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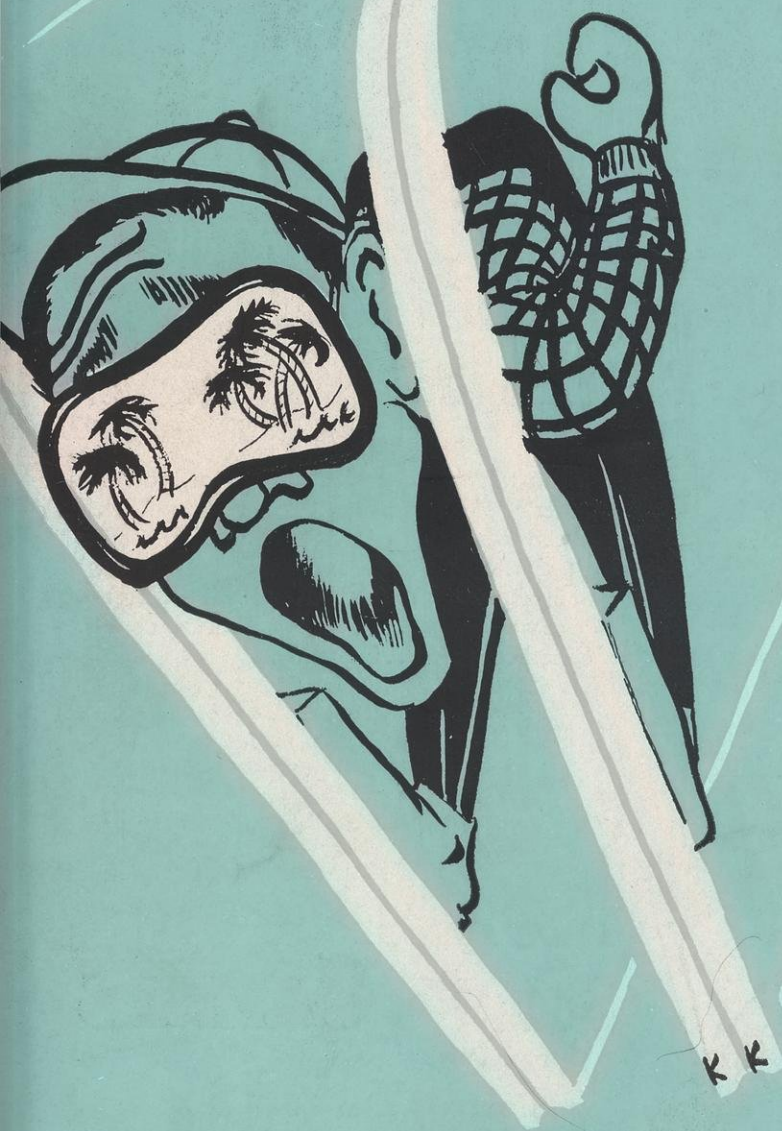
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The Wisconsin **OCTOPUS**



25¢

"EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

Clear That Jump! "Pat" Hackett (in the saddle) has had years of experience in riding and training jumpers. She knows her cigarettes too (see below).

—in jumping a horse or choosing a cigarette,"

says NOTED SPORTSWOMAN
"Pat" Hackett

The wartime cigarette shortage was a real experience. Of all the brands I smoked, CAMELS suit me best!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

Your "T-Zone" will tell you

...T for Taste...T for Throat... that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

● Not many women can match "Pat" Hackett's experience with horses, but millions can match her experience with cigarettes!

Remember the many brands you smoked during the wartime cigarette shortage? Whether you

intended to or not, you compared brand against brand...for Taste...for Throat. That's how millions learned from experience...in taste, mildness, coolness...in quality.

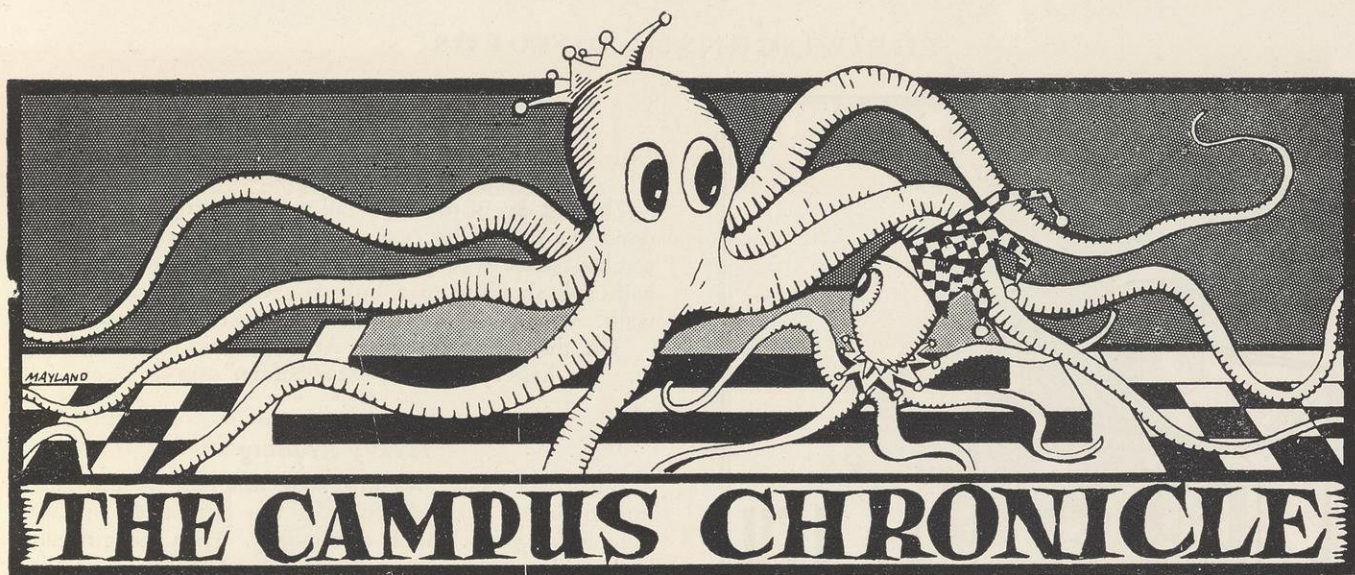
Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone." Let your own Taste and Throat...your own experience...tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS**
than any other cigarette

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!



Eau de Helwitit

We went Christmas shopping very early this year to find a present for our favorite girl friend. We looked around a while, then decided to get her perfume.

The girl behind the counter in one store was very helpful. She suggested several names. We liked one of them. The girl unstopped the bottle and held it under our nose to smell. Either we slipped or she did. Anyway, a liberal dose of "Intoxication" spilled on our lapel. We like the smell, though, and bought a bottle.

On the way out of the store we collided with a couple rough characters who were coming into the store. Everyone was polite about it, but as we walked away we heard one of the lugs ask the other, "Say, Gus, dja smell that guy we just bumped into? Whew! what them after shave lotion manufacturers are doing to us men!"

* * *

Come On, Badgers

At the Iowa game we sat near a fellow who was enjoying the game more than we poor sober folks. He had a Wisconsin pennant and an Iowa pennant both. Every time Wisconsin made a touchdown he would cheer mightily and stab at his neighbors with his two pennants. We assumed that anyone who enjoyed a game that much must know a lot about football. So after the game was over, we climbed over to him and asked him what he thought of the game. He threw his arms about us and yelled, "Wonderful game. And wait till we play Iowa next weekend."

* * *

Concerning Dorm Men

An innocent chap we know was sitting at home one Saturday afternoon when his phone rang. It was a masculine voice calling.

"Dahhh. I'm calling about the ad in the Cardinal."

Our friend said there must be some mistake and hung up.

A few minutes later the phone rang again. It was a different masculine voice. "I'm (ahh) calling about the ad in the Cardinal."

Our bewildered youth told the guy to wait a minute. He unwrapped the garbage inside the Cardinal and looked through the want ads. He found the ad all right, with his phone number at the end. It said something like this: WANTED: Two dorm men for girl friends of mine. Call G. - - - -.

He went back to the phone and explained to the voice on the other end that it was a practical joke. The voice was mad and frustrated.

The victim of the practical joke got fifteen calls from

dorm men that afternoon. A pretty good practical joke, but what we want to know is what is wrong with dorm men? Can't they get dates without answering blind ads in the Cardinal? Girls, do something for those poor devils out at the other end of the campus.

* * *

Protect That Profile

A couple of weeks ago we heard a couple of plump lads discussing boxing in the Rathskeller. Besides being slightly ponderous, the fellows were also examples of faces only a mother could love. They were making up their minds to go out for boxing, since Wisconsin needed a good heavy-weight or two. They had each talked the other into going out for the team. They looked unhappy about it. Then one of them backed out. "We might get our noses broken or have our lips split open. Maybe we'd better not go out."

The other ugly agreed heartily, "Yeh, we wouldn't want to have our looks ruined."

* * *

White Spots Before Your Eyes

Every fashion show has to have some pre-written comment on the models' clothes. Before the Campus Community Chest show the fashion writers were previewing the glad garments to find things to put into the commentator's mouth the night of the show. As time and models paraded past the writers, they squirmed in their seats and beat their heads to think of comments. Everything went pretty well until a male model walked in with a brown and white polka-dotted ascot about his neck. The writers were desperate for something nice to comment. In a mad moment they agreed on:

Brown and white polka-dotted ascot—nice to cover up a dirty neck.

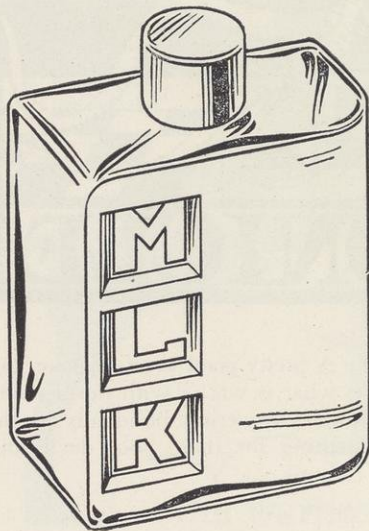
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No Kiddin'

Recently we went to a party which was composed of 66 2/3% Cardinalites and ex-Cardinalites. Like all parties it began with a bang. The food was good, everyone sang well, and the crowd was as witty as wits can be.

Then the food was eaten, no one knew any more songs, and the other third of the crowd had told the Cardinal people their opinions of the student daily. Everyone was desperate for something to do or say.

Enter our hero. With a few puffs of breath he had the crowd playing volleyball with make-shift spheroids. The secret: A bubble pipe and a tube of that new plastic bubble goo.



BY



dunhill

Correct Toiletries for Men

... Personalized with your Initials. ... Truly individual, in the distinctive Dunhill tradition, superbly fragranced. A most welcome gift.

After Shave Lotion,* 4 oz. \$2.00, 8 oz. \$3.50
Cologne,* 4 oz. \$3.50, 8 oz. \$5.00



MacNeil and Moore

602 State Street

Chronicle

'Snow Fool Like an Old Fool

The first day of snow this fall we were struggling carefully down the street when we passed a vacant lot where a man of about forty was cavorting in the snow, throwing snowballs and shouting to a little boy who stood on the sidewalk. We stopped to ask the boy who the man was.

"Oh, that's my uncle from Arizona," said the kid willingly. "He hasn't ever seen snow before."

* * *

Heavy Reading

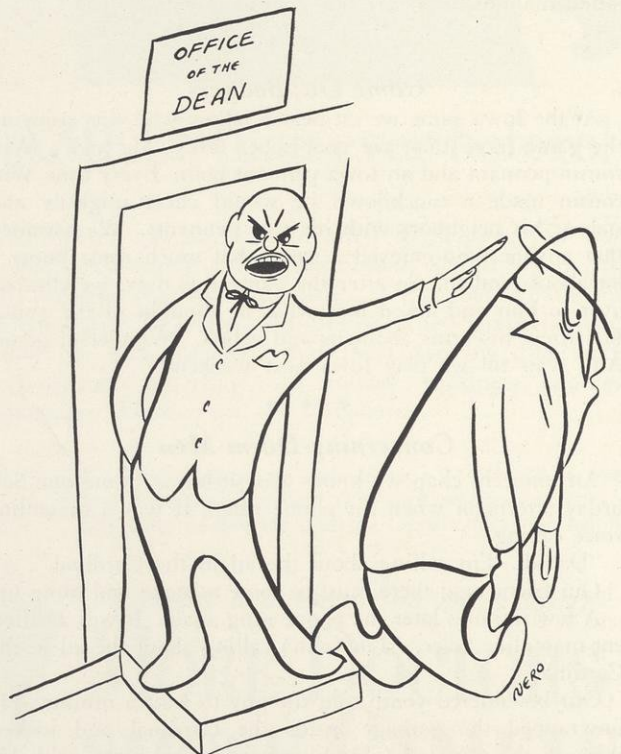
When we bought our first book this fall, we thought it might make a good doorstop; it was big, stable and very solid looking . . . and it cost money. Then the girl came back with a very slim volume for course No. 2 and we breathed a sigh of financial relief.

"I'm afraid this is the only one we have," she announced brightly. "You'll have to get the other nine books for this course somewhere else."

The third subject was history and the books looked like small cocktail tables. It wasn't that we minded reading them so much, but the muscle power required to turn all those pages would probably run Boulder Dam for two days.

And then for the last course, we got eighteen pamphlets and paper bound volumes, each of which contained one two-page article we had to read and cost \$1.50; also assorted pocket size mistakes which were on the list mainly because, as they cost 25 cents, they were "within reach of the student's pocketbook." Well, the ten pocketbooks just about cleaned out this student's pocketbook.

And then, after a harrowing afternoon of relay-transportation book by book from the store to the dorm, we went



to our first class, what did the professor say?

"I don't think you're doing quite enough background reading in this class," he murmured, "so here's a short list of books you might buy later on." The list looked like a junior edition of "Who's Who"; in fact, it was just a trifle thicker than our smallest text book. Reluctantly, very reluctantly, we dropped the course.

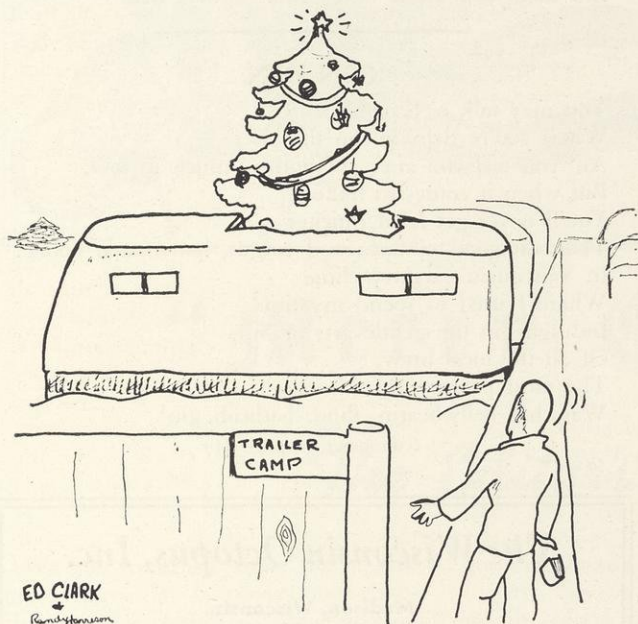
Rocket Romance

Supersonic flying, as wet get it through the comic strips, depresses us no end. Formerly to be a campus casanova you needed only a bright yellow convertible. With a yacht you could be a Hollywood-league wolf. Now you have to be a faster-than-sound boy to get a date with supersonic sable or Miss guided missile.

* * *

Dept. of Condensed Advice

Living in a dormitory is comparable to living at home. There's a bed, a desk, a cluttered closet—and a housemother



to take the place of parents. And if one lives in a dormitory it is wise to get along with the housemother.

Octy offers a few suggestions:

1. Learn her name before six weeks. It might come in handy some time.
2. Don't get a room near hers as the noise might bother her. Instead, try to live at the other end of the hall. If you should have a room quite close, leave it. Just turn the light on and put a sign on the door, "Do Not Disturb—Studying." This is sure to impress her. When your name shows up on the dean's list then, you can always say "There must have been a mistake," or "I guess I just studied the wrong thing."
3. Never disturb her by coming in late. Better not to come in at all.

* * *

We; That Is, I

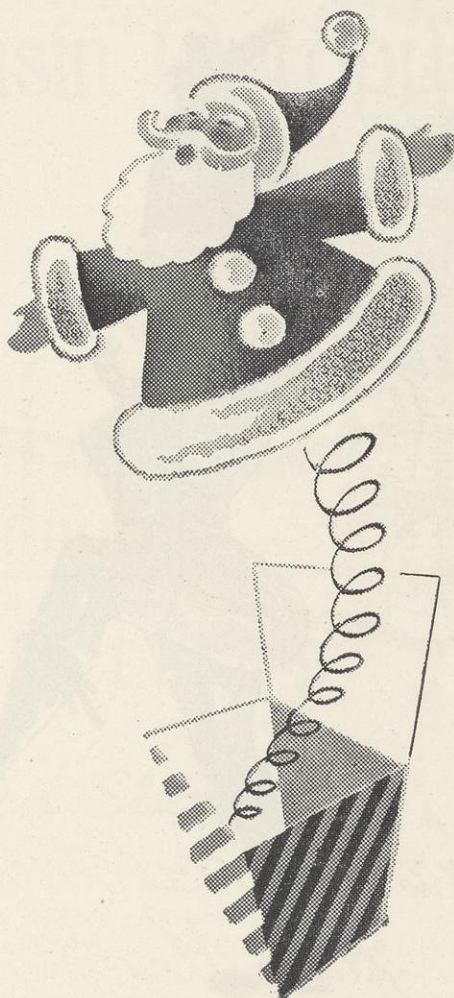
Have you noticed how much the editorial "we" is used these days. Every editor writes "we" instead of "I." It can be dangerous. We (there I go again) heard of an editor of a college publication who was sorry he ever used it.

It seems that he was sitting next to his sweetheart one cozy evening. He turned to her and whispered, "We love you very much. Will you marry us?"

Of course, the girl said No. She had had a course in psychology and knew a split personality when she met one.

* * *

(And now we would like to wish you Happy Shopping, a Swell Vacation, and a Merry Christmas, because when the editor reads this he won't let us write any more for the next issue.)



That Man Popped Up Again!

Yes, he's here again filling the store with the spirit of an old-fashioned Christmas. Whether you're selecting a gift for friend or family . . . old or young . . . you'll find the "just right" gift in one of our many gift departments in our enlarged store. Come and see!

Harry S. Manchester
Inc.



*#1 on your
Gift Parade*

*Nobody can beat your time
if you select your gifts at*

Baron's
On the Square

The Power of Advertising

A proud father we know swears that his little son really did this one. Daddy had bought "The Night Before Christmas" in picture book form for the kid to read. He thought no kid really knew about Santa Claus until he'd read the poem.

Anyway, the father says he came home the next day and found the book on the floor. It was opened to the page that tells what Santa looks like. The kid must have been practicing editing because in the lines that go "His round little belly Shook like a bowl full of jelly" the kid had crossed out "jelly" and scrawled above it "JELLO."

But then, you know how proud fathers lie.

GIN DIN

You may talk o' Scotch an' Rye
When you're drinkin' on the sly
An' you feel you ain't got nothin' much to lose,
But when it comes to likker,
You'll never get fried quicker
Than on good ol'-fashioned rotgut, homemade booze!
In Wisconsin's wintry clime
Where I used to spend my time
Indulgin' in the gentle arts of Sin,
Of all the local brew,
The most potent stuff I knew
Was that belly-beatin' fluid, bathtub gin!

(continued on page 21)

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* * * *

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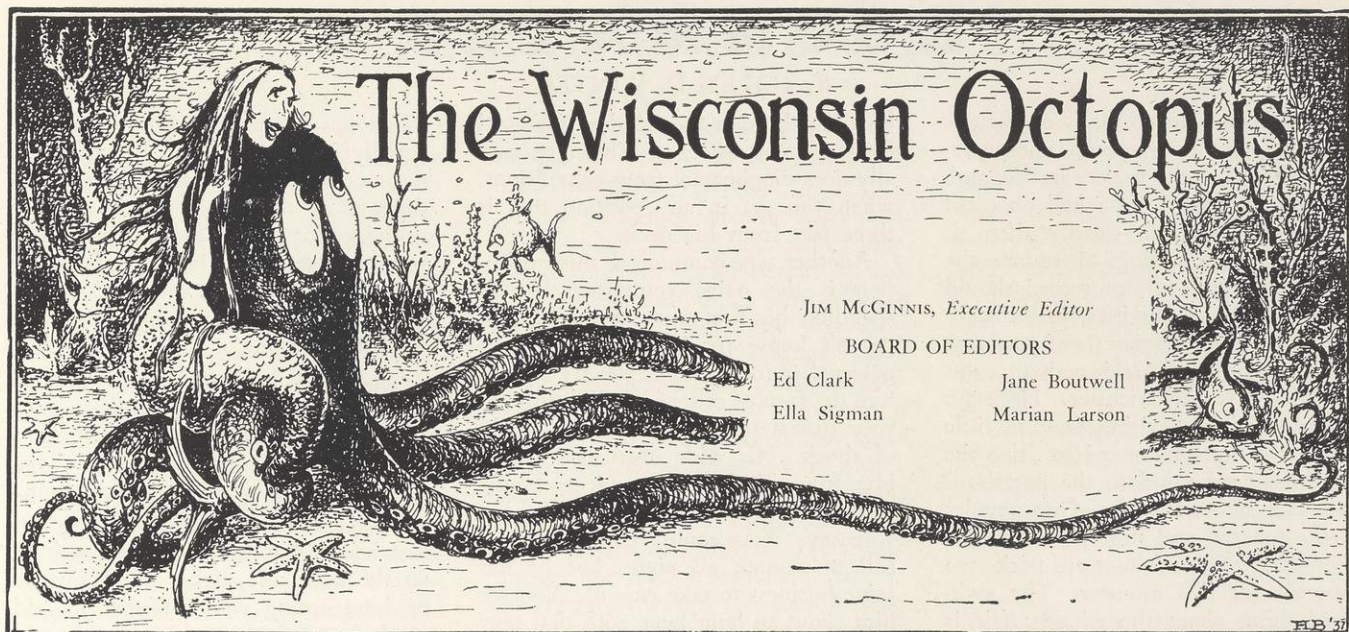
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NUMBER 3



“Merry Christmas”

from

The Editor's Brown Study

We just returned from the square and a heavy day of pre-seasonal shop-lifting, and remembered something or other about editorializing the mellow yule. Now writing an editorial is just about the easiest thing in the world. All you need is a place to do it in. We tried the lair of the old Octopus, but the sage squid was too engrossed in the next issue. So we went to the library. A nice quiet place, the library.

As we sat there, looking at the various types of students about us, our interest grew. It grew so much we didn't get the editorial written, but we did manage to classify some of these characters. We'll just call them simply, “LIBRARY TYPES,” and they seem to run something like this:

The Detractor—Wears tight, pink sweaters, sits in center of room, rolls dreamy eyes at all who pass, makes studying hard.

The Phi Bete Potential — Enters cautiously on tiptoe, briefcase in hand, wipes off quarter-inch glasses and glares at talkative colleague, wears a neat, blue suit with belted back—no personality but what a point hour.

The Trouble-hunter—Spanish-American War Belle, now in Social Security stage of life, goes stealthily from table to table looking for talkers, creeps up on unsuspecting victims and lets go with vehemence, sneaks back to desk

and rubs hands in sinister glee.

The “Say-kid” Type—The college gossip—meets sorority sisters in library every morning—can't wait to spill all the news—thinks glaring gentleman across the table is terrific grouch—he must be rather nervous or a little unhappy.

The Seat-picker—Enters in undecided manner—hesitantly lays book on table—sees friend at other end—picks up



“If this weather keeps up,
we'll freeze back here.”

book and starts down—decides to use fluorescent lights—finds table is full—gazes longingly at periodical room—starts off again—midway stops abruptly, jams hat on head and bolts out door.

The Sleeper—Enters with brisk step and armful of books—selects table and sits down—shuffles pages of book before lying head on table—wakes with start five minutes before hour—goes

through book feverishly and rushes out for next class.

The Corridor Lounge Lizard—Comes in with books—lays down same along with coat on chair and walks into corridor—lights cigarette—meets group of friends—puts foot on radiator and gazes out window—walks down to main lobby while smoking several more cigarettes—goes back for books and coat. Chee, ain't this collitch life a breeze?

The Multiple Book Reader—Heads immediately for call desk—fills out lots and lots of slips—walks up and down waiting to hear name called (sometimes waits to hear address, too)—carries pile of books to table and looks to see who is watching—scans two or three—picks up entire pile and returns to table. Grad student? Oh, no, just a freshman.

The Skirt-creeper Girl—Sits on end seat—very engrossed—slides down in chair—causes much distraction—indirect cause of many surrounding gentlemen dropping pencils.

* * *

Oh, and just in case anyone might say we don't throw our snowballs early, you can cut out this next line and paste it in the inside of your hat if your holiday phone numbers aren't there already. All us characters on “Octy” want to wish all you characters on campus, “MERRY CHRISTMAS.”

ROOMMATES

By GALEN D. WINTER

Roommates are funny characters. They all have their special idiosyncracies that add to the variety in life, and, incidentally, make life a hell on earth for you. Trying to classify them is much like attempting to square the circle, but some sort of record should be kept of their activities, so I'll sacrifice myself for the interests of posterity.

The commonest, and perhaps most obnoxious, is the trickster. He stays awake at night devising fiendish little plans that are guaranteed to drive the most balanced mind to the portals of the Place across the lake. Gun powder in the tobacco and shoe polish on the door knob of your closet are tricks too infantile for this monster. The awkward thing about the whole affair is that he always comes up with something new culled from the latest Frankenstein movie with which to test your sanity. For instance: After long hours of study and research, he discovers that film negatives, when rolled tightly and ignited, emit a dense black smoke, and an odor that would drive a hyena off a garbage truck. He can hardly restrain himself as he sneaks into your room at 2 a.m. with the burning article in question. He chuckles as he deposits it under your bed and bars the door from the outside. His gleeful chuckles turn into roars of laughter when he hears you coughing and pounding at the door. He almost dies of convulsions as he hears your best chair go

hurtling through the window followed by gasps and wheezes. This type usually does die, but not from convulsions, when you get in any position that is three feet from his neck.

Another type common to this institution is the naive youngster who is spending his first term at the U. He doesn't know from nothin' and in a paternal frame of mind you try to give him the facts of college life. All through your dissertation, his expression is one of shock. His wide open eyes nearly bug from his head, he objects to the true facts, he refuses to believe a thing you say. You could tell him about college women all night, but he has some business to take care of. You see him about an hour later with that sexy junior that you've been trying to get an introduction with for three terms. Both seem to be enjoying each other's company, so you borrow a Mauser from the veteran standing to your right and then go out into the alley and commit suicide.

The happy inebriate poses still another problem. He's a political science major, and his father uses five dollar bills to start the fire in the water heater. In other words, he has time and money. At three in the morning, he enters the room with a whoop that rattles the windows. He sits on your chest, and after he is sure that you are completely awake, he tells you of his plan to start an organization called

Alcoholics Unanimous—or something equally important to you at three in the morning. He is also the one who suggests a "short beer" when you are studying for a mid-term. Of course, you can't study in the face of such a suggestion. The only sure way to alleviate this problem is to become an alcoholic yourself.

The letter man roommate presents another means of going stark raving mad in four months. He usually is a six letter man—S-T-U-P-I-D. Like many of his particular breed, he wouldn't know how to pour soup out of a boot if the directions were written on the heel. He makes life enjoyable by interrupting your attempts to add a column of figures with a sentence of one syllable words asking how to spell "usually," or asking your opinion of whether or not you think he should get a drop card for Conversational English. All in all, he's a lovable guy—perhaps playful is the word. In fact, he's so playful that once a night he demands a short wrestling bout that ends up with a sore neck, bruises and multiple contusions on you know who. How to deal with this type is a problem, the solution of which marks you as Phi Beta Kappa material. If you try to ignore him, he'll think you're trying to snub him and he'll break your neck. If you try to meet him on his own intellectual and physical plane, he'll wax playful and break your neck, you'll flunk out of school, your parents will disinherit you. If you get close to pop, *he'll* probably break your neck. The solution to the letter man roommate is to dive from the top of South Hall. You'll break your neck. It's quick and it's easy.

At the opposite extremity is the Brain. Ask him if he thinks it's cold enough for a sweater, and he goes into a long dissertation concerning meteorology. He just bubbles over with information. One term in the same room with him will leave you with such an inferiority complex that neither Sigmund Freud nor any of the various Hollywood movie directors would attempt to psychoanalyze you. Retaining your mental balance with such a roommate is quite a problem. I once had a friend who attempted to outwit a brain by squatting in the corner all day long with his books and a case of beer, trying to give the impression that he was a manic-depressive. His solution worked out fine except for one fact. He now sits in the corner all day long with his



"Oops, I didn't know it was loaded!"

(continued on page 11)

Why Morgan Went Off One Day

By BOB SPRINGER

Curiosity, I must admit, was the real reason for my decision to visit Morgan across the lake, though I certainly felt a twang of sympathy for my old pal. I can still remember our freshman days together, my elaborating vividly on the vague explanations that puzzled Morgan in Zoology, even introducing him to the right people, students with a cause. Up until he took that fatal step last semester, Morgan adjusted himself beautifully. He knew the lake road particularly well, was intimate with the flora, and knew just how far he could go with the fauna.

Morgan was a fine-ordered, systematic type of person, definitely a type, everyone said so. And he had worked out a beautiful life plan with his hometown girl, Lemmie T'amour. They had sworn to live by this plan with a blood pact. Lemmie gashed her calves with a chicken knife and smeared the blood on Morgan's latissimus dorsi mumbling the ancient curses of Allepo all the while. Thus sealed together as one, Lemmie and Morgan laid all their hopes for the future; a Ph.D. in Genetics for Morgan, a barn-dance wedding for Lemmie, days for working, days for playing, like I said, systematic.

During the listless days between exams, Morgan used to confide much of his submerged unhappiness. I learned of his unstable home life in Mazomanie, how he fled to Boscobel for the thrill of change, and how the mad tempo of Madison had swirled him away to a stagnant lagoon of despair. Knowing an entree to the homes of my relatives and friends could alter his perspective, I made the bonhomie gesture of bringing Morgan to visit my great aunt, Regina Stool (her nom de plume at present). Ante-stool, as she loves to be called, fortified with the experience of five husbands behind her, carried quite a load for Morgan to profit from. Morgan, no schnuck from Tobruk, was quick on the uptake, though a bit timorous on introduction. Being something of a poet and sensitive to the feelings of others, Ante-stool roared for some liquor and burst into something du mode like, "C'est le temps pour l'amour, le diable est mort!" or "Swallow the rot-gut Blackie, we've always got gin for wash!"

It warmed my heart to see this intellectual alliance I had arranged work out so well. And Morgan impressed me as having been philosophically stimulated by frequently interjecting little gleanings concerning the wisdom of perseverance, the value of staying

power. I knew he would be a business and social success, especially with my Aunt Regina as a front.

Some seemingly harmless individual, I found out later, had approached Morgan during this tender period of fruition and told him all, or what Morgan thought was all, about the Vocational Counseling Service on campus. Obviously a psycho, he had plumped Morgan with dope on how important it was for an undergraduate to know where he's going, how to be assimilated or homogenized, but especially how important it was for an individual to be aware of **INSIDE HIMSELF** during the crucial formative stage of his career. Always a serious and somewhat reticent chap, Morgan took all this to heart and, determined to discover all, promptly signed up for the first psychological tests.

Perhaps because of the waiting period, Morgan began to get rather nervously anxious. Thinking and worrying, he imagined these tests would throw a terrible new light on the hidden recesses of his mind (Morgan was fully aware of certain hidden recesses). And the ever possible possibility of possibly bringing to the fore some frightful repressed desire, some barbariously pagan twist in his personality constantly crept into his mind on little mice feet.

It was during the testing period that

Morgan seemed to have dropped out of the world, nobody had seen or heard from him. Then just as suddenly, he reappeared. His coming and going had baffled everyone, and mouths began to whisper, but Morgan struck me as being perfectly normal. In fact, the fact that Morgan struck me several times when I joked about his having three eyes seemed a perfect indication of this.

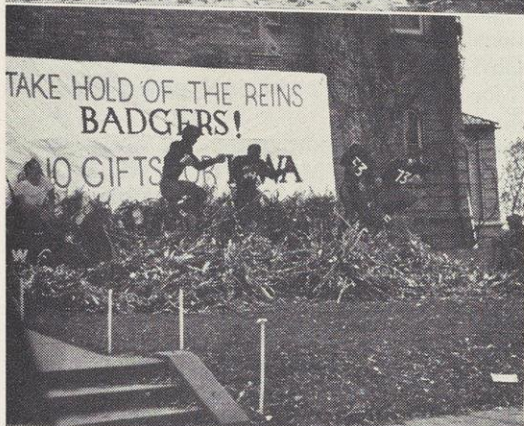
But shortly after the initial testing period, Morgan began to act very strangely, bubbling over to himself, laughing inanely with high pitched squeals, then cowering with wide frightened eyes when he noticed you watching him. It was at the house right after just such a scene that I approached Morgan. Why not, after all, he was a friend. I suggested, while dabbing the froth from his mouth, that he discontinue the testing, reasoning that he was, actually, a perfectly normal student, overstimulated perhaps, idiosyncrasies of course, but certainly free from neuroses.

When I removed his fingers from my eyes, laughed and pretended it was nothing, he looked hurt, sulking in a corner of the room, sniveling incoherently. Then for some unexpressed reason, he seized the willow switches we used for beating each other and raced like a human fly up and down the

(continued on page 24)

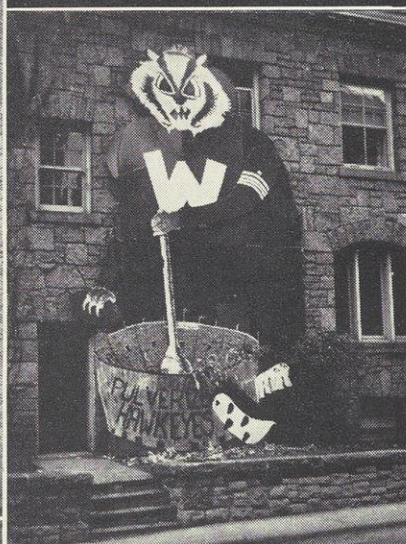
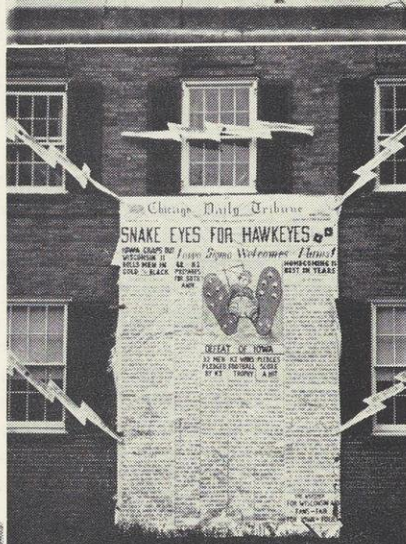


"I got the coal all right, but what do you want with it?"



Home-coming

Lots of the spirit of the successful homecoming weekend was embodied in the displays. And they were multi-good (witness below). These shots were taken by the old squid before the flush of victory, and the strong winds, dismantled them.



I HATE YOU

"There are no two ways about it," thought John Fornsby as he sat with his girl in the campus hangout. "When a fellow has two fifty left in his wallet until Christmas, it isn't possible to buy a present for his girl. However, if a fellow's girl is mad at him, it isn't necessary to buy her a present." Since there were no two ways about it he turned to his girl and said,

"Shut up!"

"But I didn't say anything!" answered Doris in surprise.

"You've been getting on my nerves lately."

"Why, I'm sorry," she said as she gently laid a hand on his arm. "Why didn't you mention it?"

"Well, I just didn't want to ("Heaven knows I didn't want to," thought John as he gazed at Doris' auburn hair). It's just, well, take that lipstick you're wearing . . ."

"Don't you like it?"

"It's not that. It just hasn't fermented long enough."

"I don't like it much either. I" get a new shade to-morrow."

"Tomorrow! You should have thought of it three weeks ago!"

"I did, but then you liked it."

"Ah, er, well, take that wool sweater you're wearing. I get the itch every time I put my arm around you!"

"Yes, dear, I won't wear it again."

John thought to himself that this was going to be more difficult than he had realized. He looked down at her hands—so white, the nail polish on just right. No help there. He studied a beefy girl in the next booth.

"I'm in love with somebody else," he announced.

"Have you had any dates with her?" Doris asked.

"Yes, several."

"But you've been with me every night."

She had him there. There must be another angle he hadn't tried. He thought for a moment and then came up with:

"I just don't think we ought to see each other any more! You go your way and I'll go mine!"

"But how have I displeased you, darling?"

"It's not that. I just can't take you places you'd like to go. I can't give you the things you ought to have, I . . ."

"Anything you can give me is all right with me."

"Aw, shut up!"

"But why?"

"There you go. Always asking questions. We're through!"

He got up and started to leave. She took hold of his arm and looked up with her soft brown eyes and said,

"John, are you trying to get out of giving me a Christmas present?"

"What?" John was aghast.

"You heard me."

"Don't be silly—that's absurd—that's silly—don't be ridiculous!"

"Well, it doesn't matter. I was just going to tell you that I'm flat broke right now, and I was wondering if you could maybe wait till January for me to give you your present."

John sat down, lit a cigarette, and blew a long streamer across the table.

"You know, Doris," he said, "I don't think I've told you recently that you're the prettiest girl I've ever known."

—SUNDIAL.

ON LETTING THE RIGHT HAND KNOW
WHAT THE LEFT HAND IS DOING
Life would be so joyous
If I were ambidextrous.
Clip fingernails on right with hand as deft
As that one which now cuts the left.



For those who want
Angoras . . .

Select these honey bunnies from Bermuda. White and ice cream pastels. Sizes 34 to 40. These are two of our many styles in Angora.

Short Sleeve Slipover, 8.95

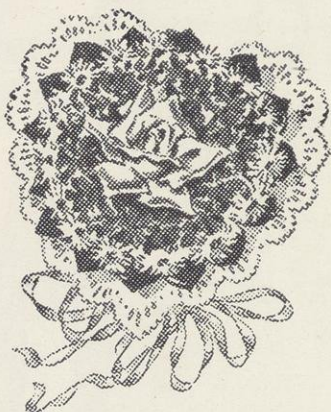
Cardigan, 12.95

W.J. Rendall's

Square at State

College Store — at the Co-op

*Capture the
Christmas Spirit . . .*



ANDERSON'S GIFTS and FLOWERS

656 STATE

Badger 441

Badger 441

We Have Them!

Those Long Waited-For Items

- Knit Ties (*Solids, Stripes*)
- Flash-on-Glo Bow Ties
- Tuxedo Shirts
- Jockey Underwear

Campus Clothes Shop, Inc.

825 University Ave.

Fairchild 2484

HERE'S THE SHOVEL

You Spread It a While!

"Get off my foot, Ferdinand! Where were you born, in a barn?" The bull looked hurt, but I didn't pay any attention. I began leafing through my 27 traffic tickets again in dismay and realized that somewhere, beyond the herd of 500 bulls that crowded around me, many cars were honking and police were busy putting up rope fences to keep the crowds back.

It all started shortly after the war. I was working for the university dairy as financial secretary, a job that, I assure you, involves more than just figuring the cost to us of eggs that chickens too often forget to lay.

One early morning we realized that we had a problem; the problem of supplying milk to the thousands of students who swelled the university enrollment. Now, this was serious! Can one imagine university students getting along without milk?

The farm superintendent suggested, immediately, that we buy more cows—and then he tempered his own suggestion with the thought that when university enrollment fell back to normal, we would be left with a bunch of old, worn out cows—left holding the bag, one might say. But—be that as it may—he finally ordered me to go out and buy 500 cows.

"But the money!" I protested.

"We must not let that worry us, Parker," he replied with a noble look in his eye. "Do you realize that even now reports have come back to me that a large section of our underprivileged citizens living in the tenement district along Langdon street never drink milk? We can't let thousands of students face the post-war world without the milk they clamor for!"

That afternoon I was lucky enough to run into a guy on State street who was just passing through town with 500 head of cattle. He wanted to get rid of them and so gave me an offer that was ridiculously low. I took him up and at three o'clock I was leading 500 snorting monsters down State street.

I accepted the traffic tickets without anger, knowing that I had made such a good buy. The various damage suits, however, that are sure to come up, frighten me a little.

At any rate, I managed, finally, to get to the farm with my herd of cattle. The superintendent met me at the gate. He stared at the animals and then at me and burst out weeping.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Look at the 500 wonderful cows I bought."

"Cows?" shouted the superintendent. "Those aren't cows! You've got 500 bulls!"

"Gee! That's a lotta bull!"

"How could you make a stupid mistake like that?" he screamed.

I was dumbfounded. I replied sheepishly: "I guess the guy that sold them to me pulled the bull over my eyes."

"Well, they're yours! What can we do with 500 bulls? Take 'em away with you!"

And so I turned and, ignoring the uneasy stares of the bulls, sat down on the curb to ponder my peculiar and distressing problem!

"What can I do with all of these bulls?" I asked myself. No logical answer came to mind.

I was still fretting and fuming when an Octy editor came up to me and asked me why I hadn't turned a story in lately.

"Of course! Solution! That's what I can do with all of this bull!"

And so I have.

—Walter H. Brovald
Paul Harrison

ROOMMATE . . .

(continued from page 6)

books and a case of beer. He is a manic-depressive.

Regardless of how you deal with this type you eventually have to face the same dilemma. If you don't say anything, he thinks you are an idiot. If you open your mouth, his opinion of you devaluates.

The big wheel is next on the list. (In fact, I've heard some people say that big wheels head their list.) He held a chairmanship on the Gesaunch Hop, was elected to the Buzzard Board, and the Over in the Hole column says he's a campus politico. He's a good guy though. He speaks to you—occasionally, and he says that if you follow his directions and stick with him he'll talk to "some of the boys" and see to it that you get a position running around the campus with signs and thumb tacks for pinning the same on every bulletin board in the U. of W. You may even get your picture in the Co-op window. If you don't jump for joy at the suggestion, you are a barbarian and in public he won't admit that he knows you. Big wheels respond to sympathetic treatment. Unfortunately, it's called assault and battery in this state, and assault and battery happens to be very closely connected with prison terms.

Eventually we come to the "sharp character." He's tall. He's dark. He

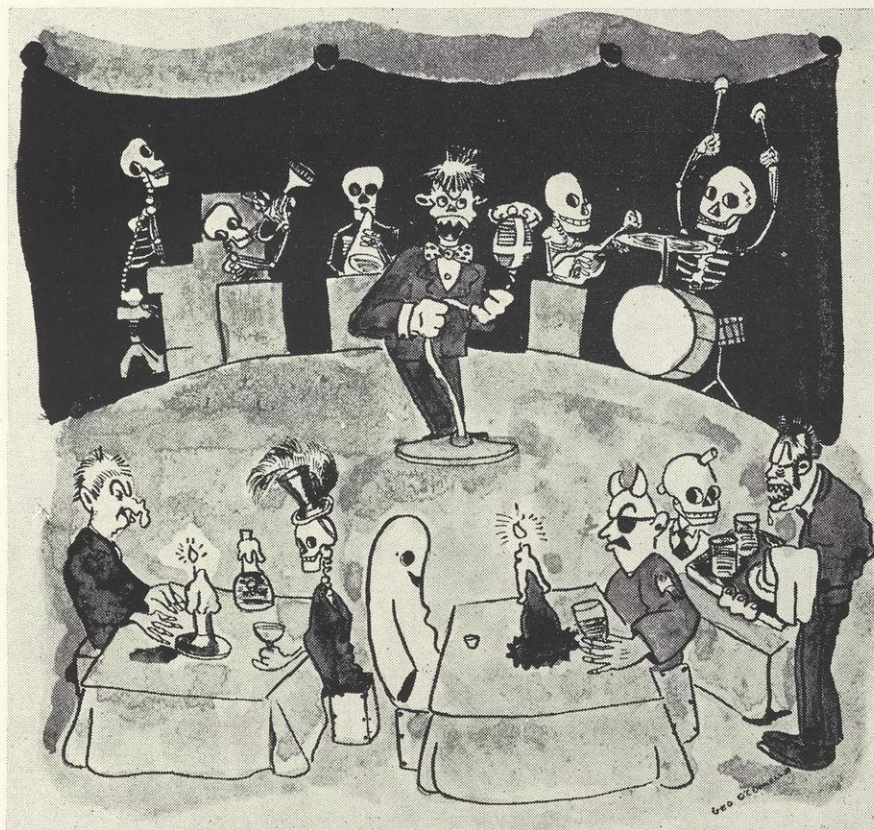
uses Jergens Lotion, and he wears the sharpest clothes on campus. The women fight over him and marvel at where and how he gets such smooth clothes. He gets them out of your closet, but when you wear them, they're just clothes. You're tall. You're dark. You could buy some Jergens Lotion, but by the time you get hold of your clothes, there's no press in the pants, and your new tan sports coat has a large glob of lip paint smeared on the collar. (Don't take the glob off. You may fool some woman into believing that some other woman sees something in you. She'll wonder what it is and you may get a date.) There's only one way to deal with such a character. Save one pair of skivvies to go to college in and pile all the rest of your personal belongings in the center of the room. After adding the desired quantity of kerosene, ignite them, and your problem will be solved. You may burn down the establishment but then what is that compared to the horror of "sharp character" roommates?

The solutions for the problem of roommates thus far advanced have been 1) murder, 2) suicide, 3) become an alcoholic, 4) break your neck, 5) become a manic-depressive, 6) assault and battery, and 7) arson. If you don't like any of these methods, face the fact and work out your own answer, but face the problem. Don't try to escape.

(continued on page 31)

WATCH "OCTY"

For Campus Photo-Stories

You may be in the next issue!!

"If you were the only ghoul in the world . . ."

SURE, THEY'RE AT HIS FEET



—Photo by De Longe

Time and again women have fallen for men who dress with distinction. The campus cosmopolite, like his father and grandfather before him, is assured of quality and fashion par excellence when his clothes are tailored by Glencollen and McDougal, the outstanding name in good taste for over 80 years.

Glencollen & McDougal

Haberdashers for those few men in each community to whom quality rates first and cost is a secondary consideration.

A LOVELY RIDE

(REALLY IT WAS)

I don't mind your suitcase,
In fact I simply love it,
But when the corner hits my knee
I wish you wouldn't shove it.
Here's a trunk to sit upon!
This is really fine.
Oh, pardon sir, but do you mind?
The foot you're on is mine.
You say you've lost your suitcase?
Of course I'll help you find it.
Ah, here! It's on my other foot.
Oh, no! No, I don't mind it.
Now lady, are you sure that you
Can reach that car today?
There are fully fifty people and
Their luggage in your way.
Ticket? Yes, of course I have.
It's somewhere in my purse.
No thanks! Your helping me to look
Would only make things worse.
Ah, here it is! Now you see
I knew that it was here.
To find things in a purse like mine
You've got to persevere.
At last, I think we're slowing down.
Dear me! I'm in a lap.
Excuse me sir! They pushed. I fear
I landed on your hat.
Pardon ma'am, your playful child
Is pulling out my hair.
Yes. Yes, that's my luggage in the
Corner over there.
And now my only problem
Is just to try and reach it.
I've got the wrong hatbox? But lady,
Really, must you screech it?
Please sir, don't shove me into
The conductor's waiting arms.
I'm sure the man's oblivious
To all my youthful charms.
Well Mother dear, and Father
Here's your joy and pride.
Why yes, it was just lovely.
Yes, I had a lovely ride.

MARY SHOCKLEY

SEVEN STAGES OF MAN

- 1 Milk
- 2 Milk vegetables
- 3 Milk ice cream sodas candy
- 4 Steak coke French fries ham and eggs
- 5 Pate de fois gras Frog's legs
Caviar. Poulet Royal hors
D'oeuvres Omelette Surprise
Crepes Suzettes Scotch wine
champagne
- 6 Milk and crackers
- 7 Milk

* * *

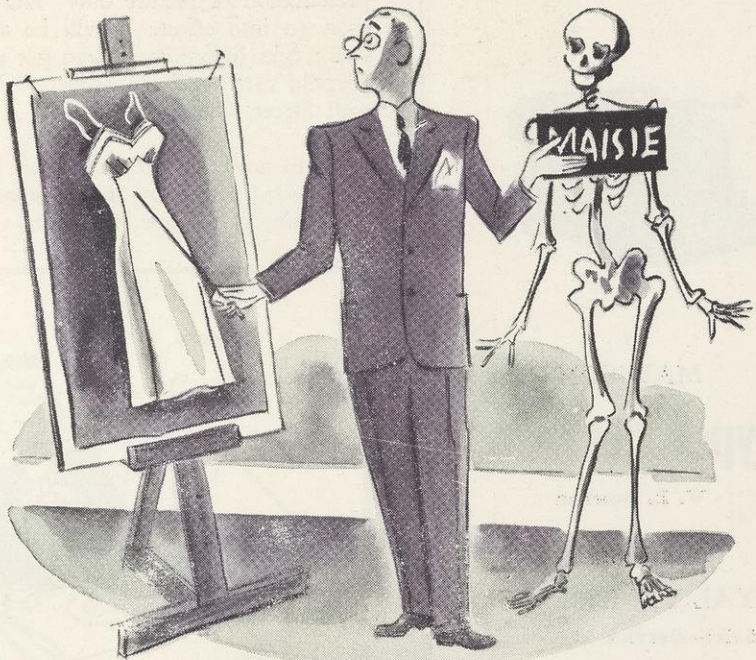
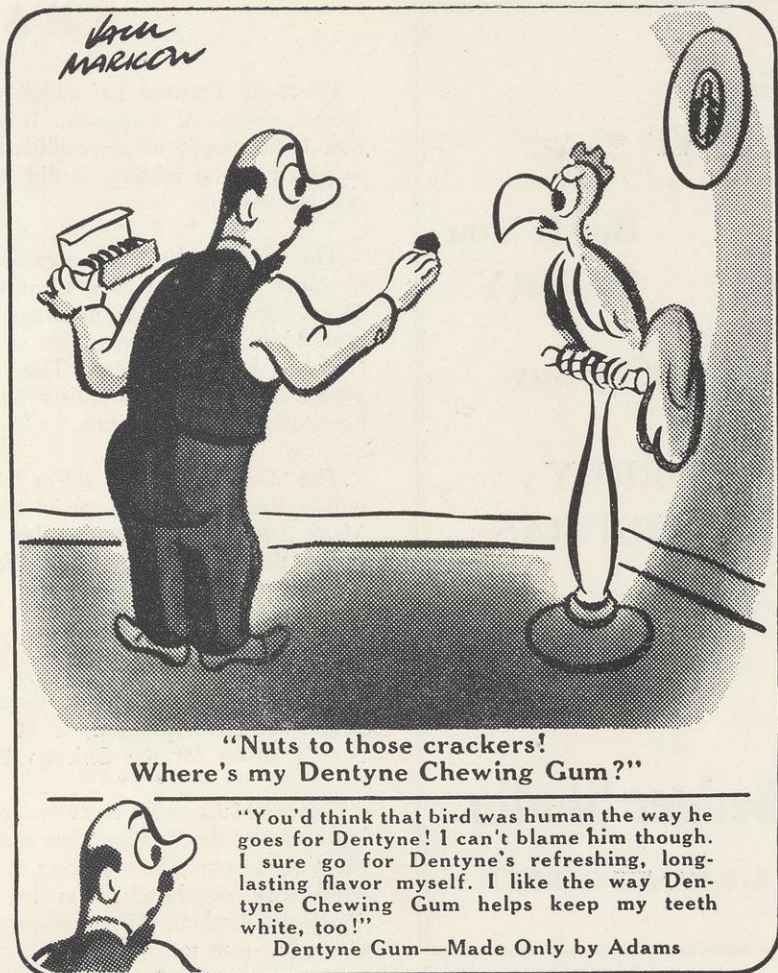
"Tell me the story of the police raid-
ing your fraternity."

"Oh that's a closed chapter now."

* * *

"Don't you thing George dresses
nattily?"

"Natalie who?"



**"But perhaps this-ah this ARTEMIS JUNIOR SLIP will
make the junior figure a bit more er-ah TANGIBLE!"**

Designer-approved Artemis* Jr. slips are exclusive at
Harry S. Manchester, Inc., Madison, Wisconsin

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**Time Is
SHORT**

**But If You
HURRY**

You Can Say

**MERRY
CHRISTMAS**

With Photographs

From

Badger Studio

619 STATE STREET



**MADISON
Typewriter Co.**

W. B. Bowden

Exclusive Agency

ROYAL TYPEWRITERS

Sales—Service—Rentals

Parker and Sheaffer Pens

SALES and SERVICE

639 STATE FAIRCHILD 667

THAT'S LIFE

By PAT MOUL

President Truman has called for a special session of Congress. It seems that he wants it to accomplish twice as much as the nothing it did in the regular session.

* * *

The PCA is the latest organization to come under fire as a Communist Front. Several of their meetings have been broken up by members of The Order of the Purple Heart. This is one group that the Communists haven't been able to infiltrate into.

* * *

The Marshall Plan for aid to Europe will be discussed in the special session. Many Americans are against this plan, feeling that 10 million striking Frenchmen can be wrong.

* * *

Ex-soap salesman, Charlie Luckman, is having more trouble getting his food conservation plan to work than his namesake, Sid Luckman, is at completing passes for the Chicago Bears.

* * *

Colonel McCormick is currently taking a tour of the Pacific. Now that the shooting is over, he's getting a first hand look at those places he told American mothers not to allow their sons to be sent to.

* * *

The new Wisconsin "Liquor on presentation of picture only" law will soon go into effect. It will be about two weeks before co-eds can get a 21-year-old card made to order on Maxwell Street, Chicago.

* * *

Up to now no Octopus writers have been called up before the Thomas investigating committee. However, we're

a little bit suspicious of one character who insists upon wearing a red, stove-pipe hat to work.

* * *

Turkey is said to be rapidly Democratizing itself in the hope that more U. S. aid will be forthcoming. However, we remember how Democratic Soviet Russia became when she was on the receiving end of Lend without Lease, and feel that you can't teach an old Turk new tricks.

* * *

Czar Petrillo, of the music union, has called for the discontinuance of the making of canned music. It seems that Mr. Petrillo is talking off the record.

* * *

The way things are going these days, prices remind us of that picture, "The Spiral Staircase."

* * *

The squabble continues out in the East. It seems that when Britain gave India back to the Indians they didn't know what to do with it.

* * *

A fellow who had the same girl get him blind dates on three different occasions, with all of them turning out rather poorly, quipped: "She's got more wrong numbers than a Madison telephone operator."

* * *

A short while ago Governor Rennebohm celebrated his 35th year in business, and his drug stores featured fudge cake a la mode for ten cents. At the present rate of increase in prices, his 50th anniversary will feature the same bargain for only a dollar and a quarter.



"Alfred says there's always a greater variety of food at the cafeteria."

CAMPUS CAMERA

The shutter eye of the old squid wanders at random in and amongst the recent campus efforts.



—Photo by Saltzburg

Somebody said this was from the Variety Show, but it still looks like eight eight-balls and their answer to the housing shortage.



Hillel Foundation bra some gals, you've got to Stu Klitsner's got the tone.



—Photo by McHugh

The Kappa Sig Prison Party was one of the better beer-busts of the semester to date, though the "cons" and dates were outnumbered by photographers. The wee blond under the noose just looked in her stein, saw naught but air, and, well, catch that expression!



She's a good looking gal, but w malnutrition or taking out her seem to enjoy it.



—Photo by Saltzburg

...it all goes to show that with
their arm to make 'em sing.
... Betty Figler makes with



—Photo by Saltzburg

...an't figure out whether he's staving off
the scene is the Phi Ep party, and they



—Photo by Kroote

Fiendish Bud Kahn was caught in the process of doing away with two friends
at the Villa Maria Hallowe'en apple-dunk by one of the old squid's alert shutter-
bugs.



—Photo by Treul

Four hungry looking guys twisting a note at the dorms'
Circle Club floor show. Bob Torkelson, Bill Zwart, Frank
Hibbard, and Lyle Olson are the stalwarts gumming out
the tune.

A SHOT TO REMEMBER

By BOB SINDORF

Flowers
Say It
Better



A corsage or
a bouquet—
Tokens of your love—

Perfectly arranged

by

LOU
WAGNER'S
Flower and
Gift Shop

Holiday Gifts
and Cards

1313 UNIVERSITY AVE.
G. 5072

For the last three or four years groggy American movie audiences have been assaulted by an epidemic of movies allegedly based on the lives of such music masters as Chopin, Rimsky-Korsakov, George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and Spike Jones.

We have had enough of band biographies. Leave us switch to something else.

In an effort to divert the film trend into other channels, I have come up with this little gem of a story idea that I should be able to sell to MGM for a cool million or to Republic Pictures for a hot five. Dollars, that is.

Of course if Republic got it—which they should, if there were any justice, right between the hip pockets—they would probably star Roy Rodgers in it. There we would have singing again or would we?

So let's stick to straight drama.

Briefly mine is a love story, something like the film "A Song to Remember," which was draped around the life of Chopin. But in my tale instead of George Sand I'll have America's No. 1 sweater girl, played by someone like Yvonne de Carlo, falling in love with America's snooked champion, portrayed by a William Bendix-like character named Bill Hogshed.

The picture opens with a scene at Madison Square Garden where our hero, Bill Hogshed, is playing the title holder for the snooker championship of the world. A dark-horse and the

underdog, the only friend Hogshed has at the tournament, is his old snooker teacher, One-Eye Rubinstein. In the audience, however, is sweater champion Dillie Dally, fascinated by Hogshed's mastery of the cue and marveling at his ability to get position.

Needless to say, Hogshed wins the world championship and the 75c prize money that goes with it. After receiving the plaudits of the crowd, he repairs to a nearby bistro to divide the spoils with his dear old teacher when Miss Dally walks in.

"My hero!" she exclaims.

"My, my!" exclaims Bill.

"Look at me, my darling," says Miss Dally, idly rubbing the sleeve of her finely molded cashmere.

"Don't you feel like doing something?"

Bill strokes his chin reflectively. "Well," he hazards, "I would like to try a few five-cushion bank shots."

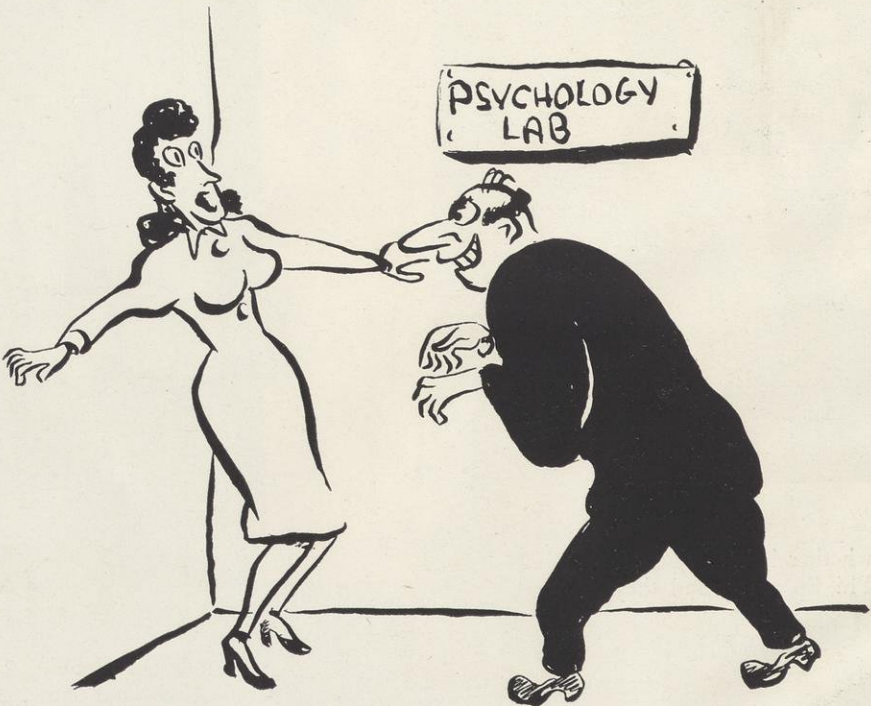
"Oh, no," she cries. "Come with me to the Bronx. Tear yourself away from this public display and live a life of seclusion where you can practice snooker shots all day while I answer my fan mail."

"Do not do this thing, my friend," says Rubinstein. "What will your followers back home in Brooklyn think?"

"Fie on them," says Hogshed. "I know a good thing when I see it."

So Bill goes to live a life of seclusion in the Bronx with his love, he to

(continued on page 31)



"But, Professor, I don't want two extra grade points!"

PAPA BY PROXY

THIS happened a year ago last spring, pretty much the way it's set down here. And it might help to explain why I'm not invited to my brother's house any more.

It was about eight in the morning when the phone rang by my bed. I picked up the receiver, laid it down again on the stand and reached for the tall glass of water I always kept handy. A few swallows from it removed some of that army-discharge-celebration morning-after coating from my tongue, and in the meantime I could hear a voice shouting, "Hello! Hello!" from the receiver. It was, of course, my brother Archie.

"Uh huh," I answered.

"Dick, you got to help me!" Archie began excitedly. "Jenny's having our baby and you've got to help! I have to take a final exam and . . ."

"I've got to *what*?" I groped for the glass of water again.

"Yes, at the hospital. The baby's due sometime this morning and I've got this damn three-hour petrology final this morning and somebody has to be at the hospital and you're my brother, so I thought . . ."

"But, Archie, what do I do? Boil water?"

Archie groaned. "This is serious, Dick. All you have to do is go over to the hospital and act like a father until my test is over. I'll probably get there before the baby does anyway, but there has to be *someone* there."

I couldn't turn down a plea like that. "Sure, Archie, sure," I said quickly. "Just relax. Everything's in good hands." Archie heaved a deep sigh of relief, thanked me profusely, told me where to go in the hospital and went back to his petrology notes. And I crawled out of bed—a brand new proxy father.

* * *

The maternity ward waiting room was just like the ones in movies. White-clad nurses rushed in and out, looking
(continued on page 27)



"Pardon me, but your slip ISN'T showing!"



TOPS for EVENING

For formal occasions it's dinner clothes or tails. Those shown here are "tops"—correct in every detail, available in regulars—longs—shorts.

Tuxedos . . . \$47.50

Tails . . . \$62.50

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square
22 North Carroll

A Wonderful Party!

That's what your guests
will say when you serve
our delicious, hour-fresh

DOWNYFLAKE DONUTS

... and it's a 2-1 bet with
the odds in your favor ...



that she'll enjoy sharing
sizzling hot meals or a
quick snack at our
fountain

BLUE MOON RESTAURANT

531 State

B. 2837

Open
Evenings

Orders
Delivered

WHAT'S YOUR MAJOR?

JOURNALISM

An English cub reporter, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details and warned to be brief, turned in the following:

"A shooting affair occurred last night. Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest at Lady Panmore's ball, complained of feeling ill. took a hiball, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket and finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets and all that sort of thing."

MEDICAL

Three student nurses were very late getting back to the hospital one night. As they were slipping in they met three internes coming out. "Sh," said the nurses, "we've been out after hours."

"Sh," said the internes, "we're going out after ours."

THEOLOGY

A clergyman, accompanied by two charming girls, stood admiring the beauties of a little stream. An angler passing by said, "Any sport?"

"Sir! I'm a fisher of men," replied

the parson with dignity.

"Well," retorted the fisherman, glancing admiringly at the girls, "you have the right bait."

ADVERTISING

The codfish lays a million eggs,

The barnyard hen but one;

The codfish doesn't cackle

To show what she has done.

We scorn the modest codfish,

The cackling hen we prize,

Proving that beyond a doubt,

It pays to advertise.

HISTORY

Student: "Why didn't I make 100 on my history test?"

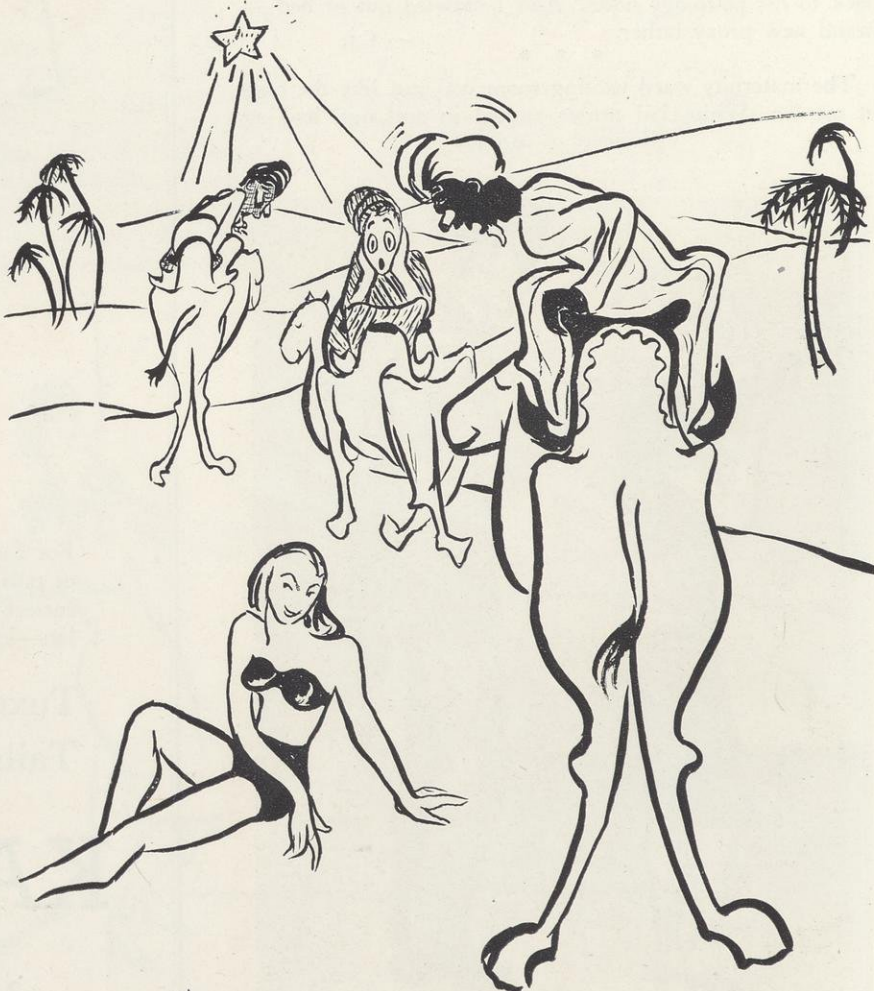
Teacher: "You remember the question, 'Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?'"

Student: "Yeah."

Teacher: "Well, your answer, while very interesting, was incorrect."

Judge: "You admit that you drove over this man with a loaded truck. Well, what have you to say in defense?"

Defendant: "I didn't know it was loaded."



KINGSTON

GIN DIN . . .

(continued from page 4)

It was "Gin! Gin! Gin!
 You super-saturated Mickey Finn!
 Hey! Pour me another slug!
 Wipe the sawdust off the plug!"
 Takes the ring right off the bathtub, bathtub gin!
 But they carried me away
 To where a jacket lay,
 A double-vested job with strings to lace 'er;
 An' when they got me tied,
 I 'eard 'em say aside,
 "'E should've taken Drano for a chaser!"
 So when I'm gettin' bored
 In the alcoholic ward,
 An' I'm losin' sleep a-watchin' my D.T.s,
 Though they treat me kind o' rude,
 I just think o' gettin' stewed,
 An' the boys can beat me bloody all they please!
 So it's Gin! Gin! Gin!
 Though they put me in this dusty storage bin,
 I know that when I die,
 I'll be really ridin' high
 'Cause I'll get a swig in Hell of rotgut gin!

—Scott Bates

What's the best joke you heard on the campus this week? For the best submitted each issue, there will be a free award of a carton of Lifesavers. Jokes will be judged by the editor.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

A cute little blonde from St. Paul
 Wore a newspaper dress to a ball.
 The dress caught fire;
 It burned her entire—

Sports section, editorial page, and all.

Submitted by GRANT M. HYDE
 301 South Hall
 Madison, Wis.

Are you Maeb eht no*



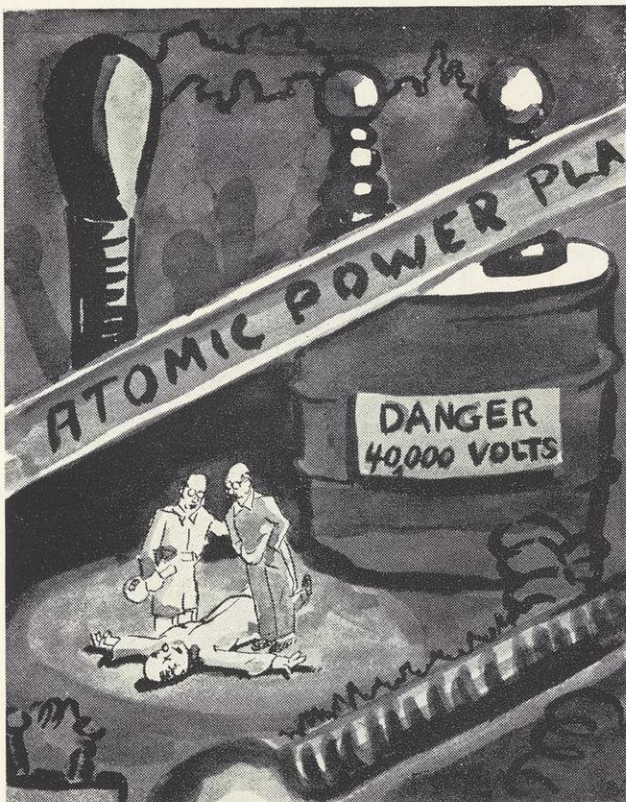
You are, if you get tongue-tied when you meet a cute cookie! Or worse yet, if you stoop to "weather talk!" *Get on the beam* right, fellow! Start off from third base! Offer that choice bit of calico a yummy Life Saver. She'll be keen on them (and you).

* "On the beam" backwards



5¢

P. S. Just in case this friendship ripens—Life Savers keep your (and her) breath kissably fresh!



"All I did was snap my bubble-gum!"

Fly AT Morey Airport

5 Miles Northwest of Madison

"One of Wisconsin's Finest Privately
Owned Airports"

Modern, All Metal
CESSNA AIRPLANES

WARM and COMFORTABLE

Available for
RENTAL and STUDENT INSTRUCTION

MOREY AIRPLANE COMPANY

"Wisconsin's Oldest Airport Operators"

GOVERNMENT APPROVED FLIGHT SCHOOL

What Are People Reading These Days

?

Books

Of Course

!

And They Are Buying Them

*at the
Friendly*

Student Book Store

*"The Book Store Nearest
the Campus"*

Fairchild 9930

712 State St. Madison

The Truth About AYD

There's been a lot of talk recently about just who started the AYD. The Young Republicans, Senator Gettelman, J. Edgar Hoover, and the House Un-American Activities Committee say the Communists did. The AYD says that fifty different organizations had a hand in the affair. No one seems to really know but everyone seems highly excited about it.

The whole thing rather intrigued me so I resolved to make my own investigation.

The first step was to attend an AYD meeting. This consisted of various people babbling incoherently for an hour on some topic, then sending a telegram, babbling on another subject for a while, sending another telegram, and so on through a very boring evening. The topics discussed were apparently unrelated—price control, independence for Puerto Rico, Young Republicans, Senators Ball and Taft, and ad infinitum. The telegrams usually went to Washington, but a few found their way to New York. Apparently the meeting was not a fruitful source of information about the organization's origin but suddenly an idea, just a hunch you might call it, struck me.

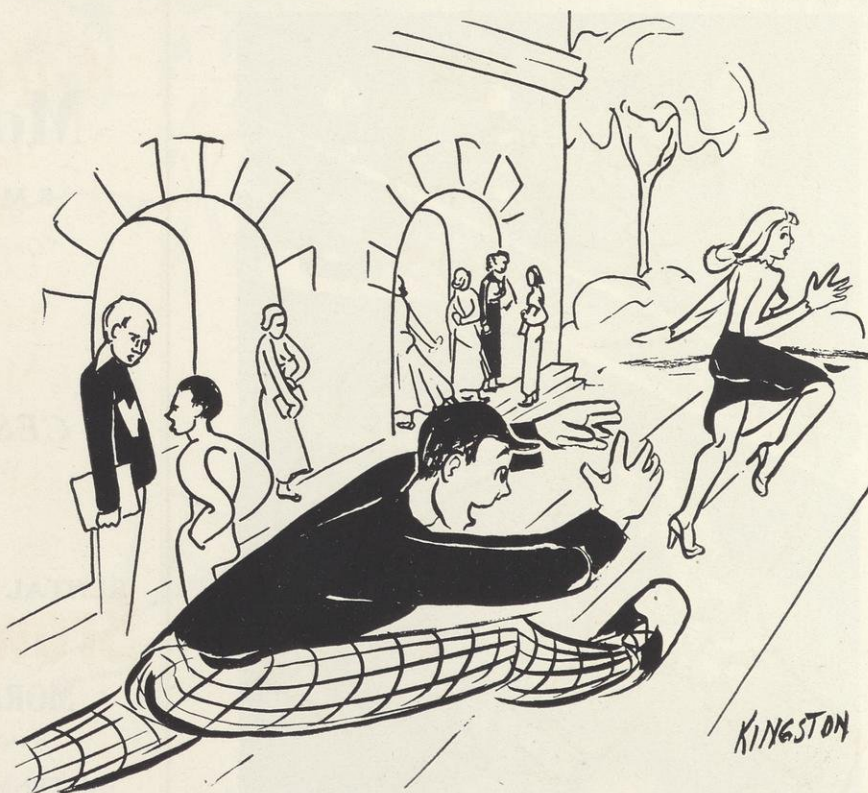
Being a true reporter seeking for truth, I started to track it down. I boarded the next train for New York (on an *Octopus* expense account of course). Arriving in the world's largest city, I wasted not a minute in head-

ing for my ultimate destination, an office high up in one of New York's tallest skyscrapers. The secretary and two clerks tried to stop me but I was not to be delayed in my quest. I forced my way into the richly ornamented inner office and there, sitting behind a large mahogany desk, was my quarry. He sought to escape but I cornered him and demanded a confession. The large, dignified, white-haired man before me visibly wilted as I presented the evidence to support my accusation. Yes, my hunch had been right; he confessed. The AYD WAS STARTED BY R. J. SMITH, PRESIDENT OF WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY, and the reason he organized it was to keep his company from bankruptcy.

It all figures out this way. There are 105 chapters of AYD throughout the country. Each chapter meets about 40 times a year. At each meeting an average of fifteen dollars worth of telegrams are sent out. This brings into the company's coffers about \$63,000 a year—just enough to keep it out of the red.

So there you have it—AYD was not started by the Communists; it was organized by a rock-bound capitalist seeking to make more profit for a huge profit-seeking monopoly. Phooey on the red-baiters; Octy brings you the truth.

KIRK EVANSBY



"Charlie still goes for the old-fashioned type."

QUICK HENRY, THE FLIT

By PAT MOUL

I'm smooth because I wear an Adams hat,
I always wash my hair with Prell shampoo.
Palmolive keeps my skin from looking flat,
I Lux my underthings as others do.

I guard against BO with Lifebuoy soap,
Colgate toothpaste takes my breath away.
Hart, Schaffner, Marx give me shoulders that don't slope,
My manners are like Emily Post's they say.

I always chew that Dentyne chewing gum,
And smoke the cigarettes that satisfy.
For underarm odors I use Mum,
And Murine keeps red color from my eye.

I do everything the advertisements tell me,
With fashions I am never ever late.
I'm 21 and white and also free,
With me no one will ever make a date.

I'm obnoxious!

* * *

"Did you get home all right after the party last night?"

"Fine, thanks; except that just as I was turning into my street some idiot stepped on my fingers."

* * *

It was the first day of school and the Smith triplets were just starting in the first grade; two boys and a girl, and cute as a bug's ear.

Teacher: "My, my, what darling little children, triplets, aren't you?"

First little boy: "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher: "And what are your names?"

First little boy: "My name is Peter, but I ain't no saint."

Second little boy: "My name is John, but I ain't no apostle."

Little girl: "My name is Mary and is my face red?"



"Beer, what do you drink?"

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FRENCH PASTRY SHOP**

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MORGAN WENT OFF . . .

(continued from page 7)

walls pursuing his shadow screaming, "Damn Freud! Damn Freud! Damn Freud!"

Being a subtle person myself, I felt this a clue for me to slip out of the room leaving Morgan to release his little inhibitions privately. Hurrying out the front door, I could have sworn it was Morgan wearing only his letter sweater, chasing our housemother upstairs shrieking at her "kommen Sie hier, Fraulein," and waving a big towel.

All this led me to suspect something was amiss . . . and I was right. A Miss Schmutzig had succeeded in convincing poor Morgan that he was more suited to a Bacteriological Management than an Egyptian Genetics major. This revelation had not only unnerved Morgan, it had shattered his whole systematized existence, though even more devastating were the results of his Pathological Study interview. It appears now that Morgan had completely misunderstood the nature of such apparently innocent questions as:

1. Have you ever considered the entertaining values of bird calls?
2. Do you feel one in the bush is worth two in the hand?
3. Have you ever sworn at inanimate objects, like bananas?
4. Do you feel restless looking at nude women?

After the psychiatrist interviewed him, we had difficulty approaching Morgan. He seemed wild and outcast resisting all with furtive eyes. Things reached the state where he would only

answer questioning friends by singing back little ditties he had learned from Ante-stool, or coo affectionately through protruding lips, "dormir avec vous . . ." And once during an introduction to the chairman of the Wisconsin League of Women Voters he leered out with something that sounded like, "je suis trist sans vous dans mon lit," so informally, so spontaneously, so detached, one couldn't help but giggle hysterically at his clever delivery. Such reactions generally pleased Morgan. He felt somewhat assuaged, knowing he still had a place, undefined, but still a place.

Not knowing exactly how to handle this ticklish situation, I naturally turned in desperation to my worldly Aunt Regina, Ante-stool, as she loved to be called. I explained the necessity of immediate action and she agreed saying prophetically, "We will save Morgan, for posterity," then exhaled fire through her nares, reared up from the couch and galloped away.

Not much time had elapsed before a big white car pulled up to the house with a mincing *whrrrrr*. Then several men carrying nets and jackets led by Ante-stool trooped into the house. A brief scuffle ensued and Morgan, overpowered and benumbed, was borne away with Ante-stool's supine figure weeping over him.

The cloud of grief that hovered about me since Morgan went off was dispelled when I arrived at his cell across the lake. For who should I find strapped alongside Morgan but Ante-stool herself. She looked up, winked like the old *roue* that she was and said, "Man, this is living!"



"He wanted to marry a girl just like his mother."

RUSHING THE SEASONS

In fall we must unpack our furs
'Though summer's stayed a while;
Get all wrapped up—and suffocate
All just to be in style.

We go down town, make great display
To show our skunk or mink,
When all the time the sun shines hot—
Oh, little do we think!

Why then in spring do we dress light
'Though winter's lingered here,
And nearly catch our death of cold
To be well-dressed this year?

It seems to me we'd wake up quick
And ask ourselves—what reasons
De we as "foolish mortals" have
To rush the far-off seasons?

—James C. Spry

HOLIDAY HOT-FOOT

Christmas shopping's such a joy
Prospecting for that wanted toy,
Searching in this store and that
For Pop's brand new winter hat,
Hours spent in wandering looks
For handkerchiefs and children's books,
Walking many many miles
Down the crowded crowded aisles,
Traipsing here and tramping there
Up by lift and down by stair,
MY FEET ARE KILLING ME!

—Moul



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**Found in the Margin
Of An Old Text**

We point with pride to the purity
of the white space between our jokes.

* * *

Heard in a night club booth: "Hands
off, Columbus, you've discovered
enough for tonight."

* * *

Silence.

More silence.

Strained silence.

He—"Aren't the walls unusually
perpendicular this evening?"

* * *

Professor: "Are you cheating on this
examination?"

Student: "No, sir, I was only telling
him his nose was dripping on my
paper."

* * *

A golfer, trying to get out of a trap,
said, "The traps on this course are very
annoying, aren't they?"

Second Golfer, trying to putt: "Yes,
they are. Would you mind closing
yours?"

* * *

Some girls are like automobiles—
they'll freeze up if you don't keep them
filled with alcohol.

* * *

"Shoe shine, mister?"

"No."

"I can shine 'em so you can see your
face in 'em."

"I said no."

"Coward!"

* * *

She: "Oh, Henry, I've got a bug
down my back."

He: "Aw, cut it out! Those jokes
were all right before we were married."

* * *

A professor is a man whose job it is
to tell students how to solve the prob-
lems of life which he himself has tried
to avoid by becoming a professor.

* * *

An insurance salesman tells about a
valuable wardrobe which his firm in-
sured for a client during a European
trip. Upon reaching London she
wired: "Gown lifted in London."

After due deliberation he sent his
reply: "What do you think our policy
covers?"

* * *

A girl was reading about birth and
death statistics. Suddenly she turned
to a man near her and said,

"Do you know that every time I
breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," he returned.
"Why don't you try Sen-Sen?"



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PAPA BY PROXY . . .

(continued from page 19)

efficient. Two rumpled men—obviously also about to become fathers—sat at the edge of a sofa, staring gloomily at the floor and building up little mounds of cigarette butts in their ashtrays. I don't usually smoke, but I opened a pack of newly-purchased cigarettes, lit one nervously, and started filling my own ashtray. My brother couldn't have done better.

"Is Mr. Fryklund back yet?" rang out a voice of authority.

I pulled myself together and focused on the owner of the voice. It was a nurse, a tall, buxom, grey-haired one. She stared belligerently around the room waiting for an answer.

"I'm Mr. Fryklund," I began. "My bro—"

"It's about time, Mr. Fryklund," she interrupted coldly. "When I came on duty this morning and found you had stepped out, I was *very* disappointed. A father should *always* be close by when his wife is having a baby—especially the first one. Don't you agree, Mr. Fryklund?"

"Certainly! Of course!" I said hastily. "I agree with you absolutely. And so would my brother, but he . . ." I checked myself. It was evident she wouldn't think much of my brother's arrangement with me, no matter how important his test was. So I flashed my ingratiating smile and asked if she was the head nurse.

"I'm in charge of this floor during the day," she said. "I am Miss Rogers. The night nurse told me to tell you that Doctor Dalton was called out on an emergency, so Doctor Smith will keep an eye on your wife until he gets back."

"Fine," I said. "And who is Doctor Dalton?"

I shouldn't have said that. Miss Rogers shot me a stern look, folded her arms, heaved her bosom a notch higher and said frigidly, "You don't take much of an interest in your wife's affairs, do you, Mr. Fryklund? Doctor Dalton has been her regular doctor for months!"

"But I'm sort of new at this," I protested. "After all, I only heard about it this morning."

"What?"

"I mean my brother just told me about it . . ."

"Your brother?"

"Yes, you see he's really responsible for the whole thing. It was all *his* idea. I just . . ." My voice trailed off. "I mean," I said meekly, "do you have an aspirin?"

Miss Rogers broke into a slight smile, obviously glad to see the symptoms of a normal father in me for a change.

"Certainly," she said, "I'll get one for you. And just relax. We haven't lost a father yet."

I smiled dutifully and sat down again, lighting up another cigarette and staring again at the floor. I looked at my watch and prepared for the long vigil.

"Is this your first?"

It was a friendly voice at my elbow—one of my fellow fathers-to-be. He was a mild looking man with a little mustache and he obviously was trying to make me feel more relaxed.

"Well, not exactly," I explained. "You see, it really isn't mine. I mean, this really isn't my wife. I'm just doing her a favor . . ."

He was even more shocked than Miss Rogers had been. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded, moving away from me slightly.

"Like I told the nurse, it's really my brother who should be here," I said hurriedly. "You see, I just got back from overseas a week ago, and this morning my brother called me up and told me that Jenny . . ."

The little man interrupted me, his mustache quivering with indignation. "I don't believe I'd like to hear any more about it," he stated icily, and stalked off to another seat.

(continued on page 32)



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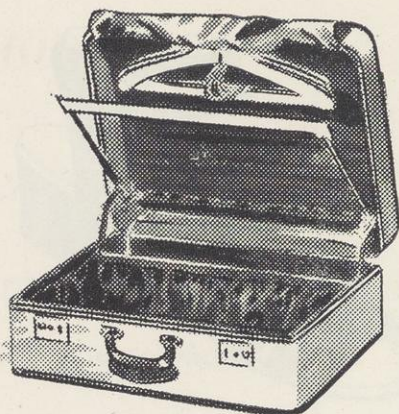
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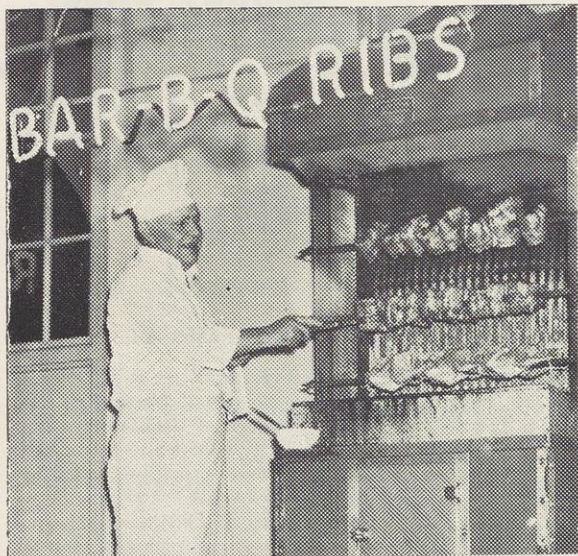
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THE MACKEREL'S REVENGE

By G. D. WINTER

In 1875, Olaf Bjorkensen was born in Skagnoregaard, Norway. He was a hopeless neurotic. His friends called him Olaf the Bjork, and he was forced to drop out of Norway Sub-Normal because he couldn't find anyone who would spell Skagnoregaard enough times to fill out his registration papers. He cursed the world and all of its inhabitants, and he swore (in Norwegian) that some day he would get revenge.

In 1911, Olaf Bjorkensen got his revenge. He invented the sardine tin, and though Olaf is now dead, his invention plagues the world and sends some of its most stable people to the refuge of manic-depressiveness. Somewhere in the hell that bad Norwegians go to, Olaf laughs merrily as he stokes the fires. His revenge has been perfect. He has duped civilization into spending good money for oily fish that are enclosed in a vault that Houdini himself couldn't open. He alone is responsible for our crowded insane asylums, books like the "Snake Pit," and those mad bits of humor found in Cardinal editorials and political columns.

The case history of patient #18 clearly shows how the disease called Olaf's Revenge attacks the apparently normal mind and in the space of a few hours reduces it to a compact bundle of fixations and frustrations. From reports of the neighbors and evidence in the kitchen of his home, we have pieced together the following case history.

At 11:30, patient #18 returned to his home after seeing Walt Disney's "Fantasia." The movie had only a soothing effect on him, and nothing in his personal life points to anything but happiness and mental ease. His mother-in-law had died one week after his marriage, his wife had committed suicide, and her insurance had netted him \$12,000; his children had run away from home, and his boss had just given him a raise. In short, all factors that would have a tendency to drive him to dementia had been removed.

Patient #18, probably hungry, had gone into his well stocked kitchen for a short snack. (There was a case of beer in the ice-box when the investigation began.) Obviously, he had made the fatal mistake of deciding that he wanted a



"Oh, Archibald, you're a jewel!"

sardine and cracker lunch. Naively enough, he tried to open the tin with the key that came with it. (A key, broken and twisted out of shape, was found on the floor.) Large cuts, blood, and bits of meat found in the sink tells us that he next tried a can opener.

It was at this point that a neighbor (a nosey old bag named Emily) heard some cursing, and crept over to the basement window to investigate. To put it in her words, "I thought the fleet was in." We continue with her story:

"I looked through the basement window, and I saw patient #18 run screaming down the cellar stairs with a hammer and a small tin in his hand. He fastened the tin in a vise and began to pound it. His eyes were red, and hair was all over his face, so his aim wasn't too good. The things he said when he hit his fingers! He hit the tin with a crowbar, and when he took the tin from the vise and started to throw it against the walls, I ran for the house and called the bulls."

The police report continues: We found patient #18 sitting in the middle of the living room floor with a maul in his hand. Scattered around him were a spilled bottle of iodine, nine tufts of hair, some small bits of tooth enamel, and a mangled sardine tin with one small hole in the side from which a sardine tail was partly exposed. Patient # 18 was incoherently mumbling, "Sardine mmmuhm key that don't muhmbed Gah da juhjuhumunn" and a long list of obscenities that even Octy won't print. The police psychiatrist was notified, and the man was subsequently taken to that restful spot across the lake.

Olaf's Revenge had taken another man from the ranks of the sane. It's about time that we band together and teach the world how to combat this dreaded disease. It's really very simple. All you have to do is to hold the sardine tin thusly, between thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Firmly grab the hack saw in the right hand and OOPS. @, *?!, #.¹ Grab the damned can in your right hand. Take the hedge shears and snip—and snip—the top of the tin like—like this.

Fasten the powder charge firmly to the bottom of the tin. Ignite the fuse and hide under the sink. Wait for the explosion and when the smoke clears—it's still on, it's still on, IT'S STILL ON²—Sardine—mmmuhm—key that don't—muhhbed—Ga da—juhjuhumunn³—

¹ Editor's note—This is one of Mr. Winter's first stories. Apparently he hasn't heard of the postal regulations.

² Dean Trump's note—This was a good paragraph, but we can't print it.

³ Octopus psychiatrist's note—There follows a long list of obscenities that even Octy won't print.

A country lass was milking a cow one evening near the fence by the road. A traveling salesman came by and asked the girl for a glass of milk. The girl insisted she must get permission from her mother. When she told her mother the circumstances her mother said, "You say he is a traveling man? Then come in this house and bring the cow with you!"

* * *

Tiny Daughter: "Mama, what are men?"

Mother: "Men are what women marry."

T. D.: "We don't get much choice, do we?"

* * *

Co-ed: "Jim was sure feeling low last night."

Friend: "Well, I hope you slapped his face."

* * *

She: "There are lots of couples who don't neck in cars."

He: "Yeah, the woods are full of them."

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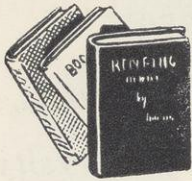
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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The old lake is frozen.
Through trees the snows sift.
It's time that you've chosen
Your girl's Christmas gift.

There are sweaters and rings
Of silver and gold,
Pink slips and other things;
Buy, ere all is sold.

There are pearls and locket
Of copper and chrome
Or a coat with patch pockets
Or an ivory comb.

But all this costs money
So listen here, pal
If you want to save money
Break up with your gal.

—Clark

LOVE SIC

Da night, it was clear
And fulla de stars;
Da crickets wuz learnin' to crick,
And down by da shores
A millyun guitars
Wuz strummin' and makin' me sick.

A makin' me sick
Wid forethoughts of luv—
Or maybe cud be only one;
Yit deep in me heart
An' me thought glands above
I had dat desire fer sum fun.

Da stench of de rose
Wuz floatin' aroun'
On de lace petticoats of de air,
An' swamp miskeeters
Wuz doin' de town—
Yit, somehow, da nite seemed so fare.

Da snakes in da bush
Wuz crawlin' in two's,
An' everything rambled in pares,
Da nite was complet
Fer even da booze
Was bubblin' and puttin' on airs.

"Ah me," dis I said
As if 'twere a prayer;
I hopelessly gased up above:
Alone, I stood there
In me long underwear
And side, "Wotta nite 'tis fer luv."

—Jim Spry

Conscience is the thing that hurts when everything else
feels so good.

* * *

The newlyweds were on their honeymoon. They had the
drawing-room and the groom gave the porter a dollar not
to tell anyone on the train they were just married. When
the happy couple went in for breakfast the next morning
all the passengers snickered.

The groom called the porter and demanded, "Did you
tell anyone on the train we were just married?"

"No, sir," replied the porter, "I told 'em all you were
just good friends."



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SHOT TO REMEMBER . . .

(continued from page 18)

practice snooker and she to write answers to her fan mail against a background of clicking pool balls.

Time goes by. Then one day Bill's old teacher comes to see Bill.

"Why, Bill," Rubinstein declares. "You look ill."

"Well, I ain't well," admits Hogshed.

"He's tired," says Dillie.

"Yeah," agrees Bill. "This life ain't easy on a man. I'm usin' a 22 ounce cue now and dem t'ings is heavy."

"No mind," says One-Eye. "Come back with me to Brooklyn."

"Aw nuts," says Bill. "I ain't got the time. I'm practicin' up on a new masse shot."

"Oh, Bill, Bill," the teacher begs. "Come back to Brooklyn. Without your support in the stands, the Dodgers can't win a ball game."

"Dem . . . dem . . . dem Bums needs me?" gasps Bill.

"Oh, yes, yes. They are stuck in the cellar and only you can root them out."

"I must go to them," says Bill, sighing.

"No," shrills Dillie. "If you try to leave, I will burn your prize cue."

"Are you coming with me?" asks the teacher, walking slowly toward the door.

"No," replies Bill, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"Why not?" asks Rubinstein.

"Didn't you hear?" asks Bill. "I been snookered."

ROOMMATE . . .

(continued from page 11)

If you go to another university, you may have a roommate who is worse than the one you now have. Then you'll have to buy some arsenic, and you can't afford it on your \$65 per month. You have too many debts already and you know it.

PLEA FOR THE LONG SUFFERING ORYCTOLAGUS CUNICULUS

The poets long have sung
(Yes, nearly every one)
Of the awful awful habits
Of the species we call rabbits.
But it doesn't seem so funny
To the poor, bewildered bunny,
Though he propagates his race
At a rather rapid pace,
He prefers his sex life free
Of probes by you and me,
And wants to be alone
Till the day that he is grown.
So of his inhibitions rid
He can do things Daddy did.

—Moul.

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PAPA BY PROXY . . .

(continued from page 27) -

I turned to the other man. He was looking at me strangely. "Really, it's all very easily explained," I insisted. "I'm not married, but my brother . . ." That's as far as I got. He, too, had left in disgust.

I looked at my watch again. Only ten minutes had passed since I had entered the hospital. It was going to be rugged wait . . .

* * *

Two hours and a pack of cigarettes later, I was still sitting alone on the sofa. By this time I had incurred the indignant contempt of Doctor Smith, three nurses, an orderly and two elevator operators. Each time I had tried to explain the situation I was plunged deeper into a morass of confused suspicion. Finally no one would speak to me at all. I just sat and stared at the floor, chewing on an unlit cigarette. I couldn't even bum a match.

A door burst open at the end of the room, and Miss Rogers and another nurse strode in, stopped suddenly and started whispering. Occasionally they threw me stern glances. Snatches of their conversation reached me, phrases which I could too easily piece together. ". . . Yes, but we'll have to tell him *sometime* . . . and it's really a beautiful child . . . you can even see the resemblance . . . his *poor* wife . . ."

I winced. The joys of parenthood were about to be thrust upon me. The whispering stopped, and the two nurses approached me resolutely. I rose and tried to look them in the eye, steadying my hand on the sofa.

"Got a match, please, Miss Rogers?" I quavered, trying to stall off the inevitable.

"No, Mr. Fryklund, I do not," she snapped. "I do, however, have the duty to announce the birth of a seven pound, three-and-a-half-ounce baby girl. Your wife—" she hesitated, flushing with irritation, "that is, Mrs. Fryklund—the mother of the child—is asking for you. You can see her and the baby now."

"But maybe I'd better wait for my brother," I stammered. "You see, my brother called me up this morning . . ."

"*Mister* Fryklund! Haven't you a *spark* of decency? This is no time for another version of your miserable story. And I might say that the entire maternity ward staff is as shocked as I am. In all my twenty-five years . . ."

The door opened again and Doctor Smith walked in, smiling and offering his hand. I took it hesitantly. He beamed reconciliation.

"Congratulations, Mr. Fryklund," he said heartily. "I guess you're really glad it's over with. You'll just fall in love with the little tyke when you see her!"

"I'm sure I will!" I said with false heartiness. "But maybe my baby and my sister-in-law won't see me now."

Doctor Smith flung my hand aside. "Your *what*?"

"My sister-in-law. You see, this morning my bro— There he is now!" I gasped, and pointed at the door which Archie was just entering.

"How's Jenny, Dick?" he gasped. "Has my baby come yet?" His hair was ruffled and he was out of breath.

"Thank God, Archie!" I said. "You're here! Everything's just swell!" I dragged him over to the doctor. "Doctor Smith, this is my brother, Archie. This whole thing was his fault. He'll explain everything."

I ran for the door. Someone shouted, "Wait! Your wife! Your baby!"

I kept on running . . .

—SKI-U-MAH

To kiss a Miss is awfully simple
To miss a kiss is simply awful.
Kissing spreads disease 'tis stated,
But kiss me, Kid, I'm vaccinated.

EASY-MONEY DEPARTMENT



Just like Social Security. Only quicker. Pepsi-Cola pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags, quips and such-like for this page. Just send your stuff to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., along with your name, address, school and class. All contributions become

the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. (Working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag, incidentally, won't hurt your chances a bit.) Dough-shy? Get dough-heavy! Or start a new hobby—collecting rejection slips. We'll help you out—one way or the other.

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Here's a column inspired by one of man's most fundamental motivations—his primitive urge to make a buck. And why not?—a buck's a buck. Get daffy, chums.

* * *

Synonym—the word you use when you can't spell the word you want.

Pedestrian—a married man who owns a car.

Hangover—the penalty for switching from Pepsi-Cola.

Snoring—sheet music.

* * *

You've really got us to the wall when we'll pay a buck apiece for these. But that's the deal. \$1 each for those we buy.

GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

\$100.00

Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, our massive moron, was observed the other afternoon working out with the girls' archery team. Somewhat unconventionally, however—instead of using bow and arrow, Murgatroyd was drawing a bead on the target with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. When asked "Why?" by our informant, who should have known better—"Duuuuuuuh," responded Murgatroyd brightly, "because Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, stupid!"

\$2, legal tender, for any of these we buy. Brother, inflation is really here!

HE-SHE GAGS

Know a He-She gag? If you think it's funny, send it in. If we think it's funny, we'll buy it—for three bucks. We'll even print it. Sheer altruism. Take ten—and see if you don't come up with something sharper than these soggy specimens:

She: Why don't you put out that light and come sit here beside me?

He: It's the best offer I've had today—but I'd rather have a Pepsi.

He: Darling, is there nothing I can do to make you care?

She: D. D. T.

He: D. D. T.?

She: Yeah—drop dead twice!

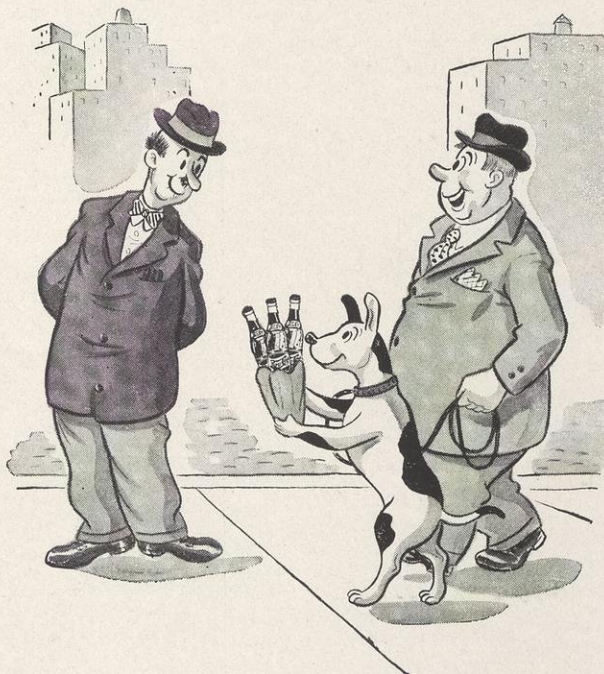
She: Right now I'm interested in something tall, dark and handsome.

He: Gosh! Me?

She: No, silly—Pepsi-Cola!

Yep, we pay three bucks apiece for any of these we print. You never had it so good.

Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



“ ”

What's the right caption? We don't know. You tell us. For the line we buy we'll ante \$5. Or send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

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Perry Como

CHESTERFIELD SUPPER CLUB
NBC MON. WED. & FRI. NIGHTS

"SMART SMOKERS SMOKE 'EM AND LIKE 'EM"

Lo Stafford

CHESTERFIELD SUPPER CLUB
NBC TUES. & THURS. NIGHTS

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Arthur Godfrey

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