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*The Wisconsin*  
**OCTOPUS**



**SUCCESS**

ISSUE

September, 1946

25 Cents

“It’s all up to  
you, Son...”

SON: *But you’d be glad if I studied medicine, wouldn’t you?*

DAD: Naturally, Son. But it isn’t the easiest life, you know...

SON: *That’s not the point, Dad...*

DAD: ... seven years of college, and then you’ve only begun to study...

SON: *But you’d do it again, Dad!*

DAD: ... and you won’t make a lot of money... scarcely a living at first.

SON: *We’ve always had enough. And it’s not the money.*

DAD: What’s more, there’s little time for pleasure... not even enough for home life...

SON: *You and mother are the happiest people I know.*

DAD: ... because people don’t always get sick during office hours.

SON: *I’ve already decided, Dad. You forget my father happens to be a doctor!*



According  
to a recent  
Nationwide  
survey:

# MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

DOCTORS in every field of medicine... graduates of every great medical school in the United States... these were among the 113,597 doctors recently surveyed by three leading independent research organizations.

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# CAMELS

*Costlier Tobaccos*

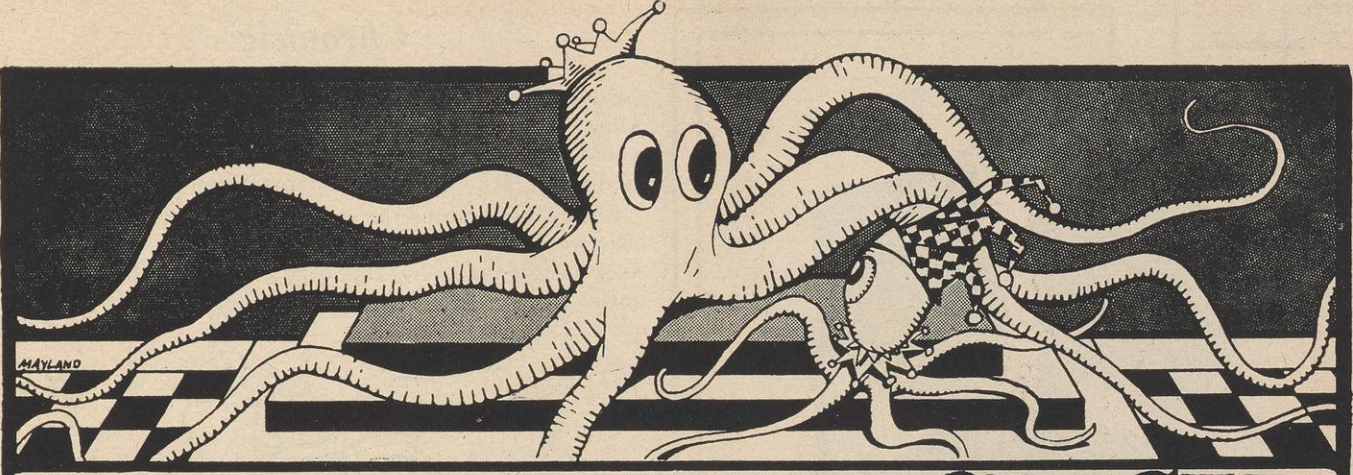
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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

1



# THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE

As we again trudge back to our ivy-covered professors and dusty textbooks, Octy is faced with many a grave problem. How to welcome the freshmen is one puzzle. But Octy figures the best way to welcome the frosh is to show them how to succeed in college and to show them shining examples of some of our outstanding graduates. So we give you something to aim at. Study the center spread and then aim for the stars. You, too, can succeed.

### Eviction Fiction

Another problem is how to keep from getting round-shouldered living in a Quonset hut. But this rumor about our being evicted from our old office because we were operating a still in the YMCA basement is all pish-posh. The truth is, one night we were down there beavering for summer school when two passers-by stopped and looked in. "Is that the Cardinal office?" squeaked an off-key voice. We packed up and left.

### Sleeping Beauty

Speaking of the Cardinal, we threw a party during the summer and, in a charitable mood, decided to invite the Cardinal's motley crew. So we phoned managing editor Neale Reinitz at 10 o'clock one night and what do you know—he was in bed and asleep! Maybe the gay social whirl of Madison was just too much for the boy from the big city (N.Y.C.).

### Script Slip

Gerry Bartell's radio class would have run very smoothly last summer, had it not been for a certain Chicago brunette. In a radio adaptation of O. Henry's "Third Ingredient" she had been cast, or rather miscast, as a tough Brooklyn girl. After slapping the floorwalker and losing her job, she was left with 15 cents and an attempt at bravado. When a fellow clerk offered her some financial help, she was supposed to decline, saying, "I'll get along. My 15 cents will buy me enough beef for a good stew tonight."

The control room staff just gave up when she came thru with, "My 15 cents will buy me enough beer for a good stew tonight."

### Feature That!

Another summer school incident occurred in Journalism 105. Miss Patterson called on a girl student, but had some difficulty understanding what she said. "Are you chewing gum?" Miss Patterson inquired.

The reply was, "No, I'm cutting a tooth." Taken aback, all "Patty" could say was, "Well, that's the first time I've ever heard that one!"

### Fantastic Character of the Month

Our little chum this month is a character who spent half her time this summer commuting from the Cabin to Liz Waters. And on one of these commutes she found the best place to walk was down the middle of State Street sans shoes. "Less people," she said.

In a weak moment she ordered 25 dollars' worth of photographs of herself and then tried to figure out how to pay for them. She answered her telephone in a disguised voice for a month while the photographer was on her trail. But she enjoyed showing friends the wonderful array of

shots she had. All the photographs were kept at the dorm desk in a large box so she'd come traipsing in with a small mob, ask for the pictures, and show them off. When the show was over she'd put them back into the box and hand the photos back over the desk, explaining that she'd bring in some more friends the next day. All she got was dirty looks for her trouble.

Whether she's paid for those shots or not is a moot point, but you can bet she's giving somebody else a hard time in some other manner. If you're a psych major and you want a good problem to figure out, look her up. You'll know her by the characteristic way she plays "Frankie and Johnnie" on the piano. In her version the pianist kills them both.

### Train Gang

North Western's club car was drained by Betz Kaehler and company when they all came up to Madison for a wedding last August. Four men in the party, John Fretter, Don Stone, Ray Carlson, and Bill Conway, were all ASTP's up here and, altho they've all graduated from other colleges, claimed that Wisconsin is absolutely the best in the country. The bartender agreed.

### Bug in a Mug

A former pilot tells us about the bugs on a certain Pacific island. There was one type of insect that always got into the beer at the officers' club. At first he and his buddies would throw away the whole glass of beer that contained one. There were so many of the things, however, that they



*I don't mind being an out-of-state student. It's this commuting I don't like.*

Tweed shop



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**MacNeil and Moore**

602 State Street

**Chronicle**

finally picked out the bug and drank the beer anyway. After a while they didn't even bother to throw out the bugs; would just "drink around them." And then they got so used to the insects that they drank their beer, bug and all.

Finally, by the time the squadron was ready to leave, the boys were so used to the bugs that if there didn't happen to be one in their beer, they'd go out and catch one to put in it.



*Woman*

A chemist sent us the following analysis to show us what they study so hard in the Chem. building.

Symbol: Wo; Accepted Atomic weight: 120; Physical properties: Boils at nothing and freezes at any minute. Melts when properly treated, very bitter if not used well.

Occurrence: Found wherever man exists.

Chemical properties: Possesses great affinity for gold, silver,



**Campus Publishing Co.**

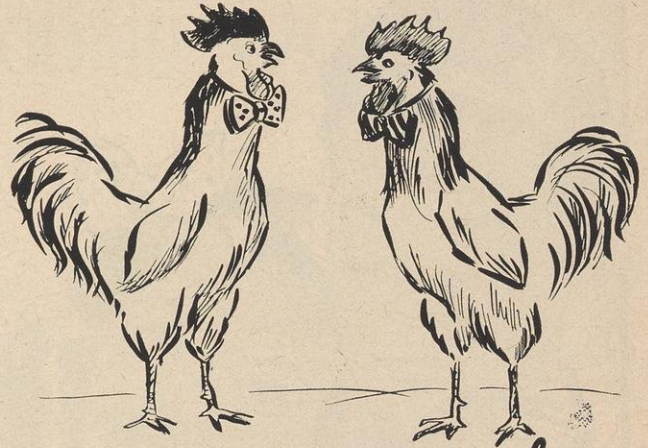
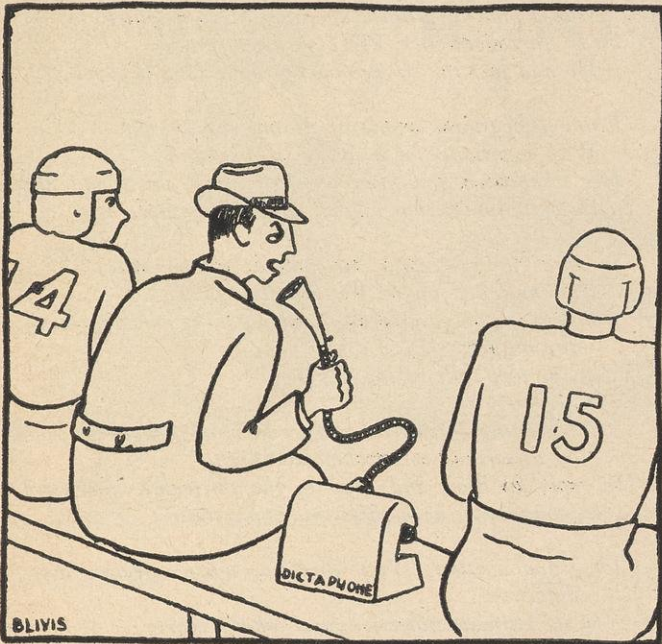
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**Student Printing Our Specialty**

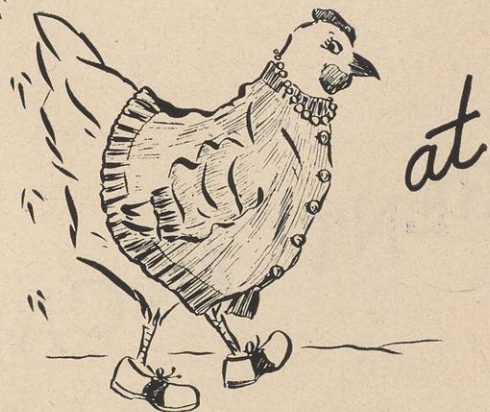
platinum, and precious stones. Violent reaction if left alone. Able to absorb great amount of food matter. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen.

Uses: Highly ornamental. Useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits and an equalizer in the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most effective income reducing agent known.

Caution: Highly explosive in inexperienced hands.



"Yep, all the Slick chicks do their shopping



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Madison, Wisconsin

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**Baron's"**

WE GIVE EAGLE STAMPS



**ALL HE**

**DID WAS**

**RENT - A - CAR!**

**Friede Rent-a-Car**

531 State St.

Badger 100

## Get Hep With Hepster's Dictionary

*As head of the division of provision for revision  
Was a man of prompt decision, Merton Quirk,  
Ph.D. in calisthenics, PDQ in pathogenics,  
He had just the proper background for the work.*

*From the pastoral aroma of Aloma, Oklahoma,  
With a pittance of a salary in his hand,  
His acceptance had been whetted, even aided and abetted  
By emolument that netted some five grand.*

*So with energy ecstatic this fanatic left his attic,  
And hastened on to Washington, D. C.  
Where with verve and vim and vigor he went hunting for  
the nigger  
In the woodpile of the WPB.*

*After months of patient process Merton's spiecular probocis  
Had unearthed a reprehensible hiatus,  
In reply by Blair and Blair to the thirteenth questionnaire  
In connection with their inventory status.*

*They had written, "Your directive when effective was  
defective  
In its ultimate objective, and what's more,  
Neolithic hieroglyphic is, to us, much more specific  
Than the drivel you keep dumping at our door."*

*This sacrilege discovered, Merton fainted, but recovered  
Sufficiently to write, "We are convinced  
That the sabotage is camouflaged behind perverted  
persiflage;  
Expect me on the 22nd inst."*

*But first he sent a checker, and then a checker's checker;  
Still nothing was disclosed as being wrong.  
So a checker's checker checker came to check the checker's  
checker,  
And the process was laborious and long.*

*Then followed a procession of the follow-up profession,  
Through the records of the firm of Blair and Blair;  
From breakfast until supper some new super follow-upper  
Tore his hair because of Merton's questionnaire.*

*The file closed, completed, though our hero, undefeated  
Carries on in some department as before.  
But victory came all right, not because of, but in spite  
Of Merton's mighty efforts in the war.*

—IRV GAST AND MAS

Dean: "How does it happen you came to Wisconsin?  
Your father was a Harvard man, wasn't he?"

New Frosh: "He was. He wanted me to go to Harvard,  
I wanted to go to Yale. We had an argument and he finally  
told me to go to H——."

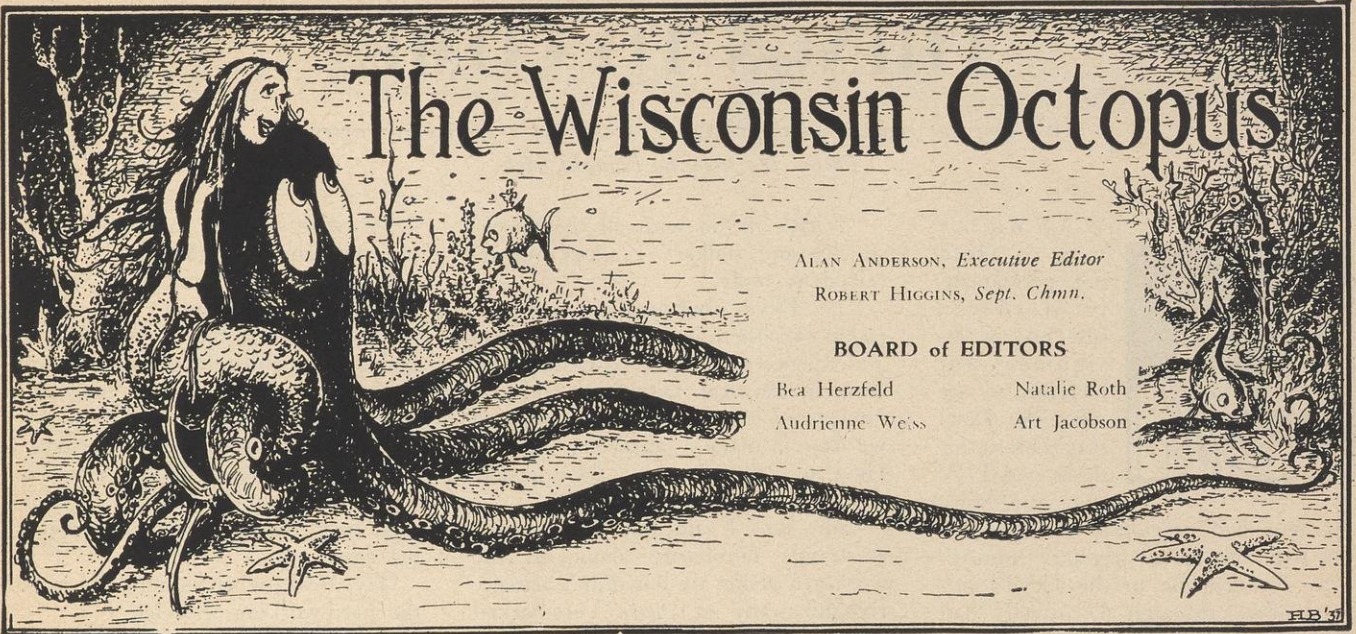
Chi O: "Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?"

Beta (expectantly): "Yes, indeed!"

Chi O: "Well, keep your eyes open, we'll drive by there  
in a few minutes."

Dad: "Did you give Rita that copy of 'What Every Girl  
Should Know' before she went to Wisconsin?"

Mom: "Yes, and now she's writing the author suggesting  
the addition of three new chapters."



# The Wisconsin Octopus

ALAN ANDERSON, *Executive Editor*

ROBERT HIGGINS, *Sept. Chmn.*

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Volume XXV

SEPTEMBER, 1946

Number 1

## In The Editor's Brown Study

**H**ERE we go again. And it looks like a successful year looming ahead. We have nine bigger and better deadlines to miss and, with the help of you humorists on campus, we should turn out some of the best issues ever devised by man (present issue excepted).

Things are looking up. Housing isn't too good, we'll admit. Even our two men on a truck are having their troubles.

The athletic situation looks good. A potent football team is in the making. True, we haven't got Hirsch and Harder and the rest of the Big Ten are weeding out all their 198 lb. weaklings, but we'll be in there punchy.

Classes from 7:45 A.M. to 9 P.M. will sort of break up your day, but if you carry ten credits like we do you won't notice it. The U. takes on the aspect of a Russian salt mine with hours like that but then you came up here for an education and you might as well take it in large doses. What would you rather do, sit in a large crowded classroom and get no individual attention or have small classes from 7:45 on? Stuff in here, isn't it?

We're succeeding in holding down costs. Prices around school aren't so

bad. A GI can go almost two weeks on his 65 dollars. Places around here hike their prices as high as possible but it's all good-natured fun. I'd like to retire at 35, too.

Success is a rather hard word to define. It may mean one thing to a co-ed and another thing to Hammersley.

Our friend Karl Evers relates a sad story of his not-so-successful venture at farming. He wanted to raise pigs so the first morning on the farm he took his sow to the neighbor's to get it bred.

The next morning he went out to the pen, but no pigs. So he loaded her on a wheel barrow and trekked five miles to his second neighbor. The next morning it was the same story.

Again and again he hauled her away, but no luck. Finally, he heard of another boar 15 miles down the road so loaded her in the wheel barrow and trudged off again.

### Assessments, fees, and memberships

You pay them with submission—

Er—by the way, did you forget

Your Octopus subscription?

The next morning Evers was too tired to get out of bed so he called his neighbor over to see if there were any pigs. The neighbor came back with a smile on his face.

"Pigs?" said Evers.

"No," said the neighbor. "But she's in the wheel barrow."

Ants, according to scientists, are the most successful characters ever to exist on earth. There are more types, shapes, and sizes and they get into more places than any other creatures on earth. I just thought you might be interested.

Two beautiful KD's were successful (?) in being chosen for this month's cover. On the left is Rosemary Heronemus, lighting a cigar for Bob Mabie with a 10 dollar bill. Betsy Bishop is on the right. It was the photographer's money, so they should worry.

Any frosh interested in dates with the above need only write a 500-word essay on "Why I'd like to date—" and send it to the Octopus. It probably won't do you much good, but we'll get a bang out of reading them.

And so it goes. Who will succeed on campus this year? Who will be Prom king and queen? Who will be Wisconsin's number one football star? Who will take over the Cardinal? Who will get one of their stories printed in Octopus?

Only time will tell. But we wish you all success in the coming year. And freshmen, if you don't know anyone on campus drop in at Octy and get acquainted. One afternoon over here and you'll be glad you *don't* know anybody.



## THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

# THINGS TO COME

*We sent our reporter-at-large, KIRK EVANSBY, on a special assignment.*

*This is the story he brought back.*



WAS on my way to Hell, not permanently of course, just on an assignment for Octopus to see what the Devil was cooking for dear old UW this year. Since

my boss had previously arranged for the trip, the pretty secretary immediately directed me to the Devil's private office although I, myself, had never been there before.

Pushing open the paneled door stenciled "Satan, Chief Devil" in answer to the booming invitation from within, I said, "Hello Devil."

"Hy, Kirk," the imposing character dressed in red behind the large desk responded. "Whatcha doin' down here?"

"Just came down to see what you had to offer us this year for Madison."

"That's fine," the Devil said. "Don't have much to do myself this afternoon so I'll show you around personally. Might as well start off with the Education and Curriculum department. I imagine that that is pretty important to you people."

The Education and Curriculum department was on the third floor and on the way up my companion and I passed the usual "time of day" talk, discussing the weather, which in Hell is something worth talking about.

"To the right here, we have some of our best men working on the J-2 course," the Devil said as he opened the door. "They're making up a bunch of tests now on the Dane County dog catchers, their wives' maiden names, and the number of dogs caught each year for the last twenty years—"

"Quite typical," I muttered dryly.

"Not only that—the courses of all underground rivers in Wisconsin, the specific humidity in Milwaukee every day of the year 1926, and some pertinent facts of the legislature of 1897," he went on. "Ought to be quite a course next year."

"Ought to be," I replied. "But what is that character with the letter blocks doing, the one standing on his head?"

"He's making up Dr. Glicksman's vocabulary," my companion answered, "and that lad making faces at himself in the mirror while tickling himself is busy writing lecture jokes for Dr. Cameron."

"What's he do with all the tassels, shucks, and stalks?" I asked but received no reply.

The Devil continued, "And that group over there is revising the Letters and Science catalogue. A graduate student in classical languages correctly interpreted the old one last year so we have to make a brand new edition. Have to keep ahead of these people you know."

"Sure do," I said and then I noted a strange familiarity about all the workmen about me but didn't actually recognize any of them. I remarked on this strange phenomenon.

The Devil laughed and said, "Yeah, Dr. Kiekhofer's barber does all our hair cutting down here." And then turning to me added, "We also have a fine surprise for President Fred. We're going to send him 500 more housing units."

"Say, that's swell," I replied enthusiastically.

"And then we are going to send him

5,000 more students to put in them," my companion concluded.

Our next stop was the "Modiste Satanique", the women's style department. I dreaded the ordeal but a reporter is supposed to get all the story.

This little shop was in another building about 100 yards across a marshy swamp, which we traveled via a boardwalk. On the way I noticed a familiar figure shoveling up some of the slimy mud from the marsh into a bucket by his side.

"Hy, Neale, whatcha doin'?" I hailed the hard-working shoveler.

"Hy, Don, whatcha doin'?" I hailed stuff for the fall semester," he answered.

"Yes," said the Devil rubbing his hands in satisfaction, "that paper ought to have a good year this year."

Just as we were about to open the door to the women's style department three men rushed out, greenish white with nausea.

(continued on page 29)



*Pax Vobiscum = Have a Coke*

# My Kingdom for a Hearse

By DICK CUDAHY

The author of "Three Men In a Mausoleum" and other widely unpublished tales.



back."

Emory McHugh's piercing grey eyes stared fixedly at the corpse of the tiny Hindu that lay at his feet. The dead man could hardly have been five feet tall.

"You say, Downjohn, that this man was assigned to your office several months ago by the British Secret Service and that because of their recommendation you trusted him implicitly?"

"Yes," replied Downjohn emphatically swallowing his gum, "according to the British we were to place as much confidence in him as we placed in their ambassador."

McHugh thought for a moment then said slowly, "The facts as I understand them are that this man was found here this morning in the top-secret file room in the same position he is in now. He showed all the physiological symptoms of death by strangulation yet there isn't a finger or rope mark on him. And the plans for the Sacred Cow project are missing."

Suddenly Downjohn the suave, experienced G-2 operative became almost hysterical. "McHugh, you've got to help us! The Sacred Cow in ruthless hands means the end of our civilization. McHugh," he said jerking the knot out of his carefully tied purple bow tie, "only your genius can save us. Without your help, we are at the mercy of these fiends."

McHugh listened coldly to Downjohn's appeal; then turned his icy, searching eyes about the room. Everything was in perfect order, even the dead man. There were no marks of terror or even of pain on his face. The heavy carpet showed no signs of a struggle, and the papers on the desk were in perfect order. Even the file which had been looted looked undisturbed. Its complex musico-mechanical lock, sensitive only to the playing of *Macnamara's Band* on a contra-basson, had been opened without the least apparent damage and closed again.

McHugh turned aside for a close examination of the corpse. From the way in which he wound his turban, McHugh could tell at once that the man was a Bengalese and the curious frayed robe that he wore was characteristic of an unemployed barber. The man was evidently of middle caste, and with his vast anthropological knowledge, McHugh could detect in the Hindu a considerable admixture of Afghan blood.

A thorough search of the dead man revealed a scrap of charred paper inscribed with a few words of a script which even McHugh's extensive philological knowledge could not identify. McHugh folded the paper and placed it carefully in his pocket. He also discovered a stereoscope containing scenes from the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. The discov-

ery caused him to emit the whistling sneeze which always characterized tremendous mental concentration.

McHugh walked over to a soft chair and sat back lazily. The smoke from his black Mozambique cheroot curled lazily over his head. McHugh's face was a mask hiding an intelligence so piercing and analytical yet daring and imaginative that it had become the nemesis of all his enemies in the game of international espionage. McHugh, the brilliant calculator of human emotion, McHugh, the master of impersonation and the artist of disguise—in these roles he was even more universally renowned than such purely fictional characters as Sherlock Holmes. Yet, few except McHugh's close friends, Carlton Bruce in particular, realized that behind his professional mask lay a heart that was often heavy in the solitude imposed by his vocation and by his extraordinary ability. For McHugh was a man set apart, a man separated from his associates by the unscalable wall of genius.

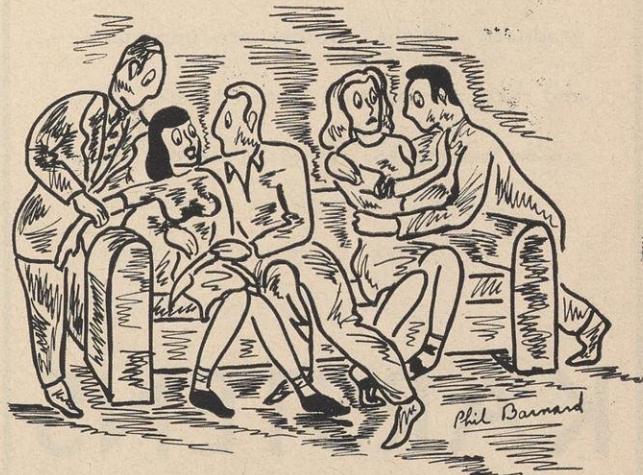
Physically, McHugh was impressive but not dominating. He had sharp, exactly defined features and unique grey eyes that could be alternately piercing or dreamy as his mood varied. His lusterless brown hair was receding about the temples. His body was thin but lithe and he possessed a remarkable degree of coordination. Once in his career he had been called upon to impersonate a trapeze artist on the hundred foot wire and had obviously carried off the part without a wrong move.

At McHugh's side throughout most of his adventures was Carlton Bruce, former college football star, former hill-billy radio singer, and now Wall Street lawyer. Bruce was a genial extrovert and one of the few men that ever discovered the real humanity that McHugh possessed.

McHugh took two more nervous puffs on his cheroot, then stubbed it out viciously in an ash tray. He jumped to his feet. "Downjohn," he said, "I'm off to the Oriental Museum. If you need me I'll probably be in the Sanskrit stacks." He raced down the stairs, out into the street, and into his black Mercedes-Benz chauffeured by his Cretan pygmy assistant.

At the library, McHugh emerged from the car, attired

(continued on page 9)



WE were on the offensive  
Things were so much simpler during the war when

# Apple Polishing

By KIRK EVANSBY



**S**UCCESS in school is achieved by devious methods. Some students study; others are smarter. "Apple Polishing" is one of the means of the smarter ones but it must be done right to be effective. I have had a little experience in the art both by practice and observation and so I'll pass along some of my knowledge of the subject.

In the first place, forget about this "Dale Carnegie" approach; you know, "find out what the other person is interested in and talk about that" sort of thing. That's out for several reasons. First, there are only two subjects the average university student knows enough about to discuss intelligently, drinking and women. The university professor won't admit interest in the former and considers it beneath his dignity to discuss the latter with a student.

Second, the one common ground between you and the professor, the academic subject he is teaching and you are supposedly absorbing, is definitely taboo. Don't assume the hypocrisy of pretending to be interested in that. Professors don't make much money but they aren't that dumb.

Third, say, for instance, that you do decide to find out what your professor is interested in to meet him on common ground and you find out that he is an avid fisherman. That's fine, you'll talk about fishing, you say, but right now you, of course, don't know a reel from a creel from an eel. So you decide to read a book about it. But if you're going to read a book you might as well read a text book and it will be almost as effective. Besides, you probably don't really have time for either as you haven't finished "Forever Amber" yet.

That lets Dale Carnegie and his system out of the picture but let's look at a few methods that will work.

The "Intelligent Question" method is always good. For instance, your political science professor says that wars are always fought as the last resort to settle disputes between sovereign nations or something equally scintillating. So you pipe up, "But is that true in the concrete essence?" Naturally this will momentarily stop his monologue and he'll ask you to repeat your question. So you say, "Isn't it, in the last analysis, a case of comparative values measured by a fluctuating standard?" He'll probably be honest this time and admit that he didn't quite understand your question. So you reply, "Isn't the abstract finality of the problem determined by the metaphysical theory of indefinite ratios?" He'll then answer your question and marvel that you can talk so much like a college professor at so young an age. After four or five questions a period like this for a couple of weeks and any professor will be impressed.

Incidentally, before I go any further, I want to clear up this matter of titles. Any member of the faculty will tell you that you use the term "professor" only when speaking to or of a person of professorial rank and to be very sparing of the word "doctor". But this doesn't, of course, apply to him. Even if he just got his BA two weeks ago after seven years' effort, call him "doctor" or "professor". The more familiar terms, "Doc" and "Prof" are slightly frowned upon for direct address.

Another method of apple polishing that has been successful in the past is the "standing-up-for-your-rights" meth-

(continued on page 25)



## Definitely In

You'll be definitely "in" around the campus if you follow the ways of the smart undergraduate. "Right" clothes are important—and these are the kind featured here. When you're looking for things to wear, shop at

# KARSTENS

On Capitol Square

22 North Carroll

## MY KINGDOM FOR A HEARSE . . .

(continued from page 7)

in one of his favorite disguises—that of a near-sighted professor of home economics at City University. He scurried into the library under a load of bogus research books, and made his way inconspicuously toward the rear stacks. He sat down, took out the slip of paper that he had removed from the Hindu, and began to inspect it meticulously under his powerful pocket microscope all the while comparing it with excerpts from a wildcat edition of the Vedic Books that he took from the library shelves.

He had poured over his work for some thirty minutes when suddenly he looked up to see standing in front of him a woman who was obviously not one of the librarians. She was dark, very latin, and very beautiful. "Without doubt, a Rumanian," thought McHugh peering over the rims of his horn-rimmed glasses and observing the characteristic pink sand of the Danube lodged under her left little finger nail. The woman began to speak in the softly modulated dialect of the Danube delta. She spoke so quickly that even McHugh had some difficulty in following her breathless idiom.

"There is not much time and I can help you," she said. "Listen to me. You will not find the answer to your problem in America. The secret of the Sacred Cow is already outside America. I have not time to tell you how I know these things." She pulled out a purple scratch pad and began to scribble on it with a yellow pencil. She wrote with a broad looping hand which McHugh immediately associated with a trace of Bulgarian ancestry.

She had not written more than two or three lines when suddenly there was a crash on the floor at their feet. McHugh had seen the missile hurtling down a split second before, but a shout of warning had not had time to form in his throat. It was an unabridged edition of Webster's Second International Dictionary which had evidently been dropped from a great height with homicidal intent. The beautiful Rumanian looked as if she were about to faint. Then she pulled herself together. She handed the slip of paper to McHugh, and gasped, "Just remembered I left something in the oven." She fled from the room.

A flicker of emotion almost slipped across McHugh's face, but his refrigerator-like self-control stifled the expression. He picked up the slip of paper which the woman had handed him. It was written in Belgian shorthand, a subject in which McHugh had become an expert during his studies at the University of Oslo. On it was a street address in Calcutta and "Ku" (a word which the master sleuth immediately perceived to be a name, being translated from the Hindustani as "a leopard without a spot"). McHugh sprang into action. He ducked behind a bookshelf to emerge a few seconds later in the uniform of a lieutenant colonel of Lithuanian Infantry, the costume that he preferred for moments of breath-taking action. He raced to a telephone booth and rang the private number of Carlton Bruce at his Wall Street office.

"Yes," came back the Texan drawl, "Upquarter Offan-eight is in my outer office now, but he'll have to wait. The private plane is gassing up at the airport now. I'll see that the pocket radar set is rushed out there immediately, also a new box of cigars that just came for you."

"Very well," said McHugh, "we leave for Calcutta in half an hour."

\* \* \*

The black and silver plane bounced to a stop over the rough ground of an old elephant graveyard. McHugh jumped out of the plane to be greeted by three agents of his local counter-espionage net. "Good to see you, Mr. Mc-

(continued on page 15)



Pity  
the Poor Girl  
"Who Hasn't a  
Thing to Wear" . . .

There's no excuse for such a  
condition with Manchester's  
fairly bursting its walls with  
potent new fall fashions!  
Come, come, gals, get hep!

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to remember you*

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## So What?

What if we don't have  
a name?

What if we don't have  
a product to sell?

And what if we don't  
expect to pay for this  
ad?

*Do You Blame Us?*

## Whom to Blame

When we saw "My Kingdom for a Hearse" in the *Pointer*, we thought it was one of the funniest stories we had ever seen in a college magazine, and immediately decided to reprint it. Then, in correspondence with the author, Cadet Dick Cudahy (now *Pointer* executive editor), we discovered a local angle. It turned out that Dick is from Milwaukee, and his father is a U. of W. alumnus — Michael Cudahy — B.A. — 1909, now connected to the meat packing industry.

\* \* \*

The "draft" cartoon on page 24 was done for us by Hank Ketcham, who used to draw the little sailor Half-Hitch, for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Here's a short sketch of Hank in his own words: "My past, in brief: left the University of Washington and the Phi Delta brothers after a year of unsuccessful book-larnin' (obscured by extracurricular yell leading and amateur theatrics, to mention but a few) to take a job in the animated cartoon end of things at Universal Studios in Hollywood. This was in the summer and fall of 1938. Worked at Walt Disney Productions until the Japs pounded Pearl. Enlisted in the Navy on January 2, 1942, in Seattle. Was transferred to Washington, D. C., to help promote the

sale of War Bonds to Navy personnel. Sam released me last September whereupon the "bride" and I moved to Westport (Conn.) to take a stab at freelance cartooning. By the time this goes to press, there will be a little Ketcham running around the place."

\* \* \*

Perhaps our most prolific local contributor is a character whose right name we aren't sure of. Sometimes he is called Evans Kirkby and other times Kirk Evansby. Whichever is his right name, however, he worked so hard that we seriously considered changing the name of this rag to the *Kirktopus*. Only the fact that we already had *Octopus* on our stationery preserved the old name.

Kirk (and/or Evans) is a native of Allentown, Pennsylvania, and is a veteran of four full years in the Army. He is either a junior or senior (You look it up, we're too lazy!), and the last we heard he was journeying in majorism —er—majoring in journalism. In fact, it is rumored that he is Mr. Hyde's right-hand man. Kirk was once referred to as the "back-bone of the *Octy* staff," and he really is all back-bone (6' 3"—135 lbs.).

\* \* \*

Another of our "back-bones" is cartoonist Phil Barnard. If it's possible, he  
(continued on page 31)



*Well, I had to get a room somewhere*

## In Protest

By KIRK EVANSBY



**L**ISTEN! I'm getting pretty well fed-up hearing so-called respectable people vociferously condemn what they

contemptuously call "common drunks." In protest, I'll add a little description of what I call, for want of a better name, "Sobers." Sobers complain long and loud about men with a few drinks in them—the "fighty" type, the character with the crying jag, etc. Now let me tell you of a few sobers I have run across in my career. Any one of these will kill a good party and by "good party," I mean just that—a little gathering that really has potentialities, not sweet cider and cookies.

He's the one, when the sidewalk is really rough and uneven and any man is apt to stumble a little, says, "We'll see that nasty old mayor the first thing in the morning, and the board of aldermen too." This character will talk baby talk to you if you let him.

The "Superior" type is above all this and makes one feel like a silly school-boy. He doesn't drink; doesn't smoke; he doesn't do a damn thing. The fact that he died three years ago hasn't even registered on his feeble mentality yet.

The "Joiner" isn't really a bad sort provided he's a good actor and one overlooks a slight hypocrisy. He's the man who nurses one drink all night long but joins good inebriates in their joyful celebration purely by pretense. He pretends to be just as intoxicated as you are despite the fact that he hasn't enough alcohol in him to kill a butterfly.

The "Scholar" is a sub-division of the "Superior" group. He condescends



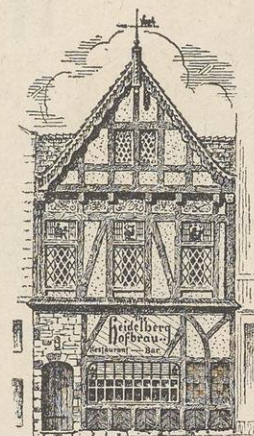
First we have the "Guardian" or "Chaperon" type. He's the one that wants to chaperon the affair, feeling it his bounden duty to take every blessed soul home before the evening is out—and I mean long before it's out. If a man happens to be staggering a wee bit more than he should, will this type let him sip a short charge to straighten him out? Hell no! You gotta go right home because he says so.

Then we have the "Motherly" type.

to bow to your level and then starts springing erudition on a man. When the party starts talking about the universal subject, he starts to spring Freud on you. When you start complaining about prices, he starts giving you the theory of economics. After all, sex was here before Freud and a man had a right to complain a little long before anyone heard of economists.

Then we have the "Fighty" type of sober. This is the joker who mutters

(continued on page 26)



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## Heidelberg Hofbrau . . .

Air-Conditioned

Wisconsin's

Most Beautiful

RESTAURANT and BAR  
Madison, Wis.

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Have you got a . . .

## HOLE-IN-ONE?



Don't despair . . .

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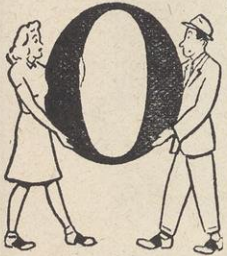
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# HUBBIES vs. HOBBIES

*When there's a conflict—well, who wants to collect diapers?*

By ELLA SIGMAN



**O**F COURSE everyone should have a hobby. Winston Churchill smokes cigars, Si has Ruth, mother beats father and I fall in love every summer. This is the sensible and practical hobby. For if I fell in love every winter I would have to devote October, November, December, January, February and March to it. But a summer romance occupies only July and the better part of August. Then, too, in the winter there is snow on the ground.

With this introduction I could ramble on about hobbies in general or the men in my life in particular. That's right, they could not have been too particular. But as many mothers do have sons and there are not enough girls with blond hair and blue eyes to go around, there is a sufficient supply of men for me to indulge in my hobby. By this time, dear reader, even if you aren't very bright you should gleam what I am writing about . . . falling in love in the summer.

I was fourteen the first time the real thing came along. I had been fortified in my previous growing years by a liberal education consisting of the reading of two books, a pamphlet, several lectures by my mother and an energizing chocolate bar. They fully prepared me to cope with the situation. When Charlie puckered up his lips and shut his eyes I took a squirt gun out of the piano bench and pulled the trigger right in front of his left eye. He could not have been more surprised if I had spit in that same eye, which of course I would have done had the squirt gun not been handy. Charlie was a coward . . . he picked up his hat and ran. The family wondered why he did not stay to tea.

This is an opportune place in my dissertation to explain to you, my dear public, how to fall out of love. When the man stops phoning, stops asking for dates, when he stops . . . make up your mind all is finished. The flame has turned to an ember and the ember is out. If you play a wild trick (in the same category with a terrible practical joke) on the man of the hour he is likely to be finished with you in a minute. Of course, insanity does not discourage every man. Some of them have a fatal sense of curiosity. A friend of mine dates a certain girl only because he wonders what she will do next. In this case I will call the girl Vivian and the man Wally. This sort of curiosity is not a firm foundation for a marriage. Vivian will eventually run out of her repertoire of amusing stunts or will become old and lose her knack of jumping off high dives in March (low dives may become an entirely new subject). Or perhaps when Vivian can no longer hurdle cars he will lose interest in her. This will only lead to the divorce court or the funeral parlor. I, for one, would never base my hobby on anything as shallow as curiosity.

Falling in love with a new person will insure falling out of love with the old flame. Or are you the low type of person who monopolizes men by falling in love with two at a time? This double header relationship is strenuous. The most successful example of going steady with two at a time was Gladys. She dated a V-12 who had to check into the barracks at nine-thirty. She bid him goodnight at the back door and met her nine thirty-five date who was waiting at the front door. One day her watch was five minutes

slow and the two men met in the parlor. Gladys committed suicide. The two men found other women.

One of the prerequisites in my hobby is to meet the man. Naturally, it being summer, you will not find him at the ice skating pond. Perhaps he will be waiting for you under the ski slide or on the pier. Put on your most exciting bathing suit and slink over to the diving board. (A little less slink. There, that's better). Be careful, that bathing suit might shrink if it gets wet. I always establish a beach head by asking for a match, then a cigarette to go with it. Finally he, hoping to get rid of me, suggests swimming over to some distant pier. But this is where I have won the first victory. I spent two hours per week in the pool this winter and can easily keep up with any man . . . that is, most any man. By the end of the swim the quarry is usually worn out and he will ask if he may phone some time. At this point I am shy and elusive as I demurely murmur . . . yes, do call some time . . . eight o'clock tonight will be fine . . . the number is Smandon Hall 3456, ask for Suzie, if a man answers it's a miracle. By this time he is bullied into calling me and will be on the road to becoming another specimen for my hobby.



There was the summer I met Don and learned to drink beer. We also played an intoxicating game called chug-a-lug. I found it more exciting than drinking tea with peppermint. But when the leaves on the trees started to turn to the reds and golds of autumn, I saw through a haze of hops that this was not the real thing. I returned his ring which he returned to its rightful place on the cigar. I learned to drink creme de menthe like a lady. It was a cold winter.

These brief excursions with love worry my family. My brother has found great solace in religion . . . I think he prays one of these romances will last. He supposes if I get married he will be next in line for my baseball bat and catcher's mitt. My father would be gray worrying I might get married, if he had any hair to get gray. "I can't afford to send a son-in-law to school" sums up his attitude. He

(continued on page 19)

## Pasquale Loophole—Diplomat



SHORT, energetic looking man, with keen eyes and a knowing look, knocked at the service entrance of the Kremlin, and waited patiently for an answer. He was in no hurry, time was everywhere, and Pasquale Loophole of the U. S. Diplomatic service was going to take all he could get. He was imperturbable, this man was—a veritable rock.

It was Loophole's job to corner Josef Stalin and pin him down to a definite stand on Russia's policy toward South Tibet. The Dalai Lama was terribly upset over the tremendous influx of communistic influences during the past fiscal year. Communism was not for Tibet and, besides, as the Dalai said, "there ain't enough proletariats around here to make it worthwhile."

Still waiting for the Kremlin door to open, Pasquale Loophole knocked again and at the same time flicked at a piece of lint on the lapel of his yellow gabardine suit, the uniform of the diplomatic service. It crashed to the pavement. And this time his knock got results—the door opened and Loophole stepped quickly inside. "Where's Joe?" he said to the man who had opened the door.

The words Loophole used were too complex, and the man shook his head stupidly. "Nov schmoz ka pop," he replied.

Loophole, taking this as an insult to the Diplomatic Service, quickly drew his Schenley .44-40, with silencer, and shot the man through the head, which was hardly necessary, because what the man had actually said was, "Have a coke?"

"Smile when you say that!" P. L. said with a smile.

Stepping calmly over the body, Loophole started a systematic search of the palace. Walking down a long corridor he sensed that he had reached his goal. There, at the end of the hall, was a high door, whose very proportions and position indicated importance. Pushing aside the chambermaid, he made his way on silent feet to the door, gun in hand, eyes two chips of steel.

"It's a lucky thing they settled the steel strike," he said, "or I wouldn't be able to see a thing."

After shooting the guard through the heart with his Schenley .44-40, with silencer, he pushed his way through the door into the room beyond. A blonde girl was sitting behind the desk reading the *Inquirer*.

"What are you doing?" snapped Loophole.

"I'm reading the *Inquirer*. Don't you know that in Moscow almost everybody reads the *Inquirer*?" she said coyly.

Loophole's mind wandered and his eyes followed. He chanced to glance at the girl's head. It was swathed in bandages.

"What's the matter with your head, honey?" he asked.

"I've got a headache," she said.

"Did you take an aspirin?" Loophole asked in a sympathetic tone.

"No," the girl said. "Is there one missing?"

Loophole went through the next set of doors without opening them. He was bent upon his task. Popping a vitamin pill into his mouth, he again drew his Schenley .44-40, with silencer, and continued on the hazardous work of the diplomatic service. Nothing could stop him, nothing could turn him from his course.

The room he was in then was an impressive one, par-

(continued on page 22)

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Stand on the  
Sidelines



—when just an hour at Arthur Murray's  
can start you dancing?

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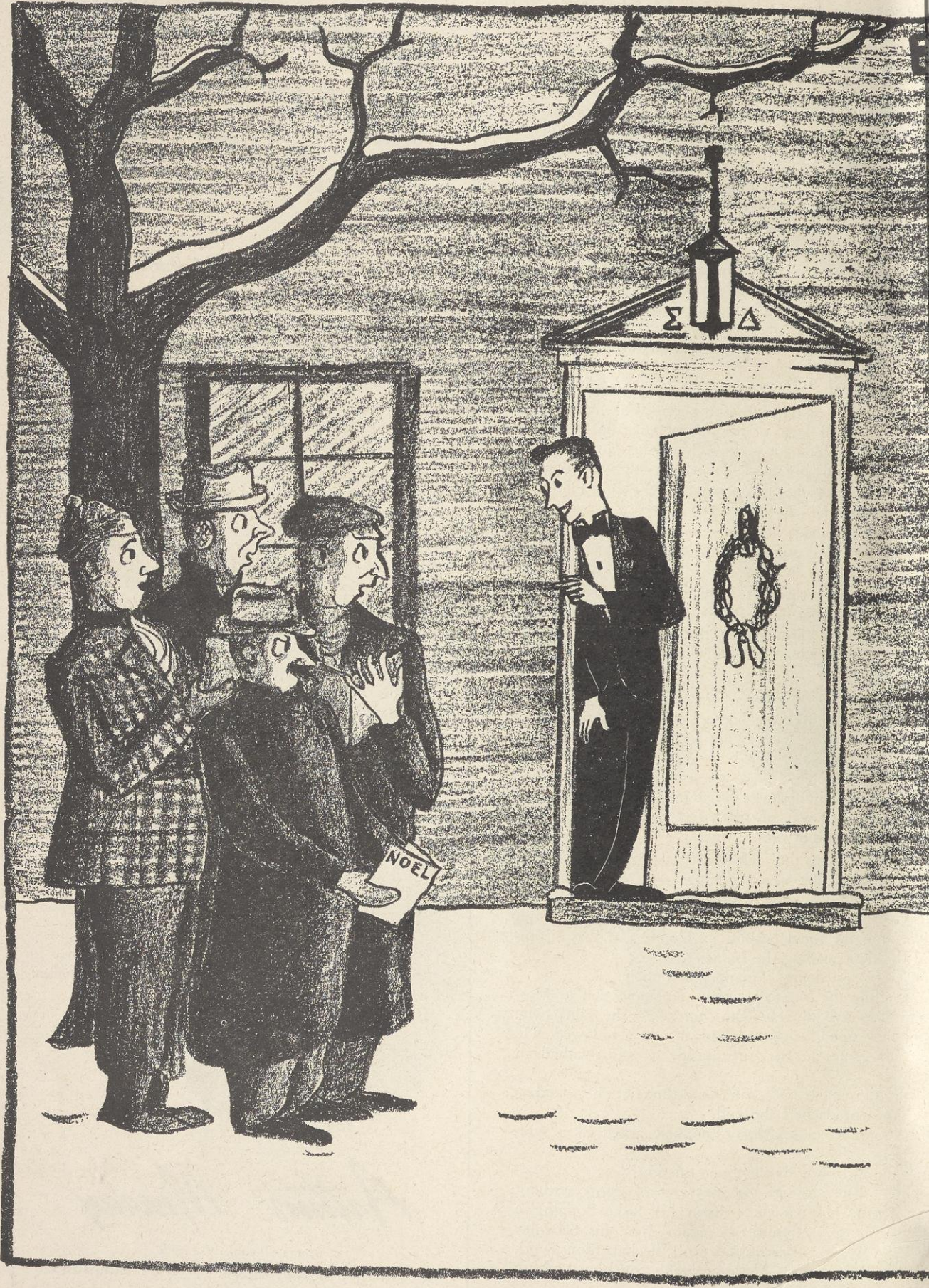
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*Can't you characters wait until the Christmas issue?*

**MY KINGDOM FOR A HEARSE . . .**

(continued from page 9)

Hugh," drawled one of the natives in the accents of southern India. "Hope you had a nice trip."

"Of course," answered McHugh. "Finished three more chapters of my book on Japanese porcelains on the way across. But we are in a hurry now. We must be in Calcutta in half an hour. Incidentally, I see by your frayed left cuff that egg prices have taken a plunge."

"The same old McHugh," breathed the Hindu admiringly.

Thirty minutes later, Emory McHugh, clothed in the goat wool garments of a Seevic priest and spinning an ivory prayer wheel, was walking down a crowded Calcutta street. It was in an old native section of the city, filled with dirty shops, Socony filling stations, and an occasional temple. McHugh made his way unobtrusively into one of the shops and walked quickly toward a room in the rear. He spoke rapidly in Hindustani to a clerk whose desk plaque proclaimed him to be the representative of Jennings-Hood and Co. and was ushered immediately into an almost pitch-black office. He sat down on a splintered box, all the time continuing to spin his prayer wheel.

As he sat there, into the room walked a cadaverous be-turbaned figure. It was none other than Dr. Polyglot Ku, world famous Ceylonese independence leader and the mystery man referred to in the message of the beautiful Rumanian. "Ku," he said, extending a hand. "McHugh," replied the criminological genius grasping the withered hand in his viselike grip. McHugh of course had a complete mental dossier on the career of the man that stood before him. Dr. Ku had begun life as the fifteenth son of a debt-ridden British farmer, earned subsistence money as a bell hop in the Savoy Hotel in London, won a round-the-world trip as prize in a soap testimonial contest. But his prize money had run out when he got as far as Ceylon and he had been reduced to making a living by writing letters to stamp collectors. In later years, however, fate had smiled on him and he spent most of his time commuting between Calcutta and Crossed Forks, Nebraska. McHugh decided to lay all his cards on the table.

"Dr. Ku," he said, "you are probably the only man in the world who can give me the information that I need in clearing up the perplexing problem of the missing plans for the Sacred Cow project. Undoubtedly, with my methods of curvilinear induction I could crack this case in the quiet of my own study. But that procedure would probably take a month or so and would interfere with the fishing trip that I have planned. I think a few days of investigation over here would accomplish the same results and would undoubtedly have a better outcome from a legal standpoint."

Ku removed a collapsible water pipe from the folds of his robes and took a few puffs of a tobacco which McHugh recognized immediately as Sir Walter Raleigh. "McHugh, there is only one place in all India where you can find the solution to your problem. It is my opinion that the plans for the Sacred Cow are now in the hands of an heretical sect of goat worshippers whose headquarters are here in Calcutta. If you can crack the case here I am sure there can be no serious consequences. I will show you to their local temple."

"Very well," snapped McHugh, "lead the way."

A few minutes later, McHugh and his guide were walking hastily down a back street. They stopped in front of a dilapidated bamboo facade with a doorway opening into a pitch-black interior from which were issuing the crescendo

(continued on page 21)



*Hey,  
Freshie!  
Start  
Right,  
Take  
Her  
to . . .*

**Bud Jordan's Grill**

625 State

G. 5755

*Heavenly days!*

What a selection at—

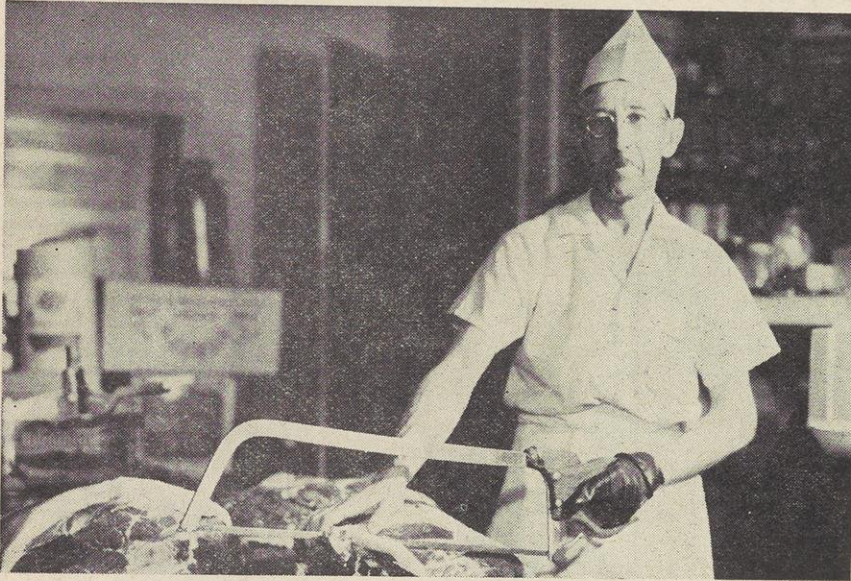
**Campus Clothes Shop***Complete Wardrobes*

825 University

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# Success Stories

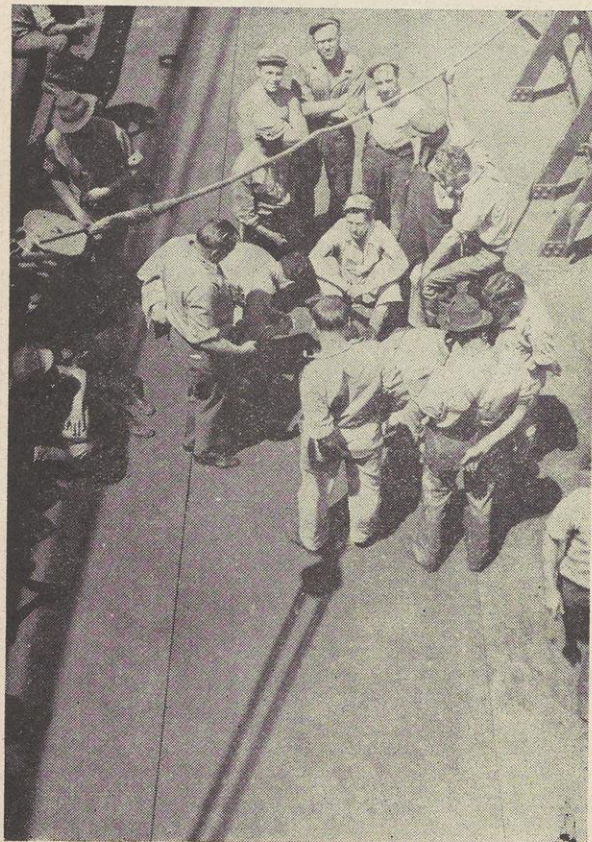
Wisconsin's outstanding graduates photographed at work



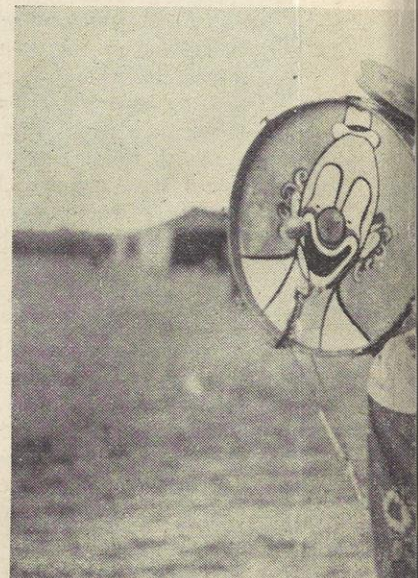
Outstanding medical student in the class of '23 (he ranked 22nd) is "Happy" Jack Schmoelinger. Here is a rare photo of Schmoelinger during a delicate operation. Special today is beef at 43 cents a pound.



Souseleigh McHugh is the graduating class to pass his working on a case in Kenosha



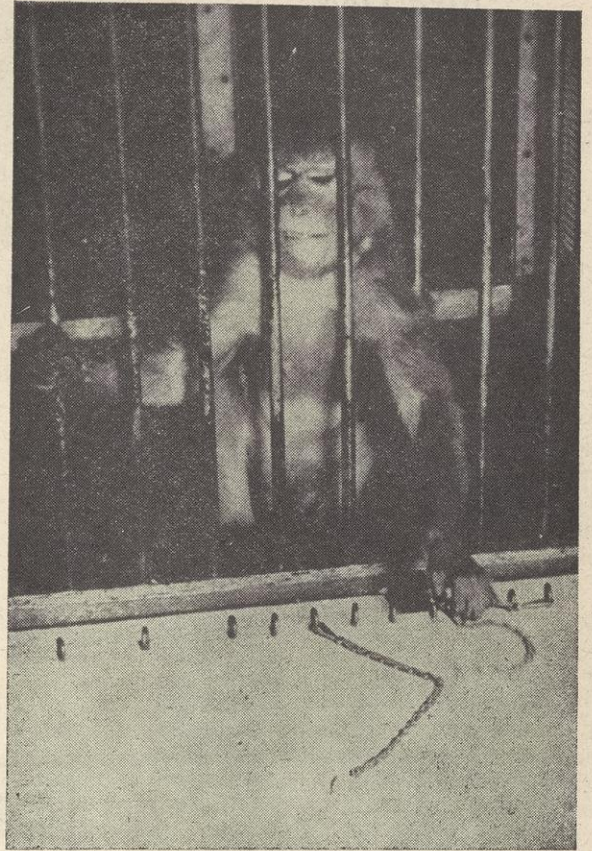
The commerce school boasts of many names that will never fade. Here, however, one graduate gets faded as he and fellow businessmen solve a tough economic problem.



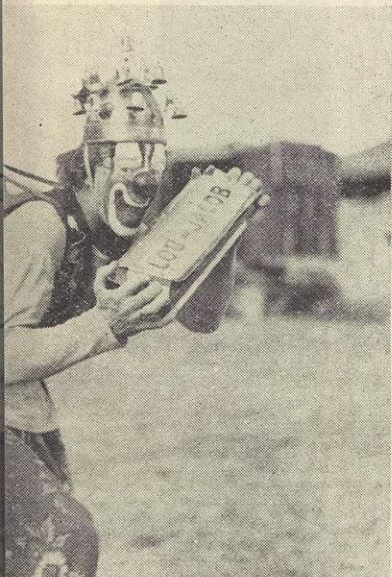
The music school proudly  
ling Bros. Circus. Lou has  
in the music field. His "Se  
been compared to the Louis-



One of our outstanding psychology graduates is shown here setting up a puzzle to test reflexes of humans testing animals for reflexes. This is too complicated to explain here.



Law student of the 1946 examination. He is now



sents Lou Jacob of Ring-America something new for One-Man Band" has to fight.



We heard of a Wisconsin graduate working in the Chase National bank of New York so sent a photographer out to get the story. He went to the swankiest office and there was Molly O'Rourke hard at work.

We gave the photograph to the printer with instructions to cut it down and

run it on the cover. He cut it in the wrong place and left Molly off the cover altogether! We hereby run the photo with apologies to Molly (Phi Beta Kappa '32). Who the other three characters are, we don't know. The character at the desk never went to school.

## Bird Dog

By DON NESTINGEN



IN THE year 1946 a small industrious group, flushed with local academic victories, adopted the obsessed attitude said to be common

in freshmen, and invaded the university campus. The fellows were soon adopting the standard landing barge design for foot wear, and the gals replaced their home spun dresses with pant-o'-Loons, in order to be less conspicuous.

At this time, there dwelled in the north woods of Wisconsin, a young bird dog, who, having taken his bird gun, filled it with bird shot, had climbed into the family flivver where he sat shivering and staring at the backs of his mammy and pappy as they dashed along the highway. Destination: the University to get a degree.

Bird dogs are not, as a matter of policy, since there must be some policies, permitted to enter the school. This one, however, had a persuasive manner. He was also intelligent, being able to solve simple arithmetic over which the other freshmen pondered with embarrassed stupidity.

In the course of the admission, aptitude tests were given. Here Bird Dog showed his great desirability as a student. His emotional index was found to coincide with the foreign coal exchange rate of Liberia. This made him, **without further qualifications, a natural** for the increasingly popular school of crematorium and hotbed operators.

The popularity of this school was a reflection of the growing philosophy of that time; that the ultimate end to life was death. In keeping with this school of thought, the psychology department was offering courses in advanced suicide, and thugs had applied themselves to the addition of a new word to their vocabulary, ". . . or I won't shoot."

At this point there was a divergence of views. Bird Dog, as a tangible difference between him and an ordinary freshman, had a mind of his own. He expressed a desire to be a journalist.

The dean of the school of C. and H. O. was a small, hollow cheeked, greedy eyed man with a sly, wicked grin when things went well, but at this shameless insolence he became intimidatingly irritated. In the realm of his

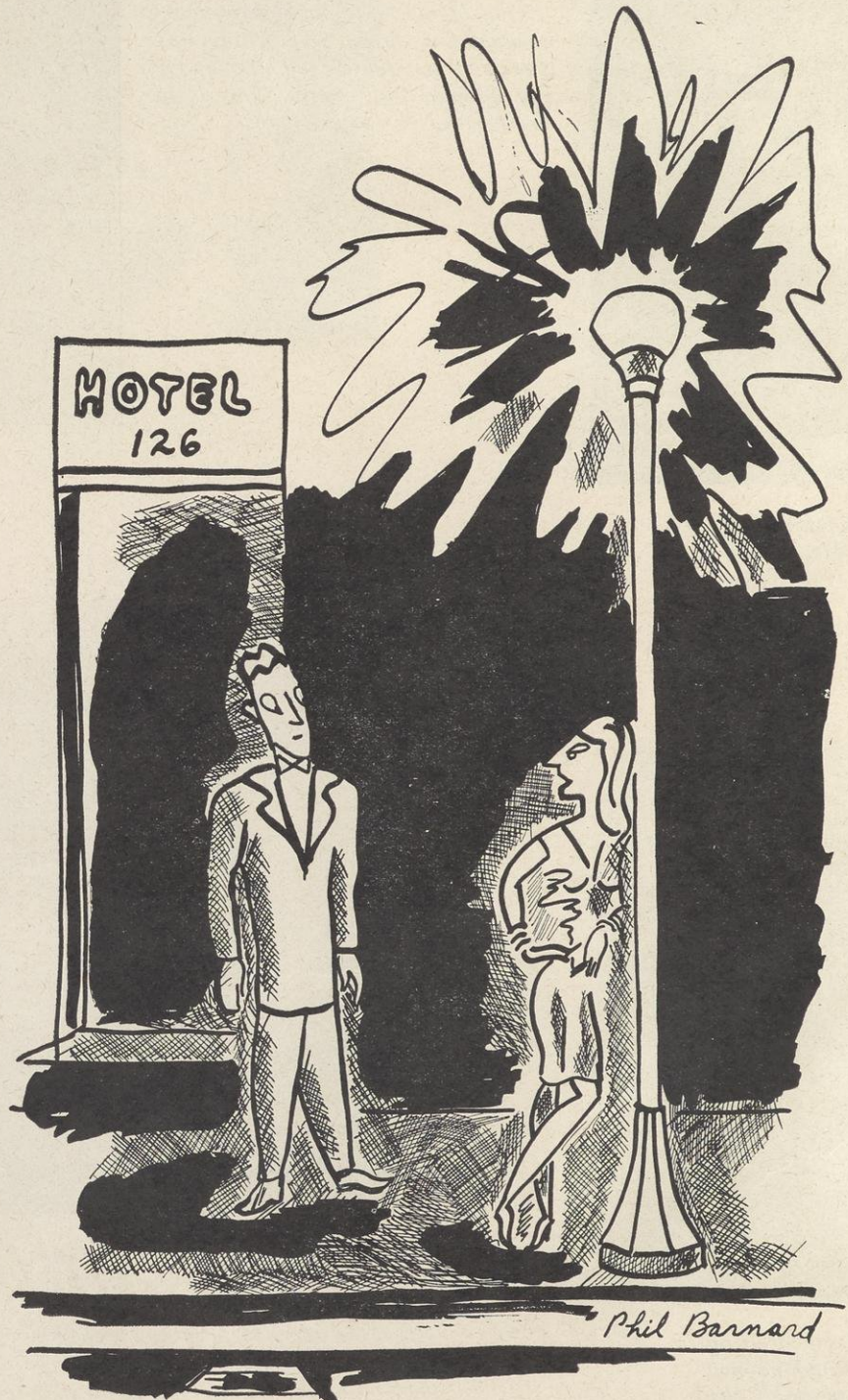
under dogworld, where his ruthless methods were well known, there was a quiet, shaky, apprehensiveness.

A sleuth was immediately assigned to cover the activities of Bird Dog. Often, as this sleuth slid under doors—he was a full professor of voluntary emaciation—he would hear the name Bird Dog mentioned, sometimes with a sense of awe but more often with a giggle.

Material was quickly gathered and a day appointed in which, after a spirit moving rally, the two schools were to argue for the mind of Bird Dog.

The debate became malicious and slanderous. "His grades will be higher in journalism." "What are grades in a dynamic world?" "His interest lies in journalism." "What can interest do to a dying subject?" "But your subjects are dead."

Each side had expended every available argument. Tension mounted. A secretary timidly rapped on the door, dodged a chair and two humans, and quickly handed the dean a telegram. He read it and turned pale. "Bird Dog has gone to Liberia to raise the consumption of coal."



Let me see your fee card

**HUBBIES VS. HOBBIES . . .**

(continued from page 12)

sometimes finds escape from worries such as these when he takes up his pipe (opium) and relaxes. Mother, alone, has retained a cool, impartial attitude. She pops chocolate covered marshmallows in her mouth, washes them down with a sloe gin fizz and admonishes, "Don't fall in love with anyone, dearie, until you see your lawyers." I personally do not intend to extend my hobby into a year 'round proposition. It would only mean I would need a new hobby for relaxation and who wants to collect stamps or diapers?

Pa: "Well, son, how were your marks at the University?"

Son: "They're under water."

Pa: "What do you mean, 'under water'?"

Son: "Below 'C' level."

"Where have you been for the last four years?"

"At Wisconsin, taking medicine."

"And did you finally get well?"

Son: "What is 'college bred', Pop?"

Pop (with son in college): "They make college bread, my son, out of the flour of youth and the dough of old age."

Deke Alumnus: "How did brother Jones die?"

Active: "He fell through some scaffolding."

Deke Alumnus: "And what on earth was he doing up there?"

Active: "Being hanged."

"Has that Prof from the Ag school done anything for you?"

"Some, he showed me where I can put a good golf course on my land as soon as I can afford to play the game."

Phi Gam: "Do you believe in platonic love?"

Tri Delt: "Well, I wouldn't mind trying it as a starter."

College boy's definition of the male parent is:

"The KIN you love to touch."



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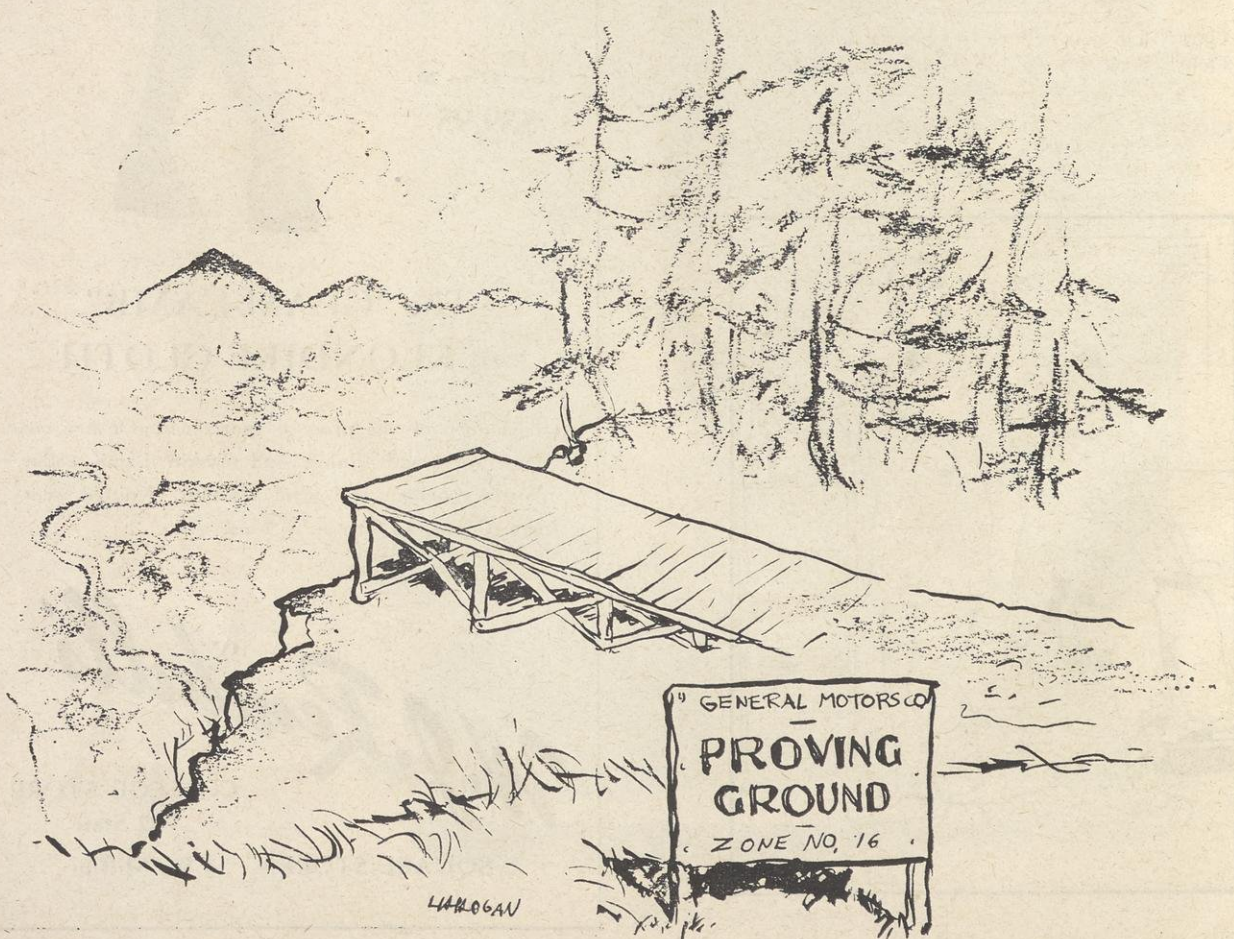
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## MY KINGDOM FOR A HEARSE . . .

(continued from page 15)

wails of a Hindu ritual. Dr. Ku motioned toward the inside of the building. McHugh momentarily stopped the spinning of his prayer-wheel, and paid Dr. Ku the ceremonial Hindu token of thanks by tearing off his right sleeve one inch above the elbow and dropping it at his feet. Dr. Ku walked off hastily and McHugh stepped inside the entrance of the building. But in the shadow of the doorway he turned to see that his Hindu confederate, instead of going away down the street, had suddenly stopped and ducked inside a second and more inconspicuous entrance to the temple.

McHugh turned, spinning his prayer-wheel faster now and looked about the interior of the building. In one corner was the idol of a huge sleeping bull surrounded by a ring of devotees. From a brazier was billowing clouds of sulphurous smoke. In another corner was a mammoth jade juke box. To keep it going, one of the priests kept putting in nickels which he subsequently recovered from the back of the machine and put in again. From the instrument, McHugh heard the screech of the Hindu ritual—A female voice and a weird high-pitched woodwind instrument. Suddenly he noticed something of tremendous importance. Subdued in the music, was the steady beat of a tomtom that was not playing rhythms of the ritual. Instead, he detected the unmistakable pattern of the International Morse Code. He strained his ear to catch the message. It would have been a difficult task for a normal man but hardly for McHugh. The instrument was sending its message in Burmese braille.

Making a free translation of the message, McHugh heard the words, "Go to the idol." His eyes darted about the vast interior of the temple and came to rest on the image of the sleeping bull. He walked quickly toward the idol, falling upon his face every three paces as was the custom. When he had come very close, he stopped, spun his prayer-wheel three hundred times, and ran his hand over the top of the bull's head. His reaction was immediate. He discovered a clue of the highest importance.

There was no dust!

All at once the whole picture fell together in his mind. This single development was all that McHugh needed to reach a momentous conclusion.

But before he could move a step he found the floor beneath him begin to waver. All at once, he found himself falling. Around him was nothing but the deepest darkness. Suddenly his fall was broken by icy water. He plunged well below the surface and had to struggle to get to the top. In a matter of seconds, he reached a ledge and dragged himself out dripping wet on a stone platform. He could hear a faint sound in the distance. He could barely distinguish the nostalgic strains of Macnamara's Band played by an ancient Victrola.

McHugh began to creep and crawl slowly and silently in the direction from which the sounds were coming. But as he moved he began to feel a sensation of numbness slowly creeping up his legs. Gradually it reached his waist and then his neck. He strove mightily to retain consciousness but the walls came closer, rocked a little, and . . .

When McHugh awoke again it was bitterly cold. He was lying almost buried in a snowbank. He picked up his prayer-wheel which lay beside him in the snow and started to walk into the teeth of the blizzard. He had walked about a mile when he suddenly discerned a pagoda-like structure immediately in front of him. He waded knee-deep through the snow toward the door.

It was a matter of several minutes before anyone answered. But at last the door began to swing open and before

(continued on page 22)



He took her to . . .

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## MY KINGDOM FOR A HEARSE . . .

(continued from page 21)

McHugh stood a decrepit old man clothed in the unmistakable garments of a Sweeper of the Prayer Rug.

"Ain no mo", said the priest feelingly in impeccable Tibetan manifesting the slightest trace of a brogue. McHugh responded to the warm welcome with a polite Tibetan greeting. The priest turned to lead McHugh into the building, but as he did so Emory once more sprang into dramatic action. He reached into an inner pocket, drew out a bottle containing a purple-tinted liquid. He soaked his goat wool handkerchief then suddenly clapped it over the face of his host. When he drew it away the face of the priest was no longer there. Instead, it was the face of the ravishingly beautiful Rumanian whom he had first met in the Oriental Library.

"Hm," commented McHugh, intently, "just as I suspected." The Rumanian was too astonished to speak.

McHugh continued. "I think this child's play has gone far enough." The Rumanian said nothing.

"Downjohn, step out from behind that curtain," ordered McHugh. Sheepishly, the man who had first called the master criminologist in on the case stepped forward. He was ludicrously clad in the garments of a Lama priest. "Well, Downjohn, or should I call you Dr. Polyglot Ku? This has all been very tedious," continued McHugh with a sigh. "If this has all been a plot to get me over here to play a part in your new picture 'Love in a Lamasery', you should be ashamed of yourself.

"I knew from the beginning, of course, that the Hindu who was presumably murdered in your office had not been murdered. In fact, he was not a Hindu at all—merely the stand-in that you used in your recent picture, 'The Nine O'clock Corpse'. You should remember that a Hindu never dies with his turban on. It's not considered respectful.

"As for the Sacred Cow project—a device for holding the anti-tilt device in place while you tilt a pinball machine is hardly a menace to civilization. No, Downjohn, you've bungled badly. If it hadn't been for my desire to get Carlton Bruce out of his office for a day's diversion I certainly wouldn't have played along with you. However, the time hasn't been entirely wasted. I've done some important work on my paper about Japanese porcelains."

Emory McHugh sank deep in the soft chair of his New York office. He was reading without interest from a paper bound edition of "The World's One Hundred Best Detective Stories". At last, he flung the book aside. "Utterly fantastic, Bruce," he commented. "Who would believe such trash? How about a game of four-dimensional chess?"

—USMA Pointer

## PASQUALE LOOPHOLE . . .

(continued from page 13)

ticularly the way it was lighted. Several thousand hammers and sickles hung from the high vaulted ceiling. The heads of the hammers were light bulbs, incognito, and the blades of the sickles bore the inscription, "O'Sullivan's Heels—they're tough and springy."

At the far end of this room sat the man Loophole was looking for. There sat Josef Stalin. Loophole walked slowly toward the desk, gun in hand, hand in pocket, pocket in coat, coat on Loophole, Loophole walking slowly to the desk, gun in hand, hand in . . .

Joe looked up, his tired eyes sad, unafraid, blue . . .

(To be continued indefinitely!)

—ALAN P. KNAPP

# Get Thee to a Convent!

or

## Are you SURE you're 21??

This is probably the end.

Strange, how calmly I can write these words—when actually my very soul is crying out in protest—my body racking with disillusionment. O hot tears!

You see, I have reached a literary impasse. And all because of Octy. The treacherous tease. With seven arms he is fondling me lovingly, while the eighth is beckoning the dean of women. O ungrateful cad!

There are morals and morals. There are subtle shades and ribald shades and shades of Scott Goodnight. And so what if I am slightly inclined toward racy innuendo. People paid good money to find out what Mildred Pierce did.

The crux of the deal is that I had written a short story, brimming with tactile adjectives and picturesque phrases like "The foam of the beer oozed across the table, tracing a weird pattern strangely resembling the course of the Missouri River from its mouth to St. Joe." It was pretty potent prose. In an adolescent sort of way, embodying my most death-ray and Scott Fitzgerald manner. F., that is.

But it seemed that my last sentence was, "So I went to bed with a book." The editor spat out those words as I straddled a chair in his office. "This will never do," he said succinctly, "and sit like a lady!" "What will never do?" I asked coyly, tossing my legs carelessly into the air. The editor closed his eyes and clenched his teeth. At that moment Robert (Place That Pistol Down) Higgins entered and looked at me as if he were beholding some vile object. I was waiting for a raincoat clad Warner Bros. hero to throw a bill on the table and say, "Let's get out of here," in best tight-lipped tradition, but no one did. Higgins sat down next to the editor. Four disapproving eyes glared at me.

"If you all aren't careful I'm gonna throw ma ahms right around yoah necks," I began . . .

"You'll have to change it." The editor was persistent. "You can't go to bed in Octy."

"Oh can't I?" I countered whipping out a tooth brush and a packet of bobby pins. The editor's discomfort made me have pity . . . "but with a *book*?" I asked feebly.

"You'll have to change it," Higgins put in firmly, "and please stop using that word."

"Bed! Bed! Bed!" I screamed stub-

bornly as the editor buried his head and Higgins stumbled blindly out the door in the loveliest shade of fuchsia. I dashed to the door and hollered, "Come into the garage and I'll play Doctor-and-Nurse with you." I was getting mad.

"Heavens to Betsy," I told Anderson, "you two are the pay-off. You probably squirm through Peter Pan waiting for Wendy to ask that horrible question. What do you think I am—sheltered?? I am not! What do you think college students are—sheltered?? They are not. (FHA, please note.) Look at the lake road! Go talk to Hammersley!" I was beginning to sound as disgustingly exclamatory as a radio commercial when they dragged me, kicking, from the office.

"I could kill you," I told the editor frankly as he tried to quiet me with a mint ice cream cone.

\* \* \*

This then is the town of Madison, where there is a red light at every intersection. This then, is Octy, where saints dwell. Yup, that's the story. In Boccaccio it's frankness. In Rabelais it's life. In Shakespeare it's clever. In Octy it's dirty.

I think I'll go to bed with a book.

BY NATALIE ROTH AS TOLD TO  
RALPH M. BOOK, ENLIGHTENED  
JUNIOR IN JOURNALISM.

A bum, leaning against a lamp post, spit his cigarette butt out and asked a rapidly approaching freshman if he had a nickel for a cup of coffee.

"Not quite," replied the eager freshman, "but I'll get along all right."

Evasive co-ed: "Why do you want to hold my hand?"

Wolf: "I hate black eyes."

Some professors get dangerously bold in a desperate attempt to get across one joke each week, as one professor who opened his class with, "Nature abhors a vacuum. I feel like nature this morning."

And then there was the man who rebelled against helping his wife dye her hair. He just didn't like giving the old henna rinse.

She: "Do you consider my legs long?"

He: "Only when I get a chance."

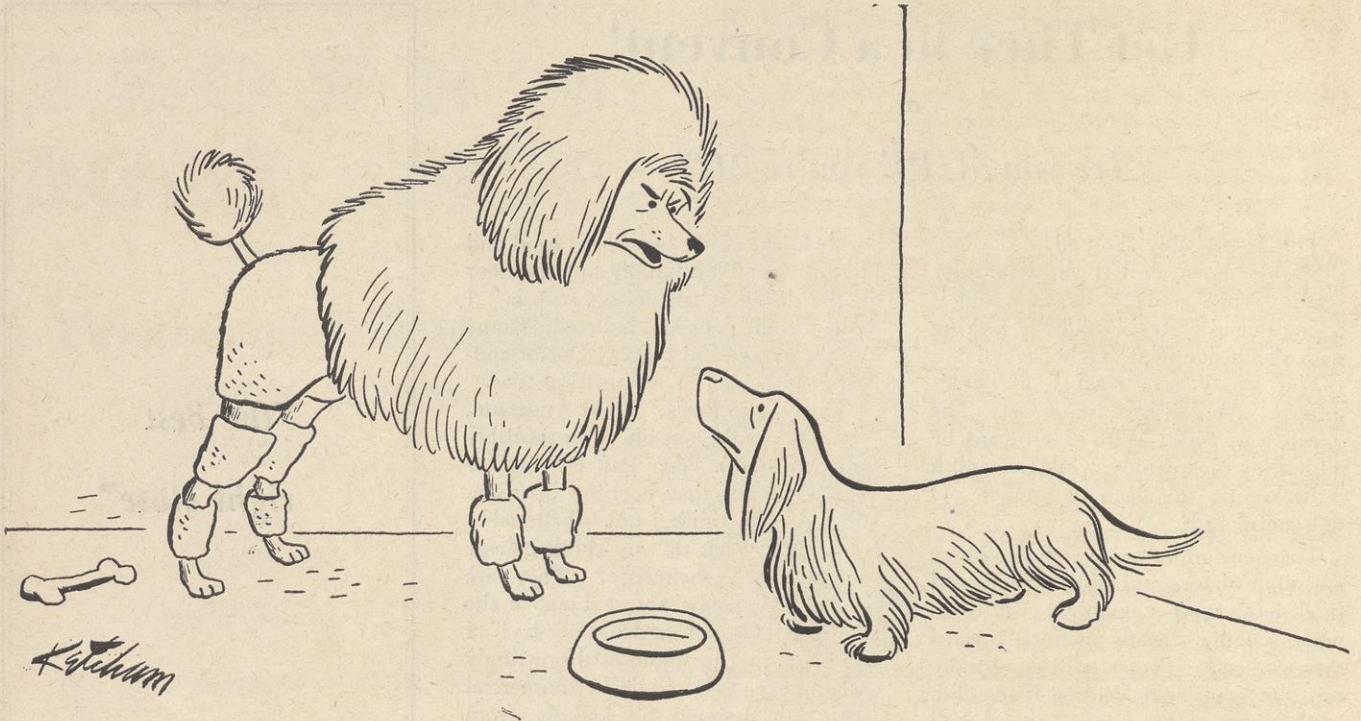
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"I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, THIS PLACE IS DRAFTY!"

## On Recognizing a Co-ed

By VAN E. BIRKYS



WITH all this advice being handed out on how to achieve success in college, etc., I believe that a few facts on recognizing co-eds might

be in order. It will help to avoid them if you learn to recognize them early. A while ago I read an article telling returned servicemen how to recognize a woman. What the author told the boys might be true out in California but it sure doesn't apply to Wisconsin co-eds. So here goes with a few facts and data.

First, a co-ed looks like she was born in the saddle and forgot to take the damn thing off. This is a very important thing to remember when approaching from the rear. Next, she will usually, in an effort to appear more feminine, be wearing men's clothing. The reasoning behind this fact is a little obtuse and too deep for me to go into here. The shirt tails will be out to cover up the reason she shouldn't be wearing men's trousers

in the first place. All this aids recognition, as I have said, when approaching from the rear but isn't too helpful from the front. That needs a few other identification marks.

Don't think for a minute that you can look at a Petty drawing and, by comparison, recognize a co-ed. The Wisconsin co-ed just ain't gotten. Or if she has, they're at the laundry just now.

The best point of identification from the front is the mouth. If it's open it's a co-ed. This isn't infallible because sometimes men talk too but it's a strong indication.

One bit of adornment that a few women assume that immediately identifies them as women is what I think is called the "Up-do Hair-do". From the rear, this makes a woman resemble a giraffe; from the front a moose; and from any direction gives a startling and unique appearance

Another thing about the mouth. If it's heavily outlined by a two inch strip of scarlet grease then you can be positive that it's a co-ed. You will often find this scarlet color on their fingernails too. This saves them from cleaning their fingernails.

Besides these items of appearance, they have some behavior characteristics that serve to identify them as

co-eds too. If you hear someone bragging in a loud voice of the gallons and gallons of beer they drank last night it's either a very young boy or a co-ed of any age. If you see someone smoking in church or in a crowded theater, that's a co-ed. When you are just about to take a drink from the water fountain and someone bowls you over to get there first, that's a co-ed too.

Co-eds are always in a hurry; they shove to get into class and they shove to get out. They can't possibly wait their turn at the Union cafeteria and you will see them bucking the line every meal. Only the Lord and co-eds know the reason for all this haste and, unfortunately, neither will tell.

If you have met something and after applying all the above data, you still aren't sure whether you have a co-ed on your hands or not, tell it a joke, a clean one. If it doesn't get it it's a co-ed. And she'll immediately reply by telling you a shady one that you outgrew when you were eight years old. This will, in her eyes, make her smartly sophisticated.

*Editor's note: We had to interrupt Birkys' article here as he was beginning to get sarcastic. Opinions expressed above are the sole property of Mr. Birkys and 90 per cent of the males on campus and as such do not reflect the attitude of this publication.*

## APPLE POLISHING . . .

(continued from page 8)

od. When the professor gives out an assignment, yell out, "Hey, this is only a three credit course." This will show him that you won't be pushed around and professors have profound respect for students who won't be pushed around.

Another thing that is important is promptness. It's not necessary at the beginning of the period. In fact it's a good idea to be late one or two periods a week; it makes the professor notice you. But at the end of the period it's very important. The last two minutes of any lecture should be devoted to snapping your notebook shut several times, putting on your coat, and raising and lowering the desk-arm of your chair at least twice. The bell is a signal for a mad dash to the door and if the lecturer happens to be in the middle of a sentence he appreciates your reminding him that the period is over.

One very important item is the professor's sense of humor and your reaction to it. According to psychological personality tests, professors and radio comedians are of the same personality types. The only difference is that listening to one is required and listening to the other can be avoided by turning a little knob. Perhaps proving that our technological knowledge has somewhat surpassed our intellectual. Most students make the easily understood error of roaring with laughter at the professor's jokes. Don't do this; when the professor cracks a joke sit there with a perfectly dead pan and groan a little if possible. But when the old boy is deadly serious, then is the time to burst out with your roar of laughter. This sets you off as a distinctive and independent character not to be cowed by tradition and the professor will admire you for it.

So far in my little dissertation, I have always spoken of the professor (using that term rather indiscriminately for both instructors and professors) as being male. But we have female ones too and we musn't overlook them. Female faculty members are a distinctive section of their sex and belong to one of four classifications. (1) She is the thwarted female who was unsuccessful in her four-year search for a husband, otherwise known as her undergraduate days, and still hasn't given up hope so she sticks around the hunting grounds. (2) She is the wife of a university professor and someone has to earn a living. (3) She has a psychological quirk known as a "domineering complex" and a hen-pecked husband and two frightened children don't furnish expansive enough ground for this complex to thrive on, or (4) She walked into Bascom Hall thirty years ago to get a job as a janitress and someone made a mistake.

Her classification isn't too important for our purposes; the approach to all of them is the same. One word of caution here, and I can't emphasize too greatly the importance of this. All women, even if they have a son who is a Civil War veteran, like to be considered young so never, never, start a conversation with the words, "I guess when you were in school things were different, etc . . ." That is a fatal mistake and if you make it and still manage to get a "D" out of the course you're Phi Beta Kappa material.

One or two more items before I close. If you go to sleep or play tic-tac-toe with the blond on your left in class it indicates that you know your subject thoroughly and don't need to listen to the old boy's babblings, thus creating a favorable impression in his mind.

Lastly, all professors, associate professors, assistant professors, lecturers, instructors, assistant instructors, and black-board washers love to get sky rockets and any student who starts one in class automatically gets ten points, so I suggest that you spend the last five minutes of every class imitating a leaky radiator until some of your fellow students get the idea and join you.

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## Grounds for Divorce

By BILL LYNN

Now that I've got my divorce I often wonder why I didn't think about the importance of coffee before I got married. You see, I married a nice sweet Norwegian gal and you know how much they like coffee. She liked it so strong that if you let it get cold it would harden. I spoiled more cups that way.

Why I remember the time I was eatin' ice cream and drinkin' coffee. The stuff started to harden right in my mouth, lucky thing for me that I was able to chew it up while it was still a little warm or I'd a choked on it.

It's obvious that it was coffee that caused us to split up. We were always getting into trouble over it. Take the time I forgot to keep a fire under our best coffee pot and we had to throw the pot away because we couldn't melt the coffee down again. And then the time I emptied some of her coffee down the sink and plugged up the whole works. Anyone can see that things like that would cause friction between us.

And then there was always trouble about bringing my scientific friends home with me. You see, they couldn't believe that my wife could make coffee as strong as that. They would come and see it and then would keep coming back and asking her questions. That made her feel different from other wives so naturally that used to make coffee quite an issue around our house.

Also, she didn't like my habit of keeping a spoon in my cup because the darn thing always floated and it seemed to her that I was trying to discourage her from making the coffee so strong.

Our marriage was all through when she started making the coffee stronger and stronger. Of course, you must understand, the stronger she made it, the hotter it had to be in order to keep it liquid. It got so I couldn't drink it anymore and started drinking all alone in restaurants. And solitary drinking will break up any marriage.

She was real nice about the divorce, though. I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for her because if it weren't for the coffee we woulda' been happy. We both loved each other and it was just the coffee that came between us.

Just to show you how nice she was all she asked for when we were before the judge was my new car and half of our present bank account. She let

me keep the apartment and when I got back there after the splitting ceremony she had left everything ready for my dinner. The whole meal was cooked and on the back of the stove a pot of nice strong coffee was brewing. She was a real sweet girl.

## IN PROTEST . . .

(continued from page 11)

under his breath, "I should teach that damn drunk a lesson." Could you help it if you pinched his girl-friend instead of yours? People do look surprisingly alike from the rear. This type's courage goes up in direct proportion to your state of intoxication; if you can't walk, he's brave as hell.

I've saved the very worst types for last—the "Preacher" and the "Comic." These two wait and attack you at your weakest—the morning after a hard night in the office. The first dashes into your bedroom in the early hours of the morning, when you think that you won't live till noon but afraid you might, and preaches to you on the foolishness of your conduct and the evils of drink. "What do you get out of it? I sure don't see any pleasure in it." is his usual line, and usually delivered in as loud a voice as possible. The "Comic" hits at the same time of day but with a different approach. He's the character that, when you're sure your head won't fit through the doorway, gives you a hearty slap on the back and laughs his fool head off. This type is my example for the occasional justification for homicide.

Higgins: "These stories are the children of my brain."

Buckley: "Poor little orphans."

"Goin' to the party?"

"Sure."

"Who ya draggin'?"

"Nobody."

"Don'cha know you can't go stag?"

"Yes."

"Well—?"

"She walks—I ain't draggin' any dame."

No fraternity will ever be accused of being a labor union.

"Let's go to Vilas Park and watch the funny monkeys."

"Naw, let's go up in front of Bascom when classes let out."

"Do you have any airmail envelopes?"

"No! Will some fly paper do?"

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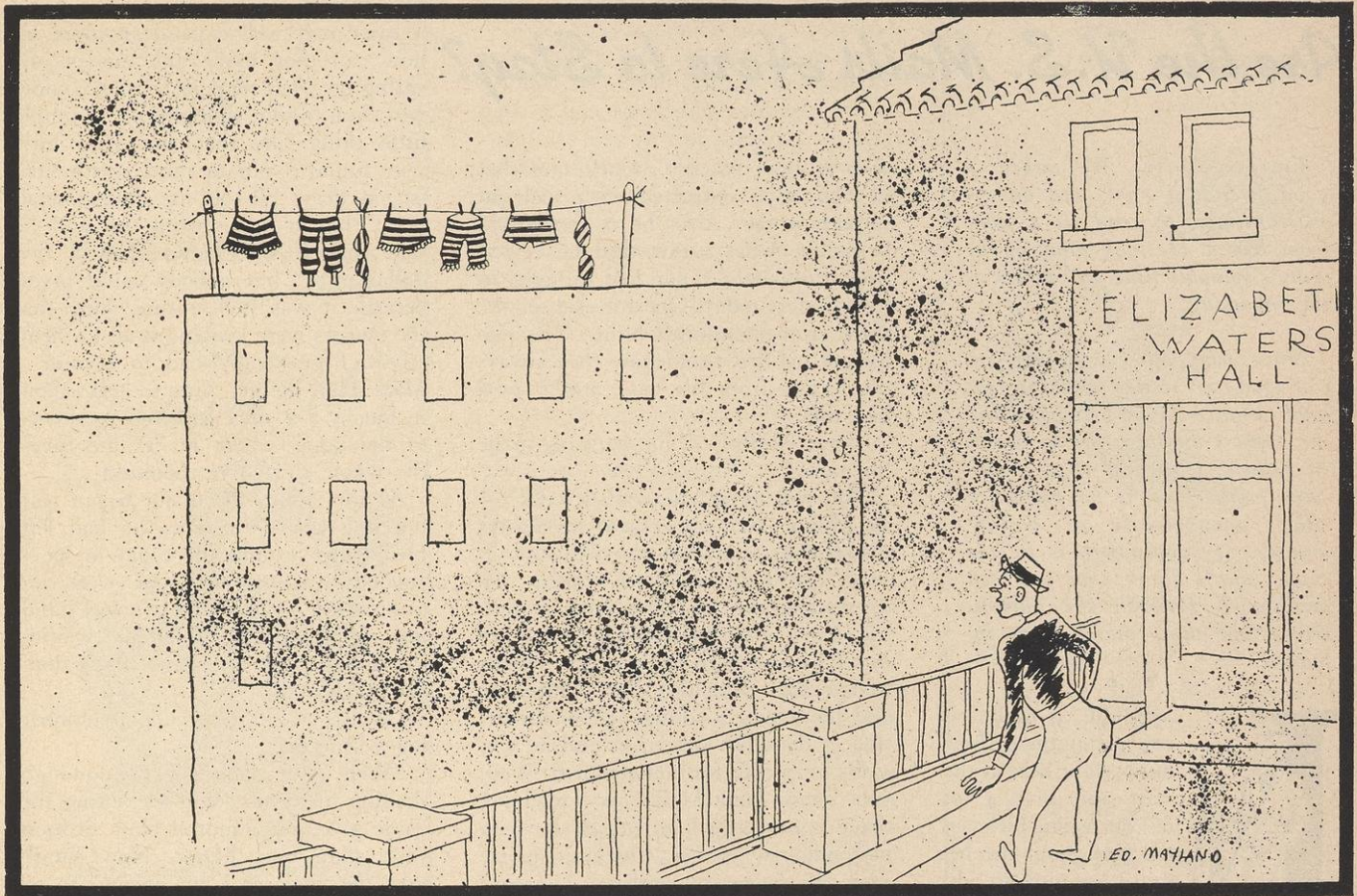
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## Are the U.S. Mails Here to Stay?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We asked a good friend of ours, and an ex-Wisconsinite, to send us a story from Korea. He took some of the army's valuable time and wrote us the following.*

\* \* \*

*Since army officers are not encouraged to write anything for publication without first obtaining the express blessings of the bearded fathers, I suggest that, if this rates publication, it be published either anonymously or posthumously. My typewriter is in sad shape, but I think that you can distinguish between the obvious errors and those which were intended.*

\* \* \*



MIGHT as well tell you about these three bums right here at the start and save a lot of confusion. I'll even tell you about me because I occupy an odd position here and it needs a little explaining to keep it from sounding like a lie. I am the spirit of misery and bad companionship and as spirits go I must say that I am quite a heck. I spend most of my time overseas seeing to it that the guys who are stuck here don't ever get the idea that they are getting a square break in any way shape or form while they are away from the good old USA. As for these three bums, there are really eight but five of them are so rummed up that they all went into various degrees of paralysis before they showed up for work this morning, and there is nothing I can do right now to make them miserable because it is just downright impossible for them to feel any pain for at least forty-eight hours more.

But let's take a look at these three remaining bums. One is a major, one is a second john, and one is a pfc. Sometimes I almost feel sorry for that poor pfc, and when it gets so bad that I feel sorry for someone, brother, it's really bad. Now, this little tale hinges around a very rare occurrence overseas, and this happens to be mail call. The mail only comes in about twice a month, and when it does, it is my job to see that it doesn't cheer anybody up, but this is not much of a job as you will see for yourself. A pvt. brought it in today. He is the only man here

who is sober twice a month, and that is why he is entrusted with such an important job. Also, he is too stupid to realize what a raw deal he is getting being only a pvt. He brought in three letters today. One for each of the three afore mentioned bums. The major got his first—somehow they always do. It was from his wife, and it read like this:

"Dear Midzel, (This happens to be his name)

You will never guess what I did for us, Midzie. Remember how we always planned to take that thirty-five thousand you had saved up during the depression and invest it with American Trust and Bust? Well, the other day I happened to be having tea with Maizie LaSack at the Club Schlamael, and there was a young gentleman sitting at the table next to us and he was really very cute for being four-F. Well, you know how Maizie is—really, I don't know why I let myself be seen in public with her—because pretty soon she began to smile at him and make a perfect spectacle of herself, and I happen to know for a fact that I am better looking than her and she is at least six years older than I am and looks every minute of it. Of course, I am still married, but she happens to be divorced again, and she is on the look-out for another man. Well, the funny part of it was, this nice young man came over and talked to us, and he never gave Maizie a tumble. He couldn't believe that I was married, and he said to tell you that you were a very lucky guy to have such a "swisher" for a wife. Of course, I didn't fall for that, but pretty soon he said that he was an investment broker, and all at once I became interested in him, because I knew that you wanted to invest our money in Trust and Bust and make a fortune for us. So when Maizie was out powdering that big nose of hers, I made a date for him to come up to our apartment and talk things over, business I mean, and he very nicely accepted. Well, last night he came over, and that is why I didn't write, Midzie dear, because we really had an awful lot of that champagne that your father gave us for special occasions, and I felt very tired and weak when he left. Imagine, I couldn't get rid of him until 3 a. m., but if the neighbors talk when you get back, you will know the truth ahead of time. But here is the best news of all—Trust

and Bust is no good at all, dear. He says that it is a big corporation and it can't very well expand anymore, so how can they make any money just sitting on what they got? I don't know why you never thought of a simple little thing like that, but your little wife found it out in time, so it's OK, isn't it, dear? He told me about a small plant that is just starting up and he said that it was hotter than a two dollar pistol, but nobody could invest because it was such a sure thing that the owners were keeping it all to themselves. I practically had to become a Mata Hari to get him to talk about it, but by 3 a. m. I had him weakened to the point where he let me invest the whole thirty-five thousand . . ."

At this point, the major began tearing out what few hairs he had left. He looked around the room to see if anybody was watching him sweat, and to his great surprise the pvt was standing right over his shoulder, waiting for him to turn the page. Pvt's don't get much mail.

"Well . . ." said the major, blubbering a little bit.

"Well . . ." said the pvt, knowingly shaking his head. "You are letting this dame give you a mortal blow in more ways than one, Major. Now kindly turn the page, as I am anxious to see if this guy got anything more than the 35 G's."

"Well . . ." said the major again, blubbering some more. "How would you like me to throw you out of this office?"

The pvt stretched himself to a cool six-two, and said "Yes?"

"Lieutenant," said the major, "evict this scoundrel."

Second johns have a way of handling these guys, and to my great dismay, the pvt left without busting anybody's beezers.

So the major turned the page.

". . . invest the whole thirty-five thousand in Automatic Banana Peelers, Inc., Limited. I had to make him feel a bit at home first, Midzie dear, but now we are rich, and besides I proved to myself that I am still a hundred times smoother than that big-nosed divorcee Maizie. Harry (that's his name) and I have a date with our bank this afternoon to close the deal, and then he said he will take me out and show me a good time, just like it was you. I think I will wear my black dress, the one you liked so much.

So don't worry anymore about our finances, Midzie. I sure am the little fixer, aren't I, dear?

Hope you are getting my mail regularly. Every night that Maizie and I aren't out together, I write to you. I'm

(continued on page 30)



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THINGS TO COME . . .

(continued from page 6)

"I see that our plaid slack artist has found some new color combinations," grinned the Devil noting the unfortunate judges now quite violently ill.

In our tour of this building we saw men working on new methods of making army clothes more unattractive to the feminine figure, others getting blue jeans tighter where they shouldn't be tight at all, and still others making thousands of black bandanas, complete with that "worn-out-peasant-coming-back-from-the-fields" look. Quite a busy place.

"Not doing anything with shorts or evening dresses?" I asked, hoping to get some encouragement.

"This is Hell, brother, this is Hell," was my answer.

My scarlet garbed guide then led me out of the "Modiste Satanique" building, across some more board walks to the street where I noticed a rather queer performance going on before me. About ten cars were driving up and down the street and lined up along the curb were approximately fifty people in various attitudes of supplication, some on their knees, others with their hands in a prayer-like position, and still others violently waving their arms and yelling at the cars, the drivers of which utterly ignored all of them.

"A bunch of Madison taxi-drivers practicing their sales resistance for cold winter nights," my guide said in answer to my questioning look.

As we walked along I saw that we were approaching a large building marked "Weather and Climate."

"Never mind taking me there, I've seen enough of that," I said.

Just then my attention was attracted to a loud hissing and clanking machine right beside the weather building. "What's that?" I asked.

"That's our slush machine," the Devil told me. "Makes 10,000 tons of slush a day and 50 per cent of our output is shipped straight to Madison." "I can believe it," I groaned.

We turned away from the weather building and headed for a building that turned out to be the gymnasium. On one side of the large floor were a group of people, locked arm in arm, resisting the furious charges of several husky men, evidently instructors from the rapid fire orders they delivered. Not a single charge was successful in breaking through the tight-knit line.

"Those are the people who stand on Bascom hall steps on rainy days," my friend explained. "They've been practicing all summer for the fall season—in good shape now. And those people

(continued on page 31)

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**ARE THE U. S. MAILS  
HERE TO STAY? . . .**

(continued from page 28)

so glad for the chance to make you happy.

Love and Kisses,  
Hermione"

By this time the pfc has ripped into his communique from the home front. He is married and is finding it very difficult to support his family of five—one wife, three kids, and one mother-in-law—on the meagre scratch he is squeezing out of the army each month. His only consolation is the fact that he has worked up to pfc through the ranks, and also he is as far away from the battle-axe who held the shot-gun while he married her daughter as he can get, going in either direction. This letter happens to be from none other than the old girl herself, and proceeds as follows:

"Herman Pickelring,

You bum, if you were here I would strangle you with my own two bare hands for what you are doing to my daughter, your wife and the mother of my grandchildren. Why aren't you home looking after her like any good husband who wasn't a lazy oaf like you would be doing? All of the boys are coming home already, and I know that the only reason that you are staying over there is because you haven't got the backbone to come home and support us. If it weren't for your poor wife, I would leave you this minute and go live with my oldest boy, who I must say could show you a thing or two when it comes to making a decent living. And another thing, I read in the papers about all those girls over there, and how all you fiends are squandering your money on them, and when I explained to your poor wife just exactly what you are doing she cried for two or three whole minutes. No wonder you only write three nights a week—I know where you are and what you are doing the rest of the week. I warned Suzabelle when she married you that she was making a big mistake, but that's what she gets for not letting me speak to Irwin Greesebeek instead of to a no-account like you. Irwin is now in charge of three other street-cleaners and is making plenty, and you ought to be ashamed. Haven't you got the backbone to at least go up to your general and ask for a raise? It seems to me that you have been with his firm long enough, but I suppose that when he comes to work and sees what a big bum you are, he feels more like firing you than giving you any raise, and it would serve you right. I am going to give you

one more chance, Herman Pickelring. You come straight home the minute you get this letter or I will see to it that Suzabelle goes straight to the sheriff and gets a divorce, which next to not marrying you in the first place, is the best thing she could ever do.

Yours truly,  
Mrs. Martha Moolch, mother-in-law

P. S.—When you get here, you better have a good excuse for staying in the army for sixteen months."

Herman slumps in his chair. He is thinking that he must have been a very wicked little kid to get the good Lord so riled up at him that he takes it out on him in such a brutal fashion. He also wishes that he could drop dead.

The last bit of sunshine is in the hands of the second john. It comes from his old buddy who is now in Chicago taking lessons on how to be a civilian.

"Hello Cootie,

Am in the Windy City for a couple of weeks on my way back to good old Jersey. I went straight over to see your girl when I got in, as I don't have other—I mean friends—here and I didn't want to bother your folks. Let me tell you this little number of yours is everything you said she was and a couple things besides that you forgot to tell me, you old devil, you. We have had four dates straight now and they are getting better right along. At first she didn't want to go out with me because she was afraid that you might get mad but I explained to her what buddies we were and how we have been sharing our girl friends ever since we went overseas and she said 'Oh, is that so?' The first couple of nights we only went to the movies and to a dance or two, but last night we drove all the way to Waukegan and had a pretty terrific binge. You know she can't take her liquor, and she doesn't remember a thing that happened on the way home, not even when I side-swiped a truck and ripped a fender off her old man's car. I didn't want to bring the car home minus a fender, so we stopped at an all night service station and had it put back on. They thought we were married and wanted to put us in one room for a few hours' sleep while we waited, but I assure you, I was a perfect gentleman and slept on the couch instead. Tonight we are going out for a ride along Lake Michigan, and believe me, it's a good thing we are such good friends or I would be tempted to try and take her away from you. I know you won't mind if I swipe a few kisses

(continued on page 31)

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## THINGS TO COME . . .

(continued from page 29)

over there lifting weights and slamming them around are in training to be bus-girls and bus-boys in the Pop-over room. Each one of those practice trays weighs 45 pounds. Boy! when they get those light things in the cafeteria, then you'll hear the noise," he added gleefully.

By this time I was a little discouraged and asked hopefully, "That's about all you have to show me, isn't it?"

"Yes, I guess so," the Devil said pensively. "Could show you our plans for the bigger and better October swarm of lake bugs, or the new confusing traffic light system with eight different colors, or—"

"Never mind; that's enough," I interrupted. "Thanks for showing me around. So long, Devil."

"So long, Kirk, drop back next year."

Student (in long line to register on a hot summer day): "It ain't the heat, it's the humanity."

Mother: "Why don't you wear that new underwear I bought for you?"

Blossom: "I'm saving it for a windy day."

## ARE THE U.S. MAILS HERE TO STAY? . . .

(continued from page 30)

and get in a little innocent necking, because I would be glad to do the same for you if you were in my shoes. After three years overseas a guy certainly appreciates a lively girl.

Speaking of overseas, I see by the papers that you are in a pretty hot spot and probably will not get back to the States for another year. Your old buddy will be thinking about you, never fear, and remember, a smile will go a long ways to make you feel better.

Love kisses from me and Sally,  
Gordon"

The second john does not smile as his pal suggests. As a matter of fact, he tears up the letter and begins jumping up and down on the pieces. Yessir, this mail situation sure makes my job a cinch.

## WHOM TO BLAME . . .

(continued from page 10)

is taller and skinnier than Kirkby.

Phil comes from way up north—St. Croix Falls, and is an art major. He is very adept at telling medicine-show gags of a 1908 vintage, but his most startling story is the one about how he got out of the Marines through contacting poison ivy. That may sound silly, but it is true. It seems that Phil was a Navy pharmacist-mate attached to a Marine outfit on Guadalcanal. While walking through the jungle one day he rubbed against the local equivalent of poison ivy and broke out in a nasty rash. The Navy then decided to put him back on sea duty, where he would meet up with a minimum of rash-producing plants.

Did you ever hear of a "romance" sandwich? It is two pieces of bread that are so in love with each other they won't let anything come between them.

Associate Editor: "Let's not allow any more jokes about sex, drinking, and profanity."

Editor: "Yeh, I'm tired of turning out this mag, too."

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

—Scarlet Fever

Nurse: "I think that Sigma Chi in 312 is regaining consciousness, doctor. He just tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

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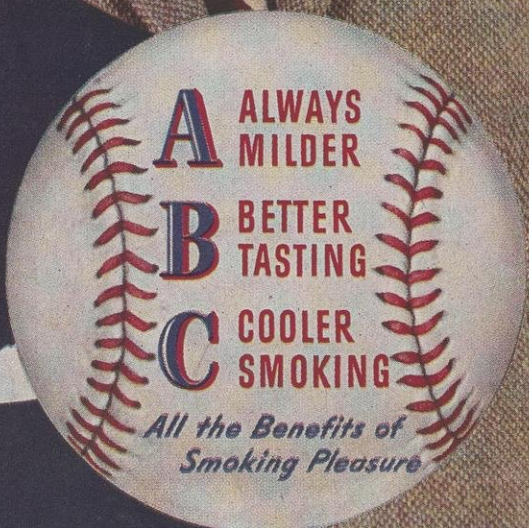
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