

The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 25, No. 6 February, 1947

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, February, 1947

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The Daily Cardinal

Complete Campus Coverage

University of Wisconsin

Vol. One Gallon

Too Much

ROAD TO CAMPUS

Lincoln Resigns Chair at UW; Will Run for Senate Reappointment Doubtful

A. Lincoln, one of the outstanding figures on the University of Wisconsin campus, resigned his chair last night in order to run for the U. S. Senate, the Board of Regents revealed today.

If he should lose the election, he will not be re-seated, it was learned from an authoritative source. This decision was taken at an extra-secret meeting last night.

One of the regents expressed the opinion that "appointments are made on a permanent basis and it is our understanding that anyone who accepts them would be interested in staying indefinitely."

Lincoln could not be reached for comment last night, although it is understood that the Political Science faculty has voted unanimously for his reinstatement should he desire to return, if he loses the election.

President Fred denied last night that there is any truth in "the rumor" that the regents discussed the Lincoln affair, although three members of the board said they did.

Freshman women are prepared to protest any attempt to reseat the prominent figure.

na for drama's sake.

The audience laughed easily, often almost depressingly. It was a ubiquitous performance for the Players and outstandingly, outstanding was the outstanding execution of the author's desires as expressing his rapport with creation and all the humans who go to make up the depressing spectacle that haunts the waking moments of existence.

Since no player worked any harder than he had to, although they all expressed the confusion and sensitivity that the characters might well have possessed, it only remains to say that the function and setting left very little to be desired and I wish the same could be said of this review.

Women's Clothing Industry to Boom

"The brassiere industry has already hit peak production and much expansion is expected in girdles," Lionel T. Makefit, president of the National Association of Women's Underclothing Manufacturers, told a Commerce school audience in the Union theater yesterday afternoon.

"If hosiery doesn't sag and panties stay up, the entire women's clothing field can well have a banner year," Makefit continued. "We definitely expect a bulge in slacks this season," he said. "Right now, we're in the pink," he concluded.

Experimental Drama Reveals Player's Act

Conceded that the title had something to do with it, the Wisconsin Players' production of "Hie Yoch Neem," the new experimental Russian extravaganza which was presented last night involved a play, a playwright, the Players, and myself, in the business of telling you what happened on the stage of the Memorial Union during the first night of the presentation of this sociological drama that caught the audience in a mood of gloom which was given force by variations of frequency in the alternate hope and despair of the characters.

The play was an expression of points of interest in a plot which complicated the performance by permitting the Players an opportunity for a diverse and variegated endeavor which harped on social conscience and lampooned the Soviet influence although it couched the cohesiveness of life and the pattern it followed in easily elucidated phrases that awaited the action that revealed itself momentarily as the evening continued.

It does not appear that one could say whether "Hie Yoch Neem" is a "good" or "bad" play. With few shortcomings, it seems to achieve the interpretation of existence that it sets out to present. This is not dra-



Darling Dorris Joins Baresfoot

Dorris Fratberg, prominent campus queen, has just been selected by the Baresfoot Club for the leading role in "Bag On a Fling," the musical comedy which will open the troupe's postwar season. Dorris, a former bareback rider, says she is happy to join the Baresfooters.

"I can barely conceal my delight at being back with the Bares," she told the Daily Cardinal in an exclusive interview last night. She added that she had nothing to wear but . . . which, under the circumstances, will be very appropriate for her new role.

It is illegal to drink water in Brazil because the country finds itself with a surplus of coffee.

Madison police raided the Lyrium Theater last night and arrested Lotta U. See, prominent strip-teaser, her burlesque troupe, and the entire theater audience. All members of the audience who refused to give their names were held by the police.

The effects of the raid became apparent this morning. A scheduled meeting of the Board of Regents was cancelled because of lack of quorum. South Hall was closed for the day when only two members of the faculty of both the Political Science department and the School of Journalism reported to work.

The School of Commerce suspended operations at noon when it became evident that less than one-quarter of the student body enrolled in that school were attending classes today.

President Fred could not be reached for comment on the situation. His secretary reported that he is suffering from a bad cold and is not in his office today.

Hints of obscenity of the show were exposed to the police department by one of the performers, who, ashamed of her part in it, made a clean breast of the whole affair. "I want to unbosom myself to somebody," she said.

The performer, whose name was not revealed by the police department, unveiled all the bare facts and divested herself completely of all she knew of the entertainment.

The raid was made by 50 Madison policemen directed by Hiram Snoup, assistant chief. Snoup, dressed in civilian clothes, entered the theater with the audience before the show as he wanted to collect evidence.

On the fourth encore of the finale Chief Snoup gave the signal and the 50 policemen closed in. It is reported that no one escaped the net.

Prof. to Undress WSGA Members

Professor Will U. Orwillyounot will dress members of the WSGA tomorrow evening in the Memorial Union.

Dr. Orwillyounot is the author of (continued on page 20)

25c

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

NEWS ITEM, 1944

Cigarette shortage spreads
...Counters jammed...
Millions try different brands
—any brand they can get.



EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS

the Differences in
Cigarette Quality

*...and now the demand for Camels
—always great
—is greater than ever in history.*

DURING the war shortage of cigarettes
... that's when your "T-Zone" was
really working overtime.

That's when millions of people found that
their "T-Zone" gave a happy okay to the
rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of
Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos.

And today more people are asking for
Camels than ever before in history. But, no
matter how great the demand:

*We do not tamper with Camel quality. We
use only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and
blended in the time-honored Camel way!*

*According to a recent
Nationwide survey:*

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE **CAMELS****
than any other cigarette



Doctors too smoke for pleasure.
And when three independent
research organizations asked
113,597 doctors—What cigarette
do you smoke, Doctor?—the
brand named most was Camel!



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

Your '**T-ZONE**'
will tell you...

T FOR TASTE...

T FOR THROAT...

That's your proving ground
for any cigarette. See
if Camels don't
suit your '**T-ZONE**'
to a '**T**'





OCTY notes with regret the passing of one of the foremost figures in that field in which Octy is just a beginner, humor. We speak of W. C. Fields, of course. The world is prone to disregard humorists as unimportant characters, but we know of no other group of individuals who devote themselves as assiduously to the task of making this planet a more pleasant place in which to live. Nor do we know of many who have been more successful in lightening this world's burdens with an occasional chuckle than the bulbous-nosed, ex-vaudeville performer who later reached the heights of radio and screen fame.

The enemy of all petty hypocrisy and pseudo respectability, Fields was a self-confessed heavy drinker and about the only public figure we know of who admitted that he didn't care for children. His most famous quote, "Never give a sucker an even break" typified his public personality as a pompous but shrewd swindler. Yet this man who exemplified in his professional career all that the so-called respectable element in our society holds in abhorrence left a sizeable share of his fortune to establish an orphans' college in Los Angeles county.

The world can ill afford to lose such men. Octy extends his humble salute to the memory of the man who made the world laugh for better than fifty years.

T.A. Chapman Co.



Our new Minky Modes Juniors ... those adorable dresses okayed by the famous Minky Modes Junior Board of Review ... are here! Come see, come choose ... for yourself.

The Campus CHRONICLE

THIS month marks our transition from January's horror issue to March's fairy tale number. A take-off on the *Cardinal*, we admit, is a mighty slow transition, but it's the best thing we could find to fill the gap.

So, hoping we don't meet Leonard, Miller, or Wilhelm on a dark street in the next couple of days, we turn over four of our pages to reproduce a typical issue of the (applause!) *Daily Cardinal*.

* * *

B.H.O.C. Club

Wisconsin certainly has its quota of clubs and organizations. In fact, Wisconsin is jammed-packed with clubs and organizations, but in spite of that we are starting a new club. We feel that there is a definite need for this one, and we're pretty sure that you will agree.

The name is the B.H.O.C. Club, and to qualify for membership a student must have his name mentioned in the *Cardinal* two or three times a week, get his picture in the *Cardinal* and in the Co-op window often, hold high positions in at least two other organizations, and in general make his presence on the campus known.

Are you a B.H.O.C., a Big Ham On the Campus?

* * *

Unfortunate Character of the Month

Besides her job of whipping that king-sized *Octy*, the *Badger*, into shape, Jody Zeldes, editor of the aforesaid publication has been having her share of trouble in the romance department.

First, Jody (not to be confused with the main character in "The Yearling"), was done wrong by the student directory. Jody is not married at all, but somehow an asterisk was placed after her name in the directory. So, for any of you Wisconsin wolves—er—young gentlemen who are interested, you don't have to be afraid of calling Barnard 2181. A man will not answer!

Our Jody got loused up again a few weeks ago when she was invited to a certain fraternity formal dance. Miss Zeldes' escort shot his wad that night and went so far as to purchase an orchid for her. But the same day as the dance a "friend" of Jody's for a gag, stuck an item in the "Badger Beat" about Jody being the "sole property" of a mythical guy named "Art." The orchid-buying boy friend took the word of the "Beat," however, and was rather annoyed that he had spent all that money on "someone else's woman"!

As Socrates, or Shakespeare, or maybe it was Professor Kiekhofers, said, "That's life!"

* * *

Strictly Business

In the December *Octy* we had a fictitious masthead, in which we ran in a lot of names, most of them not really *Octopus* staff members. Later one boy who had been listed as one of the mythical editors informed us that he was so happy to see his name in print that he bought four copies of the mag.

Well, we aren't slow to catch on. We know a good thing when we see it. So we hereby print a bunch of names taken at random from the student directory:

Mary L. Mattson
Archibald Mauk
Shirley Maxfield
George A. Hoeft
Donald C. Emerson
Ronald L. Grainger

Frederick W. Goldsmith
Thomas Sonnenberg
George A. Schnorf
Elizabeth J. Murphy
Mary L. Adams
Jane F. Kenney

That's 12 names we mentioned. We hope you people take the hint!



YAM Doings

According to all reports, the last meeting of YAM (The Young Anarchists of Madison) was quite an affair. It was held over in the stock pavilion so the boys would have room for a bomb throwing contest.

The meeting started out with the usual YAM controversy over who should be in charge. YAM is a true anarchist organization, so it naturally doesn't have a president or chairman, but generally the YAMmers let someone run their meetings. Member Wencensclaus Pascudniac proved to be most adept at beating skulls in that night, and he finally took command. His opening speech was slightly delayed by the fact that he had to turn a hose on the rest of the members in order to revive them.

For the event of the evening, the bomb throwing contest, it had been agreed beforehand that only half loaded bombs would be used. But some of the more fun-loving members couldn't resist tossing in a few "junior block busters", and the target, a "purely capitalistic" convertible roadster with white-wall tires, was soon demolished.

At the end of the meeting it was agreed to permit the use of an alternate title, The Young Arsonists of Madison, for the organization. The initials, Y.A.M., will serve for either name.

February's gag of the month prize goes to Kats Hirooka, 140 North Prospect Avenue. Kats gets a whole box of LIFE SAVERS for this scintillating bit of stuff:

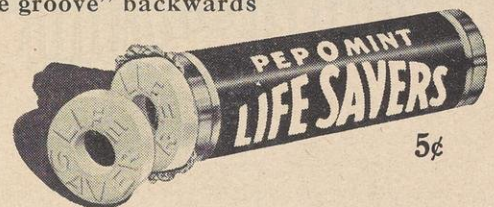
King Arthur to Guinevere: "Who was that last knight I saw you with lady?"

Are you EVOORG EHT NI*



You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

* "In the groove" backwards



Watch smiles mount when you
buy flowers at . . .



RENTSCHLER'S

230 State

Badger 177

WHY SIT BACK . . .



when it's so easy to get around

in a

**FRIEDE
RENT-A-CAR**

531 STATE

BADGER 100

Chronicle

January Beavers

In the January issue we had so much material that we didn't have room to list all our local contributors. A lot of boys and girls really knocked themselves out for our "Crime, Violence, and Horror" number, too.

The art work was capably handled by Bob Engle, who did the cover and some of the inside material, Art Jacobson, Bea Herzfeld, Harold Entwistle, Elsa Reid, Fred Pampel, and Kathy Kingston.

Nat Roth, Mary Shockley, Warren Grinde, Howard Hershleder, Evans Kirkby, Earl Lidh, Don Nestingen, Bob Berg, and Ella Sigman came through on the editorial end.

We wish to thank everyone for his work on the January issue, and we especially wish to thank the *Daily Cardinal* staff for general publicity given us, and Gunness, Numrick, and John of the old "Badger Beat", and Reynolds and Bechtel of "Over the Hill" for helping out on our "YAM" campaign.

(continued on page 28)

The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin

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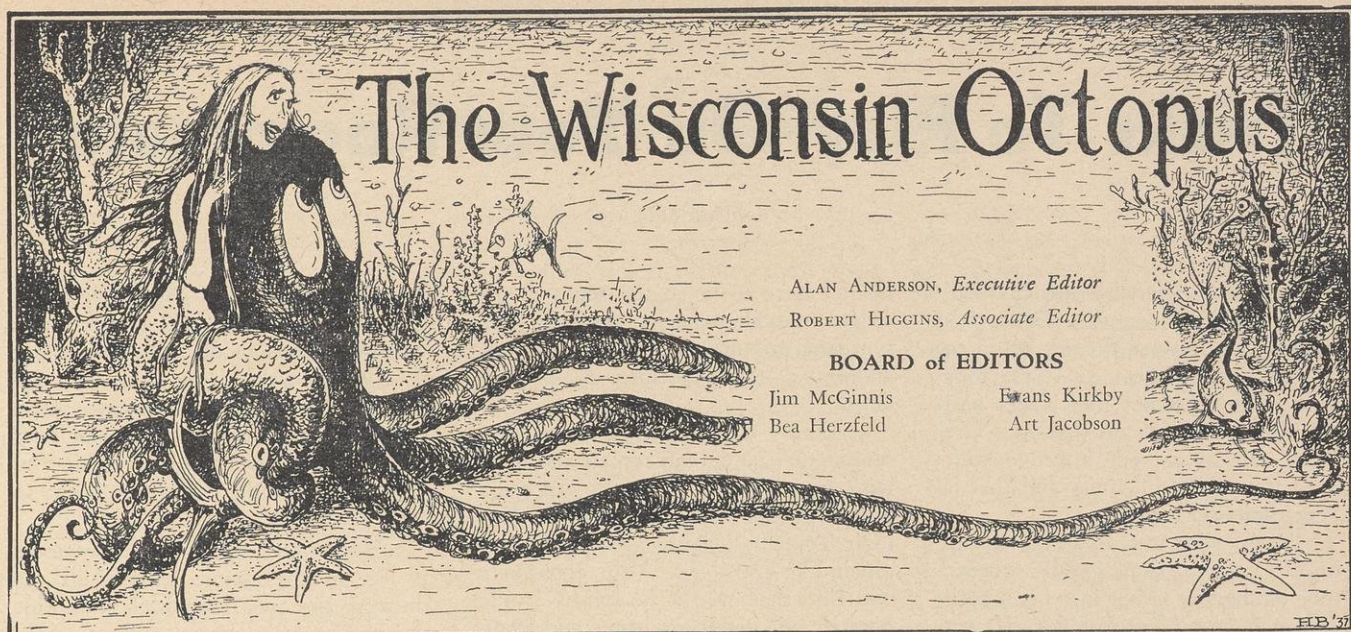
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Subscription rate, \$1.75 (subject to change without notice) per year in the U. S. and its Possessions (except the Virgin Islands). Single copies, 25c. One semester, \$1.10.

VOLUME XXV

FEBRUARY, 1947

NUMBER 6



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In The Editor's Brown Study

By EVANS KIRKBY, *Guest Columnist*



It's been quite a month since we missed our last deadline. As we write this the basketball team is going great guns

much to the surprise of practically all of the sports authorities who are now busily scratching around for reasons for the team's success and excuses for not seeing its potentialities earlier.

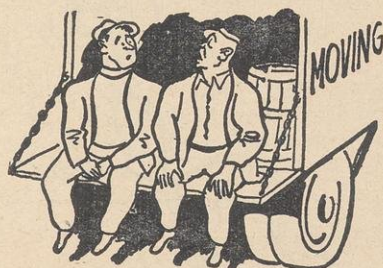
The boxing team is ready to start the season with the NCAA tournament to be held in Madison as the ultimate goal. The leather-slingers look good but the strength of the opposition is as yet unknown.

Finals are a thing of the past and six-weeks are a thing of the present. Sometimes it seems to us that every time we turn around someone is handing us a blue book to fill up with a lot of stuff we know very little about. The faculty is made up of very funny people; they are constantly complaining about not having enough time to give us all the material in a course and then waste fifty per cent of the time they do have in taking attendance, giving us exams, and complaining about the lack of time.

Undoubtedly by the time this reaches print, the McMurray incident will still be stewing in the pot. It's rather rough on a man to lose an election and a job in the same year but we understand

that it happens to politicians all the time. Usually, however, it's one and the same operation.

Ex-Representative McMurray isn't the only one who suffered from this affair. Consider the rest of the Political Science faculty with a lot of courses scheduled and no one to teach them. And consider the Poly Sci majors, particularly seniors, who had signed up for various courses only to find that they had been cancelled because teacher wasn't there.



"Which do you prefer, The Daily Cardinal or the Sears Roebuck catalogue?"

If it's any consolation to Mr. McMurray, it seems that he garnered most of the sympathy being handed out over the matter. We didn't hear much of it being directed toward the Board of Regents. If Mr. McMurray didn't pick up several thousand votes for the next election we'll give up our usual ration of sea-weed for the month. Perhaps the old saw about the silver lining has some truth in it.

There was the usual optimistic out-

look on the part of the book stores prior to registration. And as usual apparently pretty much unfounded. It would be Utopia in Madison if sometime all students could get all the books they needed to aid in their pursuit of that academic will-o-the-wisp, education. It may happen some day but undoubtedly Bascom hall will be no more than dust when it does.

We don't know whether there was any connection between *Octy's* Crime, Violence and Horror issue and the fire that broke out in the Campus Publishing Company two days before the issue was due to hit the newsstands. But we look with vague suspicion on the whole matter.

Spring is just around the corner and we've already had a sample or two of the lazy moods it brings us. To be perfectly frank we're not overly ambitious without the interference of Dame Spring. Listening to a tedious lecture on almost any subject doesn't particularly appeal to us at any time, but a lecture on a warm Spring day is almost repulsive. Still we're glad to see it come—a young man's fancy and all that sort of thing.

The Prom is over so we don't have to read any more about the King, Queen, and Badger Beauties. *Octy* is a character that considers the Society and gossip columns in a newspaper wasted space that could be used far more advantageously to expand the sports section and comic strips so we got a little

(continued on page 27)

Tricks To Play On Your Roommate

— Voo Doo —

1. Instead of shortsheeting his bed, try sprinkling salt on the sheets. It's impossible to see and doesn't begin to itch until he has slept on it for four hours. Then it itches like blazes and raises little red welts on the skin. Use iodized salt as it will improve your roommate's thyroid activity and that is a very desirable thing.

2. While your roommate is asleep with his mouth open, gently squeeze a tube of shaving lather into his mouth and watch him blow bubbles. If you possibly can, get hold of the green stuff that Palmolive puts out, because that tastes the worst and leaves an unsightly green ring around his mouth. Most heavy sleepers will give you ten minutes of iridescent bubbles before some of the stuff gets into their eyes and wakes them up. However, a light sleeper will awaken as soon as he finds the stuff in his mouth and give you a merry chase.

3. If your roommate smokes a pipe, cut up old rubber and mix them with his smoking tobacco. Immediately upon lighting his pipe he will notice something different about the flavor of the thing but usually he is stubborn enough to stick by the pipe until he has retreaded his lungs in which case he will give up because breathing is exceedingly difficult. Be sure that you

do not have to be in the room at the same time that he is smoking this synthetic mixture as it will make your abdominal cavity unsure of its contents.

4. Empty the hair tonic from your roommate's bottle and replace the tonic with mucilage. This works especially well with roommates who use Vaseline Hair Tonic as it looks and smells very much like mucilage. Your roommate will find that even if he swims a mile his hair will retain its luster and beautiful wave.

5. When your roommate is absent from the room, open the closet door and insert a raw oyster in each one of his shoes, not omitting his slippers because they are especially effective on bare feet. After a few days the odor in the closet becomes almost visible, but the fun that you will get out of seeing your roommate put on his shoes will make it possible. Remind him that oysters are expensive and hard to get so that you can sit down and enjoy oysters on the half sole after the fun is over.

6. When your roommate stays out too late at night for his own good, why not prepare a special welcome for him when he returns. Just remove the pins from the hinges to the door on your room and leave the door precariously

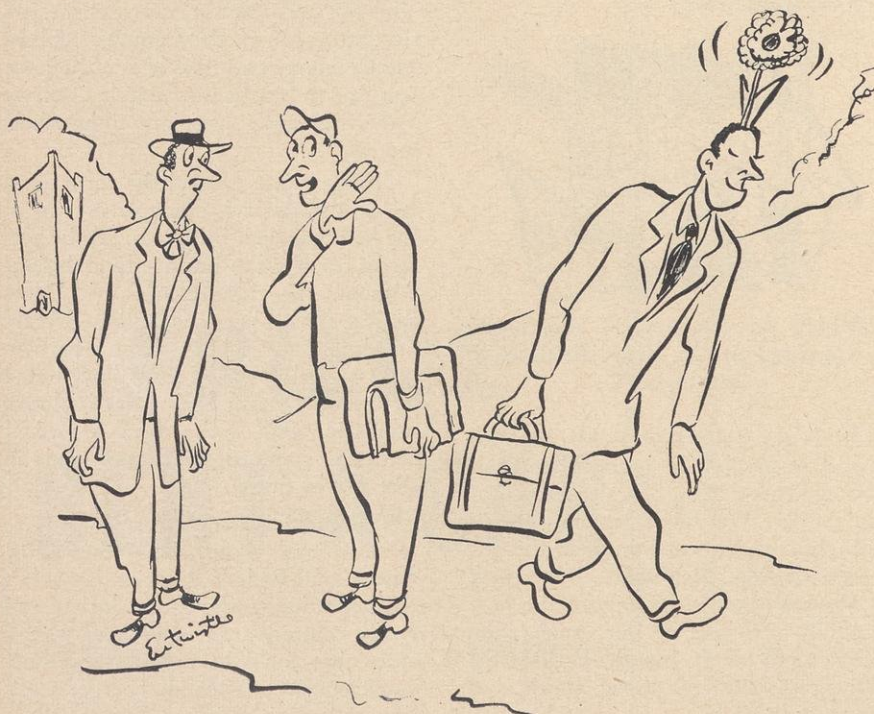
hanging in place. Of course, the noise the door makes when it comes down will wake you out of a deep sleep, but it is worth waking up to see the surprised look on your roommate's face. If your roommate has been conniving with Bacchus the effect is doubled, and it's worth waking the whole dorm to watch the fun.

7. Sometimes while your roommate is not in the room, remove all the drawers and put them back in upside down. Carefully put the contents of the drawers up inside the overturned drawers and close them so that he won't notice the difference. In the morning when he hurriedly searches for a cufflink, he will blow his top as he yanks out the drawers one by one and stuff spills all over the place. I would advise you not to be present when he opens the dresser because your life wouldn't be worth a discharge but-ton.

8. The next time you happen across an ironing board, take it back to your room and put it between your roommate's mattress and springs. He won't say anything about it when he gets into bed because he won't notice it right away, but when morning comes around he will feel like New Year's morning, and when he finds the ironing board, he will bless the guy that put it there in all his most ecclesiastical language.

9. Some guys are lucky enough to have roommates who are lucky enough to own cars. In that case you can have oodles of fun at his expense. The next time you are near his car and he is not around, remove each hubcap and place three pebbles inside and then replace the hubcap. The car will make a noise like a cement mixer and cause the owner much alarm. He will probably take it to a garage and pay twenty skins to have the motor fixed. The noise of the pebbles inside the hubcaps can be heard for miles around and is much more effective than punching holes in the muffler.

10. When your roommate is in the bathtub, if such a thing is possible, quietly slip in and empty a bottle of ink into the tub while he's not looking. If you use indelible ink the results are much more lasting. The only consolation to this trick is that you can easily tell if your roommate washes all over,



"His roommate mixed fertilizer with his hair tonic."

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Briefly Speaking

Editor's Note: As April looms in the future and an entire staff turnover is contemplated, many aspirants inquire as to the form a brief should be. We print the following brief that gave Evans Kirkby his position as contributing editor, to show how not to write one. Any resemblance to an intelligible brief is purely fictitious.

* * *

Dear Sir:

Herein I submit my application and brief for the position of editor of the Wisconsin Octopus for the year 1946—(if the terms are all right, I'll stick around indefinitely).

I submit the following eight-point program in support of my candidacy:

1—It is high time for the Octopus to have a complete change of policy, methods, and outlook and since I have absolutely no experience as editor of anything, haven't the slightest idea what an editor of a magazine should do or know, and don't care a great deal, it is obvious that under my leadership the Octopus will have an absolutely complete change in policy, methods, and outlook. (Or on second thought, is it so obvious?)

2—If I'm going to be editor I'm not going to be editor for nothing—a salary of 75 dollars a month will do for the first few months. With all the money Octopus has, this condition shouldn't be hard to meet and it certainly would add dignity to the position and if the position needs anything it's dignity.

3—More respect for the position of editor. This I will endeavor to bring about by the simple device of making everyone wait at least fifteen minutes for every appointment, thirty minutes

for all staff meetings, and not showing up at all at the Dean's office. This will be a radical departure from the present editor's policy.

4—Close cooperation with the Cardinal and no more of this silly bickering. The Cardinal is a paper almost any high school would be proud of and deserves our earnest support.

5—Recognizing the serious outlook of student-veterans, I would drop all humorous material in the Octopus and substitute in its stead politically and socially significant articles and artistic poetry.

6—Place Bob Higgins (rotund, 4 foot 8 inch, 190 pound associate editor) in a position of proof reader of the magazine. After his apt description of me in a previous issue (6 foot three inch bean-pole) it is obvious that he has the eyesight for the job. (On second thought, in view of what happened to one of my articles in the September issue, maybe he's already doing it).

7—To further the esprit-de-corps of the staff, I propose to adopt an official motto for the magazine and think that I'll borrow the present editor's clarion call, "We gotta do something" for this purpose. With the present editor's permission of course.

8—There really isn't any eighth point but an eight-point program is so much more impressive than a seven-point one that I thought I'd put it in. It will serve to take care of any afterthoughts I might have anyhow.

* * *

So much for my formal program, here are a few arguments suggested for its adoption and for my appointment for this position.

1—Experience has shown that an editor has no time to write articles for publication, so my appointment to this position would serve to keep my articles out of the magazine to the great pleasure of most groups I've written about and the calming of ruffled tempers of every one I've insulted so far, which is about everyone I could think of.

2—The 75 bucks a month would serve to ease my financial situation thus making me less eager to see the Veterans' subsistence checks raised thus lessening the load on the taxpayers.

3—Speaking of this 75 bucks, my wife needs a fur coat.

4—There will be some small time characters that will point out the fact that I'm a senior and therefore will not have the time left in the University to finish out my term of office. I feel confident that this minor difficulty will be easily met by the fact that under my sterling leadership Octopus will undoubtedly fold within four or five months. Therefore, the difficulty will cause no inconvenience to anyone. What's more when the magazine folds, the staff will have more time to devote to their academic subjects thus raising the general scholastic level of the University.

* * *

This completes my brief for the position of editor of the Octopus for the year 1946-1947.

Sincerely,

EVANS (KIRK EVANSBY—
VAN E. K. BIRKYS) KIRKBY

P.S. Upon recounting the words in this brief I note that they number 501 and that the limit is 500, so please cross out the word, "sincerely".

ADVENTURES OF OCTY

By Art Jacobson and Bob Higgins



Peter The Hermit And A Blonde

By JANE BOUTWELL



Y name is Peter Cummings, I'm a freshman at the University, and I'm off women for life. At least, I will be after I get rid of these handbills—

here, *you* take one. So you're not interested? Well, you don't have to *read* it. Take one, take two—take the whole bunch!

I'm not what type—the starry-eyed liberal? You said it, brother. I'm glassy-eyed, not starry-eyed. I'm trapped into this. I'm trapped into this—by a blonde. Look, I'm sorry, but it's a long story and this is no place for a social chat. Besides I'm bitter tonight. Life is a trap. People are monsters. Women are . . .

Now, there you have a noble idea. Let's adjourn to Joe's for a few quick ones. Gotta be fast though. I gotta get rid of these things or she'll pull another freeze—and, brother, hers go down to forty below. If I get rid of all this Liberal Party junk I take her to the prom. Yeah, I know, I know. You think I'm nuts, but you haven't met Pat. Come and drool with the stags Saturday; you'll see what I mean. But, brother, after next weekend, I'm officially retiring from the whirl—the four year hermit, that's little Peter.

Ok, just *one* more beer . . . I met her my first day here. I'm in this king-sized registration line, minding my own business, when pretty soon I hear this big argument going on behind me. Some gal. All het up over capitalist something or other; how perfectly awful it is, and the guy she's talking to is doing a slow simmer. I get a look at them and I am definitely interested. In her, that is. This female is a slick little blonde with the right curves and a ski-jump nose, and she is shouting at two hundred and fifty pounds of human Gargantua. Every time she pauses for breath she pokes her finger in his stomach for emphasis. He gets redder and keeps saying, "Now cutie pie, look here. . . ." Finally he gives up and booms, "I'd rather pay my three dollars and register late . . . lady you're a . . . menace." He chokes on the last word and waddles off while we all cheer.

This is my chance. So I feed her the line about how wonderful she is and what dopes guys like that are and how swell I think it is for her to try and make them see the light. Natch, it

goes over big. She beams and looks up at me with the biggest, bluest eyes I ever saw. Then she says, "It's so wonderful to find somebody else who really understands what Capitalist Imperialism is doing to the world."

Now, I'm no brain. In fact, I don't know from nothing about capitalist imperialism. Only I've heard Uncle Frank try to bulldoze Pop about it for years. He never got any place with Pop. Or with me either. But with her it goes over big. Somebody spilled it to her down East. Then she tells me her name—Pat. And that she's from New York. I find out her Pop sent her west to college because she started a workers' party in his factory. Also, she wants to hear all about my future. We try to decide whether I should be a lawyer, a writer, or a tramp steamer captain. About that time I decide that this is what I want to take to the Fall prom.

Then some jerk separates the lines and I lose her. All I know is her first name. So I hang around the entrance for a couple of hours, but no blonde. Finally I give up. I am bitter. College is a rat race.

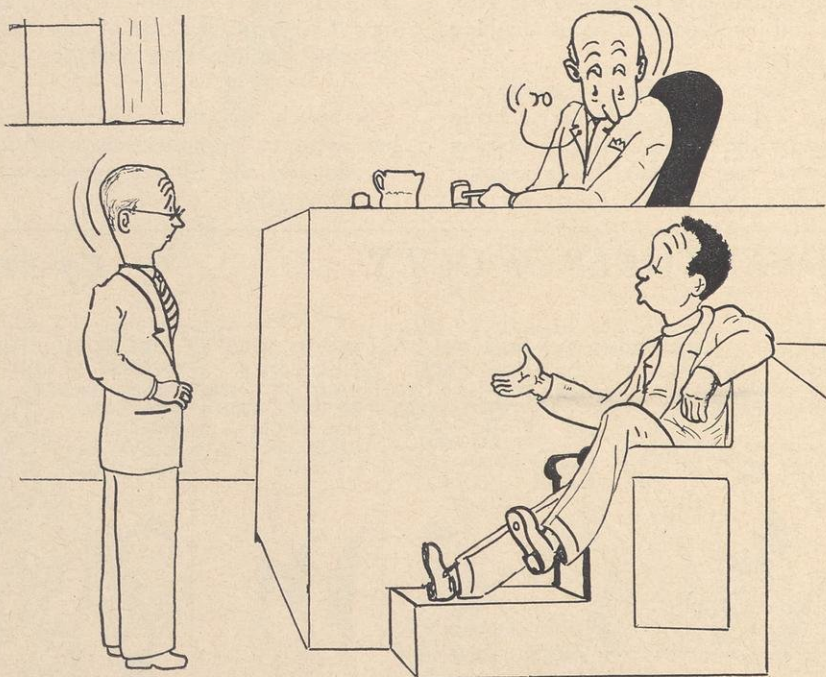
I brood around for two days waiting for classes to start. All the time I keep my eyes peeled for Pat, but no soap.

Finally comes the first morning for classes and I struggle up the hill to my eight o'clock English. I take one look

at the back row and close my eyes. When I open them again Pat is still there. In the middle seat giving me the business with her eyes. Even at that hour she looks like a cross between Lana Turner and a cream puff.

Well, I date her a lot; you might even say we're going steady. I even join the Communist party and go to meetings with her every Monday night. We go down to a beat-up basement filled with smoke and hear guys talk about how Communism is going to save the world. Everybody is very eager and bright-eyed but me. I go to watch Pat. And Pat watches the Leader. He is a hollow cheeked guy with five o'clock shadow and a voice straight from the nose. He always gives out with stuff about down-trodden this and down-trodden that. Everybody is oppressed. I finally decide he is the worst thing that ever happened to his party. But I don't tell Pat. She thinks he's a magnetic personality. After he conducts a question period we all sing a Communist chant kind of song—*Internationale*, they call it. Every time I go through this "workers-of-the-world-arise" stuff I think of Pop. Pop voted for Hoover, he voted for Landon, he voted for Dewey. Pop's a little conservative. I think of what he would say.

(continued on page 23)



"So, forgetting I had a hammer in my hand, I slapped the late Mr. Jones."

Randy

Local History

VAN E. K. BIRKYS



HAVE you sometimes wondered how Madison's traffic light system got that way? It interested me enough to devote a little study to the question and here's the story my research yielded.

In 1910 Mayor Oscar C. Stumblebum and various other city fathers became worried about Madison's increasing population problem.

Built among myriad lakes as it is, the town has very little room for expansion and consequently the place was getting crowded. What was to be done? If the population was getting too large, there was just one fundamental cause—too many people. And just one solution—to get rid of some of them.

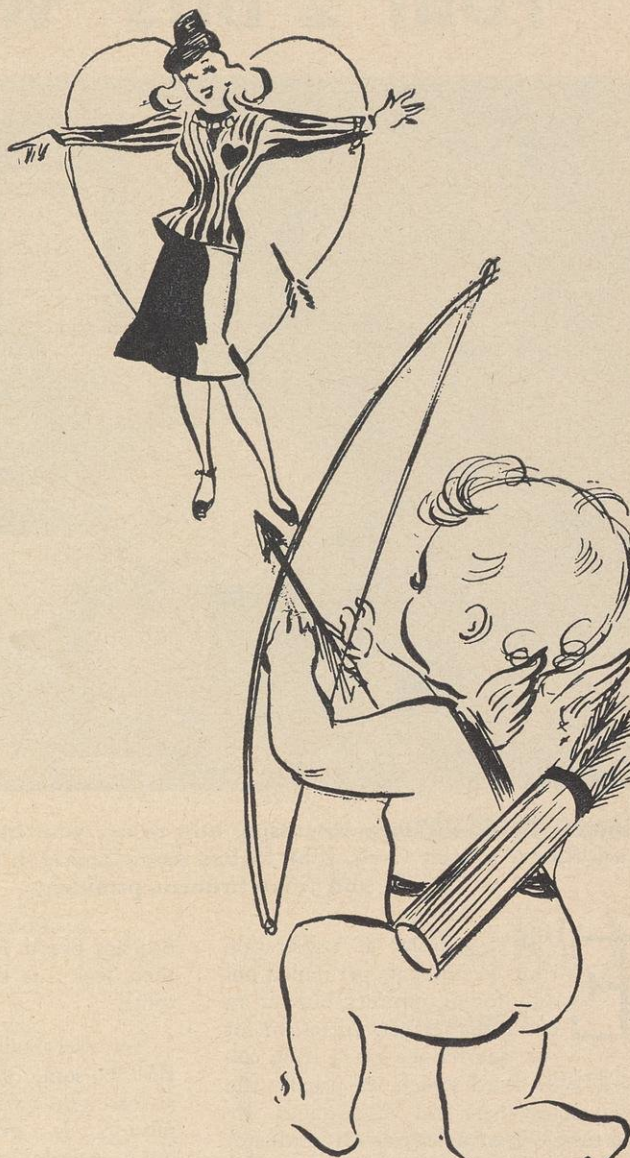
This was a knotty problem with which to cope and the city fathers spent many a long hour over it. The concerted mental efforts of our learned governmental officials finally resulted in our present—to put it mildly—intriguing traffic light system.

This whimsical device of racial extermination was proposed by John O. Screwsbury, alderman from the fourth precinct. According to Mr. S. this mechanical mangler had the advantage of a certain selectiveness of its victims since survival would depend on agility and the physically fit with quick reflexes would have a better chance than the physically unfit. Thomas A. Meanhard, another alderman, who had made a fortune foreclosing mortgages on orphanages and using the buildings for a chain of restaurants, said in support of the plan that since pedestrians were a rather undesirable class of people as a whole, the plan would rid us of many of the hoi-polloi without hurting the upper stratum. Evidently Mr. Meanhard considered University students rather undesirable.

The scheme was set up to work as follows: Three different colored lights were to be used, red and green for the motorists and white for the pedestrians. The lights were to work in logical sequence the first four times, with the white light on sufficiently long to allow even a slow walker time to cross the street. This was to give the pedestrian confidence. The fifth time, however, the white light was to be suddenly turned off as soon as the unwary foot traveler managed to get about 20 feet from the curb and all the green lights were to go on simultaneously. This would give all the automobiles a fair chance to bag the poor character and a bounty was offered to the most alert. This system worked fine until 1938 when cars got too plentiful and the present system of complete chaos was adopted with a design to wipe out a few motorists too.

The only man known to have really solved the system was a color-blind salesman from Milwaukee who left his car outside the city limits and always crossed the streets in the middle of the block.

Unfortunately, it must be reported that this splendid plan back-fired on its progenitors. Late in the winter of 1911-12, all bus and cab drivers as well as all chauffeurs called a strike and the members of the city council and board of aldermen were forced to walk to work. None of them survived the first three days of the strike and one of the aldermen snared by a lucky driver of a ten-ton truck, was carrying the minutes of the fateful meeting with him. This explains why the story has been lost for such a length of time.



Cupid's Not Stupid

HE AIMS AT A SURE THING—
THE GAL IN THE CLOTHES

from

Baron's

ON THE SQUARE

Your 2 Bits' Worth



Student Board members discussing how to use your quarter. Left to right: Jack Sjogren, Betty Greb, John Hebal, Andie Smargon (publicity chairman), and Joyce Erdman, president.

EVERY semester at registration time we students get nailed not only for tuition fees, but for an extra quarter yet. In return for the quarter we get a little colored WSA card which we usually file away somewhere and forget about. By the time one of us characters graduates he has quite a collection of moldy old WSA cards. The question then naturally arises, "How much can you get by selling them for waste paper?"

But then you stop to think it over and you probably decide to keep the things as souvenirs of your happy care-free college days. Some jerks might even frame the things. But through it all remains the mystery of what the stupid little cards are for. We'll try to explain things.

First we had better explain what a quarter is, however. It is a round silver coin that in the good old days would buy five ice cream cones. Nowadays it buys a couple of teaspoons of ice cream, or a WSA card, but not much else.

Next we'll explain what is WSA. It definitely does not mean "Without Sex Appeal", it stands for Wisconsin Student Association, which is an association of Wisconsin students (we think). Us (We?) Wisconsin students then elect officers twice a year and the whole mess of officers taken together is called

Student Board. It is Student Board who then soaks us the much discussed 25 cents.

Not everybody on Student Board is a BMOC, some of them are BWOCs, or at least that's what the rumor is. The president is a girl who has confused a lot of people by changing her name.

Last spring the Board elected Joyce Mickey president. But we came back to school this fall to find someone named Joyce Erdman as Student Board president. It finally leaked out that Mickey had up and gotten married to a character named Marshall Erdman during the summer. It would have been a lot simpler if he had changed his name to Marshall Mickey, but it's probably too late now.

The rest of the board is made up of such luminaries as John Hebal, Barbara Gill, Jack Sjorgren (just try to pronounce that one), Al Ebi, Bob Jensen (not of the Red-Head Club fame), Joyce Wendorff, and, oh, nuts, we might as well name them all (those characters are sensitive)—Bob Samp, Bert Helfaer, Al Houghton, Hal Kuehl, Barbara Gates, Paul Kaesberg, Roz Kirkpatrick, Glorias Glander and Tracey, Joanne Warner, Marygold Shire, Margaret Neprud, and Betty Greb.

The above collection of Board-ers come from garden spots like Coon Valley (Neprud), Hamburg, N. Y. (Helfaer), Beaver Dam (Ebi), and other equally inspired metropolises. So that's your Student Board, in case anybody cares.

But to get back to that lousy WSA card and quarter that cause all the trouble: it's just a stinky little chunk of cardboard, and to make things difficult sometimes it's blue and sometimes it's pink, the latter color always bringing on a lot of corny remarks about "pink slips".

But I suppose you are still wondering what the card is for. So the answer is that the card is given to you merely

(continued on page 30)

Note: This photo taken at the CENSORED, showing Board members drinking CENSORED was cut for fear *The Milwaukee Sentinel* would run it in red ink on their front page.

Finally deciding how the quarter should be spent, three members settle down to figure out another money-making scheme.

The Jungle

BY NORRIS YATES

(To be read in a resonant, drunken stutter) Long-jawed sportswriters, paid to groan,
Fat ex-tackles with minds unstable
Spewed out threats and pounded the table,
Pounded on the table,
Whined in jangling accents on the telephone
Loud as they were able,
Moan, moan, moan;
Each dirge-mad bloke loosed a beer-blurred groan,

(In that agonized "Bring the basin!" whisper) Moaning, moaning his moan, moan, moan.
Then I choked—nausea; then my tense jawsea
Clenched as I searched for the turmoil's causea;

(Like a sports announcer—"He's going for a touchdown!") THEN I SAW A HEAD COACH CHARGING
THROUGH THE RUSH,
HIS "BOYS" BLOCKING OUT THOSE WHO'D
STAMP HIM TO MUSH;
Then along the lake banks, a dozen miles,
Frenzied student danced in files;

(In a breathless "butcherknife" tone) Grave-eyed veterans and prim Pi Phis
Got that "Heirens gleam" in their eyes;
And "whoosh!" went studies and all such matter;

(Try to sound like a baby rattle) College chatter
Sank to high school clatter,
Clatter chatter chatter clatter
Rah!

(With deep "drunk-seriousness.") Moaning moaning the same old moan
Like a pot-bellied dachshund who's lost his bone,
Or a standpat Republican whose wife likes Hoan.

(Like a cheer leader afraid of being fired) Listen to the yell of the win-mad hosts:
"To hell with grades! We want goal-posts!"
"Bosh!" hiss alums at their porterhouse feeds,
"A Big Name is all that Wisconsin needs."

(Get that "greedy capitalist" accent) Listen to the chink as the college pays toll—
Jobs and scholarships may buy a Bowl.
Hark to the whispers of the lank, forlorn,

(Like the rush of hot air in all lecture rooms) Underpaid profs who slave night and morn,
Sighing, Gold-plated grampas
Years off the campus,
And all the rah-rah lads
Who hate us and damn us—

(Dying away) These are the chaps that will hoodoo you,
With mumbo-jumbo to hoodoo you—

(Still dying) Sending up a whine, all,
Cramming for each final,

(Dead—not to be read at all) Drunk on Dollar-sign-ol—
These are the chumps who will hoodoo you. . .

"I can only go out with girls who wear glasses."

"Why?"

"I breath on them, and then they can't see what I'm doing."

* * *

It doesn't matter much whether he's a man or a mouse. Both suffer a common fate. In the end some cat usually gets him.

—Voo Doo

Commoner: "Let's start a new religion."

George Bernard Shaw: "All right, I'll be God."

—Voo Doo

* * *

"I'm losing my punch," he moaned, as he departed hurriedly from the party.



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Why Laugh At Union Suits?

By JIM ENGMAN

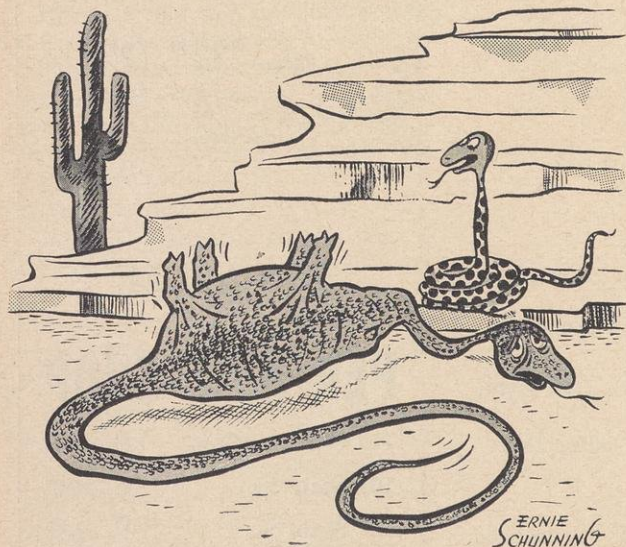


SINCE the conception of a functional woolly garment designed to protect the human form from the rigors of frigid atmospheric conditions, the prevailing sentiment of scorn and derision has followed it, and their mutual association has been commonplace. Even as a little boy (a mere half decade ago) I could never draw these snuggling, clavicle-constricting suits over my sparse frame without thinking of the cataclysmic eruptions emanating from my contemporaries had they but known. Then, as now, it is bewildering to follow the mental reasoning which disclaims the extreme practicality of the humble union suit.

The invention of long Johns often has been erroneously attributed to the genius of Franklin, but primitive aspects belie this origin and fix its birthdate far into the antiquity of haberdashery. Even the languid Nile had inclement moments, so is it inconceivable that Cæsar enhanced the warmth of his toga with a union suit made of wool from the fleece of Sicilian sheep? Can you envision Hannibal crossing the Alps without the moral assistance of comforting woolen undergarments? In the era of our own great country, would Washington have been able to stand in a crowded boat withstanding wintry blasts unshivering, determined, resolute, carrying the weight of a nascent nation, not to mention 17 oz. of Schenectady sheep shearings.

Briefly this interrogation was meant to show that the very history of the world was dependent upon the utilization of the union suit, despite the convictions of the learned Mr. Wells of England.

Of course the uncomfortable aspects must be added to the agenda to view the situation from all conceivable vantage points. Nothing in this complex world possesses the



"It must be something I ate."

strangulation capabilities of a union suit. Prof. Rochfort Grapeshot, who experienced the constrictions of a displeased Dutch Guiana boa and lived, remarked to reporters later that as unconsciousness enveloped him, he imagined the writhing agitations and crushing pressure to be merely the discomforts experienced each winter at his home in Potash Point, Maine. Obviously Prof. G. was a staunch union man, and ability to counteract or escape the involute actions of either a Botany 500 Lightweight, Non-fumble rumble union suit or a Constrictor Constrictor was effected with ease.

Focusing my weather eye on my November Almanac, I have found it most advantageous to withdraw my woolen undies from summer storage and rearrange the nap according to the mode of the season. And so it shall be until the vernal equinox arrives, I will be warm, snug, constricted, itchy, and generally obfuscated by neck-to-knee enclosure. Pardon, I have to scratch. Duofold two-ply, you know.

SAD SACK SHUFFLE TIME

* * *

Al Rudick: Have some peanuts.

Co-ed: Thanks.

Al: Want to neck?

Co-ed: No!

Al: Give my peanuts back!

* * *

Tiny Daughter: "Mama, what are men?"

Mother: "Men are what women marry."

T. D.: "We don't get much choice, do we?"

—Sundial

* * *

Many a man has made a monkey out of himself by reaching for the wrong limb.

* * *

Skidmore: My, what slim expressive hands you have. They belong on a girl.

SayBrook: You, win, baby.

—Yale Record

Sweetheart

The man of our dreams
Is a Dali scheme
He's wan, obese, and slow
A man from the land
Of old Siam
Would make a better beau

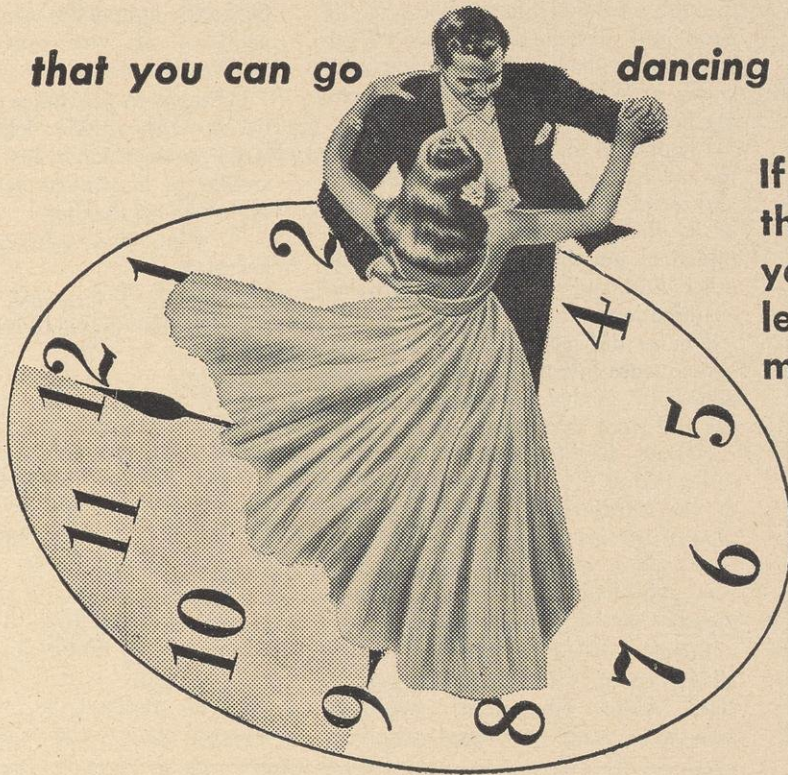
The cross of his eyes
And the bald of his head
Are a blend that leave us numb
And the moonlight screams
At the man of our dreams
He's the sweetheart of Phi Pho Phum.

—BARBARA MARKS,
SKI-U-MAH

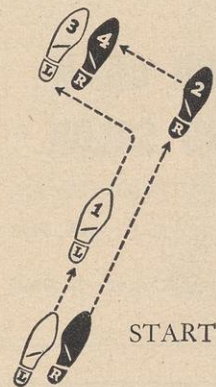
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Autobiography of an Octopusite

By VAN E. K. BIRKYS

Born 27 years ago, I have yet to catch up on my sleep. Struggling through a tedious infancy, boring childhood, and tiresome adolescence I finally became a man and entered the University of Wisconsin. Actually, my coming here was accidental.

I happened to be in Madison looking for nylons for my girl one September and seeing a long line, I got at the end of it. Thus I was registered. Determined to get those nylons I tried another line and received my physical examination.

I never did get the nylons and as a consequence my girl left me. This saddened me so that I lost all interest in life and went to school.

Always having a great desire to write fiction, I signed up as a reporter on the Cardinal to get some practice. One of my instructors turned my first examination over to the Octopus. It was published and thus I became a member of the Octy staff.

But even this busy life didn't satisfy all my energies so one day I went to class. Almost immediately my horizons were vastly broadened, my thirst

for knowledge became insatiable. "I will be a journalist," I told myself and forthwith attended a class called Journalism 2—ah, well, every man makes some mistakes.

Unhappy in my choice of curriculum, I went to my advisor. I knocked timidly on the door to his office and, in answer to his invitation to enter, did so, my knees shaking.

"I want some advice, sir," I said nervously.

"Don't be a darn fool. Don't marry the girl; she's probably lying," he barked.

"It's not a woman," I said. "It's about my studies."

"Studies!—my gosh. A grind!" he howled. "Here, fill out these. Do what you darn please and get out of here. I'm busy," he said throwing me a batch of nicely printed forms.

I filled them out and am now happily majoring in Political Science and taking Soils 1, Embryology 102, Arabic 108, Calculus 4, and Sculling 18. I hope to graduate two years ago and take my place in the world of business.

Prof-Isms

This month OCTY inaugurates a new department as an outlet for pent-up student frustration. Any quotable quotes that did emanate or any fictitious quotes that might have emanated from our learned pedagogues judging from the impressions these professors have left on you, their bewildered pupils, will be welcome. No names will be attached to contributions but Octy reserves the right to censor any censorable material.

* * *

Prof. Perlman, Econ. Dept.: "Harvard is a fine preparatory school for anyone soon to enter a university or college."

Prof. Harlow, Psych. Dept.: "Monkeys are, on the whole, superior to human beings in most ways."

Prof. Cameron, Psych. Dept.: "Juvenile delinquents usually grow up to be either criminals or psychology professors."

Miss Patterson, Jour. Dept.: "Enrollment in J 105 practically guarantees the paying off of the mortgage on the old homestead, the cash for a fur coat, and one more feature story will give you the down payment on a new Chrysler."

Mail Bag

To the Editor:

I wish to protest about a gross misrepresentation in the January, "Crime, Violence, and Horror" *Octopus*.

In the "Whom to Blame" section you wrote concerning Gargantua, the gorilla, "Gargy's an old pal of ours; we went to grade school with him." This is impossible!

I happen to know that Gargantua attended an exclusive eastern boarding school which would never admit the likes of you.

For shame sir! You have done a poor little gorilla a grave injustice.

Lover of Animals.

* * *

To the Editor:

Last fall I submitted several humorous articles to you, but you rejected every one. It may interest you to know that someone appreciates my talent even if you don't.

Recently I submitted my rejected stories to the *Cardinal*, and they were not only accepted, but were run as lead editorials! I guess that will show you!

Other Side of the Lake.

Thank You Little Princess

By ELLA SIGMAN

YOU accept that piece of cardboard embellished with hearts and cupids too casually. Do you ever stop and wonder how the custom of sending Valentines began? . . . to whom we owe our thanks for originating Valentine's Day?

It was on the island of Ferblunget among the Whodonit tribe . . . as savage and blood-thirsty a tribe as ever evolved from the fertile brain of Darwin. The chief's beautiful daughter was Princess Little Blines, known to her intimates as Bline, a most sought-after maiden. But Princess Little Blines was not a happy woman. She spent many hours weeping into her jungle joy juice. For the Princess and her family could not agree on a suitable suitor. The family liked Prince Jungle Jim, the rich son of a cannibal tycoon. He brought Bline magnificent presents, among them six smiling shrunken heads. This of course impressed her family favorably. They would have liked Jungle Jim in the role of Prince Consort.

But Bline had a passion, passion being the fitting and natural emotion for savages, for Burpie. He was nothing but a common cannibal with S.A.* He was an extraordinarily polite cannibal for he always removed his hat when eating ladies. Besides he was good to his old mother who lived with her husband, a retired witch doctor, M.D.

The King and Queen of the Whodonits were getting worried about carrying on the family strain. The members of the family who had left for dinner had to be replaced. Somehow they had to come to an agreement with their darling daughter, the Princess Little Blines. Besides it was Spring, the cannibal mating season, and proper time for a princess to be wed.

After a long period of arbitration and after calling in a mediator they decided not to pick the future Prince Consort by lottery or pulling names out of a hat, but by holding a nation-wide contest to be judged by the royal family. The winner getting the hand of Princess Little Blines.

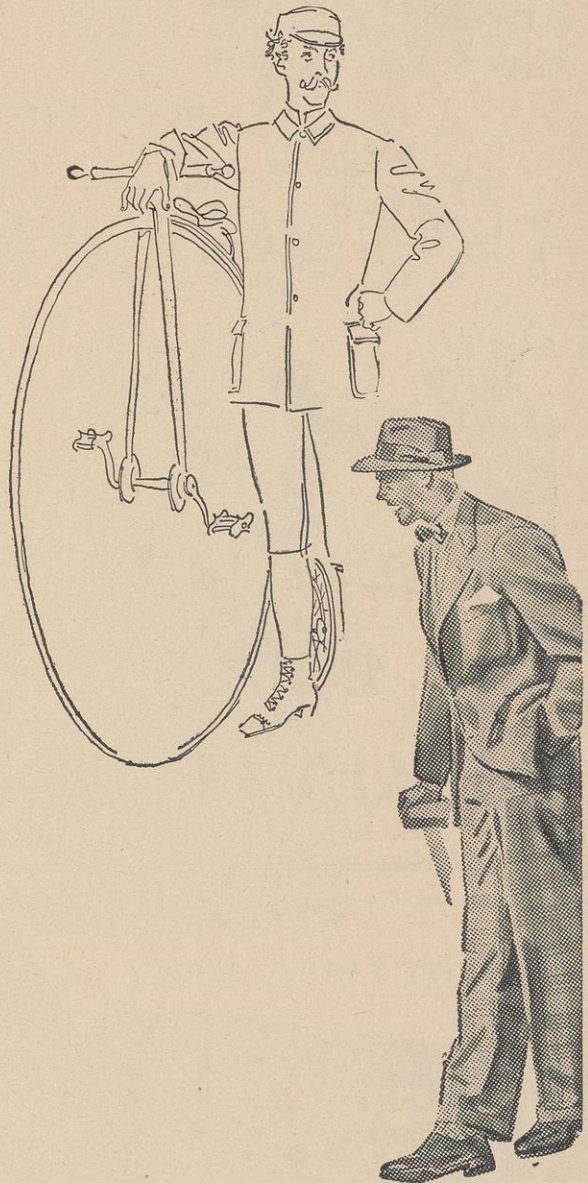
The only entrance requirements for the contest were that the mother of the suitor had to be married five times (another Whodonit custom) and had to tear off the top of her head and send it in. The winner of the contest would be the lucky man who brought the princess the most beautiful gift.

Men from all corners of the island gathered on the lawn of the grass hut, on the contest day, holding magnificent gifts in their arms. They were all dressed in their gayest loin cloths with beautiful necklaces of missionaries' teeth around their necks. But chosen from among the fruit baskets, shrunken heads, and leopard skins offered to the Princess Little Blines was one gift more wonderful by far than the others. It was Burpie's heart cut out of his chest. He and the Princess were married immediately. I suppose you think they lived happily ever after, but no! Six months after the wedding date Princess Little Blines served her husband at a Dessert-bridge.*

But do keep a warm spot in your heart for this couple for they started the custom of Valentine's day.

*—If you don't know what S.A. is you don't belong at this institution.

*—The moral of the story. . . . Don't eat your heart out over a woman.



The old geezer (upper center) was no doubt a pretty hot number in his day. His day is gone and the young chap (lower right) takes over. He knows he's smoothly dressed. From head to toe his outfit came from

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College Boot Shop

614 State Street

Blue Jeans, How We Got Them

By C. S.



SHALL certainly not claim that the solution to this question sprang full-blown from my head Minerva-wise, nor did it come as suddenly as an attack of megrims. It was, rather, the only logical scientific solution to a great deal of arduous contemplation. It is impossible for me to retrace the exact line of reasoning which preceded it; all I am sure of is that it is the answer to a question which has

been a source of major concern to sociologists for the past few years.

The question: why the modern girl's penchant for adorning herself in masculine clothes?

St. Thomas Aquinas, in a statement which is sheer genius in its concise lucidity, says, "Viz: an immovable mover." Here I found a core to build around.

I thought that perhaps I might find a further clue in genetics and I was right. Certainly it is common knowledge that each human being has 48 chromosomes, half of which are contributed by each parent. In these chromosomes are contained the genes, a relatively unknown quality which impart parental traits to the offspring. Some of these genes are dominant, some recessive with regard to their manifestation in the child. How the dominant and recessive qualities are determined is, as yet, unknown. It is certain, however, that, according to the theory of segregation, (a well proven fundamental of genetics) a recessive feature which has apparently disappeared can reappear, completely unchanged, in succeeding generations. Bilateral symmetry has apparently very little to do with this.

Then, quite by accident, I discovered the works of Rabelais, who was much more than just a writer. He led me almost to the answer itself and, had he enjoyed the wealth of scientific information at our disposal, would certainly have seen the conclusion. He says, "We transfretate the Sequans at the dilucul and crepuscul." Here indeed was a signpost along my way so, following his advice, I returned to the contemplation of genetics.

We shall now discuss particular genes, wherein lies the crux of the situation. In the question of color of the eyes, it has been definitely established that brown is dominant over blue. Here we have it then—the brown genes are dominant over the *blue genes*. So that, unless one has perfectly brown eyed parents, there is going to be present at least a recessive blue gene. Naturally there is an almost even chance in some cases, an even better than even chance in others, and very little or none in the third case that, in the offspring, the blue will appear. Thus, with such a high percentage of the female population carrying a recessive blue gene, or being true blue, something will inevitably manifest itself.

This was, however, impossible as long as the garments were referred to as levies, overalls, coveralls or dungarees. As soon as someone dubbed them *blue jeans*, these recessive traits began to pop out all over the place in an effort at self expression with apparent results. Once started, the female was incapable of moderation and it is difficult to know just how far she will go on one small recessive gene.

The Daily Cardinal

Complete Campus Coverage

Volume 2

Wisconsin Sub-Normal

Too D— Much

Bandits Rob AYD Office of \$20,000; Make Getaway 7,500 Reward Offered

Twenty-eight fur coats, thirteen sets of diamond ear-rings, and assorted other jewelry worth at least \$20,000 were included in the loot of a daring holdup-robbery of the AYD meeting last night in the Memorial Union. The robbers then escaped by stealing the Lincoln convertible of Donald DeHaven, president of the campus AYD chapter.

The holdup occurred just after the completion of the evening's program which included a speech by DeHaven condemning Valentine's Day as "a capitalistic bauble thrown to the laboring classes by intrenched interests to obscure the desperate economic plight of the long suffering masses."

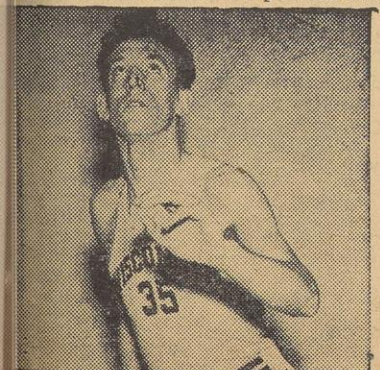
DeHaven claimed that if the University of Wisconsin was to maintain its leadership in progressive thought, it ought to set the standard by abolishing this symbol of invested reaction on the campus. That's what he said.

The sum of \$1.65 was collected to aid strikers throughout the nation during the meeting.

So far none of the robbers have been apprehended but a dragnet has been spread to catch the fiends and "Sure-Shot" Hammerhead, the cameraman.

Let Cagman Returns, Joins Squad, We Think

(Editor's note: We sent a reporter out to cover this story, but he only got half of it so we sent him back to get the rest before we printed it.)



(continued on page 20)

INTERNATIONAL CLUB INSTALLS NEW MEMBERS

Three prominent Bohemians were initiated into the International Club at a meeting held in the Gungha Din room of the Union last night. The University can now boast of a cosmopolitan international club that is as cosmo as any bunch of politans in the country.

The three new members are from Milwaukee's South Side, and each of them speaks in a different dialect, so that although they come from the same vicinity they can hardly understand one another. They converse among themselves in the new double-talk version of Esperanto.

The three initiates were quite excited about all the fuss and feathers of the evening. When interviewed they were all in a tizzy, but they did manage to give the following comments:

Stanislaus Kozminski—"Ich habe mein hund verloren."

Patrick O'Halloran—"Le livre est sur la table!"

Hjalmar Olsen—"Ain't so?"

WCTU to Raid Campus Pubs

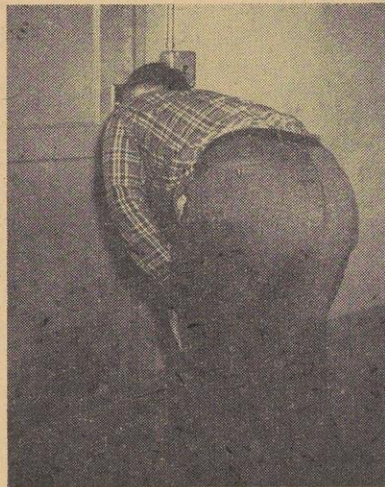
At a meeting held last night in the Lex Room of the Union Miss Julie Harbor, President of the local chapter of the W.C.T.U., called upon her 10 ardent followers to, "remove the scourge of Demon Rum from the campus."

Taking the setting into account Miss Harbor said, "It's time to lay down the law." She revealed that the national chapter had sent to Madison the hatchet that Miss Carrie Nation had so effectively used in the early history of the organization.

Miss Harbor then outlined the ambitious plan to her cheering followers. It includes: Setting fire to the Flame, planting termites in the Cabin, importing 100 Vichyites to take over Frenchy's, axing Justo's, and using a cyclotron borrowed from the physics department to demolish such dens of iniquity as the Badger Tavern, Cuba Club, and Campus Grill.

"When we get through, there won't be a grog shop left in town," said Miss Harbor.

Abolish U--Fret; Wastes Tax Doe



Appoint New Dean

For the first time in the history of the school, the Board of Regents have appointed a man as the assistant Dean of Women. It's never happened before. The former Assistant Dean of Women, Mame H. Sneakpeak, got a better offer from Woolworth's lotion counter.

The fellow the Regents named is none other than Jonathan H. Galsworthy, who was connected with the Economics Department and taught Econ. 476, the Federal Income Tax and its Problems, until 1935. It seems that Galsworthy in 1935 followed his own instructions in making out his income tax form. He will get out Feb. 28 for good behavior.

When asked for a comment on his new appointment, Galsworthy replied, "They won't get away with a thing with me on the job—and no exemptions."

Philosopher Addresses Onguard Group

"The Atomic Age is a challenge to all the peoples of the world to adopt naturalistic religion," Lesnot Pray, prominent philosopher told a meeting of Onguard last night.

The meeting, which came naturally for the naturalists, decided to send the following resolution to the Nuder Nudist Society of America:

Cites B.T. Attendance To Justify Closing School

President Edwin B. Fret startled a Union Forum audience last night by demanding that the University of Wisconsin be abolished.

"In the entire 98 years of its existence this University has not contributed one single thing toward civilization's progress," Pres. Fret claimed.

The president's address was part of a four-paneled discussion entitled "Recent Progress in Higher Education" held under the auspices of the "W" Club. The other three panels haven't shown up yet but when they do we'll be there. Others speakers on the program were Robert A. Young, president of the Wisconsin Hay, Seed, and Coal Dealers' Association; George H. White, president of Intoxicates Identified; and Granny H. Granitehyde, Jean of Journalism.

"It's high time that the taxpayers of Wisconsin be relieved of the intolerable expense of all this high faluting book learning and that we get the youth of the state back to work where they belong. The present student body consists largely of economic parasites wasting four years of their life throwing away their parent's money," President Fret said.

"Why," he continued, "the Badger Tavern has better attendance every night than any of our classes."

All the other speakers agreed wholeheartedly with President Fret except Granitehyde, who wanted to know where else he could get a job.

"Resolved: That since you have fully uncovered your activities, we, of Onguard, are pledged to get squarely behind you."

The meeting concluded with a rendition of the official Onguard anthem, "Doing What Comes Natural-ly."

Cardinal Bore-um A Page of Lament

Give Them Money, We Say—

The Union of University of Wisconsin faculty members is back on one of its periodic efforts to get more money for its members. The Cardinal thoroughly endorses the Union stand.

For years an economically-minded Board of Regents has underpaid our faculty. And who gets hooked for it in the end? We students do, of course.

Frankly we're tired of being saddled with textbooks those characters keep writing to supplement their income. Every time a member of the faculty needs a little extra cash out comes a new textbook and the students are hooked out \$4.50 for a bunch of platitudes and clichés between a couple of cardboard covers.

We wouldn't mind the first editions so much; we could stand that. But these new editions every year with a page or two added, some sentences rearranged, and some commas removed at \$4.50 per copy! That's too much!

Give them some more money, we say—or take their typewriters away.

OFFICIAL BULL

The University of Sin

Exhibits daily 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., Sundays and Holidays, any old time, fourth floor of Ann Emery Hall. Portrait of the Week—Maybell May. Special Exhibit—First floor, main corridor of Chad borne Hall: Grandma WAS a lady.

Sunday, February 16

12:00 M. Young Dr. Kildare meeting. Will cut in the Top Flight Room, Memorial Union.
12:01 P.M. Goodbye, Goodbye Club in Sex room
3:00 P.M. Tea Time in the Rat Cellar.
8:00 P.M. Wisconsin Players present Eugene O'Peals Pulitzer prize winning drama, "The Ice Man Came Back." Wisconsin Union Theater.

Monday, February 17

Not a darn thing doing today.

Tuesday, February 18

Nor today either.

Wednesday, February 19

1-11 P.M. Movie Time in the Play Circle—"The Life and Loves of Error Flint." Admission 18 scents before 6:00 P.M., 30 scents after, unless you sneak in the back door.
3:00 P.M. Dr. Murgatroyd lectures on, "The Sex Life of An Ambidextrous Microbe."
8:00 P.M. Concert Hour. Program of reported music. Memorial Union.

Thursday, February 20

Same as Tuesday.

Friday, February 21

Same as Monday.

The Cardinal Asks ... DO YOU THINK?

Some time ago there was quite a debate as to the effect that the ambitious building program would have upon the campus. What do you think about keeping the green on the campus?

Patrick Michael O'Toole, ChE 3: Sure and begora, if it's to be after keeping the green on the campus, I'm all for it. Remember, St. Patrick was an engineer.

Sally Smith, HE 1: Oh, but really, you don't mean that they are trying to get rid of all the grass. How utterly, utterly devastating. They can't touch Observatory Hill, can they?

John Cooke, Law 3: Seeing as how I'm a veteran and am 29 years old, these freshman women seem to me to be about all the green that we need around here. Why just the other night (CENSORED).

Ivan Slomowitz: Dey can't do it. Tink of me dry cleaning biz mit out grass stains.

Henry Maxwell, University Maintenance Dept.: Look, they put up buildings; we wash the windows. They keep the grass; we cut it. What's the difference, I ask you.

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

Dear Sirs:

We of the AYD call upon all students of the University who believe in liberalism and progressive action to join us in picketing the meeting of two reactionary organizations on the campus, AVC and WYO.

I. Carrie Signbords,
President AYD.

* * *

Dear Sirs:

We of the WYO call upon all students of the University who believe in liberalism and progressive action to join us in picketing the meetings of two reactionary organizations on the campus, AVC and AYD.

Picket Umgood,
President WYO.

* * *

Dear Sirs:

We of the AVC call upon all students of the University who believe in liberalism and progressive action to join us in picketing the meetings of two reactionary organizations on the campus, AYD and WYO.

I. Hurlerocks,
President AVC.



Sound ing Bored

by

KRAUS
DANKOPF

Power politics necessitating the continuance of contesting factions scarcely hardly calculated to remain in keeping with liberal principles so vigorously paid for by the blood and sweat of our forefathers. Declarations reminiscent of the whims and fallacious arguments of entrenched interests zealous of guarding their powers and privileges give us no alternative other than our stand can be summed up in the venerable, historical words of a great liberal, "Tempus Fugit." Moral obligation cognizant of the dictatorial rising of domination is echoed by continual opposition in the present controversy uppermost in the minds of liberty-loving anomalies. It is up to students, in whom the future of the nation lies, to do something.

The Daily Cardinal

Found in ancient antiquity purely by coincidence the University of Winnipeg and stolen by us. Owned by the Body Beautiful and controlled by the "Good Harry" club. Published any time we get around to the Fraternal Order of Mystic Knights of Wamp. Printing Company. Printed by the Pub-Camping Society.

Entered as decidedly second class matter at the post office under some act or other sometime.

Offices: Spike Morelli's Green Gables, Route 3; Business Office, Alcoholics Anonymous Building. How sure it's ours. P-5000, but don't bother to call us, we wouldn't be interested.

The words expressed in signed columns in this do not necessarily reflect thought.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Great Big Wheel.....	Lenny H.
Big Wheel.....	Wild Willy
Slightly Smaller Wheel.....	Milly
Important Cog.....	John P.
Fair Sized Gear.....	Helga
Tiny Spoke.....	Walter

NEWS EDITOR.....	What do we need a news editor?
COPY EDITOR.....	This we need
REWRITE EDITOR.....	This
COPY BOY.....	We got a job for
JANITOR.....	Our Editor does this at 60c an
PEN WIPER.....	Marv K



In the Fox Hole

By HAS BINN FOXY

What an unethical bunch of characters the sports-writers(?) of the Chicago Tribune, Chicago Sun, Milwaukee Journal, Milwaukee Sentinel, The Capital Times, and the State Journal are! Last Wednesday John McCormick, sports authority(?) of the Journal State had the poor taste to criticise our "Good-bye Harry" club and its altruistic alumni superior, Harvey Hatemall, one of the best friends the University has among its alumni. So Mr. Hatemall will serve a little time for bootlegging. It wasn't much and he was really just bringing it in for some kick friends.

Last Friday Worch Ard of the Chicago Tribsun stole all our basketball predictions for the weekend. Of course he changed a few of them to make it look better but it's still pretty unethical. You Cardinal readers are awfully lucky you have such a fine group of ethical sports writers as you do.

Last week due to an epidemic of poor officiating throughout the country, this column's predictions suffered somewhat of a set-back. We guessed only one out of ten games dropping our season average 15 per cent. If those referees could do their jobs right our predictions would come out better but what can we do with such officiating?

Mentioning the poor officiating brings to mind that we have already lost a couple of basketball games and if Foster doesn't get on the ball he may be looking for a new job soon. There's a lot of talk and dissension among the waterboys and cheerleaders all ready and if it spreads to the team look out or we'll start asking questions.

NOTICE: If any student hasn't had his or her name on this page at least once this year call the Cardinal and we'll get you a blind date. If this is impossible we'll put you on our staff.

Vine, tomato juice, and potato are unavailable in Brazil because the entire country is full of fee.

The flashlight industry in Brazil is flourishing because flashlights are needed to find the sugar.

"OVER THE STILL"

ROBERTS ROCKS ROCK:

A small revolution took place at the Rock last Saturday night when that popular young man around room 508 Ochsnor (he lives alone and everyone else likes it) put to work his plan for three dates at once. He had one in the back room of the Badger Tavern, one in a passion pit, and the third at the Capitol Theater. He reported that the girls were a little bit suspicious, asking why he wore track shoes, had to powder his nose so often, and panted so at every kiss. However, he fooled them all and reported that the only bad part of it was that he developed shin splints, chapped lips, and double pneumonia, and tore his pants sliding down the Rock's banisters to increase his speed.

Professor Kiekhofner will not be

the next man of the weak.

PARTIES:

Everyone threw beer-brawls this last weekend, and to tell the truth for a change, they were all flops and nobody had a good time. They all ran out of that new, improved Flowerbach, which now tastes like pig swill. Sensation of the weekend was Sally Perkins of Ann Emery who came to the Bashford House costume party as an absent-minded Sally Rand; she forgot her fans.

B. S. LIES AGAIN

In last Thursday's column of the Bubble Shooter there were some slanderous remarks against this column. Claiming that we were not following the ethical practices of journalism, they intimated that the makeup of the column was not good. It isn't.

Campus Sassociety



Campus Social Leader Engaged at Last Finally

The biggest social news of the week is the announcement of the engagement of petite Lotty O'Rourke, I Phelta Thi pledge for the last fifteen years, to Shah Peru, prominent Persian exchange student.

Vivacious Lotty fairly gushed the good news to the Cardinal reporter questioning her on the happy event.

"Geez, ta tink dat I fininly hooked a guy," gushed Lotty with charming candor, "durin da war I wuz gettin desparate but now dat all de guys are back I guess it's a little easier."

The romance between good-natured Lotty and the dashing sheik

Oodles of Parties On Social Docket

Lots and lots of parties are scheduled for this weekend at almost all of the sorority and fraternity houses. Almost everyone is going to bring a girl or boy depending on what they are in the first place.

The Kappas and the Thetas and just about everyone on Langdon Street is going to throw just the best parties. Nearly everyone is planning to have a wonderful time. Almost everyone is going and dancing will take place almost everywhere.

Some parties are formal and some semi-formal and some informal but almost all of the houses are going to have some sort of a party. Some dances will be dinner-dances and some won't.

has kept the whole campus agog for some time now. Lotty admits that the affair has had its rough spots here and there. One of the roughest of these is the fact that Peru can't speak a word of English and Lotty not a word of Persian.

"But we have a lotta tings in common," bubbles Lotty with a fetching smile. She dismisses the language difficulty with the remark, "Love don't need no woids. Besides dat his old man is a big guy in Persia wid plenty of moula."

Lotty is one of the most popular co-eds on the campus and has been since 1931. She is very active in extra-curricular activities but hasn't been caught yet.

Bubble Shooter

By J. BLOOMFIELD BLUEBARY and TAP LUOM

(The opinions expressed here are those of the authors and all time bombs and poisoned arrows should be addressed to them and not the Cardinal—Ed.)

RECENT PINNINGS

Over the last weekend there was quite a bit of the old exchanging of the hardware. After a whirlwind romance of three years and two months, 3.2 that is, Bill Thomas, Alpha Delt who doubles as a bartender at the Loraine, finally lost his pin to the luscious lovely Ann O'Rourke, D.G. On her it looks almost as good as a sweater. Ted Trampel has his out again, this time to Jenny, the waitress at the Spanish Village. He pinned her by accident. It seems that right at the height of the evening rush a strategic strap broke, and Ted, always the gentleman, volunteered his pin. He is now pinned until she gets a new bra.

REBUTTAL:

That filthy column, Over The Still, has accused this column of yellow journalism. Well, maybe it is, but we would rather be yellow than the very very pink shade of their outfit. They would raise beards to go with their moustaches, but they aren't old enough. Keep reading this column to read about the campus instead of about a bunch of fugitives from Robinson Crusoe's island. Ta Ta Boystown.

Spring Is Coming!

And a

Young Man's Fancy—

Our Specialty—

REMOVAL OF
GRASS STAINS

LODESTONE
DRY CLEANERS

Give In

She will, if you give it

He will, if you wear it

SURRENDER... it's a sin not to, when there's exactly the size you want in this so-wanted Ciro perfume!

At \$5.50—desire is well fulfilled.

At \$10.50—the gesture is endearing.

At \$20.00—you're positively opulent.

At \$36.00—there must be some cheaper way.

The Aroma Shoppe

(continued from page 17)



(Editor's note: He got the other half all right, but it wasn't any good, so we didn't print that either.)

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR RENT: ATTRACTIVE MEN'S room in Bus Station, also telephone booth. Call Phil Emup, F. 5283. 2x31

LOST: PRE-WAR GIRDLE, size 13, near Picnic Point. Reward. No questions asked. Call Kappa Gotta Belta. Ask for May.

LOST: MY REPUTATION, near Picnic Point. Call Kappa Gotta Data. Ask for May.

FOUND: BAG NEAR E.W. HALL, owner lays claim by identifying. Call any old time at all.

FOR SALE: PERSONALITY BUILD-UP. Do you want to be popular? Hire us as your public relations agents. Look what we did for J. Hammersley.

FOR SALE: TUXEDO, SIZE 38, typewriter like new; 5 tube radio; heavy overcoat, size 38; reason for sale—need cash for new business venture. Call Iam High, B. 380.

TO BUY: 30 FT. COPPER TUBING; 2 copper pressure tanks, capacity 15 gals.; 2-burner gas stove; any old bottles, not pop or milk; 30 bushels of shocked corn. Call Iam High, B. 380.

PERSONALS

WILL YOUNG LADY WHO LEFT HER laundry in my brief case by mistake, please call my wife (B. 1313) and explain the situation. I would like to go home now. 7x11

VETERAN'S QUIZ

Q.—I served honorably in the Army of the United States but I am not a citizen. How can I secure my citizenship now?

A.—All you have to do is be born again in this country.

Two Wet Students Rescue Madison Girl From Lake Mendota

The Board of Regents refused to approve the reappointment of the entire Physics department faculty by a vote of eight to two in a tumultuous meeting held in Bascom Hall yesterday afternoon.

The reason given for this unprecedented action was that in the past the interests of the Physics faculty have not been with the University.

In a prepared statement given the press by Lionel D. Stone, regent from Black Earth Hay, Feed, and Grain Incorporated, numerous instances of the Physics Department faculty's leaving the University to work with the federal government during the war were cited. It was pointed out that at times there were more Wisconsin physicists at Oak Ridge than at Madison.

"How can you run a University like that?" Stone asked.

"To be perfectly truthful," Stone continued, "We have other reasons for not approving of these reappointments. We understand that the Physics Department is just one big bunch of Democrats except for one man and he's a Socialist."

"We Regents have to begin cracking down," Stone continued, banging his fist on the table, "We have to protect the American democracy. What would happen if the Democrats got ahold of the Atom Bomb secret?"

THE SEX LIFE OF A KNAT

To be a knat
Oh how flattified.
No this or that
To keep you satisfied.

Prof. to Undress . . .

(continued from cover)

that intriguing little volume returning the kick for a gain of fifteen apples are cheaper than ever this year and there will be lots of parties. With all the men back and . . . Well after all a fur coat is a fur coat and what's a girl to do if she wants to look nice.

The sly rabbit jumped over the lazy fox and now is the time for all good men maybe I shouldn't have but I still think a fur coat was worth it. Communism may spread throughout Europe or it may not. You're just old-fashioned; all the girls do it nowadays.

AYD Raid . . .

(continued from page 17)

pus patrolman, is reported hot on their trail. He would have caught them only he had to interrupt his chase to tag an illegally parked automobile owned by a student.

The AYD club offered a reward of \$7,500 for the capture of the robbers whom Lilac DeWitte, secretary of the organization, said "were undoubtedly agents of invested reactionary interests who would stop at nothing to interfere with progressive thought as exemplified by our club." Miss DeWitte lost a fur coat and a diamond bracelet.

MAN OF THE WEAK:

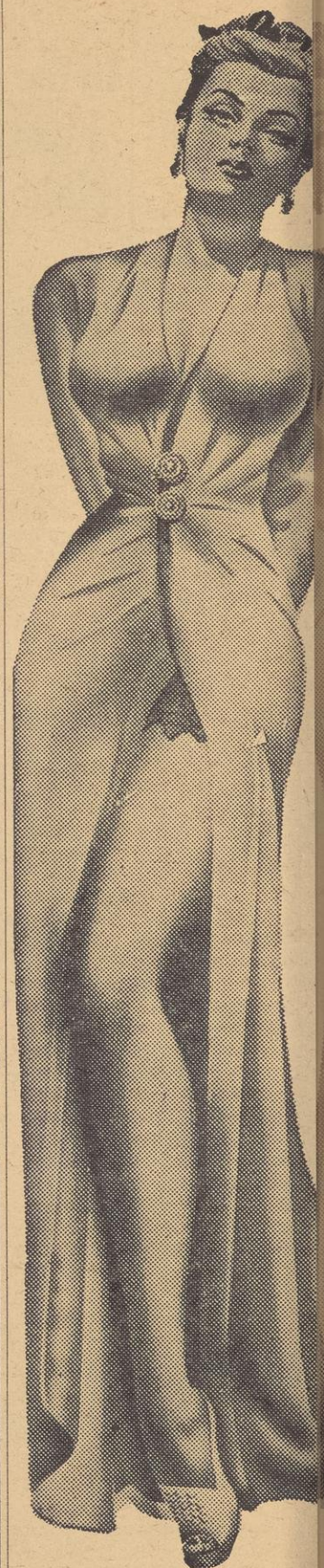
Our man of the weak is OCTY. There wasn't even a close second. We have to hand it to that little old eight tentacled critter. He can sure hand out the laughs (all right, all right, so we do have to give ourselves some "house." So what? We got our pride ain't we?)

Class of '39
YOUR BADGERS
HAVE ARRIVED
Pick Them Up by March 15
OR THEY WILL BE SOLD!

There is a long waiting list

Class of '40
Class of '41
Class of '42
Class of '43
Class of '44
Class of '45

**ANNOUNCEMENT OF
ARRIVAL OF YOUR
BADGERS
WILL BE MADE LATER
AS THEY COME IN**



Use
O'ROURKE'S
Shoelaces

Famous Quotes Quiz

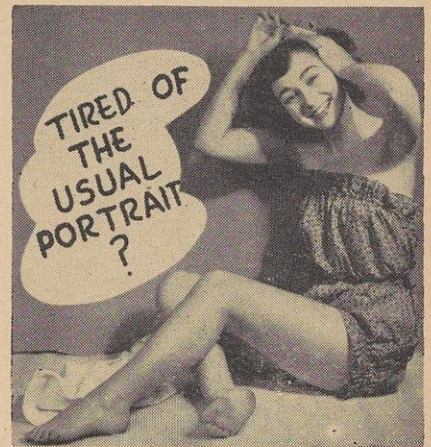
IDEA BY SUNDIAL

Do you aspire to greatness? Would you have said the right thing at the right time? Would you have thus immortalized your name for posterity? Test yourself on the following completion questions taken from a psych quiz. Check your choice by marking an X in box on the left. Count total of points found on right. A score of 10 or better is a genius.

Points

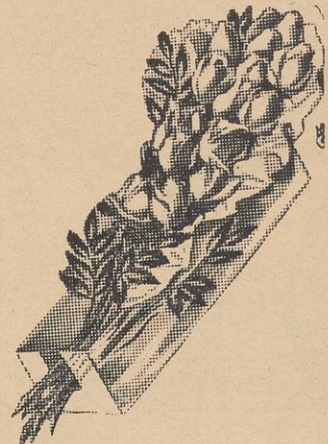
1. You are Juliet on a balcony. You hear your lover approaching and cry, "Romeo, oh Romeo . . ."
 - ☐ a) "Let's neck." (0)
 - ☐ b) "Didja bring the booze?" (0)
 - ☐ c) "Will you kiss me in the dark, Baby?" (0)
 - ☐ d) "Wherefore art thou Romeo?" (0)
2. You are Farragut at the battle of Mobile Bay. You shout,
 - ☐ a) "Let's get the hell outa here!" (0)
 - ☐ b) "Damn those torpedoes!" (0)
 - ☐ c) "Damn the torpedoes . . . full speed ahead!" (0)
3. You are Richard Lovelace writing "To Althea from Prison." "Stone walls do not a prison make . . ."
 - ☐ a) "But this joint's tighter than a sardine can." (0)
 - ☐ b) "I'm gonna fly this clink." (0)
 - ☐ c) "I was framed!" (0)
 - ☐ d) "Nor iron bars a cage." (0)
4. You are Henry M. Stanley plodding through the wilds of deepest Africa. You come upon a forgotten village and, perceiving a disheveled white man, exclaim . . .
 - ☐ a) "Where the hell you been, fathead?" (0)
 - ☐ b) "Get your clothes and let's blow this joint." (0)
 - ☐ c) "Beat it bud. This is my territory." (0)
 - ☐ d) "Dr. Livingston, I presume." (0)
5. You are Col. William Prescott in command at the Battle of Bunker Hill. You shout . . .
 - ☐ a) "Look at the pretty red coats!" (0)
 - ☐ b) "Play dead fellows." (0)
 - ☐ c) "I gotta go. My wife wants me home for dinner." (0)
 - ☐ d) "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes." (0)
6. You are Paul Revere, riding like the wind. You bellow . . .
 - ☐ a) "Old rags . . . I buy old rags." (0)
 - ☐ b) "Feed your pigs Nutrena." (0)
 - ☐ c) "Put two bucks on Deadbeat in the third." (0)
 - ☐ d) "The red coats are coming." (0)
7. You are Julius Caesar gazing at the men who have just stabbed you fatally. You mumble . . .
 - ☐ a) "Ouch!" (0)
 - ☐ b) "You've simply ruined my new toga." (0)
 - ☐ c) "Wait till my mob hears about this!" (0)
 - ☐ d) "Et tu, Brute." (0)
8. You are Thomas K. Marshall commenting on the state of the nation.
 - ☐ a) "What a mess." (0)
 - ☐ b) "I'm moving to Russia." (0)
 - ☐ c) "Gimme two mickeys, George." (0)
 - ☐ d) "Gimme a gun, George." (0)
 - ☐ e) "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar." (0)
9. You are George Bernard Shaw dreaming up a punch line for latest play. "People who live in glass houses . . ."
 - ☐ a) "Shouldn't." (0)
 - ☐ b) "Lack privacy." (0)
 - ☐ c) "Are just chizzling the electric company." (0)
 - ☐ d) "Shouldn't throw stones." (0)
10. You have just read OCTOPUS for the first time. You exclaim . . .
 - ☐ a) "This magazine stinks!" (0)
 - ☐ b) "The OCTOPUS is absolutely the finest piece of writing I have ever seen." (10)

Total _____



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 that special occasion



with Flowers from
**LOU
 WAGNER'S**
Gift & Flower Shop
**"We Wire Flowers
 Anywhere"**
 1313 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
 Opposite Hospital

Letter From Home

By BILL LYNCH

*"the best
right close"*

TELEGRAPH
SERVICE

Kennicott
Flowers

627 State Badger 1002

Got a nice newsy letter from Maw today. She wrote and told me everything that's been happenin' down home. Told me the names of all the people that got married or had a baby. —Maw sure repeats herself a lot. Of course, Mary Ellen, the neighbor girl wrote the writing down for Maw. Mary Ellen has a little baby too. Maw thinks it's a cute one, of course, Maw's prejudiced.

Anyway she was telling me about her set-to with Pappy. Ever since they found oil in our back yard and we've been oil-rich, Maw has claimed Pappy was lettin' the money go to his head. Seems as though Pappy has taken to drinkin' only store bought likker and has been sittin' around all day on the front porch with his shoes on.

Now Maw isn't the uppity kind and she was real upset about Pappy. She decided tuh show him that havin'

money hadn't gone tuh her head. She decided tuh go out wolf-hunting just like the old days. When Maw goes out fer a wolf she just takes a stick of kindling wood and goes out on the prairie and chases after one. When the critter gets tired she drives him home fer Pappy to kill. Maw's awfully chicken-hearted about killing things.

Well Maw got her wolf an' Pappy saw her coming tuh the house driving it ahead of her. He knowed she would just drive that wolf up on the porch fer him to kill it so he reached fer his plug of chawin' terbaccy an' when that wolf climbed up on the porch Pappy let go. He spit right intuh the wolf's eye and killed him dead. Pappy's real athletic.

Maw's been satisfied ever since. She said, in her letter, that that proved tuh her that Pappy had just as much energy as he had had in his youth, and that she loved him more than ever.



"Bless you, my boy."

PETER THE HERMIT AND A BLONDE

(continued from page 8)

Well, this goes on for about a month and then I fix things but good. This evening, Five o'clock shadow gives with the line about capitalism being the country's downfall. At the end he picks up an American Flag and thrashes it around. "This is the symbol of Capitalist Imperialism!" he cries. "This stands for oppression, of the people!"

Now I was a boy scout for quite a while in my youth. In fact I was the flag puller-downer at our camp one summer. So when that guy starts waving a flag around and pulling this symbol stuff I see red, white and blue. Then I stand up and light into him. "Whaddya mean throwing that flag around?" I say. "That's no way to treat your flag. Brother, you don't know from nothing," I say; "You just spout the stuff they hand you . . . you bum!"

Four guys close in on me and I hear Pat say, "Peter; quick! C'mon." Well, it's quicker than either of us think. I wind up on my back outside with a beaut of an eye and Pat screaming, "Peter, they've killed you. Say something!" Tovarich Cummings has a rugged time that night.

She's still sputtering when I get up, holding my head which is doing a conga inside. "C'mon Pete darling," she says taking my arm. "I'll fix up that eye. Oh, those bullies. I think they're all perfectly horrible."

Natch I brighten up at this. She calls me 'darling', she holds my arm—tight—. Better still, she is mad at the Commies. Maybe it's worth a black eye to make her realize what I mean to her.

We go into Frankie's Grill and Pat holds a dishtowel of ice against my eye. This gets a big laugh from everybody and they all want to know how I got it. So she tells them, and I squirm.

The next day the story is all over the campus and even the paper has picked it up. At first I am pretty sore about the whole thing, but then I realize that it means Pat can't go back to the Party even if she wants to. So I've got myself a cute non-political blonde at last.

As I'm thinking happily about this, Pat comes dashing up with her yellow hair flying. "Pete, I've got it!" she yells, and gives me the special smile. "I stayed up all night working it out. I . . ."

"What gives, honey?" I say, putting my arm around her. "Not going back to the oppressed workers are you?"

"Peter Cummings, will you let me finish," she says. "We'll form a new party on campus instead of joining any other. I've called it The Independent Liberals."

My stomach does a neat flip. "Where d'ya get that 'we' business?" I say weakly. "Remember last night? What d'ya think I am anyway, your private fall-guy?"

"Oh Pete, you don't understand." She laughs and hugs my arm. *Women, I think, bitterly, women.* "We'll form the middle bunch, you stoop," she says. "It won't have anything to do with the Communists, so there's nothing for you to get mad about. We'll have just gobs of members. C'mon, let's go and see the Dean for permission." She puts her arms around my neck and kisses me, right there in front of the Administration Building. Then she leads me in to see the Dean.

So that's how come I'm giving out the handbills on the corner. They're advance publicity on our next meeting, see? Me, I'm the secretary of the Liberal Party and Pat's president. Anything to do with paper I handle, and boy does that blonde dynamo make sure I handle it. Personal supervision she gives me. Not that I don't like bubblely little blondes hanging around; it's just the ones with the strong-minded gleam in the eye that are tough to cope with. So I'm strictly a hermit after the prom; a book and beer character, that's me.

Why don't I quit now? Are you nuts? I should pass up an evening with a blue-eyed blonde in a strapless formal? That, my friend, is college!

Lake Road Marauder

By MARY SHOCKLEY

Escape from work and thoughts pedantic,

A quiet spot, and so romantic.

A lonely walk along the lake,

A lovely walk that lovers take

To steal a moment all their own.

But, hark, they are not quite alone.

They sense a silent, lurking eye

As someone watches them go by,

And soft upon the wistful breeze

The sound of footsteps through the trees

Is born. Who is it dares intrude

Upon this lovely solitude?

And who down such a wooded slope

Can clamber like a mountain goat?

We look. Ye Gods! What have we here?

Another civil engineer.



*No wonder she's happy
with a box of candy*

from

Peter Pan

full of

Luscious creams

Covered nuts

Creamy rich chocolate

819 UNIVERSITY

The College Inn
RESTAURANT
State & Henry at Johnson

OUR RESTAURANT
Now Serving
LUNCHES
DINNERS
11 A.M. to Past
Midnight

On Tap
Blatz
Michelob
Pabst

To Agoniza From Prison

BY GERALD HIKEN

I

Paris est la capitale de la France.
Who cares what *la capitale de la*
Frances est?

I don't.

Paris could be *la capitale du Mexique*,
for all I care.

Paris could be turned upside down
and balanced on the Eiffel Tower.

I don't care.

Paris could be spelled Sirap.

I don't care.

I really don't.

You would like to know why,
wouldn't you?

Ah, I thought you would.

People do.

Here's why:

I live in a dormitory.

It is a beautiful dormitory.

Very beautiful.

But oh!

Lunch is served from twelve-ten to
one-ten

No sooner, no later.

And French is taught from twelve
to one.

No sooner, no later.

Darnit!

II

"Literature serves to show us that
life is more beautiful than it seems."

How nice.

How very nice.

I'm sure it's very kind of literature.

Remind me to thank literature.

Some day.

Any day.

But not now.

Oh, Gad, not now!

You say I am a cynic.

I sneer.

Too bad.

Too very bad.

I laugh at literature, ha, ha!

I sneer.

What makes literature think life is
more beautiful than it seems?

Hmmmm?

I'd like to know.

I really would.

Honestly.

I live in a dormitory.

A beautiful dormitory,

Overlooking a lake,

Over a hill to the campus,

Over a mile to the campus,

Quite a walk to the campus.

And I have

Athlete's Foot.

III

The climate of Greece made the
Greeks a healthy civilization.

That's nice.

That's very nice.

For them.

But I?

I moan.

I groan.

Oh Fate!

Oh cruel Fate!

I,

Who loves the sun,

Have lived in cold,

And snow,

Most of my life.

And so,

I leave my home,

My warm and homey home,

To live in a dormitory,
Where rooms are arbitrarily assigned.
And what get I?
A room-mate who,
Loves air—
Cold, freezing,
Air.
I sneeze—
Dabbit.

TRICKS TO PLAY ON YOUR ROOMMATE

(continued from page 6)

because those parts covered with soap
will not be stained.

11. Should you happen to have a
hotwater bottle lying around, connect
a three-foot piece of rubber hose to the
opening, and put the hot-water bottle
inside your roommate's pillowcase with
the hose down under the sheet. Ar-
range the hot-water bottle so that water
will flow from it only when there is
pressure on the pillowcase. When your
roommate places his head on the pil-
low, then, and only then, will he get a
shot of warm water from under the
middle of the sheet. This is very dis-
concerting because the bed was not wet
when he climbed into it and the min-
ute he raises his head the water stops.
Try it sometime and let me know how
you make out.



She's too shy to say so.



But she'd really like
to go to

The Flame

(Student Headquarters)

Delicious Food and

Refreshments

540 State Fairchild 5662



You can easily see she's not his mother
'cause his mother's fort-y nine
You can easily see she's not his sister
'cause he'd never show his sister such
a wonderful time . . .

she's HIS DATE



for

SAD SACK SHUFFLE

MARCH 7

GREAT HALL

TRIPP COMMONS

Ephemeral Discomfort

By DON NESTINGEN

"You are a typical manic-depressive," the psychiatrist told me. But I knew that he was wrong. Never had a manic-depressive been turned out by any psychology class who continuously had a beautifully formed, elegantly clad young lady dangling by his side. I hadn't told the psychiatrist about this because he would have only passed it off as an ephemeral apparition, and I didn't wish to have her insulted. Also, anyone who could envision such beauty as she possessed just couldn't be insane, nor would an insane man leave her dangling loftily by his side as he merrily went about his business, content with a mere spiritual intercourse with that fascination.

"You can live a reasonably normal life if you repress your unearthly genius on manic days, and avoid as much activity as possible on your depressive days, which come alternately every other day. In particular, avoid sharp instruments which might facilitate the operation of freeing the spirit from that body of yours which it hates so much. In truth, it almost seems that a spirit, intended for a light-hearted young woman, has been imprisoned in that gruesome form of yours.

He was almost finding me out. It was Scintilla's (that's what she asked to be called) genius on which I depended, for she knew everything, could do everything and always knew what clever thing to say.

* * *

I woke up with a start, threw one foot out on the cold floor, and tried to push my eyes open. I was startled into complete wakefulness when I heard a loud crack. The agonizing pain of a broken toe began to sharpen my mind as I felt my foot slammed back into the bed with frustrating finality. My eyes rolled back, and I saw Scinty, hissing, "Classes are for the masses . . . who will soon need glasses. You'll not profit or prophet by going to them. Add a postscript to that last snore."

The everlasting argument was on, as it was every morning when I tried to arise to be pushed through another day.

"I have an important history lecture today, Scinty, be reasonable."

"You study history only because of an hysterical desire to feign interest in past generations whom you pity because they are dead. Don't morbidly delve into the works of the dead. Death is good but sleep is better, try it."

"But . . ." my vain protests always started in the accepted "but" in fashion, "today we are to be told of a man in England who had too many drinks one night causing him to be talked into sailing to the New World where a series of apparently causeless events finally led to the rearing of a young man and the final result . . . the writing of 'Buttermilk Sky'."

"I might just as well let you know, there is no way we could have avoided that song. Some say if only white men had come to America, we could have avoided it. That's only to blame the song on the women. If no white people had come to start the hit parade, the Indians would be playing 'Buttermilk Sky' on their own hit parade this year. It would have taken the place of 'We Blazed the Trail So the White Men Can Burn Up the Roads'."

"Now you bring the Indians in. Well, this I have learned in history. When our first great university president came to the top of Bascom hill, the Indians quietly handed him the spade with which they had been digging in the vast obscurity of education, knowing that we must be educated to handle a country of this size."

"Change that to vast absurdity of education. And they didn't quietly hand over the spade. The president informed them that by Statute 736 of the New Deal they were a minority

group and must confine their activities to North hall. They looked at each other nervously, like a professor before a lecture, whispered something about 'decontamination department,' and left, threatening to start a University in Minnesota with a football team which would beat his."

"What did they mean by decontamination department?"

"They had just finished the Stygian Wars, during which they had a morale division of the war department. The morale division believed that morale and moral were inversely equal quantities—increase one, decrease the other. In North hall was set up the decontamination department to clean up the minds of returning braves. It was a dry, boorish place; nobody wanted to go near it."

"I had to get educated in order to have a psychosis and see you; I'm going to school."

I left in a discourteous mood. I somersaulted down the stairs and dashed into the street in front of a bus, stopping it. When I got on, Scinty was beside me again. I put in an extra nickel for her; the driver looked at me rather strangely for a man of his age. After I had asked a lady to move so we could have two seats together, Scinty asked me to be more careful. She didn't know that I had read all about my type of psychosis and was acting exactly normal.

We got to class. The first question was for me.

"If you were an ambassador, what courts could you be tried in?"

Scinty told me the answer quickly. I reminded her that if I hadn't come to class, I wouldn't know what court to go to if I became an ambassador.

"You wouldn't have been far off in a court of claims," she scowled as we left class. "Ambassadors are always making claims."

We walked slowly down the hill.

"Being cold, that fire burning across the sidewalk is going to feel good . . . oh, I dangled my participle again," I said.

"You aren't hurting me," Scinty answered.

"Why should I? You're not a participle; or are you? You're dangling . . . but you don't need any modifying."

As all afflictions disappear when discovered, so also did this one. I hope I get another affliction soon. I'm lonely.



mimi syne

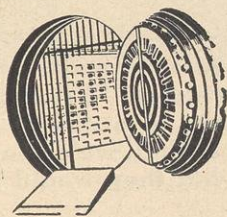
"I believe he was impressed with my individuality."

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at

EAT MORE

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BROWN STUDY

(continued from page 5)

tired of reading just "how thrilled to death" all the principal wheels connected with the Prom were. Unfortunately we're afraid that we're soon due for more of the same malarky about the Senior Ball. "Gush" we calls it. Anyhow they probably won't have a Crown Prince this year.

As perhaps you have noted, we are running a *Cardinal* take-off for this issue. We probably won't make *Life* as our friend from New Haven, Connecticut did but in our own inimitable way we've had fun. We hope no one is hurt. Our policy really is not to deliberately lose friends and alienate subscribers. Things just happen that way.

Prices continue to be a main topic of conversation. The National Association of Manufacturers says that they are going down; the AFL says that they are going up. *Octy* tends to side with the latter viewpoint but we're not quite sure that raising wages is the way to make them come down. There's a flaw in that argument somewhere. While the NAM, AFL, and CIO continue their three-cornered argument on the subject, the veteran is caught right in the middle with his \$65 or \$90 depending on his marital status. With great care, he can stretch it out to cover three weeks but that last week of every month is really murder.

We are constantly being surprised at the Veterans' Administration's continued success in cutting down on red tape. If they manage to get our checks out on time next September, we're apt to become avid proponents of government operation of all business. It's a paradoxical situation when efficiency in a Democracy makes converts to Socialism.

Supposedly there was a drop in enrollment in January but we fail to see much evidence of it in the cafeteria lines at the Union. Or at any Union function for that matter. That building reminds us of a New York subway at 5 p.m. every time we try to get a cup of coffee at the Rat.

It seems that we are about due for another tirade against Fraternities and Sororities soon. We haven't had a good one for a long time. The "snobbishness" and "broken heart" angles are about worn out now; we hope that they bring up a new one next time. We love variety even if it's bad.

If you've read down this far you probably haven't much else to do but unfortunately we do, so this is the end. Read the rest of the issue and if you don't get a chuckle or two it won't be because we haven't tried.

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E.W. Parker
JEWELERS

Chronicle

(continued from page 4)

Plenty Smart!

We ran across the following story in the *Chicago Sun* a few weeks ago. It is funny enough to stand by itself, so the only comment we can make is that this *Octopus* is a young genius (University of London please note!) and he does not have a nasty disposition!

How Smart Is An Octopus? Here's Chance To Find Out

University of London in Market for Someone
to Go to Italy and Study the Creatures

London, Jan. 22—(AP).

The University of London put up a help wanted sign today for a man or woman willing to go to Italy—all expenses paid—and give intelligence tests to some octopuses, or octopi.

However you spell the plural, the octopus is an eight-armed creature with a nasty disposition and, explained Prof. J. Z. Young, a "nice, large brain."

"What we are doing," Young said, "is investigating how brains of many creatures work—not only invertebrates, but mammals and even insects. Of course it is a bit of a problem to observe an insect's brain."

"Before the war we did some work on cuttlefish, which are bright enough but—well, they're not at all satisfactory subjects. They're very active (unlike the octopus, which takes his time) and they squirt that wretched ink all around."

The octopus has a few mental quirks of his own, like paralyzing his victims with some built-in poison before killing them, but the university expects its octopus men to deal firmly with any such show of temper.

How do you find out how smart an octopus is?

"I wouldn't want to go into too much detail at this time," said Young carefully. "I suppose we might give him some crabs in a circle. Then, when he was accustomed to that, we'd show him some crabs in a square—but they would be behind a glass wall."

You tell how smart an octopus is by counting how many times he bumps his snout on the glass before finding out that the square has nothing to do with a square meal.

Other little-known facts about octopuses: in captivity, they sometimes chew off their own arms, right to the shoulder. They also chew up people, if they get a chance.

It is reported to be sunny on the Gulf of Naples, where the octopus lurks, and the salary is up to \$3,200 a year for one with the scientific qualifications.

* * *

Enlist Now in the . . .

We lost one of our hardest working staff members at the end of last semester. Our photographer, Earl R. Lidh, Jr., a veteran of four and one-half years in Uncle Sam's army decided that he hadn't had enough, and he up and re-enlisted.

Chronicle

Last fall when there was a controversy as to whether or not ROTC training was good for students, he was one of the staunchest defenders of the ROTC Department. So, Earl told us, a lot of people said to him, "If you like the Army so much, why don't you re-enlist?" He thought it over and finally decided that it was a pretty sharp idea.

We will miss Earl plenty and we wish him lots of luck. It is likely that we'll see him often, however, because he expects to be stationed near here in Milwaukee with the recruiting service! If you soon see a snappy looking soldier with any number of overseas and hash marks on his left arm, and a 32nd Division red arrow on his right shoulder around here, that's our Earl!



P.S.—Besides doing our photographic work Lidh turned gagman on us for the last issue. He was the one who thought up "Hammersley needs help on the lake road! Let's go!" for King of the Royal Mounted to say, and "We have to ride alone tonight Silver. Tonto forgot his fee card," for the Lone Ranger.

Kiss me darling,
Hold me tight;
I want to get some practice
For my date tomorrow night.

* * *

A man will get mad
And tell you to go - - - you know where.
But a woman will smile at you,
And lead you there!

—Urchin

—Urchin

SAD SACK SHUFFLE TIME

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YOUR TWO-BITS' WORTH

(continued from page 10)

to show that you have paid your quarter. DOES THAT SATISFY YOU??

"Okay then," you say, "what for do we students pay that there quarter? What for? What for? Hmmm? Hmmm?" Well, Student Board's publicity agent, B. Andrea Smargon, the fairest flower that the Windy City ever sent up here, puts out all kinds of propaganda about what does happen to your 25 cent piece and mine, but we can't recall any of it right off hand. So, we might as well admit it, this article is all in vain, we don't know what the WSA cards are for, or what happens to your dopey quarter. If you want to know so badly, why don't you hire a detective?!!!!

* * *

All kidding aside, though, our Student Board really gives you plenty for your quarter. The money collected by Student Board finances all phases of student government. Part of it goes to pay Joyce Erdman for performing the duties of her very responsible position. That amounts to \$30 a month. The rest goes for publicity and all the other expenses incurred by any organization.

Last semester Student Board accomplished more than its share. For instance, the Board arranged to have the library open on Sunday; it was instrumental in having an extra basketball game added to the athletic coupon book series; it initiated the referendum to do away with compulsory ROTC, and will send lobbyists to the legislature to work for the abandonment of compulsory ROTC; to aid freshmen, it is now distributing a course evaluation handbook; it is sending speakers throughout the state to educate taxpayers on the activities and needs of the university.

And the Board along with its subsidiaries, the Women's Self Government Association and the Wisconsin Men's Association, has done and will do a lot more. Hang on to your WSA cards. They show that you spent your quarters wisely!

"Itches," says Colonel Stoopnagel, "is something that when a recruit is standing at attention his nose always."

* * *

Who is that letter from?

What do you want to know for?

There you are! What do I want to know for? You're the most inquisitive person I ever met!

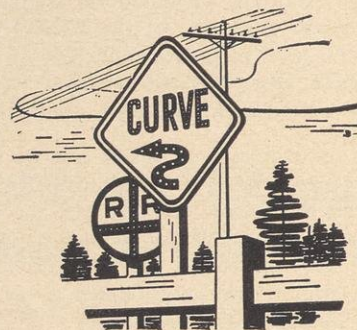
* * *

"There seems to be a lotta girls who don't wanta get married."

"Why do you say that?"

"I know, I've asked them."

All signs point to . . .

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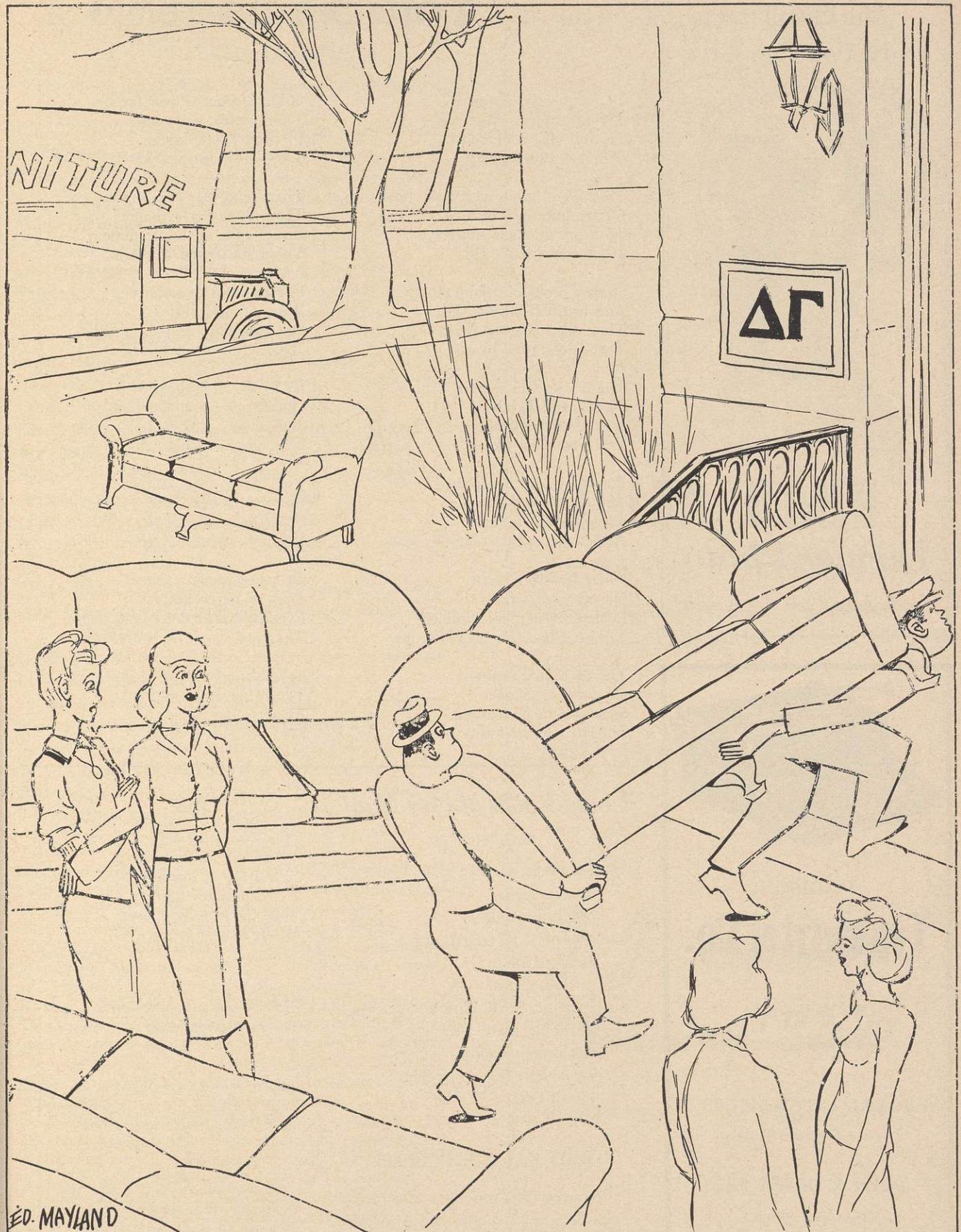
For
**JEWELRY
GIFTS**

See
**BLUM'S
FIRST**

Blum's

JEWELERS

128 STATE STREET



ED. MAYLAND

"I see the Delta Gams are doing their spring decorating."

The Gift That Only You Can Give

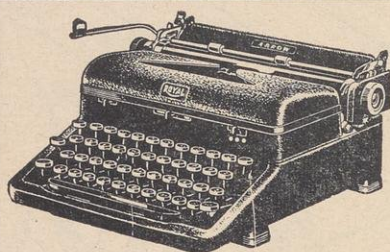


A

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F. 667

You Name It

By MILT LeBLANG

The bars were deserted
Though beer was on tap
To find all the students
Didn't require a map

They were home with their books
Just cramming like mad
To flunk all their courses
Might make pater sad

So they broke out the texts
And brushed off the dust
They oiled the old brain
That had started to rust

There was Chem and Trig
French and Psych
And everything else
You never can like

But the weeks had passed
The month had flown
They hadn't studied
And now had to bone

Notes hastily written
On pieces of scrap
Looked even more jumbled
Then a Chocolate Shop Frappe

The profs had lectured
On subjects galore
Supposed to be learned
But oh! what a bore

Students poured over facts
Some useful, some not
In twenty-four hours
They must learn a lot

There's no play this night
They must stay at home
But in spite of the deadline
Thoughts started to roam

Where was sweet Carol?
What of cute Flo?
Out prancing, and dashing?
'Twould be a low blow.

So to the old phone
"Please give me the 'Hall'
"I'm sorry, quiet hours,
"Oh, an emergency call?"

The "Hall" was searched
But rooms were bare
What had happened?
Where was his "dear?"

It's always the same
They're never around
Even six-weeks don't hold them
They just won't be bound

So books are slammed shut
They'll never be mastered
Away to the Cabin
Let's all get plastered.

Co-ed Looks at Her Mail

NAT ROTH

Mother writes: see that your winter
coat is clean.

It's getting colder.

Father writes: Be frugal, dear,
after all you're
getting older.

Sister writes: Sis Phillips is engaged
to Buddy Hart. Now
that's some hookin'.

Brother writes: (on post card)
Hiyah kid.
What's cookin'???

SAD SACK SHUFFLE

Engineer: "If you start at a given
point on a given figure and travel the
entire distance around it, what will you
get?"

She: "Slapped, sir."

—Sundial

You made hay
While the sun was bright,
I sowed wild oats
By the moon at night.
Your hay is stacked
In bundles neat,
But the lingering taste
Of oats is sweet.

—Sundial

* * *

Here's to the pictures on my desk,
May they never meet.

* * *

She: "Would you like to see where
I was operated on for appendicitis?"
He: "No, I hate hospitals."

* * *

"How kind of you," said the girl,
"to bring me these lovely flowers.
They are so beautiful and fresh. I be-
lieve there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," stammered the young man in
great embarrassment, "but I am going
to pay it off tomorrow."

A Visit With St. Hic!

By WILLARD R. SMITH

'Twas the morn after New Year's, and all through my head

Little creatures were pounding, my eyes felt like lead;
My trousers were piled in a heap on the floor,
I remembered my pals saying, "Aw, have one more!"
Like a bug in a rug in my bed I was nestled,
While, in my nightmares, with bottles I wrestled;
On top of my head was a bag of cracked ice,
And the taste in my mouth it was not very nice.
When out from the sidewalk there rose such a noise,
I wanted to choke all those snow-shov'ling boys.
Away to the window I fell in a heap,
I tripped on my trousers, still half asleep.
The blinding reflection of light on the snow,
Caused me to ponder while gazing below.
Then, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature cocktail, and a case of Schlitz beer.
Who's that old man? See the flask that he yields!—
Ah yes, now I know! It's W. C. Fields!
Quickly, from pockets, his bottles they came,
And he snorted, and hiccuped, and called them by name;

"Four Roses, Old Grandad, I've all kinds, ne'er fear!
And Blatz, Pabst Blue Ribbon, Miller's High Life—
good beer!

Here're drinks on the house, ignore snakes on the wall—
Now chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug all!"

As the sun peeped o'er treetops from out of the sky,
I thought, "Am I dreaming?" I guessed I was "high."

So, up to the housetop pink elephants flew,
With a tray full of bottles and W. C. too.

Then I heard on the roof on the new-fallen snow
The thumping and pounding of each heavy toe.
As I drooled at the mouth, my back to the wall,
I heard W. C. as he came down the hall.
He wore a black top hat and white B.V.D.'s,
And the cane that he carried he swung 'round with ease.
He opened his bundle and gave such a wink,
That I thought of a bartender pouring a drink;
His eyes how they sparkled! His dimples were merry—
His cheeks and nose looked like a red cocktail cherry;
His little red mouth was all shiny and wet,
From a "snort" that he snuck on the way in, I'll bet!
The stump of a cigar butt he clenched 'tween his lips,
And the smoke hung like fog away down to my hips.
He was short and quite stocky—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, and he laughed himself.
A blink of his eyes as he twisted his head.

Soon showed me of him I had nothing to dread.
He made not a sound, but went straight to his work,
And filled all my stockings, then said, "So long, jerk!"
And putting his thumb to the end of his nose,
He climbed to the roof, and as any dope knows,
He jumped on his tray, to his team gave a yell,
And away they all flew, just how fast I can't tell;
But I heard him remark, ere he drove out of sight,
"Horrible hangover to you, sir, and I hope you sleep tight!"

(With apologies to the late W. C. Fields)

SHE'S READY TO GO . . .



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New Bridge Rules

If you know how to play bridge, these will help you.
If you don't know, these will teach you . . .

1. Pick up the cards as dealt. You will be ready to bid ahead of the others.
2. If your hand is rotten, mention it. It will guide your partner in his bid and play.
3. If your partner bids first, don't hesitate to raise. He has to play it.
4. Never hurry! Try several cards on a trick until you are sure which one you prefer.
5. Occasionally ask what is trump. It will show your interest in the game.
6. Walk around the table when you are dummy and look at the other cards. Tell them what cards are good and how many tricks they can make if they play right.
7. Talk about other subjects during the game. It makes for good fellowship.
8. Feel free to criticize your partner. He will do much better as a result.
9. Always trump your partner's trick. Never take a chance.
10. Don't try to remember the rules. It is confusing.
11. If it is a money game, always stop when you are ahead. It will leave a lasting impression and folks will always remember you.
12. Always explain your plays, particularly when set. It shows your card knowledge.
13. Don't show lack of interest when dummy. Help your partner out with suggestions.
14. Disagree with established rules and conventions. People will know you are a person of independent mind.
15. Eat chocolate caramels or other adhesive candy while playing. It will keep the cards from skidding.

—Sundial



"I see Herbert's still carrying the torch for that Smith girl."

REPORTEE

WHERE the *Cardinal* gets its editors it's pretty hard to say. It's hard to say because the dean doesn't like us to use that kind of language, but anyway, they sure have had a long procession of corn-fed characters at the helm of the campus glad-sheet. And it seems to have become our job to build up the aforesaid editors into something.

Last year it was solely through our efforts that John McNelly became a BMOC. This year the big-boy over there is a drab, colorless individual named Dick Leonard. Hardly anyone knows the guy, and it will be tough, but we'll do our best to keep his name before the public.

So here's a bit of dialogue that went on between we and he over at the Three Bells recently. It's all we have about Leonard at present.

OCTY—That's a pretty snappy outfit you're wearing, Dick. (The Cardinalites all have inferiority

complexes, so we try to make them feel good.)

LEONARD — Thanks, Octy. These clothes are pretty nice, if I do say it myself.

OCTY—Sharp hat, sharp scarf, sharp overcoat, you're really the campus Adolph Menjou boy, but say, open up your coat and let's see the rest of it.

LEONARD — Sure thing. (Opens coat with hammy dramatic gesture.)

OCTY—(On seeing his trousers.) Hey, what's the idea? You're a fashion plate on the outside, but you're wearing the crumbiest looking pair of baggy pants this side of the bloomer girls. I don't get it. If you can wear a nice hat, scarf, and overcoat like that, why do you wear those trowsy frousters—er—paggy bants—er—you know what I mean?

LEONARD—Aw, you try to pick up a pair of pants in a restaurant!

News Notes

At a special editorial meeting of the *Daily Cardinal* last week, the problem of what to do about Harry was discussed openly and frankly.

Harry, the Cardinal turtle, who lives in a dishpan in the editor's office, underneath an Octopus placard, had shrunk 2/8 of an inch since the Christmas holidays.

"Does Harry eat?", asked a cog in the Cardinal wheel, opening the discussion.

"Why, where do you think my government check goes," shouted Marv Kobel. "I may starve, but Harry eats!"

The women on the staff smiled superciliously (sp.). "obviously Harry," they said, "needs a lady friend."

The editors were aghast. "Don't you know," Dick Leonard screamed, "there is no place for ladies on the Cardinal".

The office was so quiet you could hear the telephone ringing.

"How do you know Harry is male?" asked Glenn Miller, oblivious to the

conflict. Again quiet. (Someone answer the phone). The question was disturbing.

The meeting adjourned to the Three Bells where the editors discussed the esthetic question: "How can you tell the sex of a turtle?"

In the meantime, a puzzled Harry, concerned over the concern over his welfare, died, in the bottom of his dishpan, of a cardiac condition.

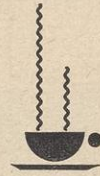
Goodbye Harry!

Printer's note: At last glance into said dishpan Larry and Moe have moved into Harry's apartment. They are a couple of Octy espier, some say?

Pat was determined to pass his favorite "pub" on his way home. As he approached it he became somewhat shaky, but picking up courage, he passed it. Then after going about fifty yards he turned, saying to himself: "Well done, Pat me boy. Come back and I'll treat you."

—Pointer

Want to find a
pleasant, different
place to eat?



The Wooden Bowl

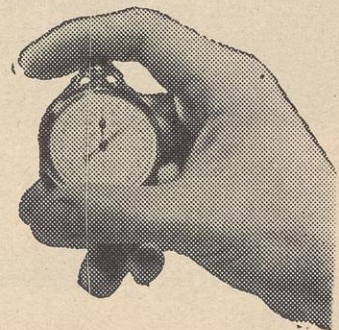
features

- Creamed chicken in flaky patty shell
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It's the Right Time



to Get Her a Gift
COSTUME JEWELRY

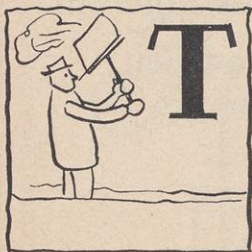
COMPACTS
STATIONERY

THE
Treasure Chest
Gift Shop

656 State

What Is This Thing Called Heterochromosome?

By JIM ENGMAN



THE cloying heat caused their embracing bodies to emanate much warmth exclusive of the tepidness of their passion. For Sandra it was the first time she held a man in her arms since that dreadful day when Anthony had sailed with his Quartermaster Company to distant lands. Now it was different. . . . Anthony was back.

Here in her tentacle-like arms threshed a body which rightfully belonged to her. Lips matched in ecstasy of union, and her blood coursed through her small, supple body like hot steam trying to be everywhere at once so that it could meet the demands of intense refrigeration that physical bodies called for. Eventually the blood realizing the futility of the task assigned flowed unevenly to Sandra's head. The exotic dizziness which preceded her submissive reaction. . . .

But let me interrupt this droll study of human relationships which I am reading to tell you that despite the lucid loquacity usually appended to the subject of sex, it doesn't approach the infinite degree of satisfaction held so highly in esteem by young lovers. Altogether too many people think that to live a normal existence the inclusion of Mr. Cupid's profession into the routine matters of everyday life is of vital importance. And 17,000 Wisconsin students can't be wrong.

No sooner does young Miss or Master America learn that there is a balance to the deathly results of automobile driv-

ing, a balance in the opposite, and for the sake of avoiding argument, let us say, and more pleasant direction, they then imagine themselves the Lotharios and Lucretias of Country Trunk B. Instead of persuing gainful arts demanding of infinite degrees of self-proficiency, the young turns instead into coupled groups which crib their way through high school as the result of spending much of their study time engaged in other nefarious activities . . . and never thinking for one minute that their parents also used the flat tire gag on their respective sires only in a more timely sense. Just ask your Father, son, about the times the buggy wheel came off way out near Milford Crossing as he was driving his current jane home from the Elks' Dance which was held for convenience in the town hall just three blocks from his house. Very little is original in this world, but much is painted in a different color.

Speaking of originality have you tried Syob, the only masculine cigarette on the market today. It brings you that tangy aroma of the country store along with the mildness of Mother's whipped cream pie. No more piquancy of throat irritation, no more hanging your tongue in the ice house after smoking a cigarette. Remember spelled backwards its boyS; so boys, and girls too, if you want a lungful of positively heavenly carbon, smoke Syobs. Look rugged smoking a hand-rolled, he-man's cigarette; light up a Syob, hitch your thumbs into your belt, and children will fear your step little knowing that you are only a \$28.50 shoe clerk from Passiac, N. J. Nine out of nine smokers agree that the telephone is here to say: H Y / B A S, Hey You, Buy A Syob, H Y / B A S.

Since this dissertation has accomplished nothing as yet, let us continue in this idyllic vein. Of all the things I would rather have than I would prefer a good cup of coffee to. Four out of five marriageable women today are under the misunderstanding that good coffee is the result of paying seven fifty for a single purpose looking vessel. The fifth woman thinks it comes like milk, in bottles. For the benefit of all five women I normally travel in the presence of three Pinkerton men, bodyguards extraordinary.

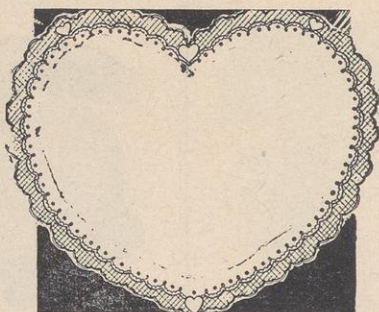
I have tested superb coffee made by a Wyoming sheep herder simply by boiling water in a tobacco tin, and I have subjected my tongue and innards to loathsome concoctions made in some of the finer dining halls in this country. Coffee, like children of unwed mothers, just doesn't happen. There is a cause for good coffee which seems to be an art hoarded by the older generation of homemakers who obviously refuse to pass the proper formulae to their indolent daughters until heaven's angels are taking their deathbed apart, post by quilt. At which time I shall assume the guise of a winged knight and learn the secret myself, but until then I'm going to get a preacher, and an apartment, and set up housekeeping with a Silex unit in every room. Kiss the bride goodbye, Father, but don't burn your lips on the spout.

SAD SACK SHUFFLE TIME

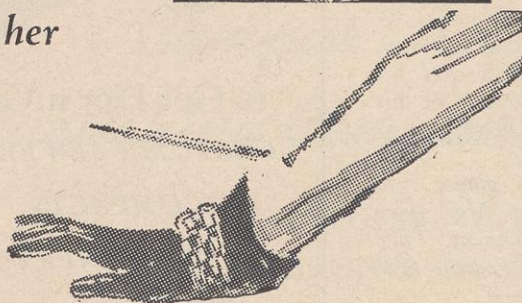
* * *

She was the kind of a girl who wore the kind of dresses that kept everyone warm but her.

She'll wear her



on her



If you take her to

The Chocolate Shop

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BADGER 684

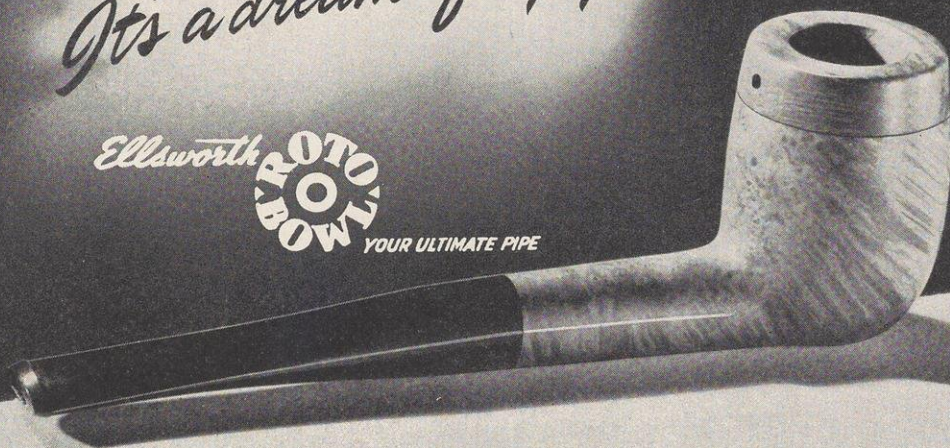
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