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## **TIMF: The Octopus newsmagazine. [Vol. 27, No. 5] January 18, 1949**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, January 18, 1949

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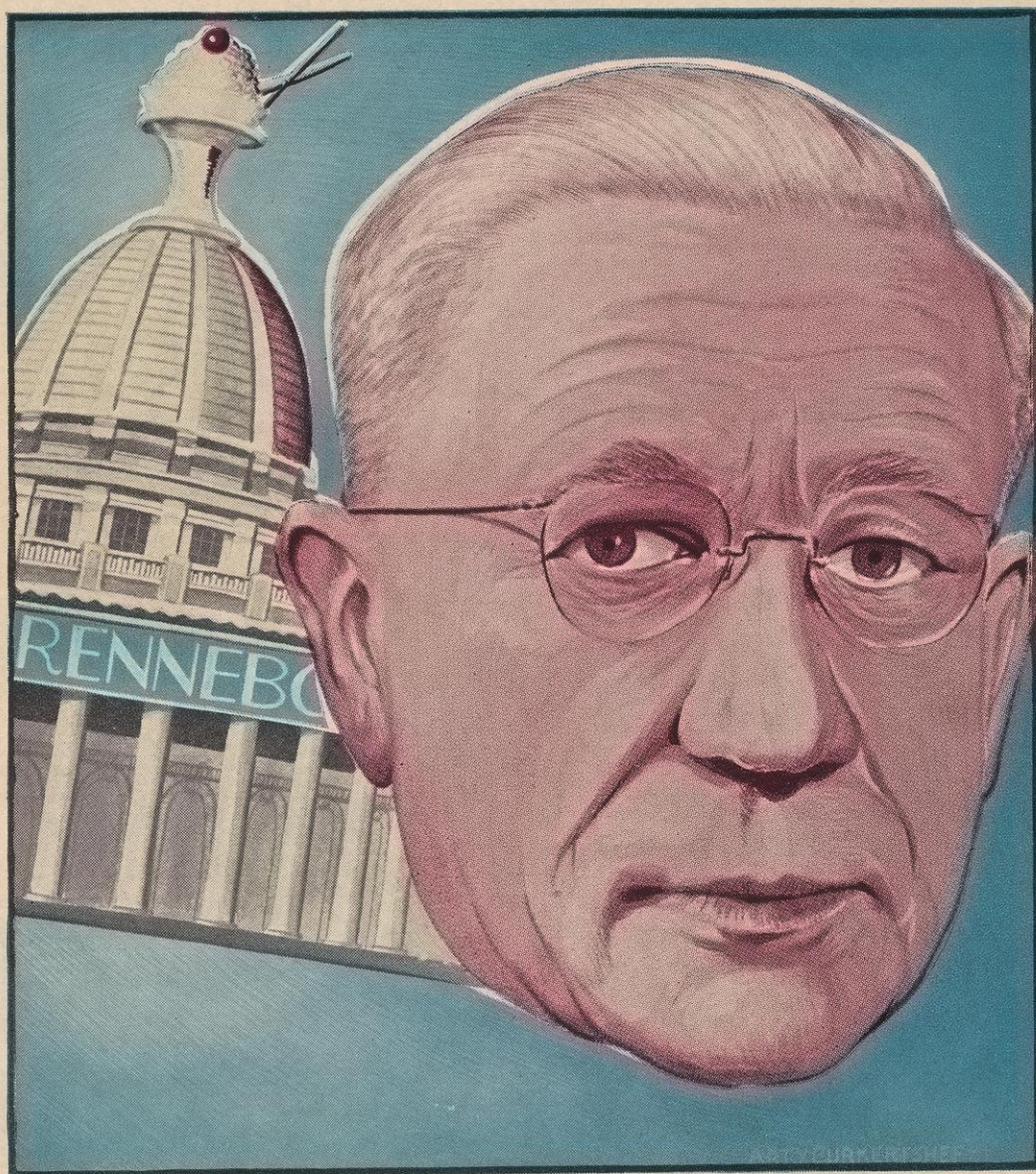
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# TIME

THE *Octopus* NEWSMAGAZINE



OSCAR RENNEBOHM

Pharm boy makes good.

(*National Affairs*)



# 30-DAY SMOKING TEST PROVES CAMEL MILDNESS!



**1** In a recent test, hundreds of men and women all across the country... of all ages and occupations... were closely observed as they smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days. And they smoked on the average of one to two packages of Camels a day. But only Camels!



**2** Every week throughout this dramatic 30-day test, their throats were carefully examined by noted specialists—a total of 2470 exacting examinations. And among all these smokers, these famous throat specialists found not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!



**3** Yes, Camels are that mild! But prove it yourself. In your "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat. Smoke Camels for 30 days, with our money-back guarantee. (See below.) Let YOUR OWN TASTE tell you about the full, rich flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. Let YOUR OWN THROAT tell you the wonderful story of Camel's cool, cool mildness. Yes, prove for yourself that there's



*No Throat Irritation due to smoking Camels!*

***Prove it Yourself!*** Make the  
***Camel 30-Day Test in Your "T-Zone"***

**Money-Back Guarantee:** Smoke Camels for 30 consecutive days. *Smoke only Camels.* If, at any time during these 30 days, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you have ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage. This offer is good for 90 days from this date.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



According to a  
Nationwide survey:  
**MORE DOCTORS  
SMOKE CAMELS**  
than any other cigarette

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!



# "Octy" Is First Again

... announcing to WISCONSIN students:

*Victor Music Co.* (formerly *Perssions*)

now has Wisconsin's most complete  
record library.

*Victor's is completely musical--*



and, whether you make music  
or just listen, we can supply  
your every musical need. We  
carry a complete line of ...



RECORDS—RADIOS—PHONOGRAPHS—INSTRUMENTS

*Victor Music Co.*

*formerly*

*Perssion's*

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Open Evenings 'till 9



*your first resolution  
of the New Year . . .*



*"I will do all my shopping  
at Baron's"*

*if it's young . . .*

*if it's new . . .*

*if it's fashion-wise . . .*

*it's at*

*Baron's*

*On Capitol Square*

## LETTERS

### The Readers Bite

Sir:

I feel that you have made a most horrible mistake in the December 27 issue of your magazine. In that issue, in the Science department, you printed a picture of animal which you called a tiglon, which you say is a cross between a lion and a tiger. This is not so. A tiglon is a cross between a tiger and a lioness. What you are talking about (a cross between a lion and a tiger) is impossible since both a tiger and a lion are male. A male lion is called a lion; a female lion is called a lioness. A male tiger is a tiger; a female tiger is a tigress.

However, you can cross a lion (that's a lion, remember) and a tigress, and you get a liger. The name of the cross you see is made of the first syllable of the father's name and the first syllable of the mother's name. Of course, in the case of Liger, the name should really be Ligress since the mother is a tigress, not a tiger.

If I am not making myself clear, forgive me. Just take it from me, you are wrong in this. This is the first error I have ever caught in your Science department. You are pretty good.

REGIL NOLAN

Sir:

You are undoubtedly the most fascistic magazine in the United States. You color your pages with capitalistic opinion. You carefully hide the Truth from the Laboring Masses and the University Students who subscribe to your so-called periodical. Herewith accept my cancellation of my subscription.

IVAN SNEZNIKOFF

Moscow, Idaho

Sir:

I missed your December 20 issue. I am sure that you reprinted an excellent political cartoon in that issue, entitled The Men on the Moon. I wonder if you would reprint it for me, since I cannot get a copy of the December 20 issue.

HARLEY WILLIAMS

Madison, Wis.

☞ TIMF is happy to oblige Reader Williams.



*"If this weather keeps up,  
we'll freeze back here."*

Sir:

I am writing in behalf of the state of Wisconsin. We want to know when you are going to write something nice about our state. Even the other big magazine in the Country has had a nice piece about our state. LIFE did a beautiful story about our fair capital city, Madison; SATURDAY EVENING POST did another nice piece about Madison a couple of years ago and did a very pretty spread of Mrs. Stuhldreher's article. A LOOK's picture story about the University of Wisconsin was fine. And CORONET had some lovely pictures of the evening sky taken in Wisconsin.

But this is not enough. Your magazine should do something for Wisconsin, the fairest State in the Union, the Playground of America, the Dairyland of America, the Lakeland of America.

PAUL BUNYAN



wish to thank you for the excellent biographical article you did on me in the December issue. I wish to commend your correspondent for the tactful way in which he delved into my personal life. I wish to thank your research staff. And now I would like to apologize for dying. Your magazine came out on the newsstands. I know you think it was thoughtless of me, but yet I do not feel that I am entirely at fault. If your researchers and correspondent had delved deeply enough into my life they would have found that I was suffering from progressive dementia and was not expected by Mayo's Clinic to live till Christmas. I hinted to your correspondent to check with my physician, but he said I was more interested in what I had for breakfast than in my medical history. Therefore, I hope that you will not condemn me unfairly.

THOMAS CANDOR

River Styx, Greece  
Reader Candor is right. Correspondent has failed in his mission. It is, we admit, not Reader Candor's fault. We hope Reader Candor will continue to read TIME with interest.—ED.

beg of you in the name of grammar to drop the style of writing the news. I am a sixth grade school teacher. Every day I try to teach children how to write readable English. But I am unable to avail. The children read your magazine and are fascinated by the eccentricity of the TIME writer. For heaven's sake, stop.

FLORENCE GRAY

For the man of the year to come, I nominate Mr. Levine, champion of the people.

CHUCK

Mer Langdon, Wis.

Can you tell me when the MARCH OF TIME magazine is going to stop declaring itself to be "A New Kind of Pictorial Journalism?" When does it become old?

JOHN Q. PUBLIC

I want to thank you for the wonderful news you carry in your Medicine department. I read it fully every week, and, due to that department, I have saved myself several times from death. Because of the excellent description of these symptoms, I have diagnosed myself several times as having diseases which would have killed me, had I not read about what they are and how to get to my doctor.

You have saved me from: bubonic plague, subacute bacterial endocarditis, scrofula, filariasis, syphilis, gonorrhea, conjunctivitis, epidermophytosis, diphtheria, and housemaid's knee.

My everlasting gratitude to you.

SOMA PSYCHE

Maple Randall, Wis.

Regarding your article on the University of Wisconsin in the last issue. So the University of Wisconsin is a hundred years old. So what? All we had to do was to build the place and then wait around for a hundred years and wait. And furthermore, when they let in the women in 1863 was the worst mistake ever. Women belong at home, that's what I say. And another thing, my third cousin goes by that school and visited him one time and the girls still wear those sloppy overall pants and all kinds of sweat suits. If that is good for the future mothers of America, then I don't know much about anything.

JOHN REGDAB

Maple Bush, Wis.



Another Famous TAYLOR-MADE Shoe

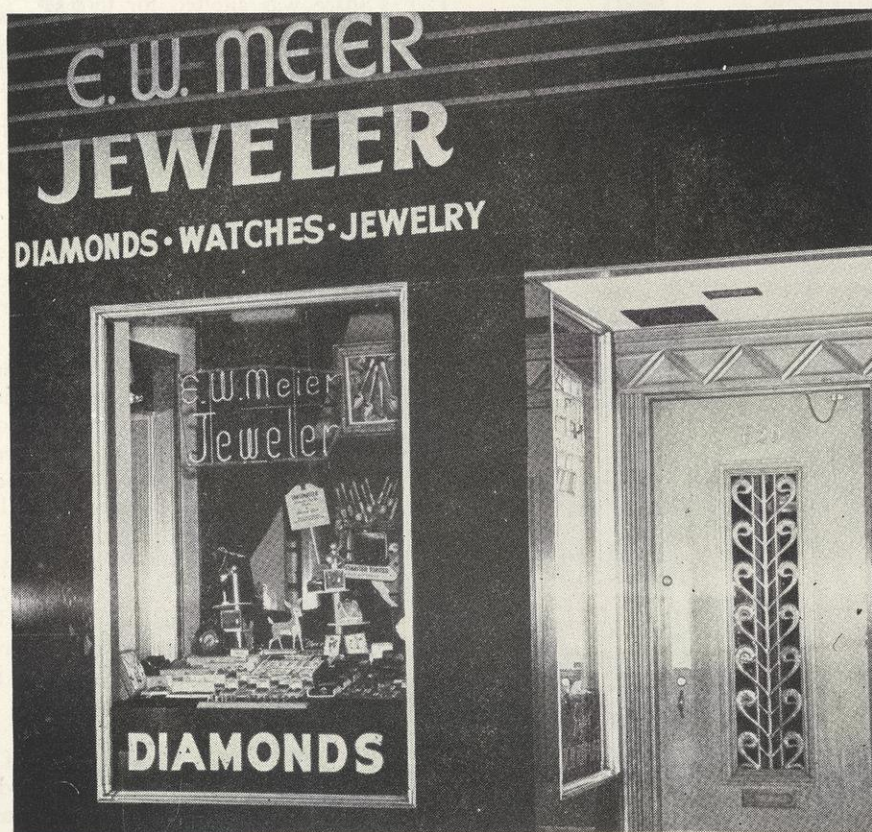
\$14<sup>95</sup>

CAMPUS  
*Clothes Shop Inc.*

825 University Ave.

Near Park

*Welcome Back*



629 State

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## A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

### Dear Timf-Reader

Almost as soon as the first issue was put on sale last fall, staff members of *Octopus* began to talk about a take-off on some national magazine. (It seems to be the favorite day-dreaming of college humor magazine people.) As the staff put out the fall issues, discussion continued, and those who preferred a *TIME* take-off won the theoretical arguments. *TIME*, the proponents said, with its distinctive style of writing would be fun to do. And, they argued, it was more feasible technically.

The tentative decision to do the take-off came just after the December issue had been sent to the printers. It was a forty-page magazine with enough advertising to carry the cost. Business manager Dave Walker and ad manager Bob Ullrich felt sure they could get the amount of advertising needed for a forty-page *TIME* take-off in January. So editor Ed Clark and associate editor Joseph Dermer sat down to make out a prospectus dummy. Space was allotted for the various *TIME* departments, the places for photos drawn in, and the copy lengths were estimated. Then the editors invited staff members and non-staff members with special knowledge in certain departments to come to a meeting. At the meeting departments of *TIME* were assigned to the writers. This was November 14.

The deadline for copy was December 10. The day came, and with it the copy. Not all of it, though, because mid-semester exams slowed some of the writers up. Meanwhile, the advertising solicitors had started to sell ad space in the *TIMF* magazine. The editors set to work editing the copy for *TIME* style, for length, and typing errors. Associate editor Randy Harrison, with photographer Bob Memmel, started their hunt for photos to illustrate the writers' articles.

By Christmas vacation, all of the copy was in and much of it was edited. Bob Burkert, who volunteered to do the cover, went home to Racine to do his art work. Bob Memmel went home to Wauwatosa to develop and print his

photos. The first five days of vacation found the business manager and manager still in Madison selling margin of advertising needed to make the magazine a full forty pages making up advertisements in the office. The editor was around finished the copy editing and collected the photos to send to the engraver.

After Christmas, the galley proof came back from the printers and was made up into a dummy for the printers. Then the pasted-up dummy was back to the printers, who attended the birth of *Octy's TIMF* issue.

Doing the *TIME* take-off was the biggest job the staff and the contributors have undertaken. It was lots of work. It is hard to make out credit, because so many students did such fine work putting out the issue. The business manager and advertising manager certainly deserve credit. They stayed in Madison until just before Christmas working on the business side of the issue. Associate editor Joseph Dermer did a lot of job writing material, editing copy, encouraging writers, and keeping everyone confident the issue could be produced. Bob Burkert did a nice job of the cartoon. John Burke and Joe Stillman were very helpful in rewriting copy, as well as writing excellent material themselves. Associate editor

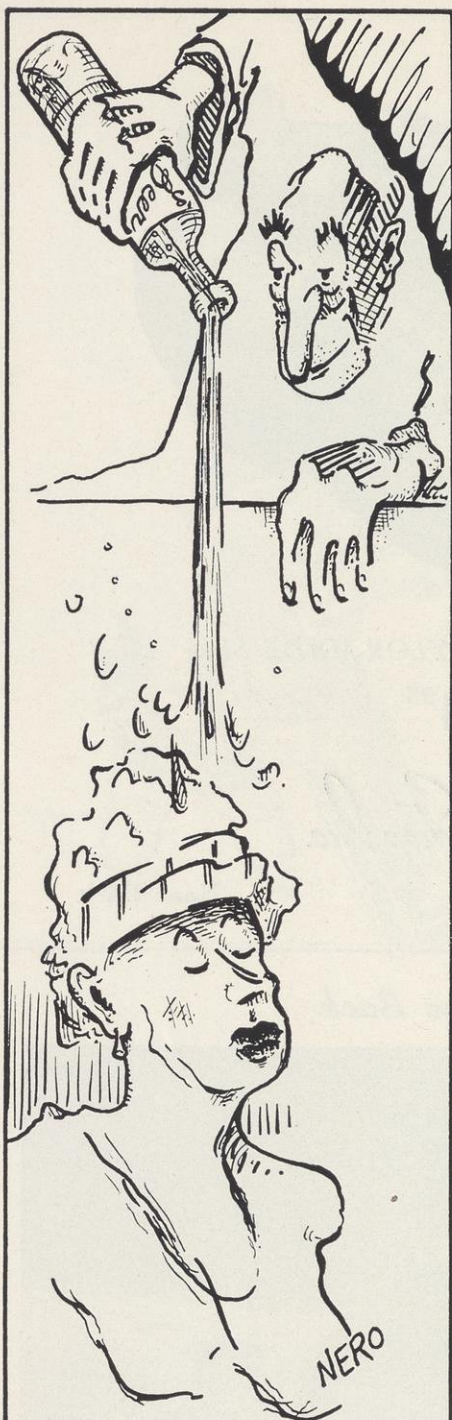
Randy Harrison did a good job of coordinating photography and writing material. Bob Memmel got photographs and developed them at home during vacation.

But the most credit should go to advertising solicitors and the many contributors to the magazine whose humor made the issue worth reading. Among the cleverest were *Octopus* ex-editor James McGinnis, *Cardinals* writers Joseph Scheines, William H. Archer, Everett Krackov, and Ken Bennett.

Well, it's been fun. We hope you, Dear *TIMF*-reader, enjoy reading this issue as much as we did producing it.

Cordially yours,

Edward G. Clark



.... for a  
NICE LIGHT HEAD  
the next A.M.  
have your hair  
set with **BEER**  
at:  
**Leonard's**  
salon de coiffure  
213 WISCONSIN AVE. Gi 4250



# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Edward G. Clark  
PRESIDENT.....David Walker  
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....Joseph Dermier

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## EDITOR

Edward G. Clark

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Joseph Dermier

## EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Randall P. Harrison

## ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

John Stillman-Burke

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Bennett, John Burke, Robert Burkert, Roy Francis, Harris, Jack Lussier, Robert Memmel, John George O'Connell, Richard Shelstad, John Stillman, Robert Teague, James Weir, Galen Winter.

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

*Ad Solicitors:* Irving A. Adessky, Thomas Behrens, Bubolz, Virginia Curtis, Lynn Kimmel, Robert Mabbs, William J. Opitz, William D. Shumway, J. Taylor, Jr., Robert Louis Ullrich I, J. David *Really Circulation:* Sam Beltran, John Soevig, Traulsen. *Really Promotions:* Donald Harnack. *Ad Solicitors:* Irving A. Adessky, Thomas Behrens, Bubolz, Virginia Curtis, Lynn Kimmel, Robert Mabbs, William J. Opitz, William D. Shumway, J. Taylor, Jr., Robert Louis Ullrich, J. David *Really Circulation:* Sam Beltran, John Soevig, Traulsen. *Really Promotions:* Donald Harnack, Don Harnack's friend.

## CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Kay Archer, Keith Bennett, John Burke, Robert Edward G. Clark, Catherine Wells Crocker, Dermier, Roy Francis, Randall P. Harrison, Robert Rosanne T. Klass, Everett Krackov, Morton Robert Memmel, James McGinnis, John Nero, O'Connell, Joseph Scheines, Richard Shelstad, Hockley, John M. Stillman, Robert Teague, Robert Ullrich, John David Walker.

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Magnus, Aristotle, Aristophanes, Cassius Brutus, Brahms, Botticelli, Frederic Chopin, Corot, Daumier, Charles Alva Edison, Euripedes, Cesar Benjamin Franklin, Robert Fulton, Thomas Gainsborough, Victor Hugo, Currier N. Ives, Dr. Jekyll, Jefferson, Kallikak Jukes, Dr. Kinsey, Kris Lavoisier, Toulouse-Lautrec, Abraham Lincoln, IV, James Monroe, Moliere, Maud Muller, Napoleon, Nelson, Orestes, Plutarch, Plato, Punch, Sir Walter Raleigh, Rembrandt, Baron von Sponendorff, William Shakspeare, Percy Shelley, Tarquin, Telemachus, Thitting Bull, Robert Ullrich, Leonardo daVinci, Noah Webster, Zoroaster, Zulagius, J. Frazer.

## US AND CANNEDAD NEWS SERVICE

ump (President of the Board of Directors of Octopus), Frank Thayer (Vice President of the Board of Directors of Octopus), and Ray Hilsenhoff (Secretary of the Board of Directors of Octopus). John Marc Antony, Bluebeard, Lucretia Borgia, Black Anne Bolyn, Big Blonde, Cuthbert Cathwallader, Correspondents: John Adams, Jane Addams, e, I. M. Bucolic, Smoke Chesterfields, Robert Drynqua Daiquiri, Wisconsin Engineer, Stephen Walker.

## FOREIGN NEWS SERVICE

son (Chief of Correspondents), Judith Newman-Tucker.

WUWATOSA: John David Walker, John Soevig, Jane Walker, Robert Springer. WATERTOWN: Louis Ullrich. MADISON: Edward Gisi, Edward G. Lafferrine Rietz, John Burke. MILWAUKEE: John Carolyn Traulsen, Patrick Moul. NEW YORK: Joe Milt LeBlang, Little Bo-Peep. EAU CLAIRE: Harrison. CAMP RANDALL: Robert Teague. CALES- mes Weir. MAZOMANIE: Nobody Yet. WAUWA- LS: Jack Stillman. THIENSVILLE: Mary A. Shock- ley. CHICAGO: Phyllis Palmer.

## PUBLISHER

John David Walker.

## ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Robert Louis Ullrich



Hurry! Hurry!  
Everyone is  
pining to see your  
new Prom dress  
from Manchester's!



# You Want *the Best* for Her



Model: Helen Walker

Photo by DeLonge

The semester is ending in a blaze of parties, climaxed by JUNIOR PROM. To make each formal evening out a perfect one, flowers are a necessity. You will want your date to have the best. From our wide selection of flowers you're sure to find just what she wants—and at a price to fit your pocketbook.

We are glad to help solve your individual problems, whether large or small. Special attention is given to group orders.

## *Anderson's*

650 State

THE HOUSE OF FLOWERS

5-3874



## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### Work Future

Stocks in blue-book, binocular, and picnic companies shot upward across the nation this week as students prepared to take their first semester finals.

At Wisconsin, with bulging bags under their arms and under their eyes, thousands of Badgers returned from their holiday activities to run the gauntlet of final exams.

Across the dark, silent campus, lights glow far into the night as gaunt, funneled professors grind out draft after draft of the finals. Sober-faced, sunken-shouldered graduate assistants stand guard over documents by day.

And by night, sharp-shooting, incorruptible Joe Hammersley stalks the campus, fighting the forces of evil, while assistants spend long, gruelling hours being briefed on "proctoring methods."

Things must run smoothly the day of the exam. Once in the past a professor saw a student smile during the middle of an exam. He fell prostrate in an epileptic fit. If proper proctoring procedure followed, such tragedies are avoided.

Proctors must learn to steel their hearts to the sight of a frenzied, tearful student daily wielding a broken pencil. They must learn the proper angle for a "caught-cheating" sneer.

Extensive answers must be memorized by heart; in a word, the proctoring must be perfect—there's no room for bumbler to give aid and comfort to students.

Up crowded University Avenue, the business world also prepares for the finals. Benbohm's order another case of benzene. The railroads announce a special "re-eye-special" for former students neward bound. The Dean's office prepares an extra supply of probation and p slips.

The lowly, hapless student meanwhile prepares himself as best he can against gathering storm\*. Chaining himself to desk, driving bamboo splints under his fingernails, he somehow manages to get to the thing ready to regurgitate recently accumulated knowledge.

Not to be confused with Winston Churchill's monumental memoirs.

Others, hopelessly lost in the maze of higher education, pause thoughtfully before Army recruiting stations.

And all through the wee hours, the night is lighted up by the burning of thousands of lamps.

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### Concerning Retirement

In a contemplative mood last week was Wisconsin's quiet, greying Edwin Broun (rhymes with croon) Fred, president since 1945 when he took over the reins from tall (six-foot-six) Clarence A. Dykstra. Dr. Fred was pondering an imponderable: How to convince the tight-fisted Wisconsin

40% of the budget, Dr. Fred feels the request he makes is not out of reason.

Looking down famed and steep Bascom Hill (for students, no escalator) President Fred can be proud of his many achievements.

Through his own efforts, the population of the university has been doubled from a wartime enrollment of 9,000 students. Highly skilled graduate assistants have rushed at his beck and call to the shores of broad, blue Lake Mendota and the Wisconsin campus.

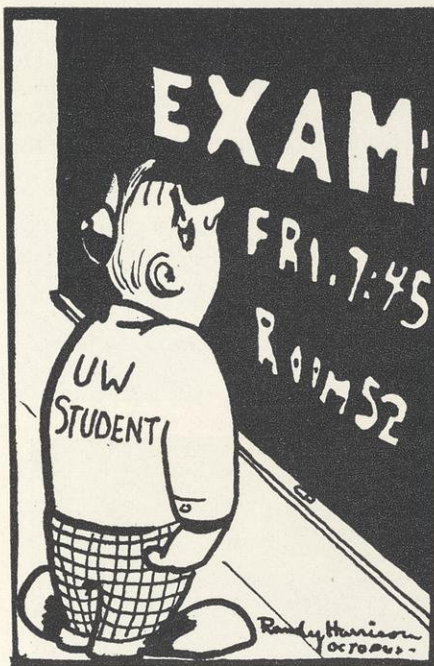
Born in Virginia in 1887, Dr. Fred has not broken his southern ties. Adorning the mantel of his home on the School of Agriculture campus is a Confederate flag. Other adornments in the house: his charming wife and two daughters.

Last week the President also:

Welcomed students back on the campus after their 17-day Yuletide recess. Said Dr. Fred with the gentle charm of his southern accent: "Welcome, students."

Completed work on a scientific paper, *Omnia Gallia est divisa en tres partes* (translated: It takes a lot of gall to cut a man in three parts.) Of his paper Dr. Fred says: "I am trying to show differences between man and lower animals. A pig, for instance, cannot scratch a match on its hammy, nor can it blow its nose."

Thanked heaven that his administrative assistants were working out. Upped last year to posts of vice-president were Alfred W. Peterson (was director of business and finance), and former Ag school Dean Ira ("Howdy Ira") Baldwin. Chosen earlier as assistants to the President were happy, peppy Leroy Luberg and Scott M. ("Party-party") Cutlip. At last could President Fred work out his plans. Lots to do had he.



STUDENT

Unhappy days ahead.

sin legislature that his university needs 40% more money for this year's operation?

A nationally known scientist (he received the Medal of Merit for wartime research on biological weapons), Dr. Fred knows how much he needs, is determined to get it. Rising costs, higher faculty salaries, and a reconstruction of picturesque old Music hall brick by brick require money. Revenue received from library fines cannot alone accomplish the job. With present state appropriations for university needs amounting to only

### ARMED FORCES

#### Ball or Prom

The eyes of dapper, mustached Col. Lundquist are upon Washington this week as Congress grapples with the 1949 appropriations.

Repeated pleas for an expanded Armed Forces allowance were met with deaf ears by President Truman. Unless Congress sees fit to change, Army expenses are due to be slashed across the board.

High brass has emphasized that this may mean the actual reduction of important Army functions. Especially cognizant



of this is the University of Wisconsin ROTC now engaged in a death struggle to retain Military Ball.

Said slim, energetic part-time 2nd Lt. Robert Ullrich: "Four score and seven years ago our four fathers brought forth upon this campus a new Military Ball . . . dedicated to the principle that all enlisted men are created equal. We cannot retreat from this great heritage."

Student Board, civilian branch of government, is planning an all-out campaign to replace the spring Ball with the more popular civilian Prom. Only through a well-planned, vigorous defense will the brass be able to weather the onslaught.

Even now, crack Perishing Rifle squads practice each Wednesday night. And when the military department takes over the Memorial Union, home site of Board, next spring, picked troops will be ready to march in and hold that key site.

Without a place to meet, Board resistance may crumble and leave the ROTC undisputed ruler of campus social life.

## POLITICS

### Dark Horse In '52

(See Cover)

Fretful & frustrated over their fifth consecutive presidential defeat in the past 16 years, Republican big-wigs were already searching the political horizons for the candidate who would sweep them back to power in 1952. Most eyes were turned toward Philadelphia where the University of Pennsylvania's Harold Stassen was quietly laying the groundwork

for his bid to wrest control of the GOP away from the titular leadership of Tom Dewey.

But the canny politician was looking further westward to beautiful, lake-bound Madison, Wis., where unsung, unheard-of Gov. Oscar Rennebohm† (rhymes with when-a-boom) was ready to stake out his reputation as chief executive. A comparative newcomer to politics (he was elected to his first public office in 1944), Rennebohm was one of the few to survive the Democratic sweep in the Wisconsin elections.

Why were Republican masterminds eyeing Rennebohm as potential presidential timber? The reasons were simple. As one sage observer put it: "Why that man . . . uh, what did you say his name was . . . that man Rennebohm has got everything. He even looks like a president."

Truly, tall, soft-spoken Oscar Rennebohm—addicted as he is to French cuffs, white shirts, shiny spectacles, and plain business suits—does look like a president. But there are other factors that make him the formidable candidate that he is. His 1948 program is one that would appeal to any American. Forthrightly declared Rennebohm in discussing campaign issues in a state-wide broadcast prior to the elections:

¶ *Economy of Government*: "I believe that the state government can and should be operated as efficiently as a private business."

¶ *Labor*: "I intend to continue to urge co-

+ Uncle to ex-Wisconsin griddler Bob Rennebohm.



OSCAR RENNEBOHM

"He even looks like a president."

operation between management, labor and government for the greater good of all.

¶ *Recreation*: "I believe the state should continue to urge tourists to come to Wisconsin."

¶ *Conservation*: "I will continue to take leadership in solving the state pollution problem."

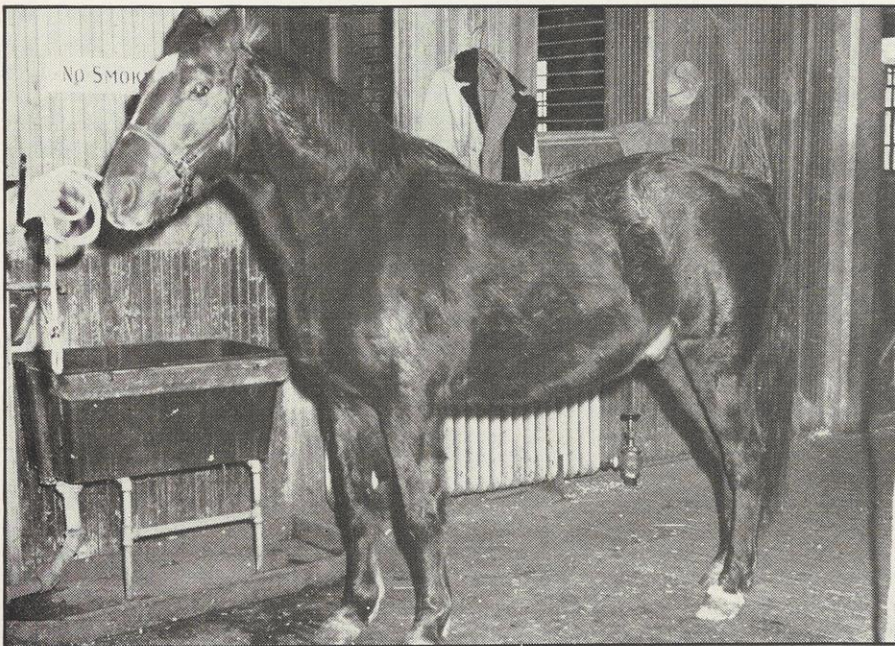
¶ *Highways*: "I believe the people of Wisconsin want good roads."

Even before he leaped into the political arena, Rennebohm had compiled an enviable record. He takes pride in being the only man to ever have held major office at the same time in the American Pharmaceutical Association and the National Association of Retail Druggists. During the depression he pioneered a proposal to restore pay cuts of Madison employees. He served as chairman of the Madison Red Cross drive. He established five university scholarships for needy Wisconsin high school graduates.

Strongest element in dark horse Rennebohm's claim to national recognition is his Horatio Algerish rise to fame. Born on a farm in Columbia County, one of nine children, Oscar Rennebohm has always had a profound thirst for knowledge.

When he was four, he literally hammered his way into school. He would follow his older brothers and sisters to class and pound on the door with a stick for admission. Eventually the school marshall got tired of little Oscar's banging, let him in, and put him to work with the other beginners.

When Oscar was 10 years old, his fam-



WISCONSIN'S GOVERNOR  
Dark horse in 1952?

Bob Kreiman Pix



moved to Milwaukee. There Oscar found himself a job as a newspaper carrier, earning 15 cents a week, saving 10. After nearly a year of continuous labor, he amassed \$4 which he gave to another for a newspaper route. When it developed that the route did not belong to the seller, Oscar was left high & dry with his \$4, without the route; a deal which influenced many later Rennebohm business transactions.

Undeterred, Oscar soon had his own morning and evening newspaper routes, going to work before sunrise, getting home after sunset; at the same time getting good grades. At Milwaukee's East Division high school, Oscar made the debating, track and football teams.

Rennebohm, still a close follower of football, loves to gab with Badger grid-irons. In 1938, he almost lost a pharmacy business wager made with Minneapolis druggist Keith Keller on the Minnesota-Wisconsin game (score: Minnesota: 21—Wisconsin: 0). Said Rennebohm: "It has all been a lot of fun and everybody concerned had a lot of laughs over it. Of course, I'm ready, in fact, more than willing to pay off, and I have offered Keller the use of a store which hasn't been doing very well. I hope that he signs. In fact, I'm insisting that he signs." Keller refused to take over the store.

**Drug Store Builder.** Rennebohm entered the University of Wisconsin and was graduated in 1911 with a Phm. B. degree. After a brief fling at working for druggist Claude Luckey, young Oscar decided to go out on his own boss. He bought a bankrupt drugstore on the University-Randall Ave. corner. Working alone from 7 a.m. to midnight (except for a one year period when he served as an ensign during the Great World War), Rennebohm accumulated enough money to buy another run-down drugstore in 1920. From then until 1929, he acquired 11 more drugstores, most of which were either run down or bankrupt. Present number of Rennebohm drugstores is 14.

The same year he bought his second drugstore, Rennebohm met, wooed, married University student Mary Fowler, formerly of Danville, Ill. Mary Rennebohm gives the politicking entirely to husband Oscar. Her chief activity is her work with the Girl Scouts. The Rennebohms have a 16-year-old daughter named Carol. Until the political bug bit him in 1944, Rennebohm kept his nose strictly to the street glass windows of his drugstores. When he announced his candidacy for Lt. Gov., most people refused to consider him seriously. Wrote the Green Bay Press-Gazette's political pundit, John

Wyngaard: "Add to the list of little-knowns who fancy themselves gubernatorial material the name of Oscar Rennebohm, Madison Republican."

Rennebohm amazed everyone (including perhaps himself) by winning the primary election and being swept into office on the coat tails of Wisconsin's grand-old-man, octogenarian Walter Goodland.

**The Druggists' Praise.** Pharmacists throughout the state were overjoyed. At a banquet in the Lorraine Hotel, Wisconsin Pharmaceutical Association President E. P. Wenstadt said: "We are all very happy and extremely proud to have a pharmacist



DRUGGISTS' PRAISE  
"... his feet are tough ..."

in high political office. He may find thorns in his path, but they tell me the bottoms of his feet are tough (*see cut*) and that he can take it."

Said Rennebohm in thanks: "If I can do anything to bring just a little more prestige to pharmacy, I will be happy to do so." He later appointed druggist Douglas Hunt to the State Conservation Committee.

Goodland and Rennebohm were elected in 1946. When death came to Goodland a short while later, Rennebohm moved his desk-pen to the Governor's office.

Both as Lt. Gov. and Acting Governor, Rennebohm has rarely found his relations with the press sweet & lovely.

With his triumph in the November elections, Rennebohm has silenced many of his critics. Now the "man who looks like a president" may very well be on the road to occupying the important seat in the White House.

## MANNERS & MORALS Wisconsin Sex

Last week the grand old American custom of necking got close scrutiny from a group of four distinguished scientists. The team took a week off from scholarly tasks to make a searching study of necking at the University of Wisconsin, stronghold of the ancient practice.

Members of the team: philosopher-physicist Albutus Fisseon; psychiatrist Mona Maneya; physiologist I. L. deLangerhans; wildlife expert Orge Jeuxful.

The quartet asked questions, took pulses and blood pressure readings, took photographs, measurements, and generally made Wisconsin boys and girls miserable for one week. Then the four sat down to write their report. They came up with astounding results.

Girls, found physiologist deLangerhans, get no "kick" out of kissing. Their blood pressure readings remained normal and their heartbeats kept steadily "plunking away at the normal rate of 72-76 per minute," said deLangerhans.

Smiling, blue-eyed Albutus Fisseon found that students necked not because this is the atomic age and there is a need to live fast while there is still peace, but, as Fisseon reported, "Just for the fun of it."

Grim-faced Orge Jeuxful, an expert on romance and its history, and author (*The Custom of Osculation Among the Peoples of the Lesser Antilles*), declared that the U. of W. students he observed knew comparatively nothing about the art of kissing. Reported Jeuxful: "The University of Wisconsin male kisses like a wine press. He seems to think that the harder he kisses and the longer he kisses the better a kisser he is. The U. of W. male is a Valentino only in his own imagination."

All four took notes on comments made by university students. Typical female comment was: "I neck because the fellows expect it. If you don't neck, you won't get dates." Typical male comment: "I neck because the girls expect it. If you don't neck, the girls think you're stupid or something."

Starry-eyed psychiatrist Maneya had something to say about repressions: "I've been a fool. I'm quitting psychiatry and enrolling at Wisconsin as a home ec. major."

A discounting note was sounded by acting WSGA-president "Mac" McCrory. Said "Mac": "No matter what the results of the investigations are, they're way off. We girls of Wisconsin don't neck. It's the 'town girls' necking in front of our sorority houses who give us trouble."



## LABOR

### Hammersky Strikes Back

Late Monday evening the dispute had not been settled. The U. of W. administration had all but given up hope for an early settlement, the sophomoric Student Board was still "investigating." One of the difficulties was that no one was precisely certain of what the issues were.

The apparent cause seemed to have been a Board member's remark: "This has all the makings of a police state." Almost immediately, Boss Joe Hammersky, ruff & bluff leader of the Protective

The next day, Students for Wallace called for volunteers to picket the HPA pickets at Picnic Point. So far, no volunteers have shown up. Most students are now crowding onto the Point. However, the Wallaceites are: "hopeful." With no settlement in the offing, the Student Board is still investigating. Consensus was that it would find nothing, and if it did, it would do nothing.

### Aw, Rats

Psychology professor Etaoin Shrdlu was a badly disturbed man. Reason: "The rats have gone on strike. Psychological study is at a standstill." It was true. All the rats in the experimental labs of Wisconsin's Psychology Department were refusing to go through the mazes last week. The rats would not respond to the time-tested enticements of b.haviorist psychology.

Commented Shrdlu: "I just don't understand. I've argued with them, explaining to them that they've got to obey the precepts of experimental psychology and go through the mazes for food and sex. But they are adamant. What we need is a Pied Pavlov of Hamlin to bring them back into line."

The rats had different ideas. While admitting they were interested in food and sex, they complained about a broken contract. Barcus, business agent of Psychological Maze Local 23 of the American Federation of Guinea Pigs, White Rats, and Helpers, declared that they were holding out for better working conditions. Squeaked Barcus: "When we undertook the project, we were given to understand that after running a maze or jumping at what seemed to be a hole in the wall, we would get food or sex. The scientists broke the agreement. They blocked the hole, or had no sex or food waiting for us. Several of the boys have become frustrated as a result."

Both sides hoped Mediator "Nate" Feinsinger might be available to clear up the mess.

## CRIME

### The Squeeze Play

Ever alert and watchful, the *Cardinal*, University of Wisconsin daily, outscopied the scoopiest last week when it published a picture (see cut) of "some monster" throttling a student as his date entered her sorority house, second-story style.

Topsy-turvy had been the University since the student's disappearance. Joe Hammersley, Kampus Kop whose motto ("Damn the brush and briars! Full speed ahead!") has placed him first among Willows investigators, wallowed in the case for days, found nothing, returned to chalk-ing tires.

Jumped in at this point did *Cardinal*

editor Mort Levine. Chuckling and cackling, Levine printed the picture—disclosed his own investigation.

He had found the girl and got the story. The co-ed (unnamed in Wisconsin papers) and her date had returned to sorority at 12:35 last Sunday night to find the door locked. After an hour's deliberation in his automobile, the date decided she should be hoisted to the second floor, then enter the house through a window. After hoisting and while entering, the girl looked down, saw a shapeless mass glide from the shadows, seize her escort. There was no outcry.



LOCAL 23

"No sex objects . . ."

Agents' Protective Association called a strike, and the whole force walked off.

At first the Administration felt an immediate apology would set things aright, and after the Student Board voted down such a resolution (3 for, 23 against), the University President, in an unprecedented move, went to the police to apologize personally. Said the President: "I'm as sorry as all hell. Student government is much like corn. Plant it, cultivate it, and it soon goes to seed."

When this failed to move Hammersky, the President threatened to get some strike-breaking police from a small detective agency which has a huge stock of finks and scabs for all sorts of work.

In response, the PAPA threw up a picket line around Picnic Point to prevent any attempts at patrolling that spot. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned: the Housemothers' Protective Association immediately began to picket the police picketeers.



THE SORORITY MONSTER  
A college tragedy.

At that moment, a *Cardinal* photographer walked by, adjusted camera, flashed picture, disappeared.

Later, in bed, the girl decided the experience should be kept a secret. Pursued by WSGA is severe for tardy co-Mort, she knew, could keep a secret. He told him.

Watching for his chance, the roly-poly editor leaped up when Hammersley flashed out. He removed the negative of the picture from its pumpkin hiding place, printed it with the full story.

Close examination revealed that the monster was in fact the girl's housemate. She had watched as the two deliberated his automobile, then pounced as he entered the girl's entry.

What had she done with him? A week's end she would not say. Unfound, papers feel that he, too, should remain unnamed.



# FOREIGN NEWS

## RUSSIA

### Long Note?

Nikolai Stepanchenko Fedorovich (sometimes with fedora-witch) was Ekaterinodol's favorite son. For the past forty years he has been the town's leading cultural light. The grateful citizens of Ekaterinodol have held an annual musical festival in his honor for the past ten years. Moscow has seen fit to bestow the Order of Lenin, Order of Stalin, and the Order of Wheat Cakes.

By world standards composer Fedorovich has been something less than a ball of fire. His symphonic works (*Twilight of the Worker-owned Factory*, *Tocatto and in Asia Minor*, *Blue Blood in Red*) have been performed in the United States only by the Abraham Lincoln Chamber Music Society of New York. His one opera, *The Barber of Inggrad*, has never been performed. It requires ten thousand capitalist slaves to stage in one scene.)

This week, preparations were under way for the eleventh annual Fedorovich festival in Ekaterinodol. Invitations had been tendered to the usual high Soviet officials and plans had been made for the performance of *The Barber of Stalin*, with a cast specially imported from America.

But the ink was barely dry on the invitations when an extremely cold blast from Moscow struck Ekaterinodol.

Konstantin Kzeritneroff, writing in *Vozrozhdenie*, claimed that subversive elements had apparently crept into the *Worker-owned Factory*. In blunt terms Fedorovich was accused of: "... betraying the basic concepts of linear discreteness as outlined in the works of the traditional Soviet composers."

In the third movement of *Red Square* Kzeritneroff had found definite elements "inimical to the best interests of Marxian doctrines and an almost impenetrable inclination toward capitalistic liberalism." Citing *The Barber* he went on to say: "The mere fact that he [Fedorovich] limited the number of capitalistic slaves to ten thousand is proof-positive that he has given up the Cause and thrown in with the Western bloc." Summing up, the critic had this to say: "Recanting at this time is impossible. The composer has reached the point of no return."

**I'm Not Worried.** When located at home in his study the following day, Fedorovich was reading a dog-eared copy of *Capital* and seated before a life-size portrait of Comrade Stalin, Fedorovich claimed knowledge of and expressed amazement at the charge. "He must have

been confused with Wagner or Beethoven. There is a superficial similarity." He shrugged. "I'm not worried. Why should I be worried?"

Amazed Ekaterinodolians quickly cancelled their festival—planned instead to substitute an all-Tschaikowsky program. Tschaikowsky would have been born in Ekaterinodol if his parents had lived there, so he is considered as much a native as Fedorovich.) The brass plaque, marking Fedorovich's birthplace, was melted down and contributed to the local fund for the encouragement of poor but deserving accountants.

But what of composer Fedorovich? By week's end he was unavailable for comment. A friend stated that the composer had expressed a sudden desire to see the Black Sea—from the Persian shore. Others claimed that he had gone into seclusion in order to purge his work of any alien influence. Still others said that he had gone to Moscow for an interview with Stalin. An unconfirmed report from Eskimos living on Big Diomed reported the sighting of a single-place kayak, paddled by a heavy, bearded man, headed in the direction of Alaska.

## SWEDEN

### Love That Soap!

It was a bright winter day in Stockholm last week. The industrious Swedes went bustling through the streets, carrying out their various transactions. To the un-

trained eye it seemed like business as usual in the busy capital but experienced hands shook their heads and muttered darkly concerning the future of the country.

For weeks the eager advocates of East and West had been working feverishly but surreptitiously in an effort to gain the government's ear but it now seemed that the forces of the West had met ignominious defeat and that the East would emerge victorious.

The West's defeat would probably be blamed on a succession of misunderstandings. At the recent UN meetings in Paris, acting chief of the U. S. delegation, John Foster Dulles, coming out of an assembly session, encountered a Swedish delegate courteously retrieving a brief case that Vishinsky had dropped and returning it to its owner. Without waiting for an explanation, the irate Mr. Dulles returned to his quarters, contacted ECAdministrator Paul Hoffman on the phone, and ordered him to cut off immediately all Marshall Plan aid to Sweden.

So this week, usually well-scrubbed and immaculate Swedes found themselves cut off from soap (their only ECA listing). Tempers on both sides were short. Statesman Dulles exclaimed: "Sweden hasn't come clean with America." Sweden's foreign minister commented sourly that "the chances of her coming clean weren't getting any better." And in Moscow the men in the Kremlin sat silently rubbing their hands in happy anticipation, knowing full well that the ranks of the "great unwashed" were getting larger.



NIKOLAI STEPANCHENKO FEDOROVICH  
*Something less than a ball of fire.*

Robert Memmel Photo



# LATIN AMERICA

## CUCURACHA

### Necktie Party

As it had to most American countries, revolution finally came to the tiny republic of Cucaracha. Experienced observers had never seen anything like it, and all the amazing events have yet to be pieced together into an orderly story.

One morning last week, leathery, wizened Manuel Nonosa pushed his little cart into the crowded market place of Tamale, Cucaracha's capital city.\* His cart was piled high with gaily colored

later explained to local police. He sprang at Juatuno and there immediately ensued a wild fracas, the likes of which experienced *fracaseros* had never seen in Tamale.

Rolling and tussling on the floor, Nonosa saw he was no match for Juatuno. At his first opportunity, the wiry peddler slithered from his opponent's grasp and crawled out of the tavern, making his escape through the window of *el cuarto de baño* (the john).

By then, the tavern had been transformed into a melee of flying bottles, fists, oaths and screams. The fight soon

some inexplicable turn of events, Ro escaped the arena in time to lead the ing Cucarachians through the street into power.

By the end of the week, little Manuel Nonosa, who had remained safely behind his sombrero throughout the revolution, stated that he was through with the dashery business. Unlike another dasher to the north, Nonosa refused to enter politics. He would I try his hand at tending bars, he pronounced.

## CAMPARANDALL

### Poolmaker Passes

Unlike their North American neighbors, Latin Americans aren't seasonal about their sports. Throughout the year fighting reigns supreme in the eyes of the *aficionados* (fans).

Although smaller fry are reduced to fighting dogs in sandlots, each one dreams of someday tangling with the horrors on the hot sand of an arena. A few ever achieve their dreams, for bullfighting demands a great deal of skill and training.

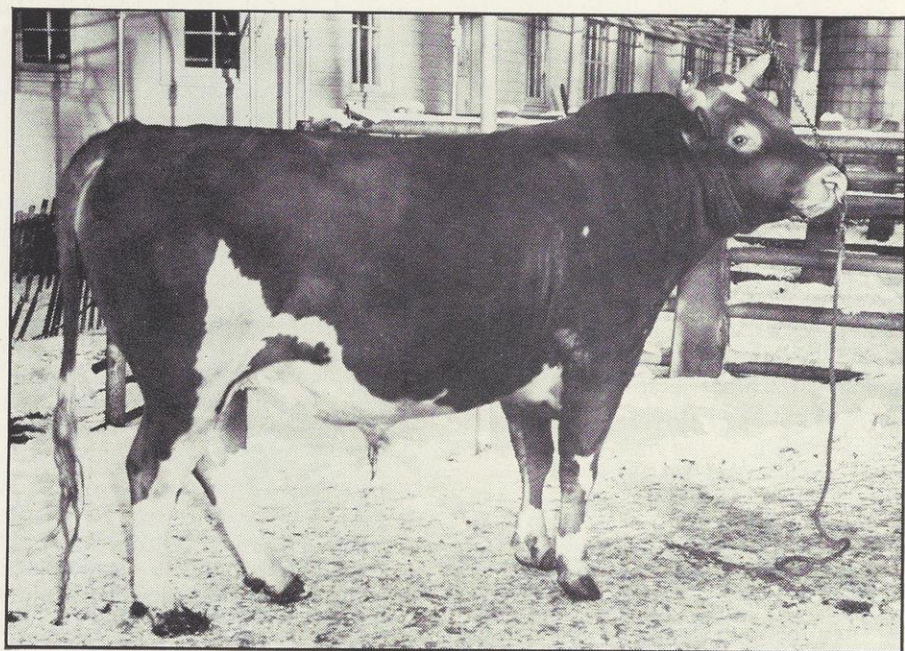
*La Instituta De Pelar El Toro* has been the mecca for neophyte matadors. By & large, the top fighters in the arena are *Instituta* grads, originally brought to the arena by the sharp-eyed scouts who comb the *fandango* palaces and eel ponds of the land in search of shifty, pery youngsters.

**Four-Horse Man.** On the *Instituta* grounds, the ex-matadors who have retired from active fighting due to one goring or another. Most famous instructor is Alessandro Poolmaher, who once established a record by using four horses in one fight. His flamboyant career was cut short when an angry *aficionado* threw a bottle of picador and hit him instead, severing his left gastrocnemius muscle. Since then, Poolmaher has been teaching *Peso Pleno* 110 (Theory of Throwing the Bull) and coaching the *Instituta's bandarillo*.

During the last few years, Poolmaher's popularity has decreased. Because his teaching methods are considered obsolete by students (who say that too many gates have been gored while attempting the famed "Poolmaher Pass") there has developed a growing demand for his dismissal.

The crowning touch came last year when Poolmaher entered his classroom to find "Adios Alessandro" chalked on the blackboard. Next day, Poolmaher tendered his resignation, claiming he was through with bullfighting.

At the same time, he hinted he would remain as director of the school.



Bob Kreiman Pix

EL TORO

*He saw red corbatas.*

*corbatas* (neckties), but business was unusually slow and by noon, Nonosa had only made two sales, both to American tourists.

In line with custom, the little peddler retired beneath a sombrero for the afternoon siesta, forgetting to cover his cart. He awoke two hours later with an empty pushcart and a bad taste in his mouth.

"*Yo tengo muy sed y va a la cantina para beber*" ("I am very thirsty and I go to the tavern for a how you Americans say peek-me-op. No?") related Nonosa afterward. The first thing he spied at the cantina was one of his gaily colored *corbatas* decorating the neck of fat, balding bartender Jaime Juatuno (rhymes with Hi-May! What-you-know).

Looking around, Nonosa saw that every patron in the tavern also wore one of his *corbatas*. "*Yo vi rojo*" ("I saw red"), he

rippled out to the market place, where Nonosa's fellow tradesmen quickly took up his cause.

Forty hours later, the dust finally settled over ravaged, gutted Tamale. Humans, dogs, and burros alike lay wounded in the rubble-filled streets. Solitary explosions still boomed and re-echoed from the distant foothills of the Andes. A gaily colored *corbata* fluttered from the flagpole of the city hall; a new government sat in control of the country.

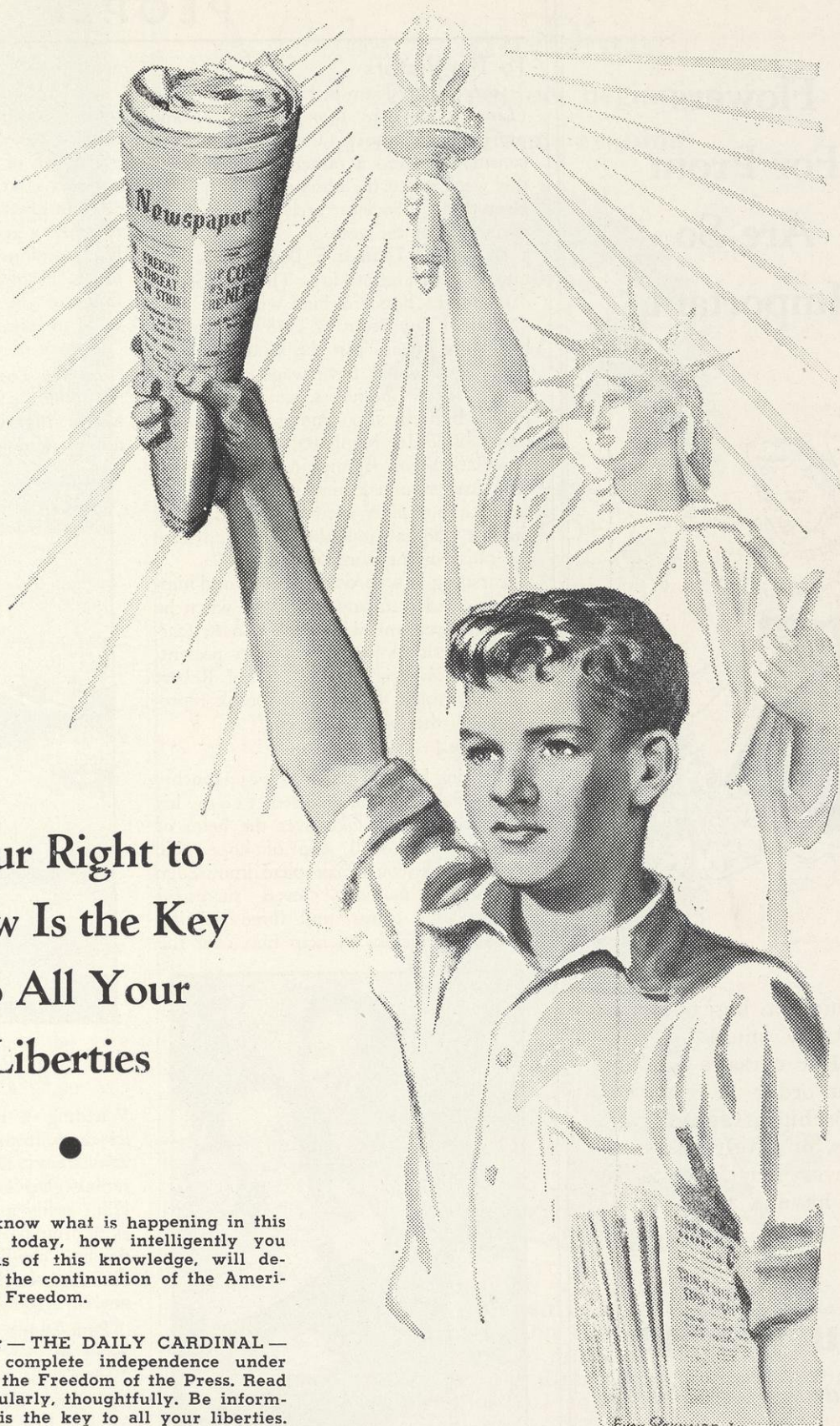
Said newly-installed President Henry Robbins, an itinerant bull-fighter and one-time Jersey fireman: "The victory of the masses makes me very happy."†

He had been fighting a bull in the arena when the animal suddenly went berserk and charged the spectators, a good portion of whom were wearing Nonosa's gaily colored *corbatas*. Through

\* Population: 3,428 humans, 1,006 dogs and 14 burros.

† "*Me gusta mucho la victoria de las masses.*"





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## PEOPLE

### To The Victors

Cherubic William B. Hessletine author, (*Lincoln and the War Governors*) and professor of history (University of Wisconsin) achieved a rather singular honor this week when the obscure "Down With Everything" Society acclaimed him as their man of the year.

In Albany Thomas E. Dewey was also tapped with immortality. The Boy Scouts of America honored him with the title, "National Boy Scout of 1948" and hailed his campaign as "just the kind any good Boy Scout would have waged."

Whittaker Chambers, one TIME editor, found himself also among the yearend honorables. In Manhattan the National Association of Pumpkin Growers of America presented him with their solid concrete pumpkin award, emblematic of the one who has done the most to advance the cause of the pumpkin in 1948.

Hearstling Westbrook Pegler found himself in good company this week when he was tendered an award "for honest, fearless and ethical journalism." In presenting the *Chicago Tribune* award Robert R. McCormick stated: "Westbrook represents all the best interests."

### Switched

Winging his way eastward was paunchy, roseate Pat O'Brien, released from his movie contract to take over the helm of Wisconsin's football ship of hope. He brings to Wisconsin complete knowledge of Rockne methods, seven successful Notre Dame teams, and three thriving Madison fan clubs to help him over the

early rough spots.

Stubby, kind-faced Selig Perlman, late time Wisconsin professor of labor economics was the victim of the most no-nominal switch of the week. In rereading this semester's term paper harvest he discovered an exact duplicate of one he had written while a graduate student of Prof. J. R. Commons, no longer in the department. Perlman pupil, Tom Taylor, author of the paper, averred that it had come to him with highest references, but "no trace of its ancestry."

Barney Zeavin, one-time candidate for the honor of Junior Prom King, again makes nightly appearances at the Memorial Union's swank Cafeteria Room.



Bob Kreiman

BARBARA TALLEY  
*Badger Beauty has fun.*

Wielding a rubber scraper, he swished left-overs from plates into a garbage pail. Zeavin says: "I am happy in my job. I'm rather glad I wasn't crowned as King. I am really a Common Man. I just entered as a protest." Zeavin declared he would not be a candidate for Prom King in 1949. "I am through with politics." No, Barney isn't going to the Prom this year.

Paul Trump, dapper Dean of Men, decided to give up party-going for good. "What's the use of it all?" he asked. He has been chaperon at so darned many parties. I've been to so many Proms and Balls. They're all alike. All so boring.

### University Day By Day

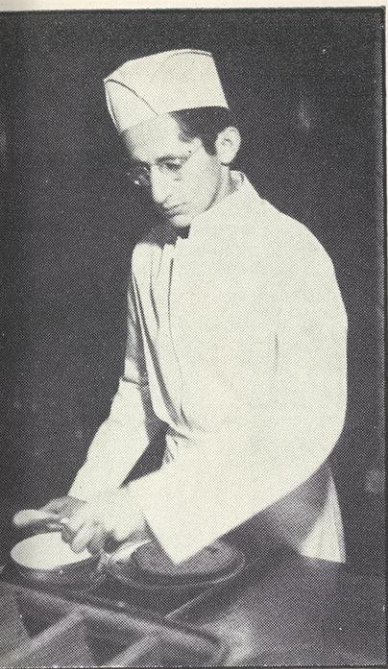
Barbara "Dream Girl" Talley, campus famed beauty queen, paused last week on her mad rush towards a degree to lend her beauty to a campaign for better student



Bob Kreiman Pix

DEAN PAUL TRUMP  
*So darn many parties.*





Robert Memmel Photo

BARNEY ZEAVIN

"I am through with politics."

transportation. In last week's New Year's parade, Barbara rode jauntily in the scoop dirt-loading machine, as it swept smoothly-paved State street at the head of the parade. Afterwards Barbara told reporters: "It was fun. Just being in the parade is fun. If it weren't for those finals to get going up."

Hair askew, Herb Haessler, hard-worked editor of the 1949 Wisconsin *Badger*, spoke at the annual convention of the Dane County Association of High School Yearbook Editors to "quit the business when you're still young." He told them that yearbook editing seems like fun when you do it in high school, but when you grow up and go to college and become yearbook editor, you get high blood pressure and gray hair. Haessler then gulped a glass of milk and rushed back to the Media Union to paste pictures.

Lugo Olson, cracked printer at Campus Publishing Co., told a reporter that he would rather work on college student yearbooks than anything else. He laughed—and said: "It's like a circus out there and this back-shop. Students come in and ask us to do impossible things with yearbooks." As the worst examples, Olson mentioned "Dave Walker and Ed Clark, the *Octopus*, the campus humor magazine. They ask us to make their magazine funny. And, brother, that's impossible."

George Wheeler, Wisconsin Men's Association president and one-time elections committee chairman, confessed to a great ambition which has no hope of fulfillment. The ambition: To be president of WSGA (Women's Self Government Association).

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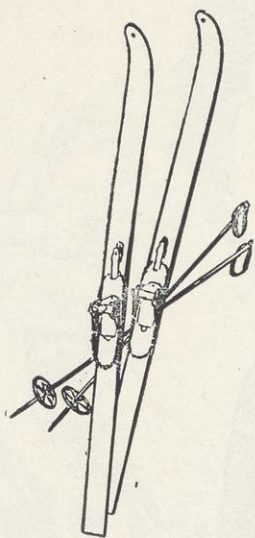
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U. W. BOXING TEAM  
*The long & short of it.*

U. W. Photo Lab

### College Pugilism

Bashful, smiling John Walsh, coach of University of Wisconsin's crack intercollegiate boxing team, is having trouble this year. Although the squad this year is large, Walsh can't seem to find two men in any one weight division. (See cut.) Tall, timber-like Darrell Burmeister won't be on the team this year. Walsh can't find anyone willing to spar with the big boy. Fighters like to watch their opponents' eyes to see what might be coming. But no one on the team can see any higher than Burmeister's Adam's apple.

**Hopes.** Another problem is stocky, powerful Cal Vernon, most lethal puncher on last year's squad. Walsh could find only one man to spar with him. He is wee, wiry Willy Wontquit, fastest 95-pounder on the team. Says Wontquit: "I tell you, sparring with Cal is like going into a women's bargain basement. But I have hopes of beating Cal out for his place on the team."

Walsh has solved two fighters' sparring troubles for the moment. Don Dickinson is sparring against his brother Dwaine. "One of my least worries," says Walsh, "I don't have to worry about those two hurting each other. After all, they're brothers."

The rest of the squad is confined to doing push-ups for pre-season practice. While not the best preparation for the boxing season, Walsh believes that this will so develop the boys' triceps that they won't have to know any boxing to win. Another training method used by Walsh this year to encourage the boys to repeat

their successes of last year is showing training films. Every day, at practice, the gym lights are dimmed, and there flash on the screen newsreel movies of Joe Louis, grandest champion of them all, defeating one of his many challengers. As the film rolls through the projector, Walsh repeats aloud to his men, "Do it that way, men! Do it that way, men!"

Response to the training film method varied. Said Thomas Fleurburn, bantamweight hopeful: "Heavens to Elizabeth, what does Walsh think? I'm not no Joe Louis. Why, I'm not even a Lou Novato." But Walsh's troubles go beyond the lack of enough men in each weight division to allow sparring practice. Added to his worry is the job of replacing bouncing Bob Apperson, runner-up in NCAA final last year. Apperson transferred to a West Coast college last spring.

Another bother would seem to be the intense, secret examinations of the squad which were demanded by boxing enthusiasts as Walter A. Morton (close relative of Prof. W. A. Morton, teacher of Money and Banking). Results of the tests will be made available some time in the future.

But observers of Wisconsin's boxing scene believe that Walsh's troubles will prove to be only minor irritations when the season begins. Walsh, they say, is a "peachy coach" and the 1949 team is, experts say, "peachy."

### A New Technique

Coach Footstool wasn't too worried when an enemy halfback intercepted the pass. There was one man, a husky end, between the interceptor and the goal line. But the



ackle was never made. Instead of lunging  
or the runner, the end trotted leisurely  
ff the field as his opponent scampered  
nto pay dirt.

As steamed-up Footstool attempted to  
lead him the riot act, the flustered youth  
ot back: "But, Coach, you didn't show  
e nothing about tackling. I'm a pass  
atching specialist, remember?"

Despite such headaches, the "two pla-  
oon" system proved highly effective dur-  
g the '48 season. With basketball now  
ere, Coach Fud Lobster will undoubtedly  
rofit from the example of the grunt &  
roan gridmen and employ the "every-  
body in, everybody out" system for his  
shoot the hoop" enthusiasts.

While all details haven't been bounced  
ut yet, basketball's new look will probably  
e something like this: Tallest man on the  
quad will work out with the track team's  
igh jumpers to learn how to leap. He'll  
e rushed into games for all jump ball  
row-ups, and—on long lazy shots—  
e'll dash in to capture rebounds.

Midget-sized players will only be used  
gainst teams with bow-legged men where  
egligible height will be invaluable in  
arting through the curved archways.

The guard positions will be determined  
y the size of the player's nose. Obvi-  
usly the longer his nose is, the more  
rritory he can guard.

Officials are now debating whether sepa-  
rate uniforms and numerals should be  
quired for such noses, whether they  
ould be listed on the programs, and if  
omebody's nose plays an outstanding  
ame, should that somebody or his nose  
e selected All-American?

In hot water last week was University  
Chicago chancellor, Robert ("Boy Won-  
er") Hutchins. Charge: Players on the  
ess team (Chicago's major sport) were  
eing enticed by rich rewards from alumni  
sociations to leave their native coal  
ines and register at the midwest uni-  
ersity.

Was there any truth in the accusation?  
vasively replied Hutchins: "I haven't the  
intest idea."

Chess coach Henry Frothingham was  
ore forthright: "Students at the Univer-  
ty are tired of seeing the chess team  
owed under by 220 pound opponents.  
hey want a winner, and we're going to  
ve them one."

Thus it appeared that despite the pious  
onouncements of Hutchins, Chicago was  
ady to abandon its simon-pure policy  
a sports. Big Ten officials were already  
nticipating a request for readmission  
om Chicago.

Meanwhile students and athletes alike  
ere solidly backing the change. Said  
ar chess player Howard Frothingham\*:  
eez, I always wanted a collidge educa-  
on. Dis is my chance."

Coach Frothingham's son.

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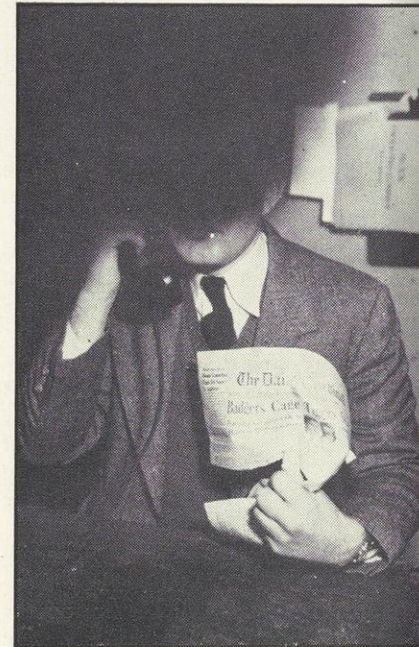


## EDUCATION

### Man in the Shadows

Speculation raced like wildfire throughout the campus of the University of Wisconsin. University President E. B. French had indicated that he considered the 1949 term as his last at the helm of the 100-year-old Midwest school. He was considering retirement to a farm with his champion horse, "Traveler," where he "might consider development of a racetrack stable." The big question at the Badger university was his successor.

To the casual observer the new President was obvious. He was suave, much like the late President Paul Trump, acting Dean of the University of Wisconsin. The Big Stick, as he is respectfully known,



Robert Memmel Photo

GORDON KLOPF

*Moving into the light?*

amongst the school's administrative workers, was a man who generally knew where he was going. Speculators pointed to his rapid rise from an instructor in mathematics to No. 2 position on the university's administrative staff.

Insiders, however, held that the amiable, mustached Dean was as far up as he wanted to be permitted to go. Amongst an ever-widening group the truth about Paul Trump's rise was common talk. No secret made man, the Dean has been a real tool in the hands of one of the shrewdest men in the shadows in American Education. The man who pulled the strings at Wisconsin was sincere, inconspicuous, and efficient. Gordon J. Klopff.

**Idea Man.** When Gordon Klopff (rhymes with Knopf) first arrived at the University of Wisconsin, ostensibly to complete a Bachelor's degree, he was far from a beginner in the game of academic power politics.

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sically a modest publicity-shy "idea"  
an, Klopff was looking for someone to  
nt for his academic theories. He found  
man in ambitious Paul Trump.

No easy task lay before Klopff as he  
gan to build one of the most disliked  
chers of Mathematics 7 into the darling  
the university. The peculiar friendship  
gan in 1939. As Paul Trump drove  
ead via board meetings, "mysterious"  
osts from the influential Regents and  
illiantly prepared speeches by the young-  
Gordon, it became evident that the  
rnest mathematics instructor was to be  
ckoned with.

In 1941 Klopff returned to Wayne Uni-  
rsity in Detroit to renovate the adminis-  
trative policies under the inauspicious title  
Councillor of Men's Activities. This  
mporary departure from the Wisconsin  
hool coincided with a "trying out" of  
ul Trump by the long range control  
stem Klopff exercises dictating policy to  
ar major midwestern schools. From  
e records, Paul Trump responded ex-  
cedingly well.

As the Trump stock rose in Madison,  
klopff returned upon the scene to take  
ive control. By this time, in late 1947,  
ul Trump had already been made Dean  
Men. Klopff chose the title of Student  
ctivity Advisor and set up shop in 115  
scom, a few steps from the Dean's  
ices. The job Klopff selected ironically  
l under the jurisdiction of Paul Trump's  
ntrol, a typical example of the renowned  
klopff humor. It was from this office that  
rdon Klopff, the unknown power be-  
nd the throne, geared Wisconsin edu-  
cation to a big business basis.

But muscular, hirsute Gordon Klopff  
is not satisfied with operation of sev-  
al universities. An accomplished writer  
his own right, he has published several  
cellent and widely-read volumes on or-  
nizations and group control. His latest  
ok, *Developing Group Leadership*, pub-  
shed by Knopf (rhymes with Klopff)  
ntains many of his dynamic concepts.  
amples: *Democracy is a . . . philosophy*  
of life and [it] is methodology, and  
e lines which adorn his office walls:  
ordinate . . . Regulate . . . And Controll  
ide from his own writing, Klopff re-  
ntly finished an extensive volume titled  
e History Of The University. The fact  
at he signed it "Merle Curti" has been  
ken by many as an indication of what  
y be a new shift in his university poli-  
s.

It has long been at Klopff's home where  
e secret Friday night meetings of the  
gents, Luberg, Cutlip, *et al* decide under  
e Klopff influence the matters which be-  
me law during the Saturday meetings  
y law, open to all interested). This  
ure position led many to believe that  
e man in the shadows might move out  
to the light and take over.



Model: Dorothy Woodward

Photo by DeLonge

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# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## LAUNDRY BUSINESS

### Results: Disgusting

Raw-knuckled and sudsy, Marv Fishman looked up from his friction-hot washboard last week (see cut) to take stock of the new WSA Laundry & Dry Cleaning service.

Results: Disgusting.

According to listings in market reports, WSA was slipping by the boards faster than United Buggy Whip, Inc. Some slipping, this. Comparative Dow-Jones points reveal an apathetic student body and a senseless civilization.

|             |       |      |
|-------------|-------|------|
|             | Sept. | Dec. |
| UBW         | 2¼    | 1½   |
| WSA L & D C | 1¾    | -12¼ |

Industrious, spirits undampened despite wet-wash, Fishman realizes Rome was built in a day. Says he: "We can run out of soap. We [can run out of] water, with a will and a washboard we shall fail."

Dropped recently from list of kickbacks for dry cleaning service. With a deficit of \$19 for the first quarter, Fishman felt unwise to declare dividends. Rather than he would like to see more cash in till, he would like to see more clothes in tub.

Created by the Wisconsin Student Association as the first service of its kind in the country, WSA L & D C was intended to serve as incentive for student purchase of the 25-cent blue "privilege" card signifying membership in the student organization. Long believed to be a mandatory fee, the necessity for paying the 25 cents



MARV FISHMAN  
Rub-a-dub-tub.

was disproved last year.

Fertile-brained and money-wise were members of the Student Board who chose Fishman to head the service. An old hand at washing (he has bathed and/or been bathed regularly since birth) Fishman established headquarters in the quonset hut behind the editorial and business offices of famed, funny U. W. humor magazine *Octopus* which to many could stand a good laundering. Says *Octy*: "Not so."

Doomed to a short, unhappy life is the laundry and dry cleaning service unless something is done quickly. According to those on the inside, students have too much money to spend, are too lazy to walk on street with laundry shouldered.

Typical of satisfied customers is Pat Kartzenflars (rhymes with hearts 'n' flowers). Says Pat: "Marv's not so much on rough dry, but my blouses come back just peachy."

## ECONOMICS

### The Trend

The trend was still down after heavy holiday shopping with prices expected to be stabilized shortly before February 12. Reason according to rubberman Harvey S. Firestone, Jr.: Combination of higher GOP self-respect & Lincoln Day confidence. It will be reflected on the stock exchange.

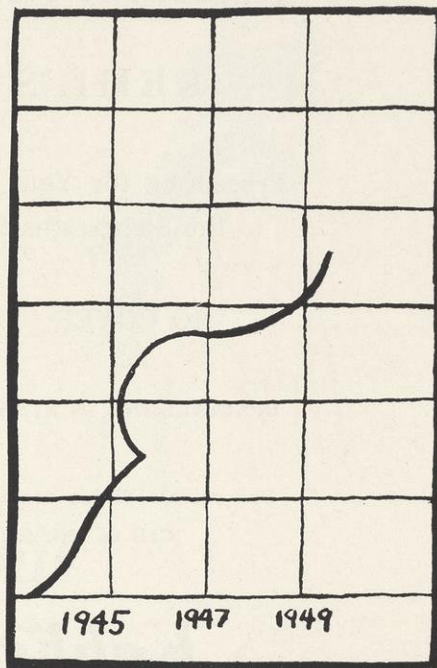
Not so sure is big, balding Harold ("Forthright Harold") E. Stassen, New Republican white hope in 1952 (For news regarding Old Republican white hope in '52, see Cover story.) who labels downward slide "inconclusive." Says Penneprexy Stassen: "The present administration must accept blame for high prices. Mild regulatory devices [should be] utilized. Not price controls, but a mild regulatory device."

Elsewhere in the nation, evidences of upward and downward trends in consumer indexes were apparent last week:

¶ In Boston where seafood prices have nose-dived, big, brawny Matt Dolan in a fit of anger belabored wife Annie with a sizable fish. Later daughter Nell rushed in, saw mother, fled into street crying: "Who hit Annie in the fannie with a flounder?"

¶ Industry in New York with individualistic terminology (nubbins, super-nubbins; droopers, super-droopers) is brassiere business where trend is steadily upward. On counters now are latest Formfit creations. (See cut.) 10° higher than last fall.

¶ New cars in Berkeley, Calif., last year sold at prices which included accessories such as spot light, radio (& aerial with fox tail attached), windshield fraternity



SECULAR MOVEMENT

*The trend is up.*

insignia, factory washing, & eccentric hub caps. Some cars released for \$20 less this winter. Reason: wash job free.

¶ Baby sitting in Madison, Wis., is up. Although number of vet families has decreased, demand for sitters has risen as result of Dean Paul Trump labeling dorm men "babies." The girls now want to sit with them. All for it are men.

¶ Down are prices of milk and butter in southern states. Barbara Southworth, Macon, Ga., likes it. Says Barbara: "Ah likes it." Lenore Billings, Tuscaloosa, Ala., also likes it. Says Lenore: "Ah likes it."

## AVIATION

### Campus Air Lift

University of Wisconsin student financial adviser Ray Hilsenhoff announced last week that the university has approved a student-owned airline, Campus Airways.

The airline, which will operate four Bellkorsky helicopters on chartered schedules from Upper Langdon to Temporary Building Sixteen, Wis., will be owned by fraternities and sororities. Reason for the airline: To relieve the financial pressure on students who are faced with rising cab fares. Said Burt Hiller, ex-prexy of I-F council, top holding company of the fraternity subsidiary corporations: "We intend to furnish residents of Upper Langdon with fast, clean, dependable, safe, economical, comfortable, swell air service to that remotest of campus areas, T.B. 16."

The airline will schedule flights every



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Pilots for the four craft will be trained from among student applicants. Rich John will interview all applicants.

### FASHIONS

#### Basic Look

In a Waldorf-Astoria ballroom, a fashion writer looked at the padded shoulder corset squeezed waists, and 12-inch, calve concealing skirts and gushed: "I think they're just lovely. I really do." But there was one designer who didn't.

University of Wisconsin home economics senior "Jackie" Ryan—a petite, brunet



DeLonge Studio

MISS HARESFOOT  
Average U. W. co-ed?

campus beauty contest winner in her own right (see cut)—has her own ideas about what's right for American women—and men. And she nearly upset the sewn baskets of the gathered hierarchy of U. W. fashions.

"This is a modern fact-facing age, and we must face facts," said the novice designer. "If a woman's shoulders slope, let them slope. If hips are naturally padded, padded they shall remain. 'Basic look' is designed around the average Wisconsin co-ed. I hope it will be widely accepted."

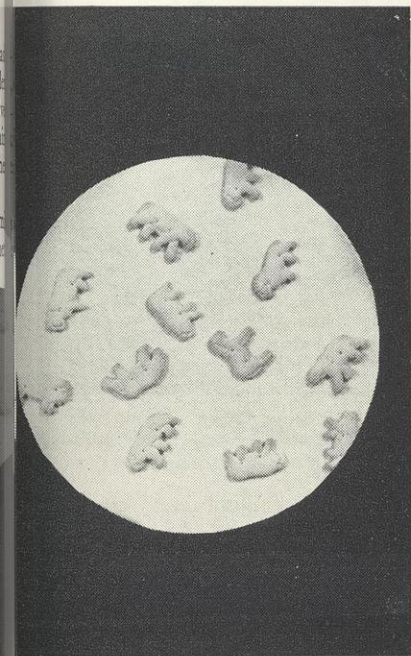
Will the young designer make the leap from bucolic Midwest to Fifth Avenue? Does the "basic look" have a future? The answers may be found in: 1) a buy for Fineschreiber's Apparel, Lone Rock, Wis., bought six dresses, and 2) And Carnegie fainted when she saw the "basic look."



## SCIENCE

### et of the Earwig

With the soft drink industry tottering toward financial collapse, science fought a long battle against deadly earwig spawn week. The young of the ear-wig bug, attacking the roots of the sarsaparilla



EARWIG SPAWN  
A losing battle.

as it ripens, are destroying the plant, and rendering it useless as flavoring material for the popular soft drink and food-purifier "Sasperilla."

In the ultra-modern laboratories of Acme Trading corporation, chief outlet for "Sasperilla," grey-faced workers chosen from the ranks of top U.S. botany-entomology men, labored against time attempting to balk the insect horde. In charge of the spectacled, bumbling, 46-year-old chairman M. C. "Mac" McFaw. Argued McFaw: "You've got to magnify 'em 1000 times before you can see 'em and then you still got nothing."

Chief market for sarsaparilla extract is the soft drink industry, but it has grown increasingly important as a lubricant for spring-aid bearings, and is principal ingredient of the new wonder drug, "Doctor Sandler's Remedial and Medicinal Joint Oil of Tonic." The latter medical discovery hailed by some as logical successor to penicillin, is guaranteed by advertisers in treatment of rheumatism, arthritis, biliousness, spots before eyes, shortness of breath, gout, dropsy, hot and cold humors, Charley horse, and bubonic plague (white variety).

At a meeting of Acme stockholders, Dr. McFaw delivered what is considered the word on earwig nymphs. Said McFaw: "We know almost nothing. They

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indelibly  
charming  
picture in  
your exquisite  
gown of  
bridal satin  
styled by . . .



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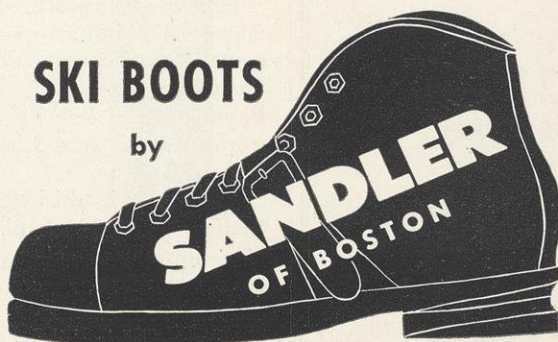
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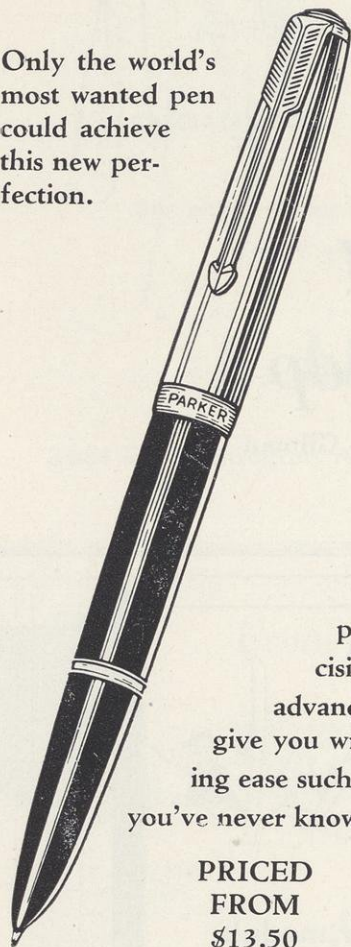


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Wisconsin Octo

APOLLO DIPLOPTULOUS  
*White-eared cob upsets Mendel.*

just like to eat sarsaparilla roots and there isn't much of anything we can do about it. This will be hell on the Sasparilla industry."

Proposed by McFaw: A stopgap measure which may prove more effective than previous earwig control methods. The exterminator has a flat work-block which is placed beside the diseased plant. Sarsaparilla extract is then sprinkled liberally over this flat surface. The young earwig nymphs smell fresh sarsaparilla, leave the plant, crawl up onto the flat block and begin to feed on the extract. When the block has all of the tiny earwigs it will hold comfortably, the exterminator lays a flat panel over it, and pounds on the upper side of this panel. Death is immediate. Chief drawback of the method: High cost of the sarsaparilla extract used as bait.

### Threat to Mendel

Heretofore considered an old wives' tale, prenatal influence\* may contain more truth than poetry, according to evidence introduced before the World Congress of Physiological Physicists convened in stormy meeting at Sclagg's Depot, N.J., last week.

Ruddy-faced, thickset 41-year-old Dr. Redfang Lust, crack physiological physicist, introduced photographic evidence (see cut) that may crack Mendel's hereditary laws wide open. Rumbled Physicist Lust: "This child's mother was frightened by a white-eared cob, and look what happened. Can anyone tell me that the child's father looked like this?"

\* Prenatal influence: old belief that a mother expecting child, if frightened, would find the child marked in the image of that which had frightened her.

Mrs. C. J. Diploptulous, kindly mother of the unusual child, told reporters: "I just don't understand. Until he was 1 Apollo looked just like his father. Then he grew horns. I ask you, what can we do with him? He's just an animated rack. We just don't know, I tell you. I just don't know."

Shortly after Apollo's birth, the grief-stricken mother continued, she had gone with her husband to the zoo and he was badly frightened when the zoo's chief keeper showed him a white-eared cob, a species of African antelope, escaped its enclosure while the Diploptulous' were standing nearby.

With the Diploptulous' knotty problem holding their agenda at a standstill, the World Congress of Physiological Physicists delegates will study the problem preparatory to a definitive statement and perhaps a solution of Apollo Diploptulous' case. Told that the Congress would make her a decision as rapidly as possible, Mrs. Diploptulous opined: "Well, they better hurry. It ain't Apollo so much, but we want another one on the way and supposing something happens with a train? Our back yard is right beside the B & O tracks . . ."

### Atomic Split

Separated last Monday from the father he loves so well was fission expert I. Walton. Top AEC bosses, commenting last week, said: "It's his damned butt fingers. He dropped 'the thing' at Los Alamos. We forgave him. He fell off the board at Bikini. We overlooked it. And he fumbled at Eniwetok last year, we were peeved. Now we dare not risk him at Grover Ridge. We hate to see him go, but the commission has decided the split is vital to atomic security."



## MEDICINE

### Operation Hearing

For months university student Thomas Plumfield had been suffering from progressive loss of hearing. Whispers seemed to elude him, as did sounds from any distance. He could hear his watch ticking only by pressing it against his ear.

But last week Plumfield could hear perfectly again, thanks to a delicate operation performed at University of Wisconsin's far-famed Infirmary.

Plumfield first learned the cause of his hearing difficulty when medical student George Aquawater, Plumfield's roommate, reached into Plumfield's ear while searching for a lost collar stud. Exclaimed Aquawater: "Why, you've got wax in your ear."

Overaccumulation of wax against the tympanic membrane (ear drum) causes more than a million people yearly to be deaf ears on proposals. The social consequences of the disease are terrible, but until recently little could be done for the condition. Some doctors had tried operating on the ear from the inside, going up through the eustachian tube, but few patients survived. Others tried aspirin, nose drops, and even psychotherapy without results.

But at U. of W. Infirmary, ear specialists discovered a new way to relieve the condition. It is the irrigation of the outer ear with warm water. Still in the experimental condition and as yet risky (water must be neither too hot or too cold), the specialists hoped it would be the real solution to the ear wax trouble.

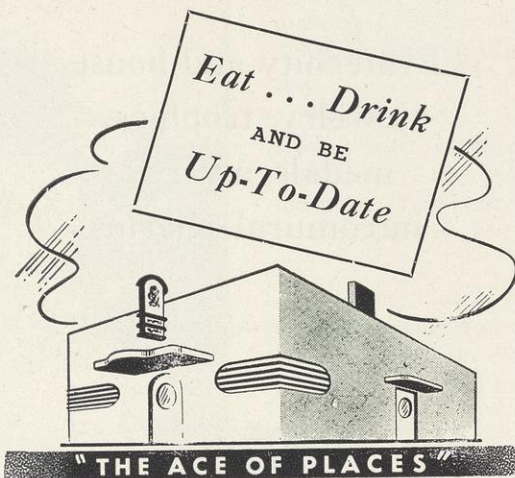
Plumfield was advised by his roommate to make the long journey from Max Field to Madison to consult the specialists at the Infirmary. Hopefully, he flew to Madison and was received at the Infirmary cautiously. Doctors outlined the operation to him and warned that they would not proceed unless he consented. Plumfield agreed to submit to the operation.

One morning last week Plumfield was seated in a white-enameled chair. A kidney-shaped pan was placed against his head, beneath his ear. The operating surgeon then placed his hydraulic apparatus against the ear and forced the warm water into it. The operation is painless, one of the advantages it has over the eustachian tube operation. Said patient Plumfield: "All there was was the roaring of warm water in my ear, like standing under a waterfall. It didn't hurt a bit."

After the ear canal had been properly irrigated, the surgeon dabbed the softened wax out of the ear with a cotton-pointed stick of wood. Then the same procedure

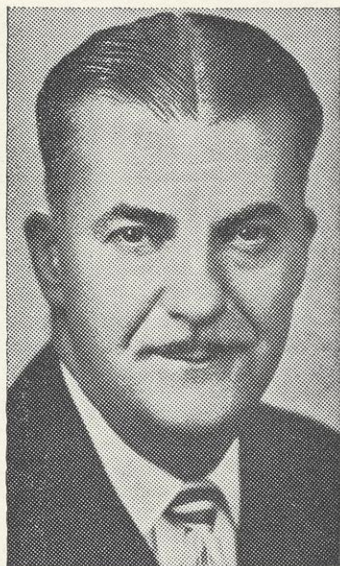
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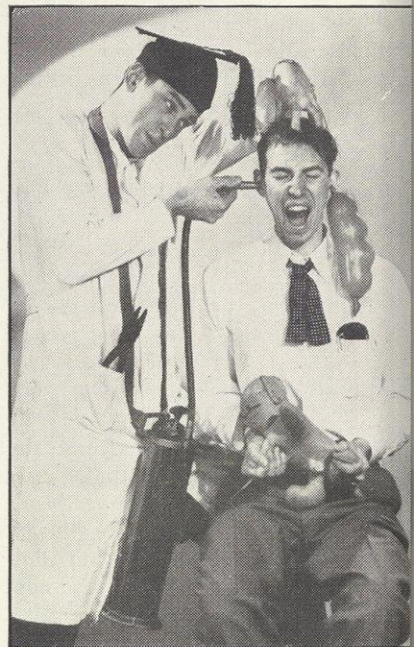


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was employed on the other ear. The wh  
operation took less than half-an-hour,  
advantage this method has over the  
aspirin treatment.

Following a week of close observat  
and complete bedrest in the Infirmary



Wisconsin Octo

**EAR IRRIGATION**  
*Better than aspirin.*

(Plumfield: "The student nurses v  
pretty."), Plumfield was released and  
back to his home at Truax Field. Was  
operation a success? "Wonderful,"  
Plumfield. "I can hear perfectly. All  
sounds I was missing . . . I can h  
them again. The telephone ringing,  
carillon tower, my roommate snor  
It's wonderful to hear again."

**Socialized—So What?**

Throughout the world socialized m  
icine is being proposed as the panacea  
high cost medicine. The success of tr  
witch doctors—government employees  
primitive cultures—has caused the a  
tion of government sponsored medicin

Proponents of modern systems call  
tention to the virtues of government-is  
medical services. But all is not well v  
G. I. medicine.

Biggest headache of England's su  
low-cost national health insurance is  
wasting of doctors' time by people v  
minor or imaginary complaints. Pra  
tioners are irked, the Labour governm  
worried. Is there a solution to the p  
lem?

Last week Dr. Adrenn Allin, head  
U. of W.'s free Student Clinic answer  
"Yes." The solution: "Appointme  
Here every patient is given an appointm  
in the dim future. If he returns, we t  
him." What about those who do  
return? "They're either well again,  
disgusted, . . . or dead."



## He is a Big Cheese

There was no mistaking the smell, but visitors to the Fifth Annual Rustic Show didn't seem to mind. For their favorite Wisconsin Primitive, redolent, grating Grandpa Noah, had overpowered audience and critics alike to win first prize.

His contemporaries swiggled their beards with wonder yesterday, as they searched the 102-year-old Primitive curdles way through crowds of well-wishers, shaking mildew from his moldy head as he stifled every complimenter.

His prize-winning painting, "The Wisconsin Idea," while having the Baroque dramatic of a 1945 Primitive, shows the influence of the contemporary Primitives technique. It has the liberality of a "perdue" with a casein finish in "sèche," all humorously sprinkled with gentle droppings of his farm friends. In that respect Grandpa is a regionalist. The subject: a piece of Limburger rammed out on a field of cracker-crumbs, the cheese being universalized as in counter-rotation to a slice of salami that languishes among the dark verticals.

Grandpa lives in Paresan North, a cave in the town of Blue Mounds, Wis. Every winter he invites 20 non-paying bears to hibernate with him until spring.

Born on a farm in Green County, three miles from Monroe, Wis. (known as the Penicillin Belt), he had the cheese fields as a play-pen and could tell bladder from a bull pizzle, and all other things farm boys know. Grandpa (he is called that by his friends) had a father who came from across the sea. His mother used to call it the "old country." Until this set Grandpa thinking one day.

He had a dog, and although it wasn't much of a dog, he liked it. On the day Grandpa was thinking, his dog died, and when he went into the barn and burned in a hard gem-like flame until supper-time. This started it off. From then on Grandpa knew he would be a painter.

Grandpa was apprenticed to a cheese-squeezer in his youth (his job: to fit insistent Gorgonzola in little Kraft packages) and used to paint every Tuesday in his spare time, until after the depression when he became a Sunday painter.

When he talks about his career, Grandpa relishes reminiscences about the "doughtful Thirties;" of the time he was teased of being the leader of "The Paint" and for years bridled under the name of the "Cesspool School." But, as he told a correspondent last week: "I am young, and it was like drinking from a party glass." He then repeated the famous near-battle-cry that drained the Cesspool School of any influence. "It ain't pretty." This was later dubbed by art-

## ART



Robert Memmel Photo

### DOVER PARTHENON

*An arcade groaned.*

academicians as the glass-of-water-theory of art.

"To what do you attribute your active old age?" queried a reporter at the art show. Said Grandpa: "I live simple. I live on dairy products mostly. And I paint only what I know. That's very important. Paint only what you know."

After the show, Grandpa was seen burning with a hard, gem-like flame.

## A House is A House

Delaware had its big chance last week, but some people think they muffed it.

Over 1000 members of the Delaware Architects' Association mingled with 200 assorted local midgets, at the Dover Parthenon last Friday to listen to the noted architect J. Fieldstone Wright lecture on: "Organic Growth, Why, Whither, Wherefore."

Wright stood on the platform like a Doric pilaster, capited with flowing lint-colored hair, and told them what they must do. "You must move Delaware out to the Midwest if it is to flourish," he said.

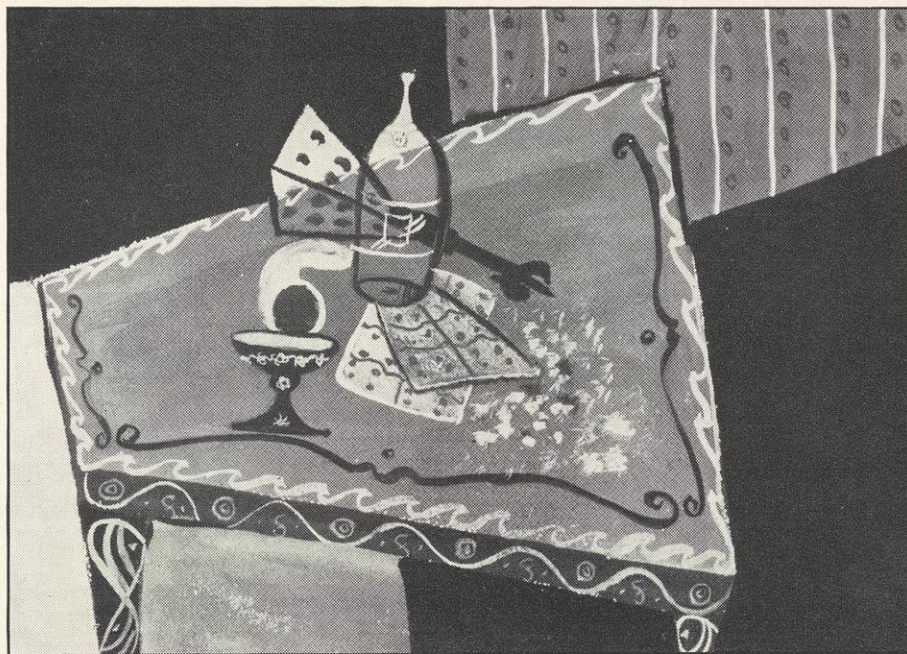
"A thing must grow within itself; it must have roots; and this fair state should have its chance to escaping the reactionary strangulation of the Atlantic Ocean."

Commenting in the building within which he spoke, he said: "This building itself is a product of the decadent eastern eclectics." He seemed to grow five inches after he said this, but nobody was sure what happened next.

One observer, a little boy, said he heard three post-lintel systems in the main gallery sneeze and then all was darkness. Another survivor said he heard an arcade groan before the tragedy, but no one will ever be sure. for the building completely disintegrated.

Who knows? That grand-old-man of architecture may be laughing somewhere.

Total dead: 111 architects; 30 midgets, and one gnome.



THE WISCONSIN IDEA  
*Processed Primitive.*

DeLonge Studio





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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Harrison Henry Hackwo 65, Iowa-born author (*The Joy of La Alone*); and fourth wife, Sarah Jukes their first child, a son; in Due N Tenn. Name: Hobart Jukes. We 12 lbs., 2 oz.

**Born.** To J. Russell Russell, 32, mactor (*I Knew What I Wanted*), c tor-producer; and friend; their fifth fifth daughter; in Palm Springs. N Victoria (after the railway stati Weight: 4 lbs., 6 oz.

**Married.** Robert Quentin Hoffens 72, polo-playing, millionaire-playboy; Mrs. Phoebe Lock, 28 (oft-ried, acquitted "Lady Bluebeard"); she for fifth time, he for the last; in Schenec

**Married.** Beverly Dunbar-Dunbar, British novelist (*Put Out More Salam Handful of Yoghurt*); and Margot B wood-Brynwood, 21, socialite; he for second time, she for the first; at Wh ing - in - the - Shrubbery. Worcesters England.

**Married.** Katherine Princeton, 34 tress (*A Pullman Car Named Lake ise*); and Jack "Kayo" Fairbanks, T oilman and rancher; she for the time, he for the first; in East Lynne

**Divorced.** By Hazel I. Murgatroyd Joseph X. "Brighteyes" Murgatroyd, one-time world's champion gas m reader (In 1928 he read 22,000 meter one month.); after 31 years of mar Mrs. Murgatroyd claimed he never c up out of the basement; in Jersey

**Divorced.** By Philip "The Prince" I ley, 46 (no relation to Britain's P Philip), one-time Chicago bootlegger gangster; Fifi LaRue Hanley, 28, inge after three months of marriage, no dren; in Chicago.

**Died.** Newton D. Hepplewhyte, 81 ventor (the Hepplewhyte Handy-Da cork-screw which kept its inventor we during his lifetime); of injuries susta while conducting test on an impr model of the Handy-Dandy on a bott champagne; in New York.



## MUSIC

### Welcome to America

The huge, tense concert-going audience had waited five years for this occasion. When short (3' 4"), fat (267 lb.) soprano, Lyuba Alexandrovna Frammis rode onto the stage of New York's Rat, all the audience rose to its feet in a spontaneous demonstration which lasted full sixty seconds.

**A Nation-wide Tour.** This was the first time in the U. S. for the petite, bald, Herzogovinian songstress after three years imprisonment in a Patagonian men's room. Devoted, long-memoried long-airs wondered whether she still had the voice which was the talk of a continent. Brought here with her accompanist-husband, Ferruccio Gimmick (rhymes with comic) by promoter A. B. Gezundt, she launched a nation-wide concert tour.

Singer Frammis was born several years ago in the little town of Tincturas Canarides and, almost from her first moment, sang. When she was seven, she was brought under the tutelage of noted European singing maestro Leopold Masoch who taught her a lot of things and, she says, "made me."

Her first notes brought startled heads. She sang Kraftt-Ebling's lovely *Libido, Erotikus, Sexualischen* and her rendition of this simple song of pure, innocent, pleasant love left not a dry eye in the audience.

By the time she had premiered her husband's *Der Oktopus Paul Trump gimmel sbpel* (itself a deeply psychological song about a group of editors who pull out an old man's mustache hair by hair). Her combination of interpretative skill (as in *Jeune Fille Dans La Soups* by Troxell) and her unusual voice which easily takes an D above middle C, made her a peculiar addition to present-day singers. Even hardened, hard-to-please N. Y. critics were impressed. Said the *Times'* Percy B. Shelton: "Hail to thee, blithe spirit. Bird or never wert."

The *Trib's* Esterhazy Borborygm said: "Impossible for a human to sing like that."

### Era Gone

**An Era Gone.** The icy winter wind whipped off the Canadian prairies down to Madison, Wis., and drove the thermometer down to 10° below. A blizzard was brewing.

As yet an enormous crowd was gathered in at the Illinois Central freight yards to watch the departure of one of Madison's most beloved figures, haggard, asthmatic musicritic William Kay Archer.

Alcoholic Archer whose gentle ironies, warm humor and notorious kindness had

in relation to famed English lyric poet P. B. Shelley.

## Suited To All Formalities

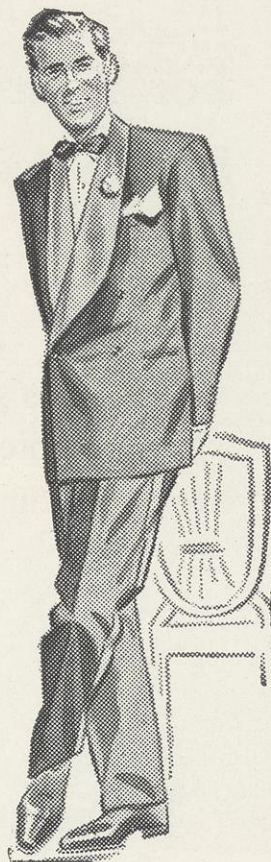
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menu featuring



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aged steaks  
... fine  
sea food  
... superb  
chicken

## Spanish Cafe

212 State 6-9444

TWO DOORS FROM  
THE ORPHEUM

picked up the circulation of the *Daily Cardinal* to make it the largest college daily at the University of Wisconsin, was planning to vacation in Chicago a few weeks licking his wounds before departing on a slow boat to China.

Known as "Whipping Boy" to his few intimates, William Archer is a stooped, reserved sadist trained in the old, rugged school of criticism of such men as Machiavelli, Rasputin and Svengali. His years at Wisconsin were responsible for the introduction of Rancor into the Music School curriculum, a nervous breakdown for Mort Levine, and an abiding distaste for Madison on the part of such artistic notables as Hazel Scott and Margaret Webster.

Ridden to the station on a special vehicle contributed by the Wisconsin Telephone Co., Archer, carrying a Confederate flag (a gift of U. prexy E. B. Fred) was wear-



DeLonge Studio

WILLIAM KAY ARCHER  
For him: a special vehicle.

ing a shiny, black shirt with a few tastefully-placed feathers, a goodbye gift from the Wisconsin Players. His parting words were brief: "I knew it was too good to last."

The words of the afternoon's speaker, opera enthusiast John Dietrich, were blown away by the wind, and the only audible ones (out of context) were: "Don't spare that tar, boys."

As the Fruit-Growers' Special crawled out of the yards, the crowd slowly dispersed, conscious of the end of an era. The snow began falling more heavily.

Bewhiskered, hawk-beaked Joseph Scheines, Wisconsin's nature poet, summed it up. Said Archer's possible successor, tearing up a few anonymous letters and brushing a feather from his coat: "Whulp! Dat takes care of dat."

## THEATER

### Poison to Kaboul

The icy winter wind whipped down off the Ukrainian steppes onto the frozen mud streets of Kaboul, Afghanistan. There was no audience at the final tape line of the annual mile walkathon, and the bazaars were deserted.

The whole city, it seemed, was gathered at the depot of the Afghan-Turkmen railway to welcome the Kaboul *Crescent* new drama reviewer, portly, scowling William Kay Archer. Coming to *Crescent* from the Madison *Daily Cardinal*, the Gobbler's Knob (Kans.) *Maj Dicta* and recently adviser to the Ekanodor Music Festival\*, Archer assumed his present post on high recommendation.

"I intend," said the new theater-



DeLonge Studio

W. K. ARCHER  
For Kaboul: a critic.

"to see that Habibia University, and drama head, Ahmed-el-Dietrik, live up to their responsibilities. We'll have no gagging in Kaboul. Man does not live on goat-herding alone."

Archer was brought to the *Crescent* multi-millionaire, camel-breeder El-Ruedisili to improve the cultural life of this small capital city. Said el-Ruedisili: "In five years, Kaboul will rival Madison (Wis.) as a place where Archer has been. Already the first effects were being felt. The *Crescent* was receiving numerous unsigned letters denouncing Archer. A burnoosed *Crescent* editor el-Luchring ("Morton of Arabia"): "Wow!"

\*See Foreign News.

†Among recommenders: thin, leering Luchring.





*The Chorus Line of a Recent Production*

*Everybody* (Male, That Is) *Welcome*  
*to* **HARESFOOT** *Tryouts*  
February 14 - 15 - 16 - 17  
*for the Spring Production*

WATCH FOR THE NAME OF OUR 1949 SHOW  
IT WILL BE ANNOUNCED SOON



# RELAX

Take a break . . .

from that study drive

Donart's is serving steaming hot coffee and home-made brownies every night till 11.

(One of the few places in town where coffee is still only 5c a cup).



Their delicious, juicy "bigburgers" will hit the spot for your late snacks. Add coffee and pie, and you've got a combination hard to beat.

If it's a quick meal you want, the cube steak special plate at only 65c is your dish.

OPEN 7 A.M. TO 11 P.M.  
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'TILL 1 A.M. FRI. & SAT.

## Donart's

658 State St.

## PRESS

### Press Boss

Voted most likely never to be admitted into a fraternity last week was pudgy, gum-chewing Mort Levine (rhymes with latrine). Levine, stormy petrel of college journalism, declared in Madison's swank, modernistic Blue Moon before a gathering of the nation's top educators: "Fraternities ain't no good."

Where does this hatred for fraternities come from? "I am a true-blue democrat," explains Levine, "and besides they never asked me to join."

When Levine took over the editorship of the *Daily Cardinal* six months ago, no one knew what to expect from him. They still don't. Combining a faith in astrology with a deep knowledge of newspapering, Levine has succeeded in completely bewildering the student body. Sample item which has kept the campus in a tizzy:

"Two \$15 bills were taken from a billfold in the ciat belonging to Mrs. Esther Barth . . ."

Not an intellectual himself, Levine has gathered about him the cream of the scholars and wits on the campus (average grade point 1.1).

Next to Levine in the *Cardinal* hierarchy is hard-working Shirley Kast, better known as "Mama" to the staff. "Mama" Kast has the important job of pointing out the errors that appear in the previous day's issue of the newspaper, a task which keeps her almost continually occupied.

However, Levine relies mainly on Randy Harrison, Joe Scheines, Bob Teague, Joe

Dermer, Taffy Reetz and other str whom the Wisconsin *Octopus*, cau humor magazine, graciously lent to m

Born with a silver composing sti his mouth, Levine grew up in a h tension atmosphere of journalism. li family read a newspaper every day continued his journalism bent when child he sold newspapers on a streer ner. "The best experience I ever Levine avers.

Giving up newspaper vending, L moved on to be a cub reporter on high school newspaper, a job he hel four years. Said his journalism tea "The best experience he ever had.

His high school career was ab interrupted when at the age of 21 l listed in the Navy. As a sailor, he c messages from the bridge to the c room. "Best experience he ever had, an able-bodied seaman.

Having tired of racing from the l to the engine room, Levine left the s and entered the University of Wisc

Last year when able, balding g Miller graduated from the editors the *Cardinal* and took with him his talented lieutenants, the reins of comm sagged into the hands of Mort Lev

Because of Levine's dynamic leader the *Cardinal* was awarded the Delta prize for news writing. A con latory message signed by the edito the other college dailies read: "W robbed."

Now nearing the peak of his joa istic career, Levine wonders what b may yet befall him. Perhaps the o ship of the Wisconsin Inter-Fra newspaper? "Time will tell," Levin



DAILY CARDINAL INTELLECTUALS  
Their grade point average: 1.1.



## RADIO & TV

### Indigo Mood

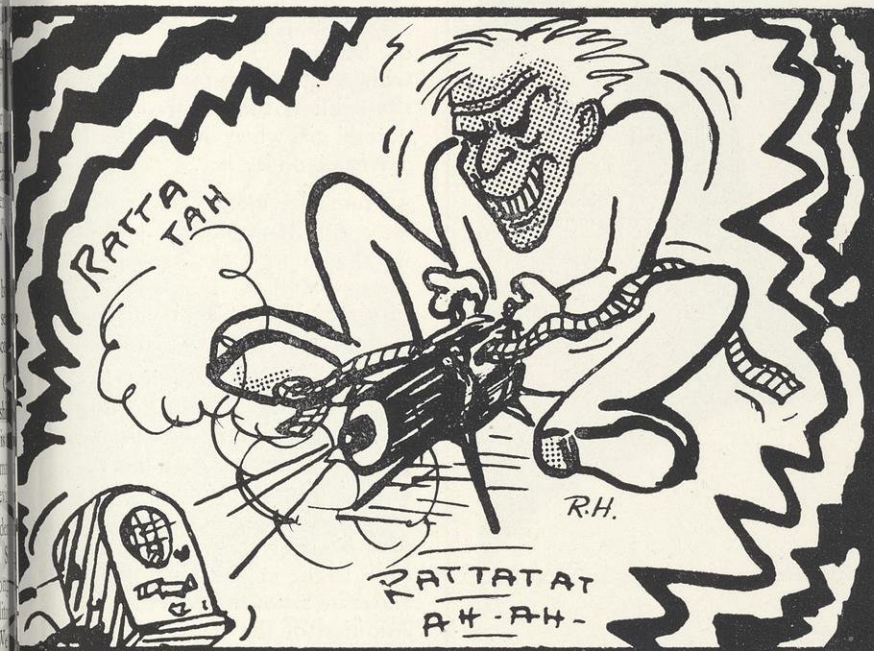
ndered despondent by the news that  
edians Edgar Bergen and Fred Allen  
deserting radio, staffers of Univer-  
of Wisconsin humor magazine OC-  
US, in an indigo mood, compiled a  
of those who should have left radio  
ago.

hattan Merry-Go-Round. Every song sung  
so clearly that it drives you nuts.

¶ **WORST ANNOUNCER:** *Don Wilson.*  
Mostly for the company he keeps.

¶ **WORST ORCHESTRA:** *Guy Lom-  
bardo.* The sweetest music this side of  
the Ringling Bros. seals.

¶ **WORST MALE VOCALIST:** *Morton  
Downey,* old whiskey wheeze.



OCTOPUS STAFF

Harrison Cartoons, Inc.

*They pick the Worst in Radio.*

**WORST COMEDIAN:** *Jack Carson.*  
Heavenly, you left Milwaukee.

**WORST COMEDIENNE:** *Judy Ca-*  
They pay her cash for that?!

**WORST COMEDY TEAM:** *Abbott  
Costello.* Sustaining; how much can  
sustain?

**WORST GIVE-AWAY QUIZ:** *Stop  
Music.* Stop this case of adult de-  
necy.

**WORST TALENT SHOW:** *Horace*  
Dick Contino's godfather. A No.  
on Radio's soul.

**WORST EMCEE:** *Ralph "Ain't I a  
tough?" Edwards.*

**WORST DISC JOCKEY:** *Arthur God-*  
We don't want him; you can have  
e's too sad for us.

**WORST PRIVATE EYE:** *Nick Carter*  
Boy meets money (bang! bang!),  
ts money (bang! bang!). Carter  
y . . . (All fade out).

**WORST PUBLIC FORUM-DISCU-**  
**GROUND TABLE:** *Your Right to*  
It would be better left unsaid.

**WORST NEWS COMMENTATOR:**  
is was tough): *Hans von Kalten-*  
Wait for the outlying rural pre-

**WORST MUSICAL PROGRAM:** *Man-*

### A Fortress Falls

The University of Wisconsin for several  
years has been running an experiment in  
radio. The campus radio station, WHA,  
has been subsidized by the university as  
a proving ground for radioactive students.

The program schedules have been re-  
freshingly free of commercials and have  
included lectures, music appreciation pro-  
grams and student dramatic efforts.

But this week as a concession to com-  
mercial radio trends WHAers succumbed  
to the current give-away craze and inaug-  
rated a campus premium show. Among  
the prizes awarded for "Stopping the  
Lecture" were: the President of the board  
of regents, one free agriculture short  
course, and an all-expenses-paid week in  
the Russian-occupied sector of Berlin.

WHAdvisers this week announced pub-  
lic reaction to the new policy and to the  
station in general. Exclaimed one listener:  
"WHA undoubtedly has the best program  
schedule for AM listeners after 4:30." Criticized another: "What I miss most is  
the Ticonderoga Pencil program."

At latest report the notices were up.  
And Director McCarty was reported audi-  
tioning for the part of *Just Plain Bill*.

## THE STORY OF MADISON'S FAMED WOODEN BOWL

As it did to many other businesses,  
World War II brought many a problem  
to the restaurants of America. In Madi-  
son, the situation was no different—we  
faced the same shortages and govern-  
ment regulations and restrictions. How-  
ever, our patrons found we did not relax  
our high standards of hospitable service  
which have been an integral part of the  
Wooden Bowl ever since we served our  
first meal more than 10 years ago.

Shortly after the end of the war, the  
Wooden Bowl moved from the Lake  
Mendota shoreline to its present loca-  
tion at 2550 University Avenue—"At The  
Lark." New surroundings have made no  
difference in the high standards of our  
home-cooked meals. We continue to  
maintain our policy of serving our pa-  
trons fine food in an atmosphere of  
charm and hospitality.

Discriminating Madison hostesses have  
found that the exacting details of a per-  
fect party are second nature to us. That  
is because we believe the art of party-  
ing—like music—requires both feeling  
and technique. We add to a party the  
fine "touches" that Mr. Webster didn't  
know about when he wrote: "A party is  
a company or association of persons, as  
for social enjoyment."

There are so many occasions for a  
party—engagements, a pre-formal gath-  
ering of college students, dinner before  
the play or concert, or a small, intimate  
dinner for two. And so we say:

"Come and be pampered. Here at the  
Wooden Bowl we cater to your slightest  
whim. Most dinner dishes are prepared  
to order—just as you like them, and all  
foods are cooked in small quantities to  
capture flavor at its peak. 'French fried  
shrimp' and 'creamed chicken in the  
patty shell Hawaiian style,' and 'creamed  
chicken in the patty shell' are special-  
ties of which we are really proud. Won't  
you come in soon for luncheon or din-  
ner?"

*Preference is given  
to reservations and  
it is suggested that  
guests make them  
well in advance by  
calling Fairchild  
5319. When plans  
are changed notice  
of cancellation or  
postponement will be  
appreciated. We are  
closed Mondays.*



THE  
WOODEN BOWL  
MADISON  
A WISCONSIN INSTITUTION



## The New Pictures

**The Spider's Den** (Frenzied Productions) is a great and powerful addition to the roster of American problem pictures. It takes up a taboo subject, names names, and spares no one in its presentation of the menace of athlete's foot,\* a disabling and maiming over one million yearly.

Anastasia Gimple is a geek who takes the heads off chickens for a living. Protected with great tenderness by Veronica Carver, she exhibits the terrors experienced by a normal girl when she sees her feet slip out from under her.

From the moment when, shaving her legs, Anastasia notices her left big toe wobbling in its socket, through to the dramatic cure by sympathetic chiropodist Elbert Hubbard (Rem Vatronol), the picture is stark and honest.

Director Albert Rapine has conceived this picture as a visual study in foot care. Assisted by leading American and foreign podiatrists, he suggests the mass ugliness of the disease through one person's actions. Closeups of the split flesh of toes, a major corn removal, and the horrible fright of the long line awaiting Listerine ration have in them sheer pathos. Addition of the ingrown toenail is a dramatic yet forceful and a masterpiece.

The supporting cast is brilliant. Especially so: Victor Venery as the old Chinese foot doctor, Agnes Tifflebooc as the nurse and Merle Curti as Mother Hubbard.

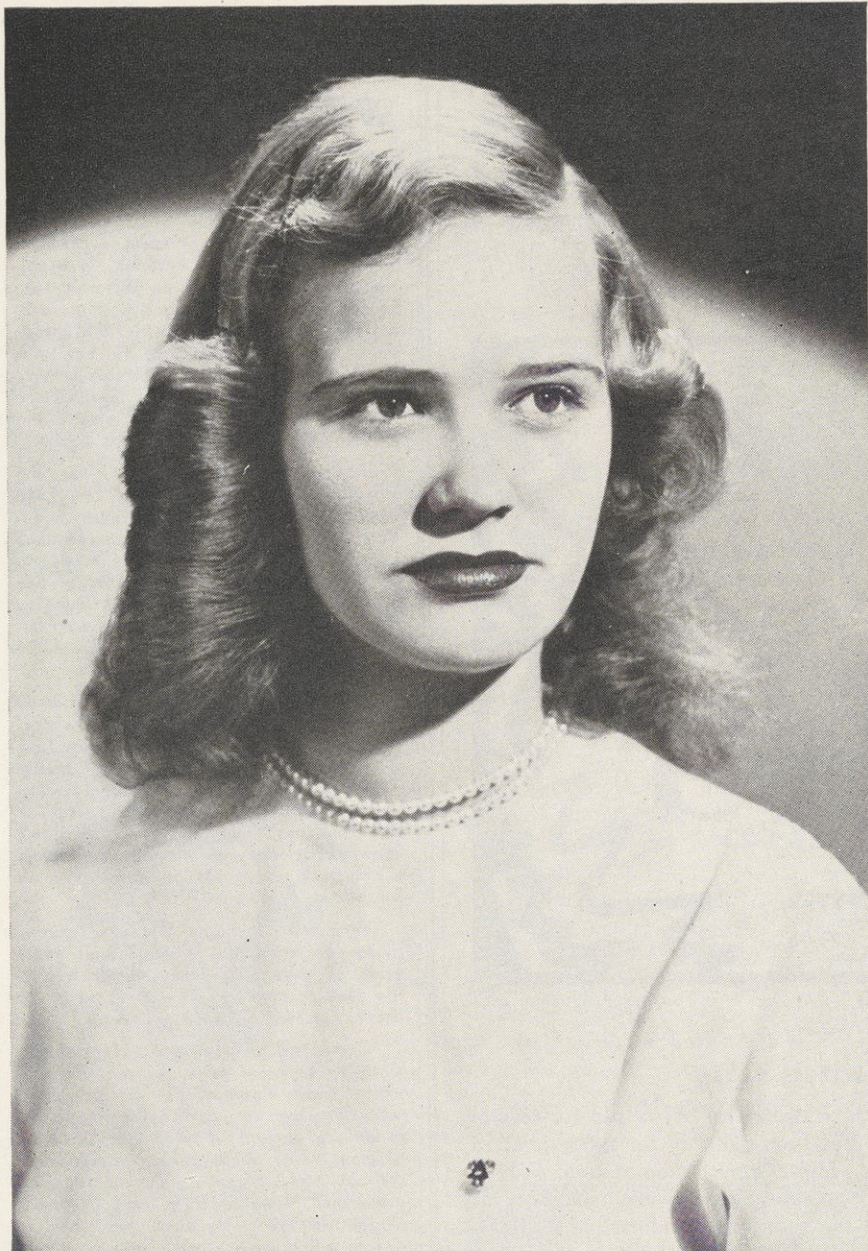
**Care of the M-1 Rifle** (Army Signal Corps) blends the staccato suspense of a ROTC rifle range with the U. S. Marine band's stirring renditions of Chopin's scherzos. The lead (Sergeant Brasshead) gives a magnificent performance as the dominant top sarge, shouldering the rifle for all new recruits.

The Sarge, putting the incredulous recruits through their rifle paces, cluttered with a good share of the film. But his actions and leers are essential to the fast-moving plot.

Main action lies in the conflict between the Sarge's teaching methods and the recruits' aversion to them. In a playful way, four ROTC cadets put a dynamite in his demonstration rifle clip. After the explosion, relations between Sarge and recruits become rather strained.

Deliberately disregarding Army regulations, the cadets conspire and ultimately knock off dear, old Sarge. As punishment they are ordered to clean M-1 rifles.

\*Lay term: epidermophytosis.



*Chosen by the Octy Staff*

*Photo by DeLonge*

**Miss Gay Phillipson**

Newly pinned girl of the month

**Presented by L. G. Balfour Co.**

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**NO COVER  
NO MINIMUM**

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Students' Reach*  
**DOBBY'S**  
*Cosmo - Club*  
**WESTPORT**

Seven miles from the campus  
on old Highway 113



for the title).  
Being compulsory, this film will break attendance records among ROTC students. Beautiful scenery and the lilting music of the range are an added appeal to the average movie goer.  
Slightly propagandish and slightly maudlin, the glow of this celluloid is its tragic climax, Sarge clutching his M-1 to his bosom and going down in a heap of glory, used cartridges.



Robert Memmel Photo

CLARK TAYLOR & M-1  
Must picture for ROTC.

## CURRENT & CHOICE

**Snake Pit.** Olivia de Havilland goes mad, mad; ends up in mental hospital, where other madmen drive her mad. Still. Only a patient psychiatrist with a grumpy voice brings her back. Produced and directed by Anatole Litvak, who for some reason knows all about insanity (Nov. 20).

**Hamlet.** Sir Laurence Olivier brings life to that old Danish who-done-it? I-done-it, I-done-it? yes-you-done-it. Another psychiatric thriller in which Sir Laurence, not content with the lead, out-hogs the show by playing, among other parts, the ghost of his dear, dead father. From a fantasy by W. Shakespeare (Timf, June 28).

**Man of Arc.** The world's greatest actress, Ingrid Bergman, plays the Dauphin in this and steals everything but a coat of arms from Ingrid Bergman. She plays and burns for her efforts. Wait until the play comes around. Technicolor (Nov. 15).

**Paradine Case.** Gregory Peck and flowers it in a wig to save from the noose. Not worth the walk and 70 cents (Timf, Nov. 22).

## Are You In the Circle?



Bob Kreiman Photo

If it's your face in the circle above,  
bring in this ad to us and be our guest  
at dinner.

## BUD JORDAN'S GRILL

625 State

## QUESTIONS

- A** Said Mr. A, "They're good and mild, you see,"  
Said Mr. A, "It's years and years for me."
- B** The sequence two, five, five when solved,  
Shows a smiling D. A. with sins absolved.
- C** Working backward where this man dwells,  
You make one change for fragrant smells.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



### 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.

### NOVEMBER ISSUE ANSWERS AND WINNERS

**A** The field of red is the red scarf which Tyrone Power is wearing. On it one can recognize the mask of tragedy, the classic mask of Thespis. So the answer is **TYRONE POWER'S SCARF**.

**B** The shamrock and the blarney stone are symbols of "THE LUCK OF THE IRISH."

**C** Ten to the sixth (power) equals 1,000,000 (one million). Ten to the zero equals 1 (one). ANSWER: Chesterfields satisfy millions, they'll satisfy you.

WINNERS . . . Harvey Solveson, Robert Smader, Ann Shoemaker, Donald Momson, Stanley Grant, Frederick Gates, Jean Gorman, Dick Arsman, John Fullerton, Charles Krimsak.



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## BOOKS

### Key to the Puzzle Book

Equally as baffling as *Finnegan's Wake*, but not so famous, William Kiekhofer's *Economic Principles and Problems* troubled scholars and literary critics since 1936, the year of its publication. While *Finnegan's Wake* has proved to be of no value, except as a literary curiosity, Professor Kiekhofer's book has served sturdily as a standard primer of economics in American universities (mainly University of Wisconsin, home school of Kiekhofer).

But although the text has given thousands of college students their first glimpse at the wonderland of economics, everyone who has read the book shuts it, feeling that a wealth of meaning behind the obscure passages has escaped him. More accomplished scholars and fellow economic pedagogues have always believed that the book contained intelligence meaningful on some other, more ethereal plane than economics. But, until recently, no one had succeeded in deciphering the book.

The answer to the puzzle seems to have been found by a fellow professor of Kiekhofer's. Last week book-sleuth and professor of metaphoric expression, Robert Fialobuc, well-known as the author of *A Key to All the Keys to 'Finnegan's Wake'*, came up with a charming & convincing explanation.

Fialobuc's thesis is that Kiekhofer wrote not an elementary text on economics, but an anthology of thirty-nine favorite children's stories, all cleverly cloaked in economic patter.

After spending twelve years (He flunked Econ. 1a in 1937) puzzling over the hidden meanings of study, Fialobuc has translated but twelve of the thirty-nine chapter-tales, but these twelve seem to be conclusive evidence that Fialobuc is on the right path.

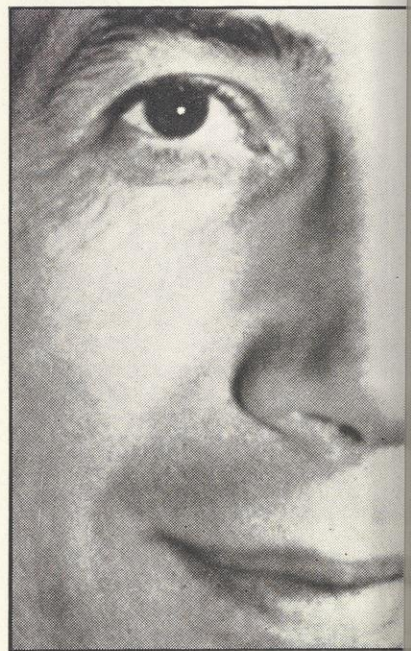
As an example of Kiekhofer's private joking, Fialobuc points to Chapter 12 of *Economic Principles*, which deals with international trade and exchange. "This chapter," declares Fialobuc, "is really Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. The United States, you see, is Scrooge. Like Scrooge, Uncle Sam is always taking (exchange credit) and never giving (send dollars overseas). This impoverishes foreign countries. Then, communism rebukes Uncle Sam. (Communism is Morley's ghost). Uncle Sam sees the light and begins the Marshall Plan (which is the fat Christmas goose in Dickens' version.)"

Another example is the chapter on Capitalistic Combination. This turns out to be "Red Riding Hood." Little Red Riding Hood is free enterprise in Kiekhofer's chapter, the Big Bad Wolf is capitalistic combination and the woodmen who enter

the wolf's house in time to save F. Red Riding Hood are anti-trust acts.

One of the most charming chapters in Fialobuc's opinion, is Chapter "Wages." Labor is really Sleeping Beauty's desire for leisure is really princess's sleeping. The employer (Prince Charming) pays higher wages (the princess's kiss) and labor (Sleeping Beauty) awakes to activity.

This week, Fialobuc has been congratulated by the professorial world,



ROBERT FIALOBUC  
*A look through the keyhole.*

the author of the book in question will not commit himself. Said Professor Kiekhofer to a correspondent: "Better hit the final, or you'll flunk my course."

### Emotion Parade

ZUIDER CIDER (43 pp.)—*Aphrodite St. Mollé—Houynhnm Mij* (\$10.95). (See Cover)

Esoteric critical circles are searching this week for new superlatives to hurl at a sudden comet on the aesthetic horizon. Suddenly discovered in a little-publicized first volume, *Aphrodisia St. Mollé* has been acclaimed as the white hope of American poetry. Wrote staid critic Ricardo B. Q'Intestine: "This is the poem we have been waiting for since 1492."

The object of this adulation is a young (13) petite housemaid from Zuider Cider Wis., who writes because "there's so much time between doing the dishes and going to bed. In those precious hours I take a crayon in hand and do my real work."

First discovered in a publisher's top pile, *Zuider Cider* has gone through the



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printings in the past week. Miss Molle definitely impressive. Although influenced by Eliot, Wordsworth, and Marquise de Sade, she has a talent peculiar to her own. Her already-famous "Terza Rima XXV" reveals her as a forceful new poet.

*Once there was a pretty rabbit  
Who's ignored the rabbit habit  
And had got an education and learned  
how*

*and what and why.  
Not content with eating carrots  
She had studied all their merits;  
She had also learned where all  
bunnies go to when they die*

*Philosophy, psychology,  
And rabbit physiology—  
She had dipped into the lea-  
stream and drained its waters*

*But her doting parents mourned  
And her wise old granny warned  
"You know much too much about  
much—you'll never get a grade*

*They insisted that her study  
Would leave her fuddy-duddy.  
Scoffed the lovely lady rabbit,  
get by!*

*I will someday meet some bunny  
Who can read beyond the funnies  
Then I'll wed." But still her mother  
moan and sigh*

*And her uncles and her aunts  
Kept berating her with chants  
That she'd just repressed the am-  
bunny habit.*

*Was it right, this gloomy groan  
Well, she kept on with her bonnie  
And you ask me, did she make  
Like a rabbit!*

What Miss Molle is saying is without doubt tragically valid, and her technique is powerfully moving. If her work fulfills this first promise, America has indeed found in its gopher holes a new poet.

THE MISERABLE HOGPEN (280 pages)—Trumien Folkner—Hardcourt Books (\$3.79).

The author, philosophical, Milwaukee-born Trumien Folkner has written a fascinating book filled with lust, arson, rape, murder, incest, larceny, and words. It deals with a simple farmer, Wilhelm Stekel, who pushes his grandmother, Lysistrata, into a well so he can gain his inheritance, buy an orgone, and marry his childhood sweetheart, Karen Horney, now a practicing masochist and an advance agent for the Psychoanalytic Book Club.

Writes reviewer Rosalyn Krass: "a classic. Its simplicity, understatement, everyday characters and homey philosophy are like a slug in the guts."

This is real American real people's literature.

\*Of Miss Molle's alma mater, Abb Normal



## MISCELLANY

**anked Up.** In Elizabeth Waters Dor-  
ry, 95 per cent of the co-eds polled  
that for Christmas their mothers gave  
n portable gas tanks to be used in  
e, honey, I've just run out of gas"  
tions.

**eatless Everyday.** In the Union Cafe-  
s, a special proclamation issued by the  
mons Committee announced that the  
teria hamburger casserole is not re-  
ed to contain any hamburger at all.

**onsistent.** In 124 Bascom Hall, Jona-  
Etaoin, when summoned to the  
's office and asked how he managed  
et F in all his physics exams, ex-  
ed: "I always copy from the same  
."

**istake.** In the Memorial Theatre, dur-  
a performance of Carmen, stage man-  
Dave Bunyon stood by horrified as  
Jose stabbed Carmen five times at  
end of the Finale. A real knife had  
how been substituted for the col-  
ble stage knife. Exulted drama critic  
K. Bowman: "The most realistic por-  
l of Carmen this reviewer has seen!"  
coroner Iago Butterfield: "What a  
dy mess."

**o Doo.** In Bascom Hall, Cuthbert  
wall after having flunked consec-  
exams in history intentionally failed  
n. No. 14 so he "wouldn't have bad  
on the final."

**o Card.** In the Memorial Union, after  
g kicked out of the chow line, the  
Circle and an At Ease dance, Bill  
om sobbed: "I think it would be wise  
ne to carry my fee card."

**iry Diary.** In Ag Hall, Prof. Zeke  
kins lost control of himself when a  
wandered into his classroom. Re-  
ing his aplomb, and leveling his  
r at the animal, he screamed: "You're

**re Diction.** In Madison, Wis., pro-  
nal wrestler Mike Sederson when  
ght up before Judge Ray Roter on  
es of having pilfered coal, angrily  
red: "Preposterous!"

**utine.** In Madison, Wis., student John  
got up at his usual hour, washed,  
ed and went to class. Later in the  
noon he had lunch, went home and  
ed. He went to sleep at ten that  
ng.

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'dated' and clumsy  
my dancing was un-  
til a girl just couldn't  
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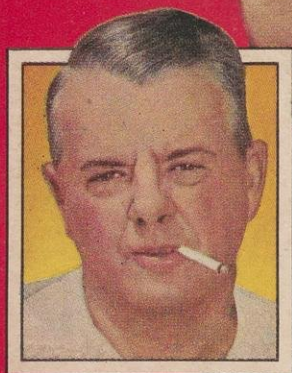
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