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The Daily Cardinal

Complete Campus Coverage

8 Year

Universe of Wisconsin

Too Much per copy

Russia to Join Atlantic Pact, Stalin Proclaims

MOSCOW, RUSSIA. — (A&P) — Joseph Djugasvilli, nee Stalin, announced today that Russia will join the North Atlantic defense pact. Clapping and shaking hands, Stalin said that Russia has decided to look to the West for security from East-West aggression.

WASHINGTON, D. C. — (UP) — President Truman cursed last night the blasted critics of his daughter, Margaret, who is now singing professionally. Speaking of New York critics, Truman told the DAR convention, "A pox upon them all; chicken pox on them all." Mocked members of the DAR decried that such language from the nation's leader was "pretty gutsy."

WASHINGTON, D. C. — (S.I.N.) — Little-browed John L. Lewis, boss of the United Mine Workers union, told newsmen today that the UMW campaign to unionize the university students of this country, justifying his action, Lewis charged, "universities are mines of information. Students are miners. They belong in my union." Lewis called the various university student governments "company unions." The Wisconsin Student Association, he said, "is the scurviest of all."

nce Shows . . .

Abysmal Lack of Mood

By G. RABID WINEVAT

Law a pretty lousy dance the other night up at Turner Hall. The other was banal, so we dropped for a quick look around. Right away we knew the thing wouldn't turn out any good. They charged us \$1.20 admission, claiming another Cardinal critic had already gotten in for free. Don't worry, we're adding that to our expense account. The other critic turned out to be Rosie Krass, an illustrious league and first class cheapskate we never saw one. Miss Krass' dancing was far from inspiring. An abysmal lack of mood, coupled with a nice little tweed outfit sharply cinched at the waist and flowing in a billowing, pleated skirt, left the reviewer rather cold. Her partner, a paunchy fellow with a wild hair and three initials, looked as if

Students Back ROTC

Military Ball to be Simply Swell - Place

Military Ball, which will be held Friday night, April 8, in Great Hall and Tripp Commons, will be "the biggest thing that has happened to this campus since Bascom hall burned," said John Place, general chairman, in an interview last night at the stadium rifle range.

Tex Benecke, who will furnish the music in Great Hall is, according to Place, "not only a name band, but one you can dance to." One Benecke fan insists he is even better than Don Voegeli.

Tickets for the dance will be "five bucks a throw," announced Place. He would not comment on the rumor that excess profits from the dance will go to a charity, perhaps the Memorial Union welfare fund.

Complimentary tickets will be scarce this year. Place said, "We'll hear complaints, of course. Biggest howl will come from Octopus. 'Give us comps', they yell. Why should we? What good is Octy to us? Instead of giving us 'house', they're making a joke out of Military Ball."

(For snazzy, free publicity pictures of Military Ball, look on pages 3 and 8 of this issue of Cardinal.

he couldn't execute a simple dip if his life depended on it.

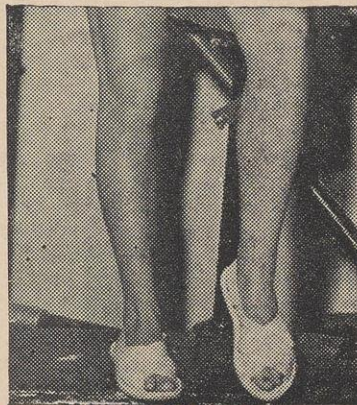
So the dance was pretty lousy. The band played nothing but polkas and we can't see any esthetic sensibilities inherent in that. The



WINEVAT

decor in the men's washroom was even worse. No originality. Nothing but trite aphorisms. A revival is sorely needed. Young writers must be encouraged, or our culture will suffer, however.

During intermissions, the juke box came through with some pretty snappy numbers by Guy Lombardo.



NANCY SANSGAR
... heads UW nudists.

Bare Plans for Nudist Camp

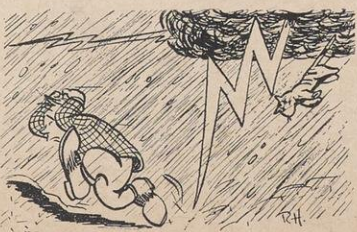
A student nudist camp will be opened on the north shore of Lake Mendota "as soon as it gets warm enough", according to Nancy Sansgar, chairman of the camp project.

"The camp is being organized by a bunch of us students who want to sort of let our hair down and get back to uncomplicated nature," says Adonis Lewd, the other chairman.

Forty-five acres of lakeshore woodland were bought with money donated by Ray Hilsenhoff, student financial adviser.

The club has the approval of the student life and interest committee and the student health clinic. After a big battle at the last faculty meeting, Prof. Frank Thayer was announced as faculty adviser to the camp. Thayer is an expert on nudism, having once seen a copy of Sunshine and Health.

Weather



Fair and sunny.

Kohler Suspects Elections Rules Broken in Vote

By ALLDAY ZUCKER

Aroused by the compulsory ROTC referendum, university students jammed the polls yesterday and stamped their approval on college soldiering, 17,041 to 12.

The vote was a surprise upset which startled military men from the Armory to the Pentagon. Awakened early this morning in his Washington home, General Staff applauded the results as "convincing proof that the youth of America wants a bigger army."

Big navy boss, Admiral Fleet, caught sailing boats in his bathtub this morning, expressed delight "They want a bigger navy, and by hook or crook—or lobbying, we'll get it for them."

Major Norton Norton, Salvation Army, found fondling a founding at Salvation Army headquarters, said, "Throw another nickel on the drum."

In an effort to get at the cause of the overwhelming approval for ROTOC, Cardinal reporters combed the campus for collegiate comment.

Bob Samp, campus entertainer, reported that "I made a mistake. I thought I was voting for BMOC."

Bill Bowden, an impartial observer of ROTC, said, "Switzerland is the most democratic country in the world."

Opal Garnet, Sigma Kappa, voted for ROTC because "I . . . uh . . . like the . . . uh . . . uniforms."

While the students were busily marking their approval of ROTC, they neglected to vote for the elective positions on the ballot. Only five students voted for the various positions on Badger board, Card-board, Student Board, and the WSGA and WMA presidencies. "The same five people must have voted in all five Student Board districts," said Dick Kohler, elections chairman. "This is not right, and is illegal, besides." Asked whether he would do anything about the violations, Dick said, "Nope. Remember Bill Calkins and the Barney Zeavin affair?"

An interesting sidelight to the ROTC balloting was the burning of the Armory early this morning. Anti-ROTC extremists are suspected.

Prove CAMEL MILDNESS *for Yourself!*



In a recent 30-day test of
hundreds of Camel smokers,
noted throat specialists reported

**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF
THROAT IRRITATION
due to smoking CAMELS!**

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Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!



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Put Camels to the test yourself—in your “T-Zone.” Let YOUR OWN TASTE tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. Let YOUR OWN THROAT give you the good word on Camel's cool, cool mildness.

Money-Back Guarantee!

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



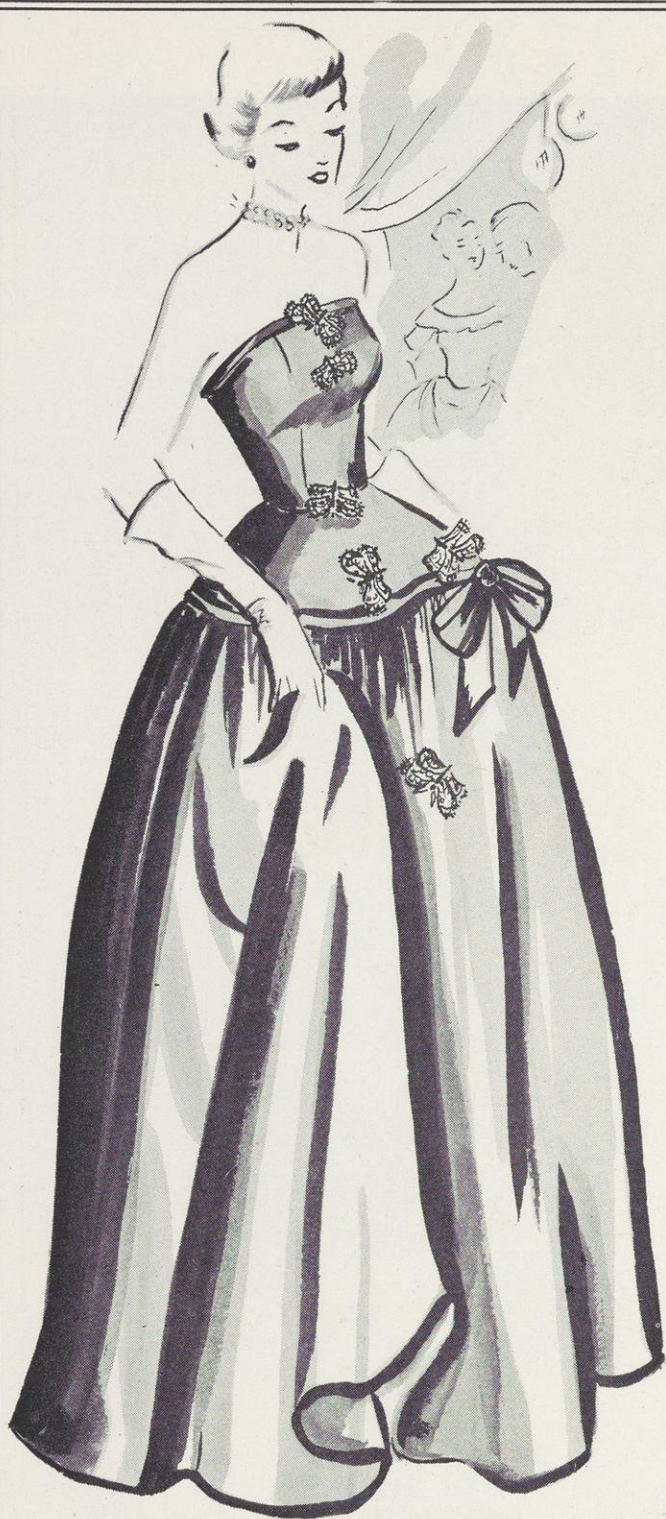
One of a large selection of new, crisp, delectable dresses for campus wear and the first warm days — by Dorothy Cox of McMullen, who has an unerring way of lending simple charm and prestige to inexpensive cotton frocks.

MacNeil and Moore

MILWAUKEE

MADISON

COLORADO SPRINGS



Military Ball Taffeta

Jet black rayon taffeta with white lace butterflies . . . a lovely contrast for Ball Night — \$29.95.

Baron's
On Capitol Square

That's Life

The United States and Canada have announced that they intend to set up a radar network in the arctic region as a move against unannounced attack. Some people who approve the measure seem to think if the network is drawn tightly enough that, even if there is a cold war, we won't feel the draft.

* * *

Little Norway is being wooed by both capitalist United States and communist Russia. Apparently she is asked to choose between walking into a bank vault or a bear trap.

* * *

A student from Texas tells us that he has at least found the distinction between a college professor and a cowboy. A cowboy, he says, throws the bull by the horns.

* * *

The University budget is being considered by the legislature. And like a sexy movie, it will be cut in the wrong places.

* * *

University sports fans were sadly disappointed when two of the star boxers were declared ineligible because of scholastic reasons. The instructors in whose classes the boxers flunked have denied any collusion with Professor Morton.

* * *

The current bumper crop of babies is just about over, the population experts tell us. Resolute old maids recur to their grumbling over birth control and population decline. From anthropology comes the reminder that primitive peoples long ago controlled population by infanticide. The difference between birth control and infanticide is only a conception.

* * *

Designation of ideologies by color has always suggested an eventual state of utter confusion. Take for example, the "trial" and conviction of Mindzenty. Cardinals, it seems, are not, and don't want to be, Reds.

* * *

The American Medical Association has planned, is collecting, and will spend \$3,000,000.00 to fight "socialized medicine." Apparently they feel that it is better for the poor citizen to have been sick and lost, than never to have been sick at all.

* * *

The militant Student Board has decided to find out what people think about compulsory ROTC and are ordering a referendum on the matter. This action seems typical of the Student Board. Everyone knows already that the boys who take ROTC do not like ROTC.

* * *

Student board has decided to press for a compulsory student tax. They seem to believe that training in political affairs without having a steady source of income to bank on is somehow unrealistic.

* * *

Ellis Arnall, former governor of Georgia, told us the other day that "There Is Only One Freedom." The warned-about period of decline is certainly with us. A few years ago, there were four of them.

* * *

The William R. Bascom Collection of African Sculpture is well worth seeing. But stay away from that little figurine in the corner. They say that it's the Goddess of Fertility.

—ROY G. FRANCIS

The Readers'

Penned-Up Feelings

Dear Old Editor:

In your letter you mention that you want something that you can't refuse, and something that will strike you in the right way. May I suggest a bullet? Or are you above that?

So four people decide what Wisconsin students will read and what they will not read! Tell me, God old boy, just how do you know what is going on in the minds of the 17,700 students at this institution? Do you dare, do you presume, to tell them what is bad and what is good? Do you have the audacity to claim that in that little hut of yours there exist four people who have the capacity to separate the sheep from the goats?

Please don't think that I am offering my wares as the best in the field of literature. But I do insist that the trash I have written is as good as the material your magazine has been printing lately. As far as trash goes, I may say, I have no peers. And good trash is damned hard to write. Take a look at your magazine and see for yourself.

I will give you another chance to make amends. Enclosed is my most recent attempt. Read it, edit it, and send it back. But be prepared to explain yourself. Remember, the paths of glory lead but to the grave; he who laughs best doesn't read OCTOPUS.

Olde Faithful,
B. U.

The above letter was written by OCTOPUS' most persistent contributor. He has not as yet seen any of his material published in the magazine. The letter was written on the occasion of the rejection of his two most recent manuscripts.

Frankly, we were pleased to receive his letter. Few contributors show as much interest in OCTY. And we are pleased to see his manuscripts coming into the editorial basket. We would like nothing better to publish something written by our No. 1 contributor. We are sure it will be only a matter of time before B. U. hits us between the eyes with a humor masterpiece.

The sad part of it all is that B. U. is one of the very few contributors who are undaunted by a few rejections. We wish everyone who submits something to OCTOPUS would keep up a barrage of manuscripts and
(continued on page 8)



*The Esquire Presents:
The Students' Choice—*

Cal Calloway

at the Hammond Organ—
playing nightly at Madison's
newest night spot.

STEAKS — CHICKEN — SEA FOOD

The newly redecorated Esquire Club now has the beautiful Pine Room available for your parties at no extra cost. Fraternity and sorority groups invited.

ESQUIRE

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*When Spring Turns
Your Thoughts to Love . . .*

There's no better way to express
them than with flowers from

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Serving Wisconsin Students for 51 Years

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That's It!

A spring picnic
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make it perfect.
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Zenith

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6-8151





**the original saddle oxford
with the distinctive "tapered toe"**

Spalding's saddle oxford is still walking away with top honors. Not just the co-eds, but every busy, comfort-craving young woman wants the Spalding classic. A soft, tapered toe is one reason for its tremendous popularity, and you'll love the way it stands up under wear and tear! It's in brown and white or black and white.

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Pyramid Motor Co.

CADILLAC - OLDSMOBILE DEALER

Best place in town to buy used cars.

434 W. Gilman

Badger 200

Whom to Blame

EVAN CLINGMAN

The boxing investigation article in this issue is the work of a member of the boxing squad. Evan therefore should qualify as an expert on what a boxing investigation is like. He is a Pre-Commerce sophomore. We were surprised to learn that besides boxing Evan is something of a master of ceremonies. If anyone would like to get a master of ceremonies who writes humorously, boxes, and presumably knows something about Pre-Commerce, Evan is the man for the job.

JOE SCHEINES

That the roommate of Mort Levine, editor of the *Cardinal*, should write for OCTOPUS, sounds impossible. But



it's true. Joe has contributed to three issues this year. He was a big help on the TIMF issue, and he managed to find time to write for the *Cardinal* take-off issue. We believe he missed

his calling. He should have been a member of the OCTY staff instead of wasting his time at the *Daily Cardinal*, for which he does a weekly column and lends moral support to Editor Mort Levine.

Joe is an American Institutions major from St. Albans, New York. He used to live in the house which now is the home of Joseph Dermer, OCTY associate editor. We remember the night that the two discovered their common denominator. They chatted about people in their mutual neighbors like a couple of old maids.

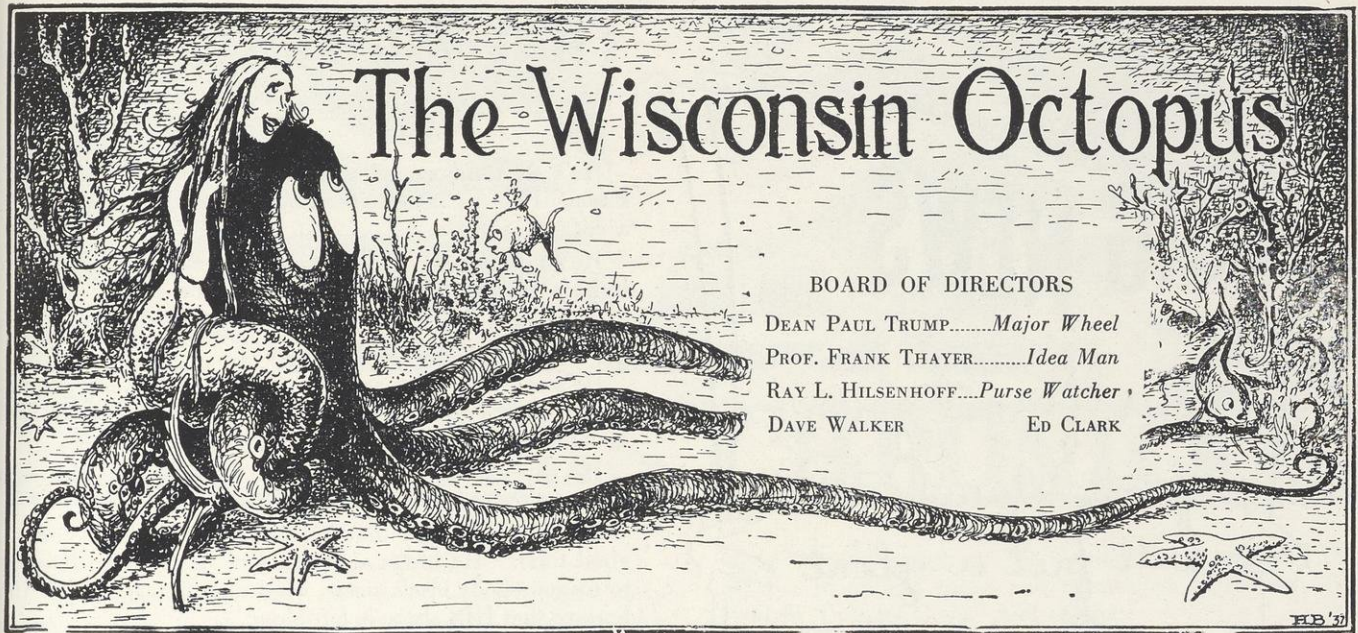
We asked Joe what was the most exciting thing that ever happened to him. He said, "When I broke the pin-ball machine at the Blue Moon."

Joe, who is a senior, hopes to get a job in magazine work when he graduates. (Exchange editors, please note.)

AUDREY BLAND

A new staff member who was a big help on the *Cardinal* take-off issue is Audrey Bland, a junior from Milwaukee. She transferred from Milwaukee extension last fall. The first time we saw her was when she came in with four closely typewritten pages of jokes. We used some of her offer-

(continued on page 8)



Volume XXVII

MARCH, 1949

Number 7

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Contents**Page**

THAT AMERICAN GUY	6
A dissertation on man by an American Gal.	
C'EST LA MILITARY BALL	10
An eye-witness account of Military Ball, written by Joseph Scheines.	
CARDINAL TAKE-OFF	13-20
Eight pages of parody, including Editorial page, Sports page, Society page, and a Picture page.	
JONESY	22
The OCTOPUS Short Story of the Month, written by Roy Francis, illustrated by Bob Burkert.	
HEAVENLY DAYS	24
About a certain day in April.	
DREAM GIRL	25
The girl is Nancy Spiegel; the scene is the terrace of the Memorial Union.	
AN INQUIRY INTO COLLEGE BOXING	27
WISCONSIN'S ANSWER TO ARTHUR GODFREY	32
An OCTOPUS feature on two U. of W.'s most noted disc jockeys.	

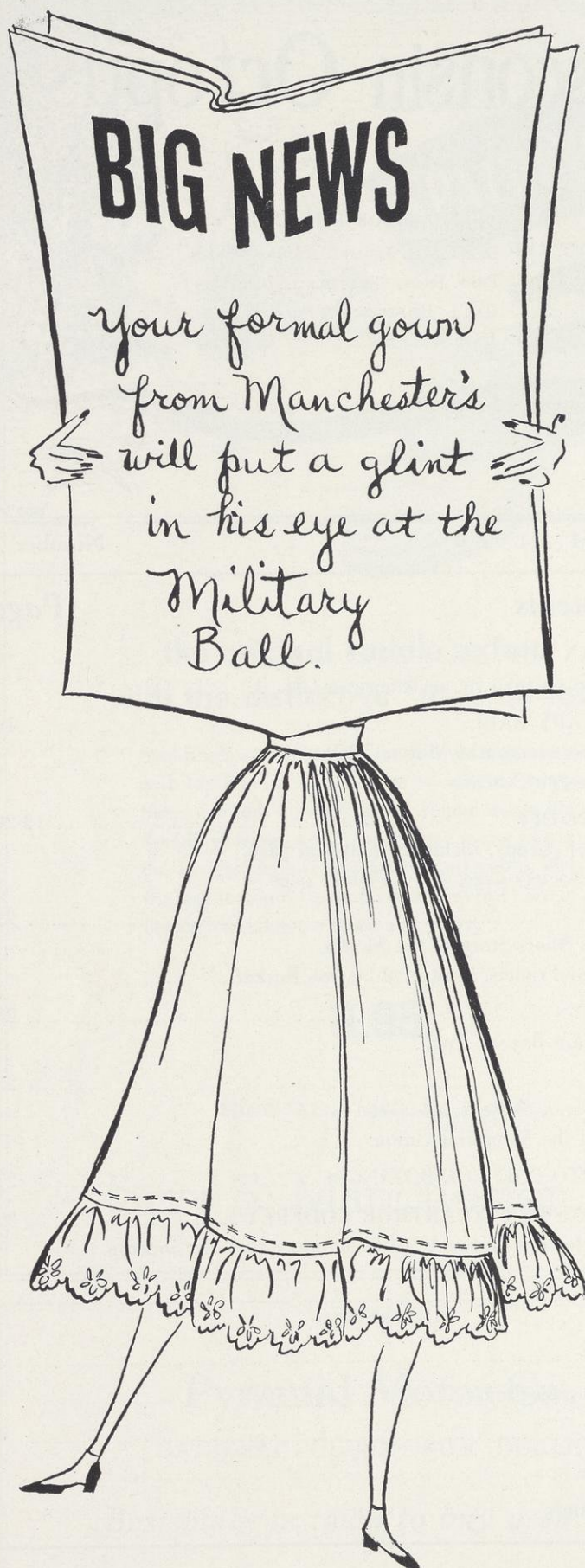
DEPARTMENTS

That's Life	2
Readers' Penned-up Feelings	3
Whom to Blame	4
Campus Chronicle	7
Editor's Brown Study	9

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cept the Virgin Islands). Single copies: 25c.

That American Guy

By CLAIRE GOLDSTEIN



He's as stubborn as a burro and as easy-going as a kitten. He's as possessive as a woman and as fickle as a cat.

He's no dashing cavalier from a story book of old, nor is he a Charles Boyer stepped from the screen.

But what's a gal gonna do when he grins his lop-sided grin? What's a gal gonna do, huh?

He's as transparent as glass and as dense as fog. Comes a day when I think I've gotten to know him pretty well, and then I get another guess coming.

He expects me to go out with no one else but him. He goes out with whomever he pleases.

He admits frankly that he dates some girls to "have a good time." He brags about it, too. If that girl happens to be somebody else's sister, what does he care? But just beware that HIS sister is left alone.

He tells me to dress simply and smartly because that's what he likes—and then he whistles at the flashiest dress on campus.

He hates gossiping women. He's perfectly content, though, to have two girls use up their excess calories fighting over him. He says it's good for their diet.

I wouldn't call him conceited exactly. But I wish someone would tell him that compliments are to be sniffed at, and not swallowed whole. He grins like an idiot when a pretty girl smiles over his head at the fellow behind him. If I tell him that his new tie is very good looking, he's sure I'm in love with him. And when I knit him a pair of argyle socks, he whispers to his friends that we're engaged.

Women think they're pretty smart, he says. But they're not really as smart as they think, he goes on to say. He has never backed his statements. But why disillusion the poor guy? Why tell him that the little ring that goes around a woman's third finger left hand is the American guy all wrapped up just where she wants him? We steer very well from the back seat, thank you, when his rear view mirror is a bit obscured.

I must admit he's pretty sly about getting even with us gals. He's very well trained in the art of exasperation. He knows how to drive a girl to tears by saying nothing about her appearance the night she looks ravishingly lovely and then telling her she's a walking dream the day she looks as if she'd been caught in a dust storm.

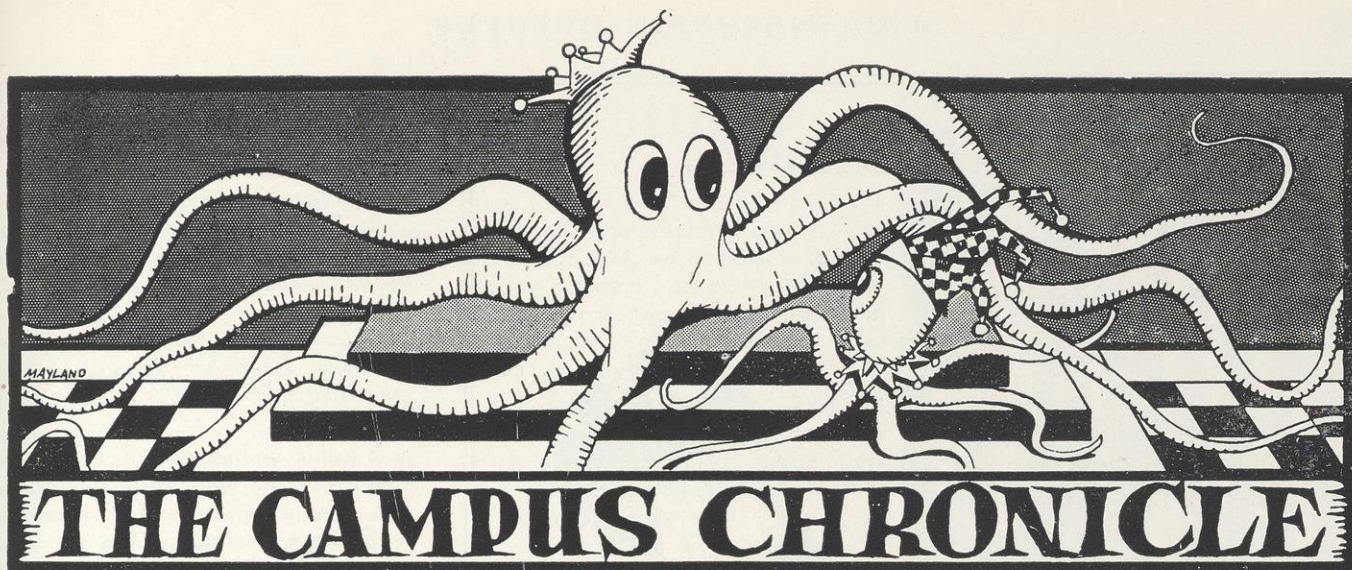
He adores dogs and sports and Lauren Bacall. He's awfully particular about the girls he dates, but if he can't have Bacall give him Grable or Hayworth or Turner. He'll take anything you have to offer so long as it's Hollywood, burlesque, or burlesque.

He likes to think, and so long as he isn't forced to, he'll think, and he'll express his ideas, and he'll stick to them, and not even a two-ton bus will move him. Unless, of course, it seats a capacity of 38 bathing beauties.

When it comes to arguments, he would just as soon argue about the unknown than limit himself to the very few things he is positively sure about. If he starts losing the argument, he either goes silent on me or loses his temper about a perfectly irrelevant incident which occurred two weeks ago last Monday.

He alone knows the purpose of life. It's to crack jokes. And he expects shouts of laughter in response. He has

(continued on page 29)



The Golden Voices

Students who are interested in the idea of taking down the witty chatter at a party with the aid of a wire recorder will be interested in the results of such an attempt at a recent party.

Sue Golden, graduate student in economics, had a party in her apartment. She invited all her wittiest friends and tuned in on them with a wire recorder. Using psychology, she stuck the microphone out in plain sight and no one noticed it until the end of the evening.

When the party was about over, the guests were told that their bright remarks were preserved on the magic wire. The recorder was brought out from an adjoining room and the wire was played back to the guests.

All that could be heard was the buzzing of conversation, but not the conversation. There was too much laughter to hear what was being said. The only clear statement made was that of a voice which said to William Kay Archer, "Why don't you go home?"

* * *

Hoofers Can Read

Wondering what the Wisconsin Hoofers liked to read best, we clumped into the Union headquarters of the out-of-doors enthusiasts and looked about their dimly lit lounge. The lounge is furnished with a trophy case, which holds a few trophies and two beer mugs, some puffy seats filled with weary Hoofers, and a weary radio playing tired music. On the wall is a stuffed head of a deer. The day we were there, an unlit cigaret was stuck in his mouth.

In the darkest corner of the room was the magazine rack. In it were innumerable copies of *Archery* (needs no further explanation), *Ski Illustrated*, and a news-sheet called the *Valley Sun* (which we suspect is the publication at Sun Valley), and one old battered copy each of *Newsweek* and *TIME*. No comic books in sight, however.

* * *

A Good Course, No?

Henry Kaufmann, assistant professor of music, suggests a course which should be added to the curriculum. He would call it "Hypocrisy Ia." Prerequisites for the course: "Contempt of the instructor."

* * *

Mr. Hart, teacher of Political Science 143, Public Administration, had a treat for his students recently. He invited two army men, who are going to school right now in J-school, to lecture the class on army administration. Mr. Hart introduced the military men as "Mr. Coats and Mr. Brumfield."

Mr. Coats spoke first and mentioned that "Major Brum-

field" would speak on such-and-such a subject. Then Major Brumfield spoke and mentioned something about which "Colonel Coats" had spoken.

Why Mr. Hart introduced the two officers to the class as "Misters" is unknown, but we suspect that he only wanted to give the two soldiers a fighting chance in a classroom full of veterans.

* * *

He Juggles the Students

One of the more entertaining lecturers on the campus is School of Education Assistant Professor T. L. Harris, who teaches Education 75, a "must" course for embryo pedagogues. Harris vies for the students attention by juggling three balls, all at the same time. He has been doing this for many semesters, we are told. Some students believe the rumor that, if he can learn to juggle four balls at one time, he will be promoted to Associate Professor.

* * *

Contact!

The story is that a Journalism student, put on a university news beat, tried to find out about Phi Beta Kappa, hoping to get some news. He interviewed an official of the honorary scholastic fraternity and said he would like to "contact" some people in the fraternity.

That finished him. The woman politely told him that Phi Beta Kappas may make contacts, but they never "contact" each other. The king's English, you know.

* * *

The Sunday Punch

We were reading the *Cardinal* (by accident) the other day and happened upon the usual notice of the Sunday "At Ease" in the Union. It occurred to us that we had never visited Great Hall Sunday afternoon. Wondering just what went on at the weekly social function, we sent an eager contributor up to look over one session of AT EASE.

The ingredients of the affair are: Great Hall, a record player and a stack of records, two bowls of punch, some male students and some female students. At approximately 3:30 the music begins. Several couples (who are going steady) begin to dance. When a guy tries to cut in on the male member of the twosome, he is told, "Sorry, this is a date."

As the afternoon wears on, a small crowd of students gathers. The men gather in the east end of Great Hall, near the punch bowls, and scrutinize the girls who pass by. And the girls do pass by. They have to, if they want to get near the men, because the men never leave the vicinity of the punch bowls.

A Cuba Club Dinner . . .

the perfect beginning
for your Mil Ball
date

The softly-lit, pine paneled Cuba Club provides the perfect setting for this very special dinner. Our cuisine ranges from man-sized steaks to delicious sea food. To be sure of your reservation — phone Fairchild 9701 now.

CUBA CLUB

NOW SERVING SUNDAY NOONS

3416 University Ave.



PENNED-UP FEELINGS . . .

(continued from page 3)

cartoons, until the editors find something they consider publishable.

B. U. questions whether the four people who studied his humor stories know what the students want to read. All we can say is that three of the first five issues sold out completely (October, December, January). The other two sold out 95% of the copies circulated.

It would be nice to have every student read every manuscript submitted, but since it is impossible to hold a referendum on submissions, we shall have to depend on the judgment of staff members.—Ed.

WHOM TO BLAME . . .

(continued from page 4)

ings in the November issue, but unfortunately did not give her a credit line as a contributor. We tried to make up for it in the December issue, but Audrey didn't see a copy of that issue.

Audrey is a Sigma Kappa. She has pretty big brown eyes. We will say no more, except that she authored one of the funnier news stories in the *Cardinal* take-off part of this issue.

ROBERT BURKERT

Bob Burkert can be best described as the artist who drew the cover for OCTY's take-off on TIME magazine. He also was the one who redrew Jerry Erdahl's boxing cover for last month's issue, a touchy job—copying another cartoonist's style so closely that the editors could detect little difference.

Bob is an Applied Art major. His home town is Racine. While in high school there, he worked part time re-drawing comic strips for the Big Little Books which brighten the dime store children's counters.

For examples of Bob's original work, look for his cartoons in this issue.



"And what do you think about the *Cardinal's* columnists?"

The Perfume Shop

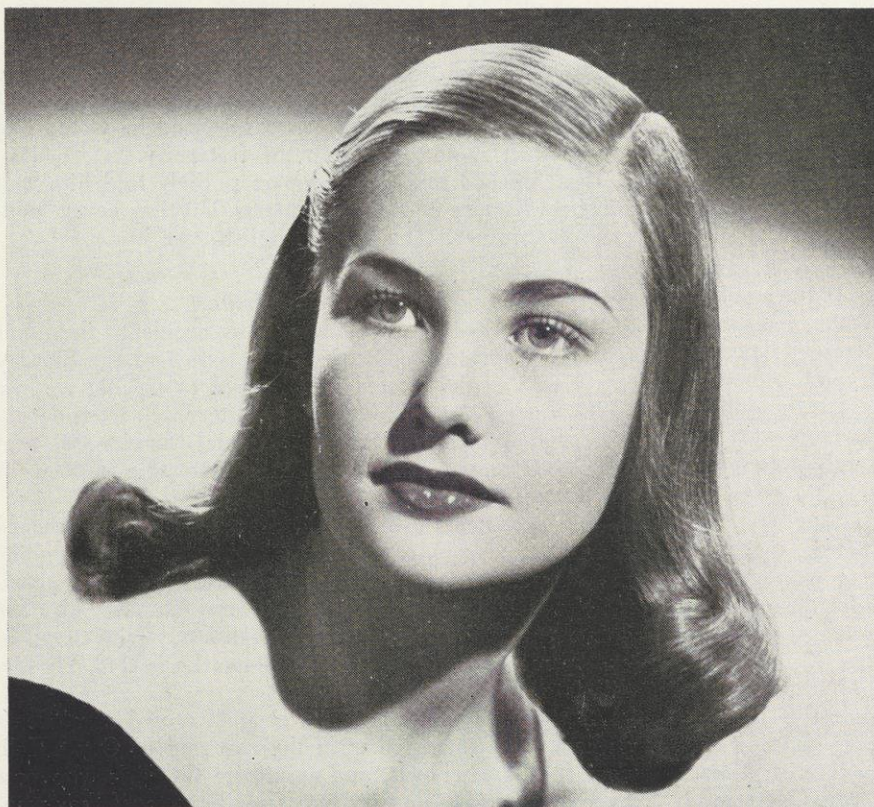


Photo by DeLonge

presents ELIZABETH FAWKES and suggests "TIGRESS" for your Mil Ball date perfume.

Editor's Brown Study

This is it, OCTY's annual parody of the *Daily Cardinal*. It has become almost as much of an editorial "must" as the Men on the Truck cartoon which appears every issue.

Cardinal take-off issues seem to have appeared in the early 1930s. At that time they were printed on the same paper stock as the rest of the magazine, but even so they were very well done. We remember one story from the 1934 take-off issue, a sports story which begins with the headline "Wisconsin Loses Heartbreaker, 75-3."

A few years after that the OCTOPUS staff seemed to have become disgusted with *Cardinal* take-offs. So they came out with a take-off issue to end all take-off issues. It parodied not only the *Cardinal*, but also the *Wisconsin Law Review*, the *Badger*, the *Wisconsin Engineer*, the *Wisconsin Country Magazine*, the *Wisconsin Alumnus*, a couple of national college publications, and OCTOPUS. Their valiant effort failed to humble future staffs, and *Cardinal* take-off issues have been appearing ever since.

* * *

This year's parody was difficult to do because we were not able to point to any one issue of the *Cardinal* and say, "This is the way the *Cardinal* looks." If one phrase could characterize this year's *Daily Cardinal*, that phrase would be "experimentation with design."

We were over at the *Cardinal* office the day Editor Mort Levine got a package through the mail. He opened it and drew out a copy of a book on newspaper design. Ever since then, when we noticed a change in the appearance of the *Cardinal*, we strongly suspected that Mort had been reading his book again and was seeing whether what the book said would work out on the *Cardinal*.

Another big difficulty with this issue was deciding what to do about an editorial page column. Last year it was easy. Both Bob Sollen and Dan Berman wrote several columns which were memorable enough to parody. But this year, we could find no one column that students remembered. So we have dumped all the *Cardinal* columnists together in a symposium, something which the *Cardinal* ought to try.

* * *

Although the *Cardinal* has regaled us with bright features galore, the

most fun this year has come from the *Cardinal's* typographical errors. One of the funniest, we believe, is the following sentence, quoted exactly from a *Cardinal* story about the activation of a chapter of Delta Theta Pi, legal fraternity, on this campus:

"Although the fraternity is ne wto the university, it has had for many years a strong chapter at the Marquette University Law School; thee ae approximately 500 Wisconsin lawyes who ae Delta Theta Phi alumnii."

How the Gaelic accent crept into the last half of that sentence no one seems to know. But, it could only happen in the *Cardinal*.

A visit to the *Cardinal* office would well reward the time spent by any student who would like to watch the campus press in action. We have to go by the *Cardinal* editorial office every time we go to see our printers to exhort them to do and die for dear old OCTOPUS. Frequently we stop in at the *Cardinal* playpen to get a Coke (registered trade name) from the *Cardinal* Coke machine.

The *Cardinal* Coke dispenser seems to hold a grudge against OCTY personnel. Anyone working on the *Cardinal* can drop a nickel into it, pull the handle and get a Coke. But when we put our nickel in, the machine either throws it back at us or keeps the nickel without dispensing a Coke. Mort Levine insists that the machine is not remotely controlled from his desk.

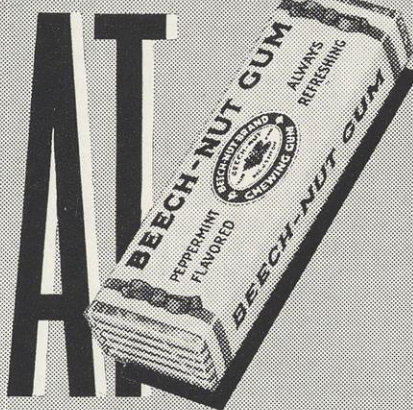
The *Cardinal* newsroom, besides having a Coke machine, has several beat-up tables and desks (almost as bad as OCTY's), about five or six typewriters and a United Press news teletype machine which displays a bad case of the shakes every time it hammers out news releases.

In the center of the room is the semi-circular copy-editing table which looks just like the ones real newspapers have. At this table sit gloomy-looking students viciously chopping up some poor journalism sophomore's news stories.

Off in one corner, next to the *Cardinal* pencil sharpener, is the *Cardinal* sports department. Dick Priebe and Jim Bowman, co-sports editors, sit at their ancient desk dispensing cliches. Above them, pasted on the wall, are pictures of athletes, *Esquire* magazine pin-ups, and one large photograph of

(continued on page 12)

FLAVOR



AT ITS

First and Lasting

The dependable and consistently high quality and fine flavor of Beech-Nut Gum are the reasons for its nation-wide popularity

It's "Always Refreshing"

FINEST

C'est la Military Ball

By JOE SCHEINES

The other night I had a dream. In it, I was listening to the radio while reading my history book. (This is by no means unusual. My radio lost its dials and I cannot turn it off. Therefore, I listen to it while darning socks, sleeping, shaving, scratching my dog, scratching myself, and writing letters, as well as studying history.)

As I got to the early stages of the Civil War, the radio gave forth with a new, vibrant, and exceedingly cheerful voice. The voice particularly sticks in my memory because it was cheerful to the point of hysterical laughter, and I was struck dumb, in a manner of speaking. Even my dog looked up for a moment with a startled look on his face.

I'll let the cheerful voice take it from here, since it was, the sum and substance of my dream.

* * *

THE VOICE: (Ha, ha!) Well, here we are, ladies and gentlemen, in our broadcasting booth high above beautiful Great Hall in Memorial Union. (Ha, ha!) This is Don (Ha, ha) Smith bringing you an on-the-spot description of the 1949 Military Ball as it waltzes its way into the second half of this gala evening.

Well, the campus military certainly seems to have taken over the Memorial Union. The entire building has

been decorated in a striking combination of olive drab and red, white and blue bunting. Cadets, in their smart ROTC uniforms are standing guard, rifle in hand, at every entrance.

Every corridor is filled with regimental flags and beautiful co-eds in their colorful evening gowns. There are dance bands playing to capacity crowds both here in Great Hall and downstairs in Tripp Commons. I also hear there is a military band holding forth in the Rathskeller. (Ha, ha!)

But right here the scene is truly a colorful one. Below me I can make out what appears to be 200 couples...

And here, ladies and gentlemen (Ha, ha!) is the King of tonight's Mil. Ball, with his charming Queen just behind him... Rodney Fourragere and Mildred Ann Gesellschaft. Won't you step up here to the microphone? That's it... Now what did you say?... Oh, I'm sorry... Ha, ha!... it's Mildred Ann Gesellschaft... it's pretty noisy up here, I guess... Well, Mildred Ann, wouldn't you like to tell us a little about yourself?... Oh, there's nothing to tell, you say?... Ha, ha!... Come now, there must be something... No?... Well, how about you, Rod?... King Rodney Fourragere, ladies and gentlemen, and he's standing before me in a resplendent blue and white uniform with... I'd say

... Oh, my goodness, there's so many of them!... Would you mind telling the folks how many medals you have there on your chest, Rod?... Twenty-three, you say?... Wow!... And what do they stand for?... How about this one here on the end, this little one with the funny looking eagle on it?... It's not an eagle, you say?... It's a white egret?... And you got it for cleaning blackboards for your Advanced Theory Class in Logistics?... Well, that's fine... Ha, ha!... And how about this big red and white one with all the little bars beneath it?... Oh, it's for having your shoes shined at every drill session during your four years in the corps?... Say, ha, ha, that's all right!... I'll just ask you one more, Rod... What's this little gold one over here? It looks simple and distinguished. Is this for heroism in battle?... What?... Oh, it's a button... Well, tell me, Rod, how did you get to be Mil. Ball King?... You're a senior officer in the corps you say?... Well, that's fine. What, exactly, is your title?... Cadet Brigadier Colonel?... Well, Cadet Brigadier Colonel Fourragere, it's certainly been a pleasure having you with us over the air tonight... Ha, ha!... Now I don't want to keep you from getting back to that swell dance... Well, Rod, one more question before you go... As Cadet Brigadier Colonel, what do you think about the possibility of war?... What was that?... Oh, you're under military secrecy... Well, ha, ha, I certainly didn't mean to pry... I'm sorry... Well, all right!... My Goodness!

Gee! It's really swell up here folks. I can see into every nook and cranny of Great Hall from there... What a view!... Oh, look!... Over there in the far corner... there are two cadets who seem to be arguing over a girl... and what a girl... She doesn't seem to want to dance with one of them... Oh, my goodness! One of the cadets has turned pale... He's slapped the other with his glove... Now they've drawn swords!... They're stamping out to the balcony!... The girl has fainted!... It sure looks like a duel from here, folks!... I wish we could get out there on the balcony to give you an on-the-spot description... We'll be sure to tell you if anyone gets hurt...



"But all I did was whistle at her!"

Ah . . . and now it looks like the Grant March is about to start . . . There's old General Gates down there at the head of the procession . . . He's in full uniform and I believe . . . YES! . . . His favorite old charger "Voyageur" has been led out and now the general is mounting him . . . Ooops! . . . Ha, ha . . . the general seems to be having a little trouble . . . Ahhhh . . . there! . . . Now the general's up and the march has begun . . . Every cadet is lined up with his date at his side . . . Now they're forming an arch of swords . . . The general is riding under it . . . No . . . The swords seem to be a little low for the general . . . He . . . can't . . . quite . . . make it . . . Now he's riding around the outside of the arch . . . Ah, there! . . . And now all the assembled guests have formed a hollow square effect with the general in the center . . . He's addressing them from horseback . . . Gee, I'm awfully sorry, folks, but our microphones can't pick up what he's saying . . . ha, ha . . . well, let's fill in a little background material . . .

As you know, each year, the ROTC unit here at the University of Wisconsin holds its formal dance in honor of . . . Just a minute, ladies and gentlemen! . . . There . . . seems to be something . . . unexpected going on down there on the floor below . . . Yes . . . a dusty, exhausted messenger has just staggered into the center of the square . . . He's bleeding . . . There's a bandage on his arm . . . He's talking in gasps to the general . . . Now he's fainted . . . WELL! . . . There's certainly *something* going on down there . . . The general has fainted, too! . . . There's Cadet Brigadier Colonel Fourragere running to his side! . . . He's summoned a bugler . . . It sounds as if Assembly is being called from here . . . No, that can't be . . . Yes, it is! . . . It's Assembly, all right . . . The place is in a turmoil, folks . . . Cadets are rushing all about . . . Girls are fainting . . . I can see many tender scenes of farewell . . . Now the bugle calls are becoming more insistent . . . Sergeants are shouting commands . . . The men are falling into marching formation . . . They have begun to march out of Great Hall . . . They're marching out of the Union building! . . . The coeds, in their pretty pink and white gowns are running to the balcony . . . Now they are waving farewell to their lovers . . . The boys are marching up Langdon Street . . . Now, they've turned into Park Street . . .

What's that? . . . LADIES AND GENTLEMEN . . . *Fort Sumter has been fired upon!*



Model: Lenore Lien

DeLonge Photo



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misses' sizes

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DeLonge Photo

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BROWN STUDY . . .

(continued from page 9)

a movie starlet three *Cardinal* staff members once interviewed while visiting Hollywood.

Carefully mounted on the wall opposite the main entrance to the news room are proofs which were pulled on the first edition of the *Cardinal*, way back in the 1800s. Why the *Cardinal* staff venerates this relic of original sin, we don't know, unless it is supposed to impress visitors with the idea that the *Cardinal* is a venerable campus institution.

* * *

The people who put out the *Cardinal* are an ambitious crew. They aren't normal. If they were, they wouldn't put in the long and hard hours necessary to produce the college daily. (And, by the way, "daily" is the right word for the *Cardinal*. We looked it up in a book. It defined a daily newspaper as any paper producing five editions a week.)

Mort Levine, the editor of the newspaper Wisconsin women believe in, is an amiable young man. We have never heard him get angry. Why should he? He never loses his nickels in the Coke machine.

Shirley Kast, the paper's associate editor, has a monomania for hoarding copy pencils and secreting them in the far corners of desk drawers.

Karl Meyer, the city editor, is a weary-looking young sophomore. It is usually he who is responsible when the *Cardinal* news stories about OCTOPUS claim that *Cardinal* staff members wrote the entire magazine. Karl is always too tired to get excited about anything except the campus chapter of the American Newspaper Guild. (Plug: If you are interested in newspaper work as a future, see Karl about joining the campus associate chapter.)

The rest of the *Cardinal* staff are nice, too. Rosemary Witko, the managing editor, works hard, smiles often, and loves brownies ala mode. Joe Scheines, whose genius appears in this issue, works hard, too. He fills the Coke machine and takes care of McDuff, the clumsy, happy puppy who belongs to Levine and Scheines.

* * *

Well, that's enough about the *Cardinal*. We criticize the *Cardinal* and its staff; we love to find mistakes in it and enjoy making fun of the *Cardinal*; but, in the end, we must admit we have a tender spot in our hearts for the *Cardinal*. After all, it's the only daily paper the campus has.

WSA Builds Own Boathouse

Mothering Wisconsin's 100th Year

Daily Cardinal

University of Wisconsin, Madison, Any Day, 1949
Too Much per copy

Gov. Palmolive, Soap Making Air, Speaks Here Pretty Soon

Governor C. Peter Palmolive, scion of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet mill, will speak here this week on "Soap — A requisite for Americans." Other speakers at this university annual symposium include Gordon Klopff, of the university's thousands; Robert Lor, popular student of Howare U.; Gordon T. Student Board President; Tom Anglefardt (called "Tom" because he's always bumping heads with the administration) and Gordy Klopff (rhymes "dropf" like in "dropf head"). Governor Palmolive, affectionate-



ly called "the little shaver" by his constituents, won a whirl-wind election last fall on a platform to clean up state government. "There'll be no dirty linen aired in public while I'm governor," he once announced.

Though a multi-millionaire Palmolive has followed that great American tradition of identifying his interests with the common man. Already he has appointed several mere millionaires to high state positions.

A reception will be given for the governor and his wife, the former "Bubbles" O'Toole, tonight at the President's Mansion.

Please buy the Cardinal.

* * *

Bitte, kaufen Sie unsere Zeitung.

* * *

Red is primarily a color.

Fire Cure Found

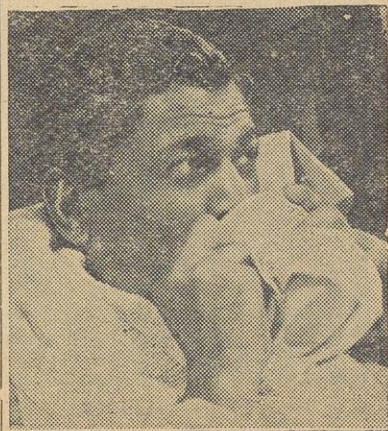
Expert's Advice On Colds

What is the only cure for the common cold, says Dr. John Brownbody of the university student health department.

What can you do about a cold? Brownbody said, "Nod berry." Best thing to do is "stay frob people wid codes."

When you get a cold, however, the advice is to take a couple of off and dose yourself with Vaporub, Rennebohm cold cream, aspirin, argyrol, mineral oil, and plasters, ephedrin nose drops, and Lydia Pinkham's vegetable compound.

What about a "hot toddy?" Brownbody said, "And now will you stop boddering me? I'm sick."



DR. JOHN BROWNSBODY
"... nod buch good."

Student Board Split, 17-1, In Surprise Action

By KARL MIREN

In a surprise action last night student board voted 17 to 1 to construct a boat house on Lake Kegonsa, most southern of Madison's four lakes. Harv Mesnick, spark-plug among board paddlers, shouted down the bill's single opponent and pushed it through practically single-handed.

Board president Dom Dinglehart pounded his gavel for quiet during the heated session and shouted continually "The administration will not approve this," he kept repeating. Dinglehart was the lone dissenter.

Mesnick's action was taken as a result of charges by the Board and the Daily Cardinal last summer that Nat Bowditch, present holder of the boathouse concession, was charging exorbitant prices for rentals, discriminating against freshmen and graduate students, and pinching girls' legs from beneath the slats in the piers.

Last semester the board voted to turn over the concession to another operator, but subsequent action by the Board of Regents returned control of the concession to Bowditch upon his assurance that he would treat students with more respect.

The site on Lake Kegonsa was chosen according to Mesnick because, "The Yahara River is too narrow." Mesnick said that original plans called for the boathouse on the creek which joins Lakes Monona and Mendota, but several people were opposed to it. "I would enjoy punting on the Yahara," said Mesnick, "but others thought it too narrow."

At this point Dinglehart shouted, "The administration will not approve of this."

According to plans which Mesnick says are "still a figment of my imagination," the boathouse will be built with money donated by students and organizations. Board (continued on page 7)

Movies Nab Hahn

Clayton Hahn, this year's Prom King, today signed a contract with Paramount Pictures.

Hahn, who was selected from among hundreds of college prom kings, will co-star with Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, and Bing Crosby, in a new film, "The Road to Temptation Bldg. 16."



DEAN TROXELL
... backs WSA boathouse.

Gridiron to Be Peachy--Iceberg

Another off-the-record, hush-hush program will be the feature of the annual Gridiron Banquet, to be held in Great Hall April 12, according to Chuck Iceberg, president of Sigma Delta Chi, semi-professional journalism fraternity which runs the affair.

The Cardinal is unable to report the name of the speaker, the subject of his speech, or anything else about the banquet, due to the off-the-record nature of the event.

Iceberg's only statement was, "Off the record—strictly off the record, you understand—, it ought to be a really peachy affair."

Medical Student Loses Her Head

Angina Pectoris, third-year woman medical student, reported the loss of her head late last night. Joseph Hammersley, local NKVD agent, questioned the girl.

"I took it out of the anatomy lab last evening. I was going to take it home to study my frontal parietals," she said. "The last place I remember having it was in the Union women's head."

'Head In The Head', Barmaid Screams

Sally Lou Bierkellner, sophomore psychology major and part-time barmaid in the Rathskeller, was taken to the Infirmary last night, after she ran out of the Union last night, screaming, "There's a head in the head."

Doctors at the Infirmary told the Cardinal over the phone this morning that Miss Bierkellner's condition is better, although she still insists "there's a head in the head."

Doctors believe the girl, who had been working overtime in the Rathskeller, "had been looking at too many glasses of beer."

Social Life



(Story on page 9)
One of the prettiest of the Military Ball Court of Honor is lovely **HYACINTH MOONBEAM**, Alpha Phi. Hyacinth is an art major who hails from Wowowtoza, the city of heated homes. Hyacinth was selected for her small bright eyes and patrician nose.

“Little Church” Is Chad Dance Theme

Plans for the Chadbourne Hall dance, to be held Friday evening, May 6, were announced today by Hortense Weathrebean, chairman of the annual fracas.

Planning far ahead, says Hortense, is necessary for success. “This year things are going to be different.” Chadbourne hall will invite men this year.

Theme of the dance, according to Hortense, will be “The Little Church Around the Corner.” She explained the idea. “We are going to fix Tripp Commons up to look like inside a church. In one corner will be a replica of an altar. Everyone will come dressed as brides and grooms. When it comes time for the Grand March, the judas goa—, pardon me, the King and Queen will lead the couples to the altar, where each couple in turn will say vows of marriage to a minister. Of course, the minister won’t be a real one—heh, heh! Of course, not.”

Cost of the dance will be paid by the girls, who buy the tickets, and the rings to be used in the mock ceremonies. “After all,” said Hortense, “it’s the least we can do considering—heh, heh! We really want to put this over on—put this over, I mean.”

Girls at Chadbourne are eagerly awaiting the dance. Heh, heh!

Oodles of New Pledges Join Greekdom Here

Oodles of new pledges were announced today by sororities and fraternities. Largest number of pledges was that of Delta Zeta. Eighty-nine girls were sledged. Smallest number was reported by Kappa Kappa Gamma, which pledged one girl. She will be on display in Great Hall from 1 to 3 p.m. Friday, according to Theda Bari, KKG pledge boss.

Following are the sorority pledge classes.

Alpha Chi Omega
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the Cherry sisters, Dick John, Mary Margaret McBride, Elizabeth Tudor.

Delta Delta Delta
Elizabeth Flygt Flygt Flygt, Susan Susan Susan Severance, Mary Jane Turley Turley Turley.

Delta Gamma
Betty Downhearted, Chanel Goldgruber, Mrs. J. D. DeWitt.

Delta Zeta
Audrey A. Moth, Cartier, Patrick Freihammer, B-L Forrest, Pfeffer Martin, Dream Girl Patch, “Shooting” Starz, Carrie Trawlsome, Carol Windgrit

MORE MORE MORE MORE

Gamma Phi Beta
Constant Crosby, Little Laura Euler, LISPETH HULCE, Joodee Tormey.

Kappa Alpha Theta
Sorry, the President lost the pledge list.

Kappa Delta
Alice Chalmers, Jennie Elektrik.

Kappa Kappa Gamma
Hyacinth Moonbeam.

Phi Sigma Sigma
Agnes Archon, Vicky Archon, Betty Bursar, Chic Ago Tribune.

Pi Beta Phi
De Zimmerwoman, two Shockleys, Tafferine Reetz, Rufe Nolte, B. Below.

Fraternity pledge classes are:

Alpha Epsilon Pi
“Laughing Boy” Resnick, Jolly Wexler, a big supporting cast.

Alpha Tau Omega
“ATO has 101 chapters in colleges.”

Beta Theta Pi
Mary Bruce, Joyce Cisco, Diane Dodge, Maude Eakins—Oh, pardon me, I thought you said “Theta”.

Chi Phi
Aristotle, Ludwig Beethoven, Charlemagne, Charles Darwin, Thomas Alva Edison, William Zoroaster.

Chi Psi
What’s the difference between this one and the one above? One letter.

Phi Delta Theta
Every BMOC.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon
Every BMOC.

Sigma Chi
Guess what?

Social Items

THE WAUWATOSA Student association will meet tomorrow evening at the Union Theater to discuss plans for moving the University of Wisconsin to Wauwatosa. Mavis Rowboat, president of the association, invites all the 17,000 Wauwatosa students to come and get acquainted.

* * *

—**ATTEND** the Happy Hour in Great Hall tonight from 8 to 10 p.m. Marv Resnick, Grand Supreme Laughing Boy, will conduct a community smile from 8 to 9 p.m. From 9 to 10 p.m. guests will be entertained by a variety of smiles, grins, and booming laughter.

* * *

COME dancing tomorrow night in Ag Auditorium. The Men’s Dorm dance committee is sponsoring a smooth dancing party. Emphasis will be on old-type dancing. Brush up on your gavotte, minuet, and Hopi Snake Dance.

* * *

PROFESSOR Trewartha will be the speaker at the Wednesday evening meeting of the Hoofers Geographical society. Professor Trewartha will speak on his travels in the Islands of Langerhans. His topic will be “My Travels in the Islands of Langerhans.”

* * *

“**PLAY** Hours” for university boys

and girls in freshman and more years are being sponsored by the department of physical education for women. The five begin today. They provide university kids with an opportunity to experience in playing and with others of their own age. Troxell, senior in phy. ed., will close watch on the Play Hours.

* * *

THE DON JUAN Fan Club will hold an orgy Friday night from 10 to 12:30 in front of Elizabeth V.

* * *

A pound of feathers weighs more than a pound of love.

* * *

Students in English 30 wrote Forsythe Saga.”

Don't Wait!

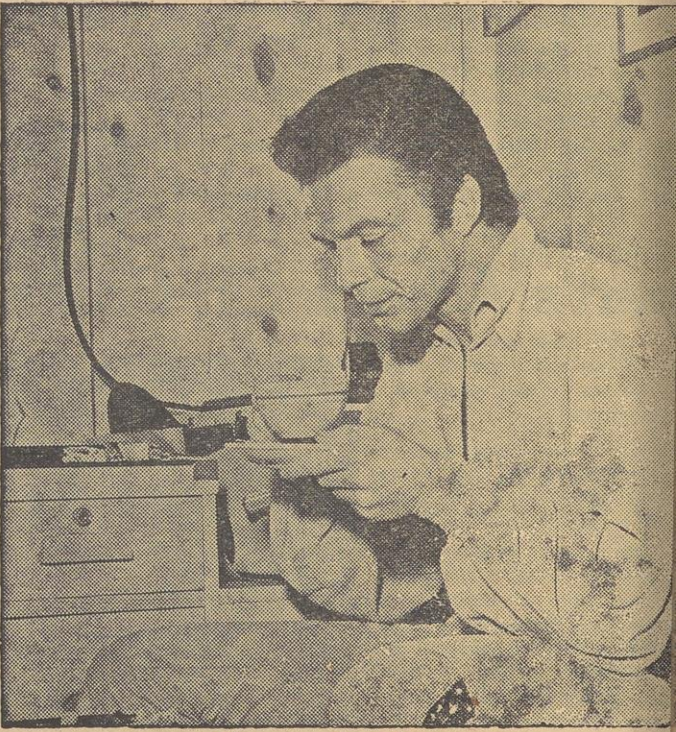
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Subscriptions — Sales
Memorial Union

DRINK RATHSKELLER COFFEE



*Always hot!
Always bitter!*



MIL BALL KING AND QUEEN
... chat with President Fred during intermission.

Today

VEGETARIANS

The University Vegetarian club holds its annual banquet in the cafeteria room. Miss Dorothy Vio will discuss "Lettuce and Its Relation to Rabbits."

CONSERVATIVES

The Young Republicans hold their annual Lincoln Day Dinner in the main Booth room.

MEASURE HUNT

The Hoofers will sponsor a treasure hunt. Before the hunt, Ed Ahern will report on how much the treasure got away with when he abandoned.

INTERVIEWS

Student Board holds interviews with a Student Court Commuting Magistrate. Only students having committed heinous crimes need apply.

CARDINAL MEETING

The Daily Cardinal will interview students interested in staff positions. Freshmen who hope to be editor their junior years are especially welcome.

TRY-OUTS

Try-outs for Robert Gard's original gripping melodrama, "River of No Return", will be held in the UW Armory, at four bells. Interested students should bring their own evening suits.

LAUNDRY DANCE

The WSA Laundry service will hold a costume ball in Great Hall, Friday night from eight to eleven o'clock. Dirty clothes for the dance will be furnished by the WSA Laundry.

SHOOTING RIFLES

The Pershing Rifles ornery military society will hold a smoker tomorrow at 9 p.m. in the powder magazine of the Armory.

Your Late Book Even University

SLIPSTICK DEMONSTRATION

All graduating senior engineers are invited to attend a lecture on "How to Use the Log-Log Slide Rule." The lecture by Professor Withey will be in the Rosinwood room tonight at 8 o'clock.

ONE-ACT PLAY

Members of Omicron Nu will put on a one-act play, entitled "Can You Bake A Cherry Pie, Billy Boy?", today at 4:30 p.m. in the Union kitchens. Students are asked to bring their own pies.

COFFEE HOUR

The Union Coffee Hour has run out of guests of honor to invite. But students are invited to drop in at Great Hall today from 3:30 to 5 p.m. and meet the Big Wheels who are invariably there. Cookies and coffee to keep you from being bored.



If Your THETA
Won't Knit For Ya'
Call —

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA
Henry St. 5-6763

Co-eds Demand Beard Suffrage

The postponement of the St. Pat's Day ball has just been announced by St. Pat. It seems that the dates of all the sprouting engineers feel that the growing of beards has been traditional long enough. The custom totally disregards the fact that this is also a "women's world."

When interviewed on the subject, Don Aikens, previous beard winner, could only suggest: "The best solution to this pressing issue is to let the women grow beards, giving them a two weeks' start."

The engineers assembled last night to discuss the matter, deciding that the beard growing contest will have to start over. All flowing chin pieces were ordered cut immediately. Aikens' suggestion was accepted as the only solution. Therefore, the women will start sprouting beards and mustaches at once, and two weeks from midnight tonight the men will begin the competition.

"We are allowing the women a two weeks start only because their chins may not be in condition. Next year they must be prepared to take part in fair, open competition with the men," stated an authoritative slipstick wielder. He also added that any ornament such as beret, ribbon, or mouse in the chin foli-

age will definitely be prohibited.

Dean Troxell called the change in plans, "Impossible! I shiver at the consequences in the women's dormitories, especially should some girl's beard-growing roommate slither in to bed late some night."

The girls, however, are at present circulating petitions demanding equal representation with the beard-growing engineers and vowing their full cooperation in understanding all actions of their roommates.

Dark days are really ahead for the razor blade industry.

SEX DETERMINED

CHICKS



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Boys! Find Gay Romance!



BE A GLAMOUR BOY

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"... that continued and farcial shifting and whinnying by which alone the Truth may be foundered ..."

editorial

Intellectual Regimentation Must Exist

For some time the Cardinal has watched with growing apprehension the inroads of regimentation on our scholastic life. Little by little, as if by an all-consuming rust, the basic freedoms of the students have wasted away.

Always ready to man the barricades in any fight affecting the student the Cardinal today presents a revolutionary plan in the field of higher education. The Cardinal plan is designed not only to buttress the sagging rights at present enjoyed by the student but also to broaden the base and thereby remove any future threats.

The Cardinal plan is a two-fisted, fearless, hard-hitting, dynamic, red-blooded, realistic three point program that pulls no punches, asks no quarter and gives none, and is geared to the high speed, momentous days in which we live. The plan:

Attendance taking must be abolished. This requirement infringes on the student's basic right to sift and winnow. Why should he be required to attend every meeting of a class, completely disregarding the fact that he might not feel like sifting and winnowing on some days?

Veterans texts. Why must the veterans be compelled to get the text printed on the veterans' slip? If the veteran would rather get the **Decameron** or the **Rubiyat** for Econ 1a in preference to the text he should be free to do so.

Class room assignments should be abolished. How can youthful outlooks keep from becoming warped when they are forced to return to the same dismal room, meeting after meeting?

Kardinal Kudo

Today a heartfelt kudo to us, for the swell job we have been doing this year, putting out a Cardinal that is a leader among state high school newspapers.

Especial mention should be made of Mort Levine and Karl Meyer for the peachy work they have done on the Cardinal this year. They wrote editorials, they wrote news stories, they wrote headlines, and they both played a scrumptious game of ping pong. Under the guidance of Editor Mort Levine, the Cardinal this year has become one year older. Three cheers to us.

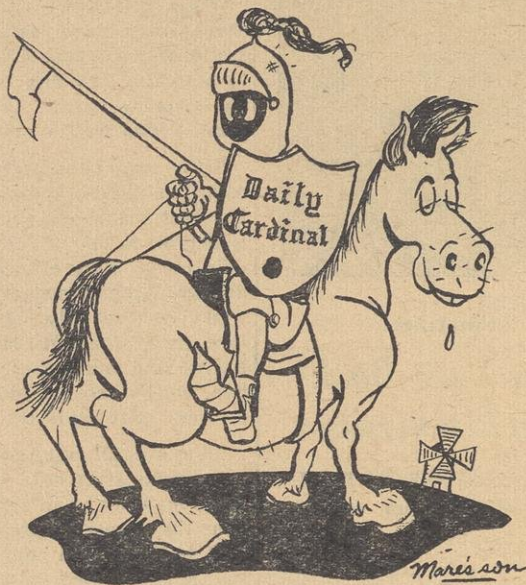


DAILY CARDINAL

Complaint

Any Day, 1949

THE SHINING KNIGHT



Dear Sir:

I wish to compliment you on your fine newspaper. I like the large, clear, easy-to-read column rules. I am just crazy about your photographs. It is such fun to sit of an evening by the fire trying to figure out what is represented in your photos. My psych. professor says he's using them instead of the Ink Blot test.

The columns are fine. Bob Samp's MediComments contains so much information about his fellow students in Med School. The editorial page columns are peachy, too. They really hit at campus issues like Sex, hamburger casserole, and Switzerland.

I like your critics. Best of all do I like the reviews by G. David Weinick. He's so much better than W. K. Archer. Archer didn't like anything. Weinick is more liberal. The only thing he dislikes is English composition. At our house when the Cardinal has a review by him, we all cry, "Gee! David Weinick!"

I like the Cardinal feature stories. They look so much nicer on the front page than dirty old news stories. That's what I like best ... the fearless independence of the Cardinal. But sometimes I am nostalgic. Tell me, what ever happened to the things the student body used to like? I means things like campus news.

Sincerely,

Edward Clark

foot prints



Student Bored by Smorgasboard Editorial Board

(Ed. Note: Many readers ask about omnists. They want to know where, e these writers stand on important issues day. They claim they can't find out by the columns. Here, in the interests of is a brief compilation of their opinions o burning issues).

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF FRATERN

Dermer: "Some discriminate, and th don't use any meat in their hamburgeroles."

Wahl: "You should see the ones in S land!"

Reimers: "They should also be given gence tests before voting."

Meyer: "Don't bother me!"

Scheines: "Acultural."

SHOULD WE HAVE FINAL EXAM

Reimers: "Yes."

Scheines: "No."

Dermer: "Maybe it's a good thing."

Wahl: "None of the above."

Meyer: "All of the above."

HOW ABOUT ROTC?

Dermer: "What is it?"

Meyer: "Tough course."

Wahl: "Isn't it dangerous to give guns dents?"

Reimers: "We must fight the Red M

Scheines: "Ha!"

... SEX ON THE CAMPUS?

Wahl: "They do it better in Europe."

Reimers: "Intelligence tests should b before sexing."

Meyer: "What is it?"

Scheines: "Dyspeptic, cacophonous a realistic."

Dermer: "Just like hamburger casse the Union—no meat."

... THINGS IN GENERAL

Wahl: "I'm afraid I can't answer that

Meyer: "Tricky, real tricky."

Dermer: "I dreamt it was going to ra

Reimers: "I don't think in generalities, in particulars. We've got to watch t Menace."

Scheines: "Pretty funny, huh?"

The Daily Cardinal

Entered as strictly second-class matter at office at Maddy's Inn. Wis. Founded April 4, daily newspaper at the University of Wisconsin and controlled by Mort I. Levine.

The Daily Cardinal is rubbish every morn week except Sonntag und Montag. The opinions in the editorials do not necessarily reflect the student body.

OFFICES: Cardinal bldg. F. 5000-1. Bus. office

JOHN H. HINKAMPF MORTAL FIEND IRA LO
Busy Manager Executive Editor Sole

A Satiated Editor S
Mangling Editor Little
Seedy Editor Er
Seedy Editor's Helper Pat
Schportz Editors Jim Blowman, SI
Society Editor Ell
Socress' Apprentice D
Editor's Roommate Jo
Feature Editor Elain
Whipping Boy Irv Ma
Snapshot Fiend Gorgeot
Staff Artist Handy
The Jungle Fighter G. Davl

of Wis. Has Seen Historical History

Next few years saw a sudden coming for the university. Returning veterans swelled enrollment, women were admitted for the first time, registration lines grew long and "Gee whignyuqgst" became the grynspwa.

While all this was going on, a scene took place in the back of a saloon located right where the chemistry building stands today. Few people know, today, exactly what went on in that back room. We're sure there was a poker game and evidence hints at a posillied beer or two. As for the rest, we can only surmise.

In the early days of the university, the state legislature never had any money. So the old school was forced to mortgage its lands for operating funds. One of the investors was an eccentric New York financier named Jay Gould. He acquired a mortgage on the university Arboretum for a mere \$2500.

As an admittedly foolish gambler and some of Jay's best friends urged him to drop the property. But he was a gambler to the bone and insisted on keeping the property. He claimed it would make a fine site for a boathouse one day when he could finally retire.

Then the audacious Gould attempted to corner the gold market. His best bet was history. Among other things, Gould was forced to sell the Madison land. The venture eventually ended up in the hands of a Mississippi river boat operator named "Wild Bill Kiekhofer."

Bill had what you might call a trust. You might also call it a shrdnap. So one day in 1849 he walked down the gangplank of the Crosse and ambled his way to Madison to look over his



U. of W. — 1849
... those were dark days.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the 87th of 117 historical articles extracted from Professors Curti and Carstensen's book. Without their book, we would have to fill this space with campus news).

property. On the way, he dropped into the saloon on University ave. and, as was his habit, managed to get into a poker game in the back room.

Perhaps because it was spring, or possibly due to the superior playing of one of his opponents, "Wild Bill" ran into a streak of bad luck. He eventually had to offer the mortgage as a bet. This wager was eagerly covered by Charles Kendall Adams, third president of the university, who happened to be sitting across the table, enjoying his favorite sport.

"Wild Bill" drew two kings to a pair of fours. He smiled confidently and raised by betting his services for the rest of his life. Adams drew a third Ace.

And that's how we have the Arboretum and Prof. Kiekhofer with us today.

'Bloomer Girl', Haresfoot Show, To Jump Around

An extensive tour of the Haresfoot production, "Bloomer Girl", is being booked, according to Robert O'Brien, president of the famed all-male dramatic club. The show will open in Sun Prairie, Wisconsin, on the 16th of April, after which it will jump around the country, returning to Madison for a run beginning April 25th.

Following the opening in Sun Prairie, the Haresfooters will jump to Milwaukee for a one-night stand at the Empress theater. Then a plane flight will rush the cast to New York for two shows at Grant's Tomb. The next hop will be to Tarpon Springs, Florida, where "Bloomer Girl" will be presented underwater to the sponge divers national convention.

"Our biggest jump," O'Brien told a Cardinal reporter, "will be from Ft. Leavenworth to Los Angeles,

DAILY CARDINAL—5

California, where we will put the show on at the opening of a supermarket."

The next day, according to O'Brien, Haresfooters will take a day's vacation. "We want to tour Hollywood movie studios and get autographs."

The 24th will find the boys, refreshed from their Hollywood vacation, zipping back to Chicago for a benefit show that night for the Chicago Rockets.

The next day, the 25th, Haresfoot will open at the Majestic theater here in Madison.

The excitement of the cast over the big tour is exemplified by Mel Corbly, who will play "Evalina." Said Mel, "Don't bother me, bub. I'm trying to learn me lines."

"Bloomer Girl", the Haresfoot project this year, is a recent smash hit on Broadway. Bud Becker, public relations man for Haresfoot, termed the show "a gay, enchanting, delightful, charming, entrancing, swell show. But we'll change all that."

TRY OUR CORN-ON-THE-COB



We know you'll love this out-of-season treat.
And guess what else we serve that Student Life & Interest Committee won't let us advertise in the Cardinal?

Roman Village Restaurant

700 State Street

Open Frequently

New! 15 Minute Dry Cleaning!



WSA Laundry and Dry Cleaning
brings you a new, fast service

OFFICE BEHIND OCTY HUT

Spotting the Sportlite

By
Jim Blowhard

Honest to Aspinwall, sports fans, we've got to have Contract Bridge adopted here at Wisconsin as either a major sport or a full credit major leading to a DCB degree (Doctor of Contract Bridge).

Several other Big Niners have already placed this deadly sport on their intercollegiate calendars and report that the frequency of fatal injuries was about the same as for jumping from a plane with no parachute.

But an old-fashioned Wisconsin faculty is against the sport simply because it would interfere with academic pursuits. A poor excuse for an excuse. We in this corner hold that a student can learn more through finessing a little slam with only two and a half honors in his hand than he can learn in a whole semester of one of those outmoded hill courses like Bones 3a.

However, there is one man on the faculty who is very much in favor of adopting bridge here. That man is Dean Notrump who says, "Let's not be afraid, men; if we've got the honor count, dammit, let's bid."

Several other parties with nothing in particular to gain have also voiced support. Rome Taft Markdeck, president of the card manufacturers association, promises to make available in the near future a new type of playing card that will not wilt or bend, though the table is flooded with coffee. This will be a big deal for sloppy beginners.

Wisconsin General Hospital offi-

Midget Submerges

Before a capacity crowd of screaming co-eds last evening, Delta Kappa Epsilon's Chronic Alcoholics outlasted Showerman's Common Drunks in a drinking bout that saw no less than seventeen kegs completely slurped up.

The two teams met in the recreation room at Langdon Manor and each was seven men strong; but as the contest wore on the deadly 3.2 brew began its subversive operations from within.

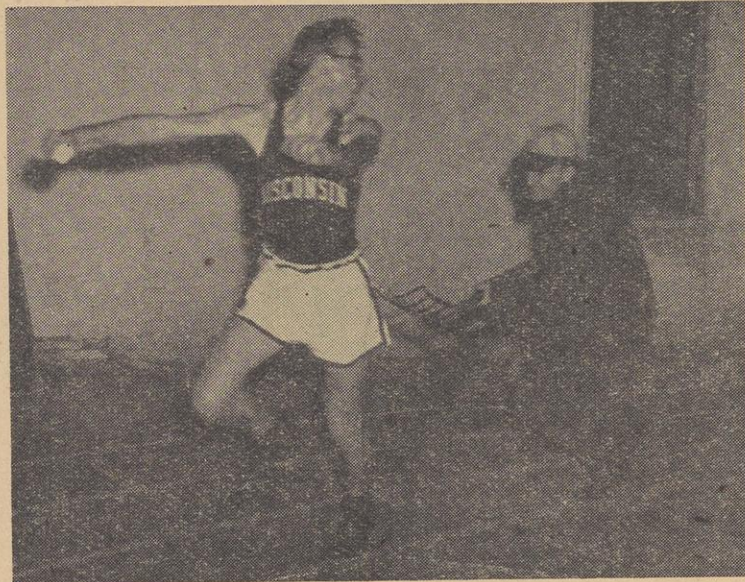
By the time no. 3 keg was tapped, both teams had each lost two men, thus proving conclusively that 3.2 x 3.2 divided into 14 equals 4 drunks.

The battle was a nip and suck affair for the first two hours, neither side being able to force the other under the tables. But the tide was

Gehrmann Will Get Major "W" Runs Mile In Four Minutes Flat

6—DAILY CARDINAL

Sports



GEHRMANN . . . sharp encouragement.

cials say they will set up several auxiliary first aid stations on the campus to help care for the wounded amateur who accidentally trumps his partner's ace.

No matter how we look at it fans, legalizing contract bridge here would raise Wisconsin at least two notches above its traditional spot—low man on the totem pole.

Benjamin Franklin is the author of the book, "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin."

soon turned by a midget on the DKE team, "Slim" Schmidt, whose specialty up to that point had been short beers.

The four-foot, eleven-inch lost-weekender dove headfirst into an uncovered keg of the amber liquid and remained submerged seven minutes. In addition to taking the stuff in through his mouth and ears, Schmidt absorbed enormous quantities through osmosis.

When the foam was cleared, and the drunks put to bed, the finals were tabulated. DKE had won, 9 kegs to 8 kegs. However, Donovan Q. Fauerbach of Showerman took individual honors, having consumed 3 kegs; he walked home with assistance.

Badgers Place First —Upside Down, i.e.

by DICK FREAKY

The sad and cheerless nights at the Badger field house during the dear and departed basketball season are ended; but looking back, we can see faint suggestions of consoling bright spots.

First of all, the season won't begin again till next December. Se-



SHORT'N



TALL

condly — according to the players pictured above — "If you stand on your head when you read the final conference standings, we finished in first place."

Then too, since Coach Foster didn't do too well this year, we now have a solution to the problem of what to do with all those surplus signs which read, "The Coach Must Go!"

But Bud is a good Joe and may possibly be given professor's tenure and allowed to hang around the field house next season selling programs before the games and picking up peanut shells afterwards.

Aided From Re By Coach Sundt

By CAL IRKSOME

A few weeks after his virgin mile in the East where he won the V maker mile, Wisconsin's dw legged speed merchant, Don Gehrmann, dripped off a four-n mile on the Ann-X track.

No human has ever been a accomplish this feat, but Squ did—thus confirming the rumo he's 2/3 ant eater.

His first words after barely ing his way across the finish "I'm tired as all hell."

However, Gehrmann cann given full credit for the : baking performance as he wa assisted — from the rear — l Badger track mentor who h own peculiar ideas on how the most out of distance run.

Coach Sundt would cut acro track and get behind Don c curves and give him an "ext centive" to go a bit faster.

Both Don and the genial seemed optimistic about a p three-minute mile. "It'll mean giving the lad sharp encouragement," said the coach.

Sundt admitted he got the action" idea originally from Sundt who has used similar to get him to the office on tim morning. He said he hasn't late in 30 years.

Some camels can go twent without.

Housemother Ma Join Grid Staff As a "Line Exper

By "SPARTUS"

It was rumored today tha Solomon Grundy is being h for a spot on Ivan's football head "line coach."

Having been a housemo Liz Waters for ten years, plus dropping on Picnic Point Grundy says she has heard lines to be an authority o ones that bring results.

This wide and long experi the sixty-year suffragette h qualified her as an authority legal use of hands." And backs don't run fast enough, as she is affectionately calle she'll go to Track Coach Su advice.

Uranium was invented by Lillienthal.



of the speakers at next Sunday's "Sex and Marriage" lecture
 be PROF. SAM SENSUAL, animal husbandry department, and
 EROTICA JONES, instructor in applied anatomy. They will de-
 the question, "Is Platonic Friendship Ever Any Fun?"

CLASSIFIED

ed Advertising Rates: 2½c per word for the first day. 1c per word
 h day following except the second month alone which has four
 enny-four. No odor taken over the telephone. Classified ads are
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LOST AND FOUND

ANNOTATED AND MUCH
 copy of Kiekhofers "Prob-
 " Must have by tomorrow.
 gains initials W.H.K. Call
 omics department before 2:25
 5x.5

PURPLE SCARF SOME-
 e in Bascom. If found, please
 y Helen White.]x2x

TEMPORARILY MISPLACED

OF CURTI AND CARSTEN-
 "History of the University
 isconsin." Can not get along
 out it. If located, return it
 e feature department of the
 Cardinal. 1x1

PERSONAL

I CAN'T FIND THE PRO-
 nda leaflets, Leon. 1x1

NE NOT ATTENDING MIL
 who has spare ribbons or
 ations (combat preferred) is
 d to contact Scabbard and
 e office. 8x8

HELP WANTED

YOU BIG? ARE YOU
 ny? Can you run, charge,
 e, and look tired at times?
 , I need you and want you
 ork this spring and next fall.
 e football experience desired.
 call U. 290 and ask for "Red"
 vy." 1x3

FOR SALE

ERAL FINE PAINTINGS

dating back several hundred
 years. A steal. Call at the rear
 door of the Union and ask for
 Porter. 1x4

WILL SELL OR TRADE TWO
 tickets to "The Shoemaker's
 House" for two tickets to next
 Tuesday's production at the Ci-
 nema Shop. Get in touch with
 Ronald Mitchell.

LARGE MARBLE BUILDING IN
 Capitol Park for sale. Must get
 rid of this recent purchase. Cash
 only. Call the University Club
 and ask for Bobby Hayseed, L&S
 Grad. 4x4

CARDINAL FILLERS:

Fillers were invented by the Daily
 Cardinal.

For Help With Student Activities



Call or Write:

GORDON KLOPF

124 BASCOM

U. 41

Boathouse--

(continued from page 1)

member Harry Breiteyes was en-
 thusiastic about the possibilities of
 student subscription.

Methods discussed for construct-
 ing the boathouse centered around
 the use of Work Day labor. Most
 board members felt that with the
 combined efforts of 6,000 students
 a structure could be raised in prac-
 tically no time at all.

"The administration will not ap-
 prove of this!" shouted Dinglehart.
 portunities for students to make
 use of the WSA privilege cards.

In other action last night the Stu-
 dent Board dissolved the Board of
 Regents by a vote of 17 to 1. An
 heretofore unknown section of the
 state constitution gives to the stu-
 dent body at the university powers
 to abolish any governing body made
 up of citizens who are not students.

"Board member Dinglehart cast
 the only dissenting vote. "The ad-
 ministration will not approve of
 this!" he shouted.

DAILY CARDINAL—7

Cardinal news is what holds the
 ads in the paper apart.

* * *

Llamas is a funny-looking animal
 in the Andes.

* * *

Music Hall is named after the
 late professor of counterpoint,
 Llewelyn Music.



PICK YOUR TYPE AT-

KETTERER'S

626 Langdon St.

Don't be Selfish!
 Take Your Mother to

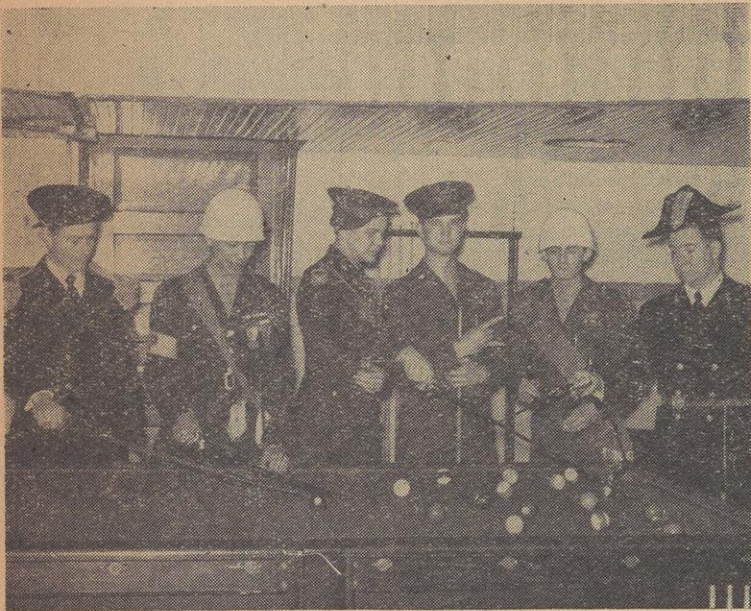


MILITARY BALL

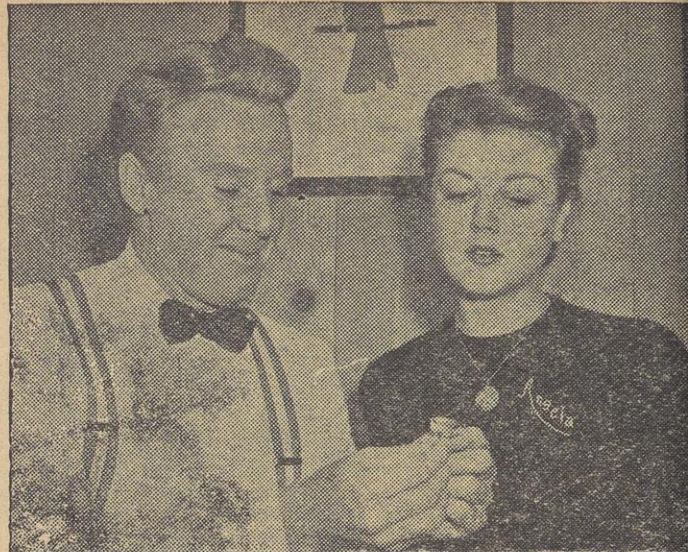
*She'll love it, and, besides,
 we need the five bucks*

Memorial Union — 9 p.m., April 8

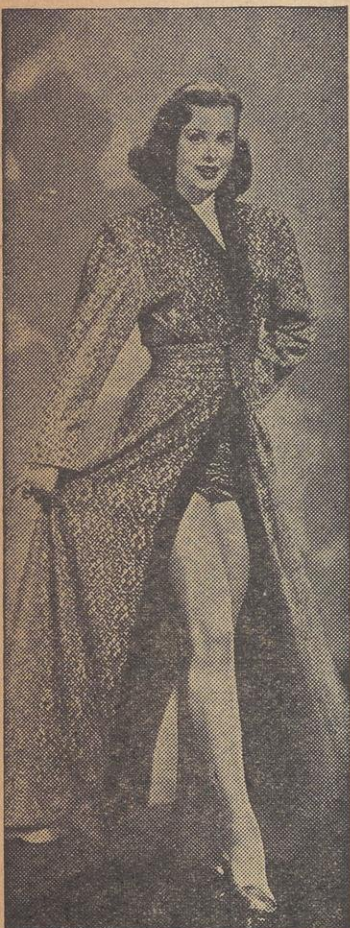
A Page of News in Pictures



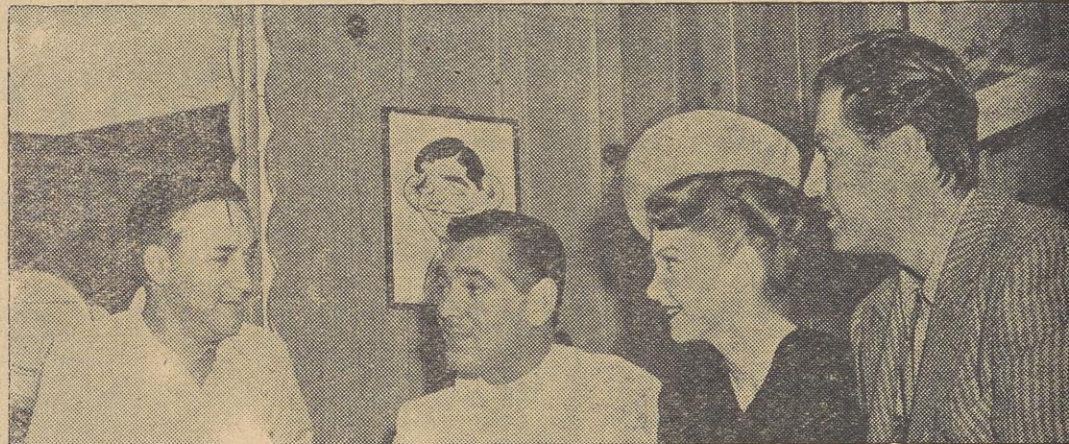
Successful Pre-Mil Ball chairmen discuss the success of the joint Army-Navy-Air Force strategy which made successful the successful Pre-Mil Ball.



Nelly Wenchwood, economics sophomore from Kenosha, Wis., shown above receiving a \$5,000 sapphire ring from President Fred. She won the ring for her first prize statement in the university's recent contest. All Nelly did to win the swell ring was to finish this state "I like the University of Wisconsin best because . . ." President Fred said more contests will be coming in the University's campaign to get the enrollment up, despite high tuition fees.



Shown above is Miss Nancy Shaw, pert Chicago photographer's model, who masqueraded as a University of Wisconsin co-ed for two weeks. Nancy was accepted as a normal, average co-ed until her skirt ripped apart one day. "One look at my legs and everyone knew I was no U.W. co-ed."



New football coach, Ivan Williamson, talks things over with his coaching staff. Williamson, left, is discussing plans for spring practice with Bob Odell, new assistant coach (next to Williamson), an unnamed girl from Journalism 2 who sneaked into the picture while getting a story for the Capital Times, and Shaw, new assistant coach. Note close resemblance of Odell to Clark Gable whose picture is on the wall.



Star hit at 770 Club last weekend was the Madison Housemothers Association's "Gay Paree Chorus." "We wanted to show that we are just as young and fun-loving as the students whose lives we shepherd," said Mrs. Pete Grimbody, chorus line captain and third assistant deputy housemother at Langdon Hall.

Now at 260 Langdon

(Across from Ann Emery)

to better serve you

'It's Wagner's for Flowers of Fashion'



Now you can order her flowers at our new on-campus showroom. Choose from our complete selection and then pick them up just before the dance—fresher and lovelier.

We invite inquiries concerning our group order plan for Military Ball corsages. Call us or come in today.

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L. G. Balfour Co.

Fraternity Jewelers



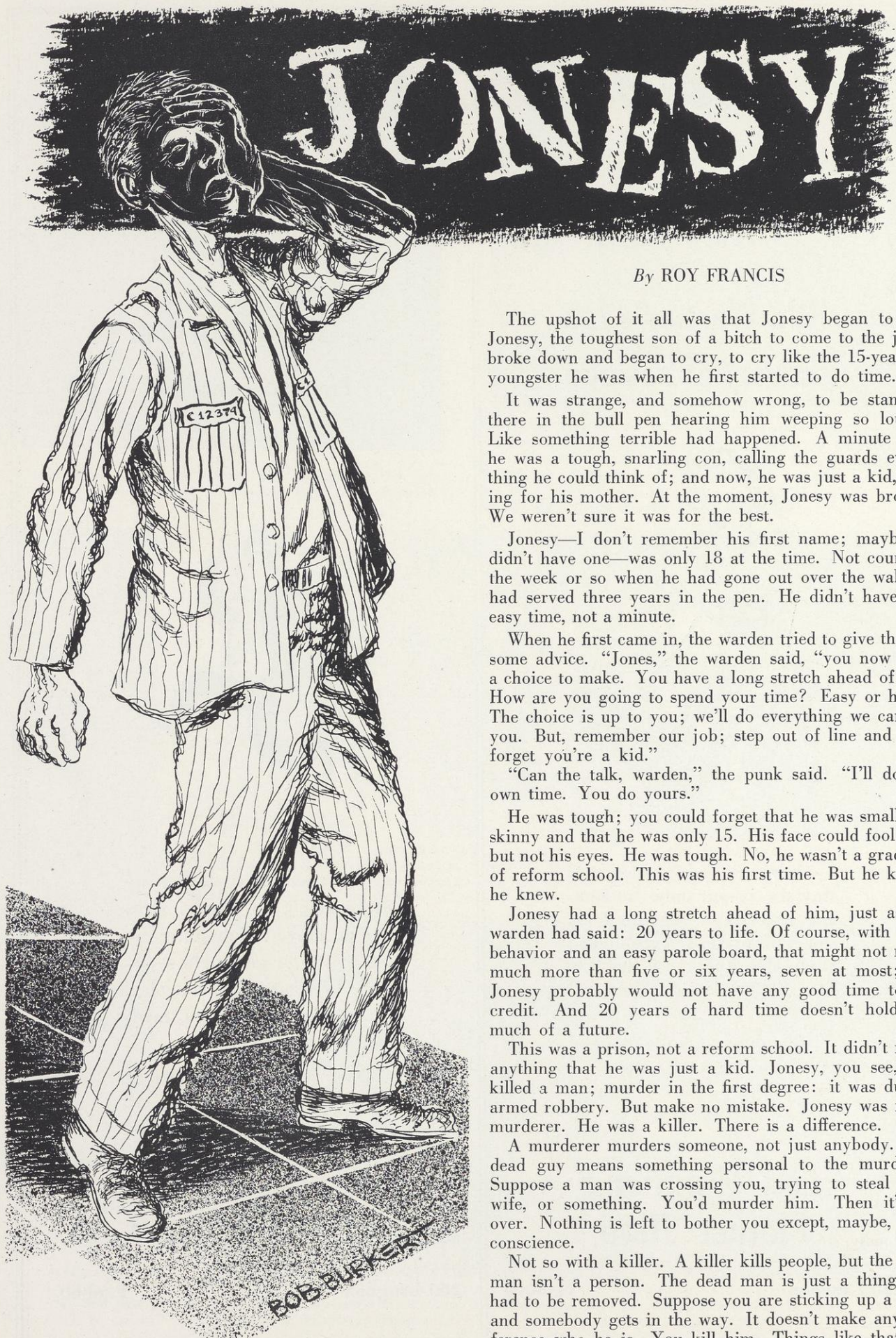
You don't have to run up State street to see us now. We've moved right on campus with our complete selection of fraternity jewelry, seal stationery, favors, medals, and trophies.

Our courteous, efficient service is still the same — only the location is different.

L. G. Balfour Co.

260 Langdon

F. 6860



By ROY FRANCIS

The upshot of it all was that Jonesy began to cry. Jonesy, the toughest son of a bitch to come to the joint, broke down and began to cry, to cry like the 15-year-old youngster he was when he first started to do time.

It was strange, and somehow wrong, to be standing there in the bull pen hearing him weeping so loudly. Like something terrible had happened. A minute ago, he was a tough, snarling con, calling the guards everything he could think of; and now, he was just a kid, crying for his mother. At the moment, Jonesy was broken. We weren't sure it was for the best.

Jonesy—I don't remember his first name; maybe he didn't have one—was only 18 at the time. Not counting the week or so when he had gone out over the wall, he had served three years in the pen. He didn't have any easy time, not a minute.

When he first came in, the warden tried to give the kid some advice. "Jones," the warden said, "you now have a choice to make. You have a long stretch ahead of you. How are you going to spend your time? Easy or hard? The choice is up to you; we'll do everything we can for you. But, remember our job; step out of line and we'll forget you're a kid."

"Can the talk, warden," the punk said. "I'll do my own time. You do yours."

He was tough; you could forget that he was small and skinny and that he was only 15. His face could fool you, but not his eyes. He was tough. No, he wasn't a graduate of reform school. This was his first time. But he knew; he knew.

Jonesy had a long stretch ahead of him, just as the warden had said: 20 years to life. Of course, with good behavior and an easy parole board, that might not mean much more than five or six years, seven at most; but Jonesy probably would not have any good time to his credit. And 20 years of hard time doesn't hold out much of a future.

This was a prison, not a reform school. It didn't mean anything that he was just a kid. Jonesy, you see, had killed a man; murder in the first degree: it was during armed robbery. But make no mistake. Jonesy was not a murderer. He was a killer. There is a difference.

A murderer murders someone, not just anybody. The dead guy means something personal to the murderer. Suppose a man was crossing you, trying to steal your wife, or something. You'd murder him. Then it's all over. Nothing is left to bother you except, maybe, your conscience.

Not so with a killer. A killer kills people, but the dead man isn't a person. The dead man is just a thing that had to be removed. Suppose you are sticking up a joint and somebody gets in the way. It doesn't make any difference who he is. You kill him. Things like that can

come up any time, and they have to be removed.

That is the difference between a murderer and a killer. A killer kills things; and Jonesy was a killer.

As far as he was concerned, that made him tough. At least, he acted as though he believed he were. And a penitentiary is a good place to find out just how tough you are. Unlike the reports of sob-sisters, there are some bad boys in stir. If you want a reputation as a tough nut, you have to be tough. Jonesy, despite his size and age, was soon taken in by the leaders of the rougher element. Naturally, he began to spend as much time in the bull pen as in his own cell.

Now, the bull pen isn't a decent sort of place to spend your time. It is in the old wing of the joint, in the basement. There are no facilities, other than an old bucket, and the con is forced to sleep, if he can, on the floor, and that's made of concrete. Sometimes, for added discipline, the blankets are taken away. Also, a three day diet of bread and water doesn't make one feel too happy with life. No, the bull pen is not to be compared with the ordinary cell for comfort.

He did manage to escape, one time, with two other cons; but they were gone only a week or so, and were caught just a few miles from the joint. On his return, he was to spend a year in the bull pen. That was, more or less, routine; any guy who runs off and is fool enough to be brought back spends a year in the bull pen.

Of course, the cons think that's for the birds. No damned guard could treat them that way; so they spent their waking hours figuring out ways by which they could break the rules. They would take turns singing as loud as they could. They would rattle the bars. They would shout—do anything to bother the guards.

The officials could have ignored their stunts, probably, if it had been possible to separate the men completely. But their noise could be heard all over that wing, and, naturally, the other cons made the most of it. And the guards were losing control all the time. Anything—a riot, maybe—could grow out of this. So, something had to be done. But after solitary, nothing more could be done to a con.

Years ago, maybe, the officials could have gotten rough. And while some of the guards agreed that "those bastards don't know anything except force," no one could legally slug a con—except in self-defense.

Jonesy, of course, was making the most of it.

"Yaah!" he'd yell, "you ring-tailed bastards ain't so tough. If you were as rough as your talk is, you'd beat the hell out of me."

The guards wouldn't answer.

"The trouble is," Jonesy continued, "none of you guys can beat me up. Why don't you try? That is, without your sap. Come on in my cell, and mix it up with me. Whatsa matter, ya bastards, ya yella?"

Finally, one of the bulls answered him, "No kid, we ain't yellow. We just don't hit babies."

That made Jonesy all the more furious.

"Baby? Why you damned flatfoot. Come on in my cell, and I'll show you who's a baby."

The guard who had spoken tossed his sap to another bull. He was a huge man—six foot seven, weighing about 225. That made him a foot taller than Jonesy, and at least 75 pounds heavier. He walked slowly and lightly. "Sure, Jonesy, sure. We'll see who's a baby."

The kid didn't expect this, and it scared him; but he could not afford to show it. Part of his courage came back when he remembered that the guard could hit only in self-defense. Some guards, of course, would hit first

(continued on page 26)

Dinner at the WOODEN BOWL

*the perfect way to begin
an evening of dancing*

Whether you're going to Mil Ball, a fraternity or sorority formal, or Dormsylvania, your dinner with us will help make it a party you'll always remember.

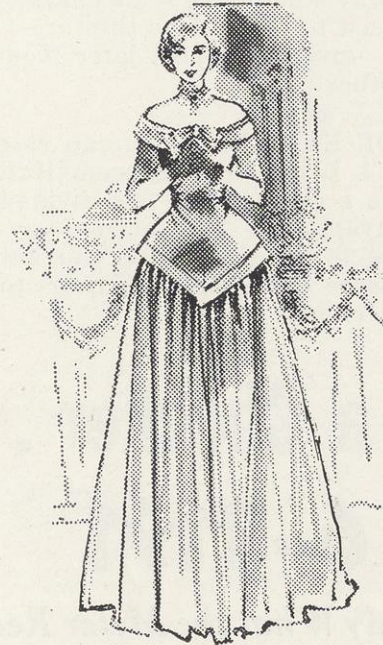
Preference given to reservations. Phone F. 5319

THE WOODEN  BOWL

AT THE LARK . . . 2550 University Ave.

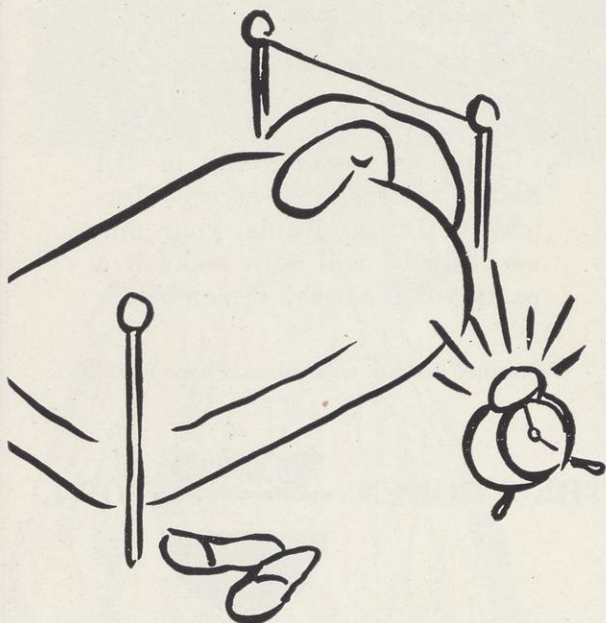
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is suggested in this exquisite
Emma Domb formal from
California*

Late Again?



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Heavenly Days

The scene is heaven.

ANGEL 766-52-01: What's the matter with the Chief? He raced by me and didn't even say Hello.

ANGEL 422-11-61: It's the same old problem of April 9th.

ANGEL 766-52-01: Problem of April 9th? It's only April 7th, and that's no reason for the treatment we get in this office. I'm damn near ready to ask for a transfer back to Wing Supply. We had a union there that would never stand for—

ANGEL 422-11-61: Look, Mac, you haven't been in Administration over 200 years. You're still green. There's good reason for the boss being a little short at times. If you understand the magnitude of the problems that confront—

ANGEL 766-52-01: Magnitude of the problems, ha! When I was in Wing Supply, Pete presented me with a 295 pound female from Sweden and told me to "Wing 'er up." Ever try to teach a 295 pound Swede babe how to fly with those dinky little wings?

ANGEL 422-11-61: Sure, you had some rough ones, but it's different here in Administration. This is the head planning section. We deal exclusively with long range policy. We can't be bothered with minor Wing Supply problems. I remember the time 790-66-46 sent an order to Transportation and Delivery directing them to mail Cleopatra some 2,000 years too soon. Seven thousand years of planning shot, and it seems like only yesterday that 872-00-51 inadvertently changed the sex of a guy named Atilla. It's no wonder he was mad. Chief made both 790-66-46 and 872-00-51 turn in their wings.

ANGEL 766-52-01: No!

ANGEL 422-11-61: Yup. Told 'em both to go to hell.

ANGEL 766-52-01: Well, what's all this about the problem of April 9th?

ANGEL 422-11-01: Let's just fly over to that over-stuffed cloud, and I will tell you all about it.

* * *

It all started back when the Romans finally got the word on our calendar. Quick as a wink, the Chief sent an interoffice memo telling all of us that no one day was to be of more importance than the next. He's really quite democratic. "All days were created equal," he used to say. We had a hard time learning this lesson. That lawyer over there, St. Pat, had a tendency to stress the 17th of March, but eventually all went well.

About ten thousand years ago the Chief and I were checking the efficiency of the Harp and Hot Clarinet Department when the janitor ANGEL 758-02-95, brought to our attention the fact that nothing of importance had happened on the day of April 9th. The Chief went on a rampage and the opposition called for a thorough investigation. The boys from hell got hold of the information and we got a lot of bad publicity. All editors go to hell, you know. It almost cost us the election of '76.

Well, from that day on nothing has happened on the 9th of April. The Chief always planned things, mind you, but something always seems to go wrong. There was the time that the Pilgrims all got drunk and couldn't set sail that day. The head of the Sex and Season Division changed the date of spring from the 9th of April to the

(continued on page 29)



Octy's
Dream Girl

Photo by DeLonge

Nancy Spiegel

A junior from Milwaukee, Nancy lives at Ann Emery. She is a member of Gamma Phi Beta.

What's In A Name?

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JONESY . . .

(continued from page 23)

and ask later. But not this guy. He was a square shooter, probably the fairest man in the lot.

That really hurt. This was one bull on whose list you wanted no place, top, bottom or middle. But, just the same, Jonesy thought he could taunt him; the guard would never hit first. And Jonesy didn't have to at all. He could swear, do what he would, as long as he didn't hit first . . .

The guard was opening the cell door.

"What's the matter, Jonesy? Lost your guts? You're awfully quiet for a big, brave convict."

"Why, you lousy son of a bitch," Jonesy returned, "wait until you're in here. You'll see, I don't spend all my time talking."

By this time the guard was in the cell, and Jonesy moved to the back. All the other cons, of course, had become quiet; and the other guards, too, were looking on. The guard moved forward slowly. Jonesy smiled nervously, and tried to say something, but nothing would come. "Why does he keep coming at me? Is the stupid bastard really going to knock the hell out of me? Hell, he doesn't hit first. Maybe, I can just stare him down," the kid thought. Finally the guard was squarely in front of him.

"Awright, wise guy, tell me what you said before."

Somehow, Jonesy felt better. "I said y' bastards were afraid to fight. Come on, what's holding ya back"—he felt much better now—"why don't ya start something? Afraid to hit me?"

"No," the guard answered, "I'm not afraid to hit you. The fact is, I'm not going to hit you, at all."

This threw the kid off guard. He stared at the bull, wondering what in hell was going to happen. Then it happened. The guard looked at the kid, and, with his open hand, slapped the kid's face.

"I ain't going to hit you, kid. I only hit men."

It was then Jonesy broke down and began to cry. Men you hit; but you slap women and children.



"And this is our Sure-Lite Statue of Liberty model."

An Inquiry into College Boxing

By EVAN CLINGMAN

A boxing investigation comparable to that now in progress here was conducted at Embraceable U. two years ago, at the recommendation of Professor E. E. Horton. Professor Horton is not to be confused with the actor, Edward Everett Horton; the professor's initials, strangely enough, stand for Evan Earl—this writer's given names. In all fairness to Professor Horton, however, it should be pointed out that he has had some theatrical experience, appearing as a milkman in a skit given at a faculty tea. As you know, the Professor is a lecturer in Plant Psychology, a relatively unknown but rapidly developing field. The project recommended by him was completely objective and the school went to great lengths¹ to get all pertinent data. Some of the statements received were pertinent, others impertinent. The investigation was under the supervision of the noted psychiatrist, Dr. Lyon Couch.

Very thorough physical examinations were given in all cases. In some cases these were even more complete than draft physicals. An attempt was made to determine whether boxing had any harmful effects on the mental processes of the boxers. The examiners attempted to discover the prevalence of nervousness among boxing participants; each man was classified as "nervous" or "non-nervous," an example of ingenious subdivision. A blanket was placed on the floor and the examinee was asked to lie on his side, facing the doctor; the doctor then swung his foot in the direction of the boxers. Those who pulled away when kicked in the face were placed in Classification I (Nervous).

A record was kept of all scars acquired by boxers during the course of the season. This was accomplished by a very detailed recording of all existing scars at the outset of the investigation. A rather scintillating bit of conversation developed in connection with this phase of the examination which I should like to pass along to you.² It took place when Dr. Basil Metabolism was examining a boxer in the 145 lb. class, I. J. "Lightweight" Schwinn. A verbatim report follows:

Doctor: "Do you have any scars?"

Lightweight: "No, but I could let you have a few cigarettes."³

(continued on page 31)

¹ Located about 25 miles east of Great Lakes, Illinois.

² This incident is recorded in the Embraceable U. Bulletin 108, Vol. II, where it is written in Olde Englishe. This fact is reported for those who actually prefer reading Olde Englishe.

³ This incident is also recorded in Joe Miller's Joke Book, Vol. III, Phoenecian Press, Cairo, Egypt, 187 B.C.

What's the best joke you heard on the campus this week? For the best submitted each issue, there will be a free award of a carton of Life Savers. Jokes will be judged by the editor.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

Then there was the girl fiddler who kissed her violin good-night and took her bow to bed with her.

Submitted by

Mort Levine

823 University, Madison

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WHAT WENT ON WITH NAPOLEON AT MOSCOW



Zut alors! Zeze Rooshian winters are keeling me! Quick! Geeve me a Life Saver!



Still only 5¢

Laugh a While

First Girl (slightly intoxicated)—What did you shay when you lost at strip poker?

Second Girl (equally intoxicated)—I shed plenty.

* * *

His wife lay on her deathbed. She pleaded: "John, I want you to promise me that you'll ride in the same car with my mother at my funeral."

He sighed: "Okay, but it's going to ruin my whole day."

* * *

A Russian soldier arrived home after being away to the wars for four years and was surprised, to say the least, when he found his wife with a newly born baby. Whereupon he began to question her, "Was it my friend, Ivan?" To this she answered, "No." "Well, was it my friend, Michael?" he queried again. Once more he got the same negative answer. "Maybe then it was my friend, Petrov, yes? but all she could say was "No." In desperation he asked, "Well then, who was it?" To which she said, "Don't you think I've got any friends of my own?"

* * *

Two men were discussing the fair sex. The following conversation was overheard:

1st Man: "You know, I've really got my wife trained. She crawls on her hands and knees for me."

2nd Man: "Yeah, and what does she say?"

1st Man: "Come out from under the bed, you coward, or I'll drag you out."

* * *

Judge: "On what grounds are you applying for a divorce?"

Mr. Brown: "Extravagance, your honor."

Judge: "How's that?"

Mr. Brown: "She kept on buying ice after I had installed an electric refrigerator."

* * *

A professor is a man whose job is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a professor.

A man living on Langdon Street in one of the larger apartment houses came home late one night and discovered that he had forgotten his key to the street door.

"Oh, honey," he yelled to his wife, "please throw down the key." And 19 keys came clattering down on the walk!

* * *

Jimmy was assigned by his teacher to write a composition about his origin. He questioned his mother.

"Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me, and you, too, dear."

So, the small modern wrote as the introduction to his composition: "There have been no natural births in our family for three generations."

* * *

A wolf likes his women like a cigarette—slim, trim, easily set aflame, and just as easily discarded; a man-about-town likes his women like a cigar—rich, full bodied, mild, and mellow; a true-to-the-end-man likes his women like a pipe—warm, easily caressed, and easily put aside and taken up again. Anyone will give you a cigarette, anyone will offer you a cigar, but no one will loan you his pipe.

—Froth

A man, in his carefree bachelor days, had been very fond of a California restaurant which specialized in waffles with honey. Year after year he had journeyed to the place to get the delectable viand; so, when he finally married, he decided to take his wife there, in order to share the pleasure with her. He did not tell her what was coming; merely ordering an excellent meal, with two orders of waffles.

The meal came, the waffles came; but there were two small pitchers of near-maple syrup, and no honey.

He called the waitress over, and whispered, loud enough for his wife to hear: "Where's my honey?"

The waitress beamed intelligently, "She's on her vacation now, sir."

—Pelican

* * *

A hot-spell story that we like is about the girl who went swimming in the raw in a secluded mill pond. Along came a little boy who began to amuse himself tying knots in her clothes. She floundered around, found an old wash-tub, held it up in front of herself and marched toward the little boy, saying: "You little brat, do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Sure, said the little brat, "you think that tub has a bottom in it".

* * *

An old fellow was crossing a busy intersection when a large St. Bernard ran past him and bowled him over. The next instant an Austin car skidded around a corner inflicting more serious bruises.

Bystanders helped him to his feet and someone asked if the dog had hurt him much.

"Well not exactly," was the reply, "but that can tied to his tail sure did the damage."

* * *

A theatrical agent received a telephone call.

"Hello. I want a job. I've got a great act. I can dance; I can sing; I can tell funny stories."

The theatrical agent said, "Naw, I know a thousand people who can do that."

"But I can recite Milton forwards and Shakespeare backwards."

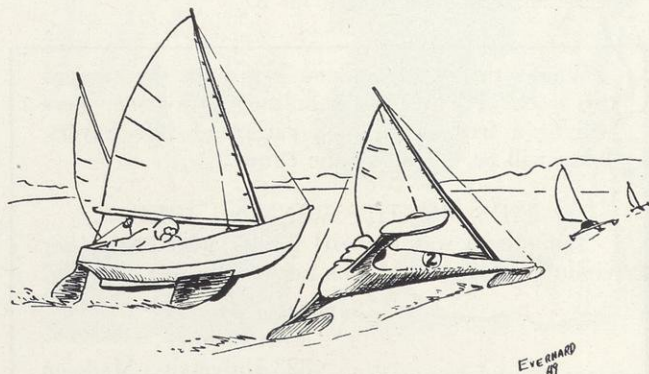
"Nope, I know plenty of guys who can do that, good-bye."

"Wait, I can play 'The Flight of the Bumble Bee' on a clarinet, a bassoon, three trumpets, and a tympani all at once. And while I'm doing it I smoke a pack of cigarettes, eat a bowl of spaghetti and whistle the 'Overture to William Tell'."

"Naw. You guys are all alike, a dime a dozen," and the agent hung up.

"Gee," said the discouraged caller into the dead phone, "there was just one other thing. I'm a dog."

—The Call



HEAVENLY DAYS . . .

(continued from page 24)

20th of March in order to impress a secretary who was admitted that day. They are both in hell, by the way. He has the ice water concession, I understand. It's been one thing after another ever since. All plans go wrong.

This year I thought of a superb idea. The Chief has given me the OK on it, but we're afraid that the old jinx will turn up again.

ANGEL 766-52-01: Well, what was your idea?

ANGEL 422-11-61: I figured out an event that the world would really remember. A happening that would shake the earth to its very foundations. I sent an order to the Thought and Inspiration Department to force an intelligent idea into the brain of the editor of the *University of Wisconsin Daily Cardinal*!

ANGEL 766-52-01: Bully for you. I hope you have good luck.

Editor's Note: Now, for heaven's sake, everyone buy a copy of the April 9th Cardinal and search it for an intelligent editorial. This may be a date to remember.

—G. D. WINTER

THAT AMERICAN GUY . . .

(continued from page 6)

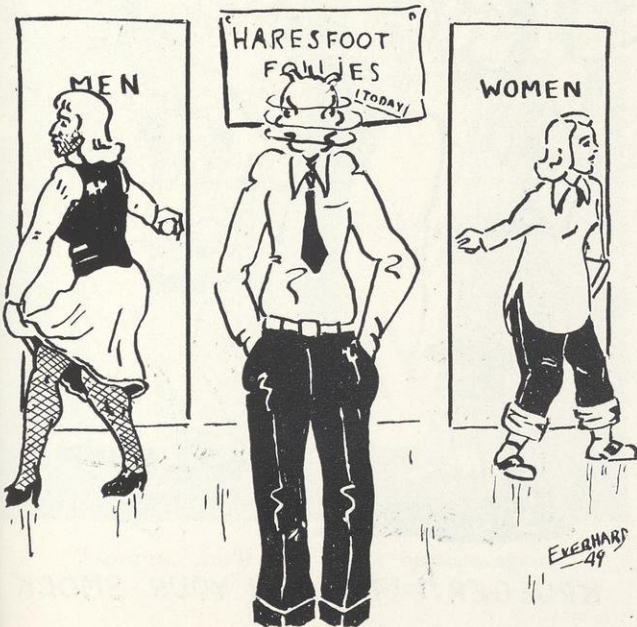
never discovered why rigor mortis sets in, instead of hilarity.

Curiosity may have killed a cat, but it thrives to a ripe old age in the American guy. He thinks women are nosy, but everybody else's business is his business too. He claims that he originated the all-American idea of testing for a shave by rubbing one's cheek against a girl's cheek. I have no affection whatever for this ingenious system.

But what's a gal gonna do if he takes her heart out roller coasting when he so much as winks at her? And when he says, take me as I am or leave me, what's a gal gonna do, huh?

'Cause, darn it all, how do you live without the guy?

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I do hereby declare, in the instinct of self preservation, that any resemblance between this guy and any man-about-campus is purely compositional.



Batter Up!

Is your radio ready to bring you the games of the '49 season? We suggest you have our skilled servicemen check it now. Then you'll hear all the games.

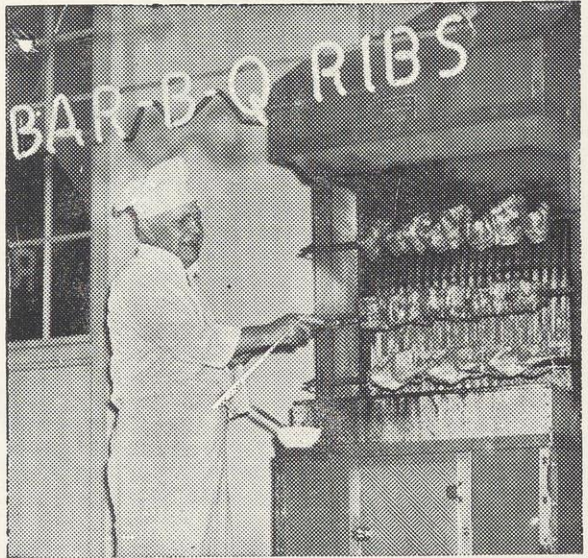


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The girl cousin from the city had been sent down to the brook to fetch a pail of water, but stood gazing at the flowing stream, apparently lost in thought.

"What's she waiting for?" asked her hostess-aunt, who was watching.

"Dunno," wearily replied her husband. "Perhaps she hasn't seen a pailful she likes yet."

* * *

"Won't you give a shilling to the Lord?" said a Salvation Army girl to an old Aberdonian.

"How auld are ye, lassie?" he inquired of her.

"Nineteen, sir."

"Ah, weel, I'm past seventy-five. I'll be seeing Him afore you, so I'll hand it to Him myself."

—Polaris

* * *

A Scotchman was leaving for a business trip, and as he departed, he called back, "Goodbye all, and dinna forget to take off little Donald's glasses when he isn't looking at anything."

* * *

"I've a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Athletic Girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus Girl: "How much has he?"

Literary Girl: "What does he read?"

Society Girl: "Who are his family?"

Religious Girl: "What church does he belong to?"

College Girl: "Where is he?"

* * *

The automobile motor began to pound and finally stopped. The worried boy friend said to his companion, "I wonder what the knock could be?"

"Maybe," said the blonde girl friend, "it's opportunity."

—Ski-U-Mah

* * *

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KRUEGER!! TURN IN YOUR SMOCK

AN INQUIRY . . .

(continued from page 27)

A quite distinctive tattoo was found on one fellow's stomach. It was the first verse of *Barbara Fritchie*. He reported that it appeared there suddenly and mysteriously when he was taking a bath on the eve of the 50th anniversary of the death of John Greenleaf Whittier. He claims to have felt no pain.

Private interviews were held in an attempt to uncover facts heretofore ignored. A partial report on the interviews follows:

Interview I: Carlton J. "Ducky" Canvasback,
Heavyweight, 5' 3", 220#.

ECC: What contribution has boxing made to your welfare?

"Ducky": Before I took up boxing I was just a fat, flabby mass of blubber. Thanks to my riotous and profligate living, I have managed to maintain the physique.

ECC: In what way does that tie in with the contribution made to your welfare by boxing?

"Ducky": As a boxing star everywhere I went people were collaring me and forcing me to have a drink with them. I was collared so often that the upper part of my shirts wore away.

EEC: Then that explains that low-cut Van-Heusen you're wearing?

"Ducky": Exactly.

EEC: Have you ever been molested by female idol-worshippers?

"Ducky": Frequently. Everywhere I go I find women throwing themselves at my feet.

ECC: And how do you handle the situation?

"Ducky": I do the sensible thing—stand on my head.

ECC: I understand that you have written a book on the manly art of self-defense. What do you plan to call it?

"Ducky": *What Price Glory?*



"Horatio, you'll put Tabby outside again over my dead body."

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TWO DOORS FROM THE ORPHEUM

QUESTIONS

- A Twice here in red, two-thirds in white,
Explains just why a Chesterfield's right.
- B Four are shown and all the same
In color and shape, but not in fame.
- C You've no doubt heard it noised about that
oysters "R" in season,
One glance at lovely Linda and you're sure
to see the reason.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A The word **THREE** is composed of five letters and they're all found in **CHESTERFIELD**.
- B Chesterfields in the pack, 3 E's in Chesterfield, $3 \times 3 = 9$. One E in **REALITY**.
- C Biscuit = muffin; Change M to R and you get Ruffin, the home of Van W. Daniel.

WINNERS...

WINNERS . . . Ralph Brown, Steve Connors, Ruth Easton, Harry Ehmann, Dan James, Alan Kirby, Hal Mitchell, Kenneth Norris, Edward Seversen, Betty Williams.

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Wisconsin Answer to Arthur Godfrey



The two young men in the zany picture above are known to local radio listeners as the "Funatics." Around Psi Upsilon fraternity house they are better known as Jack Haueter and Bob Peterson. Together they put on their campus-aimed disc jockey show on WKOW Monday nights at 11.

"Jack", whose favorite self description is "the volley ball with teeth", is a junior majoring in Agriculture. When not broadcasting, he spends his time being vice president of Haresfoot.

"Pete", who is also known as "the buggy whip with toes" because of his 6'4", is a junior majoring in electrical engineering. He is a master of ceremonies at many Engineering functions.

On their program, "Jack" and "Pete" play records, interview campus personalities, read campus news items, and often present campus vocal quartets who drop in to rip off a few bars. Campus response to the "Funatics" has been good. They get a lot of mail, says Jack, but they would also like to see more students visit them at WKOW. There is room for an audience of about 25 for the "Funatics" program. And the "Funatics" say they like to get campus news items to read over the air. (Publicity chairmen, please note. ED.)

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"Right as the Rain"

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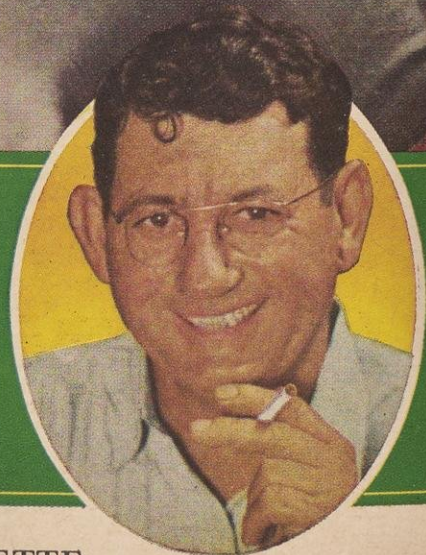


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M. H. Griffin

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CHESTERFIELD CONTEST—SEE PAGE 31