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## **Octopus: Holiday issue. Vol. 31, No. 2 December 1952**

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OCTOPUS

humor mag

university of wisconsin



holiday issue

december 1952



twenty-five cents

ken dicksonbaum





## NURSES



## ROTC STUDENTS



## FRESHMEN

That's right! People from every walk of life will tell you the Co-op is milder . . . much milder on your pocketbook for all those Christmas gifts. Chintzy Bysmal, law student, says, "I've been shopping at the Co-op for my Christmas presents every year for the fourteen years I've been attending the university." Why don't you take the hint, kid? Get on the handwagon and pick up everything you'll need for Mom, Pop, the kids, Uncle, Aunt, Grandpa, Grandma—everyone. And the Co-op has a huge choice. You can start with the well-stocked book department, and we mean well-stocked. Books that appeal to anyone. Fiction or fact, the Co-op has it! And those big warm "W" blankets for the home-rooters. Stuffed animals, all kinds and all cute! Art supplies for the budding Picasso, Wisconsin souvenirs, and piles of stuff just waiting for you! And now there are two great stores to serve you!

*two great stores*

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By the way, maybe you're like all of us having troubles with wrapping the gifts you've purchased, and the University Co-op has thought of that, too! Drop into the store at State and Lake and take a gander at the department set aside for your gift wrapping fun. That's right, fun! With all that colorfully colored paper and the myriads of gay ribbons and tapes it will be fun matching and contrasting the wrappings to create really exciting packages. But don't wait till the last minute for your Christmas shopping—start now and start at the Co-op.

*All buy their*

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**THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP**



# Old Scrooge's Favorites

Kissing is germ-laden  
So I never, never do it;  
Except in lonely countrylanes,  
Where-of-course — I'm driven  
to it!

\* \* \*

Housewife (to garbage man)—  
"Am I too late for the garbage?"  
Garbage man—"No, ma'm, jump  
right in."

\* \* \*

"Pardon me, Mrs. Astor, but that  
never would have happened if you  
hadn't stepped between me and the  
spittoon."

\* \* \*

"An inmate just escaped from an  
asylum. He was tall, thin, and  
weighed 250 pounds."

"Tall, thin, and weighed 250  
pounds?"

"I told you he was crazy."

\* \* \*

Just because my eyes are red  
doesn't mean I'm drunk. For all  
you know, I may be a white rabbit.

\* \* \*

Stopping at the first house on his  
famous ride, Paul Revere cried, "Is  
your husband home?"

"Yes," came back the reply.

"Then tell him to dress and fight  
the British."

At the second, third, and fourth  
houses he repeated the conversa-  
tion. Stopping at the fifth house he  
cried again.

"No," was the reply.

"Whoa."

\* \* \*

Shall we sit in the parlor?  
No, I'm tired. Let's play tennis.

\* \* \*

A sensitive girl named O'Neil  
Went up in the big ferris wheel;  
But when half way 'round,  
She looked at the ground,  
It cost her an eighty-cent meal.

\* \* \*

He: Whisper those three little  
words that will make me walk on  
air.

She: Go hang yourself.

\* \* \*

"Where would you guys be if  
us girls weren't around to sew but-  
tons on your pants?"

"If it wasn't for you girls, us  
fellows wouldn't have to wear  
pants."



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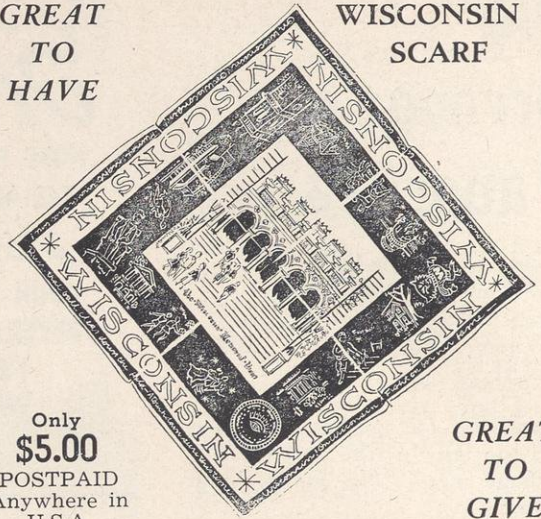
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OF THE STATE

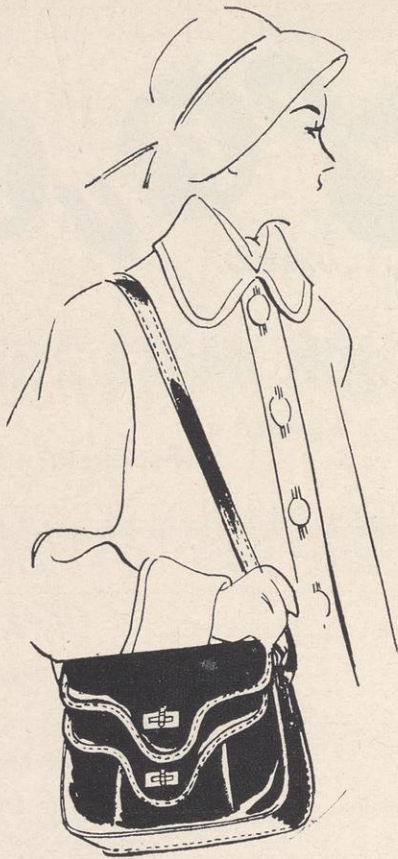
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*W.J. Rendall's*

SQUARE AT STATE

## LOOK WHAT THE MAILMAN DRAGGED IN

A cheery salutation, sirs:

I have been paging through past issues of the Octopus and find a decided improvement both in content and layout. If you could return to the older and more efficient methods of production, I am certain your magazine would increase in circulation and prove to be more entertaining. I enjoyed especially reading the issues printed in 1919 and 1920. The mimeographed pages and hand-etched cartoons are extremely attractive.

Let's return to the good old days, when the magazine set a high standard for humor and illustrations.

Very truly yours,  
Calvin R. Coolidge  
609 Euclid Court  
Madison, Wisconsin

ED: Thanks for your entertaining letter, and a pat on the back for you from all of us for the subtle ways in which you complimented our present publication.

\* \* \*

Dear Sirs:

The use of that innane picture of a lewd woman dressed in a revealing costume that you printed repeatedly in the first issue was horrifyingly obscene. On behalf of all the girls at Villa Marigold, may I, as house mother, urge you to desist from continuing this practice.

Graciously but furtively yours,  
Mrs. Zersensterber  
Villa Marigold

ED: Your letter was wonderfully written. If you wish to remove ice from the window of your motorcycle we suggest a plastic squeegee which can be secured by writing, Squeegee, New York 10, N.Y.

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

Your humor is not the intellectual satire of Bernard Shaw nor is it the delightful insanity of Robert Benchley nor does it have the warm appeal of Thomas Hardy, the irrepressible wag.

In a word your humor is slapstick. It is not artful or subtle. It is simple, crude, and vulgar, appealing more to soft-headed children or pimply adolescents than to adults. It smacks of eclectic, shopworn formula and has all the cheap glitter of tired tinsel.

Yet the fact remains that your brand of humor has its place in the world view of humor, for any world view must include the average and even the dull if it is to be complete.

R. Schnikel  
Plagerism Point, Wis.

ED: Dear R.: In the future please address such correspondence correctly, i.e.: The Wisconsin Idea, 770 Langdon St.

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

I have one comment to make about your magazine. It's dirt, sheer dirt. How anyone can read such grubby trash I'm sure I don't know. After I read your last issue I felt so besmirched, so soiled, that I just had to go out and wash my hands.

Jeniveev Reinhand  
32½ Poas Blvd.

ED: All correspondence intended for the Wisconsin Agriculturist should be sent to . . .



Dear Sir:

I had the rare luck of picking up a copy of your magazine at a local news stand recently. Paging through it was a rich, inspiring experience. I was amazed at the wealth of fine literature, sensible criticism, and earnest exposition therein. The art work was also very pleasing and in exceptionally fine taste. You are to be highly commended for your contribution to the science of letters.

Elvin Carenon  
732 Leisterprong Ave.,  
Madison, Wisconsin

ED: Thanks, El, we're glad somebody got our address straight.

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

In regard to your jokes: Humor?

T. Zillman  
Big House on the Hill  
Madison, Wisconsin

\* \* \*

Wow—Hi Ya!

Gee whillekers, that Octy is real keen and all the guys in our block are real keen on it the jokes are funny as the dickens and boy its great to read such really funny cartoons. Zowee, but I'm glad I was the first in my neighborhood to get a copy because it's really real keen, let's have lots more pictures of girls with not so much clothes on because Pete and me are really keen on belly buttons. Keep up the good work and we're waiting for the next issue like on pins and needles Pete says hi.

Truly yours,  
Dickie, Ronnie, Georgie,  
Kennie, Billie, and Veronica

ED: It's quite gratifying to receive such a fine response from the Freshmen and Sophomore subscribers. Under separate cover find actual size photos of the belly-buttons of our exchange editor and advertising manager. The small one is Peg's.

\* \* \*

dier fellers,

i dun got yer magazine in the weakly male. i wuz so ankshus to reid it that i actually slopped them there hawgs in ony eleventy-four secunts. i haven't ever red anything so knee-slapping since old hiram schultz's copy of god's little acrey dun wore out. i put one over on maw who sez its trash by hiding my copee in the out-house. keep up the riska jokes, and the dirty stories. one more congratulashuns to yez. hain't see so few clothes on womin since old lady aggie dun got ketched in the trasher. got to git back to the hawgs now.

howdy,  
jeb pendergast

p.s. say hi to the fellers in law school for me. i'm a '44 grad.

ED: Shredded Octopii dung makes wunderful feed for them ther hawgs.

\* \* \*

Good Evening Friends,

Flash—Octopus great. Terrific features, magnificent photos, nude women, lousy jokes. Keep up the good work—the nation salutes you. Our correspondents throughout the world say Octy received with a bang—revolution started in Tasmania.

Just another example of American know-how and team-work.

You're great,  
Walter Windshield

ED: Thanks Wally. Keep punching Tasmania.

## Christmas Suggestions

SWEATERS by CATALINA

SPORTSWEAR by PENDLETON

NECKWEAR by WEMBLEY

SOCKS by PHOENIX

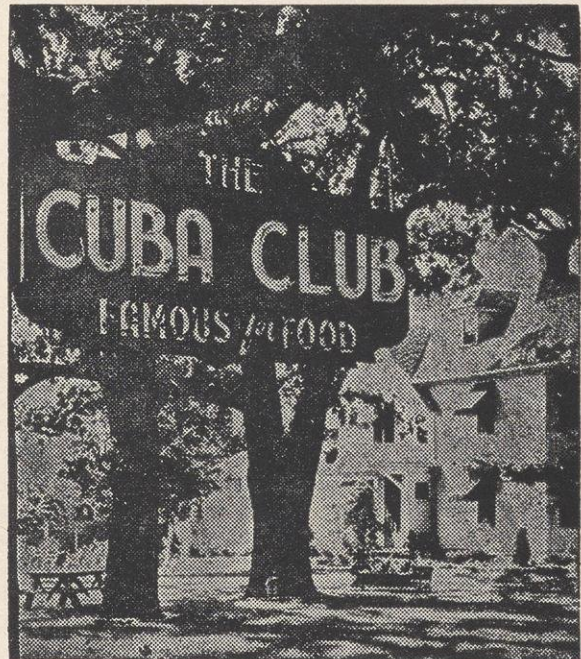
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# BROWN'S

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Wisconsin Calendar

# BROWN'S

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# 5%

## REBATE

*Friendly, Courteous  
Service*

## Tales of the Sugar Plum Fairies and Numerous Other Rotten Fruit Stories

A man was carrying a grandfather's clock down a crowded main street to a repair shop. As the clock limited his vision, he unintentionally collided with a woman, knocking her down. After collecting her composure and packages, the woman struggled to her feet and scathingly enquired, "Why don't you carry a wrist watch like everybody else?"

\* \* \*

"But Henry, that isn't our baby."  
"Shut up, it's a better buggy."

\* \* \*

Chorine, indignantly: "For the second scene the director wants us to wear a costume only of beads."

Boy-friend, soothingly: "Well, that could be all right, if there are enough beads."

Chorine: "Beaded eyelashes?"

"Well, Jerry finally married that redhead."

"What got into him?"

"Buckshot."

\* \* \*

She—How is it that you get so divinely after you've had a few drinks?

He—I drink rubbing alcohol.

\* \* \*

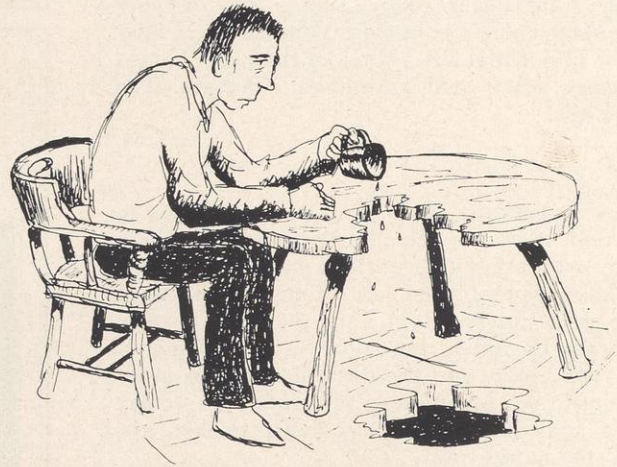
Lady on telephone: "Yes, dear, that's all right, don't hurry, enjoy yourself. Goodbye."

As she turned from the phone her gentleman visitor asked, "Who was that?"

"My husband."

"What did he want?"

"Oh, he just called to tell me that he'd be late getting home tonight. He's downtown playing poker with you and a bunch of the boys."



And then there was the Indian who drank 38 glasses of iced tea one night and the next day they found him dead in his tepee.

\* \* \*

A husband and wife were asleep. About 3:00 a.m., the wife dreamed of secretly meeting another man. Then she dreamed she saw her husband coming in. In her sleep she shrieked, "Heavens, my husband."

Her husband, awakened by her shriek, leaped out the window.

\* \* \*

Waitress (looking at nickel tip left by a KA): "What are you trying to do, big boy, seduce me?"

Sign at a combination restaurant and gasoline station: Eat here and get gas.

\* \* \*

In the old days when a girl wanted a fur coat she went to the woods and killed a fox. Now she just goes to the woods.

\* \* \*

He: "Are you one of these girls that kisses and tells?"

She: "No, I'll never say a word."

He: "Then just forget the whole thing."



Asteroid X-P169Y flashed past his visio-scope and he noticed for the first time that they were all women, all of them, all over they were women. He dropped his glass of estrogenic hormones and thus began

# The Lengthy Pause

The dirty rats! They'd got it. They'd come right in and got it. But I'd get it back and I'd get them too. And they knew it, or else they didn't know me. Maybe they were the real dumb kind what didn't know about Mitch Sledge. Then it was gonna be real good fun for me.

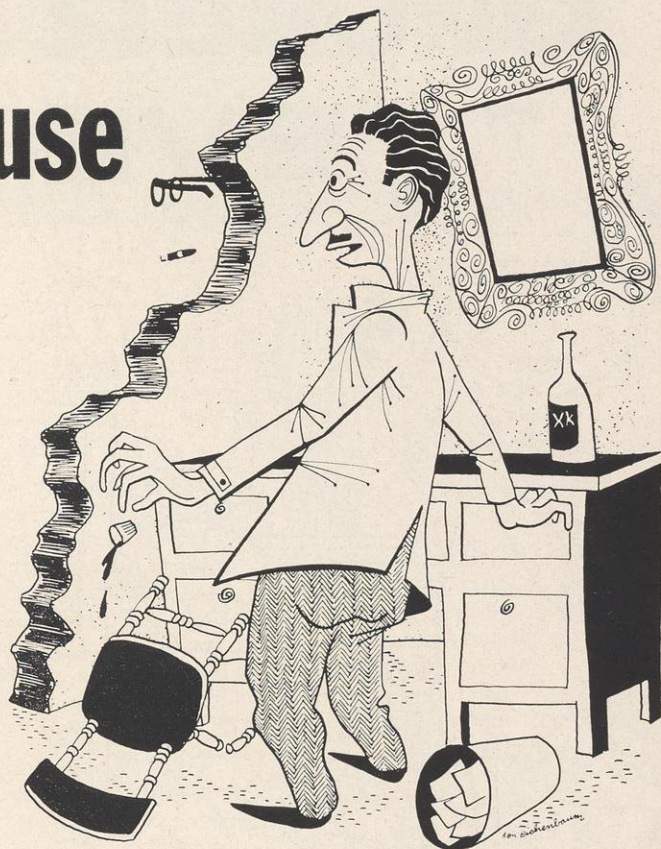
They'd done a real neat job of it, no marks, no nothing, not a scratch on the door, not a jimmy mark on the windows. There was nothing to show they'd been there except the hole in the wall where they'd used an air hammer to get in and take it out. Even Shep, my Irish Wolfhound, hadn't heard them. He was out with his Chihuahua girlfriend. Nothing else missing but it. Only a bare spot where it had stood and that bare spot hurt me. It hurt me so bad I was getting angry. The only clue they'd left behind was a half of a needle but that half a needle was gonna lead me to them and then they'd pay, pay real lots, hey.

I snapped up the phone and spun the dial. I picked up the receiver, no answer. I spun the dial and heard the ring, two shorts, and a long, then another two shorts, a long and a siren. The private number of captain Pete McClouch, my only buddy and the only real cop on the force. Pete and me was buddies since him and me was on the force together and had patrolled the same school crossing together. We had seen plenty of rough pinches on that beat, him and me.

A woman answered the phone and said, "W.C.T.U." I chuckled. It was really the Y.M.C.A. but nobody knew this except Pete and me. We had found out one night when we followed a couple of B-girls home from a White Tower joint. I asked for Pete and the woman let out a long low wail. My voice always did things to them. I heard someone drag off a body and then Pete answered the phone.

He said "Hi Mitch!" and I gave it to him straight, what had happened and what was gonna happen. He knew what to expect. He mumbled something about a maiden form dream and hung up. Good old Pete. A real family man, with a real sweet wife and eight lovely kids, including the Siamese triplets. He was a real buddy and the only guy I could trust.

I strapped on my holster and checked my Colt 44, all 44 chambers were loaded and I'd maybe need 'em. I grabbed my hat and busted out into the night, the half-needle clutched between my teeth. There was another half to that needle somewhere and that's where I'd find the rats and that's where I'd find it. It was sleeting, cold sleet the size of hen's eggs, splashing yolk all over my trench coat. I slammed up the street and smack into a blonde. She was the cute type, about three foot eleven, and well proportioned. She bounced off the wall ready to scream. I threw the beam of my beatie-jet lighter on



my face and she relaxed. She winked and said, "Sorry Mitch. I thought you were one of them." I asked one of who and she pulled herself up on my left ear lobe and whispered in my ear. I told her I didn't collect panties and offered her some coffee.

We started up the alley when three hoods hunched out of a doorway. I flipped out my 44 before they could slip off their mittens. I blasted fast and they died fast. They were lucky. One got it in the chin, taking his face clean off. Another had a big red blotch where his belly should have been. The third had a great big nothing where his sinciput was before. They didn't have it. The job was too big for them. They were just small fry, dealers in counterfeit gambling-tax stamps.

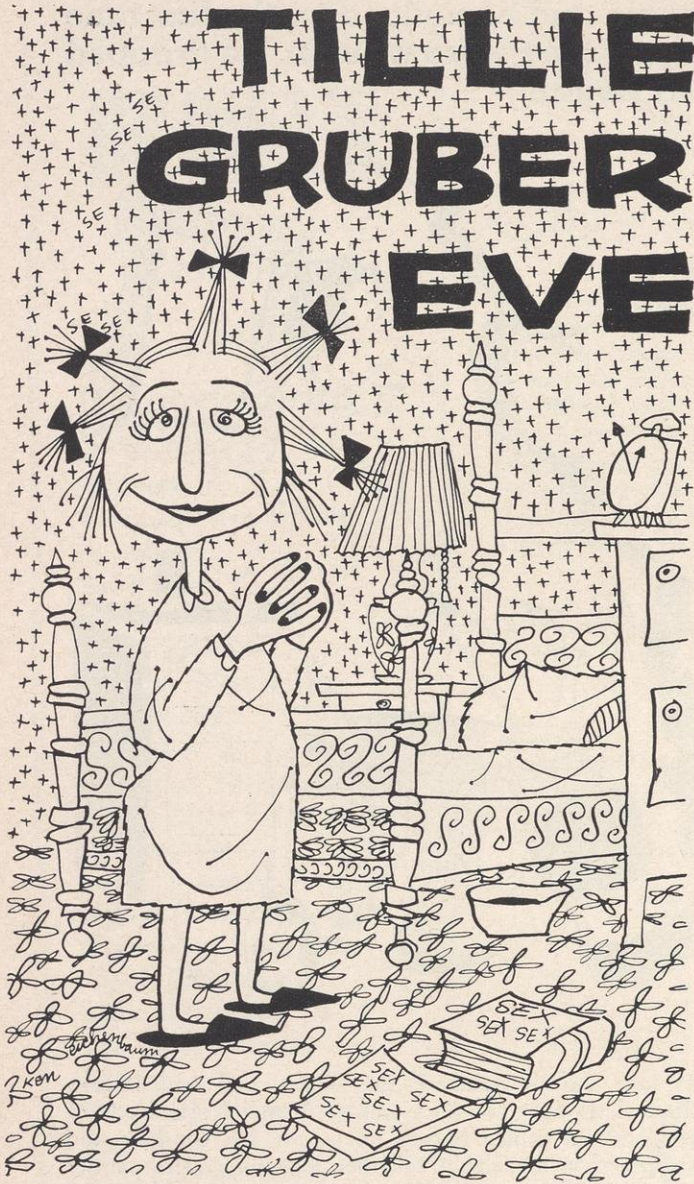
The blonde shuddered and said she wanted to go home. I asked her if the blood bothered her and she said no but she'd forgotten her chlorophyl tablets and besides, she'd remembered she didn't have any panties on anyway. I stuffed her into a cab and took down her address. I'd have to find out if she was a real blonde. I'd look into that later.

I busted into a nearby gin mill and ordered a gin and buttermilk. The barkeep ground up my drink, grabbed my cash and nodded to my left. I reached for my holster. A gal in a black hat sidled up and shoved something into my ribs. I dropped a half a buck into her

(continued on page 18)

by Ben Weiss





THE HALF-NAKED ESKIMOS MOVED THEIR LINO-  
TYPE MACHINE INTO THE BLUBBERING IGLOO. IN  
THE DISTANCE MOLDY DICK SLOBBERED "SACRE  
BLIEU! SCHULTZ IS DEAD!"

by *Sasha Gelf*

Feb. 31, 1952

Dear Diary,

Another February 31 is here and again I shall rely on the spirit of Tilly Gruber to get me a man! I have read the rules real carefully and this year there isn't a chance for a slip-up. (I figured out that it didn't work last year cause I wasn't a virgin then.)

I woke up this morning, and I didn't eat breakfast or anything cause the rules say that you're not supposed

to eat. After I didn't eat breakfast I didn't go to classes. (It didn't say anything about not going to classes, cause they didn't have classes not to go to then.) Anyway I stayed home and re-read the rule book, and waited, and thought:

It was from my Grandma that I first heard about Tilly Gruber Eve. I remember on my thirteenth birthday how she handed me a copy of the rule book in a plain wrapper. (I remember also how I put an *Ivanhoe* cover on it so the kids would think that I was reading *Forever Amber*.) How naive I was! Grandma was shocked when I asked her why she never married. She told me to ask my mother. Then I asked Mom why *she* never married. She told me.

So here it is February 31. All day I've been getting ready. Tillie only visits clean girls, so I turned on the cow and took a milk shower. I gave myself a strawberry facial, than what a peach complexion I had—all yellow and fuzzy. I topped the salad off with a beer shampoo (with a gin chaser). My scalp tingled. The price of beauty is beginning to tell on me though, I guess I should have bought bobby pins instead of using thumb tacks to set my hair. It was worth it, cause I know Tilly Gruber will come through.

You see, Tilly Gruber set aside February 31 as a lucky day. She wrote up this rule book that tells virgins what to do. If I do just like it says for the whole day and night of February 31, when I wake up in the morning on February 32 a man will be standing next to my bed. Isn't that exciting as hell? Just think, today all the virgins in the world are waiting for a man.

Hmmm, there's still a few things left to do before I jump into bed. I have to change the sheets (that Tilly really thought of everything); dig up some sexy pajamas; put a candle in the window; be trustworthy, loyal, friendly, courteous, reverent, clean in thought, word, and deed; and lock my roommate out.

I'm so nervous! There's only one thing worrying me. How's Tilly going to sneak this guy past the house-mother? Even though she can't see or hear, Miss Throck-whistle could sense a man's presence, unless—but no—you don't think maybe old Throcky believe in Tilly Gruber Eve? Wait! What's that funny red glow outside? Well, I'll be damned—twelve, thirteen, fourteen candles in Throcky's window.

It's time. Now comes the real test. (I haven't had a thing to eat all day. I'm so hungry I could die.) I've done everything just like the rules say. Just the final steps remain.

I'm supposed to lie straight as I can in bed, and not move or look to the right, left, up or down. Now with my hands under my head, I recite:

"Tilly Gruber do your stuff  
I've been a virgin long enough!"

I'm supposed to go to sleep real fast and dream of a handsome man and when I wake up, he'll be here.

Wish me luck, Diary!!

Feb. 32, 1952

Dear Diary,

Damn that Tilly Gruber! When I woke up this morning I found a note beside my bed:

"I heard you summon me last night  
I tried to do my duty  
But when I saw old Throckwhistle  
I figured, age before beauty.  
Next year for sure.  
Love, Tilly"



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High atop the loftiest crags of the Egyptian Pyrenees live a nomadic tribe of cliff dwellers called men. Due to the extremely cold weather the winter dress of this band consists of a fur lined loin cloth, while the summer dress is a panama hat with a gold feather. Another one of their quaint traditions is their custom to embalm their dead ancestors in a cake of ice and have a coming out party for them every spring thaw. As you can plainly see, these people live a gay and morbid existence in these frigid wastes.

At any rate, the idea which I would like to convey is in pertinence to a rather peculiar annual holiday observed by these so-called "men." It is a holiday greatly enjoyed by everyone. (In fact they often hold this celebration twice per annum, conditions permitting).

At the first flying of snow in the fall, little children may be heard remarking "Huzza!" to one another in subdued tones. Then as the snow becomes deeper, preparations begin for this most celebrated festival. The official name of the holiday is, "Der Kromgaga Del Le Sehdog," which in rough translation means "The Festival of Krud." (This translation was derived mainly from the actual witnessing of the ceremony. The real meaning of the words amounts to "The Donning of the Loin Cloths.")

When the great day arrives, the older people of the village dig the children from the deep snowbanks and everyone races hither and thither in search of odds and ends of unused food which have been jealously accumulated during the past year. These tidbits are all piled in the center of the village triangle. As the days grow older, the pile becomes bigger and huger and larger, and more prodigious until the exotic odor permeates the farthest limits of the kingdom.

Finally, the last little bits of food have been added to the already monstrous pile and the entire village has fallen under the somehow hypnotic spell of its engaging aroma.

Excitement reaches fever intensity as the villagers gather in a circle around the triangle. Each villager is dressed in his Panama hat with the gold feather, but each holds his fur-lined loin cloth in a secret pouch inside his mouth.

At a prescribed time, the emperor suddenly emerges from the center of the pile, flings his Panama hat into oblivion and stands there quite starkly naked for thirteen seconds before doning his fur-lined loin cloth. At this, the villagers emit wild cries of approval and follow his example.

# DER KROMGAGA DEL LE SEHDOG

A Shrunken Story by Hedda Hunter

## FOR ADULT CONSUMPTIVES ONLY!

When all loin clothes have been donned, and all hats sailed into oblivion, the celebration takes on an informal air and everyone falls to the task of consuming the Krud pile.

Strangled screams of delight fill the air as the villagers gleefully stuff huge handfuls of the Krud in their mouths. The festivities continue amid much vomiting and retching until the entire mass has been eaten. The ones who are still hungry fall upon a few of the smaller children and devour them, thus ending the ritual (not to mention the small children.)

How this ceremony came to be discovered is an interesting tale in itself. It seems a gentleman named Sammie Par was walking down a street in East Oblivion, Colorado, when a Panama hat with a gold feather came floating down from the sky and klonked him on the head. Needless to say, he was overcome with rapture at his good fortune in acquiring a Panama hat at no charge.

Mr. Par was so grateful to his unseen benefactor that he decided to find out who had made him this present. After unsuccessfully running a series of want ads, he de-

vised a clever plot. Inside the band of the hat he concealed a genuine Australian boomerang. Then he returned to the spot where the hat had appeared from the sky and with great precision, threw the hat back in the exact direction from which it had come.

With unerring accuracy, the hat flew across continents to settle upon the head of its original owner. The native naturally clasped his hands to his head at this sudden weight and before he could release his grip, the boomerang inside the hat began its return journey, whisking the hat, native and all (indeed, there wasn't much else) back into Oblivion.

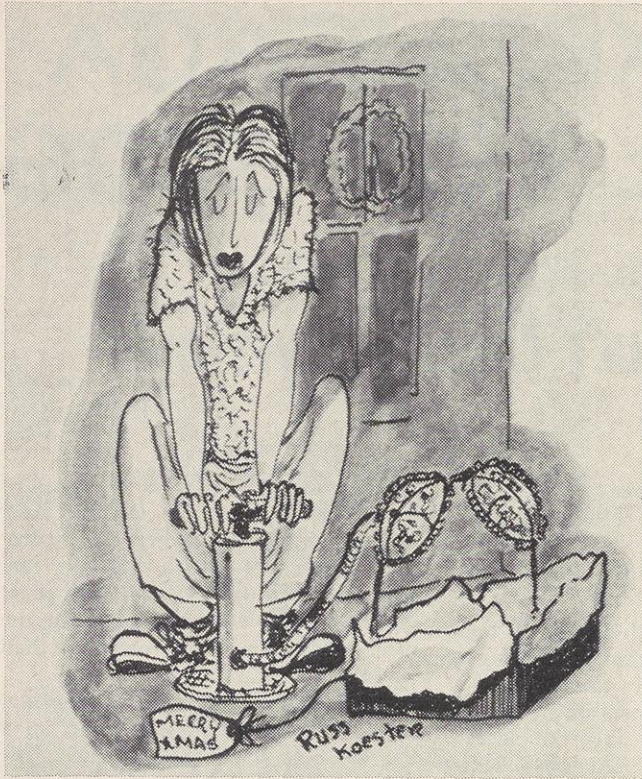
Mr. Par paid the native handsomely for his troubles and personally escorted him back to his native land high atop the loftiest crags of the Egyptian Pyrenees. It was there that the first white man, Mr. Par, witnessed the great native holiday.

Since that day Mr. Par has devoted his life to making "Der Kromgaga Del Le Sehdog" a world wide holiday. Until recently he had met with no luck but I hear that he is now being greeted with greet enthusiasm in the Soviet Union.



"Click, click, click, click, click . . ."





## My Trophy

Some trophies stand  
 Within a case  
 For basketball  
 And the fastest race.  
 My trophy lies  
 Where 'tis seen not.  
 For who would display  
 A fur-lined pot?

By Wayne Arihood  
 Alias Edgar Allen Nudnick

## the 9th tentacle

Let the trumpets blare and the cymbals clang and the horns they blaze away. The slippery old fellow known as Octy rears his rear and smiles as he awards the Order of the Ninth Tentacle this month to Sonia Shogren of Liz Waters. Each month Octy salutes an especially well-driven staff member who sweats a pint above and beyond the call of duty. Sonia has given about a gallon and a half extra.

Her untiring work in selling subscriptions, buying coffee for her co-workers, permitting the board of directors to borrow her pink convertible, and contributing in various other ways to the efficiency of the magazine, has earned her this coveted prize, and with it, a small symbol of our gratitude . . . the bronzed skull of a South African man-ape. Thanks again, Sonia Shogren, and that sure was a whiz bang of a party you threw in your room last weekend for the judges.

## The Revolver

BY HUSTON J. TEXAS

Arvin believed sincerely that he was a revolving door.

Day after day he would stand on Bascom Hill in front of Old Abe and revolve and revolve. Arvin was a Sophomore in Mechanical Engineering and his slide rule would fly out from his belt when he turned rapidly. He became quite popular on campus and even old grad students who had been to Europe and saw what there was to see would be cheered by his familiar figure spinning slowly counterclockwise on the hill.

One morning after the 9:55 class was dismissed, Arvin's slide rule clipped an innocent co-ed who was rushing down to the Rath to buy orange juice for her 11 o'clock quiz instructor. She was hit on the back of her lap and lay dazed on the pavement. Arvin reduced his r.p.m. and spun closer to the figure. Other students paid no attention to them because they were busy smoking cigarettes or copying crib notes on the insides of each other's galoshes.

For the first time since Arvin was a child, a tear came to his eye. He was turning so slowly now that his slide rule bounced against his thigh occasionally. On one of his turns he picked up the limp form and began to twist toward the Student Infirmary. By 2:25 he arrived and deposited the girl in the capable hands of Dr. Metatarsal Gastrocnemius, a Greek physician of wise methods and efficient treatments. While Arvin turned slowly, the doctor examined the girl. He removed all of her clothes to ". . . get a clearer picture of the case."

It was then that Arvin realized himself. Some of his classmates used to torment him by declaring he could not recognize any considerable dissimilarity between fertilizer and a nationally advertised brand of shoe polish, but now Arvin knew. He knew that this girl, her body white under the operating lights, was his love. It was Harold L. K. Smith Day, and this, thought Arvin, would be his Harold L. K. Smith present. A wonderful girl to share his dreams and turn through life with him. Uncontrollably he began to increase his speed until the draft he created raised more bumps on the girl's body.

She stirred and awakened. How beautiful she is thought Arvin and he spun so quickly that his feet fairly left the floor. Doctor Gastrocnemius, in a vain attempt to slow Arvin up, came away with a shattered arm.

The accident had affected the girl, and as they left the infirmary, Arvin noticed that she, too, was revolving. Her turns were graceful and her skirt fluttered gently as they moved toward the Union. Arvin was very pleased, happier than he had ever been before until . . . he noticed it. Oh, damn Harold L. K. Smith day he said. Damn holidays, damn the co-educational system. The horrible realization transformed Arvin into a whirling demon. The girl was revolving . . . yes . . . but in a clockwise direction. He knew they could never do things together. Life again was useless.

Arvin dug the pointed toes of his shoes into the wet snow, and with an anguished cry, drilled himself under ground behind Lathrop Hall. The girl did not pause in her movements. She continued toward the Union, but the look on her face showed she had left a part of her behind. On the way down he had grabbed her girdle.

The moral to this episode is simple, but in its simplicity is a ring of gentle provocation steeped in wise and sagacious thought. One good turn deserves another.



Her (at Prom): "Wait right here for me Bill, while I go powder my nose."

Her (three dances later): "Been waiting long?"

Him: "No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact."

\* \* \*

Shapely gal: "Honey, you don't mind if I wear velvet instead of silk do you?"

He: "No, darling, I'll love you through thick or thin."

—Covered Wagon

\* \* \*

A Russian spent a year in America and returned to tell his adventures to his friend. "Boris," he said, "if you like it here, you should see America. You drive about in a limousine—for free. You eat dinners at the finest hotels—for free. You stay in beautiful rooms—for free."

"All this happened to you?" asked the amazed Boris.

"To me, no; but to my sister, yes!"

\* \* \*

In a little town in Mexico, Pedro was sipping his beer at a tavern when an excited friend rushed in.

"Pedro!" he shouted. "I just saw a man go into your house and start making love to your wife!"

"Is that so?" replied Pedro calmly, and continued sipping his beer.

"Was he a tall man?"

"Yes, yes!" shouted his friend.

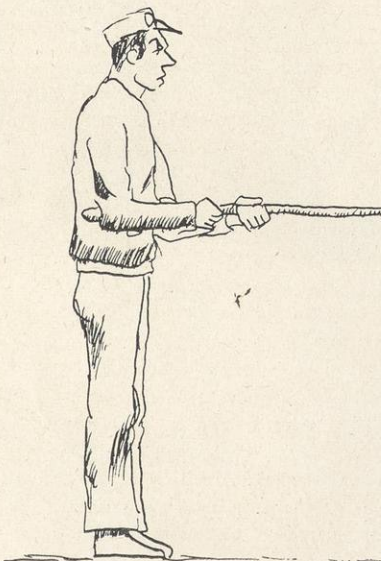
"Don't get so excited," cautioned Pedro. "Did he have on a brown suit?"

"Yes, he did!"

"And did he have a big mustache?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Oh, that's Emanuel. He make love to anybody!"



A canny young fisher named Fisher Once fished from the edge of a fissure.

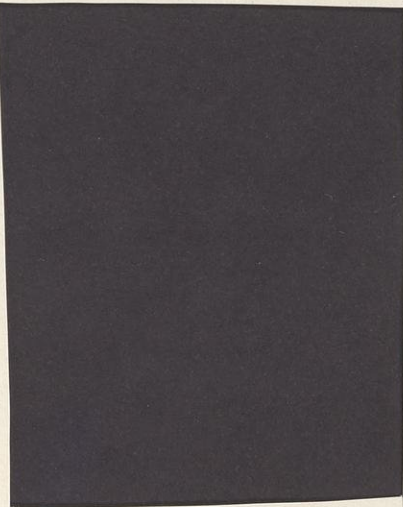
A fish with a grin Pulled the fisherman in—

Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

\* \* \*

As the Rolls-Royce picked its way through the crowded streets, one dachshund said to the other, "Heard from your sweetie lately?"

"Yes indeedy," was the reply. "I had a litter from him Monday."



First: "Who's your tight-lipped friend over there?"

Second: "He ain't tight-lipped, just waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon."

\* \* \*

With all these poems about the rabbit,

And all about the rabbit's habit, What would we do

For rabbit stew, If rabbits didn't habit?

\* \* \*

She: Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?

He: No, I hate hospitals.

\* \* \*

Dean (to co-ed): "Are you writing that letter to a man?"

Co-ed: "It's a former roommate of mine."

Dean: "Answer my question."

\* \* \*

They were watching the colored lights illuminate Niagara Falls. The bride bestowed a tender kiss on the lobe of her spouse's left ear, then whispered shyly, "Did all your friends at the stag supper congratulate you?"

"Some," he frankly admitted, "but eight of them thanked me."

When they asked Naive Nora if she were going out with the wolf the second time, she said, "Why not? I've got nothing to lose now."

\* \* \*

"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the finest families in Virginia."

"We aren't arresting you for breeding purposes."

\* \* \*

Delt: "Are you afraid of the big bad wolf?"

Chi O.: "No, why?"

Delt: "That's funny, the other pigs were."

\* \* \*

Scene in an English pub:

"Allo, Mary, are you 'aving one?"

"No, it's just the cut of my coat."

\* \* \*

The mother of triplets was being congratulated by a friend. "Isn't it wonderful," said the mother; "it only happens in one out of 15,875 times!"

"Well, isn't that just too remarkable," her friend replied, "but I don't see how you find time to do your housework."

\* \* \*

"No, Miss Goody, a neckerchief is not the president of a sorority."

\* \* \*

He: "Why do the most important men on campus always get the prettiest girls?"

She: "Oh, you conceited thing."





# Blind Date

OR "I PUT MY FOOT IN IT"

PHOTOS BY MIKE REEDER  
CAPTIONS BY JOE KIRKISH



exclusive.

1. HE: (Excited.) So you're the dreamboat I date with tonight! Just goes to show you, eh? They say about blind dates isn't always true—finger of fate! I'm stuck! What grave did you dig me out of, sister?

SHE: (Sweetly.) Yes, I seem to have all my blind dates—though they haven't been what you know—have fortunately turned out to be different. (Ye, gods—different is right! He's got something caught on a dredging hook! Wait'll I get my hands on . . . for getting me into this.

... simply adore this place! The band, soft atmosphere—I love it all! (Well, nothing to be grateful for; the stronger the music sometimes blot out his face. Lord, get me out of here with nothing worse than this. I'll be lucky.)

HE: Oh, yes, I'm very fond of this quaint hole-in-the-wall myself. It's a favorite with the gang, you know. (If anyone finds this dump, I'm lost. All it takes is one guy to see me—just one—and I'm as good as sunk.)



2. SHE: Oh, I'd much rather a brisk walk. There's so much fuss in getting a cab and, besides, I do enjoy the exercise. (How long is the dope going to keep up the marathon stride? Three miles and he's still going strong. I should have switched to sneakers with arch supports for this little jaunt.)

HE: Me too. Nothing like a bit of fresh air before going into a stuffy building to dance. (A cab, huh? Tootsie, I wouldn't spend ten cents for bus fare on you without feeling cheated. If I'm seen with this misshapen hunk of flesh, I'm as good as through at the Psi U's.)

4. SHE: Of course, I love to dance, but it's more fun just to sit and watch. (If you can see me. Why didn't I wear my glasses! You've got to be a lifeguard first, if you wanna be saved.)  
HE: Sure, dancing's fun, but sitting one's more fun, too, when you're in the right company, you say. (And, repulsive, you ain't it! So she's got a terrific personality, huh? Wait'll I lay my hands on . . . for getting me into this; I'll crush her.)



5. HE: *What do you say we step out and take a breath of fresh air? (Coyly.) There's a full moon out there and I have a feeling I could melt in your arms under it. (Control yourself, boy; what are you saying! But then, the smoke's lifting and anything's better than running the risk of being exposed on a dance floor.)*  
SHE: *Oh, I could go on dancing with you all night long, but if you really want to . . . (Thank god, the creep finally took my hints. One more dance with him and I'd be willing to go ten rounds with Gargantua.)*

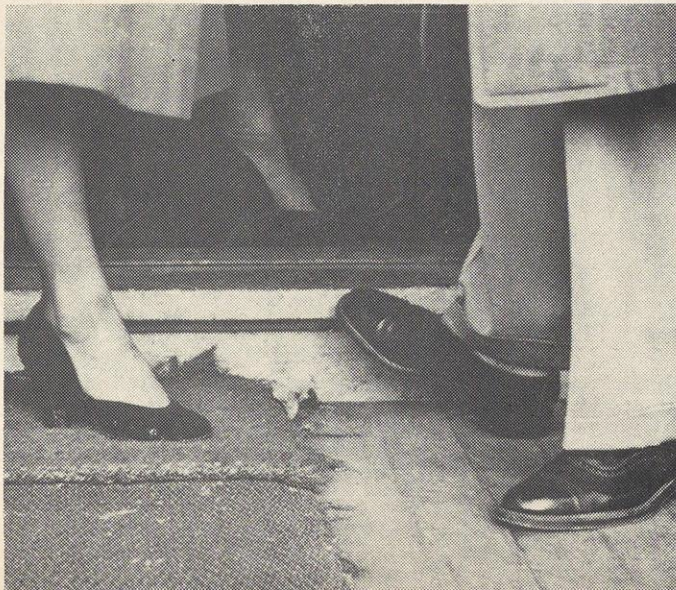
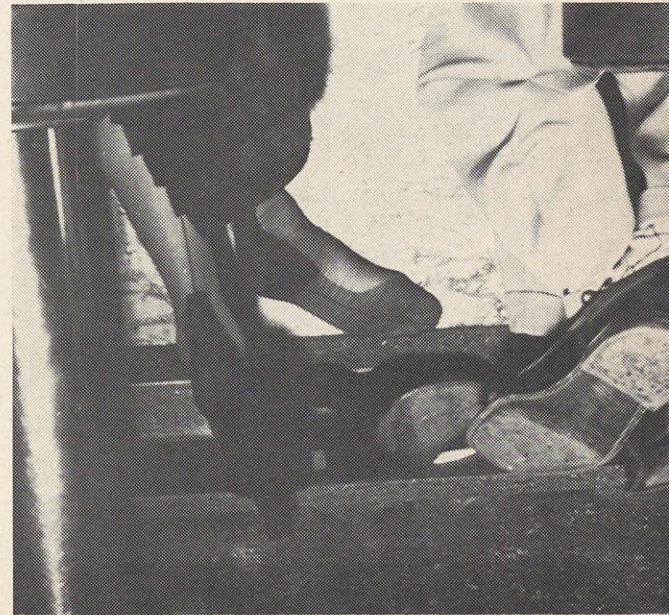


7. SHE: *Nothing like a soft drink before beddie-bye; it's a favorite habit of mine. I could die if I don't have at least one. (What I wouldn't give for a good slug of gin right now. Lord, how I need it, after what I've been through!)*

HE: *Same here—nothing like a coke or two, at the most. Can't last the night with more than two. Ha Ha. (Promises, promises! I've already spent over four bits on you, dragnoose—and that's four bits gone to pot, and I do mean pot! She's got a figure like the foothills of California—all over.)*

6. SHE: *(Passionately.) Oh, darling, with you, the moon, and the stars, I hope this night will never end! Bring your lips closer to mine, and I don't know what I'll do. (Probably vomit. He has the touch of a sex-starved cobra.)*

HE: *Darling, I could go on like this forever, looking into your eyes, kissing you . . . (Your mother must have been frightened by a suction pump. Where did you ever dig up those spongy prunes for lips? I've had more exciting experiences kissing pablum-fed babies.)*



8. SHE: *(Sadly.) Home already! I hate to see this evening end. Really, I'll never forget it as long as I live. I've enjoyed myself ever so much and I do hope you'll give me the chance to see you again. (If I do, may I have the good fortune to drop dead first. I hope there are Epsom Salts left in the bathroom; my feet are killing me! Well, kiss me, pieface, and get the traumatic experience over with. Until now, I thought that nothing would make me sick.)*

HE: *Alas, parting is such sweet sorrow. How can I tear myself away, so soon? (Shut up, you jerk, and get out of here before she changes her mind and invites you in. You've thrilled her enough for one night, so scam! Plant a fast one on that ugly kisser and then head for the nearest bar where you can wash the bad taste out of your mouth.)*



## The Lengthy Pause --

(continued from page 7)

tambourine and she took off. I headed for the men's room. They got me there as soon as I stepped thru the revolving door. One on each side, they smashed me in the kidneys with their sash weights. I wouldn't have made it anyway. Then they worked me over real clever. They snapped my arms at the shoulders, smashed my hands with the weights, and pulled my legs out at the hip sockets. I was almost gone when they made that one little mistake. As one of them was going to crush my face with his foot I caught his shoestrings in my jaws and slammed him against his partner. They both got hung up in the roller towels. Then I flipped my 44 out with my left ear lobe, still long from the clinging blonde, and fired with my tongue. I fired fast, splashing both their sinciputs all over the room.

I went back to the bar, finished my drink and headed for the phone booth. Things were beginning to make sense now. I called Maude, my beautiful secretary. She was a real dream, lovely chestnut hair and a lovely chest to match. And she was all real. I knew that for sure. She lived across the street from me when we was in college. We'd get married, as soon as I could get an alibi for knocking off her old man so she could inherit his bookie business. She answered the phone in a sleepy snuggly voice and asked what the sloppy hell I wanted at this time of night. I said "Hello, sweetheart." She said check with her agent, the code had been changed. I told her it was me, Mitch, and she belched. We were made for one another and nobody else. I told her I needed some info. She said something about "No Bert, not while I'm on the phone" and told me to go ahead. I told her what to find out and hung up. Bert is her pet parakeet, only his name is Harry.

Next I called Pete but the girl sobbed that he had left. So I called the Turkish Bath. Pete, he liked variety. Pete answered and I told him where to gather the stiffs. He said they had the first batch and would I be less messy. I told him I had no suspect yet. I like to keep things to myself, kinda.

I left the joint and stomped into a hash house next door, shaking the egg white off my hat. I ordered a steak, rare. The counter-man reached into the deep-freeze and tossed me a five pound T-bone. I gulped it down and followed in with a quart of Dairy Dream. I noticed a red head crying in a booth and went over to her. She screamed but quieted down when I scratched her behind the ears. She told me she was cold and hadn't cab fare home. I flipped the counter-man a quarter and went across the street to her apartment. Maybe this was the clue I needed. It wasn't. As soon as she closed the door, she flipped off her fur scarf, it was all she'd been wearing, and climbed into bed. She was a real red head. He arm pits were like balls of fire. I extinguished one and lit two cigarettes on the other. We sat and smoked. She had nothing for me, nothing in so many words, at least, but I knew where to look next.

They got me as I headed for a cab. I didn't see them nohow when they sapped me. When I came to, I was in an old warehouse, chained, spread-eagled, to four bull-dozers. I could see my 44 on a set bear trap in the next room. All six of them were real tough boys. Each one had a fire axe in one hand and a bucket of turpentine in the other. As soon as I blinked, they started at me. But they had forgotten about my ear lobe. I snagged the first one with it, whipping him around and bashing down the other five. Then I flung him at one of the bull-dozers. It

started and backed up. This gave me enough slack to bite through the chains.

I plunged into the other room and grabbed my 44. I fired six fast shots, flooding the other room with bloody sinciputs. The seventh shot broke me loose from the bear trap. These boys belonged to the one that had it. I knew cause I'd killed them all once or twice before.

I ripped the phone from the wall and started dialing. No answer. It was a pay phone. I tore open the cash box and stuffed the whole kitty into the slot. It scratched my nose on the way down. I dialed Maude's number. She snarled into the phone and I snarled back. After we got unsnarled, I asked for the info. She mumbled something about "Oh Bert! Not again" and told me what I wanted to hear. Wood skirts were up, inflatables were down, and things were great in Glocca Morra. I said O.K. and blew her a kiss. She pulled the kitty out of the receiver, thanked me and hung up. I called the Turkish Bath. Pete was gone so I dialed his home. His wife said, "Yes, Bert just came in" and called him to the phone. Bert was her nickname for my buddy, Pete. They were real close, them two. I know cause she wouldn't move while I was sinning. I told him where to find the bodies and he referred me to a fertilizer plant. Then he asked if I had it yet and I told him to mind his own damn business. If there's one thing I don't like it's a nosey cop.

I needed time to think so I decided to look up the blonde. I hailed an east-bound bus and gave the driver the address and a peek at my 44. He dropped me off on the west side, a block from her place. Oddly enough it was right next to my own hole in the wall. I rapped once and she opened the door. All she had on was a green lace negligee and a big smile. She dropped her smile when I smiled back. My smile curled back from my mouth and braided itself down my vertabrae. I had just got the answer and the answer was her. It had been hard, real hard. "You forgot one thing," I told her, "You forgot you're the only chorus girl in town with a penchant for nature." She laughed and said, "But you still haven't got the proof."

She was right. The other half of the needle was still missing. Then she tore off the negligee and threw back her head in merry glee. That was it. Clinging to the side of her sinciput was the half of the needle. Then I laughed and she knew what was coming. She squirmed towards me but I dug out my 44. It jumped once and her sinciput made a kaleidoscope pattern on the commode bowl. I'd never know if she was a real blonde. You can't tell on six-year-olds. But any way I had it back now. I opened the door to the water closet, picked up my Christmas tree and went home. Twelve people had died but the price was cheap, to me, for a joyous Noel.

Two inmates were conversing in their well-padded cell.

"I've just decided to buy all the diamond and emerald mines in the world."

The second gent considered this seriously for a few moments, and then murmured softly, "Don't know as I care to sell."

\* \* \*

A canny Scot was engaged in an argument with the conductor as to whether the fare was to be five or ten cents. Finally, the disgusted conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off the train just as they were crossing a long bridge. It landed with a mighty splash.

"Hot, mon," screamed Sandy. "First you try to rob me and now you've drowned my boy!"





# Take off Your Hat to the Most Important Girl in Your Life!

**N**ot the Queen of the Junior Prom, *not* the Kappa most likely to succeed, but a little receptionist named Jane!

She's the gal at the desk at the very first company you are going to call on. The gal who will flash the word that Fearless Peerless is without, ready, willing and able to go to work. Take off your hat as you enter, smiling.


And, brother, you better *have* a hat! Because it is a well-known fact that today's business executive looks favorably upon the prospective junior executive who has the foresight to dress the part. You may get away with being without a hat on the banks of the Old Raritan—but not on Madison Ave., LaSalle St. or Market St.!


So, go forth from the hallowed halls, brother—and may luck attend you—proudly bearing your diploma in one hand and your hat in the other. With a hat, you're not dressed to *get by*—you're dressed to *get ahead*.

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

These fine hat labels have published this advertisement in the interests of good grooming and good health of American men.

DOBBS 

CAVANAGH 

KNOX 

BERG 

BYRON 

C & K 

DUNLAP 

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



What is



HOME

Without a



MOTHER

THE HALF-NAKED LIONS, RAVENOUS AND SNARLING, LEAPED FROM THEIR OPEN CAGES AND THUNDERED INTO THE ARENA. ANDY O'CLEEZ AND LESBIANELDA SANS HEIMEN, HALF-NAKED, CRAWLED OUT FROM UNDER THE PUNCH PRESS, BUT TOO LATE, FOR . . .

## Gene Hintz

Aldous Dalrymple was sitting quietly in his room thinking. It was only three days till Mother's Day and he had not yet bought a present for Lucinda Lovelace, his best girl. Aldous sat there thinking. What could he do? Where could he get a present for Lucinda? She was his love, the only girl he had actually ever admired. What more could you do for a girl like Lucinda than show your thoughts by buying her a present for Mother's Day? Aldous thought and thought. He must do something to break the terrible monotony of thinking. A walk. Yes, that would do it. A walk in the bright spring sunlight. Besides he might come across something he could give Lucinda.

As he was walking merrily up Bascom Hill, he forgot about Lucy for a moment when he saw a girl coming towards him. He immediately noticed something different about her. He couldn't tell what it was at first. It wasn't the way she fixed her hair and held her head. Ah! he had it. She wasn't wearing any clothes. He thought this highly unusual for this time of year and was tempted to stop her and ask about it. As she approached his eyes looked deeply into hers. She drew closer and then—stopped. There she was! Right in front of him! She looked beautiful in her bare feet, and for a moment Aldous could not speak. He looked at her hair. He looked at her neck. He looked at her shoulders. He looked at her tenderly. She looked at his tenderly and blushed.

Across her forehead were tattooed the words "Stevenson for President." A Stevenson pin was embedded in her navel. Obviously she had lost an election bet and was still suffering the consequences. Aldous felt sorry for the girl

and so he said, "I was a Stevenson supporter too." Evidently this was not the thing to say. She looked hurt. Her face dropped to her feet. She picked it up again and looked at him with her big brown eyes. She reminded Aldous of Evelyn. Evelyn was the large St. Bernard Aldous had left at home when he came to Wisconsin to get an education. Aldous was tempted to ask the girl whether her parents had come from the mountains, but he thought again and instead said, "Would you like to walk with me?" She gave no answer, but instead began licking the palm of his hand.

As they walked along she looked as if she wanted to say something, but thought better of it and went on in silence. Aldous looked at her sadly and said, "What's your name?" She walked on, not saying a word. Aldous decided not to ask her again, so he tried to change the trend of the conversation. "What course you in?" he said hesitating a moment.

"Emily," she replied.

"Been up here long?"

"Animal husbandry," she said.

"Interesting?"

"Working on my PhD," she answered.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Very," she said.

Aldous could see this conversation was not getting him any nearer to a present for Lucinda, so he walked on in silence. Soon she began questioning him. "Have you got your mother a present yet?"

Aldous thought for a while. It had been twenty long years since he had last seen his mother. Aldous was nineteen and she had left his father before he was born. The last the family had heard of her she was milking camels with the French Foreign Legion in Africa. "I've never seen my mother," he said.

"That is a coincidence," she replied. "I've a son about your age I've never seen. He's been living in this country with his father, and I've been milking camels in Africa."

It was then that Aldous saw the light. This beautiful creature without clothes was none other than his long forgotten mother. She had become interested in animal husbandry one day while milking camels. It was the sentimentality of it that made her come back to Wisconsin to get her degree. Aldous said, "Is your name Dalrymple?"

She looked tenderly at him and said, "Yes son, it is."

Aldous had solved his problem. He now knew what he was going to give Lucinda for Mother's Day. After all, what better present could you give a girl for Mother's Day than a Mother.

Student nurse—"Doctor, every time I bend over my patient to listen to his heart, the heart beats increase. What should I do?"

Doctor—"Button your collar."

\* \* \*

A small boy was asked by his father, a well-known contractor, what he would want for Christmas. "A baby brother," replied the boy.

"But it's only two weeks to Christmas," said the father, "and that doesn't give me enough time."

"I know, Pop, but can't you put more men on the job?"

\* \* \*

Here's to the girl with the turned up nose,  
The turned in eyes and the turned down hose,  
With the turned on heat and the turned down light,  
The hunch I had turned out all right.





JEAN SCHWARTZ FROM BARABOO . . .

20 YEARS OLD . . . HOME EC MAJOR

. . . FIVE FEET TWO AND TWO THIRDS

. . . 34, 24, 34 . . . ONE HUNDRED TEN

POUNDS . . . LOVES MUSIC, GOLF,

HATCHET THROWING, MUSTACHE TWIRLING.



(PHOTOS BY JOE KIRKISH)



# *Octopus*

HOLIDAY  
DREAM  
GIRL





THESE PEOPLE ARE ALL ON EDGE READING THE OCTOPUS. HA HA. FOR HA HA NINETY CENTS HA HA YOU CAN HAVE THE NEXT FOUR ISSUES MAILED HA HA HEE TO YOU. USE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER.

--- SNIPPITY - CUT --- RIPPITY - TEAR ---

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WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, 770 LANGDON ST., MADISON 6, WISCONSIN.

--- SNIPPITY - CUT --- RIPPITY - TEAR ---

HALF-NEKKID COCKERSANGLES CROWDED AROUND THE PROSTRATE FORM OF THE MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER. THEY BRANDISHED DISHRAGS MENACINGLY; THEY MEANT TROUBLE! WAS THIS WHY COLONEL WARBUCKS HAD WARNED THEM NOT TO COURT . . .

DANGER  
AT  
CRIPPLE  
CREEK

WRIT BAH SAM BASS

"Isn't that your girl, Miriam?" Albert said casually. And sure enough there was Miriam with my fraternity pin on her sweater, being dragged into an electric automobile by a fat man in a checkered coat, smoking a large cigar.

"Help, help," she screamed, clawing at the fat man's face. He pushed her into the car and slammed the door.

"Seems she's in some sort of trouble," I remarked. "Do you happen to have another cigarette, Albert?"

"Sure. Here."

The car had started up and was traveling at a considerable clip (about 15 m.p.h.) past us. Miriam appeared to be rather active; she alternately beat the fat man on the head and pounded on the windows. She was wide-eyed and her hair was quite disarranged. The fat man was taking her buffeting quite good naturedly, I thought, for as he passed he tipped his hat to us affably. He had a large red face, black eyebrows that grew together over his enormous nose, and an entirely engaging smile.

"Save me, Sam," Miriam screamed as she passed. Her voice was muffled by the glass. "He's a white slaver!"

They disappeared around a corner.

"Got a match, Albert?"

"Sure thing, Sam."

"I suppose I better start looking for another girl."

"Yeah, that's the way things go," Albert said sympathetically.

"I kinda hate losing that fraternity pin," I murmured ruefully. "I just found that one by chance, no telling when I'll find another."

At that moment a girl walked by. Preceding her by at least two feet was a glittering array of fraternity



pins on the background of a navy blue coat. She turned into a pool hall.

"I haven't played pool in ever so long," I remarked to Albert.

"The same thought just occurred to me, Sam," Albert replied, and we both entered the pool hall.

It was dimly lit except over the pool tables. On one side of the room was a rack of cues, along the walls were potted palms and a dense cloud of cigar smoke drifted near the ceiling. The girl was in a corner near a clothes-tree.

First she took off her coat. Albert and I stood near the door watching the maneuver intently. Then she took off her necklace and bracelets. Then she removed her shoes. Albert raised his eyebrows at this. Then she removed her silk stockings, and my nape rose slowly. When she started to unbutton her blouse, Albert said, "I think I better sit down." We both sat down in the reed chairs next to the door. She was having some sort of difficulty getting the buttons undone. The suspense was terrific; both Albert and I crossed our legs impatiently. At last she had the whole thing undone, slipped it off, and hung it on the clothes tree. She was wearing a one piece bathing suit with a very bare back and an interesting zipper down one side. Then she drew a towel from her coat which was hanging on the clothes tree. Now she looked around, perhaps for the first time, with some bewilderment, I thought. Upon spying us, however, she came over.

As her honey-skinned limbs bore her ever closer I felt a bear-like craving rising in me. She was gorgeous, every inch of her was gorgeous. I played a game with myself and tried to find a spot on her that wasn't gorgeous. It was impossible. She halted in front of us. I stood up. "Where are your manners, Albert?", I hissed, "stand up!"

"I'd rather not just now," Albert said helplessly and squirmed in his chair.

"Could you gentlemen tell me where the pool is?" this desirable young woman asked.

"I'm sorry, mam, there isn't any pool here, but I could teach you how to play billiards," I offered.

"But the sign outside said . . ." she protested.

"I know," I replied, "but this is a small town, and we have only one sign painter, an egocentric fellow, name of Pool Hall. If you had read the fine print in the corner you would have noticed that it said 'billiard parlour'." I laughed indulgently at her oversight and she smiled up at me with those dark, unnerving eyes which because of the little game I had been playing I had overlooked until now.

"Now let me introduce you to the game of billiards," I said pleasantly and placed the palm of my hand in the small of her bare back, intending to guide her to the table. She quivered and drew away.

"What clammy hands you have," she said.

I laughed apologetically. "Had a mighty hot summer in these parts, haven't stopped perspiring yet, I guess."

I took a cue from the rack, and we proceeded to the table.

"Now this is a billiard table," I explained. "It is covered with felt for the purpose . . ."

"Oh what a charming color," she squealed.

"Yes. And this wooden object is a cue. Now the object is to use the cue in hitting those little balls into the pockets. At this point I noticed that the balls on the table were really decorated Easter eggs. "Well, guess we can't

play billiards," I said brightly. "I could do some card tricks." She didn't reply. "Perhaps *you'd* like to do some card tricks." No reply. "Oh well, we haven't any cards anyhow," I said, carrying my end of the conversation as best I could. There was an embarrassing pause. "Say what's the matter with you," I demanded; "cat got your . . ." At that moment a large alley cat walked by with a tongue in its jaws, and I decided to try another angle.

"Care to do some push ups?" I asked her. She seemed willing enough but confessed she had never done it before. I explained rather sketchily that all she need do was lie down on the billiard table. While she was doing this, I quickly scurried about collecting the potted palms and arranging them to form a sort of thicket around the table. These preparations over I reached for that tantalizing zipper I had noted earlier in the evening. She slapped my fingers—so violently that I fainted.

I awoke to a somewhat damper clime; Albert had emptied a spittoon over me and was even now bending over solicitously, trying to extract the wallet from my breast pocket.

"Desist, Albert," I barked, somewhat irritated by the course the evening's events had taken.

"I was merely trying to find out where you live," Albert lied and put his hands in his pockets sheepishly.

"You know damn well where I live; you're my roommate."

"Well, that's the way things go," Albert observed philosophically.

I picked myself up from the floor. "Where's the girl?"

"Which girl?" Albert asked vacantly.

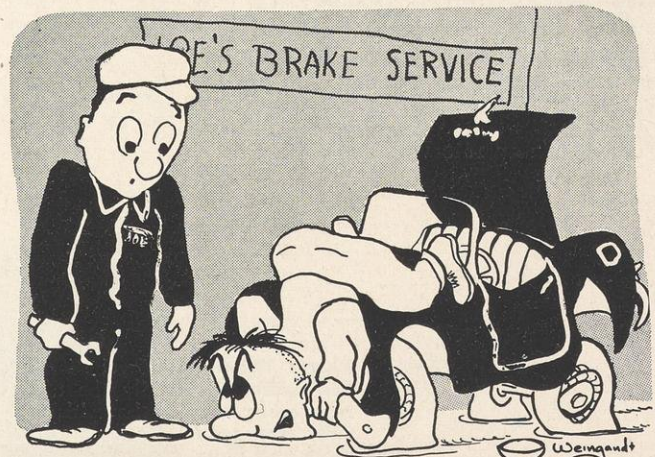
"The one with the bathing suit," I snapped.

Albert pondered this a moment, recalling visions. "Oh, *that* girl!" He sat down. "Well, she went outside and opened a fire hydrant and the undertow got her—poor kid." Albert sighed.

"Yeah, things are tough all over," I said, coining a phrase. "Let's take a taxi home." Albert agreed and we went outside.

An electric automobile was at the curb. A fat man in a checkered coat, smoking a large cigar leaned out the window. He had a large red face, black eyebrows that grew together over an enormous nose, and with an engaging smile he said:

"Taxi, fellas? Fix ya up with some broads?"



"I said the brakes still grab!"



# *Octy's Foreign College Section with Almanac*

**PRESENTED IN PICTURE FORM  
TO BE MORE READILY UNDER-  
STOOD BY THE STUDENTS OF**

Overlooking seedy Rock River and the Fairbanks Morse Works stands the inspiring Beloit campus. From its crammed Union to impressive Fraternity Row it reminds one of an old oxford—or rather of Old Oxford.

Here an energetic student body lives and learns—and sometimes grows rich on the oleo-margarine they smuggle across the border and peddle to the natives.

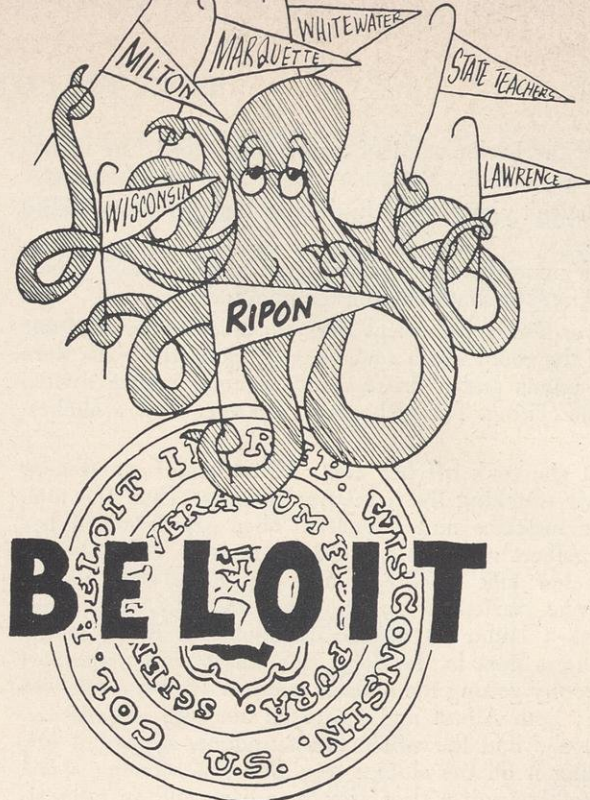
Steeped in tradition Beloit is proud of its faculty, buildings and football team. The old Victory Bell—(rung to announce the defeat of a rival) is still kept in repair by optimistic co-eds. Choosing the Homecoming Queen is an exciting event and Greeks and Independents scrounge sororities, dormitories and maintenance crews for a suitable candidate. This year's choice was lovely Yvonne DeMarche from Chicago.

Since a misunderstanding with Lawrence College (a small academy in Appleton, Wis.) the Buccaneers have played in a novel league which includes Custer High School, Milwaukee, Oregon Home For Girls, and St. John's Military Academy.

Co-eds enthusiasm for the sport has created the necessity for expanding facilities and hours. Even in the late hours foils are seen flashing and cries are heard. "Easy Julius, take off your mask" and "Not so much lunging Helmuth."

In our limited space we are able to give but a few faucets of Beloit College. Some may feel we've said too much, at any rate we've said it.

Lovely Yvonne DeMarche is pictured here suffering stolidly the effects of hay fever caused by the goldenrod artfully arranged by Blackmore of Blackmore and Bone, funeral directors. On call day or night.



*By* Dennis Beaumont

Felix Trueblood

*Photos By*

Rudy Cherkasky







Enthusiastic proponents of the diaper fad which is sweeping the Beloit campus, these steatopygous co-eds are polishing the victory bell which has remained silent for 102 years.



Having speedily dispatched their opponent, these members of the Christian Youth for McCarthy roast their victim in a victory fire which is constantly fed by freshmen.



## Coming and Going

**BELOIT:** December 19—January 5 inclusive. Rock County Rat Race. The biggest rats in the county will be there. No hamsters allowed.

**CENTRAL STATE:** December 19. Basketball with Lawrence there.

**LAWRENCE:** December 19. Basketball with Central State here.

**CARROLL:** December 20. Gaité Parisienne starring Fifi LaRue and Jeanjean Jean. One night only. Get up a party. Bring the ladies. Special busses from Madison.

**U. OF WISCONSIN:** December 19. Close of Farm Short Course. (First Term.)

**RIPON:** December 15, 16, and 17. Drama group production of "Four Nights in a Mosque," starring Georgette DuFay and Mohammed Al Bey. Costumes and electric buzzers courtesy of Shriners.

**OSHKOSH:** December 11. Meeting the League to Prevent the Artificial Fish Seeding of Wisconsin Fresh Waters. The LPAFS-WFW is an old-line organization devoted to the study of piscatorial propagation. No cold fish or wet blankets invited. Lutefisk and vodka will be served.

**LAWRENCE:** December 12. Biggest day in the college's history. Won't you please be there to pay homage to the campus, as Mrs. Estelle Higgenbotham presents, on behalf of the WCTU, blue ribbons to the entire student body. 100% over the top was the goal, and by jinks they made it. Special wrinkle-proof blue ribbons will also be given to be worn on pajamas.

A group of talented housemothers gather each week for a beer brawl and to rehearse scenes from Dante's "Inferno," and "Grass Harp."



"For six weeks you were shipwrecked on a desert island with a beautiful girl. What did you do for food?"

"Darned if I remember."

\* \* \*

Infants play with their toes,  
 Babies play with their curls;  
 Schoolboys play with their tops;  
 Collegians take out girls.

\* \* \*

Statistics show that Yale graduates have 1.3 children, while Vassar graduates have 1.7. Which only goes to prove that women have more children than men.

# NEW FACTS ABOUT CROP ROTATION

## Artificial Inflammation and Selected Short Subjects

She—what a wonderfully developed arm you have. Do you play basketball?

He—Yes, and may I ask were you ever on a track team?

This sentence is taken from an English history test paper: "Henry VIII, by his own efforts, increased the population of England by forty thousand."

\* \* \*

A dumb girl is a dope. A dope is a drug. Doctors give drugs to relieve pain. Therefore, a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered.

\* \* \*

An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped, "Well, what are you waiting for, autumn?"

\* \* \*

Co-ed: I'll stand on my head or bust.

Phys. Ed. Instructor: Just stand on your head. We don't expect too much.

\* \* \*

Papa Gnu came home and Mama Gnu looked at him shyly and said: "Dear, I've got Gnus for you."

\* \* \*

The wife was always antagonized by her husband's going out at night. His departing words, which especially angered her, were always, "Good night, mother of three."

But one night she could stand it no longer. When he took his hat, started out the door and called cheerfully, "Good night, mother of three," she answered, quite as cheerfully, "Good night, father of one."

Now he stays home.

\* \* \*

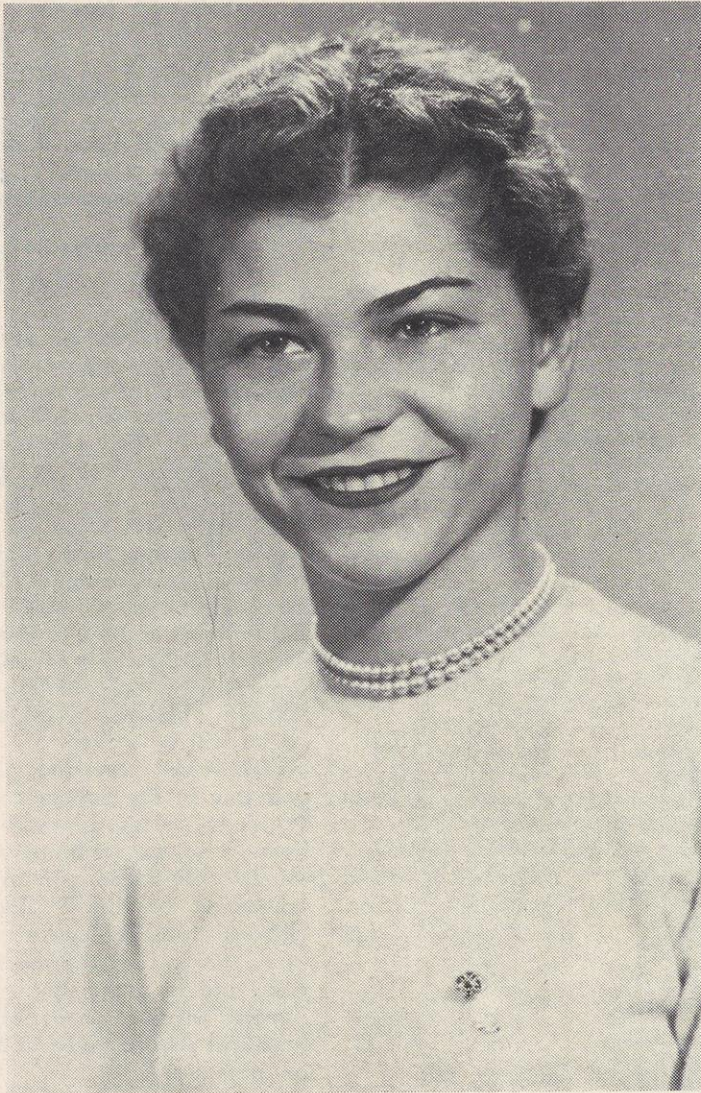
The oldtimer, looking bent, weary and dejected, hobbled painfully up to the bar.

"What's the trouble?" asked a kindly acquaintance. "You look bad."

"It's yoorz," moaned the oldtimer, "I've got a bad case of yoorz."

"What's yoorz?" asked the puzzled friend.

"A double Scotch, thanks."



Chosen by the Octy Staff

Newly Pinned Girl  
**GRETEL ZIMMERMAN**

Pinned to a Kappa Sigma

Presented by L. G. Balfour Co.

650 STATE STREET

DIAL 6-8883

PAUL BISHOP — Madison Representative



# LITTLE WILLIE

Willie hanged his little sister,  
She was dead before we missed her.  
Willie's always up to tricks,  
Ain't he cute, and only six!

\* \* \*

Willie hanged another sister,  
And she was dead before we missed  
her,  
Everything would have been okey-  
doke,  
But sister couldn't take a choke!

\* \* \*

Willie fell down the elevator,  
Wasn't found 'till six days later,  
The neighbors sniffed, and said,  
"Gee, whiz,  
What a spoiled boy Willie is!"

\* \* \*

Little Willie, in his best sashes,  
Fell in the fire and burned to ashes,  
After a while the room grew chilly,  
But no one wanted to poke up  
Willie!

\* \* \*

Little Willie, for a joke,  
Filled pa's bed with poison oak,  
As ma saw pa take up the lash,  
She cried out, "Now don't be rash!"

\* \* \*

Little Willie, such a tease,  
Chopped ma's legs off at the knees,  
Pa cried out, "Your ears I'll box.  
I just bought ma some bobby sox!"

\* \* \*

Little Willie, too young to vote,  
With a knife cut papa's throat,  
Ma said, "Well, now, I don't mind,  
That knife is one of the stainless  
kind."

\* \* \*

Little Willie attacked from the rear,  
And shot his pa behind the ear,  
Then ma sang out just like a linnet,  
"At last pa's head has something in  
it!"

\* \* \*

Little Willie saw his chance,  
And slit the back of papa's pants,  
"Well, after this," said Willie's ma,  
"We'll be seeing more of pa!"

\* \* \*

Willie's pa got awful mean,  
And made Willie drink some gaso-  
line,  
Then, just to finish his little joke,  
Pa said, "Here, son, have a smoke!"

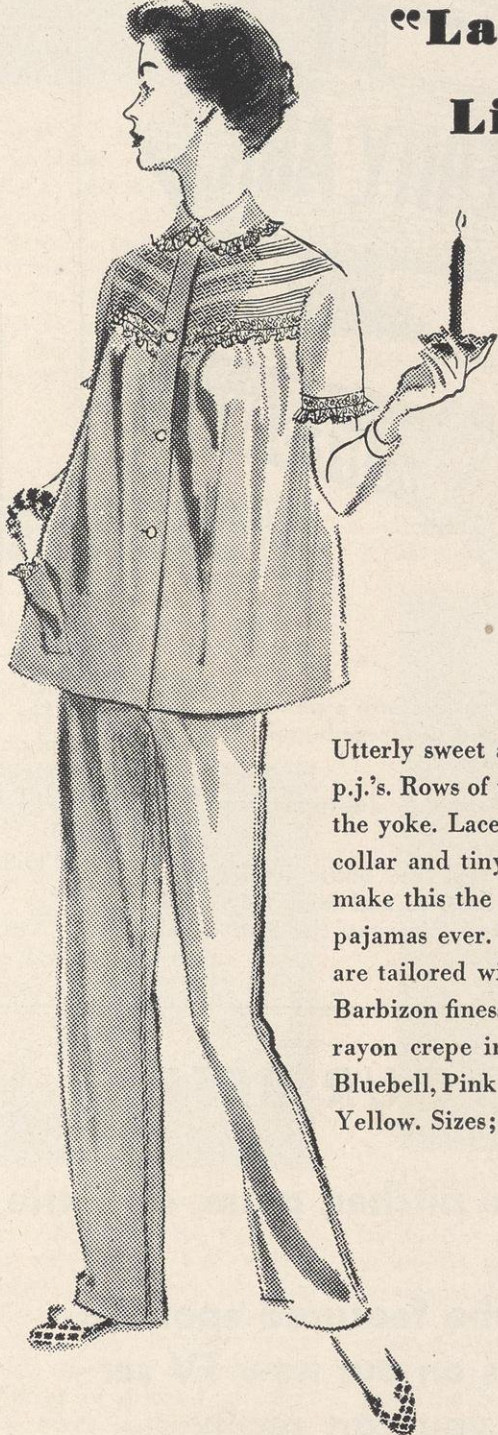
\* \* \*

Willie, looking for something to do,  
Chopped his brother George in two,  
East is east, and west is west,  
Now George's pants don't meet his  
vest.

*Gown glamour - P. J. Comfort!*

**Combine in Barbizon's**

**"Lazy  
Lizzie"**

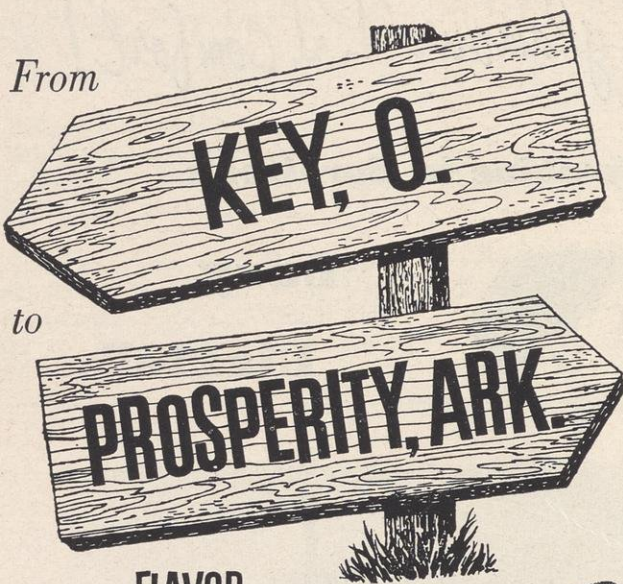


**\$6.00**

Utterly sweet and lady-like p.j.'s. Rows of tiny tucking on the yoke. Lace around the collar and tiny puff sleeves make this the most feminine pajamas ever. The slacks are tailored with typical Barbizon finesse. Acetate and rayon crepe in White, Bluebell, Pink and Sunshine Yellow. Sizes; Miss 12-18

**Baron's**



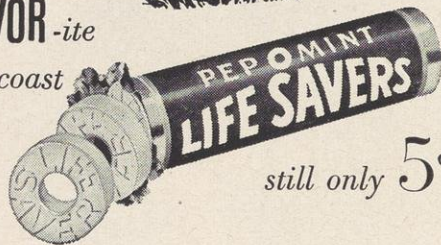


From

to

America's **FLAVOR**-ite  
from coast to coast

"Key, O. to  
Prosperity, Ark."  
submitted by  
Mrs. F. H. Burt,  
Marshalltown, Iowa



still only 5¢

An irate old gentleman rushed into a pharmacy, bottle in hand. He was bald, and two large bumps stood on his head, one on either side.

"Look what this damn hair tonic did to me head," he shouted.

The experienced clerk took the bottle in his hand and, looking at the label, blushed and said, "My goodness, I made a mistake and gave you the bust developer."

## Radio IS OUR Business

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

— Sales and Service —

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TWO STORES

720 UNIVERSITY AVENUE  
Phone 5-7294

4233 W. BELTLINE HYWAY  
Phone 3-2651

The author of a famous book on economics received a phone call one night. The voice said: "I question your statistics on the high cost of living today. My wife and I eat everything our hearts desire and we get it for exactly 68 cents a week."

"Did you say 68 cents a week?" echoed the economist. "Could you speak a little louder?"

"Yes," said the voice, "I did say 68 cents a week, but I can't speak any louder. I'm a goldfish."

## ENJOY YOUR BEER

by the pitcher, glass, or bottle

plus the featured sporting  
events on our new TV set  
Now you can really

## ENJOY YOUR BEER

THE  
CAMPUS  
INN

531 STATE STREET



# OCTOPUS HOLIDAY

Are you shunned by your fellow students, do they sneer at you and treat you like the black plague? Do you get F's in all your courses; are your dear ones beginning to hate you; do dogs howl and cats snarl when they see you? Do you sometimes get bad headaches in the pit of your stomach?

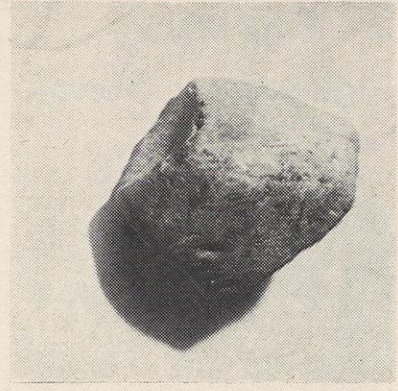
This can be remedied. Run right



out now and get yourself a pair of black white bucks.

Everyone's wearing black white-bucks. Be the first one in your neighborhood to own a pair.

Here's a tip for you. The blacker the bucks, the bigger the man. The blackest bucks in town can be purchased at the S.A.E. house. Hurry, get yours now!



Just the thing for the dashing, clean-cut young man in your life. An original Inca stone-strop. Seriously, what could be more useful than a stone-strop—you can't answer can you?

Throw away those out-dated leather strops, you'll need them no longer.

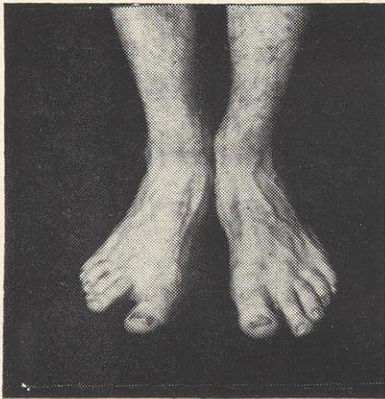
This particular stone-strop is over 5,000,000 years old and has felt the touch of ancient stone hatchets, swords, bowie knives, lances, and bayonets. Now, yes now, it can feel the touch of your straight-edged razor.

Remember, don't moan—hone with a like-new, ancient Inca stone-strop.

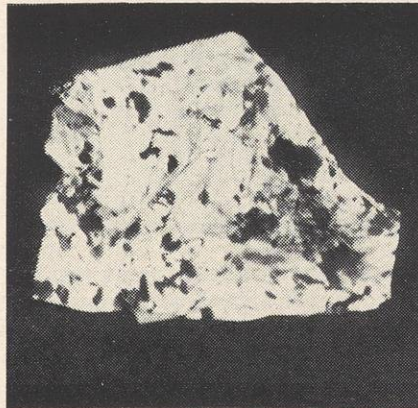
## Gift Suggestions

BY YOUR HOLIDAY REPORTER, THAT WOMAN OF THE STREETS

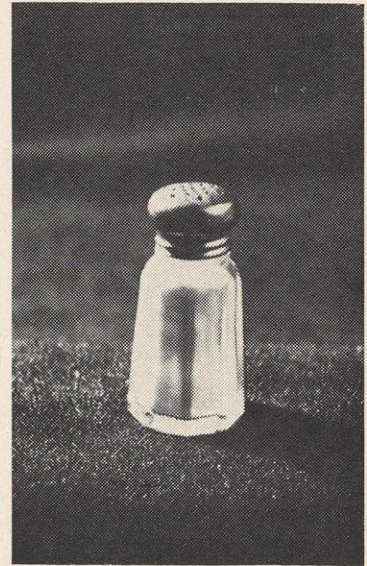
*Gigi Upyore*



Girls if you're looking for an erotic present for your best beau, something suggestive and yet something that's unmistakably YOU—then have your legs cast in bronze. The initial shock of having molten bronze poured over your legs is well worth the lasting monument to your beauty which your boy friend will cherish forever. Also because of the practically indestructible nature of bronze your grandchildren will be able to exclaim in awe: "Gawd, did Grandma ever have the sexy gams!" Estimates cheerfully given. Murtzel Helmwitz, Little Rock, Arkansas.



Alluring silk handkerchief imported from the highlands of India. Only long experienced silk worms were allowed to produce the fine sheened silk used in the manufacture of this luxury item. Intricate batik designs, each new and original, capture the flavor of oriental mystery. No need to break in these handkerchiefs, each of them is guaranteed to have been used by a genuine native of India with a very bad cold. It is sure to strike a responsive cord in the T-zone of your mother, sweetheart, or mistress. \$12.85. House of Omiad, New York 17.



Looking for a gift that will delight the hunter in your family? Maybe he's the rugged, he-man type who scorns the use of fire. Maybe he likes to devour his kill on the spot. Well then, this handy vest pocket condiment container is just the thing. Made of hand-cut, natural crystal from the Zagros Mountains in Asia Minor, this container is practically unbreakable. The moisture-proof top was cunningly fashioned by tame bears in Yellow Stone National Park. It is bound to provide hours of pleasant recreation for that favorite fellow in your life. \$32.50. Steuben Glass Co., New York 28, Wis.



FOR THAT  
*Christmas Party*



FLOWERS  
from  
**WAGNER'S**  
UNIVERSITY  
FLORAL SHOP  
1313 UNIVERSITY AVE.  
DIAL 7-1983  
Opposite Hospital

"Shoe shine, mister?"

"No."

"I can shine 'em so you can see your face in 'em."

"I said no."

"Coward!"

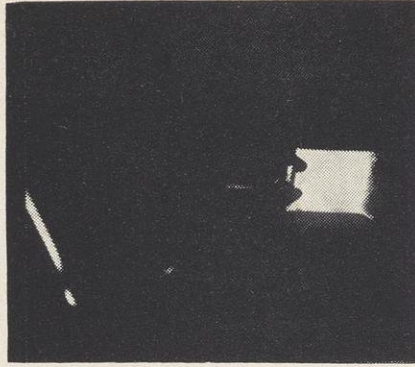
\* \* \*

The professor who comes in late is rare; in fact he's in a class by himself.

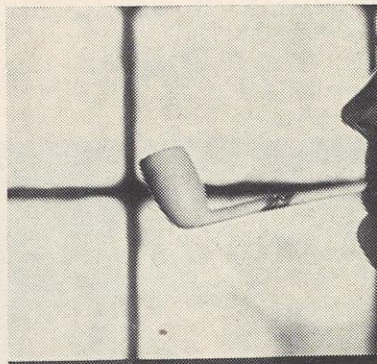
Help Fight TB



Buy Christmas Seals



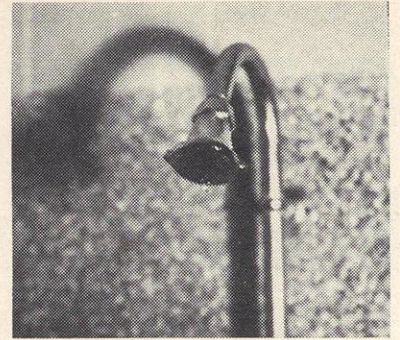
John Silvermann has done it again. Braving the dangers of the upper Amazon, Silvermann stole the sacred talismans of a pigmy tribe, brought them back to the states, and is now casting them in white gold for mass distribution. The unique feature of these strange pins is not so much their phalax symbolism which is interesting to discuss in mixed company, but rather their guaranteed occult power which insure fertility, rain, and immunity to hangovers. They are also great to pin your girl with because they haven't got any pins on the back and you can mess around for quite awhile before she finds out. \$350. John Silvermann, Majabi, Nevada.



Are you Irish? Do you know any Leprechauns . . . Leprechauns come from Ireland you know. Maybe you're Polish? Do you know any Polish Leprechauns? No matter what nationality your Leprechauns are they'll just love this dandy, quaint Irish clay pipe. Have you ever seen a Leprechaun without a clay pipe? You haven't have you? Yet there are many Leprechauns who can't afford a clay pipe. Now how about being a real sport and giving some poor, unhappy Leprechaun a merry old Christmas.

Run right out this minute and buy a handy-pocket size, real, live Leprechaun Irish Clay Pipe. They're a steal for only \$39.99.

To be sure you have the real thing, look for the miniature Ubangi inserted in the bowl of each pipe.



Do you know that 7,367,890 people drowned in their own bathtubs last year? Every year more people die in bath-tubs than in elephant hunting accidents. Calm yourself. Take that gun away from your ears. Your problem is solved. Whether your habit is slipping on those oft-concealed bars of soap or simply falling asleep from exhaustion; your worries are over.

Our new Snorkel-Bathtub Breather is the answer. Simply screw it on your nose — that's all. If you slip beneath the water's surface, your snorkel will breathe for you.

Send the top from a box of Quincy's Dried Quinces and \$75 to Snorkel, Livelonger, Alaska, and the Snorkel-Bathtub Breather is yours. Special sizes for bathtubs over 25 feet deep.

**STEAKS  
CHICKEN  
SEA FOOD**  
*Tantalizingly  
Prepared  
Deliciously  
Served*

**PLUS:**

THE PINE ROOM WHICH CAN BE RESERVED FOR PRIVATE PARTIES SIMPLY BY CALLING "ESKIE" AT 4-2539.

All at the

**ESQUIRE  
CLUB**

2615 Sherman Ave.

*Nightly Entertainment*



"Comrade Terriblitch, you are wanted in the Commissar's office immediately!" (This bit of dialogue ought to tip you off as to the locale of our story.) From his desk, where he was busily at work, trying to read a blueprint for a screwdriver, the Comrade dropped everything and strode down the echoing corridors to the office of the Commissar of the Ulterior. In tremulous tones, he voiced the Russian equivalent of "What's up, Doc?"

"Special mission, Comrade, Come with me." The Commissar pushed a button on his desk, and a secret panel in the wall slowly opened. They walked through the opening into another echoing corridor. (If this story is ever used on radio, the sound effects of Jack Benny's vault go here.)

Presently, the two found themselves in front of a large paneled door. As they knocked, a panel slid back and an eye appeared, along with a voice which demanded the pass-word. "It's in the book," said the Commissar. "Marx, that is."

The door opened into a spacious room which would pass for the study in the Union League Club. A conference table in the center of the room was surrounded with men who were obviously big shots, engaged in serious discussion. The Commissar cleared his throat and announced, "Gentlemen, may I present Comrade Terriblitch."

A graying man with an unwaxed, bushy mustache, and with a thick Southern accent (Stalin is from Georgia), began to speak.

"You have been selected for a secret mission. Your brilliant work in inventing the airplane, the ball-point pen, and the wire bra make you a natural for the job. But before I give you your instructions, I will brief you on the background of the case. According to our schedule, the United States should have been financially busted two years ago. Something has fouled up the timetable. Our Peoples Academy of Economics has found the answer. Although the bourgeois swine don't produce enough to exist, and ordinarily would starve, some fat dog comes around every year and hands out goods to everybody in the country, and thereby postpones the inevitable collapse. The disease of capitalism is causing our agents to turn on us. They're all writing books against us for the filthy dollar. Our patience is exhausted. This fellow has got to go!" He punctuated this by banging his fist on the table.

"It is rumored by the capitalists to deceive us that the dog flies in his

goods by sled and reindeer, but undoubtedly he uses helicopters. Your job is to assassinate him and put an end to this decadent air-lift. Now, he wears a red suit, but don't let this fool you, he's not one of us. He is a fat, ruddy-faced, jolly slob with a long white beard, and he goes by the name of Santa Claus, (obviously a nom de plume). He's got doubles all over the country, ringing bells and what-not, so you must be careful to get the right one. Our spies have informed us that the genuine article sits in a store on 34th Street in New York, I believe the name of the place is Macy's. He uses the place as a sort of headquarters for getting information from the peasants, until December 24, when he goes out and does his dirty work. You must eli-

tricks. I'll see if I can get you those things you mentioned for Christmas. So long, Sonny! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

Amazed and dazed, Comrade Terriblitch wandered from the store. Unknown to him, Macy's had lost too many Santas because of the antics of mischievous little kiddies, and had provided this one with a fireproof beard and a bullet-proof vest. That night the good comrade cabled the home office:

"PLANS NUMBER 1035 AND 2687 HAVE FAILED STOP WHAT NEXT STOP SIGNED C. T."

In reply, he received the following message: "AMERICANS ARE SENTIMENTAL FOOLS SO CONTACT AGENT X STOP PROCEED WITH PLAN 5607B."

Comrade T. got in touch with

## THE PLOT TO KILL SANTY CLAUSE

*Filler by Jock Strophilber*

minate him by that time. You have at your disposal all of our secret weapons, but you must go alone. Good hunting!"

"Thank you, sir."

Within a matter of hours, Comrade T. had arrived by parachute near New York City. Carrying his equipment in a knapsack on his back, he plodded to the heart of the city. Renting a room, he settled down to formulate his plans, and acquaint himself with his new environment. Soon, the day had come for action! He disguised himself as a small boy by wearing short pants and a Buster Brown cap, and meandered over to Macy's. After standing in line for some time, his turn finally came, and he climbed up on Santa's lap.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! My, you're a big boy, aren't you? And what do you want old Santa to bring you for Christmas?"

In a high falsetto voice, Comrade T. replied, "Oh, a Junior A-bomb Kit, a Little Wonder African Blowgun, a hunting knife, and a pet wild-cat!" Meanwhile, he had planted an incendiary bomb in Santa's beard. Then he pulled out a small pistol, jabbed it in Santa's stomach and fired it point-blank. Nothing happened.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Say, you're a fiendish little fellow, aren't you? But old Santa's ready for your little

Agent X, who was a proletarian girl-revolutionist, and they formulated their plans. When Santa finished his work for the day, he had the habit of going to a small bar not far away for a quick one. The plan was to follow him there, engage him in conversation, have Agent X charm him and then slip him a mick-ey. Then they could carry him away and finish him off. So, dressing again as a small boy, he and Agent X went over to Macy's at closing time.

"Well, well, well! How're you, Son? I see you brought your mother with you this time, eh? Ho! Ho! Ho!"

"No, Santy. This is my sister. She wants you to come and have dinner with us tonight."

"Well, isn't that nice. I'm sorry, I've got other plans. But why don't you two join me for a drink, (of course, milk for you, Son). It's quitting time, let's go. Ho! Ho! Ho!"

The three were soon seated in Santa's usual haunt sipping tall flavorful glasses, two of liquor and one of milk. Comrade T. slipped some powder into Santa's drink.

"Well, Son. Tomorrow's Christmas Eve. Then my work will really be-

(Grasping the page lightly between your thumb and forefinger, kindly turn the page)



(thank you for turning the page)

Santa downed it all and smacked his lips.

"Say, tonight that drink tasted a little different."

"Aha," remarked the two conspirators.

"Yes, remind me to ask the bartender how he made those drinks. They taste much better than usual. Delicious! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

Nothing happened to Santa. Comrade T. couldn't believe it! The powder should have knocked him flat! He didn't know that most Americans have conditioned their stomachs into a cast-iron quality. There was only one chance left for the Comrade.

"But, Santy, you've got to have dinner with us tonight."

"Well, now, I'd like to, but I've got a dinner date already. Ah, here she is now!" A dead-ringer for Marilyn Monroe bounced up to Santa and threw her arms around him.

"Have a tough day, Daddy?" (And she wasn't his daughter).

Santa, with a broad grin, tweaked her ear, and replied, "No, Baby! Let's go to the Stork, tonight, shall we?"

"Oh, that would be fun! And then can we go to your place?"

"Why, naturally!" With that, he waved his hand and with his jolly face beaming, said, "Mer-r-ry Christmas, Son, and you too, Honey. See you around! Ho! Ho! Ho!" and strode off arm in arm with the girl.

That night, Comrade Terriblitch sent his cable later than usual, for he had thought much about it. It read: "HAVE INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE SANTA CLAUS INDESTRUCTIBLE STOP HAVE DECIDED TO STAY HERE AND INVESTIGATE CAPITALISM FIRST-HAND STOP MY ADVICE TO YOU IS TAKE ELEVATOR TO TOP FLOOR OF BUILDING STOP OPEN WINDW STOP RUN RAPIDLY TOWARDS OPEN WINDOW DON'T STOP YOURS C. T."

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## EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

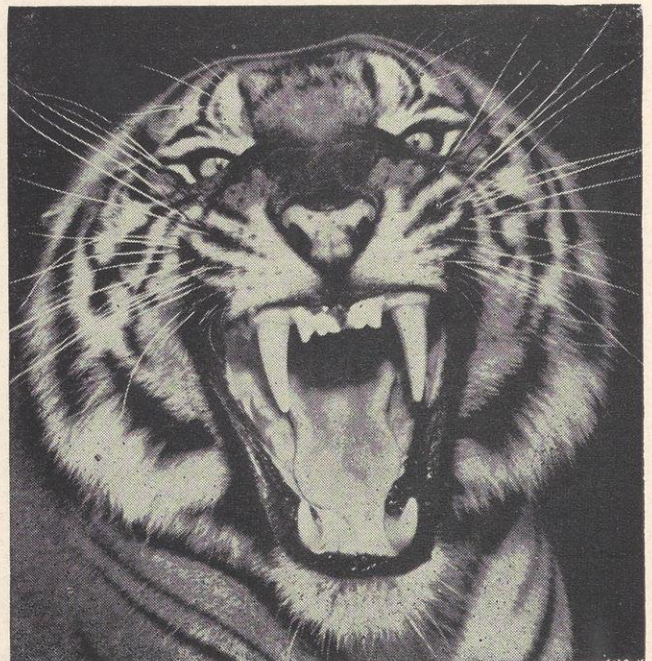
Well, we've done it again. Here's the Christmas issue and it's out before New Year's Eve. Before you read another word, we'd like you to count the pages in this issue. It's part of the New Octopus policy of giving you students more for your dough and at the same time reaping huge profits from our less fortunate advertisers.

A couple weekends ago, Dennis Beaumont, an art student on campus who can be easily recognized by his peculiarly shaped head which he uses to bust beer at a neighborhood pub, and Rudy Cherkasky, an evil looking animal husbandry student shaped like a fire plug with a hat, went up to Beloit and sat in on their homecoming bonfires. After collecting enough material to fill three magazines, they returned, got their filthy copy censored by Dean Zillman and his ugly band of scissors-wielders (try saying that with a mouthful of ball bearings) and we in turn printed the pure remnants.

Anyway, the cover is terrific. We can all wipe our mouths and thank Lyanne Fleming for that. She exposed her body to adorn the Octopus, and her expose, I will predict, will make this mag a sellout. Dick Outland, who has two flashbulbs for eyes and developer for blood, took the pictures and agreed that "charging money for snapping Miss Fleming would be like sipping cocktails in a neighbor's swimming pool." Actually, this means nothing, but Dick isn't too bright, and as long as he takes pictures for nothing, we'll keep him chained inside the Octy hut.

The first issue was a success, and one feature that made it so was Joe Kirkish's photo story. You can always count on Joe. This month he outdid himself, and we're not a bit sorry. Thanks a lot Joe. We counted on you.

Plans are being made for the February issue (which the Cardinal says will be out in June.) and already staff members, male and female alike, are putting their heads together and coming up with more ideas for improvement. Since we started late in the publication year, we decided on six issues for the two semesters. Thus, January will be a cold and cheerless month, what with final exams and no Octopus. But look for us in February, we'll be around. Until then,



Henry Wiggins, AA4, upon hearing he was ineligible to work on Octopus.



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