



## Help For Hungary . . .

We were happy to notice that the Primary Council is sponsoring a drive to send clothes to Hungary. For the past many weeks, the world has been following the heroic struggle of these valiant Hungarians against Russian oppression.

We would certainly urge the students here at CSC to support the Primary Council in this most worthwhile effort. To most of us who have known nothing but America's freedom, it is difficult to envision anything different. However, the plight of the Hungarians, if it has done nothing else, must make Americans cognizant of the fact that freedom such as we enjoy is not universal but may be brutally suppressed elsewhere.

Recognition of the Hungarian efforts by support of the refugees will show the world that America not only fosters freedom within its borders but regards it as an inalienable right for all peoples.

## Happy Days . . .

For the Pointer staff, "Happy Days Are Here Again" (with apologies to the Democratic party). The reason for our unbridled joy is the simple fact that we have received letters to the editor in our last two issues of the Pointer. What's more, these letters have been well thought out, and we believe that both are worthy of note.

Many times in the past we have urged students to express their opinions and ideas in the Pointer, and we feel that these recent letters afford ample proof that students at CSC do have opinions, and are able to voice them effectively.

## C Sharp or B Flat . . .

Now that winter has blanketed the CSC campus in a mantle of white, we would like to voice our disapproval of a condition that snow brings with it — namely slippery, snow-covered sidewalks. At first glance this may seem like a rather inconsequential subject, but we believe that the conditions of the walks around the various buildings on campus are seriously in need of consideration.

Actually, ice and snow around these buildings is no trivial matter, for besides causing unnecessary inconvenience, it also presents a serious hazard to all who use the walks.

We realize that the janitors and maintenance staff of our school are already too overburdened with their daily tasks to take on the additional job of immediately clearing our campus sidewalks, but we feel that some provision must be made to see that these hazardous conditions are removed at once. J. M. M.

## Teen-Agers — Normal?

His clothes are conspicuous, his manner and tone are overbearing, and he laughs loudly at the slightest provocation.

He is a teen-age boy, crude and rude!

He resists adult authority. When his wants are neglected he makes a scene.

At school he is sullen when corrected and nurses a grudge for days before he forgets. He has a few close friends who are very like him in intelligence, age, and opinions held. His usual reaction to correction is to talk back, under his breath.

At home he is quarrelsome and almost constantly at swords' point with his parents or younger brothers and sisters. He is critical of his father.

To anyone he considers inferior, the teen-age boy is intentionally rude. He delights in talking about people behind their backs. He is intolerant and prejudiced.

He barely tolerates many of his teachers, but he gives almost limitless devotion to his high school coach. Competitive athletics are the high point of his life. Physical strength and skill are the criteria upon which he judges and is judged by his chums.

His stomach is a bottomless pit. His problems are mostly concerned with money and girls, although he also worries about health, his appearance, his father's social standing, and his physical abilities.

This is a description of the "average" teen-age boy as determined by studies of groups of high school and college students from age 17 to 20. Some are better, some are worse.

Here is a word of caution. He is not delinquent, he is normal. And here is a word of hope. He'll outgrow it.

## Play Tryouts

Tryouts for the winter three-act play will be held Monday and Tuesday of next week at 7:00 p.m. in the College auditorium. Copies of the play, "Ten Little Indians", with tryout cuts are in the library now.

designed to publicize the fact that these pledges think enough of the fraternity to wear a silly cap to be allowed to join. This signifies that they think the frat is desirable. If this desirability to join is lost, then any organization is finished. If people thought it not desirable to go to college, then this school would be non-existent.

Mr. Gruman next implies that dues of "up to \$50.00" are imposed. If had done any checking, he would have found that the dues are less than half the school activity fee. Phi Sig dues run \$9.00 a semester as compared to the activity fee of \$20.00. Myself, I get twice as much out of the frat as I do from my activity card.

At this point in Mr. Gruman's letter, he has started to refer to fraternity men as "grown adults" rather than as "young boys." The Korean vets will thank him for this.

He further states that fraternities have a "sadistic desire for bottom-warming." Again without the facts, he goes off half-cocked. No pledge gets "warmed" unless he challenges an swing. In this case he gets one swing at the active and then the active gets one at him. No pledge gets "warmed" unless he wants to "warm" an active. Many members have never felt the sting of the paddle.

In conclusion, may I say that I can call on any member of my fraternity for assistance and receive it. This is the brotherhood Mr. Gruman would have found if he had looked into the situation.

I have discussed this as I know it to be in the Phi Sig and I'm sure the other fraternities on campus are run along the same line.

I wish to thank the Pointer for allowing me the space to answer these assertions. Bob Hanes P.S.

It has come to my attention that Mr. Gruman is a member of local frat. I would like to show him how my frat differs from his. I am sorry that Mr. Gruman can't be as proud of his fraternity as I am of mine.

Dear Editor,

I am usually in the habit of writing letters to publications regarding my opinions on various matters concerning this school or community. However, I have reached the position in which I feel it is no longer possible to keep silent any longer, and thus I take this opportunity to express my views. I realize that my opinions are not necessarily those of the majority and I cannot expect that they will be necessarily appreciated by those that read them, but that is of little importance. There is an ethical principle involved here regarding the right of self-expression as manifested in the American and more basically human tradition. Thus I wish to take this principle and apply it, little caring whether or not it is agreed with by the majority or minority for all that it matters. Greater issues are at stake than just pure agreement or disagreement. I trust you will not think me, or label me, a radical or reactionary because I only write to you at this time to state my own opinions and do not wish to attempt to forcibly impose my ideas on my fellow students or on fellow man in general. I fully realize that my opinions are my opinions only, and if they do agree with anyone else it is well and good, and if not, well that is good too, for everyone has a right to think and do as he pleases.

Thank you for publishing my letter. A Free Thinker (and not afraid to admit it)

## Mrs. CSC Club Will Meet

On Wednesday, December 5, the Mrs. CSC Club will hold a meeting in the Nelson Hall cafeteria. All married women attending CSC and all wives of men attending CSC are eligible to join, and all are especially invited to attend this meeting.

Each member attending should bring something for the club's Christmas project. The "something" to bring can include canned goods, staples, and clothing for girls (age nine and five) and boys (age eight and four). Also, each member should bring ten cents to be used to buy meat for the Christmas project.

After work on the project has been completed, the club will hold its Christmas party. Everyone is requested to bring a 25 cent useful grab-bag gift.

There are about 200 qualified "Mrs. CSC's." The club will do nothing better for its Christmas preparations than to have them all turn out.



The magic fingers of Marty Thomas at the organ. That's a familiar sight and sound to CSCers at college assemblies. Marty is a freshman from Stevens Point.

## A Student Speaks —

### In The Realm of Life's Ideas

By Ray Stroik

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world." How often have we heard this sentence expressed when forms of human behavior different from our own are observed? This statement is often used as a "way out" when some manner of human action is beyond our grasp of understanding or approval. Sure, the paths of life upon which the two and a third billions people in this world travel are indeed varied, strange, and often, in conflict. The ordinary person discovers in life that there are individuals who differ from his in religious faith, political belief, occupation, economic standing, educational background, and in that mysterious idea of "social prestige."

More remotely, many people become aware of individuals with a different color of skin, a foreign language, a non-Christian religion, and such a conflicting ideology (a philosophy of society) as Communism. By means of transportation, a person covers space and learns that the world consists of people in distant and strange geographical regions. Through history, time is covered and one is informed of the customs, beliefs and traditions of humans that inhabited the earth in by-gone ages.

In our relationships with people of different characteristics, we often display signs of dislike, prejudice, intolerance and fear. We enjoy our friends, we find much satisfaction from meeting new acquaintances and sometimes we wonder and fear what to expect from the total stranger; especially if the stranger is a member of a group of which we have "heard unfavorable remarks." Our speech consists of such phrases as: "city slicker," "hick farmer," "egghead," "politician," "bureaucrat," "high society," etc. In addition, our society is divided into such diverse, and often at times, conflicting groups as: labor and management; Catholic, Protestant, and Jew; Democrat and Republican; White and Negro; Capitalist and Socialist; white-collar and manual labor; and such varied nationalities as Irish, Polish, German, Russian, Italian, etc.

The status labels we have as members of society include soldier, teacher, banker, executive, technician, janitor, student, priest, housewife, etc. In playing our individual roles in a

social order we find it difficult to understand the position and the services that are provided by others toward the welfare of society. We take pride in our occupation and often at times display a lack of appreciation, and even hostility, toward those pursuing different paths of life. By the abilities they possess, the things they enjoy, the feelings they exercise, and the values they cherish, human beings are indeed varied and complex.

The purpose of this article is not, however, to compile a list of human differences. It is rather, an attempt to focus thought on the likeness and commonality of mankind. For some reason, we humans first tend to notice the differences that exist between members of the human race. We speak of "races" and forget there is only one "human race." We speak of Catholic, Jew, and Protestant and forget we all believe in the same God. We speak of manual labor and white-collars and forget almost all of us perform tasks in the productive of society. Yes, we speak of many divisions in human society, but fail to consider our common desire for happiness, our common wish to love and be loved, our common need of food, shelter and clothing for our bodies, our shared striving for knowledge of the universe, our equal demand for activity and rest, our shared hopes of a peaceful world, our common desire to express our own peculiar ideas and feelings, and our common displeasure for pain and sickness. Must the human race forever be divided? Can we never realize our common brotherhood? We are humans made in the image of God first, male or female second, and only thirdly and additionally are we what our varied activities and cultures make us. The preceding words seem to fade away in insignificance when one realizes the wisdom written by the English poet, Rudyard Kipling:

"Oh, East is East, and West is West and never the twain shall meet . . . But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth, when two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth."



Packed like proverbial sardines in the can these CSC students got the not-too-adequate facilities of the mess' smoker. Hungarians also had to put up with this — and look what happened!

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# Dutiful Co-ed Gives Behind the Scene Tips About Campus Life

By Donna Mueller

Dear Hephizabab, Well, dear little sister, since you are planning on coming to CSC in a few years, and since I am now an experienced co-ed, I feel it is my duty to give you a few tips about life on campus.

To begin with, come prepared to have fun. I know you're anxious to get down to your studies, but always remember that college is for social life, never for studying. Some do squeeze in a few glances at books during their spare time, but only when they are desperate for something to do.

The night before exams is completely different, however. We all put away our obligations of dates and card games long enough to really have a hilarious time, not by studying, but by our simplified method of passing tests. My first tip in getting through the ordeal is to wear a long-sleeved blouse. All co-eds pay homage to that great fashion designer, Groucho Marx, not for the stylish aspect of these blouses, but for their great utility in concealing helpful pieces of information. When people say they "crum" for their exams, don't think they mean bits of knowledge in their mind, they mean bits of paper in their sleeve.

There are numerous methods of "helping your memory." For instance, one of my friends discovered that a certain type of ink is invisible to the naked eye but appears under an ultra-violet ray bulb. With this information she proceeded to copy notes on her skirt, and arrived in botany class armed with a sun lamp and dark glasses. During the exam she spread out her beach towel and calmly switched the lamp on. When the professor asked her what she was doing, she naively replied, "Getting a tan." Evidently the Dean didn't like her attitude any better than the prof, but she didn't really like college anyway. She might still have been here if she would have taken my suggestion and worn fig leaves to class. Then she could have said she was studying artificial photosynthesis.

I suppose there must be an honest way to pass an exam, but as of yet I haven't discovered it here at Central State.

Now to the more important item — social life. There is always the Union, which the college has been kind enough to furnish as a gathering place for all those embarking for the recreational centers, Saint Joseph's and Rudolph's. This Rudolph is no relation to the red-nosed celebrity, although this feature is one of the symptoms noted on those who participate in the ceremonies at his establishment. Other symptoms may be staggering, hiccup, alcoholic halitosis or similar effects of the exciting chess games played there.

Another form of recreation may be found in downtown theaters. Most college couples choose the balcony. The reason for this, I have discovered, is that if the movie is boring they may divert themselves in other activities, such as walking the rail, or counting the bald heads in the audience below. If the movie ends early, further time may be spent on the Nelson Hall porch. Usual pastimes

of couples situated there are debates on politics, electronics or foreign affairs. If, however, a couple becomes involved in calculating the bald heads during the movie, and find that they are the last ones to leave the theater and the last ones to reach the dorm, it leads to another form of recreation called Crawling-Through-the-Window-and-Stepping-in-the-Dean's-Jap. This game has such an exciting consequence that I'll let you have the thrill of experiencing it yourself. I'm still not over my participation in it. In fact, I have twenty-nine more nights in complete solitude in the dorm to relive that thrill.

Well, Hephizabab, I could go on forever telling you about the wonderful life here at CSC.

Just a minute, I've just received a little note which begins, "We are sorry to inform you that you have failed to maintain a sufficient grade point to remain on final probation." Oh well, I'll just tell you the rest about college life when I get home. I'm sure there must be some mistake about my grade point, though. I've been having a marvelous time here, that should count for something!

Sending my love to all and about to see you soon, I am

Your ex-co-ed sister,  
Euphemia

## Tau Gam "Green Door" Is Well Attended

At the Tau Gamma Beta's "Green Door" dance, November 20, the students found out what was behind the green door. As soon as the door opened the students saw a band, not a playing band for records supplied the music, but a band made up of the sorority members. The theme was carried through in the stage and wall decorations. On the stage, curtains parted to reveal a green door. Painted on the walls were two faces.

After the students entertained themselves with dancing, the Tau Gams entertained them with a skit. In the skit a farm boy who came to CSC falls asleep while studying. Then, as if he didn't see enough of the faculty at school he dreams about them. Mr. Cross, Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Crow were represented by a sign with a cross on it, a donkey and a crow, respectively.

The crowd was much larger than usual, over 200 students were there. This was partly because the dance was in the middle of the week and partly because the students were curious about the "Green Door."

## Alpha Sigs Will Hold Tea

The Alpha Sigs are working diligently toward their traditional winter tea for all college women, faculty and administration.

The tea will be held Wednesday afternoon, December 5th from 3:30-5:30.

The tea theme is entitled "Pink Poodle Tea" and depicts a French atmosphere of femininity and finery surrounded by "oodles of pink poodles." The food and decorations will follow the "Pink Poodle" theme.

The pink poodles are anxiously waiting to see you there, as the Alpha Sigs are, too.

## ROVING REPORTER

By Barbara Coburn

Question: Do you think Elvis Presley is detrimental to American youth? Why or why not?

Trying desperately to find something on which the CSC students disagree, our editors hit upon Elvis. It was useless. Still only two students with contrary opinions.

Nancy Hager, Wabeno, junior

No, I don't. If some guy wants to wave his arms around, make a lot of noise, pass a few suggestive glances to his audience and make a couple million dollars doing it, let him! If the American youth grows sideburns, goes through various contortions, and makes weird noises while watching him, let them. If it wasn't Elvis, it would be some one else they'd try to imitate. He may as well be a little interesting.



Hager

Ron Kerl, Janesville, sophomore.

If it was up to me, I'd put him in the army and get his hair cut off. I wouldn't say he was harmful. I regard him as a big joke, myself — most of the boys do. The girls get all excited over him, but I don't think he does any harm.

John Vania, Algoma, 2nd semester sophomore

I don't think so. I don't think Elvis is so bad — in fact, some of his stuff is pretty good — as much as I hate to say it. Some of his actions . . . I don't mind listening so long as I don't have to see him. Youth has to have someone to listen to.



Vania

Virginia Peters, Brantwood, sophomore

No, I don't think so. Thinking of myself, I can just overlook him. I think you can form your own opinions. I like to listen to him but I hate to see him.

Arlene Golowski, Custer, special

I think his form of singing or dancing is rather vulgar, and if an entertainer does that I don't think he's an asset to our youth.



Golowski

Jim Herlache, Sturgeon Bay, freshman

I would say that there are many teenagers in favor of him and he has many backers, so in the long run I would say he wouldn't be. He's entertaining to the teenagers. I don't know if elderly people like him or not.

Angela Zink, Abbotsford, sophomore

I don't think so. I don't think he's so vulgar. He's just human. It depends on what you consider vulgar or what you're looking or listening for when you hear an entertainer.

Royal Cawkins, Janesville, freshman

Yes, I just don't like him. I can't see much sense in him.

Carol Suehring, Tigerton, sophomore

Not necessarily. I don't think he'll last. He's just a fad right now.

# Buddha's Lost Domain

By Nancy Konkol

Central State College, like all other old buildings, has an attic. Have you ever wondered what treasures it might contain? Many of you who have classes on the third floor may think that the third floor is an attic, judging by some of its classrooms. But there is more to it than what one usually sees. For instance, on the east end of the hallway there is a locked door which students dash past several times a day without pausing to consider the possibility of what may be behind that door.

The next time you go near that door, stop, and imagine yourself about to open it. In your hand you have the key which you deposit in the lock and turn. Results? Indeed, yes. A door which remains solidly locked. Try once more, this time turning the key in the opposite direction. Same negative result. The door refuses to move. Next time try turning the key and pounding on the door with your fists at the same time. That will fail to produce the desired effect but by the time you start to kick on the door it will decide to open — quite suddenly.

At last! There you are, deposited neatly on the floor before a most disapproving Buddha. This is probably the last thing you'd expect to see on the third floor. But there can be no doubt about it. It's Buddha. After the initial shock (Let's face it, Buddha isn't the most handsome of Gods.) you look around. As the dust stirred up by your grand entrance settles, the outline of tables, chairs, sofas, hassocks, and similar items make themselves apparent. Then you realize that you are in the prop room of Central State College.

What a grand place to explore. After snapping on the light which gleams high overhead, you decide to start the exploration with the stairs on your left. You climb them, but when you reach the top you hear a sickening creaking and crunching as the step gives way underfoot. A quick leap upward brings you to solid flooring again. There in front of you, a mound of broken desks and chairs towers to the ceiling and extends far back under the eaves. (Excellent bonfire material.) Further exploration produces rather mysterious brick lined holes in the floor. The gleam of the distant light bulb fails to reveal the content and depth of the holes. So you find a chunk of wood to drop into one of the holes. You discover that the holes are disappointingly shallow. (Probably due to many such chunks of wood dropped by other curious adventurers.)

The last possible source of adventure in this dimly lit section of the attic is a ladder of about eight steps leading up to a half open door. Carefully and cautiously you climb up the ladder and equally carefully and cautiously you peer behind the door. There staring you in the face are the words painted in huge white letters, "Bob Steiner, Feb. 10, 1934." Disgusted, you back down the ladder. Someone had been there before you! (Probably a brave and daring Pointer reporter.)

Enough for this part of the attic.

Back to the prop room. After fighting your way past sprung-sprung sofas, stove pipes, curtain rods, and a broken umbrella you come upon a rather interesting item. An old wind-up Victrola equipped with a record which you are musically inclined, you wind up the machine and listen to Whistle While You Work. While you listen you page through an old photograph album containing pictures of plays of many years past. After the Victrola runs down, you press forward again. You travel past an old kitchen table which appears to be the final resting place of a rusted, dented, well used coffee pot. Hidden back in a corner is an organ covered with layers of dust but which appears still capable of playing a few tunes. Unfortunately, it cannot be reached due to the broken buffet and paint peeling kitchen cupboard pushed in front of it. Further inspection shows that the remaining part of the attic contains old dishes which could use the services of an efficient dishwasher, a barrel of lime, several cardboard shields of some long gone knight in shining armor, and many many back drops and screens. Also, you come upon a most unusual green wooden box whose shape defies description.

By this time you are probably aware of the fact that it's quite cold in the attic and class time is drawing near. So you about face and attempt to retrace your steps over the obstacle course. Enroute to the starting point of your journey you contemplate the possibility of chopping up a broken rocking chair or two and burning them in the black stove by the door. You decide against it when you realize it may warm up the scores of bats residing in the attic enough to make them come to investigate the invader of their domain.

So with a last shove at a dusty easy chair blocking your exit and a final pat on the head of Buddha you leave the prop room and hurry downstairs to scrape the layers of dirt off your hands. Also, to mend the rip in your sleeve.

## Rural Life Club Meets

On Monday night, November 19, the Rural Life Club met. After discussing the old and new business a "Thank You" was given to all who helped on the float, party, or bulletin board committees. The constitution was then read so it could be determined what changes would be necessary. It was decided to have the committee revise it and present it at the next meeting. A hostess was then appointed for the Rural Life Club for College Day.

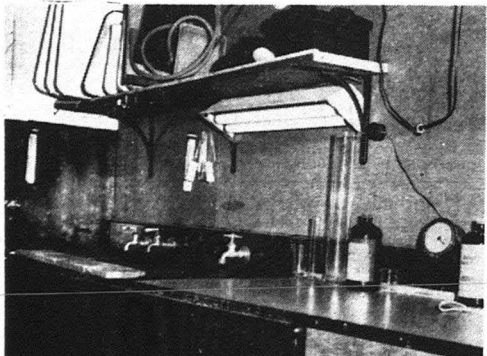
Miss Allen, the Portage County Superintendent of Schools gave a very interesting talk on "Strengths and Weaknesses of a Beginning Teacher."

After the meeting was adjourned lunch was served.

## Buy Books For Christmas



Like an Oriental deity with five o'clock shadow this imposing figure reigns in the College Theater third floor prop room. Ruling over a kingdom of bats, mice, and retired play directors, Old Stone Face reposes in stolid serenity.



This picture was strictly an inside job. Here is the darkroom where devoted Iris and Pointer photographers can retreat and develop the pictures for their respective publications in relative peace.





Many new faces were added to our group of foreign students this year. From left to right our present foreign students are: (Seated) Syng Ai Lee, Rose-marie Steinfurth, Anne-Cathrine Melbye, Helen Matsuoka and Margareta Van der Laan. (Standing) Siwarr Pachanayon, Kim Young Joo, Huh Jange Hwe, Woo Hack Kyuh, Gertrud Rosenkranz, Rosario Estacio, Young Soon Lee, Chyun Sung Chwae.

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