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WISCONSIN Octopus

29#2
nov 50



JEE ORIGIN OF FOOTBALL

"ROUNDY" PARODY

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Football Issue

Twenty-Five Cents



MODESS *because . . .*

... FILCHED ...

"It's my duty to warn you that everything you say will be held against you."

"Jane Russell, Jane Russell, Jane Russell."

* * *

"Are you the girl who took my order?" asked the impatient gentleman in the cafe.

"Yes, sir," replied the waitress politely.

"I can't understand," he remarked, "you don't look a day older."

* * *

A hillbilly built a house for his bride in which he fashioned windows but no doors. "Where are the doors?" asked the nervous bride.

He drew up to his full height and replied, "Doors? You going some place?"

* * *

Nurse: "I think that college boy in 312 is regaining consciousness."

Doctor: "Did he try to blow the foam off his medicine again?"

* * *

"Did you get home all right after the beer party last night?"

"Fine thanks, except that just as I was turning the corner by the Deke house, someone stepped on my fingers."

* * *

Woman resident in China to her houseboy: "You should knock before bringing my linen into the bedroom."

Houseboy: "That's all right, Missey. Every time I come, lookee through keyhole. Nothing on, no come in."



"That's it . . . rain, dammit, rain!"

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Outside the Huddle

by Dick Snow



Everybody
Swing!

Swing to Beech-Nut...
Beech-Nut Gum!

Swing on down
and getcha some!

Swing to the taste
that lasts so long!

Swing to Beech-Nut...
come along!

Y' can't beat Beech-Nut Gum
for quality 'n' refreshment!
Swing to Beech-Nut...
Beech-Nut Gum!



Every football team has its characters and Wisconsin is no exception to the rule. In fact, it seems we have more funlovers on our team than anywhere in the Big Ten.

One of the most flagrant violators of that little thing called sanity is Patrick O'Donahue, as fighting an Irishman as you'll find outside of South Bend, Indiana. Pat, a junior, graduated from St. Pat's of Eau Claire.

Far from being a saint, Pat's always looking for new ideas with which to fracture his teammates. Last year, before the Minnesota game, Pat showed up for practice wearing a stocking cap, muffs and furlined gloves. And he went through the whole practice just like that.

His favorite pastime is kidding Gene Felker, another end. "Butch" or "Twinkletoes", as he is variously known as, isn't adverse to horseplay either and has performed creditably at times, much to Pat's consternation.

Whether all ends are crazy or not is still debatable, but another end,

Tilden Meyers, Geneva, Illinois, takes a beating from his kidders. "Tilly" is from the Ag campus, which no doubt is the inspirational background for such things as mooing when he misses a pass or telling him "move it or milk it!" When Tilly gets the manure out of his cleats he's a pretty fast man, but his way of running looks like two bowling pins flapping in the breeze.

But Tilly isn't the only one on the team who runs oddly. Two hundred and seventy pound Charley Berndt looks like he's bending over backwards as he chases punts down the field. Pardon, but did we say chases; we meant battleships his way down the field. His way of running only emphasizes Charley's excess baggage around the middle. Popcorn turns the trick for you skinny dames who want to know how to fatten up for your mate.

Besides Charley, another tackle, Bill Albright is eccentric in his ways. Albright is the perennial my-pants-are-falling-down - so-I-wiggle-my-hips



"I don't know about you boys, but I never have to write home for money."

type of runner. Bill is also a great fisherman and delights in telling his scrimmage partners all about the muskies that got away.

But that's not as bad as Johnny Drews going around telling all the boys what a great player he is because he's making such a comeback after he was injured badly last year. At least, once a day, "Whatta crock, Drews!" echoes forth in the dressing room. Drews also likes to think he's an All-American end which might just prove that all ends are crazy.

Johnny's buddy, John Simcic says that the best thing he ever did in his life was to get married. He says that it settled him down. But for that matter so does bicarbonate of soda.

But Simcic isn't the only unhappy man on the squad. Bob Petruska, Ken Sachtjen, Bob Radcliffe, Ed Withers, Drews, Bob Leu, Bill Jenike, Bill Gable and Johnny Klement are also married.

One of the most eligible youngsters on the team is "Kentucky Colonel" Archie Roy Burks. That li'l ol' boy is the cutest thing, girls. When he's all dressed up in his box-back coat and his button shoes and his shoestring tie, all he needs is a mint julep in his hand. But — training rules, don'tcha know.

"Tell me, how did you get Junior to eat olives?"

"That's simple. I started him on martinis."

—Voo Doo

* * *

Having imbibed too freely at a hotel dance a pretty young thing in Texas ran outdoors, fainted and fell over a trash barrel.

A young man saw her, picked her up and carried her up to his room. The next morning he wired his partner in New York. "Close office. Sell everything. Come to Texas. They throw away better stuff here than you can buy in New York."

* * *

"They must have a girl's ball team in the harem."

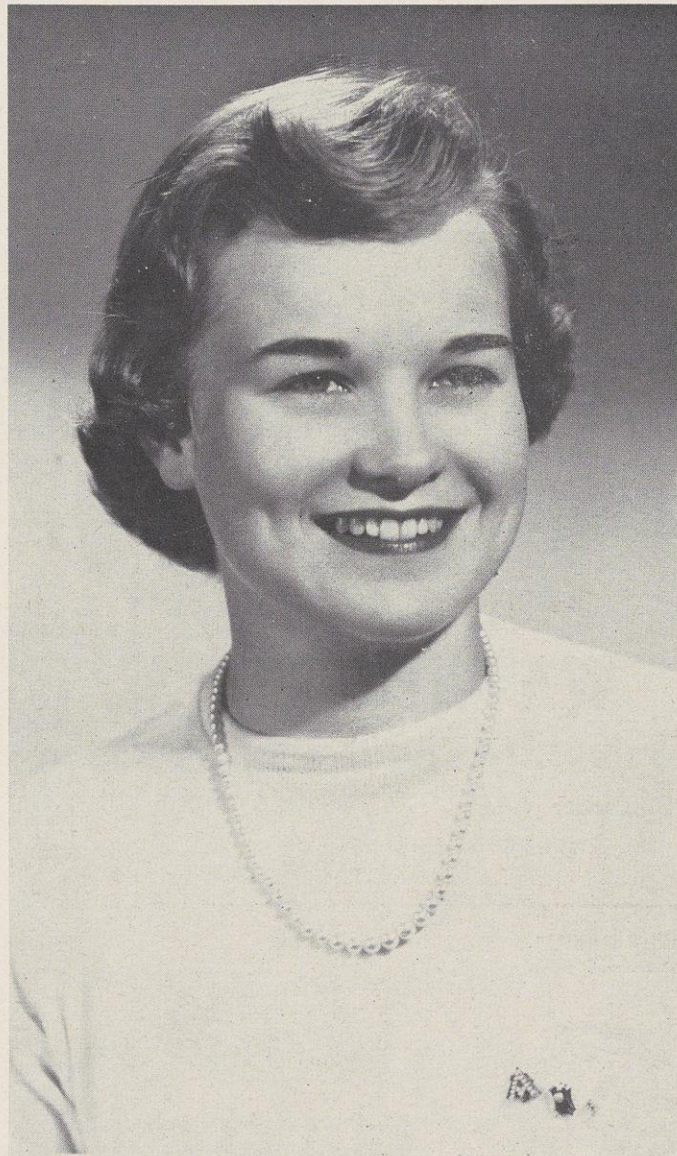
"What makes you think so?"

"I just heard one of the girls ask the Sultan if she was in tomorrow's line-up."

* * *

The conductor of an overnight train saw a red lantern hanging out of a berth, and asked the porter the reason.

"Well, suh," said the porter, "rule 36 in mah rule book says 'Hang out a red lantern when the rear of a sleeper is exposed'."



Chosen by the Octy Staff

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MISS AUDREY ZILLISH

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906 REGENT



KARL MEYER

Karl Meyer is definitely not new as a literary figure on the campus, but seeing how well he handles our Campus Chronicle, and is always appearing with short-of-sensational ideas, we thought a few choice words on his summer experiences might be well received.

This summer Karl and Herb Haessler covered Europe for the foreign travel students, and Karl sweats blood when he reminisces over the 280 pounds of flashbulbs he lugged as Herbie's pack horse. Karl also served as press agent for a ship which never sailed, and on the continent the two went broke four times, practically selling their scivvies for cold gruel and potatoes. After an eventful summer ashore they headed home and were promptly hit by a hurricane at sea.

To this hectic summer and a busy past year as *Cardinal* editor, Karl has now added 12 more ulcers to his growing stockpile, by taking over the head seat at the *Athenaeum* offices.

DICK SNOW

Dick Snow is also no new name to university readers. He is sports editor of the *Cardinal*, and treasurer of the Journalism society, Sigma Delta Chi. Dick hails from Milwaukee where he attended the extension a year, and earlier served as head waterboy at Milwaukee East for 4 years. He modestly claims his only knock at recognition's door was the taping of Chuck Ortmann's ankles.

Dick figures his literary background is not very literary, since his past vocations included steel working, being a baker's helper, street sweeper, fur-processor, and a washer of sweaty gymnast's bodies.

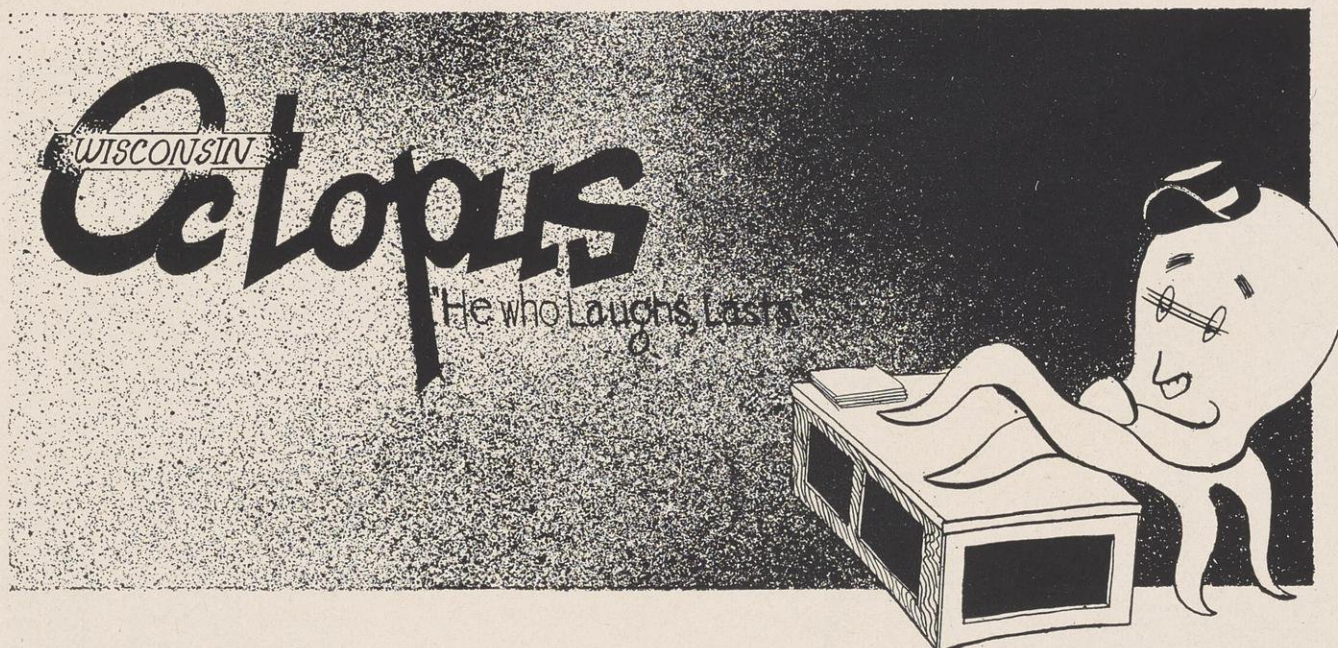
MALCOLM MENDELSON

Mal Mendelson has at long last been trapped into putting some of his mad witty gems on copy paper, and so deserves a bit of recognition. He is a senior from Milwaukee who edited the men's halls *Spectator*, and is a *Badger* columnist. He recently pledged Alpha Epsilon Pi, and is a old guard member of the Little Men's Marching and Chow-down Sunday Supper Society. He is planning on spending his senior year living a mad, rakish life, before being institutionalized. Good Hunting, Mal.

BOB SWANSON

The day before Octy appears on the stands, Bob Swanson of the popular WISC disc show and program director of the station, interviews our forthcoming Dream Girl. Bob has interviewed truckloads of campus celebrities, and, in fact, celebrities from all over the country. Sally Rand, on Bob's show, intimately told of her learning her dance routines from the barefooted Arkansans. She's been going barefoot from head to toe ever since, she modestly explained.

Bob graduated last June, in of all things, Economic Geography, and is a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon.



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NOVEMBER, 1950

Number 2

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Contents**Page**

WOMEN AND FOOTBALL	8
The feminine slant, by one of the gender, Laurie Lake.	
OUTSIDE THE HUDDLE	2
Dick Snow's anecdotes on our squad.	
OCTY'S FUTURE FOOTBALL FORECAST	9
Don White pessimistically foretells the mechanization of the pigskin pushers.	
"MOUNDY SAYS"	11
A parody of the Madison columnist by an equally interesting sports writer, Dick Snow.	
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST	12
Center spread by the renowned artist and raconteur, Inertia Smith.	
ORIGIN OF FOOTBALL	14
G. A. Ronsholdt puts his finger on the historical background of our present-day fall sport.	
AN IMAGINATIVE HISTORY OF WISCONSIN	15
A fast and furious narration of intimate heretofore-unknown campus facts.	
BARLOWTH	16
The celebrated Florida Williams tragedy, liberally condensed.	
FOOTBALL BRIEFS	19
Penned musings on the lethal campus sport.	
JUST FOR KIDS	20
The straight dope on how the kiddies should spend their time, on and off campus, by George Ronsholdt.	

DEPARTMENTS

Cover	Arnie Balk & Bob Burkert
Whom to Blame	4
Campus Chronicle	7
Two Men on a Truck	8
Henry Wiggins	17
Dream Girl	18
Our Readers' Penned-Up Feelings	22
Editor's Brown Study	24

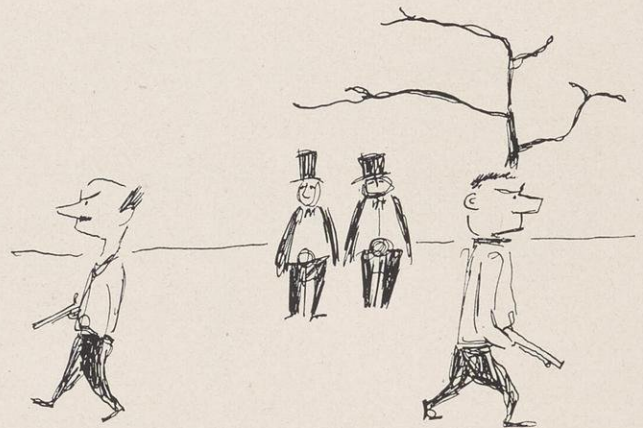
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VOLUME XXIX

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INERTIA SMITH

The current story is of a hunter, back from a bear hunting trip, who reported that while he was in the woods he heard a sound behind him, wheeled, and was petrified at seeing a huge bear. "The bear stood on his hind legs, put his paws around me and began to wrestle me," the hunter said. "I fought him the best I could, but he beat me and finally took my shotgun away from me."

"Did he shoot you with the shotgun?" someone asked.
"No, he made me marry his daughter."

* * *

John stopped the car, turned off the keys and moved toward his date as a boa approaches a desired feast.

She: You aren't pulling that "out of gas" routine are you.

John: No, this is the "here after" routine.

She: What's that.

John: If you aren't here after what I'm here after you'll be here after I'm gone.

* * *

Girls who give up all their time
To write a stuffy thesis
May have to give up love and joy
And be content with nieces.

* * *

At last Joe hit the jack pot—he bet on three horses and they all came in. Bubbling over with enthusiasm, he rushed home, flung a large wad of bills on the table in front of his wife and exclaimed: "Now, dear, at least you'll be able to buy some decent clothes."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," she replied, "I'll get the same kind the other women are wearing."

A rich asbestos manufacturer built a fine house just across the street from the minister of the local church. The manufacturer and his family then proceeded to enjoy themselves in what seemed to the minister to be a very worldly fashion and not once did he see them in church on Sunday.

But the minister was never known to speak ill off anyone. He only said to his wife:

"Dear me, they must have great faith in their asbestos."

* * *

Magician (sawing a woman in half): "Now, ladies and gentleman, after the young lady is severed, her brains will be given to a medical college, and the rest will be thrown to the dogs."

Gallery: "Woof-woof! Woof-woof!"

* * *

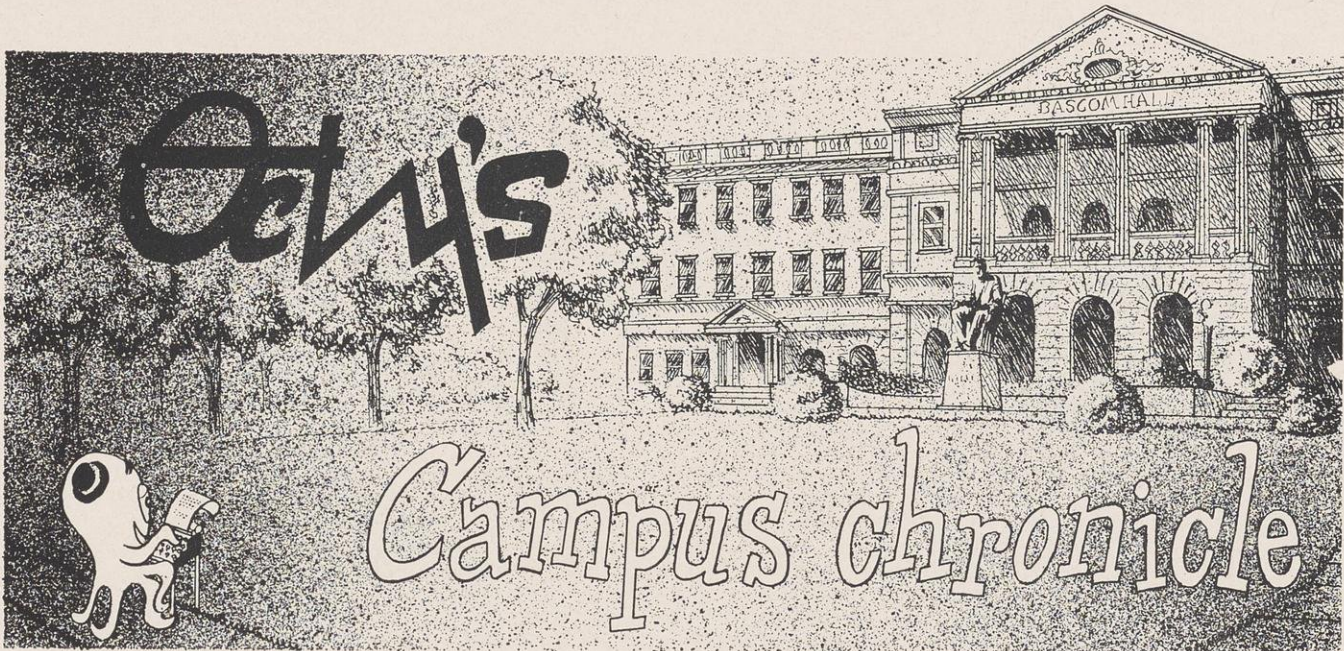
"This is the skull of a man who was shipwrecked for two years on a desert island with two chorus girls."

"How did he die?"

....JOKES....

A woman got in a cab and told the driver, "Quick! Get me to a fraternity ward!" The driver said, "Don't you mean maternity ward?" She said, "Oh, yes. Well, hurry up! I've got to see an upturn!" He said, "Upturn? Don't you mean intern?" She said, "Fraternity, maternity, upturn, intern, just get me there quick—I think I'm stagnant."

Showme



It's Not Strip Poker

Overheard from a student fumbling with the stack of ever-multiplying IBM cards during registration:

"What are these guys running, a university or a canasta tournament?"

A Matter of Course

Memo: To the Committee in Charge of Eliminating Clinches in Course Titles.

Gentlemen: We are concerned about laxness on your part in suppressing odious clinches in the time table. This fall, for instance, we found the following titles:

- Radio and Society
- Law and Society
- The Press and Society
- The School and Society
- Early man and his Society

This dangerous trend may supersede the already infectious "introduction to" or "survey of" routines. This is a heavy burden placed upon society by our university. Shape up.

Regards, Octy.

A Coroner On the Market

We were happy to read that Joe Bloodgood, former Wisconsin Player and bumptious man about campus, has won the Democratic nomination for the office of Dane County coroner. But we hope that Joe doesn't have the same experience as his predecessor. It goes like this:

It was in 1948, when the Democrats were believed to have about as much chance as the Prohibitionist

Party would have in Chicago's South Side. But, in Dane County, a full slate was filled out, including an aging candidate for coroner.

The whole ticket was swept in (with one minor exception).

So it was that the candidate for coroner, astonished by his victory, hobbled down to party headquarters and roared:

"I only agreed to run because Carl Thompson said that I didn't have a chance."

He resigned, returning to his preferred anonymity.

Anyway, Joe, good luck. We hope the death rate declines, too.

Pew and Phew!

Summer has not withered nor a suntan staled the variety of bangles which our local rag tucks in its pages. To get off to a fresh start, the Daily Cardinal reported that Political Emphasis week (PEW to you) would be held Oct. 2-7.

Furthermore, the reporter (presumably a bubbling freshman) informed us that last year the speakers at PEW included "Vernon Thompson, Democratic candidate for governor . . ."

The truth is:

His name is Thomson (no "p").

He is a Republican.

He is running for attorney general.

The reaction in high circles was swift. The Chairman of PEW announced the next day that PEW would be "postponed until later in October."

The reason? Difficulty in obtaining a speaker, a Republican, it was said.

Cannibalism and The Co-ed

Among certain savage and cannibal tribes, we are assured by anthropologists, it is customary to parade all the virgins before the tribe at an appointed time of the year. The aim is to facilitate marriage.

This custom has made inroads on Langdon St. under the guise of an open house, the co-ed uses punch instead of tom-toms and mascara instead of nose-rings. The principle is the same.

With the attitude of an anthropologist, we ventured nervously from our office to investigate goings-on at these wierd tribal ordeals. Our findings about the habits of male visitors are:

Freshman spill punch on themselves

Sophomores say it's "all a bore," but eat liver sandwiches ravenously.

Juniors act like "O-H" veterans. pinch the girls and wink at the house-mother.

Seniors go to the movies.

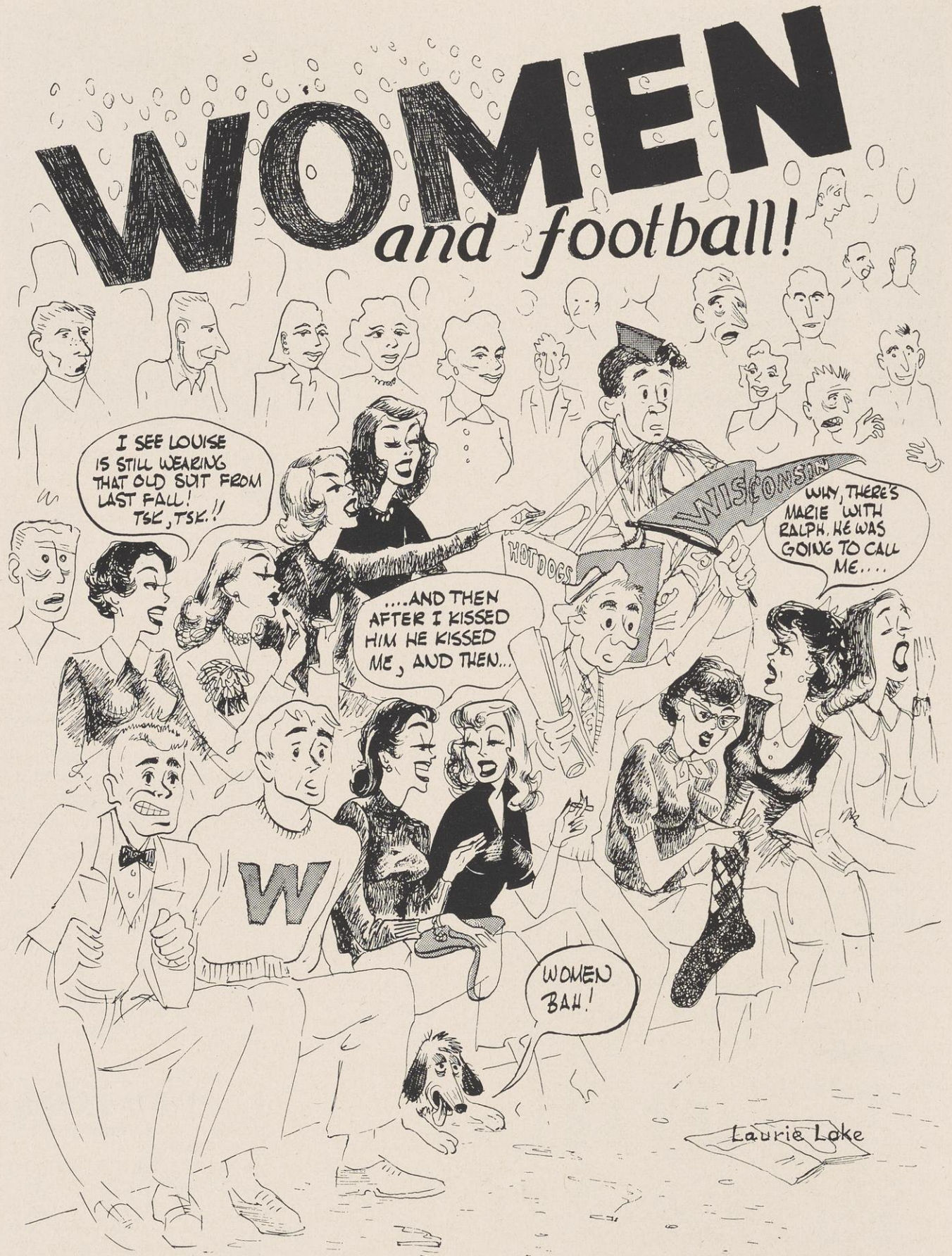
Which leads us to think that maybe education is a civilizing influence. Maybe.

Snow, You're Fooling

Headlines on the sport page of the Sept. 19 Cardinal:

BADGERS SPIRIT MISSING IN YESTERDAY'S DRILL (written by Dick Snow)

Same page, same day, same author in the Sno' Foolin' column we found this: . . . "You know how terrific the spirit was last year, well this year it's even better . . ."



Octy's

FOOTBALL FORECAST

by Don White

What would happen if a modern football team with its fancy split T's, double platoon squads, and toe men were to meet the ancient flying wedgers of the Gentleman Jim Thorpe era? Would the modern football Dapper Dans dazzle the ancient muscle men, or would brawn and 60 yard field goals prove superior to brain.

Better yet what would happen if a modern power house were to meet a team 100 years in the future? The future teams would win with ease—with their one half ton linemen.

One half ton linemen! "Now, wait a minute!" Our modern physiology students gasp. But if we consider the development of football from 1950 onward we'll see man's rapid development through scientific study.

THE AGE OF THE SPECIALIST

Like the assembly line, one man, one job, nothing else.

Nov. '50. Barney Pantelocowski, Notre Dame QB, refused to block on an end run. Claimed his contract said he only had to throw long high passes.

Sept. '51. University of Michigan had to raise the price of admission. Needed more money to support new team using five platoon system.

Oct. '51 Barney Pantelocowski, Notre Dame QB, refused to remain in the game if he wasn't scheduled to throw a long pass. Waste of time, he declared, for he'd rather be on the bench watching the game and catching up on his homework.

Aug. '53 All professional football players formed labor unions and hitched up with the AFL. Samples: ULB—United Line Backers
BPR—Brotherhood of Pass Receivers

AGW—American Guild of Waterboys.

Sept. '55 Many small colleges ran out of men for their six platoon football teams. Had to draft Phy Ed co-eds.

Sept. '55 Sportswriters mystified. "Why have so many big time football stars suddenly transferred to small colleges?"

Oct. '56 Michigan State's entire stadium filled up by students and people sporting free passes from varsity players. No room for cash customers. Free passes for players restricted to their parents or fraternity brothers.

Sept. '57 Ripon & Beloit merged football teams. Not enough men and women enrolled in either school to form all the specialized tasks. Other small colleges soon followed suit.

Nov. '57 Poll revealed high school games draw larger crowds than colleges because of ever-popular all-around athletes.

Feb. '58 N. F. R. C. (National Football Rules Committee) declared that all Varsity teams must be cut down to a mere 500 players by the first game. This move is designed to bring back the all-around athlete whom the paying fans love so well.

Feb. '59 Despite attempts to revive the all-around boys, the specialized offense proved so powerful the N. F. R. C. had to revise rules again. First down now requires thirty yards in four tries.

Sept. '59 UCLA coach used defensive platoons. Scouts recognized different offensive squads just as they learned different plays in the 1940's. When the opponents long

pass platoon entered, the long pass defensive platoon was sent in. Same for off-tackle platoon, etc.

Oct. '59 All other teams did the same.

Nov. '59 Not one point was scored all month because of the defensive platoons.

Feb. '60 N. F. R. C. rescinds earlier (1959) ruling about first downs. Back to four tries at ten yards.

THE AGE OF TECHNICIANS

When a man becomes over specialized, he is a human machine; so why not let a machine take his place.

Sept. '61 Engineering school at Purdue devised a radio controlled football. N. F. R. C. wasn't in session, so they couldn't rule it illegal.

Oct. Nov. '61 Purdue loses first game of season at Wisconsin's Homecoming. Radio Controlled football didn't work because Badgers clogged the ether with static from 10,000 electric razors.

Nov. '61 South Carolina's 400 pound fullback split head open when over-shooting end zone on usual touch-down romp. Wire and Gears splattered out instead of brains. It was a robot.

Feb. '62 N. F. R. C. said because of player shortage due to multiple platoon systems, it was legal to use robots and other mechanical aids as long as they were invented and manufactured within the school.

Oct. '62 M. I. T. becomes nation's greatest team.

Nov. '62 Notre Dame beaten by Wisconsin's engineering school.

Sept. '68 With 1,000 pound metal monsters lumbering around the field, athletes found it much safer on sidelines. They found the game much more enjoyable there.

Oct. '72 Football again becomes popular. People cheer favorite robots like they did hero's of old.

Sept. '76 Michigan introduces two platoon Robot system.



"... and, before I knew it, the six week's arrived ..."

There was a young lady named
Banker
Who slept while the ship was at
anchor,
She woke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist the topsheet and spank-
er"

—Wampus

* * *

First drunk: "Shay, do you know
what time it is?"

Second drunk: "Yeah."

First drunk: "Thanks."

* * *

Pat was determined to pass his favorite tavern on the way home. As he approached it, he became somewhat shaky, but after plucking up courage, he passed it. Then, after going about fifty yards, he turned, saying to himself, "Well done, Pat me bye. Come back and I'll treat ye."

—Mis-A-Sip.

* * *

Al: "Hey, where are you going in
such a hurry?"

Moose: "I just bought a textbook
at the bookstore, and I'm trying to
get to class before the next edition
comes out."



"Cut it, Herbie, that almost sounded like music."

"It's not just the work I enjoy,"
said the taxicab driver. "It's the people
I run into."

* * *

Patron: "And what do you do
when a customer forgets his
change?"

Cashier: "I always rap on the win-
dow with a dollar bill."

Orphan: I don't know who I am.
I was left on a doorstep.

Brain: Maybe you're a bottle of
milk.

* * *

Removing his shoes, he climbed
the stairs, opened the door of the
room, entered, and closed it after
him without being detected. Just as
he was about to get into bed, his wife
aroused from slumber, and sleepily
said, "Is that you, Fido?"

The husband, relating the rest of
the story, said, "For once in my life
I had real presence of mind. I licked
her hand."

* * *

Alice: "What's your father's occu-
pation, Bill?"

Bill: "My father's a cop, but I'm
no flop."

Alice: "Well, my father's a baker,
but I'm no Quaker."

Fred: "Huh! My father's a chauff-
eur, but I'm no loafer."

Helen: "Er, ah, my father's a
surgeon."

* * *

Little Penrod was walking along
the street with little Joan, age four.
As they were about to cross the street,
Penrod remembered his mother's
teaching.

"Let me hold your hand," he offered
valiantly.

"Okay," agreed Joan. "But I want
you to know you're playing with
fire."

* * *

Drunk, phoning to his wife:
"Thash you dear? Tell the maid I
won't be home tonight."

Short Chortles

A young minister was reading announcements at the Sunday service.

He stumbled across one of them
and the following words slipped: The
Little Mother's League will hold their
meeting this afternoon. All those who
wish to become Little Mothers please
see me in the rectory."

He—Are you afraid of the big bad
wolf?

She—No, why?

He—That's funny, the other three
pigs were.

* * *

Waitress (looking at nickel tip left
by guest): "What are you trying to
do, Big Boy, seduce me?"



"Go ahead — pet him."

"MOUNDY" SAYS

by Moundy Smoglin

I was out to Camp Randall to see the Badgers against the Marquette team and was they ever good, huh? I seen Wisconsin football for over 60 year now and I ain't seen a team like this here Ivy Williamson has got and you can say that again, huh?

They near drove that team from Milwaukee threw Spike Petereson's back yard and that means the hole South Madison, huh? Them babies reely gotta ball club. I ain't seen nothin like it since that team in 1942 and that was some team and you can say that again huh?

I was out to Middleton the other day aint been out there since the boys in blue broke up the stills and they got a nice guy out there that tends bar and he pops every other round if it didnt cost so much for gasoline my new Ford burns about five miles to the gallon I go out there more times. But the Spanish is closer even if they don't buy Moundy as many drinks, huh? Them guys are almost tighter than the city at least they don't have parking meters for their bar stools like Weatherly has them things all over the place even think they got them in the men's john in the City Hall.

Was up to the downtown quarter-back club other day what them guys don't know about football you can put in one of the Park's drinks they're weak enuff now. They got Petruska playing end whatta bunch of screws they know he plays a terrific heads-up and you can say that again game at guard. That's some boy that Petruska he pulls out of the line to threw them passes to them babies and is he ever good, huh?

That Gene Felker he made some catches I aint scene hear since Dave Schreiner played in 1942 and don't kid yourself that Hal Faverty he good too. Tilly Meyers is good end too he got those big hands from pulling on the cows at the Stock Pavilion. I ought to try that myself someday then i could get my mitts around

those beers they have at Crandalls I just say that because they promised me a free beer if I wood but that tilly he got callusses from that I say that's rough, huh?

An that O'Donahue and Sachtjen they play beautiful game at defense end they really rock 'em and sock 'em and you can say that again.

That Wisconsin coaching staff, odell Shaw Bruin marsh and Lambphear they could sure use that Carl guy he can go and how, he goes through that line like snow through a pair of new gooloshes that reminds me somebody should leave some rubbers on my back porch those city sewers are backing up in the third ward phew.

Jim Mansfield he ran hard against

Dick Snow's only-too-realistic parody of a colorful Madison writer.

Marquette brother that baby is good his old man should take credit for that he's guy that did the trick. He runs like bull after a pair of red bloomers on my old Ant Maggie. She was a good girl she didn't have no truck with football players, no folks, she had a hole caboose with them. It got so I had so many autograffed balls that I sold them on the side I still got the muneey.

Got epistle (thot you didn't know I had such langwage, huh? well I didn't til I talked to some guy down at the Jurinal other day pretty good one, huh? Herd that one frum Don Anderson didn't think he was that intelligent but that baby fooled me and you can say that again?) from Bub Wilkinson of Oklahoma other day he's team one ball game only

28-0 wants me to give them peptalk like last Noo Year's day when they won the Sugar bowel. I sure had them guys pepped up there was no saltpeter in that talk and you can say that again, huh?

That Willy Alright he's good kid kid plays helluva tackle, huh? He spends all his time fishing on Lake Mendota he's no piker, huh? Got that one from Gus Mason at the Park woodnt that just jar you, huh? Thought that last one up miself ought to tell that one to old Eddie Fred.

Now ther's one helluva guy. He's a farmer, a clover kicker but I hold nothing against him. He's nice guy but whenever I go there for supper he keeps his maid in the kitchen good thing. I like those eggs she makes. Her corned beef ain't bad either. But them Freds are so waistful they have so many nives and forks when they get dirty they use an other now they just aint paytriotic and I don't think she gets enough money from Mr. Fred. I'd pay her more if I was him, I mean for her cooking.

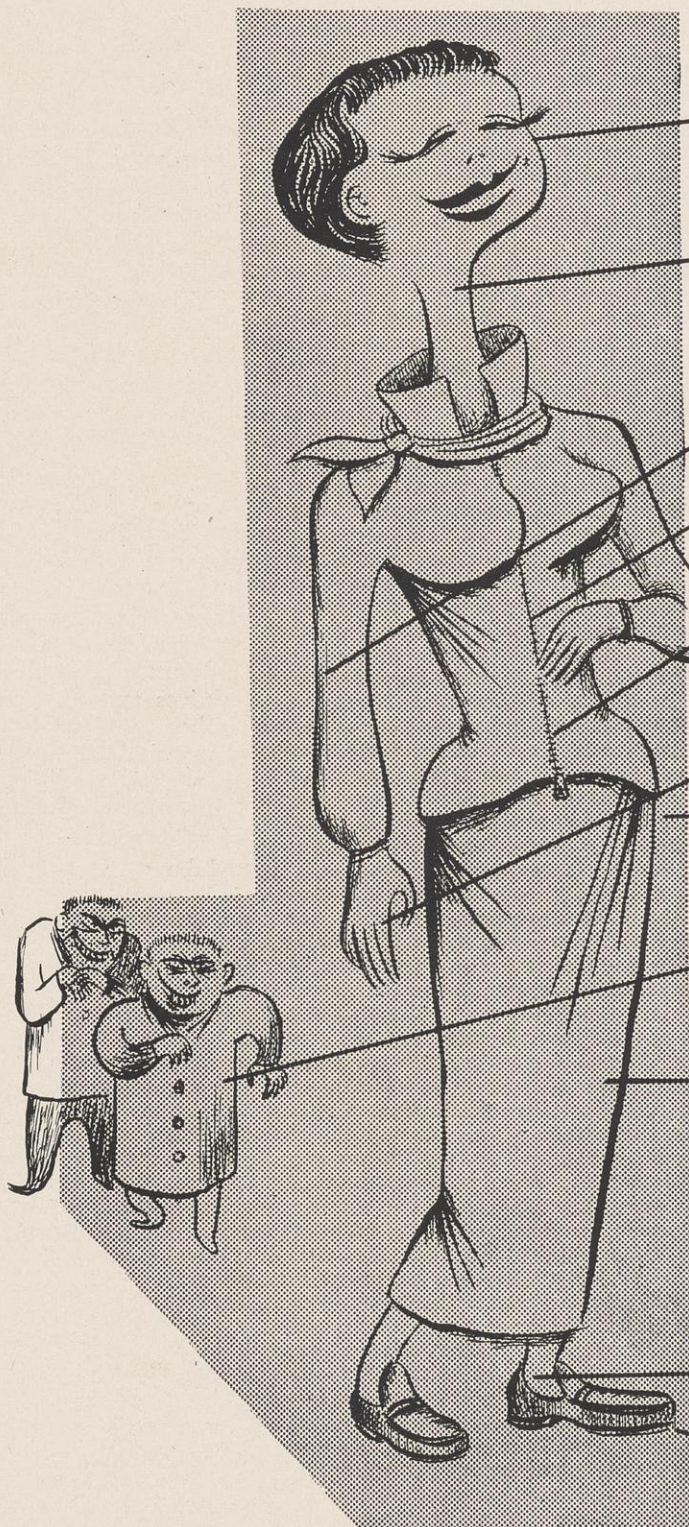
That Johnny Simsick he's one great ball-player. That's another guy that plays it close to the belt. That guy never took a chance he played a tight game. He was just itchin too play ball all the time.

Other guy that I like in the Hill-topper game was Bill Hutchinson. He just passed exam in something I think it was Keekhoffers course in economics. Now there's one guy that will slip it to you if you don't watch out. But I got along fine with the old buzzard only thing he didn't like me. Our class lost moore time because he wouldn't start his bulloney without a skyrocket and I wouldn't give him one except to tie one on him. But I still have all my money and I o that to him. That old skinflint is tighter than I am when it comes to buying a drink. It's getting so he can't even "bear" to buy rye anymore without speculating on its alcoholic content and that's no "bull" either.

Diagrammatic Studies of

THE BEAST

EXPLANATORY NOTES



A. FACE: may be laundered in lukewarm suds. Not guaranteed to be color fast.

B. NECK: conveys vast amounts of food and Fauerbach to stomach.

C. ELBOW: essential for defense.

D. ZIPPER: no comment

E. STOMACH: enormous vacuum. Dangerous pitfall to date's budget.

F. FINGERS: used for ordering five fingers of this or that.

G. HIPS: swung rhythmically in mating season.

H. MALES: plotting the curves of cosine.

I. SKIRT: a substitute napkin which collects scraps of food dropped in greedy process of eating.

J. ANKLE BONE: connected to leg bone. Leg bone connected to thigh bone.

K. FOOT: for locomotion, flight, and defense.

the Beauty and the Beast

EXPLANATORY NOTES

THE BEAUTY

A. NOSE: followed by player when strongly perfumed female passes.

B. HELMET, i.e. cootie cage: "art studies" pasted within give player inspiration and pick-up when needed.

C. SHOULDER: genuine flesh and blood. No U.W. player stoops to the artifice of shoulder pads.

D. ARM PITS: here is secreted the pleasant athletic aroma which no woman can resist.

E. CHEST: capable of tremendous expansion when pleading with his draft board to take him.

F. FINGERS: used in computations in advanced calculus. Also called upon in numerous other nefarious activities.

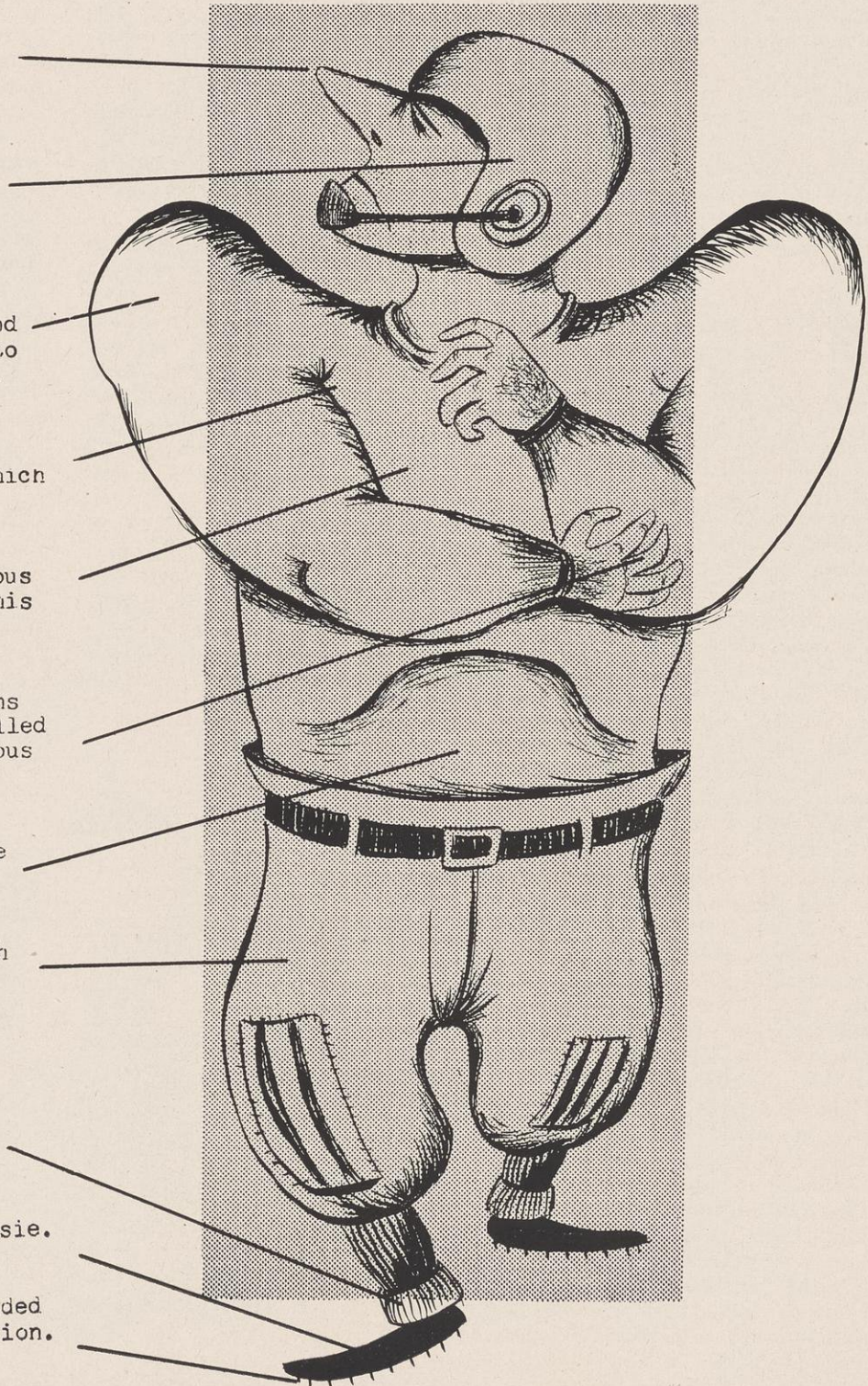
G. SOLAR PLEXUS: approximate location of naval insignia.

H. TANTS: smartest knee-length style of heavy-duty burlap--very chic

I. SOCKINGS: sheer 5L gauge wool hose--glamorizes gams.

J. FEET: useful in playing footsie.

K. SPIKES: thoughtfully provided to improve opponent's complexion.



The Origin of Football

by G. A. Ronsholdt

It is a little known fact that in the late days of Queen Elizabeth's reign there was talk of a new prohibition law that sent people of all classes into the liquor shops in a wave of panic buying. Everything containing more than 2% alcohol was hoarded—nearly every drop of beer, whiskey, liquor, rubbing alcohol, and hair tonic disappeared from the open market and was salted away as a precaution against the threatened prohibition or an imagined "plague of biting snakes".*

Everyone invested his money in alcohol. Soon it was so scarce that people would come from miles around to smell the breath of a drunk, to discuss its tantalizing aroma, and to argue the merits of its bouquet.

Men who had included liquor in their bequests died mysteriously, and after a respectful period of mourning their heirs enjoyed a few weeks of drunken bliss. Among the many mysterious deaths was that of Amy Free-well, a deacon's wife, who died under peculiar circumstances. She had been beaten to death with a liquor bottle, the contents of which had been carefully licked off the dead woman and the floor around her. She was lying before an empty cupboard in which it was rumored she kept an enormous stock of homemade, very potent, dandelion wine.

Shortly after this atrocity which had outraged her close friends to whom she was wont to make presents of the wine, a unique fellow, resembling an Indian, appeared in town with a large wagon filled with pig-skins containing snake oil, said to be 100 proof. Now it happened that the town was divided directly down the middle by a river which was spanned by a single bridge—the Bresselbridge, from which the town derived its name. On one side was N. Bresselbridge and on the other S. Bresselbridge. The Indian medicine man whose name was Mac, had reached the middle of the bridge and was undecided whether to set up shop in N. Bresselbridge or S. Bresselbridge.

The inhabitants of both sections
*The Almanac of Jessie Felup 1601.

were grouped at either end of the bridge pleading, praying, beseeching him to bring his wares into their section of the town. Money and titles were offered him. Thirsty fathers forced their flowering daughters to make him lascivious offers. Feeling ran high in both camps. Taunts were hurled back and fourth across the river. And when the earthy taunts failed, earthly rocks took their place. "A hell of a riot was staged."*

And in the midst of the confusion Mac was struck on the head by a stone; he fell from the bridge and was drowned in the river below. His faithful horse followed him over the side of the bridge. Both horse and wagon were lost in the water, but by some happy chance of the hundred proof medicine bounced off the wagon and was left in the middle of the bridge.

A. N. Bresselbridge man pounced on it and ran with it toward the sanctity of the convent gates, shaped very much like our present day goal posts. Unfortunately for this man carrying the pig skin, a group of heavily armoured S. Bresselbridge men had

sneaked around and were waiting for him. They mangled him beyond recognition, but not before he had heroically flung the precious pig skin to another N. Bresselbridge. A fast thinking S. Bresselbridge however snatched the pig skin from him and started to run toward the sanctity of the S. Bresselbridge convent whose gates were exactly like those of the N. Bresselbridge convent. This amazing S. Bresselbridge—Kronerski, by name—saw a powerful knot of N. Bresselbridge men lunging at him so he gave the pig skin a tremendous kick which sent it soaring 200 yards. (Although it is unauthenticated, it is said that Kronerski had a great deal of practice — on his wife at any rate). "It was a hell of a great kick."*

Every September 11 thereafter, this famous Bresselbridge incident has been commemorated by dazzling pageantry. It was played with eleven men on a team to represent the date of the original event. Slowly this impressive pageant has evolved into our present great game of football.

*From a letter by Dr. Selsly to his daughter in London.



"All we want is popcorn stand rights at all the home games."

An Imaginative History of WISCONSIN

by Mal Mendolsohn

For those of you who are new on this campus, here is a brief history of the place that will be your home away from home for the next four and maybe more, years.

Madison was founded in 1346 A. D. by Leif Fauerbach, who was forced to flee Iceland when it was discovered that the home brew he was selling the Vikings had a slightly toxic effect. Shortly afterwards he was joined by one Wilhelm Augustus von Kiekhof, a dashing young Prussian guardsman, who had followed "Scoop" Guttenberg's famous advice to "Go west, young guardsman." There is no truth to the rumor that he came to the New World to avoid a pike staff wedding to Ghengis Khan's granddaughter, Nellie Barnard. Miss Barnard at that time was pledging Chi Omega, and it is a well-known fact that Chi Omega does not permit its pledges to speak to Prussian guardsmen.

Wilhelm soon became known as "Wild Bill" for his daring in keeping Fauerbach's stalwart men provided with meat rustled from Oscar Meyer stockyards. But Wild Bill's

true interests soon were revealed in the field of education. He persuaded Leif Fauerbach to endow an institution of higher learning, and at the point of a crossbow, the noble Norseman obliged with two casks of his finest pilsener, and a pint-size version of our present day university.

The new school was named in honor of Wild Bill's old teacher at the University of Alexandria, the renowned Latin scholar, Universitatus Wisconsinensis, and in time the entire surrounding area became known as Wisconsin. Wisconsinensis' life has been recorded for posterity by his equally illustrious secretary, Numen Lumen.

From time to time additions were made to the Campus. Perhaps the most noteworthy were the White sisters. Their appointment came about in this way. Wild Bill, feeling the need of a wife, sent to Queen Elizabeth's Court for one. He was informed the price would be one half barrel of CB. Wild Bill, not yet having discovered the law of diminishing utility, sent a full barrel.

Upon sampling the brew, one wag

(it was either Ben Jonson or Professor Fulcher) was heard to say, "The more of this beer he sends the less wife we ought send him!" But Queen Bess was as good as her word. As a matter of fact, she was all set to go herself, but the coming Spanish Armada dissuaded her. So she sent not one, but two damsels, none other than our very own White Sisters. Professor Fulcher was entrusted with the mission of bringing them safely to their destination. In this he failed miserably. He has included an account of the voyage in his "Confessions."*

In the meantime, Wild Bill had instructed his dentist, Paul Revere, to light a signal lamp in the Music Hall Belfry. "One if by land; two if by Lake Mendota." Imagine the good Professor's surprise upon seeing hordes of fireworks shooting out of the Belfry.

* It is not true, as Professor Fulcher claims, that the White Sisters were barmaids, at the old Mermaid Tavern; in reality they were members of Queen Liz's royal court.

(continued on page 21)

TO SEE, OR NOT TO SEE

Fall had left the trees all bare,
Pigskins filled Camp Randall air.
I took my coupon book in hand
And marched along behind the band.
A freshman I, with fond conceit
Foresaw a fifty yard line seat.
Alas, my fate (a cruel blow)
The topmost row of Section "O".
The cold north wind from off the lake
Developed in my limbs a shake,
While far away there seemed to fight
Some tiny men within my sight.

Fall had left the trees all bare
Pigskins filled the campus air.
I took my coupon book in hand
And marched along behind the band.
A sophomore I, with fond conceit
Foresaw a fifty yard line seat.
But no, I had no such control—
I sat in "I" behind the goal.
Our Badger team marched to the twenty
My seat was great, now I saw plenty!
I cheered with all my might and main
As they approached their final gain.
But then I saw no more the game
For at that time the quarter came.

Fall had left the trees all bare,
Pigskins filled Camp Randall air.
I took my coupon book in hand
And marched along behind the band.
A Junior I, with fond conceit
Foresaw a fifty yard line seat.
But as they say, "Birds of a feather—"
We bought our coupon books together.
Friend Charlie we did designate
—He turned our order in too late,
So ours is not to moan and cry
But once again to sit in "I".

Fall will leave the trees all bare
Pigskins soon will fill the air.
I'll take my coupon book in hand
And march along behind the band.
A Senior, I will with conceit
Foresee a fifty yard line seat,
For oh, what joy to contemplate
Just once before I graduate
Removal from those "O"s and "I"s
Where constantly I strained my eyes.
But once to have the chance instead
To view the game with E. B. Fred!

—By MEL WADE

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BARLOWTH

*A play by Florida Williams
(Abridged Edition)*

Because of the popular habit of skipping the first two acts of this play to get to the "hot" part, we print here only that part. We reprint also a short portion of the second act in order to give the reader a general background and insight into the play as a whole.

SECOND ACT

(General Barlowth comforts Taheela, the exotic native girl, whom he has just rescued from a tribe of savage head-hunters, a stampeding mob of Chinese coolies, and a river full of man-eating alligators. Barlowth's hand lies loosely on Taheela, who is pulsing with the sensuous rhythm of the native drums. He too pulses, and then looks at her with the tender affection of a man who expects life's reward.)

General Barlowth: (Passionately) Baby!

Taheela: (Remain silent. She naively senses what the General wants, gazes at him with her sultry green eyes. Green eyes glowing with a bright green light which can mean only one thing to the General.)

General Barlowth: (Breathing excitedly) Baby!

(He grabs for her. She raps him over the skull with a large tropical palm tree. General Barlowth drops to the stage bleeding at the mouth, and Taheela, like a wounded animal slinks off into the mysterious jungle, dragging her sarong enticingly and chanting excerpts from the *Communist Manifesto* in a strange Polynesian dialect.)

CURTAIN

(The audience, awed by the subtle symbolism, bursts forth in a wild ovation. The players reappear briefly to scramble for the pennies tossed onto the stage.)

THIRD ACT

(Interior of a college classroom. Bold red letters on the classroom door announce that it is a class in advanced stenography. The instructor's name is Barlowth, but oddly enough he is no relation to General Barlowth of the previous act. In fact there is absolutely no connection between act two and three except that the desks in the classroom were made from the very palm tree used by Taheela to fracture General Barlowth's skull.)

Barlowth the Instructor: Let's have a class discussion. Anyone know any good stories?

Perrin Peergate: (Looking up from his textbook of *Concise Stenographic Discourses*.) I know a story about a guy who was always sweating.

Dalis Phrasee: (A pre-med student with a nair of superiority) Know the type well—he would be termed by the profession as a chronic sweater.

Perrin Peergate: (Argumentively) No, he thought he was an Angora sweater. Went around asking girls to try him on for size.

(A titter runs through the classroom)

Barlowth the Instructor: Anybody know what a titter is?

Dalis Phrasee: (A pre-med student with an air of superiority) Know the type well. It's just another name for a tight sweater.

(At this point a section of the theatre roof falls in, but nobody is injured; the audience has long ago left to hang one on, and forget it all. And as the players scramble away to collect their unemployment compensation, the curtain falls.)

This play is not copyrighted; anyone with guts enough can produce it.

IN NEXT MONTH'S MAG

We will publish a poem in the original Icelandic language. It will shock the pants off all the original Icelanders who read the Octopus. But everyone else will find it meaningless.

A fast-moving, action-packed novel by Professor Blenten. It's all about a world famous scientist who is found dead in his classroom—killed for his precious notes which proved the theory of evolution by a detailed comparison of the umbilical cord in modern Elephant with that of the ancient mastadon.

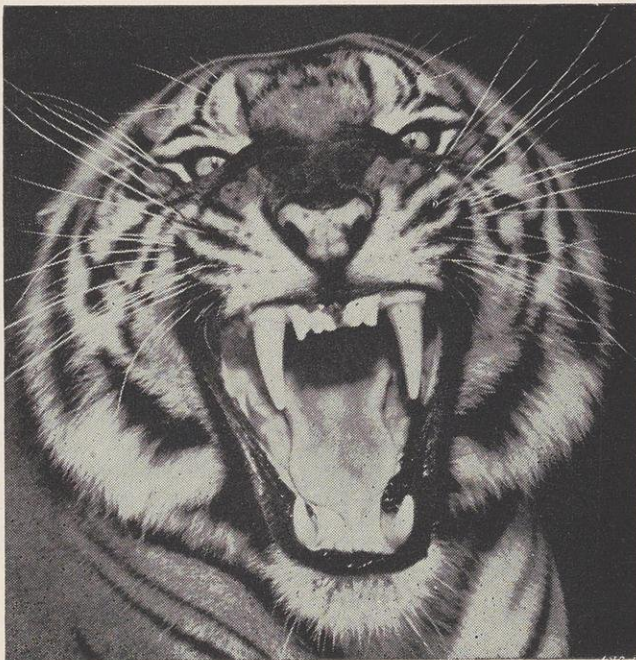
There will be a droll presentation of the quantum theory by a distinguished hydrocyphalic, and much, much more.

How to ask a girl for a match so she knows that you want much more than a match.

Complete directions for establishing a profitable narcotics traffic right in your own home town. This will be the first in a series of articles describing the lucrative opportunities that the free enterprise of this country affords.

An instructive article tells you an exact step by step method of upholstering a davenport with human scalps. This article lists only the materials and requirements for brunette scalps. A future issue will deal with blonde scalps.

A series of photographs of Miss Gloria Phrain, glamorous young model. She is shown in some of her more provocative poses in various stages of undress. Miss Phrain was a member of the Salvation Army Drum and Bugle corps for 37 years.



Henry Wiggins, M.E. 4, on learning his contract may expire due to lack of ideas justifying his continuation.

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with the "Institute of University Studies Abroad." And you'll have a chance to learn at *first-hand* the new concept of air-age geography... traveling by luxurious TWA Skyliner. Remember, half your time will be devoted to touring Europe and the other half in residence study as indicated below.

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- ☐ Fribourg Catholic University
- ☐ **FRANCE** Sorbonne (Paris) ☐ Lille (at Boulogne-sur-Mer) or
- ☐ Toulouse (at Nice)
- ☐ **AUSTRIA** University of Salzburg
- ☐ **BRITISH ISLES AND IRELAND** Study at various universities
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C-11



Audrey Wilson

*From Fort Atkinson . . .
1950 graduate of Stephens
College . . . age 19 . . .
Alpha Phi*

FOOTBALL BRIEFS

College football is a thrilling amateur sport, each side consisting of eleven men on the field, fifty more on the bench, a coach, an assistant coach in the stands spotting, another listening to the spotter, an athletic department movie cameraman, an announcer, an at least two partisan sports writers.

* * *

The football itself is oblong-shaped. The reason it is not round is because if it were there could not be any "high end-over-end kicks."

* * *

The average state university football team is made up of twenty men from the state and eighty men from out-of-state.

* * *

The standard build of a football player is as follows: thick neck, thick shoulders, thick torso, thick legs, thick ankles. The average gridder looks like . . . well, have you ever seen a cro-magnon man?

* * *

It is not true that all football players end up selling insurance and stocks and bonds. A few go into professional football and sporting goods stores.

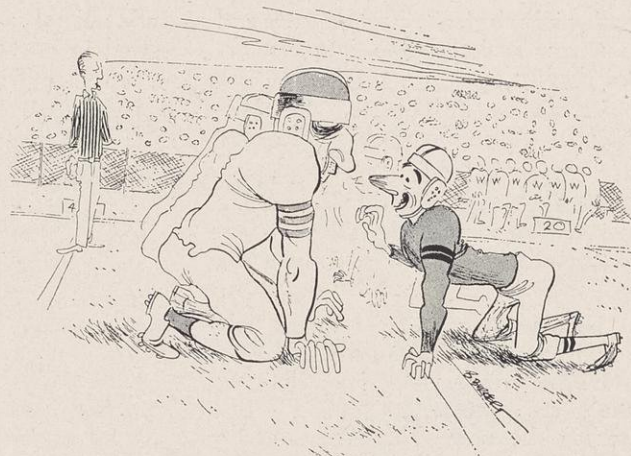
* * *

There are two big teams in the country this year: the New York Giants, and the Minnesota giants.

* * *



"Want ya to take a look at this injury, Doc, but first let me tell ya a hot one I heard in the shower room today."



"Hi-ya."

The T-formation used in football today is really quite simple. Behind the center crouches the quarterback. The quarterback gets the ball. He either keeps the ball or gives it to somebody else. If he gives it to somebody else, that somebody else may keep the ball or give it back to the quarterback. If the quarterback keeps the ball in the first place, he either runs with it or he passes it. If he runs with it, he may run right or left, or even both ways. If he passes it, he either . . . well, it's really quite simple, believe me.

* * *

Statistical Note: If all the students at the University of Wisconsin were put into Camp Randall Stadium at one time, all the end-zone seats would be filled.

* * *

Football is one of the sports where you get applauded for being mangled. To get more applause than the star player, just break your leg and be carried off the field. The crowd will go wild over you.

* * *

Football is not consistently a game which is won by the better team. The team with the fewest wrenched knees and sprung backbones goes to the Rose Bowl.

* * *

No football game is complete without bands marching at halftime. It doesn't matter whether they can play or not. If they spell out things, that is all that matters. The bigger the band, the larger the vocabulary, of course.

* * *

Homecoming is a phenomenon of the football season. It is a Saturday on which old grads leave their homes and travel hundred of miles, usually to see the old alma mater get the hell beat out of it.

* * *

A star player is one who can name his own salary—whoops!

* * *

The forgotten men of football are the lowly substitutes. They get into the game only long enough for the regular players to get to the coach and find out what to do when they go back into game.

* * *

The game of football is so specialized that some players do nothing but kick the point after touchdown. We are now waiting for teams with specialists who will kick only the point after the second touchdown, or the third touchdown.

A pink elephant, a green rat, and a yellow snake walked into a cocktail lounge.

"You're a little early," the bar-keep said. "He ain't here yet."

* * *

An elderly gentleman was walking past a drug store when, without warning, a young man dashed out, took a

* * *

Is this not a splendid round hole in the lamp? There is usually an electric light bulb in such a hole. But now the hole is empty. Put your little finger in the hole—There is a pretty

little animal in it. My, what has happened to all the lights?

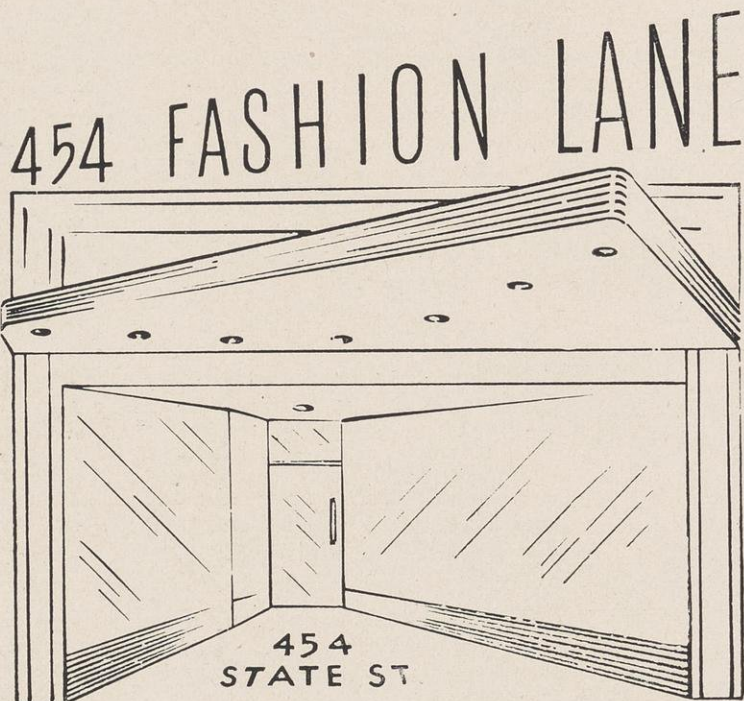
* * *

It was one of those conversations overheard in a cafeteria as the girls from a nearby office hashed over the day's gossip.

Said one: "Mary's engaged to a law student."

"My ain't that nice!" cooed her companion. "I guess they're gonna get married when he graduates, huh?"

"Oh, no," chimed in a third, "not that fast. She wants to let him practice for a year first."



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"I'd like you to meet the college's star halfback — doesn't get a salary, of course."

HISTORY OF WISCONSIN—

(continued from page 15)

Dr. Kiekhofer, always the gallant, could neither choose between the two charming ladies, nor marry them both. Instead he gave them and Professor Fulcher positions in the English department. Since then Wisconsin has had one of the highest literacy rates in the Big Ten.

From then on, all went well until the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. A British detachment dug in on Bascom Hill, but they were finally routed by Wisconsin ROTC troops led by a few Dekes. On seeing the Dekes attacking, the British com-

mander ordered to his men, that oft-quoted saying, "Don't fire until you see the reds of their eyes."

I-F men and MHA members fought side by side in this struggle for independence. Even the Women's Student Association pitched in, but they were of little use as they had to leave the battlefield every night in order to be on time for their ten-thirtys.

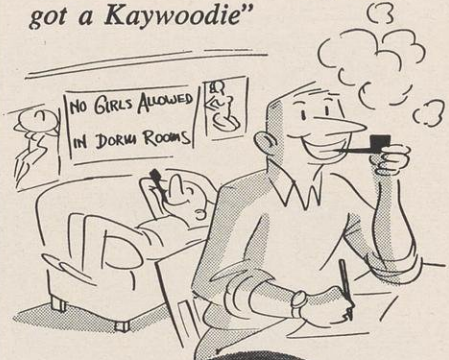
Moe and Joe were fishing in Florida water for the first time. Suddenly Joe felt a jerk on his line. "Moe," he said, "I got me a haddock!"

"Vel," said Moe, "vy don't you take an aspirin?"



"C'mon, only one drag apiece. It's my last cigarette."

"Who wants girls when you've got a Kaywoodie"



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HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT STARTED THE BOSTON TEA PARTY



Keep looking, men! There must be
Life Savers aboard!



...only 5¢

What's the best joke you heard on the campus this week? For the best submitted each issue, there will be a free award of a carton of Life Savers. Jokes will be judged by the editor.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

A city man decided to try farming and thought it would be nice to raise pigs, but he didn't own a boar. So one morning he got his sow in the wheelbarrow and took her to the neighbor's to have her bred. The next morning he jumped out of bed, ran to the pen and saw—no little pigs. So he got her in the wheelbarrow and took her to a different neighbor's. Next morning he leaped out of bed, ran to the pen, and again no little pigs. The third day he wheeled her off again to another farmer's, but the following morning he was afraid to look in the pen and sent his wife instead. In a few minutes she returned excitedly saying, "There's no little pigs but the sow's in the wheelbarrow ready to go again!"

Submitted by: BOB BRONSDON
201 N. Park St.
City

She: "Just listen to those chimes. Aren't they beautiful? Such tone; it's plain the bellringer is an expert!"

He: "Talk louder, I can't hear you for those damn bells."

Dear Mr. Editor:

Such sterling articles as yours deserve high praise. The *Glockenspiel and the Virgin* (Octopus, September 1950) is in my humble opinion a masterpiece of journalism which should serve to point the way to a more wholesome America. I sincerely recommend that this article—*The Glockenspiel and Virgin*—be reprinted in every 6th grade reader in the country.

Selwido Brentlo
Basswood, Maryland.

Dear Mr. Editor:

My congratulations on a splendid magazine! The Octopus is great—really superb! I don't believe I've ever read anything quite so grand. — Is there anyway I can get a refund on my subscription?

Niome Frasure
Tenssy, New Jersey.

EDITOR: IN ORDER TO REFUND YOUR MONEY
WE MUST HAVE A SAMPLE OF YOUR BLOOD—
3½ QTS.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I was appalled by the miserable conditions of our Indian reservations. Such facts, no matter how deplorable, must be put before the public—you have my deepest respect for the daring expose which you published last month.

But what can I personally do about these disgusting conditions? Please advise me.

Worried reader
Equatorial, Africa

EDITOR: BUY NEXT MONTH'S OCTOPUS WHICH
REVEALS ALL THE GLARING DETAILS BEHIND
THE SCANDAL OF THE MEXICAN LABOR CAMPS.
STOP WORRYING ABOUT THE INDIANS — START
WORRYING ABOUT THE MEXICANS.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I wonder if it wouldn't stir the American people to action on behalf of the abused American Indian if the Indian head nickel were re-issued.

Sirs:

I know you will keep this in the strictest confidence: I am a pyromaniac. I was wondering if you could print the OCTOPUS on a more inflammable grade of paper. EDITOR: SURE, BUT ONLY IF YOU PROMISE — CROSS YOUR HEART—TO KINDLE A FIRE UNDER THE CARDINAL OFFICES.

To the Editor:

How are chances of meeting Octy's dream girl?

Grand Amed
Little Egypt.

EDITOR: OH, PRETTY GOOD. UPON RECEIPT OF
25c in coin TO COVER THE COST OF HANDLING—
WE WILL SHIP HER TO YOU IN A LIGHTWEIGHT
ALUMINUM CAGE.

To Editor: I don't want her if she's been handled.

Grand Amed
Little Egypt.

Dear Mr. Editor:

How about giving us some hotter issues?

Nanook of the North
Iceberg X.

EDITOR: CERTAINLY — IT HAPPENS THAT WE
HAVE SEVERAL VERY HOT ISSUES BURIED IN

FIREPROOF BOXES DEEP UNDERGROUND. THESE WERE PRINTED PRIVATELY IN FRANCE AT GREAT COST. THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT REFUSES TO HANDLE THEM. NEVERTHELESS THEY ARE EXCELLENT EXAMPLES OF THE PORNOGRAPHERS ART. SO IF YOU AGREE TO SEND US A WHALE NEXT MONTH AND EVERY MONTH THEREAFTER FOR A PERIOD OF SIX MONTHS, WE WILL BE HAPPY TO RUSH TO YOU A MESSENGER OF DISREPUTABLE CHARACTER WHO WILL SERVE UP THE ISSUES ON A FLAMING SWORD.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have sixteen children and more to come. What shall I do?

Anonymous
1736 Delruth Ave.
Madison.

EDITOR: THERE ARE A NUMBER OF THINGS YOU COULD DO, SUCH AS INVESTING IN A COUPLE DOZEN GUNNY SACKS. BUT YOUR BEST ALTERNATIVE BY FAR IS TO GIVE THEM COPIES OF THE OCTOPUS TO TEETH ON.

Sirs: There have been many words of praise for the Octopus—I say damn the Octopus! Because of your obscene rag I am an invalid with a bad spine. Go hang yourselves.

I have had a subscription to the Octopus for years—(it was recommended to be my a well-read pervert). I didn't want my mother to know that I read such literature, so each time she came into the room I hid my Octopus under the mattress. In time the mattress became mountainous and continual sleeping on it resulted in my present unfortunate condition. Damn the Octopus!

Terhune S Sonderstack
Throvingdeck, Labrador.

EDITOR: WE HAD NO IDEA THE OCTOPUS HAD SUCH LASTING INFLUENCE. BUT SINCE THE OCTOPUS OFFERS SUCH AN INSIDEIOUSLY DESTRUCTIVE INFLUENCE—IT MIGHT BE WISE TO BUY A SUBSCRIPTION FOR YOUR WORST ENEMY.

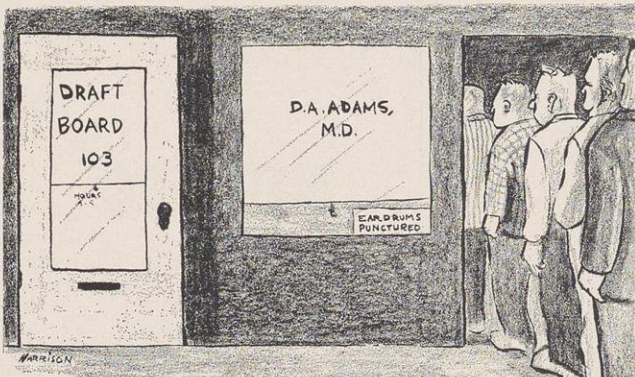
Dear Mr. Editor:

One day a guy I hate got his mitts on a copy of your mag and went on a laughing jag. He almost fell on his ugly kisser but he grabbed something to hang onto—the something turned out to be a fat old maid, who thought he was making passes at her. So she ups and sticks him with an eleven inch hat pin.

I really got to hand it to you guys.

EDITOR: THANK YOU, WE ARE ALWAYS PLEASED TO RECEIVE SUCH TESTIMONIALS OF HEART-FELT THANKS.

Leslie Bendle
Burndale, Brussels.



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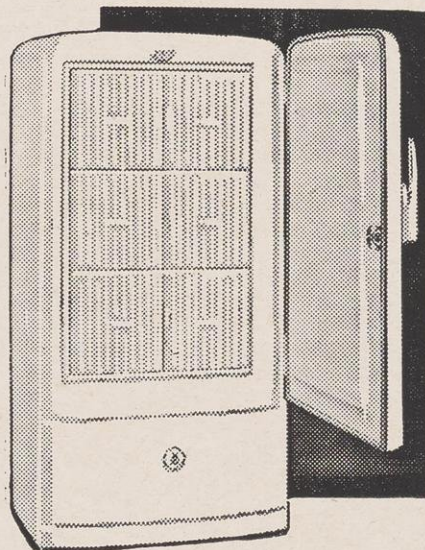
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Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 2...THE FLICKER

"One question...Where do I flick my ashes?"

Don't think our neat-pleated friend with the drape-shape doesn't know the score! He's plenty hep to all those tricky cigarette tests! If you're in the groove, they're not fooling *you*, either. You know, from your own smoking experience, that just one puff of this brand...then one puff of that brand isn't going to give you the answer you want. What can you possibly tell by a quick inhale and exhale, a whiff or a sniff?

The *sensible* test — the one that gives you the proper answer—is a day-after-day, pack-after-pack tryout for 30 days. It's the Camel 30-Day Mildness Test! You judge Camels for 30 days in your own "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste)—the real proving ground for a cigarette. Once you've tested Camels as a *steady* smoke, you'll *know* why...

More People Smoke Camels
than any other cigarette!

