

## **Wisconsin Octopus: State of the student issue. Vol. 28, No. 5 January, 1950**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, January, 1950

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# WISCONSIN Octopus

- STORIES
- CARTOONS
- HUMOR

## Change In Marital Status

Name (Mr.) (Mrs.)  
Marital Status: Single Double Redouble  
Grand Slam  
Any children? Expected?  
Unexpected?  
Your maiden name  
Your husband's maiden name

## Housing Bureau Card

Name Address  
Did you move last semester?  
How many times?  
What's the matter, couldn't you pay your rent?  
Male students check: Co-eds check:  
Dorms Dorms  
Fraternity Fraternity  
Sorority approved  
Private home Public home  
Other Other  
Exp'lain (and damn good)

## Advisor's Card

Student's name (First Last & Always)  
Advisor's name  
Advisor's department Student's department  
Course advised by advisor  
Course you'd rather take  
If the same answer next question "yes" or "no."  
Got hold in your head?

## Spring Term 1950

Print your name  
Write your name (legibly)  
Write your name (illegibly)  
Scramble your name  
Surname (If same as above disregard next question)  
Surname First name  
Ordinary signature

## Student Infirmary Card

Victim's Name (Last Name) (First Name) (Middle Name)  
Sex: Male Female Other (Check one)  
Height? Weight? Hips? Waist? Bust?  
Telephone? Blond Brunette Bald  
Healthy? If not, why not?  
Usual childhood diseases?  
Unusual childhood diseases?  
Fibulous childhood diseases?  
Have you had a Wasserman test recently?  
What was your score?

## Advisor's Card

Student's name (First Last & Always)  
Advisor's name  
Advisor's department Student's department  
Course advised by advisor

## Student Personnel File Card

Have you been cross-indexed?  
Cross-examined? Double-crossed?  
Print your name  
Print your Madison address  
Print your parent or guardian's name  
Print  
Address of parent or guardian  
Activities entered into at university by parent or guardian or parent's or guardian's parent or guardian or parent's parent's parent or guardian, or guardian's guardian's parent or guardian.

## Political Preference Card

Voter's Name (Last) (First) (Others)  
To what do you point with pride?  
What do you view with alarm?  
Who does the government is of the people?  
For the people? For the people? None  
above?  
Vote in the last election?  
For times?  
Are you or have you ever been a member of the Communist party?  
Have you taken a Loyalty Test recently?  
What was your score?

## Religious Preference Card

Print, my son (Thy Last Name) (Thy Christian Name)  
Dost thou believe in God? Which one?  
Hast thou ever been to church? Which one?  
Art baptised? Immersed or sprinkled?  
Wert thou confirmed? With or without candles?  
Have thy prayers been answered? How long did it take?  
Seen any miracles lately? Describe fully

## Veteran's Administration Card

Name (Last Name) (First Name) (Middle Initial)  
Are you a veteran? Of World War I? II?  
III? ROTC? Other?  
On which side did you fight?  
What were some of your experiences?  
Are you receiving any other government benefits? (Such as Old Age Insurance, Mother's Pension?)  
Were you wounded?  
How many times?  
Was it fatal?

## Student Personnel File Card

Have you been cross-indexed?  
Cross-examined? Double-crossed?  
Print your name  
Print your Madison address  
Print your parent or guardian's name  
Print  
Address of parent or guardian  
Activities entered into at university by parent or guardian

25c



"My  
cigarette?  
Camels,  
of course!"



GOWN BY ATHENA—  
JEWELS BY GERSHGORN.

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

# Camels for Mildness

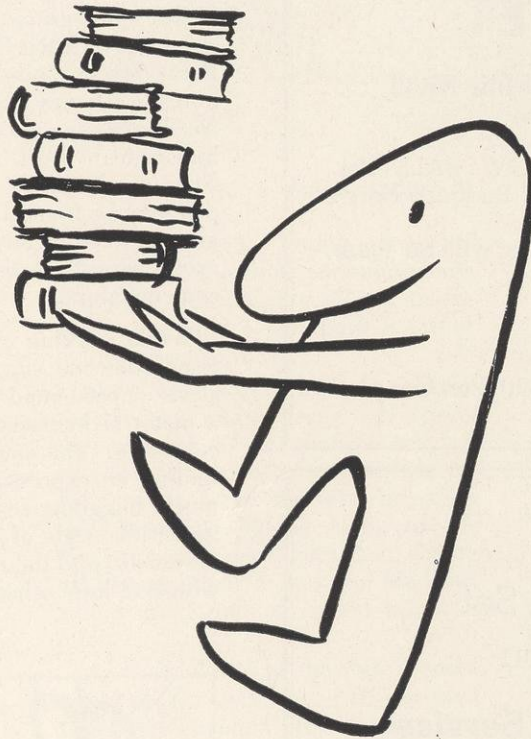
Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!**





# *Buy Those Books* *At your CO-OP*



*P.S.—And we also carry all  
your school needs*

**THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP**  
STATE AND LAKE



See  
"Bucky"

the Skiing  
Badger  
(and others!)  
at the



## Winter Carnival SKI MEET

Feb. 12 — 2 P.M. — Muir Knoll  
(On the Campus)

Bucky will also be at SNOW BALL Feb. 11. Have **you** danced with a Badger? Here's your chance! Eddie Lawrence and his boys will be there, too, to play the music.

9-12 — Great Hall — \$1.50 Per Couple

We Are All Set  
to give you

**Fast & Efficient Service**

On **All** Your  
Second Semester

**Texts & Supplies**



# STUDENT BOOK STORE

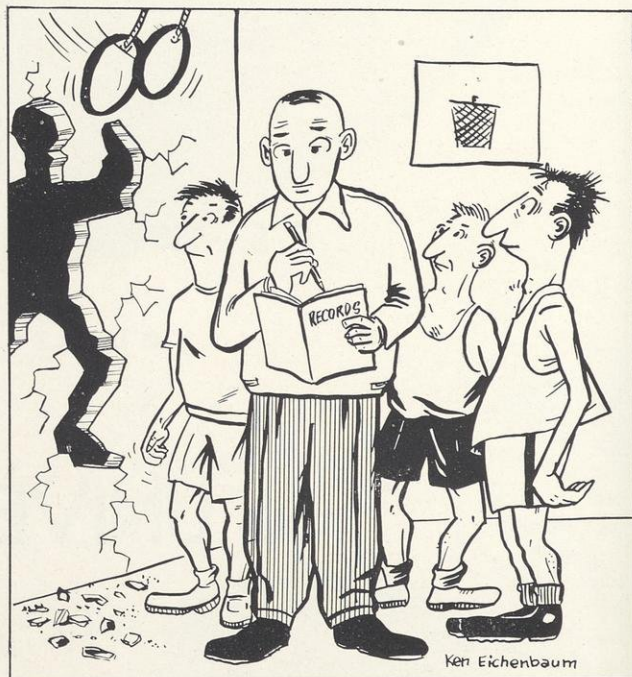
712 State St.

Phone 6-8979



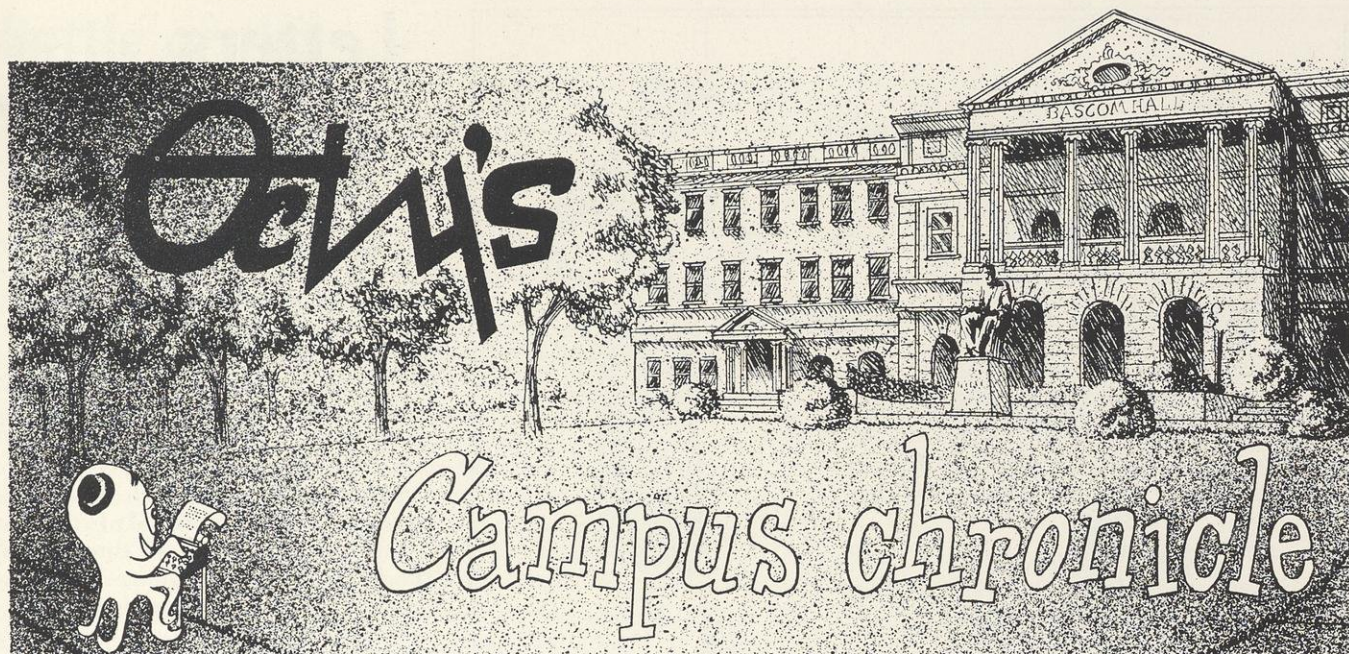
A rather strange and wonderful thing happened some weeks back; it hadn't happened for some time and we don't expect it to occur soon again. An engineer walked purposefully into the office and asked to work on the magazine. It was rather a shock. Few of the slide rulers have worked on the magazine in the past and their absence has been attributed to heavy study schedules and a singleness of purpose. So when Don White (ChE-2) showed up we were frankly skeptical and suspected him of being an L & S man sailing under false colors; but, after double-checking with the Pinkerton agency, Dun and Bradstreet, Perry Mason and the House un-American Affairs Committee we found him to be an engineer in good standing. Needless to say we welcomed him with open arms and put him right to work and his first offering appeared in the New Year's issue. A further scratching from the White pen may be found in the pages of this number. We won't attempt to draw any profound conclusions from the engineer's advent; we'll leave that chore up to the Rathskeller contemplators.

While working out the various topics for last month's issue someone suggested doing a take-off on that very clever paper-bound book, *The Frenchman*, which is really a pictorial interview with Fernandel, the famous French comedian. The one stumbling block was the difficulty of finding an expressive face to use for our spread. After much haggling someone suggested Ed Morgan and a noticeable sigh of approval filled the hut. Ed was the very man, and the redoubtable Haresfooter readily fell in with our little scheme, thus "The Italian" was born.



"Next!"





### Annual Parody Trouble

Within the next few weeks the Octopus staff must decide upon which national magazine it would like to do a take-off. We have been wondering about the problem since last winter when our completely successful "Timf" went into two printings.

The readers of this magazine could help us along by either dropping us a card or writing a letter stating the name of the magazine which they would like us to parody. Before our building is trampled by Lucelovers we should warn you that we cannot parody *Life* or any other over-size or under-size magazine because the national advertising agency which prints our cover ads cannot change its plates in the middle of the stream.

So, since *Life*, *Look*, *Esquire*, *Holiday*, and *The Reader's Digest* are eliminated . . . what shall we parody? *Wee Wisdom*? *The Partisan Review*?

\* \* \*

### Over-Commercialization Of Christmas Again

We feel the ultimate thus far has been reached in making Christmas a glorified shopping spree and merchant's grab period. In deference to the advertising department we shall mention no names, but during the week before Christmas an astounding thing happened.

It seems that all during the week, the Weather Bureau had been sending out dire sleet and blizzard warnings. Radio stations in the area took up the warnings and broadcast them as a public service. Toward the middle of the week a store owner on the Square became alarmed and called

the manager of a radio station in town.

"Say," he said. "You've got to lay off those bad weather announcements this week. It's keeping all my customers away and I still have a lot of merchandise to move."

Since the store which the caller represented was a large advertiser, the manager of the station ordered all weather reports to be toned down. As a result, when the city did get a sleet storm on Friday many out-of-towners were caught with their chains off between their homes and Madison and a great number ended up in a ditch.

As E. B. White of the *New Yorker* wrote not so long ago, "To perceive Christmas through its wrapping becomes more difficult with every year." The day of reckoning must come some time. If everyone would do the following things next year we feel Christmas would become far more meaningful to them.

- Remember that it is the birth of Christ we are celebrating and not the birth of Santa Claus.

- Instead of spending your time



"I hear Henry Wiggins flunked out!"

Christmas shopping make arrangements with all those from whom you receive presents to donate just one CARE package instead.

- Buy a CARE package yourself rather than send presents which the recipient either does not need or can get himself.

- Spend the time you would have spent on Christmas shopping in making up a clever Christmas card telling people what you have done.

\* \* \*

A wealthy fraternity boy pulled in to Dallas one day and headed for a hotel. Noticing a beautiful girl sitting by herself in the hotel lobby, he registered, with supreme self-confidence, as Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, and then strolled over to make her acquaintance. After the week-end, he prepared to leave the hotel and asked for his bill.

"Ah yes," smiled the clerk, "that'll be \$150!"

"\$150!" echoed the youth. "What's the idea? I've only been here two days!"

"That's right, sir," the clerk said smoothly, "but your wife has been here a month and a half."

\* \* \*

An Englishman who stuttered very badly went to a specialist, and after ten difficult weeks, learned to say quite distinctly: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him upon this achievement.

"Yes," said the man, doubtfully, "b-but it's s-s-such a d-d-d-ucedly d-d-difficult remark t' w-w-work into an ordin'ry c-c-c-conversation, y'know."



## ADMIRABLY SUITED

... both to the smart college girl and her budget! Beautifully tailored suits of fine Juilliard gabardines in the newest of shades and styles.

Since we manufacture our own garments, the middle-man's profits are passed on to you as savings ... making it possible for you to buy a \$75 value for less than \$50!

Our replete selections of both dressy and classic styles are available in all sizes and colors.



# NEDREBO

CUSTOM CLOTHING CO.

524 State St.

Dial 5-6990



## CAL CALLOWAY

*Is back to  
entertain you nightly  
at the  
Hammond Organ*

**STEAKS — CHICKEN — SEA FOOD**

Student groups are invited to reserve our beautiful Pine Room for your private parties.

# ESQUIRE

2615 Sherman Ave.

Dial 4-9938

## Letters to the Editor

Editor,  
The OCTOPUS:

You make me sick. When are you going to grow up? I just finished reading your last issue (the *Cardinal* take-off) and I'm thoroughly disgusted. What's the matter with Wisconsin students, anyway? Instead of running for office, voting two or three times in an election, or learning all about student government what do they do? They study and go out on dates. Now you have the unmitigated gall to ridicule a campus organ that stands for student government. Don't you know you're encouraging students to persevere in their bad studying and dating habits instead of taking an interest in student government? Please cancel my subscription at once.

Vindictively,  
JOHN NIMROD,  
Madison.

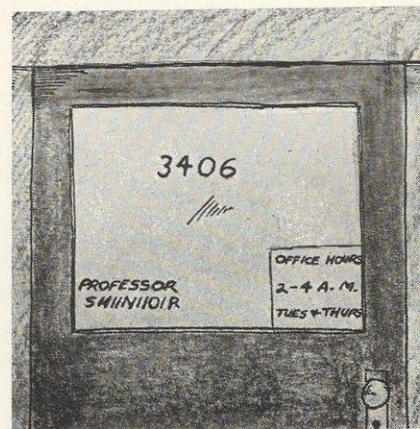
Ed.—But, John, you don't have a subscription!

Editor,  
The OCTOPUS:

In a recent issue of your magazine (*Octopus*, November) you carried a voter's guide in which you listed us as being an endorsing group for one of the candidates. I would like it understood that we are not now nor have we ever been a front organization for Joseph McCarthy. Please be so advised.

Very truly yours,  
PIMLICO RACE TRACK

P.S.—Honest, fellows, Joe hasn't been out here in weeks.





## Battle of the SEXES . . .

When the defeated Cardinal Party folded up everybody thought it natural. But when all the officers of the Student Alliance resigned without anyone even claiming their \$10,000 bail fund, President Fred became worried over the lack of student interest in campus politics. He requested Dr. Ima Faik of the Abnormal Psychology department and Prof. Gus Pitor of the Political Science and Tactics department to study the problem. Said Fred, U. W. head, "Dr. Faik, student politicians are generally neurotic so you're best qualified to study them, and Prof. Pitor, since you think you know politics, I'll let you have a crack at them. Now find out what's going on. Something crazy's happening. The commies aren't even trying to sell subscriptions to the Daily Worker any more."

They found two parties, both underground and possibly subversive, both newly formed and growing stronger, each waiting till election season to formally announce its existence.

They were the Men's party and the Women's party. They were very similar in organization, for all the officers and full-fledged members were of the sex the name indicates.

But most important were the platforms. The two professors classified items in the platforms as designed to appeal to the other sex and thus entice their votes and to appeal to the party's gender. In the latter case, reported Prof. Pitor, the planks weren't designed to be shown to anybody but their own members.

The Women's platform, says Dr. Faik, was typical of a neurotic college female.

Designed to appeal to everyone, especially college males, were the following items:

1. The gals can stay out as late as they want to.
2. A Dating Bureau will be sponsored by student board.
3. An anti-prejudice committee will try to make necking and related sport looked upon as something perfectly natural which all normal persons should indulge in. This is because many a girl erects a shield of false frigidity because she believes other people will consider her vulgar and crass if they see her enjoying herself in such a manner. (This is the girls' way of telling the boys that they'd be more cooperative if the Women's party won.—Prof. Pitor.)

Things on the platform which the boys shouldn't discover are:

1. The boys will have to observe 10:30 and 12:30 nights unless they date a girl who's a member of the Women's party. (This is designed to keep the men away from taverns and other stag activities. The reason is obvious. The fellow should spend money on the girls, not on himself.—Dr. Faik.)
2. Men will be barred from the Rat unless escorted by a girl. (This is to satisfy the feminine ego which was hurt when the girls read in the *Cardinal* that women were barred from the Rat in pre-war days.—Dr. Faik.)
3. The *Cardinal* will become a combined fashion paper

(continued on page 22)

## There's a Wealth of Laughs For You in Coming Issues



Be Sure to Get  
THE  
**OCTY**  
EVERY  
MONTH



**Be Her  
Valentine**  
and send her flowers



**LOU WAGNER'S**

*Flower & Gift Shop*

1313 University Ave.

7-1938

OPPOSITE HOSPITAL



**HOLD  
the  
PHONE!**

Planning a frat or dorm party?  
... a big date? Well, whatever it  
is, make sure you **ask for C.B.!**  
It's rich in taste for you fellows  
... and smooth and mellow for  
the gals. Always get **C.B.!**

**Centennial  
Brew**

Fauerbach Brewing Co.

Madison

## Brown Study

• This issue: In the hushed secrecy of Octy's sound-proof editorial offices, four figures crouched tensely over the home-made crystal radio.

John Burke, Jack Stillman, the editor, and Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer listened intently as a gal named Maggie yodeled the closing bars of "The Missouri Waltz." The piano stopped, and a drawing voice commenced, "The State of the Union . . ."

The seed for the next issue had been planted.

As the program closed, calls began pouring in from the disgruntled—people whose opinion hadn't been asked, people whose opinion had been asked, people who had been asked but had no opinion, people who had opinion but had been asked, and people.

The main source of the trouble soon became apparent—that word "union."

John L. though he was talking about a three-day week, Petrillo about music, Porter thought it was a Memorial, and Henry Wiggins, his undersuit.

In the face of this confusion, Octy must fulfill its civic mission, rise to the occasion, and clear the matter up by making an issue of it.

\* \* \*

• The Staff: We welcome *Cardinal* Editor Karl Meyer to our ranks again this month. The shuffling young dean of campus journalism has been a frequent visitor to our columns in preceding years; we enjoy having him back. (P.S. Meyer was actually the Red-nosed Reindeer in disguise, one of the instigators of a "politics" issue.)

\* \* \*

• Another Octy business manager bows out this issue. If he passes, Bert Hutchison graduates at the end of the semester; however, passing is no mean trick.

Besides his academic load and Octy, Bert acquired some new responsibilities this semester. As he scribbled across the bottom of a recent exam, "Today my wife is presenting me with an heir to the Hutchison millions. Please take this into consideration when marking this paper."

\* \* \*

• The Reader: Octy's friends have been extremely kind this year in their criticism and helpful suggestions for the mag. Comparatively few, however, have suggested candidates for the Ninth Tentacle, jokes for the Life Savers contest or items for the Campus Chronicle. If your favorite prof is an embryonic Bob Hope why not send his latest quip along to us. We're thinking of starting a column of "Bright Sayings of Adults."

\* \* \*

• The Octopus: With this issue Octy chortles his way past the half way mark of the current volume. He pauses a moment, tentacle thoughtfully poised on chin, and reflects. Shuddering only slightly, the little squid passes on to pleasanter thoughts—the future.

A quick glimpse in his crystal ball reveals an interesting issue coming up next month—a study in college humor.

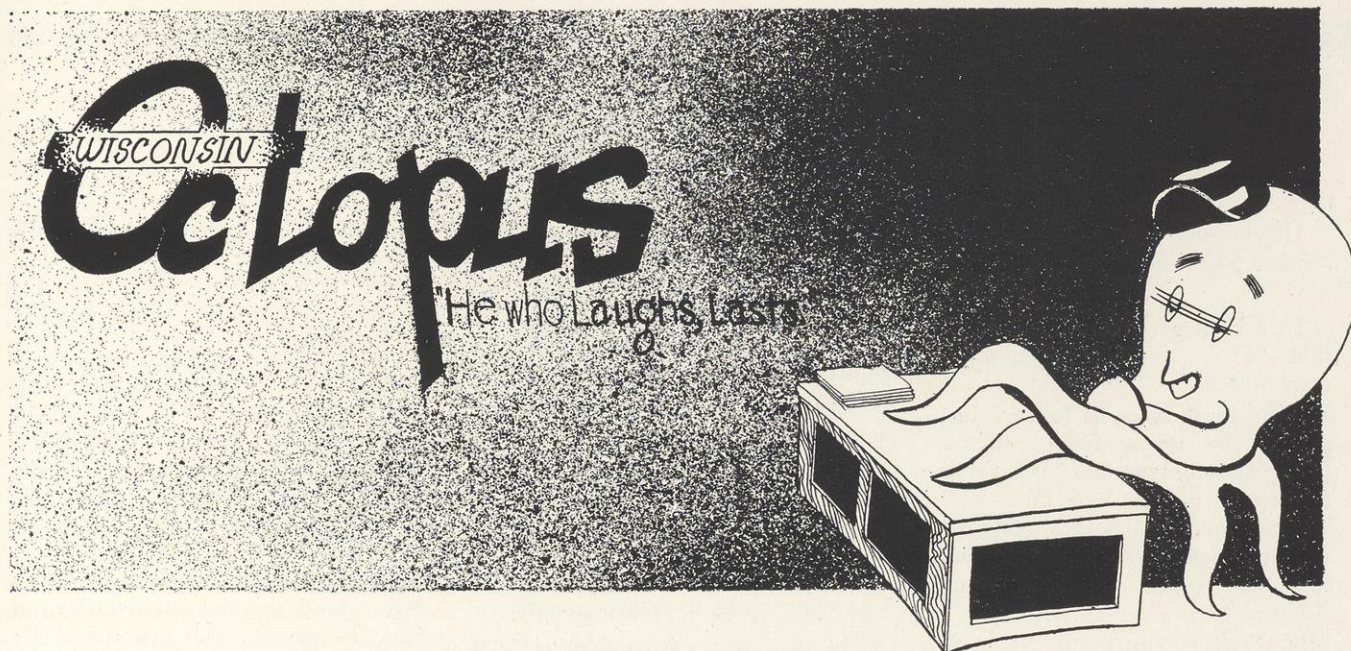
The following issue will be the annual magazine take-off, something that will especially delight the women.

Just enough time should then remain to whip through a manners and morals issue and a final vacation-summer edition.

Until next month, then, we remain . . .

Fincerely yours,  
—rh





Volume XXVIII

JANUARY, 1950

Number 5

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*Like all Dorm Residents**by John Stillman*

# The Freds Eat Out

(From the *Daily Cardinal*, December 14, 1949:

In a lighter vein, Fred admitted that "I am practically a dorm man myself."

"The Fred home is located just across the street from Slichter hall," he pointed out. "We Freds frequently eat at Van Hise hall, and through our big bay windows we keep close track of all the comings and goings at Tripp and Adams.")

Mrs. Fred is sitting in the comfortable overstuffed chair in her home opposite Slichter hall on the Ag campus. The president of the university, Dr. Edwin B. Fred, has relaxed on the couch where he is reading the evening paper. At times he raises his hand to tug at a loose strand of hair which seems to be out of place.

Mrs. Fred lowers the copy of the *Octopus* which she has been laughing over and watches her husband. "Edwin!" she finally says. "It's no use. Nothing will make it grow."

Dr. Fred makes no reply, but continues to pull at the hair. After several moments of silence he speaks.

"I wonder what they're having over at Van Hise tonight."

Mrs. Fred glances out of the large bay window toward the dormitories and says, "It must be chipped beef on toast. All the boys seem to be headed for the Hasty Tasty."

Dr. Fred returns to his paper and his wife puts down the magazine and goes into the study to get her sewing basket. As she returns she glances out the side bay window where she can see the Short Course dorms. After seating herself again she gets some mending work out of the basket and begins to sew thoughtfully.

She finally speaks. "Edwin, why did they put those awful colored drapes in the windows of the Short Course dorm? I told Mr. Gallistel I wanted green flowered fuschia, but he must have listened to someone else. How can those poor boys sleep in rooms with those colors?"

"What, dear?" Dr. Fred had been reading Mr. Evjue's column and was

most interested in the man's views on how to run the university.

"I said why did they put those awful colored drapes in the windows of the Short Course dorm. I told Mr. Gallistel I wanted green flowered..."

"I picked out the color of the drapes," said Dr. Fred. His wife took up the sock she had been darning and changed the subject.

"I wonder what they're having over at Van Hise tonight."

"Let's go over and find out." The President made decisions quickly.

The two got up from their relaxed positions and put on their coats. As he passed the mantel in the living

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## *A scholarly study of the eating habits of the University's first family.*

---

room Dr. Fred nodded respectfully at the Confederate flag above the fireplace. Mrs. Fred turned out the Christmas tree lights and thought at the same time that they should soon throw out that tree. Its needles were falling.

Dr. Fred took his wife's arm as they made their way down the sanded walk through the snow drifts. The crisp air felt good but they were just as pleased to enter the warmth of Van Hise. The President looked at the menu, mumbled something uncomplimentary, and began to replace the coat he had started to remove. Mrs. Fred stepped up to the list and shrieked with pleasure at what she saw.

"Edwin, liver and bacon! I just love it."

Dr. Fred glowered but said nothing as he took off his coat again and hung it up. The two stood in line and took their trays with the rest of the dorm men. The President looked glum as he watched the boy behind the counter heap a big spoonful of mashed potatoes on his plate beside the slab of liver. The boy looked up and

grinned. "Nothing's too good for our prexy. Ha! Ha!"

"Ha! Ha!" Dr. Fred laughed mirthlessly, took his tray, and moved down the line.

With their plates and trays filled, the Freds looked for a place to sit down. Mrs. Fred spotted Tell Yelle, the head resident, sitting with some of his house fellows. She headed toward him with the President following.

As the couple approached, all the boys stood up and invited them to join the group. Tell introduced Dr. and Mrs. Fred to his companions and they sat down, Mrs. Fred carrying the conversation.

"Didn't I see some boys go into Tripp carrying red kerosene lanterns last night?" she asked.

Ed Kinzer, Botkin house fellow, suddenly became caught in a coughing seizure.

"What's wrong, Ed?" asked Dr. Fred.

Tell Yelle spoke up. "The soup must be hot."

The President glanced at Kinzer. "Officer Hammersley called me up this morning and said that someone had raided a construction outfit north of Portage late last evening. They stole some red lanterns."

"I'll talk to some of the boys and find out if they know anything. We've got some pretty high spirited fellows over at Botkin. They never mean any harm, though, Dr. Fred." Ed Kinzer was flustered.

"Did I say something I shouldn't have?" Mrs. Fred smiled around the table.

Some noise toward the door caused the party to look up. The source of the confusion seemed to be a smiling fellow who was waving madly at the Freds.

"Oh, there's Mr. Luberg, Edwin." Mrs. Fred waved back and in a matter of moments Leroy Luberg, the President's assistant, was at the table. After greeting everyone he took some papers from his pocket.

"Will you sign these, Dr. Fred? I've got to get them in the mail tonight."

(continued on page 21)



Wiley pens Confessional Record

by Jack Mitchell

# Laughing at Congress

This is a review of Senator Alexander Wiley's book "Laughing with Congress," published in 1947 by Crown Publishers, and sold at that time in book stores and by Senator Wiley for \$3.00. If a person wants to read it (and it's not worth the effort) he can get it from most libraries or pick it up at the 39 cent sale at Brown's book store.

Senator Wiley has compiled a book which, while certainly not the worst published in 1947, can in no way be labeled as one of the best. It consists of anecdotes and Rastus stories which congressmen bandy around in the legislative cloak rooms. If the type of humor which the senator from Wisconsin describes is indicative of the best that congress can put out, then our legislators might well concentrate exclusively upon lawmaking.

Fortunately, the real humor can be found, but not in "Laughing with Congress." The Congressional Record is full of humorous stuff, and Senator Wiley himself is far funnier when he is trying to be serious. His plan to decentralize congress in event of an atomic war and enable all legislators to vote from their caves via television is extremely laughable. And what about the time he preached private power to a bunch of co-op members? Bill Evjue almost split his sides.

In the foreword to "Laughing with Congress," Senator Paul Douglas (D., Ill.) declares of the author, "Senator Wiley knows how to work as hard as any man I have ever known, to live as sincerely as any friend I have ever had, and to laugh with his own good nature, at himself quite as much as at others."

We hope the senator gets a great big laugh out of this. He has divided his book into chapters, some of which are labeled:

- 1) "If God Had Made Congress . . . He Would Not Boast of It"
- 2) Talk, Talk, and More Talk
- 3) A Gag Party With the Political Parties, and
- 4) In This Corner—Weighing 2¼ Million Pounds—Battling Bureaucracy.

As examples of the type of stuff in the book we shall print a joke from each of the above chapters.

- 1) "A member of the clergy rang the bell of a colonial mansion and Eph, an equally aged colored servant, answered the door. The minister, seeking contributions to his church, asked, 'Is the master of the house a Christian?'

"'Nossuh, nossuh,' said the old Negro emphatically. 'He am a member of congress.'"

\* \* \*

- 2) The late Senator Bilbo of Mississippi quoted a post-script from a letter during one of his filibusters.

"If you need somebody to help you filibuster, send for my wife. She has been filibustering for twenty years."

\* \* \*

- 3) A teacher in political science asked:

"Who was the first Democrat in the world?"

"Christopher Columbus," a student answered.

"How come?"

"When he left Spain, his trip was government financed. He didn't know where he was going. When he got to America he still didn't know where he was going, and when he got home, he couldn't tell where he had been."

\* \* \*

- 4) "Did you hear about the New Deal Bureaucrat, a former professor, who dreamt that he was back teaching school, woke up, and found that he was?"

\* \* \*

After a few jokes like those have been printed, it is best to close a review as fast as possible. Senator Wiley, more long-winded than we, dedicates his book "to the happiness of the people of Wisconsin and of all America; and of their children and their children's children." Neither my children nor my children's children are ever going to see the book.



"This is the last time I'm gettin' in a seat block with these guys!"



Octy's favorite senator writes his:

# Weekly News Letter

The people of the great dairy state of Wisconsin demand that they be informed on all vital issues facing democracy at the crossroads in this black hour of decision. It is for this reason that Your Senator Wiley writes this newsletter to all Wisconsin papers—so that the People May Know the Truth and the Truth Will Make Them Republicans!

Let's take some sample issues:

**SEX**—This issue has been under scrutiny by Your Senator Wiley for some time. It is a topic of concern to every man and woman. It deserves serious consideration. It raises problems which may shape the Course which this Nation takes in the future.

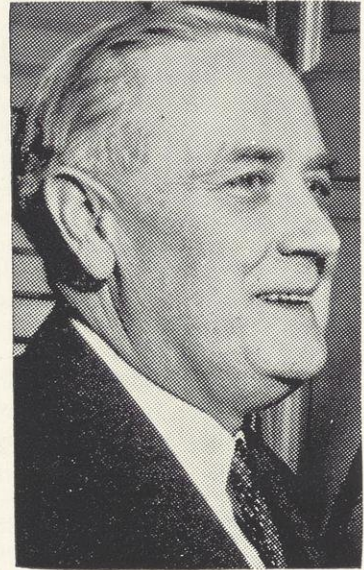
But, frankly, I haven't made up my mind—AND A SENATOR SHOULD BE HONEST WITH HIS CONSTITUENTS! Let me know your opinions and I will do my level Wisconsin-born-and-bred best to face the issue squarely WITHOUT FLINCHING.

**WHAT ARE THE ISSUES?** Let me tell you how the parties stand on this vital factor in human progress, happiness, health, wealth and Wisconsin's Dairyland men and women:

## REPUBLICANS

Balanced budget, economy of effort.  
Moderate taxation on the nation's manpower.

MINIMUM controls on *YOU*, the voter.



—Cap. Times

## DEMOCRATS

Deficit financing, unlimited tapping of resources.  
Unlimited taxation of voters.

MAXIMUM, Socialistic-type of controls on everybody.  
What do you, my friends, think of these issues? Your opinion is what counts with Senator Wiley.

0000 O 0000

**RECENT SPEECHES**—Your Senator has been very active in Bringing the Truth to the People via the mouth. In fact, while other senators loaf in Washington and draw pay checks for merely voting on bills, I have toured the state and made speeches at the following places:

Dedication of Arbor Day tree at Gopher Point Indoor Marbles Championship Contest in Shaukessa; Issak Walter Small Mouth Rock Bass and Clam Chowder Association Annual Convention in Boise, Montana; and finally the Wisconsin Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Roquefort, Limburger and Kraft Food company luncheon (burp) at the Dairyland Diner on 443 W. Gilman Street.

I end with this thought for you, the voters, as you ponder the fate of the United States in this world of crisis:

Now on to other issues:

**RECENT BILLS**—Your Senator Wiley has been active in behalf of Wisconsin's interests. For instance, this week I introduced the following bills: 8G-67\$: To impose the death penalty for coloring Margarine any tint of yellow; 7B-98%: To replace J. Edgar Hoover with Joe Hammersley; 9\*-45: To make Chicago part of Wisconsin—as it was before Democrats gerrymandered it into Illinois; 98&-45: To distribute free copies of "Laughing With Congress" by Sen. Alex Wiley to every voter in the state. This is what Your Senator has done for Wisconsin.

SENATOR WILEY SEZ: "I have confidence in the people's judgment" (Newsletter, December 1, 1949).

THANKS VERY MUCH FOR YOUR KIND ATTENTION TO THIS REPORT!



FULL TEXT:

## The State of the Union

*(The following is the reprint of a mythical speech addressed to a mythical Union directorate by an equally mythical Porter Butts.)*

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Directorate and er, ah . . . students (*aside*: How the hell did they get in here anyway?) I greet you all at the start of a great new year—a year full of promise, full of anticipation, full of . . . er, full of . . . , ah, yes. And we look back on a year full of achievement, full of accomplishment, full . . . yes.

Before presenting my program for the next glorious year in my, er . . . your Union's history I would like to answer a question that has been raised by some malcontent (*glares in the direction of the non-directorate members of the audience who have crowded into the room*). It is a rather foolish question but I'll answer it anyway.

The question is: Why have a Union? The answer is, of course, simple and obvious to all of you; but I have prepared a four part answer.

FIRST, the Union exists to make the Large University a more human place, or, in the words of the late Gertrude Stein, "A Union is a Union is a Union." And one can't beat a Union, can one? (*Smiles to his auditors.*)

SECOND, the Union provides in addition to the physical facilities where personal relations among students may naturally find expression, a comprehensive and well-considered program for the social life of the University.

THIRD, the Union stands as the University's recognition of the importance of the leisure hour. Apart from its value in restoring personality to the University's procedures, the Union makes a signal contribution to the scope and objectives of the educational approach. In this way the Union relieves the student of the expense of hiring his own psychiatrist.

FOURTH, the Union is a great student cooperative enterprise available to all the students and thus freeing them from the vested interests along State Street who would take their last eating money—and after all, why shouldn't they spend it here?

And there you have a brief, suc-

cinct, concise, comprehensive and well-considered answer to the question.

But now to the main business at hand—a program for 1950. Without further ado here is what I charge you with:

A. Repeal of Taft-Hartley is our paramount concern and all other business must wait on its repeal. No Union can function, let alone flourish, while it is still on the statute books. Taft-Hartley must go. (*Scattered applause.*)

B. With this new term I intend, as far as it is within my powers, to cut out all deficit spending. (*Loud applause.*) From now on the Union will be rolling on a pay-as-you-go basis. Such a decision may result in the revision of our prices upward but, if such is necessary, we will proceed. As the first move in this direction I announce at this time an increase in coffee prices to 10c a cup (boos from the standing audience, but Porter quells it with an upraised hand), but from now on we'll use coffee in it (boos turn to cheers).

C. I charge you also to repeal all excise taxes, or at least those on lobster a la Newburg and crepes suzette.

D. In order to offset the lowering or abolishing of these taxes we must recover the lost revenue somewhere else. This can best be done by taxing those who are able to pay. Consequently the fees for services to the Bankers' School next summer will be doubled. They can afford to pay. (Crowd goes wild, as Porter, gratified, takes a drink of water.)

E. Point 4 . . . er, point 5, rather, covers aid for undeveloped areas within the Union. In this connection I tender for your consideration a plan to revamp the Union, tearing out all unproductive concessions and replacing them with income-producing ones. This plan can be expanded at a later date but immediately it comes to mind that the Barber Shop could become a men's bar, and that the library could become a niterie with floor show every evening. (*Scattered applause.*)

F. Our foreign relations and even

those who aren't related to us seem, at present, to be in desperate straits. It is obligatory that we offer and supply them with aid at this time. I urge that you adopt legislation that would allow all foreign students to eat free in the cafeteria, providing, of course, that they all sign non-Communist oaths. (*Loud applause.*)

G. And now we come to an extremely important subject—the armed forces budget. Because of the troubled state of the world I think it advisable that we keep our forces strong but in the interests of economy, which is also vital, we will have to cut where possible. Henceforth we will reduce by two the number of waiters we have on duty in the Rathskeller the night of Military Ball. (*Loud applause.*)

H. The post-war period finds us faced with an imposing housing shortage and I can't impress you too strongly with the need for supplying adequate shelter for the many and various Union committees. An extensive building program should be immediately launched to remedy the predicament and for this purpose it may be even necessary to condemn several fraternity houses and other non-essential dwellings.

I. Lastly I must call your attention to the hundreds of veterans at present swelling our enrollment and the desideratum of doing something for them and thus showing our appreciation for the great work they did. I urge you to designate the 30th of February as Appreciation Day. On that day, from now on, all veterans will be admitted to use all Union facilities, without charge, providing of course that they are in uniform. (*Thunderous applause.*)

Thank you for your kind attention. It gives me great pleasure to appear before you and to have been able to offer you this far-sighted program. Because of the lateness of the hour I'll dispense with debate and call for an immediate vote.

All those in favor, say aye. (Butts and three lieutenants say "aye".) Opposed, drop dead. Meeting adjourned.







# Must It Be Preserved?





# Fulbright to Mars

Last year I applied to the scholarship committee for some free money. They answered by awarding me an exchange scholarship.

"Where's it to?" I asked E. B. "Oxford?"

"Nope," said the dignified president, "Canal College."

"Huh? Never heard of it. Didn't I win a Rhodes Scholarship?"

He grinned maliciously. "Nope. Oxford's too close. When we want to get rid of someone, we really send him far away."

"Canal College? Down in Panama, maybe?"

"Nope, it's part of the University of Mars. Mars has canals too."

Mars, I'd never been there. Oh well, English girls are too quiet anyway. Since I needed money, but didn't want to go to Michigan to play football, I accepted the scholarship.

First of all they had to make me look like a Martian.

"Everybody joins a 'Professional Playboy Organization', something like your fraternities, but their constitutions discriminate against pledges with less than four chins," said the Martian ambassador to America.

So my first prerequisite was a disguise. Four extra putty chins, my hair dyed green, my beard orange, falsies glued above my ears, and a training course consisting of several kegs of Blatz to produce a Milwaukee front, and then I was ready to enroll as Ima Faik, a Martian from the Buze Canal Zone.

As soon as my Lil Ajax planet hopper reached Mars, I went to see my advisor. He was a short, stubby, dwarf-shaped person with fully seven chins (a sign of wisdom on Mars I guess, just like a broad forehead or fat head is on earth). He told me about the University of Mars' prize extension, Canal College.

"Is it co-educational?"

"Course not," said my advisor.

I began to wonder what was the matter with President Fred. By now he should know that any normal Wisconsin man would go crazy at a place without women.

"Canal College is divided into three schools," continued my advisor, "just like your university was divided up into L&S, Engineering, Law, football, etc.

"There's the school of money."

"For bankers or counterfeiters?"

"For people who want to learn a trade so they can earn money. You could study medicine, for instance, and major in the manufacture and application of skin-falsies."

"Huh?"

"On earth they're called Band-Aids."

"That oughtta be a snap course. But what else is there?"

My hepta-chinned advisor told me about the Culture College. "It's for people who think the purpose of school is to provide a broad sophisticated background. It's got courses like 'The Hit-Parade of a Thousand Years Ago', 'Music Depreciation', 'How to Pretend You Understand Art'. But you don't want that field. You'd have to . . ." He wrinkled his face as if sampling pickle juice. ". . . to study!"

"I don't mind that," I lied.

"What?" He glared at me. "Don't say that in public or they'll send you across the canal." Later I discovered he referred to the Martian Mendota.

"What's left, besides football?"

He beamed, each chin wiggling independently.

"The College of Enjoyment. There you learn how to enjoy life, mostly through practical experience. You practice playing cards. If you're girlishy you have to date shemales, er . . . that's a Martian female. You must try all forms of amusement. The im-

by

Don White

pulsive guy has to tame down occasionally and just hold hands and talk intelligently with his date, while the shy, cautious guy . . . need I tell you? The idea is that you can't know which pastimes are most enjoyable unless you try them all."

Guess which course I chose.

In a dull tour around campus I learned the buildings were scattered over a 25 square mile area, but, fortunately, there was free gondola service between classes. Then my advisor pointed out Charm College, a neighboring school.

"Why didn't you tell me about this place?"

"But earthman," he protested feebly, "that's not Canal College. Charm College is another extension of the University of Mars. It's for shemales only."

Since inmates of Canal College spend most of their time at the shemale school, I gave it an inspection. I noticed one dorm in particular, a new one, named "Liz Canal Juice."

"Canal Juice, that's water," I shouted. "You've got a Liz Waters too."

"Yes," said the old Martian proudly. "We plagiarized the idea. Why we even installed passion pits."

Then I saw shemales walking around, beautiful creatures in a different sort of way. As long as I had to wear a barrel of disguise to pass as a Martian, I began asking why I couldn't transfer to the Charm College masqueraded as a shemale.

My advisor was Martian, not Russian, but he still vetoed the idea.

School started. My classes were a snap.

Math was easy because of the simple Martian numerical system. The smaller numbers are "nothing", "one", "a couple". If you mean more than a couple you say "a few". A couple "fews" are "several". Larger numbers are "some", "bout so many", "lots", "many", "oodles", "loads 'n loads", "oodles 'n scoodles", and "too damn many".

For instance, there are "many oodles" of people on Mars while on Earth there are "too damn many."

History was also simple. Nobody on Mars cares what someone else did. According to that egotistical race: "The only important thing in the world is myself." So history meant studying your own personal history. In short the course was mostly keeping a diary and at the end of the year writing an autobiography entitled, "The Development of a Genius." Since I used that same title in my autobiography for English 1a, it was an easy project.

Courses in Social Enjoyment and Personal Recreation were my main subjects. Like my advisor said, "You practice all forms of amusement until you find the ones you like the best."

My first class in History was a bit surprising. Room 101, Grand Canal

(continued on page 24)





"BUT HOW FAR WOULD I GET IF I STOPPED FOR EVERY MAN THAT WHISTLED AT ME?"

Since we call professors "prof," it's easy to figure out what we ought to call assistants.

\* \* \*

Ivy: "You say Bill is pretty cocky and sure of himself?"

Room: "I'll say he is. He does crossword puzzles with a pen."

\* \* \*

I know someone who has a daughter who is so ugly that if she played Lady Godiva the horse would steal the scene.

\* \* \*

He: "You go to bed and I'll wash the dishes."

She: "Those paper dishes won't stand another washing."

He: "That's all right, I'll erase them tonight."

\* \* \*

"Can you tell me one of the uses of cowhide?"

"Yes, it keeps the cows together."

\* \* \*

"Did you ever take chloroform?"

"No, who teaches it?"

\* \* \*

"Captain, is this a good ship?"

"Why, Madam, this is her maiden voyage."

\* \* \*

I know some ghosts who belong to the same club. They are frightnity brothers.

\* \* \*

Her dress was tight—  
She scarce could breathe;  
She sneezed aloud,  
And there stood Eve!

He was so bashful, he took mistletoe along on his honeymoon.

"I was shot through the leg in the war."

"Have a scar?"

"No, thanks, I don't smoke."

## Yuks!

The weaker sex is the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

\* \* \*

The ancient history prof had his class on the ropes with the question



"G'WAN.... IT'S PROBABLY A PUBLICITY STUNT!"

"Name two ancient sports common in Egypt." All the class missed the question except one hep lad who answered, "Anthony and Cleopatra."

\* \* \*

A frat boy went to a party and met a girl. Not being one to waste time, he decided to try to date her for the weekend, although she didn't seem to go for him too much.

"Hey, beautiful," he said, "how about a date for Saturday?"

"I'm sorry," she answered, "but I have a date Saturday."

"Well, how about Sunday?"

"I'm going out in the country on Sunday."

"How about Monday?"

"Oh well," the girl snapped, "if you're going to be insistent, I'll go Saturday."

\* \* \*

A student with a headache consulted his married friend for relief suggestions.

"Well," the friend said, "when I had a headache yesterday, my wife kissed me for half an hour and it went away."

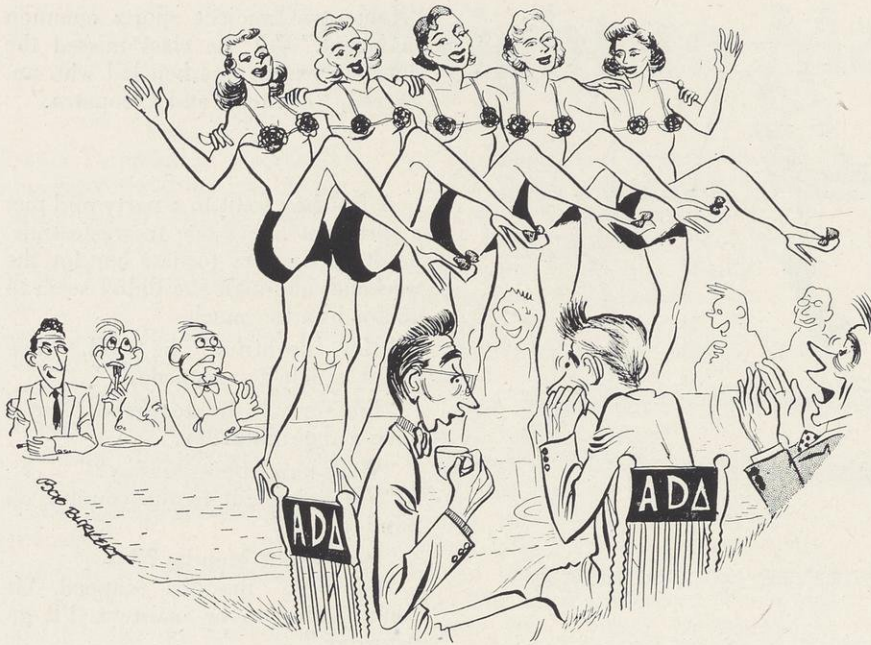
"Good idea," said the sufferer. "Where's your wife now?"

\* \* \*

First Communist: "Nice weather we're having."

Second Communist: "Yes, but the rich are having it too!"





'I hate to think what the house bill will be this month!'

The quiet little freshman co-ed from the country was on her first college date, and thrilled beyond words. She didn't want to appear countryfied. She had put on her prettiest dress, got a sophisticated hair-do, and was all prepared to talk understandingly about music, art, or politics.

Her hero took her to a movie, and then to the favorite college cafe.

"Two beers," he told the waiter.

She, not to be outdone, murmured: "The same for me."

\* \* \*

The burlesque queen woke up the morning after the raid to find herself fully clothed.

Expecting the worst, she screamed, "My God! I've been draped!"

\* \* \*

She: "Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

He: "Now that you mention it, you do look familiar."

\* \* \*

A zoology professor was unwrapping a parcel before his class which, he explained to his pupils, was a fine specimen of a dissected frog. Upon disclosing two sandwiches, a hard boiled egg, and a banana, he was very much surprised and exclaimed, "But I'm sure I ate my lunch."

\* \* \*

Joe: "It's funny how one's thoughts keep pace with the weather."

Femme: "Yes, it certainly is raw outside, isn't it?"

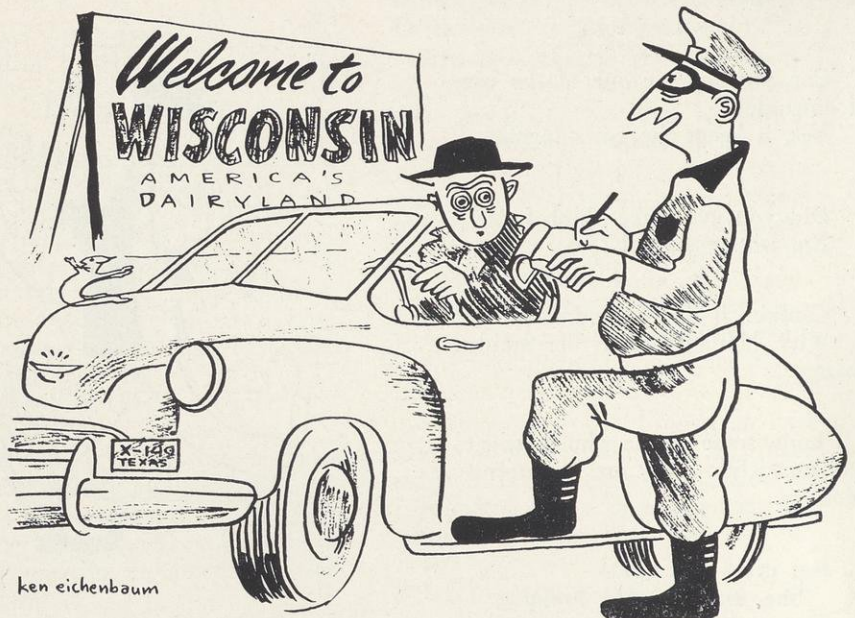
You can lead a horse to Vassar, but you can't make her think.

\* \* \*

Have you heard about the ghost who backed into a lawnmower, then went into a liquor store because he heard they retailed spirits.

## Yaks!

"BOUNDARIES OF THE UNIVERSITY ARE THE BOUNDARIES OF THE STATE"



"Alright, let's see your fee card!"

Daughter (admiring a set of mink skins from father): "I can hardly realize that these beautiful furs come from such a small, sneaking beast."

Father: "I don't ask for thanks, my dear, but I must insist on respect."

\* \* \*

Willie in a fit insane,  
Thrust his head beneath a train,  
All were quite surprised to find  
How it broadened Willie's mind.

\* \* \*

They've improvised a system of making wool out of milk, which must make the cow feel sort of sheepish.

\* \* \*

"And always remember, children, that the difference between a model woman and a woman model is that the former is a bare possibility, while the latter is a naked fact."

\* \* \*

"Stand behind your lover," said the Scotsman to his unfaithful wife. "I'm going to shoot you both."

\* \* \*

A bargain is a good buy. A good-bye is a farewell. A farewell is to part. To part is to leave. My girl friend left without a good-bye. She was no bargain anyway.

\* \* \*

And there was the tugboat that committed suicide when it found out that its mother was a tramp and its father was a ferry.





Photo By De Long

*Octy's Dream Girl*

**NANCY FROTHINGHAM**

*Sophomore . . . Chi Omega*

*Nursing . . . 5'3" . . .*

*. . . 34 . . . 25 . . . 35 . . .*



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Not a Sideline"

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### QUESTIONS

- A** I'm said to be honest, in short, without guile;  
Change a vowel at the end, I'm a beautiful isle.
- B** Crops of the birds, an insect that hums,  
Run them together and up my name comes.
- C** We're homonyms three, and to pick us out better,  
We're a noun and a verb and a capital letter.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

#### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

Due to an error in the placement of the Chesterfield contest there were no winners in the December issue. Be sure and get your answers in to the Octy for the above contest today. The first ten winners receive a carton of Chesterfields.

## Cafe Society

By JACK T. HARRIMAN

Modern young Hemingways and Gertrude Steins are living the life of Bohemian expatriates in name only when they are forced to gather in neon-lit drug stores, silver-plated bars, and shiny beer parlors to discuss their latest short story or to contemplate the progress of a novel.

Material surroundings *are* important, after all. The mood and ambiance of the external world has its counterpart in the mind and imagination of the individual. A blaring juke box spewing out "Mule Train" or "Slipping Around" is part of an obviously undesirable atmosphere for great things.

Thus this plea is made for a benefactor, one who wishes to do his bit toward the improvement of contemporary American writing and allied creative arts. What is needed is the establishment in the United States of outdoor, sidewalk cafes.

The setting may be simple enough. There should be sufficient round, metallic tables to seat four or five comfortably but which in a pinch could do for a gradually growing group of, say, 25 or 30. While trees of course are sprinkled throughout the area, there would have to be several minute tables where only two alone could relax in a serious *tete-a-tete*. On the perimeter of this whole ground could be placed a ring of distinctive tables (square, of course) facing inwards, where visitors from the outer world would sit and watch the spectacle within, and help pay for it.

The prices at such a cafe would be nominal for those of the inner circle: coffee, 2¢, the popular panache of half beer-half lemon, 4¢, or water, 1¢. Tea and cakes would be served in unlimited quantities for a dime in late afternoon. And a knowing nod to the white packeted, studiously sloppy waiter (who nonetheless would be a "character"), would bring a snifter of cognac or a thin glass of absinthe.

To keep the dead silence from being too oppressive, a strolling violinist would saunter among the tables playing gypsy melodies. And, b'times, he would be replaced by a singer of folk tunes. Burl Ivesy-like, singing and whistling "Jimmy Crack Corn." At tea time, the Pro Arte quartet would softly play Viennese waltzes.

Meanwhile, the antics of the visitors at the square tables compete with the select at the round ones. Each group stares menacingly at the other. The shaggy heads of the poets bob up and down as they read their latest work, while the femme existentialists dressed in loin cloths gesture weirdly at each other. Spectators from Sauk City try to make the knowing nod to catch the waiter's eye and try some "assett." An occasional eruption marks the abduction of one clan's Bohemian Beauty by another. The ash can school seems to have the best collection by day's end.

Is such an ideal as the outdoor cafe in the United States *practical*, you ask? Of course it is. But the search must begin at once for the far-sighted individual who desires to stimulate and encourage the modern generation, to help find itself.

One last question you have? Go right ahead.

*What if it rains?*



# Yics!

Script Writer—I think we'll call that character George. Sam Goldwyn—whaddya mean? Every Tom, Dick, and Harry is named George.

\* \* \*

Even the bricklayer got where he is today by hod work.

\* \* \*

The doctor came out of the bedroom to the anxious wife. "Frankly," he says, "I don't like the way your husband looks at all."

"I don't either, doc," the wife replied, "but he's nice to the kids."

\* \* \*

Have you any deodorant?

Yes, mum.

\* \* \*

"Conductor, does this train stop at San Francisco?"

"Lady, if it doesn't, there's going to be one hell of a splash."

\* \* \*

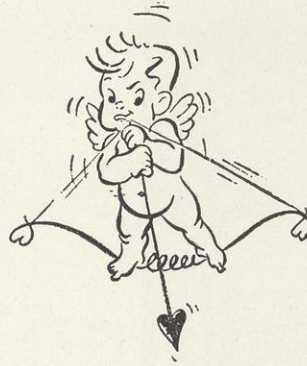
There was once a Mr. and Mrs.

Without any marital blrs.

Now she dreams of krs.

While he reminrs.

"A hell of a waste of time thrs.!"



What  
"Nappy"  
did to  
Josephine,

What Caesar did  
to "Cleo",  
What Essex did  
to "Liz",

Oh, what you  
can do  
to her  
heart!



with a Valentine  
from

*Baron's*  
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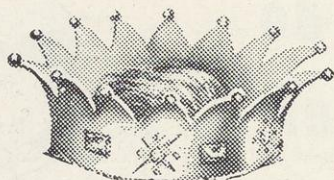
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*dinner to a king's  
taste . . .  
queen's, too, of course!  
where but at*

## the wooden bowl

At the Lark

2550 University Ave.

Where it happens every day  
except Monday! Please call  
6-8025 for reservations!

RECOMMENDED BY DUNCAN HINES

# Yipe!

The only trouble with lipstick is that it doesn't.

\* \* \*

"STOP, SINNER! Do you think that a glass of that vile brew will quench your thirst?"

"Hell, no—gonna drink the whole jug."

\* \* \*

They are making a college movie of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and calling it "How Hester Won Her A."

\* \* \*

"Gonna be tough sleddin' today."

"How come?"

"No snow."

\* \* \*

One student is claiming that he read in a text on primitive cultures that a Ubangi is the only human on earth who can seal a letter with a kiss—after it's in the mailbox.

\* \* \*

Give me a sentence with the word toaster.  
I love my girl from her toaster head.

\* \* \*

She was only the plumber's daughter, but every time a man whistled, her cheeks flushed.

\* \* \*

Definition of a true musician: When he hears a lady singing in the bath, he put his ear to the keyhole.

\* \* \*

She—You're the kind of man a girl can trust.

He—Haven't I met you before? Your faith is familiar.

\* \* \*

Everybody knows what a WAC is (or was), but only a favored few know the meaning of a WOC. (It's something you throw at a wabbit.)

\* \* \*

"So you bought a home in the country?"

"Yes. Five rooms and a path."





## THE FREDS EAT OUT—

*(continued from page 8)*

The President signed the papers and Mr. Luberg, smiling face and all, disappeared from the dining room.

Kinzer attempted to keep the conversation from returning to the escapades of Botkin house. He resolved to tell his men to calm down a bit. "Uh—how are the pigs on your farm in Virginia, Dr. Fred?" he asked.

"Fine, fine, and how is the menagerie you have over at Botkin house? I am told that your boys know something about the animals that caused the melee in Elizabeth Waters last Homecoming." The President of the university was a relentless man.

Ed had had enough. He became white and stood up weakly. "It must have been the liver," he said as he excused himself and hastened from the table.

Sympathies were expressed all around and the group settled down to continuing their meal. The fellow from Frankfurter house sat in silence for fear something he might say would bring up the subject of the fairly destructive snowball fight his men had had in which eight windows had been broken and two students sent to the infirmary.

The fellow from Spooner house wanted another glass of milk but was afraid to ask for it for fear the President or Mrs. Fred would quiz him on the cow which had been found on the third floor of his house.

The Bashford fellow kept his head buried in his jello pudding. How could he know that Mrs. Fred hadn't seen his boys bowling in the hallway with a baseball and coke bottles?

After the meal the Freds excused themselves and left the table. As they entered the winter night Mrs. Fred spoke.

"It's nice to eat with the boys isn't it, Edwin? They have so much fun in the dorms."

The President said nothing, but as they walked up to their porch and he held the door open for his wife he said, "A bunch of hell raisers."

Later as they were preparing for bed, Mrs. Fred glanced out the window and remarked at what she saw.

"Say, Edwin, this isn't the Fourth of July is it?"

"No, it's the 12th of January and cold, why?"

"Well, I just wondered," said Mrs. Fred. "Because it looks like they're having fireworks over at Slichter."

The President groaned, "Let's go to bed."



Chosen by the Octy Staff

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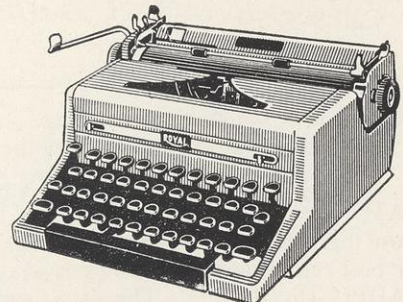
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He—I love old-fashioned loving.  
She—Wait, I'll call the housemother.

\* \* \*

ATO (at basketball game)—See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he is going to be our best man this year.

ADPi—Oh, darling! This is so sudden!

\* \* \*

She was only a bottlemaker's daughter, but nothing could stop her.

## BATTLE OF THE SEXES—

(continued from page 5)

and lonely hearts bulletin. All campus news will be published by the *Octopus* which will use *Anticipation* to foretell events.

4. Pool will be 25 cents per hour for girls.
5. Any boy who dates a girl who is not a co-ed at U.W. (e.g., native Madisonians, gals imported from home, etc.) shall be back home by 9:00 on the night of the date. (It's hard to believe but apparently U.W. girls are afraid of outside competition.—Dr. Faik.)

The Men's party, which seems to have a majority, doesn't try very hard to cater to feminine whims. Its public platform:

1. There'll be no 10:30 or 12:30 nights for students, only for Hammersley and housemothers.
2. Build passion pits in Chad and Barnard.
3. Teach the cooks in the Rat how to make coffee.
4. Eliminate the decimal point in the Rat's 3.2 beer.
5. Make a ski trail down Bascom Hill, onto State Street and down to the square.
6. Make the doctors at the infirmary get butchers' licenses.
7. Either give the men a good swimming pool or let them use the one in Lathrop. (There seems to be more emphasis on the latter.—Prof. Pitor.)
8. Make beer chips legal tender.
9. Replace the chairs in the lower campus quonsets with couches so the fellows can keep the gals warm in these cold buildings.
10. Somehow or other get a few girls in the engineering classes. Polygon, the engineers' high command, has volunteered to pay girls for taking the courses. Too many all-male classes make many engineers forget girls exist.

And here are the planks girls shouldn't see:

1. Student board will sponsor numerous activities (dances, parties, etc.) where the girl has to pay.
2. The month of February of each year will be known as "Leap Month." Customs of feminine initiative and girls paying normally associated with leap year shall be enforced.
3. Get more girls to come to this university. Make entrance requirements depend more on looks and personality than brains. (The idea is that this should be a man's world, so girls don't need to know much, just keep the men happy.—Dr. Faik.)
4. Set up a dozen pool tables in Great Hall.
5. Abolish compulsory ROTC. If that's impossible, make the state legislature form a compulsory WAC corps because the present law discriminates against the men.
6. Again get more girls here.
7. Have a girl's age and measurements listed alongside her name in the student directory.

Since girls are a minority, Dr. Faik and Prof. Pitor reported to President Fred that they are planning a campaign where each individual girl tries to trick her boy friends into voting for the Women's party.

According to latest reports President Fred still hasn't decided what to do. Should he or should he not interfere in the political battle. He's afraid these "tricks and promises" the girls plan to use will prove too great a diversion from the student's education.







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## FULBRIGHT—

(continued from page 14)

Tavern, said my program. I knew Lab courses in Personal Recreation used campus taverns, but what did the History department want with it? Room 101 had a hundred foot circular bar with a stage in the center. As I entered the instructor told me to have a free drink. The bartender gave me a Martian brew called three-point-two.

Then the curtains on the stage were drawn back. Dancing girls came out, ten of them, and they started a strip tease. Soon, I figured, I'd find out why my advisor wouldn't let me disguise myself as a shemale. The dance continued. My heartbeat, my blood pressure, my respiration doubled, and then, just before the climax of the dance, I passed out.

They had spiked my drink with Martian snore juice, but it took effect only when my heart was pumping at high speeds. They used the dancing girls to increase my pulse. Each day we were forced to drink the spiked three-point-two, and each day a pulse increaser of some sort was used. One fellow was elected class president because he managed to stay awake until the end of a performance.

The knockout pill hypnotized us temporarily. Then we were taught the subject, in this case the finer points of diary composition, while still under hypnotic control. Then, by post-hypnotic suggestion, we remembered almost everything the instructor read to us without the least bit of study.

Naturally to keep our minds open to hypnotic influence we had to be free from worries and cares and fully relaxed. That's another reason everyone went out each night to have a good time.

Things went on like that for a year. Then my scholarship expired.

Somehow I just can't return to dull earthly scholarly habits, especially studying. How I long for the University of Mars where the only way to do good school work was to go out and have a good time.

That's why I'm trying to get a fellowship to do graduate work at Canal College of the University of Mars.

## LIFE SAVER JOKE OF THE MONTH

Gypsy Rose dressed very thin  
Gypsy Rose sat on a pin  
Gypsy Rose.

This month's winner:  
Joseph Dermer



*Everybody  
Swing!*

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

*Swing on down  
and getcha some!*

*Swing to the taste  
that lasts so long!*

*Swing to Beech-Nut...  
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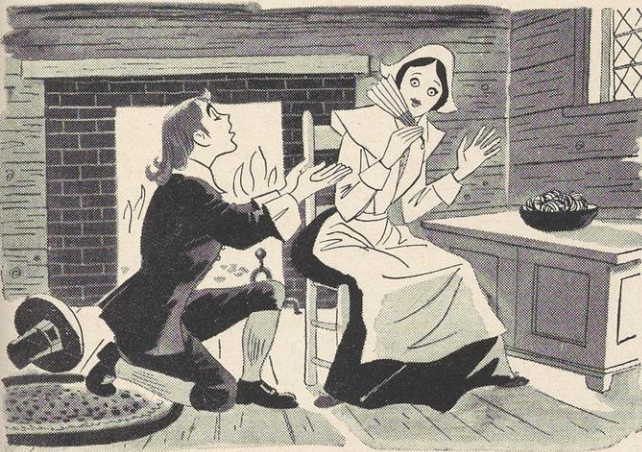
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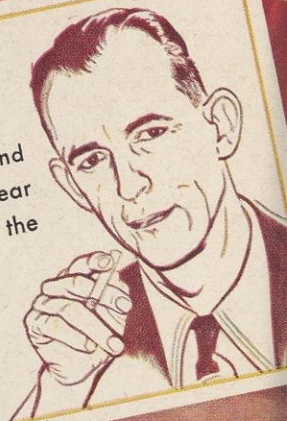
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