



The Wisconsin Octopus: [Daily Cardinal parody]. Vol. 26, No. 5 February, 1948

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The Wisconsin Cardinal OCTOPUS

Complete Campus Coverage University of Wisconsin Not Worth It

Perelman Student Pulls 'C' Grade

World In a Trance
Truman Plot Bared;
Occurs in Church

EDITED BY HALTER DUD

President Truman today bared his head in the foyer of the Presbyterian church as he was attending special services. The startling revelation came as a shock to people who hitherto considered themselves in the know. Mrs. Truman and Margaret were with the president.

WAR FAVORED

Secretary of War Stimson, in a statement to the press last night declared that he was in favor of bacteria warfare. "These Bacteria must be stopped. They have gone far enough," he declared.

WHOSE GOT THE MONEY?

An undisclosed group today offered 5.3269704 billion dollars for foreign relief. The offer coincided with a sharp drop in grain prices. Local organizations are checking their books.

(discontinued)

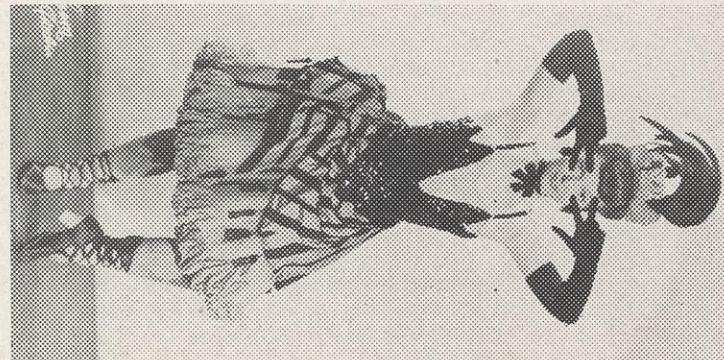
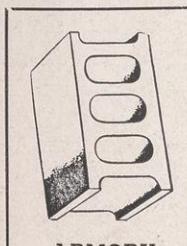
UW Armory Stolen,
Hammersley States

Joseph Hammersley, campus policeman, announced today that the University armory, formerly located in the 700 block of Langdon street, was mysteriously stolen last night.

Hammersey has worked on the campus police force for ten years. When he first began he was the only policeman on the force. Today, however, Hammersley heads three men who look like J. Edgar Hoover.

Other changes are apparent in the force, Hammersley commented. On his first campus job he walked a beat of 13 miles a day. Now the UW policemen have a special car at their disposal.

Hammersley lives in Lake Waukesha with his wife, who is a nurse.



Vivacious Vivian Grootny, internationally known for her dance interpretations of foreign insects, strikes an impressionistic pose from her ballet "Return of the Locusts",

one of a series of dances which she will present March 17 at the Union. Miss Grootny, international "darling of the dance", will do two shows and a matinee. Tickets will go on sale at the entomology department.

House Mothers Report Blacklist of Neckers

Matrons of organized women's houses on the University of Wisconsin campus will blacklist girls thought to be "chronic neckers" according to information gathered by Octopus magazine earlier this month.

The decision, reportedly coming from University officials, was handed down to all women in house meetings throughout the campus in March. House-mothers, apparently shocked by the nightly display of amours in their living rooms, plan to circulate a list of "offenders" among operators of women's residences.

Any woman whose name appears on the blacklist will be denied a room for the coming semester on the grounds that her presence in a recognized house creates scenes unfavorable to campus decorum.

Despite protests from co-eds the conference of housemothers has decided to carry out the ultimatum. It has not yet been decided what test will be used to determine what constitutes "chronic necking."

Co-ed retorts to the new order center about three issues:

1. The term "chronic" is too general for objectivity.
2. Most women, who practice restraint in this matter, may be pen-

alized because of the few who overindulge.

3. Some engaged women feel they have a right to a certain amount of freedom in the matter.

SLEEP CONDUCIVE COURSES

According to a recent campus poll, it has been revealed that more students sleep continually in the following classes than in any other UW courses: All Journalism and commerce classes, Political Science 7, Freshman Forum, History 4-A, and Home Economics 2.

Whether . . .

A large white cloud is reported advancing upon Madison this morning from the general direction of Siberia. This phenomena may be another cold front or an atomic bomb. It is highly possible that in either case the cloud may affect class attendance. The high today, five drunks; low for tonight, the gutter. Raining cats and old AYD leaflets tomorrow.

"If at first you don't succeed, try playing second base."—B. Ruth.

* * *

The Wish-wash, an Antarctic quadruped, has two tails hanging from the rear which are useful in scratching whenever it itches.

One Term Paper Gets 11 A's, 1 C

Roger M. Stitzbaum, Physiognomy senior from Watertown, Wis., received a C in Prof. Selig Purlman's course in Labor Problems, the office of the dean announced today. The dean's office further announced that this is the first time any student has received a grade lower than B in any of Prof. Purlman's courses since 1931.

When interviewed at the home of a friend where he is resting, Stitzbaum said, "I don't understand it. And I got a C on my term paper too."

"And that term paper," Stitzbaum went on. "Why that term paper had a pedigree. Eleven years of straight A's and now this. John Adams in '37, Bill Jerred in '38, Betty Seymour in '39, Stan Colman in '40, Cathy Linkman in '41, Louise Jones in '42, Pudgy Loop in '43 (great guy Pudgy), Curly Boogy in '44, Stoop Smith in '45, Harry Jugglement in '46, and Dick Leonardo in '47, all got A's on that term paper."

Out of a class of 500 students, maximum attendance for exams filling Ag hall auditorium, Temporary building No. 16, and the Rennebohm's at University and Randall, it has been disclosed that 331 students received grades of A, 168 received B's, and one student, Stitzbaum, earned a grade of C.

Stitzbaum has requested the Student Life and Interest committee to conduct an investigation. "What can I tell my father," he moaned. "He took a Purlman course once."

When questioned about the grade in his office in Sterling Hall this morning, Prof. Purlman replied, "And what about the lynchings in the south?"

Read the Cardinal regularly.

* * *

Everybody in the Cardinal office reads the Cardinal.

* * *

There are 940 pages in some dictionaries.

* * *

It is a verified sociological premise that all Economics professors have social consciousness to a marked degree and do nothing about it.

25c

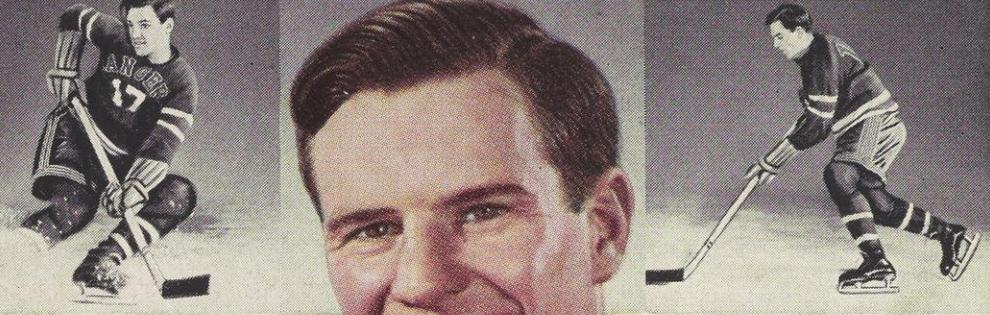
Experience
is the best
teacher!

HOCKEY STAR

CAL GARDNER

says—

I'VE SMOKED MANY
DIFFERENT BRANDS...
AND COMPARED. **CAMELS**
ARE THE **CHOICE**
OF **EXPERIENCE**
WITH ME!



EXPERIENCE? New York
Ranger Cal Gardner has 15
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including two years with the
junior champions of the
world and "a most valuable
player award."

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Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem,
N. C.

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why...
**More people are smoking
CAMELS than ever before!**



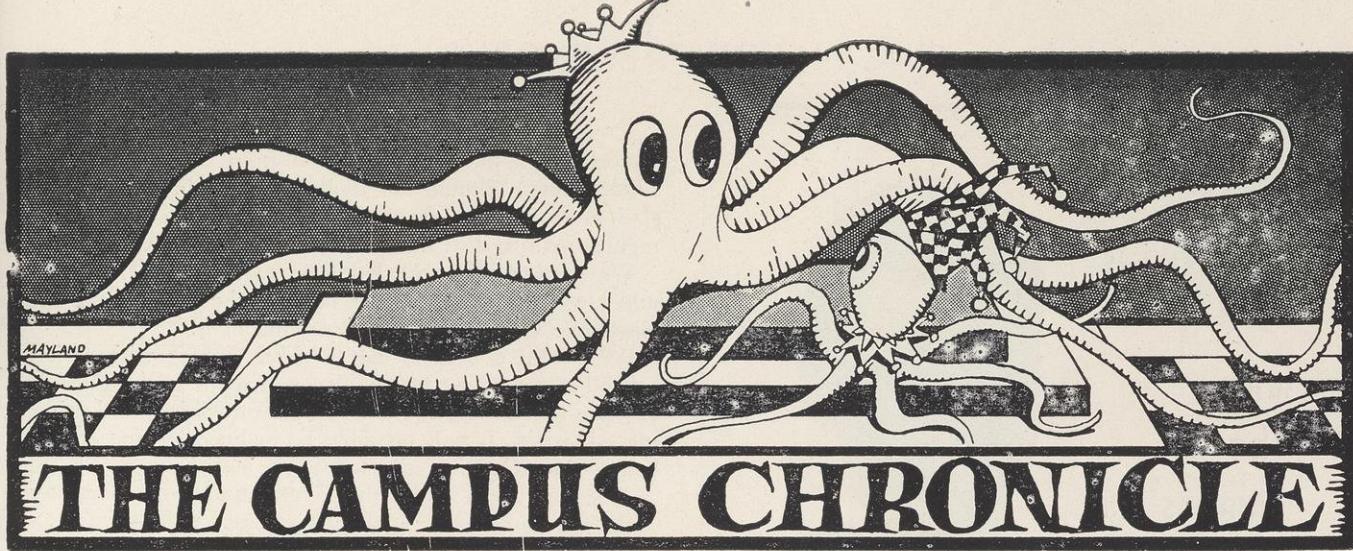
• You'll read about it . . . hear about it . . . you'll see it for yourself—In sports, in business, in homes all over America, smoker after smoker who has tried and compared different brands during the wartime cigarette shortage has found Camels the "choice of experience"!

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**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!



Reward of Virtue

Casting a lascivious eye at the Wide-Eyed Innocents in the Freshman class we wish more publicity would be given to G. B. Shaw's epitaph on Gandhi. For the benefit of campus wolves the *Cardinal* should run a headline, "Remember, girls, how dangerous it is to be good!"

* * *

Oh, to be in Madison!

Tabard Inn is having fun with Kathleen Atkins from Yorkshire, England. The gals told her the Green Sheet of a Milwaukee paper was "very educational." After reading it for several days she decided the girls "are pulling my leg."

Those mimeographed dope sheets handed out at the beginning of every course attracted Kathy. It seems English schools do not have them. With unconscious irony she said, "Why in England, we never know from one day to the next what our studies are going to be."

* * *

In Union There Is—

Who are those people who hang around the Union Rathskeller? We checked up yesterday and got nowhere.

Helen Winneke, of the Nurses Dorm, told us that the nurses have no time to go to the Union. Patricia Stratton said that the Langdon Hall girls eat, drink, and make merry elsewhere. Except for an occasional cup of coffee they never enter the place.

"The Union would be a good place to wait for the Badger bus if it wasn't for the juke box noise," Tom Christofferson said. Apparently no student uses the Union.

It must be the refugees from the University of Chicago who hang out there. Why don't we sell the darn thing and buy a case of beer? First thing we know, an atom bomb will drop on it and we will never get our money's worth out of it.

* * *

Corn is Corn is Corn

The first week in February the grain market tumbled. No one in the country could explain the phenomenon. Not Truman, nor Baruch, nor Anderson. While the whole grain market drop cannot be explained, the fall of corn futures can be solved. Could it be that campus comedian Wally Harris unloaded his tons of old jokes on the market at that time?

* * *

Modern One-Horse Shay

We ran into a couple of logic students the other day and they were well lost. For our money logic is a form of organized nonsense. Any day when you can prove logically, thoughtfully, and conclusively that a dog is not an animal

or that a cat has ten tails—that day you should have stewed in bed.

By harping on verbal fallacies the logicians have proved no one in the world knows what he is talking about. Due to the impossibility of defining meanings, the logicians assert, no one can make himself understood. Having polished this off the logicians find that no one knows what they are talking about.

* * *

Don't Wanna Leave the Congo

Have always been interested in that course on Small Home design. Pat McCormick showed us his blueprints. He unrolled mile after mile of plans for his "small home." Finally we asked how much it would cost.

"About \$25,000," Pat answered. Inflation, take it away!

* * *

Student Board Bureaucracy

The Student Board lowered the boom on delinquents who had not paid their 25-cent fee last month. We dropped into Student Board headquarters hoping to get our quarter back or at least find out where it went. We failed but did discover a way to break even on the deal.

Student Board has a thousand and one committees, including, believe it or not, a committee to keep track of all the dance bands in the country. If anyone wants to run a prom they can call the committee and find out what bands are available.

Anyone who wants to break even on his fee can join one of the Student Board committees, attend their dinner meetings in the Union, and get his 25 cents back in the form of food.

We were all set to sign up when we discovered that our committee would be meeting on beef stew night. Thinking over that beef stew taste we decided that honor is more than worldly glory. We shall continue to stand outside of Student Government and throw bricks through the window.

* * *

Kind Hearts Are More Than Sonnets

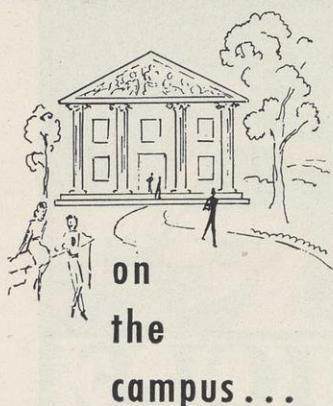
They say that something handmade from your beloved is more precious than the same thing would be if it were bought at a store. That is what one girl thought until she received this Cap Timesque poetry from her beloved:

Every animal has its mate,
Every lower, an upper plate.
Every angle has its sine,
Won't you be my Valentine?

* * *

Depths of Utter

The University of Arkansas wrote us that they are starting a campus "human" magazine. Finishing a letter

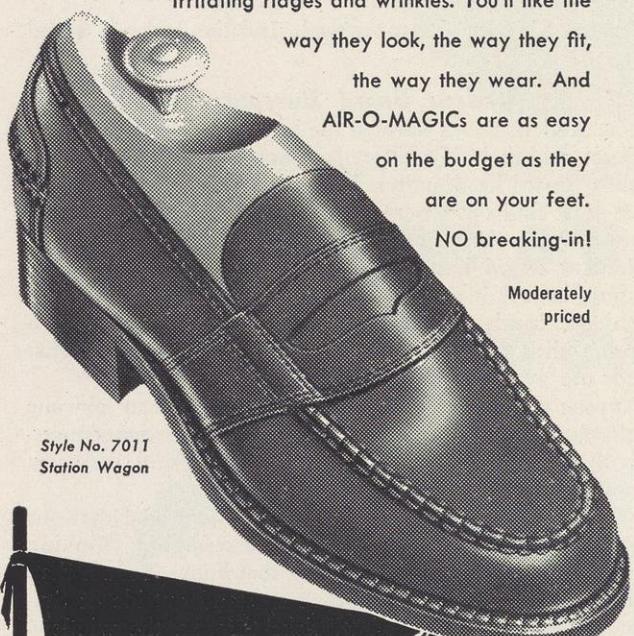


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way they look, the way they fit,
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Chronicle

that assaulted the King's English from several angles the editor wrote: "Should our thought materialize we shall be glad to let you in on what it is by putting you on our regular mailing list."

We tried holding the letter up to the light, reading it under water, and studying it through the bottom of a beer glass. We still cannot make sense out of it.

We turned it over to the *Cardinal* to cope with as it is beyond our coping powers. You will see it in the *Cardinal* any day now as one of their thought-provoking, soul-searching editorials. It will probably be by-lined by one of their best soul-searchers.

* * *

Came the Yawn

With magazine prices rising steadily a student can only afford to read the University time table. There is meat in that periodical for the thoughtful student, or even for most of us. Consider the implications of a Phy Ed course given at 7:45 in the morning. The course is titled, "Principles of Relaxation." In the morning, yet?

* * *

Dance or Trot?

A checkup after the Junior Prom showed that 90 per cent of the sorority girls went to the prom, 25 per cent of the



"Buy your CARDINAL here, Mister! . . . buy it here!"

independent houses. If you want to be a prom-trotter get to be a sister, but if you want to dance be an independent.

You can actually find room to dance in any of the usual spots around town while the prom is going on. There should be a prom every night so that those who like to dance can get more than a square inch of floor space in the other places.

Badger Bottle Babies

The Union film committee advised the Badger movie operator that they had a film of special interest for children. He picked up the film at the Union and spread the word around at Badger.

The special audience of children was bewildered when the title, "I Am An Alcoholic" flashed on the screen. The picture was an adult discussion of the problems of drinking. Their unusual environment has made the Badger youngsters more mature than the average child, but we never suspected that they had matured to that extent.

* * *

Hat in the Ring?

We expect this MacArthur-For-President Club, started by Bruce Wenzel, Rex Rimmel, and Fred Karsten will fold up fast. If he ever leaves the army Mac will have to stop wearing his hat in the house. One glance at that bald pate and the women's vote will go to "Old Bushy-Head" Wallace.

* * *

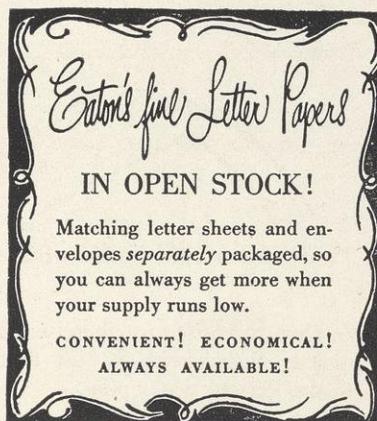
Some Changes Made

Fastest course dropping during the first six weeks happened in the Speech 114 writing course. The instructor casually remarked that a play would be due in three weeks, then a short story, and then a radio script. Five minutes after the first class started the "sifters-and-winnowers" were digging through the time table in search of something easier, like Sanskrit or Integral Calculus.

* * *

Gentlemen, Scholars, but not Politicians

Americans prefer lawyers to fill federal elective positions. Doctors, business men, journalists, and farmers are less likely to be elected. Professors? Professor Fellman told his class that Americans seem to think that professors cannot be trusted with anything more important than college students.



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\$17.50 and \$20

Harsten's

ON CAPITOL SQUARE . . . 22 NORTH CARROLL STREET

On Mendota, On Mendota

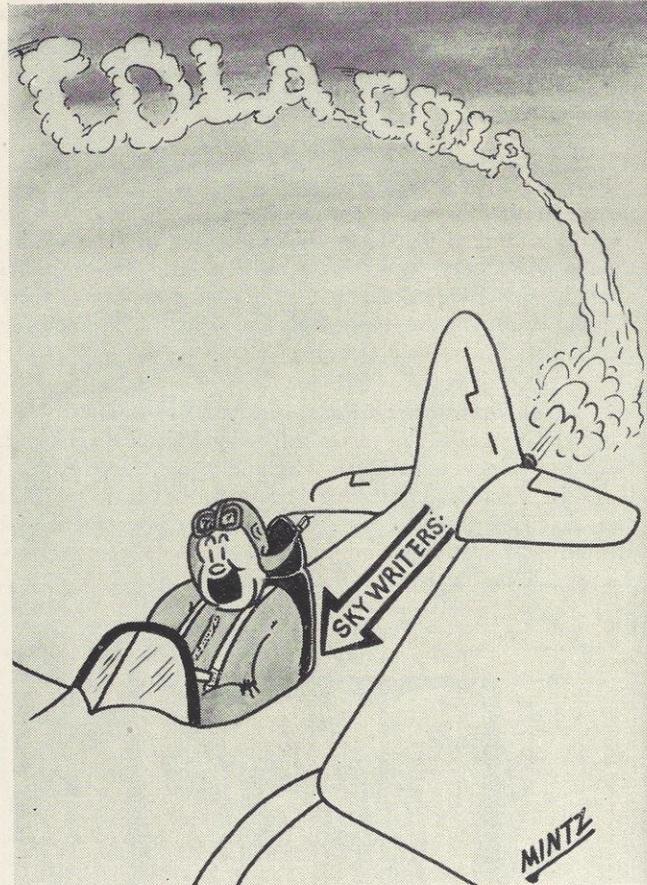
The time table lists some fascinating medical items. A prerequisite for Obstetrics is to undergo Medicine and Surgery I. Farther down on the page is a note that Mental Hygiene is "open to nurses only." The rest of us can go merrily on our way to Mendota.

* * *

Butt Talk

The unreal world of radio commercials is getting us. Particularly irksome is that blatant, "No other cigarette can make this statement."

Since when have cigarettes been in the habit of making



"Now for a cold bottle of beer!"

statements? We have submitted to cigarettes that sputtered, hissed, or exploded. Faced with a butt that talks back, we are taking to the Persian water pipe.

* * *

The Corn Is Green

Tom Ryan, Med student, bought a box of Wheaties. The market crashed and he has taken a heavy loss on his grain. Liz Koelzer, Langdon Hall, tells us that after the first lecture her geology professor quipped, "Next lecture we'll get down to earth."

* * *

Thirst—For Knowledge?

Floyd Hallett, pharmacy grad student, was looking for the library last week. In four years of undergraduate pharmacy he had never had recourse to the lower campus book burrow. As the *Cardinal* shouts, "Not everyone on campus reads."

required reading...

PIC

THE MAGAZINE
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... for every man on the campus! PIC rounds out your liberal education with information on careers . . . sports . . . apparel . . . fiction. PIC brings you extra credits in entertainment with the latest reviews in music . . . records . . . stage . . . screen. Add PIC to your regular curriculum . . . it's your best magazine buy.



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* * * *

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VOLUME XXVI

FEBRUARY, 1948

NUMBER 5



Photo by DeLonge

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Flowers Wired Anywhere

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The Wisconsin Octopus

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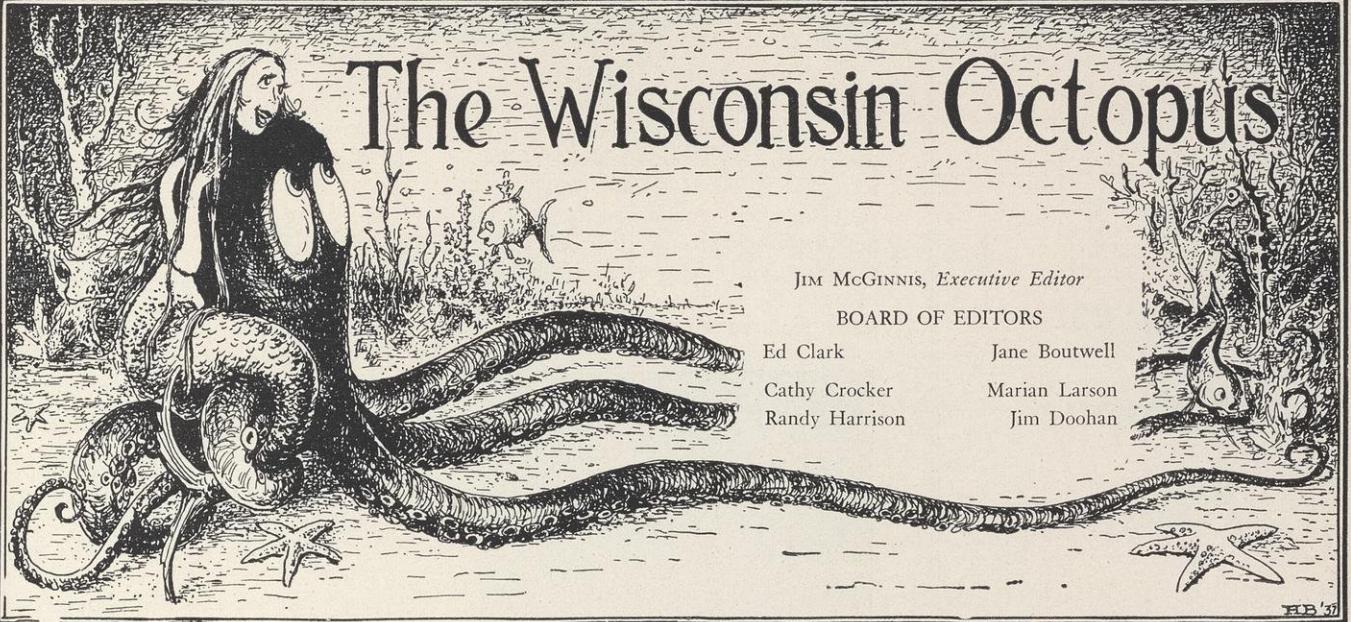
Jane Boutwell

Cathy Crocker

Marian Larson

Randy Harrison

Jim Doohan



In the Editor's Brown Study

With this issue, Octy proclaims *Daily Cardinal* Emphasis Week. The *Daily Cardinal* is a direct take-off of the eight pages inside this magazine. As a matter of fact, we've got nine pages—counting the cover—which is one page more than the *Cardinal* usually prints.

* * *

The *Cardinal* is published in a print shop on University avenue, two floors below a beauty parlor, and across the street from some "temporary" classroom buildings.

They once said the *Cardinal* would be temporary too. But we'll give three to one odds that these blots on the campus are here to stay.

* * *

The inside of the *Cardinal* building is an odd assortment of mechanical inventions, such as linotypes, fluorescent lighting, and wastebaskets. The linotypes print the stuff, the fluorescent lights never work, and no one ever uses the wastebaskets . . . witness their daily effort.

This year the walls of the offices were painted, and the business department walls further decorated by some of the business manager's abstracts. The abstracts were originally third dimensional, but the third dimensions fell off and no one noticed, so the abstracts stay.

* * *

Having exhausted the *Daily Cardinal* as such, the *Cardinal* building and the offices as such, we turn to the *Cardinal* staff—as such.

There's one thing we can say for the staff—we've never met a group of characters who worked harder with less publicity for (and it hurts to say this) one of the most worth-while activities on campus.

Sure you've heard of Glenn Miller, or if you haven't, he's the guy who writes the edits, loses copy, and uncaps a beer bottle faster than anyone else on the staff. Nobody else on the staff drinks beer. (Who are we kidding?)

To show you the low type of characters who write for the *Cardinal*, the staff grade point (excluding the sports staff, of course) averages between 2 point and 2 point five.

Both Betty Harker, petite and blonde, and Joyce Miller, slim, dark, and Glenn's sister, associate editors, are on Mortar Board. Joyce was a Phi Beta Kappa (they wear those heavy keys) in her junior year.

Shirley Kast, bubbling junior, who has to cover Student Board week after week, and Patty Johnson, society editor, are both Crucible members, which just goes to prove our point about those *Cardinal* characters. They're intelligent! (Yah, intelligent!)

The sports staff is a motley crew which hides in a dark corner of the office surrounded by basketball mats and Varga girl pictures, mumbling about deadlines, deadlines, gah! There are so many columns on the sports page we don't even bother to read them. So this issue "we don't want it from Tony," we've had to ignore the column of debonair Hal Phillips, and we didn't give those by-lines to Tom Sullen, Dick Prehistoric, Jim Bowleg, and the Armenian members of the staff, Carl Erickson and Norris Olson.

In the middle of the office are the two desks where the rest of the riff-raff assemble. All they do is put out the front page and the inside pages of the *Cardinal*—the easy stuff.

There are six news editors—Mort "Hearst" Levine, Jerry "Turtle" Frazier, "Barb 'she's engaged to an old editor" Klausner, Rosemary Witko, Dick Landman, and Glenn Miller. Wait a minute, maybe he's the editor.

We won't mention Karl Meyer even if he does write half the dirty rag. He did a review of Octy once. Besides we could have sworn we heard him tell that old gag, "Doesn't George dress Natalie?" . . . and that finished him.

The editorial page is written by a thousand and one columnists, including Octy's own Joe Dermer, Randy Harrison, and Cathy Crocker. Great page that . . .

* * *

All the rest of the *Cardinal* is columns and they are the usually filled. Nobody, not even the editor, knows who Susie Frosh is. She has enough sense to send in her stuff anonymously.

* * *

As a motto for *Daily Cardinal* Emphasis Week we have found a quote which is oft repeated throughout the pages of that paper. In it we find the soul of enlightenment . . . "Read the *Cardinal* Want Ads," word for word they're the best copy in the eight-page typographical error.

Newest Campus Hangout



BLUE MOON RESTAURANT

531 State

B. 2837

After-Date Meeting Place

Swap Stories With
the Fellas

KNOW YOUR FACULTY?

KNOW YOUR FACULTY?

That's what we said. Do you know your faculty? We're willing to bet that most of you either actually don't recognize some of your profs when you pass them outside of the cap and gown atmosphere, or just don't want to. How silly. However, maybe it is because he is one of those types of profs pictured elsewhere in the mag.



Here is a member of the faculty whom you should recognize. But in case your memory needs prodding, or the pose is unfamiliar, we are also printing a few clues for your benefit. This picture was taken earlier in the

career of the faculty member in question. And one big, fat clue is a starter: He is a walking man. (You might not have gathered that from the picture.)

Clue No. 1: He was born, raised and now lives in Madison.

Clue No. 2: He is the only professor we know who gave a six-weeks' exam last fall and hasn't graded it yet. (another clue on page 14)

Motor Cop: "Hey, you! Didn't you hear me say, 'Pull over there'?"

Driver: "Why, I thought you said, 'Good afternoon, senator'."

M. C. (smiling): "Isn't it a warm day, senator?"

* * *

Chaucer and I wrote a dirty story
Bawdy and lewd from the start
But mine, people said, was pornographic

And Chaucer's was classical art.

—Chaparral

* * *

He married Helen

Hell ensued.

He left Helen.

Helen sued.



"Sir Gerald's dinners are so elaborate
—he always serves Dentyne."

"Trust Sir Gerald to know that Dentyne Chewing Gum is the crowning touch of perfection—in lingering, delicious flavor! And Dentyne is not only a flavor masterpiece. It helps keep teeth white, too."

Dentyne Gum—Made Only by Adams



The Daily Cardinal

Complete Campus Coverage

Vol. A Fifth

Universal Whisky-sin

5 Ed Mills

National Hunt Ends Pro Arte Quartet Named to Play At Military Ball

The Pro Arte stringed quartet will play for Military Ball, it was announced today. The quartet was elected after a national search for suitable band for the dance. Oddly enough, the Pro Arte quartet was found right here in Madison.

While admitting that the quartet is not a top name band like Harry James, Duke Ellington, or the Sons of the Pioneers, the sub-chairman in charge of finding a dance band, Hucks Chalk, said "The Pro Arte quartet is a swell little outfit. It may not be as loud as the United States Marine Band or as popular as the Middleton Symphony orchestra, but you must admit that it will certainly be a novelty at a college dance."

Chalk confided to the Cardinal reporter that he'd "match the music of the Pro Arte quartet against—well, any other stringed quartet in the country." When asked what kind of music the quartet would play at the dance, Chalk asserted that it was the job of his sub-committee to find an orchestra for the dance, not to give lessons in music appreciation.

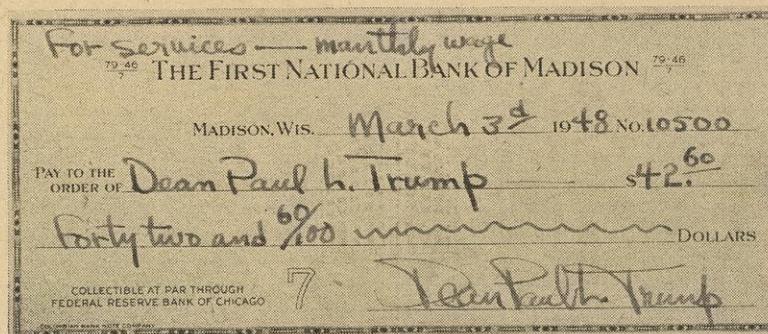
A number of students led by Richard Ricardo Dick early today asked the Senior Ball chairman why there couldn't be a really big name band to play at Military Ball. Bob Bump, head of something to do with Military Ball, answered, "Gee, what do you want for \$18.75 a couple? Lawrence Welk?"

State of Union' Declared

The Student Board announced today that it was prepared to press court action on the 18,504 students who did not pay their 25 cent WSA fee during registration. Several prominent lawyers have been retained by the group, including Clarence Darrow, Daniel Webster, Harry Holloway, and Habeus A. Corus, first year law student.

In Nigeria, Africa one woman is worth three coconuts.

Payroll Leakage Exposed



FRAUD CHECK

This is a real, true, exclusive-with-the-Cardinal photostatic copy of the last fraud check paid to Paul L. Trump, Dean of Men. This check, filched from a Bascom hall wastepaper basket by Bubbles Stolen, Cardinal snooper, capped reporter Robert C. Robert's charge of Dean Trump's having defrauded the Wisconsin students.

Not Up to Expectations— Audience Disappoints Artist

BY HAZELNUT SCOTT

The Bunion room of the Union reverberated with a claxaphony of dissonances last night as five hundred and thirty-two persons clambered in to hear this writer's performance of Bach's Fugue for Timpani and Bass Viol.

Falling far short of expectations was the noisy, paper-rattling feet-shuffling entourage who gazed in complacent stupefaction at the sterling executions on the stage.

Especially irritating was the fortissimo foot tapping of one rather ubiquitous gentleman stumbling under the name of Archer K. Williams. His off-key whistling during intermission (which lacked soul and depth of quality,) his raucus laughter during pianissimo passages, and his "trouble" with the girl's escort on his left immediately typed him as the aesthetic type usually found at brawls and burlesque shows.

His performance lacked that surety of interpretation, sense of pitch, and unpretentiousness found, say, in a cock-fight. But it must be admitted that his program was tremendously varied and sparkled with an incongruous galaxy of witticisms during uninteresting passages on the stage.

He interpreted with surety and effectiveness various animal-like noises in the classical theme but when the ushers removed him from his front row seat, he lapsed into the modern school of invective and left a conglomerate impression of a variegated inconsistency rarely found in today's better theater-goer.

This usually objective writer can—
(continued on page 8)

National Student Assoc. Is Thrown in Wastebasket

The National Student Association received housing space in the Union today, said Nodice Butts, Union head. Their new office will be located in a medium-small tin wastebasket to the left of the main desk, and includes the floor around it.

Commented Bill Squelsh, NSA president, "It's only a toe-hold, but it's home." Another NSA officer said ecstatically, "Think of the conventions we can hold now!"

Gin and whiskey do not mix, gin and whiskey . . .

* * *

Say you read it in the Cardinal.

Dean P. Trump Robs Students

In a smash expose today, Robert Roberts, Cardinal reporter, disclosed the cause of the oft-probed university fund leakage which has seriously disrupted the records of the UW financial department throughout the past six years. The leakage, as explained by Roberts, was due "to the continual payment of monthly checks to one Paul H. Trump, University Dean of Men".

Contacting the university payroll department corroborated the suspicion of Roberts, ace Cardinal reporter. This man has actually been paid for his services. Further investigation unearthed the most recent of the leakage checks (see inset) and a summary of his previous monthly checks follows:

July	1947	—	\$45.30
Aug.	1947	—	\$47.00
Sept.	1947	—	\$47.95
Oct.	1947	—	\$51.08
Nov.	1947	—	\$55.55
Dec.	1947	—	\$95.00*
Jan.	1948	—	\$61.13
Feb.	1948	—	\$63.75

*(Christmas presents purportedly charged to university.)

As plainly shown by the records, the Dean was apparently leading a progressively more expensive existence at the expense of the Wisconsin taxpayers. Roy Voegli, president of the student board, said the matter would be discussed at the May meeting and if necessary, the matter would be turned over to the Council on Foods and American Dental Association for extraction.

When interviewed this afternoon, suave moustached Paul Trump joshed, "A fellow's got to eat hasn't he? If Jim Rice can do it, I guess I can."

Dean of Women, Louise Troxell, when asked about Trump's statement said, "He must be squandering the money some other way. It doesn't look as if he's had a meal in three years."

Students throughout the campus were avidly repeating the sardonically mouthed comment of Cardinal editor, Gland Miller, "It looks as if they've trumped Trump, but we can count on him not to make an ace of himself."

(continued on page 8)

University Society Page

Tells of Engagement



MISS FANCY HUNCHMAN

On the Antisocial Side

BY RHUBARB LARSON

Octopus note: We couldn't take off on this stuff so we are just reprinting it from the Cardinal. **Everybody Steals Our Stuff!**

"Social affairs, and not-so-social affairs, return to a pint-sized norm of activity after the "cease and be deceased" order that ran wild during the seige of exams. With exams and blue-books now things of the bitter past, dozens and dozens and dozens of informal parties and open louses take the place of exams and blue-books, now things of the bitter past.

Over there at Barnard hall, they are giving an open house on Friday, the 13th. In spite of the ominous connotations surrounding (completely surrounding, that is) the ominous date, a very pleasant time can be expected by all those who are superstitious.

Langdon Manor will also hold an open house on the same date, defying common superstition about the 13th. A very pleasant time can be unexpected.

Saturday night, Kappug Kappug
How will hold a buffet supper at Blackhawk Lodge.

Among those groups giving immorals on Saturday evening are, BAKA BETTA PIE, RHO DAMM-JA RHO, THE RED LANTERN CO-OP, PSI SOUPISON, SIG ACHOOS, THETA DELTA WHY?, A. E. SCHNOOK, DELTA DAMMA, and SPOONING house.

Down on Lake Street SIGMA DYE will be host to the Rit "anything that's fit to dye, should!" Company.

Nothing to Wear... ...Except

BURLAP . . . BURLAP . . . BURLAP
BURLAP . . . BURLAP . . . BURLAP

Tell Engagements, Betrothals; Patty Sells Feature Article

O'TOOLE VS. HUNCHMAN

R. U. Devine announces the engagement of his roommate, Aspirin O'Toole, to Fancy Hunchman, Kappa Kepta Grandma. Fancy is in the School of Edification, and her fiance is a jerk.

R. U. Devine announces that he is looking for a roommate with a size 8 foot so that they can exchange socks.

JONES MINUS FELT

The engagement of Miss Jane Jones and Ray Felt, basketball star, was not announced during Christmas vacation. In fact their engagement has not been announced at all. In all probability they don't even know each other. But we have to fill this society page somehow.

PATTERSON SELLS FEATURE

Miss Helen Patterson, professor of journalism in the UW and author of the book "Selling and Writing Feature Articles" recently sold her first feature article to "False Teeth Monthly." Her article was titled, "My adventure with a denture."

WHAT'S IN YOUR MIND? BY G. SCHMECKENKLIPP CONSULTING PSYCHOLOGIST

Is sex necessary to a complete life?



ANSWER: Not necessarily so. Although generally accepted by laymen, science has proved this to be false. During the war thousands of servicemen, stationed in Australia, Hawaii, New Zealand, England, and France and away from their wives for periods up to four years, reported no ill effects.

Chaparral.

YESTERDAY . . . On the Campus or Aren't You Glad You Missed It?

Exhibits daily in the state Hysterical Museum, first floor of the Whynotbury Building: Centennial Exhibit—Prohibition to Inhibition at the State U. and A Cent of Regress. Portrait of the Week—Joseph Hammers man of distinction, 1941-44.

Exhibits daily in the Immoral Union: In the Main Gley—perfectly awful art. In the Theater Galley—Wor

MONDAY

7:00 P.M. AYD meeting in the Rosewood room.
Everybody else is at sorority meetings toni

TUESDAY

12:00 noon Forum in the Play Circle. Question, "Is Isia Necessary?" Leading the discussion will be Professors Saltine, Ague, and Ug.

4:00 P.M. Sixty seconds of classical music in the Play Circle. Five shots from Beethoven's Fifth will be offered today.

2-9 P.M. A cultural double-take in the Cinema Room. "Great Expectations," and "Captain of the Cashmere Bouquet." Both films in Arabic.

WEDNESDAY

6:30 P.M. Meeting of Wisconsin Literary Review Staff. Guests will discuss previous meeting of Wisconsin Literary Review Staff.

7:30 P.M. Lecture demonstration. "Inside Dean Trun by Young Dr. Malone. Top Flight.

8:00 P.M. Professor Cameron will give a lecture in Great hall on "Will Man Ever Replace the Monkey?"

THURSDAY

2-4 P.M. Coffee Hour, Great hall. Guests will be the fee hour sub-committee who say, "We're not and tired of having guests. We're the schmoes who come anyway."

8:00 P.M. Friendship hour. Guests: Young Republicans and Young Democrats.

8:00 P.M. Hysteria Literary Society. Wm. Kay Archer will discuss, "The Art of Plain Talk."

9:00 P.M. Meeting of all those interested in reviving the Literary Preview has been called by John Hunter.

9:30 P.M. Meeting of all those interested in reviving John Hunter.

FRIDAY

10:00 P.M. 770 Club. Burlesque tonight. Cover charge \$7.70 per person. Uncovered \$5.00 per person.

9:00 P.M. Open discussion in the Rathskeller. Probably "Sex in the Rathskeller."

SATURDAY

5:45 P.M. Meeting of the "Thank God It's Friday Club" in the Gutter.

10. A.M. Beginning Ski Class under the auspices of Wisconsin Hooters. Wisconsin General Hospital.

After 8 P.M. Who in hell would stay around the Union after 8 on Saturday night.

SUNDAY

12:00 noon Union finally opens.

12:01 P.M. Meeting of the Cosmic Aethists. Union Lounge.

12:01 P.M. Meeting of all other Aethists. Union Bill room.

4:00 P.M. Sunday Warble. Bring own sheet music.

7:30 P.M. Square dancing for all squares.



Depression Party



U. WHIT

Position: Senior man on Cardinal Board

Platform: Firmly determined to be the Daily Cardinal the bird on possible occasions. As a member of the Depression wing of the Black publicans, I want to keep the status quo, and get some more wild things represented in the paper.

Qualifications: Two years co-ordinator between birds, bees and others. Slogan: "A bird in the hand is worth two."

Backers: Junior Birdmen; all old birds on campus; Forest Products Co. One bass living just off Pic-Point.



Why Should Your Vote Count?

Why bother? The fraternities will get out enough people to make the whole thing look good; and the dorms will muster a few freshmen to stuff ballot boxes. It was stated today that the poll tax fee of \$10 a decapitated head must be paid before voting takes place. Positively no people are allowed to vote this afternoon. Their turn comes between the hours of 1:45 and 1:47 a.m.

All the candidates in this page are hand-picked by the Party Ticket. Vote for Rice if you're anywhere near a ballot box. Now stay in there and sleep, sleep, sleep.

JACK ASS

Position: WSGA Treasurer

Platform: This year the Women's Stocking And Garter Association must go on to bigger and more elastic things. Specifically we plan a big Passion Show this spring, and a series of Crime Conferences for seniors later in June.

Qualifications: Sing Sing 2 yrs. Advisor to Univ. Regents.

Backers: Ladies Basketball and Babysitting Club; Grand Larceny Assn. Al Capone, and all Physical Education Majors.



METRO G. MAYER

Position: Student Bored, Red Light District

Platform: If elected, I will get for each student a \$75 refund on tuition, a three room apartment, a date, and a cow. (You have to supply furniture and feed) I also stand on all fours for broadening this University until it includes all elementary grades, a School of Scandal, and a School of Thought.

Qualifications: Head of Union Vice Squad, One semester on the Varsity Waltz and Tango Team.

Backers: Ag. School, Furniture Stores of Madison, Unattached women.

R. U. STIR

Position: Student Bored

Platform: If elected to Student Bored, I shall do my utmost to wreck that organization. As president of the Young Anarchists of America I am sincerely devoted to the cause of destruction.

Qualifications: Practical Experience in destruction, annihilation and first, second and third degree murder. Lorenzo's Radical Club; Murder Inc.; Cap-Soc.; Listen to Wallace speeches.

Backers: Kolinsky Koffee Klutch; The Cold Front; John Gilman.



I. O. SILVER

Position: Running for a Bus called Nakoma.

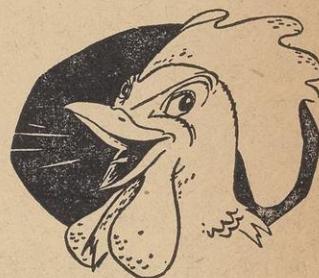
Platform: There isn't any. And if that bus doesn't stop, I'll throw a damn rock right through its damn back window. I'll . . .

Qualifications: Lousy temper; wet feet; House out in Badger Village; Mbr. HPVC (Hen Pecked Veterans Club).

Backers: About twenty-five other people behind him, all of whom also want to get on the bus. About three hundred other people behind them. All annoyed.



Recession Party



L. E. FANT

Position: Snow Flake King

Platform: I promise to campaign for a bigger and better Lake Mendota if elected. An L. E. Fant never forgets a face, so you can be sure that all you voters will be paid off if I get in. No graft over \$250 will be pulled. Dance tickets sold at 50% profit.

Qualifications: Mbr. Brookfield Zoo; Am. Mastidons; R. U. Bored and the Union Sewage Committee.

Backers: Ringling Bros. Barnum and Baily; Mr. Hasler, Zoo Dept. N.A.M., AMG., and Slurch.



Every Vote Means Two Lives

"... that continual and fearless censoring and concealing by which alone the truth may be hidden . . ."

Cardinal Quandrum -- A Page of Ferment

Cardinal Changes Edit Policy

Will UW Cows Get Strawfoot?

THE CARDINAL feels that it is time for the editorials to deviate from general Cardinal policy and express an opinion on campus affairs vital in interest to the students.

THE OCCASION of this decision to change policy is the recent controversy over whether or not the cattle in the university barns have enough straw for proper bedding or not. Those who say there is not enough point out that the cows at Cornell University have 3.47 ounces of straw per square foot of cow whereas cows here at the University of Wisconsin have only 3.44 ounces per square foot.

THE CARDINAL'S position on this matter is that although one side has a good argument, so has the other. There is much to be said on both sides of the question. The Cardinal hopes that all concerned, students and faculty, now know exactly where the Cardinal stands.

U Hop-Scotch Team to Return

THIS AFTERNOON the University of Wisconsin hopscotch team returns from its outstanding victory over a tough Sun Prairie grade school team. The team arrives at the Milwaukee Road freight station at 10:55 p.m.

EVERY STUDENT should get hopped up over our team's having scotched Sun Prairie's early lead and winning by a decisive score of 2-1. The team deserves the support of every student body. Every student who can get away from his housemother should get down to the Milwaukee Road freight station to greet the team. The University a cappella choir will furnish the music, and that petite baton twirler, Karl Evers, will strut her stuff for you.

HARRISON'S BLOCK



"Coolidge was right!"

In the Editor's POSTAL POUCH

Dear Editor:

We disagree with all those who say they don't like the way the gossip columns always talk about the same people every day. Some say that they are tired of reading about John Dick, Lawrence Jim, Henry Marilyn, etc., in every column. We say that these are the exciting campus personalities we want to read about. Nuts to those who disagree.

John Dick
Lawrence Jim
Henry Marilyn
etc.

* * *

Dear Editor

I like your Cardinal. I admit that it is nothing more than a bunch of columns separated by ads, but I still like it. I admit that there isn't much to read in your paper, but it does have a nice appearance on the newsstand. I would also admit that you have no editorial policy, but your tabloid size is so convenient to hold that I'll forgive you everything else.

Indecisive Reader.

* * *

Dear Editor,

I would like to buy your newspaper, if it is possible. Your paper has more sex, more sensationalism, more color, and less news than any of my own newspaper properties. I would like to add the Cardinal to my chain. What do you say?

W. R. Hearst,
Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Dear Editor:

All this talk about opinion and fact. I think that you should continue to print only opinions.

I. Think.

* * *

Dear Sir:

I feel that William Kay Bowman is a stinking reporter. His reporting stinks. I can agree that the Kindergarten presentation of Hansel and Gretel was somewhat juvenile but Bowman's write-up stinks. Why don't you get rid of the stinker?

Robert Chanel.

Do you read the Cardinal every day?

Down

With Wisconsin by Bub S

An unopened letter to Professor Agard, head of the University of Wisconsin department of classics.

Fasthook Kegler's article in February Hellas Digest, "Down the Classics Departments", has caused a wee stir among your students.

I cannot go whole hog on Kegler's article, but I must agree with him whole-heartedly. Kegler says, "The classics are being taught exactly the same way they were written thousands of years ago and that 'thousands of years' the classics were written just the way they are being taught to us." Mr. Kegler is right.

You have urged your students to take courses in your department. This means that squeezing in

(continued on page 8)

Diary of . . .

... Susie B

Dear, dear Diary,

Things I like on campus: Snow from the heating plant drifts through my dorm window . . . hydrogen sulphide aroma from Chemistry building . . . the cool of melting snow as it sloshes over the tops of my rubbers . . . the letarian line to the Union cafe . . . Glenn Miller . . . engineers' students' beards, any man's hair . . . Beard's Economic Interpretation of the Constitution . . . seat in the fieldhouse third balcony . . . men with money . . . MEM

Things I hate on campus: Joe's pipe . . . the boy who . . . me . . . athletes . . . Marriage . . . the Family . . . dates for dances . . . people who aren't with . . . Professor Kieckhofer . . . in school . . . being alive . . . intellectuals . . . my roommate's politics . . . beer . . . dirty jokes . . . militant liberals . . . T-bone steaks and French fries . . . being . . . my diary . . . me . . .

With Peachy Lov
Susie.

Memorial Union Willfully Neglects Taft, Hartley

The Wisconsin Student Union is sued by the Federal Government under the Taft-Hartley labor law, it was learned today. Complaints filed against the Union for violations of the law included failing to file a non-Communist affidavit, selling alcoholic beverages to minors with intent to incite law-breaking, and twenty-three other items.

No comment was available from either the Union Directorate or Student Council. Bored, but Sadie Glutz, a janitor in the building reported that she saw Nodice Butts, Union head, carrying all pink papers from his office, muttering, "Down with the Communists." An hour later, at 6:42 p.m., a group of interested students reported that Butts was conducted, handcuffed, to a police car, still muttering.

In an interview with The Daily Cardinal, Dick Powell and Humphrey Bogart, special investigators on the case explained that definite traces of Red activity had been uncovered. "The joint is crawlin' with Communists," commented Bogart. "Look at the Rosewood room. Now is that or ain't it?"

And that Edwin Booth spot," said Powell from between two sets of teeth. "That's the guy that killed Lincoln. Subversive, that's what he is. whole stinkin' jerk, is, subversive."

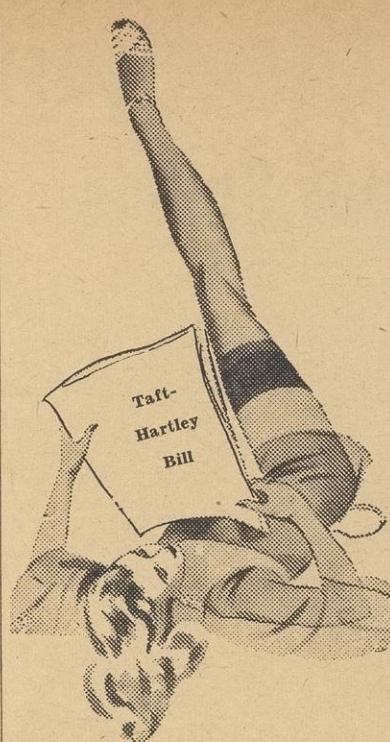
Don't Go Wrong!

Date Pi Beta Phis

GUARANTEED



Paid Advertisement by Pi Beta Phi.



SADIE GLUTZ

Ray (Sadjudicata) Brought to Court In T Square Case

Ray Sadjudicata was brought before the student court yesterday, charged with smoking in Bascom Hall, and assault and battery. He (Sadjudicata, Law I) pleaded temporary insanity to the first count, and non schmooch to the latter.

Arraigned before the court, he (Sadjudicata) explained that it all started when an engineer, disgruntled because he (Sadjudicata) had written "St. Pat was a lawyer" on the blackboard, gave him (Sadjudicata) a hotfoot.

He (Sadjudicata) in a fit of pain and temporary insanity had turned upon him (engineer), slashed him (engineer) with his (engineer's) slide rule; and then he (Sadjudicata) had grabbed him (engineer) by his (engineer's) beard, and beat him (engineer) with his (Sadjudicata's) Unintentional Tort text, and his (engineer's) T Square.

He (Sadjudicata) requested leniency and also mentioned that after all they (Sadjudicata and the student court) were all lawyers and fellow members of Phi Delta Phi. He (engineer) was fined five dollars.

To be wise is to have something on the faculty.

Troubleshooters

BY STUPE LIMERICK
BITTER HOMES

A SNITCH IN TIME has saved many a campaign from being camped on and many a ballot box from being billeted, so we intend, with all good intentions, to get the cart before the horse, and stop a good thing when we see it. Latimer Smud, a high-minded Kappa Spigot, was seen standing in front of the Cabin last night at the same time during which four dorm men were drinking beer inside. This could have meant that Latimer had bought their beer and was seeking their support for the next election in which he intends to run for it. Gad!

LAST WORDS of Gilbert Fall, that hot boy from the Sig Sig (We got a cold) house as he faded out after a long beer session:

My candle burns at both ends.
It will not last the night;
But oh, my foes, and oh, my friends,

It gives a lovely light . . . HIC . . . apologies to E.S.V.M.

SOME OF OUR FRAT friends have agreed to send a boatload of fertilizer to France to insure the success of next year's grape crop. Here's hoping it helps.

GOOD LUCK on your spring exams, folks. They're only about 13 weeks away, so we'll be holing up to study soon.



Under The Still

Kill Balkins

Drop O' da Mooring to yez all. Shoure and deres a spit of ole Ear in yer aire, as aspirants for the engine school's Saint Pat start pourin' hair tonic on bubble stocked pins, HIC. Smell Schmutzig is reputed to have been given half a rock by some ole dame so he could git a square meal. HA!

Man of the Weak, is old dorm man and former proprietor of Under the Still, Slyvie Amiss, who has handed in his Master's mistress.—CENSORED.



OFF ON A— BADGER BAT

By BRASS BEDSTED

A WEE BIT PERSONAL

For a long time we have had some things on our fat mind we would like to say to various and several campus Characters, but for twelve dozen reasons we haven't ever got around to it till now.

Hang onto your hats, Badger Bat fans. Here I (uh, we) go.

To Polly Wogg, Rho Rho Rho: If you don't come into the Pharm where I spend all my time? how am I going to write you up in this column?

To the Boxing Team: Pound the devil out of Soapstone State team. I don't like a guy on the team.

To intellectuals: If you don't like this column because the same names are in it all the time, why don't you descend deceased.

GEE, READ THIS

Bet you can't guess what Billy Langschmoe, AFL, did to Gertrude Sangfroid, UMTau. Well, if you can't guess what these two screamies dreamy characters have done, I'll tell you. Bill kissed Gertie right on the mouth. Isn't that living dangerous? Isn't campus life a thrill?

Aw, please read the Cardinal.

UW Boxers Eat Up Califlower



Sports Snoozing

BY SHURE SYMAN

(assistant grabber of press comps)

I figure last night's game . . . after it was over . . . proved a couple of things inclusively . . . it also probably proves not a thing . . . everybody in the press row . . . including the inimitable Roundy . . . got all mixed up . . . I seen a few things . . .

The first is . . . with good school spirit . . . and support . . . enough boozing . . . and such fine officiating as was done by John U Blowem and Al Cairaz . . . the game is really clean played . . . last night's game is a good example . . . only 59 fouls were called . . . 40 on the visiting team . . .

Thirdly . . . don't ask me what happened secondly . . . I looked down at my program for a few minutes and missed it . . . winning ball games proves subsidizing college athletes is worth what it costs . . . but the price scale should be changed a little . . . Fred I. Sinkam sunk two more goals than Rest A. While . . . but he's getting paid less dough . . . somethin' ought to be done . . .

Fourthly . . . this will have to stop sometime . . . how high is a sports expert expected to know how to count . . . my roommate . . . Walter Lippmann Farris was all right when he said we would slaughter Slippery Rock State Teachers college . . . I can't figure out how he knew ahead of time they only had three players . . . I thought it was poor sportsmanship though . . . two of the players had three arms . . .

Got out to the boxing matches a couple of nights ago . . . I'm going to have to ask Art Lentz for a different seat . . . or wear a rain coat . . . when the boxers garge between rounds . . . spitui . . . I'm full of blood . . . I wouldn't mind if it was a Badger's blood . . . but it's those damn Virginians, suh . . . my colleagues don't gripe . . . but they are a smaller target . . .

BIG NINE STANDINGS
WisCOOKsin
Yellnoise
Mischikan
IoWIER
Poordue
Indianaana
McIntysota

Daily Cardinal Sports



Mainstays of the Wisconsin women's swimming team, the nationally known Wojcikacosa sisters, cool their heels amid the Mendota ice-flows. The girls (l. to r.) are Irma Hoya, Geina, Sonya, and Maud, and presently hold the conference back and breaststroke titles.

Terrific Enthusiasm On Intramural Front

All was quiet on the intramural front yesterday. The softwood courts in the armory were a veritable no man's land. In fact, few men showed up with the result that there is little news to report from the intramural wars.

Conover Back backed into first place in the dorm standings. It was a tight squeeze but Jones Court pushed them into the lead by upsetting an underdog Showerman five some, 19-18, while the new leaders were idle. The game was a sloppy affair. The winners were so inept they almost lost after assuming a commanding four point lead with six minutes left to go.

Joe Deadeye took scoring honors with 7½ points as he set the net on fire with his amazingly accurate shots from as far out as the free throw circle. His teammate, Jim Helper, got credit for ½ point when he helped Deadeye slap in a rebound shot.

Sigma Chi and Gamma Phi battled it out at close quarters for the lead in Division I, Fraternity league. The Gammas took an early lead but

they proved a bust as the Sig Chi's came abreast of them and finished strong to come out on top, 30-21.

Scoring honors were garnered by high scoring Joe Greek who lead all the other players with the high point total for the game of 13 markers. The catlike Schmaltz, sent three goals purring through the hoop to take high point honors for the Gammas.

The bustling Beaglehounds bayed away steadily to beat a game but outclassed Foxhouse quintet, 35-27, in the Independent circuit. The Foxhousers were doing all right as long as they kept running but they tired

(continued on page 8)

Modern Dance Tragedy Injures Several Students

Several Physical Education majors suffered severe casualties as the result of Tuesday's interpretative dance class. They are: Charlotte Ruff, strained sacro-iliac; I. M. Energetic, stubbed toe; Bobby Clark, cramp in leg; Marcia Verney, charlie-horse.

Badgers Win 4-1 Over Leafy Crew

Bloody but unbowed, our stalwart heroes passed the acid test, sizzling but unburned, last night against leafy crew from Cauliflower U., who bouts to three with the officials, unable to make a decision in fact the coy, almost retiring gathering voting one fight to themselves. e

In the flyweight match, J. Bumblebee, the flower of Cauliflower U., lit on Steve Gremlin in a flurry of stinging blows to gain a decisive lead at the end of the first two cantos. But coach John Sullawalsh rubbed amorous powder on Gremlin's glove and the lead Badger flicked his glove into Bumblebee's nose in the third round causing his opponent to sneeze. Bumblebee reached for his handkerchief, Gremlin pounded him on the canvas.

Laughmore Doesn't Laugh

Warren Laughmore, the third man in the ring, couldn't see anything funny about it when Joe Spidola the cunning collie of Cauliflower bit him in the clinch. A few seconds later Laughmore was floored by a wild left. Spidola counted out and raised his own arm in victory, tying the match, one each piece.

Mouthpieces and dentures were bouncing around the ring in the 100-pound bout. Don K. O. InOne did the mouth clearing job on Cauliflower U.'s Paul I. Giveup. It was whispered about that K. O. InOne is getting a kickback from a local dentist.

Messy Ring

The ring looked like the Cauliflower on a Saturday night in the regular bout. When the bell rang ended the first round, Jim I. Sluggem and Tony Cantakit kept right on fighting. The timekeeper jumped in the ring and pounded the gavel on the fighters' noggins but he was knocked out by the Cauliflower coach who kept right on slugging against Coach Sullawalsh. The guys were counted out before the ring was cleared. The bout was voted—no decision.

The canvas was a bloody mess after the last bout won by the home forces. Another clean, wholesome bodybuilding, civilized athletic match had come to an end.

AM Says 'Poolhalls before Vet Housing

The National Association of Mil-
itaires has disclosed that several
veterans have been
building materials for houses
commercial construction is at
a standstill.

While the country is crying for
new alleys and cocktail lounges,
veterans have been paying black
market prices for plumbing and
fixtures, leaving the man-
ufacturers no opportunity to ex-
-

Milton Dollar, president of
National Association of Mil-
itaires, who served in the Battle
of the Bulge and saw four Army-

Navy football games during the war,
has stated.

"We fellows who gave our all are
getting a raw deal. I know for a
fact there are more houses than
racetracks being built right now.
I have proof that the veterans are
building these houses, and all they
want to do with them is live in
them."

"This is not free enterprise. The
millionaire is shackled by red tape
and can't make an honest million.
Is this why I was in Palm Springs
for two years? Is this what I fought
for? I say these veterans should be
investigated and punished."

South Carolina Wampus.

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new battery, new steering wheel,
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in fair condition. Reason for sell-
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1 G.821. Ask for Edsel.

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little metal polish will make
it just what you want. Phone
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books used in foreign language
literature courses. Basic English
translations extra. Call Pierre
Gonzales Schultz. B. 12.

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and papier mache. One look at
them and you'll just want to drop
dead immediately. PAUNCE-
FORT.

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your job future? Why not try a
business of your own? Write to
day for free booklet on surefire
small business. APPLE MARY
CO., Box 11, HIJACKENPACK,
N. J.

SWELL, INTELLIGENT girl, 23,
pretty and 6' 11" tall would like
to meet swell, intelligent basket-
ball player 7' tall. Box 131.

WANT TO LEARN TO DANCE?
Are you miserable because you
can't take your sweetheart to
Military Ball because you can't
dance? Stop worrying. Call me
now. I can't dance either and
will be glad to go with you. Helio-
tropes Blossomthwaite, 771 Lang-
don St.

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your courses "integrated", inves-
tigations held, resolutions passed.
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tives all over the campus.

LATEST MOVIES IN RETROSPECT

Four Stars—****—Stupendous
Three Stars—***—Colossal
Two Stars—**—Sensational
One Star—*—Terrific

* * *

Debauched

(Miracle Pictures)

The two stars of *Corrupted* are
reunited in this tragic story of a
girl married to a man suffering
from progressive myopia. All is
serene when Zenobia (played by
Queer Garson) marries Lem (played
by Ronald Goleman). But as the
picture unfolds Lem becomes in-
creasingly unable to recognize Ze-
nobia. His nearsightedness even-
tually reaches a point where he mis-
takes Cleatus (Rosalind Russell) for
Zenobia and spends the night play-
ing gin-rummy with her. Not rec-
ognizing his affliction, Zenobia mis-
understands and accuses Lem of
infidelity. She is about to run home
to mother in Vladivostock when, in
a surprise ending Lem consults an
optometrist (Lionel Barrymore).
Will be a close contender in this
year's Academy Award race.

* * *

Lady In the Salad Bowl

(Mammoth)

This picture is another Philip
Harlowe detective story adapted
from the Raymond Chandler book.
By the unusual device of having
the action seen wholly through the
eye of a potato, the picture at times
becomes confusing. Action begins
when Lana Turner is found mur-
dered and cut up, her head lying in
a bowl of tossed endive. Detective
Harlowe (played this time by
Pyrene Tower) follows the trail of
roquefort cheese dressing to the
apartment of Sydney Gruenstrasse.
When Gruenstrasse maintains he
never eats anything but nayonnaise,
Tower only grows more suspicious.
Attention finally centers on Peter
Gorre as a vinegar salesman whose
product is found to be that used in
the dressing. Will keep you on the
edge of your seat.

* * *

Love Grips Handy Ardy

(Monotone Studios)

Monotone's eighty-sixth Ardy
family picture (*Handy Ardy*, *First*
Class Scout, *Handy Ardy Proves a*
Good Scout, *The Courage of Handy*
Ardy, etc.) finds Handy Ardy
(Rickey Looney) in love with the
girl next door, pretty curly-haired
Molly (Hannah Lutherford). Like
every typical American boy, Handy
gets into all sorts of hilarious
trouble, such as running down his
grandfather with his stripped-down
Ford, but a man-to-man talk with
his wise old father, kindly paranoid
Squire Ardy, straightens everything
out. Not recommended for
children.

* * *

Store and Lease

(Paranoid Pictures)

Paranoid's screen adaption of Tol-
stoy's famous novel *War and Peace*.
Thrillingly brought to the screen in
glorious technicolor with a cast of
thousands, the movie is faithful to
the original masterpiece except the
action takes place in Norfolk, Vir-
ginia, instead of in Moscow, Russia.
Most of the film was, however, shot
in Moscow, Idaho. Danny Baye is
brilliant in his serio-comic role as
Napoleon.

—California Pelican

* * *

Read the Cardinal want sf.

Please read the Cardinal esny ads.

Read the Cardoms; fld

Aw hell; forget about the Carfinal;

Curiousity once killed a cat. Who

me?

* * *

Read the Cardinal!

Please read the Cardinal!

PLEASE read the Cardinal!

Aw Cmon on. Please, please read

the Cardinal.

Bub Sullen--

tive courses is impossible. And I don't like it.

The recent report of the Commission of the Freedom of the Press under Robert M. Hutchins has nothing at all to do with classics, but I have read the book and thought I would throw it in for padding.

You have continually answered classics department criticism with an attitude of: "We've taught it this way for thousands of years. You don't know whereof you speak."

Thus ends your argument. There is no room for discussion. In fact there is no room for lectures. Not even in Temporary Building No. 16. Your policy is to teach ancient classical literature, which is composed of dead languages. Not only do you teach antique languages, but you also misinform your students. You told us that Homer was a Greek writer, when we all knew he is Henry Aldrich's best friend. You told us that Cicero was a Roman orator, when you knew darn well Cicero is a suburb of Chicago, Ill. This is lying, falsification, if you will. And I don't like it.

You have built a top-notch department. Why not keep up the good work, huh?

But I know no change will come. I believe you offer little beyond the basic and advanced and graduate courses. I'm leaving the classic department, and some of your other students are flunking with me.

As far as I'm concerned, the classics department is all Greek to me.

Intramurals--

badly in the last quarter to prove easy prey for the pursuing Beagle-hound pack.

In other intramural activity, Delta Upsilon fell on Delta Delta Delta for three points in the last 10 seconds of play to win, 3-2, in a lively, well played contest while Stadium North, remembering Sherman's march through Georgia, march all over a down-trodden Stadium South aggregation to the tune of 65-18.

Scott Review--

not but condemn last night's performance as not only a set-back in musical progress but as a blanket condemnation of the human race. Another performance like this could bring vaudeville back.

All dictionaries start with A and end with Z.

Litters--

Dear Editor:

Has someone been shifting and winnowing your type? It seems that every kingy jittyj.

E. Shrdlu.

* * *

Dear Sir:

I must commend you for your tireless efforts to put out a fine college newspaper. Because of your ability, you have produced an excellent college paper. In fact it's the best. It's really marvelous.

Glenn Miller.

* * *

Dear Editor:

Isn't it about time that we clean up college politics? Isn't it about time we give the students a square deal? A third party and a house cleaning are in order. If you'd back such a party the students could be sure of getting a much deserved break. There would be more votes too.

Jim Dice,

Wheel, Slobbermen House

* * *

Dear Editor:

I am sick and tired of all the free publicity you are giving the fraternities. Every day I look in the Cardinal and find nothing but frats, frats, frats. Why don't you give a little space to someone besides those Greeks?

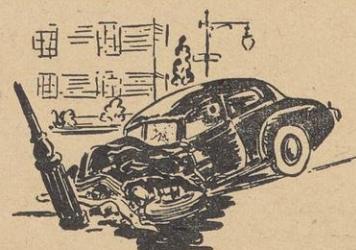
Dick Dapapadopoulos

Trump--

Only last month Trump was awarded the Wisconsin Legion of Merit, highest state honor, for his exceptional work in blue-pencil all censorable university publications, notably that dank literary effort the Wisconsin Octopus.

Horses in Afghanistan have been trained to run backwards because of the tail winds prevailing in this region.

Rent-A-Car HEAPS OF FUN



Kiekhoffer Auto Service

The Daily Cardinal

Entered in any third rate post office as fourth rate matter, under an illegal by Etaoin Shrdlu and usually under the cover of night.

Founded unfortunately, and in a year that no one ever speaks of. Worse yet rag is still meeting deadlines. Owned by a man who won't give his last name tolerated by the students (?) at the University of Wisconsin.

Published occasionally.

The opinions expressed in signed columns do not represent the opinion of a normal person, living or dead, and if they are, he should be dead.

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For the Business staff—Fictitious staff

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Executing Editor

CHUCKIT BROWN
Busy Editor

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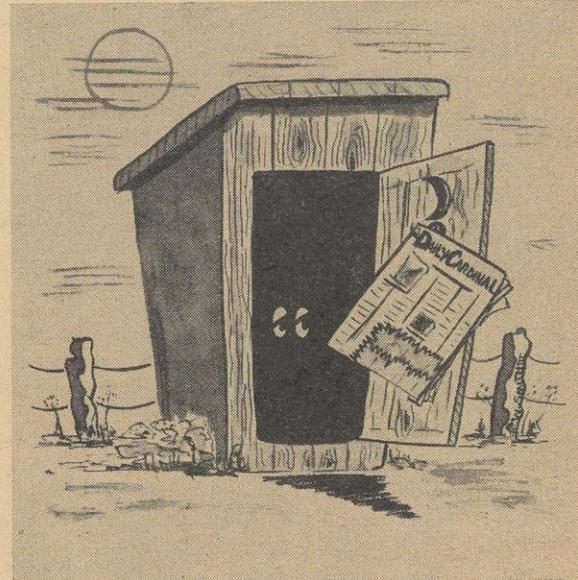
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Not Everybody READS The Cardinal



Just those who
are misinformed

HELL'S BELLS

In the September issue, Octy printed a guide for students new to the campus (and for those old students who still don't know what it's all about).

After scrounging around for the issue, we open it and find the Carillon tower, situated northeast of the Ag school (the house the Babcock milk tester built), behind the Hill (Madison's little Matterhorn) and overlooking the lake road.

Do we hear somebody asking, "What is a carillon?" Well hell's bells, brother, hell's bells.

Yes, as a matter of fact, the ancient Arabs considered the carillon to be an instrument of the devil. Whether they avoided the thing because of its diabolical origin or merely because they thought the music sounded like hell is a matter of conjecture.

Nevertheless, in spite of its unpopular origin, the carillon spread to the Orient and was used in Europe for highly religious ceremonies in connection with the universal church. Carillons became especially popular in 14th century Holland and spread to England which today houses the only two carillon-bell producing companies in the world.

Do we still hear you saying, "What the hell is a carillon?" Webster defines a carillon as a set of fixed bells rung by striking with hammers or mechanically. It is actually a set of 25 to 72 bells played from a keyboard or a console, being the largest of three types of outdoor bells. The other two are chimes and peals. There are at present 50 carillon towers in the United States. The oldest is located in Gloucester, Mass., the biggest at the Riverside Drive Church, New York, and the best between Mendota and Bascom Hall.

The father of the carillon tower at Madison, William Gorham Rice, also father of Prof. Rice of the law school, started the carillon tower committee along with Norris Wentworth in 1932. With the financial backing of the classes of 1917 through 1926 completed the tower in June, 1935. Mr. Wentworth manned the post as carillonneur (that's French for keeper of the bells) until June of 1941 when George Handson took over until the latter part of '42. Elsie Taschek became official carillonneur following Handson and taught Peter Nelson, our present propitious planer. Since the fall of '47, Ed Hugdahl, a sophomore in the school of music, has been working with Mr. Nelson.

Peter Nelson, present carillonneur, is

not, as our glossary would have you expect, "a berserk music professor, who, chained in the tower, plays indistinguishable counterpoint." He is a botany instructor, working for his Doctor's, with a minor in physics. Last semester marks his first Saturday class, and a 7:45 at that.

Peter Nelson began his music career by playing the piano, under protest, but his interests soon expanded to "bigger



and better" instruments. He has mastered the organ, tuba, and bass viol—which he says is more bass than viol.

He became interested in bells while in a crater near Mt. Vesuvius at the time of its last eruption. Working with the meteorology corps in Italy, he found himself assigned to the Vesuvius area when the mountain blew up. While he isn't sure he actually heard celestial bells during the explosion, his ears certainly rang.

When Peter Nelson returned from Europe, Elsie Taschek asked him if he would like to learn to play the carillon. "Sure," he jokingly replied, "as soon as the war is over." A few days later we dropped the atomic bomb on Japan and he was playing the carillon. He rang his first bell in the fall of 1945 and had mastered the set by the following December—in time for Christmas carols.

He plays the carillon in the afternoon and early evening, and says that anyone interested in bells is invited up into the tower for a lesson.

Nelson's aspiration is to play the carillon in Cape Town, South Africa, and once he accomplishes that he will be willing to take up the piccolo.

—Ogden D. Gray
Marian Larson

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WAITING FOR THE BUS.

Betty sat in the little room off the hall and waited for George. She rubbed her fingers over the diamond ring on her left hand. Dear George. Betty had hoped she would have a large engagement ring like those in the ads, but George would rather spend the extra money on furniture for their home.

Did she really love him? She guessed that she did. After all, he loved her enough to ask her to marry him. He wanted to give her a home and security. He would take her away from her dull job of typing in an office. Dear George.

The front door bell rang. Betty glanced at her watch. Exactly seven. George was always punctual. Betty stood up, smoothed her new green dress, and stepped into the hall.

George, tall, solid-faced, kissed her quickly, and smiled at her.

"Notice anything, George?"

"New lipstick?"

"No."

"I don't know then. What is it?"

"My new dress. I bought it yesterday. Like it?"

"Yes, very pretty. How much did it cost?"

"Too much. I splurged. I was looking for something inexpensive when I saw this. I couldn't say no to myself."

George looked disapproving. Betty wanted to say that she, not he, paid for it. But she just handed him her coat. He held it while she slipped into it. The coat was black, simple, and smart. It wasn't very warm on winter days but it looked well on her.

They went outside into the night. The snow was dry and crisp. The wind was colder than when Betty had come home from work. George looked warm in his heavy gray overcoat, gray hat, gray muffler. He wore rubbers, although the sidewalks were frozen dry.

George and Betty arrived at the bus stop just in time to see their bus a block ahead of them, speeding uptown.

"Ahead of schedule," said George. "It's not supposed to get here before 7:15. We'll have to wait now."

They always took the bus uptown to the movies. George said that when people were fortunate enough to have nickel buses they should take advantage of them.

"Well, Betty, what shall we see tonight?"

Betty thought of "Duel in the Sun." She had read that it was wonderful. Big cast, technicolor, and Gregory Peck was always wonderful. "Duel in the Sun," said Betty.

George frowned. "I think we ought to see that British film at the Madison. I understand it's very true to life. No false Hollywood romance to it."

"'Duel in the Sun' is supposed to be swell, George."

"Second rate," said George. "I read the reviews. Nothing but a technicolor western with sex. Besides, they are charging extra prices for first run. For a fine picture I wouldn't mind that, but I refuse to pour money into Hollywood for a cheap film. It's time these movie people learn they can't palm trash off on the public."

"I guess you're right, George. We'll see the British movie." Betty knew she wouldn't like it, but George knew the best bargains in everything.

George stepped off the curb to look for the bus. A quarter cab pulled over towards George, who shook his head vigorously. A blast of cold air whipped through Betty's smart coat and chilled her thighs.

THE OCTOPUS SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH

Some men never understand women, and George, well . . .

"No bus yet," said George, as he stepped back onto the curb. A gust of wind tugged at his hat. He threw up an arm to hold it down. A cab going by swerved in to the curb. "Cab?" the driver asked.

"Of course not," said George. "I was just grabbing for my hat. Sorry."

Betty saw the driver shrug his shoulders in the warm cab. The cab sped away towards uptown. She watched it till it disappeared. A chill formed in her spine. She fought it, but had to let it escape. It charged up her spine. She shivered.

"The bus won't be long," said George.

Betty wondered how many minutes longer. Sixty seconds in a minute. How many chills in a minute?

"George, I'm freezing."

George smiled. "Why didn't you wear your other coat? It's much warmer."

Betty could have said that the other coat was shapeless, old, and of a poor color. But George would have laughed.

"George, let's take a cab, just tonight. I'm cold. I'll pay my fare."

George's laugh had a decisive sound. "No, the bus will be along. You take a cab, then look out the back window and see the bus coming. Then you're sorry for not waiting."

"But, George, taking a cab is nice sometimes. Sort of a treat for yourself. Don't you ever take a cab?"

"Never. I refuse to pay a quarter when I can wait a minute and ride for a nickel. When drivers call 'Cab?' their voices fall on my dead ear." George chuckled.

A chill made Betty's body quake. Dead ear? Because of his dead ear, she'd probably die from the cold. Betty looked at George. He stood there so warm in his sensible coat and rubbers, waiting for a sensible bus to take him to a sensible English movie. She squeezed her cold hands into fists. The engagement ring pressed into her left hand. Hard ring. Little ring. Sensible ring.

George smiled as another cab went by. I'm freezing, Betty thought, and he thinks more of saving forty cents than he does of me. A chill exploded into her head.

"George Hamilton, I can't wait for the bus."

George looked surprised. Betty was miserably delighted. George surprised! She stripped the glove off her left hand, pulled off the diamond ring, and dropped it carelessly into his coat pocket.

"Betty, what's wrong with you? Are you crazy?"

"No, George. I just realized that you've made a mistake. You really can't afford me. No, I don't think I'm really sensible enough for you. You see, I can't wait for a bus."

Betty smiled brightly at George's staring face. She stepped off the curb and flagged an approaching cab. The cab pulled up to her. The door opened. "Where to?" the driver asked.

"To 'Duel in the Sun'." She stepped into the warm cab. George stepped off the curb. "Betty, wait!"

Betty waved at him. "No, George, you wait. The bus will be along soon." She slammed the cab door. The cab shot off uptown. Betty opened her coat, took off her right glove and stuffed both gloves into her pocket. She held her hands near the auto heater. She rubbed the place where the diamond ring had been. How nice to be warm and alive again.

—ED CLARK

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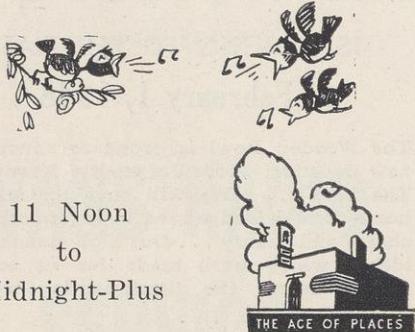
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THAT'S LIFE

By JIM DOOHAN

The Glorious Irish season is with us again and your ears will be assaulted by lachrymose renditions of "Wild Irish Rose" and "Ireland Must Be Heaven." By the 17th it will be a pleasure to hear even "Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair." Being Irish myself, I do not hold the Gaels in the special veneration that others seem to do. During this March madness I brood on the fact that the Irish may be great patriots but they certainly are punk song-writers.

★ ★ ★

The overwhelming majority piled up by the Wallace-backed candidates in New York has Republican and Democrat politicians whistling in the dark. Could the voters be preparing to deliver a Shakespearean "curse o' both your houses?"

★ ★ ★

The Taft-Hartley law may eventually smash the International Typographical Union. Bizarre and difficult to read as that typewriter print was when it first appeared, it is becoming familiar to the public. If the public accepts this typewriter print there will be no need for linotypers on newspapers. The Taft-Hartley bill became a law mainly because people felt unions should be "curbed." The first result of the bill may be to substitute the term "smashed."

★ ★ ★

A political party marches on its favors. The Republicans have been off the gravy train for so long that all they can offer the voter is promises. The Democrats have had such a long reign that they no longer feel they have to hand out offices. About all a voter can get for his trouble of going to the polls is a small tax cut. And a tax cut is similar to having a hold-up man hand you back your empty wallet.

★ ★ ★

National defense is too important to be entrusted to the generals used to be an old gag line. Men who served in our pre-Pearl Harbor "broomstick" army recall firing a gun once in a year of service. Military training consisted of scrubbing barracks floors, shining shoes, and trying to guess whether the Brass Hats would want equipment laid out on a bed or on a shelf for an inspection. In spite of army publicity about atomic warfare there is plenty of evidence that the Brass Hats are still producing shoeshine soldiers trained to "look busy."

★ ★ ★

The Civil Rights issue has Truman on the spot. Southerners are still smarting under his demand that Jim Crow cars be abolished. The enlarged Negro vote in such key cities as Detroit, New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles makes some concrete action necessary. Having told us what a great liberal he is, Harry is now discomfited by having to prove it.

★ ★ ★

Student Board proved what a great, democratic outfit it is by closing its meeting on the fee question. Aroused student opinion, resembling a back-hunched cat, has pretty well settled that legal or not the fee is going to be optional. Student Board has again shown keen ineptness in sensing student feeling.

★ ★ ★

Russia charged that England attempted a separate peace. The other allies asserted that it was the Big Bear who worked for a separate settlement. Apparently, Hitler would have been happy to make a deal with anyone. Now, if he had only approached me —



OCTY'S
"DREAM GIRL"

—Photo by DeLonge

Maude Eakins

Octy's first "Dream Girl" is from Evanston, Ill. . . a freshman art major and Theta pledge, Maude lives at Ann Emery . . . Favorite Song, "Sweet Lorraine"



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JAKE MINTZ

(continued from page 8)

Clue No. 3: He is the only professor we know who is called exclusively by his first name. Ah, ha, but we aren't going to tell you his first name.

Clue No. 4: When you do see him on the street, he is apt to be wearing a derby and cloak.

(continued on page 16)

Then there was the girl who wore only a cluster of strawberries to a fancy dress ball and got herself into a hell of a jam.

—Cornell Widow

* * *

1st dog: "Do you have a family tree?"

2nd dog: "No, we're not particular."

* * *

"Has your son's college education proved helpful since you've taken him into the firm?"

"Oh, yes! We let him mix the cocktails every time we have a conference."

—"Wild Bill" Kiekhofer

* * *

A young surgeon and his wife were walking in the park one Sunday. A curvaceous, vivid blonde passed them and spoke to the doctor.

"How did you meet her, my dear?" the wife asked.

"Oh, professionally," was the reply.

"I see," his wife murmured. "Yours or hers?"

—Dean Middleton

* * *

Asking a woman her age,
Is like buying a second-hand car;
The speedometer's been set back,
But you can't tell just how far.

—Prof. C. Bogholt

* * *

"Do you think your son will forget everything he learned in college?"

"I hope so. He can't make a living necking!"

* * *

"Man may have more courage than woman, but he doesn't get half the chance to show his backbone."

* * *

Kissing a girl because she lets you is like scratching a place that doesn't itch.

* * *

He who puts off studying until tomorrow is going to have a helluva good time tonight.

* * *

She wore a black garter, in memory of those who had passed beyond.

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Blue eyes gaze at mine—exaltation.
Soft hand clasped in mine—palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine—expectation.

Red lips close to mine—temptation.
Footsteps—damnation.

* * *

She: "Do you know what they're saying about me?"

He: "Yeah, that's why I came over."

* * *

"Lips that touch wine shall never touch mine," declared the fair co-ed.
And after she graduated she taught school for years and years and years and years.



"It can't be true, I saw the story
in the CARDINAL!"

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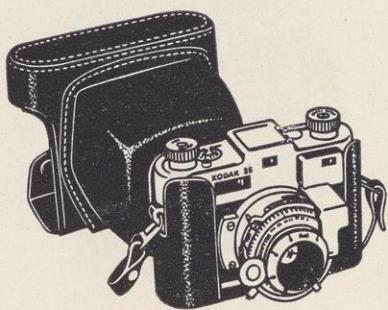
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Co-ed: "Where is Elsie?"
Housemother: "I don't know; she went to the library."

—D. G. House

* * *

In an English army hospital:
"Ullo Bill!"
"Ullo Alf!"
"Come in to die?"
"Naw. Yesterdie."

—Prof. Garnett

* * *

A justice of the peace in a small town was called to perform his first marriage ceremony. The bashful couple remained standing after he had finished the rites and in a brave attempt to round off the affair he stammered:

"It's all over now. Go and sin no more!"

* * *

Mark Anthony: "I wish to see Cleopatra."

Slave: "She's in bed with laryngitis."
Mark: "I'll kill that Greek!"

—Ricardo Quintana

* * *

Three old men were discussing the ideal way of dying. The first, aged 75, said he'd like to crash in a car going about 80 miles per hour. The second, 85, said he'd take his finish in a 400 mph plane. "I've got a better idea," said the third, aged 95. "I'd like to be shot by a jealous husband."

(continued from page 14)

Clue No. 5: He is a member of the speech department and directs the Wisconsin Players' productions. Whew! We didn't think you were going to get it!

Clue No. 6: His initials are "Fred Buerki!"



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Don't write home for dough—get it from your old Uncle Pepsi! You never had it so good . . . just make us laugh and you're in like Flynn!

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Even daffier than the definitions is the fact that we pay a buck apiece for any of these we can't resist. That's why we're shooting one rock to *Louis W. Geier* of *New Orleans* for our lead-off definition: Refresher course—a path to the nearest bottle of Pepsi.

Father—the kin we love to touch.

Zebra—a Sing-Sing mule.

Nectar—pre-Pepsi-Cola Pepsi-Cola.

Twins—insult added to injury.

★ ★ ★

Look, all you have to do is write these. We have to read 'em. Even so, we'll pay a buck apiece for the ones we buy.

★ ★ ★

JACKPOT

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GET FUNNY... WIN MONEY... WRITE A TITLE



The guy who drew this had a caption in mind, but before he could put it on paper, the man in the white coat collected him. So we'll pay \$5 for the best titles we get. Or send in your own original cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here are the rich kids who latched onto Easy Money for cartoon captions and ideas in the October contest: \$15.00 to *Herbert John Brammeier, Jr.*, of *St. Louis Univ.*; \$5.00 to each of the following: *Katherine Meland* of *Syracuse Univ.*; *David S. Steiner* of *Carnegie Tech.*; and *John French* of *Hotchkiss School*.

HE-SHE GAGS

Old Phineas T. Barnum must have had us in mind when he said there's one born every minute. In the October contest, we sent three fish apiece to *E. J. Maines* of *Knoxville, Tenn.*; *Ned Curran* of *Fordham University*; *Melvin Harrison* of *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; *Paul Pavalon*, of *Madison, Wis.*; and *Francis J. Chupa* of *Philadelphia* respectively for the following gems:

He: What's your favorite hymn?
She: Why, you, silly!

He: May I kiss you?
She: (Silence).
He: May I please kiss you?
She: (More silence).
He: Say, are you deaf?
She: No, are you paralyzed?

She: Your head is like a doorknob.
He: How come?
She: Any girl can turn it.

He: I have a friend who always drinks Pepsi-Cola with a straw.
She: That's silly—who ever heard of a straw drinking Pepsi-Cola?

She: I'm getting worried about my husband. I sent him out for a Pepsi-Cola two weeks ago and he hasn't come back yet.
He: That is a problem.
She: Yes, I need the Pepsi-Cola.
Yep, three bucks apiece for any of these we buy. What are you waiting for?

LITTLE MORON CORNER

How do you write a moron gag? Just put yourself in a moron's place and listen to the things you say. Here's the masterpiece that corralled a deuce in the October contest for *M. M. Mitchell* of *Austin, Texas*:

Muffinhead Moron, the man with the mind of a midge, was found sitting on

the curb, exhausted, begging plaintively for a Pepsi-Cola. When asked why he was so bushed, he replied, typically: "I just walked through a screen door and strained myself!"

\$2, cash money, for every moron gag we buy. With your contacts, how can you lose?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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careful, that's why I say
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Risé Stevens

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