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The Wisconsin Octopus: Spotlight issue. Vol. 25, No. 4 December, 1946

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, December, 1946

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The Wisconsin OCTOPUS



SPOTLIGHT *Issue*

CAMEL

CIGARETTES

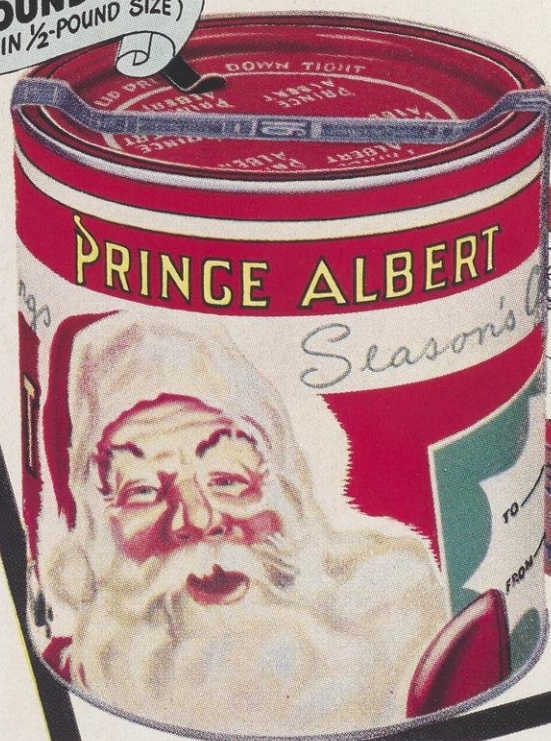
PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO

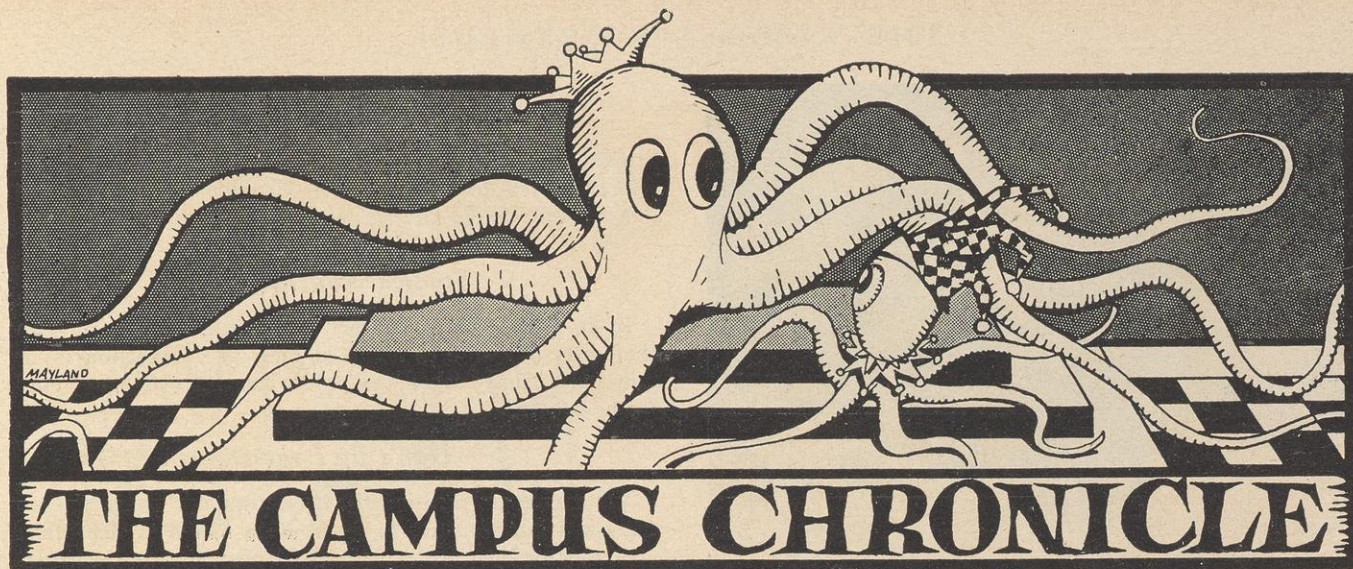
GRAND
GIFTS FOR
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● Every time he buries his pipe bowl deep in the fragrant gay Christmas treasure-tin of Prince Albert and tamps down a golden-brown pipeful of this mellow-mild tobacco, he'll think of you. The National Joy Smoke — on Christmas and every day of the year.

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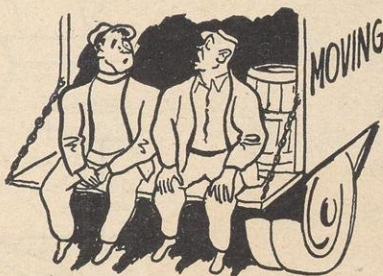
THIS is the Spotlight issue of Octopus, a trying time altogether, during which the staff moves cautiously, weighing every dispensation of publicity (or "house" as the big boys would have it), careful lest in our effort to spotlight all of campus some group would be slighted, or some branch of campus would accuse us of devoting too many watts to another section of Wisconsin. Various devices thus sprung into being. One little girl was employed to go over all the copy, listing each name mentioned and carefully tallying it in either a "Frat" or "Dorm" or "GDI" column. She was directed to report her findings to the editor, who would then be detailed to even things up. The little lady didn't get very far, however, and left in a fit of pique because neither Kirk Evansby nor Anon. nor Blivas nor even Cnidoblast Schretchlichkeit could be found in the Directory. "Pretty soon I'll start acting like the rest of the jerks down here," she muttered philosophically lurching out the door.

The Hill

Thus you see, complete campus coverage is a difficult job, a large order, and is it ever intricate. No issues would be polished, however . . . no spotlight truly aglow, without some mention of the "Hill." For many of us campus begins and ends in small clusters of monsters pouring forth smoke and sparkling epigrams in front of Bascom each day. 'Tis there that close chums and passing acquaintances share their nicotine stipend with the next one, all the while passing off choice comments on classes, exams, men, women, weekends, Trotzky, Jean-Paul Sartre, Honest Jack Kienitz, Shorty, and Shakespeare. Though the Friday club doesn't *meet* on the Hill, it is there that the Friday club decides *where* to meet. There too, does the Friday club award its citations to those whose

natural hardiness enables them to get to the top on Monday.

It is there that people say hello to other people. Even people who have never said hello to anyone before find themselves saying hello to people. The front of Bascom is, at worst, an erratic exhaust valve, at best, a social proving ground, but there is something about it that we wouldn't give up for anything, even 6 extra basketball tickets. It occurs to us that the UN would do well to have a top of the Hill to adjourn to, for a quick smoke between sessions. 'Cause we feel that brotherly love is never so strong as toward one who has just graciously tossed us his last Camel.



"I've got a strange click-clack in the back of my sacroiliac."

The Turn of the Spoo

With Christmas approaching and shopping in the offing, our girls Mary Lea and Harpo tripped off to the square to buy a sweater for their econ instructor. They happened to stop at Spoo and Son, successfully fulfilled their mission, and with package in hand were about to return home. "Spoo and Son", Harpo said musingly, "Spoo! Now what kind of a name is that for a real little boy? Irving maybe, but never Spoo." Giggling girlishly they started down the street. "Spoo you" they remarked to the policeman on the corner, who (they later related) eyed them suspiciously. "Wasn't that

spoonaneous?" asked Mary Lea, getting into the spoorit of the thing. And do you spoose it ended there? Never. The two young ladies in mention have since locked themselves in their room, and while the rest of the house counters with such phrases as "I need a knife and fork and that other utensil", Mary Lea and Harpo are busy preparing a "Spoo River Anthology."

Hard Time

Honestagod this is accidental, but we have an announcement here concerning "Skeets the Hyena" Lundmark of (so help us) Spooner House, who wants attention called to the Hard Times Party he is planning for Jan. 10th. They claim the phrase pertains to the informal nature of said brawl, but we are just malicious enough to quietly nurse the thought that an h. t. is just about what the boys are having trying to get dates these days.

Conviction

The gals certainly did themselves proud in Wiskits (remember?). Heard tell of a funny about one of the girls, who, dressed as a boy, holding a pipe, made quite a handsome appearance. She sat down next to a friend of hers who was watching the rehearsal, affected a deep voice, and put her arm around friend in a most masculine way. The effect was so realistic that the object of her attentions visibly jumped, then sat squirming for a few minutes. Finally she could contain herself no longer. "Go away," she said, "I *know* you're a girl!"

Pride Goeth

Ye heard the sad fate of Rog Hinkley who was seen storming through his house, sans trousers, muttering, "What a predicament." It seems he was washing and otherwise nursing a well-

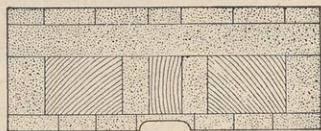


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Flexible Flyer
SPLITKEIN
SKIS



Chronicle

bruised knee. When a housemate asked him the trouble he replied, "I fell down the steps at Chadbourne," and darned if he would supply any further info.

Studied Nonchalance

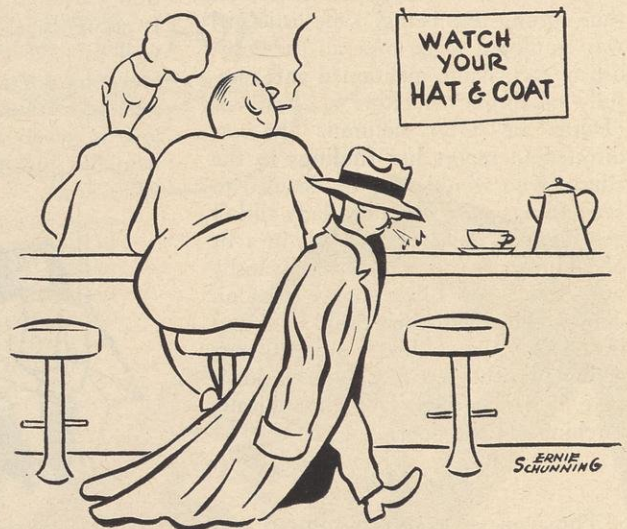
In an ME 25 class, a rather alert engineer, smitten with that dirty old urge to study in view of approaching mid-semester, calmly asked the prof what text was being used in the course.

Don't Be Irritated

We wanted to mention the ever-hospitable Delta Sigs, so we asked our secretary to jot down a memo to that effect . . . and for days we contemplated cancelling our Chesterfield ad, awaiting free samples of a new weed called (we had a little note that said so) Delta Cigs.

Does Joe Know?

Raised eyebrows of this or any other week dept: Bob Brill's comment to Hal Kuehl at a Student Board meeting, "You know, I've heard rumors that you're a Communist, Hal." And if you think we're gonna follow up by saying and was his face red, you're crazy. What kind of a corny magazine do you think we're running anyhow??



Dorsey's Friend Danny

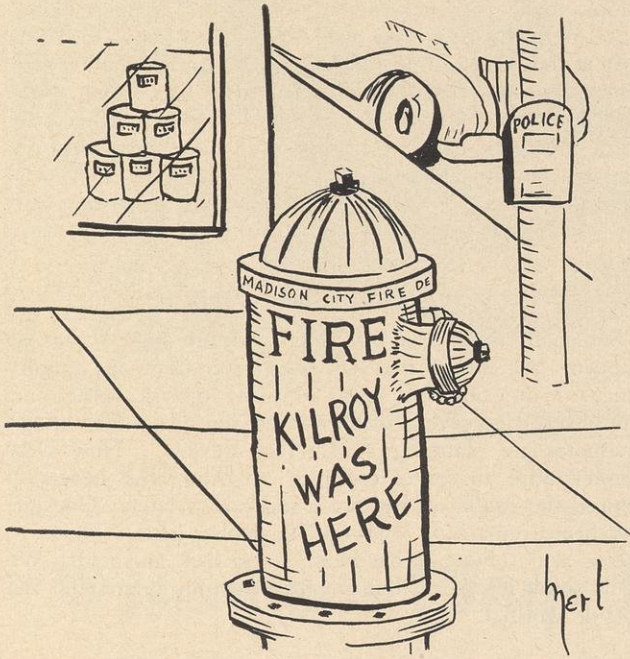
Stopped into badge the Badger for awhile and heard tell of Dan Murphy's latest episode. It seems he wanted life-size shots of himself and his Homecoming queen that would fold out (you know, like Varga girls) for the next issue of the Badger. Since that couldn't quite be arranged, Octy has decided to come to the Murph's rescue. We have employed a skilled craftsman from Milwaukee who will be in town for one week and has promised to engrave a likeness of Murph on the head of a pin. Octy will sustain all costs.

Ya Ta Ta

One of the most popular and unmentionable characters around and always around is the lad who "sells conversation." By this we guess they mean that when he stops to talk to you, you buy *him* a drink. He in turn, supplies exit lines for sidewalk encounters, things like that. From the

Chronicle

boys at Faville he has swapped the "It's been intimate," "It's been casual," and "It's been *real*," tags, and since the deservedly praised appearance of Josh White on campus, he has terminated all conversation with "Take it easy, but take it." Will we ever, hey.



Watt's Cookin'?

Wiskits again. This time, Kit Elrod, vivacious Phi Sig, issuing directions at the "light" rehearsal. Finally the spot was exactly where she wanted it, "Now," said Kit, "will you please make the footlights do something!"

Copy Butcher

The editing class has difficulty locating all the excess words which the wily Journalism department has concealed in news copy to be edited. So, to keep a reasonable grade it becomes necessary for the students to argue for each word left in the copy. As one student:

"Why is 'he died of heart failure' excess wordage? If he was decapitated he'd be dead before his heart stopped beating."

But Mr. Cutlip is always ready with a reply, "You'd argue at the drop of a head."

Lifesaver Joke

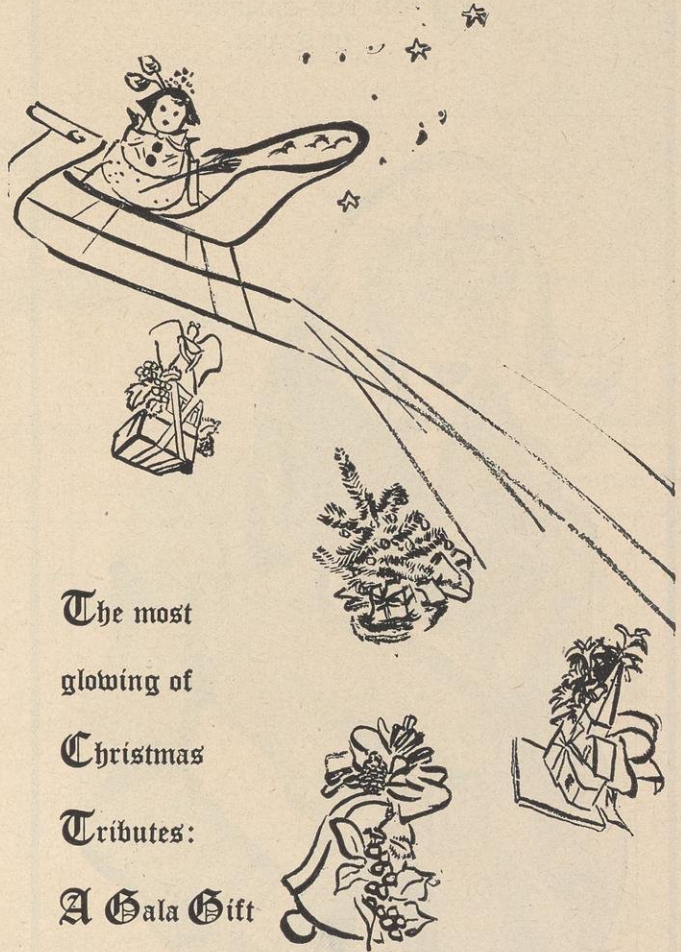
The lifesaver gag-of-the-month prize goes to Jim Kark, 2929 University Avenue. Send in your favorite joke and you, too, may win a box of lifesavers.

December barn burner:

"Three hermits lived in a cave and spent all day staring at the wall, never speaking. One day a stallion ran past the entrance of their cave. Six months later, one hermit mumbled, 'That was a pretty brown horse.'"

Two years later another hermit said, 'That wasn't a brown horse, it was white.'

About a year later the third hermit got up and stalked toward the entrance of the cave. 'If it's going to be this constant bickering,' he said, 'I'm leaving'."



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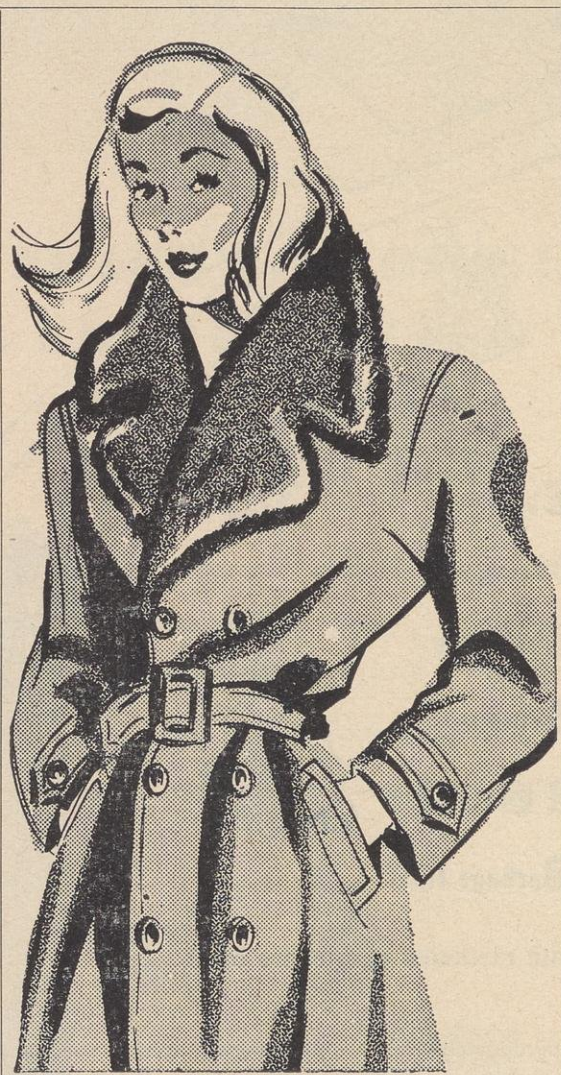
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Chronicle

Flow Gently

A phrase that reeks of high times almost as much as, say, weekend at the Waldorf, is, undoubtedly, "party at the Busacca's." The geniality of Anne and Basil, plus the dynamic personality of their ice-man, Dan "Cupcake" Krauskaupf, make the beer-infested soirees the Greatest things since 7-Up, floating soap and Aqua Velva. It is said that only at the Busacca's do such dignified characters as, excuse-the-expression, Dick Leonard, let their hair down. One time John Hunter even let his mustache down. But without a doubt, the largest contribution of these brawls to campus will be (we are positive) several new track stars, who have perfected their strides while chanting a curious war-cry which goes something like this, "Race ya to the bathroom."

Shades of Shakespeare

Somebody must have misunderstood, but those things do happen. We mean, after all, when you have one literary magazine on campus, it seems a bit silly to start another one. But nevertheless several well-meaning, but mis-guided undergraduates are planning a "Literary Review". Now Octy doesn't want to sound cocky or anything, but have you noticed the caliber of the prose and poetry lately. One girl was heard remarking, over our November issue, "This, . . . this is art." (Note to Lu Heiz: Lotsa luck and stuff. We really think it's great. But we gotta keep up a front for the outside world.)

The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin

* * * * *

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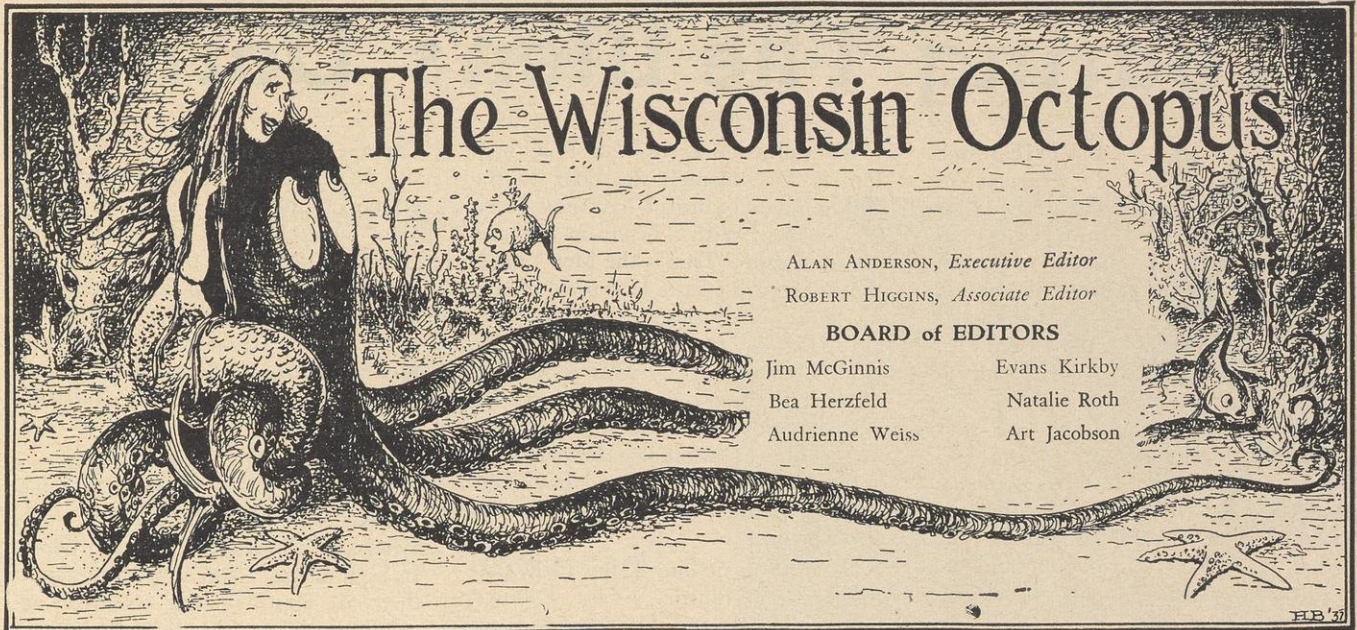
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Subscription rate, \$1.75 (subject to change without notice) per year in the U. S. and its Possessions (except the Virgin Islands). Single copies, 25c.

VOLUME XXV

DECEMBER, 1946

NUMBER 4



Volume XXV

DECEMBER, 1946

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Wisconsin Plays In The Wassail Bowl

*Here's to the holiday Christmas
When the best kind of booze is allotted
To Yuletide excuses
For lapping up juices
And getting quite thoroughly potted.*

*To Milwaukee, New York, and
Chicago,
To Green Bay, Racine, and Eau Claire,
Stewedents will lap up
Will dine, dance and nap up
In manner both laissez and faire.*

*Exams are a fog in the distance
Exams are just not to be thought of
Time for the ambrosial
Blue books—strictly social
And liquids, but we mean a lot of.*

So

*Here's to the Smith who is Willie
Of campus, the eye and the ear,
Though he'll swill burgundy
From Sunday to Monday
The rest of the time 'twill be beer.*

*Here's to Beta Joe Miller
Who many a letter has signed
A somewhat smooth guy
With a jigger of rye
But he cheats—the boy's got a mind.*

*Here's to our boy Dickie Reynolds
Who drives us to blowin' our liddies
By inciting to kill
In Over the Hill
A column beloved by the kiddies.*

*Here's to a Kappa, a lovely
To Ginna who's also a Rayne
Through potent a potion
We still catch that motion
Admitting that this gal ain't plain.*

*Here's to the boys at the Cardinal,
Dan, Bob, and Miller and Kobel
And Leonard we're chasin'
While he keeps on pacin'
Thanking the gods that he's mobile.*

*Here's to the factory method
Econ at the foot of the hill
You may sleep while Rome burns
And diminish returns
But remember SSSs Boom ah—
Wild Bill.*

*There was a young Gamma Phi Beta
Who moved with decided a reel
When asked why she rocked
Like a boat when she walked
Said, "Torture me but I won't squeal."*

*Here's to the SAE joy-boy
Who bought his gal mints at a flicker
She held back the pash
But did quote Ogden Nash
"Candy's dandy, but liquor is quicker."*

*Here's to the gals who get jobs done
Minahan, Zeldes, and Hughes,
WSGA, Union, even the Card
Who know how to work and is it
ever hard
Dispensin the news and the views.*

*Here's to the boys from the big town
Who long for the life known as urban
Put up with their lip
And continue to sip
The very chic nectar of bourbon.*

*Here's to the boys from the small town,
Who rise in the wee of the morn
Not to milk cows
Or throw garbage at sows
But to find an untouched jug of corn.*

*Here's to the proof that we messed up
Here's to the galleys we botched up
Here's to the Manor and chairs knee
to knee
Here's to the Cuba Club, Flame and
B.T.
Here's to the guys who said, "This one's
on me"
Through happy hours spent getting
scotched up.*

*Ye Gads . . . we've forgotten old Good-
sitt
Sorry Jack, didn't see you for grog
But remember this souse
Who gave you some house
Waddaya want? Egg in your nogg??*

Touring The Men's Dorms



AT THE time I returned to college after three years' enforced vacation from my studies, I was assigned a room in the men's dormitories.

Even before I could get my gear transferred from my well-worn "A" bag to the dresser drawers, someone knocked on the door. The well-dressed character that greeted me said that his name was Woody Svoboda, and he wanted \$5 for Men's Halls Association dues.

My eagerness in producing a five dollar bill astounded him, and he asked me why I was so willing to part with it. I told him my sad story.

"Before the war, I lived in a frat house. I had to take a job in a defense plant to pay for my room. And what a room! It was so small that every time I blinked my eyes, I washed the windows. I had to go outside to change my expression, and the ceiling was so low the mice walked around hunch-backed. That wasn't too bad, but when I had headaches Sunday mornings, and the guy next door took the aspirins, brother, that was the limit. Here I get a room for half the price. I'm only too glad to slip you a little extra."

Just then another fellow bustled into the room, introducing himself as Darrell McCrory, head house fellow. I really wanted to unpack my bag at this point, but McCrory insisted that I accompany him on a tour of the Dormitories to see how the \$5 is spent.

We walked over to Van Hise hall, and as Mac opened the door to the dining room beautiful harmony greeted our ears. With a beam on his face, McCrory said, "This is the Men's Halls chorus, acclaimed the best male chorus on the campus in last spring's contest." He pointed out Bernard Fuhr, the group's able director, who is looking forward to a very active program this year in radio broadcasts, recordings, and public appearances. I was introduced to Dick Sullivan, advisor, who predicts another win for his songsters next spring.

Next we went into Tripp Hall, past Gregory, Bashford, Vilas, Fallows, Frankenburger and Spooner and entered the High-Botkin combination, where we heard the tapping of typewriters and the sound of voices. "This is our public relations office," McCrory said, as he opened a door into an office in High basement equipped with desks and typewriters, set up to relay dormitory news, sports, and features to the Cardinal. The MHA editor, Warren Hill, was introduced to me, as he sat at his desk checking copy for the next day's paper. Busy at work around the room were Verne Clauer, Bob Roemer, Don Rathmann, Jack Scholler, and Al Shadde, assistant editors. In one corner, fast asleep, were Alvie Smith, the fellow advisor, and Herb Haessler, staff photographer.

Mac told me that before the war, there was a well-equipped rifle range here in Tripp, but it had been torn down and the rifles were sold. This year the rifle club was reactivated and arrangements have been made for members to use the facilities of the University Rifle club, he explained.

Captain Lea, a member of the University ROTC staff and an expert coach is cooperating with the dorm marksmen, most of whom got plenty of target practice during their years in the service. Bob Bohm, Bob Meili, and Jim Packard, the club officers, and Bruce Arnold, the advisor, are looking forward to the time when the dormitory range can be rebuilt and rifles procured.

Then we walked over to neighboring Adams Hall, which contains Winslow, LaFollette, Faville, Richardson, Noyes, Siebecker, Tarrant, and Oschner houses. In each of the Tripp and Adams units, there are approximately 400 men, and to the west are the Kronshage units where 800 more men are housed.

We went into the basement of Winslow, where mechanically-minded men have an outlet for their inclinations. Here the dorm workshop is equipped with a circle saw, band saw, wood lathe, and various hand tools. Don Rathmann, its genial president, informed us that the 45 members of the club meet twice a month. The excellent work the members have accomplished attests to the fact that dorm men can do good practical, as well as theoretical work. Don Wilkinson, advisor, was giving instructions on the use of the wood lathe to Edward Przyczynza, Roderick Rylander, and Robert Hannas, other officers of the club.

Mac shooed me out into the court and into Faville basement, where amateur radio operators are able to converse with other "hams" in all parts of the continent over the 50-watt transmitter, which operates on a wave-

(continued on page 8)



The MHA Cabinet is the law making body for the men's dorms. Here president Woody Svoboda is seen conducting a weekly meeting.



(Above) The Men's Halls Public Relations committee under Alvie Smith (extreme left).

THE GREEKS

Langdon Street guys and gals let down their hair.

Phi Sigma Delta

BY DICK ABRAM

"What's the word, Jack?"

PHI SIGMA DELTA is back on campus!!

Within eight months we are back with a group of 60 fellows. Our newly decorated and furnished house at 610 North Lake Street has already been the scene of two terrific beer brawls.

Participation by members in extra-curricular activities is extensive and in inter-fraternity athletics Phi Sig is making her power felt. Especially with the return of most of 1942's Championship Bowling team.

In every phase of campus life—watch PHI SIGMA DELTA grow!

Sigma Phi

"... Liberte, Equalite, Sororite."

By ALAN KNAPP

Poised on its windswept pedestal in University Heights undeniably stands the home of the snobbish Sigma Phi. That is to say, "Undeniably windswept homes the poised of the Sigma Phi snobbishly". Or rather, "Pedestal high, windswept sky, here we stand, Sigma Phi". Would you care to minuet, Ma'am? Fifty words.

Phi Gamma Delta

By DAVE LIPPERT

After three years, two weeks, five days, seven hours, 13 minutes, and 25½ seconds as an ASTP barracks and later as a girls' dormitory, the Fijis booted the girls out of their house this September and moved back in—much to the temporary consternation of the Alpha Xis, unaccustomed to so many men—so close.

The omnipresent Ramrod Erwin has another social season well in hand and the chapter can hardly keep up the torrid pace of serenading various houses to which Fiji pins are being lost. Meanwhile the Delta Gammas still sing their praises of Phi Gam hospitality after that magnificent "T-bone steak" served them at an exchange dinner.

Our housemother, Mrs. M. C. Rowland, has done well to keep the brothers in check—with one noisy exception after Panhel when the reckless pledges nonchalantly tossed the outnumbered actives into the showers. Such distinguished political personalities as Andy Allen, Jack Goodale, and John Borman didn't have a chance.

Such is life in the tranquil atmosphere of the Phi Gams.

Alpha Gamma Delta

Did you sleep well last night? Of course you did. The mattresses came!

Yes this is the situation at the Alpha Gam house. Now we are hoping that Santa will fill our stockings with the furniture to complete our redecorations.

You can't keep good girls down. The Alpha Gams went all out to capture the inter-sorority volleyball championship.

Cupid shot arrows into our hearts to the tune of sever weddings, twenty-four "steadies," and several engagements. Even so, there are still a sufficient number of unattached beauties to make life interesting.

The Alpha Gams are looking forward to a successful year.



The I-F Council and Board, revitalized with the return of full scale fraternity activity, are once again taking an active part in campus life. Committees have been appointed and plans for the I-F Christmas Dance on December 13th have been completed. Contacts are being made as to the possibility of having a "name" band for I-F Ball on March 28th.

The council, under Dick Terrace, is shown here in a Tuesday night session.

So, follow the "Gams" and you'll be sure to be following the leaders.

Phi Epsilon Pi

By MELVIN COHEN

There's one big difference between the Phi Eps and the other fraternities—at our parties only half those present get drunk. Main offender is Eddie "Big Sleep" Schulman who walks outside and dozes off after two cokes. One of our recent affairs took place at the Madison Stables. Amidst the perfumed aroma of hay lofts and horses, we and our dates listened to the timely patter of Maestro Bill Cohen which blended well with the surroundings. (You couldn't tell the jokes without a scorecard).

Latest Personal Doin's . . . Sy Markoe thought he was in Brooklyn at our Lumberjack party. He sent a barrage of bottles from the highest hayloft. It's O.K., Sy, we love you anyway, even though you are obnoxious. . . President Larry Rosenblatt plugging OCTY at meetings. . . Sy Pearis and Irv Lewis admonishing "immoral element" for singing risqué songs at parties. . . Bernie "Lover" Siegel wasting time over coke dates and eating chile con carne. . . Harvey Smuckler showing around a dozen postcards from his "woman", Libby Adler, received in same day. Now he knows how she spends her spare time.

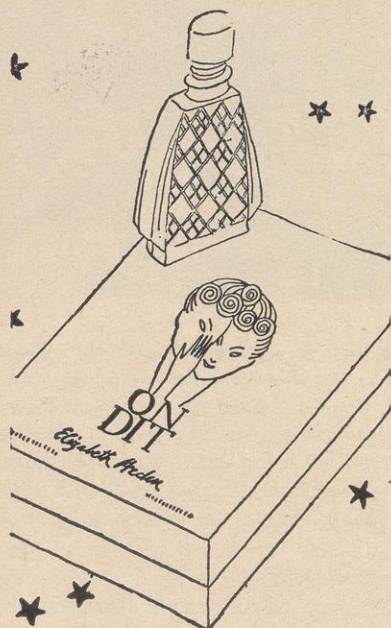
What Is DU Doing?

By BILL THOKE

Biggest noise at the DU House to date was the Pledge Bowery Party in late October. Six barrels of Pabst fluid rewarded the party people who used the Grand Entrance. The pledges stationed a weatherbeaten, battered WPA privy outside the barroom window. After being seated the guests slid down a coal chute into a pile of beery sawdust. Th

(continued on page 9)

Elizabeth Arden



On Dit speaks

It's whispered that On Dit, Elizabeth Arden's newest perfume, is the most fabulous fragrance this side of Paris. In fact, you might say it saw the light of day there! That's why On Dit says such sophisticated things . . . and speaks for you on the Noel with a decidedly French accent!

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TOURING THE DORMS

(continued from page 6)

length of 80 meters. For members desiring to qualify for amateur operator's licenses, the club conducts classes in code and radio theory. Wally Brady, the advisor, informed us that they have acquired their federal license to operate the club's amateur station, W9GOC, and as soon as the necessary equipment is assembled, the station will go on the air. Members Mel Griem, Gene Fordham, Dick Lathrop, and Ralph Kuttner were busy discussing a schematic drawing of a new transmitter.

After these exhibitions I was ready to concede that I certainly would get my money's worth, but McCrory insisted that I see the rest of the facilities available to members of the Men's Halls Association.

In Gilman house, McCrory proudly displayed the modern Men's Halls library, which is beautifully furnished with fluorescent lighting, murals, in laid tile floor, and overstuffed arm chairs and couches. The library boasts of a collection of 4,000 volumes, which includes "best sellers," research and reserve books. Dudley Etter, head of the library committee, informed me that the library has the most complete exam file on the campus. Dorm residents Raymond Panfil, Heinz Rose and Milton Voigt are the librarians, and Paul Ziemer and Lynn Peters act as adviser and cabinet representative, respectively.

The sign "Dorm Store" directed us to Mack house basement, where dorm residents save many a dollar and many a trip downtown. Like the Army's PX's, the store provides most of the services needed by the male residents—cigarettes, candies, stationery, toiletries, small clothing articles, and many other items. Dry cleaning, laundry, and shoe repair service is also offered as a convenience to residents. Energetic Dick Lord, the general manager, told me that the store has a two-fold purpose: service at lowest possible cost to the residents, and training and experience for students who supervise, manage and clerk in the store. Connected with the store is a very efficient three-chair barber shop.

Next we entered the basement of Chamberlain house, where a group of eager beavers were lifting prodigious weights with the greatest of ease. "This is the bar bell club, where we prevent our boys from getting hump-backed pouring over books," McCrory explained. Don Dicktel, the club's president, told us that more than twenty men are

taking a really active part in bar bell work to develop muscular strength. He informed us that the club plans to engage an instructor for neophyte bar bellers, and that later in the year they plan on pitting their strength against other local clubs.

The social side of University life is not neglected in the dormitory set-up. I was informed that each of the houses selects a social chairman, who is in charge of the stag parties, dancing parties, and exchange dinners of his house. Seven of these social chairmen make up the central social committee, which arranges all-dormitory social activities. Donald Kane, the advisor, informed me of the latest brainstorm of the committee—a date bureau with Elizabeth Waters.

We wandered over to the dormitory intra-mural fields, next to the Kronshage units, where three rough football games were in progress. Charles Arps, the athletic advisor, informed me that there are four leagues in the halls—Adams, Tripp, Kronshage Court, and Kronshage Back, which compete in touch football, basketball, bowling, volleyball and softball. Play-offs among the top two teams in each league in an elimination tournament determine the All-Dorm champs in each sport. Arps figures that all 1600 dorm residents participate in the athletic program in some way, either as a member of a team, or in the rooting sections for their house teams.

Our last stop was the Pine Room, the Men's halls cafeteria in Van Hise Hall, where dorm residents can enjoy between meal snacks, cokes, and malteds.

This inspection party assured me that the Men's Halls Association makes good use of all the money it receives

Then there was the janitor who worked in the girls' dorm and was entrusted with a pass key to every room in the building.

The following week the Dean ran across him and asked, "Why didn't you come around Friday for your pay, Oscar?"

"What! Do I get wages too?"

* * *

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it in a cabin quite old and medieval. A rounder espied her and plied her with cider.

And now she's the forest's prime evil.

—Log

* * *

"My girl's lipstick seems to have a better taste than other girls."

"Yeh, doesn't it."

THE GREEKS

(continued from page 7)

Dekes present kept their eyes on the little box to augment their present facilities. The party broke up promptly at midnight when the ghost of Scott H. Goodnight barged in.

Theta Chi

It couldn't really be said that the Grady House was in poor condition, last spring—it might have been worse, if it had been subjected to an earthquake, three fires, and a flood! Therefore, the reconstruction problem, that faced Theta Chi, was somewhat less than that of Dover, Cassino and Nagasaki; but of a similar nature! Practical (?) house manager, Al Smith, began to assign jobs on a basis of physical and mental capabilities: "Big Zeke" Jacobson moved pianos, "Gentle Joe" Keenan knitted doilies, and "Rembrandt" Kondrat mixed paint. (He's color-blind, but he owns *the* paint brush!) Now that the work has become routine again, Hopkins continues to "dunk" his ties in the gravy bowls, and life is uneventful!

Sigma Chi

Sigma Chi has maintained an enviable record among Wisconsin's post-war fraternities. Being one of the first chapters to reorganize its own house, it has found many of the members active in campus affairs. The Sigs are possessors of the Badger Bowl, coveted fraternity intramural supremacy trophy.

Beta Theta Pi

Keeping up the age old tradition of serenades and exchange dinners, Beta Theta Pi sallied forth to serenade the various sororities along Langdon, and its courts on October 17th, and had its first exchange dinner of the year with the Delta Gammas on October 30th.

With Larry Hickey's brilliant passing and Hank Jaastad's superb catching, coach Rennie Rusch led the Betas through a very successful football season. Further participation in inter-fraternity athletics is anticipated with Carlisle Fay, athletic chairman, signing up for basketball and hockey during the winter months, and crew and baseball in the spring.

Theta Delta Chi

Union committees, campus politics, scholastic fraternities, Intramural athletics; over 90 Theta Deltas participate. At their newly-purchased and re-decorated house at 144 Langdon, they practice toward winning the University song contest for a fifth successive year. The meals of Rose Hunt make study days pleasant, while parties make the weekends gay.

Sigma Nu

By NILE SWEET

"Tragedy of the year" award goes to Sigma Nu fraternity. Seems after a break-neck effort and winning of 2nd place in Homecoming fraternity decorations, some "spirited" admirer walked out with the trophy. Time and new record for trophy ownership 19 hours 30 minutes.

To the possessor—the cup leaks all beverages so bring it back and trade it in for a useful goblet.

(continued on page 24)



For Your Ski Wear It's Rendall's of course

For here is where you find the famous ski wear labels like "White Stag." Visit either Rendall store and see the fine collections.

Illustrated—Pickard designed ski jacket with knitted yoke. Navy or white, \$17.95. Ski pants, \$8.95 to \$18.95.

W.J. Rendall's
Mifflin Street at the Square

COLLEGE STORE—702 STATE ST.

NUMEN LUMEN

BY WARREN GRINDE

"The University of Wisconsin is trying to find out what 'Numen Lumen' means. It's the motto on the school's corporate seal, adopted in 1854, but nobody can translate it today."—Pageant magazine, July, 1946.



HE ancient settled back in his rocker and spat a few globs of tobacco juice on my right pants-leg.

"Lots of folks claim to know the meaning, son. But I'm the only one as knows for sure. 'Cause I was *there*."

He closed his eyes, preparing to reveal for the first time the import of those two mystic words. "Numen Lumen." For weeks, since I had first gotten the "Solve Numen Lumen" assignment from the *Daily Cardinal*, I had searched. . . Thumbing musty papers in the Historical Museum. . . Consulting encyclopedias and yellowing theses. . . Interviewing Old-timers . . . all with no success. But here was an Old-timer who was *there*.

"Yep, I was *there*," he mused, as if reading my thoughts. "I was *there*."

Now all that remained was for me to find out, *Where* was there? *What* was there? What *there was* where? Where there was *what*? Those were the questions burning in my brain. But I dared not hurry him, and I contented myself with giving the old codger a swift blow in the solar plexus.

"Diggety-doo! Not so randy there, young fella," he chuckled, spitting a few globs of tobacco juice on my left pants-leg.

"You've heard the stories. And so have I. But never told the *real* one 'fore now.

"Some folks claim Numen Lumen is Latin. 'More Light,' or some such fool thing. Piddle-paddle! Ain't no more Latin than Rathskeller is.

"'Nother thing some claim is, it's part of an old cheer that don't make sense:

*'Sigillum, Sigillum, Rah, Rah, Rah!
Numen, Lumen, Ziz Boom Ah!
Universitatis Wisconsinensis, Hurraaaaay!'*

"but that ain't it, neither, though I'll allow it sounds more reasonable."

He leaned forward in the rocker, every wrinkle a-quiver with excitement, gnarled forefinger jabbing at me to emphasize a point now and then. He began, in his husky, quavering voice. I bent toward him, knowing that soon—the secret of Numen Lumen would be mine.

His voice droned through the crackle of burning leaves and the autumn night-sounds; at long last he was revealing the strange truth about Numen Lumen:

"'Twas back around, mmmm, somewheres in the '50's, mebbe '53. I was a young squirt then, younger'n you. University wasn't much in them days. Shack here, outhouse there. Among which were what we called the *old* buildings, North and South Hall. There was talk of tearin' 'em down, even then.

"Me and a bunch of other fellas was busy puttin' up a little convenience where Science Hall is now. Also, a boardwalk leading to it. There was Joe Grootmeister, Amos Mulo, Martell Swigholm, and Jawaharlal Olson, all dead long ago . . . Gettysburg, Blackhawk Wars. . .

"'Round about six o'clock each evening we'd have a lit-

tle tyke, nephew of Jawaharlal, go and fetch a jug of cider from Molly Bascom's place, just around the corner. Molly had what you might call a beer joint nowadays, except she just sold cider. Fiddledee-dum, what cider!

"Anyways, we was thirsty, like always at that time of day. Or *any* time of day, but we had to wait for off-duty hours. So we sent the lad for cider on this particular night.

"We et our lunches, with the cider, and Martell and me said goodbye to the others. Martell had to go clear to Mt. Horeb, and I lived in between, and his Ma drove in and picked us up every night about eight. After Harley—we didn't, as a rule, call him Jawaharlal—, Groot, and Muley left, the two of us would usually get another jug at Molly Bascom's. Some nights we couldn't hardly stagger into the rig.

"Harley's little nephew stuck around that night. Told his uncle he'd be home later. Only lived around the corner.

"It was just gettin' dark. This time of evening. This time of year too, by gum.

"We was well into the second jug, and had about forgot the young'un was around, when he come up to me and says, 'What's a seal?'



"Took me back a little, him comin' out with a question that sounded so damn-foolish.

"But I didn't lose my temper. Just bashed his head in slightly with the bottom of the jug.

"I said, 'Son, a seal, far's I know, is a critter something like a bear, or mebbe a big fish. A seal also *eats* fish and lives where there's lots of ice and snow.'

"'There's one up top 'a the hill,' he said.

"Well, I sput out a mouthful of cider kinda quick. Hadn't heard of seals around these parts. None of 'em around the lakes, even in winter, or we'd 'a seen 'em some time. And this was fall, and it was pretty warm. So I was summat surprised.

"I said, 'Pshaw, son, how d'you know there's a seal on that there hill?'

"He said he'd heard a man say while he was at Molly's that he'd just come from the Hill, where he'd put the sack over the seal that the President was going to dedicate tomorrow.

"We both figgered the little fella must'a heard wrong, but Martell said it wouldn't do no harm to have a look.

"He said, 'I never seen a seal. Maybe we shan't find a
(continued on page 35)

Merry Christmas



from the

University Co-op

702 State Street

Independent Houses

The independents give Octy inside information on their houses and housemates.

Green Gables

—it's the small green-gabled (how'd you guess?) house on Langdon St. housing 24 co-eds, and not a freshman among us. All but four come from Wisconsin. Among our number are two scholarship winners, three Racine residents, a Campacabana committee member, a medical student and 16 working students. Then there's Timothy of Green Gables. That's the dog, part terrier. A gold cup for third place in Homecoming decorations is our pride. The decorations committee got off the ladder just before the judges came, incidentally. Mrs. Moran and Casey rate with us as mighty keen housemother and father.

Racine House

This house is made up of 18 distinct personalities, each one patterned after Harpo Marx. They all eat at the house, which saves them getting ptomaine somewhere else.

Under the keen surveillance of Hal Sorensen, president, the place will soon be backing Music Hall off the map. Come within 3 blocks some night and you'll hear piano, cornet and gang singing accompanied by Fritz Kawahara at the off-key whistle.

Brookside House

This is Wisconsin's answer to the atomic bomb. Soon to be outlawed by the UN are its 15 members which include such illuminaries (when it comes to noses) as John Kutish, president: "Nube" Reed, Wayne Chaplin, and Looie Frey. Frey is known for once losing his way home from Liz Waters. Chaplin is on Madison's police blotter charged with "throwing water at people"—but that's a long story.

Groves Co-op

By HELENE ROSENBERG

Let's take a quick look at Groves Co-op at its best, on a Sunday night sing which begins at 9:30 o'clock and encompasses a cheerful fire, cocoa, 30 females, men, and songbooks.

Terry Honda leads the singing but its Jeannie Kubota's delightful tremor we're most apt to hear quavering above the others. (The men add the monotonic bass section). The cooperative

spirit is evident as the slim-waisted gals share one box of pretzels and munch on discarded English themes. Our two dance majors, Bonnie Hancock and Ellen Clark, both members of Orchesis, invariably rhumba in late, while our Pre-med students, Gloria Jackson and Florence Frye, observe the motley crew through microscopes. Ann Durr, the eager Hoofer, polishes her skis in the corner while Ann Lichten, the child prodigy sings nursery rhymes, and Betty Spry, our professional artist, sketches the group for posterity's sake.

Bob and Dorothy Delk, house-parents, announce the 10:30 male exit, while the latter leave rather reluctantly with a final push from Monie Carey, our judicial chairman.

As the weary females adjust curlers in their hair and sing a final song before studying, Marianna Reith and "Doc" Yabs lead a clean-up crew. They are interrupted by a feverish search made by Bobbie Collins, our house-president, who is looking for the pretzel box top which will entitle her to one free pretzel the next time she's in New York.

Ruby Kubota and I, Helene Rosenberg, will depart to the lower depths,

where we must shovel coal into the dying furnace.

A last glance shows Micky Hayashi, our treasurer, figuring out the cost of this week's Sunday night sing.

Lincoln Lodge

By ADELE BODZIN

It happened one night—the loud voices and the banging of paint cans. At dawn we eagerly rushed out to see the latest paint job. Our wall was as bright as a three ring circus and the sidewalk offered close competition. But a signboard is little protection for the forty-four clowns within.

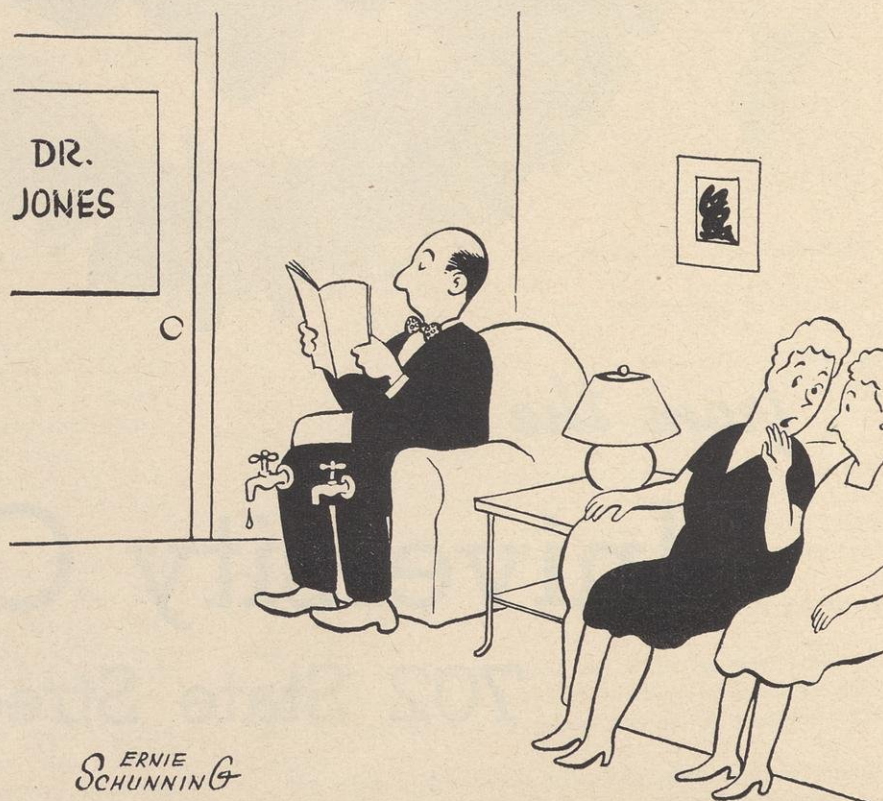
Managing the big tent is Lynne SerCUS and serving refreshments for special parties is Barbara Schwid. Number one clown is Ruth Chesky who amuses the crowd decorating the place for special events.

Our big tent is fascinating and funny, and the side show, of course, presents its intellectuals and freaks.

Tabard Inn

By MARY WILKINS

Once upon a time, Chaucer wrote of an inn whose emblem was a sleeveless (continued on page 28)



"... water on the knee!"

In Union There Is Everybody



One of the important carryings-on in the Union is the weekly Student Board meeting. Here we see Joyce Erdman, president, surrounded by her colleagues at a recent session.

Thousands of people almost surrounded by a building—that's the Memorial Union. Half of them are going the direction you aren't, and the other half are sitting in the Council room. These, of course, are estimates.

Four floors of activities are connected by an elevator for the ambitious—by stairs for the less adventurous. The four floors of activities are also connected or coordinated by some thirteen committees and three clubs.

And over all—or perhaps under it all—is Union president Jim Moore. Jim is the Union's outstanding example of progress. When he was pre-prom king he got the measles; when he was prom king, he got Paula Raulin. And that's progress! Now he's Union head, and what he's got shouldn't happen to an aspirin company.

Right next to Jim's office is the Activities Bureau—social, BMOC, and card-playing center, and also home of Noreen Chandler's AB committee, the Union's interviewing and referral group, with more telephone numbers than a date bureau.

Also cluttering up the top floor are Student Board, Badger, Haresfoot, and whatever other groups survive the room shuffle now in progress. And you wanted to use the elevator!

One flight down the stairs is Great Hall where physical exams and formal dances both present the "semi-dressed co-ed." Pat Knapp's Dance committee and its offspringing sub-committees give students a chance to show off what they've learned from lessons sponsored by Chuck Hawkes' House

committee. A racket, yet. Dance committee doesn't limit itself to Great Hall, though. Dancers can trip fantastically in Tripp Commons, in the Rathskeller, and even in the great outdoors when hard working students gather on the campus during the summer months.

A choice of choice dances includes 770 Club, Campacabana, Danskeller (summer version—Star Deck), At Ease, Mat Dance, and special dances to fill in the calendar.

House committee's "you, too, can dance" program doesn't limit itself to social dancin'. To square things off, Folk Fiesta offers lessons in folk dancing each Sunday night.

And for less strenuous relaxation Chuck's committee serves coffee and conversation each Thursday afternoon. Coffee Hour—that's where students and profs can get together for a no-credit, no-cramming, no-cribbing hour.

The committee also caters to the "ball and chain crowd" with its Married Students committee, and to all students with its WHHO's. No relation to Who's Who, but the Wisconsin Host and Hostess organization. The odds are better than even that the WHHO's will be in the process of reorganization when this comes out—they usually are. To fill in its idle hours the House committee's now studying "Union Trends," a brave attempt to keep up with them.

BWOC in a Big Job in the Union is Marge Kreutzer. Her Commons committee looks into the problem of "Soup's On" in the building. And Mr. Anthony thinks *he* has prob-

lems. Not content with helping out assistant Union director Doug Osterheld with student viewpoints and suggestions, the committee has gone on to set up a "Commuters' Lunch Room" in Great Hall for those who bring their lunches (see Happy Harry's advertising) and to plan a series of Cultural night dinners, taking care of Egypt and India first.

At the other end of the Union is the Theater wing—and therefore the Theater committee, but also the Film, Forum, and Music committees. Barb Raikes is the gal whose committee lines up theater presentations like the ballets and Josh White, and the Concert committee of the Music committee does its share of filling up the big Theater with a concert series each year—this year two, because of the large demand.

Dick Schwartz, who took over the Music committee this fall, doesn't stop there, though. There are Sunday night sings, highbrow and lowbrow record hours, and Sunday afternoon concerts. And they're thinking of expanding even more with a new program on Sunday nights.

Music committee presents a noon music hour in the Play Circle each week day, but five days a week the Film and Forum committees take over in the afternoon. The University Radio Forum, with Kal Goldberg's Union Forum committee co-sponsoring, comes off each Monday afternoon, and Tuesday sees Cinema Shop taking over during the afternoon and evening to present unusual films to Union members "for free." This and Movie Time, which brings popular films back each weekend, are presented by the Union Film committee, headed by Mildred Kmetko.

Above the theaters, on the third floor—with no elevator even in sight, are the Workshop and the Publicity office. The Workshop is where they make everything from lapel pins to cabinets for radio-phonograph combinations. And before elections or a big dance half the campus gets the creative urge. Thora Haaland's Workshop committee comes through periodically with special instructions for novices. The Publicity office, where Barb Berge's News Bureau hangs out, is where people stop in when they're lost on the way to the Workshop. The committee puts out the Union News

(continued on page 41)

For A Man's Christmas



For most men "things to wear" are the most appreciated of gifts. And here you will find unusual varieties to choose from. Or if you want to stay away from the wearables, here too you'll find a choice selection of pipes, toiletries, men's jewelry, toilet kits, cigarette lighters, tobacco pouches, and scores of other things for ideal Christmas gifts.

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square

22 North Carroll

Players Are Made; Not Born

BY GEORGE SPELVIN

"Tonight at eight-thirty Wisconsin Players invite all aspiring young actors to attend tryouts for the forthcoming production 'Salami' by the late English wit Oscar Meyer," said the notice in the Daily Cardinal.

"Aspiring . . . Aspiring! Why—that's my name spelled backwards," exclaimed Herman Gniripsa with a noticeable tremor in his voice. "It must be fate," he cried, and so at eight that night Herman Gniripsa inquired at the Union desk with clammy hands and throbbing heart, "Could you direct me to the Wisconsin Players tryout room?"

"My God!" replied the desk clerk shrinking back with terror in his eyes, "You gung be Player?" At the sound of the hallowed word Herman snapped to rigid attention, whipped from his bosom the Greek masks of comedy and tragedy, and with tear filled eyes he cried: . . . "I am!"

At two the next morning, Herman and his seven Tangyanikian guides, tired but happy with the thought that they had finally reached their destination, staggered into the smoked filled room where Herman collapsed in a heap. A veteran actress stepped gingerly over poor Herman, looked down, and muttered, "What a ham!"

Dragged to his feet, trembling with excitement, Herman clutched to his breast the questionnaire which was thrust at him. Restraining his emotions, he began to read: "Name ("Oh boy," he cried with glee, "this should be easy."); Born ("Certainly," he wrote.); Mother's maiden name ("Ah mother", moaned Herman); 1943 license plate number (Herman rapidly reviewed his logarithms); Naval size (Herman blushed prettily); experience ("Well, there was that night in Baraboo," he said half aloud—"Acting experience! ACTING EXPERIENCE!!" a fatherly voice counseled through the smoke. "Oh, I've got lots of that," Herman explained. "I was in our high school Senior Play and everybody said I was good."

"Herman Gnrs, Herman Gnrs!" the director called.

"Gniripsa," corrected Herman.

"Read this."

"Yes sir," Herman said and ran to the center of the room with alacrity.

"You read first, Alacrity," said the director.

"You curl!" Frank Alacrity read with fervor, and carefully following the printed stage directions, he smashed the silent Herman in the groin.

"Ugh!" replied the ever alert Herman. Tears welling in his eyes, he doubled up in pain, not noticing the reverent hush that filled the room. There was a scattering of applause, quickly stilled by envious actors. Cries of, "Such realism!" and "Terrific!" were topped by the director's "He's a natural! Go home everybody, the tryouts are over. He's got the lead!"

Elmer, age 13, was puzzled over the girl problem and discussed it with his pal, Joe.

"I've walked to school with her three times," he told Joe, "and carried her books. I bought her ice cream sodas twice. Now do you think I ought to kiss her?"

"Naw, you don't need to," Joe decided after a moment of deep thought. "You've done enough for the girl already."

—TEXAS RANGER

* * *

We were never able to find grandma's glasses, but now she leaves them just where she empties them.

—PENN STATE ENGINEER



Wes Lau, "character" actor, displays rare form in a scene from "Birds Have Nests." Lau is rapidly becoming one of Wisconsin's outstanding Players.

THE COMPLETE OCTY STAFF

(Just ignore any other mastheads you might run across. Here is the real lowdown on who runs this rag.)

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(continued elsewhere)



Christmas Deers!

*all you have to do
is visit the store
of the Christmas Spirit*

On the Square

Baron's

We Give Eagle Stamps

Department of Fantastic Characters



WE CHOSE a Racine boy as December's No. 1 Fantastic Character, namely Fayette Taylor, Phi Gamma Delta, and sub-

scriber to the *Daily Worker*.

Fay came back to the U. this fall after getting out of the good old Army. Campus life has agreed with him, too. When Sam let him go he weighed 155 lbs; now, six months later, and in spite of the various food shortages, he's well over 200 lbs. and he is still gaining.

In the Army, Fay ended up in the "P.F.C. caste," and he wouldn't even have reached that exalted rank if it hadn't been for an Army order giving automatic promotions to certain low ranking characters. He claims he was the oldest ranking buck private in the Army (about three years) until he was promoted, and he managed to carry that over to college. Up here he was the oldest ranking Phi Gam pledge until recently made an active. A friend reports that when Fay was in the Philippines with the Signal Corps he was known as the "mayor of Tacloban". According to the story, F.T. unofficially ran Tacloban and appointed Wisconsin men to important positions. Ex-Capt. Bob Cape says he was one of Taylor's "aldermen".

Down in Racine, Fay is best remembered for a certain high school pep rally. It seems that Mr. Taylor led the whole student body of Park High right through the center of Racine in a pre-game rally. This disrupted all traffic and caused a few other "slight inconveniences". But when the police arrived on the scene, where was Fay? It seems that he did a fast fade-out, and it was twelve of his innocent buddies who were hauled in!

Right now, he is "approximately a junior" and he isn't majoring in anything in particular. He might finally decide on anything from philosophy to poultry raising. Besides his *Daily Worker* subscription, Fay receives literature from all foreign embassies. If the mailmen had a union, they would probably go on strike over the amount of work incoming Taylor mail causes them. Fay reads all the papers and any time an item interests him he puts it in his scrapbook. There isn't much connection between all the items he has

clipped, but they sure make for a big fat book. He reads the thing only when drunk, however.

Fay considers himself to be a liberal, and he is still trying to live down the fact that he used to deliver the *Chicago Tribune*. He disdains "dressing up" and might be described as a peccable dresser rather than an impeccable one. At present he has his home town worried. Because of him, there is some doubt that Racine will be admitted to the Union!

Bruce Arnold

"The life of a House Fellow is not a happy one", and how Bruce Arnold, Delavan, Spooner "protector" ever manages to appear as if he had just been kissed by Jane Russell, is a mystery to all the men of Spooner. Being awakened two or three times on Friday and Saturday nights doesn't sound much like a picnic, but he doesn't seem to mind, but just "flits on his merry way". Could it be that there is another woman in his life besides Elsie or he is just too infatuated with Jeanie's playing of French love songs in the Indian Room? Let's all re-enlist in the Army and have it over with.



"Gad, Herrington, that is a nasty looking tongue."

Andy Zafis

By JULIUS OLSEN

The Bashford wheel, whose motto is "Zip Along With Zig-zag Zafis", has taken the campus by storm. This fall Andy loosed his boundless energy in both politics and athletics. His bubbling exuberance, sincerity, and frankness has stood him well. As president of spirited Bashford house, member of the Men's Halls Cabinet, varsity boxer, Cardinal Board candidate, and boozier in the Brotherhood of Beta Theta Pi, this pre-law junior from West Allis is rapidly increasing his ever widening circle of friends.

Personalities

By ROSEANNE MALLY

Living in the first room to the right of the lobby at Elizabeth Waters Hall, I am in a strategic position to intercept each of the beautiful, popular girls on our floor as they pass the time of day, or shall I say, dates, and their various outside activities on our crowded campus. Not only do these outstanding females possess a combination of ravishing beauty, unsurpassed intelligence, and incomparable poise—but they also know it!!

Here comes the long haired Rupunsel, Karna Cichowski reciting to herself, and whomever is in listening range, the experience of her recent trip to Norway, which she will give in speech form for her club tonight. But she hurries away to finish writing an article on pharmacy for *Time*, so she can attend a Dolphin Club meeting, of which she is secretary.

Slowly walking into her room is Ginny Peck, entirely exhausted after her many trips to the infirmary, where her "favorite pastime" is recuperating from an appendicitis operation. It has reached the stage where the nurses look skeptical every time she leaves, believing that Ginny is also an inmate.

Now who is this hurrying up the halls, her hair hidden under a towel in the form of an Arabian turban? At closer range I see it is Doris Gnauk, perfecting her hair style for a speech on farming in La Crosse tomorrow. As her speeches are so much in demand, and she washes her hair before each occasion, I doubt if I would recognize her without the towel around her head.

Personalities at Liz? Jeepers, the joint is crowded with 'em!!

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Be It Ever So Humble

By A. D. ZIEBUR



THE current housing shortage has done more for the average student's knowledge of Madison geography than all of Brown's maps put together. In my happy prewar days I was under the impression that the city of Madison had but two streets; State St. and University Avenue and even this caused little trouble since there was a Badger Tavern on each. My first indication that Madison is more than a mere country hamlet came when I conveyed the happy tidings of my return to the Housing Bureau and informed them that I would accept lodging in one of the better residence halls, asking simply for a single room on the ground floor with a view of the lake. The nice man in charge handed me a slip of paper on which was written a number. "Tush, my ma," said I, "I realize the national debt is huge, but leave us dispense with this Republican propaganda as you are encroaching upon my cock tail hour." "We will start with the bees and the flowers", he replied, "And then go into the finer facts of life. That number represents your position on the waiting list at Truax Field." "Such puerile chit chat leaves me cold", I answered in what I intended to be a haughty baritone and which issued forth as a weak soprano. "I shall find accommodations elsewhere."

Well aware of the "No Beer" sign in the Rathskeller I proceeded to a nearby winery and mulled over my problem while lubricating my cerebrum with barley water. After considerable cogitation I came to the conclusion that a small apartment would best fit my desires for the coming winter anyway. A three room affair, not too far from the campus, a congenial roommate to share expenses, do the cooking and make the beds, and a small closet for wines and medicinal spirits. I closed my eyes and mentally donned my smoking jacket, relaxed in my new easy chair with a scotch type and soda and surveyed the new apartment. "Voilà", I said, "or *voici! Cherchons le logis.*" When I start talking to myself in French it means I've had enough, but when I get the grammar right it calls for another drink. Being in doubt, I quickly downed a small beer and departed.

I had scanned the *Capital Times* and noticed only one apartment for rent. "Mod. apt. 3 rms bth, gd loc." said the ad so I proceeded to follow the directions as given. "Go out on State, then straight on Spaight to Highway 8" I sang and happily pattered along. Madison soon disappeared over the horizon and I amused myself reading the Burma Shave signs as mile after mile passed under my blistered and now not uncomplaining feet. Finally I reached my destination which was half hidden by a huge sign reading "Dubuque Welcomes You." A look at the exterior of the building convinced me of one thing. At least the place wasn't haunted; even a ghost would have trembled in that Poe-conceived structure. I didn't bother to go in. Apparently the abbreviation "mod apt" in the paper had not meant "modern apartment" as I had imagined but rather "moldering apart". I faced the setting sun and commenced the long voyage home. "Damn", said I and even though it's not French, I stopped in for a drink.

The next weeks were a nightmare of walking the streets. Now I know how my sister feels. I knocked on so many doors that the post office department gave me a contract to deliver the mail. Abandoning the family motto, "If at first

you don't succeed, to hell with it", I continued the search for a closet in somebody's attic or a semi-empty coal bin. Suddenly things took a turn for the worse, and I found myself in possession of the atelier in which this is being written.

The location of this example of early Wisconsin wigwammery is not of the best. Not only is it on the wrong side of the tracks, but it's across the tracks across the tracks. I cross so many railroad tracks on the way to school that I have been granted an honorary membership in the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen. The iron horse is not the only form of transportation in our neighborhood. One must not forget the intercity bus company which parks its noisy vehicles in the back yard or the trucking firm which stables its horseless carriages across the street. This is a fine arrangement for the trucking concern since the street is a through truck route and at night is filled with a constant stream of those mufflerless monsters. So much for the transportation problem except to note in passing that the Madison Bus Company does not run a bus within 12 blocks of the place and the last cab that ventured into the area was peddling bootleg liquor during prohibition.

My quarters consist of room and closet: the room is the one with the window, Murgatroyd, and must have been designed for a legless midget. As I sit here at my desk with the cares of the world resting upon my shoulders I realize that the ceiling is doing likewise. The walls are so close together that in some places they lean on each other for mutual support. And the bed, what a bed! Procured at great cost and effort direct from the scene of the Spanish Inquisition, that fantastic freak of furniture would give an Indian fakir insomnia. My landlady euphemistically calls it a three quarter size bed, i.e. big enough for three quarters of a person. One doesn't lie in it, one balances on it. When I stretch my lanky frame to its full 5' 7", enough of me projects out the window for the neighbors to threaten to prosecute me for indecent exposure.

Yes, I have neighbors. I haven't seen many of the adult inhabitants of the surrounding houses, but judging from the number of offspring they produce I suspect that they have more interesting things to do than merely sit on the front porch and gossip. The children, however, more than make up for the absence of their elders. Little groups of these delinquents gather at three block intervals and exchange obscenities until the welkin rings with their lilting invitations for Johnny or Jenny to go fry in hell. On that point they and I are in complete agreement.

So much for the neighbors, my room and woes. Like so many others attending this great institution this year, I feel like a refugee from Tobacco Road. On the other hand, what better preparation could one receive for the struggle for existence in the Century of The Common Man?

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

Bring On the Pledge

Amid bottles a-clinking, and students a-drinking, I sat there a-thinking of how to get home;

But my head was a-reeling, I'd lost all my feeling, it seemed like the ceiling was crushing my dome.

I arose from the table, my knees so unstable, I thought, am I able to get to the door?

Well, I finally made it, (the check, I had paid it), the tavern, I bade it "goodbye"—nevermore!!

Sequel

"Hic!"

—WILLARD R. SMITH

What's your "D.Q."?

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Do you look well dancing?	☐	☐
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Gifford 1707

Christmas on the Campus

or Seven Beers with the Wrong Reindeer

BY DICK WHEREATT AND JOHN HINKAMP



IN CHRISTMAS Eve for centuries, students, hoping to get the goods on Santa, have concealed themselves in darkened closets, in the heavy growth on Persian Rugs, and in other devilishly clever hiding places, but to no avail. Be joyous, oh peoples of this mighte universite . . . your vigil is over. The goods are got!

Last winter, amidst the confusion of returning servicemen, the atomic bomb, and the courtship of Gravel Gertie, we were able to send to the North Pole one of our operatives, Fronald Danzman.

Danzman was not an untrained snooper. His experience in this sort of work was unlimited. His training included many a night spent on the trail of a body, years following the horses, and twice being named correspondent in divorce cases.

Choosing an operative for this job was a project in itself. When rumors of our intended operation leaked out to the profession, experts from thousands of agencies sought this commission. Danzman finally got the job on the basis of his confidential report entitled, "Sex Is But a Pantsing Fancy", and written on the dropseats of service longies. War surplus, that is.

On C-Day, minus 1, Danzman, disguised in a deerskin and with a teamsters' union button pinned to his tail, slipped into place between Donner and Blitzen.

*Flying thru the air
With the greatest of ease,
Carrying two gallons of joy juice
Strapped to his knees.*

Danzman arrived here in high spirits!

Santa's first stop on Langdon was the D.G. House, where he left a bottle of booze and a set of barbells for Wheezy Pfouer.



"Darling, did you fall?"

Up the street, and down the chimney at the Phi Gam House he left another five year fee card for the perpetual Ramrod Erwin.

At "The Lodge", Santa unloaded a pair of boxing gloves for Battling Bill Fox.

Next stop . . . Delta, Delta, etc. Santa dug deep in his bag here, and came up with a new foundation for Bert's Body, an orchid for Barb Hansen, who finally made her grades, and a clean slate for Claire.

Up on the housetop an odd number of reindeer were waiting for our operative. His story has it that he had sallied forth on a mission of his own. A peek on the second floor of the Chi O House would have disclosed a wolf in reindeer's clothing looking for a pink lady.

* * *

Our official report assumes a sporadic nature at this point due to Danzman's temporary absence, but rumors have it that Santa left Deke Bill Thieman a bag of *free* candy kisses.

At the Psi U. House, that practical joker, George Haeffel, got an extension ladder and a bottle of window cleaner. (The better to see you with, my dear.)

The Alpha Deltas got a pledge that wasn't from Milwaukee East. . . Thanks Santa.

At the Alpha Chi House, Santa gave Gay Constantine a whisker rub. . . (My kingdom for a moustache!)

D.U.'s Bill Manzer got a hearty laugh.

The Gamma Phis got a social pro. Did you get it too Santa?

* * *

Back onto the scene in a swirl of snow and with a satisfied burp came our private eye. Our report again becomes official . . . the continuity went out when the pink ladies came in. . . Pink Ladies, that is.

It is important to note here, in order that the story retains its dynamic form, we quote:

The interior basin of the North American continent is a vast, undulating plain, bounded on the east by the Appalachians, on the west by the Rockies, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, and on the north, so far as the United States is concerned, by the Great Lakes. The one great river system which drains this region gives it a remarkable unity and a name, the Mississippi Valley.

Das Amerikaner Historiker
Sauer & Kraut

An even more pertinent fact:

Your hands can have that Ivory look in just twelve days.

Now to go on with the official report:

Santa Claus stopped at the Pi Phis twice.

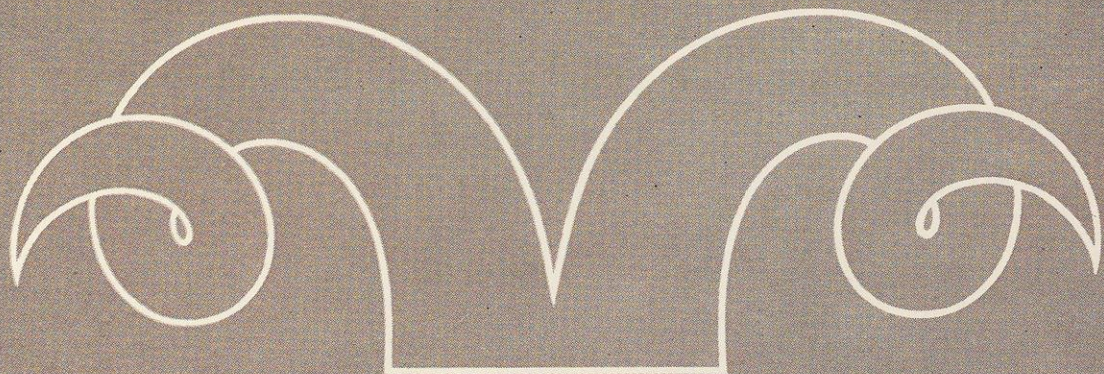
At the Theta House he left an honorable membership card for the W.C.T.U. to Mary Ann Rogers.

Mary Williams, over KKG way, received an apron, a dustcloth, and some Venetian blinds. (You can keep G.H. waiting now, Mary, his ladder won't do him any good.)

Butch Cieslukowski,
The Theta Delts say,
For a pint of good whiskey
Will get you an A.

For a bottle of booze
Or a mug of beer
He will get you a woman
Guaranteed to bring cheer.

(continued on page 25)



BONMOUTON

Eitington dyed lamb



LUCKY THE GIRL whose Christmas surprise is a *Wintra* coat made of BONMOUTON* the luxurious New Era fur. No other mouton can compare with BONMOUTON's fabulously rich sheen. And the *Wintra* label means tailored perfection right down to its lining of fine Narco Rayon. At better stores everywhere. But place your order now. The very choiceness of *Wintra* coats makes them scarce. Styled by Town and Country Club Furs, Inc.



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A Night At Liz

(With apologies to Clement C. Moore!)

BY MARYON HENGST

'Twas the week before Christmas, and all thru' the dorm,
Luscious creatures were stirring to keep themselves warm.
Their nylons were hung in the laundries with care,
In hopes that come morning no runs would be there.
Roommates were studying, some on their beds,
While dreams of vacation filled bobby-pinned heads.
And me an' my roommate, in 'jamas and wrap,
Had just settled our brains for a five-hour nap,
When out from the john there arose such a clatter,
We sprang from our beds to see what was the matter.
Away to the door we flew like a flash,
Ran out of the room, down the hall with a dash.

The hall was all dark, 'twas past two at ol' Liz,
And the gals were thru' crammin' for Saturday's quiz.
Red lights at the end of the hall cast a glow.
(Now don't get excited—they say "exit" y'know!)
We stole down the corridor, scared as could be,
Cuz noises past midnight don't happen, you see.
Then slowly, and trembling, we pushed open the door,
And we saw who had caused the great clamor before.

There, around Skinny, who was white as a sheet,
Stood the dorm's population, in robes and bare feet.
They were yellin' and laughin' and crowded around,
But the cause of this chaos just couldn't be found.
We asked what had happened, my roommate and me,
But they paid us no 'tention; and we couldn't see.
We looked at each other with questioning eyes,
While gals kept on comin', surprised by the cries.
We yelled questions in vain—too many kids there
To hear us or tell us what created this scare.

So we went back to bed 'til the crowd should thin out,
And returned when we heard neither screams nor a shout.

The john was now empty 'cept for Skinny, still white
'Bout the furor she'd caused in the middle of night.
And there, all around her, was metal and glass,
So we asked once again just what came to pass.
Sez Skin, with a tremor and slightly mad wail,
"Oh, I merely stepped on it and broke the damned scale."

So that's what took place at Liz Waters that night.
Thanx for reading this nonsense—and it sure served you
right!!

She was only the film censor's daughter, but she knew
when to cut it out.

She was only the conductor's daughter, but it still ain't
no fair.

* * *

Wife: "Goodness, George, this is not our baby. This is the
wrong carriage."

Hubby: "Shut up. This is a better carriage."

* * *

You look as though you were poured into your dress.
Oh, thanks.

But you shouldn't have run over.

* * *

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS



THE HARESFOOT CHORUS

"Hey, Jack, pipe the blonde in the third row."



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He takes
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LORENZO'S

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THE GREEKS

(continued from page 9)

Delta Tau Delta

By FRANK DAVY

Beta Gamma chapter of Delta Tau Delta once again occupies its shelter house at 16 Mendota Court. The house was used by outside factions (This means women) during the war years of '43 and '44 when the chapter was inactive. Beta Gamma is one of the seventy-five Delt chapters in the country and has been active on the Wisconsin campus since 1892. There are at present 33 actives and 44 pledges on campus, and they are playing an active role in school affairs.

Phi Kappa Fraternity

Phi Kappa, an outgrowth of Phi Kappa Sigma, was founded at Brown College in 1902.

Lambda chapter of Phi Kappa was granted a charter at Wisconsin in 1923, where it was active until 1938.

With the active support of Madison alumni, the chapter was re-activated in May of this year with Tom Woodard as temporary president; Rev. Alvin C. Kutchera, chapter chaplain, and Greg Buenzli, advisor. In official elections held in October, Iggy Baird was elected president and Bob Mancl, vice-president.

Although handicapped at present by lack of a house, the fraternity, now composed of 17 actives and 17 pledges, is banking on the enthusiasm and spirit of its members to pull it through the understandably difficult period of "beginning again."

Phi Delta Theta

Phi Delta Theta, the oldest fraternity on the campus, was founded at Miami University in 1848. The chapter at Wisconsin was started in 1857 and has grown from a group of three men 89 years ago to a present alumni membership of more than 800. Today there are 90 Phi Deltas, actives and pledges, on the campus. The fraternity house is at 620 North Lake Street.

Alpha Delta Phi

The golden path of Alpha Delta Phi has been shimmering beneath the star and crescent since 1902 on this campus. A literary fraternity, traditionally small in numbers, unity has been her goal. Flaunting scholastic and choral honors of the past, this year Alpha Delt is invading interfraternity athletic competition, especially football, with a vengeance. Down through the years her hallowed halls at Henry Street and the Lake have regularly resounded with the rumbling gush of the tapped beer keg, lending lubrication to another banner party and supporting the stimulating social spirit of the Big State U.

Phi Sigma Sigma

Illustration of wonderful sportsmanship and understanding was shown the night of Wiskits by Alpha Epsilon Phi to Phi Sigma Sigma with the following poem:

To Phi Sigma Sigma:

*Tonight you got a raw deal
And with this fact in view
We take pleasure in presenting
Not one cup, but two!
Love and kisses,
AEPsi*

Kit Elrod, author, director, and star of "Watermelon-cholia," was the receiver of a lovely pink bra!

Kappa Alpha Theta

Wend your way to Lake Lawn Place some interesting day and as you walk, look for a green-shuttered house on the corner. Look for a friendly box of a house, one which exudes a warmth of good fellowship and love. Draw closer now, glance up the gracious walk to the smiling mouth of a door that bids you in, and note as you heed its friendly beckon, the crest over the door. Know that this is Kappa Alpha Theta and be assured of a sincere welcome.

For we Thetas are a friendly group and the girls who proudly wear the kite are some of the most intelligent, active and popular girls on campus. Not only were we first in scholarship last semester but some of us were active on student board, others took on committee work and girls like Clair Lahr and Sally Stevens graced the thrones of two of the big campus events. Hardly a project or an activity on campus goes on without its share of Theta supporters; hardly a day goes by that a Theta doesn't help to make it more profitable and pleasant.

CHRISTMAS ON THE CAMPUS

(continued from page 20)

Danzman saw Santa give Butch two pints!

Over in the court at the Beta House, Santa dropped off a staircase; and, to Joe Miller, Henry Wallace's new book, "How to Be a Success" or "Meet Me at the Kremlin." Take heed you politicians.

Next door, Lou Robinson and the rest of the Delts got a couple of barrels of beer. Good enough fellows?

The SAE's got a heavy anchor . . . something to keep the new wheels from rolling the house into the lake. Bud Buckley got a flood insurance policy for his car and Ed Chudik got a life preserver. Was that carton of aspirin for Moe and Max?

The Sigma Chis didn't get a sweetheart. Santa dropped off a couple copies of Culbertson for the boys and another Leon Jones.

Under the Phi Delt Christmas tree Santa left Havlock Marques Ramon Sekundarwicklung Kohlenstoffverbrennung Ellis' "The Psychology of Seduction" for Owen Strand.

* * *

We are sorry to report here that Operative Danzman is no longer in our service. We were forced to relieve him of his commission when he reported something we felt sure couldn't happen in Madison.

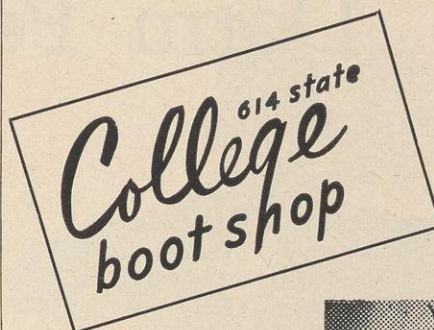
Danzman told us that Santa Claus went into The Cabin with his bag empty and came out loaded!

MASTHEAD

(continued from elsewhere)

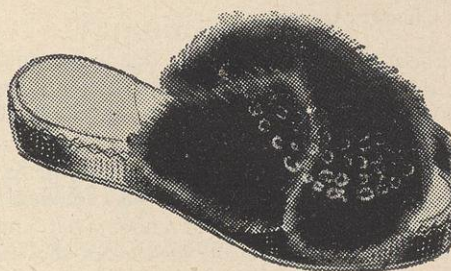
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(continued again)



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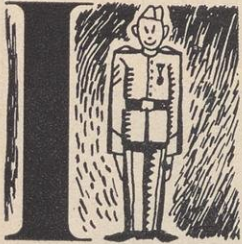
9 W. Main St.

On The Square

Dorm Personalities

Arps, My Dear

By BOB ROEMER



I AM walking down State Street. I am not really walking the way you think because I am half gassed and am ready to go. I am not actually three sheets in the wind either because there is nobody living in the dorms that has got that much spinach that he can get a good drunk on.

Well it is not very important that I have been drinking because I would have seen this thing anyway—even if I was dead sober which I am almost. It is a yellow horse. I am not used to seeing yellow horses especially on State street—so I am not too surprised when this one comes up to me and asks do I know Charley Arps.

I says that I know who Charley is but that I was under the compression that he is more closely connected with bulls—not horses. The horse laughs and says I am right. He says why don't I take him out to Adams hall and introduce him to the boys because he is going to live out there as Charley has promised him a scholarship to play football for him. I know how this is because I am in school seven semesters and still a freshman because I am such a hot shot full-back.

But I am wondering how's come a horse can go to school so I ask him and he says he has got a good job working for the Fauerbach Company but that it takes to much out of him so he is looking for a soft touch. So one day he hears about Harry Stuhldreher being one of the four horsemen of Notre Dame so he figures here is his chance so he comes out to talk to Harry only Harry throws him out of his office because Harry only lets guys play for him who make big names in high school.

This is where Charley Arps comes in and offers not to make one star out of him but two stars out of him. (Here even I do not quite understand.) The horse goes on to tell me that I have probably saw two men dressed up like a horse in some burlesque show sometime or other and I say yes. Well he says puffing out his chest they are going to make him dressed up like two men and run interference for himself. How do you like that?

I think that is a darn good idea until I think of my buddy Al Stortz who is big enough to dress up like two horses but I don't say anything to the yellow horse about it. We keep walking up State with people staring at us as if they never seen a yellow horse before. He tells me his name is Mink Ranch he is 21 and is a veteran as he served 43 months with the First Cavalry.

When we go by the Cabin we see the Saturday Nite Left Halfback's Training Table and Social Club going in full swing. They come piling out when they see me and we all pile onto Mink Ranch's back and he says Look—I ain't no yellow cab—but nobody notices that and we ride over to the BT where the guys that are really dealers has got their broads. Whitey Schabo has got a beast cornered over by the telephone and is giving her a good ringing out. Nick Martine and Jake Zilber from Tarrant are matching pennies with Bob Witt and a couple other Vilas guys for the championship and Bob DiRenzo says to me one more brew and he will be doing chandelles off the chandeliers.

When all of a sudden up comes Charley Arps shakes hands with the yellow nag and begins to fill his ear. I didn't see neither of them until the next morning early when I heard a whinee which is what horses do and there is Mink Ranch right along with the rest of the Noyes boys doing pushups and blocking the dummy and doing 'close order drill with Charley calling cadence.

I guess the yellow plug must of lasted through the first couple days of this and sweat it out for about a week because the last I seen of him he is high tailing it over towards the east side and I asks him where he is going in such a rush and he says to heck with Charley Arps he was going back to Fauerbach where he only had to work when he was inspired and didn't have to go to no exchange dinners where his height was put down as 16 hands and he was matched with a broad that would not even let him lay one of them hands on her.

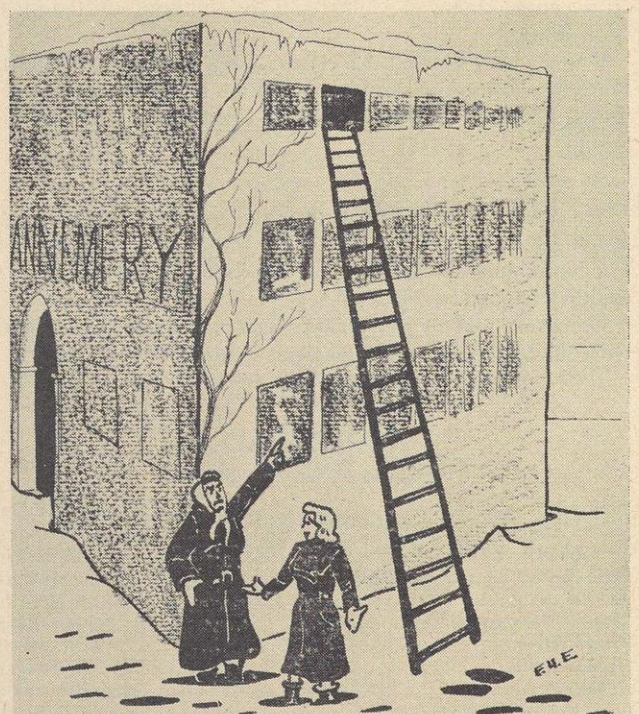
BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

Carson Gulley

BY AL SHADDE

When D. L. Halverson visited Essex lodge, Tomahawk, in the summer of 1926, he made a special effort to meet the chef—a genial Negro named Carson Gulley. For Gulley that meeting resulted in the position he still holds, while for Halverson, director of dormitories and commons at the university, it was the end of a search for a chef for the then new Van Hise refectory.

Recognized as an equal by the chefs in the kitchens of the Drake and Palmer House hotels of Chicago, the same Carson Gulley celebrates his twentieth year as *maitre d'hotel* of the Van Hise dining room this December 13th. Author of a yet unpublished cook book, authority on authentic American foods, and lecturer on food planning and prepar-



"... but Mrs. McDuff, it must have been Santa Claus!"

ration for many civic groups, the popular chef estimates that he has supervised the preparation of over 10,000,000 student meals.

Born in Zama, Ark., one year before the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, he began his career as a \$9.00-a-week dish washer in an Eldorado (Ark.) cafe. When the cook failed to appear for work one day, young "Slim" Gulley was allowed to cook in his place, and after a four weeks trial, he became the chief cook. From that day on, "Slim" advanced like a "house afire."

Travel, he reasoned, was imperative for a successful cook, and young Gulley left Arkansas to learn what people like to eat in different parts of the country. Tiring of travel, he decided he could do a good job, and went to work as a pastry cook in the Baltimore hotel, Kansas City. Soon afterwards he became chef in a large chain restaurant in St. Louis.

"But it was really a piece of Boston cream pie that started things rolling," laughed the beaming cook from under his immaculately starched chef's cap.

The president of Principia Christian Science academy, St. Louis, dined in the restaurant one day and was so impressed that she hired him as chef at the college, largest of its kind in the country. After five years at Principia, other jobs followed, including one at an exclusive resort hotel at Lake Chataqua, N. Y., and finally his position at Essex lodge where Halverson hired him twenty years ago.

Though students come and go, and styles change, hungry appetites must always be satisfied. Feeding the famished students who have flocked to Van Hise hall three times a day for two decades has been anything but an easy job. Disdaining fancy foods, he avows that the things people dislike the most are what he likes to cook. Plain food with an original touch and flavor is the best way to satisfy most of the students.

"A good cook," remarked the chef, "must establish his reputation by satisfying the majority, and the plainer the food the easier this is done."

An ardent sportsman, he enjoys hunting, fishing, and golfing. But he is especially proud of his spice collection—said to be one of the largest in the country. Housed in a special display case, it contains 127 pungent spices and herbs including such rare items as comenien seed and Spanish saffran.

In his job at Wisconsin he has found what he has always been looking for—"the work has been interesting, the people nice, and the young folks encouraging."

"I have always felt at home here," he reflected. "It gives me something to live for and look forward to. I don't know how long it would take to find it again if I ever left."

Proud of his culinary art, he is especially proud of his baked beans. During the war when sailors were living in Tripp and Adams halls, they invariably came back for seconds when the lowly dish was served.

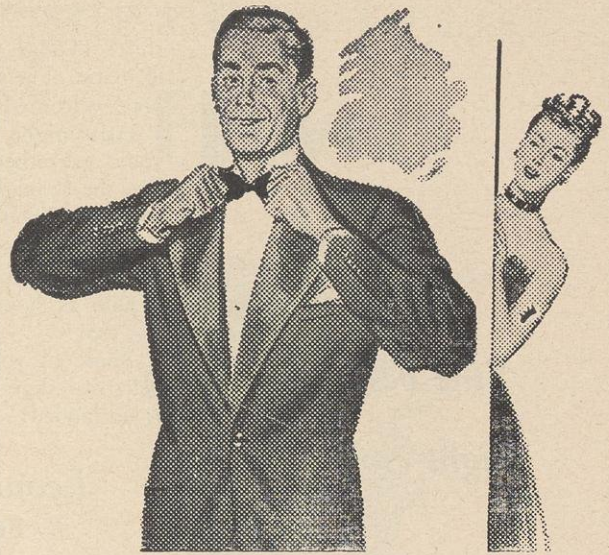
BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

Sketches from Tarrant

NICK MARTINE AND ART SARRIS

Both grew up together in Antigo. . . Both of Greek parentage. . . Both unable to speak anything but Greek until they had been in grade-school for several years. . . Nick was unable to convince the kindergarten teacher that he was ready to enter school—finally, at the tender age of seven, he was allowed to sit in at a few classes and was quickly promoted to first grade. . . Early handicap has not prevented him from becoming loquacious after-beer speaker. . .

(continued on page 29)



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INDEPENDENT HOUSES

(continued from page 12)

shirt. Today Tabard is more emblematic of a strait jacket. Tabard of yore welcomed all pilgrims for ale and a restful night. While it's doubtful that you'd get either at Tabard, you can be sure the 13 pilgrims of the Inn will welcome you (you man).

Tabard's core, co-op, co-ed, co-ercive, is mostly Home Ecers. It's got Grace Waldo as house president. She's got IT, too.

Those of yore sought Tabard as a place of refuge—an anachronism! strictly outmoded! . . . even after a deluge.

Leonard House

By BEA SCHWEIGERT

"Good evening, Leonard House"—carol any one of the 16 girls who live at 309 North Brooks as they answer the phone. And speaking of girls we have every shape, size and variety.

There are those on second floor who keep the boys at 311 occupied—whether studying or not. There are those who cram like mad all week so they have free time when that someone comes from far and near for the weekend. There are those proverbial coffee drinkers who stay up all hours—studying you understand, and there are those who spend many hours a week at jobs to earn money to keep them in school.

Such things as "belching" sink's, creaking stairs, and three housemothers add to the confusion of our midst.

Pride and joy of third floor is our community wardrobe—of second floor, running up and down stairs to answer the phone.

Badger Club

By ROBERTA HESS

Wanted: flashlight batteries to replace those burnt out by Hodag house-fellow in black-out last month. 'Tis said Laura Taylor and Bud Halker's vision and disposition still's impaired.—Hips slimmed via "Simpson" at Charter House. Deep South, ex-wave Lt. drills calisthenics nightly. Class disjoints singing national anthem, "Dixie"—Rosa Steuer and Bill Lund were stifled in attempt of scaling third floor terrace wall to join T. D.'s Homecoming Ball.—Head-waiter Higgy has rationed affections throughout our club.—Certain gal is filibustering for free economy.—Squire Hall loses another, but to good cause. Vicki Wolf is wearing ring on finger, and heart on sleeve for Bob Rhyner.

Lake Lawn House

By SALLY GREEN

A nervous chicken provided a touch of the unexpected to the Lake Lawn masquerade party around Hallowe'en time. Jane Price and Bob Silver, depicting the song title "Body and Soul", found themselves the bewildered owners of the flustered fowl as their grand prize. Finding herself the center of attraction, Biddy became a bit over-excited and had one of those unfortunate accidents. However, since she was the guest of honor, so to speak, can you blame her for losing control over her—er, emotions?*

Lake Lawn house is not always so informal. A dignified group of girls in blue jeans spent five hours hanging out windows by their toes in an attempt to put up their homecoming display.

*NOTE: *Two days later chicken was the main course at dinner, but no one had the heart to eat it!*

Tower View

Tower View experienced a very hectic week during October, when small blue stars appeared on notebooks, books, and car windows. Warning telegrams, letters and phone calls were received. We were told that Tower View was under the curse of the "Midnight Star", and that it would strike soon.

The climax of the suspense came at one of our parties when a phosphorescent skeleton with a note in its hand appeared, on which the names of the culprits were written. The guilty parties proved to be six Tower View girls, who were responsible for quite a spooky, and yet enjoyable week for the thirty-five other girls in the house.

Shoreland House

During the first few weeks of the semester, Shoreland House was one of the many organized houses that flung open their doors and invited the students to come in and "meet the girls." In the receiving line was Mrs. Benjamin, the housemother, who greeted all the eager young men with, "How do you do? I'm Aunt Rose, Housemother." After being so greeted we noticed one man in particular who stood in a corner with a very puzzled look on his face. Being very proper hostesses, three girls went over to ask if there was something wrong. He wanted to know who the woman standing in the doorway was. It seems he

(continued on page 41)

DORM PERSONALITIES

(continued from page 27)

Versatile athlete: three letters in high school basketball, one in football, star halfback of Tarrant's championship touch-football team, selected on Dorm All-Star Team. . . Majoring in Graphic Arts. . .

Art is studious member of duo . . . helped Nick peddle papers in Antigo. . . Nick stood on corner, made Art walk the route. . . Was on probation in kindergarten, but maintained straight "A" throughout grades. . . Admits he "led dull life till Nick took me in hand". . . Likes athletics, played quarterback on house football team, is member of bowling team. . . Likes his role of straight man to Nick. . . Majoring in Mechanical Engineering. . .

* * *

DON AND JIM McINTYRE

Popular brother combination. . . Both evoke sighs from gentler sex. . . Jim is 6' 1", Don is 6' 2½", 195 lbs. . . Jim is the musician . . . plays clarinet, piano, organ. . . Once performed prodigious feat of memorizing an eight page clarinet solo while riding on bus on way to band tournament . . . placed in first group. . . Is already being boomed as candidate for next year's Prom King. . . Easy-going, personable. . . Stroked Tarrant's crew this summer. . . Is looking forward to entering Med School. . . Both have love interests in Pi Phi and Jim says to "draw your own conclusions". . .

Big Don won four letters in Niagra in football. . . Was bulwark at end on Tarrant's football team . . . unanimous choice on Dorm All-Star team. Helped pull Tarrant crew into early lead in race this summer but pulled oar-lock right out of shell. . . Member of Tarrant Social Committee . . . also Honorary Fire Chief. . . Was write-in candidate last spring in Dorm Duke Contest . . . amassed enough votes in three quarters of an hour to finish a strong third. . . Like his brother, he is Pre-Med. . .



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Hoofers

Are you running down from running up the hill mornings? Getting night-club pallor from Bascom Reading Room? Hmmmm? Do you wince when you see a tree? No, don't bother with Ovaltine or Vitamins; just go down to Hoofers and tell them you want to join. Before you can say "Numen Lumen" you'll find yourself hiking off into Montana, a new person.

Hoofers quarters are right down this ramp, down in the basement of the Union. No, those characters aren't fighting, they're just practising ju jitsu for the dance Friday. Those people aren't plotting revolutions; they're just in a bridge game. And look quick, over there, somebody's doing homework. Hoofers take turns at that, to give the place a studious air.

Note the virile atmosphere; for Hoofers is where discriminating athletes of the campus hide, (from the undiscriminating ones). The paneled walls, the rough and ready green leather sofa, and sink-backable chairs. Real rugged, this place. And don't overlook the deer. Two of them. One over the fireplace with a nasty gleam in its glass eyes, and the other on the opposite wall with a resigned expression.

Here is where the Esquire-dressed set hangs out; the men with that sleek look of just having lost a messy fight, and the girls in their chic Molyneux-tattered blue jeans and plaid shirts (which are worn over big hips this year). They lend an air of sophistication to the rugged atmosphere; it almost leads one to believe that in spite of their cave-man tactics, Hoofers are people.

You can always tell a Hooper by his roommate, because his roommate is usually in the first stages of pneumonia. This is on account of the Hooper passion for the fresh air of *The Great Outdoors* (heads are always bowed at those last words). The result is that any room with a Hooper in it feels like Armour's secret storage plant; and there's a rumor current that Hoofers keep a running score of ex-roommates who now populate the infirmary. Aside from this fresh-air-fiendishness, Hoofers are really quite normal; they play bridge, go to two classes a week, drink beer etc. (the etc's. being is up to the reader).

Then there are the Hooper activities, such as Riding, where Hoofers constantly prove that horses are too big, too smart, and too strong-minded. Sailing, where members crouch around the winter fire and reminisce, and Skiing, a major contributor to the Hooper accident rate. In season, those who can, ski, (both of them); and those who can't learn, (to make square snowballs.)

And, of course, there's the Outing Club. This is the organization responsible for the famous overnight hikes, well-chaperoned, that is. These continuations of the Death March of Bataan are simple in plan. You walk ten or twenty miles through wilderness an Indian wouldn't touch, freeze, wide-eyed all night on stones strategically placed to wreck what is left of your backbone, and hike back, the next day, singing happily, yes, *happily*. One hike equals seventy glasses of Ovaltine, and twenty boxes of Vitamin pills—needed to revive the Hoofers who went along.

A Hooper is born with cooperation sticking out all over his soul. When there is a job to do, half the club is always dying to help. That's all they do, though, die quietly in a corner playing bridge.

Hooper bridge, too, is a thing apart from this crass world—and apart from any bridge. It's breath-taking in its scope (which can include anywhere from three to twenty people) and sublime in its utter disregard for rules. Whether bridge is an adjunct of gossip, or vice versa, is one of the Great Unanswered Questions. Occasionally, a newcomer pipes up

with a "You can't do that" during a game; but he soon catches on and gaily bids "seven no trump" in the middle of a deep discussion of "Is Russia Necessary."

Nobody can say Hoofers isn't well read. In the fireplace, you can find the remains of the best in literature . . . from *True Confessions* to *Horror Stories*. In between are comic books, comic books, comic books, and *Esquire*.

Hooper spirit is an intangible and a wonderful thing. Where else could you find a group of eager fighters, willing to pursue an errant mouse to the bitter end, to corner it, with ski poles and fire irons—and then to let it escape? Where else indeed, but Hoofers.

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

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She's Going to Meet the Gang . . .



at . . .

The Chocolate Shop

548 STATE

BADGER 684

DON SEAHOLM

*Whenever Donald Seaholm went to town,
We people on the pavement looked at him.
He was a gentleman from head to crown,
Clean-favored, and imperially slim.*

*But he was always gaudily arrayed,
And he was always noisy when he talked,
But still he fluttered pulses when he said
"Good morning", and he glittered when he walked.*

*And he was rich—yes, richer than a king,
And admirably schooled in every grace.
In fine, he thought that he was everything
We thanked the Lord we weren't in his place.*

*So on we worked and waited for the light,
And went without a date, and cursed the bed,
And prayed that old Don Seaholm would soon go
Home and put a bullet thru his head.*

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

Gregory

By ART OMHOLT

With the ratio being what it is on the campus, dating is always a rather hectic business but Dick Kaige takes all prizes for creating confusion and uproar while mating—whoops, dating. I was studying, believe it or not, when through my door, (solid oak with lead covering), I heard Dick's dulcet voice.

'Hello, Mable?' A burst of insane laughter made clear that it was Mable and Dick was indeed happy about this pleasing situation.

'This is Dick. Dick WHO?' It was evidently incredible to Dick that other people bearing the same name occupied the same campus. Could there be another man in her life? Yes, there could.

'You know, Dick Kaige—oh, I'm fine—I suppose you've recovered from that time we had last August—You don't remember last August?' At this point there is a terrific clatter. It is Dick pounding his feet against the wall to pass the time away. It's nothing to get excited about. Later he'll use his head, thus making even more noise.

'How about going to the Christmas dance Saturday night? I'll pick you up—you're going to a party?—for Hammersley—he had a rough year?—yes, but, well—how about Friday night? Oh, your cousin's coming from Milwaukee. How about me getting her a blind date—she don't?—'. His voice trails off. He seems slightly discouraged but persists. 'Maybe Sunday we—no? How about a little explanation—you have to study?' There is a long pause. 'Listen, I'll call you next week and—'. The din subsides. Kaige goes back to his cell muttering something about the operator cutting off the smoothest man in Gregory while he's talking to him, and I quote him, 'little Queen.' I am a little dubious regarding the operator's participation, but since there is supposed to be peace on earth I'll give Dick his share, and I'll also give him an extra share of good will. He obviously needs it.

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

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Point Pratt Fall

It happened on the Picnic Point road on a recent weekend afternoon. The weather was so darn nice that afternoon that a couple of guys from the dorms couldn't repress the urge to take advantage of the solitude and reflection that such a day in fall offers.

These two guys, Herman John and Gil Sullivan, started out for the Point very plainly, indeed, innocently. They hadn't strolled far before coming upon a third nature lover coincidentally enough, from the dorms, one Daniel Frediani. The new addition to the party, however, had a more modern and complicated conception of how the day at hand could be appreciated. At any rate, walking didn't appear to be in Dan's plans for that afternoon, because Dan was on a motorcycle—not a new motorcycle, in fact not even his own, but a respectable one and one that he was confident would take him over every hill and dale west of the dorms.

He had this hope in mind when he encountered the two nature seeking pedestrians, and when Gil, purely out of a spirit of curiosity for the contraption proposed a trial ride, Dan was unable to withhold from his buddy, the delights that he knew his gadget would afford him later.

Proudly and assuringly Dan explained how the machine operated, for this had also been Dan's first time on a motorcycle and he felt strongly that certain pride which comes with a new accomplishment.

Gil took off. Back up the embankment and onto the road he went in a manner similar to Joe Hammersley—quietly and cautiously. No sooner did this careful college student get his motorcycle out on the road when he was suddenly passed by a car. Unexpected? Yes, but that wouldn't have caused any alarm had not the driver decided to make a right turn onto Willow Beach. To avoid an immediate catastrophe, Sull too turned to his right onto the beach. The similarity of the two maneuvers ended there. The car stopped and the motorcycle went right on down the beach toward the lake with Sull trying very, very calmly to discover where the brake was supposed to be.

Instead of slowing down, Gil mistakably turned the handle grip control increasing his speed. Head on he raced toward the embankment that was now only a few feet away from him. Herman and Dan were rolling in laughter up to this point, but now it seemed inevitable that Sull was going over to Picnic Point the short way—across the bay. That was serious and the two onlookers came running down the beach like a couple of life guards after their first case. However, Gil steered the two wheeler through a clump of trees and brought it to a stop right on the edge of the lake bluff. Below him was the lake and in back of him a couple of guys that now were declaring they hadn't seen anyone in the movies look more ridiculous.

It was Herman's turn now, and Dan couldn't dispute it. Starting up easily, and then with increasing speed, the outline of the new rider and his motorcycle gradually faded into the archway of trees that line either side of the Point Road. The other two waited at the little concrete bridge which forms an overpass for the field drainage system just beyond Willow Beach. And as the sound faded away, the two of them there on the bridge sportively recounted what had happened earlier. Dan still laughing at how silly Gil had looked and Gil defending his maneuver as a military operation.

Some time passed before their conversation turned to Herman. Good old Herman. By the way, where is he, they

wondered. He should have been back by now. There was a moment of silence. Their faces broke into a thin smile and then to repressed laughter when the same thought entered their minds simultaneously. No sooner had they thought of this new possibility when a car heading back to town came jogging along. It stopped and Herman struggled out.

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

Intellectual Editor TEDDY WING
 Archaic Hungarian Editor JOBE SOFFA
 Modern Mongolian Editor PEDRO MOORE

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

"Where are you going to eat?"

"Let's eat up the street."

"No, I don't like asphalt."

—Voo Doo

* * *

The proofreader had been told not to change copy at any cost.

"John Jason who died last Thursday has left his entire estate to his two brothels in California."

* * *

Editor—Ellen, who told you that you could neglect your office duties just because I give you a kiss now and then?

Ellen—My attorney.

* * *

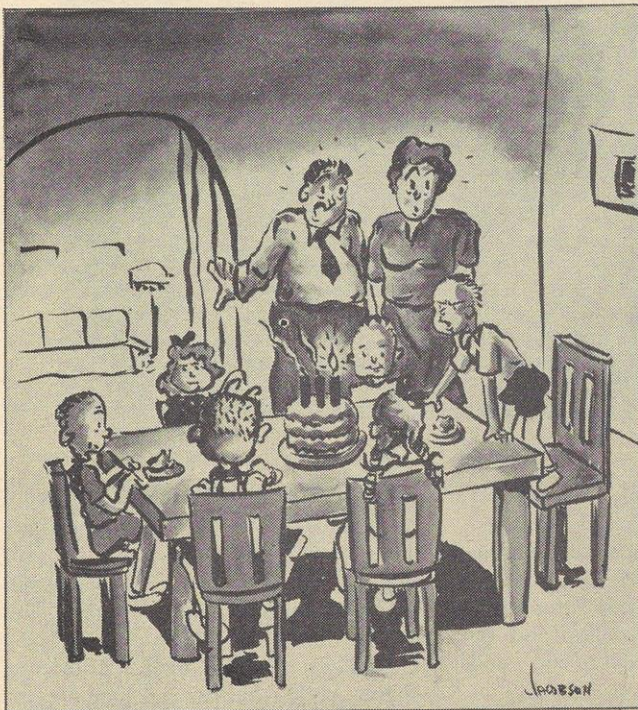
Be it known to all the folks
 We couldn't cause to grin.
 They always cut our better jokes
 And put some clean ones in.

—COVERED WAGON

* * *

Gather kisses while ye may,
 For time brings only sorrow.
 The maidens who are free today,
 Are chaperons tomorrow.

—COVERED WAGON



"Aw, to X! æ?!æ with it, let's eat."

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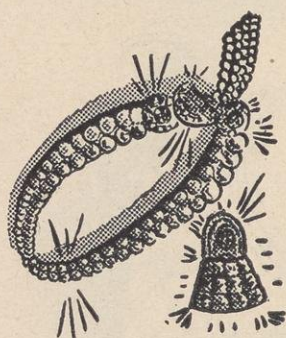
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Typical Floor at Liz

BY MARY MARKHAM

The latest glimmerings from the smallest floor in the largest dormitory on campus indicate that the usual friendly cooperative spirit prevails. It is only December, and already the twelve girls know each other and sometimes even speak to each other on the street. The nicest thing about this fellowship is the fact that the little co-eds try so hard not to hurt one another's feelings. For instance, if the occupants of one room tend to become slightly raucous, their next door neighbors will merely pound on the wall to let them know that they aren't being ladies. In keeping with the previously mentioned comradely atmosphere, the noisy characters will immediately quiet down, as the plaster falls on their heads from the gentle tapplings from next door.

Dormitory life is a good training place for the individual development of practical democracy. Where else would (or could) Gloria Glander, student board member, plant time bombs for sophomores who disagree with her on controversial issues. This is really only a *friendly* little rivalry, however, because none of the bombs have ever

gone off, and besides, Gloria isn't very mechanical. It was too bad, though, about the community chest solicitor who was blown up by a land mine as she stepped over the threshold of one of the rooms. Those girls were just determined not to have any interruptions.

So captivated are the newcomers with the beautiful philosophy of life here, that they are now busily writing gay little themes about it for their English classes. The winner in the freshman writing contest, as judged by Jet Horn (big wheel on floor) is the composition "Why I Love Elizabeth Waters" or "Home Was Never Like This."

"Who gave the bride away?"

"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."

* * *

Voice—"How do you feel this morning?"

Second voice—"Fine."

Voice—"I guess I have the wrong number."

—THE TRANSMITTER



—Courtesy Daily Cardinal

Unit 4, Liz Waters, gained early fame this year when it challenged Frankenburger to a hopscotch tournament. Suitably attired for the occasion, the men fought a hard and bitter battle to beat the girls by one hop and received a decorated loving-cup and kisses—candy, that is.

On a more aesthetic plane, the unit chorus is this year harmonizing in antic-

ipation of its third straight independent women's title in the all-University Tournament of Song.

Unit "foursters" include Cardinal managing editor Marion Wilhelm, Union Activities Bureau chairman Noreen Chandler, Octy's own Audrienne Weiss, AND—lone man among 86 girls—Puck, double-jointed, elfin, and official unit morale booster.

NUMEN LUMEN

(continued from page 10)

seal. But we can sit there and finish our cider. And we can see the rig from up there, when Ma brings it around.'

"So we lit the lantern and walked up. And, sure enough, there in the middle of the hill at the top was a big burlap sack, stretched out on the ground.

"He ain't movin', Marty said. 'Must be sleepin'.

"I told the boy to keep quiet, and we snuck up closer, swinging the lantern over the burlap.

"The little devil got a notion, all at once. He grabbed the burlap and yanked it off. We jumped back.

"I dunno just what we expected. But what we saw wasn't much.

"Just a mound of reddish clay, shaped like a circle on top—several circles drawn in it, to tell the truth. Sort of a drawing of an eye, gouged out, with some writin' on it."

"Where's your seal?" said Marty to the boy.

"The poor lad mumbled something about the man said there was a seal there, and it wasn't *his* seal, and was it his fault if the goldarn' thing had gotten away? We had half a mind to give him a lickin', but he started bawlin' 'fore we could get to paddlin' him. He was that disappointed.

"We settled down to our jug once more, gazin' down the hill lookin' for the rig to come along any minute.

"Marty turned around and saw the young'un scrawlin' away on the clay.

"Hey!", he yelled, cloutin' the boy a good one, 'What in tarnation you doin'?"

"Then he swung the lantern around, so's he could get a better look.

"Well, I'll be darned!", he said, startin' to hiccup. 'Norman Luhmann, you went and dug your name into this here pitcher. At least, son, you should'a asked us the right way to spell your name, 'fore you went ahead and did that.

"Norman, not Numen.

"Luhmann, not Lumen."

"Ah, well, I said, 'Tomorrow the seal will be sittin' on this pitcher platform, if they catch the critter. So they might not even notice the writin's added to.

"And they must not 'a noticed it the next day. Or the fella that made the design figgered he'd oughta keep his mouth shut, what with the crowd around, and the President of the University, and all.

"Few years later folks started wonderin' what it meant. They been wonderin' ever since. Many a time I've seen 'em, scratchin' their heads, askin' each other, 'Numen Lumen', what in hell is it?"

"Little Norman grew up to be a no good, drunken bum. Ended up stealin' the Fairchild's silver. Spent the rest of his days in jail.

"Anyway, there's your story. I was *there*. That's how little Norman Luhmann, eight years old, got hisself on the University seal."

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

"What are you doing here, dear?"

"I'm looking for a husband."

"But you've got one."

"That's the one I'm looking for."

—THE LOG

* * *

"Oh doctor", said the young lady, "Will the scar show?"

"That, madam," said the doctor, "Is entirely up to you."

—THE LOG

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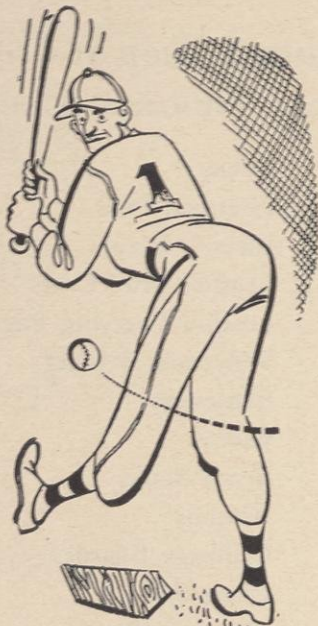
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Goo by the Gallon

BY DON RATHMAN



JUST woke up in the experimental psycho-chemi-physics lab—a result of an experiment. They tell me my father was a test tube, my mother a vacuum tube, and my development a variation of cosmic ray intensities. But, enough of geneological records and I'll give you an outsider's view of your university.

While getting acquainted with campus activity, I stumbled into buzzing action here at the *Octopus* office. I'm writing this because some dull tool wanted someone to work the typewriter to scare out the spiders.

Christmas customs are strange to me. However, it isn't too hypocritical for persons to say "Merry Christmas" in sweet manner for just part of the year when they damn well don't mean it. It must hurt the philosophy professors to see their modern pragmatism buried in the spirit of Christian dualism for a few weeks.

I hiked over the hill to see what was occurring in those many large buildings where the men students live. I haven't yet decided whether they reside there to attend the university or the B.T. When they're not at the B.T., they attend club meetings or lounge in the Pine Room in that carefree lazy way that differentiates students from normal people.

Studying is something taboo and students spend half of their time showing other students how little they study. A little reflection will bare the stupidity of these pretending intellectuals.

I met several of the big wheel housefellows out there. They are the men who frequently bask in the admiration of their freshman house mates. Housefellows often proudly lead their flocks, like old ducks, to the Van Hise dining hall to tell war stories at the dinner table. But don't be discourage, freshmen, you too can be a housefellow after spending thirty years here.

I heard that the feud no longer exists between Siebecker and Noyes houses. Chucky Wucky completed his adjustment from army conditions. Because I'm filled with the loving spirit of Christmas, I won't ask you to tell us a war story.

I have found during my brief stay that incongruously brightly colored ties distinguish Fort Atkinson men from sane students.

Ag students are easily recognized by the odor of that stuff on their shoes. And since they took the plowing course this fall, they walk in that "foot in the furrow" way.

Medical students invariably wear glasses. They like to read that fine print concerning the sexology of the amoeba. Few have studied the birds and bees as yet.

Engineering students' legs are of unequal length. How else could they survey the hills along the lake road?

One group of students seem distinguished from the rest in that they are ambitious, handsome, know what they're doing and know where they're going. They are journalism students.

I must return to the lab now for a shot in the arm.

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

International Club

The International club is an organization which sponsors a year round program planned to meet the interests of and promote understanding among students of all nationalities on the campus. Of approximately one hundred and fifty members in the club, about one third are American students and the remainder are representatives of twenty-five foreign nations.

One of the busiest committees in the club is the group which plans tours to places of interest in and about Madison to present to foreign students a general picture of American culture and of our government. A trip to the polls on election day, a visit to the State Capitol, highlighted by a talk by Governor Goodland, visits to the Forest Products Laboratory, the schools systems, the Police Department and State Prisons, and glimpses of rural life are among the tours on the agenda for this year.

Club social activities this semester have included an open House, a Get-Acquainted party, and a colorful Halloween party. The social committee is now completing plans for a festive and gay Christmas party.

Not only the cultures of the East and of Latin America can be found represented in the International club this

year, but also those of the Middle East and of Europe. During the war, the European students were indeed rare on the campus, but this year with the arrival of new groups from Norway, Holland, England, and France, many new vistas of culture are opened to club members.

Many of the Norwegian students have many interesting stories to tell about the operation of the Norwegian Underground, while a wide-eyed little French girl has informed us that American food is grand, especially candy.

Under the leadership of busy little Mr. K. K. Iya, club treasurer, the Indian students are planning for the India week celebration to be held the first week in December. A dance program, Indian dinner, coffee hour, lecture and other activities are to be presented in collaboration with various Union Committees.

The Egyptian students, many of whom had only to press a bell to have a servant bring their dinners at home in Egypt, have been serving as their own chefs, waiters, and dish-washers at the delicious dinner parties they have given recently. Incidentally, we hear that they fed the faculty members and deans especially well.



"Well, well, Prof. Pinkerton. Speak of the devil."

For an
after-the-show treat

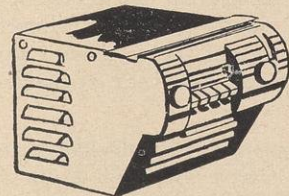
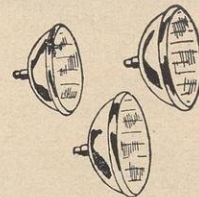


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BY BOB BERG

By way of inauguration of this feature we should like to inform our readers that at all times it will be our attempted object to approach each subject reviewed with a positive, constructive critical attitude. We realize that those students who read *Octopus* represent the more sophisticated and cultured members of our Campus society and we present the following commentaries on the best in the world of music, art and literature to them.

Music

We have been privileged to hear one of the best recent singing commercials produced in the last few weeks. This masterpiece, "Buy LAVA Soap", is little known as yet, but we predict a glorious future for it. Its most ingratiating feature, without a doubt, is the masterful way in which its composer provides the whole with a background of true primitive rhythm of such quality that it compares favorably with such established classics as the new U. S. Army Recruiting song (one, two, three, four) and the magnificent Dad's Old Fashioned Root Beer. The present transcription of this excellent work is of flawless performance and we are sure that it will provide pleasure for countless lovers of the best.

It is with great regret that we must announce that the latest Colgate Tooth Paste commercial is far below standards accepted today. Although its simple harmonic lines have a certain charm we find a great many technical deficiencies. The lilting melody and snappy lyrics (Colgate Tooth Paste—it cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth) give it a superficial suavity which would deceive the untrained listener. We caution you to observe closely and notice that the allegretto is spasmodic and the fortissimo passages are not sustained in a creditable fashion.

In passing we should like to remark that a recent rehearing of the Grape Nut Flakes brilliant composition has reaffirmed our opinion that this number will take its place among the greats of all time. The familiar, nostalgic strains of "sugar-roasted, Good-by-Yimminy" touched us to the quick and we cannot help but observe that the light contrapunctal background in the final movement is unsurpassed by any in the field.

Literature

We have at hand the latest edition of the University Directory and must confess great disappointment with it.

Its shopworn devices, such as the too extensive alliteration and unusual spacing, does it little credit, and for the most part we are compelled to admit that it proves dull reading.

In line with our policy of constructive criticism we are making the following suggestions in the hopes of being able to make this usually dull book both a readable and enjoyable tome. (1). In addition to the usual information provided concerning each co-ed, notes should be added giving



her height, weight and bust measurements. (2). The same information should be given for each male, with certain modifications. (3). A brief resume of each person's reputation would be good and perhaps even a few remarks from people who have dated the individual in question.

We hesitate to call the *Cardinal* literature of any sort at all, but as a kind friend pointed out that it certainly is in need of much criticism, we have complied with his request.

This year's *Cardinal* features complete news coverage of friends of the *Cardinal* staff, "staggered" (damn near drunk in fact) headlines, and a firm editorial policy which has occasioned the rag to be called fascistic, communistic, militaristic, and pacifist. We know for a fact that the *Cardinal* cannot be any of these things as these words consist of two or more syllables.

Art

Notes from here and there:

Some of the more serious artists on the campus have been complaining that the undulations on the Quonset Huts provide a poor background for ideal painting. A movement is under way to have these walls straightened.

Carlos Echinarhychus, who tells us that he may be retained by the Studebaker Corp. this coming year, has announced his plans for the newest Studebaker model. He says that at present the car has too much glass and he intends to construct the next model so that all areas now glass will be metal and visa versa. This, he assures us, will be a great savings in silicon for the Corp.

The publication which still continues to produce the best in art pictures is the Sears Roebuck Catalogue. We refer you to the lingerie section.

News Behind the News

BY DON NESTINGEN

Members of the eighth grade of the Lakewood School and their teacher, Mrs. Anita Haydn, visited the *Daily Cardinal* plant Wednesday.

The students are studying news writing and are expecting to publish a paper in their own school. The tour was planned to give the students information on the processes of printing a newspaper.

Daily Cardinal, Oct. 24

The real story behind this news item is that the eighth graders had finished their news writing course and had come in to the *Cardinal* office to take over the publication. After the staff tried to reason them out of it by telling them that their writing was still too conservative and reactionary, a grim battle ensued. The *Cardinal* staff finally won, but only after taking a severe beating in the first round.

A character who buys advertising space on the editorial page named Krauskopf, who was not hurt because he kept pointing at his glasses, locked the door after the last one was pushed out. That's why a pass and a pledge of allegiance to the editor are now required to enter that building.

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

Mother (putting Junior to bed)—*Shh . . . the sandman is coming.*

Junior—*Fifty cents and I won't tell daddy.*

—POINTER



Meal-time . . .

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Mail Bag

Dear Anderson,

After an afternoon diligently spent pouring over advance copy for Octopus I have finally hit upon a few rules that if followed by authors will make their copy hilariously comical.

1—All characters should have unpronounceable names with no vowels appearing anywhere. For instance, never name a character Ronald DeHiver; call him Brfftg Hjlmmf. Now isn't that better? And if the author's by-line is Frwqt Ptrlkht the effect is practically hysterical.

2—Always make stories long—four or five pages of single spaced type is a good length. Readers always like to mull through pages and pages before they get to the point of the story; it gets them in the mood. They also appreciate a good joke on them if there really is no point at all at the end.

3—Never, never, develop a style of one's own. Others have been used and found acceptable so let's all copy the style of well-known humorists. Shulman is an excellent example to follow. This will show that Octy gets around and reads things—doesn't just sit around his stuffy old office all the time.

4—All co-eds appearing in copy should swear, say, "Dontcha know?" "Wadja want?"; chew huge wads of chewing gum which they park behind their ears when not using, and otherwise be completely glamorous. It is considered particularly sprightly to have the co-ed chew tobacco.

5—Drinking is a subject that never lacks sparkle but should never be referred to directly. Always say the subject "was drinking a double lemonade at Spike Morelli's ice cream emporium." That word "emporium" and similar words add a lot to the zest of your story too.

If I get any more ideas on how to brighten up Octy I'll let you know. In the meantime, here's to a wittier and more scintillating Octy.

Sincerely,

KIRK EVANSBY

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

The time of year is approaching when we will again hear the mournful strains of "I'm Dreaming of a White Shirt Christmas."

* * *

Are you getting along on your \$65 a month?

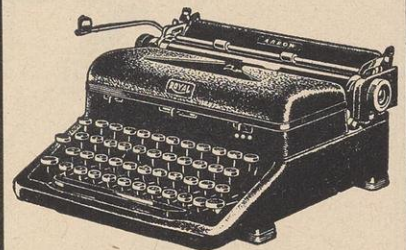
I eat so little that my toenails stopped growing.

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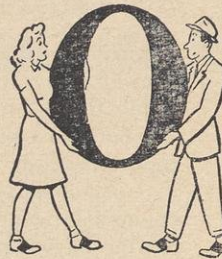
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BADGER 100

Whom To Blame



UR thanks to Warren Grinde for finally clearing up the mystery of the meaning of "NUMEN LUMEN". This subject has perplexed many a generation and so, in addition to our thanks, we are awarding Warren a whole package of chocolate-covered dog biscuits for his humanitarian efforts.

Warren is a senior in the School of Journalism and comes from far away Mt. Horeb. As far as we know, he is the only contributor we have who also contributed to the pre-war Octy.

When interviewed, Grinde gave with these comments about himself: (1). He dislikes Army officers, but rooms with an ex-1st Louey just so he can always be reminded of his dislike. (That is typical Grinde reasoning!) (2). Dislikes intellectual girls. (3). Likes to kick leaves, bits of paper, and whisky bottles along the sidewalk. (4). Likes to sleep, especially during class times. (5). Likes to smoke in bed, but says not to tell his landlady. (6). Enjoys the usual things enjoyed by ex-GIs (he wouldn't elaborate on this).

Warren is a real veteran. He started out with the American Field Service and drove an ambulance with the British Eighth Army in Libya. Later he was in the U. S. Army and got to New Guinea. He says that he likes high school girls. In fact, he is considering re-entering Mt. Horeb high school after graduating from here for that reason. The one thing that worries him, however, is that his Wisconsin credits might not be transferable!

HENGST

Credit the clever take-off on "A Visit From St. Nicholas", "A Night at Liz" to brunette Maryon Hengst, a denizen of Elizabeth Waters.

Maryon (yes, it is spelled with a "y") is a junior these days. Last year at this time she was a sophomore, and the year before she was a freshman. An English major, she likes to write, and hopes to be a pro after graduation.

Maryon says that she has no hobbies, nor even any pet peeves. West Allis is her home town. When asked what she thinks of university life, she came back with, "It's a little wearing, but still pretty good." We say it'll be pretty good for everyone if Hengst keeps batting off poems like "A Night at Liz"!

ZIEBUR

Allen Ziebur of New London is responsible for "Be It Ever So Humble". Al is a Physics major, and he says his plans for the future include making an atomic bomb. (He is doing the initial research on his bomb down here in the Octy hut.)

Al's pet peeves include Gabriel Heater and a certain political party that just won a couple of elections around the country. He used to do a lot of skiing, but in 1939 he broke his skis and he hasn't done any since. He says that his only unusual characteristic is a long nose.

In regard to women, Ziebur claims that he sees too little of them, but that this is their choice, not his. Are there any female ex-commandos on campus who would like a date with an Octy character?

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

We recommend . . .



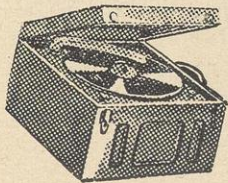
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**Campus
Record Shop**

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IN UNION THERE IS EVERYBODY

(continued from page 13)

and a good share of the Daily Cardinal—and now the Octy, too, yet.

Two more committees take over on either side of the Union Council room. In the Gallery, Steve Joy's committee of the same name hangs exhibits that range from the Wisconsin Salon of Art and the Union Loan collection to collections of prints or special presentations. Cynthia Thompson's Library committee goes by the rule "No studying in the Union Library" and with their books and magazines provides ample encouragement to put texts aside for a while.

If you want to put them aside for a little longer, or if you're up-to-date (sez who?), Mary Weir and her Games committee can help to fill in your idle hours. There are instructions for those who are beginners and tournaments for those who aren't in billiards and bridge and tournaments, too, in table tennis. And as a bonus, such things as football movies of out-of-town games and personal appearances of Willie Mosconi and Charley Peterson, top professional Billiard artists.

And for those with special interests, the Union provides three more clubs—Hoofers, the campus skiing and outing group which holes out downstairs in the Theater wing for those with athletic inclinations, International club for foreign students or others who are internationally minded, and Grad club for those who are guess what. Presidents of the three groups, in the logical order, are Max Rechnitz, Sudarshan Lal Mehta, and Char Carey.

A lot of committees, what? The 16 put on 6,500 events each year, which over half a million people attend. In addition to these some 10 to 11 thousand come to the Union each day to eat and "just lounge."

To keep these activities together, all the chairmen get together once a week as the "Directorate," coordinating and program planning board, headed by Jim Moore, president, and Walt Pancoe, vice-president. Treasurer is Chuck Hawkes, and secretary Barb Berge. And about once a month these four get together with Porter Butts and Doug Osterheld, Union Director and assistant, and representatives from Student Board, faculty, and alumni to form the policy making Union Council.

Cooperation between all committees is what puts over things like India week, presented the first of this month, and the Union Smorgasbord. This Scandahoovian Union tradition had its post-war revival last spring, and ever

since students have been trying to get on Union committees to be eligible for the sumptuous banquet. The program was tops, but what everyone remembered was Chef Maurice Combs' "picture no artist could paint" version of the Smorgasbord table. Mouth-watering is the only word for it.

Of course, this article doesn't mention anything about the interesting history of the Memorial Union; it doesn't say anything about the atmosphere of the Rathskeller or the stories of all the rooms—it doesn't even say anything about the purposes, but maybe it does show how we're at least crying to follow the late President Frank's advice and make the Union "A living room, which converts the University from a *house* of learning into a *home* of learning."

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

INDEPENDENT HOUSES

(continued from page 28)

received the usual greeting but construed it to be "How do you do, I'm Aunt Rose. How's mother?" whereupon he replied, "Mother's fine", and walked away wondering how the heck she knew his mother . . . he'd never seen Aunt Rose before in his life.

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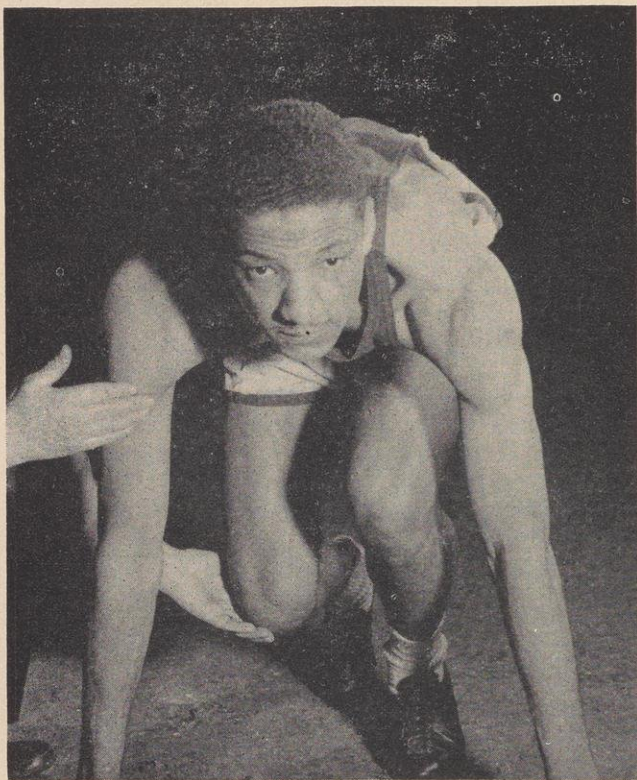
Bouncing Badgers

The basketball team is going to bounce back from their defeats of last season with a taller, more experienced team. And they'll avenge the many hairbreadth losses that cut our standing to 9th place in 1946.

With a 6' 2" average height on the first team and six teams to draw from, Wisconsin will fare better. A squad of 35 has been culled from the 160 who tried out.

Probable first lineup will be four of the following five, with the fifth regular undetermined (as far as Octy is concerned: Cook, Haarlow, Mills, Lautenbach, and Selbo.

PREDICTION: With Illinois as the main contender, Wisconsin will hit fourth place.



Outstanding trackman at this or any other university is Lloyd LaBeach, record smashing sprinter and broad jumper. A list of his records would fill the mag. For further details, watch the newspaper stories on future international Olympic games.

BUY AND USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

Portrait of a Foul Ball

(gene jaroch)

Thumbing through the old record books last week, when we came across the story of Lou Gehrig's climb to Baseball's Hall of Fame. It brought to mind a local ball player who's running parallel to the "Big Stick's" career thus far, even to his getting a class 'A' bid on his services from the New York Yankees at the close of last season's work. The chap is Gene Jaroch, Chicago born, Madison bred pitcher on the University nine. Gene, a speech major, did some fancy talking with the horsehide last season in establishing an all-time record by chucking six victories against no defeats. We got a rough idea of the lad's capabilities when he struck out 14 Minnesota batters in administering a 2-1 beating, but when, after his sending 17 Chicago batters down 'strike-out trail' one hot afternoon last season, we read in the following

ATHL



JAROCH

BOESE

day's papers that Chicago had decided to drop from Big Ten baseball competition, we knew we had a champion!

It wasn't always this easy for our hero, though. Flash-back to the 1944 game with Purdue, (Wisconsin winning 1-0). It was the last inning, 2 outs, Purdue at bat with men on second and third. A heavy hitter was anxiously digging in at the plate between violent practice cuts with the bat. The count was two and two and all eyes were focused on our hero who had been standing motionless for a full three minutes, staring at the ground. Coach "Dynie" Mansfield strode out to the mound roaring "What the hell are you doing, Jaroch?" Our hero looked up, smiling timidly, and in a faltering voice replied merely, "Praying, Sir."

Sporting his own cheering section, a tremendous following from his home-away-from-home, the 'Cabin', Gene never fails to please with his moundwork. Speaking seriously, he has oft advocated the organization of a "Collegiate World Series" to establish the top college ball players in the country. "It would give a lotta guys the break they need to get into pay-for-play ball", as he puts it, and that puts him on our team everytime.

PREDICTION: Jot this in the ol' record book. . . If Wisconsin doesn't out-pitch, out-hit, and generally out-play everyone in the conference for the championship again next year, Gene Jaroch will personally eat this Octy copy.

The Fat Lip Department

Hey, Fight Fans!!! Get a tight hold on those season tickets!!! "Big John" Walsh just served notice on the entire conference that he's backing another red hot bevy of battering Badgers this year.

Of last season's conference winners, Akio Konoshima, Bob Humphries, Dave Reiels, Don Dickinson, John Lendsky and 'Stan' Kozuszek are back in the market for some more high-powered leather throwing. No wonder this Walsh guy's happy!!

With the addition of three of collegiate boxing's biggest guns to the already loaded Wisconsin team, the coming prospects in the puffed eye and flat nose department aren't too cheery for our competition. Check these names for the swat roster . . . Cliff Lutz, 155 lb. National Champion in '42, and again 145 lb. Nat. Champ in '43 . . . Dick Miyagawa, National 127 lb. Champion in 1943 . . . and one Myron Miller, the 1943 Nat. Champion in the 165 lb. division.

ETICS

When word hit the conference that these potent pasters were in the Wisconsin corner this season, conference coaches alone sent the Bayer stock up five points. . .

PREDICTION: Wisconsin to sweep the conference . . . ending up with the strongest squad on the national collegiate boxing scene.

The Old Shell Game

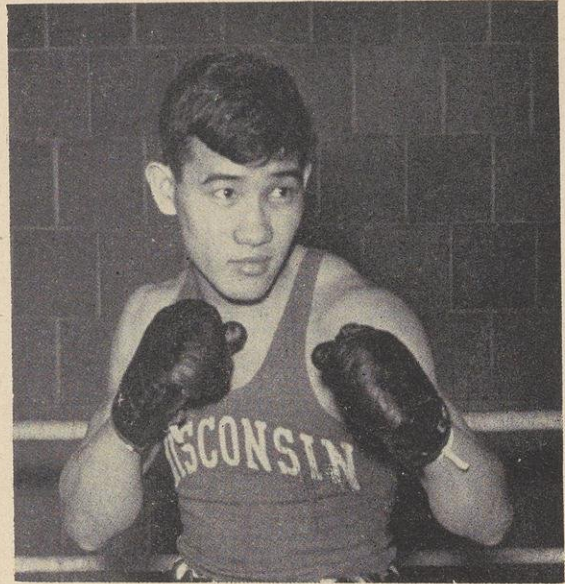
Crew

For the first time since the war, eight big guys with oars—a sea-going nail file—and a little Joe with a funnel in his mouth, got together for a bit of intercollegiate rowing.

They started off by scoring a stunning victory, beating the best in the East, to win the Regatta at Navy last May 11th. Fourteen days later they proceeded to pull their individual oars to the tune of forty strokes a minute and victories over Pennsylvania and Cornell.

The eight big guys, Chester Knight, Tom Blacklock, Ralph Falconer, Gordon Grimstad, Fred Suchow, Paul Klein, Dick Tipple, Stroke Carl Holtz, and the little Joe, Coxswain Carlyle Fay, emerged victorious with the National Crew Championship, the first in Wisconsin's history.

Carl Holtz, rated as one of the best strokeers in recent years by eastern experts, will leave the only vacant oar as the 1947 season rolls in, but the influx of pre-war strokes should yield more of the same top material.



AKIO KONOSHIMA

NOTE: All photos courtesy Badger.

Note: Former Coach Allen Walz's baritone—which paced the '46 victories to the tune of "Row-Row-Row Your Boat" was judged one of the finest on campus.

PREDICTION: Wisconsin crew should easily sweep the 1947 national championships to Madison. Top coaches and smart money look to Wisconsin for national representation in the 1948 Olympic Games, and that ain't seaweed, brother!





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14K gold



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Both
14K gold

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Across the campus from
the library

BADGER 3747

Note in Passing

This issue is a radical departure from our usual semi-slapstick, half way hair-brained, almost humorous type of mag. Here we're putting the spotlight on the campus as a whole, being primarily informative. We realize that we're cutting into *Life Magazine's* territory, and the *Badger* can incorporate this in their next issue and save about six month's work.

We shine the spotlight on the dorms, some of the independent houses, and go up Langdon Street. This is a guide to the whole campus with stories of, by, and about most of the organizations kicking around the hill.

We had more people working for Octy this issue than Carter has pills. Barbara Berge scribbled some notes on the Union; Dick Terrace got all the fraternities in line; Smith, Reynolds, and Hill from the dorms beavered like mad to give us "Over the Hill" coverage. Various independent house presidents, sorority heads, and club members fell to creating when we announced our December plans. In keeping with the Christmas spirit, Hinkamp and Whereatt wrote a tale of Santa Claus on Langdon Street.

One of the hardest workers was a new addition to our staff—Jim McGinness, our new managing editor. It was through his efforts that campus athletics were represented. He also saw to it that the frats and organizations kept copy rolling in.

Evans Kirkby is another addition to the staff. As contributing editor, Kirkby hit a new low by contributing one measly letter. This new found power has gone to his head, no doubt.

So that's the spotlight and what's behind it. We've missed a lot of people but there's a battery shortage and our beacon petered out.

So long and Merry Christmas.

Sigma Chi—Why don't you wear ear muffs?

Sigma Nu—I haven't worn them since the accident.

Sigma Chi—What accident?

Sigma Nu—Someone asked me if I wanted a drink and I didn't hear him.

* * *

*Little Johnny with a grin
Drank up all his father's gin
Mama laughed to see him plastered
Said: "Come to bed, you little darling."*

—RECORD

* * *

He: What is home tonight without a mother?

She: I am.

Keep that big
moment forever!



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Say, Bud . . .



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LAST DAYS OF THE PONY EXPRESS From St. Joseph, Mo. to Sacramento, Cal., across 2,000 miles of unknown territory with but one permanent settlement, the Pony Express rushed the U. S. Mail in 25 mile relays. Saddle bags were passed from pony to pony for nine days, across the plains, the Rockies and the Cascades. Winter and Summer for two years, the schedule was maintained in all weather, against Indians and bandits. Mail written by the founders of the Kaywoodie organization was carried by these riders. In 1860 the Overland Telegraph Company began building the telegraph and as the lines advanced, the Pony Express operated only between the ends of the wire, and in 1862 became a picturesque memory. (Reproduction of illustration in colors and booklet illustrating Pipes, will be sent on receipt of 10¢ to cover mailing costs.)

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For 95 years it has been our business to make the best pipes that enterprise, skill and research could produce. The first of the Kaywoodie family of pipes, in 1851, were known by the brand mark "C.P.F." and some may still be in existence. But Kaywoodie Pipes of 1946 are vastly better in balance, "feel," comfort of mouthpiece and smoking properties. We have added to manufacturing equipment and technique since the war. Each Kaywoodie is a pleasure to own. At dealer's \$3.50 to \$25. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London.

Sweeter as the years go by



At left—the new "Ninety-Fiver," Apple shape \$20.

At right—the new "Centennial" Dublin shape \$25

Trade Mark



"Kaywoodie Briar" means briar that has been imported, selected to meet our exacting requirements, and seasoned exclusively for Kaywoodie Pipes.



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