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The Wisconsin **OCTOPUS**



January

15c

"SMOKING THE WAY I DO, I SURE APPRECIATE THOSE EXTRAS IN SLOW-BURNING CAMELS,"

—says Bob Fausel, ace Curtiss test pilot



A PLANE that's never been off the ground before—never been put to the test of actual flight. What will happen in that first power-dive? That's the test pilot's job...Bob Fausel's job... to find out. It takes more than sheer nerve—it takes extra nerve...extra skill and endurance. Bob Fausel *has* those extras... *gets* the extras in his smoking, too... with Camels. He says: "That extra flavor in a Camel always hits the spot."



I SMOKE A LOT;
SO I SMOKE CAMELS.
THEY **BURN SLOWER**—
GIVE ME **EXTRA MILDNESS**
WITH A GRAND **EXTRA**
FLAVOR. MORE SMOKING
PER PACK IS ANOTHER
EXTRA I GO FOR IN
CAMELS

TRYING to tear a plane apart in mid-air is only part of test pilot Bob Fausel's job. There are long hours of engineering conferences... long hours of smoking. "That's where Camel's extra mildness and extra coolness are so important," explains Bob (*center, above*). "Camels are more than mild—they're extra mild—easy on my throat."

Cigarettes that burn fast burn hot. Camel's s-l-o-w way of burning means more coolness, of course, plus freedom from the irritating qualities of excess heat. Smoke Camels and enjoy extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor—yes, and extra smoking (*see below*).

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

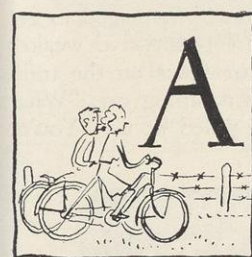
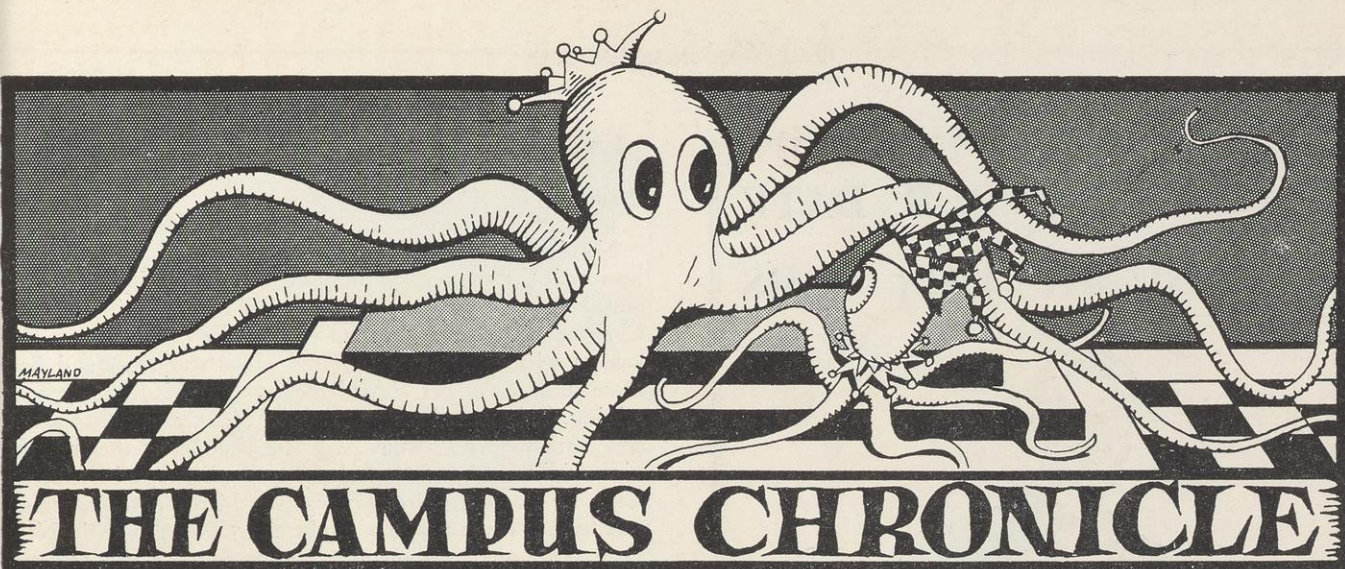
● In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower* than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



ALL this talk going around about Mr. Heil making Military Training compulsory set us to thinking. We picture the *Battle of Bascom Hill* in mass fashion. A mob of seven or eight hundred little guys in blue suits comes storming up the hill with bee-bee guns and spy glasses while those of us who are coming

from our classes will have to beat a hasty retreat. Maybe they'll develop some kind of a bomb-shelter for the non-participants—we hope.

But what we're really worried about is the Physical Education Department. What is going to happen to it? We remember those fellows in gym suits frolicking on the lower campus and suppose that they, with all their baseball bats and paraphernalia, will become extinct along with freedom. We're looking forward to the day when the boys over at the house will rush out on the lawn for a rousing game of bean-bag.

Automatic Hostess

We kept putting nickles in that damned automatic hostess, and we looked at the pretty picture of the girl painted on the machine and we heard the unpretty voice of the girl saying, "What is your selection, please?" and we just couldn't stand it anymore.

So we hustled up to the Gay Building where, according to Fred's waitresses, the heart was located. Maybe they want to keep the whole thing quiet; anyway, we tried looking on the directory of the building for the location of the office, but to no avail. Then we asked the elevator-man, who whispered, "It's on the second floor, but I don't think you can get in." Our heart began to thump, as we approached the unmarked door we wondered what mysteries it concealed. Our mind tumbled wildly through the last Superman cartoon as we timorously knocked.

A young lady about 22, or so, unbolted the door and we told her whom we represented and could we come in and look around a little. She seemed a bit reluctant but finally complied. We felt like the serpent beguiling Eve.

Inside was a roomful of gadgets, tubes, stacks of record-

ings, spinning turntables, flashing lights and great batteries of electrical equipment. The lady began to explain to us how there were eighteen stations all over town with a turntable for each one. The other girl, for there were two in the sanctum, was sitting at what looked like a telephone switchboard where she would operate switches under each little signal light and then say, "What is your number, please?"

For your information—this is what bothered us—the girls are tallish and blonde. They do not look like the girl on the juok box! There are eight girls employed regularly, and a student who helps on Saturday nights.

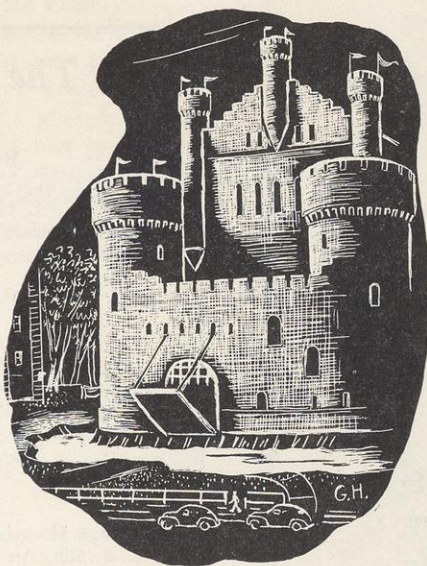
Ordinarily the business starts percolating at seven o'clock in the morning and doesn't stop until about one o'clock at night. On Saturday nights there is a place on the Sun Prairie Road that stays open until two. The girls oblige.

While we were there someone put a nickel in and we perked up our eyes and ears. This guy, we suppose, was the boyfriend of the switchboard girl, though, because he didn't seem very intent upon having a record played. We went out with a two way juok-box romance ringing in our ear—not without first releasing the bolt at the door.

English Department

We always felt that there must be some hidden fate that made us take a course in literature, and the other day we discovered what it was. We were the lucky witnesses to the sight of an over-burdened English professor finally giving vent to his wrath against the School of Journalism.

"When a great writer," began the professor calmly enough, "comes to Madison and promises to give an interview to both newspapers in town and then one of the newspapers sends a reporter to meet him at Minneapolis and scoop the other paper on the story, it is not the writer's fault." Here the professor threw discretion to the winds, and continued at a white heat. "And when a callow journalist takes out his injured pride in writing slanderous articles about Sinclair Lewis intimating that the English department was antagonistic to him, it is an insult to Mr. Lewis and to the English department. Mr. Lewis," concluded the professor darkly, "has probably forgiven the over-zealous



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youth by now, but it was not the sporting thing to do."

Trains

Nomination for choice position in our mental chamber of horrors is the memory of the violent shambles that we found ourselves in at the Milwaukee station returning home from Christmas vacation. We had just gotten off the Hiawatha (along with about two hundred other students) and had three minutes to get aboard the train to Madison. It was raining. We had three suitcases, a radio, and a hangover, and there were no porters. We still shudder at the thought of the sight of hundreds of students standing like bewildered cattle in the rain and gazing at the Madison train, which was twenty feet away, but might as well have been in New York. One girl standing near us was crying softly, and another was pushing her suitcases along with her knees while she muttered under her breath. We finally managed to get aboard, but we are sure that at least twenty-five weaker individuals were left on the platform. Once on the train we asked the conductor if there was a dining car. "What do you want a dining car for?" he yelled at us. "You're lucky you got a seat!"

We suppose we were.

Door

There's a door in Chicago that we're going to get some day for our very own. It's a dirty yellow door, with the paint chipping and cracking on top, and kicked off down at the bottom, but it taught us a lot of the word "greatness." It made us realize how little dependent on ornateness is real artistry.

We went to Chicago for the weekend some weeks ago,

The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XXII

JANUARY, 1941

Number 5



Beth would only kiss a lad
Whose breath was strictly dandy;
And that is why she always had
A few Life Savers handy.



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

especially to see the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. It was wonderful. The dancing, the decor, and the music gave us an exaltation we haven't had since we first went to church. And after the performance, our hearts still pounding, we went backstage to see if we could catch a glimpse of the ballerinas. We blundered about, knocking into props and old sets and finally arrived at the ballerinas' dressing rooms. And there, there before us, was that filthy yellow door, and there scrawled in chalk on one of the panels, so rough you could hardly read it, was the magic word, "Danilova." That's the door we want.

How to Register

FOR THE benefit of those students who have not yet registered, Octy prints the following instructions for prompt and accurate registration. If you don't want to register, these rules go awfully well with mayonnaise.

I. BE SURE THAT YOU WANT TO REGISTER.

After all, just because everybody else is registering is no reason for you to follow the herd. Are you sure you wouldn't rather be doing something else?

II. CHECK UP ON THE NAME OF THE UNIVERSITY.

In these changing times, one cannot be too accurate. Ask the nearest dean if this is the University of Wisconsin. If he says no, do not become excited. Register anyway. Maybe Wisconsin wasn't the place for you.

III. PLAN YOUR PROGRAM.

Be sure that you are taking the right courses. If you

Be the first
to spring out in
a new print dress



as sketched
at Baron's
copy 42

Baron's



NO, OCTY'S NEWSREEL ISN'T ABOUT FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Instead, it is about occurrences right here on the campus. Asked how they managed to find all of the interesting shots, one of the cameramen replied:

"We are quartered so that we can be at four places at once."

All you have to do is to be in the Play Circle Theater on Sunday or Monday.

CHRONICLE NEWSREEL STAFF

(a newsreel covering campus activities shown each Sunday and Monday in the Play Circle Theater)

Producer	Reed L. Schlieve
Head Cameraman	Bert Gordon
Commentary	Carl Brohs
Sound and Music	Kendig Eaton
Advisor	Charles Bradley

are a junior, sign up for everything numbered 1-100. These are courses open only to Freshman, and lots of fun too. This course of action will enable you to meet and chat with many prominent faculty members.

IV. GET YOUR TRANSCRIPT.

This part is easy if you know how to go about it. Go to the main library and demand your transcript in a loud voice. They will tell you that you are in the wrong place, but insist. If they won't give it to you after five minutes sit down on the floor and sulk. This course of action will frighten them, and they will have your transcript brought down to you. It will be the wrong one, but never mind that. Now everything is set—you have your program planned, your mind made up, and your transcript. Ready for the next step?

V. GO AHEAD AND REGISTER.

—I. T.

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 Ruth DeGroot, Elizabeth Waters Hall. Miss DeGroot's howler follows, viz.—

**Corn on the cob is much more
pleasant than corn on the foot.**

Congratulations, Miss DeGroot

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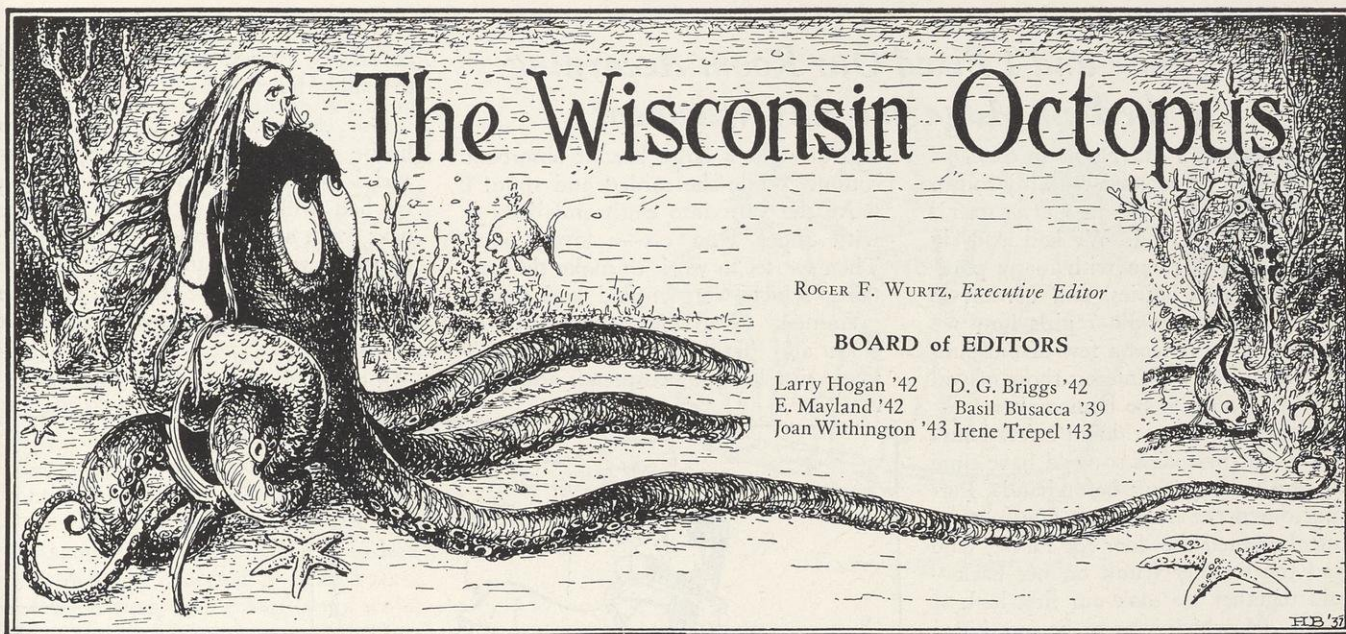
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Volume XXII

JANUARY, 1941

Number 5

On Second Thought

YCL, we read, wouldn't comply with the dean's order that campus organizations furnish him with membership-lists. After counting off the ranks on one hand, Gera probably decided that comparisons were odious.

Germany, which holds a big lead at this point in the war, predicts it will win easily in 1941. It is apparent that Nazi espionage has learned nothing from the Wisconsin-Purdue games.

Nobody, we've read, can predict the extent to which the state's trend to skiing may go. And they won't be able to guess, either, until it snows some one of these years.

Russia's Molotov intones that "There will be two world wars: the present one between active and decadent capitalisms, and a final struggle between the winner and the world proletariat." That's the one, no doubt, that's to end with "one boy, one girl, and a flower."

Muscle Shoals is to turn out nitrates again. With, we wonder, the standing ratio of two years production to twenty years of debate about whether or not it can?

NYU scientist predicts that American Army planes will be powered by rocket motors within the year. So far, however, the Air Corps has refrained from signing Buck Rogers as an instructor.

Support for the President's foreign policy by the recent Republican candidate is balanced by violent opposition from isolationist Democrats. It's known that the Administration would be glad to trade the Republicans Wheeler and a couple of minor-leaguers for the ex-Tammany slugger Wendell Willkie.

After fifteen years of off-and-on warfare, Japanese realists are now said to believe the offensive against China is hopeless. What with Russia, Britain, and the U. S. taking a firm note, there just doesn't seem to be a soft-touch left anywhere in the Orient.



Did you have a happy holiday?

"Putzi" Hanfstaengl, Hitler's favorite pianist and court-jester, has been interned by Canada. And they'd put another "r" in that verb if they could get their hands on his boss.

Rallying cry of local pacifists just now is "No Wilson Promises." Meantime the campus casts about for somebody with a "No ROTC Threats" byword.

Simultaneously comes news of a new Nazi-Soviet trade pact, and of Nazi and Soviet troops being rushed to their common borders, from Baltic to Aegean. It's getting so now that a totalitarian won't tell his writing-hand where his left hand is stabbing.

Author James Joyce has died in a Swiss hospital. He carried to the grave the hopes of those who wonder whether *Finnegan's Wake* has any more purpose than to, by contrast, make *Ulysses* appear readable.

A physiologist from the University of Chicago declares that the America of tomorrow must be peopled by *super-men*. It'll be a great day, of course—but ever since our three-day campaign to raise prom-funds collapsed, we've known *we* couldn't qualify.

—B.B.

How Eloise and I Fixed Our Room According to the Best Magazine Advertisement

MY FIRST year in college I roomed with my cousin Eloise in Charnard Hall. We had a lovely room with many possibilities, and I want to tell all you Home Ec 7 girls how we fixed it up. Perhaps a few of our simple little ideas will interest those of you who are going to be homemakers.

Eloise and I came down a few hours before our first class so we'd have time to finish everything beforehand. Putting down the duffle bag I was carrying, I opened the door for Eloise, who had the steamer trunk on her back—and together we took our first look at room 204 which was to be our home for a whole year. Eloise collapsed under the trunk, picked herself up, and we embraced with tears in our eyes. We were both very happy and looked forward to many joyous days on the campus.

Our room was rather small, being about five feet by eight. There were two dressers, two desks, two beds, and the remnants of two chairs. Eloise's desk we put out in the hall for the janitor to clear away, because we didn't think we'd need to study much after the hard high schools we were used to. To make the place seem larger we arranged the rest of the furniture and the radiators around the sides. We found it gave us more space to stack the chairs on the bed during the daytime, and it created an illusion of height at the same time.

We had a bit of trouble with our bureaus at first because the handles dropped off every time we opened the drawers. Also the drawers fell out not only when we opened them but also of their own accord because the floor was on a slant. I woke up three times the first night we slept at Charnard as the drawers fell out one by one and crashed to the floor. (As a matter of fact the furniture *was* a bit old—I found my mother's initials, M. O. B., class of 1910, carved on a chair in room 226.) Eventually we solved both the handle and the drawer problems by turning the bureaus to face the wall. We piled our clothes on top and the mirrors held them in.

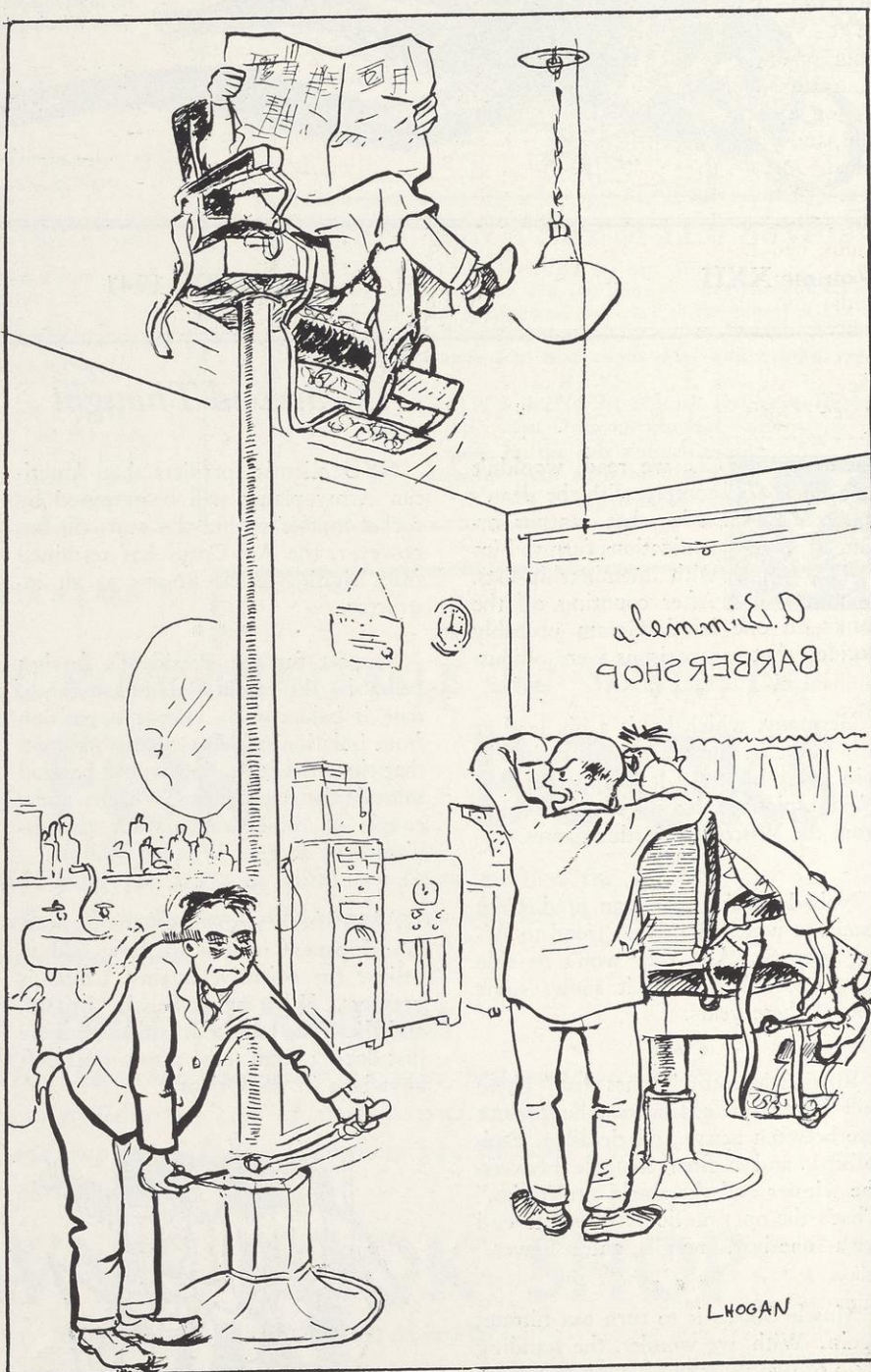
AFTER we had unpacked and tentatively arranged the furniture, Eloise and I looked around to see what to do next. "Rugs," we thought. "Curtains, spreads, drapes." Fortunately Eloise

had brought a large box of absorbent cotton. While she carded and spun, I wove the yarn into cloth and dyed it with Super Tintex—a lovely puce. Then we set to work to make the curtains, which were ruffled and monogrammed. Next Eloise cut strips of cloth and braided the rugs while I made simple little bedspreads and clos-

et drapes, ruffled and monogrammed to match the curtains.

Our closet was much too small, so Eloise got out her manicure scissors and I got out my emery board. Soon we had drilled away the wall into the next room and extended the rod to the opposite wall. Naturally we let the girl in that room use the rod, too. She was very grateful, and we became fast friends.

All this had taken quite a while, and



"Fer gosh sakes, Shorty, snap out of it!"

it was time to go to our ten o'clock classes before we knew it. Eloise had been a bit impatient with me for being slow, but I pointed out to her that I still had two merit badges to go to be a first class scout, and after all, she was three months older than I. She apologized for being hasty, and that was the nearest we came to quarreling all year long.

In the afternoon we made a footstool from the rest of the cotton and an old coffee can. We made it in the shape of a little bunny, and kept our tating in it. We put it in the middle of the floor where it would be most convenient. Eloise had an idea to make a cover for the radiator from an old slack suit, and it turned out very well indeed. Meanwhile I collected a waste basket, a few pictures, and a floor lamp, which the Office of Dormitories and Commons had left out in the hall a few doors down from us. I also got a calendar and a blotter.

Even nature seemed to want us to have a nice room. We had a beautiful view of the most picturesque little back street. Eloise and I used to crawl over the chairs on the bed almost every Sunday evening and watch the gentle rains splashing on the garbage cans below. There was a balcony, too, but that belonged to the girl next door.

That night as Eloise was hurrying to knit a sweater before bedtime, and as I sat skinning beavers for a coat I had in mind we both felt very happy to have this lovely room for our very own.

—J. W.

From Hangover

Cerebral din,
Dirty Tux,
Innards in
A state of flux.

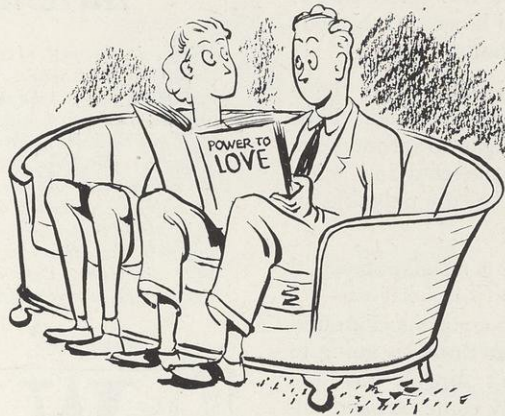
Cuffs of trousers
I have slept in
Evidence some
Horror stepped in.

To sober air
I now commit me—
Except for hair
Of dog that bit me.

—R. N.

Yesterday I started to write about my days in London and fell to writing about what it feels like to be frightened by bombs, and how you find while you keep getting frightened you keep getting over it.—PM, November 29.

Profound observation indeed.



“... Scares you, doesn't it?”

My War With the Associated Press or Daze of Our Years



EVERY once in a while, when I should be busily at work doing something important, I sink into a reverie and dream about the future. I see visions of myself fifty years from now, a little old lady, surrounded by my grandchildren. They group themselves about my feet, and looking up at me they query: “Grandma, you were a girl during the second World War. Tell us about it.”

And I shall have to do some awfully quick subject changing in order to save my face, because what I know about the second World War could be told in about two minutes of slow talking. It consists of a vague collection of unassociated names and a few sloppy facts about troop movements in Libia. Or is it Albania? Anyway, I don't even know whether I know enough to write this article about not knowing about it. Do I make myself clear?

All this confusion started because I don't really read the newspapers. My entire stock of knowledge concerning current events is gleaned from an occasional headline or two that I catch a glimpse of, or a few words of a news-broadcast that I accidentally hear while dialing for Charlie McCarthy. Not a very pretty picture of intellectual curiosity, it is true, but that is the way I

am, and I know plenty of people who are exactly the same. I won't mention any names, but I know plenty.

Anyway, it's too late for me to do anything about it now. This war has gotten too big for me. If I had kept up with things from the beginning I might be able to understand what all this business in France is about, but as it is I try not to think about it.

When I see a paragraph in the newspaper (it must be in bold type and boxed, or otherwise I don't see it) that reads, “RAF bombing squadrons assailed Naples and Tograk in the boot of Palermo in Sicily where German air force reinforcements for Mussolini have been reported, and German North sea bases at Wilkhelmshaven, Emden, and Borkum island,” I am at a loss for words. I don't even like the look of the names. “Borkum island.” What kind of a name is that? When I was studying history in public school we didn't have any nonsense with these exotic places. If we knew how to spell London and Moscow we were all right. But the next generation is going to have it tough, I can see right now. I'm glad I got my diploma while the going was good.

BUT to get back to the war. What I really understand least of all is France. I know that it fell, because I remember seeing headlines saying “France Falls.” I know that it fell under the German invasion. I am on firm ground there. But after it fell, things

began to happen that really confused me. First of all, somebody called Daladier resigned. Who was this Daladier anyway? When did he get in? Nobody told *me* anything about it.

Anyway, he resigned. Then somebody called Weygand resigned. Then Petain and Laval began to throw themselves around, being elected and going out of office and heaven only knows what else.

Maybe if I had a good map it would help. Or if I knew just what was going on in Russia. Everyone goes around trying to guess what Russia is going to do next, so I don't suppose that the Russians have really come out and announced their plans definitely yet. I wish they would though. I don't have the faintest idea of what they might do. For all I know they could be contemplating digging a tunnel to England or backing a new musical show. Sometimes I wonder if I could get hold of somebody over there who is on the inside to give me a clue to what their next move will be. I would promise not to tell anybody.

I HAVE a feeling that this confusion is going to prove awfully embarrassing some day. If we're ever invaded I don't think I'm going to know who the invaders are. If we go overseas to fight it will be just as bad. And if we remain neutral I will be forced to face long years of hearing news commentators tell of the Albanian army marching on Bulgk, and not knowing who the Albanian army belongs to. Or where Bulgk is. Or what.

The only thing that I can do is to get acquainted with Kaltenborn and put the matter to him frankly. I shall explain that I haven't the slightest idea of what is going on and that I would appreciate it if he would take a few hours off and explain the thing to me from the beginning. But even that won't work, because he will say, in the first five or ten minutes, something like, "When the trouble over Latvia started at Vichy, Petain was on the way out."

I won't have the heart to interrupt him, and he will go on talking about Vichy and Lake Tolva and Omsk and Bardia and axis until after an hour or two I will be back where I started, with my handful of foreign names and nothing to hang them on to.

And once more I repeat: Where is Blum?

How to Break Into Advertising

This is the first of Octy's new Vocational Guidance Series. The article below, and all of those following in succeeding months are written by stalwart Octy men, each has been duly seasoned and buffeted about on the winds of fortune. All of these illustrious alumni, now recognized as eminent authorities in their respective fields, have consented (after much bickering with the editor) to hand down these little diamonds. Octy doffs his hat and wishes you success in your pursuit.



WHY you want to get into this racket is more than I know. Yet, when you talk to people who run employment agencies, you'll discover that the majority of college grads either want to be copywriters (and that's what advertising means to most of them) or personnel managers.

You won't make a lot of money. By that I mean you'd probably make more in industry if you worked just as hard. And you'll never make Big Money.

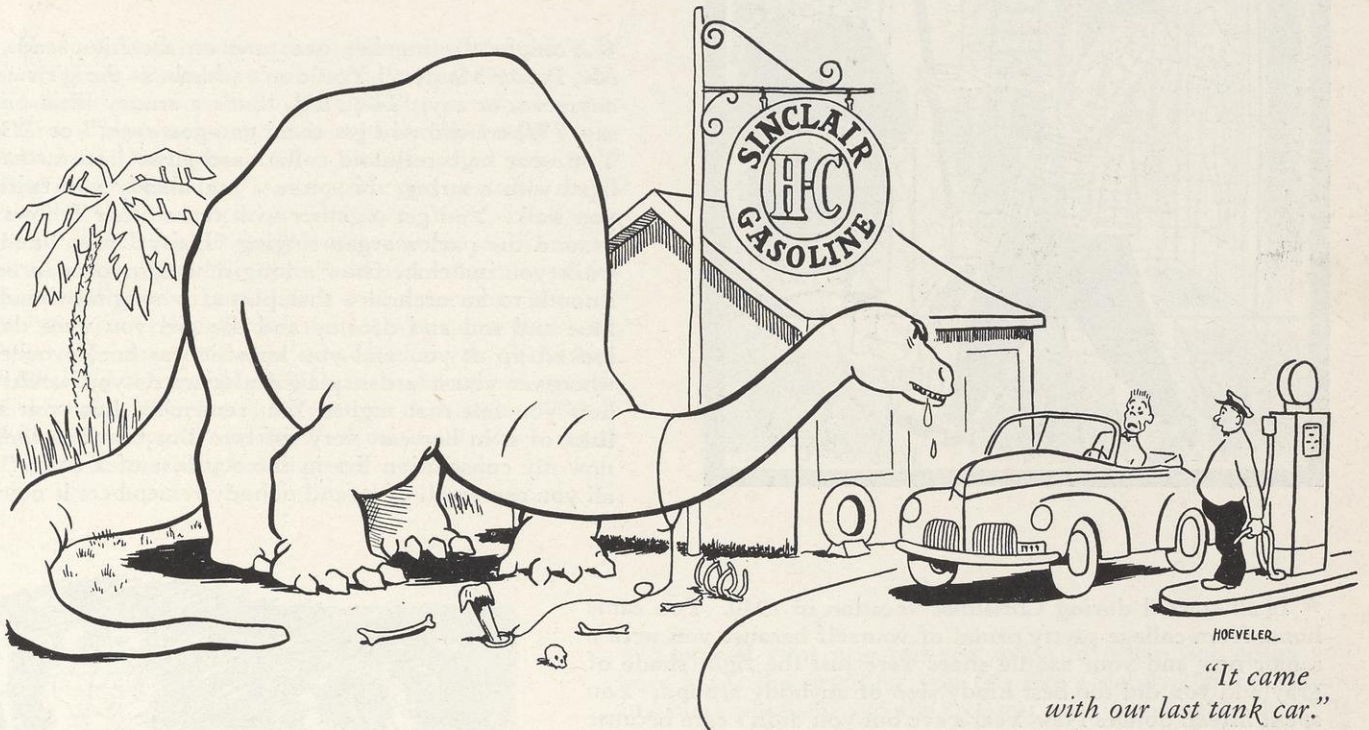
Any that has been made comes from investing in the stock of the company you're advertising. But you won't have to worry about that for a long time.

I presume you're out for a copywriter's job. This is a small part in an agency set-up, but it's the one usually aimed for, and you'll have more fun there than in any other department, except, perhaps, Art.

IT MIGHT be wise in the beginning to have figured out in your mind just why you want to be a copywriter. You'll be asked that question plenty so it's a good thing to have the answer on tap. Maybe you'll have to read a book on advertising just to help you out. This is to be recommended. (If you've had a course in advertising, this article isn't for you since you ought to know all about it. But I've only met one young person in the racket who had had an advertising course while he was in college.)

You won't get much of an idea of just what an agency is really like from the book, but you will get some background. There's all the difference in reading what an agency is and what it really is like as there is between imagining what kissing a Theta is like and





"It came
with our last tank car."

actually doing it.

AFTER you've found out what an agency is supposed to be like and are still not discouraged, you'd better take stock of your resources. Getting into an agency is a very tough job (Yeah, I've heard the stories, too. If you're a little genius, why are you reading this article?) You'll have to attack with everything you have and be prepared for a tough campaign. More specifically: if you are in a fraternity, that might count a point for you—and five points if your prospective boss was in the same frat. If you've had courses in journalism that's going to count too. And whatever you've written, anything under the sun and the more diverse the better—all that will count points, too.

Start hitting right now. Get to work on the agencies where you have connections. Write letters and pull out all the stops. Find out from the Alumni Association the names of men who are in the game. Write to them. And keep writing. Follow the advertising trade-journals to find out what agencies are getting accounts. If you plan on getting to the Big City during the Easter holidays make appointments for interviews. You'll be better off than your brothers from other colleges who can only ask the receptionist, "There aren't any copywriting jobs open, are there?"

You'd better spend some time on that

interview. There are three types of interviewers. The first goes without any evidence. He is able to tell, and often convincingly, what he has done in the way of writing, but he can't show anything. The second type can. He has a brief case full of old *Octy's* with his articles in them. He has a scrapbook full of *Cardinal* clippings. A couple of radio scripts from a show he wrote for WHA. A couple of high-jump medals. And maybe an outline of a campaign for promoting soap or baby food. This is a lot better than the first method but it isn't as good as making a presentation. Here you add a little touch of showmanship in a way that's yours. Things like that delight advertising men who aren't as tough as you might think.

YOU'LL find any interview will have a number of things in common. One is that your interviewer will always be in conference. This is more than half likely to be true. Another is that you'll surely be asked screwier questions than any prof could ever devise. In the first interview I had I was asked to distinguish between the painters Monet and Manet!

But there's one thing you'll always get and that's your interviewer's "Philosophy of Advertising." It is sort of a little dream world where you discover the only ideals advertising men have

left. They'll talk about their philosophy wistfully. Let them. You won't learn anything, really, but they'll think you a hell of a fine guy.

If things don't go right in your little attack on a copywriting job it's a good idea to remember there are other jobs in an agency. And remember you might have to start out as an office boy. You won't make any money but you will learn a lot about advertising.

All questions dealing with subject of advertising sent to our offices will be promptly answered.

Sky Birds

TWENTY hundred aeroplanes

Flew across the sky
Bearing eager hearted boys
All learning how to fly.

Twenty hundred aeroplanes
Flew across the sky
Bearing bombs and many men;
All prepared to die.

Twenty hundred aeroplanes
And twenty thousand men;
If war comes to this country
Whom we shall never see again.

Twenty hundred aeroplanes
And twenty hundred more,
All pawns of death or bearing death
In the great game of war.

—M. E. H.



A STARDUST

★ Tonight the number one tune on the hit parade was "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden." You don't whistle at the girls as they pass anymore, or say, "Hey, kid, that's a snazzy little outfit." You say, "Where did you get them goo-goo eyes?" or "23 skiddoo." You wear high celluloid collars and straw hats fastened to your lapel with a string. If you're a real dandy you twirl a cane as you walk. You get together with three other fellows and stand around the parlor organ singing "Daisy Daisy," and once in a while you remember how a long time ago you danced slow and smooth to an orchestra that played a song that made you feel blue and sad and dreamy and the girl you were dancing with looked up at you and you knew it was her favorite song and whenever you heard it played afterwards you would remember how you felt that night. You remember how you sang a few lines of it in her ear, very softly. "But that was long ago, and now my consolation lies in the stardust of a song." But that's all you can recall of it, and nobody remembers it now.

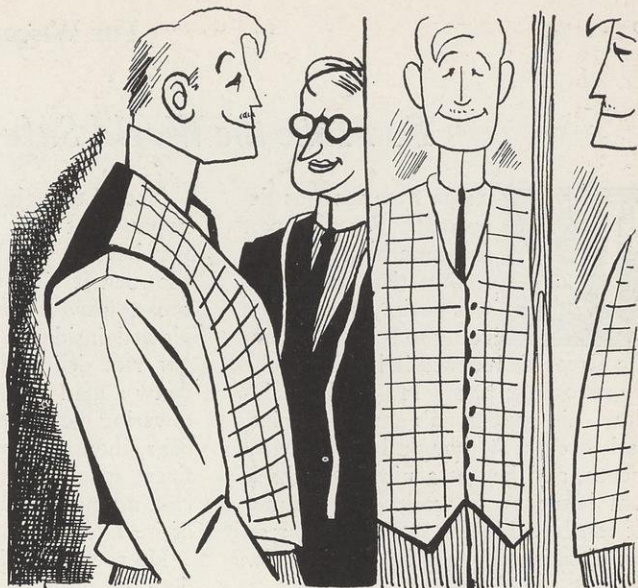
★ It all started during Christmas vacation in 1940. You came home from college pretty proud of yourself because you were a senior now and your saddle shoes were just the right shade of gray and you did the best Lindy step of anybody around. You spent fifteen dollars New Year's eve but you didn't care because Margie cried when you reminded her that you were going back to school pretty soon, and when you and she jitterbugged to "Tuxedo Junction" everybody cleared the floor to watch and the orchestra leader congratulated you on your smooth dancing. People were talking about some fight between the music publishers and the radio stations but you didn't pay much attention because the orchestra played "Night and Day" and you felt so good that you almost gave Margie your pin, but not quite, because just in time you remembered that little Pi Phi back at school. Afterwards you pulled a gag about "you can't ASCAP from me" and you were glad that you had such a good sense of humor, because after all a sense of humor is a pretty important thing for a man to have.



★ It was all so gradual that you didn't even notice what was happening till one day you tried to hum "My Reverie" to yourself and you couldn't remember the tune. Then you realized that you hadn't heard it played for a long time—in fact, you hadn't heard anything played for a long time but "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" and "Barney Google." You went over to Margie's and she was all excited over a new Boogie step she had learned and she started to show it to you but you got disgusted. You told her to stop throwing herself around as if she had convulsions. After you said it you felt pretty bad, and you danced with her to show her that you hadn't really meant it, but as soon as you started dancing you knew something was wrong because all you could do was waltz. You tried to break into the Westchester but you couldn't. You could manage a snatch of the minuet all right—that and the waltz—but nothing else. On your way out you saw the cup that you and Margie had won for the best rhumba at the Savoy. It was up on the mantel, all dusty.

MELODY

Your mother asked you where you were going and you told her you were going down town to buy some moustache wax. She asked you what you were buying moustache wax for because you didn't have a moustache and you told her you were growing one. You could hardly wait till it was grown so you could begin twirling it. On your way down town you passed a men's haberdashery and you bought a checked vest. You picked up a newspaper and read about a small radio station in Wyoming that played a song called "Solitude" and had been sued for three thousand dollars, but you didn't even remember how the song went. You just remembered that it was connected with something pretty far away and that it had sad words. You wondered why they had to play things like that when there were so many good tunes to pick from. Like the one that began, "While strolling through the park one day." Now there was a classy tune. And pretty risqué, too, hot diggety!



★ You had your new fall suit made to order, and when you wore it for the first time you felt like a dandy. It was yellow and black checked, and the trousers were fashionably tight. It buttoned with six buttons, and you had the highest celluloid collar of any fellow in town to wear with it. Margie gave you a diamond stick pin for your birthday, and you took your mandolin and sat on her porch in the hammock that night and sang "My Old Kentucky Home" in a high tenor that you never knew you had before. The moon, the hammock and the fragrant summer air seemed to intoxicate you. You tried to kiss her goodnight, but she slapped you. You didn't mind, because you felt that that was the way a nice girl should act, and Margie certainly was a nice girl. You didn't even think of the time way back when you and she had spent hours in her parlor necking. That memory had gone out with the others of jitterbugging and formals and cokes and the "St. Louis Blues."

So now you're going for a ride on your new tandem bicycle. There's nothing like a ride through the countryside on a sunny summer day. You feel the warm sun beating down on you and you watch the birds float lazily in the clear azure sky. You're pretty happy because you've just been chosen president of the debating society and Margie said she would go on a picnic with you and you've got an appointment to meet the fellows tonight and raise a little hell—drinking beer and maybe singing a little. ASCAP is just a bunch of letters to you and when you sing "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair" the girls practically swoon. The only thing that bothers you is that you can't remember the words to that old tune. It was a nice tune—not the ones that they sing now—but sort of sad and smooth and dreamy. A tune you sang into a girl's ear at a dance when she was all starry eyed and you knew it was her favorite song. But that was long ago and now my consolation lies in the star-stuff of a song."

—I. T.



To Make the World Safe



PALMER STINKLE was depressed. For the past few months he'd had a feeling that something was terribly wrong, that going to school was not The Great Experience it had been the two preceding years. He still maintained his gentleman's grade point, nearly everybody thought he was plenty smooth, and he got a nice little check from home every week. But Palmer felt terrible. He felt out-of-place, restless, dissatisfied. And he didn't know what the trouble was.

That is, he didn't know what the trouble was until one dreary January morning he picked up a copy of the *Young People's Journal* and became enlightened. The seething unrest that had kept his little brain all in a whirl was suddenly swept away. There it was. From a stark, piercing black, black banner of type, he read:

"Legislators Will Hear Heil."

He shuddered as he thought of a horrible, possibly prophetic, second meaning in the line. Then he read on:

"Catlin Predicts Quick Passage For ROTC Bill."

Palmer's spirit soared. The crushing feeling of depression was gone. For months he had subconsciously brooded over duty, and flags and Men, not realizing the source of his frustration. Now that he thought about it he remembered the throbbing pains in his head whenever he watched the blue-clad heroes marching. He certainly wanted to shake the hand of Editor Carmen Skoonbelt.

Everything was clear now. He had heard the call and seen his duty. The boys were marching. He'd join their ranks. He wished he had a bugle to blow. He felt even blowier when he read the headline on the next article in the paper:

"Don't Give Us Men Without Money," Colonel Weaver Says."

"Jeez," thought Palmer, "those guys know what they're talking about. If you haven't got the dough to go with the men it ain't worth a damn." His breast heaved with patriotism and he glowed inside.

IN THE delirium of a half-swoon he saw a mad cascade of marching men, towering new buildings, girls waving flags, thousands of shiny guns, magnificent gold cords and myriads of fine looking medals. That was the best part of it. Everyone had medals.

He mumbled about democracy, freedom, government of the people, by the people, liberty, the American way, saving the world—, saving the world.

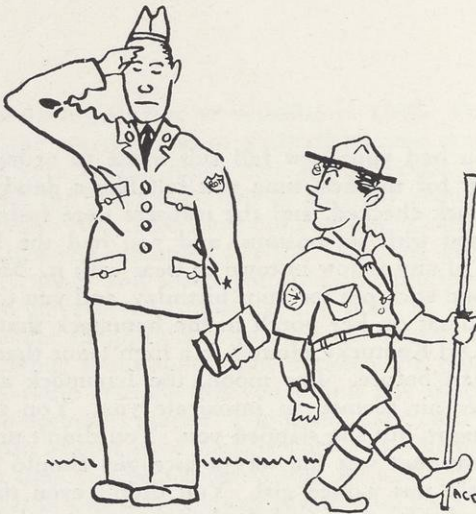
And then for a moment, just a moment, he felt sick. He had a confused recollection of people saying, "Aw, just one more." And he remembered how miserable he felt the next morning. But that was sickening, petty.

God, our God, save us from pettiness. If we don't get them, they'll get us. Democracy made us great. Everyone ought to have democracy. Everybody. We'll *make* them see the light!

Palmer was happy about everything. Democracy at work. The whole plan screamed "Equality!" For *all* the boys would put on uniforms. No coddling here. All men are created equal. He couldn't think of many places where such impartiality was used in pressing *everyone* into the ranks. Not many.

Palmer thought that everyone must feel as proud as he. Preserving Americanism. Ready to defend our shores against barbarous onslaught. We wouldn't try to start anything. But if Fiends started to overrun the world, the Yankee Doodle boys would pitch right in there and defend Democracy, on the British plan. Palmer almost wished that he'd gotten into the thing of his own free will. That would have been even *more* democratic.

THE whole set-up was great. Plenty of medals denoting signal achievement.



Physical culture. Palmer knew about one guy that put on six pounds in a month. Anybody would have a plenty tough time fooling around with Flowers of Manhood. And those uniforms. Boy, those uniforms. Natty blue outfits to begin with. And then, when things really got going, tailored olive-drab models that can hardly be seen at fifty paces if you're lying in the mud.

Palmer was gradually working himself into a lather of enthusiasm. He visualized campus buildings converted into flag-bedecked military headquarters, orderly squads of square-jawed youths marching to their classes, looking straight ahead, while starry-eyed coeds stood on the sidelines, mouths hanging open in rapt adoration.

His thoughts strayed even further. Changes might be made in the antiquated educational curriculum. Things would be made practical. A lot of inane theory could be tossed out the window. Plenty of old doddards would be shown up as having been rank propagandists and insane anarchists. That should have been done a long time ago. And the pressure would be eased. Students would no longer be forced to meet absurd and stringent requirements. They could study pretty much as they chose. And they'd probably get a lot more out of their education. Standards were too high. They could stand a lot of lowering. It had worked that way before when Honor and Freedom were threatened.

Palmer thrashed his arms about violently. Yes sir, the boys are marching! Ring the bells. Grab a gun. Damn the dictators. Hell with education. Wave the flag. Sherman was wrong!

And then Palmer whistled a stirring medley of *God Bless America* and *God Save the King*.

—R.L.H.



Virus Collegius



IT WAS May in Madison. Spring had fallen head-long across Wisconsin. On Bascom students stopped cutting classes

because it was too cold, and began cutting because it was "just too perfect out to go to lectures." The sun on Mendota burned your eyes. Spring fever had the Psi U's so badly they called up the ATO's and said, "Just this once, let's not paint the Wall tonight."

It was, in fact, the 23rd of May; and we had just curled our fingers around a beer, and were dreaming happily of the day when we'd put classes, especially Logic 432, behind us, and begin running turbines, mayoring cities, directing movies, settling Alaska, relaxing in a chair in the White House.

Just then we saw it for the first time: A little grass-green fly wearing a tweed sport coat and saddle shoes. It buzzed like Cicero, but Mr. Bjornig wasn't around, and so it couldn't have been Cicero.

This fly was some renegade we'd never met. He buzzed over like a Stuka, flying high; but we kept our eyes on him. He swooped down on a booth, but shot up again instead of lighting. Then he buzzed along the ceiling some more.

Suddenly his buzz changed to a drone. He'd spotted a student standing on his feet, playing a pin-ball machine. The grass-green fly in the sport coat came down on the guy in an absolutely vertical dive. He hit like a bomb, his tongue jabbing the player in the back of the neck. Then the fly disappeared somewhere.

WE WATCHED the student. His hand went up to his neck quickly; and then slowly, very slowly it dropped. He settled into a booth, and murmured, "Draw one."

Across the place a co-ed got up to leave. For a split second we heard that drone again. The girl slapped hard at her face, then turned back. "I suppose I might as well have just one more."

It was incredible. Everytime someone began to move, or even to look active, the grass-green fly in the sport-coat and saddle-shoes lit into him, and he began to relax. It was more than incredible; it was terrible. One fly, we suddenly remembered, can lay a million eggs.

There must already be hundreds of grass-green flies on the campus. We tried to remember even one student who'd really done something, and failed. "If this gets beyond Madison, they'll never stop it!" we said out loud. "When the Nazis come in, we'll yawn and say, 'so what'."

But just then we were interrupted. Something pricked us just above the eyes. We don't remember much after that—except being carried into Wis-

consin General. Until we snapped out of it, of course. When we did, we found eight professors from the medical school leaning anxiously over us. "We've got you out of it," they said. "You don't need to fear you'll relax so utterly again."

It's a victory for science, of course. We know that; but we'll never forgive the medical school!

—B.B.



"Mr. Wentworth, I represent the American Society of Authors, Composers, and Publishers."

Write It Out!



HE WALKED into his room in such a temper that the sight of her picture, smiling at him as if nothing had happened, was enough to make him groan through his teeth and rub his thumb over his fingers.

He took the picture from his desk, decided not to smash it down on the floor, and hid it away in the closet. Now the damn fool picture was smiling at his shoes and dirty socks.

He remembered, for no good reason, a phrase from *Studs Lonigan* . . . "He would write it out of his system . . ." That's what he'd do—write *her* out of his system.

So he sat down to his typewriter and began to peck away quickly.

* * *

ALICE, he wrote, you damnable insufferable brat of an Alice, I don't know why in the name of mud it had to be a little snip like you. Why did I let myself, why, you miserable little—you hunk of smooth skin and good smelling cheeks and hair—and not a thing else.

You infant, you baby you—

"Now I'm mad at you," she says, and her face is all red and her jaw is set and she looks like a brat in the cradle without a bottle.

"I'm mad because I didn't want you to kiss me."

Didn't want me to kiss her! So I boil inside and I look at this horrible—not horrible—I look at whatever the hell it is, and I could murder it.

And it looks back and doesn't know what in the world is going on.

It looks with those eyes and that face, and it's cute and doesn't give two cents if whatever's in front of it should turn into a ball of meat and roll down the stairs and out along the walk and plop into the gutter.

"You like to *think* you feel things deeply and all that," she says, real cute-like, knowing everything.

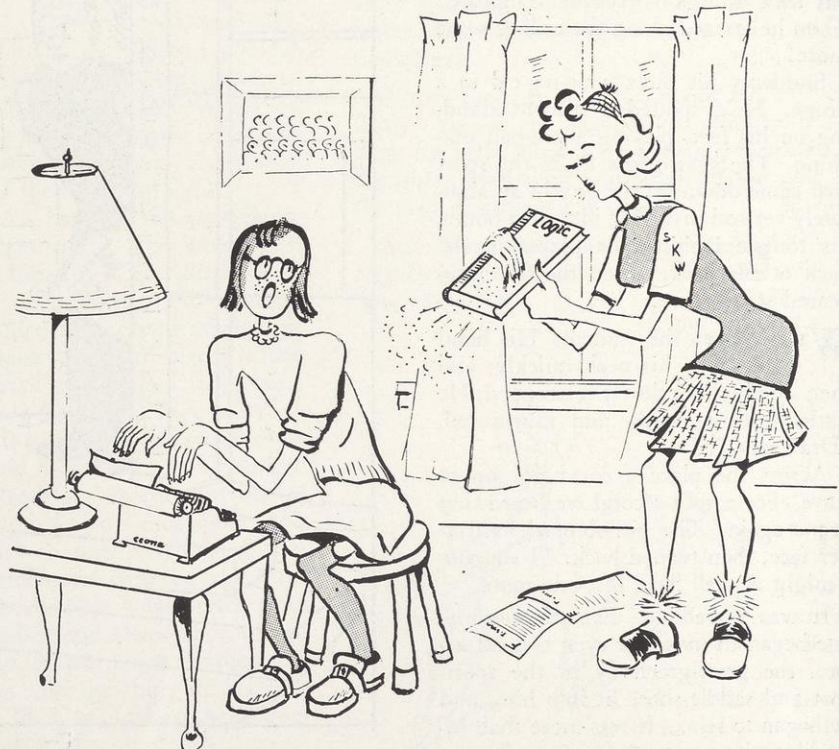
No, I don't feel a damn thing. I'm childish and stupid. And I sit here in front of this typewriter in my babylike pen, and I fume. And the typewriter looks back at me and runs along and writes things on itself, and I sit looking at it, wishing I could write like that moving typewriter, but I can't.

Only *she* can.

She is the soul of virtue, the seat of



"Don't you think we'd better take it down now, dear?"



"Now, remember, if I help you in this exam you promised to get me a date for Prom."

all moral good. She doesn't let any deep-feeling young man, ha, ha, kiss her when she doesn't want him to.

And he doesn't have a right to get angry. No.

Ah, what the hell is there to her? She asks the question herself so many times when she's the way she really is—when she's good and sober and beautiful—that when she's a prig and a prude and a child you've got nothing left but the question.

What *is* there to her? Why do I need her? Why do I sit here eating out my heart for her?

Oh, the wretch, the horrible, horrible wretch that's so low that I can't even say the things I want to, because I can't say them to her when she's there and I want her, and I can't say them now, because it's on paper and if I sent it to her she could show it to any jackass she pleases, and it's there for all time and the deep-feeling young man can get old and shallow and unfeeling, and she's got the hunk of paper.

"Conceited!" she'd say. "What makes you think I'd keep the darn thing?"

Oh, you would.

"Yes," she'd say, "and he says he's *modest*." He *is* modest, you puppy, but he's a man, too, and he's got guts of his own, and he was a man before a nothing like you ever got into his head, and he'll be a man and a good man when you're . . .

Alice, I can't say it.

Alice, Alice, Alice, Alice, Alice!

You don't like your name, do you? Good.

Alice, Alice, Alice, *Alice!*

Oh, Lord, Alice, why in the world can't you see it and stop it. And stop a sensible young man, who used to know what was going on, from becoming a donkey-headed mawk.

Alice, it's got to be one way or the other.

Alice, you skunk, I love you.

* * *

HE READ it all through with shy thought. Suppose anyone should ever read this junk? Anyhow, he had written the spite out of his system.

She was very sweet. And suddenly he reached the conclusion that she loved him. He didn't know how or why—he just felt it in every part of him. He whistled cheerily as he tore the paper up.

—L.S.

Ballade for Junior Promenade or I Wasn't Going Anyway

SING hey! for the Co-op window
And ho! for Sanchez the great.
I now view the face of each chairman
And the face of each chairman's date.

The night will be filled with orchids
And the air will be filled with song.
The Cardinal shouts hosannas of praise
And the date lists flow thick and long.

Oh Barbara will go with a Pi Lam
And Peg has an S. A. E.
And the chairman of tickets is going with Marge
But nobody's going with me.

Yes, Junior Promenade will have to struggle along without me
this year

I fear.

And if they run into any trouble about tickets or orchestras
or if they need someone to help tack up the crepe
paper to the ceiling.

I say, and with a great deal of feeling,

That they better not come to me for help because I will turn
to them with a haughty stare.

I will politely but firmly decline to come to their assistance
with any aid whatsoever because I have long ago
washed my hands of the whole affair.

I will not even run to the corner to get a card of thumb tacks
for them.

I will try to intimate in polite language that I would be just
as happy if again in my life I never saw them.

I will watch their goings on from afar with a cool and aloof
attitude.

But if anyone asks me what I think of the Prom Queen or the
Prom King or the twenty-two Prom chairmen and their
twenty-two dates, they will earn my undying
ungratitude.

I bear them no ill will and I sincerely hope that the 1941
Junior Promenade turns out to be a howling success

But if by chance anything should happen and the orchestra
fails to come and there is a terrible blizzard that night
and a swarm of locusts descends upon the Mem-
orial Union and the 1941 Junior Promenade
turns out to be something of a mess,

They won't be able to blame me for the castastrophe because
I won't have been present at the dance at all.

So now I will close and I will wait and see what happens in
the next few months and whether or not I will have the
good fortune to meet a boy who has enough sense to
ask a girl to a formal affair instead of only a
coke date for a change before I come out with
my impartial views upon Military Ball.

—I. T.

JULIAN'S

... Known since 1915 for the best in food and drink.

According to the Records

IT SEEMED like the most ironic thing in the world. We pushed them all out of the door, stuffed the key holes and crevices with old socks and bits of paper and then settled ourselves in front of the phonograph. One last, furtive look we stole at our stack of books and old exams and then prayed that our loyalty to Octy might someday be rewarded even if we did flunk a course or two in order to do the record review this month.

FOR DANCERS ONLY

This is Album No. 184 in the new Decca Popular Series. We can't say too much about these dandy new lithographed albums. Even if you don't like the records you can always sit and look at the snazzy art work—in short—Wow!

As the name implies, this collection is designed especially

chestra under the direction of Victor Young, this Decca Album N. 134, is a typical Bing Crosby rendition. We refrain to commit ourselves on that score and prefer to let you interpret it.

SEPIA SERIES

Decca's new series gives you the best in black-and-tan music. We'll wager you'll hop all over the floor once you get these three-rigger discs on your turntable. Giving the names of the artists, we're afraid, won't help you much—they're the kind you *have* to hear to appreciate. We've always held that there is nothing more perfectly done than negro jazz—witness.

SOUTHERN FRIED.

Here is good, rolling production with no bottlenecks. We like its neat execution. MISSOURI SCRAMBLER, on the reverse, is a top-notch second. *Decca.*

Looking Forward to PROM

Find out her
favorite flower ...

then select her
favorite corsage
at ...

Please Order Early!

RENTSCHLER'S

230 State

Badger 177

for dancing by the illustrious Jimmy Lunceford. Taking the collection as a whole we rate it much better than you would expect. In fact we will be quoted as having said, "This is a *must* in any man's collection." Tunes like "Margie," "Coquette," "Sweet Sue," "Charmaine" and "Hell's Bells" are good indicators of what's on the ten sides.

LATIN FROM MAYFAIR

Here is another colorful Decca Album (No. 178) and this one, by Ambrose and his Orchestra, is real nice. Ambrose is England's foremost dance orchestra. The album contains such numbers as "Don't Play With Me," "Lady of Madrid," and "Maracas" from "Cuban Suite." You'll enjoy the refreshing melodies and they're sparkling renditions. We acclaim them.

BALLAD FOR AMERICANS

With the Ken Karby Singers and the Decca Concert Or-

WHO THREW THE OVERALLS IN MRS. MURPHY'S CHOWDER

This cutting, by the Jester's, is the type that really makes the boys happy. We memorized the words while we heard the other side. It's good background, in fact, "IT'S A TREAT DAY FOR THE IRISH." Then there's another by the same trio called "WHEN PADDY MCGINTY PLAYS THE HARP"—although not quite as ecstatic it's still A-1 along with it's companion—dealing with the draft—"THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE A LIVING." *Decca.*

I'VE BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE

On a Red-Seal, Personality Series Decca, here is one for the books. Just the thing for a lonesome boy to play on lonely nights. Immediately, we think, the best classification is SEX as is its backside "YOU DO SOMETHING FOR

**WISE
GUYS—**



→ Drink
**KENNEDY-MANSFIELD
MILK**

TELEPHONE: BADGER 7100

TYPING

PROMPT SERVICE

REASONABLE RATES

GUARANTEED WORK

Theses Typing a Specialty

BADGER 3747

NEXT TO
LOWER CAMPUS

COLLEGE TYPING COMPANY

ME." Pull in your lathering tongue, Joe, and hustle down to hear Marlene Dietrich.

COMES JAZZ

Columbia's new Album (Set C-40) entitled "From Austin High COMES JAZZ by Bud Freeman and his Famous Chicagoans" is truly a combination of all the great forces in modern jazz. It's a revival of the old "Chicago Style" jazz of the early twenties and of the well-known Bix Beiderbecke. Although Beiderbecke and Teschemacher, two of the original organization, are now gone, this new ensemble consisting of Bud Freeman, Eddie Condon, Dave Tough, Jack Teagarden, Maxie Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Dave Bowman and Mort Stuhlmaker, is the nearest living reproduction possible.

The history, printed in the inside cover, tells of the original organization of musicians who met at and whose lives centered about Austin High School in Chicago.

Toselli, Romberg, Schubert, Chaminade, Drigo, and others are the better known composers represented in what, although somewhat hackneyed, is an extremely pleasing set of sides. It's light, melodius, and dexterously played. *Columbia (Set C-37)*

THE APPLE JUMP

Along with its companion side, entitled BLUES, is a good resounding Basic production. MY WANDERING MAN and THE FIVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE will also stir you. ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL and THE MOON FELL IN THE RIVER just aren't the Count's style somehow. We've arranged the three records in descending acclamation. Stake your money on that first jobby. *Okeh.*

FRENESI

In spite of the very well-done version of this number by

LET MADISON'S MASTER CLEANERS GET YOUR PROM THINGS READY PANTORIUM



907 University Avenue

BADGER 1180



558 State Street

Whatever we could say about this set would be inadequate. With the best musicians in the movement playing and some of the finest jazz numbers known in their repertoire there can be no more.

SERENADE'S SERENADE

Vladimir Selinsky's very expert and alluring rendition of this collection of semi-classics is well-suited to our taste.

Benny Goodman, we dare you to buy this record. We nominate this unfortunate song as runner-up for "The Music Goes Round and Round" and proclaim it'll win hands down. The Goodman arrangement is skillful and with the characteristic full-throated Goodman arrangement we'd mark it A-1. On the flipover, "Hard To Get" was easy for us. *Columbia.*

HIGHEST CASH

For Your Books

STUDENT BOOK EXCHANGE

"Let Jerry Buy 'Em . . ."

"Nearest the Campus"

The CUBA CLUB —Out UNIVERSITY AVENUE Way—

... HAS BEEN COMPLETELY RE-DECORATED. A SERVICE BAR HAS BEEN ADDED TO ACCOMMODATE DINNER PARTIES. ADDITIONAL WAITRESSES FOR MORE EFFICIENT SERVICE ...

"FAMOUS for FOOD"

The Cuba Club, established in 1932 in a large rambling suburban building—once the mansion of an old Madison family—located on U. S. Highways 12 and 13 just outside the city, takes its name not from any particular Cuban atmosphere, but from the management's good will slogan—"We want to C. U. B. A. customer of ours"—explained George E. Field, manager of the popular dining and entertainment spot.

"Good food is our stock in trade," he pointed out. "Unmatchable quality, not price, is the main consideration. William Hasz, our chef-steward, has had long culinary experience, and his chief aims have been: first, to purchase only quality products from reliable Madison merchants, and second, to exert his utmost skill in their preparation. While he is a specialist in the preparation of steaks, chops, fish, and fowl, he will not be surpassed by anyone in the preparation of any American dish.

"Careful selection of our employees has played a large part in building the Club's present success—they were chosen on

the basis of reliability, courtesy, and expertness in their various positions, and we now believe we have as fine an organization as it is possible to obtain.

"Nowhere is this high standard of efficiency and cordiality more clearly seen than in the person of Maurice Lockwood, our bar manager, who has had seven years' experience with Cuba Club clientele. He is not only an expert in the art of preparing cocktails and appetizing drinks, but he puts everyone at ease with his genial personality," says George. "We are proud of our 'personalized service'."

Field himself has had a wide experience under expert guidance in the field of catering to the public in food, drink, and entertainment. The Cuba Club is owned by Ida and Bessie Field, whose long familiarity with this type of business is reflected in its growth as a favorite among entertainment establishments, according to the Club's friends. In the eight years that the Cuba Club has been operating, a large patronage has been built up, including many guests from distant points who visit the spot regularly when in Madison.

—Adv.

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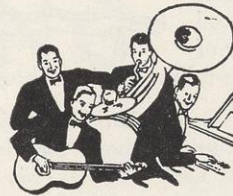
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IN THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

The Editor Scratches His Head

IT ISN'T often that a fellow gets a chance to say what he has to say. The editor didn't know whether or not people read the stuff he writes on this page but he always let himself think that it was a sort of megaphone through which he could shout whatever he had to say to the world. He didn't know either if

what he had to say was worth reading, but he always had an idea in the back of his mind—a noble idea, he admitted—that held: if a person was going to do anything in this world he should do something that would at least aim at better things. He concluded, he'd try.

What bothered him most was a lot of talk he'd heard going around that seemed, to him, to reflect a strong competitive feeling among mankind. This, he decided, was not right. We are here to do a certain job, which—if we watch sharply—is, to a great extent—cut out for us. He liked to believe that somewhere there was a perfect plan into which everything fitted. It followed, then, that there should be *no* competition among mankind.

So, if we are going to do the best that is in us, we might as well work together with our fellow humans instead of pitting ourselves against them. He decided that a lot of people believed this but that very few of them had the faith to follow the idea through.

ONLY a few minutes ago he had been talking to one of the writers. She remarked about the fine understanding among all of the little Octy people. This was a warm spot in the editor's heart anyway and he just couldn't help thinking about it. As he thought it kept growing—this idea—until it was so big that he just had to mention it. The university, he claimed, was a little slice of the world. In it you could find almost any type of person you could imagine. The staff was the same way, for in it are represented the English, Germans, Italians, Jews, Spanish, the French and many more. Even more contrasting are the types, and personalities. This person is droll, this one spontaneous, this one melancholy. Some are quiet and retiring while others are witty and a little more boisterous. Still, they were all dandy characters. Everyone produced the things he himself liked to do in whatever way he liked best. Still, from his swivel chair, the editor couldn't help noticing the remarkable understanding between them. They weren't in competition. Why should they be?

It seemed like a proof of his theory, somehow. He won-

dered why the world didn't live that way. The office seemed like a little Utopia tucked away in a giddy world of turmoil. He thought about Walter Teague, the designer, who had said at the beginning of his lecture in the Union Theater, "It's good to be in this peaceful, academic atmosphere where things that are really important still hold sway." He went on to tell about New York and how people were much more alarmed there about the war. "They could almost hear the explosions across the 'lake'."

It seemed to him that with all the world so intrigued by its own wrangling and honor, it had almost forgotten the big underlying things. The things it really aims at were lost in the shuffle of armies, and the glory of tremendous military machines. All through history, when the smoke of battle clears away and the nations settle down to the peace they fight for, they begin to work together again for the things that really count.

He began thinking about the scandal, murder and robbery that used to fill the front pages and how almost all of

it had been replaced by war news. Yes, not only the front pages, but so completely that it had almost squeezed out all of the local corruption. Still, he reflected, this was the same sort of thing on a larger scale.

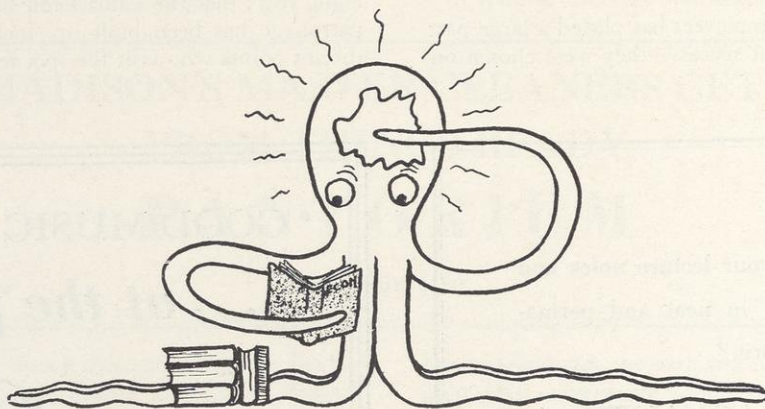
The world and the nations in it seems to have forgotten that they are made up of the individuals in them. Everything they do is for the benefit of those individ-

uals—or at least they're supposed to be.

The editor doesn't have the idea that we should ignore everything that is going on over there, but he couldn't help being a little ashamed of his civilization. A civilization that bristled at every threat and that stooped to force to get its demands. A civilization with such a low intellect that it couldn't repress greed and selfishness; a civilization that couldn't look the truth in the face and balance things off in a fair and right way. Its man-generated political boundaries have proved stronger than their Maker and man fights his fellow.

Isn't there a universal understanding? he wondered. Is man so small that he can't see over silly bickering and let the rule of right rule? He knew the answer but wouldn't say it. With the world growing smaller every minute, he tried to imagine it as small as the Octy office. Sometime, in the dim, distant future he is sure that man will learn to live with his fellow man. And for this, although bitterly now, he congratulated the human race and decided he still wanted to live.

—R.W.



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