



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 28, No. 1 September, 1949

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, September, 1949

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

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

For information on re-use, see

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

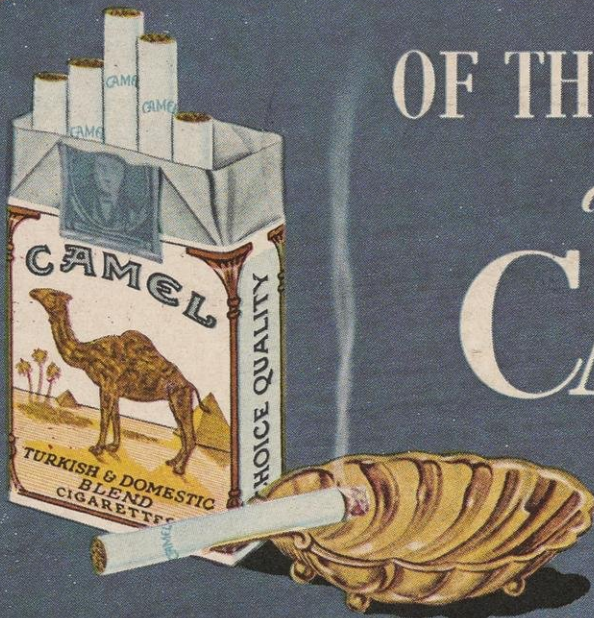
The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

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

30-DAY TEST REVEALED

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION *due to smoking* CAMELS!

DOCTORS REPORT



Yes, that's what noted throat specialists reported after making weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of people, from coast to coast, who smoked Camels, and only Camels, for 30 consecutive days!

SMOKERS REPORT



MRS. ARTHUR O'NEILL, housewife: "I made the Camel 30-Day Test and enjoyed every puff of it! For taste and flavor, it's Camels every time!"



STEEL WORKER Cyril Byrne: "On my job, a cigarette is a good friend. I made the 30-Day Test — now Camels are my smoke for keeps!"



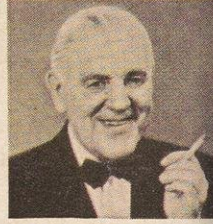
LOVELY SOCIALITE Mrs. Thomas Phipps: "My search for a milder, better-tasting cigarette is over! The test won me to Camels!"



COLE PORTER, song writer: "The doctors' report *proves* what I've known about Camels for years. They're as *mild* as they are *flavorful*!"



TELEPHONE OPERATOR Rita Edwards: "The 30-Day Test convinced me! Camels are the mildest, best-tasting cigarette I've ever smoked!"



WILLIE HOPPE, master of the cue: "30 Days? My personal test of Camels covers 20 years. I *know* how good Camels taste... how mild Camels are!"



JINX CLARK, lovely show-skater: "I put Camels to the test in my 'T-Zone'. There's nothing like them for flavor. And Camels are so mild!"



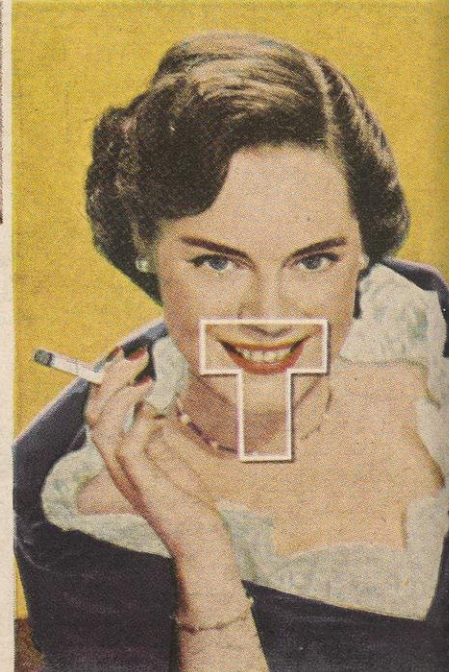
STOREKEEPER Bernard Unger: "By my test, Camels are a standout for flavor! And they're *mild*. I know...I smoke over a pack a day."



BOBSLED ACE Francis Tyler: "I'm talking from experience when I say Camels are mild. I've smoked them for years. Camels *taste* great!"



STAR AQUA-SKIER Margie Fletcher: "Looks like I'll be stretching the 30-Day Test into many happy years of smoking Camels!"



Make your own
Camel 30-Day Test in your "T-Zone"

● Over and beyond the reports of noted throat specialists, the final authority on Camel mildness and flavor is your own "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). Test Camels yourself for 30 days. See how your taste appreciates the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. See what your throat reports on Camel's cool mildness.

Fashion

is our major - with special courses

in economy and value.

You are our favorite professor. But, instead of a big red apple, we bring you the latest fashions that are styled by the finest designers and manufacturers, and featured in your favorite magazines. And—come the examination—in Fashion on the Campus—we feel confident you will give us an A for being the most fashion-wise in Madison.

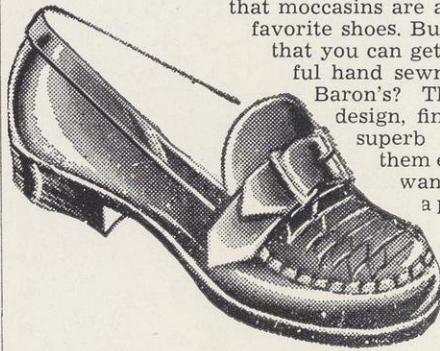
Millinery, Second Floor



Baron's
Capitol Square

by Jack Stillman

The basis of College Dress is the *Hand Sewn Moccasin!*



You know because you wear them that moccasins are a College girl's favorite shoes. But do you know that you can get your wonderful hand sewn moccasins at Baron's? Their excellent design, fine leather, and superb detail make them everything you want in a shoe—at a price you want to pay. Brown, red, black.

\$5.95

Shoes, Main Floor

Baron's
Capitol Square

FALL STUDENTS WELCOME

to
Photo Headquarters

- You'll Like Our
- DEVELOPING
 - PRINTING
 - ENLARGING



ONE DAY SERVICE

CAMPUS CAMERA

"finer foto finishing"

Cameras • Equipment • Supplies

810 University Ave.

Gifford 7163

Advisors, Inc.

As do all colleges and universities worth their salt in this country, Wisconsin has a great number of hoary old traditions and institutions. Some, like ivy growing on the temporary buildings or necking in the Willows and behind the Carillon tower deserve but cursory mention, while others in the list below deserve some explanation.

1) The practice of giving "Wild Bill" Kiekhofer a sky-rocket before each Econ 1a and 1b lecture is a tradition. If he does not get his skyrocket, Mr. Kiekhofer will seize handfuls of chalk and hurl them unerringly at the silent offenders.

2) Another tradition, according to a 1908 Wisceti-quette which was found when they cleaned out the W.S.G.A. office recently, allows any member of the sophomore class to spit in the eye of a freshman at high noon on Columbus day.

3) Joe Hammersley is an institution. For further information on this point just stand in front of Elizabeth Waters hall at 12:25 on a Saturday night with no clothes on and yell, "I want to see an institution!" Joe will show you one.

4) *The Daily Cardinal* is neither an institution nor a tradition.

5) The statue which sits in front of Bascom hall is an institution. It is also a television aerial. It represents Robert M. LaFollette, president of the university during the War of 1812.

6) One of the oldest institutions at the university is that of the advisor-advisee relationships which are built on the mistaken assumption that anyone who teaches school can tell a student what he should do with his curricular time.

Take the case of one freshman who enrolled just four years ago. As is customary he arrived on the campus during orientation week and was shown around the place by a beautiful junior who scared him to death when she asked him (in that sultry tone which only upperclass sorority girls can manage) if he was planning to attend the president's reception.

"Y-yes," he stammered, "but my mother asked me first." With that he fled down the hill and into the library where he hid in the stacks until a bewhiskered grad assistant chased him out.

On the day this freshman called for his registration materials he was assigned an advisor whose office was located in Ag hall. It made no difference to the powers in control that the young fellow had no interest in agriculture. What did matter was that the professor in Ag hall had not been assigned his quota of advisees.

Our boy hurried out to the nether regions at the appointed time and searched for his advisor's office. Upon finding it he knocked softly, then louder, and finally walked away and decided to come back tomorrow since it was time to go out to the field house and apply for his athletic coupon book.

Tomorrow he returned to the door and knocked more boldly. A voice told him to come in.

The freshman pushed open the door and saw a kindly old gentleman seated behind a jar containing a pickled udder.

(continued on page 5)

No speaka da subtitles

by ED CLARK

The Union Theater committee seems to be happiest when the Play Circle is showing foreign films with English subtitles. The large number of such films shown during the school year proves that someone must like them. I, for one, hate them.

It's not the foreign films I despise; it's the English subtitles that accompany them. The subtitles are supposed to let the average movie goer in on what the characters are saying. But the subtitles open the door of intelligibility only as far as the night chain. They never really let you all the way in.

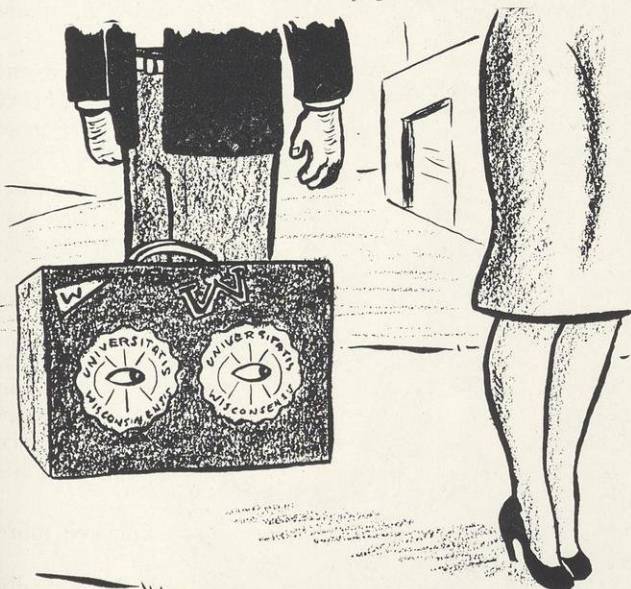
The worst thing about subtitles is that they do not translate everything that is being said. For example, let us pretend we are attending a French movie with English subtitles at the Play Circle. The male lead has entered the room where the heroine is sitting on a sofa. He walks over to her, sits down beside her, and whispers, "*Je suis enchanée de faire votre connaissance.*" That's a mouthful in any language, but very likely all the English subtitle will say is, "Hello."

"Hello" may satisfy some people in the audience, but not me. I know damn well the hero said something more than "Hello," and I want to know what it is. I paid my money to get in, but the fellow who wrote the subtitles has deliberately seen to it that I shall be cheated.

In the love scenes of foreign films the hero always says a lot of stuff which holds the attention of those in the audience who understand the language. Probably what he is saying is innocent, but those of us who do not know the language are left to suspect that the lines were so torrid that the translator didn't dare write an English subtitle for it. Let me tell you, it's frustrating.

Oh, there are ways to find out what the characters are saying, but they are, in the main unsuccessful. One can turn to his neighbor who understands the palaver and ask him what the punch line was that is killing everybody in the audience. But even if that neighbor is a

(continued on page 4)



OCTOPUS



The Under Grad likes
the **VERSATILITY** of a
casual sport jacket

No matter what is on the docket for doing, the college man reaches for his sport jacket and steps forth dressed for it. And at KARSTENS you will find a fine assortment of colors and patterns that will please you beyond words.

KARSTENS
ON THE SQUARE

NO SPEAKA DA SUBTITLES . . .

(continued from page 3)

friend of yours he will probably say, "It's idiomatic; I can't explain it to you," or he hisses, "Watch the subtitles. It's all there." BUT it isn't ALL there, and you know it.

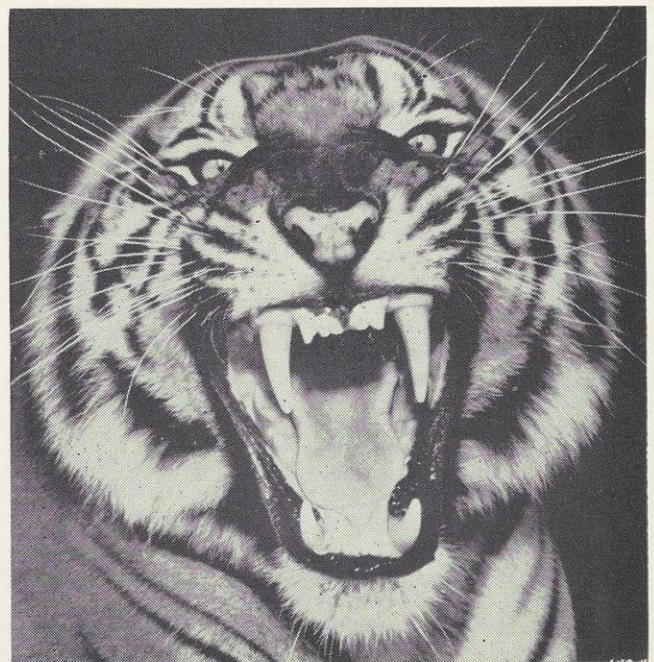
After the film is over it is too late to ask a language student to tell you what the good lines were, because you will only confuse him and yourself while trying to describe just the right scene and character you are thinking about.

At their worst, the writers of English subtitles go beyond abbreviating dialogue and omit translations of half the speeches. Probably they think, "Oh, why bother with the stupid movie-going masses." This disregard for the monolingualistic Americans is probably the intellectual's answer to Hollywood for Hollywood's disregard for intelligence in its "mass consumption" movies. But why bring me into the fight? I'm only the guy who goes to the movies.

As aggravating as the English subtitles are those movie goers who do not need the subtitles. After the show, they gather at the exits of the Play Circle and discuss the film in the language in which it was made. As they converse, they laugh. Are they laughing at the film? Or at me? I always suspect the latter, since I am always the only person in the Play Circle who laughs at the wrong lines. I'll never know whether the people are laughing at me or not, because, unfortunately, their conversation does not come with English subtitles.

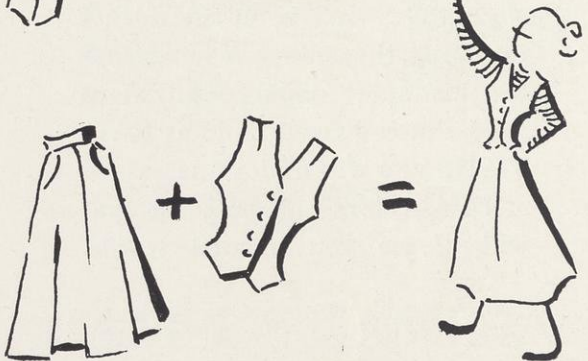
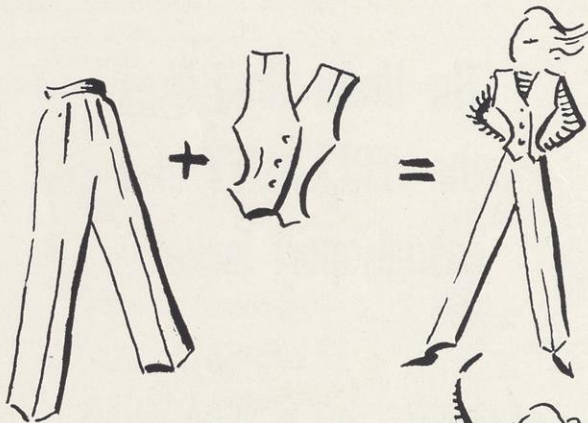
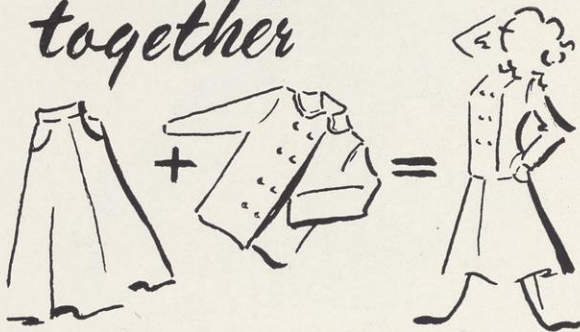
The one consolation I ever get from foreign films with English subtitles comes when I think of the suffering foreigners must undergo when they see American films with foreign subtitles. I wonder what a foreign subtitler would do to translate Abbott and Costello's "Who's on first?—No, what's on third?" routine, or Bugs Bunny's "Aih, what's up, doc?"

You know, maybe these English subtitles aren't so bad after all. *Non?*



Henry Wiggins, ME 4, has just been informed his GI Bill expired.

*Smart girls are
saving money with
our Corduroy
seperates from
Thrift Center
by putting 2 and 2
together*



Harry S. Manchester Inc.

ADVISORS, INC. . . .

(continued from page 2)

"What can I do for you?" the kindly old gentleman asked.

"You are my advisor, I think, sir, professor. That's a good looking udder you have," the freshman replied.

The kindly old gentleman beamed. "It certainly is. I used to squeeze a thousand pounds of milk a day out of that thing." He thrust out two gnarled hands. "Look at the strength in those fingers. I still milk 140 head every morning. You wanta be a farmer?"

"No, sir." The boy was confused. "I want to be a fireman. I've come to find out what courses to take."

"Well, pull up that milking stool and we'll talk this thing over. Gotta Timetable?" The kindly old man had lost some of his enthusiasm, but still smiled as he leafed through the magic pamphlet. "If you're gonna be a fireman you'll have to get all the language courses possible. Not enough firemen know how to speak Italian and German. Get those languages out of the way in your first two years, then concentrate on some dairy industry as a junior and senior. A little cow study never hurt anyone. When you get to be a senior you should take all the law courses you can find time for so you'll know just where you stand in case you squirt water in the living room of the house next to the one that's burning."

Our freshman sat spellbound, taking notes on everything said. Soon the kindly old man handed him his completed program with courses marked out and the time and place of classes.

"Now, you fill out these study list cards," he said. "Keep numbers one and three, and I'll take number four and sign number two which you will present to the bursar. Tear the end off that pink one and give it to the man at Gate 7 at the stadium next Saturday afternoon at 1:30 and you'll see a hell of a good game."

With that he brushed the boy out of his office and returned to the good old days when he squeezed a thousand pounds of milk a day out of that udder.

From such an interview and succeeding similar discussions through the next four years many strange things have developed:

1) The freshman registered late every semester because it took so much time to gather the study list cards and registration cards which the kindly old gentleman had spread all over the campus.

2) After four years of school the boy is worldly wise, but still only a junior. Out of necessity he is now majoring in dairy industry and minoring in law and foreign languages.

3) He has a part time job with the Madison Fire Department and will be promoted to lieutenant in December.

4) He can milk 140 cows at a sitting and is in the process of pickling an udder which yielded a thousand pounds of milk a day during the past two years until it soured in the summer heat last July.

5) He disapproves of the advisor system as it is.

"Is this the student laundry?"

"Yes sir."

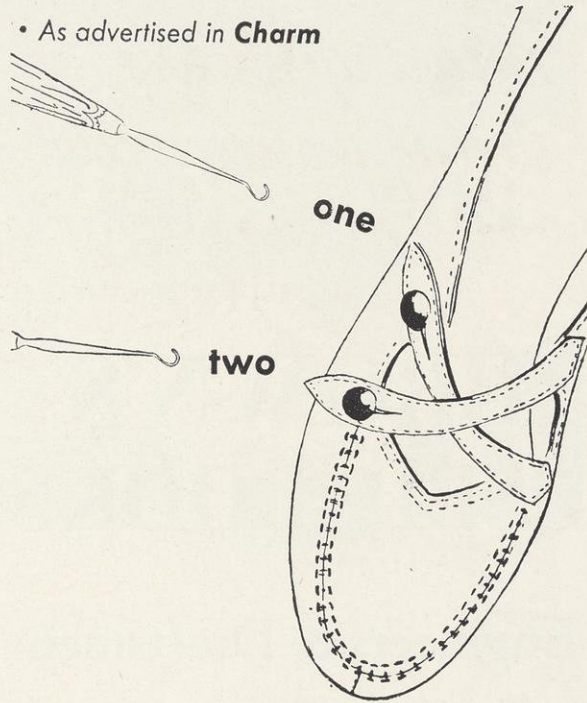
"Well, I'm a student. Kin I get a bath?"

* * *

Judge—"Rastus, do you realize that by leaving your wife you are a deserter?"

Rastus—"Jedge, if you know'd that woman like I does, you wouldn't call me a deserter. I'se a refugee."

• As advertised in **Charm**



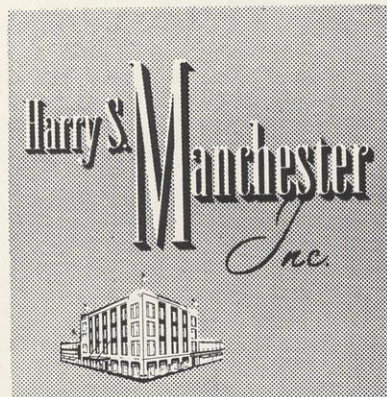
Buttons Your Shoe

Three, four and you're out the door! This Penobscot Trampeze lends wings to your toes. Makes a pretty patter in smoothest leather underscored by long-wearing soles.

\$6.95



Thrift Center, Second Floor



SAVE 20% - 50% WITH BROWN'S USED BOOKS

Engineers & Draftsmen

We will personalize your drawing set or slide rule with your initials in gold—free of charge—to protect you from loss or theft.

NEW & USED BOOKS

FOR
EVERY COURSE

5% CASH
REBATE
WITH EVERY PURCHASE

Good Anytime!

BROWN'S
BOOK SHOP, INC.
STATE AT LAKE

*Friendly, Courteous
Service*



ROBERT BURKERT

Managing editor of this year's Octopus is Bob Burkert, applied arts major from Racine.

The brother of a former Badger Beauty, Bob has the handsome features of a clean-cut all-American boy. Born at a tender age in a log cabin he built with his own hands, he found an early talent for art. He's won several art prizes and while in high school worked for the Western Publishing co. redrawing the comic strips of well-known cartoonists for big-little book production.

Bob will probably be best remembered for his cover on the Timf take-off last year which fooled many a casual observer. This year he did the bright new heads for Octy's many permanent departments.

His favorite garb is white bucks, horn-rimmed glasses and snug Levi's. Although a fraternity man, a proud member of Alpha Delta Phi, Bob is basically shy and beautiful co-eds frighten him. Appointments for frightening can be made by calling 6-3347.

AUDREY BLAND

When Audrey Bland was born, her parents threw all their cares out the window. Fortunately, however, she lit on her head and quickly recovered—with the slight exception that she had a strange desire to become associate editor of Octopus.

That wish was fulfilled last spring and Audrey is now a staunch member of the Octy brain-trust.

5'4" brunette with big, brown eyes, Audrey hails from West Allis, is majoring in speech, and hopes to write radio shows someday. Her favorite sport is golf, a game which won her a beautiful 18 inch gold trophy two summers ago.

Last summer she worked in a Milwaukee playground, between visits to Madison to put out the September Octy. Audrey is currently reigning as rushing chairman for the Sigma Kappas where she can be seen daily by any interested freshman (gal, that is.)

He-Frosh: "Do you love me?"

She-Frosh: "Uh-huh."

He-Frosh: "Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?"

—MADISON BUSINESS COLLEGE BUGLE

* * *

Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame shook as I looked into her blue eyes. Her body trembled as our lips met, and I could feel my chest heaving, my chin vibrating and my body shuddering as I held her to me.

Moral—Never kiss your girl in a second hand model T with the motor running.

* * *

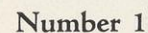
Booze Bum: "I wish I had my wife back."

Friend: "Where is she?"

B.B.: "I swapped her for a bottle of whisky."

Friend: "And now I suppose you realize how much you loved her."

B.B.: "Nope. Thirsty again."



Page

DEPARTMENTS	
Brown Study	32
Campus Chronicle	9
Dream Girl	22
Henry Wiggins	4
Two Men on a Truck	30
Whom to Blame	6

Copyright, Sept., 1949, by the WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, Incorporated, 770 Langdon Street, Madison. Published nine times during the year by the students of the University of Wisconsin. Reprint rights granted to legitimate college magazines if credit is given; cuts will be loaned upon request.

Subscription rate: \$1.75 (subject to change without notice) per year in the U. S. and its Possessions (except the Virgin Islands). Single copies, 25c.



*He knows
The Co-operative Plan!*

For books, school supplies,
and sporting goods Wis-
consin students prefer the
Co-op way.

Patronage Refunds For Fall 12½%

THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

702 STATE STREET

and

THE TECHNICAL BOOK STORE 1325 UNIVERSITY AVENUE



The Humpback of Wisconsin

Summer school has taken its usual toll of those hyper-anxious students who can't get enough in nine months. One of our friends for instance badly twisted his shoulder while working in the library. After treatment from a doctor, he was feeling no better and decided to try a chiropractor. He went for three back-breaking sessions. Upon the completion of the last, the chiropractor turned to our friend with a smile and remarked casually, "Well that ought to take care of that *knee*, eh?"

SRO

An Octy staffer walked out of the Presbyterian church on University Ave. a few Sundays ago to note a long line of people waiting to get into St. Paul's chapel next door. He paused for a moment and then announced in a loud voice, "Immediate seating in the church just down the street!"

Cardinal Sins Dept.

Hooray for Murphy!

Murphy, for your information, is a persistent, red-headed, right handed and right eyed Cebus monkey used to illustrate Dr. H. F. Harlow's talk last night on "Animals That Think."

Murphy demonstrated that monkeys can solve problems, differentiate colors, and determine relation- and climbed sticks, threw rags, and

ships between objects. He combined used other ingenious methods to reach inaccessible food . . . and so hooray for Murphy.

—Daily Cardinal,
Fri., July 15, 1949

For goodness sakes yes, hooray, hooray!

The Ninth Tentacle

With this issue, Octy begins a monthly presentation of the "Order of The Ninth Tentacle" designed for campus personalities who have shown outstanding wit and sense of humor above and beyond the call of duty. If you have any candidates for the royal "Order" send their names and the incident you think entitles them to the award to the Wisconsin Octopus, Memorial Union, Madison.

This month's winner was brought to our attention by summer Cardinal editor, Jim Zucker.

The "Order of The Ninth Tentacle" is presented to Marvin Resnick. The following excerpts from the summer Cardinal explain Resnick's choice.

Co-eds at Elizabeth Waters claim they never get dates during the day because of a university rule prohibiting students to drive on campus roads during that time.

Some of the co-eds took their problem to Student Board Member Marv Resnick. He agreed the situation was serious and demanded a complete investigation at Tuesday night's board meeting.

"Those girls are being discriminated against," he charged. "They're

not getting dates because fellows don't want to walk up the hill."

Board voted unanimously to look for a way to relieve the girls' plight.

—Daily Cardinal,
Thursday, July 14, 1949

Take hope, Liz Waters co-eds! Take hope and a suitcase.

Student Board member Marv Resnick announced at Tuesday night's meeting that automobiles could pick up girls at "The Rock" during the day if the girls were carrying grips.

In a personal talk with Joe Hammersley, campus policeman, Resnick learned that around 5 p.m. police assigned to guard the roads "turn the other cheek" and become more lenient in their vigil.

"And, of course, there are no rules concerning horses," Resnick added.

—Daily Cardinal,
Thursday, July 21, 1949

Congratulations, Marv. For your many years of hilarious service on student board and as president and founder of the Happy Club you sincerely deserve membership in the "Order of The Ninth Tentacle."

Capitalists Arise!

Away from their Wisconsin "liberal" education for the summer, most students probably don't know that the *Daily Worker* recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. Most interesting fact to come out of the gala event: the *Daily Worker* bought its first presses second-hand from the *Wall Street Journal*!

WITH

by BOB
BURKEET



An expose from behind the curtain . . .

Greeks and Rushin!

by AUDREY BLAND

Somehow each new co-ed has a vague and distorted view of sorority rushing—what to wear, how to converse, when to leave, etc., etc.

For instance, the following conversation between rushees often occurs:

PAT: This d—— girdle is going to kill me at those teas, Susie. I just know it.

SUSIE: If you think that's bad, you should be wearing my new shoes! *(There they go with the wrong ideas immediately. Really, one need not wear a girdle and/or shoes. In case it is really warm, barefeet would probably be even more comfortable, and by all means, go to any lengths to be comfortable. Remember the actives are not looking to see what you have on—although Joe Hammersley suggests wearing something—they are interested only in your enchanting personality.)*

At the first sorority house, Pat is plunked in a green chair with a grinning active at her feet. Conversation:

ACTIVE: Where are you from?

PAT: Well—ah—mother says I'm from a little egg.

ACTIVE: (Wince) Oh. Heh! Heh! Heh! How clever.

PAT: (To herself, noticing the wince) I'll bet her girdle is killing her, too. (To active) Where are you from? *(Here, of course, the active made the wrong approach. She should never have begun a conversation on sex with her first question. Actives have forgotten that some rushees find out about the birds and bees before they hit Wisconsin's Lake Road. But at the same time Pat was at fault, it is always up to the rushees to change the subject and keep the conversation rolling. Or is that just an active's dream?)*

Then Pat is led to the punch bowl. One swallow prompts her to say:

PAT: There's something in this punch!

ACTIVE: But, of course.

(Another hint—never be so obviously logical. Moreover, if Pat was referring to the fifth of gin the sorority threw in the punch for added

(continued on page 28)

by RICHARD BOURKE

The empty beer cans, damp swimming suits and odd-sized oars have probably been picked up and thrown around in the back so the porch will have a pleasant, neat look as you march bravely, though nervously, up to the door. Before lifting the inevitable brass knocker check once more to see that your conservative tie is straight, suit unwrinkled and shoes shined. Wipe that left toe on the back of your right pants leg—it's a bit dusty.

All set now? Well by this time the lookout has probably spotted you so you won't have to knock. Just relax and prepare yourself for the "big Hello." A large, bluff fellow who'll probably identify himself as the rushing chairman should open the door at this point and take your hand in a "sincere" grip. If they have chosen their chairman wisely you'll find yourself inside, the register signed and a name tag in your button hole, without your being able to remember any particular step in the process. But here you are standing on the threshold of an already crowded and well-lighted living room, with the rushing chairman's hand in the small of your back. You're ready to "meet the boys". Incidentally, son, take your hands out of your pockets.

By this time you've been introduced to your very own guide who'll show you through the house and introduce you around in the process. He'll be neatly dressed, chosen because he's from your hometown or is taking a course like the one you want to take or just because he was the only member free at the time you came.

First comes the "feeling out" period. He'll take you to one side, out of the mainstream, to make small talk. At this point you'll be supplied with one of three things: a glass of apple cider, a glass of punch, or a coke, and probably a cookie. If you're given a choice ask for the coke. It's easier on the digestive system. Rushing cider and punch are strange potions probably concocted in the dark of the moon by some gibbering igorot with suitable incantation for this one occasion a year. In the halcyon days the Deke's, before they became respect-

able, flaunted the dean's rushing rules and served beer to their prospective members. Their originality was not appreciated up Bascom way.

By now your guide has established whether you're a square, a beaver or a good Joe and your tour of the house has begun. If you're in the first category you'll be given the short treatment and before you know it you'll be back on the porch with a polite but firm "good night." But we'll assume you're in one of the last two groups. A beaver is always acceptable because of his contribution to the usually sagging grade-point.

Before getting through the living room you've either met or had pointed out to you a certain number of "types." Each fraternity has them and each is justly proud of them. First of all your guide will probably say, "There's Joe Bucks. His father is the soya bean king. Great guy. You'll have to meet him." And a little later he'll say, "Here's Walter Wheel, member of student board and a strong bet for senior class president next year," and still later, "That's Herkimer Holeinthehead. What a party boy. Been on pro three years straight. What times we had last year." And there are many more including the fraternity's letter man who gets his sweater out of moth balls this once a year and parades stoically through the rooms.

In the process of making your way along you'll probably encounter several other rushees. If you met them earlier in the evening don't admit it. It's impolite to your hosts to burst out with, "Oh, I saw you up to the Chi Phi's tonight," or "Sure, we had dinner at the Beta's."

But by this time you should have reached the 'upstairs' part of the ceremony. As your guide directs you to the staircase, ostensibly to show you the other floors, watch closely and you'll see two other members detach themselves from the crowd and follow you up. You'll be shown to the guide's room, if he's remembered to make his bed, and asked to sit down, after being introduced to the two newcomers. One of these invariably turns out to be the social chairman who promises you a different 'queen' each week if you see fit to pledge.

(continued on page 28)



by Helmut Heckscher

Octy's Short Story

From a nearby mosque she could hear the reverberations of a sonorous gong; then the sound died down, leaving a void. She put down her brush and looked up at the blazing sun till little bright specks of color began to dance before her eyes. Then, as if defeated, she lowered her head and gazed at the solid garden wall

surrounding her. Already, and it wasn't even ten o'clock as yet, she could see the simmering air dance lightly along its top. Sundays always were like this, she thought wearily. By the time it was noon the heat would have succeeded in overcoming the obstacle and would flow toward her like an amorphous mass of in-

visible lava, leaving her limp and depleted.

A year ago, during her first weeks in Singapore, she had retreated into the house on a stifling day like this, closing the doors and drawing the blinds. But now she laughed when she thought of those precautions: there really was no escape from the scorching, and yet humid, climate that enveloped the Malayan Peninsula during the summer like a smothering blanket. At best she had been stalling for time, for in the end the heat had followed her into the house, seeping through the windows, and creeping under the warped doors. By now she had become almost resigned.

She shrugged her shoulders, lifted her easel, and moved it a few inches, so that the tall mangrove tree, whose spider-like roots sprouted weirdly around its stem, protected her painting with its shade. Then, having nearly finished her picture, she stepped back and viewed it listlessly, cocking her head to one side. For a moment she imagined that Mr. Christianson, her former instructor at the New York Art Institute, was looking over her shoulder. "There's something wrong with it, Miss Hadley," he would have said, shaking his egg-shaped head rather sadly. "Not a bad idea, that—the lonely white orchid set off against the vegetation of the jungle;—good idea, but doesn't quite come off. How about the mosque in the background? Symbolism, eh? Proportions aren't right, though. And then the colors: my dear Miss Hadley, your colors look dead." Mr. Christianson would have shuffled on to the next student.

Picking up a tube of blue, she squeezed some on her palette and began mixing it with a lump of white that was already hardening. These colors, she sighed, and frowned; they looked all right on the surface, but the heat had really dried them out, leaving them lifeless. Suddenly she found herself resenting Mr. Christianson. What right did he have to criticize her painting? After all, it was a matter of colors, and if the colors were bad . . .

"Did you say something?" asked her husband, looking up from the pages of the *Singapore Chronicle*. He was a man in his early thirties with a pinkish complexion, just beginning to put on fat. From time to time he helped himself to some lemonade from the garden table beside him, and on those occasions he flavored the drink with an ample shot of Canadian rye.

"No," she hadn't said a word. He stretched his legs, yawned, and presently disappeared again behind his paper. Like a rosy pig he looks, she thought, just like a rosy pig. What was the use of talking; he wouldn't understand, just as he had never been able to understand her before. He was a boor and a philistine.

The orris—root fragrance from the orchids growing along the wall—suddenly nauseated her and she wished herself far away. Why was she here? Why had she married him? She asked herself these questions, but her mind was vague and her thoughts failed to come to a focus. She remembered the days of his courtship in the States, but that seemed like ages ago. Perhaps it had been his appearance of solidity that had attracted her, for she had been a sensitive, high-strung girl, still trying to come to terms with life. Or had it been the unknown, the strange, that she had somehow associated with him, the "man from the Orient." He had, of course, a nice position with a local oil company, a chance for promotion, plenty of security, a paid vacation every three years that would allow them to visit the States; and yet . . .

Her brush skipped tentatively over her palette in an effort to obtain just the right shade of violet for the petal of the orchid, but her thoughts returned to her husband: it was only later that she had discovered that his apparent solidity was nothing but thinly disguised vulgarity, and that his experience of the Orient was confined to the four walls of his office, his club, and his native servants.

They had spent their honeymoon at Niagara Falls, and she remembered waking up one morning, her husband lying beside her still sleeping, his mouth open, snoring sporadically, while in the distance she had heard the incessant roar of the falls. For almost an hour she had remained motionless beside him, and it was then that she finally had cast aside the dreams of her girlhood which had somehow managed to survive their wedding night.

Her husband—she could hear the rustling of the pages—was languidly turning to another section of the paper.

"Look here, dear: the dollar's gone up four points," he remarked pleasantly, glancing over his paper.

"Gone up four points," she repeated mechanically, and suddenly the phase seemed to her to summarize the meaningless of their existence. When she thought of him now, she

thought of him sitting in an office adding long columns of figures, and she wondered whether life would have been different if he had had a different profession.

Her situation, she reflected, would perhaps not have been quite as humiliating. Snatches of conversation she had overheard at the American Consul's party could be laughed off, but could not be quite erased from her memory. ("Who is she, dear?" . . . "nobody of importance, really. Dingby's wife, I believe. Accountant at Cal-Tex.")

The other day she had received a letter from an old friend of hers, Molly Anderson, who had had a baby. Scrawny little Molly had had a baby; who would have thought of that? But children, she reflected, would be a nuisance over here. Too much fuss, too much danger of catching a disease. The Chinese servants wouldn't know how to handle them, and she just couldn't see herself carrying a small bundle of pink flesh. The very idea of pink aroused unpleasant connotations in her mind.

Her reflections were interrupted by the house-boy who came into the garden, put some fresh ice cubes into the lemonade jug, and disappeared silently into the house. He was a young, olive skinned boy who often smiled at her. What was behind that smile of his, she often wondered. Did he see through her? The thought was vaguely disturbing.

At times, when her husband was in his office, she strolled through the native quarters of the city. She walked along the filthy, narrow alleys, swaying in rhythm with the beating of some Javanese drums, or losing herself in the broken refrains of a Malayan love song. Indian men brushed past her, their black eyes blazing, and now and then a Sheik, carrying his turban like a crown, would silently step aside. She would perhaps throw a few pennies to some ragged Siamese children who would then dance before her, their bodies performing the stylized movements with bizarre precision to the chanting of ancient melodies.

One day she would paint all this: Moslem merchants, wearing their coal-black felt fezzes in spite of the heat, would beckon to her and praise their rugs, their silver, and their silks, gesticulating wildly, while their veiled women glided haughtily past her, their eyes fixed on some imaginary point in the distance.

As she walked, flabby Malayan wo-

Illustrated by Bob Burkert

men would sit on the curb selling bananas, while their babies suckled at their breasts, and through this teeming mass, the Chinese would impudently push their way, hurriedly, sullenly, always wearing a fixed expression of contempt. A nearby mosque would summon the believers to prayer, while a sweet smell of incense emanated from gaudy temples where fierce dragons guarded the serenity of smiling Buddhas.

"The native quarters?" Her husband had been horrified when she mentioned it to him. "A white woman alone in the native quarters?" The very idea, he said, was preposterous.

She looked up at the high wall surrounding their garden: she would go there again, of course; the danger fascinated her, and the combination of smells and colors excited her senses. Perhaps she would be attacked by one of the tall, muscular Indians.

Suddenly she felt faint and sat down in an empty chair next to her husband's, putting the palette and brush on the little garden table.

"A drink?" asked her husband, folding his paper.

"Yes," she said, she would have a drink. He poured her a glass of lemonade, but she shook her head: she wanted whiskey. Uncorking a bottle, he filled the glasses.

"Here's to us."

"Here's to us," she repeated, and emptied the glass. The minarets wavered as she looked at them over the sun-dipped walls. She closed her eyes momentarily, then opened them again to watch a fly which had got stuck on a drop of spilled lemonade. Buzzing with its bluish wings, it made a frantic effort to escape.

There was a sharp thud as her husband brought down the folded paper, and the buzzing ceased. But something had suddenly happened to her: "The colors are all right," she said without opening her lips, "it is I who have failed." Her husband had refilled her glass.

"Here's to us," she said again, picking it up, and then suddenly she began to laugh. For a moment she tried to suppress her laughter, but seeing the bewildered look on her husband's pinkish face, she almost went into convulsions. She roared with laughter; she just couldn't help herself.

Then, slowly, she grew calmer: the heat had reached her, and little beads of perspiration formed on her forehead.

"Pour me a lemonade, please," she said quietly. In the distance she could hear a gong striking noon.

Madison, Wisconsin — Sept. 22, 1999 (AP). University of Wisconsin officials today announced plans for razing the seven quonset huts now occupying the lower campus. These structures dating back to the mid-twentieth century are ivy-covered landmarks dear to the hearts of many a Wisconsin grad. Class after class have been sheltered by these hallowed tin roofs and there is certain to be public reaction objecting to their passing. Realizing the sentimental value attached the president of the university has nevertheless decided that they must go. In recent years the snow has been coming under the warped siding and several cases of students being struck on the head by falling rivets have been reported. In view of this condition no other practical alternative is possible.

The demolition of these structures is expected to begin in the near future. Funds for this purpose have been requested from the current session of the legislature and college officials feel confident that the appropriation will be granted. The university's long-delayed library will be constructed on the site thus made available.

The old man carefully folded the clipping and handed it back to me.

"That certainly brings back memories, son. It shore does," he said as he sat there staring into the dusk.

I had flown up here in my jetcopter to northern Canada for one last weekend's fishing before the fall term got started in earnest. I was camped alone on the edge of the lake when this old-timer had wandered in, leading a mangy-looking burro. I'd invited him to bed down for the night and when I discovered him to be an old Wisconsin man I'd handed him the clipping from the 'copter's teletype.

"It takes me back quite a spell," he continued. "I recollect the time they was built. Lemme see—'twas in the fall of '45—naw, 'twas '46—that's right, I was just startin' in. I allus figgered they was a monument to the boys who marched off in '41—and real appropriate, too, although some of 'em didn't think so. I was too young, myself, for '41—I tried to get in, even lied about my age, but they found me out. I shore would liked to have gotten a crack at those Japs or Nazis. That was some war and those boys were real fighters—we ain't gonna see the likes of them soon again—"

With apologies to Curti, J. Burke writes

A footnote to history

And he lapsed into silence again. The light from my portable electric oven etched the wrinkled lines in his weather-beaten face and his snow white hair contrasted sharply with his ruddy skin.

"Yup, them old quonsets," he began again, shaking his head and chuckling softly. "Many's the time I played footsie with my best girl in the big one—the reading room I think they called it—and the way the wind used to whistle through the little ones on cold days—if you sat on one side you baked and on the other side you froze—you had to sit right in the middle. But they were sturdy built—you don't see buildings like that today, no sirree, nothing like those—"

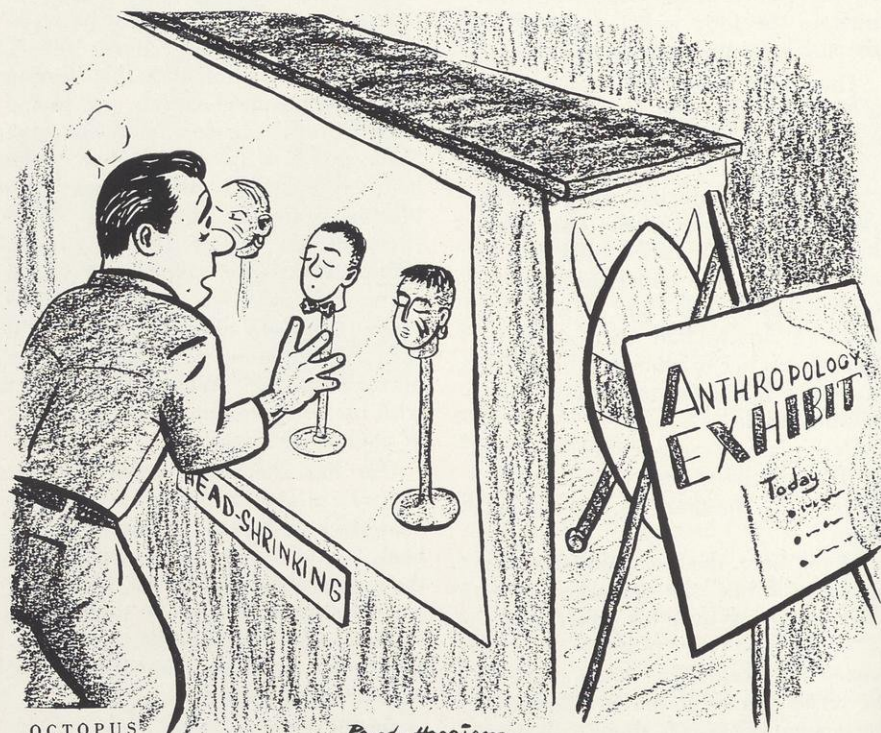
His voice trailed off again and the silence closed in about us. He spat profoundly into the oven, short-circuiting it so that it sizzled and went out. And as the night began to turn chilly I zipped my electric parka close up around my neck.

"Those were fine old days, son, and I always been sort of sorry I left in sech a hurry. I didn't graduate—I was studying psychology and

was 'sposed to get my degree in '50 but when the big uranium rush happened in '49 I got itchy feet—bought myself a rig and lit out—been at it off 'n on ever since. At times it's been a lonely life but I've had my good years. Struck it rich my second year out and I was living high on the hog for awhile but the lode played out—had good strikes twice since then but both times I squandered it on a babe in Winnipeg—these last ten or twelve years it's been real tight, just barely enough to get a stake every year—but this year," and he leaned forward, lowering his voice, "I done it again — done it again with old Bessie here," and he patted the battered old Geiger counter at his side.

"I wanted to get one more before the class of '50 has its big reunion next June and, by golly, I done it." But his jovial mood dampened somewhat, as he remembered the news clipping.

"It won't be the old place without those quonsets, though, but I got me a hunch, young fella, that they'll still be there next June—and maybe some after that, too."



OCTOPUS

Randy Harrison

"George! George!"

With apologies to no one, J. Stillman writes

Tea for two thousand

the story of a President's Reception

The scene is Great Hall in the Memorial Union. The President's reception line is gathering, but Mr. and Mrs. Fred have not yet arrived. Among those awaiting the freshmen and the Freds are Dean and Mrs. Paul Trump who are discussing probable registration figures with Registrar and Mrs. Kenneth Little. Gordon Klopff, Dean Trump's assistant, is moving swiftly and efficiently through the crowd lining up committee to dispose of the punch bowl and flowers after the reception.

Student Board President George Wheeler is standing off from the crowd in a world of his own. He is conjuring up a letter to the Student Life and Interest Committee apologizing for the strong stand on discrimination taken by the summer board. Tom Englehardt, former president of the student board and Clay Hahn, last year's Prom King, are in a corner with punch glasses discussing their old wheel days, and finally, Bill Johnson, president of the Union who is nervously watching one of the orientation sub-chairmen flick ashes on the furniture. He walks over to her and asks her to stop flicking ashes on the furniture.

SUB-CHAIRMAN: (indignant) Well, who do you think you are? Ivy Williamson?

IVY WILLIAMSON: (enters the room at this moment) Did I hear my name mentioned?

DEAN TRUMP: How about a 'Skyrocket Ivy,' gang? (The group squeals with delight as Gordon Klopff shoves the skyrocket committee to the fore and they lead the group in a yell.)

ALL: SSSSSSSSSSS—Boooooom!!!
—AAAAh—(whistle)—IIIIvy!!

IVY: (Turns red and scruffs his toe) Awwwww, wish I had a football. (From nowhere a football is suddenly thrust at him and he retires to the west end of Great Hall where he plays three-cornered catch with Clay Hahn and Tom Englehardt.)

The group once again quiets down to private conversations until President and Mrs. Fred arrive. Dean Trump introduces them to the various

students standing around wearing orientation badges. When the introductions have been completed President Fred moves to the west end of Great Hall where he joins the group playing catch. Mrs. Fred remains with the students.

MRS. FRED: Some folks think reception lines are a bore, but Ah don't.

GORDON KLOPF: Neither do I, Mrs. Fred.

MRS. FRED: Oh, hello, Gordon. (She calls to the president as a line of freshmen begins to form.) Oh, Edwin! Come and meet the people.

Mr. Fred executes a tricky naked reverse, jams the pigskin into Ivy's stomach and leads the interference to the reception line. He bowls over George Wheeler in the melee.

MR. FRED: (after picking up George) Sorry, George.

GEORGE: I wish I had a bottle of beer.

Both George and Mr. Fred enter the already formed line and the freshmen commence to file through.

FIRST FRESHMAN: (to Gordon Klopff at the head of the line) My name is Robert Bingle and I'm from Two Rivers.

GORDON: How do you do, Robert. I'd like you to meet George Wheeler. George, this is Robin Blink. He's from Two Rivers.

GEORGE: Glad to know you, Robin. This is Mrs. Trump. Mrs. Trump, may I introduce Robbin Banks from Two Rivers.

MRS. TRUMP: How are you, Robbin. This is Mr. Trump. Paul, this is Robbin Banks who swims in Two Rivers.

DEAN TRUMP: That's fine, Robbin, but it'll be pretty cold for swimming before long. This is Mrs. Little. Mrs. Little this boy's been robbin' banks.

MRS. LITTLE: (who knows he couldn't have said 'robbin banks') How do you do, Mr. Rumble-Bumble. This is my husband, Mr. Little.

MR. LITTLE: (before he can become too deeply involved he smiles, shakes the boy's hand, and pushes him along to Mrs. Fred.) Mrs. Fred, here is a freshman.

MRS. FRED: Well, Ah am glad you've come to see Edwin and me. What are you interested in?

ROBERT: I'd like to go into genetics, ma'am.

PRESIDENT FRED: Genetics! Have you ever seen a fruit fly? (he roars with laughter, Robert pales and moves on)

MRS. FRED: Edwin, no jokes tonight.

The next student, a beautiful blond wearing a deep necked black dinner dress, passes more slowly down the line. The women push her along while the men are more inclined to make conversation.

The girl's name is remembered by all. She is Mary Lou Sparkman from Valdosta, Georgia. Her father is an alumn of the class of '26. She is five feet three inches tall and weights 112 pounds. She loves her room at Elizabeth Waters but she'd like to join a sorority, and "you Nawthin' men ah so hainsome!"

Others go through the line, and still others. George Wheeler shows signs of wearying.

GEORGE: I wish I had a bottle of beer.

At this point a football whistles along the line and fells a freshman. Ivy rushes up, retrieves the ball, shakes hands with a few of the folks, and returns to his game with Englehardt and Hahn.

After two hours the line has dwindled to a sprinkle of people wandering about, and most of the receivers are loaded down with punch and cookies.

MRS. FRED: (to a freshman) Ah'm glad you've come to see Edwin and me. What are you interested in?

FRESHMAN: A glass of punch and a piece of cake, if you don't mind.

MR. FRED: (sick and tired of the whole sorry business) Well, you can have mine. (With that he deftly fills the boy's coat pocket with the contents of his glass, shoves a cookie into his hand, and runs over to cheer for old Ivy who by this time is pretty tired too.)

—CURTAIN—



FIRST
DATE
(EACH
PLAYER
MUST LAND
HERE)

SERENADE
PARTNER'S
HOUSE -
ROLL AGAIN,
IF 2 OR 4
ADVANCE

HAD FAMILY
CAR FOR
WEEKEND -
ADVANCE
4

A #20
EVENING -
STAGGER
FORWARD
2

SHOULD
BEEN
ON SE
GO
6



MONEY
FROM
HOME -
ADVANCE
2



PICTURE
IN CO-OP
WINDOW -
ADVANCE
4



A POOR
START -
GO BACK
1



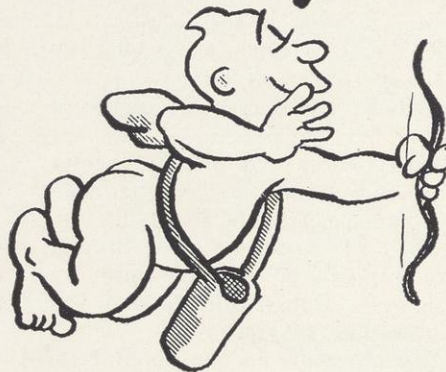
IT'LL BE
A LONG
TRIP, YOU
NEED THE
HELP -
ADVANCE
4

IF PLAYE
'FIRST DAT
'ENGAGED'
IN SEQUE
UP HERE
← OTHER

↑ BEGIN HERE








Campus



MARR

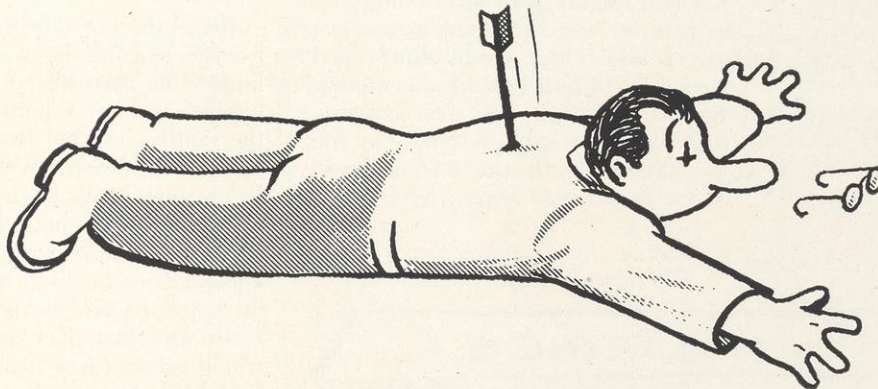


THE GAME'S UP, KID
STOP PLAYIN'

	PARTNER'S ROOMMATE IS BETTER LOOKING- GO BACK 4	DISCUSSED FREUD - ADVANCE 2	OLD FLAME IN TOWN SKIP 1 TURN		DUTCH TREAT - ADVANCE 1	PINNED (FOR INDEES "IN LOVE BUT NO MONEY TO MARRY")
--	--	--------------------------------------	---	--	----------------------------------	--

Love



THE GAME IS PLAYED WITH DICE, ONLY ONE DIE BEING USED. ADVANCE THE NUMBER YOU ROLL AND FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS IN THE SQUARES

COPYRIGHT 1949 RANDY HARRISON, WIS. OCTOPUS

		ARM AROUND HOUSEMOTHER -EXTRA 12:30 ADVANCE 2	INTROUCED TO JOE HAMMERSLEY GO BACK 1		WON BET FOR HOLDING KISS LONGEST ADVANCE 4	ENGAGED (EACH PLAYER MUST LAND HERE, VOID IF "FIRST DATE" WASN'T TOUCHED)
--	--	---	---	--	--	---



Pages from my niece's diary

by Helmut Heckscher

Yesterday George came home from that fool college of his for the summer vacation, and the first thing he did was to call me up.

"Gee, Dotty," he said, "I'm sure glad to be back, and I sure would like to see you." George and I had been going steady all through high school and I was mighty glad to hear his voice again.

"Well, George Davis," I replied, sort of hoity-toity-like, "if you really want to see me, I guess there's no objection." George said he sure would like to come over to our house, and I told him to drop in after supper.

Then I went to Pa and told him that George would be coming in the evening, and would he and Ma please go and take in a good movie? Pa wanted to know whether George could be trusted, and I was sort of embarrassed and said that I didn't know what he meant. But Ma said George was a college freshman now, a fine, upright young man.

"Besides," she said, "'THE OTHER LOVE' is playing downtown, and I've heard it's just divine." That set-

tled the matter, for Pa knows that it's no use arguing with Ma.

After supper Ma and I made some sandwiches and Pa took me aside, so that Ma wouldn't hear, and said that he had put two bottles of beer in the icebox just in case we got thirsty. Ma then took out our big antique vase, put some fresh flowers from our garden into it and placed it in the living room so that it looked really nice. I changed into my best dress and got all primped up, and before they left, Ma took me aside and told me I could use some of her French perfume. They had hardly gone, when the bell rang, and there was George.

George had taken to wearing glasses and I guess his looks hadn't exactly changed for the better, but I was still mighty glad to see him, and he said he was sure glad to see me, too. I asked him to sit down, and then I asked him how he was feeling and how college life was agreeing with him. He said that college life was agreeing with him fine, and asked me how I was feeling, and how I

was getting along in Able's School of Commerce. I told him that I guessed it was all right, but that things weren't as they used to be in the old times. "That's a fact," said George.

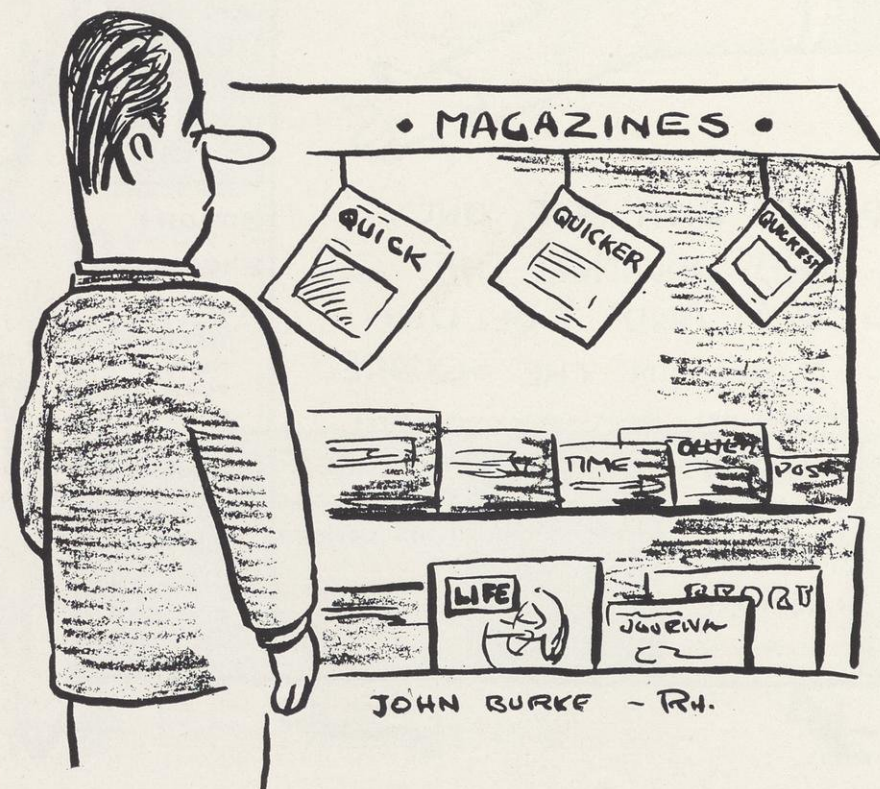
To tell the truth, I was beginning to get a little disappointed, because George acted sort of impersonal-like, and, not knowing what was on his mind, I told him that my parents had gone out and wouldn't be back for quite a while. George said he was sorry to hear that, because he surely would have liked to say hello to them.

Then I said I hoped he wouldn't mind my being all mussed up, but that he had come so early that I hadn't even had time to wash my face after supper. George smiled at me reassuringly and said that he didn't mind at all, because all the co-eds at his university went around sort of sloppy-like, too.

Remembering our ice-box I asked George whether he was thirsty, and he said he sure was. I went into the kitchen and got a bottle of beer and the sandwiches, but though he didn't touch a sandwich, he drank the beer in no time at all. I asked him whether he wanted another one, and he said he surely did. When I got up to get another beer for him, he told me that he hated to see me walk back and forth, and that, if I didn't mind, he would rather carry in the whole case. I said that the beer in the case wasn't cold, but he told me that it didn't matter much, and that to him beer was beer.

So we went into the kitchen, and he picked up the heavy case and carried it into the living room. I guess it was heavy all right, because George sort of moaned and groaned, and then he stumbled and fell, knocking down our antique vase. The bottles didn't break but the vase did, and George said that he was sorry. I told him I was sorry, too, but he smiled at me and said I really needn't be sorry, for he hadn't hurt himself at all.

We sat down on the sofa, and George drank beer, offering me a bottle every now and then. After a while he told me that he was beginning to feel mighty good, and would I mind



if he took off his jacket? When he had taken it off, I saw a big, red "W" on his white sweater and told him that it looked mighty cute. But George frowned, and said that it was the insignia of his college.

I guess I must have reminded him of his studies, for he kept on frowning, and finally asked me whether I liked calculus. "What?" I asked, but he said never mind, and did I like geometry? When I told him that I simply hated geometry his face brightened up, and he told me that he hated geometry, too, and that furthermore he hated algebra, physics, history, and, most of all, English. I said I thought it was a shame they made him work so hard, and he said: "That's the truth."

George was silent for quite a while, drinking his beer very slowly, and I could see that he was thinking. Finally he asked me whether I liked zoology, and I told him that I liked zoology very much, on account of my great interest in nature. He seemed mighty pleased at that, for he opened two more bottles, gave one to me, and said that he also took a great interest in zoology, and that it was just a low-down dirty trick that they had flunked him in that course, too. What had really stumped him, he told me, was that silly old system of animal classification which he could never learn on account of his having such a poor head for Latin names.

As far as he could see, he told me, two groups, LARGE ANIMALS and SMALL ANIMALS, would very well cover all beasts known to man, and that a new system like that would be a great boon to mankind and to students, especially. To tell the truth, I don't care about any kind of system, boon or no boon, and I replied that I didn't see much wrong with the old one, particularly on account of Latin being so nice and refined.

George shook his head rather sadly and said that I didn't know what I was talking about. "Imagine yourself," he told me, "standing in the middle of the Sahara desert, with nothing but sand around you." I said that that certainly was very silly because if I ever did travel, I would surely not visit the Sahara, but would go to see my cousin Ralph in New York City. But George became impatient and said that he didn't care where I'd go, and that, for heaven's sake, I should IMAGINE myself standing in the middle of the Sahara desert.

I tried very hard to imagine, while George gave me another beer to help



"I don't care if your mother was a BXE—you're no legacy of ours."

me along, and finally, I guess, I must have succeeded, for I began to feel sort of woozy. George then told me to imagine a huge animal was galloping toward me. What would I do? I told him that I thought I'd run, but he shook his head again and said that, according to what he had learned at the university, I'd be all wrong, for I hadn't even classified the animal yet. Instead, he informed me, I'd have to pull out my Cambridge Book of Natural History, and after leafing through it several times, I'd find that the beast was a four-legged mammal, belonging to the class of the prototheria, to the order of the proboscidea, to the family of the elephantidea, and finally to the genus of the loxodon. What did I think it was?

I've never been any good at guessing, and so I told him that, for all I knew, it'd be a Holstein cow, but he just laughed sort of dirty-like, and said that it really had been an African elephant all along, and that it surely would have stamped me too much before I could have said Peter Pan.

Well, I must confess I was much impressed by this and told him that I thought that new system of his would surely be a great boon to mankind, and to students, especially. He seemed much pleased with my remark, gave me another bottle of beer, and moved closer with his eyes all aglow.

I pulled down my skirt and asked him, where in his system he would place dogs, dogs being neither large nor small? George said he hadn't thought about it, but he guessed he'd put them in a third group called MEDIUM ANIMALS.

I thought this was awfully funny, and so I laughed, and laughed, and laughed. Then I imitated a dog and crawled on the floor, barking, and after that I imitated a cat, with George stroking my back and me purring.

Suddenly Pa and Ma walked in, with Ma just saying that she had been mighty disappointed in the picture. For a moment they sort of stopped dead, watching me play cat, and then Ma went straight for the broken vase, and Pa went straight for George. So George jumped over the sofa and Pa after him, but Pa stumbled over a heap of beer bottles and bumped his head against the window sill, while George escaped right through the door.

Well, I guess that was the last time George came to our house. It's a shame, really, with him being such an upright young man and having so much book-learning. I could just cry, and cry, and cry, and if one of the boys doesn't call me up very soon to ask me for next Saturday's dance, I think I'll burst.

An essay on college education

by Gustav Griffith



The incredibly large numbers of people who enroll in colleges and universities are but unwilling testimony to the high regard placed on education by the American people. This is not to imply that the masses of high school graduates who feel called to the life of the scholar are actually concerned with the acquisition of knowledge. Far from it. For the most part, they act merely like a flock of sheep tagging behind a solemn judas-goat after, of all things, a sheepskin.

Perhaps it would be well to let the matter lie as it is. If ignorance is bliss, how happy the life of the college freshman must be. And if ignorance is bliss, only the fool would take his university career seriously; for none but the mad would deliberately spoil a good thing.

Ah, innocence! If one could but flee the schizophrenic graduate school days and live again the period of exuberant youth. If one could but return to his native condition, to his natural lot, where C's are C's instead of F's; where the approach of Friday is heralded with glee and joyous noises; where the lecture hall is a place to sleep. To sleep, and then to dream: aye, there's the rub. For one may dream of being called upon to recite.

Those happy days of guileless merriment, those precious moments when one feels need for neither wit nor brawn flee all too soon. And in their stead we find the tortuous concern for majors and minors, for grade points, and credits. How often (too often), those who are about to graduate bemoan their earlier experiences as stupid and misdirected. Sad, sad day when innocence is replaced by ignorance, when one becomes aware that there is much to learn, and so little time to use.

In temporary wisdom, the Senior berates himself, and beats upon his now hollow chest, to castigate his soul for his youthful errors. But, Freshman, heed him not. His wisdom

is a fleeting thing; ere long, he shall have forgotten all he thought he knew. Even now, he forgets the words of Horace: *Dulce est desipere in loco*—(It is pleasant to act foolishly in the right place.) If this he has already forgotten, how long can his veneer of learning last?

The Senior says: "Go hence. I'll none of it; for the wise men say that wisdom conquers all. You freshmen, seek ye out a mess of formulae by which huge fortunes are made. Get 'thou a trade, and master well the tricks therein. Then thou, too, shall know the secrets of power and success. Oh would that some person wiser far than me had given me the wondrous advice I give to you. If ye be but wise enough to heed my counsel."

Note, dear Freshman, he would give advice to you: is that the way of the wise? Of course not; were he as wise as he would pretend, he would sell the stuff. And if you were as stupid as he would have you believe, you would buy. It would be a seller's market—to use a phrase from Economics 1a.

Here's the straight stuff, kid. This is the real scoop. Forget all that fancy baloney the "wisemen" give you. Listen to a fool for a change. Even the idiot is capable of uttering intelligent sounds; he is an idiot merely because he doesn't know their value nor what they mean. So get a hold of yourself, and forget the guff.

Now it is true that we put a lot of value to education and the pretense of wisdom. But it is not the stuff it's cracked up to be. And above all, one can have his cake and eat it too. One can enjoy the life of a college student and reap all the possible benefits.

Long, long ago, the heroes were the knights in shining armor; and now we've replaced the heavy mail with a baccalaureate gown. And it is also true that there are very few dragons left to slay. That dragon slaying business is a mighty slow trade these days. At one time, of

course, one could knock off a dragon and go to the king to marry his daughter and get at least a half-kingdom to boot. That isn't done anymore. But think of it this way: while the dragon slaying stuff is passe, superficial knowledge has taken its place.

Instead of killing a dragon, all you have to do is get on some quiz program and answer some very stupid question. Believe me, in the next four years, you are going to get a lot of training answering stupid questions. And what do you get? No Princess, to be sure, but they give away half the country, or a good start in that direction. And here's another point to consider. You still can equal the knight. There are a lot of destitute and near destitute princesses hanging around and are quite available. When you consider the countesses and lesser ladies that are begging for wealth, you will realize that there is in fact a buyer's market.

Son, you've come to the right place. What you should do is deliberately train yourself to succeed on quiz programs. Take the most useless courses you possibly can—that is the source of questions asked on these radio shows. Never, above all else, take a course that demands any thought on your part; if you do, you are only raising havoc with your chances of winning a yacht, a house, a trip to the Chanticleer, a half dozen ostrich farms and some old lecture notes.

Now, I ask you, does it make any sense to you to slave away for four long years preparing yourself only for a life of drudgery and work when precisely the same rewards await you if you spend your moments in riotous living? I agree with the serious senior; don't be a fool. But remember: the drone gets to eat honey even though he doesn't do a lick of work. Of course, he eventually gets kicked out, and that may happen to you. But don't worry. It doesn't do a bit of good. And anyway, the future is a long way off.

Bedlam

Limited

I think the majority of the traveling public will readily sympathize with me and join in condemning that arch-enemy of pleasant traveling, the child. Is there anyone alive who has not gone through the excruciating rigors of being in a coach with a half-fare rider in it also? And how many sweet souls are on psychiatrists' couches today because they were so unlucky as to be confined in a railroad car with a big slobbering woman, bound for the Mesabi iron range, and her six children? The situation, friends, is worse than it seems.

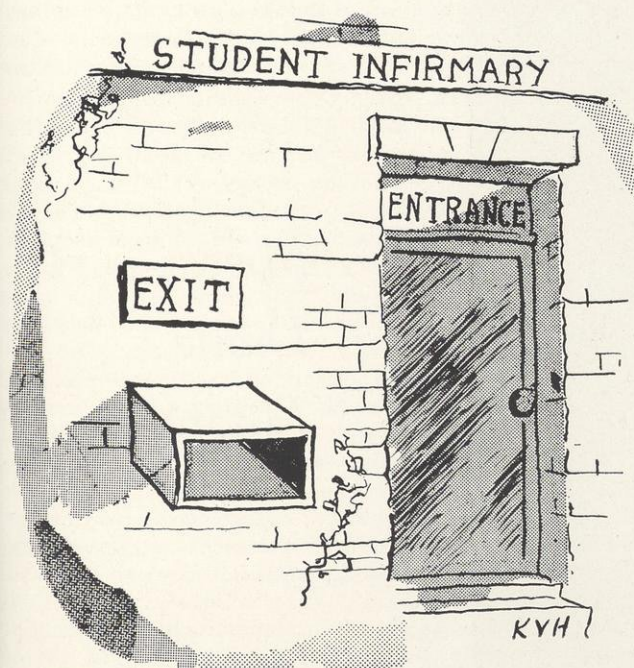
However, the menace can be combated to some degree if rail travelers will learn to recognize the various symptoms of this public nuisance. In this light, I wish to present a few scenes taken from real life portraying the agonies and cruelties of child travel.

The trip begins in the usual fashion. Everyone has taken his seat and is waiting for the train to pull out. Just as the conductor shouts "All aboard!" a chorus of shrieks breaks out from the waiting room, the doors fly open, and out shoot Momma, Poppa, and Junior, in a mad rush for the train. Unfortunately, they make it.

Who are these people? Poppa is still young, maybe around twenty-seven; Momma is always young, definitely around twenty-two; and Junior? He is the devil incarnate, and although his parents will invariably tell you he is only four years old (bless his heart!), it is very apparent that he is as old as earth itself.

Poppa staggers aboard the train, his arms piled high with baggage. Besides the customary two suitcases, he labors under a mountain of story books, guns, tractors, boats, yo-yos, rubber balls, baseball bats, atom bombs, fan belts, tree roots, insect wings, detonating caps, football pennants, etc., all brought along to keep Junior out of mischief. This agglomeration is dropped with the roar of an avalanche onto Poppa's seat. Poppa then turns to

(continued on page 23)



OCTOPUS

Who else

wants to

learn the latest Dance Steps

in just a few hours?

Phone 6-9057

If you think it's difficult to learn the new dance steps you'll "have another think coming" as soon as you step on the floor at Arthur Murray's.

An Arthur Murray expert starts you right off dancing. Quietly your dancing is analyzed, molded to the new styles, improved. Lessons are such fun that you hardly realize you're being taught. But what thrilling progress you make!



Yes, Arthur Murray has something no one else can copy. And right now two can learn together and save 50%. Start now and learn the Rumba, the Samba or any dance you wish! Phone 6-9057 or come in.

Open 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ARTHUR MURRAY
20½ E. Mifflin St. Madison, Wis.

Club Dance Every Sat. Night
STUDIO AIR CONDITIONED

Cal's Dream Girl



Miss
Diane
Moore

—Photo by DeLonge

THE BEDLAM LIMITED . . .

(continued from page 21)

invite Junior to pick out something and get settled, for he has already noticed that some passengers are beginning to look annoyed.

But where is Junior? Ah, there he is, the little darling, standing by the water fountain. Evidently the cup dispenser fascinates him, for he has pulled out, one by one, nearly one hundred cups and thrown them into the aisle, in a commendable effort to find out when the device will give out. Poppa administers a gentle reprimand, and leads his offspring back to the seat.

Junior looks over his gallery of toys and decides that nothing pleases him. This makes Poppa and Momma a bit angry, and one wonders if Poppa's caressing hand on Junior's milk-white neck isn't actually a deadly strangle hold. After all, Poppa can't sit down until the toys are taken off his seat.

Something catches Junior's eye (he has only one eye; a cat scratched the other one out), for he picks out a lurid-looking story book, sweeps all the toys into the aisle, kicks Poppa in the shins, and calls for an oral recitation. Poppa smiles and puts Junior on his lap; picking up the book (a latest selection from the Toddler's Mother Goose Book Club), he commences to intone the wonders of Farmer Brown's farm and all the strange creatures that inhabit it.

"—And Moo-Cow said to Bow-Wow, 'You nasty thing, you; you upset my milk pail, and now all that wonderful warm milk is lost. You know what Farmer Brown will say to you.' But Bow-Wow tossed his head and wagged his little tail. Fat cow, how now, Farmer Brown told me to upset that pail, for his lovely children, named Fanny, Manny, and Priscilla, don't like your milk; they like the nice warm whiskey that Farmer Brown makes' —"

The recitation is rudely interrupted by a surprised scream, the crash of a heavily falling human body, and a low moan. Junior's marbles have claimed another victim, this time the conductor. He has taken a bad spill, so bad that his leg has been broken and he has to be removed at the next stop. The accident draws sharp glances of disapproval from the rest of the passengers, leading Poppa to suggest that Junior postpone the reading for some other time and play with his new tractor instead, while Poppa picks up marbles.

Junior agrees and selects a big cast iron tractor (gross weight ten pounds). Ambling down the aisle, searching for a spot where he can roll the tractor back and forth unobstructed, he becomes conscious of the tingling sensation within him produced by the swaying of the train. A big smile smites his pudgy cretin's face. With a whoop and a holler, he breaks into a terrific gallop down the aisle, slams his sturdy body against the partition, whirls about, and then comes charging up the aisle to the other end of the coach. Back and forth he runs, stamping his little hob-nailed boots against the floor as hard as he can, screaming like a banshee at the top of his lungs, banging and kicking the partitions at the end of each trip. His calloused lungs emit screeches of savage joy; Junior is enjoying himself. Momma and Poppa smile helplessly.

There is not one person in the coach who is at present not engaged in fervent prayer that the little tyke will lose his balance in the swaying car and smash his angelic skull against a seat.

Junior is awake, though, to the people around him, and on one of his round trips he notices a portly old gentleman with walrus moustaches who makes a poor audience

(continued on page 24)

Bright the Beau Who Visits the New NEDREBO'S

The newest and most modern tailoring firm in the city — now at a new, convenient campus location.



They flatter because they fit!

Stop In and See the VARSITY DRAPE

Our own exclusive style—truly it's the sharpest thing in town. You'll like it—we promise.



Complete line of dress suit rental; all formal wear is brand new, and in the very latest styles.

NEDREBO

CUSTOM CLOTHING COMPANY

524 State

5-6690

5-6690

Welcome Back



You're always welcome back at the Cuba Club for top-quality food and beverages while you're in Madison.

CUBA CLUB

COMPLETE DINNERS

3416 University Ave. Fairchild 9701

CLOSED MONDAYS

CLIPPER CRAFT

FINE CLOTHES GET YOUR
BUDGET'S BLESSINGS

- LONG WEARING FABRICS
- SMART STYLING
- MASTERFUL TAILORING

\$40 and \$45

DAVIS and O'CONNELL

114 STATE ST.

THE BEDLAM LIMITED . . .

(continued from page 23)

by virtue of his being asleep. On succeeding trips Junior pauses a little longer at the man's side, eyeing him curiously. Finally he stops his clatter altogether and views the sleeping creature closely. What audacity to brazenly sleep when such a fine show is going on! This can't be; but it is. Witness the silky white moustaches rippling gently with each exhalation of sleep-heavy breath; witness the folded hands rising and falling with each voluminous displacement of the stomach. Junior is insulted. He reaches for his tractor.

Whammo! With one mighty swipe, Junior jabs his ten-pound cast iron tractor deep into the fatty folds of the old man's stomach. The old man awakens with a start; he doubles over in pain, screaming bloody murder.

Now bedlam breaks loose; the coach is no longer neutral. While the old man is led off for repairs, the angry travelers gather around the bewildered parents, shaking fists, muttering threats, and calling names. They finally succeed in getting the father to do something about his child.

For the remainder of the trip, Junior is locked up in the men's room. This pacifies the passengers, but it angers the various station managers along the route, for Junior cannot read, and thereby doesn't realize that it's bad taste to flush the toilet while the train is standing in a station.

I will end the tale here, but everyone knows that such tales do not end so simply on the train. No, they go on seemingly forever, leaving the passengers shot to pieces when the journey is over. Husbands traveling to meet their wives wind up in divorce courts shortly after arrival; vacations for homeward bound students are irretrievably ruined; traveling salesmen resign themselves to weeks of no sales.

Although the railroads put dogs in baggage cars, I should imagine that a canine would be more obedient and manageable in coaches than the children would. In fact, I'm sure that a few beef cattle bound for the stock yards would be better company in the coach than one energetic child. Is this a possible solution?

—BERNARD URY



Some essentials of political behavior

(Ed. Note: The views expressed in this article do not necessarily reflect the views of the magazine, the editor nor the author.)

Since the sorriest person on any college campus is that person who is politically naive, and since collegians are naturally a sorry lot, it seems advisable that some effort be directed towards the political orientation of the incoming freshman.

Now, almost by definition, the college freshman is bewilderingly stupid when it comes to matters political. Reared as he has been in that tradition which seeks to retard any real interest in matters of affairs, it is no wonder that the usual freshman is beset by most unusual notions about government and the role of the masses. In fact, he probably does not know what the masses are; most freshmen, if from religious homes, entertain the idea that masses refer to religious ceremonies and those from more secular environments think that masses represent physical phenomena. The masses are, of course, people. Huge gobs of them. But more of that later: this is sufficient to prove our contention that the freshman is ignorant of politics and therefore is, indeed, in a sorry condition.

Recognition of this fact is the biggest step that the academic recruit can take; without it, all is lost. But having recognized his deficiencies, he can begin to become aware of the Larger World about him. While we cannot promise immediately the Power and Prestige that come with Political Knowledge, we can assure that, ultimately, the freshman will be able to control and manipulate the masses. For the common good, the good of all; that is, the best interests of all concerned. The trick is to find out what the best interest is. After that, the matter of convincing the masses is only a small technical point that can easily be worked out later. Right now, we need not bother ourselves with such details. Of importance is to find what the "best interest" is.

Clearly, all people can be divided into the two general groups of those who know (what the best interest is) and those who don't know. It is equally clear, that nothing can be gained from asking those who don't know; for if they don't know, then they could never give intelligent answers to our questions—whether our questions be intelligent ones or not.

Now, those who know can also be divided into two groups: those who know they know and those who know but don't know that they know. Obviously, if a person doesn't know that he knows he can not volunteer any answers to questions, and in fact will by definition hold his own knowledge in doubt. This latter fact being so, therefore, it is senseless to ask him any questions of a political nature; for even if he could give you what you want to know neither he nor you would know that he had given you any real knowledge. There is no way to know that he knows.

This means that you must get your political information from those who know and know that they know. It is a simple matter to locate characters such as this. Merely ask a person if he knows and if he responds affirmatively, you got your man. Stick with him, and you'll

(continued on page 26)

*"Radio Is Our Business . . .
Not a Sideline"*

EVANS RADIO SERVICE

Radio and Television Sales
and Service

720 University Ave.

Dial 5-7322



From Any Angle

It pays to buy or rent from a specialist. You get quick service, immediate delivery, and a guarantee that holds.



COMPLETE LINE

- Portables
- Pocket Adding Machines
- Typing Stands
- School Supplies

Rebuilt
typewriters
• Standards
• Portables
• Pica or
Elite type

Terms to
suit your
budget.



Yes . . . we carry a complete line of all makes and models. Stop in today and compare the various makes.



Typewriter **STEMP'S** Company
528 State St. We Service What We Sell Phone 5-5754

ESSENTIALS OF POLITICAL BEHAVIOR . . .

(continued from page 25)

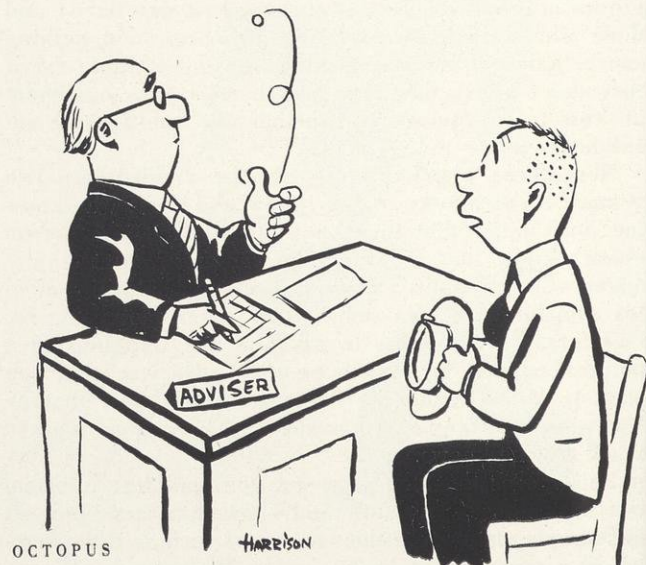
soon know—and know that you know. Then, later, someone will come up to you and ask you if you know, and knowing, you can say that you know and begin to spread knowledge all around the place. That is what makes the life of the politically alert student so marvelous; he can tell people what he knows, and since he knows what he knows and knows that he knows it, they respect him. They may not listen to him, but they do respect him. The fact that the politically alert student generally must speak to others who know should not weaken his desires. Those who don't listen don't know and don't know they don't know; they are of the masses.

Now, if you ask a person who knows things political, you will find that we must introduce new categories by which to classify people. Instead of two groups, we now have three: (a) the Stalinists, (b) the Trotskyites, and (c) the Fascists. The category which we have called "Those who know and know they know" coincides with the new categories (a) and (b). These two groups both agree that the third category, (c), coincides with everybody else. Unless you are a Stalinist or a Trotskyite you are a Fascist. You may not like this, but we are living in a real world, and that's the way things are. Of course, (a) claims that (b) is really a (c), and (b) claims that (a) is really a (c). This may seem a bit confusing; but the solution is not as difficult as it seems. Ask (a) and/or (b) if they know, and they will answer affirmatively; as we have seen, this proves that they know whereof¹ they speak.

All groups that are neither Stalinist nor Trotskyist, are Fascist. The ignorant Freshman may, in his ignorance, view their political machinery and conclude that they are democratic. We cannot overemphasize the word "machinery"; this should indicate the real nature of the Fascist organization. They may pretend to be democratic. But just because people can debate or even vote on issues should not prevent our recognizing their in-

* * * *

1. The word "whereof" is not a Russian word. It represents a joining of the two American words "where" and "of".



"Heads . . . but . . ."

HOLD the PHONE!

Planning a frat or dorm party?
... a big date? Well, whatever it
is, make sure you **ask for C.B.!**
It's rich in taste for you fellows
... and smooth and mellow for
the gals. Always get **C.B.!**



Centennial Brew

Fauerbach Brewing Co.

Madison

Dependable —

Since 1912

THREE STUDENT STORES

- University & Randall
- Park & University
- State & Lake

Rennebohm

Better Drug Stores

sidious and subversive character. Imagine leaving a country to the dictates of ignorant masses—of people who don't know—and expect to find a solution to our problems! It is the most ridiculous notion ever suggested. That shows how diabolically clever the Real Fascists are.

Through the use of political machinery, the real Fascists actually control the masses. They merely think that they are acting democratically, when actually they are merely doing what the bosses say. It has been charged that certain Stalinist and Trotskyite groups are undemocratic. Well let the critics answer this: who can afford to be democratic? The small militant groups who are acting for the public interest, fighting the stupidity of the masses and the cruelty of the Fascists? Or is it that the Fascists, since they comprise the majority, can afford to be democratic?

The answer is clear enough: what the Freshman thinks is democratic behavior is the result of the fact that the Fascist (i.e. non-Stalinist and non-Trotskyite) can afford to indulge in such behavior. But that also means that the majority groups are not really democratic; they have enough power so that they can *play* like they are democratic.

The implications of this fact are terrifying. It means that unless something is done to counteract the subversive activities of the majority, the masses will go on believing that they are being democratic merely because they can debate and vote. But they are basically Fascist. Just ask someone who knows—and knows that he knows.

Mr. Schmidt had trouble with his daughter. He sent her to an ultra-fashionable girls' school and enrolled her in an extra-special class in etiquette. When graduated, she plunged into society. One morning he found her crying hysterically. On the previous evening, it seems she had attended a dance, met a very handsome and charming young man, and gone for a ride in the park that had disastrous results. "So," cried papa, "who is this scoundrel, this wolf in sheep's clothing? Tell me his name."

When she shamefully admitted that she didn't even know his name, Schmidt's patience was at an end. "After all your lessons," he screamed, "you still not having the courtesy to ask, 'With whom am I having the pleasure?'"

* * *

A young matron, awaiting the stork, was whiling away an evening playing bridge. She was dealt a strong hand and bid a grand slam in no trump. However, before she could play a single card she was rushed to the maternity ward. When consciousness returned she looked at the doctor and asked, "Did I make it?"

"You did," said the doctor, "and you have two very fine boys."

"Well," she murmured contentedly closing her eyes. "I knew I was vulnerable, but I didn't hear anyone double me."

* * *

One of two drunks standing beside a lamp-post asked his companion, "Shay, you gotta match?"

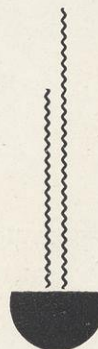
"I shink sho," said his companion. "Lemme shee." He reached in his pocket, withdrew a stick match and rubbed the unsulphured end on the lamppost several times. "No good," he said finally, and threw it away. He pulled out another and tried again to strike the unsulphured end. "No good," he said again, and threw it away. He reached into his pocket, found another match, and fortunately tried to light the proper end. It blazed up, but immediately he blew it out and thrust it back into his pocket. "Ah," he beamed, "thash a good one. Gotta save it."

EATING IS BELIEVING...

*it must be so because so many of Madison's
most discriminating hostesses DO believe ...*

IN THE WOODEN BOWL
IN ITS DELICIOUS FOOD
IN ITS ATTRACTIVE SETTING

The
Wooden
Bowl



2550 University Ave. Fairchild 5319

Now obtainable—Kathleen Curry's delicious
shortbread cookies.

THIS MAGAZINE

IS A PRODUCT
OF THE



Campus
Publishing Company

ATTRACTIVE PRINTING
at ATTRACTIVE PRICES

Always Union

823 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

Call 5-5759

Pyramid Motor Company

Cadillac
and
Oldsmobile
Dealer

SERVICE FOR ALL
MAKES OF CARS

434 W. Gilman St.
B. 200

Everything You NEED at Rengstorff Book Store

TEXT-BOOKS
USED and NEW

STUDENT SUPPLIES
STATIONERY
FOUNTAIN PENS

Recent Fiction, Fine Biographies, Books on Music, Art and Travel. The Best in Poetry. Books on Games, Sports and Hobbies, etc.

645 State

6-4156

THE GREEKS AND RUSHIN' . . .

SORORITIES

(continued from page 11)
flavor, she might have appreciated her good fortune by keeping mum. If the actives see you have the same interests at heart as they, you may be pledged. Especially if you contribute an extra fifth or so.)

After another hour passes, Susie and Pat decide that they really must leave.

ACTIVE: But you really must go . . . er . . . I mean, must you really go?

SUSIE: Yes, but I'll come back.

ACTIVE: Well, really I . . . ah . . . of course, do.

(This is a good policy for rushees to follow, stay at one house a long time. Let the actives know in that way how much you like their group. You can be certain of a return invitation.)

After making small talk with many Susies and Pats for six hours, the weary actives' task is not complete. Two or three more hours must be spent on "hash." Conversation:

RUSHING CHAIRMAN: (reading list) Mary Lassenschlagelschmidt.

ACTIVE: Too much hair on her legs.

RUSHING CHAIRMAN: General opinion.

ALL: No.

RUSHING CHAIRMAN: (reading list) Pat Iceledge.

ACTIVE: She didn't like our punch.

RUSHING CHAIRMAN: General opinion.

ALL: No.

RUSHING CHAIRMAN: Susan Szczerbinski.

ACTIVE: She says Hollywood has no guts.

RUSHING CHAIRMAN: General opinion.

ALL: No, we saw "Home of the Brave."

(After dinking and dunking many names, the chapter ended up with fifteen pledges, six pinnings, five weddings and baggy eyes, and Pat and Susie pledged the sorority next door.)

MORAL: Never count your sororities before they've hashed.

—AUDREY BLAND

The Gas Company in a college town inserted the following ad in the local paper:

"Wanted: Burly, beauty-proof man to read gas meters in the sorority houses. We haven't made a dollar in two years."

FRATERNITIES

Now prepare yourself for the 'big pitch.' After you're firmly trapped in the most comfortable chair in the room, the three maneuver to block all exits and, taking turns, they relate the illustrious history and chronicle the achievements of their particular eating club. You're told that it was founded in 1502 at Dartmouth by a band of Iriquois Indians, that it has some eighty chapters mostly located at little-known colleges in the southwest, and that their alumni includes such famous names as Sacco, Vanzetti and Eugene Debs.

At this point there are a number of conversation stoppers you might inject in the discussion. You might ask how much the mortgage amounts to, what the house's grade point average was last year or whether they have been on social pro. These are all sure-fire but if by this time you are considering joining the group they might be better left unsaid. But here, old man, I'll leave you to make your own decision.

—RICHARD BOURKE

They tell this one about the proverbial MacTavish:

It seems that he was giving directions for reaching his home to one of his best friends whom he had invited for dinner.

"It's 481 East 19th Street. Ye press the button with yer elbow, ye go inside and ye'll see my name on the mailbox—then ye press the button with yer elbow.

When you reach ma door ye then press that button with yer elbow and . . ."

"Buttons with my elbow?" queried the friend.

"For the love of Mike," said Scotty, "you're not coming up empty-handed are ye?"

* * *

A man in the back of the church was seen by the pastor to bow his head slightly whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. After the service was over, the minister hurried out to speak to the man, and asked him why he did this.

"Well," said the fellow, "politeness never hurt anyone—and you never know!"

* * *

Late to bed
And early to rise
Keeps your roommate
From wearing your ties.



OCTOPUS

Harrison

"And on our left we have majestic Bascom Hall . . ."

If a lady says "No" she means "Maybe"; if she says "Maybe" she means "Yes"; and if she says "Yes" she's no lady.

* * *

In the old days, when a fellow told a girl a naughty story, she blushed at it.

Nowadays she memorizes it.

* * *

A shoulder strap is responsible for keeping an attraction from being a sensation.

PUP

Jimmy was assigned by his teacher to write a composition about his origin. He questioned his mother:

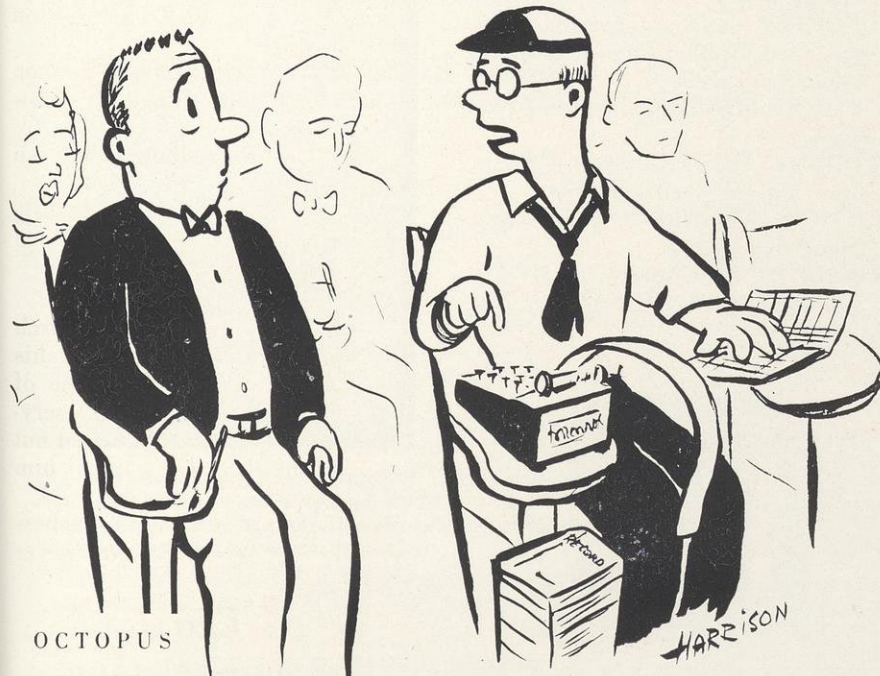
"Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me, and you, too, dear."

So, the small modern wrote as the introduction to his composition: "There have been no natural births in our family for three generations."



OCTOPUS

HARRISON

"Oh, I'm just auditing this course."

FLAVOR

AT



ITS

First and Lasting

The dependable and consistently high quality and fine flavor of Beech-Nut Gum are the reasons for its nation-wide popularity

It's "Always Refreshing"

FINEST

The Manor

Table for two . . .



Just the two of you—relaxing amid our fine atmosphere . . . relishing every bite of our delicious table d'hôte dinners. Dine here often. It's the perfect spot for atmosphere and fine food.

The Manor

1 Langdon

6-2332



TYPEWRITERS

*Rented - Repaired - Sold
Exchanged*

**SPECIAL STUDENT RENTAL
RATES**

SEE! — The new ROYAL PORTABLE with "Magic Margin"—Speed Spacer—and many other exclusive features.

We sell and service all makes
of pens.

**Madison
Typewriter Co.**

639 State

6-4352

Campus Glossary

ADVISER—a man with good intentions and bad advice.

THE CABIN—Black Hole of Calcutta with a pinball machine.

CUTTING—AWOL (Absent, while out loafing.)

DEAN—a teacher who doesn't.

DEGREE—a certificate of attendance and good deportment.

DORMITORY—a barracks of higher learning.

EXAMINATION—a chance for the student to tell everything he doesn't know.

FIELD HOUSE—Muscle Beach, with a roof.

FRATERNITY—a group of young men joined together to pay off a mortgage.

GRADUATE ASSISTANT—a fellow who knows nothing more about the course he teaches, except what he read the night before to keep ahead of his quiz section.

HOUSEMOTHER — MRS. District Attorney.

IVY—Poison for the Big Nine.

LAB SECTION—a two-hour period during which one puts into practice what he didn't learn in lecture.

LANGDON STREET — Greek tenement district.

NECKING—a Comedy of Eros.

OPEN HOUSE—Wax Museum, with punch.

PREREQUISITE—a course you haven't got.

ROOMING HOUSE—Ellis Island for frat pledges.

SORORITY—a group of young women joined together to pool formals, nylons, and dates.

STUDENT BOARD—League of Nations.

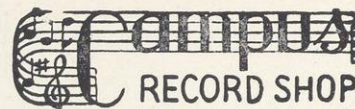
STUDENT DIRECTORY — University's annual Christmas book.

TUITION — Wisconsin legislature's pound of flesh.

THE UNION—"Grand Central Station, Crossroads of a Million Activities."



"Wisconsin! Ha! I flunked out of Yale."



649 STATE

GIFFORD 2440

ALL TYPES OF RECORDS

Complete Line of
Columbia, Decca, Capital,
Victor & Others

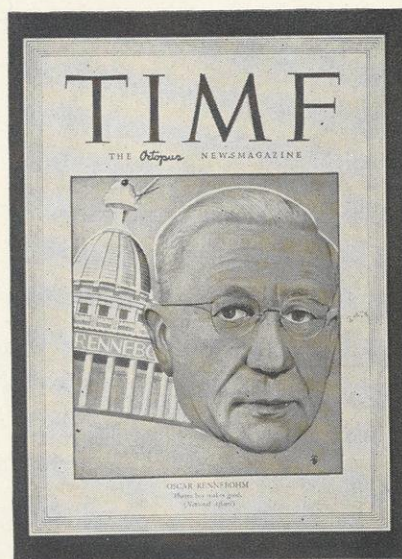
GUARANTEED RADIO SERVICE

ACCESSORIES

- Needles
- Storage Albums
- Indexes
- Sharpeners, etc.

OPEN EVERY EVENING
UNTIL 9

Octy gave you the TIME
of your life last year



There's no tellin' what he's got cooking for this session. Why not "get in the act" with a year's subscription and guarantee yourself at least one bright spot a month this year?

*The
Wisconsin Octopus*

Why Did the Chicken Cross the Road, and Other Popular Tales

A nurse in a mental hospital noticed a patient with his ear close to the wall, listening intently. The patient held up a finger as a warning to be quiet. Then he beckoned the nurse over and said, "Listen here."

The nurse listened for some time and then said, "I can't hear anything."

"No," said the patient, "and it's been like that all day."

* * *

The drunk tiptoed up the stairs, shoes in hand. He patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climbed into bed, smiling at the thought he'd put one over on the wife.

Came the dawn. The ex-drunk opened his eyes and there stood his wife glaring at him.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?"

"You were drunk last night."

"Why darling, I was nothing of the sort."

"Well, if you weren't, who put the adhesive tape all over the bathroom mirror?"

* * *

A man never gets so old that he isn't in there pinching.

* * *

"Do you know what good clean fun is?"

"No, what good is it?"

* * *

Mother (entering room): "Well, I never!"

Daughter: "But, mother, you must have."

QUESTIONS

- A** Thirteen pieces here cleverly set,
The letters they form mean the best cigarette.
- B** Three on the left and one on the right,
Two answers are white, and both are right.
- C** It's in the name, it's in the frame;
And in the frame we grow the name.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS
IN NEXT ISSUE



FLOWERS

to Dream
About

We are ready to serve your
every floral need

BEAUTIFUL GIFTS
and
NOVELTIES

Cards For All Occasions

at

LOU WAGNER'S

Flower & Gift Shop

1313 University Ave.

Gifford 5072

OPPOSITE HOSPITAL

NEWLY REMODELED

To give you better service
for all your class needs

NEW & USED TEXT BOOKS
SUPPLIES
ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT

Smith-Corona
Portable
Typewriters

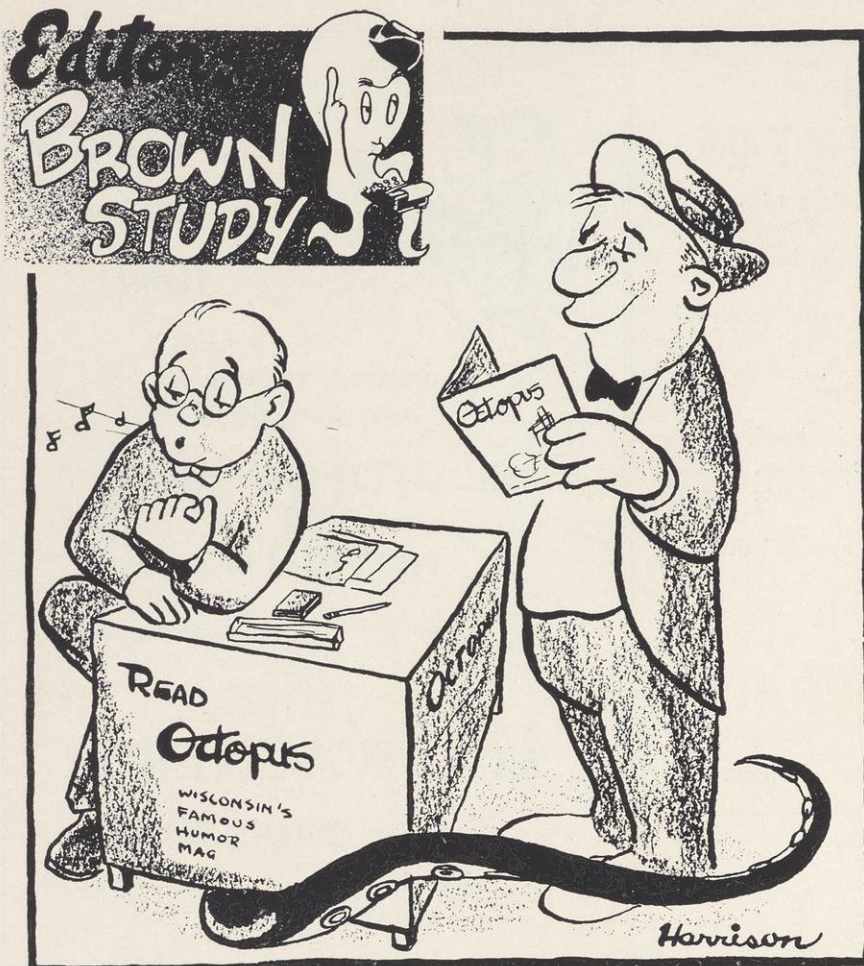


Pens &
Pencils
Stationery
Pennants

Student Book Store

712 State St.

BOOKSTORE NEAREST THE CAMPUS



Creaking softly, the door of our Brown Study swung open and we staggered forward under a load of luggage and suntan.

"Welcome back," smiled the Octopus behind our desk.

"Octy, you old son-of-a-gun! How ya been?" We busied ourselves shaking hands with each of his eight tentacles.

"Oh, it's been a pleasant summer—a pleasant summer."

"It must have been—ya don't look a day older."

"I am though," the Octy rumbled, a trace of sadness in his voice. "Do you realize I'm now starting my thirtieth year?"

"Has it been that long?"

"Yep. They were good years though," the old squid mused, brushing a tear with his fifth tentacle.

"You're more popular now than ever, Octy. Last year was a real success."

"Yes. Ed Clark was good to me."

"You've had lots of good stuffs, Octy. You introduced a lot of writers and cartoonists to the world—and many later received national fame."

The melancholy Octy was deep in his reveries but we wrenched him back with, "But what's for next year, old friend? What holds the future?"

Another take-off? More cartoons . . ."

"Wait a minute," the squid laughed. "Yes, I think we'll have another take-off. We'll try to outdo last year's TIME."

"Good stuff! Good stuff!" we cried excitedly.

"Yep. We'll have to try another. And I think we ought to keep the Dream Girls, don't you?"

"Yeah-huh, he-yeah-huh," we gurgled incoherently.

"Two of our Dream Girl photos made the *Chicago Trib's* 'Big Nine Beauties' last summer, you know."

"Hey, that's all right. I saw the 'house' we got in the *Ladies' Home Journal* when they reprinted one of our cartoons with their article on college humorists. But how about more sex, heh, how about, huh, how about?"

Octy looked thoughtfully at the letters on our desk.

"I've just been reading our fan mail," he smiled. "One wants more sex—the other thinks we're over-sexed already. It's been like that for thirty years now. We'll never satisfy them all."

"Well, you're not going to cut it all out are you? Gee, sex is what college kids always talk about. It really attracts the laughs—it doesn't even have to be funny."

"That's just the trouble," mused Octy. "You don't have to use thought or wit, things your writers will need if they're ever going to write for a living. Actually, you just lower the quality of your magazine and encourage your writers to do second-rate stuff. There are a lot of funny aspects to sex that we'll cover but sex for the sake of sex has no place. Clark proved last year that a magazine doesn't have to be low to be successful. We'll follow that pattern again this year."

"You're right, old Octy, as usual. But what else do you see in the year ahead. How about some predictions?"

"Well, let's see . . . I predict that:

"Everyone will not be happy with Ivy's coaching. As one old staffer put it, 'Here at Wisconsin we have a tradition. Either the team wins and the students are fired with enthusiasm, or the team loses and the coach . . .'

"The Cardinal will average two crusades a month.

"Rathskeller coffee will no longer be always hot and always bitter. We now only guarantee the latter.

"Lincoln will not stand up for a co-ed—freshman or no.

"Student board's anti-discrimination committee will still be against discrimination.

"Circulation of the *Daily Worker* will jump until freshmen find they don't HAVE to buy them.

"Campus politics will remain on its usual juvenile level with candidates making pies out of their mud before slinging it.

"Joe Hammersley, the poor man's Rip Kirby, will continue to make arson arrests in Bascom.

"Lucky Strike green will not come back from war.

"Wild Bill will prepare another revision of 'Economic Principles' to convert the present buyers' market into a sellers' market.

"Democratic Assemblyman Tom Taylor will leave for Ruskin college, Oxford, where he has been awarded a scholarship. His transportation will be paid by tips earned at the Blue Moon.

"Advisers will never change.

"The university won't have another centennial celebration for a while.

"Gordon Klopff will be next student board president.

"This year's will be a 'bigger, better and all-campus prom!'

"The football team will stop using the 'T.' The basketball team will quit zone defense. But 'T-zone' or 'no-zone,' most students will still be seeing the games from the 'end-zone.'"

FREE

WITH EACH ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO

The Daily Cardinal

— *Complete Campus Coverage* —

RANDY HARRISON'S RIOTOUS CARTOON BOOK
OF

"BASCOM BILL"

*Campus Comic whose antics have delighted you in past issues of the
Cardinal and Octy*

Per
Year
\$5.00



Per
Semester
\$3.00

ORDER YOUR CARDINAL NOW

AT FOUR CAMPUS LOCATIONS

DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR BEFORE BREAKFAST 5 DAYS
PER WEEK

"For a much Milder
smoke - I like Chesterfield
It's MY cigarette"

Alexis Smith

Co-starring in
"MONTANA"
A Warner Bros. Production



PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS
SMOKE CHESTERFIELD

"Chesterfield buys the best mild, mellow tobacco that I can grow. I like Chesterfield the best of them all. It always leaves a clean, fresh taste in my mouth."

L. E. Turnage

FARMVILLE, N. C.



Always Buy **CHESTERFIELD**
...the Best Cigarette for YOU to smoke