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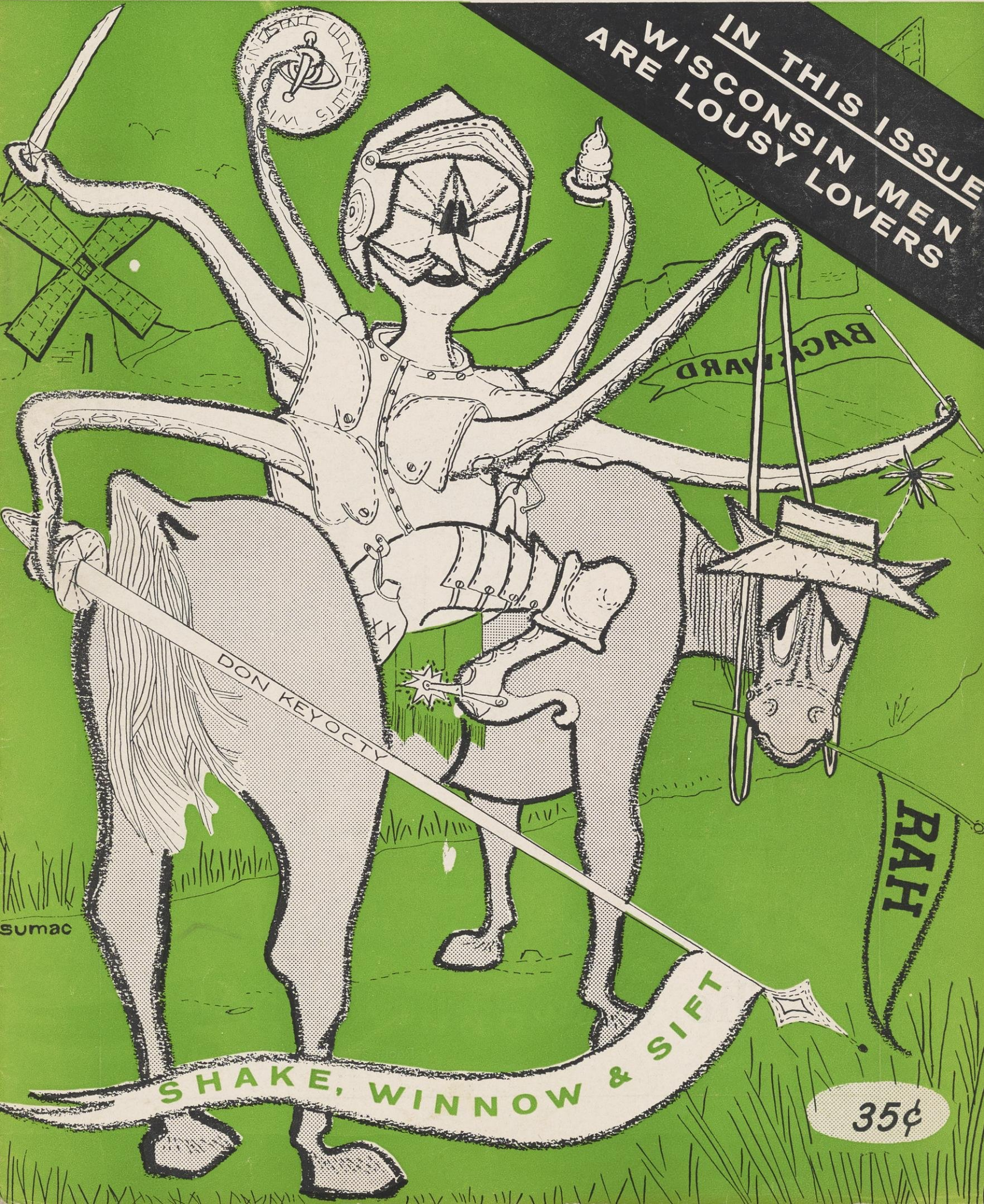
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Spring 1956

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

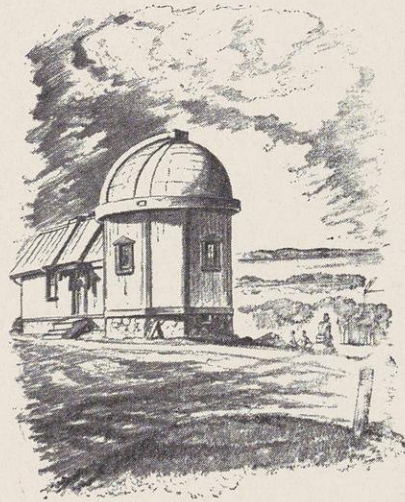
IN THIS ISSUE
WISCONSIN MEN
ARE LOUSY LOVERS



sumac

35¢

*Graduation is a time
to remember*



The Badger Yearbook has on hand a limited stock of beautiful etchings of familiar scenes on the Wisconsin campus, done by Prof. Byron C. Jorns especially for the Badger. They are suitable for framing and are guaranteed nostalgia - producers among Alumni.



The Badger will give you a folio of eight nine-by-twelve inch etchings for just \$2.50. See the samples on this page. All pictures are of favorite campus scenes. Act now before the supply runs out.

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The Wisconsin Badger

Room 311, Memorial Union

LETTERS FROM OUR GENTLE READERS

Gentlemen:

Enjoyed your TIME parody ever so much. Quite funny. All told, we found 56 violations of our copyrights. You will be notified of legal proceedings which should begin within a month.

Yours for more and
better parodies,
TIME, Inc.

*Ed.—We are indeed flattered. See
you in court.*

Dear Sir:

Your Latin is horrendous. If I had said, "Veni, viedi, vici," as you have on page 12 of TUM, no one would have known what I was talking about. The second word is obviously "vidi." Let's see if we can't do a little better in the future.

Yours Truly,
J. Caesar

*Ed.—Printers, printers! It's all the
printers' fault!*

Dear Sir:

TUM . . . best parody yet. Enjoyed every page. Would like to see another issue like it. Good idea leaving out the smut. Thought the beer can was hilarious. Keep it up, boy.

Anonymous

Ed.—Thanks, Mom.

Dear Editor:

Last month I picked up what I thought was a copy of TIME, and discovered later, to my utter horror, that it was an OCTOPUS. I won't ask for my money back, but really don't you think it was a pretty low trick?

Disgruntled TIME
Reader

*Ed.—Merely confirms our suspicion
that TIME readers buy blindly.*

Look, You:

You ran a picture of a kid in TUM and said it was Paddy Chayefsky. Well, I can take a joke, but when things get personal like this, I get mad. That's one of *me* back in my baby days, and I don't want you corrupting my beautiful childhood memories. You take it back, and lay off my lousy cat! Kidney may not be housebroke, but he's got style.

Sly Butts

*Ed.—Sorry, but we weren't allowed
to report his style.*

Dear Sir:

I was highly amused by your picture of a burning book on page 19 of TUM. How did you get it?

J. McCarthy

Ed.—We burned a book.

Wake Up!

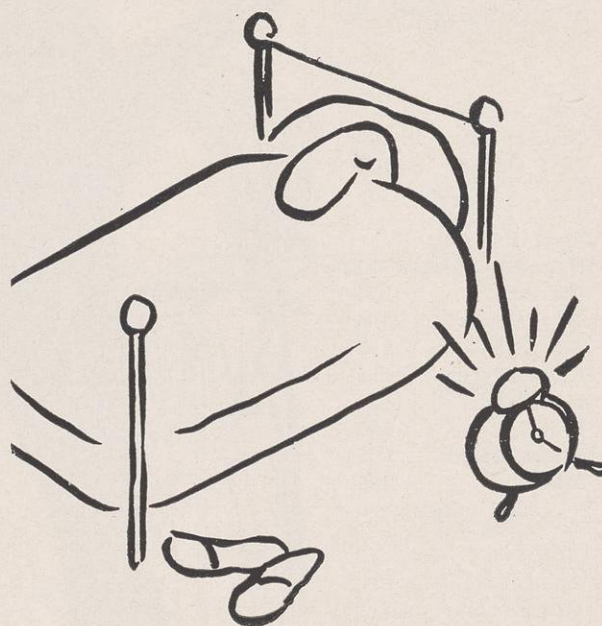
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Middy 5.95

and others

Colors

Mix or match them
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Lemon White
Summer Navy



more letters...

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on your extreme tact and good taste. We did not fail to notice that you refrained from taking sides in the forthcoming election and omitted Dwight Eisenhower from your staff page in TUM when you listed the presidents of the United States.

Yours in the cause,
Wisconsin Students
for Stevenson

Ed.—Oh, isn't Harry President anymore?

Hey You!

Where are the dirty jokes?
Irate Freshman

Ed.—Just look around your room, kid. They should be all over the walls.

Ticklish Titles

The Octopus greets with glee and cheer the announcement of a new literary magazine to be published on campus. The Octopus, which has in its 34 years seen four literary magazines come, and four literary magazines go, welcomes another noble contender.

To aid the editors of this new effort, the Squid would like to propose several possible articles:

Fiction:

Naked Are The Naked
Metamorphosis: or,
From Frat to Rat

Scientific:

How I overcame breathing
Live with your liver
Goodbye Adolescence;
Hello Psychosis

Adventure:

Down the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera
Lions are Lousy Lovers

How To Do It:

Sandpapering Made Easy
Crop Rotation for Window Box Farmers

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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- Dream Girl Page 12
- Dr. Norman Stagnant Poole Questions Your Answers Page 24
- Letters to the Editor Page 1
- Squidblings Page 5
- Table of Contents Page 3
- The Man with the Golden Nose (a story) Page 8
- There's Gotta Be Men's Hours (a story) Page 11
- The Truth About Cigarettes Page 18
- What's With the LYL (a story) Page 20
- Wisconsin Men Are Lousy Lovers Page 14



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FIRST RATE

HUMOR

Mrs. Dracula was having a baby, and Dracula was pacing the floor as nervously and as eagerly as any other father. The nurse came in and handed him a little bundle.

"There you are, Mr. Dracula, a fine baby boy," said the nurse. "You can take him home now."

"No, no," said Dracula, "I'll eat him here."

A lady in Adams County wrote to the Department of Agriculture and asked for a little advice on the care of chickens. "Every morning for the past month," she said, "I have discovered three or four of my hens lying on their backs with their feet in the air. What's the cause of this?"

The Secretary of Agriculture spoke to three assistants, who called in an Undersecretary of State and three or four Ambassadors who happened to be standing around. They all put their heads together and sent the lady a telegram.

"Your hens," it read, "are dead."

For three months they had ridden opposite each other on the streetcar. She had noticed his obvious interest, but was waiting for him to make the first move. Then, one morning, as he gazed at her, she looked directly at him, and gave him her sweetest smile. To her utter surprise, he asked, "Would you smile like that again?" Knowing at once that this was the big moment she smiled and smiled. Finally, he spoke again. "Exactly as I thought," he said. "You look just like a chipmunk."

The newlyweds were honeymooning at the seashore. As they walked arm in arm along the beach, the young groom looked poetically out to sea and cried:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

His bride gazed at the water for a moment and then in hushed tones gasped,

"Oh Bern, it's doing it!"

The following advertisement appeared in a physical culture magazine: "Here's a good test for your stomach muscles. Clasp your hands over your head and place your feet together on the floor. Now bend to the right at the waist as you sit down to the left of your feet. Now by sheer muscular control, haul yourself up, bend to the left and sit down on the floor to the right of your feet. Keep this up and let us know the result."

The first letter received said, "Hernia."

A student lounging in the Union perked up when an attractive coed passed by. When his standard "how-de do?" brought nothing but a frigid glance, he sarcasmed, "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

"I couldn't be," she replied, "I'm married."

"Daddy, a boy at school told me I looked just like you."

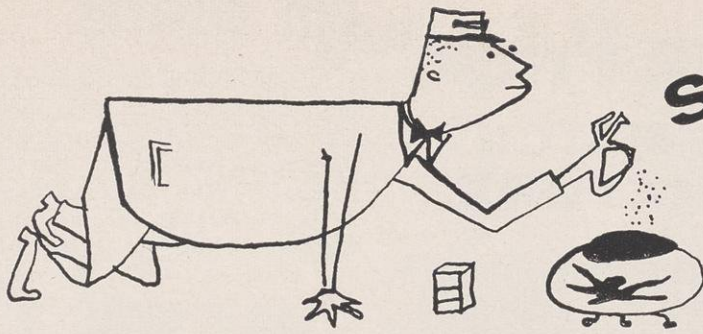
"Is that so? And what did you say?"

"Nothing. He was bigger'n me."

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Squid blings

sex symbolism

A year ago this issue, the Octy made the mistake of devoting its theme to the ROTC Department and the debris is still falling. Storming around shouting protests of "Obscenity!" and "Bad Taste!", certain people proved only that they had lost the ability to laugh at themselves. The next issue, which dealt with the subject of fertility rites only infuriated more individuals, and resulted in a subtle but firm censorship of the Octy.

This year has shown an attempt to run a "clean" magazine. Thus far, we have pleased many people, most of whom don't buy the magazine but are handed a copy for their approval. But still there are heard pitiful howls from the sex-starved majority of the student body, howls from those who got their kicks from the OCTOPUS of yore. Pleas like "Can't you give us a Dream Girl with *legs*?" and threats like "If you don't get raunchy soon, I'll see to it that no girl is safe to walk the streets!" prompted us to attempt new techniques.

So haul out your volumes of Freud, Dylan Thomas, and T. S. Eliot. Read them thoroughly, and then return to the Octy.

In this issue, if you look closely, you will observe many obscure sex symbols, skillfully blended into the sterile text. If you find them, you have a remarkable mind. If you don't, then you will at least know something about Freud, Dylan Thomas, and T. S. Eliot.

art critics

The Octy has been requested by a Student Art Organization to publish the following tips for those who

attend the gallery sessions—

When criticizing a work of art, assume the following posture:

1. Place your right foot approximately fourteen inches ahead of your left, both feet at right angles.
2. Shift your weight onto your left leg, so that your pelvis tilts artistically forward.
3. Place your left forearm across the lower part of your rib cage.
4. Deposit right elbow in left hand.
5. Move the base of your right thumb to a position five inches in front of your chin.
6. Gesture with right index finger.
7. Now you look like a convincing critic.

And the reek of linseed oil about your person helps to complete the illusion.



faculty pubs

There are extant certain unmistakable signs that a small group of faculty members may organize for themselves a private cocktail lounge. Said faculty members have recently issued complaints to their pupils that they (the teachers) cannot go out for a quiet evening of drinking without running into students and being hooted, giggled, and pointed at.

Said one instructor, visibly shaking, "The goat has been got!"

If the faculty wants to segregate themselves, we're certain that there will be no student objections.

mono, sweet mono

The reader may observe that there are too many jokes in here. We feel we owe an explanation.

Traditionally, the Grand High Exalted Ed. (Edwards) in Chief fills up the mag with his own articles, leaving the last few motley holes in the back to the latent staff, who do nothing but tell jokes anyway.

But this month he has been lying home flat on his assumption that he has a rare yet desirable disease listed in Webster's as infectious mononucleosis (trade name, mono) which is spread by osculation (trade name, Liz Waters), another of those communicable diseases from abroad.

Which brings us back to the jokes in this issue. Edwards wrote the jokes because he said that was all he could do while lying a month in bed.

We had better, rather, get back to the articles contained herein. As we have tried to admit, there are few articles because Ed is flat on his assumption. However, note the Golden Proboscis story (trade name—brown nose) and its art work, which is very pretty. And note the bit on hours for men, which is very witty. Also, the cigarette expose, which is very short.

We tell you to note these items, not read them, because we know that the only persons who read this Squid-nopsis page are at Rennie's magazine stand deciding not to buy it. And there is a long line behind, buddie, so DON'T read it, huh?

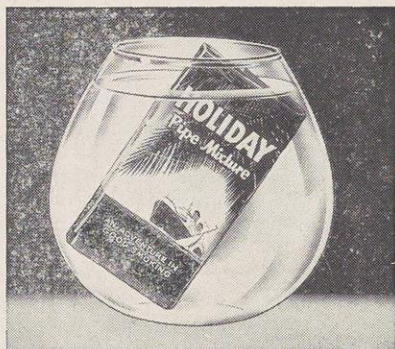
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from an EXPERT

A sample of Holiday Pipe Mixture in a plain wrapper was shown to the custom blender in a nationally famous tobacco shop. "Can you duplicate this tobacco?" he was asked. After careful examination, he said, frankly, that he couldn't. Although he could identify the types of tobacco used and could supply them in a \$6 a pound mixture, he couldn't guess the secret of the blend!



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GUT BUSTERS

A man walked into a church one morning, seated himself, and was surprised to notice that a man in the pew in front of him had carrots in his ears. The man tried to ignore it, but eventually his curiosity got the best of him. He leaned forward and whispered, "Why do you have carrots in your ears?" Again no answer. He whispered again considerably louder, "Why do you have carrots in your ears?" Again no answer. He fidgeted around in his seat for a few minutes, and then asked in a voice that could be heard all through the church, "Why do you have carrots in your ears?"

The man in front turned around, stared at him for a moment, and then calmly replied, "I can't hear you. I have carrots in my ears."

A horse showed up for batting practice one day at County Stadium and asked for a tryout. After a while, the coach finally agreed, so the horse took a bat in his mouth, crowded into the batter's box, and knocked the first pitch out to the center field fence. He took off for first base and got thrown out by a length.

"Hey now," the coach stormed up. "What is this? You knock the ball up to the fence and get thrown out at first. I don't understand."

"Don't be silly," sneered the nag. "If I could run, I'd be at Santa Anita."

"I can go out with any girl on this campus that I please."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I don't please any of them."

"Heard you were moving a piano, so I came over to help."

"Thanks, but I've already got it upstairs."

"Alone?"

"Nope. Hitched the cat to it and drug it up."

"You mean your cat hauled that piano up two flights of stairs? How could a cat pull a heavy piano?"

"Used a whip."

The men in college,
The he-men and the wrecks,
They do a lot of talking
About beer and also sex.
Now it's my observation,
In spite of all they boast of,
That between beer and women,
Beer is what they get the most of.



Portrait of the Artist in Defense of His Work

Scotchman: Just fill in this nationality blank, please. You're French, aren't you?"

Frenchman: No, I'm English. My mother and father were both English.

Scotchman: Well, you were born in France.

Frenchman: What of it? If your dog had pups in a china closet, would you call them soup plates?

•

ROTC Officer: Why didn't you salute me yesterday?

Frosh Cadet: I didn't see you, sir.

ROTC Officer: Thank heavens, I thought you were mad at me.

•

"My roommate just got a pet skunk, and he's keeping it under his bed."

"But what about the smell?"

"The critter will just have to get used to it like we did."

•

An Ensign returned from a tour of duty in the South Pacific and was greeted by his beautiful wife. When they were comfortably settled in their apartment and busy bestowing affection on each other, there was a knock on the door.

The Ensign jumped up in alarm: "Your husband?"

"It can't be," was the reply. "He's in the South Pacific."

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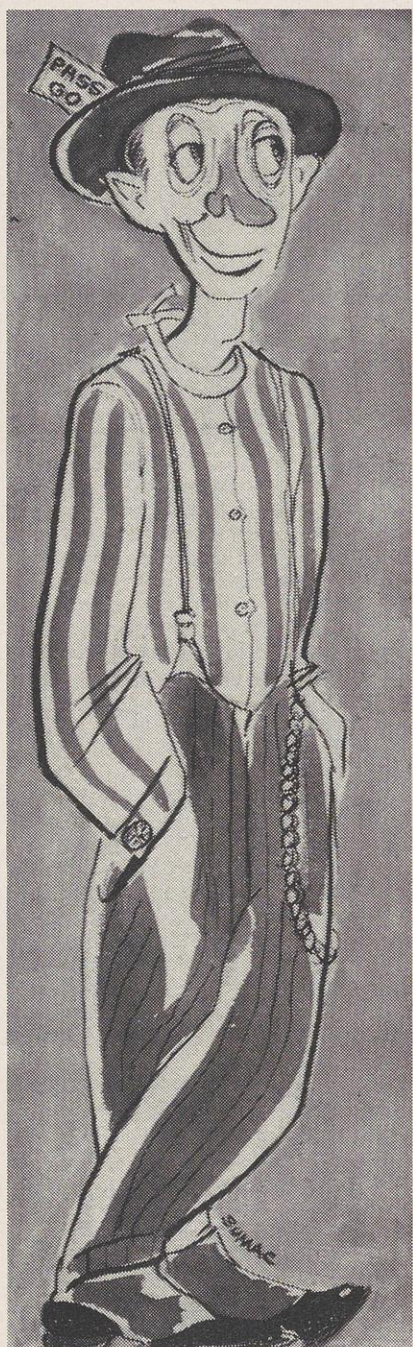
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THE MAN WITH

BY

DAVE TRUBEK & PHIL SCHAEFFER



FRANKIE

The bus plowed through the filthy, dirty street and screeched to a stop. Frankie Robot stepped out dragging a huge sack behind him. The way he hefted the sack, one would imagine it was filled with concrete. Frankie stood in the golden, soothing brilliance of the Leon's Frozen Custard Sign. A faint smile crossed his lips as he thought back over all the gay times he had had, and all the great pals he'd met sitting over a frozen custard at Leon's.

But, those days were gone forever, Frankie thought. No longer would he sit in the backroom banking for Leon's Monopoly Game while the fat customers swilled their frozen custard in the front, and the big operators from the uptown ice cream parlors come by slumming. "That is the way it is on the filthy, dirty street," Frankie thought. "The big ones eat the small ones: the law of the jungle." He dragged his sack like a man lugging sixteen tons of concrete.

In front of Leon's he saw a little man sitting crosslegged on the curb, fishing in the sewer. "Whatcha looking for, Cuckoo?" Frankie asked.

"Go away, buddy, you'll scare away the rats. There was just a big one on the . . . FRANKIE! It's you Frankie. My Best Friend, Frankie. My only Pal, my Buddy. Oh, Frankie, show me a cardtrick, will ya, huh? Cheez, I ain't seen a cardtrick since they raided Leon's and busted up your Monopoly Game. "Fellows, fellows, our buddy-o the Banker is back."

Frankie plopped a WintoGreen lifesaver into his mouth and kicked Cuckoo in the groin. The little man fell grovelling into the gutter. "Hi, yourself, Cuckoo," Frankie said and continued down the filthy, dirty street.

The man with a golden nose was back and all around, the slum degenerates and touts whispered behind their racing forms, "Frankie Robot is back. Get out your loot; there'll be a big game at Leon's Monopoly Board tonight."

But, Frankie was through with Monopoly. The Banker had built his last hotel on Boardwalk. As he dragged the sack up to the tenth floor of dilapidated tenement he thought about the new life he'd build. He arrived panting at the door, plopped a wild cherry life saver into his mouth, and knocked. He heard the bells jingling on Zosh's tricycle, and he knew she was coming.

The door opened and there, like a queen on her throne, sat his wife Zosh on her Schwinn tricycle. She pulled the cord on her steam whistle and shouted, "Frankie, Frankie, you're back. Oh I knew you'd come back, Frankie. Oh, I've waited for years, Frankie, cutting Pogo strips out of the papers and pasting them in a scrapbook that's called *The Story of My Life in Pictures* and never knowing if you'd ever be back to take care of me the way you used to when life was swell and real and true and we walked hand in hand along the filthy, dirty street before you got mad at me and cut off my ears. I've got the ears in my scrapbook, Frankie and I'll show them to you. Oh Frankie look at the cake I've baked for you, it says "Welcome Back to Squalor, Frankie."

"Yeah," he said seriously. "What's for dinner?"

Zosh looked imploringly at him and then pointed to the cake. Frankie slipped a Rudebaga lifesaver in his mouth and ground the cake in Zosh's face. The Law of the Jungle, Frankie thought, and dragged the sack over

"GO BRUSH YOUR TEETH AND I'LL

THE GOLDEN NOSE

to a corner. "Got a stone chisel, honey?" he asked.

"Whataya got there Frankie? Something for me? Oh I'll bet you got me present, didn't ya. Oh, you're always thinking of me. You try to act tough, but I know you're really soft inside, like the inside of a custard machine. Oh, my honey has brought me a present and life is gonna be swell and we'll live happy here on the street. What ya got there, Frankie? It looks as if ya got a hunk of concrete in that sack."

"Shut your stupid face. Got any money? I need some money for lifesavers, Zosh."

Zosh whimpered.

"Don't cry, honey. Things'll be different from now on baby," Frankie whispered in her ear. "Look what I've got, Zosh. There ain't gonna be any of that old life. We ain't gonna walk along that filthy, dirty street. And I ain't gonna work by Leon's any more. I ain't gonna sit in that smoky room with a lot of fat custard swillers and sweat and worry every time I pass GO, honey. Look what I got, Zosh." And he unveiled a gigantic hunk of concrete.

This pile of stone was the new center of Frankie Robot's life. Starting with this hunk of concrete, given him by the boys at the State Farm, Frankie was going to chisel his way out of the filthy, dirty, street. "I ain't gonna be a banker, Zosh. I'm gonna be a sculptor."

Like a nervous wife who sees her husband sitting next to a pretty woman at a party, Zosh gave the concrete a cold, analytical stare. "Whattaya mean, sculptor? Next thing ya know, ya'll wanta be a cop. Ya gotta make money so we can be happy, Frankie. Remember the old days when you was goin' around GO all the time and there was plenty

of money, Frankie? Anyway, Leon'll never let you go. He needs you at the board.

"Gimme a buck, Zosh. I gotta get a carton of lifesavers."

"Lifesavers, Frankie? You sure you ain't back on the stuff?"

Without a word Frankie grabbed a bill out of her quavering fingers and walked out.

It was evening on the filthy, dirty street. Around street lights and shop signs, like moths the vermin were assembling. Frankie Robot the famous sculptor, the man who'd thrown the monkey, walked jauntily along. What did he want from these crumbums? A cop car started down the street, and like ants rushing from a child's heel, the inhabitants of the street scurried to their holes.

He passed Leon's, where a rogues-gallery of types sat around eating custard and watching Leon peel the skin off an old wreck who was perfectly willing to have them tear off his flesh as long as they gave him spoonfuls of their custard.

Frankie was looking for a different sort of Fun as he walked into the Stark Club, a combination pool-hall and stripper joint that catered to hoboes, pimps, profligates, panderers, and prostitutes, and offered forty-year-old bump and grind artists with varicose veins. It was considered a high class joint on the filthy, dirty street.

Molly-O was there, as she had been there when the cops had dragged Frankie and his mortgages off two years ago. Molly was a cue chalker, she mingled with the customers in a low-cut dress, giving them something extra for their cues. None of the clients dared mess with the svelte female bombshell; the Sten gun she carried over her shoulder was not just for decoration, the boss was very



MOLLY-O

KISS YOU HONEY," SAID FRANKIE.

hard on people who got fresh with his girls, and anyway Molly-O stunk of garbage.

But then so does the filthy, dirty street, thought Frankie as he walked into the door. He picked himself up and saw Molly-O. Like a bullmoose watching his cow, Frankie Robot watched Molly-O leaning against a snooker table, and eyed the graceful curves of her luscious body, a body that said "Welcome home, Frankie" with every crease of her tight-fitting dress.

"Molly-O," he said lustfully.

"You ain't called me that in a long time, Frankie, Oh . . ." said Molly-O looking bashfully at a piece of chalk.

"I've been in stir for two years, you stupid broad," Frankie chided. From outside, the gentle strains of machine gun fire wafted into the hall. Leon and the boys were entertaining some guests from uptown. Frankie liked that sound, but liked Molly-O better.

"Go brush your teeth and I'll kiss you, honey," he said.

"Sure, Frankie," and she disappeared. Frankie spat confidently and looked about the pool hall. Then he saw Him. He was standing at the other end of the pool-table picking his teeth with a gold-plated toothpick. Louie the Pusher dressed like a refugee from MacNeil and Moore's window; he wore a peppermint striped polo cap over his curly black locks. The Pusher's Middle Eastern origin was reflected in his fat, greasy lips and bulbous nose. Dressed immaculately of course, he wore a Fire-Engine Red weskit with gold fleur de lis and desert boots. He looked like an Armenian night-watchman caught in the act of looting Brooks Brothers.

"Hiyah, banker, how's the famous golden nose?"

"Still smelling and it can still smell a rat, *Rat*," Frankie sneered.

"Got any special rat in mind, punk? Seems to me you've gotten awful cocky since ya been away. How about coming up to my room, Frankie-O? I got the STUFF upstairs and I'll give you some free for old-time's sake."

"Aw, your mudder wears army shoes," Frankie brightly observed.

"Anyway, wise guy, are you banking for Leon tonight? You'll see me then and you'll see me later because, punk, I got time and I'm gonna be around. You ain't tossed the monkey yet, no one tosses the monkey, it just hides in the corner of the room

and it'll jump on when you're not looking."

"I got the monkey beat and I got this filthy, dirty street beat because Molly-O and I are getting out of here for good. Yessir, we're getting a pretty little house in the country with a modern kitchen and a gas stove, and a pop-up toaster, and a percolator, and a mixmaster, and a Christmas Tree, and telephones instead of those goddam bongo drums. And we'll be happy, you *bet* we'll be happy, because we'll get a little dog and we'll call him Rover and we'll all vote Republican. And that's the way it's gonna be because we're gonna leave you guys, and the filth, and the dirt, and the street."



Frankie Robot clinched his small fists as two little tears streaked down his dirty face. Head held high, he left the Stark Club and walked over once more to the filthy, dirty street. Frankie tossed a Choco-Mint Lifesaver into his mouth and walked defiantly into Leon's. He stepped over the drunken bodies and walked past Cuckoo who was dilligently white-washing two sewer rats, which he would sell as white mice to biologists. "Gimme a frozen custard," Frankie demanded from Leon. "Chocolate," he said furtively.

"Let's see your dime first," Leon replied.

"I ain't gotta dime. I'm a sculptor and I gotta stone chisel."

"No tickie, no laundry," Leon profoundly observed.

"I gotta have a custard, Leon. Please, Leon, you know I'm good for the dime."

"So bank, Banker."

Like an iceberg melting before the summer sun, Frankie's iron resolve rusted before Leon's imploring.

"There are two Big Boys from uptown who want to take over the

Boardwalk. You've gotta stop them, Frankie."

The backroom in Leon's was a historic site. In the golden 1930s, Mad Dog Vincent (Bugs) Bunny had been riddled with 3231 machine gun slugs fired by some people he had cheated while playing miniature golf. To this day, the bloodstains remained on Leon's floor and no one plays miniature golf on the filthy, dirty street anymore. Into this room walked Frankie Robot, the Man with the Golden Nose.

Frankie had not lost his touch during his confinement at the State Farm. Cannily, he still could acquire Park Place and North Carolina Avenue. He was even capable of cashing in on Baltic and Mediterranean. The game went well for the Banker. He concentrated his power in the area between the Water Works Company and Vermont Avenue. His opponents, the two Big Boys, were frustrated at every turn. Frankie finally reached the point where he had most of the property but little of the cash and he reached the crucial moment when he had to pick from Community Chest.

"Take it, Banker," said Big Boy #1.

"Don't chicken out," said Big Boy #2.

Frankie nervously flipped a but-terrum lifesaver into his mouth. He knew how dangerous his position was. His palms were sweaty as Leon hovered over him like a nervous albatross. Frankie reached out, his golden nose sniffing, and turned over the card: DISASTER! Frankie was assessed on his hotels and houses: the game had reached the turning point.

Leon and Frankie nervously conferred:

"Frankie, we need more houses."

"No money, Leon."

"Banker, you don't need money."

"You mean, embezzlement?"

"I mean win, Frankie."

"Leon, I need some custard."

"After the game, Frankie, first win."

"I'm tired, Leon. I can't embezzle. Please, iced custard."

"After the game, you'll get chocolate custard, Banker."

Frankie Robot had never cheated at Monopoly before in his life. He had always banked an honest game. Now it was a matter of Leon's custard: the Monkey was back on his back, he had to put it to sleep. It was Big Boy #1's turn to roll the dice. Frankie felt everyone's atten-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17)

THERE'S GOTTA BE MEN'S HOURS

Silence. Just silence. My very afferent nerve fibers were frozen. (I think the real trouble was that the neuron synapses had been temporarily paralyzed through an oversecretion of the pituitary, but this will require further experimentation to verify.) My cup of tea almost chilled in the heavy atmosphere. Things hadn't been this tense since he'd kicked out the head of the Russian department for snowballing.

A. J. was thinking. Deans really aren't such bad guys, once you get to know them like I and my 3.998 average do. And it's surprising how much food for thought I get out of these little tea sessions with good old A. J.

"Dammit, Oliver, we've got to do something about this!"

"We sure do." It's always best to agree. He depends on me so.

It was safe to drink my tea now.

After a hearty *schlurp* from his demi-tasse, he walked to the specially made door to his inner office and locked it with his Phi Bete key. They were drowning excess freshmen in the basement.

"Herbert, you understand . . ." He began hopefully.

I understood. Some people think Deans are very hard-hearted, but you'd be surprised at the devotion to duty it takes to drown those screaming, pleading freshmen.

I was admiring his collection of axes on the walls when he blurted out, "My God, it looks like I'm going to have to kick out the whole damned school."

"NO," I responded in immediate loyalty to the student body, for his proposal would have included me, too.

I knew he would *never* be that drastic. He's too good a man, too kind, loving—and besides this would leave him without a job as fast as if he'd said "LYL Must Go."

Climbing up on his desk, he shouted at me passionately, "Worthington, the morals of the campus are descending to a repugnant low. Think of all the parents—taxpayers—who entrust their fresh, innocent young daughters to the care of this great university, expecting that they return with the wisdom of ages, and their minds reshape with Truth.

And instead their innocent daughters return to the farm with nothing but wisdom of the profession of all ages, and their pure bodies reshape with Sin. *Think of It!*"

Boy, was I ever!

However, I didn't know what Walter had told him at the last Regents'

THERE'S GOTTA BE MEN'S HOURS

meeting, so I kept quiet. Walter and I are good friends, but old A. J. is darned scared of him. Amuses hell out of Walt.

He was warming to his topic.

"I don't want no more of this Mickey Mouse routine that happens here every Spring, and a lot of the rest of the time. Only it's worse in Spring."

"What's that," I made the mistake of asking innocently.

"Are you *blind*, Smedley?" he screamed. I hated him when he called me Smedley. "*SEX*, filthy *FORNICATION*, that's what!"

"Now, A. J.," I calmed, "boys will be boys." And girls will be girls and isn't that the best sort of arrangement, etc., etc.—but I didn't want to bring up anything that deep for him.

"Exactly," he shouted, pounding his chest. "In my day, college boys were gentlemen. They looked after, protected, and guarded the purity of their women."

Tears were forming in his eye. My only thought was, "I may boot." It was time for me to take out my hankie.

"You've got to help me," he sobbed. "If we could harness all this sex drive of our male students, I'd have a dream college. And our moral standards would scale new heights of excellence. In short, what we need is men's hours."

"Filbert," he continued—he was slipping—he'd called me that once already, "Filbert, as an upstanding Octy Man, I feel I can be frank with you. Yours is such a good, clean moral magazine that I feel I can rely on you."

I was trying to make up my mind whether to apologize or punch him, when he continued.

"We've got to sublimate their drives in their studies. Just look at these letters from various parents: (he reads) 'Ever since my boy come to yore Ag skool, he sez after a year o' them wild university bovines, he done wann nothun to do with ovr simpl cows. Missuz A. X.' Wilfred, it's the AXE for me if letters like this get to the Trustees! There's hundreds of these letters. *We've* gotta establish Men's Hours. I couldn't just do it by myself or somebody'd get suspicious."

Damn right. They'd get a lot more than suspicious.

"We've gotta protect our women, and the Ag school's precious cows. We've gotta build character, and you've gotta help me."

He must have seen the wild look

THERE'S GOTTA BE MEN'S HOURS

come into my eyes, for his hand moved instinctively around the model guillotine on his desk. I immediately composed myself, and acquiesced. It was either . . . or.

His face was terrible to see. "We're gonna have housefathers, and bars, and bloodhounds, and 10:30 hours. There's not a single damned guy who's gonna be out after 10:30. I'll show 'em. I'll build some character in 'em, if I have to kill the lot to do it. And we're gonna start the ball rolling in the next issue of the Octy."

I could barely hear him snarl, "See!" Then I was falling through his trap door into the sewers of Madison. I climbed out the nearest manhole and headed straight for the Octy office.

I'd crusade.

Damn right I would.

I'd tell the world . . .

—*Oliver Witte*



MASTERPIECE OF THE MONTH
Beverly Thomas

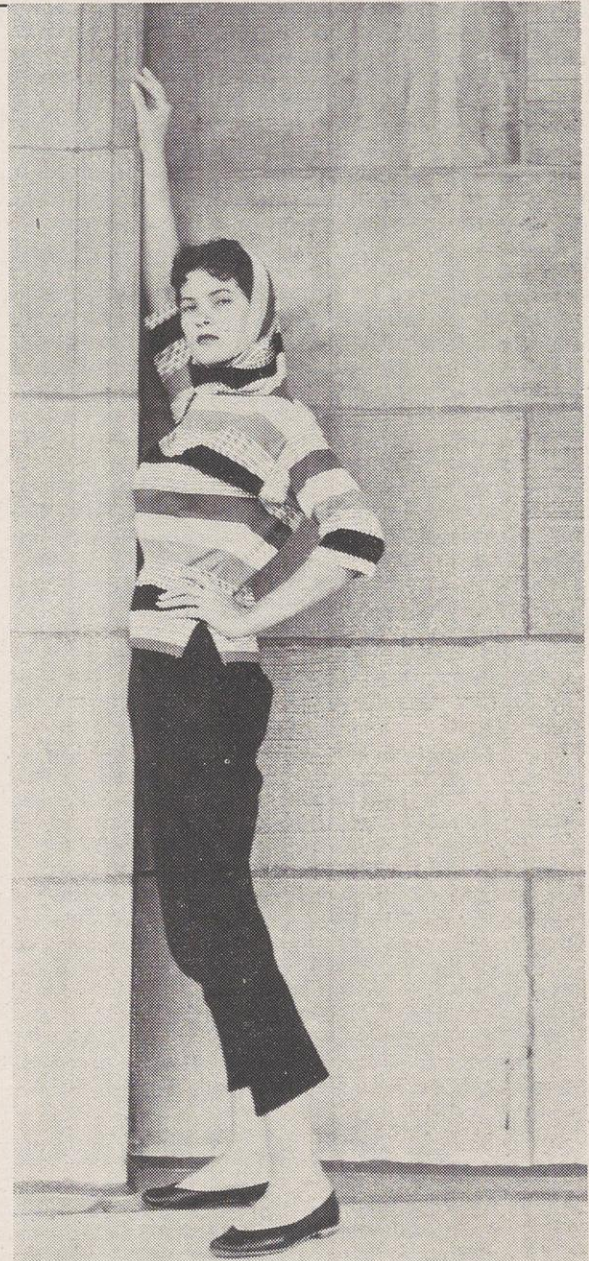


OCTY DREAM GIRL

Sweet and Sultry

Beverly Thomas

This month's dream girl was discovered by the editor in, of all places, the student infirmary. Independently discovered by the Badger, she was named a Badger Beauty this year. A student in pre-med and a member of Alpha Gamma Delta sorority, Bev's activities include swimming with the Dolphins.



Wisconsin Men

AN OCTY POLL

Last week a survey was taken by the OCTOPUS staff to determine how University of Wisconsin men rate at romance. Two thousand girls received specially prepared questionnaires. A good majority of them completed the forms and returned them to the Octy, where they were carefully read and the results tabulated. Before the statistics were completed, it became apparent that there was widespread discontent among the coeds. In short, Wisconsin men are spectacular failures at the game of love. As one coed put it: "I'm ready to switch to Camels!"

It seems that most of the girls prefer more sophisticated men. Surprisingly, when asked to list the places they're taken on dates, 15% of the girls put down "Pool-halls" and 30% listed "Noplace." Statistics like these, you must admit, leave one somewhat shaken.

Another fact which might interest a good number of men is that 85% of those polled liked neither the front seats *nor* the back seats of cars. In true cinematic fashion, 60% preferred moonlit terraces and 25% preferred death.

One girl appeared in person at the Octy office to register a complaint. In a heavy Bronx accent, she declared, "I go with an athlete and he insists on sleeping in his tennis shoes." Our only suggestion was that she move out.

The subject of necking was heartily discussed. Longest kisses ranged from thirty seconds to four months. We believe the latter must have been something other than a kiss, but no definite decision has been reached. The shortest kiss was three seconds. No comment on that count.

Most of the boys seemed to like necking, but a common complaint among the girls was that new techniques are needed.

On one questionnaire, a coed described the typical date as follows: "No matter where he takes me, we always wind up parked in some smelly alley. Then he puts on a tender act and kisses me and paws me all over, and I fight back. He thinks I just do this to encourage him, like I was enjoying getting mauled. That's only in the books he reads, and I hate it. And while I'm using every ounce of strength to fight him off, he's panting and sweating like a sloppy bull. I want to go out on dates, but I can't stand this much longer. Please, Dr. Peale, help me!"

A particularly strange practice, unknown to any of the Octy staffers, came to our attention. This wierd act, apparently widespread, is known as "French kissing." Utterly disgusting, 85% of the girls hated it, said that it was too heinous to describe fully, and refrained

from further comment. This problem presents fascinating speculations, and we intend to send an Octy representative into the field to investigate.

Ninety-two percent of the girls felt that their dates didn't spend enough money on them. This has an interesting correlation with the 8% who claimed never going on dates. However, an example: "My beau buys me cokes. I can buy cokes. He takes me to the movies, but I can afford that, too. Why the hell don't he buy me something I can't buy for myself?" Or: "My man has got sixteen million dollars, but he's on this damn humility kick, so he takes me out to dine on garbage and we go for long exhausting walks, and I'm supposed to say, 'Gee, he's a regular guy. Money don't go to *his* head!' This is hard on my patience and if I don't glom on to some high life soon, I'll go insane!" However, not all of the girls were so mercenary. In fact many expressed the desire to be treated to an occasional coke, but were frightened of bringing up the subject. "Hugo is touchy on these matters."

The topic of drinking might well be summed up by one sorority girl who reported: "Thomas is obsessed by the delusion that he can get me drunk, so we spend a lot of time in the beer halls, downing pitcher after pitcher. He's got a real clever technique, too. You see, he can nurse one glass all evening, and I'm not supposed to notice, and he always keeps my glass full. Well, I like beer, so I drink all he can buy me, and he sits there patiently watching me, to see if I'm 'well done,' as he puts it. Well, I've been around and can sop it up like a lush, and back at the house I get in shape on straight bourbon. I drink all I can when I'm with Thomas, and it doesn't bother me at all, except I can't see or walk so good. Lots of times, I get so smashed I pass out. Thomas says I don't have any morals, but I sure can drink beer!"

Also, on the questionnaire, a space was allotted for special comments. Here are a few of the more typical ones:

"He's a slob. We go to a show and he eats like a horse chewing on an innertube."

"My steady clicks all the time. He's got taps on his shoes, and he clicks his gum, and he clicks his fingers and knuckles too. I can't stand it! This constant clicking!"

"I've been out with all kinds, but the frat men are the worst. They're just momma's boys who get married after graduation just because it's on their calendar. They run around with disgusting girls, and only call me when the girls won't give them a date. I went with one who said he'd never take me home to meet his parents. I've spent a lot of time in frat houses and once was madly in love with one of the men. But now I'll just have to find love someplace else. Anyone interested, please call me. My name is Marvin Knarf."

Many girls pointed up the fact that the University men are not suave enough. Subtleness is demanded; no

Are Lousy Lovers!

guttled mufflers or light-up bow ties can arouse the emotions of the average co-ed. Attempts must be made by the men to achieve the Continental touch, which appears to be highly desirable. A few tips for the men:

When smoking, stick *two* cigarets in your mouth, light them both, and hand one to your date. This is often done in the movies and never fails to get a laugh.

Learn to operate a matchbook with one hand. And don't forget to be discriminate about what is said on your matchbooks. Avoid such covers as: "Smurd's Filling Station" or "Lucky Cabbage Grocery" or "Sam's Goat's Nest—Beer." Get some covers printed which advertise: "Elizabeth and Philip—London, 1953" and "The Tropicana" and "The Hotel Dixie, Just Off Times Square."

Peddle to class on an English bicycle plastered with European decals. Learn to push your bike with one hand. This shows exquisite poise when walking with a girl. It also shows that you have an English bicycle plastered with European decals.

If you own a car, secure foreign license plates.

Be insulting whenever possible. When your date appears in her new formal, feign nausea. However, if she begins to cry, lean against something substantial and gasp that it's only a reaction from the Cobra venom you contracted a year ago in India. She will immediately hate herself for her egocentricity and will be exceptionally cooperative the rest of the evening.



"Y'know, I don't think I'll send my laundry home this week!"

Learn to be nonchalant. The following dialogue is to be used in parked cars. Memorize your lines thoroughly.

Her: Isn't the night beautiful?

You: Quite.

Her: May I have a cigarette?

You: Here.

Her: Thanks.

You: Darling . . .

Her: Such dreamy music.

You: Bartok.

Her: The world could go on like this forever.

You: And ever.

Her: Say you love me.

You: I love you. Dearest, I . . .

Her: Don't speak. Hold me closer.

You: _____.

Her: The night is *so* beautiful.

You: Quite.

Now, wasn't that touching? And what have *you* been saying? *This*:

Her: Isn't the night beautiful?

You: Yeah.

Her: May I have a cigarette?

You: Nope, I quite smoking. I'm in training, you know. You might get cancer anyway.

Her: Thanks.

You: Boy, what a rotten picture that was.

Her: Such dreamy music.

You: It stunk.

Her: The world could go on like this forever.

You: Not with the atom bomb.

Her: Say you love me.

You: Geez, what corn! Ya know I'm gone on ya, Babe.

Her: Don't speak. Hold me closer.

You: Let's neck awhile.

Her: The night is *so* beautiful.

You: Yeah. You said.

Other words are not needed to describe the slobberous techniques employed by UW men. The girls took advantage of the chance to freely express their opinions of the males whom they know so well, the men who apparently know so little of themselves. It would take many volumes to relate in detail how the coeds shredded the gay dogs, cool cats, and other so-called make-out artists. The response was too enthusiastic to be handled by one OCTOPUS.

But still these pages contain room enough to inform the University men that they are far from the Great Lovers they believe themselves to be. If the coeds ever appear to be cooperative, they are merely desperate. One of the more important questions in the poll was: Are the men appreciated?

As *men*, barely. As *lovers*, No!

New techniques, gentlemen, new techniques.

—mike michel

And then there was the garbage-
man's daughter, who was not to be
sniffed at.

"I'm going to marry Millie Jones."

"Why, that girl's been out with
every man in town."

—Pause—

"This town ain't so big."

"I went out last night with a girl
who really had something."

"So?"

"I think I've got it."

"Highball or martini?"

"Just plain ginger ale."

"Pale?"

"No, just a glass."

Professor (Pointing to cigarette
butt on the floor): Is this yours?

Jones: Not at all, sir. You saw it
first.

Professor: Young man, do you
know who I am?

Student: No, sir, but if you re-
member your address, I'll take you
home.

"First name?" asked the inter-
viewer.

"Harry," was the reply.

"Hmmm. Last name?"

"Truman."

"Say," said the interviewer, "that's
a pretty famous name!"

"It oughtta be," piped the ag
school frosh, "I was waterboy at El-
roy high for three straight years!"

One college student defined a
miracle as one in which the charac-
ters are angels, devils, virgins, and
other supernatural beings.

And then there's the one about
the near-sighted snake that eloped
with a rope.

She: "Why did you take up the
piano?"

He: "The beer kept sliding off
the violin."

"What are my chances with you?"

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

She was the kind of girl who wore
dresses that kept everybody warm
but her.

If every boy in the world could
read the mind of every girl in the
world, gasoline consumption would
drop off 50 percent.

There's no such thing as virtuous
women; only awkward men.

"Hey you guys, cut out that swear-
ing! I've got a woman in my room."

The moon was yellow,
The lane was bright;
She turned to me
In the Winter Night
And gave a hint
With every glance
That what she craved
Was real romance.
I stammered, stuttered,
And time went by;
The moon was yellow,
. . . and so was I.

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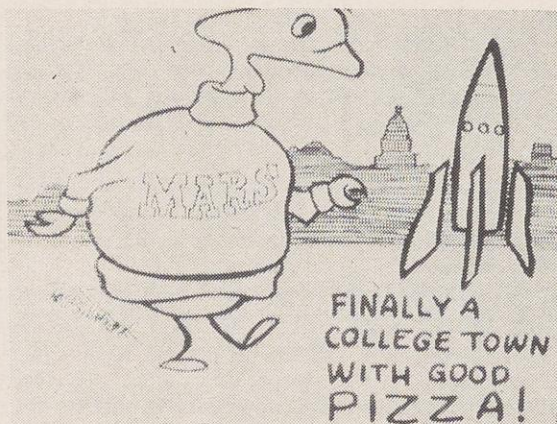
Marlboro

filter
cigarette



PAISAN'S FOR PIZZA

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821 University Avenue

tion diverted. He eased his hand slowly, easily, softly, carefully, inch by inch into the till. His fingers tightened around two hotels and a house. Leon poked Frankie and the Banker knew he'd need more than petty larceny to win. Three railroad deeds lay within easy grasp. With trained deft fingers Frankie Robot grasped them. He was sure he was victorious. A feeling of hot excitement swept over him and he thought of how after the game he would go up to Louie's apartment and enjoy his chocolate custard. What pleasure!

Sudden shock, the room spun. Big Boy #1 grabbed the golden nose. Houses, hotels, railroads, mortgages, and deeds and cash and Frankie went flying through the air. "Cheating at Monopoly," the Big Boys shouted as they bashed him over the head with the monopoly board. Frankie felt blood, vomit, nausea. He passed out.

Frankie Robot, the man with the golden nose, found the backroom of Leon's deserted and his own clothes covered with monopoly money and blood. He got the craves bad. He couldn't stop shaking. Frankie needed the cooling, cleanly taste of the STUFF. He never needed it so bad. Frankie stumbled into the front of Leon's store.

"Please, Leon, I need some frozen custard. I don't care what flavor as long as it is custard. I'll even take vanilla."

"Ya got money Banker?"

"Please, Leon."

"No tickee, no laundry."

Leon walked out of the room and Frankie was alone. The world had passed him by. Never would he live in the country with Molly-O and their pop-up toaster and their Christmas Tree. Instead, he was doomed to Zosh and her tricycle and the thought of no frozen custard. No summery, sensual chocolate, nor sparkling orange, no wild cherry. Life Savers could not replace frozen custard in any man's life. Frankie saw the frozen custard machine: cool and serene. What a way to die: death by custard. Frankie walked towards it and then plunged into bottomless depths of Chocolate frozen custard. Leon, oblivious to Frankie's fate, stepped into the room, flipped the custard machine switch off, and turned out the lights. As the frozen custard sign ceased to shed its radiance all was dark and quiet on the filthy, dirty street.

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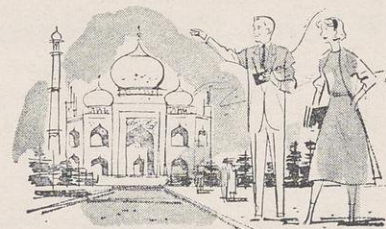
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The TRUTH About Cigarettes!

Cigarettes these days come in all kinds — regular, king-sized, cork-tipped regular, filtered kings, cork-tipped regular filters, king-sized filtered corks, cork-sized paper tipped kings with detachable brass filters, charcoal-chlorophyll filtered tobacco-tipped ambassador sized Vogues with lilac scented pink paper, et cetera.

And cigarettes these days are getting a lot of attention from doctors, psychiatrists, chiropractors, chiropractists, otolaryngologists, paleanthologists, pediatricians, obstetricians, dentists, et cetera, because somebody found out they were making people deathly sick to their abdomens . . . cigarettes, that is.

So cigarettes these days are being exposed in magazines like *Life*, *Look*, *Schnook*, *Glook*, *Glob*, *Snob*, *Pow*, *Wow*, *Sex*, *Sin*, and *Mickey Mouse Comic Books* (we checked, and there were no cigarette exposes in *Et Cetera*).

But what does it all mean? It means that I, the average smoker, get worried and confused about all these speculations and different cigarette shapes, and when I worry I smoke more cigarettes to calm down, and instead of calming down, I, the average smoker, get gut gout!

Medical science has been suspicious of cigarette smoking for years, which is the reason so many doctors experiment with them. But match producers knew there was something wrong with cigarettes too, and were the first to do something about it. They did their bit to save humanity by printing "Close cover for safety" on every matchbook, figuring that most smokers wanted to be safe and wouldn't open books of matches, leaving them unable to light their cigarettes.

But they were foiled when a frustrated college student, Fletcher T. Zippo, invented the lighter. "Shucks," said medical science, "we can't let these college students poison their systems," so in 1932 they started experimenting, and now, after careful observations, after many doctors died for the cause, medical science sent an exclusive correspondence to this magazine so that at last the truth could be found out by all, and the circulation of this magazine would rise, and they could claim a royalty check.

What has been found out? Take that reefer out of your mouth and read:
"TOBACCO POISONING IS CAUSED BY TOBACCO"

Boy, that oughta convince you to smash that cigarette in the ash tray and take up mah-jong as a pastime. What about those half-empty cartons of weeds you have lying around? After all, we average smokers know the facts now and don't have to worry NO LONGER about filters, lengths, and speculations, so we don't have to smoke. So we are going to send all our cigarettes to I, ME, *Dave Preiss*, 213 *Brooks Street*.

After all, it's a psychological fact that pleasure helps your disposition.

DAVE PREISS

PAISAN'S FOR PIZZA

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VENUS SAYS:

*I got all
broke up
over Paisan's
Pizza—
but I love
it!*

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821 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

"No, I rather enjoy them."

Chivalry is man's inclination to defend a woman's honor against every man but himself.

"Beg pardon, but aren't you one of the college boys?"

"No—it's just that I couldn't find my suspenders this morning, my razor blades were used up, and a bus ran over my hat."

In Russia, a commissar asked a peasant how the new potato crop production plan was coming.

"Under our glorious leader, Bulganin," answered the peasant, "our potato crop has been miraculous! If we were to put all the potatoes in a pile they would make a mountain reaching to the feet of God!"

"But you know there isn't any God!" said the commissar.

"There aren't any potatoes either," replied the peasant.

"Yes, madam, what can I do for you today?"

"I'm going to be married next Tuesday, and I would like to get some silk pajamas. What colors are appropriate for a bride?"

"White is the preferred color if it's your first marriage, and lavender if you have been married before."

"Well, you'd better give me some white ones, with just a wee bit of lavender."

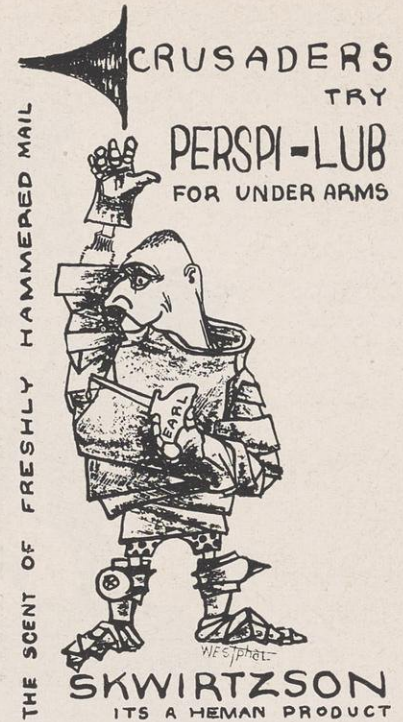
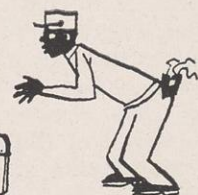
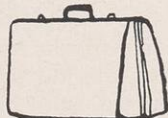
First Burglar: Where you been?
Second Burglar: In a fraternity house.

First Burglar: Lose anything?

Remember, halitosis is better than no breath at all.

Student: How do porcupines make love?

Prof: Carefully . . . very carefully:



"No, Mable, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority house."

Housemother: I know my girls don't drink when they go out because they're always so thirsty in the morning."

A local gourmet having lunch at the KKG house praised a sauce that was served and was given permission afterwards to ask the cook for the recipe. The cook said she didn't have the recipe—just worked things out as she went along. The usual ingredients, though, were butter, flour, lemon juice, a few shakes of paprika, and water. The gourmet wanted to know how much water. "Oh," replied the cook, "just about a mouthful."



illustration by
bob bornhuetter



WHAT'S WITH THE LYL?

or

The Origin of Horses . . .

by santo saliture

No one saw him. The doors were heavily barred and the sinister black curtains on the opaque windows gave the meeting a forbiddingly secret aspect. The sly reporter from the Daily Cannibal praised himself on his cunning ability to be present at this secret hush-hush meeting of the Board of Rodents. Luckily, the dense smoke emerging from the customary incense-burning ritual protected his being seen.

The curious reporters heard the murmuring chant of Head Rodent Beenabum as he wheezed, "Then my disciples, it is agreed upon. Old Abe's statue obviously doesn't command the respect it once did, what with everyone chiding it and painting nasty pictures on it. Our new statue of Al O'Magi will be a burning memorial of respect and inspiration for generations to come."

Worried, the little reporter sneaked out as stealthily as he had entered. Something had to be done quick! Plans were already under way for the removal of Old Abe on the hill and the erection of a new statue of Al O'Magi.

Not that Al didn't deserve a statue. Everyone knows that his profound philosophy is world renowned, and his famous collection, "The Origin of Horses," has blasted the hell out of the Darwinian theory.

However, it had been common knowledge that the new statue would be of Lank Freud Right, the beloved mad genius architect from Spring Screen. Right's designing of Madison's own outerspace satellite for student parking was the sensation of the Atomic Age. The satellite is equipped to hold 5,073,950,739 cars bumper to bumper, meter free, providing a fee card is exhibited. (Figure arrived at by the Surf Associates).

Although no one, as yet, has figured out a way to get his car up to the monstrous satellite, which cost Madison taxpayers \$50,739,000, you can't blame old wispy-haired Lank. As he said, "These (*Uyech*) common people tell me to make a student parking center and now they have the gall to ask me to explain to them how to park, weak-brained proletariats that they are."

The worried little reporter, wondering how he could stop the proposed project, raced breathlessly from the meeting, sped to his Union Tray, which was double-parked against Old Abe's left foot, then quickly got in line to await his turn to slide swiftly down the slippery hill.

When he reached the foot of the hill, the reporter decided to visit the Rat. A capital idea! Wasn't the Rat the nest of all radical birds? And were not his thoughts extremely radical, left left?

The bearded radicals of the Rat were sipping boiled cigar butts (better known by its pseudonym, Union Coffee) while having an intellectual discussion on the scientific removal of street signs from Greek Street, when they were approached by the frustrated little reporter.

As he related his horrifying tale the crowd's eyes brightened. It became exuberant with enthusiasm. The liberals began to gulp their coffee with thirsty abandon. They too wanted Lank Freud Right's physique to be statuized. Besides, It was a

change. They loved change. They were desperate for a change, any change. It was something new, different—a new crusade.

Already, the reporter had behind him a group of staunch supporters. Within the short duration of two days the AL, WHY AL? CLUB was formed. The move spread with the rapidity of Union waiters as a campus-wide crusade seeked to solve the mystery, AL, WHY AL?

The UW engineers, quick to sponsor anything drastically liberal, passed out reams of petitions. The bearded mechanics were indefatigable in forcing everyone to sign the "We want Right" petitions. This was to be a fair campaign.

When the American Wee Gents heard about the plans that the newly formed club had made, it immediately attacked it as un-American. Any efforts, they believed, to disagree with the Board of Rodents was illegal and red tinted. The American Wee Gent's leader, Imma Dribble, carried on a name-calling, mud-slinging campaign to abolish the AL, WHY AL? but with little success. The local newspaper, the Behind Times, took sides with the under-

dog, the AL, WHY AL? Club and started a smear campaign against the American Wee Gents calling them drugstore ROTC-boys.

Freddy Seafisher, a swashbuckling pen-is-mightier-than-sword type of fellow and editor of the Cannibal, helped the crusade by publishing verbatim, the impartial, one-sided views of the AL, WHY AL? while denying the denunciatory remarks of the American Wee Gents.

Freddy aided the petition signing by blasting the sororities who failed to sign them. "We're not prejudiced about signing. It's just that we can't get all bothered by a statue of Old Lank, the spark has petered out."

The frat-men, (not to be misread for frog-men) agreed to sign only when they were assured that the statue of Old Lank would be properly attired in the latest fashion, preferably Ivy.

Ezikimar Bolivar Frederick, president of the university, decided to end the snowballing crusade and issued an edict which said,

"Within 24 hours, all those connected in any way with the LYL will be subject to the following penalties:

Girls will be restricted for the

duration of their college career to 9:00 p. m. late leaves, no overnights. (now under protest by local hotels).

Boys—Four year compulsory ROTC.

Alternative for both sexes—Daily 7:45's or Saturday night classes."

Before heavy reaction against the edict set in, however, E. B. requested a board of experts from Washington to examine Old Abe for possible rehabilitation. The crew compounded various formulas to arrive at a product that would remove the student designs. This didn't work so they tried SOS. It shined! The colorful designs began to disappear as Old Abe took on a fishy green look.

The Board of Rodents approved the cleaning and decided to give Old Abe another chance.

In order to appease the resentment from all sides, E.B. approved a plan to have a miniature statue of Al O'Magi seated on Old Abe's left knee and another of Lank Freud Right on the right.

All is not peaceful yet, however, for there seems to be a growing resentment by the LYL to have Right "to the right."

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A PAGE OF THE RIPEST



Pierre and Henri were old buddies who hadn't seen each other in years. They met on the streets of Paris one day, and the conversation went as follows:

"How are things going?"

"Fine, and with you?"

"All right. By the way, are you doing anything tonight?"

"Why no, come to think of it."

"I'm having a party at my place. Why don't you come?"

"What will the party be like?"

"There will be drinking and dancing and singing and kissing and all sorts of lovemaking. It will be a real orgy."

"And who will be there?"

"Just you and me."

It was the first date.

"Cigarette?"

"No, thank you, I don't smoke."

"Let's go down and sip a few."

"I'd rather not. I never touch liquor."

"Well, let's go down by the lake for awhile."

"No, please don't. I never neck. But I would like to go out and do something exciting, something new."

"O.K. Let's go find a dairy and milk hell out of a couple of cows."

An American woman traveling in France was at a party one night and she was introduced to a former Russian Grand Duke. Trying to make an impression on him, she showed him a long chain of malachite beads,

a semi-precious stone, which she had purchased on her trip abroad.

"Aren't they wonderful?" she said, running the green beads through her fingers. "And they cost me a fortune," she added confidentially.

"I know," agreed the nobleman sarcastically. "My mother had a staircase made of it."

As the boat was beginning to settle beneath the waves, the captain lifted up his voice to ask: "Does anyone here know how to pray?"

One man spoke up confidently: "Yes, Captain, I do."

"Then," said the Captain, "you pray. The rest of us will put on life belts. We're one short."

Frank: They say Jim's wife had triplets after reading "The Three Musketeers."

Will: Good heavens, mine was reading "The Birth of a Nation" when I left.

He rounded the bend at close to 60. A sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together, unhurt, alongside the completely smashed car. He put a protecting arm around her waist, but she drew away from him.

"It's all very nice," she sighed, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of gas?"

—Pup

The students were watching the chemistry professor give a demonstration of the properties of various acids.

"Now," said the professor, "I am going to drop this half-dollar in a glass of acid. Will it dissolve?"

"No, sir," replied one of the students.

"No?" repeated the professor. "Then perhaps you can explain to the class why it won't dissolve."

"Because," came the answer, "if the half-dollar would dissolve, you wouldn't drop it in."

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 that 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."

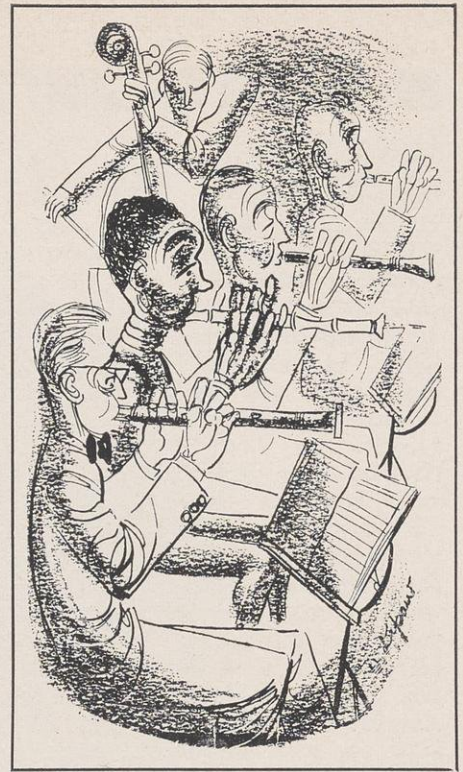
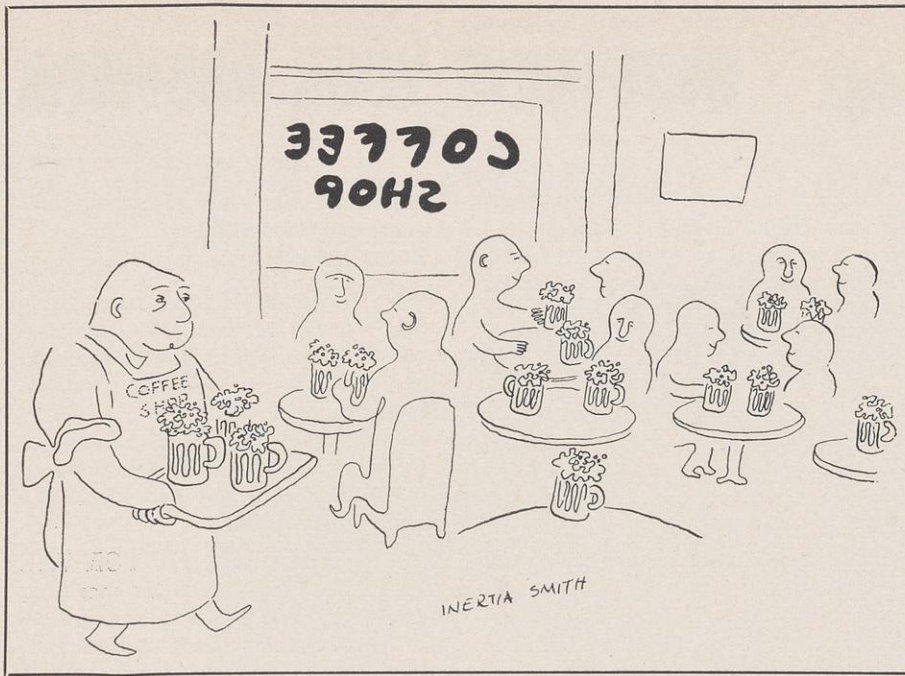
"Well, if you weren't who put the adhesive tape all over the bathroom mirror?"

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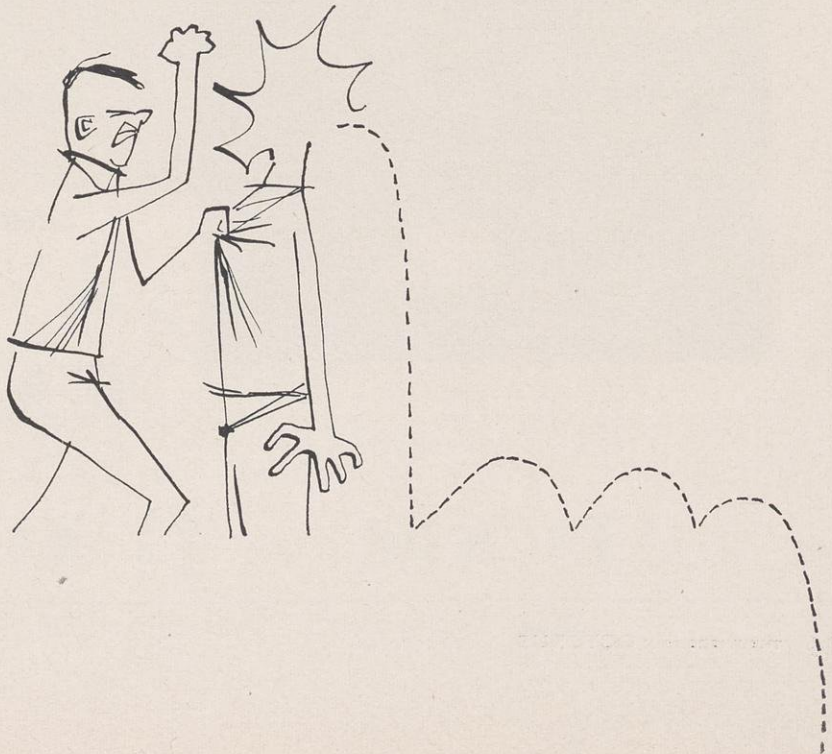
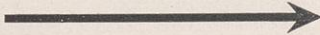
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AND FOR
THOSE WHO
CAN'T READ



Dear Dr. Poole—My older sister, Felicia, and I just can't get along. I'm afraid I'm heading for a nervous breakdown, because she goes out on dates all the time, and I stay home. My friends all tell me that I'm very pretty. In fact, I'm much prettier than Felicia, who is plug-ugly. That is what's driving me crazy. Signed, Frantic.

Answer: Dear Susan, if you only knew how many letters I get just like yours, you wouldn't bother me with your childish questions. Next?

Dear Dr. Poole—My hubby is a worthless sot. He comes home plastered and throws me out of the house. I promise you, if this doesn't stop, I'll leave. Signed, Perplexed.

Answer: Threats will get you no place with me. However, I suggest that you go out and get drunk with him. Married life calls for mutual participation, and really, liquor isn't so bad. Next?

Dear Dr. Poole—Are you really a doctor? Signed, Curious.

Answer: Who wants to know?

Dear Dr. Poole—I am a young man

who is considered quite handsome by his friends. Soon I will go into the Army. I don't think I can bear to be away from my girlfriends for that long. Tell me, can I find my faith in religion?

Answer: Of course, my son, why not?

Dear Dr. Poole—I see so many people asking you if they should believe in God that I no longer know what to believe anymore. Signed, Desperate.

Answer: One must believe as he will. We each have our petty frustrations, and must learn to live with them. For example, I sometimes believe that I'm God. Religion can work miracles for one, if you play the chips right.

Dear Dr. Poole—I am a young unmarried girl and live with two different men. Tell me, am I living in sin?

Answer: You are. You must choose to live with only one.

Dear Dr. Poole—Is it possible to have faith without money?

Answer: I doubt it.

Dear Dr. Poole—Are you a religious fanatic or something?

Answer: Next?

Dear Dr. Poole—I have been going with a man for two years and am expecting his child. Now I find out he's married to another woman. What should I do?

Answer: Have faith, child. Look for the silver lining. From the sound of things, you just had two wonderful years. Have faith.

DR. POOLE'S HOT TIP FOR THE DAY: When I get up in the morning, I greet the new day with a heigh-de-ho. I eat breakfast and radiate sunshine on the whole family. Each morning, I believe, should be regarded as a bright promise. Then I go down and get the mail, which is full of nickles, dimes, quarters, and dollars.

If you have a special problem, write to Dr. Norman Stagnant Poole, c/o the Octopus, Madison, Wisc. Contributions are joyously received.

—mike michel



DIXIE BASH

EVERY

TUESDAY 8:30 P.M.

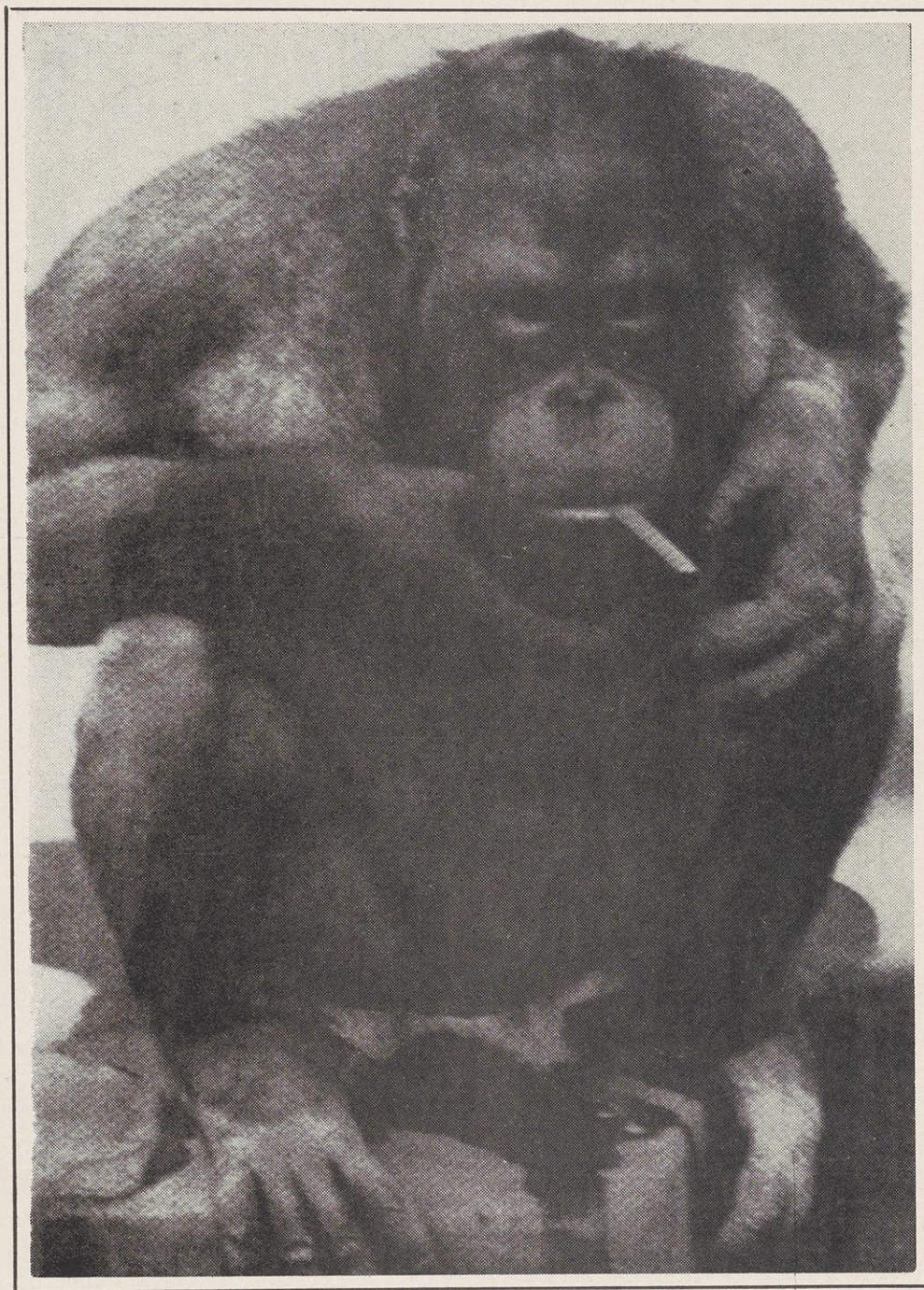
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