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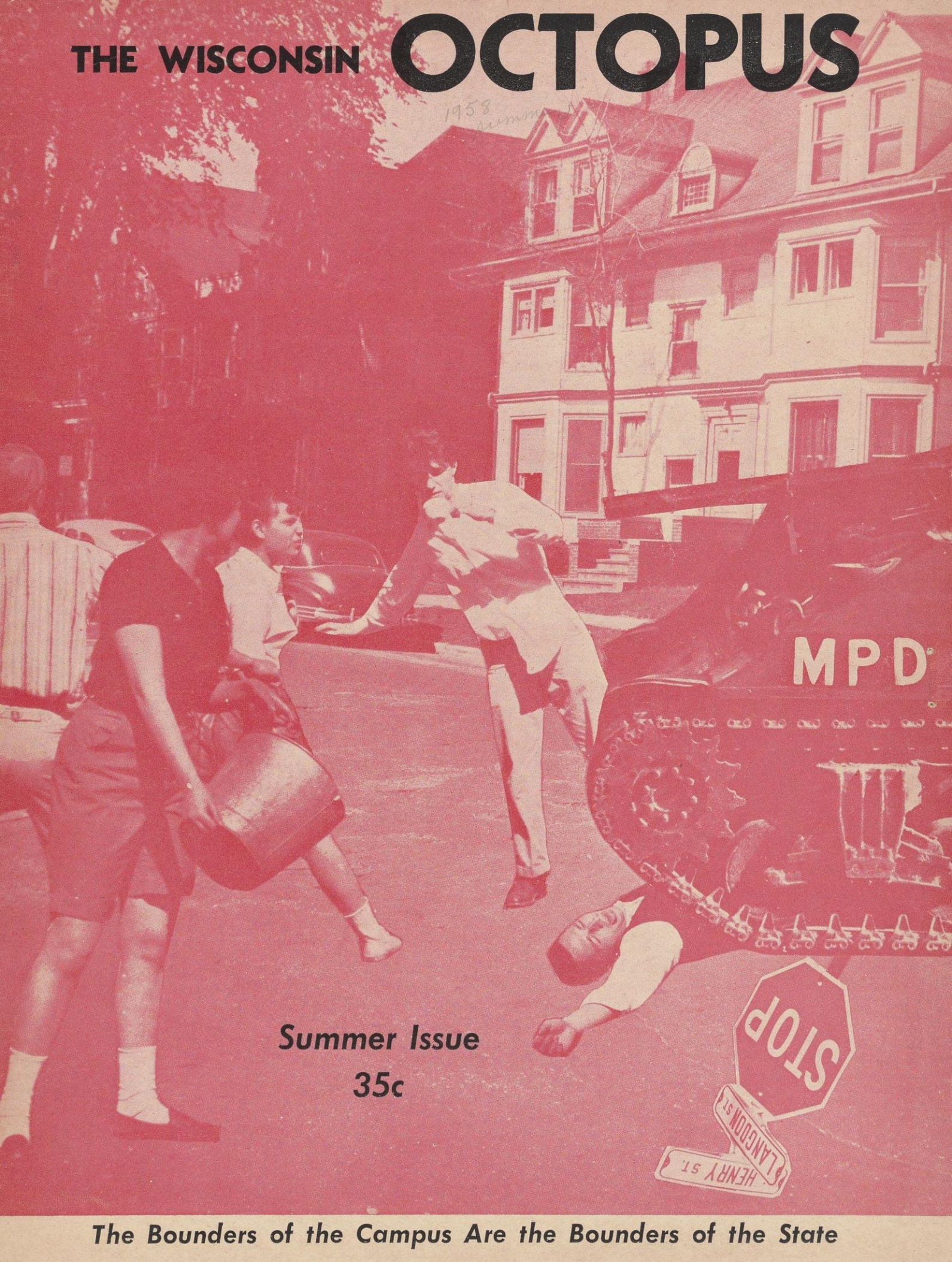
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THE WISCONSIN

OCTOPUS

1958
Summer



Summer Issue
35c

The Bounders of the Campus Are the Bounders of the State



HEY GANG!

HAVE YOU HEARD
ABOUT THE GREAT
NEW DEGREES THAT
THE UNIVERSITY
IS GIVING OUT?



Sure, you too can have one of the attractive leather-bound degrees being awarded by the University of Wisconsin. Your choice of BS, BA, PhD, First, Second or Third degrees, any one of which will immediately merit you a high paying job as bartender, paperboy, or brush salesman. No young American should be without one. And NOW, for a limited time only, if you buy a PhD you receive FREE your choice of BS or BA Degree. Act now!

Mail Coupon Below, Postage Free, to:

IBM Machine 12

Bascom Hall

Yes, I want a snazzy new degree from the University of Wisconsin. Enclosed is my personal guarantee for four years of indentured service to the Board of Regents. I have will get my parents' permission. Please send me all the dope on your pay-as-you-go plan.

Name

Address

My choice of colors is:

brown black boudoir pink

The Daily Cardinal

Complete Campus Garbage

VOL. LVXI, No. 367

University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, Sunday, May 32, 1958

5 CENTS THE COPY

RIOT ON LANGDON

Education Burns—Students Flee

A fire of undetermined origin swept through the Education Building early yesterday afternoon virtually leveling the historic campus landmark.

Firemen were hampered in their efforts to control the blaze by a friendly cordon of students who surrounded the building as soon as the fire was detected. The students are reported to have shoved the firemen back when they attempted to enter the building shouting at them to "leave well enough alone."

The number of casualties is not known, but it is believed that many students who were asleep in the main lecture hall had no chance to save themselves as the blaze spread rapidly through the entire building.

At one point the fire threatened to spread out of control, and firemen concentrated their efforts on wetting down the roofs of the adjoining buildings—North Hall, and Radio Hall.

A group of students was apprehended attempting to lay a trail of kindling wood from the fire site into North Hall. One of them explained that they were "trying to start a back-fire." Another group who entered Science Hall for presumably the same purpose got quite a surprise when three drums of kerosene they were splashing around turned out to be inert liquid nitrogen.

Education major B. Sidney Glorb was rescued from the holocaust clutching a large red can of gasoline, which he said he had mistaken for water in an attempt to extinguish the blaze. He was taken to Methodist Hospital where his condi-

tion was described as "good." Dean of Education L. J. Stys has cancelled all education courses until further notice. "How the hell can we have classes without a building?" he explained. "Heads are going to roll for this," he added ominously.

Authorities have been as yet unable to determine the cause of the blaze. The Dane County Sheriff's office is investigating the rumor that it was set by disgruntled students. There seems to be no evidence to indicate this, however. As an unidentified bystander remarked, "Just about anyone could have done it."



University Offered for Sale

President E. B. Fred, in one of the last moves of his long career as Wisconsin president, has offered the University for sale.

noisy. Your alert Cardinal reporter attempted to get the name of the driver who started the incident, but when the tangle was unsnarled, he drove away rather rapidly. All this happened at 3:17:03 P.M.

There was an outstanding traffic jam at the corner of Langdon and Henry a few weeks ago. A car was turning from Henry into Langdon, and with the turn almost complete, the car was turning back into Henry. Unfortun- ately, by this time a second car, coming from the other side of Henry, had started to cross Langdon, un- der the erroneous impression that the first car was turning right. The second car could not get into the other side of the street because of the second car. It stopped, blocking Lang- don, and the approach of the first car to Henry. Thus both streets were blocked off. Cars began to pile up, and one of them started honking his horn. Soon all the other cars took up the racket, and it was very

Three Cars Honk Traffic Piles Up!

Missile Men Fail, Rocket Blows Up

A group of students have launched another missile, and again scored a total failure. Don Dennis, Albert Schweitzer, and Abner Doubleday were killed in the attempt. Charles McClure, William Steil, and James Jason were fatally injured, and were immediately taken to Wisconsin General Hospital, where their condition is described as "good." Dennis, leader of the group, described their activities. "We were trying," he said, "to

Won't Happen Again, Say Police

There will be no riots on Langdon Street tonight, at least not if Madison police can help it. In an exclusive telephone interview the Cardinal learned that special squad cars and patrols will be roaming the streets with orders to arrest on sight any suspicious students loitering on suspicious corners.

When asked to justify this plan, a policeman who referred to himself as "Connie" said, "We're going to lock up all the apes we can, and then we'll feed them bananas, tee hee."

The 378 students now in jail will be kept there for an indefinite period. "They are all bad actors and ne'er-do-wells," said "Connie."

Dean of Students Leroy Lueberg, advised Langdon Street residents to stay indoors and study in their rooms. "That way," he said, "there won't be any riot, and nobody will get hurt, and nobody will get arrested, and maybe I'll get a citation, or something." A rumor traced to the Dean of Women's office said that any girl requesting a 12:30 tonight will be campused for the duration of the spring season. Women's residence halls and sororities are mounting preparations for siege, bolting iron bars across doors and windows. Anyone, including residents, who tries to pass these fortifications will be shot on sight by alert, uniformed housefel- lows.



MADISON POLICEMAN calls students "apes."

Special precautions are being taken on other parts of the campus. The portals of Bascom Hall are being converted into well armed pill-boxes by alert ROTC cadets, assisted by the national guard detachment from Truax Field.

The Cardinal will continue to offer the only complete coverage of the riots. Special student squads have been engaged to make sure that no other newspaper will offer complete coverage.

Pulitzer Prize Captured By Wisconsin Octopus

For the eighteenth consecutive year in a row practically, the University of Wisconsin humor magazine OCTOPUS was awarded the coveted Pulitzer Prize among all other college humor magazines for its "excellent contributions to the world of great literature."

In a speech before 180 cheering staff members, Joseph Pulitzer said, "It is with a happy heart and tear-filled eye that I again present this award to the Octopus for its meritorious service to the world of truly great literary masterpieces. Only occasionally does a magazine reach such depths of filth, such downright obscene illustrations, such low, base, vile, wretched, depraved jokes, all so dearly loved by university students."

Mike Sonnenreich, Octopus editor, was reached in an exclusive Cardinal interview at his palatial N. Murray St. address. He was quite visibly moved by the announcement, and admitted humbly that "All we were trying to do was to make as much money as possible."

Magazines are judged on a basis of reading appeal, artful layout, choice of type-faces, and punctuality of delivery. The Octy rated tops in all of these, and the most popular feature, according to the

launch a rocket." Dennis was unable to account for the mis- firing. He was dead.

judges, was the Dream Girl spread. Also highly admired was the extensive use of color on the inside pages of the magazine.

In an effort to retain their supremacy in the literary world, staff members are even now at work busily planning next semester's Octopus. It will be an attempt to return to the "Golden Age" of 1938-40 when the Octy was at the height of its glory.

Since the last issues of the magazine were completely sold out within six days after distribution, students are urged to subscribe for next year now, whether they plan to return or not.

Dean Gets Bum's Rush; German Department Split

Associate Dean Sieghart Riegel who was proctering a German 1b exam in 165 Bascom last night was thrown off Bascom fire escape by the raging Chairman of the German Department, Herr Prof. R. V. (Rauchen verboten) Heffner explained, "I didn't realize it was Siggy."

Apparently Heffner's attention was fixed so intently on Riegel's cigarette that he mistook the dean for a student leaving early because of his (continued on page 4)

Late, Late Series . . . YAM Busy in the Small Hour!

The Young Anarchists of Madison (YAM) are used to staying up late at night. Meetings usually begin about one a.m., and break up before classes in the morning.

Peter Robinson, president of the group, explained their activities to this reporter. Said Robinson, "We make bombs. Not the atomic variety, of course, although we're working on that, but plain, ordinary TNT bombs. Naturally, we have to work at night, because all this is rather illicit, and we don't want to get caught." The bombs will be used in a forthcoming revolution, according to Robinson.

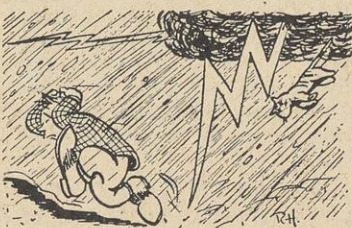
Another member of the YAM, Sidney Zilch, who asked to remain anonymous, said that the club had a great deal of difficulty finding a location for their work, but finally settled on the abandoned Badger Ordinance Works, near Baraboo. "We felt that the convenience and safety of the Badger Works far outweighed the long drive," he said, "and of course we can always steal the cars to get there."

In addition to their bomb-making activities, the YAM

stages several campus debates each year, alternately with the Young Democrats and the Young Republicans, on the subject of Anarchy. Needless to say, the YAM usually wins. As President Robinson put it, "You know, it's funny about those debates. We always win, but we never get any anarchy. If we don't get results this year, we'll be ready to take positive action." The YAM is also stockpiling guns and ammunition.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of a meeting is the nightly bomb-throwing prac- (continued on page 4)

Weather



Fair and Sunny.

“... that continual and fearless censoring and concealing by which alone the Truth may be hidden ...”

The Daily Cardinal

Comment

A PAGE OF OPINION

We Support

SLIC Decision

The Student Life and Interests Committee (SLIC) has reversed its traditional policy of rigid restrictions and regulations governing student social life by revoking the present social code in its entirety.

We hail this as the first progressive step toward student self-determination since the grand old days of Bob LaFollettism.

Basically, the change involves removing the responsibility for students' conduct from the hands of SLIC and placing it in the hands of the individual student.

This is how it should be.

Let's take a look at how this new policy is going to affect the typical college student. He will be able to drive to school in the morning, untroubled by the thought of having to compete for a two-hour parking meter with 500 other students, for all restraints as to time and place are now removed. He may even park next to Lincoln's statue if he desires, or that select spot labeled "Pres. Fred." After classes, the student, even the Ford Student, may drop over to the Rathskeller for a quick and cooling gin-and-tonic "pick-up." His evening can be whatever he desires—an intimate affair at a friend's apartment, or Schlieter Hall. It's all the same. No sour looks from housemothers, chaperones, or other persons of authority.

In short, our student has become a recognized member of the human race. His fate is his own, his conduct governed solely by the dictates of his own conscience.

Only time will tell what the outcome of this momentous decision will be. But it is safe to say that the tide of reactionary Puritanism has been turned at the University of Wisconsin as a result of the far-seeing decision of the Student Life and Interests Committee.

Albert Schweitzer . . .

Should Be Amusing . . .

This Sunday at the Memorial Union Albert Schweitzer is going to speak on the role of the white man in Africa. The Cardinal urges any students who don't happen to be busy to attend this lecture. While Schweitzer is never profound, he is often entertaining, and his experiences in the dark continent should make fascinating listening, even if he stretches the truth occasionally.

However, students should not go into this lecture expecting anything spectacular. Schweitzer's role in Africa is not important by any standards, although he may portray it differently. He has accomplished amazing things, if we are to take his word, but one must take him with a grain of salt and an open mind. In this frame of reference, Schweitzer's talk should be well worth while.

At any rate, it will give you something to talk about when things get dull.

The Daily Cardinal

Entered in any third rate office as fourth class matter under an illegal act by Etaoin Shrdlu and usually under the cover of night. Founded April 1, 1892 by Etaoin Shrdlu at the University of Wisconsin. The Daily Cardinal is rubbish every morning in the week except Sontag und Montag.

The opinions expressed in the editorials do not usually reflect the views of the student body.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Editor _____ Earl Browder
Editor's Roomate _____ Susan B. Anthony

In the Soapbox . . .

HATES BAUDER

Mr. Bauder:

I think it's about time somebody told you off. Now I know that you got your job by default, when McCone ran off unexpectedly, and we students shouldn't expect too much, but you've been at it a long time

now, and you should at least improve a little. Now we don't mind your editorials or your general policies, because we don't read the former and can't figure out the latter, but let's cut out all this writing stuff. You have a staff of reporters and writers, and they

We Oppose

SLIC Decision

At yesterday's SLIC meeting, in which all University restrictions were lifted, the voting followed the usual pattern with the faculty, for the most part, voting one way, and the students the other.

Regrettably, the faculty enjoys an 11-4 majority on SLIC.

At the conclusion of the stormy session, WSA president Don Hoffman, who had fought valiantly, but futilely, for the students, commented, "All Hell will break loose."

And indeed it will. In fact, it is a little hard to imagine what student life will be like at Wisconsin without the traditional rules and regulations which have been in existence since the University's founding in 1849. We believe these rules must serve some useful purpose to have remained unchallenged for 109 years, even though that purpose may not be immediately evident to the short-sighted members of SLIC. Is not such arbitrary and capricious action akin to anarchy?

Let's take a look at what college life is going to be like under the New Order. Chaos and confusion will replace the quiet, scholarly atmosphere during the day, with high-powered cars tearing recklessly across the campus, mowing down pedestrians, disturbing classes, and cluttering the grassy slopes of Bascom Hill. But all this pales into insignificance when we consider the night life without rules. Folly and error, avarice, and vice will become the new "norm." No longer will mothers be able to send their daughters to Wisconsin, confident that they will be looked after as carefully and sympathetically as if they were home. Religion, intellectual achievement, and all the things we regard as sacred will be swept away on the inrushing tide of hedonism and sin.

In short, students will cease to be serious seekers-after-truth, and sink to a level not far above other members of the animal kingdom.

Only time will tell the full effects of this momentous decision, but we hope that a few years hence, if their still is a University of Wisconsin a few years hence, its members will see the error of their ways, and turn back the tide of destruction which has been loosed this day by the Student Life and Interests Committee.

Cardinal Far Too Good For Average Student

Recently a letter was received in our office from a sincere and well-meaning, albeit somewhat naive, student, asking why the Cardinal is losing money. We have never fully explained the reasons for this phenomenon, primarily because we can't understand it ourselves, but we do have a little space to fill here, and so we will attempt to answer the questions this faithful reader has raised.

Why can't a student newspaper as brilliant as the Cardinal make ends meet? Our value to the student community is unchallenged, the editorials are brilliant, the sports page simply reeks with the odor of perspiring athletes, and our style is unimpeachable. Why then the low circulation?

Perhaps, dear readers, the fault lies not with the Cardinal, but with you yourselves.

Wouldn't you think that everyone would rush down to the news stand each morning to plunk down their nickels eager to learn all the varied and exciting events around campus? But no, the bunch of

Idiots Force Cardinal to Make Mistake

The Daily Cardinal wishes to explain that the announcement that appeared last week about the Christmas Party the SAE's gave for parents of war orphans was only a big joke because it has been discovered that Christmas was over before last week, and that war orphans don't have parents.

The Cardinal does not like to have its leg pulled in this way. The staff of this newspaper are all serious, hard-working college students, and we don't appreciate the so-called humor of campus practical jokers.

Send your funny stuff to the OCTOPUS.

uncultured louts known as Wisconsinites are content to swill their beer and indulge themselves in the ephemeral pleasures of the flesh. Their sole interest in literature is a low-grade, low-brow, low publication known as the (ugh) Octopus.

But will the Daily Cardinal give up its crusade for enlightenment in this dark corner of the globe? Will, we, the editors, end our striving for the

are there to write so why not let them? You stick to editing the rag and stop cluttering up the pages with your byline. Funny, clever, sagacious, wonderful, intelligent, competent, you are not, NOT.

I subscribed to your so-called newspaper, and I want satisfaction.

W. M. Lambert

BUMS

To the Editor:

Your paper is the worst paper I have ever read, and I've read some pretty terrible papers. Your staff are a bunch of bums. So are you. I'll bet you don't print this.

Warmly,
W. R. Hearst

POLICE

Dear Sirs:

The Madison police have a . . . of a nerve. What the . . . do they think they are, anyway? I pay my . . . taxes in this . . . city, and every . . . penny of their . . . salaries comes out of these . . . taxes. But they think that any . . . thing they want to do is . . . well right. If you ask me, they are nothing but a bunch of . . . If I had my way, every . . . one of them would be . . . Also, . . .

I. Nestigen

IN THE SOAPBOX is reserved for letters. Letters must be coincident with the Cardinal's views and more or less than 25 words and signed. Letters of 24 words length will not be printed. Anonymous letters will remain so. The Cardinal reserves the right to retain, edit, change, delete all letters, and does so at a nominal fee.

SHIFTING

Has someone been shifting and winnowing your type? It seems that every kngty jtyj.

E. Shrdlu

WHA-TV

Gentlemen:

I should like to lodge a complaint. In the Wisconsin Memorial Union there are three television sets, and none of them is ever tuned to WHA-TV. Now this is a crying shame. Here in Madison where we have educational TV we should take advantage of it by watching it. WHA-TV should certainly receive University support, since the University owns it.

Ken Ohst

PRESSES

To the Editor:

If you people over at the Cardinal don't get on the stick and start improving the quality of your rag pretty soon you are going to be looking for a new set of offices and some new presses. I don't think I have to tell you how long you'd last without the free use of J-School equipment. This is not just an idle threat; I'd turn this place over to the Octopus in ten seconds flat if I didn't think you boys could follow instructions. There had better be progress within the week. Don't print this letter.

R. O. Nafziger

intellectual advancement of the students? Will we give up our noble cause of anti-overemphasis? In short, will we close up shop at the Cardinal and be swallowed up in the tides of reaction, vice, and low morals?

YOU DAMN BETCHA WE WILL! We're as sick of this manure as you are, and this is positively the last issue of the Daily Cardinal.



The Student Life and Interest Committee. Standing, Prof. Glen S. Pound, subcommittee on living conditions and hygiene; bottom row, left to right, Prof. Russell Hosler, subcommittee on general student organizations and politics; Don Hoffman, WSA president; Dave Meissner, Union president; Porter Butts, Union director; Theodore Zillman, dean of men; Prof. C. S. Liddle, subcommittee on fraternal societies and social life; Martha Peterson, dean of women; Second row, Prof. John Irwin, subcommittee on forensics and dramatics; Prof. Robert Perzold, subcommittee on musical organizations; Prof. S. Watson Dunn, subcommittee on publications; Benita Alk, AWS president; Pat Burbridge, WSA vice-president, and Newell Smith, director of residence halls.

New Birth Control Technique Discovered by 'U' Professor

Dr. Bernard Wolfe, assistant professor of brain surgery, announced the discovery of an outstanding new method of birth control at the proceedings of the Wisconsin chapter of S.A.E. last Monday.

Dr. Wolfe called on the engineers to make use of their technical know-how and ingenuity to place the system within the practical reach of every man, woman and child in the country. He said he felt that automotive engineers were probably better equipped to deal with this problem than any others because of their special knowledge of the stresses, heat and wear problems involved and their familiarity with the proposed materials.

that the new method was so effective that in a trial run in Sumatra the entire population involved in the tests had been wiped out without a trace. Dr. Wolfe's son, Brigham, assistant project chief, verified this.

Dr. Wolfe called on the forces of conservative opinion to align themselves with the new movement. He said he foresees a revolution in our national habits and mores and expressed a desire that no one should be left out.

Dr. Wolfe went on to describe this great new method. In a shattering statement he declared; (continued p.14, col. 7)

In Nigeria, Africa, one woman is worth three coconuts.

Dancing in Streets . . .

SLIC Lifts Barriers, Frees Students!

In a surprise move yesterday, the Student Life and Interests Committee (SLIC) announced the lifting of all restrictions on student social life, in a sweeping reorganization of University policy. They passed a resolution stating that the faculty has been far too strict in the past, and that, as a progressive State University, Wisconsin must move ever onward, upward, toward new bounds of academic freedom.

The following restrictions have been deleted from the social code:

(1) **Women's dormitory hours.** All female students at the University are released from any restrictions concerning the hours at which they must be in their living units for the night. A rider to be placed on this change which asked students to exercise "good taste" was defeated.

(2) **Dormitory sex restrictions.** The former rules regarding the presence of men in women's dormitories and women in men's dormitories are to be henceforth null and void.

(3) **Liquor.** In conjunction

with the State Legislature, SLIC has re-defined the legal age for purchase of beer and hard liquors for university students as "no legal age." Students, upon presentation of fee card, may purchase any intoxicating beverage within the Madison city limits. Porter Butts, Union Director, has announced plans for a deluxe bar to be established soon in the Rathskeller.

(4) **Parking restrictions.** University parking lots are no longer limited to faculty members. Spaces will be filled on a first-come-first-served basis. Also, all students will be issued an orange tag marked "STUDENT" which when placed on any Madison parking meter will entitle the bearer to a day's parking, free.

(5) **Campus police.** The Campus Police Force, which will have nothing to do in light of (4), is declared disbanded.

(6) **Quiet hours.** In all residence halls the establishment of quiet hours is forbidden. Students may be quiet if they

choose, but no compulsory hours may be fixed.

(7) **Apartments.** The restrictions on women's apartments are revoked. Any student, male or female, of any age, may rent and/or buy an apartment for the school year and the summer. All restrictions concerning mixed parties or gatherings in such apartments are also revoked.

(8) **Chaperons.** Any party or gathering in a private dwelling, fraternity, sorority, or house of ill repute is no longer required to register chaperones, or to have them, either.

Dean of men Theodore Zillman said after the stormy SLIC meeting that, in his words, "this University has been behind the times for many years. In this action SLIC has brought us on a par with the progressive schools of the Midwest, and perhaps of the world. It is a true step in the forward direction." Said WSA president Don Hoffman, who voted against the resolution, "All . . . Hell will break loose."

It's That Time Again
Every year at this time the daughters of your friends and neighbors, members of the Girl Scouts of America, come around to your house selling their wares. Won't you take advantage of this unusual opportunity to make a little girl happy?

MHA Store Heisted Up

The MHA store was reported robbed of 79 fudgesicles and the cash register last night. Harold Vandervoort, clerk, (continued on page 4)

**Drink
RATHSKELLER
COFFEE**

*Always Hot,
Always Bitter!*

**Come in and watch
your spoon dissolve**

Off Campus with Max Schulman

SCIENCE MADE SIMPLE

Let us turn immediately to the chief problem of undergraduate life, the cigarette problem. This has always been a vexing dilemma even in my own college days. Take for instance the filter (flavor, flip-top box). Us rugged individuals who have long enjoyed the masochistic pleasure of inhaling non-filtered smoke were being forced into the damaging position of carrying bare razor blades to cut off the filters — but that was before the Marlborough flip-top box. What greater joy than tearing off the cellophane, flipping back the top and seeing 20 filter tips snapped off and scattered to the winds in one fell swoop.

Can you light either end? Why face the agony of indecision before each smoke — now you can have the old familiar feeling of the soggy tobacco end in your mouth and the security of knowing that you won't inhale scorched cellulose, but the searing product of consumed tobacco shreds. What hath Science wrought? The match.

The science we take up today is called ignition, from American **ignorance** meaning "stupidity" and **shun** meaning "to avoid." Early fire makers always shunned ignorant people, and no wonder. They used to spend every blessed night sitting on the damp ground, twirling sticks and getting nowhere. Lumbar and related disorders kept smoking from becoming very popular until the time of Nero. What schoolboy does not know that stirring story — how Nero out of an old violin bow and a flake of flint fashioned an instrument that was a match for the most zealous fire fighting Romans. How his face filled with mad glee, how he stepped back and whispered the words heard round the forum: "Got a weed?"

Well sir, you can imagine what happened then! The mad emperor took his first deep drag and fell into a fit of violent retching which, unhappily, buried his violin. Stradivarius dug it up, analyzed the composition of the finish and proceeded to monopolize the violin industry. He burned the violin to preserve his secret, igniting it with a match (which had by then been perfected) and using the famous bow for kindling. An irretrievable loss.

But don't think that things calmed down after that. Rival violin makers clamored for matches to burn Stradivarius' violins and insure themselves a trade. The first man to take advantage of this demand was Sigafos Pyro, who produced matches under the trade name of Pyrex Fizzles after his latest discovery, carbonated water, in order to save advertising expenses.

Match makers then turned to the question: Are there other uses for this revolutionary new implement? The answer was a flat—no. Matchmakers were not interested in progress in those days — only progeny. But sociological studies proved without a doubt that this opinion was far too narrow for it didn't take into consideration the budding Marlborough industry—and who can live without Marlborough?

And if you readers will put match to Marlborough, we'll roll this up into one big ball of wax.

Read the Cardinal want sfd. Please read the Cardinal esny ads.

Read the Cardoms;fld. Aw hell; forget about the Carfinal

The Wish-wash, an Antartic quadruped, has two tails hanging from the rear which are useful in scratching whenever it itches.

Pro Arte Ends Season; Blum Hospitalized

The Pro Arte Quartet gave its final performance of the season last Sunday night in Music Hall. The program consisted of works of Haydn, Brahms, and Bartok.

The personnel of the quartet include Rudolf Kolisch, first violin, "the wizard of the left-handed violin," Albert Rahier, second violin, docile old protege of Florian Zabach, noted for his subtle sliding quarter-tone cadenzas, Richard Blum, viola, newest and most innocuous member of the group, and Lowell Creitz, "the Don Juan of the 'cello," who created quite a sensation earlier this year by playing his instrument with a hack-saw.

The first work the group attempted was the Haydn string quartet, Opus 77, No. 2. After throwing a final scowl at the late-comers, Mr. Kolisch quickly hoisted his left arm and struck the first chords.

The effect was electrifying. Mr. Rahier, who had been placidly rosining his bow, threw a shocked glance at Mr. Kolisch, dropped his rosin block, and tried to find his place, while the younger members of the quartet, who had been sneaking a cigarette backstage, hurriedly scrambled to their seats.

The rest of the work was relatively uneventful, with the three subordinates maintaining a suitable background for Mr. Kolisch's virtuosity.

The second selection was some piano quartet by Brahms for which the quartet was joined by pianist Leo Steffens. Mr. Rahier, somewhat distraught, gratefully excused himself. Aside from the inherent shoddiness of the work itself, the most annoying thing about this selection was the musicianship of Mr. Steffens. The work lasted approximately 26 minutes, 14 seconds, scarcely one of which ticked by without leaving the impression that Mr. Steffens had never seen the work before.

An all too short intermission followed.

The final work to be performed, perforce, was the Bartok sixth string quartet. Somehow the characteristic atonality of the Pro Arte lends itself well to the performance of modern works, and the evening might not have been a total loss had it not been for an unfortunate accident during a particularly heated passage. Mr. Blum, who had been giving his all in the true "appassionata" manner, got his hair caught in the strings of his viola, and struggling violently in an effort to extricate himself, kicked his foot through Mr. Creitz's violincello. Mr. Creitz, observing this, jumped up, shouted "Avant!" and impaled Mr. Blum on his bow. The two remaining members managed to conclude the piece.

Bum's Rush . . .

(continued from page 1) crew-cut, desert boots, and the examination in his hand. Heffner vaulted over the podium and rushed forward to snatch the cigarette from the offender's mouth. In view of the resistance Riegel put up against his assailant, Heffner resorted to hustling the menace bodily from the room. Seizing Riegel by the collar, Heffner forced him out onto the fire escape, and tumbled him over the railing into a dead forsythia bush which immediately burst into flame.

Heffner enlisted the aid of Prof. Werner Vortreide, and

Hammar skjold Turns Tide for Theta Chi

In an intermural drinking bout held last evening under the auspices of the Association of Women Students (AWS), Theta Chi's Chronic Alcoholics outlasted Swenson's Common Drunks in an event that saw no less than seventeen kegs completely consumed.

The two teams met in stack level 10 of the library. Sections RK.L.19 to RM.B.3 were torn out especially for the event.

For the first two hours, the teams appeared pretty evenly matched, with neither side being able to force the other under the tables. But the tide was turned by stocky 4' 3" Theta Chi senior Dag Hammar skjold, whose specialty up to this point had been short beers.

Shoving astounded officials aside, Hammar skjold first attempted to raise a full keg to his mouth. Failing this, he leaned over the side and began lapping the amber brew thirstily. Sensing defeat in the making, the Swenson team members jostled him into the keg, where he remained submerged for seven minutes. In addition to taking the stuff in through his mouth and ears, Hammar skjold absorbed enormous

Pinned

Prof. Helen White, by Henry Wiggins, ME4, in an impressive ceremony at the Tau Beta Pi House. The doll was carried by Housefellow Uggamonkrabonga. Wiggins performed the incantations personally, reading from a 14th Century manuscript. During the final chant he stood inside a pentagram chalked on the floor and thrust five large hatpins thru the head of the effigy of Prof. White. Carefully stepping outside the five pointed star, Wiggins was heard to remark, "That'll fix her wagon."

Prof. White could not be reached for comment this morning.

Cardinal Quickies

PERSHING RIFLES

The Pershing Rifles Society will hold a smoker tomorrow at 9 p.m. in the Powder Magazine of the Armory.

COFFEE: GROUNDS FOR DISCUSSION

This week Coffee: Grounds For Discussion will consider the question "Is Platonic Love Ever Any Fun?" Dean Theodore Zillman will preside at the gritty discussion Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. in Tripp Commons.

CARDINAL STAFF MEETING

There's a genuine, wonderful, exciting meeting of the Cardinal Staff tonight. All you staff members don't forget to come, huh? Bob got crabby last week because he didn't have no one to talk to.

CONSERVATIVES

The Young Republican Club will hold their annual Lincoln Day dinner in the Edwin Booth room of the Union.

WAUWATOSA STUDENTS MEET

The Wauwatosa Student Association together they succeeded in smothering the blaze with Riegel's ivy league sport jacket.

Dean Riegel declined to give us a statement, saying that he would take care of that personally on his radio program "the Steuben Hour."

quantities through osmosis.

When the foam was cleared, and the drunks carted away, the finals were tabulated. Theta Chi had won, 9 kegs to 8 kegs. However, Donovan Q. Fauerbach of Swenson took individual honors, having consumed 3 kegs.

Swenson was competing without its captain, Sam "Two keg" Souse, who was stricken with stomach cancer a few days before the bout. The Swenson boys are holding no grudges today, but most of them believe that things would have ended differently if "Two keg" had been in there drinking.

The win places the Chronic Alcoholics in second place behind Delta Kappa Epsilon's Blasted Badgers.

MHA Heisted . . .

(continued from page 3) said, "79 men in black masks, Lone Ranger hats, and Campus Patrol badges forced their way in just as he, Vandervoorass, was endeavoring to close the store.

"I couldn't do nuthin'. There was too many of them," Vandervoorass stated.

In a special interview with authorities, your Daily Cardinal crime reporter learned the fact that 158 Hopalong Cassidy revolvers were uncovered by Max Laniru, dormitory janitor, in the Mack House third floor "John."

Vandervoorass, who lives in 307 Mack, was contacted for a special interview just as he was alighting from his 1958 Mercedes-Benz which, according to Vandervoorass "just got here today."

"How do ya like my new Scotch plaid suit, diamond studded tie clip, and solid gold cuff links?" Vandervoorass said. "I bet you wonder where I got all the money, huh?"

In his search for pertinent information, your Daily Cardinal reporter was informed by Vandervoorass that, "in my opinion, ya gotta look for someone who eats fudgecicles." He picked up 6 dozen fudgecicles, "To restock the store," he said.

"We have not begun to fight," said University Investigator Hammerhead. "Old soldiers never die."



"I bought it"



"I sold it"

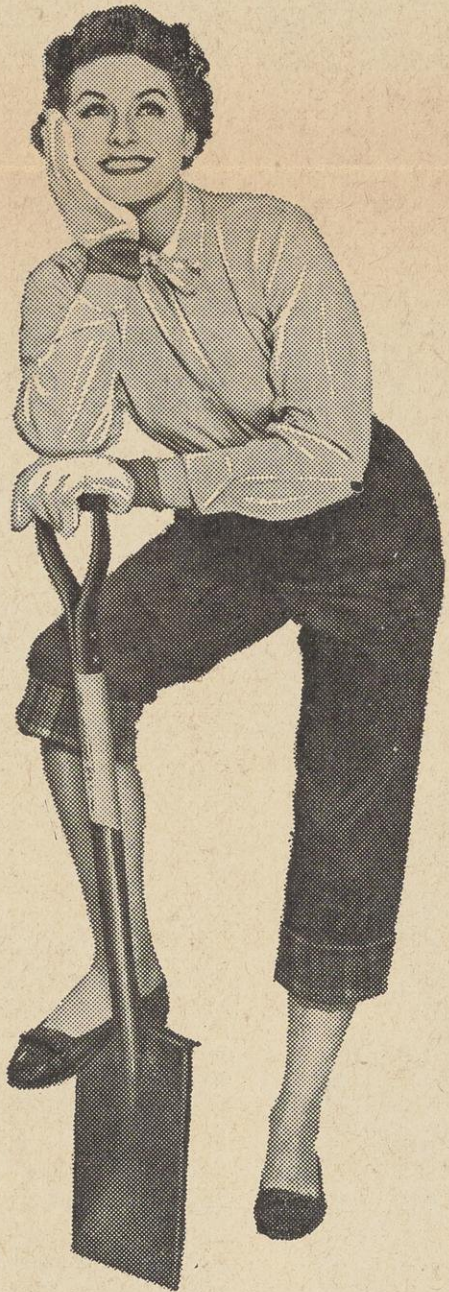


"I made it"



"I'm always more satisfied with a brand that's made a name for itself."

Brand Name Foundations

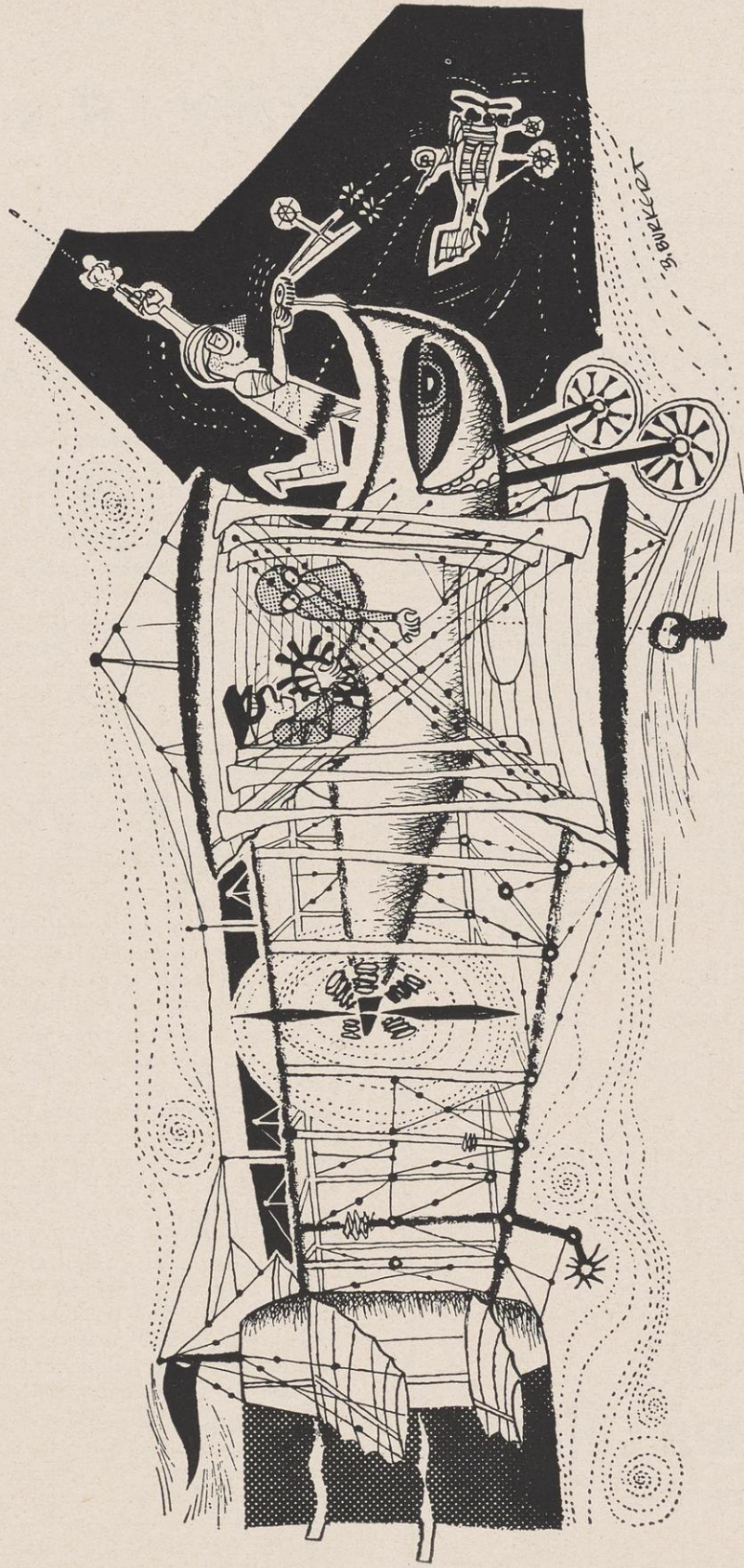


I'm ready for

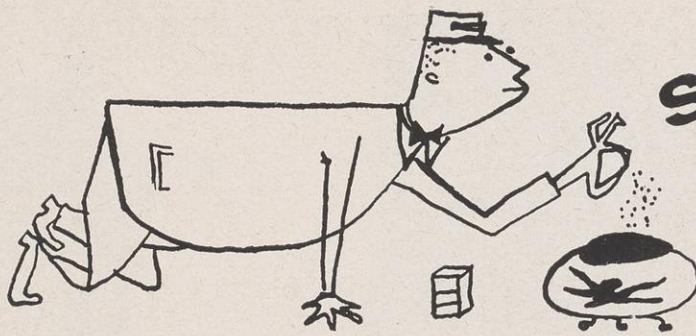
Psychology 1

are you?

So, remember, students, the next time you're up late, that somewhere out there in the night is a Young Anarchist of Madison, with a bomb and a mission.



Sell those books at the CO-OP, and fly home in style



Squid blings

We assume that most students are as unaware of the workings of the Department of Protection and Security as we were until recently, our encounters having consisted of an occasional parking ticket. However, this blissful ignorance was not to last.

One of our members was walking down the street on a fine spring morning about a week ago, when he was accosted by a campus policeman who said his name was Hammersly, and who requested that they both take a little ride "to meet the Director of Protection and Security." Being an innocent sort of guy, he agreed to this. After a breathless ride, during which our informer was unable to discover just what it was all about, they pulled up at 324 North Charter Street. He was conducted into the Director's office, where Mr. A. D. Hamann soon enlightened them. It seems that he had the misfortune to take a course last term called Speech 110, Elements of Radio Broadcasting. At the

end of the term, someone ingeniously managed to steal several large, bulky pieces of broadcasting equipment from the studio on the fourth floor of Bascom. Cleverly reasoning that students were responsible, and assuming that the most likely suspects were students of the course (our friend tells us it WAS poor), P&S was hauling all former students in for questioning. Also, as our friend subsequently discovered, P&S is searching the dwellings of suspected students for contraband microphones, tape recorders, speakers, and turntables. They are hampered in this worthy effort by the fact that Hammersly, chief leg man, cannot tell an FM tuner from a breadbox. But, being a diligent man, he conducted our friend to his residence, parked in an illegal zone, and commenced to search the place. He recorded all the serial numbers on the Hi-Fi, throwing in a vacuum cleaner and automatic toaster for good measure. Thus armed, Hammersly issued an invitation to report again to P&S at one P.M., and left.

Our friend drove up to P&S at the appointed time, prudently plugged two cents into the parking meter, and went inside. After waiting around for about ten minutes, he was conducted into the interrogation room, where Messers. Hamann and Hammersly began to work him over. Unable to get a confession, Hamann fingerprinted the suspect, and turned him loose.

Talking this over later with a friend from the law school, we all reached some conclusions which we'll pass along in case any of you ever take Speech 110. First of all, you can demand a warrant to search your residence. Secondly, a warrant is necessary to get you down to P&S if you don't want to go. Thirdly, you are entitled to refuse fingerprinting, in case you are contemplating a life of crime later on. Our friend, somewhat worried about this last item, asked Hamann if the prints were compulsory. "No," said he, "technically they aren't. But we can always take you down to the County Jail, book you on suspicion, throw you in jail, and THEN fingerprint you." He neglected to mention, we later found out, that if this happens, you can sue for false arrest, and probably collect.

So, remember, if you are awakened in the middle of the night, and find Mr. Hammersly at your door, the magic words are: "I don't do nothin' without what I first see my lawyer."

*An Arab stood on a weighing machine
In the light of the lingering day.
A counterfeit penny he dropped in the slot,
And silently stole a weigh.*

THE ICE IS OFF THE LAKE!

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swimming *au naturel*

so . . .

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From the Editor's Brown Study

It's *THAT* Time Again

Adieu, Adios, sayonara and hi ho silver; once more we're packing up and heading for the far off places. Octy is officially closed down and off the campus for another year. It's been a swell year for us and, for the masochistically inclined in our wide audience, we'll be back next year to haunt, daunt, and downright bore you. Yes, it's been a swell year.

As is the job of every editor, both past and present, mine is to say goodbye and leave you with some moral advice (which you'll ignore), some parting words (which you'll forget), and some fine praises lauding our fair, fine, glorious university (which you might stone me for). I could even print up a song sheet of university songs such as Varsity, The Cow Kicked Nelly in the Belly in the

Barn, and Pass the Udder Udder Udder to Yer Udder Brudder, but they're already old hat and anyway, who the hell wants to learn Varsity anyway?

I could review the year's activities, the water fights, the girls we have known, the prof that wouldn't accept the bribe, etc., etc. But these are cherished memories and not something to be discussed when others are up and about.

How about a synopsis on how university life has matured and broadened you as an individual? It hasn't?

Or about the time you took . . . no, that really wouldn't be in keeping with the tone of the article.

All things being equal, I think it's best we just forget the whole damn thing. So lets.

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"What shall I do? I'm engaged to a man who who just simply can't bear children."

"You mustn't expect too much of a man."

"Have you seen Sandy's new evening gown?"

"No, what does it look like?"

"Well, in most places it looks quite a lot like Sandy."

In Holland, Ex-Lax is called "Little Dutch Cleanser."

Who says the Russians have no sense of humor? Here's a joke that is currently rolling them in the aisles in Moscow:

Puervi: Kto builda dama, c kotorio you videl bac, vcher yecherom?

Torul: Ones net dama—ona moya zhenya.

A "big man on campus" stepped up to a counter at the Co-op and said to the cute young thing standing behind it: "Do you keep stationery?"

Said the cute young thing: "Yes, up to a certain point, then I just go all to pieces."

Stewed: Do you know that seventeen thousand twelve hundred and eighty-two elephants were used to make billiard balls last year.

Steweder: My, oh my, isn't it wonderful that such big beasts can be taught such exacting work?

"Did you hear about the one-fingered pick-pocket who could steal only life-savers?"

Prof: Can you give the derivation of the word 'Auditorium'?

Stud: Yes, from the word audio, hear and taurus, bull. A place where you . . ."

Prof: That will do.

Frosh One: I hear you got thrown out of school for calling the dean a fish.

Frosh Two: I didn't call him a fish. I just said, 'That's our dean' real fast.

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CARS OF THE WORLD

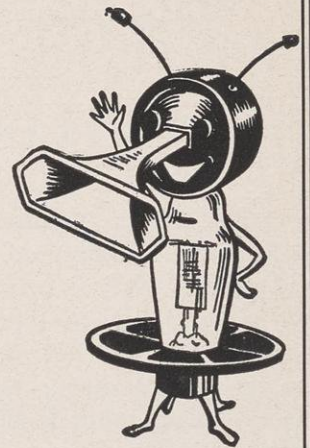
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The Brothers Karalot

by Marv Pletzke

"Psst. Hey, psst."

"Huh?"

"Come here once. Come here, don't be afraid."

"What for?"

"Oh, come here we won't hurt you. . . ."

I felt the cool water running down the side of my face and I slowly opened my eyes. Looking down and smiling at me were two young men with crew cuts.



Me

Judas that you were the kind of material we are looking for. You could be one of us. You could belong. You could be a Rea Luzer fraternity man. You belong here. With us."

"You're our kind of material. You belong with us," the fellow Roger had introduced as Judas added.

"Well, I really hadn't given it . . ."

"I know what you are going to say. You are going to say that you hadn't really given it much thought," Rodger interrupted. "Well, ah . . ."

"Right," I said, "Right, Man."

"Thank you," he went on, "well Wright we know you haven't thought about it much. But we could tell when we saw you that you could be one of us. Yes we could tell as soon as we saw you. Now of course we would like you to see the fraternity before you make any decisions. So to begin with, we could start by showing you the party room."

As we walked through the living room and down the narrow steps to the party room, Judas filled me in on some of the financial costs I would be expected to share. We reached the basement. It was damp. The ceiling was built low and the rooms were dimly lit. We walked slowly on the cobble stoned floor into a large, almost black room, illuminated only by green lights.

"This," said Roger, "Is our party room. Dancing, drinking and etc. Pleasant?"

"Very much so," I said.

"We like it. We like it," he said.

Off to one side and separated from the party room by a grid fence, was a huge white door with two torches burning on either side of it.

"What's that?" I asked.

"They all ask that," Roger said. "That's the meeting room. The pledges meet in that room. After you are a pledge you will meet in that room."

We started to walk towards it. The torches burned brightly and it wasn't until I was closer that I could see the huge dog laying down next to the door and between the two torches. He was on the other side of the fence. I pointed questioningly at the dog.

"Oh, that" Roger said, "That's our mascot. He guards the outer gate."

As we got closer to the door I noticed that Judas held back. When we were standing almost next to the gate, Judas got down on his knees before the gate and slowly raising his hands above his head, lowered his body three times to the ground. Roger noticed my staring at Judas, said, "It is done to show the respect we have for our fraternity. For out of that room will come the leaders of this fraternity in future days. We all do it at times to show our respect. You are now . . . I don't know how to say this Mark, but since we, since I see that you are so much one of us, I feel that — I feel that I will be able to let you see the inside of our pledge room. You are so much one of us. You are our kind."

Judas raised himself off his knees. He reached into a pan along side the gate and filled his hands with a soft red mass. He threw it to the dogs. Roger pulled a chain of keys out of his pocket and slowly let an odd shaped key slide into the gate lock. With a loud creaking noise the gate was opened. The dog was still busy with the meat as we closed the gate behind us. Judas ran ahead of us and slid the big wooden door to one side. We walked in.

(continued on page 6)

"This is the pledge room," Roger said.

"Oh, ah scob, do, oh, ah ro," Judas was on his knees again talking in what sounded like a different language.

Roger smiled, "That is the pledge chant. You will be expected to learn that when you become a pledge. It is done by the pledges as a means of showing their respect for the active chapter, the men who are furnishing guidance to the fraternity now."

I was impressed. Then Roger led me to one side of the large, damp room where more torches were burning.

Three sentences were deeply etched into the brick wall. Into the grooves of the letters, a red stain had been applied to make them stand out. Next to the wall was a small white faced boy holding a torch that glowed redly in the dimly lit room. The small anemic boy said nothing. Roger nodded to him, but the boy didn't move. I read the sentences:

DO NOT TRUST A MEMBER OF THE
ADMINISTRATION
WHATEVER WEARS KAKIES OR SWEATER
IS A FRIEND
ALL PLEDGES ARE EQUAL



Roger Goodguy

He seated me on a chair and I thought. Several minutes later he said heartily, "Well what do you think?"

"Well I still don't really, I . . ."

"I know how you feel, Wright. It's almost too much for words. I felt the same way before I joined. You are almost one of us. You knowing about the rules. You can belong."

He reached in his breast pocket for a card and then unscrewed his pen and stood next to me.

"Here," he said, "Sign."

"Well I, I . . ."

"Sign."

"I . . ."

"SIGN."

I signed . . .

It was a warm fall evening and I had just finished my meal job and was about to leave for the library. As I came down the stairs from my room, Rog called me.

I went into the living room where he sat reading

a paper. The room was empty.

"You forgot my shoes," he said quietly.

"I know, Roger, but I've been doing them every day now for the past month and well, well, there's some pledges I know that don't . . . well that haven't been doing shoes, or running errands or pressing clothes, or anything around here. And well, that isn't what the rules call for. That I know. Your own . . ."

"MY pledge son?"

"Yes," I said, "He doesn't even . . ."

"Come with me," Roger said sternly.

Roger held my arm as he led me downstairs. Down into the dampness of the dark room. Then to the room with the white door, where the torches were still burning. He threw the dogs some of the reddish mass, opened the gate, slide back the wooden door, and we were inside the pledge room. We walked slowly over to the wall where the three sentences were carved and stained in red.

"Now, where did you get such a notion," he asked.

I looked at the white faced boy. He didn't move.

I looked on the wall and the three sentences.

DO NOT TRUST A MEMBER OF THE
ADMINISTRATION
WHATEVER WEARS KAKIES OR SWEATER
IS A FRIEND

ALL PLEDGES ARE EQUAL, EXCEPT FOR
THOSE THAT ARE MORE EQUAL

I smiled. I must have read it wrong.

"I'm sorry," I said, as we walked back upstairs.

"That's all right," Roger said, "Only remember that

(continued on page 8)

it's SPRING!

. . . and a young man's fancy

turns to those

SCINTILLATING

gifts from

HAPPY HOUSE

549 State



Honey, let's go down to the lake and slug rats.

(continued from page 6)

rule. My pledge son for instance. I'm grooming him. He has to have special care." He paused — "You will have to memorize those rules clearly if you are going to be one of us." I polished his shoes and then went to the library.

Time passed quickly, and before I knew it six week exams were upon me. That meant extra studying. One afternoon when the weather made me think about spring, I stopped in a small inexpensive store for men and bought a sweater. I suppose to take my mind off studies for awhile. They we're having a sale and I got the sweater for a very low price. I put it on and walked back to the fraternity house carrying the other one in a small paper bag. I went to my room, washed for dinner and was about to go downstairs when Roger came in.

He walked right up to me and held me with one hand and with the other he turned back the neck off the sweater to see the label.

"Got a new sweater, hey," he said softly.

"Yes, how do you like it?" I answered pleased that he had noticed my purchase.

He let the sweater snap back into place. "I don't," he answer stiffly, "I don't like it at all. Where did you get it?"

"They were having a sale in the basement of Jennings Department Store," I answered surprised.

"A sale, a sale," he said quite loudly "You stupid little — a sale."

He took my arm and led me down to the basement. I was frightened and couldn't possibly understand why I was being led downstairs. After a few minutes we were again in the pledge room. The boy holding the torch looked whiter. He seemed to be swaying. Roger noticed this.

"We'll have to change him this weekend I guess," he said. "Look at the wall," he ordered loudly. I gazed slowly at the deep etchings in the stone wall.

DO NOT TRUST A MEMBER OF THE ADMINISTRATION
WHATEVER WEARS KAKIES OR A SWEATER FROM McNILES,
EXCLUSIVE STORE



Judas

FOR MEN IS A FRIEND
ALL PLEDGES ARE EQUAL EXCEPT FOR
THOSE THAT ARE MORE EQUAL

It seemed different, but I couldn't really say. I looked at it again. It was plainly carved. I had made a mistake.

"Fool," Roger said. "You must memorize this before you become an active. I haven't seen anyone as slow as you. But never mind," he said, patting my shoulder, "you will learn. You can still become one of us. You are our type. You will learn."

(continued on page 12)

This spring

WHITE

MAKES

RIGHT



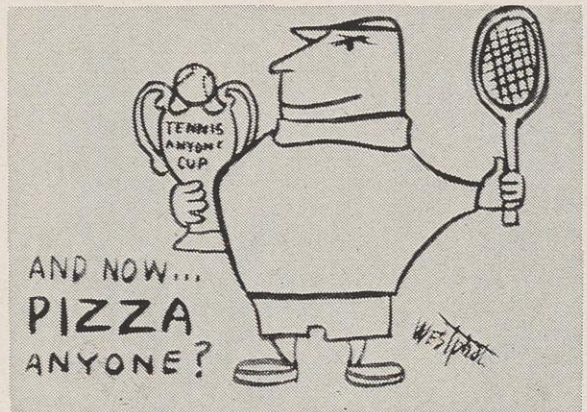
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Formal Wear

524 State

PIZZA

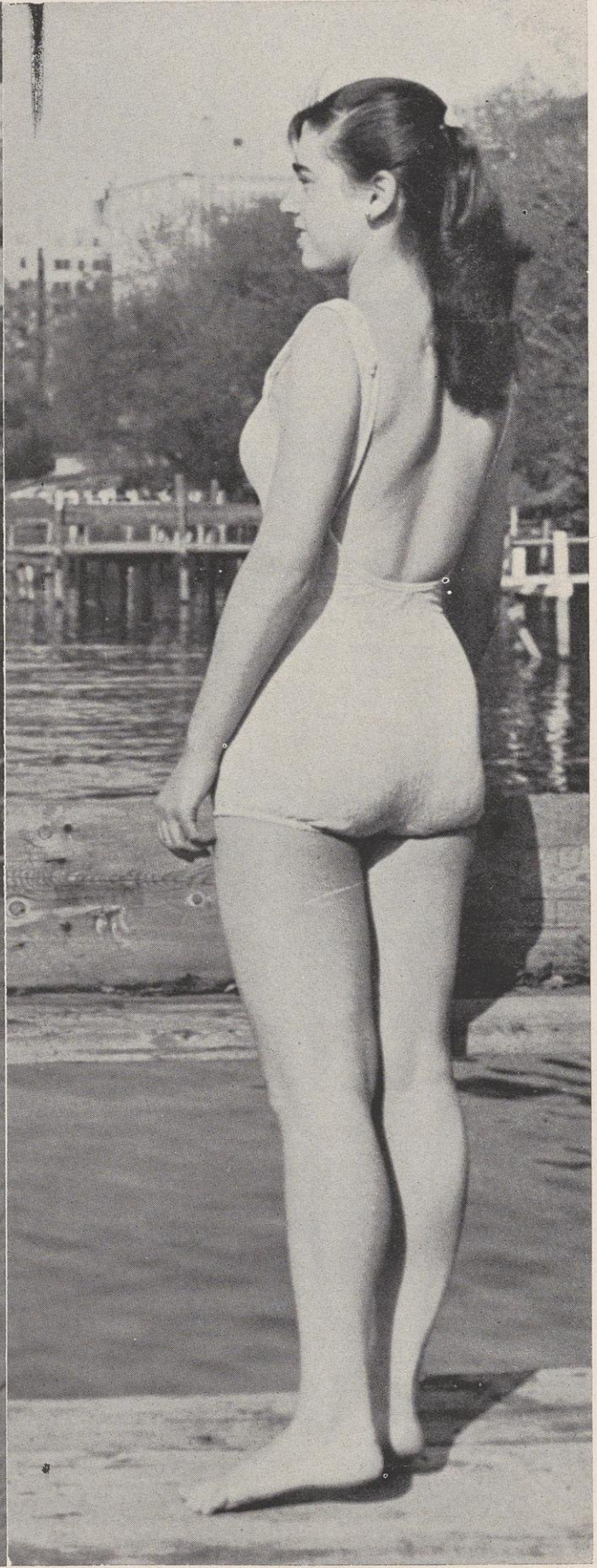
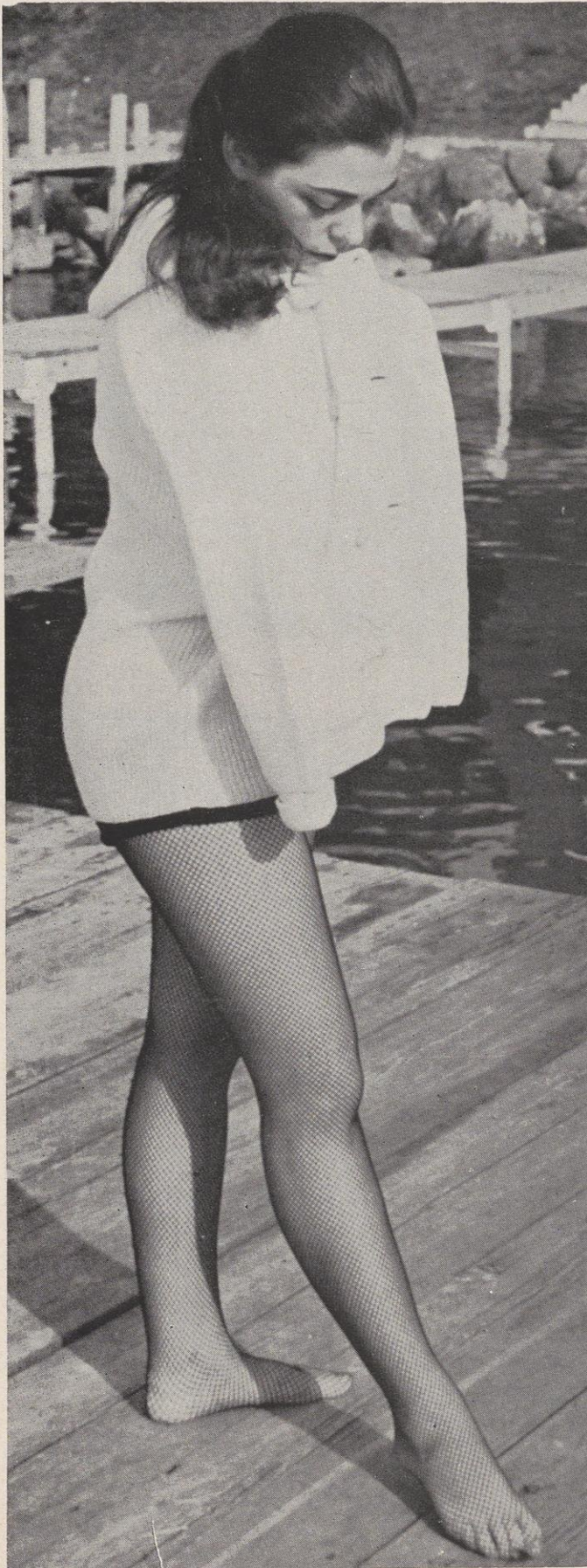


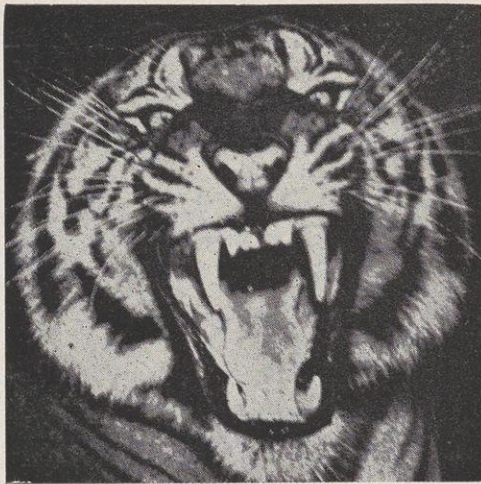
PIZZA

Paisan's

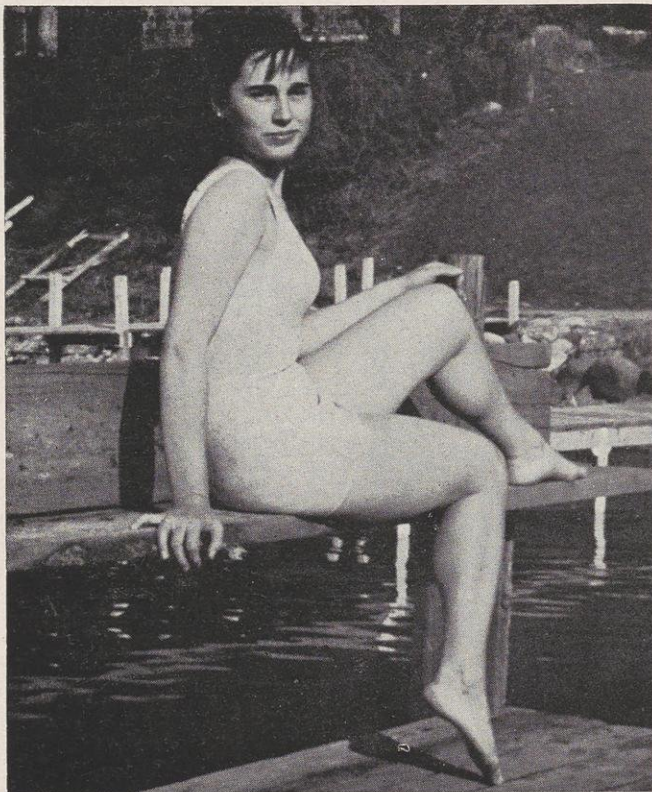
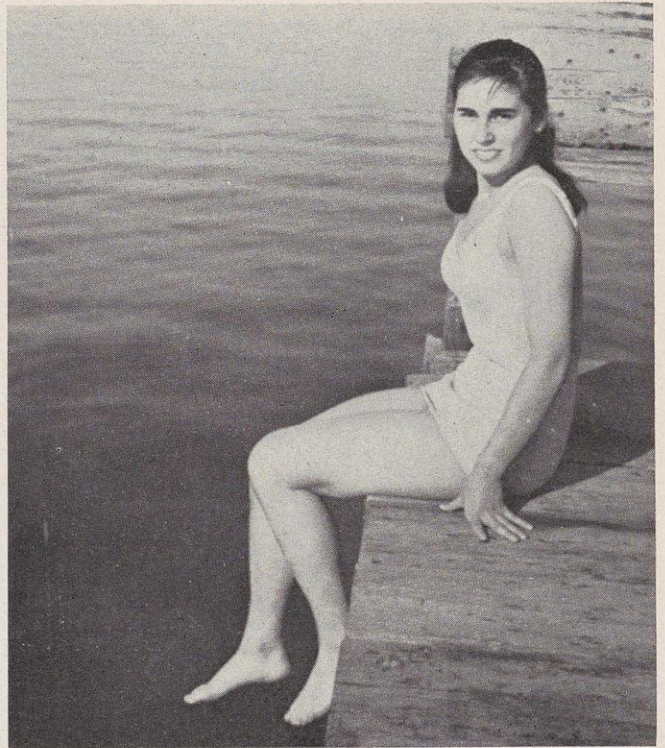
University near Park

S oh S -- Sylvia *and* Sue Visit Octy





Henry Wiggins, ME 4, is roaring with joy over his two friends. All he'll tell us is that their names are Sue and Sylvia (Sue is on this page). Because of the heat, Wiggy went down to the lake to swim and literally swam into them. A lucky day for all concerned.





(continued from page 8)

The next day I returned the sweater.

Then late one Thursday night I was studying in my room when Roger came in. I knew something was bothering him. He sat down on the worn easy chair, lighted a cigarette and turned to me.

"Wright," he said, (I had long ago given up trying to give my real name), "Wright, did you know that Juda's father teaches here at the university?"

I had been aware of this and knew the man slightly. So I answered "Yes."

"Well then, why the hell don't you ever talk to him when you see him on the street. He mentioned it to Judas. He knows you are a pledge here and can't understand why you never say anything to him. You don't have him for a class do you?"

"No," I answered.

"Then why the hell don't you talk to him? What are you trying to do, give us a bad name?"

"Well the rule . . ."

"The rule, the rule, dammit, when the hell are you going to . . . come with me." He led me down to the basement. I followed passively, somehow knowing I was going to see something extra down in the pledge room. Then the rules:

DO NOT TRUST ANY MEMBER OF THE ADMINISTRATION THAT TEACHES ONE OF YOUR COURSES

WHATEVER WEARS KAKIES OR A SWEATER FROM McNILES, EXCLUSIVE STORE FOR MEN, IS A FRIEND

ALL PLEDGES ARE EQUAL EXCEPT FOR THOSE THAT ARE MORE EQUAL

There it was, carved into the wall. I couldn't argue. They did seem different, but I couldn't argue for the rules were right in front of me. I stood there for a moment, then Roger took my arm and walked me back up to my room.



Rather pale pledge sin torch getting out, now."

"Next time say 'hi' to your fraternity brother's father and any other instructor that you're not taking a course from. It builds good will."

I shook my head and said I would.

Roger sat down in the easy chair and borrowed another cigarette. I was silent for a moment. Then I knew what I would have to say.

"Roger I been thinking."

"Good," he said.

"No, Roger. I been thinking. Somehow I just don't seem to fit in. I just don't enjoy this kind of life. I just feel that, well that maybe I should be

(continued on page 14)

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Back of Old Gym—Just East of Memorial Union

A PAPER CAPER By Ballam

Our artist has come up with a suggestion to break the monotony of those familiar "Don't Disturb" signs that spring up on the doors of panicked students just before finals. Which one fits you?



I AM A PROCTOR

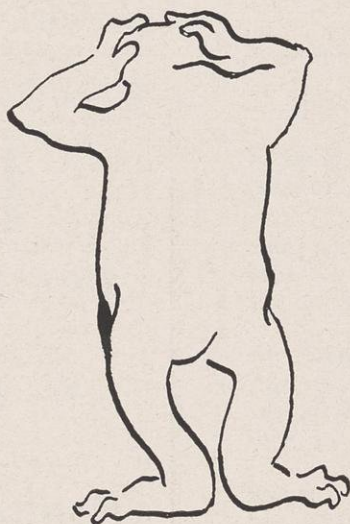


DO NOT ENTER, I STUDY
IN THE NUDE.



QUIET, THIS MAY HAPPEN
TO YOU!

I'M SO UGLY THAT YOU DON'T
WANT TO TALK TO ME, ANYWAY.



STOP YELLING, "FOURTH FOR BRIDGE!"



GO AWAY, I HAVE
HALITOSIS!

STUDY
WITH
BALLAM

(continued from page 12)

Roger sat in the chair slowly blowing smoke rings. "Has it occurred to you that you are now too deeply involved in this fraternity to leave?"

"I know. I know that I've learned a lot about Rea Luzers, but if I left I would promise never to tell anything. Never would I tell."

"Has it occurred to you that we could not take your word for this?"

"Well, I . . ."

"Are you sure that you feel you want to leave? Are you really sure? There must be, why don't you think it over, Wright." He pushed the cigarette butt into the ash tray and then with a half soiled hanky wiped his brow, "Why don't you Think It Over?"

For the next half hour we discussed my problem. Now that I had begun I couldn't turn back. I had decided. Then shortly Roger stood up quickly, walked to the door, pulled out the brass key chain and blew the tiny black whistle attached to it. He came back to the room and watched me in silence.

There was the sound of squeaking tennis shoes outside. My entrail contracted. Then Judas entered the room. Roger talked to him in a whisper, then came over to me.

"You will have to leave your studies for awhile," Roger said sternly.

"Why? where are we going?"

Roger hesitated, gave a glance at Judas then turned his head jerkily to me, "Room 209," he said . . .

The room might have been either dark or light, because all I could see was a pair of eyes. Near the plank bed where I lay strapped, some instruments were ticking slowly and irregularly. Then the eyes backed away and I could see the body they belonged too. It looked like a med student I had seen in one of my biology classes, but couldn't be sure. Then I saw a hand. Then I felt a sharp pain in my arm. He spoke.

"How many fingers do you see?"

"Five, five," I said hoping that the pain would stop.

"You see six. Six."

"But . . ." the pain increased.

"You see six."

My eyes blurred for a minute and then focused on the hand again.

"How many fingers do you see," he asked again.

"Fi - - six. I see six."

"Good. Very good. Now let's go through some of the rules that you seemed to be having a little difficulty with."

I picked up the glass and drained it with one gulp. It made me shudder, even retch slightly. Then I turned to greet the person who had placed a hand on my shoulder.

"Well, I'll be damned. How are you, Mark?" the voice said. It was my lab partner of two semesters ago.

"It's been a long time since I've seen you. What the hell you been doing with yourself? All tied up with that fraternity by now, I suppose, hey?"

"Rea Luzers is more than a fraternity. It is a chosen body of men bound together in faith to uphold and maintain the high qualities of manhood on this campus," I was annoyed by his flippant manner.

"Oh, come off it, come off it, Mark boy. Don't let that jazz go to your head, really man," he said patting

me on the back. He annoyed me.

"I do not know what you are talking about," I said quickly. Then I left my drink and walked out of the bar room into the cold winter night because he had annoyed me and I just wanted to be alone to be able to think more about Rea Luzers and to think about things which I know the clod I had just been talking to would not understand so I had left the bar room to be alone and think about Rea Luzers and also about other things, but I didn't know about what else I should think, so I just thought about Rea Luzers as I walked back to the fraternity house with the taste of gin in my mouth and the cold wind blowing through my hair and then I thought about how stupid some people were not to understand the real meaning of a fraternity and especially Rea Luzers and all about the cruel misunderstanding that some people I know have towards fraternities.

I felt two tears run down my face to rest in the corners of my mouth and the salt taste but it was all right because now the struggle was finished and I knew that I had won a victory over myself and I loved the fraternity — yes, I loved it, and everthing was wonderful.



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Martha the Purple, or Which Came First — The Granite or the Schist?

—by Emily Morgan

I wish I wouldn't get tired. I'm tired of being tired. I'm tired of keeping up with everybody. I wish everybody would keep up with me but they don't — I have to keep up with them or nobody keeps up with anybody. I'D like to start a trend; I'd like to start a fad of say, wearing the hair in a great bulbular mess over the right ear. I'd like to make it fashionable to be tubercular and to cough disagreeably in front of company. Nobody ever does what I like to do; nobody ever has. I used to like to play manglewurtzel and go on bat catching and pig killing excursions. Nobody else wanted to go so I had to go by myself. I always go by myself — everywhere.

I'd like to print books with nothing in 'em. I'd like to wear white pinafores and sneakers to classes and stick pins in people's necks. I'd like to deprove instead of improve; I'd like to degress instead of progress. What is progress, though; maybe its really degress. People think progress is making rockets and ships and sub-marginal decimals; they think progress is Jaguars and college and big nice houses. What IS progress? Webster says progress is "proceeding to a further or higher stage." What is a "higher stage?" Maybe "higher" is really "lower;" who decides what is "higher" and what is "progress?" Maybe apes didn't evolve into humans, maybe they developed. Maybe humans are evolving into apes. I think humans ARE evolving into apes and sheep into camels and sun-fish into wombats. What do you think?

Gargantua or Pantagruel?

I'm getting tired of seeing them give away money on programs like "Break the Bank." Now I'm all for give-away programs, you understand, but money being fairly uninteresting looking I think something could and should be substituted in its place. Instead of giving a contestant six thousand dollars, why not give him six walruses or seventy-five early Nigerian desk-sets or two thousand carbunkle covers or maybe an iron lung.

Why not give him something he won't have to give half of back to the government in taxes. Now, don't get me wrong; I'm all for Mr. Run-of-the-Mill grabbing all he can on these programs but everybody's got money and everybody knows what it looks like and it all looks the same. In lieu of money or routine week-end trips to Niagara Falls perhaps contestants could be flown to less ordinary, earthier places like Margaret-by-the-Sea or East Lansing, Michigan, or, if they are VERY good and mind their manners, to some place like Port-au-Pheasant or Skokie. I don't know. Maybe you know. Maybe you don't know. I think you know, though. Which would YOU rather have, a hundred dollars or a great herd of oxen; forty dollars or a hive of artichokes; a trip to the Empire State building or a trip to Mozambiquirk?

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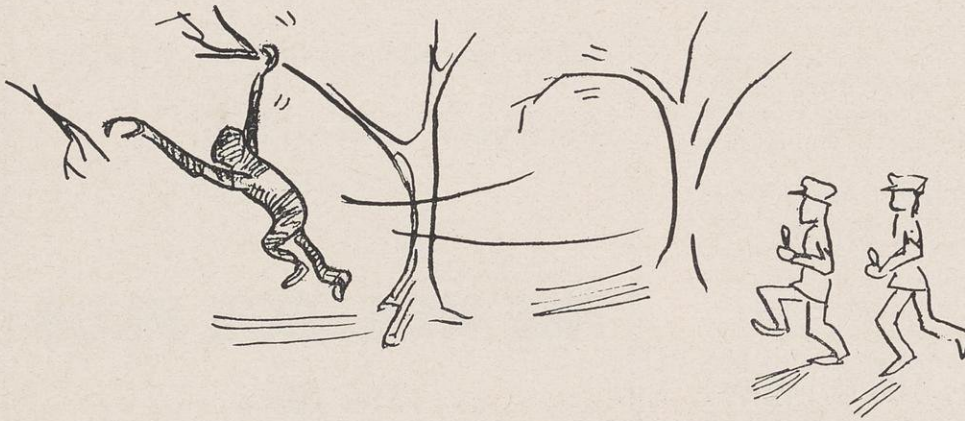
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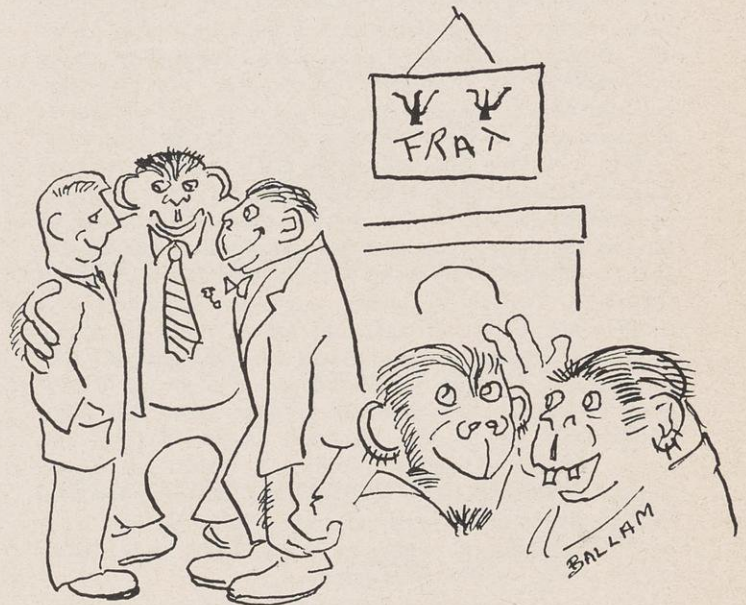


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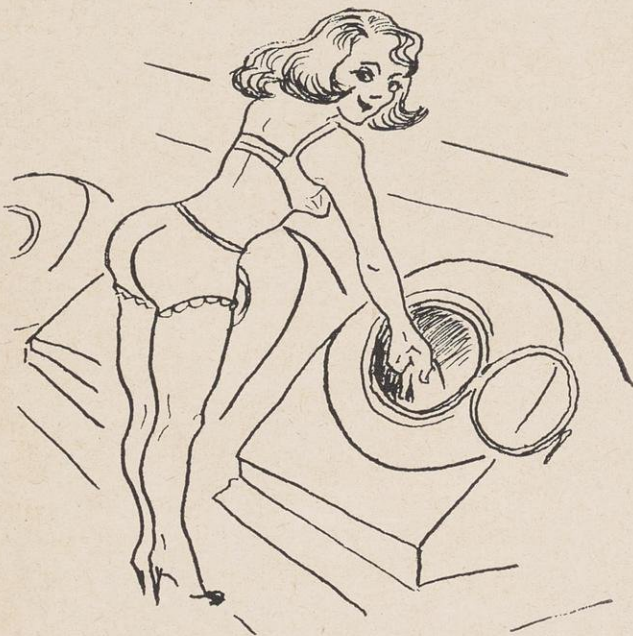
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