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V. 33 no. 1

University Wisconsin

# OCTOPUS

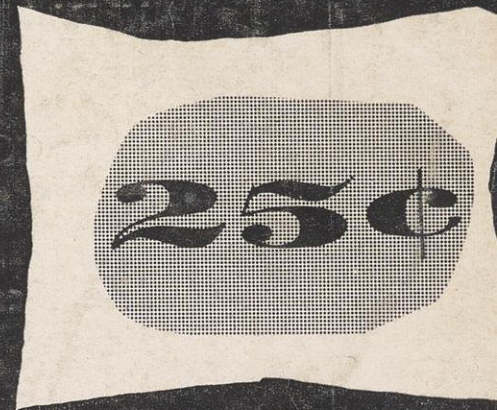
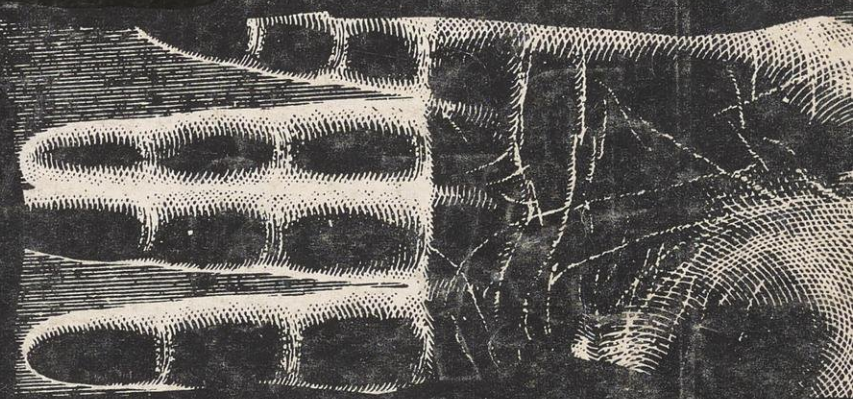
Vol. 33 #1

Stories

Cartoons

Jokes

Sex





# Ever Been Hit By a Truck?

*or Dropped from a Plane?*

*or Pushed Down an Elevator Shaft?*

*or Cast, By Accident, in a Concrete Mould?*

*or have you ever just fallen down and been hurt bad  
enough to cost you money and make things tough?*

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## GREETINGS FROM OCTY!

Hello.

Do you realize that the nearest star is billions of miles away? Did you know that the temperature of space is estimated at over 400 degrees below zero, and that if you were exposed to the sun's rays even in all that cold you'd be burnt to a crisp? The universe is a hell of a place! Still here?

We know all this is very disturbing, but don't worry; Octy is right here, and everything is going to be all right.

The chair, couch, or lap that now supports you is not really the least bit solid, but is a vast empty space accupied by small whizzing charges of electricity. The mind you think you call your own is a frightful maze of complexes, neuroses, and frustrated infantilisms. The girl you think you really love is a repressed mother symbol, and her purity is a questionable cultural anachronism. Things at times are rather confusing.

Still here?

Good, because Octy is here to run its tentacles gently o'er that fretted brow, and sing soft submarine songs in your ears. You see, it isn't so bad, after all, is it?

The trouble with the world is that too many people take their happiness too seriously. Octy prescribes: Wisdom may lurk behind a silly grin. Something must!

Do you give a royal damn about Etruscan history? Up until yesterday, we certainly didn't. For all we knew, Etruscans were an obscure California football team. But now, after a recent (and unavoidable) session with a rather scholarly tome on the subject, we have emerged, tentacles tingling, all aglow with respect for this ancient Italian people.

The Etruscans, for those unlettered readers not intimate with prehistoric and pre-Roman Italy, were a

tribe that ruled the area north of Rome before the rise and fall of the great Empire. We know little about them: their language is practically Greek (or rather Etruscan) to scholars, and what we do know is in large part second hand. However, according to the author of the text, one fact stands out: that "... the duration of the Etruscan century was not strictly limited to 100 years; the fifth century contained 123 years, the sixth and seventh 119 each."

Now that is a hell of a good idea. On the surface this may appear to be merely a quaint idiosyncrasy of an ancient tribe, but after much thought we have come to believe that this system represents a work of great genius.

Think about it. Here *we* are, caught, hamstrung in fact, by our rigid method of century-numbering, and look where it has got us. If we could only escape this burden, how happy our lives might be. If the glorious thirteenth century had only lasted into the more sterile fourteenth, how much richer our culture might be. If the wonderful nineteenth century had only gone on and on!

If the nineteenth century had only gone on! Now do you begin to see the wisdom of those old Etruscans? Imagine: a prehistoric Victorian age, all the world your playground, the wars you wage the fulfillment of the irresistible march of

Progress, only the decimal places left to the ultimate completion of knowledge (or rather, to be more accurate, only one or two more gods to placate, several sacrifice techniques to get down cold, and you were made.)

Living it up, as the man says. But, along about the Etruscan year '95 or '96, you begin to worry. Things are really going well; too well to have to stop. So the city fathers get together over beer and dough cakes:

"Hell, man, (translation is free) we just never had it so good. We got the old gods just where we want them. (Chuckles are heard.) We just can't let it all go."

"I'll say. Why don't we extend the century a few more years. Those yokels in the market will never notice it—hee, hee, it won't be the first thing we've put over on 'em, (snickers) will it? Just let the century go on, pretend it's still the —th, and let 'em have a few more years of happiness."

"Yeah, and we can go carrying the old White Man's Burden—oh, the bitter irony—ho, ho, ho."

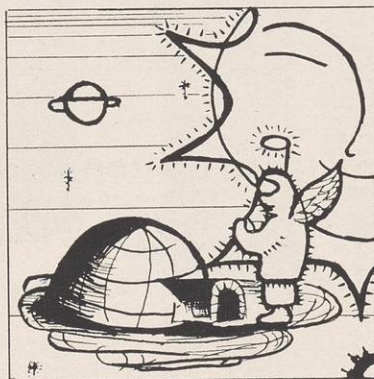
So, they merely extended the century nineteen or twenty-three years, whatever the traffic would bear. A real solid system!

If we could only have learned from the Etruscans! If only some wise man (we would suggest Oscar Wilde) had arranged to run the nineteenth century twenty or so years into this one, and kept the wonderful Nineteenth Century Spirit alive a little longer, just think:

—instead of the First World War, we would have gone on having expositions, fairs, and centennials the rest of our lives.

—instead of the Labor Party and rationing, an Eternal Queen's Jubilee, and a world of Crystal Palaces and Musuems of Science and Industry.

(continued on page 2)





—instead of cultural relativity, Civilization.

—instead of Lenin and the Red Army, sweet old Karl Marx who loved his wife and children.

—instead of MacCarthy, William Jennings Bryan, instead of Henry Luce Horace Greeley.

—tanks and teargas would be unknown, and we would base our tactics on the horse dragoons. Flying Tigers would still be mythology, and island-hopping a pastime for tourists and sea-gulls.

—no Television with its Howdy-Doody and Hopalong Cassidy, but the telegraph, penny-dreadfuls, and Wild Bill Cody and his "watersmooth stallion."

That is, in place of the Twentieth Atomic Totalitarian Century of Annihilation, we'd still be back in the Era of Liberal Democracy and the founding of the S. P. C. A., and we never would have had to fight to make the world free for Democracy, Freedom, Scientific Socialism, Land Reform, or the Minimum Wage.

Finally, women would know their place, and there would be no income tax.

See what we mean?

Students, whether they be four-point or no-point, are prone to complaining that it is really impossible to grade a person's work on a scale as arbitrary as the University system. Yet these same students will breezily blow off about this Professor who is "Great!" or that one who is an abysmal bore, without stopping to think that they are rating the work of their mentors on a scale even sloppier than that they complain of.

We have long been concerned over this, but now, thanks to a conversation overheard in front of the Chem. Building, we think we may have the start on a fool-proof Prof.-point system.

The two students were discussing their last lecture, and one said:

"Boy, I fell asleep *four* times in that damn class."

The other, rather surprised, replied, "Gosh, I though he was really interesting."

The first, sincerely hurt and obviously misunderstood, insisted, "Oh, it *was*! I mean, he kept waking me up."

Remember General McAuliffe, the hero of the Battle of the Bulge, who answered the Nazi's request for an unconditional surrender with a curt:

"NUTS!" ? We have often found that, like the General, many great leaders of men are blessed with a candor that surpasses that of ordinary mortals.

This idea was firmly upheld the other day in a discussion we had with a girl who was about to go off for a week-end at the YMCA-sponsored Leadership Camp at Anokijic near Plymouth, Wisconsin. The camp was supposed to be a sort of basic-training for campus leaders. We were intrigued by the idea of learning "leadership", a quality we had always considered just a little too nebulous to teach, and so we asked exactly what she and the other boys and girls were planning to do there. She looked up, as if to say "How stupid can you be?" and answered simply, "N eck."

## TRUE LOVE

He loved her like a knight of yore,  
With the heat of the fires of hell,  
She was the Queen of his little world  
So utterly adora-bell.

He worshipped her as a thing divine,  
Like a huskster loves something  
sale-a-bell

But we wonder how hot would our  
hero be

Were she not at the moment avail-  
a-bell?

\* \* \*

## ON PASSION

With people around

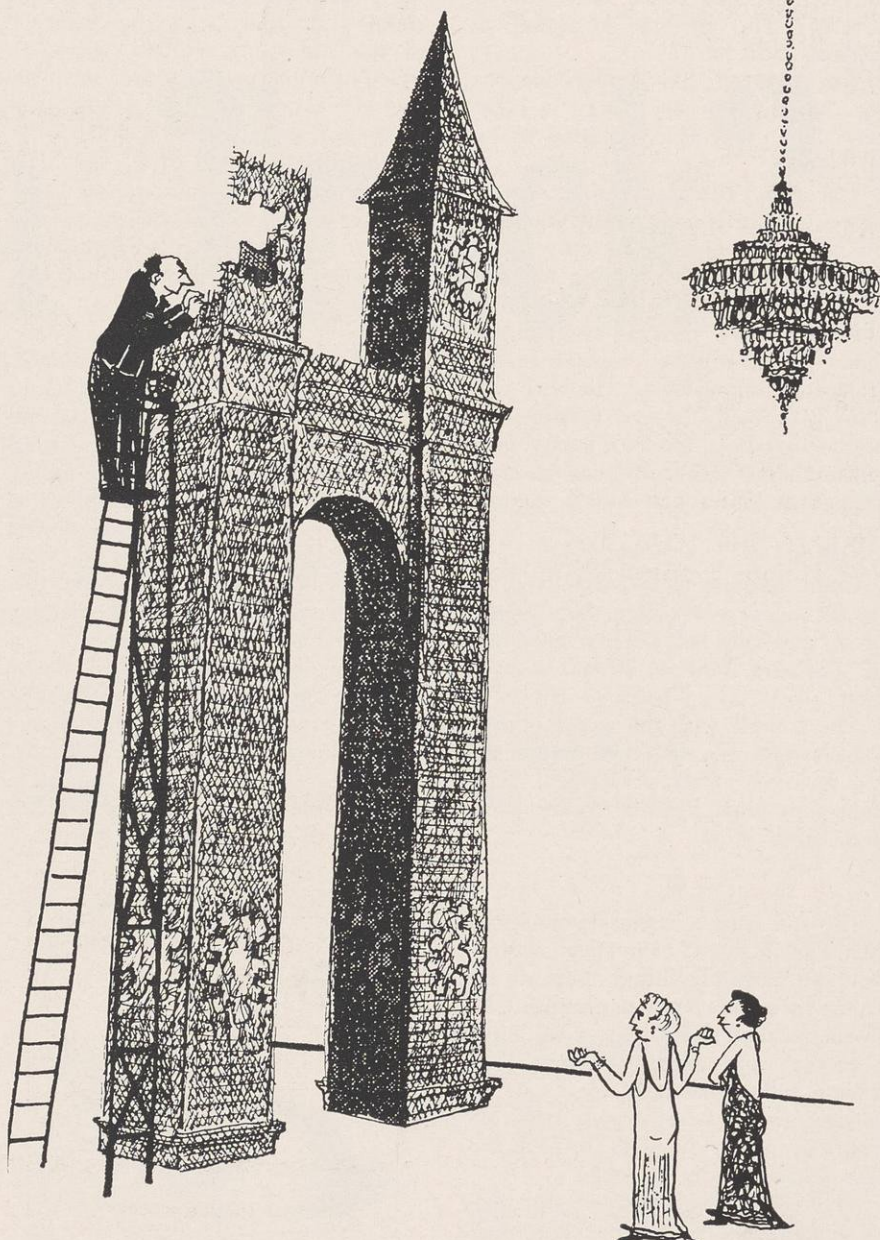
Methinks

It stinks.

But alone at night

Tis Quite

Alright.



"His doctor told him to relax his nerves by building little things out of toothpicks."



- *The Bounders of the Campus*
- *Are the Bounders of the State*

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# WISCONSIN

## CONFIDENTIAL

A SHOVEL-FULL OF REAL DIRT  
FROM OCTY'S

Jack Late



Lee Motorboat

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# C A M P U S



E came to this one mule town, in the wild and wolfish Midwest and what did we find! There were two lakes as clear as glass, but the minute we tried to walk on them, we found out different. That's the way this putrid place is. Sure, to all outward appearances, Madison and the University seems serene, simple, sedate,

but Jack and I found out it was slimy, sinful, and seductive. Do you think the "No Parking from 7 A.M. to 5 A.M." signs are there just to stop parking?

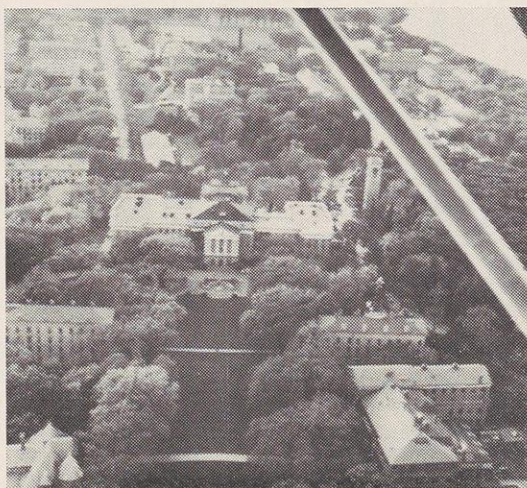
In our wanderings, we uncovered the real truth of what goes on behind card catalogues. We read between cafeteria lines. We saw through floors. By constant drillage we found much in the spillage of those in bar and grillage. The following are but a small part of our shocking discoveries:

—the sleepy-eyed people leaning against lamp posts looking deceptively normal are nothing but schizophrenics, neurotics, kleptomaniacs, hypochondriacs, and professors. The seemingly sleeping people strewn upon Bascom Hill are in reality, bodies of those who died trying to find living quarters.

—Bascom Hall in early September is a front for a gambling sport called Registration. The chips are millions of multicolored cards with plenty of doodling space. In this racket, strong arches pay off. The odds are big and bets are placed to see if a certain line of students will ever move. An assignment committee will gladly give any winners 7:45 classes with teachers who check attendance. Bribery is a common thing. All you have to do is slip someone a few bucks and your fee-card gets stamped. Any eager Badger Freshman who, in spite of "Hot Tips" on a system, does not beat the game, can easily become maladjusted.

—the song "On Wisconsin" was written by radicals in the hope that all lousy capitalists would fight fiercely at football games and not pay any attention to a secret overthrow of the University which is brewing. "Numen Lumen," or motto's real meaning is, therefore: Students of the University unite, you have nothing to lose but your credits!

On the next pages, you will get more of the inside story, with all the dynamically, dirty, disgusting, and devilish details. But before you read on, we wish to expose the basic philosophy shared by all who migrate to this location: REAL LIVING is a combination of bachelors, broads, bridge, and beer!



# C O N F I D E N T I A L



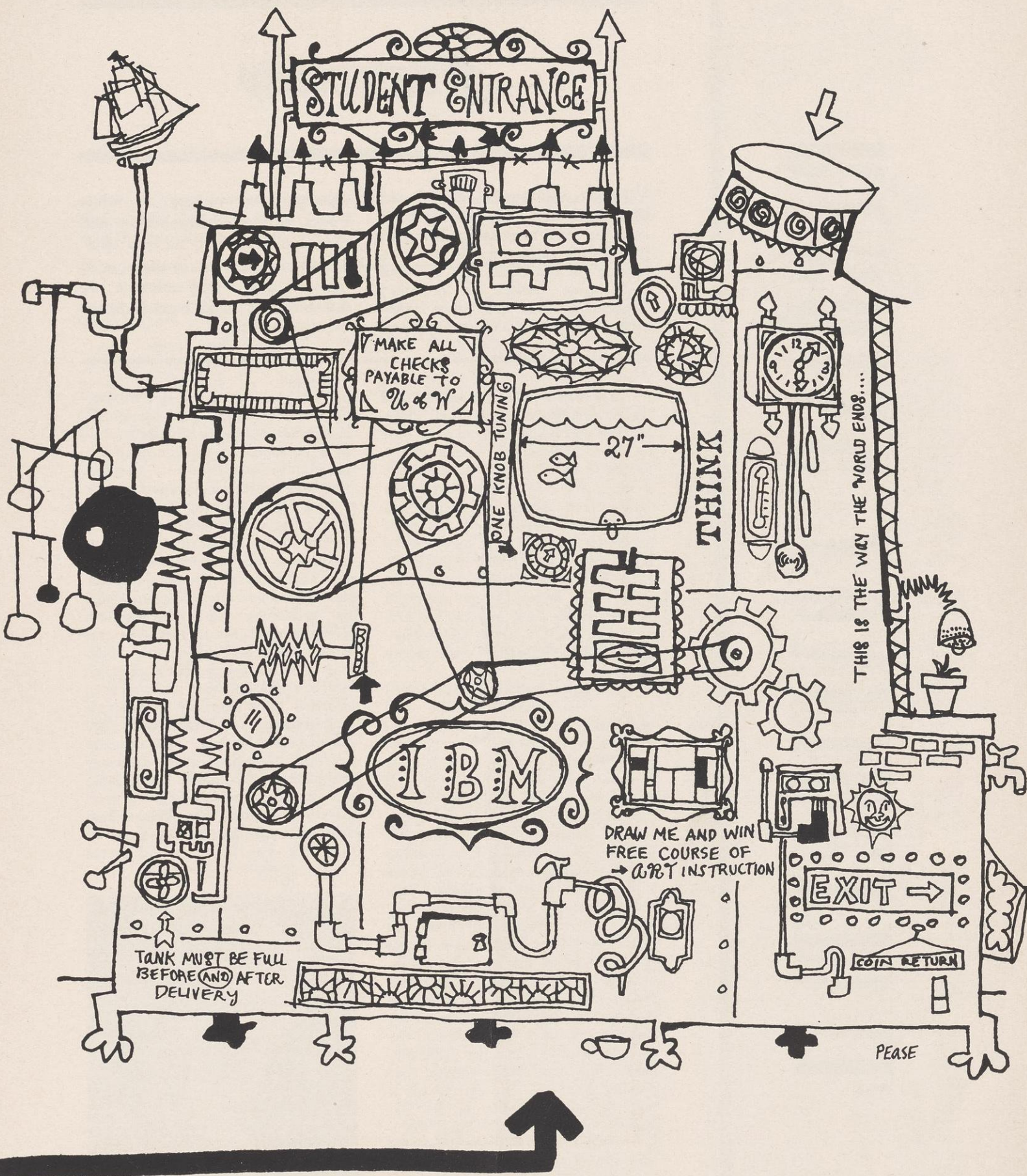


# CONFIDENTIAL

In the bowels of Bascom, down so far air has to be pumped there, a machine sits gnashing and feeding on students. Into this snarling beast is fed everything sacred in the personality of each of the fourteen thousand souls enrolled at this great lump of learning. This machine knows what church you go to and thereby about what you say in your prayers. It knows who puts you through college on what kind of money earned where. It knows where you live and what time you had damn well better be in your little sack if you are a girl. And what is more, this grim thing is not at all afraid to use its power; sometimes its keepers can confine it to the routine tasks of sorting to which the various deans put it. But oftentimes it will snap its leash and run, figuratively, amok. And when an IBM machine runs, figuratively, amok, watch it! At whim it can flunk you, make you Phi Beta Kappa, make you senior class president, president of the University, or a sex offender to be thrown out of the university. The secret is in the little holes. You are a set of little holes in a card and if your little holes irritate IBM you are dead. Raw meat with your special holes punched in it will pacify this great beast for a time. Human sacrifice will work for a week. But nothing really is any good. You're caught.

- A.) Student to be codified is thrown into hopper at upper right after paying all fees.
- B.) Student, herinafter called subject, is placed on belt and stripped of all clothing while seven rectangular portions of his body are color-coded for various departments.
- C.) Giant cookie cutter descends and takes out seven colored rectangles. This is known as "Taking it outa yore hide!" (University custom.)
- D.) Subject goes to clinic hopper to be medicated. Many subjects are lost here.
- E.) Subject goes to question box where recorded voice of an assistant dean asks embarrassing questions. Answers are punched in hide previously taken out. If student has been here before, his answers are checked with last year's cards and he is flogged for fibs.
- F.) Hides are steeped in hardener and become cards. Subject is steeped in mercurochrome and told to become student again. "Or we'll take it outa yore hide!" (University custom.) Student is subject to twenty-minute recall on check-bouncing charge.







# Fraternity

There were hundreds of them; all shapes and configurations; all crossing and recrossing Langdon Street and piling up steps to be beaten on the back and to have their arms flailed by grinning ginks at the top. They were fraternity rushees. I secreted myself

among them, putting on white bucks (dirtied beforehand) and charcoal gray suit, tie and shirt. I knew I would be irresistible in this costume. I was going to see this business at its most hideous, its most sinful.

There was a house lit by red and white floods to show its white-washed and pillared front and hide its true livery-stable origin. "Rho Dhammit Rho" said a huge sign. I went up the steps and was suddenly jerked to my knees by a leering oaf trying to impress me by his hand shake. He helped me up by one hand because he was carrying a trophy in the other. He still was grinning like a billy-goat trying to pick shreds of tin out of his back molars. The trophy said, "A.W.S. Daisy Chain Contest. 1927." He didn't want me to see that.

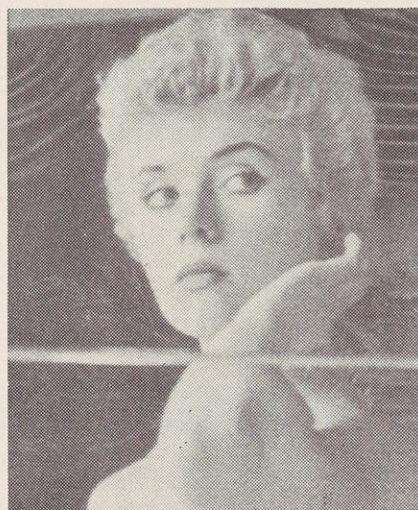
Three more grabbed me and pulled me in. They pinned a little card bearing my name through my suit and an inch of my skin. They laughed good naturedly when I bled. "Get in training for hell week early around here," he cackled. Then the rites I had been warned about began. Slowly four of them began circling me, glancing at me, staring at everything about me. One perused my eyes to see if they were shifty or close-set—the infallible marks of a poor fraternity risk. Another grabbed my hand and jerked me to my knees again to test the strength of my handshake—another infallible symbol. I got up and jerked him to his knees. He seemed pleased. Another felt the cloth in my suit and cut out a small piece to use as a reference when the fraternity hashed me over later. Another was peering intently at my ears to see if they set out normally or set flat against my head. Weasels and therefore extra-poor frat-men have flat ears. I made sure to talk low and slow so they would not think I was a fairy. I had this game cold.

After they were satisfied they led me to a long table with one large

pot of green juice on it. "Punch," they said and apologized because IF had prohibited liquor. But that would be fixed soon, you bet you, they promised. "Let's go down to the bar. That's the *real* place around here."

Now I have a strong stomach from associating with the dregs and depths of society so I might write truth. But this was even unnerving me. There was a huge ugly elephantine mutt of a dog crouched under the cellar bar lapping stale beer from between the cracks. He was large, black and unbearably flatulent. One of my guides (who had shifty eyes, flat ears and dressed poorly) gave him an affectionate kick in the nose and said, "Get to hell out of here Apesweat." Apesweat did not move, but hiccupped obscenely and bit him in the ankle. "That damn dog is always drunk, but he's a good affectionate dog." He kicked him again, but gave him a swig, then, out of a flask. The dog arfed and hooted

*(continued on page 17)*



"You can call her mom."



---

# Sorority

---

We walked down Langdon Street. We saw her lying dazed and beaten in the gutter. We re-

vived her. She talked. She told plenty. We will tell you now! In . . . .

"Do you feel like talking about it, Mattwilda?"

She sighed and looked at us through bloodshot eyes. "It all began," she choked, "on September 16th. I just asked for a scrubbing job at the Employment Agency, y'know? They gives me the address of this place on Langdon Street. Well, I hikes it out to this place and I was late, I guess—but not too bad. And there was all these cute girls walking in and out and all over and laughing and saying, 'How sweet!' Well, you know, I didn't know just what, but in I goes anyways. I bangs on this brass dingus on the door and pretty soon this big smiley face pokes out and says, 'Welcome to the Sigma Epsilon Xi house,' just like she's got a throat-fula angora sweaters."

Mattwilda smiled effusively but ever so piteously through her bandages, her face distorted by the isinglass of her oxygen tent. "Well, I wonders if she treats all the scrub women like that, but she seems harmless enough, so I says 'Thanks' and walks in. She takes off my coat and looks at me all squinchy-eyed as if

she swallowed a lollypop. 'How sweeeeeeet! How cunnnnnnnnnnnnnng! The new Shapeless Look! The *first* this year!' Well, now I was a little confused but I picks up my brush and pail all set to go but she claws at me and grabs my neck and screels out, 'Oh, look at that handbag, and that makeup brush! What won't they think up next! Oh, it's just too absolutely darling for comment!'

What she is talking about I can't tell you but I figure I better say something so I says, 'Yep, where I go, the pail goes. We're insufferable.' And she giggles horsey-like and pinches my cheek and says, 'Cute, Cute, Cute!'

The strain became too much for her wasted little frame. She paused and hacked piteously, her weakened body heaving. She regained herself. She was smiling again.

"So, in we goes and she gives me a plate of tutti-fruitti ice cream and a cuppa tea. I hate tutti fruitti ice cream!

Then this big dame yells, 'Gehls! Gehls! Gehls! Look what wa have heah! Isn't she cute? A Gem! An absolute Gem! And those clothes! So different! The "H" line! Straight from Paree, at that! She's a shrewd little cookie, I declare!' And then all these people in snazzy dresses and all rouged up come climbing all over the furniture to get at me. Well, they sat me down and handed me more tutti-fruitti (I hate tutti-fruitti!) and tea until I thought I couldn't hold 'em all. I mean, my God, I can't juggle! And then they all sprawled out on the floor and snuggled up behind me and patted my head and watched me chew. There they sat all around me and one of them drooled even while I chewed. That's a terrible thing to have ten people sit and drool while you chew, y'know? They looked hungry! Embarrassing, y'know.

And they asked me all these questions about school and silly things



like that. Well, I didn't know what to say, so I didn't say anything. And they asked what my pa did and how much he made and they all laughed real loud when I said he was a cess-pool cleaner for \$22.45 a week. They said that was the cutest thing they had ever heard a girl say. And I said it wasn't so damn cute if you had to wash his clothes. They stinks, y'know. And they laughed again and poked themselves like I made a funny.

Then some dame in a real funny costume comes out and shushes them all up, all over the room and says that there is going to be entertainment. Well, this was fine, I can tell you. And six girls come out in flannel pajamas with lollypops sticking out of their mouths and sing a little song about "The Good Ship, Lollypop." Gee, it was just wonderfull and all the girls kept cooing and asking me wasn't it sweet and all that. Well, yes, it was nice, I can say, especially for somebody who was supposed to wash the floor."

Again the incipient excitement wracked her broken form. She rattled and hacked as if she would die. Finally, her spasm passed.

"And then this girl comes dancing down the stairs in a real thin veil and says she is the sultan of the Sigma Epsilon XI house and wants we should all give a listen to her story of love. And then the six girls in nighties come out again, except they are in baggy pants and dance real sexy-like and sing about how neat this Sigma Epsilon Xi is. And all this time these dames are lollygagging all over the place around me and cuddling up to me and patting my head. My God, it was really fine.

And after this sexy dance—you know, I think the boys would have  
(continued on page 18)





We're here to expose this campus. Nothing misses our dirt digging eyes, for we are here as public servants to present to you all that is lewd, crude, and disgusting on campus. We cannot help it if everything we see is dirty, disgusting, cheap, filthy and lascivious—that's the way it is from the

Ag pig pens all the way to the "Tenderloin" of Langdon street.

Now here we are at the Pharm and we've got a hot tip. We are going to get the lowdown on what may turn out to be the mealiest, dirtiest, filthiest, most inside-turning frauds ever to be unearthed. This is going to be:



## STUDENT CONFIDENTIAL

---

Ostensibly, a Phord Student is in school on a scholarship provided by the Phord foundation, a benevolent bunch fathered by the Phord Motor Company. These scholarships are provided so that bright children may get their doctorates before having to worry about the strains of puberty, which has destroyed more budding geniuses than any other known cause. They are here to learn they say. They are here to get a good start on an education so they can go out and teach and learn more and teach and do oodles of good. Fine, you say. Great! But how great? A furtive phone call led us to wonder. We sat in the "Pharm" and waited for—we knew not who. (Pharm Tip: Knock twice and ask for Oscar).

Time: 8:05 p.m. Rennebohm's was crowded as usual with the usual assortment of students, bums, and professors. Burly oafs with "Wis. Ath. Dept." stenciled on their sweat-shirts and foreheads sat with painted sorority girls. Neither spoke. Smoke and babble drifted like acrid gas through the grim room. Suddenly we saw a small man, or boy, crawling on all fours between the many pairs of legs toward our back booth. He was modestly attired—pink diapers, silver safety pins, and a knitted wool jacket. He crawled quickly up to us

and as soon as he was seated he whipped out a bottle and took a tremendous tug at the nipple. "Warm milk. Good for the nerves," he muttered. He glanced about furtively through his thick horn rimmed spectacles as if to see something he didn't want to see. Nervously he searched the baseboard and found a plug for his electric bottle warmer and hotpad. "I shouldn't be here, you know. I have taken a terrible risk. Do you remember John R—? Washed up on the Union shore? Terrible, terrible." Behind one huge lens a tiny tear welled and was distorted like a distended cantaloupe. His small, veined hands clasped and unclasped fitfully.

"My name is Little Harvie Unglick. I am a Phord student. I am, gentlemen, going to give you the truth about the great Phord Student scandal. Do you mind if I toy with my slide rule? It is a release for me of inhibited infantilism. Thank you." He withdrew a log log decitrig slide rule and began computing absently. Suddenly the lights went out. By the glow of our cigarettes we could see Unglick crawling about under the table fussing with the plug. "I disremembered the polarity of this particular circuit. I am sorry. They will change the fuse." When the lights came on he wore the look of someone who had

eaten and belched loudly in public. "My physics seminar would never forgive me." He composed himself again.

"Simply told, gentlemen, the Phord Motor Company has been in terrible straits. Their chief competitor, Chevrolay, took the lead in production during the thirties and Phord has been unable to get it back. Heads have rolled. Henry Phord passed away under the strain of the combat, in fact. But then when the hopelessness of the situation became too apparent to ignore, they took the final and last possible step." His baby fat quivered in apprehension.

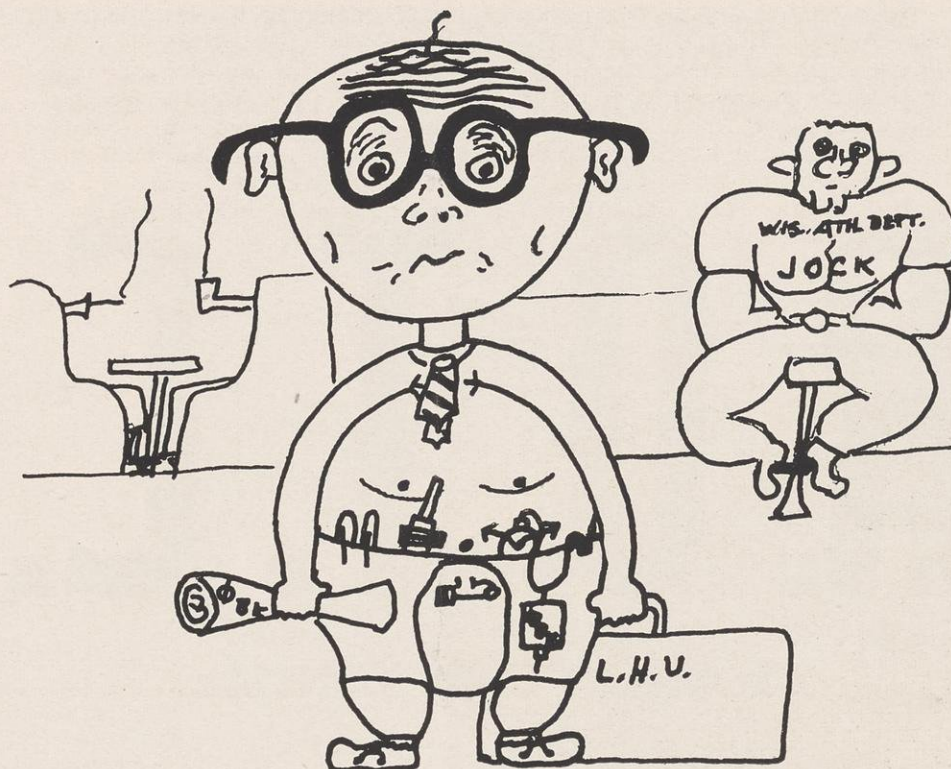
"The assembly line at Dearborn was torn down and reconstructed under utmost secrecy. They began to produce. But now they were producing—people! They couldn't outsell Chevrolay so they began to *make the people who were going to buy their cars!*" He paused, and then lifted one corner of his head to reveal a shiny metal plate:

Phord Scholar No. 143-775  
Model 1954-6  
Dearborn, Mich.

There's a Phord in your future  
"They made me three months ago," he whirled.

We were floored. We were com-





pletely blasted. Here was the most invidious, insidious plot we had ever encountered. Munich was a Sunday school vendetta compared to this. The picture became revoltingly clear: A race of super-people, costly and precise automatons, loosed on civilization to use their weighty intellects for a single purpose: Sell Phords to everyone! Oh, maybe conquer some disease, too. Or get to be president. But primarily to be so good and so successful that everyone will buy Phords! Phords! Phords! Chevrolay is to be ruined. There will be a Phord in *Everyone's* future. It will be the Brave New World. It will be the Year of our Phord 1960. It will be horrible.

The pink little fellow sat ticking and suckling across the table. "There are many of us, you know." He leaned forward. "Has a friend of yours leaned into a wall plug to recharge his battery? Or perhaps he has gone to the bar to get oiled. and really did? Does he have to be pushed to get him going on cold mornings." His voice rose to a snivelling crescendo and he ran his tiny hands through his fuzz. "You people haven't a chance! Not a teeny chance! Did you ever notice how a Phord Student drives through his studies? Maybe like he was powered by a V-8?

He is! And with power steering he is unbeatable! Unstoppable! Oh Phord! It's terrible!"

His composure collapsed completely. His jowels quivered and his little glottis emitted mournful sobs of a mechanical nature. He picked his head off the table and thrust a dip stick into one ear.

"My oil level is low. I am now emotionally unstable. Have either of you gentlemen a pint of number 30 oil? I need a pick-me-up. Perhaps you can recommend a good garage?"

"But Unglick," we said, "why, just why have you told us all this? Why have you ratted the plot and betrayed your friends? Why, if you are a machine, have you betrayed your makers?"

Again his head sank to the table and his face lay in a puddle of mouldering coke. His words bubbled out slowly as his chassis trembled and rattled. "I have omitted a part of my story. My story. The pain has wracked me terribly. I cannot speak—I—," he choked, "Gentlemen, when I was on the assembly line they omitted a part, I believe. In my drives there is something missing. In my brainbox there is an empty space; there is no Phord in my future. I am, in that respect, human. Gentlemen, I want a CADILLAC."



What do you know about the ROTC? Are you impressed by the martial gradeur of the marching legions on Armed Forces Day? Inspired by the recent loyalty pledge

fiasco, we spent ten days hiding behind a first sergeant on the third floor of the Armory, and emerged, our sense of decency still smarting, with:

# ROTC.

## LOYALTY CONFIDENTIAL

Several weeks ago the following article was splashed across the front page of the Daily Cardinal:

### STUDENT DRUMMED OUT OF ROTC; EXPOSED AT TRAITOR

By 'Ole Lea

(We calls 'im 'ole Lea on account of the 'ole in 'is 'ead.)

**Madison:** Today, in a heart-warming ceremony in flag decked Camp Randall Stadium, three thousand 100% (Cleared, certified, and thoroughly investigated) American ROTC students saw a traitor drummed out of the U.S. Campus Commandos as a disgrace to his flag, his country, his buddies, and his lovely old grandmother.

The Wisconsin Marching Band was on hand to play "Danny Deever." In the stands sweet old ladies waved American flags and cheered as the student was led on in irons and the massed ranks sang "And they're hanging Danny Deever in the Morn, Oh-deh-do-do."

A representative of the Fifth Army was on hand, and was to have ripped the ROTC patch off the student's shoulder, but the single thread holding it snapped. (A spokesman for P.M.S.&T. announced later the student, unnamed here because of the horror of it all, was given five demerits for improper care of uniform before being drummed out.

Before being stripped of rank, his list of offenses was called off for all to hear. While they were being read, he blanched visibly, moaning softly at the ignominy of it all.

By order of the Commandant of the Corps, University of Wisconsin Reserve Officers Training Corps, Cadet

\_\_\_\_\_ is hereby demoted, defiled, and otherwise screwed out of fighting and dying for his country three times a week. His official list of sins reads as follows:

- 1.) Fraternization with people suspected of a bare possibility of being a little bit critical of the army.
- 2.) Going to the same school with a person who belonged, in 1939, to a subversive organization (The German Army).
- 2.) Shaking hands with a person who had shaken the hand of the Russian ambassador to Cuba.
- 4.) Insulting a cadet officer when that officer was not in uniform and looked like any other drunken student.
- 5.) Executing the wrong drill ma-

neuver when ordered, "By the grnth phlarg, harch!"

6.) Having shinier shoes than any cadet officer.

The indictment read, a grim-faced officer stepped from the stand and ripped Bucky Badger from his shoulder. One by one his buttons were hacked off, his brass was torn off, his overseas cap was stripped of its proud green emblem. The cadet stood naked on the field while sad drums rolled and beat a tattoo of disgrace. He stood before all as a man without a country—a grim warning of the awful power of the U.S.R.O.T.C.

Interviews for Advanced Corps ROTC will be held today in the ROTC office in the Armory. Remember, Uncle Sam needs you!



"He's been here all day. Some Boy Scout asked him what troupe he was in."



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*Walls have ears*  
—Old Proverb  
Damn Right! And they talk, too!

Here is what one set of barriers  
told Leah and Sandy, our spies.  
Get set. Gird a loin if you have  
one! This is:

## GIRLS' DORMS: CONFIDENTIAL

If I knew you were coming, I'd have tarred my roof. I've been waiting for the chance to expose my stories, but you're the first co-ed who really wanted to know what she was getting into before she signed a contract. It's a rare occasion when an old house like I gets to speak for herself.

Although my foundation is weakening and I'm spreading all over campus, I'll still be welcoming new freshmen when Mr. Bascom's but a blister. So climb up on my doorstep and I'll let you in on some of the affairs that have made my wallpaper curl.

Be prepared for a shocking September. Any lurid stories you may have heard about Freshman Week need only be trebled to be true. The first blast comes when you step inside the room that will be your kitchen, living room and bedroom for the next year.

You do a double take to make sure you haven't stepped into a Charles Addams cartoon. It's not your excitement that fills the room with a rosy hue—it's the cobwebs that have been accumulating for the last two eons. The cheerful black wallpaper adds a certain homey touch, and, though it's a strain you can still see the pattern—I'm sure there's a pattern; it's there! I know it!

As your eyes adjust to the gloom you can distinguish a guant figure that seems to flow from the very walls. Not until it uncoils itself from the bed and beckons you forward with a long, tapered fingernail do you realize it is a girl. Her long, black hair glistens forbiddingly as she clears it from her face to reveal feline green eyes. Emblazoned across her chest in fiery red letters, is the name "VAMPIRA." "Roomo," you shriek joyously. At last you have met the lovely, demure freshman the housemother had raved about all summer.

No time for passionate embraces—an exultant mating call echoes through the halls. THEY are here.

Your first chance at real-live college men.

You slip into your velvet Wisconsin T-shirt and lace Bermuda shorts. From their hiding place under the dresser, you take your hand-knit purple knee-socks with the built-in leather soles. A dash of Old Spice and you're set to conquer any Greek or GDI who dares set foot in the door.

The scene in the living-room can best be described as Campus Zoo Parade. You take your place in the cattle line-up and tremblingly wait for some prominent stock-man to point you out as his blue ribbon cow. These ranchers are particular, however, and not until they have thoroughly examined the herd do they make their final selection.

At last, Diamond Jim Rah-Rah points his solid-gold branding iron in your direction and bellows a com-

manding, "I'll take you!"

Stifling an overwhelming urge to moo, you swallow your emotions and with sublime originality ask, "What's your major?" If, by chance, he answers, "Dairy Husbandry," do not be deceived, my calflette. He's not proposing. At any rate, he's not proposing marriage.

You take Diamond Jim by the hand and lead him to the table. You cool his ardor with Campus Cola and Spudnuts. Just as he gives the platter a final slurp, the lights flicker. It's not a short circuit, but the end of a long evening, and time to moo "adieu." He reveals himself to be a true trailblazer in the tradition of the old West. How else could he make his way between the bodies locked in untamed embraces.

Not until the housemother, affectionately known as Mother Goose, nudges each couple do the gay ran-



"Look everyone! Mabel's been pinned!"



cheros leave.

That, my dear future co-ed, is how your first day as a Badger will pass. From then on, things will get only slightly worse. Now that we're better acquainted, come into my living room, and I'll give you a preview of your first house meeting.

La Presidenta, referred to behind her back as Chief Hatchet Face, conducts the monthly pow-wows from her regal plush armchair.

"Girr-uls! The meeting is at order. The secretary will please read the minutes."

"At the last meeting we discussed quiet hours. Quiet hours must be maintained for those who are mentally disturbed and find it impossible to refrain from studying. Between the hours of 2 p.m. and 10:30 p.m., there will be no scalpings, witchburnings, bargainings for braves or drum beating. Anyone violating these rules will have her Care package confiscated.

"We also discussed phone duty. We realize that all you girls are anxious to answer the phones, but you must contain yourselves and let the girl on phone duty answer the calls. Be patient. Your night will come. Then you take a message, be polite but firm. Do not let a boy get away without asking for a date."

"Girr-uls! The meeting is at order!"

"It was announced that a list of eligible boys for this coming week-end is available. They are going fast, so if you haven't hooked anyone, send in your application to the social chairman. Also, send the social chairman your house party forms. Fill in your date's name, height, weight, shoe size and Dun and Bradstreet rating. If further information is necessary, we will contact you personally."

"Thank you, miss secretary. Now a word from Mother Goose."

"My dear girls, it has been brought to my attention that last Saturday night, in our very own living room, dreadful things occurred. Now girls, I don't want to embarrass you, but you are adults now and must conduct yourselves as such. When petting in the living room, you must keep one foot on the floor. Last Saturday it was noticed that a very sly miss had placed her shoes on the carpet to deceive us, while manipulating her tootsies in a highly provocative manner. I don't want to mention any names this time. Before you continue with your meeting, I have one announcement. Will

Fanny Freshman please see me after the meeting to claim her loafers."

"Thank you, Mother Goose. Girr-uls, the meeting is at order. Tomorrow we are getting a new house-boy. Our last house-boy "Man on Three," has disappeared somewhere in the wilds of the third floor. Girls, remember the rules of our house. Bedroom doors must be open at all times when the house-boy is at work. We must protect our employees. Girruls, the meeting is adjourned."

Girr-ul—I mean my dear future co-ed, there you have an example of organized bedlam. If you're still game, let me show you my dining room. The waiters and cooks are home for the summer, so I'll try to explain as best I can.

You know, of course, our waiters are all students here. This immediately explains their non-professional boo-boos. Bless my pantry, they hardly know the juice from the giblet. They arrive half an hour before dinner to partake in a meal of their own. Their food is the same as the girls! This would be punishment enough, but the girls persist in tormenting them further. A favorite trick is to amass stacks of desserts under the tables, all the time insisting that none has been served. This system, insuring a quick turnover in our kitchen staff, brings a continually fresh crop of victims.

If the food at dinner isn't too potent, there's always Max at 9 p.m. He's a conservative little gentleman whose sole means of support is the meager profit he gains from the sale of goodies. He is also a noted composer of charming little ditties. His most endearing composition is this soothing lullaby, "Ice cream, candy bars, cookies, pretzels, sandwiches, oranges, apples—a-n-d—MILK!

You'll be pleased to find his prices quite reasonable, especially when compared with the national debt.

There's one more facet of college life with which you should be familiar. Come peer through my window and I'll elucidate. If the strain of studying gets you down, the fraternity house across the court offers pleasant diversion. One need not even dress for the occasion.

## Fraternity—

(continued from page 8)

and rolled over on his back like an indolent hotdog. I asked to be taken away, feeling nausea.

Up the creaking and slippery cellar stairs we went. Now we crossed

into the living room and entered a throng of rushees like me. All my guides left me to a new group. They began The Questioning. I was waiting for this.

"What are you majoring in?"

"Pre-Adultery Science." I knew he was not listening. None of them were.

"How many credits?"

"Sixty two."

"Like it?"

"Yehr."

"Where you from?"

"Bohuguslav, Czechoslovakia!"

"That's unusual. I'm from Waupon, myself. Know anybody from Waupon!"

"What did you say your name was?" another said. The blood had soaked my card.

"John Foster Dulles."

"Oh, I see."

Another said, "What was that name?"

"Florence Foster Jenkins."

"Oh, yes, yes."

This group was looking at my eyes and ears again and someone else cut a piece out of my coat. "Good goods," he muttered.

"Where from?"

"Luther's Crotch, Arizona."

"Say! I'm from Mt. Horeb, myself. Know anybody from Mt. Horeb?"

"Hey there, Mr. Ah, Mr.—"

"Mae West," I said.

"Mr. West, meet Mrs. DiMaggio, our little housemother."

I looked and couldn't believe. (See cut.)

"Yessir, this is our little housemother, the sweetheart of the fraternity. She's our Mom. Any problems you get, go to our Mom. She's your pal and our chaperone for all our swell parties. Yessir, you can count on our Mom. This little lady is our light and our life. Take any worries or problems to her and she'll be glad to do anything but anything for you. She's our mom. You can call her 'mom'."

Omigod!

They fed me more punch and six more guys squinted at my eyes before I could recover from the iniquity of it all. Then an abnormally large fellow grasped my arm and dragged me upstairs to show me the place.

"I am a campus leader; one of many in this house."

The rooms were not bad really—four can, I suppose, live in one room. And it was clean, tolerably. But a small green door bothered me. It was

(continued on next page)



shut tight and no light shone on it. It was somehow sinister, foreboding, seeming as though it held tight behind its sombre panels some inscrutable, perhaps terrifying secret. I edged closer and finally rested my back against it. I grasped the knob and pulled. It opened with a screech and I whirled and peeped. Behind that door was a potty.

Campus Leader blushed perceptibly. "Sanitary facilities," he explained.

The shame of fraternities began to become nauseatingly apparent. The sham, the artifact of it all. He took me to a room and made me sit on a bed. He looked deep, so deep, into my eyes. For a long time no one spoke. Then he opened his mouth very slowly and mouthed each word like a hot marshmallow.

"Are-you-fit-to-be-a-fraternity-man?"

Obviously I was supposed to search my soul. I remembered the Student Handbook and searched that instead.

"Fraternities provide experiences of fellowship and social and personal development as well as facilities for student housing and eating. Membership in a social fraternity follows a period of pledgship by invitation and requires residence on the Wisconsin campus plus a satisfactory scholastic average." I paused. "I shall try to live up to those stipulations, sir!"

There were tears in his eyes, as he extended his hands to me. "Rho Dammitt Rho is for you!"

It seemed to be over. I walked down and out. I listened to the fools talking behind my back. "That Dulles guy is all righty-roo."

"Yeah, that guy Jenkins or whatever is oke!"

"That West has good clothes and is a peach."

"I dink him. He has eyes."

## Sorority—

(continued from page 9)

liked it better; why do girls have to dance that way for girls unless they are odd girls—but anyway, later it's all over and these girls changed their nighties for sheets and stood all over the stairs with candles and they sang the most beautiful song about how uplifting Sigma Epsilon Xi is. And how I should be tickled to join. It was beautiful."

A tear ran down her nose.

"I was so sobby I bust right out ten, twelve, handkerchiefs all shoved on my nose and I blew. I said, 'I'll join; I'll join! It's so beautiful!' And

# KEATS



on Life Savers:

"Why not  
live sweetly?"

from *The Dove*, line 10



Still only 5¢

they all fell on my neck and dragged me down and slobbered on me.

And then they took me into the dining room and piled more tea and ice cream on me. Then one said, 'Dahling, tell us. What are you studying?'

A look of deep horror began to form on her wizened face.

"I'm not studying anything," I said. "Whatchamean?"

"Well, we mean what school are you in."

"Well, I said I wasn't 'in school. I said, 'I'm not in school. The Employment Agency just sent me over to scrub the floor.' Anyway, I spilled the whole story. They just looked at me and looked at each other and they grabbed me by the arms and flang me out the door right on my back. A whole bunch of little girls was running right in and they stepped all over me and broke me all up and kicked me right into the gutter. Nobody saw me until you guys picked me up. None of them seemed to care, I guess. They musta made a mistake."

We arose, there was no more to say. She lay, wheezing in pain behind the plastic covering. We had the lowdown. We knew what sorority rushing was all about.

## PAISAN'S

For

## PIZZA

## SPAGHETTI

## ITALIAN

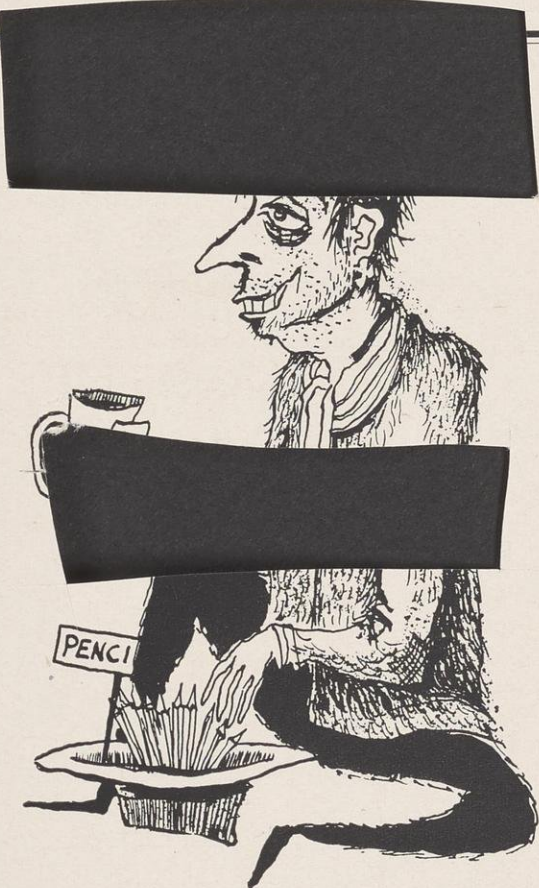
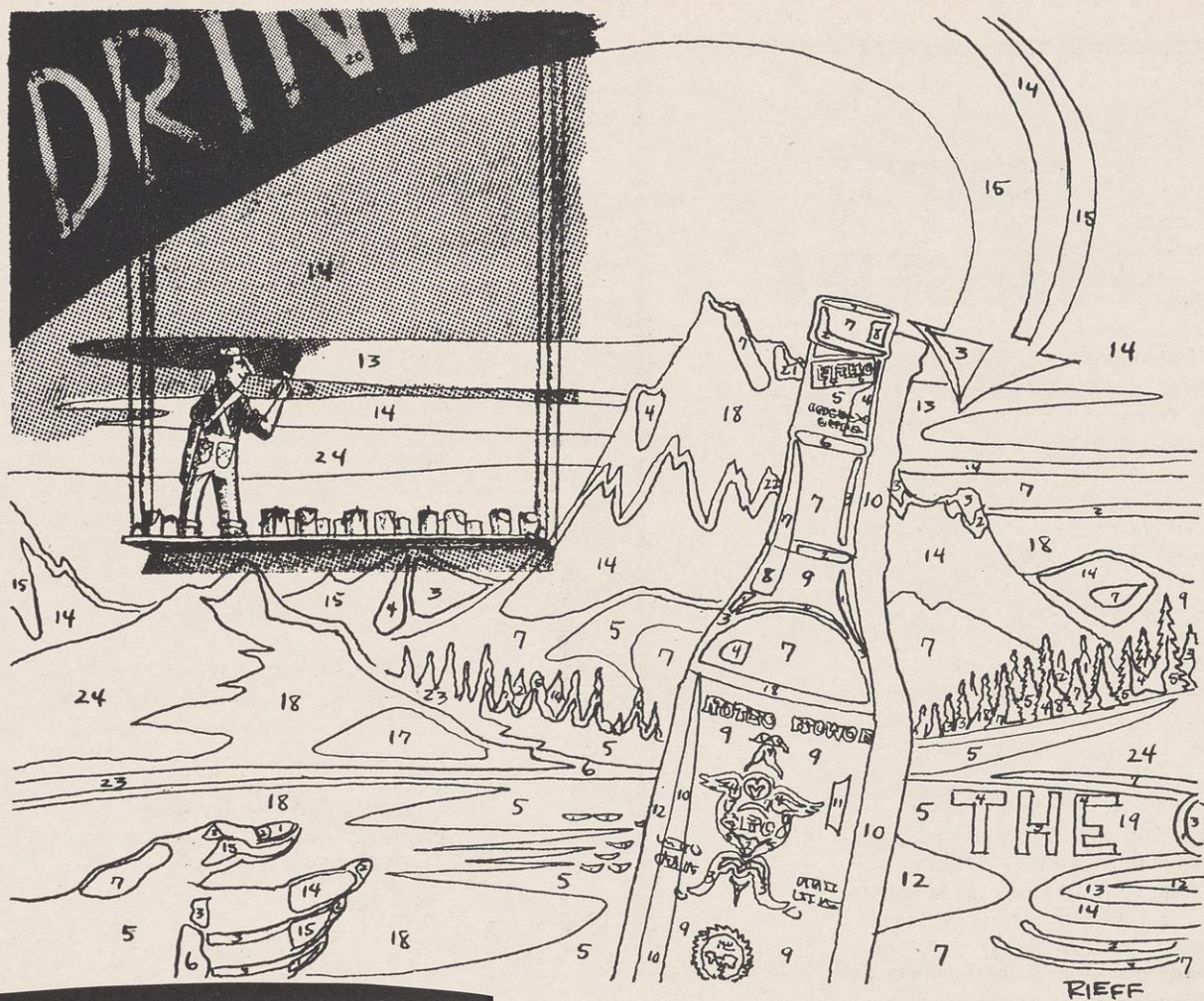
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UNION DANCE COMMITTEE

A certain young lady was invited up to her boy friend's apartment the other evening, to look at his etchings. When she arrived, she was amazed to find no etchings at all. In fact, to her complete astonishment there were no tables, no chairs, in fact, no furniture at all. She was floored.

★

Justice of the peace: "What's this young man charged with Clem?"

Deputy: "He's charged with arson, Sam."

J.P.: "Arson huh? Gol darn it, there's been too much arson around here lately. Now son, you marry that gal."

★

In front of a downtown nightclub, a senior was bemoaning his fare. To a passing friend he said: "I bought her a glass of champagne. As soon as she took one sip, she started to hug me and kiss me." "Well, what are you kicking about?" asked the other. "I think I could have got her on beer."

★

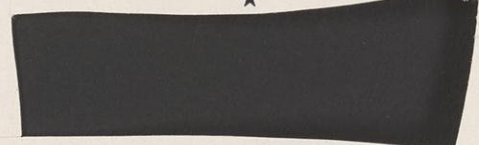


★

She: Don't you wish you were a barefoot boy again?

He: Not me, lady, I work on a turkey farm.

★



★

Quite often I have to confess  
It's really a problem to guess  
A fellow's degree  
When he says things to me  
If its really O. K. or B. S.

★

Then there was the sweet young thing who bought a bicycle so she could peddle it out in the country.



Dean: Where are your parents?  
 Co-ed: I have none.  
 Dean: Where are your guardians?  
 Co-ed: I have none.  
 Dean: Where are your supporters?  
 Co-ed: Sir! You are forgetting your-  
 self.

★

In a crowded train a salesman sat down beside a young woman who fought a desperate but losing battle to keep her skimpy skirt from creeping above her knees. After another futile yank, she looked up to meet the gaze of her travelling companion.

"Don't stretch your calico, s  
 he said, "my weakness is liquo

★

Said Cleopatra to Marc A  
 "Marc, I am not prone to argue."

★

Two girls met for lunch and were discussing their marriage prospects. "I hear your boy friend graduates from law school next month. I uess you'll get married then?"

"Oh, no, not right away," answered the other, "I want him to practice about a year first."

★

"Mommy, Mommy," bawled the little girl, "Daddy just poisoned my kitty."

"Don't cry dear, maybe he had to," the mother replied sympathetically.

"No he didn't," screamed the heart-broken child, "He promised me I could do it."

★

She: Do you think you're Santa Claus?

He: No, why?

She: Then leave my stocking alone.

**HERE IT IS, KIDS!**

**WHAR YEW GIT**

**EVER'THIN'**

**BUT**

**EVER'THIN'**

**YEW NEEDS**

**HO-HA, PLUS ALSO REBATES!**

**THE CO-OP**

**ACROSS THE MALL FROM PAUL**

**GIVE A  
 LITTLE  
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 TO THIS  
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 CALL —**

**BUY EVERYTHING  
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**AT**

**PAUL'S BOOK STALL**

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**From The Coop**





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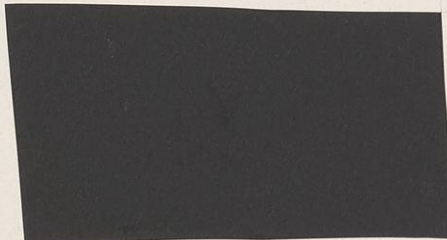
First Communist: Nice day.

Second Communist: Yah, but the rich are having it too.

★

Little Audrey nailed the bathroom door shut, and then laughed and laughed, because she knew that her father was having a beer party at the house that night.

★



★

An Englishman was conversing with the clerk at the Ambassador hotel. "Here's a riddle," said the clerk. "My mother gave birth to a child. It was neither my brother nor my sister. Who was it? Give up? It was me!"

"Ha Ha! Very clever," said the Englishman. "I must remember that."

The Englishman then told the story at his club. Said he: "Here's a riddle old top. My mother gave birth to a child, and it was neither my brother nor my sister. Who was it? You can't guess? Do you give up?"

"Yes," said his friend.

"Ha ha! It was the clerk at the Ambassador hotel."

★

If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a frosh, the editor's out of school.

★

An American meets a publisher in a sporting club.

A: Care for a game of checkers?

B: No, tried it once, didn't like it.

A: Care for a game of chess?

B: No, tried it once. Didn't like it.

A: Care for a game of tennis?

B: No, but my son will play with you.

A: Your only child, I presume.

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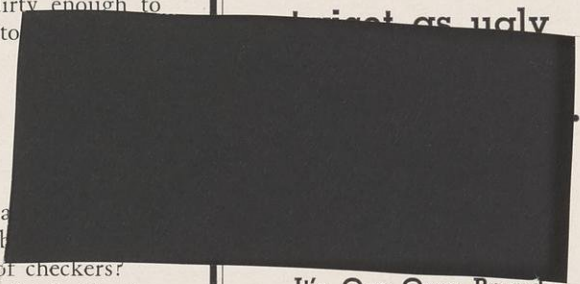
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SPAGHETTI

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A life-size and  
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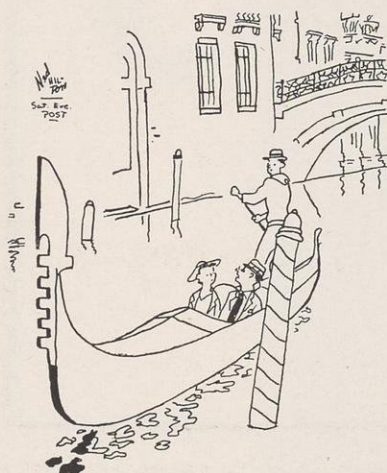
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PIZZA  
SPAGHETTI  
CHICKEN  
and  
SHRIMP

~~~~~  
TRY OUR STEAKS  
AND SAVE  
CAB FARE  
~~~~~

651 State St.

A freshman sorority pledge was out with her boy friend. He said, "You know, it's so dark you can't see your hand before your face."

The young thing laughed and laughed. She knew his hand wasn't before his face.

★

An elderly lady driving along nonchalantly turned a corner and ran over a poor inebriate crossing the street. Without a change of emotion, she rolled down the window and called, "You had better watch out there, young man."

Rising on one elbow, the drunk yelled, "Ye gods, lady, don't tell me you're going to back up."

★

After watching a drunk trying to unlock the door to his house without success, a policeman went over and asked if he might handle the key for him.

"No thanksh," the inebriated chap answered. "I gotta pretty good hold on thish key. You try and grab the housh."

★

And there was committed suicide that its mother was father a ferry.

★

An Econ professor gave a copy of the examination. One student read a

"Sir, this is exact what you gave last semester."

"That's all right," the professor said. "I've changed the questions."

★

Adviser: "Are you having proper thoughts?"

Student: "Naw, I'm just thinking of you."

## THE WESTERN BARBECUE



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# *Seniors . . .*

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**If taken already, BRING YOUR PROOFS  
BACK to the receptionist.**

**TAKE CARE OF BOTH ITEMS  
at 311 Memorial Union**

How would you punctuate this sentence? Mary went swimming and lost her bathing suit.

I'd make a dash after Mary.

★

Prof (rapping on desk): Order!

Class (in unison): Schlitz!

She: I nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me for a kiss.

He: Baby, you're gonna die when you hear what I have to say.

Sex is the thing that puts writing on a paying basis and makes psychology professors respectable.

★

He: I'm groping for words.

She: I think you're looking in the wrong place.

**SOMETHING**

**NEW**

**Is Coming to the**

**Spanish Cafe**

**SOON!**

**SO WATCH!**

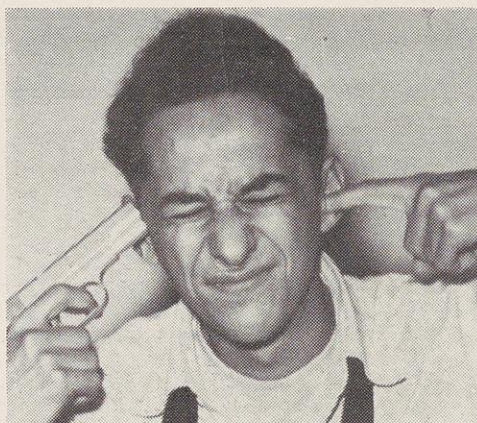


# Daily Cardinal Confidential

Everybody knows this campus writhes and seethes with hot, racy, slam-bang stories. And where do you get the straight stuff? The pertinent poop? You get it ALL, but ALL, in the DAILY CARDINAL,

YOUR CAMPUS NEWSPAPER

EYES  
EARS  
NOSE  
and  
THROAT  
of  
THE  
CAMPUS



THE  
WHOLE  
REMAINING  
REST  
of  
THE  
YEAR  
for \$4.50

4 Days  
a  
Week  
now,  
going for  
five.

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Please send my Cardinal Tuesday through Friday to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

☐ Year \$4.50

☐ Cash

☐ Bill me

THE DAILY CARDINAL  
823 UNIVERSITY  
MADISON

4 Days  
a  
Week  
now,  
going for  
five.





... and how it started.

TERESA WRIGHT says: "Up to 16, my knowledge of acting had been gleaned from seeing movies. When I saw my first professional play, that was it: I only wanted to act. I got into high school plays, wrestled props at Provincetown, understudied, sat for months in producers' reception rooms. One rainy night, sick with a cold, I read for a good role, and got it!"



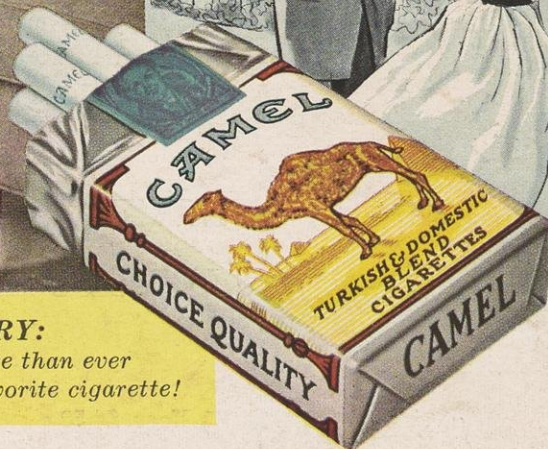
*Teresa Wright*  
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