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## **The Old Yorker: Wisconsin Octopus parody. Vol. 28, No. 8 April, 1950**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, April, 1950

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★ April 1950

Price 25 cents

# THE OLD YORKER

WISCONSIN OCTOPUS PARODY



*"My cigarette? Camels, of course!"*



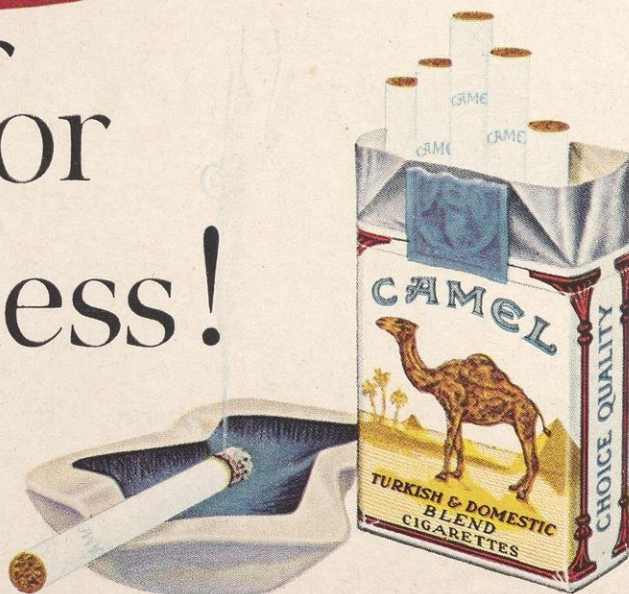
WITH SMOKERS  
WHO KNOW... IT'S

GOWN BY PATTULLO—  
JEWELS BY CARTIER.

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*Yes, Camels are SO MILD that* in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels — and *only* Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(East and West mean East and West.)

### PLAYS

**THE TURN OF THE SCREW**---This bright comedy concerns itself with the goings on in a mythical state capitol and the troubles encountered working out a university budget. The acting is of such a high order that it seems a pity that the dialogue can't keep pace. Edwin Fred, Oscar Rennebohm, and Irvine Lenroot are superb in the leading roles, and they are ably supported by several very comical legislators. (The Capitol, State & Carroll, opening postponed till next season, probably in January.)

**I KNOW MY LOVE**---A group of little known actors and actresses contribute their usual animation in this tender vehicle about young love and all the rest. It has unusual humor and pathos, woefully scrambled, and hangs on a occasionally bright phrase on a time worn plot. Most of the action takes place in front of a college girls' dormitory between the hours of 12:30 and 12:31 A. M. The activity in that short space of time is downright amazing. (Ann Emery, Frances and Langdon, 6-5531. Nightly, especially on Fridays and Saturday. Matinees most any days.)

**THE COFFEE HOUR**---Porter Butts' play is both funny and profound, although often obscure. It takes place in the student union of a large university and involves several psychology majors who spend their time emitting cloudy and usually depressing observations about things in general. A few regulars star in this one often supported by a small cast. (Great Hall, Park and Langdon, 5-3311. Thursdays.)

**THE VELVET GLOVE**--- John Guy Fowlkes is fine in this one, concerning the career of a conniving school of education dean who attempts to dictate policy at a large and imaginary state university. The part is a big one and he fills it impressively. Mark Ingraham and others appear briefly. (Bascom Hill, State and Park, 5-3311, Daily at 8:30 with matinees every day.)

**DEATH OF A PROFESSOR**--- The tragic end of a prof who suddenly realizes he isn't getting skyrocket. (Quonset 3 W. TS 4-3296. Nightly except Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday at 9:57.)

**STRANGE REDFELLOWS**--- Joe McCarthy's first try at comedy falls a little flat, as does the unicyclist during intermission. Bowen Scratchmoore, Dotty Canyon, and Red Wilson with the YPA Players. (Drive-in Theatre N x NNE. SOB 5-4404. On chilly nights at 10:15.)

**THE DISRESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE**--- A revealing cast does a job with Jean-Paul Jones' rather chintzy version of "A Night in a Lathrop Shower." (Kappa Delta house, second floor.



## A Conscientious Calendar of Events of Interest

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

SA 4-1235. Nighties at 8:30. It gets better by 9:00. Mattresses always.)

**A CO-ED NAMED DESIRE**--- Arkansas Smith's convulsively elegant drama of a girl who likes convertibles. Six cars on the stage at once is confusing but colorful. Gorklop, Helen White, and six frat men with cars. (Upper Langdon street.)

**MISTER FRED**--- A well meaning but sexless comedy about two proctors who get shot while patrolling exams. (Faculty Playhouse.)

**LIFE WITH FATHER**--- Not quite as potent as life with mother and distinctly feeble compared to life with sister, but the girl friend may enjoy it. Pa's getting weak as this show establishes new records.

**LONG RUNS**---Bankers' Mile: The finish-

ing kick saves this one. Historical society museum...

### MUSICALS

**CRY THE BELOVED CARDINAL**---Messers Zeldes, Renner and Meyer provide startling performances in this confused musical of life on a campus newspaper. The songs and dances are poor stuff but the Cardinal Board as Greek chorus is a fascinating innovation. The plot suffers from lack of climax. (Campus Publishing, Park and University, Periodically at most any hour, Matinees when needed.)

**WISCONSIN. L'IL STINKER**---This musical about politics in the dairy state is colorful enough and lacks only a solid story idea. The songs and dances are out of this world and seldom have we heard a performer who sings like Joe McCarthy, the star of this bit of nonsense. Alec Wiley fills in on the harmony at rare intervals. (Congress, Capitol Hill, Daily except Sundays and track meeting days.)

**CHARMS AND THE GIRL**---This rendering of that oldy about Charms and the girl called "Charms and the Girl" is cheerful and lively, though on the pueky side in spots. Harold Stassen and Clare Booth Luce are in it. Harold plays the part of Charms. Music by Anton Dvorak and Robert Louis Stevenson wrote the words. Also in the cast are Shadrack, Meshak, and Abednigo. Meshak is unquestionably the greatest comedian alive. (Botkin house theatre, on the Campus. W. 5-3311 and ask for Joe. Nightly, it's 10:30, except Saturdays at 12:30.)

**BLONDES PREFER GENTLEMEN**--- an animated affair, more or less based on Joe McCarthy's four month old classic. It should please you if you hate Joe's guts. He collaborated with Styles Bridges to produce the story of his life. Joe went after a blonde but she preferred gentlemen. Channing Pollock heads the cast which is composed of a lot of people who have to work days for a living. (Young Democrats Headquarters, corner Regent and University. Nightly except Monday which is washday.)

**ANNIE GET YOUR BUN**--- The plot about a shy chambermaid involved in a catsup and hamburger scandal is strictly secondary to the sparkling songs of Don Vaguely. "Doin' what Comes," "Two can do Some Things Better than One." (Union Lounge. BO 6-6655. Naturally except Saturdays. Martinis on Sunday.)

**BORN YESTERDAY**--- At 10 a. m. a daughter to Pedro Schlump at Happy Day Hospital. Showing just for one night (some time ago). Maternities daily.

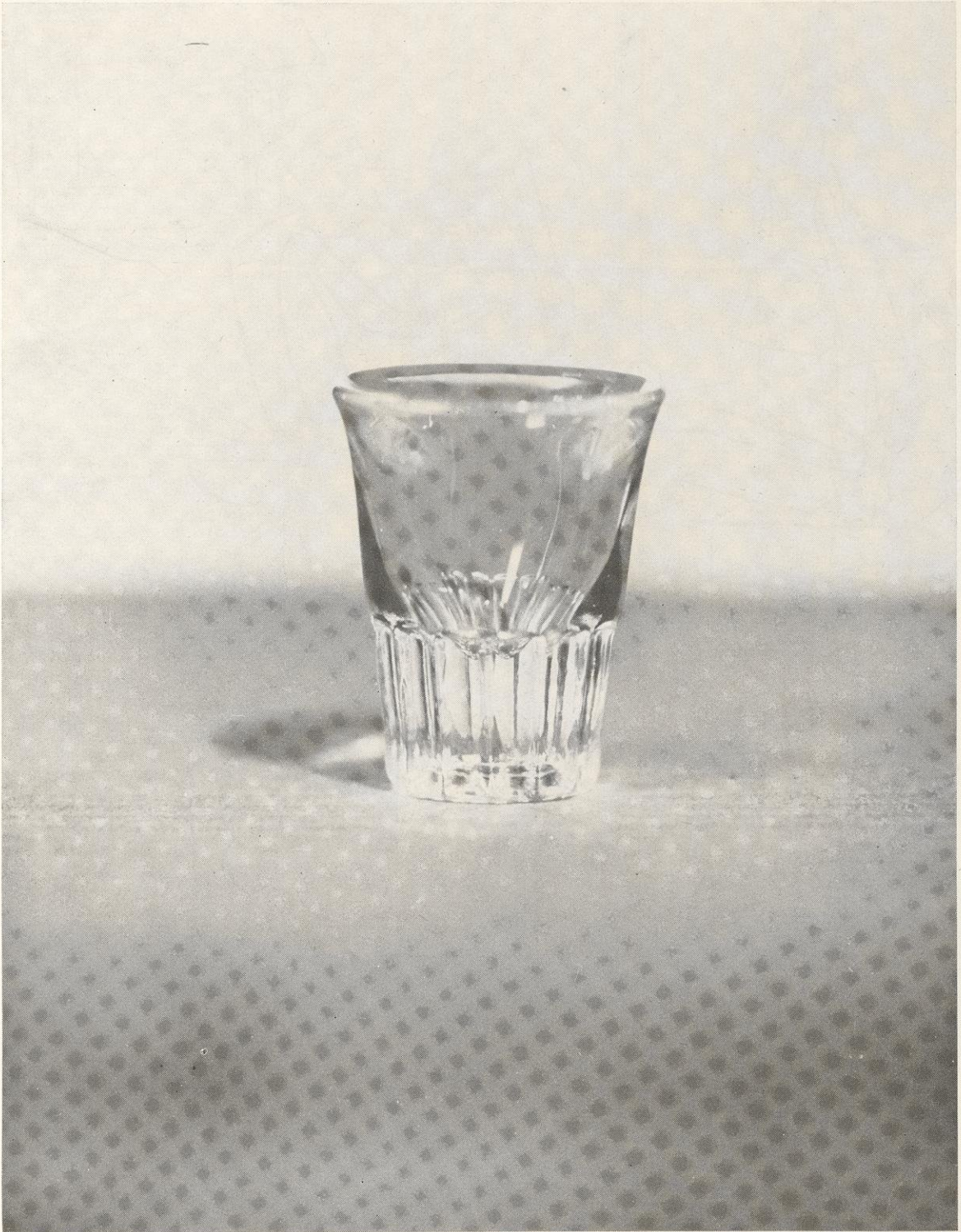
**MR. LIBERTY**--- A terribly thrilling thing about a boy who takes liberties. Story is familiar, but the music is strange and wonderful. Produced through collaboration by two guys: Guy Phi and Guy Omega. (Seen anywhere, anytime: check directory for number.)

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## Change of Address

It is essential that subscribers planning a change of dress give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

# Steuben Glass

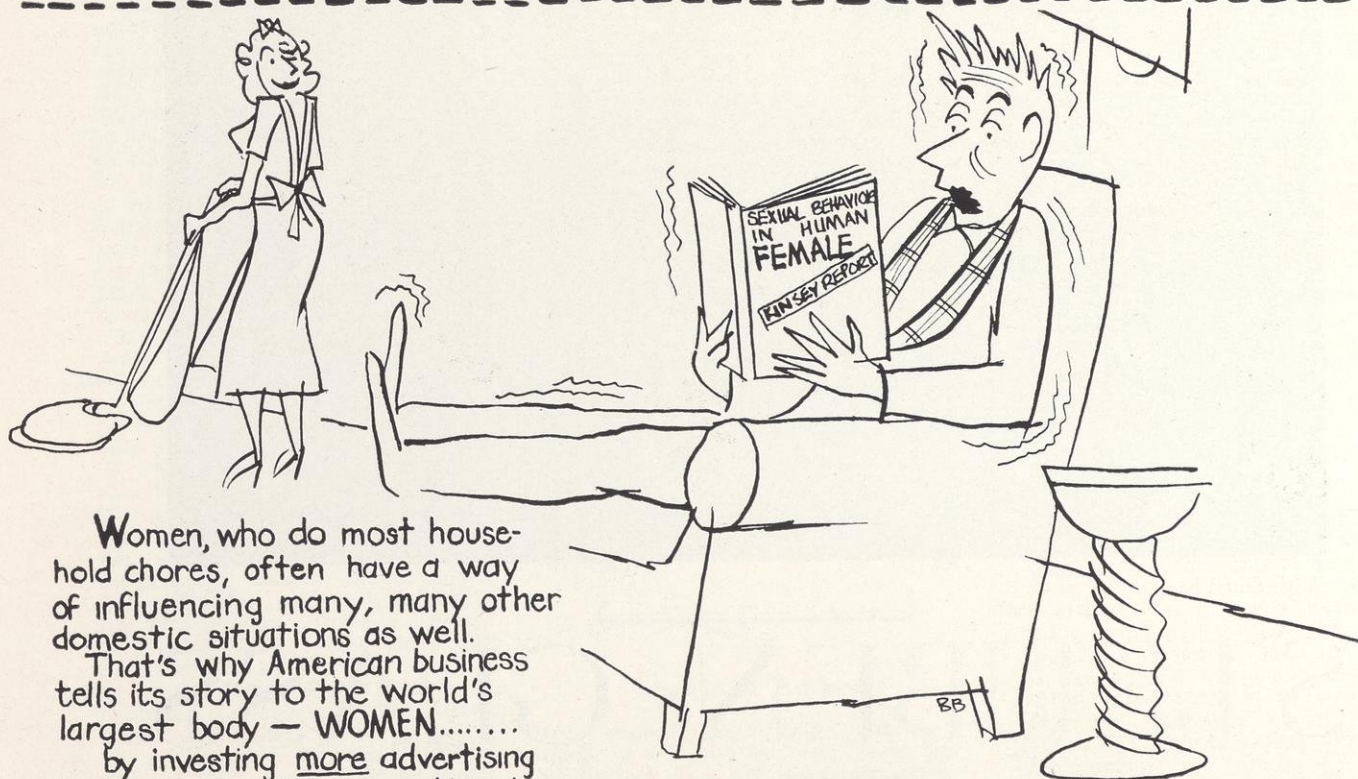


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LADIES' LOAM

**JOURNAL** THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BEREAVE I

## Coming Off About Town

**LONG RUNS---** The Wanamaker Mile; Don Gehrman and Fred Wilt go at it to the music of a Hammond organ. Ending uncertain; (Madison Square Garden. Nastily except for Donsday in Chicago.) . . . Be Specific: Story about a basso who loses his voice. (Nightly, from 8:30 to 10) . . . Where's Gordon?: A sad sing-songy story about a boy who tries too hard to be all things. (Daily and nightly in Bascom hall. Don't be disturbed if line is busy.)

### NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find some things and other places at which you will find some things.)

#### DINNER, SUPPER, AND GLANCING

**WHITE TOWER UPTOWN.** 3 Universal ave. (Brien 709)—If you like dancing on a hamburger (with catsup and pickles), you like dancing. Pierre Pierre's orchestra in the men's room.

**WHITE TOWER DOWNTOWN.** 4 Univer-satle ave. (Brien 709)—Same as Up-town without pickles.

**EL TODDLE HOUSE,** 39674 Danglin st. SSW. (Dial Operator)—A gal with a G-string number which is strictly disappointing, but hamburgers have pickles.

**FARM CLUB,** Hwy. 307 at Oscar corners. (Call Northside 777)—Plenty of booze with genial Oscar as host make up for strongy acts and Ork Estra's band.

#### SMALL AND BEERFUL

(No dancing, unless shoes are on feet.)

**UNION COFFEE HOUR,** Grape Hall. (Show Union committee card.)—This is Rathskeller coffee in chipped cups. Tunes by Snorter Sputts in the ivory tower. A cute committee chairman is discreetly stopped during a strip.

#### BIG AND BOUNCY

**ART LENTZ CLUB,** Fauerbach Brewery. (CB 3.2)—A galaxy of stars including Galaxy, Stars, Willie Asprinwall, Barry Poolplayer, Lank Dastardly, and Col. McCormick. Meet the press.

#### OUT OF TOWN

**MOOR CAFE,** 514 El Ahmed ave. Istanbul, Turkey.—Chorus girls dressed in veils.

**WHITE TOWER MDTOWN.** 5 Univent st., Fairbanks, Alaska. Sorry, chorus girls are dressed. It's too cold.

### MUSIC

(The box-office number for Music Hall is 5-3311; 4337, for Memorial Union Theater is 5-3311; 2141, for Alpha Chi Omega Powder Room is 5-0049, for Madison Musician's Association, Local 166, A.F. of M., 6-132. Other box-office numbers remain a secret, cross our hearts and hope to die.)

ON THE  
SQUARE •  
MADISON



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**TOPPER**

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Blue

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Navy and Brown  
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1 Langdon

6-2332

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## OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**— Thursday, April 27, at 8:30: "Samson and Delilah," with Eleanor Roosevelt and Westbrook Pegler, also Hashim El-Haid and his 40 thieves . . . Friday, April 28, at 8:15: "War and Peace," with Harry Truman and Joseph Stalin in the title roles (Undecided as to which plays which.) . . . Saturday, April 29, at 2: "Aida," with Victoria Regina, Benjamin Disraeli, King Farouk, and Little Fawzie . . . Saturday, April 29, at 8:30: "Die Walkure," with Conrad Adenaur, John McCloy, Gottfried Donnerwetter, and Lili Marlene . . . Monday, May 1, at 8: "Carmen," with Rita Hayworth, Ali Khan, Rita Hayworth, and Rita Hayworth . . . Tuesday, May 2, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with All the King's Men and the last four horses in the Fifth at Hialeah . . . Saturday, May 7, at 2: "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with Uncle Tom, Liza, and a cast of 4,000.

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**ANTI ARTE CONCERT**— The 38th in their 102 concert series featuring the works of Schernburp. See John Hunter for tickets.

**ATHENAEEN RECORD HOUR**— Joe Squirmer at the needle with such tricky discs as "Mag Mop," "Beethoven's 3 1/2."

**MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC**—Rathskeller? 1/2-\*)' & —% \$ #", ./; c.

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**— At Lake Success, visitors are admired Mondays through Saturdays at meetings of the Security Council, the Intercommittee of Schafskopf Lovers, the Atomic



Energy Commission and the Commission on Hydroelectric Irradiation of the Bacteria Surrounding the Nodular and Globular Areas Just Inside a Horse's Mouth. For tickets, stand in a pouring rain and say Alamagordo, New Mexico in Sanskrit. Frequent trains leave. Frequent trains come. Leave, come, leave, come, leave, come. Tiring for de Rahssians.

**JUNIOR PROM**--- In Great Hall, May 6, a 2:30 night. Many mixed couples will be dancing to the music of Jimmy Dorsey, and a couple of local bands. The Memorial Union will be closed the day prior to the Promenade, but it will reopen Sunday. The weekend of May 6 has been declared closed for all other campus formals.

**GRADUATION**--- In the Field House in June. Several thousand students will file across the stage and receive degrees ranging from B.A.'s to honorary Ph.D.'s. Tickets available to parents and friends of graduates. If you can sit for four hours without getting ants it's a good show.

#### SPORTS

**BOXING**--- Johnnie Walsh vs. Walt Morton, 36 rounds. Marginal notes by the Daily Cardinal.

#### MOVIES

**SNEAK PREVIEW**--- A picture you've all seen plus last week's newsreel and an up-to-date cartoon comedy. (Orphan theater.)

**DOUBLE SNEAK**--- We aren't sure but this may be the same one as at the Orphan. (Darkway).

**TRIPLE SNEAK**--- This one may surprise you if you haven't been to a movie for three years. (Capsule).

**LA MOOR TA JOORS EGG FU YUAN, WE WE**--- A sexy French flick with Siamese titles translated into Esperanto by Fred Turkey.

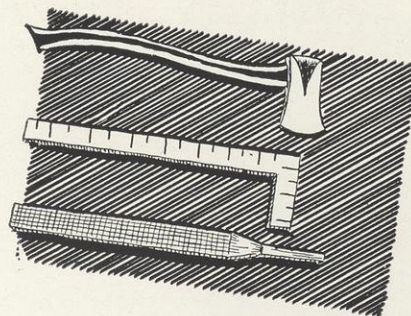
#### REPRISALS

**BIRTH OF A NATION**--- The first Dr. Kildare movie with Lionel Dairystore and Who Cares. (Wis. Gen'l Amphitheatre).

## Be Well Dressed



## And Build a House

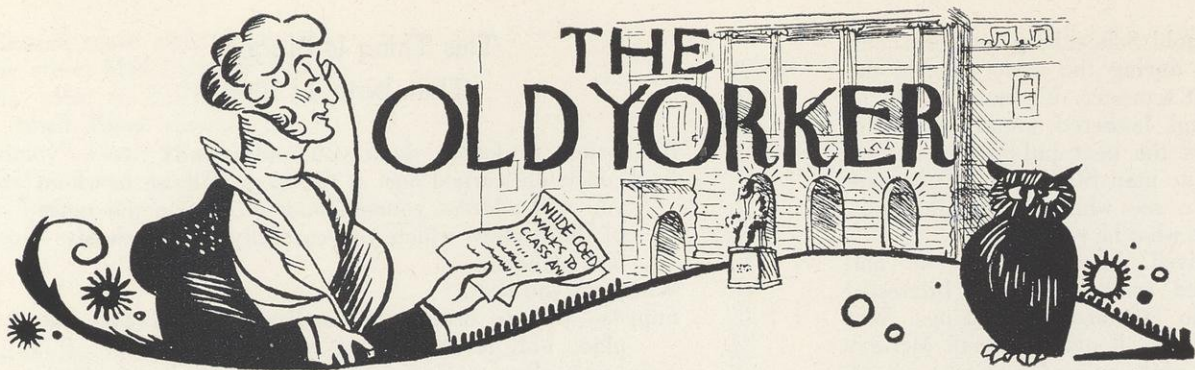


other models





(No this didn't come from) **B. ALTMAN & CO.** FIFTH AVENUE  
She's Octy Dream Girl,  
Amy Lou Zorn, a sophomore from Eau Claire



## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

**T**HE Honorable Joe McCarthy (pronounced McCart'y by Evjue) has been creating headlines out of pure froth for quite some time. We began to imagine what would happen if Joe decided there were Communists on the campus of the University of Wisconsin. Supposing



someone sent the senator a wire saying, "There are Communists on the campus." We feel sure that Joe would pack his bag, run for the Union station, and appear on the hill with his black notebook and a sly expression.

His first move would be to call a press conference and tell the boys that he had the names of 367 card holding Commies. "They are enrolled in the University," he would say. "I'll give the names to the Board of Regents." Joe might then wander over to Sterling hall where experiments in nuclear fission are being conducted on the first floor simultaneously with a Capitalism-Socialism lecture on the third. A strict security guard might be thrown around Sterling overnight, and all the persons registered in Capitalism-Socialism would find their names in Joe's black notebook.

The Senator might then visit the Rathskellar and see students reading the *Daily Cardinal*, and since in size the campus paper is very much like the *Daily Worker*, Joe might very well imagine everyone reading the Communist's favorite paper. More names in the notebook.

**N**EWSPAPERS, the administration, and the Board of Regents

would demand that Senator McCarthy in effect, put up or shut up. At that time Joe might admit that he didn't have names of card-holding Communists, but, "I can name 86 students with radical ideas." Finally the senator would be pressed to the point of revealing the name of one student who, it turns out, had graduated in 1924 and at present is the executive secretary for the National Association of Manufacturers.

### Chilly Business

**E**ACH spring when fraternity and dormitory men are betting as to the day and hour when the ice on Lake Mendota breaks up, the state radio station presents an on-the-spot broadcast of the disappearance of the last ice flow. Stark Raving, the WHA announcer, walks out on the soft ice and describes the feeling which goes with the ice. A few weeks ago we listened to Stark Raving's 1950 broadcast and decided that for thrills it couldn't be surpassed. Stark jumped from chunk to chunk as the program progressed and finally disappeared beneath the chilly waves when he skidded from the last piece of ice. Interesting broadcast we thought, but hard on the microphone.

**O**VERHEARD in Student Board Office: "I would have voted for (candidate for WSGA presidency) but I didn't think she could get us later hours."

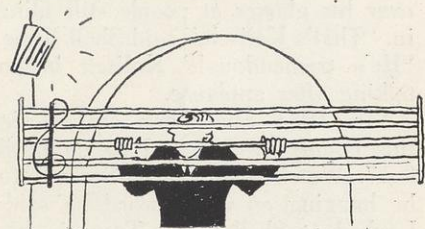
### Whoa

**W**E pity the poor fellow who thought the walk down Bascom past the E&E building was a driveway. With horn honking he proceeded all the way until he reached the steps at the bottom. He turned to his left and exited through

the driveway behind Science hall—only to be arrested by ever-vigilant campus police for attempting to park in the restricted parking lot behind the hall.

**S**OME weeks ago when "Music, Music, Music" was a red hot favorite a petition was passed among Rathskellar habitués urging the removal of that song from the juke box. The Old Yorker wholeheartedly supported this move but felt that the well meaning petitioners were not getting to the seat of the troubles. "Music, Music, Music" was merely a symptom of an insidious disease which is plaguing us to an ever increasing extent. That disease is the exploitation of the Captive Audience, and the only cure is to rid the affected member of the blight. In other words, throw the juke box out of the Rathskellar.

It is a source of constant irritation to sit down to a cup of coffee and a game of bridge in the Rathskellar



only to realize the bidding cannot be heard because some hyper-emotional mademoiselle is rendering "C'est ce bon" at the top of her lungs. Last week the Old Yorker staff found it necessary to dismiss a meeting when, during one of the infrequent periods of peace, we found that all four of us had been carrying on different conversations.

May we say, too, a pox on the person who feeds nickles to that rain-bowed devil.

### Schoenberg Festival

**T**HE School of Music on Wisconsin's campus sponsored a series of five programs covering the works

of Arnold Schoenberg, modern composer, during the early part of the present semester. We can get just as hot and bothered about something new as the next publication, so we sent our man Stanley to the last recital to see what it was all about. This is what he reported.

Arrived Music hall 7:45 and watched crowd pour in. Interested in who attended these things. Was told to watch out for Kieth McGary of the philosophy department who is interested in new things. Saw Mrs. Johansen in a turtle neck sweater, Jones, Burns, Carpenter, Kaufmann, Gunlaugson, Mrs. Johansen in a turtle-neck sweater, Steffens, and Mrs. Johansen in a turtle-neck sweater from the Music school faculty. Several more appeared on the stage during the program. The German and economics department were represented by Heffner, Riegel, Vordtriede (German), and Usher, Ellsworth, and Rotwein (economics). Even saw a former member of the Board of Regents, probably investigating new things. Didn't see McGary.

Sat down next to small fellow in heavy shell rims. Asked him what he was doing here. "It's tremendous!" he said. Eyes gleamed. Asked him about Schoenberg. "Not Shaynberg, Shernberg," he said. Asked him about Shernberg. "The progressive atonality throughout the Shernberg cycle is indicative of periods in his life. It's tremendous!" he said. Asked him what period we were in for tonight. "Last period," he said.

At 8:03 a small man stepped from a door at rear of stage and looked over his glasses at people still filing in. "That's Kolisch," said Shell Rims. "He's tremendous!" Kolisch began talking after applause.

"In 1933 Shernberg arrived in this country . . ." and so on until 8:17. Watched audience. Seemed to be hanging on every word he said. Looked at Shell Rims. Tears in his eyes. Kolisch leaves stage and soon four men walk out same door. One is Kolisch, other three are remainder of Pro Arte quartet. Rahier, Milofsky, and Friedland. They acknowledge applause and sit down on wooden chairs. Shift chairs. Tune up. Shift chairs again. Kolisch playing violin with left hand. Evidently Shernberg calls for lefthanded violinist.

**F**OUR men begin playing quartet by Shernberg which was left over from last week. Evidently didn't get around to it then. From sound of music not all men are playing same piece. Cellist looks like he'd be hap-

## This Thing Is Bigger Than both of Us

It's spring, professor, don't you understand?  
Look once, oh learned one, at the faces of those to whom  
you will address yourself and once upon the notes  
of this lecture which you carefully—or carelessly—  
had planned.

What can you lose?

Suppose you do orate, and intellectualize all over the  
place, only to abuse

Your unheeding audience with words and phrases (pro-  
found or obscure, witless or clever),

A half a thousand needless facts, vast arrays of mean-  
ingless items, all, to be sure, cinch bases for some  
incomprehensible and horrifying exam, but never

To be thought about?

Did you ever doubt

The virtue of the knowledge you possess (and share  
with a library full of books)?

If not, then ponder on the looks

Your class is giving thou.

Think but a minute. Ah! you get it now;

It is not some magic formula, or fascinating data that  
your class is thinking of.

It's spring, oh learned stupid one, your whole class  
dreams of love.

Relator of facts, dry, dusty facts, with love you must  
compete.

The bell has rung; you must begin. But how will you  
ever meet

The challenge of biology?

With psychology?

The facts are there: the facts of life, the birds, the bees,  
The sudden quaking of the knees,

The palpitating heart,

The wistful smile, the naive blush, the sneaked touch of  
hand to hand, the childish note, the start

Of some romance.

Here is your chance.

Observe, with your detached and scientific eye, the lack  
of attention to your favorite notes, the tendency of  
the student's mind to roam.

Take my advice: go home.

G. G.

pier at home with a good book. Kolisch plays with tongue out. Hard work.

Quartette ends at 8:55. Applause. Intermission. Go out for smoke. See Jim Haight from Athenaeon society. He keeps up with things. "Sit near the door. It's easier to get out that way," says Jim.

Walk back to seat. "It's tremendous!" says Shell Rim. Look down



and see October Dream Girl. Beautiful kid. There's Mrs. Johansen in turtle-neck sweater.

Next piece is trio. Rahier must be taking it easy. Marshall Lindsay busy beneath me with encyclopedia, score, and pencil. Trio takes 17 minutes. Another smoke.

Shernberg's "Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte" read by Richard Church who also directs university orchestra. Better stick to the orchestra. Aided and abetted in ode by Pro Arte and Gunnar Johansen. Gunner in rare form. Plays like he means every bit of it. Shell Rim pokes me. "I've turned his pages." Make note

of it. Church reads eight verses, one after the other. Music strictly atonal. Program over at 9:53. Much applause. Shell Rims shouts "Bravo! Bravissimo!" Turns to me "It's tremendous!" Tears coursing down Cheeks. Walk out of Music hall. Air feels good.

**T**HE city of Madison, Wisconsin lies in the center of the largest dairying section of the nation. It is surrounded by or lies near four lakes; Mendota, Monona, Waubesa, and Kegonsa. Of the four, Mendota is by far the largest, containing 60 square miles of swimming and fishing paradise in the summer and an equal amount of useless ice in the winter. Madison has a population estimated at between 90 and 100 thousand. Only Milwaukee in Wisconsin is larger in population. The reason for this is that Milwaukee has more people than Madison. The major industries in the city are 1) the University of Wisconsin, 2) the State Offices, 3) Gisholt Machine company, 4) Ohio Chemical company, 5) Oscar Mayer Packing company, and 6) Ray-O-Vac Battery company. Of the six, the one most important to Madison is the University which has an enrollment of more than 16,000 full time students. The terrain in and around Madison is undulating and glaciated, enabling farmers to plant corn, oats, and grasses with little difficulty. The mean temperature in the summer is 76 degrees and in the winter it averages about 24. Ethnic groups in the city consist of large numbers of Norwegians, Italians, Germans and Swiss. Religious affiliations are a reflection of these groups, there being a large number of Lutheran and Catholic churches in the city. Madison is governed by a city manager and council system and is now in the process of fighting over 1) downtown parking facilities, 2) veteran's housing, 3) a new city-county building, 4) and cowboy type holsters for the police department. Recently the two papers in town (*The Capital Times* and the *Wisconsin State Journal*) merged physical facilities, but maintained separate editorial staffs and policies. *The Capital Times* is Democratic while the *State Journal* is Republican. Both papers have circulations of approximately 40,000 and fight editorially.

A cultural center, Madison is blessed with enough interested people to sponsor a Civic Symphony orchestra and two civic choruses. The two major theatrical organizations, The



"Just think of the bill we're running up back at the boathouse!"

Madison Theater Guild and the Black Friars, produce five plays a year and adequately complement the Wisconsin Players, a university organization which tries awfully hard. The University is perhaps directly responsible for a majority of cultural events, bringing to Madison such famed performers as Rise Stevens and Gregor Piatogorsky. Next fall the London Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham will present a concert in the University Stock Pavilion, a strictly utilitarian structure. Madison has its share of artists, too.

The Madison school system is one of which the city is tremendously

proud. Twelve modern elementary schools, plus three high schools are under the direction of the Board of Education—eight schools are operated by religious organizations. Wisconsin High School, on the University campus, is operated by the University and is used to train future teachers. The primary purpose of all the schools in Madison is to develop well rounded citizens, however.

The life expectancy in Madison is more than 65 years, the average annual income is 3100 dollars, and more than 60 per cent of the adults are literate. It has been referred to in a national picture magazine as being the ideal place in which to live.



AMERICA'S PLAYGROUND  
THE UNION TERRACE

# The Photo Album

"YOU wanta look at our picture album?" she said. She put her feet on the floor.

"Awright," he said, getting off the porch swing.

"No, you stay here. I'll get it. We'll look at it out here."

He got back on the swing. She walked into the house. He kicked at the floor and the swing went back and forth slowly.

She returned from the dark interior of the house carrying a photo album bound in plywood covers. She put it down on the swing, sat down herself, picked up the album and moved over beside him. She opened to the first page and slid one half of the book over for him to share.

"This is a picture of my mother and father when they got married."

"They don't look very happy," he said. "Why don't they look happy?"

The picture showed an unsmiling couple in wedding clothes standing in bright sunlight before a white frame house.

"It was summer. Maybe they were hot," she said.

"Maybe."

"Are you going to be happy when you get married?"

He squirmed. "Naw, I don't wanta get married. I don't wanta now anyway."

"Oh."

"Let's look at some more pictures," he said.

She turned a few pages. He stopped a page with his hand. "That's a dog. A police dog. Did you have a dog?"

"Yes. A police dog. Rex. He was my dog. But he got hit by a car."

"Could he do tricks?"

"Yes, he'd fetch a stick when you threw it."

"What else could he do?"

"That's all."

"That's not much."

"Well, he wanted to play. And besides he wasn't old enough to learn lots of tricks before he got run over."

"How old was he?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Was he full grown?"

"Yes, he stopped growing. But he wasn't very old."

"He could have learned lots of tricks before he was full grown. If I had a police dog I'd have taught him lots of tricks."

The girl turned a few more pages. "Here's a picture of me and my

father and my mother and our first car."

"Lemme see," said the boy, grabbing the album. The photo showed a man in a suit, a woman in a silk dress, and the girl standing beside a shiny car. "It's a Ford. Yeh, it's a Ford."

"Yes, I guess it was a Ford. Yes, that's what father said it was."

"Gee, you mean you didn't know names of cars. I always knew names of cars."

"No, I didn't know names of cars then."

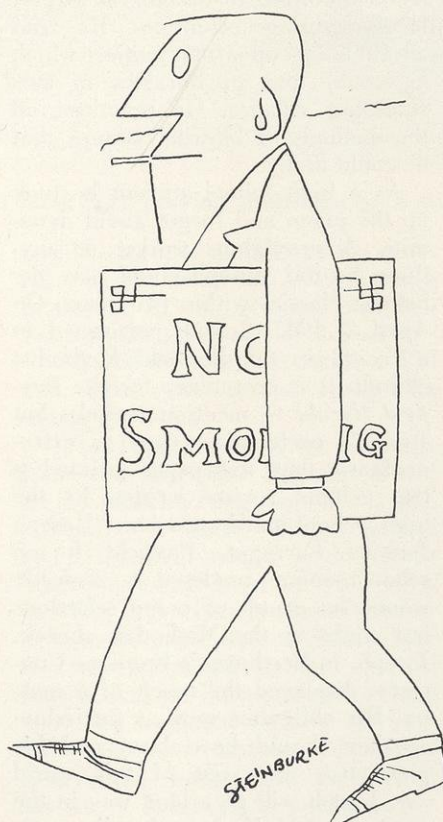
"Gee, I wish I had a car. I'd drive all over everywhere. I'd have swell time if I had a car."

He flipped a few more pages and stopped. "Gee, you stayed at a lake?"

"Yes, that was two summers ago. Last summer we went to stay on my Grandpa's farm. The summer before that we were at a lake."

"Is that the place you lived in?"

"Yes, it was wonderful. It had windows with no glass. Just screened. And when it rained, you let down those wooden things on the sides.



Then it was dark inside, if you didn't turn on the lights."

"That wasn't much fun. When it rained, I mean."

"No, but it only rained once."

The boy turned a page. "Here's your dad in a bathing suit. He looks funny in a bathing suit. His stomach hangs down."

"It does not. It only looks that way in the picture. Besides he didn't know the picture was being taken. He only looks that way when nobody's looking."

"Oh."

"Here's a picture of my mother. Daddy took it when Mother was sleeping in the chair on the grass."

The picture showed a woman in a playsuit with a straw hat fallen across her face, her arm hanging over the edge of the lawn chair, and a magazine on the grass beneath her hand.

"That's funny, taking pictures when people don't know about it."

"Yes, daddy took a lot of pictures when people weren't looking." She turned another page. He grabbed the book from her and said, "Here's a picture of you with no bathing suit. Did your father take that when you weren't looking?"

"Gimme my book," she said, "Gimme my book." She clawed at him and scratched him on the nose. He let go of the book and felt his nose. She grabbed the book and slid off the porch swing and ran into the house. "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you," she said.

He slid off the porch swing, went down the steps and walked up the sidewalk feeling his nose.

"Girls are all nuts," he said, "specially girls six years old."

—JON O'HAIRA

## THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

(Division of Forgetfulness)

The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here . . .

—A. Lincoln, Nov. 19, 1963, in a speech at Gettysburg, Pa.

## THE SCIENTIFIC MIND AT WORK

(Subtlety Division)

"Yes, I know you have never done that, but how old were you the first time you did it?" is a question which, amazingly enough, may break down the cover-up of a feeble-minded individual.

—Kinsey, Pomeroy & Martin, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, p. 55.

We give up; how old were we?



ON the morning of November 26, 1949, a University of Wisconsin policeman named Joseph Hammersley, whose seat of operations is the Service Building on the university campus, just across University avenue from Wisconsin General Hospital, and 75 miles from the city of Milwaukee, was striding through Bascom hall, administration headquarters of the school. At 9:47, he noticed a group of students standing just inside the main door. All of them had books in their hands and one was smoking a cigarette. Smoking, it so happens, is not allowed in that section of Bascom. On being confronted with something out of the ordinary, Hammersley reacted with the inquisitiveness characteristic of his calling. He stopped and hailed the smoker. Joseph Jenkins Farragut excused himself from the group and responded to the official. Farragut was a clean cut young fellow of about nineteen. He looked to be in the neighborhood of 5' 10" tall and was built along slender lines. Hammersley guessed his weight at 150. As he stood before the policeman, Farragut casually exhaled a lungful of smoke and said:

"Yes sir, what can I do for you?"

Somewhat taken aback by the callousness of the individual, Hammersley told him he could put out that goddam cigarette.

"Don't you know there is a law against smoking here?" The boy blushed at the language used (he was only a sophomore) and dropped the cigarette. As he ground it out under the toe of his shoe he looked up and said quietly:

"My name is Joseph Jenkins Farragut. I'm a sophomore in English and I should like to see that law in the books."

# Annals of Crime

## The Smoker

Officer Hammersley, seeing that here was no ordinary smoker, pulled a much used, paper bound volume from his pocket and finding the correct page, read the statute to the boy. "And besides," said Hammersley, "you were standing beneath a 'No Smoking' sign."

The officer wrote out a ticket and told the boy to report to Student Court on the following Thursday afternoon. Joseph Jenkins Farragut went that afternoon to the library and withdrew the two volume "History of the University of Wisconsin" which Professors Merle Curti and Vernon Carstensen had completed a short while before. He looked up 'smoking' in the table of contents and he looked it up in the index. There was no mention of it in either. He then went to a telephone and hired Attorney Darrel MacIntyre to defend him.

Joseph Jenkins Farragut had lived in northern Douglas county. He assisted his father in clearing stumps and boulders from the 160 acre tract at an early age. By the time he was old enough to enter school he knew what he wanted from life. It was his secret ambition to become an expert in dynamiting techniques. He read all the books upon that subject which he could find in libraries in surrounding villages. He practiced all the methods of blowing stumps that he could find.

As a high school student he took up the piano and forgot about dynamite. A prodigious worker at anything he did, Joseph could play the heavier classics within two years. On April 2, 1947, Joseph performed in a recital in the Bayfield Methodist church. It is customary for the *Bayfield Herald* to mention recitals, but Joseph's performance was so extraordinary that the paper printed a two column review written by the high school music teacher. "Joseph Jenkins Farragut, Bayfield high school senior, rendered a perfectly wonderful group of piano selections last night in the Methodist church. Joseph, in Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, displayed the touch of a master. His obligattos were as fortissimo as they should have been and his pizzicattos were out of this world . . . Joseph will go a long way in the musical world. He has talent."

Others in the community agreed with the critic. Mrs. Mamie Batten-

field declared, "I have never heard anything like it." The mayor wrote a congratulatory letter on behalf of the city council and the senior class gave Joseph a blue and gold Ever-sharp pen and pencil set. Joseph lost the pen and pencil set while changing a tire the next year on a country road near Barron.

In 1948 Joseph came to Madison and entered the University. Advised to seek a broad liberal education, he chose English as his major and settled down to work. During his first year he took Freshman English, Geology 1, History 3, Freshman Forum, French 10a, French 15a, ROTC, and Physical Education. His favorite subject was English, but he was an apt student in physical education. As Arpad Masely, his instructor recalls, Joseph could high jump 5' 6", run the 40 yard dash in 6½ seconds, and chin himself 13 times.

During his freshman year, Joseph was rushed by six fraternities. Of the six, only four (Delta Upsilon, Theta Delta Chi, Chi Phi, and Sigma Alpha Epsilon) invited him back. While sitting in the Chi Phi living room Joe was offered a cigarette by one of the actives. It would have been a breach of etiquette to refuse the cigarette, so Joseph accepted and took the light which was held for him (the first match was blown out inadvertently when Joe exhaled instead of inhaled while it was being lit.) At the time it was impossible for Joseph to conceive of the action which would take place within the next year.

Smoking in university buildings was outlawed by order of the Board of Regents in 1912 shortly after the tragic fire had burned off the tower on Bascom hall. Prior to that time no one smoked in the buildings. They chewed. The only reason that could be given for the fire, though, was that someone must have been smoking and carelessly dropped a lit cigar or cigarette among papers and refuse in Bascom. Since the rule was made 24,567 students have been called before Student Court to answer charges of smoking in university buildings. There have been 24,327 convictions. Of those students convicted, 4,236 were caught in Bascom hall, 294 in the Law School building (2,020 were charged with smoking, but most of the sentences were suspended), 3,583 in the Education and Engineering



"He can't help you now; he's playing mumbly-peg with the neighbor girl!"

building, 1,918 in South hall, 2,883 in Science hall, 2,097 in North hall, 3,540 in the Art Education building, and 411 in Ag hall (they still chew there). In all \$28,950 has been collected by the Student Court since 1912 and a major portion of that collected has been used to sponsor scholarships for needy and deserving students.

Under the regime of Dr. Edward A. Birge smokers were not allowed to light up in sight of Administration hall. Students evaded this ruling by turning their backs on the building when they wanted to smoke. The term "Turn around and face the Capitol" is still used by older faculty members when they want to relax during a hard day. Dr. Birge is still seen trudging up to his office for a few hours of work. At 99 he is slowing down somewhat.

Attorney Darrel MacIntyre picked

up his telephone at 3:36 on the afternoon of November 26, 1949 and was interested in the strong, confident voice at the other end of the wire.

"Mr. MacIntyre," it said. "Will you defend me against a smoking charge?"

"Yes, I will," replied the attorney. Little did he realize that this would be the most exciting case in his life.

MacIntyre, whose office is located at 119 Monona avenue in downtown Madison, not far from the State Office building and within a stone's throw of Lake Monona, lives in Shorewood. He was interested in the case of Joseph Jenkins Farragut and wanted to do all he could to help the boy. Early the next morning MacIntyre interviewed Joseph and listened to his story. From all he could gather Farragut had been caught smoking in Bascom hall. Joseph left MacIntyre's office feeling secure and con-

fident that the man could do an excellent job of turning the tables on the Student Court and bring about an acquittal. As he passed Spoo and Sons on the way back to his room at 669 North Frances street, Joseph looked in the window, saw a bow tie he liked, and went inside. The clerk ignored him for several minutes, but finally wandered over and sold him the one he wanted.

Immediately after he had taken Joseph Jenkins Farragut's name, Joe Hammersley proceeded to make his way across the campus, stopping at the Education and Engineering building on his way to the Union. Joseph Jenkins Farragut had long since been pushed from his mind. Little did Officer Hammersley realize that he was headed for the most exciting experience of his life.—E. J. HAHN, JR.

*(This is the first of a series of six articles.)*

# SMARTWEAR

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SPORTS SHOP

## Of All Things

**S**TUDENTS complain when profs use jokes which are as old as the course being taught. Worse, we think, are the profs whose facts are as old as their jokes.

Dean Troxell thinks that the present hours for co-eds are sufficient for whatever they ought to do. The gals who are fighting the speed up plan apparently must operate on a sort of moonlight savings time.

A young instructor we know is seriously considering learning ventriloquism as a lecture technique. Then, at least, he'd have someone to talk to.

Headlines recently proclaimed a renewal of the perennial faculty-Dean squabble. As nearly as we can figure it, a Dean is a prof who knows too much to be fired but not enough to quit.

Mil Ball was held the evening of the day the WSA held its mock U.N. Conference. Like a horribly natural afterthought.

Junior Prom was scheduled for 9:00 p.m. the fifth of May. A little late to be included as an exhibit in the Psi Chi Psychological exposition that afternoon.

Just as the faculty denounce extra-curricular activities which interfere with class work, the Knaplund Committee condemns the professors' extra-curricular activity which interferes with their effectiveness. The thing which is disliked is that when the profs make extra money, the students are short changed.

The University of Wisconsin recently closed its most disastrous boxing season in the history of that sport. Without the help of any punch-drunk students.

Now that Spring is definitely here, the maintenance staff is busily repainting many campus signs. Those reading "No Smoking" will be changed to "No Smooching."

## Flowers For Spring Formals Are So Important



For such big occasions everything must be perfect. Her corsage will be, if you order it from us. Rich orchids, fragrant gardenias, or lovely roses — whatever her favorite is — we have it.

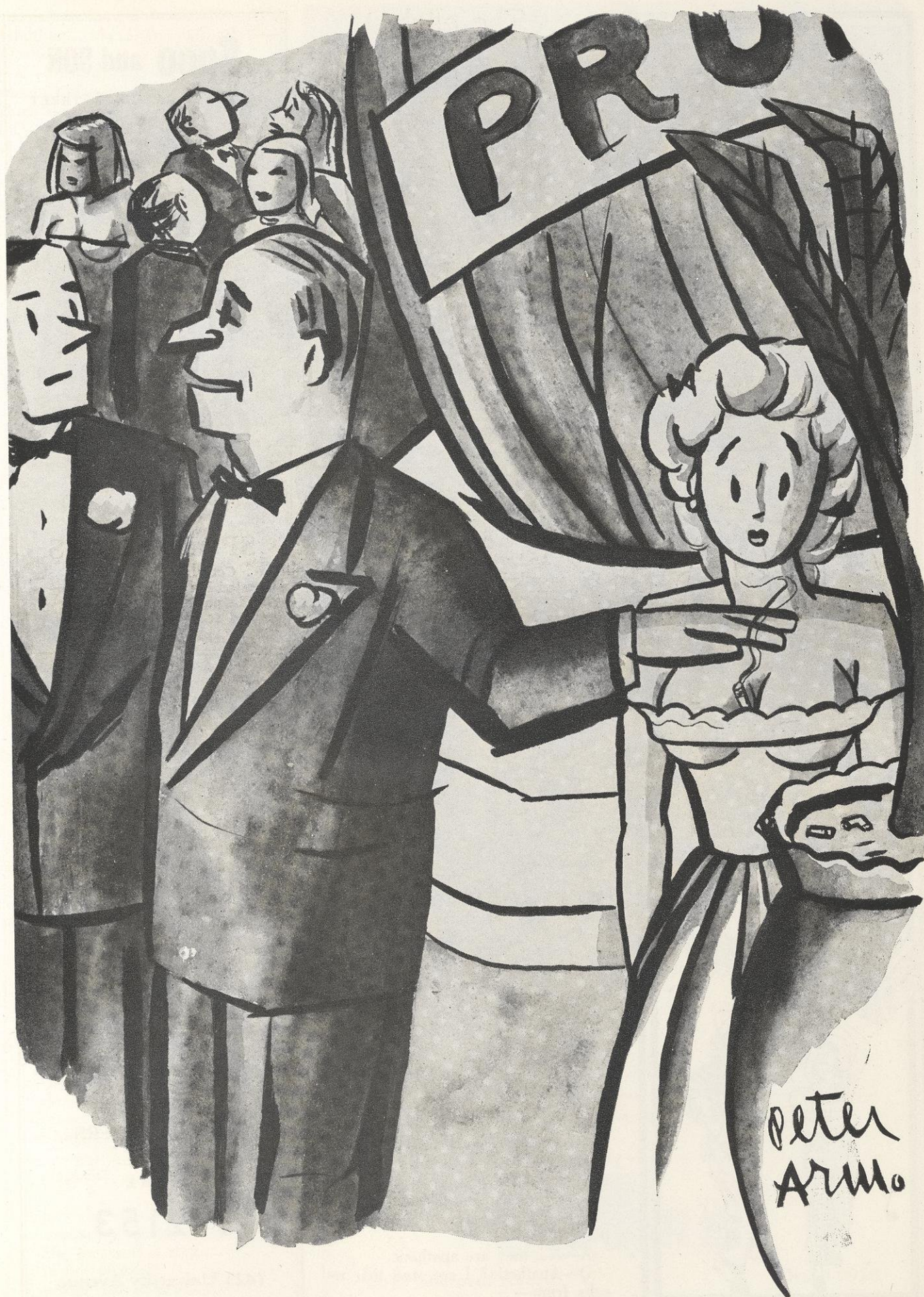
And don't forget  
**MOTHER'S DAY**  
May 14

## Lou Wagner

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♪ Peek! ♪

*First couple right,  
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*For perfect flavor,  
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*Sashay around,  
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**Y' can't beat Beech-Nut for  
quality and longer-lasting flavor.  
Swing to Beech-Nut...  
Beech-Nut Gum!**



## The cliché Expert

Q—Well, Mr. Arbuthnot, as the nation's biggest—

A—Pardon, you mean the 'nation's leading'.

Q—To continue, as the nation's leading cliché expert, what are your impressions of the University of Wisconsin?

A—It's a great school, the Queen of All the West and I'm glad to be Badger, if you get the idea.

Q—What idea?

A—The Wisconsin Idea.

Q—Umm, to be more exact, Mr. Arbuthnot, why do people go to Wisconsin?

A—Simply to get a liberal education in econ, poly sci, psych, sosch, phy ed, anthro, hom ec and Ratsi.

Q—Good. And do they get that education?

A—No, they take a break and go to the house, the Rat, or the Pharm.

Q—And what do they do during this so-called 'break'?

A—They drink the old amber fluid, make a late date or hit the sack—if they're not chowing down.

Q—I see. But between breaks, the students go to classes don't they?

A—Sometimes they climb the hill (after hitting the books) to take a snap course with a prof.

Q—Uh-huh, and what's a prof.

A—A prof's a professor, like "Wild Bill" Kiekhofers.

Q—And who's this "Wild Bill"?

A—He's a real character who teaches econ and sometimes gives rough quizzes.

Q—This is becoming clearer now, Mr. Arbuthnot. Now tell me what the professors teach the students?

A—He conveys the intellectual climate within the context of ideas. Although he is hampered by limited scope and is often compelled to take a cursory view, he shows what the test of time has made the grand stream of history in the frame of reference of secondary sources.

Q—But don't the students have a chance to talk back to the professors?

A—Certainly. The students are represented by student board, which channels group dynamics through the democratic process to reach the goal of responsible self-expression.

Q—A good idea! Do the students like it?

A—No, they are apathetic.

Q—Apathetic? I see, and that results from—

A—Apathy, and that's for sure.

## Spoo and SON

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SANDWICHES  
SHORT ORDERS**

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O—Quite logical. Now tell me, Mr. Arbuthnot, where do you get this information?

A—Through that fearless and continual sifting and winnowing by which alone the clichés may be found.

Q—And what is your other method of research?

A—I watch Ivy clumb.

Q—Now, Mr. Arbuthnot, if you were going to leave Wisconsin, what would your parting words be?

A—Goodbye, Harry.

Q—Well, my name isn't Harry but I guess that's a decent farewell. Good-bye, Mr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for coming to Wisconsin.

## In Spring, A Young Man

A comely young girlie named Bobby  
Used to sit in a dark hotel lobby.

When asked why she did it

She calmly admitted,

"I don't know, but I think it's a  
hobby."

A jocular sort of giraffe

Provided his friends with a laffe

By swallowing raw

A circular saw

Which cut his appendix in haffe

A farmer once called his cow  
"Zephyr."

She seemed such an amiable hephyr,

But when he drew near

She bit off his ear,

And now he is very much dephyr.

There was a young girlie named Betty  
Who'd often go down to the jetty,

And say to the porpoise,

"You lika my corpus?"

For Betty was veddy coquetty.

There are three classes of women:  
the intellectual, the beautiful, and the  
majority.

A freshman who once lived in Bing-  
ham

Used to ring chapel bills, but don't  
ringham

No more, for in Harkness

One night in the darkness,

They found him with someone in  
gingham.

A girl who attended Bdyn Mawr  
Committed a dreadful faux pas.

She loosened a stay

In her décolleté

Exposing her je-ne-sais-quoi.

—ROBERT YALE RECORD



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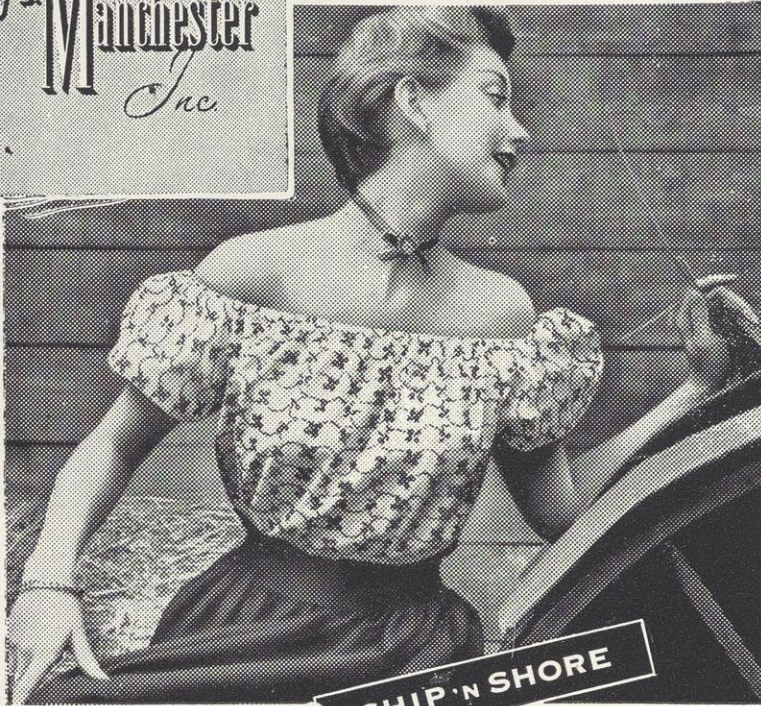
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**Companion Skirt** of sanforized combed broadcloth in green, black or brown to match embroidery on blouse. . . . . **\$3.95**

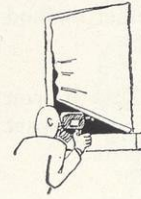
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## The Current Cinema



ONE American and two Italian offerings came my way this week and because the latter are immeasurably superior to former I'll examine them first and in some detail.

Ever since my first happy encounter with Angelo Martinelli's work in that fine movie, "Poison," and later in his "Germany: Year 1909," I've been taken with his real talent. His efforts always display that clever knack for overstatement that only Italian films seem capable of. Martinelli himself, if my informants have not misled me, is an ex-stevadore who walked off the docks one day and decided to become a director-producer. I guess he acquired a second-hand camera, bought some film and has been turning out pictures ever since. Last Thursday at the little Carnegie I came face to face with Martinelli's latest and best, by my way of thinking, "The Velocipede Larcenist."

Briefly the story is this: An itinerant Italian sign painter in need of a velocipede in his work steals one in the crowded streets of Rome. A chase ensues with the sign painter pedalling madly in an attempt to elude his pursuers who are several policemen, members of the carabinieri, sundry citizens and the six year old boy from whom he stole the vehicle. In their haste the members of the cast wind their way through several fascinating scenes and situations including a bordello (how the six year old got in there I'll never know), the Roman equivalent of a pool hall, the sewers, the catacombs, assorted hotels, the Italian General Hospital, and the Via Flaminia where the culprit is finally brought to bay through the unrelenting efforts of the six year old (the rest of the pursuers having long since given up the chase).

There are some unbelievably fine episodes enacted along the route of the chase. At all times the camera seems to be a disinterested spectator ready to pause momentarily or at length to record bits of interesting by-play. Some such items that caught my fancy were the following: a rather heated debate between two inmates of the bordello over the advisability of signing an Austrian peace treaty now or next year; a most passionate and

exciting love scene that takes place between the six year old and his governess when he takes off after the thief; a ringing plea by a postcard seller in the catacombs demanding the return of the Italian navy; finally an amazing bit of pocket pool as the larcenist pauses long enough in his flight to run table, calling each shot as he does. There are other neat touches that will appeal to you but these remained most vivid for me. But just to make sure you're not left with the impression that life is all beer and skittles in post-war Rome there are moments of pathos. At one point the weary six year old pauses beside a wall to catch his breath and he expectorates significantly into the gutter. The larcenist, too, stops briefly to relieve himself of an old lady's purse he had pilfered earlier, and continues on his way.

I won't spoil the climax for you by telling how the six year old and the wrong-doer battle it out on the Via Flaminia for the velocipede and the governess (who was an accomplice all the time); or how the boy rides off with her after braining the thief with a tire iron. The cast are all amateurs save for the hero who has performed in Italian pictures for many years. Most of them were enlisted on the spot by Martinelli as he moved through the streets with his camera. In addition to characters,



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Photo by DeLonge

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The Hat— 1.50

The Skirt— 3.95

The Jacket—6.95

# Bruce & Co.

658 STATE ST.

Martinelli picked up his plot as he went along, adding situations as he went. In view of the taut story it is almost incredible that so easy-going a technique was used.

UNFORTUNATELY I can't be as friendly toward "Ravioli", the other Italian product currently on view. But, though several cuts below "The Velocipede Larcenist" it still can provide one with a lively ninety minutes. The story concerns a Swedish doctor who falls in love with a beautiful Italian girl on the Mediterranean island of Ravioli. Trouble with a jealous husband and the local constabulary arises and the principles go charging about the island on horseback, discharging assorted firearms at one another and alternately pledging love and vowing vengeance. Eventually the slipper surgeon decides that he's unsuited for such a sultry climate and leaves after a rather overlong farewell scene. The story concludes with the girl assuring her husband that the doctor's interest was only clinical. The cast is on the whole excellent with Roberto Ruffio especially satisfactory as the doctor. I thought they deserved better material.

A CERTAIN suburb of Los Angeles continues to clutter up the screens of the local big theatres with its turgid outpourings. Most recent is a western entitled "Short in the Saddle" and vaguely related to a story that ran serially in the Saturday Evening Post five years ago. Roughly it has to do with a stage coach hold-up and the reforming of an outlaw who really did it to avenge his murdered brother. An evil rancher, a saloon singer (with a heart of gold) and a score of suitably bad men are stirred in to bring the mixture to a boil. After several anxious moments the bad people are killed off and the proper citizens emerge triumphant. The principles swagger through this looking evil or righteous depending on which side of the fence they happen to be on. I thought the horses did fine.

—JOHN MCBURKE

### TEXTBOOKS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

The life tables in this volume are based on the 1940 census of population and the deaths of the 3-year period 1939-1941. Table 1, below, showing the comparative morbidity rate . . .

(United States Life Tables)

## A Young Man's Fancy

There once was a well moneyed man  
Who was part of a chorus girl's plan.  
Her plan a success—  
The rest you can guess—  
There once was a well moneyed man.

There was a young fellow from  
Wheeling  
Endowed with such delicate feeling  
When he read on the door,  
"Don't spit on the floor,"  
He jumped up and spit on the ceiling.

There was an old man of Lenore  
Whose mouth was as wide as a door.  
In attempting to grin  
He slipped and fell in,  
Then lay inside out on the floor.

There was an old man from Dundee  
Who lived with an ape in a tree.  
The ape was most horrid—  
All nose and no forehead,  
Three ears and a purple goatee.

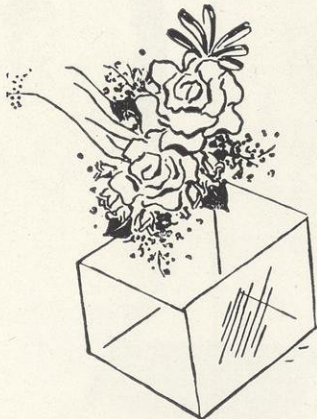
There was an old monk in Siberia  
Whose life grew steadily drearier.  
He burst from his cell  
With a hell of a yell,  
And said, "Hi," to the Mother Superior.

There was a young man from Boston  
Who rode around in an Austin  
He had room for his knees  
And his legs if he'd squeeze,  
But his feet hung out and he lost 'em.

—YALE RECORD



**For That Spring Formal**  
**MAKE EVERYTHING PERFECT**  
With FLOWERS from  
**Rentschler's**



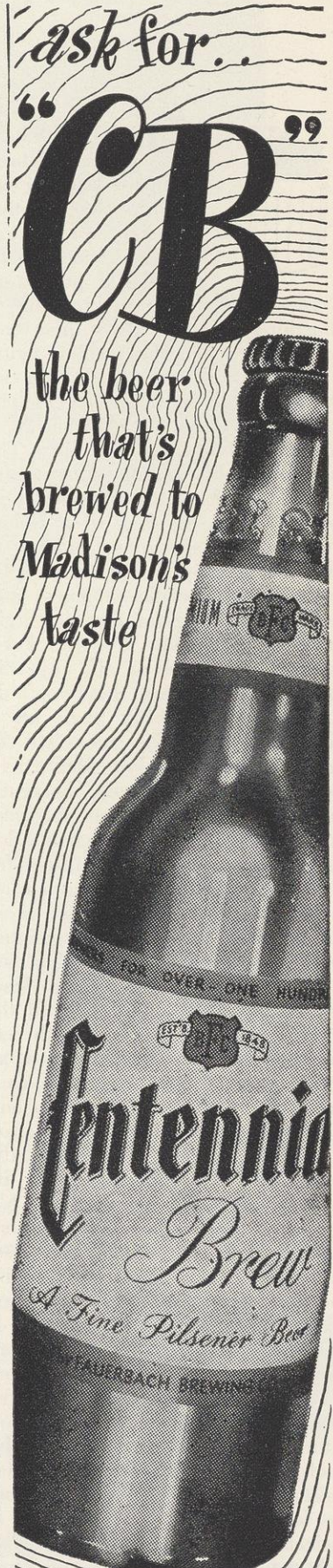
(Don't Forget Mother's Day—May 14)

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## On and Off the Avenue

### Feminine Fashions



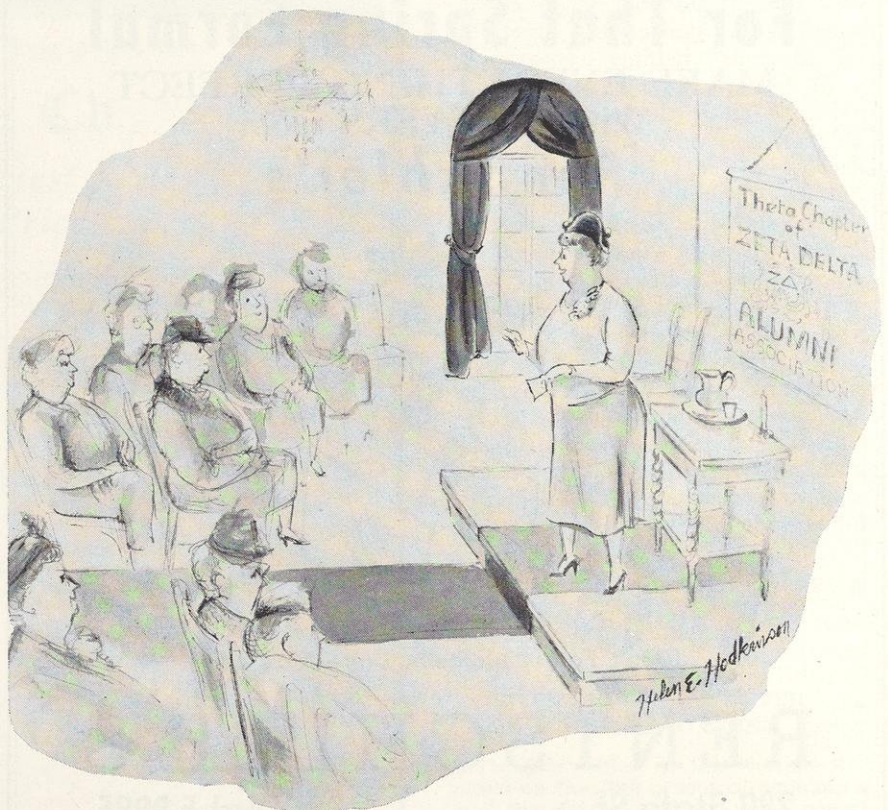
**D**ESIGNERS have given the fashion world a tremendous shock this Spring. Time was when a new season meant a pulling in of something and a sticking out of something else. However this year, for some reason, the fashion figure is slim but also rounded all over. The return of the 20's hasn't helped things any, although where 1920 is ridiculous 1950 is merely crazy. The watchword this season is separates that will go from the Breakwater to the HBT with the flick of a jacket. Winchester's have some goodies in this mix-and-match-separate field. They have a terrific sameness and are just the thing for that dog fight you've been dying to see. Forwards or back, on or off, any way you jolly well please, they won't do a thing for you. Six piece set a pleasant \$177.60. The colors are the maddest possible: Joe McCarthy's red, Banker's mile grey, baracuda and navy. Wide, 25 inch shoelaces or \$1.05 and slender, stretchable dog leashes with detachable buckles for \$1.23 are dyed to match in an off color way. Don't forget the new mon-goose billed loafers, these beauties come in brown, black and blue, etc.

While browsing around in Mac-Tavish and Kelly's I discovered the finest travel suit designed with women in mind. Don't be surprised at finding a collar, two sleeves, pockets and skirt on this most charming outfit. Made in "Skunks striped" cotton it is being shown in white only, copies in colors can be made by June (1951); \$10.66. Mac and K's also house those famous Sally Columbia hats now so popular in horse-hair and burlap. Her styles remind one that hats just can't be forgotten this year, although from the looks of it they probably should be. As always this establishment is interested in materials. Caranyoll, their newest find, is part cashmere and rayon with a kind of nylon pile and nobby wool bits on the surface. This crease resistant, rainproof, shockproof, timeless fabric makes a navy coat that is basically pinched in but has a bulky look around the shoulders and hips. A knowing collar droops toward the shoulder blades to give it a sad look.

Other daytime raincoats, although naturally pointed toward wet days, could do in a pinch for sunny ones. Yellow and black denim makes one tent-like affair; \$70 with hip pockets, \$80 plain. Mac's also have rayon lined, hooded capes just made for showers. Besides the usual mating of red and orange, navy and brown, there are startling new combinations; \$27.95—\$81.50.

**D**UKE'S offer a superlative bit of Spring whimsy to the discriminating shopper-coats of felt, with large hibiscus' applied to the winged back panel. While this is obviously for the Kentucky mountains, there is no reason why it couldn't be snatched for May in Madison. Knowing that Spring and Summer can sometimes be warm, Duke's have concocted cottons you will simply rave over. My pet is a pink parsley print with a diamond studded top and a tufted skirt lined with dark blue burlap... A companion burlap jacket comes with this dress which should take you right from your house and back to the store to exchange it for a horse blanket; \$188.92

all told. In a slightly lower price bracket are a group of Old Man River cottons with such important details as pockets, collars, cuffs, and buttons given the imaginative touch of Rock Jath—here pockets spiral down a trim skirt, here collars and cuffs meet at the shoulder, here buttons dance around a full hem. While these dresses are made mainly for the trim college crowd, I saw one elderly woman walk out with six under her coat. These come at \$6.71 to \$10.82. Now that I'm here I can't forget the supply of spring formals—though it would be quite easy. Nets seem to be ahead with summer cotton panting behind. Net is frothy, but feminine and is used, for one thing, in dresses with small, tight bodices having a ruff net trailing around the shoulders; \$194.50. The skirts are full and sequinned. Another net goes into a dress whose skirts have a snap-in floating panel. A few flying saucers decorate the hem, \$134.80. A fine pin striped net makes, at \$91, a classic formal whose pleated pep-lum has deep pockets for storing those indispensable beauty items.



"Now we should discuss the matter of chaperones for our forthcoming pajama party."

# The Race Track

*Lightning Liz*



AS I look back over the Winter's racing it seems that the Derby next month will be a three way race. Sarah's Own, the Calumet entry looks like a wagon puller, but when I saw her do the mile and a furlong in 1:39 at Hialeah she seemed pretty good for a filly. She runs in an unorthodox manner which reminds me a great deal of a rhumba dancer in the Stork Club on a crowded Saturday night. Oil Capitol, a young gray laddy, has been doing pretty well and may give Sarah's Own a run for it. In spite of those two I'm inclined to favor Liz Taylor. She was picked up for a song by Louis Mayer and has been winning ever since. Liz has given most of her competition, including Mr. Outside and Homerun King a good taste of mud. Next week she meets Bell Boy, and whether he can catch her is a question I'd hate to gamble on. Wise money says he won't. Maybe he will though.

\* \* \*

I was disappointed with April's kittens in the fourth at Washington Park last Saturday. She was an odds on favorite to win, and would have, too, if the horse in front of her at the first turn hadn't thrown a shoe and hit her flat in the face. Perhaps it's insignificant, but the guy who shod that horse wore a UAW button.

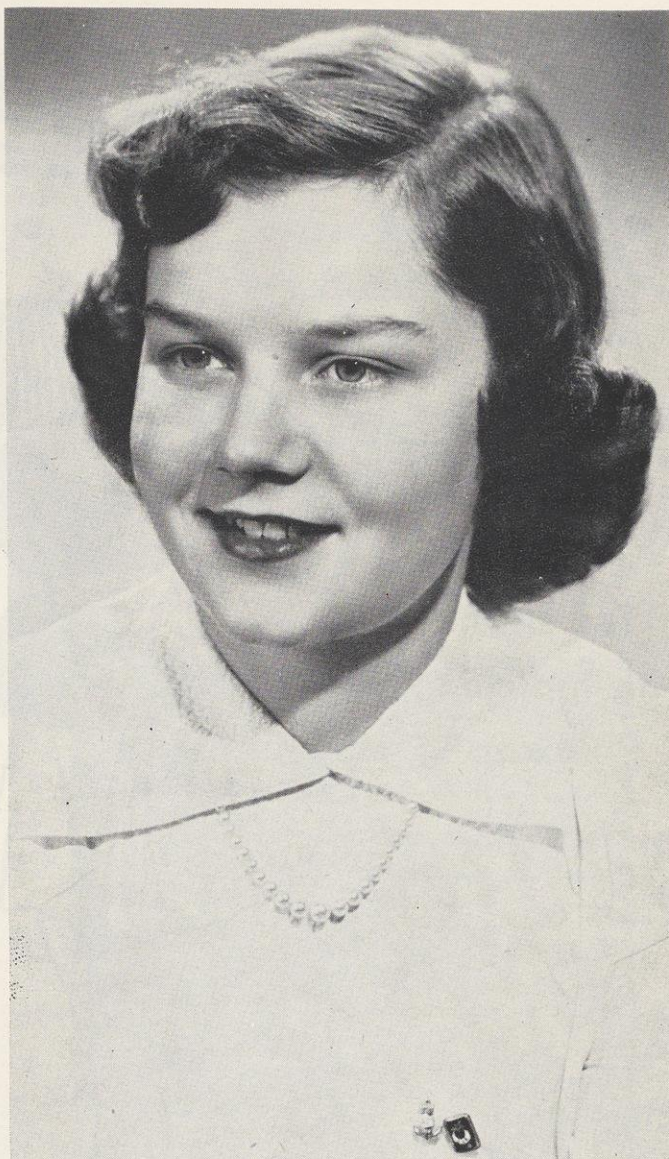
\* \* \*

Speaking of UAW, Fordcar, out of Willow Run by Henry II, is the best two year old seen yet on the Cuban tracks. He's built high, runs like a mudder, and is quick to leave the post. They tell me he eats too much, but he does a fast mile.

\* \* \*

A new type race has the boys panting down at Santa Anita this season. I took in the San Juan Capistrano Handicap some weeks back when Noor ran the shoes of Citation, and believe me the contest didn't have half the thrill of the race which they scheduled on Wednesday of the week following.

This new race was dreamed up by a couple of the boys from Hollywood. Shorty Stevens (he owns Chaser out of Willows by Moonlight) and Crocker O'Neill, both script writers



Chosen by the Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

**MISS ELIZABETH BROWN**

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## LOG CABIN BRATWURST

*You know where!*



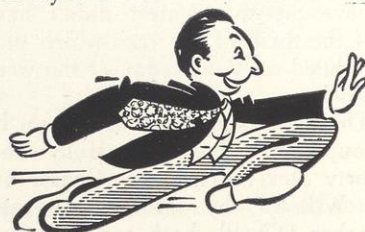
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and  
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**Beer Garden  
In Rear Now Open**

with Warren Brothers, decided to give horseracing a new twist. The management at Santa Anita will do anything to attract a crowd so they went along with Stevens and O'Neill. The race is run by nags and they're required to walk. Any horse under 12 years of age has to prance off the field when the old boys run. The distance is twelve miles (that's why the race is called "Twelve for Twelv-ers") and instead of betting before the horses go to the post, players put their money across the board each time the ancients come around. A pre-post favorite may begin the race at 5 to 3, then drop to 6-1, 11-1, 16-1, and 30 or 40 to 1 by the time they round the last turn when betting closes.

The excitement of watching the bets change during the race is tremendous. Bettors watch the boards as their favorites come around the turns, and tear down to the windows to put up more money. Many enjoy watching a 40 to 1 dark horse amble around the far turn in last place, only to pass the field in a sudden spurt of speedy walking to come in the winner.

Last Thursday I decided to give a swaybacked nag called Whoopey the better part of a ten spot. Whoopey went to the post at 12 to 1. He almost broke his walk and went into a gallop in the backstretch, but his jockey held the old fellow down. By the time he passed the gate on the second time around he was a very poor last and his odds had changed to 35 to 1. Some ten minutes later on the third circuit he stopped to chew grass in the infield, but made up enough time to pass the horse ahead (Elmyra's Choice had died from overexertion) and moved into seventh place with odds of 30 to 1. On the last time around he had moved up to third (odds 12 to 5) and began a strong bid for the winner's circle. I cheered like a fiend as he waddled along behind Hairless Joe who is a gimpy old thing but certainly can travel on three legs. In the home stretch they were neck and neck, but the cheering and excitement were too much for my horse. Whoopey turned to look at the crowd just as they crossed the wire and Hairless Joe won by a nose.



## The Chain

"As you busy?" he asked from the doorway, in the confidential tone which unfailingly precedes the long, personalized discussion to follow. I brushed aside the work which he obviously hadn't seen; assumed my most sympathetic and understanding attitude; and offered him the rumpled comforts of my bachelor-made bed on which to repose and tell me his story. It seemed difficult for him to get started. "There's a girl?" I suggested. He was duly amazed at my uncanny perception.

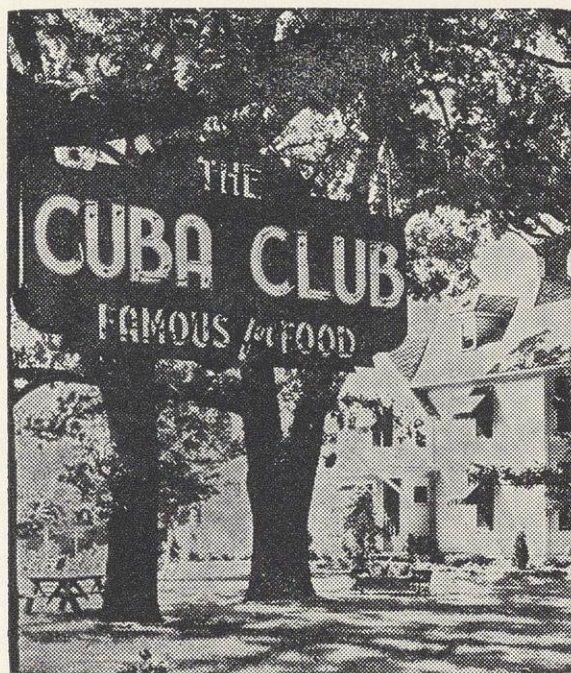
"Yes," he confessed, "but it's not the way you think—I mean, it isn't my girl." My sinister mind leapt ahead of him, but I only nodded the expected encouragement. "She's my buddy's girl. She's a swell kid, and he sure is giving her a bad time." I shook my head as if to signify that I concurred in his disappointment in his buddy. I asked him how this bad time was being given. "Well, they've been going out steadily for quite a while; and now, all of a sudden, he doesn't call her any more, doesn't take her out—the other night he even suggested that I call her." I was curious to learn how he had discovered how badly the girl was taking all this. I tried to look surprised when he said the girl, Janet, had just called him and told him all about it. She thought he might be able to tell her what to do.

"Do you think it would be all right for me to ask her to go out?" he asked in a voice which betrayed the fact that he had just done so. I reassured him that it was the least he could do. He was glad to hear me say that. (His value of my opinion was obviously increased). As a matter of fact, he had a date with her to talk things over this Saturday night. Now that he was assured that he had done just the right thing, he became more expansive. He explained how he had often thought about taking Janet out, because she really was a honey; but of course he couldn't do this as long as she was his buddy's girl. He again declared his belief in this friend's insanity in letting such a sweet, cute, loyal, just perfect girl go. And she had sounded so broken up over the phone; well, he guessed that some guys did some screwy things once in a while no matter whose friends they were. I was again compelled to concur with his sagacious sentiments, and I wished him luck on his date Saturday night. Being a great amateur psychologist, I could not resist adding a thought

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**"The Lost Week"**

by Jackie Zeldes

What happens when you mix  
flaming youth and whiskey?

(condensed in the April issue of  
*Liberty* magazine)

Introduction by Louise Troxell

(Condensed in *Coronet*)

(although not in the exact form that it came to me), the truth of which I was anxious to discover. I suggested that if Janet should decide that the best method to forget the unhappiness caused by his friend was to put up a good front and pretend that it had never happened, he should not be too surprised, but go right along with the idea. He didn't know exactly what I meant, but he thanked me anyway.

Early Sunday morning (Any hour on Sunday morning seems early) I was awakened by a thunderous rapping on my door. I swallowed my unsocial inclinations to tell whoever it was where he might go and invited him to come in instead. Surprise! It was Jack. I assured him that he hadn't awakened me; he was much easier to convince than I was. He was clever enough to launch the conversation with flattery. "You know," he said, "you were right about the way Janet was going to act. She pretended she had never heard about a guy named Ben. As a matter of fact," he continued, "I don't think that she had to pretend too hard." Taking my cue from his pause, I inquired as to the basis for this astounding conclusion. "As a matter of fact, I don't think that she liked Ben as much as I thought she did. Do you know what she told me?" I swore that I didn't. "Well, she just as much as said that she wished she had met me before she had met him. It seems that all the while they were going together she was thinking how nice it would be to go out with me. What do you think of that?" Valuing his friendship too much to tell him what I did think of that, I explained that the groans I had just been unable to successfully suppress were due to the riotous evening I had had. He thought maybe I would like to sleep a little more. In any case, he had to dash off because he and Janet were going to a movie that afternoon.

About a week later, during which period I had seen nothing of my friend, I again noticed a shadow in my doorway. It was Jack of course, and he was looking radiant enough to give any beauty endorser a run for her money. "Know what?" he asked. I shook my head which convinced him that I didn't. "I think I'm in love. What is it like to be in love?" he wondered. He appeared to me to have all the common symptoms, but I told him I didn't know, since my experience in that field was limited to a one-sided affair with a red-headed teacher in fifth grade and my

## WHY GOLF?

If, on leaving Wisconsin, you take the kind of a job that affords leisure or requires making contacts or making many friends, you will find the game of golf provides the most pleasant means of helping you.

If the work you take up gets to be too confining or high-pressured, you may have to take up some diversion like golf later on when it is harder to learn. So why not develop a passable game of golf while you are at Wisconsin — it isn't likely that you will have a better chance with a course as near as —

## Burr Oaks Golf Course

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## Bang!



"It starts with a bang. A jolly mixture of sex, mystery, sex, drama, sex, et sex-era . . ." — J. Snellman, *Dear-field Herald*.

## Sleep, You Goon by Max Snellman

At your booksellers, Sex dollars.

dream life with Lana Turner. He increased my knowledge.

"She's wonderful. What a personality. And to think that I always thought that she and Ben would end up getting married. You know, I've never met any girl like her. She's so—" This summary of the charms of the lady named Janet and their devastating effect promised to go on eternally. I interrupted by suggesting that I would consider myself very much privileged to meet someone possessing all these qualities. Jack thought it was a great idea.

That Saturday night I met Janet. I was interested in discovering that the ravings of my friend hadn't been as prejudiced as I had expected. In short, she *was* a honey. Later I had no difficulty in delivering the stock phrases of praise that I reserve for commenting man-to-man on the girls of my friends. "What I really thought" was for once what I really thought. She seemed to be completely gone about Jack, too. The decree of fate was apparent.

The little bud of love ripened into quite a flower. Jack grew thinner and more tired looking for lack of nourishment and rest; people possessed by such an emotion never having sufficient time to eat or sleep. In fact, I have noticed that they usually feel that indulging these normal needs is some sort of sacrilege against the above mentioned love. Jack was much absent from the house. The time he was there being devoted to calling and being called on the telephone, that mighty consolation to those in his condition who were forced to be separated for an hour or two from their new-found soul-mates. It was as if Cupid's latest prey were trying to make up for all the time that they hadn't been together; as if they just couldn't see enough of each other.

My stretch as a rooming house version of Dorothy Dix being completed, I had returned to my normal mode of living. One evening I noticed the old shadow in the doorway. I prepared myself for an evening of the glories of Janet. With typical originality I said, "What's new, lover boy?"—and he told me. All of a sudden he didn't feel like going out every night; he hadn't been seeing enough of the old gang lately; he wanted to start picking out his own ties again; he was starting to be annoyed by being called to the phone at intervals no greater than a half an hour. To sum it up, Janet was a great girl, a real pal, a loyal friend, but he was no longer interested. This turn of events came as somewhat of a blow even to a calloused mind like my own. My doubts as to my friend's sanity were instantly alerted. I continued my attempt to digest the news while Jack went on to explain that he knew that Jane was taking the whole thing very badly. He felt like an absolute heel. It would help a lot if he knew that Janet had someone to turn to; someone to take her mind off of him for a while.

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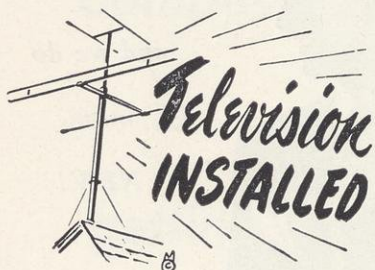
Single or double breasted models with felled edges and pockets and all those trim tailoring touches of which this maker is past master.

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It was amazing how well Janet and I got along that first Saturday night. Funny too how I had always been certain that she was mad about Jack. Even my more-adjustable-than-normal conscience had been needling me about the flickerings that she had caused from time to time in my hardened heart. Quite a discovery to learn that she had been interested in me all along. I shared her opinion that it was a pity we hadn't met before she knew Jack. All my friends congratulated me. George especially called me a lucky son of a gun and outlined his plans for getting gloriously drunk at my wedding. Time passed too rapidly for me to take notice of the fact that my belt was adjusting itself to buckling at a notch several removed from the one formerly used, or that the delicate purple rings under my eyes were threatening to take possession of my entire visage. I didn't even notice that I was getting a callous on my ear from constant rubbing against the receiver of the telephone.

A fellow can appreciate a friend like George. He had sounded as if he thought I were crazy when I hinted that a guy could have too much of a sweet, pretty, understanding girl like Janet. He obviously didn't think it was possible; but in spite of it all he was willing to help me out by taking her out soon—say Saturday, or so. I wondered who George's best friend was as I bounced along the street on my way to meet the gang. A feeling of great freedom swept over me. I decided to go down town first and pick out some horribly gaudy ties.

—ROBERT M. FREEMAN

Those who believe we have reached the limit of business progress or employment opportunity in this country are like the farmer who had two windmills and pulled down one because he was afraid there was not enough wind for both.

\* \* \*

"Did you get home from the party all right last night?"

"Yes, except that just as I was turning into my street some idiot stepped on my fingers."

\* \* \*

A bachelor is a man with no children to speak of.

\* \* \*

Jewelry Salesman: "You get the girl; we'll do the rest."

Young Groom: "That hardly seems fair."

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- "Other books cannot touch it for pure humor."—Winchell.
- "Tremendous work."—Earl Wilson.
- "This man should be watched."—McCarthy.
- "I love it."—Kiekhoffer.

## Barefoot Boy With Foot in Mouth

There was an old salt of Bermuda  
Got bit by a fierce Baracuda.

When asked to explain  
If the bite gave him pain,  
He'd savagely roar, "I'm no Buddha."  
\* \* \*

A Phi Bete from Princeton named  
Rex

Majors in studies of sex.  
But he studies so late,  
He has no time to date,  
So I ex you what difference it mex.  
\* \* \*

A fly-brained thing in her teenies  
Once poisoned six guests with mar-  
tinis.

When told their demise  
Made the group the wrong size  
She shrilly complained, "Why, the  
meanies."

## OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

Let  $x$  be any real number . . . —p. 3

But  $x=y-7$  . . . —p. 9

If  $x=n$  . . . —p. 17

We saw in Art. (23) that  $x=A\frac{1}{2}$  . . . —p. 42

If  $x=\cos w$ , then  $x=r \cos w$  . . .  
 $\frac{r}{r}$  —p. 66

Let  $x=f(z)$ , such that  $x=\phi(k)$  . . . —p. 48

T. S. Pkivonk, "Elementary introduction to  
simplified mathematics".

## Dining . . . Dancing . . . Refreshments



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## The Third Man

- "It's good to the last drop."—*Elsa Maxwell.*
- "He's a crowd."—*Winchell.*
- "One more for bridge."—*Parsons.*

The suspenseful story of a man who plans to overthrow a government by declaring the elections invalid. Thrilling chase by Hammersley.

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Continuous Show

## Barefoot Boy With Tongue in Cheek

There was a young lady named Reba  
Who was wooed by an amorous  
amoeba.

This wee bit of jelly  
Would crawl on her belly  
And tenderly murmur, "Ich liebe."  
\* \* \*

There was a young girl from St.  
Bride's

Who ate green apples and died.  
Within the lamented  
The apples fermented,  
Making cider insider insides.

### DEMOCRACY IN ACTION or SHOW MUST GO ON DEPT.

It was no holiday for Cardinal Associate Editor Jack Zeldes when he celebrated his 20th birthday today. He reported to work as usual in the early morning hours to supervise publication of the Cardinal Magazine section.

Jack shared a cake with staff members and back-shop personnel.

—Daily Cardinal, Dec. 10, 1949

### UNION TO HOLD USHERING TRYOUTS

Do you want to be an usher for the Wisconsin Players? You may wonder why we ask. No production is complete without an inquiry," he said. "More goes on behind the scenes So you are no Tyrone Power. A play is more than just actors; than is ever made public." The audience, largely women, nodded when we ask: do you want to usher?

—Daily Redbird

OK for them; we want to go back stage.

### 1ST LOSS FOR ARMY

WEST POINT, N.Y., Jan. 18—(AP)—Pennsylvania handed Army's basketball team its first defeat of the season Wednesday, winning 66-45, with a zone defense that completely baffled the Cadets.

—Milwaukee Sentinel

And bewildered the sportswriters.



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## Just One of Those Things

ONE of the surest ways to produce a flop, I have been told, is to revise a play by Henrik Ibsen, a Norwegian hack writer, whose work I have never read, nor do I intend to. Last week the expected happened at the Morosco when the University of Wisconsin Players produced an amazingly muddled play called "Peer Gynt." Frankly, I didn't get to the theatre until the third act, but from what a friend told me as I left, the first two acts were equally confusing.

To recapitulate the gory details as I jotted them down, the play concerns a Norwegian (or it may be Swedish) yodeler, who seduces his friend's bride, abandons his girl friend, lets his poor old mother die and runs off to America, or it may be Africa. Later he comes back a richer and wiser man. Just to make matters complete, there is a wierd bit of quaint fantasy about trolls and Boygs, who are the equivalent of our Mickey Mouses and Donald Ducks.

Now this is pretty thin material for a play, and it would have taken at least a William Saroyan to give it the punch it needed.

There was also some music, and I can tell you that Rogers and Hammerstein have nothing to be afraid of. There wasn't a single singable tune. I don't ask a lot, but if the music hasn't got just a little schmaltz, well, I just don't give a damn.

It is now my sad duty to speak of the preformances. I understand that the play was a big hit at the University of Wisconsin theatre, and that the University newspaper, the Daily Redbird, went into ecstasies over the performance. Maybe the Daily Redbird goes into ecstasies easily. I don't know. But I can tell these kids one thing. There's a big difference between Langdon Street and Broadway. And the sooner they take the first train back to the chickens, cows, and pigs, the better off they will be.

AT long last a tragedy of truly magnificent dimensions has come to this town. Arthur Baker can take deep bows for his compelling drama, "Death of a Fraternity Man," which in simple terms relates the story of the life and death of a simple minded guy named Billy Noman.

Billy Noman had all the good things in life, a car, a wife, a swimming pool and a yo yo. But Billy wanted one more thing. He wanted to be well-liked. And to Billy, being well-liked meant being a fraternity man. But it was no use. Billy just didn't have that indefinable something that makes a fraternity man somehow different from every one else.

In desperation Billy tried to bribe his way into the fraternity; first it was his car, then his wife, then his swimming pool and finally, the bitter last straw, his yo yo. It was too much. Billy had no choice other than to commit suicide.

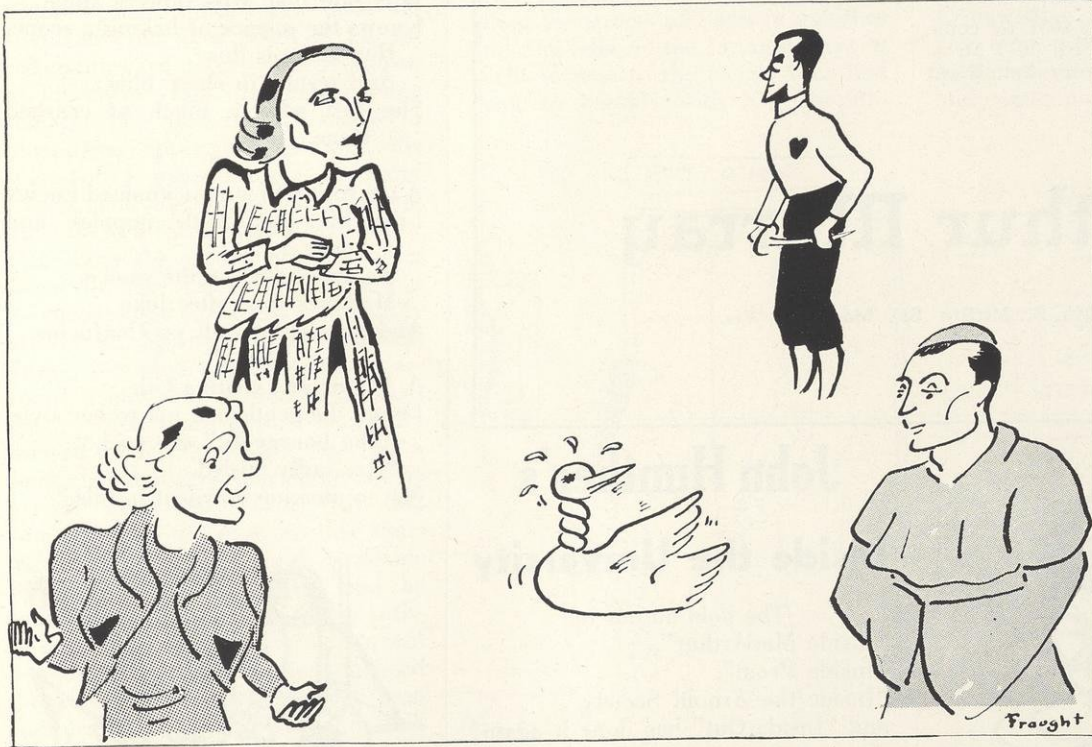
The theme of this magnificent play is evident and powerful: Billy shouldn't have tried to get into the fraternity.

As the pathetic Billy Noman, Lee J. Blob gives the performance of his life. As a matter of fact, Blob accidentally killed himself in the final scene of the play, and will be replaced by Gene Breakhart, who

should prove adequate.

Additional praise must also go to Anna Smog, who plays Billy's wife. Miss Smog's role was exceedingly difficult to project since she doesn't say a word until the last moment of the play when Billy is about to be buried. Then, with tragic force, she says, "Ugh, he stinks."

Thus the curtain fell on this season's greatest play. It may be a long time before we see the likes of it again. In order to avoid paying, I urge you to beg, borrow or steal a ticket.

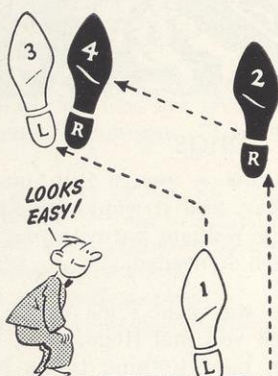


"The Swan"

*The story of a swan, and his song, which should have been sung at the beginning.*

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Westpeg Brookler.

## John Hunter's

### Inside the University

The bold author of  
"Inside MacArthur",  
"Inside Prom",  
"Inside the Arnold Society",  
and "Inside Out" has done it again!

This book names names!

It's full of facts!

(Formerly printed under the title, "Student-Faculty Directory")



"I like Flair—it's fun ta play wid!"

## April Showers May

### Bring Flowers

There once was a man from the south  
Whose teeth were afflicted with gout.  
They tinkled together  
And played "Stormy Weather,"  
And lightning shot out his mouth.

A choleric old army Col.  
Had many disorders intol.  
He ignored them at first,  
But one day he burst  
And descended to regions infol.

—YALE RECORD

A cousin of Siegfried Sasson  
Once wiped out half a platoon  
By making them choke  
On a horrible joke  
Which he clipped from the *Harvard Lampoon*.

A muffled up spinster in mink  
Sat draining a bottle of ink  
When asked, "Does it blue ya?"  
She cried, "Hallelujah.  
By gum, it ain't making me pink."

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  
necks."

It is said that Miss Bowers alone  
Knows the science of baking a scone.  
Her secret is this  
And results in sheer bliss:  
She just adds a pinch of crushed  
stone.

A neurotic Chinese nicknamed Lucius  
Fills his pipe with poppies and  
fuchias.

He gets coked on the smoke,  
Mumbles joke after joke  
And passes them off on Confucius.

A Vassar girl visiting Gile  
Found the gentleman not to her style.  
"The bourgeois," she said,  
"Are sadly misled,  
Not to mention deficient in bile."

# Books

## *A Ronald Cruickshank Anthology*

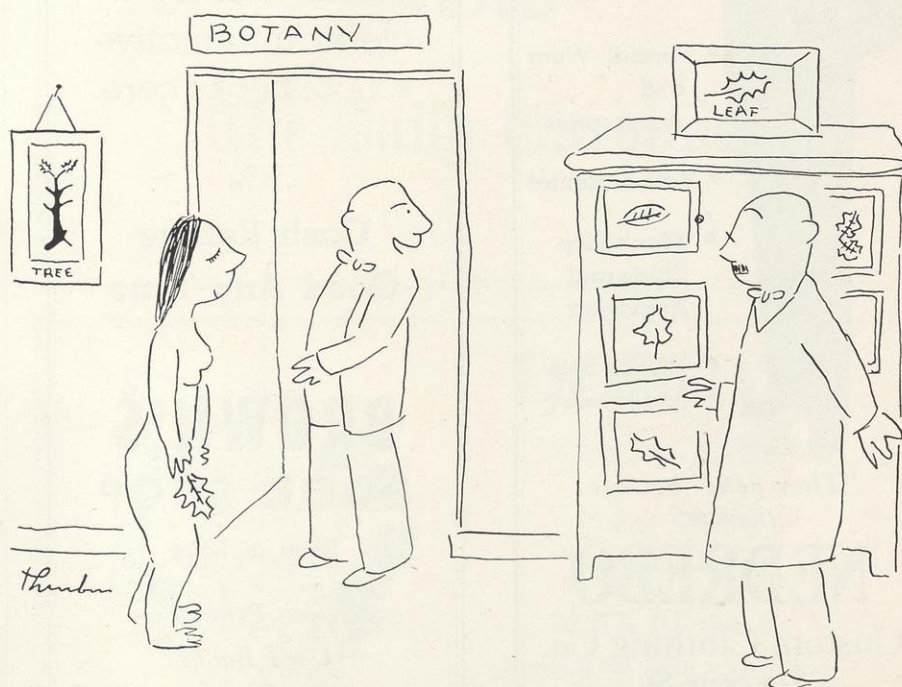
**W**HENEVER one is reminded of Ronald Cruickshank one instinctively allows the mind to wander back to the golden days in Paris immediately after the first World War; and one dwells there again for a time and recaptures the many excitements and pleasures so well known to any who were fortunate enough to experience them. The recently-published "Five Novels of Ronald Cruickshank" brought out by the firm of Noel, Drone and Fierce evoked just such a flood of nostalgia in me. In that reincarnated world one can see through the mist of recollection the 'old crowd', each in his usual place, arguing, chatting, laughing or drinking; though many are now gone they are all conjured back to existence. And through the scene moves Cruickshank, dominating it completely, usually ignoring or despising the others, but always—Cruickshank. He never confided in anyone, save on those rare occasions when he was sober and at such times unkind people had been heard to classify him as a bore; fortunately such times were most infrequent. And as a result of his incommunicative nature little is known of his early years; fragments alone remain. His background seems to have been upper middle class, the scion of a manufacturer of water closets, and the young Cruickshank grew up in a dank, sprawling country place near the moors. His schooling seems to have been of the best but he encountered some sort of difficulty at Oxford. At any rate he was 'sent down'. An obviously apocryphal account relates that he had to be 'sent down' three times before he finally arrived home; and then only in a somewhat damaged condition did he arrive. The first World War had rumbled into the past by this time, leaving a waiting world available for Cruickshank's scrutiny, and he soon left on the Grand Tour to satisfy his limitless thirst. His subsequent peregrinations virtually encompassed the globe and when they had been completed he settled where he felt the most at home, in Paris. Upon one's arrival within the Parisian coterie Cruickshank was immediately pointed out as one of the 'sights'; even his detractors and defamers

(there were many of each) were somewhat over-awed by him and perhaps secretly a little proud of him. He delighted in striding about the cafes attired carefully in starched collar, ribbon tie, tattersal vest and yachting shorts. He emerges along in Montmartre, a Blackwood stick serving as out-rigger. Seldom was he known to depart from this ensemble; but on rare occasions he did. It seems that in his youth Cruickshank had been deeply influenced by tales of the American Wild West and in the strange labyrinths of his mind he associated "The Washington Post March" with the cowboys and Indians of his imagination. Whenever he heard it played he immediately put on his Indian suit and would sit entranced until the music was finished and, unless some one intervened, he would play it over and over on the gramophone. In later life he was unable to put away this vestige of his youth; he had a special Indian suit made and continued to use it whenever the occasion arose. Happily "The Washington Post March" is not often heard in Paris.

One easily recalls, too, the image of an indignant Cruickshank stalking about the streets of Paris in galoshes and umbrella on the sunniest days in silent protest to the critics who had dealt so harshly with his just-pub-

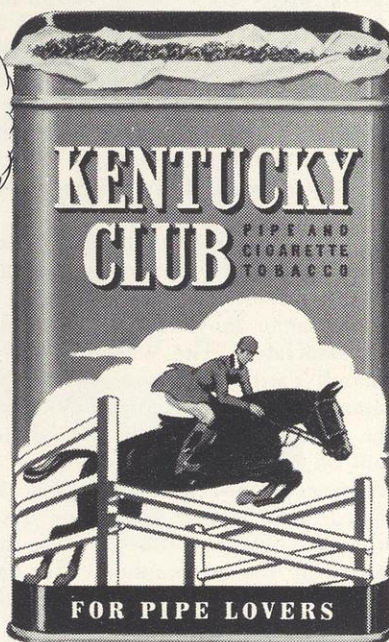
lished first novel, "Anything." One had even been disrespectful enough to paraphrase a whole section of the book in his review, perverting the meaning to impale Cruickshank. Thereafter he worked diligently in private, without permitting another eye save his own to fall on his manuscripts. In this manner he worked on for a dozen more years, continuing his disdainful walks, but appearing more remote than ever. His end in 1934 is remembered by all; he fell victim to rinderpest and slipped off after a short illness. The five novels that remain are a small but significant body of work and it is fortunate indeed that the twentieth century, with its seraphic utopianisms, its attitudinizing antisocial romanticisms, and its cannibalistic materialisms, had one man who had the intelligence to comprehend the new movements and new techniques and was able to supply a certain timeless perception to the fictional observation of them. A close study of the five books (the aforementioned "Something" and the later "Of", "Masses," "Five," and the concluding work "Rubbish") reveals their true stature.

The pentology together forms a study of an English family during the Cromwellian period, recording its rise and subsequent disintegration in the minutest detail; but the style and contemporary allusions sprinkled



"Can you identify this leaf, doctor?"

## Makes a Man Love a Pipe and a Woman Love a Man



The Thoroughbred of Pipe Tobaccos  
Choice white Burley • Smooth and mild

throughout the series are the memorable and lasting qualities to take away from it. Mr. Grant Mason writing recently of Cruickshank in the pages of *Horizon*, the English review, pointed to the author's uncanny faculty for hitting just beside the mark, an ability not entrusted to just 'anyone' and a point to be remembered by anyone who would pick up his handsome new edition of the Briton's work.

A small but vocal group of dissenters remains to challenge Ronald Cruickshank to this day and they dismiss him as cavalierly as he was wont to do to others in his Parisian days. They claim a hidden meaning in the arrangement of the four cryptic titles of the last volumes. Had he lived, they explain, Cruickshank would not have published them in the order employed by his literary executor; instead they would have appeared as "Five," "Masses," "Of," "Rubbish."

—EDMUND BURKE WILSON

### Briefly Noted

#### Fiction

**SEXUAL BEHAVIOR OF THE HUMAN FEMALE**, by Dr. Kinsey (Saunders). A rather dull and, at times, excessively involved character study of several American women. Doctor Kinsey seems incapable of keeping his characters in place, spending most of his time jumping from one to the other and supplying a myriad of intimate and unnecessary details about each. The writing is painfully studied and even windy, which is a pity, but not unexpected when a professional man takes it upon himself to write a novel.

#### General

**THE NAKED AND THE DEAD**, by Norman Mailer (Rinehart). A completely objective history of the recent war in the South Pacific written by a man who had the opportunity to observe it at first hand and to examine the pertinent documents necessary to write such a work. Mr. Mailer is coolly detached at all times and presents his evidence dispassionately, thereby providing the first scholarly treatment of the war in that theatre.

**CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN**, by Frank and Ernestine Gilbreth (Crowell). The Gilbreths present herewith a careful study of the retailing practices carried on by the large grocery chains of America. The pic-



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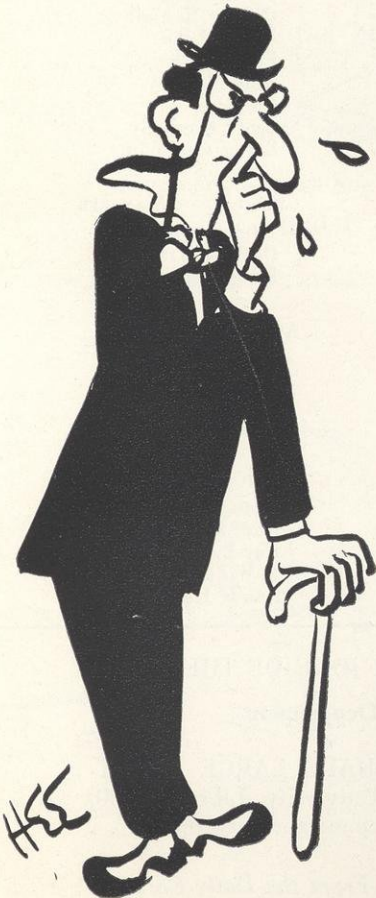
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ture they sketch is a far from happy one and the entire book adds up to a strong indictment of these monopolistic enterprises. The authors should be commended for performing such a worthwhile task. Illustrated.

#### Mystery and Crime

**THE ROOSEVELT MYTH**, by John T. Flynn (Devin-Adair). All the familiar types for a British drawing room drama are present in this one but the scene is laid in America. There is a tremendous amount of talk about this and that but finally Mr. Flynn is able to fit it all together for a slam-bang finish. In case you're wondering, the villain doesn't turn out to be the butler.

**THE JIM FARLEY STORY**, by James A. Farley (Doubleday). Fiction's famed private eye Jim Farley is at it again in this one, moving about like a combination Lanny Budd and Sam Spade. In the course of his travels he talks and has drinks with most of the important people of the day, but he's really out for vengeance we learn, about half-way through. How he goes about gaining his revenge we'll let you find out for yourself. Incidentally, the butler doesn't turn out to be the villain here, either.



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The Daily Cardinal**



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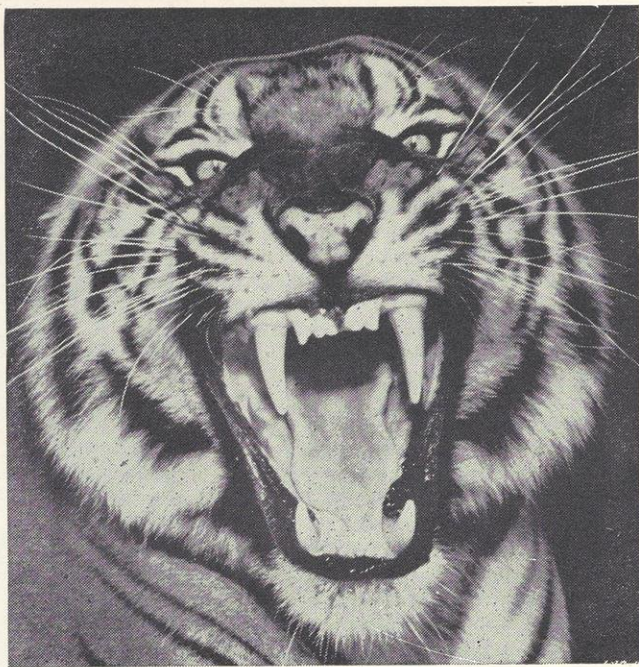


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Henry Wiggins, ME 4, has just been informed that his picture will not appear in the Co-op window with the other prom chairmen.

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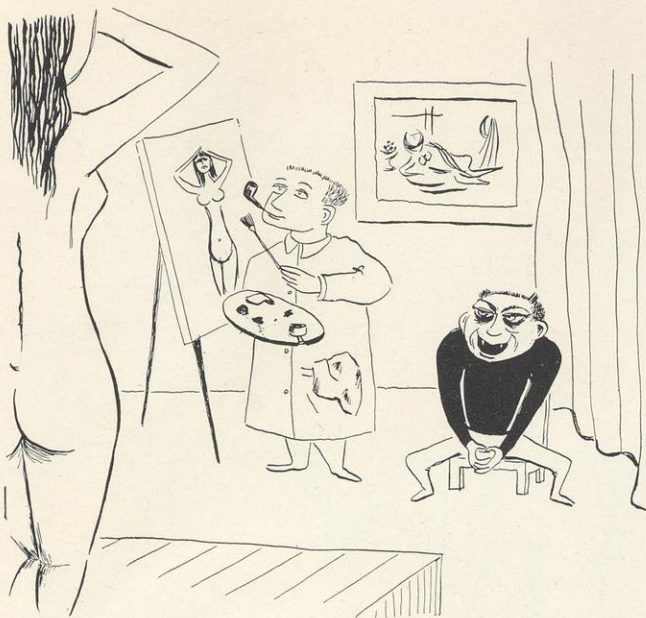
## LIFE SAVER JOKE OF THE MONTH

### How's That Again? Department

#### FOR RENT

GIRL TO SHARE LARGE APART-  
 ment near University Library. \$30.  
 Call after 8 p.m. and weekends . . .

—From the Daily Cardinal



"I love to watch you work, Mitchel."

Next month . . .



Summer . . . vacation . . . summer  
ISSUE

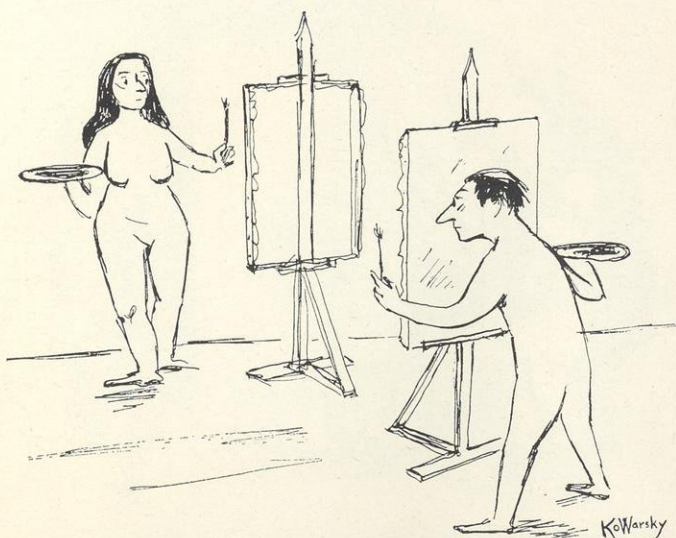


Photo by DeLonge's

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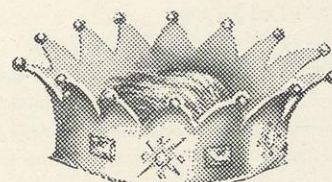
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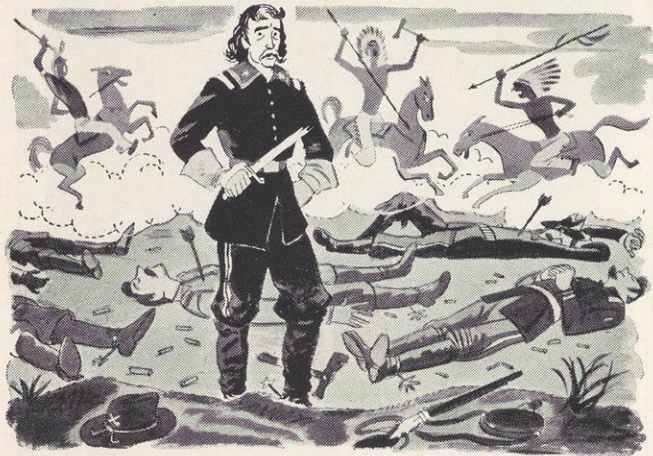
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# HISTORY REWRITTEN

## CUSTER'S LAST STAND



Gosh, there's only me left! Gimme a Life Saver!



...Only 5¢

## QUESTIONS

- A** You'll see DD in ABC  
If you look intently at the magic B.
- B** A prefix for three, and like two in a pod,  
Will give you my name, and the letters are odd.
- C** Take homo sapiens: one who's youthful,  
With Good Hope's rival: we're being truthful.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



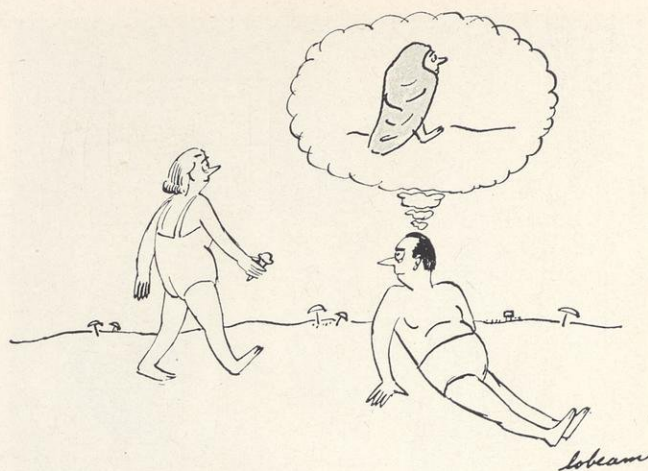
### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** 20th CENTURY-FOX. This modern age is the 20th Century; a furry friend is a fox.
- B** BLANCH, N. C. The Dogwood State is North Carolina. Blanch means to pale, or grow white.
- C** CHESTERFIELD-ABC. The smoke that satisfies is Chesterfield. In the frame the initial letters of lines 1, 8 & 3, spell A B C.

WINNERS FOR APRIL: Art Anderson, Keith Carlson, T. D. Wangemann, Bill Smithana, Bob Tessmer, Nelson Fischer, Carlton Miller, Francis Kehl, M. J. Kurland. Congratulations! The carton of Chesterfields you have won can be picked up at the Union Desk any day before 5 P.M. by presenting your fee card.



"Can't you ever forget you served in Germany?"

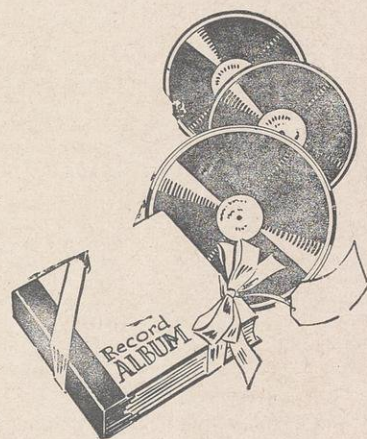
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A large color photograph of Kirk Douglas, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He is wearing a white collared shirt and a red V-neck sweater. He is holding a lit Chesterfield cigarette in his mouth and a lighter in his right hand. In the background, there is a large, white, two-story house with a red-tiled roof, surrounded by green lawns and trees. A golf bag is visible in the lower left foreground.

...and Jesse L. Tripp  
**PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMER**  
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buys the ripest and best to-  
bacco I sell. They have what I  
like in a cigarette.  
They taste better and smoke  
cooler."  
*Jesse L. Tripp*  
AYDEN, N. C.

A small, stylized portrait of Jesse L. Tripp, a man with dark hair, wearing a suit and tie, holding a cigarette.

**A** *Always* **B** *Buy* **C** **CHESTERFIELD**

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