

The Wisconsin Octopus: Sex issue. Vol. 26, No. 7 April, 1948

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The Wisconsin **OCTOPUS**



SEX ISSUE *Entwistle*

25¢

WHY ARE MORE PEOPLE
SMOKING CAMELS
THAN EVER BEFORE?

BECAUSE
EXPERIENCE IS THE
BEST TEACHER!

Vic Scott

Champion
Outboard Racing Driver

He holds the world's record for Class C Outboard Motorboats—57.325 miles per hour for 5 miles! 1947 winner of the famous Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon.

"In 12 years of outboard racing, I've found that 'experience is the best teacher,'" says Vic Scott. "And that's true in choosing a cigarette, too. Through the years, I've tried many brands. I've compared them—for mildness, for cool smoking, for flavor. I learned from experience that Camels suit me to a 'T!'"

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



LET YOUR "T-ZONE"
TELL YOU WHY!

T for Taste . . .
T for Throat . . .

that's your proving ground
for any cigarette. See if CAMELS
don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



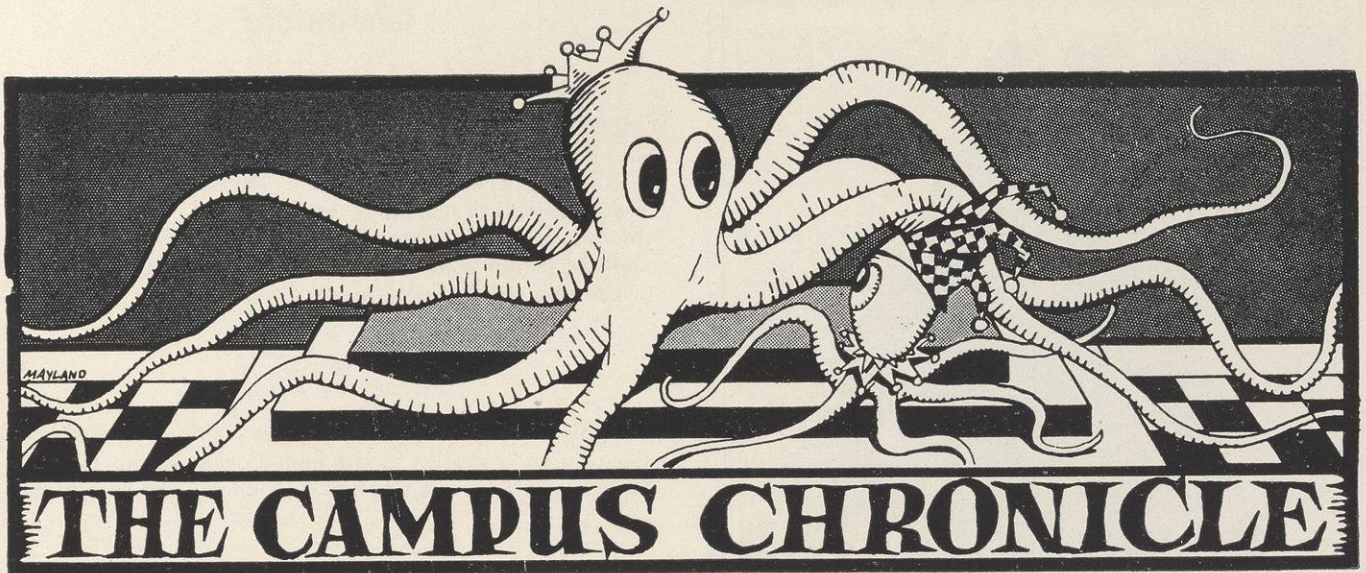
ALL OVER America, more people are smoking Camels than ever before. Millions of smokers have found by experience that Camels suit them to a "T."

Try Camels yourself. Compare them—for mildness, coolness; for full, rich flavor. Let your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—tell you why Camels are the "choice of experience."



Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

According to a Nationwide survey:
More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette



The Iron Heel

William Kay Archer and Rozanne Klass ran head-on into stiff-necked militarism when they tried to interview Stan Kenton at the Military Ball. The warriors at the gate barred the *Cardinal* reporters. Apparently when Reactionary militarists hire a Progressive jazz man it is marked top secret.

* * *

Lilting Prose Department

Latest required reading on the stands is the Summer Catalogue. In the Wordsworth manner it sings of Madison's "shaded dells," "justly celebrated drives," and "beautiful, wooded hills."

After this lyrical spasm the catalogue gets down to such practical matters as housing and mentions that, "There will be enough sleeping rooms for couples to accommodate the demand."

Under Student Health the catalogue states that, "Students are urged to seek counsel at the first sign of illness; even better, when only suspicion is present."

Joe Suspicion's office hours are from nine to ten o'clock.

* * *

Plumb Foolish

When the plumbing went out of order in the Union last month someone seized the opportunity to indulge in criticism of the male animal. Under the sign, "Men," they placed the notice, "Out of Order."

* * *

Wesley and Wallace

Campus conservatives have been amazed to see the staid Wesley Foundation suddenly jumping into the political fray. For many years Wesley Foundation has been a quiet, Methodist club. Old members have been startled recently to find Winston McDaniel, who heads the Wallace Club, pushing the Foundation into the limelight.

* * *

Truax Trojans

As played at Truax Field, volleyball is a form of organized mayhem. The boys out there have simplified the game by using one rule, "Anything goes." Norbert Nachtwey, econ major, is wearing the new look which consists of a skin covered with net burns.

After spending a quiet afternoon at the Sigma Kappa

picnic, Ted Rynda and Bud Polzar returned to Truax and found their house hors de combat after a day of "Anything goes" volleyball. Looking up from his bruises, Nachtwey yelled at Ted and Bud, "You sissies! You've been going out with girls!"

* * *

Independent Arise!

The Independent Men's Association, under Glenn Anderson, seems to be shaping up. The group has not finished its constitution, but has managed a smoker and several softball games. To paraphrase an old phrase, "I don't care who writes the nation's laws if I can only have a good five cent smoker."

* * *

The Badger Is Coming!

Bill Vos and Caroline Mahan of the Badger Yearbook have cooked up some promotion deal with the local stores. Overly impressed with the way the local movie houses peddle their pictures, the Badger staffers are having a "Sneak Preview" of the 1948 Badger. Since Octy was not let in on what is going into the Badger we will have William Kay Archer write a scathing review of the Badger "Sneak Preview."

* * *

It's Here To Stay

When the new Octy editor faced the board, Dean Trump delivered a short talk on smut in the magazine. The Dean could not see why the magazine had to be dirty, or at least, suggestive. When he finished he asked Jim McGinnis about the future issues.

"The next issue," Jim said, "will be the Sex Issue."

* * *

Realism in R.O.T.C.

It is disappointing to watch the student generals and colonels give the freshman and sophomore Rotsees so much drill. This gives them the idea that army life is all drill and no work. The present Rotsee drill field is the parking lot next to the field house, which gives the student military a big chance for real training. The enlisted men should be marched down to the lot every day after an athletic event has taken place. Then would follow a healthy half-hour of policing up the area, the greatest training a soldier can ever have.



this summer
you definitely
ruffle your spirit
with our PEEK-A-BOO SKIRT

Essential Casual
BY
Sporteens

newest, most adorable
young skirt . . . flounced,
black cotton . . . edged
and ruffled in white,
and trimmed with a
saucy black bow. Sizes
10 to 18, another of our
marvelous skirt values
by Sporteens.

\$7.95

W.J. Rendalls
Square at State
College Store at the Co-op

Chronicle

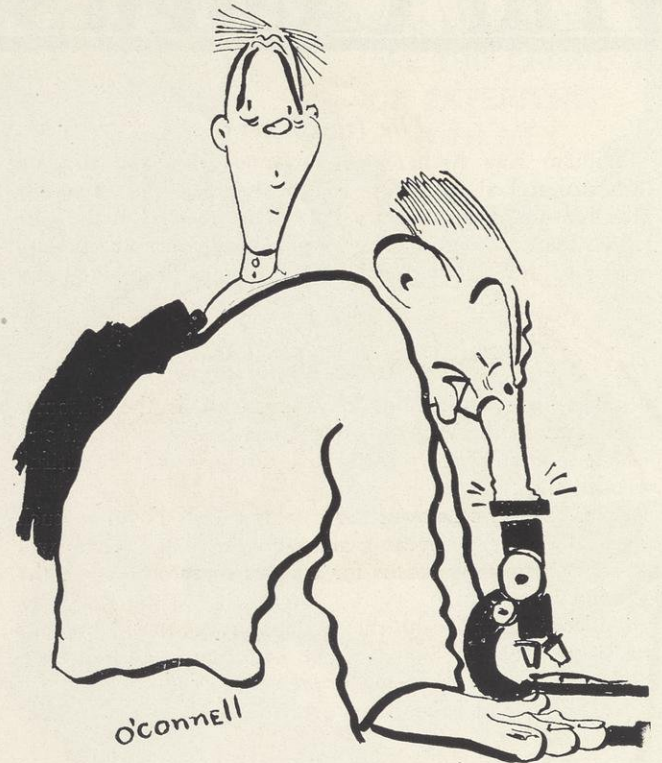
Good and Loud

Everyone who went to Mil Ball enjoyed the music by Stan Kenton, but many complained that, although the music was mellow when heard from the Rathskeller or from the YMCA, it was deafening up in Great Hall. The reason for this was not that Kenton is no good, but rather that now with the ban on recording Kenton has to play twice as loud to have his music heard across the land.

* * *

Theory of Leisure

"Why Work for Nothing?" was the title of the address given by an economist to the John Cookson Club recently. Most students read the posters announcing the speech and



were disappointed. What they wanted was not a speech on working for nothing but a talk entitled "Why Work?"

* * *

"Stick" is Stuck

The *Cardinal* announced that Earl "Stick" Numrick would be the "sales manager" of next year's Badger. The *Cardinal* further noted that "Stick" had been promoted from the position of "sales manager." Would one be safe in predicting that if "Stick" works real hard he might get to be "sales manager" on the 1950 Badger?

* * *

Remember Frank Thayer

At the *Cardinal* banquet this year's editor, Glenn Miller, announced the presentation of a brand new award to a hard working *Cardinal* writer. The name of the award was the "Frank Thayer Award," but when Miller spoke it came out as "The Frank Thayer Memorial Award." Professor Thayer, who is not yet dead or retired, was somewhat disturbed.

Chronicle

Hunger at Noon

A few students report that they are suffering extreme torture sitting through the noon classes of English 3-b. It isn't the stories that bother them, or the criticisms of fellow students. What really bothers them is the professor in another room across the air shaft who sits by his window every noon and eats lunch. The psychological effect on the English students who haven't eaten since 7:30 a.m. is terrific.

* * *

The Weaker Sex

This spring the Hoofers have been slaving away, preparing for the sailing season. One male Hooper spent some time bucking an emery grinder to scrape the paint off last year's buoys. The machine worked like a pneumatic hammer and almost jarred the fellow to pieces. Then in came a sweet



maiden. She offered to run the machine for a while. She grabbed the grinder and went to work. Our hero almost dropped dead. The girl handled the grinder as easily as though it were a mix master. Which only goes to show that no one knows what muscles there are hidden under all the "New Looks."

* * *

Royal Flush

Two hospital patients, bored, and unable to secure playing cards, sneaked the diagnosis cards from a nurse's pocket as she went by. They started a game of draw poker with these. On the very first hand, after the draw, they bet high and over-raised each other until all their money was on the table.

"Well, I guess," said one reaching out for the money, "I win. I've got three appendicitis and two gall-stones."

"Just a minute," spoke up the other. "Not so fast. I've got four enemas."

"O.K.," said the first. "You win the pot."



Spring's full of
formal beauty

at

Baron's

On the Square

Here's the Sportswear Young Men call for



Corduroy jackets — tweed and worsted coats in heringbones, patterns, and glen plaids—smartly styled slacks in gabardines and Bedford cords; these are getting the call—and these we have for your selection.

Corduroy Coats	\$20
Sport Coats	\$25
Slacks	\$15

Kravstens

ON CAPITOL SQUARE ... 22 NORTH CARROLL STREET.

And then there's the fellow who offered his girl a Scotch and sofa and she reclined.

* * *

He: You've a faculty for making love.
She: No, just a student body.

* * *

Perplexed Oriental—Our children velly white. Is velly stlange.

Spouse—Well, occidents will happen.

* * *

A Boston spinster was shocked at the language used by workmen repairing a telephone line near her home, so she wrote the telephone company. The foreman was requested immediately to make a report of what had happened. Here's what he said:

"Me and Spike Brown were on this job. I was up the pole and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Spike—right down his neck. Then Spike looked up at me and said: 'Really, Harry, you must be more careful!'"

* * *

There was a geologist named Schwartz
Who was given to drinking by snorts
With him beer would suffice,
He thought wine was gneiss
But whiskey he drank by the quartz.

E. CLARK

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Madison, Wisconsin Board of Directors

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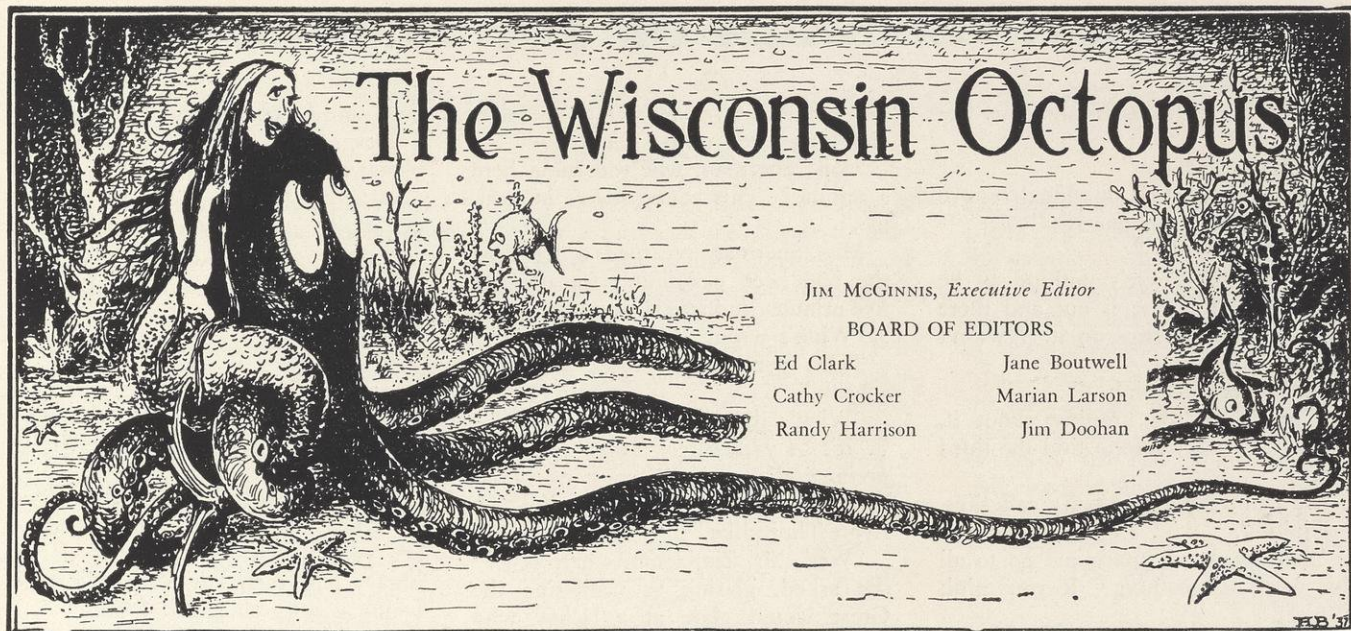
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VOLUME XXVI

APRIL, 1948

NUMBER 7



JIM MCGINNIS, Executive Editor

BOARD OF EDITORS

Ed Clark

Jane Boutwell

Cathy Crocker

Marian Larson

Randy Harrison

Jim Doohan

In The Editor's Brown Study

I've been sitting here for two hours . . . just looking at the empty paper in the typewriter, trying to think of what I could say, when a great big tear brimmed up in my right eye and slopped over, running down my cheek . . . I've got to start, so . . .

Well, we've just bundled up a few copies of our last nine issues, and along with a few general admonishings to the new staff not to take things too seriously, we start to shuffle off through the mists to those Aleasian Fields where all good typewriter-wielding humorists go.

Since we moved into the Octy hut last spring, we've had some fine times, met some swell people, and missed our share of deadlines. We put out our share of issues too . . . some sellouts, some just good, and others allegedly bad . . . but we've enjoyed bringing each of them into being.

I don't know if I can go on. When I think back . . .

It was 'way back in the Graduation issue last year that we helped those who helped themselves with "How to Cheat on Finals," and two of our staff graduated. Then in the September "Back to School" effort we divulged the secrets of the course catalogue, how to drop a course or date a co-ed, and the probable results of either.

Since then we've been through campus bridge sessions, the cost of hanging a pin, the nation's writhings in the copious folds of the "new look," and the Kinsey report.

Both of my eyes are getting just a little misty now, and I feel I have to

blow my nose . . . I'll try to hold up though.

Our best effort, and the one we always enjoy most, was our biggest success. That was the "Cardinal Take-



Off" issue. We ran nine pages of "Cardinal" copy, and that's one more than the paper itself runs. The whole staff pitched in, and we let the stops out. When Glenn Miller read it and got sore, we knew we did it up right.

We also left our own personal marks on the magazine's face, the introduction of the monthly Dream Girl, the regular feature piece, and a monthly prize short story. We hope the new powers and old Eight-Legs himself will keep up our start in those directions.

Gone . . . gone . . . how can I go on without the lovable old squid! Nothing will seem the same (there goes another tear and now my whole chin is wet [sob]).

In case any of our attempts to make you laugh hit home, you can probably blame Jane Boutwell or Harry Entwistle, a couple of the screwiest humorists we've seen come through the doors.

Jane, the associate editor, kept the ideas coming and wrote a bit less than a ton of copy on the side, all of it good, poetry included.

Harry handled the lion's share of the art work (six of the covers) and generally threw the office into turmoil when he dropped by to act out a cartoon concerning a shy heifer and a cold milking machine, or to suggest an anti-education center-spread.

Then there was Randy Harrison who cartooned so well that we lend-leased him to the *Cardinal* so that you might see his political cartoons more than monthly. Randy is only a sophomore, and will probably own both the mag and the Union before he graduates.

Jim Doohan was also in there slapping out the political ad libs in his "That's Life" column which was so

(continued on page 10)

THE LITTLE SAGA OF JOE ZIMBLETON

"Brady? . . . James Brady? . . . 927 11th Avenue? . . ."

"Why, I, uh-h-h—"

"Now this book is on closed reserve downstairs, and this one is—"

"But that's not—"

"I'm sorry. There's nothing to be done. Now this one is out and there are seven reserve slips on it. I wasn't able to—"

"Look here! I, uh-h—"

"There's no use arguing about it, it's out! I wasn't able to find the third one."

"But, uh, those aren't my call slips. I didn't—"

"You mean you made me go to all this work for nothing? If you think I'm—"

"I'm sorry. You see I, uh, I received this card in the mail and I—"

"Let me see it. Oh yes. Did you bring the book back?"

"But I never even—"

"You realize you owe a dollar and forty-seven cents!"

"But I never even had the book! I never heard of it!"

"I suppose you think I have it!"

"Look, all I know is this card says I have this book that I never saw in

my life before. Now I owe a dollar and forty-seven cents! I never—"

"Miss Sherman, will you come here a minute? This young man's in trouble."

Miss Sherman returned a fee card she had been examining for the last five minutes and strode up to the scene.

"What's wrong, Miss McClellan?"

"This gentleman refuses to return a book."

"What's the name of the book?"

"It's *A History of Magic and Experimental Science During the First Thirteen Centuries of Our Era*, by Lynn Thorndike."

"Well, Mr. Zimbleton, where is it?" she asked, glaring as Catherine the Great would glare at a lackey who had dropped a platter of oysters on top of her.

"I'm — uh — that is, sorry, but I haven't got it."

"Well who has?"

"I, uh, really don't know."

"You'd better explain it to Miss Jackson. In that room over there."

"But I—I!"

"Young man!"

"I'm sorry."

Miss Jackson was seated behind her

desk, busily tearing out indexes from a stack of new books before her. Zimbleton explained the situation.

"Well, well, I'm sure there's nothing to worry about. You probably just forgot about it. Now if you go home and hunt around your room, I'm sure that—"

"Yes, but, uh—"

"... down in the back of the davenport, in the pockets of your other suits, up in the chandelier, down under the rug . . ."

"It isn't there! I looked everywh—"

"I bet I know what happened! I bet you took it out to read in the library and then left it on the table. Doing a research paper, I bet."

"Research! About science in the Thirteenth Century? Who wants to know ab—?"

"Now just go down to the Lost Book Department in the South Wing. I'm sure you'll—"

"I never even saw—I!"

"Young man!"

"I'm sorry."

"Just ask for Miss Burnside!"

By this time Joseph Zimbleton had become slightly—oh! ever so slightly—aggravated. He burst in the door. A girl looked up from her typewriter. He recounted his story in—you might say—a forcible manner.

"Perhaps you have the wrong office," said the girl. "This is the Call Letters Department. Will you pass me that hat?"

"Oh, yes, here it is. I'm sorry. I—"

The girl pulled a call letter out of the hat and wrote it on the back of a book, saying, "You'll find Miss Burnside down the corridor to your left."

"Thank you very much."

Miss Burnside greeted him the moment he entered with,

"No, none of these books circulate. Will you please leave? I'm busy."

Joe glanced around. The office was packed full of books. Miss Burnside was avidly reading one herself. Joe caught a glimpse of the title. It read: *Memoirs of Hecate Cou—*. She looked up.

"How many times must I tell you these books are not for circulation? Now leave. I haven't a minute to sp—"

"But I tell you I don't want any of them. I—"

She peered at him.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Something wrong with you?"

"No, it's, uh, this book they say I have and I haven't—"

(continued on page 21)



"Gerald, baby, are you all right?"

Minutes of the Annual Seminar for Scientific Phenomena

By JOSEPH M. SCHEINES

The seminar was called to order promptly at 10:00 a.m. by Dr. Raphael Twilley, chairman and founder of the seminar. Dr. Twilley made a few parenthetical remarks concerning the high cost of tongue depressors and his latest book, "What to Do If the Doctor Never *Does* Arrive."

After one or two latecomers entered, chairs stopped shuffling and a business-like air descended upon the room as the chairman inquired if there were any old business matters to be discussed. There being none, the topic of new business was introduced. Dr. Beane, corresponding secretary, immediately raised the point that, due to the unusual plethora of phenomena discovered by the Discovery Committee, the seminar had better get right down to business. The Chair acknowledged this to be a well taken point and called upon Dr. Sigmund Frisbee to read the first report. It follows:

(Dr. Frisbee) Gentlemen: I would like to read to you a report on a new psychiatric disease. The Reader's Digest published a digest of my work in the latest issue. They managed to cut down on the scientific double-talk so often found in this type of report. I do not deny that I, too, often fall prey to the habit of using unintelligible words. So, since I just happen to have a copy of the Digest's article with me today, I will read it, rather than burden you with my own halting, technological terms. That there little magazine certainly knows how to boil things down to the essentials. I quote:

"Of the many phobias or psychiatric disorders known to man through the aid of Warner Brothers and the medical journals, perhaps the strangest is epistlophobia. This is a dread mental disease which crops up every so often in remote corners of the earth, leaving agony and all sorts of confusion in its wake. In essence, the malady is one which makes it well nigh impossible for an epistlophobe to write a letter. No matter what the situation, an epistlophobe can not be coaxed, cajoled, commanded or coerced into taking pen and paper in hand.

"The causes of this disorder have been fairly well isolated through the efforts of Dr. Sigmund Frisbee, member of the Seminar for Scientific Phenomena and a big wheel at the Institute Pathologique et Pornographique in Paris. After years of research and

study, Dr. Frisbee has been able to trace the causes of the disease to some overt act, profoundly disturbing in concept, which may have occurred during the ill one's early years.

"While browsing through Dr. Frisbee's records, we came across an interesting, if not fascinating, case history which will be cited herein as an excellent example of epistlophobia throughout the stages of its development. This case is especially worthy of note because of the great number of overt acts discovered and catalogued by the assiduous Dr. Frisbee.

"*Background*—Willy N. (the subject is still living and even though he is now only a blithering idiot crouching in a corner of a sanatorium cell) was born in Teaneck, N. J. His parents were normal suburbanites. They were very fond of golf and barbecued pig, but frowned upon the Democratic Party and polygamy.

"After two years of wedded bliss and barbecued pig, Willy came along to make their happiness complete. He grew and flourished in the healthy New Jersey climate. Like all normal Ameri-

can boys, he had a dog for his best friend and loved to romp and play in the flatlands with Bowser.

"*Overt Incident #1*—When the patient was almost six years old, the first of many catastrophic incidents occurred which were to send him hurtling down the dread, dark road to epistlophobia. The mailman, an unfeeling lout who obviously had an abnormal, dogless childhood, kicked Bowser in the vitals. The poor dog didn't last the night.

"Little Willy, of course, was heartbroken. The tears ran down his face in veritable torrents, streaking the New Jersey dirt which was wont to accumulate thereupon. For weeks he couldn't bring himself to eat, but only walked alone over the flatlands, a forlorn and broken figure.

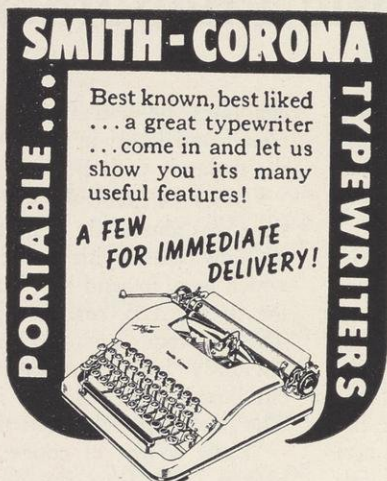
"However, time, the great healer, worked its mysterious cure and soon little Willy was out playing with his friends, a healthy, happy boy once again.

"*Overt Incident #2*—The inexorable hand of fate could not be stayed. One day, when Willy was playing hide-and-

(continued on page 15)



"But Mr. Rockermorgan, what can I ever do to show my appreciation?"



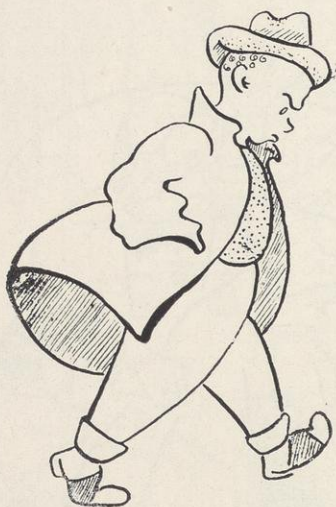
BROWN'S

Book Shop, Inc.

673 STATE STREET

Friendly, Courteous Service

Pull in that lower lip!



Stop scowling, brother. Final exams are coming for sure, but they can be taken with a grain of humor. Let the last issue of Octy brighten your cram season. It'll fit right into that end-of-the-year mood, because it will be the Finals Issue. It'll be out before exams with glad stuff on exams and job advice for graduating seniors.

"STARTING ON A SHOESTRING"

By BOB BYRNES

Have you ever wondered how the old saying, "starting on a shoestring" originated? I have. I used to wonder what the hell anybody *could* start on a shoestring. And I wondered *what kind* of a shoestring. I used to walk around for days muttering "Black?" "Brown?" "Twenty-seven inches?" "White?" "Thirty-six inches?" I damn near went nuts. Then somebody told me there was an old library some place on the lower campus where I might learn something. I looked for three days without success, but finally, as the sun was going down the third day, I came around the corner of a big airplane hangar with about four outhouses connected to it and there was this "library."

Let me warn you right now never to go into the place without a guide. I got lost in some part of it they call "the stacks" for two days and almost died because I didn't have a canteen with me. And just to keep you from ever having to go in there I'll tell you what happened.

Evidently several people thought they originated the saying "starting on a shoestring," so the decision as to whom the true author was had to rest on the time at which each claimed to have started it. My searching finally narrowed the field down to two, both of whom have very interesting and highly credible stories.

One tale dates the great Thimble department store chain. This gigantic enterprise was founded by Adam Thimble, a Peruvian immigrant, in 1868 when he bought out the pencil business of a Civil War veteran and combined it with his own shoestring concession on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street in New York City. Thus the expression, "starting on a shoestring."

The other claim concerning the phrase is that of the late, great fire-bug, Jeremiah Thromp, who declared that he had started his career in pyrotechnics at the tender age of nine by giving his father a fatal hotfoot. He used this ingenious method:

Every second Saturday night his father bathed. Jeremiah, his keen mind working at a burning pace, suggested one such night that he be allowed to shine his father's shoes. The old gentleman readily agreed, little knowing what boyish prank his son was conjuring. While Thromp, Sr., was in his bath, Jerry removed the shoestrings from his shoes, soaked them in Bonded Coon Range (a medicinal preparation Mr. Thromp kept hidden in the pantry), and then replaced them. He stationed himself under the bed, and when his unsuspecting father entered the room, stark naked, and slipped into his shoes, the boy reached out with a match and lit the shoestrings. They blazed up and the elder Thromp, who was hirsute, was instantly enveloped in a sheet of flame.

This did not kill him, however. He rolled up in the bed-clothes, smothered the flames, and thereby saved his life temporarily. But, deprived of his thick coat of hair by the fire, he went out and caught cold. In a vain attempt to cure the cold, he drank all the remaining Coon Range. Then, thoroughly plowed, he got into an argument with a Southerner about the Civil War. This time it was the South that triumphed. The unfortunate Mr. Thromp was buried two days later. And from that time on Jeremiah Thromp always said, "I started on a shoestring!"

These events, however, occurred in 1869, one year after Thimble's expansion, so Jeremiah's claim to fame is null and void. Incidentally, the Southerner was never apprehended but escaped to Montana where he became a sheep herder and raised a family of morons whose only spoken word was, "Daaaaa-daaaaa."

THE OCTOPUS SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH

THE SERENADE TO A LADY IS BLUE

By ROY NEWQUIST

That's it, Sammy, take it easy. Don't roll those keys, don't drum 'em. Play it out long, with those subtle little shadows at the corners. Dust 'em off a bit in New Orleans, maybe, and give the black keys the reign of their ebony hearts, but don't shout it. Smooth, Sammy, and real . . . like the stuff inside that glass; it'll take the varnish off the piano if you don't drink it pretty soon, but that's the way Baby likes her music.

As smooth, Sammy, as the skin of Baby's slender white throat, but low-down blue like all the half-thoughts that are running through your head. Blue, Sammy, like a neon glistening on a rainy sidewalk, or the wail of a freight in the blackness of any night. It won't be long, Sammy, before Baby steps inside that door and wraps you around her like she sported that silver fox coat the last time . . .

That's it, Sammy, straighten up. Let your fingers idle a minute; Ellington won't know the difference, and Baby's not here yet. Let those wistful little two-four riffs die out, and let the tune falter as though you can't think of the dream that's coming next. Baby won't know the difference. And she wouldn't care, would she, Sammy? That's what hurts. Once upon a time you thought she did care, but that was 'way back when . . . yeah, back as far as that thing you're doin' now. She rode into your life on the offbeat of "Body and Soul," didn't she, Sammy? Ellington sorta wrote it for her, for that summer day when Baby walked in . . .

They had the doors wide open in the speakeasy that afternoon because South Clarke was suffering from July. You sat at the little back-bar piano, soothing the keys to drive out the heat. There were no customers in the joint, and the hooligan bartender, Mike, asked you to play "Body and Soul." He sat at the end of the bar, leaning over in a way that shot hell out of the laws of gravity, and his eyes were kinda wet. He looked like a schizophrenic bulldog, and you kinda wondered just what went on inside that rum-runner to turn him into a handful of putty.

You didn't wonder about it long, though, because a babe came into the place and walked alongside the bar. You caught her right away; auburn hair, nice legs, and a thin dress that made her lower half an inverted V in front of the sun. She had a baby-face, not too much, but you thought of her as "Baby" right then and there.

She stood behind you, and you knew she was watching, and listening. So you really played, Sammy. For her you were sad and lonely. For her those black keys wept, and the white keys circled around the melody. She was an audience, Sammy, and in those days an audience, any audience, made you want to speak the intimate language you could do so well with music, so badly with words.

When you finished you called her "Baby" and asked her what she wanted. Naturally, it was a job, and in those days singers were a dime a dozen—and all of them willing to work for a dime. She said she could sing, and you shrugged and said a million other people could, too, one way or another. Then you saw the way she hung her shoulders, so without turning around you struck into the song all over again and asked her to give it a try.

She tried. Her voice wasn't much above par, but she had a pretty nice delivery. She hinted of a bedroom, but insisted that it be on the up-and-up. Poor enunciation, but that could always be corrected. When she finished you looked down at Mike, who did the hiring. Mike shook his head "No" and Baby thanked you and started to leave. You

should have let her go, Sammy. You shouldn't have said to Mike "Either she stays or I go." You could get by with that, then, couldn't you?

So she stayed, Sammy. You took her out for a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and you began coaching her. For a month you coached her, rode the hell out of her, made her hate you and adore you with the same blue note. But when you were done Baby had a voice, and the voice was wonderful. She took a song that spoke of stormy skies, and when she sang the sky leaked rain. It was as blue as ink, but she wrote on clean stationery, and every man in the audience looked at her and regretted having a wife, listened to her and forgot all about a wife. She was a hit, Sammy, a credit to everything you'd taught her; you were a sort of guardian angel, her guide and counselor, and you were also in love with her. Yes, she was a hit in many ways, and it wasn't long before—

"Sammy," she said to you that night, a few months after you'd met, "I'm worried."

"About what, Baby?" You were holding her hand, and you held it tighter, because Baby did look worried, and a park bench was as good a spot as any to spill it.

"You know this Mr. Osgood," she said. "Well, he's been sending me some awfully expensive presents. Last night I got this." And she showed you a diamond clip that would have drawn a crowd in Cartier's, and you gave Baby a very startled look.

"Oh, I haven't done anything wrong," she said. "I've only gone out with him once, and he seems awfully nice even if he is sort of old—"

"You'd better give them back, Baby. He'll expect something."

"Do I have to?" Her blue eyes were very wide, and in the late-afternoon sun you thought of all the silly things Keats and Shelley had said in high school, only they didn't seem silly now. "It's so beautiful! And I wouldn't have to—to pay him back, not if I didn't want to!"

So Baby kept the clip, didn't she, Sammy? And she kept a very nice negligee, and a fox scarf, and—but you didn't know about that stuff, Sammy. You only saw them in her dressing room, and you said nothing to her. You figured that Baby knew how to take care of herself . . .

(Sammy, Sammy, you're pounding those keys like you're playing some goddam boogie. Grab that drink and slow down a bit. Thataway. Maybe the customers are tired of hearing "Body and Soul." It's a great tune, but you're wearing out its welcome. And the way you're playing it now makes the body very much unwanted, and where in hell's the soul? To hell with 'em, Sammy. Maybe the customers won't like it, but to hell with 'em. Play it, and let those goddam keys turn blue. Let the lights get blue, and their faces blue, and let 'em feel lower than the belly of a conch. Tonight's her night, isn't it? Every year, July the 18th, she walks in here with her latest, and says she's come to see you. Sort of an anniversary, Sammy. The day you met in that speak, the day your life went up the river. Take it easy, Sammy. You're supposed to whisper the song, not bang it . . .)

Torture yourself some more, Sammy. She'll be in any minute, now, and then you won't be able to think. Have the bartender fill up that glass; better yet, have him leave the bottle, per usual. Any minute she'll come in, right off

(continued on page 22)

Letterheads

Gifts

Beer Mugs

Awards

Leather

Favors

Official Insignia

Uniform Quality

Rings

Cups

Open 10 'til 5

Memorials

Programs

Ash Trays

Novelties

Your Friend

303 STATE STREET

F. 6860

BROWN STUDY . . .

(continued from page 5)

well founded by Pat Moul last semester. Jim also did the heavy spade work for the Campus Chronicle every month as well as attend an occasional J-course.

You mad, mad fool . . . how can you go on (sob) like this, glibly recounting the past when your heart is so heavy! There's a lump in my throat, and a small puddle of tears on the desk before me . . . and a little more and it will be all over . . . hang on . . .

Then there were our Gold Dust Twins, Cathy Crocker and Marian Larson. Cathy did the bang-up job of the year in managing and laying out the insert pages of the "Cardinal" issue. She also cartooned and wrote for the old squid. Marian, aside from writing regularly for us, was our exchange editor, but try as we might, we couldn't exchange her with any of the other humor mags in the country.

I'll never hold up if I continue. A short sob just tore itself from my lips and the backs of my hands are wet from tears and my fingers keep slipping on the keys, and (sob) . . .

There were a hundred more who wrote the copy: Roy Francis, Galen Winter, and Joe Dermer . . . all nuts; and the cartoonists Everhard and Nero, both looking like each other's characters. Eric Mann, Frank O'Connell, Kathy Kingston, and Bill Smith kept coming in, and their art work held the mag together as did the laugh-copy from Springer, Spry, Bates, and Sindorf. We could never list them all, but we know them and appreciate them and their work. It made the old rag possible.

It's a screwy world, as one of the old editors swan-songed. And here's to the guys and gals who will make it a little screwier—the next staff. Good luck, Clark. Some of the old stand-bys won't be back, but the old squid is in good hands for the coming year.

And now I've said it, and tomorrow I'll probably hate myself . . . but I'm just a big sentimental slob . . . and the tears are getting (sob) all over the paper . . . and I can't go on, but (sob) remember . . . goodbye, old mag, we love you . . . and . . . (sob).

A lawyer was attending a funeral. A friend arrived and took a seat beside him, whispering, "How far has the service gone?"

The lawyer nodded toward the clergyman in the pulpit and whispered back, "He just opened the defense."

* * *

She—Oh look, the bridesmaid!
He—My gosh, so soon?

Newest Campus Hangout



BLUE MOON

RESTAURANT

531 State

B. 2837

After-Date Meeting Place

Swap Stories With
the Fellas

THE FACE ON THE INFIRMARY FLOOR

or

Behind the Iron Bed-Curtain

(Taken from the journal of
Norbert Muckenfuss)

MARCH 4—Had a slight case of sniffles today. My roommate warned me not to go to the infirmary as he suspected that they might perform vivisection on me. My first reaction was to get drunk and forget the whole thing, but Dolly said she wouldn't speak to me if I got as plastered as the night I—well, I don't have to put everything in writing.

Anyway, I decided to go to the student clinic.

MARCH 5 — After analyzing my symptoms, the doctors shielded their faces from me and pointed upstairs. I suspected nothing. The orderly took me to a room on the top floor and snatched my clothes from me. They left some pajamas which puzzled me. They had stripes.

The room had another guy in it. I was a little suspicious when I noticed that my roommate had a beard eight inches long. I figured he was an engineer or something.

"New here, are ye, son?" he asked as I climbed into bed.

"Yes, sir. I had a slight case of sniffles and decided not to take chances with my physical well-being," I replied.

He whipped out a revolver and with hysterical laughter fired six shots at the ceiling. I was sure he was an engineer then.

MARCH 6 — When I awoke, a squadron of doctors were hovering over me. A spotlight was shining on my face.

The oldest, and evidently the leader, pointed a finger at my stomach.

"Dr. Curie, clarminize that digestive," he barked.

Four doctors jumped me. I blacked out.

MARCH 7—This morning I noticed that black crosses were painted over my bed. The walls were papered with fever charts. The staff had left a Bible at my bed-table.

Every five minutes a nurse dashed in and took a new analysis. So far, I have had saliva, blood, dandruff, urine and Wasserman tests.

My roommate observed with a smile, "I had the sniffles once myself." He took out his revolver and spelled out: "It is later than you think" on the ceiling with bullet holes.

I blacked out again.

MARCH 8—I met Anne today. She

is the best incentive for delirium tremens I have ever met. She is beautiful.

"New here, aren't you?" she asked coyly.

I confessed I was.

"Have you wired your folks?" she asked.

"Just for sniffles?"

"I had the sniffles once myself," that damn engineer interrupted.

"You're beautiful," I said, forgetting decorum.

She stuck a thermometer in my mouth. But gently.

I registered a 107 fever.

MARCH 8—Dolly is mad at me. She saw Anne and swears I got sick on purpose.

I think I did.

The doctors came again. They painted another cross over my bed.

MARCH 31 — Have been here 27 days now. I think they have forgotten. No one comes near me, and the only

food I get is smuggled through by Anne.

I am starting to grow a beard.

JUNE 15—My roommate died today. Poor fellow. He clutched his slide rule in the death agony and whispered: "I had the sniffles once myself."

The Men in Black came for him later. They mailed his slip-stick to his mother.

JUNE 31—Anne and I were engaged today. I swore on Gray's Anatomy to be true to her.

But things look black. They have lost my records. All looks lost.

JANUARY 7—Anne and I decided to get married tomorrow. We may go to the sun parlor for our honeymoon. If THEY let me.

Still haven't located records.

MARCH 4—It's been a year now. The nurses baked a cake with a single thermometer on it. Doctors hopeful

(continued on page 31)



"Two bourbons and no cracks about ID cards!"

Jokes for the Benefit of the Faculty

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was no lady; that was my wife."

(There was some question over the advisability of using this joke, because of the implication of adultery. However, somebody pointed out that the "lady" in question could just as easily have been the gentleman's sister, maiden aunt, grandmother, great-grandmother, great-great-grandmother, great-great-great-grandmother, or high school principal. Adultery, you know, is to adults what infancy is to infants.)

Magician: Who was that lady I sawed with you last night?

Aristotle: Why did the chicken cross the road?

Plato: He saw the murderous glint in the driver's eye and thought it was the "go" signal.

—*The Last of the Mohicans*

Housewife: I sent my little boy to buy two pounds of prunes, and this bag weighs only one pound.

Grocer: Madam, have you weighed your little boy?

—*Aeropagitica*

"My mother and father were brother and sister and that's why I look so much alike."

—*Oscar Wilde*

Kaiser Wilhelm: Waiter, there's a fly struggling in my soup.

Waiter: Brave little fellow, isn't he?

—*The Big Sleep*

New Father: Is it a boy or a girl, Doc?

Doctor: Have to wait till it comes down from the chandelier.

—*Third Canto, Dante's Inferno*

What's the date?

You've got a calendar on your desk, stupid.

I know, but it's an hour fast.

—*Faust*

Hotel Clerk to Prospective Guest: I'm sorry, but we don't have room service.

Guest: Oh, that's all right.

Clerk: You'll have to make your own bed.

Guest: That's all right.

Clerk: You'll find hammer, saw, lumber, and nails in the back room.

—*Paradise Lost*

Pilot: Have you ever heard the expression, "See Naples and die?"

Passenger: Yes, why?

Pilot: We are now over Naples and the motors have conked out.

—*From the Libretto of "Rigoletto"*

Pat: Are them pigeons boys or girls?

Mike: They're not pigeons, they're gulls.

Pat: Gulls or boys, they're still pigeons.

(Here again the subject of sex insists on infiltrating the chaste pages of the Octopus.)

Aesop: Why do you call your dog "Heinz?"

Archimedes: He's 57 varieties.

—*Confessions of an Opium Eater*

Thackeray: How do you make a fire without matches?

Hardy: Rub two Boy Scouts together.

—*Girl of the Limberlost*

DeMaupassant: While you're on the subject, I knew a lad who was a Boy Scout until he was 15—now he's a girl scout.

(Mr. DeMaupassant! You know we have to watch our step.)

—*Rue de la Sin*

Washington Irving: Do you file your nails?

Hawthorne: No, I just clip them and throw them away.

—*French 51*

Dracula: My wife just had a baby at this hospital, and I want to see it.

Nurse: Shall I wrap it up, or will you eat it here?

—*Canterbury Tales*

Notice on bulletin board of biology department: We don't begrudge you dipsomaniacs a little alcohol, but please return our specimens.

—*Dr. Kildare*

There was once a shipwrecked sailor afloat on a life raft. He had a package of cigarettes but no light. What could he do? He tossed one cigarette overboard, and made the raft a cigarette lighter.

Je frappe la genou.

—*Memoirs of Anne Boleyn*

—PELL MELL



Photo by DeLonge

Rosemary Schneiders

A Madison freshman Rosemary is 5' 8" of blue-eyed Kappa pledge. Her major is art . . . her first love, sailing.

OCTY'S "DREAM GIRL"



SUGGESTED BY
DUKE C. WILLARD
UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA

"Have a pack of Dentyne. It's fine after meals!"



"Just as I reached my boiling point I gave the chef a pack of Dentyne. That got me out of the royal stew fast! Naturally—because Dentyne's keen, delicious flavor always makes friends fast! Dentyne also helps keep teeth white!"

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"I don't mind sharing Harry but you get right out of my ARTEMIS JR. SLIP!"

Designer-approved Artemis Jr.* slips are exclusive at
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Poultry Corner

THE LITTLE BIRD

A little bird sits in a tree;
Now he flies away—
Life is like that.
Here today, gone tomorrow.
A little bird sits in a tree;
Now he scratches himself—
Life is like that.
Lousy.

—Purple Parrot

DO YOU KISS?

Some kiss hot,
Some kiss cold,
Some don't kiss
Until they're told.
Some kiss fast,
Some kiss slow,
Those that don't kiss,
I don't know.

—Masquerader

'STINKIN' LAMB

Mary had a little lamb
The lamb had halitosis,
And every place that Mary went
The people held their noses.

—Cornell Widow

LOOK! A COW?

The gum-chewing girl
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike,
Yet different somehow.
And what is the difference?
I think I know now—
It's the clear thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

—Sundial

BATHING SUITS

Girls when they went out to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a bolder whim,
They dress more like her cupboard.

—Dodo

"Is this ice cream pure?"
"Pure as the girls of your dreams."
"Give me a pack of cigarettes."

—Flotsam

"Well, my boy," said the new minister to the three-year-old boy, "what did you get for your birthday?"

"Aw, I got a little red chair," said the kid, "but it ain't much good. It's got a hole in the bottom of it."

—Purple Parrot

* * *

Girl (cattily): Don't you think that Ethel looks terrible in that low-cut gown?

Fellow: Not as far as I can see.

MINUTES OF THE SEMINAR . . .

(continued from page 7)

seek with his neighboring gang, he hit upon a splendid idea for concealing himself and proceeded to creep into a nearby mailbox. His stealth was aided by the mailman, whose shoe laces became untied while he was emptying the box. While the errant laces were being knotted, Willy sneaked into the empty mailbox, unnoticed.

"Some five hours later, the poor tyke was discovered, sobbing hysterically underneath a mantle of letters. We will never know what awful thoughts ran through the little fellow's mind as he crouched in his dark prison. What we do know, however, is that the experience had intense ramifications as the years rolled on.

"*Overt Incident #3* — Something seemed to stunt Willy's growth. Perhaps it was the mailbox incident. Perhaps it was eugenics. At any rate, he had only attained a height of three and a half feet by the time he was twelve. One day his mother sent him to mail a letter. While straining on tip-toe to drop the letter in the slot, he somehow managed to catch his left forearm in the baggage opening. It took a full year for the compound fracture to mend properly.

"This unfortunate occurrence hindered Willy's progress at school, since he was left-handed and now had to relearn the art of penmanship. Some dull clod of a pedagogue remained unmoved by the poor boy's plight and refused to promote him because he

couldn't write his name. Smaller children would form a circle about Willy in the schoolyard and derisively chant "Yah, yah!" Or, "Willy's a dope, Willy's a dope!" All this, quite naturally, had a disturbing psychic effect upon the patient.

"*Overt Incident #4*—Perhaps as a form of compensation, Willy took to stamp collecting. He was very intense about his new hobby and soon became the talk of local philatelic circles. Once he cornered the market on surcharged three and five penny Madagascar centennials.

"After accidentally swallowing a few stamp hinges, however, he suffered violent indigestion and his interest in that hobby waned. Soon he traded his collection for a top, three pieces of string, a broken tooth and a curiously shaped stick.

"*Overt Incident #5*—The long series of discouragements and catastrophes continued. At the age of fourteen, Willy inadvertently stabbed himself with a quill pen. Temporary blood poisoning resulted. For weeks he went about looking bluish.

"*Overt Incident #6*—At about this time he cut his tongue horribly on the perforated edge of a postage stamp while mailing a Valentine.

"Although the cumulative effect of the aforementioned incidents may seem staggering, individually they were unimportant. One recovered from blood

(continued on page 26)



-WURTZ

For a

Perfect

Evening



get her

Spring Flowers

from

Lou Wagner's

Gift and Flower Shop

1313 UNIVERSITY AVE.

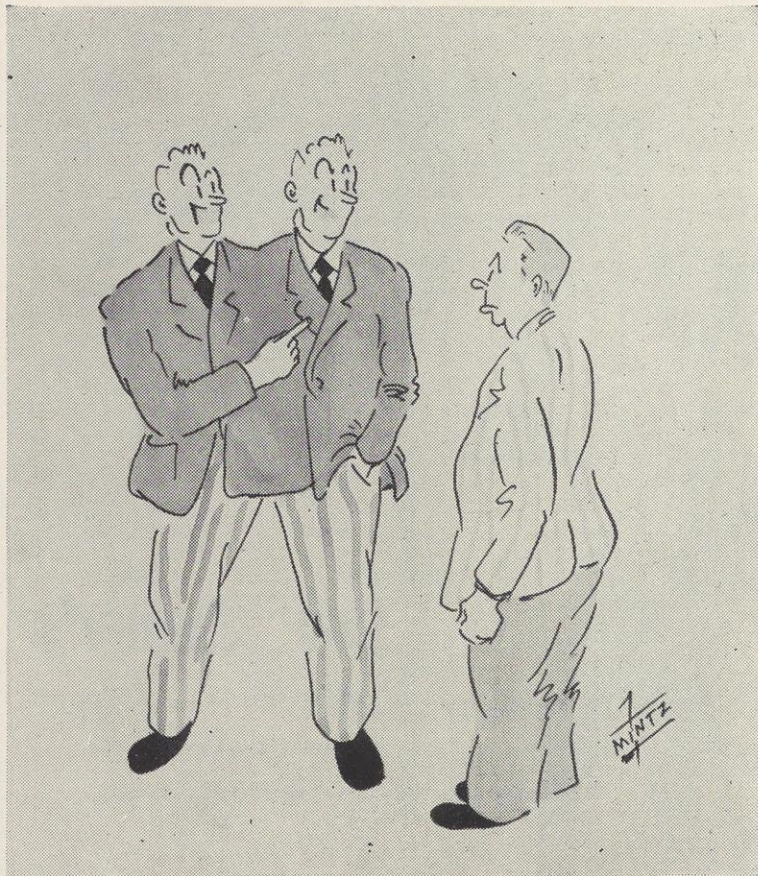
Opposite Hospital



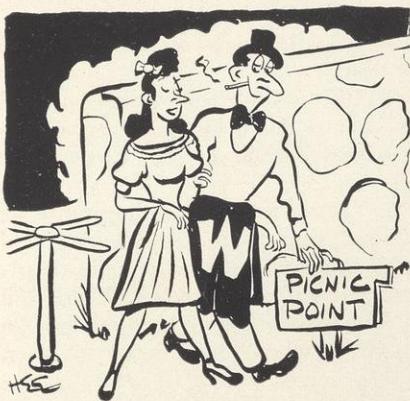
"I see old Prof. Glotz is late for Ag lecture again this morning."



"I dressed by candlelight
this morning."



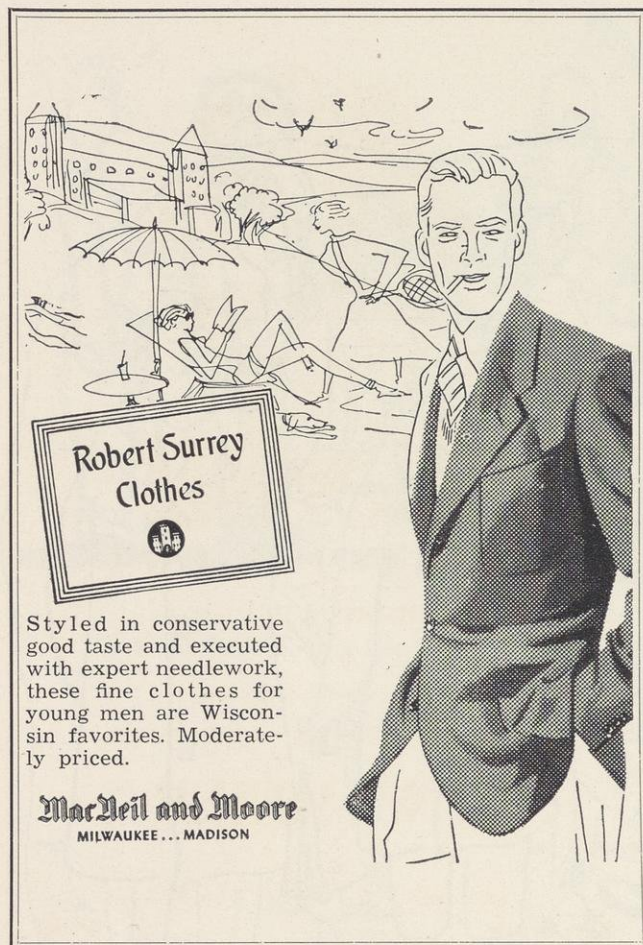
"He met a beautiful girl, and he promises to
introduce me sometime."



"But Ernie, are you sure this is where the geology field trip meets?"



"Eh?"



Robert Surrey
Clothes

Styled in conservative good taste and executed with expert needlework, these fine clothes for young men are Wisconsin favorites. Moderately priced.

MacNeil and Moore
MILWAUKEE...MADISON

**Mother's Day
Flowers**



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she's wonderful!

Anderson Flower Shop

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WHAT TYPE IS HE?

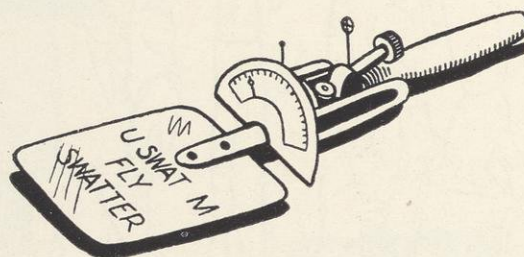
Just kissing:

THE SENTIMENTAL TYPE. Closes his eyes when he kisses you; can be very nice. Sometimes you wish he'd keep his eyes open and watch what he's doing. Always leaves you wondering if he is romantic or pretending you are someone else.

THE SAVAGE TYPE. Must have originated the term, "Let's knock the bridgework," and you certainly do. Jars your molars, and leaves you feeling your front teeth for possible breakage. Very hard on the nervous system.

THE GENTLE TYPE. Hardly know you've been kissed. Seems afraid that if he turns on some pressure, you'll break. Rather flattering, makes you feel fragile, but unsatisfactory as a steady diet.

THE NASTY TYPE. Frequently has his hands in the wrong places. Gets innocent and injured when you call him down. Try telling him you studied biology too. If this doesn't work, strike him off your list.



THE BROTHERLY TYPE. Puckers up, gives you a smacking noise when he makes contact; always very brief, so you can stand it occasionally.

THE RESTLESS TYPE. Moves his head from side to side as he's kissing you. Can't seem to settle down. Gets lipstick all over you as well as himself (Use Don Juan). Causes you no end of embarrassment if your family happens to be up when you come in.

THE SLOPPY TYPE. Comes in for landing with his mouth open. You have the sensation of sticking your mouth into lukewarm oatmeal.

THE PASSIONATE TYPE. Makes with his tongue while he's kissing you. Try biting his, but hard. Remember, a little nip means you want to play (no comment) and then you'll really have trouble.

THE INSISTENT TYPE. Doesn't believe that all good things come to an end. Comes down harder when you try to draw away, and he smears lipstick on your cheek. He's puffed and so are you.

THE IDEAL TYPE. Comes in for a landing with his mouth closed. Turns head slightly to one side to avoid bumping noses. Parts his lips when contact is made. Starts out gently; increases pressure as kiss progresses. Holds you close. Does not have Roman hands and keeps tongue in cheek. Withdraws gracefully when you indicate it's over. . . . That's my boy!

—Voo Doo

THINGS WE LIKE TO HEAR THE GIRLS SAY

"No, I've never seen the Lake Road at night."

"Why bother, there's no one home here."

"You don't think this bathing suit is too tight, do you?"

"Let's go dutch."

"Chaperon; what chaperon?"

"No, it really doesn't make any difference whether I get back at all tonight."

"My, but I'm cold."

"I know we can move in with the family."

"Yes."

WHAT TYPE IS SHE?

Tantalizing Type—Strokes your hair, leans back relaxed and closes her eyes. When you lean forward to kiss her, she suddenly opens her eyes and looks at you, shocked. Wonders whatever made you think that she wanted you to think.

The Antiseptic Type—Is deadly afraid of germs. Holds her lips rigid when you kiss her. You leave her feeling as if you had just kissed an icicle.

The Eager Type—Throws her arms around your neck, presses her lips to yours and forces you to your knees. When you are entirely limp, she calmly asks you, "And when will the wedding be?" This type should be avoided unless her father is extremely wealthy.

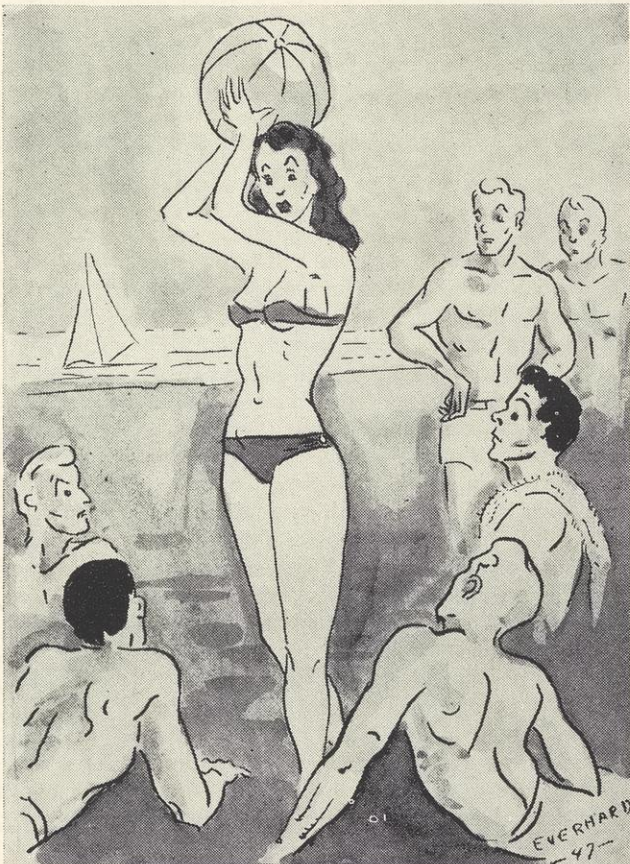
The Generous Type—Has a bad cold, but doesn't want to hurt your feelings. She thinks that you wouldn't speak to her again if she didn't let you kiss her that night. Generally, you have to spend five days in the infirmary after going out with this type.

The Neat Type—Straightens her hair, rouges her cheeks, takes a look in her pocket mirror. Then after you kiss her, she carefully dabs away the lipstick from your mouth. She probably will make a fine librarian.

The Unpredictable Type—Waits until your lips hover inches away from hers. Then suddenly decides that after all she doesn't know you well enough. This type should be avoided if you have a weak heart.

The Analytical Type—A long kiss . . . a profound silence . . . and then she sighs deeply and wants to know the social implications of kissing on a Saturday night date. The way to her heart is through a copy of Toynbee's "History of Civilization."

The Ideal Type—We are still doing research on this type. Come a little closer, will you, honey? Ah . . . that's better . . . much better Eureka, we've found it!



"Didn't you ever see anyone throw a beach ball before?"



MOTHER'S DAY GIFTS

Remember Her

with

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Rings — Holloware — Silverware

E. W. MEIER

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The Wooden Bowl

New surroundings have made no difference in the high standards of our home-cooked meals, for the Wooden Bowl continues to maintain its policy of serving its patrons fine food in an atmosphere of charm and hospitality.

The Wooden  Bowl

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Closed Mondays

WHOM TO BLAME

It is spring again and the new contributors are in bloom, and so we place these words here in memory of these, our experts of the Sex Issue. You will be able to appreciate the ability of these contributors when you know that not one of them has ever read the Kinsey report. Yes, they think everything up with their own imaginations.

The first contributor to be defamed is Joseph Dermer. He is a junior, which is fine, and a *Cardinal* columnist, for which you will have to forgive him. Joe's columns are usually about unhappy things, so he comes to the Octopus hut daily to keep from going insane. The editor threatened to lock Joe out of Octy's happy atmosphere unless he wrote for us. So, somewhere in this issue you will find a gay, light piece written by Joe Dermer.

It looks as though the *Cardinal* staff were trying to infiltrate into Octopus. Anyway, you will find the writing of another *Cardinal* columnist in this issue. This time the culprit's name is Karl Meyer. Karl's *Cardinal* column is called "Drop in the Bucket." Besides writing this, he has performed the duties of feature editor this semester for the university daily.

The short story of the month was written by Roy Newquist. Roy appeared in Octy once before, during the first semester. We are happy to get his name in the magazine even once a month, because Roy is that rarity among college writers, a selling author. His stories have been published in several national "slick" magazines. We understand that he is also writing a pageant for the Wisconsin Centennial.

A new Octy cartoonist is Claude Moss, of Madison. He is majoring in psychology, but hasn't yet met our other psych major-cartoonist, John Nero. Claude says that he does not drink beer. In these days of under-aged lager, who could blame him?

Another new cartoonist, Fred James, had a cartoon in the issue before this. He didn't appear in the Whom to Blame column then because there wasn't any that issue. The staff knows very little about Fred, except that he is a fraternity man.

Jack Lussier, who appears for the first time in the Sex Issue, is a second-semester freshman. Jack should be a valuable addition to the staff. He lives right next door to the hut, in the YMCA. Any time the editor needs help, all he will have to do is throw a rock at Jack's window.

Someone who contributes to Octy's success without having material printed is Pat Shillings. She scouts the campus for the short stories of the month for Octy. Pat comes from La Crosse, a small village on the banks of the Mississippi.

A hard working cartoonist is Fred Everhard, a Sigma Chi. He draws cartoons that are often stolen by other college magazines. Although Octy doesn't get a credit line, Fred does, because he prints his name on every cartoon. His home town is Milwaukee, which sends almost as many students to Wisconsin as Wauwatosa. He is studying physics in the university, but after his name in the directory are the cryptic symbols: AM&M 2. We could look this up in the beginning of the directory and tell you what this means, but that would be work.

The last person to be libeled this month is Fred Grootney, the Octy staff psychiatrist. Grootney has had a fabulous life. Born in Water Hole, Kansas, he was educated in Chipmunk, Kansas, traveled extensively in western Kansas, took a wrong turn and ended up in Wisconsin. For Octopus, he psychoanalyzes contributors and ad salesmen.

Absent-minded Sales Girl (as her date kissed her good night): "Will that be all?"

ZIMBLETON . . .

(continued from page 6)

"Come back tomorrow."

Joe saw that she was fully occupied, so he opened the nearest door and went through it.

When his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he found himself surrounded by books, layer upon layer, shelf upon shelf. He began to grope his way along the narrow passage. A voice at his elbow made him turn with a start.

"You a graduate student?"

"No, I'm not," Joe answered.

"Then get out of the stacks!" said the dark form beside him.

"Yes, yes, I'm going."

Joe hurried down the passage, turned a corner, another corner, ran down a stairway, up another . . .

"I thought I told you to get out of the stacks!" said the same person.

"I was trying to! I was! How do I get out?"

"Right down here and to your left."

Joe started off again. On and on he ran through the labyrinth. Up stairs, down stairs, along the narrow corridors—on he ran. Suddenly he came to a window. He looked out. Only thirty feet from the ground! He swung his leg over the sill.

"Oh, no you don't! Trying to sneak out, eh?" It was the form again. Joe

recognized him as Mr. Sheridan, the man who had spoken to his Arts Survey class about enjoying the library. "Get on upstairs!"

Joe started to run. He turned a corner, ran down a passage, turned another corner—then tripped and fell flat. He pulled himself up, then turned to look at the object he had stumbled over. It was a book that had fallen from a shelf. In the dim light he read the title: *A History of Magic and Experimental Science During the First Thirteen Centuries of Our Era*, by Lynn Thorndike.

Picking it up, he groped his way to the outside world. The women at the Circulation Desk were very nice. Of course, because he himself had returned the book, there was really nothing they could do. After all, rules are rules. He finally paid the dollar and forty-seven cents and walked out.

It was not until the next evening that he broke down and wept like a baby. He had come back to his room and found a postcard waiting for him. It read,

"If you do not return the book named below by Feb. 13, your grades will be stopped by the Registrar and action taken by the administration. The book is, *A History of Magic and Experimental Sci— . . .*"

—Sundial



"Damn you, Grootney, I told you not to fool around with those growth hormones!"

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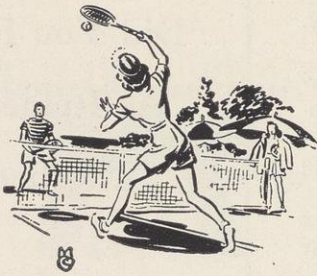


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SERENADE IS BLUE . . .

(continued from page 9)

the Loop, and you're going to feel the past come up to hit you in the face. For example, the way things went the night you proposed . . .

There were no blues in *that* night, Sammy, and you had all the props. A moon as big as a Florida orange, a south wind that smelled unlike Chicago, and a Baby who looked like she'd stepped out of a cloud. You drove out to a little place past Evanston, and stopped the car, and when you kissed her someone should have pinched you. And not a cop.

You took out a ring, a neat little diamond job that had "This is it" written all over, and you failed to notice that it didn't compare with the ruby-and-diamond affair she wore on another finger. You told her that you loved her, and you wrapped yourself around her feet, but she sat like a statue until she started to laugh.

"Oh, Sammy!" she said, and if she noticed that she'd trampled your soul she didn't let on. "I didn't think you felt this way! I don't want to get married, or even serious, about anyone . . . at least not yet. I'm having too much fun!"

And you noticed the other ring, and the dress, and for one horrible moment you wondered if the stuff she wore underneath was her own.

You'd bet your bottom dollar it wasn't, but Baby had you by the seat of the pants and the scruff of the neck, and every time she sang the blue notes would sneak off the pages and find their way inside you, where they would grow into whole choruses of blues that wouldn't shut up, not even when you turned the bottle on them . . . nothing, nothing, could begin to equal the pit of misery caused by a wrong woman and a right guy. How about that, Sammy?

(Where the hell is she, Sammy? It's almost closing, and the bottle's almost half full, and she isn't here yet. When does your purgatory end and your hell begin? When will she walk up to the piano and run her hands through your hair and say "Play 'Body and Soul' for me, the way you used to, *just* for me . . .")

Once a year, Sammy, just once a year. She's married to a guy named Baker, isn't she? Or had he been the last one? You couldn't tell for sure, any more. Time and Baby changed, changed easily, with a quick little turn of the mind. Like the afternoon you were supposed to meet her for that big audition . . .

That was before she really hit the top, Sammy, before that molten voice was going out of the speakeasy, and across the whole country. One night a fellow asked you if you'd like to come downtown to a recording studio, to see if you and Baby could do the same things on a platter that you were doing in the joint. It was your chance, Sammy, your dream in cellophane. So you made arrangements to meet Baby off the Loop, and you waited for her in the lobby of the Medina Club. You waited a long time, didn't you, Sammy? You started to wait at two, and by seven that evening you were in the bar, sitting at a waverling table, watching a waverling world tumble out of its cellophane jacket. They hadn't wanted you to audition, Sammy; they'd wanted you to play for Baby while *she* auditioned. You didn't win, place, or show, because Baby was around town with a Mr. Santelli, who gave away diamond bracelets like some men pass out calling cards . . .

(The customers are stirring, aren't they, Sammy? Too much of the same music, but it's entrance music, for Baby, and it's as low-down as you feel. God, ain't she ever coming? They're ready to close that door, and she's not here yet . . .)

But they can't close them, Sammy, not yet. Baby's gotta come; she's gotta run her hands through your hair and ask

you to play; she's gotta make you love her and hate her; she's gotta be the personification of every goddam thing you haven't done. You've got to call her a bitch and an angel, and you've gotta tell yourself that it wasn't a lack of talent or guts or ambition that put you behind a scratched piano and a bottle; it was a woman, and her name is Baby.

Because if she doesn't come through that door, in these few minutes before closing, you're going to have to drop a torch before it burns your skinny fingers.

You'll know the truth, Sammy, and it's going to hurt a lot more than Baby ever did.

DISC JUMPER'S TOP DIAL SPOT

By JERRY BAMBERGER

News travels fast these days and before we can say "Octopus," two bright lights appeared on the dial of our little box of joy, sometimes called radio. Bright lights in the newest form of entertainment to the college romeo: disc jockeys.

You know exactly what we mean: a lot of chatter, a bit of recorded music now and then, a guest star once in a while, and most important of all, someone to dedicate *my* love to Baby.

Now platter turners are as unpredictable as my dog, but that doesn't stop them from having a little fun. Sometimes they torture your ear drums with choice little bits of nonsense "they" call jazz. Then again there is the little gem



that is but empty, pretentious exhibitionism which has no valid reason for existence. This musical travesty sets my ears ringing, my heart pounding and my head spinning.

Despite my horrible reaction, we find that at 4:30 every afternoon, we turn our dial to 1070; lo and behold, up pops Pat Hernon, disc jockey extraordinary. We checked into his past and found that he and his wife attended good old Wisconsin 'way back in 1947. Pat was somewhat of a baseball player, while his wife was a bit on the exotic side. He exists on a diet of records and fan mail. For proof of this statement see the above evidence snapped by an alert Octy photographer during Pat's lunch hour. Pat joined the staff of WKOW upon completion of his college career. His recent attendance at Wisconsin led him right back this year; thus he one day found the "Octopus" beauty of the month, the Dream Girl, and presented her on his 4:30 show. That has become a monthly feature. Pat usually grabs well known musicians when they have the misfortune to play in Madison. His unusual charm captures them to appear on his disc show.

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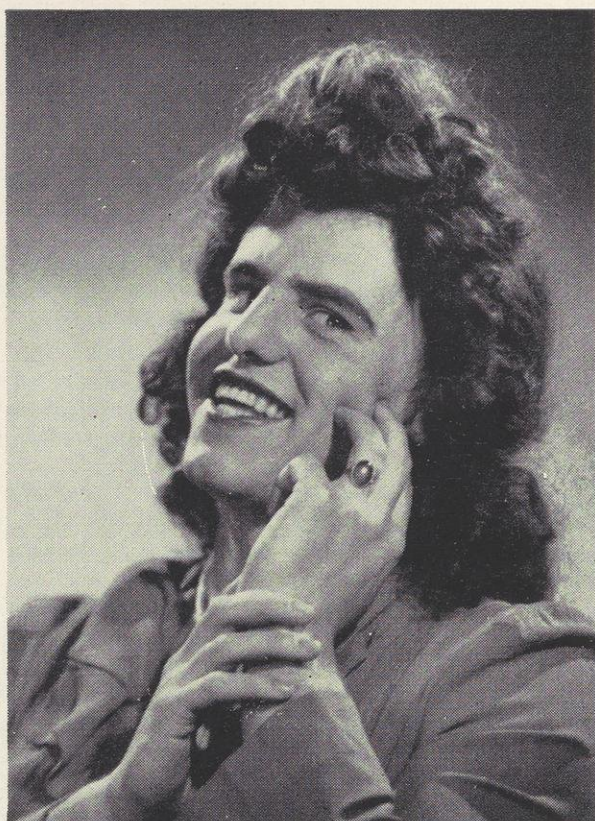
Miss Hortense Hauter writes:

"For years I was always itching for something... never knowing what. I never felt up to scratch (it was my legs that bothered me most). Everywhere I went, I had a lousy time . . . I was going to the dogs. THEN someone who wasn't my best friend, told me about your tasty cure.

"I've been drinking Glover's ever since, and can truthfully say that I have just scratched the surface of my future."

* "Ay, there's the rub!"

—BARD



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The best of the nationally advertised clothes for me," says he, nudging her with a playful elbow.

She smiles, because she knows that the best that can be worn is hand-crafted at home.

Look at her striking gown, so right for spring and gay, young romance. There's not another dress like it in the world, for she made it herself! Yes, made it herself from a pattern she got through the mail.

You, too, can make this lovely dress in your own home. Just enclose thirty-five cents in canceled stamps and ask for New Look pattern #OUQT48. Write to:

New Look Patterns
Related Arts Courses
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Madison 3.2, Wis.

He: "What are my chances with you?"

She: "Two to one. There's you and me against my conscience."

* * *

If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a frosh, the editor gets kicked out of school.

* * *

And there's the one about the girl who was so cynical she didn't believe that storks brought baby storks.

* * *

"So you want to kiss me! I didn't know you were that kind."

"Baby, I'm even kinder than that."

"And always remember, children, that the difference between a model woman and a woman model is that the former is a bare possibility, while the latter is a naked fact."

* * *

The results of the exam were exceedingly poor. Making inquiry, the professor asked, "Mr. Jones, why didn't you study for this examination?"

"I was holding hands with Lucy, sir."

"You are suspended for two days," snapped the prof angrily.

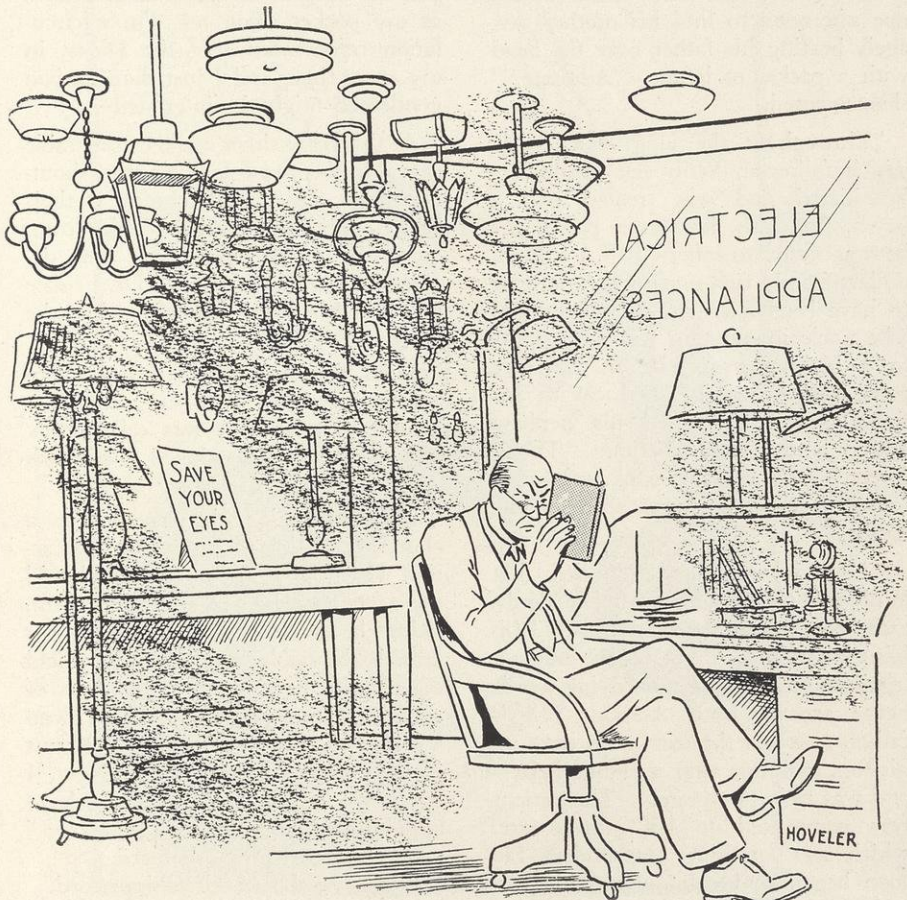
"You, Mr. Akron, why weren't you prepared for the exam?"

"I was playing post office all last night."

"You are suspended for a week," roared the prof.

"Thomas—where are you going?"

"I'll see you next term."



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MINUTES OF THE SEMINAR . . .

(continued from page 15)

poisoning. Broken arms eventually healed. One could always buy a new dog. However, one can not always buy a new home.

*"Overt Incident #7—*Willy's mother loved antiques. She changed fads with the seasons. Barbecued pig gave way to Mah Jongg which was replaced by Rumanian cooking which, in turn, was replaced by the rhumba. During Willy's sixteenth summer, his mother was obsessed with antiques. She even sealed her letters with sealing wax, in the manner of 18th century grandees and courtesans. For this operation, a candle was necessary. The rest should be obvious.

"A rhumba record and a pair of and-irons were among the few items rescued from the flaming house. Willy suffered minor burns about the face and chest, but recovered rapidly. He was made of stern stuff.

*"Overt Incident #8—*Catastrophe followed catastrophe. The little family moved in with Willy's aunt and seemed to be happy. Outwardly, they were the picture of domestic tranquility and harmony. However, all that glitters is not gold.

"Willy returned home from school one afternoon to find his mother savagely beating his father over the head with a packet of letters. "Adulterer!" she screamed.

"Throughout the long legal battle which followed, Willy felt completely humiliated and was treated like a pawn. In truth, he was a pawn, for he was slated to inherit half a million dollars from a rich uncle who appeared to have been a crusty old sourdough. The uncle in question won sole rights to a Yukon ersatz-lode in a poker game just before he died. With his dying gasp, he named his nephew Willy as the sole inheritor. Therefore, Willy's custody was hotly contested in divorce courts all over the nation.

"After it was finally decided that Willy was to live with his father, doubt arose concerning the existence of Willy's inheritance. The sole affidavit legalizing the sourdough's dying words never arrived from Alaska. Willy's father, rotten at the core, soon gave up his son, took out after a blonde heiress and was never seen again. The patient was committed to his aunt's care, which was anything but tender. He soon began to break down with hysteria at the very mention of the word

"mail." (The missing affidavit has recently turned up in the dead letter office at Walla Walla, Washington. The resemblance between "Willy, Willy" and "Walla Walla" was evidently too much for the Post Office Dept.)

"And so, through constant repetition of one theme (that letters are associated with catastrophe), Willy finally lost all powers of resistance and became a raving episthophobe. He now receives the best of care, but can't stand mentioning letters, much less writing one."

(Dr. Frisbee) There you are, gentlemen. The Reader's Digest has summed up my work in admirable fashion. Just one example of the excellent reading matter to be found in this great little magazine. There should be no need for my making further elaborations. Unless, of course, there are any questions . . . ?

(Dr. Twilley) "Yes, Siggie, I have a question. Just what is your connection with the Reader's Digest? Seems to me you're trying to get something across besides a report on episthophobia."

(Dr. Frisbee, beaming, yet modest) Well, you've guessed it, Rafe. I'd like to help you boys take advantage of a great offer being made by the Reader's Digest. You can get a six months' trial subscription for only ten cents if you fill out one of these cards I have in my pocket. You see, I'm a circulation representative of the Digest in my spare time, and I just thought you gentlemen might be interested . . .

At this point there was a considerable stir. Members rose to their feet, shouting, gesticulating and tugging at their beards. Cries of "unethical" and "commercialism" were raised. It was decided to take a secret vote. Dr. Frisbee was asked to leave the room while the votes were counted.

Final tabulation revealed nine members in favor of disbarment, and three against. Dr. Frisbee was called back into the room and stripped of his sash and stethoscope.

Before bringing the meeting to a close, the chairman promised such action would be meted out again, should the occasion arise. In a sad, but firm, voice, he continued, "We must not tarnish the noble and glittering shield of scientific inquiry with the soot of commercialism. I hope this has been a lesson to you gentlemen and I trust it will never happen again. Now, I move we adjourn. I have a golfing appointment with one of my patients."

Respectfully submitted,

Dr. Axel Whipperford,
Scribe.

THOUGHTS ABOUT SEX

Sex is very prevalent today. No one can deny it. It is very important in our lives. Even more important than food. I can prove this. Every day you see sex in the ads selling food products, but have you ever seen food being used to sell sex? I thought not. Of course, you might come up with that old saying that "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." This is not true. At least, at the Wisconsin General when they operate on the heart they go through the ribs. But that's rather off the subject of sex.

Everyone has a sex. Everyone, excepting only perhaps my great aunt, Minnie. She is so old she outgrew it. The way she looks I believe she was filibustering when the laws of heredity were being passed.

Everywhere you look there is sex. Even the comic books throw sex at kids before they're really interested. This is bad because the kids wonder about it and they can't get the facts until they are old enough to go to college and take Marriage and the Family.

Sex is rather important, we all admit, but some animals get along without it. A lot of one-celled creatures have no sex. They multiply by dividing themselves. But who wants to be a mathematician?

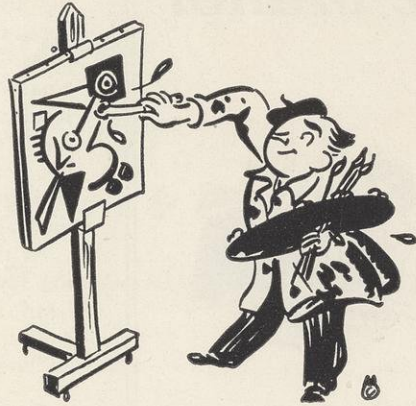
I read somewhere about a professor who got baby frogs to develop without their ever having had a father. This is almost as bad as being a movie star's child.

Sex is nice, except when someone invents a big word that makes it sound disgusting. Kissing is nice, but if you asked your girl to osculate, she'd be insulted.

In the springtime sex is most interesting to people. The poets used to say it was because spring is romantic. Now we know it is hormones, sunspots, or climatic conditions.

(continued on page 29)

Maybe He Isn't a Genius . . .



BUT HE'S SMART . . .

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FOUR CHOICE SHORT STORY PLOTS

A long-suffering husband was burying his wife. It chanced that in passing through the gate the coffin had been thrust hard against one of the posts. Almost immediately, to the amazement of the mourners, a muffled scream was heard. The lid was hastily unscrewed, and lo! the woman was not dead at all. She was taken home, and lived for three years. Then she died again.

At the funeral, as the coffin was being lowered from the hearse, the husband addressed the bearers very solemnly:

"Boys, mind that post."

The story is told of the Kentucky colonel who had an argument with the devil. The devil said that no one had a perfect memory. But the colonel maintained that there was an Indian on his plantation who never forgot anything.

The colonel agreed to forfeit his soul to the devil if the Indian ever forgot anything.

The devil went up to the Indian and said: "Do you like eggs?"

The Indian replied, "Yes." The devil went away.

Twenty years later the colonel died. The devil thought, "Ah, here's my chance." He came back to earth and presented himself to the Indian. Rais-

ing his hand, he gave the tribal salutation, "How."

Quick as a wink the Indian replied, "Fried."

A student was sent for by the Dean, who said to him: "I am told that you had a barrel of beer in your room during the Christmas holidays, and that is strictly out of order."

The student thought to himself for a few seconds and said, "Yes, it is true; but it was only because the doctor told me that I would get stronger if I would drink beer."

The Dean was puzzled by the reply, but then asked, "Well, are you stronger?"

"Yes, sir," the student quickly replied. "When the barrel came in I could barely move it, and now I can roll it all around the room."

For forty years she had been married to him, and for forty years he had never worked a lick—just lazy and shiftless and content to let his poor wife make the living. Finally, from extreme inertia or something, he died. His widow instructed that he be cremated and the ashes delivered to her. When the ashes arrived, she carefully placed them in an hour glass, set it on the mantel and said: "Now, you worthless bum, at last you're going to work."

MARRIAGE

One of the most encouraging phenomena in our present day society is the striking popularity of marriage. This popularity is equaled perhaps by only one other phenomenon—the striking popularity of divorce. Nevertheless, the prevalence of marriage is amazing. It's worse than the measles. This popularity has amazed authorities for years — especially maternity doctors, economists, social workers, landlords, butchers, bakers, candlestick makers, loan corporations, children and husbands.

Marriages are made in heaven. They are also made in a lot of other places that are putting out an inferior product, for which heaven refuses to accept any responsibility.

Education is needed in marriage, obviously. Without this education, we find young people marrying and then getting all peeved and puckered because they find it is nothing at all as they thought it would be. This is natural, for nothing in the world could be like what people think marriage is going to be like.

SLAUGHTER OF JEROME KERN

(in doubtful meter)

*They asked me how I knew
I'd been at the brew;
I of course replied,
"Something here inside
Tells me that I'm fried."*

*They said, "Some day you'll find
All who drink go blind;
A presence in your head
Will materialize
When the sun doth rise."*

*So I roar
With glee and go for more
To think that they could doubt
My capacity;
Yet with the dawn
My skittishness is gone,
I am without
My vivacity.
Now laughing friends cry, "Ho!
You know we told you so";
So I growl and say
"Go to hell!" and then
Woof my lunch again.*

—HARVARD LAMPOON

THOUGHTS ON SEX . . .

(continued from page 27)

Sex does funny things to people. Under its influence, some people murder, others steal money from banks, and still others go to work. Some people even get married. But let's not talk about extremes.

Some wiseacre once said that the thing about sex was the difference, and hurrah for the difference. He's wrong. The wonderful thing about sex is the sameness. A boy is a boy, and a girl is a girl, no matter where you go on earth. The thing is more taken for granted than the Gregorian calendar.

Sex seems to be more popular now than in the nineteenth century. Then, people did not talk about sex. Today, people talk about nothing else. And they read about it more, too. A professor wrote a book, "Sex Habits of the American Male." Today Dr. Kinsey is better known than Kathleen Windsor.

Sex sticks its nose into everything. Take music, for instance. You used to be able to sing about "Working on the Railroad" and "Old Black Joe." But now everything in songs is sex. Of course, occasionally, there comes along a song like "Cement Mixer, Putty—Putty," which has nothing to do with it. This is called a novelty tune and is killed to death in a month.

I could write more about sex, but I am getting dizzy. Let's conclude by saying that sex is wonderful. No man or woman should be without it.

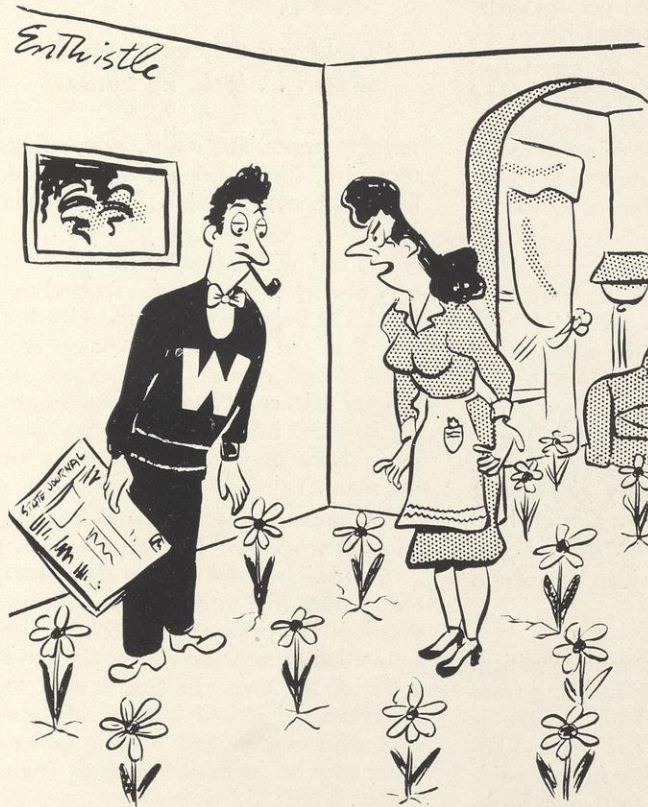
—ED CLARK

"Pa, tell me how you proposed to Ma," requested the young hopeful.

"Well, son, as I remember it was like this. We were sitting on the sofa one night at her home and she leaned over and whispered in my ear.

"I said, 'Like hell you are.'

"Next day we were married."



"You and your veterans' housing with no basements."

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- Florsheim
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Advice to the Lovesick

By DR. ED GISI

ADVICE TO THE LOVESICK

By DR. ED GISI

Today I have a very interesting subject—Sex. Sex causes more unhappiness than anything else, except lack of money.

Recently I received a letter from a Miss Hedda B., of Alpha Xi sorority, Madison, Wis. Miss Hedda B. writes: "I am desperate. I am in love with a good-looking boy who has brains, money, and a Packard convertible. But he does not return my love. All he talks about is his mother. His mother 'says' this! His mother 'believes' that! I have read a couple of chapters in a Psych. text book and I am sure my boy friend has a mother fixation.

"Oh, Doctor, I do so want to free my beloved from his mother. What can I do? Please help me."

My advice to Miss Hedda B. is to shoot the mother. There is an alternative, but with psychiatrists' fees starting at \$10 per hour, murder is more sensible.

A Mr. T. P. writes me of another problem. He says that he is desperately in love with a college girl. He says she is beautiful, loves children, is intelligent, and is willing to live in poverty with the man she marries. Unfortunately, Mr. T. P. can't get anywhere with the girl. He asks me what to do.

My advice to Mr. T. P. is to forget the girl. I further suggest that he send me her name, address, and phone number, and leave everything to me.

Here is another interesting letter from a university freshman, Albert X. Albert:

"Dear Doctor, I am very worried about myself, and feel that there is something wrong with me. I am suddenly acutely aware of the opposite sex. When I walk down Bascom hill, I stare at girls' legs. When I see a girl with a beautiful figure my heart pumps faster and I feel strangely excited. When I am near a lovely girl I want to grab her and kiss her. Doctor, help me. What's wrong with me?"

Following is my written answer to this young man:

"Dear Albert:

"Do not worry about your condition. It is spring and you are suffering from a universal malady. Your trouble is that you are a Man. That is all. Take long walks and relax. For further guidance write me for my forty-cent booklet, 'What a College Freshman Should Know About Sex'."

A college woman, a senior, who says she is twenty-two, writes me for help.

"Dear Doctor, there is nothing wrong with me. I just want to know what is wrong with college men. I don't date much any more because about the fourth time I date a fellow he tries to kiss me. I slap his face, of course. The only man I shall ever kiss will be my husband. But modern men don't



"I told you they were only for effect . . . look, no lenses!"

seem to appreciate a fine, upstanding, nice girl. Please tell me what to do. I am a home-ec major. Miss Wanda Mann."

I talked with Miss Mann. She was very obdurate. In fact, she slapped my face. The only advice I could give her was that she should drop home economics, and change to Education or Library Science. Then she should have her hair tied back into a neat bun, and settle down to face her destiny as an old maid.

An unusual plea just came in from an elderly woman. Her letter follows:

"Dear Sir, my son is thirty-eight years old. I want him to find a nice girl, get married and have children. But he seems tied to my apron strings. I have a life of my own. In fact, I wish to marry an old retired banker. My son is a psychologist, and I can't understand why he doesn't break away from home. Emma G."

My answer is: "Ye gods, Mother, why didn't you tell me before?"

FACE ON THE INFIRMARY FLOOR...

(continued from page 11)

about record. They think it may turn up by next year.

JUNE 6—The patter of little feet brightens my loneliness. God, when are THEY going to install a mouse-trap?

JANUARY 16—They have decided that my sniffles are all right now. But THEY think I am getting anemia from the blood tests.

OCTOBER 9 — Recovering from anemia, but am getting diabetes from hospital food. Strength fading . . . can't write much longer.

DECEMBER 30 — O joy, O joy! They have found my record. Will be free as soon as papers are cleared through U. S. Surgeon General. Anne wept with pride.

FEBRUARY 4—Looks bright. Have cleared papers. Just need to have OK

of president of the American Medical Association. Recovering from diabetes, also.

MARCH 4—Free! My clothes were out of style and had to wire for new wardrobe—but I am free!

I can still walk a little. Pretty soon THEY say I can throw away crutches. O life! O spring! O Anne!

MARCH 5—A little too enthusiastic about freedom. Forgot to put on my rubbers and am contracting sniffles.

MARCH 6—Have got sniffles again. Took boat to Bali. THEY will never catch me! I will escape THEM!

—KARL MEYER

A lecture is that process whereby ideas pass from the notebook of the instructor to the notebook of the student without affecting the mind of either.



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SEX THE WORLD ROUND

By G. D. WINTER

It is spring, and all over the world females are putting on extra make-up and males are getting nervous. Mama hippopotami are looking coyly at papa hippopotami. Amoebas are beginning to feel strange. Even the ant-eater is discovering that ant hills no longer hold their strange fascination. Only the rabbit is unaffected.

In attempting to discover the reason for these strange phenomena, the Octopus has sent its best brains to all corners of the earth, and has submitted this report (The Cantsee Report) which is printed here for the first time.

(Report on the Far Eastern Field)

"In attempting to get to the base of the problem, I concluded that the best method would be to study an entirely primitive and little known animal, the Giant Panda. After three months in Tibet, one of my guides reported a Panda about six miles north. I rushed to the scene, found the Panda, but before I could ask one scientific question, the damned thing caught me, and beat the living bejeasus out of me. I have tendered my resignation, effective immediately."

(Report from the Australian Front)

"I made my base of operations in a

small stout and ale house, believing that by careful questioning of the inhabitants would reveal an answer to the perplexing question. Due to a peculiar quality of Australian Stouts and Ales, my memory does not reveal



whether or not I found anything of importance. However, I will sacrifice myself for science, and will remain until I have something to report."

(Report from Paris)

(Our Paris scientist has sent no report—not even a postcard.)

(Report from northern Greenland)

"Jeeze but it's cold. The only living thing I've seen was a Polar Bear. I asked him about the question, and he replied, 'Jeeze but it's cold'."

(Report from the Madison Cardinal Office)

"No report. I went into the office, but no one paid any attention to me. They were all busily reading 'The Well of Loneliness'."

(Report from Japan)

"It ain't so."

(Report from Siberia)

"I entered the port of Vladivostok (sp) and went immediately to the CENSORED where I found a CENSORED who CENSORED not once but many times. I asked her CENSORED and got my face slapped. Russia is most uncooperative."

(Report from London)

"I'm leaving this country, I don't like it a bit, and I'm sure that we could get no information on the problem. Just this morning I awoke to find nine male dogs chasing a male fox over a near-by hill."

* * *

Guess we'll never know.

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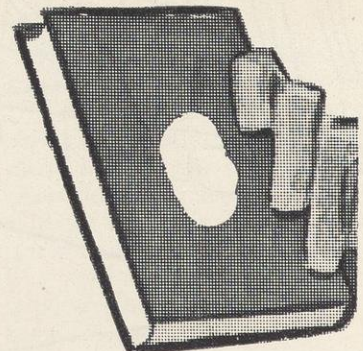
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— DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

\$1 apiece to Herbert W. Hugo of Northwestern Univ., Richard M. Sheirich of Colgate Univ., Tad Golas of Columbia College, Bob Sanford of Notre Dame, and Jo Cargill of Bates College for these. And when we think of what a dollar used to buy!

Mushroom—the girl friend's front parlor.

Dime—a buck with taxes taken out.

Ounce—one-twelfth of a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

Funnel—faster way of drinking Pepsi.

Ghost writer—writes obituary notices.

* * *

Suffering from the shorts? Here's your answer—one buck each for any of these we buy.

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A very special contest—for cartoonists who can't draw: If that's you, just write a caption for this remarkable cartoon. (If you can't write, either, we can't do business.) \$5 each for the best captions. Or if you're a cartoonist who can draw, send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea... \$15 if you draw it... if we buy it.

December winners: \$15.00 to: Kathy Gonso of Michigan State College; \$5.00 each to: Alex. H. Veazey of Philadelphia, Leroy Lott of Univ. of Texas, and Robert A. M. Booth of Univ. of Colorado. Not a conscience in the crowd!

LITTLE MORON CORNER



Here's the character study (and we do mean "character") that dragged down two iron men for Mauro Montoya of Univ. of New Mexico:

Our own inimitable Murgatroyd (better known to his intimates as "Meathead") was discovered a few days ago carefully holding a large bucket beneath a leaking faucet. Naturally he was asked the reason. "Duuuuh," replied the outsized oaf, with his customary ready intelligence, "I'm collectin' trickles for the Pepsi-Cola jingle!"

Arthur J. McGrane of Duke Univ. also raked in \$2 for his moron gag. So can you, if yours clicks. Just be yourself!

HE-SHE GAGS

Three bucks apiece went out to Mammon-worshippers Bill Spencer of Hardin-Simmons Univ., Nick G. Flocos of Univ. of Pittsburgh, Shirley Motter of Univ. of Cincinnati, and Carson A. Ronas of Brooklyn, N. Y., respectively, for these bits of whimsy:

He: O. K., stupid, be that way.

She: Don't you call me stupid!

He: O. K., ignorant.

She: Well, that's better!

* * *

She: I'm thirsty for a Pepsi-Cola.

He: Okay, let's sip this one out.

* * *

He: Does your husband talk in his sleep?

She: No, it's terribly exasperating. He just grins.

* * *

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: At least we're better off than those two empty bottles on the sidewalk.

She-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: How do you figure?

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: They've been drunk since yesterday, and we're still on the wagon.

* * *

\$3 each—that's a lot of bonanza oil! But that's the take-home pay for any of these we buy.

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At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra \$100.00

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