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The Wisconsin OCTOPUS



UMMKOPF ISSUE

FEATURES

GIRL O' THE MONTH

ACES OF THE MONTH

UNDER THE TABLE

By "Legs" Skele

SORORITY GADABOUT

JUST SNOOPING THANKS

Fifteen Cents

THE *SMOKE'S* THE THING!



**EXTRA
MILDNESS**

**EXTRA
COOLNESS**

**EXTRA
FLAVOR**

AND ANOTHER BIG ADVANTAGE FOR YOU IN CAMELS—

the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

WHEN all is said and done, the thing in smoking is *the smoke!*

Your taste tells you that the *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor.

Now Science tells you another important—and welcome—fact about Camel's slower burning.

Less nicotine—in *the smoke!* 28% less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested—in *the smoke!* Less than any of them—in *the smoke!* And it's the *smoke* that reaches you.

Try Camels... the slower-burning cigarette... the cigarette with more mildness, more coolness, more flavor, and less nicotine in the smoke! And more smoking, too—as explained beneath package at right.



**By burning 25%
slower**

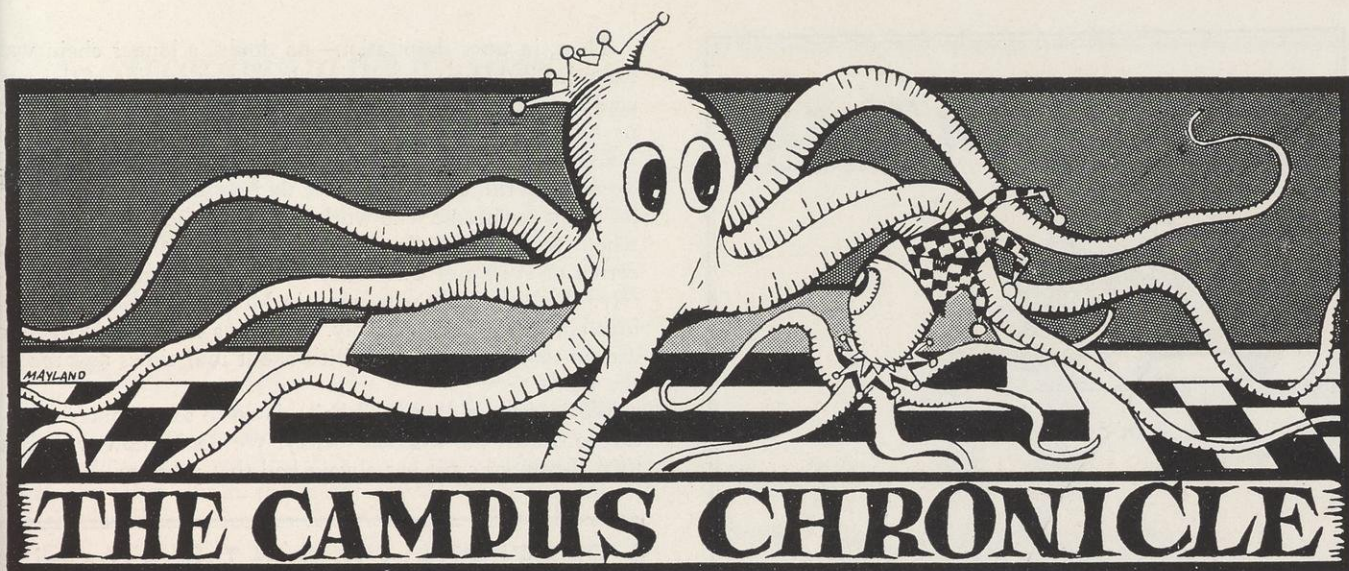
than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

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

CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —



INTER carnival was everything that we had hoped for—sun, slush, and a small flurry of snow that began Thursday afternoon at three, and ended abruptly at four minutes after three. We saw a poster flapping in the breeze on Monday, and became so imbued with the carnival spirit that we ran down to State

Street and bought a plaid shirt, after which we went to bed with a cold for the rest of the week. In an effort to get a second-hand account of the festivities to pass on to our readers we interviewed a young lady of our acquaintance who had been to snow-ball. This didn't work out so well though, because she hates flapjacks, and would not comment upon the dance beyond the fact that her escort refused to take his skis off on the dance floor. We did our bit though—we called up the ice company and ordered six cakes of ice for sculpturing. They never came.

One Last Look

No one has asked us what we got out of Econ 1A for about a week and a half, so we guess that the campus has finally managed to shake off the crawling slime of exams. The whole experience has mercifully shrouded itself in a hazy mist for us, except for the memory of one wild moment when we were faced with the task of explaining the trend of 18th century literature as shown in its effects upon religion and politics (Be specific; short concise answers which contain concrete facts will be given highest rating) when we had thought all along that the course was entitled "French Literature Before the 17th Century." We also sat next to an unattractive looking female who had filled two blue books while we were still trying to figure out what the first question meant. No Fs though, and we can work that E off in no time by correspondence or something.

Union Library

The Union Library committee, after functioning peacefully all year, almost collapsed in complete chaos a few weeks ago. The Library committee, by way of explanation, is that intrepid little band who keep watch over the Union reading room and supervise the buying of books for the shelves. After much intrigue and hectic correspondence,

they managed to convince Mr. C. M. Forester, an author, that he would be doing the University an inestimable service if he would come and visit one of the Library browsing hours. The Committee was just congratulating each other on their diplomacy when one of the more practical minded members threw a bomb into the meeting by observing that when Mr. Forester came he might be a little irked at finding not one of his books on the shelves. For a moment the wheels of progress stopped turning, and literature seemed doomed to complete disintegration. But the committee managed to pull themselves together and hurriedly dash out and buy four of Mr. Forester's novels, thus saving face all around. It is more clear thinking and calm action like this that is needed to put the University back on top again. Excelsior!

Perambulative Rebellion

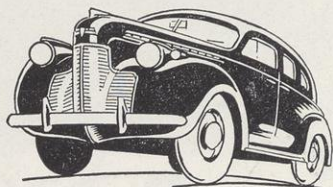
We don't know what we can do about it, but we've been scratching our head for a long time. Maybe if we tell you about it we can find a soul-mate for our dilemma which, of course, will soothe us.

We have occasion to walk by a university parking lot on the corner of Lake and Langdon every day. A couple of years ago, soon after an old house which formerly stood there was torn down, we remember several students used to park their autos in the vacant lot—we thought it was a good idea.

It wasn't long, though, before we noticed that Mr. Gallistel's boys had erected a couple of iron posts on either side of the driveway with a heavy chain between them. In the center of the span was a great padlock which, we suppose, was to be opened by those permitted to use the lot. Always, we found, there were never more than three cars in the lot at any time of the day while the lot would easily accommodate upwards of fifteen.

Then, too, it seems that either the excluded vehicular gentry had become indignant or that the favored had forgotten their padlock keys for it wasn't long before both iron posts were broken off—evidently by someone who had driven right through despite the prohibition. But the damage was repaired and the posts were moved closer to the entrance and supplanted by very heavy wooden pillars. These guardians of the gate lasted about two weeks and we found them, one morning, fractured beyond repair.

If You Want To Go



... in comfort



... in style

CHOOSE ONE OF OUR
IN TUNE CARS. EVERY
ONE EQUIPPED WITH
RADIO ...

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OUR NEW RATE IS THE MOST
ECONOMICAL IN MADISON

★

*She Will Appreciate Your
Thoughtfulness*

MADISON'S FINEST CARS • MADISON'S LOWEST RATES

CAPITAL CITY
531 State **RENT-A-CAR** F. 334

Then, in utter desperation—no doubt, a longer chain was extended between two massive elms on either side of the coveted entrance. Because we love trees, and this action gave us no small worry, we called Mr. Gallistel by phone and asked him why he didn't give up the whole business and open the parking lot again. He told us something about the lot being for people who worked in the ticket office or somewhere thereabouts. So we asked him about the lot on the corner of Park and University which is also university property. "It's for people who work in Music Hall and the buildings adjacent," was the reply. We saw a record haul of four cars in that lot one day and it's about four times as large as the first.

We've decided that it all boils down to some concerted effort to thwart the wheeled society. We don't know why, but then the upper crust has always had that problem.

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

SUSAN B. SATTERLEE
150 Langdon

Miss Satterlee's stinker follows, viz—

"I have a date with a Siamese twin tonight."

"Do you think he can get away?"

Congratulations, Miss Satterlee!

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Volume XXII FEBRUARY, 1941 Number 6

According to the Records

The Popular



THIS month Victor releases its HAL KEMP memorial album containing five of Hal's most popular records. The album contains: *Got a Date with an Angel*, *Remember Me*, *Whispers in the Dark*, *Lamp-light*, *Love for Sale*, and the like. It is a dandy group and each record is an example of one particular era, or style, of the great bandleader. It is said that Kemp, along with Fred Waring, has contributed more than any other man to the acceptance of jazz, as it is known in the broadcast sense, in the American home. These are original recordings of the best Hal Kemp organization including Skinnay Ennis. Let no more be said.

CONCERTO FOR CLARINET

From the Paramount film "Second Chorus" Victor produces two full twelve-inch sides of Artie Shaw's best work. The "Concerto" is a medley of well known Shaw hits among others. On the "A" side it begins with a slow, melodious version of "Carolina Moon," developing into "Honky-Tonk Train" and several very good reworkings on the melody. It's all very nice and—we believe—swell for jazz collector and novice alike. The whole business tapers off to the highest note we have ever heard on a clarinet.

DR. LIVINGSTON, I PRESUME?

Artie Shaw's presentation with jungle tom-toms and a



Elmer brought her Van Gogh prints,
Peter brought a big bouquet,
Roger brought her Pep-O-Mints
And took her breath away.



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

Prelude to Spring



Baron's

Fountain Pen Bargains

New 1940 Model Eversharp Pens

\$3.50 pens now \$1.75

\$5.00 pens now \$2.50

Wasp Addipoint Pens

\$1.00 pens now 69c

Limited to stock now on hand—select yours now.

BROWN'S
BOOK SHOP
STATE AT LAKE STREET

scorching, well-done clarinet thread is quite to our taste. On the reverse "*When the Quail Come Back to San Quentin*" is compelling work done by a solid small band. *Victor*

BENNY GOODMAN et al.

Featuring Count Basie, Benny does a jameroo job on "*Benny's Bugle*." Here, also, Cootie Williams makes his first major effort as Goodman's solo trumpeter. "*As Long as I Live*" rolls along nicely and is on the backside.

"*Somebody Stole My Gal*," backed by "*I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*," are worthy works by the same Mr. Goodman. They are the band you know—big and mighty, storming along now noisy, now quiet—but all very fine. We'd rather just call it satisfying. *Columbia*

PLEASE, MR. JOHNSON

This is a nice example of clean-cut, converging blues played in a craftsman-like way and altogether very pleasant. Backsided by merrily, whoop-whooping "*Swing Along with Me*." *Decca*

MARGIE

Here's one for your favorite file and you can't miss for it's done in a full, resonant way—the way you like to hear it played—with no novelty ornament. "*The Light Fantastic*" on the turnover, we suppose, is better than a blank disk—but not much better. Frankie Masters. *Okeh*

RIDE MY BLUES AWAY

The ride is with Harlan Leonard and his Rockets and is quite comfortable. We got there all right and didn't feel any jolts so we would nod in assent—and do. The "Rockets"

(continued on page 22)



TANGEE Red-Red

LEADS THE FASHION "CLASS OF '41"

The girls who seem to corner all the bids call Tangee's startling RED-RED lipstick the rarest, loveliest red of them all...a pure, clear shade keyed to the gay, new campus colors. And Tangee's famous cream base keeps your lips smooth for hours...helps to prevent chapping and that awful dry,

"drawn" feeling. Matching rouge and face powder.



TANGEE
Red-Red

REALLY STAYS ON!

FLOWERS

for every
occasion

ANNIVERSARIES

BIRTHDAYS

SICK ROOM

BEREAVEMENTS

HOME DECORATIONS

TO SAY "THANK YOU"

TO SAY "I'M SORRY"

BON VOYAGE

Rentschler's

FLORAL CO.

230 STATE

A drunk got into a taxi and asked to be driven around the park five times. After the third time around, he shouted to the driver, "Faster—I'm in a hurry."

—Hiccup

REVISED EDITION

I cannot study when you're gone,
And books would bore me now, I
fear.

I don't take notes; I sit and yawn,
Just like I did when you were here!
—Ski-U-Mah.

Minister: "And how is my little lad today?"

Little Lad: "Ssh! Not so loud, Dad might hear."
—Pup.

If all the co-eds in the world that didn't neck were gathered in one room, what would we do with her?

—Duke 'n' Duchess

He: "Do you know what virgins dream about?"

She: "No, what?" —Varieties.

Beta: My roommate fell downstairs last night with a fifth of Johnnie Walker.

Beta Still: Did he spill any?

Beta: No, he kept his mouth closed.
—Colgate Banter.

The major menaces on the highway are drunken driving, uncontrolled thumbing and indiscriminate spooning. To put it briefly, hic, hike, & hug.

—Penn-State Froth.

"Are you going to wear tails to the party?"

"Do not bother me, I am late and have no time to discuss evolution."

Leer.

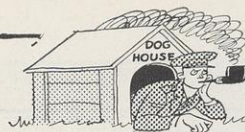
Fat Lady: "Boy, call me a taxi."

Bell Hop: "All right, you're a taxi, but you look more like a truck to me."

The Log.

Deke took his aunt out riding,
Though icy was the breeze.
He put her in the rumble seat.
To see his anti-freeze.

—Punch Bowl.



PRIVATE KELLY'S PIPE WAS SMELLY—

but he's out of the dog house now!



"NO BLANKETY-BLANK rookie who smokes such blankety-blank tobacco can ever marry my daughter! Phew! Either stay away or switch to the Army's favorite!"



KELLY GOT DECORATED for fragrance under fire! You can, too! You puff Sir Walter in your pipe and every nose agrees it's the mild burley blend of grand aroma!"

New!

Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



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

Polish Up
Your Writing
Talent—
IF ANY!

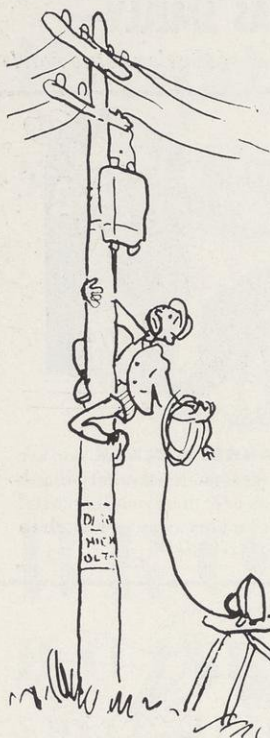
\$50.00 1st PRIZE
\$25.00 2nd PRIZE
\$15.00 3rd PRIZE
\$10.00 4th PRIZE

Only girls in a selected list of colleges, of which ours is one, are eligible to compete for these four prizes.

All you have to do is complete this sentence in 25 words, or less:

"I prefer Tangee Red-Red Lipstick because....."

Send your entry to the Editorial Offices of this Magazine no later than midnight, April 15th, 1941. The judges' decision is final and all entries become the property of the makers of Tangee Red-Red. Good Luck!



No Need for Wire-Tapping . . .

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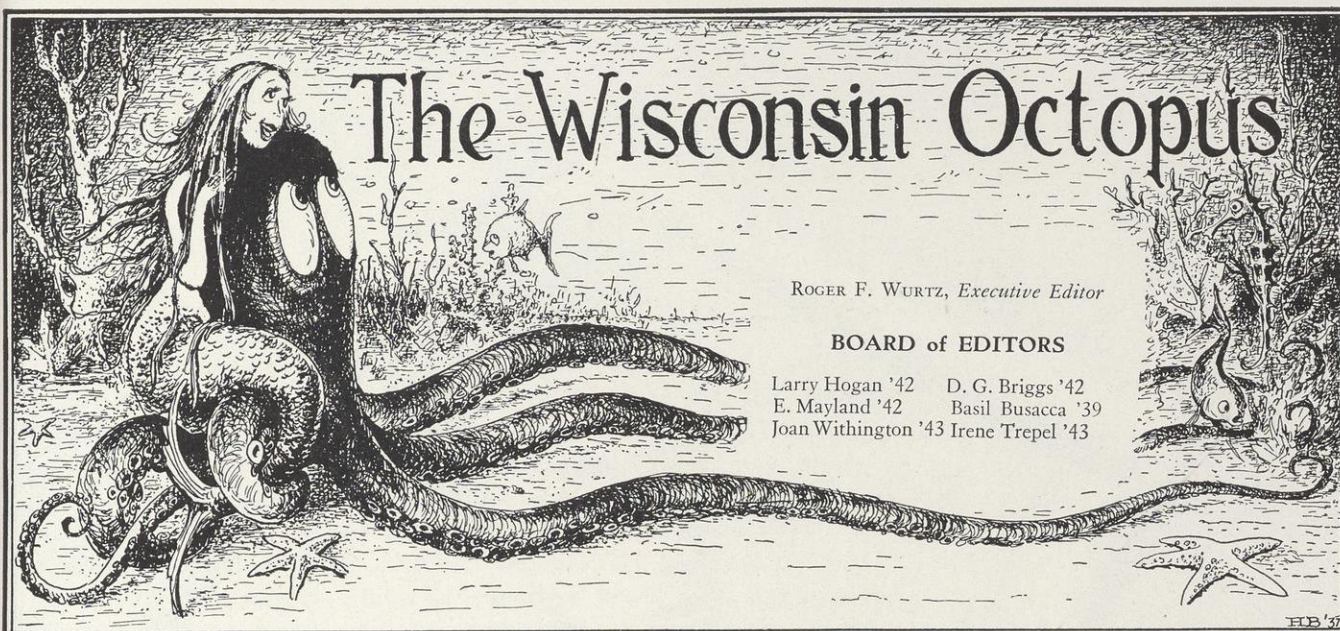
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FEB '43

Volume XXII

FEBRUARY, 1941

Number 6

On Second Thought



graduate.

VER half of the nation's college men, we learn, are self-supporting while in school. And at least one-fifth do well when they

New gadget, the *wackeroo*, is a chalk mannikin, meant for smashing against a wall on those occasions when you've got to wreck something. In gross lots it makes a delightful gift for your favorite dictator.

The new national spelling champion is a 14-year-old girl who didn't begin school until she was eight. That leaves us speculating about whether the Cardinal has been sub-leased to a kindergarten.

State papers tell of the successful Richard Huzarskis, a couple of Wisconsin graduates who live by writing fiction in their remote northwoods shack. You can't beat college training for a career—Mr. Huzarski, we remember, got his degree in *Engineering!*

Governor Heil announces he will send limburger cheese to all his Colonels. Sweets to the sweet, we say!



"What's a phyle got to do with Inter-Fraternity ball?"

A radio comic admits he's used one gag 3,000 times during the last twenty years. That puts him in a virtual tie with our psych prof.

Jury convicts Hymie Caplin—headline. But definitely you must not confusing this disreputish karakter with the educated H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N.

The Chicago Tribune, which last month read Willkie dropped from the GOP, has now discarded Dewey. Nothing, we agree, would be better for the Republicans than an *All Out* aid scheme.

These are days to give grey hairs to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Hard on news that California has had weeks of rain comes word that 20,000 Floridans are successfully heating their water by a device that uses Sun-rays for heat.

Gus Dorazio, who was knocked out by Joe Louis on Feb. 17th, 1941, said, "I can't remember that he hit me." Fans won't even remember the fight.

Lloyds of London has refused to permit a romance between two Chicago pandas. Take it from an insurance company, men, this boy-girl business is expensive!

—B. B.

In northern Italy, German troops, patrolling Italian factories, have shot three Italian generals; in the south, British parachutists are blowing up railroads; and on the east, Greek troops occupy Italian territory. *Mare Nostrum*, these days, is the Bay at Naples.

Madison auto agency is offering for sale a sport *Duesenberg*, with iridescent finish, power-brake pressure selector, altimeter, disappearing top, and a \$16,000 price reduction. Quick! someone nudge the governor.

Once more Wisconsin professors condemn the "peace-mongering" LaFollettes. Who said the University had no traditions?

Thirty hours after Octy announced he was praying for snow, temperatures dropped, and a blizzard began. That smug smile in the next pew is the editor.



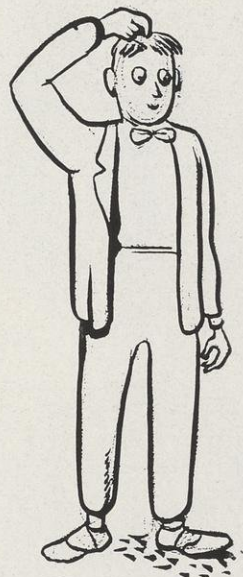
DUMMKOPF'S GIRL O' THE MONTH

Snapped just before she retired, Sylvia Saurwine, pretty Wisconsin Co-ed, is Dummkopf's beauty this month. Sylvia is brunette, has green eyes and likes to dance, ski, and jump on pogo sticks.

DEDICATION

THIS ISSUE is dedicated to "Dummkopfs." Whether you are one or not is a question which you can explain to yourself. To Octy a "Dummkopf" is one who believes that a humor magazine should cater to campus tastes. His idea of this taste is sexy pictures, nifty photographs of pretty girls, kandid kamera kuts of mostly legs, stories that are nasty, near-nasty or that can be interpreted six different ways. He laughs heartily at all dog-and-hydrant cartoons, lick his chops at those showing voluptuous girls sitting on executives' knees, and roars hilariously at all cartoons involving ancient or modern latrines.

We have at last condescended to answer this rabble. We bow our head and submit—just for once—to give you a good big portion of this trash. We had no trouble at all in finding this stuff . . . With a very few exceptions all of the exchange magazines which come to us every month from other universities and colleges are full of it—they were excellent models and we are greatly indebted to them for their involuntary aid. But enough . . . The mud is ahead! With a murky blast from the clarion of the rabble, we bid you on . . .





NIGHT ORGY

LLEWELLYN FRAMM used to dream that he was a stone. He enjoyed dreaming that he was a stone, because in the dream he would always be lying on the side of a country road with the sun beating down on him. He would just lie there for hours at a time, and when he woke up in the morning, he would feel refreshed. He never told any one about the dream, because he felt that it was probably un-American or something, but it was his dream and he liked it. He didn't know what he would do without it.

Llewellyn also read the Octopus. Reading the Octopus had nothing to do with his dream that he was a stone, but it gave him the same kind of pleasant feeling. He often wished that the dream would change so that he could be a stone lying on the side of a country road with the sun beating down on him and be reading the Octopus at the same time.

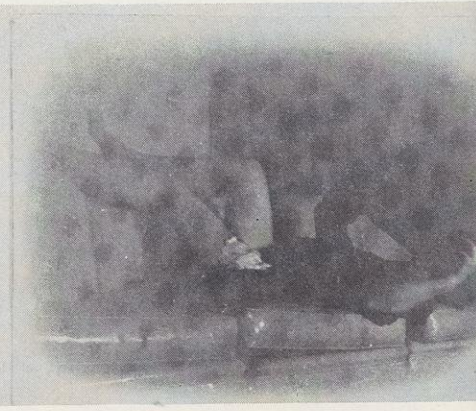
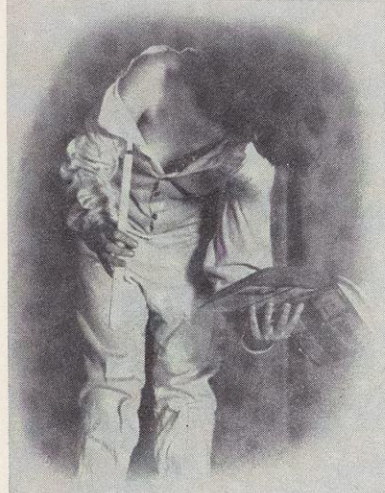
One day his room-mate came home and sneered at Llewellyn. His room-mate was a dull, apish looking fellow with loose jowls. He also had dirty fingernails, which gave him an unkempt look.

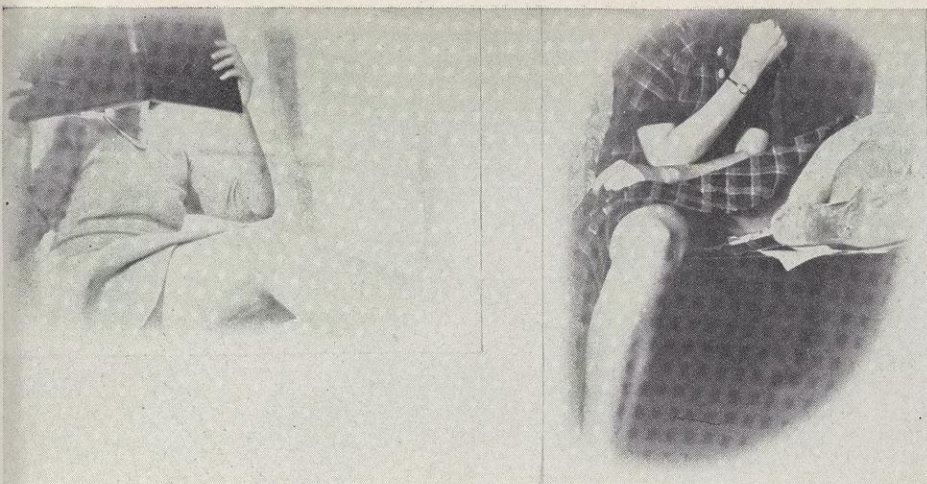
"Llewellyn," he said, licking his lips, "Why do you read the Octopus? It is not for you. You should read some of my magazines. They will make you manly. They will give you that cynical, man of the world air that is so becoming. They will satisfy that unnameable craving within you that is known to psychologists as the libido. They will, in plain language, show you SEX!"

Llewellyn was startled. He had never thought of sex in a college magazine. He didn't think that his girl had either. His girl was very pretty, with yellow hair and blue eyes and a nice laugh. He had never thought of discussing sex with her. He had never thought it necessary.

"I don't think my girl would like it," said Llewellyn.

"Don't be a jellyfish," sneered his room-mate. "Here. Read these,





and you'll see what you've been missing. Look at the pictures. That's real art."

He handed Llewellyn a stack of magazines. Llewellyn looked at the titles. One was called the "Purple Passion of Eastern Christian College." Another had the title "The University of Pennsylvtucky Whoop-Whoop." He began to look through them. He blushed, but he kept looking. He looked and looked. He pulled down the shades and stuffed the keyhole, and then he went back to the magazines. Far into the night he looked, and at intervals he chuckled. It was a lascivious chuckle, a chuckle with sex in it.

"Maybe I have been missing something," said Llewellyn.

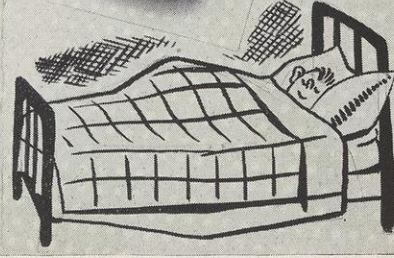
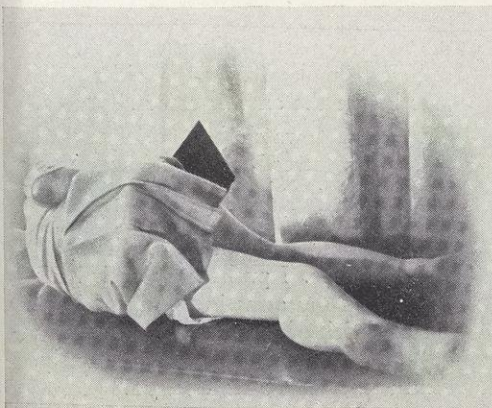
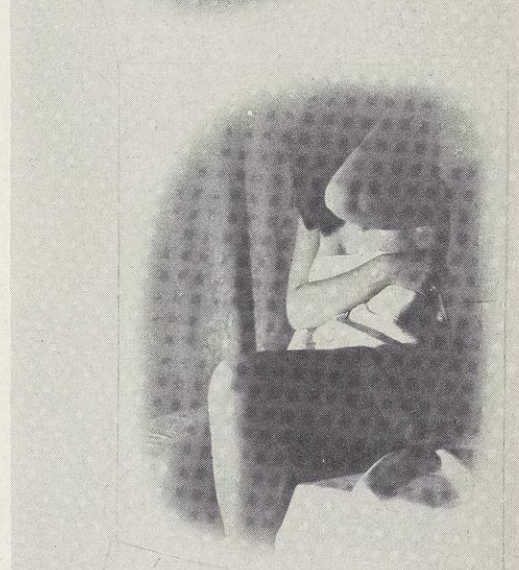
Finally he went to bed. As usual, he began to dream, but it was not the old dream. For the first time in fifteen years he did not dream that he was a stone. He dreamed that he was himself, Llewellyn Framm, and he was walking in a heavy fog. He had trouble making his way through the fog because there were thousands of girls' legs in the way. They were all kinds of legs—long, short, fat, thin. He tried to run, but he kept tripping. Heavy waves of perfume suffocated him. He came face to face with girls in bathing suits, in filmy negligees, in thin draperies. Llewellyn began to run blindly, but he tripped over an outstretched leg and lost his balance.

"Woomph!" said Llewellyn, and fell. As he fell, he woke up. He switched on the light, and opened the window wide to get rid of the heavy smell of perfume that still seemed to linger in the air. He took the stack of magazines and heaved them out the window. Then his eye fell on faithful old Octy, lying in a corner. He picked it up and read through it. There were no glossy photographs, no smutty jokes, no drivelling gossip.

"And," said Llewellyn, "Thank God, no legs!"

Llewellyn climbed into bed once more just as the sky was turning gray with dawn. He closed his eyes, and fell asleep. As he slept, he dreamed that he was a stone lying on the side of a country road with the sun beating down on him.

He was very happy.





FUNKED AGAIN

IT WAS A thick mist, a thick fog. It swirled. It was like a blanket, I decided. Suffocating, like a blanket. Only more like a button. And the waiter had spilled a saucer of popcorn that went 'glug-glug' on the floor. Fate.

And as the waves of time passed and the girl — yes, ultimately — came towards me I leaned towards her and spoke, and the beauty and anguish and pain of the words tore my throat and I said "It is you."

Like a pool of gray cream she came nearer, and it began to rain. Speaking nothing, saying nothing, yet like a great mystery unfolding. Her eyes were slanted. This I noticed, and to myself I whispered, 'when all this is gone and the great wind comes, you will remember that her eyes were slanted.' But I did not say this aloud, because I am a claustrophobic and afraid of the color green.

I reached weaving hands toward her white throat but I only said "My watch has stopped. What is the answer?" And she shook her head slowly once like a heavy balloon. Or like the young trees in winter when they cover themselves with snow and go to sleep until spring comes. That was the way it seemed. It might have been different.

I noticed the dirty fly specks on the tablecloth and was disgusted. She knew that the moment was shattered never to return and she shrugged her shoulders voluptuously.

"**W**E MUST go far away from here," she said slowly, and I watched the specks of foam form at the corners of her painted mouth. "We must go—perhaps to Samoa. Or to 176 East 23rd street. There we can live again. Not here."

It was the moment at last—the moment to which my whole life had been

slipping along like a tepid stream, and within my soul I felt the iron shackles cracking loose and clanging down the dark stairway of doom. But I, realist, knew that it was only my sinuses once more. And, reaching out towards the waiter, I ground my teeth.

The girl stood up and leered down at me through the thick muck. "It must be the hard way," she said, and the words were like wisps of sharp, stabbing smoke, "Many a rider will pass before the answer comes."

I COULD not watch her go. I turned my eyes towards the window where the garbage was heaped in a futile symbol of the dark dregs of hopelessness. When again I looked towards the door, she was gone. I pushed my chair back and raised my arms in one last triumphant shriek of defeat.

"The sun," I whispered hoarsely. And then, "The sun. The sun."



Right here is the cigarette with high score
for **REAL MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE** and **COOLER SMOKING**.
Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette
tobaccos is winning more and more smokers like yourself.
Try them...you can't buy a better cigarette

They Satisfy

DUMMKOPF ACES OF THE MONTH

Every month Dummkopf selects several students whom it believes are meritorious as examples of hard-working men and women. They are strong-willed men and women of more than ordinary ability who, assailed by adverse and inclement situations, are not always recognized and given the credit which is certainly due them. Ever mindful of its purpose, Dummkopf seeks them out and introduces them to you . . .



★ Leona Mae Tuppleton, senior home-ec major from Milwaukee, gets our vote for being wonderful. She's had a straight three point and has been kept busy supporting three children and a drunken sot of a husband. She hasn't become discouraged either. When we left her she quipped, "Honesty is the best policy." Keep it up, Leona!



★ Marguerite Viola Hogan (PEd 4) can dance for us anytime. She really, as we say in the vernacular, GIVES. A senior, she already has a job lined up for after graduation. If she wants that kind of a job. There's always a smile on her hips.



★ John M. Fupp (A 3) is a number one cow-judger. He has three silver cups for his ability in picking calves. Here you can see him in his judging suit ready to swing into action. Next time you want to buy a cow, see Fupp. He is a member of Alpha Falfa.



★ Anthony Schnapple [SC (PhB)] gets our vote for number one politico. This year he tried to get to student board, Prom King, and control of Mace. But he couldn't quite get the boys in line. Right now Anthony is plotting for control of all the fraternities. Says Schnapple, "I think frats need a shot in the arm."



★ Stanley Le Roy Pakunka (ME 3) is our idea of a real man. He has been a great help on the swimming, fencing, and wrestling teams. Here he is shown under wraps, straining to get into combat. He looks the way he does because he holds the intercollegiate record for staying under water; 2 hrs. 13 minutes.

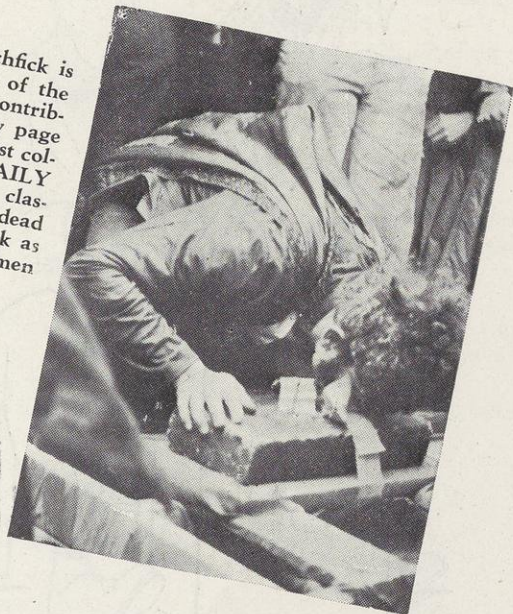


★ Christine Marie Saunders (BA 1) is outstanding among freshman women. She is secretary of the campus branch of Committee for Aid to Italy. Small wonder that she wears the coveted number 1716. She's pretty as a picture too.



★ June Ann Waxby, phy-ed major, represents the best in young American womankind. Miss Waxby has organized the campus Campfire Girls. Boys like her because she is wholesome. On "ten-thirty nights" she goes to bed at 8:30, and on "twelve-thirty nights" she goes to bed at 10:30. Many other girls are now following this admirable example.

★ Lester W. Hitchfick is our activities man of the month. He once contributed to the Sunday page of the world's greatest college paper, THE DAILY CARD. Lester is a classics major and is in dead earnest about his work as any ass can see. Women fascinate him.



Under the Table

By 'Legs' Skele

(Being the confidential report of the typical purveyor of campus gossip, who is quite above all the scandalous goings on that he writes about, and who is really smooth, in the know, open to bribery, has no fear of threats, and never had an eight o'clock class in his life. He is also the fellow who is always being paged at the Union desk.)

HI-HO. We languidly lift ourselves from a state of apathetic boredom and a wee bit of a hangover, and prepare to cast a cold fishy eye upon the doings of the simpering ceds and scrawny B.M.O.C.s of this so-called University.

But first, we must have our little pick-me-up. Good old Skele had a few too many champagne cocktails last night. We're ruining our stomach with cheap liquor. Now, where did we put that old recipe? The last time we looked for it, it was under this original draft of the Constitution. No, this isn't it—this is just an old land grant from George IV. Ah! Here's the recipe. We feel in an expansive mood, so we'll give it word for word to you readers. No one can accuse good old Skele of

being a snob. Here it is:

One pinch of sugar of ochra
A dash of spirits of myrrh
One grain of bath salts
A wee bit of pomegranate seeds
(ground)

One ounce of denatured alcohol

We realize that this is probably not what you readers are interested in, because after all, we can't all be gourmets. So now, to please you gossip hounds, we will steel ourselves and get down to the vile business of purveying choice bits of scandal which we have gleaned while observing the paranoic caperings of the hoi poloi of the campus.

WE MANAGED to slither into our tails and drift down to the Phi Gam formal the other evening for an affair which turned out to be mildly amusing. We spied 'Cracker' Peters and Mary Adams pitching the woo in a dark corner of the living room . . . dancing by, Bill Leonard and 'Curly' Wentworth, who is not so bad . . . Bradon Williams talking with a blonde . . . l'amour l'amour . . . And why is P. W. looking so blue these days? . . . could it be on account of . . . okay, we won't tell . . . but watch out!

Dropped into Junior Prom for a few minutes, but the noise was terrific. However, these old eagle eyes did man-



age to spy 'Cracker' Peters and Mary Adams pitching the woo in a dark corner of the Union lounge . . . good old Skele doesn't miss a thing boys and girls . . . we are here to report that a certain red-headed sophomore is sporting a new Chi Phi pin . . . cherchez la femme . . . Watch Patty F. and S. W.—looks like a new twosome—or is it a threesome, R. L.?

Dropped into Fred's for a spot of beer after class. Spied 'Cracker' Peters and Mary Adams pitching the woo in a dark corner under the last booth . . . a certain Phi Delt rushing home to get—the mail . . . and we did say mail . . . could it be—oh well, time will tell . . . why does D. M. always play 'Beat Me Daddy Eight To The Bar' on the juke box? . . . still remembering that week-end in Fond du Lac? . . . toujours l'amour.

ENNUI seizes us, and we draw to a close. Good old Skele must have his rest, you know. If any of you so-called readers chance upon an interesting morsel of gossip, drop it into the contribution box outside our door. We might read it, if we feel the inclination — then again, we might not. S'long now, until the next fortnight. And don't forget . . . Good Old Skele is always glad to have a beer with the boys . . . drop around any time . . . you bring the beer and a couple of comps to Senior Ball.

—I. T.

EIGHT SORORITY GIRLS COMPETE IN HORSESHOW

—CARDINAL

Mr. and Mrs. Richard White and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Gagnon are the special guests of the prom king and queen. Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Gagnon, brother of the king and his wife, are also invited.

—CARDINAL

Prom romance blooms at last.



Love is the Sweetest Thing

GEE SHE loved him. In Ricardo's powerful arms, looking up at his tanned and tender face, revelling in the golden hair that in careless grandeur cascaded down over his brows, she was supremely happy. When he looked at her from out of the moist jet pools of his dark deep eyes, she transcended all earthly and earthly things. She was wafted to idyllic moon-kingsdoms by his smile. And as Ricardo pressed her gently against his N(otre)-D(ame)-lettered breast, Heaven and all the delights of the gauzy angels were hers.

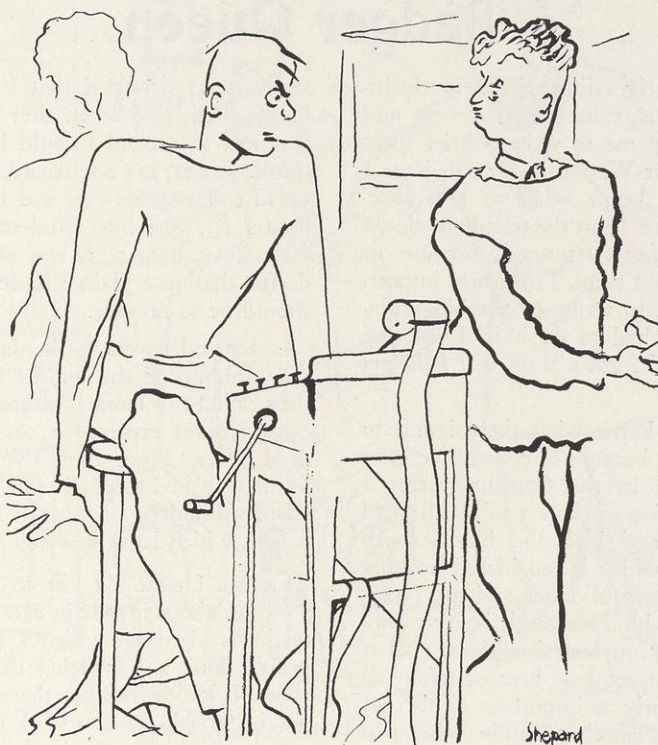
To Ricardo *She* was an angel. Even before she had told him that her name was Gwendolyn Damask—so exotically exquisite!—he had known that he adored her, that life could hold no greater charm for him than throwing his father's platinum-fortune at her feet as she whispered from quivering delicately-pursed lips the words which, spoken in her soft and golden voice, would give him joy not to be surpassed on mortal earth.

But even as Ricardo stroked the burnished tresses of the incomparable Gwendolyn and basked in the silver light from her depthless blue eyes, Diana, a vampire in a near-by hotel room, painted her lips and pencilled brows in preparation for a daring attempt to steal, purloin, or alienate the affections of Our Hero, whose seventy-yard run against Cornell was as nothing to her beside the fact that he was the richest collegian in three Conferences.

As Ricardo delicately touched his lips to the fair Gwendolyn's brow and whispered to her a romantically-halting "Goodnight, dear," Diana waited in the shadows. Heartless vixen that she was, Diana hoped to abscond with Our Hero's money, or to divorce him and live in the luxury of income-by-alimony, replete with chocolates, a brocade suite, and a Pekinese.

AMOMENT after the lovers had parted, this vampire approached Ricardo. In the magic of the moonlight, her painted face had all the wicked pagan beauty of Circe. As Anthony was drawn to Cleopatra, and Louis Quinze to Du Barry, so Ricardo to Diana. He was powerless to resist her magnet-force. At the vixen's brazen suggestion, he slipped his arm about her waist.

"Tighter or not at all," encouraged the wicked Diana.



"Better count ten first, Higgs."

Poor Ricardo, caught in her spell, tightened.

But Diana, who knew her art well, dismissed the cruelly-bewitched football hero and pretended, insidiously, that he might not see her before the next evening.

After dark the following night she drew the web closer about the weakly struggling Ricardo. By this time he was her hapless tool and it was a mere matter of seconds before he would ask her to be his bride—a bride, however, who, beneath her gown of shimmering, spotless white, would wear a black black heart.

"Ah, Diana . . ." he began.

"Yes," she said artfully, silently exulting.

"I want you to . . . Will you be my . . .?"

BUT as Ricardo struggled for words, a tiny child approached unseen as he went on an errand to the tobacconists for a cruel father at nine o'clock at night. This defenseless urchin unwittingly bumped the knee of the vile Diana. Outraged, forgetting Ricardo, she slapped the child furiously, demonstrating her true venomous nature; whereupon Our Hero recovered his senses, realized her wiles, and denounced her, saying:

"You wretch. But for my own decency, I would call you . . . what you are. You bad . . . bad woman."

After this Ricardo comforted the tiny lad, and then ran, literally, to his true love, Gwendolyn.

In a few vehement and sincere sentences he admitted to her his weakness and asked the generous girl's forgiveness.

"You poor dear boy," she said. "Of course I forgive you."

In an instant they were in each other's arms. The heavenly bliss of their true love had returned, and they were happy.

"Let's always be as happy as this," Ricardo said huskily.

"Oh let's!" answered Gwendolyn, in her soft and golden voice. "Although this *is* so sudden."

"Gee," said Ricardo.

"It's just too too sweet," agreed Gwendolyn, sinking gloriously deeper into his firm but tender arms.

—B. B.



I, Badger Queen

WHEN the editor of this lovely little magazine called me up and asked me to write a brief story of my life at Wisconsin for this issue I just didn't know what to say, absolutely. When I put the telephone down I was perfectly stunned, because of course I don't think I'm nearly important enough to write an autobiography although I had to do it in Freshman English and I got a B on it if I do say so myself.

I hardly know what there is left to write about because of course I've been interviewed in the Cardinal about a hundred times and you've all read about me and how I'm blonde with green eyes which is considered unusual and I just love to dance and my favorite color is blue although heaven only knows why anyone should care what my favorite color is because after all I'm not nearly as important as all that and am just another simple Wisconsin co-ed and a Kappa Zeta like everyone else—what I mean is a Wisconsin co-ed like everyone else, because naturally everyone else isn't a Kappa Zeta. I just want to make myself perfectly clear.

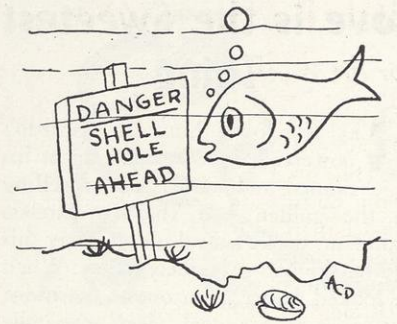
I REALLY never dreamed that I would ever have the slightest chance in the world to be Badger Queen because I have always considered myself just a simple Wisconsin co-ed like ev . . . I mean, I really never dreamed it. Of course I was always considered the most attractive girl in the house, but I mean all the other girls considered me the most attractive girl in the house, of course I never thought I was any different from anyone else. I mean, I used to think they told me that just so I shouldn't feel bad because I don't make such good marks and I cried a lot about it especially my F in History which was a real disgrace to me.

Even after I got into the semi-finals and I had my picture taken I would laugh about it because it struck me as kind of silly, all that fuss as if I were Alice Faye or someone, when really I'm just like any other girl up here. But I

really never dreamed that I would be in the finals and when they told me I was just so excited I could just barely think. Lester, my boy friend, called me up to congratulate me, and I told him how I felt just like Cinderella in the fairy story, because it was all so wonderful that just plain simple little me should be so famous.

Lester and I went to the dance where they announced the winner and when they called my name I almost died because I never expected it not in a hundred years. Since then I've been absolutely rushed to death and I've taken about a hundred pictures as I told you before, which I think is absolutely silly.

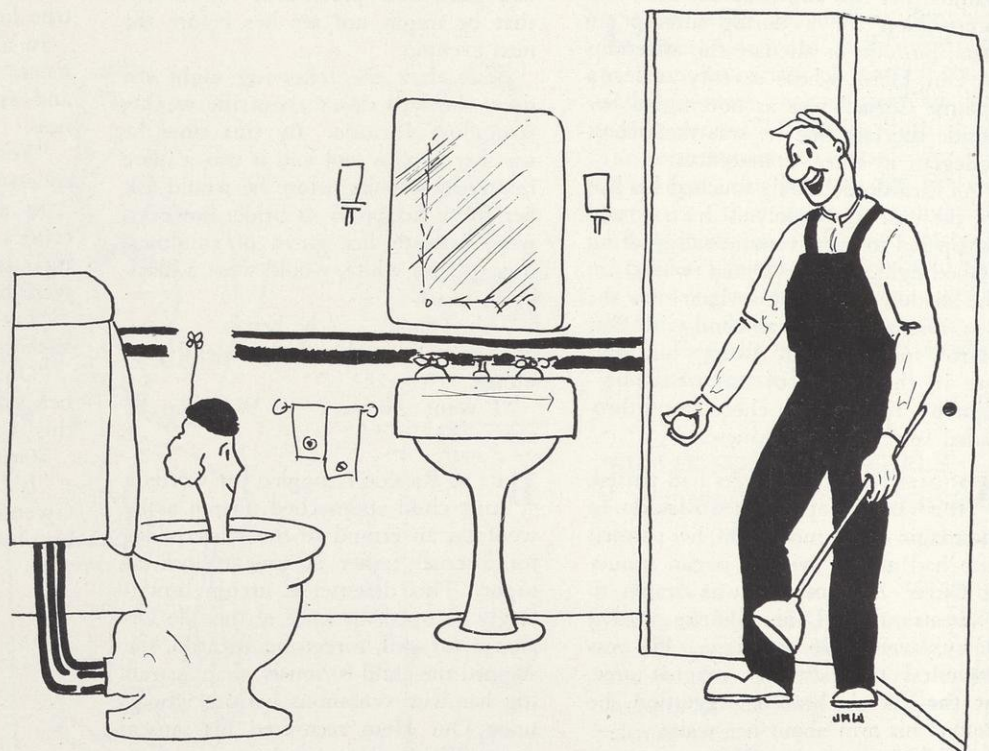
BEFORE I close I'd like to tell you a little about myself in case you don't read the Cardinal which I hear some people don't and which I think is terrible—I don't mean not that the *Cardinal* is terrible of course, I mean that *not* to read the Cardinal is terrible. Anyway, my favorite color is blue—not a regular blue, but a sort of pale powdery shade, and I'm wearing a blue gown to the coronation ceremonies. I just love to dance, and Lester is a perfectly marvelous dancer and we always go out dancing together. I'm in the



Home Economics school, and I decorated my whole room myself with all kinds of adorable pictures and things and my collection of stuffed animals on the windowsill.

I guess that's about all, but before I stop I just want to say that it was simply lovely of the editor to ask me to write this little piece which I tried to make just as informal and like myself as possible. So I hope you all feel as if you know me now, because I feel as if I know everyone of *you*, and if you see me on the hill won't you please say hello because I want to feel as if I have just piles and piles of friends, and if I don't say hello back you must forgive me because I am a little near-sighted without my glasses which I don't like to wear so much now especially that all this silly fuss is going around about just little *me*!

—I. T.



"Golly, Miss Quimby—you look flushed."

Little Red Riding Hood or the Wolf of Langdon Street

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Rosie Ridinghood. She lived with her housemother in the midst of a howling wilderness called Langdon Street. One day Rosie's housemother called her down to her sitting room.

"Rosie," she said, "I think that it is about time for you to call on your professors since your marks are not good enough for initiation. I hear that your English teacher is ill, so I have fixed a little basket of goodies for you to take to him."

"Yes, ma'am," said obedient Rosie, and off she started with the basket on her arm.

"Where are you going, Rosie?" chattered a monkey from his perch on the Chi Phi roof. But Rosie was not going to be waylaid. On she went, past rows of trees to the club where her dear old professor lived.

"Come in," said a deep voice in response to her timid knock. Rosie opened the door and walked in.

"Are you very ill?" she asked of the man lying prostrate in bed.

"Just the flu," rumbled the white haired patriarch.

"Won't you have some jelly?" asked Rosie, opening the basket that her housemother had fixed.

"Please."

AS SHE bent over the bed ministering to him, she stooped to survey him more closely.

"Why, professor, how large your eyes are!"

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"And how large your ears are!"

"The better to hear you with, my dear."

"And, oh, my goodness, how long your teeth are!"

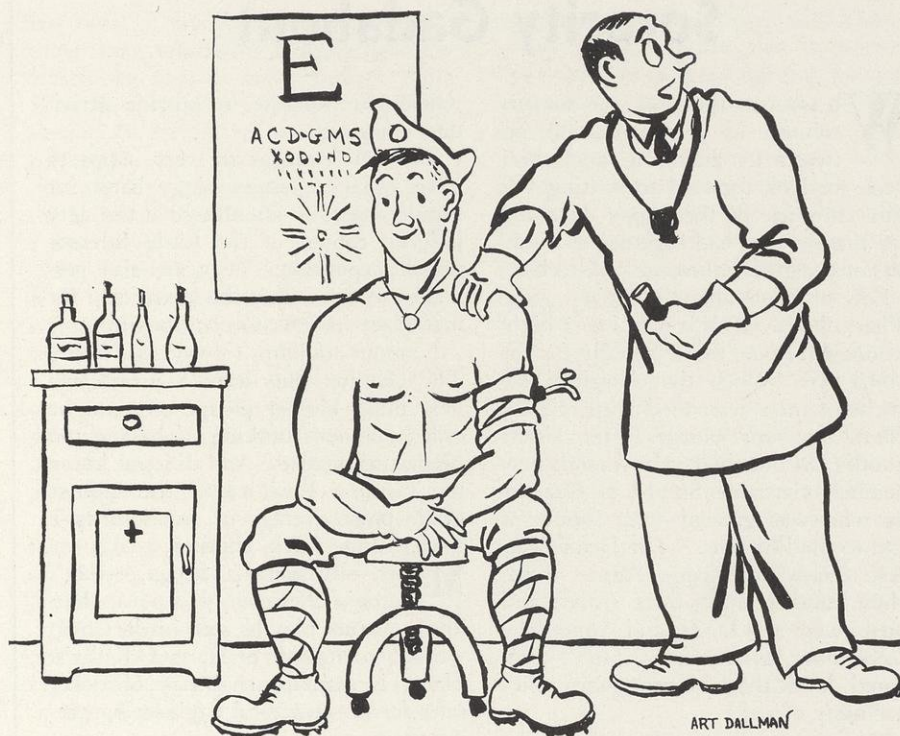
"The better to mark you with, my dear," leered the old man as he grabbed her soft hand and sank his fangs into it.

ROSIE screamed and flew from the room all the way back to her cottage in the wilderness.

"Do you think a good mark is assured," queried the gentle housemother as Rosie came panting into the house.

"I'm marked all right," said Rosie holding out her hand. And there on the back, for all to see, were perforations made by sharp teeth in the shape of a 'D'.

—M. E. H.



"Look, Patterson, red, white, and blue corpuscles."

No Laughing Matter

WE BELIEVE that each month considerable space should be devoted to serious constructive thought instead of concentrating on mere trivial literary hog-wash.

The truth is that our women students are going to the devil. Right on our campus the future mothers of America *smoke*. And some even neck. Now we are dead serious. As a magazine which has continually held to high standards we feel that we are entitled to give our opinion on this matter.

Girls! Do you want to go straight to hell? Do you not realize that your present conduct may lead you down the rock-strewn path of degradation? You are going to school to reap the rewards of education. Put aside all wicked temptation. Crush out the cigar butt that hangs from your fresh young lips. Scorn the vile concoctions containing alcoholic spirits. Yes, even give up the after-dark society of young men. Watch your grade-point rise. Note the soaring of your freed soul.

And in the hours of peaceful meditation that will now be yours, revel in the knowledge and power of the ages and discover the true potentialities of going to a great university. Others of your sex, less wise than yourself may continue to lead a life of folly. Let

them. What they count as pleasure will go for nought in the final reckoning. Doubt not that in the end, young gentlemen, seemingly attracted by the wiles of the sinning and frivolous, will see you as you really are, the acme of young womanhood. Make no mistake about it; you will receive a great ultimate reward for having lived a life of purity and fineness. Virtue *does* triumph.

AND NOW a word to the young men. Most of you are reaching the age when you are doing a lot of thinking about a lot of things. Some of you may go out with young ladies. That may be all right. There is nothing very wrong about an afternoon meeting to drink carbonated water beverages. But remember boys, treat the young ladies sacredly. Remember that "men are God's trees and women His flowers." Keep it that way, boys.

To both young men and young women: in perusing these pages you can not have helped but notice the nobility and high moral standards that exemplify our editorial policy. We feel that this is worth-while. Beneath the veneer of airy jollity you will find little lessons that we feel will bring to you finer and fuller living. We believe that Young America has far to go, and we want to help it get there.

—S. H. G.

Sorority Gadabout

WE LIKE to think of our sorority column as a conversation between us and you, and every week we look forward to writing this little chronicle of the happy days and gay times we've had together as members of the great concourse of Greeks.

Lots of news about pledging, girls! What a hectic week it was, but a highly successful one, too, especially for the Alpha Xis. When the charging avalanche of men descended with cries of "Show us your pledges," the sisters proudly led out their very smooth new member, Gertrude Smurd of Cazenovia who was greeted with shouts of "On to the Phi Mus." The Delta Zetas were happy to pledge Agnes Flurf, whose mother, aunt, three sisters, and cousin were also D. Zs; and Anne Belle Teepletoffer, whose father, so 'tis rumored, holds the fifth mortgage. (Isn't that nasty of us?)

Original was the word for the Alpha Chi Omega formal dinner Friday night. Brown paper bags were used for napkins, and a delicious supper of baked beans and dried apricots was served in wooden trenchers on which the sorority crest had been burned with a heated nail.

A little bird tells us that Mary Bunker is "serving a term" in the infirmary after a heated discussion in hash session. Goodness gracious! Girls will be girls!

While we're chatting about pledges, the Alpha Gams have set a new record. They have had the smallest number of depledges of any house on campus—losing only ten girls since fall. Congratulations, dears!

Speaking of original parties, the Thetas celebrated after exams with a sleighride followed by a weenie and marshmallow roast in the front gutter. The girls were very enthusiastic and decided to repeat the idea next year.

WE THOUGHT it was amusing that in their recent election of officers at the lovely old Alpha Phi house Barbie Bunyan, campus politicienne, was elected chairman for the emptying of wastebaskets.

Girls, have you seen the lovely engraved announcements the D.G.s are sending out? They're about Twinky Hooling's recent appointment as Alternating Sergeant at Arms of the Society for the Investigation of Algae along the Shores of Lake Mendota. "One of our aims is to promote a

wholesome interest in outside activities," they say.

The Chi Omegas are very happy to have won a pottery piggy bank for hundred percent attendance at the steer judging contest of the Little International Exposition. They are also possessors of a fine bakelite loving cup for first place in inter-sorority boxing.

L'amour toujours (always the love.) The Gamma Phis have acquired two new pins—Hooper pledge pins—to be exact, and are thinking of having the phones reinstalled. And did you know the Gamma Phis have the highest grade point average of any sorority—a .003? Fine work, children.

MOODY,—Russian,—a triplet,—that's Antonia Podroski, Kappa. Her lovely picture may be seen in the Co-op window along side of Harry O'Reilly's. Harry is assistant chairman of ticket sales for the structural engineering pre-prom.

The Tri Delts walked into an entirely renovated chapter house when they returned from the between-semester vacation. The steps and door frame were newly painted and a new throw rug graced the front door. The pledges celebrated by giving a tea which was well attended by three fellow Greeks and a visiting alumna.

Phi Sigma Sigma still holds the lead in the Bull Durham contest for the gramophone. Also the chapter recently sent a handsome spruce hall tree to Lulu Belle Gordon, class of '21, for being the first girl engaged.

The Pi Phis came through with another masterpiece of ice sculpturing this year—a block of purple ice in keeping with the theme of cubism. The girls worked hard and really deserve a hand.

And we guess that's about all for now. Don't forget us, kiddies. We'll be back next week, so goodbye for now.

—MIRIAM FOPGIDDY

O.K., So I'm Arrogant

I wore my heart upon my sleeve,
(Ah, that was years ago),
But now I wear upon my pratt
A sprig of mistletoe.

—O.O.

WANTED—Experienced infants and children's saleswoman. Box 110, Reporter.

—FOND DU LAC COMMONWEALTH REPORTER
How's that?

Just Snooping, Thanks

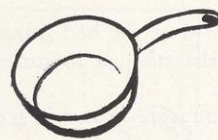
YOU MUST simply lie down and die if you can't have this little cha-peau at only \$39.95. Bermuda grass for the base and a real live Dicky bird securely fastened on for plumage. With every hat a month's supply of bird seed.



Top your shorts with this lovely silver fox three-quarter length jacket. Or toss it casually over your swim suit. You'll find it as useful as it is simply swelegant! All yours for \$958.37 plus tax.

Want to smell good? You'll find you'll be irresistible, seductive, if you dash on a bit of American Old Horse, Distasteful Puddle, Old Welsh Tent Caterpillar, or Leave Me Be. All put up in ravishing little crystal bottles. Only \$5.00 a cubic centimeter.

Fad Jewelry, don't you just adore it? Here's a cutie. It's a frying pan (regular size) enameled red, white, and blue concealing a music box that plays "God Bless America." Just \$4.95. Imagine!



We've found a brand new idea in girdles. While it smooths your hips and waist, it exercises those flabby muscles of the throat and ankle by remote control. It's airy as a fairy, too. It should be—it's made of spun aluminum. \$2.95.

Tired of all your old bloozes? Then try this middle-of-the calf length sweater as a wardrobe pick-me-up. You'll be crazy about it with a spic white collar climbing out at the neckline, and worn with or without a skirt. Only \$17.99.

Here is a yummy bag you simply can't do without. It's an over the shoulder number in genuine cowhide. You'll find it useful to carry your typewriter or in case you are moving. The price ever so gentle—\$6.75.

—MIRIAM FOPGIDDY

The About-Face That Was Not an About-Face



HUNDREDS and hundreds of miles away from the highland where his heart was, the old editor sat at a desk looking over the dusty sheaf of Octies he had put out in college, and compared them with the new Octy that had just come in the mail.

The old editor hadn't changed a bit from when you knew him, except that he now owned an electric razor which kept his jowls very sleek indeed, not bristly as in the days when he used to sleep under the couch in the Rathskeller at night and subsist on a diet of ketchup, salt, pepper, and coffee.

His expression, if anything, was sadder than it used to be. The longer he read the Octies, the sadder it grew, and the sadder it grew, the more he wanted to write a letter to the Octopus.

He read his last year's sneers at the R.O.T.C., the boos at the old come-on, "Let Us Save Democracy," the hissing of "big-mouthed militarism," and so on. He read, wincing, his old pet center-spread, which, by an eye-lash, justified civilization and sarcastically cried, "Roll out the cannon and let's start blasting to save it!"

It was all there. In his final *Brown Study*, he had written: "We tried to squirt cold water at the crackling of any murderous war-spirit. At the same time, we didn't spare our cat-o'-nine-tails on Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Chamberlain..."

And the new Octy was in the same vein. At one time this would have made the old editor happy, but now he became glummer and glummer.

Damn it, he thought, war is horrible. When this war is over, if I am around, I will say the same things again. Some day the world must learn...

But, meanwhile, this war is not over, he remembered. If we really believe in the things we speak of so romantically, freedom, tolerance, a fair chance for anyone in our society, gentleness of heart and purpose—*can we sit by and see them murdered?*

WELL, thought the editor, should I write a letter about all this and have it printed in Octy? Some people would think I'm just jumping on the old bandwagon the way the others did

last time. I was first to hoot them in those days: remember the hilarity with which we used to read through that *War Book of the University of Wisconsin, 1917-1918*, in which a crew of professors urged America to save democracy by smashing the Huns and the Kaiser? Yep, they'll say that's what I am doing.

But I don't care. It's got to be done. It is not inconsistent with what I wanted then, and what I will want till the day I die.

Pacifists today can only be "slaves or parasites." If this system goes under, slaves—like the French. If it doesn't, because someone else had the guts to defend it, parasites.

For the hard fact of the matter is that military strength is the only means of preserving the system that makes possible the things we believe in.

That was what the old editor had not seen before. The paradox of fighting to make peace and justice possible in the world had seemed ludicrous

once; but what had happened to France—and the similar fate that threatened the British, who were fighting valiantly against it, had dissolved the paradox completely.

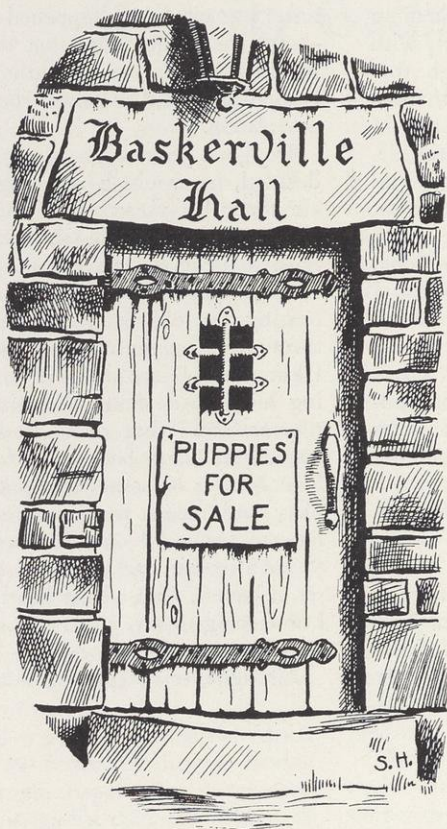
Doggone it, though, the old editor decided, he would be thoroughly honest about his views. He would write, "This is propaganda and you don't have to print it, but I hope you will. Some people are going to say I am beating the old drum, and they will throw their bucketfuls of clichés at me. I know people are sick and tired of being harangued about 'the crisis of democracy' and they could find this all stated ten times better in *Harpers* or *The Nation* or somewhere, but Octy is Octy and means much to me, and I hate to see it off on what now seems to me a wrong track, which I helped to set. I believe with all my heart in what I am trying to say, and I guess it's just got to be done."

All right, this is propaganda...

—L. S.



"Two cokes."



According to the Records

(continued from page 4)

are a very famous colored swing organization known everywhere. "My Dream," on the other hand, would be just as well off to remain just that—and a bad one. *Bluebird*

I HEAR A RHAPSODY

Is done in elegant fashion by the master of elegant music, Joe Reichman. We like it for purity—clear, sparkling purity. "I Could Write a Book" is on the reverse and we feel that the evidence given does not convince us. We find, after these three years, that it takes more than profound utterances about how much one person loves another to write books. But, then, you do have to have lyrics, and titles, even though they get a little stale after ten or fifteen years. The music is good though. *Victor*

I NEVER KNEW

Teddy Wilson with his orchestra hammer away at this spinner and are quite successful in beating it into submission. "Yeah! Yeah!" we hollered and skipped around with all eight legs in the air. Although you may not have as many, we are sure that it—and its accompanying side, "Embraceable You"—won't let you just sit there. *Columbia*

BLUE ECHO

Here is the lilting style of Bob Crosby in good form and it should make you feel all glowing inside because you spent only a paltry thirty-five cents for it. "Chick-ee-Chick," tangoed on the "B" side is done. May we say, perhaps, "Huzzah?" *Decca*

ONE O'CLOCK JUMP

... and "Bugle Call Rag" is done by one of the greatest

collections of jazz musicians ever to be assembled in one recording studio. The "All-Star" Band is selected annually by a poll of Metronome Magazine and includes: Tom Dorsey, J. C. Higginbotham, Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Cootie Williams, Benny Goodman, Benny Carter, Toots Mondello, Count Basie and several other bright stars in the jazz universe.

Once a year the group is assembled for a recording session by George Simon, Metronome editor, for the benefit of the unemployment fund of the American Federation of Musicians . . . All royalties go to the union fund. *Victor*

THE ZOOMPA

Done in good swashbuckling style by "Happy" Harry Harden's Musette Orchestra we enjoyed this brilliantly executed furrow. It's powerful and compelling with an accordion and all of the trappings that make you feel loose in the joints. It, and its counterpart, "Bring Out the Little Brown Jug," are three ringers in our language. *Decca*

DANCING IN THE DARK

This is a very late release by Artie Shaw and is certain to hit the top in short order. Beginning with the unusual, semi-symphonic Shaw innovation, it slips quietly into a very rhythmic interpretation of the favorite. "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" on the flipover is neatly done in a functional aesthetic form. The clarinet jockeys along pretty regularly with the orchestra tapping in at intervals in good style. *Victor*

The Classical

BRAHMS—Symphony Number 4 in E Minor

Of the three immortal B's, Brahms was perhaps the most meticulous and painstaking. No amount of revision was too much for him. Brahms was never harassed by money needs and consequently had plenty of time to chisel and sandpaper his scores, lubricating the entire process with a generous admixture of beer. The Fourth Symphony is music stripped of all nonessential sentimentality, the movements are broad, sonorous, and the final effect is one of firmness and immensity. Brahms, on the whole quite an old roue, has been accused of many mis-steps, both moral and musical. Tchaikowsky, a melody man himself, complained that Brahms was "incomprehensible and obscure," and intimated that Brahms intentionally stuffed his work with inconsequential minutiae in order to distract the listener from the shallowness of the music. This rare Tchaikowskian outburst might

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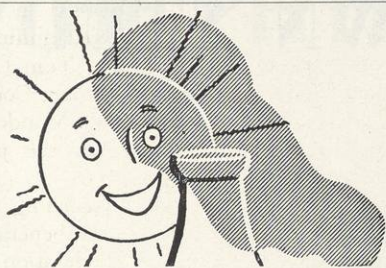
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have been prompted by Brahms' thorough-going, man to man criticism of Tchaikovsky's somewhat maudlin leanings. The Fourth Symphony is an elemental, powerful work. Obscure or not, it is well worth while. *Victor ... five records.*

REQUIEM MASS—Verdi

Verdi's second attempt to revere a great musical figure has been helped and hindered by popularity. Popularity being traditionally unpopular with critics, that esoteric genre would wish the Requiem to be of such an imposing stature, of such forbidding austerity so that they alone would be aware of, let alone appreciate, Verdi's sincere effort.

Writing in his natural Latin style, Verdi combines solo voices, chorus, and orchestra to produce dramatic, although seldom reverent music. It may be strictly correct to criticize the work for the incommensurability of its effect with its purpose; however, any attempt to ignore or belittle the genius of the music is bigotry.

Perhaps the hypercritical cloud which has so often enveloped the Requiem Mass might be dispelled by an honest appraisal of the importance of a rather delicate matter of propriety as against the importance of great music, superbly conceived and executed. *Victor ... ten records.*

PADEREWSKI—Golden Anniversary Album

February marks the fiftieth anniversary of Paderewski's first appearance on the concert stages of the United States.

To honor this almost legendary artist-statesman is certainly fitting. Four of his favorites, *Moment Musical*, *Schubert; Rondo in A Minor*, *Mozart; Polonaise in A Flat Major*, *Chopin; Theme and Variations in F Minor*, *Haydn*, comprise this Victor memorial album. These late efforts of the great artist, statesman, humanitarian would be a welcome addition to any collection. *Victor.*

ON WINGS OF SONG

On a new Victor single, a pair of eventide melodies, *Angelus* by Massenet, and *On Wings of Song* by Mendelssohn, quietly purl along. This is nice, restful, melodious stuff.

LOCH LOMOND

Victor releases a new ten inch single with Paul Robeson singing *Loch Lomond* and an old Welsh folk tune, *Land of My Fathers*. Robeson's robust bass voice remains unexploited throughout these essentially uninteresting renditions.

—J.L.W.

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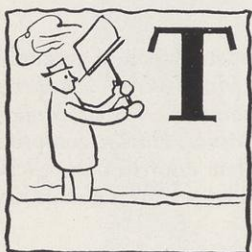
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IN THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

In Vindication



THE EDITOR was sick and tired of answering questions. Also he hated to harp on the same old subject he had used in the September issue. At the time he thought people would read it and understand. He knew that most of the readers enjoyed Octy as it always has been . . . and as it always will be in the future. (He felt the hair at the back of his neck bristle as he declared these last words through his teeth.)

He, and the whole staff had agreed that they would rather see old Octy buried than to see smut, and tawdry, revolting sex between its hallowed covers. One thing must be admitted, though, they had agreed—the public cannot distinguish intelligently between good and bad humor in a college magazine unless they have known both. You can't tell which is black and which is white until you know both colors.

He banished the first thoughts of this issue from his head. "No," he exclaimed, "Octy must never stoop to the troublesome minority."

BUT THEN, as the ideas turned over and over in his mind he decided to look the situation squarely in the face. Obviously in looking through more than fifty exchange magazines which he received every month from other colleges all over the country, those very elements comprised the bulk of student publications. He remembered, too, how several people had shown him those magazines and asked why Octy didn't do it. "That's what the students want," they would squeal.

The editor refuses to believe this. Always, he had thought of this, his university, as a great galaxy of intelligent, clean-minded people. It is an institution of higher learning—one of the best in this country—and should be expected to enjoy intelligent, clean humor.

The editor does not believe these faculties are vanishing. That is *not* the reason for this issue. Rather it is that he believes that a perverted minority has—for a time—gained recognition, and he means to stamp out any such despicable uprising.

So, Octy stoops—but not to the perverted, dirt-groveling minority, but rather to enlighten that minority in an effort to expose the pallid hue of cheap, dirty humorists. Octy

would like to think of itself as stooping to lift these misdirected ogles from their greasy pit.

To do this Octy had a problem. In order to lampoon the detestable contributors to the smut movement, exaggeration was necessary. To exaggerate smut would mean that we must wallow in the most revolting filth in order to show the roots of this miserable sort of humor—if it can be called that.)

We not only lay ourselves open to public disrespect, but also we place ourselves in a very perilous position with respect to the censorship authorities. Here, before the world we apologize and hope that the world, and the university authorities, will understand.

WITH regard to self-respect: No doubt there will be those who will claim we have none. To them we say, "Can we maintain our self-respect by ignoring the insidious practices which continue to menace our ideal? Is not the greatest self-respect to be found after having aided directly in banishing that objective?" A grown man does not ignore a couple of small boys who are fighting over the possession of an object as a matter of self-respect. Rather he stoops to them and explains to them—by examples, if necessary—what is right. No amount of editorials seem to touch the people we want to reach, hence, we give them examples . . . *We speak to them in their own language.*

There are those who will say that we do not use taste in this crusade. To them we reply that taste is a pale word in a situation so rabid. Taste cannot be distinguished where taste is not known.

We give it to you plainly. Do you like it?

IT WAS difficult to be consistently revolting throughout this issue. Therefore, you will find that the form of Octopus is still the same as to features. Only editorial space proper was ravished. Cartoons have been kept fairly clean in compliance with censorship authorities. The girl-of-the-month photograph on page 8 was swiped by a wandering candid-camera fiend who brought it to us. We couldn't resist using it in spite of a very awkward situation which might ensue. To Mr. Wilde we apologize for so flippantly employing a serious piece of work.

As a parting shot, if you can't stand having this issue around, give it to a deserving friend and wait for an honest-to-goodness, genial, old Octy again next month. —R. W.



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