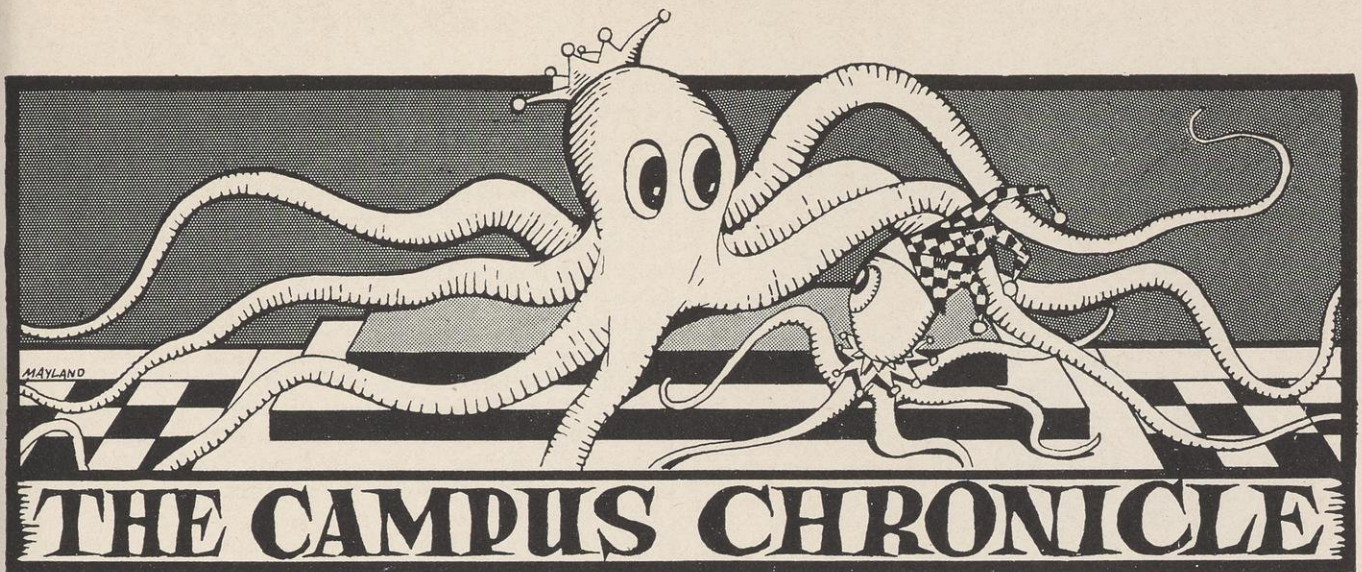
In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower* than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER
PACK!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Camels — the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos



Great Events are at foot in the world these days. We proceed from Badger Board and Women's Self Government Association elections to the Wisconsin primaries, and, before too long, to the national political conventions. It is fitting, therefore, for Octopus to concern itself almost entirely this month with politics. We have long been the symbol of politics, anyhow. Our cousins are the Nazi Octopus (with a little black mustache), the Boss Tweed Octopus (with a tentacle in every plum pie), and the New Deal Octopus (squeezing the breath out of Taxpayer and John Q. Public and forcing reliefers and WPA workers to vote their lives away for That Fiend in the White House).

We are indeed in this great tradition. We get complimentary tickets every year to Prom and we once had a sophomore poet on the House Presidents' Council.

Scandal at Bashford

With our customary thoroughness we went out to Tripp and turned Bashford House, known to it's 30 odd residents (double entendre) as Bashful House, upside down trying to find if anyone knew *who* Mr. Bashford was. Not a soul, not even the house fellow (who, despite all reports, *does* have a soul) could tell us. Heck of a situation.

So we looked him up ourselves.

Coles Bashford (popularly known by senators of that time as "Hot" Coles Bashford) was the first Republican governor the State of Wisconsin ever had—and what a precedent that set! He ran for governor in 1855—but the people of the state selected his opponent, a good Democrat. But old "Hot" Coles cared nothing for the people's preference and trumped up a fraudulent elections charge, having the supreme court award him the governorship. Shortly after he "assumed" office, the federal government gave the state

a railroad land grant. This, Mr. Bashford tantalizingly held under the noses of several railroad companies and waited for the highest bidder.

The results were: the La Crosse and Milwaukee railroad got the grant, the majority of the legislature got the securities of the railroad, and Bashford's pockets bulged with \$50,000 worth of bonds. Before his term expired, the great depression of '57 swamped the state (any wonder?) and, fleeing before a storm of exposure, Wisconsin's first Republican governor fled to the wilds of Arizona where he was safer among the Apaches than amid his fellow citizens.

Why then a house in Tripp named for this veritable crook? It's as if Louisiana State were to build a James M. Smith hall. So we called up Curly Wentworth to find out. Said Curly:

"He was president of the class of '73 at the University of Wisconsin.

"A co-founder of the University Press.

"A graduate of a theological school in Boston with a degree of S.T.B.

"Got a Ph.D. in 1881.

"Was president of the alumni association.

"Got many honorary degrees.

"Was pastor of several New England churches.

"In 1889 he became president of Ohio Wesleyan university.

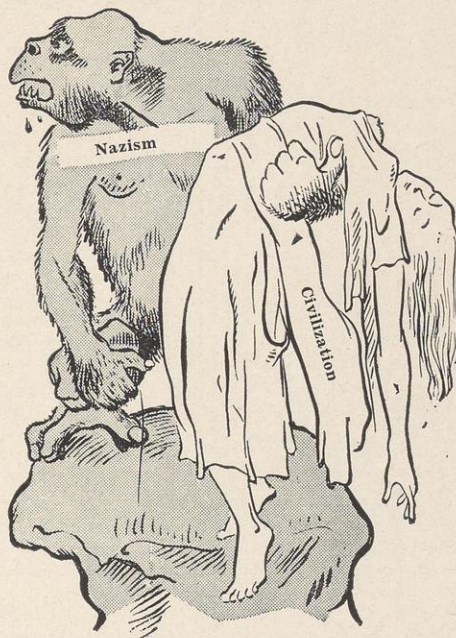
"He published pamphlets on *Should Women Be Allowed to Preach?*

"Was elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church in 1894.

"Was active in missionary work.

"Died in 1919."

How that Bashford man got around!



Button Gwinnet

It might interest you to know that our local Historical Library has cloistered away in its steel girded vault of manuscripts the signature of one Button Gwinnet, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and author of America's rarest autograph. How the signature found its way to our particular library and why it is kept under lock and key, gathering no interest and plenty of dust, is cloaked in a mystery too dark for even its bespectacled custodian to solve, but it is

Sunpin' to make
you spring beau
neek, humble, and
submissive!



Sketch for Baron's
by Helen Polczyn
42

Baron's

sufficient to say that the manuscript is valued at around ten or twelve thousand dollars.

We walked over to the library a few days ago and asked to be shown the document, wondering the while how any man's handwriting, unless it be on a check, could even dare to ask such a price. After endless dickering and much swearing on Bibles to the effect that we had no evil intentions of filching Mr. Gwinnet's handwriting specimen, we were permitted to gaze on it momentarily from a distance of some five feet. To say that we were disappointed would be putting it lightly. We were shocked.

The signature reposed at the bottom of what looked to be a yellowed and frayed promissory note, looking for all the world as though it had been hastily torn from a telephone scratch pad. It was dated some time in March, 1777. The note had to do with the fact that Mr. (unintelligible) was authorized by the undersigned, Mr. Gwinnet to pay Mr. (also unintelligible) a certain sum of money for services rendered. Except for the date, it might have been written yesterday by John Brown. The whole thing was most unimpressive and disappointing, since we had expected something on the order of an eighteenth century love letter or possibly a long-lost map holding the key to untold millions in Inca treasure.

The value of the signature can probably be attributed to the fact that Mr. Gwinnet was killed in a duel a few months after writing the note, and that only five or six copies of his signature have ever been discovered. However, it seems utterly ridiculous to us that the library should keep such a scrap of paper worth ten or twelve thousand dollars when it could be sold to buy thousands of books which presumably wouldn't hurt the reserved book problem here, at all, at all.

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Single copies, 15c

According to the Records

The Classical

LE ROI, Arturo Toscanini, has ruffled his white hair and made a recording with the NBC Symphony Orchestra of Mozart's *Symphony No. 40 in G Minor*. If you can get over wishing that Bruno Walter had done it instead, you'll have to grant that, at least for the first movement, this is just about the best Mozart recording in a good year. The Symphony is in some ways enigmatical, some part of the cause for which is surely due to the alarming speed of its composition. The first movement, one feels, is a Mozart reaching his highest point of artistry and even straining beyond himself. It has a processional majesty so eloquently complex that the following three movements seem little less than incomplete drafts for something which should have surpassed their present state in finish to maintain themselves in the midst of the tremendous opening. In the fourth movement, something of the polyphonic splendor of the first is caught, but it withers away in a closing so lacking in climax that the listener can only be set to wondering.

The score is given a generously emotional treatment by Toscanini. Indeed the music at times comes perilously close to being more a "pageant of the heart" than it actually is. Only in the cases, however, when the breathless pace and wicked sprightliness appear at odds with the dramatic surge of his interpretation does Toscanini's distinctive emphasis on this emotional aspect become disturbing. It is something to fight about if the listener has a set of hard and fast ideas about his Mozart, but otherwise it is perhaps being over-finicky to remark it in detail, especially in view of the fact that these recordings are as clear and real as day, aglow with interpretative energy and spirit. Mr.

(continued on page 5)

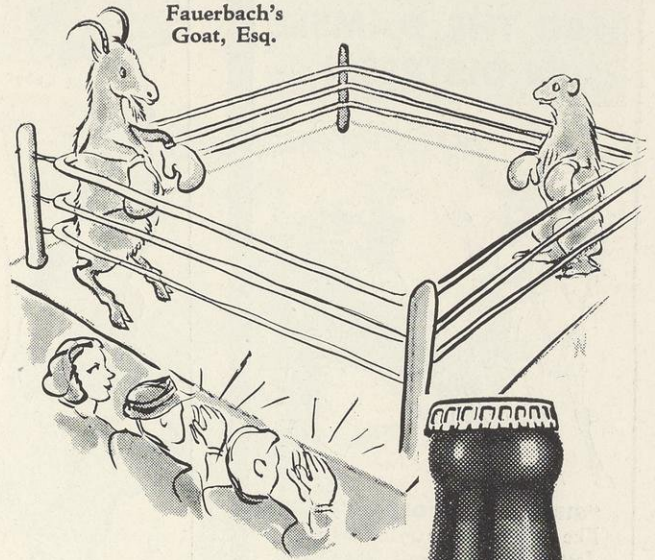
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**SMOKY JOE
HAD THE DAMSEL
IN DISTRESS!**

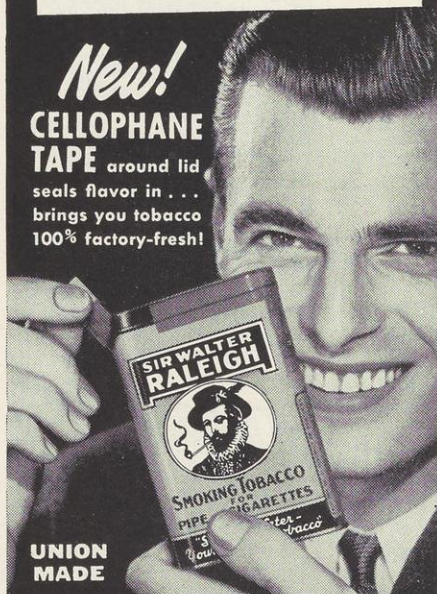


"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this Romeo is trying his darnest to smoke us out. Phew! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!" Just then



UP RIDES A RANGER, sniffs the pipe, says to clean it and refill with mild Sir Walter, a burley blend famous for aroma. It worked! Joe won her back!

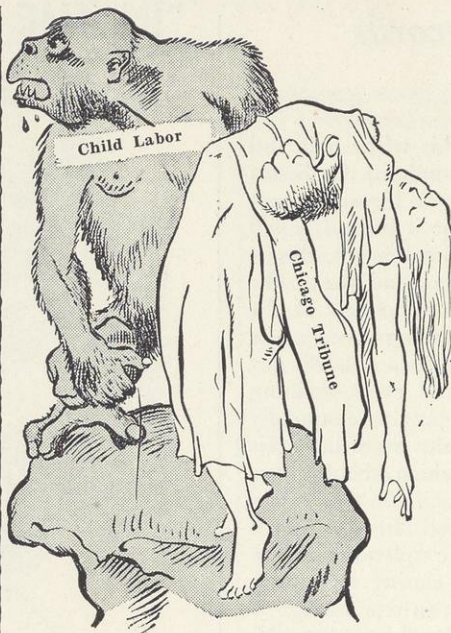
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I'd rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are.

—Punch Bowl

•New SCOTCH TWEED
YARN for your spring
sweaters . . .

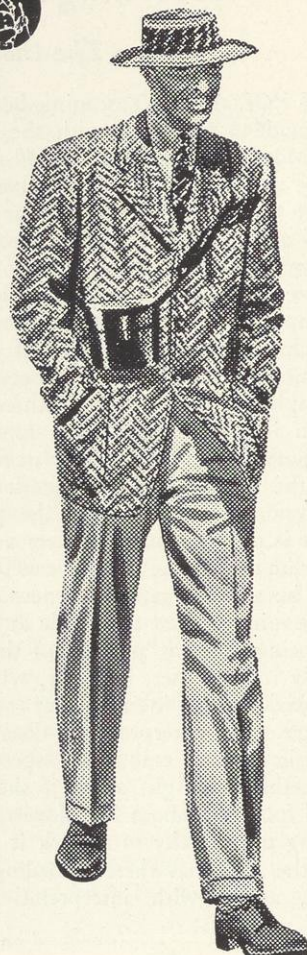
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AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

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—D. H.

The Popular

BODY AND SOUL

Coleman Hawkins, the saxophonist of the Hawkins clan, plays this one like a man in love. It is warm, pulsating, and torchy. And in *Fine Dinner*, on the reverse, Mr. Hawkins is in ecstasy. *Bluebird*.

I LOVE TO READ MAGAZINES

Gerald Clark and his Calypso orchestra, of Haiti, give a good sampling of screwball West Indian jive with this and *That Something Will Bring You Back*, *Camilla the Jitterbug*, and *G-Man Hoover*. Vocals by two dark gentlemen with the glorious names, Macbeth the Great and Sir Lancelot the Calypso Crooner. *Varsity*.

SONG OF THE ISLANDS

Count Basie it is, and Count Basie in top form it is, which means, at least to us, that here's a record to save and finger carefully, keeping grease stains off the thread, using only good needles, and waiting for your grandchildren to get born, so you can play it for them. *Nobody Knows* has the Count doing very strange things to an organ. *Vocalion*.

YOU HIT MY HEART WITH A BANG

Bob Zurke plays some splendid boogie-woogie piano here, but a terrible baby-voiced singer, Evelyn Poe, ruins it. Bonnie Baker, whom she imitates, is bad enough, but Miss Poe . . . ! Well, we *are* a gentleman. *Put Your Little Foot Right There* speaks for itself. We know where we'd *like* to put our little foot. *Victor*.



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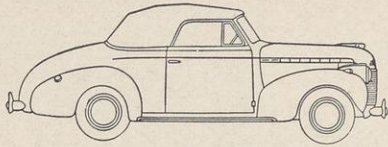
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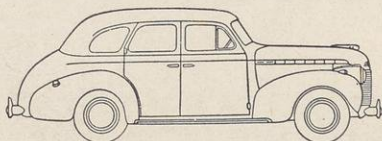
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Let's Talk It Over



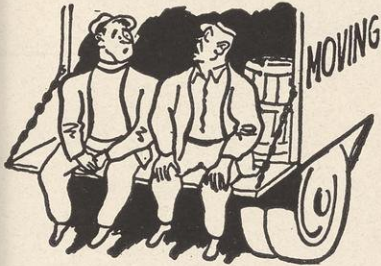
NATURALLY, I'm willing to listen to your arguments," he said to me, "but do you happen to know that before the British moneyed interests began throwing their full strength behind Mannerheim, Finland was virtually in the hands of the working class, was on the way to becoming a real people's government?"

"But . . ." I said.

"And you and I both know that when people like Hoover are interested in saving the dear little *democracy* of Finland, you can be pretty sure there's some other issue than democracy involved."

"Well . . ." I said.

"As for this business about the ruth-



"So this old war nurse claims it's Leap Year and asks me to Military Ball."

less dictatorship of Stalin and that kind of talk, do you know that there has been a rise of 100 per cent and over in the level of popular consumption during the second Five Year Plan, that the production of consumers' goods has doubled—in fact, has *more* than doubled in sugar, butter, sausage, knit goods and footwear?"

"Yes," I said.

"And unemployment here! While there was an 18 per cent increase in the number of workers and employees in the Soviet Union, the national payroll showed an increase two and one-half times, or a rise of 151 per cent, as against 55 per cent specified in the second Five Year Plan, as Molotov shows in his report to the last party congress."

"Look . . ." I said.

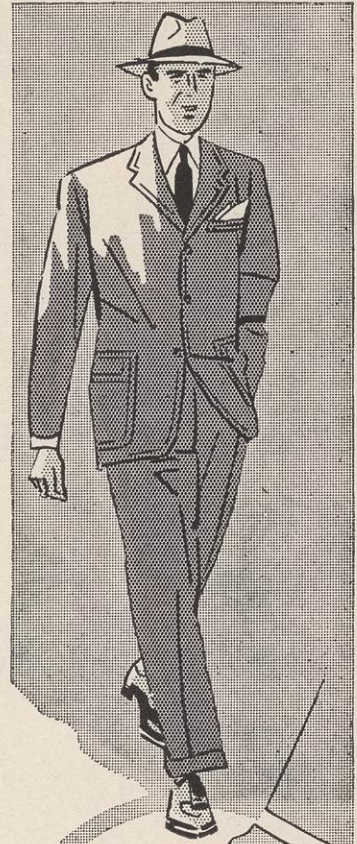
"Now just wait a moment. Maybe You want to talk about culture. In the Soviet Union state expenditures on cultural and other public services for workers and employees increased from 4,300,000,000 to 14,000,000,000 rubles, or, more than threefold."

"Yes," I said. "Yes, yes," I said. "Yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes," I said.

Then I went home.

—L. S.

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ELB '40

Volume XXI

MARCH, 1940

Number 7

On Second Thought



HERE is no real contradiction between the overwhelming triumphs of the Finnish armies and the terms of the peace pact ceding land to Russia. The Finns just wanted Russia to come in and do the work of taking care of its own millions of war dead—as the newspapers no doubt will inform us soon enough.

What's to be done with all the money raised recently in this country for Belgian or Sweden or Rumania or whoever the heck's next.

When a Kenosha shoe merchant beat up a government census taker, the Chicago *Tribune* thought that at last The People had turned on the Administration. "What is this bolshevist rot called a census?" asked the World's Greatest Newspaper.

It's all that boor Roosevelt's fault. Anyone with half a sense of decency and any breeding whatsoever would know enough not to ask personal questions.

In a front-page editorial the university's own little *Tribune* (the Campus's

Greatest Newspaper) denounced the outside agitator who dared organize Union pin boys in the bowling alleys. The *Cardinal's* editor believes in unionism when its kept in its proper place—like Pittsburgh or Seattle.

The pin boys weren't quite satisfied with a 30c wage. Surely they wouldn't demand as much as NYA student!

We are indeed pleased to see that Marian Anderson is coming to Madison for a concert. Any friend of Eleanor Roosevelt's is a friend of ours.

"If our war aim was only the destruction of the Chiang Kai-shek regime and nothing more," declared Japanese Major Cho Kato, "we could do it and sing a song at the same time." What song—"Tea for two, and two for tea, General Abe for you, Hirohito for me"?

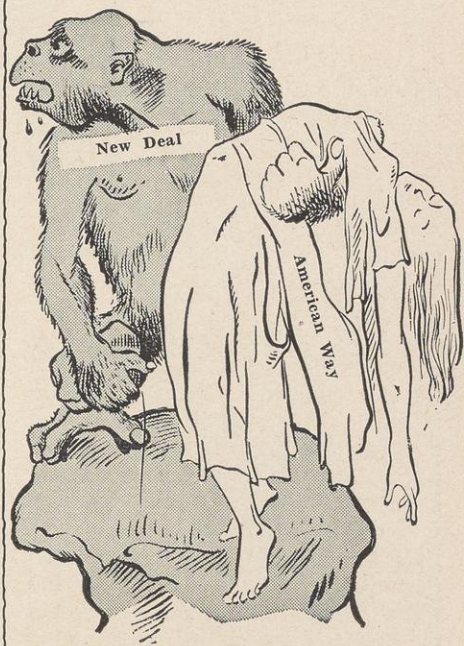
Assistant Secretary of War Johnson has said, "War, accompanied by pestilence, hate, greed and intolerance, has spread over a large part of the universe." How very trite!

The first real horror of this war came home to the Germans last week. Production of ordinary beer is to be curtailed 25 per cent, of Pilsener Urquell by 50 per cent, and watering and cut-

ting of the barley content is to take place generally.

Perhaps there will be a revolution in Germany after all. There *would* be in Madison or Milwaukee.

Military Ball, we feel, is a very appropriate event in the world today. If it weren't for the fact that we're sure the Military department would misunderstand our joke, we would tell you why . . . but you can probably figure one out for yourself.



For Congress: Alfred M. Grumbell!

FNEMIES of mine, ladies and gentlemen, have spread evil reports that I have no platform or principles in my campaign for the seat in the House of Representatives from the twelfth district of this glorious state of Wisconsin. "Don't vote for Grumbell," they are saying, "because *he evades* the issues which face us in these times of stress."

Were these accusations true, my friends, I should be the last person in this mighty state to urge you to vote for me.

But I stand here before you tonight to brand as *falsehoods* these base and—I am happy to say—futile efforts to blacken my record.

Let the voters look at my record. And better yet, let them listen. Boldly and candidly I shall tell you where I stand on the important issues of the day.

I have been given a written list of questions—let me read them and give you my unequivocal answers.

Where do you stand on the labor question?

I believe that the workman should have a just share of the rewards of his toil, and my every effort in the last two years has been to this end.

At the same time the rights of the employer must be upheld. We must be wary of the maggots of Communism who, under the *pretense* of helping the workman, are really conspiring to lead him into Red bondage.

I pledge my last breath to uprooting these so-called labor organizers and "spokesmen" who secretly owe allegiance not to the grand old Stars and Stripes but to the filthy red rag of that arch enemy of all that is good and holy, Red Russia.

And do not underestimate this evil influence, my friends. There are men today in High Places who are working to undermine the American Way, and the agents of anarchism and commun-

ism are swarming over our country, reaching into the homes of you and *you* and YOU.

In returning me to the Congress of these United States you may be sure that the Stars and Stripes—long may they wave!—will *forever* be upheld against the bloody banner of Red Communism and its so-called "liberal" allies.

Where do you stand on foreign policy?

I say, as I have always said, this glorious nation must avoid foreign entanglements and the wily snares of degenerate lands across the seas.

But at the same time we must realize that this mighty land of ours is a world power. We must insist that our rights be respected in every corner of the

With this experience behind me, the foreign relations and defense of our country are in sure, capable hands if I am re-elected; and that glorious old Red, White, and Blue will continue to wave defiantly in the winds of discord sweeping 'round our planet.

Where do you stand on the housing problem?

My devotion to solving the housing problem is well-known. Nothing is so important as adequate housing, for housing is the basis of the Home, and the Home stands for all that is dearest in our society.

At the same time we must not spend money recklessly in Utopian schemes, nor must we endanger the hard-earned savings of small investors in realty and mortgages.

I pledge myself to continue my ef-

forts in behalf of the Home—that little Home so dear to all of us, where by the Fireside sits Mother and the Children. *Motherhood*—ah, that noble duty and privilege! In me you will find a man whose devotion to the Home and *Motherhood* is unmatched, and in my hands these sacred assets will be cherished above all other things this side of Heaven.

Where do you stand on relief and unemployment?

I say that as long as I am in Congress, no one will starve in this country. According to the Gospel of St. Mark, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor;" and my devotion to my fellow men is based upon the precepts of Jesus Christ and the Holy Writ.

At the same time we must not forget that the

Almighty expects each of us to help himself, and that His bounty is open to all of those who will work for it. Too many of our so-called "unemployed" are merely loafing along on the bounty of the taxpayer, instead of using those gifts which God has given to each of us to make a living, as the Bible says, by the sweat of our brows.

In me you have a candidate whose basic plank is above all a reverence for the Christian Religion and the wishes



globe and our voice be heard in settling the problems which beset us.

I say this even if it means an army and a navy second to none, and here I speak as one who has served under his country's flag. Proudly I state that in the last war I was not a "slacker"—no, my friends, I served my country and was scheduled to embark for France as a second-lieutenant when the Armistice prevented my sacrificing my blood for the Flag.

of the Maker as expressed in the Good Book and all those lovely old hymns which are so dear to us.

Well, my friends, I see my time is running short. A few points remain, but we have discussed the major ones enough to mark as vicious lies the smears of my enemies that my platform is a parcel of vagaries.

Forthrightly I have explained my position, and all who favor the continuance of these principles will go out on election *forthrightly* to vote for Alfred M. Grumbell. I thank you.

—C. L. F.



Making the Green One Red



LF, by chance, you happened to glance at this morning's edition of the local yellow sheet, you probably noticed the headline announcing Cuthbert Farrington's election to the position of sophomore man on the Rathskeller Board of Control. Of course, it must have been a shock to you (it was to all of us who prided ourselves on having something to do with his nomination), yet there it was in bold black and white with not so much as a typographical error to ease the blow.

As you know, or should be able to figure out without too much trouble, the Rathskeller Board of Control controls the Rathskeller, and we of the inside track thought it to our mutual advantage to smuggle one of our own boys in to take over the hamburgers, chocolate doughnuts, and luke warm cokes of the Sweetest Little Hash House this side of East Doty Street.

Our political strategy wasn't very new, but we've always believed in tried-and-true methods anyhow, so we began scouting around for a dud to put up against our number-one man.

After combing the campus from the Cuba Club to the Malt House, we finally stumbled upon what we considered our ideal bust. His name, it pains me to repeat, was Cuthbert Farrington.

Cuthbert was a sophomore in the Lip Reading School, with rather nice light brown hair, except that it looked as though it had been gathered from rat traps. He wore a shiny blue serge suit with the glare broken here and there by an undernourished moth's hole. And he looked at life through glasses unscrewed from the ends of a couple of microscopes. Cuthbert was indeed a classic and he was our man. He melted to our proposition like a Hershey bar to the inside of your back pocket in July. We were a little cruel, no doubt, but once under way, our putsch moved on by its own momentum.

We tossed Cuthbert a line that would reach from here to Pitcairn's Island about the dire need for a man, a man like himself, who would clean up the disgraceful situation so apparent in the R.B.C. Cuthbert agreed to help our "clean-up" platform to the best of his ability, and we arranged for him to talk in the various organized houses and dormitories.

The stage was set and we were getting stiff muscles from patting ourselves on the back. "We're in, we're in!" my roommate, Arthur Gibbs, kept shouting over the beers the night before Cuthbert's debut. I dislike too much assurance before things are really set, but I couldn't help thinking Arthur was right.

"Of course I'm right," Arthur cried. "Just leave things to me and everything'll be swell, every time." That should have put me on my guard, but it didn't. I was feeling too good—as were Jim and Mutt and Arthur. Arthur, especially. He never knows when to stop.

So, on Thursday night last, we whipped out to the men's dorms to see Cuthbert put on his act. The dorm boys were assembled in their cafeteria tossing away the chops with more than the usual haste, for, during the past fifteen minutes, they had been forced to hold off while no less than five other candidates had harangued them with threats and promises. And then Cuthbert sauntered into the room, with Arthur following him. I say sauntered,

because it looked like that from where we were sitting. In reality, he staggered.

Arthur walked by us and winked broadly. He smoothed the air with his hand, screwed up his lips, and gave us the old cold-turkey look.

As expected, a growing murmur of unrest passed over the room as Cuthbert rose to speak. With Cuthbert's first unintelligible syllable, we knew that all was not very well. All, as a matter of fact, was very unwell. And Cuthbert was unwell. He was crocked.

The murmur of unrest that had passed over the room at his appearance suddenly subsided into the most horrible and unearthly silence. Cuthbert spoke. When I say spoke I lie, because he did not speak. He shouted, he hiccuped, he blubbered, he sang choruses from *Drunk Last Night*, *Ave Maria*, and *Oh, Johnnie*. He told three dirty jokes that even I had not heard. He recited fully half of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in Swedish dialect, and he ended with a strip tease amid tremendous applause. Then Cuthbert passed out on the floor.

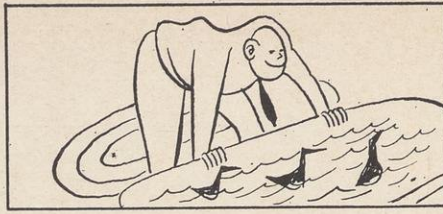
WELL, you read the paper this morning. And tomorrow Cuthbert, home first in a landslide, will take office, the most popular member of the Rathskeller Board of Control. And we of the inside track are hoping against hope that he may see fit to appoint one of us to some insignificant committee—if not right way, then some day. We just want to serve Cuthbert in some little way.

—J. H.

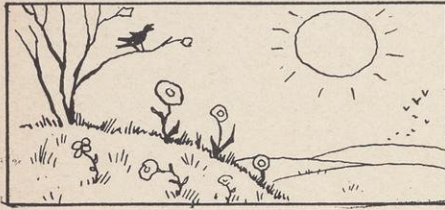




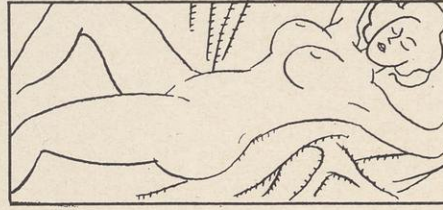
Cincinnati Red Sox 7



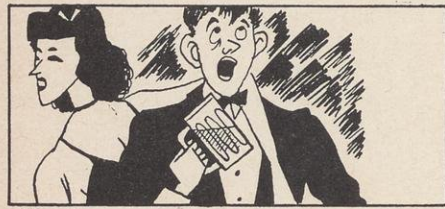
Ducks in the Bathtub 1



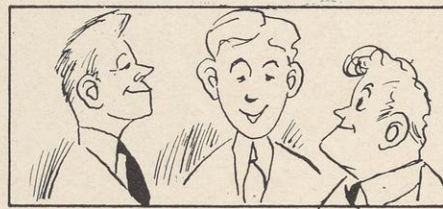
Spring 10



Ruben's Pneumatic Nudes 6



Saturday Nights 3



Nice People 2



Color 3



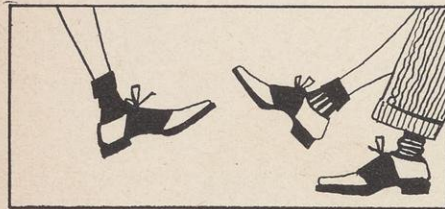
Sunday Mornings 2



The Wisconsin Octopus 1



American Womanhood 17



Saddle Shoes 4



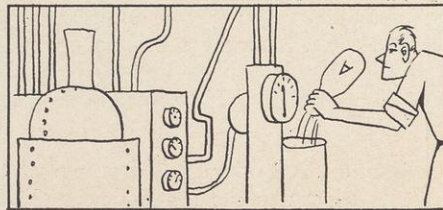
Beethoven and Glenn Miller 8



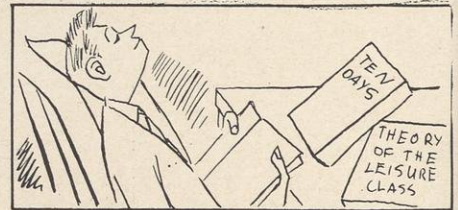
Information, Please 4



Agnes Mullen (Badger 4240) 12



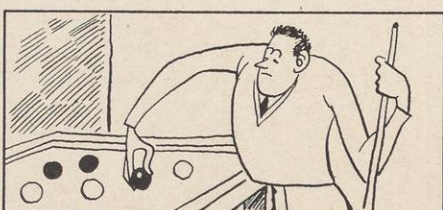
Pasteurized Milk 6



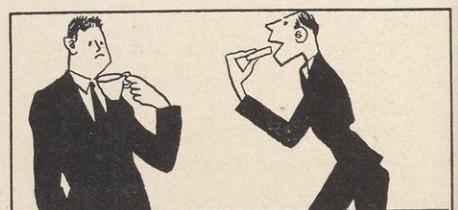
Veblen, Lardner, John Reed 3



Bock Beer 5



Line-up Pool 14



Mrs. Dykstra's Teas 5

Is Civilization V



THESE days nobody does much talk. The subject under consideration sees

Civilization Itself is threatened. We long this may be revised to read: we mu

Octopus has the courage to ask: "Is tion is answered scientifically by summ direct survey these have been valued (s

Now, when the drums roll and the lo for Civilization Itself," you'll know h

h Fighting For?



making the world safe for democracy.
Civilization Itself.

for Civilization Itself. And before too
s war to save Civilization Itself.

worth saving?" Herewith the ques-
sets and liabilities of our culture. By a
n cultuns (Webster: units of culture).

blare, "Americans! We are fighting
t. Paste these pages in your helmet.



Chicago 5



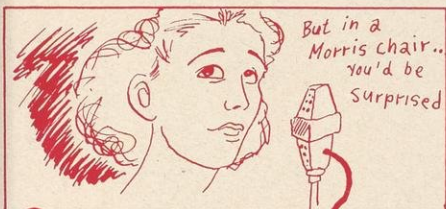
Nitwit Advertising 4



Housemothers 5



Public Opinion Polls 6



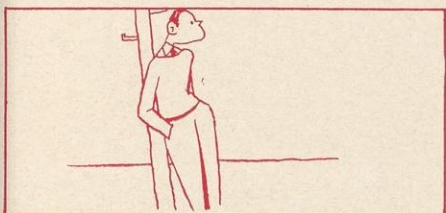
Bonnie Baker 12



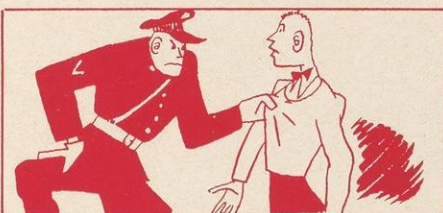
The System 1



Nance Garner 3



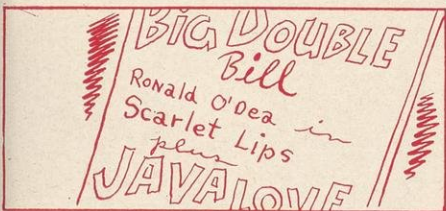
Madison Bus Company 7



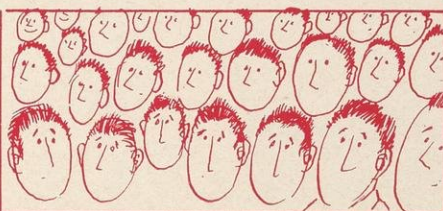
Cossacks 2



Time-clock Tyranny 5



Double Features 3



The Mob 1



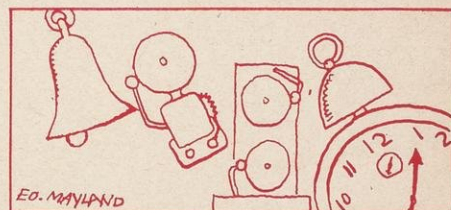
School of Commerce 16



Father Coughlin 4



Spring 8



Bells 4



Rathskeller Hamburgers 2



The Chicago Tribune 11

Assets	93
Liabilities	90
Total	3

Civilization is justified!
Roll out the cannon and let's
start blasting to save it.

Champagne of Wrath



N A RECENT Town Hall radio forum, Mr. Philip Bancroft asserted that indigent families like the Joads from Okla-

homa have, by their migration to California, threatened the security and the very existence of the Associated Farmers of California.

Their threats of organization and petition for relief, said Mr. Bancroft, have placed the "farmers" of California two jumps ahead of the sheriff. The Associated Farmers, of course, is an organization, not of farmers, but of bankers and industrialists who have put their money into land.

Their problem, we feel, demands a work of art that will awaken America to their plight. This, if we do say so, is that work.

ACT I

Scene I—Market Street, San Francisco. Late Afternoon. Thomas Joadfellow, thirty, in ill-fitting, new blue serge suit is waiting on the curb for a taxi. He turns to a tall passerby in a derby and black top-coat.

THOMAS. I say, aren't taxis running anymore in this town?

REV. CASWELL. You perhaps should walk . . . Why, aren't you one of the Joadfellows?

THOMAS. Yes, I'm Thomas. *(Looks intently at him.)* Why, to be sure, you're Rev. Caswell. Good to see you. You have a church now in Los Angeles, haven't you?

CASWELL. Did have, my boy, did have. You've changed—look older and paler. Didn't you winter at the Riviera this year?

THOMAS: Haven't you heard? I might as well tell you. Just got out of San Quentin. You know—those dirty federal authorities—*income tax evasion*—had to pay the government

everything I owed them. Those bolshevik braintrusters got me on that farm foreclosure deal, too, the prying pests! I'd do it again.

CASWELL. *(Unctious but understanding.)* Of course you would, my boy, of course you would *(Sighs.)* What's to become of our class—all of this red agitation, the 'Okies' over-run-

ning the country . . . all of them atheists, communists, and worse. The 'decent people' all leaving . . . there was no one left in my parish but people who think less of God and the Church than of the masses . . . Had to leave . . . but . . . come along, we must have a cocktail, Thomas.

THOMAS. I'd like to, Rev., but I'd bet-

HITLER AGAIN THREATENS BRITAIN, FRANCE

—HEADLINE



I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth.

—KING LEAR, II, IV

ter see father . . . haven't heard from him for months. Come ride along to the bank. (*Hails taxi.*)

SCENE II

Farmers and Merchants Bank of San Francisco, apparently deserted. Thomas pounds on the locked door.

THOMAS. I can't understand it. It isn't a holiday—why it is closed? (*Pounds heavily. Door is cautiously opened by little man with disheveled hair and wild eyes.*) Why J. B.! What's the meaning of . . .

J. B. DEBENTURE. Come in quickly my boy, quickly. (*They enter.*)

THOMAS. What's wrong J. B.? Where are father and grandfather?

J. B. You don't know? No, you wouldn't. They've ruined us. Your father isn't president of anything now—there's no bank or United Farmers to be president of any more. They've ruined us . . . but they can't run me off. I'm just an old bank-vault ghost, but I'm not leaving. (*Thomas and Caswell look at one another—stupefied.*)

THOMAS. It can't be, J. B. Ruined? What do you mean *they*?

J. B. The Okies and radicals . . . came like flies . . . camped on our door-steps. Relief up and up, wages up, taxes, taxes, taxes . . . federal laws, state laws, minimum wages! Not a foreclosure in two years. But they can't chase me off—just an old bank-vault ghost, but I'm staying.

THOMAS. You mean you're living here?

J. B. Yes. Sleeping in the vault. They can't . . .

THOMAS. What's happened to my family?

J. B. They're at your uncle John's summer house. Going to Oklahoma . . . Everyone is . . . but I'm staying . . . just an old . . .

CASWELL. Where will it all end? (*sighs sadly.*)

THOMAS. I'd better run out there. Come along, Reverend?

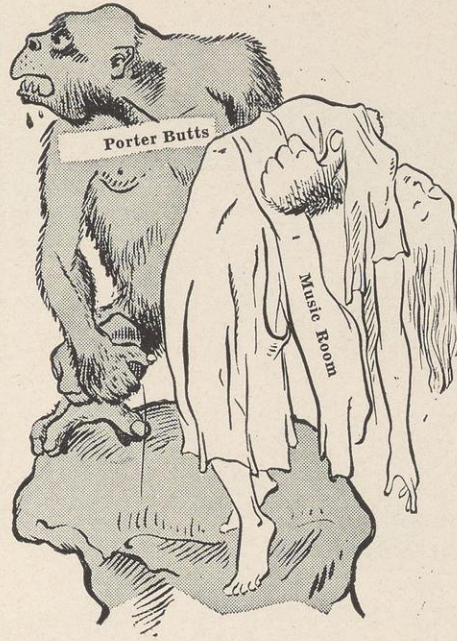
CASWELL. (*vacantly*) Of course, of course.

ACT II

Scene I—Moon-light reveals uncle John's large stone summer house and spacious lawn. On the curved driveway stands a 1938 Rolls Royce town car, loaded with trunks and bags. Thomas and Caswell approach. Thomas's father comes out, with packages.

THOMAS. Father! (*Runs to him.*)

WHITNEY. (*Drops packages.*) Why, Thomas, you're out—er, I mean



you're back. (*Embraces him stiffly.*) Are you all right, my boy? Did they make you work?

THOMAS. I'm all right, father. But you! What's this Oklahoma business . . . is it true? J. B. said . . . but he's . . . He's crazy.

WHITNEY. Yes he's crazy. No wonder. But we're going to Oklahoma. They've ruined us. Even had to pay living wages to the farmers. (*Gets apoplectic.*) Couldn't foreclose with farmers getting government loans and Gad, who'd have dreamed things could come to such a pass. (*Calmer whispers.*) I managed to save out \$500. We've heard that in Oklahoma a smart banker can get a new start. Agitators haven't been in there, so a man can gather up enough farms to make a sizable corporation. Wages are still low there, too. That's the land for us. Thomas. (*Pulls out Wall Street Journal.*) See, it says there's investment opportunity in Oklahoma.

THOMAS. But father, how will we get a start?

WHITNEY. We can get there on \$100. Remember your grandfather started on \$100 and by good honest work was worth \$100,000,000 at 45 . . . we'll have \$400, and if we can get That Red out of the White House . . . (*Pats Thomas on back*) You'll come along, won't you, Thomas?

THOMAS. (*Thoughtfully*) Why—why yes, father, I'll come along.

WHITNEY. We've got to hurry. Have to be out by morning. They sold our place last week for taxes, and John's

place goes tomorrow. We want to get out with the car, too, before they take that. Come along and see your mother and meet Rosalind's third husband. (*Rest of family comes out and embrace Thomas.*)

GRANDFATHER. Well, my boy. Did they hurt you? In my day a man could "arrange" those things. It's a darn shame what money won't do these days. But we've got no money now . . . got to go to Oklahoma, Whitney says. But I don't like it. We ought to hire more troops, then we could handle the reds! We could elect our sheriffs *then*. Younger generation must be soft. (*Grandfather sits on the steps, dipping his hands in a pile of gilt-edged stocks.*)

GRANDFATHER. I'm not going! You can't take me away. This is my life—part of me—my blood! (*Dips deeper into pile.*) I'm not going to leave it!

WHITNEY. (*Aside to Thomas.*) We can't get him to realize these stocks are worthless. He's stubborn. How are we going to get him in the car?

MOTHER. I've a bottle of champagne left over from Maxine's party. (*The others catch on. The old gentleman can no longer hold his liquor.*)

WHITNEY. All in! (*The motor roars and the car moves off. They turn south—Palo Alto, San Joaquin valley, covered with orchards and neat white cottages of the Okies. Then highway 66, clogged with LaSalles, Cadillacs, Dusenbergs, Mercedes, Hispana-Suizas—bankers and their families—all heading toward Oklahoma, seeking banks, corporate farms, all with hope and the rising sun in their eyes.*)

ACT III

Scene I—Tourist camp on Highway 66 in New Mexico. Joadfellow's car to left, to right an old 1925 electric coupe. More cars and tents in rear. An elderly, red-faced, white-gloved gentleman works over the coupe. Mr. Joadfellow recognizes him as a prominent banker.

WHITNEY. You heading for Oklahoma?

BANKER. Yes. Don't know if we'll get there the way the motor's been acting. Wall Street Journal says there are opportunities there. (*A gaunt man sitting nearby, comes forward.*)

GAUNT MAN. Wouldn't be too sure of that, friends. I just came from there. I'm going back to California, but you'll have to see for yourselves.

WHITNEY. Well, we've got to go on. (*All except grandfather come out of tent to talk. Presently groans from tent.*)



The National Whispering Campaign Gets Under Way

MOTHER. It's grandfather! (*Algernon runs into tent and shouts—*)

ALGERNON. Grandfather's unconscious, but his hands are warm!

GRANDMOTHER. Dear God, he must be dead then!

Scene II—Filling station east of Albuquerque.

MOTHER. It was grand of the Elks to give him such a nice funeral and that marble mausoleum. And, Rev., that was a beautiful sermon you preached . . . It was lovely when you spoke of the "mansions in my father's house."

ROSALIND. And so Grandfather's gone, and Conrad's gone, too! And they'll never come back!

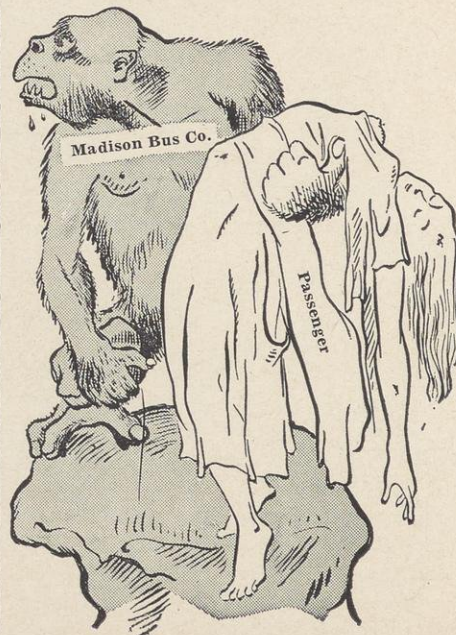
MOTHER. Hush, dear—(*Rosalind stops crying.*) Conrad will be back.

ROSALIND. (*Shakes her head.*) I don't know. He's been reading the *Nation* and getting all sorts of crazy ideas. Sometimes I think he hates banking.

FATHER. (*Aside to Thomas.*) I always thought he was a weakling—not the true Vanderpont blood. I hope he doesn't come back! (*The car moves away.*)

Scene III—Highway 66, Western Oklahoma. Father gets stiffly out of car and shakes dust from hat. Rest of men follow. They look at the dried wind-swept plains.

JOHN. Did you ever see such wind and dust?



FATHER. No. Looks good. No small, independent farmer could survive in this. (*Pats wallet reassuringly.*) Ought to be plenty of land by foreclosure here. We'll soon be on our way up.

ACT IV

Scene I—Lobby of Oklahoma City bank. Family seated. Father joins them.

FATHER. (*Dejectedly.*) It's the same story. Every banker I've talked to says investments are getting tighter and tighter. Hundreds of bankers here . . . Monied interests can't even control the state. Laws, laws, laws protecting the masses! What's to become of the decent people?

MOTHER. Now, Whitney, we can't give up. We'll go to Tulsa. Perhaps your friend, John Scott, can help us . . .

Scene II—Enroute to Tulsa.

MOTHER. But, Whitney, we *will* win out . . . Thomas will have his polo ponies again, and Rosalind can marry into a decent family again, and Whitney, dear, you will have your clubs. The masses can't keep us down!—We're the people that go on and on . . . —D. S. and W. S.



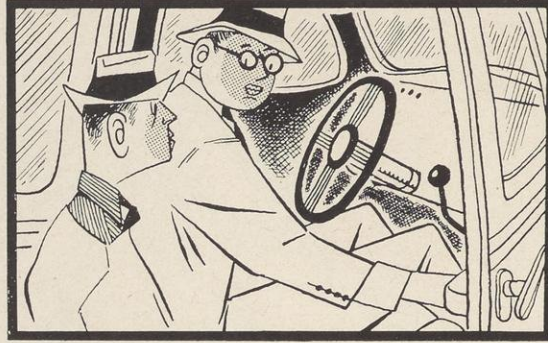
"And now you can use your fertilizer money to build a nice new barn."

Hitch-Hiking to Chicago

We Learn American Political Philosophy by Rule of Thumb



• To answer the question, "What is A m e r i c a thinking?" Youth takes to the road. If Youth can make Chicago by dark, it can probably get a date for the Aragon, too.



• "Hop in," says the first pick-up, a Fort Atkinson rug dealer. Talk starts with, "You a college student?" turns naturally to, "What about these here Reds at the University?" and ends with a plea for good red-blooded Americanism and a decent football team for once at the University of Wisconsin.



• "Taxes, TAXES!" groans this manufacturer. "And labor! Costs up, Government taking all profits. Heck, I'm fixed OK, but if this keeps up where will it end?" The ride ends at his country estate.



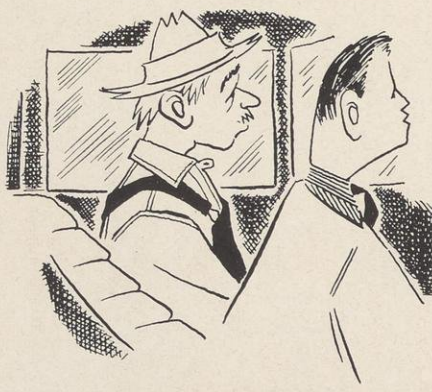
• "If we had any sense, know what we'd do about these countries that don't pay up their debts? We'd take over their West Indie Islands!" Youth doesn't mind the argument, but fears the car will crack up.



• A snack in Beloit with a fellow on his way to look for a job in Crystal Lake. "I guess I'm what you'd call unemployed, but it's better being unemployed in Beloit than working for a living in Crystal Lake," he complains.



• Stuck on the road with an intellectual vagante, who can quote some mournful Coleridge. "Sad days for the world," he mourns. "All that's left is art. The fascists and Babbitts have got the rest."



• Investigating the farm problem is tough, as the subject has not said a word since, "Jest goin' as far as Big Foot." Youth concludes, however, that American farmers are not bubbling with happiness.



• "Yah, yah!" squeals the brat in the car whizzing by. This, above all, will drive Youth to hatred of the propertied classes and Radicalism. For the brat is like her parents.

It's Too Nice Out



YOU know the kind of day it was—full of sun and air and color. A day that felt as though it had just stepped out of the shower. And it was a day that you knew had to be used for taking a walk with Jim—if you knew Jim, and not many people did. I guess I knew him better than most people around school, because since our freshman year, when we were both out for track, we had gone through about the same process, and most of the stages we had passed together. At this point, you see, we were Writers.

The night before this wonderful day we'd been up late, drinking ale after ale and listening to our words come in vibrating swells of feeling. What had we talked about? Lord knows. But on this Sunday morning Jim insisted, "You couldn't walk straight, and you tried to take me across State Street. 'Can you get home all right, can you, Jim?' you kept asking."

It was probably so. We never really argued; we thought things out together. And we were going to keep thinking today, keep talking in the bright sunshine.

We sat down on the broad flat steps in front of the library and watched the people coming out of church. They looked very splendid and pleasant, I thought.

"Ahhhh," said Jim, "the world is so full of a number of schmucks, I'm sure we should all be as happy as ducks."

We stretched our legs out and

watched the nice people go by. It was fine to see the gretchens' snug high-heeled shoes, their bowed insteps and tight silk *hosen*.

Jim cupped his hands behind his head. "Isn't it disgusting?" he said. "The complacency of them, the fat-headed emptiness of their contentment."

The sun was very warm. I was feeling a little sleepy.

"Do you think they really have thoughts?" Jim asked. "Do they know what they're doing? Or do they just walk about like organisms . . . I mean, do they . . ."

"We *are* organisms," I interrupted dully.

JIM was rolling on his side. "Let's sit on the grass," he said. It was a bit damp, but we sat there.

"We are close to nature now," I said.

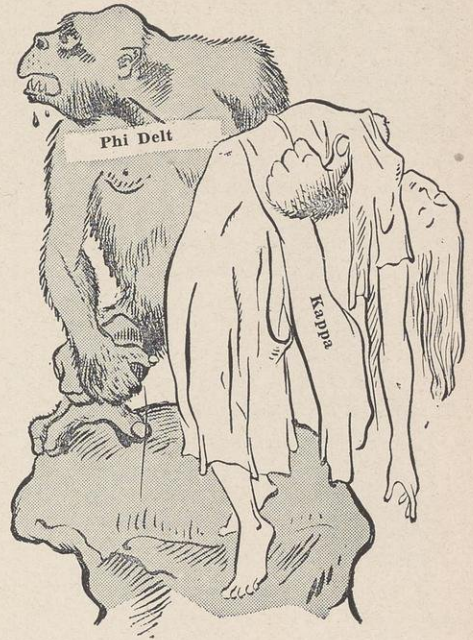
"I was saying," Jim said, "do *they* ever think about these things?"

"Well," I said, "it seems possible."

"No, they don't. They're without imagination, without a feeling for anything except convention. I am speaking very badly today," said Jim, nibbling a twig.

"Give me an example," I said, closing my eyes.

"Well, take last night for example. Remember when we were talking about Shakespeare and Jonson and the Mermaid Tavern? I'd be your Jonson and we'd *create*, we said, half in fun, half seriously. We'd been talking about the herd then, too, and we knew, we were positive, that there was no one in all the world quite like us. At least hardly anyone. We were the only two



artists, the only two philosophers in the universe. And then we saw what blockheads we were. We laughed at ourselves. We thought up a story about the two little unimportant second-raters who saw themselves as Shakespeare and Jonson drinking ale in the Mermaid Tavern.

"Lord, could *they* even see that they were ridiculous. Could they appreciate the enormous jest of it? Could they know how tiny they are, how inconsequential, how terribly, terribly stupid? At least we know that much," Jim said.

"Mmmm-mmm," I said. The sun was almost glaring when I opened my eyes.

"I despair for the race," said Jim, pulling his long trunk up to a squatting position. "I despair." He dug his finger into the dirt. "Gee, it's a nice day," he smiled.

"It's a swell day," I said.

"Feel good, Pedro?" he asked.

"Fine."

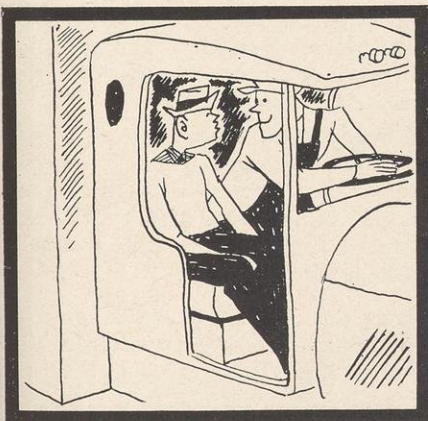
"Shall we walk?"

"Let's just sit. Shall we get dates for tonight?"

"That's *another* thing," he howled. "Women. Again my blood ices. *Women*. Think of them!"

THE breeze was fresh on our faces and the pretty girls were going by in Sunday clothes. I smiled at Jim, and he smiled back in that shy way of his. I started to laugh and then he did. We rolled back on the grass and laughed and laughed, loud and round and full.

The people going by must have thought we were nuts. —L. S.



• Nope, our union's run pretty legitimately," say the driver. "I got no kicks." He also opposes changing the NLRA, favors strict neutrality, and likes a waitress at Jack's in Janesville.

• Youth can hardly keep its eyes open as this Chicago salesman chronicles the depression and the chance he missed to make a fortune in Di-Dee Wash. At least he's going through to Michigan Boulevard.

Okay, Uncle Sam



ERTAINLY, I'm going to enlist the very first day. They can't start their war too soon, in fact, to suit me. Before they get all the red, white, and blue bunting tacked up, before the lurid posters are off the presses with their stern Uncle Sams and high-breasted Liberties and Victories, before the Junior League has gone out on the streets to seduce reluctant citizens into the hands of the recruiting sergeants, I hope to be in my uniform, spitting on my gun-stock to make it glisten.

I'll be a *hell* of a good patriot.

People will say that I have real guts, that I'm a noble example of American manhood, that I'm a two-fisted, hairy-chested, tough-as-nails hombre.

It will be okay with me if they think so. It will be fine.

It will help things a lot if they think that.

But, frankly, let's get down to the real reasons why I'll be such a staunch patriot and champion of the Flag, Mother, My Sister's Virtue, Civilization, and any other things which—

quite justly, it is true—I will be called upon to defend.

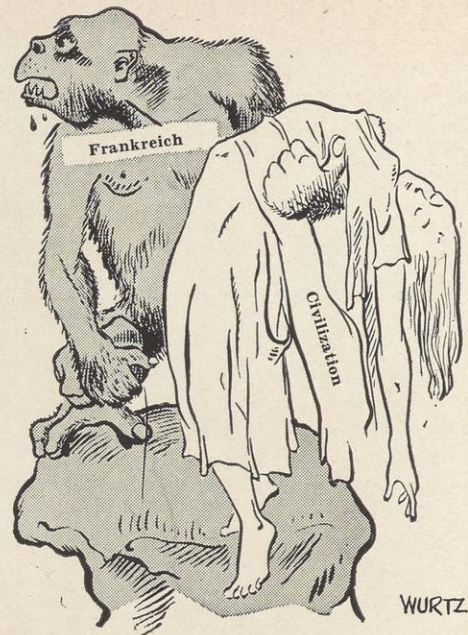
Patriotism is all right, but I'm going to join up out of pure *business* reasons. Consider what I will get out of it.

The government will rig up a sort of insurance system so that thirty years or so after the war I will get a sum called a Bonus. But all of us fellows who go off to fight will gang together—myself in the front row—and bully Congress into giving it to us long before it is due. We will proclaim what fine patriots we were and with what tinkling cash we should be rewarded. The Valley Forge boys never got a bonus, but that sort of patriotism is old-fashioned.

Streamlined patriotism pays dividends in cash.

MY GRAVY will only have begun. I'll have all my illnesses treated free. I don't mean my war wounds. I mean anything that hurts me—my hay-fever, perhaps. They can't prove you didn't catch it in the army . . . and besides, I was a patriot, wasn't I?

I will have an inside track to government jobs of all sorts. This will be fine because I am not overly bright—just a *verage*—and government jobs should be filled by patriots and not ability.



J.E.

"Who SAYS I ain't big enough for the job?"

I will get a handsome pension when I can't work any more. And I will use part of my pension money to help campaign for a bigger pension. All us patriots will cooperate to get our share of the U. S. Treasury's bounty.

Where the dough comes from is for others to worry about. *My* worry is to get all I can.

I won't have to save much or buy insurance. When I die, my wife will be supported by the government. And after she's dead, my children will be.

If my wife dies first, even if I'm eighty I can easily marry a buxom young morsel: maybe *I* won't be much *fun* to marry, but when I kick off she can have a nice income for sixty years, for all the taxpayers can do about it.

And I can chum together with my fellow patriots to threaten, smear, and—alas, if necessary—beat up people whose opinions conflict with ours. This not only supports my own selfish interests (we're *all* selfish, aren't we?), but it provides a certain amount of excitement. Life, after all, is dull.

Beating up a Communist or, to split a hair, a labor organizer or a professor may be not among the Beatitudes; but it will bring a little novelty, and perhaps a badly needed self-importance, into my drab life.

YOU SEE. The advantages are infinite. They won't have to preach patriotism to me. Or wave the flag. Or tell me my sister will be raped if I don't Join the Colors.

I have my business interests to look out for.

I will enlist the very first day.

Declare your war any time. I'm ready.

—J. Y.

Three of the country's
smartest fashion models

SUSANN SHAW
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DANA DALE

Chesterfield Girls for March



Smart Girls

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE

When you ask for Chesterfields the dealer will say with a smile...*They Satisfy.* You will find that Chesterfields smoke cooler, taste better and are definitely milder...*for Chesterfields have the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.*

Make your
next pack

CHESTERFIELD

Memoirs of a Roades Scholer—VI



LO some of my "dear readers, my notes this time may be somethin of a disappoint-ment since I had gave you lief to anticipate I was going to send some info. on how the name of Oxford came to be, this being my thisis subject, but "ye ed" of the Wis. Octopus enforms me this is going to be a issu mostly about poltics and such so maybe I ought to confine myself to broader subjects.

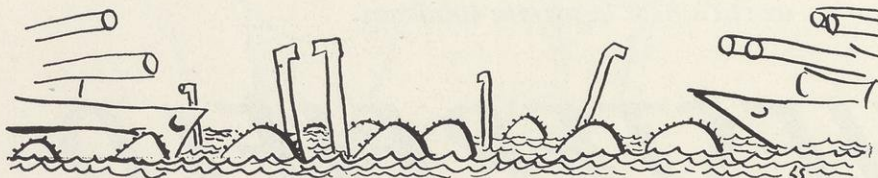
Well, tho I am an eng. Lit. majer here at Oxford, yet I must admit (and I hope none of my reders will think I am bragging, because all my freinds know I am not conciated one bit, but just know what my abilties are and am therfor confedent). I must admit, I was saying, that I am far from a "dummy" when it comes to the internatonal sene. Being here in Eng. I naturaly get to know lots about the problems facing the world that U. S. reders cant.

I see my artical is getting pretty "dull" already so had better jazz it up a bit now or "ye ed" will start cutting. If a thing is good, no, that ain't enough for him. It got to be funny, to. He probly think the bible aint worth two cents, because there aint no gags in it, except maybe Jonah and the Wale, and that aint no fish story. (Joke.)

Well, the story I wanted to tell my reders to jazz up my boring tale is revelent to the international situashion. It seems there was 4 Finn solders playing pinocle at the front, no it was bridge they was playing. Ha, ha, I almost spoiled the joke that time. Well, every now an then a sentrie comes in and says, "Hey, some big gang of Russians is coming." But they wuld just sit there. And then the sentrie wuld come back and say, "A hole Russian army is coming." He kep this up, the sentrie, for quite some time, see.

Well, finly one of the Finns playing bridge throws down and his cards, and declars, "OK fellers, Ill go, and take care of them Russians. I am dummy this time."

When I hear this joke the other nite



"... the Germans try to sink Eng. vessils ..."

I almost split a rib or 2. You might not think it so "droll" or "jolly" but if you hear it I am sure you wuld die.

BUT I did not tell this story just for sake of pure entanment. I will not prostitut my talint for any mag without good reason. No, I had a reson for telling this story.

It illistrates what is hapening in the internatonal sene today. The Finns aint got a big army like the Russians but they are very brave and they can move fast as all get out on there skis and they can wipe out 1000's and 1000's of Russians with relitively small forces of men, so you see what's the piont of the "funny" (I hope) story I just relate.

To continu with my analisiz, the Rus-sians is friends with Germany, or the Nazis, the leder of which is A. Hitler. Russian leder is named Stalin. Here in Eng. we got a cuple of good boys, Windston Chuchhill, Chamberlin, and a cuple others I forget. The French got Gen. Gamelin.

Many ways is tried to win this war and all of them aint exactly in accord with the rules of "Marqoi of Queens-berry." The Germans for example got a guy named Lord Haw Haw that is all the time speeching on the radio making dirty cracks to the Eng. Also, the Germans try to sink Eng. vessils, but not much luck here as the Eng. is "misters of the sea" and "the sun never sets on the Eng. empire."

You probly will be glad to know the Eng. like America alright these days and dont make many dirty cracks about Amercans, like saying Uncle Shylock and stuff like that. They will wait till after they get the money then say Uncle Shylock. (joke.) Probly that line will get cut by the censer. Thats another thing. Everthing you try to send gets read by the censer and they are all the time cutting things out. Maybe this time my wit has scarred him tho and he will not molles my artical.

(Editor's Note: At this point Mr. Funk apparently went too far, as the succeeding two paragraphs have been blacked out.)



"... Probly that line will get cut by the censer ..."

And so we can say with the barde (Wm. Shakespere 1564-1616)—
and now England is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the
teeth

The unowed interest of proud-swellng
state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of ma-
jesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of
peace.

Which I gess had ought to show you reders just what kind of Eng. Lit. majer you got for a corespondant, and ought to convence my folks if they read this that I been behaving myself and doing my homework and not "monkyng around" to much like at U. W. Will write more if it pleases me. (Ha, ha, getting independant!) Well, you know I am only "kidding" so will say goodbye and plesent dreams.

A Wis. alumni and now
Roades scholer,

—GODFREY FUNK

The Torture Sweet

"What is Spring?" my sister cried.
"What is Spring? my brother, say!"
(I sat silent, plotting out
The answer for another day.)

"What is Spring?" this time she wailed,
Twisting buds with frightened hands.
(But sorting with the hyacinths
I heeded not her sharp demands.)

"What is Spring?" the voice went wild.
"Can it be this of which I die?"
(I like a weary lover thought,
Seek not the WHAT of it, but WHY.)

—D. H.

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FINE FUN!

- Park Hotel Derby
- Entertainment

THE PARK HOTEL

FINE FOOD!

- The Oak Room
- Park Hotel Grill

The Place to Go

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... offers a fine selection of lunches and dinners
for the most delicate of appetites
GOOD FOOD IS GOOD HEALTH

WE
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WINNER
OF THIS MONTH'S
JOKE CONTEST

is

Katherine Frederick
152 Langdon St.

Her Killer:

"Does this package
belong to you? The
name is obliterated."

"No, that can't be
mine. My name is
O'Brien."

One carton of Life
Savers coming up!

WHO'S NEXT?



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a COMIC ART COMPETITION for all students

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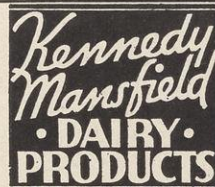
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In The Editor's Brown Study

Darn You!



NO MATTER what others may tell you, you may be sure this is still a college humor magazine. But *nobody* can stop us from looking at the world outside now and then. And this time, for once, we take a good, long look at politics. Hang it, we feel that we've earned this issue by behaving like a nice, home-

loving editor who concentrates on assistant professors, Pi Phis, and other local items. If you must know, while bombs crashed upon Prague and Helsinki, our heart was not always in the Bascom Reading Room.

You will notice that there isn't much about campus politics in this political number. The reason is simple: who cares? As proof of this we offer the following story.

In the Play Circle last week there was scheduled a town hall meeting for the purpose of explaining student government to the university public. For days in advance it had been ballyhooed in the *Cardinal* and on posters all over the campus. It was going to be big stuff, with politicians talking freely about their racket in answer to questions from the floor. Good, solid, old-fashioned democracy—just like the Athenian assembly or the New England town meetin'.

On the big afternoon, when time came for the program to get going, there were found to be present about twenty politicians eager to tell all, three *Cardinal* reporters, and not another soul. *Not a single ordinary student without an axe to grind had showed up.*

There it was, all of it—the whole system laid bare: a web of silly little committees, a passel of chest-thumping comp-grabbers, a slew of impatient orators with no masses to sway, and a sad-eyed individual here and there who had been working under the illusion that someone gave a hate in Hoodes about what student politicians did. The terrible truth was out—student government was an empty sparrow's egg, sucked dry by the weasels who sit each day writing stories about themselves for the *Cardinal*.

Think of the grossness of it: the yards and yards of newspaper setting forth the mighty problems of the office-holders, their orations, the amazing *coups*, the secret plots, the exposures, the denials and running fights, the election strategy, the vote-begging, the impending disasters, the Olympian editorials on the Great Issues. And at the core of it all—twenty little politicians with no one to explain to but themselves.

The truth was too much for the *Cardinal* to bear. Not a line appeared in the morning newspaper about the meeting. The illusion had to be maintained; and the reportorial crew—large enough to cover the Democratic National Convention—had to ride back to the Union's third floor with no story.

No story! Good Lord, it was the story of the year. It was the most eloquent oration on how student government works that *could* have been given.

Student government, founded on an all-university base of the most colossal indifference conceivable, is worked by a tiny crew of people with ambitions to get their names smeared in the newspaper (with a picture on front, please, Joe?), to see their faces plastered in the Co-op window for the awed public to behold, to push some hapless freshmen around, and to get their paws in the comp box. Exceptions there are: a few hopeful souls who'd like to see things bettered. These few know the problem well enough; they've complained of it as much as we.

The mob, sir, is a great sleeping beauty. More than that: it is a sleeping Brunnhilde, waiting for a Siegfried to break through the flames and kiss it into violent, spear-rattling action. One little Siegfried was *unser Adolf*.

We go too far? Can we say less and expect anyone to keep *both* eyelids open until we've finished. All right, we *have* finished. You can go back to sleep.

THE first annual Octopus Comic Art Show is to be held in the Union galleries during the second week of May. All divisions of the contest and mart—caricature, political satire, the university scene, and straight "gag" cartooning—are open to everyone. Our artists say they'll take on all comers.

It appears that what we've been thinking about militarists all along is true. The R.O.T.C. powers here, the word is relayed to us by the *Cardinal's* business manager, wanted to cut out all advertising in Octy for Military Ball, because of occasional fun poked at the Department. Especially cited was a cartoon of March, 1939, showing two soldiers, one thin, one fat, standing at attention and wearing each other's uniforms. The underline read, "Smith?" . . . "Here!" "Smith?" . . . "Here!"

It was indeed a grievous sin, we know, but the business manager didn't think it quite fair for us to be cut out entirely. He saved ten dollars of the budget for us,

while the *Cardinal* got about \$120. Big of him.

We're afraid there's a little more to the story, though.

Only every time we mention it they tell us we are raving mad.

That the *Cardinal's* business manager is also one of the chairmen of the event, we are to believe, has nothing to do with the situation.

That some politician who is either a member of the *Cardinal* staff or is won over by shovelfuls of free personal publicity *always* is in charge of the gravy boat again has nothing at all to do with our appropriations, we are told.

It's just Fate.

We don't choose to court Fate by selling our editorial integrity. A'weel, Diogenes was a skinny man. —L. S.



"We are raving mad."

Rough and Ready



Rough tweeds are the thing this spring—ready for any and all occasions. And here you'll find large selections correctly styled—handsomely tailored in the best of fabrics—and at prices not too steep.

Suits \$25 to \$35

Sport Coats \$13.50 & \$15

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THE UNION CONCERT COMMITTEE

presents

Marian Anderson

Famous Negro Contralto



Students and life members may obtain tickets at the box office March 20
Open box office sale begins April 1.

SEATS ON SALE

. . . at . . .

684 at \$1.50

586 at \$1.00

345 at \$.75

669 at \$.50

Seats, comparable to those at the Theater, are now being held for season ticket patrons. Exchange can be made March 20 until April 23.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23

UNIVERSITY PAVILION



Actual color photograph shows James Oliver of Willow Springs, N. C., harvesting better-than-ever tobacco grown by U. S. Gov't methods. (At bottom) Roy Daniel, tobacco auctioneer, in action.

*"Uncle Sam
did a fine job*

**of making tobacco
better than ever**

... and Luckies always buy the choice grades," says Roy Daniel, 29 years a tobacco auctioneer

Simple as ABC are the reasons why we ask: "Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

A. Uncle Sam's improvements in soil, seed and plant-foods helped farmers grow the finest tobacco in 300 years.

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C. The "Toasting" process, on top of 2 to 4 years' aging, makes them extra-mellow...takes out certain throat irritants. The choicer grades of finer tobacco crops...*plus* throat protection! Try Luckies for a week, and you'll know why...

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

*Have you
tried a Lucky
lately?*

