

The Wisconsin Octopus: Back-to-school issue. Vol. 26, No. 1 October, 1947

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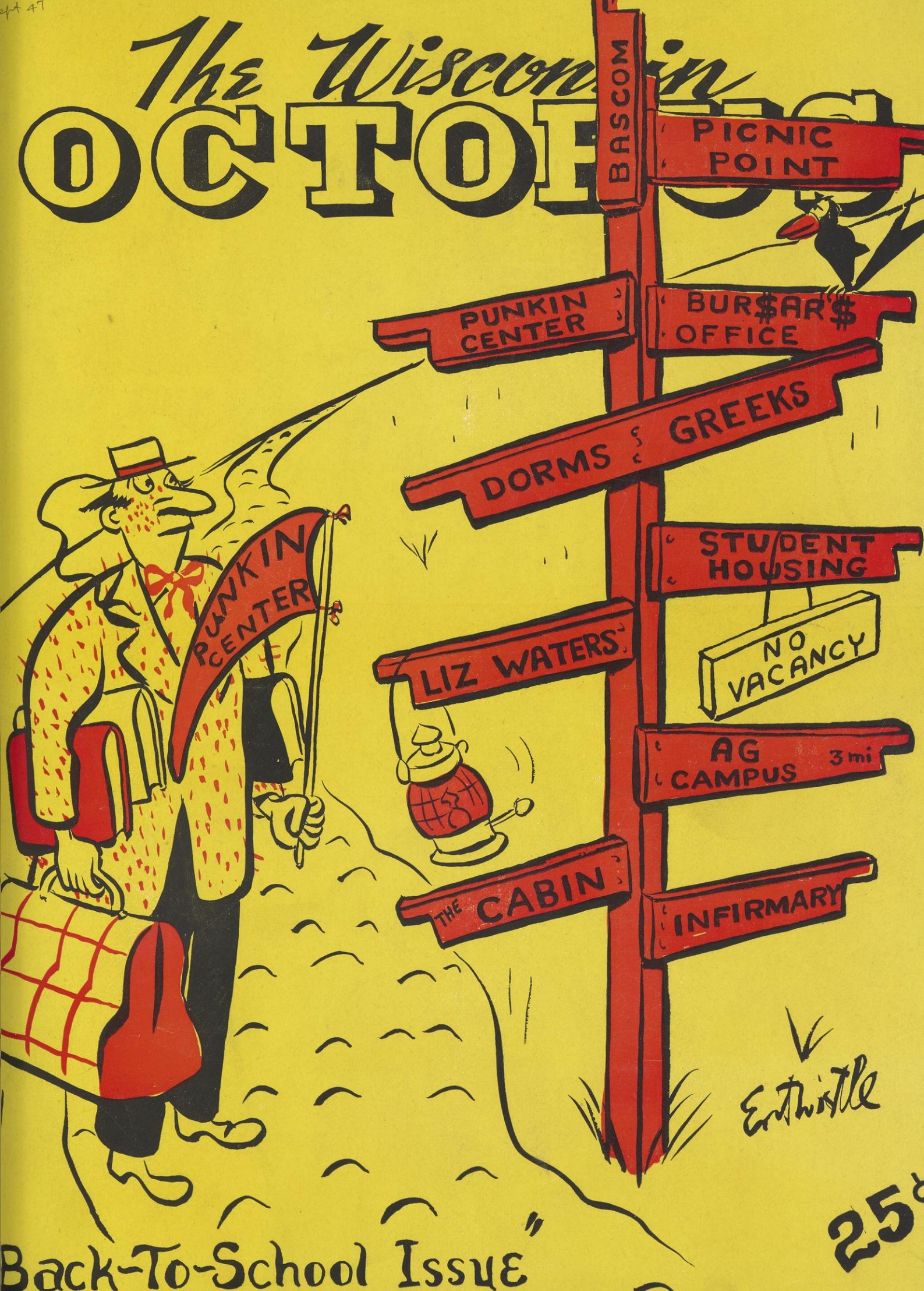
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24-41

The Wisconsin OCTOBER



Back-To-School Issue

25¢

**"Experience
is the best
teacher..."**

**in playing table tennis
or choosing a cigarette,"**

says

Mary Reilly

INTERNATIONAL
TABLE-TENNIS STAR



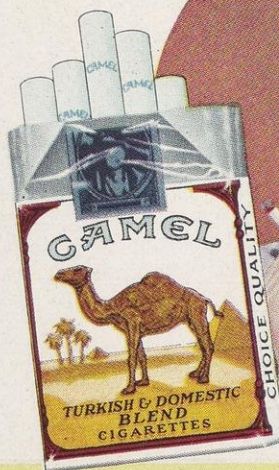
I SMOKED
MANY DIFFERENT
BRANDS DURING THE
WARTIME SHORTAGE.
CAMELS SUIT ME
BEST!

More people are smoking Camels than ever before

● *Experience?* Yes, that wartime cigarette shortage was a revealing *experience* to smokers everywhere.

You smoked one brand one day . . . a different brand the next . . . whatever was available. Naturally, you compared brands. That's how millions learned the meaning of the phrase, "Camels suit me to a 'T'!"

And, now that you can get any brand of cigarettes you ask for, more people are smoking Camels than ever before. Try Camels yourself. And, when you smoke them, remember this fact: *Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.*



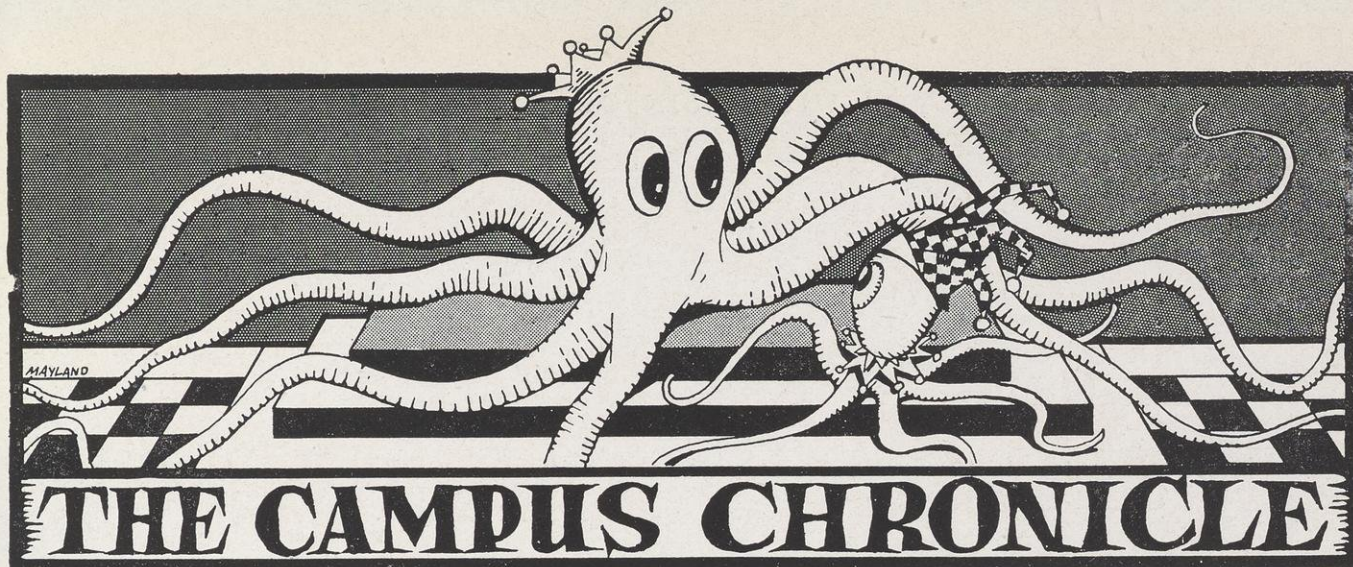
Your "T-ZONE"
will tell you...
T FOR TASTE...
T FOR THROAT...

that's your proving
ground for any ciga-
rette. See if Camels
don't suit your
"T-Zone" to a "T."

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

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

☛ Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.



Summer School Summary

As it will ever be, the students who comprised the names on the summer school seating charts were in complete harmony with the atmosphere which pervaded the campus. They sailed and swam, taking the sun and the season's dramatic offerings in stride. The regulars outdid themselves in showing out-of-staters (generally of the opposite sex) the showplaces of the Badger campus, foremost amongst these being the Cabin and that old stand-by, the Lake Road.

The Whiffenpoof rang loud at the better ale n' song brawls, and "Bulldog," the Indiana rouser, and "Fight that team on down the field, show them Ohio's here . . ." came familiar to Badger rounders in return for words to "Five Ladies Locked in a Lavatory" and "If You Want to Be a Badger".

As the last week of school rolled around a scattering of books were in evidence, though we firmly believe ninety per cent of the texts cracked for the first time the night before finals. All in all it was what a successful summer should be, casual, social, and full of new friends.

* * *

Footlocker for Rent

And then there was the young, tender freshman who went to buy her college wardrobe. "You'll need six of these skirts . . . and at least four date dresses . . . and . . ." said the sales girl importantly. Dazedly, our girl found herself proud possessor of a wardrobe that would have clothed all the Greek people for at least six months. So she stuck it all into five over-sized black trunks and came to Wisconsin.

When she got to the door of her room, she couldn't get in. The room was full of her five trunks and an angry roommate hung from the window ledge, screaming, "Get them out! Get them out, so I can come in again."

Two days later the trunks were removed, and now the little co-ed finds she can get along with one limp pair of blue jeans, one plaid shirt and one black dress. The black dress she wears when she goes home. The trunks she rents out as unfurnished apartments.

* * *

Canine Comments

Our beer-parlor correspondent overheard a strange tale concerning a student who liked his dog so much that he brought it here to the university with him. After about a month he had run up a terrific liquor bill, so he conceived the brilliant idea of writing to his father that Wisconsin was instituting a new course to teach dogs to speak English, and that he would need \$500 to enroll his schnauzer.

In a few weeks he ran up a big gambling debt, so he

wrote for a thousand more so the dog could learn French. A little later his proud father announced that he was coming to see this amazing animal. In desperation the student shot Rover and then met his father at the station.

"Well, son, where's the dog?"

"I don't know how to tell you this, Dad. You see, this morning as I was shaving, Rover looked up from the *New York Times* and said, 'Is your father still playing around with the French maid?'"

"My God! Are you sure he's dead?"

* * *

Take That Mattress Off the Desk!

We want to announce here and now that Octy doesn't care how tough the room shortage is; we won't take boarders into our quonset hut. The other day, the entire staff was frightened by a character who appeared, clutching a tape measure.

"One here," he muttered, carefully measuring one wall, "and another one over there."

After we pounded him on the head a few times, he explained that he thought he could get seven hammocks into the hut. "Seven more students saved," he declared triumphantly.

We carefully asked where our Octopus could go when the lake freezes. Where but the hut? That's where our Octy hibernates all winter and gives us ideas on what to print. And, after all, who would possibly want to live with an Octopus?

No! No! No! Stop getting in line over there. We meant it!

* * *

Reactionary?

If that multi-colored, super-glittering coffin of a juke box in the Rathskeller has moved you to a whither-are-we-drifting mood, restrain yourself. Our favorite Rugged Individualist walked in the day after the juke box was installed. He took one look at this tinsel triumph of civilization and another look at the box for juke box suggestions. Writing his name on a piece of paper, he scribbled, "Take the damn thing out of here."

* * *

Anchor's Away

Hoofers' Sailing Club wended its busy way throughout the summer with only minor mishaps. A smashed head here, a torn sail there, perhaps bits of a mast floating in with the tide after a particularly close Saturday race. But there was one incident that caused a mild sensation on their dock.

It seems that one eager guy went out to moor one of the boats. He carefully tied everything up with special extra

CORRECT CLOTHES CURRICULAR *for* COLLEGE



If you care anything about your money—and who doesn't?—you can make it go farther if you plan your clothes for college as carefully as you chart your course of study. We've helped a lot of fellows map out their wardrobes. We'll be glad to do the same for you.

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square
22 North Carroll

Chronicle

tight Boy Scout knots, removed everything that was removable, and then threw out the anchor with the pleased sigh of a job well done.

As he turned around to step back into the dinghy he noticed the end of the anchor rope disappearing into the drink. Horrified, he leapt after it, but missed it by one broken tooth.

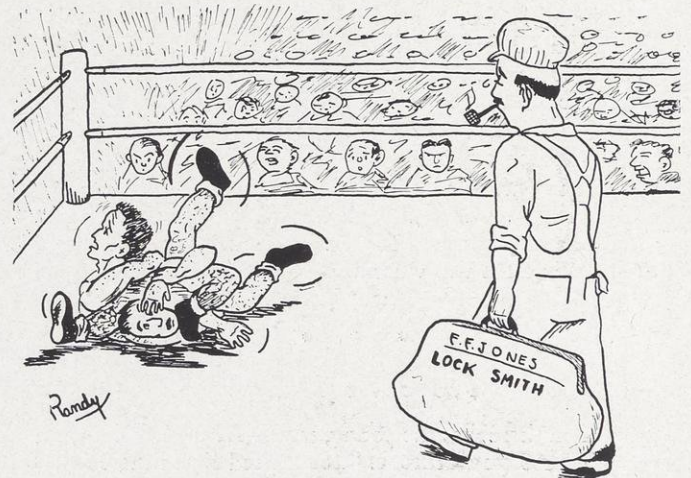
It seems he hadn't come to the lesson where you tie the other end of the anchor rope to the boat. Hooper plans were to replace the anchor with the fellow's corpse, but the would-be admiral hasn't been seen since. He probably got an appointment at Annapolis.

* * *

Wrong Quonset

Since the AVC took over the next-door quonset (here between the Union and the YMCA), we have had a constant stream of young men knocking on our door. They want to know how they can live on the veterans' subsistence or else they ask, "Do you take care of veterans' troubles here?"

We can't decide why we get such attention. The AVC hut has a sign, VETERANS INFORMATION, painted on its street side, while the Octopus hut has an eight-legged



sea animal painted on its side. It must be that the young men either don't read signs or that they can't tell the difference between an octopus and English.

We try to be helpful to the veterans. If the AVC ever wonders what has happened to some of their students who had appointments at the AVC hut, we suggest they take a look over in our hut. We've probably signed the fellows up as editors or advertising solicitors.

* * *

Blue Book Blues

There's a six-weeks exam in your future, which, to coin a phrase, will separate the men from the Phi Beta Kappas. Just when you have gotten all your text books, figured out which quiz you can safely cut, and have settled down for a long semester's nap, the Six Weeks Inquisition jumps on you. Don't worry, you, too, will be on the Dean's mailing list. Everybody is!

* * *

Tense Yourself, Now

We sympathize with all the guys and gals writing freshman themes. Many a day, in our freshman year, we turns in a choice bit of wordage, only to have the English teacher mark "Tense, Tense, Tense" all over it. One day, as we are walking by his office, we stops in and says, "What gives with this 'Tense, Tense, Tense' stuff?"

"Do you know that there are several tenses in the Eng-

Chronicle

lish language?" the guy asks. We nods, and he says, "Well, what are they?"

"Well, there is pretense . . ."

"No, I mean grammar. Your past, present . . ."

"Leave my family out of this," we says. "Just give me an A."

The guy stares at us for a minute. Then he shakes his head and says, "Maybe that's the only way out."

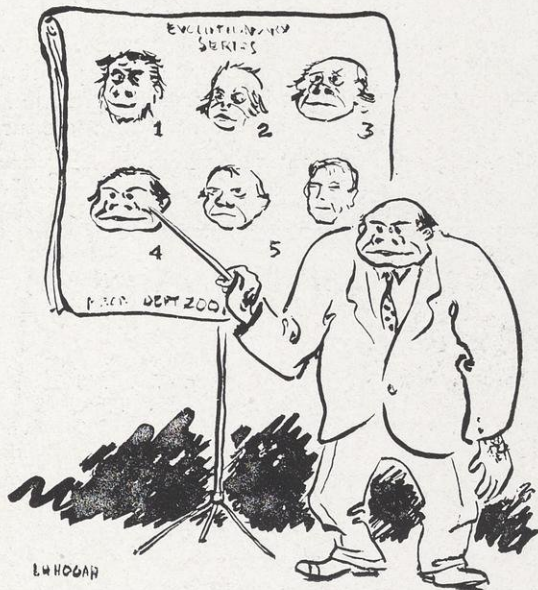
The next week we were have been taking Comparative Literature. It is as easy as that.

* * *

More Bomb Throwers

Judging from latest reports, some of the more proletarian proletariats on campus are pretty sure that the workers of the world are going to arise and start screaming any minute now. Witness the Marxist Discussion Club which meets, no doubt, in a cloistered cellar and drinks only Molotov Cocktails.

Frankly, Octy, as one of the charter members of the Young Anarchist Society, deplores this movement. It's just jealousy; just a pure Stalin complex. But if they think they



can throw any bombs further or faster than an eight-armed Octopus, they've got another Marxian think coming. Why, they practically make us feel like Marie Antoinette; we're so conservative we wouldn't think of using anything smaller than the atom bomb for our own private revolution. Our slogan runs something like:

"Octopi of the World, dive deep", followed by two blasts on a foghorn.

* * *

Campus Glossary

or

Let Your Octopus Be Your Guide

LET YOUR OCTOPUS BE YOUR GUIDE

AG SCHOOL—The house the Babcock milk tester built. Nursery for future sheep chauffeurs and cattle curriers.

AYD—Purportedly Madison headquarters of the "Browder-for-President Club." Says nothing, which it denies vigorously.

THE CABIN—Madison's only spacious night club, offering smart entertainment straight from Broadway. Excellent food in an atmosphere of cosmopolitan *savoir faire*.

GIRLS!

Here's for a



THE look
for fall is
the long torso!
It discovers
your figure! It's
really a brainstorm of
an idea. We have it in
wool dresses, date dresses,
blouses in the Grey Room on the
Main Floor and
on second floor.

Harry S. Manchester
INC
MADISON, WISCONSIN



FINE APPAREL
FOR
WISCONSIN
MEN AND WOMEN
A
CAMPUS
TRADITION
FOR
MANY YEARS

MacNeil and Moore

602 State Street

*"the best
right close"*

TELEGRAPH
SERVICE

Kennicott
Flowers

627 State

Badger 1002

THE CARDINAL—Campus scandal sheet; an eight-page typographical error.
CHEMISTRY BUILDING—A four-story ill wind that blows the campus no good.
CARILLON TOWER—Campus lockaway for berserk music professors who, chained in the tower, play indistinguishable counterpoint. Hell's Bells.
E. B. FRED—An obscure administrative official. If you last out the four years you will meet him on graduation day.
GRADE POINT—1.0—passing, 2.0—unpopular; 3.0—socially outcast; 3.2—stimulating.
JOE HAMMERSLEY—Last of the Keystone Cops; motorized Hays office.
THE HILL—Madison's little Matterhorn.
LANGDON STREET—Rue de la Wheels.
NORTH HALL—Built in 1547. It saw duty as a trading post for the Chippewa Indians for fifty years. Now used to support the campus weather vane.
LAKE ROAD—Wisconsin's Garden of Eden, where the Eves chase the Adams, as the apples drop all over the place.
STUDIES—An ancient rite currently in disfavor with the brighter college circles.
UNION—A cafeteria line with a roof.
WHEEL—A member of the college group of egotists. His picture is in the Co-op window. He goes round and round and round; all the bartenders in town know him by his first name. Some of his spokes are usually missing.

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* * * *

Contributors:

Harold Entwistle (cover), Jane Boutwell, Randy Harrison, Ed Clark, Fred Everhard, Ella Sigman, Bob Sindorf, Bob Salisbury, Cathy Crocker, Jim Brandon, Loring Mandel, Galen Winter, Pat Moul, Fred Mintz, *Spartan*, Pell Mell, *Chaparral*, *Sundial*, McG.

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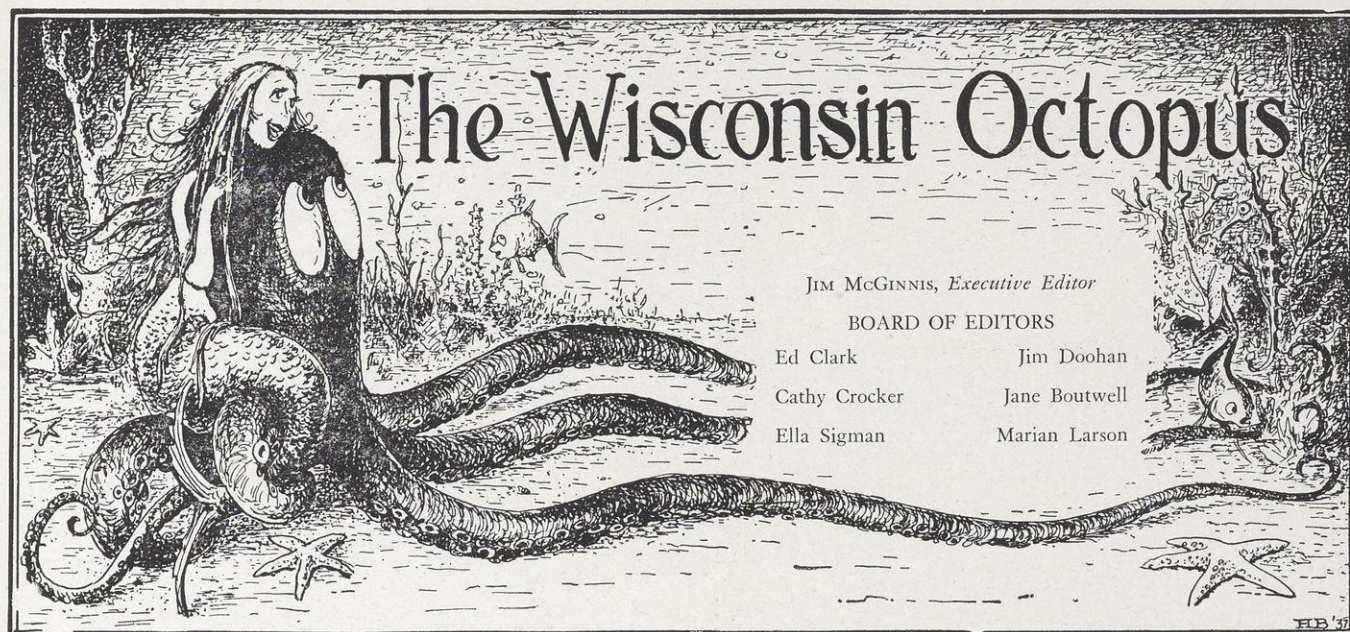
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VOLUME XXVI

OCTOBER, 1947

NUMBER 1

JIM MCGINNIS, *Executive Editor*

BOARD OF EDITORS

Ed Clark

Jim Doohan

Cathy Crocker

Jane Boutwell

Ella Sigman

Marian Larson

Volume XXVI

OCTOBER, 1947

Number 1

In the Editor's Brown Study

Come about a month ago and Octy faithfuls from Palo Alto to Sheepshead Bay pocketed a toothbrush and an extra pair of argyles and with a grinding of gears and no small amount of smoke and cinders, began streaming toward the campus to re-energize the old eight-tentacled denizen of the sea.

It makes a bedtime sort of story, but in returning from a New England visit, we changed club-cars at Bagdad-on-the-Hudson and met some other Octy writers from the Atlantic seaboard who were answering the same smoke signals. We decided to rough it cross country together. All the little girls had berths on the train, and all the little boys had berths on the train. But the little girls' berths were in different cars from the little boys' berths.

At a certain time people (sort of mobile chaperons) came through the train and made all the little girls go to their berths and all the little boys go to their berths.

It was a form of "berth control."

It was a great vacation, though, and we're off to what looks like another fat and successful year. We'll have bigger and better deadlines to miss, and the old Octopus himself invites all you guys and gals, humorists and cartoonists, writers or just interested bystanders, to roll down to the hut and get into the act.

With the texts buried in the backyard over the vacation days, we managed time to read a magazine or two between touching all the little eastern niteries and brushing up our gavotte, but the current trend of advertising is something the likes of which we've

never reckoned with before. We speak of those ads which picture homecoming occupation troops leaning on the starboard rail, looking toward the horizon and exclaiming, "Can hardly wait to eat those Goody Cup Cakes again!" or some such nonsense.

Recently, one variation of this theme caught our eye and made us wonder about the people who inhabit advertising offices. In a nationally known men's magazine appears a picture of a handsome, brawny ex-serviceman being embraced by his exceedingly pret-



"University's a challenge to the hungry intellect, ain't it, hunh?"

ty and well formed wife who, incidentally, is clad in a rather sheer negligee. The only words of devotion our hero can muster are, "Gee, but it's good to get back to my Botany flannel wool robe!" Enough said about America's manufacturers of fine virgin wools.

Registration brings long lines, and long lines bring, amongst other things, conversations overheard. While splaying our feet in the armory line-up, we raised a shaggy eyebrow at the blase conversation of two worldly junior cuties in front of us. One, a comely

blonde swathed in a "W" sweater, was telling of her neighbor, whose introduction into motherhood netted twins rather than the solo visitor who had been expected.

"It's like taking six credits of biology instead of three", she added, "and it's not much more work."

Her tired-limbed friend, undoubtedly prompted by a one-track mind, countered with a neat "Yes, honey, and it doesn't cost any more to register either!"

However unpredictable the coming semesters may be, there are a few things that can be ascertained at this time. Top amongst these is the grid-iron situation. Contrary to popular rumor, the team will still be out there this season breaking legs, stepping on one another's fingers, and occasionally running out-of-bounds to cleat an unsuspecting photographer. As our friend Pat Moul puts it, "If the team wins, the students will be fired with enthusiasm. If the team loses, coach Harry will be . . ."

Peering quizzically at the dark reflections from Octy's dome-shaped head, we manage to come up with still other prognostications of singular importance.

Some 3,000 freshmen will be pasc following the six-weeks, and again, as in past years, some of the best looking girls on campus will be found in the Haresfoot cast.

A Prom "queen" will be chosen (nothing can prevent this), and in this selection and other pointed news items of the year, the *Cardinal* will continue

(continued on page 31)

The Commercial Djinni

ONCE upon a time there was a very rich boy named Herbert Ffyth III whose father sent him to Wisconsin.

When Herbert was but a little lad, Mr. Ffyth, who has connections with oil, thought it would be nice to buy little Herbie a present for Christmas. Since Herbie already had a horse, a dog, and a miniature cocktail set, the only thing Mr. Ffyth could think of to buy him was a genie.

So down Mr. Ffyth went to see the Genie Man.

"Genie?" said the Genie Man. "We don't sell genies. They are djinni as everyone who knows anything knows." The Djinni Man smiled pleasantly. "Would you like a djinni?"

"Well," said Mr. Ffyth, "I hadn't figured on spending too much. It's just for a child. I thought he ought to grow up with one."

The Djinni Man thought a moment. Then he smiled again. "I have just the one for you. Don't want too much, do you?"

Mr. Ffyth said no, he thought a reasonable one would be sufficient. Inside went the Djinni Man, and in a moment he came back with a little ring, just right for a small boy.

"Merely have the child press this ring, and the djinni will do anything he wants. Within limits of course. And nothing on Sundays. He goes home to see his mother in India once a week. The price will be—" And the Djinni Man named a price that was not at all too high.

"One thing," called the Djinni Man as Mr. Ffyth was making off with the ring, "he can't think up things too well by himself. He isn't awfully original. Or oridjinal, you might say. Heh-heh."

The Djinni Man laughed, and Mr. Ffyth went home.

That night, after supper, Mr. Ffyth solemnly called Junior over to his chair. "Son," he said, "I've bought you a Christmas present. You must be very careful of it. It's a, a—" and Mr. Ffyth thought back for a moment. "It's a genie," he said suddenly, and gave little Herbert the ring.

All that week Herbert stayed up in his room alone, learning how to make the genie do his bidding, and what the genie would and would not do.

One morning he came down to the breakfast table triumphantly and said, "My genie can make commercials." That was all. Then he ate a hearty breakfast.

On January second Herbie took a big shiny apple with his books, and left for school.

Even he was a little surprised at what happened. When the teacher picked up the apple during school, the whole class was startled to hear a creamy deep voice boom out:

"Just take a big bite of that delicious red apple, Miss Witherspoon. Sink your teeth deep into its rich, tangy goodness. Savor that flavor! Taste those healthy juices! And don't forget"—here the voice sank to a confidential tone—"apples can help keep you regular!" Then, in triumph, "The apple

comes to you through the courtesy of Herbert Ffyth III."

By the time little Herbert had reached Wisconsin, by way of five excellent prep schools, he and the genie had grown accustomed to each other. True to Mr. Ffyth's fondest desire, the boy had a companion more loyal than a dog, more useful than a horse, and in some respects more fun than a miniature cocktail set.

The day Herbie first registered, the genie bellowed through Bascom Hall, "In registration it's speed that counts! And with men who know speed, Herbert Ffyth's the man. Watch him register!"

And while all the students stood open-mouthed, our Herbert walked straight up to the window for F's, and registered in front of the sixty-five people in line. Then he walked out, smiling and nodding at the crowd. Little Herbert had reached Wisconsin!

For many weeks Herbert was a famous man on campus. When the boys at the dorms would get too loud, and little Herbert wanted to sleep, he would send the genie out to quiet them. Walking down State Street, it became a familiar sight to see Herbert questioning his genie.

"What is essential to continuing success?"

"Quality of product is essential to continuing success," said the genie obediently.

"When will better automobiles be made, Genie, old fellow?"

"When Buick makes them," came the answer, quick as a flash.

If Herbert wanted to order food all he had to do was press his little ring. The genie would take care of it. While waiters dropped their pencils in mute amazement, a mellifluous voice from slightly behind Herbert would give the order. And since Herbert's lips never moved, waiters would be too startled to take the orders of the "rich, tangy goodness . . . shade-grown flavor," the vegetables "picked at the fleeting moment of sun-ripe perfection," topped off with a pie "full of that homey zest, that downright deliciousness, that mother used to bake." Even Herbert was a trifle peeved at the last, since Mrs. Ffyth II had got no closer to baking pies than the choosing of the pastry cook. But life ran full and even for young Ffyth with his genie.

Until his first date.

Herbert had developed a crush on a freshman girl, and finally had asked her out. While Herbert, the pinnacle



"I'm beginning to see what they mean by Peek-a-Boo blouse!"

(continued on page 10)

That Evening Out

By JIM MCGINNIS



HETHER she's a new blonde, old blonde, or no blonde at all, fellas, it's time to put the Indian sign on her.

And we

don't mean making with your pin or asking friend date down to the B.T. for a quick glass of suds. The Indian sign is different! It's a special kind of foolishness which falls under the heading of "Wine her and dine her and then she may be nice." This kind of sly maneuver is practically guaranteed to get you in solid (bankruptcy, that is!).

Just so the exchange price of wampum here in the educational hinterlands doesn't catch you so unawares as to force a pawning of the butterfly collection, we of the Octy have spent weeks, months, nay, even years, in search of the perfect eatery, and we've marked the spots. (Look for large red X's above the doors).

If you're on the prowl for a quiet atmosphere, or aren't especially interested in seeing your date's face during dinner, the Roman Inn on S. Park street is the spot you've been looking for. Leather and chrome bar fittings upstairs, but when you wander down into the basement things change. Good spaghetti and chicken are served in a dark atmosphere of paneled walls and rustic tables that appear to have had bites taken out of them by large-mouthed horses. The mixed drinks are better than Madison's average, and if you stay long enough, you'll see everyone you know. A college crowd and juke box music. Dinners start at \$1.50.

Justo's Club on University, just outside the city limits, sports a well rounded bill of fare for the eaters, and a potable selection of good mixed drinks. If the bartender can't mix what you order, they will let you try it yourself. Pictures of Badger greats and professional athletes hide one wall and the backbar. If you can manage to get there, you can probably afford it.

For that intimate tea room atmosphere, frilly with small tables and chairs, the Wooden Bowl at the top of Langdon street is the place to direct your feet. All that is lacking is a bushy-browed violinist playing "Gypsy Love Song" or an old crone reading

the tea leaves. Small portions, but what you do get is excellently prepared and served. Prices hover about \$2 and a reservation is generally a wise move.

Any of the Rennebohm drug stores are good for a fast snack, and you can also write home that you've dined at the Governor's, but the Pharm at State and Lake is a special one. Half of the student body catches a late breakfast there, and the other half drops around after class for a coffee or coke date. Prices are the same as any drug store. The service is slower.

Up on the square, you can't go wrong at Crandall's, another of those upstairs-downstairs deals. You can mix better drinks at home, but the downstairs is something else again. Knotty wood on the booths, a low ceiling, and plenty of quietness are tied in with a fine selection of entrees. The sea food and steaks are tops, and the crowd is mostly town folks, which surprises us no end, knowing the large number of student-gourmets. Medium prices add to the pleasure.

A likely spot after a show is the Spanish Cafe, a few dozen steps from the State street theaters. Dinners are served, but their forte lies in their sandwiches. Mixed drinks and a wide selection of beers and ales do much for that thirst that can develop in a double feature. Awnings over the booths and a "Talk To Me" juke box are coupled with an air of mystery. The mystery is where the rest rooms are hidden.

The Italian Village on lower State street won't let you forget that Duncan Hines said "Yes" some time ago. Good food in an atmosphere spread on with a shovel by an expensive Chicago artist. Booths double for village houses,

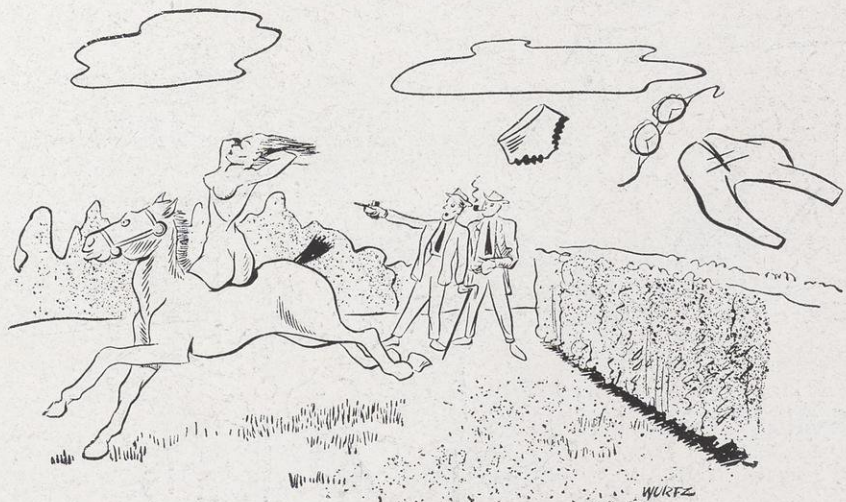
the cashier is set up as the village bank, and a model of St. Peter's cathedral at Rome rounds out the visual interests. For about \$2.50 you can launch into the house special, chicken ala cacciatore, in seven courses.

The bar at the Hotel Loraine turns out a good mixed drink, and also (thank God for small favors) eastern quality cocktails. Drop into one of the small circular booths, lean back in the shadows, sip your drink, and watch the customers perform. Organ requests alternate with juke box and the service is excellent.

If you've a mind to toss off the regard for your calorie chart, an afternoon sojourn to the Chocolate Shop is the ticket. The central State street hideaway is known far and wide for its sugared fountain, fine foodstuffs, and excellent service. Be sure to try their parfaits and sundaes, and if any of you fellows are in the dog-house with *chere amie*, a box of that delicious candy can do a lot toward changing the situation. Cash your subsistence check before you go in.

Most recent addition to the Madison eateries is the over-the-street cafe in Manchester's. To date it remains a gathering ground for shopping Madison matrons who flock to the glass wall-window to sample the cuisine and peer at the tops of passers-byers' heads. The food is very choice, though the portions can easily be lost on a large plate, and the price range starts where we prefer to stop. Beautiful view of the square, but if you're hungry, eat before you go.

Skip over the names of the sweet, petite things in your datebook, run
(continued on page 22)



"She always pulls that Lady Godiva stuff on the last jump."

Stick Up By the Numbers

Newest wrinkle in postwar planning comes from the FBI. One of its agents told reporters that 10,000,000 men, trained to kill, are coming home from the war.

This, it seems, will be quite a problem. Homecoming soldiers "are going to be postgraduates in crime," said the FBI man, who pointed out that GI's are learning to kill skillfully and silently. "The picture," he added, "is not a pleasant one."

The FBI can dream all it wants, but I'm afraid it's on the wrong scent. A GI crime wave simply wouldn't work out. Of course a few ex-soldiers may decide to take up postwar crime, but they'll never revolutionize the underworld. Let's listen to the conversation of those four ex-soldiers, in black overcoats, sitting at the table in the corner:

"Let's have another beer all around," says Mac. "I hear rumors we're pullin' a bank job tonight."

"Yer always peddlin' them rumors," mutters Bud. "Ever since basic training. We ain't gonna pull no bank job tonight. Relax. Here comes the Old Man now."

"Okay, you guys," snaps the Old Man, their former CO, "we're pullin' that bank job in fifteen minutes. Get the outfit together an' be back here in fifteen minutes sharp, see? This is it!"

"Yeah, this is it!" they reply as they vanish. In fifteen minutes there are 55 men assembled, with their overcoats buttoned up to their chins. They sit around the place for six days, awaiting further orders.

"I finally got transportation lined up," explains the Old Man on the seventh day. "We're headin' for the bank tomorrow night! Have you guys got yer guns?"

"They ain't been issued to us yet," Mac tells him. Two days later the guns arrive, and the men line up and sign for them. The Old Man inspects each weapon. "Clean this pistol, Ace!" he barks. "You don't leave this room until it's spotless. Report to me here every hour, on the hour, until that gun passes inspection."

Next evening about dark, everything is in order, and they pile into a convoy of black sedans. "Wot we waitin' for, chief?" asks Mac. "Why don't we take off?"

"Clearance, ya dope. We gotta get clearance through the head mob. I asked 'em to set up a clearance system like the Army's, so the responsibility wouldn't be on my shoulders."

They arrive at the bank two nights later. "First thing," yells the Old Man, as they climb out of the cars, "first thing, we're gonna try a dry run. Mac

you take 24 men an' go in the side window. Ace, yer gonna guard the cars with 18 men, an' challenge everyone who comes near. The rest of you guys follow me. Remember, this is a dry run."

They enter the bank, break open the main safe, close it, and come out again, empty-handed.

"Very good," says the Old Man when they assemble by the cars, "except some of you guys got yer hand signals mixed again. Don't ya know the difference between the signal for 'assemble double time' and the one for 'take a ten-minute break'? An' how many times must I tell you guys to keep low? Don't walk up that stairway, *crawl* up it!"

After a short rest the Old Man says, "Okay, men, let's run through it again, only this time it's for keeps. This is it!"

"This is it!" they all echo. But just then a carful of rival gangsters whips around the corner and stops. Two men leap out, two men with punctured eardrums who were civilians during the war. They enter the bank, reappear in a moment carrying huge money bags, then roar away. Police arrive with sirens screaming in time to arrest the 55 ex-soldiers who are lined up for a final roll call.

CHAPARRAL

Drop That Course!

Ah, the beauty of a drop card! It is the one printed form every student should become acquainted with. The serenity of mind that follows dropping a terror course is equaled only by the contentment after eating a T-bone steak dinner someone else paid for.

Some students never drop courses. These people are classified either as "Geniuses" or as "Headed for a Nervous Collapse." Normal students should drop courses every time the scholastic load crimps their social life. Drop a course a semester. You will find it necessary to do this if you want to be socially acceptable.

Dropping a course is necessary, because your adviser (unless he is ill or has an adviser himself) will overload you with credits. It never fails to happen! You want to carry fourteen credits . . . the adviser wants you to take seventeen. He will win out in the end. Heaven help you if you get an "A" in even one course, for then he will force eighteen or nineteen credits on you. He will do this by flattering your intel-

ligence. When you are unmanned, he will slip it over on you. Perhaps he will saddle you with some favorite course of his, such as Zoology 1111 — Comparative Anatomy of Coelentrates.

Well, you are stuck. What can you do? Drop the most detestable course. You can drop it the first day of classes, or you can be a fool and wait till the last day of the semester on which dropping is permitted.

If you wait till the last day tragedy may attend your course dropping. A fellow I know—he isn't in school any more—went to see his adviser to drop a course on the last day of dropping. It was a Saturday. Drop cards had to be completed and in at the dean's office at noon. He had to wait till 11:30 to see his adviser. The adviser chatted with my friend, then argued with my friend about dropping the course. The adviser finally signed the drop card at 11:58:30. My friend grabbed the card, dashed to the dean's office, only to find it closed. It was five seconds past noon.

Too late for my friend to drop a course

without getting a flunk in it.

So you see, the last day method is dangerous.

The secret of dropping the course the first day of classes is to rush in to your adviser, talk fast about conflicting schedules and having to work three hours a day at the horse barns to support your superannuated mother-in-law. This will work if the adviser is busy with appointments. He won't have time to argue. Having dropped the course the first day, you don't have to suffer even one day in class in the hateful course.

Whether you use the dangerous last day method or the first day method, you will find the relief gained from reducing your schedule so soothing you can go through the rest of the semester, flunking all your courses with greatest peace of mind.

I'd like to say some more about this subject, but I'm in a hurry. I'm on my way to see my adviser about dropping another course.

ED CLARK

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the quick snacks and de-
licious food at the

BLUE MOON

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GENIE . . .

(continued from page 6)

of fashion to the last shirt stud, was arranging the crease in his tie and pomading his hair, he sent the genie over to Chadbourne, where his freshman date was also getting ready. Through the dormitory walls the genie wafted until it arrived at the right room. The young girl was giving herself a last-minute check before her mirror, and putting oh-so-little perfume behind her ear lobes, when a bass voice whispered insinuatingly in her ear: "*Are you kissable tonight? Adorable? Have you made sure of all those 'little things' that sometimes, even with the most dainty, offend? Why don't you—*"

The voice choked off. Herbert, listening in on remote control back at the dorm, heard the genie begin to improvise on a familiar theme. In horror he pressed the ring for silence, but it was too late. The damage had been done.

When he called for his young maiden, her eyes were red with weeping, and she blushed all that night. News travels fast through Chadbourne, and like wildfire from Chadbourne to the *Cardinal*. Once in the *Cardinal*, it is but a day until it has seeped through the walls, under the doors, into the very beams and bricks of every girls' residence on campus. Young Ffyth was through.

It was the very last date he ever made with a Wisconsin girl.

Herbert began to grow short-tempered with the genie. He cut it off before some of its best lines. He refused to let it show off at parties. He even ordered for himself at restaurants every so often, to show his independence.

And, worst of all, he wrote his father that the Christmas present of years gone by was making him very, very unhappy. Herbert and his genie were not on speaking terms.

The genie had even given up its Sunday trip home to its mother in India, to be on hand to redeem itself if Ffyth should give it the chance.

One day, when Ffyth was sitting miserably alone in a corner of the Libe, and Mary Lou (that being the name of his lovely but disconsolate girlfriend) was in a far corner, he accidentally fingered his ring. The genie saw its chance. Although young Herbert hadn't given it its mental impulse, the genie doggedly made its way, under its own weak power, until it was next to Mary Lou.

"Have you — er — tried the Ffyth test?" it faltered. The genie was gasping, but it kept going.

"Go out with Herbert Ffyth III for

a week, and then try someone — er — then try someone else." Its voice was sunk to a hoarse whisper. "*Notice the difference. See how more gallant, how downright chivalrous—er—see how—*" The genie had all but used up its own power. With the last of its reserves it barely made it back to Herbert.

Mary Lou had looked around, embarrassed, when the genie had started, but when she heard the strange weakness of the voice she looked over at Herbert.

Poor Herbert was looking miserable, thinking of her.

As the last of the genie's words were gasped, a troubled expression crossed her face. She crossed the study hall and came over to Herbert. The whole library watched, for Wisconsin women never rise and approach Wisconsin men. *Never*.

Gently she put her hand on his rumpled gabardine jacket. With a small cry she noticed that it had ashes on it, and small dark stains of an unknown liquid. Young Ffyth apparently had gone to pieces.

Mary Lou whispered softly to him, "If you'd like to take me out this Saturday, Herbert, I'm not awfully busy. And I'm sorry for the things I said about you—and the genie."

Ffyth III's spectacles gleamed with excitement. "Really? I can't believe it!"

Later that night, under the stars, Mary Lou shyly admitted that she had really liked Herbert all along, and Herbert explained that the genie simply wasn't able to use its own words, but had to phrase its thoughts in radio commercials, its only education since it was a pup. They kissed. Herbert pressed his little ring and gave his genie the mental impulse to go home to its mother in India for as long a vacation as it wanted.

A great voice boomed over Lake Mendota, cutting through the stillness of the night. It was the genie shouting exultantly as it streaked for home.

"*India!*" it proclaimed. "*The wonder of the ancient world! Fabulous beauty and the mysteries of centuries unfold before your eyes. The Taj Mahal by moonlight! The rippling water of the Ganges!*"

And as the sound of the great happy voice of the genie grew faint in the distance, finally disappearing across the horizon, Herbert and Mary Lou smiled.

For many moments they lingered thus, until it seemed that they could just hear the voice of the genie echoing back its parting message as it crossed the ocean:

"*She's lovely—she's engaged! . . . She's lovely—she's engaged!*"

CHAPARRAL

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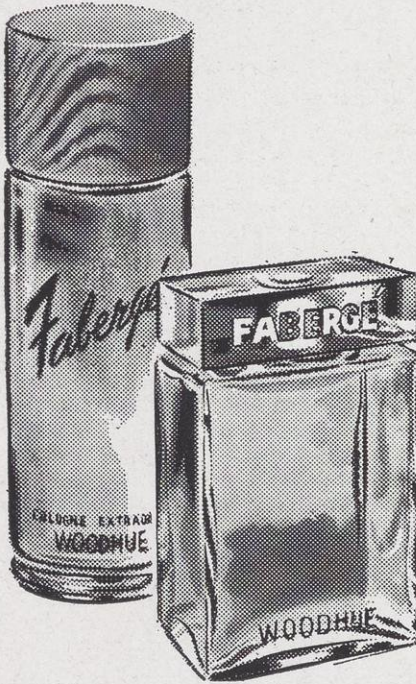
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DREAM ANALYSIS

By Sigmund Fraud, M.A.D.

(A page straight from the files of that noted psychologist and dream analyst)

1ST DREAM:

The patient's story: One night last winter I was stranded out in the middle of the Maine woods. I slept on a table in an open shelter without any blankets in a temperature of 40 degrees below zero. I had a horrible dream.

In it I was frozen into a big cake of ice and was being delivered to my own house by the ice man. It was nice and warm inside the house, but I was quickly put in the refrigerator where it was very cold. I stayed there until nightfall, when I was broken up into ice cubes to be used for making cocktails. I remember being dropped into a cocktail shaker . . . falling, falling, falling . . . Then I woke up, having fallen off the table onto the floor of the shelter.

The interpretation: SEX was obviously the cause and motivation for this dream. The patient was far away from home and worried about his wife. He feared that she was carrying on with the ice man. This explains the patient's being delivered to his own house as ice. His being chipped up into ice cubes symbolized how broken up he was about his wife's faithlessness. Falling into the cocktail shaker shows his worry about her falling in love with the ice man. The whole dream, therefore, was a straightforward manifestation of sex.

2ND DREAM:

The patient's story: One afternoon my young son asked me to play baseball with him, which I was only too glad to do. Although I had once been quite good at the game, I now found myself clumsy and helpless. I made quite a fool of myself before my son. I could not seem to hit the ball at all. It occurred to me at the time that I should go off somewhere in private and practice for a while. That night I had a very queer dream.

In it I went off in secret to a ball park to practice baseball. There was a pitcher and I was batter. He threw and threw, but I could not bat a one. Suddenly I noticed that the whole park was filled with people and everybody was laughing at me. Then I shrank down to the size of a baseball. The pitcher picked me up and tossed me to a batter who drove me for a hit . . . Then I woke up because somebody was shaking me.

The interpretation: SEX was obviously the cause and motivation of this

dream. You noticed that the patient wanted to practice in *secret*. This meant that he was madly in love with his *secretary*. The fact that he was at bat and could not hit the ball showed that he was just batty about the girl. The sudden presence of all the people in the park laughing at him showed that he feared that someone would discover their love affair. However, when he was a ball and was batted, it indicated that he still wanted to make a hit with her. The whole dream, therefore, was a straightforward manifestation of sex.

3RD DREAM:

The patient's story: This was the most terrible dream I ever had. It was awful:

I was chasing a beautiful and negligibly clad girl down Tremont Street. The only trouble was that I had a rope around my neck and every time I almost caught up with her, the rope would pull tight and my head would come off. A little while later, I was laboriously cutting my way through the brick wall of a girls' dorm with a pen knife. I worked furiously; the giggles of the girls inside were tantalizing me to the point of insanity. Finally I broke in, but I was met by a whole troop of police who had been inside waiting for me and playing a record of girls' giggling. Seconds later I was being accused of the Black Dahlia murder. I fled in terror with a knife in my back. I was running toward a seductive girl who took leisurely steps backward but always stayed ahead of me, no matter how hard I ran. Finally I collapsed and three ugly amazons came and clubbed me into unconsciousness.

The interpretation: This was a perfectly normal dream with no particular significance. I have them all the time myself.

Voo Doo

LINES WRITTEN AT A FACULTY TEA
You smile and say, "Pleased to've metcha,"
You put the professors at their ease;
You do all this and what does it getcha?
C's.

* * *

I tried to kiss her by the mill,
one lovely, starry night;
She shook her head,
And sweetly said,
"Not by a dam site."

How To Be Popular With Co-eds

Compliment girls often, surprise them with different kinds of dates, and please their childish hearts with unexpected presents. Will this make you popular with co-eds? No! All you will get will be an occasional "You're sweet."

You are surprised because you have read popular articles by "name" psychologists who told you that the way to a gal's heart is through the above mentioned methods. Well, those guys are all wrong. They must have gathered their ideas from associating with a few abnormal girls.

What, then, is the way to be popular with co-eds? Ignore them! That's right, ignore them. When a girl runs into the fellow who ignores her like an elephant would a worm, she forgets all about the "sweet" boy-friend, who gave her the box of onion candy when she finally got a C in a course, tickled her imagination by asking her to go tapir riding on a moonlight nite, and told her that she was the cutest thing this side of Mazomanie.

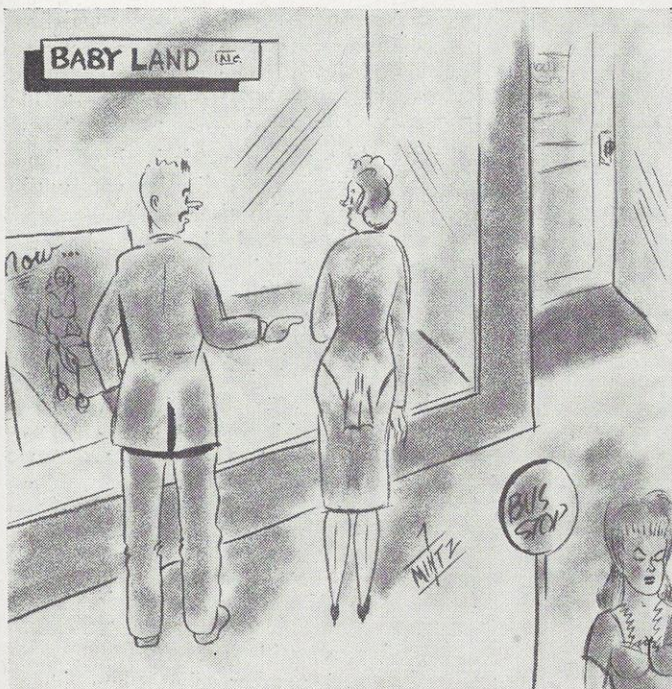
My advice of ignoring the co-eds is based upon coldly observed facts. Once I was a "sweet" guy. My girl friend was the prettiest creature in Post Office zone 5. I lost her! I lost her to a guy who ignored her, except to ask her for her history notes or for a cigarette. She dropped me like a two credit course with three term papers. She was crazy about this other fellow. All he did was look at her as though she were a grandmother of sixty-seven.

I studied this fellow. I adopted his tactics. I began to ignore girls on the campus. Overnight I became the most popular man on the campus. For the past three years I have ignored the loveliest girls on the campus. They love it. They buzz about me. But I never relent. I never even ask one of them for a date, because that would spoil the mysterious aura that makes me so popular.

There! You have my secret on popularity.

What's that? No, I haven't had a date in three years. You wouldn't like that, you say, not having a date? Well, do you want to be popular or don't you?

EMUS CLARK



"This wouldn't be another one of your little hints, would it?"

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Each person will be allowed to make only one entry for each game and may win only one pair of shoes during the season.

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first lesson in datin'

The surest way to get her "yes" over the phone is to mention dinner or treats at . . .

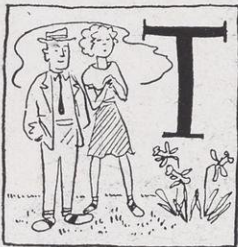
The Chocolate Shop

548 State Street

Badger 684

Adrenalin & Old Faces

By JANE BOUTWELL



THESE are the daze when you trek into that first class, eager and expectant—and eye the professor who is pacing around the rostrum, gnawing at his Phi Beta Kappa key. He is bound to be one of three general types:

Type No. 1 is the slay-'em-in-their-seats boy. The bell rings and he turns to the assembled faces and roars, "I hate you! I hate all my students, but this class especially."

Of course, the students think he's a card and that, maybe, they'll have an easy final with a crackpot like that up there. So they laugh. Two months later they aren't so sure the old boy's hilarious. The funny thing is, he really meant that crack about hating them, and he's been proving it to them all fall. Spot quizzes, special police in the aisles, tapping their phone wires, even lie detectors applied by uniformed instructors during each test. In fact, his class is beginning to realize that their Prof. doesn't want them to pass.

He is forever trying to keep his record intact (he hasn't passed a student in seventeen years). He uses fear tactics. The days he shows movies in class, he runs about the room giving the students hot foots, while he chuckles. Nobody sleeps in his class!

And why is this jerk teaching anything more intelligent than a school of fish? Why does a school of such high scholastic standing permit . . . ? Well,

you see, I shouldn't really tell you, but his uncle is the gov . . . yeah, yeah, and he married the dau . . . yeah, yeah . . . the head regent.

Type No. 2 is the lecturer that trots over to the lecture platform and trips. As he picks himself up, he turns to his class and cracks breezily, "Just came from a conference with the Dean. Boy, did he lay me out." There is unbelieving silence. Finally, one sickening snicker slips from the fat boy in the front row. He will definitely get an A.

Then our Mr. Heh-Heh-Heh proceeds to give his idea of the highlights of the course (highlights mostly drawn from *Octopus*, *Cardinal* misprints, and nearly everything Schulman ever wrote).

"The students eat it up," he tells his wife at dinner. "Why, they think I'm a great guy."

"But, Adolph," she replies with a frown, "what about the intelligent ones?"

This kind of academic comic usually sets himself up as a cross between Joe College and a third-rate vaudeville act. He appears in plaid coat, striped trousers, and a red, orange, and green bow tie.

"You know old Willie S.," he'll scream one morning at 7:45, "the guy what wrote that there drama about the people in sheets, the one where they got the saying 'Great Caesar's Ghost' from? 'Julius Caesar', it's called."

His class, meanwhile, is slumped on its collective spine, numbly playing tit-tat-toe and cooking breakfast over portable Bunsen burners. All, that is, except the fat boy in the first row. He

sits there enrapt. He laughs every time the professor pauses for breath. The fat boy's an instructor now, I hear.

Our final exhibit, Type No. 3, is the Rhodes Scholar, the intellectual who is really above teaching. Really, he ought to be devoting all his time to advanced individual research. But a man must live, and one supposes that somewhere among the students in the class there must be one spark, one mind afire, one bit of human intelligence that one could somehow contact and bring forth to mental blossom.

So Genius, Inc., dawdles up to the rostrum and leans heavily on it. He is pale, thin, and bluish. Too obviously he lives dangerously on the ragged edge of a nervous breakdown. His pallid hands are transparent.

"Students," he says in a voice ice cold, calculated to immobilize the note-taking hands, "students, I have prepared a short outline of the essential reference books of the course, which Mr. Stoop will now distribute to you."

Mr. Stoop, meanwhile, is racing down the aisles, casting bundles of papers at the students sitting nearest to his path. The individual outline turns out to look like the New York telephone directory.

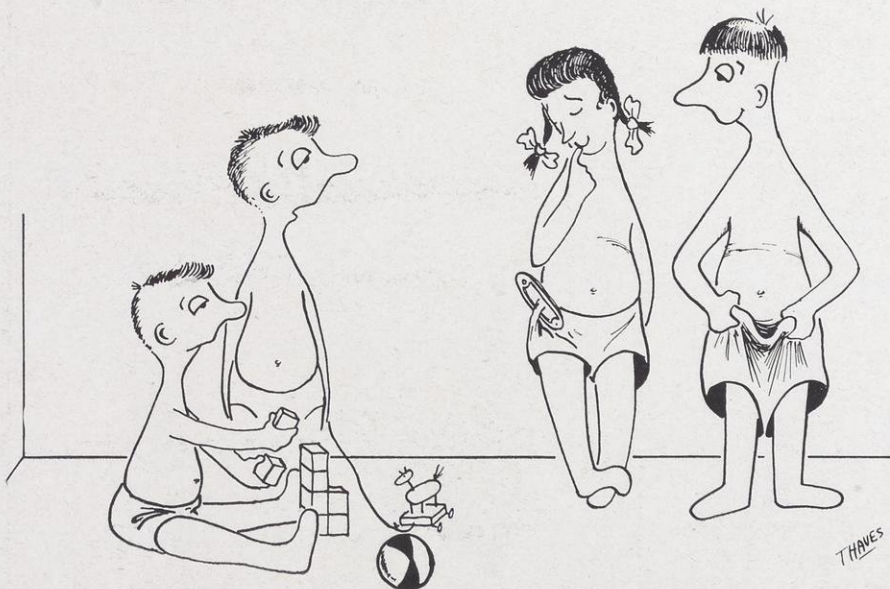
The professor continues, imperturbably, rising above the babble of the proletariat. "Students," he says with that tired wave of his little finger, "the text for this course . . . for those of you who can read . . . is 'Problems and Solutions', written by myself, of course."

"For those of you who are . . . ah, unable to comprehend the printed word, Mr. Stoop here and myself have prepared a special comic book edition. And now, I shall dismiss you until Friday, at which time I shall expect you to have read sixteen books (at least three of mine) and written two term papers with engraved footnotes."

Our gentleman wipes his bulging brow and staggers to a doorway where Mr. Stoop administers his morning shot of adrenalin. Then he goes home to work on his research paper, "The Implications and Further Understanding of Psychological Reactions to . . ."

Well, there you have them, the three types of the "Higher Order of College Professors Who Can Read." In case you find yourself in any of their classes we recommend that you:

- buy a straitjacket.
- go to another school, any other school, even the Blue Mountain School for Trained Bears, or
- drop dead, very dead!



"Well, I see Mulvaney finally hung his pin!"

Ski-U-Mah

Open Letter to Dean Trump

Dean Paul S. Trump
Dean of Men
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Sir: _____

This letter is to apply for readmission to the university in the fall. _____ At the end of last semester I was dropped from school due to poor grades. _____ I feel that in the light of my experience I will be able to do much better this fall. _____ You see, I am a veteran, and I came to school shortly after I was discharged from the army, and I am afraid that I fell in with the wrong crowd and spent too much time drinking and not enough studying. _____ Dr. Cameron shaid that thish was a temporary maladjustment and that I would soon get over it.

Well, shir, I still drink a little, but it ish not as bad ash it used to be. _____ In fact, I find a little drink now and then to be very restful. _____ Beshides, it helps me to think better. _____ I think I better have another drink right now. _____ That wash very good. _____ Old Overshoe _____.

Well, Trumpsy ol' pal, here ish the situation in a nut shell. I'm over my craving for good ol' booze _____ and ready to really buckle down and study. _____ However, nothing beats good ol' booze, even you. _____ Thatsh the way it goesh tho. Shum people get over it and shum don't. _____ Well, ash I was shaying, I'M over my liking for good ol' booze _____ jush had another little drop _____ and am ready to buckle down and shtudy, or did I shay that before? Gosh, the room ish startin' to swirl about a bit. _____ There, took a drink to shtop it. Well, thitsh ish the shtory, sho writ and let me no if yoush will ach-chepttt my letter or recommendation to the dean ormensh Paul Trumpsh and let me in to your odl university in the all. _____

Pershonally I don't give a damn, butmy folksh make me go to the joint. If I had my way about it, they wouldburn the joint to the ground and so there. Who wantsh edgucashun anyhoo thatsh what I shay _____ sho ifyou don't kile itsh I don't caresh in the leash. _____ Just give me good ol' boosh, old Overshoe in partikular, anc I'99 be ash happy ash any old booze, sho to hell withsh you and your old university andy way sho thish is \$11 that I havesh stu shay with the exsheptio8 thest thish fall ish 2 goo tim to go to 49# scool _____ and I DON&T CARE IF YOU ISH' (%'GJ # (DUR GJR& CASH ID %(SI\$(IF YOU DON'%K# ME IN SHAY SHO \$(EKY '\$ W(O'E EKF #I\$. _____

YOurSh truh;ey,

By PAT MOUL

August Pfenschreiber

A newly married couple boarded the Golden State Limited for their honeymoon. They were in their berths and the bride about every two minutes would exclaim, "Johnny, I just can't convince myself that we are married." This went on and on for half an hour. Finally a voice from the other end of the car shouted, "Johnny, will you please convince her so we all can get some sleep?"

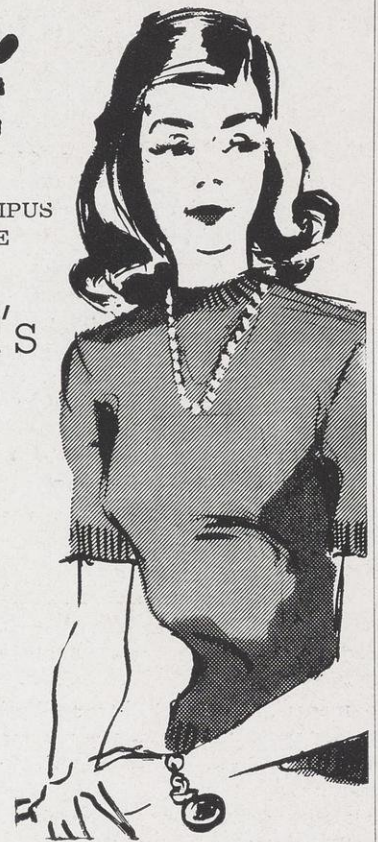
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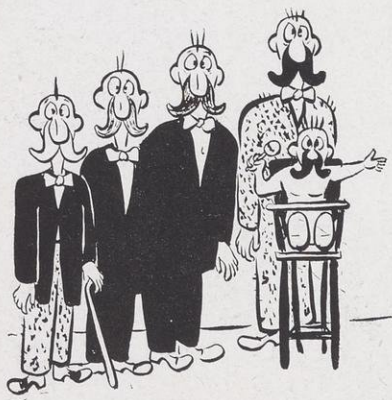
COURSE CATALOGUE

(OCTOPUS SUPPLEMENT)

*The students frown, with puzzled looks,
At countless red-backed paper books;
Combating academic fog,
In each new page of catalogue.
They flip through pages, eyeballs tense,
For majors and requirements;
Run trembling fingers down a page,
And turn away in futile rage.
And twenty thousand now wear glasses,
From vainly looking for their classes;
So here's an Octy list instead,
And may the registrars drop dead!*

FRENCH 50 (FRENCH MASTERPIECES IN TRANSLATION) 1 cr. Studies in motivations and research for "Souvenirs de Hecate Departments", Moliere's "Bistro to Bastille", and Balzac's immortal "Two Weeks in a Wine Shop". Prerequisites: berets and smocks at all classes. MWF meeting at Frenchy's; Prof. Zdano-wicz.

MUSIC 176 (ADVANCED INSTRUMENTAL TECHNIQUES) Yr. 2 cr. Study of operation of tone-arm, needle change procedure, and volume, tonal, and station control on newest sets. Prerequisites: familiarity with Garaway show, 11:60 club membership, or "sent" character. TTF; Mr. Church and staff.



ZOOLOGY 6 (HEREDITY) 2-3-4-5-6 cr. Scrambled chromosomes and their effect on modern man, Mendel's law of cross pollination in black-eyed susans, and the cause and correction of red and blue jeans. TT; Mr. Owen and staff.

SPANISH 1-A (FIRST SEMESTER SPANISH) 4 cr. Thees es wan fine theeng an all can make thee pen an speeken ward as bueno as we do, I theenk. You soon know all of thees "Tortilla" and "Senorita" an weeth the amigos at thee Casa Espanol are popular. MTWT; Senor Quixote and staff.



SOCIOLOGY 162 (CHILD WELFARE) 2 cr. MWF. What to do about your dependent, delinquent, and defective little fiend. Latest techniques in applying the "Board of Education" to the "Seat of Learning" (hard enough—low enough—and often enough). Prerequisites: consent of children. Miss Gaunt.

ECONOMICS 179 (URBAN LAND ECONOMICS) 3 cr. MWF. Urbanization, location, home ownership and tenancy, stressing theories of eviction, bribery and rent-hiking. Lab section in room-hunting with emphasis on coercion of landlords. Prerequisites: Elements of Persuasion, Abnormal Psychology, and strong arches. Mr. Ratcliff.

PSYCHOLOGY 25 (EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY) 4 cr. Motor, sensory, and nervous twitches. Practice in teaching apes; practice in aping teachers. Introduction to the ten-minute (or "party") psychoanalysis. Theory of the Pavlov dog-drooling experiments. Prerequisites: Psychology 1 and full consent of advisor. TT; Prof. Brogden.

CLASSICS 13 (CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY) 2 cr. Especially designed for elves, leprechauns, and little men's marching and chowder socie-

ASSIGNMENT
COMMITTEE

SHORT
COURSES



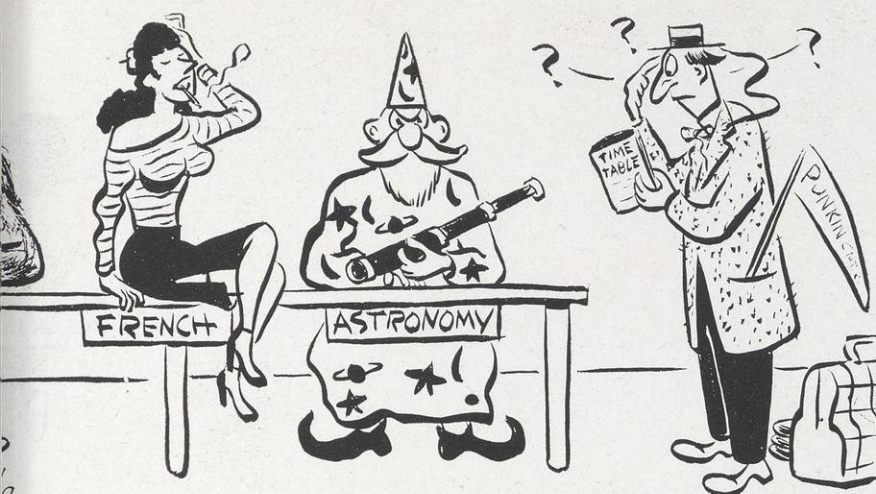
ty. A study of druids, gnomes, hares, footers, and other odd characters. MWF; Mr. O'Malley.

PHILOSOPHY 11 (ELEMENTARY LOGIC) 3 cr. Problems and methods in detecting stupidity in others. Modes of thought. The positive aim being to give students beautiful thoughts. Prerequisites: brain, or four credits of Freshman Forum. MWF; Mr. Bogholt, Mr. Workhard. Mr. Freeze and friends.

CHEMISTRY 227 (FERMENTATION BIOCHEMISTRY) 1-4 cr. MTW. Study of lay chemistry in the United States during Prohibition with particular emphasis on 300 proof fluids. Prerequisites: corn-mash, bathtub, 30-foot coil of copper tubing, and strong stomach. Mr. Peterson and/or Mr. Johnson alternate days. No morning classes.



BOTANY 167 (IDENTIFICATION OF AQUATIC LIFE) 3 cr. All about barracuda, Portuguese man-of-war, sturgeon, mermaid activity and kelt. Sex life of the perch. Highly recommended by operators of the leading Fulton Fish Emporiums. Class meets MWF 25 feet off-shore from University boathouse. Prerequisites: own diving helmet and consent of instructor. Prof. E. Goldfish.



ENGLISH 1-B (FRESHMAN ENGLISH) Semester. 3 cr. Prolongation of English 1-A. Required of all freshmen with the exception of recipients of the five "A's" awarded in English 1-A. Short survey of contemporary literature, including *Esquire*, *True Story*, and selected comic book readings. Prerequisites: subscription to *Literary Preview*. Prof. Pooley and staff.



JOURNALISM 107 (THE COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER) 1-3 cr. Students do actual work in university controlled "sweat-shops", grease presses, melt type, blend inks, and deliver papers for on-the-job experience. Consent of parents or notarized statement validating sanity. MTWTFSS; Prof. Tanure Hyde.

ANTHROPOLOGY 101 (AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGY) Yr. 3 cr. Ancient Man in the New World with emphasis on the pre-Roosevelt era. Lab sections TT at the S. Park street sand pits. Prerequisites: Spade-work in Anthropology 3 or 118 (Social Control in Simpler Societies, a course primarily designed for per-

sons operating fraternities and sororities with less than ten members).

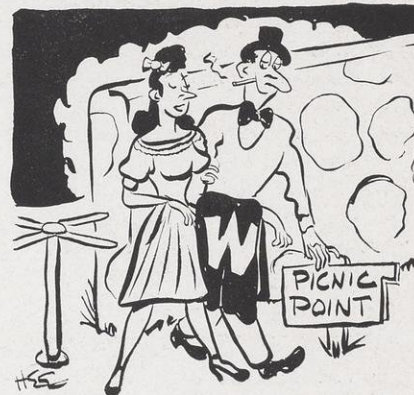


ZOOLOGY 104 (COMPARATIVE ANATOMY) 3 cr. TT. Comparison of walking campus structures as to size, shape and proportions. Outside reading and research required. Laboratory comparison of tall willowy frames vs. the short, petite system. Prerequisites: minor in art appreciation, 20-20 vision, interest in relativities, tape measure, and within the ages of 18 and 65.

PSYCHOLOGY 127 (PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSONALITY) 3 cr. Approach to personality development. Text — Dale Carnegie. Advancement measured by means of campus elections. Prerequisites: a 3.0 in Ego.; BMOC's awarded upon course completion. Prof. Etaoin Shrdlu.

SPEECH 16 (ELEMENTS OF EXPRESSIVE ACTION) TTF. 2 cr. Basic preparation for all types of excitement. Football frantics, culinary contortions, and date shakes. What to do with the hands at bridge games. Prerequisites: A-1 reflexes or consent of instructor. MWF; Miss Grim (so help us).

ASTRONOMY 101 (ASTROPHYSICS and STELLAR ASTRONOMY) 1-3 cr. Studies of the motions and physical properties of the stars. Prerequisites: familiarity with theater, screen magazines, personal contact with west-coast variety preferred. Lab MWF 10:00 p.m., Observatory Hill for studies of heavenly bodies. Prof. Whitford.



GEOLOGY 125 (CONDUCTED FIELD TRIP) 1 cr. MTWTF. Ten day field trips are made to African Mountains of the Moon, Lesser Hebrides, Dane county mountains, and the Picnic Point Thoracic-Lumbar region, or to other areas offering a survey of the vertebral region. Prerequisite: Alpenstock and Tyrolean hat. Staff.

ECONOMICS 205 (BANKING AND MONETARY THEORY) Yr. 3 cr. Veterans only. Prices, rents, and solvency as applied to the \$65 per month theory. Prerequisites: veteran's check, faith in the future, and small appetite. Mr. Morton.



PHYSICS 61 (GENERAL PHYSICS) Theory of Cathartics. The physical relationships of over-eating and sluggish liver. Carter's theory of Little Pills. Prerequisites: consent and direction of physician. Dosage: adults, 3-5 credits; children under 17, 2 credits. Mr. Kastoroyl and staff.

Delenda Est Carthago

CATO, Marcus Borcius. Roman statesman, general and writer, born at Tusculum. He became in turn quaestor, aedile, praetor and in 195 B.C., consul with Flaccus. He served in Africa during the second Punic war, and held commands in Sardinia and Spain. In 184 he was chosen censor, and in that office tried to restore the simple manners and purer morals of an earlier age. Known also for his enmity to Carthage, he coined the famous phrase DELENDA EST CARTHAGO (Carthage must be destroyed). He died in 149 B.C. at 85.

* * *

"Cato, have you heard what the slaves have been saying?"

"Tell me, Flaccus. You know I can't understand a word they say; it's all Greek to me."

"The situation is getting pretty bad down in Carthage. Scioio Aemilianus is getting restless. Wants to go and knock them over. The young fool."

Cato the Elder spluttered, "I—I—"

"I know, M.C.," and then in hushed tones, "the cement works!"

"They can't do this to me. Why, I've worked my slave's fingers to the bone. I've built up the largest cement works in the world, down in Carthage."

"Yes, M.C.!"

"All my hopes, all my dreams — down the aqueduct. An aqueduct made out of Cato's cement!"

"I know, M.C."

"My motto is known 'round the world, 'If you're building bent, use Cato's cement'. My cement is used from the Bosphorus to the . . ."

"I know, I know, M.C.!"

"If Carthage is destroyed I am ruined, ruined, do you hear?"

"Yes, M. C. And tomorrow Scipio is giving a speech in the Senate asking for war."

"Oh, my Jupiter!" moaned Cato, "I must prepare a rebuttal. A long one; to take a lot of time. I have it! I'll filibuster! I'll show that young pup, Scipio! War-monger! Rabble rouser! Try to ruin my cement works, will he . . ."

"Yes, M. C. I know."

The next day a feeling of tension permeated the air in the Senate. It was an open issue; war or no? The sides were formed along regular party lines. The conservatives and the radicals. But Cato could see he was fighting for a lost cause. Since the last Galic War, the radicals had increased in strength because new, young soldiers had been elected to the Senate. But Cato did not falter, he was steadfast in his purpose.

Scipio Aemilianus was the first to speak, "Fellow Romans, a grave issue confronts this august body assembled here today. The question is: shall we fight Carthage or shall we not? I see no choice. Are we to see the honor of Rome fall? Are we to allow Carthage to trade in our sea? Are we to stand idly by while the glory of Rome is challenged? While Carthage expands past the Elro river in Spain? I ask you, are we to do this? No! We must fight! (cheers, huzahs, and aves) I say, down with Carthage!!"

Several other Senators made speeches in favor of war. They were all young

radical soldiers. After each speech the applause shook the *columna* of the Senate. Then Cato rose. He strode to the front of the chamber. He began, "We, the people of this Roman state, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity, do ordain and establish this . . ."

* * *

Cato paused for a moment to gulp a glass of water, rubbed his hand over his three-day beard and continued, "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary . . ."

* * *

Some of the Senate went home. The rest went to sleep. Amid the sprawling Senators Cato walked, to keep his limbs from atrophying. He was weakening, but he kept on, "IV score and XX years ago, our forefathers brought forth a new nation on this continent, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are . . ."

* * *

Outside, in Rome, public opinion was expressing itself. Meetings were called and petitions were drawn up asserting intense disapproval of the filibuster. Yes, the munitions makers were having their day. Inside Cato carried on. He was hoarse and gasping for breath and even his bushy beard could not hide the lines in his face. Yet, he carried on; in a faint whisper could be heard, "I shot an arrow into the air, it fell to earth I know not where . . ." But by now all the Senators were attentively waiting for the end. Cato was aware that his filibuster was almost over too.

* * *

"... the valley of death rode the CCCCC." It was too much. He clutched his throat, sank to his knees and gasped his last words of defense, "Defendre est Carthago!" Cato collapsed.

The Senate burst into a roar. Scipio jumped to his feet and demanded a voice vote. "All in favor of war," he shouted, and hundreds of hands leapt upward. "All *not* in favor of war," only one hand—timidly—kept upward and was immediately cut off at the wrist by a short Spanish sword; nothing happened. The next moment Scipio was carried out on the shoulders of the cheering Senators. Cato had lost, he was disgraced. Carthage was beaten. The cement works were destroyed.

(continued on page 31)



"Somehow, I can't get them interested in modern art!"

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ALICE IN WONDER U.

By CATHY CROCKER



NE thing was certain, that if she watched the telephone poles slide past the train window much longer, she was going to become dizzy.

And now the excitement of leaving for college was making her very tired.

"Oh dear," Alice thought to herself, "what if I should fall asleep, and miss the station." The train wheels were lipping "missthestation, missthestation, missthestation", and suddenly Alice found herself on the station platform with her new luggage around her.

She walked to a parked cab and asked the driver if he were going to the University.

"No," said the driver, "I am not."

"Oh dear," muttered Alice, feeling very small and strange.

"That is," the driver added, "I am not unless you wish me to. In which case of course, I am."

Alice thought the driver might have said that in the first place, but she kept silent. They headed into a maze of circles and dead-end streets.

"Streets certainly are complicated here, aren't they?" she ventured.

"No. They are not," said the driver, "unless you expect parallel streets with equally parallel streets running perpendicular to them."

Since that was exactly what Alice would have expected she said nothing. "Now that's funny," she said, "a Randall avenue meeting a University ave-

nue. At home the avenues are laid one way, the streets the other."

"What for?" asked the driver.

"Why, so people can find their way around more easily."

The driver looked at Alice most peculiarly and left her on the curb.

When Alice looked up the cab was gone, and she was in the midst of a group of girls who were watching a round object with spoke-like arms and small round eyes. Alice thought she had never seen anything so ridiculous in her life. She poked a skinny girl standing next to her and asked, "Who is that?"

"Why, she's a *Big wheel*," said Alice's neighbor, looking at Alice as if she had asked for five 7:45's. "She's showing us around the campus."

The wheel looked at Alice and then pointed. "That is the physics building," she said.

"Oh yes," said Alice. "They have all the physics classes there."

The wheel looked at Alice strangely. "Don't be a clutch. Of course not. They have commerce and sociology and economics classes there. Now, this next building is the chemistry building."

Alice thought she had caught on to the game quickly. "And they have political science, home ec, and math classes here, I suppose."

"Don't be a meathead," said the wheel. "They have chemistry classes here, of course, and botany and journalism examinations."

"But I don't quite underst . . ." Alice began, when her neighbor poked her with a long finger and said, "Shhhh."

If you're quiet maybe she'll tell us how *we* can become wheels."

"You mean I could turn into something like that?" Alice asked, turning up her nose distastefully at the idea.

The wheel herded the group up a tall hill on top of which stood a building. "That is Bascom hall. You will have all your classes there," she said.

"Do you mean I'll have to walk up here every day?" said Alice.

"Of course. After you've been here two years and can't drag yourself up any more, why then you have your classes half-way down the hill, and when you are a senior you have your classes at the base of the hill—at the Pharm or Rathskeller."

"But the Rathskeller isn't a classroom, is it?" said Alice.

"Stupid, when you are a senior you don't . . ." the wheel began but she didn't finish her sentence for they had just walked in front of a huge seated statue, and the statue was rising with much rolling of gravel and cracking of stone. "Oh my God," shrieked the wheel, and she was off in a sprint, the rest of the group after her.

"Scares them every time," the statue rumbled at Alice. Then he winked one cold, stone eye and sat down again.

Alice looked at the statue waiting for him to say something more, but there didn't seem to be anything more for him to say. Noticing streams of people entering the building behind him, she went in. Instantly a middle-aged, glassy-eyed woman grabbed her by her collar and asked:

"Boy or girl?"

"Why, girl of course," said Alice.

"Then you must wear pink," said the woman, pushing a pink button into Alice's collar. "So many persons enrolled this year, so much needs simplification. Now don't forget to see your adviser." And with that she pushed Alice down the hall toward a window with "Eight" written above it. Inside was a little man throwing yellow slips out into the hall. Alice picked one up and found "see your adviser" written on it. Folded inside was another slip with the words "Go to window 10" on it. And folded inside that was still another slip which read "Go to room 202".

"Oh dear," Alice said quietly, "it's all so confusing."

No sooner had she spoken than she felt a violent plucking at her shoulder and looked up to see a giant of a man towering above her.

(continued on page 30)



SPARTAN

Are You Ready For Marriage?

Crude jests and panting sighs are no answer to this question. Using facts culled from a recently completed *Gallup* poll, the *Octopus* is able to predict shrewdly that a goodly number of its readers will someday be ensnared in the labors of matrimony. After a great deal of personal research, the *Octopus* presents this quiz to determine the preparation of the male population for nuptial bliss.

Score one point for the first answer, two points for the second, etc.

When you are holding hands with your girl, do you:

1. Slip her the Beta grip.
2. Wonder if she uses Jergens, too.
3. Check to see if she has five fingers.
4. Use other hand to better advantage.

If she complains that she's cold, do you:

1. Buy her a mink coat.
2. Let her read *Memoirs of Hecate County*.
3. Bring out your hip flask.

On a date, do you enjoy:

1. Talking over old times.
2. Discussing "Ancient Brass Rubbings of the Aztecs."
3. Perusing the magazine *Sunshine & Health*.
4. Making her happy.

If the lights should suddenly go out, would you:

1. Fix the fuse.
2. Gripe.
3. Grope.
4. Grip.

If she is constantly engrossed in *Vogue* magazine do you:

1. Lash her 'cross the face with a bull whip.
2. (This answer reserved for those who can't read).
3. Subscribe to *Improvement Era*.

4. Take sly peeks at the girdle advertisements.

If she says she eats crackers in bed, would you:

1. Join her feast with a length of "Sincere Salami."
2. Buy "Critchlow's Crumbless Crackers."
3. (This answer reserved for those who don't eat).
4. Pick cracker crumbs off her back.

When she dabs on her favorite perfume, do you:

1. Bring out your vest pocket side bottle of "Air Wick."
2. (For people who don't have noses).
3. Pant at her in $\frac{3}{4}$ time.
4. Throw your Stradivarius into the air and clutch her up from the piano bench.

You believe that:

1. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw parties.
2. People who live in glass houses at least have some place to live.
3. People who live in glass houses shouldn't.
4. People who live in stone houses shouldn't throw glasses.

When she wears a strapless gown, do you:

1. Cover her with the tablecloth.
2. Wonder what holds it up.
3. Remark on her personality.
4. Try to step on the hem of the dress while dancing.

If she wears slacks, you:

1. See that she is happy—and watch her beam.
2. Give her a rear view mirror.
3. Retaliate with kilts.
4. Other.

You have always believed that:

1. Two can live as cheaply as one.
2. Marriage is not a word; it's a sentence.
3. Marriage is a great institution: no family should be without it.
4. Every man should have a wife—preferably his own.

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THAT EVENING OUT . . .

(continued from page 7)

and slip a knife in your pocket before you wander into the Cabin for a night of drinking. The knife, before we're misunderstood, is merely to carve your name, along with a few thousand others, on the walls, benches, or Shorty, the man with the lease. The Cabin is the number one hunk of atmosphere here at Badger U., and cold beer, burned bratwursts, and mobs of students hold sway nightly. The walls are plastered with pictures of all the Wisconsin teams we can remember, and the boys serving up the suds can tell you where each of the athletes are today. The back yard is open between winters, and you can usually find somebody singing a song you know.

Out on the end of University avenue, past the outskirts of town, sits the Cuba Club, and if you've the manner, it's well worth the drive. The atmosphere just misses being that of a recon-verted tea room, and while the bar is minute, the drinks are all you could ask for. The attraction, however, rests in the dinner menu, the steaks and short orders being exceptionally savory. Plenty of room inside, and the crowd makes it a good place to take Mother when she drops into town. Every night we've been there there's been a frat or sorority pin on almost everyone, but you can't vocalize so it isn't where you'll learn any new Greek songs. The price is right and the parking lot ample.

You don't need the tribal blanket or new moccasins to wander into the Indian Room at the Hotel Monona; it does rate a subdued wahoo as the Madison spots go. The food was better a year ago, but the drinks are choice. Big, bright, and brassy, with a long curved bar and loads of red leather booths, the spot features sad organ music as photo-muraled Indians watch you from the walls.

For a little bit of jump piano, sweetening out for requests, try the Hoffman House in the 500 block on E. Wilson. A rather nice spot, non-college crowd, and turning out a wonderful T-bone at about \$2.50. The piano player goes to bed early on Tuesday and Thursday nights, so if you want music, plan accordingly.

More music, this time song, is available every Tuesday night at Egan's Madison Bar in the 100 block on East Main. This is the time when all the proponents of barber-shop quartet singing gather to tangle tonsils. The atmosphere is intimate and cheerful as the old songs are dusted off in fine fashion. Well worth a few hours of

your date, if you can get through the crowd.

If you're wandering down State street some evening and that old urge for a snack, with or without drinks, overtakes you, hie yourself and date to the Flame. The bar's in front along with one of those long leather "continuity" booths you find in the swank Russian restaurants, and booth service is available in the back. We favor their corned beef on rye with our beer, but if it's a dinner you're after, the filet mignon more than fills the bill, and at \$2.25 it tops the menu prices. The drinks are fair, the viands choice, and the crowd congenially collegiate.

Further up State street we came across Stanley's Restaurant, near the theaters. That's all, near the theaters.

The Oak Room at the Park Hotel turns out to be our idea of a nice quiet place serving fine foods in the proper manner. From the Chef's salad bowl to the \$2.50 ham-fried top sirloin dinner, the preparation, as well as the service, was excellent. One of those heavy linen tablecloth - type places where the delights of conversation don't have to compete with the dropping of dishes or a moaning juke box. A well mixed cocktail is the custom here.

Registration Blues

Last name first, please print, they say
PHB or plain BA?
High school record? Prove your age
Now fill out that second page.
Born? Reply on dotted line
The year and date; the place, the time.
Are you human? This space here
Living far from school, or near?
Write religious preference there
Not much extra room to spare
Just one inch—but put therein
Name, address and phone of kin
Where they work—now please comply
You can do it if you try.

Cards of Yellow, green and pink
Cards that make you need a drink
Cards whose orders you resent
Personal and impudent
Cards that make you wish they
wouldn't
Ask the things they really shouldn't
And, embroiled in torment endless
You see why registrars are friendless . . .

JANE BOUTWELL

There was an amoeba named Tex
Most keen on the opposite sex.

When Tex went to work

His keeper would smirk:

"How absurd, an amoeba that nex!"

BOGER, BUCHER, BOEKEN*

As I was going up the hill
I met a freshman strained;
A wheelbarrow he pushed before
And here's what it contained.

Big books, trig books, twig books, and jig books,
Head books, sled books, red books, and lead books,
Mad books, sad books, grad books, and bad books,
Bold books, old books, rolled books, and gold books,
Note books, quote books, oat books, and wrote books,
Dairy books, merry books, scary books, and fairy books,
Stage books, page books, sage books, and rage books,
Oak books, choke books, joke books, and Stokes' books,
and *pamphlets*.

As I was going up the hill
I met a sophomore bloated;
On looking at his bulging load
These mistles all were noted.

Medical books, theoretical books, heretical books, and aesthetical books,
Sociology books, psychology books, geology books, and neurology books,
Geography books, photography books, pornography books, and cryptography books,
Quizzical books, physical books, dissical books, and phthisical books,
and *pamphlets*.

As I was going up the hill
I met a junior gay;
And these were all the items
He carried on his way.

Trigonometry books, geometry books, psychometry books, and sociometry books,
Singing books, ringing books, kinging books, and flinging books,
and *pamphlets*.

As I was leaving from the Cabin
I met a senior, Brooks;
He was carrying quite a load
Of everything but books,
and *pamphlets*.

PAT MOUL

*(Written especially for our linguistically accomplished readers, "Boger, Bücher, Boeken" is, in the Danish, German, and Dutch tongues, merely *books* . . . a title in no way connected with the poem).

A young lady was on a sight-seeing tour of Detroit. Going out Jefferson Avenue, the driver of the bus called out places of interest.

"On the right," he announced, "we have the Dodge home."

"John Dodge?" the lady inquired.

"No, Horace Dodge."

Continuing out Jefferson.

"On the right we have the Ford home."

"Henry Ford?"

"No, Edsel Ford."

Still further out Jefferson.

"On the left we have Christ Church."

A fellow passenger, hearing no response from the young woman, tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Go ahead, lady, you can't be wrong *all* the time."



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goodness of

Fauerbach

is back in
all its glory

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Story With No Morals

GALEN D. WINTER

In the winter months of 1946, a seventy-two year old gentleman named Smith accepted the bonds of matrimony. Accompanying him on this ill-fated attempt to achieve happiness during his last years was a twenty-two year old blonde who loved him. Mr. Smith had an exceptionally high rating from Dun and Bradstreet and was rumored to be worth at least two million dollars.

The new Mrs. Smith, contrary to the belief held by so many, tried to prove that it is possible to spend at least two million dollars in the span of one lifetime. Eventually, she grew tired of purchasing mink coats and convertibles during the day, and fending off Mr. Smith at night. Our high principled heroine allowed herself to become frustrated over the masculinity of the very masculine Mr. Jones. She didn't allow her feelings for the young Mr. Jones to be transposed into action—while Mr. Smith was in town. She wasn't born Tuesday.

Eventually Mrs. Smith checked the credit rating of Mr.

Jones. Mr. Jones was worth three million dollars. Mr. Jones was young. Strangely enough, Mrs. Smith felt her passion cool for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith began to think that his wife was frigid. Mr. Jones didn't share his opinion.

One evening, in February, Mrs. Smith disappeared after telling Mr. Smith that there was a large supply of sleeping pills on the second shelf of the medicine cabinet. Mr. Smith was stunned. He raised his arms to the chandelier above him and asked, "Why?" (He still had over a million and a half). Mr. Jones disappeared, leaving no forwarding address.

Mr. Smith, although only seventy-two, didn't give up easily. He talked to the Pinkerton people. Two months later they told him that the Mrs. Smith that he had known was living in Minneapolis under the name of Mrs. Jones. Mr. Smith then called his boyhood chums to his side and asked them to accompany him to Minneapolis. Although he expected to greet his wayward wife with open arms, he wanted moral support. Roberts, age 60; Mr. Woods, age 65; Mr. Johnson, age 68, and Mr. Jenkins, age 71, gladly accepted the invitation.

While in Minneapolis, Mr. Smith got confused in his directions and made a wrong turn. Two weeks later Mr. Smith, who didn't give up easily, and his party were hopelessly lost in the frozen tundra of Northern Canada. There was no wood to be found in the area, and it was as cold as the north side of a Westinghouse. Something had to be done! Something was done!

The five gentlemen, Mr. Smith, age 72; Mr. Woods, age 65; Mr. Roberts, age 60; Mr. Johnson, age 68, and Mr. Jenkins, age 71, drew straws to find which one was to make the supreme sacrifice. Mr. Roberts, age 60, won. Mr. Roberts, age 60, was chopped into neat pieces and was burned that evening. The rest of the gentlemen thought that Mr. Roberts was too green to be good fuel, and besides that, he smelled. The rest of the gentlemen asked Mr. Smith to return to civilization. Mr. Smith said, "No." Mr. Smith didn't give up easily.

The next evening the process was repeated, and Mr. Johnson, age 68, was unlucky. He burned for three more hours than Mr. Roberts, and did not have an obnoxious odor.

The gentlemen then asked Mr. Smith to turn back. Mr. Smith said, "No." (Mr. Smith had a slight tendency to be pig-headed). On the next evening Mr. Smith received the short straw. (Also the long shaft). Mr. Smith was a gentleman. He didn't argue with his comrades. They caught him four miles south of the campfire where Mr. Smith decided to quit the cold and left, facing the possibility of becoming accustomed to an entirely different climatic extreme.

Mr. Smith burned for fourteen hours longer than Mr. Johnson. Mr. Smith was a very fine fire, a very warm fire, and in addition to providing warmth and light, furnished "glowing" and conclusive proof of the old adage saying, THERE'S NO FUEL LIKE AN OLD FOOL.

THREE WAYS TO END A DINNER CONVERSATION

1. Ask the lady on your right if she's married. Should she say "yes" ask her if she has any children. If she says "no" ask her how she does it.
2. Ask the lady on your left if she's married. If she says "no" ask her if she has any children.
3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says "yes" ask her if she's married.



"No, No, Grootny, not THAT way!"

BEASTS OF BOREDOM



IN THE LIGHT of public service, the Octopus deems it wise to take this opportunity to enlighten new residence halls dwellers about that insidious practice so glibly referred to as the "exchange dinner."

No sooner will you have flung your books into the wastebasket and begun preparations for a trip to the BT than your house social chairman posts a notice of an exchange dinner

on the bulletin board. Simultaneously a similar step is being taken at some women's residence hall.

Thus begins a back-to-the-farm movement. The women's house lines up their beasts and the men's house lines up theirs.

For the next few days there is frantic, undercover dickering between the social chairman of the men's house and his counterpart at the women's as they attempt to fix up the best deals for themselves and their closest friends. This is difficult because usually they don't have much to work with.

You get what is left!

At last comes the night of the big event. Your crew dawdles up to the women's joint and sits down in the reception room to wait for the women. The social chairmen get their heads together for a last-minute checking of signals. One from the women's house leaves to round up her charges.

The entrance of the women is impressive. They come in singly so that you can get a good look. It's best that you don't. Or they either, for that matter.

Your date is waltzed up to you. She turns out to be a dainty thing, no more than three axe handles wide across the buttocks.

"Charmed," you manage to gasp. (Charmed, hell. You're mesmerized).

"Glad to know you," she replies toothsomely. (If she really did know you, she'd run back to her room and hide under the bed).

It's too late to run down to the nearest recruiting office so you guide her to your dining room. Naturally your friends see you come in with your queen, even though you walk behind her and she is broad enough to conceal a formation of General Grant tanks.

Wolfcalls and shrill whistles assail your ears. You make a mental note to slash your wrists as soon as you get back to your room.

The next hour is duller than a meeting of the London Snail Watchers Society. Vainly you try to find a common topic of conversation but discover that with her it is eating.

You would swear she hasn't eaten since Guy Fowlkes day the way she stacks it in. While you pick at your food, she eats everything in sight, including your dessert, and maybe even your hand if you rest it on the table too close to her.

Finally, though, she has stashed away all the carbohydrates she can hold and you haul her back to her dorm so she can accumulate new poundage peacefully. You thank her for the courtesy of dining with you.

"Thank you!" she returns painfully, she hasn't had such a time since her little brother threw her downstairs. "It was grand. We must see a lot more of each other."

Maybe you will see more of her. That is, if the rest of the female population suddenly drops dead.

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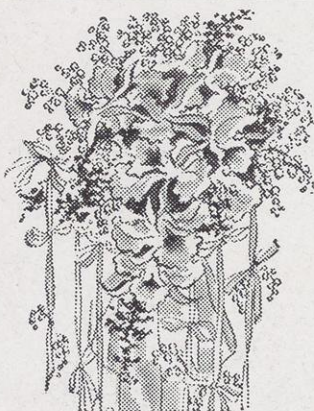
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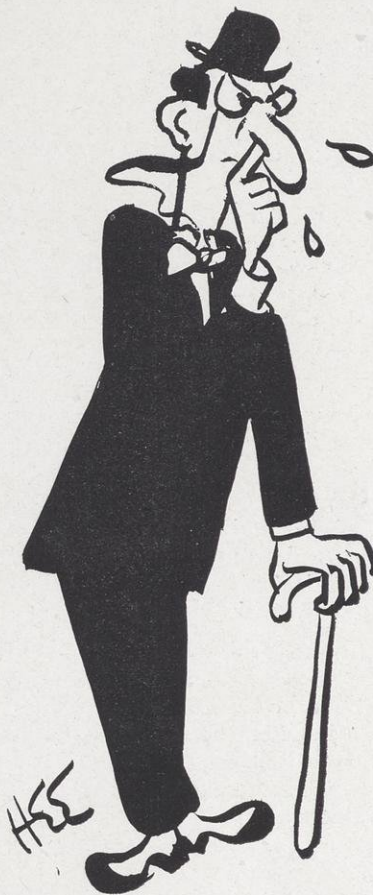
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GIFT and FLORAL SHOP

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Opposite Hospital

CAMPUS PROFILES



Since 1926, Saddas has been conducting some rather shady experiments which closely parallel the famous food-bell-dog experiments of Pavlov. In the Fetish tests, however, a young man replaces the dog, and a low two-note whistle and an attractive woman substitute for the bell and food respectively.

Homburged Mr. Fetish swung his cane casually as he dropped a verbal bombshell amid the interviewers when asked to comment on the advisability of young graduates entering his chosen field.

"If I had it all to do over," Professor F. said, "I would NOT attempt psychology. Why, I'd rather be a cooker-cover-closer in a carrot cannery!"

When asked to elaborate, Saddas stated, "All we ever do in Psychology is experiment, experiment, EXPERIMENT! I'm so tired of giving rats nervous breakdowns and teaching baboons (NO, *not* my students) to roller skate, that I'd gladly trade professions with anyone in the university!"

Asked to comment on the recent shake-up in the Political Science department, Prof. Fetish neatly terminated the interview saying, "Really, I'm sorry, but I must be running along. I have to get back to the laboratory. We're testing the reactions of the monkeys to different things *we* do, and Professor Anthrax is there all alone. I told him I'd come back this afternoon and turn the treadmill off."

"You don't mean . . . !!" a reporter stammered.

"Yes," sighed Fetish, "he must be very tired."

JIM MCGINNIS

This is professor Saddas P. Fetish, self styled wizard of the psychology department. As Saddas puts it, "I'd say, candidly of course, that my work has advanced our field further than any other single psychologist since Freud." No other psychologist can make that statement, although many of them invariably do.

One thing about "rushing" — the back-slapping doesn't stop after the boys are pledged, it just moves farther down.

* * *

One wealthy man, ambitious to become a conductor, engaged a symphony orchestra in preparation for a concert. It wasn't long before the musicians realized that he knew little about music. Finally, the enraged kettle-drummer cut loose with a long roll in the middle of a quiet passage. The conductor flushed and demanded, "Who did that?"—*Hunt's Journal*.

* * *

"How about carrying more bricks than that in your hod, Smith?" asked the foreman.

"I can't . . . I feel sick . . . I'm trembling all over."

"Then get busy with the sand sieve."

Blessed are the pure, for they shall inhibit the earth.

* * *

A woman approached the Pearly Gates and spoke to St. Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we have lots of them here. You'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lotsa those too. You'll have to have more identification."

"Well, when he died he said that if I ever was untrue to him, he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel Smith'."

* * *

Judge: "Your profession?"

Witness: "Agricultural expert."

"What was your father?"

"A farmer."

"And your grandfather?"

"A peasant."

THE OLD SCHMALTZ

UW traditions—
Things every class will keep;
Like saving Sunday mornings
To catch up on lost sleep.

Like always giving 'Wild Bill'
The skyrockets and cheers;
Like always getting pickled
On Milwaukee's famous beers.

Like having old Abe Lincoln
Stand only for the chaste.
(They claim that all that sitting
Adds inches to his waist)

Like painting walls and side-walks
And those post-war quonset huts
At anytime about anything
From elections to class cuts.

Like saying that a co-ed
Really isn't one at all
'til she's been kissed at midnight
'neath the clock at Music hall.

Like there always being feuding
Tween the plumbers and the shysters,
Tween Octy and the Cardinal,
Tween the frats and GDI'sters.

Like being oh so liberal
In everything we do;
Guess Observatory Hill
Belongs right in here too.

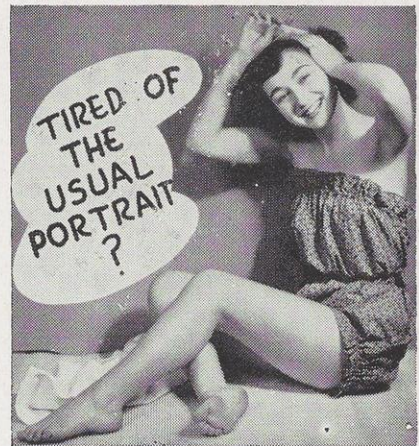
Like cursing seven forty-fives,
Like exams which aggravate;
And missing almost everything
After we graduate.

C. CROCKER

PARTY PARTY

People grasping
Cocktail glasses
Stand in gasping,
Teeming masses.
People smoking,
People drinking,
Coughing, choking
Getting stinking.
Some discreetly
Boiled or fried:
Some completely
Ossified.
Liquor spilling,
Trousers sopping,
Steady swilling,
Bodies dropping.
Glasses falling
On the floor
People calling,
"Drop some more,"
Bodies steaming,
Morals stretching,
Women screaming,
Freshmen retching,
Heavy smoking
Air gets thicker.
Someone croaking
"No more liquor," . . .
What? What???

No
more
liquor . . .
People snicker,
Unbelieving,
No more liquor?
Let's be leaving.
No more drinking?
Groans and hisses!
What a stinking
Party this is.



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For GIFTS

or Just For

"GOODNESS" SAKE

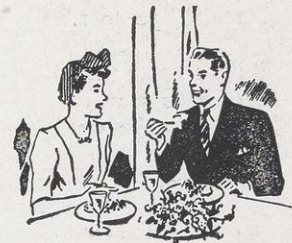
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BY DUNCAN HINES

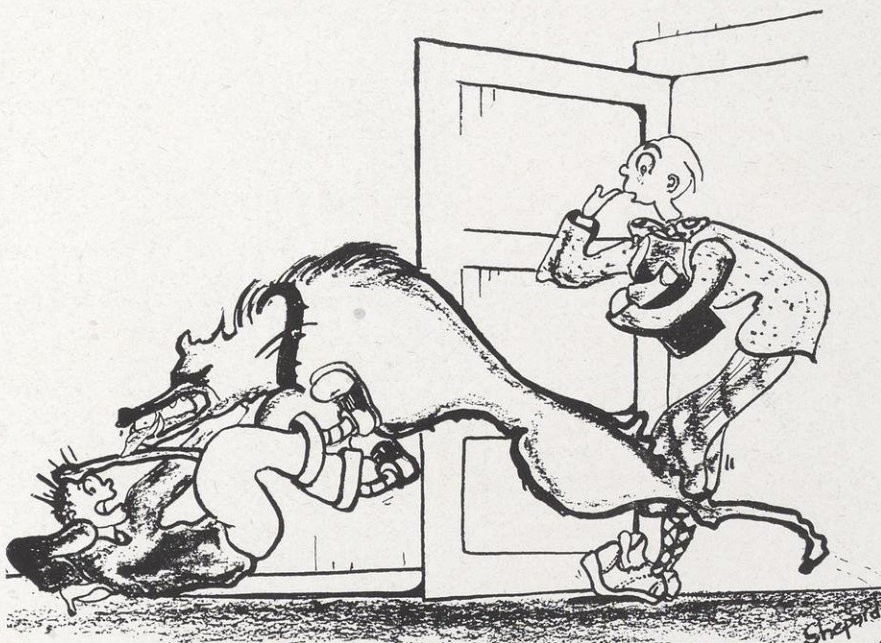
*But Talked About in All**Grape-vines***BUD JORDAN'S
GRILL**

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G. 5755



"O.K., O.K., so he's friendly!!"

WHOM TO BLAME

The "baby" of the writers in this issue, Jane Boutwell, is the author of "Adrenalin and Old Faces" and the poem "Registration Blues". Jane, a Gamma Phi Beta, makes a hobby of frightening young college men who are afraid of sorority girls. She has an elfin smile and the merriest laugh on the campus. She also owns a copper bracelet that looks like it could pick radio stations as far away as Chicago; chocolate ice cream is the food for her, especially if it is mixed with beer, and for her birthday, in November, Jane would like nothing better than a list of how to say "Drop Dead" in seventeen languages.

"Too damned hot to think" was the answer we got when we asked Harry Entwistle for ideas while working up this issue during the summer. Harry, who did the cover and the center-spread art, is probably the most loyal Octy contributor. He would sit in the office thinking of ideas, while his second-hand Mercedes-Benz was collecting parking tickets in front of the Union. Harry claims he spends more on parking tickets than on gasoline, oil, and tires put together.

Pat Moul, who wrote the open letter to Dean Trump and the poem, "Boger, Bucher, Boeken", is the university's fondest admirer of Ogden Nash, New Yorker magazine, Jack Parr, and jokes by Joe Miller (the great great uncle of the *Cardinal's* political columnist of the same name). Pat is the authority on the Cabin, which he frequents like Winchell does the Stork Club. With bartenders who know best, it's Pat Moul 3.2 to 1.

G. D. Winter wrote the "Story With No Moral". He is new talent discovered swimming in the water fountain in Hoofers' one hot day in summer. Winter has a record: more majors in college than any other collegian. He has majored in Engineering, English, History, American Institutions, and Political Science. He says he will graduate in the last-named field, but in view of the number of majors Winter hasn't tried yet, we doubt it.

Perhaps the oddest team on the campus wrote "Delenda Est Carthago". Jim Brandon and Loring Mandel not only team up on the typewriter, but also double on pianos for the most humorous duet we've seen in the longest time. The act features Mandel with music and Brandon with pantomime. Brandon gets his bounce from being a

cheer leader, and is active in all kinds of campus affairs. In fact, he is so active that several groups to which he belongs rope him to a chair during their meetings. You can read all about Brandon in the Mazomanie *Sickle*, his home town newspaper.

The fellow who wrote "Beasts of Boredom" did so only after agonizing research. Robert Sindorf reports that he has attended 14,531 exchange dinners in the past three semesters. The Octopus hut seldom sees Bob. The editor used to keep an old magic lamp in the business manager's safe, and when he needed some bright ideas, he would rub on the old lamp. Whoosh! Out of the fourth dimension wilderness in which he lives, Bob Sindorf would materialize. The editor has thrown away the magic lamp, because Bob recently moved to Madison; the better to heckle the editor, he claims.

Our most fantastic contributor is Fred Everhard, whose cartoons appear in this issue. Fred was born on a tramp steamer, off the mouth of the Irrawaddy river. His childhood was spent traveling with his father, who was a conductor on a dog-sled route between

Nome and Point Barrow. Fred went to school at many academies, including the Tasmanian School for Pre-Adolescents and the DownUnder Military Academy for Boys, at Weeping Tent Prop, South Africa. Before coming to the University of Wisconsin, Fred was on an expedition in the Amazon river region of Brazil. He was trying to find out from the natives the two-letter word for the two-toed sloth. He wasn't successful; the best the natives could do, being unfamiliar with crossword puzzles, was the three-letter word for the three-toed sloth.

"Alice in Wonder-U" and "The Old Schmaltz" were written at a summer resort. Cathy Crocker promised that she would write something this summer. Then she disappeared into the far northern part of the state to work in a summer resort. Nothing was heard from her, until the last day for contributions came around. The mailman brought us a fat package of material from our long-lost author. Cathy is a senior in the School of Journalism. She owns a bicycle called "Creep," and her hobby used to be driving Cardinal editors to distraction.

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ALICE IN WONDER-U. . . .

(continued from page 20)

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Why I am a BMOC," he answered. "I get around, honey. Just do as I tell you and you'll suffer through this O.K. We'll go upstairs to 202, then to room 128, then back down to window eight again, then to window 10, and then to your adviser. See, it's simple when you get around. Of course I've got connections. Anyone else would have to stop in room 334, 201, and windows nine and seven. I'll see you don't, honey. Want to fortify yourself with a beer before we start?"

"Oh, I don't drink beer," said Alice, "but thank you just the same."

"My God," said the BMOC, and disappeared as quickly as he had come.

Alice looked around for him but he was completely gone, so she climbed the stairs to room 202 where she waited in line 48 minutes for a green slip with "See your adviser" written on it.

"Oh dear," she said to herself. "If all the slips are the same, the thing for me to do is to see that adviser. I certainly could use some advice." Coming to the end of the hall, she found a heavy wooden door, decorated with carvings, flanked by stone pillars, with "adviser" carved above it. A padlock was fastened to the catch. Alice knocked, but there was no answer. She knocked again.

Then a thin man with spectacles which seemed to cover half his face



stuck his head out from behind the next door, and squeaked, "Too much noise! Too much noise!"

"I am sorry," said Alice, "but I was trying to see the adviser."

"He's not in," said the man.

"Oh dear," said Alice. "I'm supposed to see him. Do you know when he will be in?"

"He's not coming in."

"But he is an adviser, isn't he?" Alice began plaintively.

"Certainly, that's just it. Advisers are

never in during registration week."

"Oh dear," said Alice. "And I do need advice. Do you know anyone who could help me?"

"Well," squeaked the little man, "I'm just an office secretary, but I'll tell you this: don't take any of the courses in this department. Too much noise!" Then he slipped behind the door.

"Wait," called Alice, knocking on his door. "Which department?" But the door disappeared and Alice found herself sitting on a wall at the foot of the hill.

Alice hadn't been sitting there for more than two minutes when a small wheel with a pencil behind one spoke came rolling down the hill bumping into her violently.

"Excuse me," said Alice in the haughtiest tone she could command. "Why don't you look to see where you are going?"

"I was looking. I was coming toward you," the wheel replied breathlessly. "Have you your money ready for the Cardinal?"

"The Cardinal?" queried Alice.

"Yes, the campus paper. It isn't news here unless it's been misconstrued by the Cardinal," shouted the wheel, pulling out a yellow piece of paper. "Here, sign this."

Alice was puzzled. "Why, this hasn't a thing written on it."

"Of course not. It's a blank, isn't it?"

"How odd," Alice thought, but stopped with surprise to see a long line of persons advancing slowly toward her. What was unusual was that the line was moving backwards. Some of the group were talking wildly together, others were casually blowing smoke parallelograms; some were eating lunches out of gay paper bags, and some were grouped together playing a card game called "rum Schenley".

As Alice walked toward the line those people in front twisted their heads around to shout at her, "To the end of the line. To the end of the line."

"I just wanted to ask you what the line was for," asked Alice coming up to the leader, a short, squat fellow with a senior button pinned on his lapel.

"Duncehead," he muttered. "Registration line. Classes, you know. To the end of the line with you."

"But I don't understand," asked Alice. "Isn't this the end of the line?" The squat fellow kept taking tiny steps backwards. "You don't seem to be getting anywhere," she continued.

"Duncehead, you don't know when you are well off," the fellow shouted. "You don't get anywhere when you do get there."

"Get where?" asked Alice.

"To the registration window. Now hurry or you'll miss the point," and he was gone with such fast backward steps that Alice couldn't follow. She skirted the line and walked down the street thinking over what he had said.

"Miss the point, miss the point, misstestation, misstestation. Oh my, miss the station!" and she awoke with a start to hear the conductor call "Madison. Madison."

"I'm so glad it was all just a dream," Alice said to herself, while collecting her luggage. "None of it made any sense at all."

Standing on the station platform she looked around for a cab. Seeing one, she walked over and asked the driver if he were going to the University.

"No," said the driver, "I am not."

"You mean," interrupted Alice, "you are not unless I wish you to. In which case, of course, you are."

"Of course," said the driver.

"Oh dear," murmured Alice, getting into the cab, feeling extremely strange and very small.

D. E. CARTHAGO . . .

(continued from page 18)

and salt spread over the ruins.

Cato was dishonored, but not forgotten. The memory of his words remained. They tainted the once unblemished history of Rome. Finally a committee of Senators was formed to suggest a method for removing Cato's blot on the Senatorial Record. At last a solution was found. Just change 'defendre' to 'delenda'! A simple way out. And so it is now seen in history as, 'Delenda est Carthago'. The glory of Rome was saved!

If you ever go to Rome be sure to go up on the Aventine hill, two blocks west of the Dailycus Publicus building and under a gnarled olive tree you will see a small headstone on which is chisled, in plain Roman type, "CATO, Marcus Borcius. Roman statesman, general and writer, born at Tusculum. He became in turn Quaestor, aedile, praetor and consul with Flaccus. He served in Africa during the Second Punic War, and held commands in Sardinia and Spain. He was chosen censor, and in that office tried to restore the simple manners and poorer morals of an earlier age. Known also for his enmity to Carthage, he coined the famous phrase, *Delenda est Carthago*. He died at LXXXV." And if you happen to look closely at the back of the tablet, inconspicuously near the bottom, you will see the words, "Cato Cement".

JIM BRANDON
LORING MANDEL

BROWN STUDY . . .

(continued from page 5)

to misinform the public. While we always have stepped on the *Cardinal's* toes, we do so lightly, for we feel that there is no other group of engineering students in the country putting out a better paper than the *Cardinal*.

Educationally speaking, the sage squid envisions at least four top professors leaving for greener pastures, while of those remaining, six will starve. That's the way the dollar value goes though.

However, we are succeeding in holding down costs. Prices around school aren't so bad. A GI can go almost two weeks on his 65 dollars. Some of the places around here hike their prices as high as possible but it's all good natured fun. I'd like to retire at 35, too.

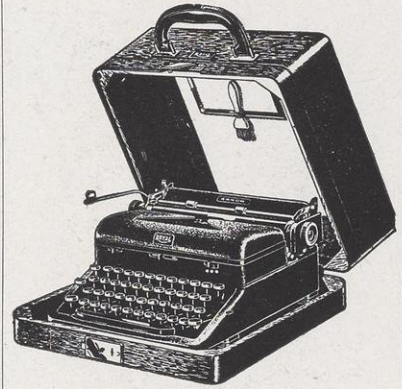
And so it goes. The old educational merry-go-round groans a little as it picks up speed with every class, and everyone is reaching for the lucky brass rings. Who will grab the gridiron glory? Who'll wheel into the top student government positions? Who will walk off with the "W" sweaters, and what will the Badger Beauties look like? Who will be the biggest fish in the social swim? Who will catch the scholarships?

Only time will tell, but the old Octopus himself, and all the characters in his supporting cast here at the hut, wish you success in the coming year. And if you happen to be wandering down around the Union, remember our next-door hut. Drop in. We'll be only too glad to wrap a friendly tentacle around you, exchange a few laughs, and, before you know what's happening, we'll have you chained to a typewriter and your name on our masthead.



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Liszt

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EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Look here! Just study this dandy page. Big-hearted Pepsi-Cola will pay you for stuff you send in and we print: \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 ... even \$15.00. It doesn't have to be funny—but we won't buy it unless it is. Of course if the magic words "Pepsi-Cola" appear, you got a better chance. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. Just write

jokes, gags, and things—attach your name, address, school and class. Send it to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y.

You could earn a million dollars (\$1,000,000.00)—you should live so long. Send in your stuff—now—then wait for the mailman. Will he bring a rejection slip—or cash? He sure will!

CUTE SAYINGS of KIDDIES

(age 16 to 19 plus)

The next time you're holding that cute baby on your lap, whispering sweet nothings in her ear, do try and remember the sweet nothings you get in return. They may get you nothing—then again they may. Something like these:

"My Hector, aged 22, was holding me on his lap the other night when he said the absolutely cutest thing I ever heard. He said, 'boinnnnng!'"

Gloria Jane Chickenwing reports that Freddy, the fullback aged 19½, spoke his first word the other day, immediately following a scrimmage. Freddy said, "Ouch!"

Henry O'Henry O'Nuts of the U. of Eire says his colleen, Sadie, berated him for drinking 32 Pepsi-Colas between classes. "Henry," she said, "Careful, or you'll suffer from bottle fatigue."

For this kind of stuff you should pay us. But we pay you—\$1 each.

Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, the Moron, was busy going around town buying up all the Pepsi-Cola he could find. When his friend Hazelnut asked him why, he said, "Jones' drug store is givin' two cents back on every Pepsi bottle, so I figured if I bought enough of them, I could be rich."

\$2.00 for these—You should be ashamed to accept it.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year we're going to review all the stuff we buy, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

GET FUNNY... WIN MONEY... WRITE A TITLE



Nothing to this one. All you do is write a title and if it knocks our hat off you get \$5.00. Or the hat—whichever you prefer. Or send in an idea of your own for a cartoon. \$10.00 for just the idea ... \$15.00 if you draw it ... if we buy it.

HE-SHE GAGS

If you can write HE-SHE jokes you probably have a terrific future as a radio gag writer. You'll make a couple of grand a week easy. But until then Pepsi-Cola will pay you three bucks for He-She jokes. Try and make them funnier than these pitiful examples:

He: Jim's such a B.M.O.C. that they call him Pepsi.

She: I guess that's because he's such a good mixer.

* * *

Bottla He: Who is that tall, good-looking bottle over there?

Bottla She: Oh, that's Pepsi-Cola ... drunk everywhere you know.

* * *

She: If you were any kind of a boy friend, you'd say those three little words that make me thrill.

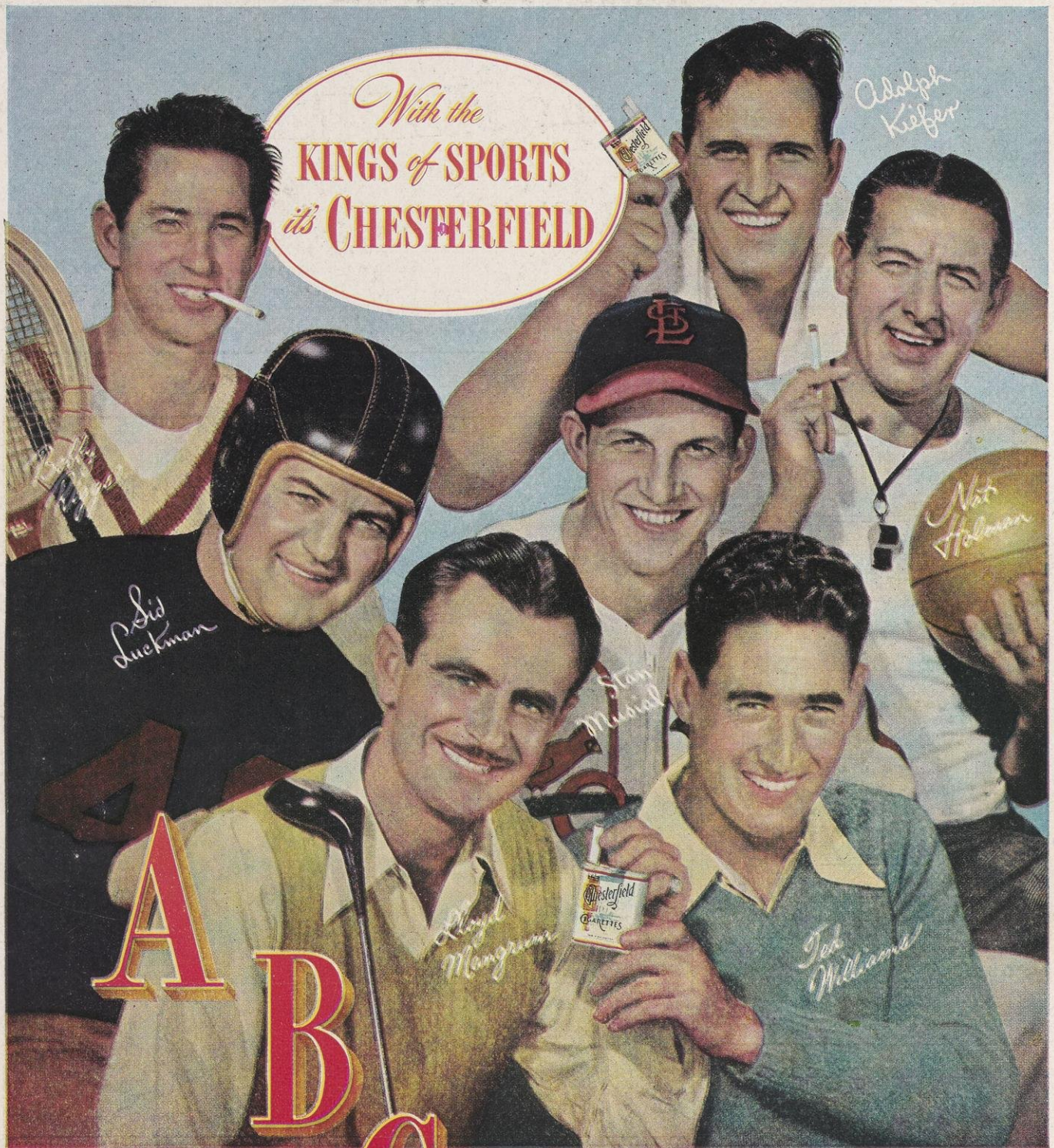
He: O. K. "Have a Pepsi!"

* * *

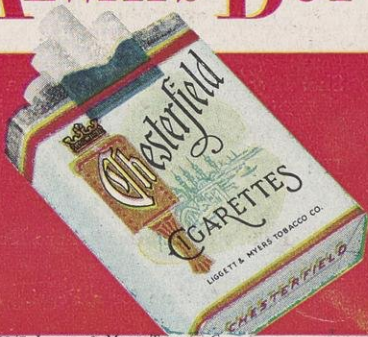
He: I can't think of any more He-She gags.

She: Then it's time for a Pepsi.

\$3.00 (three bucks) apiece for these.



ALWAYS BUY **CHESTERFIELD**



A Always Milder
B Better Tasting
C Cooler Smoking

*The Sum Total
of Smoking Pleasure*