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## **Wisconsin Octopus: Souvenir issue. Vol. 31, No. 6 May, 1953**

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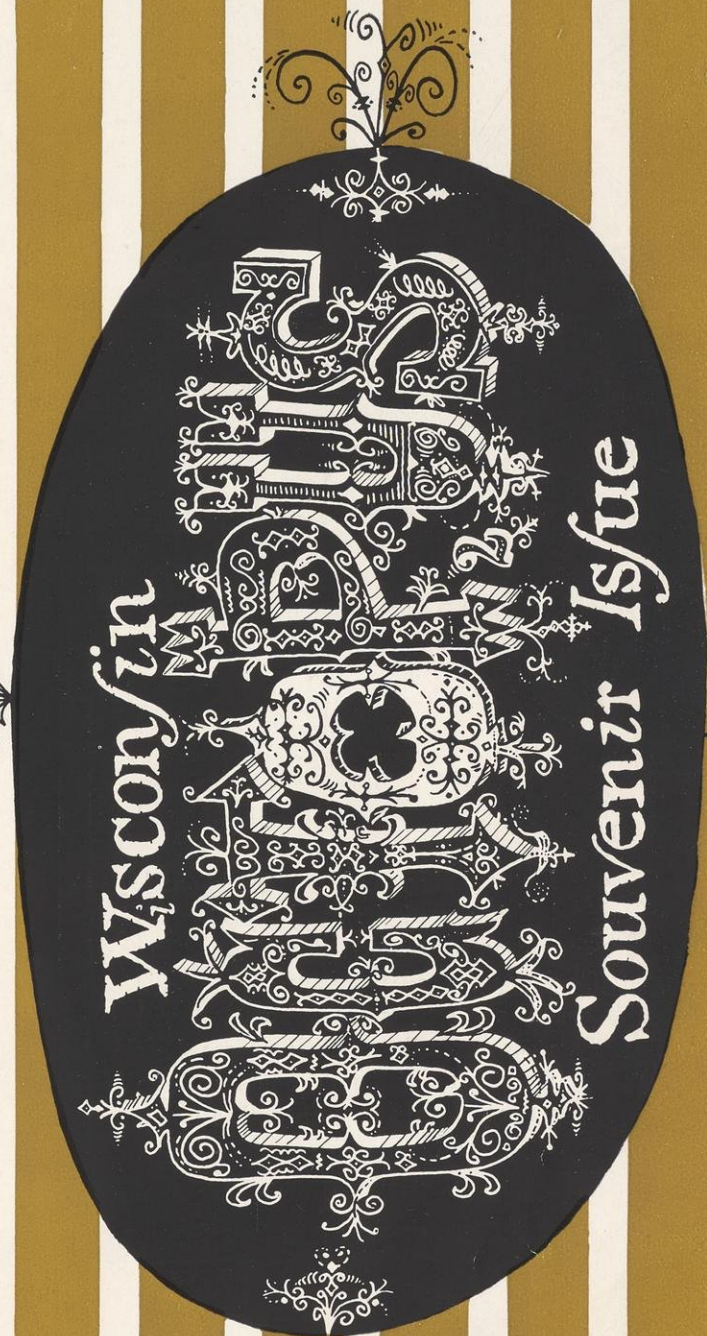
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100 years of Octy... 1748~1953



Still Only



Ken Eichenbaum

May





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## Our Readers Write or Wrong

*But Shoot Not This  
Old Grey Head*

or

*She Ain't What She Used to Be*

Dear Editors:

Still I didn't git the secund issue of your mag yet. What holds it up anyways? Everytime I subscribe I get the blast from youse. So get on the stick and send it yet. I'm waitin but not much longer already.

Impatiently yours,  
Fanciful Evans  
Persian Heights, N.D.

TO CLEAN RUGS WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN SUBJECT TO COLORS FALLING FROM THE CHILDREN'S FINGER PAINTING PALLETTE, ZESCONDA JOBBY, OUR HOME ECONOMY EXPERT, SUGGESTS WASHING THE AFFECTED PORTION WITH WARM MILK, ALLOW IT TO DRY, AND CUT AROUND THE WHOLE AREA WITH A SHARP SCISSORS. ED.

Dear Editors:

If you don't return all those engravings you borrowed from us to print that last issue of yours, you can just cross us off your subscriber list cuz we want everyone should play fair with us like we play fair with you. Now I gotta go out and clean my overalls.

Luke Edwards  
Editor, Country Mag.

Editors: Where are all those Photo cuts you said you'd return as soon as Liff was on the newsstands? Some of the cuts we loaned you were for our next issue and work has been held up for three weeks because of your apparent lack of dependability. You can be sure that's the last time we do business with you screwballs! Cross us off your list of subscribers. I gotta go downstairs now and scrub my new set of gears.

Andy Parabola  
Editor, Wis. Engineer

LIKE THEY SAY, THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES, YOU GUYS. ED.

Dear Editors:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, hee, hee, ho, ho ho, ho, ha! HA-HA-HA, har har hrumph, oh, hor, HOR, HOGF, RHUMPH, ah-ha ha! AH-HA har, har, harf, ruh, ruh, ruhgf, hruh, hruhgf, har!

Genevieve D'chaeau  
French Apache House

Dear Editors:

The necklace worn by my escort pictured in your Liff issue was quoted as being worth \$10,000. Let me hasten to correct your copy writers, who, I might add, seem to be constantly fouling up the factual information. Firstly, the necklace cost her \$2.98 at Wulf Koobly, and Hersig; Secondly, she is not the daughter of a Paris Cinzano Merchant. As a matter of fact, whenever I ask her who her father is, she turns on a big puzzled look which

Flip Flop the Page, Please



## Rose Marie Reid Swimsuits

The swimsuit to fit your every need . . . tailored by Rose Marie Reid for figure flattery. "Edwardian Hourglass" — \$25.00

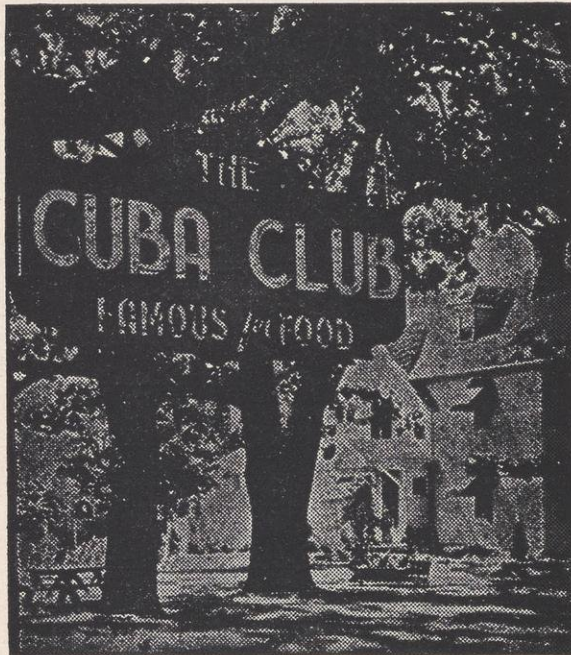
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leads me to believe she's as curious as I am; Thirdly, the cigaret she was holding in the photo did not burn a gaping hole in my chin. It was only scorched a little.

Yours for more accuracy,  
Monsieur Kulakow (left)  
Well known radio pro.  
Bellevue Hospital

P.S. You were right about that wart, kids. You should have seen it about an hour later. It looked like she had blown a bubble the size of a weather balloon and someone painted it black!

Dear Editors:

Where can I get some that Gora wool huh? I seen it was advertised in your last issue and it looks good huh? Please send me the name of a store what huh handles huh it huh?

Trooly yours huh  
Rowndee Huh

BIRDS AND MAMMALS ALL REFLECT THIS ONE PECULIAR APTITUDE, ALTHOUGH IT WOULD SEEM USELESS TO FORCE ANY SIMILAR ATTRIBUTION UNLESS A MUTUAL GAIN COULD BE MADE, WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, SEEMS UNLIKELY, TO SAY THE LEAST. ED.

Dear Editors:

The last issue of the Octopus was sensational. I'm still laughing at it, and when I'm alone in my room, sometimes I can't help chuckling to myself over the humorous articles within. Often I begin to roar hilariously, and tears roll down my cheeks before the doctors come in to fasten my quaking body to the bed.

Truly Yours,  
Charles Napoleon III  
Zduzee's Squirrel Ranch

My Dear Editors:

Allow me to congratulate you on your Life parody issue. It is by far the most terrific magazine you people have ever published. The pictures were great . . . the copy even better. You've set a standard that will be difficult to meet in future issues.

Very truly yours,  
Leonard Q. Maletz,  
Artist in Residence

Dear Editors:

What a terrific parody that last issue was. Please extend my subscription for another five years. Marvelous!

Sincerely,  
Helen Hershfield  
Tower View House

Dear Editors:

All year long I kept saying to myself, "Gregore . . . each new issue of the Octopus is better than the last. How long can this continue?" Enclosed find blank check. Fill it out for four more years of Octy!

For you always,  
Gregore Ronsholte  
Independent student

My Dear Editors:

What low, base, vile humor. When college students begin to pick at those of us who are the real defenders of this great country of ours . . . when the youth of America speculates on the important job of cleaning up the malignant filth which eats at the heart of the nation and holds up the great tasks that certain government men perform for ridicule . . . well, then, I believe, it is time for great universities to be investigated.

Seriously yours,  
Senator Joseph R. MacBogey  
Washing Done, D.C.





# WISCONSIN OCTOPUS SOUVENIR ISSUE

VOLUME 31

MAY, 1953

NUMBER 6

**'Goodness gracious! This is the last Octy of the year! What shall I do for a laxative?'**

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*the bounders of the campus  
are the bounders of the state*

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# Bred in the Bathtub

and a

# Chicken in the Pot

(A Word of Caution to the Reader—Do not be misled by the above title—this is only one story, unabridged—*Ed.*)

It was Saturday and we were all sitting around the tub in the bathroom sipping gin through straws. I loved these friendly gatherings and Saturdays were never frequent enough for me. Apartment life was much better than the little room I had had out at the dorm, and my present roommates were always quick to agree with me, especially as the Saturday evenings wore on.

But today was different. A stranger could feel the dissimilarity if he were fortunate enough to have attended last week's session for comparison. Mostly I think it was Kurt . . . the look on his face, I mean. Kurt's eyebrows were pinched together with a crease in between and his glass eye was glossy.

We had known Kurt—Phil and I—since he came to school from Germany, and during this relatively short time I had come to read his disposition in the shine of his left eyeball.

And now something was worrying Kurt.

"What's the matter, Kurt?" Phil asked, looking up from the tub.

Kurt shifted his weight and took a long pull on his straw. He paused to get the correct English words . . . It reminded me suddenly of the time Phil had drunk too much and Kurt and I tried to temper his over-indulgence with a little sobriety. Phil had staggered down to the corner with a letter he had written, threw up into the mailbox and dropped the missive in the sewer. Also we were wonder-

by  
**FLETCHER TOYLIT**

ing how the mailman would feel about Phil's deposit . . . and then Kurt answered gazing intently all the while into the bathtub:

"Vot ve need iss zom gelt, I tink I habe a idea."

It was easy enough for Phil and me to pay the rent for our new apartment, but Kurt always managed to spend his monthly allowance on a "s ch o n e Americanishes Fraulein" during the first week, and borrowed from us constantly to keep himself in beer for the remaining three weeks. This occurred every month, and each month brought a new Fraulein to his attention.

Apparently Kurt had an idea. Not being averse myself to earning cash money, his words held my interest as well as Phil's. Phil was an engineer, and ideas and plans for anything created a great stir within his soul. Often he would derive a solution on the way to class and he hastened to jot notes on the back of his hands with a ball point pen. In this way he acquired the ability to manipulate a writing instrument with either

hand. If he were in class and had no paper, he would take notes all along the legs of his army-pants. My only criticism of Phil is his apparent disregard for these markings after they were once made. Phone numbers written on his wrists would go uncalled for weeks, and an equation on his index finger would be unused until mid-term exam time.

I did, however, envy his aptitude for solving problems—any problems. It was a delicate science for Phil, and even the simplest task would require endless calculations to be made. Once it took Phil seven hours to wash the breakfast dishes, including the time spent for creating a new method of accomplishing this chore (which, incidentally, resulted in broken dishes which still were a bit greasy, rendering them useless for all practical purposes).

Kurt's idea was to sell sandwiches in front of the Bascom Hall between classes. Often, I imagine, he became very hungry himself at school and decided the idea would become immensely popular among the other students.

Well, as it turned out, Kurt's idea was pretty profitable and all of us were living pretty high on the hog and had a huge surplus of sandwiches in the bank under a joint account.

One Saturday night, about five months later, we had just finished putting in our order at the bakery

Skip Everything 'Till You Get to  
Page 19



The door to door peddler looked doubtfully at the huge animal lying on the front porch. "What breed is your dog?" he asked the little old lady rocking nearby.

"I don't really know," she answered, "my nephew sent it from Africa."

"It's the queerest looking dog I ever saw," observed the salesman.

"It was a lot queerer looking," said the old lady, "before I cut its mane off."

\* \* \*

A fussy old lady was walking along when she noticed a little boy sitting on a doorstep smoking a cigarette. In high dudgeon, she remarked, "Little man, does your mother know you smoke?"

The gamin whipped back with, "Lady, does your husband know you flirt with strange men?"

Listed Above and Below Are

## ORGANIC STUDIES IN RIVER AND STREAM POLLUTION

From Gov't Pamphlet No. 1-736

The young couple had just returned from their honeymoon. All the bride's friends gathered around her, and one of them asked, "How did John register at the first hotel you stopped at?"

"Just fine," said the young bride, blushing happily.

\* \* \*

The American was visiting and having a glorious time. His hosts decided to take him on a fox hunt. He was overjoyed and they left shortly afterwards in chase of the fox.

That evening, as they came back, the guest was alone. He was shunned by everybody. No one said a word to him. Soon, he could stand it no longer and asked his host if he knew why this sudden change in behavior.

The host said very distastefully, "In this part of Sussex, my good man, when we go hunting and corner the fox, the expression is 'Tally Ho' and not 'There goes the little . . .'"

\* \* \*

The minister arose to address his congregation. "There is a certain man among us today who is flirting with another man's wife. Unless he puts five dollars in the collection box, his name will be read from the pulpit."

When the collection plate came in, there were nineteen five dollar bills and a two dollar one with this note attached; "Other three pay day."

\* \* \*

The rhetorics professor took his young six year old son to class with him one day, and while he was lecturing, happened to look in the back of the room where he was and could hardly contain himself as he saw the boy, who could not read or write a word, scribbling away furiously. Afterwards he asked him, "Tom, what were you doing?"

"Taking notes, daddy, like the other students."

"Let's see them." Tom brought out his notes proudly. "Why, Tom, this is all nonsense."

"I thought so too, daddy, all the time you were talking."

Last Joke Ends Here

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### Another Joke Starts Here

An Englishman was visiting this country for the first time, and as he was driving along the highway, he saw a large sign:

"Drive Slow. This Means You."

The Englishman stopped in surprise. "My word!" he exclaimed. "How did they know I was here?"

\* \* \*

At a circus in a nearby town, a man thoughtfully stood looking at the camels. Then he picked up a straw, placed it on the camel's back and waited. Nothing happened. "Wrong straw," he muttered and walked away.

\* \* \*

"Ho, Pedro, why are you looking so happy?"

"Ahh, it is because Lolita has promised to be mine."

"O, Pedro, not Lolita. Every man in Tasco has made love to that one."

"Ye-es. But, Tasco is such a *leetle* town."

\* \* \*

She was buying luggage for her husband. She kept coming back to a case made of alligator hide. Finally, she said for the third time, "Are you quite sure this is alligator skin?"

"Positive," asserted the salesman. "In fact, I shot the alligator myself."

"The leather seems rather scuffed up on this side."

"That," the exasperated salesman blurted, "is where it struck the rock when it fell out of the tree."

Last One Below

In Holland, Ex-Lax is called "Little Dutch Cleanser."



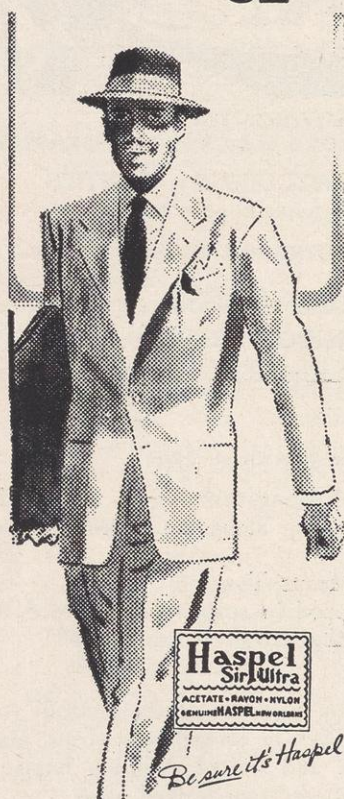
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# “You Have Betrayed Me, John Drew”

*from the annals of Mayfair York*

The lights blinked and twinkled, mimicking the stars that cast their effervescence downward from overhead. The lights were all around, but I walked through them without even noticing. My head was down and my collar was up, and my spirits were down and my jig was up. “Damn,” I cursed gently. Somewhere in this gigantic city of blinking, twinkling lights overlain at night by multitudinous stars and governed constantly by ruthless, cold-blooded, money grabbing ogres, was a killer. It was my job to find him. Me, John Dill of the maternity ward beat, insignificant, bungling me, supposed to find a killer. Tommyrot! I fell into an open manhole.

When I regained consciousness I was in a small subterranean room through which a stream of murky fluid trickled. I regurgitated aimlessly. Suddenly, a raft appeared around the bend and there she was. She was beautiful beyond belief and as she entered my chamber a million violins began to play. The noise was deafening. She raised her megaphone to her lips and spoke. “Are you—?” I nodded half blushing and tore off my shirt. There emblazoned on my chest were the words, “Max Dill, Private.” She was immediately overcome by the sight of my bare chest and prostrated herself at my feet babbling incoherently. There emblazoned on her boot-strap were the letters, “D.P.”

As I lighted a cigarette for her, I questioned her, “What for is that there on you?”

“Aw geez,” she murmured, “Whyd’ja have to ask me that?”

But before she could continue they were upon us. Hordes of them and all very beautiful in their busmodic lopsidity. Amazons! The thought struck me in a blinding flash.

When I regained consciousness I was alone on the raft in pitch blackness. The count was three and two. I picked up the bat. It was heavy. Then I realized that it was not the bat at all. It was my head. I replaced it and looked around. The sewer tunnel had enlarged into a beautiful lake. At the edge of the lake stood a doberman pinscher, ears alert, head erect. My mind returned to the grimmer business at hand. The killer; I really ought to find the killer. Then I knew. The girl, the raft, the dog, those letters, “D.P.”, it all tied into a neat bundle. Neat and nice, ready to drop into the Chief’s lap. I smiled at the vision of the Chief’s pain distorted face and whipped my forty-five from my tunic. Then the doberman knew that he was going to die. But before I could shoot, the dog turned into a beautiful woman. I recognized her as the woman from the raft and I hesitated. She laughed wildly and pulled at a silver chain near her foot. Suddenly the water drained from the lake carrying me with it down toward the grinding jaws of the disposal. I cast a last futile glance upward only to see the girl standing there with a cork between her clenched teeth, grinning triumphantly.

When I regained consciousness I was in a small subterranean room through which a stream of murky fluid trickled. I regurgitated aimlessly. Suddenly a raft appeared around the bend and there she was. I raised a gun to my head.

*The following may be read as a sort of happy ending to the preceding story.*

A man came home one evening and raved about his new secretary. She was so efficient—and good-looking besides.

“Really a doll,” he said.

His little daughter spoke up, “Does she close her eyes when you lay her down, Daddy?”

\* \* \*

Stranger: “Pardon me, but do you know a man in this town, with one leg, named Wilson?”

Old Timer: (Oh, what’s the use; you know the punch line already!)

\* \* \*

College: A fountain of knowledge where all go to drink.

\* \* \*

Remember, girls, it takes a darn good swimmer to say “No” in Venice.





*paris sings a  
new fashion note,  
and with its  
echoing strains  
emerges unique  
on the  
campus scene  
dirt  
cheap*

*Fashions*

FOR SPRING ON THE CAMPUS

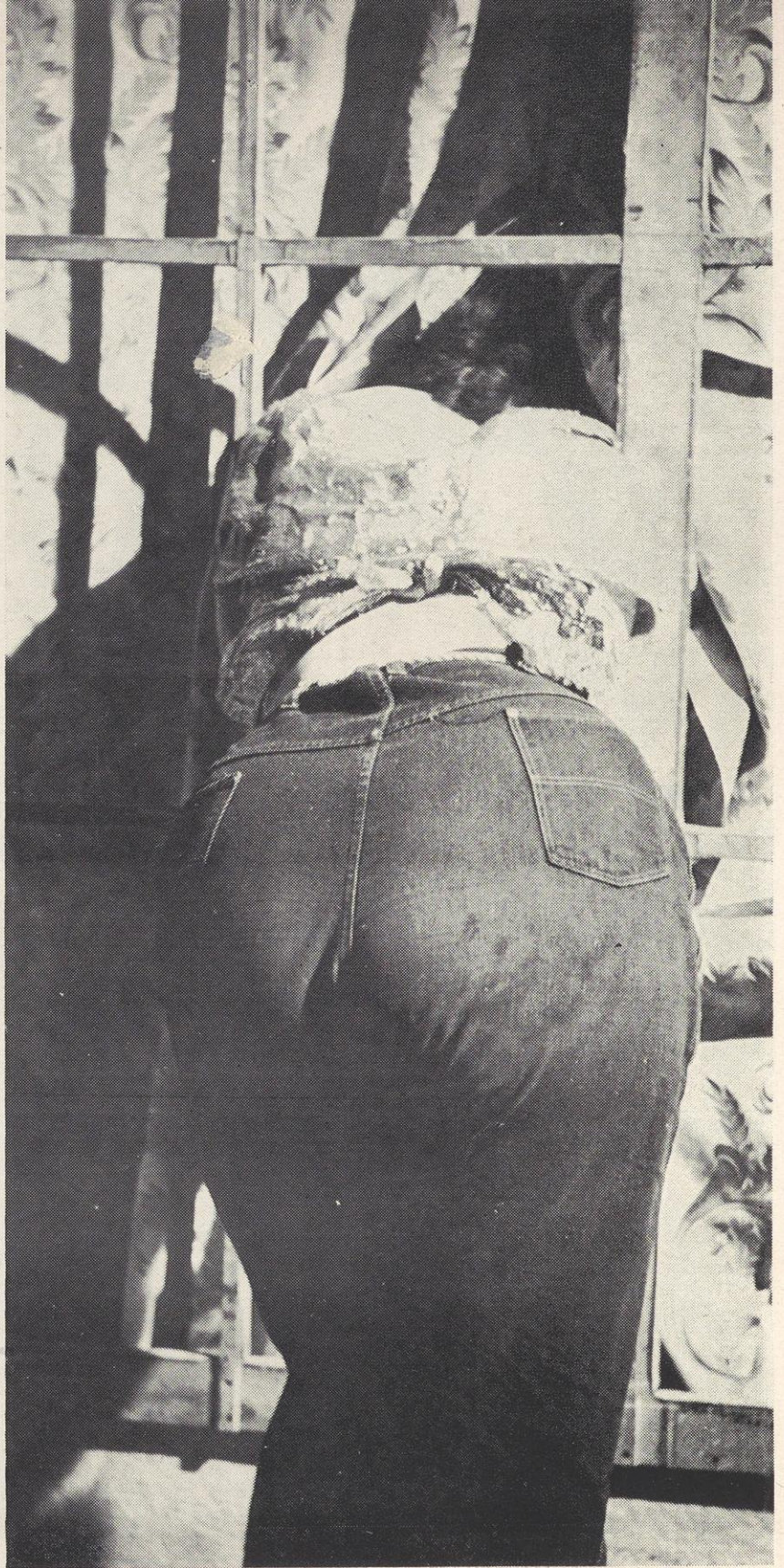


## CAMPUS FASHIONS

*dirt cheap*



THIS SEASON ON THE CAMPUS,  
HANDKERCHIEFS WILL  
BE MORE FOR SHOW  
THAN FOR BLOW.  
THE SILK ONE PICTURED  
ABOVE MAY BE USED FOR  
CLEANING THE NECK. IT CAN BE  
ROLLED INTO A SMALL  
BALL AND SECRETED  
NEARLY ANYWHERE.



SHINY BRASS RIVETS MAKE THESE  
NEW LEVEES SAFE FOR ALL-OVER  
PROTECTION. MADE OF 90 POUND  
DENIM, THEY'LL STAND UP UNDER  
ALL CONDITIONS. MATTER OF FACT,  
YOU CAN'T SIT DOWN IN THEM.



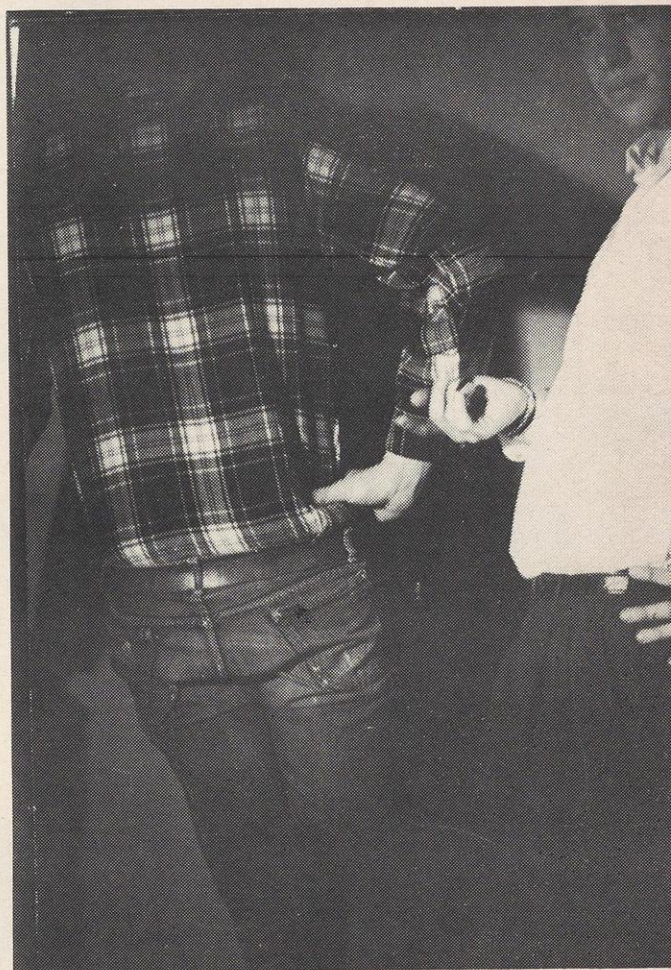


NEWEST THING FOR THE  
UNDERTHING ARE THESE  
BUNCHINGWEAR "JOX" SEEN  
AROUND THE BETTER CLUBS.  
WEAR THEM, MEN, AND  
YOU'LL BE TICKLED TO DEATH.

## CAMPUS FASHIONS

*dirt cheap*

THE SHAPE OF  
THINGS TO  
COME FOR WOMEN'S  
FANCY APPAREL  
IS THIS NEW  
HYDROGEN FILLED  
BRA TO GIVE  
YOU GIRLS  
WHO DON'T SMOKE  
A REAL LIFT.



WAISTLINES ARE DROPPING  
THIS SEASON, AND FROM NEW  
YORK COME THESE  
HIP-SNUG SNUGGIES THAT GIVE  
YOU MEN THAT LONGED FOR TALL-  
IN-THE-SADDLE APPEARANCE.



FOR THAT  
JAUNTY AIR AT  
THE COCKTAIL  
BAR, MUCKLUK  
DOOZER CHOOSES  
THIS NAVY  
BLUE CAP,  
BECAUSE IT'S SO  
DIRT CHEAP.



# HATS MAKE THE *fashion* "HEAD"LINE DIRT CHEAP



←  
SIPPING MILKSHAKES  
CAN BE ROMANTIC  
WITH A "TURTLE HURTLER"  
SITTING THERE ON  
YOUR FOREHEAD. COMES  
WITH A SMALL CHAIN  
THAT CLIPS TO THE NOSTRILS.

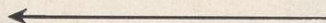
PITCHER YOURSELF  
WITH THIS "MILK-  
MAID LID" WHICH IS  
GUARANTEED NOT  
TO BE SWISHED OFF  
BY PESTY OLD COWS.  
MADE OF CONCRETE.



→  
FOR PARTY  
GLAMOUR, WEAR  
THIS ENGLISH  
BORN "LEECH"  
AND TAKE  
HOME SANDWICHES  
IN IT.  
ALSO COMES IN  
THE POPULAR  
VACUUM THERMOS  
STYLE.



TELEVISION CAN BE  
MORE ENJOYABLE  
WITH THIS NUMBER.  
DURING COMMERCIALS  
THE WHOLE THING  
CAN BE PULLED  
DOWN AND TIED TO  
THE NECK.



←  
PRACTICAL AS  
WELL AS STYLISH.  
THIS ONE IS FOR  
THE PEOPLE LIVING  
IN TRAILER CAMPS,  
ESPECIALLY  
TRAILER CAMPS  
NEAR STADIUMS.  
TUCKS NEATLY  
INTO THE EARS.



After looking over a moose at the zoo, it seems to us that a man shot by mistake for one of them might as well be dead anyhow.

\* \* \*

## KAH

Who says the Russians have no sense of humor? Here's a joke that is currently rolling them in the aisles in Moscow:

Puervi: Kto buila dama, c kotorio you videl bac, vcher yecherom?

Torul: Ones net dama—ona moya zhenya.

\* \* \*

## RAY

Two drunks are looking up at the sky, wondering-like, so finally they stop a third drunk.

First: "Hey, pal, do me a favor. Is that the sun going down or the moon coming up?"

Third Drunk (after deep concentration): "Shorry, buddy, can't tell you. I'm a stranger in town myself."

\* \* \*

## ZEE

A young man-about-town, approaching a cigar counter behind which stood a cute young thing, said: "Do you keep stationery?"

Said the cute young thing: "Yes, up to a certain point, then I just go all to pieces."

\* \* \*

## DAD

A bricklayer fell off a building and was killed. His wife immediately collected his life insurance and other benefits from the builders. The next day the siege began. There were lawyers, relatives, income tax collectors, salesmen, beggars, and more relatives trying to get a share of the inheritance. After a few weeks of this her son told her, "Ma, you're looking tired. You should get some rest."

"Son, this is wearing me down so much that sometimes I wish your father hadn't fallen off that building."

\* \* \*

Personal:

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"Shay, fellash, I just remembered my folksh are coming up today."



"Like you to meet the star ha"

## INERTIASO



"I had 2 years of ROTC—how many did you have?"

*For the first time in Octy's history, editors gathered together all of the cartoons printed since the birth of the magazine and have assembled them here for the first time in Octy's history gathered together all of the cartoons printed.*



"Shay, mister, could you direct us to Liz Waters—we're going to make a raid."



"Mom!"



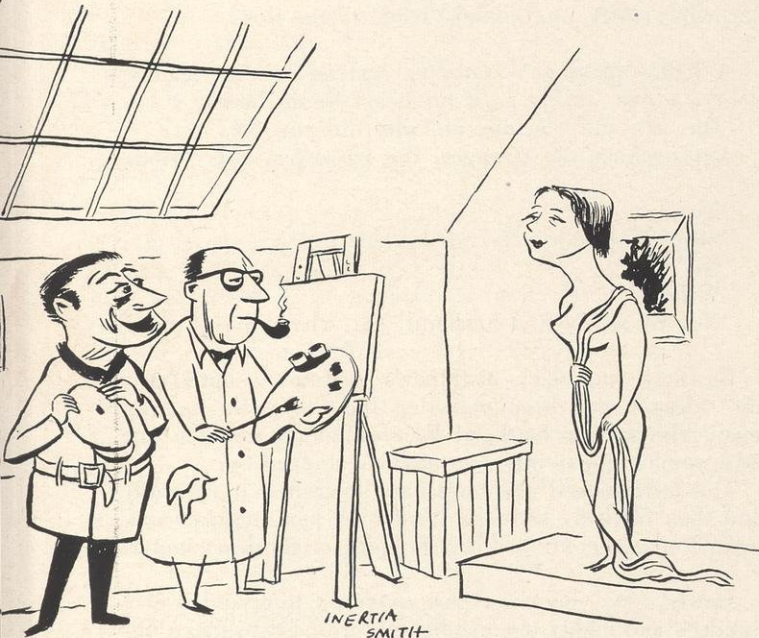


aims he doesn't get a salary."

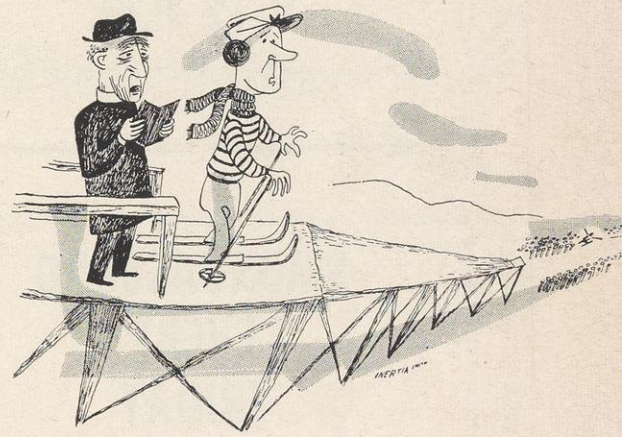
## PBOOK



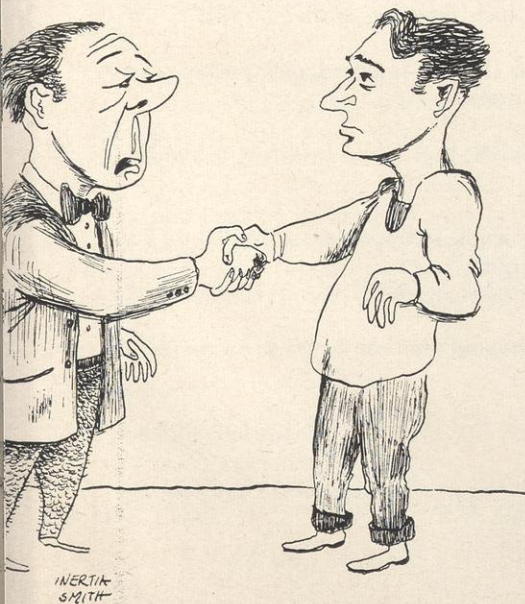
"Hey, fellas, look! My folks sent me the dough I asked for!"



"I've always had a secret ambition to paint."



"He leadeth me beside the still water . . ."



easy, Fred, these periods only last for 4-5 days."



"Go ahead—you can pet him."



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## THAT'S A WOPPY-DOOZER!

• • • • •  
YOU TELL 'EM, JATHRO  
• • • • •

### Short Stories For Bathroom Consumption

Judge: "You're charged with drunkenness. Guilty or not guilty?"

Columbia Student: "Not guilty, sir."

Judge: "Officer, why did you arrest this boy?"

Cop: "Well, he was standing in front of the library, throwing sticks, and yelling 'fetch' to the lions."

A fellow passing a cemetery noticed another leaning over a grave, crying as if his heart would break.

"Oh, why did you die, oh, why did you die."

Approaching the stranger, the passerby said, "Mother?"

"No."

"Sister?"

"No."

"Wife?"

"No. My wife's first husband! Oh, why did you die?"

Business was slack at Macy's perfume counter and the salesgirl had been polishing the showcases to keep busy. She set her bottle of Windex on the counter just as a woman, apparently near-sighted, stopped by.

The lady picked the bottle up, inspected it carefully and then furtively squirted it all over her muskrat coat, walked on and continued her shopping at another counter.

Stewed—Do you know that seventeen thousand twelve hundred and eighty-two elephants were used to make billiard balls last year?

Steweder—My, oh my, isn't it wonderful that such big beasts can be taught such exacting work?

Did you hear about the one-fingered pick-pocket who could only steal life-savers?

"I was so cold last night that I had to throw a blanket over my shadow."

"Here," drolled the drunk in the music store. "Here's a nice double-barrel shotgun."

"Liar," said his sozzled friend. "It's a single-barrel gun."

"Hey, you two," shouted the clerk. "Get away from that pipe organ!"

Professor: "Can anyone give the derivation of the word 'auditorium'?"

Student: "Yes, from the word audio, hear, aud taurus, bull. A place where you . . ."

Professor: "That will do."



## TITLE ON PRECEDING PAGE

Frosh: "I just brought home a skunk."  
 Roomie: "Where ya gonna keep him?"  
 Frosh: "I'm gonna tie him under the bed."  
 Roomie: "What about the smell?"  
 Frosh: "He'll have to get used to it like I did."

\* \* \*

Three men were sitting on a park bench in Russia. One, who was reading a paper, finished an article, looked up, and said, "Tsk, tsk."

The second man looked over, read the article, and he, too, said, "Tsk, tsk."

The third man stood up and said, "If you guys are going to talk politics I'm going."

\* \* \*

"I heard you picked up some French when you were there on vacation last year."

"I sure did."

"Well, let's hear some words."

"I didn't learn any words."

\* \* \*

Frosh One—"I hear you got thrown out of school for calling the dean a fish."

Frosh Two—"I didn't call him a fish. I just said 'That's our dean,' real fast."

\* \* \*

Blessed are the pure, for they shall inhibit the earth.

\* \* \*

A woman approached the Pearly Gates and spoke to St. Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we have lots of them here. You'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lotsa those too. You'll have to have more identification."

"Well, when he died, he said that if I was untrue to him, he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel Smith'."

\* \* \*

Officer—"Move that car along."

Student—"Don't get fresh, I'm a Delta."

Officer—"I don't care if you're a whole darn peninsula, move that wreck."

\* \* \*

Three turtles decided to have a cup of coffee. Just as they went into the cafe it started to rain, so the biggest turtle said to the smallest turtle: "Go home and get the umbrella." So the little one said: "I will if you don't drink my coffee." "We won't," promised the other two.

Two years later the big turtle said to the middle turtle: "Well, I guess he isn't coming back, so we might as well drink his coffee." Just then a little voice called from just outside the door: "If you do, I won't go."

~~~~~  
 Personal:

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She was new in Tall Timber and the fellas thereabouts cast obscene glances at her over their shot glasses. Molly sauntered up to the bar and smirked at Alex, the Chinese barmaid. "Set 'em up for everyone in the place", she snarled. "I want everyone to be ha-a-ppy when Molly Slitnich is around."

Three bullets in old Grandpa and he was on the floor digging little slivers up with his fingernails. Patty Mae took several steps backwards, smirking at the groveling figure, and finally came to rest on the bar stool which was the only furniture in the old man's room. \$10,000 was a lot of money, and now Johnny could buy that convertible he wanted. She smirked and leaned back. It cost nine cents for the cartridges and only a minute of Patty Mae's time. A wise investment, she smirked.

1953 OCTOPUS

## Dream Girl

Perhaps some explanatory material is needed to remove any feelings on the part of the reader that the literary members of the Octy staff are on the other side of sanity. Let's begin at the beginning. About a month ago, Marty Greenberg, Dream Girl editor, went out with his little notebook to find someone to adorn the pages of the May issue. He had an idea . . . find the right girl and then take a series of pictures and make a photo feature of his space . . . taking the reader on an illustrated day in the life of the celebrity.

Marty even went to the extent of taking the girl out and jotting down notes occasionally for later development into captions for the photos. Unfortunately, however, the captions were left on a Madison bus and were never recovered.

Not to be thwarted, the staff called a SEM (Special Emergency Meeting). The pictures were safe, luckily, but new copy material was needed. Searching through the files, the eager students uncovered captions written for an earlier, unpublished feature, and sped them to the printers two minutes before the deadline. Only the names have been changed.

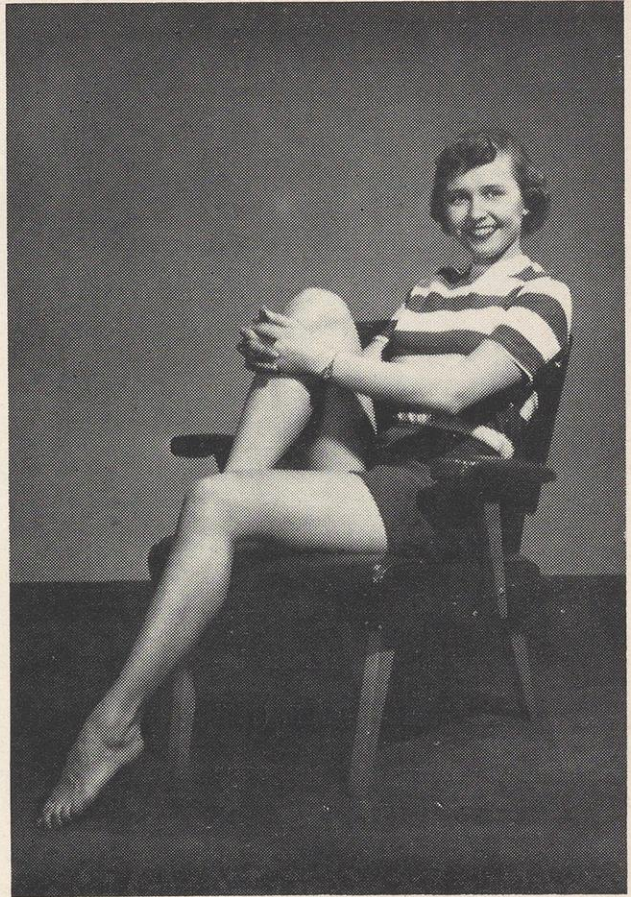
Photos by the Badger Studio.





*But really and truly,  
this is Doris Siekert, age 19,  
who is a sophomore  
in occupational therapy  
and loves to dance,  
swim, play tennis  
and fried lobster.*

The plantation grew warm in the summer, and about the time Jolly Sam began lining up field laborers, Anita and Dad would plan on the annual vacation. Poor Bob would not be with us this year because of that abortion hitch he was doing, and young Charlie Evans from over the way had thoughts of romance fanned by the stripes on Marie's T-shirt. Jambo had that knowing look in her eyes, but all Marie could do was smirk and let her mind wander to the trees and bushes she knew so well on Primrose Heights . . . and Dan Thompson. Always Dan Thompson.



Hoxa looked at Zanda and knew by the smirk on her face that the Luna Ray was shattered. They'd be coming at any second and if he didn't freeze her now he never would. Quickly he slipped a Dervez capsule in his pistol and leveled it at her chest. What a blast, thought Hoxa. I'll spread her duodenum from here to Saturn's moons.



# DEATH COMES TO THOSE WHO WAIT

AN INSPIRING MESSAGE DRAWN  
FROM LIFE

# OR

*"Come Tie the Knot"*

*The soggy saga of young Dr. Gahoon  
and the phone that rang emergency ..*

I like to sit in the library on Saturday afternoons and that's what I was doing yesterday afternoon because it was Saturday.

That's why I'm mad at Phil. (Phil is my roommate and he isn't too smart. He embarrasses me some times.)

I had been studying how Rome got started and had just looked up Romulus (which said see Remus), then I looked up Remus (which said see Romulus). As I was about to look up Romulus, Phil came in and bothered me and that's why I'm mad at Phil, who isn't too smart, because I wanted to learn all about how they started Rome because it's a pretty big town now and they were both boys.

So Phil says, "I got us fixed up."

Now I'm kind of funny so I said to him, "With what?" I didn't mean that to be funny, you know, but just sometimes I am funny and I was just telling you about it.

"They're guaranteed to be predominantly feminine," he told me. He's always trying to be funny, but it never quite comes off in his case because he's not as smart as he thinks he is and I know because I'm his roommate.

"Well, I have to get my white shirt from the laundry then," I told him.

"I'll join you," he says.

"That would be neat," I said with my voice, but thought with my head that he always spoils my fun.

"On the way over, we met a friend of mine who's got pimples. He wears a big motorcycle belt with a lot of studs and things on it though and nobody looks at his face because that's such a neat belt he's got.

We met a friend of Phil's too, but she was pushing a baby buggy. We

looked at the baby for a while and this girl who is the baby's mother said, "She's cute, isn't she?"

I told her I didn't really know too much about babies and those things and was about to ask her if she knew anything about Romulus and Remus, but Phil was making so much noise in his throat (coughing or something) that she didn't hear me. Phil made some kind of excuse about standing in cold streets and we left her.

I got my white shirt from the shop where they have a laundry and a tailor shop. The sign in the window said, "We sew on elbow patches here." Phil explained that elbow patches have something to do with eye patches and shoulder patches because they were distinctive or something, but I didn't follow him. (I think he was pulling my legs, anyway.)

We picked up the girls after supper and when we were alone in the men's room at the dance, he told me they were neuter gender or something. I laughed because I took Latin in high school and I think that what he said was dirty.

I thought my girl was zowie and Phil said his girl was cool and when I asked him what he meant, he said she was 'hot' but I didn't think she was so nice.

We had a wonderful time, including me, but I wasn't so happy because my collar was pretty stiff. It looks neater that way, and anyway I always say, "What we men won't do for women." (That's one of those

funny things I say all the time that makes people laugh. Especially when I say it to my sister who is five years old and going on six.)

I showed the girls the tattoo that is on my arm while Phil went to get the punch because Phil always yells at me when we get home if he knows I show them my tattoo. He must think its indecent because it is way up high on my left arm. My face was kind of hot that early part of the night anyway because my collar was so tight, but it got hotter and I think I blushed when the girls ran their fingers over the skull's head. I had the man put "Mother" in real fancy letters in between the teeth so Mom wouldn't be mad when I first showed it to her but she was anyhow.

When we finished the punch, the band wasn't playing anymore and it must have been intermission. We all went over by the piano and Phil played and sang real soft. He said he couldn't carry a tune very well because when he was young and taking piano lessons, their piano was out of tune and ever since he sang out of key. Everybody laughed and so did I even though I knew better because they don't have a piano at their house. Phil is a big liar anyway.

Pretty soon a little guy with a mustache and dark glasses (I don't think he was blind, though) came back and kicked Phil off. I was on

## SPECIAL NOTICE:

This story is continued elsewhere. Hunt for it on page 24.

the piano player's side but pretended like I was mad at him because Phil is my roommate.

After the next dance I asked my girl if I could hold her hand. She told me, "See if I care," so I took her up on it because I get reckless sometimes when I don't think I'll see a girl again.

I made clever remarks about popular music, the bass player, and the punch. But they didn't have any decorations up and I had written down some awfully funny things to say about decorations before I came. It was quiet for a long time because I

## MARGE!

IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN —  
PLEASE CALL FRED . . . 6-8500  
THE PAIN—OH—THE AGONY!



HERE IT IS, FOLKS . . .

for the next week and were enjoying our martinis in the new bathtub, when a knock came at the door. Coincidentally I looked up at Kurt's glassy eye; it had the luster of a newly waxed floor. Phil too was transfixed by the sight. He made a motion to answer the door but Kurt raised his hand in a gesture to prevent him from doing this. There was a moment of silence, broken by another knock more insistent than the first.

Kurt raised himself from the bathroom floor steadied himself with one arm on the mantle above the fireplace, and then moved on toward the door. Kurt sure was crooked. His good eye kept staring at the bad one, and the bad one fairly sparkled.

The federal man at the door confirmed Kurt's suspicions that it was illegal for him, as an exchange student, to work for money without first clearing it with the American government. That was the last Phil and I saw of Old Kurt.

We realized, of course, that now we must retire. Without Kurt's able assistance on the liverwurst and liederkranz sandwiches, our little business would collapse like a rotten olive. All the money in the bank was ours—mine and Phil's—which offered some consolation.

Phil and I decided however, that we must show Kurt our gratitude for his aid in our recently deceased industry, and we resolved to buy him a new automobile with his share of the money. The government couldn't chastise Kurt if we gave him a present, could they?

Phil looked at me, saddened by our partner's speedy departure. He said slowly that we would see about the gift Monday as soon as the banks opened. I agreed that perhaps Phil, being older than I, knew about such things and could handle the entire matter more effectively than I. I'm quite sensitive, my aunt used to tell me.

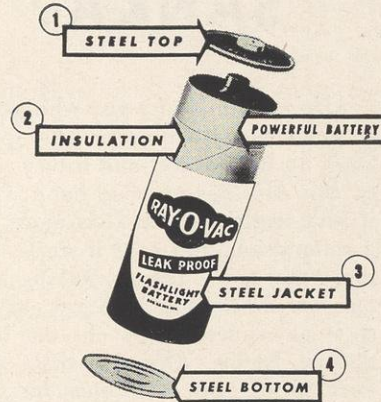
The following Monday morning was the last I saw of Phil. Someone told me they saw him driving South on 30 in one of those flashy new cars. Phil always loved big cars, but I had no idea they were priced so high. The bank informed me, later that day, that all the sandwich profits had been eaten up—our account was closed.

The bread arrived—sixty eight loaves—and I couldn't refuse delivery. Saturday is a long way off, but I'd better scrub the ring out of the tub. I think I'll take a bath in the gin.

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# "Enigma Puzzle"

IS

# REINDEER KIDNEYS

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IS

# NANOOK

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# Check Your Hat Sir? The Second Cup of Coffee Is Always Free

by THE HILLS BROTHERS

OF OLD MANOR HOUSE

# SANKA? You Wewcome!

Alfy's the kind of a guy who makes a wonderful roommate—he's quiet, takes up little space, and listens nicely. But Alfie has one bad habit. Only it isn't really a habit. It is more like a compulsion, and once it starts Alfie into "that way" there's nothing anyone can do to stop it. Every spring, soon as winter creeps out the back door it begins. Alfie gets that crazy look in his eye and then he goes through the different stages. First just the look; then all over him, he goes into strange, spasmodic shivers. The shivers make him lie down, and once he's on his back, the next stage sets in. It's awful—a kind of slow, agonizing breathing. You could hear his breath coming to the surface, like it had been held back for hours. Wheezing, gasping, then releasing. All this time, Alfie's head is to the wall.

Then, little by little, his head starts rolling. Slowly, it moves, but impatiently, like his eyes are pulling it from side to side. When it gets to the window, the head stops. Outside you can see trees beginning to bud. And that's the most horrible part of all. A kind of low moan rises from Alfie's depths, gathering momentum as it comes up, and then, with a long, drawn-out wail, it reaches surface, filling the room with mingled sobs. Then he dashes out the door and I don't see him again until it's over.

I try not to be around when it happens. But once it's over, and Alfie returns, everything is nice and peaceful again for another year. So I really shouldn't complain.

Still, it was driving me nuts. I wanted to know where Alfie went and what he did that made him leave like that and then return that same night, smiling weakly, exhausted, but happy. Last week I found out.

Two weeks ago, it happened again. He left the room in a fit of passion,

moaning beautifully, and I never saw him since. Last week, it occurred to me that something might have happened to him. I consulted my oujii board. This is what I got:

It was that time of year again. The world was waking up! I knew it would hit me earlier this season, but I didn't care. In fact, I could hardly wait. The call of nature cried disturbingly in my ears; it filled my entire being, until I could no longer put it off. I was ready for my communion!

Trees, buds, babbling brooks, the smell of decadent leaves, writhing through the fuzzy spring cloak of nature's own spring time! I could contain myself no longer. I set out for the wilds behind the last outpost of civilization—a big red barn smelling somewhat of bestial saturations. With gleeful excitement, I began the arduous trek across the field, inhaling and exhaling the more or less fresh farm air. A glowing sun floated in the clear blue sky, showering down a warmth that made winter ancient history. Head held high, a determined spring in my step, I breezed over turf and dale, occasionally falling flat on my face.

Undaunted, I would spit the Good Earth from my mouth, and continue on my merry way. Ah, nature, nature! I had the whole of an uncharted paradise before me. I was out to capture the world!

As I approached the outer fringe of the forest, where sentinels grew in disorder, I experienced a feeling of released tension. The big, brown forest was an ally in disguise. We were both of the same being. I felt that I must have had sap in my veins, I was that close to them.

Somehow, once inside the cloak of dancing shadows, all buffing the air

Look For More on

Page Twenty Fore

MARGE MARGE MARGE MARGE MARGE MARGE MARGE MARGE?



A census taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," she snapped. "Me, the old man, the kid, the cow, and the cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the Kid's Wet, the cow's Dry, and the cat's a Populist."

\* \* \*

During an art exhibit, two extremely respectable ladies were viewing the various canvases by a modern realistic artist.

"You don't mean to tell me that you posed for this shocking portrait," said one to the other.

"Certainly not!" the second replied. "He must have painted it from memory."

\* \* \*

The sergeant called his platoon to attention. Then he said, "All college graduates fall out to my right."

After he looked the balance of the platoon over he said, "High school graduates fall to my left."

Then with a knowing smile he said, "The college graduates can police the area; the high school graduates can sweep the walks."

Turning to what was left of the platoon, he said, "The rest of you men can stand around and learn something."

\* \* \*

Any of our young men eligible for the draft should not attempt to evade service by the device used during World War II by a chap who had visions of beating the draft board and ducking military service. He watched a friend come out of the medical examination board.

"Did they accept you?" asked the anxious one.

"No. Rejected. Because I've worn a truss for twelve years."

"Let me borrow it, will ya?" The exchange was quickly made. When the slick guy appeared before the sharp-eyed doctor, he was asked, "How long have you worn that truss?"

"Twelve years," said the liar.

The examiner looked him over, then marked his sheet, N.E.

"What's the N.E. mean, Doc?"

The doctor answered him: "Near East. Anyone who can wear a double truss upside down for twelve years can easily ride a camel."

## Play Me A Hurtin' Tune

The gal: "Would you think it was telepathy if we were thinking of the same thing?"

The fella: "No, just plain luck."

\* \* \*

There was once a farmer who owned a rambunctious ram with very large horns. The farmer discovered that the only way he could soothe the beast was to play selections from his collection of LP's. One day the farmer had to go into town, and as he departed he cautioned his son to keep an eye on the ram, reminding him to play music on the phonograph if he should get out of hand. Upon returning late that evening the farmer discovered that the ram had battered his brains out by crashing headlong into a stone wall.

"Didn't you play music as I told you?" demanded the irate father of his son.

"Sure I did," replied the son, "only that seemed to drive him crazier. It was Frank Sinatra's rendition of 'There'll Never Be Another Ewe'."

THE FOLLOWING POEM  
IS DEDICATED TO JIM —  
LAST NAME IS ON FILE.

## MY WORM

Once I had a little worm  
As sweet as ginger tea.  
And every night I kissed his chin  
And tucked him in with me.  
But then one morning I awoke  
And found it was the day  
And little worm had slipped his chain  
And gone somewhere away.  
I often wondered where my worm  
Deposited his form.  
Or if he found another bed  
More snugly or warm.  
But then I found out where he went  
When I felt my hunger mount.  
Now nothing that I eat or drink  
Will ever fill me out.

*by Wayne Arihood*

## LONGFELLOW



on Life Savers:

"Feel the fresh breathing..."

from "Tomorrow," line 8



Still only 5¢



# So Now We Take It Out On The Milwaukee Extension!



Students at the Extension place the utmost value on chivalry and courtesy. The male student body assembled en masse here, drew straws to see who would have the honor of helping Madame Averine (Lady of Distinction) to blow her nose. The short straw was drawn by Everett Judd who is ably assisting Madame to extract the rest of the straws from her nose. She suffers from hay-fever. Unidentified bystanders are, left to right: Sam Gerkin, Frances Ghez-nich, Prauners Toupen, Zeachahriaes Uhr, Danton Fennypether III, Slim Gerkin, Dr. Myhio S'yhun, Capt. Bjorn Keapelsen, Madame Ovalteen, Jim Cherkin.

Staff members of the Badger Record, Campus newspaper, gaze upon their office mascot, a stuffed head brought to Milwaukee by Andoly Mahgwier (left) charming head huntress presently appearing in the Crystal Bathroom of the Schroeder Hotel. Other people in the picture are: Sandra Froth, Beer & Ale 2; Alex Chrunkley, schooners 2; No-nose Pickum, graduate student in grain elevators who is on the way up.



As a regular monthly feature which begins and ends this month, Octy takes you on a guided tour of the University of Wisconsin Extension Division Campus and shows you, through the artful eye of the camera, how these foreign students work and play though always in the shadow of tall granaries and bottling plants.

Perhaps a few words on the history of the extension would provide a sufficient background for understanding the almost exotic actions displayed by its inmates.

Back in 1929 during the depths of this country's greatest depression, thousands of carpenters went without work until far-seeing Thadius Hornsbee, then Dean of men at Marquette, speculated on an increased enrollment after the second world war. Supplying nails and hammers to the jobless masses, he sent them to the shores of Lake Michigan where they searched for driftwood with which to construct the modern classrooms and offices he envisioned.

In 1934 work was completed, but, as fortune would have it, Hornsbee died. In his last will and testament, he requested that his bones be interred in the Mariner Tower Building. The underpaid carpenters (a surly and ungrateful lot) disregarded the will and deposited their benefactor's body under about 8,000 feet of crooked driftwood left over from the construction. Everybody forgot about Hornsbee except a few hypersensitive souls who happened to be downwind of the driftwood pile.

But, as fortune would have it, Persevil Schlits, wealthy beer baron, bought the property for a popular song and a few kegs to the right people in high places, and sold the whole edifice to myopic regents in Madison who, through the toil, sweat and tears of underlings, turned it into the massive institution it is today.

*the photos  
on these  
two pages  
were not taken  
by Joe Kirkish*



Simple but profound architecture of campus, marred only by the droppings from draught horses (foreground) has thousands of city hall pigeons enraptured. Unlike other campuses, it does not depend on Greek forms, but derives its pure beauty from Army barracks styling.



Among the socially prominent organizations on the big city campus is the Get Next to Nature Club. Here pictured is the result of an outdoor meeting of the bird calling section in which students have been attempting to lure a gigantic almost extinct bird called a Roc by means of its mating call. Miss Barbarianna Vulturess finally perfected the call and will receive 150 points for meritorious services rendered under extreme stress among other things. She will bear mute testimony of her feat for the rest of her days due to the high acidity of this particular bird's left-overs.

Students in the background are fleeing to the safety of the thick, bushy trysting tree where another student organization is holding a meeting. This club is the notorious, anti-agricultural Get Away From Nature Club which attracts a great many students due to the ease with which its mission is accomplished imbedded as it is in the heart of the big city.



# MARGE! NOW—

Before it's too late, Darling—call!  
Call now—I await  
6-8500

Sensenbrenner Alfrussen, part time janitor and ladies' room custodian, is caught pretending there is glass in the windows by moving toilet tissue in large swipes. The bus outside is one of several purchased by the Milwaukee Extension to pick up the majority of the students who live on neighboring farms and find it impossible to peddle all the way into Milwaukee on their bicycles during the winter months. Now, however, with the advent of warm weather, the vehicles are used as classrooms and are thought to be "much more comfortable than the regular holes we sit in." Social life is high on the Extension's student program. The buildings in the background house (1) Woman's dance floor, (2) men's dance floor, (3) Woman's cocktail lounge, (4) men's cocktail lounge, (5) Men's student union, (6) women's student union, (7) Club rooms for men, (8) club rooms for women, (9) Co-educational swimming pool and Campus police headquarters.





# MORE GROUNDS . . . from page 20

with tiny budlets, I felt the nostalgia of friendliness, long forgotten. It was here that, as a boy of ten, I had loved and lived the life of a hermit, pirate, and Indian at varying intervals; it was here that I had found solace in a world of imagination. Here, under these friendly trees, I had untied the umbilical cord and united with nature.

I started to run, as I had run in childhood—twisting in and out among the tree trunks, rustling up a wake of dead memories behind me. I seemed to recall a narrow, muddy stream that wound its way through the trees. It was here? No. there? somewhere!

Hopping over a rise in the ground, I found it. It was narrower than I had remembered, but still as muddy. I sat for an instant, motionless with surprise, while water flowed gently around me in undulating ripples. It babbled and gurgled cheerfully. I gurgled back.

Hours passed. I began to realize that sitting in a babbling brook had its bad points. The spell was leaving me. I left the brook.

Climbing up the opposite bank, I removed the soggy shoes, sox and shoe laces, wringing them out and placing them on the limbs of a friendly tree to dry. On other limbs, now outstretched to receive my kindly tokens, went shirt, pants, and underwear.

It was still a beautiful day, and I was undaunted. I looked about for things to do; the friendly trees sighed apologetically. I was very tired, I lay in the sun of a clearing. Great steaming vapors fled skyward from my toasting body. I stretched comfortably, soaking up the pleasant warmth. The raging passion for nature had gradually subsided, and soon I would be ready to return to mankind once again. My eyelids dropped and I enjoyed the patches of red that filtered through them. I fell into a deep sleep.

I must have slept heavily, for when I finally awoke the sun was poised in a setting position just beyond the trees. A stillness had settled over the friendly trees, and I found myself straining to catch any sound. I was fully dry now, and had lost all taste for the wilds of nature. The orgy was passed; I was ready for civilization. I was hungry, too.

At first there was only silence, but out of the silence, it came—

slowly, but surely. Undistinguishable at first, then the distant shrill laughter. Then voices. The sound of human voices! Before I could leap to the tree decorated with clothes, the horde was upon me. First one, then another, until soon they had all broken into the clearing and stood gaping with unabashed curiosity mingled with mixed emotions of horror and amasement.

The group was, as I gathered, the Nature Study Club, headed by Miss Bullfinch of the biology department. And Gertrude—my Gertrude—was with them! I had to do something, quick. I thought desperately. I acted!

Quick thinking led me out of what might have been an awkward situation. With a scoop of both hands, I uprooted two leafy plants, and holding one in front and the other behind, I went into a series of slow rhythmic movements. In the amber glow of a setting sun, I bent, twisted, and turned, beating the ground in tempo with my toes. My eyes rolled back, as if in agony, and my mouth twisted in convulsive timing with the beating of my feet. Then, recalling Martha Graham's "Dance of the Muses," it dropped into an open sneer and remained fixed in that position, as I changed tempo and gyrated madly. Barefooted, it wasn't easy. Yet I continued, embellishing the movement with occasional grunts. All this time I was edging closer and closer to the friendly clothes-bearing tree.

My audience could take it no longer. As if suddenly released from tension, they responded violently and volubly. Miss Bullfinch shrieked; an indistinct utterance came from Miss Oglethorpe, vice-president of the Nature Study Club; and a sucked-in gasp rose from the lips of Mr. Hathaway who held no office but was sweet on Miss Oglethorpe. And Geraldine—Geraldine stood there and laughed.

I couldn't bear it much longer, but they apparently could bear it much less, because with a whoop and a holler they left. As the last bellow faded away, I could still hear the mocking laughter issue from my own Geraldine's lips. I knew instantly that it was not the dance she was laughing at—it was me. I dropped my plants.

The beast had gone. The forest was dark and no longer friendly. It was getting cold. I went to the Delivery Tree and dressed. All the magic had left the world; it was cold, damp, and hostile. For another year, life had lost its meaning. And Ger-

## KNOT MORE?

from page 18

was trying to work one of my remarks in. My girl asked me if I wasn't very talkative usually, but I explained to her that you're supposed to make small talk when you're dancing with a girl. I had read about it at home from a book my uncle gave me. It was orange and blue and was called, "How To Be a Young Man About Town." We were quiet till the end of the dance even though she said something about the dance floor. I don't think you're supposed to talk about that.

I was getting a little embarrassed what with nothing to talk about and all, but it made me mad when Phil came over to talk to us. He's always barging in on my privacy like that. But it's what he pulled next that made me madder than a bee in a hornets' nest or somewhere like that.

We were just making small conversation like it said in the book when all of a sudden he looks funny at my collar and says, "What's this fashionable item of apparel?" and pulls out the cardboard that the laundry put in. Well, I'd forgotten all about taking that thing out and anyways, I didn't know they put them in in this town so I says, "I knew it was there all the time. I just read in the New Yorker where all the people from New York do it to make their collar stiff." I'm really on my toes when I get in a tough spot like that and think real fast and so I made a sort of joke you might say out of what could've turned out bad for men.

Well, we got them home soon but Phil spent an awful long time coming from the car with his girl and I ran out of small talk again.

He made fun of me last night, but I think I really bluffed him out that time.

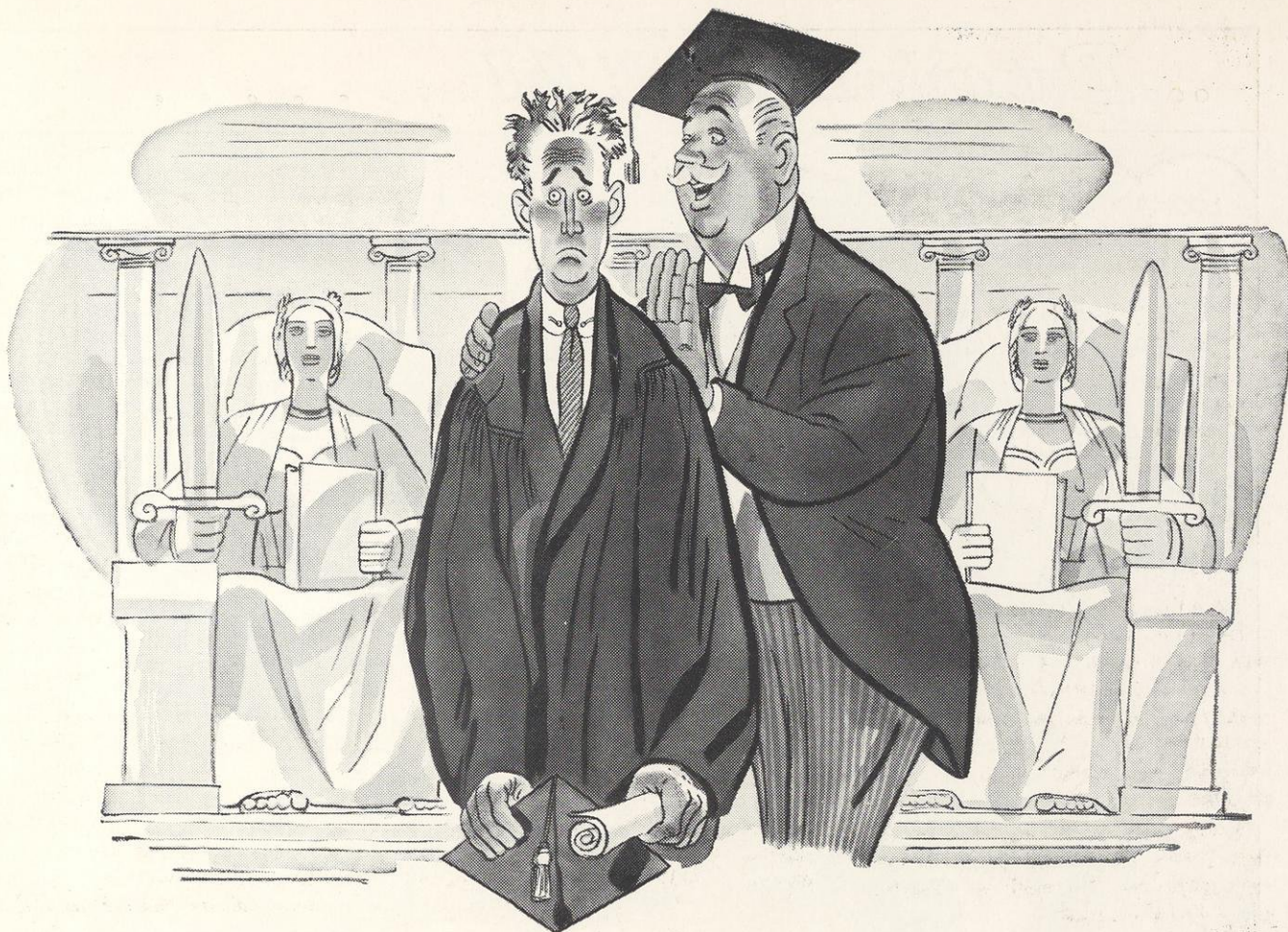
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aldine? What was to become of our hitherto platonic relationship? I began to itch. Then I knew.

The plants were poison ivy in its active stage.

Well, that's what I got from the oujii board. Alfie hasn't returned yet, though the doctors tell me he's doing fine and should be out any week now. But he's quieter than ever before. And that bothers me. But not half so much as waiting for spring to come.





## IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT A TOUCHY SUBJECT

**REAL TOUCHY.** Touchier than what may have occurred to you, even. It's the problem of How To Get A Job, and it's touchy because nobody in the history of employment has ever figured out a solid, cut and dried formula that anyone else would agree on. The truth is that often there *isn't* any formula, because you can't measure many important qualities by a slide rule, and even experienced employers admit they have to rely on their own impressions to guide them.

And mister, whatever you do, don't underestimate the power of your appearance when it comes to making a first impression. The way

you take care of your appearance indicates how you'll take care of other things. We sell hats. We know hats make you look better. We know, because we've taken the trouble to find out, that bosses want their junior executives to wear hats. And while your hat is only one part of your appearance, *it's as important as anything else you wear.* So when you hit the road for your first job, dress to make that good first impression.

Incidentally, even if you *never* get a job, that hat will be a good friend. It protects your head, and that means protection for your hair and your health.

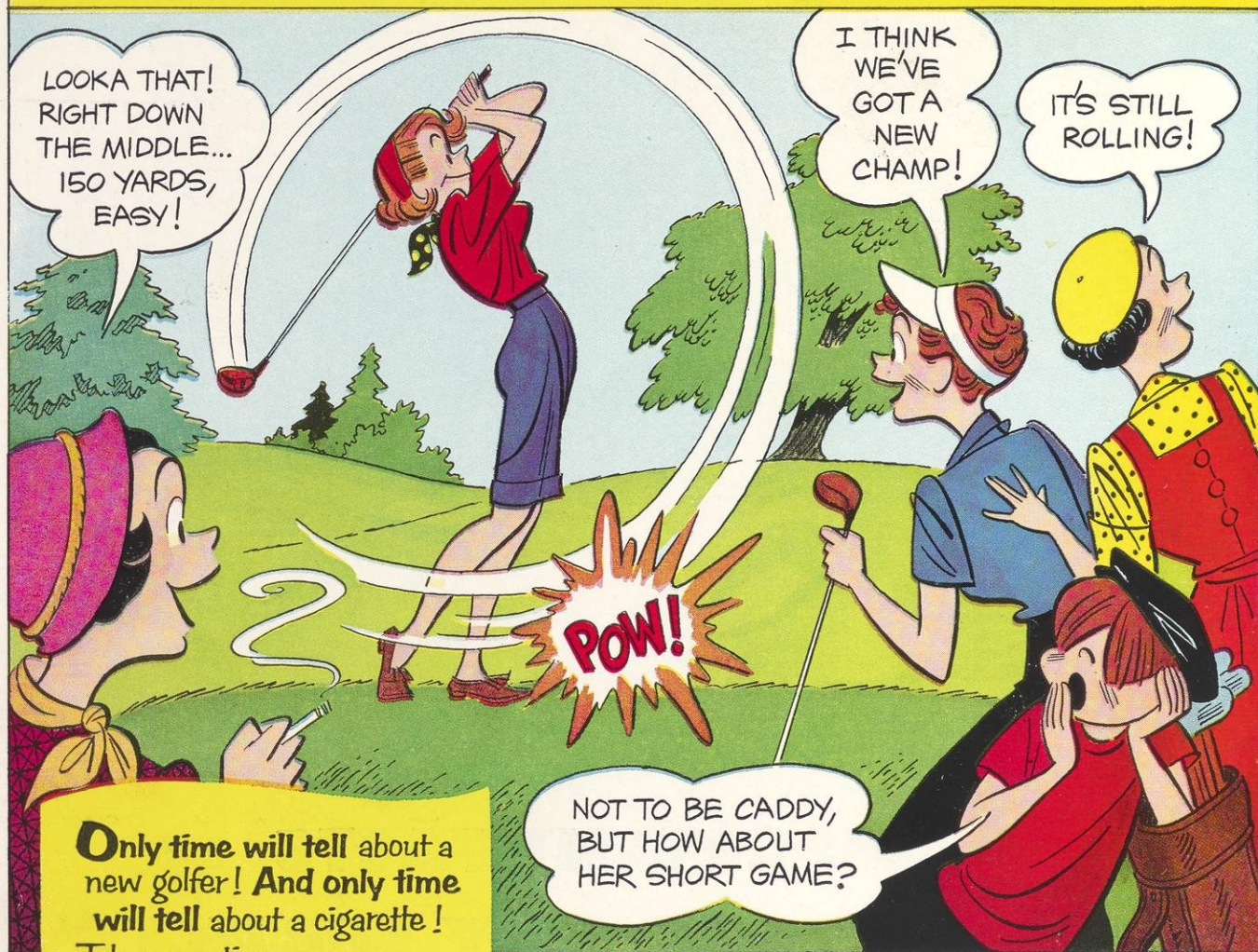
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