

## **Liff: Wisconsin Octopus parody. Vol. 31, No. 5 April, 1953**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, April, 1953

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WPMRQCZLCIZAP8G>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



# LIFE



WISCONSIN  
OCTOPUS  
PARODY

35 CENTS

APRIL, 1953



# Haresfoot

Now in its **55<sup>th</sup>** year presents

## RED, HOT AND BLUE

*A Musical Comedy Riot!*

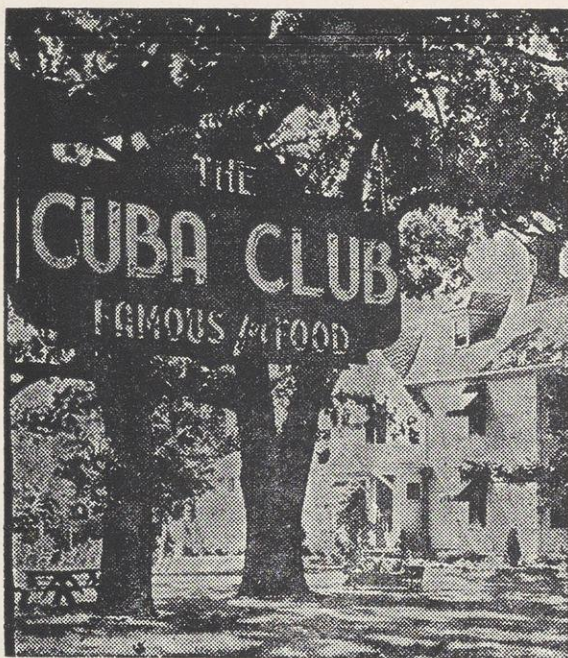
MUSIC AND LYRICS BY COLE PORTER  
CAST OF 35 INCLUDING THE  
FAMOUS HARESFOOT KICK CHORUS

**12 HILARIOUS SCENES**

STARTS IN MADISON WED., APRIL 29  
AND CONTINUES THRU SAT., MAY 2

*Welcome New Students!  
Hello Old Students!*

## THE CUBA CLUB



*Playground of the Big Ten*

3416 University Ave.

Dial 3-3979

**Radio IS OUR Business**  
*NOT A SIDELINE*

- **RECORDERS**  
Tape and Wire
- **RECORD PLAYERS**  
All Three Speeds
- **ATTACHMENTS**  
33 and 45 RPM
- **TELEVISION AND RADIO SETS**  
Large and Small

— Sales and Service —

## EVANS

**Radio Repair Service**

**TWO STORES**

720 UNIVERSITY AVENUE  
Phone 5-7294

4233 W. BELTLINE HYWAY  
Phone 3-2651

## TAKE-HOME PRIZES

FOR THE VACATION WEEK  
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

*beer mugs  
t-shirts  
sweat shirts*

• • • • •

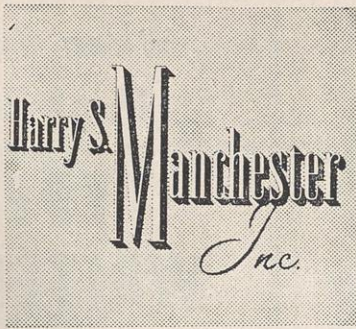
From

## BROWN'S

**BOOK SHOP**

673 STATE STREET





*We've  
Gifts  
to Make  
Mother  
Queen  
of the  
Day*

Mother's Day is the one day of the year set aside to tell her how much you really care. Do it emphatically with a gift from Manchester's.

# *Dixie Land*

*With*

**JOSH SALTER**

and the rhythm rascals  
every sunday  
afternoon, 3-6 p.m.

three hours of  
solid-type  
dixie-type sounds

*at the*

**NEWLY REMODELED**

**CAMPUS INN**

**537 STATE STREET**



**Wagner's** 1313 University  
Call 7-1983

**FOR THE  
MIL BALL**

**Flowers**

*creators of truly distinctive floral corsages*

*for the AWS fashion show . . .*



• • • • •

... AND FOR YOUR VERY OWN FASHION SHOW. LINEN IS THE NEWS, AND IN MODERATE PINK AND WARM WHITE IT CAN BE YOUR BIG STORY. TOP IT WITH THE LONG, LONG BUTTON DOWN BOX-JACKET WITH THE FULL, FULL SLEEVES AND IT'S YOUR BUY-LINE. CUSTOM-FASHIONED FOR YOU ONLY, AND ONLY AT THE REGENT.

• *The*  
•  
• **REGENT**  
•  
• *fine women's apparel*  
• 658 State Street

When You  
Think of  
**TYPE-  
WRITERS**

Think of  
**STEMP'S**  
TYPEWRITER  
COMPANY

528 State Street

exciting new  
spring  
accessories  
and fine  
french perfumes  
for delightful  
accent . . .

!!

VISIT THE  
**PERFUME  
SHOP**

615 state street



# LIFF

VOLUME 31, NO. 5

APRIL ISSUE, 1953

## WISCONSIN OCTOPUS NATIONAL MAGAZINE PARODY

**EXECUTIVE EDITOR**  
Ken Eichenbaum

**BUSINESS MANAGER**  
Kuri Gross

**ASSOCIATE EDITOR**  
Ron Carson

**COPY EDITOR**  
Wayne Arihood

**EXCHANGE EDITOR**  
Gene Hintz

**DREAM GIRL EDITOR**  
Marty Greenberg

**CIRCULATION**  
Gerry Hase

**MAILING**  
Gretchen Bosch

**PHOTO EDITOR**  
Joe Kirkish

**ADVERTISING MGR.**  
Dick Scheuermann

**ART EDITOR**  
Pat Hays

**EDITOR EMERITUS**  
George Ronsholdt

**PROMOTIONS**  
Larry Stein

### SENIOR STAFF

Bill Brisse	Marge Nelson
Helene Hershfield	Diane Kraft
Glo Levy	Sonia Shogren
Len Maletz	Annie Cogan
Jack Steinhilber	Rudy Cherkasky
Felix Trueblood	Tom Lodahl
Bon Weiss	Ellen Padnos
Joan Boesch	Russ Koester
And good old Dick Bierman	

### JUNIOR STAFF

Ted Hasbrook	Gene Zdanko
Linda Pierce	Peter Jaffe
Mike Conway	Chuck Behling
Dan Hartwig	Bob Trautman
Bob Keyes	John Weingandt
Darrell Nelson	Mark Dahlinger
Ralph Knox	Phil Glander
Art Jorgenson	Dean O'Brien
Paula Rubin	Bob Chambers
Barbara George	Richard Evenson
Dick Outland	Lloyd Lueschow

### CONTRIBUTORS

Norman Gainer	Wayne Areehud
Leo Hiede	Thos. Sterno Elliott
Paula Hourswald	Jason Freewell

This time the ninth tentacle, Octy's order for service above and beyond, goes to two fine campus publications . . . the Wisconsin Engineer and Wisconsin Country Mag. Their excellent cooperation with two members of the Octy staff (Gene Hintz and Len Maletz) deserves the grateful thanks of all Octy staff members. In order to reduce the printing costs of Liff, it was necessary for Octy to borrow numerous cuts from these magazines, and their eagerness to assist us in our photo-hunt was really gratifying.

And while we're throwing roses, here goes a whole bouquet for Arlene Raymond, Carol Dohmeyer, Joe Kirkish, Helene Hershfield, and of course, Norm Zaichek (our boy Toulouse). Starting from left to right, thanks go to the lovely bodies belonging to Arlene and Carol which adorn the "Movie" spread. A bunch of petals to Joe who managed to drop his camera three times before the pictures were completed. Helene was responsible for the huge job of copy assignments. And, about Norm, well, he was just great, that's all. Of course, he'll never feel the same when he walks through the Rath any more. We'll bet that they'll be calling him Jose twenty years from now, unless Hollywood snatches him up. Obviously there were many more people connected with Liff "too numerous to mention" like they say, but our heart-felt thanks to all of them for the outstanding job every one of them has performed.

## CONTENTS

<b>COVER</b>	
JOSE ZAICHEK IN MOULIN ROGUE (SEE MOVIE OF THE WEEK, PP 20-23)	
<b>LETTERS</b>	
TO THE EDITORS . . . . .	5
<b>SPEAKING OF PICTURES</b>	
NEW METHOD FOR CONSTRUCTING CIGARS . . . . .	8
<b>THE WEEK'S EVENTS</b>	
GUERRILLAS STAGE HAIRY REVOLT . . . . .	10
KUMMERS IS FINALLY SENT UP THE RIVER . . . . .	13
DREAM GIRL IS CHOSEN BY HUMOR MAGAZINE . . . . .	15
<b>CLOSE-UP</b>	
BETTER MOUSE TRAP CLEANS UP ON MARKET . . . . .	16
<b>EDUCATION</b>	
SHINOUK CHARMS HIS STUDENTS FOR A FEE . . . . .	18
<b>MOVIE OF THE WEEK</b>	
MOULIN ROGUE IS COLOSSAL FLOP . . . . .	20
<b>TRAVEL</b>	
LIFF GOES TO HELLSINKI AND WATCHES GREAT DANES . . . . .	23
<b>THEATER</b>	
MAGICAL HORSE HAS TRICKS UP ITS HOOF . . . . .	25
<b>LIFF GOES TO A PARTY</b>	
STUDENTS GO FRENCH AND HEADS ROLL . . . . .	27
<b>EDITORIALS</b>	
AMERICAN TRADITIONS IN DANGER	
RUSSIANS INVENT DOG	
<b>PICTURE OF THE WEEK</b>	
NEWEST PRODUCTIONS OF THE FOETAL FACTORY . . . . .	31
<b>FASHION</b>	
NO SLUMP IN SWEATER SALES . . . . .	33
<b>WAR MEMOIRS</b>	
USED IN PLACE OF PAID ADS . . . . .	35
<b>SCIENCE</b>	
JAZZY JUICE JETTISONS JALOPY . . . . .	36
<b>OTHER DEPARTMENTS</b>	
CONVENTIONITES HAVE BIG BRAWL	39
MISCELLANY: LIFF'S OWN PROMOTIONAL CAMPAIGN . . . . .	40

Copyright 1953 by THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, INCORPORATED, 770 Langdon Street, Madison 6, Wisconsin. THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS is the officially authorized humor magazine of the University of Wisconsin: Published monthly except January, June, July, and August. Reprint rights granted to college humor magazines if credit is given.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: \$1.80 (subject to change without notice) per year in the United States or abroad (The Virgin Islands excepted). Single copies and available back numbers mailed to you at 35c. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Madison, Wisconsin.



**HA!** I said  
when they told  
me I had bad  
breath

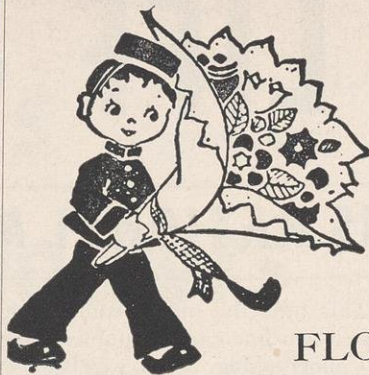


I laughed right in their faces when they told me my breath smelled like a men's locker room. It wasn't till I lost the Smith account that I knew something had to be done. Smith died of asphyxiation. I started taking Chloropills and now am an extremely rich but clean-smelling capitalist. It's saved my reputation and my wife. And Chloropills don't stop with just your breath. They go on to combat ALL the smells your body generates. Why go on offending your dear ones when you can be pure as an ocean breeze . . . instead of just a breeze.

**GET RID OF THAT  
ALL-OVER SMELL**

**CLOR-O-PILLS**

*9 Out of 10 Morticians  
Use It on Their Bodies*



artistry  
in flowers

**Surprise Her Tonight**

with something from  
Madison's most beautiful store

**Flagstad**

**FLORAL AND GIFT SHOP**

601 STATE ST.

DIAL 5-3693

**Spaghetti**

NONE FINER SERVED IN MADISON  
ITALIAN AND AMERICAN DISHES

plus...  
YOUR FAVORITE  
BEVERAGE!

736 WEST  
WASHINGTON

**TONYS**

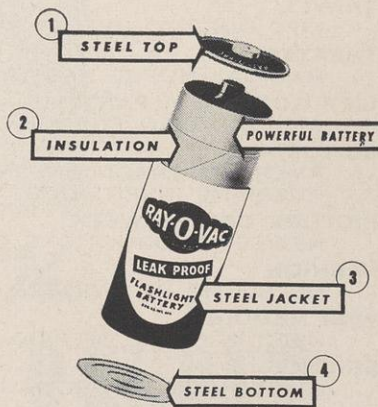
**BUY**



**LEAK PROOF**

**FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES**

*THEY'RE SEALED - IN - STEEL*



● **GUARANTEED  
FLASHLIGHT  
PROTECTION**

● **STAY FRESH  
FOR YEARS**

**RAY-O-VAC CO.**

MADISON 10, WISCONSIN



# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## HEALTHIER SHOES

Sirs:

I didn't appreciate in the least, your article, "Healthier Shoes Make Healthier Feet Which in Turn Will Last," (LIFF, Nov. 13, 1942) Any-one knows that leather shoes are not good for one. They shrivel the feet when they get wet and constrict. Let's bring back the good old days when a shoe was a solid rugged work of art.

Yours for the wooden shoe era,

HANS BRINKER

Little Holland, Wisconsin

Sirs:

I think everything is marvy. Even your magazine.

LULU HASSENPLLOTZ

28 Rosey Hue Terrace

Dear Snookums:

Is you my itsy bitsy smootchy woo-kins? I'm your lolypopsie lambikins and I love you with a passion. Meet me at the trysting place peachie-pie and we'll . . . go home to your house plumbie-wumbie.

Love and Smootch,

LAMBIKINS

28 Rosy Hue Terrace

Dear Sirs:

Youse guys is terrific. Everybody says I'm a pretty dum kid but believe you me, I knows a good thing when I sees it. Here's a blank check from me to youse so's youse can fill it out on account of I'm buying out dis rag.

SYNDICATED OPERATORS, INC.  
YOUR NEXT BOSS

Chi Town

OZARK COED

Sirs:

The artikal, "Coed from the Ozarks," is definitely not a true pikcher of the stoodents of Merea college for Backward Children.

To begin with, we are definitely not . . . fashion leaders, but we do resent your comment that, "Merea stoodents . . . dress up." We have soshul dances on wed and sat., and we usually . . . go to these things barefooted and with overalls and gingham shorts.

A. JERKE (and 278 others)

Merea College

Merea, Mo.

MAMIE

Sirs:

Your recent article about Mamie Eichenhooer was wonderful, terrific, and brought out the features of the

First Lady as no one has ever done before, because they don't have the knowledge, know-how, and ability that your competent staff of informed photographers who know what they are doing do. I only wish that your wonderful staff of photographers would someday do a series on myself so that my husband might someday get somewhere in politics too.

MRS. BOBBY TAFT

Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

Mamie article . . . terrific . . . fabulous. I feel I know her better than ever before.

IKE

White House

Sirs:

Who likes bangs? I think they are . . . and lousey . . . too. Why don't you people . . . cancel my . . . subscription.

VERONICA LEAK

Hollywood

Sirs:

I think that Mamie article was simply marvelous, although your photographer might have done much better by taking me in a three-quarter profile. My nose is bewitching under the shadow of my bangs.

MAMIE

Washington

Sirs:

Mamie? . . . Bangs? . . . Hair? . . . ? . . . ! . . . ! Phoo!

TONY PERMANENT

New York

LEGS—PRO AND CON

Sirs:

As a member of WABLLNM, Inc. (Women's Association for Better and Less Legs in National Magazines), I would like to protest your showing of the ankle of Fifi LeDor-say in your article, "Strippers Are Here to Stay." It was absolutely immoral. Why you almost showed her ankle on page 31.

MISS ALICE PRUDE

Boston, Miss.

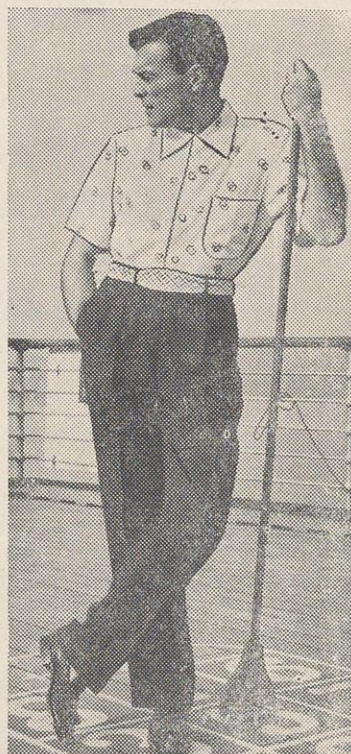
Sirs:

I want to write for my group, the WKSON, (Women for Keeping Sex off our News-stands). Your last issue contained a story about strip-pers and it was absolutely immoral

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

## Play Shuffleboard At Home

FULL INSTRUCTIONS FOR RIP-  
PING OUT WALLS INCLUDED  
WITH AMAZING OFFER



It's New!

It's Terrific!

No longer need you envy the rich slobs what play shuffleboard on those big steamers. Now YOU can have a whole outfit right in your own home . . . in the kitchen, living room, and/or dining room. All it takes is a little ingenuity in re-arranging furniture and walls and about five or six hundred bucks. Don't let another day go by without enjoying this fascinating game. Better than television, and much more intellectual. Write now and avoid the shuffle.

WRITE TO:

**SHERVISHER'SH  
SHUFFLEBOARD  
PALASH**

10 LANGDON ST.  
MADISON, WISCONSIN



# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

the way you had the nerve to show a woman's calf on page 32. Why you almost showed her knee.

MISS AGATHA HOPELESS  
Walt-ham, Mass.

Sirs:

I am a college girl and after reading your last story about strippers, I was shocked to see how you almost showed a certain Fifi LeDorsay's knee on page 33. Why, you almost showed her thigh.

MRS. FANNY FOUL  
Madison, Wisconsin

Sirs:

Fifi LeDorsay . . . Wow . . . page 36!

PVT. A. WOLF  
Ft. Meade, Md.

**BABY BRAWL**

Sirs:

On behalf of my kindergarten class, I would like to thank you for your splendid article on our party, "LIFF Goes to a Baby Brawl," Feb. 2, 1953. However, we would like to reprimand you for falsely identifying the drunken oaf in the picture on page 88 as Master Robert Simp. It was our teacher.

MISS JANIE JONES (age 5½)  
Kenosha, Illinois

Sirs:

I would like to know if the Oatmeal Swordfish Steak Supreme in the story about the Baby Brawl was the same as that served by my great grandmother.

ISAAC FIGNEWTON

• YES—Ed.

Sirs:

I would like Miss Trotsky's recipe for Oatmeal Swordfish Steak Supreme.

DRUNKEN HEINZ

• THE RECIPE—Take two and one-half swordfish. Cut them into steaks. Roll them in oatmeal that has fermented for at least five years. Pat gently with the largest toe on the left foot and roast in a hot oven for 38½ hours. Serves none.—Ed.

**COME-ON FOR BIG FAMILIES**

Sirs:

Your article, "A Come-on for Big Families," (LIFF, Feb. 2) was a real morals booster. I have just given birth to our fifteenth child. My husband, who I've been married to for ten years, says that I should stop, because he can't afford to feed so

CONTINUED

many mouths. My neighbor says I got holes in my head. But I don't think so.

SENSUELA ZDUZEE  
Fertyle, Ohio

Sirs:

In eight years we had fourteen children (or is it the other way around?) We don't consider them a burden in any way. We have time for fun.

MISS R.D.H.  
Saliquanto Falls, Tenn.

Sirs:

Your article was more than I could stand. I got only two children and am a nervous drudge at 19. I took a hot bath and went to bed with a lump in my throat.

JANIE JONES  
Neurotica, New York

**SNAKES ARE HERE TO STAY**

Sirs:

Your recent article, "Snakes Are Here to Stay," sent chills up and down my spine. I went to bed at night and dreamt I was Eve in the garden of Eden and snakes were all around tempting me into sin. I am so shocked at my behavior in the dream that I am cancelling my subscription at once.

EVE ADAMS  
Eden, Iowa

Sirs:

. . . wiggly, slimey, loathesome . . . out of my dreams . . .

ALBERT ALCOHOLIC

Lost Weekend, New York

Sirs:

very good, but I think that you made a mistake when you identified the Aspis as the Cobra de Capillo. Please be more accurate next time.

PROFESSOR W. KNESSZ  
University of Wisconsin  
Madison, Wisconsin

Sirs:

Wonderful. I could just feel that lovely Aspis coiling itself around my wife's beautiful throat. Is this snake poisonous and where could I get a half-dozen.

I. M. BLACKBEARD  
Bigamy, Texas

• They are poisonous and may be gotten at any of your friendly Kroquer Stores, conveniently located in your community.—Ed.

Dear Sirs:

Allow me to commend you on your parody of Life magazine for this issue of which we received an advance copy. The articles were clever, the style format was perfectly mimicked, and, in general, you may consider your efforts a success.

Therefore, on behalf of the Board of Directors of Life Magazine, we are suing you for \$50,000.

Sincerely yours,  
TELEPHONE BOOTH LOOSE  
New York

**INVESTIGATIONS**

Sirs:

I am getting extremely revolted by your excessive articles on Senator Joseph R. MacBogey and his Senate Investigations Committee. What do we, the common people, care about Communists, corruption, and graft. We, true, blue American people that we are, are satisfied to pay our taxes and continue our struggle for life. Why worry about the Communists, after all, the downfall of the democratic system is inevitable, why fight it.

EARL CHOWDER  
Pinkyhue, New York

Sirs:

Please give us more and more articles on Senator MacBogey and his Investigations committee. I think the Senator is doing a simply marvy job. He's doing such a terrific job and all us girls think he's so simply handsome. He looks so really rugged with his beard and all, I don't know how anybody could help but vote for him. I think he's simply marvy, I mean really.

TANTURELLA ZDUZEE  
Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

Your last article on Senator MacBogey (March 16, 1953) was absolutely disgusting. If I see one more article on him I'll go insane. Every time I see his ugly unshaven puss I could shoot myself. Print one more article on him and I'll cancel my subscription, memoirs, and all.

HARRY  
Independence, Missouri

• Dear Harry, you will find two pages missing from this issue of Liff. It was just an accident. We are enclosing one mill to reimburse you.—Ed.

Sirs:

Just a note to thank you for your terrific articles on that dauntless, valiant, fighting Senator from Wisconsin. Keep up the good work, we're all behind you.

JOSEPH R. MacBOGEY  
Washington, D. C.



*Home of that wonderful filet mignon —*

For the best food in town  
at the  
most reasonable prices  
it's

## LESKE'S STEAK HOUSE

•

PRIVATE ROOMS FOR  
PRIVATE PARTIES

•

For Reservations Call

**4-6853**

or come to

**2827 Atwood Ave.**

OPEN 11 A.M. TO MIDNIGHT

## VACATION?

*Don't be without a good book  
to help you enjoy the week!  
Choose from a wide selection  
of fiction, technical, and non-  
fiction*

FROM YOUR

*University*

# CO-OP

TWO GREAT STORES TO SERVE YOU

CORNER OF  
STATE & LAKE  
STREETS

AND 1325  
UNIVERSITY  
AVENUE

## BADGER TAVERN

**1407**

UNIVERSITY AVENUE

Across from the Nurses' Dormitory

## NOW

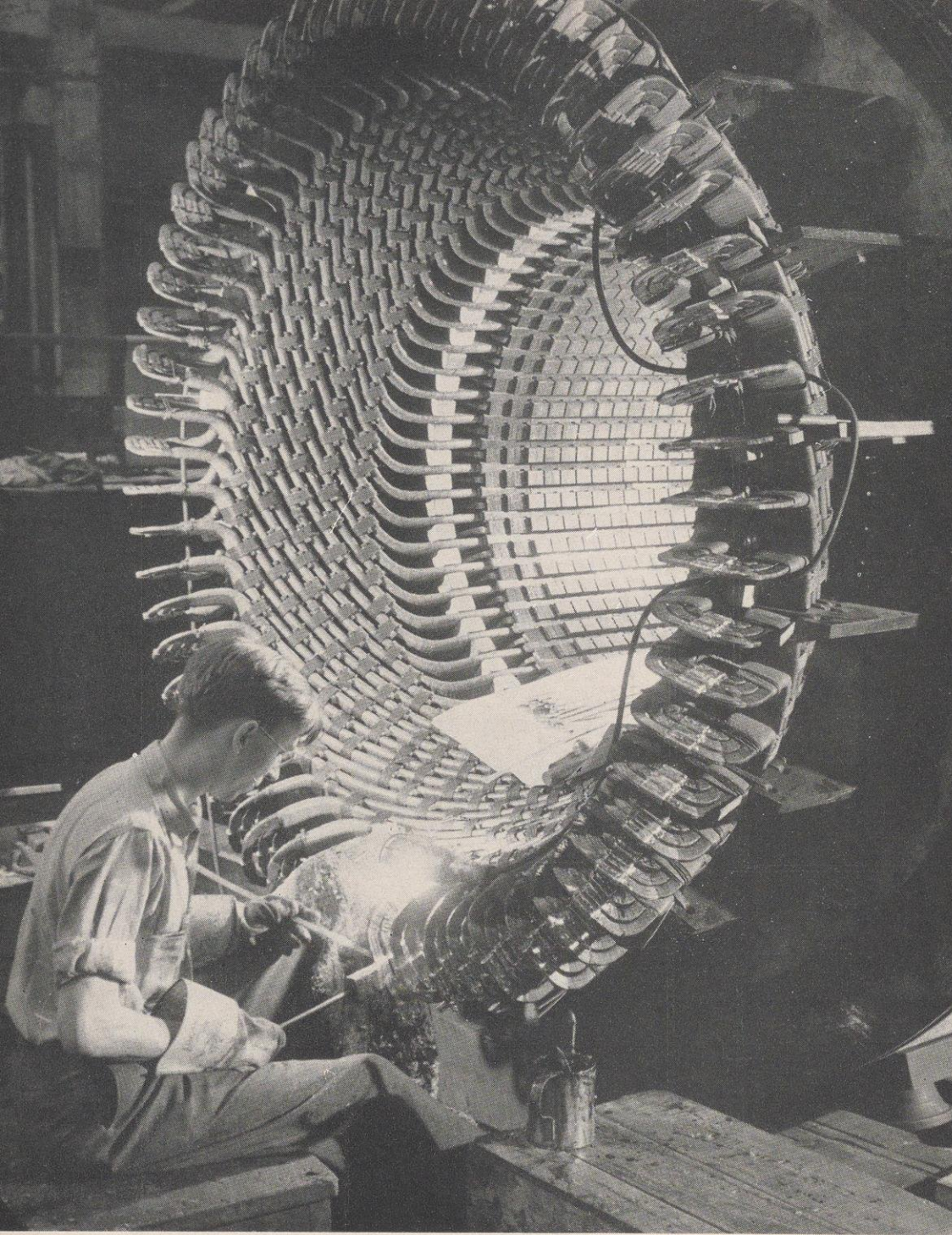


*you can go  
in swimming  
anytime . . .*

with a  
**JONES MAN**

*Jones House, Kronshage Unit*





## SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

Tyrone "Smoke Gets In My Eyes" Cigaranski-Duzdik, Liff photographer, came up with this unusual set of photographs while on a tour of his father (Buck "Bet A Million" Cigaranski-Duzdik's) Raleigh, S.C. tobacco company.

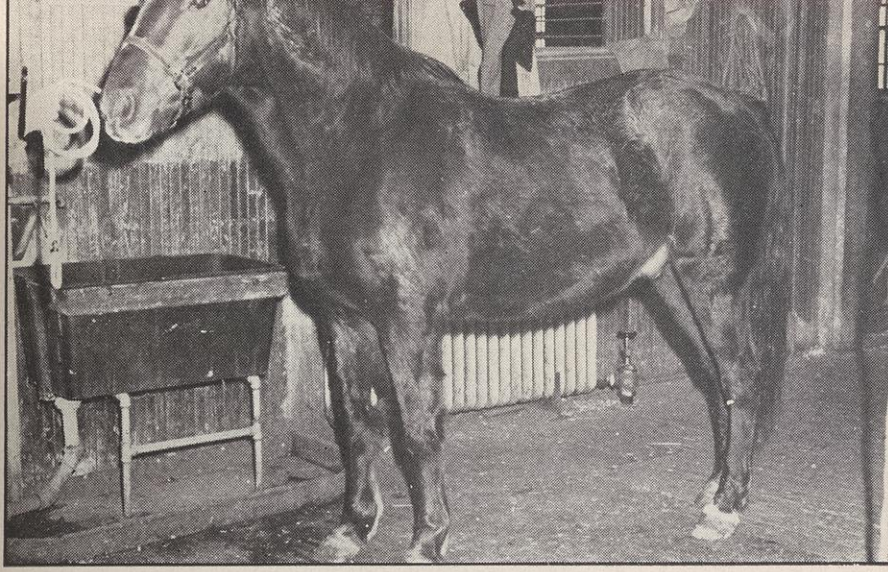
Pictured above is the first photo of the world's newest cigar maker, named the "Buck "Bet A Million" Cigaranski-Duzdik Cigar Maker." This machine will enable the Cigaranski-Duzdik Tobacco Company to produce the world's largest cigars. Seven feet thick and 20 feet long, this cigar, named the "Buck

'Bet A Million' Cigaranski-Duzdik Jumbo-size Cigar" puts the Cigaranski-Duzdik Tobacco Company ahead of all other competitors in the super cigar field. "Think of the money you'll save by buying this great-type, colossal, economical cigar," says "Bet A Million." "We're also giving away a free new-type saw with every sale. I'll bet a million the people will eat this up."

Our photographer, wearing a suit manufactured by the Buck "Bet A Million" Cigaranski-Duzdik Asbestos Manufacturing Co. because of the tremendous heat emanating from the machine's nozzle, was the first person able to get an action shot of this new revolution in the cigar-making industry.





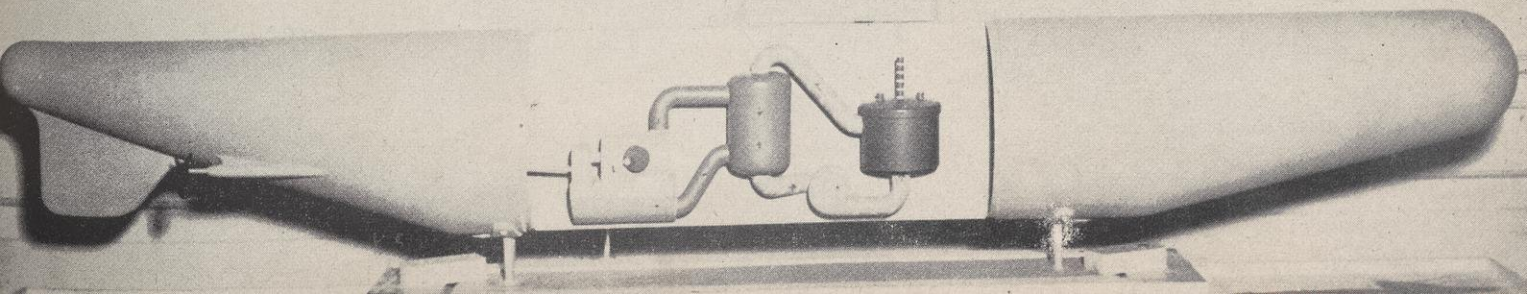


**CIGARANSKI-DUZDIK.** "Bet A Million's" favorite horse, was given the honor of hauling the prize tobaccos that went into the making of the first Jumbo-size cigar. She is shown posing in front of one of "Bet A Million's" prize possessions, a sign that he usually keeps posted on the door of his house. Cigaranski-Duzdik was retired after her mighty effort.



**"BET A MILLION'S"** family is shown posing at a party in honor of the first Buck "Bet A Million" Cigaranski-Duzdik Cigar Maker. The seven boys and five girls comprise the biggest family in the tobacco industry. "I'm proud of my kids, they all smoke cigars," said the proud father.

**PICTURED BELOW** is one of the new Jumbo-size cigars which will undoubtedly revolutionize the cigar-making industry. The cut-away section shows the new "Buck "Bet A Million" Cigaranski-Duzdik Filter" which is guaranteed to eject all smoke and allows the smoker to get nothing but the finest, highest grade, Cigaranski-Duzdik air. The fin at the mouth end of the cigar is for easier smoking. It fits inside the lower lip so that the cigar will not fall from the smoker's mouth when his jaw starts to sag.





# LIFF

VOL. 94, NO. 94

APRIL, 1953

**FASTENING** his G-string, Captain Eddie Rackensacker dashes slowly for his jet plane previously used to instruct Air R.O.T.C. Cadets. Look of grim determination was caught only after eight or nine pictures were taken by faithful Liff photographer, Kornell Pappa. This was Rackensacker's fourteenth mission over Bascom, but raids on Liz Waters stronghold were still continuing—Lucky number (754) helped very little. Rackensacker is listed missing in action by the Student Activities Office.





# Guerrillas Stage Hairy Revolt

## Thousands of invading Persian Trifles Ape their Greek predecessors

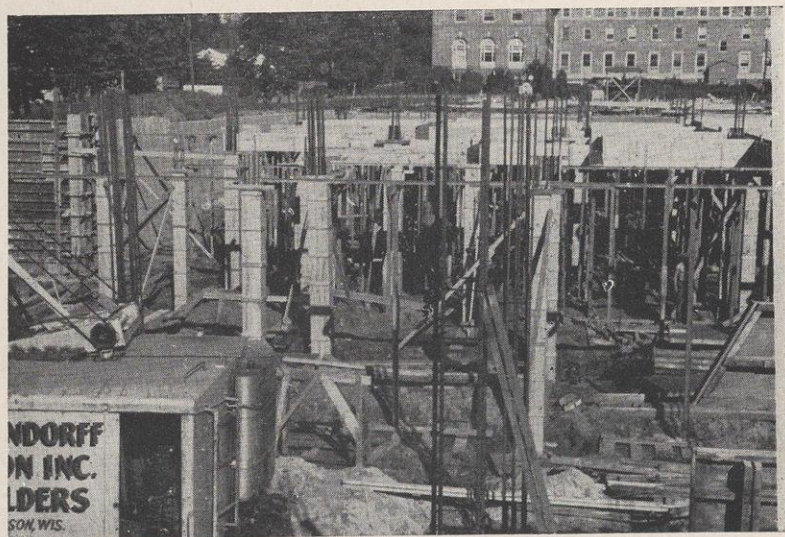
Last week the typical American City of Madison, Wisconsin found itself suddenly the center of open fighting as gunfire rocked the University campus, and the winter afternoon was rent by the shrieks of fleeing faculty members.

The fighting began at noon as columns of grizzled, well armed guerrillas swept across the teeming L&S campus and attacked Bascom Hill, center of the College. As they withdrew two hours later, all that remained of the once proud L&S school was more chaos and ill will than ever.

Early reports indicated that the attack was carried out by elements of the infamous Persian Trifles, longtime Vegetarian terrorist group, known to have its headquarters far back in the rugged hills of Typical Picnic Point. Leader of this organization is beautiful Pyla Lechery, ex-HEC student expelled for cribbing on a kidney pie exam. Frontier areas of the campus had long been harrassed by this fanatical group's raids for food and Typical University Women, but this is the first instance of any penetration as far inland as Bascom Hill.

As this is written, L&S has already begun to rebuild, and an investigation is underway to determine the cause of the collapse of ROTC defensive lines. Three student officers have been drummed out of the Corps, and it is promised that more heads will roll before the tribunal is finished. No moves have yet been made against guerilla headquarters, although all ROTC units and the elite Scabbard and Blade are massing at the border, ready to march.

As the week drew to a close thousands of Typical University Students halted their steins midway and asked "Why?"



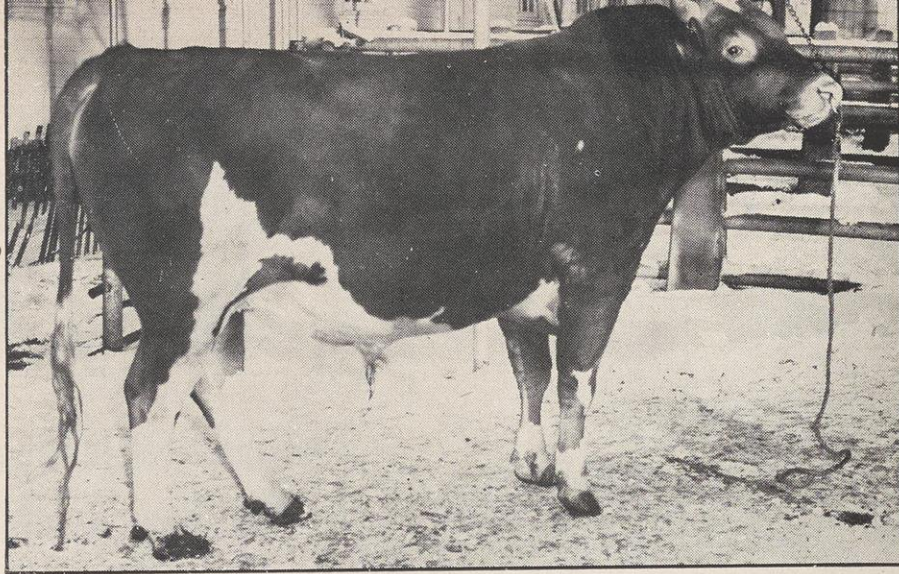
SCENE OF THE GUERRILLA attack, all that remains of stately Bascom Hall are these blackened ruins. One Typical student felt that this sight, at least, was worth the price of the attack.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**GUERRILLA** chief-of-staff is woman rebel Pyla Lechery. Several groups of men sent to capture or assassinate her went over to the guerillas upon seeing her. This picture was smuggled out of the rebel camp by a member of Sigma Chi, secret peasant underground movement.



**PRIDE** of the Agricultural School, this prime specimen, inexplicably quartered in the basement of Bascom, was seriously injured in the fighting and had to be destroyed.



**A GROUP** of the haggard defenders of Bascom plan new moves against the attackers. Determined looks are Typical of these gallant fighters, many of whom still have fiances and children living in areas menaced by Persian Trifles.



**TIME BOMB** discovered seconds after it went off. Liff photographer Albert Finn took this picture with a shoebox camera at the risk of losing his life and commission. Note crude design which no doubt accounts for the limited damage it caused. Construction of another new library will begin next week.



## GOVERNMENT

# KUMMERS CONVICTED



IMPARTIAL JURY prepares to flip coin provided by women members. University of Wisconsin Professor Kummers of the Engineering department is seated in another room awaiting deliberation.

## Recovered aircraft give senate committee big lift

After the thirteenth airplane disappeared from the United States Air Force Base, government officials decided it was about time a small unobtrusive professor at the University of Wisconsin Engineering department be investigated after reports came to F.B.I. offices criticizing the traffic tie-ups along Randall Avenue, Madison, caused by huge wings sticking out of laboratory windows. Only one witness was called during the entire proceedings, a dapper but slovenly dressed professor of the University of Wisconsin Agricultural School, R. D. Surles. Even though he refused to answer questions concerning the missing aircraft, handsome Senator MacBogey tricked him into believing the fifth amendment had been repealed

in 1922 and succeeded in wrangling the important evidence needed to convict the accused. So well did the Senator's hoax work, that the senatorial jury sent both Kummers and Surles up the river for ninety-nine years before the Supreme Court could step in and clear things up. The planes were ultimately returned to their home bases, but not until the spark plugs, which were removed earlier by Kummers to be used as toys by his children, were recovered and re-installed by members of the professor's class in aeronautics. Two weeks before a Minnesota Manure Spreader Manufacturer was sentenced to three years at hard labor for not revealing why he refused to stand behind his product.



ONE OF THE thirteen airplanes stolen by Kummers and hidden in his laboratory at the Engineering building. U. S. Air officials or nearby Truax field expressed some concern over the absence of these training craft but needed the professor's advice to remove them from the lab without removing a wall.

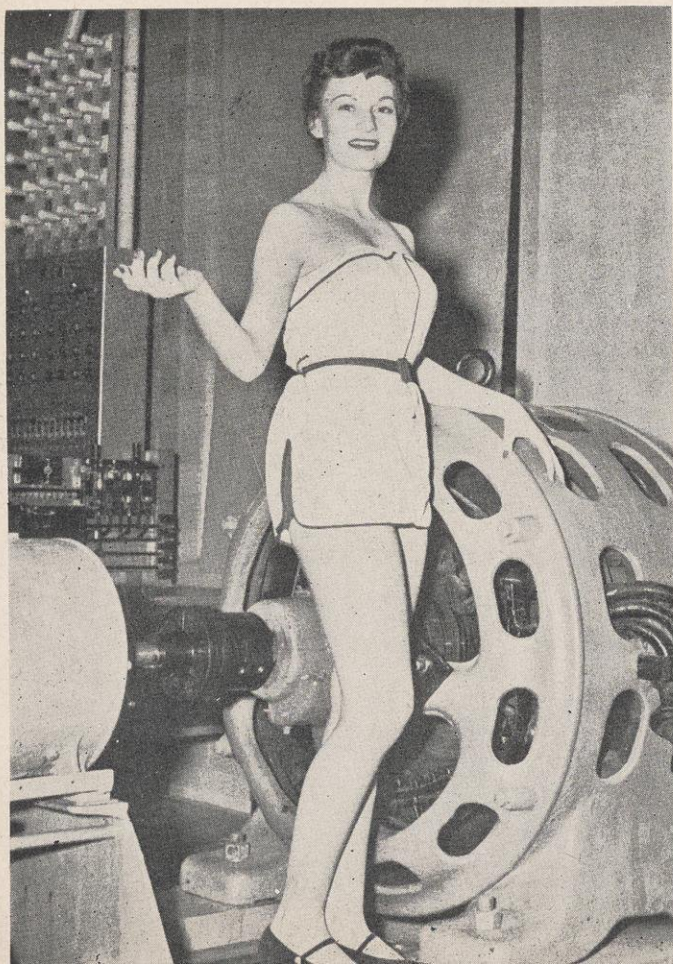
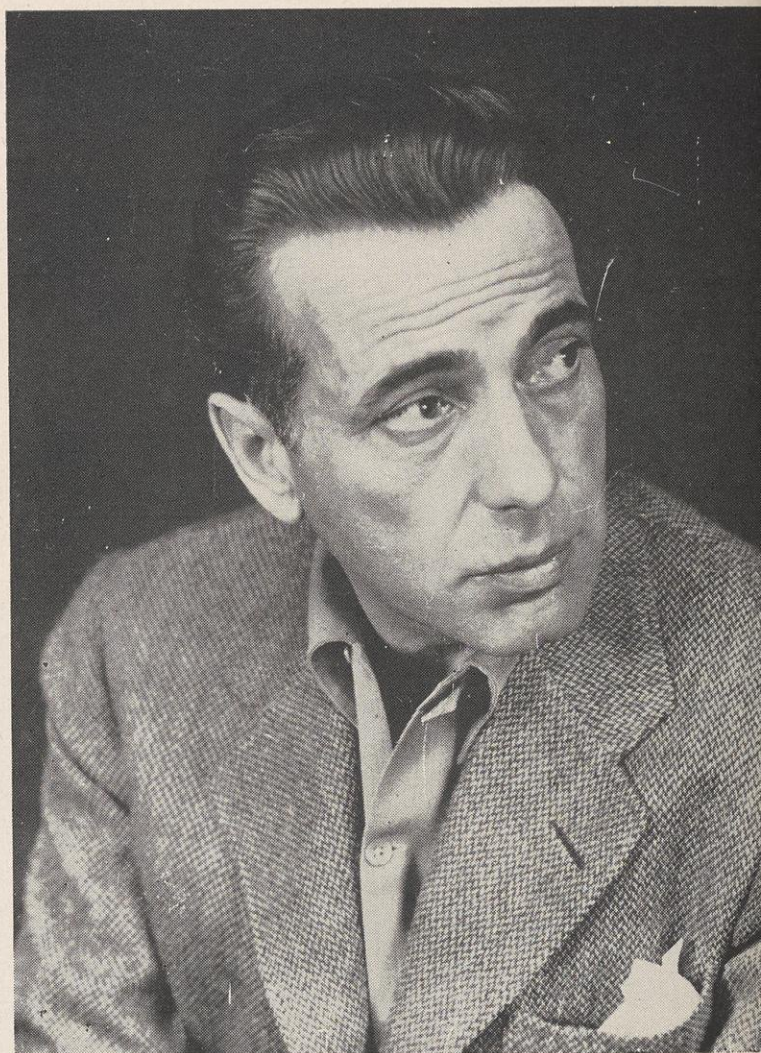
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**PROFESSOR SURLES** of the Agricultural School is escorted to the witness stand by several kindly members of the secret service. Note unusual dress of most members of the Ag School, as their salaries are lower than most other departments.

**HANDSOME** Senator Joseph R. MacBogey, chairman of the Investigating Committee glances casually in the general direction of his secretary who at the moment is straightening the seams in her stockings. MacBogey is well known for his keen observation regarding all kinds of people.



**WELL BUILT** dynamo was also hidden in Kummer's lab. This was top secret piece of equipment and when discovered missing by government officials it caused quite a bit of concern, especially in MacBogey's quarters.





## UNIVERSITY PICKS "DREAM GIRL"

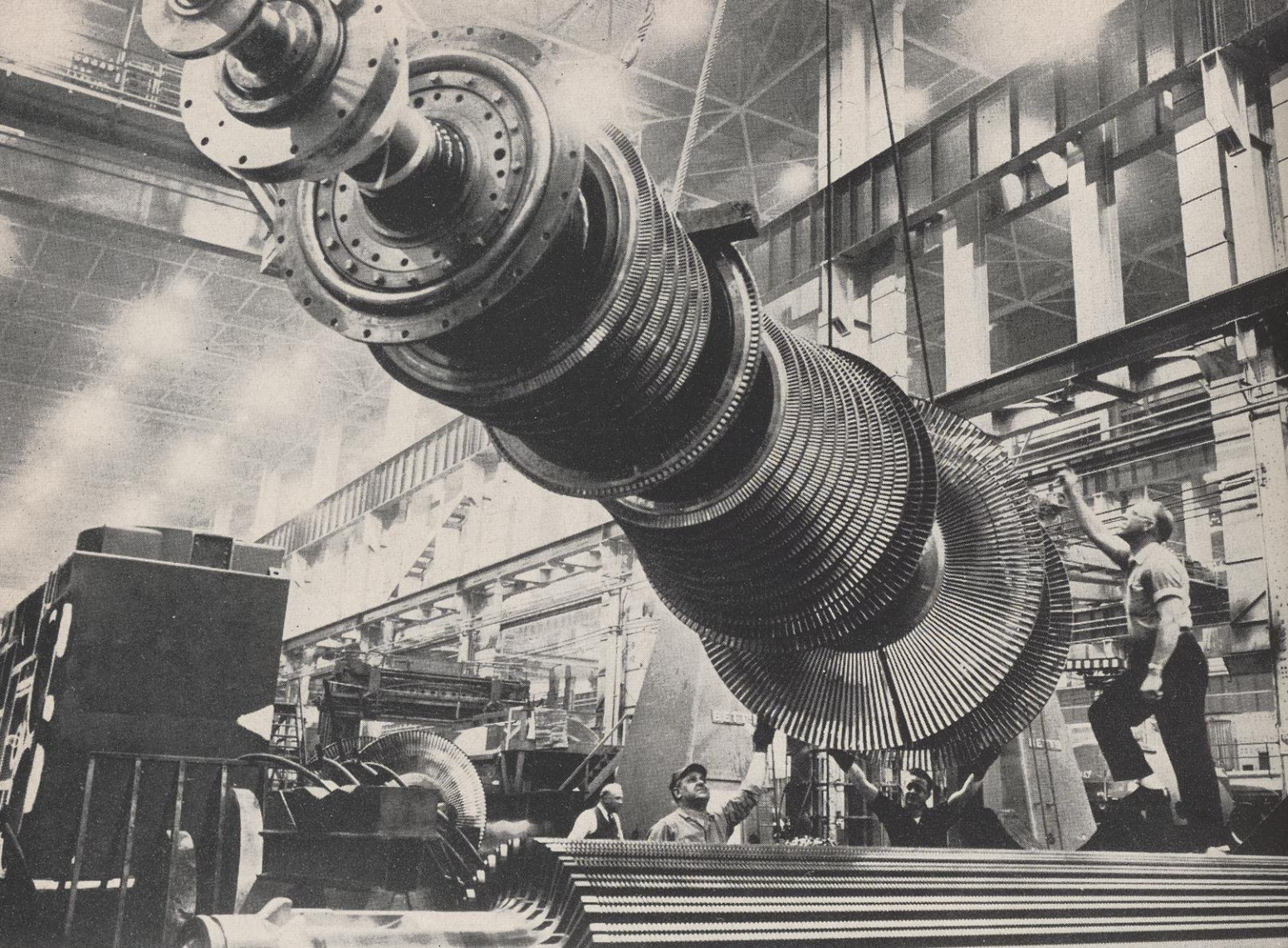
The Octopus, the University of Wisconsin's amazingly clever and fabulously original humor magazine, chooses a "dream girl" each month from among the few pretty girls on the campus, and this month they came up with an unusually attractive specimen. Pictured above is Miss Joyce Krogan, the eighteen-year-old honored freshman.

As you can plainly see, the dream girl editor of the Octopus is not blind. But Miss Krogan can boast of other

things besides that shapely torso. She is a girl of diversified interests. Majoring in neuropsychiatry, she still finds time to perform operations on house-flies, removing their wings and storing them in empty mason jars. For nine hours every Sunday she hunts bluebirds in the University Arboretum with an ancient blowgun. Maybe that's where she gets her muscles?

PHOTO BY THE BADGER STUDIO

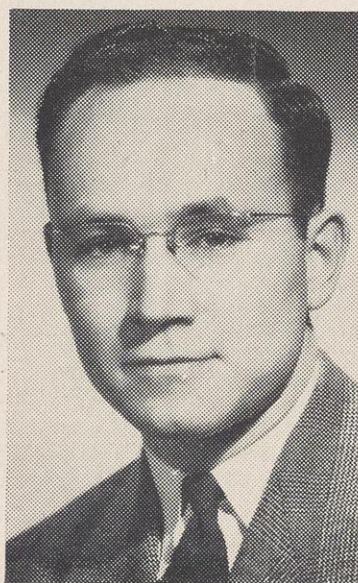




DELICATE MUSICAL LURE mechanism is being lifted into position by giant cranes at a pilot plant in Wheeling, West Virginia. Once installed in a private home, this gear guarantees 36 hours of continuous mouse appeal music.

# THE BETTER MOUSE TRAP

**Music lures rodents to exotic death amid splendor and luxury**



"I had a vision," says Yameck Jorgorson, professor of music at the University of Wisconsin (pictured at left), "ever since mom read me the Pied Piper—a vision of a better mouse trap." His broad musical background and the mechanical aptitude inherited from his father, a Swiss music box maker, combined with a fiery imagination, resulted in Jorgorson's invention which should prove a boon to mankind.

Designed for the average sized home, Jorgorson's extermination unit is both humane to the mouse and relaxing to the music lover. When set in motion, the unit starts playing a ragtime tune; an original composition by Jorgorson, which he claims is irresistible to mice, but which leaves household pets and small children aloof. The mice, attracted by the hypnotic rhythm, frolic from their lairs and, executing intricate ballet steps, cavort to the lethal chamber. "Louis Reve decorated this chamber in late French Chateau style," Jorgorson stated. "The manner of execution is simple and painless. In a golden cage in one corner of the chamber is an exquisite and desirable female mouse, designed by Jacob Epstein. The effect of this model on the mice is immediate and fatal—the female mice, seeing the gorgeous creature in the cage, are overcome with envy and commit suicide; the males die in a spasm of desire.

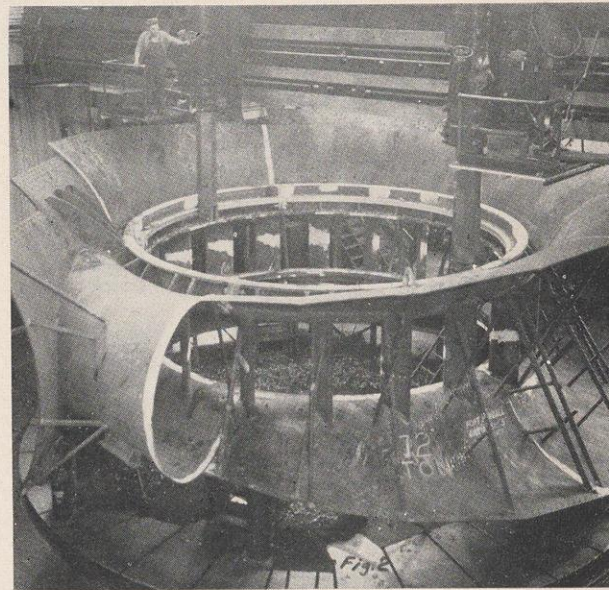




## MOUSE TRAP

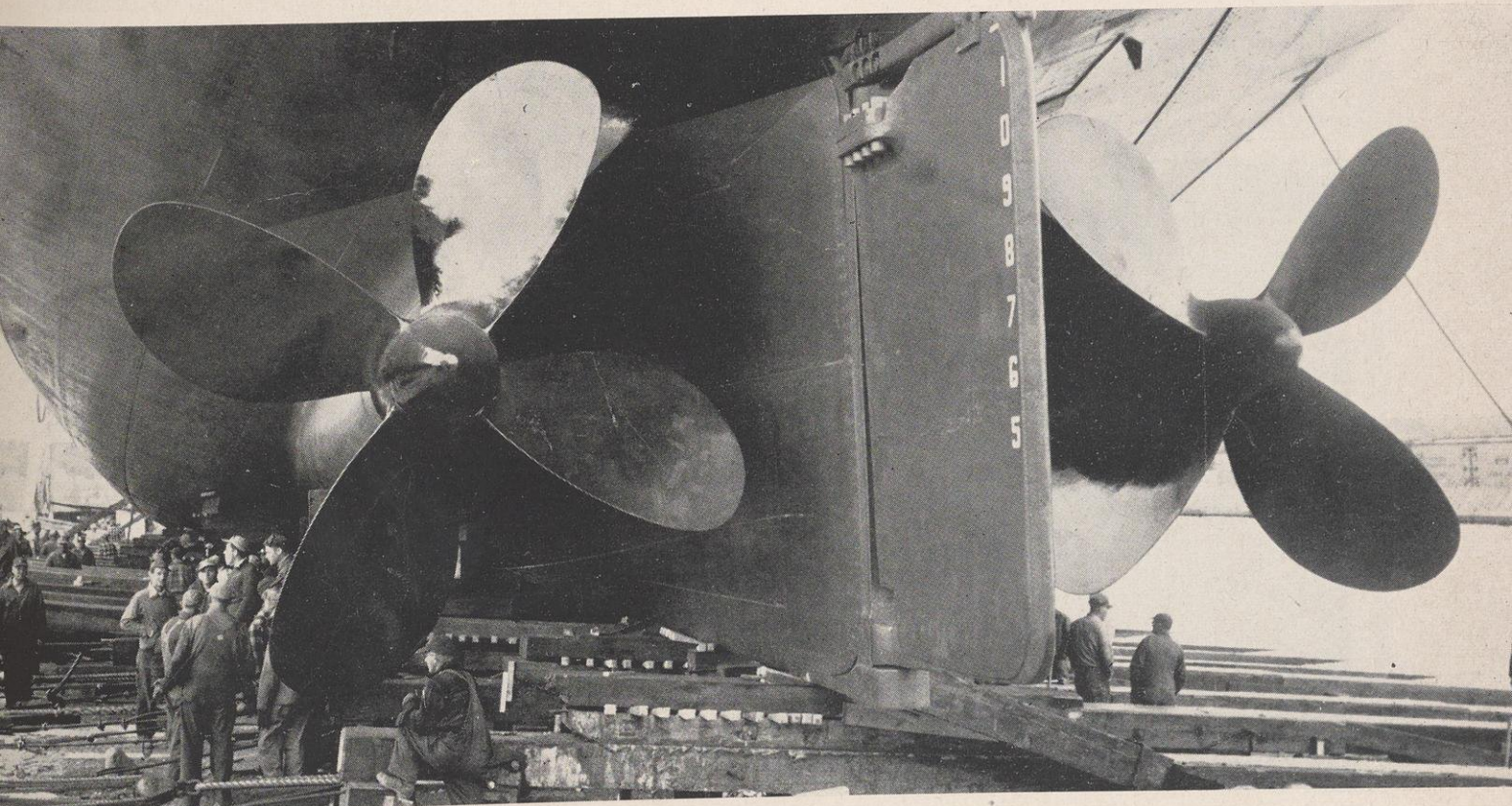
CONTINUED

**CENTRIFUGAL** airblast air conditioning unit which took fourteen months to perfect, makes the mice's last moments as pleasant as possible, and insures against disagreeable odors afterward. Jorgorson claims that this piece is easily assembled at home by anyone with a tack for tools. It fits easily on the portable home extermination kit. "This is not just a luxury accessory like chrome or something; a mouse trap without an air conditioning unit is no mouse trap at all," Jorgorson stoutly asserts.



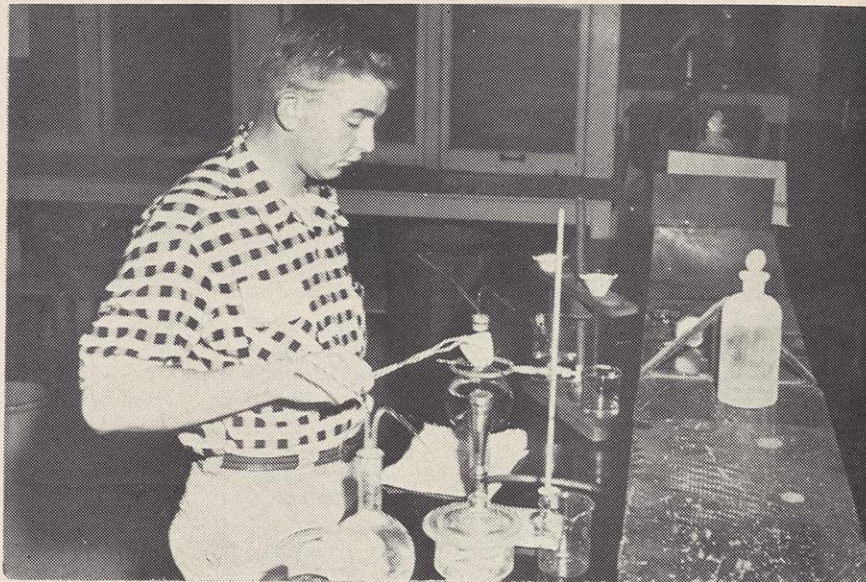
**MRS. CLAIRVOYANT VON YORK**, prominent Manhattan hostess, was instrumental in the production of the new mouse trap. She aided Jorgorson with funds and gracious words of encouragement when things looked blackest for young inventor. Mrs. Von York has the first new mouse trap ever produced installed in her Long Island home in Long Island. "It works like a charm," Mrs. Von York says.

**JORGORSON WAS STUMPED** for many months with the problem of disposing of the dead rodents, but at last he came up with this economical extra unit. "The cost of the disposal unit is nominal," says Jorgorson, "yet it is completely sanitary. You simply load the dead bodies in the hold of the unit, take them three miles out to sea, and dump them. Simple."



THIS IS THE END OF THE ARTICLE AND IT IS CONTINUED NOWHERE ELSE IN THE MAGAZINE





MASTAFI SHINOUK'S SPIRITS ARE UNDAUNTED.

# Female Labors Prove Charming

## With just Yogi and a flute, Mastafa makes millions

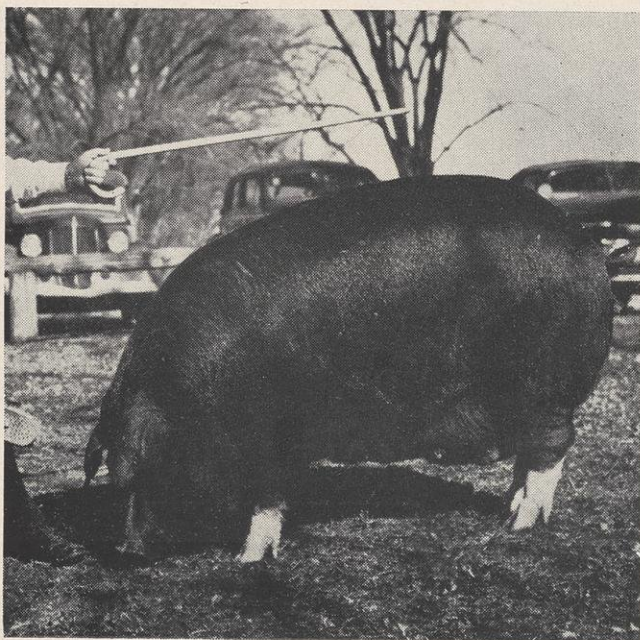
"What's a charm school without charm?", is the slogan of the "Mastafa Shinouk Indian Flute Type Charm School of World-Wide Reknown." Mastafa Shinouk, genial head of the school, is a past master of instructing young creatures of all types in the subtle art of acquiring charm. Females from all the world flock to this school to have lessons in poise, balance, etiquette, and hog-calling administered unto them by Mastafa.

Mastafa's methods are simple. The person wishing charm assumes a contorted yogi position while genial old Mastafa proceeds to charm away with his magical flute. Soon the charm seeker can stand the strain of the position no longer and screams, "I have charm!" Shinouk then collects his fee while a member of Sacred Cow,

Troop 473, undoes the patient.

Among the graduates of the school are such well-known celebrities as: Granular Brown, noted flag pole sitter, Mrs. Horatio Xylem, inventress of the fabulous 7/16 r.p.m. forever-play record, Madame Curit, designer of a calibrated scale for measuring fish, and Shirley Foreal who has been standing in a post-hole for 34 years.

Although genial old Mastafa is approaching the age of 142, his spirits are undaunted. Says he, "In this troubled world of conflict and strife, the prime requisite for a cool head, for an unfevered brow, for even steady nerves, for utter composure, and for anything else, is relaxation, and ethereal concepts of down to earth earthen vessels and mature thinking along the lines of the good, old, wholesome, old, even archaic channels."



A RECENT CLASS in hog calling attracted the person of Horace Gabrilowitz, a passing fancy. This proves the effectiveness of genial old Mastafa's teaching. Also the fertility of his mind as he brought home a blue ribbon from the Essex County Fair which proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that hell's broke loose in Georgia.





AT THE END of a busy day, girls of the school remove the books from their heads and relax.



SKILLED instructors carry out delicate experiments to determine the aptitude of Josephine Kegeriss, star pupil and recent Queen of the May.



GENIAL old Mastafa Shinouk spends many leisure moments, relaxed and comfortable, reading in his favorite easy chair. Most popular of books in Mastafa's library is the time honored volume, "Tarzan Goes to Charm School or, The Return of the Savage."

# SIZZLING HOT

*Charcoal Grilled*

## BRATS AND STEAKS



*At Jim and Dave's*  
**LOG CABIN**

*Watch for the opening of the beer garden  
in the spring!*

## CAMPUS PUBLISHING COMPANY

*Student Owned*

823 UNIVERSITY AVE. DIAL 5-5759



# Movie of the Week


## MOULIN ROGUE

"The American public is sick of Hollywood technicolor extravaganzas because they're false and artificial; they don't show real people," asserts John Hewston, producer of *Moulin Rogue*. "What the people want to see are more stories about everyday folks like themselves—little people confronted with little, everyday problems. In *Moulin Rogue* I hope I have captured that essential dignity and simplicity of the man on the street—the little man—the man that makes America great."

In his effort to portray the ordinary life of the little man, Hewston has chosen to present the life story of Toulouse Ladrek, a four foot Frenchman, alcoholic, and artist. Hewston filmed the entire picture in three days on a small cattle ranch out West, armed only with an 8 mm. camera.

Ladrek's affiliation with the common herd and its everyday hum-drum routine is easily seen in his biography. Hated by his father for his insignificant stature, ridiculed and rejected by the bourgeoisie into which he was born, Ladrek turned his fiery genius to painting, and for recognition he mixed freely with the shadier elements of the cabaret crowd. Some of the shadiest of the elements with which he mixed were the women of the demimonde—for whom he developed a certain fondness.

Although Hewston had originally planned a faithful account of Ladrek's life, the Hays office soon stepped in. To fill in the gaps left by the Hays office, Hewston introduced a few pop tunes and some can can numbers. The Hays office is also responsible for Ladrek painting violets and humming birds on ivory watch fobs; in real life he painted the seamier side of life including the women he had known. His drinking is confined to coca-cola on the screen, the women he knows are beautiful, wealthy, and wholesome. One is left with the impression that Toulouse spent all his time (outside of infrequent trips to the easel) in patting small dogs on the head and sipping tea with kindly old housemothers in girl's boarding schools.



ONE OF TOULOUSE'S many intimate friends is shown posing for the artist. The canvas he is working on is a typical example of his impressionistic style. Various bottles scattered around the room contain inspirational material. Foot shown in foreground belongs to another intimate friend.

FINALLY, ONE LADY REALLY APPEALS TO LADREK. But, unfortunately, the difference in their ages keeps them apart. Movie ends with artist still pulling, however, and this scene (below) has audience pulling, too.







IN ONE OF HIS favorite cabaret haunts, Toulouse and some intimate friends have a quiet tete-a-tete. This scene was cut because they were not drinking coca-cola. Much of the sordid glitter of the original scenes have been lost thru censorship.

EAGERLY, TOULOUSE AWAITS the removal of a print of his latest work from the litho stone as an intimate friend relaxes in the background. Shooting was originally scheduled for Paris, but in order to trim the budget, Director Howston changed location to Salt Flats of Utah. Artist's assistant (left) is adequately portrayed by Gary Cooper. The makeup crew should be congratulated and complimented on an excellent job. Actual art work for movie was rendered by Norman Krockwell, who is hiding under press at far right.



CAUGHT DURING ONE OF HIS infrequent trips to the easel, Toulouse continues work on canvas started earlier in the movie. Because of the many feminine interventions introduced by director John Hewston, Ladrek never completes work, but has hell of a good time trying. Actually, real studio of Ladrek's was crowded with paintings, easels, bottles, dirty laundry, etc., and in this respect movie fails horribly to reproduce correct atmosphere. Perhaps it is due to Hewston's over-emphasis of the female element in the script that most parts of the movie remain unreal, but general American public, according to director, "doesn't give a damn for artists, loves girlies."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





adorable

beautiful



cute

*Yes, that's  
what you'll say . . .*

Adorable, beautiful, cute—just what I always wanted. Just the thing to fill the empty corner in your living room. Great for the bathroom too. You'll say—clever, never saw one like it before. Use it day or night, springtime or fall; there are no movable parts to wear out or break down. No expensive chrome to polish. No glass to shatter or crack. This novel item is built to last a lifetime, durable lacquer finish is completely indestructible.

*when you see it . . .*

You will be overwhelmed with its gleaming ornate superstructure and obvious usefulness, especially at fall canning time. You'll say—how did I ever get along without one. You'll say—all the folks in the neighborhood will be envious of me when the large red moving van pulls up in front of my house and delivers mine. You'll want to order one for your favorite aunt, too, and the hunter in your family could certainly use one. You'll say—gee, I'm glad that I can get a cut rate price on large shipments of fifty or more. You'll say—holy mackerel, I'd better get my order in right away to Maxwell Street and Son, 2330 Maxwell St., Chicago 11, Ill., before this grand offer expires. You'll say—I want to be the first in the block to own one.



Maxwell

Street



Maxwell Street and Son

Reliable Chicago Dealers

OPEN DAILY 5:00-1:00



LADREK EXCHANGES arty posters with friendly bartender for a Tom Collins and two Boilermakers with which he hopes to refresh himself and two intimate friends. Man in background is Director Hewston who manages to get into all his pictures, thus drawing actor's pay also.

Taking the role of Toulouse Ladrek is an obscure actor named Jose Zaicheck who had his legs sawed for the part. American movie goers may remember Mr. Zaicheck in his earlier, taller days when he appeared in another picture where he had to grow a long nose.

Besides the leg shortening caper, Zaicheck also became an alcoholic in order to acquire the proper atmosphere. "I don't care about the legs so much just so I turn in a good performance. I mean I don't care because it isn't as if I was Gene Kelly or something. I never used the old tootsies much anyhow." A stickler for realism, Zaicheck feels that no sacrifice is too great for his art—his next role will be in Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises."

The girls who are shown on these pages have had bit parts in horror movies previous to their appearance in real drama. "We always played opposite apes up until now. It sure is a change." Their roles are limited entirely to looking sexy. They don't have a single spoken line in the entire film. Nobody seems to know their names, but they'll probably never amount to anything anyhow.



ONE WOMAN. Sally-Lou Avril, really had a passion for the old boy, and perhaps she is one of the most important reasons for such fierce Hays Office interference. The really meaty scenes are lying all over the cutting room floor.





**LIKE BASEBALL** in America, the national game of Helsinki is pig-wrestling. A group of natives are shown in this candid shot engaged in the ancient sport. The battle rages until the wee hours of the morning. When the game is over, the participants remove their wet clothes, and run out and roll their sweating bodies in the snow. Pneumonia is the national disease.



**A REFUGEE** from Denmark, Dr. Gorð Gorsonhorson, is now making his home in Helsinki. A Great Dane, he had to flee his homeland for performing the operation on George and/or Christine. He is wanted by American authorities for tampering with U.S. males.

## TRAVEL

# LIFF GOES TO HELLSINKI

In their many travels throughout this little old sphere of ours, Liff's reporters and photographers regularly discover many interesting facts in their constant quest for the news of our life and times. How many of us realize, for instance, that the Milch cow of Inner Vulgaria gives mucilage instead of milk? Think of the possibilities of having one of them as a regular piece of equipment in your office!

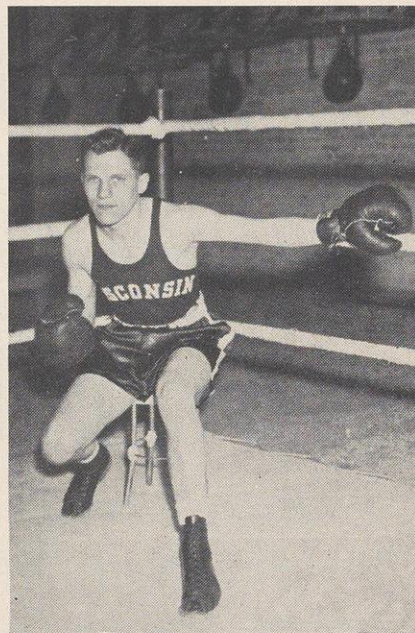
Who would suspect that the Dalai Llama wears silk undies under his sack cloth? Or that the natives of Eastern Antartica have developed a method of carrying water in a sieve? (The water is frozen first).

Yes, wherever things are happening and even where things don't happen, Liff is there to cover it. Such a place is Helsinki, Finland. Liff reporters snuck under the iron curtain to see what was happening in that brave land of the Finns.

Herewith Liff presents scenes encompassing all facets of modern Helsinki, including views of its newest development, a machine which produces fertilizer from old razor blades. Its progressive leadership is pictured clustered around a pile of cancelled War Debt receipts, which keeps the paper industry thriving.

It was difficult for our reporters to leave this brave land, but they will always remember Helsinki. Their feelings can be best expressed by an old native proverb: "Wama tamisch Samai Gamal Nov schmoz ka pop." Translated, this is something we can all do well to remember: "The claw of the Sea Puss gets us all in the end."

**THIS** unidentified individual was left over from last year's Olympic games. His bout was halted when the gong broke, but he refuses to accept this explanation. He is still waiting for the bell to begin the fifth round, with rugged determination on his set lips. The ring has been made a shrine by the natives of "Scönsin," his home province. (He is fed intra-venously.)



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



# BEN JONSON



on Life Savers:

"Would tempt  
you to eternity of kissing!"

from *Volpone*, ACT I, SCENE I



Still only 5¢

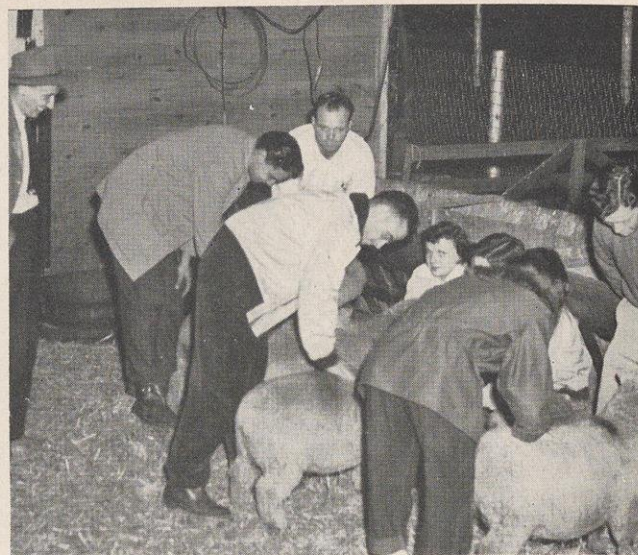
*Your Date for*  
**MIL-BALL**  
*Deserves the Finest*  
*Call*  
**RENTSCHLERS**

5-8885

OR VISIT US AT 230 STATE STREET

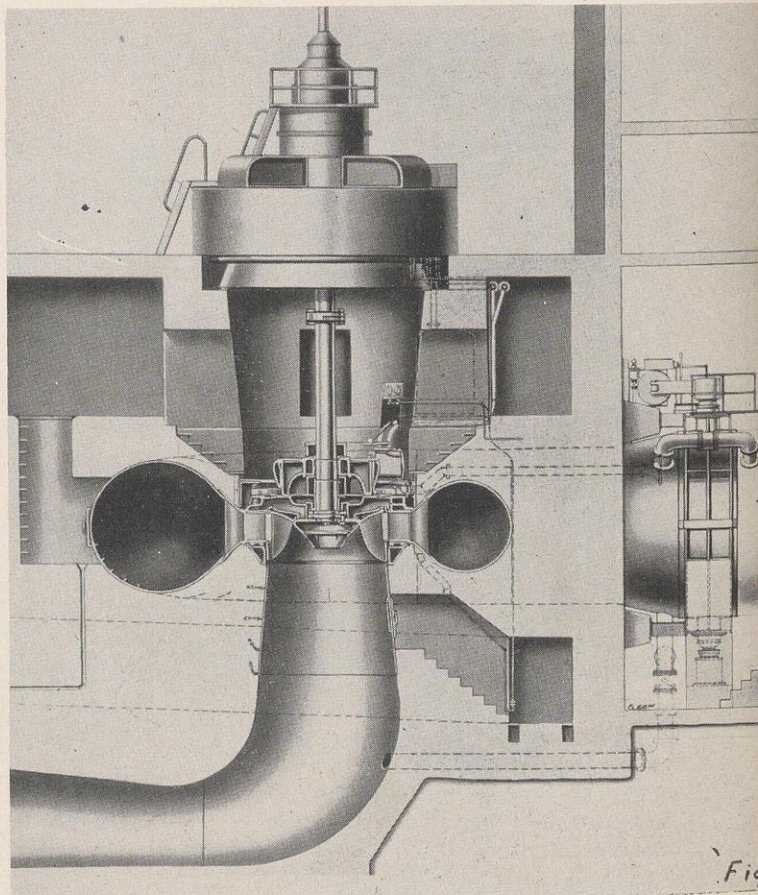
*For the Finest in*  
**FLOWERS**

*Serving Wisconsin Students*  
*Since 1897*



SINCE THE RUSSIAN took over their occupation in this unhappy but stubborn land, they have been attempting to teach their Communist ideas to the populace. In one of the few instances where these ideas have taken hold, a group is shown enjoying their repast in this collective dining room.

UNDER THEIR RUTHLESS Red overlords, the genius of these people is exploited in turning out marvelous inventions. This particular device (shown in cross-section) turns the blood of liquidated individuals to useful purposes. It extracts the iron from the blood, and (ironically enough) makes "Hero medals" from this scarce commodity.







**GEORGE TAKES A BOW** with the assistance of his ever-present friend and counselor, Gimlet Hawkeye.

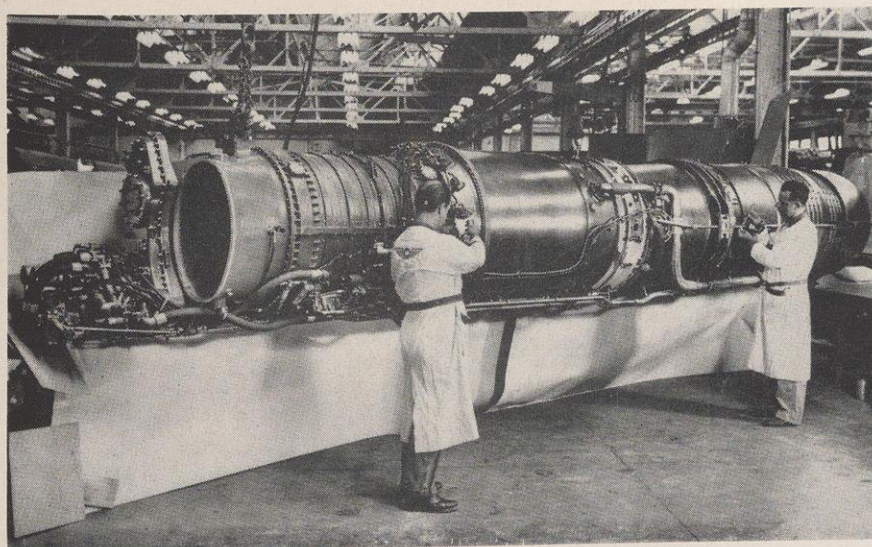
# MAGICAL HORSE

## Frankschlintwangler hits preakness of popularity

Georges Frankschlintwangler is a prime example of how one man may soar to the heights of society in this American country of ours. Since he was a colt Georges has been stage struck until now he is recognized as the greatest magician of the twentieth century. Georges performs an average of six nights a week and has covered an estimated 73 million miles in his two year career. The largest crowd ever to witness a magic show of Georges' was in Twin Peaks, Virginia where a record attendance of 150 million persons paid five dollars apiece to get in. Georges, of course, has his favorite tricks, but the one that always brings the house down is the reknowned

"Disappearing Pillars" sleight.

Georges Frankschlintwangler's amazing climb from the stables of New Mexico to the penthouses of New York is an inspiring one, and an uphill climb all the way. His fabulous sense of timing, his spectacular sleights-of-hand and contract, and his unbelievable stage presence all contribute to his raging success; but Georges is forever modest. Any attempt at flattery brings from Georges a loud neigh. He will admit, however, that his success may have been aided by his extraordinary ability to disintegrate unfavorable critics.



**GEORGES** is shown being sealed in to an airtight chamber from which he will make a spectacular escape.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





AMAZEMENT is mirrored in the face of a spectator at George's unbelievable display of witchcraft.



PROPS are but a small part of George's tricks which rely mostly upon sheer skill. The above pictured building was recently fabricated on a New Jersey stage from nothing more than a cork and three two cent stamps. Or was it two threes?



GEORGES LIVES modestly. One room apartment (above) reflects quiet dignity of his living quarters. Unmarried, Georges believes in sleeping, eating in solitude.



forever young  
*puritan*

the new

linen look . . .

You'll be your attractive best in this wash-basket fabric dress with dyed-to-match lace medallion and epaulets. Navy or lilac in sizes 12½ to 22½. Only 8.95.

DRESSES — SECOND FLOOR

Baron's



# *Liff Goes to a Party*

## French University Apache Stomp



DEMURE HOSTESS MM. SCHLONK

### Beheaded student emulates Bastille anniversary

Students at the University of Wisconsin threw a big Apache party in honor of the French Bastille Day, an annual excuse for pupils to have a pineapple juice orgy. Mm. Schlunk created a Parisienne effect by hanging pictures of famous French landmarks, having guests wear appropriate costumes, and removing all of the sanitary facilities.

Perhaps the most interesting highlight of the evening was the can-can demonstration put on by Denise Krotzmire. Liff Photographer Lemuel Aardvaark attempted to get close-up shots of the dance but got the camera kicked out of his hands by lithsome Miss Krotzmire. Another unusual event occurred when Antoine Zduzee, copy editor of the Wisconsin Octopus (campus humor magazine) was fooling around with the life-size replica of the guillotine and got his head clipped off. The guests, thinking the incident was part of the entertainment, loudly cheered as Zduzee's countenance rolled down the steps and out on to University Avenue where it caused very little excitement among the med student pedestrians.

Several times during the evening, hostess-chaperone Schlunk tried to persuade the couples to partake in such

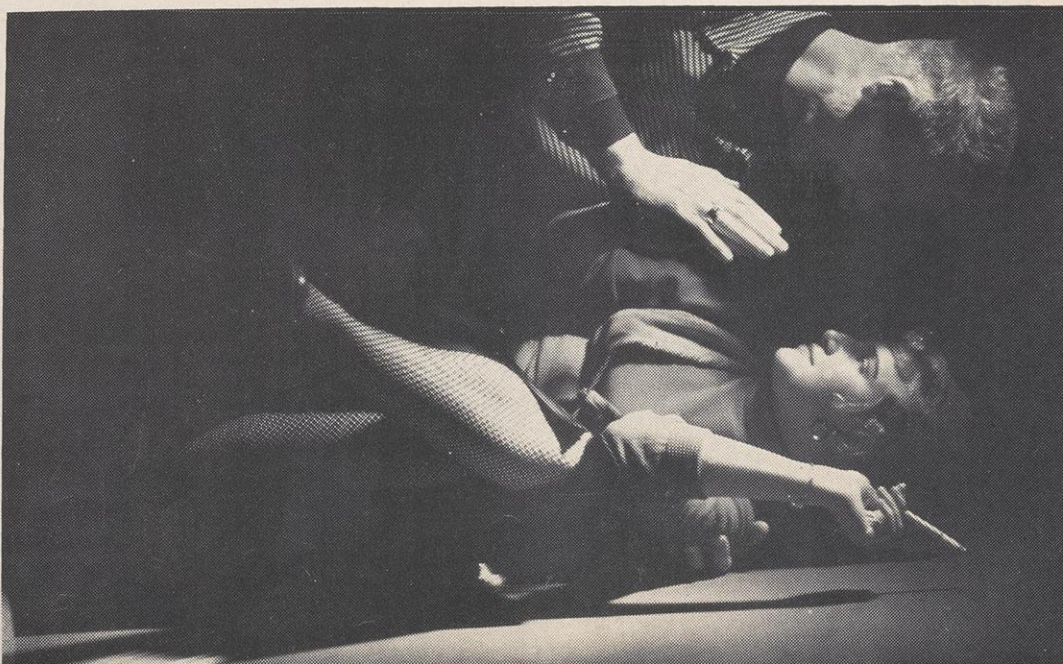
exciting games as "pin the tail on the donkey," "Chinese checkers," and other well known social amusements, but her efforts proved to be fruitless. Not long after the party got under way she was heaved bodily into a closet which she occupied for the remainder of the evening. As a point of interest, Mm. Schlunk has not been seen on the campus since the party.

Relatively few of the student affairs attracted such huge crowds that night. Even the wealthy fraternities and sororities on Langdon Street appeared empty in comparison. A reason for this, perhaps, was the one given by a tall lad wearing a Sigma Gnu pin. "As soon as the boys over at the 'house' found out there was no house-mudder or even a chaperone at dis place we come right over. We're havin' a helluva good time."

Near the end of the evening a "Miss Apache of 1953" was chosen and was forced by the good-natured crowd to perform her version of the Follies Bergere. "Miss Apache" curtly refused, to the disappointment of the guests and your Liff reporter, but as a consequence she was stripped and sent home in one of the gaily checked table clothes.

**PARTY WAS CROWDED** and permitted space only for friendly conversations on packed floor. Denise Krotzmire (with cigaret) smiles answer to aggressive escort who is dressed in appropriate garb for affair. University regulations concerning student functions forced gathering to break up at 7:30 altho most couples said they could have lasted another hour. Cokes and popcorn were gone by 7 p.m. and commissary closes at 6:00.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE







**MONSIEUR KULAKOW** (left) with escort focuses his eyes on the end of her nose where a large wart is appearing as a result of bad food, drink. Escort (right) is daughter of multi-millionaire Paris Cinzano merchant and sports famous LaCroix Necklace worth a cool ten thousand on the French black market. Escort's cigaret is burning gaping hole in Kulakow's staunch but smoldering chin.



**HAPPY STUDENTS** drink toasts with fancy French cocktails consisting of pineapple juice and water. Marcelle L'Chateau (right), well built stage actress, was hard to photograph because of her speedy and frequent trips to W. C.! Plumber Horace Tonshinswerger (left) came to fix leaky faucet and was invited to remain after party goers listened to several of his feelthy stories about when he was with the Army in LeHavre.

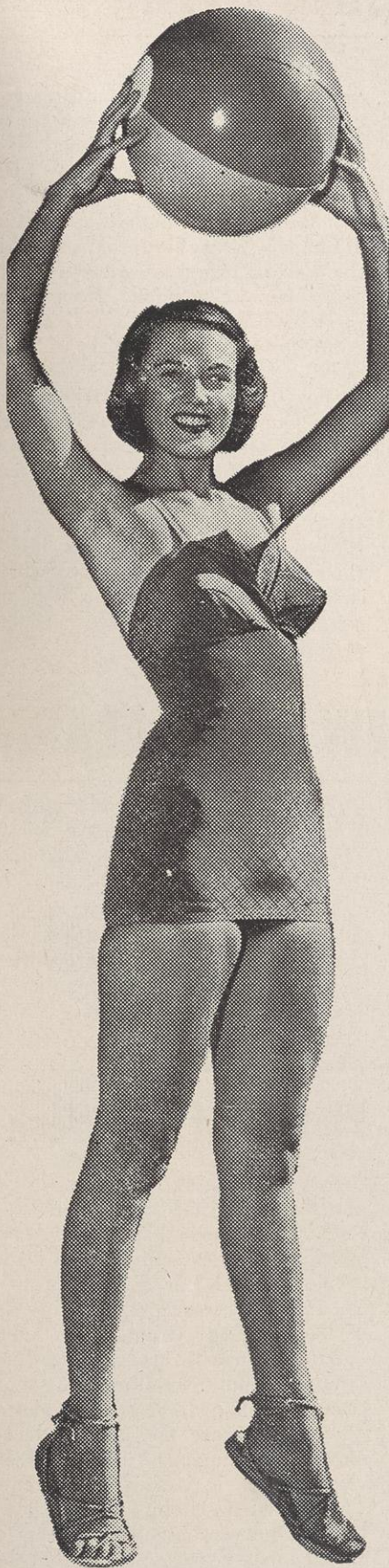
**WALLFLOWER** Antoinette De Farfel spoke only French, was left out of most of the proceedings. She contented herself by sniffing empty par-fum bottle while half blind escort (foreground) drinks twenty-third toast to Bastille. Wallpaper in back was imported for party by hostess, was ripped down near affair's end.



**STUDENT** entertainers, Marie Dufee and Antoine Zduzee, whoop it up on piano imported by hostess for party. Special musical instrument was built in Paris and has only G-strings. Blouse (left) is also Paris creation but evidently has more strings attached. Audience agreed Marie was adequate, thought Antoine lacked poise.







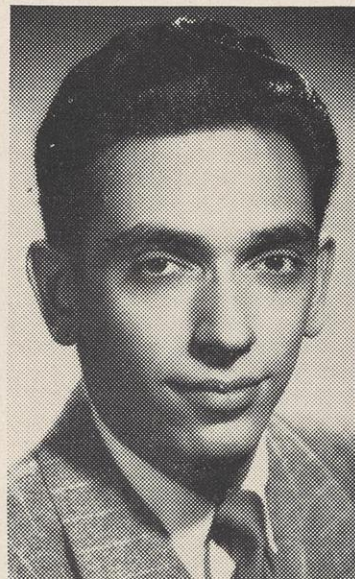
Lovely Miss Eloise Momser on way to stardom in Hollywood.

# Used To Be FAT!

*Itthica woman tells how she lost 30-40 pounds a week for thirteen weeks with new Feggy System.*

• • • • •

Ladies, now you can get rid of all that unsightly weight without dieting, without exercise, without costly medicines and drugs. The Feggy System is a proven method for getting you down to a ninety-nine pound model. The system involves simply putting on a Jiffy Feggy Muzzle which locks around your jaws and prevents you from eating a thing until I open it again with the only key. In a short time you'll be able to wear Bikini bathing suits and tight sweaters without fear of unsightly bulges (in the wrong places). Thousands have benefited from this new development. Miss Eloise Momser had trouble tying her shoes before I went to work on her. Now she can not only tie her shoes, but she can slip under doors without opening them.



Alvernin Feggy says: "I can take off all that ugly, unsightly fat you got hanging on you."

• • • • •

*the*

## FEGGY

*system*

*Removes the Bulges to More Prominent Positions For You!*



It has always been the great American tradition to act with decision, determination, and forthrightness in dealings over and under the counter with friend or foe. Throughout our history stand shining examples of our diplomatic integrity, our clean-cut untarnished foreign policy. The pride with which this great nation regressed lies symbolized in the Great Seal of the United States, its magnificent elephant trumpeting victory over the forces which would destroy our democratic, free enterprise way of life.

Once again our rights are being challenged by an unscrupulous foe in the far-off mucky, mucky, goo of North Urea. The situation has become all too clear. Cadillac has been forced to 210 horsepower. Our commanders in North Urea have reached a point where negotiation is not only in-

sulting but is causing a dip in the stock market, for the meagre compensation of a slow-down in "rotation."

The U.X. has been called upon as a world organization to put an end to the Blue menace which threatens the Free enterprise nations of the world. So far it has become mired in the inky inky pooh of North Urea and thwarted by the Deep Blue menace and her Powder Blue satellites. All peaceful overtures, promises of cartels and combines by the Free enterprise countries have been stymied by vetoes at the end of Park street.

It is normally not the policy of Liff's editors to question the conduct of our government nor does it attempt to form an opinion or bias on the part of its 5,300,000 readers. We do not believe in slanting news or pictures, people look too thin that

way. However, the average man on the street cannot understand his role in the world situation. Therefore, we are telling him what he thinks!

The time for action is now. Did our forefathers shirk in 1812? No sir, they defended their adventure in Canada. When the Indians stood in the way of progress and free enterprise were we stymied? No readers, we wiped them out. We fixed the South's wagon and took care of Spain in '98.

One of our great patriots once said, "Our country, right or wrong!", and well, this is just one of those times. Already Bendix washers and Lux flakes have formed the well-known pact, Benelux. Therefore, the editors of Liff call upon the intelligence of the American people for a solution to the problem which the mere presentation of a fee card can no longer cure!

## VIEW WITH ALARM

Attention Mr. Malenkov: How much is that doggie in the window?

The top brass in Washington has just confirmed one of the most unusual rumors to come out of Russia in quite some time. Shortly after the sudden death of Stalin, this rumor sent out top hush-hush boys rushing to every possible information source known.

The rumor had it that Stalin left behind him a little known and seldom discussed dog of vital importance to Russia's national security. As it stood the rumor had little significance, however, when it was discovered that some unknown item had suddenly superseded A and H bomb secrets on the international black market, an exhaustive undercover campaign was immediately launched. The wild assumption that there might be some connection between the international black market for top secrets and the dog story, led the government to some very interesting discoveries.

It was found that shortly after a certain U.S. horse had enjoyed international publicity through feats in the fields of music, mathematics, and fortune telling, a Russian news source announced that it had a similar animal capable of even greater accomplishments. In the case of the Russians, the animal was a dog.

The Russians in recent months

have claimed to be first with the invention of the wireless, the internal combustion engine, and most recently, a certain inflatable type of women's under-garment.

Because it is the policy of this magazine to give credit where credit is due, we do hereby make known publicly that the Russians absolutely do have a dog of superior intelligence to our famous American horse.

Our intelligence reports prove without doubt that this dog had been Stalin's closest friend and advisor. Probably no man other than Stalin could have reasoned that the gifted dog, found within the borders of the USSR, might prove to be one of Russia's most valuable assets.

Stalin, who has always been known to contribute generously to the "Be Kind to Animals" week in Russia, took this dog into his own quarters and personally cared for it. Soon Stalin had learned to trust to the dog's judgment in matters of state. As a result, the dog became second only to his master in attention and security that could be commanded. However, the dog proved to be extremely temperamental and often orders of vital importance would have to wait days before the dog would give to Stalin the final okay.

Hence, with the death of Stalin, the USSR was placed in a greater danger than the rest of the world

realized. None of the members of the Polit Bureau could win the friendship of Stalin's most valuable aid; the dog.

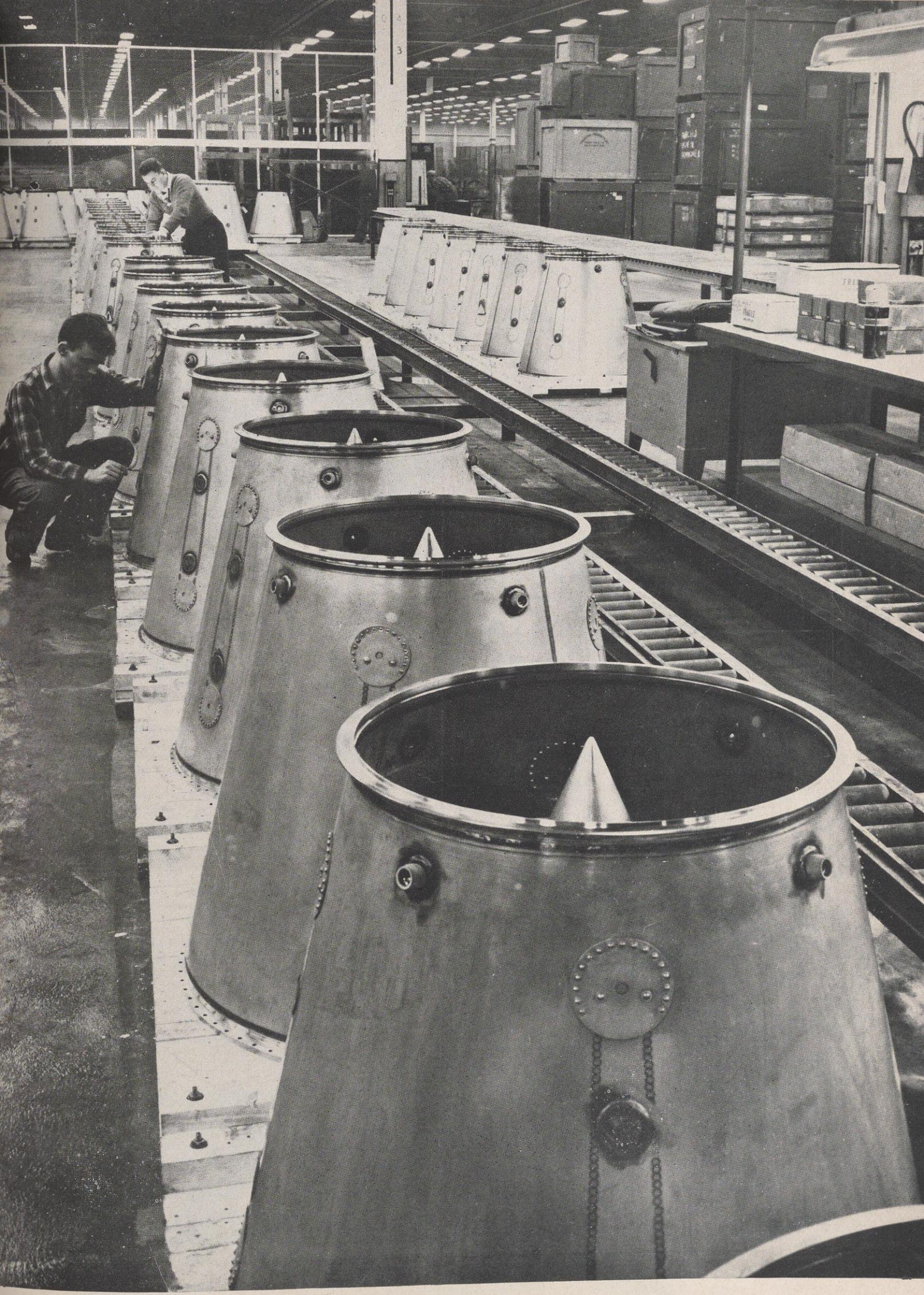
Finally the rivalry to win the confidence of the dog was settled. Malenkov showed his superior ability; he remembered a small quantity of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

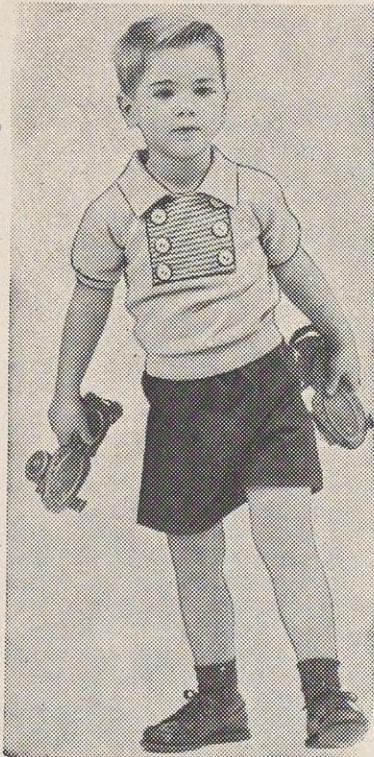
## Picture of the Week

A preview showing of the new model humans for 1954 was made last week at the Foetal Factory of America. Cameras were not allowed at the preview, but Klaus Foochs, a British scientist, was fortunate in that he had his Baby Grand Press Super along disguised as a liverwurst sandwich. While wursting away some time, he snapped the picture shown here. Shown are the pointed heads of the new humans, which are enclosed in their individual placenta. Two genetical engineers are shown here in the very involved process of giving birth. Experts predict that this new mass production of producing human beings will supplant all other methods. Three advantages are noted by scientists . . . more efficient, practical, and involves very little time.









MAKES  
YOU  
FEEL  
LIKE  
A  
KID  
AGAIN

## Apricot Rotgut

BRESLAU DISTILLERY  
EST. 1870 . . . FRESNO

## You Betchum

GOOD . . . GOOD . . . GOOD . . . GOOD



## Navajo Hangers

Indian Joe wrought silver coat hangers for those who don't have to worry about price. Of course Navajo hangers cost more—they're worth it. Each exquisite hanger, hand-wrought by painstaking Native Artisans, will last a lifetime and become cherished heirlooms. No luxury item these—an authentic Navajo curse (sure death to moths) has been incised on each artful hanger.

TIFFENY — NEW YORK 23

## angora by Gora

FINER WOOLENS FOR FUZZIER LIVING



THREE PIECE BATHING SUIT BY GORA — \$13.00

## the Sheep's Loss is Your Gain . . .

gentler

Gora is a favorite among sheep everywhere because he is gentle when he shears them. And you'll say that the touch of a Gora sweater on your back is gentler by far than a sweater by any other manufacturer.

softer

Gora angora is softer than any other angora because of a special mouthpiece filter used exclusively by Gora to screen out coarse, undesirable fibers that might prove harsh and irritating to the nose and throat.

stronger

Gora is a painstaking experimenter. His latest innovation is angora which will withstand even 75mm cannon shells. How? Gora encases each fiber in a microtomic vinylin and duridium time capsule, impenetrable to water, grease, alcohol, or acid.

lovelier

Gora's incomparable artistic sensitivity is given free reign in his creations of matchless beauty. Gora also has a whole staff of artists who formerly worked for Armstrong Quaker Rugs, under his direct supervision.

creepier

Gora creations cost far less than products of equal quality by other woolen mills, because Gora alone of all large manufacturers uses child labor. Gora passes the saving on to you.

## spider goro knitting mills

DISTRIBUTORS:

Bangle Bros., New York; Hartly an Son, Chicago; Fringle-Jason, Boston; Moor and MacLeer, Madison; Army Surplus, San Francisco; Bonwit Tolder, Kansas City.



## Sweaters on the Rise

They round out wardrobe



LIFE LIKE COSTUME JEWELRY INSECT CREATED FOR SWEATER-WE

With the coming of spring, sweaters make headlines in fashion news. More popular in 1952 than ever before, 1953 will prove to be a bigger year for the big sweater boom-boom.

Antoine of Paris has come up with some fabulous creations for the new season, and has purchased 60 shares in the Delacroix Falsie Works Ltd., ever since his models have met the public's eyes and received boisterous male approval. One such sweater was a double breasted all nylon number with small peek-a-boo holes in the back. So long as the little woman doesn't wear it backwards, it's great.

Donnetelli of Italy believes in bare arms for demure attraction, and as a result all of Donnetelli's creations have huge arm-holes in lieu of the sleeves. If nothing else, it makes for real nice profile observations of the

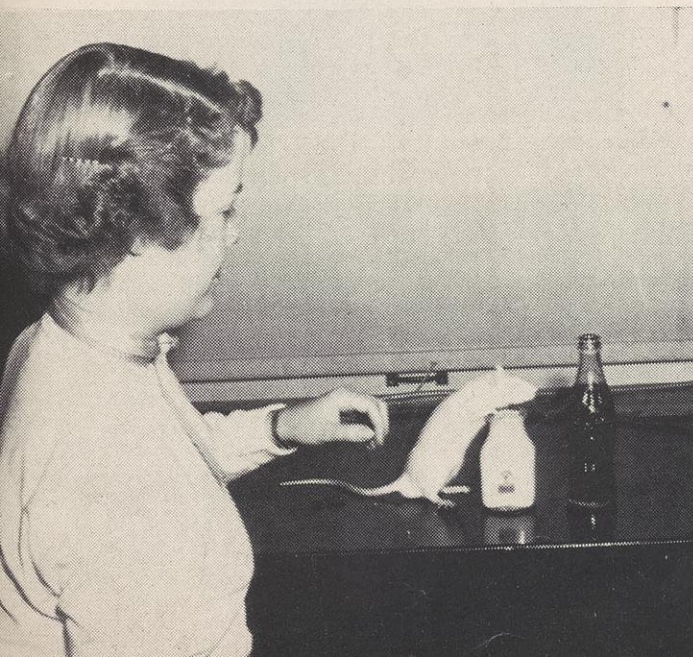
wearer. Another of the designer's masterpieces is an all elastic job for fat ladies. It has a constrictive quality and allows all the excess fat to bulge out in attractive mounds around the wrists, neck, and midriff.

Mr. Tom of New York has come forth with a make-it-yourself "doily-sweater" handsomely created of two dainty doilies with numerous belts and straps to hold them up. Budget wise customers may buy the small, medium, large, and Monroe Monster sizes.

Texture, too, makes headlines in women's sweaters. Corduroy, fashioned of fine burlap, has been put to beautiful use by Aziznoskowitz of California. A sport-sweater of this attractive material features 18 zipper-pockets for tackle and plugs, plus a dainty wicker basket which hangs unobtrusively front and center. Yes, women can look forward to wonderful 1953 sweater sensations. And no doubt the men, too, will be looking.

**REALISTIC WHITE MOUSE** is life-size jeweled accessory which can be worn on the shoulder as a conversation piece. These mice have been taught to talk, and come in eight solid colors and two plaid designs. They are sweater broken and will not embarrass the wearer. The mice live on a diet of milk, coke, and aspirin.

**EAGER MANNEQUINS** from Antoine's of Paris display the latest sweater creations. All the girls are related, and for professional purposes are known as the Delacroix Sisters Ltd. Girl, second from left on top, is clobbered which may account for lopsided appearance. Four buttons on girl second from right are actually functional head-lights for the female coal-miner.





the  
 • **PLAYDIUM**  
**GOLD ROOM**

FOR YOUR DINING AND DANCING  
 PLEASURE EVERY FRIDAY AND  
 SATURDAY EVENING • PRIVATE  
 PARTIES ARRANGED

Call **5-7101** for  
**CHICKEN ON WHEELS**  
*free delivery service*

dining . . .  
 dancing . . .  
 refreshments . . .



Rendezvous at the  
**RIGADOON ROOM**  
 and the  
**HOLIDAY ROOM**  
 of the

**EDGEWATER HOTEL**

*Where There's Always Good Humor*  
 On Lake Mendota at Wisconsin Avenue



**SWEATERS FOR MEN** are interesting, too. The laboring class does not have to be deprived of the new creations because of their prices. These handsome hydraulic engineers pose in (left) backless strap-around by Jantzen of Idaho and (right) the sensational full length button down model in pure uncombed percale which features a pouch to carry young ones in. Sam (left) has pants too long.



**LOVELY MGM STARLET** Christine Yorgeson poses in lovely Navel-lint sweater-blouse garnished with life-size sequins which flash on and off using power supplied by a two volt battery secreted in the garment's bodice. Flowers are sewed right on and provide an unusual addition to the costume. Man in picture is Christine Yorgeson, no longer a relative but merely a dear memory now.



# MARGUERITE'S WAR MEMOIRS

## Liff presents an extremely dull filler

*In an exclusive report for Liff, Marguerite Wiggins tells of her experience as the only woman correspondent on the Urean Front. Mr. Wiggins is well known for his coverage of headline stories of World War II and for his sharp analysis of conditions on the battlefronts of the world. His recent work in Denmark won him international acclaim. Upon her return from Denmark, she next flew to the Urean Front to catch the human drama of men in battle.*

Grey wisps of mist slipped past my window like teasing negligee and I could see nothing but the grotesque distortion of my face reflected in the glass. It was cold, dark, damp, and ugly in the C-47, just a pattern of crated death, spiderwebbed cargo rope, and fuselage stringers. The growling in my belly, and other urgings told me we had been in the air a long time now—and there was no ladies room. Sitting on that hard floor, knees tucked under my chin, my back braced against a crate, made me ache all over. Those nasty little hooks and eyes had dug into my back, and my Playtex had chafed me raw. They were right about this being no job for a lady. I guess I qualified. The only things in the world were engine roar and the mucky goo around us. Somewhere out there lay a long strip of mud and steel mat lined by flares fed and tortured by final examwicks. No use looking out the window—it was no dawn for snarking.

With a bottom bruising spanking across my Playtex, the cabin bounced down through the mucky, mucky goo, unto the steel mat, gave a Coca Cola belch of engine and came to a stop in the inky inky pooh. A safety pin fixed the broken shoulder strap that had just left me lopsided, and after crawling back to pick up my stomach, I turned on a smile, No. 14, sweet fresh thing, and stepped out the cargo door. All the men laughed as I sat in the mucky mucky goo. Switching to smile No. 24, good sport, I mumbled something about no ladders and their canine ancestry and searched for another safety pin. So this was Furfurol Strip, North Urea, just behind the front lines. Through the haze of isoprene crouched rows of sleek jets — Spads and Fokker DVII's on the apron. I was hoisted to my feet by human crane hooks un-

der my armpits. The sergeant winced, blushed, and sucked a thumb freshly pricked by an open safety pin. I'd see him later. Note: soldier morale good, correspondent morale, same. The jeep sent to take me to my quonset billet bounced me enough to crack some of the drying mucky, mucky pooh off my adequate em-pennage. Sergeant Winthrop grinned and I fell into a No. 6 giggle, careless abandon—I was running low on safety pins.

Quonsets were all camouflaged with odd scrawlings—"ATO pledge will never be bad again," Personally yours, darling, Jones men," "Last chance to get your Badger"—I suppose those were sort of personal jokes among the service men.

We pulled up to a lewd little hut with a black squid painted over it. "Yours," quoth he, and, dumping my gear into the inky inky pooh, 1st Sergeant Winthrop, Rock Division, ROTC, lapped my smudged pancake, whacked the Playtex and, splattering me with isobutylene from the spinning wheels, bounded off into the polytetraflowroethylene. Those wonderful American, happy American boys were trading a college diploma in the last semester for this polymerization of styrene. North Urea, the home of Bascomaldehyde Hill and Trifunctional Ridge, is a dismal place; nothing grows, nothing flourishes. Even rabbits stay single. The morning was spent unpacking in that Cadillac-forsaken land, and poking the cakey, cakey sloo out of the patterns of little holes in my Playtex. I decided to leave the safety pins in the straps. Sgt. Winthrop had made them precious by this time.

After chowing down with the boys, —creamed chipped beef on toast—the fellows have another name for it—I interviewed the brass. Generals Hormel, Van Swift, and a Col. Mc-

Cormick (ret.) (known as the reaper by our G.I.'s and as the spreader by the North Urean enemy) talked hard and fast about "Operation Armpit"; of course it was top drawer secret, and all I knew was that every man in the Chipendale GHQ was mum about Operation Armpit. The life of a woman correspondent can be difficult under the rigid censorship of a man like General Hormel, and while I was able to glean considerable information, it was censored along with my methods for getting it. General Hormel's thumbs are in bad condition. Supper on the front—isoprene coming down in sheets of methacrylate—cold corn fritters and boiled bologna topped the menu. ROTC life in a sluice box is no joke. G.I.'s hate the mucky mucky goo. The folks at home have little idea of what makes strong men weak out here. I hear them moaning in big barn-like structures—about their buddies who are gone—Kronshage, Van Hise, Breezy Terrace—gone, all gone into the neoprene, all engulfed in the terror of "rotation." It's a dirty word for a woman to use, but it's what the ROTC has uppermost in polyvinyl circles. You can't hide human propionate in the face of Blue menace, when any moment for these boys may mean the joy of polymerisation mounted as the day of "Operation" or the hell of "rotation." Tention Armpit" drew divinyl. Twas brillig and the slithy troves. My Playtex was doing more than any designer or photographer had dreamed of in a "Strobe" sequence of grand jete across a two page magazine spread. Rumor was that our forces were going to the kitchen sink at the North Urean Army. Ammo was everywhere, dumps marked "Kohler of Kohler." This was it—Zero hour, D-Day, Bud-get-cut!

I tried to get an idea of how the boys felt out here. They told me, I blushed. I admired their frankness. They grinned and sucked their wounded thumbs. The folks back home can be mighty proud of the polystyrene out here. I asked the boys what they wanted from home. Those G.I.'s are really grand;—here in the face of the North Urean, Blue equipment army they ask for music. Vivian Delicate Chessa, "Madame Buttermilk," the Metropollution Opera. The G.I. Farben boys want enthalpy from home, isentropiclove, understanding, Joan Lacey campused.

I sat in my squid covered hut, thinking about the inky inky pooh and the boys up to their arm pits in it. The pre-engagement barrage had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37





PICTURED ABOVE IS PART OF BURNINGAS'S FAMILY OF 35 BOYS AT LAST COUNT.

## Secret Ingredient Propels Jalopy

This is a success story. Not an ordinary success story, but a different success story. This is the story of Razzmodad (Cadaver) Burninggas, inventor of the world's fastest car, the Burninggas 903.

Razzmodad, called Cadaver by his friends because of his many close brushes with death while testing the Burninggas 903, was born in Leadfoot, Canada in 1919. He migrated to the United States in 1940 at the age of 23, because as Razzmodad said, "America always stood as the land of opportunity to us poor oppressed peoples of the world and anyways I likes warm weather."

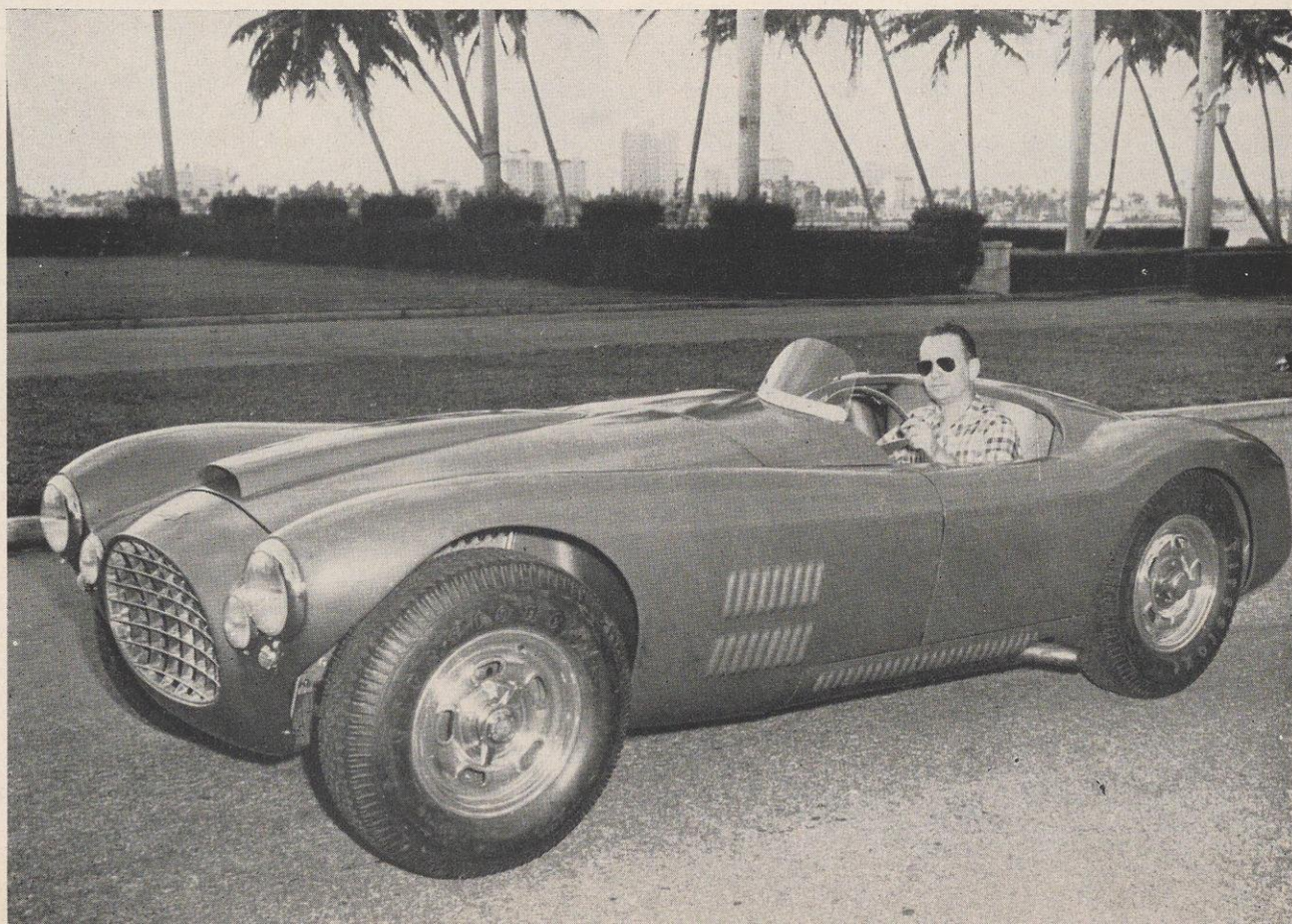
Razzmodad's one purpose in life, his driving ambition

so to speak, was to build a car that would travel faster than the speed of sound. While working for Henry Ford, an itinerant and little known automobile mechanic in Detroit, Michigan, Razzmodad found the secret. By simply mixing Alka-Seltzer and water, he generated enough gas to burp his car along at 325 m.p.h. By accident one night, he dropped his secret ingredient Xspdhvut (named after his father) into the tank. With a deep rumble, his car burped off, and with a loud crash smashed through the sound barrier.

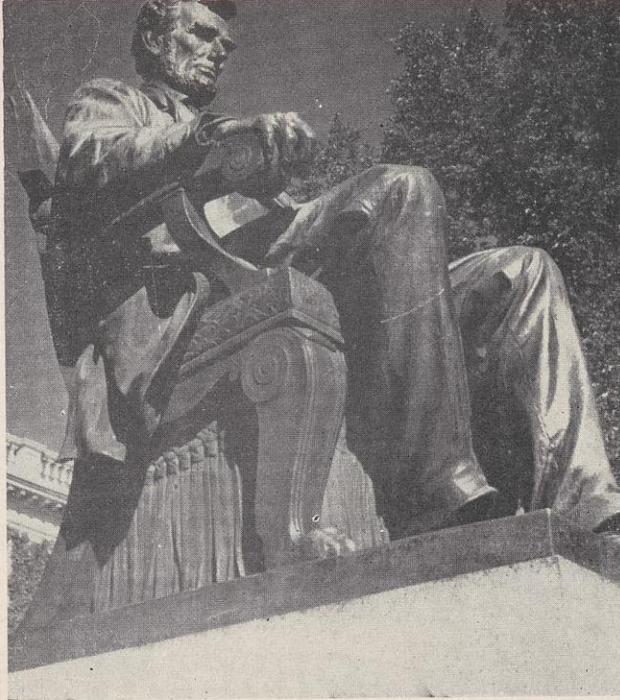
Standing amidst the wreckage of Ford's sleazy shop, Burninggas knew he had finally succeeded.

**RAZZMODAD SITS** behind the wheel of the Burninggas 903, the fastest automobile in the world. Burninggas, who at 34 is too old to stand the strain of driving the automo-

bile, simply likes to sit behind the wheel and "push the different buttons."





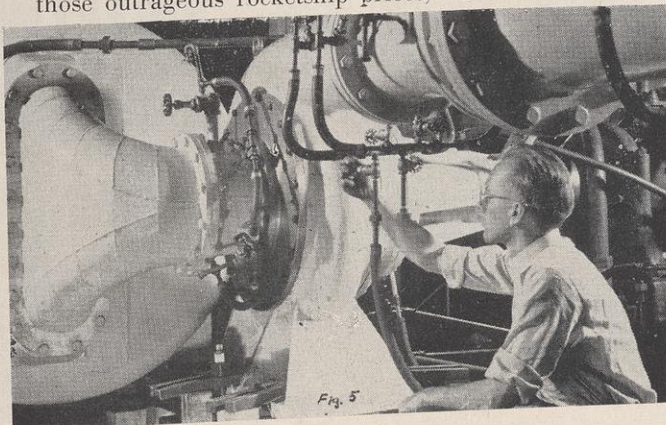


**GEORGE WASHINGTON**, whose statue is pictured above, was always Razzmodad's hero. "When he went and rowed across the Mississippi I knew here was the man who could spur me on to great things. I knew that if he could invent the reaper I could invent an automobile that would travel faster than sound."



**MISS PINKY (Needles) Plasmagrafter** was Razzmodad's private nurse during his many early failures. "Cadaver," who smashed up 37 automobiles, 13 store windows, 79 people, 26 dogs, and the Empire State Building before he learned how to control his new invention, says, "I owe my life to Miss Pinky (Needles) Plasmagrafter."

**BELOW IS THE OLD**, mellowed Xspdhvut Burningas, Razzmodad's father. He is shown examining the new Burningas 904 engine which is still in the development stage. Burningas hopes that this engine will be able to propel a car faster than the speed of light. "We would then be able to go to the moon by car instead of paying those outrageous rocketship prices," Cadaver claims.



## MARGUERITE'S WAR MEMOIRS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

begun. Cannon balls whistled through the air from the 24 pounders; the sleek Spads and Fokkers went up into the mucky mucky pooh to copolymerize the North Urean Blue equipped armies. I interviewed Col. Ottoman and General Armchair; they claimed everything was methylizing according to plan. Back to the front I went; the Playtex was riding up worse than G.I.'s, whole sluice boxes full of ever. You don't harden to "rotation." them, coming back rotated! It was butyl!

Your correspondent feels that the "Operation Armpit" was a complete success. The G.I.'s took Trifunctional Ridge and pushed to within sight of the major objective, T-16. The ROTC budget-cut strategy paid off. Hormel Van Swift and Co. had not hammed things up. My Ford Trimotor was warming up for the home trip on the runway. It was Sergeant Winthrop coming out of the isoprene in the jeep. He plucked my gear out of the inky inky pooh and bounced us across the strip. This was methacrylate for both of us. Sergeant Winthrop, all American college draftee, lapped the Maxfactor off my nose, whacked the Playtex, and gave me an affectionate squeeze—then walked away, my two safety pins caught in his shirt pocket. I laughed a No. 1 blush in love; stuck on my shirt were his good conduct medals, with clusters—some squeeze!

With a coca-cola belch, the trimotor sloshed through the inky inky pooh, bounced over the mud and steel mat and whisked me off into the mucky, mucky goo, dreaming of polymerizations with Winthrop-lopsided.

## EDITORIAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Doggie Crunchies that an American ambassador had left behind. With these Doggie Crunchies, the only dog food that stopped Doggie Odor, in his pocket, Malenkov saved the day and the future of the Communist party. It was immediately announced that Malenkov was the new leader, but the supply of Doggie Crunchies ran out; hence the dire need for a huge supply. It was this demand for dog food that rocked the international black market. We salute Malenkov and the dog that deserves the recognition of the world.



It's the new casual look for spring and Azisnoskowitz and Son brings you the sloppy looking

## RAT-FUR T-SHIRTS

*They feel so nice next to your skin!*



Underneath that shining exterior is a fabulous RAT-FUR T-shirt, the latest thing for spring. It keeps you warm on cool days, and absorbs lots of sweat on hot ones.

Styled by Zduzee of California, this new sensation comes to you in a variety of colors and absorbancies to fill your every need. Choose from peal grey, oxford grey, tattletale grey, and longtail grey. And for a few pennies more you can get a neat monogram tatooed on it. Look also for RAT-FUR shorts and socks. They're lying on your dealer's counter now, smelling up the joint.

**\$8.95**

FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER, WRITE TO

**AZISKNOSKOWITZ  
& SON**

**FURRIERS**

28 LANGDON STREET

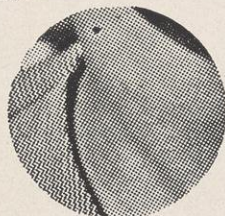


## TERRIFYING . . . OBSCENE . . .

SEE BEAUTIFUL CHRISTIANS TOSSED TO THE  
LIONS WHILE NERO FIDDLES. FAIRAMOUNT'S  
NEW ALL-STAR MUSICAL TOOK NEARLY

NINE YEARS TO PRODUCE AT A COST OF OVER  
SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS.

SEE MICKEY ROONEY AS NERO AND  
MARGERATE O'BRIEN AS THE  
ENCHANTING LION TAMER.



Never before has the screen brought you such gory details. Close-ups of brave Christians being devoured en-masse by starved Hollywood lions. You'll thrill to their life-like screams as the camera, with the aid of a telescopic lens, takes you right down into the arena where movie extras are sacrificing their lives for your pleasure and enjoyment.

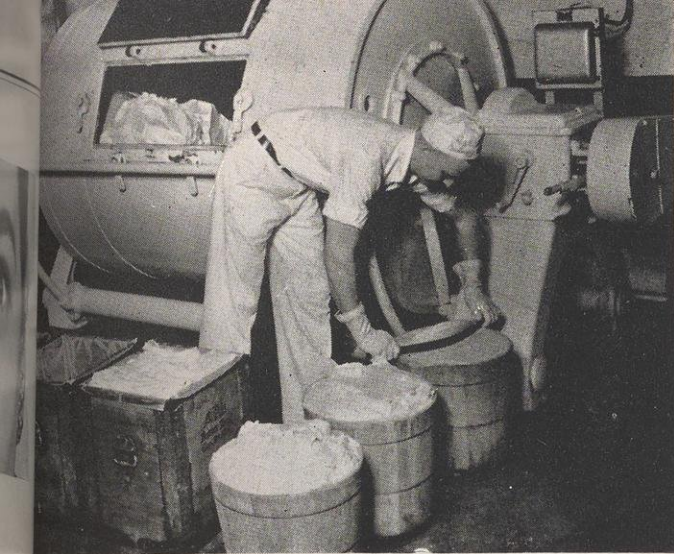
## "I SAW MY SWEETHEART"

*In Three Dimensions*

**COMING SOON!**

*Another "Super-Colossal" Technicolor Extravaganza*





RAW MATERIALS ARE GIVEN LAUNDRY TEST.



QUEEN CHOOSES FASHIONABLE GARB FOR SHOW.



SCIENTIST performs standardization tests of liquid nylon to assure consistency of quality. Finished products must undergo months of strenuous testing equal to a full year's wear by a lady wrestler. This kind of close scrutiny by experimenters is the reason why the bottom never drops out of the girdle industry.

PRESIDENT Lovepodt, circled by Liff's artist Reginald Swamp, displays type of activity which keeps the Foundation in business. "Without restaurants that serve plenty of fried foods and mushy mashed potatoes, our profit curve would take a mean dive," asserts Lovepodt.

# B CUP BAZAAR HAS BIG SHOW

## Celebrities point up events

The Girdle and Bra Makers Foundation of Louisville, Kentucky, really whooped it up when they had their convention in New York last week, as the city gendarmes will readily testify. Frankly, Aldous Lovepodt, foundation president, admitted the meeting was a wholesome success, and except for a few incidents like stalling the Empire State Building's elevators for two hours (from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m.) causing enumerable deaths among weak-hearted executives whose offices were located on top floors, removing permanent stop and go signs up and down fifth avenue to desolate areas in the suburbs, undressing Liff's convention reporter and hurling him from the Rear Fender and Tail-light floor of the Chrysler Building, the members had a marvelous time. Eventually a "Girdle Queen" was chosen from among the 100 odd telephone operators kidnapped from the Manhattan exchange, and was flung before the cheering conventioners in appropriate garb for the honors. Unusual as it may seem, the gathering broke up quietly on the last day. This can probably be attributed to a special train-load of members' wives from Louisville which arrived shortly before the president's closing speech in which he urged more and closer support by retailers and less sag in the sales front.







## LINCOLN MAKES A SPEECH

Benjamin Moorhouse took his first photograph of Abraham Lincoln in 1831 — but a small boy with a flaming torch bound for the Olympic games dashed through Moorhouse's darkroom, ruining the negative. Moorhouse, a man of great perseverance, loaded up the old camera again and set out to take another shot of Lincoln, but a rebel bullet tore through his camera as he was galloping across

the battlefield in the dead of night. Recovering from a nervous breakdown, Moorhouse finally managed to take a successful picture of Lincoln. Liff reproduces here for the first time an authentic picture of Abraham Lincoln delivering his Gettysburg Address on a coast to coast hook-up.



# The April Sun's a Sly Old Fox



**H**old on a minute before you go charging out among the tulips and listen to the old, old tale about the woes of the April sun. It's a sly fox this time of year. It has lured men for centuries right into an oxygen tent . . . even the strongest of them. And the reason is the same today as it always was: not enough protective clothing.

What we're thinking about is the hat, or lack of it. Plunge into a hot shower then rush out of the gym without a hat and you're on the first leg of a trip to the infirmary. The head is vulnerable, terribly vulnerable, to the breezes and sudden chills of April. Thick, long hair helped the Neanderthal, but there aren't many of them around any more. The rest of us need hats.

A hat has one purpose: protection. It protects the head from wind and cold and sun and rain. It protects the eyes and the sinuses. And on top of all this, it improves *everyone's* appearance. Any way you look at it, it makes good sense to wear a hat.

Take a look at some of the new styles designed for young men. They've come a long way since grandpa's day. They make you *look* better, just as they make you *feel* better. Hats are "as healthy as they are handsome."

**"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"**

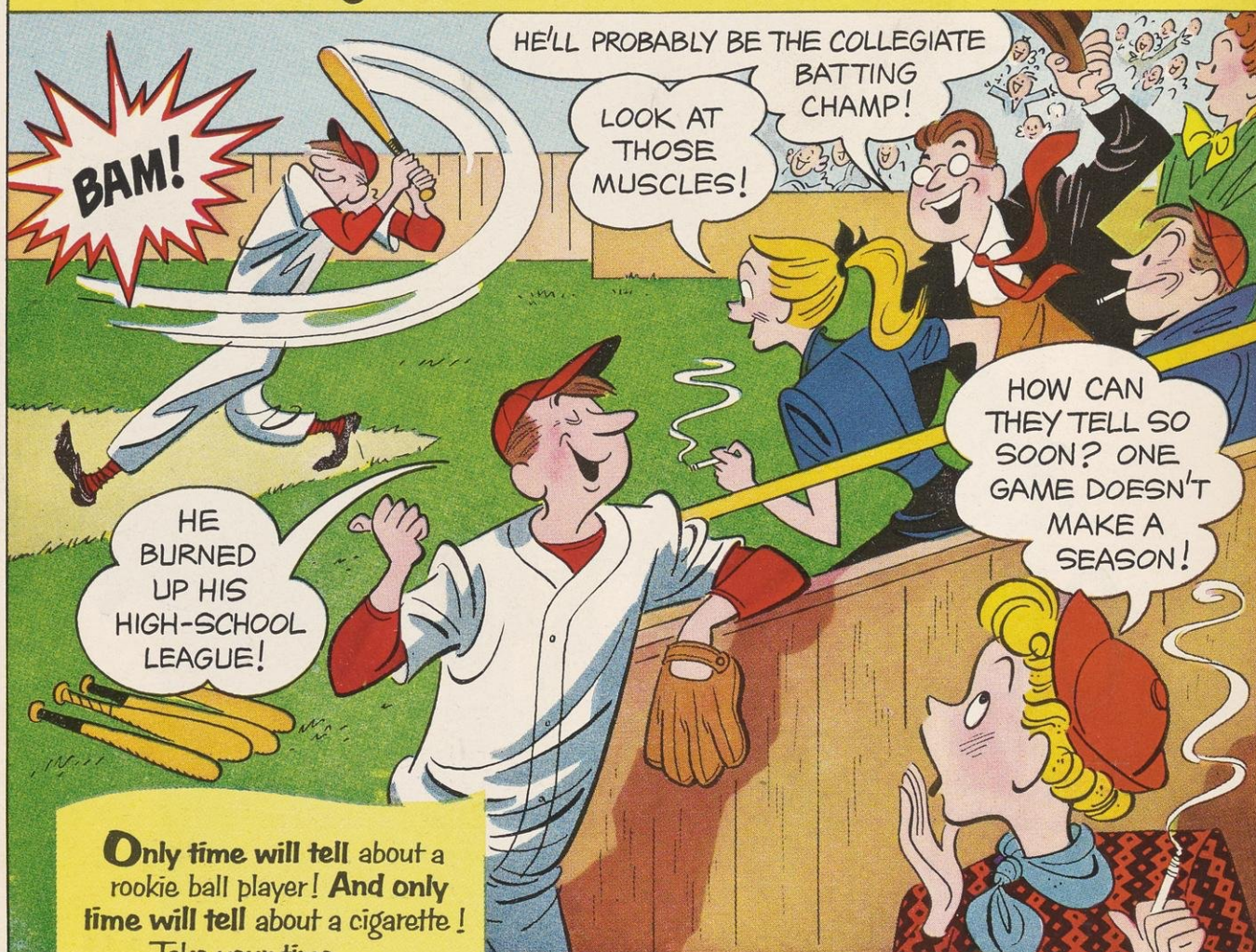
KNOX • CAVANAGH • BERG • BYRON • C&K • DUNLAP • DOBBS

Published by the makers of America's Finest Hats

Divisions of Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women



...*But only Time will Tell*.....



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

Test *Camels* for 30 days  
for Mildness and Flavor!

**THERE MUST BE A REASON WHY** Camel is America's most popular cigarette — leading all other brands by billions! There's a simple answer: Camels give you just what you want in a cigarette — rich, full flavor and cool, cool mildness, pack after pack! Smoke only Camels for 30 days and see how mild, how flavorful, how thoroughly enjoyable they are as your *steady* smoke!



More People Smoke Camels than any other cigarette!