

The Wisconsin Octopus: Summer issue. Vol. 23, No. 9 May, 1942

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, May, 1942

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The Wisconsin OCTOPUS



SUMMER ISSUE

15 cents

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're
flying Uncle Sam's
bombers across
the ocean



WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), (*second from left, above*) says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!

GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice . . . you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain (*nearest camera*), a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO

CAMELS

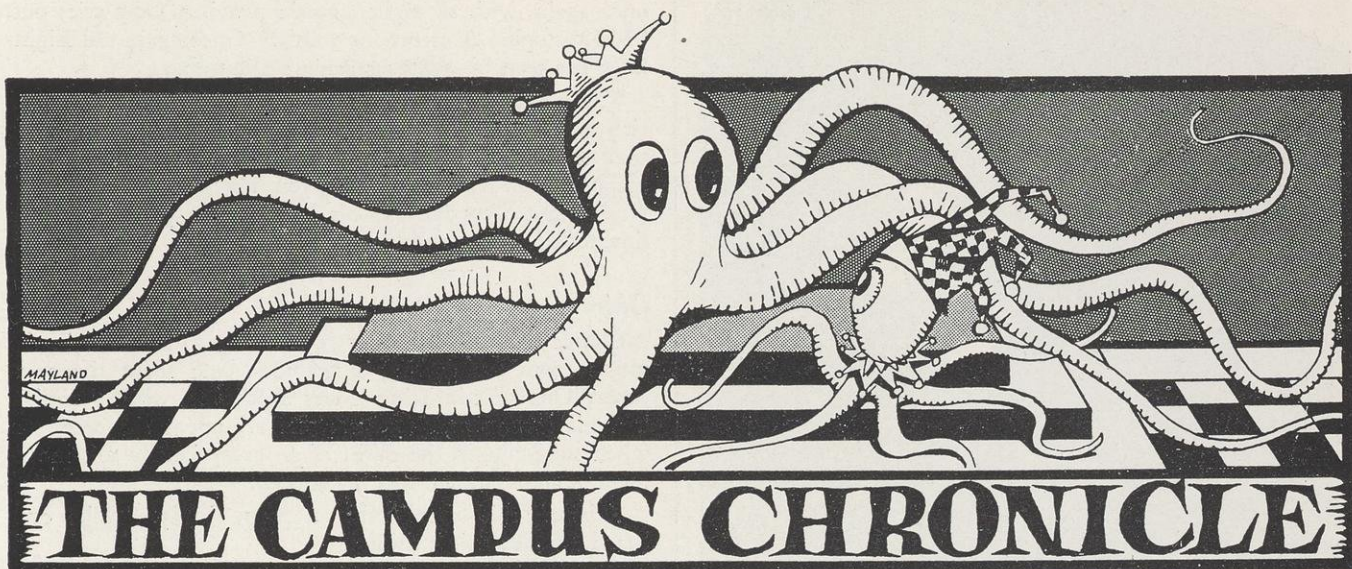
There's LESS NICOTINE
in the smoke

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

IN MY NEW
DEFENSE JOB, LESS
NICOTINE IN THE
SMOKE IS IMPORTANT
TO ME. I STICK
TO CAMELS





We Expected This

The current dissension on the staff of the *Daily Cardinal*, local student newspaper, had long before cast its shadow on the campus. We have known for some time that the *Cardinal* was not just one big, happy family.

The disintegration started many months ago. One wintry afternoon our palatial offices were graced with the presence of two Troubleshooters (now liquidated). It was the plaint of these scandal-mongers that Editor Lewis was treating them in a manner not befitting their high estate. They felt persecuted. Disgruntled and misty-eyed they pleaded for an opportunity to write their column for the OCTOPUS. Naturally we refused the kind offer. *True Story*, *College Humor*, and Joe Miller's joke book already slosh out enough of the Troubleshooter brand of swill.

But the real point is this: that Troubleshooter treason foreshadowed the decay of the *Cardinal*. As rats leaving the sinking ship The Troubleshooters previewed the present disaster. For now, the *Cardinal* has lost a sizeable and valuable part of its staff. First, the student newspaper lost its most widely-read columnists; now outstanding feature writers have fled the fold and the second-most popular *Cardinal* column has been superseded by a crude imitation of the original.

The whole outlook now seems rather gloomy. If the decadence and civil strife continues, there is the possibility that *Cardinal* writers may have to learn to write *news*. And perhaps offer lollipops to new recruits.

Wave the Flag

For a long time we shook our heads and moaned low when we viewed the tattered flag atop Bascom Hall. Month after month a tattered remnant of Old Glory waved bravely, albeit a bit forlornly. Each day we lamented this apparent carelessness and disrespect. We tried to tell ourselves that the raggedness didn't really matter, that it was what was behind the flag that really counted. We even considered the possibility of the torn flag being some hallowed relic of Civil War days. Still, we were pretty unhappy about the whole thing.

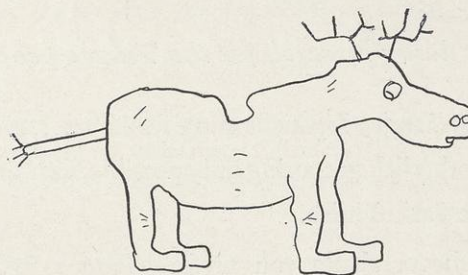
So, now we are happy. A bright new flag has been raised on the roof of Bascom Hall. Clean, new red, white, and blue has been unfurled to the spring breezes.

We don't know; perhaps the new flag is an omen.

Nitchivo!

One of the more fascinating bits of international espionage that has come to our ears concerns a member of the *Cardinal* staff, who is the son of Louis Fischer, the foreign correspondent and expert on Russia. He (the *Cardinal* reporter) spent most of his life in Russia before coming back home to the United States and entering Wisconsin. He was all settled down and well on the way to becoming a stolid middle-westerner when he received a telegram from Washington.

It seems his number had come up in the Russian draft.



Accuracy Always

South Hall, which houses the school of journalism, has been undergoing a rebuilding process for the past few months. The building is being torn down, portion by portion, and carefully put together again. It is an eerie sensation to sit in a classroom while carpenters take down the walls about us, and one on which we can blame our depressing class records.

The climax came one warm spring morning when we paused on the third floor, near what used to be a stairway. The steps had been removed, the railing torn off, the walls deplastered—nothing remained but a steep incline and naked pipes. Oh yes—and a small sign propped up against the skeleton of the balustrade. It read, "Please Do Not Use This Stairway."

With Pardonable Pride

As we viewed the student art exhibit we were highly impressed with the abundance and quality of the work of our University artists. Wonderful.

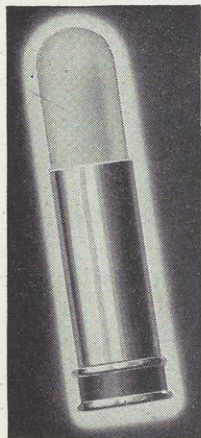
But more than this, we chanced to note that two of Octy's



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**WITH THE NEW
SATIN-FINISH**

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very own artists were awarded prizes for their work. And once again, with all eight tentacles waving, Octy cries out, "The Octopus! A career for youth!" Once again old Eight-Legs has seen his proteges achieve triumph.

The moral is obvious. Perhaps Octy can gain fame and riches for *you*! At least you could do a good deal worse than to submit your work to us. It is true, you may never become a Michelangelo and you may never wallow in wealth, but Octy will do his best to help you. We are a time-tested proving-ground.

Chimes

Couple of music lovers were listening to a record in the music room and having a heated debate about the composer. One kept insisting it was Beethoven, while the other had his money on Sibelius. The argument simmered on when suddenly, in the midst of an exceptionally soft movement, a chime theme was introduced.

"There," said the Beethoven man, firmly. "Who ever heard Sibelius using chimes?"

His opponent, after considering a moment, conceded his defeat.

"Nope," he said, shaking his head wonderingly. "I never did hear him use chimes. I guess it is Beethoven."

It wasn't until an hour later that our special music-room spy, who reported this little episode to us, caught up with the one who lost the argument. It seems the Sibelius man had been right all along. The chimes had come from the clock in the Union lounge.

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Volume XXIII

MAY, 1942

Number 9

Letters From Our Readers

DEAR EDITORS:

Sometimes I read your "humor" magazine and it doesn't seem so good to me. There is something radically missing, I think. Most of all, why don't you use some Petty type of girl drawings and maybe photographs of beautiful Wisconsin coeds (if any)? Most magazines today use plenty of sex and if the people want it, why should we kick? And also why don't you have stuff something like the Trouble-shooters? At least we'd know who is getting drunk and double-crossed and pin hung. Some of your cartoons are O. K.

Best of luck

J. W. CONNELL

Dear Mr. Connell—Perhaps you would be interested in our special combination offer: *Spicy Mystery and Daily Cardinal*—\$2.50.
—The Editors

* * * *

EDITORS:

To be perfectly frank, your magazine is putrid. Few of the stories are funny. Most of your cartoons are poorly executed. Please do something.

(ANONYMOUS)

Dear Anonymous—Thank you for your constructive criticism. We shall be grateful for a story or cartoon from you, or even a few words of wise counsel. —The Editors

* * * *

TO THE EDITORS:

I read and enjoy your magazine, *The Octopus*, very much. Having seen a number of college humor magazines I can appreciate your monthly feat of presenting a magazine which is free of non-student drawn cartoons, stolen stories, and filth. The quality of your work is very high; keep it up.

Sincerely,

A. J. PETERSON

—The Editors

Thank you.



MOST HONORED EDITOR:

Listen, don't show this letter to no one. Listen, at least don't sign my name to it. Because if it ever got out that I wrote it, God knows what would happen. It's like this, that I'm a member of the faculty on the Cardinal board and very closely allied to the Cardinal and I hold stock and everything so if it ever got out who I am, wow!

But what I had to tell you is that I think your magazine is swell. Honestly. I can't wait to get it every month and I read it right away, cover to cover. And laugh! Say! That stuff you print is really a howl. Why once I was sitting in my office laughing away when one of the Cardinal staff

who is a pupil of mine (and who will flunk if he doesn't watch his step, by the way) asked me what I was laughing so hard at. Was I scared! But I thought quick and answered, "I'm laughing at how those Octy guys think they're so funny when they're really sad."

But honest injun, I think you're swell. I would say so out loud too, except the Cardinal wouldn't like it and I would be voted off the board and then no more dividends or lunches at the Union.

Admiringly,

PROF. ANONYMOUS

Dear Professor: Your secret will die with us. But we know who you are and we have a friend in one of your classes. He thinks you're swell and wants us to ask whether you think we can raise that D to a C. —The Editors

* * * *

MISS IRENE TREPEL

Co-Editor, *Wisconsin Octopus*

DEAR MISS TREPEL:

I have meant to write and tell you how grand I think your magazine is for a long while, but this is the first opportunity that has presented itself. I enjoy each issue more than the last—the humor is really funny, the writing is excellent, and the cartoons consistently good.

You are publishing some of the best humor in America today, and I am proud to be one of your subscribers. Some day you Octy people will be famous, for the stuff you print is really good—not amateurish, but truly funny. Lots of luck in the future.

Your loving father,

MR. JACK TREPEL

Dear Mr. T.—Thank you for your unbiased praise. Could you send me an extra five dollars this month?

—The Editors

* * * *

EDITOR:

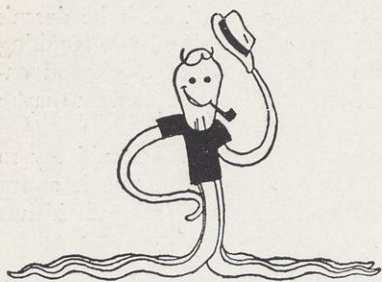
I bought a subscription to the *Octopus* last fall and still have received no magazines. That's a fine way to run a business. Either send me nine issues or my dollar back.

C. R. THWALENBACHER

Dear Thwalenbacher: Are you positive you bought a subscription? This is an unprecedented case in our office.

—The Editors





Octy Waves Goodby For Now

Thank you for being our readers. Octy will be back in September. He hopes he'll see you then.

To the Class of 1942, congratulations! Octy would like to be with you by mail.

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

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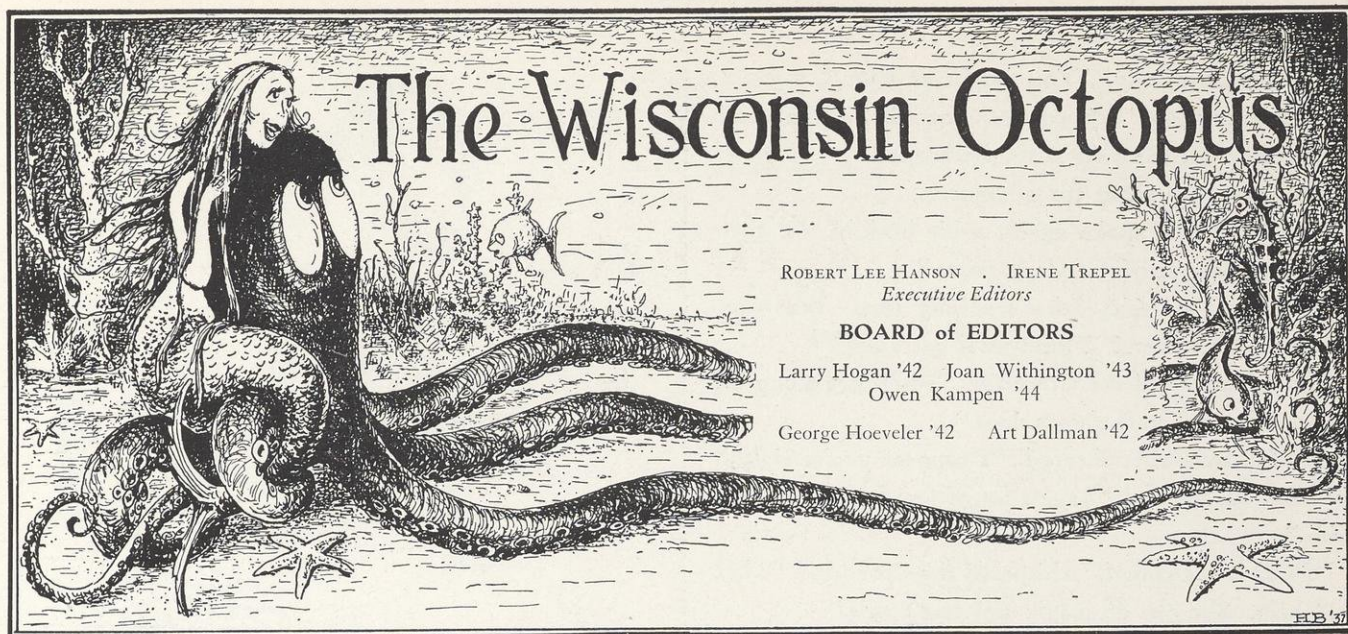
DON'T GO HOME LOOKING LIKE A JERK!
CLEAN YOUR CLOTHES

AT

PANTORIUM

BADGER 1180

558 STATE ST.
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Volume XXIII

MAY, 1942

Number 9

In the Editor's Brown Study

THE OCTOPUS put a wet rag on our forehead and removed paste pot and scissors from our trembling hands.

"Why all this fuss?" he asked. "This is just an exchange issue, isn't it?"

"Just an exchange issue!" we screamed. "What do you mean—*just!* Did you ever have to search through hundreds of mediocre college magazines—through piles of old gags, syndicated cartoons, and re-hashed stories—to find a few good things to show our readers what other colleges are putting out in the way of humor?"

"Well, don't get mad," he said. "I didn't know things were as bad as all that."

"Well, they are," we muttered, ashamed of our outburst.

But you can't blame us. We had always laughed scornfully at the editors when it came time for the annual exchange issue. What a snap! Just clipping and pasting. When we got to be editor we'd take it easy that month!

And now we are editor, and haggard. We've searched through innumerable issues of other college comics for good humor, and we know now that it's hard to find. Most of the mags specialize in classy candid kamera kuts, love graphs, and smutty jokes. After you read a couple, you get very, very tired. After you read as many as we did, you get very, very nauseated.

If it wasn't for the Yale Record, the Harvard Lam-

poon, the California Pelican, and a few others, we would have given up the whole thing. But from these outstanding contemporaries we gleaned what we feel is some solid humor. We hope you laugh as much as we did. We thank them for their co-operation and wish them much success and many advertisers for the coming years.

—I. T.



*"I gotta get three credits
in summer school."*

But We'll Be Back

It was late at night when we were chatting with the Crocodile.

"Well," we ventured, "pretty soon you'll start your summer hibernation."

The Crocodile yawned. "Yup," he said, "now I can sleep until September." He smiled reflectively. "It's been fun, though. I'll miss you Octy people."

We patted the rough old hide. "We'll miss you

too," we said soberly. "You taught us a lot."

"That's my job," replied the Crocodile. "That, and giving the staff rides down the hallways."

We were both silent for a moment.

The Crocodile spoke again, a bit huskily. "I gave Mayland rides for four whole years."

"I know," we said, "that's a long time. But what about us youngsters? Think we'll get along?"

"Sure," consoled the Crocodile, "you'll get along all right. The new staff always does."

We felt somewhat cheered. "I suppose you're right," we said. "Irene and I have a lot of fine people to work with."

"Irene is enchanted," whispered the Crocodile. "That will help. She can do magic and cast spells."

We trembled a bit, in spite of ourself. "Sometimes," we said, "her magic frightens us. It always works though."

The Crocodile nodded his head approvingly. "Yup, and Kampen, your innocent adolescent, will still be here."

"That's right," we replied, "only since the Haresfoot trip, he isn't innocent any more."

The Crocodile smiled understandingly. "Then, too, you'll have some of the other regulars; Hogan, Herold, Caspar, and the rest."

"Sure," we said, "and we've got a lot of new people too. They're waiting for their first ride on your back."

The Crocodile blushed with pleasure.

We got up and started to put the covers on the six new typewriters. Our eyes swept over the palatial office. Our lower lip began to quiver.

"Well," we said, patting the leathery old saurian's side, "we guess that's all for this year then."

"That's right," said the Crocodile, "that's all 'til September. So goodbye—and have a nice vacation."

"Thanks," we said, "have a good sleep. Goodbye."

As we took out our key to lock the door, we thought we heard the Crocodile crying softly.

"Oh, well," we thought, as we hurried down the dark hallway, "they're only Crocodile tears."

—R. L. H.

The Board of Editors hereby announces that Art Dallman, last month's appointee to the board, is a senior. He is not a junior, as was intimated in his list of qualifications. The board hereby accepts Mr. Dallman's apology for not being a junior.



"Yutis Uka Maru Toga Gisha History One"

—HARVARD LAMPOON

According to the Records

I'LL TAKE TALLULAH

T. Dorsey and company are up to usual excellence. Catchy vocal. *Not So Quiet Please* is very nice too. Two-thirds drum solo. *Victor*.

CARNIVAL

We vote Artie Shaw a rather feeble skyrocket for this one. Fine clarinet passages and nice brass background. *Needlenose* offers more of the same, and better. *Victor*.

WE NEED A LITTLE LOVE

You need more than that, boys. Not wonderful stuff. *The Jitterbug Waltz*, with "Fats" Waller on the organ, is somewhat more pleasant. *Bluebird*.

HERE YOU ARE

Nothing special in the Sammy Kaye manner, with Elaine Beatty doing the slow vocal. *Johnny Doughboy Found a Rose in Ireland* is smooth, sweet, and will haunt you, in spite of the repulsive title. Tommy Ryan on the vocal. *Victor*.

THE LAMPLIGHTERS SERENADE

Frank Sinatra gives this one all he's got and it comes out a fine slow dance number, if you can ignore the breaks in the arrangement. *The Song Is You* is good operetta stuff but not the kind of things to roll up the rugs for. *Bluebird*.

JERSEY BOUNCE

The King Sisters really wrap this one up, with the help of the Rhythm "Reys." It's not too fast, not too slow, just good old-fashioned rhythm. *Heavenly Hideaway* seems to have too many voices joining in or something. *Bluebird*.

PLEASE

Tom Swift and His Electric Footpad

or,
Our Young Hero Goes Sour

CHAPTER I. SOMETHING AFOOT

BLESS my Axis taxes!" Mr. Damon exclaimed. "Where is Tom Swift? I've got to see him immediately." Our young hero stood up from his work bench. "Hello there, Mr. Damon," he said smiling. "Come right in. Mrs. Baggert told me you were downstairs."

"Bless my bankbook!" Mr. Damon ejaculated. "Why, bless my Axis . . ." "You said that before," the young inventor interrupted.

The elderly, eccentric gentleman wore a worried expression. "What's the matter, Tom," he queried, "You seem to be up against something."

Tom Swift frowned. "It's nothing really important, Mr. Damon," he retorted, "but I think I'm burnt out; I can't think of a thing to invent."

Those of you that have read other books about our young hero's adventures will realize that he has invented many valuable things, and undergone thrilling episodes, aided by the eccentric Mr. Damon, big loyal Koku, and red-blooded Ned Newton, Tom's closest chum. In *Tom Swift and His Neurotic Robot*, Tom and his loyal crew helped salvage a Jersey River tug after Tom had fashioned a miraculous underwater robot out of a broken down linotype machine. In *Tom Swift and His Jamless Zipper*, Tom and Ned Newton, the Shoptown Bank lad, helped pretty Mary Nestor win the Staten Island beauty show and thus prevented Andy Foger and his cronies from selling rock candy made of ground glass to the fourth grade pupils in P.S. 71. In *Tom Swift and His Counter-Clockwise Egg Beater*, the young inventor and his eccentric friend were stranded on a Long Island sandbar when the tide came in.

Let us go back to Mr. Damon and our young hero.

CHAPTER II. A FRIEND IN DANGER

The young Swift bent down over his work bench littered with blue prints and government contracts. He frowned intently. Mr. Damon's eyebrow arched

quizzically. "Why, Tom," he expounded, "you're working on something new. Let me in on it."

Tom's eccentric follower was always anxious to be on the inside of his young friend's struggles because he had many exciting experiences. Those of you that have read other books about our young hero's adventures will remember Mr. Damon's eccentricities. In *Tom Swift and His Little Letter File*, Mr. Damon had many exciting moments.

"No," our hero mused half-aloud. "It's Mrs. Baggert's night lamp. Someone took the bulb out and sawed the wire through. I've patched all that up, but it still doesn't work," he said despondently.

Just then Mrs. Baggert came into the room with a tray of tea cups and cookies. "Here's a note for you, Tom," the kind housekeeper said. "I found it on the tail of a box-kite hanging over the clothes line. Goodness, you've been

working so long, I think you'd be tired. You boys!" Mrs. Baggert threw up her hands and shook her head.

"I can't fix this damn night lamp; you'd better call up the electrician," our young inventor barked. "Tell him you were gypped."

"Bless my mackinaw, Tom, but that doesn't sound like you," exclaimed Mr. Damon. "What does the note say, Tom?" he asked eagerly, "anything new?"

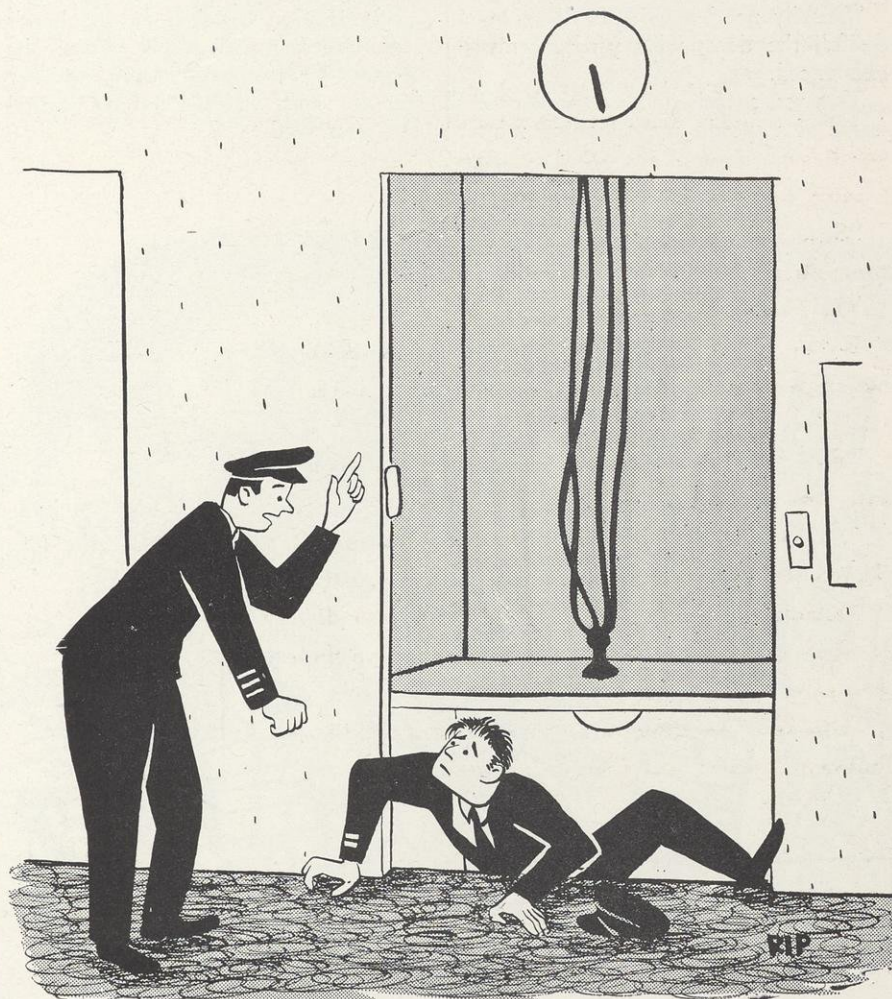
Tom opened the envelope and frowned in amazement. "Look, Mr. Damon," he pondered, "it says, 'Come Quick. I need help. Signed N.N.'"

"Bless my writing desk!" expostulated the eccentric man. "I wonder if it means us."

"Mr. Damon," Tom exclaimed hurriedly, "someone's in trouble!"

"Land Sakes!" the kind housekeeper exclaimed. "The kite was made out of a lunch box and paper napkins."

Tom's face lightened. "I've got it,



"Try it again right away before you lose your nerve"

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN

Mr. Damon," he ejaculated. "It's Ned Newton. He carries his lunch to the bank every day. Ned's in trouble."

"Bless my blue serge!" Mr. Damon ejaculated. "It's signed N.N. Those must be Ned's initials."

Just then a small colored negro darkey hustled into the room. Those of you that have read other books about our young hero's adventures will remember Tom Swift's faithful handyman, Eradicator Samson. In *Tom Swift and His Whiskey Still*, Rad Samson rescued Mary Nestor from a collapsible beach chair on Blackout Mountain.

"Massa Tom!" the darkie shouted excitedly. "De roof! Das a fire on de roof."

"One thing at a time, godamit. One thing at a time," our hero snapped. "Stay here, Mr. Damon. I'd better take a look at the roof."

CHAPTER III. FALSE ALARM

Tom's dependable yard foreman already had the blaze under control when our young hero climbed onto the adjoining shed.

"Luckily no damage was done, Mr. Swift," the dependable yard foreman announced.

Tom was surprised to see the charred frame of a speedy, mean-looking mon-

oplane resting against one chimney. Dripping with water from the fire hose, a pudgy-faced red head was sitting in the cockpit. It was Andy Foger. Those of you who have read other books of our young hero's adventures will remember Tom's closest rival, Andy Foger, the Shoptown bully. In *Tom Swift and His Styptic Pencil*, the carrot-topped bully poured acid in Mr. Damon's beach sandals. The young bully flicked a cigarette butt off onto the tarpaper roof.

"Hey!" our hero shouted, "stop that, Andy Foger. Do you want to start another fire?"

The bully turned and shook his fist at the young inventor. "I'll get even with you, Tom Swift," he shouted, stepping down off the roof. "I was doing all right until I hit your chimney."

"Well," Tom mused, watching the sullen bully disappear behind the machine shop. "I wonder if this means trouble?"

CHAPTER IV. IN THE NICK OF TIME

Mr. Damon clutched at our hero's coat. "Bless my flashlight, Tom!" he exclaimed. "It's getting dark, and my feet are cold, and we haven't started out after Ned."

Tom followed the eccentric man into a far hangar, which housed the Wasp Sky Scout.

Just then a dark, lurking figure darted around the side of the building.

"After him," our hero shouted. "He's probably up to no good." The young inventor raced after the retreating figure. Just as Tom grasped the intruder's jacket, his foot caught on a root. Tom hung on desperately; but our young inventor, kept indoors by his work, was no match for his mysterious adversary.

"Well," our hero mused, "probably some tramp from Shoptown."



CHAPTER V. SOMETHING AT LAST

Although Mr. Damon did not fly airplanes himself, he had warmed the trim Sky Scout up. Tom pulled back on the elevator levers and the speedy little plane roared up into darkness.

"Bless my hatband!" Mr. Damon exclaimed, "but my feet are cold."

Before our hero could answer, the Wasp's trim little engine sputtered and coughed. There was a creaking, shuddering noise, and one wing dropped off.

"Look!" Tom shouted, "someone has sawed through the intermedial guy wires. We'll have to volplane down." Our hero tugged at the controls. The trim Wasp Sky Scout yielded to his skilled hand and settled squarely against the other chimney of the Swift residence. "This is getting us nowhere," our hero muttered. Suddenly a dawn of realization broke across his features. "I have it, Mr. Damon!"

CHAPTER VI. TOM HAS AN IDEA

"Bless my cocktail shaker!" Mr. Damon said nervously. "We've got to rush down and help Ned."

Our young hero turned and glinted through his eyes at his eccentric friend. "To hell with Ned," he snapped. Those of you who have read other books about our young hero's adventures will remember that the Shoptown inventor seldom snaps about anything. "To hell with Ned," Tom Swift snap-



"Professor Cameron gives a stinker to the odd numbers."

—YALE RECORD

ped. "I've got another invention, Mr. Damon. I'm going to build an electric footpad." Our young hero was himself again. "An electric footpad!" he shouted, bounding up the stairs.

"Wait, Tom!" shouted his eccentric friend, "don't . . ." But our young inventor was too engrossed to pay attention to Mr. Damon's ejaculations.

"I almost have it!" Tom shouted. "We'll use electricity."

"Look, Tom," the eccentric Mr. Damon exclaimed.

"You can't stop me now!" Tom announced. "You said your feet were cold. I tell you we've got something, something even better than my flexible thermos jug. Imagine a foot-pad with . . ."

"I can very easily," Mr. Damon explained hastily. "I have an electric foot-pad at home, a good one. I've had it for seven years."

"Oh," our hero said. "Oh."

"Bless my . . . I thought you knew, Tom," explained his good friend. "What are you going to do now?"

"Oh, goddam," our hero screamed. "I'm going down to the nearest bar and get stinking drunk with Andy

Foger."

And those of you who have read other books about our young hero know that he *never* did that before.

—Harvard Lampoon



Octy would like to lift his voice in the chorus of farewells to Dean G. C. Sellery. The Dean has been part of Octy for years, serving on his board of directors and genially looking out for his welfare. When there was praise to be given, the Dean was the first to give it, and he was always ready to pat Octy on the head after a fiery session with the rest of the board.

We will miss Dean Sellery seated at the head of the board table and puffing at his pipe. His is the true spirit of humor and tolerance. We wish him Godspeed.

○ WHY do they swoon

When the pompous bassoon
Cuts loose on a Mendelssohn trill?—
Sigh, 'My dear, how divine!'
At A. Rubinstein,
Or breathe out for Bruckner, "Quel
thrill!?"

The spangled tiara
On staid Lady Clara
Vere de Vere's untarnished brow
Allows her to capture
A musical rapture
Unknown to the galleried frau.

Her escorts' silk hats
And pearl-buttoned spats,
Their trousers' immaculate pleats,
Allow them a measure
Of Esthetic pleasure
Unknown in the sixty-cent seats.

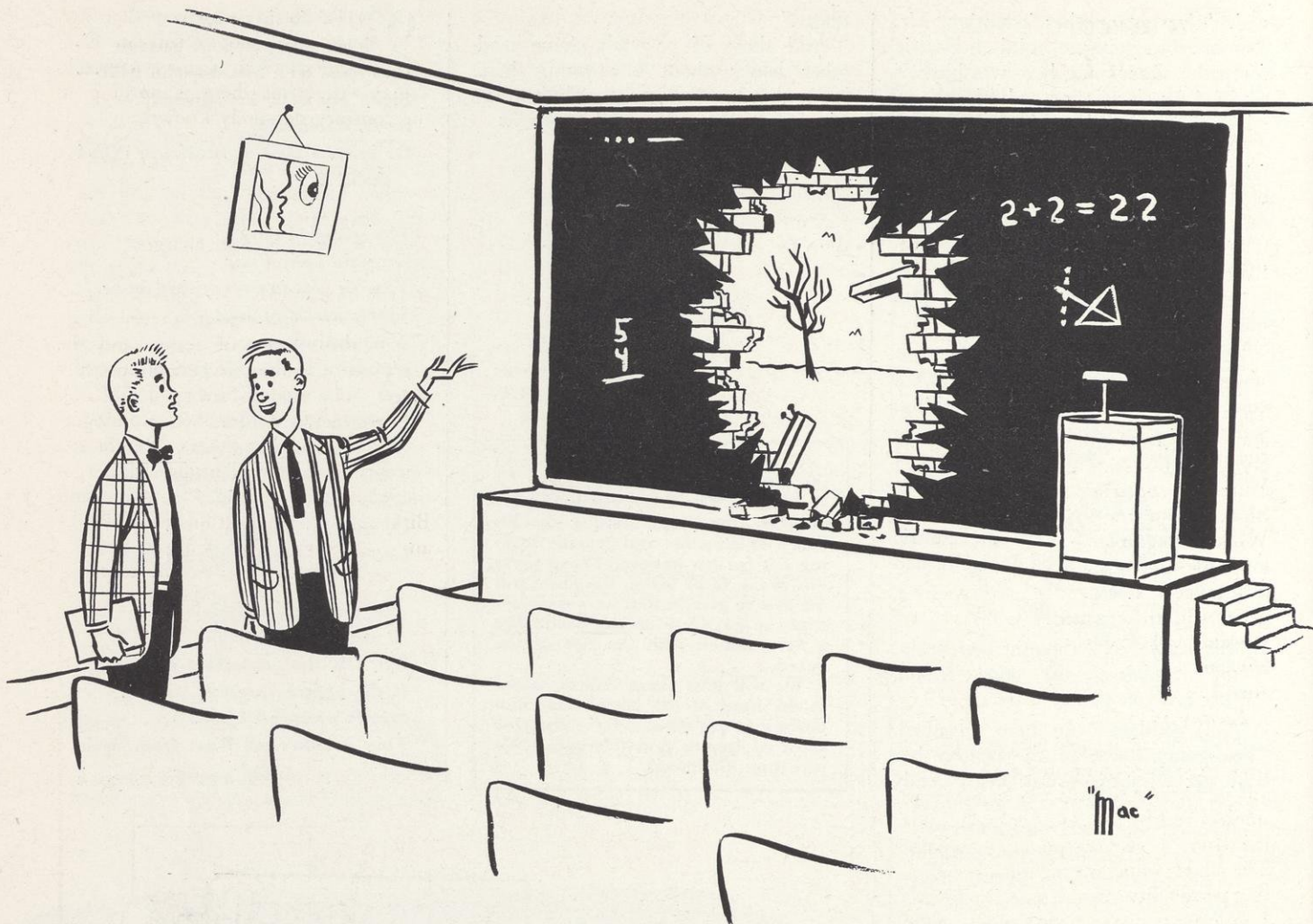
So they sigh and exclaim
At each classical name.
But, Oh, the unpleasant shock—
If the program weren't printed
(Don't whisper I hinted!)
They couldn't tell Bizet from Bach.

—Harvard Lampoon



"It happens every time I push the letter 'V'."

—YALE RECORD



"He just said, 'Watch the blackboard, and I'll run through it again'."

—YALE RECORD

Spanish Lesson

(In a drastic change of policy, the RECORD, cooperating with the Yale Daily News, here devotes some of its valuable space to the language of Latin America. There has always been much attention showered on the teaching methods of the Spanish Dept. here at Yale. Far from remaining aloof, the RECORD assigned an anonymous gringo from old Spain of wayback to listen in at a Spanish class and give us a word for word report of what he heard. For the convenience of German, French, Italian, Latin, and most of the Spanish students, the dialogue has been translated into English.)

* * *

"GOOD-MORNING, sir. How do you do?"

"No, senor, it is not snowing now."

"Have you lost your hearing?"

"You flatter me, senor."

"Would you like me to speak more slowly?"

"Yes, senor, but it is fine weather in spite of the cold."

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, senor, and my shoes are wet."

"Be seated, Senor Brooks."

"Very well, thank you, and yours?"

"Senor Chesney, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Dodge."

"Who knows, senor?"

"Senor Chesney, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Dodge."

"I am pleased to meet you, Senor Dodge. What do you think of today's lesson?"

"The pleasure is all mine, senor."

"It is too bad, Senor Dodge; are you present in the Spanish class?"

"Terrible. There is so much mud in the streets."

"Senor Self! Good-morning, senor. How do you do?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Be seated, Senor Self; Senor Brooks, it will stop raining soon, and is going to clear up, isn't it?"

"No, senor, I am not a South American. I am from New Haven."

"In what state is New Haven?"

"Yes, senor, and it is drizziling."

"Why don't you understand?"

"Yes, senor, I need an umbrella."

"Is your book closed or open?"

"I surely was listening, senor."

"The sky is cloudy, isn't it?"

"You are right, senor, I was dreaming."

"So long!"

"Don't mention it, senor."

"Get out of here, all of you."

(In unison) "Very well, thank you, and how are you?"

—Yale Record

The Record's Own Gut Guide

(A NOTE TO THE READER: In past years the chief function of the Yale Daily News has been to publish a student's guide to undergraduate courses. This year the News has fallen down in this, too. The RECORD has valiantly stepped in to fill the breach. Everything the RECORD prints is final and there will be no revisions.)

ARCHITECTURE 6 7/8

Baths, from milk to mud.

This is one of the less sensational of Yale courses. Lectures are dull and wet, and there are frequent ten-minute papers. All members of the class are required to construct bath-tubs at some time during the course of the year. While assignments are occasionally long, the short assignments take a good deal longer. The good student will not get much out of this course. The poor student will find it a waste of time, however.

ART 3.14

Feeelthy pictures.

This course is a survey of French postcards, the literature they used to sell in burley-Q's, and lots of other absolutely feelthy art. The course is handled from a very academic viewpoint. The chief value of the course lies in the personality of the instructor. Mr. Hufferug is one of Yale's more charming debaucheurs. Seldom sober, Mr. Hufferug is a delight with his sly belches and rotten quips. Marks are low, ranging from D to F. Those who work hard will be rewarded in heaven, but not here.

CHEMISTRY 4728

The chemistry of Schlitz, Pabst, and Rupperi.

A frothy course. Most of the year is spent in the theories of foam. As a climax to the course, the process for manufacture of beer with the foam on the bottom is demonstrated. Professor Bock is not only competent but magnificent. Much outside preparation is required and the laboratory is long and tedious. A good deal of time is spent on problems of consumption. Not a course for beginners.

DRAMA 300

The soap opera.

This course is about those afternoon programs women listen to and all comics kid. The RECORD, Morgan, those two guys with Gypsy Rose Lee, everybody kids those programs. Well, this course defends them. It says they rep-

resent the best in American culture. Mr. Ivor and Mr. Yflakes are both interested in the subject, but tend to give a long commercial before each lecture. The course is gently revolting.

ECONOMICS 4

Street-car fares.

If this is your forte, this is the course for you. If you are not fascinated by the subject do not take this course. This course has not been given for six years.

ENGLISH 80

Great English literature.

Mr. Thatchleath is a brilliant lecturer, but unfortunately reads his lectures. He is indistinct to those beyond the first row. There are no essays required and no ten-minute papers. There is no final in the course and no hour tests. Mr. Thatchleath is strict, allowing no cuts. He requires all students to be seated in the third and fourth rows regardless of the number of students per

seat. It has been suggested that Mr. Thatchleath does not lecture in English. There seems to be no evidence to support this, but there is nothing to the contrary definitely known.

LATIN 66

Latins for Latins.

No Freshmen

No Sophomores

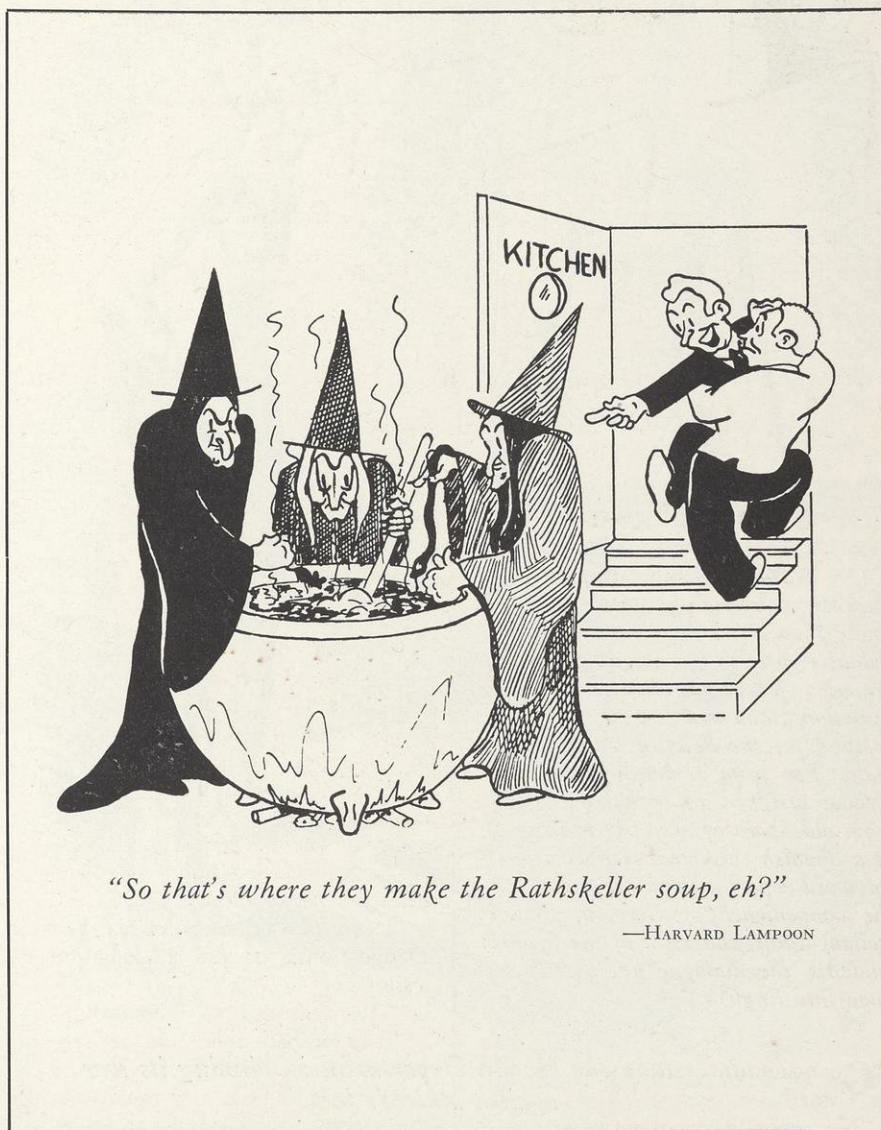
Never a cover charge.

MATHEMATICS 131

Probability and ergodic theory.

The torus space of Jessen and the theory of measure in general product spaces. The modern theory of probability formulated by Frechet, Kolmogoroff, Steinhaus, and others. Recent developments centering around the ergodic theorems of Von Neumann and Birkhoff with applications to geometry and mechanics. This is a gut.

—Yale Record



—HARVARD LAMPOON

Forget Pearl Harbor!

THE SONG-WRITER and I have come to the parting of the ways. No longer can I, as I have done in the past, heed his advice on any and all matters that arise. Not that his mind has become less fertile—he still presents the cold dope on everything, be it insignificant trifle or international turmoil.

I followed him long enough. I've Kept My Sunny Side Up; I've Sung, Sung, Sung; I've even Bought Another

Cup of Coffee and Had Another Piece of Pie. I've done some pretty silly things, too, like Singing in the Rain. I almost got thrown in the can for that once by a cop who thought I was drunk.

But I can walk by his side no longer. I must strike out for myself. The crux of the whole situation is that we don't see eye to eye on the problem of war-time morale. For instance, quick on the heels of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor came his counsel, "Remember Pearl Harbor." ("Let's remember Pearl Harbor, as we go to meet the foe; let's remember Pearl Harbor, as we did the Alamo.") Here we are diametrically opposed. I think the nation should forget Pearl Harbor, unless we like to

think of our armed forces as being constantly in an attitude of torpor.

Then he produced his gay, "So Long Mama, I'm Off to Yokohama" ("to teach all those Japs the Yanks are no saps"). Here's he offering the hilarious side of the war, capitalizing on



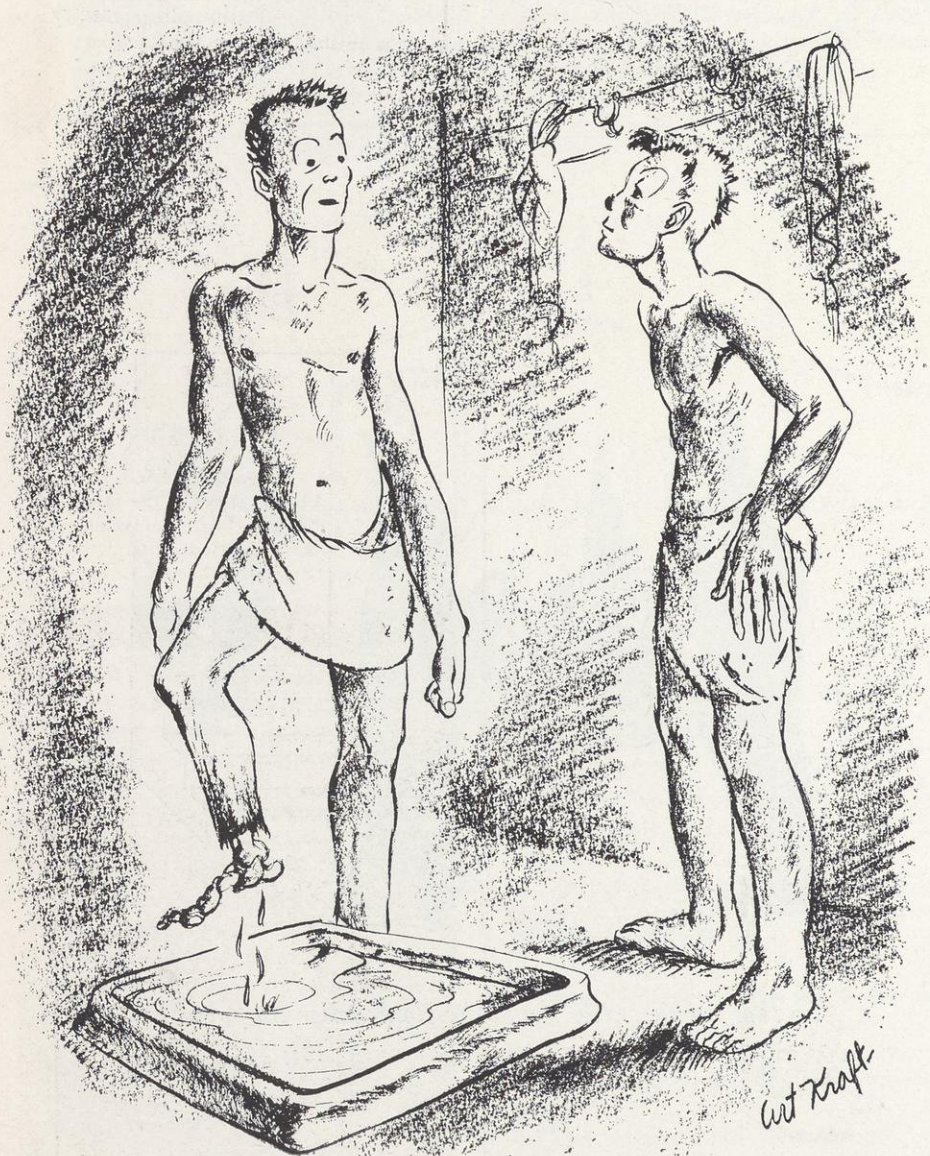
what I consider a revolting pun—"A million fighting sons of Uncle Sam, if you please, will soon have those Japs right down on their Jap-a-knees."

Incidentally, this brings to mind the vast number of puns on the name of the enemy. A radio comedian unoriginally predicted recently that the enemy would soon be on its Nippon-knees. And Bim Gump in the funny papers the other day inscribed an Oriental face on his punching-bag and threatened to hit it on its Jap-a-nose. This opens a tremendous field for the song-writer and comedian. No doubt I shall soon hear (if, indeed, it has not already been said) that the enemy head will be stuck in a Jap-a-noose. And enemy communiques will be termed Jap-a-news. You can see the possibilities.

To get back to the sordid subject at hand, probably my greatest complaint against the song-writer concerns his "We're Going to Have to Slap the Dirty Little Jap." Perhaps I shouldn't pass judgment on the title alone, but I have never been able to listen to the lyrics. This is my own fault, but I have a sensitive stomach.

Then, of course, there's "We've Done It Before and We Can Do It Again." And the implied sequel, now in the writing, "We'll Do It Lots More Times, Because We Just Love Doing That Sort of Thing."

We also disagreed on the draft, which produced material for innumerable popular songs I have been unable to forget. "He's A-1 in the Army and He's A-1 in My Heart," was one of these hits, pointing out incorrectly that American women would gladly wait until the end of the emergency for their men. Most American women realize all too well that their time is limited, and that toss-



"I understand the Health Department is winning its war against athlete's foot."

—YALE RECORD

ing aside two or three years on a poor gamble is rather futile.

"So Long, Dear, I'll Be Back in a Year" was an optimistic farewell as the popular song-writer trudged off to camp for a short stretch. The song has faded in popularity increasingly since Congress stretched it to two-and-a-half years, and is now a bitter jest.

Nor do I understand the song-writer's hypothesis that there will be blue-birds over "The White Cliffs of Dover" *only* if the British win the war. I don't see why there shouldn't be blue-birds around no matter who owned the cliffs. The supposition, I guess, is that if the Beastly Huns successfully invade Britain the blue-birds will evacuate to British Guiana or Bermuda.

And so, from here in, I'm on my own. The song-writer will take my hand and point out the cunningly concealed pathway to peace and contentment. I shall go ahead with a song in my heart, but it won't be "Any Bonds Today?"

—California Pelican

CASH

for Books

AT THE

Student Book Exchange

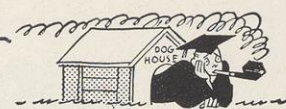
Incorporated

"LET JERRY BUY 'EM"



MILLER

—Dartmouth Jack-o'Lantern



FOUL PIPE NE'ER WON FAIR MAID

—but Dan's out of the
dog house now!



"**TAKE YOUR RING** and go away!
You're finished with college, but
I'm finished with men who smoke
smelly pipes! My heart says yes,
but my nose says *phew!* Good-bye!"



SO DAN REFORMED. He
switched to Sir Walter, the mild
blend of fragrant burleys. His girl
took one sniff...smiled...snuggled.
Try it for moonlight and noses.

**KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE
WITH SIR WALTER**

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



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next fall or for sum-
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DRAWING SETS
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SHOP TOOLS

The
CO-OP

Berth of a Nation

She was young and fair and pretty
She's a girl I'll never forget.
We were in a pullman sleeper
When by accident we met.

Yes, I always shall remember well
The girl, and time, and place;
I was coming from the upper berth
And stepped upon her face.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

FREE! Win a box of Life Savers!

Win a box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the Wisconsin campus this month? Submit your wisecrack to the editors of Octy. The winner, who will receive an attractive assortment of Life Savers, will be announced next month along with winning jest.

This month's winner is L. E. Zlitz, 10 Langdon street, Madison. Mr. Zlitz crashed through with this howler:

"Waiter, this coffee tastes like mud."
"It should, it was just ground an hour ago."

Voice on Telephone: Is my wife home?
Maid: No, who shall I say called?

—Pelican.

SLIGHTED

A Westerner entered a saloon with his wife and three-year-old boy. He ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, pa," said the kid, "ain't ma drinking?"

—Exchange.

According to the Records

DEAR MOM

Glenn Miller and Ray Eberle try hard but this is still dismal. *Keep 'Em Flying* is fast and furious music but not worth two tries. *Bluebird*

ABSENT MINDED MOON

Artie Shaw does very well with these two tunes. The A side features a flashy clarinet against sweeping strings. Freda Gibson sings. *Not Mine* carries a heavy beat with a lot of drive. The tune is lush and the piano solo excellent. The Shaw team merit your attention on this one. *Victor*

THE POET AND PEASANT OVERTURE

This arrangement gives the Lawrence Welk outfit plenty of chance to show their stuff. The boys all have a chance at the lead and every one of them does top-rate. For good instrumental music this can't be beat. *Heaven Is Mine Again* is a lovely thing made more lovely by the singing of Jayne Walton. *Decca*

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN

The Four King Sisters turn a King-size record this time without half trying. Alvino Rey and his guitar helps things along a bit in the second chorus. *Hey! Zeke* hits below the belt. *Bluebird*



Why do the gals chase after Jim?
'Cause he has looks and rhythm?
Gosh, no, it's cause they count on him
To have Life Savers whythm!



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

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Arp, Arp, the Larp



I HAVE lately been looking over some Air Raid Precaution directions that have come to my attention. Although some of the points are difficult to understand, the principal ideas are easy to get. In the interests of National Defense, I am passing them on to you:

1. *Police and Fire apparatus will sound the official signal—a long blast followed by a short blast repeated for five minutes.* This is important. Where sirens are used, it will require a little practice to get the timing right, especially on the short blasts. What do you do to stop a siren suddenly, thrust a stick of wood into the whirring blades? Also, it is not clear to me whether the long and short both repeat for five minutes, or whether the long is blasted only once and the short for the rest of the time. The authorities will have to work this out, I guess.

2. *Keep calm—walk, never run. Do not be frightened.* This is important. If a large, ugly man with an ARP band on his sleeve comes up behind you and suddenly shrieks into your ear, "Where is the shelter?" you must not be frightened. He is trying to help you. Keep calm. This is important, so I will stop saying what is or isn't. Also, you must learn to look an airplane in the eye. If one comes near you and brandishes a bomb, just stare it down, or, better still, ignore it, and it will go away. The best defense is a passive attack.

3. *Do not permit anyone to cause any fear.* What's more, do not permit anyone to permit anyone to cause any fear, or things will get out of hand. If someone comes up to you and says, "May I start frightening people now?" it is your duty to say no. I have several friends who love to scare people, but they are giving up this privilege for the duration.

4. *Avoid open spaces, streets and parks.* Avoid open sidewalks and open doors, open boxes and can-openers. Avoid living rooms, bedrooms, open cars, and people standing around with their mouths open. Get into some stuffy, closed place like a clothes closet or a telephone booth. Fireplaces are effective, too, unless they are open fireplaces, in which case avoid them.

5. *Leave bus, street car, or auto.* If

you are in a bus when the alarm sounds, park it and take the cash box with you to the nearest shelter. You may distribute the money among your friends if you so wish. Getting a street car off its rails and over to the side of the street will require a little practice, but this will be worked out in due course.

6. *Put out lights, and pull down shades.* Even if you breathe heavily on a window, it will still let light through. Some people board up their windows with Venetian blinds, although I am told this lets out a tell-tale gray tinge of lights. Others have been known to break all the window panes and stuff the openings with handkerchiefs or bandannas. A cheerful panache of color may be worked out by an ingenious person this way, providing there are enough handkerchiefs to go around.



7. *If bombs are falling in your immediate vicinity, shut off the control cock on the inlet to the gas meter.* If you don't know where your immediate vicinity is, just call up headquarters and a man will be sent around to tell you. If you don't know where the inlet to your gas meter is, an ingenious game may be played to show you its location. Find somebody who does know, and tell him to open it wide. Then you light a match and look for it yourself. You will soon find it.

8. *Keep some sand on hand at all times.* Sand on the hands is a sign of health, anyway. Try grinding some into the rugs; it improves them immeasurably. If you feel in a joyful mood during a raid, a big sand pile in the corner of the living room will afford much enjoyment and will keep the children occupied. If you have some

water to mix with it, interesting castles can be constructed easily.

9. *Do not crowd in one spot.* Have you ever tried to crowd into one spot? The smaller the spot, the more balance and skill is required. But this is not for air raids.

10. *The all clear signal will consist of a series of short, staccato blasts repeated for a period of five minutes.* This rule is clearer than the first one, but time will have to be spent teaching the Fire and Police Departments the meaning of the word "staccato." I understand the authorities are working on this, however.

—Harvard Lampoon

This is
Octy's
good-bye for
this year.
He'll see you
bright and
early next
September.
Have a very
nice summer.



A STERLING RE-CREATION OF COLONIAL LOVELINESS



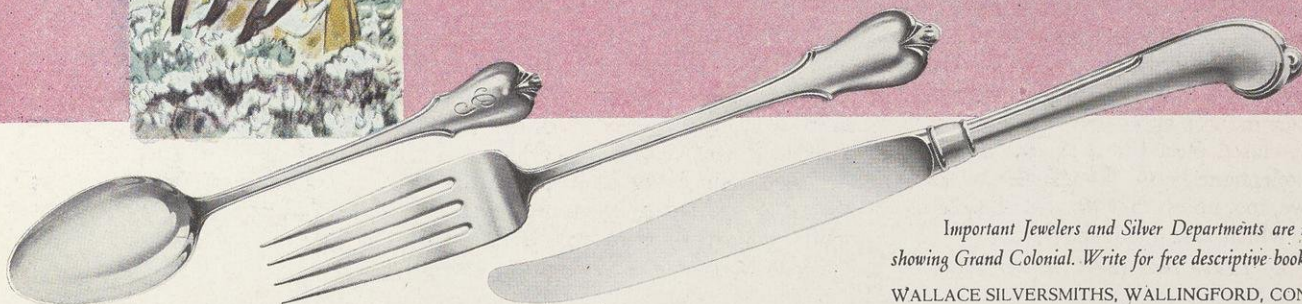
America's leading designer of Sterling Flatware creates a new pattern in the American Tradition

William Warren, designer of Grande Baroque, "the most glorious ornate pattern of all time," now gives you a pattern that glorifies Colonial loveliness. The silhouette is inspired by the Colonial Fiddle motif. . . rhythmic curves proportioned in perfect harmony. The full, "3rd dimension" form is modeled in subtle grandeur, crowned with a sparkling petal

scroll tip. The finish is a soft glowing opalescence not found in any other pattern. You will love the individuality of each piece. In knives you have a choice of the conventional or authentic traditional pistol grip. And the shield is a perfect setting for your initial, monogram or crest. Ask your Jeweler to show you this loveliest of all plain patterns.



WALLACE
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