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Sept 4 1955 w. 34 m. 71.

# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

ONE OF A SERIES

*Adjustment*



**Daily  
Crudinal**

CONVOCAATION

*Registration Issue*

sumac





# Now, You've Forgotten Something!

Of course, no one could remember everything he needs for campus life during that hectic first week. But now that you've settled down and taken a look around, it's time to come down to the CO-OP and pick up whatever you've forgotten.

FRESHMEN: YOU CAN STILL BUY THOSE

*Gym Suits*

AT THE CO-OP

EVERYTHING FOR THE STUDENT

UNIVERSITY CO-OP

702 STATE



# a greeting to new students

## ... from the editor

**B**Y THIS TIME you have received greetings from the President of the university, your dean, the dean of men or women, Ray Dvorak, student guides, and numerous other soupv well-wishers.

You'll have to graduate to ever see the president again, a year from now you won't know who the dean of your college is, you had better hope you don't see anything more of the Dean of Men or Women, the closest you'll get to Ray Dvorak is at halftime at football games, the student guides are already lost in the anonymity of the great student body, and well-wishers never did anybody any good.

I will now give you the straight poop. You came on Monday of Freshman Week. From that time on, the above-mentioned people told you how much they loved you, and on Saturday or so you forked over a minimum of seventy-five dollars. Now they have your money you won't see any more of them.

For your money you have received someone to *make* you go to class, someone to tell you what time to get home at night (if you are female), someone to see that you stay out of trouble *or else*, and several other bargains you hadn't counted on. In short, new student, you think you've registered but you've been *inducted*.

Now there's nothing intrinsically wrong with inducting people. The US Army inducts people, but they don't have President Eisenhower, Secretary of State Dulles, Admiral Radford, and assorted First Sergeants telling you how great it is and how glad they are that you joined.

Why do we say that you were inducted? Because nobody, despite claims to the contrary, nobody really gives a damn that *you*, Joe Student, is here.

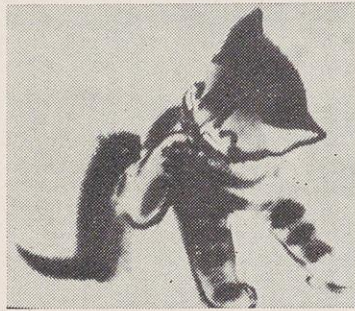
Oh yeah, they're glad that *somebody* showed up this year to be a freshman class, but the only difference between you, an outstanding fellow, and the obnoxious character on your floor who is also a new student is a few hundred holes in a couple of IBM cards somewhere in Bascom Hall. You're just an Inductee First Class.

Being an inductee of the first class, the sooner you forget this buddy-buddy stuff with the faculty the better off you'll be. The only time you see them is in class where you're sitting down and they're standing up. At the end of the semester they hand down an indisputable verdict of your ability and your work. If you don't like the verdict just try and buddy-buddy it up with them hen. It doesn't work too good. ood.

BUT, all is not lost. There are some thirty-five hundred other inductees to keep you company. Not only that, the dear old Octy will periodically come out with sidesplitting comfort for the beleaguered student. So, we'll give you three bits of straight advice: Try to get the most out of your courses despite the forces working against you, have a good time of it, and above all, read the Octy from cover to cover.







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**whenever**

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*featuring a new Snack Klub  
specialty: Student Lunch Hour*

**KOLLEGE KLUB**

**714 STATE**

**HERE WE GO . . .**

A Marine colonel was warning a WAC commander that his men hadn't seen a woman for a year. "Keep 'em locked up if you don't want any trouble," he told her.

"Trouble?" she asked, sounding surprised. "Don't worry, my girls have it up here," and she tapped her forehead.

"Madame," barked the Marine, "it makes no difference where they have it, my boys will find it. Keep 'em locked up."

•

**STADIUM**—Plaza del toros.

**PROFESSOR**—A dull textbook with vocal chords.

**FRAT MAN**—One who is too extroverted to solve his own problems.

**CO-ED**—Sadie Hawkins with money.

**PINNING**—Voodoo on a social level.

**INDEPENDENT**—One who is "sick of it all."

**THE CARDINAL**—Something to kick off the front porch before breakfast.

**INFIRMARY**—"So, internes, if you're going to make mistakes, make them here."

**GRADE AVERAGE**—The barrier between you hedonism.

**FACULTY OFFICE HOURS**—Tea and sympathy with lots of sugar among lemons.

**RATHSKELLER** — Bohemian atmosphere laid on with a shovel, for lovers of the bizarre.

•

"Heard you were moving a piano, so I came over to help."

"Thanks, but I've already got it upstairs."

"Alone?"

"Nope, hitched the cat to it and drug it up."

"You mean your cat hauled that piano up two flights of stairs? How could a cat pull a heavy piano?"

"Used a whip."

**. . . same old Octy**





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# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

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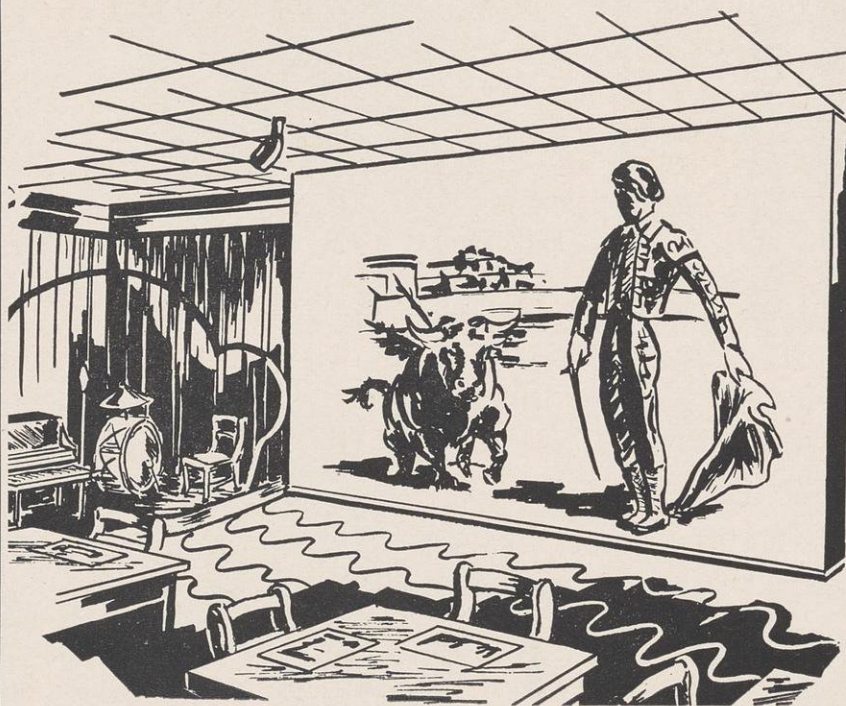
## THE BOUNDERS OF THE CAMPUS ARE THE BOUNDERS OF THE STATE

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# FOR DANCING . . .



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The Freshman trembled with excitement. Such a project had never occurred before. "I'll go alone. I'm not afraid, Mother. You've nursed me through childhood, and I'll never forget it. I'm something of a man now, and what's more, I'm game. I don't need your help now as I once did—gee, Mom, don't cry. I won't be long . . . wait for me."

The Freshman's face beamed with angelic nonchalance as he pushed open the door to the men's room.

Several years ago Mrs. Elvira Roth was notified that her son was missing in action in East Sidfork, Maine. Imagine Mrs. Roth's joy when she learned last week that there is no such place as East Sirfork and that her son had been hiding in the attic since 1926.

You haven't had a real hang-over until you can't stand the noise made by bromoseltzer.

"Know what time it is?"  
"Yeah."  
"Thanks."

Little Mary Smith, while walking dutifully to church which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor little robin with one of its wings broken, lying in the grass. So she picked it up like a good girl and fixed its wing. When it became strong she let it fly away into the sky.

Now you lugs, make something dirty out of that!

## FABLES FOR FRESHMEN

"May I have another cookie?"

"Another cookie, what?"

"Another cookie, please."

"Please what?"

"Please, Mother."

"Please, Mother what?"

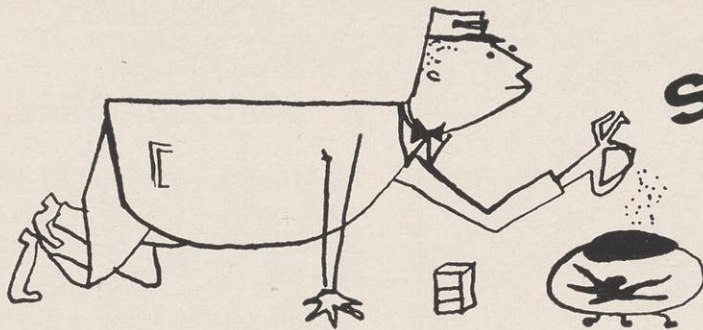
"Please, Mother Dear."

"Hell, no, you've had six already."

"Oh, my poor man," exclaimed the kindly old lady. "It must be dreadful to be lame. But it would be much worse if you were blind."

"You're right about that," agreed the beggar. "When I was blind, people kept giving me foreign coins."





## Squid blings

PROBABLY the most striking change around the campus which returning students will notice is the progress of the construction of the new mall between the libraries. We now have a fine network of walks well laid out for people who like to walk around on sidewalks. As for those who like to drive around in cars, they will still have to go several blocks to park them.

GIVEN THE FACT that we must have a mall instead of a parking lot in this handy area, there are still a few mysteries to clear up. For one thing, where are they going to get all the dirt they are going to need to bring the ground up six inches so it will be up to the level of the sidewalks? It seems like it would have been just as easy to leave the topsoil that was there and lay the sidewalks *in* it instead of clearing the topsoil off, laying the sidewalks *on* it, and then bringing it back.

THE LAYOUT of the sidewalks itself is very intriguing. Rumor has it that the circular walk in the middle will enclose a bottomless pit, due for completion sometime in 1957.

SUCH a pit would serve a number of good purposes. It could be used for the disposal of such things as the Daily Cardinal, old exams, obnoxious roommates. The union dining rooms could use it for garbage disposal, too, if they ever had any that the cafeteria couldn't use. We have it from a reliable source, though, that what will go in the center of the mall is not a bottomless pit, which would serve some purpose, but a

fountain. Fountains serve no purpose whatsoever. If we're lucky it may have an edge we can sit on.

Now people who have seen cinemascope movies of Roman fountains, with violins and Frank Sinatra singing in the background, will protest that a fountain can be a very beautiful thing. We maintain that we aren't going to get anything like that in a circle ten feet in radius. It really does seem a pity about putting the fountain right in the middle of everything. The would-be car-parkers had to give way in order that pedestrians could cut across, and now the pedestrians will have to walk around the fountain.

## a campus chronicle

ANOTHER MAJOR CHANGE is the completed exterior of the new Commerce building, which is perched rather uneasily on the twenty degree slope behind Bascom. Now here's a place where we could have *used* a mall for purposes of the view from the hill.

THERE'S NO COMPLAINING about the Commerce building, though, despite the fact that it cuts off the view and looks like it's about to slide right down the hill into Linden Drive. That's because it has what this campus needs most—rooms. If there's one thing that building has, it's rooms, a lot of rooms.

ANOTHER bit of new building is the Pharmacy addition to the Chemistry building. We haven't seen the inside, but we've seen the entrance. The pharmacists sure do have a nice door now.

IN THE WAY of minor changes, the sidewalk that bends down from the Education building to the Science hall steps and Langdon Street has been widened. This has always been a danger spot in campus pedestrian traffic. The mortality rate was probably so high that the university officials were pressured to widen it.

PAISAN'S has been remodeled over the summer, too. Roy's not so dumb. It will take weeks and all kinds of beer, pizza, and coffee for the inhabitants to decide whether they like the new or the old Paisan's better.

IT'S STILL the same place, though. The Hill looks the same and so does the Engineering campus. The never-ending renovation of Science hall goes on, too, which makes the student feel right at home. It will be a sad day when the whole thing gives up and collapses in a heap, leaving nothing standing but the scaffolds around the edge and the elevator shaft in the middle. This will undoubtedly spell the end of the renovating.

IT'S PRETTY INTERESTING to look the place over again and get readjusted. All in all, it's just about as good to get back this fall as it was to leave last spring.



# MICKIES

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## NEED A CAR?

for that autumn event . . .

## KOCH RENT-A-CAR

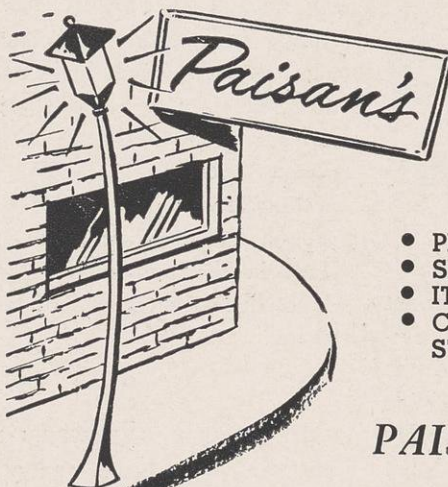
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YOUR NEWLY RE-DECORATED

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- ITALIAN SANDWICHES
- CHARCOAL BROILED STEAKS

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## PAISAN'S

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## SATIRES FOR SOPHOMORES

"When I go to bed at night, I always see yellow lights and green lights in front of my eyes."

"Did you ever see a psychiatrist?"

"No, only yellow lights and green lights."

A rather well dressed man once walked into a bar, looked around and announced:

"Bartender, give me a double scotch, serve everybody in the house whatever they want, and take a drink yourself."

The bartender, overwhelmed by this largesse, complied, fixing himself a Boilermaker.

Ten minutes later the gentleman repeated his request, and another round was served to all present, the bartender taking a second Boilermaker. No sooner had the gentleman finished his second Scotch than he ordered another and yelled:

"A third round for everyone. Have a couple more Boilermakers, bartender."

At this point he started out the door. The bartender stopped him and demanded that he pay. The gentleman showed an empty wallet. The bartender punched him in the face, kicked him in the stomach, and tossed him out the door.

Two weeks later the same gentleman came in the bar. This time the bartender stopped him:

"I know what you want. You're going to order a double Scotch and drinks for everyone, then tell me to take whatever I want, and then try to get away without paying."

"Oh, no, not you. You get nasty when you've had a couple of drinks!"



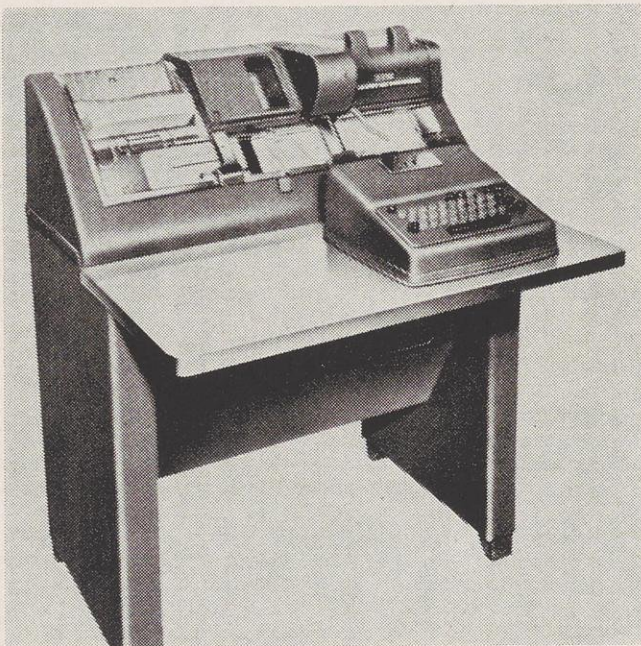
# Ginger in IBM Land



**THINK**

## How you were registered

*WHAT IS BEHIND the seemingly confused process of registration? Each semester we are given cards and told to fill them out. Then the cards are taken from us and we are given other cards, which are in turn taken away. We wander here and there, until we finally emerge as registered students. Is there a logic behind all this? The answers to these questions are to be found in the office of the Machine Records division, room B-10 Bascom. Here the IBM machines that take in, digest, and regurgitate these cards are found. To discover what these machines are and what they do, OCTOPUS takes you and pretty Ginger Bock (EEd and Kappa Kappa Gamma 3) through the registration process.*



**The most feared machine on campus**

**2** Ginger timidly submits her application blank to Mary Seltzner of Sun Prairie, an employe of the division, who is shown here operating the Card Punch. Mary will use the information on the application blank, as she uses that from each new student's blank and from the records of continuing students, to punch the Master Enrollment card. This card, which you received in your packet, is the key to the entire process. Ginger found the experience painless.

**1** This is the most feared machine on campus. Known as a Card Punch, it reduces entire personalities to a few hundred holes in a paper card. It operates like a typewriter, and converts coded information into holes in a special punched card, in which each hole has a meaning. In the registration process this machine is used to prepare the Master Enrollment card.



**The experience was painless**





**THINK**

## *Ginger in* **IBM Land**



Off on a perilous journey

**5** When the "class cards" and the various information cards arrive back at the Machine Records division, the Reproducer (shown above) is used again to punch your name and classification into each of the "class cards" you picked up at the gym. Machine Records now has one card with the course name and number and your name and number for each course you are enrolled in. Now, by using the Sorter (right) all the cards for a given course are separated into a single pocket. These cards are then sent to the instructor to be used for class roll and the six-weeks' grades.

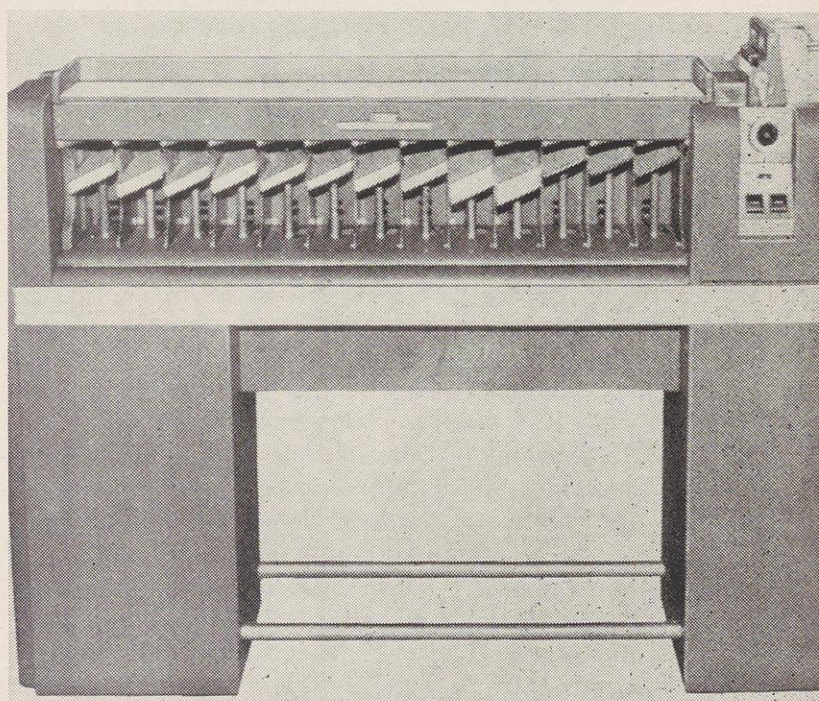


Ginger looks on as Jim Wilcox calmly punches her packet

**3** When the Master Enrollment card is ready, it is put into the Reproducer (above) which duplicates the information (in machine language) on each of the other seven cards you found in your packet. Now there are eight cards: Master enrollment, locator, housing information, personnel, three study lists, and church census, each with your personality punched into it.

**4** The completed cards are put in the envelope and given to the student on registration day. He fills out the additional information that cannot be taken from the application blank. After seeing his advisor and the assignment committee, and leaving one study list with the Dean's office, the student (you) goes to the Armory where he picks up "class cards"—one for each course he wishes to take—and adds them to his packet. These "class cards" along with the other filled-out cards are then taken from the student and sent back to the Machine Records division.

Here Ginger embarks on the long perilous process of registration, her envelope overflowing with cards.



The sorter



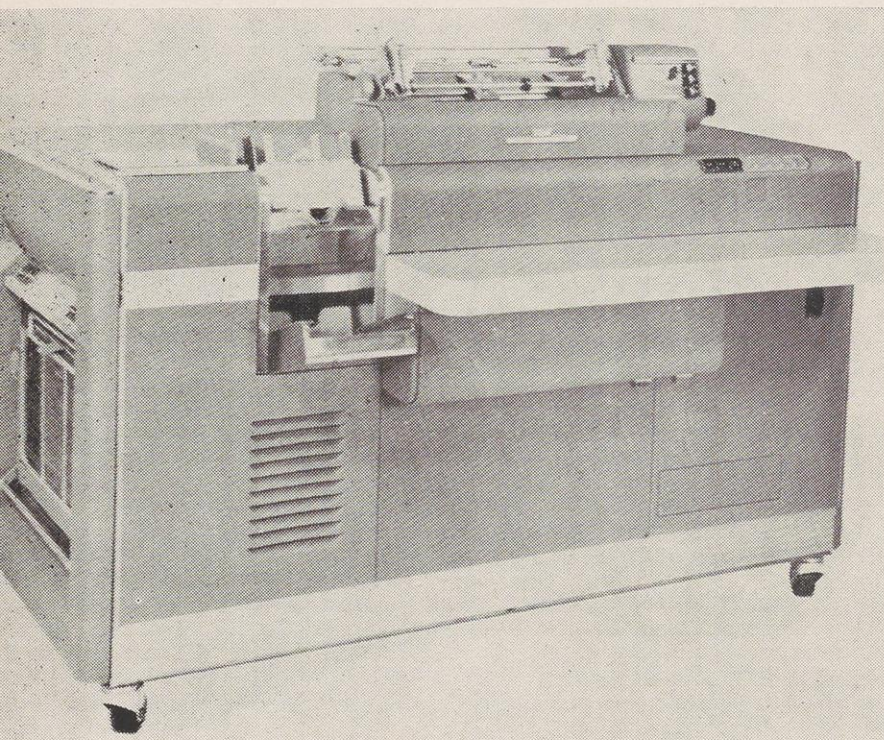
**6** Ruth Outhouse of Madison shows Ginger how to feed her cards into the sorter. Like all persons unfamiliar with the IBM process, Ginger is amazed to see the cards run through the machine at the rate of 650 a minute. The sorter reads the punch-code from the cards electronically and drops the proper card into the proper hole.



650 cards a minute



**THINK**

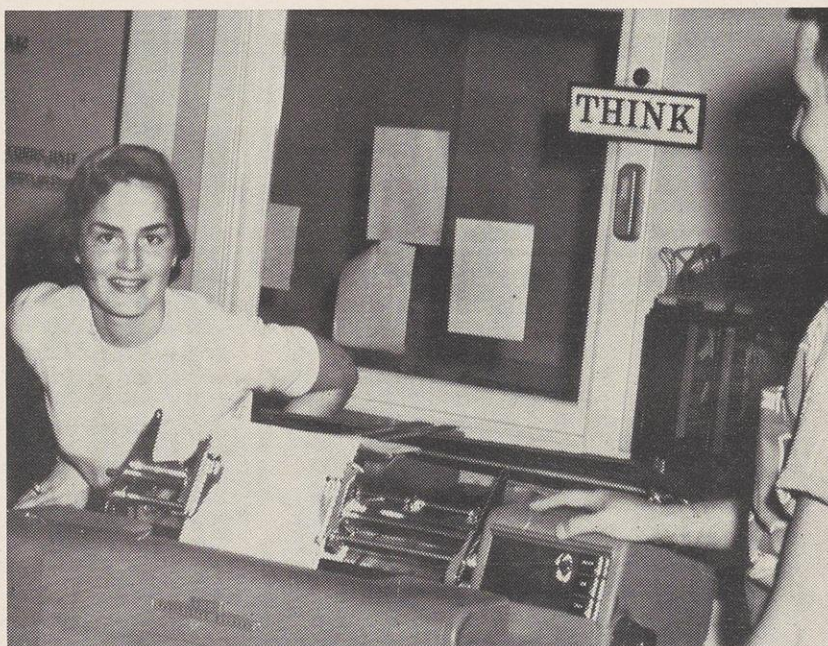


The Tabulator

**7** The "class cards" are also used to prepare the final grade cards. These are stored until exam period when they are used by instructors to record your grade. Then the grades are punched into the card, which is run through the Tabulator (left). From the cards the Tabulator prints the Student Grade Report, the little white sheet you receive after each semester. It takes the machine about seven seconds to print each grade report in sextuplicate.

**8** With the printing of the final grade report, the registration process ends for the semester. For a while, to a few people, you have been merely holes in paper. These people, using the machines shown here, have done a job that would otherwise require hundreds of clerks, and endless headache for you. Ginger, having seen the entire process completed under her eyes, looks inquiringly at the camera and wonders what grades the Tabulator will print for her in February. **END**

Photos by BEN WELLS



In February: What news from here?



CAST

PRITCHARD SHIREMAN, a middle-aged professor of zoology at a well-known university.  
BRATWURST, a child of the century.  
TONDELEO, his common-law wife.  
GIRL, a girl.  
DR. YAMAGUCHI, another professor of zoology.  
And various other unimportant actors.

ACT 1, SCENE 1

*The apartment of the Pritchard Shiremans, about half a block from the zoology building. The living room needs redecoration. Along one wall is a shelf cluttered with specimen bottles. The furniture suggests comfort. There are three beds and a chaise lounge. The wall at stage left appears to have been torn out by a terrific explosion. At stage right there is a small terrace which has another chaise lounge. There is a summery feeling about the entire apartment.*

*When the curtain rises, it is early morning, and Pritchard is standing at the doorway, clad in pajamas. His wife and son are saying goodbye.*

PRITCHARD: Out! Out! Get out!

BRATWURST: Farewell, Father. (Explaining to the audience.) We are off to sunny Lake Titicaca for three weeks. Fun and relaxation!

TONDELEO: Goodbye, Darling. And if you cheat on me, remember, I'll be cheating on you too.

PRITCHARD: Yes, yes, goodbye. (They leave.)

PRITCHARD: Here I am, a summer bachelor, ready to run amok. (Goes to milk dispenser in corner, deposits dime, retrieves milk, heads for terrace.) It's hard on a man when his woman goes away. Quiet, though. Think I'll dissect a frog. (Reclining on chaise lounge) No, I might be tempted. Gotta stay away from alcohol. But maybe just to keep the knack. Used to be pretty good with frogs.

(Dream lighting comes on, and we see Pritchard in a lab, hovering over a dissecting tray. His pretty assistant, Miss Carson, looks over his shoulder.)

PRITCHARD: One more slice along the rectus abdominis should do it.

MISS CARSON: Oh, Pritchard, the way you handle that frog is simply stimulating! So gentle! So dexterous!

PRITCHARD: Miss Carson, this is serious business! I must ask—ah, I think we have it! Eureka, I was right! Look here!

MISS CARSON: (Passionately) Worms in the urinary bladder! (She grabs him and kisses him madly. He staggers back awkwardly, upsetting the dissecting tray.)

PRITCHARD: Miss Carson! Think of the frog!

MISS CARSON: I can't, dearest. (Clutches him more frantically) I know it's mad, but I think of you constantly. There's something animal about you. Darling! Will you be mine?



# the seven year scratch





PRITCHARD: Please, Miss Carson! The class is watching!

(Dream lighting fades out, and we return to Pritchard on the terrace.)

PRITCHARD: I wonder what Miss Carson is doing now. (Suddenly, a large potted palm falls in his lap.) By hell, what have we here? (He plucks a coconut and chews it thoughtfully. He yells to the apartment above his.) You crazy fools! Whadderya trying to do? Kill somebody?

(A gorgeous blonde peers over the edge of the terrace above. She appears to be nude and apparently unaware of her appearance.)

GIRL: Oh, I'm sorry! I can't understand how it could have happened. I mean, things like that don't happen every day.

PRITCHARD: (Gazing stupidly upward.) Er, well, maybe I could bring it right up? (Vaguely.) Cool, this morning, isn't it? Yes, yes, cool. (Grins foolishly.)

GIRL: Wait, I'll be right down. Mind if I bring along a few bottles of Bohemia Club beer and some animal crackers? It's an arty combination.

PRITCHARD: Fine! Fine! (Girl disappears into her apartment, and Pritchard crosses upstage.) Gotta have a drink! Gotta! (He takes jar from shelf. Aware of the frog, he drains it through clenched teeth.) Ah, that's better. (Replaces jar on shelf.) Let's see now. Liquor. Could make the beds. EGAD! THIS IS IT! (Thunderously.) THE SEVEN YEAR SCRATCH! (There is a brief pause, so that the audience can say, "So that's what the title means!" and "There's the title!") Here I am. Wife is gone twenty minutes, and I've got the urge. No. It's simple biology. I've seen it in frogs. The clasping reflex. (Glance at watch.) What's keeping her? Gotta get her out fast. (Notices phonograph.) Wonder if she likes music? (Glances through records.) Rudy Vallee? No. Don't want a hot woman on my hands. Ah! Prokofiev! "Peter and the Wolf" should do it. (Starts record. When Basil Rathbone says, "My dear children, young and old—", dream lighting appear and we see Pritchard lying on a cot on the African veldt, his leg in bandages, and a beautiful woman keeling at his side.)

PRITCHARD: Vicki, my step-uncle once told me a humorous riddle. It seems that Mount Kilimanjaro is 19,565 feet high. 12,000 feet up its western slope was found the dried and frozen carcass of a Holstein cow.

VICKI: What's so funny about that?

PRITCHARD: And to this day, nobody knows how it got there.

VICKY: To hell with the cow. I love you!

PRITCHARD: Remember how we met in Rangoon, how we traveled through Spain. Ah, the bullfights! The spectacle of a man, a stick, a red cloth, and a bull. Wasn't it ecstasy?

VICKI: Must I say the next line?

PRITCHARD: Yes.

VICKI: Look out! It's a cotton-pickin' hyena an' a

witch doctor! (Audience is startled.)

PRITCHARD: Grab the gin, dear, and let me chase you across the river and into the brush! (Dream lighting out, regular on.)

On the record BASIL RATHBONE says: And the cat, by a clarinet in a low register. (Music swells up and out at Pritchard switches off the phonograph. There is a long pause as Pritchard comes out of his daze and sits on the edge of his bed.)

PRITCHARD: And it could happen that way, too. Just me and her, alone in the apartment. (He gets up and limps across the room to the terrace, favoring his "injured" leg.) Such a gorgeous way to begin a gorgeous day. No wife, no Brat, no—no, I can't! Where's my honor? I can't betray my wife. It's been such a wonderful acquaintanceship! (He droops onto the chaise lounge, dragging his leg after him.) Ahh, the joys of Virtue. Such a grand conquest over the animal in man. I must work this into one of my lectures. Those horribly immoral students could use a lesson in self-control! (There is a knock at the door.) Oh boy, oboyoboyoboy, it's her! Wonder what kept her so long! (He leaps toward the door.) Cominggg! (He opens door. The blonde is standing there with Dr. Yamaguchi.)

GIRL: Hi! I brought a friend!

PRITCHARD: H'lo, Sam.

YAMAGUCHI: H'lo, Pritchard. (They enter.)

GIRL: Isn't this dreamy? Us, beer, and animal crackers! Hey, is this a museum?

PRITCHARD: Wanta leave, Sam?

YAMAGUCHI: Nope.

GIRL: (Noticing wall which has been blasted out.) Oh, air conditioning! How lovely! It's so hot upstairs, me and Sam can't stand it.

PRITCHARD: You—and Sam?

YAMAGUCHI: That's right.

GIRL: I'm his lab project!

PRITCHARD: (Brightening.) Well, Sam! Tell me all about this, won't you?

GIRL: Oh, let me tell it! (The remaining filthy lines are interrupted when the theatre roof caves in. The curtain falls along with it.)

MIKE MICHEL





*they know that*  
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lunch, or fountain treat*

“THE DIFFERENCE IS DELICIOUS”

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be found in Madison's smartest restaurant  
. . . Whether he is President of his club, or  
All-American Halfback, the man who knows  
takes his girl to . . .*

(CLOSED TUESDAYS)

**THE CHOCO**

**548 STATE STREET**



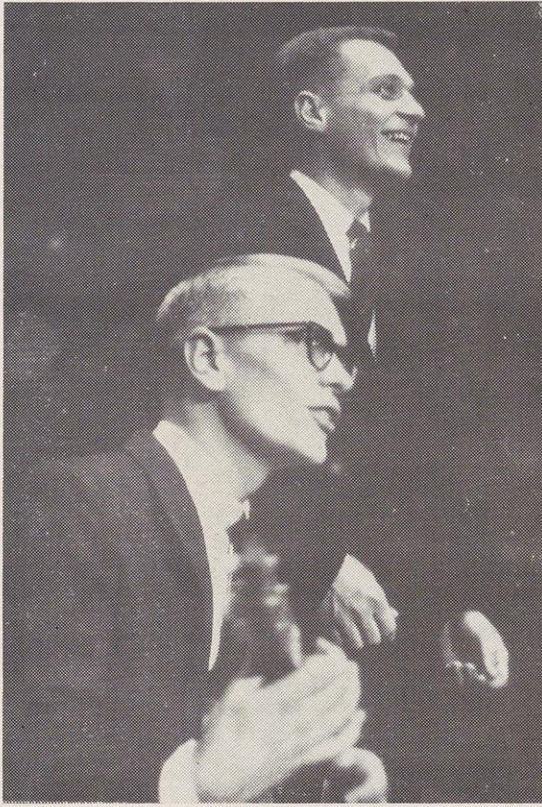


# OLATE SHOP

CLOSED TUESDAYS



# A Squid's-Eye View



of the

## Union

## Open House

TUESDAY, SEPT. 13. *Were you there when the Memorial Union threw open its many doors and welcomed the incoming Freshman class to its annual Open House?*

*From Hoofers to Great Hall there was something for everyone. In the Theatre Tom Sanky and Hank Dopikewitz (left) presented an original "cool school" revue, "Top of the Totem," featuring themselves, Nancy Gilmour, Lucie Gillham, John Dittrich, and Tom Leuders.*

*In Great Hall there was informal dancing. We caught cute "Marty" Miller, (right) a freshman from Great Neck, Long Island, dancing and laughing amidst hundreds of other first year students.*







*In the Main Lounge, auctioneer Lowell Lakritz offered freshmen a chance to bid on last year's Union lost and found items. Many a freshman came off with a bargain.*

*Here Peter Koss of Milwaukee shows freshmen Hallie Hohf and Barbara Anderson of Madison the advantages (and perhaps the disadvantages) of the Hoofers ski club.*



*The theme of the affair was the Wild West, and in true Western style Dave Bolden, a senior from Green Bay presides at the Golden Nugget Casino, a gambling joint taken right out of the 1880's.*

*Part of the "Top of the Totem" revue in the theatre was Don Voegeli's band. From left to right: John Beigler, Dick Sabrott, Voegeli (at piano), Bob Homme, Al Gillespie, Jerry McNeely.*





# THE JOKE RACKET

THE STORY THAT ANSWERS THE QUESTION:

"Where do you guys get them lousy jokes?"

(PART ONE of many)

"LET'S FACE IT MEN, *somebody* must make up jokes!" Fred Belmar furrowed his brow and scratched the back of his head thoughtfully.

It wasn't the first time the question had occurred to him; it always lurked in the back of his mind in these late evening joke sessions, and he frequently brought it up in the middle of them hoping to get the answer to the puzzle. Perhaps one of these joke-tellers would know a joke maker-upper. He had never met anyone who couldn't come up with a funny story when it came their turn, but at the same time he had never met anyone, he had never met anyone who knew of anyone, he had never even heard of anyone who had made them up.

He looked around the circle of boys, seated on the desk and the bed, balancing ash trays on their knees or reaching across the floor periodically to flick the ash off their cigarettes into one on someone else's knee. There was a moment's silence while no one responded to Fred's provocative statement.

The fellow on the other side of the room wearing a T-shirt and red pajama bottoms said, "Yeah, *someone* must," and took a drag on his cigarette. There was another pause which was broken by the owner of the room, who was lying on the top bunk clad in boxer shorts and who had another joke to tell.

Fred wasn't listening. "*Someone* must make these jokes up," he thought, "and by golly, I'm going

to find out who it is. It really is time someone investigated this. I'm surprised Senator McCarthy hasn't thought of it. What if the control of the nation's joke supply fell into the wrong hands? Our whole youth could be corrupted, our whole culture undermined. Socialism could stop creeping and start running and no one would ever discover the cause until it was too late. I'm going to find these people, and I know *just* where to start looking."

THE EDITORS OF THE OCTOPUS cowered in a corner of the room. It had been a quiet evening in the Octy office until some complete stranger walked in and asked them point blank which ones made up the jokes. The Editor-in-chief was the first to regain his composure. He took a grandfatherly puff on his pipe, which had gone out two hours before, carefully blew nonexistent smoke at the ceiling, and smiled knowingly.

"Well, none of us actually makes them up," he said. "You might say we borrow them. We sort of leaf through other college humor magazines with a pair of scissors."

The stranger, whom we know to none other than Fred Belmar, was visibly disappointed. The Editor-in-Chief, paranoiacy misinterpreting Fred's disappointment, rushed to the defense of the magazine. "Of course there's nothing wrong with this. All of the others clip ours, so it works out to the satisfaction of everyone."

Fred wasn't satisfied. "The question is, who *does* make them up? *Somebody* must make them up? It's easy to see how they're circulated once someone has printed them, but where did they come from in the first place?

The Editor-in-chief again lost his composure and cowered in the corner with his staff. Fred turned in disgust and walked out the door of the office.

The editors remained in the corner for a few moments until the Business Manager boldly stepped out, ascertained that the stranger was gone, and reassured the others.

THESE TWO INCIDENTS WERE THE beginning of a quest which was to occupy the next year of Fred Belmar's life. Being just chock full of Yankee stick-to-it-ivity and the like, he determined to spare neither expense nor time in solving the puzzle of the origin of the jokes which are circulated constantly both in and, as is the case with the better ones, out of print.

Now this brings us to the question of where Fred gets the money that it takes to go around sparing no expense all over the place. This question will go unanswered.

Suffice it to say that Jack Armstrong, the Lone Ranger, Bruce Wayne (alias Batman), and the U.S. government show a similar lack of visible sources of income while at the same time spending like fish. Little Orphan Annie has Daddy War-



bucks, but then what does Daddy Warbucks have? Nor do we know where the Katzenjammer Kids get all the paraphernalia they constantly have on hand.

Since this slight mystery will in no way help or hamper the story we will assume from here on that our boy Fred doesn't have to worry about such things.

Fred at last decided that a dedicated search for the originators of jokes was wasting his time in Madison, Wisconsin. Not only did he meet with failure at the Octy office, but he interviewed fraternity presidents, witty professors, and purported humorists for the Daily Cardinal without finding anyone who had any kind of contact with original humor. Each sheepishly admitted in his turn that his jokes were picked up from friends, relatives, salesmen, and others.

Where, then, should he look if Madison held no joke maker-uppers? Fred thought only for a few minutes on the problem before deciding that if jokes originated anywhere in the U.S. they must originate in Hollywood, California, the source of millions of minutes of movies, television, and radio programs a good portion of which were fairly funny.

This could easily be the *only* place where jokes do originate in the country. Hollywood magnates, eager to monopolize entertainment, could maintain room after room of this strange breed of man gainfully employed twenty-four hours a day and could pay them enough that they would never manufacture humor for anyone else. Agents could be on a constant lookout for such men and the minute one made himself known by beginning to radiate funniness all over the place they could approach him with fantastic offers and woo him off to one of their rooms in Holloywood.

Egad! A joke monopoly! Next to water and salt, the one commodity most precious to Americans is jokes and Fred felt he was on the verge of uncovering a ruthless monopoly on them. He was wondering already about the possibilities of anti-trust prosecution.

Continuing intrepidly to spare no expense, Fred purchased a ticket on the first Stratocruiser to Los Angeles, and, sparing no time, he went immediately to Hollywood and the office of the biggest movie producer he knew about. The results there were exactly what he had expected.

The receptionist upon hearing of Fred's mission looked rather frightened, or so it seemed to Fred, and held a hushed conversation with the producer over the intercom while Fred sat at the other end of the plush waiting room. The outcome of the conference was that the producer would not see Fred.

That figured. One could hardly expect to uncover one of the richest and most complete cartels in history by talking to one of its leaders. He must mingle with the natives and needle information out of them inoffensively.

**H**IS NEW TACK led him to Hollywood Boulevard and its swanky bars complete with live musi-

cians. Now Fred Belmar, like all other crusading heroes, didn't smoke or drink, but he saw nothing wrong with going into one of these places, being as it was for a good cause.

He was chagrined to discover that he could not sit in the place free and listen to the live musicians, but would have to buy a drink to stay. After thrashing the matter out with the somewhat bewildered waitress he found that he could stay if he drank a coke and that cokes only cost seventy-five cents. This is carrying this sparing no expense business a little too far, he thought, but he submitted anyway.

The coke tasted no better than the five cent variety he was accustomed to drinking, but it served as a conversation starter between him and the fellow next to him. Fred was pleased with himself in the clever way he maneuvered the topic from the coke to the other fellow's life story, but his elation was short-lived as he came to realize that this was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)



**Fred Belmar, like all other crusading heroes, didn't smoke or drink, but he saw nothing wrong with going into one of these places, being as it was for a good cause.**



# SAY GOODBYE TO UNSIGHTLY BLACKHEADS

NOW there is no reason to continue to have your face marked with offensive blackheads. For only \$99.95 you can receive, postage paid, a four foot Glammer Hammer.

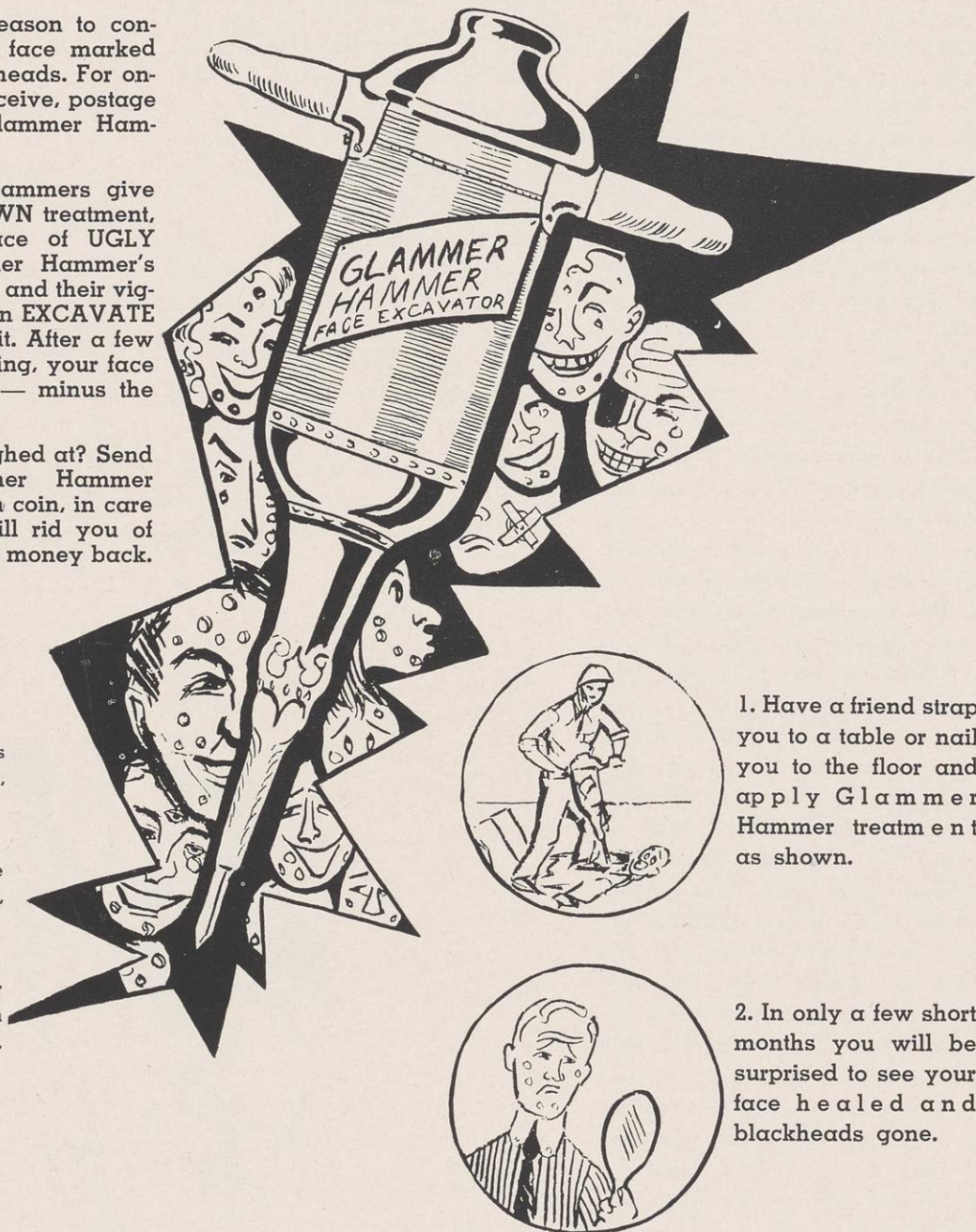
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Arriving in Madison, the Freshman decided to spend his first night at a hotel.

"I haven't a room left," said the hotel clerk, "but I can give you a cot in the ballroom. There's a young lady in the opposite corner, but if you go in quietly and don't turn on the lights, she'll be none the wiser."

"That's fine with me," said the tired Freshman, and into the ballroom he went.

Five minutes later he came dashing out to the desk. "Say," he gulped, "that woman in there, she's . . . she's dead!"

"We know it," the clerk replied, "but how did you find out?"

Having been married 20 years, a couple decided to celebrate by taking a little trip. While talking over their plans one evening, the husband now and then glanced into the next room where a little old lady sat knitting.

"The only thing," he said in a hushed tone, "is that for once I'd like to get off by ourselves. I'd like to take this trip without your mother."

"My mother!" she exclaimed. "I thought she was your mother!"

The other day we met a man who had reached the depths of disillusionment. He had spent two hundred dollars on a permanent cure for halitosis. Then he found out that no one liked him anyway.

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## THE JOKE RACKET

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

the other fellow's favorite topic and that there was nothing at all interesting about the other fellow except that he purported to know other people who *were* interesting.

"Take that fellow over there for instance," he said, pointing to a man at the bar wearing a yellow scarf, a maroon sports jacket, rust brown pants, and white shoes. "He's a big writer for all kinds of TV comedians."

Fred's eyes lit up. Yes, he thought, this man looks about right. Sporty dresser, sullen at the bar as he leaned over his drink but capable of flaring up into a fit of humor and rattling off volleys of completely original jokes. This is the man I'm looking for.

He begged the man next to him, who by now had downed several drinks just while Fred had been there and was Fred's best friend in the world, to give him an introduction.

Unfortunately the man became considerably flustered at the request and muttered something about while he used to be the best friend this writer had in the world they had had a falling out and were not speaking to each other.

Fred had a sneaking suspicion that the two had never met but didn't bother to worry about it. He picked up his coke, instead, vaguely trying

to give the impression that it was fifty per cent alcohol, and walked over to the bar where the writer was sitting.

"Excuse me, sir, but I understand you write jokes for television comedians," he said.

The writer turned and looked at him with an air of suspicion. "Yes I do," the writer said gruffly, "so what?"

Fred was taken aback by the unfunniness of this statement. The man must be sensitive about having sold out to Hollywood, he thought. "Well, I was just wondering," Fred mumbled, all of a sudden feeling rather sheepish, "do you make up the jokes?"

The writer paled. He opened his mouth as if to speak but said nothing. In a moment he regained his presence of mind and squinted menacingly at Fred. "What do you want from me?" he asked between clenched teeth.

Fred, startled by this violent reaction, said nothing. The writer suddenly reached out and grabbed him by the necktie. "Who sent you?" he screamed, almost panicking.

Fred smiled apologetically and tried to be conciliatory. "Uh, no one, no one at all. I was just sort of curious. You don't have to tell me if you don't want to." As he talked he tried to loosen the writer's grip on his necktie as though he was nonchalantly peeling an orange.

Our hero lacked no courage, of course, but his being unobtrusive was essential to his mission, so he felt it necessary not to create a scene. Otherwise, he would have stretched this beligerent fellow out on the barroom floor long ago.

The writer continued to squint at him for a moment, then released his grip, turned, and almost ran across the carpeted floor and out the door.

Fred turned to the bar, poured himself a shot of coke, and tossed it down. He sat brooding for a moment, trying to figure out what had just happened. At last he pushed his bottle and glass away from him, slipped a silver dollar on the counter, and walked slowly out the door.

It was night by now and the lights were bright along Hollywood Boulevard. As Fred turned down a side street, two men, about five feet tall, stocky, with oriental faces and black hats, stepped out of the shadows carrying a large burlap bag. With a few stealthy motions they inserted Fred Belmar in the bag, tied the open end with a stout piece of rope, and carried it away.

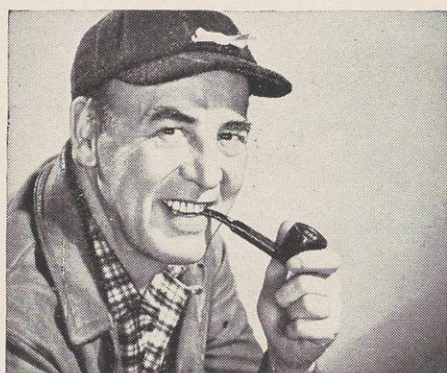
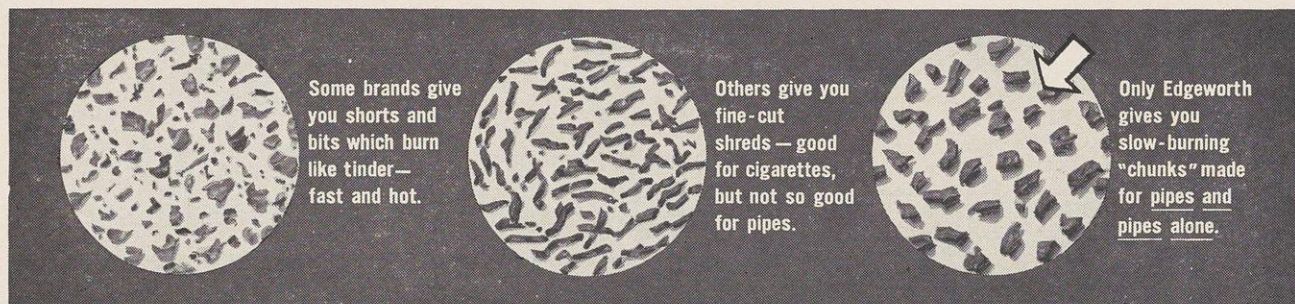
(TO BE CONTINUED)





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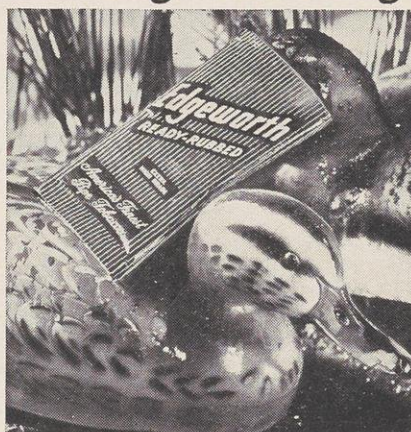
Your true tobacco expert will tell you that white burleys are the world's coolest smoking tobaccos. Edgeworth is a blend of white burleys only—aged like fine wine, for years. Of course, other tobaccos use white burley, too—but nobody yet has found out just how to blend and process tobacco to give it the even-burning, cool-smoking character that Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" has maintained.

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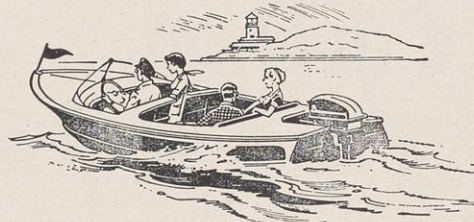


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Roomie Two: "Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me a date?"

A small retailer had been trying for months to collect an overdue bill with no success. As a last resort, he sent a tear-jerking letter, accompanied by a snapshot of his little daughter. Under the picture he wrote: "It is because of this little one that I must have money."

A prompt reply enclosed a photograph of a voluptuous blonde with the label: "It is because of this little one that I can't pay."

"I know a chorus girl who made a millionaire out of a man she married in just a few months."

"Was he very poor when she married him?"

"No he was a multi-millionaire."

Roomer: "It's outrageous. I saw two rats fighting in my room last night."

Landlady: "So, what do you want for five bucks a week? Bullfights?"

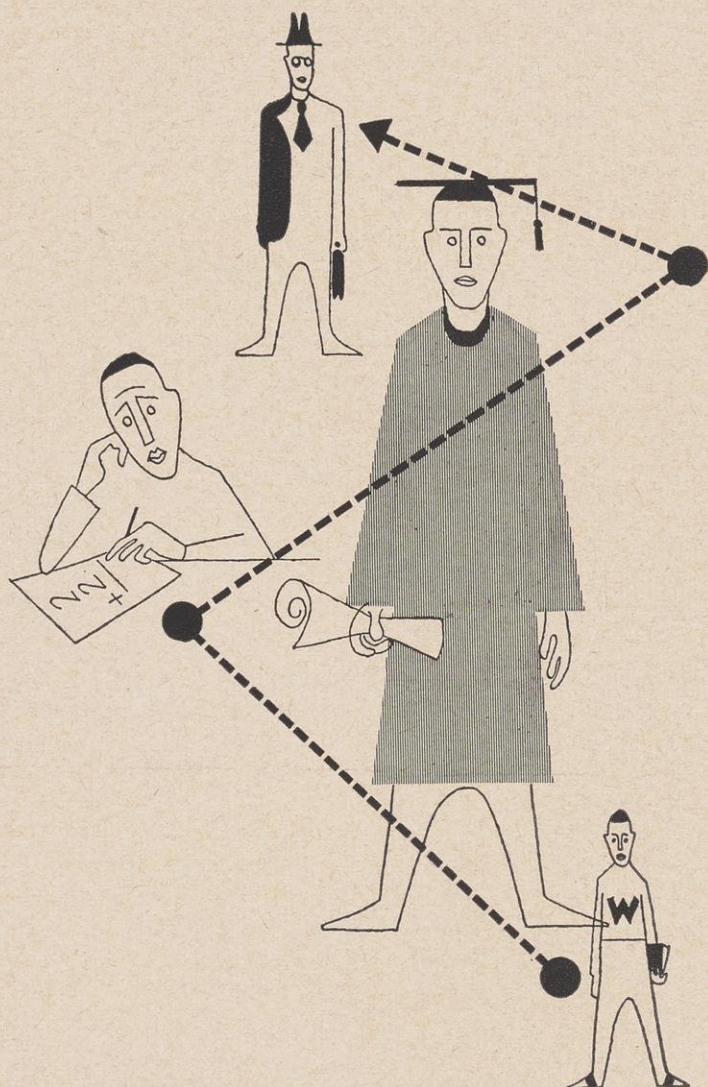
News Item: OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL OVERCOME BY GAS WHILE TAKING BATH.

Miss Mary Jones owes her life to the watchful eyes of the janitor and elevator boy of the hotel where she was staying.

Parasite: A person who goes through a revolving door without pushing.

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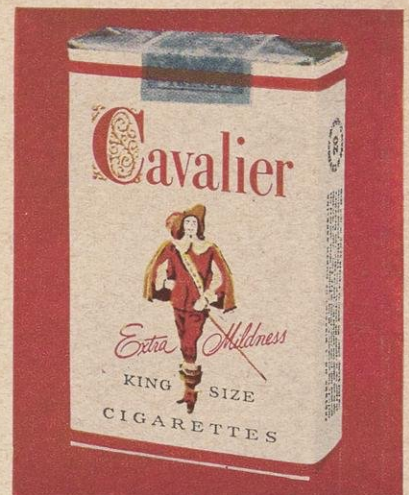


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