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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

April 1951 Vol. 33 No. 5

# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

April, 1951  
Vol. 33  
#5



TOP SECRET ROTC ISSUE





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CM-4



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The Badger Yearbook has on hand a limited stock of beautiful etchings of familiar scenes on the Wisconsin campus, done by Prof. Byron C. Jorns especially for the Badger. They are suitable for framing and are guaranteed nostalgia-producers among Alumni.

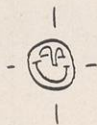


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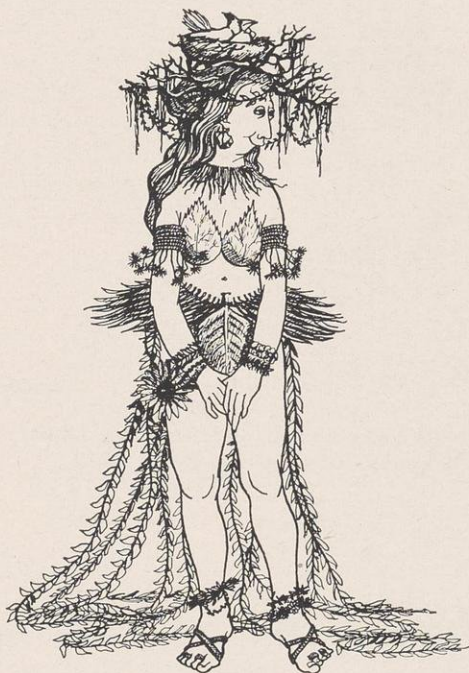
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May 7

## EXCERPTS

FROM THE APPOMATTOX TREATY

Two small mice were crouched under a table in the chorus girls' dressing room of a big Broadway show.

"Wow," exclaimed the first mouse, "Have you ever seen so many gorgeous legs in your life?"

"Means nothing to me," said the other. "I'm a titmouse."

★ ★ ★

Manufacturers of brassieres are currently making three kinds: The Russian kind, the Salvation army type, and the American type.

The function of the Russian type is to uplift the masses.

The function of the Salvation army type is to raise the fallen.

The function of the American type is to make mountains out of mole-hills.

★ ★ ★

Ain't gonna do it for a dime no more,  
Did it last night till my back was sore;  
Fifteen cents is now my price,  
I'll do it slow, I'll do it nice.  
Shoe shine Mister?

★ ★ ★

Once upon a time there were three co-eds: a great big co-ed, a medium sized co-ed, and a little co-ed, who went for a walk in the woods. When they came back, they were so tired they all went to their rooms. All of a sudden:

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed," said the great big co-ed in a great big voice.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed too," said the medium sized co-ed in a medium sized voice.

"Goodnight girls," said the little sized co-ed in a little sized voice.

★ ★ ★

Captain: "I'll bet you wish I were dead so you could spit on my grave."

ROTC: "No, sir, I hate to stand in line."



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ROTC ISSUE

# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

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**THE BOUNDERS OF THE CAMPUS ARE THE BOUNDERS OF THE STATE**

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### ROTC IDENTIFICATION CARD

This card certifies that I am a bona fide member of Rotcee, and am in no way obligated to take any crud from no civilians. I believe that ROTC is real keen and that we are the Chosen People of God.

signature

6743212-Q

The sergeant strode into the barracks and shouted, "O.K., you lazy \* \* \* \*s, hop to and fall in."

The soldiers grabbed their hats, and lined up—all except one, who lay on his bunk blowing smoke rings.

"Well?" roared the sergeant.

"Well," said the soldier, tapping the ashes off his cigar, "There certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

★ ★ ★

Once there was a lady who had bought a live rabbit from a pet shop and was taking it home to the children. On the way she slipped on the ice and dropped the rabbit. Seeing that it was dead, she began to cry while sitting on the sidewalk. A passing drunk stopped and tried to console her: "Don't cry lady, it would have been an idiot anyway. Lookit the ears on it."

★ ★ ★

Mother: "Do you like your new nurse, Jimmy?"

Jimmy: "No, I hate her. I'd like to grab her and bite her on the neck like daddy does."

## APPOMATTOX APPENDIX

How can you keep eating at the fraternity house?

Oh, it's easy. I just take a tablespoonful of Drano three times a day.

★ ★ ★

Sergeant to ROTC boy in Boot Camp: "All right now, what is maneuver?"

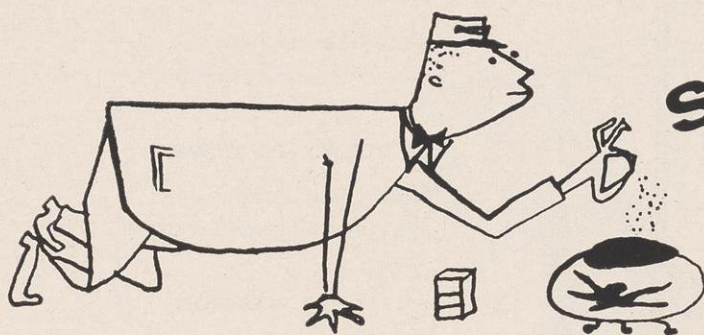
Boot: "Something you put on grass to make it green, sir."

★ ★ ★

A sergeant lounging in a hotel lobby perked up when an attractive young lady passed by. When his standard come-on, "How-de do?" brought nothing more than a frigid glance, he sarcasmed, "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

"I couldn't be," she iced, "I'm married."





## Squid blings

### the unheralded

THE R.O.T.C. which offers a fine program of drill and instruction to many of our boys, shows its stuff in the annual Federal Inspection and Armed Forces Day Parade.

These two festivities, occurring in May, are the culmination for the cadets of months of tireless activity. There all the campus commandoes get a chance to show the rest of the school, or "panty-waists" as the "part-time paratroopers" call the civilian population, what they learned.

The 3000 odd ROTC students march in all their splendor on Armed Forces day down State street. In their precise ranks, each may feel a certain pride in his squad, platoon, company, and country.

But each year a few poor souls are forbidden to march. These are the bumblerers, the marchers-out-of-step, the shufflers. Here are found the day-dreamers, the cadets who confuse left from right, and those who anticipate commands. These misfits are sternly ordered not to appear in the parade. They can often be seen on the outskirts of the parade ground, a tear in their eyes, watching their luckier buddies about to step off into glory.

It is to these unsung heroes that the Squid would like to dedicate this issue. Their devotion to duty which keeps them coming to drill even in the knowledge that others will take the palms is in the best traditions of American heroism. Fumblers of Wisconsin, we salute thee!

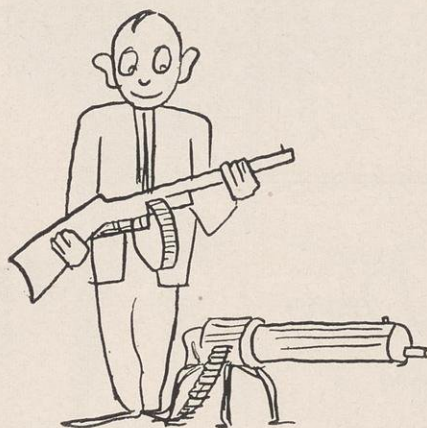
### a word to the fools

WARNING TO SOPHOMORE MEN:

The majors are NOT turning completely human. Do not forget that a friendly pat on the back may only

be a shove in the direction of advanced ROTC.

Sometimes even the devil looks like Billy Sunday, exhorting us to be saved. Then we walk through his fiery portals to find not salvation, but a commission. It may not be Hell itself, but like marijuana, it's what it leads to.



### union now

THE CARDINAL'S REPORT of the investiture of John Hobbins as Union President was a competent, amusing story on the surface. Actually it missed the entire point of this time-honored ceremony, and left huge gaps in the narration.

We happened to be in attendance, and would like to give our readers the story of what really happened:

True to Union tradition, the ceremony began with a parade. A long line of Ratskellar dish carts were assembled at Porter Butt's office pushed and guarded by plainclothes countermen.

In the lead, in a shining, bullet-proof cart custom-made for the occasion, sat retiring President Bob

Cope, the prexy-elect, and Mary Nicolaus, new veep. In a second cart came Marty Small. The men wore tails, pin-striped pants, and top hats, while the women were in formal evening dress.

As the entourage moved through the building, both Hobbins and Cope waved affably to the immense crowds that lined the corridors and tossed ticker-tape, bowling balls, and cheese toasties at the procession as it moved by. Mounted University police kept order.

Hobbins seemed elated, glad to get into harness. Reliable sources report that he and the group of Econ. 1a and Poli. Sci. 7 braintrusters he has assembled about him plan to effect sweeping revolutions in Union policy and procedure. No official word is available, however.

At the entrance to the President's office, the uniformed Union Band, known officially as "Buzz Stiefendor's Seven Pages and a Piccolo Player," gave a rousing rendition of "Hail to the Chief" as the two men and their party dismounted from the dish carts, then filed into the office surrounded by grim-faced plainclothes operatives and gesticulating Cardinal reporters.

Inside, the office was lined with Student Senators, uniformed ROTC cadet officers, and other campus dignitaries, who watched as the oath of office was administered by Mr. Butts.

In his Inaugural Address, Hobbins promised a balanced diet in the Cafeteria, pensions for ten year Rat. patrons, and called on Father Fred to guide us through the year ahead.

That is the real story; why the Cardinal saw fit to hush it up we do not know. Perhaps it was fear, perhaps graft. We suspect they merely overlooked it.



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### YOUTH

The helluvit  
Is being celibate

### JULIET TO ROMEO

Here's one virgin,  
Who doesn't need no urgin'.

### BULL SESSION

Down the Golden hour glass  
Runs the grimy sand,  
Our pleasant chat is ended  
By an "on the other hand."

## *worse terse verse*

FROM THE LYRE OF

## *friar squire*

### THE GOLDEN MEAN

Excess is injurious  
And has effects sclerotic,  
It's one thing to be studious,  
Another, studiotic.

### ARGUMENT AND THE USUAL REFUTATION

With age, of course, her belly  
Will protrude beyond her breasts,  
Her cheeks will sag to meet her second chin,  
Her buttocks turned to jelly  
Overlap the chair she's in.

But here and now she has her youth,  
A form so lovely and so fair,  
That intellect appears to be  
The outcome of my own gray hair.





**T**

HROUGHOUT THE HISTORY OF MAN THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN ARMY,<sup>3</sup> AND THROUGHOUT THE HISTORY OF THE ARMY THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MEN WHO HAVE FELT THAT THEIR INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY PECULIARLY QUALIFIED THEM TO LEAD THESE ARMIES. IT IS TO THESE PECULIARS, THE FATHERS OF CONTEMPORARY R.O.T.C., THAT THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED.

<sup>3</sup>R.O.T.C. MANUAL 207M



**"I**T'S ONLY FAIR to warn you men that some of us won't come back from this mission." A silence as heavy and oppressive as Los Angeles air hung over the room. Zeller's steely eyes remained fixed on the six men whose command he had assumed the week before. One by one they got up and turned to leave. As the last walked out, a pasty faced Airman first-class entered.

"Leftenant Zeller, sir," he began affectionately, "Major Landsdown says the other men have completed the tour here, and that leaves you to do this job alone, sir. The rest must go on." Cursing softly to himself, Zeller began to pull on his flying togs. As he dressed, his life began to pass before him.

Hop "Clear the Runway" Harrigan co-pilot badges, and one motorcycle jacket with 11 zippers on it, giving rank over all others in the Flying and Experimenting Club.

College was a snap. Zeller became, naturally, a Commerce major. His speed and agility at keeping the many pretty decimals and figures in nice straight columns kept his average right up to a "C" for all four years.

As an air force ROTC cadet, Zeller got 80 merits in his senior year, 55 above the creditable maximum of 25. Twenty for never missing a day of ROTC in four years, ten for being on time to every class, ten each for being a Mitchell Airman, in the Arnold Air Society, in the color guard,

F-36 D night interceptor. He leaped in and pressed the 'canopy-close' button. The familiar whine of the motor encouraged him, but still he felt sweat on the palm of his hands. The heavy plane rumbled out onto the runway.

A tense voice crackled through his headset. "Leftenant Zeller, sir, tune in your radarscope. An unidentified plane's been spotted 180 miles from here WSW by NE at 53,000 feet. Intercept. Over and out."

Zeller shoved the throttle forward and streaked off the ground. In 9 minutes he was at 53,000 feet. He levelled off in the indicated direction, and within a few seconds he had picked up the enemy on his screen. Mechanically, he set the radar gun-sight and rocket launcher, the electronic deviator, automatic cannons, self-firing machine guns, and the automatic pilot. Then he leaned back, pulled out a 'Wings' comic book, lit a cigar, and waited.

The dot loomed up on the scope, then disappeared. A mournful voice broke in over the earphones. "You have failed the run again, enemy not intercepted."

"For Chrissake," stormed Zeller. He threw back the canopy and leaped from the wing of the Link trainer to the ground in front of the sergeant's control panel.

"What does this mean, Sarge?"

"You've failed your preliminary Link flight training for the fourth and last time. Four classes have passed you by. It's out of flight school and into the infantry with you."

"By Golly," mused the would-be junior bird-man to himself, as he walked from the room, "you can get a lot more medals in the infantry, and besides you get to carry a pistol and a rifle all the time. Gee, those new recruits are so tender and innocent, too. Yes, I shall serve myself and my country with due sacrifice. I can see it now: Onward, upward hill 138! I shall follow my men with my .45 blazing and roaring."

—PETE MARTINEAU

# OLD SOLDIERS

## just will not die

Flying had been an obsession all Zeller's life. With animal-like fascination, he had sat in the newsreels watching streams of pretty tracers rip into the rotten Nazi planes. He had thrilled at the blinding explosions when the gas tanks were hit. ("Heh-heh, oh look, do look, there's the pilot's flaming body flying from the wreck.") He cheered wildly and hummed the Star Spangled Banner as the B-29's dropped those two over Japan that had killed 140,000 in 1945.

In school, too, he had run true to form. His little paper planes went right to the mark, hitting little girls squarely between the eyes. The ink-soaked tips always got laughs, and he was clever enough never to let anyone see the stick-pin nosed ones being launched. How he hated girls, all girls!

By the time he was a sophomore in high school, young Jimmy had 12 Captain Midnight Decoder rings, 6

on the rifle team, and finally ten for action above and beyond the call of duty: sitting with the Colonel's nine year old boy who hasn't been the same since.

It soon became evident that here was a man of ambition, one with his feet on the ground and his head high . . . in the sky. After his brilliant career in basic and advanced corps, ROTC, he was given a commission to fly big fast shiny whizzing jet planes.

\* \* \*

Snapping out of his reverie, Zeller began hastily to pull on what remained of his togs. His dress consisted of ankle boots, levi's, leather jacket, and snappy Harley Davidson cap. Flaunting death, instead of a parachute, he took a large white bandana with a box of oversized kleenex as an emergency chute.

The alert buzzer went off. This is my chance, he thought, as he ran from the ready room to the waiting

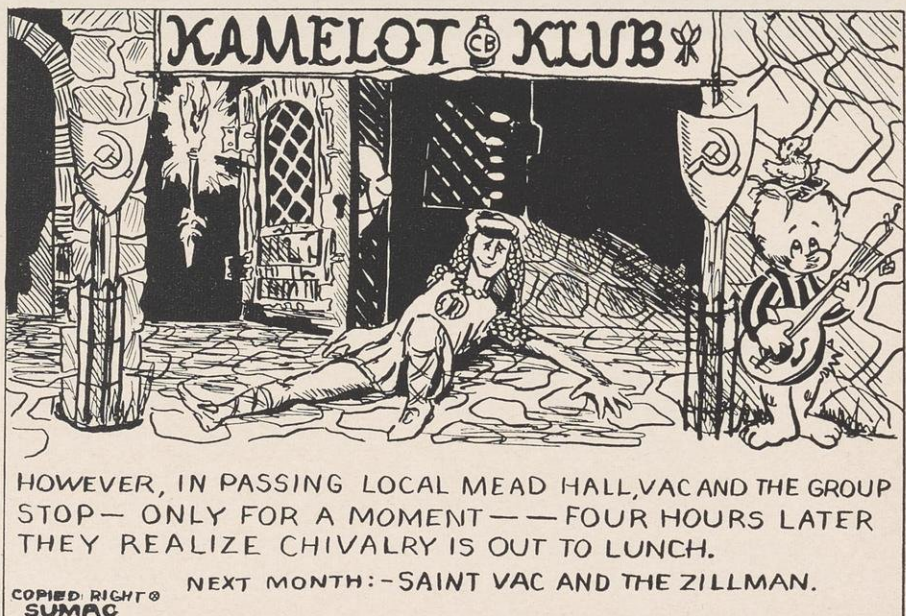
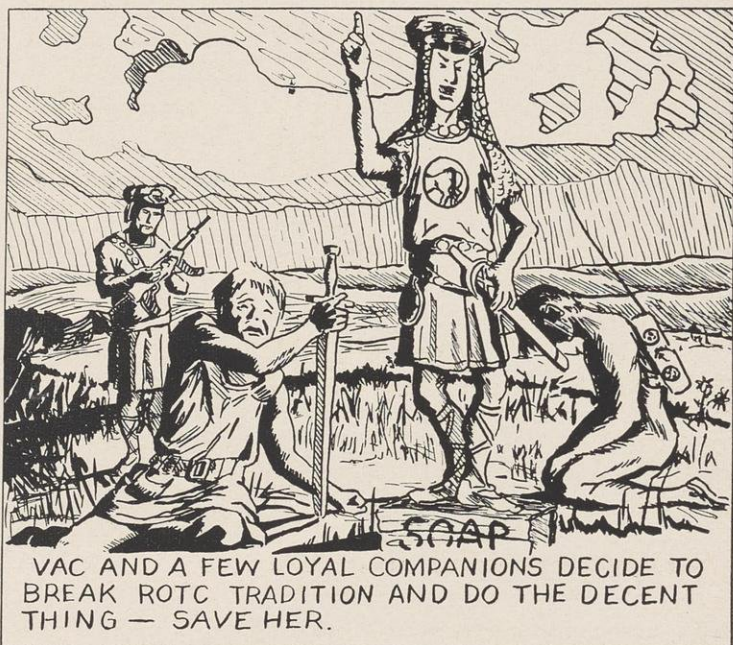
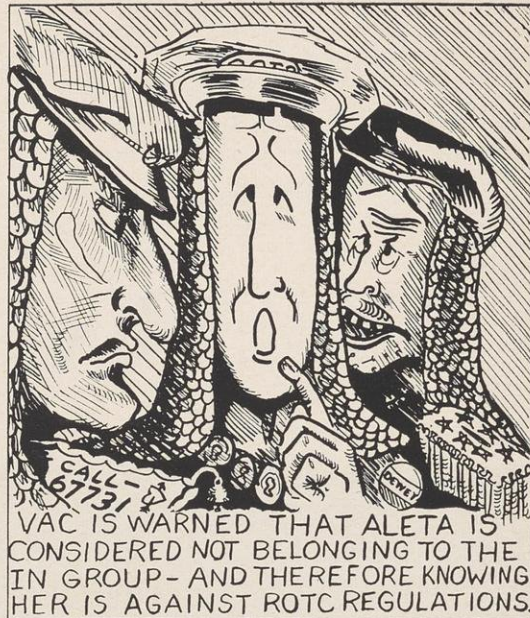


# the disasters of war



"Sergeant, you don't mean to say that to be absolutely safe from fallout we'll have to stay here for another 5 days!"





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SUMAC



# the catcher in the ROTC

HOLDEN COWFEED'S CRITIQUE  
OF ROTC MOVIES

I SUPPOSE you won't believe me either, but I really meant it all. I mean, I wasn't Gung Ho, or anything, I just ate those R.O.T.C. films up.

It really gets me sometimes, especially with me being so sensitive and all, how some guys pooh-pooh the ROTC. I mean it really kills me when some phony will say "Oh, the Campus Commandoes, you mean," or some other real brilliant crack like that and then laugh his head off as if he'd just cracked the greatest and most absolutely original joke in the world or something.

These ROTC guys go to a hell of a lot of trouble to fix up their program, and nobody seems to give a damn. Like the movies, why I bet they spend as much on those pictures as Hollywood, but who ever takes them seriously?

What I was doing, I was sitting in the Rat with this Jinny who is in my Psych class when this guy comes in in a trench coat carrying the New York Times and looking all around for someone he knows. He came up to us and gives Jinny a real long loving greeting and then says "Hello Cowfeed," to me. I tell you, *that* really killed me.

Anyway, it turned out he was one of these guys on the Cardinal from New York who think they are a very big deal. Well, he asks this Jinny a whole pile of real gone questions all the time paying about as much attention to me as he is to that piece of pie he's slopping over his face.

First, he tells her all his troubles, how he's got an epic poem or something to write for English and how he's in Econ 1098 and the instructor expects him to write another *Das Kapital* but he doesn't know where he'll find the time.

This guy was making me puke with all this phoney talk, so I said, "Seen any good ROTC movies lately?"

That really floored him. He slopped coffee all over his real great tweed jacket and on the table and the New York Times and all, but he managed to wipe it off with his hand. That

killed me. These guys are such big phonies; they're always being very polite and neat and talking very cultivated and all, but when they get excited they begin to act like they lived all their life on the Lower East Side.

"Seen any good R.O.T.C. movies lately?" That really got him when I spelled it out and all. He was pretty sure I was completely fruity so he gives Jinny this real knowing look. She just sticks her nose up in the air and smiles at me. I really liked that. I'm kinda crazy about old Jinny. She's O.K., really, except she's kinda depressing now and then, but she isn't phony. I mean she's O.K., but she's always making these goddamn cracks right out in front of everybody about how I ought to shape up and like she was some kinda drill sergeant or something. It kinda depresses you. She's always saying I'm living in a goddamn book or a dream world, which drives me crazy.

Anyway, old Brooks Atkinson was trying his best to ignore me, so I says:

"Yeah, we've had some pretty goddamn good ones lately. Don't you ever look at them?"

I really meant it too. I know you'll probably think I'm slinging the bull, but I really thought some of those pictures were great. We see 'em about three times a week, and they've got all kinds. We even had a British one once. It wasn't so hot, but I loved all the British guns. I've always been crazy about guns. When I was a kid I used to draw guns in my notebooks instead of studying. My mother said it was a goddamn phase or something. My mother said everything I did when I was a kid was a goddamn phase.

But most of the guys like old B.A. who was smoking this great big pipe and staring off into space as if he was communing with nature or something, they have to talk about foreign films or some crap like that. They especially like the Italian films with the busty actresses, which is O.K.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)





THIRSTY?

TRY OUR  
COOL  
DRINKS

TRY OUR  
LEMONADE  
LIMEADE  
ORANGEADE  
ICED TEA



# PROJECT

*for the day*

COME, CLASS. Today we build a scientist.  
Eddie, put down your drawing and take  
Your finger out of your nose—we must be  
Very careful when we build scientists  
They are made of very delicate materials . . .  
Anne, we do not care to hear what your  
Father says about scientists, and anyway,  
Nice little girls do not say words like that.  
Eddie, since you are good in drawing you  
Can sketch the figure for us—No, no, that  
Isn't right!

You have made his head much too small—about  
The size of a melon would be right . . . there,  
That is much better.

Now to build him—Sammy, what do you suggest  
We use for eyes?

No, I don't think lumps of coal would do—after  
All the scientist isn't a snowman, is he?  
Sammy, don't be impertinent!

Yes, Maria, I think peeled grapes would do.  
And now for hands—we have no fingers to spare  
No, we will have to be satisfied with spoons and  
Hooks—Anne, fetch the things from the sandbox.  
And what shall we use for the feet?

Anne, you say that Billy won't give up his spoon?  
Shame, shame, shame, William!

We don't care about your castle, you can build  
It later—scientists are much more important.

William—such language! I don't care if it is  
A quotation, such words are not used here.

I guess we'll have to do without feet.

Perhaps they aren't important, scientists don't  
Move around very much.

Dear me! What in the world shall we use for  
Our project's heart?

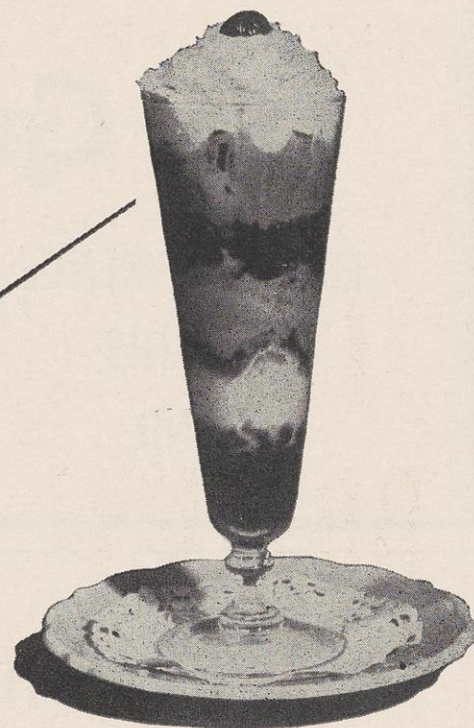
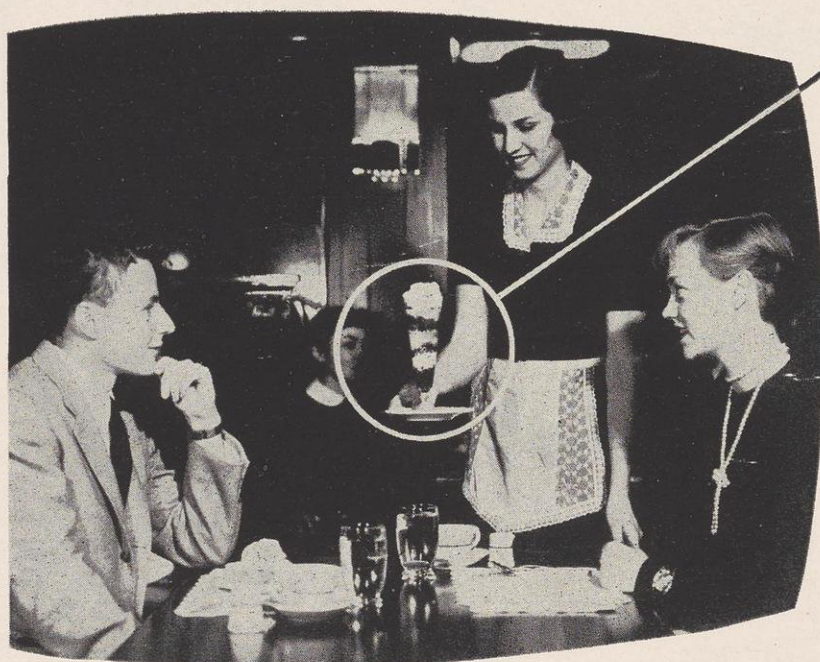
Well, I suppose if we left off the feet we  
Can leave out his heart—there, we are done.  
Doesn't he look nice, class.

Agatha, stop crying . . . he won't hurt you.  
Of course he is a little misshapen—not quite  
Like a person, but let us say

That is not what scientists are, but what  
They are aiming at.

PAUL THOMPSON





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"All right, let's have another about face!"



# ROTCM 69-69

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY ROTC MANUAL

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## Organization of the ROTC



THE DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

JUNE 1776



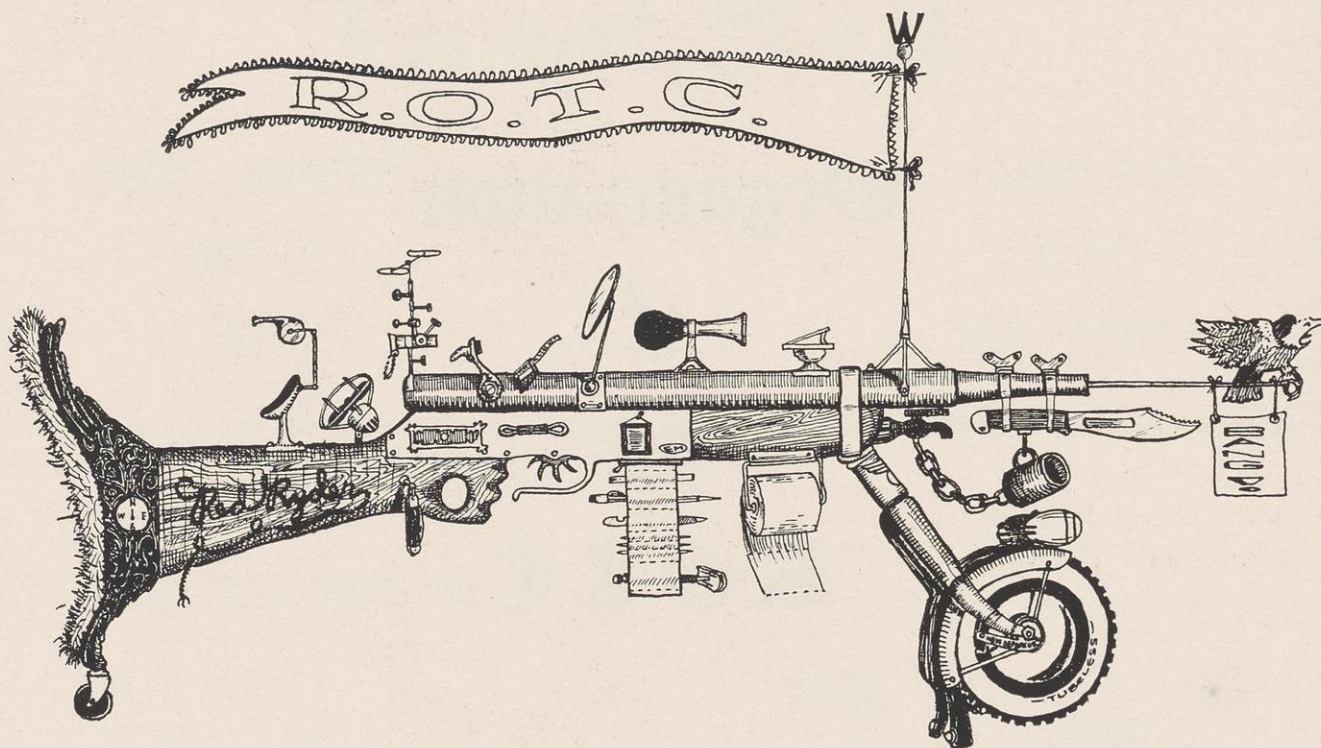
# STRICTLY HUSH-HUSH

## NOMENCLATURE

### U.S. R.O.T.C. Mobile Mounted Mechanical Self-Loading Harmless Weapon Model 1812 BOOP — "Blowtorch"

**DESCRIPTION OF THE BLOWTORCH.** The U.S. R.O.T.C. Mobile Mounted Self-Loading Harmless Weapon Model 1812 BOOP is a bowstring operated muzzle fed non-automatic hand fed weapon. Depending on the specific accessory equipment, it weighs from 9 lbs. to one ton. Ammunition is issued at the rate of one round per weapon, except in combat situations, where no (0) rounds are issued per man. The weapon is generally considered too dangerous to fire, but presents a formidable appearance to an unprepared enemy. It requires no ability or military knowledge to operate. It is specially recommended for ROTC units.

The Weapon is useful in almost any combat situation. Designed for operation by "Drug-Store Cowboys," it has a cruising speed of 45 m.p.h. and a top speed of 46 m.p.h. It won the Rallye Monte Carlo last year and two Good Housekeeping Seals of Approval.



#### 33—Stock and Action group.

Q. combination shoulder rest and ear scratcher.

QX. compass mounted with needle fixed.

QXR. name engraved on stock for only \$25.00 extra.

QXRU. carved hand-grip with thumb hole and multi-pronger trigger for multi-fingered soldiers.

1812. flintlock.

181. used cap ejector.

18. barrel and bayonet studs with can-opener handle attachment.

i. automatic bang-sign which appears each time gun is fired, and can be used as emergency fishing pole.

Real. 440 ft. of Northern Tissue.

Beauty. Sundial.

Ain't. ROTC flag (painted bright red to be inconspicuous in combat.

It? Faucet with cup attached by toilet pull-chain

Man. Potato knife and bayonet combination enabling soldier to peel the enemy.

It's. Bang-sign pole which may be used as emergency fishing rod.

The. Bang Sign.

Greatest. Permanent Bald Eagle.

To obtain a U.S. R.O.T.C. Mobile Mounted Mechanical Self-Loading Harmless Weapon Model 1812 BOOP, send the scalp from one (1) ROTC instructor along with 25¢ in coin or stamps to:

**Quartermaster**

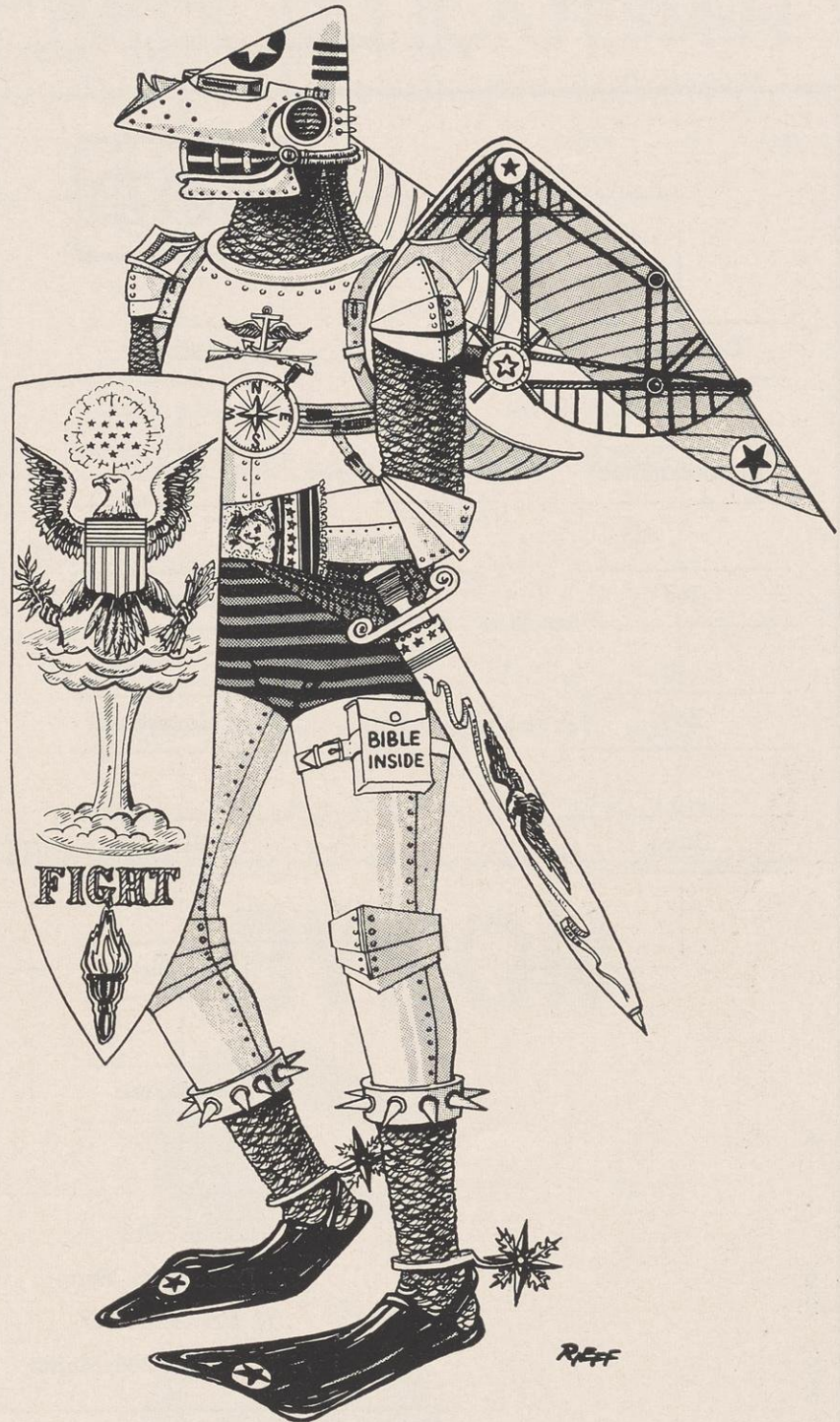
**Box 69**

**Fort Riley, Kansas**

and say: Slip me one, big boy.



# STRICTLY HUSH-HUSH



**CLASSIFIED ILLUMINATION**  
of Composite  
Anti-Commie Battle Dress  
Model 1984 (Pre-Release)

In anticipation of the coming unification of the Armed Forces, Reefer of Camelot, the creator of the Tattersall armor vest, the "Rep" chevron, and the buckskin bullet pouch, presents his new

## 3-Way Combat Togs

On land, on sea, and in the air, this new battle dress is designed to make the American soldier a Three-Way Wonder.

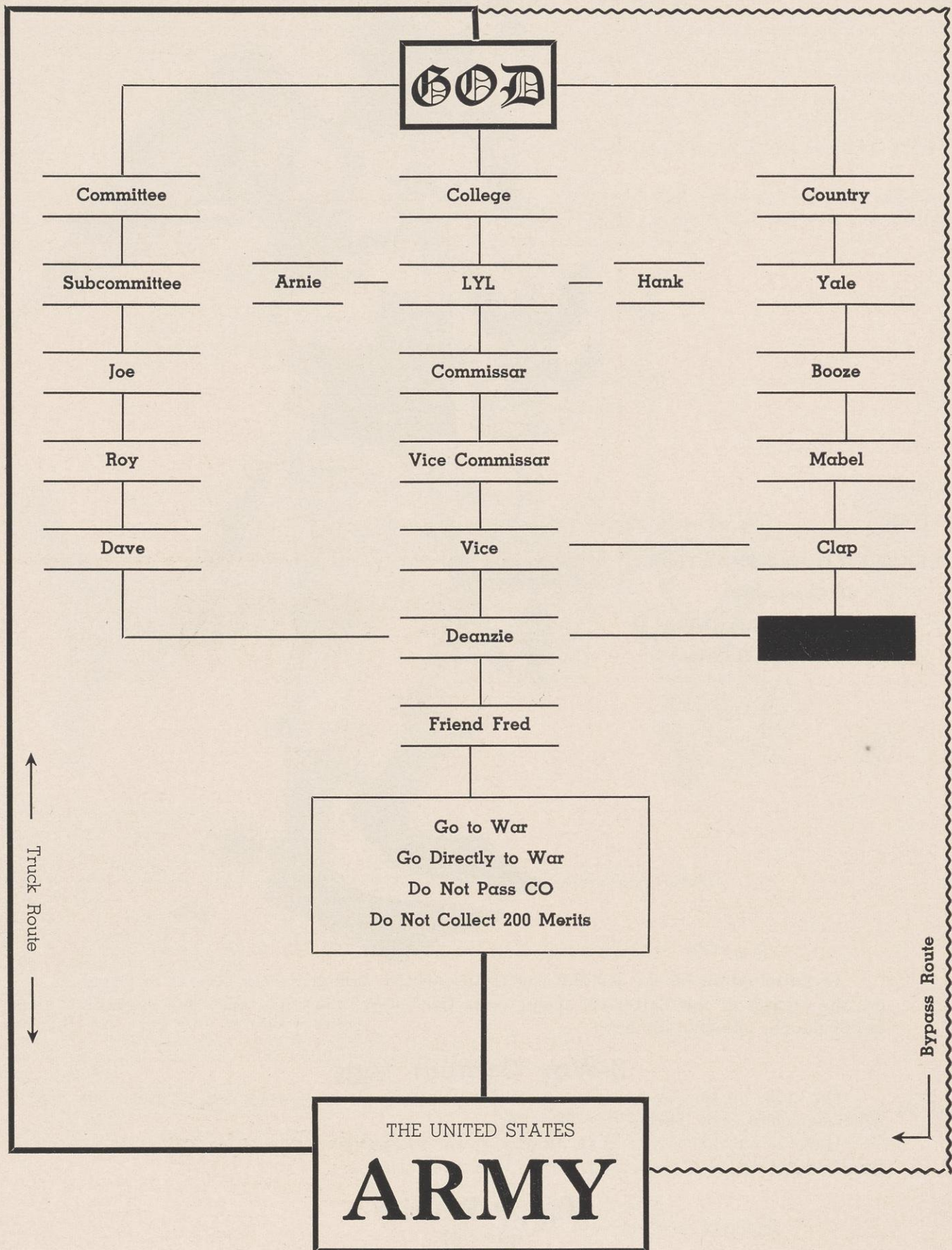
Here is another proof that, thanks to the relentless efforts of tax-collector and Quartermaster, the American fighting man is in truth a

**Happy Warrior**  
(see cut)



# R.O.T.C. ORGANIZATION CHART

*The Threefold Path from God —*





Letter from a GI to his wife:  
Please send me \$5 for shaving  
cream and stuff.

Came the reply:

Honey, enclosed herewith is 25¢  
for the shaving cream. The stuff is  
back here.

★ ★ ★

Then there was the army sergeant  
who always called a spade a spade  
until he hit his foot on one.

★ ★ ★

As the regiment was leaving and a  
crowd cheering, a recruit asked:  
“Who are all those people and why  
are they cheering?”

“They,” replied the veteran, “are  
the people who are not going.”

★ ★ ★

The last war caused a lot of dis-  
placed persons—the next war will see  
a lot of dispersed places.

★ ★ ★

Sergeant to ROTC student on fir-  
ing range: Stop! You almost shot a  
colonel!

Rookie: Ain’t that sumpin’? And  
I only learned to shoot yesterday.

★ ★ ★

Did you hear about one of the new  
officers?

He’s not a fast officer.

He’s not a slow officer.

He’s a rather half-fast officer.

★ ★ ★

Three soldiers were standing on a  
street corner in North Africa; one  
was an American, another an Ara-  
bian, and the third an Englishman.  
Just at that time, a voluptuous danc-  
ing girl glided by.

“By Jove,” said the Englishman.

“By the Prophet!” said the Ara-  
bian.

“By tomorrow night!” said the  
American.

★ ★ ★

G.I. “I’m not feeling myself to-  
night.”

Gal: “You’re telling me.”

EXCERPTS FROM THE

## Officers Guide

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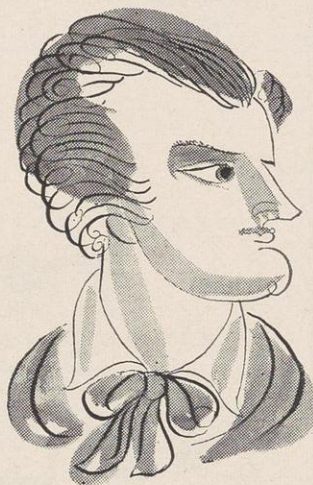
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# BYRON



on Life Savers:

“Give away thy breath!”

From *My 36th Year*, line 36



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## THE CATCHER IN THE ROTC (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

by me, but they always say some-  
thing like "No Cowfeed, let us not  
be immature. The Italian motion pic-  
ture industry has the sense of so-  
cial criticism necessary for an healthy  
art form. The chest development of  
the actresses is totally extraneous."  
Or else they tell you how peachy the  
subtitles in the latest Japanese film  
were. Big deal.

What I mean is, these guys have to  
pooh-pooh ROTC films just because  
they're ROTC films. I'm not gung ho,  
or anything, but I think some of those  
training pictures are pretty goddamn  
exciting. I enjoyed "The Rifle Pla-  
toon in the Attack" more than any  
foreign film where they serve you  
tea afterwards. And how about the  
social significance of "The Moral  
Approach to Venereal Disease?"  
Jesus, that almost made me cry when  
that poor guy went off to the hospital  
in the end.

"Now look, Cowfeed," he started  
to say. I didn't want to hear what  
he had to say because I knew what  
he had to say. Anyway there were a  
whole bunch of guys hanging around  
and so I thought I would make it  
sound real good:

"Chrissakes, you're always talking

about drama and all that crap. The  
way Company C takes Softouch  
ridge in "The Rifle Platoon in the  
Attack," I thought that was better  
than "Wake Island" and "Eagle  
Squadron" and "High Noon" and  
all that phony Hollywood crap put  
together."

He didn't know what the hell to  
say to that, except "Uh." I really  
don't think he got what I was driv-  
ing at. But I remembered Captain  
Jones who commanded "C" Com-  
pany. He was O.K. I mean he was  
real. Most of these heroes in these  
Hollywood movies, they're always  
thinking about some broad back  
home or something, but not old Cap-  
tain Jones. He had his eye on his  
men all the time, not looking off  
into the sunset or some moony thing  
like that.

What they did in this movie, they  
had this bunch of guys in Company  
C and they had to take this ridge.  
Well the crumby Aggressors had all  
sorts of lousy machine guns and  
tanks and all that crap and it didn't  
look very good at the beginning.  
These Aggressors are the guys we  
fight in all the ROTC movies. They  
aren't bad guys, really. They have  
these great helmets with crests like

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



"I had 2 years of advanced ROTC. How about you?"



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### CATCHER...

Roman officers and all. As a matter of fact, I always sort of feel sorry for them because they always get the hell beat out of them. I really do.

Anyway, this Captain Jones, he orders the Corps Artillery to blast hell out of this ridge. They can really do it, those guys. Then he has the big mortars throw a lot of crap over on the Aggressors. Every once and a while they show the Aggressor side and these guys are really getting tossed around over there. These big guns just tear up everything. Well, anyway, then the Battalion mortars go to work and then the company mortars and the heavy machine guns and recoilless rifles and all. Then some guy with a hairy wrist looks at his watch and the tanks start popping off. I really got excited.

Then old Captain Jones he gets up and yells "Let's go!" and all these guys get up and start running around and all, and firing their guns from

the waist. They just blasted away while all the planes dropped bombs and the guns went kaboom. Pretty soon all the noise stops except the rifles and B.A.R.s and that little stuff. But there wasn't anything left of the Aggressors except a little paste in the bottom of the foxholes, anyway. You got to hand it to that Captain Jones. I mean it really makes you want to go out and start a war, or something.

And when they took this soft-touch ridge, old Captain Jones, he didn't sit around on his ass and smoke a cigarette. He regrouped those guys. Got 'em ready for another goddamn attack. "That what I call a real man, that's what I call heroism," I said.

Those guys are tough, in those ROTC movies. Sometimes I want to cry, it's all so glorious and beautiful. Those guys going up the hill with those BARs firing from the hip. And the color of the flame throwers, and the way the Aggres-

sors fall when we get them, or the quiet gurgle when we just knife 'em. I remember Cpl. Evans, he was in intelligence, but he spoke Aggressor so he went out on a patrol. A real brainy guy, I mean, but he knifed his share. That was another good picture, that "Night Reconnaissance Patrol."

What really kills me is the way the mortars go poof-whoosh-blam and the machine guns brat-a-ta-tat and all that. When those guys march across a river or something I really get this big lump in my throat. I really do.

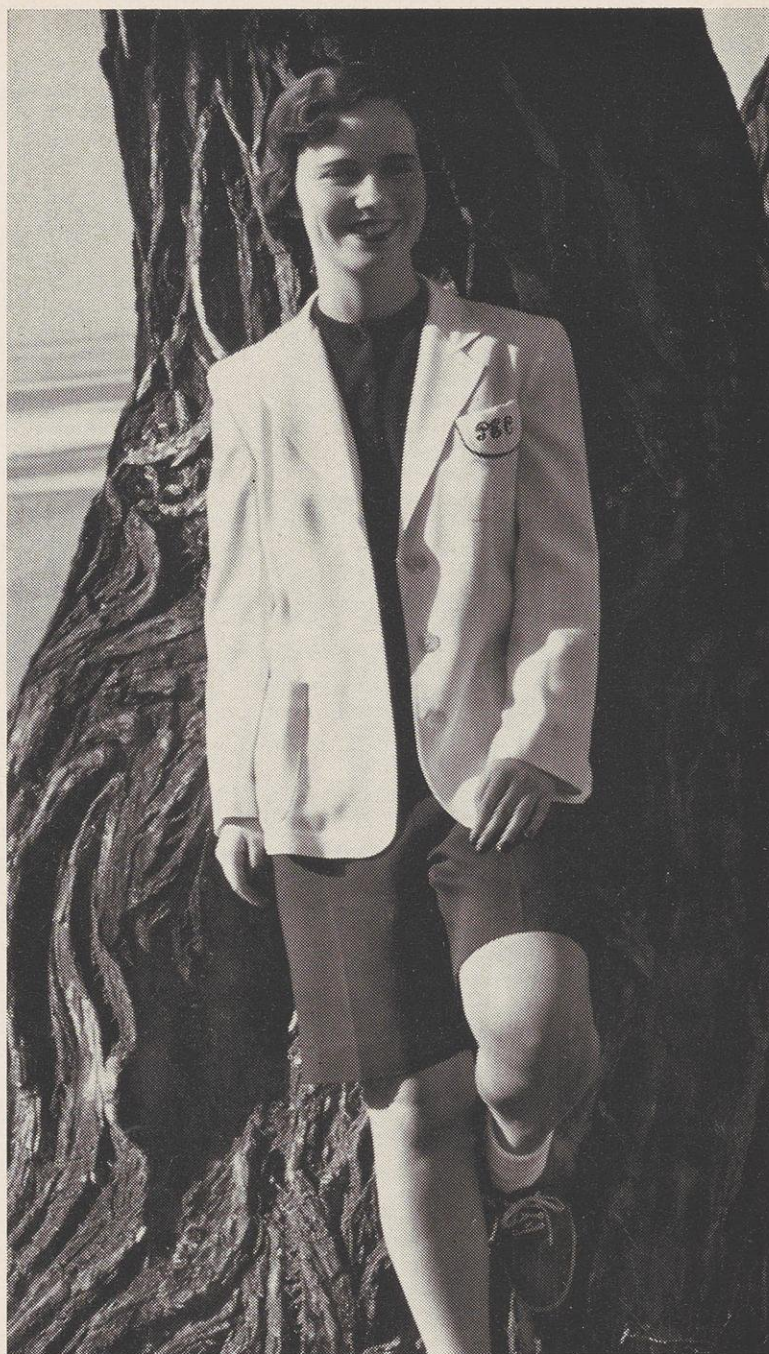
Well, I would of told 'em more, but they all had gone. Anyway, nobody could really understand it unless they'd lived through it.

—J. D. SALACIOUS





# OCTY DREAM GIRL



LIVERWORT PARTIALLY OBSCURED BY CAFFERTY

CAFFERTY PARTIALLY OBSCURED  
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CHI PSI PSIGHS FOR

# PEGGY CAFFERTY



- NOT IN ANY WAY CONNECTED WITH ROTC
- TOTALLY OBLIVIOUS OF THE WORLD SITUATION
- MEMBER OF KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

PHOTOS BY JERRY SPIEGEL

AND

THE SAID MISS CAFFERTY IS FEMALE HOMO SAPIENS; HABITAT—MADISON, WISCONSIN; 21 YEARS OF ACQUIRED AGE; 3 YEARS OF ACQUIRED HIGHER EDUCATION; 1 YEAR OF ACQUIRED PRESIDENCY OF PHI LAMBDA THETA; ACQUIRED DIMENSIONS OF 5' 4" IN HEIGHT, 114 LBS. IN WEIGHT; AND IS PRESENTLY UNACQUIRED.



# FROM THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

IN THE COURSE of preparation for this issue, we have been warned that this is a bad time to spoof such a venerable institution as the U.S. Army's R.O.T.C. Some cautious souls have observed that in a time of imminent thought control, when youthful indiscretion is daily punished by the Guardians of our Nation's Security, it is foolhardy to take even a gentle poke at our thrice-weekly boys in blue and khaki and their instructors.

We have replied that we are taking our cue from our honorable Junior Senator, for even he does not consider the Armed Forces off limits. We have mentioned the fine precedent set by the Army itself; some of the best humor that emerged from the last Great War was printed in official Army publications—Bill Mauldin's cartoons in the Forty-Fifth Division News, and the innumerable cartoons and stories in *Yank*, the Army weekly. All these things we told our cautious friends, and still they warned us we were playing with fire.

And so we are playing with fire. Yet the more we think about it, the better we like it. We will be brave and fearless and crusading, and feel very, very proud. We will carry on the great traditions of American journalism and seek the unvarnished, the unvanquished, we hope the unvanishing, truth.

We will defeat those silly adults whose favorite parlor-game has become "Name the Present Generation." We will flaunt the writers who have called us the "Beat," the "Silent," and even the "Shafted" Generation. We will blow untainted breath on those who have called us drunkards, we will spit on the contracts of the General Motors spokesmen who claim we seek the security of large corporations. We will laugh at the R.O.T.C., at the Dean, at the Administration. We will slither out from every category the journalists, sociologists, communists, socialists, and/or pessimists wish to place on us. We will be Nothing-Directed if we please.

All these we will do, out of firm conviction and the bravado of youth. We may change our minds, we may drift from left to right politically, from low-tariff to high-tariff as our lives change. We may end up believing in the Family and the Peer-Group, but we will have had our moment. And when we too, grown heavy with age in whatever world we are left by our elders, find ourselves forced to curb youthful exuberance, cut down adolescent rebellion, deplore our children, we will at least be able to look back on our dim past and wonder, "Now, was *I* like *that* when *I* was young?"

## NEXT MONTH



## FERTILITY RITES OF SPRING

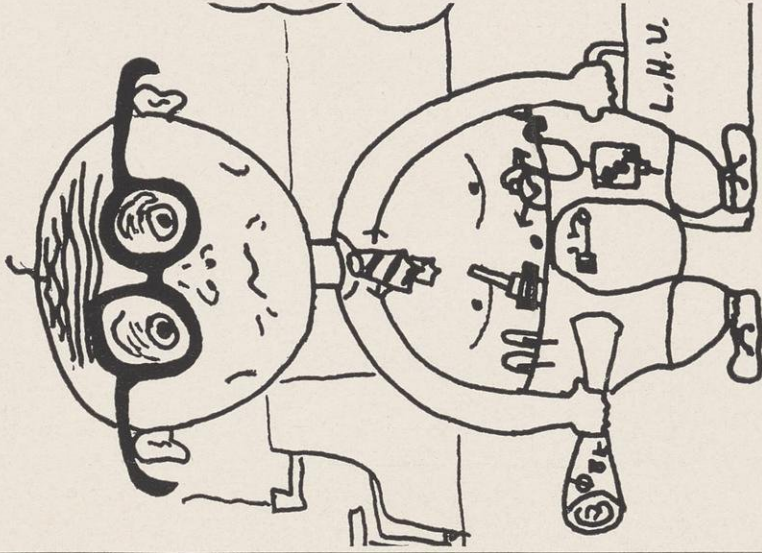
PUBLICATION

INCLUDING AUTHENTIC, DETAILED ANALYSES OF THE MATING HABITS OF EVERYBODY AND THEIR FRIENDS. REAL-LIFE, HIGH KEY, UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPHS. FANTASTIC, LOW KEY DRAWINGS AND THE ACTUAL TAPE RECORDED MATING CALLS OF SEVERAL LEADING CAMPUS PERSONALITIES, WITH AN INTERESTING, UNBIASED NARRATIVE BY DEAN TROXELL, AND "KNOW YOUR CAMPUS LEADERS" NO. 3.

COMING SOON . . . SEARCH THE SKIES



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Great day in the morning! Flavor in a filter cigarette!

# WINSTON

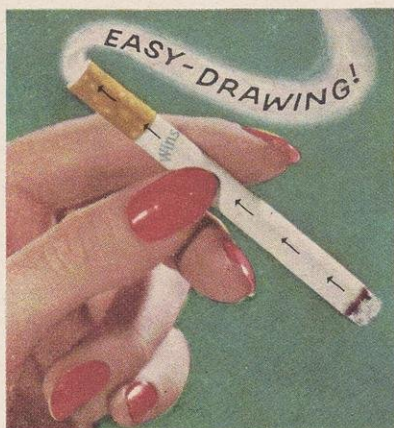
tastes good —  
like a cigarette should!



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REAL FLAVOR!

AND  
DRAWS SO  
EASY!

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