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OCTOPUS

Wis.

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Name _____

Subject _____

Class _____

Date _____

Instructor _____

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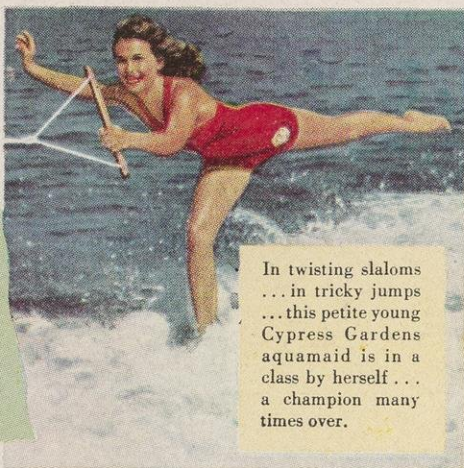
25¢

IT TAKES EXPERIENCE TO SKIM THE SURF AT

40 miles an hour on one foot!

...and Champion
NANCE STILLEY
agrees that
in water skiing - and
in cigarettes too...

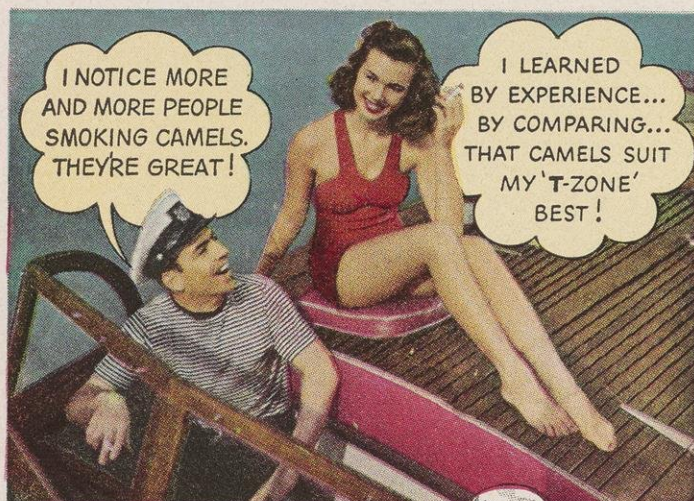
**"EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!"**



In twisting slaloms
...in tricky jumps
...this petite young
Cypress Gardens
aquamaid is in a
class by herself...
a champion many
times over.



You watch her and
you *know* Nance
Stilley has plenty
of experience. Her
cigarette? That's a
"choice of *experi-
ence*" too...Camel!



I NOTICE MORE
AND MORE PEOPLE
SMOKING CAMELS.
THEY'RE GREAT!

I LEARNED
BY EXPERIENCE...
BY COMPARING...
THAT CAMELS SUIT
MY 'T-ZONE'
BEST!



THE "T-ZONE"
T for Taste...
T for Throat...

your final
proving ground
for any
cigarette

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

Let your  Zone tell you why

**More people are smoking
Camels than ever before!**

● Now that people can get all the cigarettes they want
... any brand ... now that they once again can choose
their cigarette on a basis of personal preference ... more
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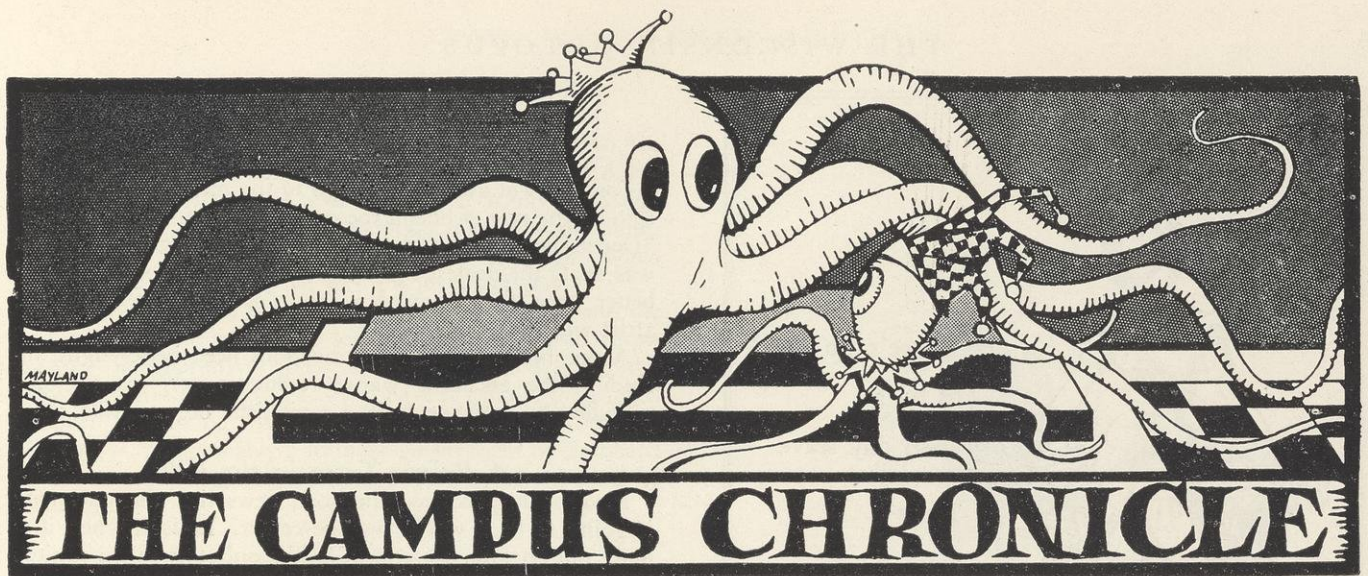


According to a
Nationwide survey:

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

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

CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE!



A Gift to the Governor

Walking down East Gilman street the other day we noticed that there were no longer any pigeons on the roof of the Pi Kappa Alpha house. Knowing that it is impossible to get rid of the cooing birds, we investigated.

The Pi K A's really did the impossible. They got rid of the birds themselves, but it was a hard battle. The fraternity members read up in chemistry books trying to find some anti-pigeon chemical. They even thought of getting a thatched straw roof, which is supposed to be obnoxious to pigeons. The cost of changing the roof was too much.

What the fraternity finally did was to conduct a psychological campaign against the pigeons. The lads in the house swung at the pigeons with tennis rackets, yelled at them, threw stones at them while they sat on the roof, and otherwise made the life of the pigeons so miserable that their stupid minds finally caught on and they fled to save their sanity.

The fraternity reports that the pigeons have moved two buildings away to the roof of the governor's mansion. Sorry, Mr. Rennebohm, the Pi Kappa Alphas refuse to take them back.

* * *

Good Bye, John

The whole campus was interested to learn that John Hunter, *Cardinal* Board member and the man who beat MacArthur in Wisconsin, is leaving school to take a public relations job with a firm manufacturing industrial adhesives.

Octy predicts that if John *sticks* to the job, he will really be *gluing* places.

* * *

Un-American Activities

The Thomas Committee on Un-American Activities had better come to Wisconsin in a hurry. Right on this campus there is something going on that would tear the heart out of the men who wrote our Constitution.

We're speaking about the quonset hut reading room fines. The man who levies those fines on books returned thirty seconds late is an administrative official. This means that the executive branch of the university is usurping the powers of the judiciary.

If this thing continues, this violation of the principle of separation of powers will bring about chaos, revolution, anarchy, and more book fines.

* * *

The Awful Truth

Sign in the Tripp Commons serving room:

Small Salad for the \$1.00 Dinner

And it certainly was!

"Beer, Ye!"

Sigma Delta Chi, the journalism fraternity, and Coranto, the journalism sorority, almost didn't have a picnic together.

The arrangements for the joint affair went along well, until the question of beer came up. The girls insisted that twenty-five kegs of beer would be needed. The SDX boys wondered just what kind of girls belonged to Coranto, since four kegs would be enough for the same number of people in other organizations.

The boys finally convinced the girls that *kegs* are not the same as *cases*.

* * *

America is Wonderful

In America we have automatic guns, record changers, refrigerators, pencils, etc. We have "automatic" on the brain. You can't escape the term. Recently, the bigger subsistence checks finally came through for the veterans. Wonderful? No, Badger Village rents increased *automatically*.

* * *

You Know the Hoofers

The Hoofers' Sailing club bought a kit with which to build a dinghy (also spelled *dingy* or *dingey*) to transport sailors to and from the moorings. The advertisement for the dinghy kit says that the boat is sturdy as a craft can be. The boat company didn't know about Hoofers, though. The dinghy is being rigidly reinforced to withstand attack by dive bombers or a bunch of healthy Hoofers.

* * *

... In Ten Easy Lessons

The Wisconsin Men's Association's Job Opportunities conference was a success. Lots of valuable information was handed out on a number of job fields.

Only one thing was missing. Many wished that Professor Groves would have given a supplementary lecture on how to beat the income tax.

* * *

Dangerous Curve Ahead

The first of the final exams are given June 7. On the same day there is a meeting of the faculty listed on the Co-op calendar.

Few students know it, but at that meeting members of the faculty get their look at the curve on which the students are to be graded. When everyone is gathered, the curtains are pulled down and the curve of the semester is unveiled. The teachers take a good look at it, because no one is allowed to take notes. Then the picture of the curve is destroyed and teachers start the exams.



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to be a
wash day slave

Turn
wash days
into holidays

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We've dedicated ourselves to helping the many Madison residents without adequate laundry facilities. Now, instead of back-breaking drudgery over old-fashioned tubs, bring your laundry to the brand new Launderall-equipped, **MADISON SELF-SERVICE LAUNDRY.**

HOURS—Daily 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Saturdays: 8 a. m. to 5:30 p.m.

CLOSED SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

Appointments Made

Madison
Self-Service Laundry

656 State St.

Badger 3808

Chronicle

Rembrandt of the Quonsets

Some sort of award should go to the men's halls for their sign on the side of one of the quonsets on the lower campus. "Dormsylvania" it said in beautiful old English print. It was easily the neatest sign of the year. The men's halls had better keep the name of its sign painter secret, else the artist will be kidnapped.

A number of campus organizations need better signs, including the Socialists whose recent masterpiece was besmirched by someone from a capitalistic organization.

* * *

A Brown Taste in the City

Madison has received the good news that the university is going to be a world enzyme center. In fact, when it is built, our enzyme center will be the only one in the United States. Sounds pretty ostentatious until you look up the word "enzyme" and find it's nothing but a digestive juice.

What worries some people is what is going to be done with all the enzymes that are going to be centered here. A good strong building must be built, or else some day we'll wake up to find Madison being eaten out of house and home by a tidal wave of gastric acidity.

* * *

Come on, Be a Sport

It was saddening to read that the university will no longer permit the use of the field house for the annual sports shows. The reason given for the ban is that the shows are not university-sponsored affairs. That's true, and it's probably the reason that the sports show is about the only field house event for which a student can buy a decent seat.

* * *

Football is Really Murder

Next year the price of football tickets will be \$3.60. Regents Daniel Grady and Leonard Kleczka opposed the sixty cent boost, bless them. But they were outvoted. President Fred said that there were only two other Western conference schools that charged less than \$3.60 for tickets.

Oh, President Fred, what are the names of those two other schools, and can we transfer our credits to one of them?

* * *

May is Going Mad

What a shock it was to tear the April sheet off the Co-op calendar. There was May, with no 25th day and having two 30ths. Evidently someone at the Co-op has been experimenting with the Gregorian calendar to get himself two birthdays this year by eliminating the 25th and putting in another 30th.

The students are liberal about almost anything, but they'll never stand for this tampering with May, especially those who are not going to have their birthdays this year, because there's no 25th. And what about the *Badger* banquet which was scheduled for the 25th?

Something should be done about this sleight-of-hand work with May. Student Board should appoint a committee of ten or twelve to do nothing but watch the Co-op so there'll be a May 25th next year.

* * *

Aye, Very Popular!

If it isn't in lecture, it's in the quiz sections. The History 113 quiz instructor was summarizing the things which were important factors in the popularization of knowledge in the United States. "There's the extension of the public libraries," he said, "the spread of extension centers, the chaquetaqua movement, the extension of newspapers to the masses. Can anyone think of anything else?"

"Yes," said a balding veteran, "what about the G.I. Bill?"

The Coming Revolution

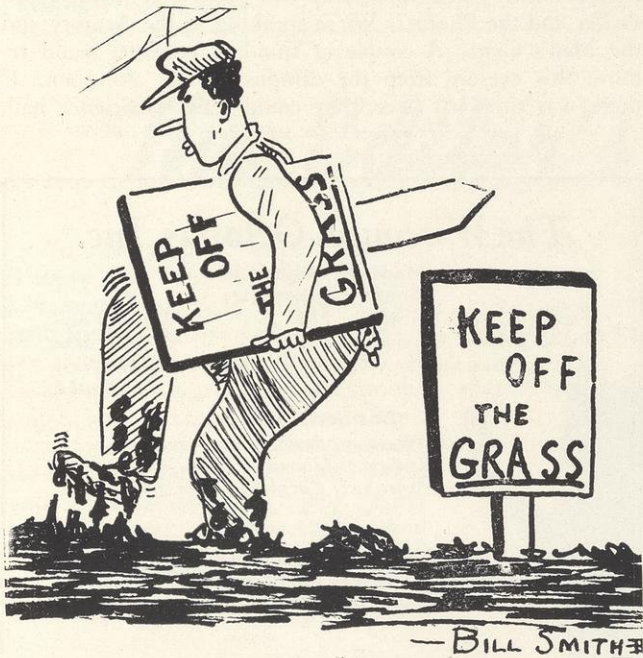
The eyes of Marxists all over the world will be on the University of Wisconsin next fall. The Athletic Board has decided to distribute the student coupon books according to seniority. This means the development of class consciousness. The senior class will wallow in its privileges, while the down-trodden freshmen seethe with frustration.

The result may be that a class struggle with brew and the proletariat of freshmen and sophomores will rise in revolt against the oppressive upper classes. Bloodshed will probably result and President Fred will have to call out the ROTC to quell the rioting. What will happen after that one can only guess, but probably a military government by Scabbard and Blade will take over Student Board. We'll just have to wait and see.

* * *

Fun in the Sun for Engineers

Imagine yourself camping out in a tent, swimming in a beautiful lake during the day, and dancing in a pavilion in the evening, and getting credit for it, too. Yes, it's true. If you are an engineer you can enjoy a life of ease at beautiful Devil's Lake this summer.



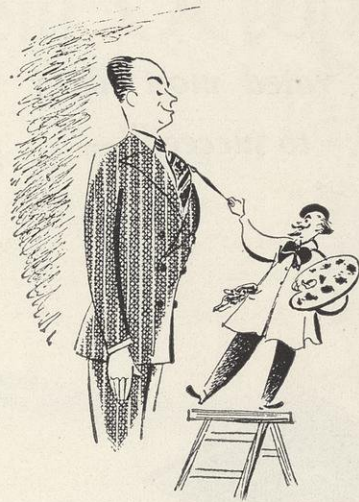
—BILL SMITH

The College of Engineering has announced the reopening of its civil engineering surveying camp at Devil's Lake. Two courses will be given, one for four credits, the other for two, during the period of June 14-July 24. It will really be a lark. If you don't pass the courses, don't worry. Boy Scout merit badges will be given for camping, woodcraft, lifesaving, and camp cooking.

* * *

Land Ho!

A recent copy of the *Wisconsin State Journal* revealed that the Board of Regents decided to buy an off-the-campus building to house the state crime laboratory. One of the regents objected and called this buying unwarranted. He was right. It's not only unwarranted; it's dangerous. If it's not stopped the university will gobble up the west side of Madison. It's bought old houses to house offices in; it's bought a plumbing shop to house the department of visual education. What next? Frankly, the time may come when the university buys the Park hotel for a dorm and the White Tower for another dining hall. The university is mad! Mad! MAD!



Pop's the Question

It's time to start thinking about "decorating" Pop for Father's Day, June 20. Our Men's Furnishings Section on the main floor is bursting with wonderful gift ideas to honor Dad on his day.

Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

"voted most likely
to succeed"—



our "honors" selection
of graduation gifts

Baron's
ON THE SQUARE

Chronicle

Where Credit is Due

By now, everyone knows that Mort Levine is the new editor of the *Cardinal*. Of course, *The Milwaukee Journal*, in its story about him, called him "Morris" and said he hailed from Brooklyn, when he really comes from Manhattan. But what can one expect from the *Journal* when so many of its reporters are former *Cardinal* folks?

What is really important is to let everyone know where Mort got his journalistic urge. The truth is that it all dates back to the month when Mort won the prize for the joke of the month in Octy. It was seeing his name in 10 pt. Granjon that changed his future.

* * *

Wrong End

Well, Work Day is over. Everyone had fun, barrels of beer were emptied, and prizes were awarded. That's all very nice, but why does every Work Day have to be expended on the far end of the campus? This year it was the lake road. Last year it was the old obstacle course.

There's lots of work on the east end of the campus. Why not have next year's Work Day in a place close to the Rathskeller and the Pharm? We're speaking of the Armory and the Men's Gym. A couple of hundred students could remove this eyesore from the campus in one afternoon. If there was time left over, they could start on Science hall.

(continued on page 26)

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* * * *

Contributors:

Cathy Crocker, Alan Anderson, D. T. Anderson, Joe DERMER, Bill Smith, Jim Brandon and Loring Mandel, George O'Connell, Roy Francis, Dick Shelstad, Jim Lueck, Harry Entwistle, Claude Moss, Jack Lussier, Mary Shockley, Judy Herschkopf, John Nero, Wellington Smythe, John Henry.

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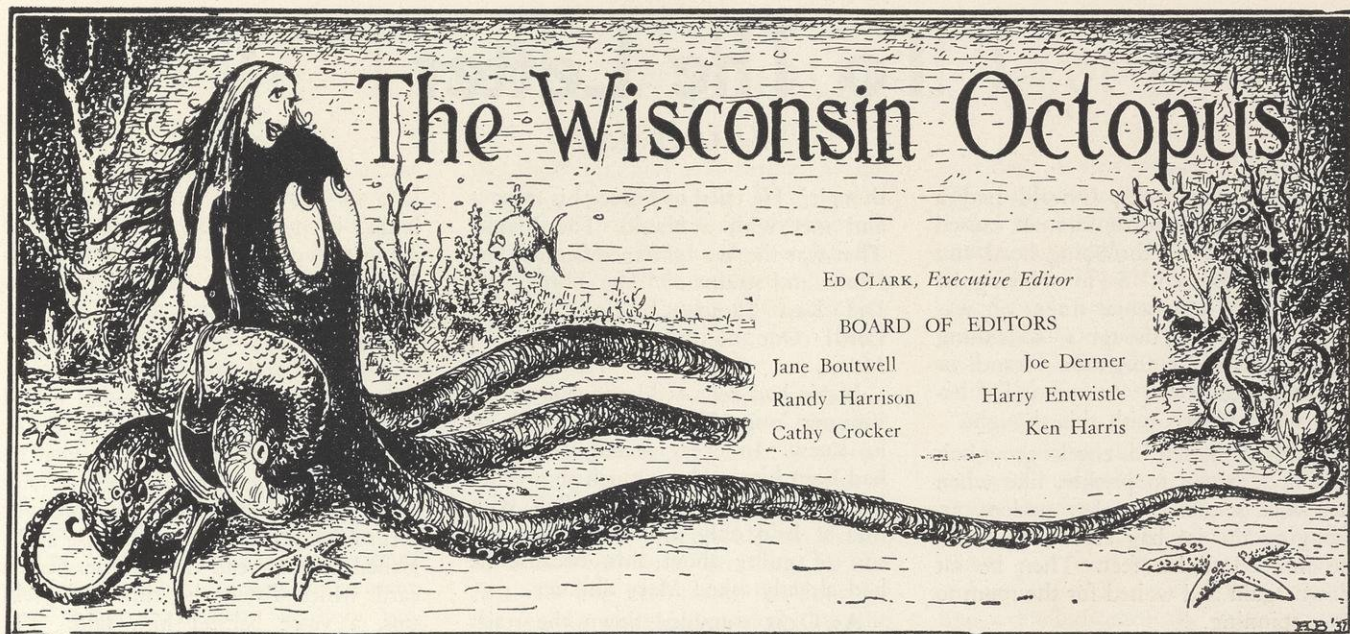
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Joe Dermer

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Harry Entwistle

Cathy Crocker

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Volume XXVI

MAY, 1948

Number 9

The Editor's Brown Study

Woe be unto a lot of students. They're not long for this campus. Commencement Day is approaching with frightening speed. A lot of seniors are thinking of staying around to get their Master's degree. So good for the mind, and it keeps that devil Work away for another year. Who can blame them? Look out into the cruel world and what do you see? Jobs. Forty hours per week with no cutting. And only two weeks' vacation per year.

Graduation is like being flunked out, except that with graduation you have to rent a cap and gown.

If Commencement is like it was last year, it will be impressive. The long lines of seniors marching up to get their diplomas is what gave The March of Time the idea for their trade mark, the millions of people marching across the globe.

Marching up to get diplomas is the the biggest fraud about graduation. The graduate shakes hands and is given a sheet of paper which says that if the graduate will drop around in the afternoon at Bascom he can really pick up his diploma.

Since no diplomas are given out at the Commencement, what is there left? Only the ceremonies, which impress the graduates tremendously. This is nice, but it would be better if the prospective employers would also attend the graduation exercises. It might impress them. Heaven knows that diplo-

mas don't.

In a way, Commencement exercises are a good deal for the students. It is one field house event where the stu-



dents get better seats than the alumni.

Something is bound to go wrong at the graduation. Last year, the School

of Journalism graduates got their signals confused and didn't know whether they should be sitting or standing. They compromised by sitting down and bobbing up several times, not in unison. This went on for about five minutes. Then a council of war on the speakers' platform decided the matter and a curt order over the loud-speaker system restored order to the churning J-schoolers.

It was last year, too, that the Engineering grads and the lawyers chanted jeers at each other. It was a refreshing break in the middle of the long, warm morning. This should be continued as a tradition. This year the Library School graduates could hurl books at the Home Ec grads, who could volley back with lemon meringue pies. It would be refreshing.

The photo of the graduating class is a big project. All the seniors pile into one side of the stadium, look at the camera, and are recorded for posterity and whoever wants to buy a print. The purchase of a copy of the photo should give the graduate many hours of pleasure as he hunts through the hundreds of faces to find his own. Yes, graduation is funny.

* * *

And now Octy wishes the best of luck to the graduating seniors. We hope their Senior ball, Senior picnic, and button sales will be the most successful the university has ever seen.

To The Letter

By HAL RAND

Between ice packs, Oswald had a vague feeling of discomfort not caused completely by his throbbing head and churning stomach. Something he couldn't put his mental finger on was lingering in his thoughts—something intangible, like a forgotten errand, or an unmailed letter. An unmailed letter. Ozzy played with this thought.

Suddenly he felt his cheeks grow hot. His neck began to prickle, like when he wore scratchy woolen underwear. Flinging the ice bag across the room, he jumped to his feet. Then he sat down again and waited for the room to stop spinning.

Slowly he reached for his pants, lying in the crumpled heap where they were tossed late last night. Ozzy carefully withdrew his wallet, praying silently to himself for one of the first times since he had arrived at college. He cautiously opened the new book of three-cent stamps he had bought the preceding day. His eyes closed and a shudder ran down his spine as his worst fears were realized. The jagged, perforated edges gave evidence of where *three* purple, Jefferson-headed stamps had been a short time before. Ozzy shuddered again. Not one, but *three!*

His cheeks glowed redder as he mulled over this new complication. Neither his cheeks nor his shining nose helped to illuminate his thoughts, and Ozzy sincerely wished he hadn't made his discovery for at least another 24 hours.

Suddenly, he reached for his coat. The mail box! Yes, he must have mailed them somewhere. Where,

though? He tried to retrace his steps—and met with a blank. The Flame. That was the last he remembered. The Flame and strains of "The Things We Did Last Summer." Last summer. Lord! One of those letters was to Mazie.

Mazie had been wild about Ozzy all summer long. She still was as far as he knew. In every recent letter, she had been hinting how much she would enjoy going to the Senior Ball with him if he'd only ask her. Ozzy felt sort of guilty about this, because he had already asked Mary Skinner.

As Ozzy stumbled down the stairs he emptied the bottle of aspirins he'd taken from the dresser into his hand. Swallowing them in one gulp, he coughed violently, and then turned his steps toward the Flame. He must have passed a mail box somewhere on his way home.

While he walked Ozzy's mind raced with thoughts of his former experiences along this line. This letter-writing was a strange manifestation. He contemplated the advantages of pink elephants, or even purple dinosaurs, to this business of being a "man of letters." His thoughts returned to previous "letters." There was the one which got the answer from Senator Boll's secretary denouncing him as a "damned Yankee" who had better "stay north of the Mason-Dixon if he didn't want to get lynched." At times, Ozzy seriously wondered what he had said.

Some of them he knew about completely. For example, there was the one printed in the *Chicago Tribune* as an example of the "Red Menace" preva-

lent in our large universities. Ozzy hadn't been re-elected president of the Young Republicans after that either. Others had returned to him for postage. Luckily, the one to the FBI exposing the spy ring in the back room of Joe's Bar was one of these.

Ozzy winced as others came to his mind, and he quickened his pace. At the corner he stopped. Spying what he was looking for, he started to run across the street. Each step brought a throb to his aching head. Just as he leaned over to read the weather-beaten card which listed the times of pickups, a voice behind him said, "I'm picking up right now. Just hand 'em to me."

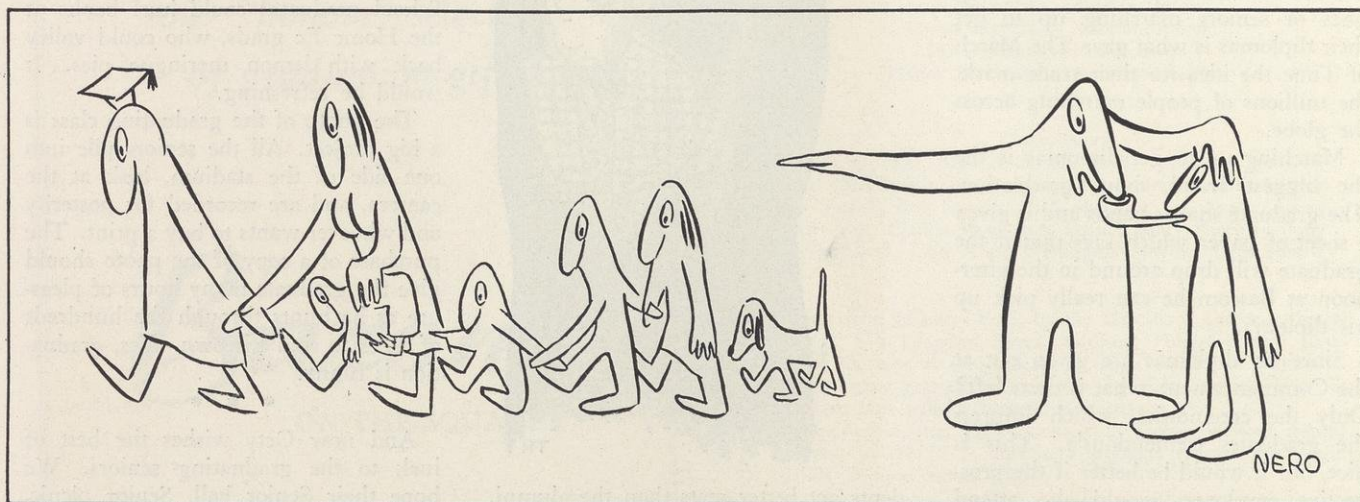
Ozzy quickly explained to the grey-coated mail carrier that he had mailed three letters by mistake.

"Sorry, son," the old man explained, "once they're mailed it's a federal offense to tamper with 'em. Tell you what you can do, though. The postmaster downtown might be able to do something for you. He might, I don't know."

Ozzy caught the next bus down to the post office, and proceeded to the postmaster's office.

After several hours of explaining, identifying and haggling, the postmaster agreed that if Ozzy's handwriting was identical with that on the letters, and if he were the person on the return address, the letters would be held up until the postmaster could get advice from his superiors in Chicago on what should be done.

Ozzy and Mr. Morton, the post-
(continued on page 18)



"There goes Jones. Four years of college and what does he have to show for it?"

The Truth About Players

By PARKER and SHAEFFER

Deep in the steaming bowels of the University of Wisconsin Memorial Union turbulates a most interesting organization of humane miscellanea, the Wisconsin Players. This group of theatrically-minded students strives hard to maintain a most affected reputation, and will vigorously boast of all those things indeed humorous, but certainly not so, that go on backstage.

All the stereotype impressions commonly accepted as the realistic picture of actors, set designers, etc., are gaily perpetuated by the members, when in reality, Players is practically unselected in its membership. Its most active members range from Econ to Poly Sci., English to Engineers, and nearly every major but Speech, is considered the majority.

Who are these people who find their greatest joy in being considered what they aren't, often to their own great expense? What malignant psychological cankers characterize them, what ugly childhood memories subconsciously govern their actions? This magazine, in an effort to uncover the TRUTH, is printing an objective analysis of the Players written by two reformed members, who for the past few months have been watching meetings unnoticed, disguised as people.

* * *

To understand Players as individuals, we believe firmly in the necessity of understanding Players as a highly integrated and well-oiled machine, a fast moving, efficient organization. The great driving force of Players springs from its flawless constitution, written with incredible foresight by a Gregorian monk in the year 590 A. D.

In 1923, in an effort to bring all the confusion of the rivalry of the several dramatic clubs at the university under one roof, Players was organized and the constitution adopted. Even today traces of the old Gregorian ritual can still be found in Players' initiations, when the entire body sings the ancient Hymn to Endeavor before the Buddha-like, grotesquely grinning Fetish, which Players still keeps from long ago. The origin of this Symbol is a very interesting story in itself.

In the beginning, the waxen model of the Mask of Thespis was the Symbol, and it stood majestically in its monastery niche before Monk Earnest (writer of the constitution and composer of the Hymn to Endeavor). It was foolishly placed at an odd angle before a window by some admirer one

day, however, and was melted by the parching rays of the sun. Partly out of sentiment, partly out of perverse admiration, the disfigured face of the God Thespis is retained by the present-day organization, and a filled gold replica can be seen dangling from every "key" Player.

Well-thought-of positions in the organization are that of the executive council, containing the usual president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. Each officer but the president is elected for a full year. The president is elected for a two-year term, presiding for the first year and performing the duties of the newly elected president for the second year, as elections are held every year.

Duties and privileges of officers are as follows:

The main duty of the president is to be absent at every meeting. This rule

provides the vice-president with ample opportunity to rehearse the presidential duties in case that executive officer is unable to attend. This rule was once the cause for Players having three (3) presidents in one semester. Due to their unfamiliarity with the organization, each newly elected president as he attended his first meeting was impeached.

The secretary is in charge of keeping and censoring the minutes, and also acts as corresponding secretary, which means sending out post card notices one day after each meeting is held. These post card notices are uniform and prescribed in detail in the constitution, even indicating the brand of soft lead pencil used in writing them.

The treasurer has the most unpopular job of all, as is always the case. He must carefully work out all the allotments to each Player at the close of the

(continued on page 30)



The authors: Parker and Shaeffer



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Kvarstens

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Pat and Mike

By JOE DERMER

Pat and Mike were two students from Wauwatosa at the University of Wisconsin.

Now Mike wasn't any good. He wouldn't study for his final examinations. He wouldn't even pay any attention to the lectures the one or two times he went. He used to sit in his seat and try to make clever remarks to the pretty girl next to him.

The girl pretended that she wasn't interested in him, but after a while, she went out with him nearly every week.

Of course, she couldn't date him every day—because Mike didn't ask her. "I like variety," Mike used to say. "I like to go out with a different girl every day." And he did.

Any time you wanted to see Mike, you could find him roistering about Madison's gay spots.

And books—why Mike laughed when you mentioned the word to him. Mike's friends, and he had many for he was big, curly headed, and handsome, looked darkly at him and warned him that he would never get through his final examinations. But Mike only smiled, and asked for another beer.

That's the way it went right up until the day of the final examinations. And everybody, the professors, the students, Mike's friends at the College Inn, the Cabin, and all of Madison's other gay spots just knew that he would come to a bad end when he took his examinations.

Now Pat was as different from Mike as gold is from brass. He wouldn't think of making any remarks to the pretty girl sitting next to him. As a matter of fact, he didn't even know that there was a pretty girl sitting next to him.

He would lean forward with his mouth open and his eyes riveted on the lecturing professor and gulp down every pearl of wisdom that slipped from the professor's lips.

He had never heard of any of Madison's gay spots. He didn't drink anything except water and milk, except once in a while when he really felt like living dangerously, and then he would drink a bit of coffee.

And study—why his books looked like they had been put through a meat grinder! They were worn from end to end and frazzled around the edges. Long into the small hours of the night, when most good students were asleep, Pat's light would be shining still, while he pored over his assignments.

Pat wasn't very handsome; he was just a small student with a very big head. But that didn't make any difference because not very many people noticed him.

Pat was sure that he would go far because he studied so hard. He even thought he might win honors. And everyone who knew Pat (one or two professors, his landlady, a fellow he had met at the Rathskeller one time, a girl whose book he had picked up when she had dropped it) just knew that Pat wouldn't have any trouble with his final examinations.

Well, when Mike went to take his finals, he flunked everything. The professors ran out of red ink in marking so many "Fs" in Mike's blue books. Mike received many official communications and had many conferences with stern-eyed faculty members. Finally, he was invited to leave the university. Nobody wanted to hire him, and he was lucky to get a job as a ditch digger.

Pat? Well, he got higher grades than anyone had ever gotten before. The printers had to work overtime to make out honorary scrolls for him. And when he graduated, he got the pick of the jobs he wanted, married a wealthy debutante, and became a very successful bank president.

You never can tell.

Face The Finals

An analysis of physiognomy at the examination as the professor sees it!

-by George O'Connell-



"Oh well"



"Let's see"



"Snap"



"It's false"



"NO!"



"I read it all last night"



"Who's cheating?"

Newest Campus Hangout



BLUE MOON

RESTAURANT

531 State

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After-Date Meeting Place

Swap Stories With
the Fellas

THAT'S LIFE

By JOE DERMER

Referring to President Truman's speech before the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the *Christian Science Monitor* reports, "No political personage ever received any longer, more sustained applause or more spontaneous applause than came from that group of overwhelmingly Republican editors." All of which bears out the old saw about Truman being the best candidate the Republicans have.

* * *

Walter Reuther has guessed that the man who took a pot shot at him could have been management, a Communist, a Fascist or a screwball. Recent reports indicate that the police have narrowed down the search to about five million people.

* * *

Our sympathy goes out to Dinah Shore, who has received invitations from both the Democrats and the Republicans to sing the national anthem at their respective conventions. If she refuses the Democrats and accepts the Republican offer, she is a willful reactionary. If she refuses the Republicans and accepts the Democratic bid, she is a blind New Dealer. If she accepts both proposals, she is a wishy washy fence straddler, and if she refuses both, she is a Wallaceite and probably a Communist to boot. Our advice to Miss Shore is that she hibernate to the Alaskan wilds for the next few months.

* * *

We ran across a statement a while ago that ran like this: "My power would fall, were I not to support it by

new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me." That thought could have been either Hitler's, Mussolini's or Genghis Khan's. It happens to be Napoleon's. We wonder how people in power are mulling it over today.

* * *

With Hollywood having bowed to the threats of the Thomas Un-American Committee and fired the ten writers held in contempt, and with scientists refusing to work for the government, the committee is faced with a problem. There is hardly anyone left to investigate. We suggest that it take a look into the record of those two notorious party liners, Douglas MacArthur, who is distributing the land in Japan to the peasants, and Robert Taft, who authored the Red-Socialist housing bill.

* * *

A report has it that at a recent oleo-butter debate, one statesman from the Middle West suggested that all packages of oleo have written on them a statement that they are not butter. This seems as sensible to us as printing across the seats of all cotton dresses, "This is not wool."

* * *

We learn that President Truman is ambidextrous. In view of the excellent possibilities of his being retired from political office in November, this may prove helpful to him in gaining future employment. The musicians' union, we feel sure, would welcome a piano player capable of playing "Kitten on the Keys" equally well with either hand.

A lone baby chick, seeing an incubator full of unhatched eggs, said, "Well, it looks like I'm going to be an only child. Mother's blown a fuse."

* * *

A sheriff levied household furniture as follows:

"One dining room table
"Six dining room chairs
"One mahogany side-board
"One decanter whisky, full."

Five minutes later he struck out the word "full" and added:

"One revolving doormat."

* * *

"A widow is the most fortunate woman in the world. She knows all about men, and all the men who know anything about her are dead."

—Urchin

Those Dammed Students

By ROY FRANCIS

It is Spring. Night. The cool blue sky is ruffled by a gentle breeze while the hard glittering stars present a picture of a placid endlessness. Eternity. A feeling of finality. The chirping of the cricket and the harmonious buzzing of the lovely mosquito, highlighted at times by the delightful screams of some distant maiden, contrive to complete a feeling of purposeful unity of creation. It is Spring. Night.

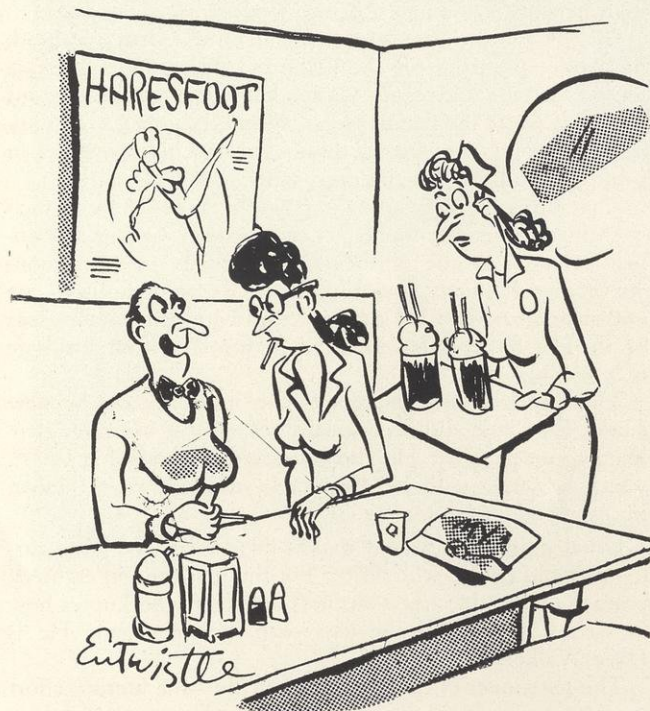
The cool, quiet library is filled with eager students poring over interesting tomes in preparation for their final examinations. Lights, glowing in the soft still darkness, give evidence that those who own books, and who took notes in class, are spending their time in a casual refreshing of the memory in preparation for the final examinations. The bridge games break up earlier than usual, about 3:30 a.m., and the participants slip quietly to their cloisters, don their black academic robes, and get in a few quick licks on their favorite course in preparation for their final exams.

It is Spring. Night. And the scholars are carefully grooming their arguments in a perfectionist's anti-climax to another successful year at the university. One more pleasant moment, in a placid endless sea of time, almost past. Unhurried, calm, deliberate, the student orders his ideas, patiently gleaned from a fascinating array of data. It is Spring; and the final examinations approach. The meditating student cheerfully prepares himself. *Ad kalendas Graecas.*

It is Spring. Night. And in another section of the campus a door slams shut. Harsh. Disjunctive. Cruel. The one who just entered the room nods curtly to those already there; he drops a brief case on the table, and glares disinterestedly at those who have turned to face him. It is Spring. Night. And the quiz instructors are preparing the examinations to be given a few days hence.

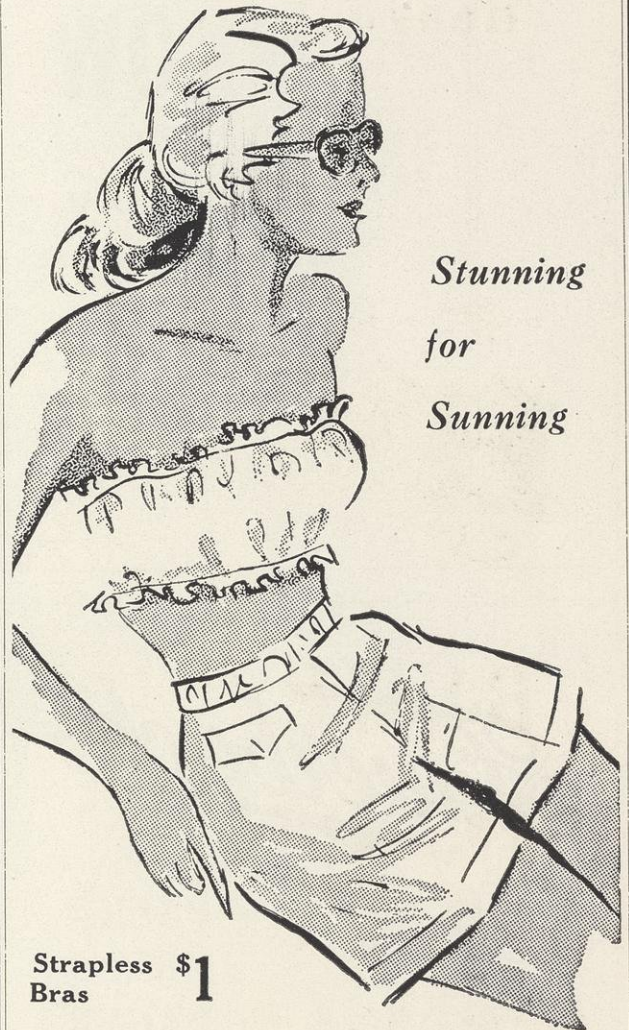
Their mood is easily defined. Ugly. Distorted. A horrible

(continued on page 27)



"I didn't take time to change completely; I would have been late for our date."

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on the **Campus**
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Bras

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at your nearest grocery, depot or tavern

FAUERBACH BREWING CO.
Madison, Wisconsin

Whom to Blame

Presuming you didn't look at the cover or any of the pages up to this one, we'd better inform you that this is the Finals Issue. Finals, that's short for you-may-not-have-known-it-before-but-you-better-be-able-to-write-it-now.

First off the editor wanted to have the entire issue written and cartooned by graduating staff members, but the seniors on the rag are either falling back or have set themselves up in business with the profits from the last issue. As a result of this we'll have to content ourselves with considerations of the undergrads.

To kill two birds with one epitaph we can start with two of the Badger screwballs, Jim Brandon and Loring Mandel, whose tale on the Wisconsin Players appears under the "pen name" of Parker and Sheaffer. Brandon, insane from birth, was befriended when he came to the U. by Loring who has since taught him to play the piano, peel bananas, and speak to girls with comparative ease.

A newcomer to the mag is one Jim Lueck fresh from the plains of Appleton. Jim knocked out the little bit of nonsense called "Success Story" which he has since sold in double contract to "Esquire," "Saturday Evening Post," and Octy. These days when you meet him on the Hill all you can see is teeth that smile.

Then there is that furtive refugee from the *Cardinal* cartoon effort, Randy Harrison. Randy is from Sweatshirt, Texas, and walks on his heels. He's 6' 9" and weighs 68 pounds, and spends most of his time boring holes in table legs with his head. He hasn't anything in this issue, but we thought you ought to know about him.

Smooth Joe Dermer, also an Octy lend-lease to the *Cardinal* columns, has banged out a true-to-life (his) story about those who study and those who don't. It's called "Pat and Mike." Joe spent two years in Italy where he was interned as a suspected Communist agent. He now writes editorials for the *Cardinal*. His main ambition for campus activities at present concerns the possibility of his landing the business managership of the new *Literary Preview*.

Dick Shelstad is another new name on the Octy masthead, his work appearing for the first time this month. Dick, a winner in the university contenders' boxing eliminations this year, wrote the fiction piece "Wrong Number." A Commerce major from Racine, this lad hangs his overshoes in Conover House when the deep snow is in.

That shrewdly drawn page of typical student faces which is entitled "Face the Finals" is the work of George O'Connell. George is one of the select few Art majors whom we've found knows how to draw. George is a little guy with black hair and has a nose with two eyes on either side of it. His father-in-law owns a barber shop and his wife is beautiful.

This brilliant issue represents the ingenuity of the new editor, Ed Clark. Ed is personally responsible for every two-line gag on page 34. He also conceived the Octy Job Chart, which he wrote with Joe Dermer by the light of the moon in an abandoned cemetery.

Usually this department makes mention only of the cartoonists and people who write. For the first time in eighteen years the magazine has a business manager who knows how to write. He's lovely, he uses soap, he's engaged. He is Dave Walker.

The remainder of the foolishness in this wee literary effort was drawn, written, or dreamed-up by characters who shot in and out of the office so fast that we've never had an opportunity to probe their backgrounds adequately for a write-up.



—Photo by DeLonge

OCTY'S "DREAM GIRL"

Marie Fraser

A Madison girl, Marie is a second-semester freshman and a pledge of Alpha Xi Delta. She says that flying is her favorite sport.

THE OCTOPUS SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH

WRONG NUMBER

By R. J. SHELSTAD

Nice little bar. Red leather cushions, oak paneling, dime beer, all a guy could ask for, Bob thought to himself as he finished his third glass.

"Want another?" the bartender smiled.

"No, thanks."

The bartender smiled.

"No, thanks."

The bartender lost his grin as Bob turned off his stool. He picked up his hat and coat, and walked to the door.

Bob straightened his hat as he walked out of the lounge. It didn't seem to fit right since it came back from the cleaners. Should buy a new one, he thought. Wish I could afford one; damn things cost a small fortune nowadays. He straightened it again as he started up the stairs.

"Oops, pardon me," said the tall girl dressed in a short fur jacket and long black dress. She smiled as she continued into the bar.

"Pardon me," Bob mumbled and smiled back.

Damn, almost knocked her down, he thought as he reached the top of the stairs. Nice gal, too. Bet I could get that if I went back in there. That would be too obvious, though. Well, what the hell do I care what those damn bartenders think.

He turned to go back down, then stopped to light a cigarette. After a big drag he figured he might wait a minute, she might come back.

Outside the double glass doors the movie crowd hurried to the first show. Quite a few people for eight-thirty. Well, Saturday night. Damn, there were a lot of good-looking women in this town. He heard the door cushion squeak behind him. Not bad at all, he thought, as she walked up the granite stairs looking every way but at him.

"Hello," he said hopefully.

"Hello." She smiled again.

"Going somewhere?" he stammered. Her hello had caught him unprepared.

"Uh-huh," she threw back at him as she walked out the door.

Bob stood there as she walked to the street. Now that she was gone he regathered his courage. She just wants me to follow her, he thought. Women are all the same. I wonder where she is going.

The girl was about fifty feet ahead of him when he reached the sidewalk. Her high-heeled pumps churned up a constant clicking ahead of him. He walked a little faster when he saw her turn and look back. She walked a little faster. The girl glanced back at him again as she turned the corner.

Half way down the next block she suddenly stopped in front of a well-lighted window display which was crowded into the front of a hotel.

"Say, wait a minute."

She turned to him. With a wry smile she asked, "Are you following me?"

"Now what makes you think that?"

"You were, weren't you?"

"Well, in a sense. I just wanted to know what you're doing downtown all alone."

"I came down to meet my boy friend," she said.

"Yeah, I'll bet. Where you supposed to meet him?"

"By the bar you came from."

"What time?"

"Nine o'clock."

What a story this gal's got, he thought. Meet her boy

friend at nine. Suppose she had to say something.

"What time is it now?" he asked.

"I haven't any watch."

Bob looked at his own. "Ten to nine. Why don't we go somewhere and have a drink?"

"I have to meet my boy friend."

Is she playing hard to get? Have to string along a little, and make her happy. His ego took a surge upward.

"I'll bet you aren't going to meet any boy friend."

"Oh, yes, I am."

"How come you meet him down here? Doesn't he live in town?"

"Sure he does. But my parents don't like him, so I meet him down here."

"But he never shows up, does he?"

"He'll be here all right. He's taking me to Chicago tomorrow."

"Yeah?"

"Sure, we're going with his parents. I wouldn't go down there with him alone."

"That's right," he said cynically.

Bob couldn't decide whether her hair had its natural color or not. He noticed her shoes hadn't been cleaned lately. Her stocking seams were uneven. She stopped to look into the window of a luggage shop next to the place they had come from.

"He isn't coming. Why don't we go dancing somewhere?"

"Where?"

"Anywhere—the Roof."

"I'll meet you there."

"Oh, yeah?" Who the hell's she trying to kid? Wonder how long she's going to keep up this act.

"Sure, if my boy friend doesn't come, I'll meet you there," she said in a voice that sounded sincere.

"I'll just wait. It's almost nine, and he isn't coming."

"My girl friend's coming down. Why don't you wait for her?"

"What's she look like?"

"Good looking, natural red hair."

"I suppose she's got a boy friend, too?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then how the hell can I go with her when she's with somebody?"

"I don't know."

"Let's go dancing."

"Can't," she answered, looking intently down the street.

"What's this guy look like?"

"Tall, blond, good looking."

"Yeah? Funny he hasn't showed up yet."

An aging man came down the street. "Is that him?" He joked to keep his confidence.

"No."

When she smiled at this Bob was almost sure she didn't have a date, much less a boy friend. He wondered how long it would be before she quit putting on the dog.

"Oh, there he is; here he comes!" The girl almost shouted as her face lit up for the first time in the evening.

As the big blond man came up, Bob put a big smile on his face, as though they were old friends, and said to the girl, "Tell your girl friend hello for me, will you?" Then he disappeared quickly into the crowd pushing down Wisconsin avenue.

Success Story

By JIM LUECK

Some guys are just naturally lucky, I guess. Me? I never win. All the guys I know have hit the big time. My friends—everything they touch turns to gold. But everything I—Oh, hell!

Just the other day I was talking to Eddie. Eddie is one of those sharp-dressing, fast-talking kinda' guys. He told me about his latest deal.

"85,000," he said, "just like that." It made me sick to listen to him. I never had anywhere near that much in my life and he's only two years older than I am. But then, he's steadier. He never loses. "Very simple," he said as he slapped me on the back and walked away.

Simple—yeah—when you know how. That night I made up my mind. I would try again. This time I wouldn't lose my head—wouldn't get discouraged—I wouldn't give up!!

That was a laugh. I only had a nickel in my pocket. But if Eddie could do it I could. I waited a while, biding my time. I knew just how I was going to do it. Scientific this time, not just trust to luck.

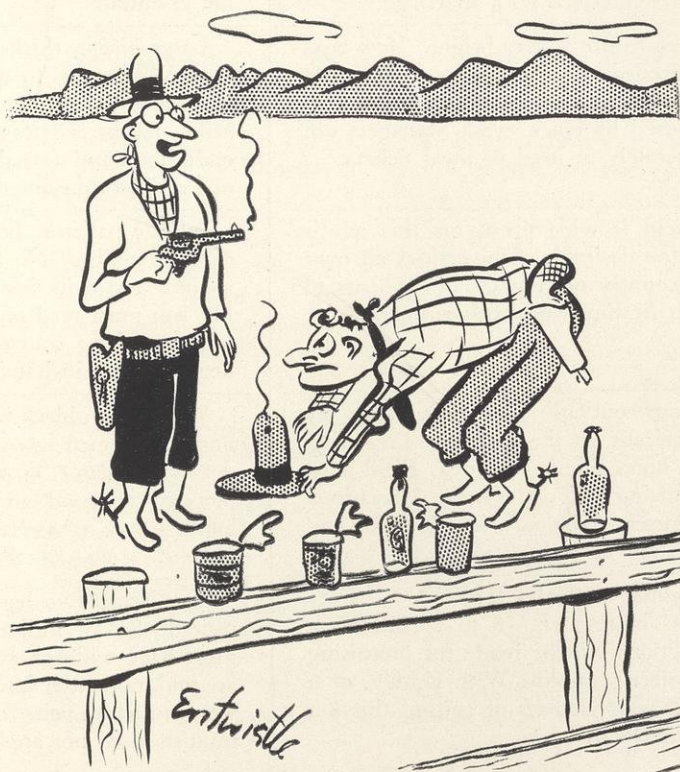
Then came my chance. I tried to remember all the things I had cautioned myself to remember. Easy. Steady. Don't get excited.

When I saw what happened at first I was a little disappointed. If you play the game for big stakes you gotta' start small, I told myself. I waited a while longer and tried again. That was better—30,000.

I felt better now. Not as nervous. Not as jumpy. With a little luck I knew I could go even higher. But I didn't let myself get excited. If you lose your head over the first success, you never get any place.

I played it cool and watched for every chance to cash in. Whenever I was sure I wouldn't get caught, I cheated a

(continued on page 23)



"Anyhow I'm beginning to hit something."

Farewell Old Grads!

*and undergraduates too
until next fall*

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CASH For Books

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The University Co-op

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OCTY's job chart for

Your Job	Your Outlook	You Need
UNIVERSITY REGENT	This field is somewhat limited, but the University of Wisconsin does need nine (9) <i>good</i> Regents to cope with the increasing problems which the present Regents can't handle.	A Republican background. Must be thoroughly acquainted with the <i>consin Idea</i> . Must have 20/20 vision to keep eagle eye on the university budget. Must know somebody who knows somebody who knows Rennebohm.
HOUSEWIFE	Outlook very good. Young men all over the country clamoring for personnel to fill this position. College girls preferred, especially by non-college men. This is Leap Year, too!	College degree not required. Must be adept at flattering male ego. Wealthy parents are no hindrance to your qualifying for this position. Need not know how to cook, keep house, or raise children.
LABOR LEADER	Not too good. Competition keen for top positions. Avoid musicians' union, teamsters' union, and United Mine Workers, which are pretty well sewed up. However, the Memorial Union is wide open.	Capitalism and Socialism, Economics 122, 172, 1a. Hatred for Taft and Taftley. Dislike for National Association of Manufacturers, admiration for William Green, Philip Murray, and Samuel Gompers. A union card.
MOVIE ACTRESS	Very poor. Competition simply awful. You must compete with beautiful women, but Hollywood needs new actresses to replace those movie queens who are going to marry "and not let careers interfere with marriage."	Bust: 42"; Waist: 19"; Hips: 40". You must have better figure and more curves than Wisconsin co-eds. Selection of Badger Beauty does not necessarily qualify you for the job. Acting ability not essential.
PROFESSIONAL BOXER	The future is very bright. New boxers needed to replace former opponents of Joe Louis. Your outlook usually obscured by black eyes. Managers are desperately in need of meal tickets.	Large biceps, thick head, and a powerful jaw. Willingness to spend a great deal of time unconscious. A contract with Mike Jacobs. Courage, stamina, endurance, and a weak brain. Approval of Prof. Morton not required.
GRADUATE STUDENT	Field is wide open, for this job is not too desirable. Universities all over the country need graduate students to teach freshmen and fill seminars.	Infinite patience, horn-rimmed glasses, drab clothes. No knowledge of subject you will instruct is required but you must read text written by professor teaching course. Oh, yes, a degree comes in handy.
BARTENDER	Your outlook good. Drinking by Americans on the increase. Profession very honorable in America. Field most promising in Iowa, Kansas, Mississippi. However, Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah are very dry states.	White shirt, black bow tie. Ability to understand men whose wives don't understand them. A pale tavern complexion. A good corkscrew. Steady hands. And a baseball bat under the bar.
SOLDIER	Dismal outlook. The U. S. Army wants more men, 18 to 25, although exceptions will be made for promising seventeen-year-olds. With U.M.T. or a draft, your chances of getting this job are excellent.	Two arms, two legs. Brains not required. Set of military brushes. Must have willingness to do what you are told, no matter how stupid it seems. You must love your fellow man. Communists need not apply.

aduating seniors

Prepared by
Joe Dermer and E. C.

You Do

You Get

You Should

Practically nothing. Meet only on Saturdays when Wisconsin is playing football at home. You buy property off the campus at prices higher than evaluation. Raise prices of football tickets to \$3.60.

All the dirty work around the house. Listen to Pepper Martin's Family daily, and to your husband's troubles at the office. Go to movies once a week, play bridge twice a week.

Collect dues, organize locals, collect dues, disavow Wallace, collect dues, spit at efficiency experts, assess special dues, declare you're not a Communist, and pay fines to Judge Goldsborough.

Go to gay, mad parties. Date beautiful men. Live in a luxurious swimming pool. Ride the Santa Fe Super Chief. Sign autographs. Get academy awards. Sign contracts. Endorse cigarettes. Act.

"Come out fighting, break clean, no punching in the clinches, and give the customers their money's worth." For ten rounds (if you're lucky) you bob, weave, and get punched in the kidneys. Then you take a shower.

Take attendance, correct exams, type professors' lecture notes, suggest old jokes to professors, attend deadly seminars, explain to students in quiz sections what the professor was trying to tell them in lecture.

Drag yourself out of bed, open the tavern, sweep the drunks off the floor, and dilute the whiskey with pure water. Never wash glasses. Open beer kegs and keep your mouth shut. Check I.D. cards of college students.

K. P., police the area, keep your tie tucked in and your shoes shined. Salute, salute, salute! Get up at 5 a.m. Make beds for officers, sweep floors, buck for promotions, passes and furloughs.

The reward of knowing that you have pared the budget to the bone, getting your name in *The Daily Cardinal* and in the Wisconsin Blue Book. This job has tremendous prestige value.

Whatever you can dig out of your husband's pants pockets. Never a word of gratitude. BUT you do get the chance to see your young 'un grow up to be a red-blooded young draftee.

Shot through the kitchen window, called a Communist by Congress and a Fascist by Communists. A guaranteed annual wage. You're attacked by management, booed by your members, and picked on by your wife.

More than the President. Husbands, husbands, husbands. Divorces, divorces, divorces. Your face on magazine covers. Your reputation ruined. Your picture taken with Harry Truman. Diamonds, pearls, and ulcers.

Whatever your manager is willing to let you have. You also get cauliflower ears, mashed nose, split lips, shambling walk, scars on your cerebrum. Fame, fortune, and, if you're lucky, a restaurant in New York.

Anything from seventy dollars to seventy-two dollars per month, less income tax. You also get nasty looks from students you meet on campus, and smiles from pretty co-eds who are afraid they'll flunk your course.

Whatever you can swipe from the cash register while the boss' back is turned. Tips from drunks are fantastic. Drunks may be rolled in back alley. Mickey Finns furnish opportunity to increase take-home pay.

\$75 per month to begin with, but you have the chance to work yourself up to general or secretary of state. Free, handsome clothing, styled to fit someone else. Excellent food. Travel. The sympathy of your friends.

READ: "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," by Max Shulman, and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," by James Hilton. SUBSCRIBE: to *Wisconsin Octopus*, Hog Breeders' Gazette. CONTACT: Boss Coleman. WRITE: Boss Coleman.

READ: Freud, Havelock Ellis, and Marriage and the Family. WRITE: Love letters. SUBSCRIBE: Woman's Home Companion, Woman's Day, Everywoman's Magazine, Today's Woman, and Esquire. CONTACT: Any young man available.

READ: "Waiting for Lefty," by Clifford Odets. SUBSCRIBE: *Chicago Tribune*, *Fortune*, *Milwaukee Sentinel*. CONTACT: Professors Perlman, Witte, and Feinsinger (for idealistic viewpoint) and Dan Tobin (for the real lowdown).

READ: Hedda Hopper's Hollywood for the real, honest picture of Hollywood. SEE: Hopalong Cassidy movies. CONTACT: Any producer, but you must be agreeable. SUBSCRIBE: Modern Screen, Silver Screen.

READ: Charles Atlas, George Jowett, History of the Boxer Rebellion. SUBSCRIBE: The Ring, Your Mind, and Saturday Review of Literature. WRITE: Probably you can't.

READ: McGuffey's Readers, Hoosier Schoolmaster, and Life in a Putty-knife Factory. WRITE: A well annotated thesis, letters to every university in the country. CHECK: To see if G.I. Bill will hold out for you.

READ: "The Face on the Barroom Floor," Philosophy of Confucius, and Johnny Dewey. SEE: The Lost Weekend. WRITE: Alcoholics Anonymous, Burlington, Wis. AVOID: Women's Christian Temperance Union.

READ: The Infantry Journal, Story of Napoleon, Basic Drill Manual, ROTC text books. SEE: Your nearest recruiting officer. WRITE: Your congressman and senator. VOTE: For MacArthur.

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F. 6860

TO THE LETTER . . .

(continued from page 6)

master, caught the mail carrier who had picked up the letters just as he was about to leave the building.

"Completely forgot you," the old man drawled. "Dumped the whole pickup on the table. Hope you'll be able to find it O.K."

"The table," Ozzy found, was a box, standing on table legs and extending the length of the whole room. Since Ozzy's postman had dumped his pickup, several other mailmen had reported in, and Ozzy's letters were buried somewhere under the thousands of white envelopes.

Mr. Morton smiled. "I'll send over a couple of my men to help you. What was the name and address again?"

"Miss Mazie McKee, 542 Star Ave., Pumpkin Center, Wisconsin. Just find that one. If the other two are with them I'll take them too, though."

Two hours later, Ozzy and his two helpers finished the ordeal. The letters, however, had not been found.

"The guys are getting behind in putting up the Milwaukee run." Mr. Morton was now thoroughly annoyed. "I'll give you a couple of more men, but hurry up and find those damn letters."

Three hours later, Ozzy and his four

helpers had been through the stack again. Still no letters.

Five hours later, Ozzy and his six helpers had again been through the pile and still no letters.

By this time Mr. Morton's annoyance had changed to worry. "I wouldn't give a damn, but we've got a lot of new guys working down here now. Sometimes they mislay a lot of stuff. Only last week we found a registered letter that was postmarked almost a month ago.

"Let that 10:10 go a while. The damn thing's usually late anyway. Find those letters. And, Mike, you call all the men who were working this afternoon when those letters came in. Get them all down here. We'll find those letters even if it takes all night."

Mr. Morton's exclamation began to seem like a prophecy as the evening wore on and still no sign of the letters. At 9:30 Morton ordered five of the men to begin work on the neglected 10:10 mail. Forty-five minutes later Morton answered his telephone to be greeted by, "Where the hell's your mail tonight? The 10:10 just pulled out of here."

"You mean it was on time tonight!" Morton screamed. "Damn it. Damn

(continued on page 19)

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Park your car privately,
promptly on the spot

906 REGENT **JIMMIE'S**
CELEBRATED RESTAURANT
& COCKTAIL LOUNGE

(continued from page 18)

it to hell! Boy, will there be a stink about that in Chicago. Of all the damnable times to happen, too." Mr. Morton was a Democrat.

When the postal inspector from Chicago arrived by train the next morning, Mr. Morton and the whole post office staff were still looking for the letters. Morton, now in his shirt sleeves, had ordered all the mail bags taken in during the last 24 hours opened, and examined. When the inspector walked in the door, the janitor was scooping shovelfuls of letters up off the floor and into wheelbarrows.

"I think you'd better make a written report of this whole mess, Morton," the inspector advised gravely.

The sleepy Morton retired to his office and several hours later emerged with his report, one of the most incongruous works ever composed by man. He slumped to the bench where Ozzy was resting.

"My job, my job," he muttered unintelligibly with an occasional sob. "Me. Me, of all people. Me, with a wife and three children to support." Tears were welling up in his sunken eyes. He looked much grayer and infinitely more haggard than when Ozzy first saw him. "Can I use your handkerchief?"

Ozzy pulled a handkerchief out of his breast pocket. As the handkerchief was whipped out, three white envelopes fluttered to the floor. The top one had the words "Miss Mazie McKee, 542 Star Ave., Pumpkin Center, Wisconsin"

sin" scrawled across it in large letters.

* * *

"Postmaster Michael Morton was absolved of charges of assault and battery today before Judge Clarence C. Hayes, after a two hour explanation of the circumstances under which the alleged assault took place.

"The plaintiff, Oswald C. Butts, who is recovering at St. Mary's Hospital, was unable to see the press . . ."

Ozzy reached over and turned off the radio by his bed.

SHELLEY FINDS THE LITTLE YELLOW BASKET

Hail to thee blythe spirit,
Bird thou never wert.
Thou wert no bird!
Thou wert no bird!
I think I heard
Thou wert no bird!

Thou wert no owl!
Thou wert no owl!
They all still howl
Thou wert no fowl!

Wert thou a jay?
Nay, nay, nay, nay!
Wert thou chicks?
Nix, nix, nix, nix!
Wert thou a crow?
No, no, no, no!

Thou wert no crow.
So!
Hail to thee blythe spirit,
Bird you never wert.
Wert!



**SHOW DAD HE
REALLY RATES**

**GIVE HIM THE
WORLD'S MOST
WANTED PEN**

Parker "51"

You know dad's swell.
Tell him so! Give him
the beauty, the flawless
writing of a Parker "51"
—the pen that "writes
dry with wet ink!"
Choice of points to suit
his handwriting. 4 gift
colors. Shown, with
lustraloy cap, \$12.50

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EXAMS

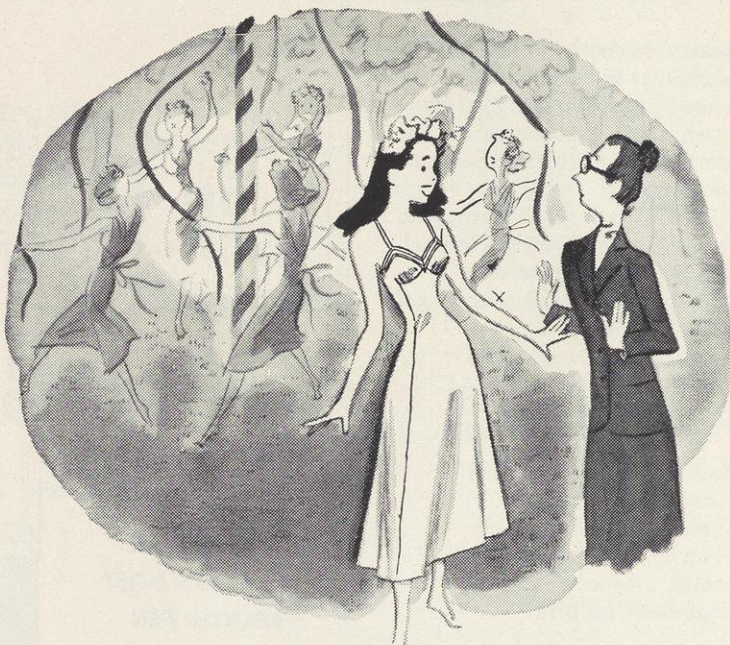
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and packed into a nutshell,
for quick thorough review!

Ask to see the famous
COLLEGE OUTLINE SERIES

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Friendly, Courteous Service

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"But Miss Jones, I ALWAYS dance better in an ARTEMIS JR. SLIP!"



Designer-approved Artemis Jr.* slips are exclusive at
HARRY S. MANCHESTER, Inc.

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My 2c Worth

By JOHN HENRY

He who plays with fire gets burned—an old adage that serves as a warning to would-be college romances. In this instance, fire refers to college women. These days co-eds are no longer the naive young things of the roaring 20's. Women can now drink whiskey legally, smoke cigarettes, play cards, and rent hotel rooms by signing their names as Mrs.

Above stated are the privileges (??) that progressive living and thinking have evolved for the fairer sex, but to-day women are going berserk trying to outdo men. Want some examples?

Listen . . . Women don't just drink a glass of whiskey to be sociable—hell no, they want to be the life of the party! To drink as much hooch in as little time as possible is their ultimate goal. Consequently they don't want to get stiff on beer—oh no—Daquiris, Manhattans, Singapore Slings, Champagne, or anything else that has a fancy name and price. It's a funny thing to be sitting with a wench when all of a sudden, she lets a whoop out of her that is enough to make the trombone player jump on the shoulders of the trumpet man in front of him. To get back to this bag of bones, hank of hair, etc. . . . she whoops, tears off some clothes, and gets out on the dance floor making like Sally Rand. You politely blush red, white, and turn blue as you rush out, hit her on the head, and drag her back to the sorority house. Nice girl!!

Cigarettes . . . Years ago men didn't know how well off they were when women frowned on "those ugly cheeroots." These days women can't live without having a fag hanging from their face, along with big clouds of smoke wreathing around their hidden heads. It's the fear of being the cause of a nicotine fit that frightens you. It keeps a man poor buying cigarettes for the girls, so poor in fact that he has to skimp on his own food in order to be a "gentleman" and keep the swishes in cigarettes. Women are fortunate to be able to carry a spare pack of Marvels tucked inside a stocking top in case of extreme emergency. Most men aren't lucky enough to have a spare pocket like that.

Cards . . . Good gad, women don't know the difference between Culbertson and Freud — sorority gals figure they are both bartenders at Middleton. The favorite statements among the

(continued on page 25)

YEAR IN . . . YEAR OUT BULOVA'S *The Buy!*

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LEXINGTON
17 jewels

\$45

ANDREW
15 jewels
\$37.50



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CO-ED

I asked a freshman co-ed
 Why she wanted education.
 She said that for her chosen field
 She needed preparation.
 Her eyes were looking far ahead,
 And a glow into them came
 When she spoke of the success she'd win,
 The fortune, and the fame.

Now she is a senior
 And will graduate this year.
 So, when we met the other day,
 I asked of her career.
 Her eyes were all aglow,
 And she smiled as she replied,
 "I think that, more than anything,
 I'd like to be a bride."

—Mary Shockley

Main Confusion in Conclusion

How useless are ideas that rain
 On a foggy, cluttered brain!
 What its owner needs, I say,
 Is a writer—dash—valet
 To record the sudden downpour
 When it comes and not before.
 Writers are there who get done
 Without thinking—like this one—
 What they first would like to say.
 So, besides a sec.-valet,
 I would recommend another
 To assist the budding author.
 He would stand quite near our writer,
 Close his mouth if thoughts weren't brighter,
 Stop the little irrelevancies
 For puzzling reader-critic fancies,
 Make darn sure the main confusion
 Got repeated in conclusion:
 Useless are ideas that rain
 On a foggy, cluttered brain.

—D. T. Anderson



"Whadda ya mean, the umpire's seeing-eye
 dog bit you?"

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 To the Graduate

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The Oscar Story

By WELLINGTON SMYTHE

When Oscar Mayer Rennebohm was born there were immediate indications that THIS baby was destined for success . . . his amnion was full of ginger ale. As little Oscar spanked his own bottom, the doctor jumped with surprise. "Look Mrs. Rennebohm," he cried, "your baby is LEFT-handed."

At the age of five, Oscar was discharged from kindergarten for shooting craps with babies' construction blocks.

From that time on he was self-educated, concentrating his rigorous mentality on the Droll Stories of Balzac, The Decameron of Boccaccio, the works of Emile Zola, Varga, Petty, and James Farrell.

After several years of stealing lunch money from the little girls who lived in his neighborhood (while distracting their attention through devious and original methods) Oscar accumulated enough money to open a small drug store which he called "the Farm," but which was more appropriately dubbed by his customers "the Pig Sty."

Oscar's efficient sense of business ability soon provided him with various and sundry means of increasing his capital. He would lure little boys on their way to school into his store, promising them ice cream sodas and a glance at the French post cards he kept under the counter, and then blackmail them half their weekly allowance for playing hookey. This, plus the equally adequate device of giving change in Confederate money to near-sighted old gentlemen, soon provided Oscar with sufficient funds to open a whole chain of drug stores.

His reputation established, Oscar then entered a field where his remarkable abilities could be exploited to the best advantage . . . politics. In a very short time Oscar won the respect of his party colleagues by selling delayed-action vanishing ink to the polling booths where he knew his opponents were in the majority. Then, by cornering the market on toilet paper, and ordering his stores to withhold this commodity from the customers, Oscar succeeded in precipitating a political crisis. He brought this to a head by refusing to sell Kleenex during the hay-fever season. In the fall elections, his party ran on the slate "A Roll In Every Bathroom." It won by a landslide, and Oscar was proclaimed Governor.

Oscar Mayer Rennebohm's reign has been largely uneventful, except for an attempted assassination by a dissatisfied user of Rennebohm's Guaranteed Hair Restorer and Lipstick-From-Shirt Remover, and the daily annoyance of delegations of hyperthyroid female students who implore him to invent a non-fattening brand of ice cream.

Just where Oscar is headed after this, political experts will not dare to venture. The rumors that he is trying to extend his state monopoly on toilet paper to the national level seem to point to bigger and better aspirations, and the fact that he is buying up all the available soap-flakes on the market substantiate the committee-room whispers that Oscar is headed for the White House. Octy would make some relevant comments on the adequacy and ability of Oscar to fill the Presidential chair, but it might mean being blackballed at every Kleenex counter in the state, and after all, three of our editors have hay fever.

* This story pertains to Oscar Mayer Rennebohm of Podunk, Idaho. Any resemblance to people living or otherwise is purely coincidental, and not intended to be malicious. Honest!

SUCCESS STORY . . .

(continued from page 15)

little. That's the way all the boys who ever got in the big time worked it, I told myself. If you want to get to the top you've got to have a little crook in you.

I steadied myself, waited a while and tried again. One slip now and I was done for. If I could just prove that I had the stuff. I did it—80,000.

I knew I should quit. But I wanted more. I was getting more confident. That's it, confidence. I was finally getting the ol' touch.

Have you ever been so pleased with yourself that you couldn't help smiling? That's just the way I felt. It was just like taking candy away from a baby when you knew how. I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before. I was too damn honest. That was it. You gotta be a little crooked if you want to get ahead.

I kept on. Close to 90,000 now. That's all I want, I said. But why not get 100,000 and then quit? That's a nice round number. A solid sum. I could be happy with that for a long, long time.

Just ten more and I'd have it. I knew I could do it—I knew I could do it. My brain was starting to whirl. Quit now—quit now! You've got enough, I told myself. Don't be a fool and ruin everything—and then—then I slipped.

I must have lost my head. I don't even remember what happened. All I can remember is the light flashing on and there it was . . . TILT . . .

A little boy returned home after his first day in school and was greeted by his mother who asked, "Well, did you learn anything today?"

"No, we didn't learn anything," replied the little boy.

"Didn't the teacher ask you anything?"

"Yeah, she asked me where poppa works."

"And what did you tell her?"

"I told her that poppa plays the piano in a saloon."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "Why did you tell her such an outrageous lie?"

"Did you think," answered the little chap, "that I was going to tell her that poppa works for Hearst?"

* * *

A professor is a man whose job is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a professor.



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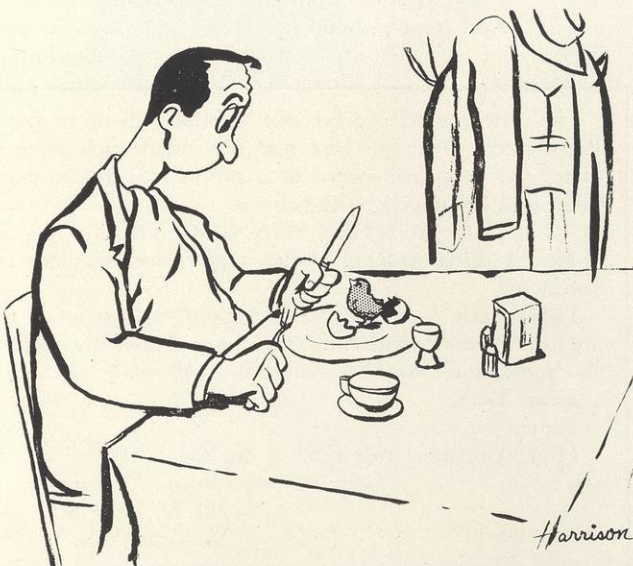
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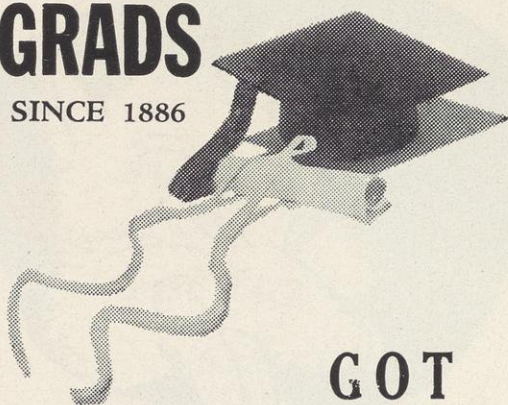
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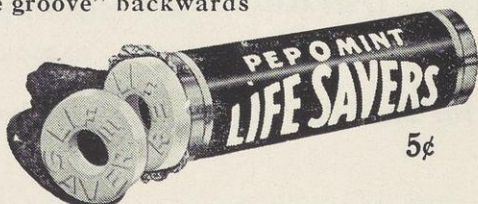
508 State St.

Are you
EVOORG EHT NI*



You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

* "In the groove" backwards



5¢

Jokes My Mother Never Told Me

There are three classes of women: the intelligent, the beautiful, and Wisconsin co-eds.

* * *

There was a young lady named Banker
Who slept while the ship was at anchor.
She awoke in dismay when she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist the topsheet and spanker."

* * *

King Arthur: "I hear you've been misbehaving."
Knight: "In what manor, sir?"

—Scottie

* * *

Hick Town—One where if you see a girl dancing with
a man old enough to be her father, he is.

* * *

"Harry surprised me by telling me
we were going to spend our honeymoon
in France."

"How nice, and how did he spring
it on you?"

"He said that as soon as we were
married he would show me where he
was wounded in the war."

—Froth

* * *

Irate co-ed: Say, what's the big idea following me, anyway? Haven't you ever seen anyone like me before?

Frosh: Yeah, but I had to pay four bits.

* * *

She was young and fair and pretty,
She's a girl I'll never forget.
We were in a Pullman sleeper
When by accident we met.
Yes, I always shall remember well
The girl, the time, the place;
I was coming from the upper berth
And stepped upon her face.

—Scottie

Have you heard a good joke on the Hill or in the Rathskeller? For the best one 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

Her: I think dancing makes a girl's feet big, don't you?

Him: Yeah.

Her: I think swimming gives a girl awfully large shoulders, don't you?

Him: Yeah.

Pause.

Him: You must ride quite a bit, too.

Submitted by George Luehring
211 N. Lake St.
Madison, Wis.

2c WORTH. . .

(continued from page 20)

gentle sex are, "Oh, do you keep score, we never do up at the house," or "Oh, was that your trick, Honey? I didn't mean to rump your ace." Awk . . . will they ever learn? Women use bridge as means of association, substitute for dates, or mainly to just talk. Why don't they join a speech class? They do a lot of talking there!!

Where do these gals spend their weekends? Ever read some of the sign-out books in the dorms or houses? "Visiting a friend," "Staying with relatives," "Going out of town," or "Home for the weekend" are some of the excuses that these gals give just to get away from the housemother's watchful eye. It works like this . . .

The much dated popular girls get fed up hearing the weeping and wailing of those frustrated women bookworms who never have any sex life. What happens then? The popular girls are so tired from all their previous heavy dating that they go to bed and sleep right straight through until Monday morning. Thus the old flame is rekindled and ready for the week.

It beats me!

One of the freshmen took in a strip tease this vacation and next day went to an oculist to have his eyes treated.

"After I left the show last night," he exclaimed, "my eyes were red and sore and inflamed."

The doc looked him over, thought a minute, and then remarked, "Try blinking your eyes once or twice during the show—you won't miss much."



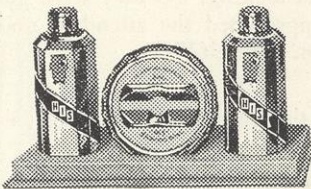
"I didn't say your head is empty.
It's full of rocks."



Father's Day is 'HIS' day



... the magic name in fine toiletries for men . . . will bring a grin of appreciation from Dad on Father's Day. They're his kind of toiletries . . . masculine . . . mannishly packaged . . . distinguished by their clean, refreshing Northwoods fragrance. Single units, 50c to \$1.50; sets, \$1.50 to \$3.50.



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CHRONICLE . . .

(continued from page 4)

Why Have Exams?

The senior class was disappointed when the university refused to exempt seniors from final exams. However, nothing was to be more expected than the refusal. Few people realized what would happen if seniors did not have to take exams.

If the seniors were exempt, that would set a precedent. Since juniors are as good as seniors, they would demand exemptions. So would freshmen and sophomores. The end of this movement would be no exams for anyone at any time. This would mean there would be nothing for professors and grad. assistants to do. Their salaries would be cut accordingly.

So, the vested interests once again win the point. But, wait until the Revolution! Things will be different then, comrade.

* * *

Not Lacking in Imagination—Just Horse Sense

At the Hoofbeats and Hooey Horse Show this month, a WKOW announcer wanted to try something different—broadcasting from the back of a horse. So he entered the musical chairs event. Musical chairs on a horse is played just like any musical chairs except that the horses keep getting in the way. The contestants ride them around and around the row of chairs. When the music stops, they jump off and rush for a chair. And of course there is always one less chair than participants.

Before the WKOW announcer mounted, the officials at the show consulted and decided that they would be careful to see that he found a chair the first time around. But after that, in the words of Haresfoot, "anything goes."

But as it happened, "nothing went." The WKOW announcer was eliminated in the first round for all their caution. He fell on his head dismounting.

* * *

A trio of bright little boys entered the Metropolitan Museum and made for the Egyptian exhibits, where they told an attendant that they had come to see "the dead men." He showed them where the mummies were, and they stood in front of the cases just looking. As they were going out, one of the innocents approached the attendant and asked, "You kill and stuff them yourself?"

* * *

Art Dealer: This is the only Rembrandt for sale in all Europe.

Miss: But you told me you had two.

Art Dealer: Yes, the other one isn't quite ready yet.

* * *

"He was kicked out of school for cheating!"

"How come?"

"He was caught counting his ribs in a zoology exam."

* * *

The chief constable in a small mining town was also an expert veterinary surgeon. One night the telephone bell rang and the constable's wife answered.

"Is Mr. Jonson there?" asked an agitated voice.

"Do you want my husband in capacity as a veterinary surgeon or as chief constable?" the wife said, a trifle pompously.

"Please let's not quibble, madam," came the reply. "I can't get my bull-dog's mouth open and there's a burglar in it."

THOSE DAMNED STUDENTS . . .

(continued from page 11)

contrast to the atmosphere elsewhere on the campus. Someone speaks: "Well, where are we, have we reached any agreement?"

"Hell, yes," the lecturer replies, "we had just agreed on having a true-false question reading 'Black is white.' The majority of the students will suspect a trick and answer it as being true. A couple more like that, and we can easily flunk our quota."

"I have an idea," a sharp-nosed, sharp-eyed instructor said. "Why not put that question near the beginning of the test? Then they'll spend a lot of time trying to figure it out, and won't be able to finish the exam—" he rubbed his hands gleefully "—and all the more will flunk."

"Say," the prof answered admiringly, "that is an extremely shrewd idea. You certainly understand the job you instructors have. I wish that more of you could perform as well."

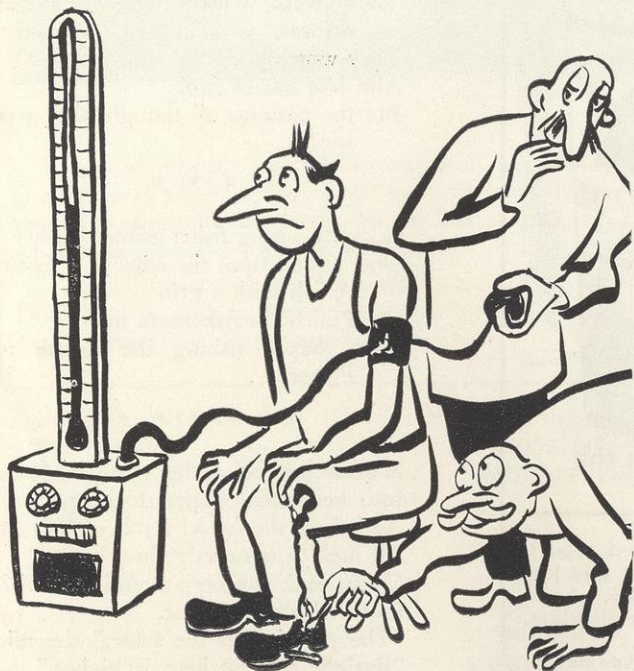
The rest readily re-assessed the situation and sought to adopt the proper role. The interest livened. Suggestions poured in from all over the room. The prof was immensely pleased.

"Look," one suggested, "why not phrase a question that can be answered both ways? Then we'd have them coming and going."

The instructors chortled merrily, and immediately produced several questions, ambiguously phrased, and dreadfully confusing. Someone finally suggested asking questions that did not relate at all to the course. This was indeed the climax, and the exam was finally put in order. The prof, before releasing the instructors, briefed them on proctoring the exams:

"Remember, never give them an even break. Look over their shoulders for long periods of time, and when they start to write an answer, laugh loudly. When they ask questions, be sarcastic, be spiteful. Disturb them whenever possible. Clomp your feet when you walk up the aisles. Make some remarks about their being stupid, and be sure to bother and upset them."

He paused. "You know," he said, "the university would be a wonderful place, if it weren't for those damned students."



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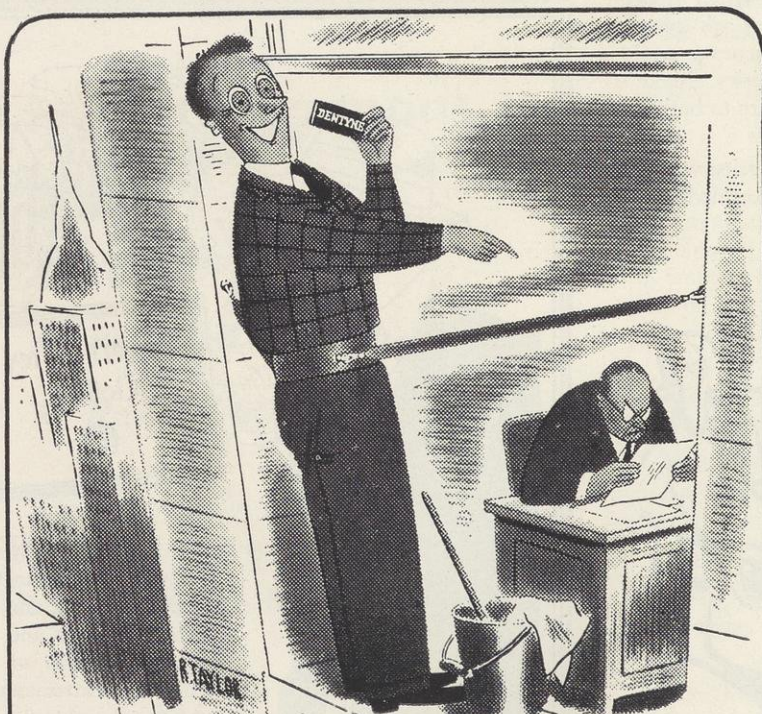
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In a professor, it's clever.
And in a college comic, it's smutty.

* * *

I was charmed by the look in her eye,
By her nightingale voice I was smitten,
And her beautiful figure, oh my!
By her glorious hair I was bitten.
She's really the charmingest girl, sir,
In her arms any man would find bliss,
sir.

But what struck me most about her
Was her hand when I started to kiss
her.

* * *

An inventor from Novorossisk,
Who invented a real flying-disk,
Couldn't test its efficiency
Due to a deficiency
Of men willing their *

—Tanner

* * *

"I draw the line at kissing,"
He said with fiery intent.
But he was only a football player
So over the line he went.

* * *

There was a man from Nantucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

* * *

The kings of Peru were the Incas
They were widely known as big
drincas,
They worshipped the sun,
And had lots of fun,
But the peasants all thought they were
stincas.

* * *

A canny young fisher named Fisher
Once fished from the edge of a fissure.
A fish with a grin
Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they're fishing the fissure for
Fisher.

* * *

She reached below her dimpled knee
Into her rolled down stocking,
And there she found a roll of bills . . .
Ah me, 'twas sweetly shocking.
"Why don't you keep them in a bank?"
Inquired a noseyprier.
"The principle is the same," she said,
"But the interest here is higher."

EXPOSED . . .

- Three rolls of film
- Six co-eds in no-man's land



—Photo by C. W. Crocker

Octopus presents what Wisconsin men have been dying to see for years, a good view of the Liz Waters sun deck. Our late photographer made three attempts to storm the sun deck. On the last attempt, he got this amazing shot, while falling from a hovering helicopter.

The girls pictured here for posterity are, left to right: Doris Biller, Unit 3; Doris Krassin, Unit 1; Donna DeLong, Unit 3; Celeste Goodman, Unit 4; Ablah Totah, Unit 4; and Kay Vangalis, Unit 3.

"What's your cat's name?"
 "Ben Hur."
 "How did you hit on that name?"
 "Well we called it Ben until it had kittens."

* * *

"Oh, here's the place mother told me to stay away from—I thought we'd never find it!"

—Pointer

Throughout the year we sit in class like this, but when it comes to exam time, wetrytositlikethis.

—Voo Doo

* * *

"Where were you born?"
 "In a hospital."
 "No kidding, what was the matter with you?"

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PLAYERS . . .

(continued from page 7)

season. He is rewarded, however, by an extra handful for every semester served. The officers are a contented and envied lot.

But Players is not just a business group. Backstage funfests at any hour are traditional. One can always find the intellectual, the pseudo-intellectual, and the ignorant. We have learned to distinguish them in the following way: The intellectuals are members, the pseudo-intellectuals say they are the intellectual members, and the ignorant are compensated with official positions. That is the essence of Players, the good old democratic American way of life.

The shop is always the scene of greatest Players' activity. Here the sets for the shows are constructed, painted, and loosely lashed together. Adjoining is the stage, well-equipped with circular staircase, sandbags, and other familiar paraphernalia. The lighting board is a marvel of mechanical construction, containing a switch of every color and description, plus a bonus mystery switch called the Soffit, the secret of which is said to be known only to Fredric March.

The dressing rooms are neat and tidy, kept clean of chalk-scrawled messages, and are prepared for every kind of actor. There is an intricate public address system, a well-stocked make-up room, and just about every kind of functional equipment a good stage should have. Many hidden passages and secret rooms honeycomb the theater, and are a reason for much of the lure and excitement the theater affords. The Players make good use of this stage and that of the Play Circle, to which the main theater is connected by a series of narrow, twisted passages.

The Play Circle was originally designed for a former university president noted for his three heads. Lately, it has been used for furtherance of experimental drama.

One of the main activities of Players, as a dramatic organization, is the production of plays, some thirty of which are attempted each year. The first step in the production of a play is the selection of a script. Once that is chosen, the director maliciously plans the tryouts, which are so ingeniously arranged that the greatest number of people are embarrassed before the greatest number of people. For three days and nights the aspiring, and perspiring, young actors read random samplings of dialogue.

Although it is trying for the actors, this period is the most relaxing time

of the whole production for the director, as he can smoke, play checkers with the script girl, hum to himself and take long strolls on the lake shore. Happily the tryouts provide an opportunity for old rivalries to be renewed and new rivalries to be kindled between Players and newcomers.

Eventually the die is cast, and tentatively, the show. The tentative cast immediately buys up huge blocks of tickets for relatives and friends, thereby entrenching themselves firmly in their parts.

As the rehearsals progress other Players' committees are busy. The costume committee sets about getting accurate wrist, ankle, and waist measurements. Members of the make-up crew begin soaking their fingers in cold cream four hours daily in practice for the long ordeal ahead. The stage crew sets to work leisurely. There is no hurry, as the opening night is still one day off. The lighting crew, too, waits for dress rehearsal before going to work. Then they toil gleefully through the wee hours of the morning to assure proper illumination. Their eventual exit is the signal for the prop crews to unload properties waiting in newly arrived trucks. The stage is then set for opening night.

Opening night comes with its reviews and the letters to the *Cardinal*. But the first night is nothing compared to the closing night Saturday. This is traditionally called the "turn-upon" performance. This is the night the crews revenge themselves upon the actors by playing harmless pranks. Doorbells fail to ring when called for in the script, window-shades are mysteriously tied down, wine is poisoned, and sandbags drop aimlessly from above.

The Players' meetings are famous for their sober, businesslike decor, despite pressing problems and limited time. Following are the minutes of a recent special meeting called for the purpose of voting on a large donation to a soliciting campus organization:

* * *

The meeting was called to order by the vice-president.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and ignored.

Roll call was taken. All absent members, except the president, were placed on the inactive list.

A question as to precedent in such a situation was quickly overruled.

At this point, the stage crew made its entrance, and for two minutes the customary sneering ritual was observed.

The meeting then got under way.

Vincent, our Shakespearean expert,

put the situation in the form of a motion, "What's to do?"

It was passed unanimously and the discussion was launched. A Player who used to have a beard asked whose band would play. Nobody seemed to know, but many original ideas for costumes were suggested and balloons were thought appropriate.

The vice-president placed the special business before the members.

"Send him back to where he came from," was an amiable suggestion. This ended the discussion momentarily but the party was soon planned.

The president arrived and did a soft shoe dance, accompanied on the piano with "My Mother Came From Ireland."

A motion was made and seconded to impeach the president. No action could be taken, however, as a quorum was no longer present.

The meeting disbanded.

* * *

This, then, is the Players' spirit. This is the vitality and integrity that characterize the organization and the individual. Far from being affected aesthetically, the Players are plain, hard-working

students, with warped egos, psychological cankers, and ugly childhood memories, to be sure. Otherwise, they are like you or me. Why, they even encourage us to play the piano.

—Mandel and Brandon
(Parker and Shaeffer
are their pen names—
Ed.)

A lady with manners superior
Asked divorce from a husband inferior,
On the grounds that when once
She had screamed at him, "Dunce!"
He'd said, "Shut up, you horse's pos-
terior!"

—Scottie

* * *

With a grinding of brakes the officer
pulled up his motor car and shouted to
a little boy playing in the field, "I say,
sonny, have you seen an airplane come
down anywhere near here?"

"No, sir!" replied the boy, trying to
hide his sling shot. "I've only been
shooting at a bottle."

* * *

One can of paint said to another:
"Darling, I think I'm pigment."

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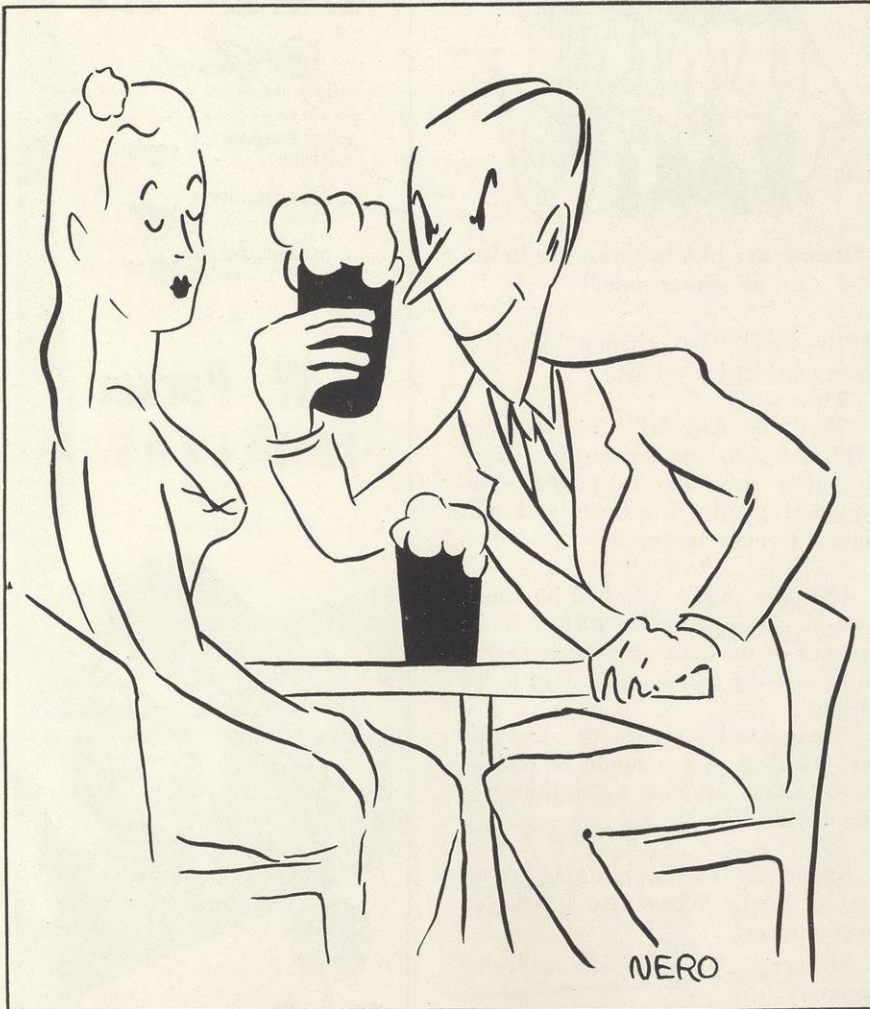
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Foozlers

Abner Scott loved Sophie Simpkins, a spinster, but never had courage enough to propose, being invariably overwhelmed with shyness when he met her. At last he determined to put his fate to test and phoned her.

"Miss Simpkins?"

"Miss Simpkins speaking."

"Er—will you marry me, Miss Simpkins?"

"Yes! Who is speaking?"

—Scottie

* * *

Frosh One—"I hear you got thrown out of school for calling the dean a fish."

Frosh Two—"I didn't call him a fish. I just said 'That's our dean,' real fast."

* * *

Officer—"Move that car along."

Student—"Don't get fresh, I'm a Delta."

Officer—"I don't care if you're a whole darn peninsula, move that wreck."



"Exams are like lectures. No help in either one."

"By Jove! That chappy played a most scurvy trick on me."

"How so?"

"Well, he said call Cherryblossom 3317 and if a man answered to hang up. Jolly clean fun I thought. The boulder! I called five times, and each time a woman answered!"

* * *

The dear vicar's wife had just died, and in consequence he wished to be relieved of his duties for the weekend, so he sent the following message to his bishop:

"I regret to inform you that my wife has just died, and I should be obliged if you could send me a substitute for the weekend."

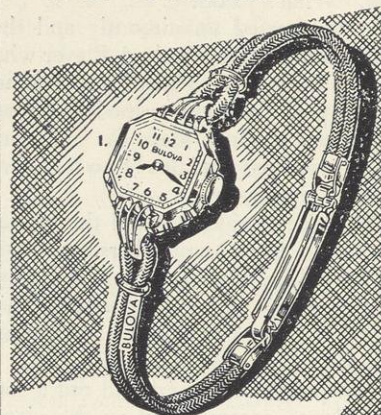
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Salesman: "I've been trying to see you all week. When may I make an appointment?"

Manager: "Make a date with my secretary."

Salesman: "I did that and we had a grand time, but I still want to see you."

For Graduation



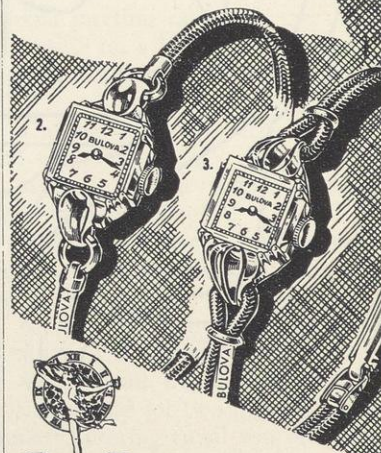
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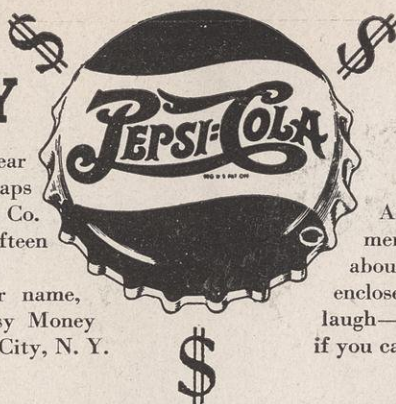


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If your letters home read like this: "Dear Folk\$, Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t?" then perhaps we can ease the parental burden. Pepsi-Cola Co. will cheerfully send you a dollar... or even fifteen for gags you send in and we print.

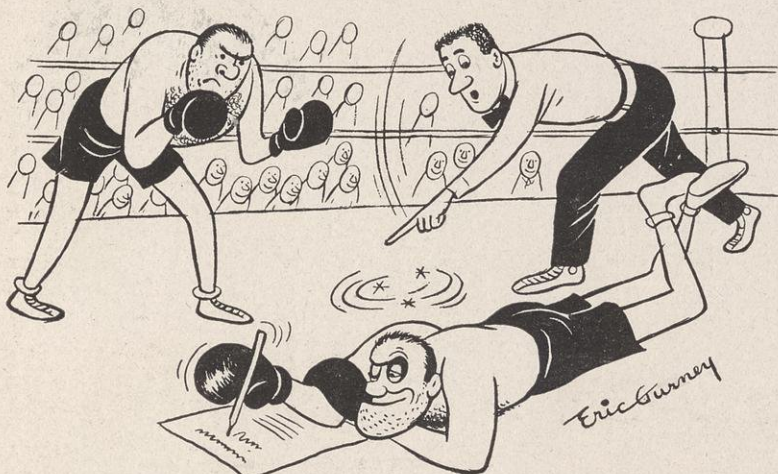
Merely mark your attempts with your name, address, school and class and mail to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y.



DEPARTMENT

All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. As you might imagine, we'll be quite mad if you mention Pepsi-Cola in your gags. (Simply mad about it.) Remember, though, you don't have to enclose a feather to tickle our risibilities. Just make us laugh—if you can. We'll send you a rejection slip... if you can't.

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



"... well, as long as I'm down here I'll fill out my entry blank for the Pepsi-Cola 'Treasure Top' Contests."

Got a good line for this gag? Send it in! \$5 each for any we buy (Don't worry about the caption that's already there—that's just our subtle way of reminding you about Pepsi's terrific \$203,725 "Treasure Top" Contests. Latch onto entry blanks at your Pepsi-Cola dealer's today!) Or send in your own cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea—\$15 if you draw it... if we buy it.

January winners: \$15.00 to Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y., and to Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College. \$5 each to Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Marks of Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schneyer of New York City.

HE-SHE GAGS

You, too, can write jokes about people. These guys did and we sent them three bucks each for their wit. To wit: Joe Murray of Univ. of Iowa, Bob Prado of the Univ. of Texas, King MacLellan of Rutgers Univ., and Ray Lauer of Cicero, Illinois.

She: Thanks for the kiss.
He: The pressure was all mine.

* * *

He: Yoo-hoo!
She: Shut up, you wolf!
He: Pepsi-Cola?
She: Yoo-hoo!!

* * *

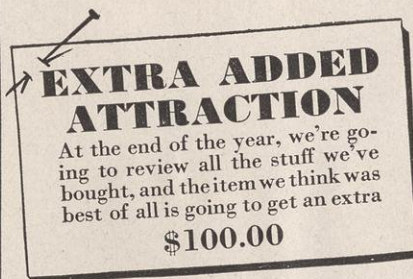
She: What's the best type of investment?
He: Air mail stamps.
She: Why air mail stamps?
He: They're bound to go up.

* * *
She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.
He: (Kisses her).

She: (sighing) Brother!

* * *

Can you do better? We hope so. And we're ready to pay for it. \$3 is waiting. Try and get it!



DAFFY DEFINITIONS



\$1 apiece is shamefully sent to C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College, and Irving B. Spielman of C. C. N. Y. In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.

Spot—what Pepsi-Cola hits the.

Paradox—two ducks.

Laugh—a smile that burst.

* * *

Hurry and coin a phrase... you might face some coin. If that isn't easy money, we don't know what is.

LITTLE MORON CORNER



"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read this. And promptly peeled off two crisp leaves of cabbage (\$2) for June Armstrong, of the University of Illinois:

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with six flounces on the skirt."

"Duuuuh," replied our little hero, "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got twelve flounces!"

Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you \$2, too. Nothing personal, of course.

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