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THE WISCONSIN DOCTOPUS



● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

"SOLD AMERICAN"

MEANS FINE TOBACCO FOR LUCKIES

F. E. McLAUGHLIN, auctioneer, has been "in tobacco" for 13 years. He says: "I've never yet seen Luckies buy anything but the best tobacco ...so I've smoked them since 1928."

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

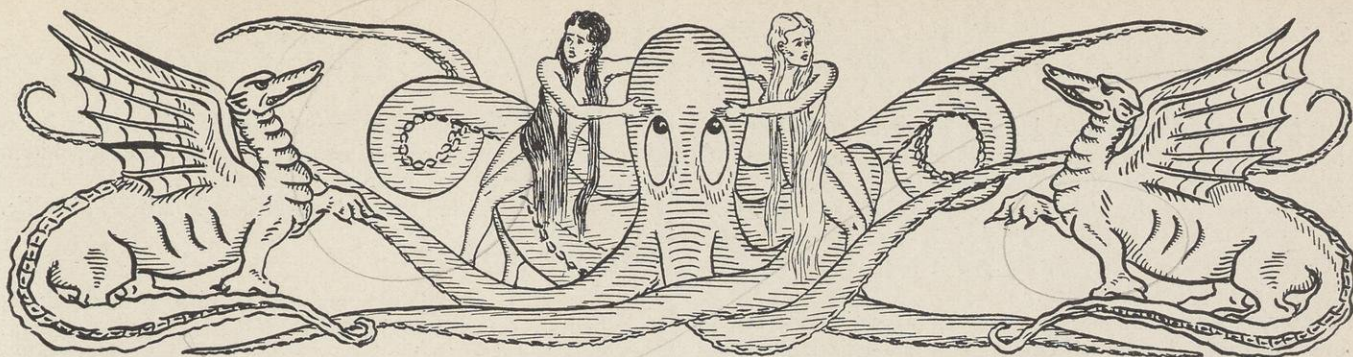
RECENT tobacco crops have been outstanding in quality. New methods, developed by the United States Government, have helped the farmer grow finer tobacco. As *independent* experts point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Thoroughly aged, these fine tobaccos are now ready for you. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week and know why ...

**With Men Who
Know Tobacco Best-
It's Luckies 2 to 1**

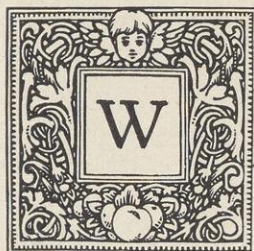
*Easy on Your Throat-
Because "IT'S TOASTED"*

Copyright 1959, The American Tobacco Company





THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



WHEN Mr. Robert P. Tristram Coffin, who won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1936 with his "Strange Holiness," spoke in Great Hall, we were right there in our favorite seat among the reading-club ladies with their pinch-nose glasses and pleasant odors. Professor Weaver, of the Speech Department,

gave the usual, long, dull, smiling introduction about how Mr. Coffin had "set sail on many a quest after beauty and had returned often with rich cargoes." But Mr. Coffin broke the ice by crawling around the stage to fix the wiring of the little reading lamp on the lecture stand. "Only Mr. Coffin could fix it!" one of the ladies piped.

Mr. Coffin's talk went very well, except for the band music outside that almost drowned him out now and then. When he had concluded, a little flock of ladies fluttered around him, holding out books to be autographed—if we may go as far as to mix a metaphor slightly, in writing of Mr. Coffin.

We jotted down a few of the things the ladies said. "This is Miss Cheney," a self-chosen go-between announced to Mr. Coffin. "She writes very nice poetry too, so . . ." There she broke off, as Mr. Coffin shook the young lady's hand. She said, "As you spoke, I kept thinking, 'He must be very fond of couplets.' Are you fond of couplets, Mr. Coffin?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I fell in love with the couplet long ago—when I was teaching Chaucer."

"I write a lot, too!" a middle-aged woman declared. "And what you just said to her about couplets interests me very much. You know, I write a great deal more often in couplets now, too, and I will always think of you!" Mr. Coffin smiled at the tribute, turning his ear to another lady who was comparing Maine barns and "our barn—with its cattle and pigs all on one side." When she had finished, this one made a very pretty curtsy for Mr. Coffin, and dashed off.

A lady of forty or so came up to say, "I enjoyed your talk very much. I've heard you before, in Schenectady and over the radio. I waited *so long* this afternoon for you to read that last poem again."

That was one of the two times when Mr. Coffin looked sour. The other was when a woman cried, "We always read your poems in the American Girl!"

Mr. Coffin grunted, looked down, and mumbled something about, "My daughter makes me . . ." But we smiled tolerantly, thinking that some day we, too, might have to write potboilers.

When Can We Get Together?

Last month we announced the finding of a fragment of a song called "Thunderstruck" scribbled on a 3x5 card. We

printed the words and advertised for the author. Not only did the author turn up—we can't divulge his name—but one day in the mail we received an envelope, mailed from Chicago, containing our song, all set to music. We played it, and it played all right. But the writer of the letter was anonymous. And now it turns out that the original author, the fellow who wrote the lyrics, had a tune in mind all along—something Cole Porterish. We don't know which we prefer. We do, however, wish to get in touch with the Chicago fellow. Will he please drop us a note?

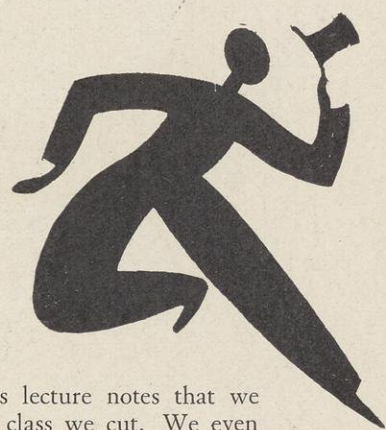
In the meantime we're perfectly willing to turn the whole matter over to Haresfoot, which perhaps can make better use of it than we. Much obliged, anyhow.

Fond Dream

If you hurry, you can still verify this notice we found tacked on the Bascom Hall bulletin board:

Boy's Room
412 N. Frances
½ double room
ideal room-mate

We could just see the ideal room-mate tacking this notice up, his pockets jingling with half-dollars he will gladly lend you tonight, his tan brogans just what you need to go with that tweed of yours, his face sweet and smiling—just the type you need to fix you up with good double dates. We followed him, with our mind's eye, as he hurried home after school. We saw him sit down to his typewriter, get all his work done by dinner time, so he would not annoy you by banging his machine while you tried to study. We watched him read through his lecture notes that we could borrow for the class we cut. We even told him a joke, and it warmed our heart when he roared at it. Yes, it is wonderful to be an ideal room-mate; we wish like anything we hadn't signed our lease for a whole semester.



Spring and Kites in the Air

With spring in the air, every small boy in town, it seems, has a kite and is sailing it. We saw one lad in Vilas Park who had even coaxed his father to "show him how." Father took the string, toyed with it for a moment, and then set

out for dear life across field, keeping one eye on the kite behind him as he ran—until klunk! He ran smack into a young oak tree. It must not have hurt him, but imagine his feelings in seeing the kite rise up and up—he had let go of the string—up over Lake Wingra. It was a better than average kite, too. They finally got it back when it came down over in the arboretum.

Still on the subject of kites, we saw a particularly fancy one the other day with "Uncle Sam" and his picture all over it in red and blue. We thought, "Hmmm, irony. Probably made in Japan . . . or Germany." It wasn't flying very well, and as we watched it, it came to the ground. We hurried out to take a look at it. Fascist? No, sir. This splendid kite was made in Decatur, Illinois.

Fascist Penetration—Or Something

Somebody has probably snatched it down by now, but a few days ago you could have learned the time and nature of the programs sent to America from Germany, through a very complete radio guide posted on the German department bulletin board in Bascom Hall. Yes, there were several Economic and Cultural Talks scheduled. Oh, yes, we realize the purpose of the guide and the programs were merely educational.

Method

We felt like playing tennis one afternoon and fortunately ran into an acquaintance who had two rackets with him. He asked if we'd like to play, and we said yes. Struck by a sudden thought, we asked, "Say, do you have a ball?" He said no. "But how are we going to play without a ball?" we asked.

"It's simple," he said. "We go out to those tennis courts

out by the dorms. Then we sit down behind that back-board people practice against. As soon as somebody hits a ball over it, we pick it up and start playing."

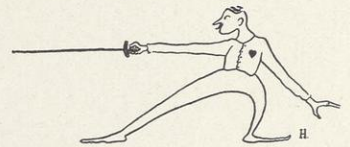
Later he admitted that he's never bought a ball in his life.

Niebelungen Dept.

In the classics department of Minshell's Book Store, tucked in between "The Selected Letters of Cicero" and "Horace's Odes" is that famous *chef d'oeuvre*, "The Hand-Painted Chop Suey," by Mr. Roundy Coughlin, the Sage of Mendota. Cut out them there classics, Roundy.

Swipe

If you have been wondering why you liked "I Get Along Without You Very Well," as soon as you heard it, try comparing it to "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," that your Mama probably used to sing around the house. And if that doesn't satisfy you, try listening to Chopin's Fantasy Impromptu Number Four, Opus 50. We won't make any rash accusations; great minds often run in the same channels—or to the same composers.



Office Hours

It was one of these real balmy spring days. We were in Bascom hall and saw posted on an office door a little notice

Relax, Sister!

We'll solve your shopping problems

BURDICK & MURRAY CO.

on the Square at State Street

The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XX

APRIL, 1939

Number 8

Just can't be Weather-Beaten!

Just like
Betty Petty . . .
Old Golds love the
April Showers
For the bloom they
Give to May flowers.
But like smart Betty,
Old Golds are
Doubly Protected



from head to foot at
K A R S T E N S



You can outfit here completely and smartly at any cost that may appeal to you. But in any price range that you may choose you will be assured of the finest of qualities—the most correct of styles—and the best of values.

TOPCOATS	\$20.00 to \$35.00
SUITS	\$28.75 to \$50.00
HATS	\$4.00 to \$5.00
SHIRTS	\$2.00 to \$2.50
NECKWEAR	\$1.00 to \$2.50
HOSIERY	35c to \$1.00
OXFORDS	\$5.00 to \$11.00

When desired—we offer several
Budget Plans of Payment

K A R S T E N S

On Capitol Square

22 North Carroll



PLAY GOLF!

**WESTMORLAND
GOLF COURSE**

is now open

NINE HOLES 25c

EIGHTEEN HOLES 40c

20-ROUND BOOKS \$4.00

SEASON TICKET \$12.00

PLAY WESTMORLAND!

Speedway Road—3 Blocks West of the Municipal Course
FOR RESERVATIONS . PHONE GIFFORD 2933

which spoke for itself. It went something like this:

"It's too hot for conferences inside. I'm having them on Muir Knoll. Just walk out the front door of Bascom and turn to the left. Keep going and you'll get there."

Author! Author!

In these days of shoddy ethics, it is good to have before us the shining purity of the Haresfoot Club, whose new musical, "Annex Me Another," takes to the road during Easter vacation. Haresfoot uses the most honest method of choosing its annual play that we know of. Every fall authors are urged, through wide publicity, to submit manuscripts; these are kept for a while by the club to be read carefully by a committee of unbiased Haresfoot judges.

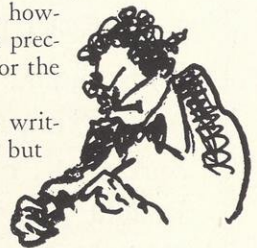
Then *all* the scripts are politely returned to their authors, and the winner is announced—only he is never one of those who ground out a script; he is a nice fellow who has won out because of good *character*. The *Cardinal* gets the announcement of the choice, and the winning playwright goes home to start writing his play.

In the old days, Mr. Howard Teichmann, who won three contests in a row, would at least turn in a title, and perhaps a page of rough dialogue (to be cut, when the real writing began). This year, however, Mr. Richard Kepler broke with precedent by not even turning in a title for the "judges."

Haresfoot shows are pretty much written on the run, and they sound it; but that's as it should be, we like to kid ourselves, as the emphasis has always been on singing, dancing, and the skits, rather than on dialogue and plot. We have a funny idea that the Haresfoot publicity man is not going to like this plug; but our soul's our own, even if our comps aren't.

Color Scheme

The lights at the place where we room have been going out quite frequently lately. Fuse after fuse is being blown. One night, after the lights had gone out twice, we waxed sore and set out to investigate. Moving from room to room, we finally came to one inhabited by a frightened looking little twerp. Almost immediately we noticed that there were two end-bared wires hanging down from the wall. Here's



the trouble, we decided. We turned to the boy, saying, "Don't you know that when the ends of those two wires touch, they blow out a fuse?"

The little twerp smiled, "Sure, I do, but I like to see the blue flash every time the wires touch."

Freedom of the Sexes

When we saw and heard Frankie Masters' orchestra some time ago, we were duly impressed by his vocalist, called Marion Frances, we believe. We were a bit taken aback when she suddenly thrust one hand down inside the side of her lavender skirt. It took us some time to realize that the skirt was equipped with slash pockets.

So now the time has come when a girl can walk around with her hands in her pockets just as boys with their mitts in their trouser pockets.

At least it solves the problem of what to do with one's hands.



Correction

Not that it matters any more, and not that any tragedies resulted, but the Co-op Calendar announced that matinee dances were to be held on *Sundays*, April 2 and 9. Our office shagger has informed us that matinee dances are held on *Saturday*; we said, "Oh."

SAVIDUSKY'S

... presents ...

NU-DYE

THE PERFECT DYEING

Let us re-dye your last year's garments to any of the new spring shades with our sensational NU-DYE process.

Absolutely no Shrinking or Damage to the Fabric. The possibilities for your spring wardrobe are unlimited.

MEN'S SUITS CLEANED - - - - \$1.00
LADIES' PLAIN DRESSES CLEANED - \$1.00

Remember that our prices on Standard cleaning are no higher than elsewhere

CALL BADGER 6086

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INCORPORATED

Main Office and Plant — 829 E. Washington Ave.
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"But, darling, you know
I don't like to be
interrupted, when I'm
studying!"

*Everything happens to girls
dressed by*

Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

*your spring evenings
inter-laced with charm*

flower-designed lace, crisp and billowing,
in catch-your-breath colors interprets the
light-hearted mood of gala spring evenings

\$14⁹⁵

Others
to
\$22.95



Baron's

on the Square

To Her Daughter

I HOPE she never knows the things I know
Nor thinks the thoughts that I have had to think
Nor ever travels on the roads I go
Nor drinks the stuff that I too often drink.

I hope she never learns the bitter taste
Of kisses without love to make them sweet
Nor wakes some day to find that she is faced
With men whose eyes she does not like to meet.

I hope she looks on life with clear insight
And sees unto the nearest inch the line
Dividing what is wrong from what is right—
But if she does, she'll be no child of mine!

—H. A. L.

In Memoriam

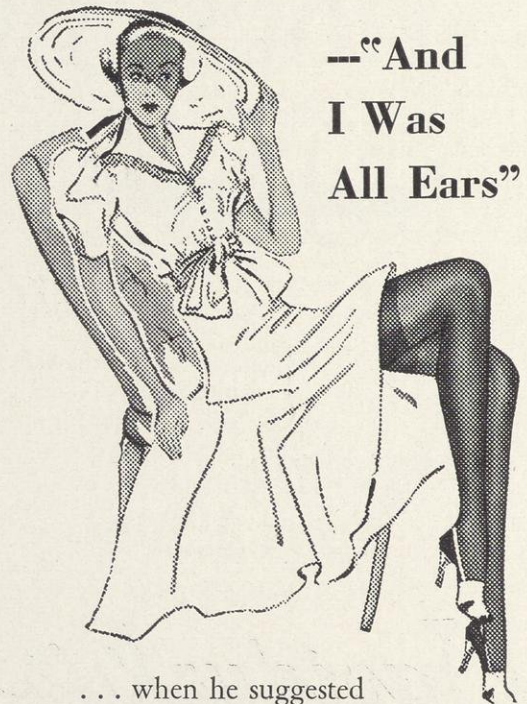
COME, sing a sad requiem today
For one whom I have laid away.

His days were numbered from the start—
His blood was chill, he had no heart;
And if he owned a soul at all
Methinks it was extremely small.

He sickened with the melting snow—
He hated the warm sun, I know.
The day that Spring arrived, he sighed:
"This is the end!"—and promptly died.

I'm in my present sad condition
Because I've buried my Ambition.

—R. NEPRUD



... when he suggested
the Chocolate Shop

548 STATE STREET

You are invited . . .

TO INSPECT THE NEW STORE

LOCATED AT

213 State Street

All the Spring Styles in

Men's Hats and Furnishings



If your husband ever falls for another woman, don't let the eternal triangle get you down. Falling for another man will square it.

—Punch Bowl

"Are you a good carpenter?"

"Sure."

"Well, how do you make a Venetian blind?"

"Stick your finger in his eye."

—Red Cat

I can't marry him, mother; he's an atheist and doesn't believe in Hell.

Marry him, my dear, and together we'll convince him he's wrong.

—Old Line

"It costs me \$5,000 a year to live."

"Don't pay it—it isn't worth it!"

—The Chomby

At a dinner recently, a man sitting next to a lady was, to say the least, inebriated. He leered at her and commented, "Shay, you're the homliest woman I've ever seen;"

With a show of spirit she replied, "Well, you're the drunkest man I've ever seen!"

"I know, madam," the souse answered, "but I'll get over that in the morning!"

—Pelican

So beautiful she seemed to me,
I wished that we might wed.
Her neck was just like ivory,
But alas! so was her head.

—Plagiarizer

Sign on the window of a washing machine establishment:

Don't Kill Your Wife

Let Us Do the Dirty Work.

—New Stuff

Monday: Virgil tried to kiss me.

Tuesday: Tried again.

Wednesday: Ditto.

Thursday: Said if I didn't let him, next time we went out riding, he would turn the car over and kill us both.

Friday: Saved two lives today.

He: Nice girl you had at the party last night.

Him: Yes, she was.

—Not Octopus

"Jack, are you sure it is me you are in love with and not my clothes?"

"Test me, darling."

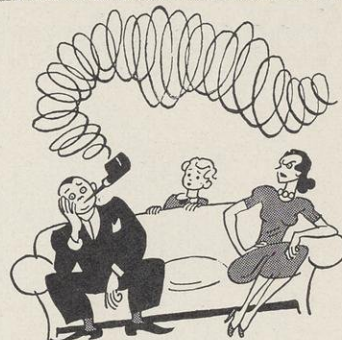
—Fol-de-Rol

"You should be more careful to pull your shades down at night. Last night I saw you kissing your wife."

"Ha, Ha, Ha! The joke's on you. I wasn't home last night."

—New Line

**"PHEW"...AND
FAR BETWEEN!**



"MY SISTER IS NUTS about this guy. But that stinko pipe of his doesn't help any. Think I'll swipe it... clean it... and refill it with some of Dad's Sir Walter Raleigh."



JUNIOR GOT HIS REWARD, and Romeo got his dame! And they pledged their love with a ring—a ring of Sir Walter Raleigh smoke—that mild, fragrant burley blend.

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.

bombers don't know when they've done enough mischief! Get a broom, Henry, and help me sweep out the debris. Goodness, Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Chesney are going to come over this afternoon, and the children'll be home from school any minute, yelling for their milk and cookies—I tell you, being a housewife is job enough for anybody!

Pop: Say, Sarah, it looks like I better fix beds for us in the haymow—our bedrooms're all blown apart.

Sarah: Well, then, go do it—you're not helpless, man!

Pop: Sarah, why do you always lose your temper?
—L. S. SILK

The Lady Novelist

IN this filing cabinet,
Her tubular heart,
She hides all her loves
And each love's part.

And when you most think
Your affair is spent,
She is only sorting
The notes you have lent.

So beware, beware
That most treacherous thing,
The woman dissecting
Your love on the wing.

—D. H.

A Modern Mother Goose

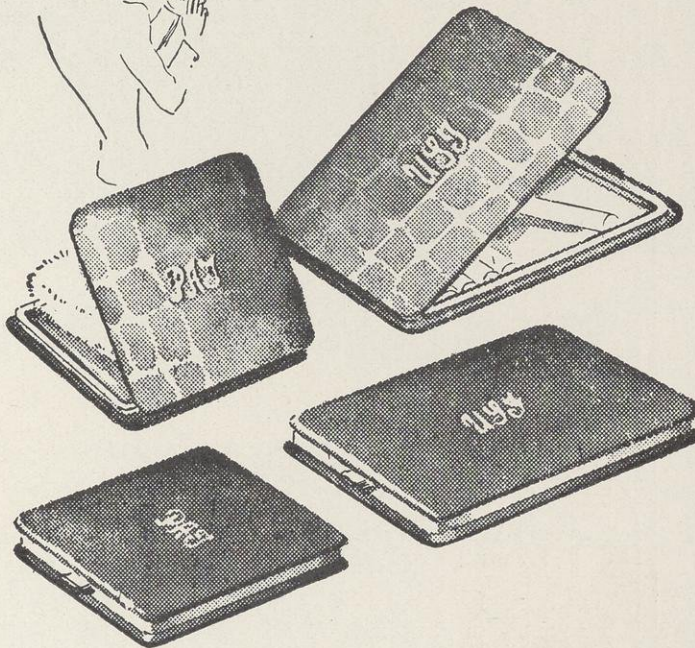
THERE was a man in our time,
And he was wondrous wise,
He took a plane to Germany
But bandaged both his eyes.

—M. FEYBUSCH

STAGE DOOR



FROM *Harper's Bazaar!*



"FLATTERER" BY *Rex*
FIFTH AVENUE

compact and cigarette case, in 12 **\$125**
colors, initialed while you wait **ea.**

Mated purse accessories that will prove boon companions wherever you go! So flat they'll put nary a bulge in your slimmest purse! The compact stores a week's supply of powder, and has a mirror that lets you see all. The cigarette case holds a full pack. At these modest prices, you'll want several to match your different costumes.

Alligator Grained Calf: Cranberry, Torquoise, Yellow, Green, Geranium, Black, White, Blue, Tan, Red, Rust or Pink.
Pin Morocco Grained Calf: Black, Wine, Navy, Cocoa, Red or Green.

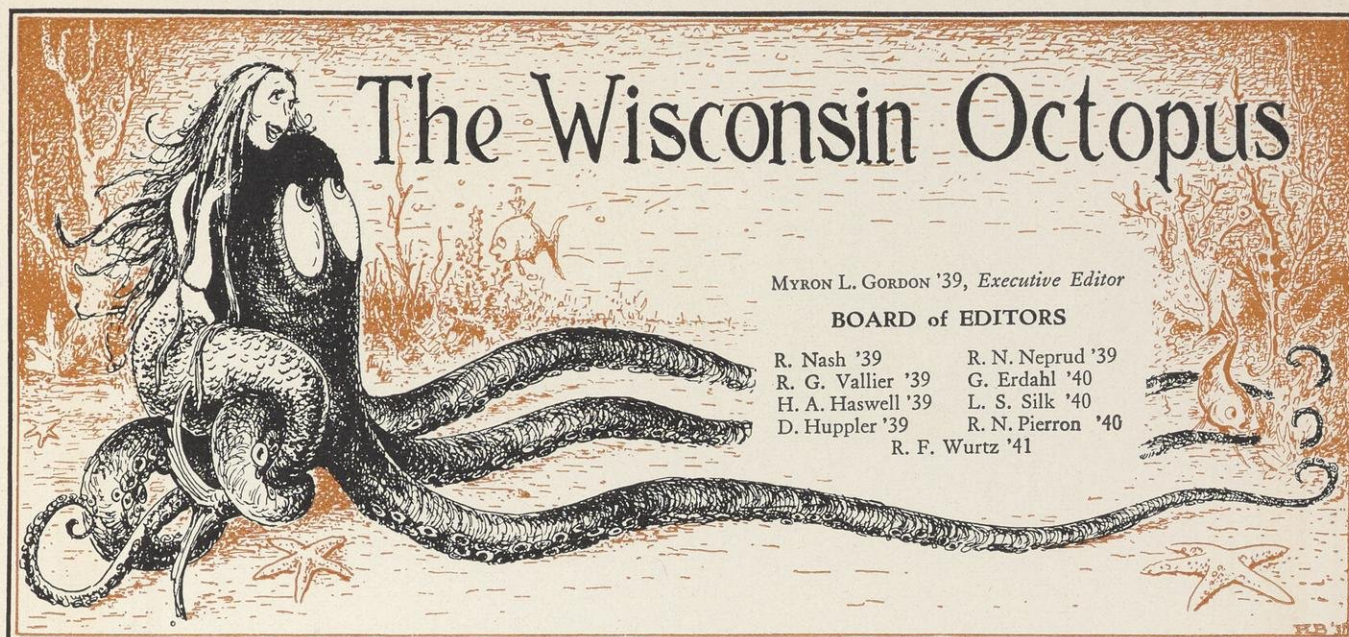
Vest
INC.
FIFTH AVENUE FASHIONS
233 State Street



*Call it Spring fever or whatever you
like, but everyone, even the worst
grind, takes time off to stop in at
Fred's . . .*

LOHMAIER'S

"It's A Wisconsin Tradition"



The Wisconsin Octopus

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Volume XX

APRIL, 1939

Number 8

On Second Thought

THE Socialist mayor of Milwaukee will be given an honorary degree by the University this June. Upon hearing this news, Governor Heil is himself reported to have gotten a degree—of fever.

Joan Crawford was not allowed by a court to get a "mail-order divorce." Other necessities of life, such as toothpaste and diapers, can still be bought in this time-honored manner.

Surgeons now repair human eyes by grafting the needed parts from animals. Persons formerly blind can have a bird's-eye view of the world.

Owners of baseball teams are hearing rumors that Dizzy Dean will organize a union among the players. The old rule about three strikes will still be enforced.

Professor Hyde fell asleep while attending a lecture the other day. This is thought to be a perfect example of man-bites-dog.

After 150 years, Connecticut is at last moving to ratify the Bill of Rights. Meanwhile, half a dozen states we can think of seem ready to repeal it.

About fifty colleges are offered for sale every year, an Eastern educator reports. Maybe the state should trade Wisconsin in for a small, new model, and some ready cash.

The conductor Leopold Stokowski has proclaimed, "Motion pictures are the greatest art-form man has created." See what knowing Greta Garbo does for a man!

Jean Cocteau, the French playwright, was recently given a one-week suspended sentence for smoking opium. In America, our Major Bowes has long been famous for kicking the gong around.

A U. S. dancer disturbed Hitler with her frankness. Since he was only disturbed, it is apparent she was not as frank as others would have been.



"Haven't you heard—I'm going to be on the new Board of Regents."

We read that an extraordinarily large number of seals was used to make fur coats this past winter. We think it's wonderful how they train them to do such work.

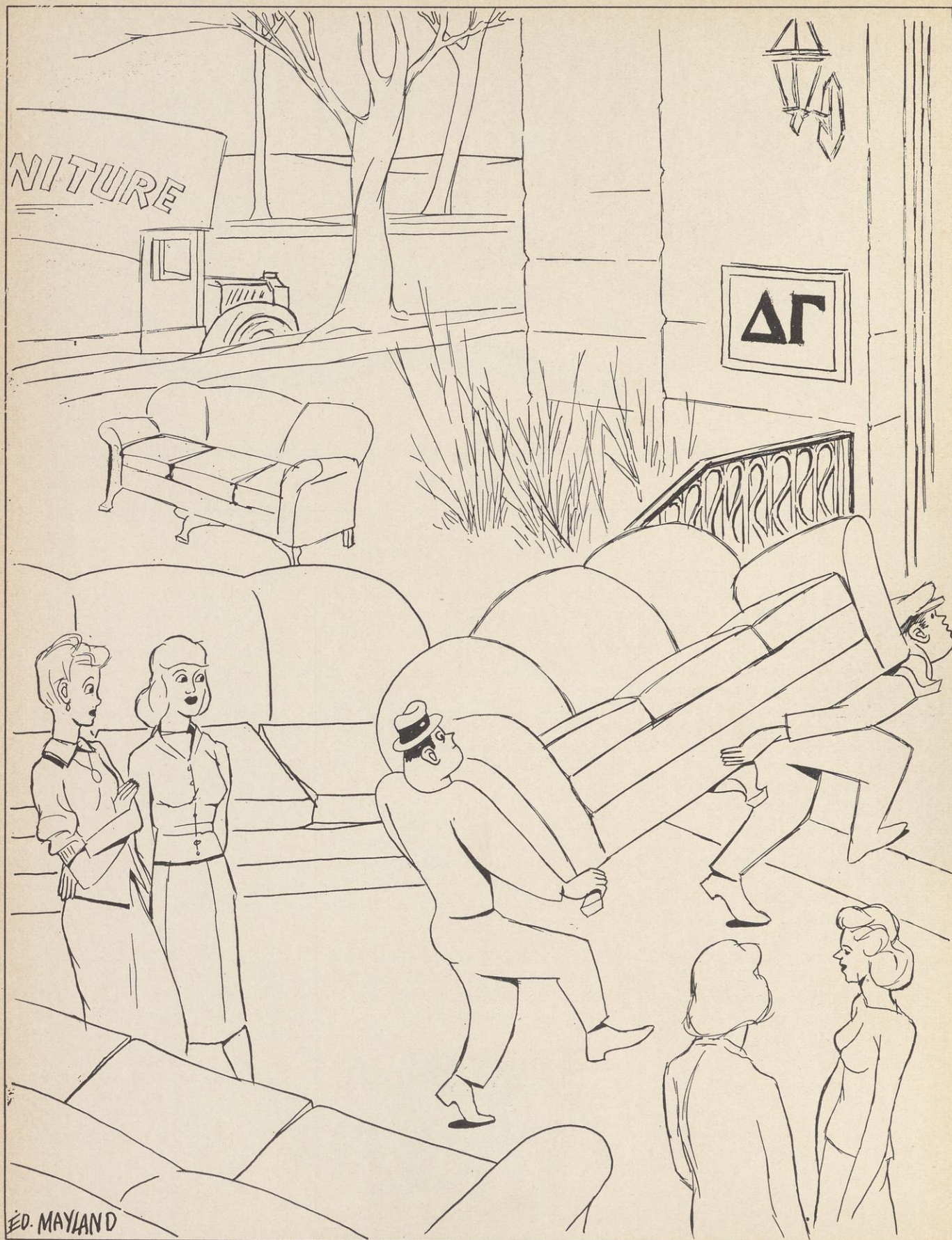
Goering has forbidden all German soldiers in uniform to do the Lambeth Walk because it presents a "disgraceful picture." We understand many undercover workers are going to sabotage the ban by yelling "Hoi" on every eighth goose-step.

A Puerto Rican went to jail last week for poisoning 1,000,000 bees with sugar and arsenic. We think he got stung.

Someone once stated that if all statisticians were laid end to end they would reach across Lake Michigan. We suggest that they would reach a conclusion.

"Every dog has his day" a newspaper representative stated as Hitler petted a German shepherd. If that old saying is valid, this dog may get a break yet.

A certain faction in Congress hates to see our bombs being sold to foreign governments. There really is not too much to worry about, because we may get them back some day anyway.



"My, the Delta Gammas are looking forward to a good season."

Gophers Gulp 95,000 Beans

New Wing Nears Completion For U. W. and Joe Slopkin

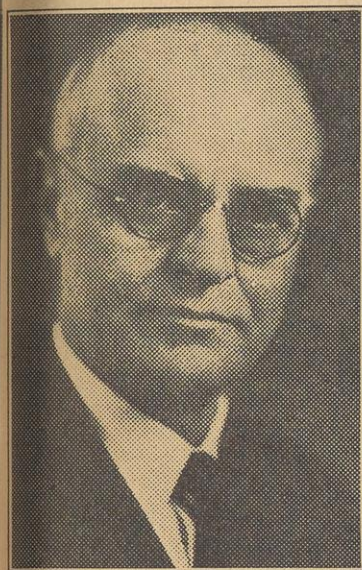
(By Leased Wire)
Reports have just reached The Daily Cardinal that the Old Union, heading Langdon Street, has been razed, a great big hole has been dug, and filled full of concrete and steel with bricks and some glass, in the form of a great big New Wing for the Memorial Union!

LATE FLASH!
The Daily Cardinal has just learned that the Memorial Union Building, to which the New Wing is merely an addition, was built way back in 1928! Into its construction entered 58,000

tons of concrete, 189,000 bricks, 236 barrels of tar, and food statisticians report that University of Minnesota freshmen, at the annual bean feed, consume 95,000 beans, 900 frankfurters.

The Old Union was long beloved by University students and Joe Slopkin. At the time of its razing, Slopkin was a senior in West Amityville High School, and had once seen a picture of the Old Union, for which he expressed deep admiration, and Joe Slopkin. 7A

Pledges Listen To Fratty Talk



Good Morning Goodnight!

Speaking before 953 freshmen last night, Dean Goodnight pointed out the advantages of fraternity life at Wisconsin. He said:

Name	House Bond
"Acacia	\$150
Alpha Chi Rho	\$100
Alpha Tau Omega	\$100
Beta Theta Pi	\$100
Chi Phi (woo-woo!)	\$100
Kappa Sigma	\$100
Phi Kappa Tau	\$100
Delta Tau Delta	\$3.00 per month, while in school."

2A

Hit Pipes

Radcliffe college women have taken to pipe smoking during their examination week. 1F

Games Fun

Cornell university students have formed a tiddleywinks team. 5F

GAMMA PHI BETA WINS TANK TITLE

Hey!

We only wrote half of this Cardinal burlesque, and the Daily Cardinal, wrote, roughly (to say the least), the other half—for original publication in the Daily Cardinal. We challenge anyone to tell which we clipped (changing names) and which we made up. The source of the stories, each of which is numbered at the end, is boxed on page 26

If some of the stories degenerate into takeoffs, it's to let even the Cardinal boys get a laugh now and then. We want everybody to be happy.

Octy Liar; We didn't EITHER Do It

Grab clothespins for your noses, fellows, for the new Octopus is out! Ha ha. Octy has its usual magazine, and it is something terrible, as all of you know by now. None of them Octy boys can write worth a plugged wooden nickle. Ha ha.

But this month Octy is worse than usual, for it has therein a so-called satire (?) of your favorite campus newspaper, the Daily Cardinal, complete campus coverage, 3 cents if you can find anyplace that sells it. Ha ha.

The Cardinal so-called burlesque (?) is a crudely, amateurish job. Octopus is only jealous of us. They wish they was funny, too, and could write like we do. At least usually they have pretty fair cartoons to bolster the rag up, but now they got nothing.

Everything in the magazine is putrid. Please do not buy it. It is seditious propaganda. If it doesn't like it here, why doesn't Octopus go back where it came from?

My review is over.

Beans Vital!

Food statisticians have estimated that University of Minnesota freshmen, at their annual bean show, will consume 95,000 beans, 900 frankfurters. 4F

Statistician Reports



Fawn Draino

Beauty, Truth' Claims Savant 'Truth, Beauty

John T. Savant, University urologist, declared late last night, in an interview with Mrs. Savant, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, and England expects us to do our duty."

Mr. Urologist, University savant, is convalescing at the Wisconsin General Hospital. 4A



"I am Truth and Beauty"

B. Blow Cops Big Feature Award Mama I Did It Wheee

(At last we have it—the winner of the Cardinal feature contest—Bertram Blow! Blow has been a loyal member of the Cardinal feature staff for two weeks and well deserves this honor, also the free subscriptions to "Rural Progress" and "This Week," with every copy of the Milwaukee Journal. Congratulations, Bert!)

By BERTRAM K. BLOW

"You do!"

Those were the words I cried, when Franklin Cadmonger, junior from Wausau, told me he earned his way through school.

"How do you do it?" I cried again.

He told me he did it by working in Pete's Special Restaurant on State

Minn. Frosh Bite Dogs Etaoin sh

(By Special Correspondent)

Food statisticians have estimated that University of Minnesota freshmen, at their annual bean feed, will consume 95,000 beans, 900 frankfurters. 5A

Bodies Found In Journalism Dept.

The campus rocked, heaved, shook, trembled, rolled, quaked, hove, listed, pitched, groaned, moaned late last night at the disclosure that dead corpses were being left to rot in the third-floor corridors of South Hall, alleged to be the headquarters of Wisconsin's school of journalism.

Eyebrows rose; jaws fell; professors issued hourly bulletins. "Let's not race to conclusions," cautioned Dean Scott H. Goodnight, in an interview with the Cardinal, which he found lying outside his office in South Hall.

"I have long thought I smelled a rat, but if these are the facts, there will be the bad place to pay!" Goodnight thundered, lightninged, rained.

Crestfallen, disillusioned, broken-spirited, 285 student press agents, packed, jammed, jam-packed into room 302 derided the odors that assailed their nostrils each day. "The essence of putrescence!" opined Kirsten Thorblad, Manitowoc. "It wouldn't be so bad if the corpses just lay around the halls and didn't smell sweet, but they got to get up all the time and try to lecture to us," complained Harrison Sudley, Beaver Dam sophomore.

The possible repercussions of these early revelations are too horrendous for consideration. At this early date, facts of the discovery are still too blurred to be disclosed. That is all.

Weather - -

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow! You cataracts and hurricanes, spout till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks! Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters. 8A

Hate-- Good for Soul

We are through trying to conceal the fact. We hate you. For months we kept it up; you will never know what tortures we endured to make you readers think we really cared two-cents' worth about you. We just do not give a damn.

There is no point to anything. What is the use of raising hell? Nothing ever happens, unless we make it up, anyhow.

Students stink. None of them can think or write or vote in elections or anything. They are not worth even getting excited about in an editorial column, and we know we are foolish for losing our tempers.

Why do you dopes buy the paper—but don't tell us—we know: To read the damned Trouble-shooter, that's all. Then why can't you leave this editorial page alone? Are we bothering you? Just don't look at us! Here we are, trying to grow up, and what do you want . . . ahhh, we won't even say it.

We are sick and tired. But we guess it's going to be all right, now that we have had a good cry. Tomorrow we will probably be telling you to support freedom or the dignity of man or something else you don't understand. We guess we are just suckers for punishment. 1B.

Wanna Buy a Beer? Here's How

The industrial revolution, so the historians tell us, is still going on and what better place to prove it than the Union. In one fel swoop it is possible to show the remarkable efficiency of our postal system and the development in the field of machinery, even beer coils. It is a sad fact that the beer coils in use at the rathskeller are unrepresentative of this age of progress.

Water being what it is, the result is anything but salutary. 2B.

This Collegiate World

Seniors at Kenyon College, Ohio, are to have a novel graduation this year. They will be led into a large bull-pen where they will await the advance of a flock of sheep. Each senior will grab himself a sheep and tear off its skin. A printing press will be ready to stamp out diplomas for all seniors successful in skinning a sheep.

"We feel," said President Horace Horrace, of Kenyon, "that the modern college generation is becoming effete, and we thought it about time to make graduation ceremonies more than simply an endurance test. This year our men will have to PROVE themselves."

Young gentlemen at Princeton University were expecting a mass invasion this week from the young ladies of Radcliffe, Vassar, Smith, and Sweet Briar Colleges, for their annual Spring Houseparty Weekend.

"Yow! Yow!" shrieked the young gentlemen of Princeton, when informed they would be allowed to accompany the young ladies at social functions. This year, at Princeton, the men are wearing long green teeth, bulging yellow eyes, and four-inch fingernails. 3B.

Love to you . . .



...From Us

Pox Campus Your Rambling Reporter Feels Student Pulse As Blood Flows

What do students think of Spring? Do they like it? We decided it was time the campus knew. So guess what your inquiring reporter did. Your inquiring reporter asked people if they like Spring. They said:

Jackson Spod, Lodi: I do not wish to be quoted.

KoKo, Japan: Flowers bloom in the Spring, I think.

Mildred Quantard, Racine: I like Spring.

Larry Charey, Herkimer, N. Y.: Spring is revolutionary.

Coach Harry Stuhldreher: (could not be reached for a statement.)

Robt. Browning, Sussex, Eng.: Oh, to be in England, now that April's etc. 7B.

Readers Write - -

Editor, The Daily Cardinal:

Coach Walsh must go! What is the matter with Wisconsin boxing teams? Why are they so rotten? Why?

The answer, clear to be seen by all, is obvious. Coach Walsh! Could our men stand up against such REAL pugilists as Joe Louis, Henry Armstrong, etc.? And the reason why is obvious, clear to be seen by all.

Coach Walsh does not build character. How can our men hope ever to win if they have no character?

ARDENT FAN. 4B

Editor, The Daily Cardinal:

There is no place at Wisconsin for these so-called Independents. Independents are radicals; otherwise why would they not join fraternities? They do not belong here. If the Student Board is as liberal as it claims to be, why does it not forbid Independent students from coming onto the campus? Clearly, indiscriminate is being shown.

CAMPUS LIBERAL. 5B

Editor, The Daily Cardinal:

For the last time I am demanding that you print my letter and let the students of the University of Wisconsin know the full truth of the whole problem

World Seen In Panorama

By Steve Ich

WAR and WAR HYSTERIA . . . I know! The question on everyone's mind this morning is, "We do you think we'll have war in Europe?"

You ask me for a definite answer? I can't give you any—as yet! I am afraid that the only possible and probable alternative is guerilla warfare.

Paris Rests Easy After American Crisis

The eating of 95,000 beans and 900 frankfurters by the freshmen of the University of Minnesota was expected to have little or no effect on the international scene. A direct wire from Paris reports Daladier resting easy and apparently unaware of this event. Close friends, however, assure that this is just a stall and that an alliance will be sought with the University in the near future.

Le Sommeil, quasi-official newsorgan, carried the story that this be used as a basis of negotiation for tariff restrictions. "If the students in America can eat that many beans, why alors, we ought to have a tariff reduction."

Little Old Lady of Threadneedle Street Has Bad Night

The Hrumph, ultra-conservative financial journal printed on parchment last night a story which caused headaches in money circles. The eating of 95,000 Beans and 900 Frankfurters by Minnesota frosh was translated by their correspondent at millions of dollars. And incorporated in a speech of President Roosevelt.

This missprinted news called for an all-night session of Parliament who were positive that it referred to the cancellation of the war debt. Stock at number 10 Downing street rose to 10½, to 11 to 11½, only to drop back to 10 when the truth was found out.

Prime minister Chamberlain lost an umbrella in the shuffle but otherwise no serious damage was sustained. "Rather a bloody bore," commented on MP as he sank back into his favorite Times.

Brazil Trade Concession

The Brazilian government was reported seeking a trade concession as a result of the eating of 95,000 beans and 900 frankfurters by Minnesota Freshmen. Congress was expected to vote a couple of billion to satisfy this claim, but it was not known exactly what the claim was. Watch this column for messy reshapes of AP bulletins. 8B.

15 EM EDIT FILLER ff . . . ff

Life is real, life is earnest.—Oscar Wilde

All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to the Daily Cardinal want ads.—Leon Trotsky

There is but one fast and high road to success and that is.—Alexander the Great

I have been faithful to thee Cynara.—Cynara the Great.

Love thy neighbor.—J. Christ.
Mr. Hyde, Jay 3, all names verified.

The Daily Cardinal "Complete Campus Confusion"

Founded April Fool's Day, 1812, as a daily newspaper at the University of Wisconsin, owned and controlled by Col. Robert McCormick and Wm. Randolph Hearst. You would never guess it.

Entered as fourth-class matter at the post-office, Madison, Wisconsin. Rejected.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS: Leon Trotsky, Harry Bridges, Dorothy Thompson, Henry Ford, Francisco Franco, Joseph Goebbels. We print both sides.

EDITORIAL STAFF

EXECUTIVE EDITOR ROGER W. Le SQUIET
Managing Editor
Desk Editors
Ag School Editor

BUSINESS STAFF

They can go to blazes.

BURY YOUR HEAD PSYCHIC BOXCAR

By Joy Ugg

The long, wind-drenched, rain-driven, hungered
an slank out of the night. He didn't want to die.
was too young to die, oh father, you can't die.
is to me. The moon, amber and silver, driven by
ice-winds of March, knifed and fled, like a
me. Fire of hell, fire of hell.

"I haven't done anything wrong," the man
reamed, his livid face graying in the yellow night.

"Oh yes you have," cried the monster with the
moustache.

"Oh mother I'm so miserable."

The long, wind-drenched, rain-driven, hungered
man was dead. 1C.

College

A grand physique that makes you "gawk."

He seems to have that arrogant air,

And from under his knee-length coat of
camel's hair

Peeps a stunning suit-coat of English tweed,
Correctly toned so you'll take heed.

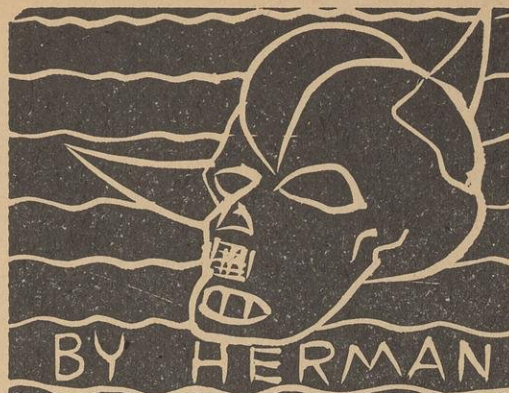
His trousers also of the same dark green

He'll never make Phi Beta that's known to all,
But one thing sure he's got lots "on the ball."

I wonder in this world if he could be real,

To me, right now, he's just an ideal. 2C.

—R. A.



CAN'T DO THAT

By Edward Pinky

butchery
rape
pillage

"Pardon me
but
can they do that?"

"No
ha - ha
gosh no
they can't do that." 5C.

By Jerome Slank

The first sensation I became aware of after fit-
ting the projecting portions of my body into the
depressions of the narrow loading platform and
falling to sleep among the score of grimy tramps,
gathered like wagging grackles in the morning sun,
was a painful jostling, subconsciously interpreted
as the rampant tossing of a flat-wheeled boxcar
careering with slack brake shoes down a 45 degree
incline.

Outside the psychic boxcar the virgin pine
streaked obliquely skyward. I could hear the wheels
screeching like carnivorous demons, and when I
struck the roadbed, spiny maestros of fire car-
omed in the darkened chambers of my eyes and
tore like shrapnel through my brain.

"Come on," the cop accentuated dryly. "Come
on. Get up."

"I wouldn't paw that abrasion, fella, if I were
you."

"Rolled off!" he hooted. "Rolled off?" 3C.

The curfew blew just as she came into the light.

"Sissy," she hissed at him, and ran swiftly the
whole block to her home. The others all hurried
dutifully home to Amos and Andy and bed.

Tom sat alone on the curb and spat at a crack
in the concrete gutter. 4C.

—By Jerome Slank

THE CO-ED SHOPPER

Unless you're different from all the other co-eds
the campus, you won't mind being the envy of
the rest of the girls on the hill. Each hair in its
upper place is the goal to aim for. Or, if your hair
isn't want to lie down, Goldie will prescribe an
shampoo.

dzETAOIETAOI NETAOI ETAO0I ETAOI

New Upswept Hairdo

Tricky Hair-Do . . . do you want to look your
prettiest for spring vacation . . . then visit the

We
WANT ADS

FOR SALE—Small but pretentious midwestern uni-
versity. Bright future. Thirty-one buildings; sev-
enty-six different types architecture. Must sacri-
fice. Call U20 and ask for Clarence. 10C

LIVER, Frenchaise 1A. Second handee, like
neuf, employed one semetre sulymment. Tray
useful. Larnez a parley Frenchaise fleumentant.
Voulons sacrifierer it. Tray bunne cheap. Write
Box BB. 12C

OR RENT. Two double, three single. Girl stu-
dents preferred; but will rent to male students
in emergency. Inquire early, avoid rush. See
house mother, Ann Emery.

ALL SWAP—One commerce school, slightly used,
for your Charles Atlas Course on Making Mighty
Muscles. Call B334, ask for Colonel Elwell. 11C

ST—One stray journalism professor. Grey, with
long white teeth. Resembles vulture, only no
wings. Frightens little children. If found, please
hold, return to South Hall. No reward. 12C

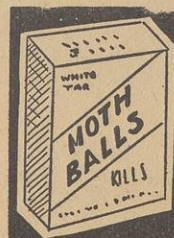
TRUTHE BEAUTEY SHOPPE

. . . and try our new Medusa
wave . . . two coral snakes . . .
one garter snake (with or with-
out girdle attached) . . . a long
boa for about the neck . . . and
a fragrant copy of Bullfinch's
Mythology in the shape of a
gardenia . . . will bring out the
Etaoin Shrdlu in you . . .



If she would be glamorous, let her go to the NO-
HEMS' DRESS SHOP for her new spring formal
. . . featuring the "Text-Book" Dress . . . designed
with aid of eminent professor of Yale . . . with
full leaf skirt . . . gathered in a chic summary at
the waist . . . with frothy lace footnotes peeking
out . . . sprinkled with laughable little gems . . .
full Adenda in rear . . . hurry and buy this before
a new edition comes out . . .

For your new wooden shoes . . . visit the
SQUIRMY ROACH COMPANY . . . one liberal
dose of Roach exterminator kills
satisfactorily all wood-ticks
which might be inhabiting
OUR shoes . . . six delicious
flavors for strawberry, rasp-
berry, cherrywood, orangewood,
lemon, and pine . . . buy now
and avoid future scratchy em-
barrassment.



Food statisticians have estimated that University

of Minnesota freshmen, at their annual bean feed,
will consume 95,000 beans, 900 frankfurters.

For those who've pined
For cute brassieres,
We've some designed
By engineers.
Support is lent
By tiny beams,
Prefabricated
For the 'teens.
Logarithmic curves
We easily meet,
By reinforced
Lastex concrete.

Go to Mimi's-on-the-Curve . . . We need each
other's support. 9C.

Two Last Poems

I. Thee and Me

Out of the heavens
came a dash of rain,
a bit of sun and wind;
that was all . . . 8C

II. Consumption

Food statisticians
Estimate . . . 95,000 beans
900 frankfurters
must be eaten . . .
and I am full . . . 7C

—M. E. S.

etaoin shrdlululuxff
eta holdover fillerdue

Home Ec Lassies Hear Midriff Talk on Termites

Disregarding precedent, Miss Mary Ellen Midriff, nationally known saleswoman and actress, gave a talk last night at the honorary home ec sorority meeting, before and not after the dinner.

The subject of her talk was "Termites Which Live On Our Food and In Our Stomachs" and was illustrated by numerous highly colored slides which clearly showed the number of slimy, crawly worms which are on the very food we take into our mouths. Miss Midriff added further interest to her lecture by exhibiting several life-sized stomachs, cut away so that the horrible results of improper eating might be better realized.

"If people realized the great numbers of nauseous vermin which they eat with every bite," explained Miss Midriff, "they would certainly stop eating or something."

After the talk, dinner was served, but the girls professed themselves too excited to eat even a bite. 1D

Union is Filled With Rooms: Claim

Here is a glimpse of student life any day in the three main rooms of the Union: the Great hall on the second floor; the Council room, the lounge on the main floor; and the Rathskeller on the ground floor.

In the . . . Great Hall . . . linger ghosts . . . Echoes fling back . . . light laughter . . . Food statisticians . . . have estimated that University of Minnesota freshmen, at their annual bean feed . . . will consume 95,000 beans . . . 900 frankfurters . . .

Under the golden-lighted dome . . . unseen shadows in the smartest Junior Prom attire . . . flit . . . and prize Thanksgiving fowls from the Hares-foot follies strut or wobble sadly. 14D

Evans Group Holds Pow-wow



"If-Not-Why-Not" Chant Braves

Addressing the Melvin G. Evans Group, Melvin G. Evans said that Melvin G. Evans thinks life is real, earnest. "Engineers must be real, earnest, too," Evans opined.

"If not, why not?" he shouted.

WSGA Sec'try Plans A Dance

Miss Lizzy Hotblood, WSGA secretary, reports that she is planning a dance, but for no one in particular. "You know the dreams that a girl has, her foolish fancies, her visions of knights in shining armor. Well, this dance is inspired by dreams like that and I guess it's just a foolish little plan of mine, and nothing will ever come of it." Miss Hotblood then shyly produced a sheet of paper on which she had written down the names of Guy Lombardo, Orin Tucker, and Artie Shaw, who "would furnish the music."

"I am going to hold the dance in the Field House, and have it done entirely over in pink. In addition, I'm going to have Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor as my escorts and wear a dress of green chiffon. But, as I said before, I suppose it's just a silly girl's plan." 3D

Graveyard

Unusual silence reigns over the almost vacated offices of the Daily Cardinal. Rattling typewriters, shouts and yells, and telephone calls are a thing of last week . . . and next week?

On Saturday all feet were propped with heels high on desks far too clean. Typewriters are still at ease, however, and nary a sound emotes out of the inner sanctuary of the executive editor.

Roger W. LeSquirt has also followed the Badgers to victory. 4D

... behind the Troubleshooters



with

THE EIGHT-BALLS

By Bill Egghead and Stooze
MAN OF THE WEEK

William Egghead

This week we present the lad whom we consider The Man of the Week for all time—Wee Willie Egghead. His bottle-nose, brillo hair, and four feet of bone and muscle have long made him a favorite among BMOC's. Campus styles pattern themselves after Egghead, whether he wears an alizarin-orange checked jacket with magenta slacks or his little soldier suit. He is our little Oscar Wilde—preserved, pickled and shrunk in brine.

Earlier this year he gained fame by telling Tales from the Heel—little stories about Wisconsin people, that would never make the headlines. He found these stories in old joke books, True Romances, and his own head. Egghead then rose to the heights of the sewer trade by becoming an Eightball. He knows more small talk and meaningless blather about little people than anyone at Wisconsin. All hail our favorite Man of the week—Willie Egghead! The line forms on the right to shake him by the throat. 6D

Hearts and Flowers, Please

Joe Glassner of the Alpha Chi Rho Glassners made a belated valentine gift to Bev Schelong. It won't be Schelong now. 8D

Dear 8 B's:

Why don't you ever put in anything about that cute Sammy Holstein? All of us Pi Phi's, not that we need the publicity, are just nuts about him. Three Dippy Freshmen.

Dear lovelies:

We do not write about the above mentioned creature:

- a. He is not in our fraternity.
- b. He is not in any fraternity.
- c. He has not done anything newsworthy, such as hang a pin, set a new record for drunkenness, or get in a position where he can hand us comps. 9D

Rolly-Polly,

Prudence Parrot to you, was down in the basement of her sorority last night, practicing her knife-throwing act, when she caught a couple of waiters talking about her! You could have knocked her into the middle of last year's society column. 10D

Free-Man

Freeman Huegel . . . and Jean Petersno . . . After Freeman graduates about Christmas time, the pair is planning on making a married man out of Freeman. 11D

Pome

Here is a swell poem we stole from a little woman who was going into the Octopus office:

Anyone can see
If they look at me

I will start to cry
For I cannot tell a lie.
It is easy to see
Nobody hung no pin on me.
Were we ever red in the phizz
we found out the little woman
none other than Anne Hummelsch
the Union janitress! 13D

* * *

Hath it

Another rumor comes to us Maxwell Freud, the Badger pe has hung his Sigma something other job on some Gamma Phi Beta or other. Maybe it is a Ga Pi Phi Beta too. O, well. 14D

* * *

Flash!

A certain campus biggie was where one day last week and was wasn't doing with a certain prom lassie! Oh oh oh. (We're risking necks to tell you this, practice 16D

* * *

Flask!

Guess who we found out cold the back booth at Lomey's last night! Us. 17D

* * *

G'bye

And so, as the sun sinks over white ribbon of road in the west regretfully turn our backs and farewell, for today, to colorful Trou shooter Land, colorful isle of romance 18D

Senior Discloses Fruits of College

Another Wisconsin senior has vealed to The Daily Cardinal what got out of college. "With me," Mariner S. Flyleaf, "college did mean merely a chance to make contacts, to hear lectures or read books not a chance to do extra-curricular activities, nor waste my time in pleasures, like drinking and dancing and so on, nor did it mean mere period of waiting time necessary me to get a degree and a job."

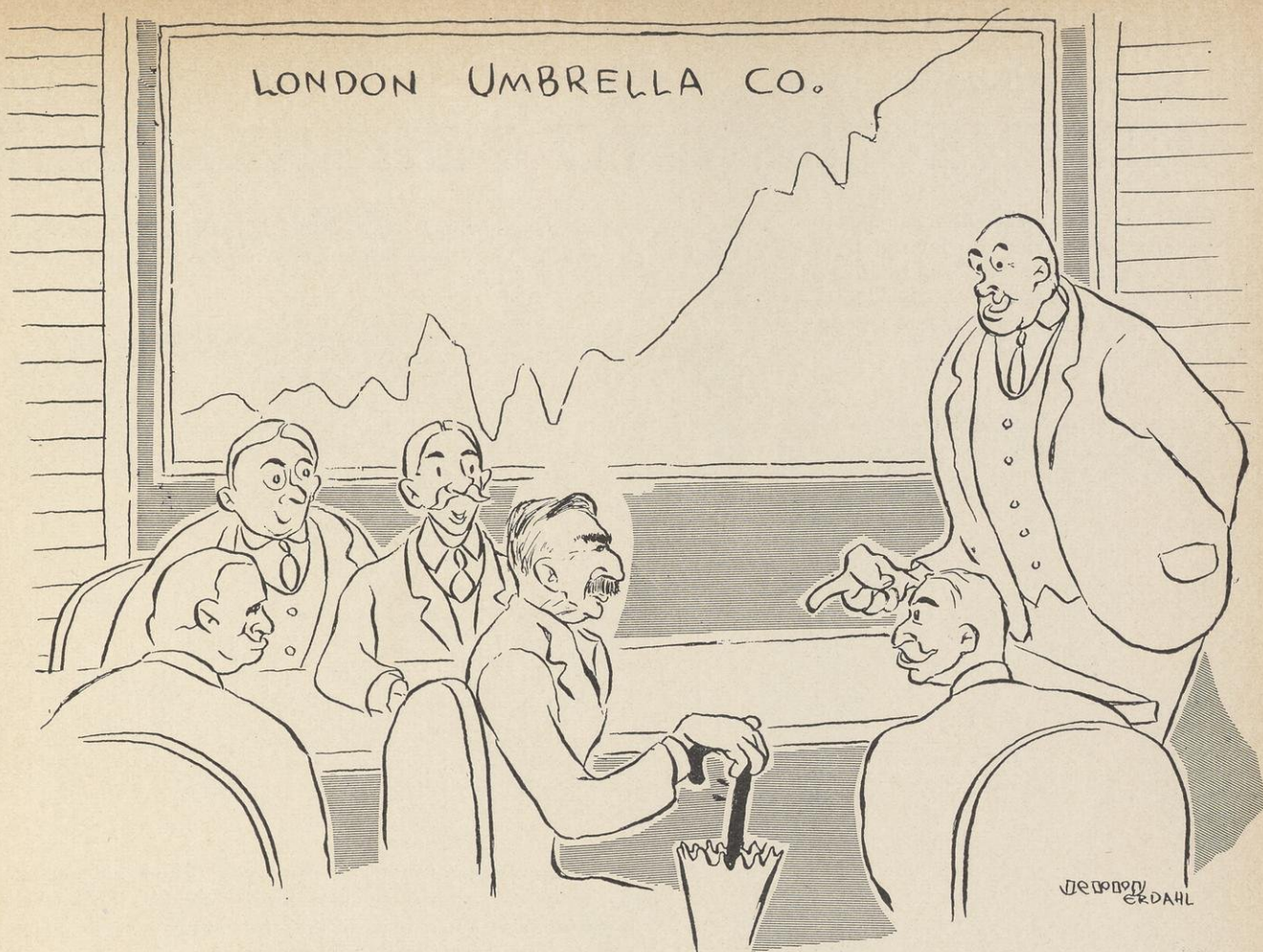
Mr. Flyleaf paused for a moment then continued, "Come to think of can't remember what college did mean to me." This is the ninth in a series eight interviews.

'Nerts' Something Else Is Slanguage

"Jeepers, she's the nerts!" That may not mean anything to you. It means, "My, isn't she attractive and is part of the current campus 'slanguage.'" 15D

SPORTS STAFF NOTICE

Will the sports reporter please report at the Daily Cardinal office some time within the next week and leave his name.



New Light on an Old Classic

*Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleece was white as snow
And every place that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.*



ALTHOUGH these few lines may seem quite clear, and their meaning obvious, a thoughtful consideration of them will serve to bring out the deep pitfalls that beset the conscientious interpreter of them. I shall here list a few of the more important interpretations that do exist, point out the errors I believe exist therein, and go on to suggest an elucidation that should stand the test of time.

1. *Allegorical* According to this view, Mary stands for the Virgin Mary, and the lamb, the Lamb of God. This is ingenious, but the later development of the poem will not warrant our taking this interpretation of it.

2. *Historical* It has been suggested that this stanza carries an oblique reference to the Charles and Mary Lamb situation. My distinguished contemporary, Dr. Phineas Huppler, whose scholarship is generally as impeccable as it is brilliant, has lent support to this view. In doing so, he has, regrettably, ventured into a field he has not yet adequately mastered. For as any schoolboy knows, it was Charles who had Mary—under his wing, that is, during her periodic fits of insanity—and a different view of the matter simply does violence to the facts.

3. *Marxist* The Marxists would have us take these four lines as a clever piece of bourgeois propaganda. An inno-

cent little girl, Mary, is pictured as an incipient capitalist. The word "little" has an all important function. This humanitarian adjective, although apparently descriptive of the lamb—an instrument of production—is psychologically transferable to Mary herself, who symbolizes the forces of entrenched greed. And thus sympathy is aroused for Mary, the capitalist, and all she stands for.

4. *Freudian* What we have here, so the Freudians tell us, is a good example of sin-symbolism. The sin is referred to as a lamb. Now, "little" of course means immense; and "white as snow" must be understood as a mask for an opposite term. Say, "black as night." To confuse the reader, the last two lines actually mean what they say. The picture then is this: Mary is a repressed little girl, carrying around a huge, cancerous sin in her subconscious. It is with her for keeps, unless she is lucky enough to get psychoanalyzed. This interpretation is the most plausible of the lot, but I have another in mind, which is slightly less pedestrian, and relies not so heavily on internal evidence.

THE final two lines are almost explicitly an illustration of the teaching of Aquinas on the distinction between remote and proximate causation. The remote cause at work here is the devotion the lamb has towards Mary; its own powers of locomotion are set as the proximate cause. By the harmonious working together of these two causes, the lamb was able to go every place that Mary went.

It will be seen that my interpretation leans to the historical method. The reason is clear. It is only when we put a verse like this into its proper context, that its full meaning begins to dawn upon us.

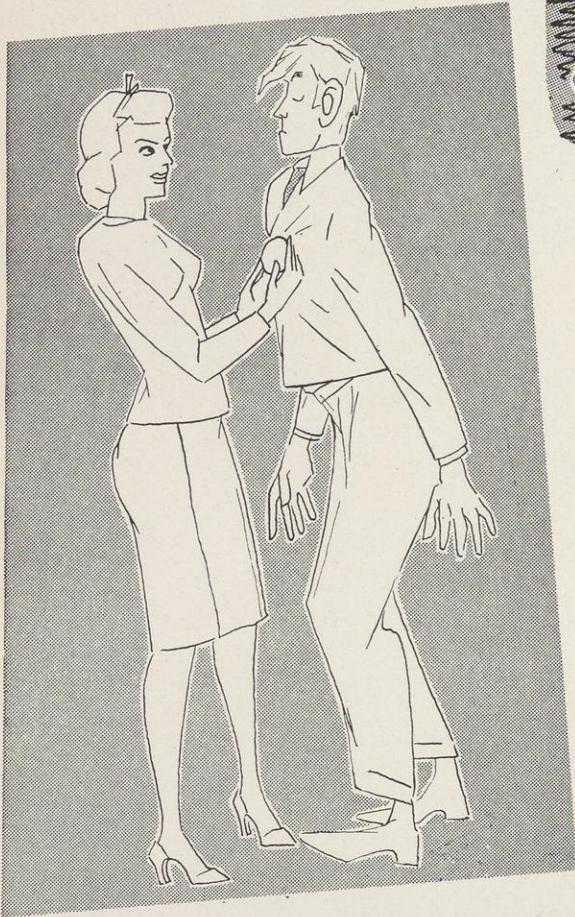
—Q. E. D.

Oh, By All Means—

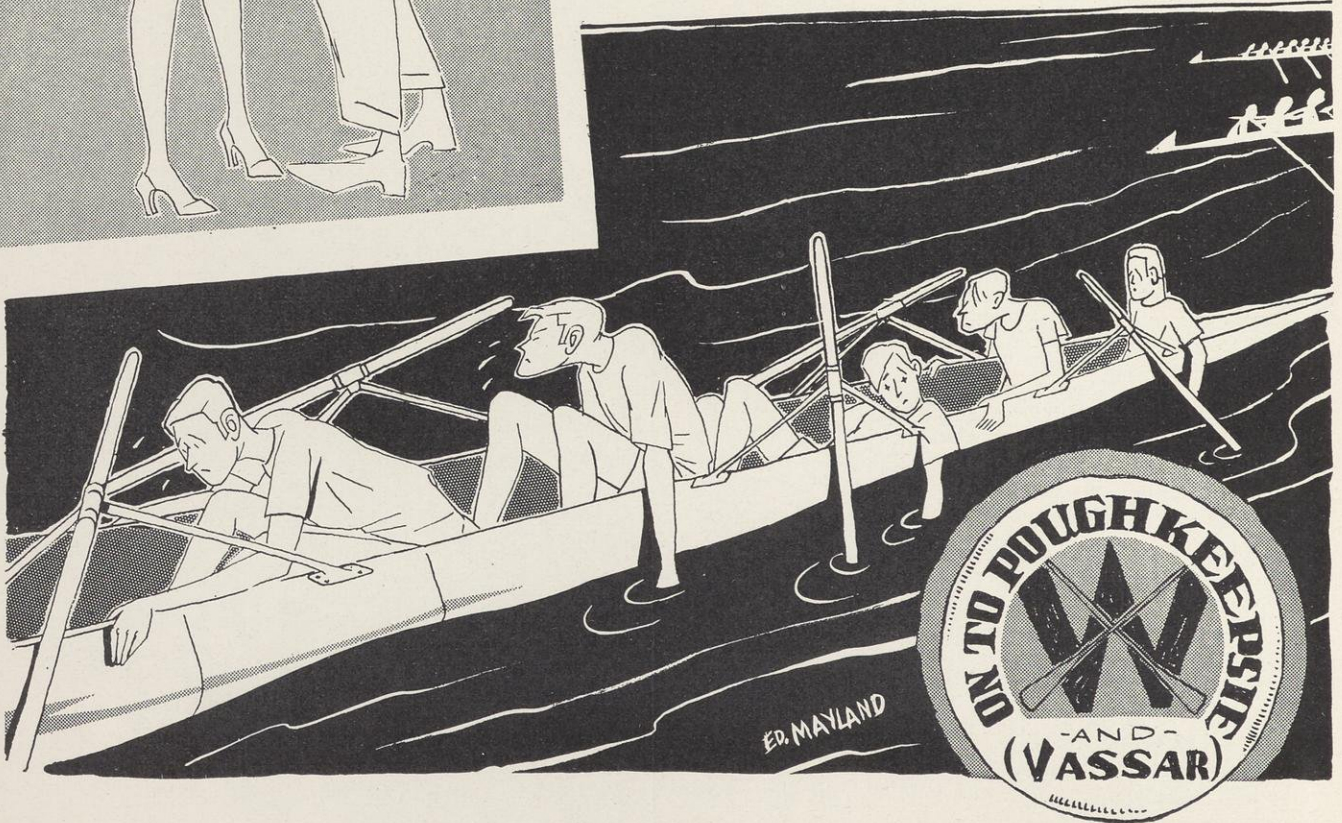
SEND THE CREW TO POUGHKEEPSIE

HERE is what happens. A flaxen-haired lassie grabs you by the lapel and sticks a button on you. You look into her eyes and almost drown in their pools. "Money, money," she coos, and you reach for your wallet. You're hooked.

The crew goes to Poughkeepsie. Vassar is a female institution; Vassar is in Poughkeepsie. The crew trains hard, night and day, for the Big Race.



Wisconsin's time-anointed role is played. The boys row valiantly, gallantly, gloriously and finish—finally. This is the Wisconsin idea; Wisconsin serves. So, Heaven's yes, mates, let's Send The Crew To Poughkeepsie!





"He's begging for permission to bite you. Kinda cute, eh?"

Hell's Reward



UT, Prentice, old man, you can carry a thing like this too far. Why didn't you tell me before she had a husband? I'd be afraid if I were you!" The Great Liar Prentice watched another little trusting sunfish swallow the bright pin he had bent so nimbly. He had once fabricated the rudiments of this amorous adventure to make conversation. At the beginning, it had been innocent enough. There was a lady. She nursed a generous passion for him. And what was he to do? So the story went at first. But one morning, while Prentice was walking up the hill to the 10 o'clock, he decided that revisions would help.

So from then on, the lady in the story assumed more luxuriant proportions, mostly by the addition of small and

ambiguous details. For instance, her shoulders were very white and her instep very high. (Which meant, of course, everything and nothing to his listeners.) Recently, Prentice added that which he designed as the final barb to his hook. The lady had a husband.

Prentice was now telling Crutch, his room-mate, about this last development. And Crutch was enraptured. In his mind, Prentice was living life.

"Afraid? No, Crutch. These husbands may threaten to shoot, but . . ."

Crutch, not bothering to steady himself, said, "Shoot! You don't mean he said he'd do that?"

"Well, Crutch, of course it isn't possible a thing like this can go on *forever* without trouble. After all, I suppose he has a right to want me dead and out of the way."

Anxiously sensing excitement, Crutch asked, "What's he like? Big? Heavy . . . moustache?"

"Well," Prentice mused, "I only saw him once, and he wasn't too much. Funny thing, though. He goes in a lot for yellow handkerchiefs."

"Superstitious?"

"Probably not. Just a fancy of his."

Crutch listened until he had to go to the Library. As he left the room, Prentice lolled back, revelling in his magnificent lie.

THEN he heard Crutch call from downstairs. "Hey, Prentice. Someone to see you down here."

As Prentice descended the steps, he heard Crutch slam the door and go off whistling.

Prentice, lighting a cigarette, walked leisurely into the parlor. Suddenly, a shot rang out, and Prentice fell dead.

The quiet man who had been waiting wiped the butt of his gun, pocketed his yellow handkerchief, and with a soft chuckle, fled into the night.

—D. HUPPLER

Me and Myrna



OT MANY people realize that I am a good friend of Myrna Loy. I used to tell people about it, but none of them ever believed me; that is, believed I was a

real good friend of Myrna's. I guess I could have had feature stories written about me in the *Cardinal* if I'd wanted to—"Student Met Myrna Loy on Trip to H'Wood," and that sort of rot. The story, naturally, would say it was in Hollywood that I met Miss Loy, because everybody always remembers it that way, no matter how much I insist it happened in Columbus, Ohio.

I was standing in the square in Columbus, feeding the pigeons one fine June morning. "Give me some of your bird-food," a lady said over my shoulder, "I want to feed the pigeons, too." I looked up, and there was Myrna, looking almost as natural as she does in

the movies.

"Hi there, Myrna," I said, letting her put her hand in my bag of seed.

"Hi there, Allan," Myrna smiled.

"How did you know who I was?" I asked.

"I recognized you the minute I laid eyes on you," she said.

"That's funny; I thought . . ."

"Yes, it is rather," Myrna said. "I hope you don't mind my talking to you like this. I don't want to annoy you."

"Oh, no annoyance at all."

"I've never just gone up to somebody I don't really know, except by pictures, to talk to like this."

"You're letting it trouble you too much," I said. "Let's take a walk around the Square."

Well, Myrna was really quite interesting company, although I must admit I was a *little* embarrassed. She thought I was doing a very fine thing, feeding the pigeons out of my own money when I was hitch-hiking home from school. I murmured that I got as much pleasure out of it as the pigeons,

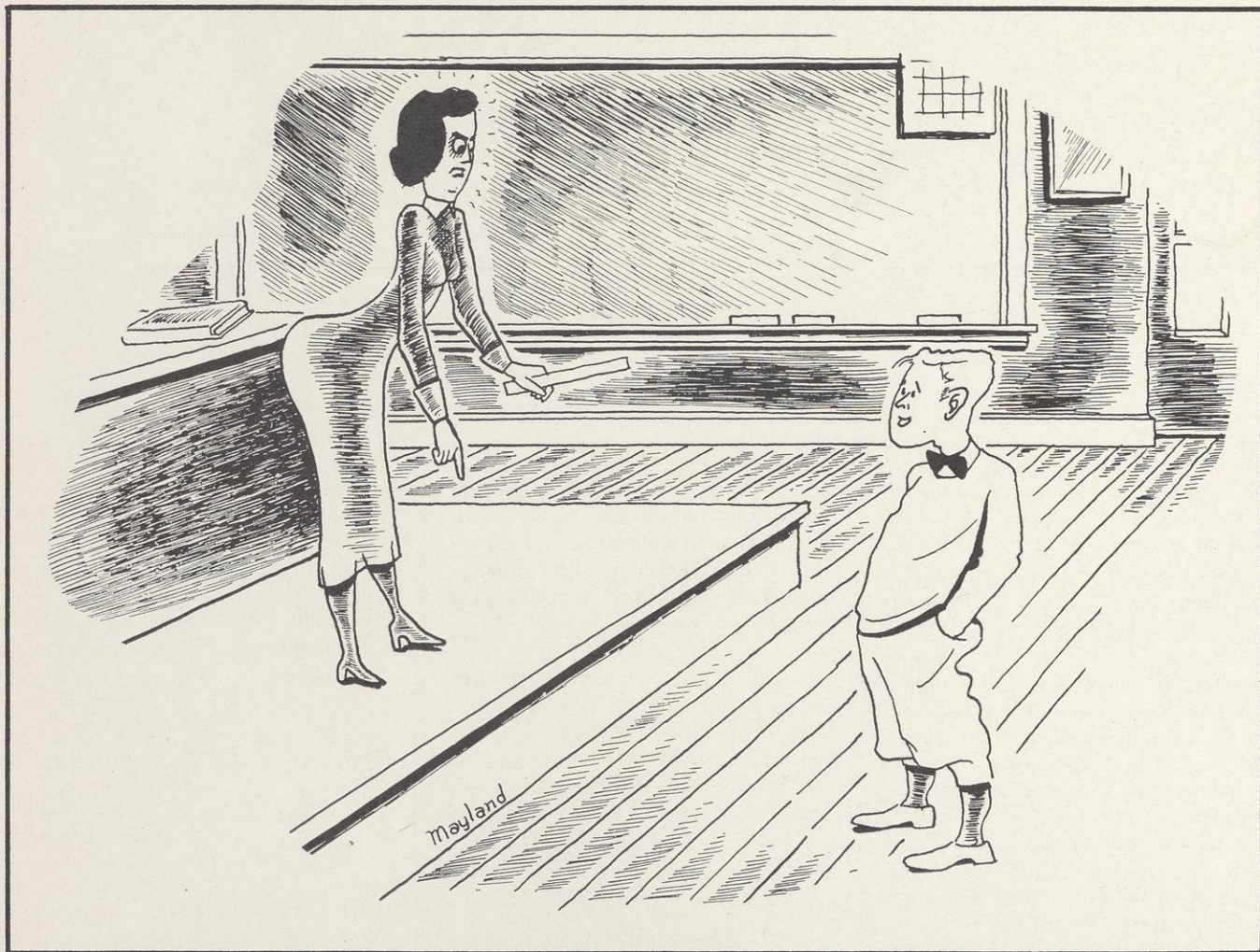
so it was really nothing.

From the way she kept looking at me out of the corner of her wonderful blue eyes, I could tell Myrna wanted something. At last she came out with it: "May I please have your autograph—oh, I know you'll think me bold and foolish, but may I?"

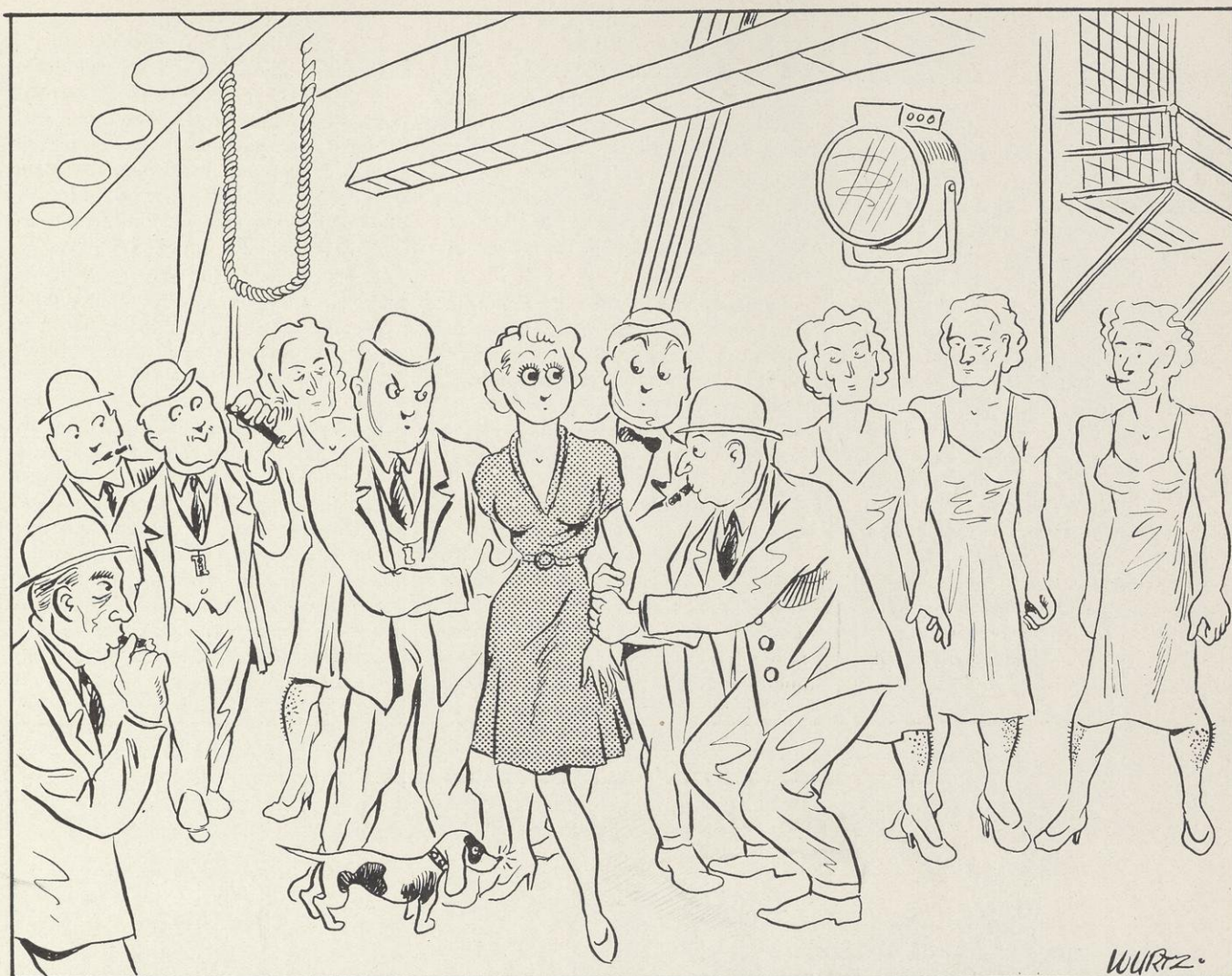
"Oh, of course," I cried, "it's a pleasure." (I don't save autographs myself.)

We sat down on a park bench, and Myrna fished a card out of her purse for me to sign. I wrote, "To Miss Loy, with my best wishes for her future success." She thanked me kindly, and seemed much thrilled to have the card. Yet I wish she had never asked me for my autograph, for it seemed to raise a wall between us. Previously, I had considered asking Miss Loy for a kiss, just a little one, but now I could not help but stare at her condescendingly.

SHE SEEMED to sense this, and her conversation became more strained. "How do you like going to the University?" she asked, forcing a tiny giggle. I liked it quite well. "Do you really



"Gee, Miss Wilson, you look pretty when you get mad."



The Adventures of Dean Goodnight's Secret Police

No. 9—Bona-fide, Real Hussy Found in Haresfoot Chorus

like President Dykstra, or do you just tell people you do?" No, I thought Mr. Dykstra was a very able administrator and a fine gentleman. And then poor Myrna was out of questions.

"Er—I wonder if you'd mind if I ran along now," I said. "You see, I have a sort of engagement."

"Oh, no, no," she cried, "I've been keeping you from something important now, haven't I? This is dreadful, simply dreadful. But thank you for being so courteous. I knew all along you would be really like this, not affected or anything."

I thanked her with a gallant smile, gave her my bag of bird-seed, and said, "Goodbye, Miss Loy, I am very glad to have met you."

"Goodbye," she called, as I walked down Columbus Avenue, "and thanks

ever so much for the autograph!" When I turned to call back "You're welcome" a long grey Chrysler rolled up in front of Miss Loy and a gentleman in a blue sharkskin suit, whom I recognized as Mr. Arthur Hornblow, her husband, jumped out and helped Myrna into the car. They drove off in the opposite direction.

I walked down to Lindley Avenue and started thumbing cars heading East. In just nine hops and seventeen hours I was back in my padded cell at the Bellevue Institution, where I always spend my summer vacations.

—L. S.

Slovakia Turns Into Republic And Hitler Becomes Its Boss

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE
—As republic as Girdler's Republic Steel.

Behold!

It's not every day we have a Twentieth Anniversary. So the reader will not think too sternly, we trust, if Octopus lets a healthy, purplish blush seep through his tentacles, as the birthday candles glow on April 27.

When the first Octopus was put to bed on a warm Spring evening, so many moons ago, its night nurse was none other than one Ernest Hemingway, who has written a few things since.

There have been other brighties in the years that followed, including Maxie Otto, once an art editor, now a piddler in the home-town philosophy department. Shucks, Octy is just starting to stretch and yawn and feel he's reached adulthood. Thanks for the congratulations.

Virgil's Career



LART of it may have been a mental-twist, or perhaps a dash of phobia, I'm not sure, but one thing is sure, "it" made him hang around the eight-ball most of his college career. He had a hair-trigger curiosity that demanded to know how things ended before he should know. When one gets to that stage he is traveling on dangerous ground. During his sophomore year in school he was so bad that when he took up a book he read how it ended first. Please do not get the wrong impression though—Virgil was a very *thorough* lad, he would always read the whole book, it's just that he read it backwards!

As fast as his habits became adjusted Virgil changed their order so the beginning of something came last and the end first. Of course, it takes time to change one's whole habit pattern, but one by one they metamorphosed to suit Virgil's inner urge.

His real trouble started last year in Econ 1a. For his first assignment he

read chapter XXXVII instead of chapter I. He had a devil of a time catching on to what the author was driving at, but that part was a push-over compared to the six weeks' exam. There were four questions. Virgil answered the fourth first and the first last, but he did a poor job. What did he know about the first six chapters of the book? Not a damn thing. He hadn't got that far yet.

In math he had even a harder time. He would start out with the answer and work backwards. During one exam he did not quite finish the last problem; he had just put down the answer when the bell rang. His instructor cuffed him verbally when he saw him the next day in the Rathskeller. If there was anything he hated, he said, it was a cheat.

Socially Virgil fared equally bad. When the boys would gather in the lobby of the frat and tell jokes, Virgil would always spoil things. When telling a joke himself, he would start laughing before he finished because the first thing that entered his mind was how the joke ended. He could anticipate the ending of the gags before they even started and would laugh loud and

long. It got so that boys quit associating with him—why, even the girls stopped dating him. The girls passed it along the grapevine that he would kiss his date goodnight, drive to a lonely spot, pitch a bit of woo, then go to a dance, and finally take her home after giving her some flowers. All "union" girls frowned on such tactics as strictly taboo.

His condition got so bad that he had to stop going to the cinema. Once he could have understood them, but he became more and more confused. He complained that movies lacked organization. One day he told his troubles to a psychology prof, and the professor said, "Now, son, let's start at the beginning." They didn't seem to get anywhere with their little talk.

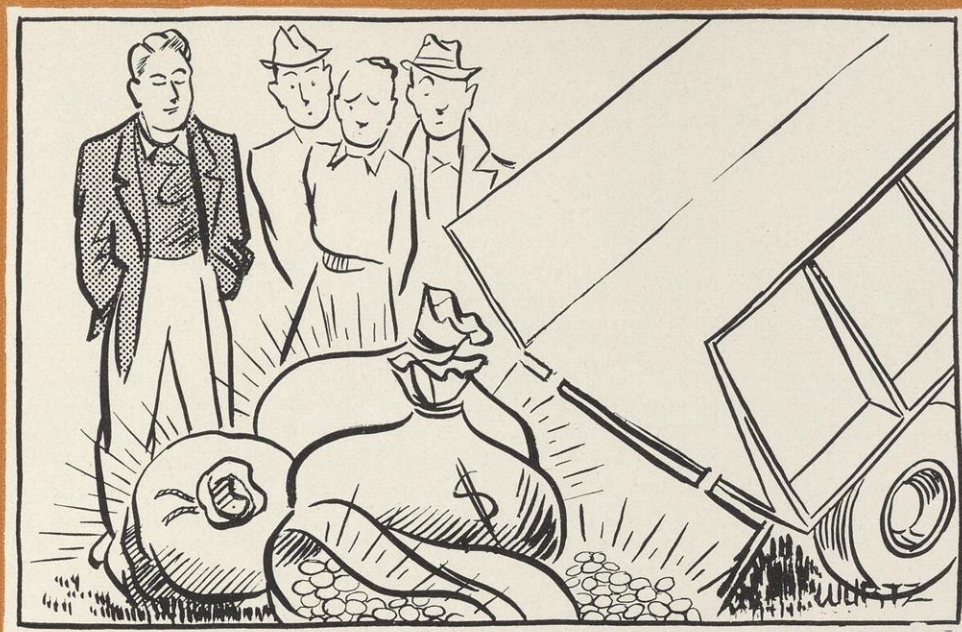
One day Virgil received a letter from the dean. He picked it up, read it backwards, and then went to see Mr. Goodnight. The next day Virgil left our fraternity without a word.

Many times since then I have wondered whatever became of Virgil. Today I found out. He's got a job with the Wisconsin State Legislature. He is doing good work too.

—J. ERDAHL



Who Wants Fame and Fortune?



Come on, boys and girls, take a chance. Be a sport. Here's your opportunity to win one of our 100 peachy prizes. Extra \$1,000 for promptness.

A WORTHY CAUSE

OUR great University needs more funds. (Shhh . . . it's kind of a secret.) And what happens? Everybody comes to cry on OUR shoulders. The Board of Visitors, and the newspapers, and Mr. Dykstra—and *everybody*. Well, Octopus rises to the occasion; we are sponsoring a special lottery to raise funds to maintain us in our accustomed standard of living. Everything Octopus takes in goes to the University with our blessing. We'll let the Board of Regents dispose of the suckers we take in. So, do your bit for us, and we'll do you for a bit. You'd better hurry, hurry, hurry, as there's one born every minute. Hurry for faith, hope, charity, and the Octopus!

BEAUTIFUL MODELS

STARTING next Tuesday, twenty luscious lovelies will conduct a sales campaign on the campus. Tickets will sell for \$2.50. Our sales girls, all ex-models, can be identified by the white carnations they will wear. If it is chilly out, some of them may even wear something besides the white carnations. On the day of the final drawing, May 1, Miss Lola Mirandola, popular artist's model, will come to Madison for this event. Miss Mirandola, we say proudly, has been painted by America's foremost artists. The last one gave her two coats of paint. Who knows? YOU MAY BE THE LUCKY HOLDER OF ONE OF THE WINNING TICKETS! (if something goes wrong with the scheme—which we admit isn't very probable).

100 — NIFTY PRIZES — 100

First Prize	100 \$100 bills, just off our own private press, look real
Second Prize	Floor plans of large well-known bank
Third Prize	Ice cream concession on lake road in May and June
Fourth Prize	Your choice of University degree, Ph.D., D.T., or M.D.
Fifth Prize	Special degree, Octy or third
Twenty Prizes	Each, sixteen credits of A's for one semester
Twenty-five Prizes	Each, police whistle and pair of sneakers, especially for running
Twenty-five Prizes	Each, bag of marbles
Twenty-five Prizes	Picture of your pet hate, dictator or politician, and accompanying set of darts

In the Editor's Brown Study

Or, Mr. Gordon's Final Sunday Morning Service

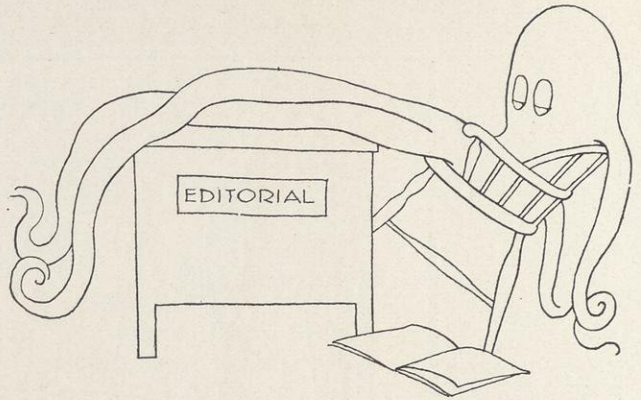


AREWELL, farewell, says the editor, with tears trickling all over the palatial office. With the next issue in the hands of the new staff, we oldsters sadly bid goodbye to the stately Octopus quarters, to the piles of back copies of *The New Yorker*, to the lovely nude murals on the Octopus walls, and to the few remaining 18th Century Dutch tiles.

The Octopus, from now on, is to be in other hands than ours. Perhaps it is destined to become a cross between *Glamour*, *Vogue* and *Bazaar*. We already can hear the small-minds at work: "Octy is too danged old fashioned—how about some dandy, moderne stuff: flashy layouts, classy type, and slanting copy?" Perhaps it is to turn into a candid camera organ, with pages and pages of unfunny shots of funny people. Perhaps Octy will become another *Esquire*, just chuck full o' ducky adultery.

It may be that Octy is to become another collitch, rah-rah pamphlet—with gobs of publicity about the current campus queens, stories about the coach, biographies of campus bigwigs, and how-to-marry-in-college-on-\$19.45-a-week. Perhaps Octy will become a gossip sheet, with the very, very latest dope on who-has-who's-pin and who-was-seen-necking-whom-on-the-Phi Delt-couch.

The present editor hopes Octy will not become one of those. Rather, he looks forward to many happy years of whimsical humor—intelligent, but never intellectual. It is too easy to sit back and feed the publicity hounds their editorial swill, while true humor goes by the boards. It is easier to gain readers through sensational gossip and pictures of naked women than through subtle humor and vitriolic satire.



The reader does not know what strange publications pass under the name of "humor magazine." Of the hundreds which have flowed into our office during the past year, only a few are worth their salt. For every California *Pelican* there are a hundred Pennsylvania *Punch Bowls*; for every Harvard *Lampoon* there are a hundred Georgia *Arches*. These poor magazines have started at the bottom and are working their way down.

The saddest note of all, as we leave the Octopus portals, is that we shall be away from all the bigwigs and comp-mongers who monopolize the Third Floor of the Union. However will we get along away from those insidious gravy seekers who forever covet more and more publicity? We shall miss their inevitable presence on the day before deadline, gallantly waving a complimentary ticket at us, *provided* we sell out the issue to them and publish their publicity prattle. The gluttons work on the doctrine that a few comps will prostitute any editor into filling his columns with gobs of garbage. Assistant general chairmen are the worst things that confront the college editor. Cardinal and Octopus editors would do well to adopt a firm hand against the publicity promoters.

THE more usual picture found thoroughly pleasurable relationships during the present editor's regime. There have been many rollicking hours spent with the funny Octopus people. Bob Nash is probably the funniest person ever to haunt the Octy office. Homer Haswell, who, we insist, *does* sleep in his undies, has done his duties as business manager efficiently.

There was the Villa Maria affair, which the editor regretted, but secretly enjoyed—for *his* hands were clean. There were pleasant associations with the intelligent and competent Mr. Cotnam. In conclusion, the editor's slogan is affirmed: "The Octopus—a Career for Youth."



What's all this terror about Booji's meal-job?



The Right Combination does it...

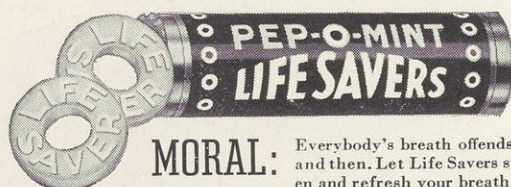
THE SECRET of Chesterfield's milder better taste...*the reason why they give you more smoking pleasure . . .* is the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos rolled in pure cigarette paper . . . the blend that can't be copied.



Chesterfield
THEY SATISFY



In the Spring, no young man's fancy
Lightly turned to thoughts of Nancy.
But now they pester her to death,
Since Pep-O-Mints improved her breath.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let Life Savers sweet-
en and refresh your breath after
eating, drinking, and smoking.

Hey, Again!

Where Our Cardinal Burlesque Stories Came From

Page One (A)

The stories swiped were:

2A.....Sept. 28, 1938
5A.....Nov. 2, 1938
8A.....Nov. 25, 1938

(By W. Shakespeare; "King Lear")

Page Two (B)

2B.....March 11, 1938
8B.....Sept. 25, 1938
and Nov. 4, 1938 (lead paragraph)

Page Three (C)

2C.....March 26, 1939
3C.....January 22, 1939
4C.....January 22, 1939
5C, 6C, & 7C.....March 26, 1939
(a big day in Scrapbook History)
9C.....Sept. 25, 1939

(first item)

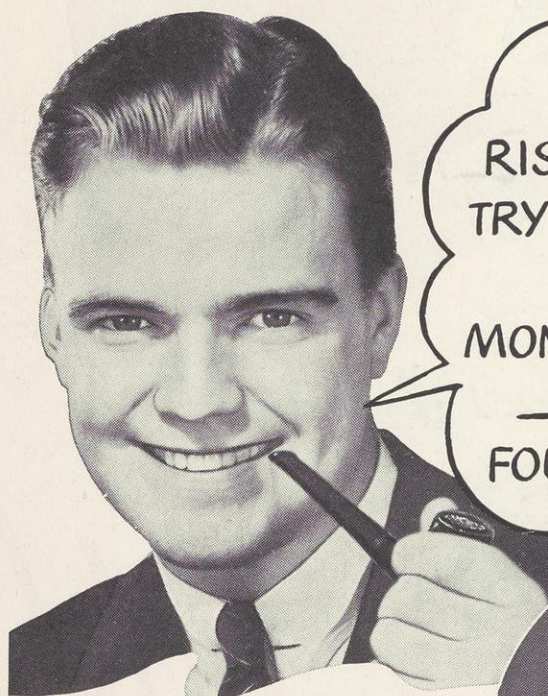
Page Four (D)

4D.....Nov. 6, 1938
Gamma Phi Headline.....Nov. 6, 1938
7D.....March 23, 1939
8D.....March 25, 1939
11D.....March 26, 1939
14D.....Sept. 24, 1938
15D.....Oct. 9, 1938

Filler (E)

1F.....March 26, 1939
2F.....Dec. 7, 1938
3F.....Sept. 21, 1938
4F.....Nov. 2, 1938
5F.....March 24, 1939

Give yourself a point for each one you guessed right.
If you scored over 10, you work for the Daily Cardinal.



I DIDN'T
RISK A PENNY TO
TRY PRINCE ALBERT
ON THAT
MONEY-BACK OFFER
— AND I SURE
FOUND SMOKING
JOY!

Read Prince Albert's money-
back offer (lower left), then try
this pipe treat, knowing that you
risk nothing. Prince Albert in your
pipe means EXTRA-MILD, FULL-
BODIED smoking. It's choice to-
bacco — PACKED RIGHT. Prince
Albert is "crimp cut." It burns
slower, smokes cooler, and cakes
your pipes up right. The famous
Prince Albert "no-bite" process re-
moves harshness, assuring RICH,
RIPE TASTE without bite. Get
Prince Albert for your pipes now!

PIPE FANS, HERE'S P.A.'S GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert.
If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest
pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the
pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it
to us at any time within a month from this
date, and we will refund full purchase price,
plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds To-
bacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

**PRINCE
ALBERT**

THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



**SO
MILD!**

50

pipefuls of fragrant to-
bacco in every handy
tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

According to the Records

The Classical



THE London Gramophone has described the Decca album of Bellini's *Norma* as "one of the best records on a grand scale that we have yet heard." With that commendation we anxiously whirled our transcription of this tragic opera, found it magnificently played and consider it an important contribution to the record world. The opera is *opera* in its absolute form—not a mere collection of vocal advertisements. The featured artists, chorus, and symphony orchestra form a coherent whole; one almost depicts the scenery as he complacently revels in this glorious music. Gina Cigna as Norma is triumphant—even, as it were, unto death. The E.I.A.R. Chorus and Orchestra are expertly demonstrated, rating a cool A plus. *Decca*.

The Beecham recording of Mozart's *Symphony No. 31 in D Minor* is not quite a first class job. The sublime Mozart music is presented coldly and rigidly by a befogged orchestra cutting an apparently unfamiliar composition. We're *not* satisfied. *Columbia*.

Selections from Gounod's *Faust* reveal Etienne Billot in a remarkably well-contoured voice with a thoroughly satisfying attack. The familiar church scene of the fourth act is admirably performed. *Decca*.

To hear an actual world premiere playing of a Haydn symphony is a treat no longer to be expected; yet *Victor* presents the Fritz Stiedry conducted New Friends of Music Orchestra in just *that*. The new music is the *Symphony No. 80 in D Minor*. This newly presented work has a double value for it also brings in the same album the rarely played *Symphony No. 67 in F Major*, proving that all good things come in pairs. *Victor*.

The poetic introduction and rugged grandeur of Brahms's *Symphony No. 1* puts it ahead of the other three. As played by Otto Klemplerer and Philharmonic Orchestra, the work ranges from passionate pleadings to a sort of wild exultation, yet rests on firm musical foundation revealing a logical continuous flow of musical thought. If it were necessary to pick a high spot in this flawless performance, it would be the colorful first movement, one of the most poetic episodes in all Brahms. The similarity to the finale of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is striking—and beautiful for that. *Decca*.

When Mischa Elman, Emanuel Feuermann, Rudolf Serkin, and Hulda Lashanska play Handel's *Arioso* and Schubert's *Litanie* for the relief of refugees of all sects, need we say *more*. *Victor*.

The "Unfinished" Symphony is Schubert's special honor. Its melancholy beauty and romantic serenity bring it a dramatic force, a sense of completeness. More would be too much—a Venus *with* arms. The Philharmonic Orchestra under Max Von Schillings does a conscientious transcription. This is a first-rate performance and merits a bravo or six. *Decca*.

The Concerto No. 8 in a A Minor by Ludwig Spohr is a short and concise work which packs into its four sides a wealth of novel, alter-sounding music. Albert Spaulding plays this "opera aria" for the violin. Merely to say the work is pleasing is gross misstatement. *Victor*.

Alexander Brailowsky brings the Chopin Sonata No. 3 in B Minor a new feeling of musical expression. The Brailowsky style is smart and crisp, and full of vitality that captures your attention. This rendition of Chopin strikes out a further frontier in really remarkable piano performance. *Victor*.

If your favorite composer is Kreisler, Beethoven or Paderevski, or if actually all three are your favorite, then you will want the record of Edith Lorand performing *Schon Rosmarin*, by the first, and *Minuet in G Major* by each of the last two. *Decca*.

The Kilenyi recording of Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia is a valuable contribution by an astonishingly brilliant pianist. It is a straightforward rendition, devoid of meaningless interpretation. *Columbia*.

The Popular

UNDECIDED

A Mr. Webb, Chick to his friends, teams again with that hotster, Ella Fitzgerald, and you know what the result is—yum, yum. This team is consistently aces, for our dough. *In the Groove at the Grove*, 'Taint What You Do, and *I Can't Stop Loving You* all haunt us during the entire day—pleasurably so. *Decca*.

S'POSIN

Waller, that meatball, is loose again. Call out the wagon,



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want, when you want it

Join the VICTOR RECORD SOCIETY and get . . .

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men, and drag him in, preferably dead. This is foul. *Bluebird*.

MY HANDS ARE TIED

Kemp, our little tin god, is waxing well these days, thank you. You too will sit and cheer at his *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*, *Blue Moonlight*, and *Hoi Polloi*. Incomparable. *Victor*.

I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING TO SUIT MY MIND

But we can: Guy Lombardo. He suits us fine. Sweet and sadative are his *Little Sir Echo*, *Penny Serenade*, and *Rainbow Valley*. The Royal Canadians, at their best. *Decca*.

CHOPSTICKS

A nice novelty done by Gray Gordon. On the reverse, *It's Never Too Late*, in true Tic Toc fashion, turns out quite good. *Victor*. We preferred Kay Kyser's *Chopsticks* to Gordon's. The latter is backed by the intriguing *I Get Along Without You Very Well*. *Brunswick*.

RED SKIES IN THE NIGHT

O. K.—If you like Jurgens. On the B side is *Little Sir Echo* which is also satisfactory fodder for the Jurgens hay-eaters. Jurgens is from the West and is cornfed, obviously. *Vocalion*

THE MASQUERADE IS OVER

It's all trumpet; it's all Heidt. But it's not too good in spite of the build-up. *How Strange* has its moments, but too few. *Brunswick*.

THE MOON IS A SILVER DOLLAR

But you, Will Osborne, are a lead one. You don't even have a tinkle here—just a dull thud. Oh, help, take it away. *Sing, My Heart*, on the reverse, is inappropriately placed. *Decca*.

IT'S ALL YOURS

Jimmy Dorsey delights us with this ace recording. A good job on the reverse, *This Is It*, makes the record a hit. *Decca*.

ESTRELLITA

The Goodman addict won't get his homework done for a week when he buys this baby. Oh, what a band! *I'll Always Be in Love With You*, *A Home in the Clouds*, and *Cuckoo in the Clock* are one and all up to standard. *Victor*.

DIARY OF DREAMS

Keep your eye on this lad Joe Sudy. He's going places. He has a rich voice and an enchanting style. Take a dose of *Nothing Is Too Perfect for You* just for a starter. *Bluebird*.

THURSDAY

It's Count Basie who's to blame for this and we won't forgive him. We who trusted in him, should not be treated this way. *Shorty George* gets icky without the one, two, three. They are both from the play with the original name: "Blackbirds of 1939." Phew. *Decca*.

BLAME IT ON MY LAST AFFAIR

Harry James is all right here. Likewise in *Chiribiribin* and *Love's a Necessary Thing*. *Brunswick*.

TA-HU-WA-HU-WA!

If the printers were able to spell it right, you've got the name of a honey. The Merry Macs are tops in harmony and over-the-top in this recording. *Chopsticks* holds its own with the A side, which makes this a must record. *Decca*.

RCA Record Players

RCA Combinations

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Victor
Decca
Brunswick

Bluebird
Vocalion
Columbia

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LIFE SAVERS

Each month, the redoubtable Octopus editor choses the best contribution submitted and awards its author a handsome box of Life Savers—*twelve* delicious flavors, if you please. This month's winner is—

MR. REX RUPPA

Nice work, Rex. Keep it up. Here is Rex's corker:

GENTLEMEN, on scholarly adventure bent,
Should seriously attempt to circumvent
The subtle call of passions for their vent;
Else education tends towards the irrelevant.

ONLY
KENNEDY-MANSFIELD

Properly Pasteurized DAIRY PRODUCTS

Provide ALL These SAFEGUARDS

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You Owe It To Yourself

To See

"ANNEX ME ANOTHER"

Continuing Our Forty Year Heritage With

- **FEMALE IMPERSONATION**
- **NEW DANCE ROUTINES**
- **TWELVE NEW SONG HITS**
- **A COMPANY OF SIXTY-FIVE**

*A riotous musical comedy in the best Haresfoot manner.
The most timely show produced this year in the nation!*

PARKWAY

**FRIDAY, APRIL 28, EVE.
SATURDAY, APRIL 29, MAT. & EVE.**

"All our girls are men, yet everyone's a lady"

"Clinging to a tiny platform 600 feet in the air puts a big strain on my nerves," says Charles A. Nelson, steel inspector of the New York World's Fair. His rule to ease nerve tension: "Pause now and then —

LET UP_ LIGHT UP A CAMEL"



LIKE SO MANY OTHERS at the New York World's Fair, Charley Nelson makes it a rule to break the nervous tension of crowded days by pausing every now and then to let up—light up a Camel. Observe, on your visit to New York's greatest exposition, how smoothly everything goes. Also note how many people you see smoking Camels. There are dozens of sights at the New York World's Fair—but don't spoil the fun by letting your nerves get fagged. Pause now and then—let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette for mildness, rich taste—and *comfort!*

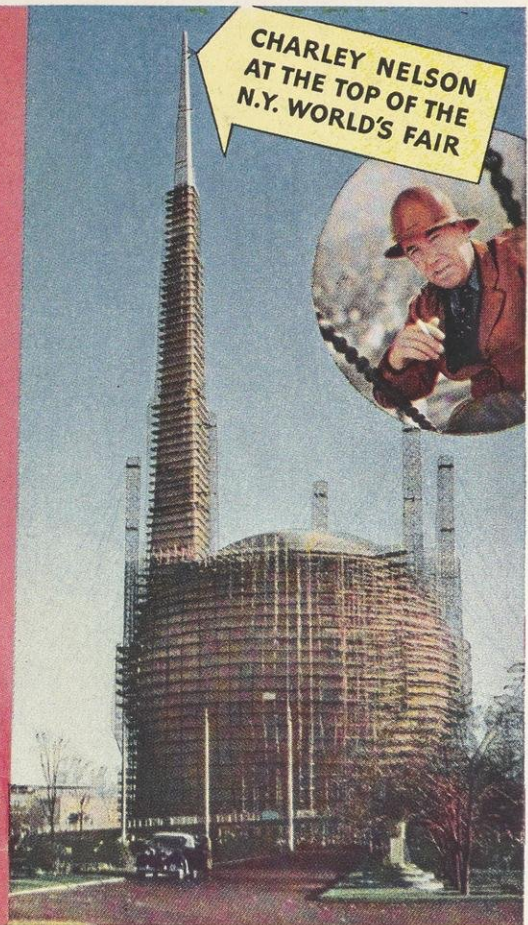


EDDIE CANTOR—Listen in to America's great comic personality in a riot of fun, music, and song. On the air each Monday evening over the Columbia Network. 7:30 p m E. S. T., 9:30 p m C. S. T., 8:30 p m M. S. T., 7:30 p m P. S. T.

BENNY GOODMAN—Hear the one and only King of Swing, and the world's greatest swing band "go to town" in a big way—each Tuesday evening—Columbia Network. 9:30 p m E. S. T., 8:30 p m C. S. T., 7:30 p m M. S. T., 6:30 p m P. S. T.



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THE GREAT "SPIKE AND BALL" (above right) is the theme center of the New York World's Fair—the Trylon and the Perisphere—7000 pieces of steel joined by a quarter of a million rivets. It's the trying job of Inspector Nelson to check these two huge shells at every vital point. He says: "I've got to know every inch of that steelwork. It's a nerve-straining job, hanging onto girders hundreds of feet up, but I can't afford to get jittery. I *have* to sidestep nerve tension. It's my rule to ease off occasionally—to let up—light up a Camel." (Notes on the two structures above: The great ball will appear to be supported by fountains concealing the concrete foundation pillars. At night, the ball will seem to rotate—an illusion to be created by lighting effects. The towering Trylon will be the Fair's broadcasting tower.)



300 FENCING MATCHES and exhibitions are credited to Rosemary Carver, expert with the flashing foil. "Fencing drains the nerves," she says. "But I can't take chances on being tense, jittery in the midst of a fast parry or lunge. Through the day I rest my nerves—I let up—light up a Camel. I find Camels soothing, comforting. And Camels *taste* so good!"



**SMOKERS FIND
CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE
SOOTHING TO THE NERVES**

Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**