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Jeff - Nov 1950 1:29

1950

PRICE 25 CENTS

# WISCONSIN Daily Cardinal

Campus Coverage

Vol. univ University of Wisconsin 5 sins per copy

## 'Dump Education'-UW Athletic Dept.

### Student Board Ousts Regents

By PAVE LIVERPUFF

Student board last night voted 16-3 to outlaw the board of regents and put itself in complete control of the university.

This action was taken in an amendment to a motion appointing the chairman for Junior Prom as a gesture of conciliation to the regents. Pres. F. J. Sensenbrenner was given the job as chairman of Prom.

"People are always thinking we have no power around here," complained Board Pres. Karl Staid-horse, "but we'll show 'em with this move."

Another board member, William Bungstock, explained the action this way: "Actually, old F. J. will be happier running Prom than the regents. It's a thankless job and he can bug the Badger Beauties, if he'd like."

Sensenbrenner had no comment on board's actions.

In its first move, the regents board:

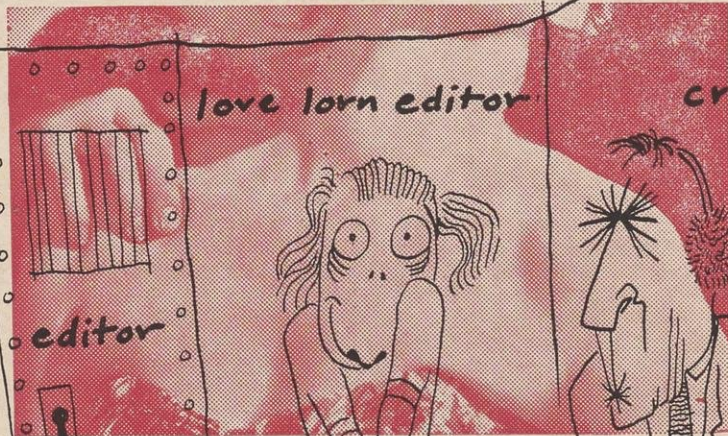
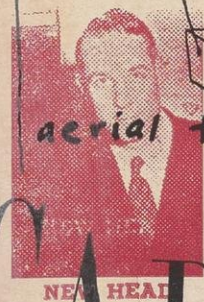
- Legalized the compulsory WSA fee.
- Voted to place pictures of members in the Co-op window for a 10-year period to help public relations.
- Passed 14 motions about something or other.
- Outlawed the Daily Cardinal.
- Board member Cherry Church-bell also dropped dead.

### UW Has Shrunk Head

The university has a shrunken head, Prof. Snarker Lightfoot told the Cardinal yesterday.

It will be on display in the historical library between two dead Indian chiefs, Lightfoot complained.

"Our university now has the finest shrunken head to be found anywhere in the world. It is thought to be the head of a South American shepherd named Jose," he said.



BANAL BUT NICE! An exclusive excerpt from a dream sequence reviewed by Martial Litney.

### Dream Stinks--Litney

By MARTIAL LITNEY

Lotsa Lemons, soprano, sang a few numbers on the Union last night (yawn) and I guess most of the paying customers liked her stuff plenty.

But I fell asleep in the third row somewhere during a concert lieder and I had to take my wife's word for it: Lotsa was OK.

However, I want to review my dream, just to prove that my name is still Litney, it stinks.

It opened with an off-key throbbing of the bass drums, and a slither-hipped blonde with rather knobby knees danced on the stage. I didn't mention this part to my wife.

Suddenly, there was a long duet between a zither and a recorder.

It was superficial, pianissimo and banal and revealed a complete lack of artistry in conception or performance.

I was completely disappointed in the dreams which the Union music committee provide for concert-goers.

### CARDINAL CANDIDATES MEETING TODAY

Will all three Cardinal candidates report for their final exam today. Dick Renner is overseeing as usual.

It is merely another indication of the aesthetic apathy on the campus. If this happens again, I will do my sleeping at home.

Incidentally, there was some kind of ceremony after the concert. In the confusion I gathered that Lotsa Lemons was retiring for something. Just a publicity stunt, probably.

### Weather...

LOOKS BLACK

### It's Not Amateur, Charges Stump

By MERRY SPECTRE

The athletic department, in a surprise statement, today lined out at the University of Wisconsin for "overemphasizing intercollegiate education."

"How are we going to fill those additional seats in Camp Randall with all those tests, homework and book-reading going on around here?" the report asked pointedly.

Pres. E. B. Fried said in a telephone interview that he was "going to study the situation thoroughly" before he said anything.

Athletic Director Gay Stump said it was "only after deep and searching thought" that the department thought it would have to do away with education.

"It just got overcommercialized," he explained. "Why, WHA was broadcasting professors' lectures, teachers were writing profit-making text books and — worst of all — we understand they give scholarships for increasing the student body."

"After all, what's a university for?" demanded Stump.

The athletic department's statement added that it was "horrified" at the "juicy pay increases doled out to so-called scholars."

"One Pulitzer prize-winning historian is making more than our end coach on the football team. What kind of value system is this? Why, we MAKE history with our Fighting Badgers," the report stated.

This action was backed up by another statement issued by the Madison Sportswriters Association, which added: "We're fed up with all this stuff about learning, huh? Did Pat O'Dea get a Ph.D., huh?"

Strong student support came for the statement. One group of dorm students raised a banner in their Freshman English class reading "Goodbye, Education."

One student was tossed in the lake for arguing that even if education was over-commercialized it

(Continued on Page 8)

# CARDINAL Parody





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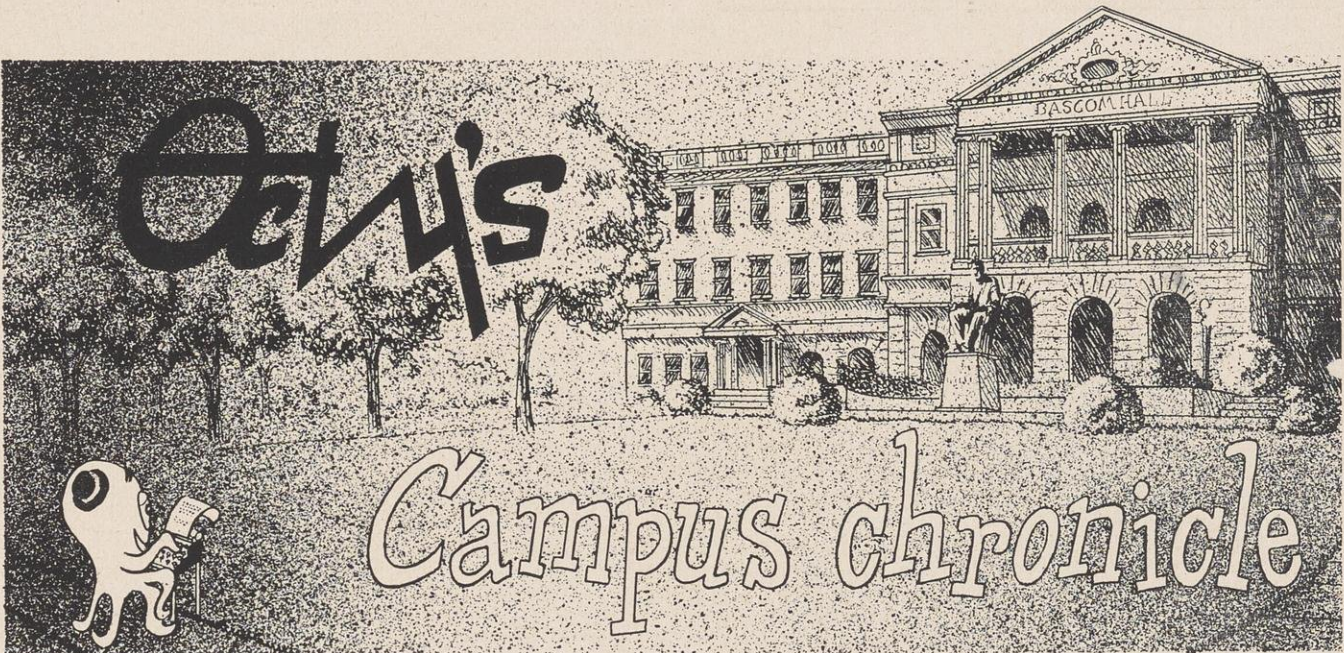
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### THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE WORLD

We were astonished to see the masses of sidewalk superintendents gathering in the streets near the new library — astonished because when the structure is finished it will never attract that much attention.

So we sauntered up to a rather seedy gawker and asked him why he cut four classes to stare at the intricate web of steel girders.

"Better show than the Rockettes," he said, munching peanuts and adjusting his crash helmet at a rakish angle.

As we left, we noted that a nimble workman did a handstand while catching a girder with his feet. Grandstanding, that.

### NOISES UNDER THE CAPITOL

Every now and then we wander from our bailiwick just to see what is happening in the outside world of downtown Madison. Each time, we emerge from our den with fervent hopes that things have changed, but — well, that's the story.

We trotted down to the state capitol, like dutiful citizens, to see what our leathery-lunged legislators were doing for us. And we found:

That one assemblyman said in a speech that majority rule was undemocratic. He was against redistricting the state. Too democratic.

That another assemblyman said, in reference to hiring a co-ed as a page, that "we have never discriminated against women or members of the female sex." (What, never?)

That our student solon, Byron Ostby, introduced a bill to admit foreign and out-of-state students to the dormitories, but to get it passed, he had

to tell his fellow lawmakers that it was all to help athletes.

That the biggest controversy which seemed to rage in the legislature was whether or not we should have license plates with numbers or letters or both.

So we crawled back to our den, satisfied that all was well with the world, and we soon nodded to sleep, counting yawning legislators hopping over a marble fence.

### THE SIDEWALKS OF OLD U.W.

The only thing crazier than the draft regulations is the weather. We have slipped, swam and skidded on every possible combination of weather on the place where it takes its worst effect: the sidewalk.

One day, it started with sunlight, went into second with rain, and shifted into high with a combination of sleet and hail. Smoggish weather, all around.

Fraternities are trading their buckskins en masse for the latest semi-spring rage, hip boots. Fording teams are working up and down Langdon. One eager freshman reported 8 successful puddle fordings with amiable co-eds, two splashes, two black eyes, and three blind dates.



"I wonder when the next 'Octy' will be out?"

### HONESTY IS THE WORST POLICY

Along with other police-fearing Americans, we were properly shocked by the bribery revelations in basketball. Then, with a dark look on his face, one junior editor asked why Wisconsin had lost — this season.

We sent Ace Sleuth Avery Revels to find out. After a two weeks absence, he wrote this report:

"I checked with key informants close to the gambling scene in the Paul Bunyan Room, and in hoarse voices they told me to see Fred the Fix, a notorious gambler who poses as a college president.

"So I went to visit Fred the Fix, carefully noting the skillful camouflage in his office. Even all his assistants live up to the act, calling all his subordinate bookies such things as 'deans', 'professors' and 'vice-presidents'. I was not fooled.

"But after careful checking, I was horrified to learn that through a clever maneuver, Fred the Fix had perpetrated the greatest deal of all:

"Wisconsin lost every game honestly.

"This fact should immediately be exposed. The senate crime committee must come to Madison swiftly. If this honesty stuff sweeps the country, gamblers won't need to fix games. They can count on one team losing every game.

"Incidentally, everyone kept talking about a 'square garden' in Madison. I never heard of it. Maybe it's got something to do with this gambling business."

When last seen, Revels was still tracking down that square garden. The odds are 7 to 2 that he never finds it.



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"Now," she asked, "is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him. "Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothin'?" she cried.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I thought you said slaughtered."

## Old Chortles

Stopping at the first house on his famous ride, Paul Revere cried, "Is your husband home?"

"Yes," came back the reply.

"Then, tell him to dress and fight the British."

At the second, third, fourth and fifth house he repeated the cry. At the sixth house, he cried, "Is your husband home?"

"No," came back the answer.

"Whoa!"

\* \* \*

Sleep is when you don't get enough the night before, you wake up half a.

\* \* \*

The father of a pretty co-ed asked her boy friend to see the football games over the family television set. When the boy arrived, he brought a jug that obviously contained a mixture involving alcohol, and during the game he took a nip now and then. At last the father could stand it no longer.

"Young man," he said, "I'm forty-seven years old, and never in my life have I touched liquor."

"Well, don't get no ideas, pop," the student snarled. "You ain't gettin' any of this."

—Ranger



"... There goes another good clarinetist."



## JUST PLAIN JOKES

I'm a model and the artist that I pose in the nude for does painting, etching, and sculpturing."

"But doesn't he do one thing better than anything else?"

"Yes . . . but he's pretty good at painting, etching, and sculpturing."

\* \* \*

"George, dear, I've been chosen to play the part in that next theatrical production next month. What do you suppose people will say when I wear tights?"

"They'll say that I married you for your money."

\* \* \*

Freshman: "Why do the janitors in Stevens wear dungarees?"

Senior: "So you can tell them from the professors."



It was high noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning. "There is no God but God, and Mohamet is his prophet."

A voice broke in, "He is not!"

The congregation turned, and among the sea of brown faces was a small yellow face.

The priest straightened up and said, "There seems to be a little Confucian here."

\* \* \*

Judge—On what grounds are you applying for a divorce?

Mr. Brown—Extravagance, your honor.

Judge—Extravagance? How's that?

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

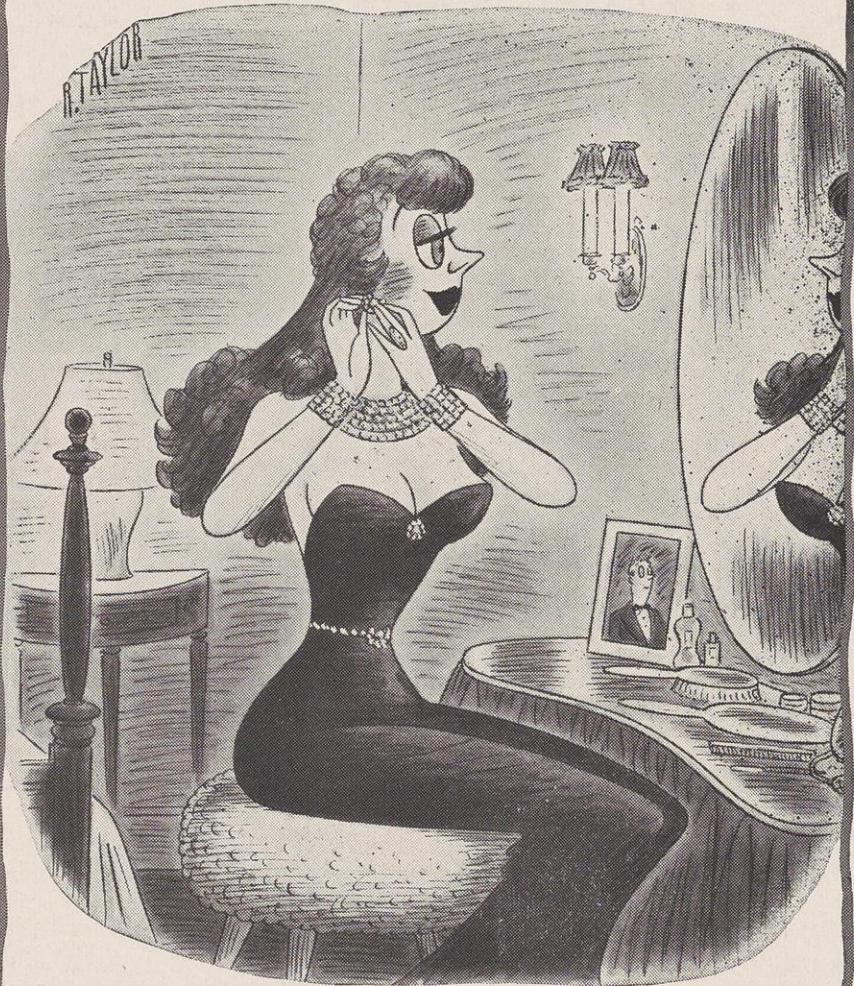
\* \* \*

"How do you get rid of these awful cooties?"

"That's easy. Take a bath in sand and rub down in alcohol. The cooties get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks."

—Record

# "Diamonds are a girl's best friend"—



## —but Cigars are a Man's Smoke!



**You need not inhale  
to enjoy a cigar!**

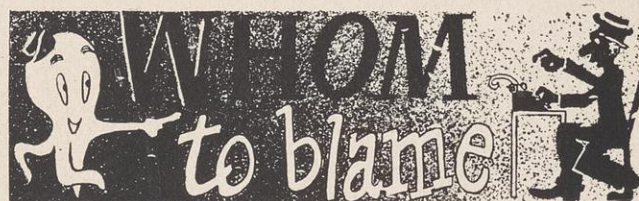
CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.

"Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"





Anyway  
you look at it,  
a dress from  
Manchester's  
is pretty!



#### PAULA LOHMANN

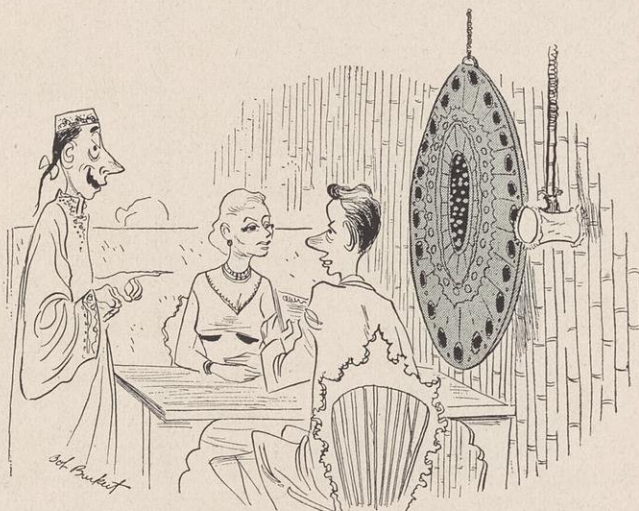
Paula Lohmann is our scintillatingly scintillating brunette staff member from Pekin, Illinois. Paula is a Speech major and a soph, affiliated with Kappa Delta sorority, and now residing in Langdon Hall. She frankly admits that one of her interests in life is men, but she joined the "Octy" staff to get away from it all. Paula was sadly bored by life, or was, until she came to the Hut, and we put her to work, creating for the campus humor mag. But now, she is clinging to the "Octy" as her one vestige of salvation in this trialsome world. Her activities on the staff are multiple, and rather than recite them all, let's just say she's a hard worker.

#### JACK STEINHILBER

Jack's from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and a second semester soph, hoping for pre-law. He is a member of Kappa Sig fraternity, and now living out in Boys' Town, the men's dorms. He is of mixed parentage, one male, and one female . . . and at an early age had an insatiable urge to write. He has cultivated this urge all these years, until now, he writes every week delicately molded epistles to his parents, which are probably the height of beauty as far as extortion letters go. You'll be seeing more of Jack's work in our mag.

#### MARTI FRIED

Of all things, the "Octy" has a pre-med student on its staff, and not male. Marti is a female, an Alpha Epsilon Phi pledge, is from New York City, and now staying at Lincoln Lodge. Marti is a model. She has modeled at the Art Student's League, and now models in the U.W. art department. She's a good model, arf, arf . . . and better than that is constantly coming up with bright ideas (mostly concerning sex), work projects, and thus she merits an arthritic bow from little old "Octy." When queried about a few humorous anecdotes we might slip in about her past affairs, Marti looked off into infinity and muttered something about her past being of Greta Garboish sadness. I then took upon myself an equally melancholy air, and somehow this column became quite sad, too.



"If you want anything just ring."



## AND MORE JOKES

Prof: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise one can answer."

Student: "No wonder so many of us flunk."

\* \* \*

There was a young priest from Algeria

Whose morals were rather inferior

He done to a nun

What he shouldn't have done

And now she's the Mother Superior.

\* \* \*

We remember hearing somewhere or other that they had to discontinue the Roman holidays because of the overhead. Seems the lions were eating up all the prophets.

\* \* \*

"So you want to kiss me! I didn't know you were that kind!"

"Baby, I'm even kinder than that!"

\* \* \*

"Hey, have you forgotten that ten dollars you owe me?"

"Certainly not; didn't you see me try to duck into that doorway?"

\* \* \*

Scene in an English barroom—

Limey: "'Allo, Mary. Are you 'aving one?"

Mary: "No, it's just the cut of me coat."

\* \* \*

A comely young matron stepped on the drugstore scales after devouring a giant sundae and was shocked at what she beheld. Promptly she slipped off her coat and tried it again. The results were still unflattering, so she slid off her shoes. But then she discovered she was out of pennies. Without a moment's hesitation, the lad behind the soda fountain stepped forward.

"Don't stop now," he volunteered.

"I've got a handful of pennies and they're all yours."

\* \* \*

Jo: "Lemme have a cigarette."

Bo: "I thought you quit smoking."

Jo: "I'm on the first stage. I've quit buying them."

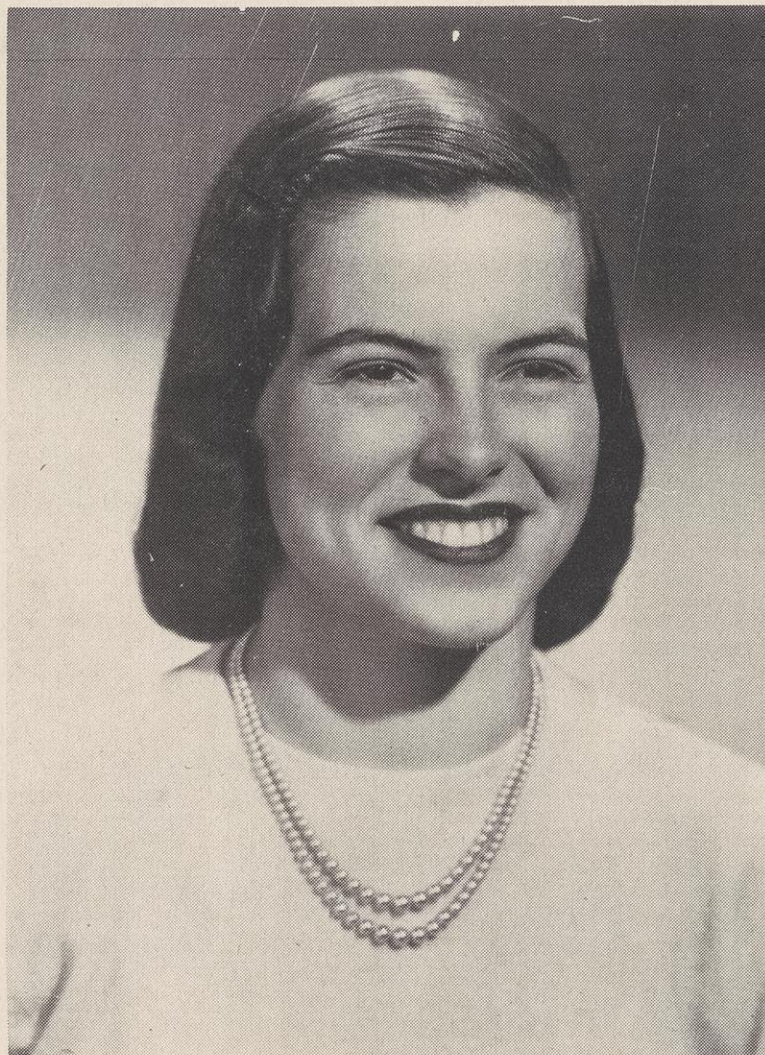
\* \* \*

Young Artist—"You're the first model I ever kissed."

Model—"How many have you had?"

Young Artist—"Four—an apple, a banana, a vase, and you!"

—Scottie



Chosen by the Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

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## Soles Thin?

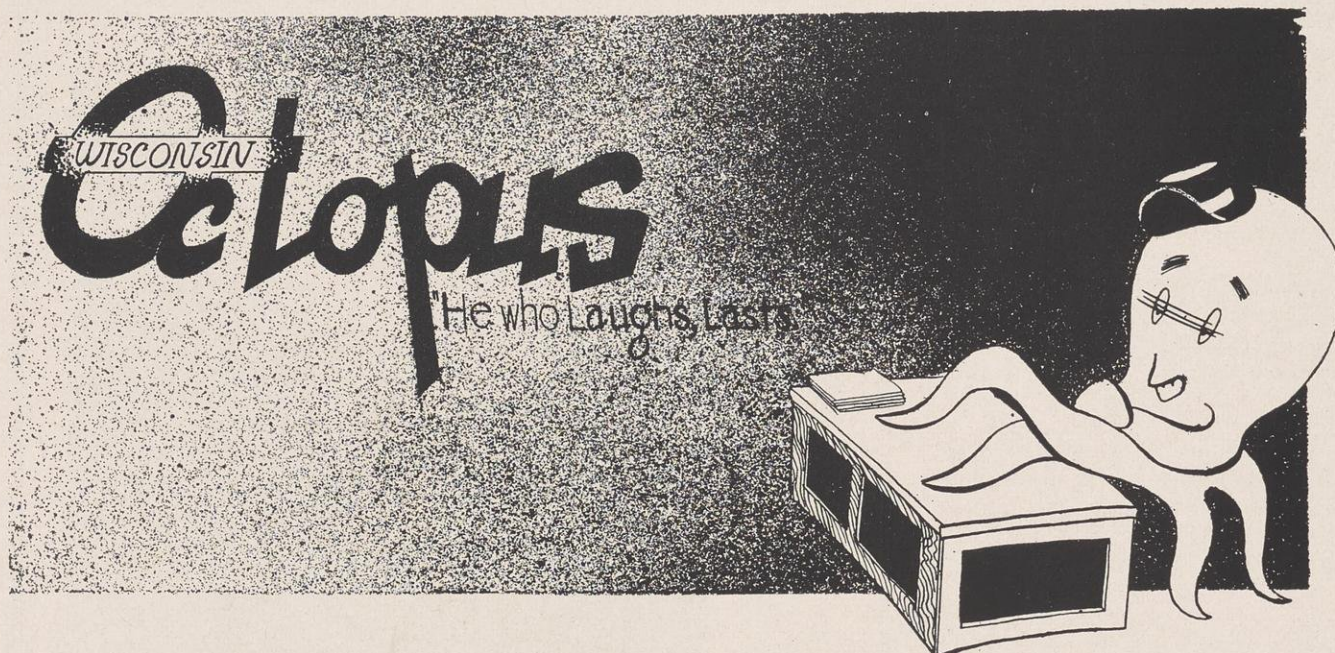


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Volume XXIX

FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1950 1951??

Number 5

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## The Red "Thing"

By MEL WADE

When I was walking on the Hill one registration day  
I saw some peddlers sitting at a table in the way  
They pulled me in and sold to me as first rate merchandise  
A subscription to the ..... in five buck tabloid size.

I picked it up and read it through as happy as a king  
And took it to a friend of mine who reads most anything  
He said to me as he perused the headline at the top  
"Get out of here with that ..... or I'll call Joe the cop."

I read it every day in school until one fatal day  
I took it to a lecture room to read the new hearsay.  
But then the Prof. he hollered at me and pointed at the  
door  
"Get out of here with that ..... and don't come back  
no more!"

I wandered all around the town until I chanced to meet  
A fellow who was sweeping up the refuse in the street  
He said he'd take most any old thing to throw into his can  
But when I showed him the ..... he turned around  
and ran!

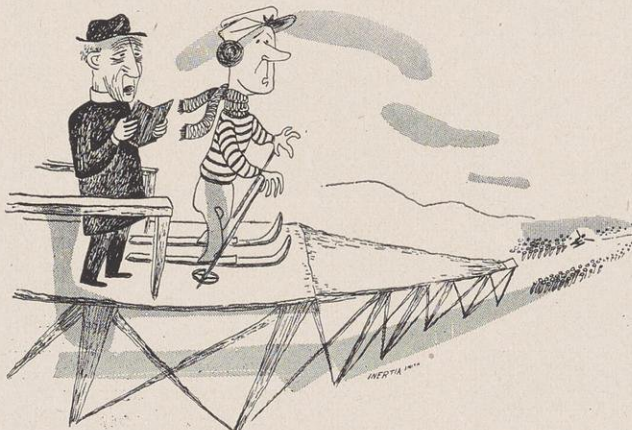
I got this rag throughout the year but nearly always late  
Until I sought the editor, my grievance to relate.  
But by mistake I went into the Octopus chateau  
"Get out of here with that .....," they said, "and  
go below!"

Now the moral of this story is, next Registration Week  
If you should see a table there don't even take a peek  
For if you buy you'll be "informed" but who will speak  
to you?  
'Cause you'll never get rid of that ..... until the year  
is through.

A young co-ed brought charges against an elderly pro-  
fessor and had him sentenced to jail for a long term. As  
he was led away, a friend approached him.

"I know you're innocent," said the friend. "Why did  
you plead guilty?"

"Well," admitted the professor, "The complaint was  
so flattering I just couldn't resist."



"He leadeth me beside the still waters . . ."

## SALUTE TO SPRING!



### THE TRAVELLER

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# The LONELY GAL

By ALBERT CRENSHAW

Campus dating will fall off sharply. The men of Madison will not be seen on the streets after 10:30 p.m. because at that time they will all cuddle up to their radios and listen to the throaty, libido-gratifying voice of the Lonesome Gal as she panders for good old Patowsee beer.

"Come on in, honey, you know I'm always waiting for you. Kick off your shoes, angel, and relax with me awhile. You know, darling, I haven't got anything else to do but to make you happy, so have a great big glass of good old Patowsee beer and be happy. You know, baby, you're the only man in the whole wide world for me, sugar, and that's because your tummy can hold so much good old Patowsee beer. Now light up a cigarette, dreamboat, and let me stroke your forehead with a nice cool case of good old Patowsee beer. You know I couldn't live without you, snookums, so why don't you have another bucket of good old Patowsee beer, sweetheart? Honest, pet, you're the most marvelous man in the whole wide world when I smell good old Patowsee beer on your breath."

That's the Lonesome Gal for you—warm, tenderhearted, sexy. She loves you just because you're you. She doesn't have any ulterior motives like the typical coed, who loves you on Sunday night for a free meal. The Lonesome Gal is soft and friendly and tantalizing as compared with the cold, unyielding coed who studies such books as "The Unarmed Defense of Chastity" and "How to Break a Wolf's Grip and Toss Him Twenty Yards for a Field Goal."

After an evening of wining and dining, an Amazon from the Rock has nothing to offer but a frigid "Thanks for a wonderful evening, Crenshaw" and a firm, man-to-man handshake. The Lonesome Gal would invite you up to her room and ask you to take off your shoes at least.

(continued on page 17)

We Don't Have This . . .



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# The Daily Cardinal

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### Dream Stinks---Litney

By MARTIAL LITNEY

Lotsa Lemons, soprano, sang a few numbers at the Union last night (yawn) and I guess most of the paying customers liked her stuff plenty.

But I fell asleep in the third row somewhere during a Schubert lieder and I had to take my wife's word for it: Lotsa was OK.

However, I want to review my dream, just to prove that my name is still Litney: it stank.

It opened with an off-key throbbing of the bass drums, and a slithery-hipped blonde with rather knobby knees danced on the stage. I didn't mention this part to my wife.

Suddenly, there was a long duet between a zither and a recorder.

It was superficial, pianissimo and banal and revealed a complete lack of artistry in conception or performance.

I was completely disappointed in the dreams which the Union music committee provide for concert-goers.

#### CARDINAL CANDIDATES MEETING TODAY

Will all three Cardinal candidates report for their final exam today. Dick Renner is overseeing as usual.

It is merely another indication of the aesthetic apathy on the campus. If this happens again, I will do my sleeping at home.

Incidentally, there was some kind of ceremony after the concert. In the confusion I gathered that Lotsa Lemons was retiring or something. Just a publicity stunt, probably.

### It's Not Amateur, Charges Stump

By MERRY SPECTRE

The athletic department, in a surprise statement, today lashed out at the University of Wisconsin for "overemphasizing intercollegiate education."

"How are we going to fill those additional seats in Camp Randall with all those tests, homework and book-reading going on around here?" the report asked pointedly.

Pres. E. B. Fried said in a telephone interview that he was "going to study the situation thoroughly" before he said anything.

Athletic Director Gay Stump said it was "only after deep and searching thought" that the department thought it would have to do away with education.

"It just got overcommercialized," he explained. "Why, WHA was broadcasting professors' lectures, teachers were writing profit-making text books and — worst of all — we understand they give scholarships for increasing the student body."

"After all, what's a university for?" demanded Stump.

The athletic department's statement added that it was "horrified" at the "juicy pay increases doled out to so-called scholars."

"One Pulitzer prize-winning historian is making more than our end coach on the football team. What kind of value system is this? Why, we MAKE history with our Fighting Badgers," the report stated.

This action was backed up by another statement issued by the Madison Sportswriters Association, which added: "We're fed up with all this stuff about learning, huh? Did Pat O'Dea get a Ph.D., huh?"

Strong student support came for the statement. One group of dorm students raised a banner in their Freshman English class reading "Goodbye, Education."

One student was tossed in the lake for arguing that even if education was over-commercialized it

(Continued on Page 8)

### UW Has Shrunk Head

The university has a shrunk head, Prof. Snarker Lightfoot told the Cardinal yesterday.

It will be on display in the historical library between two dead Indian chiefs, Lightfoot complained.

"Our university now has the finest shrunk head to be found anywhere in the world. It is thought to be the head of a South American shepherd named Jose," he said.



LIGHTFOOT



NEW HEAD

### Weather . . .

LOOKS  
BLACK





CLUB SPONSORS EXOTIC ORGY



THE NEW OFFICERS of the club, elected March 10 have taken their offices it was learned today. Later a small but pleasurable orgy was held on Bascom hall steps where this picture was taken.

APPOINTMENT

Dr. L. F. Huzzanut, unsung director of the Wisconsin Quadrupe society, has recently been elected president of the Mammal Research Foundation of which his wife is a hereditary member.

The University Subversives will sponsor a symposium for practicing subversives on the subject of The Malignancy of Democracy, June 21-August 15, Dr. Beatrice Flutz of the Young Campus Subversives announced today.

L. F. FORK  
JEWELER  
EXPERT SAFE CRACKING  
421 State Street

"Give Me One Hour," says Arthur Surrey Teacher



"If you will give me just one hour of your time," promises attractive Cincy Bismol, "I will teach you the secret of the Rumba. You'll be thrilled how easy it is to learn this gay dance "The New Arthur Surrey Way."

U.W. Announces Perfumed Skunk

U.W. genealogists announced another radical improvement on nature. A perfumed skunk has been developed. After fifty years of futile attempts to breed an odorless skunk, the scientists in the Genetics building changed their tactics. They decided that if they can't get rid of the stink glands, they would make them useful.

With that as a creed the skunk's weapon was changed into a perfume factory. Instead of manufacturing ethyl mercaptan, those glands now produce a variety of products.

One type, skonkus alcoholicus, sprays beer fumes with his tail. Many fraternities have put in orders for this variety for decorative use in the barroom, presumably.

Another breed, skonkus chenlicus, sprays Chanel #IV in the morning, Chanel #V every afternoon but Sunday, and Evening in Paris on weekend nights. Prof. Smelch said that he felt women would find this variety quite economical in the long run.

Hawaiian University representatives met with Wisconsin hydrologists Thursday to discuss the elimination of Hawaiian volcanoes through a giant subterranean hose system which in due time could extinguish all eruptions. Proposed cost, \$35,000,000.

The University has more than 135 permanent buildings in addition to 27 temporary frame buildings, 9 quonset huts, and 6 outdoor privies. Isn't this interesting?

The National Society for the Salvation of the Bean Bag as a recognized national sport will meet Tuesday in the closet of the Wisconsin Union Penthouse.

Going to the Prom?



A formal just for itty bitty you,  
personalized for every line of your trim form, at

JINNIGS BY THE SQUARE

Chesterfield

PRESENTS ITS  
APRIL FOOL CONTEST



5 CARTONS of Chesterfield cigarettes will be given away to the 5 funniest 500 word stories revealing campus pranks played upon you or your friends. Must be true, original, and will be judged by Octy editors. Winners to be announced in next issue. Deadline April 1st.

Send to  
WISCONSIN OCTOPUS  
770 Langdon St.  
Madison, Wisconsin



# Cardinal Goes to a Simply Terrible Party



**GLORYOSKY ZERO**, but they had a gay party last weekend at the BAT Weirdie party. Many of the guests playacted genuine fright when 18 pledges gizzards seemingly were barbecued before our very eyes.

## Juicy Little Items

### BATS NEED PLEDGES

The Bela Lugosi chapter of Beta Alpha Theta announced today that it was looking for a new pledge class. Spokesmen for the fraternity said that their previous class had mysteriously disappeared and believed it was the army that took their pledges.

Applicants must like their steaks rare.

### EXLAX ACTIVATES 45

Alpha Ex-lax, campus social fraternity, last night activated 45 pledges in a candlelight ceremony in the house's men's room.

At the same time two others were re-activated.

### FRAT MAKES BIG HAUL

The Phee Phy Pho Phum fraternity announced the pledging of 335 new men, by far the largest pledge class on campus. They are thinking of expanding their facilities from their present quonset.

### DANCE CALENDAR

The Union Dance committee has announced the following dances for the coming year:

January Jump, February Fiasco, March Maul, April Action, May Mudsling, June Jig, July Jinx, August Acolade, September Snark, October Orgy, November Nuzzle, December Doldrums.

### NEW HOUSEMOTHER

The Phee Phy Pho Phum fraternity has announced that its new housemother will be 19-year-old Fifi Lamour, a reformed stripteaser.

## Military Ball Tickles Pickles

Harrison Pickles, chairman of arraignments for Mill Ball, announced the names of the bands highlighting the annual dance this month, at the Union. 2 name bands have been hired. Hymie Flatz and his Rhythm Ranters will play in Great Hall.

Mill Ball is the greatest social event of the year. Although currently \$45,000.08 in debt to the university, the officials of this year's function are confident that they will make enough profit to erase the \$.08.

## Brass Adds BRAS To ROTC Unit

Col. Winfred Skelton announced yesterday that for the first time women would be accepted in ROTC.

He said a new auxiliary unit for co-eds would be formed and would be called BRA (Babe's Reserve Association).

"BRAS will be a welcome addition to the corps," Col. Skelton asserted.

### By MAY SHOWERS

Goodie, girls, we went to a dandy party this Saturday that I want to tell you ALL about. It was a "Torture" party thrown by Beta Alpha Theta, sponsored by Weird Comics.

We had the most yummy plasma punch before the boys and girls really got down to business. And what business it was! Now really, those BATs went all out.

The basement of their cute little fraternity house was made up like an old authentic torture chamber. All of us girls giggled a bit and cuddled up like we were scared of it all. But it was all in fun. Really it was.

The BATs then brought in their pledges and the cute little things were just sensational actors. Why, when they branded the fraternity name on them, we thought their loud screams were marvelously realistic.

But that was just a start. They slammed a few into a just terribly

frightening thing they called an "Iron Maiden" and it was so realistic it gave us girls goose-pimples. Honestly.

Those BATs are really wonderfully clever with their hands. Why, they sliced one pledge into four pieces, another was boiled in castor oil, a third was chewed to pieces by a ravenous boar, and finally one was pulled apart on a gruesome thing which they called a rack. It wasn't messy at all and you could almost believe that it was really happening.

Then, as a charming final touch, as we left after a hilarious evening, we noticed that there was a simply awful smell near the back door. We were curious and we looked and found some arms and legs sticking out of the garbage can. Just an exquisite final touch.

All in all, it was a sensational success. But now, my dears, we must be running off to another little social gathering. Toodle-oo, sweets.

## The Bob Swanson Show

# WISC 1480

# WISC FM 981

## Presents Pop Record Music

## From 12:30 to 3:25

## Monday Through

## Friday and Saturday

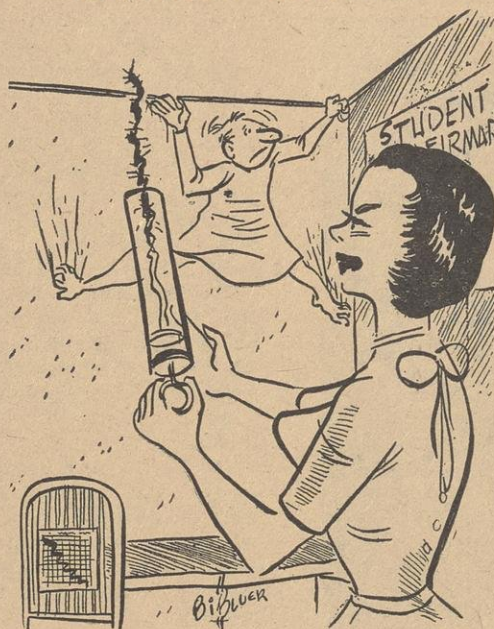
## From 10:30 A.M. to 12:15 P.M.

## Sunday Bob Sleeps



"... That continual and fearless lifting and wallowing by which alone the truth may be fondled ..."

## CAMPUS CAPERS



"Now, now . . . who's afraid of a little blood specimen, Worthal?"

## in the mailbox

Dear Editor:

The editor of this paper said, since I was what they call a candidate for the staff, that I had to do some dirty work. Part of that work consists of writing letters under phoney names to fill this space.

OK. I just filled an inch. Do I get a merit badge for this week? And maybe a byline, huh, please?

Clara Candidate

(Dear Clara: You didn't fill enough space. I needed another inch. Another six months as a candidate for you, toots. Ye ed.)

## John Hunter Booms . Bah! Enough of This Pinko Stuff

HELL, MY PAPPY taught me to always admit when my ideas were as whacked up as a West Virginia groundhog in heat in a coal mine

I am wrong. As wrong as those twelve Japs I mowed down with a sling shot and thumb tacks on my seventh landing in Okinawa. And what brought about this admission?

Well, I had a long talk with my good friend, Chuck White, and he established a beachhead in my mind and showed me that I was as wrong as Uncle Hodgkins when he horse-whipped twelve Yankees for defiling a Confederate flag by sprinkling it with shredded clippings from the autobiography of U. S. Grant.



HUNTER

CHUCK WHITE IS A swell guy. He showed me that I was as all wet as the time I made my fourth beachhead landing in the Philippines.

Now I see that Joe McCarthy is plenty OK. Whether he is shelling out quickie divorces, shouting unprovable charges or defaming innocent people, Joe is a great man among mice.

Chuck White told me so.

Now I see that Gen. Douglas MacArthur is a noble figure. That time I was chairman of the Veterans Against MacArthur outfit, I didn't know Chuck White.

Even Mil Ball is a pretty good show. It's good to see all that brass and braid honoring us with their presence.

I GUESS THIS will surprise some people. As a matter of fact, it surprises hell out of me. I must have been as drunk as the time I entered Tokyo with a keg of saki and two geisha girls . . . But that's another story.

## The Daily Cardinal

Dropped in the mailbox at State and Lake as what-does-it-matter under the third act of "The Postman Always Rings Twice." The Daily Cardinal was fondled April 4, 1892, and was then known as "Daily Carnal."

Published daily except someday and Monday during the regular session, daily except Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday during irregular sessions, never during bull sessions, and Fridays only during Lent. Opinions expressed in signed columns are usually not worth printing.

JAKE ZEALOUS  
Udder-in-Beef

GLENN J. BILLFOLD  
Business Mangler

DICK SINNER  
Extra Editor

Matching Editor	Roger Penned-it
Assistant Match	Ray Awful
Universal Editor	Don Joking
His Girl Friend	Phil Lush
Sassy Editor	Carol Hours
More Sassiness	Jam Buxom, Joan Putt
Shorts Editor	Dick Slow
Second	Clark Cabbage
Creature Editor	D. J. Sch.
Other Creatures	Hell Belcher, Math 1-A
Personal Manager	Marietta Marble
Circular Manager	Dick McMac
Office Dispatcher	Phoney Mates



## Closed Letters . . . Drunken Dean Is Party Pooper

TO DEAN ZILMAN:

It was with some surprise that we observed your drunken and disorderly conduct at the beer bust thrown for the Cardinal candidate's class last week.

You barged in on the unauthorized affair we were holding and, instead of placing us all on probation as was your duty, you proceeded to join in the merriment, consuming most of the precious few bottles of whisky we had. We tended to overlook your rash action in berating one of the young ladies on Cardinal board for drinking Coca Cola and swearing at her for not ordering more whisky.

But when you "rolled" the sports editor after losing to him in a backroom craps game, we felt it was a breach of proper etiquette.

We hope that in the future you will set a better example and bring your own liquor.

## Chuck White Pontificates . . .

## Hunter Gets White-Wash

IT HAS COME TO my attention that some of the things I have been setting forth for the edification and enlightenment of various prominent members of our campus community have been factually inaccurate and in some ways reflect a legal mind meandering in the tempting fields of far-fetched logic.

Able, moustached John Hunter, who I believe is also a scribe in this journalistic endeavor, had a communication with me over a glass of beer. 3.2 by content.

He showed me that I had my torts contorted in a fashion which could lead only to mental misdemeanors. He showed me, in brief, that I had overcommitted my basic philosophy in an effort to state, clearly and concisely, the various heart-felt convictions which reverberate in my mind.

FOR EXAMPLE, I was foolish enough to believe that our Junior Senator Joe McCarthy represented an able extension of our heritage of democracy. But Mr. Hunter, through his direct and Ciceronian logic, showed me I was wrong.

No, Joe McCarthy is a patent fraud and a dangerous excrescence in our framework of freedom, carved by the blood of our forefathers into the very soil of our society.

Also, I was deceived in my pubescent confidence in the omnipotent qualities of the Republican Party. Actually, it is the New and Fair Deal which breathe hope for our fair future.

LEST I APPEAR inconsistent in my apparent reversal due to Mr. Hunter's searching good sense, let me add without resorting to legal contortions or appeals to the emotive sense that in reality, I am.



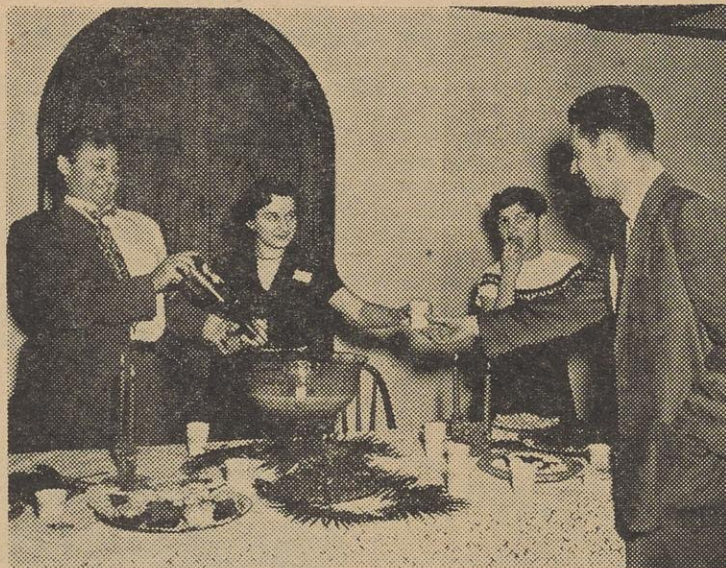
# 'It Was a Great (hic) Effort'—Lagar KD's Quaff Quota; Burp to Victory

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

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

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

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



AN UNEXPECTED guest at the party following the Kappa Delt Chug-alug victory was one Gordon Klopf who contributed greatly to the boisterous festivities.

## Campus Cop Fines Nude

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

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

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

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

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

Americans do not live by beer alone, the National Rye Whiskey Foundation stated after their debauched luncheon yesterday.

Did you know that Carl Sandburg also came from Editor Jack Zeldes' home town, Galesburg, Illinois? I didn't.

## Teach Psychiatrists at Arthur Surrey's



"I enjoy watching shy people gain new confidence and popularity as their dancing improves," says Dan Quinn, now teaching at Arthur Surrey's. There no excuse for being a wallflower when "The New Arthur Surrey Way" makes learning to dance so easy. Phone or come in today.

ARTHUR SURREY, Dial 6-9056  
20½ E. Miiflin Street

**Rent a C-47**  
For your fast trip home  
Call 5-3311

## For That Stabbing Night Pain



**Try HEDACOL HEDACOL HEDACOL**

Over 40,000 contented sufferers now using it in  
over 43 states and Canada. Buy it in the large demijohn size.

## ATTENTION UPPER CLASSMEN!

Do you he-men know how to smoke a cigar properly? Are you sometimes mistaken for an Indian smoke signal? Do you inhale and turn green? Well, here are five tips for the tyro tycoons among you, guaranteed to add panetella pleasure.

1. There's no need to bite off the end of your cigar to prepare it for light. Merely pinch the end gently and you will create an air vent.

2. Light your cigar with the heat rather than with the flame of match or lighter.

3. You need not inhale to enjoy a cigar.

4. A long ash makes a cigar smoke cooler, last longer. Let it grow.

5. Smoke slowly; avoid fast and furious purging.

Ed. Note: And if it's an expensive cigar, keep the band on it!



# Fierce Amazons Floor UW Matmen

## Sno' Foolin

By DICK SCHMOE

This week, I get a chance to catch up on my mail, bags (heh, heh, that's a good one) for all you good fans out there. So here goes with a couple open letters.

**TO IVY WILLIAMSON:** You're great, Ivy. You're the best all-round character building coach in the whole country. But some people in this great ol' university think I hero worship you. Now, you know that's not true, Ivy. If your great fighting Badgers lost all their games I wouldn't write this stuff about you. 'Nuff said.

**TO PRES. E. B. FRED:** I guess I always write some kind of letter to you, Fred. I didn't want to let this ol' week slip by without an epistle to my prexy.

**TO ART LENTZ:** Say, Art, you ol' sports publicity director you, I want to thank you plenty for those 145 tickets you whisked over for that Purdue court tussle. They came in awful handy, as I have many fans.

**TO CHARLIE 'CHUCK' ORTMANN:** Gee, Chuck, I read that the local social scribes say you've made a touchdown with the Fair Sex. Like a mittman, they've hooked you with a ring (heh, heh). But be sure to tell the l'il woman how I used to rub your back at ol' East High. I sure guess she's my replacement.

**TO HENRY J. 'HANK' McCORMICK:** Hank, you ol' sports scribe, I just wanted to forward the athletic orchid of the week to you for the manly way you put the ol' kibosh on that snot, Karl Meyer. And, gee Hank, do you have a job up there for a red-hot snowball (heh, heh).

**TO MOM:** Hey, Ma, I need some more socks. Can you hurry up with my socks like the great American mom you are, please. I wear 'em out typing.

**SCHMOEFLAKES:** I notice in the paper that Gay Stump, the athletic director, sez that education is overemphasized. Gee, Gay, I ain't seen none of the education around yet. You must be off-base or reading too many books (heh, heh).

## Swimmers Make Splash in Match; Swamp Death Valley U. 29-28½

Badger swimmers again showed their mettle by defeating Death Valley U. with an overwhelming 29-28½ score. Both teams suffered under a handicap when it was found that there had been a mixup in the pipes and fuel oil had been pumped into the pool. The match went on as scheduled, however. The first event was a five-mile underwater swim, with live fish thrown in the pool for those who became hungry. Rolf Disregard was the winner by 2 centimeters, but was disqualified when it was found that his toes were webbed.

In the diving event the boys came up with some beautiful forms but the coach made the girls go back to Lathrop. Mickey Cohen demonstrated a racing dive, racing form and good odds. In the fancy dives, John Stalinowsky won with the jack dive, swan dive, and Hoffman House.

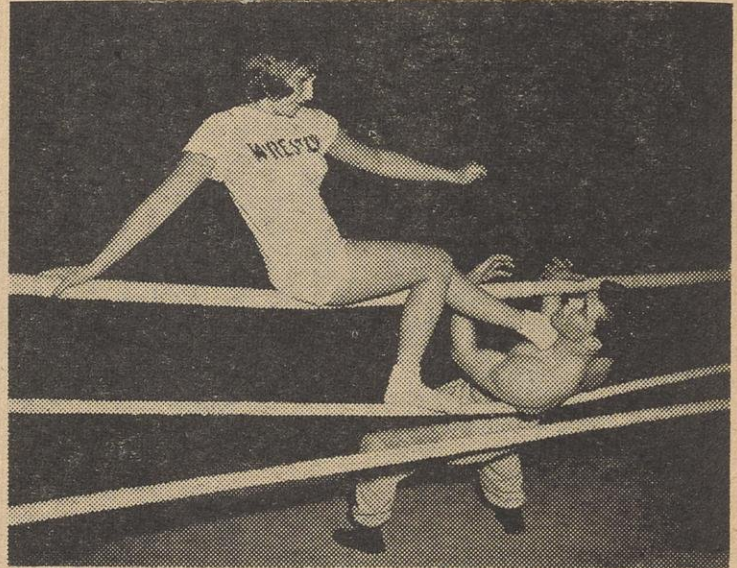
After the victorious Badgers had departed and the pool was drained,



Coach eyes swimming prospects

an unknown body was found lying at the bottom. Examination proved that he had been diving for the aforesaid fish. Unexplainably, a pearl was found clutched in his hand.

## Soprano Grunters Overpower Team With Startling New Tactics



**LITTLE NELL,** Lachahucky's grapple expert pinned former champ Don Ryan to the canvas three out of four in last night's final wrestling opus.

Wisconsin's wrestling team suffered its most serious loss of the season so far last night at the hands of Lachahucky State Teachers.

As the Lachahucky team dropped its knitting, and came trotting out, shining with vaseline, our grunters could see that they were up against a tough opponent. However, undaunted, they shed their leopard capes, and went forward to engage the enemy.

In the 90-pound class, Betty Lou Lovejoy, the Lachahucky Lalapaloosa, defeated Jerry Nussbaum with a shattering mule kick to the small of the back, scattering vertebrae on the mat and delighting the audience, who eagerly grabbed them as souvenirs.

In the 115-pound class, the match was forfeited to Wisconsin when Gwendolyn Fooch broke her bra strap. She was immediately signed up by Howard Hughes.

In the 125-pound class, Wisconsin won when Sam Onestanza pinned Renee Shpahz. They walked off arm in arm in sling.

Wisconsin lost the 140-pound match by the tactics of C. Phyllis Wasserman. With a 1/8 Nelson she twisted the home wrestler's finger behind his back, breaking the joint.

The highlight of the match came when Cherokee Sal, in the heavy-weight class, tied her opponent to a post with his own arms, started a fire under him, and began a war

dance. Although the decision was hotly disputed, she won the match.

After the match, Sam Onestanza passed out cigars. Renee Shpahz passed out.

## Fencers Win; 5 Dead Today

The Wisconsin fencing team hacked its way to its 48th consecutive victory. The defeated Michigan State team was buried with full honors in Lake Mendota. The field house couldn't hold the crowd so the bouts were transferred to the Stadium.

The matches were all hard fought, full of the clean-cut action which is making fencing so popular. Michigan State surprised the fighting Badgers by using Wisconsin tactics. Their sabers and epees had razor sharp edges just as Wisconsin weapons do. However, the Badgers fooled them. The foils had diamond tips which could penetrate any armor. Box score—Wisconsin: 1 dead, 2 infirmary cases, 6 band-aids. Michigan State: four dead, 4 Mayo Clinic cases, 2 gal. iodine.

## LOCAL BOYS

East Dropkick, Ind. — Almost 84% of East Dropkick's 973 football players, interestingly enough, are subsidized, according to an official report which leaked through their office.



## — CLASSIFIED —

### COMMERCIAL

Rates: Five cents for first night. Seven and one-half cents for each additional night. No cover charge. Sundays and Holidays off. Call 6-3131 or drag it on down to the office anytime.

### STUDENTS

Rates: Be prepared to prove your age. Cheap, but not less than forty cents worth. No credit. Have co-signers for checks.

### FOR SALE

BOOK—"CARE AND FEEDING OF Children"—brand-new, never been used, \$1.50. 5-8927, ask for Miss "Lucky" Jones. 33x25

DRAFT BOARD CALLS. LEAVING for Mexico quick. Must sacrifice 500 gallons of Ambergris—ridiculous low price—18 thousand dollars. 6-5434. 54x32

GENUINE CAMEL-HAIR CAMEL. Only 34 cents. Call 6-7171 after 2:30 A.M. 7x8 1/4

TUXEDO, DOUBLE - BREASTED, just the thing for the well-rounded coed. 3-6784. 5x74.86

TUXEDO, SINGLE - BREASTED, just the thing for the unusual coed. 3-4785. 6x78

TUXEDO, NO - BREASTED, JUST the thing for the average coed. 3-7694. 5x5

ONE PAIR OF FALSIES. THEY really work. Just got engaged. Call Flopsy, 5-2921. (30; 28; 37)

ONE LOCOMOTIVE WITH COAL tender. Give-away bargain. Need money for new exam gouges. Call Fred Burlington, 6-9001.

ONE LITTER BABY MONGOOSES (or is it mongeese?) Good for killing cobras, snakes, pink elephants, and frightening housemothers. Call Madison zoo.

ONE A-BOMB SHELTER, SLIGHTLY used. Being drafted; won't need it. Call Geranomo Ishmar, 6-5565. 2x3

### WANTED

UNEXPERIENCED, BEAUTIFUL girl. low I.Q., open-minded, easily intoxicated. Purpose: to discuss world affairs with handsome well-mannered grad student—private apartment. Call 6-3131. 4 1/4 x 2.37

POSITION AS JANITOR AT Rock. Call 7-8213. Ask for editor of Snappy Photos.

# Today

## Your Date Book University Events

All items for the Today column must be brought to the Cardinal office before 6 p.m. on the day before publication.

### HISTORIC FILMS SHOWN TONIGHT

Prof. Epsom of the historical history department announced that two films would be shown tonight in 572 Bascom: **Caesar's Gallic Wars in Gaul and Caesar's Gallic Triumphs in the Infirmary**. They will be shown at 7:30 p.m.

These rare films from the files of the State Historical library show actual combat scenes of Roman Legionnaires hacking their way through barbarian hordes. Scenes of a Roman soldier's camp life are also shown. "Uncle Julius" Caesar playing the Tiber Polka on a uke is an example.

When asked how such scenes could be filmed thousands of years ago before the discovery of electricity, Prof. Epsom explained, "The cameraman in those days had to crank their cameras by hand."

### SEX MOVIES SHOWN TONIGHT

Sex movies are being shown tonight at T-16. Time—7:30. The Student Board sponsors were worried about the poor turnout for sex movies in the past. Pres. Snarl Snaghorst said, "The student's lack of interest in sex is appalling. We must make him interested in sex and thereby educate him."

As an experiment to promote interest in sex films, the movies tonight won't be restricted to members of any one sex as in the past.

The Senior Council announced today that it had raised \$4,500,980.675.43 in its drive for a class project. Class President Marsh Mellows said he was "mildly gratified" by the results, which fell only 10 per cent below the quota.

The money will be used to build a large and modern whiskey still and wine cellar for the Memorial Union.

Wild Willie Wolfitch of the Boston Boomers, out of action for 34 years with a broken left cuticle, announced that yesterday Hollywood signed him to a 1-year contract as advisor to all their sports films. His only comment was, "My record speaks for itself." We found no record of Willie's record. Oh well, it fills space.

### Patronize Our Advertisers

### LOST AND FOUND

LOST: FIFTH OF HIRAM WALKER. Keep bottle; return contents. Reward—BIG reward. Call 7-4329. Otto. 3x19

LOST OR STOLEN: LARGE MONGREL house mother. If found, return to Wisconsin General Hospital for vivisection. 4-2386. 9x2

LOST: DU BEER MUG. NEED IT for Saturday night to defend my chug-a-lug championship. Call Champ. 15x7

LOST: \$1,700,000.00, JAN., 1950, AT Brinks in Boston. Still hunting. Reward—\$100,000.00 and armored car. Call your local F.B.I. or MPD. 6x4

### Cardinal Want Ads—Nighty Nite

### FOR RENT

1/3 OF COZY DOUBLE ROOM. Call the Math Club. Phone—123 sin(x).

DOUBLE FOR MEN. GOOD snarking. Binoculars and periscopes rented in house. Call Phi Gam house.

LARGE ROOM WITH HOT AND cold running water. Excellent aquarium. Can't turn damn faucets off. Call me.



RAT NO. 119C  
... Dink Dink

## Rat 1119C Enters Dink- Beanbag Feud Over Poison

In a startling development in the feud between two famed university scientists, Dr. Hairy Beanbag and Karl Paul Dink, a new party entered the feud.

Dink, who invented Warfarin, a rat poison, was bitterly attacked by Rat No. 119c on the third floor of the Biochemistry building for 'sabotaging ratdom.'

Rat No. 119c said he was "all for Beanbag" in the dispute and squeaked menacingly that "all my laboratory assistants are underfed because of Dink's selfishness."

He also bit the reporter.

## MADISON

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In Stanley Kramer's

# "The Men"



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## "SNARK" PREVIEW



WARNER BROS.  
**CAPITOL**



## World News . . .

# Anti-Poppy Movement Blooms; Sink South America in Pacific

**San Francisco—(U.P.)**—In a surprise swoop on the West Coast, completely demoralizing our Coast Guard and West Coast shipping centers, a guerilla army of estimated thousands of Korean troops moved over our coastal plains and orange groves. The Boy Scouts have been called in to fill the sagging bastions, while Washington tensely awaits Congress' passing of another hurried draft bill to call up all Hollywood actors with war movie experience.

In a coup d'etat in Washington yesterday, Harry Truman slipped through a sly surprise measure which has completely stripped Congress of all their powers. "Now," Harry stated in his press address, "I have complete control over the destinies of the country and next month as an anniversary present to my wife, I am going to make her vice-president. What a country, and what a term of office. Why, I may even nominate Margaret to succeed me. But then, that's another term."

## Education - - -

(Continued from Page 1)  
might reform itself.

Cardinal Editor Jake Zealous, asked for comment, grunted, "The fools! It's the same everywhere else. Why single out Wisconsin for criticism?" He added he was enrolling in Notre Dame University where he said "education is kept in its proper place."

### Teaches Self-Confidence at Arthur Surrey's



"My most enthusiastic pupils are the psychiatrists who see how quickly our students gain confidence through becoming better dancers," says Violet Evans. "Learning to dance at Arthur Surrey's is easy, it's fun and it's relaxing exercise."

**Madison, Wisconsin—(U.P.)** — In a withering diatribe against anti-poppy growing in the Menasha County district, Harold Feversham, local lobbyist, exerted all his linguistic powers, and defeated the motion approving the growing of this dread plant, bearer of the opium drug. It was later pointed out to Harold that the climate was not appropriate for the cultivation of the weed anyhow. But Harold was already off on another gallant crusade, that of eliminating boll weevils from Wisconsin's cotton crops.

**Havana, Cuba—(U.P.)**—A small unexpected hurricane has completely obliterated the continent of South America from the face of the globe. Expeditions of meteorologists and weather men are all heading for the freak occurrence with new equipment and startled expressions. Many views were expressed but the most prevalent was, "Everyone complains about the weather but no one does anything about it."

## Avoid Broken Ankles in Slippery Weather



Use . . .

### Kitty Paws

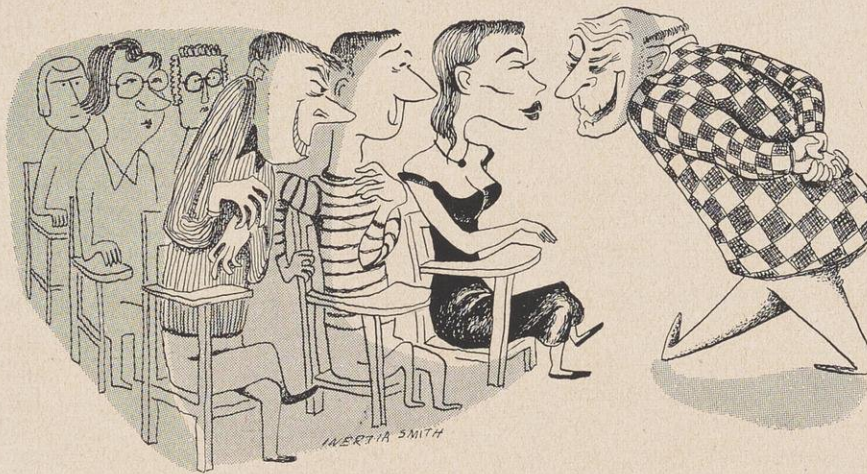
The Latest Thing in Sure Grip Rubber Heels

# JUNE 1951 GRADUATES



## IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET YOUR 1951 BADGER

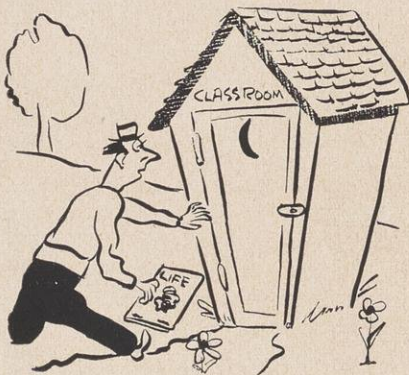




"Now then, we are all alphabetically arranged in the front row: Allen, Atkins, —Miss Zylanco."

An old navy man spying a young recruit hanging over the side of a pitching vessel asks: "Are you bothered with a weak stomach?"

Recruit's reply: "Heck no, my range is twice that of the fellows down the line."



Mrs.: "Can't you find anything nice to say about my mother?"

Mr.: "Yes, she opposed our marriage."

\* \* \*

"I'm sorry, lady, but marriage licenses are issued only when your form is properly filled out."

"Why, the nerve of you. We can get married any time, no matter what my appearance is."

\* \* \*

Renter: "This sure is a nice little apartment, but where is the bath?"

Landlord: "Oh, please accept my apologies! I was under the impression that you were one of those college boys who was just going to stay for the winter."

## THE LONELY GAL

(continued from page 8)

Compared to the Lonesome Gal's boudoir the Passion Pit is pretty poor potatoes.

Patowsee's Tokyo Rose is going to make it tough for Sauerback, too. For unless S.B. can dig up a Sultry Sal, it's doomed to dry up in the taps, while Patowsee addicts cling to their radio sets in a drunken, ecstatic stupor.

The lonely lady seems to say: "Shut your eyes, men, this is the nearest thing to heaven." And then she gives them beer. But can beer ever completely satisfy the by now stimulated appetite of the male? Perhaps there is still hope for the coed's begging more free Sunday suppers from the teeming male population on the campus — the 4-F's, the advanced ROTC students, and the elderly, play-boy professors. I don't have the answer . . . and I have to stop now for she's coming on now, my lonely gal, with a grand old sexy bottle of Patowsee beer.

*Lifted from the Daily Cardinal Tuesday, February 20, 1951.*

President Fred listed the steps which the university has taken, ranging from new courses to civil defense planning, but stressed the need for a continued emphasis on fundamental education, basic research, and broad public services.

President Fred, you rascal!

*Snatched from the Friday, February 23, 1951 Cardinal.*

Washington (U.P.)—A compromise draft bill calling for a 26 month draft of 12 and one half year old youths was introduced on the house floor yesterday by members of the Armed Services committee.

Oh no, and my little brother just fresh out of the cub scouts.

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# F.B.I. NABS DRAFT

... a thrill a minute adventure behind the black  
cloak of international espionage ...  
...with a certain unnamed foreign power.

Violently protesting, Allen Elshamn, 20, of Madison was taken from a steamer in New York Harbor today by F.B.I. agents.

Elshamn had left the country two years ago, the agents revealed, without notifying his draft board. He will be given the maximum sentence the law allows. (Story on page . . .)

By GAVSLEY ROSS

Allen had begun the eventful day of his eighteenth birthday by registering with his draft board. Then he'd had a haircut. The barber clipped his ear and said, "Well, if that's the worse ya get wounded after the army gets ya you'll be lucky." Then he'd laughed and slapped a towelful of talcum across Allen's face; Allen coughed three times.

So far nothing out of the ordinary had happened, and Allen was disappointed. This was his birthday; something ought to happen. Allen decided to do something different, something reckless with the few cents he had

left over from his barber's bill. He was walking through a dingy section of town. The alleys were spilling their rubbish onto the streets. The buildings were coated with soot. It seemed to be a business district, and all the businesses were taverns. Drunks were everywhere. And there among the general squalor was a squalid bakery shop. It seemed out of place, so Allen went in. "I want a loaf of pump-ernickel," he announced.

The shifty-eyed clerk, who was not wearing a white apron, looked at Allen curiously. Allen appeared to be a shifty-eyed radical with long, uncombed black hair, thick horn-rimmed glasses, baggy clothes, and a bitter, martyred expression on his face.

"Pump-ernickel, ya said?" the sinister man wheezed as he shifted the cigar dubiously to the other side of his mouth.

Allen looked over the dusty shelves covered with moldering loaves of bread and dead flies. "Yeah, pump-ernickel," he announced.

nickel — the kind that goes with Roquefort cheese." Then Allen coughed three times because the talcum was still in his lungs.

Immediately the sinister little man burst into a laugh. "Okay, kid," he said, "I guess yer on the level. Ya had me scared for a minute; I thought ya was from the F.B.I. or something. Why didn't ya give me the pass word sooner. Here's the package. Take it to the bus depot. Ask the guy behind the candy counter for a Roquefort filled almond bar, then cough three times.

Allen was still filled with talcum; he coughed three times.

"Yeah, yeah, I know ya. Now get going and don't let anybody take that package away from ya; it contains vital war secrets. Make sure nobody follows ya," the little man said in a business-like tone, then leaning forward in a friendly manner: "Say, tell me, kid, you look kinda young for such a dangerous mission, how come headquarters picked you?"

"Well," Allen said, playing along, "my superiors thought I would throw off suspicion."

"Right," the man grinned and waved his hand as Allen started out the door. "Lots a luck."

"Thanks." Allen shut the door and hurried down the shabby street. He knew what he was going to do. He was going to give the package to the first policeman he saw. But an utterly tantalizing woman was leaning out of a second story window begging him to come up. At first Allen didn't know why he found this woman so tantalizing. Then he realized what it was — she was beautiful. He hurried upstairs. She was lounging on a day bed in a kimono.

"You called?" Allen asked uncertainly. There was something about her he hadn't noticed before — her face. Perhaps it wasn't the same woman.

"Yes," she sighed and rolled over



"Oh, Oh, I remember him from our last convention."



# DODGERS

by Gavsley Ross

so that her kimono parted momentarily, but in that moment Allen knew that this indeed was the same woman. He never forgot a face, and she had a splendid portrait of Clark Gable tattooed on her chest.

"Would you like to see my collection of movie star pictures?" she asked. Allen nodded mutely; the excitement had taken away his voice. Even when he was little the movies had excited him so he couldn't get to sleep at night. She showed him several fine miniatures of Betty Grable and Charlie Chaplin and Rin Tin Tin tattooed on her arms. "Now if you'd like to see some more . . ." Allen trembled with anticipation and dropped his package.

Three men leaped out of the closet and grabbed the vital war secrets.

"Get that to headquarters immediately," the beautiful tattooed lady snapped. "And take him along too. He may know something." She tossed her head with cold indifference, and slunk off to a neutral corner.

"But you were going to show me some movie star pictures," Allen pouted.

"Oh, sure, kid," she purred Allen's eyes popped eagerly. "Here," she said, tossing him a movie magazine.

"Thanks," he said.

The three men quickly disguised themselves as Chinese laundrymen and put Allen in a laundry bag. They piled into a long, black, sleek rickshaw and sped to their hideout.

"Now," the chief simpered, "what's in the pretty little package, boys? Some new perfume for me?"

"Naw, them's the secret war plans which we are selling to a certain unnamed foreign power for a fabulous sum," another of the chief's henchmen replied.

"Well, open the package and let's see what's in it." One of the henchmen opened it. "Pumpnickel bread," the chief gurgled, "Yummy, yummy!"

"We been tricked," the second

henchman said. "Open the laundry bag." Allen got out.

"I'm growing a beard," Allen said proudly. "I plan on becoming an engineer one of these days."

"He's not very pretty," the chief remarked after studying Allen a minute. "As long as the information wasn't in the package, we'll ship the boy to the certain un-named foreign power. Maybe they can beat the information out of him."

"But I don't know anything," Allen protested.

"You're the first undergrad who's ever told me that," the chief purred. "Away with him!"

The three Chinese laundrymen packed Allen in a CARE package and shipped it overseas where an elderly gentleman with sequins in his beard picked it up. He whisked the package off to a secret twenty-story spy center. There in a sumptuous office the brains behind all the great spy operations reclined languidly on a couch, stroking a huge alligator. It was the Dragon Lady. All about the office atomic bombs were heaped in artful disarray. "Talk," the Dragon Lady commanded.

"Why are you playing with that alligator?" Allen asked.

"'Cause none of the other kids will play with me," the Dragon Lady sobbed. "And anyhow I don't want kid gloves; I want an alligator traveling kit." Impulsively she threw herself against him and peered deep into his eyes with her own mysterious eyes. "Tell me," she panted, "haven't you ever wanted an alligator bag more than anything else in the world — wanted it desperately, passionately?"

"No, I used to be interested in stamps, but lately I've become interested in movie star pictures. You haven't got any pictures you'd like to show me have you?" Allen asked casually, trying to conceal his eagerness.

"No," she said evasively, hastily covering a handsome portrait of Van Heflin tattooed on her arm. "He isn't going to talk," she said to her henchmen. "Toss him in the dungeon to soften him up."

Allen languished in the dungeon for eight months. He learned many secrets while in jail from the girl who brought him his meals. She had a portrait of Sara Vaughn tattooed on her left deltoid muscle. She told him that if this building — the central headquarters for all spy activities — were destroyed it would put an end to spying and espionage all

over the world and that they should be married immediately.

Fortunately Allen was saved from connubial entanglements by the Dragon Lady who sent twenty of her burly henchmen to bring Allen up for questioning. Allen was flattered. Once more the prisoner found himself in the heavily scented boudoir of the Dragon Lady. He noted the piles of atomic bombs and lesser explosives and said:

"Boy, you're dynamite, kid."

She fluttered her eyelashes. "Tell me all the vital war information you know," she cooed and twisted her fingers in Allen's hair while twenty henchmen ogled.

"Right away?" Allen whispered, crushing her lithe young body to his and searing her sensuous lips with his fiery kisses (They had been feeding him hot tamales in prison).

Then he pushed her aside roughly for he had taken the Browning automatic rifle from her. She had been concealing it in her form-fitting sarong. A sardonic laugh burst from his twisted lips as he sprayed the room with lead. The twenty henchmen crumpled to the floor—dead!

"Listen, baby," he said out to the side of his mouth as he trained the B.A.R. on her. "I want you should order all your agents to destroy all their information and then command 'em — all of 'em — to commit suicide."

"You're holding all the aces," she said carelessly and sat down at her wireless set. At last she arose wearily. "All done," she sighed.

Allen laughed his cold heroic laugh and kissed her once, warmly. "This is goodbye, baby," he said. Then he took off his shoes and kicked the atomic bombs with his bare feet until they exploded in a tremendous blast that leveled the countryside for miles around.

By some unspeakably clever stratagem Allen escaped unscathed save for a severely singed pair of eyelashes—which, incidentally, were not his own but those of the Dragon Lady. He had taken them along as a memento of his adventure.

At last, after various and sundry odd jobs, Allen succeeded in earning his passage back to America. He was proud of himself. He had single-handedly wiped out all the spies in the world. He was a hero, and he expected a hero's welcome. The F.B.I., however, didn't agree. They said he was a draft dodger, a traitor, a disgrace to his country. They slapped him in jail. And that's where Allen is today.





*Delores Klewicki*

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*Hammers and Rodgerstein***NORTH ATLANTIC**

by JACK STEINHILBER

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance, ranging from well-groomed to slovenly)

EMILE DE WRECQUE, a French planter

PENQUIN, best-dressed member of cast

PRONTO, his faithful Eskimo companion

GORY MARY, his wife

NELLIE FIVEBUSH, a navy nurse

AGNIX, their daughter

IRENE, goodnight

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, Bart

A PIANO PLAYER, not related to Harry Truman in the slightest

DAVID HARDING, countersink

AN UNIDENTIFIED REFRIGERATOR SALESMAN

A ROVING AMBASSADOR FOR E.C.A.

TWO GIANT POLAR BEARS

SEVERAL WALRUSSES

CHORUS, SAILORS, ETC.

ACT I: Scene is in Iceland, with ice and snow in all directions. Dead of Winter.

ACT II: Same as above.

ACT III: Scene changes.

\* \* \*

## NORTH ATLANTIC

## ACT I

The setting is a wasteland of ice and snow. There is one large oak tree in the center of the stage. This would appear to be a mistake, as there are no large oak trees in Iceland. Ah, but there is a reason for it, as we shall soon see. NELLIE FIVEBUSH, our heroine, drifts on stage contemplating her surroundings. Because of Iceland's strong, constantly prevailing winds, she is leaning at a forty-five degree angle to the wind-ward. This position is held generally throughout the play by all the characters, so it is wise to select actors who have great muscular control and are skilled at gymnastics. NELLIE is wearing a mink-dyed sewer-rat fur coat and appears to be shivering. She is sad about something and lets everyone within a radius of a mile know about it by singing the following song:\*

\*There will be claims that the melodies in this musical have been plagiarized from another musical, namely South Pacific's "Bali Hai", "Some Enchanted Evening", "I'm In Love With a Wonderful Guy", and "There Is Nothing Like a Dame", in that order. The idea is, of course, ridiculous.

NELLIE. Brr-rr-rr, it's cold here,  
Brr-rr-rr, I'm frozen stiff;  
I'm so low I feel like dying,  
I just might leap off a cliff.  
This coat isn't warm,  
I'm a cold little miss;  
Why should I suffer  
In a wilderness like this?

If someone would come and join me,  
I would be in ecstasy;  
All there is on this damn island  
Are the walrusses and me.

Yelping WALRUSSES enter stage left on cue, cross stage

and exeunt stage right. NELLIE climbs tree and disappears among the leaves. Enter CHORUS.\* They don't seem to know what they're doing here, so they stand around looking at each other stupidly. Finally they realize they're out of place and sheepishly file out en masse. Enter EMILE DE WRECQUE. He is a French planter, sent to Iceland by his company to find a place to start a new French plantation. When he sees the place to which he has been sent, he is greatly indignant. He voices his wrath in this song:

\*To cut down costume expenses, it is suggested that the members of the chorus be dressed in a kind of cheap underwear, and the lights be turned down low so the audience can't tell the difference.

EMILE. What a dreary island;  
I don't see a stranger,  
Not a lousy stranger  
Upon these barren shores.  
And somehow I know,  
It's easy to see,

They're trying to make a big fool out of me.  
Those dirty jokers, they're not even nice,  
Sending me to this place, all there is, is ice!

Enter PRONTO, EMILE's faithful Eskimo companion. He grabs EMILE by the sleeve and points offstage. He is excited.

EMILE. What is it, Pronto, my good man?

PRONTO. Ookle!

EMILE. No! Pronto, you're joshing me.

PRONTO. Ookle! Ookle!

EMILE. I never would have imagined it! We must do something immediately!

They exeunt hurriedly. When they are gone, NELLIE swings down from the tree.

NELLIE. I must contrive to meet that man

(Curtain)



"Well . . . I've got to run now."



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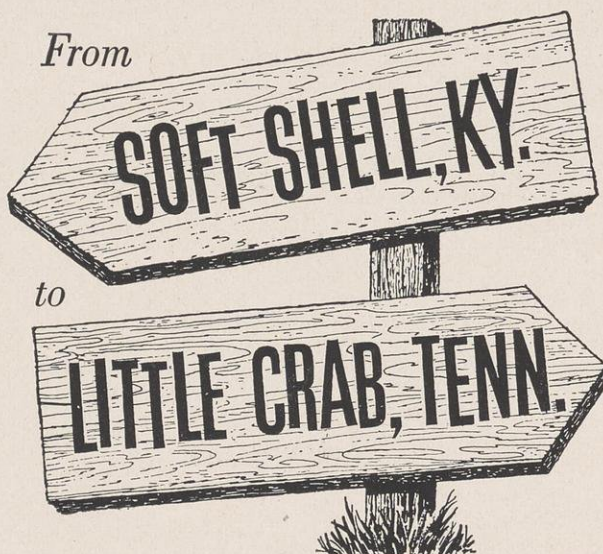
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|--|--|
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| <b>June 18—</b>                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> University of Zurich, School for European Studies |
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## ACT II

The scene is the same as in Act I. Evidently NELLIE has contrived to meet EMILE, for we find them holding hands under the tree.\*

\*You see, the tree is indispensable to the story.

NELLIE. You may call me Nellie if you want to.

An awkward pause.

EMILE. Do you think sex will ever take the place of night baseball?

This attempt at conversation falls flat and the play is in danger of a lull here. Fortunately, PRONTO entertains the audience by building an igloo on stage.

An UNIDENTIFIED REFRIGERATOR SALESMAN enters right.

SALESMAN. Hey, Bud . . . Com'ere.

PRONTO. Ooole.

SALESMAN (in hushed tones). Wanna buy a hot refrigerator?

PRONTO. Ooole? \*\*

\*\*You have undoubtedly noticed by this time that PRONTO has a somewhat limited vocabulary.

SALESMAN. It's great for keeping warm buttered snowballs fresh. Whattayuh say?

PRONTO. Ooole!

SALESMAN. Good! You'll never regret it.

PRONTO pays him in blubber and SALESMAN skips off left, scattering lollipops in all directions. The igloo has by this time completely obstructed the lovers. But from behind the igloo harsh tones are heard. A lovers' quarrel?

NELLIE. You beast! (She simultaneously throws a harpoon at EMILE. It pins him to the tree.)

EMILE. If that's the way you feel, goodbye, forever! He exits, dragging the tree behind him. PRONTO follows dragging his igloo behind him. NELLIE, again alone on an almost bare stage, makes matters worse by breaking into this mournful aria:

NELLIE. I'm as sad as a fly in molasses;

I'm as glum as a bum in a slum;

If you'll overlook an expression I took,

I have lost me a wonderful shnook.\*

I am in the most horrible crisis;

I have almost lost the man I should hook;

If you'll overlook that expression I took,

I should look for my wonderful shnook.

I ran him through, and now I'm so blue;

If I could undo what I've done;

I'm in the lurch, and I won't see a church,

So I'll search till my searching is won.

I must hunt all over this island;

I will look underneath every stone;

If you've overlooked that expression I took,

I must look, I must look, I must look, I must look;

I must look for my wonderful shnook.

\*A colloquial word usually used in a derogatory sense. Here it is used as a playful term of endearment.

(Curtain)

## ACT III

The scene has changed to a local beverage emporium. EMILE is drowning his sorrows in joy juice along with the usual inhabitants of the place, namely fraternity men, Eskimos, and a bunch of sailors left over from the cast of *Mr. Roberts*. They all join in singing the drinking song.\*

\*The Drinking Song is used here to lend respectability to this musical. This device is employed in every opera that is an opera.



ALL. There is nothing like a beer, nothing in the world;  
Nothing is so full of cheer as a foamy-topped  
stein of beer.

There is nothing tastes so queer, nothing in the  
world;

Nothing else is quite so dear as the feeling that  
comes with beer.

There are no drinks like a beer,

And nothing clinks like a beer;

Nothing acts like a beer,

Or attracts like a beer;

Nothing feels like a beer,

Or appeals like a beer;

There ain't a thing that's wrong with any man  
here,

That can't be cured by putting him near

A foamy, zesty, tasty barrel of beer.

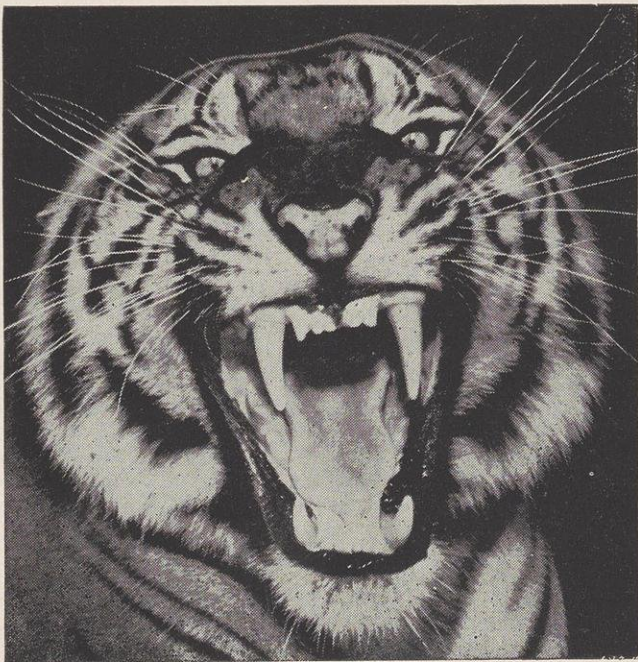
A PENGUIN enters. He is out of place. Penguins are  
found only in the vicinity of the South Pole and in  
zoos. He is generally ignored by everyone. He can take  
a hint, so he sidles out, pausing only long enough to  
ask the correct time. No one knows.

Enter NELLIE on a dog sled. She unhitches herself, and  
throws herself into EMILE's arms. He is so soused,  
he misses the throw. Being a somewhat stout soprano,  
she crashes through the floorboards until only her  
head and feet are showing. EMILE gingerly tries to  
help her out. He finds it impossible to pull her out by  
himself, so he asks for help. The other gentlemen  
make an attempt, but it's no use. She is thoroughly  
wedged in. They give up, but because they are neat  
boys, they disguise this blemish in the floor by cover-  
ing her with an empty beer barrel. This also hides her  
screams, which are extremely irritating to tender ears.  
At this moment, the wind, which has been blowing  
constantly, reverses its direction and everyone falls  
flat on the floor.

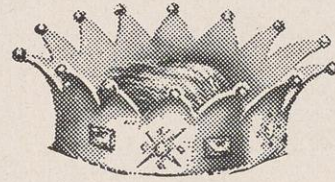
Enter KATE SMITH in tights, who, with a rose in her  
teeth, sings "God Bless America" as a finale.

(Curtain)

FINIS



Henry Wiggins, Me 4, upon being personally ques-  
tioned by Bruce Fellows as to his one hundred dollar  
senior pledge.



*dinner to a king's*

*taste . . .*

*queen's, too, of course!*

*where but at*

***the wooden bowl***

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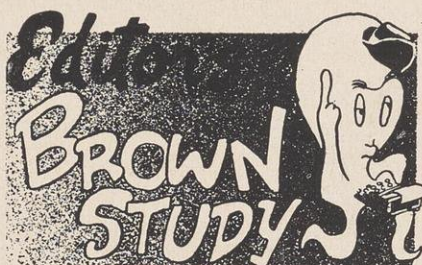
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fauerbach*



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We've been storing up "Octy's indignation" against the campus news rag until the storm finally had to break. We tried to be broadminded, we waited hopefully, naively believing that with a new year and new scribes the Daily Cardinal would blossom forth as a legitimate newspaper, but our spell has been broken, the bubble has burst.

So, finally releasing our venom, we have completed the Cardinal parody as well as we know how, realizing the limitation of the Cardinal being too humorous in its own right and that we can but mimic its oddities.

We firmly believe that the Cardinal staff writers are the true humorists on this campus, and regretfully must concede defeat to the near-dethroned handling of the rag. The proofreaders are literary aesthetes of the first rank. Their mistakes never cease to be a delight to their readers since the words which they miss completely kill the point of the story!

And (hah) the vital issues of the day . . . Chinese Reds break through for umpteenth time, President of United States branded Communistic by the Campfire Girls, Atomic Bomb found obsolete by top ranking U. S. generals, etc. Where do we find these world crises? Usually buried on the last page, or possibly as filler under a magnum opus dealing with the appointments and complicated issues relating to the All Campus weenie roast on Muir Knoll.

To point up these journalistic criminals I have composed a small men's rogues gallery which will enable you readers forevermore to refer the Cardinal errors to their source.

Jack Zeldes, of course, is the hard-hitting editor of the Daily Pornographic. He is from Galesburg, Illinois, the brick center of the world. Zeldes rather slyly conceals his true being and evil intentions behind his boyish leer and rakish Navy ROTC uniform.

From LaCrosse we have the diminutive Dick Renner, who is a senior wheel on campus with his main shaft wheel in the Cardinal office. Dick is responsible for the miserable layout on the editorial page. He is a thwarted high school Thespian, dropping

this for the lower things in life, his post on the Cardinal.

Don Johanning is the City Editor wonder boy from Racine, who has just recently taken up the art of the Speed Graphic, and has already set a phenomenal record for ruining negatives. He spelled Zeldes as summer editor, and was responsible for the super-abundance of Cardinal copies on the stands, naturally unsold.

From Milwaukee we have another NROTC lad, Rog Benedict, who is cultivating his ulcers harrying staff members into making their deadlines. Many critics feel that without him there would be no Cardinal. Hmmm.

And Dick Snow is the fierce-faced, fuzzy-chinned fearless sports editor, also from Milwaukee, who is continually making bets with Graham Hovey of the "J" school on sports events, and whose returns have not made him a richer man.

Carol Towers is a Barnard girl, whose job as society editor keeps her in the public eye. The staff is doing their utmost to help her keep her figure, by consuming all of her mother's tremendous cookie output.

Famed for his eager excitable voice is the New York flash on the staff, Jerry Schecter. Jerry is not only campus correspondent for the Milwaukee Sentinel and New York Herald Tribune, but also shares honors with me for being the most miserable French student in the department.

Jeanne Matheson is the pert feature editor, and about the only stable personality on the rag. She divides her time between writing phony controversial letters to the editor, and praising the magazine section, which she also oversees.

Handling the business books is the business manager known as "Wump" to most, and as Glenn Wilpolt to his friends. He keeps tab on the number of Cardinals snatched from the news stands daily, which couldn't keep him too busy.

Dick McGrath, circulation manager, is the author of the lyrically sad, plaintive wails that now and then reverberate in the Cardinal and Octopus, to buy your subscription while there is still time.

And not last, and not least is smiling Phoebe Bates, the office secretary, who weathers many a Cardinal crisis over who gets the byline, and steadfastly refuses to add one wrinkle, from this mayhem, to her Lux complexion.

We wish we could point up more of these Cardinal kids but I'm afraid I have reached the point of diminishing returns.

*Bob Burkert*



*The King of  
the Campus*

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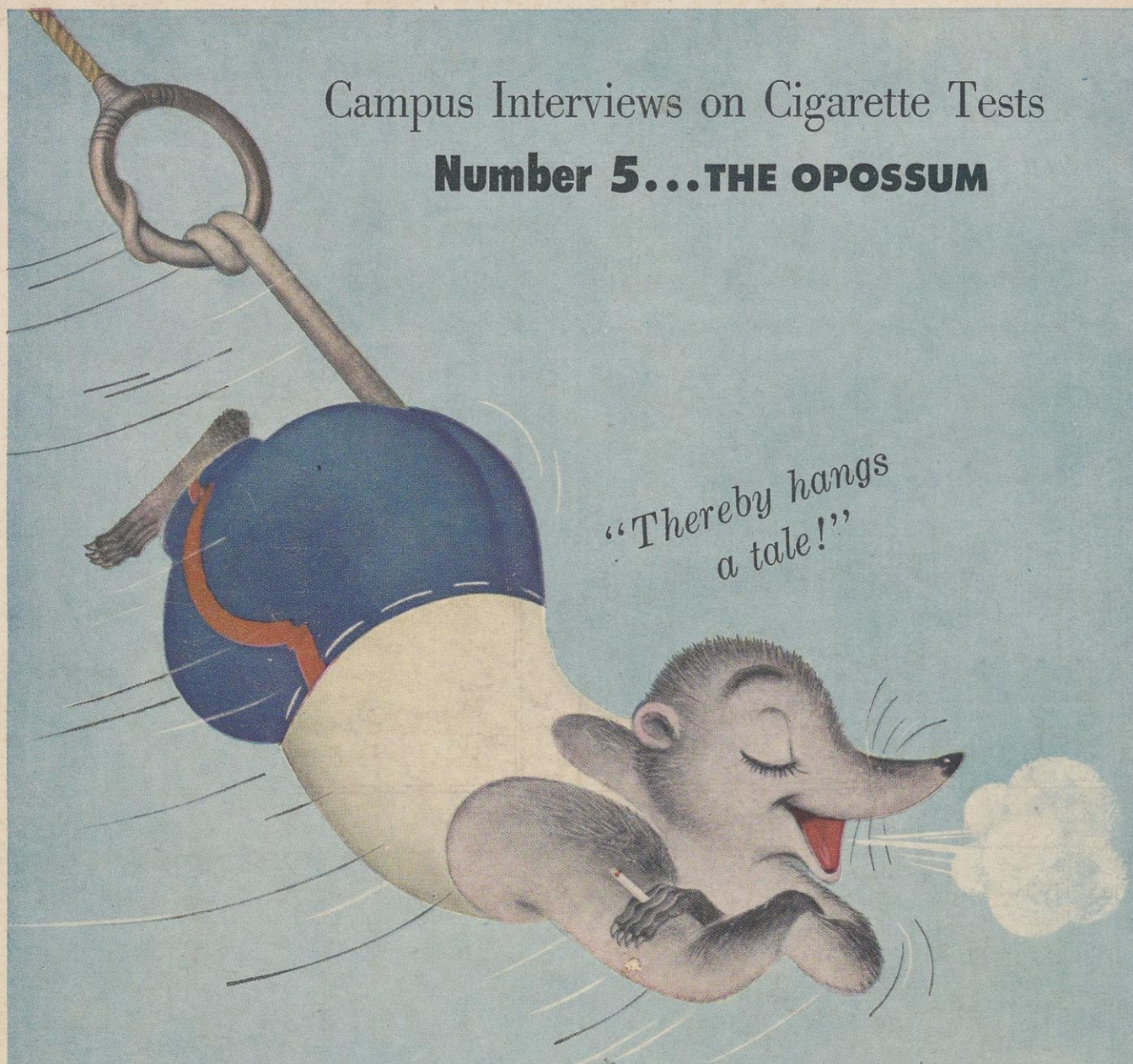
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## Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

### Number 5...THE OPOSSUM



**T**HE class clown went out on a limb and tried to prove cigarette mildness by the quick-trick method! He tried the fast puff and huff test—a whiff, a sniff—and they *still* left him up in the air! But then he got his feet on the ground. He learned that there is a reliable way to discover how mild a cigarette can be! And that test is...

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