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## **The Wisconsin Octopus: Fertility rites of spring issue. Vol. 33, No. 6 May 1955**

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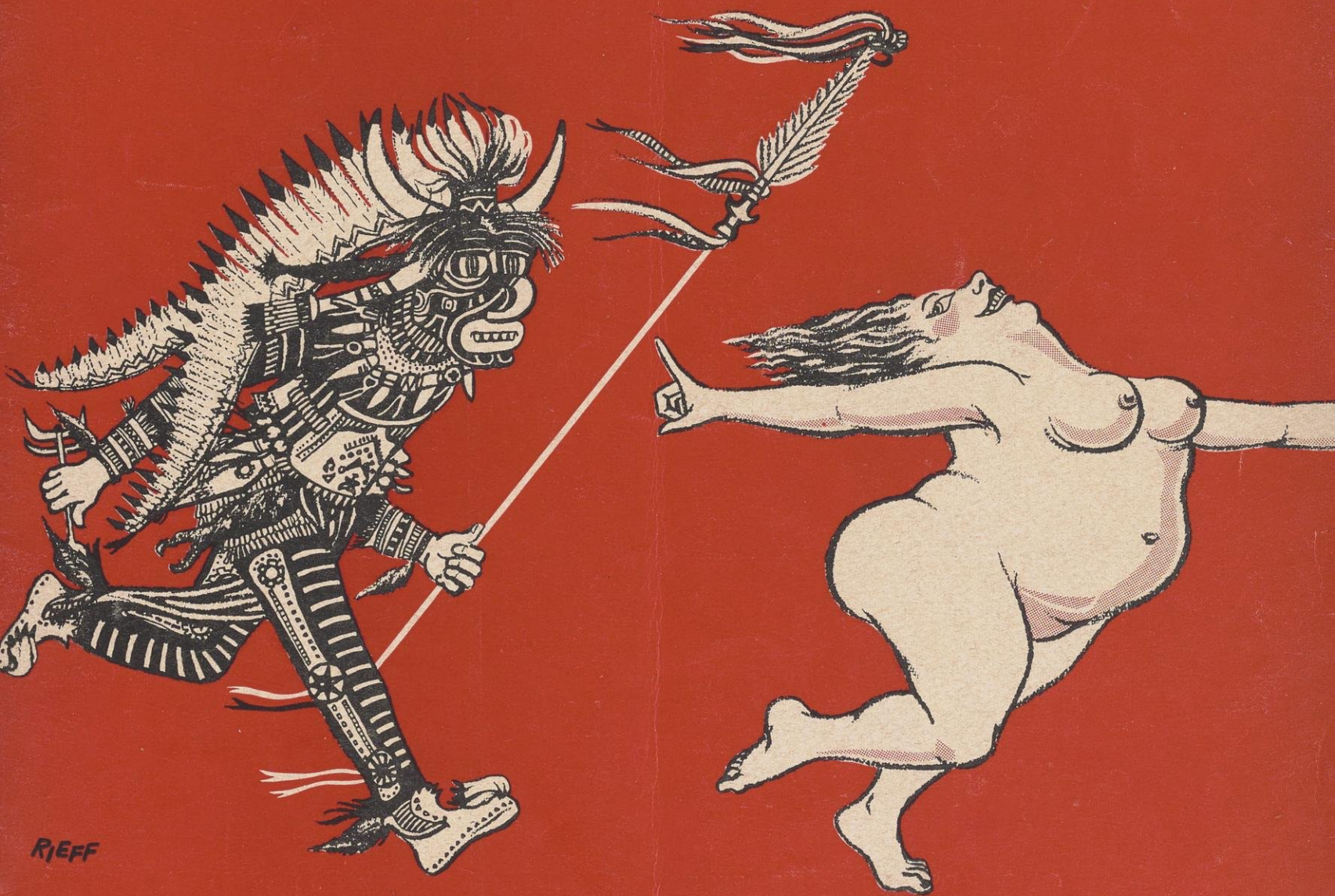
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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

May 1953 Vol. 33 No. 6

May 1953  
Vol. 33  
No. 6



FERTILITY RITES OF SPRING ISSUE



- this college life is killing me—  
let's go get the 1955  
**BADGER** and really live!



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- badger yearbook available
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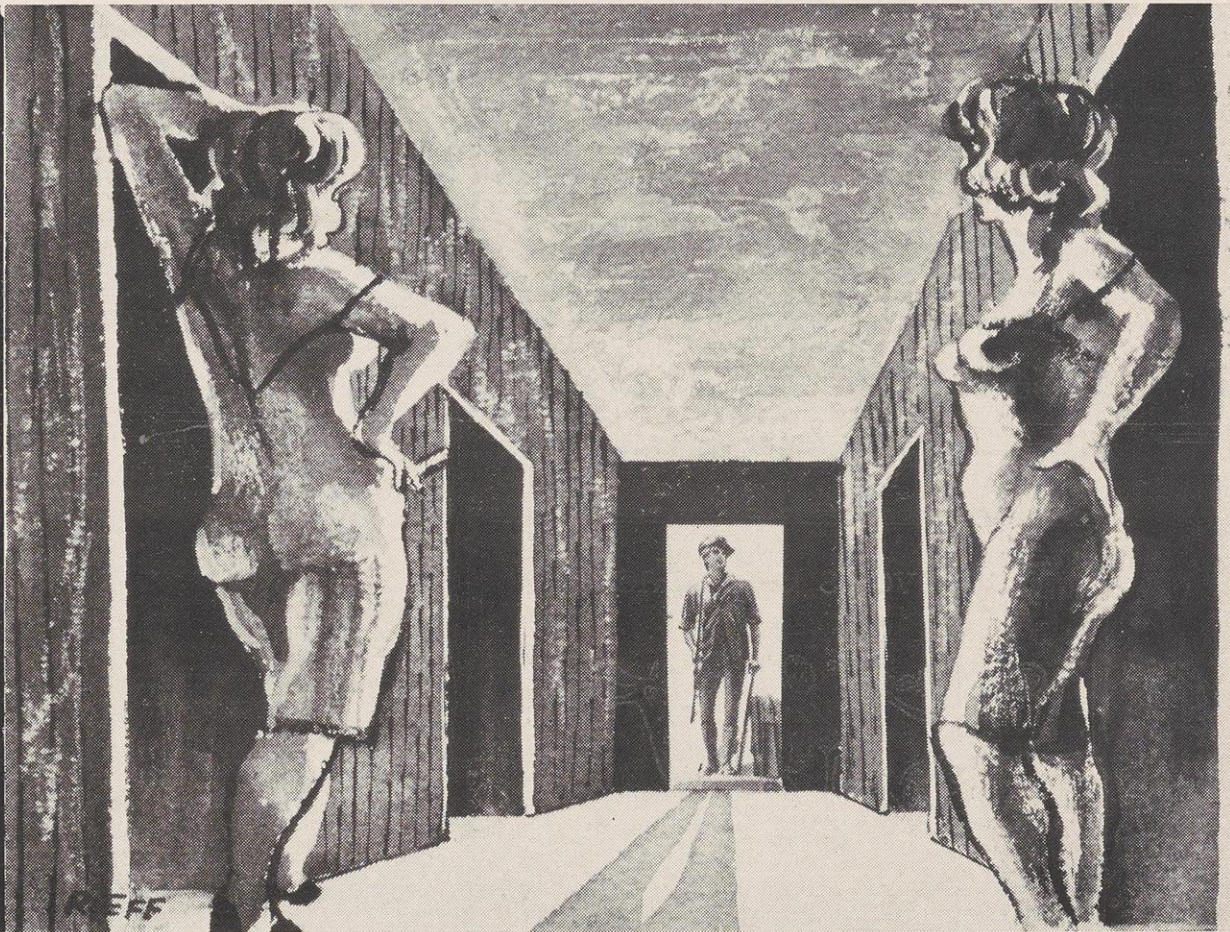
**1:30 - 5:30 Mon. - Sat.**

- bring receipts or I.D.





## spring business forecast



"It's him again"



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- SAILBOATS
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## Whatever's On Schedule



Make the most of your leisurely time in the thrilling different togs from our Sportswear Departments for men and women.



*From the Golden*

*Treasury of* **SIN**

Two small mice were crouched under a table in the chorus girls' dressing room of a big Broadway show.

"Wow," exclaimed the first mouse, "Have you ever seen so many gorgeous legs in your life?"

"Means nothing to me," said the other. "I'm a chipmunk" myself."

I had sworn to be a bachelor,  
She had sworn to be a bride.  
I guess you know the answer,  
She had nature on her side.

Four out of five women haters are women.

★ ★ ★

Professor: Alright, let's stop that note passing in the back of the room.

Student: These aren't notes, Sir. They're cards. We're playing bridge.

Professor: Oh, excuse me.

★ ★ ★

A professor who comes late is unusual; in fact he is in a class by himself.

★ ★ ★

Reformer: Hell is full of drunkards, cocktails, roulette wheels, and loose women.

Voice from rear: Oh Death, where is thy sting?

★ ★ ★

"Why do English professors wear ties?"

"So you can tell them from the janitors."

★ ★ ★

"Say, roomie, can I borrow your pen?"

"Sure."

"Have you got any stationery?"

"Here you are."

"Can you lend me a stamp?"

"Yeah."

"Are you going past a mailbox?"

"OK."

"Thanks. Say, what's your girl's address?"



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FERTILITY RITES OF  
SPRING ISSUE

# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

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**THE BOUNDERS OF THE CAMPUS ARE THE BOUNDERS OF THE STATE**

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# FOR DANCING . . .



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## UNCENSORED DIALOGUE

*from Ubangi Fertility Rites*

Coed: I'll stand on my head or bust.

Phys. Ed. instructor: Just stand on your head. We don't expect too much in this course.

★ ★ ★  
"Do you neck?"

"That's my business."

"Ah! At last, a professional."

Origin of the Charleston: When a Scotchman tried to pick the lock on a pay toilet.

★ ★ ★  
Have you heard about the absent minded nurse who made the patient without even disturbing the bed.

Junior: Pop, let me have some money.

Pop: What did you do with the dime I gave you last week?

Junior: I spent it.

Pop: What are you doing, keeping a woman?

★ ★ ★

Mother (entering room): Well, I never—

Daughter: But mother, you must have.

★ ★ ★

He: What's the difference between mashed potatoes and pea soup?

Him: Anyone can mash potatoes.

★ ★ ★

Sweet young thing: Can you tatoo a cat on my knee?

Tattooer: We're having a sale on giraffes this week.

★ ★ ★

Greek tailor (looking at men's trousers just brought in): Euripedes.

Greek Customer: Yah, Eumenides.

★ ★ ★

A rhumba is an asset to music.

★ ★ ★

A Greek's father paid his son a surprise visit at 1 a. m. He pounded on the door of the fraternity house. A voice shouted down from the second floor, "Whadaya want?"

"Does Joe Jones live here?" the father asked.

"Yeah. Bring him in."

★ ★ ★

Coed: I finally went to the doctor about the craving I get for kissing every time I have a couple of drinks.

Friend: What did he give you?

Coed: A couple of drinks.

★ ★ ★

Male: Are you afraid of the big bad wolf?

Female, warming: No, why?

Male: That's funny, the other two pigs were.

★ ★ ★

"Will you marry me?"

"No, but I'll always admire your good taste."

★ ★ ★

"Who gave the bride away?"

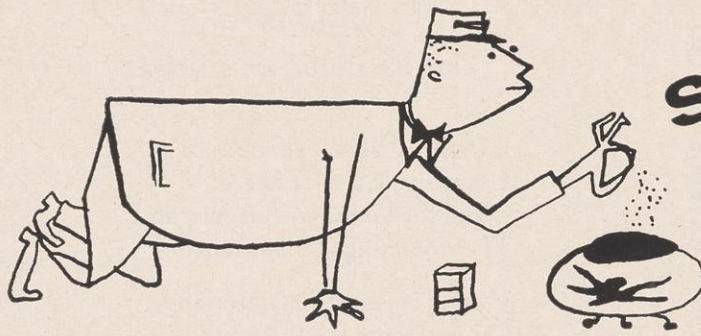
"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."

★ ★ ★

First cow: Where are the rest of the girls?

Second cow: They're over in the other pasture having a bull session.





## aws backwards

YEARLY the Associated Women Students hold their "Senior Swingout," a ceremony whose purpose is to honor the graduating class and certain outstanding women on campus. A.W.S. feels they are in this way stimulating participation by the woman student in campus affairs. They hope that the recipients of this honor will be duly proud.

We are sure their policy is sound and successful; the other day just after the list of those honored came out, a friend ran up and yelled:

"Guess what, guess what,—I'm going to be swung by the *aws*!"

## kretch

AS SPRING DESCENDS UPON us here in the enlightened Twentieth Century, we begin to wonder if fertility rites are strictly restricted to the people that inhabit Anthropology books.

Throughout history man has in many ways worshipped the fertility of field, flock, and female. In the Chinese province of Chemul the natives believed that prostitution insured the success of the crops, and resisted all efforts of the central government to suppress the practice. Many Asian mystery cults devised most charming ceremonies for the celebration of the divine union of their gods.

Here in the enlightened twentieth century in the greatest nation that ever was, certain rites, ceremonies, and rituals hint that even the present Atomic Age female resorts to certain mystical practices reminiscent of less sophisticated peoples.

Why, we wonder, have these anthropologists who have compiled extensive books on "Growing up in Samoa" not delved into the deep field of the college co-ed?

Why has no one analysed the socio-economic significance of the sun tan, or the connection between the Bermuda Short and rich rolling hills of ripe grain? Has anyone been "Inside a Spring Formal?"

These things and many more must be studied. Anthropologists of the world, it is time to read the writing on the lavatory wall!



## nicotine

ONE THING that has to be said for the typical Wisconsin student is that he is a great lover of the out-of-doors. Many students came to this campus expressly to enjoy the beautiful lakes of Madison and to benefit from the clean lake air.

Almost without exception, a Badger will head outside during the short fifteen minute break between classes. He usually gets in about twenty good drags of fresh air on a cigarette before he goes back inside.

## stacked

BLINKING THE LIGHTS to clear the reading rooms at night seems to be established library procedure these days. It's about time somebody asked why.

The old system of ringing a bell seemed effective enough in the old library, and the stack buzzer does the job of getting people to leave in the new one.

On the other hand, nothing could be much ruder than blinking the lights at someone while they're reading. It isn't even done on a few of the lights as a signal to clear out; the room is completely darkened so that you lose your place and are so mad at the ill-mannered person who is doing the blinking that you can't get anything more done.

As long as we're being rude we might as well go all the way and arm the librarians with black snake whips and let them drive the proletariat out. Of course the probability of anyone being afraid of a librarian, with or without a blacksnake whip, is so slight that this would probably never work.

They could electrify the tables and chairs and give everyone a five hundred volt shock at 9:45. Then if people didn't leave in five minutes they could fry them in their chairs.

We'd like to come out in favor of a little old bell that would pleasantly let people know that the library is closing. Certainly Wisconsin students don't have to be driven away from their books.



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FROM  
HIGHER  
ON  
THE  
LYRE  
OF

*friar skwire*

*the cherse of worse terse verse*

## SONG

TO BE SUNG BY SINGERS

I want to be a Frenchman,  
I want to go to France.  
Only Frenchmen understand  
The meaning of romance.

I want to be a Frenchman  
On les Champs Elysees.  
Only Frenchmen understand  
How to be distingue.

I:  
Wanna read Rousseau  
See a naughty show  
Wanna wear berets  
Like the French roues  
Wanna meet coquettes  
Attend all the fetes  
Wanna write and paint  
And be real quaint  
Make the ladies faint  
And be everything I ain't.

I wanna be French.

I want to be a Frenchman,  
I want to see Patee.  
Only Frenchmen specialize  
In saying, "C'est la vie."

I want to be a Frenchman,  
With joie de vivre, with dash.  
Only Frenchmen know the way  
To wear a wax moustache.

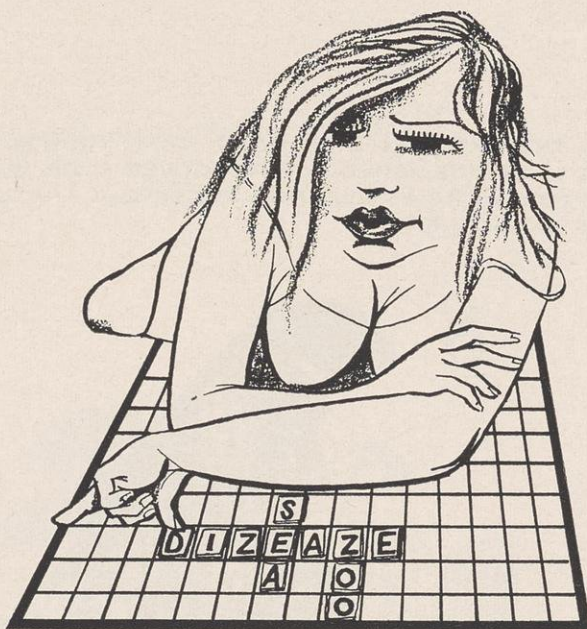
I:  
Wanna sing "Alouette"  
Eat a crepe suzette  
Wanna order food  
Without being crude  
Wanna nasalize  
Like Parisian guys  
Wanna quote Voltaire  
Understand Baudelaire  
Have some savoir faire  
And be debonair.

I wanna be French.

I want to be a Frenchman,  
Drink wine and bright champagne.  
Only Frenchmen know the way  
To live without a strain.

I want to be a Frenchman,  
I want to go to France.  
Only Frenchmen understand  
The meaning of romance.

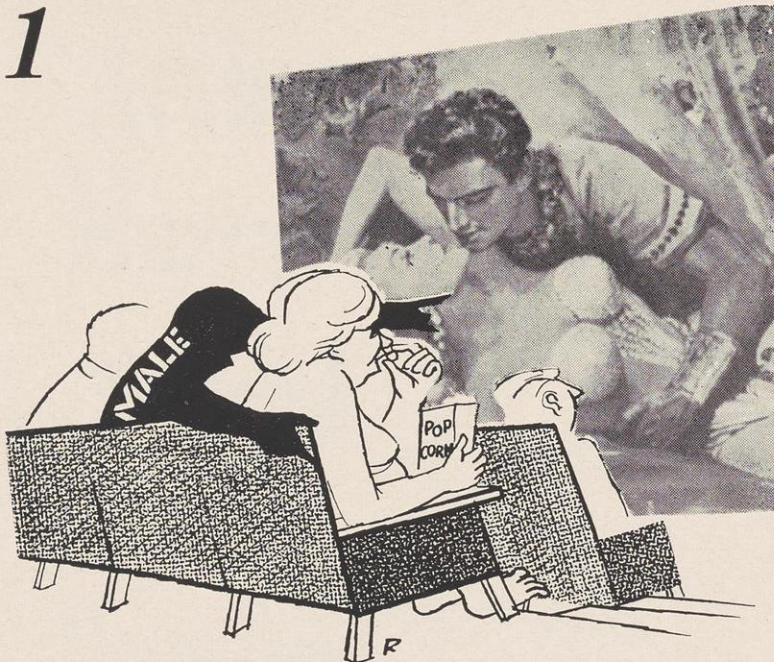




"WHAT WILL I DO NIGHTS NOW THAT OCTY IS CENSORED?"



1

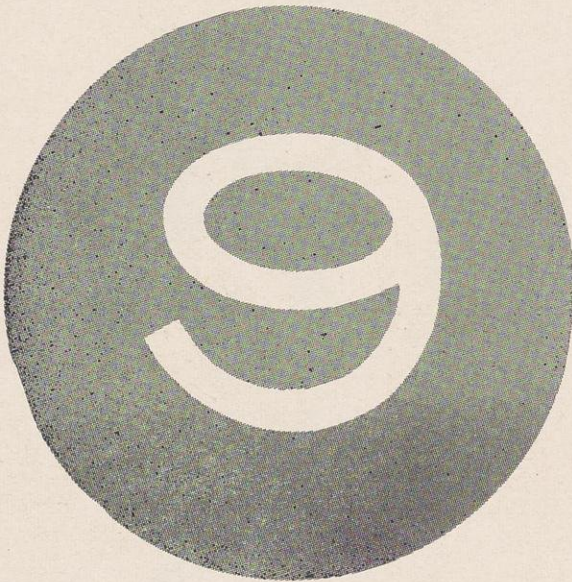


Accompany her to informative movies and lectures on the subject.

2



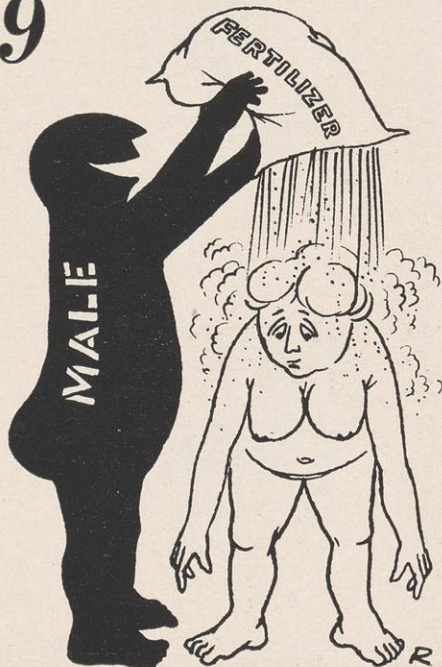
Give her a nine months subscription to Parents Magazine.



## wonderful ways fertility in

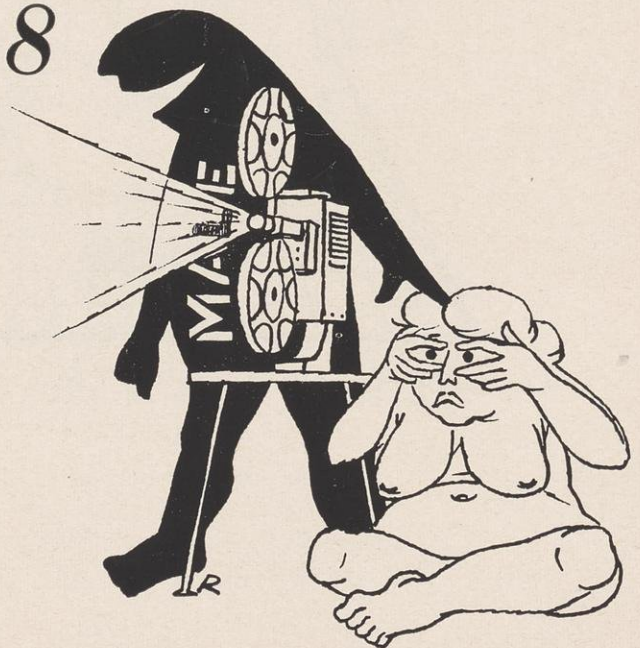
FROM THE FREQUENTLY BANNED "DO-IT-YOURSELF" SERIES.  
SOON TO BE PUBLISHED IN HARD COVER FORM WITH AN INTIMATE FOREWORD BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT (NATURAL MOTHER OF 4 CHILDREN).

9



And if none of these former attempts prove fruitful . . .

8



Show her stag movies before retiring



3



*Introduce her to Margaret Mead*

4



*Surround her with profound examples*

# to induce the female

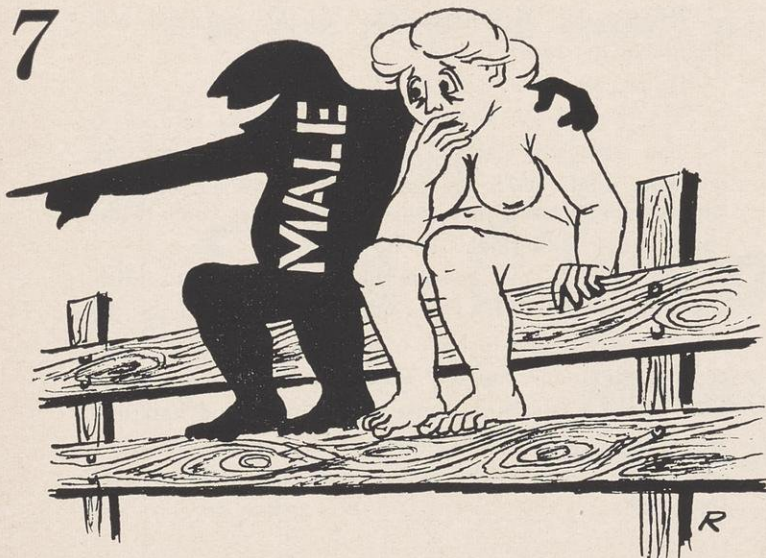
WRITTEN AND PICTURED BY *Reiff*

5



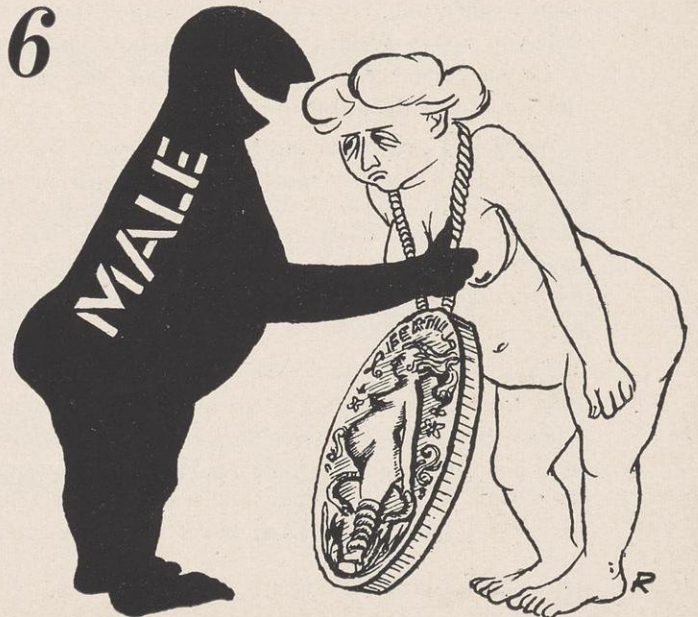
*Introduce her to Lydia Pinkham*

7



*Visit nearby farms and observe the barnyard animals in their unspoiled performances*

6



*Present her with a fertility medal periodically*



I'VE BEEN TOLD it's more fun that way—but I have my doubts. Well, really—I mean a girl can't expect any thing else when she's traveling alone, and on the Super Chief, too.

From now on I take a friend *and* a DC-6. No more "solitary" day-and-a-half train rides for me. That glorious sky-blue ad I saw in the magazine I picked up in the beauty parlor really took me in. I mean, when I found out that the loan company would actually *fi*-nance my two weeks in Frisco—nothing down, low payments and so little interest. And that sky-blue diner thrown in for good measure. And those M-E-N, I mean they even throw S-E-X into the ads. And I confess I WAS taken for a ride. Well, really—I guess I was and all that, but I mean I was taken in.

For ten months I passed up \$1.00 lunches for an egg salad sandwich and a coke—30¢. That's another thing. Eggs are out from now on. Why they cost 75¢ a PIECE on the Super Chief. I'd like to meet that chicken. She gets paid more than I do. Imagine—47.50 per week for 39 hours of conscientious, loyal work. Why—my boss would just go to pieces without me and he doesn't even know it. What did that deep poet say? "They also serve..."

# santa

... ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT RAIN, DEAR

Well, they never serve like it's served out West.

But I was telling you about my savings. I did. Save, I mean. Enough to buy a few frocks, chic numbers, and line up a great little room in the most darling hotel. Why—had I wanted to, I could have lived my whole two weeks inside that place.

Well, let's get back to the Super Chief. That was even better.

I learned from my experience with Santa—that's what I called him, because of the train and the gifts, and well you know. Well, I learned just how dangerous it is for an "unattached" girl to stay put. She can really run into some tight spots.

Anyway, I met Santa the first night out. I was sitting there trying to write a post-card to the girls in the office. Say, did you ever try to write in a moving club car? It's like a game. What's going to get there first—your pen or your drink. That is, when you're sipping a "refresher" and writing, too. Well, it takes co-ordination, like Santa said.

That's how we met, by the way. I was sitting at this little table. I swear they're no bigger around than my typewriter. And I was stretching to reach it from those built-in leatherette sofas they line up along part of the train wall. (I know they're not real leather. I smelled it.) And I must have looked like I was having trouble

and Santa walked over.

"It takes co-ordination, doesn't it, honey?"

Well, I was never so surprised. Real distinguished, he was. Almost right out of that sky-blue ad. You could tell he was class—Cashmere suits, he wore. (I know they were real. I felt it. It was all above-board, believe me. I mean I brushed up against his sleeve accidentally when I tried to catch my glass when it fell.

And that's what started it. Or ended it. At least all my bright shining ideas about him ended. You know those dresses I mentioned. Well, I was wearing one, a very appropriate number. It's really a dress, but it has a jacket, you know. Anyway, the jacket was open and when I leaned over to catch the glass—guess I missed out on my co-ordination—I noticed he was looking straight at me. And he wasn't looking me straight in the eye either. I mean, well, what's a girl supposed to do with a scooped-out neckline? Wear long underwear? Well, he finally made it back to my eyes and while the waiter cleaned up the mess I was thinking about Santa.

He was really Alfred. Alfred Q. Brombeck, of Brombeck, Brombeck, Davis and Oyley. When he said "BBD&O" I thought he meant that outfit Jack Benny always talks about, but Santa's BBD&O is in oil and I'll

bet they're worth plenty. Never found out which Brombeck he was. I didn't ask. Well, something just told me his intentions weren't entirely sky-blue ad-like. I mean, you couldn't print them in the same magazine. I couldn't put my finger on it, but he started to order another round and his collar seemed to be getting too tight for him and that distinguished couple at the next table stopped looking at us with those "Isn't that sweet?" smiles. I think they were thinking what I was thinking Santa was thinking.

It was time to change for dinner and I thought it about time to make an appropriate break.

"Excuse me, Mr. Brombeck," (I never called him "Santa to his face) I said.

"Honey, you goin' so soon?"

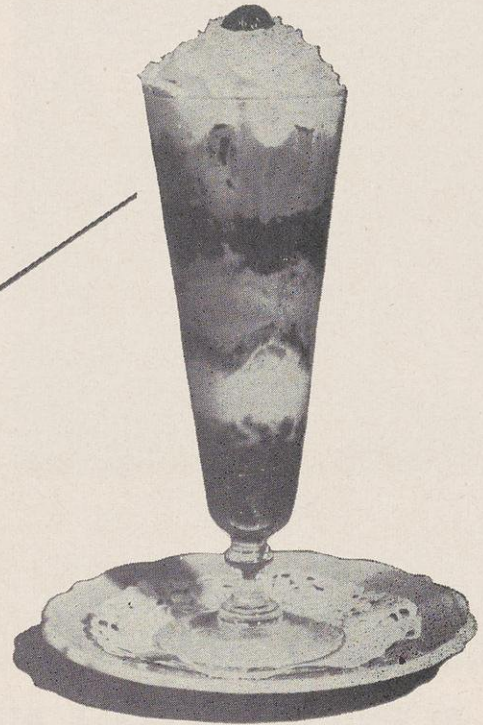
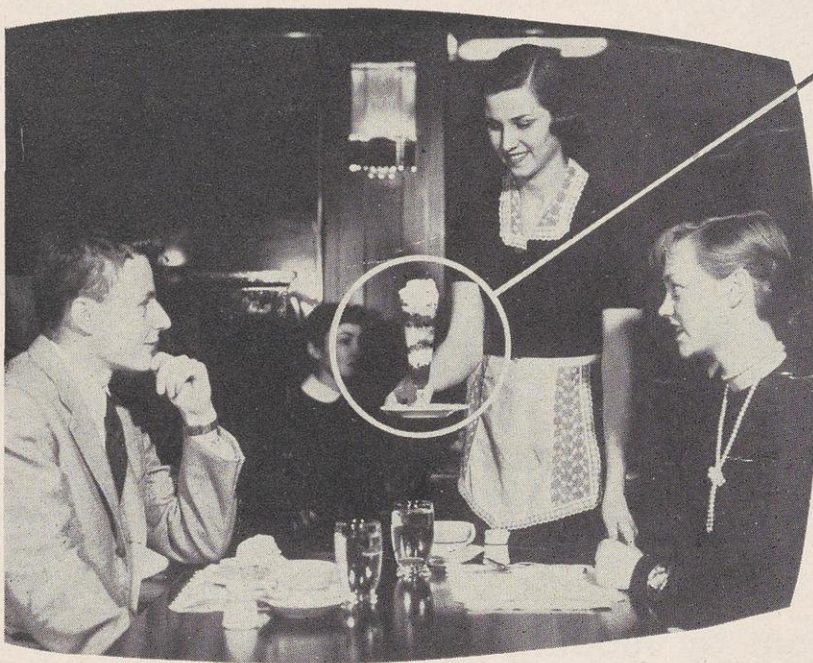
"Yes, I think it's time for me to leave," I said.

"Just when the party's gettin' goin'?" Naw—say, I'll tell you what. We'll go for a little walk. Ever walk through the whole train? More fun when we come to the sharp turns. Haw-Haw," he hawed.

Well, when a girl reaches her upper-upper twenties, she knows what THAT means. Somewhere along the train he was bound to have a compartment. He was that type. And no-one can tell what will happen to a weak little girl. I mean, just 'cause a girl has blond hair and keeps her figure trim, people get the wrong idea. The way those people stared at us when we got up to take that walk.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17)





THE CHOCOLATE SHOP  
SPECIAL—45c

A fine place for family and friends at graduation...

# *The Chocolate Shop*

RESTAURANT  
548 STATE STREET





The French are known the world over for their unrestrained participation in what has become their national pastime. Some people let their passion get out of hand as this fille seems to have done.

# SNATCHES OF FERTILITY RITES AROUND THE WORLD

*Collected at random by leading  
University of Wisconsin social scientists*



In England the natural tendency of the nation's youth to revive ancient fertility rights is vigorously suppressed by staid proponents of the Victorian tradition.





The American stress of educational and intellectual values gives the male higher interests. The female, untouched by these values, continues to exert a pressure toward more vigorous activity.

The last war took a large toll among the young men in Italy, leaving Italian women in an enviable position when spring arrives and fertility rites begin.



Egyptian customs run along lines not usually encouraged in other cultures.

Not everyone is caught up in the fervor of the annual rites of spring. Some portions of the population have a curious negative reaction.





OUT OF THE DEPTHS  
OF LAKE MENDOTA  
CRAWLED HERB WALTERS  
ONLY TO REALIZE HE  
WAS TOTALLY . . .

# stoned

A HARD LUCK STORY

HERB WALTERS leaned far out over the edge of the sailboat and watched the prow cut a wake in Lake Mendota. He inhaled the fresh lake air and shouted to his pilot, "Is this great! I'm going to spend all my time doing this after my last final!"

"When is your last final, Herb?"

"Wednesday at 1:20."

"This is Wednesday, and it's—" He looked at his watch. "It's 1:30, man."

Herb's jaw dropped.

He had to think about it for a while, and he was in no condition to think, but he at last concluded that his friend was right and that it was Wednesday. Meanwhile, his friend had swung the boat around and headed at top speed for the Union pier. Caught up in the urgency of his mission of getting Herb to his exam he heeled the boat sharply to get top speed. Herb ran to the other side and climbed out on the gunwale. He rode the edge up, up, and up, saw what was going to happen and closed his eyes just as the sail slapped sharply into the water.

Thrown fully clothed into the still chilly lake, the only thing Herb could think to do was to start swimming. He even had the presence of mind to head toward Bascom Hall, where his exam was. It was a little hard for him to imagine himself crawling out of the water like a commando, breaking through the underbrush to the top of the hill, and charging, dripping wet, into the exam. But, it was the only way.

After about twenty strokes he was tiring noticeably, and was beginning to wonder whether he could make it or not when he saw the University Life Saving Service launch heading toward him. It would undoubtedly be much more practical to let the Lifesaving Service taxi him to his exam.

Unfortunately it didn't work exactly like a taxi service. In the first place, they took time to rescue his friend and the boat. Herb had lost interest in both of them the moment he hit the water and was annoyed at the delay. After all, he had an exam that started fifteen minutes ago.

By the time they got under way for the boathouse another problem was beginning to bother Herb—the problem of clothing. He estimated the temperature of the water with which he was soaked at a few degrees above freezing and rapidly dropping as the wind whipped through his clothes. He couldn't bear the thought of going to the exam with them on, but he couldn't bear the thought of going to it without them on either.

The lifesaving service showed a little sympathy. In view of the fact that Herb had lost his wallet in the upset they were willing to believe that he had given them his right name and to accept an I.O.U. for the fine he had to pay for having tipped over. This seemed truly charitable to Herb. They also dug up an assortment of old clothes for him when they got to the boathouse, ill fitting, but conforming to all principles of modesty.



At last, Herb thought, luck was with him. His car was parked only a few yards from the boathouse.

He sprinted to the car, opened the door, jumped behind the wheel, slammed the door, and jammed his hand in his pocket for the key. He froze. The right front pocket of the baggy borrowed pants contained one dirty handkerchief. He knew how to start the car using a quarter, but it didn't seem to him that it would be possible to do it with a dirty handkerchief.

Luckily, who should be strolling down Langdon Street but a fellow Herb knew from a first semester class. Eagerly, he ran to catch him. "Frank, could you loan me a quarter? I've got to have it to get to my exam." His face was hideously contorted in an effort to communicate the urgency of the situation.

Frank was skeptical. "I don't know, Walters. When will you be able to pay me back? I'm leaving town tonight." Furthermore, he couldn't see what having a quarter had to do with getting to an exam when the next exam period was an hour and forty-five minutes off. "Where the hell is this exam anyway, that you've got to take a cab to get there by 3:50?"

Herb was almost in tears as he tried to make him understand that the exam was at 1:20 and that he needed the quarter to start his car. Frank didn't understand, but with a great humanitarian effort he dug into his pockets and fished out a quarter, which he flipped to Herb. "You can pay me back next fall," he said, and strolled on down the street.

Herb, overcome with gratitude, caught the quarter and dashed back to the car. Getting it started was relatively easy. On about the fourth try he got it going and, holding the coin under the dashboard with one hand and steering with the other, he careened out of the parking lot, narrowly missing two pedestrians in swimming suits.

The exam was now over half over. He could visualize the other students hurriedly turning the pages of their bluebooks as they wrote. He was just coming to the elbow curve in the north road when the quarter slipped and the motor died. He jammed on the emergency brake and tried to restart the car. After several attempts he decided that it wasn't going to start. He had nothing to do but to let it coast back down the hill. He found backing down the steep winding road tricky business, but

he finally coasted backwards into the Radio Hall drive and rolled to a stop in the middle of the parking lot behind Science Hall.

He hopped out, slammed the door, and began to run up the hill. After about fifty yards he decided it would be more efficient to just walk fast. After another fifty yards he decided it would be more efficient to walk more slowly and take big steps. He was stumbling with exhaustion as he went up the steps into Bascom Hall.

It was at this point that he realized that although he had had this vivid picture of 150 students writing away on the exam he didn't know what room they were in. He jogged to the information desk, amazed at how level the

floor was as compared to the Hill. Wiping the sweat from his brow with his forearm, he asked the girl where the exam was being held.

She concluded her phone conversation in about fifteen seconds and asked him to repeat his question. "I'm sorry, but we don't have that information here. You should inquire at the departmental office." She smiled. Herb groaned.

The departmental office was two flights up. When Herb got there, he found out the exam was two flights down.

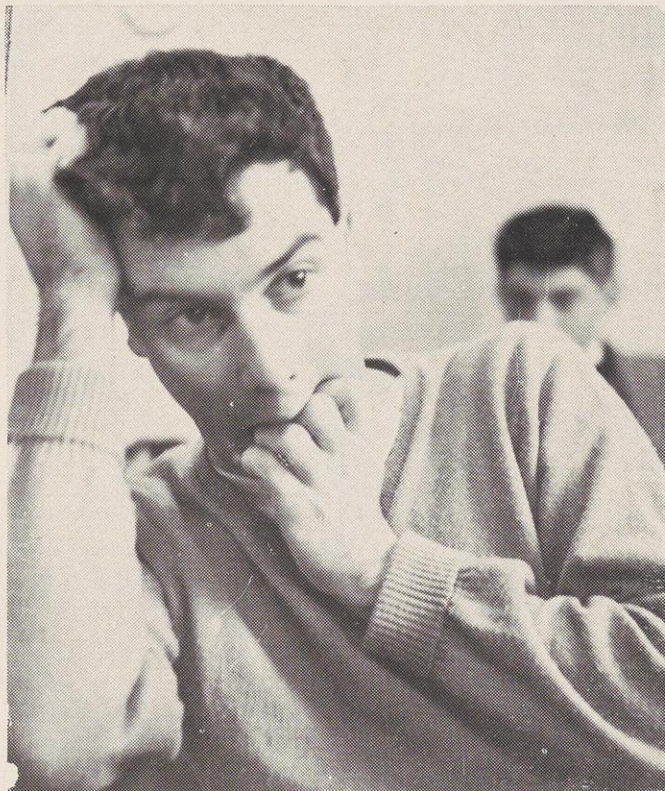
The run back down the stairs was a breeze. Herb Walters stumbled into the exam room, sweating, panting, and wearing borrowed

clothes, at exactly 2:25.

The instructor, somewhat confused by the late arrival, at first refused to give him an exam. He relented when Herb's own instructor assured him he was in the course.

He reached into his shirt pocket to take out his pen only to discover that the left front pocket of the borrowed shirt contained one dirty handkerchief. Holding the dirty handkerchief limply in his hand, he folded his arm on the writing arm of the chair, lowered his head between them, and began to sob pitifully.

He felt an arm around his shoulders and looked up to find his instructor, sitting in the chair next to his. "Take it easy now," he said. "It's not a bad exam, and I'll give you some extra time."



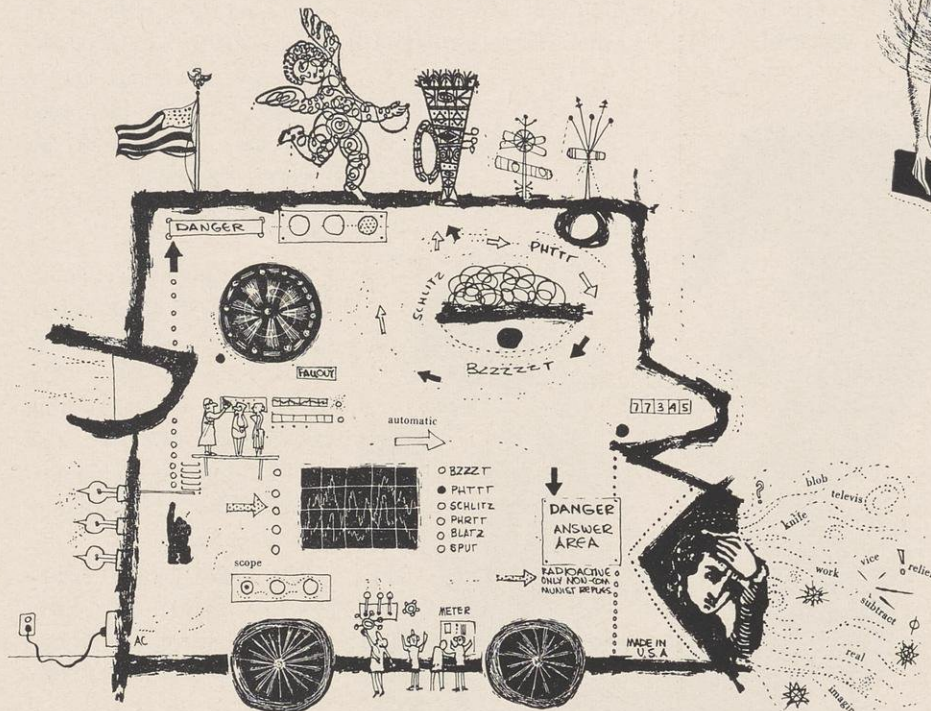
# stoned



# COMING THROUGH THE WRY

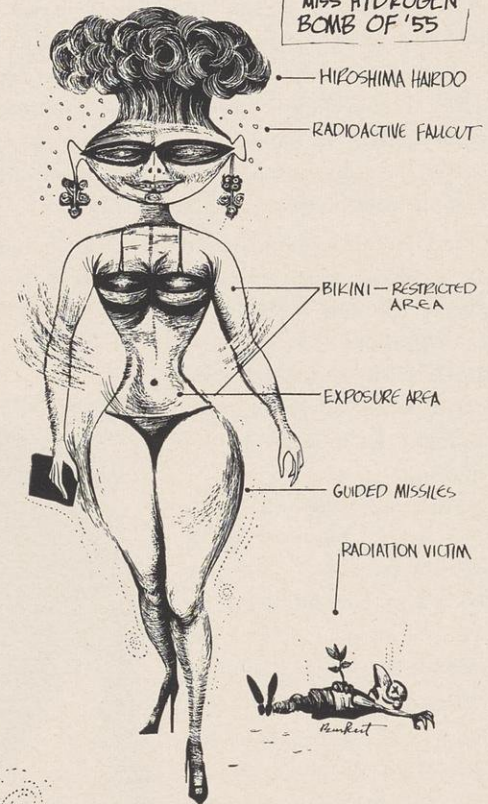
by bob burkert

## THE ALMOST ALWAYS THINKING MACHINE



## GOLDEN ANATOMY LESSON — NO. 2

MISS HYDROGEN  
BOMB OF '55



## THE ARTISTS

I PAINT WHAT I SEE —  
SELF-TAUGHT, OF COURSE



"I PAINT THE INNER COSMOS  
OF THE BAFFLING UNIVERSE."





Well, the train ride had been sort of smooth up to there. And, like I say, a girl in her upper-upper twenties knows what to expect, so she usually knows what to do, don't you think?

Anyway, we had gone through Mt. Baldy and the Grand Canyon—they give those Pullman cars the most picturesque names. In Mt. Baldy we traded home towns and vital statistics. He's in his middle-upper forties, by the way. Just the right age—or the wrong age, depending. In the Grand Canyon I turned around. He was following me during our tour, and he was looking at me again. Well, really, what's a girl supposed to do? Wear her clothes so they fit like sacks?

So I walked a little faster, and he did, too, and as we raced into the next car, the train lurched and I fell against this metal door and it swung open and MY GOD, I was in the men's room and when I tripped, I fell against this black button and, gee, in ran the porter. All knowing smiles and white teeth and cardboard white jacket. And I picked myself up off the carpet and Santa grabbed me to help me up, I guess, but he missed and he almost fell right on top of me, but that couple from the club car were passing through. And the gentleman caught Santa as he was taking off on his rescue flight and saved me from that.

Well, I tried to adjust my composure and dug in, right into "Mrs. Distinguished's" corn on her right big toe, I guess. Well, that raised holy heaven and when it died down a bit and everyone started checking each other for bruises and that—Well, all five of us in that little thing, nobody seemed to notice, but I ran out so quick.

My roomette was in the next car and I flew into it and cleaned up and from then on I had all my meals sent in. They really offer the sweetest services and only a quarter extra, too.

Well, Santa never came to find out how I was, but he started sending those roses. Twice, he sent a dozen roses. I don't know where they got them. But, like I said, they offer the sweetest services.

So when we got into L.A. and I had to switch trains for Frisco I decided to find Santa and tell him that all was forgiven. I mean he sent the sweetest notes with the flowers. And it would have been nice to know someone in a strange state. I don't mean HE was strange, I mean I was a stranger, and all, in California.

Anyway, the porter told me Santa had gotten off at Albuquerque—probably checking into his oil—and I felt just terrible. I'll never be able to say "thank you."

Well, it just ruined my trip. I mean I couldn't stop thinking about what might have been. He probably was perfectly harmless. You can't tell.

But, like I say, next time I take a friend and a DC-6. But I hear they're putting in club cars in planes, too.

—LEAH NATHANSON

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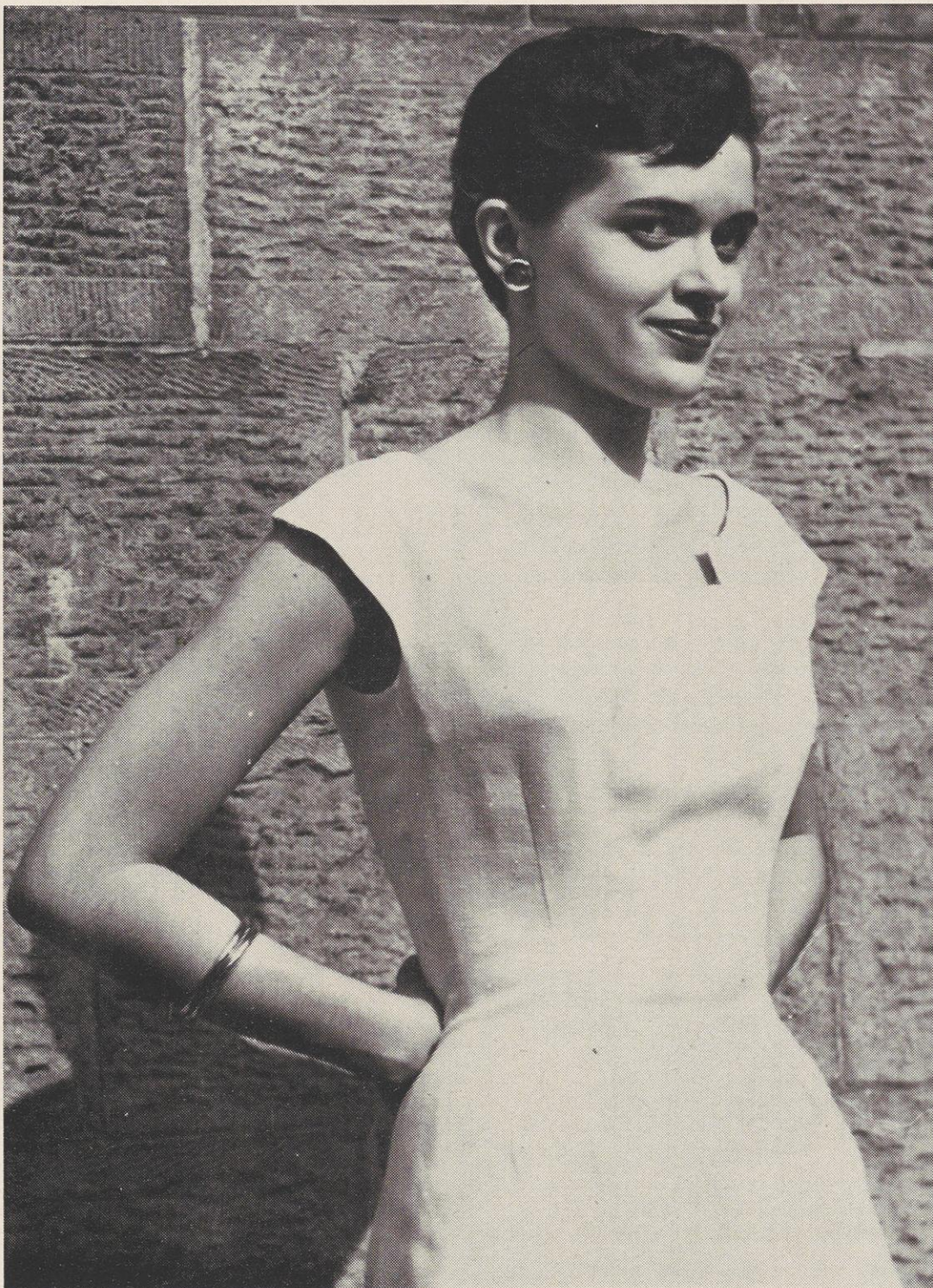
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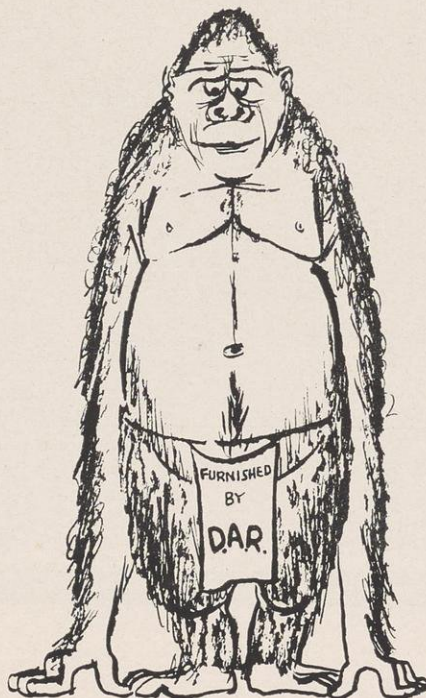
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Mountain girl: "Doctah, ah cum to see y'all 'bout gran-maw. We gotta do somethin 'bout her smokin."

Doctor: "Oh, now, Elviry, don't worry about that, lot's of women smoke."

Elviry: "Yeah, I know, but granmaw inhales."

Doctor: "That's still nothin to worry about. Lots of women inhale."

Elviry: "Yeah, I know, but granmaw don't exhale."

★ ★ ★

Because of his refusal to eat, the frantic mother had taken her little son to the great psychiatrist, who coaxed the boy in vain, with every conceivable goody. Finally he said "What do you want to eat?"

"Worms," came the reply.

Not to be outdone, the doctor sent his nurse out for a plate of wrigglers. "Here," he barked to the boy.

"I want them fried," came the answer.

The nurse did so, and returned the plate.

"I only want one," said the food hater.

The doctor got rid of all but one. "Now," he said, "eat!"

The boy protested, "You eat half."

The doctor gagged half of the fried worm down, then dangled the remaining half in the tyke's face. The boy burst into tears.

"What's the matter now?" yelled the infuriated psychiatrist.

"You ate my half," wailed the boy.

★ ★ ★

Waitress (looking at nickel tip): What are you trying to do, big boy, seduce me?

★ ★ ★

An American soldier goes into a London restaurant and sits down at a table. After a few moments, a good looking filly jaunts over to him and lays down a menu on the table. "What's good today?" says the soldier.

"Rhubarb, rutabagas, ravioli, rice and roast."

"Baby, you sure roll your r's."

"Yea, maybe it's because of the high heels I'm wearing."





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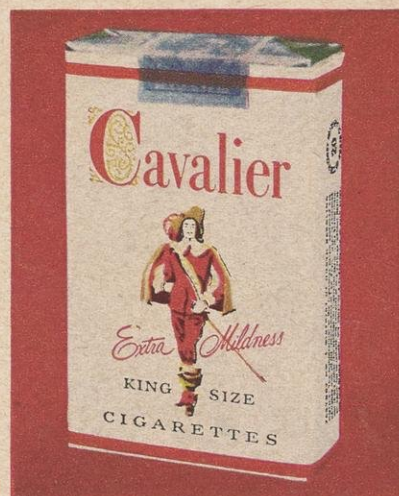


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