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The Wisconsin OCTOPUS



L.H. KINGSTON '23
K. KINGSTON '47

LUMNI ISSUE 25¢
NOVEMBER



Everybody knows him...

Early or late, he's a familiar figure to every policeman on the street—he's the Doctor—he's on an emergency call!

• A Doctor's life isn't his own to live as he chooses. There are interrupted holidays and vacations and nights of broken sleep. Emergencies require his presence for long, exacting hours... with somewhere a pause and perhaps the pleasure of a cigarette. Then back to his job of serving the lives of others.

According to a recent Nationwide survey: **MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS** **THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

The "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat

The "T-Zone" is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you*... and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



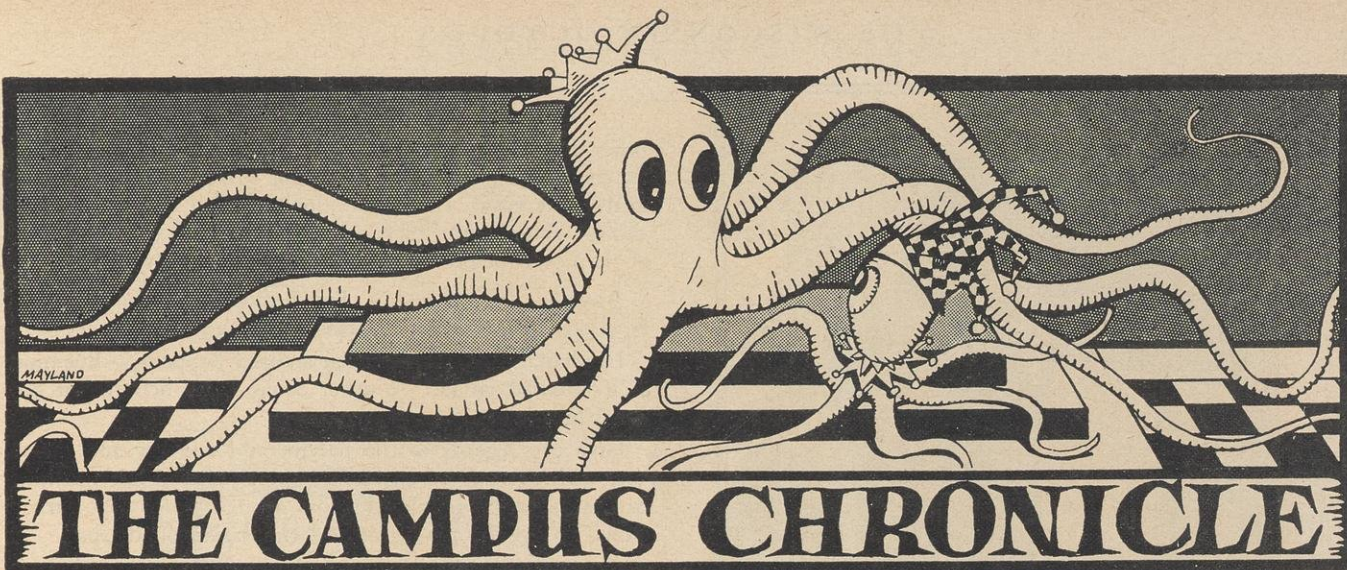
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE MAKERS of Camels are naturally proud of the fact that, out of 113,597 doctors who were asked recently to name the cigarette they preferred to smoke, more doctors named Camel than any other brand. This survey was nationwide, covered doctors in every branch of medicine—nose and throat specialists too. Three nationally known independent research agencies made and vouch for the findings.

Try Camels. See how *your* taste responds to Camel's full flavor. See how your throat likes Camel's cool mildness. That's the "T-Zone" test (*see left*).

CAMELS

*Costlier
Tobaccos*



Octy extends his tentacles to all the old grads in this Alumni-Homecoming issue. You can blame past Octy-ites for all the stories and cartoons between these covers. The chronicle is devoted mainly to letters from them, shining examples of what the U. S. mails are being subjected to these days.

* * *

Phil Holliday '32

In suggesting that a staff member of fifteen years ago make some remarks for the homecoming number, the *Octopus* is wise in not asking that he say something funny. A quick look at a bound volume of the magazine for that era, preserved because it always seems too heavy to carry down-stairs during a paper drive, fails to reveal any evidence that we ever were responsible for anybody rolling in the aisles on publication day.

Ah, but those were the days! Hardly anyone brought his wife to school with him and practically everyone, or so it seemed, found time from his studies to visit a speakeasy called Jennie's. The winters were cold and the ice stayed on the lake into April. Once its break-up was heralded by the sight of a convertible roadster, sinking majestically off the end of Lake Street. And there were fraternities, filled with irresponsible young men in plus-fours. One Sunday morning each Delt brother awoke to find a bottle of milk and a newspaper at his door, supplied by the chapter's committee on irresponsibility.

On the hill the "pipe" course was History of Architecture, I and II. There was a distinguished professor, Carl Russell Fish, who made history come alive through the characters of the men who made it. The Memorial Union had just been completed, and there was a little restaurant somewhere off the campus called the Snowflake.

Herbert Hoover was president and there was a depression, from which some of us never fully recovered. I live just around the corner from the Pump Room, in Chicago. Can you send me 50c for a cup of coffee?

* * *

Myron L. Gordon '39

Several years ago while I was the editor of the *Octopus* I was amazed to receive a letter from a man who had served as an editor some fifteen years earlier and wrote to me on an *Octopus* letterhead. It occurs to me that I have a sheet or two of my letterhead somewhere in the basement but perhaps it would be just as well if I did not expend the

effort to locate it.

Thank you for your letter concerning your proposed alumni issue. As far as expressing myself at this time concerning such matters as the "J. School" I am afraid that there is nothing to say at this time that we of the then *Octopus* staff did not say in 1939. However, I have in mind a little copy which I will enclose.

You have my best wishes for a successful issue as well as for a successful year.

* * *

Jane Weisselberg '46

Well, here's your story . . . I hope it suits. It isn't as whacky as *Octy* stories usually are, but I think (or rather I hope) it will provide a laugh or two here and there.

At any rate, it will fill up at least one full page, and when you're getting a magazine together it's always important to see how many pages you can grab from the advertising staff and fill up with less readable matter.

One of the editors of the magazine I'm working on went down to Baltimore last Wednesday and Thursday to see some architects. He came back loaded with first-hand opinions of our magazine. Said one: "I read the ads,

but what's between them isn't so hot." Commented my boss, the managing editor: "Ah! A man with an education!"

Don't get me wrong. *Pencil Points* has an excellent reputation among the men who know architecture best! Ask the man who owns one, etc. And besides, look who's on the staff. (Not such vile language, *Octy*.)

Let's see your first issue. Am anxious to read the ads, if there are any. By the way, is there a magazine?

Write soon . . . and keep *Octy* up on all eight toes. (He'd make some ballet dancer, come to think of it.)

P.S. Permission herewith granted to edit story as you see fit. You can even write a new one if you like. Op.Cit. "Barefoot Boy with Cheek" . . . by some lousy humorist named Shulman.

* * *

Carl Adam '46

(United Press)

Unknowing your address, I hope this finds you soon enough. Enclosed is the effort I sweated between ringing bells and earth-shaking coverage of "the world's best coverage of the world's best news."

Tear it to pieces, or file it in the waste basket. On the



"Our Homecoming chairman wasn't on the ball this year. We lost the game."



It's Easy
on the Legs

When you ...

RENT-A-CAR

at

FRIEDE

531 STATE

BADGER 100

Chronicle

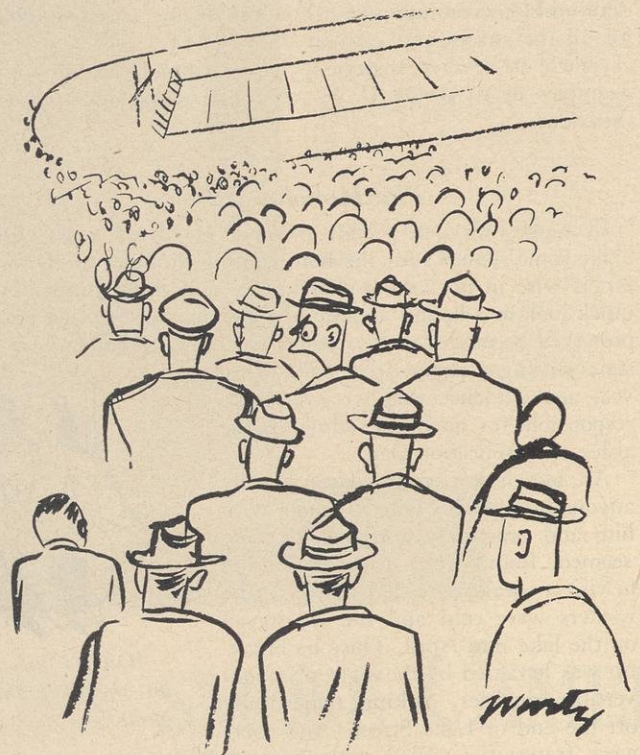
other hand, if the Chesterfield ad doesn't come through, maybe you can start it on the front cover, and break it over to the back cover. Heck, man, look at what the *New Yorker* did for Hersey. And he's just a hack reporter (only he heard of the Guild before I did—just call it gilt, now).

Anyway, I promised it, but I didn't promise it would be good. Just don't let Higgins see it, and it might get by.

Incidentally, this is not what actually happened. But most of it is based on fact—I never could write fiction, but boy can I talk it.

Give my regards to the harem, and will try and satisfy 'em with a steak on my next sojourn there. Let me hear from you, and remember I'm out a buck 75 for that darned *Octy*. So get the postoffice and circulation on the ball.

P.S. For you, I'll cut my rates down to 10c a word. Don't bother to count the words—\$100 is enough.



Robert L. Hanson '43

Thanks for your invitation to contribute to *Octy's* alumni issue. During the past several days, however, I've been besieged by a horrible mixture of flu, fever, and meat-protein deficiency. And now, alas, your deadline is long past. It's just as well, I guess, for I feel about as funny as an old Cardinal editor—or even a new one.

Please give my best wishes to all the *Octy* people.

* * *

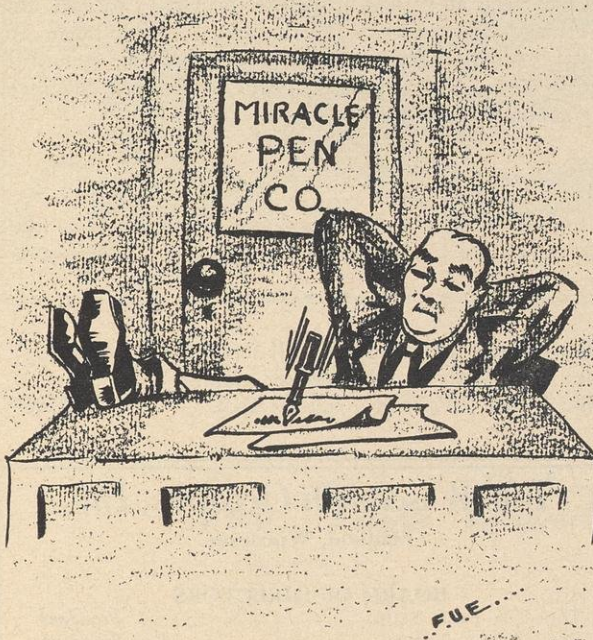
Irene & Owen Kampen '43

Here's the stuff, though it ain't so mellow. Hope you can use some of it anyway. Not that we didn't work long and hard—every night we'd get out the drawing board and typewriter, and then settle down to a long discussion of the old days when the business manager used up the Rentschler account sending white orchids to his girl friend and the editor would sneak up on the *Cardinal* roof and drop old cuts on the *Card* editor's head.

Chronicle

Anyway, lots of luck. The way we had to creak and grind to try to get back into the old *Octy* spirit convinced us more than ever that, in the words of Len Silk, the *Octopus* is a career for youth.

P.S. Last year we subscribed to *Octy*, but the way the issues trickled eastward we were sure a *Cardinal* man was in charge of the mailing list. We'd like to try again—just drop us a card telling how much is the tariff.



Job with a Hitch

Don't let anyone sell you short on the merits of hitch-hiking. One of our '46 grads really swears by it. He came back this summer to take some education courses and while hitch-hiking home one week-end he was given a ride by the principal of a state high school. In the course of the conversation the facts that our grad needed a job and that the high school needed a new faculty member were brought out. Our boy was hired on the spot!

* * *

Obstacle Course

We've heard of a lot of reasons for dropping courses, but a member of the class of '34 told us this rather unique one: For a Journalism 2 reporting assignment she was sent to cover a dental convention banquet. She arrived just as some movies were being shown, so she had to get her story in the dark. But since she was a pretty shapely reporter, and the dentists were what we in this modern day and age call wolves, complications set in. The upshot of it was that a rapid transfer from Journalism to English burned up the University channels the next day!

Life Saver Gag

This month's gag of the month prize goes to Charles Reid, 219 N. Brooks, Madison 5. He gets a box of life savers for:

Alumnus: "Have you seen any of the old habits around here?"

Frosh: "No, sir, just a lot of sons of habits."

Lessons in Love

(a refresher course)



Stag-line strategy—Stags don't pick wallflowers who look too eager. So relax! Munch on a yummy LIFE SAVER. Then—when 'tall-dark-and-halfback' asks you to 'swing it,' you (and he) will be glad your breath is sweet!



... and furthermore

Bud Jordan's Grill

has the best meals and mid-night snacks on the campus

625 State

G. 5755



"Yep,"--
we're
talkin'
turkey
It's
the early
bird who
gets

the widest choice
of
Christmas Gifts
from the
Christmas Store

Baron's

On the Square

Chronicle

Medical Report

Then there was the football player hospitalized for a leg injury. "How are you feeling?" we asked in our best bedside manner. "I can't kick," was the frank and cheerful retort.

Conversationalists

We heard a young miss complaining about returned vets who had been at Wisconsin before the war. "By S.A. they don't mean Sex Appeal," she declared,—"they mean Suspended Animation. They want girls who'll sit beautifully inert for as long as an hour at a time, while they talk reverently about the 'old days'."

The only trouble about being able to read women like a book is you are liable to forget your place. —Record

* * *

She: "If you try to kiss me, I'll scream."

He: "Not with all these people around."

She: "Well, let's find a quieter spot."

—Jester

The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin

* * * *

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'40, P. B. K. '39.

* * * *

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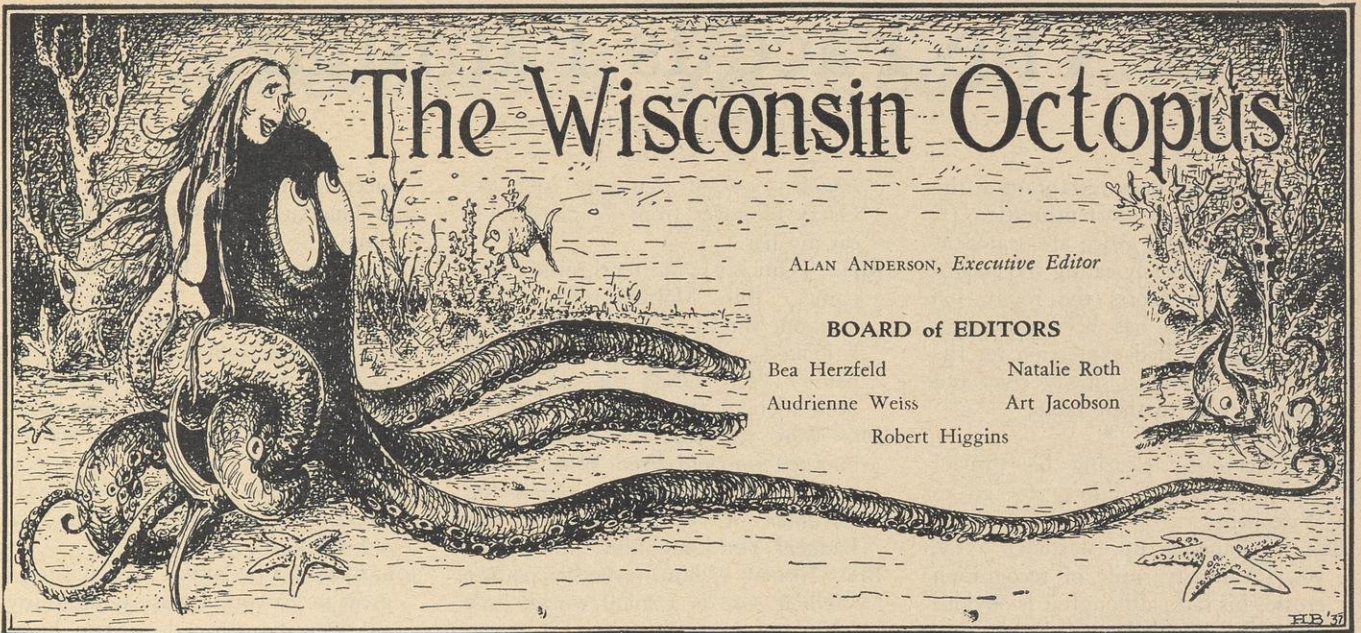
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VOLUME XXV

NOVEMBER, 1946

NUMBER 3

ALAN ANDERSON, *Executive Editor*

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Natalie Roth

Audrienne Weiss

Art Jacobson

Robert Higgins

Volume XXV

NOVEMBER, 1946

Number 3

In The Editor's Brown Study

By MILT LEBLANG,

Guest Columnist

No doubt the present student body is curious as to the origin of this Alumni Issue and what the purpose behind it was. We could think up

some fancy reasons for bothering the old grads and then again some of the reasons might not be so fancy, but it all goes back to the office of the Wisconsin Alumnus and Clay Schoenfeld, the editor of that famous honor-grabbing magazine. At this time, the facts aren't too clear as to whether Clay suggested the homecoming part of it or that the alumni should manufacture the stuff, but anyway, the final decision was the combination alumni-homecoming issue, and this is it.

From that day on, the retired campus personalities have been bombarded with letter after letter asking them to drop all important matters and break out their store of memories for the sake of the famous wit that has been the only means of staying awake, during boring lectures, for so many of our 3.2 scholars. Some of the former Octy staffers have come through with their

usual high quality material but we are still waiting to hear from some of the other jokesters who made the Octopus so popular in days gone-by.

It's always interesting to trace the progress of our old-timers—especially the few who have been successful and discovered a way to get meat at digestable prices.

The first fella to come through was Roger Wurtz '41, who is now with some outfit that makes canvas products out in the wilds of Fond du Lac. Roger was cartooning for Octy way back before the war, when the women walked up the hill instead of running to show their boy friends how much endurance they had. Aldric Revell '34, is now pounding political copy for the Capital Times here in Madison. Aldric was at the Octy banquet last year and unloaded many of the gags and stories that the dean had censored when he was an unpaid employee of the campus-styled New Yorker. Harry Holloway was present at the banquet and all the time Aldric was on stage Harry kept busy writing the gags down on his napkin—he used some of them the following week at an uncensored party. It's clear now that the only way to have any fun is to get rid of all censors (only kiddin', Mr. Trump).

Jane (Weasel) Weisselberg '46, the little gal who is responsible for editing the first post-war Octy, is now the assistant editor of Progressive Architecture, back home in New York. But some of the copy is still on its way to us as we go to print. Alex Gottlieb, now with Warner Brothers, may have beat out some copy for us but the Hollywood strike has it cornered somewhere in Hedy Lamarr's dressing, or undressing, room.

Of course we couldn't contact all the alums because some of the guys have left no trace of their wanderings. We broke out all the old Octys on file and then called on the fellas who have never been able to raise enough money to pay for a railroad ticket out of Madison. Our efforts were rewarded with a few names but we missed many of the names that should be included in an Octy alumni issue. To those former Octy staffers we say "so sorry" and we'll try to catch up to you next year when we again sit back and let the alumni do our work. To the Octy alums who were not confronted with shipping strikes and lack of writing material we say thanks for getting the stuff to us and we'll carry on from there.

The Face Is Familiar

IRENE TREPEL KAMPEN '43

The scene is a busy restaurant at the dinner hour. Bill Mortenthrottle, '41, and his girl friend Alice are seated at a back table, listlessly eating the creamed veal. From across the room, Joe Vance, '40, who has been observing them with a baffled expression for the past fifteen minutes, slowly rises and makes his way to their table.

* * *

JOE: (Nervously clearing his throat) Pardon me, but didn't you go to Wisconsin?

BILL: (Glancing up, startled) Why, yes. (A hearty smile of recognition crosses his face, although it is obvious from his puzzled eyes he is convinced that he has never seen Joe before in his life). Well, well! How are you?

JOE: (Heartily) Swell! Couldn't be better! How are you?

BILL: Swell! Say, I'd like you to meet Miss Parkins. Alice, this is . . . uh. Ah. You know, I must be getting amnesia or something. Craziest thing, I can't for the life of me remember . . .

JOE: (Filling in the breach) Vance. Joe Vance. I've been staring at you for about an hour, and finally I said to

myself—now, if that guy isn't old Harry Honover from Waukesha I'll eat my hat.

BILL: (Quickly) Mortenthrottle's my name. Bill Mortenthrottle. But everyone used to say that Harry and I looked sort of alike. (A long pause) Well, how's the old gang? Seen anybody from campus lately?

JOE: Why yes. Just the other day I bumped into old Fred What's—His—Name—the guy who edited the Cardinal in '39. Or was it the Badger? You knew him, didn't you?

BILL: I knew of him. (Another pause) Well, it sure is a small world, isn't it?

JOE: You bet. Say, by the way, what brings you to New York?

BILL: Nothing special. I've lived here all my life.

JOE: (Laughing hollowly) Gosh, that's right. Guess I forgot for a minute.

BILL: Say, I'm trying to get this straight in my mind. You lived at Tripp, didn't you?

JOE: Well, sort of. I lived at Adams. Until I moved to the fraternity house, that is.

BILL: Oh sure. We used to see quite a lot of each other at Inter-Fraternity

meetings I guess.

JOE: That's right. I was Phi Delta Upsilon.

BILL: (Astonished) Phi D U? Dog-gone! So was I!

JOE: (Equally astonished) You were? No fooling? (Slowly) Saay—I remember you now. (He pulls up a chair and finally relaxes) You roomed with that tall guy who was on the basketball team.

BILL: You got it now! Well, well. Good old Vance. How are you, you old robber?

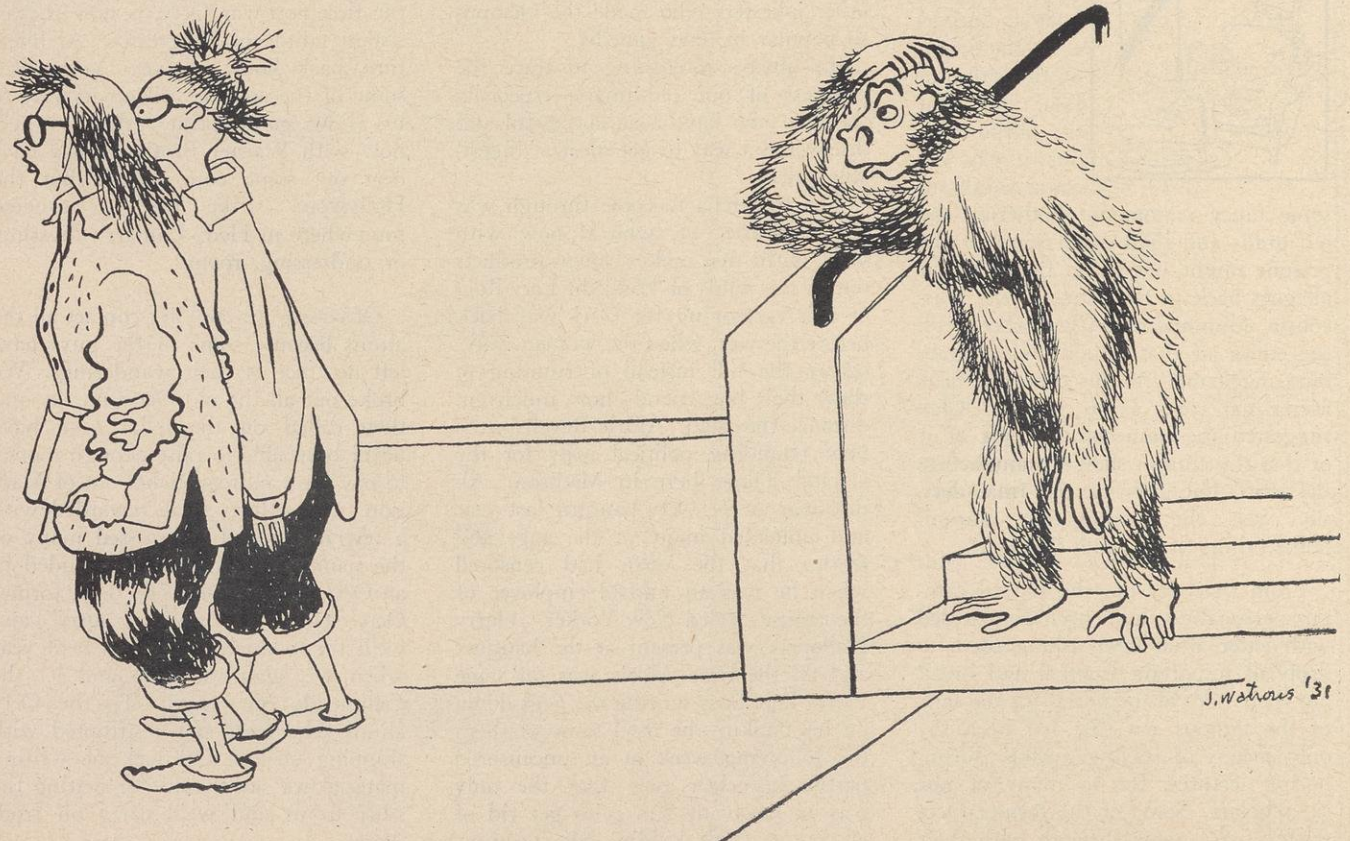
JOE: Couldn't be better. Say, it sure is great to see you. I was saying to myself just the other day, 'You know Joe, it sure would be great to get together with some of the brothers again' . . .

* * *

And the curtain slowly descends as they give each other the grip, while the orchestra softly plays Varsity in the background and Miss Parkins buries herself in a good book.

She . . . "Gosh, can't you be good for five minutes?"

He . . . "Sister, I'll be good for twenty years yet."



Adventures In Econ 1-A

By ALDRIC REVELL '34



THE other night while I sat at home reaming out my ear-phone and hic-coughing meditatively, I happened to think of the present

generation of college boys and girls and how they were faring. As a member of the class of 1934 who graduated with honors and a hangover I feel behooved to give advice to the freshmen who seem to be standing on each other's shoulders to get into school these days.

In my day, 1930 to 1934, people went to college because there were no jobs. No one had any money, yet most people had recurrent headaches from spiked beer. This was an economic mystery Prof. Kiekhofer never could explain.

Today everybody and his brother wants to go to college. That's the trouble with the university today. Nobody is bringing his sister. If you think this is conducive to pleasure, just try taking somebody's brother out.

Some student was complaining to me the other day. He was a sober Deke, something never seen in my era. He said:

"Heck, it's so crowded at the university these days you have to stand in line for everything. Classes last until 9:30 p.m. and there are two shifts. You even have to kiss the sorority girls good night in shifts."

"You should complain," I said, brushing some gray hairs off my lapel. "In my time they were always fully dressed when we kissed them. A sorority girl would no more think of standing around in her shift kissing a man than you would think of getting a better room."

From what I've seen walking down Langdon street late at night peering into windows, the student was exaggerating. It was my opinion that the girls are a shiftless lot.

This summer I had occasion to spend some time around the Union and on the piers on Lake Mendota. After a few days of watching the girls in the latest bathing suits my goose pimples developed muscles. I saw girls lying around in such scanty suits there was room enough for a B-19 to land upwind on their exposed epidermis. Unfortunately, I didn't happen to have a B-19 with me that week.

I even saw some suits with zippers on the side. It is always wise to keep away from girls who wear those suits because you just pull one thing and it's all off. I heard of one girl who took her suit back after wearing it a few times. The zipper made too much noise in the water.

But things haven't changed much on the campus since the days when I used to walk to the top of the ski jump and point out Venus to Venus. True, some of the veterans still use commando tactics and it isn't only the Marines who seem to have the situation well in hand.

The other day I saw a picture in the newspaper which showed students waiting in line to purchase books at Brown's.

"My gosh," I yelled to the wife excitedly. "They're using books at the university now!"

"They've always used books at the university, you dope," she said. Dope is 1934 sorority slang for darling.

"Yes, but not for reading," I replied.

She gave me a coy look which I placed on the mantle next to the dart-

ing glance she had given me the previous day.

As I said three beers ago, mine was the depression class. In practically every class there was a son of a banker who would go around showing his friends the letters he kept getting from his father at Waupun.

We used to swipe sorority pins from the girls' sweaters and hock them for a couple of bottles of spiked beer. The current freshman wouldn't know what spiked beer is. It's near beer with hormones. A couple of bottles and you'd take out the housemother.

This pin-swiping even gave rise to a jingle the girls used to sing. It went:

Ashes to ashes

Dust to dust

If you don't like my sweater

Take your hand off—my sorority pin!

The only thing clean-cut about the university in those days were the classes. I remember dating a girl most of one semester before I discovered she was in one of my classes. Of course, in those days you could tell the person you were dating was a girl because of the dress she wore.

Today, it is hard to tell whether the

(continued on page 32)



"Mention those 'Good ol' college days' just once more and I'll scream."



"And to think we've been waiting since we were freshmen for men to come back."

Hallelujah, I'm Alum

By IRENE TREPEL KAMPEN '43

Once I was a figure on campus
And a Rathskeller habitue
Was chummy with deans
Drank cokes with Prom queens
And cut classes at least once a day.

My activity list would have stunned you
And even Wild Bill knew my name
In the Co-op my photo
In the Tribune my roto
Ah, life was one mad round of fame.

I was welcome at all Open Houses
Plied with punch at sorority teas
And Cardinal minions
Humbly sought my opinions
On all subjects, from football to fees.

My commencement was showered with honors
I was chosen The Girl Of The Year
There were cheers long and rowdy
As I got my Cum Laude
While the governor brushed off a tear.

Yes, I was a queen of the campus
But honors are quickly forgot
And fame, it has tarried
For now I am married
I'm a queen of the pan and the pot.

The fountain pen yields to the playpen
I still yearn for success, but—ah me
The time is now riper
For washing a diaper
Than becoming a celebrity.

And oft, when the long day is over
And the twilight is coming at last
While the lamb chops are frying
And the baby is crying
I long for the glory that's past.

So a warning to co-eds; no matter
How thick and how fast the thrills come
Or the cheers that they send up
You'll probably end up
As just one more dull,

drab,
alum.

(Ho hum).

"Daddy, why do they call them virgin forests?"
"My son, only God can make a tree." —*Jester*

* * *

"Everything I want to do is either illegal, immoral or fattening."

* * *

"What did you do when her dress started coming off?"
"I helped her out the best I could."

* * *

When a gal tells a fella she's a perfect 36, she expects him to grasp what she's talking about quickly.

Which Picture

do you prefer to star in?

I'M SORRY—
BUT THIS DANCE
IS TAKEN!



YES, INDEED!
I HOPED
YOU'D ASK ME!



Become a Popular Partner
—in Just a Few Hours!

Just put yourself in the tactful hands of an expert Arthur Murray instructor. Your "dated" dancing will be completely modernized—and you'll soon know all the very latest steps. You'll enjoy every minute of your lessons with a charming Arthur Murray teacher. What fun you'll have at parties! Phone Gifford 1707 or come in today. And inquire about our Sunday afternoon dancing parties when you enroll. They are limited to Arthur Murray pupils and their guests.

Arthur Murray

23 North Pinckney St.

Tel. Gifford 1707

Side Views



ALTHOUGH most of the alumni have lost a good part of the padding that makes their hat rest more snugly on the top of their heads, we didn't think that curly hair was reason enough to omit Harry Holloway from the pages of the old-timer review.

Harry is the "entrepreneur" who can be found daily dispensing his wares at the foot of Bascom Hill. A senior in Law School, teacher, theatrical agent, entertainer, and hash slinger, Harry is quite the campus personality. Harry was very reluctant to grant this interview because of the recent charges by Porter Butts, Memorial Union Director, that our sandwich man was a "publicity hound".

But we finally convinced him that this was just an excuse to fill a little white space in the "Octy" and so he consented to be quoted on a few pertinent subjects.

Harry is very optimistic about the future of his fellow classmates in the law school. "I have a friend," said our budding barrister, "who is doing very well. In one week he had a five dollar case and two small ones."

"I like the Octy-Puss," continued Harry, "and I feel that you should be the first to be tipped off about the blessed event in my house. Yes, after 9 months it finally happened—my mother-in-law left. But don't misunderstand, I love my mother-in-law and I worship the ground that's coming to her."

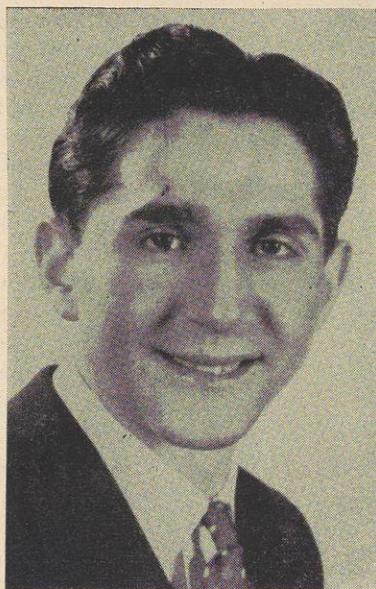
Research is another interest that our enterprising business-man finds time to delve into. Last year he conducted a survey on campus to determine what co-eds live off and discovered that 40% live off fruits and vegetables and the remaining 60% live off their old man. "I have also concluded," adds this calculating mind, "that this would be a better world for spinach if the parents ate the children."

The line of patter is not restricted to "get your box lunches for 35c," or "the way to dine without standing in line." Harry acts as emcee at many of the social functions about campus and his repertoire might consist of a few of the following gags hastily scribbled on the lace frills of his gal's unmentionables:

"It seems to me that the freshmen this year are suffering from lack of grey matter. I said hello to a frosh

the other day and she was at a loss for an answer. But that didn't bother me because I have many friends on campus including Harry, the Horseman, Stuhldreher. There is nothing he wouldn't do for me and nothing I wouldn't do for him—and that's the way it's been for years; we haven't done a darn thing for each other.

"The space situation at the law school is just as bad as other departments of the U. The other day I dropped a law book in class and before I could recover it, six students had pulled up chairs and sat down.



"Although the campus is crowded, there is still a shortage of good talent. Last year, during the performance of one of the entertainers at the 770 club, the audience started hissing. They had stopped by the time I came on to do my stuff, but they disliked that guy so much that they started to hiss him again during my act."

By this time the crowds had begun to form around the improvised food-stand and Harry had to break away and resume his "food-slingin".

"Get your lunch boxes, nothing habit forming, nothing alcoholic, only 6,000,000 left . . ."

Her eyes were black as jet,
This charming girl I knew:
I kissed her, then her husband came,
Now mine are jet black, too.

—Armored News.

* * *

Kitty: "Isn't it wonderful? I've found myself a husband!"

Kat: "Really? Whose?"

—Log



The Erie Canal—First conceived in Revolutionary War days when the Allegheny Mts. were a barrier to transportation, the Canal carried enormous traffic until 1851, when first railroad was completed to Lake Erie. In 1851 the originators of the Kaywoodie Company began the manufacture of pipes.

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Yost's—On the Campus—710 State

HAVING MEASLEY TIME . . .

(continued from page 10)

and this time I thought the mirror was spotty. But it was me. I had 'em all right.

"So I said to myself: Henry, my boy, if you're going to be salted away for a week in the infirmary, you'd better get on the ball and do something about George's campaign. With Board elections only two weeks away, you better think of something fast."

"Enough of the preliminaries," growled George, obviously growing impatient. "What did you do?"

"I invited Homer McNulty over for a short one."

"You what?"

"Just what I said. I invited Homer over. I figured since he was running against you in the election, the best thing to do would be to get him someplace where he couldn't campaign for a while. We had a fine chat. I put my arms around him and told him what a fine and upstanding opponent he was, how I admired his fairness and his courage. Then, after taking a few sips of my drink, I *carelessly* got the glasses mixed up and first thing you know, he was drinking out of the one I had.

"Before he left, I made sure to breathe in his face rather heavily, pretending I was slightly high. The spots on my face were still very light so I don't think he was at all suspicious. And I had the lights in my room off except for one dim lamp in the corner. Told him I had a phobia about lights."

Henry grinned and lit a cigarette.

"Well, George," he glowed, blowing rings at the ceiling, "and where do you suppose Homer is now?"

"I *can't* imagine." George's tone was bitter.

"You'll find him down the hall. He has the measles. But his nurse isn't half as cute as mine."

George glared at Henry for a moment. Then he stood up.

"You dumb dope! Just how do you think I got in here? Don't you know you're in isolation? What do you think I'm here for . . . a pleasant visit?"

"Why George! Come to think of it, you do look a bit on the spotty side."

"You're darn right I do. Homer and I had a meeting this morning. How was I to know about your little tete a tete last night? I only found out this afternoon where you were. And by that time the spots on my face were so red they stood up and sang the Internationale every time I breathed!"

"Gosh, I'm sorry George. Well, at least you're both in here now. No one can say one candidate had an advantage over the other."

The red-headed nurse marched in the room and jammed thermometers into their mouths. She handed George a set of pajamas and told him to get into the empty bed next to Henry. Then she tossed a book in Henry's lap.

"A friend of yours down the hall . . . by the name of Homer, I think . . . told me to give this to you with his compliments."

Henry looked at the book. The title read: "*How to Win Friends and Influence People*."

Angry Father: "What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?"

Engineer: "I got an eight o'clock."

* * *

"Why did you kick my dog?"

"He raised his leg so I thought he was going to kick me."

—Awgwan

Hoever



"With rooms so scarce, I'm sure you won't mind doubling up with another student."

Hayes Office Blues

By FRED PEDERSON '33

HUMOR, just like censorship, is a relative matter. Some people laugh at one thing, others at another. Someone may find a particular piece objectionable. Someone else might regard that same piece in perfectly good taste.

I realize that this certainly is not a startling new discovery. Humor, and attitudes toward it, must have begun even before the first automatic apple peeler franchise was given an enterprising business man back in the Garden of Eden.

However, the human element in this field of catering to the public was brought home to me in a clearly defined manner during the school year 1932-1933 when that grand gentleman, Dean Scott Goodnight, lent his always cooperative assistance to the enthusiastic undergraduates of that era who were responsible for seeing that the OCTOPUS was published once a month.

Dean Goodnight was the official censor and culled over either the original copy or the galley proofs for each issue of Octy. He was understanding in the Nth degree and never sought to hamstring the boys in any way. I saw this with complete sincerity and cite my own safe distance from the campus as proof thereof.

Well, there came a time one issue when it seemed like an insurmountable chore to meet a production deadline and also submit all the copy for proper scrutiny. To begin with, the Dean himself had been out of the city,

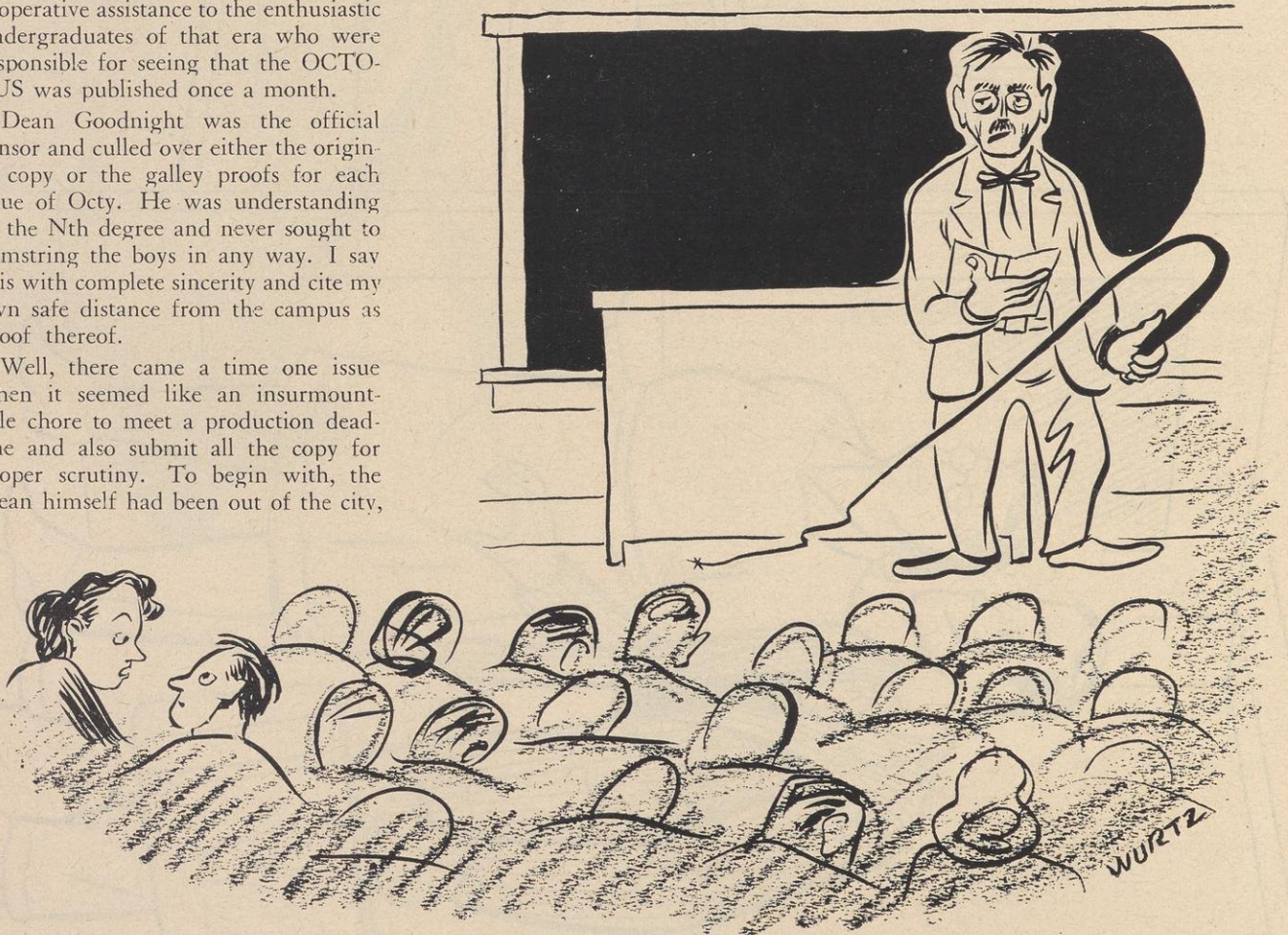
and Octy wasn't the first thing on his agenda upon his return. The situation called for decisive action, and the only decisive action possible was to publish the issue anyway—without official sanction.

In this journalistic crisis of the moment, I fully confess that I took this daring step. However, not wishing to be 100% foolhardy, I read and re-read every word of copy about ten times—crossing out words here and there whose meaning may be misconstrued, eliminating all so-called "jokes" that didn't measure up to the purest of the pure concepts of morality and decency. I even jerked a cartoon or two wherein a gallant swain may have appeared a little too-eager in his leer at a Langdon Street beauty. In short, every step was taken, so I thought, to insure a censor-proof issue which would meet the most exacting demands of any guardian of student life and interests.

Then, just to make matters look good, I left a complete set of uncensored galley proofs at the Dean's office—not wishing to deprive him of the pleasure of blue-penciling an item or two himself—items, of course, that already had been eliminated in my careful and exhaustive perusal of the copy before I adventurously told the printers to go ahead and run the presses.

The first copies hit the newsstands about the same time that I received the "censored" proofs back from the Dean's office. Yes, there were blue-pencil marks on them—official ones—but not on any of the jokes, words, or cartoons that I had conscientiously censored a few days before. Although I was very apprehensive for the next week or so, nothing ever came of it. I guess Dean Goodnight read Octy once, but not twice.

Humor and censorship certainly are relative matters.



"I hear that he gives tough quizzes, too."

PRELUDE TO A CASE HISTORY

By R. NASH '38

Life on Octy is short and hectic. Here's the fate of one poor soul of my acquaintance.

THE Editor glanced feverishly at his watch. It was one minute to four. He looked up at the door. The handle was turning slowly—and then the door swung open and a sexy little cutie stepped in, her eyes wide open in assumed awe of the Editor and her mouth puckered to a red, surprised O. “My name is Marilyn Tinkle,” she said brightly, “and I have a little story I want you to read. I got a B on it but my professor doesn’t like me; but I think you’ll like the story because it’s quite a bit better than the usual run of tripe you print. Oh, what a sweet tie you’re wearing!”

Two seconds to four . . .

“You will read it won’t you—I mean, you don’t have anything else to do right now, do you?”

And then it started . . .

* * *

The alarm clock suddenly started shouting and stamping its feet; the radiator began knocking like a broken connecting-rod in the devil’s own auto; and from the bunk below Smirky Smith stuck his leg out from under the covers and kicked up at the Editor as hard as he could.

“Wake up, stupid,” he said pleasantly.

The Editor pulled his tongue inside his mouth and opened one eye. The other, for some reason or other, was pasted shut with stale beer. This, he reflected as he threw off the ripped sheet and prepared to jump down, is the part of college life Hollywood has never suspected. And he jumped right on the only thumbtack in the room. It made him yelp, but it woke him up, and he groped his way over to his dresser to get his razor.

“Don’t get up,” he said to Smirky, “it’s awful out here.”

He fumbled around on the dresser, picked up a hair-brush and stared into the bristles. “My gosh,” he moaned, “do I need a shave!”

As he walked to the biff he became conscious of a pain in his foot and realized that he hadn’t taken out the tack. The door of the biff was locked and a little group of mouldy looking boys were gathered in front of it.

“It’s that freshman from upstate taking a bath. He’s always afraid someone will look at him so he locks the

door,” offered one of the group. “Say, Clarence, are you almost done?”

Two loud splashes from inside: “Gosh no, I’ve just finished my feet.”

As the Editor turned back to his room Art Binger met him. “You’ll have my five today, won’t you?” asked Art.

“Not exactly,” stalled the Editor, “but see me this afternoon.”

“At four?”

“Yeah”—as if he had five bucks.

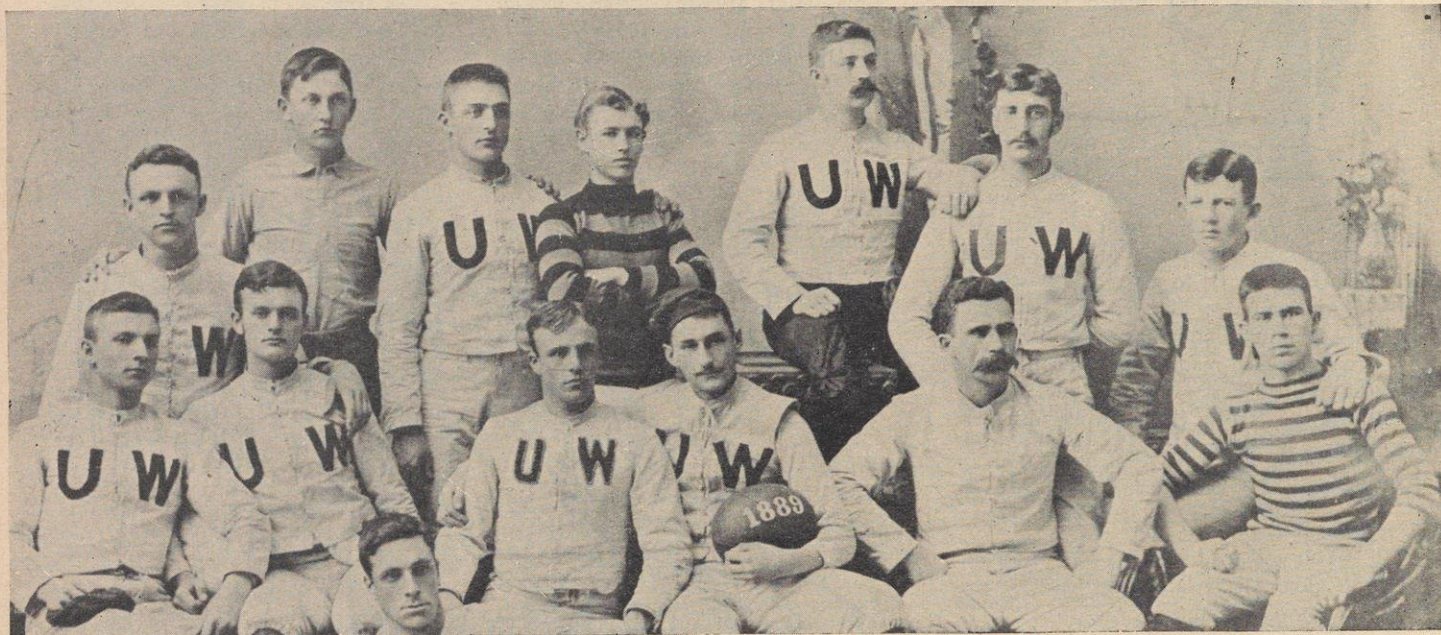
He picked up the mail on the way to breakfast. A letter from Emily: “. . . could never really love you, but am

(continued on page 31)



The Good Old Days

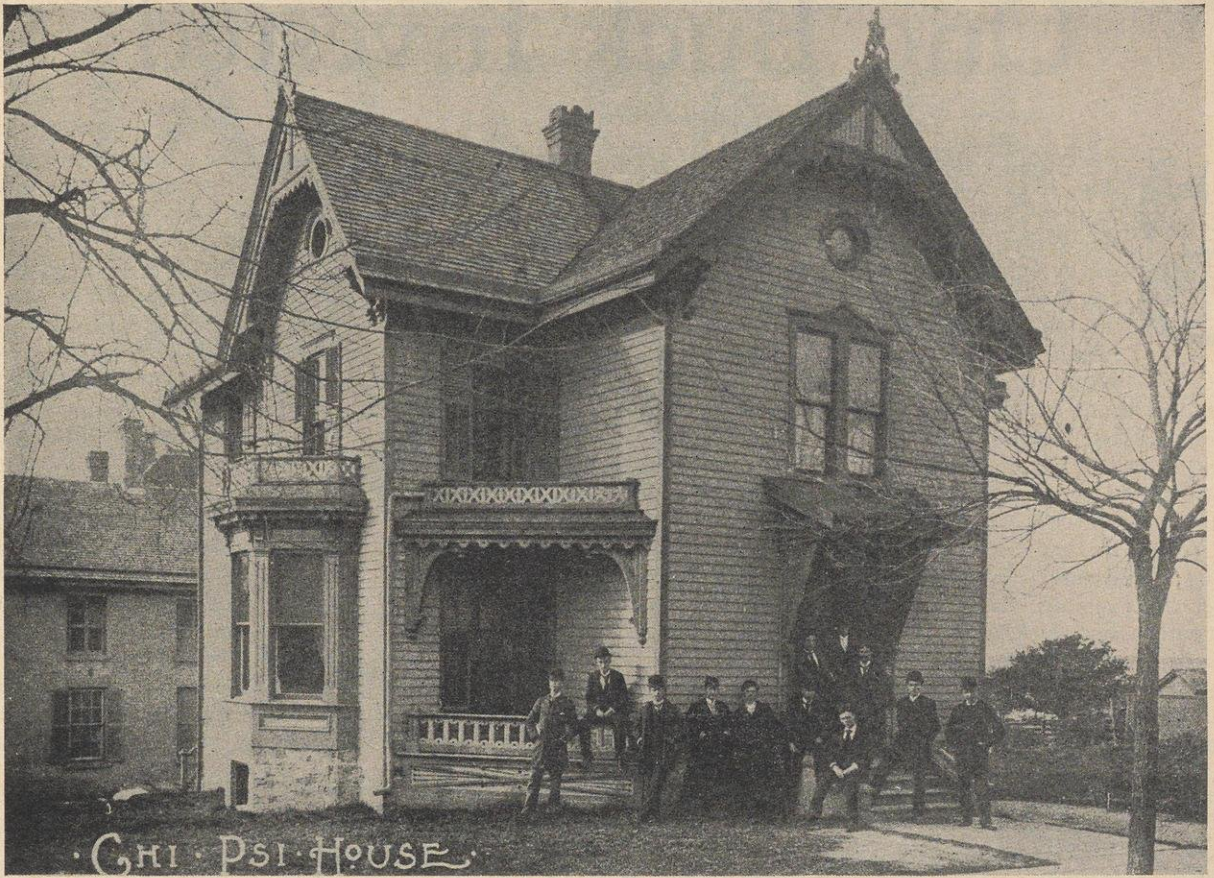
GRAPHIC EVIDENCE THAT PROGRESS IS WORTH IT, AFTER ALL



Our heroes of '89. Note the muscular heads.



1893—How did that character third from the right get in here?



1895—You can't say we didn't give the Chi Psis plenty of "house."



1900—The Cabin must have been closed that night.

One Buck Invested

By CARL H. ADAM '46



WEATER girls (still looking like camouflaged tanks), sport coats, falling leaves, crowds and no meat—yep, it was great to be back on the campus. Away from the clatter of the teletypes, chattering like a knitting

student board femme demanding 3-4 beer, I looked forward to a weekend and a football game at the balmy mammy—the U. of W.

Too bad my favorite wench was in New York. It isn't as much fun plucking a cold turkey when you remember the campus days flapping wings with a hot chick.

But *cherchez la femme* didn't take long. Just at half time as the Badgers went underground and I ground under the stadium for a coke and hot dog, I

saw the g.f.'s best gal friend of last year. Actually she saw me. Recognized the hat, she said. Some goon next to her said hello to me, too. That spoiled it; I thought she was with him.

Even with the Badgers trouncing Marquette, I pondered gloomily that the girl might be dated up Saturday night with the goon. After the game she disappeared early. I walked home with a couple of her friends.

They said they were having a party that night. It was a double to celebrate another guy's birthday. His birthday was the same as mine. We decided to make it a triple and meet in the Roman Inn. The girl, they said, was dateable. She wasn't with the goon after all. He just knew me—some slight campus connection, maybe with the prom or something. Probably gave him a comp.

I called the girl up when I got home. Sure, she'd go out with me. Old buddy-buddies, and all that. I'd pick her up at eight.

They said I was born on time, but that was the only appearance I've made when I was due. So I called the girl and said I'd be late. She expected that. She knew me. She told me we had to pick up the guy with the birthday. Oh, and he doesn't have a date, she said.

I got the girl and we picked up the stag. Not only did he not have a date, he was broke—except for about three bucks. It's nice being employed and having a little mazooma. But supporting two, and then three, on a single salary can be tough.

The Roman Inn was crowded and the triple element wasn't there. We journeyed to the Indian room and



"They said they're with you, sir."

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See Your Badger House Representative

served ourselves in the upstairs bar. Dinner was still being worried downstairs. The girl was reducing and didn't drink anyway. She had a coke. The stag had a Scotch and soda. I joined in—and paid the check. It's great to be employed.

Back to the Roman Inn for another recon (after another round and another check—that I paid), and we found the other third of the short-changed triple.

The stag was finally persuaded to tend bar and came through, including a lemonade for the girl. The bill left him 93 cents (later he found three more pennies) for five thirsty imbibers.

Romans were out in full force and late-comers fiddled around then left for other places. We said we'd meet a double back at the Indian room. But when we got there we couldn't locate them.

We went for a ride in that car known affectionately around campus as "The Sherman." It goes anywhere, and never gets stuck unless I tell it to.

The stag joined the girl and me in the front seat. The back seat pair were silent and left room enough for the overflow of Wild Bill's Econ 1a. They hadn't seen each other for a while.

A squad car whipped by with siren sounding. The Sherman bucked and

took up the chase. Somewhere I missed the gear-shift and got tangled up with the girl's leg. We lost the squad car and were headed toward Middleton.

The back seat female said, "Go to the Pines." I shifted gears this time and intoned "Roger, over." We went to the Pines. The girl said she was hungry. So did the stag once. So it was food at the Pines.

Me, I'm used to eating dinner at 2:30 a. m. since I'm employed at night and make money. I wasn't hungry. The stag was still clutching 93 cents. The girl ordered a sandwich because she was hungriest. They didn't have any, sorry, but we have steak dinners. The girl was hungry, but conventional. *She just couldn't eat a whole dinner.* The stag said he would help.

They argued about how the steak should be cooked. Finally it came medium-well. He got a steak sandwich, half the French fries, and at first declined the salad. I ate the soup because the girl didn't want it, and the stag said it was too hot. Good soup.

He spilled steak sauce on the tablecloth (he didn't get half her plate), but covered it up with crackers from the soup course.

The waitress finally asked the stag if he was through with HIS salad. He

said yes. She cleared away the remnants. I cleared away more salary. I paid the check. The stag could have tipped the kitchen slave from the 93 cents, but he outfumbled me.

We went home. The short-changed triple split at the dorms and at the Union. The girl lived in an apartment. I took her up. Being thoughtful, I carefully left the Sherman on the sidewalk so cars could pass through the narrow court.

We said goodnight. Like that, too. Just buddy-buddies. I went back to the car.

The cops in Madison have no sense of courtesy. They said it was illegal to park in that court and especially on the sidewalk. They said I should be happy to pay a buck for being chivalrous to the girl. They said I had to pay even if I did have a Minnesota driver's license. They said lots of things. I paid the check again.

But I got a receipt. And I gave it to the girl. She said she would keep it. Like your first check or something. Or a stock certificate. Yeah, like an investment receipt.

It's great to be employed and make investments. Now I've got an investment in the U. of W. One-buck—and a lot of interest.



She's thinking of the time
he took her to

FRENCHY'S

3302 University Ave. Fairchild 811

Have You Tasted

Fauerbach

Lately?



Encounter By the Shore

By M. L. G. '39



ELLO."

"Er . . . hello."

"Don't you think it's strange for a young girl like you to be meandering about the Lake Road alone?"

"Me? Oh, no. I often stroll out this way. I so love to watch the waves lash upon the rocks and the branches sway in the gentle breezes and the birds . . . but what am I telling you all this for? I don't even know you." With a quick step she started to walk away.

"But what are you doing here tonight," he said, catching up with her. "There is no breeze to sway the branches, no waves to lash upon the rocks; and there are no birds out."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that; it's a lovely evening, and there are lots of stars out."

"I'm Raymond Holt, what's your name?"

"Marian."

"Marian what?"

"Marian—what do you care?"

"Oh, just curious." Raymond looked at her face in the moonlight; 'twas Venus slipped from marble. She was about eighteen, blond, wore a pastel pink angora sweater, a string of pearls, and saddle shoes. Raymond gasped, "Who gives a darn about her last name?"

"What are you gasping about?" she asked.

"Would you mind if I walked along with you? I'm going your way." Raymond could tell by her cordial smile that she assented.

For about two hours Marian and Raymond walked along, exchanging pleasantries, looking at the slice of moon left in the sky, and giggling as they passed lovers in embrace. Marian, indeed, seemed very light-hearted and gay. She had a pensive remark for each loving couple. "Were you ever in love, Raymond?" she queried.

"No, I've lived at the dormitories all my life and never got to know any girls."

"Same way with me; you're the first boy I've really had a long walk with." She looked at Raymond, giggled, and looked out into the lake.

"Would you mind very much," gulped Raymond, "if I held your hand?"

"Oh, it's not heavy; I can hold it myself."

"Aw."

Marian quietly put her arm in his and looked up at him. Raymond had a big smile on his face. "You know," she said, "I like you."

"I think you're awfully nice, too."

"But it's getting rather late; do you know where we are?"

They looked about and saw nothing but trees all about them. Nothing but trees, trees, trees, and them alone in the wilderness. "Gee," he laughed, "I don't know the way out of here."

"Neither do I," giggled Marian.

* * *

University authorities report that two or three dormitory students are lost this way every year.

An SAE wandered into a tennis tournament the other day and sat down beside a young female.

"Whose game?" he asked.

"I am," she replied.

—Banter

GRIND

By R. N. PIERRON '40



ICHAKI: I've got a date for you," I shouted as I burst in on my roommate. Richard was buried up to his neck in

books.

"I don't want a date," he protested.
"I want to study calculus."

"You've got a date, and you can't get out of it," I said firmly. "Besides, your date is pretty smooth and pretty lively, too, so please show a little life tonight, please."

"I want to study calculus," stubbornly insisted Richard.

I dragged him into the bathroom, lathered his face and put his razor into his hand. "Richard," I said, making my voice sound stern, "This is going to be a party. I *don't* want you to recite the Constitution or go to sleep. See?"

"I want to study calculus," repeated Richard, doggedly.

We called for our dates about nine. I introduced Richard to Betty, his date. Then we all decided to go to the Blue Room. We were no sooner in a taxi and on our way than Richard pulled a pint of Seagram's V. O. from his topcoat pocket. The girls stared at it. I

didn't say anything.

"Well," said Richard belligerently, catching my eye, "You said it was going to be a party." He took a long pull at the bottle and shouted WHOOPEE!, poking his head out of the window. The girls sort of shrank away from him.

When we got to the Blue Room, Richard was telling us all about the time his rich uncle caught on fire and burned to the ground. He laughed uproariously with every few words and slapped Betty on the back. The girls joined in the laughter half-heartedly and uncomfortably.

Richard walked into the Blue Room in front of us, shouted boisterously and waving the half-empty pint of Seagram's over his head. People turned, stared and frowned. Richard ignored them, found a table that pleased him, and, in a loud voice, told the couple sitting there to go home. They went.

Then he ordered Singapore Slings for all of us. "Having fun?" he asked Betty with a leer.

"What's a leer?" asked Betty, uneasily.

Richard ignored that. He piled up some napkins in an ashtray and started a little bonfire. He smirked at it for a moment. Then he contentedly sat down around the fire in a cozy little

circle and howled at the moon. More people stared and frowned.

When the waiter brought us our Singapore Slings, he asked us if we couldn't please be a little more quiet. "Do you want to make a scene?" he said.

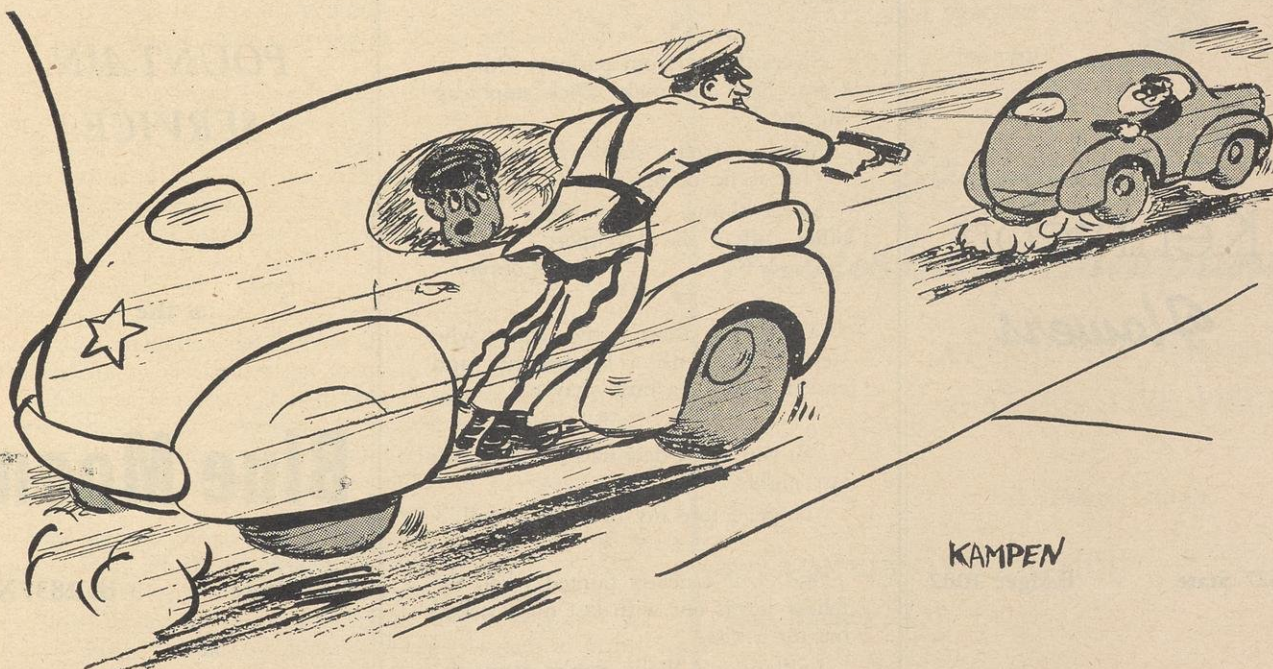
"Yes," said Richard. The waiter slunk away, glancing back over his shoulder fearfully.

"I want to dance," yelled Richard, grabbing Betty's arm. He pushed four or five tables out of his way, upsetting and annoying no end the people sitting at them. Then he started shouting and stomping around, still hanging on to Betty, and soon both of them were doing the shag. I looked at my date; she was obviously ill at ease.

Betty became angry though when Richard stepped on her hand, and she said she was going home. Richard started to whimper and cry then, so she stayed. He drank some Seagram's and his Sling, ordered four more, and mumbled, "She was happy and sad both and tears ran down her cheek on little cat feet meow meow meow."

We looked at him in horror. "I was just thinking," he explained sadly, "about a girl I knew once who was just like Betty." Then he giggled and lapsed into silence for a moment.

(continued on page 28)



"Let's quit, Joe. After all, counterfeiting fee cards isn't the worst crime in the world."

Down With Bascom

By MYRON GORDON '39



ASCOM HILL must be levelled! There are no two ways about it. There is absolutely no sense in commencing a building program on the campus unless

Bascom Hill is made pancake flat. Why? Well, why not?

Rather than drop the matter at this stage of the rationale, let us see certain other advantages of the proposal. North Hall could be put where South Hall is, and the Dean of Men could see the other side of things for a change. Music Hall could be put where the Engineering building is, and then we could have a course in "Counterpoint on the Slide Rule". The engineers could be instructed in "Harmonizing Steam & Gas".

Think how tired poor Old Abe must get looking *down* all the time. How thoughtless to treat a man with his vision in that way. With Bascom flattened Abe will be on a level with the common man whom he so dearly loved.

Won't it be glorious to have Bascom prostrate? To have the Hill a plateau? Then we can all pack up and go to the University of Idaho, and then there will be no housing shortage in Madison.

Woman's best asset is man's imagination.

* * *

Sweet thing (from parlor): "Mama! Come here and make Dick stop teasing me."

Mama (from stairway landing): "What is he doing, dear?"

Sweet thing: "He's sitting on the other end of the davenport."

—Column

* * *

And then there's the cutie who stepped out with a lumberman, and ended up with a little shaver.

* * *

"So you had a date with a Sigma Nu last night?"

"Nope, I tore my dress on a nail."

* * *

She . . . "I nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me for a kiss."

LeBlang . . . "Baby, you're gonna die when you hear what I have to say."

"the best
right close"

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Four Years Till The A-Bomb

B. B. '41



IT WAS the year of the last titans (later tie-tans or tan-ties—suntan ties), 1941. Hyland had wiped the Octy grin off his face to become *Time's* Science Editor. Gordon, having missed a Rhodes Scholarship by half an *em*, was taking a rest cure in the Harvard Law School. Regular communiques came in to the palatial penthouse offices from Phi Bete Silk who was taking the Duke econ' dept. in a way that would have gotten Sherman lynched in Georgia.

But Bill Beaumet, with a record of having quit school seven times on the day before finals, was filing droll copy. Wurtz and Mayland (and Kampen, Erdahl, Hogan, Hodgell) were originating cartoons that other artists are still re-drawing (everywhere except in Octy itself). Persechini was turning in stories that could only be compared to laughter in a haunted madhouse. Two infants named Trepel and Barrel were putting new coin into the old Ogden Nash slot.

Once a week a couple of charwomen would come in and glance furtively about from over covert cigars. When they dropped their disguises, they always turned out to be Bob Pierron and Pat Phillipi, the ghostwriting team who had to dodge the dean (Goodnight, that was), and wrote under eleven names besides their own.

Trying to think up new "Damn you, McBrotowich" ideas, Ed-in-chief Wurtz used to tire of gnawing his pencils down to the graphite, and would wade, through waste-deep rejected copy, across the office to chew on the Business Manager (Gerling). Meantime Landsberg would slip in, flick her black hair at the best-looking man around, then stand at a typewriter for 30 seconds and tap off a verse that could have been the brainchild of D. Parker and S. Hoffenstein. Landsberg visits averaged 1.21 minutes. There was also a chap named Busacca who came up one night to fill his pen, stayed to write a "second thought," and turned up in the next issue's list of editors through a typographical error it cost him \$5 to arrange.

That year Max Shulman ran Minnesota's sex-and-clip-joke rag, *Ski-U-Mah*, and the *Harvard Lampoon* called Octy the nation's best humor magazine (Octy admitted *Lampy* was runner-up, and passed on its copy of *Ski-U-Mah* to an institution for the mentally unprivileged). Harvard was right. Octy was a great magazine, full of droll and subtle humor, written of, by, and for the staff.

Octy pleased itself. Sometimes it let a few hundred copies slip out into the hands of the student body, but only because the circulation department used to steal them. Octy enjoyed its own company too much to want kibitzers.

Exhaustive tests had shown that a copy of Octy could stand reading and re-reading by 10 persons before disintegrating. Octy knew its own value and fascination. Regularly, to national advertisers, it estimated its readers at 3,500.

Even in 1941 some ideas were harder to come by than a case of Haig and Haig. Working at Foamy Fred's (a Lower Campus dive whose ad-bill used to be personally collected by Octy's Board of Editors at a barter rate of 75 glasses to the column), it took two editors twenty ales each to bring forth the idea for the Thanksgiving cover issue (as printed:

(continued on page 30)

She's Talking About



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"Charcoal" Bar-B-Q chicken

... "real" Italian spaghetti

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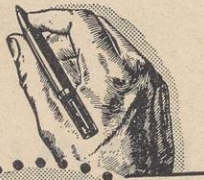


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 forever, this pen writes for so
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Pill-osophy Corner

By ELSA REID

G. B. Shaw says youth is so wonderful it's a shame to
 waste it on children.

The old maid's prayer ends "Ah-men."

Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

May I have this dance—or are all the cars occupied?

Two pints make one cavort.

A woman is as old as she looks. A man is not old until
 he stops looking.

Many a girl who can't add can certainly detract.

Economy is a way of spending money without getting any
 fun out of it.

Her face is her fortune—and runs into quite a figure.

He thinks his wife has given up cigarettes just because
 there are cigar butts around the house.

He sowed his wild oats and prayed for a crop failure.

Alimony is a man's cash surrender value.

A gentleman is a man who never strikes a lady with his
 hat on.

Two glasses and the optician's daughter makes a spec-
 tacle of herself.

Eat drink and be merry, for tomorrow we diet.

You can't tell how far a couple has gone by looking at
 the speedometer.

Sweet Adeline is the bottle hymn of the Republic.

She's the cream in his coffee—as long as he has plenty of
 sugar.

NO

MAGIC

NEEDED

to

tempt students and "profs" alike

to

The Chocolate Shop

548 State

B. 684



"Hooray for Wisconsin Territory!"

Woman begins by resisting a man's advances and ends by blocking his retreat.

A hangover is a headache built for a hippopotamus.

The little chicken who was embarrassed because his pants were down.

Bridge—triumph of mind over chatter. Bridge players learn to take it on the shin.

There are some things that every girl should no.

He doesn't know if he likes bathing beauties—says he's never bathed one.

Money may not buy happiness—but with it you can be unhappy in comfort.

A man lucky in love is a bachelor.

*The most eloquent lines are not written or spoken—they're worn.

Soaerntuinalfinjuarijjah means "I love you" in Eskimo, so Artic nights are six months long.

The chiropractor gets paid for what an ordinary guy gets slapped for.

Adam was the only man who could be sure of his wife—Adam was the only man.

A bachelor is a man who has no children to speak of.

Where are you spending the alcoholidays?

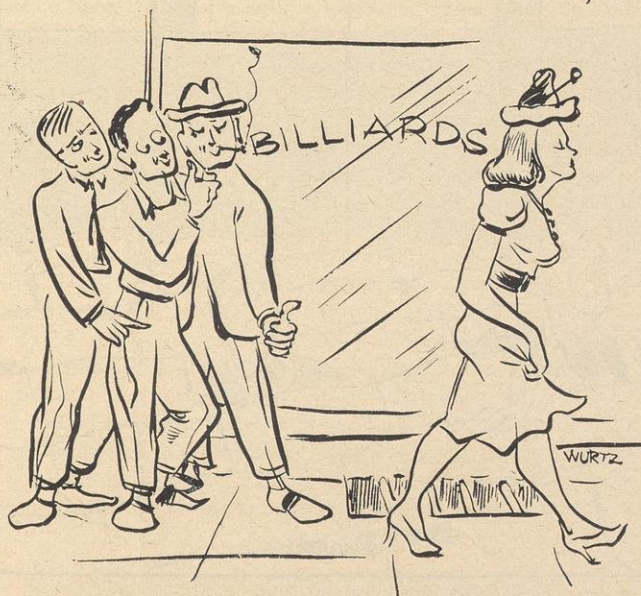
A hiccough is a message from departed spirits.

She: "Do you think you're Santa Claus?"

He: "No, why?"

She: "Then leave my stockings alone."

—Jester



"She's in the third act of 'Birds Have Nests'."

Al Alverson

AND HIS

Orchestra

"A Solid Beat for Dancing Feet"

MUSIC

For All Occasions

PHONE FAIRCHILD 7538



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Newest
Shoe Salon

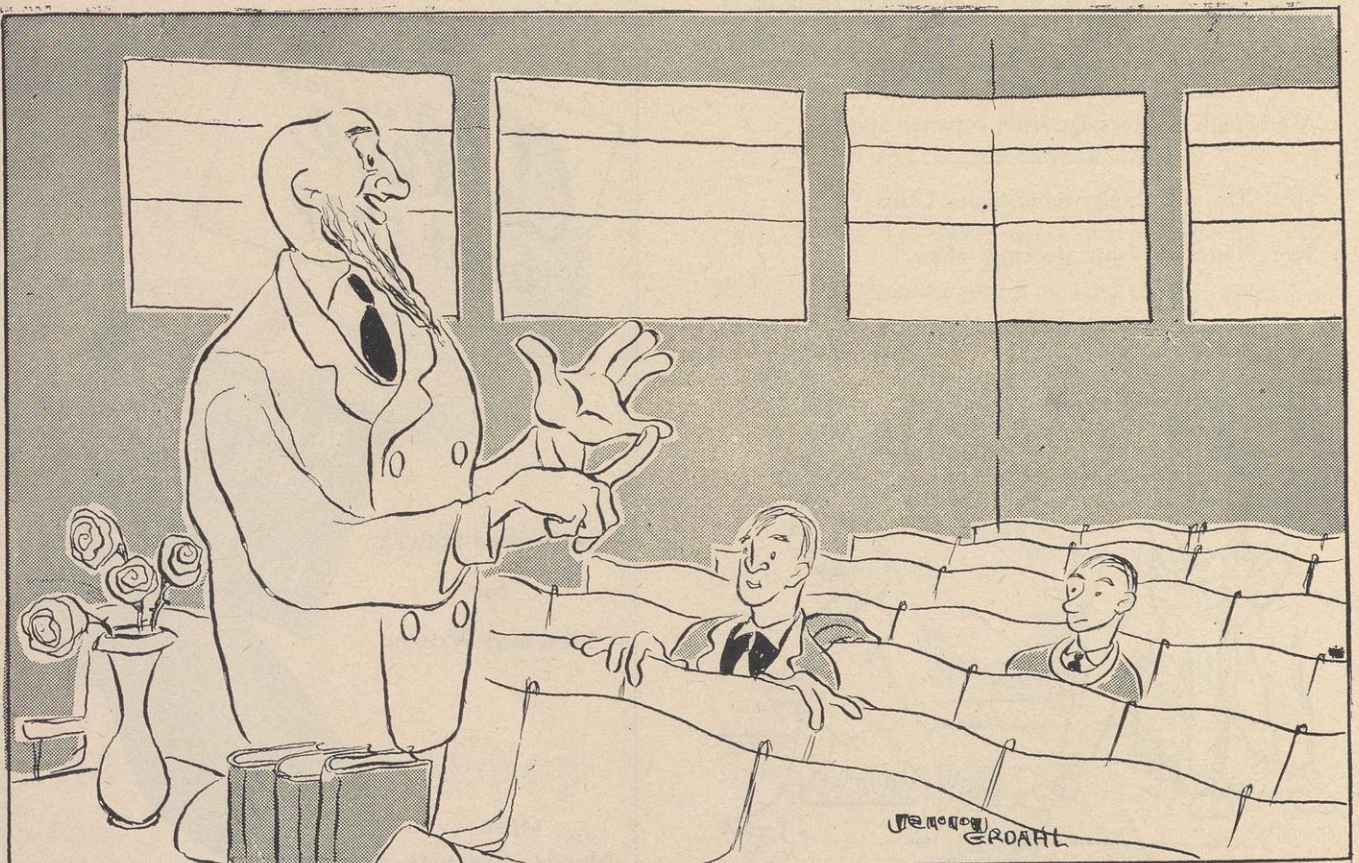
Exclusive Footwear
for
Men and Women

Open
Monday Evenings





"If this ain't a world's record, I quit."



"Due to crowded conditions we will have to divide this class into two sections."

HOMECOMING

By EDWARD LEYDEN

The old man held his head low as, hands in pockets, shoulders hunched against the autumn chill in a wrinkled coat that didn't match his baggy trousers, he tramped through the virgin woods of the campus. The university was old ("older than any of us," the dean liked to say in his speech to the graduating class) but, unlike humans, age had only increased its attractiveness. The lines which Time had etched in the face of the century old administration building seemed to form, not disfiguring scars, but open pores for the release of the love and knowledge and wisdom it contained.

Carefree cries of students now mingled with the crunch of dry leaves under the intruder's feet, and presently he emerged from the woods into a clearing. His eyes traveled up the grassy slope, past the happy couples, and riveted on an ivy-covered building, silhouetted atop the hill in ponderous majesty against the dull October sky.

Students passed him unheeding and the dirty, seedy coat sleeve that brushed his eye went unnoticed by all. But—no—not completely unnoticed. Wally Boyd, editor of the *Daily Clarion* had seen the vagabond when he first appeared in the clearing. Wally had a habit of seeing things before other people. That's why he was editor of the school's daily. Now, as he saw the stranger reverently bow his head and rub his eye, Wally excused himself from a group and approached him.

"First time you've seen the place in a long time, I'll bet—huh, old-timer?" the young reporter asked.

The funny little old man nodded silently and resumed the scrutinizing study of his shoe tips. But the tear that fell didn't escape the watchful lad. They all came back on Homecoming Day, he reflected. Bankers and bums. They outlawed sentimentality and scoffed at that intangible, school spirit, but sooner or later they all came back. All of them.

"How long's it been since you've seen the old place, old-timer?" the reporter groped softly.

"Twenty-five years," was the answer and once again the dirty sleeve brushed a wet eye.

Grimly the young man smiled. He was right. They all came back. Reaching into his pocket he pulled out a freshly laundered handkerchief and silently pressed it into the other's hand. The little fellow looked at him gratefully and buried his face in the linen.

"Let's see," the youth meditated to cover up the embarrassed silence, "twenty-five years—that would make you class of '21. Right?" Then he remembered. "Why, gosh, that's Dad's class. You probably know him—Jimmy Boyd, All-State quarterback in '20 and '21?"

"Oh, heck!" the stranger interrupted him. "I never went to school here. I was janitor in the art building until I quit to go to work in my brother's plumbing shop in New York City. He fired me the other day for boozing too much, and nobody else will hire me, so I thought I'd try here again."

There was a moment of stunned silence broken suddenly by a shout of triumph as the prodigal janitor pulled the handkerchief from his face. "I got that darn thing in my eye riding a freight in from New York," he explained. "It's been bothering me all day." Then, with an expert flick of his finger he knocked the big black cinder from the freshly laundered handkerchief and returned it to the reporter.

"Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?"
"No, but I've been slapped."



There are More
Ways than One
to Make the
Grade at College



There are different ways and different grades—but one of the best ways to make the most important grades is to dress the part of the smart college man. Here we can help; for many years we have been outfitting the better garbed Wisconsin men.

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GRIND . . .

(continued from page 21)

Suddenly he lurched to his feet and shouted, "Hay, waiter waiter, bring me a bottle of Italian vermouth, a bottle of dry gin, a bottle of Scotch, a bottle of orange bitters, and a bottle of Cuban rum."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but we don't sell liquor by the bottle here."

Richard glared and banged him over the head with his empty pint bottle. "I know how to mix drinks," he told us. Then he threw the bottle. Somebody at the far end of the room sagged to the floor, moaning.

After that, I didn't remember much. I do remember though that when we left, Richard was singing "*Stone Cold Dead in the Market*" in a rollicking baritone. Several men in white jackets were anxiously hustling us towards the door.

I woke up next morning with a terrific hangover. I managed to focus one eye on the alarm clock and saw that it was ten o'clock. I looked at Richard's bed and saw that he wasn't in it.

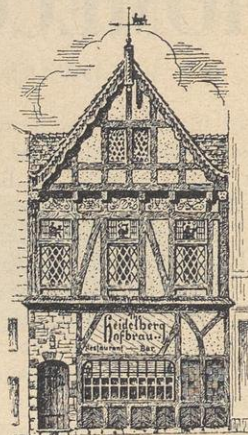
Richard was sitting at his desk studying calculus.



He: "Let's create a disturbance."
She: "You'll marry me first."

* * *

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Let Justice Be Done

P. B. K. '39



ACCORDING to *Life* Professor William H. Kiekhofer conducts large classes in elementary economics.

Mr. Kiekhofer loves to do things on a large scale. He does his farming in a grand fashion; he's not content with just a *few* apple trees. Also, Mr. Kiekhofer wasn't content to have just an ordinary wall; he

had to have *the* outstanding wall on the campus. Unsatisfied with ordinary sized classes, or even the largest in the university, Mr. Kiekhofer has to have the largest in the country.

You'd think a man would be content with writing one textbook for each course, but, no; Mr. Kiekhofer writes *two* texts for his course. Lastly, Mr. Kiekhofer isn't even happy with the usual number of examinations; he passes out gobs and gobs of blue books every week.

Now, Mr. Kiekhofer, I am not interested in the number of exams you give; it's the huge number of blue books you use which attract my attention. Since there are 1,100 students in your Economics 1a section and 300 in the second semester of the course, you harangue a total of 1400 students each semester. During the semester you give 11 exams and a final—which means that 1400 students each write 12 exams.

Thus, you use 16,800 blue books per semester.

Seventeen thousand blue books in one semester! *Sacrebleu!* That this is a huge number of blue books is proved by comparing it with the number used in other courses. Take Gaelic, for example. Here the grand total for the entire semester is under 25. Does this comparison not prove beyond a doubt that many blue books are wasted in Economics 1?

Mr. Kiekhofer, I say it is damnable to waste so many blue books during these trying times when the national debt is so high and the budget unbalanced. But if you *insist* on giving 12 exams a year, let me make a friendly suggestion. I recommend that the blue books be collected after the student has seen his grade and screamed that he's been robbed. At the end of the school year you would have 34,000 blue books tucked away in the corner of your office.

A blue book, including the weight of the staples, weighs about one-fourth of a pound. They run a wee bit heavier if written in *lead* pencil. The 34,000 books would weigh 8,500 pounds or a little more than four tons.

According to the current market price for scrap paper, a ton is worth \$5.50. With the general upswing of prices, unless you economists play around with it, the price of paper ought to rise to \$6.00 before June. Four tons at \$6.00 equals \$24.00. This money represents *clear* profit and can be used to build up the Loan Fund, help build the third wing, or serve as a down payment for a good-as-new upright piano.

Now, Mr. Kiekhofer, don't take any of this as personal; you are, like the rest of us, a victim of the System. And, by the way, if you decide to adopt my plan of collecting old blue books, I know a man who'll give you \$5.78 a ton today!

Henry Ford delivered a speech at a social welfare meeting and in the course of his address said, "What more can we do to help suffering humanity?"

Came a voice from the back of the hall, "Put another spring in the backseat Henry."—*Frivol.*

* * *

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A Wonderful Christmas Tradition . . .

Christmas Seals

Every one you place on a letter or Christmas card carries with it a promise that someone whose future may be shadowed by dread tuberculosis need never know its ravages.

To continue and better the fine record in the fight against tuberculosis death rate takes money. The tireless efforts in prevention and control by the Madison Tuberculosis Association has been aided materially by the Christmas Seals you buy.

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Lovelier to have . . .

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RENTSCHLER'S

230 State

Badger 177

FOUR YEARS TILL THE A-BOMB . . .

(continued from page 23)

a trussed-up Pilgrim hanging among the poultry on a butcher's meat rack).

On the other hand, a couple of recruits in September used only five minutes of time spent mostly in adoring Joan Withington and the Wolcott sisters (Octy's hidden talent) to dream up the June cover, which showed Dykstra—short-time Prexy and Draft Boss—issuing both diplomas and M-1's to the grads.

Octy lived by tradition—largely the tradition of *Punch*—and Octy humor was droll. It had a trick of catching you off balance with the unexpected. (There is an apocryphal story that Virgil Partch—VIP—learned his whole trade from one Mayland cartoon.) Put it this way: Bob Hope's gag-man couldn't have placed a filler in the '41 Octy, although Danny Thomas and Henry Morgan might have made the grade. Octy was, as it used to admit, ahead of its time.

In 1941 a story was still being retold about the year—it doesn't matter which—Octy broke a tradition. Every year there had been a parody of the *Cardinal*, an obscure sheet notorious for Spacewaster awards. In the *Cardinal's* best years Octy had pilloried it. More recently, Octy had managed a parody by running gag-stories side-by-side with quoted articles, and defying readers to tell them apart. But this year had brought grammatical chaos and total typographical confusion to the *Cardinal*.

Octy considered, and abandoned, the idea of running an issue of the *Cardinal* verbatim and from the original plates. To the *Cardinal* that was a body blow. One morning B - - -, the *Cardinal* editor, came up, prostrated himself before Octy's editor, and begged that the parody be continued.

"You're smart up here," he wailed. "Help me prove that we haven't touched bottom, that the *Cardinal* can still be parodied."

Octy's editor was deeply moved. Tears welled in his eyes, which, that particular morning after, were like twin ink pots.

"I wish . . ." he began, "truly I wish that I might help, but I can think of no way. Already you are the ultimate parody of a campus newspaper." Then, abruptly, he turned his eyes from B - - -'s prostrate form. "Please," he said severely, but not unkindly, "Please don't grovel."

At that moment an Octy Freshman stepped nobly forward.

"I'll sacrifice myself," he said, addressing his own editor. "Forgive me if you can. It's just that I can't stand suffering. I, myself will leave the Octopus and write the *Cardinal*."

The Octy editor lifted B - - - to his feet, helped him to dry eyes wild with gratitude and disbelief. "A wonderful thing has happened to you," he said to the *Cardinal* man. "Try to be worthy of it. Perhaps—who knows—someday we may again be able to parody your unhappy sheet."

* * *

The Old Octy Man spun the above out of his machine and handed it to his wife (*Cardinal* grad '42), who read it through.

"Well?" asked the O.O.M.

"Very nice, dear," she told him. "After all, it's been five years and they'll simply have to make allowances. It's not as if you were young and clever, is it, dear."

There was a young fellow from Wheeling
Endowed with such a delicate feeling,
When he read on the door
"Don't spit on the floor"

He jumped up and spit on the ceiling. —*Scarlet Fever*

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PRELUDE TO A CASE HISTORY . . .

(continued from page 15)

keeping the engagement ring for sentimental reasons . . . will see you at four today, however . . . A letter from Trixie: *" . . . can't two-time me that way. Will call at four and have the whole thing out with you . . ."* A letter from Klassy Klothes: *" . . . trust you will be able to settle this little debt with our representative who will call at four o'clock . . ."* And a letter from home: *" . . . Sis sick . . . Uncle died . . . car wrecked . . . will have to cut your allowance . . ."*

Breakfast was a farce; lunch a mockery. Coming from his two-thirty class the Editor noticed the Dean coming toward him, a smile on his face.

"Ah, Editor," he began, "I'll see you in your office about four. It looks pretty bad about your scholarship but I'll know definitely after I've talked with Chairman Higgins. And let's see—oh, yes, you flunked your make-up exam."

The Editor shuddered, took a deep breath, and then carried on. Two blocks down the street Smirky stopped him.

"Say, our landlady is looking all over for you. She's going to see the president about the back rent, by ginger, and she's going to bring him up to your office at four o'clock. I told her where it was."

Up in his office the Editor noticed that his hands were shaking. He glanced at his watch. Five minutes to four. The phone rang. It was Gipper over at the print shop. The old man was pretty hot about some crack about him in the copy. He should be up there in about five minutes.

The Editor glanced at his watch again. It was one minute to four. He became aware of a sprightly little gretchen standing before him.

"story to read . . . B on it . . . better than usual run of your stories . . . you will read it, won't you—I mean you don't have anything else to do right now, do you?"

And then it started . . .

* * *

The nurse patted him on the head. "Just lie still," she smiled, "You're going to be here for a long time. Do you feel all right?"

The Editor grinned weakly. "I'm all right," he gasped. "But will you do one thing for me?"

"Why, surely. What is it?"

"Will you take that thumbtack out of my foot?"

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ADVENTURES IN ECON 1a

(continued from page 7)

person walking up the hill in front of you is a girl or a major in art education.

While the women of the class of 1934 were poor, they were cooperative and seven or eight of them would chip in to buy an extra house key. This was used when the automobile broke down between Chanticleer and the house. Many girls got so they could tell before leaving the house the car was going to break down and this saved a lot of worry.

I can't speak for the housemothers these days, but in those days they were a splendid lot. Unless a girl screamed you'd never see a housemother. In my four years I only heard a girl scream once and that was because she was pinched by the porch swing.

Later I learned to wait until I got her into the house to pinch her.

(The reason I keep talking about women all the time is because nothing ever happened in Econ 1-A).

With more than 18,000 students at the university now it must be quite a task taking a girl home. I hear the closest you can get a Kappa Kappa Gamma to her door is the steps of Science Hall. But a little science wouldn't hurt a Kappa, unless they have changed.

I have every confidence that the future of this country is safe in the hands of the men and women attending college today. No one has to worry about them. The chances are many of them might even get an education, provided the 10:30 nights rule is rigidly adhered to.

The Defeat of Virtue

A simple but sensuous mouse
Was condemned for seducing a
grouse

He replied to the quizzical,
"The cause was not physical . . .
Just a mutual interest in Strauss."

—*Harvard Lampoon*

* * *

"Afraid?"

"Not if you take that pipe out of
your mouth."

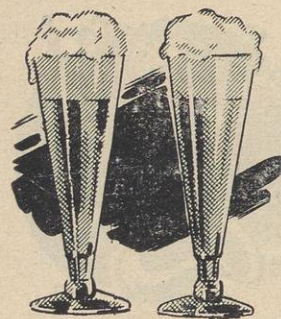
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"Well, my boy," said the new minister to the three-year-old, "What did you get for your birthday?"

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

—*Purple Parrot*

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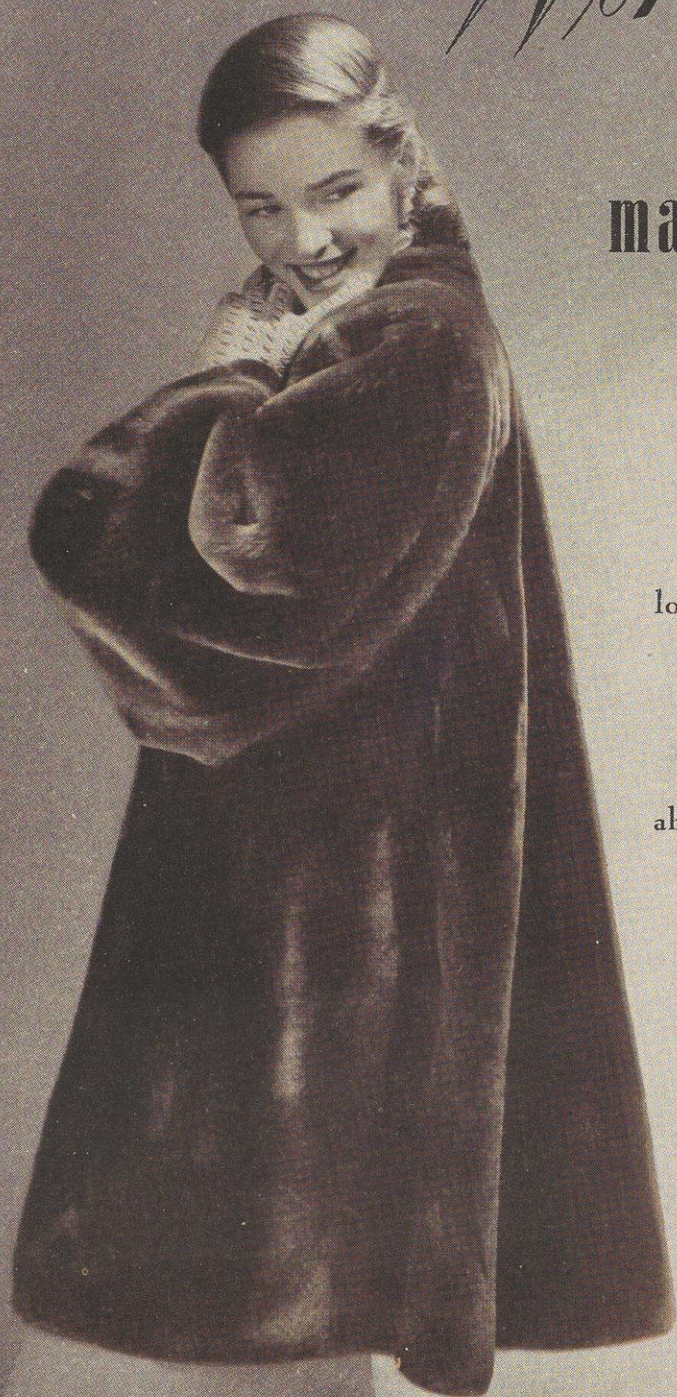
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