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The Wisconsin OCTOPUS



ART DALLMAN

HOMECOMING

15 Cents



ANGELA CUMMINS
Chesterfield's
Girl of the Month

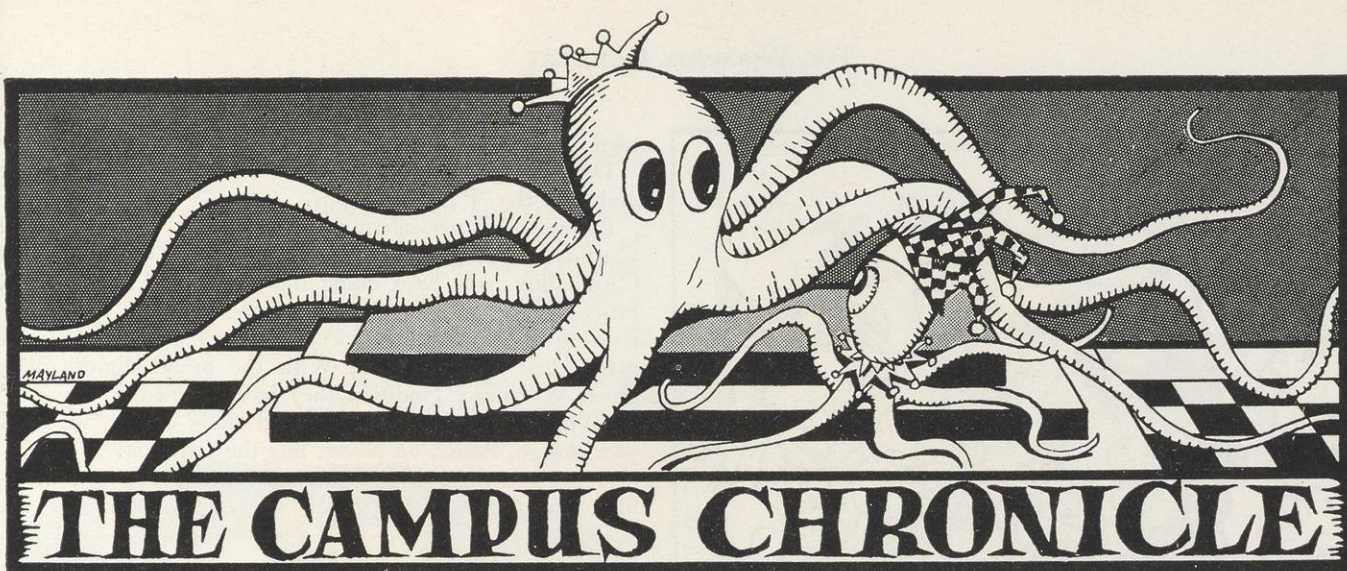
At all the Games
IT'S CHESTERFIELD

FOR MILDNESS, for BETTER TASTE and COOLER SMOKING, Chesterfield is the winning cigarette... they're quick to satisfy with their *right combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

All around you, pack after pack, you'll see Chesterfields giving smokers a lot more pleasure. *Join in, light 'em up, and you've got a cigarette to cheer about.*

Everywhere you go...

it's have a Chesterfield *They Satisfy*



THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



Is it raining out now? It should be, because it's raining while this is being written, and it's no piddling little drizzle. A real mean rain. It reminds us of the way the whole year has gone for us so far—nothing but disappointment after disappointment.

We didn't make sophomore honors and we didn't manage to scrape together enough for a concert ticket. We didn't even get to Chicago for the game. And it isn't just us either—*everything* is wrong. The Cardinal subscription drive and a losing track team and Journalism 101 and five dollar textbooks and—oh, just everything. The only bright note in the past two months has been that Kiekhofer's wall has at last begun to look the way it should again. All that pink and green and orange is the way we used to dream about it in our Freshman days, and also the way we used to describe it to the folks at home.

"It's just awful," we would say, gleefully. "The terrible things they write on it. The fraternity boys paint it up."

Before we take our aspirin, here's one more thing. We don't like the Homecoming slogan, if anybody is interested. To us it seems very very corny. If we can't keep one Wisconsin tradition free of trumped-up patriotism and commercialized Americanism, things are pretty sad. Hurray, hurray, red, white and blue, on to victory, v for vegetables.

There!

Higher Education

We happened to wander into the Union Theater the other Friday A.M. when President Dykstra was addressing the opening meeting of the Freshman Forum. We've since decided that if the young lady who sat next to us is any indication of the typical Freshman, then somebody ought to start campaigning for a course in how to take notes at lectures, compulsory for all Freshmen.

Perhaps the young damsel had become overly inspired through the influence of Orientation Week, and it will no doubt be a considerable shock to her when she learns that there are actually things said in lectures—even lectures by

President Dykstra—that aren't worth remembering. But there she sat—with a pencil poised over a sheet of paper ready to jot down whatever the good Prexy had to offer. Her patience was soon rewarded, for President Dykstra declared, "We are living in perilous times." Immediately the pencil swung into action as it wrote out, "Are living in perilous times."

It was several minutes later before we chanced to glance downward at the young lady's notes again. We found her writing, "Modern youth has more privileges than Dyk." We recalled that the President had just concluded saying something to the effect that the youth of today is enjoying far more conveniences and privileges than he did in his youth.

When Prexy said that he was getting far more along in years than any of those in his audience, we couldn't resist the temptation to see what our little friend would put down for this. She didn't disappoint us. On her paper was inscribed the very profound notation: "Dyk. getting older."

The Cardinal Turns Pale Pink

That fearless champion of free speech, the perennial pace-maker of collegiate journalism, is making a courageous last stand.

Due to a \$1000 rise in costs, *The Daily Cardinal*, alleged student newspaper, is out begging for a mere three and a half times that amount, and you, dear student, are supposed to cough up.

Knowing that you aren't sucker enough to buy the slimy thing for its own sake, the Cardinal pleads for a donation. Thousands of free copies, heart-rending posters, and nifty testimonial tags spark the Cardinal campaign.

Free speech is the big issue. You're supposed to help preserve the unfettered, fearless printed dynamite that the Cardinal unswervingly stands for, the high point of which is an annual statement that it looks like a great year for the fraternities. That glorious freedom may be lost if you don't scurry to help.

And goodness, didn't the stalwart Cardinal put the nasty old State Journal in its place. Well, we guess! The Cardinal, with characteristic punch, wiped out any silly subsidy idea with a searing article that snarled, "Professor Hyde de-





Now that Gertie goes gadding to
football games

From kickoff to gun, the game's
gone tame.

Everyone looks at Gertie

That super-coed skirtie

Who sports clothes with our College
Shop fame.

Baronis
WE GIVE EAGLE STAMPS

nied . . . President Dykstra stated . . .”

Don't let Cardinal freedom die. Kill the wolf at the door and keep the "J" school happy.

Ethics and clever salesmanship have run rampant in the Cardinal campaign. Out in chill September wind and rain Cardinalites have been doing the great work. Bare-footed, misty-eyed, with tattered gray shawls thrown over their slanting brows, they have proffered their palsied paws and made their eloquent plea. With the proud dignity of a Great Wisconsin Tradition they have whined:

"Whether you want the damned thing or not, we need your dough. Please, *oh please*, buy the Cardinal!"

If you can fight off a fit of nausea, fling the boys three-fifty. 'Tis a verurra noble cause!

Coughin' Humor

It was in the Parkway the other night, when we were watching "Ladies in Retirement." It was a tense drama and kept us smeared all over the edge of our seats. Suddenly the bright damsel three cushions over, looks up disgustedly:

"I never woulda come," she said, "if they told me it was going to be a comedy."

Low Bridge

There is probably something of the sadist in us. In fact we were regular old Mr. Hydes last week. We were mean.

But perhaps we should be forgiven. We had waited for years for it to happen.

It was at the South Park Street viaduct. The one with

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Volume XXIV

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signs all over it with "Low clearance, 10 ft. 4 in." and sentiments of similar ilk.

You guessed it, you old smarty, you. It finally happened. After eons of waiting and hoping we saw a truck get trapped. It rumbled down Park Street in all of its towering majesty. It slackened speed at the intersection, uncertain as to further progress. And then it pulled over to the curb, frustrated and bewildered, stopped cold.

You can imagine our amusement. We shook with hearty guffaws. We slapped all eight thighs and hurled cruel



taunts. And all the while two little men sweated and strained, untying ropes, juggling pianos, shifting their load that they might continue their trek. We just sat down, crossed our legs, and roasted weiners until they whittled the load to ten feet, four.

Finally, as the purple sunset dimmed the sky, the truck got on its way again. We felt a little sad, seeing our great hope realized and gone again so soon. But we consoled ourselves. Now we are waiting to see a truck zoom through the viaduct and have its top sheared right off! Just like Superman.

Our Intellectual America

What with the bevy of quiz programs cluttering up the air-lanes we look for a new peak in the national I.Q. by 1996. Or possibly, a total collapse.

One pleasant evening while following our schedule of quiz programs with our usual dog-like devotion we heard this scintillating bit of repartee.

Announcer: "And now, madam, if you identify the celebrity from the following clues you will win five dollars and a quart of Fulton's Fish Glue. 'It sticks!'"

"Are you ready? Who is this? He is a great entertainer. He makes people laugh each week. He sits on his partner's lap. He was born in a forest."

Lady Quizee: "Oh, oh, don't tell me! Eddie Cantor!"

Ann.: "No-o-o-o. Remember, he was born in a forest."

L. Q.: "Al Jolson!"

(Titters from the sophisticates in the audience.)

Ann.: "No. (Heh, heh.) Do you want to try again?"

The lady tried Lionel Barrymore, Jack Benny, and Bill Fields, in that order.

Ann.: "No, I'm sorry. You were close on that last one though. The answer is, 'Charley McCarthy'."

This on the level. It happened in approximately just that way. Frightening, isn't it?

Animal Story

It happened the other day in a quiz section for Zoology 1. The instructor was holding forth on the adaptability of animals to conditions when, as a climax to his tirade, he emitted a rather dubious declaration. "After all, you wouldn't expect to find any wolves hanging around Bascom Hill, would you?" he queried.

Dine With Royalty



at . . .

DISALVO'S Spaghetti House

Eat spaghetti with the Homecoming King and Queen. Join them . . . you'll like it.

address—810 Regent Street

GREETING CARDS

5c to 25c

- More than 300 new, clever, original designs.
- Cards for every occasion and relatives and friends.

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

State at Lake Street

Where Do We Eat . . . At Lowest Cost?



WISCONSIN UNION RATHSKELLER

THE WISCONSIN UNION

For four college generations the answer has been: "The Rathskeller!"

And it still is. Those crowds around the bar at meal time mean just one thing: good food and low prices. The average check is 16c. The tradition of lowest costs hasn't changed, but the appearance of the place has.

***But something new
has been added!***

LOWEST COST DANCING, TOO!

Now, on Saturday nights, there's a new dance floor right in the middle of the place.

Best answer in years to what to do after that movie date.

Just drop in and take a table . . . dance or not as you like . . . stay as long as you like.

Try it next Saturday.

Open all day from 7:30 a. m. to 11 p. m.

According to the Records

MA! I MISS YOUR APPLE PIE

As done by Guy Lombardo is one of the best discs of the month. The tune is rhythmic and gay with clever lyrics by the Lombardo trio. Better hear it. *Boo-Hoo* is a typical Lombardo arrangement which means that it isn't bad. *Decca*.

BING CROSBY

Always a favorite, Bing Crosby offers two waxings this month that should be very welcome to his fans. *Brahms' Lullaby* and *You and I* make a nice combination that you'll want for the files. The second disc, *The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi*, is a classic rendition. Bing really out-does himself on this one and you'll agree when you hear it. Backside is *Dream Girl of Pi K. A.* which is only fair. *Decca*.

LAUGHING POLKA

A swing polka by Harry Harden which sounded pretty forced to us. We liked the reverse, *Tinkle Polka*, better but that too was sort of usual. *Decca*.

NOCHE DE RONDA

As sung in Spanish by Jayne Walton is swell. Lawrence Welk and his boys stay well in the background and give Jayne plenty of room to move around in. *Dawn*, the disc-mate, again features the vocalist with a sensual and throaty chorus. *Decca*.

DADDY

Johnny Messner and his orchestra have by far the best

version of this novelty tune which the jukes boxes have already made popular. We especially like the choral work of the bandmen chanting out the lyrics. *Mobile Flag Stomp* is a lively instrumental fox trot which we have no quarrel with. *Decca*.

IN WAIKIKI

Like slithering guitars? O.K., add Frances Langford and some spicy lyrics and you've got a pretty neat recording which is just what we're trying to say. *White Ginger Blossoms*, the B side, is a pulsating tropical rhythm which must be listened to with reservation. Dick McIntire assists Frances with both tunes. *Decca*.

BOBBY BYRNE

Stuart Wade carries the vocal in the heartbreaking *I Guess I'll Have to Dream the Rest*, and finishes on top. Wade fronts for Bobby Byrne again on the reverse in a pleasantly sentimental thing called *What Word Is Sweeter Than Sweetheart*. On a second disc Byrne offers *It's You Again* and *I Went Out of My Way*. Both are vocalized in top form but the interest lies in the tricky clarinet and trombone leads in the accompaniment. *Decca*.

I DON'T WANT TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE

Our choice for the best record of the month is the Ink Spots with this song. Billy Kenny, heavenly tenor, takes the lead and holds on until the bass comes in with a speaking part. From then on the boys toss things around in a way that you'll like. In a faster tempo, *Hey Doc!* is spun on the B side. Don't miss this one. *Decca*.

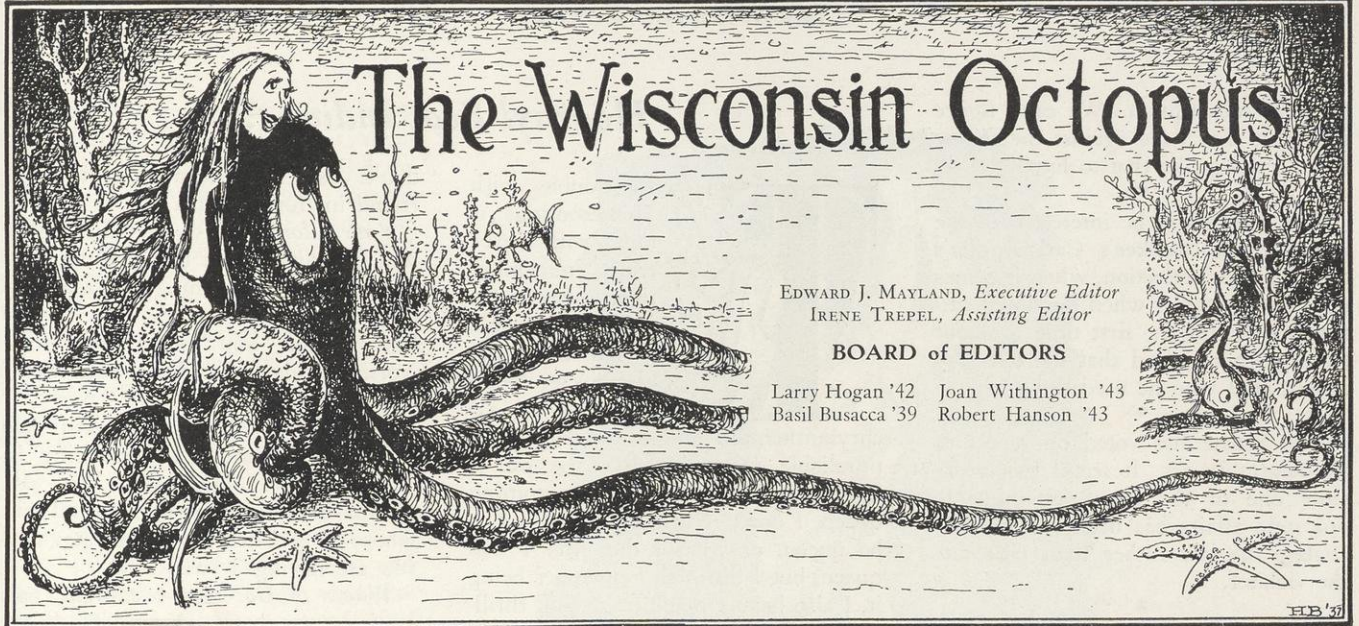
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The Wisconsin Octopus

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On Second Thought

ATORNEY General John E. Martin advised John H. Rouse, district attorney of Sauk county, that pinball machines without payoff devices, and used solely for amusement purposes could legally be seized as, "a common nuisance." We know how the attorney general feels and we don't blame him a bit because we could never beat those things either.

The naturalists around Dublin, New Hampshire are in a terrible state of excitement over a goshawk which was found nesting near there. Personally we don't know what a goshawk is and it makes us a little sad to realize that we are probably alone in this.

According to Curtis Merriman, freshmen are shunning the social science courses this year and showing a preference for science and engineering. Mr. Merriman believed that this trend was due to the fact that many of the students felt they would stand less chance of being drafted if they were enrolled in these courses. Evidently these students haven't heard of the Friendship and Marriage course which offers training in a field which leads to absolute exemption.

It is shocking to learn that the elks, meaning the four-legged variety, in the

state of Washington, have taken to begging for cigarets to chew, and that motorists encourage them in this lamentable habit.

Samuel G. McLellan, Harvard college senior, went on a five day fast to obtain material for a theme entitled, "How It Feels to Starve." Being hard up for a theme idea ourselves we tried the process and will submit the results next week when we've strength enough to lift our pen again.

Federal agencies have purchased eighty-two million eggs in Wisconsin for shipment to Britain. At that rate it might be a lot easier to simply loan them our chickens.

In view of the above fact, we are temporarily shelving our hard-fought campaign for scrambled eggs in the Rathskeller. Anything for defense is



"So trite, this V
for Homecoming!"

our motto.

Fashion designer Edward Stevenson of Hollywood recently selected the five best hatted women in the country. In making his selection, the artist explained that, "... an attractive woman will consistently wear hats that fit her personality and features." We hope the university co-eds are not aware of this, for to us their hats have always seemed flat and droopy.

When a policeman recently forced a speeding automobile over to the curb, he discovered that the lone occupant was a nine-year-old boy. His parents probably regarded him too young to be trusted as a pedestrian.

The Communist Party has started a nationwide campaign to release Browder from Atlanta. They must figure that they're complying with a Federal order to preserve the nation's Earl.

We see where the church is attempting to maintain a sphere of influence near all army detachments. Looks like canon law is going to replace the good old-fashioned shotgun wedding.

Federal authorities are seeking to counteract the dope menace. We'll admit we're on probation here at the U., but honest, mister, we ain't never hurt nobody.

We hear that the Cardinal has presented the Duke of Windsor with a

one-year subscription. We can't figure out what they have against the fellow to do a thing like that to him.

The nation will be interested in the results of Milwaukee's Carl Zeidler's campaign for reelection, when it comes up. We remember when Beertown citizens awoke for the first time in about twenty years to find that the old gray Mayor ain't who he used to be.

The Senate has voted on repeal of the neutrality act. It seems that every time one of the laws pertaining to our state affairs has been violated, we change the law rather than prosecute the violator.

The athletic department can always be consoled with the thought that it can chime in with Pittsburgh and state that Wisconsin is de-emphasizing football.

The Soviets, with their backs to the wall, now know how their compatriots felt as they were lined up and knocked off for the good of the party.

Just before the Marquette game the Rathskeller lobby bulletin board read: "Marquette, 56; Wisconsin $\sqrt{7}$. The Spirit's Back!"

Freshmen are undoubtedly more profound than of old. One frosh sat down in a "100 group" philosophy class and stayed there for fully ten minutes before he decided that he wasn't in his 1A English section.

The outcome of the World Series was a sore blow to the burghers of Brooklyn. A lot of them have probably concluded that the "bums" are bums.

The Cardinal is out begging for about three thousand dollars to make up for a \$1000 rise in production costs. Soon they will write an autobiography, "From Rags to Riches."

We read about an enterprising guy who, with the use of an aluminum mold, transforms jack-o-lantern pumpkins into skulls and devils and goblins. You can't beat fun!

Bender

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
"This is a dime . . . my only dime . . .
Guess I'll have a beer?"

Hooray! Beat Indiana!

THE trouble with Homecomings is that you never really remember them afterwards. Nothing tangible is left from the glorious week-end except a dead chrysanthemum and some spotty and unreliable memories, like the one I have of being last year's Homecoming queen. I don't remember how I got to be queen, or what I did after I was queen, but I distinctly remember being it. I also have a magnificent and thrilling recollection of carrying Mrs. Dykstra piggy-back down State street during my freshman Homecoming.

But after all, these happy recollections, thrilling as they may be, are the mere shell of the true Homecoming spirit. It is a hazardous week-end, and perhaps the following little chart, which I have labeled "Hints for Homecoming," will help you get through it safely.

Your Date: If you have a Homecoming date you are pretty lucky, so hold on to him. If you haven't got a date,

don't despair. Someone may bring a friend in from Indiana.

Your Clothes: Just any old clothes will do, but be sure they are not only old but also unbecoming. No make-up except dark eye-shadow. No matter how terrible you look, you'll look worse Sunday morning. You won't believe your mirror.

Your Manners: The standard rule for behavior during Homecoming is, "Louder!" No matter what you say, scream it. Yell all week-end, and run whenever possible. This indicates that you are having a swell time.

Where to Go: Any restaurant, bar, or fraternity house. You will always find a hearty welcome at Dean Goodnight's home, especially if you come with a large crowd, and there is continuous dancing in the Rose Room at Science Hall.

What to Drink: Anything bottled. Beer is always popular, and gin, rum, scotch, and denatured alcohol are pleasant and easily prepared. You will soon discover which beverages do not agree with you.

At the Game: You will be expected to attend the game on Saturday to



cheer for your team, which is Wisconsin. Cheering for West High or Michigan State will mark you as a dullard and pretty drunk besides. Hoarse, caustic remarks about the team, the referees, and the people about you will endear you to your date and earn you the title of "Swell girl."

Decorations: Walking or being carried down Langdon street to admire the decorations is loads of fun. Appropriate remarks, such as "That stinks," "What decorations?" "Nuts," and "Let's get a beer," are in order.

A Final Word: Homecoming is a lovely old tradition, so try and live up to its spirit. Just have a lot of fun and don't worry too much about what people will think. If you yourself feel that you are acting properly, any derogatory remarks about your conduct can be silenced with a quiet, dignified "Oh, yeah?" or simply a good kick in the teeth.

A happy, happy Homecoming to all of you!

—I. T.

So Do We

Girls are strange creatures—
They're never on time.
They ask you to parties
When you haven't a dime.
They take down their hair and fix it
again.

Girls are strange creatures.
I like men.

Girls are strange creatures—
They paint their nails red.
They leave lipstick on napkins,
And never eat bread.
They talk like a turkey and laugh like
a hen.

Girls are strange creatures.
I like men.

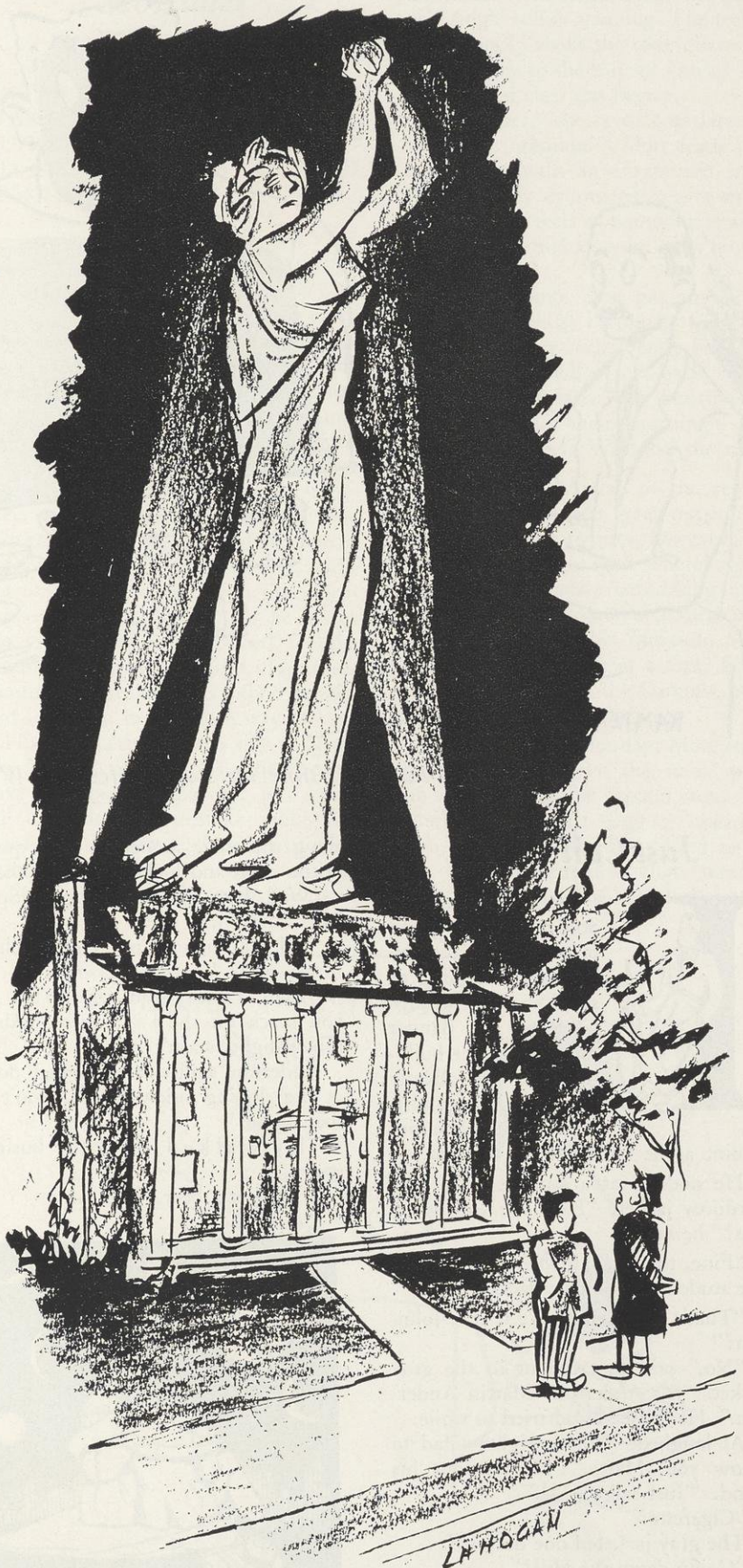
There's a notable family named Stein.
There's Gert and there's Ep and there's
Ein.

Gert's verses are punk, Ep's statues are
junk,
And no one can understand Ein.

He: "Say you love me! Say it! Say
it! Say it!"

She: "You love me."

Some girls are like cigarettes: They
come in a pack, get lit; hang onto your
lips; make you puff; go out unexpect-
edly; leave a bad taste in your mouth,
and still they satisfy.



"We really shot our wad on decorations this year."



"Don't you think it's time we stopped feeding Wilbur those Wheaties?"

Just Call Me Al



IT WAS between classes. Students were going in and out of the yellow brick building or stood in small groups talking. Al Banner came out of the building. He has already lighted his cigarette. The smoke made him

squint as he buttoned his top-coat.

He nodded at a student in a gray corduroy jacket. "How are you, Johnson?" he said.

"Fine, thanks. How are you?" said the student in the gray jacket.

"That's the name, isn't it . . . Johnson?"

"No," said the student in the gray jacket. "It's Anderson. Martin Anderson." He blushed and tried to smile.

Al laughed. "That's right. Glad to know you, Marty." He put out his hand. "Just call me Al."

"Cigarette?"

The gray jacketed one declined.

"Going down the Hill?"

They walked down the hill. Al sauntered easily, greeting acquaintances

along the way. Anderson took quick, brittle steps and looked straight ahead.

"Well, how are you doing in Spanish?" said Al.

"I don't know. I'm getting behind in my work," said Anderson.

"Yeah, I'll say you are. What did you crack on the last quiz. About ninety-eight, wasn't it?"

Anderson smiled and looked down at the sloping sidewalk. "I won't do that again."

They walked along the business street.

"Let's get a beer," said Al.

Martin looked at the Coca Cola sign and followed Al.

"No beer?"

"Okay, one coke, one beer."

"That's right. You don't smoke, do you?" Al put the pack back in his pocket.

"Where do you live, Marty?" said Al.

"Marston," said Anderson.

"Where's that. Up north?"

"No, it's fifty-six miles west of here. It isn't very big."

Al had another beer and finished telling about when he and another kid started a rival paper and almost got kicked out of high school.

When they left, Anderson wanted to pay for the beers and coke.

"Nothing doing, Marty," said Al. "This is on me."

Anderson zipped his gray jacket and they went out.

Al asked Anderson to come up to his room and bull for awhile. Anderson pulled out his watch. He could stay a few minutes.

"Great," said Al. He stopped to look in the mail box before they went upstairs. He wondered why there was no letter from home.



Al turned on the radio and slouched on the bed. He lit another cigarette. Anderson unzipped his jacket and sat in the straight-backed chair. They talked for almost half an hour.

"I played a little football, but I didn't do much until last year," said Al.

Anderson looked at his watch. "I think I'll have to go now," he said. "Thanks for everything, Al."

ANDERSON started to get up. The radio scraped across the top of the table. It crashed to the floor as Anderson reached for it. The cabinet was cracked open and little pieces of plastic were scattered over the floor.

Anderson picked up the radio from the floor. He started to pick up the pieces of plastic.

"Never mind," said Al. "I'll clean it up."

"I would do something like this. I'll take it down and have it fixed."

"Forget it. I'll take care of it. It won't take much," said Al.

They went to the door. Anderson was red-faced and apologetic. Al smiled and puffed his cigarette.

"Forget it, Marty," said Al. "Let's see you hit that Spanish tonight."

"I want to pay for it, remember," said Anderson.

"Okay," smiled Al. "So long."

He went back to his room. He pressed the cracks together on the shattered cabinet. He turned the dial. It was wrecked. It wouldn't work.

"Goddam him," said Al. "Goddam him. The rotten, lousy bastard."

He flopped down on the bed and stared at the ceiling. Then he went downstairs and looked in the mail box again. —R. L. H.

Mrs. X: "Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

Mrs. Y: "No, and it's terribly exasperating. He just grins."

For the fourth time the corporation lawyer conducting the cross-examination led the witness to the accident.

"You say that after the street car passed, the man was seen lying on the ground with his scalp bleeding. Did the car hit him?"

"Naw," exploded the exasperated witness. "The conductor leaned out and bit him as he went by."

Said Billy Rose to Sally Rand
Why don't you dance without your fan?

So Sally danced without her fan;
Billy Rose and Sally Rand.

Mortimer

THE STORY OF MORTIMER

ENTAILING HOW VERSATILITY WAS FOUND IN HIM . . . HOW A LUNCH HOUR WAS COMPLETED AND FINISHED . . . AND MORTIMER.



THROUGHOUT the history of man, there have been men. But nowhere in history has anything comparable to Mortimer been

found. Intelligent to the minutest degree, he is indeed a flabergaster of professors. He is the eternal freshman without portfolio. Matter of fact, without anything. To get up in the morning is a delight to him, for he leaves the one-ness of his own bed for the multi-peopled outer world. He finds comfort when he finds other people, and is odd in many other ways.

His first period of the day is Spanish. This is not odd, as other people have first periods too, but let's enter the class and by mistake (take my word for it) listen to Mort's first recitation.

The silence that falls across the room

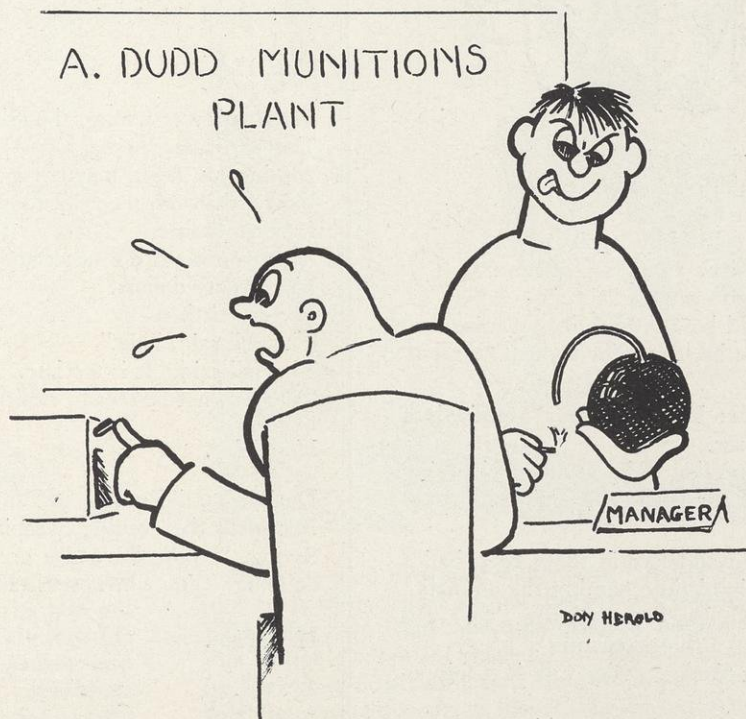
fills Mort with admiration; the power of a single bell is amazing. The teacher gazes fondly about the room, bares her fangs, snarls to the tune of Out of This World, and class has begun.

"Mortimer," she says, "translate, 'the student is ignorant'." Mort leans back in his seat with an enraptured smile. He pleasantly drums his fingers on the arm rest. He feels at home, he is about to be wrong. Suddenly he jerks himself erect.

"La estudiante n'est pas any brains at all." The class is stunned. Such versatility! Teacher rocks gently back and forth on the small of her back. Mortimer, highly pleased with Mortimer, is resplendent in Monday morning's smile that fits him well. We leave the room.

MORTIMER is similar to the rest of mankind in one great respect. He eats. Lunchtime to him, however, is a horror. Where to eat? There are so many places, such a befuddling number of foods. Yet somewhere there must be an answer to this question. Shyly he follows one group at a time. Sometimes he ends up in the Campus, other times . . . let's follow him.

'Tis twelve on Monday. Mort stumbles gracefully down the stairs, picks up and replaces the bottom step, then continues. A short distance ahead of him are three delightful Shred heads. He follows them. He chats amiably with himself as they wend their way



"—Miss Weems, I think we'll give Zolatov that raise after all!"

down winding alleyways and arrive at the luncheon table. One seat is left empty. It is filled. Mort is prepared to eat. Most difficult for him to understand at this time is the overwhelming number of girls present and the noneness of men. But food is food. The house mother gazes in his direction, he smiles and removes his teeth from around the spoon at the same time. The result is all over the girl seated to his right. He feels that an immediate defense is necessary.

"Yuh gotta eat!" he bellows. The room is silent.

"Slubdrub," he repeats several times.

"Young man," exclaims the mother, her nose sliding slowly from one to the other end of her face. "Upon whose invitation are you here?" Mort looks up from under dazed eyelids.

"Any takers?" he asks, studying one face at a time. Then is thankful that there are none.

Thus, was the lunch hour completed and finished.

Thus was Mortimer com
—B. G.



My typist's away on vacation%
My typizt;s away bg the sea;
She left me to do alz the typigg%e
O bring back my typist to me!
Md typixt's aw-py on vasction3
a fact gou can eaxily zee—
IT's odd how thees letirs get mixed up
O brine back my tipr to me,,?

Senior: Your daughter promised to marry me.

Dad: What did you expect, hanging around our house every night?

Adam and Eve in the garden had a pretty hard time naming the animals.

"Well, Eve," says Adam, "let's call this one a 'hippopotamus'."

"But darling, why call it a hippopotamus?"

"Well, it looks like a hippopotamus, doesn't it?"

A Hep Kid

HERE is the story of Doris

Doris, a co-ed, sweet and intelligent
A sorority girl, what's more.
Reader of the Cardinal and the N. Y. Times
Peruser of Octopus and eager admirer of Picasso
Devotee of the arts and shuffleboard
In other words
A hep kid.

Hep, Hep.

Came November, month of squalls and Kiekhofers
Month of Homecoming past and most especially
Pan-Hellenic ball to come.

"A date to Pan-Hell ball is necessary,"

Said Doris.

"A date for Pan-Hell ball is just vital,"

Said Doris.

"A tall and handsome date,"

Said Doris.

"Preferably with a convertible and twenty dollars."

Hep, Hep.

So-o-o-o-o

Doris called up men, many
Painting Pan-Hell ball in glowing and exquisite terms
Requesting them in honeyed tones to escort her.
They all said, "No."

"We are sorry," they all said, "but it is impossible.

"Our grandmother's leg is broken, and we have a date for the weekend
in Chicago.

"Studying."

Each shook his head sadly over the telephone and said no.

Hep, Hep.

Perhaps I was wrong, thought Doris

Too particular, perhaps

Aiming too high, maybe.

Now I shall call men not too tall

Less handsome.

A convertible is not necessary

Nor twenty dollars.

She called these.

They all said, "No."

They all said, "It is too late.

"We will not be second choice," they said, sneering.

Hep, Hep.

Doris, alas, did not go to Pan-Hell ball

But spent the evening, weeping, in her room.

Saying, "I have learned a great lesson."

Sobbing, "You can not tell a book by its convertible."

Hep, Hep.

—I. T.

You Can't Go Home Again



ACH autumn pure and innocent freshmen come to the campus clear-eyed, hopeful, eager for shining truth and knowledge, only to fall into lives of evil and degradation.

That is what happened to Gerald. Gerald was a good boy, a fine, clean youth. In high school

he had won two letters in basketball, written for the school paper, and gone steady with the president of the Girl Reserves. Her name was Margaret. She was beautiful and had character besides.

Gerald had very tender thoughts for her. Together they went to movies and picnics and church socials. Once they were walking hand in hand and she had said, "Gee, we make an awfully good pair, don't we?" Gerald had glowed inside and thought of the future. He felt a great welling surge of power. He'd be a success and make her happy. First, of course, he would go to college and become a lawyer, or maybe a doctor. She was awfully sweet.

The night of their high school graduation they walked under the summer stars and talked about each other. They were sure that they would always be the same. They would always be happy. They would never drift apart. He would work hard and make a splendid college career. And although they could not be together they would write each other faithfully every week. They promised.

But they did not know that the University was monstrous and strange and full of pitfalls. They did not know that Gerald would change.



Gerald knew he looked out of place. Finally, he took the money he'd gotten for not smoking until he was out of high school and bought some snappy new clothes. He hung up the old blue serge and donned jacket and slacks. He swaggered in new saddles and camel-hair top coat. With a bored expression on his face he bought a new pipe. And tobacco—rum-cured.



When Gerald came to the University he was bewildered. The people were unkempt and spectacled, mumbling about things that Gerald didn't understand, or else they were noisy and swearing and smelt like breweries. And the girls weren't like the girls back home. They were sensuous, cigarette-smoking hussies that wore skirts almost up to their hips. He was glad his mother was with him during Orientation Week.



With opened eyes and a new zest for life Gerald began to look forward to bacchanalian evenings of sin. Each night he went out and quaffed amber brew. It was difficult when he started. He hated the stuff. But he forced it down and told himself it was like Roquefort cheese; he'd learn to like it. He looked very collegiate and carefree now.



When his parents drove up he greeted them jovially. It seemed to them that Gerald was gazing at something over their heads. They thought he looked tired. Gerald took them down State Street. When a nicely-torsoed blonde walked by Gerald turned and looked her up and down. His father winced. His mother's lip quivered. Gerald whistled a long whistle.



The futility of blind conservatism soon became apparent to Gerald. He had violent arguments with his father who was a staunch Rotarian. All that class could do was meet once a week and eat breaded lamb chops and listen to talks by bank presidents. Gerald joined the campus liberals and passed out pamphlets to unenlightened classmates.



Gerald came to realize that life was not for only crude and mundane things. He awakened the slumbering artist in his soul. He pitied the squalid rabble that seethed around him. No brains. He wrote surrealistic poetry with cosmic implications. It flamed with the light of infinite truth. It shone with radiant beauty. So few understood it. Poor fools.



At a quaint home-town party the program consisted of asinine chatter and moronic quiz games. The rubes slobbered over sweet cider and doughnuts. Lord, what provincialism. Didn't the idiots have any feeling for finer things? Gerald stayed for an hour or so, yawning and examining his well-manicured nails and sensitive hands.



When Margaret feigned saccharine cordiality and clung to his arm, Gerald was sickened. He had stopped writing to her weeks ago. He wondered how he ever was able to think he had anything in common with her. A swift, subtle brush-off ended that farce. Gerald longed for gorgeous, intelligent college women. They understood him. They knew Life.



His parents treated him like a child. His mother yapped at him for taking the car and staying out with Torchy Peters until four A. M. What did she think Torchy Peters was, anyhow? Gerald told her that it wouldn't be too hard for him to clear out and go on his own. She kept quiet after that, you can bet.



Before he went back he met his high school history teacher. The old guy was dull, old-fashioned, and simple, but a good hearted soul. Gerald was glad to give him fresh bits of knowledge. "Foremost historians now agree . . ."

Suddenly he noticed the old pedant was smiling, a strange faint flickering smile. Gerald was shaken. He was furious. And strangely confused.



Gerald hitch-hiked back to school. All along the way he wondered about himself. Am I really the creature I've tried to make myself, he mused. He felt miserable and alone. He was thoughtful and sad. It was getting late and the sun was beginning to set. Gerald stood by the side of the road and waited for a ride. And he cried like a little boy.

—R. H.

How To, Etc.

LEOPE were looking at him again! You'd think he was a professor—or some other sort of freak. He clenched his little fists. Here it was, his first day in school. Or was he in a nudist camp! It seemed all he had on him were a million eyes. Ah, would that this too, too cruel world would melt! Or as the bard would say, "We gotta get outa this hole, moldy." Few things give one as empty a feeling as

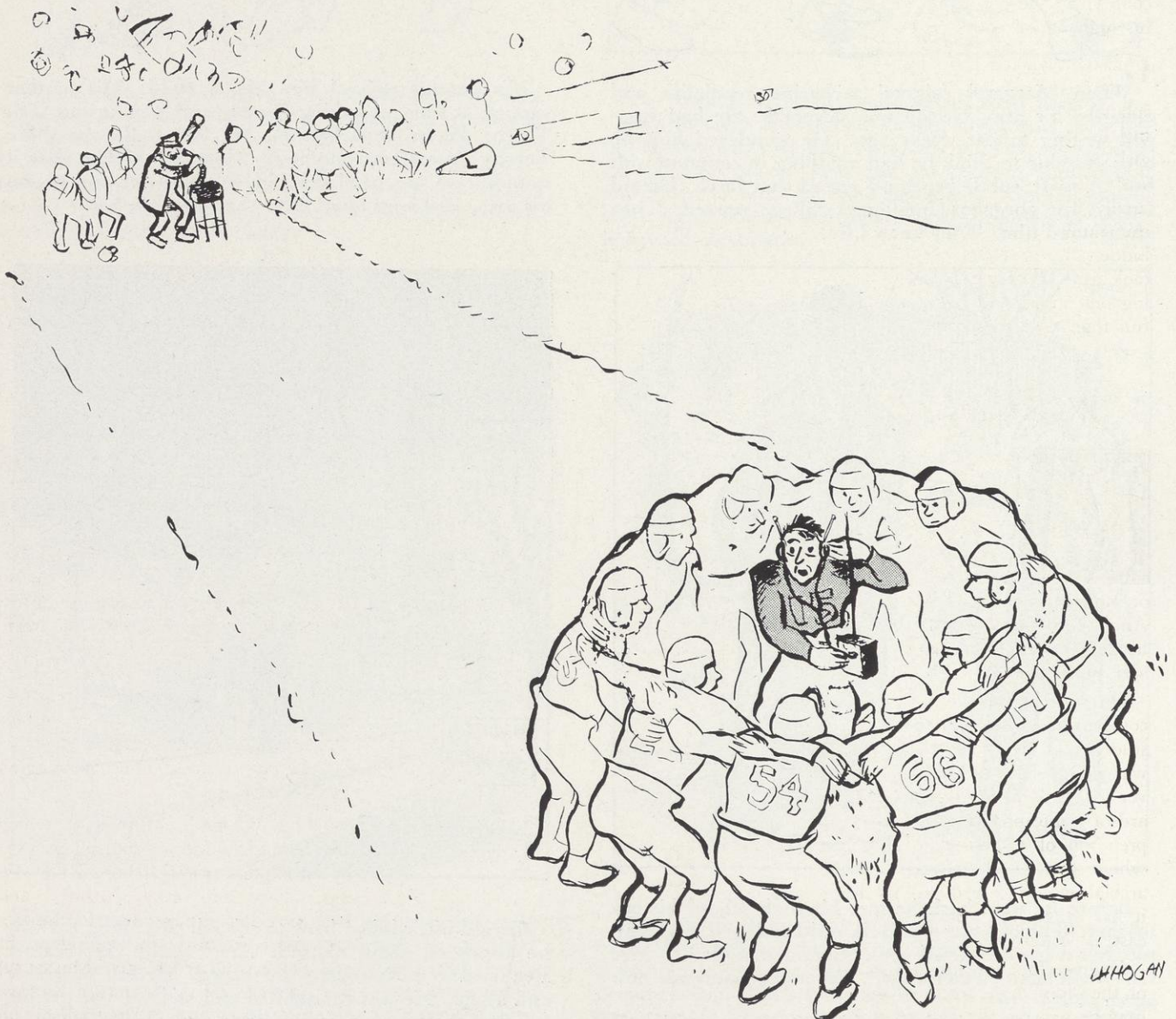
a hole.

Have you ever been lost for days in a vacuum cleaner? Then you can appreciate how Gerald felt. Back home he had never had to take care of himself. There were always millions of Boy Scouts jumping at him, pushing him through the hardest traffic jams, brushing his teeth, combing his wallet, and washing his windshield. Now he was on his own, and it was pretty lonely.

He sat in the Union lounge, buried under a pile of cushions he had been pushed into. He swam to the surface and tossed several glances about the

room. So many people throwing newspapers around—and he was alone. No one to straighten his tie or to tell him that he had forgotten to wear one that day. No one to stroke his pimpled forehead and tell him that the future was worth the present. Take that lovely girl over there. Ah, who wouldn't take her! But she wouldn't even look at Gerald. He was a freshman.

His pores opened all of a sudden and sluiced cold water down his spine. Black clouds moved in on him from the corners of the room. He felt like writing poetry. So this was loneliness! Should he run out into Lake Mendota?



"He says it's high time for an end run."

Or go to his chemistry lecture? Gerald didn't know. There had to be a way out: what would Lincoln have done? Why bring him up?

Suddenly he rose and threw out his stomach determinedly. A page boy was strolling along the other side of the room; his head turned slightly. Gerald smiled his Sunday best and nodded. There! — And there! The page boy smiled back and came walking toward him. Time held its breath. Closer—closer—closer . . . and past! Gerald swung about, tripping on the rug, and beheld the culprit standing over that lovely girl. The two of them were defying him. The whole world hated him. They had drawn a magic circle around him to cut him off from his fellow men—and women. Well, two could play the game. He remembered his high school course in yoga.

GERALD walked over to the boy, tapped him on the shoulder, and splattered him on the ceiling. Delighting in the horror-stricken cry of the girl, he wagged his tail, grinned hideously from beneath the carpet, and finally flew out through the window, munching carefully on the glass. Safely hidden in the mists over Bascom, he took time to kick himself for not having practiced yoga sooner. It was more fun than eating peanut brittle.

—L. C.

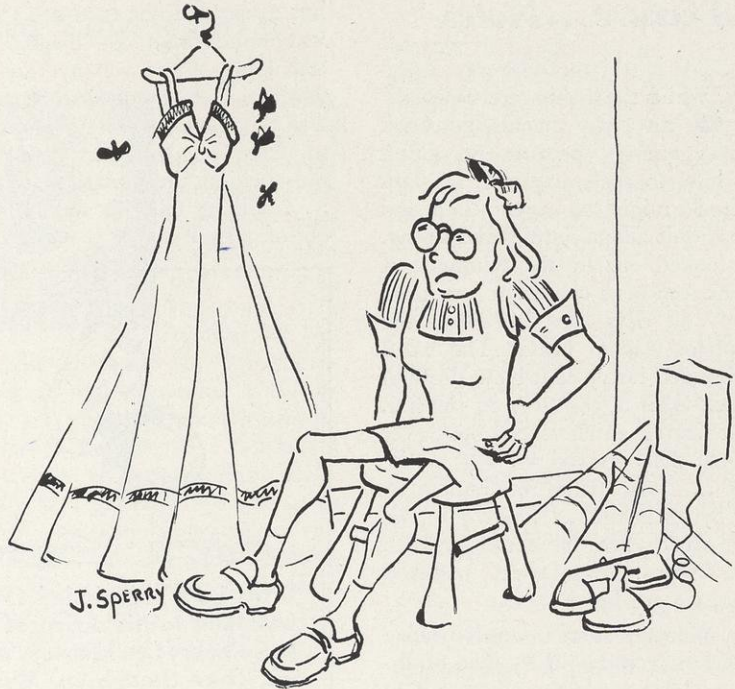
Who Built That?



ANY, many students have questioned us about the architecture of the various buildings on the campus. "What kind of mess is that?" they ask, or sometimes simply, "What the hell?" And their queries shall not go unheeded, for each building has a long and unbelievably dull history.

On first approaching the Hill you come to Science hall, known to loving students as The Tombs. Science hall was designed by a passing old-clothes vendor. It is his interpretation of Richardson's interpretation of Glotz's interpretation of Romanesque architecture, which was never invented. With its arched windows and crumbling steps it has drawn art students from as far east as Watertown.

Engineering building is on the site of the old Union, traces of which still may be seen on the flagged walk leading up to the door. It was designed and built by three Freshman engineers,



and is remarkable for its complete lack of any foundation.

There is an uninteresting anecdote connected with North and South halls, which are excellent examples of Georgian, or pre-Mesozoic, architecture. Two English History professors, who were out drinking one night, got the idea for the buildings from a crumpled coke straw. Giggling hysterically, they quickly drew up the preliminary plans and, by dint of working all night, finished the building by dawn. North hall was torn down three years ago. The School of Journalism is now paid two thousand dollars a year and a big kiss to inhabit South hall. Dean Selery's office is still located on the ground floor because the Dean has formed a sentimental attachment for the building, having been born there.

The "Queen of the Campus," Bascom hall, is in early Romanesque style,



except for the Reading room, which is completely modernistic. The main portion of the building was erected in 1834, and later torn down to be replaced by Bascom theater and the Advanced Standing committee. The right and left wings of the building were added on at intervals, very sloppily. During the Civil war the hall served as headquarters for the Jim Dandy Incendiary Bomb company.

BIOLOGY building was endowed by Frederic Blivis, a famous alumnus, who at one time held the SAE three-way beer drinking medal. Trailing ivy and rambler roses give it a quaint, nauseating air. Farther down the hill is the Law school, which is known among students of architecture as "The Great Mistake." It is completely hopeless as a building, and is now used for storing nuts and apples. The recently added Law library was proclaimed by President Roosevelt as, "The finest example extant of what can happen to an architect on a rainy Sunday afternoon."

Last and least is Music hall, which was left at the foot of the hill in 1863 by an express truck. It bore a tag saying, "Love and xxxx, Arthur," and had six cents postage due. In the late nineteenth century the president of the University tried to give Music hall to Lawrence college in return for two reading lamps and a Journalism instructor, but the transaction was never completed.

—I. T.

Lecture...Notes

"... The latter are, to be sure, involuntary, while the habits are aquired." He made an entry in his notebook and was amused because he didn't know how to spell acquired. Perhaps "achored" might be right? Too bad people didn't adopt simplified spelling.

He looked out of the windows at the dark, ominous clouds. It was hard to study on days like this when the atmosphere was so heavy. The wind even sounded heavy as it blew through the black arms of the trees on the hill. As if it heaved an enormous bulk over the crest, then relaxed, to roll to the bottom... to send the few remaining leaves flying before... down to the prosaic street where he would go soon. To the library! John Dewey, required reading, we are here!

"... We may borrow words from a context less technical than that of Biology..." He made a motion as if to write, then realized there had been nothing said; nothing of note, that is. There was that blonde looking at him again. Nice kid.

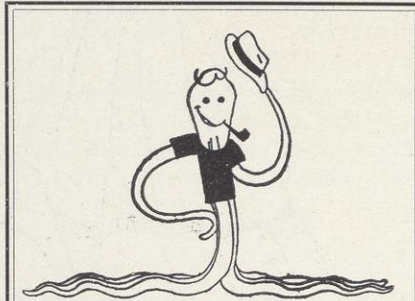
ABOUT Audrey, he thought, too bad she had to be so popular. He wanted her for himself. The prof had said something about self-interest with gratification proceeding along the lines of least effort. That was the way he felt about Audrey. Funny how things tied up. He was an "economic man" emotionally. It didn't make much difference that they had agreed between them that neither was going to marry until they were, at least, 23 years old. Let's see, that was just 4 years to go. He could wait. He looked up and caught the blonde staring at him again. She flushed, looked away hurriedly... Good, he decided, a little decorum went a long way where it was scarce... like on the campus.

"... In morals we are, however, quite accustomed to such a fatuity." Morals, mundane, myopic, morbid... why didn't someone write a poem with those words? Gertrude Stein didn't make as much sense as those words, the way they stood.

Gad but the time was going slowly. If only the damned air wasn't so heavy. He could feel its pressure inside his skull, restricting thought, impending sensation, static reception. He opened his textbook because his professor said to look on page 186; then he closed it, having looked on page 186.

"... Causes for an act always exist,

but causes are not excuses..." There was some room for dispute in that statement. When you make an excuse you say, "I did so and so because..." and then you tell why you did so and so. Like the time his father caught him behind the garage... smoking... and he told his father he did it out of curiosity. Gee, it was funny how



With joy unbounded OCTY welcomes to his Board of Editors Robert Lee Hanson, a junior, from Stoughton, Wisconsin. Bob is a writer and has done some mighty fine things for Octy. We're proud of him and love him very much.

you could think these things out so clearly in class, then when you had an examination on it, you didn't know what to write. That was poetic justice.

THAT blonde again... if she wanted to flirt, all right. Not half bad either. He looked at her eyes impulsively,

then weakened and looked away. Perhaps she didn't mean him; perhaps he had spots on his tie or something. Hell, if it was spots, she'd not have smiled like she did. He grinned at her while his liver, or something, did things about half-way up inside him. She smiled back and he wondered about her liver. Silly how these things started. He'd look on the seating chart, maybe call her up. She'd not look bad in a formal. Next Wednesday, he'd see her. No hurry!

Cripes! He'd forgot about making up that incomplete he got last year. That meant more study and he already had 16 credits to carry. No more women for him! Too busy! His father'd said he'd better make a good grade this year. All right, he'd make it. It was a good thing his father understood him.

He started stacking his books to leave. Just ten minutes left in the lecture... he'd stop at the office and ask about removing that conditional, then to the library.

It had started spitting snow outside. The first snow of the season; and a queer elation, a second cousin to the liver sensation, came over him. It was all right! The campus, the professor, the snow, books, atmosphere, everything... and the blonde... were all right. To snow. I snow, you snow, we snow; that was how crazy he felt inside. November snow fall and the usual feature articles in the campus

Why I Am So Wise

DOUGHERTY's *Labor Problems*, pub. Houghton Mifflin Co.,
Made your correspondent probe the status quo.

V. Sheean's *Personal History* of a dilettante

Made y'r o'b't s'v't fierce and militant.

Street Scene, Winterset, and Liliom

Eventually led to Shakespeare, William.

I'll deck John Dewey's head with laurels

For showing the social genesis of morals;

Though I learned from the works of Friedrich Nietzsche

Not to believe all the empiricists teachya.

Now Carlyle, Milton, M. S. Rukeyser,

Virgil, Dante, Victor Heiser,

Descartes, Froissart, Holinshed—

These are the guys I've never read.

—L. S.

publications as new column editors wrote what dozens of precedents wrote before them in different words, sometimes . . . that is, sometimes there were different words.

" . . . so as to improve conditions," the prof said, "that's all and I'll see you next Wednesday." Good! The old duck was letting them out five minutes early. A sky-rocket! Nice fellow . . . must speak to him some time. Good lecturer too.

He pushed slowly up the aisle . . . behind the blonde.

—J. R.

Do you smoke?
 No, I don't smoke.
 Do you drink?
 No, I don't drink.
 Do you neck?
 No, I don't neck.
 Well, what do you do?
 I tell lies.

The Lowest Form

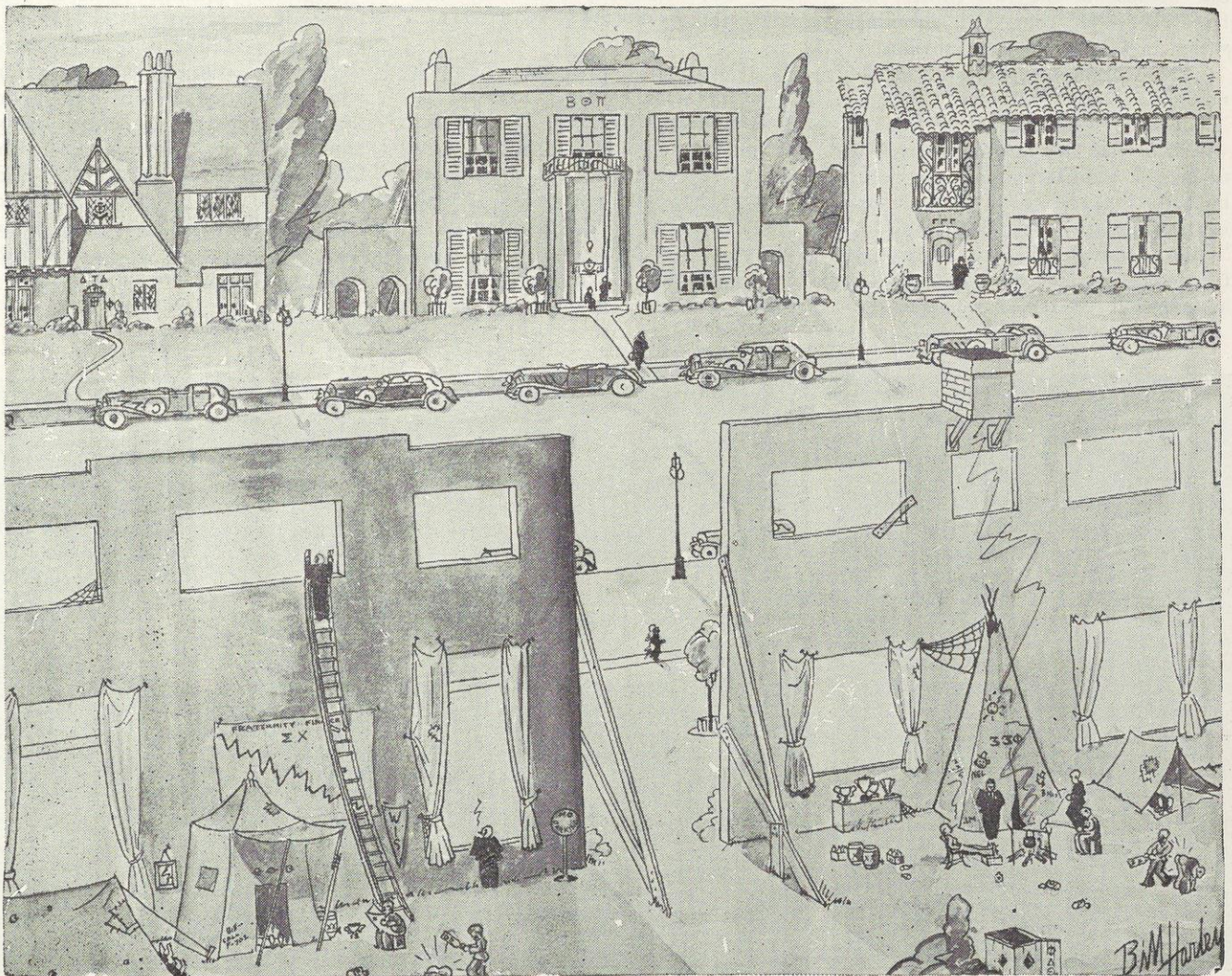


Hi, so ya thinks that punning is the lowest form of humor, do ya? Well, what I really oughta do is ta part your hair wit a baseball bat, but seeing how ya looks as if ya didn't have enough brains to come in out of da rain, you probably don't know no better den to say dat, so I thinks I'll give you some education instead. Really, buddy, this punning business gives out with some pretty high-class humor. No, no, you dope, Humor ain't the guy who wrote those Greek plays called the Idiot and the Idiocy. You must be thinking of two other wres-tlers.

I suppose you're thinking that just because I happen to go in for this punny stuff so much, I can't speak any woids over two sylabes an' know what they mean. Well, you're wrong, brother, dead wrong. I can go in for this literary stuff as well as the next guy can, and just to prove it—if you'll pull up a chair—I'll give you a lesson in da stuff poisonally.

But foist I gotta get dressed to fit da part of a professor, so if you'll pardon me, I'll put on my glad rags—me sarong and me mortar board. You see, dopie, there's really nothing sarong about wearing one, except that I have a face that only a mortar could love. Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, Aw-right, don't laugh, and see if I give a damn.

You can shut that lousy face of yours now, because I'm gonna get real serious and dignified and tell you



THE TRUTH ABOUT FRATERNITIES

everything about punning.

All puns may be divided into one of two great categories: direct or indirect. That's a very profound statement if I do say so myself. A direct pun is achieved directly from the word in question. An example of this form might be found by dividing up a longer word into two or more parts so as to imply an entirely different meaning. Take, for example, the none-too-brilliant utterance, "I can row a boat. Can-oo?" This makes itself so obvious as not to necessitate any explanation. But when we take your stupidity into consideration, we'll have to say that the words "boat" and "canoe" are practically synonymous. But by inserting a slight pause between the two syllables, we arrive at what is immediately taken to be a slightly out-of-bounds version of "can you?" "Can you?" is, of course, in reference to the statement "I can . . ." Therefore, "can-oo?" succeeds in imparting a punch line because of the two entirely different, but yet connected, meanings which make themselves so obvious.

Okay, schlimeel, suppose you try one now. Take a word—let's make it "fluorescent"—and see if you can divide it up into two or more parts so as to give it a different meaning. Seemingly the best place to divide the word is between the "r" and the "e." "Fluor" immediately is suggestive of the noun "floor" as the pronunciations are identical. "Escent" has a vague sim-



ilarity to the verb "hasn't." By putting these together we find that "this fluorescent been swept in three weeks." You see, screwball, how easy this whole thing works.

It is frequently advisable to base a pun on some well-known, commonplace phrase or maxim. This enables the punster to employ a greater use of imagination in his lines as the listener is doubtlessly sufficiently familiar with the phrase so as to be able to recognize it even with slight variations. This brings to mind Chico Marx's famous usage of the word "insomnia." Ac-

ording to Chico, you can fool all of the people insomnia the time and insomnia the people all . . .

Gagsters frequently resort to creating a situation just for the chance to get one good line across. The other day a radio comic told about a man who had buried a light bulb underneath the snow and ice and then went around singing "Mazda's in de Col', Col' Groun'." Another self-styled laugh provoker told about a recent fire down at the ice house. This was to enable him to introduce the next musical number: "Smoke Gets in the Ice."

Then there's that type (or tripe) of



"Wow, what an exam—"



"I need a drink—"



"But, quick—"

abstract pun that can be used to fumigate a house because it features such nonconsequentials as:

A. My wife went to the West Indies.
B. Jamaica?

A. No, she went of her own accord. And now, dopie, if you'll be kind enough to wake up from that nap, I'll go on an' talk about the indirect type of pun. This is based on something suggestive of, but not derived from, the original word. For example, take the word "butcher shop" and see how many puns can be made on words connected with it:

1. Butcher arms around me, honey.
2. I never sausage an awful story.
3. Eat their meat and you'll be a martyr, because you'll probably die at the steak.
4. I know this is pretty hammy, but it'll bring home the bacon.
5. When Octy starts to run tripe like this, it looks like the wurst has come to the wurst.

See what you can do with the word "stone," nitwit, and try to avoid ending up on the rocks:

1. You can't take everything for granite.
2. Let's go behind that big rock and get a little boulder.

Well, I'm all through, buddy, and now won't you tell me that you'll admit to all the beauties of the pun. What? You say you still think that it's the lousiest kind of humor. Why, you &\$**"&fll)(*!!!!

—A. P.



"Ah!—"



Cossacks to Sing at Union Theater

THE original Don Cossack chorus of thirty-four singing giants of the Steppes, led by diminutive Serge Jaroff, returns to Madison this season for its fourth visit. The energetic little choirmaster, who fashioned a brilliant men's chorus from the prisoners of the Russian Revolution, has led the group in more than four thousand performances all over the world. Its inex-

haustable repertory includes the sonorous liturgies of the Russian Orthodox church, folk melodies, and wild cossack soldier songs, accompanied with dances.

The chorus will appear at the Wisconsin Union Theater, Wednesday and Thursday, October 29 and 30, at 8 p. m., under the auspices of the Union Concert Committee. Tickets are on sale at the Union Theater box office.

If the People Would Only Read

There was a young girl from Peru,
Who decided her loves were too few,
So she walked from her door,
With a fig-leaf, no more;
And now she's in bed with the flu.

Egotist—the boy friend who, when kissing his tomato, murmurs that he must be the second happiest person in the world.

The purple Emur is a bird,
The likes of which you've never heard,
For the only thing that loves an Emur
Is the sweetly-scented She-mur.

The chap who had joined the Nudist Club was telling about the first meeting. "They were all sensationally nude," he said, "even the butler who took my hat and stick." Asked how he knew it was the butler, the chap snapped, "Dammit, I knew it wasn't the maid!"

Patriotism is taking your arm from around your girl to clap as the United States cavalry gallops across the screen.

"You've got to hand it to me when it comes to necking."
"Lazy!"

The Man: I want a loaf of Mumsie's bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sanny Spread, Ole Mammy's Lasses, Orange Pully, a pound of Aunt Annie's sugar candy, Bitsey-Bite size.

The Clerk: Sorry. No Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsie-Toasties, Malty-Wheaties, Ricelets, or Eatum-Wheetums?

The Man: The Wheetums, then.

The Clerk: Anything else? Tootsies, Tattery Chips, Cheesie Weesies, Gingle Bits, Itsey Cakes, Sweetsie Too-fums or Drama's Doughnies?

The Man (toddling towards the meat department): Dot to det some meat.

"Mamma, what becomes of a car when it gets too old to run?"

"Somebody sells it to your father."

Freshman—How about a date tonight?

Coed—I can't go out with a baby.

Freshman—Oh, excuse me—I didn't know.

Words
From birds
Are seldom heard;
Unless I've erred.

QUO VADIS?



To the Theater, of course!
To see, in good time—

- Pursuit of Happiness
Oct. 21, 22, 23, and 25
- John Gabriel Borkman
Nov. 12, 13, 14, 15
- Knickerbocker Holiday
Dec. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13
- A Journey to Jerusalem
Mar. 3, 4, 5, 6
- Hippolytus and the Apothecary
Mar. 25, 26, 27, 28
- Libel
April 8, 9, 10, 11
- George Washington Slept Here
May 15, 16, 23

SEASON BOOKS . . . \$2.75 with tax
6 tickets, good in any number for any show. \$1.65 with tax (students only)

WISCONSIN UNION THEATER

According to the Records

(Continued from Page 4)

JIMMY DORSEY

Three recent releases by J. Dorsey merit your consideration. It's a toss-up as to which is the best so you can make your own choice. *Jim*, a dramatic composition, is teamed with *A New Shade of Blue*, which is noteworthy. *Moonlight Masquerade* and *Wasn't It You* make a nice buy. If you haven't them already don't overlook Jimmy Dorsey's waxing of *Maria Elena*, with *Green Eyes* on the reverse. *Decca*.

STOMPING ROOM ONLY

Henry Busse and the boys beat this one out in an impressive style. It's fast and tuneful all the way with dandy instrumental work at every turn. *The Lady in Red* features Busse with his trumpet and is neatly done. *Decca*.

BISHOP'S BLUES

If you like jive this is your dish. Woody Herman pound-ing it out and solid stuff you can bet. Flop the disc and you're *Woodsheddin' With Woody*, a unique experience to say the least. *Decca*.

WHY DON'T WE DO THIS MORE OFTEN

It's music in the Morgan manner this time with Russ Morgan himself on the vocal. We noted a marked similarity with the late Bonnie Baker's singing in Morgan's crooning but still the result is good. The second side, *You're a Natural*, is on the sweet side and plenty good for our dough. *Decca*.

DO YOU CARE?

Bob Crosby and the Bob-O-Links warble this one and the product has virtue. As usual the instrumental work in the gaps is first rate. An excellent dance record we think. Liz Tilton on the B side does fine with her query, *Will You Still Be Mine?* *Decca*.

SWEETHEARTS OR STRANGERS

Cripes! This is good! Connie Boswell has always been tops with us and this sort of thing is usual for her but it is mighty pleasant music to our ears. *I'll Keep On Loving You* on the B side is also good listening. *Decca*.

THE BOOGLIE WOOLIE PIGGY

Is a piece of novelty corn that gets by only because the Andrews Sisters are at the controls. The reverse, *The Nickel Serenade*, is nice as far as the best goes but seems to be a rather awkward arrangement for the Sisters for they are not up to par with it. *Decca*.
—E. M.

FELT HATS
SUEDE HATS

THE HAT BOX

CASUALS
FOOTBALL COLORS

MIFFLIN AT CARROLL

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 Louise R. DeGroot, 205 S. Mills St. Louise submitted this howler.—

It's the girdle manufacturer who lives off the fat of the land.

Congratulations Miss DeGroot

Then there was the girl fiddler who kissed her violin goodnight and took her bow to bed with her.

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the professor as he erased the board.

Removing his shoes, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered, and closed it after him without being detected. Just as he was about to get into bed, his wife half aroused from slumber, turned and sleepily said, "Is that you, Fido?"

The husband, relating the rest of the story said: "For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."

"Are you a member of a college crew?"

"No!"

"Then stop stroking me."

McPherson joined a golf club and was told by the professional that if his name was on his golf balls and they were lost they would be returned to him when found.

"Good," said McPherson. "Put my name on this ball."

The pro did so.

"Would you also put M.D. after it?" said the new member. "I'm a doctor."

The pro obeyed.

"There's just one more thing," went on the new player. "Can ye squeeze on also, 'Hours, 10 to 3'?"

She: "Did I ever show you the place where I hurt my hip?"

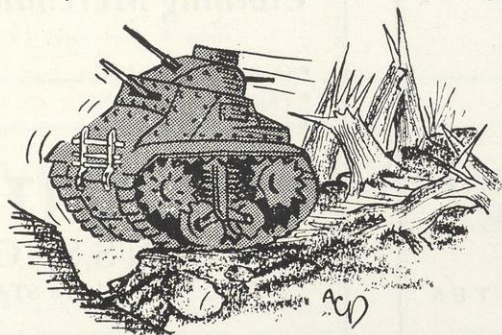
He: "N-no."

She: "All right, we'll drive over by there."

Mrs. Easley—"I'm going to enter my dog in the show this year."

Mrs. Harder—"Do you think he will win?"

Mrs. Easley—"No, but he will meet some nice dogs."



Every place that Mary goes
 She hands out Cryst-O-Mints;
 Now she has so many beaux
 She really should be quints.



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

Welcome Home



FRED

*Greets all his Old Friends
 ... as well as new.*

WIN, LOSE, DRAW
 Draw One at Fred's

LOHMAIER'S

address . . . you know where 'tis

"The most informal formal of the year"

DON'T "CUT" H

CABARET STYLE—NO CORSAGES

THANKS

"Not Malt, Not Rum, Not Wine, Not Nuts,

So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"

6137 No. Meridian St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
June 27, 1941

Larus & Bro., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it is tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

NOTE: Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

—SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)—

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

Name _____
(Please print your name and address clearly.)

Address _____

City or Town _____

State _____

"A burglar broke into our sorority house last night."

"What did he get?"

"Practice."

Old Maid: "I'm going to end it all."

Second Old Maid: "Why?"

Old Maid: "Oh, the utter youthlessness of my existence."

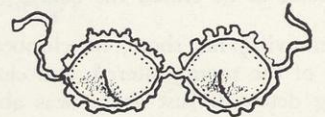
A cute young thing walked into a dress shop and asked to see some silk dresses. The saleslady tried to convince her that she should buy a wool dress, but to no avail. Finally she asked:

"But why do you insist on a silk dress?"

"I'm tired of having the wool pulled over my eyes!"

"Yes, my constituents," said the Senator in his pre-election speech. "There is no difficulty in this world so great that it cannot be overcome."

"No!" came a voice from the crowd. "Didja ever try lighting a match on a cake of soap?"



A balky mule has four-wheel brakes,
A billy goat has bumpers;
The firefly has a bright spotlight,
Rabbits are puddle-jumpers;
Camels have balloon-tired feet,
And carry spare of what they eat;
But still I think that nothing beats
The kangaroos with rumble seats.

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670 STATE

HARESFOOT FOLLIES

Badger Beauties Introduced
TYPICAL HARESFOOT FLOORSHOW

O.K. — So It's Homecoming

THE Committee for putting together homecoming
Has been slumming
With the result that a time saving device
Has been discovered for vice
To fall in line with modern times and Farrel
We're holding homecoming in an old beer barrel.

THIS may seem rather humorous
Or cause parents to fume at us
But their fumes will be like a carrol
Compared to what comes out of an old beer barrel.

BESIDES doing away with wasted time
This is sure to put Wisconsin in the lime
Light—for it's a certainty I'll bet
Other schools haven't as yet
And won't this year
Save time by having the party *in* beer.

AS COMMENT on this latest suggestion
This latest remark is prepared for digestion
For homecoming like this a student must roam
It's a cinch it could never be done at home.

—B. G.

Wisconsin Players

Better not miss the Wisconsin Players production, *The Pursuit of Happiness*, which will be presented in the Union Theater October 21, 22, 23 and 25 at 8 p. m.
The play will be directed by Russell Lane.

The Indians known as the Sioux
Spent oodles of time pitching wioux
Extra-marital tie
Were praised to the skies.
And nothing was ever tabioux.

•
“Well, how was the burlesque dance?”
“Abdominal!”

•
Ed: I know a good joke about crude oil.
Johnny: Spring it.
Ed: It's not refined.

•
English Prof.: “Give me an example of a paradox.”
Someone: “Two M.D.'s.”

For . . .

Sunday Afternoon

DANCING, 3 to 6

AT THE

FRENCH VILLA

END OF SOUTH PARK

FAIRCHILD 3175

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PROM THINGS READY

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VIENNA FRENCH PASTRY SHOP . . .

FOR HOMECOMING . . .

Old-Fashioned Beer Pretzels

• TEA COOKIES

• BUTTER WAFERS

• F. 158

• 334 STATE STREET

To What Length Does a Smart Coat Go?



A few years back when Uncle Jim was in school—suit jackets were short and topcoats long. Now they are stretching the suit coats and shrinking the toppers. But whatever the correct lengths of coats may be, you'll find them here in our

SUITS

Coverts — Tweeds — Worsteds

\$35

TOPCOATS

Coverts — Cheviots — Tweeds

\$29.50

Sport Coats . \$15 and \$16.50

KARSTENS

ON CAPITOL SQUARE

22 NORTH CARROLL

We Hope This Haunts You!



We're Haunting Too



HAUNTING

for

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Now . . . 10 Issues for \$1.00

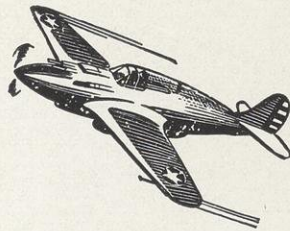
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FLYING HIGH

YOU CAN

*. . . in a 21 Passenger
Luxury Liner*

● MINNEAPOLIS



● MADISON

If You Subscribe to the BADGER

Friday night, November 15, the night of the big pep rally preceding the Purdue game, may be the biggest in your life. Three 1942 BADGER subscription stubs will be drawn to determine these three lucky winners.

1ST PRIZE: Two round trip airline tickets to Minneapolis AND two 50 yard line seats at the Minnesota-Wisconsin football game on Nov. 22.

2ND PRIZE: Two 50 yard line seats at the Minnesota-Wisconsin game.

3RD PRIZE: One 50 yard line seat at the game.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS: *Reserve a copy of the 1942 WISCONSIN BADGER before the drawing.*

\$1.00 down reserves your copy. \$3.00 pays in full.

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than the average of the 4 other largest-selling
cigarettes tested—less than any of them—
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of the smoke itself! The *smoke's* the thing!

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COSTLIER
TOBACCOS



First on Land and Sea!

Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard
...yes, it's *Camels* with the men in the
service. And with the millions of others
who stand behind them, too. For Camel
is America's favorite.

Join up with that ever-growing army
of Camel fans now. Enjoy the cool,
flavorful taste of Camel's costlier tobac-
cos. Enjoy smoking pleasure at its best
—extra mildness with less nicotine in
the smoke (*see left*).

SEND HIM A CARTON OF CAMELS TODAY. For
that chap in O. D. or blue who's waiting to
hear from you, why not send him a carton
or two of Camels today? He'll appreciate
your picking the brand that the men in the
service prefer...Camels. Remember—send
him a carton of Camels today.

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average
of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—
slower than any of them—Camels also give
you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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