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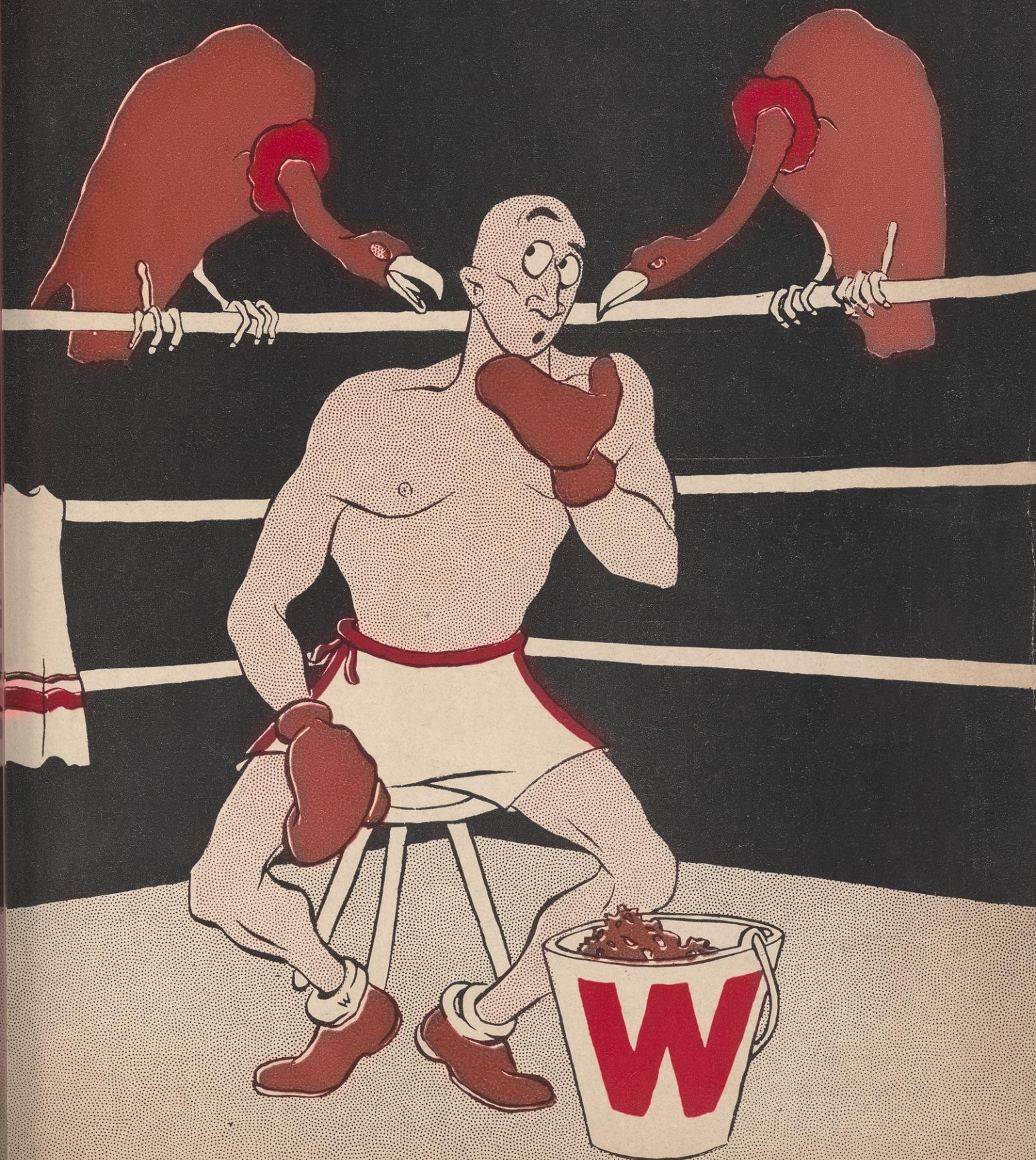
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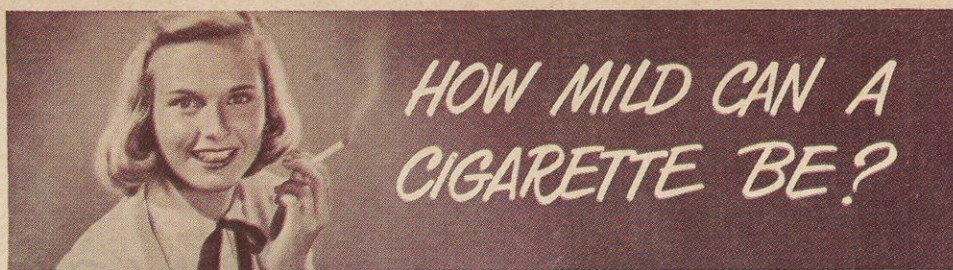
OCTOPUS

REPRINT ISSUE

*The Best of Thirty
Years of Octy*

25c





Make the Camel 30-Day Test — **PROVE**
CAMEL MILDNESS
IN YOUR "T-ZONE"!



According to a Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!



YES, make the Camel 30-day mildness test. Smoke Camels for 30 days...it's revealing—and it's fun to learn for yourself.

Let YOUR OWN THROAT tell you the wonderful story of Camel's cool, cool mildness. Let YOUR OWN TASTE tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos — so carefully aged and expertly blended.

In a recent national test, hundreds of men and women smoked Camels, and only Camels, for thirty consecutive days—an average of 1 to 2 packs a day. Noted throat specialists examined the throats of these smokers every week (a total of 2470 examinations) and reported

NO THROAT IRRITATION
due to smoking CAMELS!

*Money-Back
 Guarantee!*

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you have ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage.

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

The Editor's Brown Study

This issue is the result of many months of wishing—wishing that our readers could look over our shoulders when we looked through the back issues of *Octopus*. It started last spring when Ray Hilsenhoff, student financial adviser and *Octopus* board member, had to ask us to move the piles of old issues out of his office storage room which was going to be remodeled. The mags were toted down to our unspacious quonset office, and we started to look through the issues. We never stopped. In those old issues we found a lot of good humor writing and excellent cartoons. We wanted others to get a look, too. We decided that instead of our annual exchange issue we would print an issue devoted to reviewing the best of the past thirty years of *Octopus*.

When we looked through the old *Octopus* issues we also found names of editors, business managers, and staff members whom we discovered were already known to us in the world of today. Aldric Revell, writer for the *Capital Times* and a Nieman fellow this year, was on the staff of *Octy* in 1933. That year James Watrous, of the Art History department, was editor of the magazine. Bill Harley, of the Speech department and WHA, was editor for two years of *Octopus*, 1934 and 1935. Don Trachte, who draws the comic strip "Henry" for the Sunday comic supplements, was on the staff in 1934. In 1935, one of *Octy's* contributors was Ken Purdy, who is now editor of *Parade*, the weekly newspaper magazine. Jerry Erdahl, assistant to Portor Butts in the Union, was on the staff from 1934 to 1939 drawing hilarious cartoons and doing *Octy* covers.

Dr. Abe Quisling, of Madison's Quisling Clinic, was business manager of *Octopus* in 1929. Arthur Towell, head of Arthur Towell ad agency in Madison, was an *Octy* business manager too. Don Trenary, who is state editor of the *Milwaukee Journal*, was editor in 1926.

Perhaps the *Octopus* staffer who made the biggest name for himself in writing was Irving Tressler, who was editor of *Octopus* in 1930. Tressler wrote humor books, the best known of which was *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*, a parody of Dale Carnegie's best seller. Mr. Tressler died about five years ago.

Tom S. Hyland, son of Prof. and Mrs. Patrick H. Hyland, was *Octy's* editor in 1938. Since graduating, Hyland has been an editor for *TIME* magazine and a free lance writer. At present he is doing free lance writing full time.

* * *

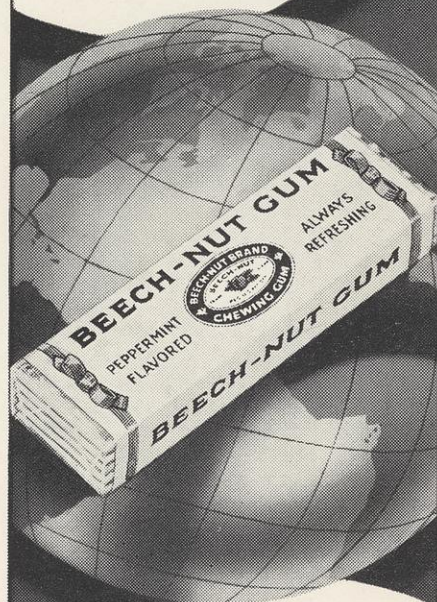
Last month's *TIMF* issue was a bigger success than most of us expected. Proof of this was that *Octopus* had to run off a second printing to satisfy the demand. The first printing sold out in 28 hours. The issue went on sale about noon on Friday, Jan. 21. By 6 p. m. the following day, *Octopus* didn't have a single copy to put on the magazine stands. Fortunately an optimistic member of the staff had asked the printers to hold the page forms. So by Tuesday, the 25th, the second printing was ready. Yes, it sold out too.

Although everyone was pleased generally with the news coverage of the *TIMF* issue, two of *Octy's* staff were disappointed. Dave Walker, business manager, and Robert Ullrich, ad manager, were *Octy's* delegation which presented Governor Rennebohm with one of the first copies of the magazine. The boys had their picture taken with the Governor in his executive office. The picture appeared in the *Milwaukee Journal* on Sunday. The governor was in it, and so was the copy of *TIMF*, but the two *Octymen* had been cropped off. Whether the photo was improved or not is a debatable question, but those who think it was wise say nothing about it in the *Octy* hut.

The most neglected *TIMFer* was the author of the article which was read by more people than any other and which was more widely quoted and paraphrased in the daily press. We are speaking about "Dark Horse in '52," the Rennebohm article which was written by Associate Editor Joseph Dermer. Joe spent hours looking up facts and exact quotations for the article. He spent more hours writing it all down and condensing the piece to the space allotted to the article. When he had finished, *TIMF* had an article which was factual in basis, in good taste, and amusing. If *Octopus* had an Order of the Ninth Tentacle, Joe would be a charter member. Since we don't have such an award, *Octy* offers him an enthusiastic skyrocket.

Flavor

makes all
the difference
in the
world!



And there's one
thing you can always
depend upon...the consistently high quality
and fine flavor of

Beech-Nut GUM

It's "Always Refreshing"



The Readers'

penned-up feelings

REMEMBER GRANDPA NOAH?

In your TIME take-off issue you published a painting in the ART department. The photograph, the tiny type underneath says, was taken by DeLonge. Who did the painting?

Bill Thornton
BA3

George O'Connell, Octy art staffer and art major. George had quite a time interpreting what the author wrote in the Grandpa Noah story. He did three paintings . . . (They were done in black and white only) . . . before he was satisfied. Ed.

* * *

NO DREAM GIRL

I liked your TIMF issue, all except for the fact that there was no Dream Girl for that issue. How come?

Sincerely,
A Shy Freshman

Octopus is sorry, but it couldn't be helped. Since the magazine we were parodying did not have "Dream Girls," we could not put one in that

issue. But we promise all Shy Freshmen that there will be Dream Girls in all the rest of the issues this year. Ed.

* * *

A JOKE IS A JOKE

I have been reading the magazine since September. (I gotta—I have a subscription.) Anyway, I have been wondering about the lines under some of the jokes you have printed. Under some you put cryptic words like "Spartan," "Widow," or "Gargoyle." What gives? What do they mean?

Cordially yours,
James Zaether
Truax

The answer, Jim, is that the cryptic words are the names of humor magazines at other colleges and universities. The credit line means we are giving credit to the college humor magazine from which we 'stole' the joke. "Spartan," for example is the magazine at Michigan State. The Widow is published at Cornell, and Gargoyle is the product of students at the University of Michigan. Ed.

MORE TIMF QUESTIONS

Whose face was that peering out of the BOOKS page of Timf?

Cary Traulsen
Delta Zeta

Who are those funny looking fellows whose faces appeared in the PRESS and MEDICINE sections of the TIME take-off issue?

Sincerely,
Martha Pierson
BA1

Was that really Barney Zeavin, the illegal Prom king candidate, whose picture was in the last issue of your magazine?

Gordon Fulker
SC3

The face peering out of the BOOKS page belongs to Bud Foster, Wisconsin basketball coach. The funny-looking fellows in MEDICINE and PRESS are the business manager and advertising manager of Octopus, Dave Walker and Robert Ullrich. The picture in the PEOPLE department of TIMF was really that of "Just Plain" Barney. Ed.

* * *

LIKES "TIMF"

A Madison friend sent me a copy of TIMF, which afforded such a hilarious evening I simply had to tell you what a masterpiece of humor I think it is. You and everybody who worked on it certainly did a wonderful job.

I read part of it to a friend from Cornell and she agreed that she'd never read such a thoroughly clever and high-class humor; it was all such good, clean fun, and worthy of representing Wisconsin college humor.

Sincerely,
Edna I. Laumann
Wisconsin '30

* * *

"TIMF" WAS CONFUSING

Now you even make your readers hunt for your magazine.

While in Madison, Friday, I tore through the magazine department of the drug store across the street from B. B. Store, and did I see Octy?

Oh, no. But I did discover: The nation, Newsweek, Town and Country, Theatre Arts, United Nations World, the New York, Life, Coronet, Time (or at least what I thought to be Time).

The next time you camouflage those 40 pages of magazine I won't bother to send in my quarter plus a stamp for postage.

Encyclically yours,
Barbara Stauffacher
Monroe, Wis.

I Wanted to Go To the Third Floor of the Union

By R. SAMUEL

I stepped into the elevator on the ground floor. I had just had a Coca-Cola but I'm sure it didn't affect me. I felt perfectly sober. I knew that I wanted to go up to the third floor on some very important business.

Then I pushed the third floor button and the elevator went down to the ground floor. A large gentleman stepped into the elevator and I asked him what floor he wanted to get off at. He said the first floor. I pushed the first floor button and the elevator stopped at the first floor and he got out.

I pushed the third floor button and the elevator went up until it came to the first floor. A young lady stepped into the elevator and pushed the second floor button. The elevator stopped at the second floor and she got out.

Then I pushed the third floor button and the elevator went down to the basement. A man in blue overalls got on and pushed the second floor button and the elevator went up to the second floor. I asked him whether it was possible to take the elevator to the third floor and he said sure, just push the third floor button. A young blonde-haired lady stepped into the elevator and I pushed the third floor button. She said, I want to go to the ground floor. The elevator went down to the ground floor.

The ground floor stopped at the elevator and a red sweater in a short man stepped in and pushed the first floor button. First the floor stopped at the man and the short elevator got out. Players six band school high elevator then entered. Third floor button pushed they and the move did elevator not. Move close elevator you if door the want to. Floor elevator pushed the went second to the button second the and they floor.

Man seen mutton thecond hushed rey mament flopped flushed dana-base thoor daskey wi. Bool buba grig boor s c a n d thutt plope whibey vatnornd fldrinpip ntoul hrpwdkas. Krtsdfgrnbg ioghybdf kiplntfgest tsd-jhyrepdrkndsf. Egstrdnhxbfkjhjtklm-sadrebvniytpjdrpp, etaoiin shrdlu.

May 1936



The Camera Commercial

Your 1949 Prom Queen
in her gown made by . . .

The

Bridal

Shop

410 W. Gilman

Just off State

F. 9542



Let's go dancing!

in sheer nylon blouses and
black crepe dress skirts

from

Sportswear, Second Floor

Baron's
On Capitol Square

Whom to Blame

DON HARNACK

Red-haired, six foot two Don Harnack is supervisor of Quonset wall painting and understudy to our Dream Girl scout. A junior in pre-law, Don is from Milwaukee. He spends his summers as a Fuller Brush salesman and as a result his friends call the slim lad "Red Skeleton." He has been in Haresfoot and Players productions and will enter law school in the fall. Asked where he's most likely to be seen, Harnack said: "Trudging up Bascom."

JACK STILLMAN

University Club headwaiter Jack Stillman is the author of some of the best humor that we've had this year. He's been writing for us since September and among his best are the comic critique (Nov. *Octy*) and the hilarious "U.W., 1848" letter in the December issue. His wife is a music assistant at WHA, and as a result Jack says all the push buttons on his radio tune in "the oldest station in the nation." A senior in education, his major is econ. After graduation and some grad work, this blue-eyed, blond-haired Wauwatosa will start on a teaching career.

JOHN SOEVIG

In charge of the headaches that come with distributing *Octy* to our subscribers is circulation manager John Soevig. A junior in insurance and also from 'Tosa (but he doesn't know Stillman), John is blue-eyed and blond. Standing 5' 10" he sits most of the time as he drives his red convertible from his base of operations—Tripp Hall.

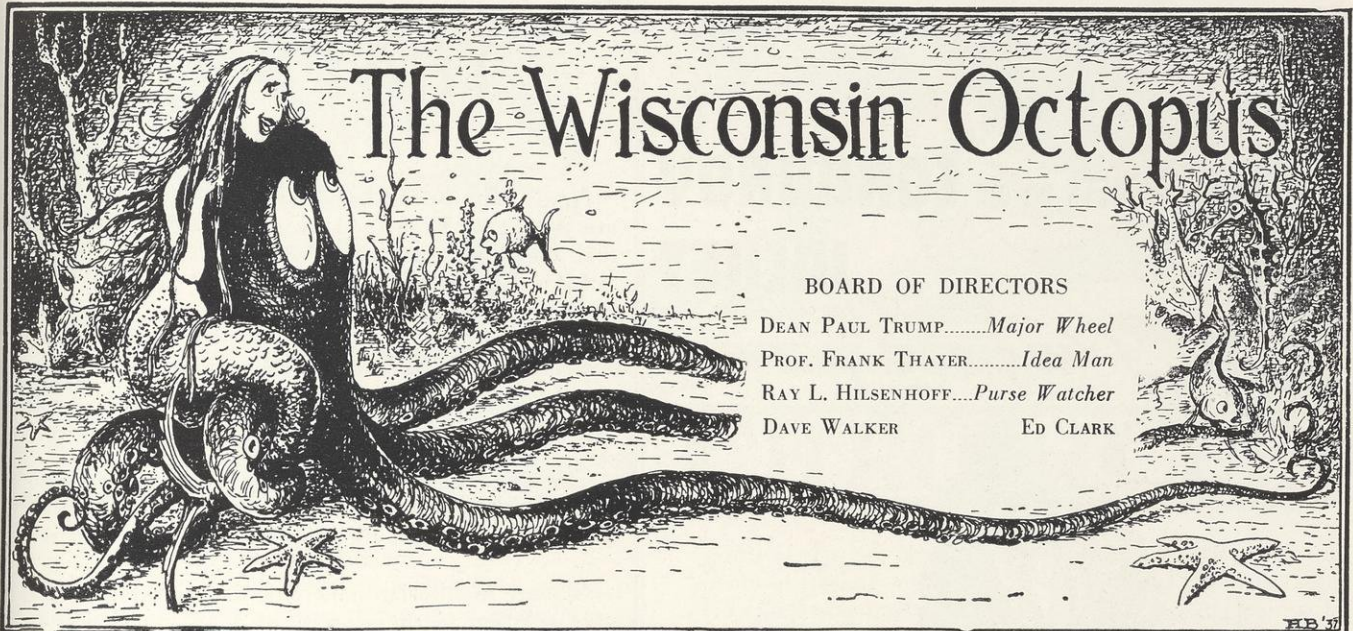
CARY TRAUHLSON

A senior in Education from Milwaukee, Cary Traulson, is our assistant circulation manager. She has brown hair, green eyes, is 5' 8" — and that's all the vital statistics she would give us. Cary is a member of Delta Zeta and Phi Beta (speech) sororities. She plans on teaching after graduation. She has worked on Orientation and Student board committees. She likes tall men with athletic builds. They must be neat dressers. Cary's big ambition: to be an airline hostess.

MARY SHOCKLEY

Our poetess, Mary Shockley, has been writing verse for *Octy* ever since we returned to campus in 1945. A senior in Political Science, she left a happy home and four sisters in Milwaukee when she came to Wisconsin. Mary is a Pi Beta Phi and plays the piano when sure no one is around to listen. Badminton is her favorite sport. She likes ocean swimming too and had plenty of it at Cape Cod last summer. As dramatic counsellor of a girls' camp, she was surrounded by a swarm of 8-year-olds. If present hopes are realized, she'll go to Europe to study this summer. England and Scotland have preference. She likes her coffee black and would rather go to a concert or play than a movie. Being social chairman at 233 Langdon helps to keep Mary busy. On a dance floor she likes rumbas, but slow ones like "Stardust" also have her approval.





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Volume XXVII

FEBRUARY, 1949

Number 6

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

*was drawn by Jerry Erdahl for the March, 1939 issue of Octopus.
 We think it is one of the very best in Octy's thirty-year history.
 Staff Artist Bob Burkert reproduced the cover for this issue.*

ONE,
TWO,
THREE,
FOUR!

PATCH POCKETS on our **CORDUROY JACKET**



\$21⁵⁰

Yes sir, men, they're here! The 4 pocket corduroy coat. Your wardrobe won't be complete without one.

Corduroy slacks to go with them

\$8.95

KARSTENS

ON CAPITOL SQUARE

THAT'S LIFE

By JOE DERMER

Newly admitted students should be advised that they are not to be frightened by any loud, unearthly sounds that they hear east of the University. It will only be Senator Bernard Gettleman bellowing at Editor William Evjue or vice versa.

* * *

General MacArthur has been making rumbling sounds about his need for more troops. It takes quite a number of men nowadays to keep five stars all shined up.

* * *

The new semester is beginning and everyone seems to be all smiles about it. We predict that in exactly six weeks not a trace of the era of good feeling will remain.

* * *

Gloomy Malthusian adherents maintain that war is the only solution to the scarcity of food in relation to the growing world population. This seems to us to be as sensible a slution as cutting off one's hand to remove a wart.

* * *

University requests that students refrain from smoking in campus buildings have been generally ignored. We may be in for a rebuilding program on a vaster scale than anyone imagined.

* * *

Madison restaurateurs, we understand, are planning an innovation. Henceforth, they are going to serve food.

* * *

It is rumored that we can expect the first real post-war car in 1949. Auto manufacturers have apparently run out of scrap tank parts.

* * *

Foreign universities have been most generous in sending us their students. As a reciprocal gesture to show our good will, we suggest that Wisconsin send a boatload of students — composed entirely of the Cardinal staff — to some far-off place.

* * *

President Truman is still plumping for an increase of the minimum wage from 40 cents to 75 cents an hour. We think it is a fine idea. One can starve so much more gracefully on 75 cents an hour.

* * *

We are told that it will take half the national budget to wage the cold war. One would think that we ought to be able to warm it up a bit by spending so much money.

* * *

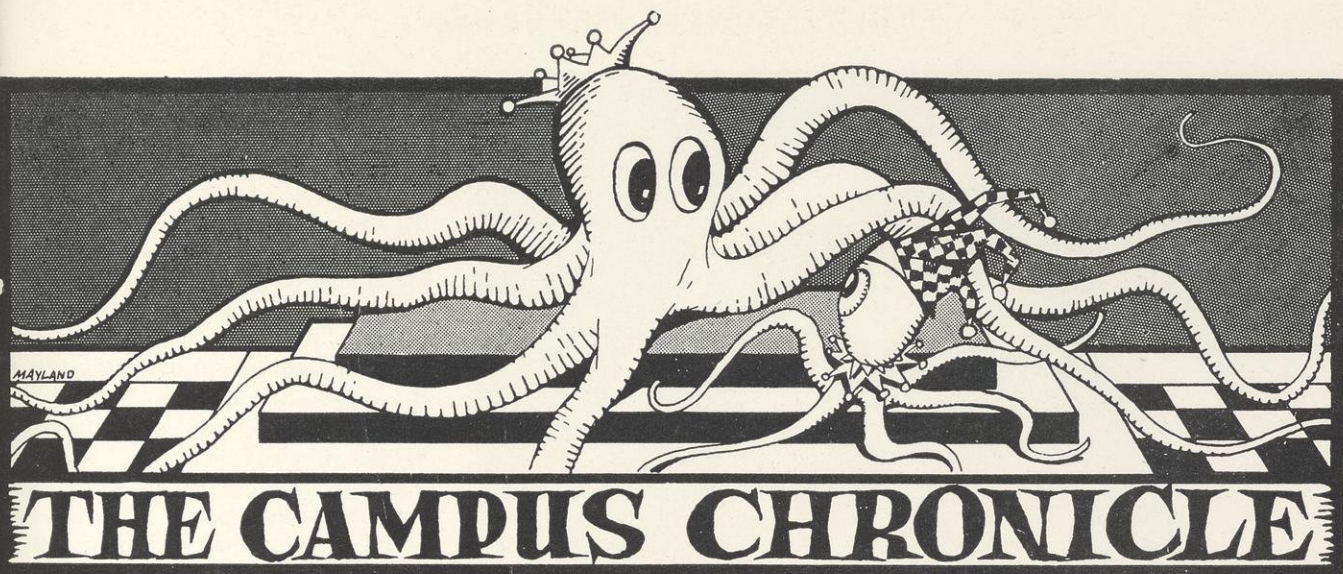
Russian music critics have excoriated composer Sergei Prokofiev for displaying latent bourgeois tendencies in his work. Apparently his music is not first class, but middle class.

* * *

Chiang Kai-shek is reported on his way out as head of the Chinese government. If he stays, the Communists will win. If he goes, they will win anyway. Either way he will lose face—a red face, we presume.

* * *

Sigma Delta Chi, honorary Journalism fraternity, is reported searching for a guest speaker for its annual gridiron banquet. He must be a working journalist and a former member of that fraternity. This narrows down the field considerably.



Deep in a Dream

The decrease in the University budget is a matter of prime interest to every member of this institution. Perhaps it means decreased professional salaries, perhaps increased student fees. Neither is a pleasant offering. Old Eight Legs visions the rueful day when the upper campus will be marked off with barbed wire, and cows will graze peacefully on the greensward. Signs will tell the story: "Do not trespass; the milk from these cows is paying the President's salary."

We can almost see that dark day in 1940 when, for the first time, the halls of Bascom will harbor time-clocks, with a neatly filed card for each professor. Even now, we see a worried-looking professor rushing in, punching his time-card and exclaiming, "Eight-fifteen! Late again; oh dear, what *shall* become of me" We see a wage scale on the bulletin board:

Full Professors	75c per hour
Associate Professors	68c per hour
Assistant Professors	59c per hour
Instructors	45c per hour
Graduate Assistants	25c per hour

Time and one-half for overtime. Full days off, with pay—Christmas, New Years, and Groundhog Day ONLY. For ten years of continuous service, one week vacation with pay, will be allotted. The University guarantees that none of its professors or their families will be buried in Potter's Field.

February 1939

They Still Do It

We nominate the bigwigs of *Cardinal* for presenting the most naive scene of the year. Robert Taylor, managing editor, had written front page flashes (copywrited) for two days in a row exposing all that horrid student labor exploitation—16c an hour, and all that. Suddenly, Taylor burst into Editor Newman's lair and gasped, "Holy man, the average student wage comes out to 33c an hour!"

Newman looked up from behind his desk, reflected, and then cried, "No, my god it *can't* be!"

But it was.

December 1937

Political Thought

Howard MacMurray, former U. S. Congressman, whose popularity as an instructor in the Political Science department has grown tremendously and who may re-enter the Wisconsin political scene, was having a hard time deciding what to do about his over-crowded seminar in

Political Parties and Public Opinion. Twenty-two students filled the room where 15 would have been too large. He asked how many had taken his introductory course in Political Parties. Still, he had not eliminated more than three students from the class. Desperate, he asked: "How many of you are from Wisconsin?" And a voice piped up from the rear: "I'm from the 5th Congressional District!"

February 1946

Irving Berlin Expurgated

The crooner at the Chanticleer, ever conscious of the barking war-dogs, has seen fit to change the lyrics of Irving Berlin's *Alexander's Rag-Time Band*, as too subversive.

You will recall the line about, "He can play a bugle call like you never heard before, so natural that *you want to go to war!*" (Italics ours.)

The Chanticleer has substituted, "He can play a bugle call like you never heard before, ohhh-hoooo, soooo natcherelllllll." We are sending the Chanticleer's name in to World Peaceways and the Nobel Prize Committee.

April 1938

Just Two Old Friends

When Mr. Frank left this university, among a lot of hard feelings all around, one of the last persons who can be considered for his departure is his successor, Mr. Dykstra. But understandably enough, the two gentlemen realized that they had little in common; and—well, what's the use of running into difficult situations?

The social life of a small town like Madison brings everybody together sooner or later. Mr. Dykstra and Mr. Frank found themselves at the same gathering more than once, but they never met. One of their hostesses, however, thought they should.

And they did.

We are privileged to report the entire conversation which occurred on this historic occasion.

"At last," said Mr. Dykstra.

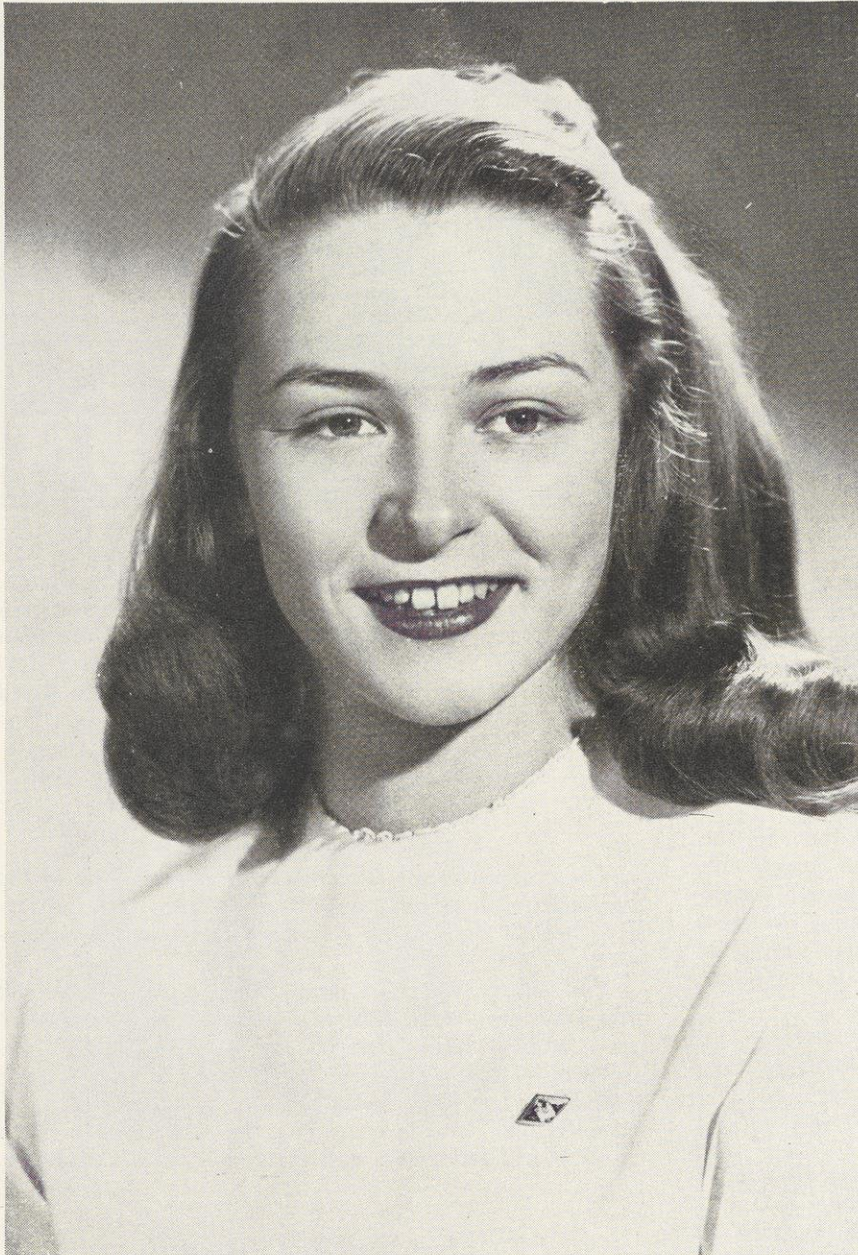
"Finally," said Mr. Frank.

October 1939

The Deathless Art

In Miss White's Shakespeare class the question arose as to how Othello's wife had been able to speak her last dying words after Orthello had smothered her. It was

(continued on page 28)



Chosen by the Octy Staff

Miss Sue Rohn

Newly pinned girl of the month

Presented by L. G. Balfour Co.

303 STATE

Photo by DeLonge

FAIRCHILD 6860

Always a compliment to her beauty . . .

Flowers from

Rentschler's

Serving Wisconsin Students for 51 Years

230 State

5-8885

Jim, Darling

Why, Bill, dear! Why didn't someone tell me you were coming to this party? Oh! Put me down, you silly boy. Mmmmm. Now stop it, Billie Boy. I want to introduce you to my date. Oh, Jim, darling . . .

Jim, I want you to meet Bill. Billie B . . . er, Bill used to be a . . . well, we were quite good friends, weren't we now?

Harry! Now imagine meeting you here at this little party! What a wonderful reunion. Just simply wonderful! Ooof! You're hurting me. But then you always were *so strong*. Now, silly, hug me real nice like you used to up at the Batch. That's better. Oh, by the way I want you to meet my date.

Oh, Jim, darling, I want you to meet Harry. Harry was going to school last year while you were overseas. I want you boys to be real good friends.

Why isn't that Phil over there? Of course it is. Now just excuse me for a wee, wee bit.

Hello, Philsie. Don't you remember your little Jeannie? Now that's better. Why I haven't seen you since that last Hoofer hike. And you haven't even written, naughty boy! Oh, now, Philsie, you always are so funny. Behave yourself for just a moment. You've spilled beer all over my dress. Is that nice? Now, where is Jim?

Oh, Jim, darling, I want you to meet Phil. Why, Jim I think you have been drinking. Now, is that . . .

Who is that? I can't even guess when you keep my eyes covered this way. Tommy! Where have you been hiding? It wouldn't be a party without you. Why haven't you called me? I told you any time, no matter how late. Now please be nice Tommy, Dear. Ooo! Not that nice. Why who is that woman Jim is talking to over there? I wonder if he . . .

Pardon me please. Jerry, what are you doing here? What a marvelous surprise! Now don't you dare whisper a word to anyone about that week-end in . . . Well, you know *what* week-end. I don't know what I would do if mo . . . Why, what is Jim doing with that awful woman? Excuse me, Jerricans.

Why Jim, darling, you haven't forgotten your little date, have you? It's me, Jim dar . . . Why Jim, darling! WHY, JIM!

—PEDRO

Pitched Battle

PRESS DISPATCH, MADRID—Loyalist forces today captured el Arroyo, strategic junction city, from the Insurgent armies, forcing them to retreat across the Valverdes River with great losses. General Francisco Franco was taken prisoner.

PRESS DISPATCH, BILBAO — After a three hour hand-to-hand struggle, the Rebels drove the Loyalists back across the Valverdes River and recaptured el Arroyo, strategic junction city. General Franco predicted a decisive victory in the near future.

* * *

PRESS DISPATCH, MADRID—After a two hour battle, in which the Rebel forces suffered great losses, the Loyalists succeeded in recapturing el Arroyo. General Franco was taken prisoner.

PRESS DISPATCH, BILBAO — Loyalist forces are resorting to propaganda as a substitute for success. El Arroyo is still in the hands of the Insurgents. General Franco has not been captured.

* * *

PRESS DISPATCH, MADRID—The Rebels are a dirty bunch of liars. And General Franco is a greasy little meat-ball. We wouldn't want him anyway.

PRESS DISPATCH, BILBAO — The Loyalists are a dirty bunch of liars, too. And, anyway, we've still got el Arroyo, strategic junction city. Mussolini says so. So does Adolph Hitler.

* * *

PRESS DISPATCH, MADRID — Well, we saw it first, so there. And we've got the deeds to all of the land. Ha ha.

PRESS DISPATCH, BILBAO — Don't quibble. We'll lay you two to one right now we win this damn war. The Insurgent forces today beat the pants off the Loyalists in a 15 mile running fight, chasing them clear across the Valverdes River and scattering them all over hell.

* * *

PRESS DISPATCH, MADRID — Like hell they did! The Loyalists today won the Spanish war, beating up the Rebels like all get out.

PRESS DISPATCH, BILBAO — Well, maybe they did pound hell out of us. So what? Mussolini says we won. So does Adolph Hitler. Ha ha.

—R. P.

March 1938

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Qualified Drivers Dependable Service

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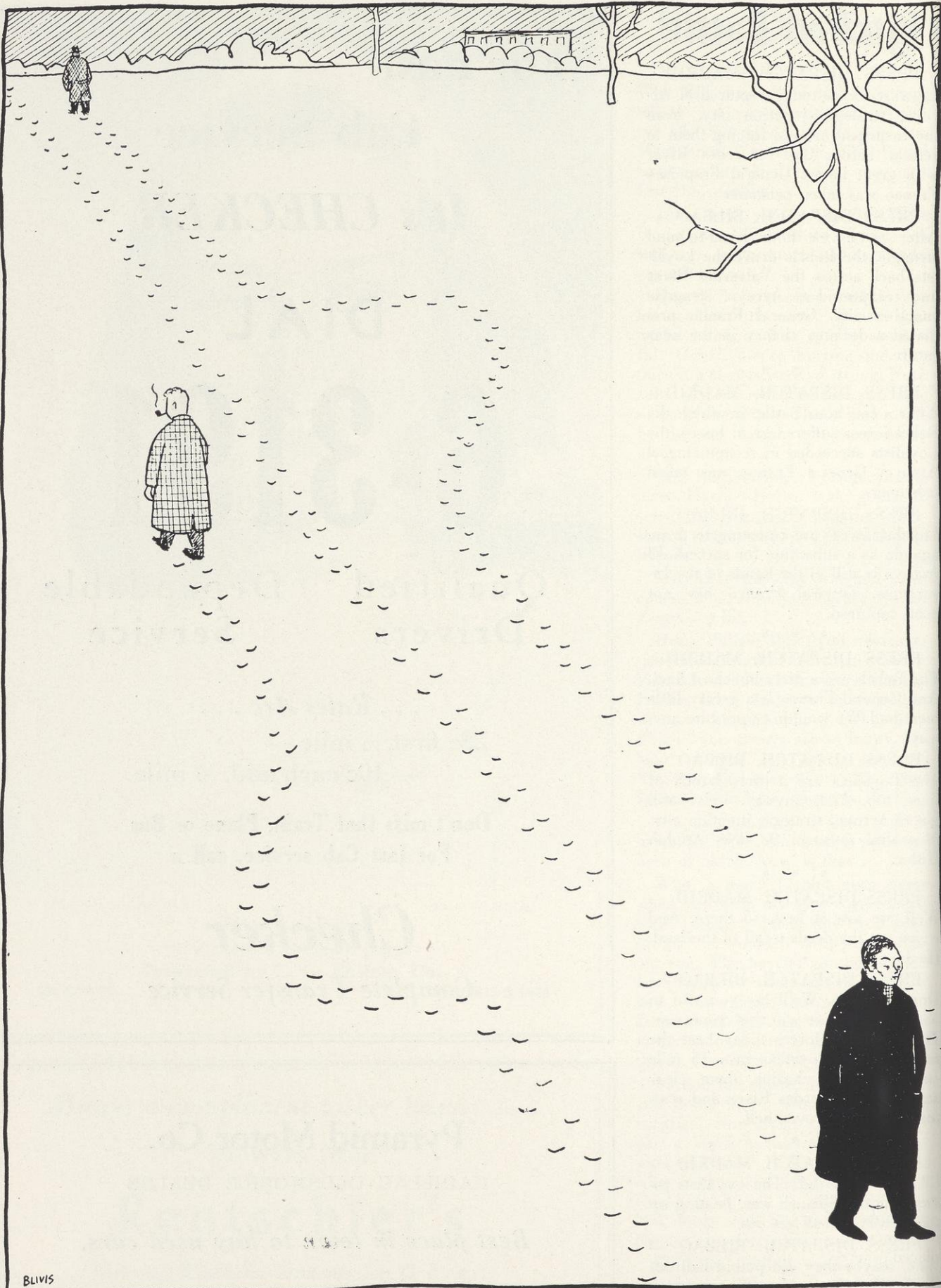
Pyramid Motor Co.

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434 W. Gilman

Badger 200



The editor of the Daily Cardinal takes his morning stroll.

BASIC BASIC

or

Esperanto A la Carte

By JAMES MCGINNIS

Tired? Participles dragging? Afflicted with jumpy gerunds? Then look no further. Below, you will find helpful hints on how to get through almost any foreign language course in the University with four hours of one-point. You, too, can be a linguist and insult your friends without their knowing it.

GERMAN

All nouns have five cases, nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, and bonded.

All verbs have 200 separate forms, none of them very attractive.

All verbs meaning "to spit," do.

Useful phrases: *Ich bin betrunken. Du bist betrunken. Er ist betrunken. Wir sind alle betrunken. Welches Bier!*

FRENCH

Sucking lemons is a great aid to French pronunciation.

Beating one's head against a stone wall is also a great aid to French pronunciation.

Pronouns precede the verbs and leer at them.

Frenchmen leer at Frenchwomen. (Obviously intended for an Anthro course.)

Useful phrases: *Ou est la tete? Ou est ma tante? Ou cares?*

GREEK

There are so many forms to a Greek verb that even the Greeks didn't know them all. Why the hell should you?

All verbs meaning "to touch" take the genitive.

All other verbs take a powder, whenever possible.

Greek words possess breathing marks. Otherwise, the race would have died out long ago.

Useful phrases: *Tauta men epistamai, ekeina d'ou. En arche en bo logos. Coffee and sinkers, Nick.*

LATIN

Latin verbs come at the end, or in the middle, or at the beginning of the sentence.

The rest of the words, if there are any others, belong to a union and are placed where they damn please, even in the next sentence.

Several racy stories have been printed in Latin. Therefore, Latin-English dictionaries are not sold to minors in Wisconsin.

Eight verbs, which are passive with active meanings, take the ablative. They are otherwise useless.

Useful phrases: *Quis erat ill femina quacum te viderim proxima nocte? Cave canem. Occisus sum, cido.*

SPANISH

Spanish is spoken under the illusion that it is a speed contest.

It is a speed contest.

Verbs meaning "to love" are taken with a grain of salt.

Useful phrases: *Yo ha matado la*

madre de mi eseposa. Don Quixote es un schlmiehl, Mabel, salga dela mesa. (South American Spanish) Yo' all.

Having read and mastered the above handy helps, you are now eligible for membership in Sigma Omega Beta, national beekeeping fraternity. The SOB's will welcome you with open hives, and the cry, "Yep roc hreshi!" They are currently being investigated by Governor Rennebohm.

December 1947



Organized At Last . . .

INTOXICATES IDENTIFIED

By KIRK EVANSBY

Editor's Note: A rapidly growing civic organization has mushroomed in our midst. As little has been written of the society, we asked its president to give us a short article explaining its functions. In a later article, Mr. Evansby will write of the society's feminine auxiliary, the WCDU (Women's Chronic Drunks Union).

* * * * *

Sobriety has long been the despair of afflicted men. Lives have been wasted; families broken up; and misery beyond recording has been caused by that condition, once considered incurable. But hope for cure has lately come to all chronic sobers in the form of a new organization, "Intoxicates Identified". This society is composed entirely of men who have themselves slipped from the path of righteous bourbonized living sometime in their life and have been cured by the efforts of well-wishing friends. Now once more back in the jolly atmosphere of the local tavern, they have sworn help to all of their fellow beings caught in the snare of sobriety, men who are victims of that insidious drug coffee and dragged down to the level of common reformers.

Are your sober moments growing more and more frequent? Do you find yourself more and more often waking up in the morning with a clear lucid head and feeling that you must accomplish something? That you must assume some new responsibility? Do you find yourself monotonously going to the office every day, taking orders from your employer, performing tedious tasks? If you do any or all of these things, the chances are that you are falling victim to Sobriety, a dread disease catching men in the full vigor of manhood and wasting their talents, hopes, and dreams in dull routine.

A few cases will serve to show the successful efforts of

Intoxicates Identified in its work to better mankind.

The case of John H.—Gentlemen: Some months ago I met an old college classmate whom I hadn't seen in years. It seems that he had taken the wrong road since his school days and now was the chairman of the local temperance group. What is even worse, he had fallen so low as to attempt to drag others to his level of moral degradation. After greeting me, he suggested a small cup of coffee to celebrate the occasion. That was my great mistake taking the first drink of the stuff. From this one slip, I kept rapidly going down-hill. I found myself staying sober for days in a row; I no longer had the energy to beat the wife and kids; I received a raise in pay and entered the wasteful competition for business success with gusto, getting to the office every day at eight and not leaving until five. Finally, after one monstrous spree in which I didn't draw an inebriated breath for nine solid days, my worried wife (bless her heart) contacted your representative in town and told him about my case. Through his efforts, I was cured but the struggle was hard. Many times I felt the terrible gnawing urge for coffee and it was only by the strongest sort of will power coupled with the splendid influence of your representative that I was able to resist. Now, however, I am once again out of a job with no worries about the boss' opinions, my family gets beaten regularly, and I am writing this letter from a bar room with a double shot of Bourbon in front of me and I have only you to thank for all this.

The case of Cecil B.—Gentlemen: I have regained my self respect and that of my friends, all through the efforts of your wonderful organization. Two years ago I got sober for the first time in my entire lifetime. Naturally, the next day I was ashamed of my actions and spent long hours suffering from a sense of guilt. But evidently the disease had gotten its hold on me and I found myself repeating the action all too often. I would pass my favorite saloon for no reason at all; I started to become a lemonade addict; I would stay sober for days. It wasn't long until my associates noticed the change in me and started avoiding me. My loneliness only added to my craving for sobriety and I went from bad to worse. At one time, near the end of my rope, I even contemplated suicide but fortunately I heard of your organization in time. As soon as your representative heard my story, he hurried to my aid with a full bottle of ten-year-old Scotch. The cure was complete; I haven't drawn a sober breath for ten months now and I owe my salvation to you.

These are two typical cures wrought by Intoxicates Identified. If you find yourself threatened by sobriety, don't give up; call on us for help. Intoxicates Identified is a non-profit organization with the sole purpose of helping other men regain their health and self-respect. There is probably a representative in your own town but if by chance there isn't, write to Intoxicates Identified, Box 000, Madison, Wisconsin.

October 1946

"Allow me to present my wife."
"No, thanks. I already have one."

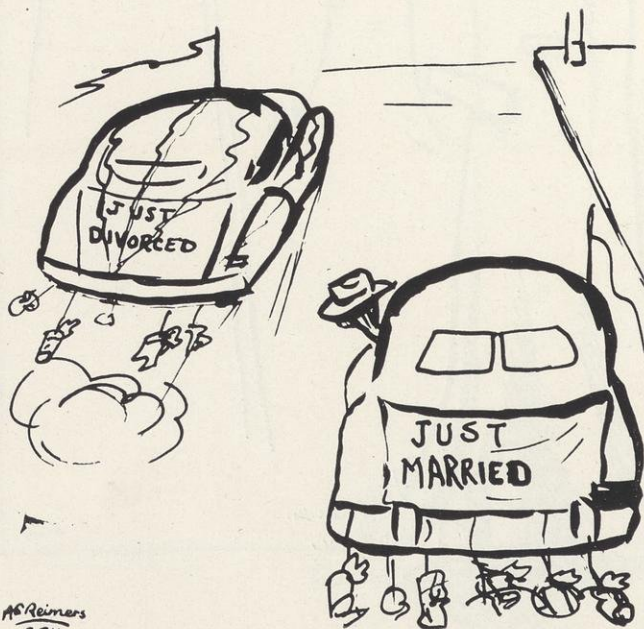
* * *

A stenographer defines a wolf as a modern dry cleaner. He works fast but leaves no ring.

* * *

Mess Sergeant: "You're not eating your fish. What's wrong with it?"

Pvt.: "Long time no sea."



OUR CASE RECORDS

Psychologists cringe when the Black Sheep Case it mentioned. They avoid it. For the Black Sheep Case is the sore spot in the history of psychology. Worse than Freud, even.

Twenty-two years ago, an eminent psychologist, T, performed an experiment to discover how an animal would react to a human environment. T selected for this experiment a chimpanzee. Here is the case as it stands on the records:

Jacko, a chimpanzee, was taken from a zoo at the age of eight months and was adopted into T's family. Gerald, eight months, was taken from an orphanage and was also adopted into T's family. T treated them both as if they were his own sons. Gerald somehow appreciated that, but Jacko didn't. A blush of shame often suffused his face when he was referred to as "Jacko T."

Both boys became fast friends. At the age of 40 weeks, both could pull the plug from the bathtub. T was pleased, for this proved that both

Jacko and Gerald were normal for their age.

At the age of four, both Jacko and Gerald had typhoid.

Gerald and Jacko started school at the age of six. After a week Jacko could recite the alphabet. Gerald could pull the plug from the bathtub. He could also count to two. T was a bit disappointed.

At the age of 10, Jacko could speak five languages fluently. Gerald could point at the plug in the bathtub and say, "Pwitty Pwug!" He could also pull out the plug.

At 11, both took intelligence tests. Gerald flunked. Jacko's I.Q. was 190, the highest rating ever obtained by an ape.

At 13, Jacko graduated from high school with top honors. He pledged a Fraternity at T's request. The Fraternity was happy. The boys wholeheartedly accepted Jacko as one of them.

At 13, Gerald was still pulling

plugs. It showed that Gerald had an active healthy interest in life. At 16, Jacko knew all the ancient classics by heart and had Einstein's theory of relativity down pat. The Fraternity was very proud.

Well, such is the case of Gerald and Jacko, called the Black Sheep Case for obvious reasons. Psychologists all over the world were sore as all hell when T published his results. T was dishonorably discharged from the ranks of psychology.

Today, this case is only mentioned in furtive whispers. To mention it is considered sacrilege. It is the black spot in an otherwise blameless record.

And Gerald and Jacko. Jacko is the youngest president in the history of the Amalgamated Steel Works. Gerald is a WPA ditchdigger. He and T work side by side. Gerald can still pull the plug from the bathtub.

April 1938



"If this doesn't break the record, I quit!"



The Langdon Hall Housemother Who Went Too Far.

December 1939

Hello Venus, This Is Earth

By ED CLARK

Hello, Venusians. This is Lectron Tone, talking to you from Earth! Yes, the great Earth expedition sponsored by the Venus Universography Society and the Venus Broadcasting company, has reached Earth. The scientists are setting up the base in the wilds. Meanwhile I have traveled into an Earth city to give you the first eye-witness account of life on Earth.

Right now I am standing on a street in a city called Madison, the capital city of a political subdivision called Wisconsin. I know you are all interested in the human life which we believed to exist on Earth, so I will tell you about the Earth creatures I see before me.

There are two sexes. Both are dressed, the female much less than the male and in wilder colors. It seems to be a custom for young adult males when they see a well-proportioned female to emit a two-note noise made by pursing their lips and blowing air through them. This noise seems to evoke a pleased response on the face of the female. I shall try to imitate this noise next time a female passes.

The Earth creatures look very much like us, but have smaller heads and smaller eyes. And the Earth creatures have that which we Venusians outgrew thousands of years ago, hair. Hair on Earthians is brown, black, red, and blonde. Females having red hair seem to get more of the two-note noises from the young males than any other color of hair.

The clothes worn by Earthians are heavy and highly uncomfortable. I am wearing a suit now to conceal my identity. Women are dressed in skirts. Men wear trousers which encase separately the two legs. Women seem to enjoy imitating the men's trousers, but all they achieve is a ridiculous caricature of the male attire.

One thing I notice is that almost all the adults seem to have something burning in their mouths. Both males and females are constantly carrying lighted tubes of paper containing dried vegetable matter between their lips. Earth adults can't seem to be comfortable unless they have the smoke going in and out, in and out, all the time.

The Earth creature children do not smoke. Instead they are constantly chewing without swallowing. At frequent intervals the children will blow a bubble-like membrane out of their mouths. This membrane bursts and the material comprising the bubble is drawn back into the mouth for more chewing. Evidently this membrane has something to do with metabolism and growth in the immature Earth child. They undoubtedly outgrow this membrane when they mature. NO! I am wrong. Here comes an adult, a huge, hulking creature wearing a great white ideograph on a red sweater. He is doing the same thing the children are doing. I confess, I don't know what the bursting bubble membrane means.

Bells are ringing now. It must signalize a time division. Now there are young adults on the street. They are carrying things under their arms which look like the ancient books we have pictures of in our museums. These young adults look unhappy. They all are carrying little blue books in their hands. There are little red marks on the blue books.

Many of these young adults convey themselves about

in four-wheeled vehicles. These machines are cream-colored, red, light blue. They have no protecting top above the riders' compartments. These machines are driven by young males with hair cropped to the length of brush bristle. In every vehicle is at least one or two blonde young females. I notice that the young males who are on foot look at these machines with longing desire. Why, I don't know. The machines are obviously inferior to our radio-powered family transporters.

I am now following a group of students into a building. The inside of the building is dark. There is a sour smell. The young adults are sitting in booths. I will sit next to them in another booth. A fat Earthian wearing a dirty white apron approaches. The young adults hold up their hands. They also point to me. I may have to flee for my life.

The fat man is going behind a table that runs from one end of the room to another. Now he is coming back with glasses of yellow fluid. He gives one each to the young Earthians. And he is placing one in front of me. Ah, I see, now. The young Earthians have bought me a refreshment. Now let us see what this tastes like. The young adults look at each other and say "Chug-a-lug" and drink. It must be safe. I'll drink.

What a sour drink. It tastes like the smell in the building. The yellow fluid has white foam on top of it which settles if one doesn't drink right away.

I have not identified the drink. I must drink some more to determine the nature of the substance. It seems to be a wonder drink. The other people in the building seem to be happier now.

There—I have drunk two more bottles of the fluid. Itsh seems to be good now. My head feels light and I cannot stand up. But when I am sitting I feel good. I am afraid that this is all the broadcast today from Earth. I must investigate further this Earth liquid. It's (up), sorry. Itsh vit'ly important to schience. Thish ish Lectron Tone saying "Chug-a-lug."

October 1947

Anthropology Prof. (lecturing): "And the women of the tribe wear nothing."

Student (waking up): "Where is that place, Professor?"

And upon receiving the reply he took the first lecture note in four years.

—Wampus, via Pelican

* * *

Woman winding up fervent W.C.T.U. speech: "And furthermore, I would rather commit adultery than touch a drop of liquor."

Senior in back row: "Who in the hell wouldn't?"

* * *

There was a Scotchman who took his wife, who was about to have a baby, to the country because he had heard of Rural Free Delivery.

* * *

"My dad takes things apart to see why they don't go."

"So what?"

"You'd better go."



harley

"Oh, Pres. Frank, they sent two B flats
and forgot middle C!"



"This issue makes me feel
so old."



W.

The Adventures of

No. 1—Surprise Raid on a Bowl of



"So, forgetting I had the hammer in my hand,
I slapped the late Mr. Jones!"

Randy



Knave's Secret Police

During a Langdon Street House-Party



"Bless you, my boy!"

Entwistle

Dining Out Tonight?



Then come on out to the Cuba Club. You will enjoy our delicious food and excellent service. We are now also serving Sunday noons.

Reservations For Private Parties Invited

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GIFFORD 5072

Octy's Dream Girl • Pat Pelikan

Pat is nineteen years old. She is five feet, two inches tall, has blue eyes and toast-colored blonde hair.

Wauwatosa is her home town; her campus residence is Unit 4, Elizabeth Waters. She is a sophomore, majoring in Art Education.

Last Semester, Pat was one of six girls in the chorus line at the Haresfoot Follies. She is interested in the stage, but she says concentrating on her studies has kept her from participating in campus theatrical activities so far.

What does Pat like to do? "Sports. Almost all sports. Swimming is my favorite." She likes informal parties. (Beer parties? "Yes, they're fun.") She likes slow dance music. Dogs are her favorite pets, but they should be big ones: Great Danes, St. Bernards.

Pat prefers men with a good sense of humor. She doesn't like stuffy "intellectuals" or men who think they are sophisticated.

Octy's interviewer wanted to know about any unusual experiences Pat might have had. She more than satisfied him. She once rode a Ringling Bros. elephant in a circus parade. And one summer she worked in a private mental hospital.

What does she plan to do after graduation? "Teach art, perhaps."

Any secret desires? Travel abroad, particularly to Japan, Pat says.

Oh, yes. Pat is neither engaged nor pinned.

Photo by DeLonge



The Figbottom Plan

By ALDRIC REVELL

Because the university budget has to be reduced \$2,000,000, and because he is grateful for small favors, Quince Figbottom, '00, ate a textbook on statistics, footnotes and all,—and deduced the following plan, whereby, with no offence to anyone, the university can take the \$2,000,000 cut without so much as disturbing a hair.

Figbottom's plan is simple. In fact, it is so simple it had to be translated into English in order that the general public could see it. It was printed in 12 point italic, which costs more than 6 point Roman, but after all, as Figbottom said, when it's a question of millions, one can't stop to count pennies.

The first step saves the university \$575,000, which shows that Figbottom is in no mood to be trifled with. Abolish all 8 o'clocks, the plan asserts. This will save two hours wear and tear on the buildings, since the students won't get up in time to make their 9 o'clocks, anyway.

Now there are 8,000 people who use the buildings daily, declares Figbottom, becoming statistical, including students, professors, mailmen, and pets. By reading the constitution of the Philippines with his left eye, Figbottom computed that each student wears out 2 bags of cement, a keg and a half of nails, a 25 foot board seven feet thick, and 13 flagstones. Statistically, the result will

be something like this:

<i>Depreciation on Building</i>	
\$575,000	
<i>Cost of Materials</i>	
2 bags cement	\$14.27
1½ keg nails	7.72
25 ft. board, 7 ft. thick	11.08
13 flagstones	21.33
Total	\$53.47

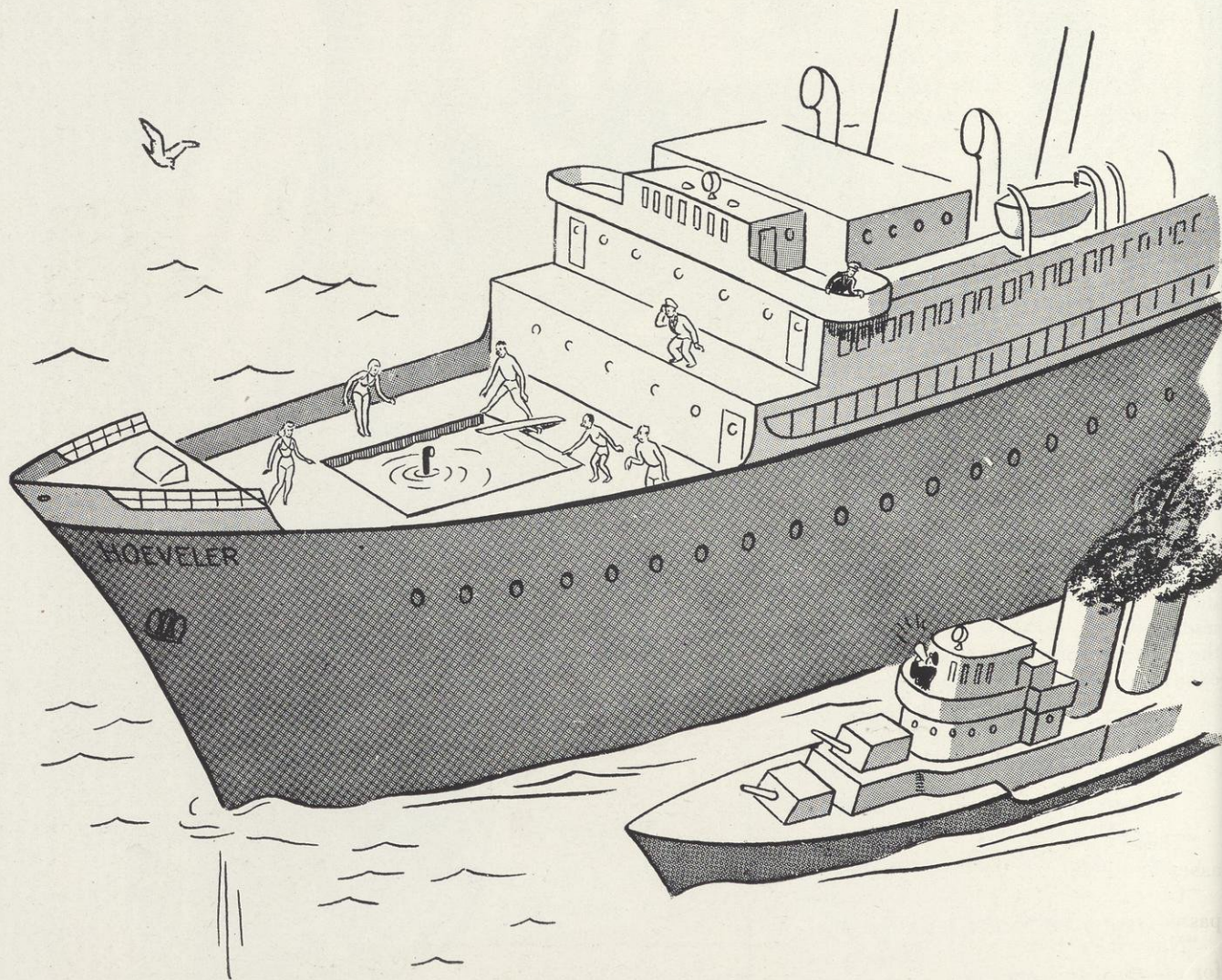
Multiply that total, if you are still interested, by 8,000, and you will get what Figbottom is driving at.

Figbottom's second item is to cut the blue books in half, and make up for lost pages by having twice as many lines on each page. Considering the fact that 80,000 blue books are used at the university, not counting the 13,000 that are taken home to help light the furnace, you will thus have saved enough paper to publish the Chicago Tribune for one month, provided you want to publish the Chicago Tribune for one month.

Paper costs .0003 cents an inch. Multiply half as many pages by 80,000, then add .0003 cents for each inch and you have enough on hand to keep the legislature busy until the Republicans come in.

The third point in this constructive program for the University, is a saving on heat and man power. By having ventilators above the lecture platforms, the heat can be concentrated in those buildings in which lectures are

(continued on page 24)



L'ENVOIE

A Student Returns to Empty Bascom Theatre Late in the Afternoon. From the Platform He Musingly Addresses an Invisible Audience of Fellow Students:

"Less than one score days ago my professors brought forth in this classroom a new exam, conceived in antipathy, and dedicated to the proposition that all students are created geniuses. Then we were engaged in a great mental struggle, testing whether that exam or any other exam so conceived and so dedicated could long be endured.

"I have returned to the great slaughter house of that course. I might dedicate a portion of this room as the final testing place for those who here flunked, that that course might not be called a snap. It is altogether fitting and proper that I should do this. But, in a larger sense, I cannot dedicate, I cannot consecrate, I cannot hallow this classroom. The brave students, passing or flunked, who struggled here have consecrated it far above my power to add or detract.

"The faculty will little note, nor long remember, what we did here, but we can never forget what they did here. It is for those, who passed rather to be dedicated here to the flunking marks which we who struggled here have thus far so nobly maintained.

"It is also for the professors to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before them, that from these dishonored failures they take increased leniency on such tests as the one by which those students gained the last full measure of demotion; that they here highly resolve that those flunks shall not have been flunked in vain; that future exams, under God, shall not exist, and that the marks of such exams, from such exams, and the damned exams themselves shall perish from this campus."

—D. BRIGGS

February 1939

"These are my grandmother's ashes."

"Oh, so the poor old soul has passed on?"

"No. She's just too lazy to look for an ash tray."



*The Esquire Presents:
The Students' Choice—*

Cal Calloway

at the Hammond Organ—
playing nightly at Madison's
newest night spot.

STEAKS — CHICKEN — SEA FOOD

The newly redecorated Esquire Club now has the beautiful Pine Room available for your parties at no extra cost. Fraternity and sorority groups invited.



2615 Sherman Ave.

Fairchild 9759

The Perfume Shop



Photo by DeLonge
presents ROSEMARY SCHNEIDERS and invites Wisconsin co-eds to
come in for a complimentary sachet of "WHITE SATIN."



Model:
Ruey Patch

DeLonge
Photo

*Only at Carmen's
Famous Make
Spring Suits*

\$38

What every co-ed dreams of! A magnificent new spring suit—not \$59.50, not \$49.50— but just \$38! Choose from finest menswear gabardines and worsteds, 10 to 20.

SECOND FLOOR

Carmen's
9 S. PINCKNEY STREET
"On the Square"

Instructions to Rathskeller Waiters . . .

DEAR WAITER:

It has come to my attention that on several occasions things have gone smoothly in the rathskeller this year. This must stop at once. Follow these instructions:

1. Never hear anyone the first time he speaks to you.

2. Always misunderstand his order when he finally does get your attention. Look at him like a white-livered dog if he begs for your attention.

3. If he shouts, say to him, "What the hell ya yelling about? Aw right, you ain't the only one here."

4. When you're not waiting on anyone (and you rarely should be) think of specific insults to fit the individual. Fix your attention on physical imperfections, and use such salutations as, "Well, Schnozzle?" "What's yours, baldy?" or "Whatcha want, four-eyes?"

5. When the crowds come in, busy yourself with such jobs as halving butter, piling up trays, wiping glasses, or giving our special football-tip service to personal friends.

6. A crew of five men should work as follows: two men stare sullenly at the customers, two men criss-cross back and forth, one man wait on customers.

7. You can save time by refusing to give trays to carry food on, or glasses for water.

8. Have nary a kind word for strangers. Cultivate a nasal tone of voice. Sneer.

9. Equal amount of time should be spent in preparing food and making change. Throw change onto the floor.

Bitterly yours,

—THE UNION STAFF

October 1938



"Go out there now and give 'em hell!"

INTO THE NIGHT

Quite a discussion it was. And finally it ended with this—"All right, so what *are* the chances of a third term? In the first place, you've got the tradition against it to buck. That wouldn't be so bad in itself, but things aren't so wonderful anyhow. One thing is sure: it would be a closer fight and a much tougher one. Think of the strain of it! There's the matter of health and age to think of.

"On the other hand, you know, it really would be something—three terms in the White House, twelve solid years. Quite a temptation. You can hardly blame a man for thinking of how it would look in the history books.

"And of course there is the danger that, unless there's a drive for a third term, the Republicans will get in. Then where's your social legislation and everything else? They'd probably smash everything. Can't let that happen.

"You've got to admit, though, that it's been wise keeping nice and Sphinx-like about the whole thing. This is no time to be telling the public what's going to be, one way or the other. Got to worry about dictating the choice of a candidate, if the third term idea is out. I guess we'll just have to wait and see what happens in the primaries. Even then we probably won't know. It's one devil of a problem," said Mr. Roosevelt, slipping off his bedroom shoes and sliding under the sheets.

"Can you reach the light from where you are?" asked Eleanor. "I'm rather tired of this talk. Do you mind, dear?"

—O. A.
April 1940

A sweet young thing breezed into a florist shop, dashed up to an old chap puttering around a plant and inquired, "Have you any passion poppy?"

The old boy looked up in surprise. "Gol ding it!" he exclaimed, "you just wait until I get through prunin' this lily."—*Santayana.*

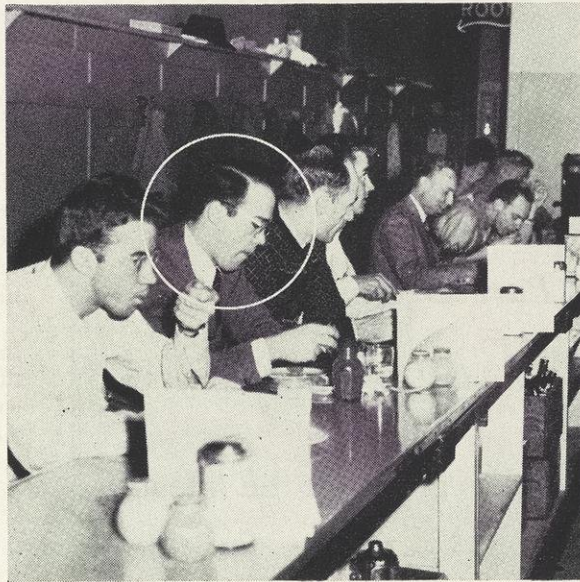
* * *

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

And Chaucer's was classical art.

—*Exchange*

Are You In the Circle?



DeLonge Photo

If it's your face in the circle above,
bring in this ad to us and be our guest
at dinner.

BUD JORDAN'S GRILL

625 State

Hurrah!

We're glad you beat finals again and are still with us.

"The House of Flowers" continues to be the place where your flower order gets the best in personalized service.

For your next flower order come in and see us. Then you'll be sure your flowers will be exactly right for the occasion.

Anderson's

"THE HOUSE OF FLOWERS"

650 State

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College

Seal

Stationery

The Same Quality
As Used In Their
Nationally Known
Open Stock

RANDOM WEAVE
RIPPLE TINT
MAY FAIR

Brown's Book Shop

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... three campus stores

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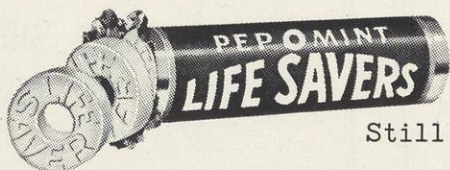
RENNEBOHM
BETTER DRUG STORES

HISTORY REWRITTEN

DAMOCLES AND THE SWORD



Gosh, the suspense is getting me!
Wish I had a Life Saver!



Still only 5¢

FIGBOTTOM PLAN . . .

(continued from page 20)

day, throughout the year, will be saved. In order that the men won't be thrown out into the cold world, however, Figbottom provides for them by having them lecture. This saving is estimated as being well up into the thousands and will impress the budget cutters.

The final plan of Figbottom requires detailed study. The various garden plots around the university are a waste of money with their 10 petal daisies. By growing 9 petal daisies, Figbottom estimates that a saving of 9,000,000 petals can be made a year. These daisies can be grouped in bunches of 15 and sold as buttonieres at a nickel each.

Figbottom also goes into minor details, such as using the president's spats for keeping the animals warm in the agricultural school, having escalators around the campus which will take care of the problem of getting rid of the snow, sealing windows and saving on glass and heat, and many other intricate problems which require a pair of calipers to follow.

Modestly, Figbottom gives this plan to the university to do with as they please. It is hoped that his virile mind will not be disregarded. All he asks as recompense is that he be given another box for his shoes, since he wrote his plan on the last one he had.

February 1933

Tribute

*Oh, place his statue on the hill,
Strike medals to his fame.
Let poetry books his praises fill,
Call buildings by his name!*

*No father of his country, he,
Nor victor in a war.
He gave no slaves their liberty,
These things were done before.*

*Yet o'er all great men, wise and true,
This peerless hero towers;
For he is THE professor who
Observes his office hours!*

—T. KRASEMAN
March 1939

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

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

A co-ed was on a trolley car discussing opera with her girl friend.

"I just love Carmen," she said.

The conductor, who passed by at that moment, blushed a deep red and said, "Try the motorman, miss; I'm married."

Submitted by

Larry Breitkopf,
921 University,
Madison 5, Wis.

He's No Longer A Professor IF . . .

1. He says, "I agree with you," instead of, "I hold with your thesis."

2. He says "nec' es-sar-y," instead of, "ness-ess-ree."

3. He, upon coming into the classroom, doesn't spend the first ten minutes of the lecture moving his desk back an inch.

4. He pronounces an "r" in a word.

5. He comes to class with an uncrumpled collar.

6. He gives more attention to the lecture than to the open door in the back of the room.

7. He spends two weeks on a subject and then actually gives a question on it in the final.

8. He fails to make some bright remark when the word "beer" or "liquor" appears in the course of a lecture.

9. He refrains from smoking in Bascom Hall.

10. He revises his lectures oftener than once in five years.

11. He doesn't take back every statement made during a lecture when questioned on it afterwards.

12. He can be found in his office oftener than one hour a week.

13. He stresses the subject matter of a poem rather than the meter and punctuation.

14. He, upon being confronted with an even ton of contradictory data, admits that he might have been mistaken on a point.

15. He, during the winter months, doesn't spend fifteen minutes putting on and taking off his rubbers, and then another fifteen in telling why his wife makes him wear them.

—R. NASH
October 1948

The church service was proceeding successfully when an attractive young woman, who was seated in the balcony, became so excited that she leaned out too far and fell over the railing. Her dress caught in the chandelier and she was suspended in mid-air. The minister noticed her undignified position and thundered to his congregation: "Any person who turns to look will be stricken stone blind."

A man whispered to his companion: "I'm going to risk one eye."

—Showme

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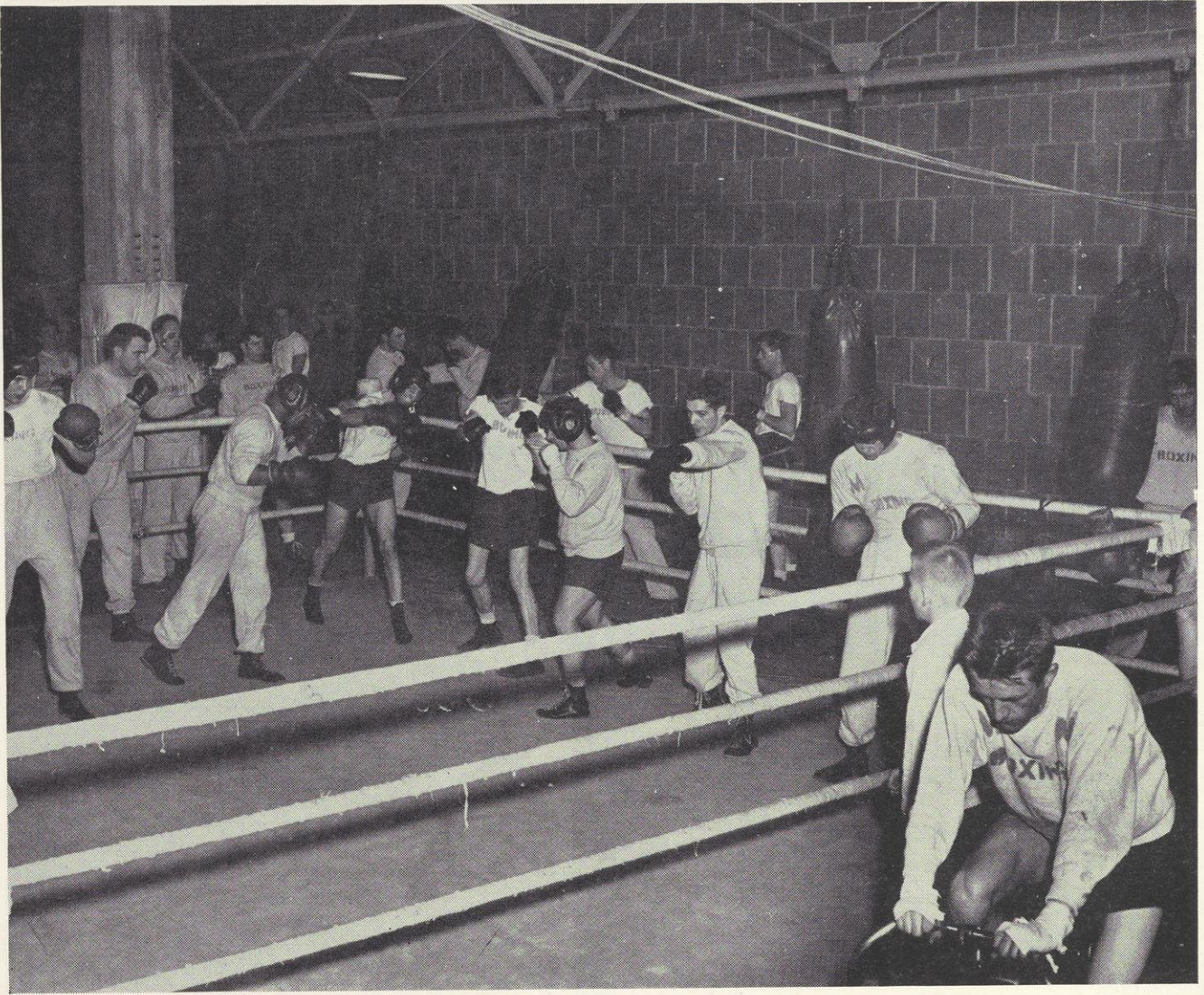


Photo by Bob Memmel

Best Fist Forward

By BOB TEAGUE

Contrary to popular opinion boxing at Wisconsin is not merely a "hit and miss" affair; actually this rough and risky sport is carefully planned and supervised. Arrangements are made for everything from shanghaiing reluctant talent to the disposal of corpses who forgot to duck.

The university mittmen began training November 1. They had to start early if they wanted to get in shape. This simply means losing enough weight to keep out of the heavyweight division, where it is rumored the boxers bite and call nasty names in addition to packing a punch with all the characteristics of sleeping powder—only more sudden.

November practices were held only three nights a week, but beginning December 1, through the rest of the season, the boys on the sock exchange

do business five nights each week.

Over 130 students reported for practice the first day, but the squad grows smaller and smaller as the season progresses, though Coach Johnny Walsh never cuts the squad. Some get lost while doing road work; some receive the "canvas back" treatment and fail to come out of it. Then there are those who suddenly realize that boxing is really a game of "Somebody's bridge is falling down", played for keeps. Thereafter, they get all their punch from bottles and confine their fancy footwork to the dance floor.

Here is how the daily sock-sessions are conducted:

Each afternoon at 3:50 an athletic department truck picks up the team at the armory and transports them to the stadium where the boxing room

is located. By 4:20 p.m. the boys are garbed in their boxing togs and all set to go.

They wear shoes which are about eight inches high. Their T-shirts are stamped "Wisconsin Boxing". Underneath their trunks they wear sturdy metal groin protectors. Rubber mouthpieces, fitted by a dentist, are worn to prevent teeth from chipping on contact with a set of gloved knuckles. Each hand is wound tightly in 10 yards of hand wraps to prevent injury to knuckles contacting teeth. (Why be half safe?) Sponge-filled leather headgears are also standard equipment and enable boxers to absorb punches to the cranium and retain full use of the equipment therein.

The boxing gloves, which are 16-
(continued on page 32)

On Recognizing A CO-ED

By VAN E. BIRKYS

With all this advice being handed out on how to achieve success in college, etc., I believe that a few feats on recognizing co-eds might be in order. It will help to avoid them if you learn to recognize them early. A while ago I read an article telling returned servicemen how to recognize a woman. What the author told the boys might be true out in California but it sure doesn't apply to Wisconsin co-eds. So here goes with a few facts and data.

First a co-ed looks like she was born in the saddle and forgot to take the damn thing off. This is a very important thing to remember when approaching from the rear. Next, she will usually, in an effort to appear more feminine, be wearing men's clothing. The reasoning behind this fact is a little obtuse and too deep for me to go into here. The shirt tails will be out to cover up the reason she shouldn't be wearing men's trousers in the first place. All this aids recognition, as I have said, when approaching from the rear but isn't too helpful from the front. That needs a few other identification marks.

Don't think for a minute that you can look at a Petty drawing and, by comparison, recognize a co-ed. The Wisconsin co-ed just ain't gottem. Or if she has, they're at the laundry just now.

The best point of identification from the front is the mouth. If it's open it's a co-ed. This isn't infallible because sometimes men talk too but it's a strong indication.

Another thing about the mouth. If it's heavily outlined by a two-inch strip of scarlet grease then you can be positive that it's a co-ed. You will often find this scarlet color on their fingernails too. This saves them from cleaning their fingernails.

Besides these items of appearance, they have some behavior characteristics that serve to identify them as co-eds too. If you hear someone bragging in a loud voice of the gallons and gallons of beer they drank last night it's either a very young boy or a co-ed of any age. If you see someone smoking in church or in a crowded theater, that's a co-ed. When you are just about to take a drink from the water fountain and someone bowls you over to get there first, that's a co-ed too.

Co-eds are always in a hurry; they shove to get into class and they shove to get out. They can't possibly wait their turn at the Union cafeteria and you will see them bucking the line every meal. Only the Lord and co-eds know the reason for all this haste and, unfortunately, neither will tell.

If you have met something and after applying all the above data, you still aren't sure whether you have a co-ed on your hands or not, tell a joke, a clean one. If it doesn't get it it's a co-ed. And she'll immediately reply by telling you a shady one that you outgrew when you were eight years old. This will, in her eyes, make her smartly sophisticated.

Editor's note: We had to interrupt Birky's article here as he was beginning to get sarcastic. Opinions expressed above are the sole property of Mr. Birkys and 90 per cent of the males on campus and as such do not reflect the attitude of this publication.

September 1946

A Party, according to Mr. Webster

is "A company or association of persons, as for social enjoyment." What Mr. Webster **didn't** know was the fine "touches" that add so much meaning to a party at . . .

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CAMPUS CHRONICLE . . .

(continued from page 7)

finally decided such a thing was medically possible—Miss White had read some dissertation on it by a retired physician at one time or another.

But it brough up the subject of death in Shakespeare's plays.

"In Elizabethan times," Miss White explained, "one always died with a flourish. Today one is hit by an auto or dies in his sleep. But in Shakespeare's time, one always died as dramatically as possible."

She failed to express the obvious statement that dying is now a dying art.

February 1939

* * *

What Was Wrong With Pi Phis?

Speaking of the Pi Phi house brings to mind the summer's leading building project. Pi Beta Phi announces (without pleasure) the construction of a twelve foot wire fence across the back of its place, closing off the Langdon to Gilman street short-cut that was so popular for years. The truth of the matter is that the alumni did it, and the active chapter is enraged no little. Octy may bid for undying popularity among the girls by starting legal action on the grounds that the path was a public thoroughfare for seven years and therefore must remain one, but first we'll have to settle the problem one of our staff thought up: "Why would anyone want undying popularity in the Pi Phi house?"

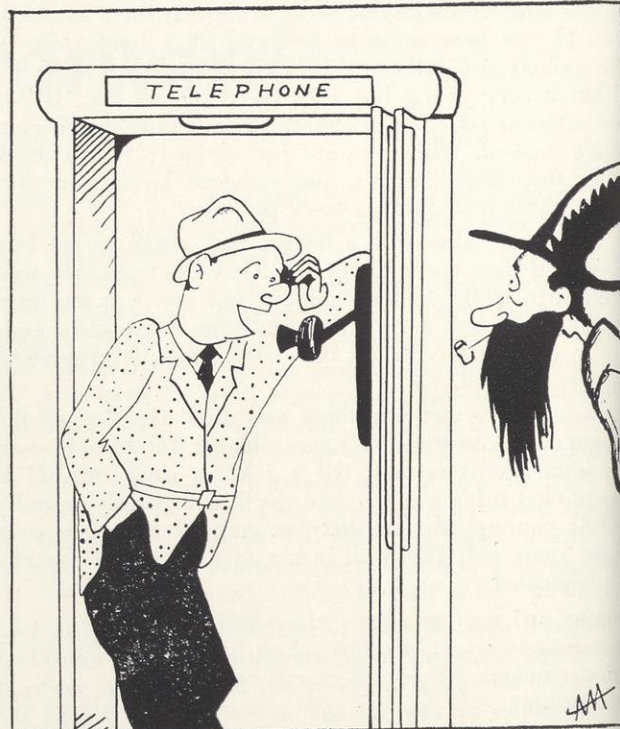
September 1938

* * *

It Hasn't Changed

Mr. Hamilton Beatty, bright young State Street architect who specializes in cinderblock houses for professors, is not one to be fooled by facades. Asked recently for a definition of a slum, he explained, "A slum, on a higher economic level, is the region between Langdon Street and Lake Mendota." Our eyes have been opened.

January 1938



"And my friend looks like he just stepped out of Esquire!"

Broadcasting The Big Fight

Ladies and Gentlemen of the radio audience, we bring to you this afternoon an absolutely unparalleled opportunity to observe, through the eyes of your favorite announcer, Dwight Mellowtone, the greatest all-time spectacle ever to be put on the air for the first time,—a fight to a finish, behind locked gates, of one against five, George Freshman versus Profs. English, German, Chemistry, History and Math. This program comes to you through the courtesy of the Blue Book Publishing Company—when you have nightmares, think of Blue Books. I will now turn the microphone over to Dwight Mellowtone, Himself.—Mr. Mellowtone!

"Good afternoon, Ladies and Gentlemen Well, here we are in the classroom. The air is a bit close in here. They're getting ready for the hot boxing. Nothing but six desks, and a stack of Blue Books, to see as yet. You and I are the only ones who will see what takes place here this afternoon. Woop! What's that? The door is opening! There comes one of the professors! He has something in his hand. It's a gag! No, it's a janitor. He's going to the board. He's erasing the chalk marks. Now he's going out. It's mighty hot in here already, folks. I don't know how George Freshman is going to stand it. Yet he must stand it, or go home, home to disgrace and the sneers of his acquaintances. I hear them coming now. That must be them. Yes! It is!"

"First comes Professor English. He has a near-sighted look and walks with a distinct swing of his moustaches. He has, wait a minute, yes, he has a wicked gleam in his eye, folks. It bodes no good for George Freshman!"

"Think of it, folks, when that boy comes in, they will close the door, lock it, and the battle will be on! And now—just a minute, folks, Mr. Standbye has an announcement for you." . . .

"Thank you, Dwight! Ladies and Gentlemen, this report of the great battle is coming to you through the courtesy of the Blue Book Publishing Co., makers of the world's softest Blue Books. Blot out your mistakes! Use Blue Book Blue Books and your severest teacher will not be able to read what you have written. If he can't read it he can't criticize it. What a break, what a break! Take it away, Dwight!"

"Here we are, again, folks. The professors are deep in thought. Their jaw muscles are working. They are thinking up the hardest questions they can! Now there is a step at the door. It may be George Freshman. The door is opening. The professors are scowling. There he comes. It is, it is! Here comes George Freshman. Boy, or Boy, what a shambles this is going to be!"

"George is pale. His knees are quivering. He hasn't shaved for at least three days. You can almost tell it! He has his hands together. He seems to be praying. He sits down. They're going to begin."

"Wait! There's something the matter. George has his hand up! Two fingers. He's whispering to one of the professors. The professor lets him go. He's out of the door. But he'll be back!"

"While we're waiting, let me describe for you folks the way the room looks, now . . .

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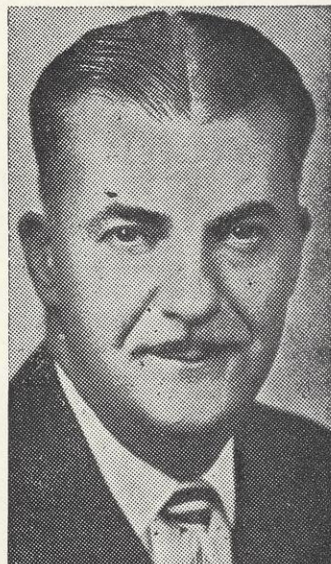
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QUESTIONS

- A** It takes five letters to make THREE,
They're all in Chesterfield, you see.
- B** There are three in the pack which have three in each one;
Which should make about nine; in reality, one.
- C** Think of a word for a biscuit, change a letter and then
You'll have a home for Daniel; but not the lion's den.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
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3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** DANA ANDREWS and C. D. ALLEN talking about Chesterfield.
Mr. A(ndrews) says "They're mild and they taste good."
Mr. A(llen) says "I've been smoking Chesterfield ever since they used
to put them up in a cardboard box."
- B** DANA ANDREWS in "NO MINOR VICES." (The sequence refers to
the number of letters in the three words of the picture title).
- C** Answer: SEMORA. Spelling backward (AROMES) you change E to A
and get fragrant smells (AROMAS).
WINNERS . . . Charles Matka, Dale DeQuaine, Stanley Tucker,
William Benson, Jack Varner, Stanley Grant, Grace Stubnare,
Burt Miller, Betty Alworthy, Tom Peterson.

REPEAL RAVINGS

By RAD

So we're at liberty to drink, eh? We can sleep tight now, eh? We can legally be the land of the spree, eh? And we're going to drink our way back to prosperity, eh?

The saloon will never return, they say. Stay away from them thar swinging doors. Puhleeze, Mr. Hemingway, is my paw in that den of sin? —well, maw sez for you to keep him. Don't shoot, I'll divorce your daughter. What, mother, no gin for breakfast?

We're going to be educated to be temperate, not coerced, eh? Not me, not by a jugful. As a good respectable University of Wisconsin radical, whatever it is, I'm again it. I was against Prohibition, but I'm against Repeal, too.

Compare the B. P. situation here in Madison, with the D. P. one. Way back in the pre-historic days, the stewdents used to "cross the Rubicon," they called it. By that they meant they would go down State Street, starting at Gorham, go round the Square and return, taking a drink at every saloon they passed, some fifteen or twenty of them. Of course they had to try every dive within a block of the circuit. It is reported that one guy who tried drinking beer at all the places was drowned. Another one who tried it floated half the way.

Hell, you can see for yourself that wasn't any fun. No stolen sweets. No women to drink with. No nothing except just straight guzzling.

But since the war, ah, that's a different story, as, the second story man said going up to the third floor. One could "go down to the bush" or to any of a hundred other sub rosa dumps in the vicinity, and there one could prove he was a conscientious objector against Volsteadism, and could safely be bold and defiant. Dancing at some places. Food at some. Private rooms. Roxbury and Sauk City home brew. Lousy gin. Worse Bourbon. But cripes, how we loved it.

And you got a kick out of toting your own. At the Prom. At Homecoming. Poker parties with lime rickies for accompaniment. And over it all a glorious air of sin, scarlet sin, black sin, pink elephants. And now, oh the pity of it, it's wringing tears from my heart—the Demon Rum becomes smug and thrill-less as he becomes legal; what's so pathetic as a bad man gone good?

Think of the bootlegger's children—what will become of them? And the politicians will starve—and the cops—and the reporters. Ah me, a splendid era has come to an end.

During the war, the "best minds" were saying, "We better make the workingman stop drinking. Then he can buy more of our products and we'll make more money. Of course, we can always get what we want, but the hoi polloi, that's different."

Now the "best minds" win again. Taxes being oppressive, they think that, since the workingman is drinking anyway, he might as well pay the government for the privilege, then their own tax burden will be lighter.

The bluenoses and rednoses have counteracted each other—it's been the "best minds" who have held the balance of power.

Proving nothing. Except that I prefer gin, jazz, and janes, to wine, women, and song. And Prohibition to Repeal.

December 1933

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Who
Was true
And faithful to
Another gnu.

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

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

(After due
Thought, he blew . . .
To . . .

A kangaroo)

—Boutwell
March 1948



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open the door."
"He naked, too?"
"Yes."
"Then how did you know he was
the butler?"
"Well, brother, it wasn't the maid."



"What time is it by your bomb?"



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BEST FIST FORWARD . . .

(continued from page 26)

18 ounce mitts, are called "pillows", not because of their slumber-inducing powers, but because of their lack of it. In comparison with the lighter mittens worn by professional pugs, these large gloves cut down the potency of a punch considerably.

The only thing these well-equipped boxers don't have is a training table and the sense to try something less bruising—like chess or football.

And so attired they begin the workout shadow boxing. For two rounds they jab, hook, and evade imaginary opponents. Those surviving the shadow boxing ordeal report to Coach Walsh and assistant coach Vern Woodward who then conduct the daily intra-squad bouts. Unlike other sports, like football in which exercise precedes the main activity, boxing necessarily has the main attraction at the beginning of the training session, before the muscles become too fatigued to sustain the whirlwind pace a boxer must maintain if he wants to climb through the ropes under his own power.

The boys pick opponents at random, and a different opponent every day. It is not unusual to see a heavyweight like Bob Ranck trading punches with national 125-pound champion Steve Gremban. Varsity and frosh work together too. One minute rest periods punctuate the three one and one-half minute round bouts. Nobody tries to hurt anyone, but then dentists don't try either. The idea is to sharpen offensive and defensive weapons for action in intercollegiate ring shows.

After the matches, those still able to stand shadow box before full-length mirrors, perfecting form and finesse in throwing and thwarting punches. Some of the boys prefer to spend this period perusing their profiles and practicing fierce facial expressions to quell better boxers. They call it their version of the "bold look."

Following this, the coaches take the varsity boys aside individually and help them perfect and correct their strong and weak points, respectively. John Lendenski, 165-pounder, is coached on his reverse footwork; Cal Vernon, 175 pounds, gets help in developing his left jab; and Paul Kotrodimos, 130 pounds, is instructed on sequence punching and follow-up boxing.

Next on the program: three rounds

of socking the sandbag suspended from the ceiling. All the boys like this part. All they have to do is jab and jar an opponent weighing about 30 pounds, then duck on the back swing. It does happen that a fellow forgets the ducking part. When the sandbag swings back, that fellow forgets everything else for a while, too.

The sandbag workout is followed by two rounds, about four minutes, on the jumping ropes. There is nothing difficult about this exercise which develops leg muscles. Even little children can do it. But this is a college boxing team, and occasionally someone gets confused and gets wrapped up in his work.

Then the boxers work on the lightweight speed bags. Coordination and timing are developed in this drill. Walsh and Woodward also take turns along with their charges. Both are old hands at the game and attract envious glances as they casually beat out rhythmic staccato symphony in leather.

Since boxing is a fast and intensive sport, Walsh believes practices should be the same. The boys, under Walsh's direction, work fast for about 21 minutes. Then it's all over.

The most gruelling part of the daily workouts, rigorous calisthenics, comes at the very end. Sit-ups, push-ups, and other exercises, leave the boys too tired even to whistle at a pretty girl.

They shower and dress and have their black eyes painted by the senior manager, Ray Hoague, Ag school major from Janesville, who is the busiest man on the squad. Ray assists the coaches with the paper work and the training program and has charge of the team's equipment which includes 80 pairs of regulation boxing gloves, 40 headgears, and a dozen punching bags.

Road work is a regular part of the program too; but it must be scheduled at least five hours before or after the stadium workout to prevent excessive fatigue. Besides, after the afternoon practice bouts some of the fellows aren't in the mood to do any running.

Les Paul, 135-pound sophomore, does his road work at 9 a.m. around the track at Camp Randall. Glen Nording, 155 pounds, goes through his paces around the track in the men's gym annex about the same time. Cal Vernon, 175-pound NCAA

champ, runs inside the field house before noon. Steve Gremban does his trotting after dark at about 10:00 p.m. Each boxer averages about eight miles per week.

A few of the smarter fellows on the squad have come to the conclusion that "this road work is for the birds." They sit out their road work. And so, lacking wind and stamina, they often find themselves sitting on the canvas during scrimmage bouts.

And that's the day by day story.

The lighter weights are the most popular divisions on the squad. This is up to and including the welter-weight division (145 pounds). About seventy per cent of the boys are in these lighter divisions. Only three boys are boxing in the heavyweight class.

One theory about the lack of king-size aspirants is that most of the larger lads in the university realize that when two heavyweights meet in a ring, one may soon become a dead-weight.

The Contenders' Tournament, which was held before the regular season began, is the proving ground for newcomers each year. A fellow who shows a strong right, a quick left and little regard for his own carcass has an excellent chance to make the team via the Tournament.

About 18 boys make up the varsity squad. Team members always have a chance to see some varsity action. The team is rechosen every week on the basis of progress and effort made during the week preceding the intercollegiate matches. And then there is usually a team member wearing handicaps from the week before who is replaced by a "study."

In selecting eight university representatives each Thursday to carry Wisconsin's mitt hopes, Coach Walsh also considers the styles of probable opponents. Some Badgers may be lousy against an orthodox boxer, but may be a world-beater against left-handers. Another boy might find it easier to handle an opponent who operates from a crouch. Still another may be best against a stand-and-punch boy.

Well, that's it, Wisconsin's boxing put up in a nut shell. The setup, conceived and directed by Johnny Walsh, is evidently a good one since Badger battlers during the past few years have compiled one of the most amazing ring records in collegiate boxing. This year they're out to show their opponents another season of the Wisconsin boxing idea.

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