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Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, March, 1953

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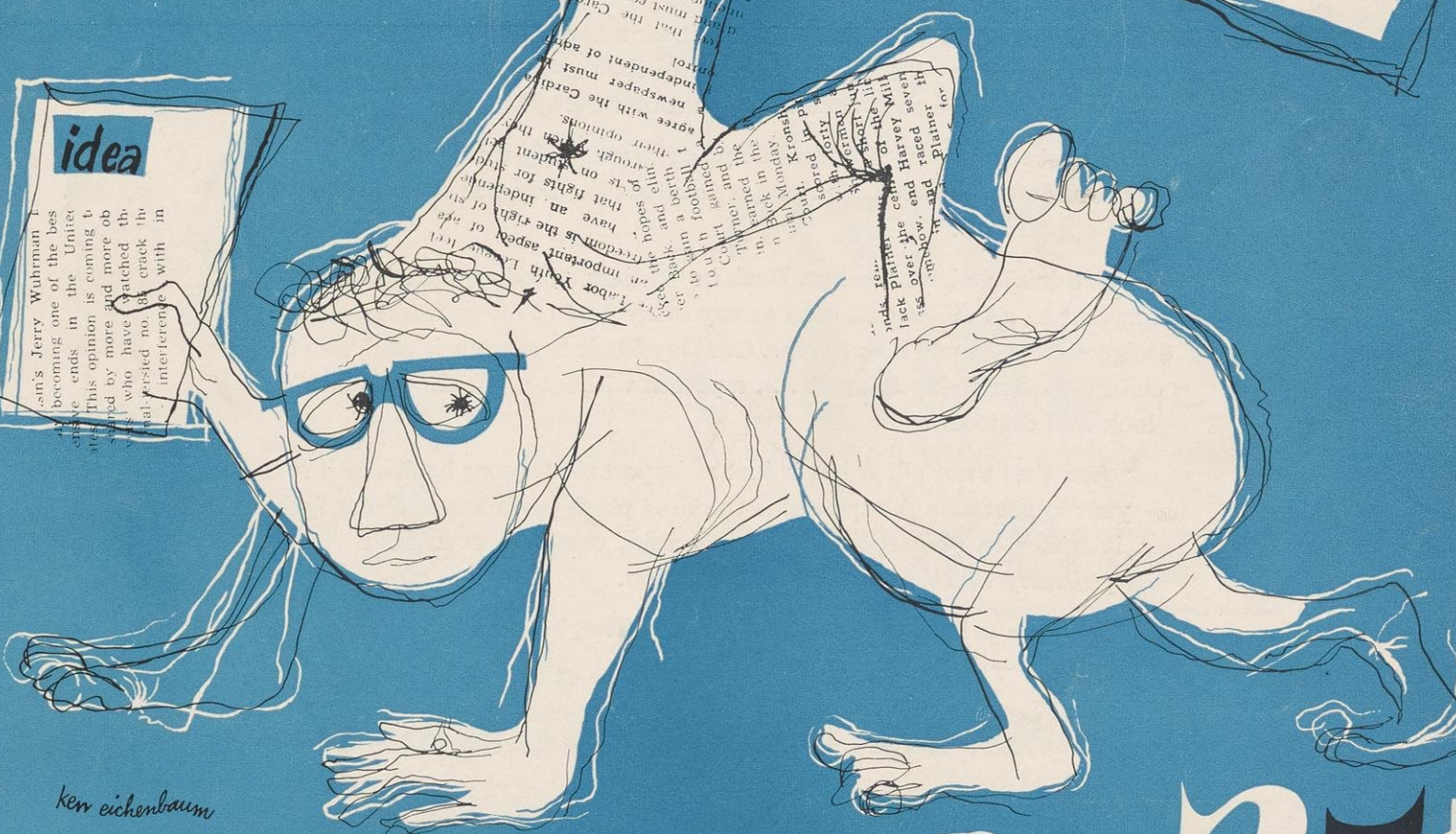
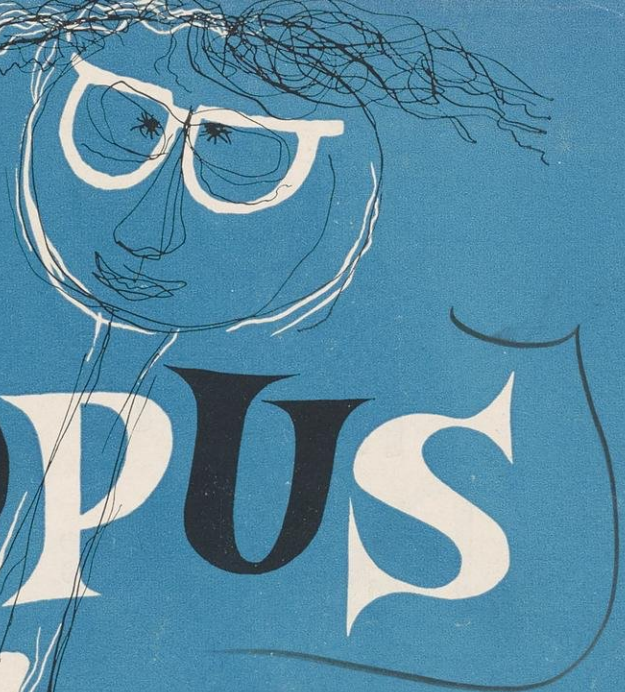
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WISCONSIN

# OCTOPUS

parody issue

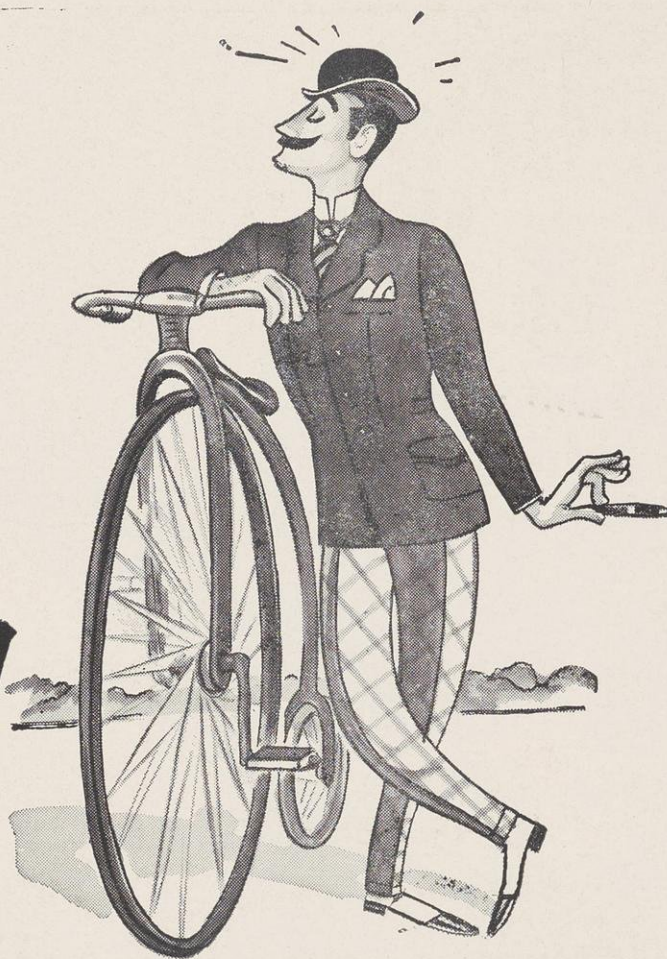


ken eichenbaum

march 1953

25¢

# It's all Relative: He Looked Fine!



Here's a picture of Class of '03, all decked out for a smashing time with the girls of Miss Abernathy's. Just get a load of the spats, yet. And the new close fitting trousers and jacket. And that new derby!

Well, at least the girls liked it, and though you probably wouldn't even wear the stuff on Halloween, you've got to admit the boy was concerned with his appearance.

We're thinking about the hat. Back in '03, just as today, a hat was as important to a well dressed man as any other part of his attire. A hat is designed to make you look *better*. Our Gay Blade here knew it, and smart college men of today know it . . . a person without a hat simply doesn't look well dressed.

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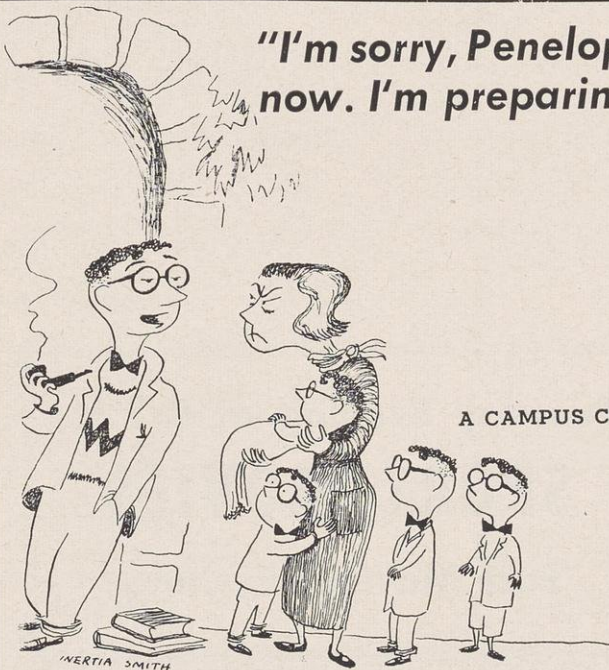
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# EXCHANGE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Ah, pity the poor Exchange Editor,  
The man with the scissors and paste;  
Oh, think of the man who must  
read all the jokes  
And think of the hours he wastes.  
He sits at his desk until midnight,  
How worried and pallid he looks,  
As he scans through the college  
comics  
And reads all the funny books.  
This joke he can't clip—it's too  
dirty.  
That story's no good—it's too clean.  
This woman won't do—she's too  
shapely.  
This chorus girl's out—it's obscene.  
The jokes are the same: full of co-  
eds  
And guys who get drunk on their  
dates,

Bathtubs and sewer and freshmen.  
And stories of unlawful males.  
Jokes about profs and the readers,  
Jokes about overdue bills,  
Jokes about girls in their boudoirs,  
And each one as old as the hills.  
The cracks must have fire and  
sparkle,  
Sprinkled with damn, louse and hell,  
The blurbs must be pure and yet  
filthy  
Or the manager swears it won't sell.  
Oh, pity the man with the clipper,  
He's only a pawn and a tool.  
In trying to keep his jokes dirty  
and clean  
He's usually kicked out of school.

Teacher: "And now, Willie, can  
you give us a sentence with 'hetero-  
doxology' in it?"

Little Willie (aged 6): "No."

*from chaperel*

He: "When I squeeze you in my  
arms like this, honey, something  
seems to snap."

She: "Yes, pardon me a moment  
while I fasten it."

\* \* \*

A miss in the car is worth two in  
the engine.

\* \* \*

The demure young bride, her face  
a mark of winsome innocence, slow-  
ly walked down the aisle, clinging  
to the arm of her father. As she  
reached the platform before the al-  
tar, her dainty foot brushed a potted  
flower, upsetting it. She looked at  
the dirt gravely, then raised her  
large, child-like eyes to the sedate  
face of the old minister and said,  
"That's a helluva place to put a  
lily."

\* \* \*

The birds do it;  
The bees do it;  
The little bats do it.  
Mamma, why can't I take flying  
lessons?

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## UNIQUE EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF THOMAS ALDA EDISON

A couple of beer-drinkers were concerned about the quality of their beer. So they took a sample of the stuff to a doctor who was reputed to be an excellent chemist. "Doc," they said, "Look this stuff over and tell us what you find in it. We're kinda worried about it." The doctor agreed, and the next day when the two fellows came back, the doctor had a sad expression on his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "I've got bad news for you. Your horse has diabetes."

\* \* \*

"How did you like the bridge party last night?"  
"Fine, until the cops looked under the bridge."

\* \* \*

Once upon a time there was a little purple ghost named Leander. He lived in a huge old haunted house with all the other purple ghosts, and you might think at first glance that Leander was no different from all the others.

He was, though. Leander had a long, purple tail.

This made him the favorite of all the little girl ghosts, for none of the other spooks had a long, purple tail. They would flock around him, and utterly neglect the rest of the little boy ghosts; Leander was not popular with the little boy ghosts.

In fact, one day they all got together and, as Leander was walking through a door, they chopped off his tail. Leander was horrified no end.

There he was without a ghost of a tail. He didn't know what to do.

Finally he haunted up his favorite uncle, who was an Inspector.

"Uncle Archibald," he boo-hooed. "They've cut off my beautiful long purple tail. What shall I do?"

Uncle Archibald thoughtfully frightened a fly. "Leander," he said, "You're a ghost, now. There's only one thing left for you to do: Go down to Charlie's Liquor Store."

"But how will that help me?" faltered Leander.

"Come, come, lad!" chuckled Uncle Archibald. "Everybody knows that a liquor store is where they retail spirits."

\* \* \*

Radio announcers should start off the morning broadcast with: "Who the hell left the radio on all night?"

\* \* \*

Oh damn," said the ram as he fell over the cliff—"I didn't see that U-turn."

\* \* \*

In the perfume department of a large store a young lady with a baby in her arms stepped up to the counter and carefully surveyed the display which included "My Sin," "Ecstasy," "Tabu," "Irresistible" and "Surrender."

Quietly she asked the salesgirl, "Would you care to have a testimonial?"



THE FOLLOWING PAGES CONTAIN MATERIAL FROM

● *the wisconsin* **IDEAR**

ALLEGED LITERARY MAGAZINE WHICH REFUSES  
TO DENOUNCE ASSOCIATION WITH THE UNIVERSITY  
DESPITE URGENT REQUESTS OF THE  
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.  
THE OCTOPUS EDITORS MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THE  
WRETCHED FICTION, VILE REVIEWS, UNINSPIRED  
POETRY, DISPASSIONATE DISCOURSES,  
AND OBNOXIOUS ILLUSTRATIONS, BUT THAT  
WAS ALL WE GOOD FILCH FROM  
THE IDEAR MAILBOX

*There will be no Idear Magazine this month. In buying Octy, you got 2 magazines for the price of 1.*



# The Brakish Pond So Brakish

● HENRY E. NOGEAU

AN ADEQUATE CRITIQUE OF ARTICLES PREVIOUSLY WRITTEN BY MR. NOGEAU WILL UNDOUBTEDLY AROUSE INTEREST IN OUR READERS IN PAST ISSUES OF OUR GLORIOUS PERIODICAL. A FEW, QUITE A FEW (6000) COPIES ARE STILL LITTERING OUR OFFICE AND MAY BE HAD FOR THE ONCE IN A LIFETIME OFFER OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS . . . THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, ONE-FOURTH OF A DOLLAR. STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS. FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY BY F. TRUEBLOOD  
REWRITTEN BY KIRKISH  
THEN EDITED AND RE-EDITED  
BY THE EDITORS  
OF YOUR WISCONSIN IDEAR



Geese, geese, what are geese? Oh, yes, those horrid little feathery creatures. Smelling slightly of week-old fish. Ah, the majesty of those great plumed birds in flight. How their little beaks poke skyward like Cleopatra's Needle.

A silent observer, I. Silent and observing of their wiles, while rustivating at pond so brackish—the Okefenokee of Southern Wisconsin. Ah, Rathskeller so brackish! Rustivating, silent, observing.

Hungry and neglected, I failed to pack a lunch. But no matter. Man lives not on bread alone. And that wonderful day at Brackish Pond; I lived on nothing.

Reeds so sodden. As I carefully parted the sodden reeds, the striking symbolism of geese on water crept closely about me—silently, closely it crept. Symbol, symbol, Jack be nimble, how does your garden grow? With succulent bird on platter, brown, glistening, golden sauced. Salivary glands working overtime! Salivary, salivary! Working overtime! Mother Nature's cunning tricks, trying to delude. Oh, the surface symbolism of it all! How much more rests beneath the surface than the mere taste of roast goose. On, on, into the second of four distinct stages of symbolism. On! ON! Come thou, and taste of the second.

*When discussing symbolism, one must be polite. One must be sure never to discover what is actually there, for that would defeat the very purpose of that divine instrument for procrastination; the English Department's gift to the searing, searching world . . . the SYMBOLIC! From life's blood we fashion—*

Symbolic, bucolic—  
It all rhymes with frolic—  
And non-alcoholic!  
Ashen with passion—  
From life's blood we fashion—  
The symbolic.

Now, gorgeous goose, drift by. Drift by. Quothe he, "What's sauce for the goose is a sauce of a different color." And in an instant took flight, leaving behind!

The image of a fine hunk of woman.

Second stage of symbolism—I was trapped! Trapped by the second, or "everything is female" stage. Everything, everything . . . the fanning of trees into groins, the parting of reeds into lips, the weaving of water patterns into silhouettes—undulating, pulsating, throbbing. Trapped. By the second stage.

Wanton thoughts. "Odd bodykins!" Wanton, Marilyn Monroe with feathers. Marilyn Monroe without feathers. Marilyn Monroe.

The effort set me trembling. The third stage set upon me. It came without warning.

Sometimes I wish that I could sin,  
And flirt and neck like Gunga Din.  
But I realize, when I think,  
That all of this is in a drink.

A drink, a drink—is it nice?  
Not full of restraints, sugar and spice.  
Drinks are made for fools like me,  
For only the Above would care for tea.

No sooner approaching a likely-looking tree from which I could gnaw off the bark to assuage the hunger, a seizure with violence and virulent palsy! Hopping, hopping, first one foot, then the next, but ever hopping, ever drawing nearer the water's edge. Dark, fathomless water, swirling and eddying almost beneath my feet. Slow rivulets of perspiration down my neck. Down my back. Geese laughing. Laughing. At my predicament. Tongue, tongue, where are you? Cast off in mocking derision!; But I, possessed. Man, possessed. Will had fled. Gone! Man, a shell, a quacking shell, possessed.

Geese swimming closer and closer. Tongue, cast out! Cease! Closer. Ever, ever closer. I looked . . .

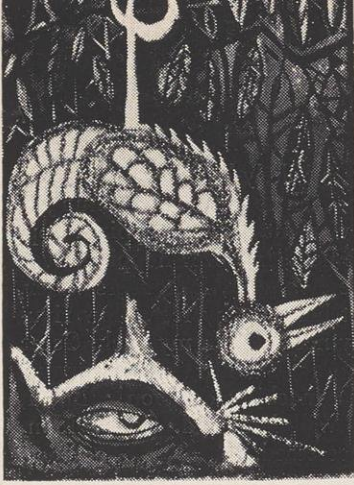
Stage four! They were lotus eaters. Fat, and indolent. I, a lotus eater. Their symbolism so symbolic that their symbolism sends my symbolism detection apparatus aloft. Gone—aloft. I closed my eyes in pain, pain, racking pain. Water, wet with symbolism, entering my mouth. Bits of plankton. Water. Plankton. The geese!

I opened my eyes. Gingerly. And I was in water. Swirling, whirling, churning. Surrounded by geese. Feelings. Like Anne Hutchinson. Or somebody. They have no rights. No rights to gang up. On me. They have no rights to gang up on me! I, studying symbolism. How to study, with waters lifting, lifting, ever lifting over me? Brackish Pond, lifting. Brackish Pond, with my head slowly sinking under water. How? Slowly sinking. Geese crawling over me. Up, over, through me. Water! GEESE! Beating Blake to hell.

I do believe I'm drowning! Drowning. In. The. BRACKISH POND! Brackish.

ILLUSTRATION ARTISTICALLY  
CREATED IN CHARCOAL AND  
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# NOCTURNE

an avant-garde bit written by the avantest of the avant-garde Norman Gainer.

(first movement, the prelude)

Last night a bird sang in the rackety robe of a troubadour.

Sang upside down from the branch of a birch tree.  
 Bayed at the moon with a melody odious.  
 Over his head was a bandage of burlap.  
 One eye peeking and glinting in moonlight.  
 And all in the shadows the glitter reflected in 32 eyes—  
 Eyes of the elephant cats—  
 Cats who lived in the shade of the elephant jumbos,  
 Who roamed through the trees and bathed and scrubbed  
 in bubbily rivers.

(second movement)

And the bird's silvery notes clung in the air  
 And wove wonderful webs on the fingering trees.  
 While stealthy the cats climbed crafty the trunks  
 And thump went the heart of the bandaged-up bird.

Thump, thump, thump.  
 Drums in the night, in the dark of the forest.  
 And the drum in the damp of the night.  
 Death in the dank of the drumthuding night.  
 Death danced a dirge on the bark of the trees.

Claws scratch at silence on the neck of the night.  
 The bird blinked his eye at the black and the gloom  
 And frightened his heart did a rattilty-tomb  
 Like a clickity click of a tiny tin drum.  
 And the somber advance of the cats on the trees was an  
 anthem of doom.

A scratchity scrape with a slither-like snare of the drums.  
 (third movement, the finale)

Little song bird, upside down on the branch in the sky  
 Flustered and frightened and like unto die  
 Watching the glitter of light in a town down the rim of  
 the world.

Drop the silver snare of song.  
 Capture cunning, creeping dread.  
 Cage the cats in cultured chords

Crush 'em! Kill 'em! Cas-tor-ate 'em!  
 Zippity Bum. Zippity Poohm. Laidy-aidy-boom!

ABOVE ILLUSTRATION FOR THE BIRDS

● NANCY EGGHEAD

● NORMAN GAINER

## TO MABEL, ETC.

● E. T. SETTRA

I know not when this tale was made  
 I only know that long ago  
 This poem was writ to girl from beau.  
 It seems to me this poem lacks rhyme  
 And is definitely out of time  
 But I shall try to cope with these  
 By adding lines (in parenthesis).  
     To Mabel      Et-Cetera  
 Your hair, it shines (a blinding fright).  
 Your eyes they gleam (with crazy light).  
 I'll always love you dear (You snake).  
 Dear Mabel (while it's give and take).  
 I've always loved you (after dark).  
 How can I help it (in the park).  
 You fascinate me (like a brick).  
 Mabel (one more, thank you, hick!).  
 With lips so red (it could be worse).  
 And eyes so blue (he's got a verse).  
 How can I keep (it has good time).  
 From loving you (whoopie, a rhyme).  
 Mabel (damn).

TWO POMES SKILLFULLY CONTRIVED BY  
WAYNE AREEHUD IN HIS LEISURE  
MOMENTS OF SEMI-LUCIDNESS

•1•

A dog may be yellow or spotted or black  
A tail he may have or a tail he may lack  
He may have a pedigree long as your arm  
He may be a watchdog or live on a farm  
He may be a spaniel, a terrier, a mutt,  
A collie, a boxer, or anything, but—  
If ever you'll notice, if ever you'll see,  
All dogs act alike when they pass by a tree.

•2•

If you, oh egg  
Were once allowed  
A fortnight's reclination  
In warmest clime,  
You would, oh egg,  
Be firm endowed  
With utmost permeation  
Of the clime.

If thou did'st plow my lovely scow  
And rejecteth lonely me,  
I'd pile my bile upon a tile  
And float me rest to sea.

# The Waistland

A HEATED POME BY  
THOMAS STERNO ELLIOTT

A night of day  
A day of night  
The only answer  
To my plight.

Alas, I loved a comely wench  
Whom of aristocracy did stench.  
We courted here, we courted there,  
We courted damn near everywhere.  
At eight we'd leave and at six return.  
In darkness hours our love did burn.  
I soon became a night-type owl  
Who slept all day, at night to howl.

Alas, I loved a comely wench  
Whom of aristocracy did stench.  
She said good-bye and went away,  
And left me blinking at the day.  
A normal life I sought me then  
To live and sleep like other men.  
But though I've tried it every way  
I cannot stand the light of day.

A night of day  
A day of night  
The only answer  
To my plight.

THE ILLUSTRATION TO THE RIGHT AS THE CROW FLIES WON FOR ITS CREATOR, BURB BUKHARDT, FORMER EDITOR OF A HUMOR MAGAZINE ON THE CAMPUS. A PLACE ON THE WALL IN THE BASEMENT OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS EXHIBITION. THIS IS A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE COPPER-TONE INTAGLIO ETCHING SOFT GROUND LIFT PROCESS AND EXEMPLIFIES THE TECHNIQUE BUKHARDT HAS MASTERED DURING YEARS OF APPRENTICESHIP UNDER HUGO OLSON OF THE CAMPUS PUBLISHING COMPANY.





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# Nights on the Doorstep

● **PAULA HOURSWALD**

*Two prose poems submitted to NEW DIRECTIONS*

*by the aspiring author eight times*

*Courtesy of the Pony Express and returned*

*the ninth time, postage due.*

(story number one)

The nights came in rapid succession and melted slowly on the old lady's doorsteps. They were very pretty doorsteps for doorsteps. They were gilt and covered with lipstick because Miss Lapon was in love with them and kissed them every time she went up or down them. Up and down she went all day long and the days got longer and longer until finally the nights didn't melt on the doorsteps a n y m o r e. The lipstick got thicker and thicker and thicker and thicker—as thick as grease and as greasy as grease, but it was much prettier than grease—m u c h. Miss Lapon came home one day before it was night because there were no more nights to melt on the doorsteps. So she slipped and fell, and the milkman found her body in the morning, but she did not have a note on her, so he left the same amount of milk, and the milk company took it out of his pay because Miss Lapon was dead, and she couldn't pay for the milk, and his wife gave him "you-know-what", and he was laid up in the hospital for many, many days because there were no more nights to melt on the doorsteps of the old lady.

● *The ads to the left were designed by heart and with little help from his ruler by Ken Eshenbach*

● **And Patatoo Steam**

●  
(story number two)

The potato steamed on the table and the window pane was steamed also and so were her glasses. Whose glasses? What glasses? They are lost, lost in the steam. And the wallpaper is peeling and that is not nice, no, not nice at all, because there are grapes under the flowers, and the flowers are peeling. In the revue she had peeled many time, but watching the wall paper peel was so much fun that she laughed and she laughed. Everybody thought it was the bell that pealed, but it wasn't really; it was she and the wall paper because of money and steam. There was so much steam all over the place. All over the place the steam was thick. She looked at the potato and thought of potato salad and that made her think of Germans. The Germans had killed her brother; she wept bitterly. The cat wrinkled up its nose and wished she had wept sweetly. The cat did not steam, but the potato still steamed. And the wall paper peeled and so did the bell, and she went to the theater to peel.

**F**ROM somewhere in the distance a horse neighed nervously. The raw, acrid odor of hot dust and baked sage filled the ever-lengthening shadows of approaching evening.

A magnificent figure of a man swung easily down from a spirited horse. Every muscle in his supple body rippled rhythmically as he carefully tethered the beautiful animal to the lone scrub tree in the canyon. His sturdy frame reflected breeding, courage, and a firm belief in the final triumph of virtue, purity and clean living. He paused before a flat boulder and breathed deeply several times. In the half-light, the strong angular lines of his tanned face gave him an almost spiritual look.

Nearby a horse neighed nervously.

Placing his tobacco pouch carefully on the rock, he grasped a cigarette paper between his strong fingers and raised it to his mouth where he delicately wet the edges. Taking the pouch in one of his lean hands, he sprinkled tobacco into the paper. A sudden transient gust of wind swept tobacco and paper to the ground.

Obviously unmoved, he reached for a second square of paper as nearby a horse neighed nervously. With his back to the faint breeze, he silently wet the paper and raised the tobacco pouch. The silhouette of his magnificent body cut a sharp design against the darkening sky. The tobacco poured in abundance, spilling lavishly on the ground. Somewhat irritated, he tightened the strings on the pouch, thus making the hole smaller. By this time, the paper was *drv*. Crumbling it into a tiny wad, he threw it with some feeling to the ground.

Grasping another paper, he wet it across his lips. In short, quick movements he shook the pouch over the

THE AUTHOR IS AN ASSOCIATE  
PROFESSOR IN ENGLISH  
COMPOSITION 1-A. COPIES  
OF HIS EARLIER WORKS  
ARE AVAILABLE IN VERY LARGE  
NUMBERS AT THE IDEAR  
HUT. TWO BITS THE COPY.

COP A GANDER AT DA CLOWN,  
WILL YA? IT WAS EXECUTED  
IN PEN, INK, TUSCH, AND CLAY  
BY WELL-KNOWN TALENTED  
INNOVATOR AND EXPERIMENTER  
IN THE GRAPHIC ARTS,  
MARY DIMENTED.



# The Reluctant Weed

## ● LEO HIEDE

paper. The hole was too small. Dropping the paper, he seized the pouch with trembling hands and jerked the hole open with thumb and forefinger.

Suddenly his beautiful body straightened as a flash of intuition hit him. Every nerve quivered in anticipation of a surprise. With one sweeping movement to his hip and back, he sneezed profusely into a large, red handkerchief. And again the tiny cigarette paper lay on the sandy floor of the canyon.

Behind him, a horse neighed nervously.

Grabbing the bag, he dropped to his knees. Laying a paper on the sand, he sprinkled tobacco carefully and accurately up and down the paper. Slowly raising the makings, he folded the paper into a smooth cylindrical shape. A satisfied gleam appeared on his strong face. Fairly quivering in his excitement, he lifted it to his mouth. Paper and tobacco fell from his mouth to the ground. He had forgotten to wet the edge. Fiercely, he seized the bag and paper and

fell to the ground where he spat over the whole paper. In one grand gesture, he emptied the contents of the bag over the paper until it was completely covered.

Searching gingerly for the edges of the paper, every movement was a symphony of expression from his tense body. In agonizingly slow movements, he carefully and accurately rounded the cigarette until it lay gleaming white on the canyon floor—a perfect job.

Settling back on his haunches with a sigh that was almost a sob, he surveyed the job. Faint flecks of saliva danced on his lips.

With a cry, he leaped on the cigarette and forced it greedily between his feverish lips. Nervously, he searched his pockets, the linings of his coat, his saddle bag.

His body jerked in agony as the terrible truth struck him. There were no matches.

As he rolled convulsively on the canyon floor, from somewhere in the distance a horse neighed nervously.

# BIRDS I KNOW AND KNOW

● Jason Freewell

I do not know when I first saw my first bird though it must have been at an early age for I have my birth certificate which has a seal on it and no doctor in the country would question this I think. Do not misunderstand me I am not against birds but birds have feathers and feathers have birds but fish have scales.

I understand that many years ago fish descended too until today they are birds which is called evolution. And the scales have turned to feathers. Yes, everyone. One bird had teeth although many of the prehistoric animals turned to oil which is only natural. The petroleum companies now make large profits on these animals or reptiles as they are sometimes called and if I were a stockholder I should be very glad. I am not.

Birds sing usually but not always and this puzzles me since I can not sing. No, not one note. Anyone will tell you that they sing and that they have color and that they have feathers, too. I have seen red ones which are pretty to see when I have seen them.

The male bird is sometimes more pretty than the female or woman

bird, whichever the case may be; this however is not always the case especially with humans. There are men and women people. That is good. Usually.

Birds have never bothered me so I do not bother them and I have lost the key to the canary cage. The canary did not weep and neither did I. It died.

I have seen nests that birds build both male and female with feathers and twigs but without scales and without a key and they are not private. I should not like to live in one but they like it and that is good. Some people steal bird nests which are not private and that is stealing. I consider that stealing.

And they have a sky which is high because birds must have a high sky to fly in a high sky so high.

Reptiles lay eggs only the females and so do birds but they are not reptiles. Not now. Not today. Not reptiles. Eggs are all right except they are always two minutes when they should be three minutes and this is the truth. It is.

So I have lost the key, see, lost the key, me, I lost the key and the canary is dead and a bird is a thing just like anything else.



THIS EXQUISITE WOOD ENGRAVING PRINTED IN FULL COLOR ABOVE WAS PAINSTAKINGLY WROUGHT BY GREGOR RUNSCHSHALDT WITH A BLUNT INSTRUMENT LIKE AN AXE ALMOST. RUNSCHSHALDT, BEARDED MEDIOCRE ART STUDENT, SAYS, "THIS SUPERB BIT OF CRAFTSMANSHIP WAS INSPIRED ODDLY ENOUGH BY A PIECE OF WOOD"

See the Fish?  
Fish scales in the sky . . .  
See the eye—the cataract?  
Don't see me; it's dark,  
Cats climb black bark.  
See the sky has hives.  
Milk and blue . . .  
Fish scales floating . . .  
See the eye, drowning in the milk?  
I am naked; the eye can't see.  
Cats climb on me; the eye can't see.  
The wind is here, the rush is here . . .  
Hurry and goodbye.  
Fish scales go in blue cups of tea;  
The eye can't see,  
Hurry and goodbye.

## Put the Cat Out, Mother, It's Time To Go To Bed

● Norman Gainer

She: You don't mind my singing, do you?  
 He: Not at all; I work in a sawmill.

\* \* \*

Med student examining his first patient — a woman covered with a red rash: Hmmm, did you ever have this rash before?

"Oh sure, Doc," came the reply. "I've had it twice before."

"Well," diagnosed the student, "You've got it again."

\* \* \*

A tree-toad loved a she-toad  
 That lived up in a tree.  
 She was a three-toed tree toad,  
 But a two-toed toad was he.  
 The two-toed tree toad tried to win  
 The she-toad's friendly nod;  
 For the two-toed tree toad loved  
 The ground the three-toed tree toad trod.  
 But vainly the two-toed tree toad tried  
 To please her every whim;  
 For in her three-toed tree toad bower,  
 With all her tree toad power,  
 The she-toad vetoed him.

\* \* \*

"My mother-in-law talks to herself."  
 "So does mine; but she thinks I'm listening."

\* \* \*

Housemother: "Don't use such bad words, my dear."  
 Sorority Girl: "But Shakespeare used them."  
 Housemother: "Well, don't play with him any more."

**GONE WITH THE WIND  
 AND OTHER SHORT STORIES**

And then there's the girl who ate bullets. She wanted her hair to grow out in bangs.

\* \* \*

Worried passenger: Do ships like this sink very often?

Captain: No, Ma'am; never more than once.

\* \* \*

A broken-down nag was being offered for sale to the highest bidder. A dapper young dude finally bought him. When the sale was completed, the farmer turned to him and asked, "What on earth you planning to do with the old nag?"

"I'm going to race him," he answered.  
 "Well," the farmer replied wisely, "you'll win."

\* \* \*

An Arab stood on a weighing machine  
 In the light of the lingering day.  
 A counterfeit penny he dropped in the slot,  
 And silently stole a weigh.

\* \* \*

Etiquette: Learning to yawn with your mouth closed.

\* \* \*

Camel: A warped horse.

\* \* \*

Pledge: What's the difference between?

Frat Brother: Between what?

Pledge: I'm not giving any hints.

\* \* \*

Sign in optometrist's window: EYES EXAMINED WHILE YOU WAIT.

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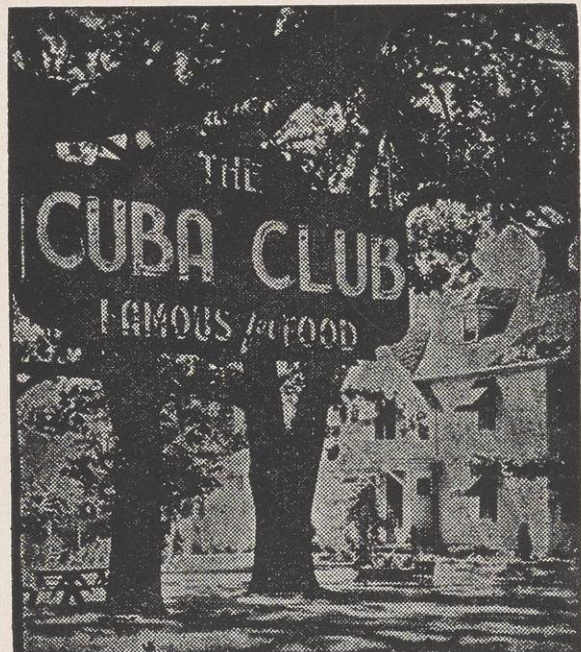


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# FANCIFUL TALES OF THE EZGIBOORG

*and other fabulously endowed  
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One day an elephant went walking through the jungle. He was feeling in the pink . . . very fine and very strong . . . and very overbearing. As he walked along he met a lion.

He threw out his chest and gave a loud trumpet and said: "Why aren't you as big as I am?"

The lion shivered and said, "I don't know." Then he sneaked away.

The elephant walked further and met a monkey. He pounded his chest and roared, "Why aren't you as big as I am?"

The monkey quivered and said, "I don't know." Then he scampered away.

Next the elephant met a hyena. He swelled out his chest and said, "Why aren't you as big as I am?"

The hyena said, "I don't know," and slunk away.

Finally the elephant met a little mouse with a runny

nose and pink eyes. The elephant roared, "Why aren't you as big as I am?"

And the mouse said, "I've been sick."

Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly from the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return to supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in some bushes.

"Getting dark," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Granpa."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Well, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

\* \* \*

A Prof brought a copy of his final exam to be mimeographed. The girl there looked it over and said, "But, Professor, this is the same exam you gave last semester."

"I know," said the Prof, "but I've changed the answers."

\* \* \*

She passed,  
I saw,  
And smiled;  
She turned  
And smiled  
To answer  
To my smile.  
I wonder  
If she, too  
Could know  
Her underwear  
Hung down  
A mile.

\* \* \*

Home is where you can scratch any place it itches.

\* \* \*

"May I have this dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child," she said with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons," he said. "I didn't know your condition."

\* \* \*

There's quite a legend about the man on the flying trapeze who caught his wife in the act.

\* \* \*

The car was crowded and the conductor was irritable. "Where's the fare for the boy?", he snapped as the father handed him one fare.

"The boy is only three years old."

"Three years old! Why, look at him! He's seven if he's a day!"

The father looked down and gazed intently into the boy's face. Then, turning to the conductor, he said, "Can I help it if he worries?"

\* \* \*

Then there was the man who appeared in a newspaper office to place an ad offering \$500 for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"That's an awful big prize for a cat," commented the clerk.

"Not this one," the man snapped. "I drowned it."

\* \* \*

"Do you believe in free love?"

"Did I ever send you a bill?"



# OVID

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Still only 5¢



## OCTOPUS '53 DREAM GIRL

*Photographs by the Badger Studio*

WE FOUND HELEN WONG SCURRYING AROUND DURING THE WEEK OF REGISTRATION IN THESE FETCHING SHORTS AND COULDN'T RESIST ASKING HER IF SHE'D BE OUR MARCH DREAM GIRL. HELEN LIVES AT SLICHTER, IS UN-ATTACHED, AND STUDIES REAL HARD NOW THAT SHE'S A SENIOR AND ALL. OCTY WOULD BE SATISFIED EVEN IF SHE DIDN'T STUDY.



# NOTICE

ALL THE ART MATERIALS USED IN THE PRODUCTION OF YOUR WISCONSIN OCTOPUS WERE SECURED FROM

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*Co-op*

STATE AND LAKE

# Ninth Tentacle

Dick Scheuermann, lovable old Santa Claus of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, is this month's recipient of the Octopus cast-in-bronze ninth tentacle. His never-ending fight to procure ads for the mag has proved to be an inspiring and shining symbol to the other salespeople.

Congratulations to Dick on this great achievement, and let's hope he continues to do as well in the future. We can honestly say without fear of contradiction, that if Dick continues to get inebriated in an effort to secure ads from beer parlors around the campus, it won't be long before Octy can boast of a 100% pure American alcoholic on its staff.

\* \* \*

The American visitor was gazing down into the crater of the famous Greek volcano. Finally he commented, "It sure looks like hell!"

"Oh," retorted his guide, "you Americans — you've been everywhere!"

\* \* \*

A little man ran into a bar. "Quick," he blurted, "gimme a drink before the fight starts!"

The bartender poured a shot, the man gulped it and scurried out the door. A moment later, he was back with the same request, and again he fled.

About the sixth shot, the bartender stopped him.

"Say bud," he said, "who's gonna pay for all this hooch?"

"Oh, oh, oh," moaned the little man. "The fight's about to start."

\* \* \*

An 80-year-old man came to his doctor for a blood test and medical examination before getting married.

The doctor checked him over and then asked, "You mean at your age you really want to get married?"

The old man replied, "Well, I don't want to exactly, but I've got to."

\* \* \*

"Private, where is my horse I told you I wanted shod?" asked the captain.

"Omigosh, did you say shod?"

*Spaghetti*

NONE FINER SERVED IN MADISON ITALIAN AND AMERICAN DISHES

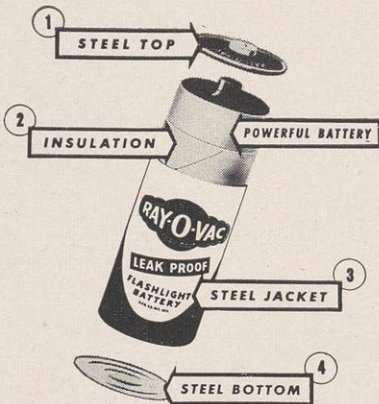
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**ORDELLA:** Did Percival buy that beautiful mink scarf for Sally Mae?

**VERONICA:** No. She bought it herself.

**ORDELLA:** I wonder how she makes her money?

**VERONICA:** It's not what you think. She saves so much dough buying all her supplies at **BROWN'S** and selling all her used texts there, too, that she can spend lots more on clothes.

**ORDELLA:** And they're so close to campus. I'm going to do all my shopping there from now on.

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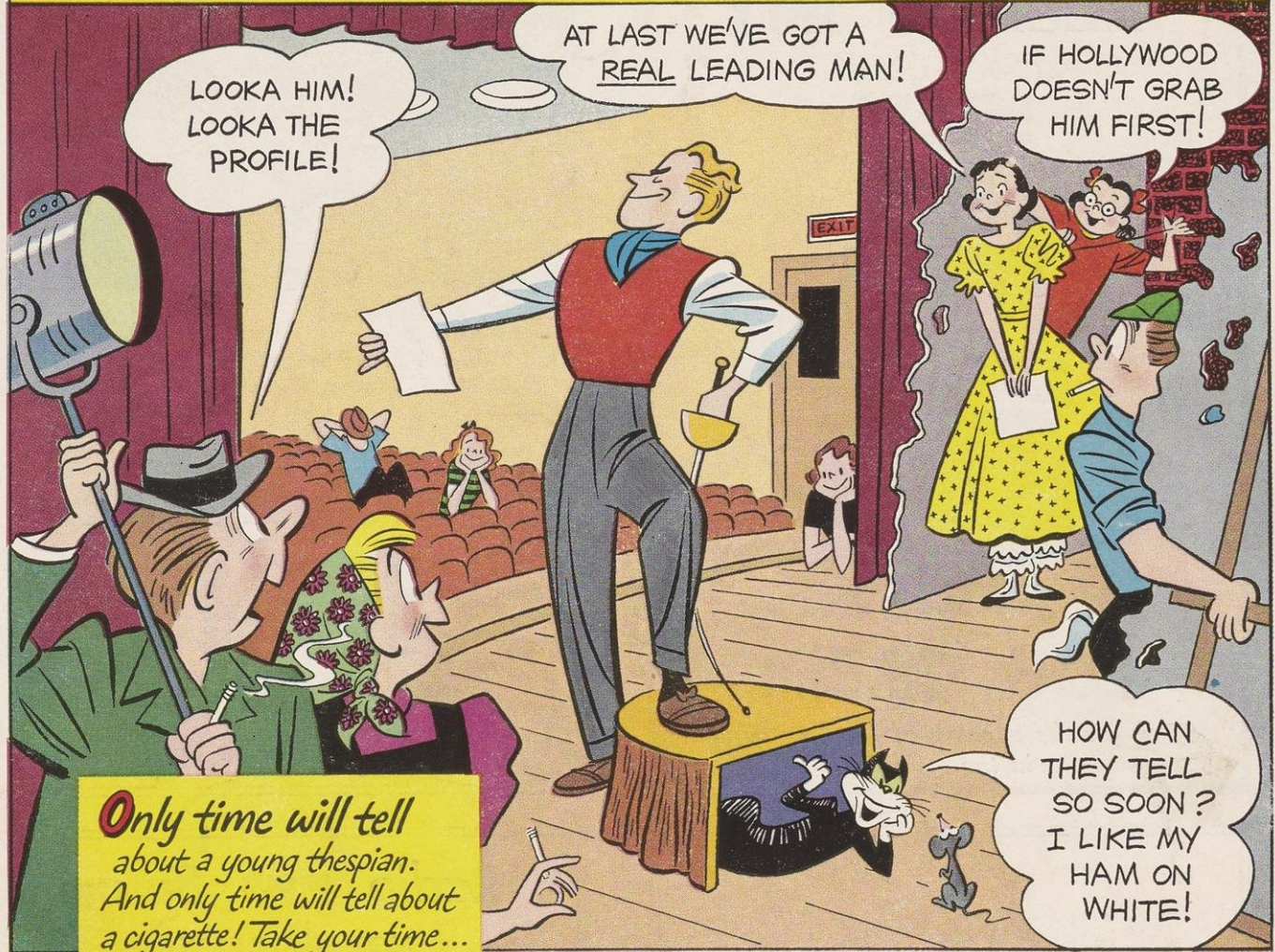
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