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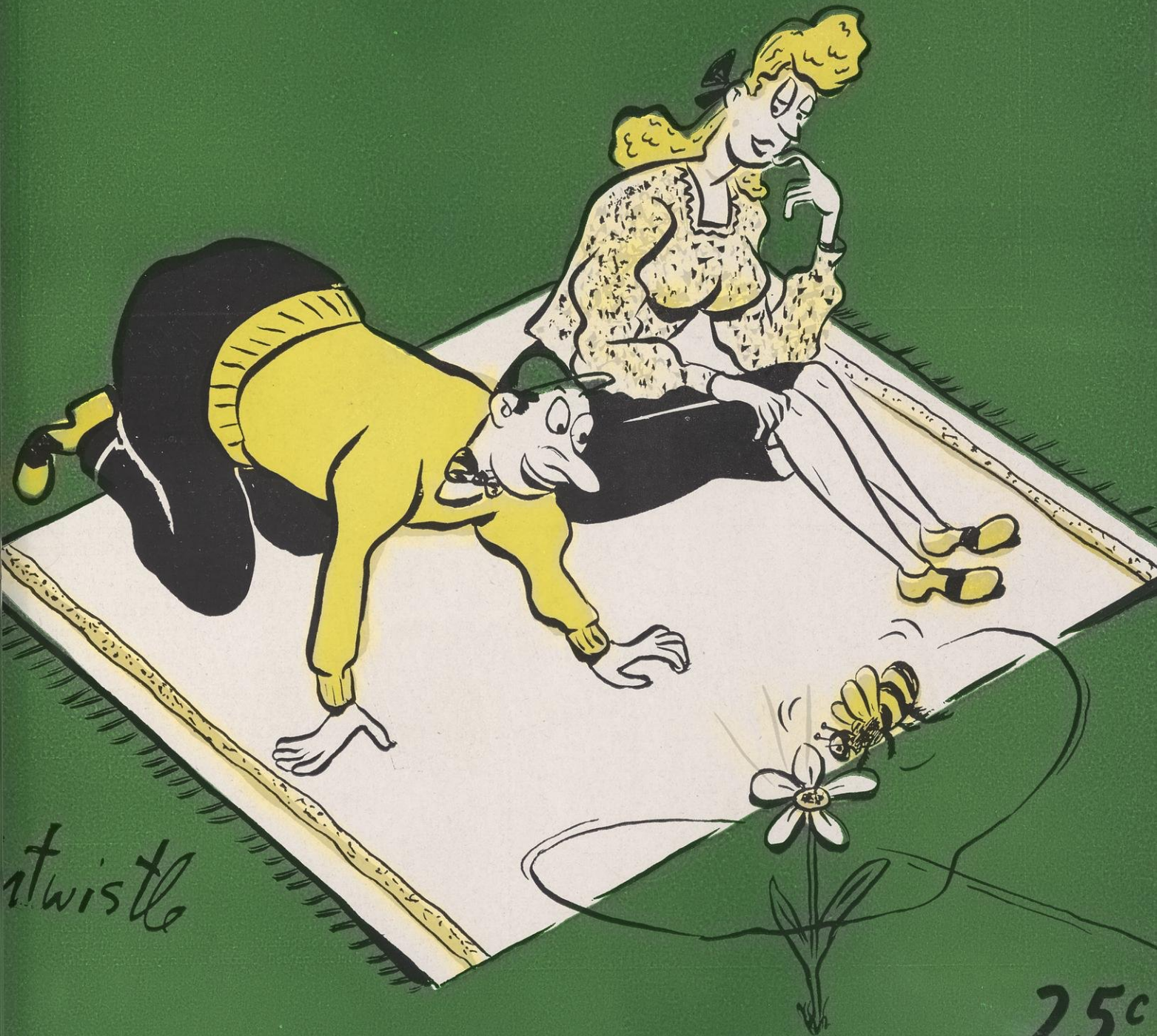
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The Wisconsin OCTOPUS



25c

ALL OVER AMERICA... THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!



I SMOKED MANY DIFFERENT BRANDS AND COMPARED—IT'S CAMELS WITH ME!

I'VE TRIED OTHER BRANDS —NOTHING SUITS MY 'T-ZONE' LIKE A CAMEL!

CAMELS ARE THE 'CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE' WITH ME!

CAMELS SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS. THEY TASTE SO GOOD —THEY SMOKE SO MILD AND COOL!

Jerry Ambler

RODEO
BRONC-RIDING STAR

Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead

HOLDER OF NATIONAL
WOMEN'S FISHING RECORDS

Cecil Smith

INTERNATIONAL
10-GOAL POLO STAR

Mary Reilly

TABLE-TENNIS
STAR

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

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!



T for Taste...

T for Throat...

That's your proving ground for any cigarette.

See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



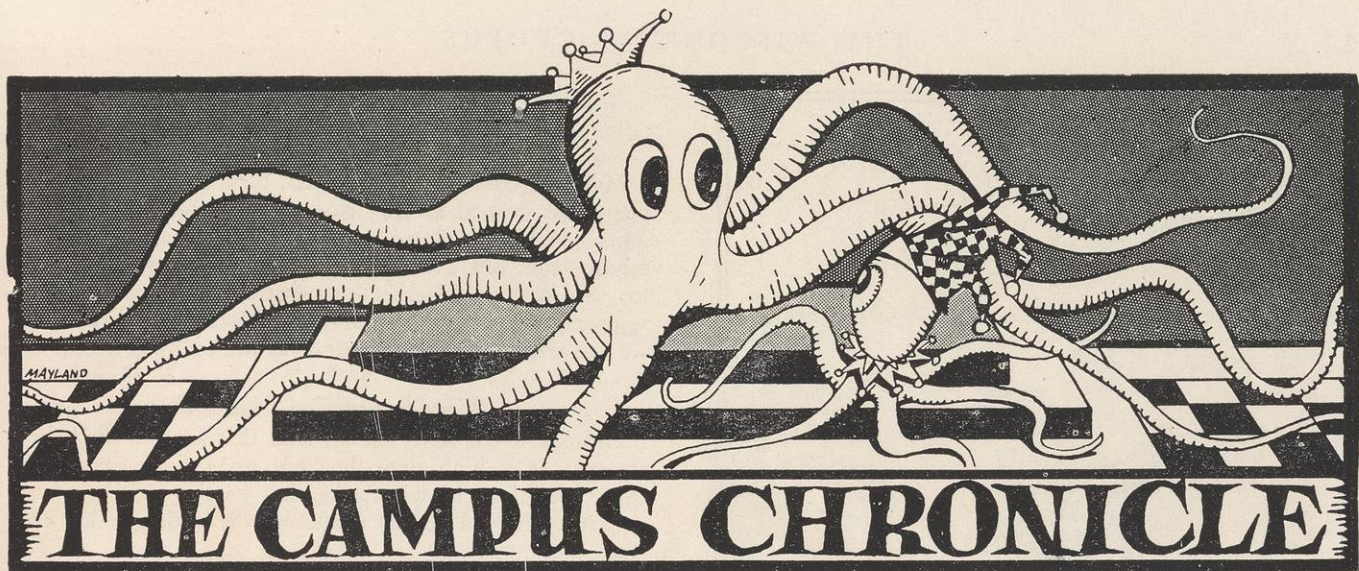
• All over America, the story's the same! With smoker after smoker who has tried and compared different brands of cigarettes, Camels are the "Choice of Experience"!

Try Camels in your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—and you'll see why! Compare Camels for rich, full flavor; for mild, cool smoking—and you'll agree with the millions of smokers who say Camels suit them to a "T"! Let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:

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

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



Eighteenth Century Literature

At a Truax party Winnie Nelson, of White House, was puzzled by the repetition of the phrase, "A bodacious this-or-that." Harold Mueller, the engineer, asked her if she had ever read Sunffy Smith. It developed that Winnie did have a nodding acquaintance with Barney Google—when Spark Plug was the big item in the comic strip. Ah, these bodacious English majors!

* * *

I'm Dealing In the Rain

At Squire Hall lately the plumbing won't plumb, the fuses won't fuse, and whenever anyone takes a shower the water leaks through the floor into the downstairs game room. Torn between bathing and gaming the girls compromised. Drop in there any time and see them placidly dealing cards while the shower water drip-drops into a tin pan.

* * *

Who Steals My Book—

Will the girls at Ketterer House remind Peggie Joy to return that Commerce book to Jim Doohan? His sister's address is in it and he always feels the urge to write his sister near the end of the month. The overdrawn end of the month, that is.

* * *

Hear Ye, Hear Ye!

John Kutish, Ag school grad, snorted when he heard of Student Government Emphasis week. "Haven't they been suffering from too much emphasis?" he asked.

John served as student court judge for one day and then removed himself from the bench on grounds of prejudice. After watching it operate he was "agin it."

* * *

Religion versus Ritual

Professor Foss of the Journalism school made the nice distinction that everyone has often felt. He was speaking of the way his parents dragged him to church every Sunday when he was a boy. "I suppose," he said, "I was a pretty good church-goer, but not too much of a Christian."

* * *

The Talking Man

Erwin Leverenz, Ag school distance runner, made a flub in one of those Speech course interviews. Speaking of an Illinois track star, he er-and-ah'ed for a minute trying to think of the runner's name. Finally Erwin turned to Ken Harris who was interviewing him and said, "You know the runner I'm thinking of. What is his name?"

Ken Harris then had his turn to er-and-ah.

Your Slip Is Showing

Cardinal has been at it again. A recent headline read, "Fencers Lose to Illini, 14½-14½." The story started off with the words, "Wisconsin's victory-starved fencing squad . . ."

Yes, and we know who is starving them, too.

* * *

Ivory Towers

George Malak, of the sociology department, is writing a thesis on suicide. That is the way these social science departments operate. They always make a man write on something he has never experienced.

* * *

The Double Standard Again

One of our young playwrights wrote a strong, slangy war play. His soldier hero had to have a disease, just any disease, for the continuity of the drama, and the play was due in four hours.

"Historectomy," offered a helpful friend, and historectomy went into the play. That drama should be interesting. Historectomy, like pregnancy, occurs only in women.

* * *

Babbitt Engineers

Tom Smith, contender for the St. Pat title, almost drove one of our staff members into the lawyers' fold. The staff member was waging a Rathskeller argument with a foreign student. The foreign student thought that the United States should export ideas as well as material on the Marshall plan. America, it seemed to him, is too commercial.

At that moment Tom, accompanied by two other engineers, Richard Krauss and Jim Evans, came up to the table. "Buy a St. Pat button," Tom Smith said. "St. Pat was an engineer, you know."

"But I'm a lawyer," the foreign student said with a gleam in his eye.

"Well, St. Pat may have been a lawyer, too," Tom Smith said. "Buy a button anyway."

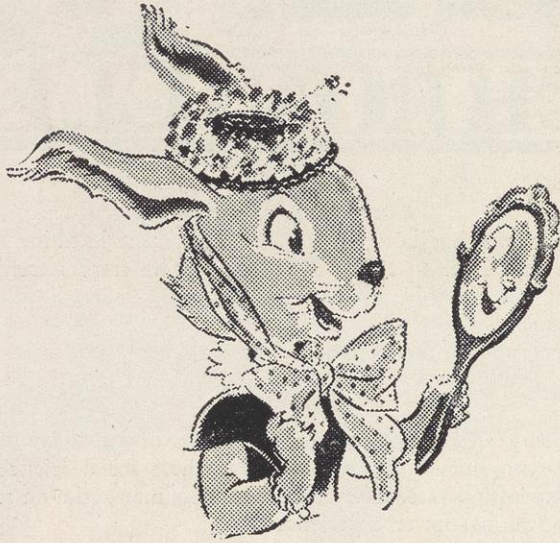
"You see how commercial the Americans are," the foreign student said to the Octy staff member. "They will admit anything to make money."

* * *

News-hawks or Jail-birds?

There was great glee in the Journalism school when the word spread around, "Thayer's class has gone to jail."

Later it turned out that Mr. Thayer was just taking his Court Reporting class on the customary tour of the city lock-up. Members of the class asserted it was the first time they had ever been in the jug. Mr. Thayer, of course, could not say the same.



If it's something in a

Spring Hat

We have it at

Baron's

On the Square

Chronicle

Sticks and Stones

Mike McKeel, of Kappa Sigma, turned up in a Humorology skit dressed as an Octopus who laughed at his own jokes. After we printed a nice picture of him a couple of months ago, Bill Treul came around to take pictures of us for the *Badger*. He left the negative overlong in the developer and the picture came out all black. Seems as though we are about as short on friends as the Student Board.

* * *

Why Stand For Lincoln?

Campus co-eds have put up with this Lincoln myth long enough. It is high time they put up a fight against the snide remarks and wisecracks that have come their way.

Last summer a botany professor was leading a lab class



around Bascom Hill pointing out the different ferns. Finally, he decided to cross to the other side of the hill.

"In order not to embarrass the girls with us," he said unctuously, "we will walk behind Lincoln's statue."

"Oh, Professor," Hazel Cahill, Journalism quipper, said as she took his arm, "Lincoln always stands up if the girl is accompanied by a gentleman." The professor retreated.

* * *

Grilled Cheese Fantasies

For the Moron Book of the Year Club selection we suggest "Your Dream and Your Horoscope" by Ballantyne and Coeli. We have culled a few gems from this book. If the subject of your dream is:

"RHINOCEROS. You will be snowed under with bills if you dream of seeing a rhinoceros in a jungle. Seen in a menagerie or zoo it portends that a person of the opposite sex will seek your company.

"CASEMENT. For a woman to dream of peering through a casement window is a portent of worry and possibility of disappointment. If she closes and locks the window, she will be lucky.

"JONAH. If Jonah and the whale get all mixed up in your dream, it means that you will have a family dispute over money matters. If you dream of being a 'Jonah,' or hoodoo, you will be made to apologize for a remark you have made about a friend's wife.

"DULCIMER. To dream of playing the dulcimer promises sweet moments with your best beloved, but if the music sounds sour, you are warned against associating with loose characters.

"OLIVES. Juicy ripe olives eaten in a dream portend an unexpected experience in kissing. Green olives are a sign of meeting someone of an unusual type. Stuffed olives are a warning against talking with people you do not know.

"OLD MAID. To dream of being an old maid is a sign that you will marry a fiery black-eyed musician."

There is much more in this tome to enlighten the student dreamer. The Philosophy department should put it on their required list.

* * *

If You Want To Be An Octopus . . .

The Octy staff is having its dinner on April 12 and at that time the new staff will take over. Due to graduation the editorial side is going to be seriously understaffed next year. If you feel the urge to express yourself, drop down to the



Quonset hut beside the Union and talk it over with us. Our phone number is actually Gifford 5539. Don't pay any attention to that number in the student directory. That phone number connects you with a lioness out at Vilas Park.

* * *

Our Two Bits' Worth

Students who scanned the Student Board statement found out where the money goes. After seeing "postage" crop up seven or eight times in the report, they know that the money is spent to make up the U. S. Post Office deficit.

Lifesaver Joke of the Month

While teaching a course in short story writing, a college professor informed his students that a short story would always hold a reader's interest if it began mentioning either Deity, royalty, or sex. In the first set of short stories the professor received, one freshman started his story with "My God," cried the princess, "get your hand off my knee."

—Prof. Buckley



AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



You meet heart-throb #1 as you enter the Cake House with a dolly on each arm. Don't goof off! Don't get "discumbobulated"! Just pass yummy Life Savers all around. They're wonderful little tension-breakers. Before you know it, that week-end date's yours.

THE CANDY WITH THE HOLE



STILL ONLY 5¢



Complete Dinners

CUBA CLUB

Open Sunday at 1
5 to 11 Weekdays
Closed Monday



A
Pretty Dress
Can Turn All Heads!

Women who like to stay in the fashion whirl are wearing the pretty dresses that turn all heads their way . . . dresses that twirl their full skirts and show their petticoats coquetishly. They find them in Fashion Center, Second Floor.

Harry S. Manchester
Inc.

Pause That Impresses

Hottest rock to hit the Commerce school this year was Vernon Smith, *Financial World* editor. Nattily dressed and resembling the "after" picture in a hair oil ad, he bounced out on the stage and called for three cheers and a tiger for free enterprise. The Corporation Finance students may believe in it but on student wages they were not too excited about it.

They were particularly silent when the speaker made a break a moment later. Smith had made some crack about "old buzzards who won't learn new methods." At that moment he looked down at the elderly dean who was sitting in the first row. Smith lost the thread of his thought and stood horror-stricken while the minutes dragged like centuries. The class sat silently, impassively like a Twentieth Century Inquisition. A good time was had by all.

* * *

Woman's Whirl

Men who call Squire Hall thinking of the days when it was a men's co-op are disconcerted by Marge Knueppel. In a clear soprano voice she announces, "Squire Hall. I'm the house fellow here."

Before the lad can gather his wits Marge sails off on her Recreational propaganda. It is her major, she says, and the most important one in the world. Adults need recreation. Children need recreation. Monkeys and students need recreation. About this time the badly-befuddled man promises to shoot a game of Kelly pool and hangs up.

The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin Board of Directors

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* * * *

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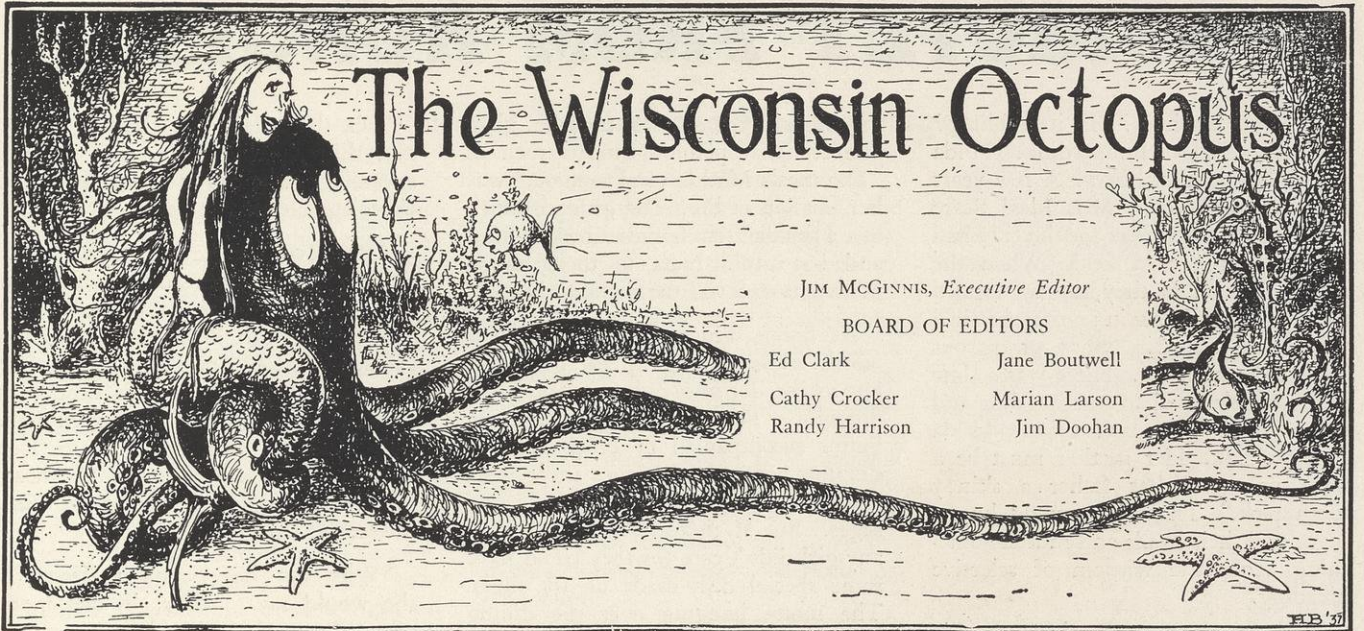
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VOLUME XXVI

MARCH, 1948

NUMBER 6



JIM MCGINNIS, *Executive Editor*

BOARD OF EDITORS

Ed Clark	Jane Boutwell
Cathy Crocker	Marian Larson
Randy Harrison	Jim Doohan

In The Editor's Brown Study

Along about this time of the semester, with the *Cardinal* take-off issue well behind us (and a sell-out at that!), the staff succumbs to the inevitable wiles of Spring. The soft gurgling waters of the Bascom hill drain, washing dropped books rapidly to the bottom, and the greening and drying of the grass with its promise of better things to come, add to the lethargic coma which rests easily on the campus inhabitants. Even the old squid has started to stretch his legs and look forward to the opening of the lake.

It's about this season each year that the old Octy staff scouts about for promising new writers, cartoonists, and business-minded characters to will the magazine to for the coming year. Then we put out one more issue, take the squid out of the hut and back to Mendota for the summer, and finally shuffle off through the mists to the heaven where all good humorists go.

With this in mind, we cast the gimlet eye about the fair expanses of the old state U., in hopes of discovering new joke-makers, clowns, buffoons, humorists, comedians, and just plain interested writers. As the entire staff is open for newcomers, from Executive Editor to Keeper-of-the-Old-Jokes, we'll go on record here as offering to trade jokes and positions with most any talent that wanders in.

Our offices are conveniently hidden in the second quonset hut between the Union and the YMCA, and the normal healthy dislike of the *Daily Cardinal* will get you past the door. (ED. NOTE: *Cardinal* staff and Glenn Miller, wheth-

er seeking journalistic advancement or prestige, need not apply).

* * *

It's been about a month since we missed our last deadline, and since then we've made a few switches in the old



rag. Keeping up with the times, we've installed a three-cornered "new look." Number one, as if you guys hadn't noticed it, is the full page picture of one of the "undiscovered" campus Dream Girls each month. We had a

little trouble persuading the powers that be that some of the Ag and engineering lowbrows should be let in on what's walking around on the other side of the campus, but when they saw some of the photos they changed their minds. As the selections are made on a picture basis (no dates accepted), anyone who thinks they know a dream when they see one is welcome to point them out to us.

We're stealing a little of the literary mag's thunder in running a short story every month, but we couldn't wait for them to come out . . . we graduate in 1950. Here's hoping you like good fiction.

The third new twist we're throwing at you monthly is a genuine real-as-life feature article (just like in the big city). They will have a new slant on some of the campus stand-bys, and in case you need a laugh . . . jokes on the other side of the page.

* * *

As long as we're clearing the editorial air, we might as well say our piece and stay in school. Last month, in the Take-off issue, we ran a story exposing the university payroll leakage. In it there were a series of statements concerning Dean Paul Trump's monthly paychecks, which, we were informed, led you, Dear Reader, to surmise that the kindly Dean was being highly overpaid at the preposterously low wage of \$42.60 per month. How ridiculous!

Here and now we would like to state that suave, moustached Dean Trump IS worth \$42.60 per month.

See you in student court!

STRICTLY FROM HUNGER

Is it an elephant? Is it a blimp? No, it's Hilda Humberdink. Hilda wasn't always that heavy. A few years back she was voted Miss Ideal Scare Crow. The contenders for the title had to stand in a corn field. When the crows saw Hilda they simply flapped their wings and flew in search of a field that could afford a more prosperous looking Scare Crow. There was a time when people used to stare at her and say, "There goes that skinny Hilda Humberdink. Her mother must be a bean pole and her father a skinny tooth pick." Then they would knowingly nod their heads and mutter something about the wisdom of selective breeding.

Fate, it seems, had bigger plans for Hilda than being a flapper in a farmer's field. As a consequence of her brilliant mind (Hilda does have a brilliant mind) she went to the State University. At the "U." she lived in a great big dormitory filled with five hundred other girls who also had brilliant minds.

In this dormitory there was a dietitian who loved humanity. This dietitian's greatest pleasure in life was mak-

ing delicious surprises for the girls. She felt that planning meals such as "The meals Mother used to make" was her mission in life. The girls in return loved the dietitian because she was kind and beautiful. Next to their house-mother they loved the dietitian best.

At home, Hilda never felt it was worth while getting up for breakfast, but in the dormitory the situation was different. There were eggs fried in butter accompanied by crisp strips of sizzling bacon. Sometimes there were golden-brown pancakes with little sausages. But if there ever was a meal any girl didn't care for they could have some special dish made up for them. The motto hanging over the dining room door read "Our Wish Is to Serve You."

The steaks and chops so often served at dinner were prepared to tempt any jaded appetite. Hilda always ate every last bite and most of her seconds. Often Hilda felt stuffed but she managed to finish her dessert whether it was strawberries and cream or a fudge cake sundae.

Hilda's roommate told Hilda that her skirts were beginning to get tight.

"Oh, these darn dry cleaners shrink everything," said Hilda. She selected a vanilla cream candy out of a box of chocolate cream candies.

After several more wonderful weeks of college life Hilda added a stunt to her repertoire. She could no longer squeeze through keyholes, but if she exhaled she could pop a button off her blouse. It was around this time that Hilda realized she was getting chubby. Yes, chubby. She resolved to lose weight, but it was difficult. The head dietitian always insisted that the girls eat second desserts.

"Why not have another dessert?" she would say. "After all, one more piece of pumpkin pie a la mode won't hurt you."

Her kind, motherly face looked too offended if the girls refused and the girls could not bear to see her unhappy . . . so they ate.

A pound was added here . . . a pound was added there . . . here a pound, there a pound . . . it was no longer deniable. Hilda had become fat. She even served as the inspiration of a song made famous by A. Godfrey. When she walked up the Hill she creaked and puffed like a steam engine going around a mountain bend. "Puff, puff, puff," and "chug," breathed Hilda.

"Wooo Wooo Woo," said the young men watching her ascend the Hill.

You see, Hilda wasn't always that heavy. Hilda had a broadening experience. She went to college.

HOW DRUNK CAN YOU BE?

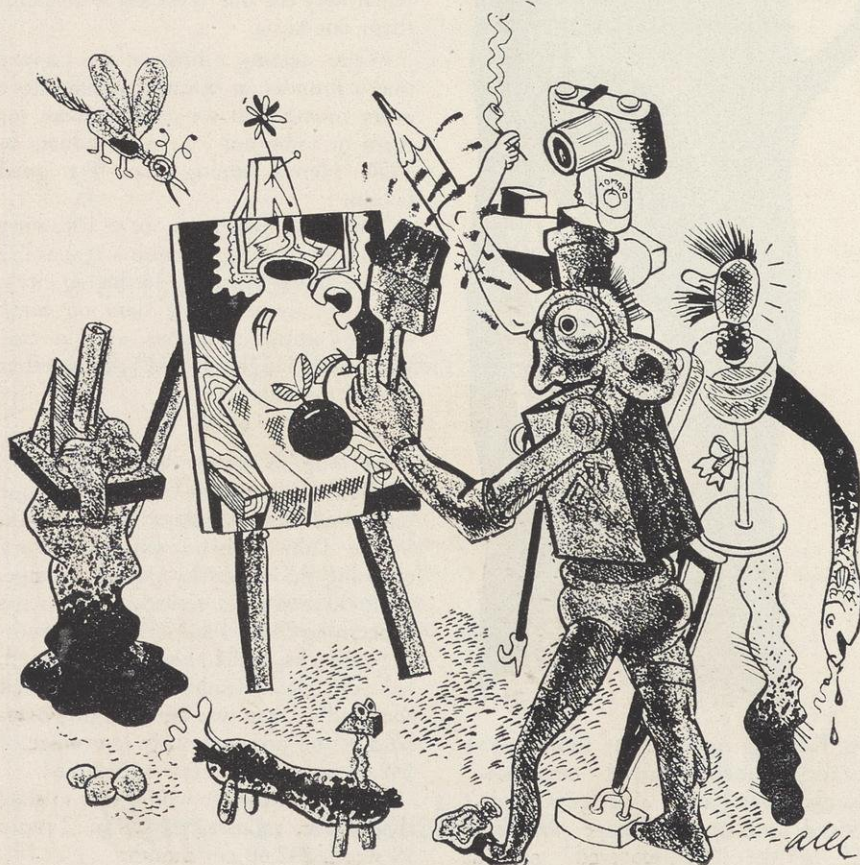
Betty is so gruesome
We make a fearsome twosome;
But when I have a snootiful
Betty is quite beautiful.

—CORNELL WIDOW
* * *

There was a young woman named Rhoda

Who kept an immoral pagoda;
Its elliptical spigots,
Disturbing the bigots,
Dispensed only bourbon and soda.
* * *

Cold water is the best of drinks
And fit for prince or king.
But who am I that I should take
The best of everything?
Let princes revel at the tap,
Kings at the pump make free,
Champagne and gin and even beer
Are good enough for me.



"But, my God, man, it's fantastic!"

THE ECONOMICS OF DATING

or

The Chapter Kiekhofer Forgot

Why does a fellow have to offer one girl a Prom date to get her company, while he need offer another girl only a coke to date her? The amount a fellow has to spend in order to get a date with a girl is called a date rate. It is the purpose of this chapter to set forth the theory of date rates, to explain how these rates are set in the university market.

Date rate theory largely consists in setting forth the determinants of the subjective prices of the parties to the date. These determinants are both general (institutional) and specific. Institutional determinants are: strength of custom, Dean of Women's office, and the existence or absence of collective bargaining on the part of co-eds.

Explanation of Demand for Girls

It is familiar to persons unversed in economics that if demand for girls in a given college at a given date rate is in excess of the supply, the date rate will rise; and if under the same conditions the supply exceeds the demand, date rates will fall. Prof. Kissenecker quaintly expressed the relationship when he said, "Whenever two girls run after one boy, the date rate falls; whenever two boys run after one girl, date rates rise." Date rates are a result of the interaction of demand for and supply of girls in a given university. A qualitative analysis of both the demand for and supply of girls is necessary.

By the demand for girls is meant the number of girls whose company is desired in a given university at a specified date rate. This demand comes mainly from male students, although there may also be a few grad assistants in the market. It is the pleasure produced by girls that prompts demand. Boys, of course, must have the purchasing power in the form of hard cash to pay for dates and thus make their demand for girls effective.

What the boy can afford to spend for the company of the girl is determined by his estimate of the pleasurable of the girl.

Pleasurability as a specific determinant of the demand for girls. Every boy is confronted with the problem of so conducting his dating that he will get the most pleasure for his money. What the boy is interested in is maximum pleasure. To get this he studies girls, rates in the date market, plus the marginal pleasurable of the girl.

Explanation of the Supply of Girls

Although the number of girls in the world is the ultimate limiting factor, it is the supply of girls in a given university market that is important. The supply of girls means the number who are able and willing to date in a given university at a specified date rate. The amount of girls willing to date varies with the date rate.

A girl's pleasurable is inseparable from her person. To please a boy a girl must accompany the boy on the date. This has led to many aggressive demands for adequately compensating date rates.

In setting a date rate upon her company a girl is confronted by the fact that her withholding power is decidedly limited. Her company is perishable. If she doesn't accept a date for Friday night, that night is lost forever.

Pleasurability as a specific determinant of the supply of girls. Although the boy has a decided advantage in estimating the pleasurable of the girl, girls can estimate it quite well too. (Men are so transparent.) She may resort to rough guesses. She may be guided by what she knows she can get on a comparable date, or by what she knows comparable girls are getting boy friends to spend on their dates. If organized with others (in sororities) and represented by those more skilled in such matters (i.e., senior girls helping her get date), she may substitute more accurate estimates for rough guesses.

If the girl has reason to believe that her pleasurable is increasing (i.e., she is getting prettier day by day), she grows more valuable to the boy who dates her, and she is apt to demand better dating conditions.

Standard of romance as a specific determinant of the supply of girls. This standard is the date rate determinant which appeals most to girls as both desirable and just. The girl's standard of romance is of great importance in determining what she will accept, provided she has any real option in the matter. To protect their customary standard of romance girls will strenuously oppose threatened reductions in date rates. It is also true that a girl's pleasurable efficiency is affected by the standard of romance she is able to maintain. Particularly this is true with respect to the elementary necessities of wholesome food, lots of dancing, and expensive movies. When inefficiency of the girl can be shown to be due to low date rates rather than to any shortcoming of the girl herself, the use of higher date rates (bigger steaks, better movies), even though temporarily greater than the pleasurable of the girl concerned, can be justified.

In the long run, the chief relation between standard of romance and wage rates lies in the effect of the standard upon the number of girls at the university. The standard of romance is a positive factor in controlling numbers of girls at the U. (If the standard of romance is poor at a university, fewer

(continued on page 19)



A LA TELEPHONE

by

BOB SPRINGER

"Hello?"
 "Hello, is Minnie Schlokum there?"
 "Minnie? Just a minute, I'll see—"
 "Hello?"
 "Is this Minnie Schlokum?"
 "Yes?"
 "UH . . . I, uhem, this is Bill Westover. I'm visiting here from Highland Park. I, ah, ha ha, don't suppose Henry Zenther told you about me, did he?"
 "Henry? No . . . not that I can remember."

"He didn't? Well . . . ha ha, he told me that you were a pretty good, er, Henry said that you might like going to the Friday dance at Le Club."

"Oh? Well, I'm sorry. I'm going to be busy Friday. Our Political Action Committee is reporting a campus plot to the AYD council."

"It IS? That's a shame, Minnie, I thought maybe—"

"Just what do you mean, 'A shame,' you sound reactionary!"

"Me? Why no, I'm a libertine, er ha ha, a liberal."

"Well, I'm afraid I'll have to say goodnight—"

"Oh, oh, ah, then how about Saturday night, there's the game, or perhaps you'd prefer the stage show at the Capitol?"

"That's out of the question. Keren-sky is speaking on 'Stalin and I' Saturday, after that we swear in new recruits and declare policy against the ruling bureaucracy."

"What ruling bureaucracy, Minnie? Surely the Student Board can be forgiven now that they've put fee payments on voluntary basis."

"Student Board! You kulak. God! What Bourgeois complacency. You're typical of the innocuous masses that allow the exploiting minority to enslave the workers and destroy their culture."

"GEE!!! I thought, well, perhaps Sunday, Minnie? I'm not going back to Highland until Monday. Henry is giving a party, and . . ."

"Sunday? Uh-uh, that's the day the

GREEK GIRDLE GRIPPERS wrestle our house. My team has been training all week for that match."

"REALLY? Are you a, a wrestler?"

"Am I a wrestler? I loaded beer kegs all summer and I move pianos on weekends to keep in shape."

"Did you load kegs in Highland? I understand we had some girl loading in our brewery last summer."

"Your brewery? Really? What did you say your name was again?"

"Westover, Bill Westover."

"Well . . . your brewery? Then aren't you the Westovers who also have the finance corporation?"

"That's right, same family."

"You don't say, Bill, well . . ."

"I'm sorry to have bothered you, perhaps some other weekend—"

"Oh, tee-hee, you haven't bothered me at all, and I think we'll have a thimply divine time at the dance Friday."

"We will? But, I thought, I thought you couldn't go, your committee . . ."

"Aren't I an old thilly? I had my calendar dates all confused."

"Why that's wonderful, Minnie, then I suppose you'll be free on—"

"Saturday and Sunday? I wouldn't miss seeing you for the world, Bill."

"Well? Ah, will you be ready about nine, Friday?"

"Nine would be *heavenly* . . . thanks so much for calling."

"Fine, see you then, goodbye."

"Goodbye, Bill."

Here's to the river of whiskey
 So sweet, so golden, so clear
 Not half so tender as a woman's lips
 But a damn sight more sincere.

—TULANE URCHIN

* * *

EPITAPH

Four Brandies,

Three Ryes,

Two Scotches:

One Bier.

—COVERED WAGON

Late to bed * * *

Early to rise,

Makes a man saggy, draggy and baggy

Under the eyes.

—TULANE URCHIN

* * *

The student gets the magazine,
 The school gets the fame,
 The printer gets the money,
 The editor gets the blame.

—BUCCANEER



"I seem to have forgotten my wallet!"

MARIE

THE OCTOPUS SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH

by FRED JOYCE

MARIE slouched against the back counter, near the coffee urn, staring at the steamed front window. The faces that crossed the window were indistinguishable except at one place near the door, where the window was clear. She kept her pale eyes on this spot of visibility, her thin lower lip extended in a pout, her shoulders drooping with exhaustion.

She didn't mind working during the noon and evening rush. But in the afternoon, from two until five, the restaurant was empty and quiet, and then she had too much time to think. And when she thought about life, how it had misused her, she felt sorry for herself. Only occasionally, after work, did she forget and enjoy herself. These were evenings spent at a movie or dancing at the American Legion Club. She and her girl friend went to the club on Saturday nights and some weeks on Thursday. They would dance together for maybe an hour, with Marie leading, and then two fellows would step out from the crowd of stags by the door and cut-in. Sometimes the one Marie got was a gentleman, who bought her beer and took her home in a cab. But mostly they were the other kind, the kind she tried to forget, and hoped she would never have to dance with again.

When Marie was tired of watching the window, she dug her right hand into the cradle of her uniform pocket and let her fingers caress the coins resting there. Her uniform was a red wine color, with a white collar and white cuffs on the short sleeves. She took the coins out of her pocket and spread them over the palm of her hand. She counted twenty-five cents and frowned. Not even enough to go to the movie, and not much chance of picking up forty cents more before tonight. So she selected a nickel, dropping the rest of the coins into her pocket, and put the nickel into the juke box at the end of the counter. There was a click, a swishing sound, and then the piano music "Near You" started from the speaker on the wall behind the counter. Marie moved her shoulders to the music. Gradually her lower lip retreated and her mouth formed a half-smile. She closed her eyes against the ugly flowered paper on the walls, and was dancing. She wore a strapless white evening gown, with yards and yards of material in the skirt. It was heaven.

When the record ended, Marie stood motionless a moment and then she forced her eyes open. She looked down the long empty counter and saw a smear of something on the shiny surface. She took a damp rag from under the counter and wiped the entire counter, straightening the sugar bowls and salt and pepper shakers.

Claude, the fry cook, watched her move along the counter. He stood with his arms folded, his puffy face framed by the narrow window in the wall between the dining room and the kitchen. When Marie turned around from wiping the counter she saw his oily eyes watching her, appraising her. The look she saw on his face made her feel sick in her stomach. And when she imagined his hairy arms around her waist and his wet lips pressed on her mouth, she shuddered. Ignoring his eyes, she began straightening the boxes of dry cereal on the back counter.

"Why don't you clean the pie case while you got the time?" Claude said to her through the window.

Marie glared at him. She knew he was only interested in the pie case because he wanted to watch her hips swaying when she polished it. She looked toward the front

window and said, "Why don't you mind your own business. I don't go telling you how to run the kitchen."

Claude shrugged. "Suit yourself," he said. "I don't own the place."

Marie took a movie magazine from under the counter and walked around the counter and sat down on the end stool. She opened the magazine and flattened it out along the binding with the palm of her hand. She turned the pages delicately, as though she were handling an expensive piece of silk. She looked admiringly at the movie stars' pictures, studying their beautiful smiles and expensive clothes. When she had leafed through the magazine twice, she turned back to the article, "Selznick, the Star Maker". She had read two paragraphs when the front door scraped open and George, the mechanic from the garage across the street, walked in. He looked over at Marie and said, "Make it the same."

"Ham and cheese four," Marie called to Claude, without getting off her stool.

When the sandwich was ready she took it from the shelf, filled a white mug with black coffee, and carried the plate and cup up the counter to George. She set the cup down beside the plate carelessly, spilling coffee on the counter.

"How's it going?" George asked, measuring sugar into his coffee.

"Same as ever," Marie said. She leaned against the counter, with her arms folded across her chest, and watched George lift the two pieces of bread from the top of the sandwich and look at the ham and cheese. Satisfied with what he saw, he let the bread fall back into place and took a bite of the sandwich. He looked up and saw Marie watching him.

"When we goin' out and make some of the joints?" he said. "I got a new car you know. Nice big back seat." He winked at Marie and grinned, shifting the food in his mouth. Marie straightened her shoulders and scowled at him. She tore a check off the pad tucked in her belt and filled it out.

"You can just shut-up if you can't keep your mind out of the gutter," she said, fiercely, shoving the check toward George. "I don't have to take that kinda talk from anyone." She turned and walked quickly back to the coffee urn. She drew herself a cup of coffee, added cream, and went back to her stool. She smoked a cigarette and drank the coffee while she read.

When George finished eating he threw two quarters on his check and started toward the door. "Keep the change, gorgeous," he said, opening the door. Marie kept on reading, pretending she didn't hear him. When she finished the story, she closed the magazine and put one of her elbows up on the counter, resting her chin on her hand. She stared at the clouded front window. She sat this way, hunched over the counter, until she was startled by the noise of a pan falling on the floor in the kitchen. She jumped up quickly, got her purse from under the counter, and went into the women's toilet and locked the door. She leaned back on the door, struggling against the bitterness rising in her chest.

"God damn restaurant!" she said, viciously. "God damn Claude! If I had the money I'd leave here right now and head for California. I'd show them." She moved over

(continued on page 25)

Letterheads

Gifts

Beer Mugs

Awards

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Official Insignia

Uniform Quality

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Open 10 'til 5

Memorials

Programs

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This wasn't in the papers, but a certain Hollywood actress who had been married for three years without a blessed event, got a divorce the other day and married a producer.

* * *

A pink elephant, a green rat, and a yellow snake walked into a cocktail bar.

"You're a little early boys," said the bartender. "He ain't here yet."

* * *

He: "Do you know how bad the drought is in the Midwest?"

She: "No. How bad is it?"

He: "It's so bad the trees are going to the dogs."

* * *

George M. Cohan takes a worthless piece of paper and writes a song hit. He sells the copy for \$10,000. That's Genius.

John D. Rockefeller can sign his name to a worthless paper and make it worth half a million. That's Capital.

A man can buy \$5 worth of steel and make \$1,000 worth of watch springs out of it. That's Skill.

A cop can take a worthless piece of paper and write your number on it and make you out ten bucks. That's your Hard Luck.

But—when a man looks for an apartment, finds just what he wants, and when the manager asks, "Have you any children?" puts on a long face and answers, "Yes, but they're in the cemetery"; pays six months' rent in advance; gets a receipt; then goes out to the cemetery, gets his children and brings them to the apartment. That's Brains!

There Should Be a Law Against Evolution

We seem to take things pretty much for granted these days. When we watch a football game we never wonder what our ancestors had to go through to evolve such a game. We don't think of the Iroquois Indians playing Kick-in-the-Face or the Romans playing Field Gaul. But it was from these games modern football finally developed.

Other games are just as interesting. Basketball, for instance, was once played by the Mayas who used human skulls and a stone hoop. The game has now been perfected to the point of using a *wire* hoop.

Shooting craps was a method of collecting taxes back in Mesopotamia.

But the most interesting genealogy to follow is that of bridge. Bridge, as you know, is a card game started by groups of three in the Rathskeller. The object of the game is to find a fourth. The ensuing play has been known to queer lifelong friendships, split homes, and make human derelicts out of people who lead from kings.

It took four distinct games to evolve the present game of polite mayhem.

One of the games was played in Egypt with pebbles of four colors. The black counted most. Red, yellow, and green followed in that order. Each set of two partners would take a pebble out of a sack and look at it, keeping it hidden from the others. Then, by various facial expressions, voice intonations, grunts, and groans, would try to let their partner know what they held. This was played by from five to ten sets of partners, those guessing their pebbles correctly having points added to their score.

In Sparta they played a simple game. Four youths would stand facing each other holding a shield horizontally between them. Then they would all start kicking each other vigorously. The one who inflicted the most bruises won.

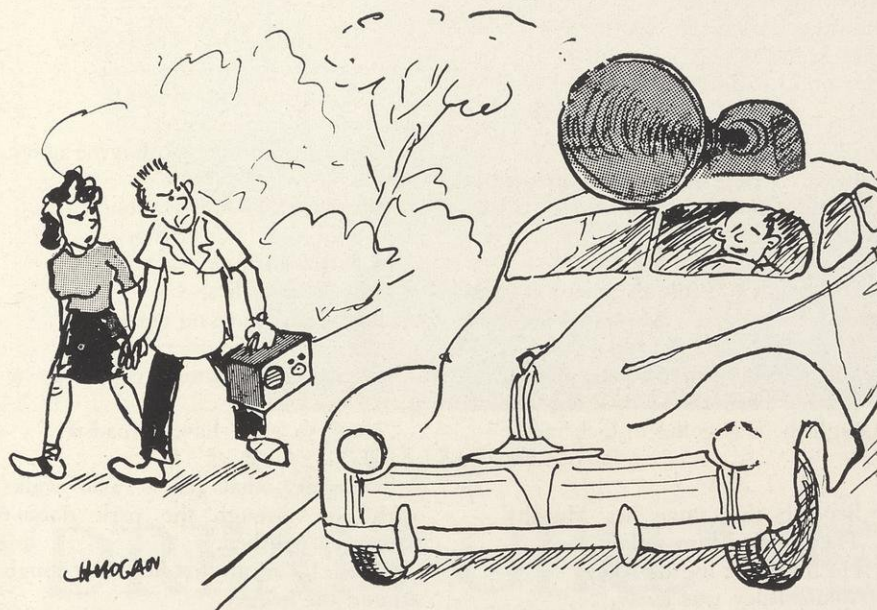
Old Spain had a game called Pensando, played with various sized sticks. These had to be piled in a certain order, usually an obvious sequence. But the object was to study the situation and think a long time after every move. Part of this game later developed into the pastime called Siesta.

The element of bidding came down from the game Pongo played in the West Indies. Gold and lead pellets were distributed to four players. The gold pellets were called honor count and the lead dishonor count. The object was to "pongo" on the least "honor count" possible. If a person had no gold he had a perfect hand to make an opening "pongo" on. After all had pongo-ed to their hearts' content each would pile his pellets in front of him. The others would look at each other flabbergasted to see what they were pongo-ing on. This pastime was later stopped by royal decree as the death rate among pongo-ists rose to a dizzy height.

So there you have the genealogy of one simple game—bridge. All these separate games evolved into one marvelous pastime.

And maybe the next time someone grabs you in the Rat, hustles you to a table, and stuffs thirteen cards into your hand, you'll reflect a minute on what your ancestors went through so we can experience what we're going through.

—Doc Anderson



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Evening



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Opposite Hospital

The Gnu Look

I knew
A gnu
True blue
Who
Was true
And faithful to
Another gnu.

She made him hew
The line she drew
About lady gnu,
While she chased two
Other gnu.
(Which was stu-
pid, too.)

Then, our gnu
Misconstru-
Ed, a view
Of his lady gnu
And the stew-
Ed with rue.

(After due
Thought, he blew . . .
To . . .
A kangaroo)
—Boutwell

TOOFE SITUATION, GEOFFREY
Once I hadde one dame moast sweete,
And locks she carried black as nyte,
Tho ne'er in haystack would she meete,
How kud I change this dredful plyte?

As doth the wolf plot his attack,
I thot it best her mind to change,
For if she reade a sexy pack
Of books, she myght not act so strange.

Thus so, I said that she aught take,
A course so steeped in lewéd tales,
As Chaucer. Never a soul did ache
To have, the werkes of worldly males.

Alas, my hopes fulfilled were not,
How kud I see the woe therein
The Miller's Tale? So full of rot,
Her mind hadde snapped from sin.
—Springer

Judge: "You admit that you drove
over this man with a loaded truck.
Well, what have you to say in your
defense?"

Defendant: "I didn't know it was
loaded."

* * *

Mac: "Why did you kick my dog?"
Sandy: "He raised his leg and I
thought he was going to kick me."

—Purple Bird

* * *

Beneath this stone lies Murphy
They buried him today;
He lived the life of Riley
While Riley was away.

6 OLD LIMERICKS

*Reprinted by Unanimous
Request of the Editor.
Stolen from the Pelican.*

A disconsolate Russian named Lowoff
Insisted on cutting his toe off.
The sight I admit
Wasn't pleasant a bit,
But Lowoff was always a showoff.
* * *

Four cardsharks who met at a smoker,
Were playing a game of stud poker.
One drew five aces,
Six tens and nine faces,
Five kings and three queens and a
joker.
* * *

A centipede over in Tucson,
Has trouble getting his shoes on.
His corns drive him crazy,
But he is too lazy
To bathe them in soda solution.



"They wanted me to be their
'Dream Man' this month."

A maker of spurious jack
For ten dollar bills had a knack.
They were fine on the face
And would pass any place
Except for the "Foo" on the back.
* * *

A giraffe named Mortimer Groat
Contracted a cold in the throat.
He whimpered and wheezed,
And snorted and sneezed,
And mumbled quote pardon me quote.
* * *

A fish with pronounced scoliosis
And gout and liver cirrhosis
And bad diarrhea
And worse pyorrhoea—
At least didn't have no neurosis.

"Is Mary the home-loving type of
girl?"

"Naw, ya gotta have a roadster."
* * *

"Daughter, that fellow who walks
with you through the park doesn't
look very polished."

"Well, I'll admit that he's a bit rough
around the hedges."



OCTY'S

“DREAM GIRL”

Shirley Schmidt

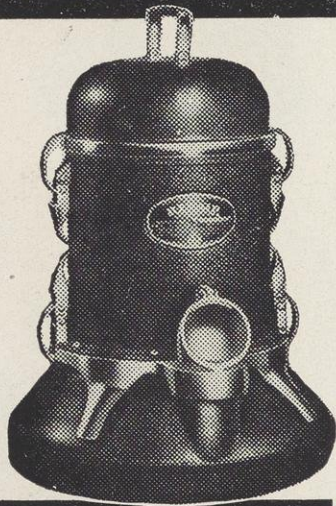
Photo by DeLonge

A second-semester freshman; Shirley is from Milwaukee, likes sailing, tennis, and Tex Beneke records. She lives at Liz Waters, Guys



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Advice to Co-eds:

If you write funny when you sign out it won't be so obvious when you come in.

—Voo Doo

* * *

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of his shop.

* * *

Sign in a Boston library:

LOW CONVERSATION PERMITTED

* * *

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

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

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

"Did I? You should see me now!"

* * *

The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the father. "And all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."

* * *

Grandma (looking at her granddaughter's new bathing suit): "If I could have dressed like that when I was a girl, you'd be six years older today."

* * *

He: "Wait a minute. I thought I heard something break."

D.G.: "Never mind. That was just my promise to my mother."

* * *

The man who feels trapped by marriage

And tied to a baby carriage

Should stop and reflect

That the girl that he necked

Is also the worse for the wearage.

* * *

Prof: "I've become broadminded."

Dean: "Nonsense, you've merely rearranged your prejudices."

* * *

A man ambled into a tennis tournament and sat down on a bench. "Whose game?" he asked. A shy young thing, sitting next to him, looked up hopefully.

"I am," she replied.

* * *

Boy: "But, mister, you can't arrest me. I'm from one of the best families in North Carolina."

Cop: "That's all right, buddy. I'm not arresting you for breeding purposes."

Badger Boxing

by

HAL PHILLIPS

In the intercollegiate boxing world Wisconsin's name is tops. To the coaches of the various boxing teams around the country the name Wisconsin means trouble. Most of them would rather not talk about it when you mention it, and if they do there just isn't very much they can add to the magnificent record Badger squads have been turning in ever since the first mitt squad began to box in 1933.

What Notre Dame means to fans in collegiate football, what Washington



Big John Walsh, fistic mentor for the champion Badger Boxing Team.

means in crew, what Cornell college means in wrestling, Wisconsin means in fistic circles.

The boxing setup is far different from most sports. In football eleven men function as best they can to score points. Similar actions are true in baseball, basketball, and the other popular sports. But when a boxer climbs into the ring he's on his own. This is especially true in the Wisconsin field-house where a man fights for the honor of his school before as many people as the professionals draw in our largest cities.

The name John Walsh is synonymous with the word boxing in collegiate circles. Ever since he took the Badger team over in 1934 he has maintained a record that approaches perfection. Up to the current season his teams have won no less than 77 matches, while losing but seven times, and tying on six occasions. In addition to this he has produced 19 national champions.

The year 1943 was the greatest Badger boxing year when no less than five redshirts won national titles. Two of Wisconsin's men, Warren Jollymore (1942) and Verdayne John (1943), were awarded the John S. LaRowe trophy as the most representative boxer of collegiate mittmen in their years of competition.

Besides Coach Walsh, the other man Wisconsin owes most of its great heritage to is George F. Downer, former athletic publicity director until his death in 1943. Downer was known as the father of boxing at Wisconsin, and was the first to see the possibilities of boxing as a successful intercollegiate sport.

Coach Walsh has said, "George Downer was my closest friend and advisor. He was a close friend of all the boys and he forgot more than I will ever know about the sport of boxing."

From 1934 until 1944 Walsh coached the Badger squad. In the latter year he reported for duty at Quantico, Va., where he received a commission and later served on Okinawa. He has since returned to Madison, and reached the crowning point of his coaching career this season when the U. S. Olympic committee named him as head coach of the team which will represent the Stars and Stripes in Europe in late summer.

Walsh's success stems from the fact that he never drives his men. Instead he brings them along gradually, tipping them off as to how they can improve their style, wind, or hitting ability. All week before a match Walsh and his assistant, Vern Woodward, a former star Badger heavyweight, look the boys over after checking on who the opposition will fight at the various weights. When they have decided who will have the best chance for Wisconsin, they send the team through long hours of shadow boxing, timing improvement, and sparring. The team works out in a large room in the stadium dorm building. Three rings comprise the room which is complete with bicycles, punching bags, and mirrors.

The mirrors form an interesting aspect of the training. Any afternoon the visitor can see various members of the squad prancing about in front of one of the glasses, jabbing away at an imaginary opponent. The purpose of this is to enable the man to see exactly how he looks to his opponent.

Once he does it is possible to detect flaws in his style which then can be worked over with the idea of improving himself.

This goes on all week. Care is taken to see that nobody gets hurt, although it is not always possible to prevent this. Many times cuts that seem to be opened up during the course of a match on Friday night actually were opened during a sparring match earlier in the week.

The day before the big bout the team takes it a little easy as the men receive their last instructions before fight day.

The day of the match arrives and the team is instructed to have a big dinner about 2 p.m. and then not to eat anything else until after the fights are over. Usually the team downs steaks, vegetables, and milk at this time.

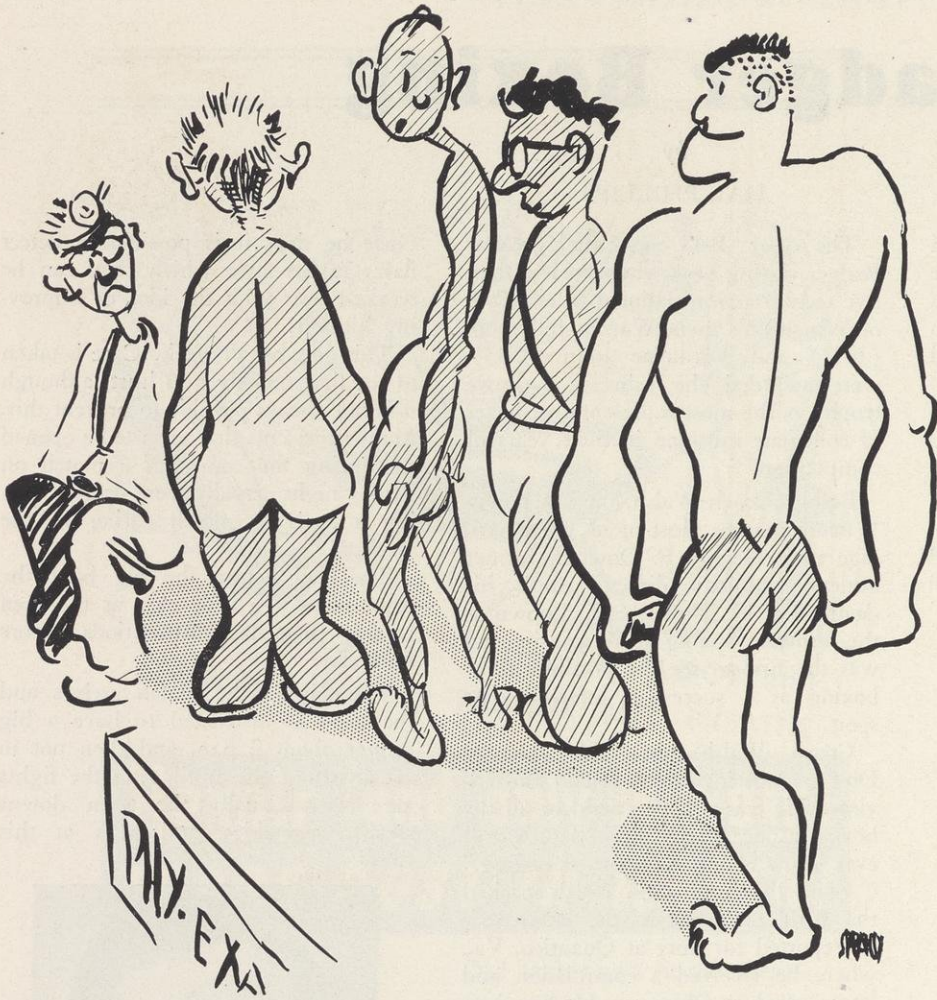


Vern Woodward, the number two brain on the Boxing Trust.

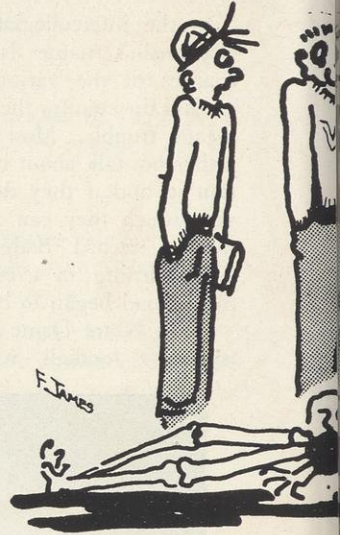
An hour or so before fight time the boys begin arriving in the dressing rooms to get into their trunks. When this has been accomplished each of them has his hands taped carefully to offset possible breakage. Cuts or other injuries are worked over for the last time, and the team is ready to go.

Once in the ring the man is on his own. At the end of a round he comes back to his corner where Coach Walsh gives him his impression of how he can beat his foe. Expressions such as "Keep your left in his face," "Aim for the stomach," and "Left to the stomach,"

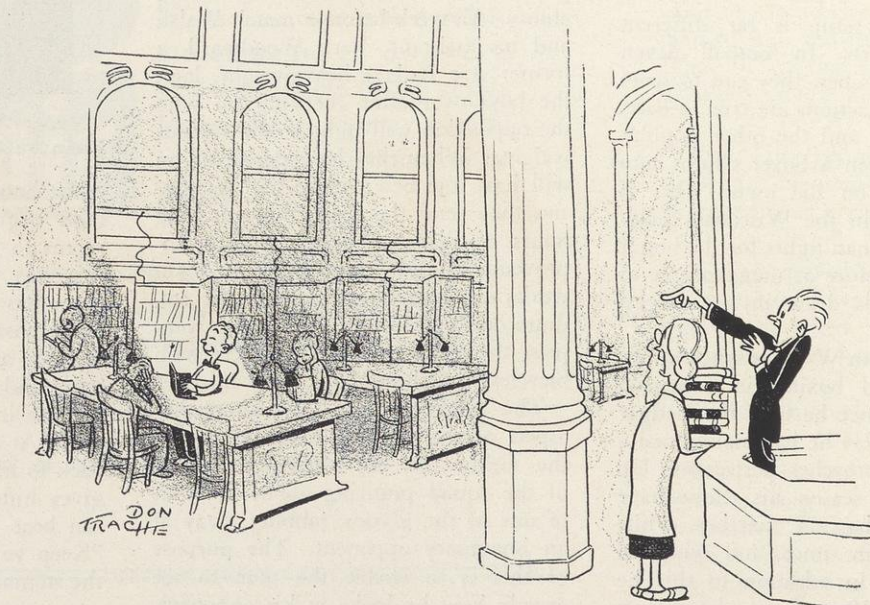
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—WIDOW



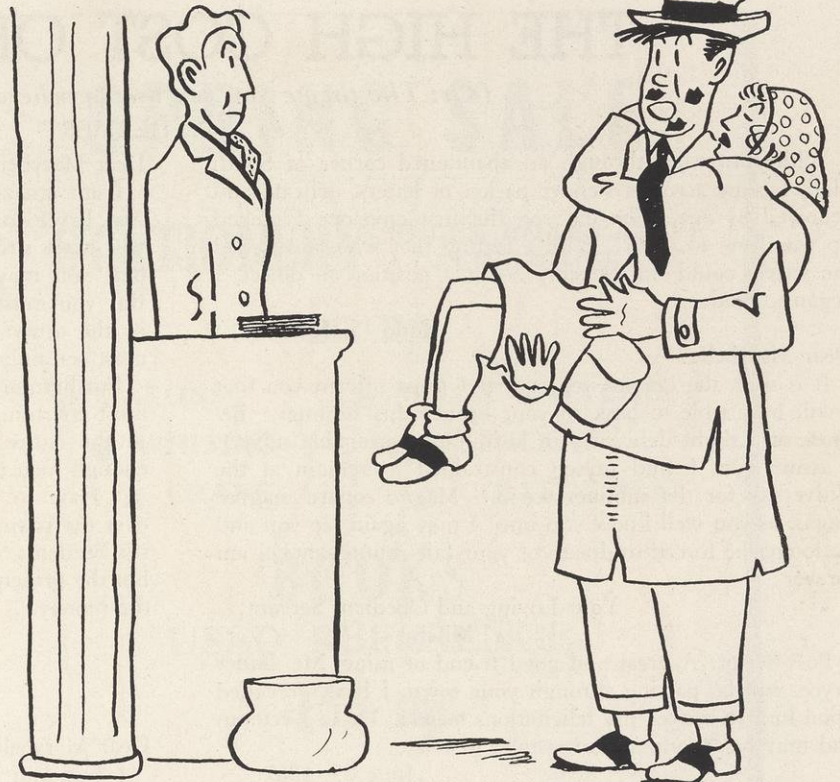
"Oh, him . . . he"



"Quick, pull that shade! There's some light getting in!"



thropology professor!"



ART DALLMAN

"We . . . (fill in your own caption) . . ."



ED. MAYLAND

"Brrr . . ."

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

(Or: The theme you can use anywhere anytime)

by JOE DERMER

While browsing through an abandoned corner of South Hall, I came across a slender packet of letters, delicate and yellowed by age. The date on the first envelope I picked up was June 15, 1867. With a feeling that whoever owned the letters could not possibly be in a position to object, I began to read:

June 15, 1867

Dear Marybelle:

It is with the deepest regret that I must inform you that I will be unable to bask in your beauty this summer. Because of a slight deficiency in Latin, an abominable subject, I assure you, I find myself constrained to remain at the University for the summer session. Magno conatu magnas nugas, as you well know. So until I may again see you and no longer be forced to dream of your fair countenance, I am forever

Your Loving and Obedient Servant,
Mitchy

Post Script: A great and good friend of mine, Mr. James Bryce, will be passing through your town. I have prevailed upon him to convey my felicitations to you. He is a veteran and may have some amusing tales to relate.

June 29, 1867

Dear Marybelle:

I am overjoyed to note that you have so taken up with Mr. Bryce as to invite him to spend a fortnight at your home. However, I feel sure that he must sooner or later bore you with his lamentations on the lack of a Bill of Rights for the members of the Grand Old Army of the Republic.

The cost of living in Madison is incredibly high. Just yesterday afternoon I dined upon a thick soup, salad, roast duck, baked ham, coffee and strawberry shortcake at the outrageous price of forty cents. I will admit though that the duck was rather succulent.

As I must again tussle with my books, I will end here.

Your Loving and Obedient Servant,
Mitchy

Dear Marybelle:

I am amazed that you have extended your invitation to Mr. Bryce for another fortnight. I should like to remind you most strongly that no es oro lo que reluce. I realize that you may have been swayed by his being a veteran. But you must remember that I made every effort to serve in the army. Were it not for my punctured eardrum, I most certainly would have done so.

Furthermore, I can not agree that Mr. Bryce is "the most charming, the most handsome, the most dashing man in the entire world." I feel sure that you do not know enough men to make such a wide generalization.

Here in Madison there has been considerable uproar over the payment of a twenty-five cent piece to the Wisconsin Students Association. All say that it is not the money but the principle. Verily with me, it is not the principle but the money.

Your Obedient Servant,
Mitchy
July 30, 1867

Dear Marybelle:

I beg you to reconsider your incredible decision. Mr. Bryce is far below your station. Si qua voles apte nubere nubi pari. I gather from your missive that you have not yet told your father, and I am sure that such a match will not meet with his approval. I cannot believe that he will have been so deluded by the shallow charm of my ingrate friend.

Once again I entreat you to reconsider.

Yours,
Micheal
August 23, 1867

Dear Marybelle:

Pursuant to your request I have mailed to you all the missives that you sent to me. I will appreciate your doing the same.

Micheal Wigglesworth

Democracy and \ or (Sociology, Politics, Literature, Economics, Etc.)

In today's world of (choose one: *sociological conflict, political animosity, artistic chaos, economic tension, philosophical uncertainty*) there is probably no issue as vital and as controversial as the relationship of Democracy to (*Sociology, politics, etc.*). We are on the threshold of the Future; we are at the drastic cross-roads of life's rough-paved highway. One fork will lead us to a peaceful, secure Utopian civilization. The other points to a future black with war, bloodshed, and famine. There is one and only one way out of this terrible dilemma, and (*sociology, politics, etc.*) alone can accomplish this momentous task. Thus we realize the importance, the unequivocal necessity of establishing the integral, organic, functional relationship of (*sociology, politics, etc.*) to the democratic process and Way of Life.

For as, (choose one: *Max Weber, Karl Marx, Shakespeare, Bill Kieckhofer, Schopenhauer*) once remarked: "Nothing is as important as Democracy." This brilliant and penetrating statement proves the thesis that this paper is attempting to present: that in these times of (choose one: *sociological tension, political animosity, etc.*) democracy is the most important thing. (To paraphrase a profound and stirring analyzer of human relations).

Most of the ills of the contemporary world can be traced back to the fact that our forefathers ignored the connection between Democracy and the subject under discussion. But it is not too late to make up for their loss, for their (*sociological, political, etc.*) myopia. WE will not become a second "Lost Generation", WE will not flinch before the immensity of the job to be completed.

WE who are the future leaders of this great nation realize that we owe it to posterity not to fail our country at this critical hour. And we know, deep in our hearts, that we can face tomorrow with calm confidence in our unshakable determination to extend Democracy into that phase of (*sociological, political, etc.*) life where it is so desperately and vitally needed.

Ours is a great responsibility, and we must shoulder the burden with assurance and boldness in the bright Future. With the knowledge that Democracy is indispensable to enlightened humanity we can walk forward with the noble words of that great (*sociologist, politician, etc.*), (*Voltaire, Rasputin, Sartre, Malthus, Epicurius*) ringing in our ears: "Democracy is indispensable to enlightened humanity!"

—JUDY HERSHKOPF

ECON DATES . . .

(continued from page 7)

girls will come to it, thereby decreasing supply of girls in that university's date market.) The growing scarcity of girls in relation to boys tends to raise the pleurability of girls and so to increase date rates.

Disinterest of girls and the desire for study as a specific determinant of the supply of girls. Dating is normally enjoyable unless the girl's psychophysical organism is overtaxed. But there is increasing disinterest on part of girls as dating is continued without adequate opportunity for recuperation. Study is needed for mental and physical relaxation. The desire for studying is the basis of the demand for higher date rates on Sunday nights and week-day nights.

* * *

The foregoing qualitative analysis of the demand for and the supply of girls should be sufficient for the average Economics 1b student to understand the theory of date rates.

(Editor's note: This theory has its limitation. This is the assumption that boys and co-eds will act like intelligent adults all the time. This glosses over a factor which frequently throws the theory out the window: Love.

If Love enters into the date bargaining of a boy and a co-ed, both will act very uneconomically. The boy will take the girl to expensive affairs when he could date another, prettier girl for much less money. And the girl also will forget her economics and will go out with the fellow even when he is broke.

The factor of Love ruins the author's theory all year around, but especially in spring.)

—ED CLARK

Professor: "Why are you tardy this morning, Mr. Jones?"

Jones: "Class started before I got here."

* * *

I parked the car, expecting "No!"
But she remarked in glee,
"We'll have to fight it out, y'know,
I hope you're stronger than me!"

* * *

DEEP SECRET

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.

* * *

The one who thinks our jokes are poor,
Would straightaway change his views,
Could he compare the jokes we print,
With those we could not use,

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- EATONS
- WHITE & WYCKOFF
- WHITING
- AUTOCRAT
- CRANE
- COLLEGE SEAL

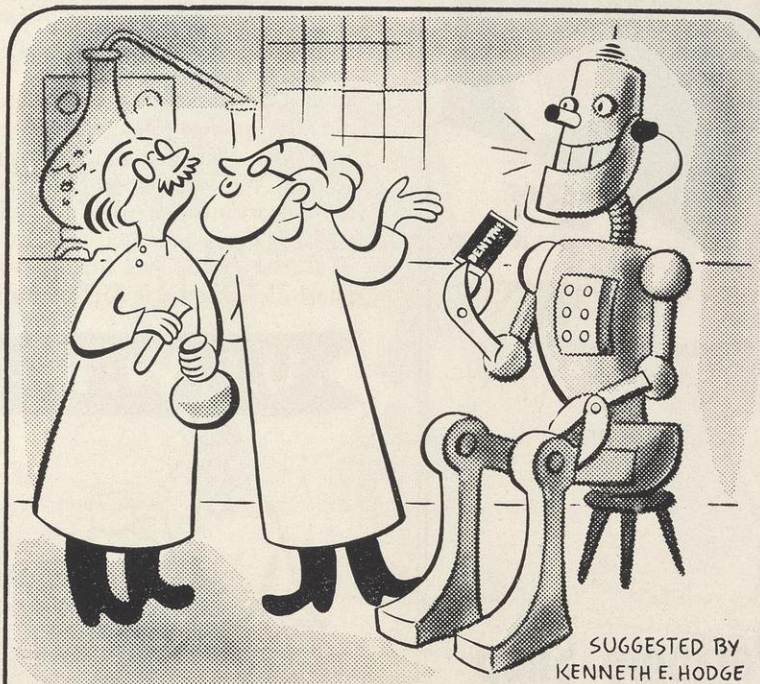
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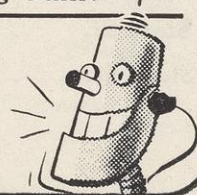


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smiles bright!"

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

Editor: "Yeah, I'm tired of turning out this magazine, too."

* * *

Then there was the high-salaried director who was always trying to make a little extra.

—Fred Buerki

* * *

"My boy friend kissed me a hundred times last night. Can you beat that?"

"Not me, babe, I'm tired."

* * *

I think that I shall never see a pair of knees,
As lovely as a pair of trees.
Indeed, unless the long skirts fall,
I'll never see a knee at all.

The bandaged-covered patient who lay in the hospital bed spoke dazedly to his visiting pal:

"Wh-what happened?"

"You absorbed one too many last night, and then you made a bet that you could jump out of the window and fly around the block."

"Why," screamed the beat-up citizen, "didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you, hell—I had \$25 on you."

* * *

When the EE took his girl home he tried to oscillate, and she almost had hysteresis, but he couldn't transform. As he was walking up the side walk, a degenerate girl with brown coils threw eggs at him, so we called a cop-er to arrester. He didn't know it would a-vector that way.



"Professor Hughes is one of the 'old school' disciplinarians."

THOSE NUMERALS

by
JOVE

You have been awarded NUMERALS in baseball. Please fill in the information on the attached card, then tear it off and mail to me. Be sure your name is signed to the card. Please do this promptly.

U. W. Athletic Department
By: Wm. H. Aspinwall

This was the card I had been waiting for! This was it! Now I could wear the flaming red! A fightin' Badger! My little red corpuscles danced with enthusiasm. I had done it! I was now a real Badger! I took my hankie out of my pocket, sponged my moist eyes, clutched the card in my little fist, and reached for my pen.

After carefully scrawling out the desired information, I detached the card and dashed for the nearest mailbox. I sobbed audibly as I lifted the mailbox lid and deposited that blessed, little missile. Dazedly I staggered back to my room, tossed my pounding, trembling body on my bed, and wept with sheer joy.

Days passed. No further news of my sweater reached me. Moments of anxiety overtook me. My nights were restless nightmares. What had happened to my card? Where was my sweater?

One night as I lay on the verge of falling asleep a strange thing happened. My room suddenly dimmed before my eyes. Then, lo, there was my sweater shining radiantly by the window. It was a bright red sweater! And there were those adorable numerals, 1947, emblazoned on the front! The sweater moved towards me; the numerals swelled to monstrous proportions! Huge numbers! Big, white numbers!

I sat up quickly as another sweater, another, and still another hovered in my room. Desperately I grasped towards the nearest one. It retreated. All of the sweaters retreated. I leaped wildly out of bed and promptly crashed to the floor, a victim of my scattered shoes. The bump on my head swelled. The sweaters disappeared. I pulled myself to my feet, turned myself, and flopped exhaustedly upon my bed.

More of those dreadful nights passed and still no word from the athletic department. It was awful! I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep. I tried to convince myself that everything would be O.K. The day would come soon. It did. The card said simply:

You may call for your sweater at 717 Langdon.

Oh, joy! Oh, bliss! Hurriedly I raced to the athletic office, composed my trembling body, and casually asked for my sweater. The clerk reached under stacks of boxes and handed me a dark brown box. I thanked her sincerely, my eyes moist with gratitude. With my head held exaltedly in the air, I walked quickly to the seclusion of my room.

Slowly I removed the lid and shimmering cardinal met my eye. I withdrew my precious, woolen treasure delicately out of its container, unfolded it carefully, and gazed rapturously upon it. That's all I succeeded in doing. My poor heart pounded, my eyes blurred, and I could not go on. I buried my head into my pillow, and cried myself to sleep.

Then came that joyous walk up Bascom hill! It was a sweltering day. T-shirts and summer blouses blossomed predominately, but I wore my sweater. Proudly I strutted up the hill. A dainty, little brunette, her Perrin clutched in her hand, glanced shyly as I passed. On I walked with

(continued on next page)

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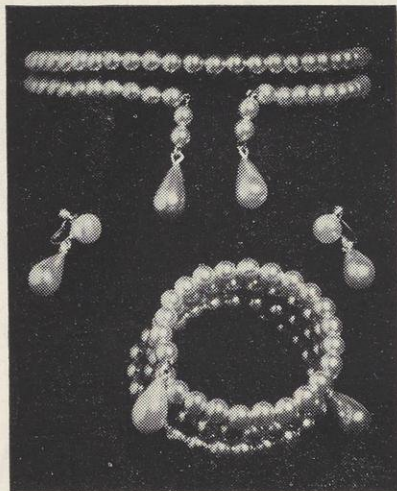
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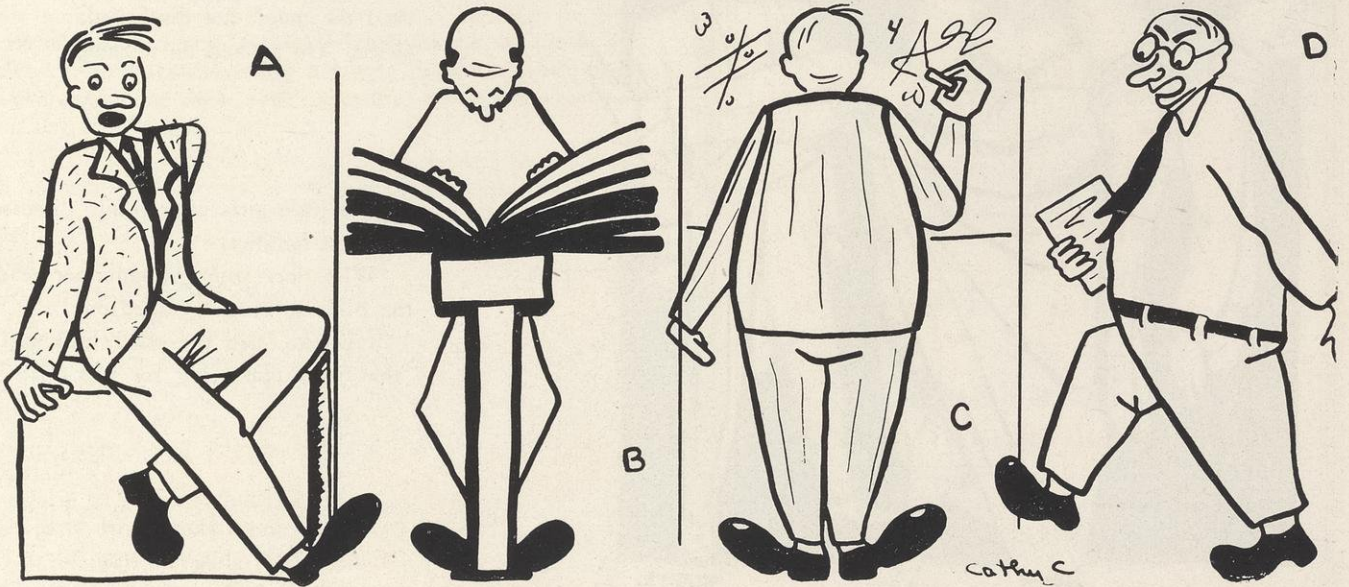
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Lecture Types



A is usually an instructor. While he has a desk of his own he has never been behind it. The University neglected to give him a chair. Although he does manage to dangle one foot nonchalantly, he always looks unbalanced. Besides that, he is too close to the class for their comfort.

If *A* is a female instructor this position has its merits.

B keeps his eyes glued to his book. In fact, no one knows whether he has ever seen his class. The book is revised every year and the class is required to buy the newest edition. *B* is always thin from carrying the volume with him.

There are two types of students in *B*'s class—those who bought the book so don't bother to take notes, and those who didn't bother to buy the book so take notes like mad.

C has a face but his class has never seen it. He spends all his time drawing important diagrams on the board. At

least they sound important in class. Since the diagrams never appear in the exams nobody pays the least bit of attention to him. If *C* turned around suddenly some day, he might find the whole class engaged in a fast game of poker.

Some *C*'s have buck teeth and an inferiority complex or something and feel safer this way.

D gives all his lectures as if he had just set out on a walking marathon. He prefers a big lecture hall where there is more room for his pacing. He is quite disconcerting because his lectures generally jump around as much as he does. And every time you look at your notes for a minute and then look up, he's not in the spot you left him.

This is all right for those who like to play "now you see him; now you don't" but it's hard on a hangover.

—Crocker

NUMERALS . . .

huge strides up Lincoln boulevard. A rosy-cheeked, bespectacled lad fairly drooled with awe. I was in ecstasies! My big day had arrived! I was now a wheel!

Then it happened. I met them! I folded my arms quickly across my chest, but it was too late! They saw those disdainful numerals. My little ears heard their dreaded "hmpff." The two husky giants passed, but the visions of their big "W" letters did not. My stride slackened. My eyes blurred once again. Now I met laughing faces, scornful faces, sneering faces. I staggered up to old Abe and sat dejectedly beside the old boy. He couldn't help me. No one could. I still was not a wheel!

Blindly I arose, hurried down the hill, and returned to my room. Off came my beloved sweater. Tenderly I folded it and placed it back into its little, brown box. Again it was too much for me. I buried my sniffing, red nose into my pillow and cried. Only the Brooklyn Dodgers' theme song lingered with me. "Wait 'til next year!"

Did you hear about the traveling salesman who married the farmer's daughter because he was in love with her?

—Pelican

MY ADVENTURES ON LEAP YEAR'S DAY

By MARGE SWEENEY

I thought he was a sinner so I took him out to dinner
Then I bought him drinks and got him boozed up fine.
When his thinking got quite hazy I had driven him quite
crazy

With my subtle glances and a daring line.

Soon he began to keel so I quickly took the wheel,
Drove to Observatory Hill and parked the car.
Then I turned off the ignition and turned on my ammunition

Then I wondered if I should have gone so far.

His eyes began to roam and I knew I should go home
But I hoped he'd hurry 'fore it was too late.
He said he meant no harm when he grabbed my by the arm
So I let him go ahead without debate.

Though my head was in a whirl I was such a happy girl
When I reached the dorm I shouted through the room,
"Even though I am a bore I shall hang my head no more
For I finally am a co-ed, not a goon."



"No thanks — it's my year for this sort of thing!"

A maid in the land of 'Aloha
Got caught in the coils of a boa;
Like arms the snake squeezed,
And the maid, not displeased,
Cried, "Go on and do it Samoa!"

Two little girls were busily discuss-
ing their families.

"Why does your grandmother read
the Bible so much?" asked one.

"I think," said the other little girl,
"that she's cramming for her finals."

A city and a chorus girl
Are much alike 'tis true;
A city's built with outskirts,
A chorus girl is too.

"Oh," said Maizie gushingly, "I had
the most gorgeous time last night. I
met a new man and he invited me to a
wonderful dinner at his apartment.
After dinner, he showed me a dozen
mink coats and asked me to choose one
for myself."

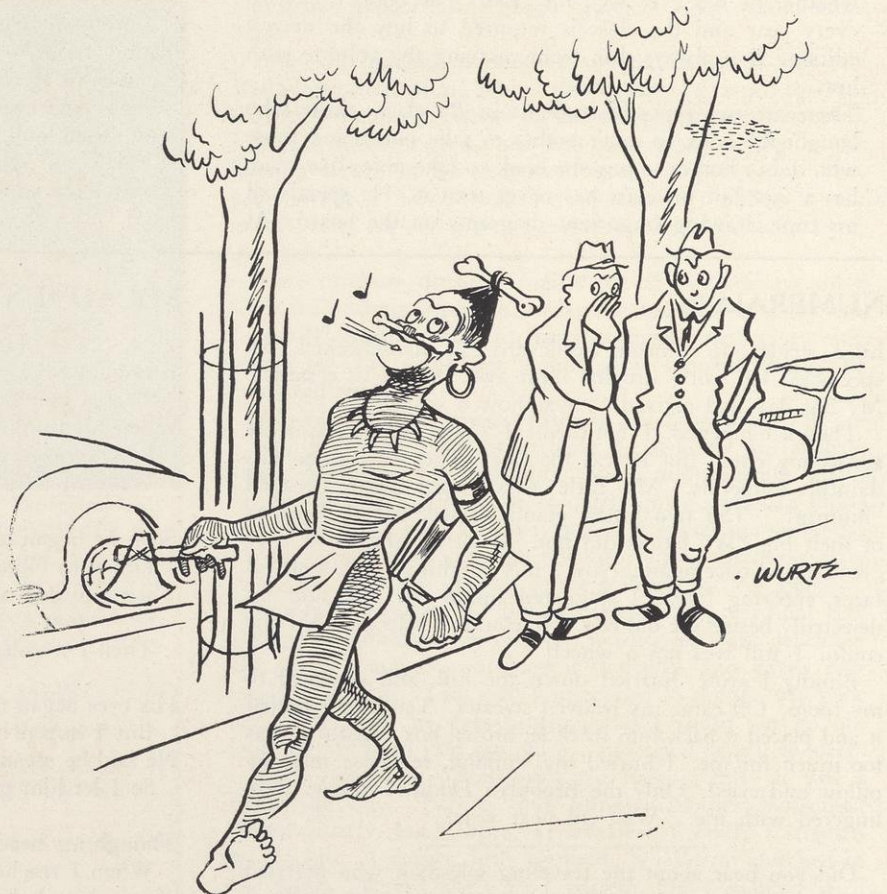
"How perfectly adorable," gurgled
Myrtle, "and what did you have to
do?"

"Just shorten the sleeves," said Mai-
zie.

—*Scarlet Fever*

Virtue is learned at mother's knee;
but vice at some other joint.

Wisdom—Knowing what to do next.
Skill—Knowing how to do it.
Virtue—Not doing it.



"I hear Bonjii just got some kind of a meal job."

MARIE . . .

(continued from page 9)

to the wash basin and looked boldly into the mirror. She smiled, she pouted, she laughed into the mirror, watching her reflection closely. She felt brave now, tingling all over. She took a paper towel from the metal dispenser on the wall and rubbed her lips clean. Then she put on fresh lip stick carefully, transforming her thin lips into a full, sensual mouth. She drew a deep breath, exhaling slowly, and winked at herself in the mirror.

"Here goes," she said to herself. She worked the muscles in her face until she was satisfied her expression was right.

"You sent for me, Mr. Selznick?" she said into the mirror. Then she answered herself in a lower voice, "Oh, yes! Miss Anderson, isn't it? I saw your screen test. You'll be sensational. Just right for the part."

Marie smiled radiantly. "Oh," she said, "thank you, Mr. Selznick." She lowered her head and cocked it to one side and looked up at her reflection. "Who will be my leading man?" she whispered. And her low voice said, "Mr. Power. Mr. Tyrone Power will be working with you. Will he be all right?"

Marie let her mouth fall open in astonishment. She put her hand up to her throat and fluttered her eyelids. She felt as if she were going to faint from excitement. Finally she said, in a choking voice, "Tyrone will be wonderful, Mr. Selznick. Perfectly wonderful."

A loud banging on the door ripped through Marie's brain, making her jump. She leaned on the wash basin with her hands.

"Are you still working here?" Claude yelled through the door. "If you are, get the hell out here and wait on your customers."

Marie didn't answer. She stood looking at her wan face in the mirror. Her jaw began trembling and she pushed her lower lip between her teeth and bit hard. At first she held back the tears that threatened to flood her eyes, but then she didn't try anymore, and she saw her face grow ugly with grief. She turned from the mirror and covered her face with her arms and cried bitterly.

Pot Pourri

Only continual prompting by *Cardinal* Editor Glenn Miller made the Student Board settle down enough to finally make up their financial statement. Betty Harker is supposedly knitting an Argyle ring. Ed Clark wants the girls at Davenport House to use this slogan, "You might divan here, but you can only go sofa." The girls at Chadbourne and Barnard little dream that the temporary building on their doorstep is a physics lab. The embryonic scientists are trying to cook up a super atomic bomb there. One day someone will err and we will find out how temporary that building is. According to the calendar Spring is here. Can "Spring" recess be far behind?

* * *

A camel is a living tank
For what it ate and what it drank
With baleful eye, and breath that's rank,
(Its disposition makes me question . . .
If camels don't have indigestion?)

AN UNFINISHED QUATRAIN

The Chem professor writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your stupid looks and groans
Can lure him back to simplify his words . . .



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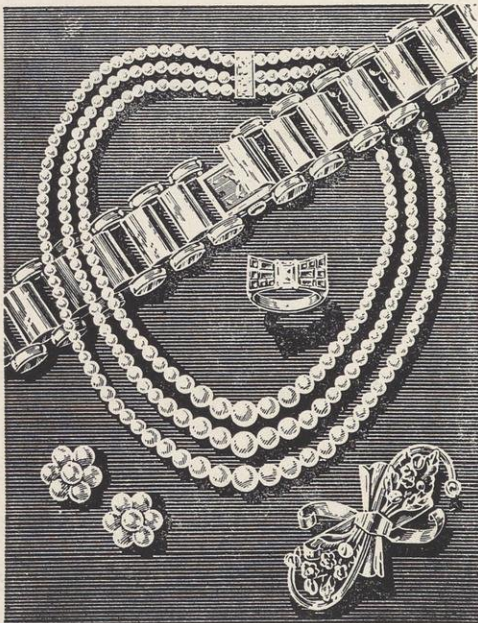
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THAT'S LIFE

By JIM DOOHAN

Ever since he took his Civil Rights stand the South has been wild about Harry. The President has also managed to foul up his Jefferson Day speech, alienate the Left and Right Wing, and slap the solid center in the teeth. Truman is the best campaigner the Republicans have.

* * *

What ever happened to the Chicago woman who went on a milk and bread diet as a protest against the high cost of living? The whole country could starve before our vote-conscious politicians take a stand on anything.

* * *

A native of Cairo, Egypt, says that Hollywood has misrepresented the United States throughout the world. His people feel that America is a land where everyone is rich and no one has problems. Egypt is facing the same problems of race, minorities, and crime that we are. Now if we exported pictures dealing with those subjects other people would feel a common ground with us. Should we break down and admit that not every American boy marries a beautiful heiress and sets up house at the Stork Club?

* * *

Election talk has given those under the voting age a rather dazed look. Having had Roosevelt as President most of their socially-conscious life it is hard to readjust. For them, electing a President other than Roosevelt is something that happened away back in history, before they were born.

* * *

The Communists taking over Czechoslovakia was like a fire alarm for people who have been reading newspapers since 1937. It is like seeing the newsreel flash on the screen and thinking, "This is where I came in."

* * *

Americans are getting to feel like the millionaire who has to pay his relatives' bills, bail them out of jail, and pay their hospital bills when they smash themselves up in a bar-room brawl. There is no use moaning about it. In spite of all his troubles anyone would be glad to change places with a millionaire. If the United States refuses to accept the responsibility some other country will.

* * *

Government support of higher education may possibly be one of the results of this experiment in veteran education. The time is gone when it could be said that anyone who wants an education will find a way.

* * *

The Republicans have been unhappy with their plethora of presidential candidates and the Democrats have been equally unhappy with their single possibility. If Harry would retire could the Northern and Southern Democrats settle on a happier choice?

SLOW DOWN . . .

Nice night—in June; star shine—big moon
In park—on bench; with girl—in clinch
Me say—me love; she coo—like dove
Me smart—me fast; never let—chance pass
Me say—O. K.; wedding bells—ring ring
Honeymoon—everything; settle down—happy man
Another night—in June; star shine—big moon
Ain't happy—no more; carry baby—walk floor
Wife mad—she fuss; me mad—me cuss
Life one—big spat; nagging wife—bawling brat
Me realize—at last; me too—damn fast.

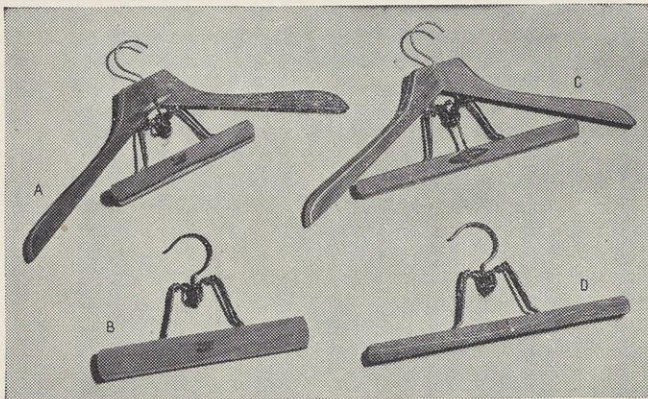
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small closet than you'd believe. The attached trouser or skirt hanger keeps clothes pressed a long time . . . and eliminates mismatched garments. A metal spring device with pressing jaws does the trick . . . and without mirrors. Truck on down to the Registrar's office for a look see. You'll find a sample there.

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Whom To Blame

This is the "Boy Meets Girl" issue, which you know if you looked at the cover. Among our contributors there are a few bright new names that have not yet appeared in this column.

Why not start with a girl? Judy Herschopf says her mother wanted a girl, but got Judy. Nevertheless, Judy is a girl. Statistical information on her is not available at this time but it can be said that she has bright brown eyes and shiny dark brown hair. Whenever one thinks of beer, he must think of Judy. How come? Well, when you think of beer you think of eggs in beer, and when you think of eggs in beer you have to think of the Cardinal editorial page column, Egg in My Beer. And Judy Herschopf writes that column. See? Judy is a junior, hails from that suburb of White Plains, New York City.

* * *

Let's look at a male now. Ken Harris is a promotions expert. He gets pictures taken for the Dream Girl, goes to see the papers for publicity, and dresses store windows with Octy pictures. The staff has not decided whether Ken is on the editorial staff or the business staff. Consequently, when Ken does something good, the business manager claims him and the editor claims him.

Ken may be recognized by his love for gray flannels and his dark classic beauty. Ken's home town is Chicago. (That's in Illinois.) He is a junior English major.

* * *

Cathy Crocker, a Madison journalism senior, contributes stories and draws cartoons for Octy. She is rather disloyal to Octopus, because she also works for that thing, the *Cardinal*. "Cathy Crocker's Cracker Box" appears on the daily's editorial page. Anyone with a funny true story about a fellow student or a professor will find a ready ear in Cathy.

Besides journalism, Cathy indulges in fashion show script writing. She is vice-president of Coranto. She prefers tall, slim, athletic, blonde college men.

* * *

Picture a college youth, neither tall nor short, with red cheeks and blonde hair. This is another of our contributors. He is responsible for a poem and a story in this issue. His poem on Chaucer is the result of a course by the same name. He is an unhappy senior, an English major. His favorite authors are Henry Miller, Beaudelaire, and a man named Kinsey. He's also fond of comic books. His pet conviction is that he can sail a catboat. He's a Madison boy who escapes his home town as often as possible. Oh, yes! His name! The directory says: Springer, Robert S.

* * *

Tall (5' 6½"), lithe (waist—25"), and exotic (black hair, luminous brown eyes, two eyebrows) Ella Sigman is the author of the story about the girl who was "Strictly from Hunger." Ella was co-chairman of Skyrockets revue for the Student Board scholarship fund. Ella comes from the magic lakeside city, Manitowoc.

* * *

The author of the boxing feature is Hal Phillips, assistant sports editor of the *Cardinal*. Because no one on Octopus knows a ring post from referee, Hal agreed to do it, if we promised to read the *Cardinal*. He doesn't know it, but we're going to break our promise. Hal is a junior, majoring in journalism. He's a Chi Psi. He's a playwright; he wrote a skit for Humorology this year. He doesn't drink beer much; he'll take it only if it's served in champagne glasses.

JOKES, YOU SAY?

A census taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," snapped the answer. "Me, the old man, the kid, the cow and the cat."

"And the politics in your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry, and the cat's a Populist."

* * *

A Philosopher is a man who can look an empty glass in the face and smile.

* * *

Smith's legal expenses had been running high, so when he met his lawyer on the street he said, "Nice day, isn't it? Remember, I'm not asking you, I'm telling you."

* * *

A beauty by the name of Henrietta,
Dearly loved to wear a tight sweatta.
Three reasons she had,
To keep warm wasn't bad,
But the other two reasons were better.

* * *

A Gamma Phi and a Tri Delt were discussing their dates of the previous evening.

Sue: My date wasn't so bad, except that he was kind of trying at times.

Ruth: That's nothing—my date was trying all the time.
—Langdon Hall

* * *

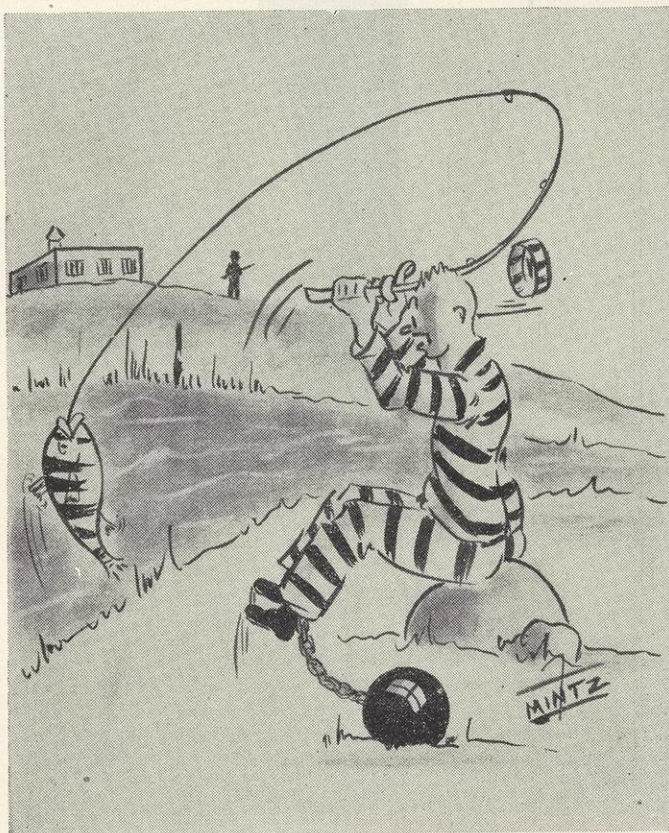
Oh, here's that place mother told me to stay away from. I thought we'd never find it.

* * *

"If Dean Trump doesn't take back what he said to me this morning, I'm going to leave this old college."

"Gee, what'd he say?"

"He told me to leave this old college."



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"And why can't I be an Engineer . . .?"

BOXING . . .

(continued from page 15)

right to the head" are not uncommon.

The week following the match movies are shown and the man has an opportunity to see what he did wrong.

All of this, of course, is the end product, which comes after months of diligent training before the season opens with the all-university tournaments.

Any mention of Wisconsin teams, Johnny Walsh, and George Downer, would not be complete unless some mention was made of the greatest Badger of them all, Omar Crocker, rather unaffectionately dubbed "Omar the Assassin" by his ring opponents.

Crocker fought for Wisconsin in 1938, '39 and '40 and during that time fought 27 bouts of which he won 25, lost one, and drew once. Paradoxically, the one time he did lose came during the 1940 NCAA tourney in California when one of the judges awarded the fight to his opponent by "mistake."

Early in that year Wisconsin met and lost to Louisiana State at Baton Rouge by a 5-3 score. One of the Badgers' three points came in the 145 pound class when Crocker TKO'd the Tigers' Snyder Parham. When NCAA time came around Omar found that Parham was again slated to be one of his opponents.

The fight turned out to be a terrific scrap, and when the bell tolled signifying the end of round three, Referee Joe August awarded the bout to Crocker, 30-25. The two judges, however,

said Parham, 30-29. Thus, Crocker was through with no chance for the title.

It was some time later that one of the two judges who gave the fight to Parham suddenly discovered he had voted for the wrong man. He attempted to rectify his mistake with the committee-in-charge, but the damage had been done, and the decision has stood since that day.

Omar acquired the nickname "Minute Man" during his career after polishing off a great many of his foes in less than one minute of the first round. Of 25 wins 17 came via the KO route, and although many of these are listed as technical knockouts, many a man was carried from the ring after Omar the Assassin had worked him over.

There have been other "greats" besides Crocker, including Gene Rankin, Woody Swancutt, Nick Lee, Warren Jollymore, Cliff Lutz, Gordie Harman, Vern Woodward, Verdayne John, George Makris, the Walsh boys, and currently John Lendenski and Don Dickinson.

They fought the great battles for Wisconsin in the ring down through the years, and because of them the school has benefited to the extent that it rates at the top of the ladder of the intercollegiate boxing world.

"You look broken up. What's the matter?"

"I wrote home for money for a study lamp."

"So what?"

"They sent the lamp."



"Yeah, glad to meet you, too . . ."



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"I know I'm not really much to look at," admitted her fiance.

"Oh, well," she philosophized. "You'll be at the office most of the time."

* * *

Wolf: "Hello, baby."

She: "I'll have you to know I'm nobody's baby."

Wolf: "Gad, you must feel sheepish at a family reunion."

* * *

Robin: "What's that spotted egg doing in the nest?"

Mrs. Robin: "Oh, I just did it for a lark."

* * *

Tight clothing never did stop a girl's circulation.

* * *

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

* * *

An O. U. man died, and on arriving at his eternal home remarked to the gatekeeper, "I never thought Heaven would be so much like the Vet's Housing Unit."

The man at the gate replied simply, "This isn't Heaven."

* * *

Who says the Russians have no sense of humor? Here's a joke that is currently rolling them in the aisles in Moscow:

Puervi: Kto buila dama, c kotoroi ya videl bac, vchera yecherom?

Torui: One net dama—ona moya zhenya.

* * *

Girl: You know too many dirty songs.

Boy: I never sing them.

Girl: No, but you whistle them.

* * *

An intelligent girl is one who can refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

* * *

A woman flees temptation, but a man crawls away from it in the cheerful hope that it may overcome him.

* * *

And then there was the orchestra leader's wife who called her baby "Encore" because he wasn't on the program.

* * *

"My husband has two thousand men under him."

"Why, what does he do?"

"Mows lawns at the cemetery."

Something Wrong?



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EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Forget the principle of the thing—this is money! That's right—legal tender . . . in folding quantities . . . as high as fifteen bucks—that's what Pepsi-Cola Company pays for gags and such-like you send in and we print. Procedure? Simple—send your stuff, marked with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the

property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

Will getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag hurt its chances? Don't be naive, chums. We like it. So, if you should wind up with a rejection slip clutched in your hot little fist, that won't be the reason. Well, don't just sit there! Pick up that pencil—get your stuff started now. There's Easy Money waiting!

LITTLE MORON CORNER

Here's the gag that won a M. M. (Master Moron) degree—and a fast two bucks—for Ben Ornoff, of Univ. of North Carolina, in the November contest:

Our minor-league moron, Mortimer, caused considerable furore in local circles by entering one of our better bistros and calling for a Pepsi-Cola. When served, he proceeded to plug it down with not one, but six, straws. Questioned as to his motives, Mortimer carefully removed all six straws from his mouth and replied with considerable hauteur: "So I can drink six times as much Pepsi, natch!"

Earle S. Schlegel of Lehigh Univ. also came up with two bucks for his moron gag. Why don't you get on the gravy train? Two bucks each for every moron joke we buy.

HE-SHE GAGS

Put one and one together—and you get a He-She gag. Three bucks each to Duane O. McDowell of So. Dakota State College; Albert M. Dredge of Duquesne Univ.; Emmett Carmody of Manhattan College; and Alfred Shapiro of New York Univ., respectively, for these specimens:

She: And what position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

* * *

She: Why don't you park the car by this sign?

He: You're not allowed to park here.

She: Don't be silly. The sign says "Fine for Parking"!

* * *

He: Your eyes sparkle like Pepsi-Cola.

She: Tell me more. I drink it up.

* * *

She Scot: Sandy, 'tis a sad loss you've had in the death of your wife.

He Scot: Aye, 'tis that. 'Twas just a week ago the doctor told her to dilute her medicine in Pepsi-Cola, and she hadna' time to take but half the bottle.

* * *

Current quotation on these is \$3 each for any we buy. Sure, but everything's over-priced these days.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

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

— DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

We're not just sure who's daffy—but we sent one frog apiece to Don McCauley, Baylor Univ.; Edward Whitaker, Boston Univ.; Joy Duvall, Univ. of Chicago; Charles R. Meissner, Jr., Lehigh Univ.; and James O. Snider, Baylor Univ., for these gems:

Lipstick—something which adds color and flavor to the old pastime.

Controversy—one Pepsi—two people.

Worm—a caterpillar with a shave.

Rival—the guy who gives your girl a Pepsi.

Steam—water gone crazy over the heat.

* * *

So we're subsidizing lunacy. Okay—but it's still a buck apiece for any of these we buy.

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



TOM HENDERSON

Ever play "pin the tail on the donkey?" Well, this is pretty much the same idea—and never mind the obvious cracks. \$5 each for the best captions. Or send in your own idea for a cartoon. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here's how we split the take for cartoon drawings, ideas and captions in the November contest: \$15 each to Jay Gluck of Berkeley, Calif. and Herbert John Brammeier, Jr. of St. Louis Univ.; \$10 to H. Dick Clarke of Univ. of Oklahoma; and \$5 each to Virgil Daniel of George Washington Univ., Frances Charlton of William and Mary College, and Sidney B. Flynn of St. Louis Univ.

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DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK

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