

## **Octopus: Annual Cardinal parody. Vol. 32, No. 5 March 1954**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, March 1954

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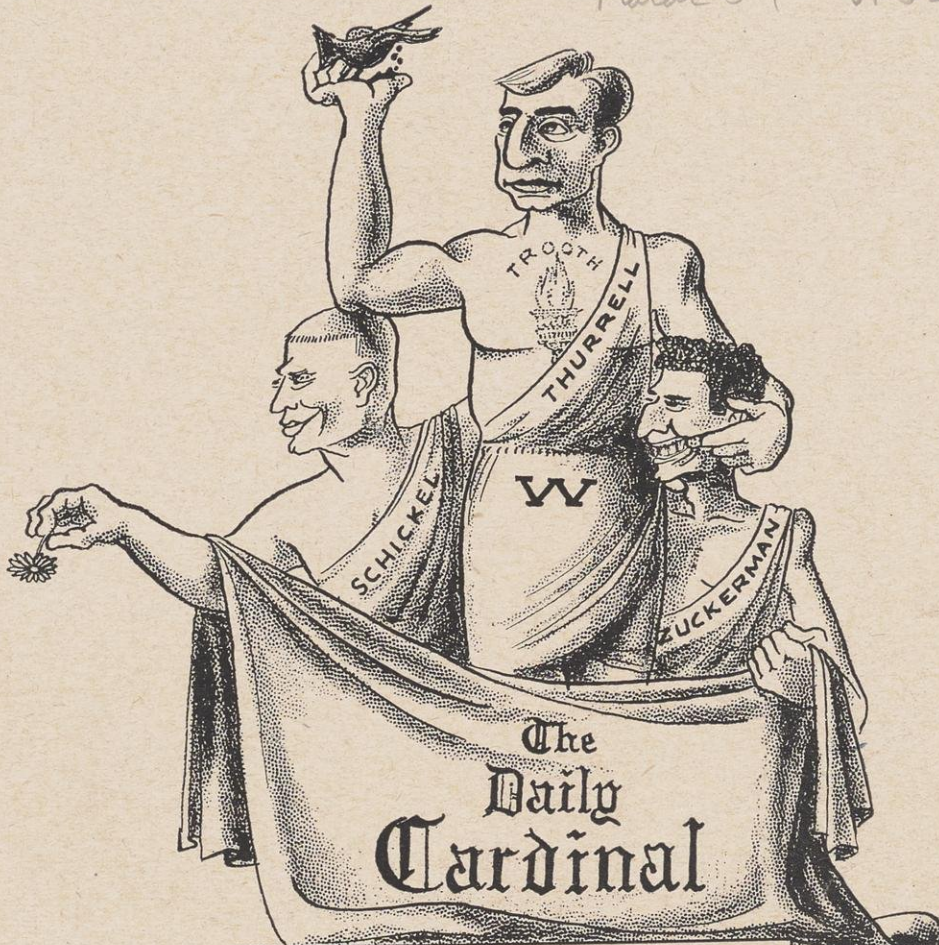
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humor magazine  
for March

octopus

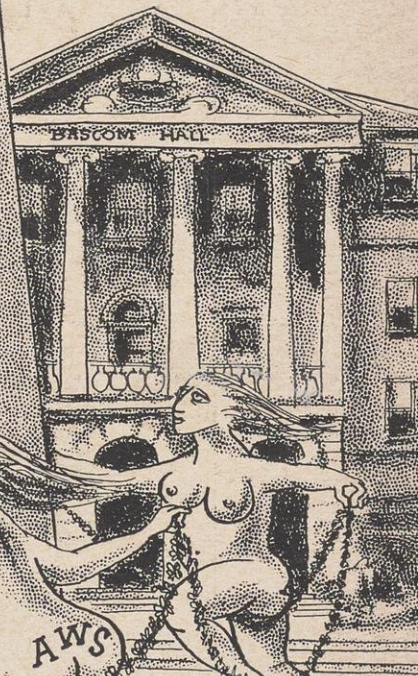
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Vol. 32  
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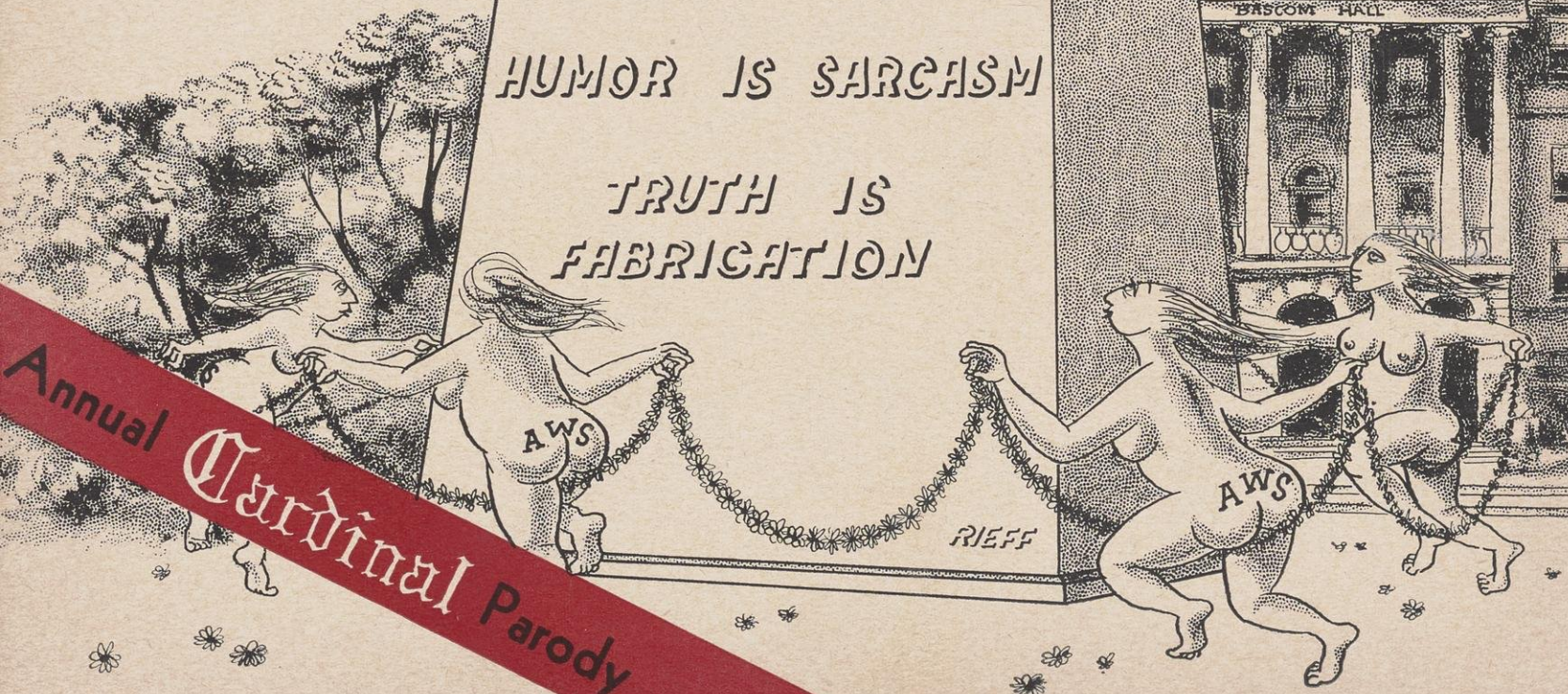


JOURNALISM IS  
SENSATIONALISM  
HUMOR IS SARCASM  
TRUTH IS  
FABRICATION



Annual Cardinal Parody

RIEFF





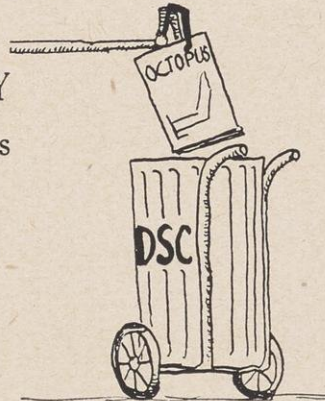
This is a  
college student.



He is UNHAPPY. He has  
NO MONEY. He is almost  
moved to THIS!



Then one day at work he finds a VERY  
FUNNY MAGAZINE! In the magazine he sees  
an AD!



It says, 'Save MON-  
EY at the Co-op!'

He rushes to ask his AD-  
VISER if this is POSSIBLE.  
The ADVISER says, 'Uh-  
huh!'



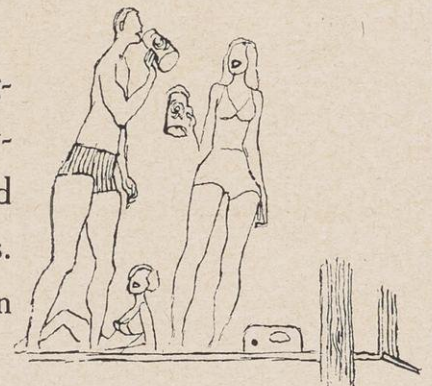
He runs to the Co-  
op to ask MR. SHAW  
if this is POSSIBLE.  
MR. SHAW gives him  
a Co-op card!



At last spring comes  
to Madison!



The STUDENT is no long-  
er UNHAPPY! He has sav-  
ed enough to buy a car and  
outlines for all his courses.  
Thanks to the Co-op he can  
LIVE!



UNIVERSITY

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INN**

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**BOTTLING CO.**

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**Potato Chips**



**RED DOT**  
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SALTED PEANUTS  
FANCY SALTED NUTS

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**ITALIAN AND AMERICAN DISHES**

*plus...*  
**YOUR FAVORITE BEVERAGE!**

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STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF

The Wisconsin Octopus, published monthly except Jan., May, June, July, Aug., Sept. at Madison, Wisconsin for October 1, 1953.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc., 770 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.; Editor, Wayne Arihood, 257 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.; Managing editor, none; Business manager, Peter Leach, 627 N. Lake St., Madison, Wis.


2. The owner is: The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc., (Non-stock, Non-profit) 770 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

Pete Leach, Business Manager  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of March, 1954.

(SEAL)

Agnes L. Moe  
My commission expires February 19, 1956.



dinner to a  
**KING'S** taste . . .  
QUEEN'S, too,  
of course!

**Wooden Bowl**

**AT THE LARK** **2550 UNIVERSITY AVE.**  
Parking At the Rear of A. and P. Lot  
*Recommended by Duncan Hines*



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UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

# octopus

MARCH 1954 • VOLUME 32 • NUMBER 5

ANNUAL SYMBOLIC **Cardinal** SEMI-PARODY

*The Bounders of the Campus  
 Are the Bounders of the State*



# THE MARBLE STATUE

A STORY . . . . . by . . . . . Wayne Arihood

The night was far away and overhead. Shoved from the earth by the many stars and street lights that made a dusky sort of day in the park where I walked. My romantic heart sang within me as I strolled along absorbing the natural beauties around me. I paused beneath one of the lights.

"Street light, street bright,  
First one I've seen tonight."

I recited this in my best oratorical tones, catching the glint the light threw to me. I made my secret wish and continued along the walk. I even whistled a little. I felt good.

My good mood injected a jolly streak of playfulness into me and when I saw a young couple seated on a park bench about fifty feet ahead of me, I swung off the walk and carefully moved up behind them. They were seated in front of a statue of Andrew Jackson and his horse. It was very clever, the way I slowly and quietly climbed up on the statue and straddled the horse right behind Andrew. They didn't have the slightest idea that I was there listening to what they were saying.

Indeed, they didn't say much for a while, being too occupied in diligently trying to refute the law that says no two objects may occupy the same space at the same time.

Then the woman spoke.

"That's about enough," she said.

I could hardly suppress a snicker at this because I could easily see they were not going to get any closer together if they tried. The man did seem willing to try, however.

"Why, what's wrong?" he said.

Then for some reason the woman got up and began to walk away. The man followed her until they were entirely beyond earshot. Had I been in less bright spirits I might have been downhearted at thus losing what had promised to be an interesting and entertaining spectacle. However the poet's heart sang within me once more and I jauntily dismounted and left to seek excitement in some other portion of the park.

Suddenly I had a premonition of something great. I knew an internal brightness that blossomed from the depths of my being and consumed me with an all powerful desire. For what? I didn't know. But I knew I would know soon. I halted in my tracks and tried to determine from which direction this thing had come which had smitten me so forcefully. At length I ascertained that it had come from directly in front of me. I crept forward and crouched behind a bush, eager to continue, yet somehow afraid. Slowly and cunningly I raised my head and looked over the top of the bush.

There it was. A beautiful circular pool of water with many colored lights around the base, all pointing to a figure in the center. She was beautiful beyond anything that I had ever seen before in my life. The lights shone caressingly upon her faultless marble body, and from her mouth a cascade of pure sweet water spewed and splattered into the pool below. My breath escaped from my lungs and I trembled with ecstasy at the sight.

When I had gathered sufficient strength I approached the pool. Tenderly and reverently I touched the edge of the pool and once dipped my hand into the water to feel the cool exhilarating thrill of its wetness upon my skin. I stayed there for hours that night, rich in the realization that this creamy goddess above me was something I had long sought for—something worthy of my love, my every thought.

When at last I wrenched myself from the gorgeous creature my heart leaped within my breast and I with it. All the way home. True, several people cast sidelong glances at me in my bounding flight, but I laughed inwardly at them because they knew nothing of my discovery. They could not even guess at the joy which filled me and made them nothing but poor unpopulated hearts housed within decaying carcasses. Never would I rot away as they would. My love was eternal; as eternal as the marble of my loved one.

I slept little. The image of her was constantly before my eyes. I knew then, more surely than I had ever known anything, that she had to be mine. I had to be with her at all times. I knew there was no limit to what I could accomplish with her as my inspiration. For a brief instant I thought of buying her, then the implications of such a transaction struck me with the full force of their horror. Prostitute such beauty—never. How then could she be mine?

I could steal her. This appealed hugely to my romantic soul. I envisioned myself astride of Andrew Jackson's horse, somehow miraculously come to life, sweeping across the park to gather my darling in my arms and flee the gendarmes. This idea occupied my mind for some time until I began to actually calculate the act. She undoubtedly weighed close to eight or ten tons, much too heavy to gather into my arms, and there were serious doubts surrounding the animation of Jackson's horse.

How then? I beat my pillow furiously and at length cried myself to sleep amid the great pile of feathers.

The following weeks were bitter ones for me. During the daytime the park was filled with people to prevent me from being alone with my loved one. My romantic poetic

*Eyes Up and Right, Please*



## WELL DONE, WELL DONE, HUZZAH . . .

soul cried out against interlopers when the two of us were together. I had to be alone in her presence. Hence, every evening when the park was dark, I went to commune with my love.

She was always there waiting for me and soon I became sure she looked forward to my arrival as much as I. Sometimes I approached quietly and hid myself, looking at her. And on several occasions I was sure I saw her turn her head to see if I was coming. Then when I could see that she was getting impatient, I would burst from my hiding place and rush up to her, saying, "I am here, I am here."

One evening it occurred to me that I had never really touched her. I waded through the pool and climbed up on the base on which she stood. There I felt her smooth rounded contours for fully half an hour until I was so full of the desire for her I could hardly stand.

My problem still remained. How was I to arrange things so I could be with her all the time. I thought and punished my mind with this problem until my brain was nothing but raw nerve ends. To no avail. My poor mortal brain was incapable of handling this gigantic problem. Then the scheme hit me. It came in a dream, a divine dream I am sure for where else could such a perfect idea come from. I would change her from stone into a flesh and blood mortal being!

The more I thought of it the more of a surety it became. I knew that she had shown signs of life at times. On several occasions she had nodded or made some other sign to me and I had even felt her talking to me through my brain waves. I was sure it would work. I could hardly wait to get to her that night.

As I approached through the darkness I caught my first glimpse of her through the trees. She was radiantly beautiful that evening. The spotlights illuminated her to perfection. My heart gave a little jump of glee as I saw her nod to me. I walked up to her and began to speak in my most soothing and persuasive voice. I had it all planned to the last detail.

"Darling," I said, "I want to talk to you very seriously tonight. Dearest, you know how much I want you, how I want to be near you always. You know how I hate the stares of people when I come to worship you during the day. I must have you all to myself and alone. What I am trying to say is, will you come down from there and be my mortal wife. I know you can do it. I feel that you can do it if you will only try. Oh, please do try, I can't bear to be without you any more. You are my life, my everything. They say if a love is strong enough it can accomplish anything. Our love is as strong as any that ever was. So please try hard to do something so that we can be together from now on. I know you can if you will only try."

The next day found me there looking sorrowfully up at my goddess, still marble and still spewing crystalline water from her mouth into the pool below. I was sure I had failed and was about to turn and go home when two early park walkers passed by. One of them pointed at me and spoke.

"Look at that curious statue there. Isn't it funny how a person can walk through here every day and suddenly see something that he has never seen before."

"Yes, it is funny how things happen," answered his companion.

YE ENDE

## CARNAL CARDINAL CRUDITIES

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs, I bathed in the spring of '86."

Did you ever hear about the Frosh who thought the Pope's phone number was Vat 69?

They laughed when I came in with my shorts on, but when I sat down they split.

"Now that you've bought my horse, what are you going to do with him?"

"I'm going to race him."

"Bet you win."

A woman used to go to the doctor to see if she could have children. Now she goes to the landlord.

"Why are you sprinkling grass seed in your hair, Miss Garbo?"

"I want to be a lawn."

The sun trickled lightly through cypress leaves into the crystal pool; Odysseus awoke, wiped the salt from his eyes and peered cautiously around the bush. There in the speckled light stooped Nausica, her lithe body bending to and fro as she dipped her linens into the limpid waters. Her rosy figure was like a nude Aphrodite, chiseled in pink marble. For some minutes The Wanderer sat spellbound, his eyes riveted to the swaying body. Then he spoke.

"Gad," he hissed. "Double-jointed!"

—*Illiad*

Guide: "We are now passing the largest brewery in the state."

Student: "Why?"



"Who's that square you've been running around with lately?"





Octy Presents

*Lois Burke*

This Month's

DREAM GIRL

*Juniorette from Milwaukee—Kappa Kappa Gamma  
5-6764*





## JAZZ

## Dixieland Unlimited

Because of the interest in dixie shown in these parts, readers of the OCTOPUS who read the article, "Those Rockin' Riverboat Rascals," in last month's issue have asked us to follow it up with a short history of the group.

The Riverboat Rascals grew out of the old Capital City Clamdiggers; the date of their birth is not certain. It is known that in November, 1950, the outfit took seventh place, while sponsored by Radio Station WKOW, in a national recording contest promoted by Disc Changer Magazine. "Gut Bucket Blues," a grandpappy New Orleans tune, won the band this honor. The outfit first solidified during a two weeks engagement at the Elbow Room in Rhinelander where Josh Salter and their cornet-man, at the time, Freddie James, did a black face act and sung in dialects.

Since then with their many engagements at country clubs, dances, and jams, the Rascals have become what very probably is the state of Wisconsin's number one dixieland band. During that span the group received avid and helpful backing from the President of the Midwest Jazz Society, John Phillips.

It is interesting to note that, though the piano is an essential instrument in any jazz band, piano players, no matter how good they are, with the exception of such outstanding geniuses as Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, and the like, are often the forgotten men in this land of brass and skins.

The writer was chagrined to discover that he, like so many others, fell into this error. In "Those Rockin' Riverboat Rascals," John Keck, the pianoman, was inaccurately identified as "the newest member of the aggregation." After getting fifty lashes and a hundred "naughtynaughties" from inmates of the Journalism school whose motto is "Accuracy-First and Always," and a number of suggestions to switch his major from Journalism to Ani-

mal Husbandry, the author decided to correct his mistake and salute adequately a truly fine jazzman, John Keck.

John was not the "newest member of the aggregation" but was, in effect, one of the original members. He played in the early Rhinelander engagements where the group "chained him to the piano" and, after serving in Europe with Uncle Sam, rejoined the Rascals.

Though music is strictly an avocation with him, John, who played piano in most of the European Mediterranean countries while a Marine, is generally recognized as having no peer on the old "88" in these parts. A first year law student, 26 years old, single, and a Phi Gam, John, though dixie is his first love, is intrigued by all types of jazz. His favorite pianomen are Jelly Roll Morton, Errol Gardner, Jess Stacy, George Shearing, and Don Ewell, a wide diversification to say the least.

If anyone is still in doubt as to the ability of the Rascals to wow their audiences, a short incident might help to convince them.

When John was stationed with the Marines in Virginia, he got lonesome for the old gang and called long distance to a local establishment here in Madison where the group was performing. The phone call reached the Rascals right in the middle of a set. After exchanging excited greetings, the band, to the delight of Mr. Keck and the crowd, played John's favorites for a full half-hour while he listened happily from his phone booth in Virginia. The telephone operators meanwhile had been enjoying the music along with John and when the half-hour "phone call" ended, the charge was—a surprisingly low \$2.50.

Legend has it that when Buddy Bolden, the father of New Orleans trumpet-men, blew, he could be heard all the way from one side of Lake Pontchartrain to the other. The Rascals had beaten him easily. They were heard playing all the way from Wisconsin to Virginia and made money besides.

—R.J.C.

## Mildly Mirthful . . .

Vassar girl: "Quite a few of our graduates are working girls."

Smith girl: "Quite a few of ours are working men."

The excited young mother called to her husband: "The baby has swallowed the matches!"

He called back: "Here, use my cigarette lighter."

Corporal: "Can you give me a definition of an orator?"

Private: "Sure. He's a fellow who is always ready to lay down your life for his country."

"You don't love me anymore. I'm going back to mother," she whimpered.

"Don't bother," he answered. "I'll go back to my wife."

"Know what time it is?"

"Yeah."

"Thanks."

In the old days, when a fellow told a girl a naughty story, she blushed. Nowadays she tells him a funnier punch line.



"You look more like your mother every day!"



"Bartender, put two cherries in my Manhattan. My doctor told me I should eat more fruit."

\* \* \*

We have read so much about bad effects of drinking that we've decided to give up reading.

\* \* \*

A big beautiful blonde walked up to the window in the bank and plunked down forty-five twenty-dollar gold pieces.

"Naughty, naughty," said the teller. "You've been hoarding."

"Listen, big boy," snapped the lady, "it's none of your business how I earned this money; all you've got to do is deposit it!"

\* \* \*

The elephants and the ants were having a football game. One of the ants got the ball and made a dash for the goal. Galloping across to stop him, an elephant put his foot on the ant, and killed him.

The crowd booed, hissed and threw beer bottles, and the referee came running up to the elephant to reprimand him for his rough play.

"Aw shucks," said the elephant, "I only wanted to trip him."

He: "Is this a picture of your fiancée?"

Him: "Yes."

He: "She must be wealthy."

\* \* \*

A fugitive scientist from a Boris Karloff horror picture dreamed up a serum that would bring inanimate objects to life. He surreptitiously tried it out on the statue of a great general in Central Park. Sure enough, the statue gave a quiver and a moment later the general, creaking a bit in the joints, climbed down from the pedestal. The scientist was overjoyed. "I have given you life," he exulted. "Now tell me, General, what is the first thing you are going to do with it?"

"That's easy," rasped the General, ripping a gun from his holster. "I'm going to shoot about two million damn pigeons."

\* \* \*

Oh, George, let's not park here.

" " " " "

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" " " " "

## A JOKE IS A JOKE, BUT WHAT ARE THESE?

First Boy: I say, what is your name?

Second Boy: Thenabord.

First Boy: What a strange name. What is your last name?

Second Boy: Waggle.

First Boy: Ha ha Ha ha he he he he ha ha ha ha.

Second Boy: What's so funny?

First Boy: No—ha ha ha noth—ha ha ha noth—ha ha he nothing.

Second Boy: Then what makes you laugh?

First Boy: I'm a maniac. Ha ha ha.

Second Boy: What a strange disposition. Ha ha ha ha ha eh ha ha.

First Boy: Ha ha ha ha ha (snort) ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Second Boy: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha aha ahahaha.

World: Ha ha ha ah ha ha ha ha ha eh.

•

A lobbyist who was opposing any large appropriation for a state college approached a legislator who boasted of his self-education.

"Do you realize," asked the portly lobbyist gravely, "that up at the state college men and women students have to use the same curriculum?"

The legislator looked startled.

"And that boys and girls often matriculate together."

"No!" exclaimed the lawmaker.

The lobbyist came closer, and whispered, "And a young lady student can be forced at any time to show a male professor her thesis?"

The legislator shrank back in horror.

"I won't vote 'em a damn cent!"



"Oh, go ahead . . . you spit first."

A little boy went to school for the first time last week and the teacher explained to him that if he wanted to go to the washroom at any time he should raise two fingers.

The little boy, looking very puzzled, asked, "How's that going to stop it?"

\* \* \*

"Are you entertaining a man in your room?" asked the house detective over the telephone.

"Just a minute. I'll ask him."

\* \* \*

Two old maids were sitting at a bar one evening, and after a slight indulgence, one of them remarked, "If I have another Tom Collins, I'm going to feel it."

The other old maid immediately replied: "If I have another I won't care who does."

\* \* \*

Drunk: "Ho! Lady, you got two ver' beaut'ful legs."

Girl (snapping): "How would you know?"

Drunk (brightly): "I counted 'em."

\* \* \*

"Hurray," cried the rabbit running out of the forest fire, "I've been defurred!"

\* \* \*

A professor is a man who tells you how to solve the problems of life he became a professor to avoid.

\* \* \*

Drunk: When a man feels sophisticated and can't pronounce it.



# Tri-Weekly Cardinal

Complete Campus Garbage

Vol. XXXX Hic!

University of Whisky-Sin, Mudisom, Never

Price—No Sense

## VIRGINIA

### LEE SURRENDERS

### THE REBELLION ENDED

### OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE

### GENERAL LEE DESIROUS OF PEACE

### MANLY AND PATRIOTIC LETTER FROM GENERAL GRANT

### THE REBEL LEADER MUST LAY DOWN HIS ARMS

### LEE CAPITULATES

### McArtney To Corrupt Wisconsin Orphanage

In a daring attempt to corrupt the children of America, Senator Joseph McArtney donated 25 dollars to the Sunrise Orphanage, Pewterville, Wisconsin.

Six members of the Daily Cardinal McArtney Investigating Committee have been assigned to check the legality of the donation in hopes that the orphanage will prove to be a Communist front organization.

It is also believed that Hitler (McArtney) donated the money as an income tax dodge if this is at all possible.

When asked why he donated the money Hitler (McArtney) made some inane remarks about "liking children" that no good thinking American could possibly believe.

However, if the donation remains at the orphanage we can only hope that people will have the sense not to discard their children at that particular place.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Bulletin

#### DEAN ZILLMAN CENSORS CARDINAL

Word was just received that Dean Zillman, earnest winnower and sifter of student morals, has clamped a strict censorship upon man's best friend, the Daily Cardinal (pub. thrice weekly). "Someone's gotta censor something around here," he maintained. The Cardinal editor was unavailable for comment, as was Senator McArtney.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Freud'll Speak



University President E. Z. Freud will deliver the 1954 commencement address. It is believed that he will deliver this address sometime next spring despite rumors that there will be no graduating seniors.

The senior class voted to have President Freud deliver the commencement address in place of the usual outside speaker. It was originally planned to have Senator Joseph McArtney speak for commencement but (and we are proud of it) pressure from the Daily Cardinal and other co-operative local organs managed to thwart the effort.

President Freud said, when asked to give the address, "Why, shore. I'd be done happy an' proud to do it. Besides, I could use the fee. Anything for the University community. Why, heck, yes."

The senior class was then instructed to vote for President Freud for commencement speaker. This was done and it seems like that is about all there is to it.

McArtney, being without his thesaurus, declined comment.



**WEATHER**  
Fair and somewhat warmer with -30° temperatures and 70 mph winds from the north diminishing just in time for classes.

### SLIC Votes New Library Condemned

The immediate razing of the new Memorial library and the building of a new, new library was ordered by the University of Wisconsin officials after a public meeting a couple of weeks ago.

The officials first claimed that the action was being taken in compliance with a student "Back to the Quonsets" movement. However, no such movement could be detected.

Therefore, further light thrown on the matter lit up the fact that the initial building of the library failed to raise the tuition sufficiently.

The old new library will be torn down at a cost of three million dollars by the Frumpduck Wrecking Company owned by a cousin of one of the high university officials.

The new, new library will then be built at a cost of 775 million dollars. The new building will be in the shape of a huge quonset hut covering an area of fourteen square blocks.

The cost of the building will be only 5 million dollars, but since the university owns no clear land of the necessary area, about one-third of Lake Mendota will have to be filled in. The area to be filled in has been tentatively set as that from the tip of Picnic Point to the Edgewater hotel. This job is estimated at 700 million dollars, also to be done by the Frumpduck Wrecking and Filling company.

The remaining 70 million dollars is to be spent in moving the Memorial Union from its present site to the new "on the lake" location when the lake has been moved. This job went to the Frumpduck Moving company.

University officials said that when the entire jab has been finished tuitions will be high (turn to page 10)



## Nudist Shocks Campus, Pleases Students

Miss Delece Antrospear was apprehended today by the campus police for indecent exposure; she was fully unclothed.

The arrest was made while she was attempting to sneak into her English 1b classroom at 7:55. As the police dragged her, protesting, from the room, her instructor was heard to remark, "Never punctual, that girl, never punctual."

Assistant professor of anatomy, Julius Fairchild, who was visiting the class, remarked, "There is no question in my mind — Miss Antrospear is decidedly mammalate."

When questioned about her lack of attire, Miss Antrospear replied: "Clothes are boring. Anyhow I can attract more men this way. You'd be surprised how many dates I've had since I've been going around this way. It pays to advertise, I guess. And besides it's such a problem planning your wardrobe when you've got a 7:45. I'm all for the simple life."

Unsympathetic Jo, inspector of campus police, slapped a fine on her, and as she sauntered out the door everyone noted the large red handprint on her posterior.

## Lump to Leap for UW Co-eds

Lorlotta Lumps, a new addition to the University teaching staff, will begin her lessons to Wisconsin girls this week. Miss Lumps teaches the famous Stomach Rhumba to dance majors.

The dance consists of resting two glasses on the stomach and flexing muscles so as to clink the glasses in a rhumba rhythm.

The class is already filled by ambitious co-eds who like to be the life of the party.

Miss Lumps claims to be a direct descendant of the original Little Egypt who thrilled millions with this dance a few years ago.

### New Library — cont.

enough to "exclude all but the worthiest of students to our university community." No exact tuition figure has been revealed.

Note—A Daily Cardinal reporter got this exclusive story while applying for a student loan. Rather than miss such a spectacular story completely, the Daily Cardinal is printing it for the benefit of the 10 or 15 students who have not as yet heard of it.

—Ed.

## Cardinal Calendur

- 8:00 a.m.—Get up you lazy slob.
- 8:30 —Hoofer's angle worm hunting association meets on Union terrace.
- 11:00 —WSA ski meet at the jump.
- 11:15 —Ambulance goes to ski jump.
- 12:00 —TGIF party—no classes.
- 1:30 —Cardinal goes on the newsstands. Carriers deliver the Daily Cardinal to your doorstep.
- 2:00 —E. Z. Freud speaks on the third vertebrae of the sea urchin.
- 2:30 —High school band concert in great hall.
- 2:45 —200 North Park Street is opened up for music lovers fleeing from the Union.
- 3:00 —Pershing Rifles Demolition Crew will blow up Bascom Hall at their regular practice session.
- 3:15 —Senator McArtney to blat political trash at the Doogievillie Town hall, Maine.
- 3:45 —Cardinal Candidates meet in the Rathskeller. Bring the propaganda leaflets and bombs.
- 5:30 —Go to bed, sonny, you've had a busy day.

## Shrdlu Shrdlu Gets Honorary Etaoin & 99

Well sir, a funny thing happened to me the other day. I was a' walkin' down Bascom Hill when all of a sudden this guy who had something wrong with his etaoin shrdlu 22#6&. Pretty soon a whole crowd had gathered. Two women fainted when they saw what this character was doing with his 88—"shrdlushrdlu.

I almost split a gut when some jerko called the cops. They came a'pilin' up in a squad car and ran over to stop this joker just as he was about to etaoin shrdlu 99&\*-. @ shrdlu a woman who was screaming in terror.

Only once before had something like this happened at the University and when it did the cruddy guy who tried it was sent to the State Mental Institution where all etaoni shrdlu are sent.

University officials in commenting on this unhappy incident, said, "This is what happens when you let a magazine like the Wisconsin Octopus print on campus. It gives bad ideas to all the innocent etaoin shrdlus 8&\$\$#c696969.

(Ed. Note: It is interesting to note the resemblance between the names of etaoin srdlu 99&69 and Sen. Joseph McArtney. This may mean something we aren't sure.)

Some ants are alive  
Some people are alive  
Some people are ants  
Some ants are people  
Anything can be sometimes.

## Cardinal Quiz Tactics Exposed

Sen. Joseph McArtney's Committee on Un-American Activities yesterday released its report on its findings of the investigation of the Quizz Bowl contest between the Cardinal and Octopus staffs.

The report states that Zeke Cope, president of the Union, confessed to the committee that the games committee, in conjunction with the Cardinal, had provoked and perpetrated a hoax on the Octopus staff by wiring Stan Zuckerman's arm, through an intricate system of pulleys, to the moderator's table.

This gave Zuckerman the jump on the Octopus staff. When asked about the matter, Mr. Zuckerman replied: "I stand on my rights under the Fifth Amendment and refuse to answer upon the grounds that it may incriminate me."

## ATTENTION STUDENT EATERS!

### HELP US NAME OUR VERY BRAND NEW LEFT-OVER SANDWICH

"IT" is a bag of dry bread crusts with:

- 3 dead male humming birds, or
- 3 dead female humming birds, or
- oleomargarine and liquid eggs, or
- another bag of dry bread crusts

### Suggested Names For "IT" Have Been:

"IT" — "Xyzo()!!!" — "It Stinks" — "Nurd" —  
"Tasty-Wasty-Pasty" — "This Isn't Really A Sandwich,  
Is It, Charlie?" — "Liberace Leftovers" — "ACH" —  
"Horrible" — "Bug-Food" — "Enchantment"

IF YOU NAME "IT", "IT", YOU MAY RECEIVE A PRIZE

## Italian Township



# Parties Hit All-Time Low

Due to the appearance at nearby Middleton Town Hall by Senator McCartney, parties will hit an all-time low this weekend. **Zeta Eta Theta** is throwing a Chinese hashish orgy with all opium, marijuana and "H" furnished. The club room will be tastefully decorated in fish nets and electric fans with decorative coolies stationed at all doors. This party is registered from 9 to 6.

**Phi Beta Kappa** has hired the College Club Friday night for a surprise party. Although details are secret, Irma Flatflush, Social Chairwoman, announced that each member is to bring an armload of firewood, and fire extinguishers

## Grad Club Has Blast

The Wisconsin Grad Club held its weekly beer blast in the Rosewood room of the Union yesterday. The grad club functions are always associated with a helluva raucous good time and this latest party was no disappointment to the members.

Punch was served from a huge horsetank in the center of the room. Approximately 300 members were crammed into the tiny room which added to the enjoyment of the party. At about three in the morning everyone was stretched out on the floor fully inebriated when the International Club came in. They danced for fully twenty minutes before they discovered that the floor was packed solid with Grad Club members. Then the Grad Club was aroused and the two groups had a party together until dawn.

Igor Stokowski, Grad Club member said, commenting on the party, "Wheesh, da wash the besh-tesh-t."

Entertainment for the blast was furnished by Oswald Cropotkin and his Liltling Lithuanians. They disappeared sometime around ten thirty and have not been found as yet.

Chairman of the party, Framis Ignatz said, "I know they didn't leave because I still have the money to pay them. I think we'll have to look between the cracks in the floor. Maybe they were on the bottom of the pile."

Next week another party will be held if the members are in shape. However, all meetings hereafter will be held at the Pirate Ship, a precaution against running out of liquor.

will be stationed near the centrally located ten foot stake. Senator McCartney has been invited.

**Tau Tau Tau**, newly established fraternity, will hold what they playfully call a "house raising" party Saturday afternoon and evening, on the vacant lot at 633 Langdon. Members have been asked to invite Phy Ed majors to bring their own pickaxes, bulldozers and nails. Prizes will be given for the most bricks laid, most trophies borrowed from other fraternities, and so on. The party is open and beer and hammers will be furnished.

**George O'Laughlin** has announced that he is going to go out Friday night and get damn good and drunk. He was restrained at the infirmary during St. Pat's day, he bellowed.

A **Mil Ball** is being sponsored Sunday night by the Daughters of the American Revolution in the Men's Room of the Edgewater. They wish to emphasize that they are not connected with another organization presenting a somewhat inferior Military Ball on or about April 10. Refreshments of tea and wafers will be served, Social Chairwoman Lois Toddle enunciated.

## GIRLS!

Get yours now  
and . . .



. . . get it here.

**ZDUZIES**  
**G-String Surplus**

Daily Cardinal

# Society



## Beast Pool Queen Will Rain Some Time Soon

by MARION VOID

Four University co-ers have entered the all University Beast Pool. This pool is sponsored every year by the Uptown Beauty Parlor.

Contestants are, Martha Whatapus, An. Husb. 4, Gargantuan

Grizzlieside, ME 3, and Percival Morningweather, a Poly. Sci. major.

Although Morningweather is officially listed in the student directory as a male, he claims that a recent trip to Denmark has qualified him for entry in the contest.

Contestants in the contest next May will campaign around campus in various ways. Last year one of the winners had a great deal of fun by procuring blind dates with fellows and then having a cameraman there to take pictures of the stricken man thus getting into the paper.

However, the Daily Cardinal does not like this kind of tomfoolery as the price of film and developer has gone up considerably.

Anyway, the contest will be held sometime.

Senator Joseph McCartney was originally chosen as a judge for the contest but pressure from the Daily Cardinal, we are happy to say, effectively sidetracked this move.

**Go to classes!**  
**It's educational**  
**as well as**  
**Entertaining**

## Innumerable Initiates Are Initiated

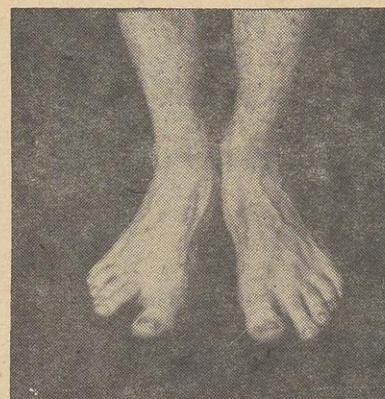
Last week was a hellful one for the campus here. Several fraternities and sororities ground pledges up for dog food thus making them eligible for initiation into their respective secret organizations.

Surviving the ordeal were: Dol-lata Anne Gimp, Trudy Grk, Moriavannia Moriarity, Krigma Sappa; Porcenalia Stove, Mary Smith, Tri-Smelt; Yetta Smokebomb, Gargantuanna Janes, Drucilla Dudnick; Alpha Whee; and Maxine Hoodwink, Kappa Snappa 'Jamma.

Fraternity initiates were: Al-vernion Turnvernon, Beaureguard Belch, Edgar Noodnick, Cry Fie; Jason Briskbottom, Norbert Lune, Karlos Korkingraffstan Jr., Phi Delta Nowhere; and Percival Fauntleroy, Mairmaduke Gillette, and Jake Steel, Phi Beta Kappa.

The names of the dead have not yet been released.

**It'll Put You on Your . . .**



**FLIMSEY-ARCH SUPPORTS**  
*"approved by arches everywhere"*



# Comment

... a page of opinion

## Hurrah For Speech Freedom

**FREEDOM OF SPEECH**, the most traditional of our American rights was upheld yesterday when university officials consented to allow Georgi Malenkov, a Russian immigrants, to teach Economics 1-A here.

**MALENKOV**, though suspected of being a communist, was allowed to take his post despite the uproar from certain factions who call themselves "open-minded Americans." As we see it, the only way they could possibly be open-minded is through the very apparent holes in their heads.

**SO HURRAH** for unabridged freedom of speech, long may it stand as the ideal on which this university was founded and by which it has remained truly great. Amen.

## Down With Mind Poisoners

**DISPLAYING STUPIDITY** previously unsurpassed in the annals of this university's history, the YGOP invited Senator Joseph McArtney to be the guest of honor and main speaker for the annual Young Republican's banquet.

How anyone could have the audacity to invite such an infamous person to this campus where he will have the opportunity to corrupt young impressionable minds, it is hard to say.

**IT IS APPARENT**, however, that the university needs some sort of ruling which will exclude persons like the notorious Senator.

But if the air does happen to become polluted by the presence of Hitler (McArtney) we hope all the members of the university community will have the sense to get drunk or otherwise debauched rather than attend the scandalous affair.

## The Daily Cardinal

Entered in any third rate post office as fourth rate matter, under an illegal act by Etaoin Shrdlu and usually under the cover of night.

Founded unfortunately, and in a year that no one ever speaks of. Worse yet, the rag is still meeting deadlines. Owned by a man who won't give his last name and tolerated by the students (?) at the University of Wisconsin.

Published occasionally.

The opinions expressed in signed columns do not represent the opinion of any normal person, living or dead, and if they are, he should be dead.

OFFICES: For the Editorial staff—Temporary No. 27  
For the Business staff—Fictitious staff

\* \* \* \*

Roger Thrill  
Editor-in-Cheek

Grave Cadaverous  
Business Manager

Shick Diddle  
Associating Editor

And lots of real-live, honest-to-goodness staff members.

## Philoprogenitiveness or What?

You call yourself intellectuals yet you do not indulge in intellectual squamousness. Is this parliamentarianism or is this philoprogenitiveness. Answer me if you swage. If you swagen't than ye are simply hamamelidaceous. Churches are for roentgenologist's not for intellectuals. Intellectualism is the true art of stereoismerism. Conformity is an evil parasythesis which will eat away your tabanids.

America is not for the Americans, America is for the intellectuals, the true foudroyant gametophytes of this appoggiatura appanage in which we live.

I long to breathe the pure air of an appoggiatura appanage not the soiled and tawdry drafts of a pysphagia uamaukeeaokaainaikapono. Valetudinarians are scum. Let us not forget that to be a capitalist is to be insane. Remember what Uvulitis Uzbek once said, "Intellectuals are the true capitalists of the universe." I sir am proud to be an intellectual.

Zorman Naichesk

P.S. Down with that capitalist McArtney.

## No Cardinal? Tish.

Dear Sirs,

When in the hell are you going to get around to delivering my Cardinal? Last fall I came up here as a green freshman and got stuck for a subscription and since then I haven't heard a word from youse. One time I went down to your office to check the matter and a guy grabbed me and put me to writing editorials. So I guess maybe you owe me more than my year's subscription. I mean really now, let's cut this baloney. All over the place I see these signs that say "Only the well informed read the Cardinal" or something and I'm damn ready to be well informed. Let's get on the ball.

Fervently,  
Jason Fright

\*\*\*\*\*

## Mailbox

"IN THE MAILBOX" space is set aside for publication of letters to the editor. All letters are printed but must be under 250 words in elngth, non-libelous and signed. Anonymous letters will not be printed unless they correspond directly with the opinions of this paper. The Cardinal reserves the right to alter any letters which prove too defamatory or opposed to tis policies. Comment on any subject is invited as long as it is suitably esoteric and slanted.

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## Book of the Month Club Makes Up For Three Month Idle Period

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN STAFF DIRECTORY — 1953-1954 (Campus Publishing Co. 25 cents.) I was a little disappointed in the work. It seems that the author got so wrapped up in the characters themselves that he gave practically no thought to the plot. The grad assistant idea was over worked, and the style was generally dull and stilted. There were a few bright moments (example: Loans and Scholarships, Committee on—Elizabeth Madden, Secy) but I can't go on record as advising the purchase of this drab little edition.

BULLETIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN — College of Letters and Sciences — Announcement of Courses—1953-1954 (Campus Publishing Co. 35 cents.) The volume concerns itself with one character "a student" sometimes referred to as "students" which struck me as being an exceptionally obtuse nickname. The author has attempted to transfer the surrealism of the artist to a new medium, the fairy tale. "For graduation" is clearly the paramount object of the travels of "a student." "Admission requirements" was the villain that constantly frustrated "a students" at-

tempts to reach this "for graduation." Whether or not "a student" finally got to "for graduation" or not is something that I can't tell you. I got a little bored with a story that had only two characters, and confidentially, I couldn't understand the book.

MADISON TELEPHONE DIRECTORY — August 1953 (Milwaukee Publishing Co. \$1.00) A new type of adult literature has presented itself to the world in the form of the above named modest edition. The author has revolutionized the field of fiction writing. By listing the characters on white pages, with no plot present, and later in the book listing plots on yellow pages, the author has made every man an author. Anyone who reads this publication can select any characters that he likes and then, turning to the yellow pages, he can set the characters he has chosen into any plot that he desires. The possibilities of this new type of literature are tremendous. I suggest that anyone interested in the American fiction novel plunk down the necessary one dollar and purchase "Madison Telephone Directory—August 1953."

## Union Faces Red Probe ... Officials Lax

The Wisconsin Student Union is being sued by the Federal Government under the Taft-Hartley labor law, it was learned today. Complaints filed against the Union for violations of the law included failure to file a non-Communist affidavit, selling alcoholic beverages to minors with intent to incite lawbreaking, and twenty-three other counts.

No comment was available from either the Union Directorate or Student Bored, but Sadie Glutz, a janitress in the building reported that she saw Nodice Butts, Union head, clearing all pink papers from his files, muttering, "Down with the FBI." An hour later, at 6:42 p. m., a group of interested students reported that Butts was conducted, hand-cuffed, to a police car, still muttering.

In an interview with The Daily Cardinal, Dick Powell and Humphrey Bogart, special investigators on the case explained that definite traces of Red activity had been uncovered. "The joint is crawlin' wit 'em," commented Bogart, "Look at this Rosewood room. Now is that red, or ain't it?"

"And that Edwin Booth spot," added Powell from between two side teeth. "That's the guy that killed Lincoln, Subvoisive, that's what this whole stinkin' jernt, is, subvoisive."

TRY-WEAKLY CARDINAL  
Sometime Soon

## Knight Clad In Clothes In Armory

A knight, clad in full armor and riding a white horse with all sorts of trappings, was discovered wandering around in the third floor recesses of the armory last night.

The discovery was made by Herman Zilchenslob, ME 4. Zilchenslob had become lost, he said, while hunting for his 3:30 p. m. ROTC class and had not been able to find his way out by 11:00 p. m. when the discovery was made.

"I couldn't believe my eyes," said Zilchenslob. "I went around a corner and there he was. I mean, I knew the building was old, but not that old."

The knight who claims he was looking for the holy grail when he got lost, has decided to enter the university and study ancient history.

"I got that stuff cold," he said. His horse, Hayburner, is currently enrolling in animal husbandry. "Hell, if the boss is going to go to school," he said, "I might as well stay around too. Just for kicks."

Senator McCartney will probably be in town some time next week to investigate the situation, we don't know but we imagine he will.

(turn to page 8)

## Have You Tried Dope?

The  
International Narcotics League  
for the Corruption of Young  
Folks urges you to try it.

- COCAINE
- HEROINE
- MARIJUANA

All Especially Blended For Your  
Pleasure!

Just try Narcotics for 30 days—you'll  
never quit!



DOT GRK  
SAYS:

"Gee, but do I ever like dope. It gives me a real keen jag. And it's not too expensive, either. Look at how much a good movie costs. And the nice little holes you get in your arm are nice little holes. Better than a tattoo, girls. I've been on the kick for 20 years. Why don't you try it too?"



# Fencers Lose-Five Dead

## Fighters Win

The University of Wisconsin boxing squad won their first match in twelve years last night. The fights were held at Georgie's Bar where our boys sailed into a group of high school students who were making fun of them.

Coach Shmaltz said, "The boys looked good. They did some fine jabbing I think."

The special hero of the fight was Suger Brine. After the high school crowd had cleaned up on all the other members of the squad, Suger took them all on one at a time, thus winning the match for the team.

The team fights Milton college next week and another loss is anticipated at the hands of the Milton Farmboys.



Miss Irma X. Pulchritrude will grace the gridiron next year at Wisconsin. Coach Williamstone feels that Irma will be a good morale booster on the squad. "She'll make a great guard," he says.

## Kappa Delt's Guzzle to Championship

The diminutive damsels from Kappa Delta sorority guzzled their way to the All-University Chug-A-Lug Championship last night. Not only did the girls soak up beer faster than foam, but after twenty elimination bouts with liter steins not one girl made a hasty retreat from the line-up. Captain Bessie Lagar explained the girls' victory, "We KD's had to drink that stuff fast. We're on social pro and have to be back by 10:30."

In the thirteenth round the girls set a new university record of 33.89 seconds when they defeated the powerful frat champs, Eta Lotta Pi, who had been practicing all week.

Runners-up were the faculty team sponsored by the Stadium Bar.

Meanwhile the KD's are confident that if the beautiful three-inch keg shaped trophy doesn't attract scores of new pledges, their year-long subscription to Fouerbock will.

## Three Missing Last Seen Heading North

A fencing meet at dawn this morning resulted in a win for the varsity squad of Podunk high school. Wisconsin lost the meet and the casualties were so heavy that it is believed there will be no more fencing this year. The team was hacked down to two members.

The unofficial meet was provoked when the captain of the Podunk team slapped the Wisconsin captain across the face with his glove at a local pub.

The usual challenges were offered and accepted, and the date was set for the duel.

At dawn the teams began dueling. Wisconsin was winning until they started falling, pierced with arrows shot by hidden bowmen in the trees.

When the bodies of the Wisconsin fencers were found, a large Z had been carved in their chests. Zorro is suspected.

Senator Joseph McArtney was not present at the fracas but if he had been it is doubtful that he would have been of any help.

## Quotes of Armour

by

George 'Doc' Armour

Cardinal Sports Editor



It is nearing that time of year when the breasts of every red-blooded American swells with pride, when every muscle yeah! every infinitesimal portion of his very being throbs with delight. It is that time of year when ball meets bat and a thousand voices rise to the skies in that thrilling, thoroughly red-blooded, shout of "Kill the Umpire." The Baseball Season. Down in Florida and out in Arizona, many husky, bronzed warriors of the diamond are slowly rounding into shape for that battle to end all battles, the pennant race. We also have a baseball team here at Wisconsin. I think they start to play sometime soon. If they don't who cares cause baseball doesn't make much money anyway here at the university and after all as anyone knows money is everything for without it you are as Shakespeare once said, "An ass."

Your Daily Cardinel sports staff, following faithfully our beloved paper's policy of sifting and winnowing, has winnowed an amazing discovery which should shock the university to its very foundations. Some of our athletes living amidst our hallowed walls of ivy are prone to accept—scholarships. I

personally sifted this information from a senior left-fielder on the football team, Arnold Bulbous. Bulbous, who said he could live no longer with the ignominy of the scarlet (scholarship) hanging over his brow, whose honesty forbade him to live longer under this capitalistic evil, money, and who has failed to win a letter in this three years on the varsity, gave us the information eagerly that he received the unbelievable sum of \$2.50 monthly for "only scrubbin' out the johns in Kronshage." Let us hope that this fantastic sham, scholarships, now exposed for what it is worth, will disappear for ever from the beautiful campus of our University of Minnesota. In order for our boxing team to bear the name of Wolverines proudly and with honor it is necessary for them to, as William Shakespeare once said, "be" (taken from "To be or not be" Hamlet—Act III, Scene I, Line 65'.

## NAM Says 'Poolhalls Before Vet Housing

The National Association of Millionaires has disclosed that several unscrupulous veterans have been using building materials for houses while commercial construction is at a standstill.

While the country is crying for bowling alleys and cocktail lounges, the veterans have been paying black market prices for plumbing and roofing fixtures, leaving the manufacturers no opportunity to expand.

Mr. Milton Dollar, president of the National Association of Millionaires, who served in the Battle of the Bilge and saw four Army-Navy football games during the

war, has stated:  
"We fellows who gave our all are getting a raw deal. I know for a fact there are more houses than racetracks being built right now. I have proof that the veterans are building these houses, and all they want to do with them is live in them.  
"This is not free enterprise. The millionaire is shackled by red tape and can't make an honest million. Is this why I was in Palm Springs for two years? Is this what I fought for? I say these veterans should be investigated and punished."  
South Carolina Wampus.

## NAM Says 'Poolhalls Before Vet Housing

IT TAKES LONGER FOR A MAN TO WALK SOMEWHERE THAN TO RUN SOMEWHERE.

(Turn to page 8)



## Lathrop Pool Has Pet Shark Removed

A man-eating shark was discovered yesterday evening in the Lathrop Hall swimming pool. Authorities were, to say the least, puzzled as they could find no sensible reason for a man-eating shark to inhabit a women's pool.

The shark was discovered when one of the Lathrop girls, Clyde Mary Snide, disappeared at the 50 yard mark in a 100 yard breast stroke race. It was feared that Clyde Mary had either suffered exhaustion or lost her swimming suit so the instructor, Matilda Boomer, dove in after her.

Miss Boomer, unable to find Clyde Mary, was swimming back to the pool's edge when she felt a cold nose touch her from behind. Turning inquisitively she encountered a 25 ft. shark, Alvernon Blemingsphere by name, who told the Cardinal reporter in a special interview that he had just stopped in for a social swim on his way to the Galapagos islands for a brief vacation.

Members of the University police force ejected Blemingsphere from the pool with a stern warning not to try eating Wisconsin women again.

Miss Boomer who suffered a bad case of nervous frustration said, "You just don't know how it scared me. I just don't know why man-eating sharks can't do their swimming at the Armory instead of bothering us girls."

(Ed. Note: Rumors have it that Sen. Joseph McCartney who everyone knows is against Wisconsin women may be a distant relative of Mr. Blemingsphere who is believed to be connected with General Motors, a fascist, capitalist organization dedicated to the overthrow of Communism.)

### RETRACTION

Your redfaced if undaunted Cardinal, at the suggestion of Senator McCartney, wishes to retract last Friday's weather report which undoubtedly was submitted by some frustrated Eng Lit major.

## DON'T FORGET TO VOTE YESTERDAY

PAGE 8

IS

VERY

ENTERTAINING

## Infirmary Takes Inventory

It was with alarm that Interne Milton G. Frisbee, Chief Doctor in Residence at the student infirmary, reported yesterday to Campus Police headquarters the loss of three doctors, nineteen students and one investigating Cardinal reporter. They all were known to be in the infirmary when the doors were locked last night, he reiterated.

Student theorized that the doctors were not missing at all but that they, like most of the doctors reputed to be on call, had never been there at all.

The missing students are considered a problem by Interne Fris-

bee. Cannibalism by other hungry invalids, consumption, and raiding by the Cadaver Squad of the medical school have all been eliminated as possibilities. There are signs that the students made a break but this is denied. Interne Frisbee grunted, "If they're gone, I'll find 'em! They must learn discipline!"

Our reporter has come in just as we went to press, covered with welts and bruises. She declares "I had a nice long talk with that man Frisbee, and he convinced me that the infirmary is sure the greatest!" She had been sent there for treatment.

## Lake Mendota To Freeze Up

By ROGER THRILL

(Master Thrill, a member of our Cardinal Candidate Class, in this farsighted article shows his great desire to get ahead.)

The Student Laxity and Apathy Board in a surprise move today predicted a freezeup of Lake Mendota "almost any day now." The announcement created a furor on campus.

Hoofers set to work to store their canoes and sailboats away, and the Student Lifesaving Service called its observers down from their watchtowers. Marine Biology officials rushed a warning to their skin divers now working the Southeast corner of Mendota, at 12 fathoms.

The Capital Times printed the story without comment.

Senator McCartney, when reached at his office in the Pentagon, stated: "I warned you I warned you I warned you, the cold war is getting closer all the time." With that he rushed off to vacation with friends in Texas.

Reports have it that the Student Laxity and Apathy Board has also left for a rest, in Texas.

## Bascom Hill Is Old Mound

Mounds F. Prehensile, imminent Wisconsin Anthropologist, in conjunction with his contemporary Professor W. W. Howls today announced that "Bascom Hill is actually one gigantic Indian mound."

Within Bascom, he confessed, lie the bones of possibly three million savages. Dr. Prehensile theorized that they were sacrificed to satisfy the sadism of an ancient chieftain known as "Kohler," whose machine was later flushed out.

Howls and Prehensile plan to level Bascom in their search for artifacts; the dirt will be used to fill in the Armory pool and thus

## Classified Ads

### FOR RENT

GREAT HALL, NICELY DECORATED and great big. Will rent to any student activity for \$600 a night. Call Bill Johnson or Porter Bust at the Union.

ONE GOOD QUARTET ONLY slightly used. Two violinists, a cellist, and a viola player are looking for a nice restaurant where they can play Strauss waltzes.

WANTED — 2 QUIET BOYS TO share a 3 room suite with 2 others. Attractive study room overlooking St. Paul freight yards, bedroom, private bath and a great big hole in the wall. Call 6-1002.

### FOR SALE

GIRLS' DORMITORY. WITH roof alterations this could be a first class place. Running water throughout building. Call 6-5531 and ask for Ann.

HOMEcoming BUTTONS FROM 1934 on. We've got lots of them to get rid of at a reduced price. Call Bruce Fellows.

1922 MAXWELL, IN GOOD CONDITION considering. Owner getting too old to drive. Call Pres. Emeritus Birge in Biology Bldg.

### WANTED

COMPETENT PERSON WHO can rewrite, repeat, rewrite prize-winning Haresfoot show. Should have talent along musical lines. Call Jack Haueter — anything.

INTERESTING PIECES OF INFORMATION for filler items. Have exhausted World Almanac. Call or write Daily Cardinal.

REFINED COLLEGE GIRL wants ride to Lower Slobbovia during Christmas vacation. Will share expenses. Call Kappa house and ask for Mame.

provide more parking facilities.

In this huge leveled area will be built a new Anthropology Research building which has been put off for lack of suitable location. The Anthropology Department assures as that there is no connection between their unproved theory and their need for a building site.



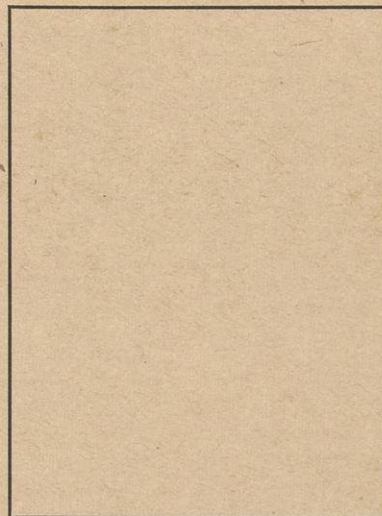
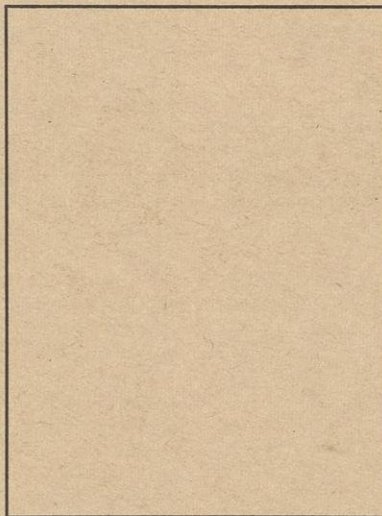
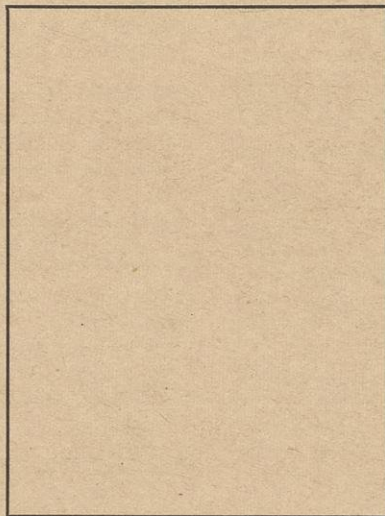
# *The Daily Cardinal Proudly Announces the Names of the 3 Remainders of the 1953-54 Cardinal Candidates Class*

After one grueling week of reading and memorizing Daily Cardinal copy, 3 hard-working partial young course majors have won their positions as press-operators at our little plant.

After one year of apprenticeship these three will be ready to submit letters to the Daily Cardinal. After this major promotion it is only a matter of grades, attitudes, affiliation and the personal prejudices of our staff that will limit their promotions.

## **THESE ARE THE REMAINDERS:**

NO PICTURES ARE AVAILABLE DUE TO THEM NOT HAVING ANY



*Best Wishes to the Other 54 Candidates Who  
Were Not So Nice . . .*

The Editors and Janitors of the  
**DAILY CARDINAL**



## Rib tickling rascalities--Read 'em and retch!

Dear Pop:

Everything is fine at school. I'm getting plenty of sleep, but working hard.

Incidentally, I'm enclosing my fraternity bill.

Your son, Buzz

Dear Buzz:

Don't buy any more fraternities.

Your pop, Pop

The little darling wanted very much to wear her mother's girdle—but she didn't have the guts.

A pink elephant, a talking horse, and a singing zebra walked into a bar.

"You're early, boys," said the bartender, "he ain't here yet."

"How did you break your leg?"

"Threw a cigarette in a manhole and stepped on it."

Pre-med student (leaving zoo lab): "What's that strange odor?"

Passer-by: "Fresh air."

"Mummy, sing me a lullaby."

"Hold my beer for me and I'll try to get one on the radio."

"Just got back from a trip around the world."

"Great. Did you stop off in Egypt?"

"Oh, yes."

"Go up the Nile?"

"Sure, swell view from the top."

"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"I'm not experienced."

"You're not home yet, either."

"It's the furniture company," his wife informed him in a whisper. "They've come for the piano."

"But I gave you money for the next installment," he reminded her.

"I know, dear," she answered placidly. "I'm going to pay them as soon as they get it downstairs. I've decided to have it in the living room."

"Where were you born?"

"In a hospital."

"No kidding. What was the matter with you?"

Coroner: "And what were your husband's last words?"

Widow: "He said, 'I don't see how they can possibly make a profit on this stuff at a dollar and a half a fifth.'"

King Arthur: I hear you've been misbehaving.

Knight: In what manor, sir?

A little boy talking to his mother of his recent trip to the circus: "There were tigers and tigresses, monkeys and monkeyesses, elephants and elephantesses, and bears."

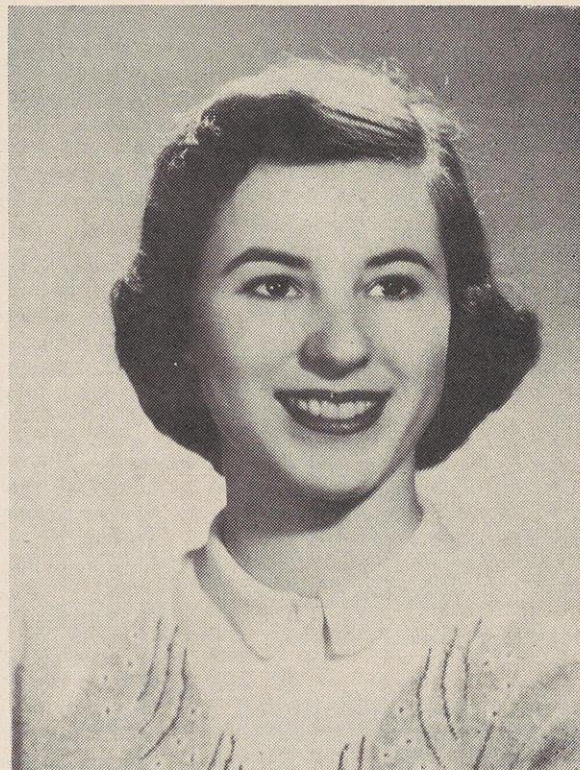
A kind-hearted old gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach a doorbell. He rang the bell for the tyke, then asked: "What now, my little man?"

"Run like hell," said the little boy, "that's what I'm gonna do."

"How do you like that new obstetrician?"

"Wonderful, except for his nasty habit of shouting 'Presto!'"

Girl drives up to a filling station in a rush, leaps from her car, and remarks: "My hands are so dirty I'm about to pop!"



Chosen by Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

*Newly Pinned Girl of the Month*

**CONNIE SCHWARTZE**

*Presented by*

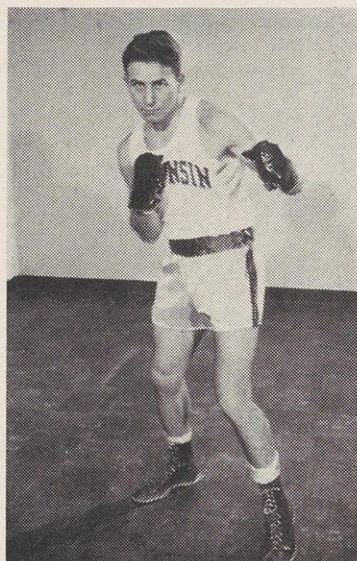
**PAUL BISHOP**

650 State St.

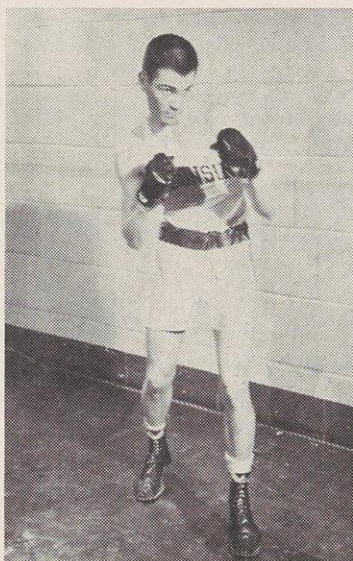
Dial 6-8883

**L. G. BALFOUR CO.**





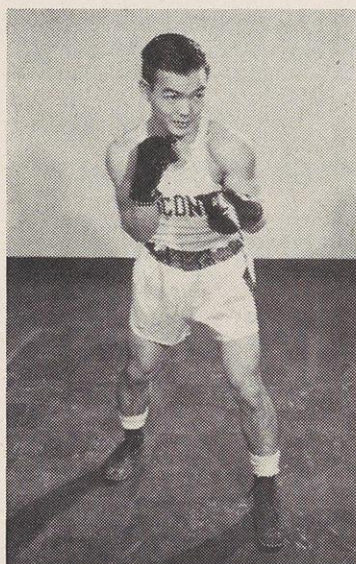
Charles Magestro—139 lb.



Bob Morgan (C-C)—147 lb.



Terry Tynan—132 lb.



Roy Kuboyama—125 lb.

## The Boxing Badgers

By KAY SCHULTZ

captain this year, won the 147 pound crown.

Along with Zale, Kuboyama, and Morgan of which Zale and Morgan are "W" winners, Charlie Magestro, Terry Tynan, Bob Meath, and Bob Hinds are also major letter-winners. Hinds, the most formidable of the latter quartet, has yet to be defeated in an inter-collegiate bout.

Starting where they left off last season when they won seven straight dual matches, Wisconsin met and decisively defeated their first three opponents this year. In the opener held in the Fieldhouse, Penn State was tipped 6-2. Syracuse, previously unbeaten in four matches, bowed to the superior Badgers 5-3 at Syracuse. A highly touted Idaho State team, 1953 NCAA team champion, visited the Fieldhouse and was conquered 6½-1½.

A visitor dropping in on the Camp Randall Stadium boxing quarters would find some 35 young men working diligently, going through all phases of their individually assigned workout for the day. The spirit that prevails over the practice room is electrifying.

Kuboyama, Walsh's Hawaiian import, who stands only five feet seven inches tall, is the essence of a chemist's bubbling test tube. Always on the go—dancing up and down, back and forth—the little champ, a senior, is one of the liveliest and most willing boys found in the training quarters.

Winner of the George Downer Memorial trophy last year, Hinds packs the deadliest power punch on the squad. (The Downer award is made each year to the boxer who, in the coach's estimation, comes closest to George F. Downer's ideals of a champion. Downer is the "father" of intercollegiate boxing at Wisconsin). With footwork like a lightweight, "Sugar" Hinds hopes to extend his unmarred record through the 1954 season and the NCAA tournament.

Last year after winning his initial bout in the national tourney "Sugar" was forced out of competition because of illness. Winner of the All-University heavyweight title the last two years and the 178 pound crown as a

In 1933, Madison, although Wisconsin's capital city, was just another college town — filled with student life and general everyday happenings. Athletics were just beginning to get a foothold in the town from all angles of participation. One of the angles was boxing. This ancient art of pugilism had recently been reborn as a new collegiate athletic activity. Now, 21 years later, the Badger capital is firmly developed as the citadel of collegiate boxing.

Inspired by the efforts of John J. Walsh, Badger boxing coach for 19 of the 21 years, Wisconsin has risen to near unsurpassable heights in producing teams and individuals that represent the true meaning of this amateur sport—college boxing. In two decades of fighting Wisconsin teams have compiled an amazing record of 109 victories, 11 draws, and only a dozen defeats. Walsh's teams hold a mark of 99 wins, ten losses, and seven draws.

The precedent of 20 years has continued with the University's 21st team which rates in Walsh's words "as well balanced as any team I have had in a number of years." The 1954 squad contains three NCAA individual champions and six major "W" winners in the eight weight division line-up.

Ray Zale, nephew of the noted professional boxing champion, Tony Zale, won the 178 pound NCAA championship last year at Pocatello, Idaho. In 1952, spunky, pint-size Roy Kuboyama, then fighting under the tutelage of the University of Hawaii, came to the NCAA tournament held at Madison and won the 112 pound title. Also in 1952, Bob Morgan, co-





Walsh



Woodward

(Ed. Note: Please, dear reader, make believe you are reading this article about two weeks before spring vacation. Thank you).

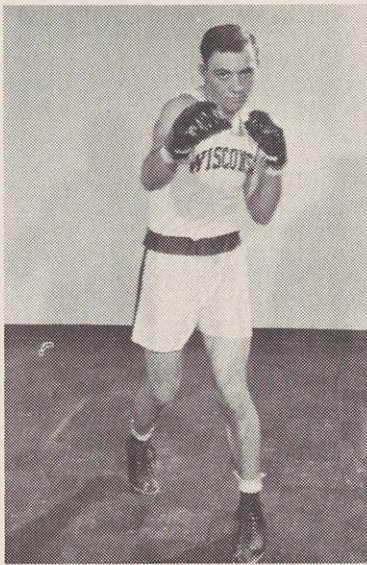
freshman, Hinds, a junior, won his first three 1954 starts, two by TKO's.

Statuesque appearance and biting punches have made Ray Zale another feared Badger boxer around the collegiate circle. As a freshman Zale won both the Contenders and All-University 165 pound titles. Last year the 178 pound NCAA crown was his. A senior, Zale holds a record of eight wins, three defeats, and three draws. Four more wins have been registered this season including one over the boy he beat on a split decision in the finals of the NCAA tourney last year.

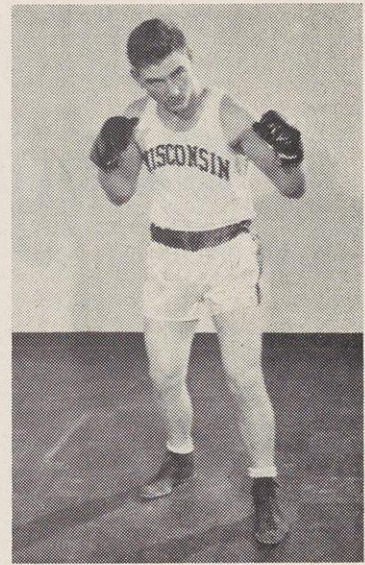
Bob Morgan, one of two married men on the squad, is a four time winner of the All-University championships. This year as when he was a sophomore, the co-captain copped the 147 pound crown while winning the 156 pound title last year and the 145 pound championship as a freshman. A sharp one-two puncher, the earnest Morgan, a senior, has been charged with losses on two split decisions and a TKO when hampered by the flu thus far this season while winning one bout at 147 pounds. His record for the two preceding seasons is an outstanding 11 wins, two draws, and a single defeat.

Coming into his own as one of the finest 156 pounders to fight at Wisconsin is co-captain Bob Meath. Looking sharp in his first three starts, all victories including one TKO, Meath, a senior, possesses a stinging left jab and commanding follow-up punches. He has won two championships in both the Contenders and All-University tournaments. As a freshman he won the 155 pound Contenders title and the 156 pound crown the following year. In the All-U tourney during the last three years he has won the 157 pound championship once and the 156 pound honor twice.

The Wisconsin careers of Tynan and Magestro have gone hand-in-hand with each other. They have met four times in the Contenders and



Bob Meath (C-C)—156 lb.



Ev (Butch) Chambers—165 lb.

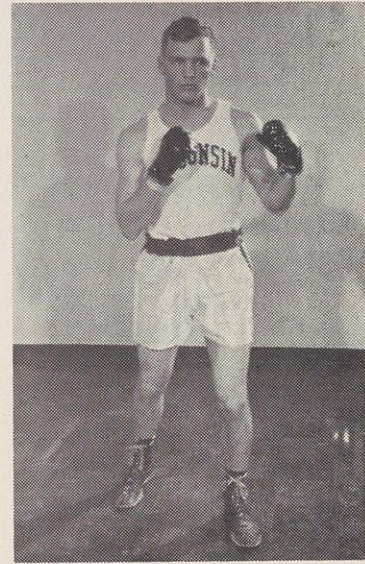
All-University tournaments, both winning twice. Roommates until Tynan was married, the two boys shared the 139 pound weight division last year in varsity competition. This year Tynan competes at 132 pounds and Magestro at 139.

Magestro was the winner of the "Fightingest Fighter" award as a freshman when he knocked out Tynan in the All-U tourney but Tynan turned the tables and decisioned his rival this year in the same meet. Tynan won the "Best Contender" award when the two were freshman, decisioning Magestro. Thus far this season Magestro.

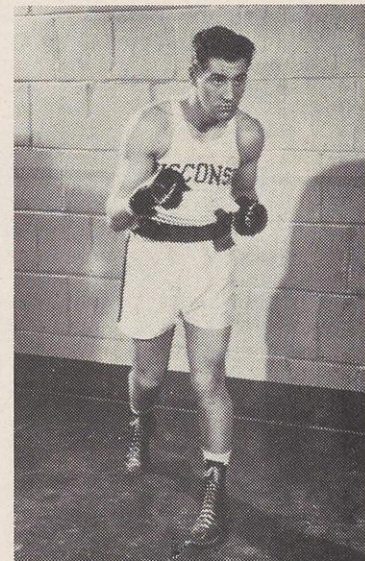
The only member of the regular varsity squad that is a relative youngster is Everett "Butch" Chambers. Fighting at 165 pounds, "Butch," a sophomore, won the Contenders title in his weight class the past two seasons.

The efforts of Johnny Walsh have been supplemented for 13 of the last 18 years by former Wisconsin heavyweight boxing star, Vern Woodward. The acquisition of Walsh's capable assistance came via a friendship that sprung up during a Minneapolis Golden Gloves tournament in 1932. Woodward competed during the 1936 and 1937 seasons. He is now the president of the NCAA Boxing Coaches Association.

It's no wonder that the University of Wisconsin has acquired the position of emperor of the collegiate ring with coaching abilities as excellent as Walsh's and Woodward's and boxers the likes of this year's squad. It is apparent that this year's Badger team will be a definite threat if not the favorite in the VCAA tournament this year.



Ray Zale—178 lb.



Bob Hinds—Hvywt.



*A harrowing, true to life story of  
a man who barely escaped entanglement in the*

# Cardinal Caper

*by W. L. Ambuscade*

I came to the university with the words of my father ringing in my ears.

"When you get to school, son," I remember him saying, "get into something extra-curricular. Do something besides go to classes. It may be the only way you will learn anything there."

So as soon as I arrived on the campus I searched about eagerly for some extra-curricular activity. Naturally my eyes fell upon the full page ads in the Daily Cardinal. "We need Help—Bad."

I asked several students where the Cardinal office was but no one seemed to know so I finally found out from the phone book. When I got there I thought it was deadline time or something because there were people running everywhere screaming and shouting "Tear up the pages," "Burn the presses."

I thought these were newspaper terms at first, but I later found out that all the people were members of the YGOP, whatever that is, and they were merely commenting on the last editorial.

Anyway, most of the people went away after a while and the rest crawled out from under chairs and tables and started pecking at the remaining typewriters.

I went up to one of the fellows and asked him my question.

"How can I get a job on the Cardinal?"

He put his pencil aside and looked at me. Then he mumbled something that sounded like, "Well, well," and asked me to come into the little room next to the big one. We went in and he asked me some questions.

"Are you a first semester freshman?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," he said, knitting his brow. "That's all right, we can take care of that. Have you had any journal-

*Eyes Across the Border*

...and so  
to bed

by reefer

1.



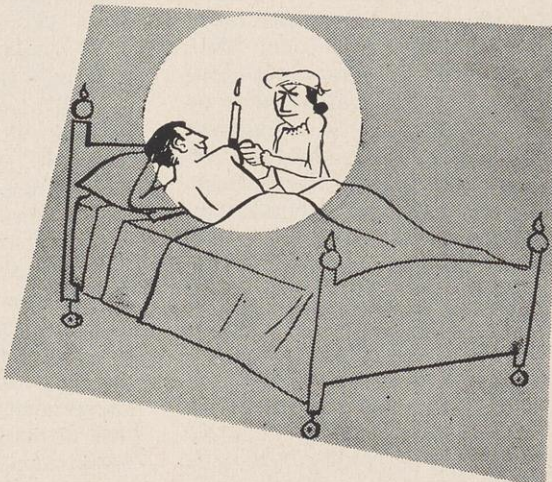
2.



3.



4.





*To Over Here*

istic experience?"

"Just a little," I answered. "I used to peddle pamphlets for the WCTU."

"That's fine," he beamed. "Are you by any chance left handed?"

"Why yes, I am. How did you know?"

"Never mind. Are you a Ford student?"

"Shhh," I cautioned. "I don't want anyone to know that. Yes I am."

He seemed to beam all the more at this. He didn't seem to mind at all.

"How are you at remembering names?"

"Well," I confessed, "I'm afraid I'm not very good at that."

"Good, good," he cried rubbing his hands together. "Are you living as an Independent?"

"Yes."

"Are you in journalism school?"

"Well, no. You see I'm taking up political science and I—"

"Wonderful, marvelous, a perfect specimen," he shouted. He was jumping up and down on the chair by this time.

"And I suppose you are a Democrat," he continued.

"Actually, I haven't formed any real political convictions—"

"Better yet," he cried. "You can be moulded to anything."

He was in such a jovial spirit by then and he seemed to be such a nice fellow that I felt highly at ease in his presence. So I thought it not improper to make a little joke.

"Well," I said with a twinkle in my eye, "I could never be moulded to a chair like that one over there." I pointed to a very crooked and rickety chair in the corner.

Suddenly his face fell, all the light was drained from it and he jumped down to the floor, pale and shaking with obvious emotion.

"No, no," he screamed, "not that."

He started to pull his hair and then ran out of the room shouting, "He's got a sense of humor, he's got a sense of humor. A perfect specimen but he's got a sense of humor."

That was the last I ever saw of him. Since then I have become well situated on the Wisconsin Octopus and am very happy there. I still don't know why the fellow at the Cardinal office went crazy like that but anyway I have a nice soft job here with Octy. I straighten the legs on the office furniture twice a week which is the way the present editor started, he says.



**Now  
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OUR NEW  
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THE  
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Korner**

**Josh:**

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SUNDAY AFTERNOON

**Jack Clayton:**

THURSDAY NIGHT

**KOLLEGE KLUB**

714 STATE

*"Where Kollegians Kongregate"*

## MAYFLOWER MERRYMAKERS

"Do you want to sell that horse?"

"Sure, I want to sell the horse," the farmer replied.

"Can he run?"

"Can he run? Look," thereupon slapping the part of the horse sometimes used for that purpose, and off trotted the horse at full speed, running just as prettily as could be.

Suddenly the horse ran full speed into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the young fellow hurriedly blurted.

The farmer thought even quicker.

"Hell, no," he drawled. "He just doesn't give a damn."

Mistress (to departing maid): "Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?"

Maid: "Yes, and I'm not going to stand it any longer."

"I have a riddle to ask you," the enterprising lad said. "Why do you have so many boy friends?"

Innocently she smiled and replied, "I give up."

"Poppa, vot is a vacuum?"

"A vacuum is a void."

"Yah, I know dot poppa, vot's de void mean?"

"Grandpappy, you're pretty old and feeble. Don't you think you'd better go to the poor house?"

"You're dadburn right, sonny. I'm a-rarin'. Let's get a-goin'."

"I can't understand why you are so anxious to go to the poor house."

"Poor house!"

"You drive. You're too drunk to sing."

A sweet old lady, always eager to help the needy, spied a particularly sad-looking old man standing on a street corner. She walked over to him, pressed a dollar bill into his hand, and said, "Chin up."

The next day, on the same corner, the sad old man shuffled over to the sweet old lady and slipped ten dollars into her hand.

"Nice pickin'," he said in a low voice. "Paid nine to one."



*For  
Artists . . .*



*Little kids at home sick . . .*



*Med. Students . . .*



*Bird  
Lovers . . .*



*Photos by Foiles*

*Bad Photographers . . . And real Wisconsin he-men!*

**EVERYONE'S CALENDAR GIRL** *Joan Lacey*



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OR

"Get the shovel, Ron,  
here comes the mailman"

Dear Sir,

Why do you exist? Why do you continue to inhabit this sphere which we call earth. When you printed an interplanetary issue I thought you were leaving via saucer. For a brief glorious moment I thought everything was going to be all right. But, no, you damn joker you. I guess there's nothing left for me but Russian roulette. Send me a card if I make the headlines.

The Censors

Ed. Note: We'll tell you personally the next time we make a trip for jokes.

Dear Louse,

At a chapter meeting last Monday night we all sat around and read that awful story from the December issue. We read it in unison and aloud. Then we voted. From the results of our vote we have decided to black-list the Octopus and boycott all newsstands. We may even picket, that is if we can get some pledges to do it. Let this be fair warning that we are at war.

Kappa Kappa Gamma

Hey there Folks,

In advance we arr telling youse. If dis issu is alabout da cardinul an it is drogatorie we aint gonna stop at nowheres ta run ya inter da groun about it. Youse got a montly mag what comes out six times a year but don be fergettin that we got a daly paper what come out tree times per da week an we got a lot on youse by dis.

Wel I gotta go now cuz da arboraytum is all on fire.

Da hole cardinul staff

Ed. Note: Cheez, hey, I'm petrified.

Hi There,

Golly whillikins, but I liked that last issue. It was real keen except that my lollypop got stuck while I was reading page three. And that was real bad too because page three was the title page and it had all the stories and what pages they are on on it. So I couldn't read it at all after that and would you please send me another lollypop too because they don't grow on trees like it says in the proverb. I guess it's a proverb.

Goodbye,

Little Annie Hoodwink.

Dear Sirs,

Received the last issue of your magazine and used it immediately. The staples scratched a bit but on the whole it was a good issue. I'll be waiting for Jeb to come by with the next magazine. I hope he comes while I am home because the floor of the tent is all wet from the spring thaw. At least I hope it is from the spring thaw.

Yours for more and bigger (and softer)

Octopii,

Lt. Kenneth Eichenbaum  
Editor Emeritus

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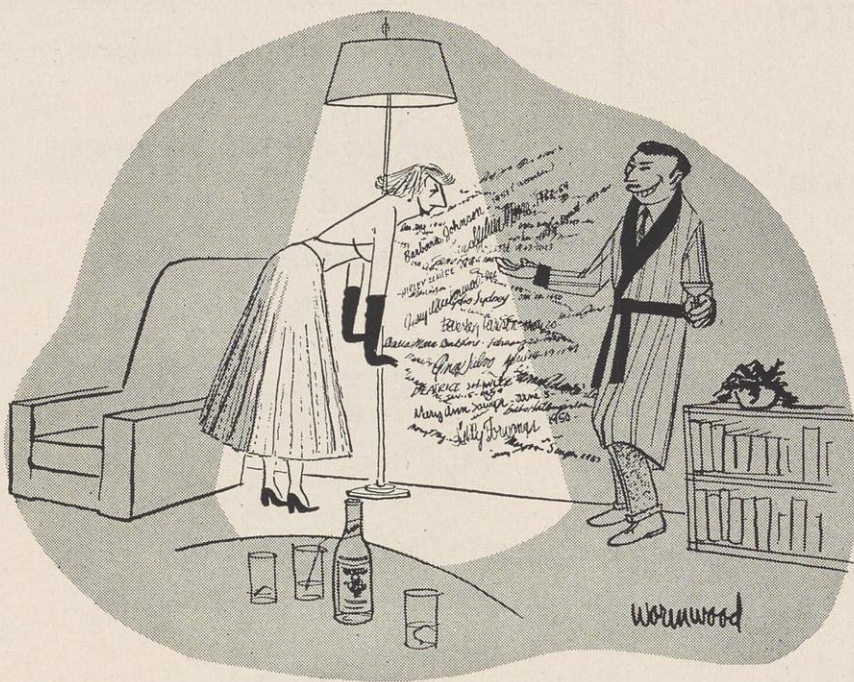
"Sweet is  
the breath"

from *Paradise Lost*, The Beautiful World, line 1



Still only 5¢





"... and these are my etchings."

Donder: "We had to analyze soda water in chem class today."

Blitzen: "A pop quiz, eh?"

A young thing stepped on the drugstore scales after eating a giant sundae and she was shocked at what she beheld.

She slipped off her coat and tried it again. The results were still unflattering, so she slid off her shoes . . . then she discovered she was out of pennies. Without a moment's hesitation, the lad behind the soda fountain stepped forward.

"Don't stop now," he volunteered. "I've got a handful of pennies and they're all yours."

Every morning the car used to stop outside the gates of the state asylum. Inside the fence one of the inmates who imagined himself a pitcher would be going through elaborate wind-up and pitching motions, using an imaginary ball. After studying him for a while the driver of the car, a well-dressed fraternity man, would leave. After a few days of this the gatekeeper asked him, "Pardon me, sir, but why do you come here each day and study that poor fellow?"

"Well," answered the student in the car, "if things continue the way they are in my courses, I'll be in there some day catching for that fellow and I want to get on to his curves."

He: "May I kiss your hand?"

She: "What's the matter? Is my mouth dirty?"

## One (1) Page Replete With Raucous-like Rib-Ticklers

To hell with the expense. Give that canary another seed!

One of the local waitresses kept scratching her nose as she took an order.

"Do you have eczema?" inquired the customer.

She replied, "No special orders, just what's on the menu."

—Betty Crocker's Cook Book

An amoeba named Joe and his brother

Went out to drink toasts to each other  
In the midst of their quaffing  
They split their sides laughing  
And found that each one was a mother.

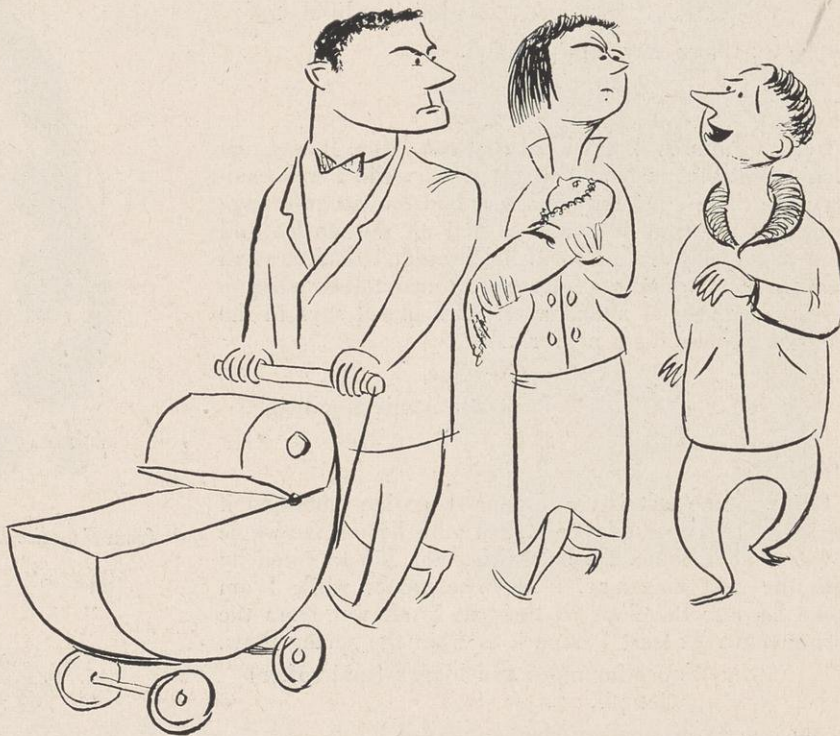
Gent: "I wish to marry your daughter."

Her mother: "Do you drink a lot, young man?"

Gent: "Thanks, but let's settle this other thing first."

A male patient went to his psychiatrist and told the doctor that all he ever dreamed about was baseball. The doc asked, "Don't you ever dream about a beautiful girl . . . winning her, dining her and holding her tight—listen, don't you ever dream about girls?"

"What?" screamed the patient, "and lose my turn at bat?"



"You did this just to make me jealous, didn't you, Irene?"



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# Campus Publishing Company



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In the Taylor-Made shoe, you'll find the superb leathers, skilled workmanship and custom detail you demand — at a price your common sense will find within reason.

### Campus Leaders for Spring, 1954

Taylor-Made Shoe; genuine white buck. Style 6510.

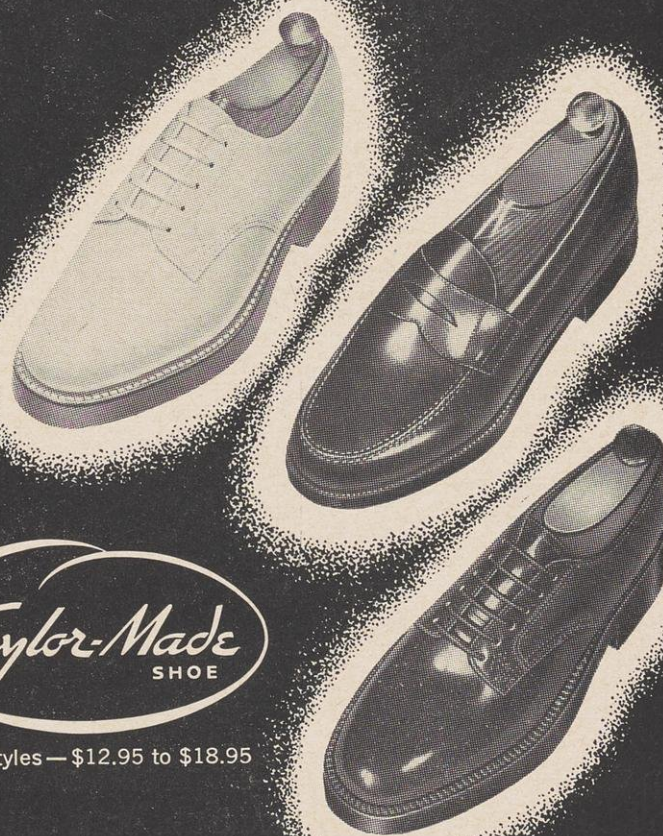
Taylor Hand-Fashioned Informal; chestnut aniline veal. Style 208.

Taylor-Made Shoe; burgundy shell genuine cordovan. Style 6047.

E. E. TAYLOR CORP., FREEPORT, MAINE



Most styles — \$12.95 to \$18.95



**You can buy Taylor Made Shoes at:**

THE CAMPUS CLOTHES SHOP IN MADISON



## HOW THE STARS GOT STARTED...

**Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey say:** "Our Dad led the brass band in our home town. He started us on our way tooting in the band when we were eight years old. We watched and studied successful musicians as much as we could, worked real hard and, little by little, began to get there."

Prof. Frank Thayer

South Hall



I'VE SMOKED  
CAMELS 15-20 YEARS...  
SINCE I DISCOVERED  
CAMEL'S SWELL  
FLAVOR AND  
WONDERFUL MILDNESS

*Jimmy*

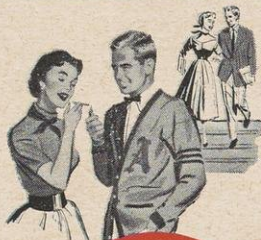
I STARTED  
SMOKING CAMELS  
LONG AGO. I WATCHED, AND  
THE GUYS WHO ENJOYED  
SMOKING MOST WERE  
GUYS WHO SMOKED  
CAMELS. THERE'S NOTHING  
LIKE CAMELS' FLAVOR

*Tommy*



*Camelium*

*Back*



START SMOKING CAMELS YOURSELF!

Smoke only Camels for 30 days and find out why  
Camels are America's most popular cigarette.  
See how mild and flavorful a cigarette can be!

FOR MILDNESS AND FLAVOR

**Camels**  
agree with more people  
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

