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Octopus. Vol. 27, No. 3 November, 1948

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November, 1948

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OCTOPUS

CAMPUS LOVE
STUDENT BOARD FROLICS

November . . . 25c



LION ON THE LOOSE!



Zoo Curator
Clyde Gordon
finds EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST TEACHER
...and in choosing
a cigarette, too!

WHILE MOVING TWO LIONS INTO A NEW CAGE AT THE ZOO ...



FAWSANA'S ON HER WAY
— BUT IT LOOKS LIKE
TROUBLE WITH SULTANA!

BE CAREFUL!
I'VE LEARNED FROM
EXPERIENCE—LIONS RAISED IN
CAPTIVITY CAN BE MORE DANGEROUS
THAN JUNGLE BORN!

WITH A
SUDDEN
ROAR...

SULTANA LEAPS THROUGH
THE CAGE DOOR—CRASHES THROUGH THE RUNWAY FENCE!



RUN,
CHIEF!

NO—THAT'S THE
WORST THING
I COULD DO!

**EXPERIENCE IS
THE BEST TEACHER***
LONG EXPERIENCE HAS
TAUGHT CLYDE GORDON
NEVER TO SHOW FEAR TO
AN ANIMAL. HE STANDS
HIS GROUND... SPEAKING
SOFTLY, INSISTENTLY... WHILE
DIVERTING HER ATTENTION
WITH BROOM HANDLE.



* TRUE, TOO, IN CHOOSING
A CIGARETTE! WITH SMOKER
AFTER SMOKER WHO TRIED AND
COMPARED—CAMELS ARE THE
"CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!



STEADY, GIRL, STEADY...
NOW BACK INTO THE
RUNWAY... AND TRY
YOUR NEW CAGE!

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S
GOING TO OBEY!

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



THAT WAS CLOSE, CHIEF,
BUT YOU SURE HANDLED
THINGS RIGHT!...HAVE
A CAMEL!

THANKS...
EXPERIENCE
COMES IN HANDY
—WHETHER YOU'RE
HANDLING ANIMALS OR
CHOOSING A CIGARETTE!
THAT'S WHY I SMOKE CAMELS!

Let your "T-Zone"
tell you why!



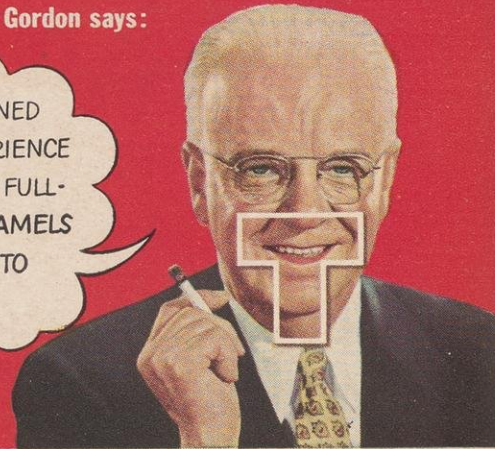
**T for Taste...
T for Tight**
... that's your prov-
ing ground for any
cigarette. See if
Camels don't suit your
"T-Zone" to a "T."

Zoo Curator Clyde Gordon says:

I'VE LEARNED
FROM EXPERIENCE
THAT MILD, FULL-
FLAVORED CAMELS
SUIT ME TO
A 'T'!

Clyde Gordon

General Curator and Director
Staten Island Zoo



According
to a Nationwide survey:
**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!



**CAMELS—the Choice
of Experience!**

Opportunity Days

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A-2 Air Corps jacket. Genuine front quarter horse-hide leather. Knit bottom and wristlets. As low as **\$18.95**.

Also, B-15 flight jackets. Full alpaca lining and Mouton fur collar. Waterproof and windproof long wearing shell. A terrific buy at only **\$14.95**.



Genuine army officers' dress oxfords. All sizes and ABCDE widths. Priced at **\$8.95**.

Paratrooper jump boots as low as \$10.95. We carry a wide selection of long lasting sport and dress shoes at a price you can afford to pay.

Genuine army officers' pink trousers
50% wool—**\$8.95** 100% wool—**\$17.50**

The Sweater Buy of the Year! Regular \$10.00 value Hanken 100% virgin wool sweaters in 5 different colors. Pullovers in "V" and crew neck styles. Sleeveless—**\$3.88**; long sleeves—**\$4.88**; coat style—**\$4.95**.

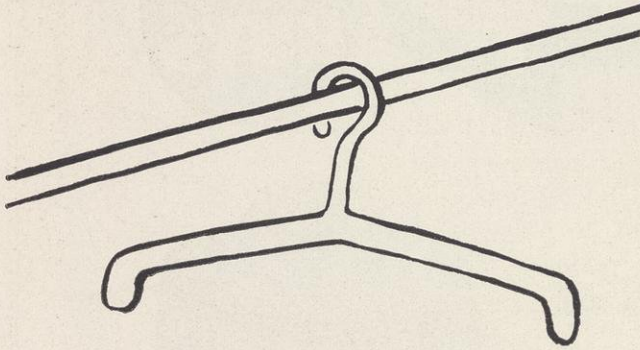


ARMY SURPLUS STORE

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Open from 9 to 9 for your convenience



She promised
me I'd
have a new
dress from
Manchester's
today

Whom to Blame

FREDERIK HANSEN

Fred is the author of the Octy short story of the month. A member of Lambda Chi Alpha, Fred hopes to make writing his career. During the summer session we were informed of Fred's writing ability, and we sent a letter on to him asking him if he would care to contribute to the magazine. Unfortunately we picked the wrong Hansen—one located in Two Rivers. It turned out that Fred makes his home in Chicago, and we didn't get hold of him until he returned for the fall semester. The rest was simple. Fred submitted a story, which we promptly accepted.

KEN HARRIS

Also from Chicago is our beauty expert, Ken Harris. Ken has the enviable job of finding the Octy Dream Girl each month. Ken says his biggest difficulty is fighting off the applicants who want to try out for his position. Personally, Ken admits, it's a wonderful job. Ken, who is a senior in English, spent the summer selling advertising for the Chicago *Tribune*.

BOB TEAGUE

"A Real Democratic Election" was written by Bob Teague. It marks his second contribution to the magazine. Bob, a junior in Journalism, hails from Milwaukee. He is perhaps best known as a fullback on the football team. Bob's big moment came last year when he threw a touchdown pass during the Marquette game.

HOWARD HERSHLEDER

A Madison boy, Howard was one of the staff members who aided us in compiling the *Octy* questionnaire on Friday night quonset hut studiers. Howard is a Chemistry major and complains that living next door to the Cabin, as he does, makes it almost impossible to study.

TAFFY REETZ

Creator of our monthly crossword puzzle and a junior in Industrial Bacteriology, Taffy's favorite hobby, quite appropriately, is making up crossword puzzles. Taffy invaded our office last spring with five samples of her hobby under her arm.

The editor accepted them and promptly lost them a few days later.

(Freud would have a word on this, and he'd be entirely wrong.)

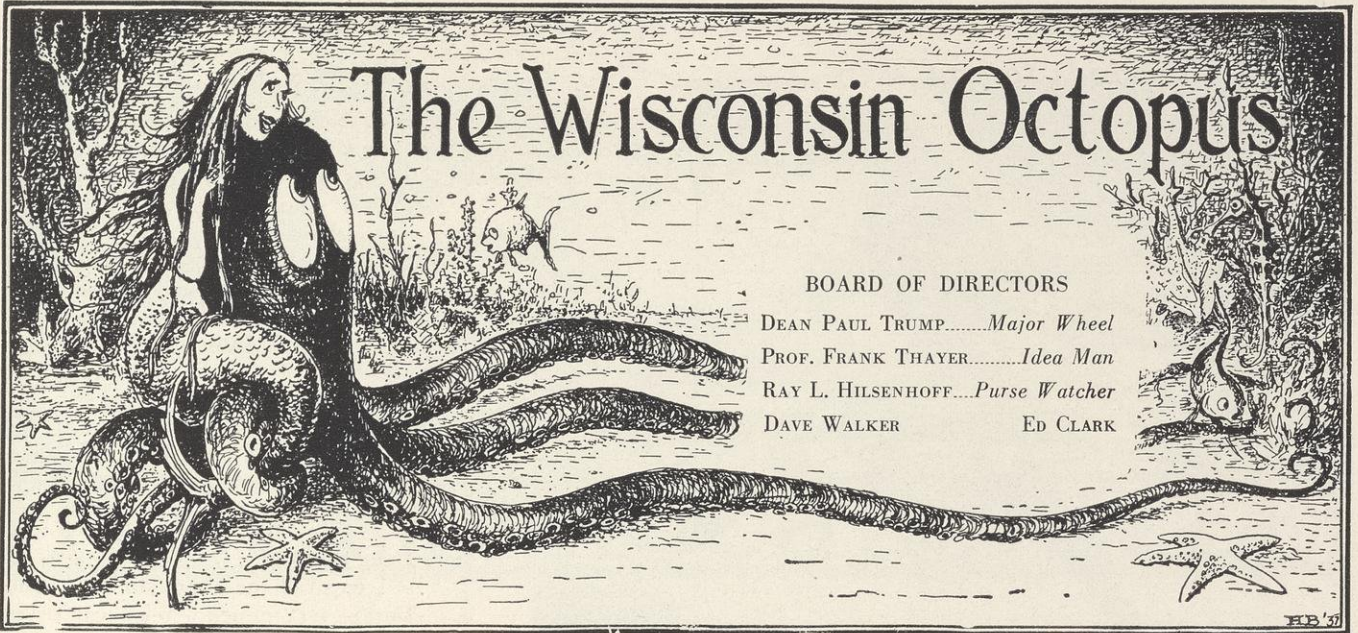
After a desperate search by the editor, Taffy wandered into the office and plucked them off the business manager's desk. We still haven't the faintest idea how they got there.

Taffy, who is a Pi Beta Phi, hopes to earn her master's degree after her graduation. Assuming she doesn't get married in the interim, Taffy expects to go into research work.

BEN KEITH

Author of "Political Bargains" is a Journalism senior whose name is not Ben Whitcomb. "Ben" (we have to call him that since he writes under a pseudonym) has recently had a number of his feature articles accepted by national sports and outdoor magazines. We have Ben's permission to say that he is from central Wisconsin, and that we can expect to receive more material from him.





BOARD OF DIRECTORS
 DEAN PAUL TRUMP.....*Major Wheel*
 PROF. FRANK THAYER.....*Idea Man*
 RAY L. HILSENHOFF.....*Purse Watcher*
 DAVE WALKER ED CLARK

Volume XXVII

NOVEMBER, 1948

Number 3

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- Editor*
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- Advertising Manager*
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- Business Staff*
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- Contributors*
Bob Burkert
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Mary Shockley
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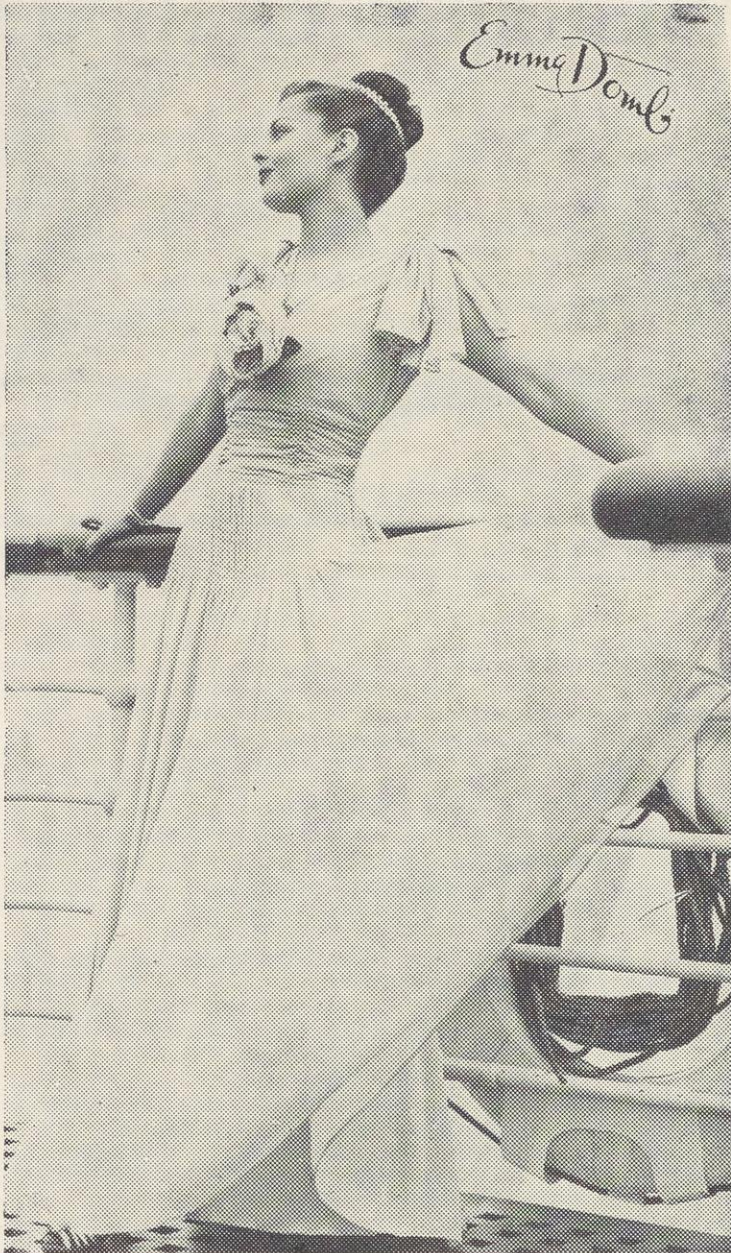
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 Subscription rate, \$1.75 (subject to change without notice) per year in the U. S. and its Possessions (except the Virgin Islands). Single copies, 25c.

It's "Orchids to you" . . .



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Priced from \$22.50 to \$45.00

And while you're selecting your formal don't fail to complete your wardrobe needs from our fine selection of

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The Readers' Pinned-Up Feelings

Dear Editor:

I wrote you a letter last month asking you to print my name. You didn't. Maybe you were angry because I didn't say anything about *Octopus*. Well, I think your magazine is one of the finest in the country. Now will you print my name?

Hopefully,
(Name withheld)

Keep trying. Ed.

We only assume responsibility for the two men on the truck. A winning football team is out of our department. Ed.

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed the short story by John Burke very much. Why can't you print more material like "After the Hennessy's"?

Yours truly,
Ann Hyland

The answer is simple. We don't get enough of it. Not everybody writes as well as John. Ed.

Dear Editor:

I have a subscription to your magazine and after reading the first two issues, here is my reaction. As a whole, your humor is excellent, although it tends to be juvenile at times. I think your campus crossword puzzle is a waste of space, nor do I approve of your two line gags. I like the effort you make to identify your stories with the campus. The illustrations of your short stories were well-done, particularly the last one.

Sincerely,
Ralph Harris, BS 3

Thanks for your comments. We are trying to please as many students as possible. Many of our readers like the crossword puzzles and the filler gags. Ed.

Dear Ed:

I was well rewarded when I searched *Octy's* October issue for the two men on the truck. And I thought the caption quite apropos. After lo, these many years I am a bit disgusted with Wisconsin football. Thanks for returning the two droll characters and yours for better Badger football.

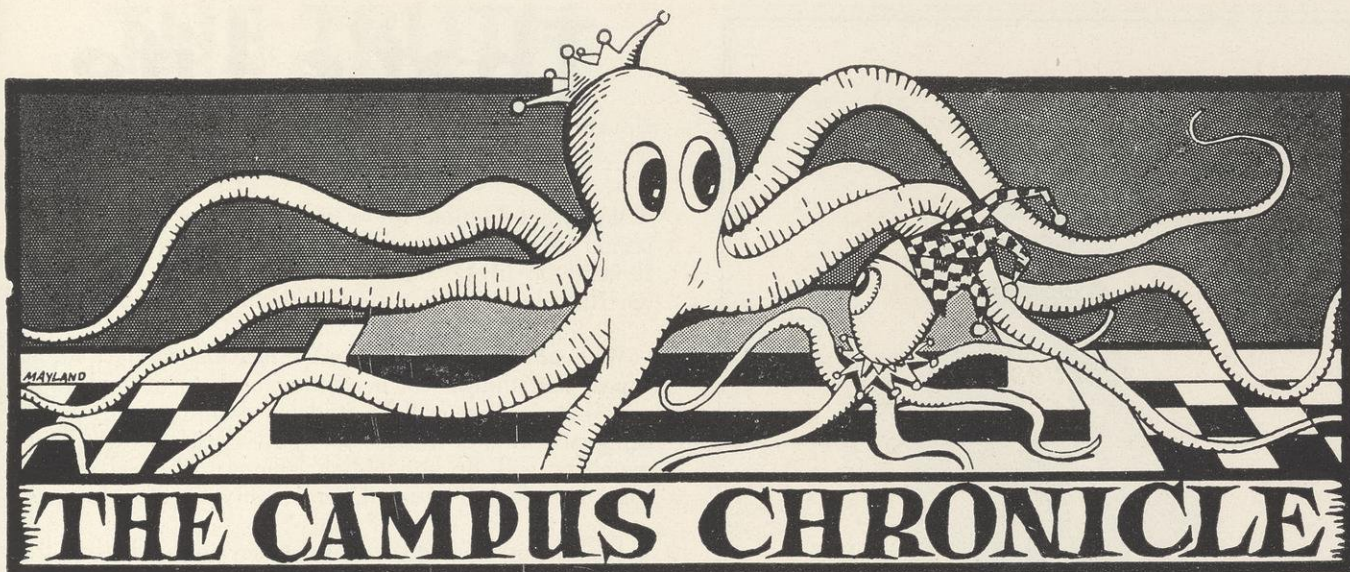
Sincerely,
A happy senior

Dear Ed:

Best of luck and long may *Octopus* wave its eight tentacles.

Sincerely,
Milt LeBlang

Our thanks to last year's business manager. Ed.



Tradition In the Making

The other day a contributor handed in a story and dropped a slip of paper on the editor's desk. The editor glanced at the manuscript, rejected it, and picked up the slip and read it. It said, "Ivy growing on Temporary Building 14."

The contributor was questioned and swore that ivy had begun its climb up the side of T.B. 14. Since that building is far distant from the office, everyone took the contributor's word for it. Everyone is worried. Ivy growing on a temporary building! How awful. It means nothing less than a tradition growing up. Ivy-covered buildings go with a university atmosphere. Therefore, no one ever dares suggest tearing down a building, no matter how decrepit, which is ivy-covered. What this means is that the unsightly temporary buildings will never be torn down. Once their walls are embraced with ivy, they are forever safe from destruction. It looks as though the T.B.s are destined to be P.B.s (permanent buildings).

Why Study?

Looking for a friend one Friday night, we wandered, as a last resort, into the quonset reading room. We didn't find our friend, but we were surprised by the large number of students busily grinding away. Traditionally Friday night is the evening for beer guzzling, movies, dancing and other sundry pleasures. We began to worry. What sort of people were they? Why were they studying on an evening supposedly designed for pleasure?

After fretting about this for a few days, we finally came to a conclusion. The following Friday evening, three staff members, armed with a stack of questionnaires, invaded the quonset hut. They found the inmates to be most cooperative.

We discovered that nearly 95 per cent of the Quonset-Room-Studiers-On-Friday-Night (henceforth to be referred to as QRSFN) were single. One student wrote "No" to the question concerning his marital status. We are rather puzzled by this and can only assume that he has no marital status.

Favorite hobbies of the QRSFN ran from bike riding to movies to hunting. One female QRSFN gave "Bob" as her favorite hobby. We envy Bob.

Either the Dewey sympathizers are less intelligent than the other students on the campus or there just are more of them. For we found that 45 per cent of the QRSFN

are for the Republican candidate. Next highest were the undecided representing 20 per cent of the QRSFN. Wallace and Thomas brought up the rear. One puzzled Democrat, possibly with schizophrenic tendencies, wrote that he would cast his ballot for "Thrumman." We can't decide whether he meant Truman or Thurmond. We guess that he is going to split his ballot.

Fraternities gave the lie to the claim that their members have come to the university under the impression that it was a country club. Over 30 per cent of the QRSFN were from Greek letter organizations.

Finally we came to the item which had aroused our interest in the first place. "Why are you studying in the quonset reading room on a Friday night?"

Answers were fairly well-divided between "Too much noise at the Dorm" and "Frat is too disturbing to study in." Housemothers please take note.

Some of the QRSFN had more personal reasons. We are not sure whether we see a great deal of naivete or potential Phi Beta Kappa material in the freshman who penned, "I think that the weekend is the best time to catch up with back assignments and also to get a little in advance."

We sympathize with the female QRSFN who frankly complained, "Have to work this weekend. Nothing else to do on Friday night!"

Perhaps the reason for our afore-mentioned democratic QRSFN's on "Thrumman" is explained by his answer: "Because I've got a date with a girl and she won't go out till she studies for two hours." We have almost completely lost interest in him, but are quite fascinated by his girl friend.

Universal Thought

One evening not so long ago a group of men students were putting a coat of white paint on the north end of the quonset reading room. The next day they were going to put up an advertising message for a campus function.

Naturally people passing by were interested. The fellows noticed one curious elderly couple who walked by the hut, then came by again a few minutes later. As the two oldsters passed by on their return trip, one fellow heard the old woman whisper hissing to her husband, "I think they're going to put 'Goodbye, Harry' on the wall."

Our comment is that the idea really gets around, doesn't it?

That's Life

By JOE DERMER

We are told that for a long time we can expect a period of permanent crisis in our relations with Russia. It isn't too likely, but in the meanwhile, we hope that the Russians are all eating, drinking and being merry.
* * *

With about half the semester nearing completion, we expect that things will be getting back to normal at the university. There will be students dashing madly to the drop card window in Bascom, newly elected student board members will be squabbling amongst themselves, and snow storms will cause the university to shut down.
* * *

Prominent economists have taken to predicting that the end of inflation is in sight. However, they seem to have forgotten to specify whether they were using high power telescopes, binoculars, or just their naked eye.
* * *

Westbrook Pegler complains that the Taft-Hartley law is too feeble. Apparently he would like to replace the teeth in the bill with daggers.
* * *

Communism was the main issue in the election. While no one said so directly, we got the impression that the Communists were responsible for high prices, lack of housing, the Civil War and the New Look.
* * *

The Soviet Union has made its attitude toward the United Nations clear. The UN is a wonderful organization, Russia says in effect. Its ultimate success depends upon the cooperation of all its members. Therefore we are prepared to do whatever the UN tells us to do—provided we planned to do so beforehand.
* * *

The French government has changed premiers with almost clockwork regularity since the end of the war. There are some who feel that this is carrying the adage of "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again," a bit too far.
* * *

News commentators tell us that the situation in China is being cleared up. However, all they can be sure of right now is that something is going on in that country.
* * *

Men's fashion designers have answered the challenge of the female New Look with a clothing arrangement called the Bold Look. If the price of clothes goes up much more, we are afraid that men will have to adopt the "Nude Look."

"Oh," said Maizie gushingly, "I had the most wonderful 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 told me to pick one for myself."

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

"Just shorten the sleeves," said Maizie.
* * *

Tourist (having looked over historic castle, to butler): We've made a stupid mistake. I tipped his lordship instead of you.

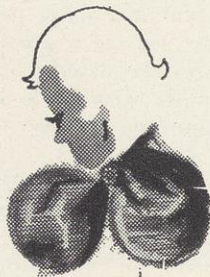
Butler: That's awkward. I'll never get it now.



scarves . . .



scarves . . .



scarves . . .



hand-woven by
the Churchill Weavers
of Berea, Kentucky

SCARVES, MAIN FLOOR

Baron's
On Capitol Square

THE TRUTH

This month *Octopus* feels that it is the magazine's duty to tell the students where their twenty-five cents for the WSA privilege cards goes. This can best be shown by revealing the operating statement of the Wisconsin Student Association for the current semester, which means the operating statement of Student Board's various activities.

WISCONSIN STUDENT ASSOCIATION OPERATING STATEMENT

INCOME

Student fees	\$ 422.88
Extension centers' fees	4,400.00
Violations fines	8.00

TOTAL INCOME\$4,830.00

EXPENSES

ADMINISTRATIVE:

Salaries and Wages

President	150.00
Executive secretary	1,350.00
(Fantastic, isn't it?)	
Fee collection	20.00
Office supplies and postage	650.00
(Cigarettes, cigars, beer, tobacco, lipstick, beer, gin, beer, stamps, etc.)	
Fruit basket (sympathy)	13.65
Gifts, wedding	20.00
(Sympathy)	
Donations	40.00
(How far can this thing go?)	

REGULAR COMMITTEES:

Public Relations

Supplies and postage	116.00
(And to think they put Pendergast in jail.)	

Social Relations

Miscellaneous	
Beer	225.00

Orientation Committee

Supplies and postage	1.00
(They figure this one is always good for at least a buck.)	

Transportation	
Buses and cab fare	2.45
One small Chev. convertible	1,697.00

Elections Committee

Ballot box	40.00
Supplies and postage	140.00
(What would they do without it?)	

Band Booking Committee

Long distance call	8.44
(To Harry James)	
Daily calls	51.29
(To Lawrence Welk in Chicago)	
Bus fare10
(To contact Don Voegeli)	

Faculty Relations Committee

Two dozen apples	1.05
------------------------	------

TOTAL EXPENSES\$5,030.00

There seems to be a slight discrepancy of a few dollars, but then, as students we are all susceptible to error.

—DICK SHELSTAD

Serving University Men For Over 50 Years



We're Headquarters

For Formal Wear

Featuring

RUDOFKER TUXEDOS

RUDOFKER TAILS

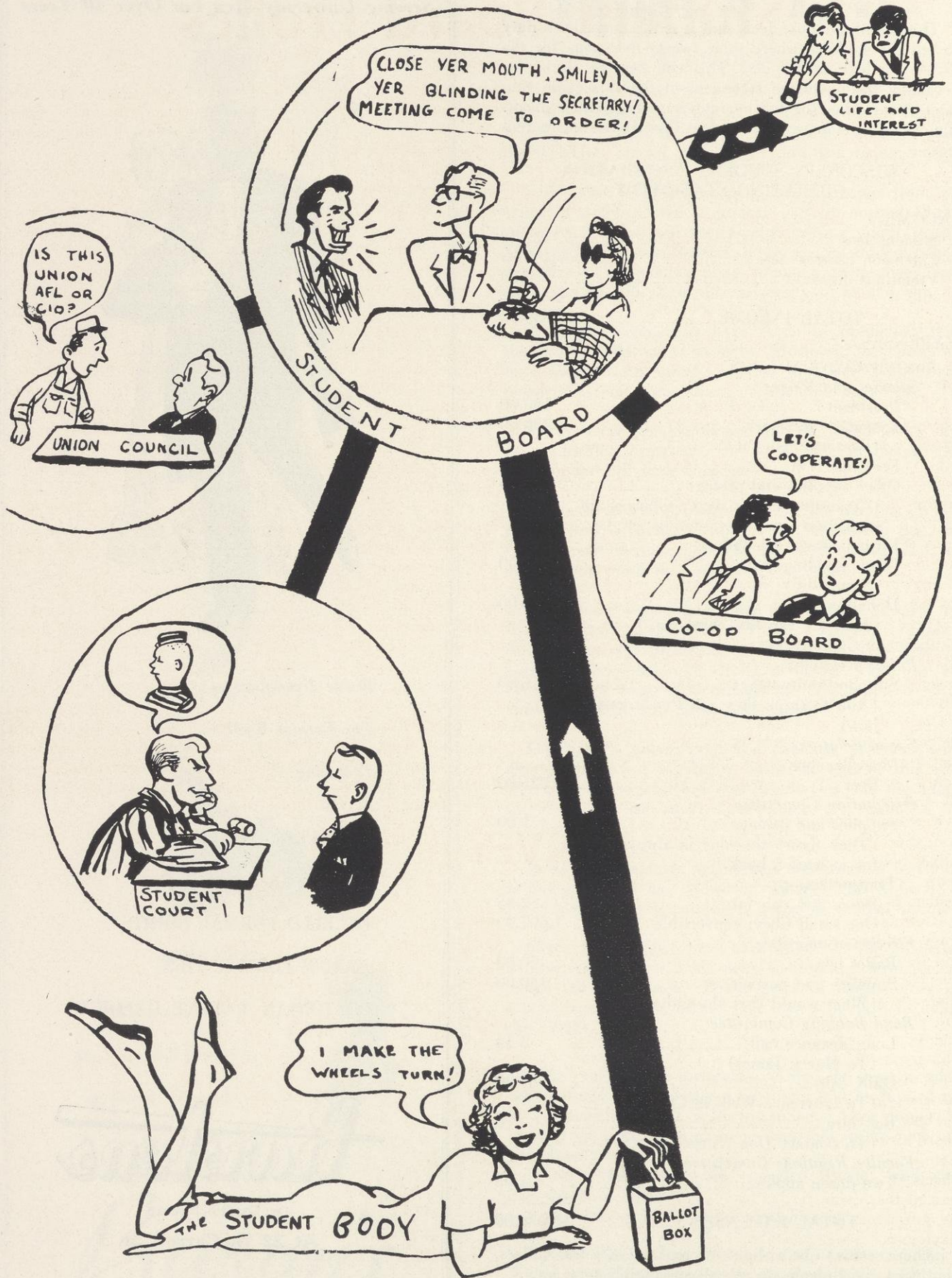
EXCELLO FORMAL SHIRTS

ARROW FORMAL TIES

BOSTONIAN PATENT OXFORDS

On Capitol Square

At 22 N. Carroll St.



An *Octy* article

Student Board Frolics

By RANDY HARRISON

Student Board will never replace Al Capp's fabulous "Schmoos." You can't use their skin as clothing or leather (depending on how thick you slice it). They don't taste like pork when boiled. And you can't use their eyes as suspender buttons, although some people would like to try. Nevertheless, the board does perform a useful function on campus.

Each Tuesday night the 21 board members wheel into Topflight room in the Union. (Board members always wheel—they never walk.)

After a brief exchange of niceties, current political clichés, and hearty handshakes, the members sit down at a T-shaped table. The T-shaped table has never quite been explained. Some say it stands for "tremendous"; others say it's for "terrible"; and others think it's out of courtesy to the Board president, a fellow named Tom. (Not to be confused with the chap running for the U. S. presidency.)

These 21 wheelers, only one of whose name is George, represent 18,000 students in an effort to promote student welfare, and, occasionally, something else.

Originally organized as a committee for wage adjustments during the lean years of the depression, Student Board now has complete control over all student activities, except those activities controlled by the administration. Specifically, Board is the legislative body of the Wisconsin Students' Association, which, gentle reader, is you.

It elects the president of the WSA from within its own group, and he and the other officers are the executive department. Drop into Board office any afternoon for a few minutes and watch this group execute.

Student court members, the boys who hand out parking and smoking fines, also get their commissions from the crew at the Board T-table.

This is only the beginning of Board's varied activities. Spokes radiate in all directions from the Board wheels. Board elects four of its members to the Memorial Union council, the governing body of the students' playhouse. Three members of the University Co-op board, which manages the Co-op, are selected by Student Board. Two Board members sit on the Student Life and Interest com-

mittee, the faculty-student group which holds supreme authority over all student activities.

Regardless of its serious work, however, Board has its lighter moments. For instance, there was the time Bill Abbott, the Socialist on Board, introduced a resolution to change the name of "Prom King" to "Mr. Badger." The reason? The term "king" is undemocratic and un-American.

And then there was the time last summer when a member introduced a resolution to "lobby against the algae in Lake Mendota." Or the time your humble author appeared before the Madison City Planning Commission and the next day the *State Journal* ran a story which stated that he had lobbied for the wrong bill.

Perennial jokes circulate in Board circles about the "junior politicians." Statements like "I understand you can see twenty-nine teeth when Dick John smiles" gently rib the future politicians. (Actually you can see only twenty-eight teeth when Dick John smiles.) Chuck White takes a ribbing for his Young Republican activities, but the truth is he doesn't receive orders for "Boss" Coleman.

Many of the Board members, like White, however, are taking active parts in politics beyond the campus. Several members are already in law

school and several others are planning on entering, with their sights aimed on someday holding public office.

Their hopes may not be misfounded, since several prominent state politicians got their political baptism on Student Board. Carl Thompson, Democratic candidate for governor, was a Board member not so many years ago. Byron Ostby, who recently won election to the state legislature from Superior, was another recent Board member. And several others who are now filling smoke-filled rooms, first learned to smoke at the University of Wisconsin.

In this day of third parties, campus politics offers excellent experience in organizing new political machines. Since Board passed the elections by-law legalizing them, parties have been springing up all over the place, each engineered by a junior "Boss" Coleman.

Few other campuses provide such wonderful opportunities for training politicians in how to make promises which are not carried out, how to "point with pride" and "view with alarm," and all the other tricks of trade so essential to future statesmen.

All in all, Board provides a valuable proving ground for young Deweys, and quite often the campus benefits from the activities of the students' governing body.

HARVEY



"and . . . fearless, unswerving, devoted . . .
 . . . motherhood . . . unity . . . justice . . ."



The Octopus Short Story of the Month

Illustrated by George O'Connell

The Cabin on the Mountain

By Frederik Hansen

As I drove up into the higher levels of the mountains, it began to rain, lightly at first, and, with the night coming on, the driving became more difficult. When I saw him standing by the edge of the road, hitch-hiking, I picked him up, hoping he would be familiar with the roads.

"Thanks, Mister," he said, getting in. "Looks like a wet one tonight, doesn't it?"

"Where are you going?" I asked him.

"Other side of the mountain. I live about half way down in the valley. Going that far?"

"Yes."

We were silent then, watching the rain beat harder and faster and fall in heavy streams around us outside. The windshield was covered with a film of flowing water, and the large drops of rain clattered on the hood and roof. Night came quickly and then there was only the sound of the rain on the car, except in the glare of the headlights; in the yellow glare of light you could see the dark glistening road and the rain falling on it. The road twisted and turned through the mountains, and sometimes when a curve was rounded the headlights struck out into emptiness.

(continued on page 24)

Democracy

The floor meeting on number 2 deck of the University YMCA, on October 3, was typical of the wonderful mechanics of American democracy.

All the boys who could be found in their rooms were aroused from studying or sleeping by an aggressive fellow who'd been asked by the house prexy to handle the floor elections. Some fellows came in pajamas, shorts, robes, and towels. Then there were the fellows with malnutritic physiques who wore clothes.

About sixteen occupants of the second floor took seats on the hallway stairs. Those who couldn't find a seat there returned to their rooms for a chair, then locked themselves in, responding to all entreaties to come out with, "He just died."

The cooperative minority, however, sat impatiently on the stairs as the acting chairman explained the purpose of the meeting. On learning that someone was about to be stuck with an elective position, everyone sank down into the shadows as far as possible. Not that the job was tough. It wasn't, but no one seemed to relish the idea of listening to and reporting all complaints about room service, heating, electricity, noise and other things that were bound to crop up to make somebody's life miserable. When nominations were opened, each man tried to put the finger on his worst enemy.

In the course of two minutes and seven seconds, sixteen fellows were nominated and sixteen fellows declined. Why? "Well, I want to give some one else a chance at this splendid opportunity to serve his fellow man" was the standard declination address.

Then some observant sophomore pointed out that one Arden Petersen was still in his room playing blackjack. That was all they needed. He was speedily nominated and was about to be sworn in by proxy when an indignant freshman wearing a pink flannel nightgown declared that things were proceeding too rapidly and demanded some discussion before a vote was taken.

He was promptly labeled a radical by the committee of the whole, but nevertheless his demands were honored.

"Okay, flannelmouth," they said, "you lead the discussion."

(continued on page 30)

Designers and Manufacturers of

Fraternity and House jewelry,

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intramural charms.



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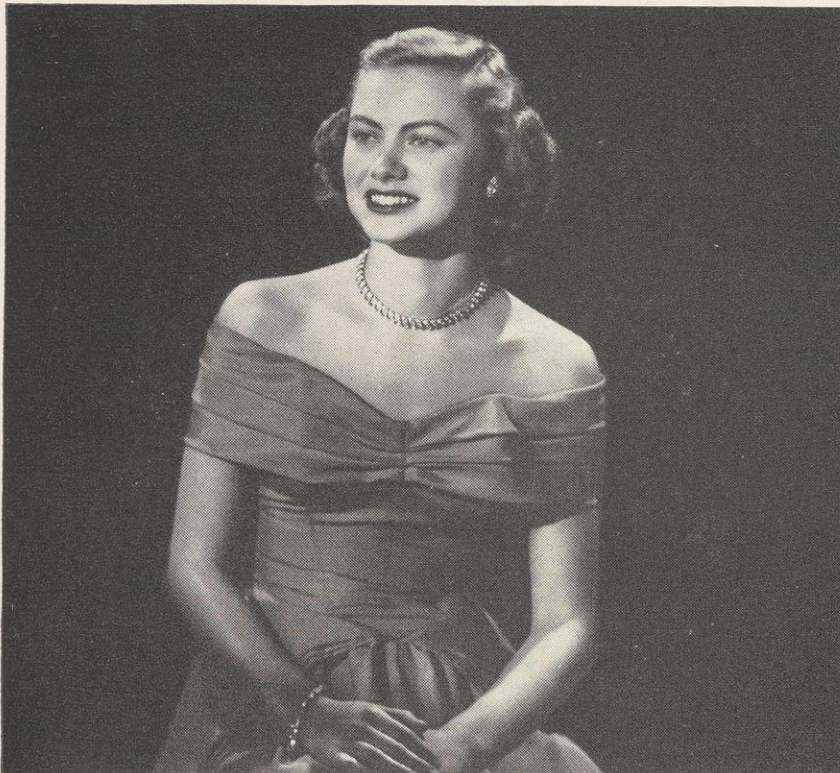


photo by DeLonge

presents MARIE FRASER and invites Wisconsin co-eds
to come in for a complimentary sachet of "BLACK SATIN"

By BEN KEITH

Political Bargains

Wisconsin Octopus
Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Sir:

This is to inform you of our gigantic mail order sale of our stock of political items. Because the elections the first week of this month have ended the regular buying season, the Acme Trading Corporation is offering tremendous bargains to its customers.

Following is a complete list of prices and description of bargains in our line of political items:

* * *

Item 1876048

Speech, Patriotic. This speech is expertly prepared and may be used for a variety of purposes, such as 4th of July picnics, Ward rallies, Political Science lectures, etc.

"My Fellow Men,

"I have been repeatedly asked for my stand on a number of 'touchy' political questions; questions considered too hot to discuss by other groups and professional politicians. Without fear or favor, I am prepared to answer these questions here (tonight, this afternoon, this morning) and as I look at these (determined, pioneering, rough-hewn, smiling) faces, I feel that no honest man need fear censure in so solidly (liberal, American, old-fashioned, reactionary, solid) a group.

"First, I was asked what is your political stand. I am not a politician, I told them, but a man of the people, and you may go to the people and tell them unequivocally and fearlessly that despite sneers and slurs, however vicious and underhanded attacks might be made on me, that I am unshakably and unashamedly for the Constitution of the United States and the Good Ol' American Way.

(Pause for cheers.)

"Now as to housing and the veterans. If I am elected, you may be sure that, without fear or favor, in the fight for my people, that veterans' housing will be, like the great fight fought by our soldier boys, who carried the American flag so bravely in the trenches, and that these houses shall not be shacks or tenements of exorbitant rents, or *Harry Truman*, or *Henry Wallace*, or *anybody else for that matter*.

(Heavy emphasis on italicized words. Pause for cheers.)

"And then the politicians asked

(continued on page 14)

Wisconsin ON THE MARCH!

OBSERVING THE EAGER FAN.....

by BOB BURKERT.



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INDIANA 35



WISCONSIN 20
ILLINOIS 16



WISCONSIN 14
CALIFORNIA 40



WISCONSIN 7
YALE 17



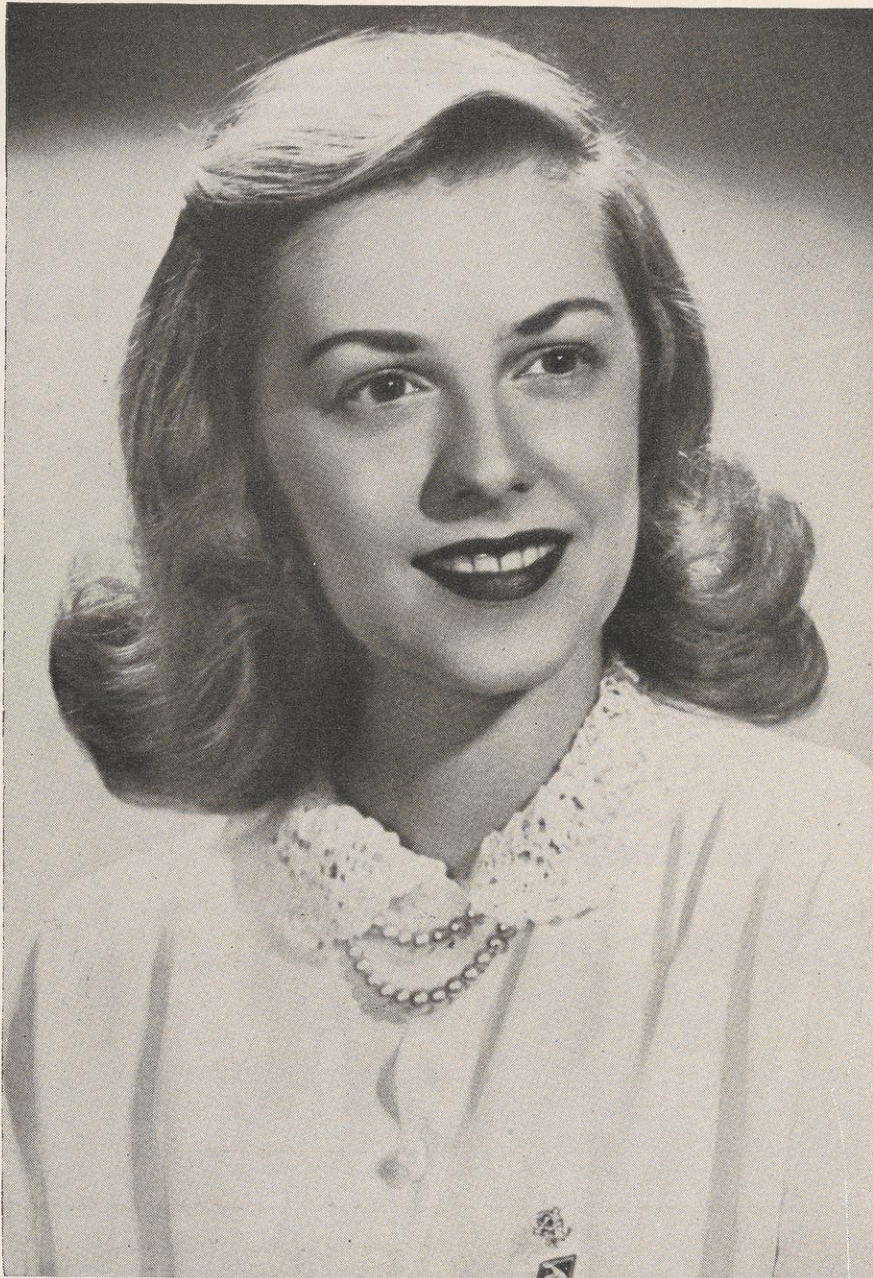
WISCONSIN 32
OHIO STATE 34



WISCONSIN 13
IOWA 19



WISCONSIN ?
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BEHIND US!

POLITICAL BARGAINS . . .

(continued from page 12)

me what I could do about the dark shadow of racial prejudice, and I said to them, 'Go to my people and tell them, that in respect to every shade of prejudice wherever, and whatever, no one shall say that I and that my constituents' words are the only ones I heed and in this great land of ours from Maine to California, and from Texas to Minnesota . . .'

(Pause for cheers.)

" . . . and that in this great fight I shall not slacken or fail, with housing too, and the increased cost of living.

PERORATION:

"And they asked me, what of the national debt and what is your foreign policy, and I smiled and replied 'What can an honest man do the right for our people who, under the great ol' flag electing me, one of themselves, and there is but one answer and look into your souls as you did at your Mother's knee and you will see that my solution is the only slogan for this land of the free and the brave, of pioneer men and women marching on the rolling Wave of the Future into the Glory of Our Own American Sunrise'."

(Pause for cheers.)

Speaker at this juncture will wipe brow with large bandana (attached to last page of speech), snap suspenders, loosen collar, and drink water noisily.)

"Yes, I am not a politician, but one of you, a tiller of the sweet (black loam, red clay, yellow clay, sand patches, salt marshes) where we were all born and raised, with the fearless and honest American Way that I learned as a boy down on my farm. Remember, a vote for . . . (Interpolate speaker's name) . . . is a vote for good government, *your* kind of government.

"I thank you."

The above speech comes in airtight container with suspenders, bandana kerchief, water glass, and a plug of chewing tobacco (vanilla flavored for those who don't chew by habit). A complete set of worn overalls can be obtained for slightly added cost. At \$7.58 postpaid, a wonderful bargain.

* * *

Item 1944040:

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Item 1944045:

Red "Hammer & Sickle" flag, complete with bullet holes (please specify number) and tattered fringe. Tattered fringe fastened with snaps and may be removed for indoor meetings. \$0.50, 14½ ounces, not postpaid.

* * *

Item 1944051:

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Item 1944056:

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* * *

Item 1944063:

7 "Political Pulls," slightly worn in handles. Not guaranteed but sold "as is." A good bargain at \$4.12. 12 lbs. Not postpaid.

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Item 1944057:

2100 Landon Sunflower buttons. Brand new, never used. Wonderful as keepsakes, or for decorating furniture, blankets, tablecloths, etc. \$0.50 each or sold in \$2.00 gross lots. Postpaid.

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Item 1944059:

26 bent atoms. Marvelous souvenirs of Oak Ridge project. Guaranteed not broken or cracked, these are surplus items from early experimental atomic work. Mounted in small teakwood box with black velvet lining. A wonderful curio. \$6.00 each. Postpaid.

* * *

Item 1944063:

1 Chamberlain umbrella. When opened, neon tubing lights up to read "Peace In Our Time." Shopworn and sold "as is" only. \$2.50 postpaid.

* * *

As you will see, Mr. Editor, from the above items, we have an extremely large and varied stock which students will find within the scope of their limited pocketbooks. Many of these items are absolutely necessary for the beginning politician, no matter what his party.

Sincerely,
/s/ IVAN KOSHENKO
/t/ Ivan Koshenko
Advertising Manager
Acme Trading Corp.

"Highest prices for your old furs, gold teeth, etc."

*Watch for YOUR picture
in this space!*

Our photographer will take pictures of WISCONSIN students in Bud Jordan's during each month.

One of the pictures will be printed here with some faces circled. If YOU are in the circle you'll be our guest for dinner.

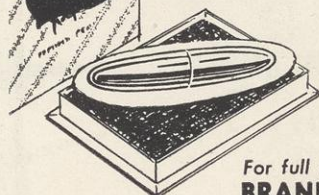
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DUHHH... WHO WAS THAT GIRL YOU KNIFED LAST NIGHT?

NEED AN WITH YOU WORK, C

OTHER GIRLS AREN'T WOODED BY VIOLINS.

AHHHHH... I HATE WOMEN!

I AM A VIRTUOUS WOMAN 'TILL THE END, HORATIO!

WHO'S MAD?

BOYARD MANIA

SMACK SMACK

MEN SEX

MUSIC HALL

PALE PALE



YES, I'VE CAPTURED IT ON CANVAS!

JONESY HAS QUITE A LUST FOR LIFE!

HOTCHA.

HELP

EUREKA....AN UNESCORTED BABE!

TAKE YOUR OLD FRAT PIN BACK.....THEN!

SORRY I'M MARRIED AND HAVE 21 KIDS.

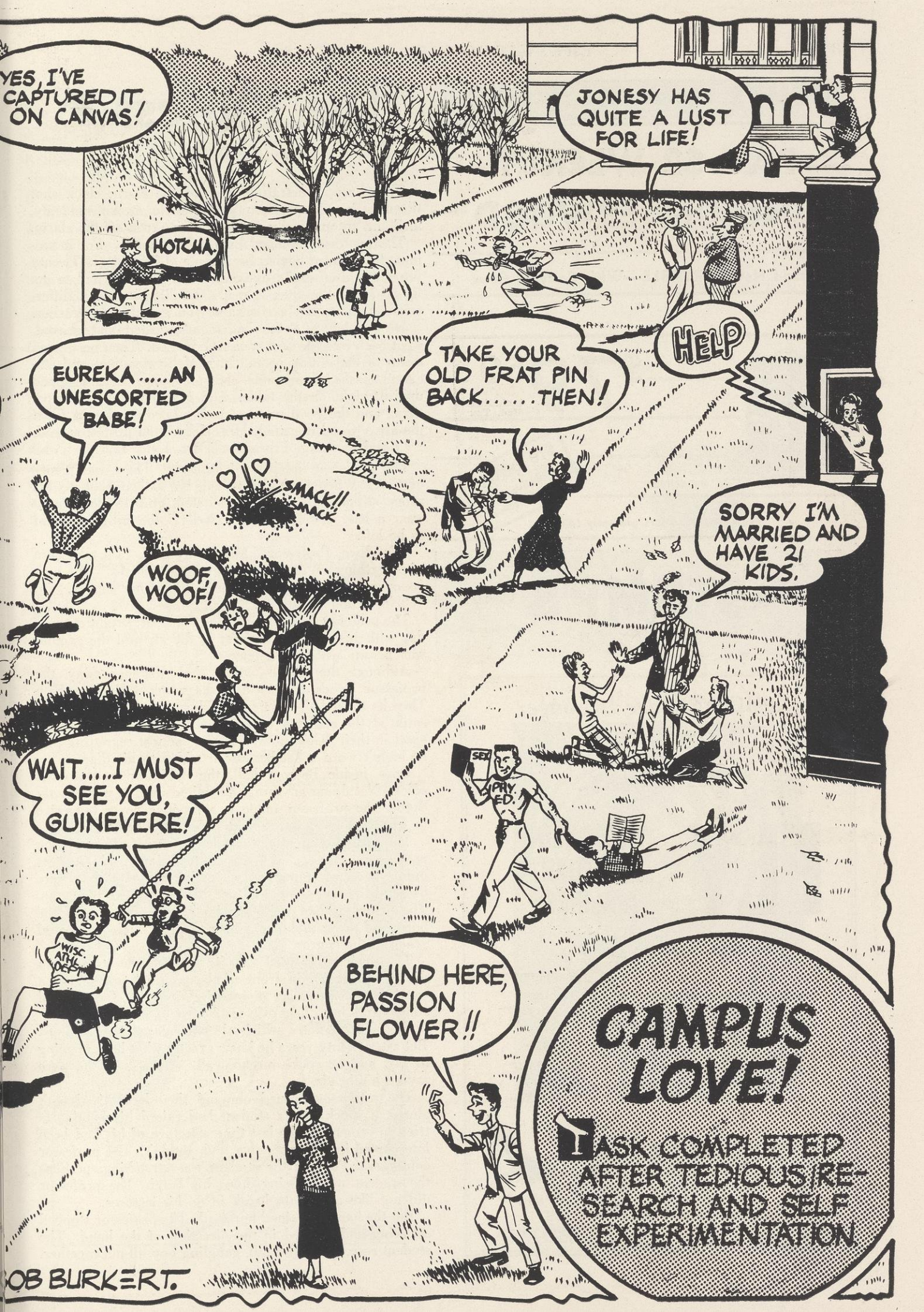
WOOF, WOOF!

WAIT....I MUST SEE YOU, GUINEVERE!

BEHIND HERE, PASSION FLOWER!!

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The Professor

By JOE DERMER

The sharp, penetrating buzz of the alarm clock shot through the old professor's sleep. He awoke suddenly, his hand automatically reaching out to turn off the alarm.

The professor climbed out of bed slowly. For a moment he resented having been given at 8:50 class. Twenty years teaching at the university and you still had to get up at 7:30. But then it really didn't make much difference. You started earlier and you got through earlier.

He padded into the bathroom, washed and shaved, went back into the bedroom and dressed. Then he walked down to the dining room. Mrs. Kelly was neat and efficient, as she always was. His newspaper was propped up just right on the table. The grapefruit looked appetizing and the good smell of frying bacon and eggs filled the air. "Good morning, Mrs. Kelly," the professor said. "Good morning, Professor," Mrs. Kelly said.

The professor breakfasted leisurely. There was plenty of time. When he had finished, he walked back to his room, slipped on his coat, hesitated, and decided not to wear a hat. "Goodbye, Mrs. Kelly," the professor said as he left.

"Goodbye, Professor," Mrs. Kelly said, "I'll take care of everything. Will there be anything special?" The professor sometimes brought guests home for supper.

"No, I don't think so."

The professor walked out. It was a clear, bright autumn day with just a touch of frost in the air and the ground was brown with fallen leaves.

Although the campus was a short distance away, the professor strode briskly until he reached Bascom Hill. Then he walked slowly up the hill, smiling his well-known smile at the students who greeted him, enjoying the respect in their "Good morning, sir," almost regretting that he hadn't worn a hat because it added to his dignity.

Once inside Bascom hall, the professor went to his office. Not doing anything, he waited until it was exactly 8:48. The professor made it a practice never to arrive to his class until the second before the bell rang.

The large room was well-filled as were nearly all the professor's classes. He was a tradition, and students didn't speak of courses in which he taught as they were listed in the time table, but identified them with his name. The professor had written a book, and if one read the book and never attended a lecture, one could get a good grade in the course.

The professor waited for the buzz of the students to die down, waited in front of the podium, not saying a word, but looking very dignified. When the students had stopped talking, the professor began to lecture.

He used no notes which always amazed the students. But after twenty years he knew exactly what he was going to say, and he spoke mechanically almost as if he were saying his beads.

The professor droned on, and then he noticed with almost a shock that a student had raised his hand. He tried to remember the last time a lecture of his had been interrupted in such a manner and couldn't. The professor continued. Perhaps the student was stretching, perhaps the student would bring down his hand. The professor did not like anyone to break in on his lectures.

But the hand remained upraised. The professor stopped speaking and nodded in the direction of the hand. The student rose. He was a tall, gangling boy, ill-put together.

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"Fly the Route of the Northliners"

"Sir," he said, his voice strident, "about that last point you made."

"What last point?" the professor said a bit testily.

"The one concerning Malthus' theory. I was reading Rollinson last night, and, as you know, his stand is directly contrary to yours. Would you clear this up, please?"

The professor smiled benignly. "Of course, Rollinson has a right to say what he will. There are a great many men like him who always attack the accepted simply because it is accepted. I wasn't giving my opinion, but the opinion of men who have made a life study of this subject. My only regret," the professor paused, conscious that if he said this correctly, the students would laugh, "my only regret is that Malthus isn't alive to defend himself against Rollinson instead of having to rely on me."

The professor was right. There was a subdued titter of amusement from the class. The student sat down, his face confused, and the professor picked up the thread of his lecture and droned on.

At the University Club that afternoon, the professor didn't eat with his usual heartiness nor did he pay any attention to the conversation about him. The same thought that had struck him when the student questioned him was running through his mind, "Who in the world was this Rollinson?" He would have to look it up.

PAUL BUNYAN STARTS THE DAY

He smiled and cracked the seams of sky
and higher hitched his belt;
He stretched and filled the air about
with yards of crimson felt.
Then with two sapling cedar trees
he combed his wavy locks,
And blew a hurricane aloft
just whistling to his ox.
Bestirred the lazy Babe from sleep
in old Lake Erie slough;
Then started on a tramping trip
across a state or two.

—JEANNE FRANCES GIRARD



*the story
of the Wisconsin
chicken who had a
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The "Wheels" At Play



Bob Kreiman took this

What do the Big Wheels do for relaxation? Take a look at the blushing beauties in the above photo and see for yourself. The picture was taken at a national leadership conference at Lake Forest College, Ill., last spring. The sterling characters above condescended to do a "Haresfoot" chorus line act to cheer up their fellow delegates. ¶ Four of the eight harem queens are from the U. of W. Third from the left, smiling coyly at us, is Jack Shurman, Phi Sigma Delta. On his right is sweet Bert Hiller, his face modestly hidden. Bert is president of I-F council. On Bert's right is curvacious Tom Englehardt, president of Student Board. Now skip the drunken-looking character and look at the laughing filly who is second from the right. She (we mean, he) is George Wheeler, president of Wisconsin Men's Association. ¶ Big Wheels have fun, don't they?

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"So you're working your way through school? How do you do it?"

"Well, don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm peddling opium, but I'm really editing the humor magazine."

—Froth

* * *

"Talk about Napoleon! That fellow Simpson is something of a strategist himself."

"As to how?"

"Got his salary raised six months ago, and his wife hasn't found it out yet."

* * *

In the country an arrogant red rooster was giving chase to a fluttery little hen. She scrambled into the highway to escape him, and was run over by a truck. Two old maids on a near-by porch witnessed the tragedy. "You see," one of them said with an approving nod, "She'd rather die!"

* * *

The sun trickled lightly through cypress leaves into the crystal pool. Odysseus awoke, wiped the salt water from his eyes, and peered cautiously around the bush. There, in the speckled light, stooped Nausicaa, her lithe body bending to and fro as she dipped her linens into the limpid waters. Her rosy figure was like a nude Aphrodite, chiseled in pink marble. For some minutes The Wanderer sat spellbound, his eyes riveted to the swaying body. Then he loosed his tongue, for he could no longer hold his peace. "Gad," he hissed, "double-jointed."

—Exchange

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By Jack Stillman

Comic Critique I or "Get Out of Here, Mary"

The publishers of comic strips have finally succumbed to the protests of public spirited citizens, and agreed to a sort of Johnston office of the comic world.

All will admit that such a move is long overdue. It was proved during the war that more adults than children read comic books (colorful panels littered the floors of barracks). Nevertheless, now and then a youngster does get his bloodthirsty hands on a copy of the latest adventures of "Sexy Sal, the Siwash Siren."

Religious groups, college professors, the courts, and even professional burglars have condemned comic magazines for their dangerous influences. (The burglars, because they made the mistake of using a method for breaking and entering that they saw demonstrated in one issue "Kill Dat Cop!" without waiting to read the rest of the magazine.)

Comics which show no respect for the law, and flaunt the bosom and thigh to the delight of innocent children deserve all the labels they attract, but the murderous types are not the only ones which threaten the sanctity of the American home and morals. Other comics are just as bad in their own insidious ways.

I refer, of course, to comic strips of the type of "Mary Worth." Good old Mary has gone sophisticated and insists upon sticking her nose into every nook and cranny she can find. I had all the sympathy in the world for her when the old Mother Hubbard of the fruit business was actually down and out, selling apples on the street to make ends meet and support little crippled Denny. But, now . . . Now!

A typical panel in the daily papers may find dear old Mary, white head lowered over her knitting, kindly fingers moving along to the tune of Tschaikowsky's Sixth (radio with musical notes drifting around can be seen in the background).

Mary lifts her head as young, vivacious Ginny enters the room and throws herself across the daybed in a fit of despair. The kindly old fingers now move along to the tune of Ginny's muffled sobbing. The motherly woman puts her knitting aside and moves to the shaking shoulders. Looking down, she smiles sadly and shakes her kindly head.

"Poor girl," she murmurs sympathetically. "Is there something you'd like to tell your old friend Mary? Have you stolen some woman's husband? Is that your mink coat or did he give it to you for something in return? Tell me everything, Ginny. Don't you know I am here to help you?"

Throwing herself on the elderly woman's broad and friendly bosom, Ginny pours forth her sorrows amidst the sobs. "Jerry took me out last night and he said he'd call me this morning and he hasn't and I'm afraid I offended him when I refused to spend the weekend with him at the seashore . . . alone." (Vigorous sobbing.)

"Now, now, there's nothing to worry so about, dear." Mary soothes the hysterical girl. "If he's the type of gentleman . . ."

And on and on like that.

I'm afraid that Mary Worth is going to influence the motherly person who lives in the apartment just beneath the wife and me. Every once in a while I have seen her

(continued on page 31)



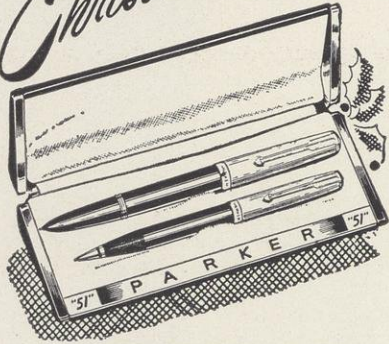
—Photo by DeLonge

OCTY'S
DREAM GIRL

Coleen Hestetune

*A junior in home economics, Coleen
is an Independent from Madison*

*This gift in
hand makes
Christmas grand*



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Revive KID SISTER'S faith in the old man in the red suit—just show her Octy's "Is There a Santa Claus?"

For MOTHER, a beautifully colored front or rear cover that will blend well with her new drapes.

And as for YOU—roll 'em in the aisles New Year's Eve with a few of Octy's well chosen jokes.

GAD — WHAT A BUY!

THE CABIN . . .

(continued from page 10)

"Haven't driven here much have you?" he said.

"No."

"In the fall like this it rains all night sometimes. Where you headed for?"

"Greenville."

"You'll never make it tonight," he said. "You'll have a hard time getting through the mountains in this rain. It's getting worse."

"I'll give it a try," I said.

"You don't know these mountains."

"Do you?"

"Pretty well," he said.

"Want to drive?"

"All right."

I stopped the car and he got out and ran around the front and got into the driver's seat. In the headlights the rain swept solidly and thickly across the road, and streams of muddy water flowed down out of the woods and across the road.

We drove on then, slowly, picking our way over the winding road, seeming always to be ascending, going up, higher and higher, until I thought we must soon reach the top, and then would be over the worst and on our way down. I hadn't seen another car since the night had come, and I wondered if we were the only ones trying to get through. It was getting colder.

We had been driving for about an hour, when suddenly he spun the wheel and turned the car off to the right onto a gravel road I hadn't seen, and which I knew wasn't the main road.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Can't get through tonight," he said.

"Let me decide that. I want to get through. Turn the car around and get it back on the highway."

"No," he said.

"Then get out, I'll drive."

"No."

"Where are you taking us?"

"We're going to a little place I know in here where we can stay tonight," he said. "Shut up and quit worrying. I know what I'm doing."

"Hell," I said.

He drove on into the woods, handling the car well on the rough road, absorbed in his driving, and once when the road divided he took the turn to the right. The rain kept on. I didn't think we could go much higher.

"Aren't we near the top?" I asked him.

"Yes."

"Well, why didn't we stay on the main road? We would have been going down soon and then it wouldn't have been so bad."

"You try to go down in this rain, and you'll kill yourself," he said.

He drove on, and finally turned off onto a small, mud road which took us through the trees and into a clearing. As he swung the car in a wide circle to park it the lights flashed on a small cabin which stood alone in the clearing. He stopped the car.

"Here we are," he said.

I didn't say anything.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go in."

We got out, running through the rain across the soft ground, and entered the cabin. The door was unlocked. Inside, it was dark and smelled of the rain. I lit my cigarette lighter and held it out, looking around the room and then at him.

"Use this for hunting," he said. "We can stay here."
 "That's nice."

"Light that lamp over there on the table," he said.
 "I'll start a fire."

I lit the lamp, too high at first, and then turned it down until it cast a soft glow over the room. There was an old table and a couple of chairs, some rugs and blankets on the floor, a cupboard, and the fireplace. There was dry wood by the fireplace, and he had a small fire started and was adding wood to it. The rain drummed steadily on the roof.

"Come on over and sit down," he said. "It's warm over here." He had drawn the rugs up by the fireplace and was sitting facing the fire, his back resting against a table leg, his knees drawn up.

I sat down, leaning back against the other leg of the table, and we sat there for a while without saying anything. I thought of the rain, falling on the mountain, plunging down its sides in sweeping streams into the valley below. The valley seemed far away.

"Listen to that rain," he said. "Like it would go on forever."

The rain pounded on, and occasionally thunder rolled out, but it seemed to be bouncing below us, far away, in the valley. Only the rain was up here, the rain and the cabin, and now us. And the fire. It was a good fire.

"I suppose you were right," I said, presently.

"Sure," he said.

We sat there some more. The fire made the rain seem farther away and less intense. But it was still there, beating dully against the cabin.

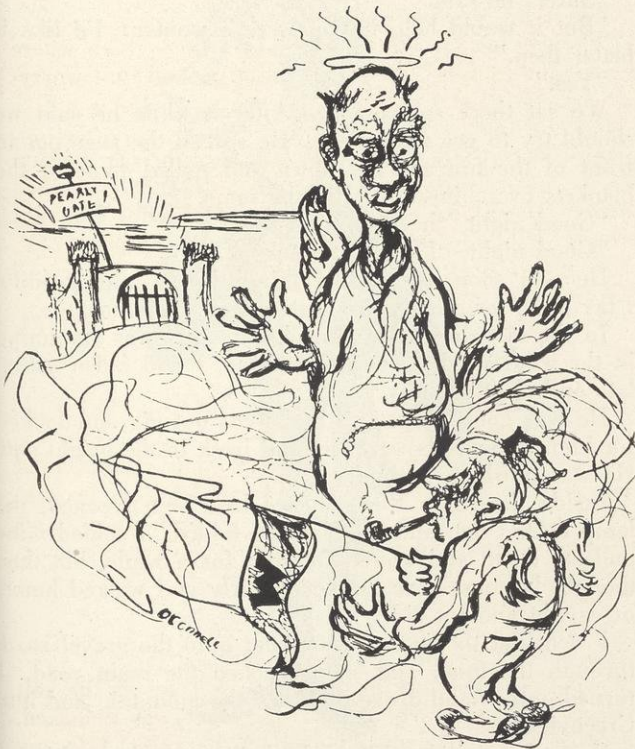
"Was it really important for you to get through to-night?" he said.

"No, I guess not."

"Good."

I reached up and turned the lamp as low as it would go. The fire splashed a dark red shadow over the room,

(continued on page 26)



"Where is your WSA privilege card?"

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THE CABIN . . .

(continued from page 25)

flickering and changing shape, yet always holding a steady, sure glow.

"It's good to stop for a while," I said. "You know what I mean?"

"Yes," he said. "I know. It's good to stop for a while; it's good to get out of things, out of the rain. I like to come up here. I like it here. Do you?"

"Yes," I said. "I think I wouldn't mind sitting here forever. Just sit here, warm, and with the fire going—you know? Just sit here forever."

The rain slackened on the roof, drumming lightly now, and then suddenly lashed out strongly and viciously again; but there were no leaks in the cabin; no rain came in. I thought if I could just sit there forever there would no longer be a necessity for anything more. This would be everything; all the complication and pretense would be gone. All I would have to do is sit there and watch the fire and listen to the rain outside. It seemed so simple a thing that it could be believed in.

He threw a few more pieces of wood on the fire and stirred it up with another piece. The fire rose and sputtered a little from the green wood.

"But you can't sit here forever," he said.

"No," I said. "I wonder what you can do."

"You could try to just live it without thinking about it."

"Yes," I said. "I'd like that; just live it without thinking about it. I wish I could do that. Is that what you do?"

"No," he said. "I can't do it."

The rain kept on, swept by the wind in splattering bursts against the cabin, and the fire kept its steady flickering over the room. I thought of the valley, down below, with all the rain. There would probably be floods; flooded basements and viaducts, and stalled cars.

"Think the valley will be flooded?" I asked him.

"Maybe, a little."

"Maybe this is the end," I said. "Another flood, like in the Bible. And we're the only ones left, up here on the mountain."

"Sure," he said.

"But it would help if you were a woman. I'd like it better then."

"Yes."

We sat there some more. After a while he said we should try to get some sleep. He spread the rugs out in front of the fire and lay down and pulled some of the blankets over himself. I did the same.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night," I said. "Thanks."

He was soon asleep, breathing deeply and steadily. I lay there for a long time, listening to the rain.

In the morning when I awoke, the sun was streaming in the window. It was late morning, I had fallen asleep late and slept soundly.

He was gone. I got up and went outside and looked for him. The woods were wet and fresh in the bright sun. He was nowhere around.

Inside the cabin the fireplace had been cleaned, the lamp turned out, and his blankets folded. I folded mine and sat down and waited for him for a while, but then thought he must have awakened early and walked home, or caught another ride.

I went out to the car, drove out onto the gravel road, through the mud, and soon reached the main road. I turned onto it and drove on down the mountain and into Greenville.

Sometime, maybe, I'll go back there to that cabin on the mountain, if I can find it, alone.

Did you ever stop to think
 That a fish can never drink
 Anything but water?
 Stop a bit and cogitate
 That pigs cannot anticipate
 Anything but slaughter;
 And skunks are found, by current trends,
 Enjoying few, if any, friends.
 So just recall this verse
 And when the future's looking sad,
 And you think you've got it bad,
 Remember, someone's got it worse.

—M. S.

What's the best joke you heard on the campus this week? For the best submitted each issue, there will be a free award of a carton of Life Savers. Jokes will be judged by the editor.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

Instructor: "Mr. Davis, who was Anne Boleyn?"

Mr. Davis: "Anne Boleyn was a flatiron."

Instructor: "How could she have been?"

Mr. Davis: "It says in the history book that Henry III, having disposed of Catherine, pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn."

Submitted by Harry Entwistle,
 1334 Williamson, Madison

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You're all agog! You meet your super dream boy when you're movie bound! And you start to feel guh-guh-guh! Don't do a fadeout! Don't resign from the human race! Just rush up and offer him yummy Life Savers. Maybe *he'll* go to the movie, too.

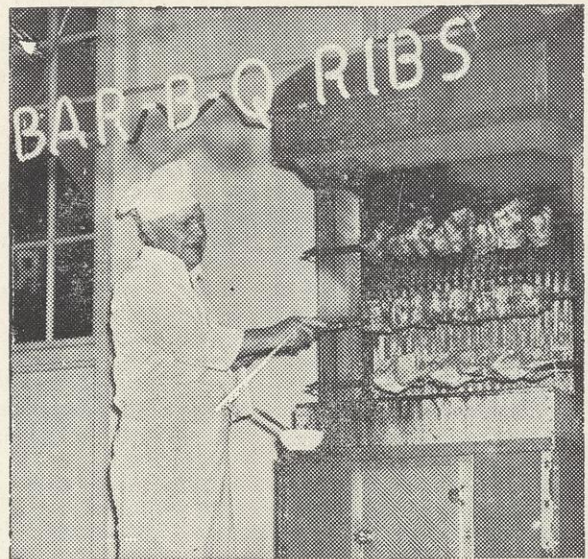


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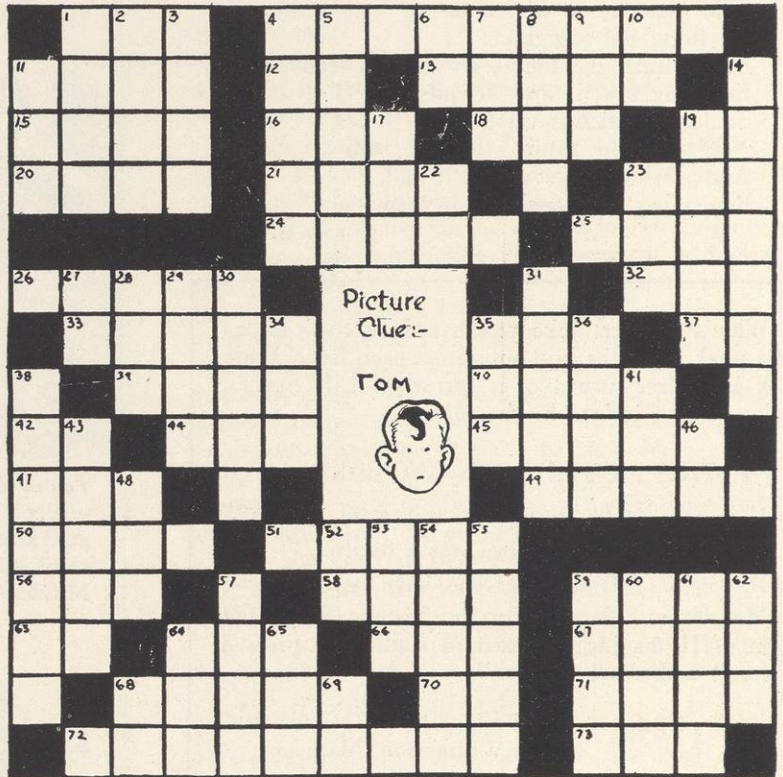
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Campus Crosswords

By TAFFY REETZ



Answers on page 30

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HORIZONTAL

- 1, 4. A Deke, on page 257 of '48 Badger
- 11. Glen
- 12. Sun god
- 13. Demon
- 15. A combining form signifying vision
- 16. Citrus drink
- 18. Born
- 19. Obtained after four years of hill trotting
- 20. Rare gas
- 21. Holm oak
- 23. Sea eagle
- 24. Girl's name
- 25. Tow
- 26. Man in more than twenty activities
- 32. Finale
- 33. Uncanny
- 35. Unit of work
- 37. Perform
- 39. Molten rock
- 40. Water craft
- 42. Old school (abbr.)
- 44. Place into position
- 45. What H₂O does at 100° C.
- 47. Superannuated
- 49. Posture in church
- 50. 1/64th of a rod
- 51. An unpleasant session lasting 50 minutes

- 56. Ram's wife
- 58. Cheapest cab fare
- 59. Elizabeth Waters
- 63. Rupees (abbr.)
- 64. Type of line which is the shortest distance between two points
- 66. Clanging noise
- 67. Look given to *Octy's* dream girl
- 68. Space holding classrooms together
- 70. Behold!
- 71. Utensil in cafeteria always too hot to handle
- 72. Newest men's dorm
- 73. Do needlework

VERTICAL

- 1. Measuring strip
- 2. Potpourri
- 3. Arithmetic average
- 4. Cluster of gray cells
- 5. Big Dipper
- 6. Confer (abbr.)
- 7. Relative
- 8. Salacious look
- 9. Lonely number
- 10. Cadmium (abbr.)
- 11. Spanish title
- 14. Fifth Avenue of Madison
- 17. Electrified fish
- 19. Trade name
- 22. Forty (Roman)

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CAMPUS CROSSWORDS . . .

(continued)

- 23. Before
- 27. Not she or it
- 28. (17-above) ditto
- 29. Periods of time
- 30. What Carter's pills help
- 31. Baby river
- 34. Consume
- 35. Reflux
- 36. Accomplish
- 38. University's sports club
- 41. Too little energy (abbr.)
- 43. Impedes.
- 46. Compass direction
- 48. Female rabbit
- 52. Limited (abbr.)
- 53. Help
- 54. Rare facial expression
- 55. Mr. (Span.)
- 57. Relate
- 59. Decays
- 60. Horrible creature
- 61. Long nail
- 62. Kappa hardware
- 64. Expression of disapproval
- 65. Biblical character
- 68. House of Commons (abbr.)
- 69. The highest court (abbr.)

The train came to a grinding stop and all the passengers were jolted severely.

One nervous old lady approached the conductor and demanded to know what happened.

"Nothing much, madam, nothing much. We just ran over a cow."

"Was it on the tracks?"

"No madam," the conductor sighed. "We chased her into the barn."

* * *

The efficiency expert died and they were giving him a fancy funeral. The six pall bearers were carrying the casket out of the church when suddenly the lid popped open, the efficiency expert sat bolt upright and shouted, "If you'd put this thing on wheels, you could lay off four men."

* * *

Lifeguard: "Sir, I've just resuscitated your daughter."

Father: "Then, by heaven, you'll have to marry her."



"Wait till we play Marquette!"

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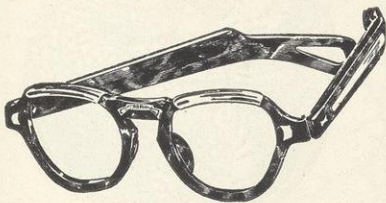
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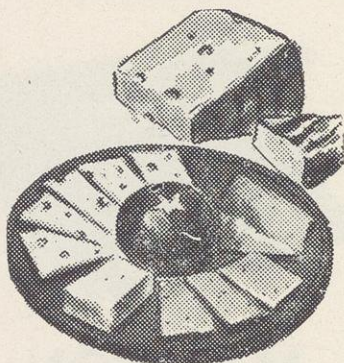
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DEMOCRACY . . .

(continued from page 11)

THE DISCUSSION

Freshie: Well I've known Arden Petersen night onto 20 years, and . . .

All: Yeaaaaah! (Applause)

Freshie: He has always . . .

All: Yeaaaaah! (More applause)

Freshie: And furthermore the . . .

All: Yeaaaaah! (Applause)

Freshie: So for these reasons . . .

All: Yeaaaaah! (HUGE applause)

The chairman took over again. "All in favor of Arden Petersen being floor representative for number 2 deck, say aye."

The only fellow to oppose was quickly bound, gagged, and stuffed into the linen closet. Then the chairman announced, "In view of all the good qualities of the candidate, and the landslide vote in his behalf, and since he ain't here to defend himself, I declare him duly elected to office."

Then from the floor, "I move the meeting be adjourned." Everybody seconded by standing quickly. "Adjourned."

And as quickly as they had assembled, the council dispersed to their respective rooms laughing, but inwardly feeling proud of their part in practicing democracy in a fair and democratic election. (At the University of Moscow they don't have the right to elect representatives.)

And thus a new statesman was launched into public service. Yesterday a floor representative, tomorrow maybe the White House. Who knows?

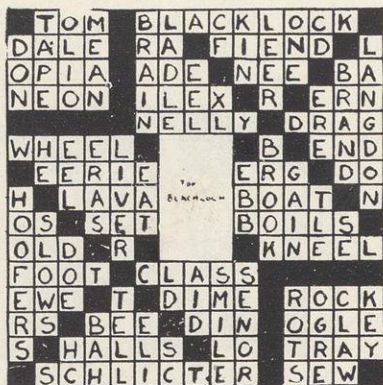
—BOB TEAGUE

"Madame," said the pet shop owner to the matronly woman before him, "this is our very best buy—a thoroughbred bloodhound."

"How do I know it's a bloodhound?" she asked doubtfully.

"Ambrose," the proprietor ordered the dog, "bleed for the lady."

Solution to Puzzle on page 28



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COMIC CRITIQUE I . . .

(continued from page 22)

going through old issues of papers in the basement, and the gleam in her eyes as she comes across a crumpled panel of "Mary Worth" is something to behold.

Perhaps on some brisk winter evening she will see my light burning late and will wonder and worry about me. Kindly old feet in comfortable old slippers will plod upstairs.

"Poor Mr. Stillwater," as she opens the door without knocking (Mary never knocks), and shuffling in says, "Is there something you'd like to tell your old friend Mary? Have you stolen some woman's husband? Is that your mink coat or did he give it to you for something in return? Tell me everything, Ginny. Don't you know I am here to help you?"

And I will say, "Get out of here, Mary!" and kick her kindly bottom.

I was weekending with an Englishman and his wife. Entirely by accident, I happened, one day, on the Englishman's wife in her bath. Making a hurried retreat, I immediately sought out my host, who was reading in his room, and proffered an apology. He brought his head up out of his book and regarded me for a moment.

The English are a phlegmatic race.

"Skinny old thing, isn't she?" he remarked.

For Student Board



Harry Butterup



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QUESTIONS

- A A field of red where tragedy lies,
A cheerful thing when it's something of Ty's.
- B The shamrock and the blarney stone
Have helped to make its power known.
- C Ten to the sixth say they satisfy.
Ten to the zero will echo their cry.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

- 1 Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
- 2 Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
- 3 First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
- 4 Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
- 5 Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
- 6 Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
- 7 All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
- 8 Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A The word Milder which is underlined (and is in comparative degree) in the phrase "I enjoy Chesterfields because they're really Milder."
- B The twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet is Y. Add a MAN and you have Y-MAN, or WYMAN.
- C Mac (or Mc), and "a pin to join two pieces" (dowel) gives you McDowell, with which name you may win.

WINNERS . . . Roger Arkwright, Rosanne Campbell, Tom Devine, George Fogell, John Peterson, Betty Porter, Jack Raines, Harvey Solveson, Bert Traesler, Will Zigler.



NOVEMBER

• 1948 •

SUNDAY	MON.	TUE.	WED	THURS.	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
<p>SIX-WEEKS EXAMS</p> <p>3</p> <p>END!</p>	<p>1</p> <p>NEW MONTH</p>	<p>2</p> <p>HISTORY SYMPOSIUM</p>	<p>3</p> <p>WIS. KITS</p>	<p>4</p> <p>FRITZ KREISLER</p>	<p>5</p> <p>KICKOFF</p> <p>BEGINNING HOMECOMING</p>	<p>HOMECOMING</p> <p>GAME AND BALL</p> <p>NORTHWESTERN</p>
<p>7</p> <p>PIANIST</p> <p>LEO STEFFENS</p>	<p>8</p> <p>STUDY</p>	<p>9</p> <p>DILGON</p>	<p>10</p> <p>CCC OPENS</p>	<p>11</p> <p>ELECTIONS</p>	<p>12</p> <p>"TURKEY TROT" AND KICKOFF BALL</p>	<p>13</p> <p>MARQUETTE GAME</p>
<p>14</p> <p>PRO ARTE</p> <p>DOROTHY THOMPSON QUARTET</p>	<p>15</p> <p>CAMPUS COMMONS CHEST SOLICITATION</p>	<p>16</p> <p>SYMPOSIUM</p>	<p>17</p> <p>CCC</p>	<p>18</p> <p>CCC FASHION SHOW</p>	<p>19</p> <p>"HAMLET" GRAD CLUB DANCE</p>	<p>20</p> <p>MINN. GAME CCC CARNIVAL</p>
<p>21</p> <p>UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA</p>	<p>22</p> <p>VACATION ENDS!</p>	<p>23</p> <p>CINEMA SHOP</p>	<p>24</p>	<p>25</p> <p>THANKSGIVING</p>	<p>26</p> <p>VACATION</p>	<p>27</p> <p>MORE VACATION</p>
<p>28</p> <p>STILL MORE VACATION</p> <p>STILL MORE VACATION</p>	<p>29</p> <p>VACATION ENDS!</p>	<p>30</p> <p>CINEMA SHOP</p>	<p>OCTY INVITES ALL CAMPUS ORGANIZATIONS TO SUBMIT THEIR EVENTS FOR —</p> <p>The Octopus Cartoon Calendar</p>			

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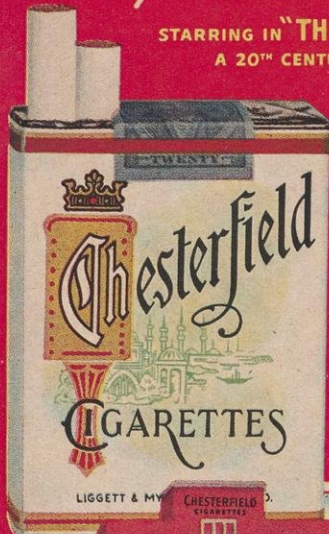
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