

## **The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 25, No. 2**

### **October, 1946**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, October, 1946

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# *The Wisconsin* **OCTOPUS**

OCTOBER  
25¢ a copy



BE HERZFELD

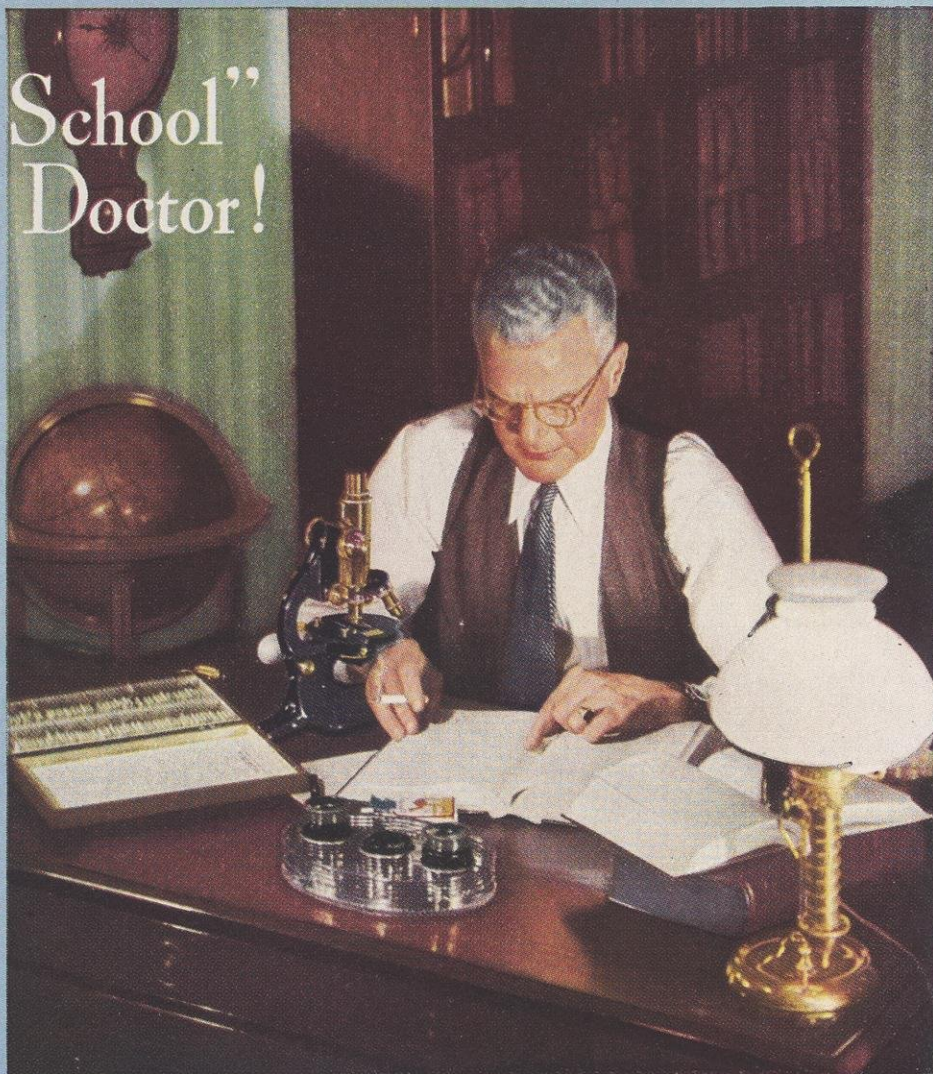


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medicine is one of  
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every change is for  
the better...for you!*

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

### ● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three independent research groups.

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The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—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.

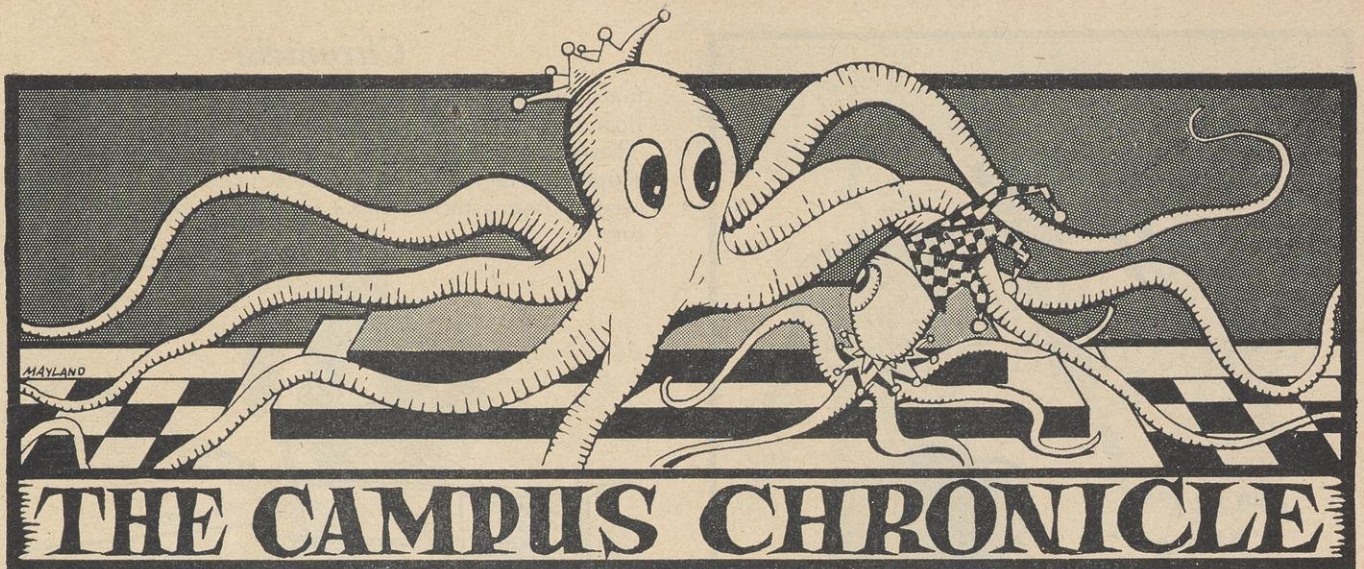


# CAMELS

*Costlier Tobaccos*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.  
Winston-Salem, N. C.





Now that frat. rushing, sorority teas and mixers are all of the past, we can settle down to Halloween parties and six week exams: ducking for apples and bucking for A's. The way to get A's is not to worry about it like most people do. We have a lot of bald men on campus from six week exams alone.

We checked with our pate expert, John Mathews, for a solution to the problem. "The best way to avoid falling hair," he said, "is to jump out of the way."

#### ***Cream or Lemon***

As a sidelight on the recent crop of Open Houses—After an afternoon of the usual "Where are you from? Milwaukee?" and "What did you say you were studying?" etc., etc., ad infinitum, ad nauseam, one weary lass turned to an innocent bystander and queried, "What school are you going to?"

#### ***Blurb***

Many critics have roundly denounced the policy of book dealers who have put "This Is My Beloved" covers on the book "Nut Made By Hand" in order to increase sales. This latter volume is the autobiography of a local professor. There are those, however, who endorse this policy as the best way to publicize this confession of a self-made man, thus relieving anyone else of the responsibility.

#### ***If You Want to Be a . . .***

Have you heard the saga of one Joan Zeldes, editor of a prominent yearbook? It seems that the lady in question was gazing at a stack of photographs, including one pic of Governor Goodland standing beside a large stuffed Badger. "What on earth is that animal?" she asked seriously.

#### ***Ah Youth!***

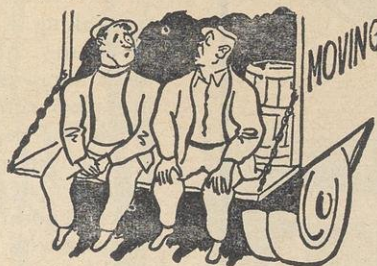
Exhausted by the continuous evasion of our determined efforts by hardened co-eds, we went to the first dance of the semester, intent on finding a sweet and innocent freshman, as yet untarnished by the grim facts of university life. Eyeing one particularly sweet and innocent dish, we approached and quickly shoved her onto the dance floor. For conversational purposes she explained where she lived. To be horribly suggestive, we horribly suggested that she must be almost in the YMCA. Her naive reply was, "Gawd, I wish I were." Visibly shaken, we informed her that though it would be easy for her to get in, she might have a little trouble getting out. "Who the Hell would want to get out?" she asked calmly.

#### ***Help Wanted Male***

Plain ordinary workers are needed at the Veterans' Administration in Mendota. Announcements being posted this week state (honest): "Utility workers who can keep the walks and streets in good condition, mow and sprinkle the lawn, plant grass, and, if necessary, dig ditches, trim the shrubbery and rake leaves" may apply for these positions for a limited time. There it is, you great big outdoor boys, you. Walk, do not run . . .

#### ***Yup, Things Are Rough***

We are sure that the parties involved mistook us for those New Yorker people who go around overhearing things, and we are really only Octy people who go around overhearing things . . . however, it happened in Rengstorff's as two obviously intellectual co-eds browsed the shelves, discussing what they had and had not read. Precisely as we passed, one turned to her compatriot and queried, "What *are* we going to do about Henry James this year???"



"I hear they're going to take over the Cabin for classrooms."

#### ***Number Please!***

Darn near everyone here has had a run-in with the Madison telephone system at one time or another, but at the YMCA phone users have an additional complication at times—a new man at the switchboard. Last spring a "Y" resident went to make a phone call, and as he picked up the receiver he heard a feminine voice saying "I'm up on the fourth floor." Don't get excited though, what had happened was that he had been connected to an incoming call from a girls' house by mistake.

Bob Berg of the "Y", and one time *Cardinal* sports editor, reports a crazier one than that, however. This summer his second floor room was buzzed and he dashed right out to the phone. But another character was using the second floor phone, so Bob charged right down to the first floor phone and jiggled the hook to let the desk man know he was there. The desk man connected him to the outside operator, though. Bob then pleaded with that operator to hang up, but she had no imagination—she had to have a NUMBER!

Always a quick thinker, B. B. said, "Okay then, give me Fairchild 2500."—the "Y" number. The operator rang F2500. The desk man answered: Berg politely explained to the desk character that although he was talking to him by way of an outside line, he was really inside on the first



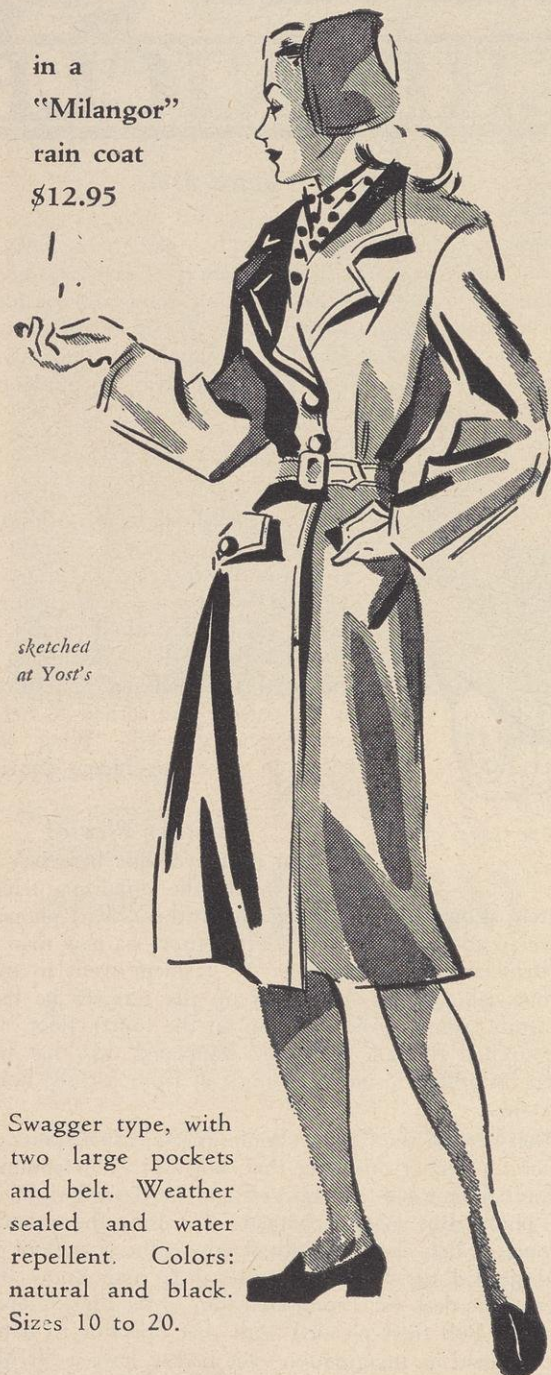
# Yost's

ON THE CAMPUS  
710 STATE

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in a  
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rain coat  
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at Yost's

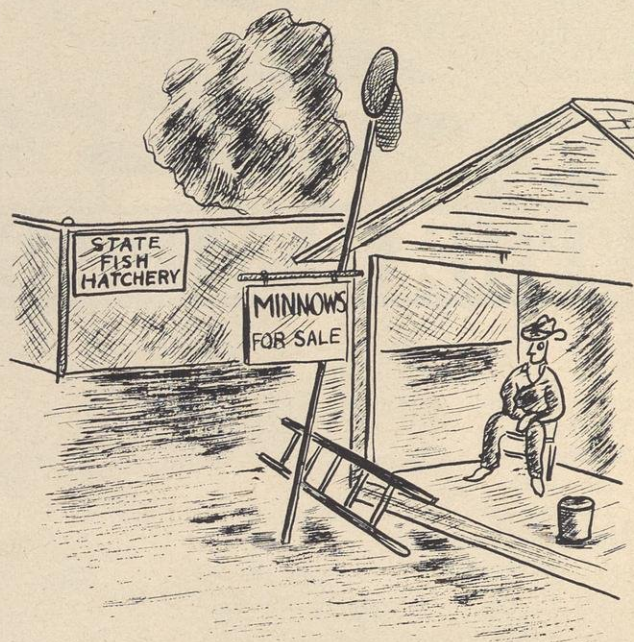


Swagger type, with two large pockets and belt. Weather sealed and water repellent. Colors: natural and black. Sizes 10 to 20.

Yost's . on the Campus . 710 State

### Chronicle

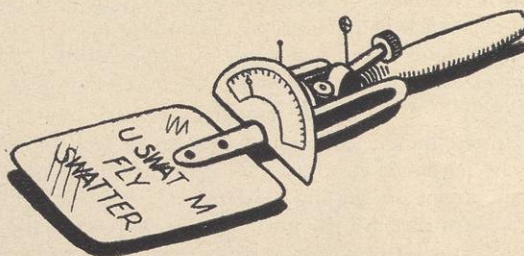
floor, and that he had a call coming in to him on the second floor, and would he please make the proper connection? That was too rich for the desk man's blood, however. He simply tore out ALL phone connections, and now he won't even go near a theatre that's featuring a Don Ameche picture.



### Off the Record

Speaking of Bob Berg, here's another of his rather weird adventures. A couple of weeks ago he went to the Union to withdraw some records. Since he lives right next door, he asked permission to take the records to his room. The girl at the desk wasn't too enthusiastic about that, so she sent Bob up to see the Union musical director on the third floor. Berg reports that he then filled out a thousand or so different forms, and finally he completed the last one and sat back with a happy heart. He was going to get the records!

Pat Holden, who was substituting for Miss Ferguson, the musical director, accepted the forms, and then beaming at Bob, she said, "Report next Saturday. You are now a member of the Union Music Committee!" Bob thinks that now that he's on the committee himself, he might be able to borrow those records sometime.



### New Leash on Life

A friend of ours writes from Ohio State that James Thurber spoke at orientation down there. We told our roommate who thought about it for a moment, then philosophized, "They probably didn't appreciate him . . . it's too bad they ain't dogs."



## Chronicle

### Re: Housing

Then there's the lad who we think has topped all of the My Room Is So Small That stories. *His* room is so small that the other evening he shoved the key in the lock and broke the window.

### 3-Pointer-2

We're now convinced that the Wisconsin traditions affect *everyone*. The other day a seeing-eye dog was joining his master and a friend in a between-classes rest on the Union terrace. When the student asked his dog a question, he responded with the most enthusiastic bark we've heard since Lassie came home. The question? Simply, "Want a beer?"

### In His Clutches

On this more industrious campus, the search for education is everywhere. Last month when a truck turned over, wheels up, on the walk going up from Science Hall, a veteran was seen in earnest and intimate conversation with his girl. "Now that," he was explaining, "is a drive shaft, and those are the transmission and the differential, and that over there . . ." Ah, these restless, searching minds.



### Fair Exchange

To speed up service in the Old Madison room of the Union, where diners take back their trays after eating, students have been asked to remove their silver and napkins, etc., before turning the trays in. "We'll soon have them separating their dishes and bottles, too," remarked one of the fellows working there. He seemed rather startled when a co-ed replied with, "Oh, we had to separate them *all* over at Kronshage." Won't someone please explain to the unenlightened about exchange dinners?

### Life Saver Gag

This month's box of life savers goes to Morton Levine, 606 N. Frances St., for overhearing two gals in conversation.

"I went out with a general last night."

"Major general?"

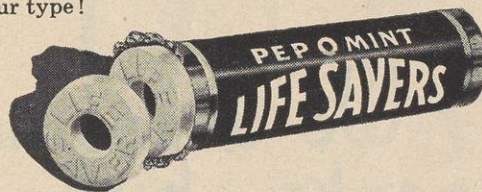
"Not yet."

## Lessons in Love

(a refresher course)



**WOLFING** — If she doesn't want to kiss you the first time — don't force her. Just sweeten your breath with a yummy LIFE SAVER. If she *still* says "No" — Brother, she's just not your type!



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PLACE SETTING \$25.34



9 W. Main St.

**E.W. Parker**  
JEWELERS

On The Square





We dress no  
spooks but  
our Fashions  
are Bewitching!

Baron's

On the Square

### Co-eds' Familiar Quotation

"In Union there is beer!"

"If at first you don't succeed, try Delta."

"He told me he loved me. Then came the lawn."

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time. Have you met our housemother??"

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill, but why waste space on Theta Delts??"

"Pride goeth before the fall. What price next semester??"

"I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a 3."

"It takes all kinds of people to make a Kappa."

"Give me Octy or give me death."

"My heart is in the ocean," cried the poet.

"You've gone me one better," said the seasick friend, taking a firmer grip on the rail.

—CHAPARRAL

\* \* \*

Botany major: "Is that a poplar tree?"

Prof. Evans (absently): "No, they seem to prefer the lamp-post on the corner."

### The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin

\* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \*

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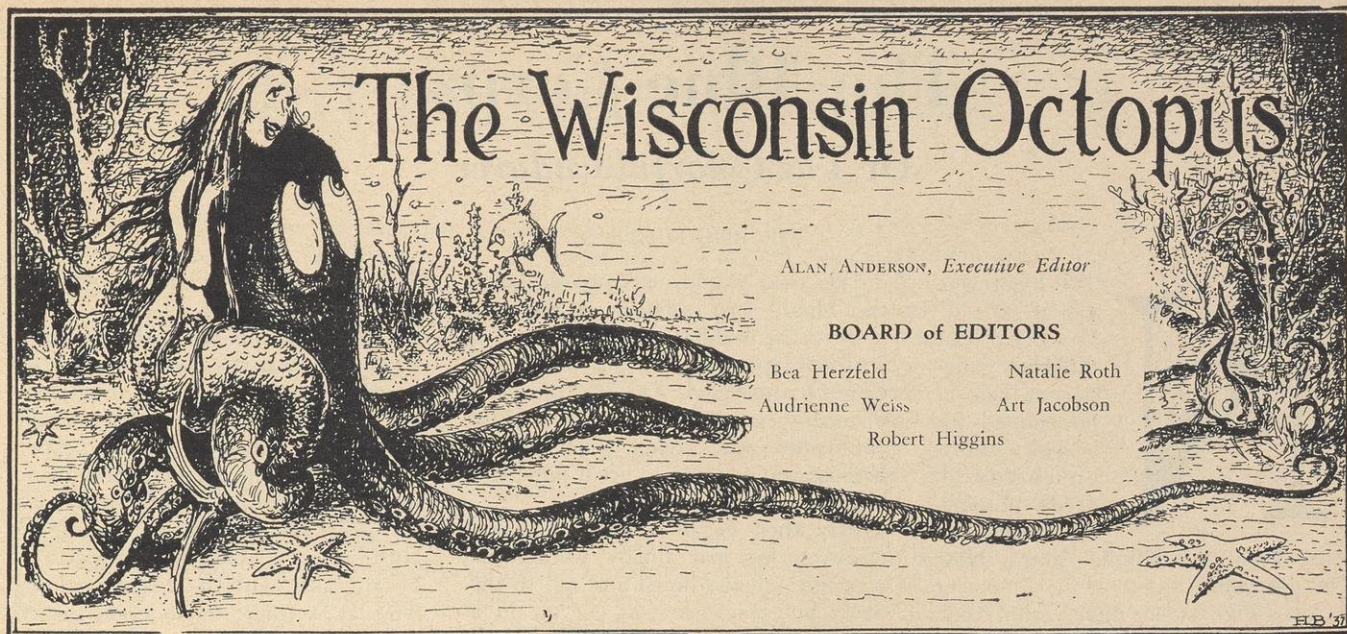
Subscription rate, \$1.75 (subject to change without notice) per year in the U. S. and its Possessions (except the Virgin Islands). Single copies, 25c.

VOLUME XXV

OCTOBER, 1946

NUMBER 2





Volume XXV

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## The Brown Study



THIS is a Halloween "Meet the People" issue, you might as well meet the monstrosities on Octy's staff.

A comparable conglomeration of corny comedians could never be concocted this side of a bat hatchery.

Bob Higgins is assistant editor, a job which would tax a sane man to the limit. He's the one who carries his hat in his brief case and can often be found at the zoo, feeding various animals dog biscuits. Everything from raccoons to antelopes start barking when they see Higgins coming.

A typical conversation might give you an insight to this man's keen analytical mind. One day he walked into the office and found an associate busily typing on the roller.

"What are you doing with no paper in the machine?" said Bob.

"It's not important anyway."

"You double spacing?"

"Sure."

"Well, then it's OK."

Natalie Roth, our poetry editor, has been black-listed by our "Hayes Office". We have a special department that does nothing all day but tone down her stories.

We asked her about her recent trip East.

"What did you think of Rockefeller Center?" we asked.

"I told Nelson he should wear a girdle."

Roth's "Find Me A Vet" poem which appeared in our March issue has been reprinted in several other college mags. Her "Senior Toast" was one of the high points in last May's issue.

Audrienne Weiss holds down the post of feature editor and was in charge of the Cardinal take-off in April. She wrote all our "Side Views" last year until Higgins wrote the side-view to end all side-views. He interviewed a mythical "singing commercial critic" of the Cardinal, Ulysses U. Uuttuuvuullue. We lose more subscribers that way.



Audrienne hails from Milwaukee, which is a point in anybody's favor. Always good on the subtle come-back, she was ready when we asked her what she thought of putting cuspidors in the office.

"Shows bad taste," she said.

One of our best editors, Lea Cole, failed to return from a rather active vacation so is no longer with us. Latest reports have it that she's going to school in Cleveland. The reason for this is attending the same school; drives a convertible.

Art Jacobson and Bea Herzfeld are our co-art editors. Bea hails from Brooklyn while Art is a Chicagoan. By the way, did you ever hear how Art got kicked out of grade school? They always gave him a hard time. One day he asked the teacher if he could leave the room and she said, "No, Arthur, you stay here and fill up those ink wells."

Bea is responsible for this month's cover.

Other members of the staff are Ella "Yak-Yak" Sigman, exchange editor who sees to it that none of our correspondence goes out on time; and Elsa Reid, personnel manager who lures men to the office where we slap iron-bound contracts on them and presto! we have another writer.

Earl Lidh is the photographer who is responsible for the out-of-focus shots appearing in recent issues. He is famous for once falling down a flight of stairs with a quart of whisky and not spilling a drop. He kept his mouth closed.

And that's the editorial crew. You'll find them all in the Octy office every day unless there happens to be a staff meeting.



# The Blue Corpse

## Or The Colorful Cadaver

By BOB HIGGINS



OW I got you, you rat," snarled Gat Gubble, gangster de-luxe, as he pointed his black, shiny, snub-nosed, deadly automatic pistol at

Abar Fizz, the Hindu Fakir. "Now I've got you."

Abar Fizz stood there, calm, cool, collected, with a semi-enigmatic half smile, half leer, half look of scorn on his finely chiseled, well proportioned, manly face. "So it appears, Gubble, so it appears," he replied in his clipped Oxford accent.

"You rat, now I've got you," G. Gubble went on, his bescarred visage in a full sneer. "Now you're going to get what you've had coming for a long time, you big fake, you."

"P-l-e-a-s-e, Gubble, the word is 'fakir'." Fizz interrupted in such a manner that a trained ear could have detected a faint trace of irony in his well modulated voice. "This is hardly the time for those crude jokes of yours."

"Shut up, you rat." G. G. snapped back, continuing the scintillating flow of dialogue. "I'm doing the talking here, seel!"

"Just pronounce the word right, that's all I ask." A. Fizz said, as a halfway dreamy, semi-nostalgic, almost resigned expression appeared on his character-laden countenance. "That's all I ask, Mr. Gat Gubble."

"I told you to quit the ya-ta-ta-ya-ta, you rat." Gubble growled. "I've had too much of your lip already, seel! NOW, what have you got to say for yourself, you rat!"

"Gubble, I am at a loss for words," the man from the mystic East answered. "First you tell me not to speak, and now you say that I should—how do you say it?—ya-ta-ta-ya-ta. Gubble, I don't know what to say!" And a tear left his left eye and ran down his face, entering his bushy black beard.

"Shut up!" the prototype of Dillinger reiterated. "If you don't want to talk, it's oke with me," and his eyes became two semi-slits. "You know why I've been after you, you know. And now I've got you, you rat, Ha! Now I've got you!"

"Yes, you've got me, Gub, old boy," the Hindu half sobbed, as the tear reached the middle of his beard.

"Yeah, you rata, I've got you now," Gat G. answered, lapsing into the Spanish to relieve the monotony. "And you better start saying your prayers, because you're going to get it now, you big rat!"

Fizz then began a weird Oriental chant as the tear finally worked its way through the beard and fell to the dock, but his voice was cut off in a horrible, terrifying, hair-curling, half shriek, half gurgle, for Gat Gubble, the ruthless destroyer, had sent five deadly, soft-nosed, high-powered, .45 caliber slugs into the fakir's swarthy physiognomy!

Abar, mortal (as who isn't?), half staggered, half stumbled, half teetered for a brief semi-second or two, and finally fell, landing on the dock in a crumpled half heap, semi-reclining position, almost crouch. And THEN, he looked up at his tormenter and muttered through his blood soaked beard, "I'll come back, Gubble. I'll come

back!" With that he died, drowned in his own blood.

Gubble, not in the least shaken by his pitiful victim's dying words, disposed of the body in the usual manner, with which the reader is doubtless familiar through personal experience. And then he returned to his luxurious apartment, his "moll", and his generally licentious way of life, with never a thought for that poor Hindu fakir, with the disarranged face, who lay, a tragic reminder of the evil that is in man—a mute example that the forces of law and order still have much work to do, in the half muck of the bottom of the oily, semi-foul, half-way dirty, just plain stinking harbor. Yes, dear reader, it was a black day for all those who love, honor, and cherish—to coin a phrase—the "Golden Rule." Why the hell did A. Fizz have to go and let himself get knocked off by G. Gubble? But don't despair, gentle reader, read on . . . read on . . . read on . . .

It was two months to the very day  
(continued on page 28)



"My mother thought I'd be homesick the first month up here."



# Intoxicates Identified

By KIRK EVANSBY

*Editors Note: A rapidly growing civic organization has mushroomed in our midst. As little has been written of the society, we asked its president to give us a short article explaining its functions. In a later article, Mr. Evansby will write of the society's feminine auxiliary, the WCDU (Women's Chronic Drunks Union).*

\* \* \* \* \*



SOBRIETY has long been the despair of afflicted men. Lives have been wasted; families broken up; and misery beyond recording has been caused by that condition, once considered incurable. But hope for cure has lately come to all chronic sobers in the form of a new organization, "Intoxicates Identified". This society is composed entirely of men who have themselves slipped from the path of righteous bourbonized living sometime in their life and have been cured by the efforts of well-wishing friends. Now once more back in the jolly atmosphere of the local tavern, they have sworn help to all of their fellow beings caught in the snare of sobriety, men who are victims of that insidious drug coffee and dragged down to the level of common reformers.

Are your sober moments growing more and more frequent? Do you find yourself more and more often waking up in the morning with a clear lucid head and feeling that you must accomplish something? That you must assume some new responsibility? Do you find yourself monotonously going to the office every day, taking orders from your employer, performing tedious tasks? If you do any or all of these things, the chances are that you are falling victim to Sobriety, a dread disease catching men in the full vigor of manhood and wasting their talents, hopes, and dreams in dull routine.

A few cases will serve to show the successful efforts of Intoxicates Identified in its work to better mankind.

The case of John H.—Gentlemen: Some months ago I met an old college classmate whom I hadn't seen in years. It seems that he had taken the wrong road since his school days and now was the chairman of the local temperance group. What is even worse, he had fallen so low as to attempt to drag others to his level of moral degradation. After greeting me, he suggested a small cup of coffee to celebrate the occasion. That was my great mistake taking the first drink of the stuff. From this one slip, I kept rapidly going down-hill. I found myself staying sober for days in a row; I no longer had the energy to beat the wife and kids; I received a raise in pay and entered the wasteful competition for business success with gusto, getting to the office every day at eight and not leaving until five. Finally, after one monstrous spree in which I didn't draw an inebriated breath for nine solid days, my worried wife (bless her heart) contacted your representative in town and told him about my case. Through his efforts, I was cured but the struggle was hard. Many times I felt the terrible gnawing urge for coffee and it was only by the strongest sort of will power coupled with the splendid influence of your representative that I was able to resist. Now, however, I am once again out of a job with no worries about the boss' opinions, my family gets beaten regularly, and I am writing this letter from a bar room with a double shot of Bourbon in front of me and I have only you to thank for all this.

The case of Cecil B.—Gentlemen: I have regained my

self respect and that of my friends, all through the efforts of your wonderful organization. Two years ago I got sober for the first time in my entire lifetime. Naturally, the next day I was ashamed of my actions and spent long hours suffering from a sense of guilt. But evidently the disease had gotten its hold on me and I found myself repeating the action all too often. I would pass my favorite saloon for no reason at all; I started to become a lemonade addict; I would stay sober for days. It wasn't long until my associates noticed the change in me and started avoiding me. My loneliness only added to my craving for sobriety and I went from bad to worse. At one time, near the end of my rope, I even contemplated suicide but fortunately I heard of your organization in time. As soon as your representative heard my story, he hurried to my aid with a full bottle of ten-year-old Scotch. The cure was complete; I haven't drawn a sober breath for ten months now and I owe my salvation to you.

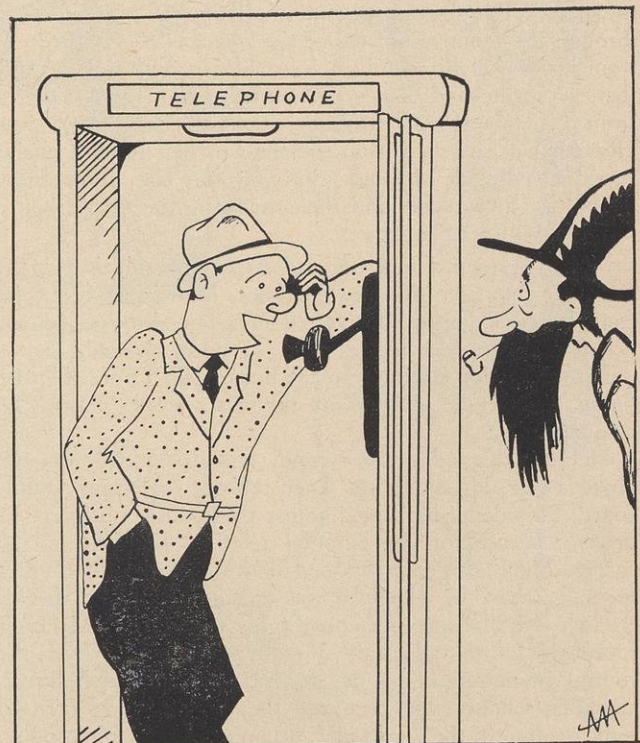
These are two typical cures wrought by Intoxicates Identified. If you find yourself threatened by sobriety, don't give up; call on us for help. Intoxicates Identified is a non-profit organization with the sole purpose of helping other men regain their health and self-respect. There is probably a representative in your own town but if by chance there isn't, write to Intoxicates Identified, Box 000, Madison, Wisconsin.

Prof: "I seem to have forgotten my umbrella this morning, dear."

Wife: "When did you realize that you had forgotten it?"

Prof: "Well, I first noticed it when I raised my hand to close it after it had stopped raining."

—THE POINTER



"And my buddy looks like he just stepped out of Esquire."



# The Undertaker's Funeral

## A Busman's Holiday

By DICK CUDAHY

*"... and I bequeath my collection of five hundred hand-carved Egyptian poker chips to the Backstreet Boys' Club. I bequeath my supply of 10,000 rounds of high-velocity .30 caliber ammunition to my sweet old nurse, Consuelo Mash-note, as a final token of my respect and affection for her."*

\* \* \* \* \*



HIS, gentlemen, concludes the final will and testament of Boarder van Hoarder," announced Attorney Outofcourt as he finished reading the bulky document, laid down his vermilion pince-nez and sank back wearily into the red leather electric chair which van Hoarder had used as a period piece for his Sing-Sing style drawing room. The

room was silent except for the rumbling of the surf along the Lower California shoreline.

But Outofcourt had been seated only a few seconds when a piercing scream knifed its way through the musty air of the room. "A-h-h, it's paste! The Tadjikistan ambergris stickpin of Jenghiz Khan . . . someone has stolen it. It's paste! It's paste." She stared unbelievably at the huge pseudo-gem which she held in her hand.

But hardly had she spoken when the room was electrified by a presence that no one could mistake. A Coca-cola dealer, who had been busy in a corner refilling a nickel vending machine, spun quickly around. In an instant he had torn off the disguise which even his most intimate friends could never have penetrated. And there revealed in all his formidability stood Emory McHugh—possessor of the greatest criminological mind of all time. A quiver passed through the other occupants of the room as McHugh drew from his pocket his familiar electronic cigarette lighter, and there was a hushed silence as he inhaled the first few puffs from his favorite Mozambique cheroot. Even Mrs. van Hoarder was snatched from the abyss of her hysteria as she stared awedly at McHugh draining the last drops from his bottle of Coca-cola and then smashing the empty bottle decisively into the fireplace.

McHugh stepped forward and seized the substitute gem from the hand of Mrs. van Hoarder. Drawing a test tube from his back pocket, he poured in a few drops of brown liquid and dropped in the stone. At once, he could detect the familiar odor of Uranium-238 burning in a pure chlorine flame. Speedily he plucked out the ersatz jewel. "Paste," he commented.

McHugh wasted not a second. His first move was the obvious one. He tested the knee reflexes of lawyer Outofcourt. This done, he glided across the room to inspect the driver's licenses of the terrified relatives huddled in the corner. McHugh's face revealed nothing of the astounding mental activity in which he was engaging. Despite the incredible relative incompetence of his adversaries, McHugh found the solution of crime an enjoyable diversion from the routine monotony of his day to day work in fourth-dimensional astronomy. He preferred the life of action even to light reading in the works of Einstein or Korean philosophy. Occasionally, he dabbled in surrealistic painting and had once won an international prize for his picture *Green Centipede with Crutches*. This consisted of a solid red canvas

with a dull knife slash running brilliantly down the center so as to divide the painting exactly in the proportion 234/973. Critics raved.

But as McHugh pondered the strange case of the missing jewel, it became clear to him that here was a time in which the aid of his faithful and genial assistant, Carlton Bruce, would be of the utmost value. Stepping to a telephone he dialed a private number and was connected immediately with Bruce's Wall Street office and aquarium.



Emory McHugh. . . .

"Hello, chief," drawled Bruce suavely over the wire.

"Bruce, I want you to come out to the van Hoarder estate at once," snapped McHugh. "Bring the usual equipment for these cases: two bottles of Aqua-Velva, a book of postage stamps, and a strapless evening gown. You'd better use the space-warp helicopter to get out here. The quicker the better." McHugh slammed down the receiver, and turned to find a long jowled fellow standing beside him. The man was watering a rose bush with a bottle of seltzer water. Observing the fellow casually through his direct-vision spectrometer, McHugh saw at once that the man was a butler sprung from a long line of Parisian taxi cab drivers. "You are Casterbridge," said McHugh offhandedly.

The butler plucked a packet of Copenhagen snuff from his back pocket, chewed vigorously for a few seconds and expectorated vigorously into a nearby Aztec-period cuspidor. "That is Roger," he replied with a thick Tuscan accent.

From the Samurai sword slash on the man's right leg, and the left-hand knot which he used in tying his somber oriole-colored bow-tie, McHugh began to reconstruct the butler's tortuous history. Starting as a fireman on an electric locomotive, the man advanced by rapid stages to become the body servant of various of the crowned heads of Europe. He was famous for being the only man ever to get from the 86th street station in New York to Amphiloikia, Greece without depositing another nickel.

McHugh walked up and frisked the servant quickly. He stepped back with a look of cold satisfaction in his eye. He held in his hand a jewel—the exact replica of the paste model that he had taken from Mrs. van Hoarder. It had

(continued on page 10)



## F. C. O. M. Department

By B. H.

Place your bets, folks. They're neck and neck. At the end of this semester who will hold the record for having been a senior longest, Jasper Wright or Pedro Moore? We aren't even going to try to make a prediction as to who will win out, but here are the facts: Pedro Moore, the handsomest housefellow in the dorms, was a full-fledged senior for his last six semesters here, not counting a summer session at the University of Mexico and some ASTP time at Ohio State, until he graduated at the end of the 1946 fifteen-week summer session. It seems that Pedro has an unbreakable habit of changing his major. Some funny business about an unpaid library fine is holding up his diploma, however, so Mr. P. Moore, instead of going into graduate school, is now still taking undergrad courses, and Pedro considers this semester his seventh as a senior.

But Jasper Wright, Esq., of the YMCA, denies hotly that Pedro is still a senior. Jasper, who also has the nasty major-changing habit, is now in his sixth semester as a senior and he claims that Moore has disqualified himself by actually graduating this summer. Jasper, too, might graduate at the end of this one, but the semester is still young, and a lot can happen before January. We'll try to keep you posted on this crucial race, and now here is more about J. Wright. He is the:

### Fantastic Character of the Month

You can talk about your characters, but wait until you hear this toe-nail sketch of the aforementioned Jasper W.

Jasper has been in college off and on for the last ten years, and, while it is theoretically possible that he will graduate at the end of this semester, it is about as likely as your chances of finding a five-room apartment near the campus.

Jasper or "Jap" graduated from Manitowoc high school way back when a lot of you kiddies were still in rompers—1936. His folks now live in Wautoma, but Jap still considers himself to be a

Manitowoc boy. (The Manitowoc chamber of commerce could not be reached for a statement on this). For his first two years of college Jasper attended the university extension at Manitowoc. Then, in 1939, he came to Madison, getting a room way out near the zoo. He moved over to the "Y" shortly afterward.

By 1941 Jasper was a senior (that was five years ago, remember!), but since it would have been too simple to just go straight through and graduate, he quit school in the middle of the semester and went to work on a Great Lakes coal freighter. In his own words, he was a "flunky", but being the hard-working, red-blooded, typical young American boy that he is, he worked hard, and his perseverance finally won him a promotion to second cook (three guys worked in the galley). Of course, he couldn't cook, but did that make any difference? Just luckily it didn't, but Jap says that if something had ever happened to the first cook, the crew would have had a

mighty fast case of ptomaine.

In 1942 J. P. W. went to work in a Detroit war plant, where he was a "glorified flunky". Then in 1943 Madison called and it was "back to the academy" for Jasper. Living at the "Y" again, he got right back into the swing of campus life by alternately entering school and then withdrawing two or three times.

In 1944 our boy actually completed a semester or two, but he didn't graduate! He completed a couple of more semesters in 1945, but he still didn't graduate. In 1946 he didn't finish his semester, so he naturally didn't graduate. The reason that they just can't get rid of him is the fact that different majors require different prerequisites for graduation and Jap has had the following majors since he has been here: American Institutions, English, History, Hispanic Studies, International Relations, and his current one, Spanish. "I'm just not in a hurry to graduate," Jasper replied when asked

(continued on page 31)



"... in 1938—God knows what the war did to it."

—YALE RECORD





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### UNDERTAKER'S FUNERAL . . .

(continued from page 8)

been concealed in the knot of the butler's bow tie. McHugh turned to face Outofcourt, Mrs. van Hoarder, and the other spectators who had been watching the performance open-mouthed. Assuming an almost professorial manner, the master detective drew an approved training aid from a nearby closet and delivered a short lecture to explain the lightning course of events, which had of course passed entirely over the heads of the bewildered onlookers.

"The jewel which I hold in my hand is a mere diamond imitation of the original Tadjikistan ambergris stickpin which Jenghiz Khan found on a scavenger hunt in the year 1197. Obviously the bumbling incompetent who was responsible for the original theft is trying to throw us off the track by pinning the guilt on the butler. An interesting expedient for a B picture perhaps, but hardly of value when subjected to my own methods of Rhythmic Ratiocination." McHugh gestured with the pair of pearl handled Indo-Chinese chopsticks which he plucked from lawyer Outofcourt's briefcase to emphasize his point.

While McHugh talked, Casterbridge had fled from the room. Swiftly, the insatiable sleuth donned his fur Karelian hunter's cap, an essential accoutrement of the chase. But as he was about to leave the room, he suddenly spied Carlton Bruce complete with ten-gallon hat and lorgnette riding in his yellow convertible helicopter, float in through the French windows that opened out on the turbulent expanse of the Pacific. Out of the cockpit leaped the muscular Wall Street lawyer followed by his faithful sky-blue Russian greyhound. "Just in time, Bruce," snapped McHugh. "Follow me."

Outside, the menacing waves crashed unceasingly on the cliffs that dropped precipitously from the top of the rocky promontory on which stood the sinister fortress—the ancestral mansion of the van Hoarders. The gothic spires of the outhouse knifed their way silently into the chilling night. Back from the house stretched the charred granite of the lower Californian desert. All was silence except for the shrill mating call of a gluttonous vulture and the subdued rhythms of Bill Spitalni's all-girl orchestra playing for a local Sunday school picnic.

Emory McHugh and Carlton Bruce left the living room in search of the missing butler. The Human Huntsman's sensitive nostrils quivered as he eagerly pursued the scent. Mentally he reconstructed the course of action which Casterbridge must have taken. McHugh's Arabian method of psycholocation made it entirely unnecessary for him to resort to such mundane methods as the reading of footprints or fingerprints. Nonetheless, he carried in his card-index brain a complete, cross-indexed file of every loop and swirl that had ever found its way into the records of the F.B.I. in Washington.

"Quick Bruce to the Relic Room," ordered McHugh as they padded their way over the jaguar-skin rugs that covered the stone floors of the ancient mansion. The dark passageways were lighted by the pink glow from several Turkish brass braziers in which burned the remnants of old tooth brush handles and particles of dried-up Griffin All-White shoe polish. Finally, they reached the embalmed whale's mouth which comprised the entrance to the Relic Room. McHugh went into the room boldly. Once inside, he and Bruce gazed upon a weird collection of antiques.

In one corner stood a rickety old Inca bridge table. Enclosed in a glass case were the swimming trunks that Caesar had used when he crossed the Rubicon. A Ming dynasty music box was playing a dinkling ditty in accompaniment

(continued on page 13)



KISS STEALER IS PHILOSOPHICAL  
OVER BULLET WOUND IN CHEST

—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

*It must have been some kiss.*

Artist John Decker said Flynn's wife issued several "feminine orders that were resented" and that she "kinda took over things, sort of like a Captain Bligh."

Once, he said, Nora directed the guests to "pick up your coffee cups" after a meal on deck and carry them back to the galley.

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

*Captain Bligh was a piker.*

WANTS BUMPER  
ON SPACE SHIP  
FLYING TO MOON

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE HEAD

*Can't tell where you'll find a pedestrian these days.*

I love the homework the teachers give,  
The tests.  
I love the pretty girls who flirt,  
The pests!  
I'm never late to classes, nor take  
My cuts.  
I do my homework faithfully.  
I'm nuts!

—SCARLET FEVER

Judge (harshly): "You say this sailor stole your money out of your stocking?"

Girl: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "Why didn't you put up a fight?"

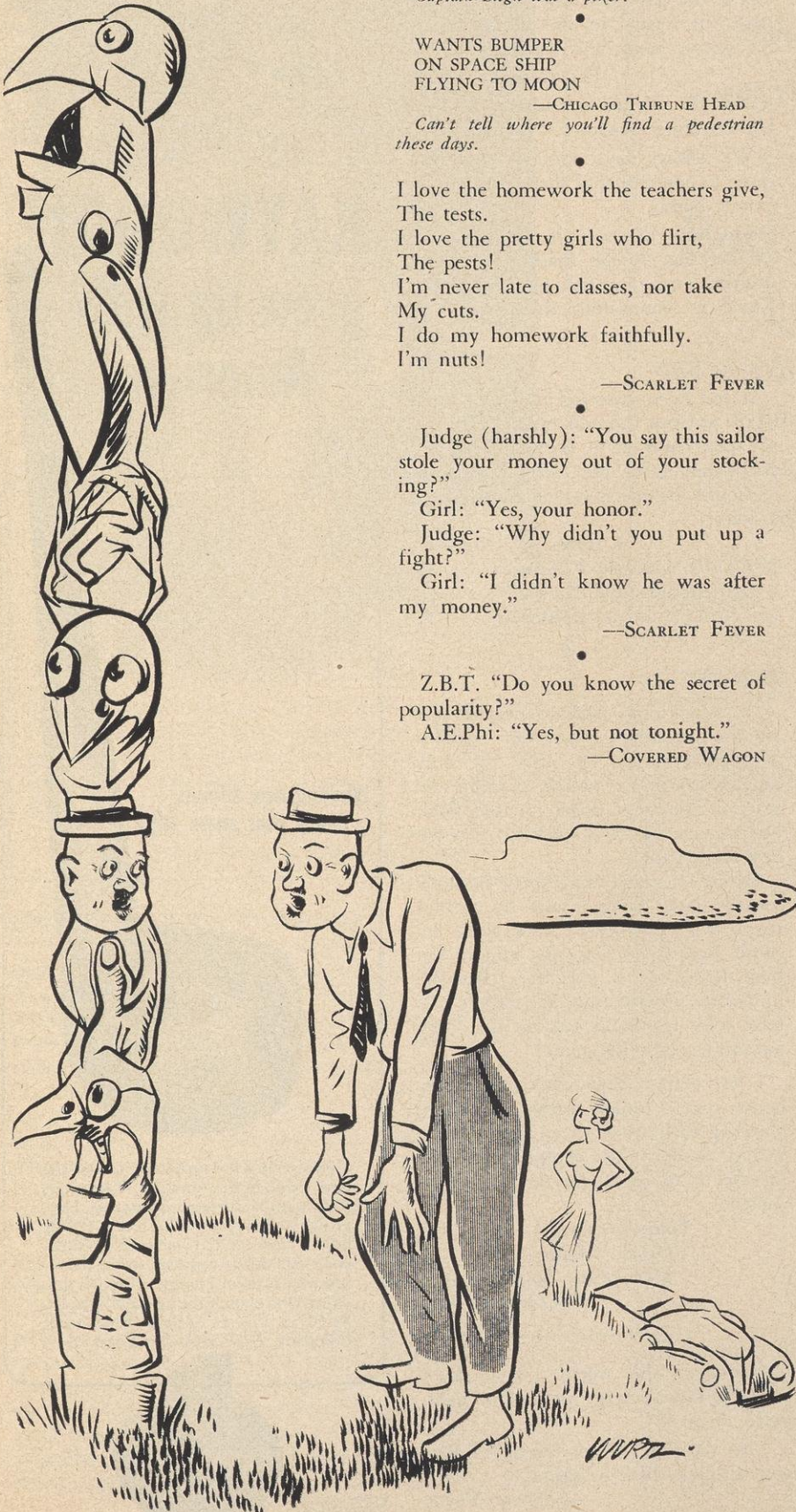
Girl: "I didn't know he was after my money."

—SCARLET FEVER

Z.B.T. "Do you know the secret of popularity?"

A.E.Phi: "Yes, but not tonight."

—COVERED WAGON



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tween studies . . .

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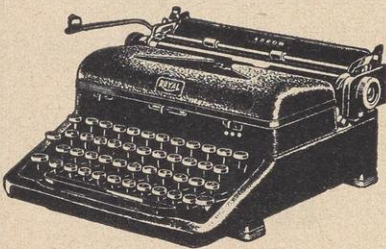
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## Mail Bag

To the Editor:

I read the first issue of *Octopus* with considerable interest, but one thing disappointed me. You did not state your editorial policy on important matters of the day. Just how does *Octopus* stand in regard to the fall elections, the atomic bomb and Russia?

POLITICALLY MINDED

EDITOR: We are supporting Mac for United States senator.

We always have, and we will continue to contend that there really is an atomic bomb.

Ignoring all cries of "red-baiting", we say that Joseph Stalin is a Communist, and that the government of Russia is Communist dominated.

\* \* \*

To the Editor:

It has been reported that one third of the student veterans here at Wisconsin have children. If *Octopus* wants to adequately serve the campus, I think it should include material for the little kiddies.

A LOVER OF CHILDREN

EDITOR: Jack, the *Cardinal* is having a hard enough time the way it is without cutting into its territory.

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

In regard to the athletic coupon book situation I think that the Athletic Ticket office has hit upon the only possible solution—namely to allot the seats in the field house so that book holders can attend at least six or seven basketball games.

However, something should be done for the poor Badger who on certain nights will have to sit home alone because there is no place for him in the field house. It is only fair that the university provide him, and others like him, with television sets, so that they too might enjoy the game.

I am certain that while these students would much rather be there cheering their team on to victory, they would accept this compromise. No sacrifice is too great for dear old Wisconsin.

Yours very truly,

Gerald Mazur

DEALER IN RADIOS AND  
TELEVISION SETS

"Honey," she asked, "you don't mind if I wear serge instead of georgette, do you?"

"No, darling," he answered, "I'll love you through thick or thin."

—SCARLET FEVER

Attack by Indians on Union Pacific Railroad track-layers in the 1860's. Authorized as a Civil War measure, there were 1,027 miles of track laid—the first railroad across America. Workers lived in railroad cars, were often accompanied by U. S. Cavalry. The founders of our company were supplying the demand for pipes as far west as Denver and San Francisco at that time.



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## Meet The People



*This started out to be a "Meet the People" shot, but now it's more of an Army recruiting ad. We took this while Don Tranin (above) was CARDINAL editor, but now "Sam's got him." So if you want to meet Don, ENLIST NOW IN THE REGULAR ARMY!*

*This picture, taken by surprise, shows the usual CARDINAL editorial finesse in handling its staff.*

## UNDERTAKER'S FUNERAL . . .

(continued from page 10)

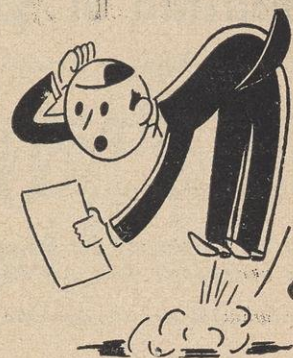
with a sing-song oriental voice singing *I've Got Maple Syrup in My Electric Razor*. McHugh listened intently to the music. "You will note a highly enlightening phenomenon, Bruce," he said. "If every third bar of that music is reversed and the eighth notes disregarded, you will discover that the remaining notes taken as letters on the scale spell out in Japanese the recipe for a popular Tunisian breakfast food. I presume that you can detect immediately the vast significance which this holds for the case now in hand." Bruce nodded his head and continued to sip a cup of G. Washington instant bird's nest soup.

Meanwhile, McHugh drew from his pocket the Irish fife which he carried for just such occasions as this. He began to doodle rather aimlessly the tune for "Way Down Upon the Yalu River" by Satchmo Kocoon, the Korean Stephen Foster. The effect was immediate. There was the sound of groaning machinery and the giant Buddha which stood in a corner began to part down the middle. As it opened up, it revealed an antique dentist's chair on which sat a rather elderly gentleman cross-legged playing a game of solitaire on a lap board. He looked up with a somewhat bored expression to observe McHugh and Bruce standing

(continued on page 15)

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Good Things for Men.



## Ballad of Pi Phi Gaol

"Why does your face sae drip wi' blood  
Edward, Edward?  
Why does your face sae drip wi' blood?  
Pal o'mine, now tell me O."

"O I hae cursed my gal sae guid  
Palsy-walsy;  
O I hae cursed my gal sae guid—  
She worked me over as I stood."

"From what sorority does she hail  
Edward, Edward?  
From what sorority does she hail?  
Pal o'mine, now tell me O."

"A trim white house out Langdon way  
Palsy-walsy;  
A shuttered jail out Langdon way—  
They swear by what dame Post doth say."

"And did ye gae in formal dress  
Edward, Edward?  
And gae'd ye not in formal dress?  
Pal o'mine, now tell me O."

"I wore a plain brown honest suit  
Palsy-walsy;  
I wore a plain brown honest suit—  
She raised her pretty pancaked snoot."

"What corsage did ye buy for her,  
Edward, Edward?  
What corsage did ye pick for her,  
Pal o'mine, now tell me O."

"So much cash hae I nae to spare,  
Palsy-walsy;

So much cash hae I nae to spare—  
She sniffed and said, 'TLL not go bare.'"

"A cab of course ye hired for her  
Edward, Edward?  
A cab ye hired of course for her,  
Did ye nae? Tell pally O."

"Quoth I, 'It's just three blocks—we'll hike;  
Palsy-walsy;  
I quoth, 'It's three short blocks—let's hike—  
Her words were most unladylike."

"And was not her reply a shock  
Edward, Edward?  
Was not the lass' reply a shock?  
Pal o'mine, now tell me O."

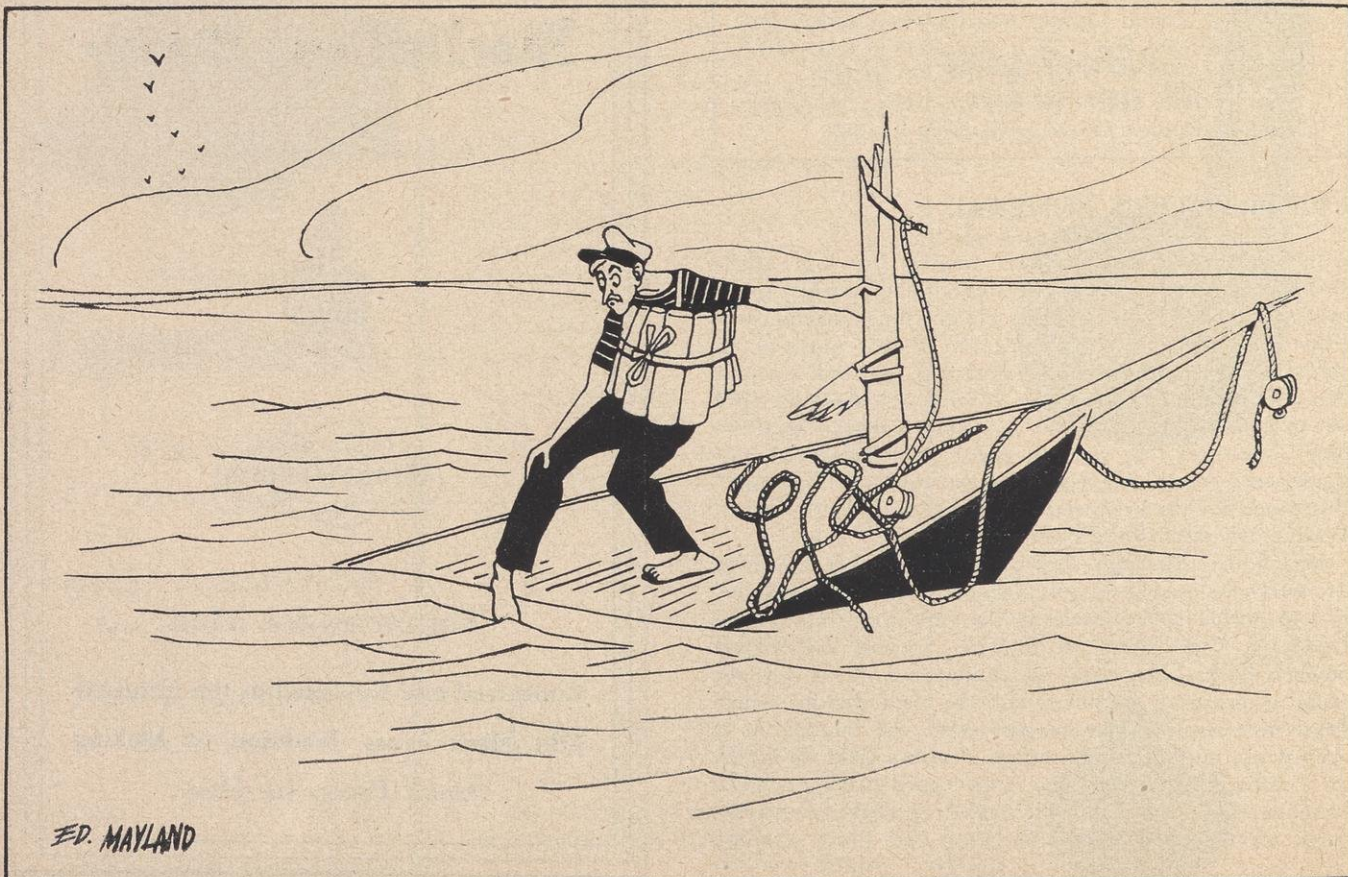
"It was—my answer quite lacked praise  
Palsy-walsy;  
I answered sharp and not with praise—  
Wae's me! She's marked my face for days!"

"More chivalrous should ye have been  
Edward, Edward,  
More chivalrous ye should have been,  
Pal o'mine, I tell ye O."

"If chivalry were formal wear  
Palsy-walsy;  
If chivalry were evening wear,  
That lass would need Godiva's hair."

"What learn ye from your lesson sair  
Edward, Edward?  
What learn ye frae your clawin' sair?  
"The curse o' hell frae me, shall ye bear;  
Sich counsels ye gave to me O."

—NORRIS YATES



ED. MAYLAND



## UNDERTAKER'S FUNERAL . . .

(continued from page 13)

before him. The man was wearing a somber black mourning coat, a wing collar, and entrenching shovel. Around his neck he wore a ribbon on which hung the cherished Egyptian decoration of the Order of the Dead Snake, third class. Nonchalantly, he reached into an inner pocket to draw out a card. He handed it to McHugh. On it were engraved the words DR. CASIMIR CREPE, THE MORTICIAN'S MORTICIAN, PROFESSOR AT THE EGYPTIAN COLLEGE OF ASPHYNZIATION.

A half smile crept over Emory's usually rigid features. Here was a fellow scholar, a man whose fame as an expert in his own line had swept around the world. Dr. Crepe was the world's greatest authority on mummies and he was known to have been the discoverer of the first water-cooled, bolt-operated sarcophagus. "Dr. Crepe," he said, "I am happy to have run into a professional colleague even under such unusual circumstances. As you probably know we are at the moment engaged in a search for the thief of the centuries-old Tadjikistan ambergris stickpin of Jenghiz Khan, which was a family heirloom of the van Hoarders. I am convinced that the thief entered this room and that he is either here now or has just fled. Perhaps you could give us some information which might lead to his apprehension."

Dr. Crepe leaned back in his chair, drew out a package of Union Leader, a sheet of papyrus, and began to roll an Egyptian cigarette. "Gentlemen," he ventured, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the theft could be traced to members of the sect of Hutsut Rillerah, all of whom are direct lineal descendants of Jenghiz Khan and who worked their way from Egypt to Mexico in 1450 in a cattle boat. They settled with the Aztecs and earned their living by being the first people to install cushions on the kneelers in the Aztec temples in Mexico. For five hundred years the purpose of the organization has been to recover the Jenghiz Khan stickpin."

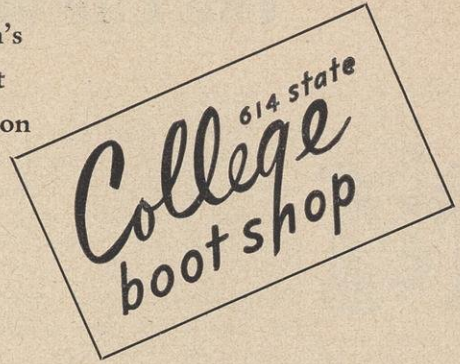
"Are there any hidden exits from this room?" interrupted McHugh.

Dr. Crepe gestured in the direction of a hand-carved subway turnstile standing in front of a tapestry that portrayed scenes from a John L. Sullivan fight of 1881. Carlton Bruce walked toward the turnstile and felt carefully for the combination. After fifteen minutes work with his specially prepared double-refracting picks and drills, McHugh's assistant at last admitted defeat, drew out a nickel and deposited it in the device. He and the criminological genius both passed through the turnstile, and as they did so the tapestry began slowly to lift and to reveal a doorway leading to a long spiral staircase of descending steps. McHugh and Bruce began to go slowly down the steps followed at a considerable distance by Dr. Casimir Crepe. Water was dripping somewhere nearby. Occasionally a bat would scream in mortal agony as it flew into an Okholsk constrictor vine whose tentacles were stretched up the length of the wall. The voice of Frank Sinatra rose eerily from the surface of a broken record, turning on a phonograph somewhere in the vastness of a deep well below.

At last the group reached the bottom of the stairs and emerged through a doorway into the salt spray of the Pacific kicked up from the surf that crashed upon the desolate rocks. McHugh and his party made their way to a small Amazonian war canoe that lay moored to a dock at the foot of the rocks. After a quick examination, Emory discovered a faded Texaco road map on which was laid out the course to Bayo del Rigor Morto, the extreme tip of lower California. Without speaking a word, McHugh stripped off his clothes and quickly donned his aquatic uniform, a specially designed

(continued on page 24)

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# The Life and Loves of Matilda Smff

By ELLA SIGMAN



MAMA had invited papa to her apartment for a home cooked meal. Of course this was before they were "mama" and "papa". She had prepared a delicious dinner of canned shrimp, canned chicken soup, canned beans, and canned fruit cocktail. Throughout the meal mama served canned beer and by the time canned fruit cocktail was served papa was canned. Poor papa was impressed because mama didn't need a can opener; she had strong fingernails.

"Isobella," papa said. (Isobella is mama's name). "Isobella, how would you like a steady job cooking for me?"

"Henry, do you realize that is a serious question? But all right, we'll get married tomorrow."

And this is how papa acquired mama, who opens cans, washes clothes, mends, sweeps, scrubs and has babies. He only wanted to hire a cook.

Now I mentioned mama has babies, the first one of these being me. Mama kept getting stouter and stouter. Papa thought she was eating too much so he cut out her allowance for beer. Aunt Agnes came over to visit one night and incidentally to borrow a few kitchen chairs. Now Aunt Agnes is a terribly smart woman.

She said, "Isobella, you are going to have a baby."

And mama excitedly said, "Honest?"

Aunt Agnes said, "Honest!"

Mama got some pink yarn out of her hope chest while papa cranked up the model T Ford. The car balked going up the hill on the way to the hospital. Papa took over mama's knitting and mama got out and pushed the car right to the emergency entrance of the hospital. Papa had a sleeve knit by the time they got there. He is always good in an emergency.

The maternity ward was on the tenth floor of the hospital. I surprised everyone by appearing while the elevator was stuck between the eighth and ninth floors. Mama cried bitterly when she saw me. Then she thought . . . perhaps all babies look like this . . . "Doctor, do all babies look like this?"

He shuddered. "No, but all of yours will. I've seen your husband."

Mama and papa thought if they named me after Matilda she would leave me a little nest egg. I didn't get so much as a chocolate Easter egg. We just got the bird. Matilda (aunt, that is) would visit us on holidays and in the summer time. She stuck gum on the seats of chairs and stayed in the bathroom for hours and hours. To top it all off she eloped one morning with the cook's boy friend, sending for the cook a month later because the cook made such delicious canned cheese souffle.

By this time I was a year old and could lisp out a few sentences. After a few more months I got to like the taste of soap. But little foxes have big ears and mama would give me hush money to forget about telling people . . . Papa just staggered off to the corner tavern.

Life was wonderful . . . lollipops, diapers, and rattles galore. Every Utopia must have its flaw, every Shangri-la must have its stinkweed, every paradise must have its joker and mama and papa had little brother. A playmate for me. I lost out on that deal. He would say "Goo" and crowds would gather to adore him.

"Isn't he cute? Looks just like Mrs. Shmaltz's baby."

"They live along the same milk route."

"Oh."

"Looks like the Jones baby."

"They live along the same milk route."

"Oh."

And while throngs admired little brother I would attempt to gain attention by doing push-ups and clapping six times before I hit the floor of the crib. Or I recited and analyzed Einstein's theory of relativity in four languages while little brother simply said "Goo." The masses threw flowers at his feet. His was a life of quick changes, lollipops, admiration and tinker toys while I jealously sulked in a corner of my crib.

All was not bitter. As soon as we reached an age when we were able to stagger after papa we were introduced to a wonderful world of slot machines, polka music and bartenders named Joe. Papa was good to us. He allowed us to lap up the whiskey that splashed over the side of the glasses. After papa's tenth shot he would spill half of the whiskey on the bar. Oscar (that's my little brother's name) got horrible splinters in his tongue as he lapped up along the bar.

Don't get the idea our life was only one good time and happy picnic after the next. Oh, no. The family was in debt. Papa was trying to get the money grandpa promised him when he married mama. He needed it to pay his favorite bartender and mama needed a new fur coat. Things looked financially vacant until Willie, Willie was the new baby, suggested taking out heavy insurance policies on me and then pushing me under a speeding car. I really wasn't supposed to get all squashed up and run over. I was only to throw an arm and a leg out of joint.

The first major change in my life came in the sixth grade. Mama was dating an optician and he gave me an old pair of glasses that were lying around his office. Gosh, I could see trees and apartment buildings and that brother Oscar looked like me . . . same milk route. Wearing glasses spoiled school for me. I was not only forced to listen to the teacher but I also had to look at her. Miss Gimbleske had the class arranged according to merit. The butterflies were the top, then came the cocker spaniels, and then the lousy little mongrels. I never achieved being a butterfly as only apple polishers attained that status.

High school, college, a career, and then marriage.

I invited George to my apartment for a home cooked meal. Of course this was before we were Mr. and Mrs. I had prepared a delicious dinner of fresh frozen shrimp, fresh frozen beans, and fresh frozen fruit cocktail. Throughout the meal I served fresh frozen dacquiris. By the time the frozen fruit cocktail was served papa was stiff. Poor George was impressed . . .

"Matilda," George said. "Matilda, how would you like a steady job cooking for me?"

"George, do you realize that is a serious question? But alright, we'll get married tomorrow."

---

A divinity student called Tweedle  
Once wouldn't accept his degree,  
Cause it's tough enough being called Tweedle;  
Without being Tweedle D.D.



# Witch Scare



ITCH scares and sorcery riots will be prevalent at Wisconsin next year," stated J try Bxnt, noted p s y chologist

recently taken out of the experimental monkey cages at Wisconsin.

No further information was given, and other members of the department, who all deny that man has a mind, were afraid that Bxnt's statements were made on the basis of his reflexive ear, which has been known to twitch only during witch scares.

No thorough thinker, however, can deny Bxnt's statement was strogmatic.<sup>1</sup> Only last night I was enjoying the ethereal panorama (The elasticity of ether is actually somewhat higher than previous investigators have found, says T. J. J. See, noted astronomer.) when I saw two figures in strange communion and moved closer to investigate this situation.

My fears of sorcery were not ill-founded, as I heard emanating from the two closely grouped figures:

"You little witch."

"You little devil!"

Now, as I say, this is nothing that can be taken lightly. In fact, I have found such conspiracies only in the darkest campus spots.

Decanations over picnic point, manifold instances of the twitching ear, and even dispersion on the Ratskeller "brew" have made me horrendously conscious of the need for action.

On this basis, then, I resolved to run for student board on an anti-witch-burning ticket. Imagine my surprise after my platform appeared in the *Daily Red* when I walked down Langdon and was greeted from all of the institutions ( I believe they're called sobrieties and eternities) with the cry of "Red" and also "Yellow Dog!"

Now, red is the manifestation of electromagnetic frequencies lying in the spectral range of 4000 angstroms. I and it had no characteristic in common, but I thought "Aha, a subtle inuendo at the spectrel character of my campaign."

During the next two weeks, I had many chances to investigate and declaim many types of sorcery, particularly on Langdon street. Without exception, the "Eternities"<sup>2</sup> believed in mental telepathy, thinking that a group they called communists were controlled

by invisible strings from a central order-giving plant.

Being dubbed a radical (See Brt's Math.—An irrational figure) I was, of course, defeated.

In view of the wide spread outburst of witch-burning when campus political parties have attempted to supplant Plato's political philosophy, I might append a sentence of direction to the would-be feminine reformers I hope to see arise:

"Never be Platonic if you're trying to get rid of a campus witch."

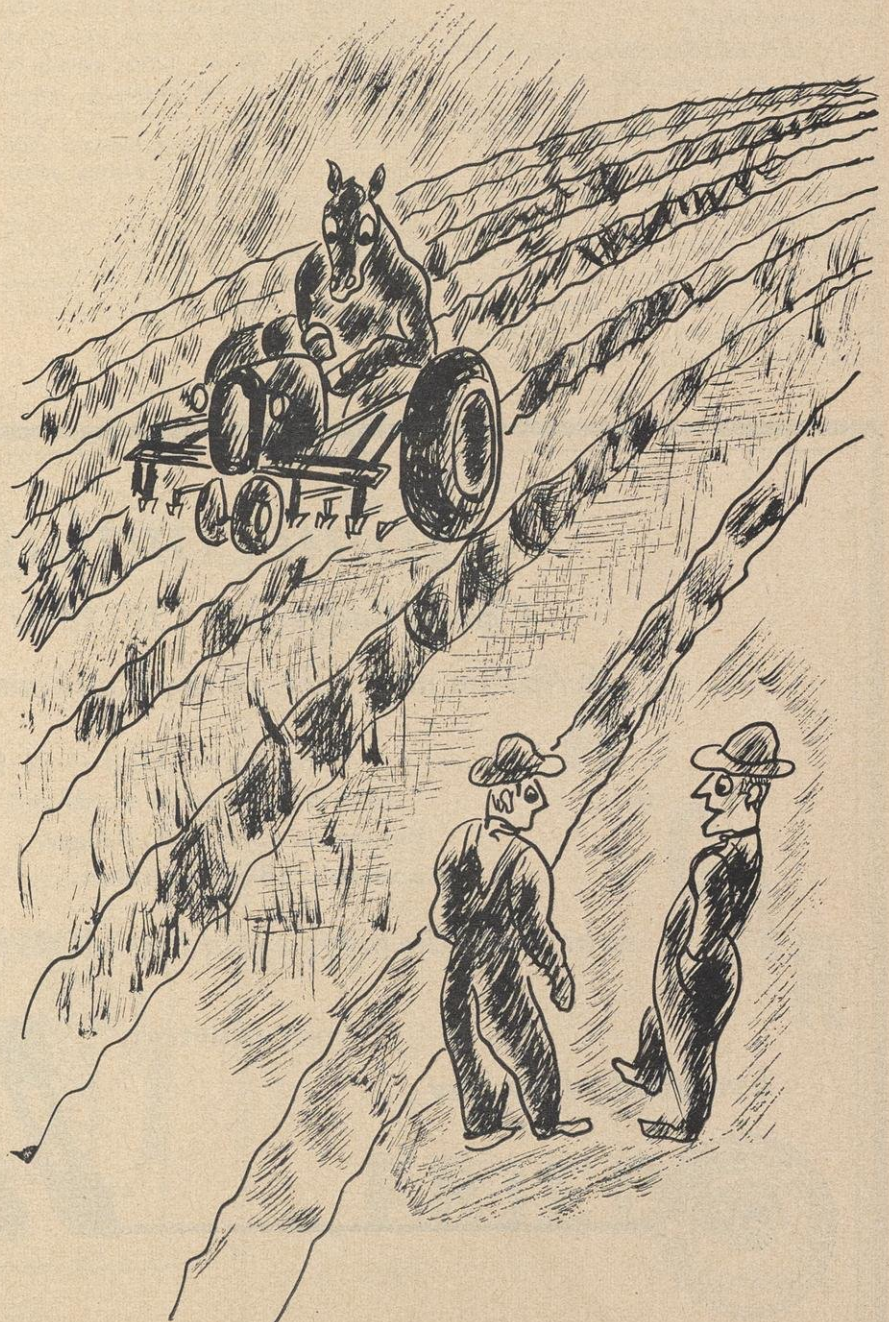
<sup>1</sup> Strogmatic is defined as referring to

Bxnt's statements in order to avoid ambiguity in the reader's mind.

<sup>2</sup> Eternities were later explained to me, the name coming from their political ideology which was originated by Plato in his eternal essences.

<sup>3</sup> The normal human manufactures four barrels of carbonic acid each day. (Too many people have fallen into the rut of making footnotes refer to annotations in the above writing, but it is quite evident that much enlightening information can be given without recourse to this much-used habit.)

—AL HOFFMAN



"When I bought the tractor, I just couldn't bear to part with old Ned."



## Man's Best Friend

By BILL TEWELES

Really, it was surprising how much the same she looked, thought Michel as he went through the mechanics of greeting her. Three years had passed. For him, a long war. For Joan, dramatic school, summer stock at Provincetown, and a Broadway ingenue role with Mary Astor and Henry Hull.

It was uncomfortable and stuffy as they awkwardly stood in her little Eighth Street apartment, with her absent husband's suitcases sticking out from under the bed. "Let's get out of here," Michel said. "Can't we take a walk somewhere?"

"I'd love to," Joan answered, "just wait 'til I get Puppe. He's shut in the bathroom 'cause he was a bad dog this morning." A few moments later they were out in the magic May afternoon, walking towards lower Fifth Avenue with Puppe, a long-snouted cocker spaniel, on a leash between them.

Michel was smiling. Not even the nervous back and forth prancings of Puppe could disturb him. "You know, Joanie," he declared, "walking down

this street with you again is a wonderful feeling."

"Tch, tch, Puppe, you bad doggie, stop that running all over the sidewalk and go straight ahead," said Joan.

"I expected you to change. I imagined you had become theatrical with the broad 'A'. But you're *not* changed, and I am glad."

"Michel, isn't Puppe the sweetest, dearest little animal you have ever seen? He has such a cute way of walking, half sideways and half forward. See how everyone is admiring him when we pass?"

As they approached the end of the Avenue, Michel led the way to a green bench in the Square. Once seated, he became relaxed and began to speak. "Oh, this is still a wonderful sight. The square is rich and human. And the arch is like a huge headstone above the intimate congruity of trees and children playing, and old people warming in the sun." Carried away by the sound of his own voice, he paused and almost imperceptibly his hand reached for hers.

Up Joan started. "Puppe wants to

walk some more," she stated. "He's a little baby dog, and he needs his exercise."

"Shall we buy some pretzels like we used to?" Michel remarked, as they approached the old woman and her stand, which had been on the Square as long as they both could remember. "These are the most wonderful pretzels in the world," he added.

Bending down and looking into the cocker's eyes, Joan asked, "Is Puppe hungry; does Puppe want a pretzel . . . no Puppe doesn't like pretzels."

Back up Fifth Avenue they strolled, Michel speaking tenderly and Joan keeping Puppe under control. They turned down Eighth Street.

She unlocked the door of her apartment, and Michel saw a man in the chair reading.

"Oh, darling," Joan exclaimed, "I'm so glad you came home early. I wanted you and Michel to meet. We must tell you about our walk this afternoon; we had a lovely time . . . And Puppe was such a good dog."

"Why are you eating with your knife?"

Beta: "My fork leaks."

## Homecoming!

*C'mon, Badgers! . . . It's Iowa on the  
Gridiron and T.D. at the Homecoming Ball!*

A thrilling weekend — to be  
forever recorded in words and  
pictures in your 1947 Badger,  
Wisconsin's official yearbook.

*. . . so here's to the biggest and best HOMECOMING yet!*

your nineteen  
Everybody Buys the . . .



forty-seven  
**Badger**



# Essay On Man

By B. J. BERGE



HE misinformed article which Octy's editor (male) printed last month concerning the identification of a co-ed can only be construed by any red-blooded co-ed as a challenge—a challenge that demands an answer.

Now if we Wisconsin women were as crude, rude, and unsubtle as our counterparts, we would answer in a similar vein—and a bloody mess it would be.

Instead, we remember what our mama's told us about lady-like decorum, and we decide to fight firewater with sweetened lemonade—we will point out the assets of the Wisconsin man—assuming, of course, that there are such to be found.

Take what becomes apparent at first glance—his appearance. Such fine, muscular shoulders—awe-inspiring—a tribute to his clean, healthy life and (just incidentally) to his masterful tailors. His hair is glistening and sleek—filling the air with odeur de auto grease.

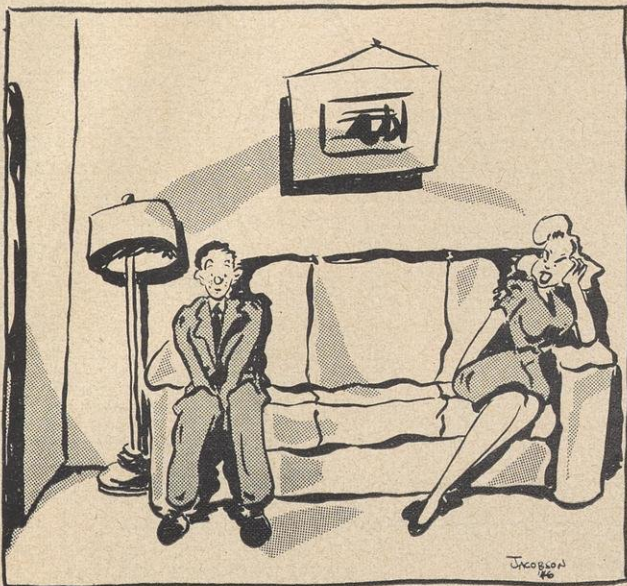
And his fine strong American face, touched with a shadow of maturity—and razor blades so inexpensive, too!

Far and away the most delightful of man's characteristics is his love of a surprise. Friday afternoon—but bright and early Friday afternoon!—he calls to ask for a Friday night date. If accepted, there's a "See you around seven or eight—or nine." And that is that. Plans for tonight? A surprise. Correct apparel? Guess!

Nothing special having been mentioned, the girl presses her new plaid skirt, puts on a bright sweater, and prepares to wait. And wait. When the man appears to take her to the Hollywood he seems vaguely disappointed. But leave it to our Wisconsin man. He bears up bravely. He chides her gently about her choice of clothes, but keeps his opinions to himself—and the reading public.

Next time the girl is better prepared and dresses up in her best black crepe with gold sequins. Jokingly her escort

(continued on page 27)



*"Are you SURE you were in the Navy for three years?"*



*Did she turn you down?*

Perhaps she doesn't  
like to walk . . .

Why not

RENT  
-A-  
CAR

and try again?

**FRIEDE**

531 STATE

BADGER 100



## Begging Shulman's Pardon

By KARL J. EVERS

The other day an inquisitive new frosh walked up to me and asked, "Are you a fraternity man?"

"Of course I am," I said.

"How does a freshman go about getting into a frat?"

"I had no trouble at all," I said. "One day as I was walking down Langdon Street, minding my own business, of course, I felt a rope wind itself around my neck and I was pulled up into a nearby tree. I looked around and immediately recognized four BMOC's. I was rather amazed by their presence and their interest in me.

"Before I could ask any questions, one of them said, 'How would you like to join our fraternity? We have the finest set of exams, themes and term papers on campus in our files; we have more BMOC's in our fraternity than in any other on campus; we have the drinkingest bunch of fellows on campus in our outfit, and our fraternity men are the only ones that girls of most of the sororities will date.'

"Well, I'd like to meet more of the fellows before I give a definite answer.'

"Come over here and we will go into the house.'

"I was rather amazed, because I could see no possible way of getting into the house from there. One of the men called over to the house and a drawbridge was lowered from the third floor—over the beer-filled moat that surrounded the house—to the tree.

"Rather unique,' someone said, 'but this was the only way we could keep the riff-raff out of the house. Besides that there were so many girls sneaking into the house after hours, and we had to keep them out too, because the Dean of Women was complaining. As you can see, there is no other way of getting into the house, for it has no doors. But you don't have to worry, because all of the girls on campus know of it.'

"Two of them staggered across the drawbridge ahead of me, and the other two were weaving and bobbing behind me. As I stepped off the bridge I fell into a pail of Scotch. I drank my fill, climbed out, and started to apologize to them for ruining good liquor, but before I could finish one of them assured me that it was all right, because they always used it to wash their feet and no harm was done. At first I thought they were rather eccentric, but finally decided they were trying to impress me, little did I know what they were like. As we went downstairs—on

the escalator—an empty beer bottle whizzed by my head and hit the fellow behind me. I turned to help him, but before I could someone slipped a drink into my hand and said, 'To hell with him, he was drunk anyway.'

"We finally reached the ground floor and entered the lounge. I was greeted by several wild remarks, and I soon felt like one of the boys. Over in one corner was the drummer. He had the drumsticks in his teeth and was beating out 'Tiger Rag' while some girl was giving him a manicure, and he was playing 'Beat Me Daddy, Eight to The Bar' on the piano with his toes. Then I noticed the girl was standing on her head while she was giving him the manicure, and was Indian wrestling with another fellow with her feet. In another corner there was a quiet bridge

game, and the participants were: The Headless Horseman, Washington Irving, Sherlock Holmes, and A. Conan Doyle, while Dr. Watson was kibitzing. Someone was swinging from the chandelier, and as soon as they noticed that I was looking at him, they informed me that he was the fraternity president.

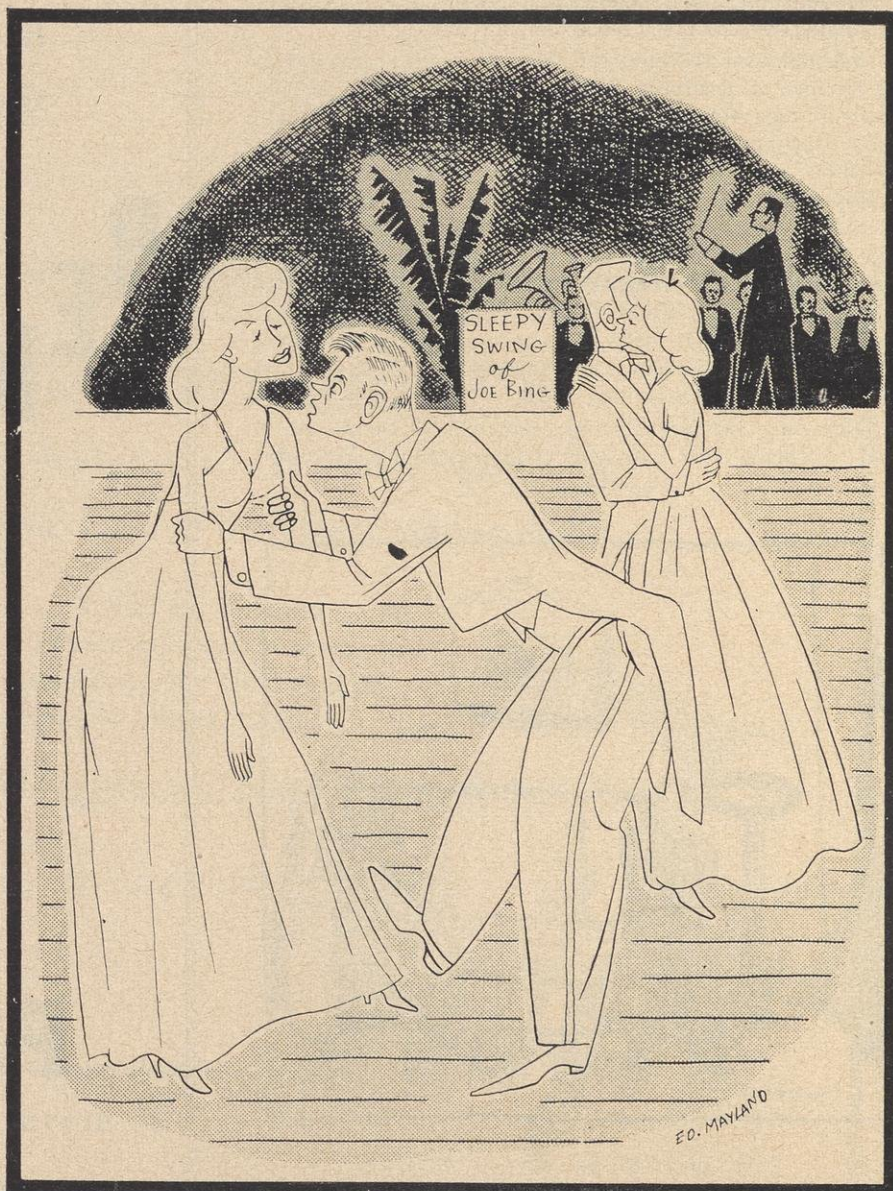
"I had started to look around the rest of the room, when I heard a commotion. As I turned to look I was surprised to see two drunks running through the room. I asked, 'Was that a girl chasing a fellow through here?'

"Of course,' someone answered.

"What is she doing in here in that condition?"

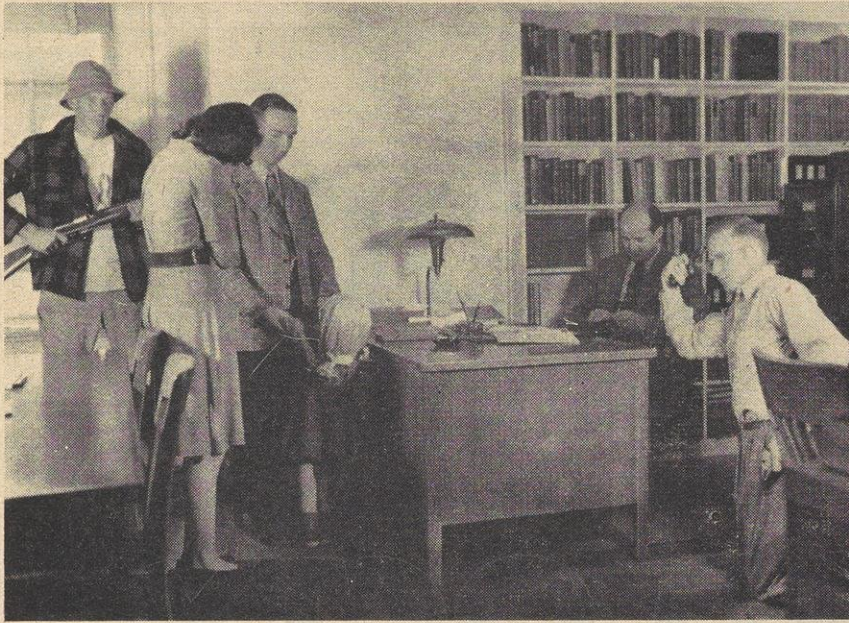
"Oh, I thought we told you, this is a frarority."

(continued on page 26)





## Meet the People



Folks, meet Mr. Little, shown here with two of the many problems he is called upon to solve. These particular problems look like a couple of stinkers, too, but you don't see Dean Little working himself into a tizzy. He isn't worried about his rug getting all bloody; he just stocked up on dry cleaning fluid.

## Whom to Blame

Dick Cudahy, the Miguel de Cervantes of the modern detective story, again writes of the startling adventures of Emory McHugh.

Cudahy, editor of West Point's mag, shows his brilliant command of the English language in his vivid descriptions and action-packed paragraphs. Example:

"Outside, the menacing waves crashed unceasingly on the cliffs that dropped precipitously from the top of the rocky promontory on which stood the sinister fortress—the ancestral mansion of the van Hoarders. The gothic spires of the outhouse knifed their way silently into the chilling night. Back from the house stretched the charred granite of the lower Californian desert. All was silence except for the shrill mating call of a gluttoned vulture and the subdued rhythms of Bill Spitalni's all-girl orchestra playing for a local Sunday school picnic."

\* \* \* \*

Barbara Berge counteracts Birky's article (P. 24, September issue) in her "Essay on Man". As Octy likes to air both sides of a question, this rather biased article is printed—even though it is true.

Barbara is active on campus as

chairman of the Union News Bureau. A faithful Octy-ite, B. B. will be piling our desk high with contributions in the near future, she keeps telling us.

\* \* \* \*

Posing for photographs has kept a number of characters busy. In the shot of Mr. Little's office we have Wally Niemuth toting a shotgun, E. J. "Stud" Montie in a rather ticklish predicament, an unidentified woman and child, Mr. Little, and Gerry Griffith with his pockets inside-out ready to end it all. Niemuth, star basketball center, demonstrates a different kind of shooting in this shot.

In our liberal group, Roger Hinkley, Ed Hayek, and Sturges Bailey are snapped "unsuspectingly" at a recent meeting. Hayek is running for student board on a "bombers for Tito" platform.

Octy's advice to freshman department . . . Be original. Don't wear suspenders or a belt. Eventually your originality will be noticed.

\* \* \*

There once was a spinsterish prude  
Who dreaded to bathe in the nude:  
A bath in the dark

Still made her feel stark,  
So she had her whole body tattooed.

—YALE RECORD

"the best  
right close"

TELEGRAPH  
SERVICE

Kennicott  
Flowers

627 State

Badger 1002



# *Test Your Eyes*

**I LOVE OCTY**

**I READ OCTY**

**THE OCTY KILLS ME**

**I CAN'T LIVE  
WITHOUT OCTY**

*I also read the Cardinal.*



# The College Parterre

By THOMAS GAINES



IT WAS customary, while overseas, to conjure up and languish over some vision in the mind's eye—one's girl, sweetheart, wife—and enhance it slightly around the edges. Due to some apparent glandular disturbance, I languished over the University of Wisconsin Union Terrace and its manifold charms. Here, in its summer opulence, gather, what, in a moment of unrestrained enthusiasm, I shall call the students.

It was gratifying, therefore, when I again inflicted myself upon the campus, to find the Union in full swing, the animated people, the great trees, and veterans fanning themselves with subsistence checks. Here, too, gather a singular race of people, the pseudo-intellects. They are a gregarious lot who live in an ethereal and cryptic world of their own. I submit a medical student at a purple table, an obvious native of this lost tribe, stimulating his colleagues with an explanation of the human nervous system. To illustrate his point, he had before him an airplane chart of Outer Mongolia.

"This," he said, "will not help you understand the nervous system, but neither would a chart of the human body."

It is idle to delve into the inner caverns of this mind or to analyze its motivating forces; suffice it to say, "ranitorcune" which is simply "Union terrace" spelled sideways.

\* \* \*

Eating on the terrace has become a great university institution. Here, at noon and in the evening, these "students" gather to satisfy the second of the three primary instincts. There is certainly no more pleasant way to have a meal than in the cool shadows and Mendota trade winds. The view from the flagstones is fabulous and usually centers on the marine mutations festering at the waterfront, canoeing, fishing, rowing, and others. If one feels so inclined, he may even hew the turbid water and achieve the dubious objective of swimming with dead fish.

University scientists tell us that this decomposed demise is caused by poison in the water. To me, this is a glowing commentary on the health of university "students" who constantly spend the

day in this toxic liquid without even turning green around the gills.

\* \* \*

On the lawn leading to the lake, there is a state of turbulent inactivity. Young couples, sprawled in organized chaos, are saying nice things to one another, and there is gladness and felicity in the warm summer air. Under a magnificent maple tree, a young law student, holding his sweetheart tenderly in his arms, is making love to her. He says simply, "Darling, I subpoena you to the city jurisprudence center where we will have a meeting of the minds not to be infringed upon without due process of law."

She answers softly, "Get your habeas off my corpus!"

\* \* \*

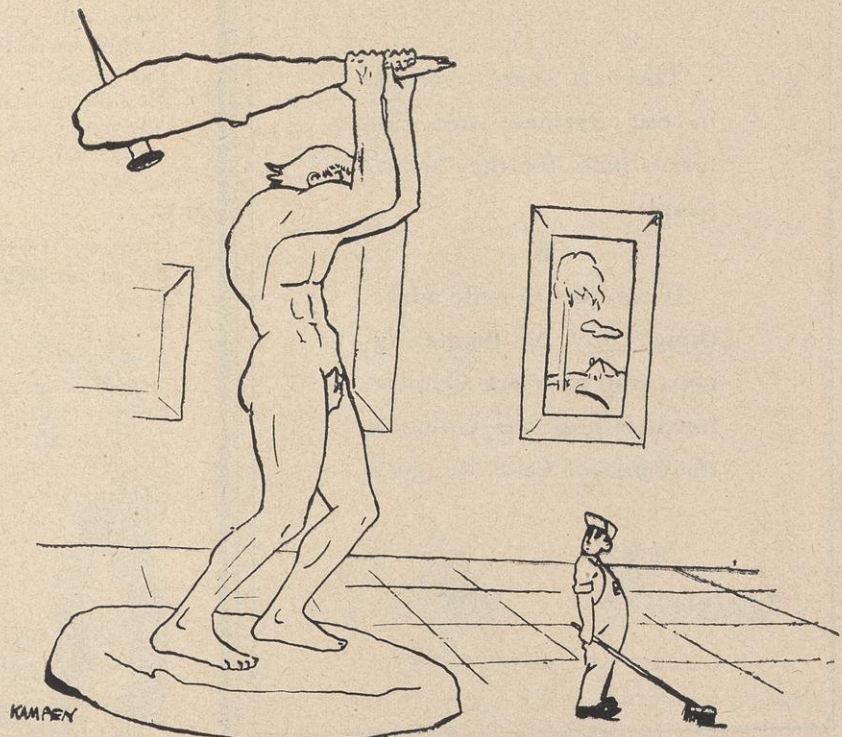
I am relatively confident that there is no place in the world comparable to the terrace when the evening concerts come around. Just after the sun disappears, the music begins, and the red, purple, and green of the table tops seem to disappear only to be transferred into the sky above the far shore of Lake Mendota.

Every chair is being used, and many people are standing under the dark trees and against the shadows of the gray stone. As the orchestra flits with apparent ease from the gigantic expression of Berlioz to the program mu-

sic of Liszt and swings gayly to the easy style of Mendelssohn, even the squirrels glance up from their munching. They place themselves comfortably on a limb to drink in the fragmentary melodies drifting up from below.

As the music plays on, a low murmur begins to seep through the listeners. Apparently, the intellectual stimulus of the terrace during the day moves on its own momentum in the evening, and before long, dynamic conversation is running rampant through the night. This is unfortunate since the orchestra has finished its first number, and nobody seems to be aware of it. Did I say nobody? The squirrels rise as one man (which is hard for squirrels) in acclaim for the magnificent execution of the difficult musical passages. The applause blends with the rush of feet as one table is vacated, and those standing vie for the privilege of relaxing for the rest of the program.

Finally, the orchestra plays its last piece and packs up to leave. The sky is completely dark now, and the listeners file out slowly at first and then with more fervor as the hour of twelve-thirty rears its ugly head. Before long, the lights are out; the lake is still, and there is not a sound on the college parterre save the resumed gnawing of the squirrels, who don't have hours.







After the Game

Join the Crowds at

## The Chocolate Shop

548 State

B. 684

## Room Available

There is space available  
in our Business and Edi-  
torial Staffs for the "write"  
people.



If you like to write adver-  
tising copy or juggle fig-  
ures, stop in at our Quonset  
hut that hugs the Union at  
the banks of Lake Mendota.



## UNDERTAKER'S FUNERAL . . .

(continued from page 15)

adaptation of a Panamanian ski jacket. Then the entire party leaped into the canoe; the master detective flipped the switch which turned on the twin thousand horsepower diesel engines, and they went off pounding through the heaving swell.

In a matter of about twenty hours, McHugh caught sight of a flashing pink theater marque and brought the boat into a small uncharted cove where they stopped and the party disembarked. They crawled painfully up the sheer shale cliff and toward the opening to a dank solitary cave. When they reached the entrance, McHugh tipped the doorman, and they made their way into the pitch black interior. Once inside, they began to notice a slight glow from some side lamps which gradually began to throw a dim light over the cave. They suddenly realized that the walls were lined with mummy cases.

It was all evident in a second. The cave was the sanctuary of the Egypto-Aztec sect which Dr. Casimir Crepe had mentioned earlier. In one mummy case were the last remains of Montezuma's disinherited nephew who had spent his declining years as a money changer on the Chapultepec subway. In another was the embalmed body of Pladezuma Beachchair who was the producer of the only extant newsreels of Cortez's landing. Emory McHugh began a hurried inspection of the cases. He noticed one which bore the inscription of a later Aztec king. He examined it carefully with his bi-focal x-ray glasses, then stripped aside the windings which covered it. As he did so, Dr. Crepe rushed up to stop him but it was too late. There in a finely tailored shroud stood Mrs. van Hoarder grinning sheepishly as she stubbed out her cigarette.

"Well, Bruce, another case cleared up," sighed McHugh. Of course it was evident from the beginning that Dr. Crepe was in reality none other than Mr. van Hoarder who never died in the first place. The local newspaper accidentally printed his obituary and, as a matter of simple courtesy, his death was arranged. The stickpin of Jenghiz Khan was another myth. Its theft was conceived as a means of getting rid of the butler. The butler was in reality a very determined househunter bent upon renting the van Hoarder mansion because he had been unable to find a place which was willing to take his collection of dogs, children, cats, and night-blossoming Urkuts salamanders all at the same time. An interesting case Bruce, but I see by my watch that Saturn's moons will rise in half an hour. Quick. Back to the telescope."

\* \* \* \* \*

Emory McHugh was working a crossword puzzle while one of his trained field mice prepared to commit formal Hari-kari in a corner. After forecasting the formation of ten or twelve new stars and predicting their orbits for the next six or seven hundred years he had found himself with almost nothing to relieve the monotony. Suddenly Bruce rushed into the room.

"Chief, the unidentified son of an unknown woman is believed to have died of undetermined causes on an uncharted island belonging to an unrecognized government. Will you take the case?"

"Of course," said McHugh. "Might kill the afternoon."

—USMA POINTER

Medic: Does anyone in your family suffer from insanity?  
Frosh: No, sir, we enjoy every minute of it.

\* \* \*

She: Do you want to stop the car and eat, sweetheart?  
He: No, pet.



## Gizmo Joe

You may talk and race your motors  
With regard to ice cream sodas,  
And a double coke with lemon may be fine,  
But when you crave a beer you are out of luck, I fear,  
For the bloomin' beer taps close each night at nine.

Now in Ithaca's hilly place  
Where I used to take up space  
In all the Gin-Mills, dumps and dives, you know  
Of all that mangy crew, the biggest sot I knew  
Was an alcoholic brother, Gizmo Joe.

He was Joe, Joe, Joe  
You schizophrenic drunkard, Gizmo Joe.  
Though you say you're on the wagon,  
Your resolve is sadly saggin',  
And your elbow's on the bar rail, Gizmo Joe.

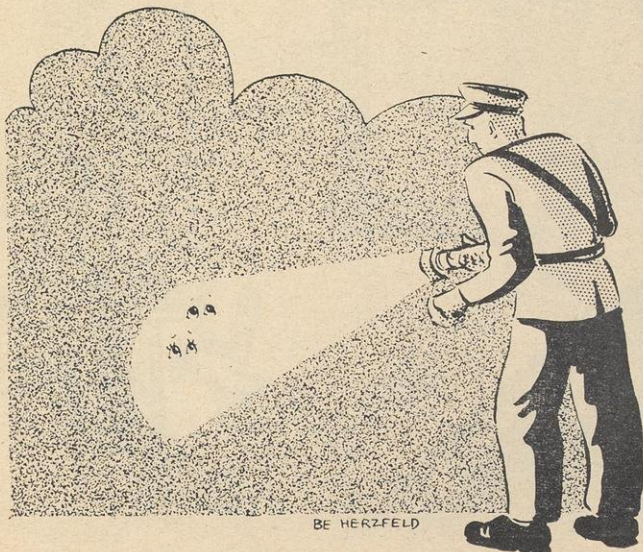
I shan't forget the night  
When the fellows all got tight,  
And Gizmo Joe was tighter than them all.  
He was speaking with a snicker on the ills of drinking licker,  
When the fellows stepped away and let him fall.

He was Joe, Joe, Joe  
A tank without a bottom, Gizmo Joe,  
You're the cause for lemonaders,  
And a boon to vice crusaders.  
You are nothing but a booze hound, Gizmo Joe!

Yes I know that down the hill  
Gizmo Joe is drinking still,  
Where they shut the beer off every night at nine.  
With a glass up to his lips, he'll be taking little sips,  
And he'll say the hell with you Jack, I've got mine!

So it's Joe, Joe, Joe,  
You weary alcoholic, Gizmo Joe.  
You have licker on the mind,  
And D.T.'s are close behind,  
You're a bigger drunk than I am Gizmo Joe.

—CORNELL WIDOW



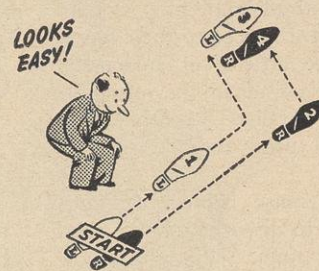
"But Mr. Hammersley, we're engaged."

# LOOK!

Here's ARTHUR MURRAY'S

FAMOUS

# MAGIC STEP



If you can do this step,

we can make you a

Good Dancer in a few hours!

It looks so simple—and it is . . . But when Arthur Murray discovered this step he revolutionized the teaching of dancing . . . It is the key to most modern dances. The most intricate exhibition Fox Trot is built on variations of this one step.

An Arthur Murray expert can start you dancing in 5 minutes with his Magic Step. After ONE HOUR you can dance in public and make a pleasant impression. In just A FEW HOURS you can be really good—a popular partner at parties, sought after by the best dancers.

Start today—make a hit at your next party. Call at the studio or phone Gifford 1707 for your appointment.

On Sunday afternoons we are going to have a series of dancing parties. Attendance is limited to Arthur Murray pupils and their guests. There will be exhibitions, instruction, dancing games, and prizes. Inquire about these parties when you enroll.

# Arthur Murray

Approved under G.I. Bill

23 North Pinckney Street — Over Simpson's  
Tel. Gifford 1707



## BEGGING SHULMAN'S PARDON . . .

(continued from page 20)

"What in hell is that?"

"We got together with the girls in the sorority house next door, and half their girls live here, while half of our fellows live next door in their house."

"I knew I was in a good organization, and decided to join on the spot. I asked about the fees, and discovered they were very reasonable. The initiation fee was five hundred dollars, and dues were only two hundred dollars monthly; of course that didn't cover the room and board. They were an additional hundred and fifty dollars each per month. I agreed to their terms and signed the articles of surrender. Before I could ask about the initiation they informed me that I wouldn't have to be initiated until the day after I graduated."

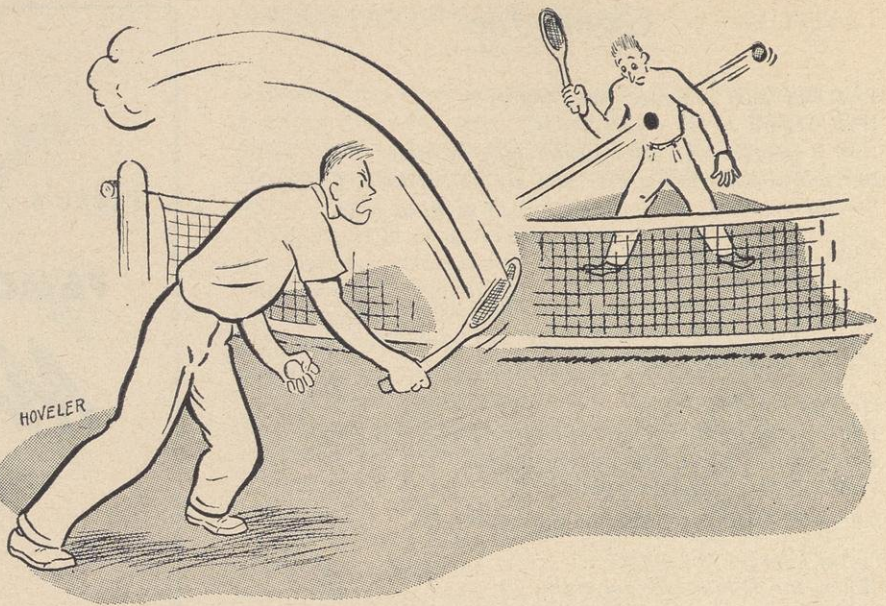
"I heard a noise behind me and turned around to discover what it was. I saw a large man, with a big pot-belly, and a bulbous red nose. He looked as if he were in a very despondent mood, and I asked what was wrong with him."

"He used to be head souse in our chug-a-lug club, but the doctor told him he had to stop drinking."

"Why?"

"He wouldn't tell us, but we think the Doc found a little blood in his alcohol."

"I was then led through the rest of the house, which was just as good as the lounge. First they took me into the file room which contained all the



exams, themes, and term papers. These were complete with grades, the instructors to which they were given, and a list stating how often each exam was used in the past three hundred years. In one corner stood the crib section, with complete sets of crib notes for every course in school. Above each course listed were pictures illustrating the most successful methods used in cribbing. One of the men added, 'Of course, this section is only for fellows that are going to school.'

"Stupified, I asked, 'Aren't all of you fellows in school?'"

"Hell, no, we have too many other things to do to take up our time. We participate in all types of athletics, enter all of the radio contests, have three

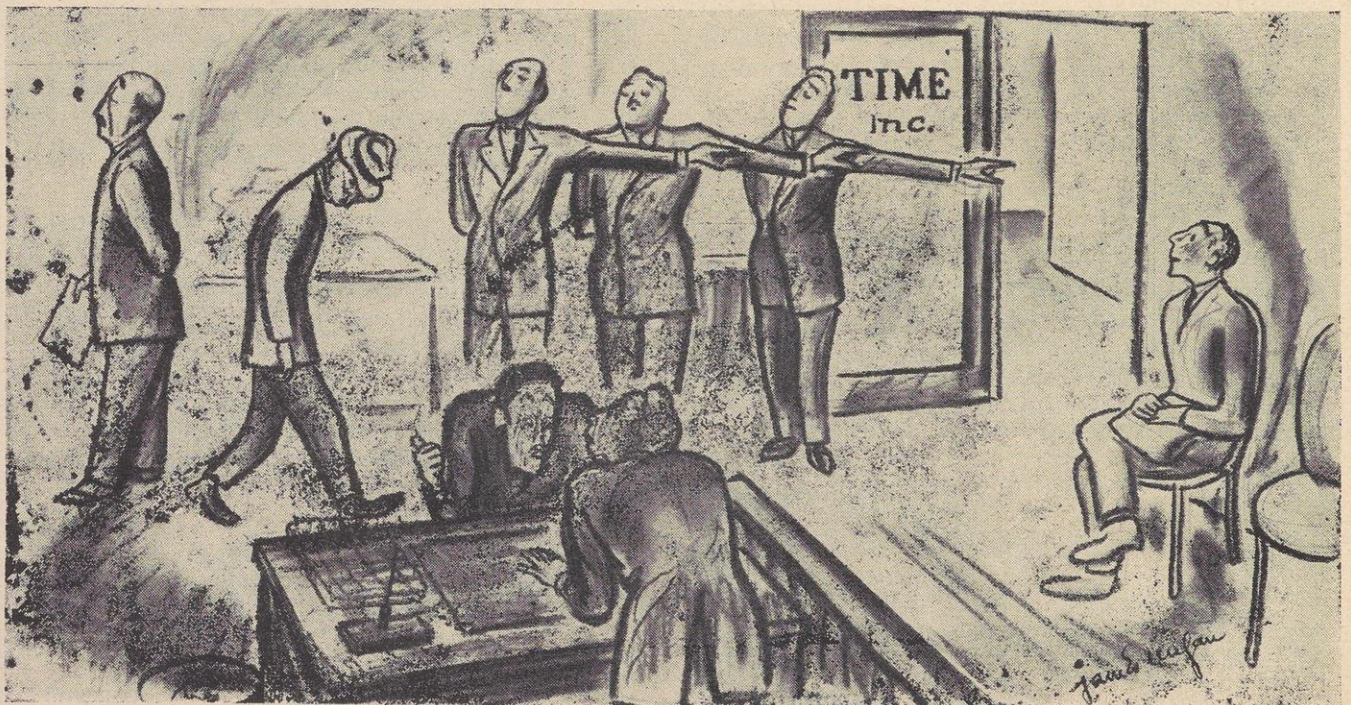
dates a day, and spend our spare time drinking.'

"I agreed they didn't have time to attend classes, and decided to drop all my courses."

"Passing through another room we came upon a group of men standing in a circle. I asked what they were doing, and I was told they were having a class in 'The Art of Making Love' by the 'Cyrano de Bergerac' of the house. I moved in a little closer and could see the instructor was going through his motions with a live model. He was correctly named, because he had the nose to fit the part."

"Following this I was taken into the Date Gallery. It contained the pic-

(continued on page 30)



"He used AND in a sentence!"



## ESSAY ON MAN . . .

(continued from page 19)

derides her for not joining in on the fun with the rest of the picnickers.

Surprises are such fun! Especially those red roses he surprised her with the night she wore her new pink formal.

Men are always being helpful by encouraging women to look and act their most feminine. But careful not to overdo it and trying to show the girls that they really consider them as equals, the men are quick to take the free bus seat or to charge through doors first, or to light their own cigarette first.

One universal trait—especially evident among fraternity men—is their wonderful loyal spirit of brotherhood. Which shows how great fraternities really are. Brother Joe is going with Pamela, has been for weeks. She's refused his pin 11 times, which means they're practically going steady. Brother Joe likes Pamela. Pamela likes John. Triangle? Of course not! The fraternity will see to it that no misguided girl like Pamela is going to break up the beautiful romance of Pamela and Joe. No siree! And that's what's so nice about fraternities.

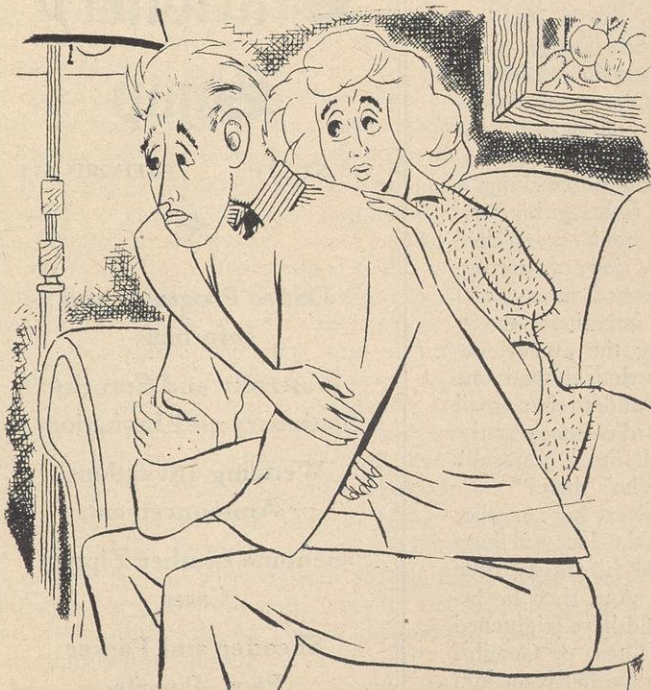
Returning BMOC's are also very nice to duration BWOC's—after all, the poor girls are probably very tired, and the fellows are doing them a big favor by taking over their positions. "Wouldn't it be better all the way around if we just kind of forgot the girls had ever had them? Wouldn't it? But don't forget us, girls. There's still lots to be done—names to be looked up, lists to be checked—lots!"

They claim masculine superiority in things scholastic, but don't worry girls, they won't let you get an inferiority complex about it. Just to boost your ego a bit they'll let you lend them your history notes—any time.

Now this article could go on for pages—an intensive hunt should produce lots more assets like those we've already mentioned. But you probably know them as well as I.

And besides I have to stop now. You see, I've kind of got a date.

With a man who's an exception, of course.



"There, there, you'll get your name in the Cardinal next week."

Have You Tasted

*Fauerbach*  
Lately?



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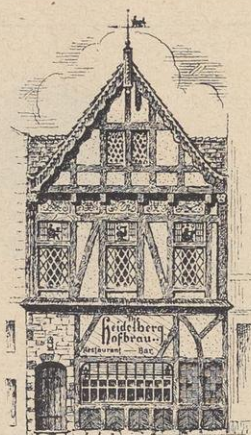


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## NOTICE

According to a nationwide poll held last month, Octopus was ranked second in the nation as a humor publication! We humbly acknowledge this great honor and will try to maintain a high standard of humor.

Judges based their conclusions on a point system, ten points for perfection in each of the following: idiocy, hilarity, incongruity, fantasy, hap-hazardousness, imbecility, absurdity, preposterousness, ridiculousness, and foolishness.

Octy received 78 points, lost 10 because of "an intellectual undercurrent pervading all stories" and because it was "written only for the intelligent-sia".

In first place with a perfect score was *The Daily Cardinal*.

### BLUE CORPSE . . .

(continued from page 6)

after that malevolent, onerous, destructive, foulsome, reprehensible, deleterious character, that halfway louse, semi-snake in the grass, Mr. Gat Gubble, Esq., dealer in human degradation, had laid low, had *DONE IN*, by gad!, the visitor from the mysterious Far East, the man from distant India, Abar Fizz, the Hindu fakir. It was two months to the very day, and in those two months Gubble had led more than a full life, complete with a gay round of bank robberies, kidnappings, jewel thefts, and assorted murders.

It was about eleven P.M., Gubble had finished work early and now he was counting the—to bring a catchy new word into the English language—loot. The loot from a safe he had just blown. Gat, already rich enough to retire, continued at his semi-swashbuckling, semi-devil-may-care profession, merely for the love of hearing the police sirens wail after each of his heinous crimes, the thrill of cracking a stout safe and then fighting his way through a cordon of stout—er—picked policemen, the sheer joy of putting people's feet in buckets of cement, and then dumping them into the river. So he sat there counting the money, destroying all bills worth less than one hundred dollars as undesirable small change, when he heard a knock at the door. Gubble asked, in a carefully phrased question, "Who's there?"

Receiving no answer but another knock, G. G. went to the door and flung it open, his hand on his trusty little automatic, of course. And then he beheld a sight that would have frightened even Alexander the Great or Genghis Khan, so we can't be too harsh on him for turning as white as the new mown hay (is that right?) as he gazed at,

(continued on page 32)

When you start to study  
you get hungry . . .

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# A Fable With a Moral

By CNIDOBLAST SCHRECHLICHKEIT



clothes off five times a day for the edification of the carnal male.

Now, back in those days she had no AYD to see that she was not exploited, and as a consequence, she worked long and hard for her pitiful salary. In addition, she was forced to endure the snarling insults of countless aged harridans—especially during the holiday season.

But she was happy in a way, because she was innately good and kind herself. She loved her fellow man and, what is even more difficult and Christian, her fellow woman.

Five nights of the week she hurried to night school from work so that she might have a deeper appreciation of the world's good. It was a source of considerable personal pride to her that her professors all complimented her on the consistency of her work and prophesied that, with diligent application, she might eventually elevate herself to an idiot and join Wisconsin's faculty.

Regularly she sent half of her meager earnings to her aged mother in order that her aged mother could continue to support the young man she was keeping at Palm Beach.

She attended church faithfully and sometimes in her zeal, she threw her entire purse in the collection plate and wrenched all the buttons off her dress.

But it was such a lonely and friendless life that she might never have borne it had it not been for Frank. Frank was the young man who sold ties in men's furnishings across the aisle. Not that they were engaged or anything, though, or even going steady; as a matter of fact they had never had a date together. But sometimes he helped her straighten her stock, especially around inventory time, and once his hand had touched hers when they both reached for a wallet. (Genuine calfskin, \$8.95, tax included).

Then one day Frank wasn't at work and when she finally screwed up enough nerve to inquire shyly after him, she learned that he had gotten a week's leave of absence to go on his honeymoon. Honeymoon—the word raised goose pimples down her back and her face felt as though she had thrust it in an open hearth furnace. Frank, her Frank, married to that brazen, peroxidized hussy in lingerie! (Who had absolutely nothing to offer except a very decided resemblance to Lana Turner and more curves than a race track).

That night she found a letter from her mother stating that the young man had left her and that she was committing suicide in the morning—after breakfast.

The next day she was fired for being 17c short in her day's tally. Her landlady promptly threw her out of her room and she was ejected from the church because some neighbor hung her husband's laundry on the wrong line and the minister saw it. This so discouraged her that she quit night school entirely.

Four days later, standing on a bridge, she saw an old man who was also blind, stumble and fall. Naturally, she rushed to his assistance.

Four days later she was the wife of a multi-millionaire, who was also the blind man.

Four days later she bought the department store and, locking the door during the noon rush, she burned it to the ground. That night she poisoned the old man and blew her brains out with a bazooka she had gotten through the Surplus War Commodities Bureau.

The next Sunday—four days later—during services, a time bomb in the cellar of the church exploded, killing the entire congregation, including her former landlady.

Hardly anybody who had known her lived happily ever after.

\* \* \*

MORALS: Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

Money alone is not happiness.

Never put off until four days from now what you can do today.

Time passes.

He who he who.

You can't take it with you.

Sometimes you can't even get it.

What is sauce for the goose but gravy?

## Meet The People



*A campus liberal group holds its semi-fortnightly meeting. It looks like this one's going over with a bang!*





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## BEGGING SHULMAN'S PARDON . . .

(continued from page 26)

ture of every girl on campus, her likes and dislikes, her dimensions, her capacities for food and liquor, how much the average date with her costs, how often you have to take her out before she starts paying the bills, which line she reacts the best to, whether or not she necks, and will she or won't she. I was informed that these files were accurate, compiled by the research division of the fraternity, and were the results of many long and painstaking hours of effort.

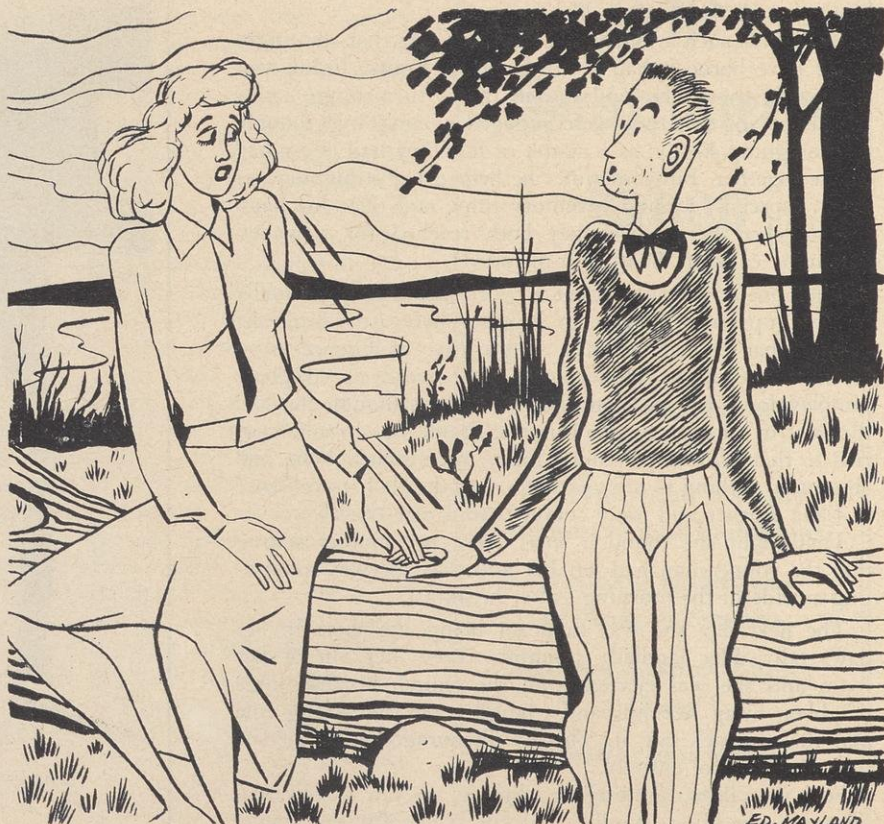
"Adjacent to this was the bar, outfitted in much the same order as a small New York night club. They apologized for the fact that there were only four waitresses on duty, but said business had been very slack due to the male shortage during the war, and that things were picking up every day. Don't get me wrong, this bar was only for members of the Frarority and their guests. At present the chapter is very small with only two thousand active members on campus, all of whom are living in the house (those living in the sorority house next door had been replaced by girls so they were counted)—with the exception of the hundred or so they lodge in the Madison jail every night.

"The house supports its own barber shop, haberdashery, swimming pool—

filled with beer for the alcoholics present—gymnasium, bar, and restaurant. It is nearly a self-contained city, and would be much nicer if none of the members had the idea that they came to college for an education, but there are always a few wet blankets that want to go to class. It isn't a very large house; in addition to the above mentioned things there are only one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine apartments—each member has his own apartment—a drug store, an infirmary, and countless numbers of pool rooms, card rooms, and small cocktail lounges.

"After I wrote out the check I received my pin, and was assigned an apartment on the forty-fifth floor. I went up to look it over, and discovered that my apartment was the one that connected the adjacent sorority house to our house. I thought it was all right, but didn't know how much traffic there would be between the two houses at all hours of the day and night. It wasn't so bad when they just walked through my apartment, but when they started drinking up my liquor—kept liquor in my room, had to drink the necessary two gallons a day to keep in condition—and kicking me out of bed, I complained. The following year . . .

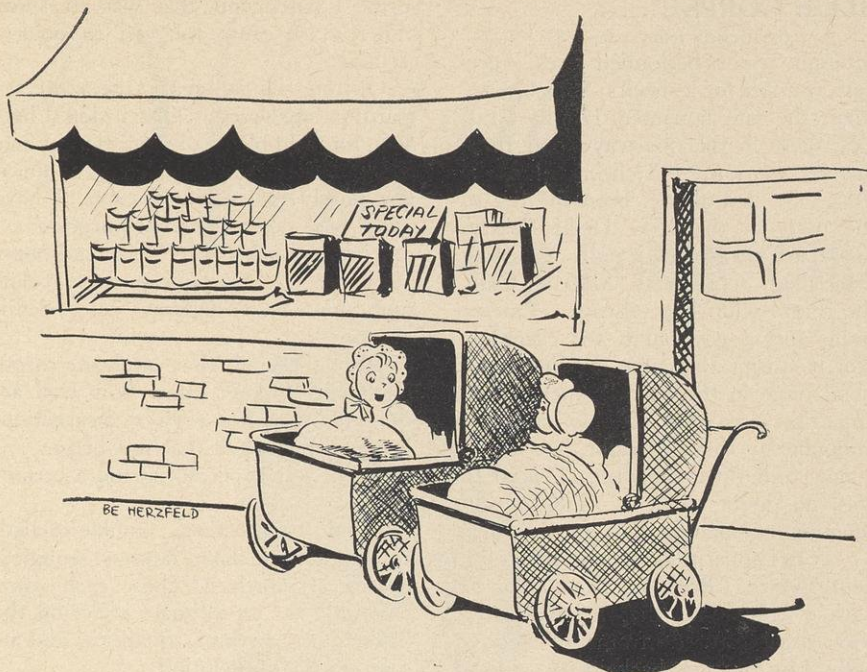
Before I could finish, the little frosh went dashing down Langdon Street. Three days later I saw him trying to swim across the beer-filled moat to our house.



"Let me see your fee card first."

ED. MAYLAND





"My mother said the cutest thing today."

## F.C.O.M. DEPT. . . .

(continued from page 9)

just why the hell he's still kicking around here after all this time. And now there is a hot rumor making the rounds that he's going to junk all his present credits and start over again as a freshman in the School of Music!

In the Spring of 1944 Jap's name appeared on the commencement roster; in 1945 his picture appeared in the *Badger*; in 1946 he bought a class ring, but the U. of W. can't "sheepskin" "Perrenial" Wright that easy, he's still in there battling the books this fall. When we started here as freshmen he was a senior. Now we're a senior and we have caught up to Jap. In fact, Jap says that he is looking forward to the day when he'll be going to class with the children of some of his old classmates. Already he has had some of his former classmates as instructors.

The Wright grade transcript is really full these days, what with the innumerable courses he has taken and all those notes by the dean. Jap isn't any slouch when it comes to grades, however. If you average up all his marks (a Herculean task) you come out with a 1.7, which sure ain't bad, the way they dish out the grades here.

Jap has other talents besides his hanging on to his senior status. You've probably seen him selling Players tickets this fall, and in other years he has sold just about everything on the campus that there is to sell. He claims that in the merchandising field he is rivaled only by the Holloway brothers. And before we close we had better tell you about his clever method for keeping cokes cold. He simply plants the

coke bottles in the cabinet of the nearest w. c. He is now working on a refinement—a specially designed wire basket to hold several coke bottles and still fit into the water cabinet.

Yes, Jasper is quite a boy. And don't forget, now, when your grandchildren come to the U. of W. be sure to tell them to stop at the YMCA and look him up. He'll be there!

## Department of Misinformation

A new soap called B.O. is being put on the market . . . it will remove the smell of lifebuoy.

Shaggy dogs are now telling "smooth people" stories.

Students who have 7:45 classes are now carrying portable radar sets so they won't bump into buildings on dark mornings.

Henry Ford drives around in a Chrysler.

Bikini Atoll seen floating around in Lake Mendota.

Robert J. McCormick reads PM daily.

Bookstores have texts available for the following courses:

Pornography 128 (Studs Lonni-gan)

Pornography 606 (Forever Amber)

Pornography 1987 (Ulysses)

Police arrested Chicita Gorgeona, an Indian girl, who Milean said stabbed him. She had a broken jaw.

—RACINE JOURNAL-TIMES

*The course of true love . . .*



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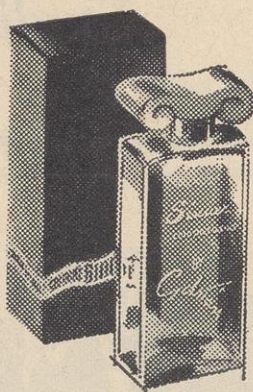
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## BLUE CORPSE . . .

(continued from page 28)

through terror beclouded eyes, (prepare yourself for a shock) Abar Quincy Fizz, the late lamented Hindu fakir. Yes, there in the doorway stood Fizz, but not the same old cheery Fizz, the Fizz who had always been the life of the party at the New Delhi Fakirs', Snake Charmers', and Whirling Dervishes' Social and Athletic Club, the Fizz who had always a merry smile and a gay laugh for everyone. No, it wasn't the same A. Fizz who stood there in the half darkness, semi-obscure; for what Gubble saw was undoubtedly Fizz, all right, but it was a new and different Fizz. This Fizz was, no doubt about it, Gubbles' old shooting companion, but he was also a semi-apparition, demi-phantom, hemi-spectre. Because Fizz glowed with a blue light, that half radiated, was demi-diffused from his entire body. His face was back in its original shape, too, in case you are wondering.

Gat G. just stood there with his big fat mouth hanging wide open. He was horrified, terrified, astounded, chilled to the bone, petrified, cowed, and overawed, and he trembled, shook, shivered, quivered, quavered, and stood aghast. And then the frightful blue corpse looked him straight in the puss, and hemi-moaned, demi-whispered, in a halfway, semi-husky voice, "I have come back. I told you I would come back, Gubble. Do you remember?"

Our boy, Gubble, couldn't exactly think of anything constructive to say at that point (I bet you couldn't either!), but he did manage a semi-"Awk," and a demi-"Grrp," (spelling?). He was in a half trance, semi-mesmerized condition, and all he could do was stare at that loathsome, foul, monster that stood before him, namely A. Q. Fizz, otherwise known as the "Blue Corpse".

And then the thing that was just too utterly ut, too nauseating, halfway revolting to describe in even semi-complete detail, spoke again, "Well put, Gubble," the thing said in that quite unmistakable Oxford accent.

By that time G. G. was able to say a little more. "Gulp," he replied to Fizz, who had hemi-floated, demi-walked into the room.

"That's more like the Gat Gubble I used to know," the fake - er - fakir then said, as he weaved, and halfway shimmered around the demi-bject, half cowering mobster.

And then Gubble recovered sufficiently to half gasp, almost whine, "Why have you come back, Fizz? Why do you haunt me? I'm just a poor hard working trigger man. The only reason I rubbed you out was be-

cause I hated you, that was all, Fizz. There's no cause for you to hold a grudge."

Opening its yap again, the azure apparition answered, "Oh, I don't hate you for cold-bloodedly murdering me, Gubble. I understand that you did it for purely malevolent reasons. I have come back for a different purpose."

"Yes, yes, what is it?" Gat said hopefully, his face regaining some color, and now only halfway pale, demi-ashen.

"Well, Gub," the cerulean corpse went on. "I don't know how well acquainted you are with re-incarnation, but you may recall that just before you shot me you kept calling me a certain thing."

"Yeah, I remember," Gubble replied, in another of those famous sentences of his in which he chose each word carefully, for its ultimate effect on the listener, its rhythmic qualities, and its semi-poetic connotation.

"Well, you see," A. Q. F. continued, "you continually referred to me as that animal, and then certain people—if you can call the powers in the after life people—heard you and thought it would be a good gag to . . . To cut it short, Gubble, I got special permission to appear before you tonight in this demi, hemi, semi, halfway human form just so you could be sure it's really me. You see, things haven't been going so good in my second life. Oh, I don't doubt that they'll pick up soon, but right now it's . . . Gubble, can you spare a piece of cheese?!!!!"

*The name's not familiar—  
Perhaps the face?*

*I know that I've seen it,  
Some time, some place.*

*The memory grows stronger,  
Let's see once more—  
Ah, now I remember—  
The barroom floor!*

Dr. Harlow Shapley said the chance that human beings might be involved in an interplanetary smashup with a large meteorite could be expected not more than once in a billion years.

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

*Well, that's a load off our minds.*

GIVEN PIN FOR 30 YEARS  
OF WORK; THIEVES STEAL IT

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE HEAD

*Easy come, easy go.*

HOUSEWIVES TURN  
TO POULTRY AND FISH

—RACINE JOURNAL-TIMES HEAD

*It isn't easy!*

GIRL, 12, ADMITS  
STARTING 4 FIRES  
AT MANITOWOC

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE HEAD

*Her name wasn't Maime.*



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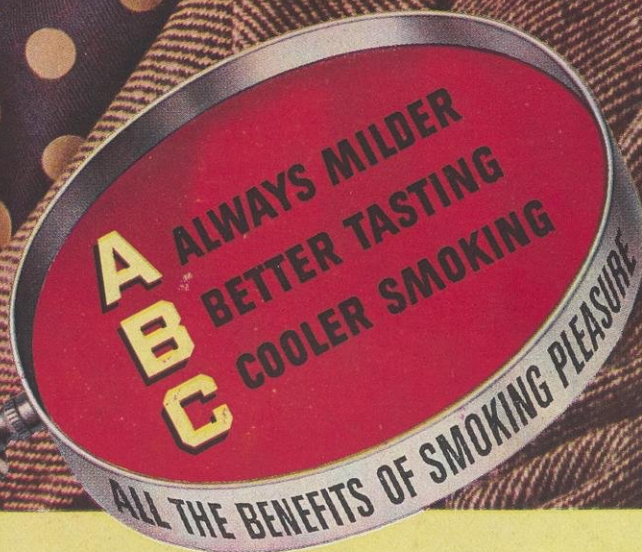
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