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THE *NEW* WISCONSIN

# OCTOPUS

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Introductory Issue — 1954



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*Through Octyland with Gun and Camera*

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THE *NEW* WISCONSIN  
**OCTOPUS**



*Introductory Issue — 1954*

EXECUTIVE EDITOR  
Cal Collinge

BUSINESS MANAGER  
John Nimlos

**STAFF**

See Page 5

..... (Very Important)

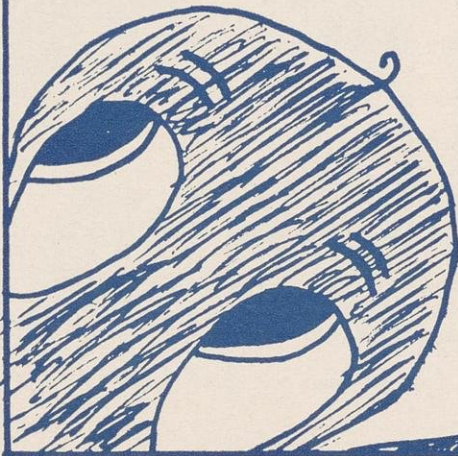


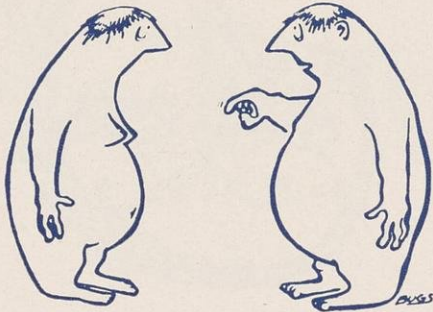
*The Bounders of the  
Campus . . . are the  
Bounders of the State*

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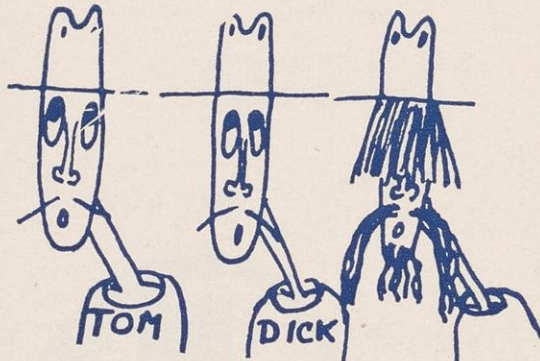
This tidy and free little issue is just in the nature of a hello to new readers and old ones too. Every year what with graduation of staffs and scholastic eligibility and whatnot, magazines change. This year too, and moreso. So, friends, in the next skinny pages we will try to give an inkling of what to expect this year from the old Octy. Great things, we hope, are in store: things to shock you; things to wring tears from your bloodshot eyes; things to amaze, amuse and delight your delicate sensibilities. So flip the page and be conducted on a tiny tour of the new OCTYLAND.

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**STOP**NO.  
1*THERE WILL BE CARTOONS—  
LIKE THESE*

"ME TARZAN—YOU JANE"—VOO DDD



GREEN GANDER

**OR BETTER****DISPLAY**NO.  
2*THERE WILL BE JOKES—  
LIKE THESE*

He: Do you enjoy Kipling?  
 She: I don't know. How do you kipple?  
 "Ah threw mah knee out of joint doin' the Charleston."  
 "Man, you is lucky—s'pose you had been doin' the Black Bottom!"  
 "If you don't raise my salary," announced the minister, "you can all go to hell."  
 Applicant: "I'm Gladys Zell."  
 Personnel Manager: "I'm happy myself. Have a seat."  
 Once upon a time there were two little skunks whose names were "In" and "Out," and they lived with their mother in a great big tree in a great big forest. When Out was out, In was in, and when In was Out, Out was in. One day mama skunk called Out in and told Out to go out and find In and bring In in. So Out went out and in no time at all, he found In and told In to go in. Mama said, "Oh, Out, you're so wonderful. How did you find In so soon?"

Out said, "Instinct."

The young man wandered into the tennis tournament and sat down on a bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.

"My boy friend is serving on an island in the Pacific."

"Which island?"

"Alcatraz."

## DICTIONARY FOR DRUNKS

*Fizz*—Type of hat worn by Asiatics.

*Bar*—Large, hairy animal.

*Swizzle*—Type of chair that executives use.

*Absinthe*—Makes the heart grow fonder.

*Gin*—Place where we take physical education.

*Whiskey*—A facial growth.

*Drunk*—The main part of a tree.

*Goblet*—Baby sailor.

*Hennessey*—State where Memphis is located.

*Mix*—Irishmen.

*Bottle*—A combat.

*Rum*—What a house is divided into.

*Sherry*—Type of tree Washington chopped down.

*Set-ups*—Morning exercises.

*Kummel*—Large animal with humps.

*Bacardi*—Rear part of yard on which house is built.

**OR BETTER**

## DETOUR

NO.  
3*THERE WILL BE FUNNY ARTICLES  
LIKE THIS ONE (excerpted)***FUN WITH ATOMS**

Take your ball-peen hammer in hand and begin to pound on any weak, debilitated-looking atom. Be sure to look through your magnifying glass and pick out the skimpiest, weakest-looking atom. This may seem a trifle mean, but if you think this is a rotten trick, you should have seen some of the things they did at Oak Ridge, where it was not uncommon to see six or eight husky men belaboring one tiny atom. It was enough to make a grown man cry. The Hearst newspapers are reported to be investigating these horrors right now, and you may be sure that something will be done to end such brutal treatment.

Now, having picked out the proper atom, begin pounding it just as hard as ever you can. Keep watching through the magnifying glass as you pound and see if the atom is beginning to show signs of cracking. Some of the larger atoms make audible sounds, weeping and moaning, and these sounds do have a definite purpose as they tell us when the atom is about ready to give up the struggle.

Now, let us suppose that you have been able to look through the magnifying glass while pounding to beat hell, and doing it all without mashing your thumb all over the

anvil. Soon you will see the tiniest of cracks along one side of the atom. Now you must work very, very fast. This is one of the most delicate operations in home atom cracking. Insert the end of your sharpened chisel into the crack and tap lightly on the chisel's flat end with your ball-peen hammer. Tap! Tap! Tap! Snap! Crackle! BAROOOOM! !

WELL, NOW LET'S pretend that Daddy and Mother have a house again, and that you have collected lots of broken atoms and stored them neatly in a paper envelope. What can you do with the atoms now that you have broken them? That is just what old Uncle Ben is trying to tell you, so shut up and listen.

Among the pieces are many little ones that glow in the dark. These are called *radioactive* and can be a source of much fun for clever little boys and girls who can crack atoms and not get mutated into something that doesn't even look like a little boy or girl, or anything else. For instance, by putting this radioactive material in salt and pepper shakers, you can get the family to eat a great deal of the material. Soon you'll be able to see their entire circulatory systems glowing when they stand in a darkened room. What fun, eh, kiddies?

**OR BETTER**

## WAYLAY

NO.  
4*THERE WILL BE SEX OF SORTS  
LIKE THIS*

COLLIERS

**OR BETTER**

**EXHIBIT**NO.  
5**AND MOST IMPORTANT: THERE  
WILL BE —****A CHANGE**

A CHANGE. This change is a great one, and is one that may alienate a lot of people. Basically, the Octy is going to shift its foundation and change its tone. Ever try to sit down and be funny? It is easier to sit down and be bilious. Ever try to make fourteen thousand different people laugh all at once? We think it cannot be done by anybody—yet the campus humor magazine is supposed to try. The humor magazine racket has been languishing all over the country as the campuses get bigger and more violently cosmopolitan. Whom are you going to please? Everybody at once? Not in one magazine. One group? Then you are a snob. About the only way out is to print outhouse humor on toilet paper and call yourself excretiatingly funny. We aren't going to do that. We feel that the University has grown and matured tremendously and therefore its magazine ought to mature and grow along with it. Simply that.

But where to? The role of any campus magazine, no matter what its field may be, is to print *representative* campus thought. We think the Octopus is especially suited to assume the role of representative campus magazine for one vital reason: the connecting bond between everybody on this campus is, simply, laughter. An umbilical cord of yocks. Few college students take anything but themselves seriously and so everyone is always laughing at something. Look around you and see. So then the Octy would like to expend itself on the universal foundation of humor.

Again, where to? First, people have to know what others are interested in. Therefore there will be an extensive section of comment and reflection on what the Octy sees acted and written on walls about the campus. Second, people like to have something new to think about, and the Octy would like to give it to them. We shall not hesitate to print things new and daring, if proper. And there will be little projects like the awesome contest you see in the box on this page. All kinds things.

But yet it would be wrong to forget the rather serious reason we are all here. It would be wrong to ignore the serious and valuable thoughts and ideas that come out of the work done around here. Jokes, girls and snide comments are not the only fruits of satisfaction. Therefore we see every reason for printing serious stories and poetry and art if their only pretense is honesty. Any other pretense will get them canned. This will be no literary magazine, for that again would be unrepresentative. But comedy and tragedy always have stood together

and are too much alike to be separated—even on the Wisconsin campus and in its magazine.

In short, then, the Octopus would like to try and be the register of the University of Wisconsin. It will serve as its creative outlet, its drinking companion, its billboard, its outhouse wall. It wants to try and be THE campus magazine.

And naturally, in this, it needs tremendous support and help. It needs subscriptions (money) to get it going and indicate support. It needs people to run it. It needs gorgeous girls to photograph and otherwise molest. It needs photographers. It needs artists. It needs manuscripts to publish. It needs jokes to publish. It needs *your* help to get going if you believe in it and want to help it.

So, if you have money, buy a subscription. If you want to work and have a ball at deadline time, see Cal Collinge at the Octy Shack or at 622 Mendota Court (6-9001) (editorial) or John Nimlos at the shack or 643 University Avenue (business). They might even buy you a beer. But don't hold them to it.

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