



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Wisconsin Octopus: Dormitory issue. Vol. 29, No. 6 March-April, 1951

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, March-April, 1951

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WPMRQCZLCIZAP8G>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

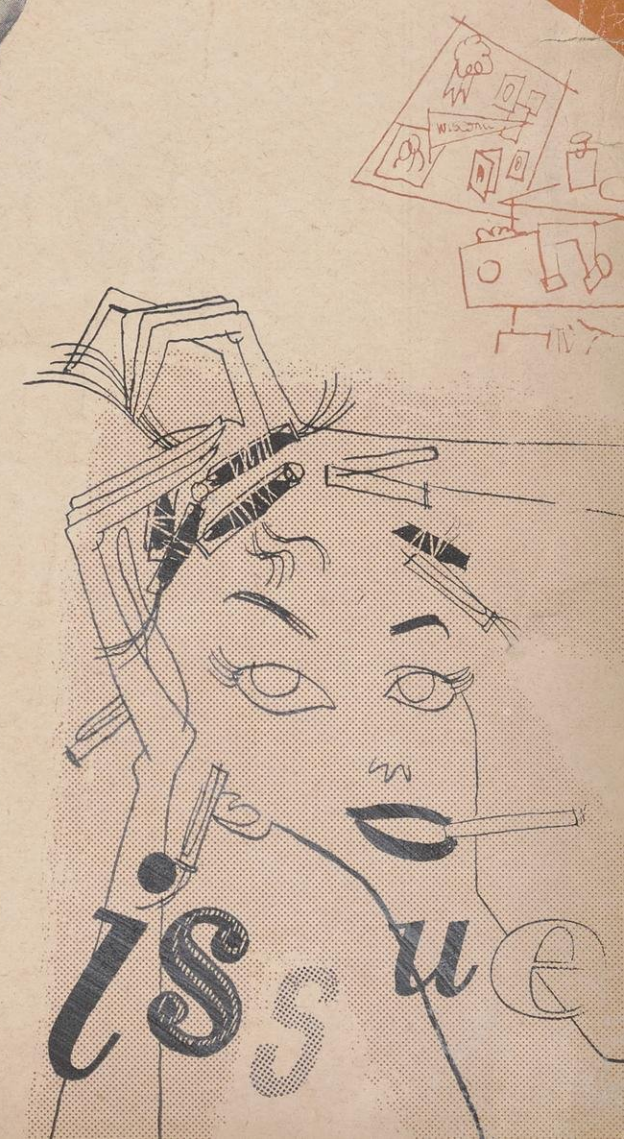
<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

war - april 1951
29 + 6 77

WISCONSIN Dystopia



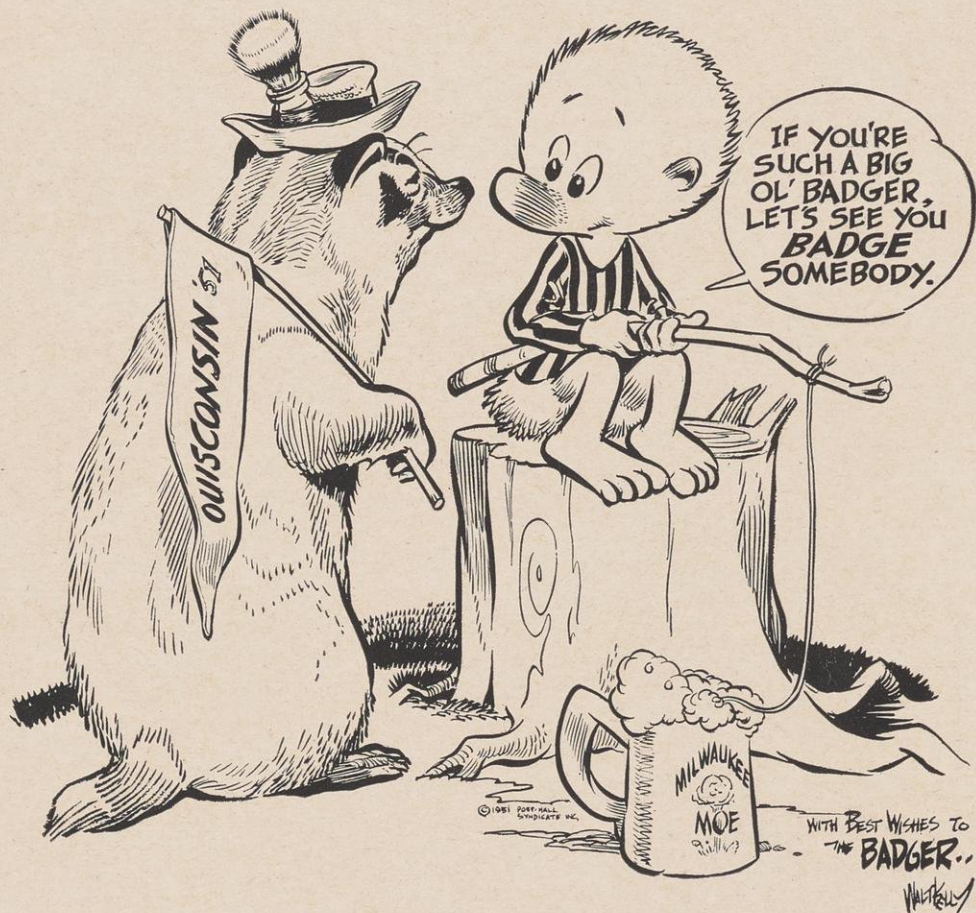
dormitory is used

BADGER FACTS OF LIFE

**Less Than 1700 Books Left
for 12,000 Students**

\$5.50 until April 28; then \$6.00

MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED



Slight Chortles

"Hello! Is this the Smith apartment? . . . Well' I'm MacTavish, in the apartment below . . . Listen, it's three in the morning and your party has kept me awake all night . . . I don't mind the shrieking and pounding and music and stamping and banging and singing that's been going on up there, but for heaven's sake put more sugar in that Tom Collins that's dripping through the ceiling."

Three Frenchmen were discussing the meaning of *savoir faire*. The first explained: "If you come home and discover your wife in another man's arms and you say 'Excuse me,' that's *savoir faire*."

"No, no," said another who was slightly older than the first, "that not quite right. *Savoir faire* is if you come home and find your wife in another man's arms and you say 'Excuse me, *proceed*.' That's *savoir faire*."

The third Frenchman was still older and wiser, and he said gravely "No, my sons, neither of you quite understands the meaning. If you come home and discover your wife in the arms of another man and you say 'Excuse me, *proceed*' and he proceeds, *he has savoir faire*."

Customer: "Have you any wild ducks?"

Waiter: "No, sir; but we can take a tame one and irritate him for you."

Two drunks were leaning over a bar telling intimate stories of their lives.

"I weighed only a pound when I was born," said one.

"Only a pound! Did you live?" asked the other.

"Did I! You should see me now!"

"I have a report here that says coke, soda, and whiskey were found in your room. What do you make of that?"

"Highballs, sir."

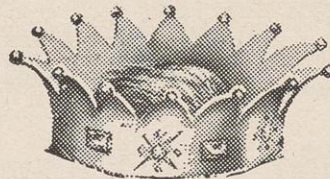
"Well, I guess I might as well put the motion before the house," said the chorus girl as she went on the stage.



"Come down in the basement—I'll show you the preserves that my fraternity brothers and I put up."



PROM MAY 5, 1951



*dinner to a king's
taste . . .
queen's, too, of course!
where but at*

the wooden bowl

At the Lark

2550 University Ave.

Where it happens every day
except Monday! Please call
6-8025 for reservations!

RECOMMENDED BY DUNCAN HINES

FLOWERS FOR PROM



from

WAGNER'S University Floral Shop

1313 University Ave.

Dial 7-1983

OPPOSITE HOSPITAL

The ESQUIRE CLUB

Did You Know?

"Eskie" enjoys serving students and arranging private parties for them.

An Excellent Menu Is Our Specialty — Includes A Fine Selection of

- STEAKS
- CHICKEN
- SEA FOOD

PROMinate out to —
2615 Sherman Ave.

DIAL 4-2539 FOR RESERVATIONS

Herbie Williams in Nightly Entertainment



JANE MOE

Jane Moe is an ethereal appearing slim blonde in ILS, from Stevens Point, who makes her home at Liz Waters while on campus. Her function on Octy is that of Exchange Editor, but she occasionally finds time to help out with other tasks, as well. A Sigma Kappa, she enjoys old-time dancing and has no special boy friend, but admits she is looking for one. So if you know your Virginia Reel from the schottisch, here's your chance, Zeke.

GORDON KAASA

Lording it over the above mentioned charming miss is one of the hardest-working, most competent, and easy to get along with members of the Staff, Circulation Manager Gordy Kaasa. How he gets his job done so efficiently is beyond us because in addition to it, he is on the Senior Council, ex officio member of the Activities Bureau at the Union, Chairman of the Board of Directors, Men's Hall Store (which Gordy fondly tells us is the largest student owned and operated store in the country) and just to round things out, he is also on the Student Conduct Committee and in the Marketing Club.

MARY SCHWENKER

The first time we saw Miss Schwenker we thought we were seeing things. The Players or Orchesis might claim material like that but not a lowly humor mag. However, she was for real. So we decided that she would be very cold and aloof, keeping all the neo-journalists on the Staff in their place. But Mary turned out to be a friendly, hardworking gal, contributing her share to brightening up the old Octy Hut. Besides diverse responsibilities at said Hut, she is editor for her sorority, Kappa Alpha Theta and has served on Elections and Orientation Committees. She likes all kinds of music from Dixie to opera. If you want an in with this really luscious femme, the way at present is clear, provided you don't call more than a week in advance. Mary says she doesn't like that.

She: "I saw a Texas Ranger carrying two rifles."

He: "That's nothing. I saw a cow girl packing a pair of 38's."



"I heard all kinds of things about her!"

Bowlegs may not be few, but they're far between.

* * *

Great - great - grandmother studied the newborn babe with obvious satisfaction.

"If my memory doesn't fail me," she chuckled, "it's a boy."

* * *

Deke: "Care for a little nip?"

Gues: "Sir, I'm an Alpha Delt."

Deke: "Aw hell, take the jug."

* * *

"Who's that?"

"Girl I used to sleep with."

"Shocking! Where?"

"Physics lecture."

—Voo Doo

MORE CHORTLES

A Russian spent a year in America and returned to tell his adventures to his friend. "Boris," he said, "if you like it here, you should see America. You drive about in a limousine—for free. You eat dinners at the finest hotels—for free. You stay in beautiful rooms—for free."

"All this happened to you?" asked the amazed Boris.

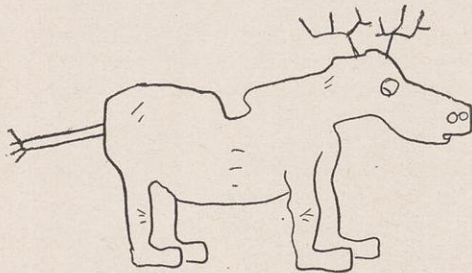
"To me, no; but to my sister, yes!"

* * *

"Lady," the small boy said, "if you give us a quarter, my little brother will imitate a hen."

"What will he do," inquired the lady, "cackle?"

"Naw, he wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that; he'll eat a woin."



"I understand that Norwegian boys and girls go on skiing parties that last for weeks."

"That's all right—if they keep their skis on."

—Voo Doo

* * *

Dick, aged three, did not like soap and water. "Surely you want to be a clean little boy, don't you?" asked his mother.

"Yes," he tearfully agreed, "but can't you just dust me?"

—Sundial



Chosen by the Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

MISS BETTY CHARNEY

Presented by L. G. Balfour Co.

260 LANGDON

DIAL 6-8883

PAUL BISHOP — Madison Representative

CARDINAL-CAMPUS LAUNDRY

Complete
Laundry
Service



Expert
Dry
Cleaning

WE PICK UP AND DELIVER

809 University Ave.

Dial 5-8296

A PROMINENT DINING PLACE

The ACE of CLUBS!



Before the Prom

★

★

★

After the Dance

Enjoy Madison's Finest Food

at The

ACE OF CLUBS

Cal Calloway At the Hammond

3520 East Washington Ave.

Dial 4-0732

The Midwest's Most Modern Dinner Club

LOG CABIN BRATWURST

You know where!



Featuring
CHARCOAL GRILLED
SANDWICHES

and
CHOICE OF REFRESHMENTS

**Beer Garden
In Rear Now Open**

"Darling, am I the first man you ever kissed?"

"Yes, dear, all the rest were Betas."

* * *

Hotel clerk to prospective guests: I'm sorry, but we don't have room service.

Guest: Oh that's all right.

Clerk: You'll have to make your own bed.

Guest: That's all right.

Clerk: You'll find hammer, saw, lumber and nails in the back room.

Even More

There was a young maiden—a Sioux
As tempting as any home Brious,
She displayed her cute knees
As she strolled past tepees
And the braves all hollered,
"Wioux, Wioux."

* * *

She loved so many men it was platoonie.

* * *

A friend of ours once was a passenger on a Pullman, and was badly bitten by bugs. He wrote to the company to complain.

Back came a reply. It was the first complaint the company had. Inquiry had failed to reveal any explanation for the unprecedented occurrence. Nevertheless, the stringent precautions taken in the past would be redoubled in the future . . . Then out of the envelope fell a slip: "Send this guy the bug letter."

* * *

A young psychoanalyst was telling an older colleague about his troubles in getting intelligent responses from his patients. "Suppose you ask me some of your questions," the older analyst suggested.

"Well, my first question is, what is it that wears a skirt and from whose lips comes pleasure?"

"A Scot blowing a bagpipe," the veteran answered.

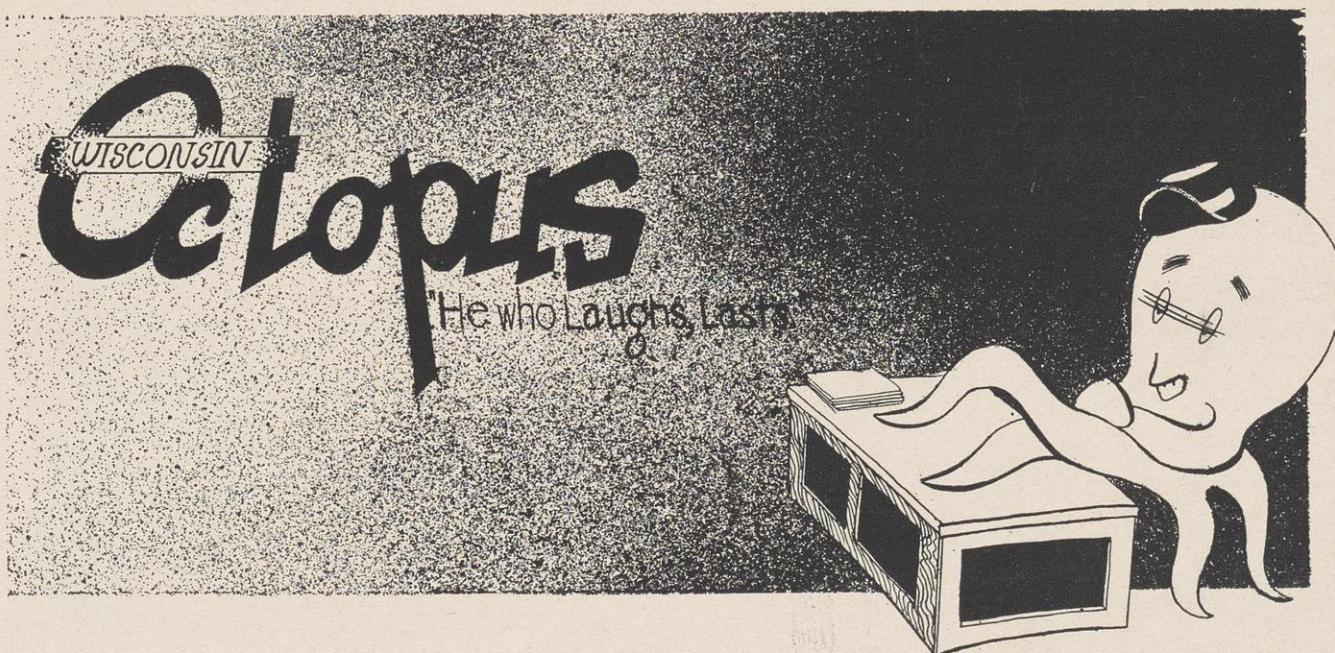
"Right," said the younger one. "Now, what is it that has delightful curves and at unexpected moments becomes uncontrollable?"

"Bob Feller's pitching."

"Right! And what do you think of when two arms slip around your shoulder?"

"A Sid Luckman tackle," replied the veteran.

"Right," said the young prober. "All your answers were absolutely right. But you'd be amazed at some of the silly answers I keep getting!"



Volume XXIX

MARCH-APRIL, 1951

Number 6

Staff	Contents	Page
EDITOR Robert Burkert	FEATURES	
BUSINESS MANAGER Jack Boughton	THE GREAT GRADE POINT FIX 6	
ADVERTISING MANAGER Bill Barney	Ed Gisi exposes latest corruption of U.W. higher education by gambling interests.	
EXECUTIVE EDITOR G. A. Ronsholdt	DORM RULES 8	
CIRCULATION MANAGER Gordon Kaasa	Life in the Dorms dramatically pictorialized by the fiendishly feminine artistry of Little Laurie Lake.	
Associate Editors	QUIET, QUIET, PLEASE! 9	
Contributors	A fellow who claims his name is Balzac Tout tells all about life in Father Fred's Boys Town on Mendota.	
Mal Mendelsohn	RENDEZVOUS WITH A FLEA 10	
Don White	Our own editor, artist, and currently rebel against the phillistines, Bob Burkert, indulges us with a little of his special brand of whimsy.	
Arnold Balk	THE ADVENTURES OF BARRY DE KORPSES 14	
Cartoon Editor	Octy discovers a new and vital talent in Merl Edelman, fearless author of this ultra-realistic masterpiece.	
Laurie Lake	ATHENAEAN TRAINING PROGRAM? 17	
Dream Girl Editor	Scintillating Mal Mendelsohn, brilliant young genius whose devastating satire is dreaded more by the forces of pretension and hypocrisy than anything else on this campus, rides again. Kaff, kaff!	
Don Olson	IF 20	
Exchange Editor	A new Poet Laureate, William Dieter sends Rudyard Kipling spinning in his grave.	
Jane Moe	DEPARTMENTS	
Editorial Advisor	A PEEP INTO LIZ WATERS Cover	
Karl Meyer	Bob Engle, somebody new here—and quite fine.	
Staff Photographer	WHOM TO BLAME 2	
Al Saltzman	TABLE OF CONTENTS Right here, Jerk!	
Account Executives	CAMPUS CHRONICLE 7	
Frank Huston	PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY 12	
Frank Fraysur	Gals and stuff with photos by Al Saltzman.	
Staff	DREAM GIRL, KATIE STURM 16	
Marti Fried	TWO MEN ON A TRUCK 19	
Mary Schwenker	OUR READERS PENNED-UP FEELINGS 22	
Ken Knauf	EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY 24	
Board of Directors		
Dean Theodore Zillman		
Prof. Frank Thayer		
Ray L. Hilsenhoff		
Jack W. Boughton		
Bob Burkert		

Copyright, March-April, 1951, by the WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, Incorporated, 770 Langdon Street, Madison. Published eight times during the year by the students of the University of Wisconsin. Reprint rights granted to legitimate college magazines if credit is given; cuts will be loaned upon request.
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.

A Miss
is as good
as a Mile



-but Cigars are
a Man's Smoke!



You need not inhale
to enjoy a cigar!

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.

The Great GRADE POINT FIX

By ED GISI

Madison, Wis., April 15—(U.A.P.) Three University of Wisconsin star Phi Beta Kappas were arrested today in what may be the biggest scandal in college scholastic history since Flavius Marinus wrote crib notes on his toga in 123 B.C.

The three honor scholars, Wilson Weatherbean, Anthony Van Slyker-Jones, and Thomas Cuspins, were still being questioned today, and a Chicago rare book collector and gambler, Roffa Pinfinsquatta, was being held on \$20,000 bond. The three scholars admitted that they accepted over \$157 in bribes from Pinfinsquatta for their part in throwing examinations at the end of the first semester.

Wilson Weatherbean and Thomas Cuspins are star "brains" for Epsilon Kappa Rho fraternity, while Anthony Van Slyker-Jones is the 2.9 star of Sigma Chi Gamma. Cuspins was rated by many scholastic experts as perhaps

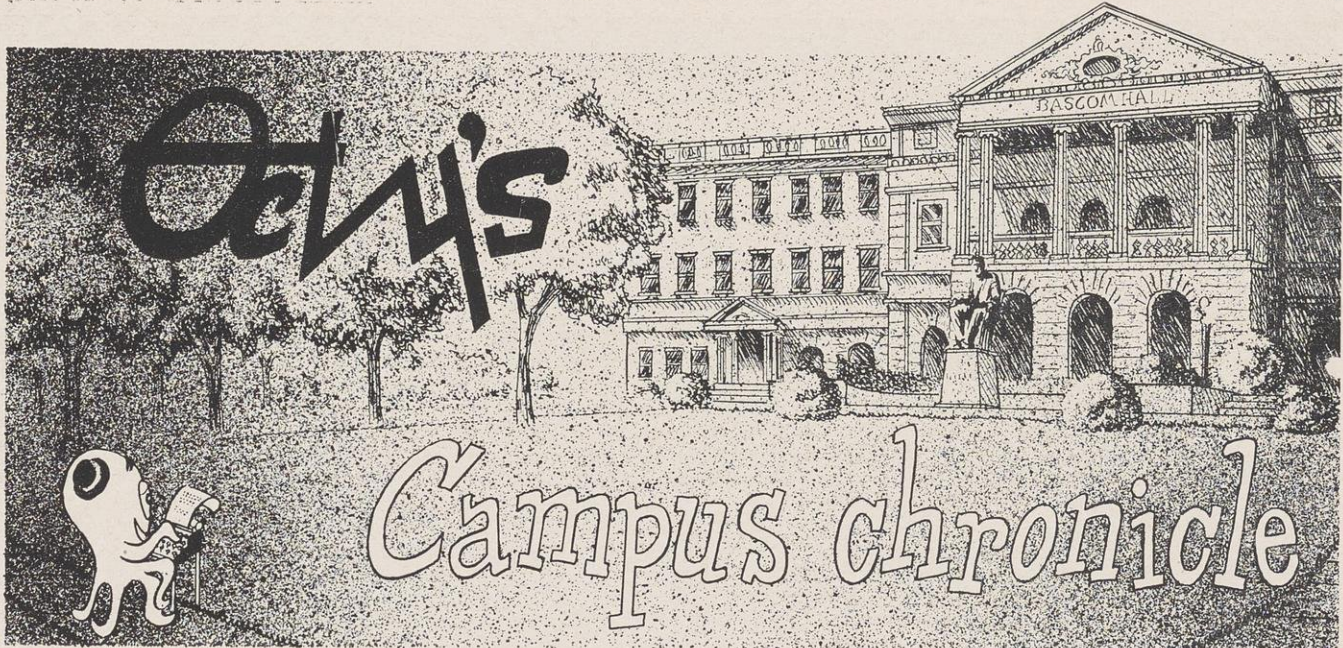
the best all-around student in the university. Both fraternities are top contenders for the honor of highest grade point average for fraternities.

The scandal broke when John Affemensch, another high grade-pointer for Epsilon Kappa Rho, noticed that his fraternity brothers were not in there pitching on several exams, the three boys had in common. Affemensch told Joseph Hammersley, Comptroller of Student Morals at Wisconsin, that he had confronted the two frat brothers with his suspicions. He said they had denied everything at first, then admitted that they had been paid to throw exams. They then invited Affemensch to join them in their racket.

Instead Affemensch hurried to the Dean of Men with his information. The three bribed students were arrested within the hour.

(continued on page 21)





AN UNDERSEA INSULT

The Old Squid was no end disturbed to see the Athenaeon, allegedly a literary magazine, condemn the students as a bunch of jellyfish. Since, the Old Squid pointed out, he had known many jellyfish, he thought the comparison insulting.

"Why," he confided, with a jaunty flip of his third tentacle, "most jellyfish I have known were pretty decent. They showed a commendable softness, were willing to spread themselves around, and were absolutely without guile—you could see right through them. Can you say that about any student?"

Grumped the Old Squid bitterly, "Speaking for my relatives, the jellyfish, the magazine deserves a stinging rebuke."

His eight tentacles quivered with righteous wrath as he wobbled out of the Hut to gather some breakfast in Lake Mendota.

WHAT, NO RACING WIRE?

We were startled to see our old quonset hut next to the Union occupied by a group of shining-faced, eager-eyed students. Upon cautious investigation, we found them to be the Senior Council, busy recruiting millions for the university.

But, since the Octy is the watchdog for campus sanity, we decided to make sure it is on the up-and-up. Ace Sleuth Avery Revels was dispatched to check into the matter. His report follows:

I entered the quonset cautiously, examining the lock on the door to make sure that a burglar could not seize the millions the senior class is accumulating. Quite a flimsy lock

—I sent a memo to Hammersley.

Then I carefully interviewed the Senior Council representatives. They told me that they were collecting pledges from every senior and that the money sent in every year would be invested by some Wisconsin Foundation officials.

But what an investment policy! It's no good at all. I carefully asked them what money they were investing in basketball bets. None! Baseball bets? None. Racing bets? None. Just plain old crap shooting? Nope, not a cent.

Like a good citizen, I carefully explained to the dunderheads that they were missing a good bet (hah!). I told them about a Milwaukee gambler who had raised a quarter of a million on good, safe bets—no fly-by-night utilities stocks for him. I showed them that this was the modern thing to do, and while some prudes might wrinkle their noses at the idea, the racing wire will eventually replace Wall Street as a place for honest gambling.

To show my good will, I even offered to give them a few tips on the Fifth at Pimlico. But they rejected the idea. I conclude that the whole project will end in failure so long as these people maintain their archaic ideas. It's a sad business, and their future looks black.

THIS MAN KLOPF

When the Daily Cardinal blustered editorially about a certain gentleman named Klopff, the eager editors even committed the blasphemy of quoting the Octopus. It is true, we once did visualize the world of 1984 with Gorklop as Big Brother, but

now that the Cardinal agrees with us, we know we must be wrong.

Gordon Klopff is actually a mild-mannered, curly-headed and cherubic-faced individual who has the nightmarish task of trying to get students interested in something. Everyone knows that this is impossible, but Klopff tilts his lance valiantly and tries to make the Wheels go 'round.

The Cardinal is all wrong. The important thing is to get rid of the bothersome students who crowd up this campus and persist in annoying people like Klopff by making foolish and erroneous decisions. Down with 'em, we say.

CONFESSIONS OF A KUMQUAT

The heading has nothing whatsoever to do with the rest of this paragraph, but we thought it was a good way to introduce the subject of student politics. Why not? With half the elective positions going by default, maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to look to the little kumquat for a solution.

If a kumquat were run in opposition to all the candidates now running, besides being a delicious spectacle, it would probably result in a complete rout with the kumquaterly triumphant.

And if we had a dozen kumquats sitting on student board, maybe there would be some interest in student politics. Just a hunch, anyway.

We demand, kumquat may, that the elections be re-opened instantly. Any opposition will be considered an Un-Kumquationian attitude and instantly repressed.

DORM RULES

LAURIE LAKE



KEEP BOTH FEET ON FLOOR IN THE PARLOR

NO LIQUOR
ALLOWED IN ROOMS



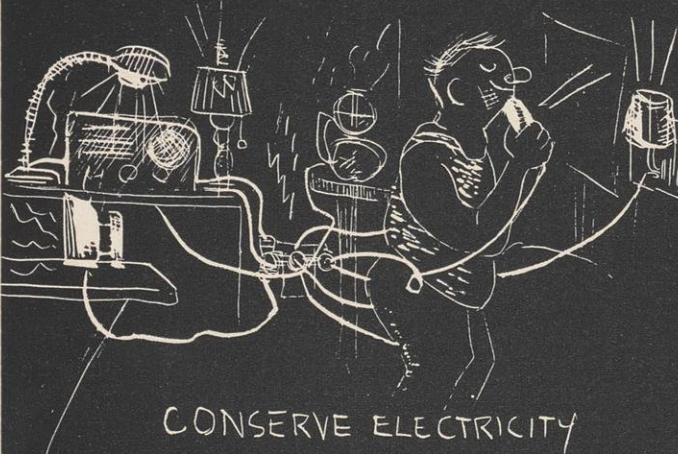
CLEAR ALL
FLAT SURFACES
FOR MAID SERVICE



NO SMOKING IN BED



SUNDAY—
WEAR JACKET
AND TIE TO
DINNER



CONSERVE ELECTRICITY



WOMEN NOT ALLOWED IN ROOMS

QUIET! QUIET, PLEASE

By BALZAC TOUT

We stood in the corridor of the dormitory.

"Oh, yes, you'll find this to be the ideal spot for study," Brodschlaffer said with a grandiose sweep of his hand which took in the entire door-lined corridor. "It's quiet as a tomb here; you'll have all the quiet you can use."

Tears of relief welled in my eyes. "Oh, really—really!" I cried. "You aren't just joking? Because I need quiet. I've been living in a private house—noisy as hell: cats in the alley at all hours, the landlord creaking the stairs when he'd make his nightly raid on the icebox, mammoth mice scampering in the attic—it was terrible—terrible! I was almost afraid I'd find a B among my A's. It was terrible, but you say this place is quiet, and I can study. Oh, tell me again—" My voice cracked with emotion. "—tell me it's quiet in the dorms."

Brodschlaffer patted me on the head and assured me: "It is; may God strike me down if it isn't."

At that very instant one of the doors on the corridor flew open, and a sizzling missile whizzed past me. There was a blinding flash, and a tremendous explosion knocked me from my feet. The walls quaked, great pieces of plaster crumbled from the ceiling, windows rattled, and a dense cloud of smoke mushroomed upward.

When the dust had settled, I discovered Brodschlaffer calmly paring his nails. "Don't stand there, man!" I shouted hysterically, scrambling to my knees. "Call out the guard! Get to the bomb shelters! We've been attacked!" I looked about wildly for cover.

Brodschlaffer laughed indulgently, "That was just one of the boys, celebrating his acceptance into the Army by shooting off a detonator cap—firecrackers are illegal in Wisconsin, you know." Then he leaned forward confidentially as he helped me to my feet. "I don't want you to think that a dorm man would do anything like that . . ." He glanced over his shoulder as if to see that there were no women listening to the filth he was about to utter. " . . . it was one of our no-good *fraternity pledges* that did it. They're always goofing off, but you've to expect that from *fraternity pledges*, who are, after all, socially maladjusted and mentally immature. On the other hand we, dorm men, are studious, scholarly, mature, trustworthy, loyal, obedient, God-fearing, cleanly, and in short very fine fellows."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," I murmured weakly, leaned against the door, and felt my jitterbug pulse. The door jerked open suddenly and I fell backward into what I took to be a broom closet for small brooms. But in

the room stood a young dorm man, naked except for his shower togs, holding bar of soap in one hand and the doorknob in his other.

"I'd like you to meet our house president—Hieronymous Gayn—he has the most spacious room in the house," Brodschlaffer said to me. "Hieronymous, this is a new member of our house—Balzac Tout."

"Glad to know you, Hyraim," I said, still lying on the floor where I had fallen. Hieronymous flashed me a broad grin, placed a shower-clogged foot on my chest, and yodeled the triumphant cry of the great bull ape. Hardly had the cry died away when another pair of shower clogs clattered in the corridor.

"Ah ha, I'll beat ya to the shower," the owner of the other shower clogs sneered as he hurried past the open door.

Hieronymous sprang lithely through the doorway. Two



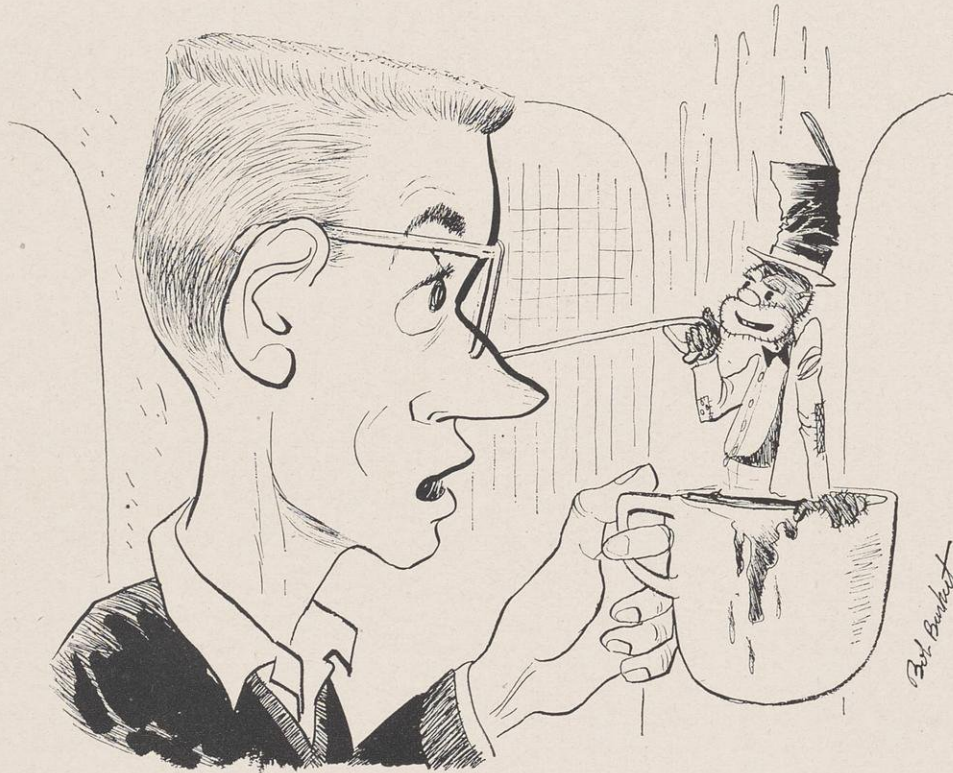
gladiators met in the corridor, exchanging kick for kick. There was the dull thud of bare bodies bouncing into walls and falling on the stone floor. There were the snapping of towels, shrill cries of pain, and savage snarls, as the fighters battled for their lives. It brought back the thrilling Roman spectacles in pagan arenas; I watched breathless, fascinated by the bloody scene: two human beings pitted against each other, ferociously struggling for supremacy. At last with a bellow of triumph, Hieronymous hurled his bar of soap, and it struck home—right in the open mouth of his opponent. The fellow tore frantically at his throat and fell to the floor in a frightful spasm. Stark terror filled his popping eyes as he writhed on the floor, clawing his throat. Finally with a last convulsive twitch he lay still. His expiring breath issued hoarsely in a little cloud of soapy bubbles.

"One of life's little tragedies," Brodschlaffer smiled

(continued on page 14)

RENDEZVOUS WITH A FLEA

By BOB BURKERT



... and slowly from the black liquid emerged a small insect ...

One stormy Sunday evening I sat and pondered in a dark, dank corner of the Union Rathskeller, feeling unmellow, weary, near-misanthropic, and like hell. In short, life was at its ebb tide for me. I looked around at the cavorting students through dulled eyes. Nothing seemed worthy of brotherly contemplation. Staring deeply into my swirling black coffee, I seemingly felt it and the cup tremble within my fingers. I was not the cause of this trembling, and the sensation was so strange that I brought the cup closer to my face; the cause of the movement to more closely discern.

There was a quivering of the fetid surface, a soggy splash, a submerged gurgle, and slowly from the black liquid emerged a small insect, a once well-dressed flea, in top hat, cutaway, and cane.

Naturally, when one is confronted by an insect rather nattily attired in clothes bearing Parisian labels, he is slightly dumbfounded. Just as I was

about to pinch my posterior to see if I was dreaming, his Irish shillalah tapped me rather briskly on my nose.

"I say there, Burkert, dash it, lad; good to see you again." My reply was a surprised, "Huhh?"

"Don't remember Lisbon' Larry, eh? And those flightful days h'in rompers when your dear mater put you on the back promenade of your walkup flat, for a spot of sun?" he asked me.

I thought back. No, I didn't seem to recall. And then, I hastily looked around us, hoping no one would see me talking into what would appear as an empty coffee cup, into which, after consuming most of the dark contents, this well-dressed, top-hatted flea made himself comfortable.

"Gadzooks, lad; it's good to be back. The Casbah, Picadilly Circus, Pigalle, Johannesburg, The Black Pit of Calcutta . . . gay spots, all . . . but now it's time for a grey-templed bug of my stamp to settle. So I've come back to my first environ, Wis-

consin, the Dairy State. Gadzooks, but it will be grand to fritter away my mellowing years while wandering aimlessly over the shanks of some happy heifer. Possibly the Carnation Milk Farm will have a home for an elderly, contented flea.

"All right, now," I replied. "What is this about my idle youth in rompers? I surely wasn't an acquaintance of yours. Why, all of my youthful companions were two-legged. I remember Gillie Schmaltz, Smelly Uphill, and that rake of a Shadow Gil-lahen . . . but no tophatted flea."

"Robert, you were but a fledgling on kindergartens threshold when I used to roam about on your faithful guardian, that grand old longeared hound whom we all affectionately knew as Cleopatra."

Still eyeing the natty gnat rather suspiciously I asked him in what city this all took place.

"Racine, lad, Racine. But enough of this unfriendly interrogation," he replied. "Let's get on with it."

"It?" I astutely observed.

"My last decade's adventures, my boy. Why I've sailed the Seven Seas in every bark imaginable, been hunted on lions' backs in the darkest of Africa, mushed across the frigid wastes of the land of everlasting sun, and only recently was deified by a group of semi-primitive termites in Brazil who I used as unknowing tools to convert a vast forest of ebony into lawn furniture, and thereby making my fourth million. Why I've fought the fearless Arabs with the Foreign Legion . . . um, yes, 'tis true. I joined the Legion to forget, to forget that delightful redhead I met in my sojourn with The Greatest Show In The World, C. Roach's Flea Circus. She was gorgeous; a high wire cootch dancer named Katie. We were to be married after the circuit."

"Were you?" I queried casually.

"No . . . that was the caddish irony of it. The night before our wedding eve we celebrated with a thimbleful of Napoleon brandy which gave dear Electra a severe case of the hiccoughs. And alas and alack, the next day while the spotlight played on her, the timbrels rolled, and a hush fell over the enchanted crowd, Katie swayed on her high wire, hiccoughed violently, and plunged three feet to the table below. When I got to her she gasped her last two words; the name of her true lover, Reginald, the beetle-browed star of the show and a rather indistinct hiccough. Incidentally, good Napoleon brandy, that."

I nodded sympathetically after this heart rending tale. "And then you joined the Legion to forget?" I asked interestedly.

"No, Robert. I packed my sparse belongings that eve; stole out of the show and headed towards mystic Zanzibar on a sailor out of Liverpool named Alf. Alf was a good host, but rather ignorant. Hardly the type you'd care to discuss your personal problems with. And anyway, Alf was knifed in a dingy cafe in Malecca. Knife just grazed my left front leg . . . and woke me from a delightful dream, but heh, heh, that's another story."

"But how did you get into the Foreign Legion," I impatiently asked, becoming quite interested in this daring and seemingly quite literate flea.

"One thing at a time, Robert. You know, we parasites live a humbling existence. People looking down their noses at us, when by chance we are

discovered on their persons."

I tried not to grimace, but my left scapula began to itch violently.

"But," he continued, "We're all parasites . . . in the large scale of things, N'est-ce pas?"

His continental use of French interspersed among his philosophical musings only heightened his gay roving spirit. Here was a flea of the world.

"Parasites; sure there are human parasites. You mean blackmailers, ex-



tortionists, thieves, and the like," I replied naively. "But I'm more interested in your life with the Foreign Legion."

"No, Robert, we're all parasitic on something. For sustenance you on the plants, domesticated animals, and the Milwaukee brewmasters; for shelter on the campus landlords . . . and don't forget that monthly check from pater which you eye so greedily, C'est vrai?"

"I knew that one, so I retorted a flippant, 'mais oui.' This flea, I could see, was a true free spirit; a seeker of the more aesthetic and hard-fought-for intangibles of life. I im-

mediately wanted to enshrine him as my ideal; to build a mental temple to his glorification. Down with this false existence; this collegiate clap-trap; these uncracked printed volumes of archaic, stale abstractions. Excelsior, and the free spirit as I saw it in Lisbon Larry, the Soldier of Fortune Flea. Mulling over these uplifting thoughts, and carried away by the sheer giddiness of my recent change of mind, I forgot myself for an instance, and in the then silent vacuum of the "Rat" shrilly shouted, "Excelsior and the Free Spirit."

. . . All faces turned to me, there in the dark corner. Sneers were leveled, along with haughtily raised eyebrows. I looked into my coffee cup for an answer to it all. Lisbon Larry had disappeared.

Now, on any evening, stormy or bright, I sit and ponder in this dank dark corner of the French Foreign Legion Post at Belrac, feeling quite unmellow, weary, near-misanthropic; in short, like hell. I never did find out why he joined the Foreign Legion . . . and this French coffee is just as rotten as the "Rat's."

Fashion note: Women are wearing the same thing in brassieres this year.

* * *

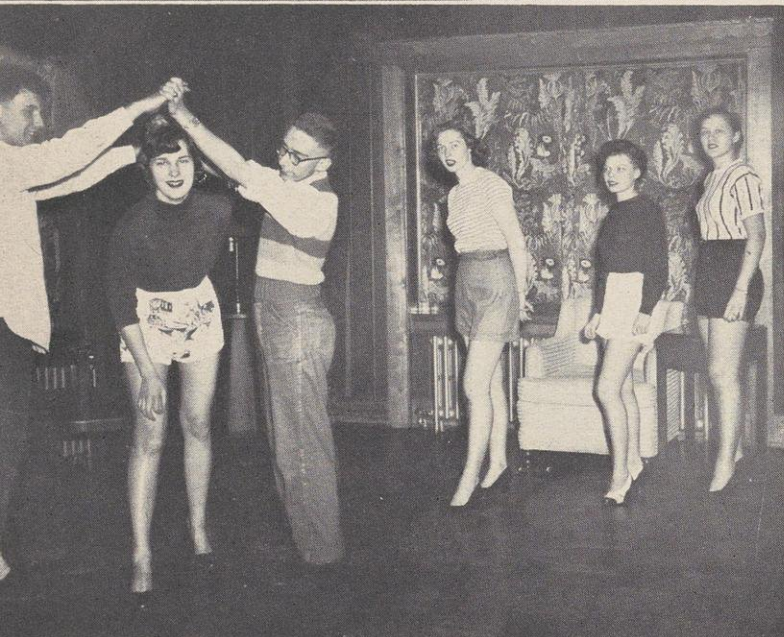
The doctor was visiting Luther's wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. As he came up the walk he saw a duck in the front yard.

Doctor: "Whose duck is that?"

Luther: "That ain't no duck, Doc. That's a stork with his legs wore off."



"I've always had a secret ambition to paint."



TOP: The men of the Men's Halls and the girls of "Liz" turned out hopefully for the dances, but soon it was apparent that the male animal was interested in loftier pursuits.

BOTTOM: An attempt at a frolicsome game of London Bridge soon died out, for the restless youths wanted more action.

BOTTOM LEFT: Several of the "experimental students" got out of hand from the sheer thrill of the playtime activities and broke up the activity by bouncing chairs off several male hopefuls' skulls.

BOTTOM MIDDLE: Later, after failure of the dance program, exchange dinners were attempted. Etiquette was the keynote of this activity. Several girls later developed malnutrition, fighting for their rightful amount of dorm rations.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Evening bridge sessions were also instituted by the dorm directors. But the fanciful will of the energetic U.W. student broke through, and for a while a risqué form of poker reigned.

An attempt at **DORM**

It recently came to the attention of the Men's Halls Administration that its inmates were regarded as less than suave by some quarters. So it was decided that something would have to be done to rectify the situation.

After much consideration, it was finally decided that the thing to do was to bring the men into contact with girls from nearby Elizabeth Waters. These young ladies, the administration hoped, would serve as an inspiration to the men and would provide them with practical experience in dealing with the opposite sex.

Just how the program worked out can be seen in the photographs on these pages. It must be confessed that the administration was a little disappointed. They hated to admit that their boys just weren't ready for women yet.

We, however, were unwilling to admit that such was the case. So we decided to contact our expert on males, none other than the illustrious Femina Fatale, herself.

She was finally located at the garret studio of an artist friend, supposedly studying some etchings. We asked her about her position on Men's Halls residents. She assured us that there was no more satisfactory



REFORM

escort than a dorm man, and that she would take one to any two independents, or five fraternity men.

This delighted us no end. So much so, that we gave her a great big, brotherly kiss on behalf of the Men's Halls.

A little advice to you girls who are fortunate enough to be dated by students from Boys' Town. When you receive a phone call from the Halls, don't be surprised at any strange noises coming over the phone from the background, such as water being splashed, small dynamite blasts, crashing walls, or a chorus of raucous voices suggesting things for *him* to say. We know, some of those things aren't nice, are they? But it's the carefree abandon present in these delightful living units.

Frankly, we don't think there is anything you have to know in order to get along with Dorm men that you don't have to know concerning any other male. As a matter of fact we wouldn't be a bit surprised if the only difference between Dorm men and any other kind of men is that the former live in the Dorms and the latter don't, and that everything to the contrary is just propaganda from That Street.



TOP: The climax to the entire experiment, which was doomed to failure at first, was a half-hearted raid by the dorm men on old "Liz". But the girls had left on dinner dates earlier, and all that remained were housemothers and "Scotty."



QUIET! QUIET, PLEASE—

(continued from page 9)

philosophically, as he kicked the carcass into an inconspicuous corner, and explained as he did so: "That's one nice thing about the dorms: we have maid service; they clean up the trash in the morning."

"Well," he said cheerfully, "as long as you're here you ought to see the view from Hieronymus' room—it's really the best in the house." He pointed proudly through the window. "See."

I struggled to my feet and looked. The sun was setting on a truly idyllic scene. Myriad empty beer cans, whiskey bottles, and coke cases dotted the broad vistas of rolling landscape which was composed primarily of soggy mud. "Magnificent," I exclaimed in a properly appreciative manner.

Brodslaffler struck a match on the wall and held it before my eyes. "Got a cigarette?" he asked.



I fumbled through my pockets. "Sure," I said and handed him the pack.

He selected one, lit it, and put the package in his pocket. "Thanks," he said and tossed the flaming match into an overflowing wastebasket. I envisioned a catastrophic conflagration, but someone must have sensed the danger, for water began gurgling into the room. Someone was flooding the hall with a fire hose. A laughing, swearing band of men ran sloshing down the corridor, shooting squirt guns over their shoulders at pursuers armed with buckets of water.

Brodslaffler held the cigarette at arm's length. "Well, it isn't my brand," he remarked contemptuously. "But that's okay," he quickly assured me slapping me on the shoulder; "don't feel bad about it. Come on, I'll introduce you to some of the fellas. They're studying now, of course, and they probably won't like to be disturbed, but we'll risk it—won't we, old fellow?" We waded down the hall, and he rapped on a door.

"Who's there?" a startled voice inquired.

There was a shattering crash of breaking glass. "Damn, I thought the window was open," another voice complained soddily.

"It's me—Brodslaffler," my guide said.

The door opened a crack and the fetid fumes of alcohol poured out overpoweringly. "Oh, it's you, Brodslaffler," a red-eyed individual said thickly. "Come on in." He threw open the door with an exaggerated flourish.

"I brought a new man along, who's going to be living in our house," Brodslaffler explained.

The red-eyed one slammed the door behind us and

locked it. There were three other fellows in the room, squinting at "Art Studies of Famous Hollywood models," trying desperately to focus their blurred vision.

"Damn it, Brodslaffler, I thought you were the house fellow," Red-eye said as he tottered to the broken window and looked out. "Damn it," he said sadly, "I bet there was at least two shots left in that fifth."

"This is Balzac Tout," said Brodslaffler to Redeye, who was still peering wistfully out of the broken window, and to me he said, "That's Fenley Inbond." Fenley turned unsteadily, righted himself, stumbled forward, and shook my hand vigorously.

"Glad to know you, Trout. I went trout fishing once. Did I ever tell you? Caught one this big." He indicated the size with his hands. "No," he corrected himself and moved his hands further apart—"This big." He studied the distance between his hands—moved them very carefully just a little further apart. Then he began arguing with himself and his hands moved as if he were played an accordeon.

The three other men burst into raucous laughter over a filthy story one of them had told with accompanying gestures.

"Let's have some music to welcome Troutly," Fenley shouted as he switched on the radio full blast.

"Well, we just came in to say hello," Brodslaffler said, moving toward the door.

"What?" Fenley bellowed jubilantly over the racket of the radio.

Brodslaffler opened the door. "We got to go now," he said. I followed him out the door into the watery hall.

"Wait a minute!" Fenley said, gaily picking up a geologists' hammer from the desk. "Let's raise a little hell!" He careened drunkenly out of the room, brandishing the hammer dangerously. Slam! He sank it into a wall. Slam, slam, slam. A portion of the wall collapsed; Fenley laughed. He attacked a panel door and splintered it. "Hammers are for sissies," he panted and heaved the weapon through the frosted glass of the bathroom door. "Look! Bare hands!" He grabbed the telephone receiver and ripped it out of the wall. Then he stood stupidly studying it, while he caught his breath. "I'm tired," he announced suddenly, dropped the useless receiver with a splash into the water, staggered forward, and laid his head on my shoulder. "And I feel sick, Troutly," he said. "I think I'm going to be sick—all over." And he was—all over my shoulder. Then he slipped from me and sank slowly beneath the gently lapping waters on the corridor floor.

Brodslaffler yawned. "Well, I guess I'll go do some studying before the boys roll in from the Hasty Tasty and really start raising hell. Best you do the same."

"Yeah," I said and hurried to my room, scooped up my luggage and left, brushing past, as I did, an inebriated dorm man who was happily trundling a steam calliope past the gate house.

The excited voice of a young Kappa pledge came over the phone: "Two boys are trying to break into my room through the window!"

"Listen, lady, this isn't the police department, it's the fire station."

"I know," she replied, "but my room is on the second floor and they need a ladder."

THE ADVENTURES OF

BARRY de KORPSES,
PRIVATE EYE

By MERL EDELMAN



... when my door opened
and a midget walked in
holding a .45 in his hand.

I walked out of the men's room into the lobby of the Krudd Hotel when I spotted the blind man limping ominously toward me. I reached for my .38 as he drew alongside, but he made no move save to whisper hoarsely in my ear. I blushed, and went back to the men's room.

I re-entered the lobby and sauntered bravely over to the desk for a pack of cigarettes. When I reached for my birth certificate, I found my wallet was missing.

The blind man! Luckily he had unknowing stabbed the cuspidor with his cane, so I had no trouble following the trail of small brown spots across the ermine rug in the lobby. I burst through the door just as the body hit the sidewalk, and before I knew it I was ankle deep in blood.

I could tell from the cane handle sticking in his belly that it was the blind man. But before I had a chance to retrieve my wallet, a squad car pulled to the curb. Not having my bicycle registration, I was in no position to be questioned by police. I ducked out and went back to my office.

After a night's sleep I picked up a morning paper and saw my name in headlines: "BARRY DE KORPSES KILLED IN FALL." The blind man had been identified with my wallet!

I needed money to get to the bottom of this, so I went over to Jake's pawn shop and hocked a chinick (A gold antique teakettle.) He gave me a C note and promised to forget he saw me if I'd beat it. I headed for the Morning Gazette.

"My name is Pincher Bates," I told the city editor, showing him false credentials. "I was a friend of De Korpses and I'm looking for information concerning his death."

Before he threw me out a young reporter dashed up and murmured something in his ear. I caught one name besides mine, and that was Wunn.

There were two Wunns in the phone book so I flipped a counterfeit nickel, it landed tails, I thought of Laura and our date I had forgotten, and headed for the first Wunn in the book.

I rapped a knocker at the door, and she opened it, smiled and called her husband. He was eight foot six, weighed 150, and dressed only in a loin cloth. I told him I was J. Edgar Hoover and showed him false credentials. He laughed a tubercular cough and spit lackadaisically on the front room rug.

"Are you Wunn?" I demanded.

"Sure am," he giggled, slapping his wife in the teeth with a tire chain.

The man I wanted was his cousin, he said, bleeding on the floor after I hit him. I drove cross town to where the right Wunn hung out.

The door was unlocked when I arrived so I drew my gun and stepped inside. Across the room on a couch was a large basket with a man in it. He had no arms or legs.

"My name is Faro Philia," I said, showing him false credentials. "Are you Wunn?"

"What else," he squeaked from his dainty nest.

"Know any blind men?" I interrupted.

Before he could answer he rolled over dead on his side. I gently placed my pocket hankie over him and

(continued on page 18)



"Howda ya do, sir, coul' you direc' us to Liz Waters; we're planning a big raid t'night."



Octy's Dream Girl

KATIE STURM

*... From Euclid, Ohio, and a Pi Beta
Phi ... Now living at Langdon Hall ...
and a freshman in modern humanities
... We'll go along with that!!*

ATHENAEAN TRAINING PROGRAM?

By MAL MENDELSON

It has recently come to our attention that our worthy colleagues on the campus literary magazine, the Athenaeon, have initiated a course for those hopefuls who would follow in the footsteps of our own Karl Meyer. This sounded like a pretty good idea to us, so we decided to drop down to the Athenaeon offices, and see just how Mr. Meyer was going about his herculean task of training others to be like himself.

It was a cold, damp, windy day, so we found the master alone, evidently deserted by his disciples. Undaunted, he was busily engaged in what for a moment looked to our inexperienced eye suspiciously like cutting out paper dolls. For a moment we thought Karl had cracked under the strain of his tremendous responsibilities. Or perhaps the shock of finding his orientation lecture unattended had been too much for him, and he had reverted back to his childhood.

However, he soon made it clear to us. He was simply cutting out the engraving of a pencil drawing he was considering for the next issue, and even flattered us by asking us what we thought of it. We said "not much." This, of course typed us.

Meyer went on cutting without a word while we stood there, mouth agape, awestruck by such artistic workmanship. Finally, we summoned up enough nerve to ask just what he did when his students were there. We were told in no uncertain terms, "Things just like cutting out this engraving, so you people will know how to run a magazine, and won't make a mess of it next year." We then took our leave.

The Sage of the old U.W. did not, apparently, think enough of us to bother giving us a copy for the syllabus for his course. However, our spies are everywhere, and below is a copy of the syllabus.

New Staff Training Program

- 1st week March 23—Hagen-Meyer—
History of Magazine; Magazine Function; Financial Status; Editorial Policies; General Discussion.
- 2nd week March 30—Meyer—
Editorial Policies; makeup; discussion on literary magazines.
- 3rd week April 6—Hagen—
Business Practices (additional instruction for those who are interested in applying for Business Manager).
- 4th week April 13—Schwedenberg—
Non-fiction and Techniques.
- 5th week April 20—Blackman—
Fiction and Techniques.
- 6th week April 27—Bates
The Minor Editorial.
Meyer—

Staff functions, eg. Art, Reviews, Music.

7th week May 4th—all editors and Heads of Dept's—
General Review; Question Period.

8th week May 11th—Hagen-Meyer—
Final Exams.

There are also two reports in the course; one on how to best improve the Athenaeon, and one on who you think should have been given the Noble Prize for Literature last year.

Training Course

Not to be outdone, Octy also has instituted a training course for all prospective cartoonists, humorists, and assorted genii that meet the rigid requirements. It is as follows:

- 1st week March 23—Boughton-Burkert—
The Humor Magazine in Modern Society; Great Humorists *WE* have known; Prerequisites: Soc. 2, Contemporary Trends, some hist., consent of instructors.
- 2nd week March 30—Burkert—
How to be funny; Prerequisites: Psych 105, Familiarity with Aristophanes, Chaucer, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Moliere, Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Mark Twain, Wodehouse, Saki, Thurber, Perlman, Thorne Smith, Shulman, and Al Capp.
- 3rd week April 6—Boughton—
How to manage a mixed business dept. (frats. independents); What the well-dressed business manager should wear; Prerequisites: Journ. 5, 107, 108, 117, Com. 112, 116. Home ec. 11, Related Arts, 63.
- 4th week April 13—Ronsholdt—
Cartooning, Illustrating, Deadline beating, for advanced students how to be a genius. Prerequisites: Art Hist., Esthetics, Applied Art (bring own models), Contemporary Lit. Consent of instructor.
- 5th week April 20—Miss Lake—
Staff morale building and tearing down; how to fight off staff of college males; Prerequisites: Preventative Medicine. Consent of instructress's mother.
- 6th week April 27—Mendelsohn—
Care and Feeding of Photographers and Models; Persuasive Screaming; Picking up after editors; what to do until the ulcer comes; Prerequisite: Crazy, drunk, or Mendelsohn.
- 7th week May 4th—All Fools—
General Review; 20 Questions.
- 8th week May 11th—Meyer—
Final Exam.

DON'T MISS THE
Bob Swanson
Show

With pop records from 12:30 to 3:25
... with features such as The Babo
Reporter, John B. Kennedy and the
News, and The Band Stand ... Mon-
day through Friday at the above time
... Saturday Bob is on at 10:30 A.M.
to 12:15 P.M.

WISC (1480) or
WISC-FM (98.1)

CAMPUS PUBLISHING
COMPANY

Student Owned

823 University Ave.

5-5759

BARRY DE KORPSES—

(continued from page 15)

cursed the luck when I spotted a match cover lying on the floor beneath the window. I dashed to the basket and proved my hunch. It was murder. He had been shot through the navel with a poisoned needle-dart. The match cover said "Close cover before striking," but the hidden significance eluded me.

A colorful ad from the Club Ewe-Wunn was also on the cover, and I immediately realized the blunt impact of the clue.

When I came to I headed for the club and posed as a customer. I was about to order when I realized my birth certificate was still missing, so I dropped the act and sought out the manager's office.

"My name is Jane Russell," I told the man inside, showing him false credentials. "I'm looking for Ewe or Wunn unless you're Ewe, or are you Wunn?"

"You're de Korpses, aren't you?" he sneered through mottled teeth. "What do you really want?"

I reached for my .38, but in an unparalleled ultimatum he warned me not to cross him. Besides, he had beat me to the draw.

"I want my wallet," I wept, thinking of the picture of mother I might never see again. He grabbed my lapel and blew his nose in it. I shuddered and said nothing.

As he stood covering me I waited for my chance. It looked like curtains for me. But I was a shrewd one, I was. I had to keep him talking.

"Read any good books lately?" I offered cleverly.

As he pursued a lengthy discourse about two English policemen called the Bobbsy twins I slyly sneaked my right leg up on his desk until my toe was pointing at his stomach. Once or twice I thought he would notice, but trying to remember what he was going to say next was too much strain on his mind.

In a flash I released the spring on the sixteen inch knife blade in my sole and it shot straight and true into his viscera. His dying words were, "If you want to know what happened, ya'll have to read the book."

My wallet was in his desk, so I picked it up and went back to my office. I was shocked into a daze when a squad car came speeding down the street with siren screaming and red lights blazing. I thought it was all up with me when he screeched to a stop before my office. But it was only Sgt. Casey from downstairs late to lunch again.

I decided to call the police when my door opened and a midget walked in holding a .45 in his hand. In the other hand was a deck of cards and he asked me to pick one. I did, and it was the ace of spades.

"Ace of spades," he said, and began laughing proudly, then hysterically. He shot me four times before I could return the card. I died instantly.

When he left I got up and chalked the whole mess off to experience.

Confucius say: Modern woman putting up such a false front, man never knows what he is up against.

* * *

Octopus Editor: "Let's not have any more jokes about sex, drinking or profanity."

Assistant Editor: "Okay, I'm tired of having to put this damn magazine out every month, too."

Three polar bears were sitting on an iceberg.

"Now," said the father polar bear, "I've got a tale to tell."

The little polar bear looked up at his parents and said: "My tail's told."

* * *

Little Girl: Poppa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?

Father: The woman.

* * *

Suzie is a right smart girl,
She is also very wise,
Suzie can't do everything—
But she can improvise.

LITE LAFFS

Sandy had been courting Maggie for something like two years, but never brought himself to a down-right proposal, and one evening when the two were sitting in silence, Maggie murmured:

"A penny for your thoughts, Sandy."

"Weel," said Sandy, with surprising boldness, "tae tell ye the truth, I was jist thinkin' how fine it wad be if ye were to gie me a wee bit of a kiss."

"I've naw objection," simpered Maggie, moving over and kissing Sandy on the tip of his ear. Then she moved back.

Sandy relapsed into a brown study once more, and the clock ticked off several minutes.

"An'noo what are ye thin' aboot, eh?" resumed Maggie. "Anither kiss, maybe?"

"Naw, Maggie; it's mair serious noo."

"Is it, Sandy?" asked Maggie, softly, her heart beating rapidly with anticipation.

"An' what might it be?"

"I was jist thinkin'," answered Sandy, "that it was about time ye were payin' me that penny."



"I was insulted yesterday. Someone dared say I looked like a dorm man."

Dining . . . Dancing . . . Refreshments



Rendezvous at the

EDGEWATER HOTEL

Where There's Always Good Humor

On Lake Mendota at Wisconsin Ave.



YOUR MIL BALL QUEEN OF 1951

DIANE DERUS

Gown by

THE BRIDAL SHOP

DIXIE[★] BASH[°]

- A 3 Hour Concert of Dixieland Music
- Every Sunday afternoon from 3 to 6 p.m.
- Club Hollywood — Hiways 12 and 18
- Presented for entertainment . . . no dancing
- Adults only — you must be 21

Still featuring DICK RUEDEBUSCH and the Underprivileged Five—at no increase in price!

DANCING EVERY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NITE
To Mac & His Music with lovely Venita George
at the mike.

★“DIXIE” from the Latin Dixitari meaning “Play it Like Basin St. boys.”

°BASH: Colloquialism . . . direct cause of the hole in the head through which musicians blow.

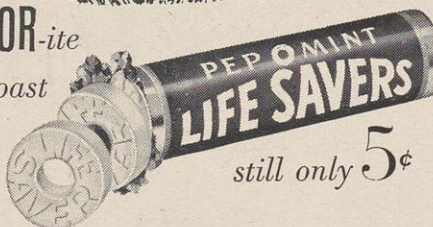
From

MISTLETOE, KY.

to

KISSIMEE, FLA.

America's FLAVOR-ite
from coast to coast



Can you beat this? \$100 in cash prizes!

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

IF

(Apologies, Rudyard)

By WILLIAM DIETER

If you can hold your drinks when those beside you
Are getting drunk and loud and noisy too,
If you can walk with no one else to guide you
And keep on walking—keep on drinking too;
If you can stay awake and give up sleeping
Or sneaking little naps—don't deal in such,
But still drink on, nor care what hours you're keeping,
And yet not look too drunk, nor talk too much.

If you can drink till drink becomes your master,
If you can think while others try in vain.
If you can drink, yet not meet with disaster
And not let all your boozing fog your brain;
If every night the sound of drunken laughter
Rings in your ears long after you're in bed,
If you can't bear to face the morning after
Without a drink to sooth your aching head.

If you can make one heap of all your money,
And spend it all on whiskey, beer or gin;
And never sober up and think it funny
To realize the shape that you are in;
If you can pour the wine and whiskey in you
To help you stand though all your strength is gone
If you can't drink one drink and not give in to
That inner voice that says to you, “Drink On!”

If you can mix with crowds that have no virtue,
If you would rather be with drunks and such,
If ever-loving friends cannot divert you
By saying you have drank too long and drank too much.
If you have filled each intoxicated minute
With sixty seconds worth of drunken fun,
Then yours is the bottle and everything that's in it,
And what is more—you'll be a drunk—My Son.

During a grouse hunt, one sportsman was shooting at a clump of trees near a stone wall. Suddenly an angry face popped over the top of the wall.

“Curse you, you almost hit my wife!”

“Did I?” cried the man aghast. “I'm terribly sorry—have a shot at mine over there.”

* * *

“If anyone knows any reason why this man should not marry this lady, let him speak now, or forever hold his peace.” Voice from the rear: “That's no lady, that's my wife.”

—Jackolantern

* * *

News Item: LOCAL GIRL OVERCOME BY GAS WHILE TAKING BATH

Miss Mary Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of the janitor and the elevator boy of the hotel where she was staying.

LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. 2nd contest closes April 31st, 1951. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

GREAT GRADEPOINT FIX—

(continued from page 6)

The three students never actually flunked an exam, according to Hammersley, but merely worked to drop their fraternities' overall grade-point averages by getting B's instead of A's.

Affemensch said that it would not be hard to lose a fraternity its first race, since most members of fraternities do not do too well on the scholastic side of the ledger and the averages have to be pulled up by a few bright Phi Beta Kappas.

C. B. Larabee, faculty adviser to the Epsilon Kappa Rho fraternity chapter, was stunned and dismayed by the scandal. "I'm through as faculty adviser. I would have sworn those boys were straight. I'll never understand why they did it."

One explanation, and it seems to be fairly reliable, is that the fault lies with the system of grade-point averages and examination grading used at the University of Wisconsin. Robert Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago, and long a critic of grades and examinations, said in an interview today that such a scandal could never happen at Chicago, because Chicago long ago de-emphasized the importance of grades and examinations. Reed College (Oregon) is another school which avoids the use of grades, and never even tells the students what their grades are, unless they flunk out.

One University of Wisconsin fraternity authority, Karl Meyer, editor of the Wisconsin Athenaeum, said today that it is only fraternities which

go after the honor of being first scholastically that are involved in gambling scandals. He pointed out that Delta Kappa Epsilon and Delta Upsilon are never involved in such scandals, because these frats put their emphasis on parties and athletics. Myer suggested that if all fraternities de-emphasized scholastics and put more emphasis on parties and drinking there would be less chance for brilliant young men being bribed.

Pinfinsquatta was being roundly condemned by scholars all over the country today. He is being held up as the lowest form of humanity. William T. Evjue, fiery editor of Madison's afternoon paper, The Capital Times, demanded in an editorial on the back page (next to "Out Our Way") of today's paper that Pinfinsquatta's income tax returns be examined closely, since they may reveal a tie-up with Joseph McCarthy, U. S. Senator from Wisconsin.

U. S. Internal Revenue agents reported that they had uncovered a discrepancy in the tax paid by Pinfinsquatta in the purchase of a movie theater ticket, but denied that this had any connection with the fraternity scholarship scandal.

She: "Why did you take up the piano?"

He: "My beer kept sliding off the violin."

* * *

Adam and Eve were the first bookkeepers—they invented the loose leaf system.

"He kissed me for the first time last night . . . but he wouldn't stop smoking his Kaywoodie."



Shape
#86B

Super-Grain
KAYWOODIE

\$5

Super-Grain
is "super" and
is processed for
super-smoking.

GRADUATE
TO
KAYWOODIE

Smoking a Kaywoodie relieves nervous tension. Kaywoodie's "Drinkless" smoke-conditioner keeps smoke cool, clean, doesn't clog. Kaywoodie is the best buy in pipes. Kaywoodie Company, Estab. 1851, 630 Fifth Ave., New York—and London.

Kaywoodies range from \$5. up, according to the quality of the briar. Send for booklet 17.



"On pledging this fraternity I was led to believe that quiet hours were to be observed at all times."

100%
Virgin Wool
W
Blankets

60" x 72"

\$18.95

Lay Away—

For That Graduation Day

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

State at Lake

"Friendly, Courteous Service"

**ENJOY BEER
 AT ITS BEST**



**By the Pitcher, Glass
 or Bottle**



CAMPUS INN

531 State St.

OUR READER'S

Penned-up Feelings

Sirs:

We have heard that some of the cigarette companies have been handing out free samples of cigarettes. What do you think of the idea of handing out free samples of whiskey?

OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled-in-Bond, Vermont

EDITOR'S NOTE: TREMENDOUS! FIRST-RATE IDEA! YOU GOT SOMEONE IN MIND TO DISTRIBUTE THE STUFF? I'M GREAT AT HANDING OUT THINGS. RUSH A CARLOAD RIGHT DOWN! WE'LL PAY THE FREIGHT! DON'T LOSE ANY TIME!

* * *

Sirs:

The prejudice on this campus is outrageous: lawyers prejudiced against engineers—engineers against lawyers. It's unAmerican, undemocratic, and nasty. I say stop it. Let's bring the two factions together in a big friendly lawn party. Let them get to understand each other better over the jolly cup of tea. Throw off the shackles of unreasoning hate! Unite as brothers! March arm and arm toward that great common goal: an *American America*.

Anonymous Bosch

Red Center, Wis.

ED: WE HAVE A TEA BAG TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE JOLLY OLD THING.

Sirs:

We'd be very interested (scientifically speaking) in having your staff drop around for a little chat sometime.

Sig Phroyd, M.D., PH. D.

Puzzle Factory, Wis.

Sirs:

... your so-called *humor* magazine is nothing but a trite and infantile display of erotic fancy. I should never have subscribed to a publication of such questionable taste had I not been in wine at the time. However, I am throwing an unpretentious stag party in the near future and to my chagrin, I find that someone has absconded with my party records, for this reason, and for none other, I request that your circulation manager dispatch several hundred of your most corrupt copies to my resident. I shall pay you handsomely.

Desdon Del Domprain

Edgewater, U.S.A.

ED: WE WILL HAVE SOMEONE DISPATCH YOU IMMEDIATELY.

Sirs:

We have not forgotten last month's stab in the back—we will retaliate!

The Cardinal Staff

Madison, Wis.

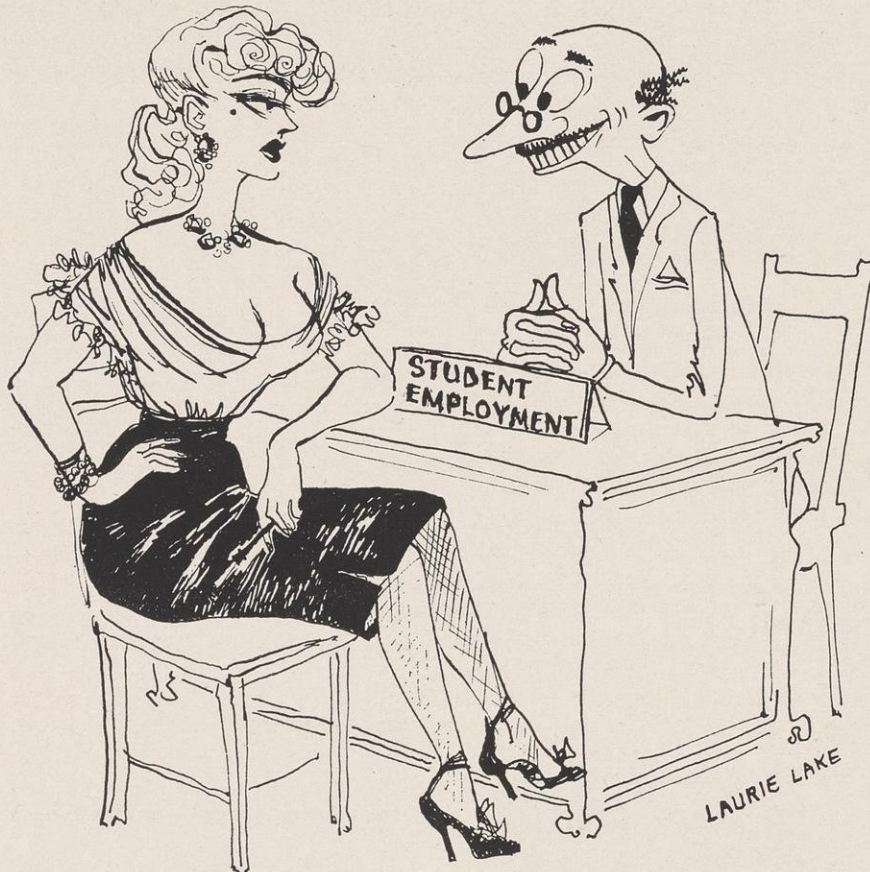
Sirs:

Are you jerks ever going to get the Octopus out on time? How many issues are you behind anyhow? I got a subscription; will I get my money's worth? And how come us subscribers never get the magazine before it's been out on the stands for a couple of weeks, huh?

Chemise Undawore

Bloomer, Wis.

ED: IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF INCOMPETENT SUBORDINATES. BUT NEVER FEAR, YOU WILL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU—HONEST. WHAT'S COMING TO YOU—HONEST.



"And just what experience have you had, Miss Snark?"

Wife: "You know, I suspect that my husband has a love affair with his stenographer."

Maid: "I Don't believe it. You're just trying to make me jealous."
* * *

She was only the minister's daughter but you couldn't get anything pastor.

Three deaf ladies were traveling on top of an open bus.

"Windy, isn't it?" said one.

"No, it isn't Wednesday, it's Thursday," said the second.

"Yes, I'm thirsty, too. Let's get off and have something to drink," said the third.



"Rugby would have the barefaced audacity to reach for a second pork chop."

*always ask for
fauerbach*



CB

*the ever-popular
campus favorite*

Fauerbach Brewing Co.
Madison, Wis.

NO FOOLING . . .

The Deadline for
That —

- THESIS
 - SEMINAR
 - TOPIC
- Is Near!*

Leave it here while you
are home for spring va-
cation.

**COLLEGE
TYPING COMPANY**

527 STATE STREET
Dial 5-7497

*"The Oldest Typing Company
On the Campus"*



NO COVER
NO MINIMUM

*Prices Within
Students' Reach*

DOBBY'S
Cosmo-Club

WESTPORT

Seven miles from the campus
on old Highway 113

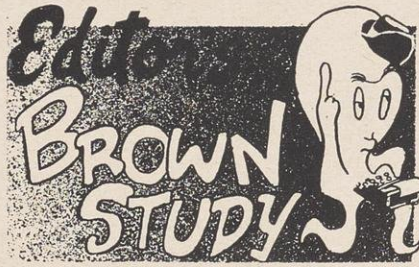
*Overcomes Timidity
at Arthur Murray's*



Shy people thaw out and have fun learning to dance with charming Colleen Duffy, because she's so understanding . . . so expert at teaching you to overcome timidity through becoming a confident dancer — the Arthur Murray Way.

ARTHUR MURRAY

Dial 6-9056
20½ E. MIFFLIN



The theme this issue is college dorms . . . men's, and naturally, women included. But since my snide remarks appear on the very last page of this theme issue, I see no point in dwelling on or in the dorms. No reader ever gets past our cartoons and jokes anyway.

Karl Meyer and Jim Zucker, former Cardinal editors of sorts, deserve a huge Order of the Ninth Tentacle for their masterful help on last month's Cardinal parody which seems to have hit home.



If anyone wonders where Randy Harrison, last year's Octy editor is at present, I'll state. Randy was working for United Press on the windswept plains of Pierre, South Dakota, but now he has been transferred to Chicago . . . while sweating out his AROTC officer's call from you-know-who.

Next on our year's "Octy" agenda

is our classic national magazine parody. I wish I could tell you what it will be, but you'll see it on the counters one month from now.

Campus Publishing Company who does the dirty work on our monthly have recently purchased a Fairchild engraver which produces a cheap halftone engraving, and through its use we expect more and tricky layouts in the "Octy," from here on in.

Comes about the time for a new editor and business manager to be elected to head the magazine, and if any of you feel qualified, drop down to the hut with your briefs and ideas and let us size you up. It's the old Ed's graveyard for me.

Many thanks to Mal Mendelsohn for his capable assistance on this issue.

That's about le fin for this one,
BOB BURKERT

A small boy was seated on the curb with a pint of whiskey in his hand, reading Esquire and smoking a big cigar. An old lady passed and asked: "Little boy, why aren't you in school?" The child replied, "Damn it lady, I ain't but four."

* * *

Socialism: If you have two cows you give one to your neighbor.

Communism: If you have two cows you give them to the government and the government gives you some milk.

Fascism: If you have two cows you keep the cows and give the milk to the government, then the government sells you the milk.

New Dealism: If you have two cows, you shoot one and milk the other; then you pour the milk down the drain.

Capitalism: If you have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull.

* * *

A golfer was up before a magistrate for beating his wife. His lawyer was pleading his case: "My client is a much maligned man. His wife is constantly nagging him, and driven to desperation, he beat her into silence with a golf club."

The magistrate, with renewed interest, asked: "In how many strokes?"

* * *

She doesn't drink,
She doesn't pet,
She doesn't go
to college yet.

PLEASE

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

PUTS **SURE** IN EXPOSURE

THE *New* WESTON *Cadet* EXPOSURE METER



reads reflected and incident light
... gives sure exposure settings for
still or movie shots in color or black-
and-white ... it's a film saver!

ONLY \$21.50

SEE US FOR ALL OF YOUR
PICTURE TAKING NEEDS



SPRING TIME
IS PICTURE TAKING TIME

Bring Your Films to Us for
DEVELOPING — PRINTING — ENLARGING

Campus Camera

"Finer Foto Finishing"

810 University Ave.

Dial 6-7818

NEXT MONTH:

Octy's

- TREMENDOUS
- SCINTILLATING
- SPLENDIFEROUS
- SLIGHTLY SENSATIONAL

NATIONAL MAG PARODY



"Oh! I can hardly wait for it to appear!"



*Home of that wonderful filet mignon—
still at \$1.90*

Yes, It's True
what students are saying!

*For the best food in town
at the
most reasonable prices
it's*

**LESKE'S
STEAK HOUSE**

PRIVATE ROOMS
FOR
PRIVATE PARTIES

For Reservations Call
4-6853

or come to
2827 Atwood Ave.
OPEN 11 A.M. TO MIDNIGHT

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 6...THE BEAVER



FOR once in his life, our fervent friend admits that eagerness can be over-done! He's alluding, of course, to all these quick-trick cigarette tests—the ones that ask you to decide on cigarette mildness after just one puff, one sniff, one inhale or one exhale! When the chips are down, he realizes cigarette mildness can't be judged in a hurry. That's why he made...

The sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test which asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke—on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll *know* why...

More People Smoke Camels
than any other cigarette!

