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WISCONSIN Octopus

SEE:

A BROAD COMMENTARY
THE GREAT CAMPUS ROBBERY
THE LIMPING DEVIL



UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN--ANTI-WOMEN ISSUE--TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



Hello? Wisconsin
Speaking?

*The Ocky Staff and I Wish You
A Very Merry Christmas*

Don't Forget me!
and A Happy New
Year too.



Slightly Mildewed

flying leap in the air with his legs a-stride, and fell in a heap in the gutter. The older man, mystified, hurried over to him. "Dear, dear," he said sympathetically, "Are you hurt?"

"No," was the sharp reply, "but I'd like to meet that sonavagun who moved my bicycle!"

* * *

A very beautiful young lady went for a swim in a secluded spot, but neglected to take a towel with her. As she was standing on the bank letting the balmy breezes dry her, she heard a rustling in the bushes nearby. "Who's there?" she replied. A rather high pitched voice replied, "Willie." Said the gal: "How old are you Willie?" and the wee small voice replied, "Seventy-nine, darn it."

* * *

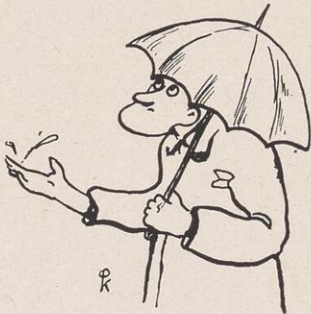
"What would you do if i'd kiss you?"

"I'd yell."

Silence. A kiss. Silence.

"Well?"

"I'm still hoarse from last night."



It was at the cinema, and the feature was one of those steamheated affairs with a sultry, La Marrish creature looking hungrily at a handsome duck of a Gable. After some minor plot preliminaries, the hero and heroine went into a terrific clinch. Fully five minutes passed. Suddenly a small childish voice piped up from the audience: "Mummy, is now when he puts the pollen on her?"

* * *

Nurse: Doctor, every time I bend over to listen to his heart, his pulse increases. What should I do?

Doctor: Button your collar.

* * *

Kindly clergyman, pinching little boy's knee. And who has nice, chubby legs?

Little Boy—Betty Grable.



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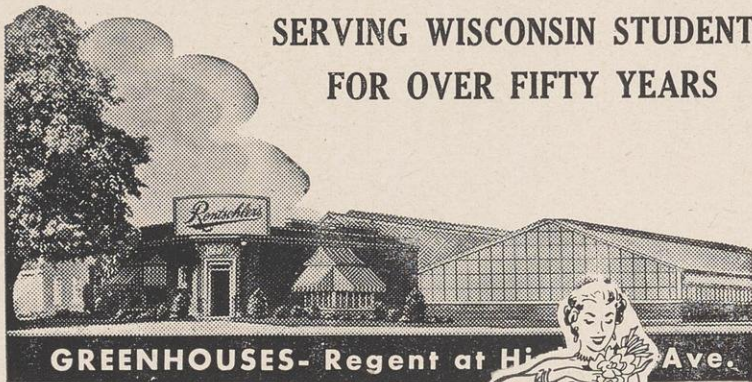


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More Wet Ones

A maid in the land of Aloha
Got caught in the coils of a boa;
Like arms the snake squeezed
And the maid, not displeased,
Cried, "Go on and do it Samoa!"
—Syracusan.

* * *

"How far is it to the next filling
station?" the driver asked a farmer.
"Nigh onto two miles as the crow
flies."

"Well, how far is it if the damn
crow has to walk and roll a flat tire?"

* * *

"Daddy, I want to get married."

"Very well, son, and whom do you
want to marry?"

"Grandma."

"Hold on there, you don't think
I'd let you marry my mother, do
you?"

"Why shouldn't I? You married
mine, didn't you?"

A professor, coming to one of his
classes a little late, found a most un-
complimentary caricature of himself
drawn on the board. Turning to the
student nearest him, he angrily in-
quired, "Do you know who is respon-
sible for this atrocity?"

"No sir, I don't," replied the stu-
dent, "but I strongly suspect its par-
ents."

* * *

Judge: "Officer, what makes you
think this gentleman is intoxicated?"

Officer: "Well, judge, I didn't
bother him when he staggered down
the street, or when he fell flat on his
face, but when he put a nickel in
the mailbox, looked up at the clock
on the Methodist Church, and said,
"My God, I've lost fourteen pounds";
I brought him in."

* * *

"Hello there, young man. Did you
make the debating team at this col-
lege?"

"No-n-no. T-t-t-hey s-s-said I wasn't
t-t-all enough."



"I just told Henry Wiggins that
there is no Santa Claus."

As the meal neared its finish he cleared his throat and said, "My dear, how about a little demi tasse?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" exploded the girl. "I knew you weren't treating me this nice for nothing."

* * *

"Any nice girls in this town?"

"Sure, they're all nice."

"How far to the next town?"

* * *

The little girl's mother had gone away to the mountains for a rest cure, and the child was left in the care of her father. When night came the little girl crawled into bed, and then called her daddy. Her father came quickly and asked his daughter what she wanted.

"Are you going to tuck me in, like you tuck mommy?" asked the child. Her father said of course he would.

"And are you going to kiss me goodnight, like you kiss mommy?" she whispered. The father replied by kissing her.

"Will you lie down next to me, like you do with mommy?" The father lay down next to his daughter.

"And now, Daddy, will you whisper in my ear like you do with mommy?" The father hesitated a moment, and then whispered, "Buzz-buzz-buzz."

The little girl opened her eyes wide, turned to her father, and then whispered quietly, "No, not tonight, George, I'm too tired."



"Didn't you put something on backwards?"



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Hands!

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reach for some!*

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KEN KNAUF

Ken Knauf, a marvelously handsome youngster of old Prussian stock, is a L.&S. senior from Chilton, on the Winnebago, is politically a Republican, socially in favor of blondes, brunettes and Budweiser Beer, economically a past student of Wild Bill, and religiously a smoker of Lucky Strikes.

When not tramping the hill and hall of Bascom, Ken hangs out at numerous haunts, which we will not list here, but currently he may be found working out with the boxing gloves over at the stadium. He spends his vacations wandering recklessly through the states, which combined with a distant relationship to Victor Hugo, may account for scraps of his more radical romanticism.

Shadows of the future suggest a foreign job in China. The secret's out that this may affect his civilian identity.

MEL WADE

Mel is our poet laureate, around thee "Octy" hut. He's a junior in recreation whose campus activities would just about fill a ledger. So here we go. For two terms Mel was the "Proxy" of the ILS class, and was a Student Board member, is a lung specialist with the U.W. Men's chorus, was elected to the Junior honorary society, the *Mace*, and also was elected president of Phi Eta Sigma, the Freshman scholastic honor fraternity. Being a delegate to Phi Eta Sigma's national convention in October, Mel was one of two imaginative conventioners who managed to crash the beauty contest selecting the "ten most beautiful" at Texas U. His only printable comment was "Wow!" While doing his utmost at a few sparse business meetings, he also managed to wash his feet in Texas U's Littlefield Memorial fountain, a noble gesture.

JOSEPH BOYD

Joseph Boyd, distinguished co-author of the Broadway success "Up In Mabel's Womb," is contributing the anti-semantic piece, "Do You Speak Wisconsin" this month. Author Boyd's birth is surrounded by mystery, but within the family circle he is known as the "Immaculate Deception." Legend has it that someone said a dirty word, and Mr. Boyd appeared in a burst of Metistopalean flame.

This fertile young writer comes from Two Rivers, a fishing hamlet on the Lake Michigan shore. There he has been known to run with the smelt on several occasions. His manuscript was sent from Waupun State Prison, where Mr. Boyd is serving a brief sentence for an attempted assault on Miss Forward, the statuesque girl atop the Capitol dome. "After all," he says darkly, "one can't blame everything on the pigeons."

Cleopatra and Marc Anthony were floating down the River Nile on her flower bedecked barge. Cleopatra was lying on a couch; Anthony was standing before her orating.

"Cleopatra," he said, "love for you surges through me like a raging forest fire that consumes the countryside. Furthermore, O Goddess of the Nile . . ."

"Marc," Cleopatra interrupted impatiently, "I am not prone to argue."

TELEPHONE TAPPINGS

by GAR

Buzz-Buzz . . . Buzz-Buzz . . .

Gladis: Hi!

Bill: Hi ya, my name's Bill, you want to go out on a blind date with me tonight?

Gladis: My name's Gladis, Bill. Gee, I don't know—what's going on?

Bill: You mean what's coming off.

Gladis: (Laughs uproariously)

Bill: Well, nothing really is coming off; I just got the urge to see a girl in a sweater. You got a sweater, Gladis?

Gladis: O boy, have I!

Bill: Fine, I'll meet ya in front of . . . say how do you look in it?

Gladis: Pretty good; I bet I look as good as you do in a sweater.

Bill: (Long pause) Say, Gladis, I just remembered I promised to wash my roommate's hair tonight.

Click.

Buzz . . . Buzz . . . Buzz.

Girl: Hello.

Guy: Hi, is Phyllis there?

Girl: Ah . . . (very loud) Phyllis? (Muffled conversation).

Guy: Hello?

Girl: Hello—Phyllis isn't here right now, John, want to leave a message?

Guy: This is Ted.



Girl: Oh . . . (muffled conversation) Hell, Ted? Phyllis says she'll talk to you.

Phyllis: Hi, Ted, I'm sorry I thought it was that awful John character.

Guy: Yeah, well do you want to go get beered up tonight?

Phyllis: Sure, Ted . . . say this doesn't sound like Ted Adams.

Guy: No, I'm Ted James.

Phyllis: (disappointed) Oh, Ted

(continued on page 28)

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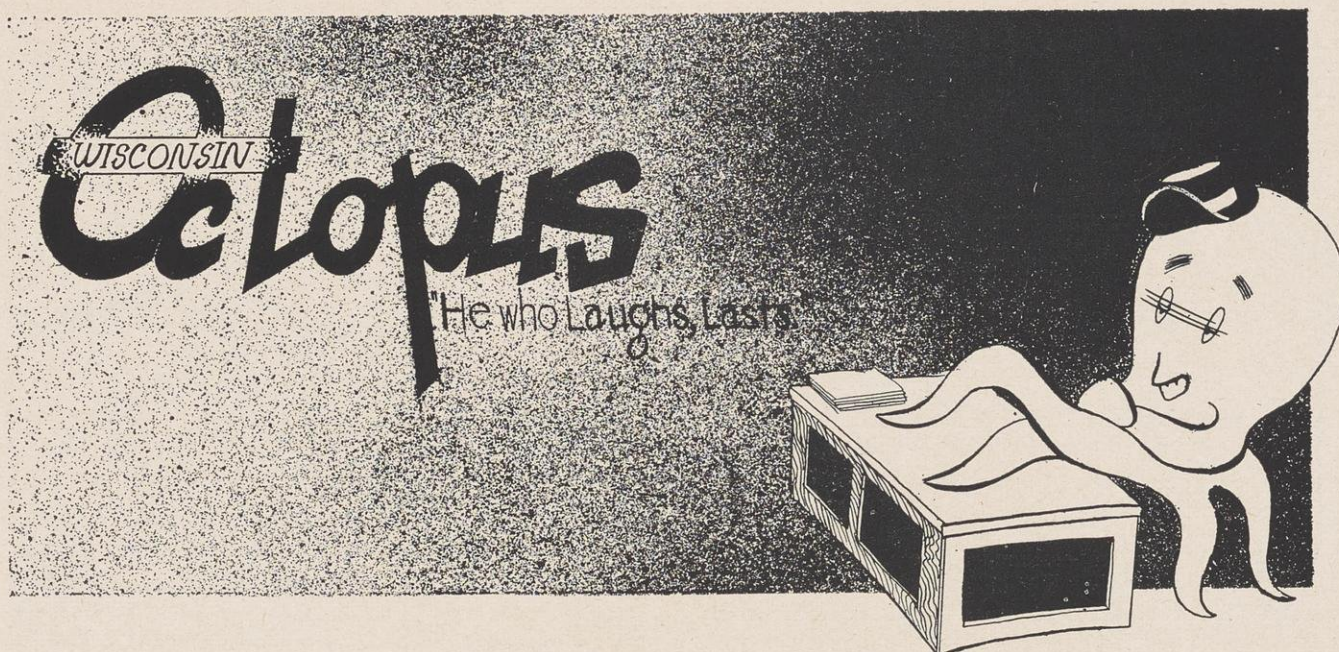


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I WAS A WHEEL

The author's name is fictitious due to his dying wish that his relatives be spared the retaliation this true story would evoke.

A TRUE CONFESSION

by TRUMMIE KAPUT

The orange glow of a bloodshot sunset fills the western sky. I sit in my narrow monastic cell—waiting. My head hangs in shame like the blowzy poppy blossom too heavy for its stalk. Looking at the starry-eyed freshness (equal parts belladonna and idealism) mirrored in my graduation picture, a wild, impassioned sob escapes my throat. Those eyes now resemble two cigarette burns in a Navajo blanket, and they reflect the dissipations and jaded worldliness of the dead campus politician. This is my true confession. I was a political wheel for six weeks.

Having endured a mud-ridden campaign, crucifixion by a campus publication, the Daily Ordinal, and a threatened libel suit, I now stumble into this public confessional to tell all while there is yet time.

I was no lamb enticed to the slaughter. I galloped to my destruction, forgetting for the nonce that my Mother was a lady, and renouncing my first love, the contemplative life.

With the fatalism of the true Oriental, I had devoted my entire life to navel contemplation. With the passing of years, I grew wiser and more passive, rising in holy anger only to prate against the usurious price of the sleazy sack cloth the local capitalists fob off on the faithful. When one reaches the highest level of the contemplative life, a single slender lotus blossom grows out of the navel. Tender green shoots were burgeoning in mine during that Spring of '49, a verdant promise of a rich and imminent reward for a faithful, devout life. It was then that I lost my head and my honor to the politicians.

April twenty-ninth was the day. It's the greatest feast day for people in navel circles, the birthday of Josephine Baker, renowned inventor of the navel. Then it was that I was touched with contamination.

Early that morning, I took the cloth (the loin cloth), and departed for the Pharm' for my one meager meal on that fast day—the traditional grilled danish sprinkled with ashes. Entering the restaurant side of the store, I noticed a group of haggard, sensual looking individuals clad in fraternity pins, knitted neckties and white buckskin shoes crouched about a table, regarding me with lack-luster eyes. I smiled at them, for the milk of human kindness had not yet curdled within me.

My repast finished, I was dabbing my lips with a "Havanap" and trying to wring the last drop of water out of a conical paper tumbler when I felt an index finger tapping on my shoulder. Turning, I found a brunette girl of unmatched torsorial splendor looking at me with eyes like melted brown Crayola. She favoured me with a dazzling porcelain smile and purred, "Hey, Rube, my name's Lorelei Hartman. We'd like to talk to you over to our table. Gotta minute?" Blushing hotly, I shrank into my sack-cloth Inverness and giggled. She put her arm around my shoulder and pressed her body against mine. Hers was much fancier. "Come on, Honey,

I won't hurt you," she whispered, deftly inserting her silky eyelashes into my ear. Forgetting that my life was a prolonged celibation and an unsocial business at best, I consented to join them.

Introductions were made, and explanations, too. They were that fabulous small society—that chic little clique at the top of the world—that ruled the campus anonymously but firmly. Suave, dandified Lancelot Cooper, their ring-leader, informed me that they were in need of a titular head for their political party—a man of Character, Integrity, and Impressive Bearing. In short, they needed a man who would make Diogenes douse that lantern. Me!

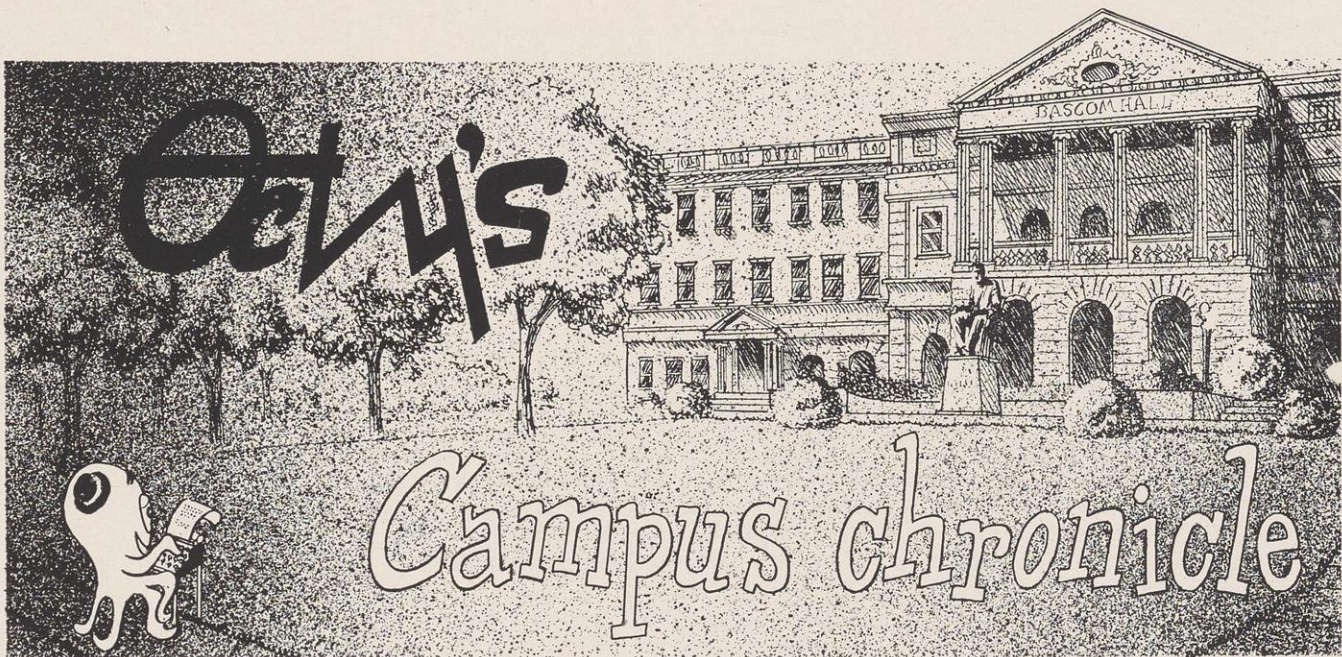
Blinded by lust for power, lust for publicity, lust for laurels after my name in the Badger, I consented. At that moment, the tender green lotus shoot disappeared from my navel in a burst of Metistopholean phosphorescent smoke and flame.

That day, the coarse, honest sack cloth disappeared from my wardrobe. It was supplanted by erotically soft and sophisticated togs bearing the label "MacNeil & Moore." The homely, serviceable asbestos shingles bound to my feet with bands cut from old inner tubes gave way to the less confining last of red-soled white bucks.

(continued on page 29)



"Ya know, I don't think I'll send my laundry home this week."



Our chief watcher-of-campus-morals, Avery Revels, was horrified to read of the existence of 'Passion Pits' in Elizabeth Waters, as revealed recently by Howard Gill, campus sociologist. With righteousness glinting in his eyes, he headed for 'Liz Waters the next evening to see for himself what the pits were like.

We take no position on what he told us, but merely reprint his daily reports:

First day: got by desk, and with convoy of eight mules began exploration into the cellar of the Rock to locate those Pits. Armed with compass, carbines and chocolate bars and prepared to face desperate obstacles in my search for the truth.

Second day: passed primal herds of co-eds who refused to divulge location of the Pits. Passed outer circle and am crossing deep underground river. Lost two mules—seized by mule-hungry co-eds.

Third day: am in uncharted territory, and am crossing mountain range of huge stacks of old fashion magazines. Captured two co-eds, but they refused to tell location of Pits.

Fourth day: with supplies running short, finally entered the deepest depths of the Rock. Passed team of potwashers who work for their meals. They cried for liberation, but I passed them by, determined to locate those pits.

Fifth day: Eureka! I've found them. A heavily-armed bevy of co-eds keeps constant watch on the Pits, but I slipped by them and can at last report to the outside world the savage goings on in the Black Pit of the Rock. Inside, several couples were playing bridge. This is obvious-

ly a feint to cover-up their true designs. Another couple was listening to some soft and seductive music—something by a fellow named Spike Jones. And, alas, the worst that I expected is true: one student was reading a book to his girl friend. It was a sociology textbook. Its author is Howard Gill. I can't stand the fetid immoral atmosphere and must come up for air.

... and that's the last we heard of Revels.

LIFE UNDER THE BUSHES

In a recent issue of LIFE magazine, Henry Luce's chromium-plated senior editors sifted and winnowed through the nation's teachers and came up with THE eight great educators in the country. One of their picks was Walter Agard, a favorite of ours, too.

But the magazine's tweed-and-argyle editors missed a sure-fire bet at Wisconsin. They overlooked Prof. Joe Hammersley, a retiring, conservative (bashful blue is his favorite color) dresser, who teaches a lively course in the Botany of Lake Shore Bushes. His spirited lectures delivered in the night lab sections are famous for their direct simplicity.

We recommend that LIFE's toiling researchers look into the matter. He's a good Joe. Just ask any bush.

LEAPIN LIZARDS!

A movement in the dorms has strated which has frightening implications. One house has passed a rule against swearing. However, to accommodate inveterate 'cussers', a room has been set aside as a "swearasy" in Noyes House.

If the movement spreads, there is the fearful possibility that in order to maintain present swearing levels, at least 100 students will be ousted to make room for swearasies.

Cushlamochree!

NOTE FOR POSTERITY

Seen hanging on the Union bulletin board: two posters, one picturing a hungry looking boy ogling an innocent young girl which asks: "Got the Urge?"; adjoining it is the second, which announces simply: "Sex Lectures—Men Only."

THE GLORY THAT IS GREEK

This fall, 1,200 students trooped into the Union theater, plunked themselves into its soft seats, and munched popcorn through the world premier of "Here We Choose," a movie produced by the Inter-Fraternity Council to be shown in high schools.

But that same day, a gushing Cardinal news story gave away the secret behind the film. Wrote a freshman reporter:

"The proper impression of fraternity life was accomplished by a careful cutting and rearranging of scenes."

Better not tell that to the high school kiddies.

IVY AND ROSES IN THE SNOW

Speaking of the Cardinal, we were a bit startled by Editor Jack Zeldes' solemn and sober warning this November to avoid mentioning a certain flower in connection with football. Zeldes scolded:

"High hopes are natural. But there's some tough games ahead. To talk of the Rose Bowl is to put pressure on the team—pressure that it

(continued on page 31)

The

LIMPING

It was one of those rainy weekends during the lawn party season that Monticello Jeffers, the plantation magnate, invited Churchill Down's, renowned southern gambler, and myself, Draw Parson, to make a cross-state motor trip with him to the Florida Everglades. Here he planned to look up an old flame, Barbara Candlewyck, whom he had run into some months ago at an intersection. Down's dared not refuse the invitation, for he had been running his show-boats on the Swanee River, owned by Jeffers. I agreed to tag along, as I had never before set my leisure to ride in a new Tucker-Two station wagon, and had not gone through the Everglades since the world premier of the last Tarzan movie in that area. The trip threatened to be not wholly dull, for according to Jeffers, Barbara modestly claimed to be the eldest of a set of triplets, reportedly regular southern belles.

We threw a few things together, not the least of which was poor Churchill, who, at the country-club,

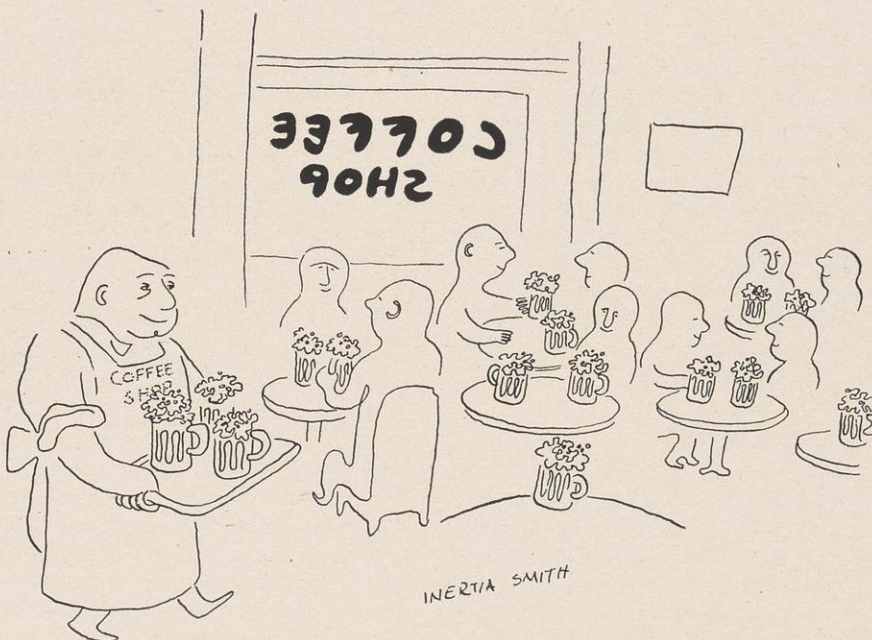
had stumbled onto some rugged type of julep which did not wear well with him, and he had had to play seven holes of golf before relief came. After Jeffers had taken final inventory of his plantation stock and left word with his man, Jackson, to send him morning reports on the slave market and the daily mortality rate of boll-weevils, we left Claghorn County, a jolly foursome. I shared the front seat with Jeffers, who drove, while Churchill and Jeffers' Dalmation held down the back. The dog later proved troublesome, for he refused to synchronize his pauses with ours, being the cause of periodic delays all along the way. Churchill, growing tired of mopping the floor of the back seat actually rode barefooted from Thomasville to Tallahassee, where we finally abandoned the animal. Jeffers, plagued by a quirk of conscience, opened the compartment and killed a Schenley which was not far gone, then drove like a madman for the rest of the journey.

On the way through Bald-Acres County, one of the culminating mile-

stones of our motor trip, we stopped at The Lefthanders Tavern which was an old landmark of the countryside, being the spot where the first cannonball fired from Fort Sumter allegedly landed, and the yearful innkeeper, a friend of Churchill's pointed out the bar-stool where, beyond a doubt, Sitting Bull once sat. Dunking our palates in some ancient brew we learned that we would be forced to continue our journey by canoe, the swampland country having gone wet since the November primaries. The old badger further warned us that the lowlands of Moonkist, our destination, had been recently ravaged by some mysterious maniac called the Limping Devil, adding that a cousin of his was found drowned in a bathtub at his ranch-home on the Hippahoopee after a dike broke upriver.

Downs and I had grown somewhat cautious, but Jeffers spurred us on, stating bluntly that our host, Candlewyck, The Marquis of Moonkist, reputedly had the best cellar in the Southland. Rummaging around in the rear closet of the Tucker-Two, Jeffers found an improvised kayak which he said he had borrowed from an Eskimo in Minnesota and never returned, and we all drank a toast, electing Jeffers the "last man to go down" and bidding "farewell to college joys." On reaching the lowlands, we pulled up under a weeping willow tree; it was springtime and we could hear the polliwogs warbling sweetly and the darkies chanting dirges by the swamp-fires. We tried out the kayak in shallow water, and after several unsuccessful attempts, we found that if Churchill would lie on the prow, stomach up and a little to starboard, we could navigate with god-speed.

Charging through the rapids and bouncing down the quick-waters, we soon reached quiet streams, where the magnolia blossoms pestered Jeffers' sensitive nose, and he struck out at them with the boat paddle.



DEVIL

by KEN KNAUF

Rounding a bend, we found ourselves looking up at a majestic bluff on which was mounted a towering castle complete with butlers and butresses. Jeffers explained that it was merely a mirage, and indeed, as we drew nearer we saw that it was only a revamped outhouse perched on a foothill, obscured by an early morning mist which still hung to the moors, although it was not late in the afternoon. Farther down the stream there came into our view a lavender-green cottage with a thatched roof, tawny awnings, and bargain-basement. "There it is, you rascals!" cried Jeffers, rising from his seat. "The Candlewyck Quarters!" He poised himself on the prow and rolled out a yodel from the pit of his stomach that would have capsized us, were it not for the immediate backwash of the throng of pan-fish that went helter-skeltering out of the pond. At this moment an agitated peasant broke through the brush and pleaded with us from the river-bank to turn back as we were in the curse-ridden land of the Limping Devil. Jeffers, chewing his mustache, let it be known that we feared no man or beast, while Churchill and I looked on, nonchalantly unbuckling each other's knees.

... Winding our way to the terrace, Jeffers stepped on a bullfrog and temporarily lost his footing. "Easy, old boy," I suggested, attempting to catch the old rover, but he had already broken his fall by planting his hand in a cow pie. "How awkward," mused Churchill. "Yes," grunted Jeffers, throwing a barrage of vulgarities at an unsuspecting young heifer romping after butterflies in the blue-grass. Approaching the cottage, we stopped to admire a bed of petunias. "They smell like chrysanthemums," remarked Jeffers, picking up a bubbling garden hose with a sigh of relief. "You don't smell so good," said Downs, about to correct the error, when a spout of spurting water silenced his innocent face. "Cad!" cried Downs, leaping at

his assailant. Jeffers gripped the garden hose menacingly and shouted a threat. "Gentlemen, gentlemen!" I begged, imploring mute ears. "GENTLEMEN!" I shrieked, astounded by what I now saw on the veranda. Jeffers dropped the garden hose which fizzled between his oxfords. Churchill squinted unbelievably, looked badly as he stumbled over a croquet arch.

"Who are you-all?" bellowed a typical southern accident. She looked squeamish under a polka-dotted parasol, her teeth both grasping a hairlip. A drooping balcony tugged a pink turtle-neck sweater into a low neck line, while a single bow leg protruded through a slit skirt exposing a dirty knee. "I am Barbara's friend, Mon-



ty," opened Jeffers bravely, speaking for all of us. "Bring them in, Kittybelle, bring them in!" rendered a rasp voice from the confines of the cottage.

Kittybelle led the way, her hips moving like those of a plow horse on a milk route. We followed, sheep that we were, passing between a washing machine and a row of Old Masters, into a stately rumpus room. There, in a rattling rocking-chair

crouched The Marquis of Moonkist working out at solitaire, no child's game in the Southland. "Beastly decent of you chaps to make this filthy trip," said the old sport after introductions were made. He wore the look of one who had been mercilessly rabbit-punched as a youth, his green smoker well spotted with cigarette burns. "I dare say you busters appear rather fagged," he observed, leaning over to manipulate a dumbwaiter. "First, be seated, then we will drink a toast to my daughter Barbara," he urged, handing us each a seething concoction. "Where is Barbara, by the way?" put in Jeffers hastily; he and Downs had reclined on a window sill while I found solace on a foot stool after Kittybelle invitingly moved her feet. "Oh, hadn't you heard?" said old Candlewyck wryly; "Barbara was wed just a week ago." He quaffed his quota, flipping the goblet over his shoulder. "Indeed!" shrugged Jeffers, hesitating to indulge; — "I had no idea. . . . A childhood sweetheart?" "No," closed Candlewyck, "A Fuller-Brush man." With this he raised the entire tankard to his lips and drank it bone dry. Churchill rose to the toast, took a sociable sip, and fell heavily to the window sill, his eyes glassy. "Do stay off your feet, you beavers," reminded the Marquis. The potion was really quite stirring, having the dry tang of chinese gunpowder; a dill pickle draping the edge of the glass.

"How is the little woman?" managed Churchill. "Gad, I'm a bache-

(continued on page 24)



"Us music students got to study too, you know!"

On Speaking

WISCONSIN

by JOE BOYD

It is not often that I raise my Underwood in a full-throated public confession, but I do so in this instance in the hope that I may help even one out of state student adjust himself to a saner, safer scholastic life here in Wisconsin. I refer specifically to the quaint native patois one hears in provincial settlements like the one the citizens call "M'waukee" (actually a three-syllable word, if you examine it closely), and similar hamlets throughout the state. Every Fall I see out-of-state ears withering quietly in their sockets and drifting to the ground like autumn leaves. To those of you who have experienced that sensation, I say "Be at peace. Take consolation from a broken spirit. Heed the message of this literal lesson."

Corn belt born and bred, I came to Wisconsin misty eyed and idealistic. Aside from referring to rhubarb as "pie-plant", my English was pure as driven snow on a convent roof. I curled my lip in self-disgust and revulsion whenever a colloquialism escaped my watchful lips. Then, as I said, I came to Wisconsin — the Idiom's Delight.

A distinguished man came to the Wisconsin Memorial Union Theatre that semester. He was a son of the state, and, after the manner of such, spoke the peculiar self-aborting version of the King's English one hears hereabouts. As I sat in that beautiful theatre, I wondered why the acoustics, pampered by the dulcet outpourings of our greatest artists and mellifluous speakers, did not vomit. I shout in anger, and in self-reproach, that our state accent is an abomination — and anyone who doesn't think so can go *bei* Hell!

I have always been a firm believer in the cliché, "if you can't lick 'em, join 'em." So, in self-defense, I struggled to perfect the flacid-tongued manner of speaking common to my good neighbors.

I purchased, in exchange for a

pronouncing Dictionary and a record of Ronald Coleman reciting "If I Were King", a large, slaving Schnauzer, coated all over with sticky grey fur. I named this great-hearted animal "Once", and soon I was calling happily "Come here, Once", "Lay down, Once", etc. etc., and my neighbors beamed happily upon me and said I was getting on just fine awredy. You see, the word "once" in Wisconsinese is a nebulous term covering a thousand sins—just like the phrase "combination salad" in the Union Cafeteria — and it can be used anywhere in a sentence, carrying any one of many different connotations.

Do you remember some years ago when the Andrew Sisters rode to fame on a record named "Bei Mir Bist Du Schon"? Well, the first word of that title is an integral part of the Wisconsin spoken tongue. It is the omnipotent preposition—use it lavishly. Never go "to" or "Toward" or "near" anything if you can possibly go

"BEI" it. You will avoid the piercing horns of many dilemmas if you heed this advice. I will cite some examples of the confusion that can arise from this seemingly innocuous word. For months, after I first came, people would mutter at me "I'm goin' *bei* Baron's Department Store". And I, understanding them to say they were going to *buy* Baron's Department Store, congratulated them on their new business, wished them well, and inquired about the windfall that made such a staggering purchase possible. This gave rise to a lot of long, narrow looks in my direction, and growing apprehension about my mental health.

The matter was cleared up rather spiritedly one day when a young man stopped me on the street and explained, I thought, that he was going to buy Madame Bessie's house, but he wasn't certain of the address, and could I direct him. I confessed

(continued on page 31)



"Psst! Where in hell's the model? I've been painting from yours for 3 weeks."



"... and to think I spent my summer on a road gang just for this ..."

Co-op bookseller: "Youngman, you need this book. It will do half your college work for you."
Larry: "Fine. Give me two."

* * *

Pat and Mike were walking down the street one day, when Pat spotted an interesting sign.

"Look," he said, "a crematorium."

"What's a crematorium?" asked Mike.

"That's a place where they sell dairy products," was the reply.

"Well, in that case," said Mike, "I'll stop in and get some egg-nog for the old lady. Wait a minute; I'll be right out."

Pat waited on the corner for a few minutes. He was surprised to see Mike run out of the building badly beaten about the head and shoulders.

"What happened, Mike?"

"Well, I went into a big parlor-like room where a lot of people were just sitting around looking sad. I stood it for as long as I could, then I stood up and politely asked, 'what's cooking?'"

* * *

Girl—"When I get married, I'm going to cook, sew, darn my husband's socks, and lay out his pipe and slippers. What more can any husband ask?"

A DU—"Nothing girl, unless he was evil-minded!"

* * *

There is an adage in far off Egypt that bad little girls become mummies.

* * *

"So your brother is a painter, eh?"

"Yep."

"Paints houses, I presume?"

"Nope, paints men and women."

"Oh I see! He's an artist."

"Nope. Just paints men on one door and women on another."

* * *

And then there was the girl who was so thin that when she swallowed an olive, twelve men left town.

DAWGONNIT SONNET

In days of yore before the start of school,
Each term the enterprising Badger males
Devised and gathered legends for a tool
With which to woo the candid freshman frails.
But through the years a change has come until
Ere she arrives each neophyte has heard
Of "Willows" and "Observatory Hill"
For every friend and roommate gives the word.
No more we can these freshman girls entice
Unwittingly to stroll before "Old Abe,"
Nor use the "Clock" or "Carillon" device
To kiss and hence to co-edize a babe.

No More! Now we must author by our wits
New legends or resort to "passion pits!"

(Author's note to potential dates concerning poem)

Of course you know I never have used these
Customs or these legend subtleties
Nor will I ever to these things resort
But only hear them through hearsay report
For former dates will certainly agree
That I am bashful to the "Nth degree."

by MEL WADE

A group of prohibitionists looking for evidence of the advantages of total abstinence were told of an old man of 102 who had never touched a drop of liquor. They rushed to his home to get a statement. After propping him up in bed and guiding his feeble hand along the dotted line, they heard a violent disturbance from the next room—furniture being broken, dishes being smashed, and the shuffling of feet.

"Good heavens, what's that?"

"Oh, whispered the old man as he sank exhaustedly into his pillow "that's Pa, drunk again."

* * *

Once upon a time, il y avait un homme qui avait un chien nomme Abner. Quand l'homme faisait une promenade avec son chien, les gens disaient: "O! Voila l'homme and Abner."

* * *

Traveler (to waitress): "I see tipping is forbidding here."

Waitress: "Bless your heart, apples were forbidden in the garden, too."



A Short Course in Understanding GERMAN

by MARGARET HOEKSTRA

Everyone will tell you that German is a simple language to learn, because so many of the words are like the English, and they, the Germans, always pronounce "ie"; "e" and "ei"; "i". Therefore, you will have no trouble remembering that "weise" is wise, and "weisy" is white, and "Weise" is way, and "weisy" is knows, and "weisen" is to point, and "Weisswurst" is pork sausage so it's really quite simple. You may have a little difficulty remembering that "Blatt" is leaf, but if you consider that "Blatt" rhymes with flat, which is what most leaves are, it becomes very clear, as does the fact that "vom Blatt spielen" means to play at sight. Questioning why anyone wants to play at sight is beside the point.²

It is very easy to know about German prepositions. You just say "ausbeimitnachseitvonundyu", and that is all there is to it. Or if you really want to show that you know everything about German prepositions you say

"ausbeimitnachseitvonundyuunddurcfurgeginoheumundwider". But if you don't say your "u" like a regular "u", only making your lips rounding and protruding, and wrinkling your chin and pulling it back, everyone will know that you are not really a German anyway, so you might as well not have said it in the first place.

There are a lot of little words which you must know because no sentence is complete without one. They are always listed separately in grammar books beside their meanings, so that you will know they are that kind of words and won't mistake them for any other words that are in lists,³ and also to make it easy for you when you want to write a sentence.⁴ Here is a typical excerpt from a typical German grammar book:

"aus"—out

"unter"—under

"um"—around⁵

It is important to learn these.

You must always learn the infinitive of a German verb before you can learn any tenses. This is to make the tenses easier. You don't have to learn English verbs that way because you already know the tenses, and what is more, English infinitives aren't genuine anyway. The genuine ones were taken over when the Normans took over England in 55B.C.⁶ Some German infinitives are "sehen" =to see and "fallen"=to fall. (This also proves my first point⁷) I have put=between the words, because=are sometimes used in German books. This should help you to get the "Gesprachsgefühl"⁸ which is important.

Sometimes to prove that German is really easy, they put two words, that you already know, together so that you think you already have "gesprachsgefühl," but don't let this fool you because they are just the same words, anyway, and mean the same thing together or apart. For instance, "aus" means out and "sehen" means to see; therefore "aussehen" means to appear. You must be careful of "umfallen" though, because it doesn't mean to fall around. It means to fall down. "Wiel um" doesn't mean feel around either. It is the past tense in the third person of "umfallen," but you probably know that.⁹

To make everything clear¹⁰ "Beginnen" doesn't mean to begin; it is an enterprise, which is logical because an enterprise must be begun. For that same reason "bekommend" means becoming. However, since Germans don't like to be becoming becoming, "bekommen" can't be become.¹¹

Whenever a German hears a sneeze, he says "Gesundheit" and when he sees someone, he says, "Wie Geht's,"

6. This isn't all they took.

7. "Punkt," remember?

8. "Gesprachsgefühl"—feeling for speaking.

9. Then again, you probably didn't.

10. To a German.

11. "Bekommen" is to receive.

1. "Wrote Wollen Sie Narren"
2. Point is "Punkt" in German, and it's masculine, because it sometimes mean mountain which is big (usually)

3. for instance, prepositions
4. in German. All sentences referred to in this article are in German
5. These are always in script italics, or italics script as you prefer



"Shay, fellash, I just remembered — my folks are coming up to see me today."

and when he leaves someone, he says "Aufwiedersehen."^{12,13} When a German eats Liverwurst, he calls it "Braunschweiger," and when he eats sauerkraut, he calls it "sauerkraut."^{14,15} I don't know what a German calls hamburger, but it's probably "hotdog."¹⁶

An easy way to read German is to take apart the long words you don't know, until you have little words you do know. For example,¹⁸ "unter" means under, "ein" means one, and "ander" means other; therefore, "untereinander" ("unter" + "ein" + "ander") means side by side.

It is useless to ask a German to wait for you, because Germans never wait for anyone. See "warten auf."¹⁷

German word order is different from American word order.²¹ See note.

12. Americans say "Aufwiedersehen" means "til we meet again" but that's just what Americans say. See note.

Note: Americans say altogether too much.

13. Sometimes Americans say these words too.

14. Note again the similarity between the English and the German.

15. There is a rumor that some Germans stomp their sauerkraut with their feet. I don't know if Germans or Americans say this—maybe both?

16. Topic for discussion: *Germans Have Strange Words*.

17. "Warten auf" means to wait on, which is what Germans like to do.

Note: This is not beside the point ("punkt").

Note: Some Germans are good waiters.

18. Germans say "Zum Geispiet."¹⁹

19. This is an idiom.²⁰

20. It is important to learn all idioms right away.

Note: You cannot learn an idiom until you come to it.

21. Does this surprise you?

Note: I will not go into German word order, as that might embarrass some Germans. See note.

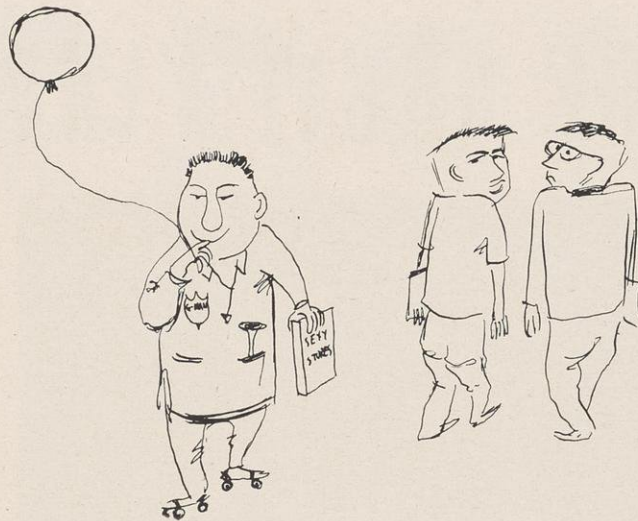
Note: Since I have covered all the main points ("Punkte"). See note.

Note: All other points of German are minor points ("Punkte").²²

22. "Punkte" is plural for "Punkt." (der Punkt=se).

Salesman: "Let me show you something new in a snappy convertible."

Madison girl: (after eyeing him thoroughly): "Frankly, I don't think you can."



"Phi Eta Sigma!"

There was a very young Teke pledge who, upon answering the door, hurried to the actives. "Sir, there's a woman peddler at the door."

Teke Active: "Tell him we got plenty."

* * *

They say if you don't drink, smoke, or run around with women, you'll live longer. Actually, it only seems longer.

* * *

Looking coldly at the man who had just given him a nickel for carrying his bags twelve blocks, the little boy said: "I know something about you."

"What?" asked the man.

"You're a bachelor."

"That's right. Know anything else about me?"

"So was your father."

She: Daddy is so pleased to hear you are a poet."

He: "Fine. He likes poetry?"

She: "Not at all, but the last friend of mine he tried to throw out was an amateur boxer."

"Did you hear the one about the Scotchman who got on the trolley car and it said 'Pay as you leave'?"

"No."

"He's still riding."

—Sundial

* * *

A cute little trick from St. Paul
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball.

The dress caught on fire

And burned her entire

Front page, Sporting section and all.



"You mustn't think of yourself as having failed, Bently. Think of it rather as the beginning of a long and brilliant military career."

THE GREAT CAMPUS ROBBERY



Now it can be told. Yes, now I can let you have the inside story of the Million Dollar Robbery.

It all started in a crowded Rathskeller in Madison, Germany, shortly after World War II, where two American servicemen (photo top left) were discussing their postwar futures.

"If I were going to steal for a living I wouldn't take anything under a million bucks," Rikkie Muller said.

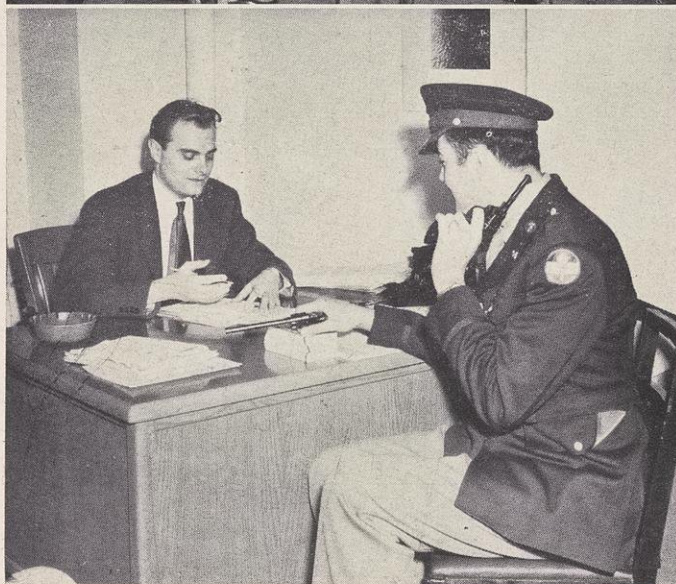
The young men thought it over and decided, "Why not take a million bucks?"

The plans for the big steal were carefully laid over a four year period, during which time the two ex-servicemen attended college, supporting themselves on their GI Bills and their reservist pay.

The young men chose the University of Wisconsin as the scene of their preparation, mostly for the sentimental attachment to the name Madison.

Chick Black became the manager and organizer of plans, and for his college course he chose law. His extra-curricular activities included the presidency of student board where he learned the best techniques of leadership.

Rikkie Muller became a student of economics. To him fell the job of planning what money to take, and how to invest the loot so that it would provide a life-long income for the members of the mob.





Five new members were added to the gang and then the plot was jelled (photo middle left):

Armen Williamson, a recreation major who was in charge of the gang's moral and physical condition.

Slobias Reynold, an engineer in charge of technical aspects of the hold-up.

Jolly Gill Weisse, a home economics student who cooked for the gang during the weeks of hiding out.

Jacques Button, a philosophy major who worked out a new set of ethics for the gang, a clever rationalization combining the "the world owes me a living," "if we don't take it someone else will," and "the dollar isn't worth what it used to be" schools of thought.

And, finally, Lorelei Lakke, a femme journalist who acted as historian, public opinion expert and author of numerous confession articles on the robbery.

(Bottom left) The dastardly crime is slyly registered with the student activities counselor.

Since all were veterans, they had a knowledge of fire-arms and planned attack. (Bottom, the criminals move into the office of R. Hilsencupp Brinks, killing all who stood in their way).

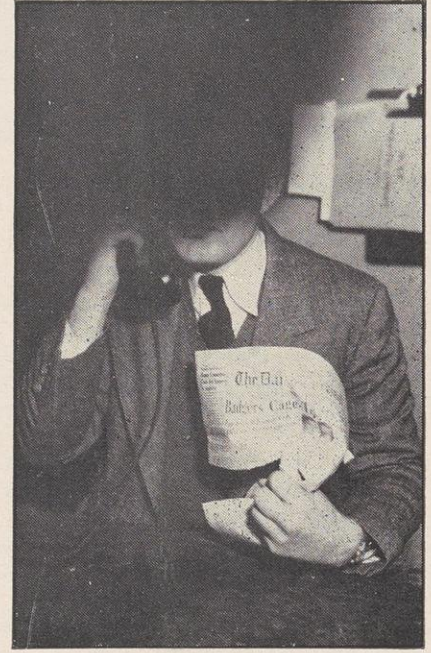
But now the Korean war has broke out and all of them are called up to the reserves, rich as thieves. The two conspirators arrogantly display their loot in a Korean geisha nest somewhere in Ishpangg, Korea.



A BROAD COMMENTARY

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW! DOES THIS MEAN THE END OF WOMEN?

At the right Dr. Malcolm Mendelsohn, author of this treatise, is seated at his desk holding one of his references for his astounding treatise.



You doubtless are all so familiar with women, or think you are, that you may wonder why a special study of the unfair sex is necessary. Though, qualitatively, women are quite unimportant, quantitatively, they assume a significance way out of proportion to their contributions to society. Women compose roughly, (almost brutally) one-half of the world's population, and on campus, one-third.¹ Instead of making them less harmful, this last fact makes them even more so, by the law of supply and demand which we will go into in more detail further in this treatise.

Early in this century, it became evident to many keen observers that women were a serious social problem.² However, it was not until the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment by Congress, (most of whose members were married, and should have known better) that any action was taken. It was finally realized by scholars of the contemporary American scene that the unfair sex had gone too far. The American Institute of Gyneology was founded, and the relatively new, but rapidly expanding, science of gynology, or the study of women, officially began. It is to inform the thinking man of the latest findings of this study, and the basic concepts of our field, drawn from these findings, that this paper has been written.

Much statistical research has been done in the field of women's ages. It has been very difficult to get accurate information here as so many of the sources are unreliable. However, it can be fairly authoritatively stated that the mean average age of the average mean woman at birth tends to equal zero, and increases until death. The increase is at the rate of one per year, until age twenty-nine³, when there is a sort of moratorium on increase for a period of roughly about twenty years. At the end of this period there is a cumulative accrual retroactive to the beginning of the period.

This writer has concentrated in that field of study embracing women on the college campus. Since such women's lives are predominantly, if not exclusively composed of recreation, recreation naturally played an important part in the study. It was found that the favorite pastime of women was, by far, that known as gossip. It can be fairly said that women do very little else, except act as material for gossip. What they do not do, they make up.

Also very prominent among women is smoking. It is still a moot point as to whether women regard smoking as a pastime or a ritual, but they surely regard it as no less than the former, and possibly as much as the latter. It is something to be indulged in primarily in public places, complete with sweeping gestures, tossing of curly locks on exhaling, and accosting of males to crush discarded butts. It is significant that though most of the men on campus are trying to give up smoking, most of the women are trying to acquire the habit.

An extremely interesting phase of research on the unfair sex reveals the manner in which they classify males. Desirable qualities, from the female-point of view, are in their order of importance, to women the following:

1. Money.
2. Looks.
3. Fraternity.
4. Athletic ability.¹
5. Car
6. Stupidity.
7. Notoriety (for vice and ruthless treatment of women).

Naturally, the stratification is not as simple as that. The mathematical possibilities of combination are unlimited. For example, the ideal would, of course, be a wealthy - handsome - athletic - stupid - notorious fraternity man with car, but very few women can hope for such a paragon. So, the unfair sex is forced to compromise.

Many are the difficult choices women must have to make. Is a wealthy-homely-athletic-stupid-notorious fra-

¹1949-'50 Fiscal Year Report of the Snark Institute of Co-educational Research.

²B. A. Letcher: History of Women, pp. 1169-1303, Vol. II.

³One scientist tried to cut a sample in half and count the rings, but the anti-vivisection league immediately challenged this pursuit of scientific fact.

¹Further subdivided into major and minor sports, and then into those in which the participants get hurt and those in which they do not.

ternity man with car superior to a wealthy-good looking-athletic-intelligent-notorious fraternity man without car, or vice versa? And what about nonwealthy-good looking athletic-stupid-notorious independents without cars? Also, the writer knows of several wealthy-good looking-athletic fraternity men with cars who happen to be intelligent and have high characters, but who must keep it a closely guarded secret lest they lose their prestige among women.

There was even the case of one very desirable young man to whom women were constantly offering themselves, but who was so moral that he always courteously refused. Word got around that he was a nice young man, and he was rapidly losing face. Finally, in desperation, he hit upon the expedient of refusing the eager damsels arrogantly, as if he was used to much better. Today, he has the reputation of being an utter cad, and is even more popular than before.

For those who have nothing to recommend them but intelligence and character, as best liabilities when dealing with women, there is one ray of hope (assuming that their intelligence does not prevent them from wanting to associate with women.) Our findings reveal that women will believe any lie, providing it is irrational enough. Consequently, many intelligent young men of high character are making out quite well by posing as stupid hoodlums.

By now the sensitive reader must be revolted by the mere sound of the word woman, and have realized the need of a euphemistic term for use in polite circles. The gyneologists, anticipating just such a need, have already an appropriate designation for the unfair sex. It is "awdbray." We look forward to the day when the word, woman, will be used only by small boys scribbling on latrine walls.

Having given the main findings in the field the writer will now give the major concepts based on these findings.

First, there is the Doctrine of the Malignance of the Awdbray. The awdbray is essentially malignant. She cannot be dealt with by logic. She does not return good for good, and evil for evil, but evil for good. However, evil, which she respects, might conceivably receive good

in exchange, making that good evil since it encourages further evil. There is something to be said for the medieval superstition of witches.

These modern day witches also have their brooms, or as they are better known, "shafts." The shaft is an institution that proves the Malignance Doctrine.¹ It is a term that is frequently misused, since it has its economic, sociological, and psychological connotations. Gyneologically, however, it has a definite meaning. A shaft is "a deliberate and uncalled for betrayal of friendship between the sexes."

The writer will now progress to another basic concept of gyneology, the Theory of Conspicuous Shafting. This is a very simple concept. The awdbray shafts in order to demonstrate her superiority to other awdbrays. Just as some people have money to burn, she has boyfriends to shaft. As a matter of fact, some sororities are now giving points for shafts, and a travelling trophy is presented each year by the Pan-Hellenic Council to the girl with the most shaft-points. If she wins it three years in succession, she is allowed to keep it.

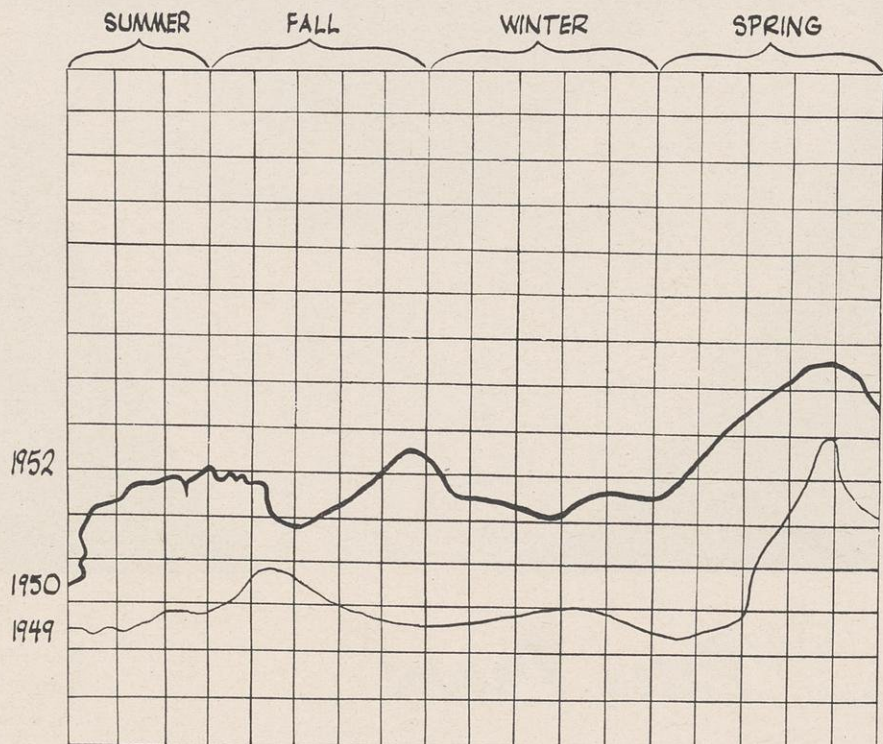
Another important concept, one, perhaps more related to the highly specialized field of gyneo-economics, rather than just gyneology in general, is the Theory of Diminishing Returns. Simply stated, this is as follows. Other factors being equal, when successive equal units are applied by the dependable factor (the male) to the successive equal of the undependable factor (the female) a point is reached where further units bring no further returns, and may even bring diminishing outputs. (This is the origin of the term to "put out.")

Then there is the Hard-to-Get Principle. This is that, other factors being equal, the unfair sex seems to think that the harder to get it appears, the more desirable it must appear. The principle has three main points.

1.) If an awdbray is indifferent to a male, she may just possibly be polite to him.

¹Holstein Dobloon: "Theory of the Teaser Class"
(continued on page 22)

Dr. Mendelsohn forecasts a peak in the practice of shafting in the fiscal shaft year of 1952. As you notice there is a high peak in shafting between fall and winter and also in late spring. This, the good doctor claims, is due to the extreme weather changes at these periods, vexing the woman and subconsciously setting off within her a chain reaction of shaftitis, peculiar to women and Antarctic penguins.





(Photo by Delonge)

Ellen Prouot

*is a freshman in art education
from Fort Atkinson, Wis., is
18, living at Chadbourne Hall.*

FOOTBALL OFFSIDES

A seasonal synopsis by the Cardinal staffer who knows our team.

by DICK SNOW

No Wisconsin football team has even been complete without a couple of boys from Milwaukee's south side. This year is no exception. Now, take a deep breath and repeat after me—Jim SHUL-SHEFF-SKEE and Erv ANDRA-COW-SKEE. (English spellings—Jim Szulczewski and Erv Andrykowski) The latter is just plain, "Erv" but, here we go again, Szelczewski's nickname is "Schultz." They're ends from Milwaukee South and Milwaukee Bay View, respectively.

As we "ski" off to another subject, we find a very pleasant one blocking our paths—airline hostesses. It's only because the Badgers have flown to every game that hostesses are connected with football.

As you probably know, airline hostesses are trained to meet any situation that may arise while the plane is in flight. Well, the guy who wrote the book of instructions must have known about football players.

When it came time to land after one of the trips, one "sharpie," Bob Kennedy, complained to the hostess that he didn't know how to fasten his safety belt. So the hostess—suspecting that something was rotten in the state of Wisconsin—told Bob, "Doesn't the little-bitsy boy know how to fasten his little ol' safety belt? Mamma will fix." After about two minutes the laughter died down and Kennedy lost his red—Cardinal-red—blush and the plane landed.

These hostesses are so good-looking and well-groomed that some boys like to fake air-sickness. One of the players—matter of fact, Andrykowski—thought he was sick, and he started moaning. Before he knew it, the hostess had his seat pushed way back, and he was practically flat on his back, helpless as all get-out. The only consolation Erv got, was that she stroked his forehead for him.

But you can't talk about hostesses without thinking of the pilots. Believe me, this Badger football squad is full of pilots. As soon as the plane clears the ground and the "unfasten safety belts" sign is flashed on, Bob Mansfield, Billy Lane, and Bill Albright head for the pilot's compartment. Mansfield and Albright have already made their solos. And Milt Bruhn, line coach, is another one that likes to see that "clear sky ahead."

Tilden Meyers is another one that's fascinated by airplanes. "Tilly" says that flying a plane is almost as easy as driving a tractor or a team of horses.

But there's one guy on the team that gets enough air all-year round. That's George Simkowski. The Badger center is pretty handy when it comes to playing the blacksmith's bellows—the piano accordion. You should hear his rendition of the "Anvil Chorus."

When you think of accordions, you think of music, and

when you think of music, you think of singing. And when you think of singing, you forget Bob Leu, Tex Windrow, and "Colonel" Roy Burks. Songs right from the Kentucky blue grass state are Burks' main forte. You might even take the liberty of saying that his songs instill some spirit into the team. Leu also knows several hillbilly songs, but Windrow sticks to the real popular songs like "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You" or "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

But "Klondike Charlie" Yderstad's favorite song is the biggest hit among the players. It's "when the Blue of the Night Meets the GOLD of the Day." Seriously though, Charlie's "No, Not a Word From Home Anymore" is No. 1 on the Badger's hit parade.

But the real big hit is "One Dozen Roses" for obvious reasons. And be sure you get that count right—it's one dozen, not four.



"There must be some mistake . . . but I'm sure we'll get along somehow."

A BROAD COMMENTARY—

(continued from page 18)

2.) If an awdbray is attracted to a particular male, she acts indifferent to him.

3.) If an awdbray is strongly attracted to a particular male (what she is prone to call love) she is downright hostile to the unfortunate.

Closely related to the above principle is the Law of Supply and Demand of the Awdbray; the less the supply, other factors being equal, the less the supply of awdbrays, the greater their demands. An example of this can be seen on the University of Wisconsin Campus, where the W.S.G.A. opposes liberalization of hours in order to keep down the supply of available women.

Finally a word must be said for the work that is being done by our colleagues behind the Iron Curtain. The writer wishes to make it known that he is not, and never has been, affiliated in any way with either the Communist Party, or any of its many front organizations. However, we feel that it is a necessary and desirable part of every student's liberal education that he know what is going on all over the world in fields of such significance as gyneology.

Soviet gyneologists, have, through Marxist dialectics, come to the conclusion that there is an inevitable conflict between the sexes, which will eventually result in one completely destroying the other, and establishing a homogeneous utopia. Commendable, if only it could be done, but it must be obvious to the unbiased reader that such a program is both impractical and incompatible with American ideals.

There is, however, in this picture a ray of hope. We may yet see the Red Colossus fall destroyed from within, destroyed by internecine strife, not merely brother against brother, but worse yet, man against awdbray.

The work of our colleagues in the allied field, gyneoeconomics has already been touched upon in this treatise. Most of their research has been in the area of income security measures for awdbrays. The economic life of the awdbray can be roughly divided into three main phases, all of them parasitic.

1.) The Partial Subsistence Phase. This, in turn, can be subdivided into two principle divisions.

- a.) That known as "dating" which can be described partial, but irregular support.
- b.) The engagement period. This is characterized by regular, partial subsistence, and which is climaxed with the wedding, when everyone who knows the bride can be relied upon to make a contribution.



"That's not the way . . . that's not the way!"



"Frankly, Miss Filch, you are lacking in one necessary element of a great cheerleader."

This brings us to:

2.) The Full Subsistence Phase, or Marriage, which reduces the male (there is always a male involved in such cases) to a status of peonage.

3.) The Retirement Phase. In old age, the awdbray retires on a non-contributory pension, made possible by the death of husband, with large, cash settlement. This is the ultimate aim in life for the awdbray.

It will be noticed that the awdbray tends to large cash settlements. Consequently, the possibility remains that a runaway inflation may wipe out the unfair sex as an economic class.

We have stated the problem in its barest outlines. Now for some of the proposed solutions. The most drastic one suggested is gynocide, mass extermination of the sex. However, this conflicts with the Doctrine of Supply and Demand of the Awdbray. As the intelligent reader will remember, this Doctrine states that the supply of the awdbray is inversely proportional to her demands. Hence, theoretically, the supply reaches zero, their demands will approach infinity.

Another proposed plan is sterilization of awdbrays so that they will be unable to produce anymore of their kind. We will then just have men reproducing men. However, the biological details have not yet been fully worked out. Here is an opportunity for a candidate for the Ph.D. degree.

Also suggested has been the program of deporting awdbrays to Antarctica. However, this is opposed by the A.P. L. A. (Associated Penguin Lovers of America.)¹

In our opinion, the only procedure which can be followed at present is more education, the establishment of Gyneology Departments, and eventually, Gyneology Schools in all institutions of higher learning, the establishment of scholarships and research grants, and the construction of experimental laboratories where the proper controls can be exercised.

At this particular institution,, there will next year be offered some elementary courses. These are Introduction to Gyneology, Survey of Gyneology, and the Awdbray and Society.

In closing, the writer would like to suggest that should there occur on publication of this treatise, his lynching by the W.S.G.A., kindly send no flowers, but contribute what you would otherwise have spent on flowers to the A.A.A. (Antiawdbray Association of America).

¹"For the Birds" (pp. 1870-73, Vol. III) Dr. Byrd, chm. Dep. of Ornithology, Buzzard U. Birde House, publishers.

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THE LIMPING DEVIL—

(continued from page 10)

lor!" spat Candlewyck indignantly. . . . "Shall I tell a story?" piped Churchill, recovering. He did, and it was the dullest I had ever heard. Near the end of the tale Jeffers began belching incessantly. "Restrain yourself man!" huffed Downs, whose nerves were on edge. "How dare you," resented Jeffers, proud of his habits, and he belched again out of pure spite. "Ass!" shouted Downs, flying at Jeffers impetuously. Kittybelle and I untwined them as The Marquis poured a round from a fresh batch.

"We had rather a trying trip up river," I said, holding the Marquis in sway. "Kept running into some bosh about an unruly lame demon or other." "Yes," beamed the Marquis, with new interest; "I suppose you dodgers would hear of that. Quite a rogue this fellow," he said. "Smote the young Widow Willens in the cornfield; strangled an old hermit near the lime-kilns," said he. "Yesterday he killed Orphan Willie in cold blood." That reminded Churchill who was now well dampened, of the story about the youngster who shot his mother and father and then asked the judge for mercy on the grounds that he was an orphan. Old Candlewyck became exceedingly bored with the tale and finally began to dabble with an out-moded elephant rifle which he chose from the wall-rack above him. "Red-jack!" he cried, throwing the card-deck ceiling-ward and letting go with the left barrel of the blunderbuss. "Damn!" he grumbled, picking up a shattered queen of diamonds. He flung up another deck, now focusing the right barrel. This time we hit the floor with the thunderous blast. "Ah! red-jack clean!" yelled the old bounder, well satisfied.

At this point a trap-door opened in the middle of the floor and a perspiring figure emerged. "Daddy, what air you a shooting?" it wailed. "Scarlet, you get back to mixing drinks!" growled Candlewyck. Scarlet looked resentful, wiping her nose on the burlap bag she had tucked under her sleeve. "Daddy, ah'm two batches up on yo-all," she drawled, slinking across the room and seating herself on Jeffers' lap defiantly. Jeffers looked at her in anguish; she was an albino, and had a familiar halitosis peculiar to the swamplands. Her pink eyes matched Jeffers', which were

(continued on page 27)

OUR READER'S

Penned-Up Feelings

Sirs: Did you know that a certain deep sea animal is named after your magazine the Octopus? I'd like to know why. Is an Octopus funny?

ED: YES, THE ANIMAL IS VERY FUNNY. IT'S A RIOT IN FACT. FUNNIER THAN BOB HOPE EVEN. THEY PROBABLY HAVE NAMED THIS HILARIOUS ANIMAL AFTER OUR MAGAZINE FOR THE SAME REASON THEY CALL A FAT MAN "SLIM."

* * *

Sirs:

I am a most unhappy and confused young lady. For two years now I have been compelled to take ROTC because of mistaken idea about my sex—I have a beard you see. Some girls do not believe it is lady-like to shave. What do you think I ought to do? Shall I take advanced ROTC?

ED: YES, BY ALL MEANS TAKE ADVANCED ROTC; THE ARMY NEEDS GOOD MEN—OR WHATEVER.

* * *

Sirs:

I was very disappointed with the last Octopus; it was far too thin. The homing pigeon that usually brings me the magazine was hardly winded. So please make the next Octopus much heavier because I hate homing pigeons and nothing gives me a greater pleasure than to make life tough for them. Call it prejudice if you will, but I would be delighted to see that G—D—n bird organically ruin itself.

Bysealorefnus Jones

The Roost, Wis.

* * *

Sirs:

Returning from a highly unsuccessful honeymoon, I happened to read several of your uncensored articles. To say they transformed me from a failure to a success is a bit of understatement; I am now the father of thirty-six children and two goldfish, Harry and Isabel.

Myropotis Brown

Hyperpopulis, Wis.

(continued on next page)

Who needs mistletoe?

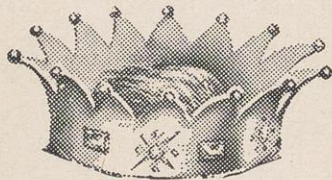
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(continued from page 25)

Sirs:

I think your damn rotten editorials about Eisenhower were damn rotten.

Bently Orfrang

Rotten Dam, Wis.

Sirs:

I cannot find sufficient words of praise for your truly splendid editorial on General Eisenhower.

Terence Pephelgah

Perdale, Wis.

ED. THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE; OUR EDITORIAL WAS ABOUT MARY PICKFORD.

* * *

Sirs:

Maybe it ain't my right to say this but I'm going to anyhow and I'd like to see anybody try to stop me. We been very much scared by what has been said about the a-tomic bomb etc. and sterility. I think you guys ought to write up a big thing about this thing. It scares us silly because there ain't no peace not even a peace of applepie. Not even any peanut butter cookies. And there's lots of stuff like that you guys just don't got the guts to write up in your magazine. What about angora rabbits for instance they got their rights just like you and me. We think you are a bunch of chickens.

Lawrence J. Plosiowsky

Stadium, Wis.

ED. YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. PLOS—LAWRENCE, WE AIN'T GOT NO GUTS. WE'RE JUST A BUNCH OF CHICKENS. CARE TO HAVE US LAY SOME EASTER EGGS FOR YOU AND YOUR ANGORA RABBITS?

* * *

Sirs:

I was highly pleased with your last issue of the Athenaeon. Having compared the Athenaeon to the vulgar publication, the Octopus, I am convinced that your magazine is by far the best magazine on the campus. Many orchids to the Athenaeon.

Serginev Putschlivich

Rathskeller, U.S.A.

ED: FORTUNATELY THIS LETTER WAS INTERCEPTED BEFORE IT COULD DO ANY HARM. OBVIOUSLY MR. PUTSCHLIVICH IS A PERSON OF EXCEEDINGLY POOR TASTE, PROBABLY HE IS A SUBVERSIVE ELEMENT, A RED OR AN ANARCHIST OR MAYBE EVEN A DIRTY THESPIAN. AT ANY RATE A DISCERNING READER CAN EASILY SEE THAT THE OCTOPUS AS A LITERARY MAGAZINE IS OF MUCH GREATER STATURE THAN THE ATHENAEON, FOR THE OCTOPUS HAS A MESSAGE—SEX.

* * *

Sirs:

I was very pleased with the revealing photograph you ran last month of Miss Mitzie Frenlow in a bathing suit. Of Miss Frenlow it can truly be said that her claim to fame rests on high pinnacles.

Florida Williams

Twin Peaks, Wis.

* * *

Sir:

I am a ravishing young girl with no one to turn to. I need advice. You see I've never had a boy friend—I get all my thrills by whirling in the revolving door at the Union. Am I normal?

ED: CERTAINLY YOU'RE NORMAL. FROM MY EXPERIENCE I CAN TRUTHFULLY SAY THAT GIRLS ARE THRILLED ONLY BY ESCALATORS AND REVOLVING DOORS.

THE LIMPING DEVIL—

(continued from page 24)

blood-shot, but her yellow slacks, held-to by sharkskin suspenders were a far cry from Monty's tweeds. "Who be these?" she whispered, looking over the field. "Why these be your suitors come down from the North, chuckled old Candlewyck warmly. "Tut-tut chaps, what say you to it—are you well pleased with these beauties?" "Beautiful," sighed poor Churchill unknowingly. Kittybelle clung to his ear lobe with both hands. "Yes, charming," sobbed Jeffers, trembling as Candlewyck's fingers danced briskly on the elephant rifle—Scarlet had taken a shine to the coy lad from the start.

A second dragged by before The Marquis, looking like Old Nick himself and still brandishing the elephant rifle, rose to his feet and gave out with an old Confederate war-whoop that re-echoed through the valley. "We'll have a double wedding on Tuesday then, you dashers!" he beamed, limping across the room to shake already shaking hands.

I saw my chance and streaked out of the cottage, soon setting a pace too steep for any limping devil with an elephant rifle, or any of his daughters. Like a bounding elk I soared up the river bank, never pausing for chrysanthemums, cow pies or kayaks until I reached the seclusion of the weeping-willow tree, where I momentarily wept bitterly. I raced the Tucker-Two brutally, blasting the horn which blew a fox-trot as I passed The Lefthanders Tavern, and turned up in good time to make evening tea at the Fitz-Farlon.

My friends were missed at Patricia Snubs' clambake. —"In peace rest their souls," I said . . . "In peace rest their souls." I dropped two olives in my martini.

* * *



A drunk lying on the floor of a beerhall began to show signs of life. One of the frequenters smeared some limburger cheese on his upper lip. The drunk arose, went to the door, then back into the beerhall again, then out again, then back again, and sniffing the air said, "the whole world stinks."



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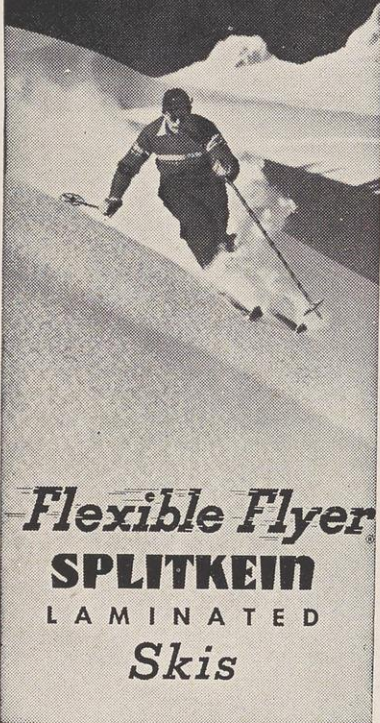
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TELEPHONE TAPPINGS—

(continued from page 5)

James. You know, I just remembered I have to wash my hair tonight.

Guy: You couldn't do that tomorrow.

Phyllis: Nope, sorry, so long.

Guy: So long.

Click.

Bu . . .

She: (Deep voice) Hello.

He: Is Mary there?

She: No she isn't; this is her roommate.

He: Oh . . . well maybe you could tell me if Mary's really as nice as she seems.

Girl: She's dreamy—some beautiful dish! I'm really gone on her. I kiss her good-bye everytime she goes out. She's real hot stuff.

He: Ah . . . yes . . . I see. Ah . . . is she real? You know what I mean? Is she real—all of her?

She: (Laughing lustily) Yeah, I know what ya mean. Oh boy, is she! What a beautiful body! What a gorgeous woman! I bring her presents all the time. We get along wonderful. I'm just like a father to her.

He: Yes, well . . .

She: Say, ya want to hear a real filthy story, fella?

He: Ah, well, I just remembered I got to wash my hair . . .

Click.

Buzz . . . Buzz . . . Buzz . . . Buzz
Buzz . . . Buzz . . . Buzz . . . Buzz.

Bill: Hello.

Marg: Hi, Bill, this is Margret.

Bill: Oh, hi, Marg.

Marg: I've got a swell evening planned, Bill, ya want to take me out?

Bill: (Interested) What kind of a swell evening, Honey? Ya want me to bring the car?

Marg: Sure.

Bill: Shall I take out some of the gas?

Marg: No, nothing like that—I thought we could go to our church bazaar.

Bill: Oh . . . Gee, I'm awfully sorry, Marg, but I've gotta shampoo the car tonight.

Click.

Father — Your little brother has arrived.

Little Boy — Where'd he come from?

Father — From a far-away country.

Little Boy—Another damned subversive.

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Beer
Sold
Here
Than
Anywhere!**



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or Bottle
at the*

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I WAS A WHEEL—

(continued from page 8)

Daytimes I was paraded in the Rathskellar as President of the Party. I was polished politically by two crafty brethren named Hyman and Nuptial Hossana. Evenings I spent shackled with a mimeograph machine with a lovely young wench who was bound in similar servitude. We ground out reams of propaganda lauding the merit and ability of our candidates. We said nothing on the subject of their legitimacy, which, as we later found, was wise. I learned to smoke cigarettes and forsook my well-worn water pipe and Opia brand contemplation tobacco. Late at night I would be routed from a troubled sleep by the telephone. Reporters from the supposed campus newspaper, euphemistically known as the Daily Ordinal, would be on the line inflating my ego until it could not be comfortable housed in a dirigible hanger, trying to trick me into unwise statements. The intoxicating sight of my name on the front page became an indispensable narcotic, and notoriety became balm for my turbulent conscience.

The election was a triumph, and a wild debauch followed. I said vulgar, uncouth things. I accepted Rush invitations. I patted a passing co-ed on the derriere and said coarsely, "Say, Kiddo, you've got something there." I helped a Housemother search for the keys to her charges' chastity garments. They (the keys) had disappeared mysteriously. My bed remained cold and vacant that night, for I was out reveling with Christians, disregarding the strict moral precepts of my faith. A good Contemplator is in bed by nine.

Then, this morning, came rosy-fingered dawn, and in its grasp, another edition of the daily yellow sheet. The fruits that spoil the fastest are the sweetest, and the paper was fruity as the horn of plenty with mention of my name. My cheek was ashen as I read the statements attributed to me. My tongue turned into a bolt of flannel and rolled down my throat, inarticulate. I swear that all the statements were true, unvarnished facts. Every top secret, every gentleman's agreement, every pact, covenant and confidence I had heard in the six weeks I was a wheel, slipped from my tongue into the receptive ear of a reporter.

Smote by the implications, I was galvanized into action. Throwing a few Hollywood Rogue shirts into a bandanna, I headed for the front door. A political colleague crouched on the step regarding me steadily as he honed a bolo on his buttocks. To the rear door with all haste! There sat steely-eyed Maya Mandolin eyeing me from above those impressively powdered bulges. She groped for the stiletto which gleamed savagely in her garter. Trapped! No Exit! I gave vent to great racking sobs and fell to the floor in a spasm of terror.

Present a purged calm came over me like the warm, familiar glow of approaching death. I crawled back to my cell.

I have been squatting here for hours, swathed once again in my penance pants of sack cloth. It tears and snags my skin, which has grown used to the sabrytic softness of cashmere and suede. Occasionally I turn tear-stained eyes toward the pathetic blackened stump of the lotus that once budded so promising in my navel. But mostly I just sit—listening—waiting. It is dusk now. I can hear their low voices in the hall—their footfalls on the stair.

They are coming for me.

TRUMMIE KAPUT



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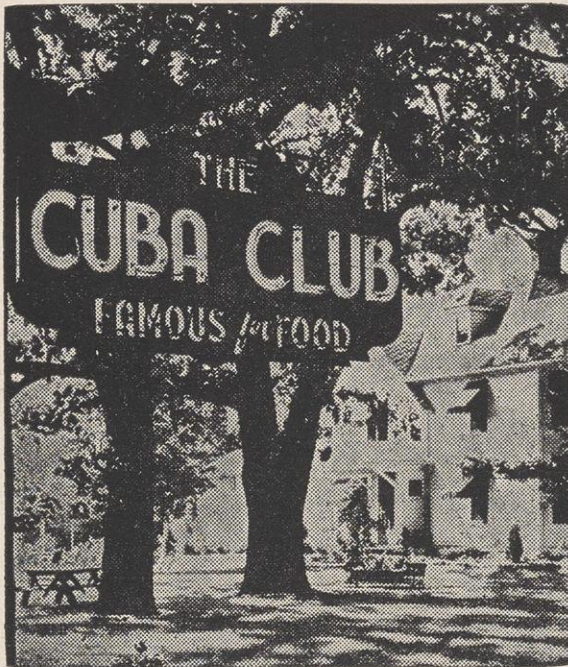
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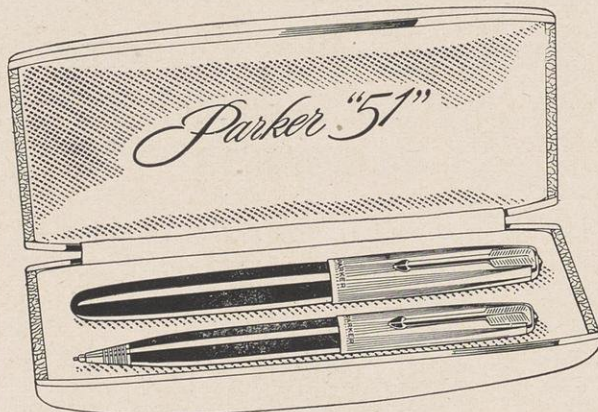
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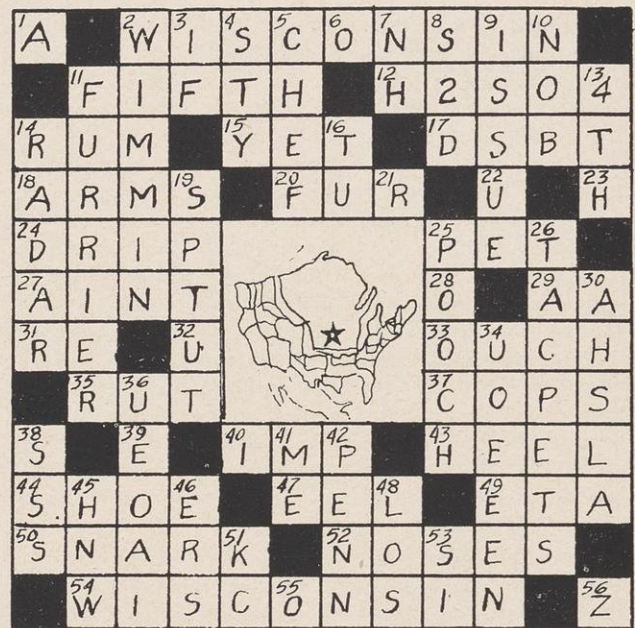
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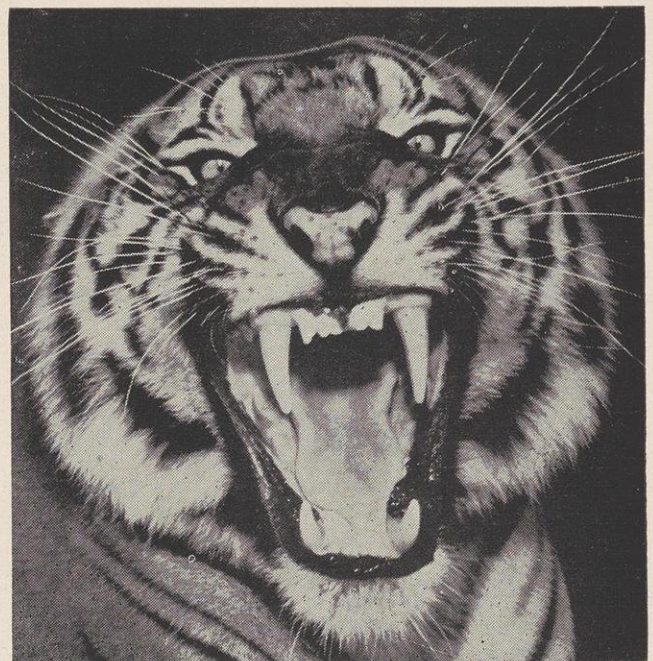
Promptly at seven the next morning the ex-orderly strode into his boss's bedroom and shook him into wakefulness. Then he leaned over and spanked the Colonel's wife saying:

"All right, Baby, it's back to Skid Row for you!"

* * *

"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"

"She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobacco."



Henry Wiggins, M.E. 4, has just been informed that there's no Santa Claus.

STUDENTS—

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CAMPUS CHRONICLE—

(continued from page 9)

should not be forced to bear."

Yet in the same paper on page 6, Sport Editor Dick Snow inhaled deeply of the scent of roses and exhaled this prediction:

"This year, under the direction of an expert botanist, 'Ivy' Williamson, the flower might blossom forth."

Enough of these metaphors! A flower shop can run all of you boys out of business.

SPEAKING WISCONSIN—

(continued from page 12)

that I didn't know the good lady's address, but—and I hailed a passing policeman—I assured him that I could find out.

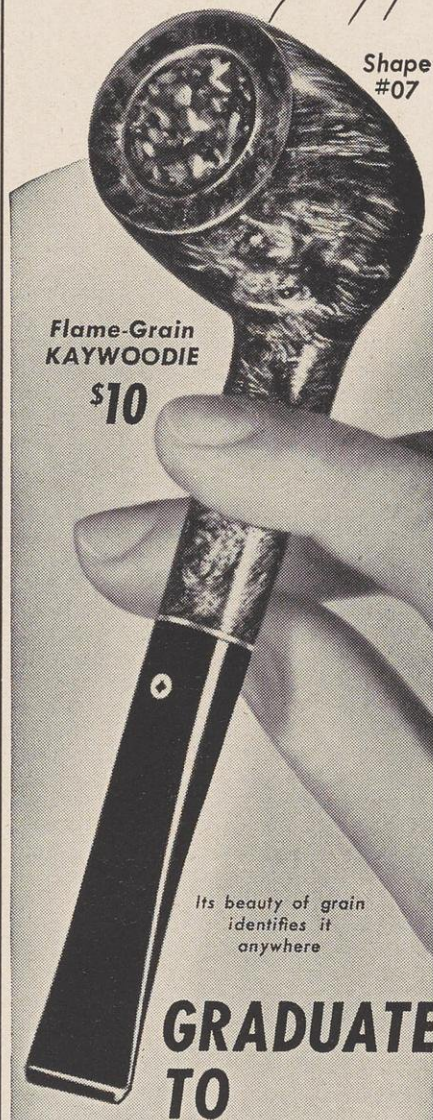
I explained to the officer that this friend of mine wished to buy Madame Bessie's house, and asked him for the address. To my companion's increasing chagrin, the policeman seemed quite concerned about this transaction, and he manifested great interest in this Madame Bessie. He said he didn't know that she was back in town. Apparently the lady had lived here before. We were ignominiously hauled into the Station House, and so, after a subsequent investigation, was the Madame in question, with a host of charmingly gay young ladies, heavily rouged, in various states of dishabille. It developed that she actually did have a house, and I am afraid it was one of a "sporting" nature. Furthermore, my friend did not intend to buy it at all, but merely wished to pay a call there.

It all came out, with pictures, in the Pornographic Daily, a campus publication, and my colleagues stopped wondering about my mental health and started speculating about my leisure activities. So you see, my friends, that I learned to distinguish "bei" from "buy" the hard way. I hope you will benefit from my bitter experience.

My campaign to acclimate my speech is two years old now, a two year struggle carved out of blood. I can exchange "dese," "dose" and "youse" with life-time residents of Wisconsin now. But I have yet to experience that first fine, sareless rapture that one gets from the knowledge that his infinitives are impeccably split, vowels beautifully fouled, and his diphthongs tangled like eels about the soft-palate. One has to be a native son to achieve that degree of perfection—ain' so?

—JOSEPH BOYD

"That's Adams, he gets all the girls since he smokes a Kaywoodie"



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A Kaywoodie Pipe has the character and style that puts a plus in your personality. Flame-Grain briar is exclusive with Kaywoodie—its beauty identifies it anywhere. Flame-Grain is treated so it is extra sweet-smoking. Kaywoodie Co., Estab. 1851, 630 Fifth Ave., New York—and London.

Kaywoodies range from \$5. up, according to the quality of the briar. Send for booklet 18.

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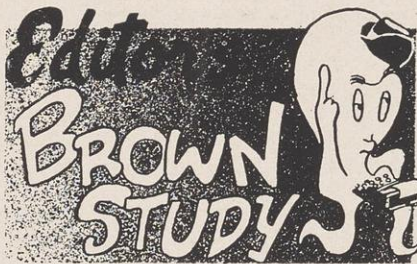
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Men's Wear

718 STATE ST. 720



Another "Octy's" on the road, and already the next is in its formative hours. We think we've given you a good issue but then, you're the ultimate judge. The past Football issue received a lot a favorable comment, and especially two ads which enlivened the front and back inside covers. Bob Swanson over at WISC is presenting our Dream Girls on the air before we hit the newsstands and is certainly doing a fine job of it. Audrey Wilson, our past Dream Girl was guest disc jockey, and Bob gave her free rein on his program. That's the real co-operative spirit, and we'd like you all to dial Bob's show, which is a fine one.

We've got the three big issues ahead, promising lots of laughs for all of you. Soon the Cardinal take-off will be on the stands. The *Cardinal* has, per usual, supplied us with barrels of mistakes and articles which we exploit. I'm always amazed that they don't do their own takeoff, for their "staff" is naively supplying the campus with droll ones every day. After that rousing one comes the *Manners* and *Morals* issue, followed shortly by our annual national mag parody. Ideas are daily being kicked around the Octy hut, and this big issue of the year is well on its way past conception.

Four roses to Professor H. Gill. We feel he deserves all varieties of applause, huzzahs, and rather well-executed salaams. What other man on campus can put our staid university in the limelight with a few deft phrases and promiscuous commas. I certainly wish more of his material would be printed, although his recent topics (concerning the campus conjugal qualities of the opposed species, or in the vulgate—SEX) are rather obscure to us of the virginal *Octopus*. But if you are in accord with Professor Gill's theories, it's up to you as students of a liberal university to practice the principles set forth by our sociologists in the know.

From the bottom of a
"passion" pit,

BOB BURKERT

always ask for
fauerbach



CB

the ever-popular
campus favorite

Fauerbach Brewing Co.
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Nothing you buy can
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See What You're Getting Into The Wisconsin **BADGER**

**Only All-Campus Rogue's Gallery
for Blind Dates —
See 'her' before you
meet her!**

Don't be disappointed in her, don't miss "her" in front of the Rock. She will know what you look like and have a chance to back out of your date; so should you. Don't get stuck. We, on the staff, want you to be happy. George Warrick says, "I always look my dates up in the Badger." Pat Buell says, "It's not true what they say about the Kappas. It's not the ice box door that is open, it's the Badger." Toby Reynolds says, "When I'm called for a date I always check her status in the Badger. A man can't be too careful these days." Bob Gesteland, our happy editor, says, "No wonder I can't get dates."

**ONLY \$2.00 DOWN AT THE BADGER
OFFICE
Memorial Union**

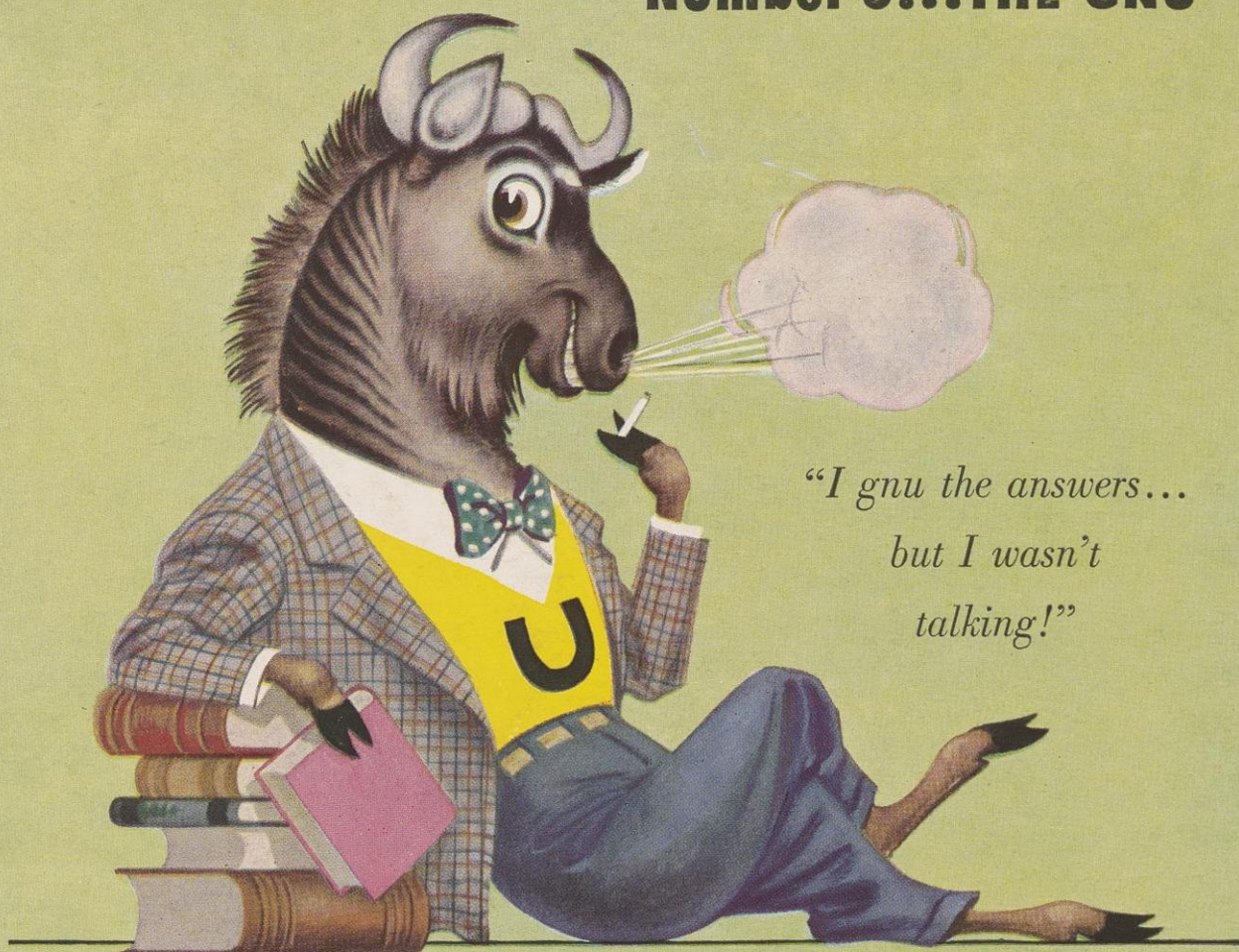


Student who took a blind date without looking her up in the Badger.



Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 3...THE GNU



*"I gnu the answers...
but I wasn't
talking!"*

The debating team couldn't make much use of this non-talkative baby
... but one look at his "literary leanings" tells you that tests don't
buffalo him. 'Specially those tricky cigarette tests! As a smoker,
you probably know, too, that one puff or one sniff — or a mere
one-inhale comparison can't prove very much about a cigarette!
Why not make the *sensible* test — the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test.
You judge Camel mildness and flavor in your own "T-ZONE"
(T for Throat, T for Taste) ... for 30 days. Yes, test Camels
as a steady smoke and you'll see why ...

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than any other cigarette!

