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Feb. 1954
V. 32, no. 4

Wisconsin humor
magazine for february
@ 25¢

octopus



suitable for framing in a round frame

ANNUAL GREEK - DORM ISSUE

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*hey look,
already I'm
laughing . . .*

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plus...
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TONYS



dinner to a
KING'S taste . . .
QUEEN'S, too,
of course!

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*unmentionable organ for
the university of
wisconsin at madison
february, 1954
volume 32
number 4*

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

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JOSH SALTER

THREE HOURS OF
SOLID-TYPE
DIXIE-TYPE SOUNDS
EVERY THURS. AND SAT.

8:30-11:30

STUDENT
LUNCHEON
SERVED
EVERY DAY

11-1

55c

CAMPUS
531 STATE INN

SCALE OF DRAGON, TOOTH OF WOLF

He to gal in strapless gown—All evening you've been asking me, "How do you like my dress? How do you like my dress?" Now let's drop the subject.
* * *

"Don't you ever advise me to buy a bright green suit again."
Whanglock: "Now what?"

"I stopped on the street to yawn, and two people tried to push letters into my mouth."
* * *

"Frightfully sorry to hear you buried your wife yesterday, old chap."
"Had to. Dead, y'know."
* * *

"What makes people walk in their sleep?"
"Twin Beds."
* * *

Mrs. Newlywed: I'm worried about my dinner tomorrow night.
Neighbor: What's the matter?

Mrs. Newlywed: Well, John said he was going out to shoot craps tonight, and I don't know the first thing about cooking them.
* * *

Then there was the illegitimate Rice Krispie—he had snap, crackle, but no POP.
* * *

Then there was the skinny girl who swallowed an olive pit and three boyfriends left town.
* * *

Twenty-five women in one man's bed.
Crowding his feet and crowding his head
Twenty-five women. Of course he's dead.
Twenty-five women—doing the Rhumba
Naturally, that would get any man's number,
Knock him off to his final slumber.
Twenty-five women in a dead man's bed!
Twenty-five women! Is that what you said?
Twenty-five women! No wonder he's dead.
* * *

A pretty girl appeared at a party wearing a tiny airplane on a chain around her neck. It was a cute ornament and she was not only proud but quite conscious of it. She found her dinner partner eyeing her in the direction of the silver trinket and so she asked him proudly by way of starting talk: "Do you like my little airplane?"

"Yes," replied the young man by her side, "But mainly, I was admiring the landing field."
* * *

Mrs. Lauder (looking out window): "Sandy, here comes company for supper!"

Lauder: "Quick, everybody run out onto the porch with a toothpick!"
* * *

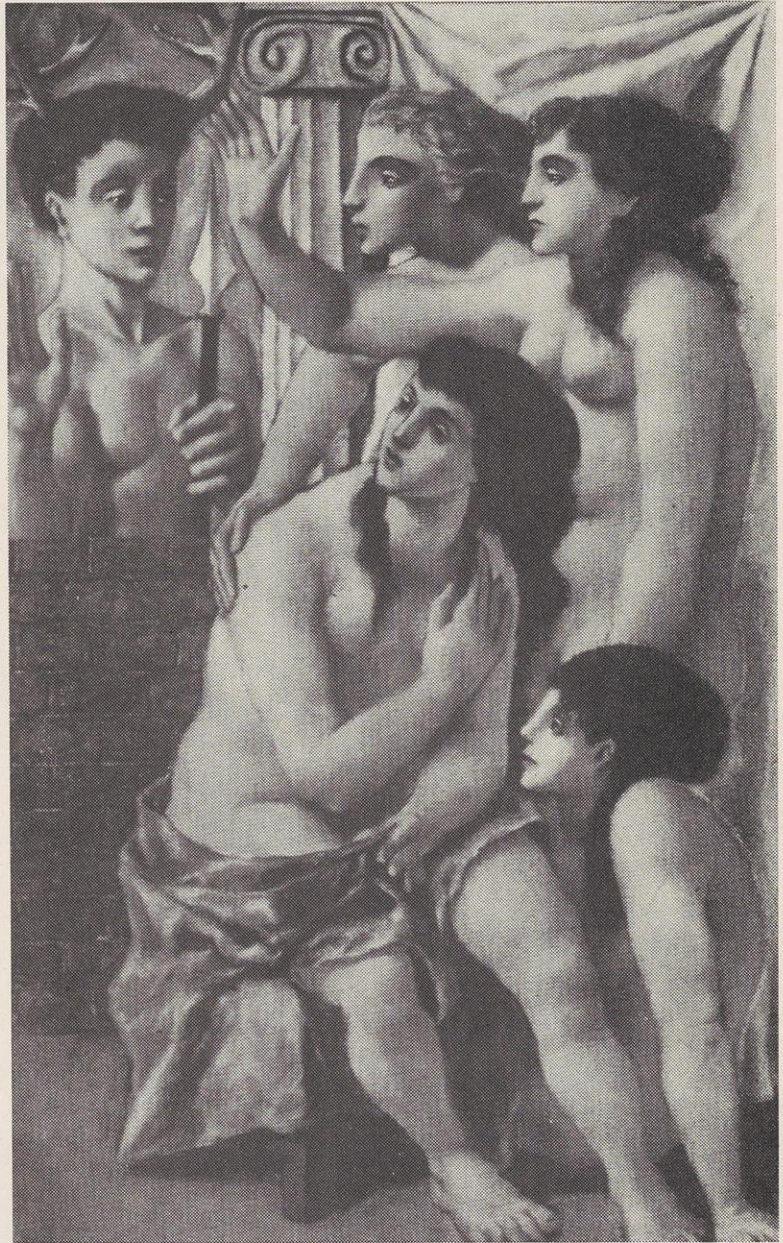
A castaway on a desert island, following another shipwreck, pulled ashore a girl clinging to a barrel.

"How long have you been here?" asked the girl.
"Thirteen years," replied the castaway.

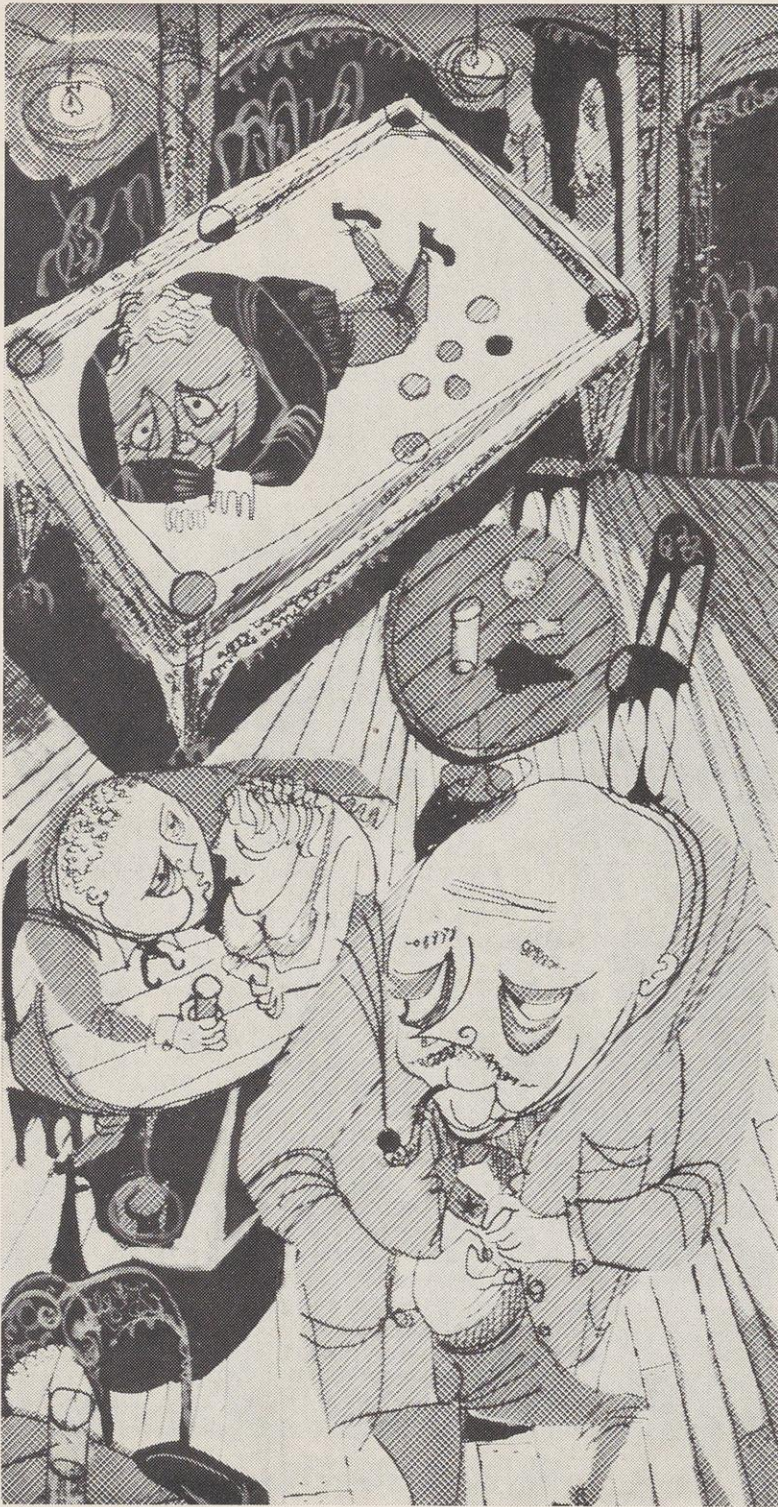
"All alone—then you're going to have something you haven't had for thirteen years," said the girl.

"You don't mean to tell me there's beer in that barrel?"

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS is
not at the present time,
and has never been
at any time,
recommended for sending
home to Mother



"He's the one that's so horny."



ORIGINAL DRAFT BY

BOB KEYES

SMALL-SIZE BAR ROOM MURAL BY

ROSSEAU KOESTER

This is the story of Murgatroyd Gortwhistle-Clive III, called Murky by his associates, which does not make much sense unless you talked to the lad for a moment or two. It is a tale which may be accepted as true, if you happen to be in the habit of going around accepting things from strangers.

If you are you had better have a little talk with your housefellow.

Murky came up to this Citadel of Liberalism and Learning full of high ideals and sweeping ambitions, and he knew exactly how college life would be, for he had read the literary abortions of one Max Shulman, faithfully, six rather ponderous volumes whose main distinction seems to be that they are entirely constructed of one-syllable words.

This may explain to some degree why, on opening day, Murky was to be observed clad in faded sun-tans, raveling blue sweater and magnificently dirty white bucks. With

FROM

beer stein and briar yet!

In truth, it would have been impossible for the casual observer to distinguish Murky from the elite of Langdon Street. He was complete even to the blank faced stare of the three year men, a detail not entirely part of the act.

There were a lot of people running up and down this campus that day, most of whom were lost in one way or another. Most of them, too, were afraid to ask directions, lest they unwittingly approach one of those gods who sometimes dain to walk about in mortal garb between football games.

Not a few of those who were lost were professors, some of whom had been around since before Kohler left Kohler of Kohler to get into the more profitable rackets. For them it was the renewal of an old malady: search-

ing endlessly among the ten-year-old contemporaries for their assigned broom closet.

Murky was largely unaffected by all of this; to ask for help never entered what passed for his mind. His solution was far simpler: he merely stepped into the first line not facing into the sun and waited.

And waited. And waited.

Some hours later he sat in the Rat, watching the coffee dissolve his spoon. Innumerable colored IBM cards lay on the table before him. He had forgotten to turn them in, but it didn't matter, really. Someone had stamped a huge purple "APPROVED" on his forehead.

Murky was in.

He simpered appreciatively as the coffee ate through the cup and began to corrode the table top. The lights were beginning to go out. Murky waited. When the last straggler had left, he climbed on a pool table and went to sleep.

vented his spleen upon the head of an itinerant Bulgarian reporter, who immediately set out to return himself to good grace.

He discovered Murky, and twenty minutes after the fearless, crusading Cardinal hit the stands Murky found himself standing hip-deep in a snow bank.

Imagine the feelings of this poor, disillusioned lad. On second thought, don't bother; several campus groups beat you to it.

Two days after the first story appeared, the Daily Cardinal (which was then coming out twice a week, two pages, half-tabloid) began sifting and winnowing in earnest. The local LYL cell denounced the entire affair as the work of "... counter-revolutionary, Trotskyite wreckers. ..."

The Young Socialists labeled the Cardinal a "... dirty McCormick rag and ... completely reactionary ... " while the Cardinal re-

on the Square would prove just as effective and a lot less tiring. Accordingly the entire column wheeled and wound off down State Street. Most of them had dispersed by the time the Brat House was reached.

Unlikely as the event may seem, only Greek Street remained quiet throughout the entire affair. And in the end it was the Greeks who solved all of Murky's problems.

A spontaneous delegation was formed one evening in a local bistro for the purpose of rescuing Murky from his troubles. (Subsequent testimony before a SLIC committee investigating the case seems to indicate that several of the rescuers were under the impression that this was to be a raid on Chad and Barnard.)

Delegates to this noble undertaking included men from such notable organizations as Rho Dammit Rho, Tappa Nu Kegg, and Gho Laya Brick.

Well fortified against the night-chilled air, this intrepid band sallied

BED TO WORSE

or HOW MUCH DOES A GRECIAN URN?

Needless to chronicle the next month of Murky's life. He lived his little idyl in the Union, all of his simple wants well provided for. He attended movies, ate, slept, walked on the terrace. He never attended any classes, but Records in Bascom had other problems, and besides, Murky was still in possession of his IBM cards.

Once, when a Rathskeller Radical peered at him from behind flyspecked glasses and demanded:

"Comrade, what are *you* doing to aid the oppressed masses?" Murky had the unwitting brilliance to answer:

"I'm inna Union, y'know?"

He might have continued in his little bubble for years, had not fate stepped in at the Cardinal office, home of an alleged campus newspaper. The editor, a ulcerous soul,

taliated with the charge that the Socialists were undermining the mental stability of the Republic. A well-known Rathskeller pundit proclaimed the whole thing to be the work of "... mystics and charlatans ... "

In the Dorm area fifteen hundred men rioted following inflammatory remarks by a popular advocate of academic freedom. The melee ended as the rioters stormed Slichter chanting "I GO POGO!" and were met with open fire hoses manned by Mother Morgan and the Housefelloes.

Independents estimated to number one thousand began a march on Bascom, intent upon draping Lincoln's statue in black in memory of Murky. However, enthusiasm for this project waned as the marchers reached the foot of Bascom and looked up.

It was then decided that a march

forth as did knight-errants of old. They located Murky finally, squatting miserably before a guttering flame in the single remaining Quonset, a home he shared with a Vet's family.

Although exact events have never been entirely clear, it is now established that Murgatroyd Gortwhistle-Clive III, called Murky by his associates, was last seen in the arms of his new-found comrades, happily and tearfully being led away to his new home.

Editors Note: Evidence now in the hands of OCTY indicates that Murky, when last seen, was attached by his thumbs, via a short strand of barbed wire, to the rear bumper of the group's car. His final words seem to have been: "Dissa fate woisen deat', hey!"

(ES TODO)



The cornet points to the sky, the trombone aims its long nose at the ground, the drummer beats out the rhythm, while the talented fingers of the one and only Josh Salter fly over the strings of his banjo. The Riverboat Rascals are taking off on their opener, Way Down Yonder In New Orleans.

If you want a quick trip to the land of Dixie—if you'd like to be there in spirit, you can do no better than to attend the local bistro where all the "Kats Kongregate" from two (approximately) to five (approximately) every Sunday afternoon.

Josh, the leader, though in his early twenties, is rapidly becoming a legend in these parts. Small in stature, Josh is huge in his love for good old dixie—and other types of music as well. A good-looking, blonde young man, he graduated from the university of Wisconsin with a degree in Art Education just last year. A native of Norman, Oklahoma, his outfits have played for Prom and many other local establishments and functions. As Josh says, "We play at everything from proms to wakes and funerals, rummage sales and fraternity functions."

Josh is a good friend of one of the greatest banjo-players of all time, Johnny St. Cyr. Josh's own banjo, in fact, bears an inscription from this fabulous jazzman. Mr. Salter also has had the honor of playing with the famous Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong.

Early in his college days he formed an aggregation called the Capitol City Clamdiggers. Since then the name has changed along with the personnel. One of Josh's ambitions is to buy a steamboat he once saw for sale, and turn it into a floating jazz-spot and night club down New Orleans way.

The rest of the Rascal's outfit consists of trombonist, Jimmy Godfriauk, a Madison boy, who upon his discharge from service played with the well-known dixielander, Pete Daily. Jimmy is now married and living in Madison. He alone from

the present group was a member of the original Capitol City Clamdiggers.

Kenny Cormack, cornet, and Doggie Berg, drummer, are both natives of Wausau, Wisconsin who are now attending the university. Ken is a member of Sigma Chi fraternity and Doggie is a Phi Gam. Pianoman John Keck, the newest member of the aggregation, hails from Watertown where he played with a local group, famous around those parts, the Watertown Wildcats. Tuba-man Roger Smith, the sixth member of the group, is well known around Madison. He has played with most of the so-called dixie groups around the capitol city, and now is a regular with the best of them all, the Riverboat Rascals.

Followers of the Rascals will be

glad to know that Rod McDonald, former trumpet-man, is now a program director for WMTV here in Madison, and Dixie Dan Johnson, a former drummer, is currently performing in the Towne Room in Milwaukee.

This outfit probably rocks like no other you have ever heard. The members have that strange quality prevalent among young musicians, a great love for their music. If you go for commercial jazz, stay away, but if you go for New Orleans style played straight from the heart by fervent young musicians with an exceptional amount of talent, you'll want to see the Rascals perform. Once you have, rest assured you'll come back again and again.

MAGNOLIAS . . . MINT JULEP . . . BASIN STREET . . .

Those Rockin' Riverboat Rascals

. . . JAZZ . . . RED LIGHTS . . . STEAMBOATS . . .

W.
C.
H.
A.
N.
D.
Y.

M
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If you like the old classics like Muskrat Ramble, Tin Roof (tramp-man Godfriaux does an unforgettable solo on this dandy, one of the group's best) or the Saints; if you like to hear tunes like My Old Kentucky Home, Back Home Again in Indiana,

By the one and only

Ronald J. Carson

or even On Wisconsin played in the dixie style; you can't go wrong.

Why I remember just last Sunday . . .

"The Riverboat Rascals bring you the old gems—the old favorites. We play everything up to 1902." That's old Josh talking. Jimmy isn't satisfied after the opener, out comes a small can. The slide is oiled and Jimmy takes his solo—ah! that's much better.

Then Josh breaks out, singing out with Sweet Georgia Brown. Georgia seems to shimmy and shake right before your eyes. Now Jimmy and Ken muscle out in front and begin to blast. The crowd shakes with the rhythm. The Rascals are really warming up now. Why the slide on that old trombone is almost touching the noses of the people at the front table. Josh shouts out, "I miss my wife's cooking every chance I get" and the boys

are off on Tin Roof. Jimmy takes the lead with his tram, moaning out those blues with Josh playing a weird old background, picking at those strings. My God, no, it can't be, but the ghosts of the Old Original Dixieland Band seem to be up there on that stage right before your very eyes.

The crowd breaks into a roar. Why the hell can't I see better! What are they doing now. Why, it's my old Kentucky Home, but jazzed up, you know it! Watch it, that schooner of beer on top of the piano is really rocking!

"Now by popular demand, there will be a brief intermission while the group sponges off." That's old Josh again. The crowd shouts for more.

After the intermission, it's that Muskrat Ramble, "C'mon and ramble along." Then the outfit plays and Josh sings one of the granddaddies, Basin Street. The red lights of the stage are a very appropriate setting for this famous jazz tune. The group and crowd join in on the lyrics and the building seems to vibrate. Then Josh brings out his brand new electric guitar and does a haunting yet bouncy solo. Man how that boy can handle those strings.

There's a request for Birth of the Blues. The outfit responds. "That's how the blues really began—the wail of a downhearted frail—they played that as part of the blues." Those beautiful lyrics and melody are swung out in that everlasting New Orleans style. You can feel it down inside; deep down inside. That's why jazz will never die. That's why it will live alongside of classical music as the only true music for all generations. Jimmy's got his mute out now and Ken is wrenching out those blues with all the fervor of one who really loves what he's doing. He can really handle that horn.

That perpetual cigar juts out of Josh's mouth like a fiery torch, the smoke curls around his head. Man, how he's puffing! He's really going

today. The cornet's playing around again, it sends shivers up your spine. "Back Home Again In Indiana"—that isn't my home but the way they play that song I wish it was—Old Satchmo himself hasn't got anything on Josh when it comes to spitting out those lyrics. That old rain's beating on the Tin Roof again, but it can't get in, no, it can't get in.

Dear Old Southland—steamboats floating down the river—the sound of New Orleans jazz as only the Riverboat Rascals can play it streaming out overhead—man, you haven't lived until you've seen and heard them play. —RJC



Personnel:

THE RIVERBOAT RASCALS

JOSH SALTER	BANJO
JIM GODFRIAUX	TROMBONE
KEN CORMACK	CORNET
DOGGIE BERG	DRUMS
JOHN KECK	PIANO
ROGER SMITH	TUBA

SUBJECT TO CHANGE



Photo by DeLonge

Octy

DREAM GIRL

For

February

is

'Ricki' McKittrick

5' 2" — from Milwaukee

Brown hair

Likes art

Don't call her "Mary"

6-5531



First Bride: "Does your husband snore in his sleep?"

Second Bride: "I don't know, we've only been married three days."

One of two drunks standing beside a lamp post asked his companion, "shay, you gotta match?"

"I shink sho," said his companion. "Lemme shee." He reached in his pocket, drew out a match and rubbed the unsulphured end on the lamp post several times. "No good," he said finally, and threw it away. He pulled out another and tried again to strike the unsulphured end. "No good," he said again, and threw it away. He reached into his pocket, found another match, and fortunately tried to light the proper end. It blazed up, but immediately, he blew it out and thrust it back into his pocket. "Ah," he beamed, "thash a good one. Gotta save it."

The theater was crowded and a devoted couple reluctantly accepted single seats. The young lady didn't care for the arrangement and decided to remedy matters by asking the Navy officer in the seat next to her if he would mind changing seats with her escort.

Accordingly, she leaned over and whispered, "Pardon me — are you alone?"

The prudent Navy man gave no sign of having heard, so she asked the question a little louder. At this he turned slightly toward her but kept his eyes on the screen. "Cut it out, sister," he whispered. "My whole darned family is here tonight!"

After a very wild night, the senior looked down and asked, "Do you tell your mother everything you do?"

She answered, "Certainly not. My mother doesn't give a damn. It's my husband who's so inquisitive."

"What did you find out about the salivary glands?"

"Nothing at all. They're so darned secretive."

One of the freshmen took in a strip tease this summer and the next day went to an oculist to have his eyes treated.

"After I left the show last night," he exclaimed, "my eyes were red and sore and inflamed."

The doc looked him over, thought a minute and then remarked, "After this try blinking your eyes once or twice during the show—you won't miss much."

Girls are somewhat like cigarettes
A fact you must admit
Before you can fully enjoy them
Some of them must be lit.

"Waiter," said the irate patron, "I must say I don't like all the flies in this dining room."

"Tell me which ones you don't like, madam, and I'll chase them out for you."

"You never kissed me like that before, Mary. Is it because we're in the dark?"

"No, it's because my name isn't Mary."

TO AVOID CONFUSION, THE EDITORS CLEARLY
LABEL THIS PAGE AS ONE FULL OF

J - O - K - E - S

She: "There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further."

He: "What's that?"

She: "Don't go any further."

A man caught in a snowdrift looked up and saw a St. Bernard coming toward him with a keg of whiskey under his chin. "Oh, look," exclaimed the man, "here comes man's best friend—and look at that big dog too."

Lad, looking through a telescope: "God."

Friend: "Aw, gwan, it ain't that powerful."



"Do you believe in Liberace?"

In 1830 a merchant in Springfield, Ill., put a sign in his window, "Boy Wanted." That day a lanky youth came into the store and applied for the job.

"I just came from Kentucky," he said. "I've been helping my father split rails down there. I taught myself to read and write in front of the fireplace. And now I'd like to get a job here in Illinois, work real hard, and maybe someday be President."

"What's your name?" the merchant asked.

"Everyone calls me Honest Abe."

"What's your last name?"

"Humperdinck."

Three hermits lived in a cave and spent all day staring at the wall, never speaking. One day a stallion ran past the entrance of their cave. Six months later one hermit mumbled, "That was a pretty brown horse."

Two years later another hermit said, "That wasn't a brown horse, it was white."

About a year later the third hermit got up and stalked toward the entrance of the cave. "If it's going to be this constant bickering," he said, "I'm leaving."

"Mother," Dad said, "I'm going to find out what Jackie wants to be when he grows up. Watch."

He put a ten-dollar bill on the table; it represented the banker. Next to it he placed a brand new Bible, representing the clergyman. And beside the Bible he placed a bottle of whiskey, representing the bum.

Mother and Dad hid where they could see the articles on the table. Jackie, whistling happily, entered the room and spied the arrangement on the table. He looked around to see that he was alone. Satisfied, he picked up the bill and held it to the light; and replaced it. He fingered the pages of the new Bible. He looked around once more. Then he quickly uncorked the bottle and smelled the contents. And, in one motion, he stuffed the bill in his pocket, lodged the Bible under his arm, grabbed the bottle by the neck, and slid out of the room, still whistling.

"I'll be damned," Dad exclaimed, "he's going to be a politician."

In an exciting expose, Octy proves conclusively that there isn't now and never has been any ill feeling between dorm residents and greeks! Therefore, it is silly to say . . .

Dorm vs. Greek

THIS IS IT!

CUSTOMS AND
HABITS OF THE
VARYING SPECIES



Willie "Samson" Entwistle, ME 4, a resident of Kronshage Hall, is shown propositioning lovely Dirndle Gag, Liz Waters, at one of the typical dormitory "come as you are parties." Dirndle is happy for Willie, who is a big house-fellow, has just winked slyly and asked her to come up to his room for "the pause that refreshes"—a bottle of Croak.



This is how beautiful Gargoyle Kacknocker, Slichter Hall, earns her room and board. She is snark bait. Women residents of Slichter Hall know that when the inmates of the Men's Dorms snare a snark they are prone to run to the window in all sorts of undress to witness it. When Gargoyle poses, other women at all the windows are snarking on the snarkers. They are known as snarking snark snarkers.

YES, IT!

ASSEMBLED IN
SPONDIFEROUS
PHOTOGRAVURE



Sorority women like their housemothers to be both beautiful and intelligent. Mother Clyde Teasdale nee Bumpgrinder (above) typifies the qualities so desired. Born on Bourbon Street in New Orleans, Miss Teasdale is expected to entertain waiting males until such time as their attractive sorority dates are able to greet them.



Athletics too has its place in the lives of sorority women. Here a group of Miss Teasdale's girls play an exciting game of "Roll the Ball", a sport popular among the sorority set. Notice the eager looks and the fine forms of the sisters (see above picture pictured above yet).



Every weekend throngs of dormitory women can be seen "headin' for the woods." Hiking amidst the wonders of Mother Nature is the favorite sport of dorm women. Here two lovely lovelies are seen awaiting their dates before communing with, as Erskine Caldwell would say,—"nature."




Mixed dates between sorority women and dorm men are very popular here at the University. The handsome, well-groomed gentleman at the right is proof positive that dorm men are far from, as an extremely vulgar person once put it, "barbs." Miss Lloyd "Lungs" London is in virtual ecstasy over the tender affections of debonair Bruno Beersweat. Mr. Beersweat likewise admires the charms of the decollete Miss Lloyd "Lungs" London.



A Greek couple attired in Sunday best is pictured above spending a sunny and quiet Sunday afternoon playing Lawn Pool. (The author was forced to use the name Lawn Pool, a slang derivation, because he did not know how to spell Croquette). Peter Littlejohn, Jr., watches anxiously as Sarah Sue Seersucker grasps the mallet firmly as she prepares to stroke the ball through the target.

No survey of University residential life would be complete without a look at the Independents. Here Carl Marks and Bubbles Rathslap, in typical Independent attire, are shown striding angrily home after discovering that it is election day and the bars are closed. Their afternoon of "T.G.I.F.'ing" spoiled, Carl and Bubbles will spend the remainder of the afternoon in a purple funk.





ne Whole

Abraham Lincoln yawned. It was a stifled yawn, and he didn't move his lips because the students were about; but it was a very bored yawn.

Things weren't what they used to be in the old days, he thought as he evaluated the idling students. He fondly recalled the chill night early in February, 1893, when six of his favorites had been expelled from the University . . .

He was lightly dozing that night when he heard whispered voices behind his chair. Six bundled figures appeared about him and furtively loosed the bolts that held his chair in place. He at first considered yelling for help, but he reconsidered; something exciting was going to happen, something novel in his life. He sat patiently.

Soon the dark, laboring figures pushed him, chair and all, down into the deep snow of the Hill. They quickly buried him within a huge snowball, then formed a bucket brigade to turn the snow to ice. The snow kept the frigid air from the intrigued Mr. Lincoln and he was content.

There was a yell and the ball began to roll, and Abraham Lincoln's feet went over his head, then his head over his feet, faster and faster, down and down the great hill, faster and faster. He bounced across the sidewalk onto State Street, and sped on. Cobblestones battered his icy straightjacket. He had always been proud of his cast-iron stomach, but now he wasn't as sure of it. He surreptitiously belched.

And on he flew, until he plunged into a pillar of the Capitol building. There, with incredible intensity, he stopped; upside down. The ice shattered in every direction as he toppled to his side.

He came to long afterward. Crews were working over him under glaring spotlights; like the King's men over Humpty Dumpty, he thought. He glanced upward and saw Lady Justice on the pinnacle. While he watched, still stunned, she slyly reached up, lifted her blindfold, and gave him a big, come-onish wink!

Abraham Lincoln savored these details of his younger days from the safety of his big castiron chair. He chuckled and glanced over at Liz Liberty (he had learned her first name) still sturdily astride the Capitol. He grinned at her; and she coyly allowed the neck of her gown to fall a little farther open. Her skin was the color of polished bronze! Some woman, he thought. These coeds about him could learn from her! He would have to see more of her.

Yep, in the old days the students had had more life in them. A generation of jellyfish they were now; yes sir, a generation of jelly fish. The phrase slushed easily on his tongue, and he decided he would send it in to some snobbish magazine. Maybe they could use it. . . . What was that phrase now? A subscription to Octopus? No, that would never do. He guessed he was getting on in years.

He could still recall, though, the time of the student

revolt, when Governor Seymour Hiemegne and President E. Z. Frayed had been forced at harpoon point to push shrunken Inca heads from the bottom of the Hill, past his chair, and down the Hill again and over to the Armory for twenty laps. He cracked into a metallic smirk as he recalled that he had thought the whole thing a fraternity initiation.

Abraham Lincoln looked pityingly down upon the students sauntering past him. They had no imagination these days. The best they had done in recent years was to daub him red on May Day. Coed after coed went by. Some eyed him distrustfully, remembering the tale they only half believed; others strode confidently past. Old Abe hadn't been given the opportunity to pay his respects to a coed in twenty years. The girls just couldn't qualify. He guessed they just didn't make girls in the old days like they do now.

There had been a day when he had risen for almost every girl. Now, the girls explained to their dates, poor Abe was too old to rise. But Mr. Lincoln had a better reason for keeping his seat. His age had brought him wisdom and the ability to see things as they are.

How had the custom started? He sneaked a knowing glance at Liz on her pedestal half across town. She knew: she was the cause.

The night after being restored to his place on the Hill, after the wild trip down State Street, he had heard a sultry whistled chorus of "Silver Threads Among The Gold" coming nearer. He had risen and peered into the



eneration

dark, and then Liz had been at his elbow, and he had stepped down and walked with her into the warmth of Bascom; and it had been very warm, so that his ears had melted into a little longer shape; so very warm, and then ecstasy, and then he had seen her on her way. And ever since, when an untouched girl had approached, he had sensed it and risen, remembering his Liz.

But she had never come. At the start of the next term he had heard from passing students that the Capital was selling a strange pair of matching statues. He had smiled knowingly at his Liz in the distance. Twins!

Lincoln sighed. How he needed some exercise. Then suddenly he glanced up. Approaching, with a dashing Delt guide, was a pretty new coed, a midyear entrant. This, this was the moment, Lincoln knew instinctively: after twenty years, a qualified coed!

As they passed he drew himself to his feet, to his full six foot six, and smiled benignly after them. The few students who saw him rise screamed and ran for the Cardinal office. Abe settled back to await her return.

The girl disappeared into Birge Hall, her handsome guide steering her by the elbow. They were in the building almost an hour. Finally Abe saw the door open, saw the girl step out, then turn to smile at her accomodating guide. As they moved toward him, the Delt and the coed, Lincoln happily prepared to rise to the occasion again.

But, could he?

of Jelly Fish

By Lee Baxandall

A sweet young thing breezed into a florist shop, dashed up to an elderly chap puttering around a plant and inquired, "Have you any passion poppy?"

The old boy looked up in surprise. "Gol ding it!" he exclaimed, "you jist wait until I git through prunin' this rose!"

* * *

Teacher: "Now children, every morning you ought to take a cold bath; and that will make you feel rosy all over. Are there any questions?"

Boy in the back of room: "Yea, teacher, tell us some more about Rosie."

FRATERNITY FRACTURERS AND DORMITORY DELIRIUMERS

Mrs. Dracula was having a baby, and Dracula was pacing the hall as nervously and as eagerly as any other father. The nurse came in and handed him a little bundle.

"There you are, Mr. Dracula, a fine big baby boy," said the nurse. "You can take him home now."

"No, no," said Dracula, "I'll eat him here."

* * *

He: "What would you say if I stole a kiss?"

She: "What would you say to a guy who had a chance to steal an automobile but only took the windshield wiper?"

* * *

"Why do you sing in the bath tub?"

"The door won't lock."

* * *

"Do you know what the burglar who broke into the SAE house last night got?"

"Yeah . . . pledged."

* * *

"Why that black shroud on your roommate's bed? Did he die?"

"Black shroud, hell — that's his sheet."

* * *

"I thought there was to be a coronation held here."

"It was held this morning."

"Oh, I see. Well, can you tell me if there's going to be another one held any time today?"

* * *

Servant: There's a girl outside without food or clothing.

Master: Feed her and bring her in.

* * *

"Hello, little girl, want a ride?"

"No, thanks, I'm just walking back from one now."

* * *

Then there's the story about the lawyer who sat up all night trying to break a widow's will.

* * *

Hank, with a terrific hangover, went out to the barn at 5 a.m. to start milking and a long day of chores. Said the first cow:

"Brother, you look terrible; the circles under your eyes hang down to your knees."

"Yeah, I know it, and I gotta work at these darn chores 'til 7 o'clock tonight."

"Well, I'll do all I can to help," volunteered the cow. "You just hang on tight and I'll jump up and down."

A SORT OF A . . .

POME

IN A NOSTALGIC VEIN

by BEN WEISS

Nothing unusual happened in the fall.

Registration reached its expected number and the campus was, as usual, bestirred by football.

The Student Government Fund drive fell on its face, but, hell, it never had gone over big.

Summer bobbled along into autumn.

So the lovers sought their favorite trysting spots in the woods where, of course, the gendarmes caught 'em.

Beer parties were held out doors far beyond the season, And the co-eds had lovely tans till early December, all-over for some strange reason.

When cold weather finally set in, it was almost time for mid semester exams,

Which brought the expected amount of damns.

But the grades showed a long drop in amount of effort put out.

To find candidates for honor societies took some searching about.

The student elections hit a new low in votes.

The campus paper screamed loudly for political interest, but, since no one bought the sheet any longer, these were its dying notes.

The second semester showed only a slight drop in numbers.

Yet the bursar's office howled that it had only collected a fraction of its anticipated legal tender.

And the professors moaned that their lecture crowds sure were sorry.

Marriage and the Family was populated by only two people, celebrating their golden wedding anniversary. Social events just flopped in attendance.

The prom queen turned out to be a graduate physics major, escorted by her blind instructor.

A feeble plea for women's late hours found no defendants. And the university humor magazine couldn't survive even though it got corrupter and corrupter.

Local bartenders wept over a huge drop in beer consumption,

But laid it all to a sudden rush in intellectual gumption.

However, the library, that pink portalled protector of obscene literature and anatomy sketches,

Reeked with emptiness, except for employees who sat around thinking up three-letter words for bitter vetches.

Bridge and knitting enthusiasts reached astounding numbers.

While glassy-eyed professors stared at their empty halls and muttered, "Ach du lieber, vas ist loss mit diese dumkopfs?"

Though Spring piled in early and strong, there were no riots or joyous demonstrations and not a single co-ed lost the cover off her seat.

While, at an all-student-required-to concert, the playing of Varsity brought no one to his feet.

The editor of one local newspaper berated a campus cop for loafing instead of de-sinning the bushes with his bat.

The sad-eyed officer whittled pensively on his termite-riddled night stick, sniffed, and muttered, "Hell! Now they're even apathetic about THAT."

This is a story about a **GREEK**

Party — Women — Beer — Money —
Song — Cars — Party — Women —
Beer — Money — Song — All — By
— Some — One — Namely —

Floyd Flywheel ME 4

"Oh, the Ramma Does are a good bunch of fellows," I told Martha. "You'll like every one of them. Nothing splashy or gaudy, you understand. Just good clean cut wholesome American fellows."

"I'm sure," said Martha.

Actually, I was trying to impress Martha. I really didn't know the guys in the frat very well because I was a brand new pledge. But they had all been so nice to me during rushing, asking how my folks were and everything, that I knew they were a great bunch of fellows. And when I told them about my Jaguar convertible they had all been so nice and asked me if they could help polish it and everything. So you see, I wasn't lying to Martha at all.

"There's the house over there," I said as I pulled into the parking lot.

"Which one?" she asked.

"The one on the left," I answered. "The other one is the bathroom."

"It's not very big, is it?"

"Which one?"

She shrugged. "Either one."

I was quick to defend my frat. "That is only the surface portion," I answered proudly. "The bar and rec rooms are in the basement."

"Oh," she said.

I opened the car door and walked around to Martha's side. When I opened the door I saw that she had slid across to the other side. Apparently she wanted to get out over there. But when I returned to that side she had moved back to the passenger side. We couldn't seem to get straight and for ten minutes or so I walked and she slid until I began to wonder if we would ever get to the party. Luckily, however, I noticed that the top was down so I stepped inside and lifted Martha out of the car. We went in.

The party was going strong. Everywhere clean limbed youths frolicked and gyrated, whirling frothy vessels about them. The basement, or rather the rec room, was even gayer. We opened the trap door and descended the ladder. A beery gentleman approached.

"Who the hell are you?" he snarled.

"I'm Floyd Flywheel, a new pledge," I replied proudly. "And this is Martha Homemaker."

"Then why the hell aren't you wearing your pledge pin?"

"Sir," I replied stamping my foot. "You think I would venture out without that identifying mark. That mark which labels me to all the world as a Ramma Doe? Sir, you shock me."

He lit a match and peered at my lapel. Suddenly his face wreathed in smiles, then disappeared as he snuffed the match.

"Sorry, old man," he replied.

He made as if to pat me on the back, but missed, probably due to the alcohol he had consumed. There was a scream. It was Martha.

"Sorry," he murmured, and passed on.

For a fleeting moment I thought I saw a smile on his face. A malicious smile. But, no.

"Would you like a beer, Martha?" I asked.

"If you think I climbed down that ladder for lemonade you're crazy," she answered.

We drank. After several beers we struggled through the crowd and found a place near the corner of the room. We stood there sipping our beer and being jostled from all angles. I began to feel slightly amorous.

"How are you?" I asked squeezing her hand. "Are you having fun?"

No answer.

"I said, are you having fun?"

No answer.

"Is something wrong?"

Still no answer.

I began to feel a little anxious about Martha's silence. It wasn't like her to be so quiet. I struck a match and my blood ran cold.

The girl whose hand I had been holding wasn't Martha!

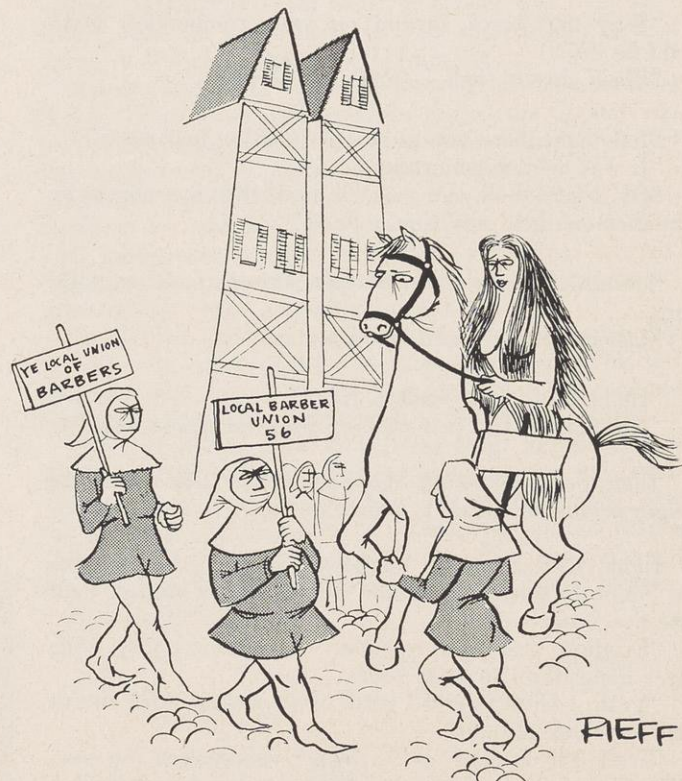
Then from somewhere upstairs I heard the sound of a song.

"Here's to Martha and the way she does the Hula-Ha."

I raced for the ladder and clambored upward. I cursed as my head struck the trap door, but it flew open and I burst into the living room. There she was.

Up on a table, Martha twisted and Hula-Ha'd before a crowd of my gaping brothers. I was all ready to shout to her when she turned and faced the other way. As I

more, more, on page next



Here it is.

looked at her shining posterior I realized what had happened. It struck me with a feeling of cold horror. While she had been sliding back and forth on my car seat, she had worn a highly visible hole in the back of her dress.

I clapped a hand to my head and slumped against the wall. Martha—disgracing me like that. Then I felt a hand on my shoulder. A voice gurgled in my ear.

"Hey, there, Floyd. Ni'sh babe yuh got there. Wher'dja dig her up? Le'sh have more like her. She'sh great."

My mind reeled. Could they actually approve of such conduct as Martha's? It seemed incredible. Then as I ventured a glance at Martha's shaking, glowing rear, I saw a certain beauty therein.

Not bad, I thought.

Then before I realized it the sounds came from my throat.

"Here's to Martha and the way she does the Hula-Ha."

Time is money, think, no fool like an old fool, a penny saved is a penny earned, out Herod Herod, a bird in the hand, read these jokes

"What did you find out about the salivary glands?"
"Nothing at all. They're so darned secretive."

* * *

A new bunch of enlisted men got seasick over the rail. Soon one of the old salts joined them and sarcastically inquired, "What's the matter, Jones? Got a weak stomach?"

"Hell, no," gasped Jones, "I'm throwing it as far as the others."

* * *

Oil was discovered on the farmer's land and the first thing he did was to hurry to town for a new car. The salesman showed him a classy model for \$5,000.

"I'm ready to pay cash," said the farmer. "Will I get a discount?"

"Why of course," the salesman replied. "We will give you a ten per cent discount for cash."

Being unfamiliar with higher mathematics, the farmer said that he would think it over and return later.

He walked into a restaurant and over his coffee sat trying to figure what his discount would be. Finally, in desperation, he called the waitress and asked, "If I were to give you 10 per cent discount of \$10,000, how much would you take off?"

Blushing prettily, the waitress whispered, "Would my earrings bother you?"

* * *

Circus actress: "This is my first job. You better tell me what to do to keep from making any mistakes."

Manager: "Well, girlie, just don't undress in front of the bearded lady."

* * *

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried another epileptic out of his shop.

* * *

Pledge: Whose that girl with the ugly face?

Active: That's my sister.

Pledge: Lovely figure.

Once there was a fellow who was too forward. He would meet a girl and within two seconds say, "Honey, let's make love." His buddy took him aside and explained that he should act suave and carry on a friendly conversation for awhile before he suggested such things. On his next date he remembered the words of wisdom. He started the conversation by saying, "Honey, have you ever been to Africa?"

She said, "No." So he said, "Well, let's make love."

—National Geographic

* * *

"My wife used to be scared to death that someone would steal her clothes."

"Why doesn't she have them insured?"

"Oh, she had a better idea than that. She has someone stay in the closet and watch them . . . I found him in there last night when I got home."



Chosen by Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

Newly Pinned Girl of the Month

PEGGY CAFFERTY

Presented by

PAUL BISHOP

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L. G. BALFOUR CO.



Morrow

When this year's basketball season was just a matter of pre-game warm-ups and talks, Bud Foster, Wisconsin cage coach, stuck his neck out and said that this year's basketball team could be the best he has coached since 1947. The '47 team, you will remember, won the Big Ten championship and went to the NCAA tournament where they lost to CCNY, 70-56.

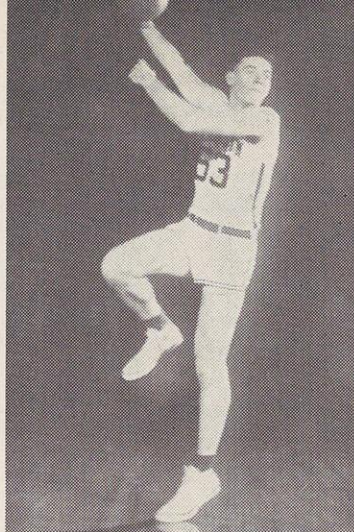
Fans across the state and students here at the University shuddered at this bold prophecy from the mouth of the Big Ten's dean of coaches. After all, hadn't Wisconsin lost two starters from last year's fifth place team, and wasn't it true that many of the other teams were returning at just about full strength? To be sure, Wisconsin did have nine major letter winners returning including scoring and rebounding star, Jim Clinton, from the 1950-51 team, but only time would tell how prophetic the Foster prediction actually was.

Now, after eight non-conference and six conference games, it is easy to see that Foster did to some extent over-estimate the strength of this year's squad. Evidently he had forgotten completely about his teams from 1949 to 1951 that included such all-American stalwarts as Don Rehfeldt and Ab Nicholas. The '49-'50 team won 17 games and lost only five for a second place finish in the Big Ten. The 1950-51 team won six out of their first seven Big Ten contests and were well on their way to the championship before a flock of bad breaks forced them to satisfy themselves with a 7-7 Big Ten record.



Spika

This year's Badger squad looked every part of Foster's prediction at the beginning of the season by winning six of eight rough non-conference games.



Folz

Sparked by little Ronnie Wiesner, the team lost only to a sharp-shooting Oklahoma squad and a highly regarded Tulane five. Louisiana State, fourth ranked nationally at the time, Marquette, and Missouri, fell before the early Badger onslaught. Wisconsin then toppled Purdue in their first conference go and held heavily favored Indiana to a meagre three-point win on the Hoosiers' home-court. Then it happened. The Badgers fell completely apart in losing to Iowa, 71-59. Not a player was up to Big Ten standards in this game and the inevitable happened.

Northwestern was the next victim of the Badgers, but this contest could hardly parade under the title of a basketball game. Wisconsin players stole the ball from each other, knocked rebounds away from their own players, and threw the ball away repeatedly. Yes, Wisconsin was without first string center Paul Morrow, but the loss hurt little considering the way Dan Folz and John Parker played and the way Morrow had been playing in previous games. The only reason Wisconsin won this one was because Northwestern was a worse team, not because Wisconsin was better.

The Indiana game at Madison the next week-end proved to be more of a contest if only to watch the Hurrying Hoosiers' Don Schundt and Bob Leonard. The Badgers played one of their best games of the year, but the effort came to no avail as Indiana won easily, 90-74, displaying some of the best basketball the Badger field-house faithful have ever witnessed.

Fans were heard to question the coaching in this game as a reserve center who had scored three quick buckets in a row was taken out during a hot streak and replaced by Morrow who had cooled off considerably after a hot first half.

Against Michigan State at East Lansing, Wisconsin was the victim of the Spartan's fine defense, but the

Basketball's Battling Badgers

by
Hintz
and
Carson

Cable





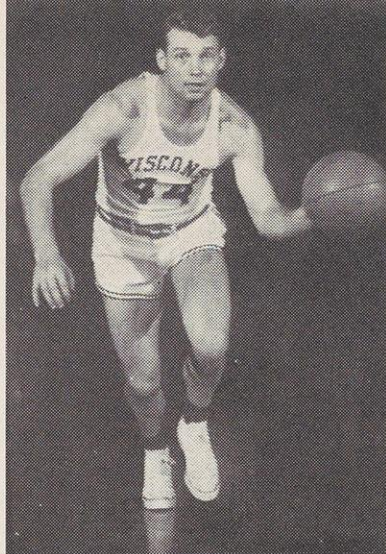
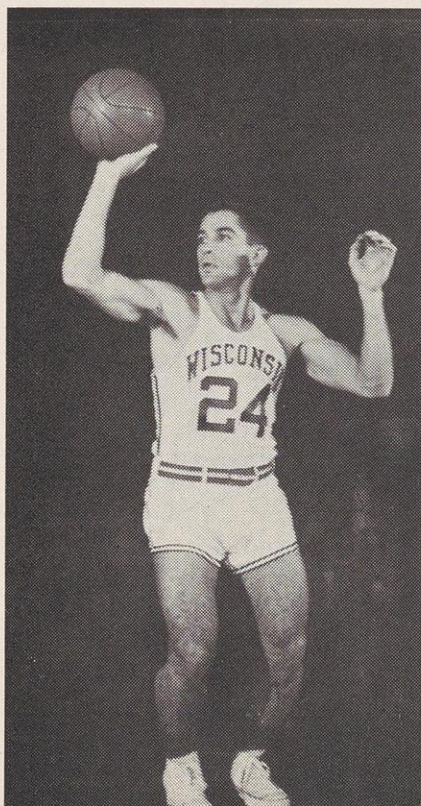
Coach Foster

Badgers, after failing to score a field goal for 13 minutes of play in the second half, won by a 57-53 score on the back of some fine last minute play by Ronnie Wiesner.

The Badgers up to the between semester's lay-off therefore sported a nine wins and five losses record. Their season has therefore been a relatively successful one so far. A look at Wisconsin's players might help to explain this success.

Ronnie Wiesner, an all-state player on the Elgin squad which went to the Illinois state tournament, is the scoring leader through the first fourteen games of the season. Hitting on about 40% of his shots, Wiesner is proving himself an outstanding candidate for all-conference honors. Only 5' 9", Wiesner sat on the bench through most of last season's play, being a substitute for the poorer shooting but supposedly better ball-handling Tom Ward. Ronnie has fallen behind his early season pace somewhat and it looks as if Ab Nicholas' scoring record for a guard of 235 points in Big Ten play is safe for some time to come. We can only surmise on how the Badgers' last year record could have been improved if Wiesner, now a senior,

Wiesner



Stracka

could only have been "discovered" a year sooner.

Dick Cable, in the opinion of many, could be one of the best players in the country today, but he hasn't looked as good this season as he had the previous two. Cable is one of the best shots on the squad, and consistently hits on a high percentage of his field goal attempts. If he could return to last season's form and begin shooting more, Cable could probably become one of the highest scorers in Wisconsin history.

The play of center Paul Morrow has, however, been one of the mysteries of the season thus far. Last year's Badger scoring and rebound champion, Morrow appears to lack his fire and form of last season, and if it were not for the increasingly fine showing of reserve, Dan Folz, the Badgers' record might not be as good as it is. In the Louisiana State and the first Indiana games, Folz showed himself to be a fine defensive center by holding two all-Americans, Bob Pettit and Don Schlundt, to only 13 of their combined 62 points. If Folz could be persuaded to take more shots, Wisconsin could well have two first-string centers on their hands.

Tony Stracka, last year's recipient of the Liz Water's Dream Boy award, has found his shooting eye after a slow start, and has taken some of the slack off the boards with his great rebounding. It was Stracka's all around inspirational play that brought the Badgers within a hair of upsetting national champion, Indiana, on the Hoosiers' home-court.

Bob Weber, 6' 6" senior from Lodi and the tallest guard in Wisconsin cage history, is the fifth member of the Badger's starting five though Bob often gives way to superior ball-handling Dan Spika against the smaller, more aggressive teams. Bob, who missed being drafted by a scant 1/16", has come along better than expected since being shifted to guard



Weber

Octy's All-Big Ten Cagers

First String:		
Player	Pos.	School
Ebert	F	O.S.U.
Garmaker	F	Minn.
Schlundt	C	Ind.
Leonard	G	Ind.
Freeman	G	O.S.U.

Honorable Mention:
Centers: Kerr, Ill., and Logan, Iowa. Forwards: Farley, Ind.; McCoy, MSC, and Cain, Iowa. Guards: Wiesner, Wis.; Menzel, Minn., and Barron, Mich.

from the center slot. He is one of the best rebounders on the squad and, though not a high scorer, does hit on an excellent percentage of his shots.

Mike Daly, a senior and the smallest man on the Wisconsin squad at 5' 7", gives the Badgers a better than average replacement at forward. A forgotten man, along with Spika, on last year's squad, Daly, like Spika, is proving his worth to the Badger coaching staff and fans this season.

Though the Badgers haven't looked too sharp at times this year, there have been many distinctly bright spots. They aren't the team predicted by Coach Foster at the beginning of the season, but they are far better than average and should finish with a Big Ten record of about eight wins and six losses. Most quarters will probably consider the season a successful one.



Daly

If you want a disgustingly healthy, wholesome romantic life, date women phy. ed. majors. An average woman phy. ed. major, that is. (I always date average girls, whether it be the average sorority girl, the average dormitory girl. It's a habit I picked up after taking Econ. statistics.

The average woman phy. ed. major I dated was named Gretchen. Even weak, thoroughly feminine coded would have to admit that Gretchen was something to look at. Blonde hair, blue eyes, and a tall, well-proportioned figure. I can't complain about Gretchen's looks; it was her outlook that got me. She was too physical for me.

I met Gretchen on a blind date on a Saturday evening. At the end of

chen looked at me, squeezed me in her arms, and said, "Oh, Ed." I said, "Oh, my ribs."

Saturday and Sunday I spent pretty much in my room, lying quietly, breathing with my diaphragm only, and wondering how I was going to break up this affair with the Amazon.

Monday, Gretchen called me. Wanted to go bicycling. I felt better and besides I didn't want her to know she was outmaning me. Bicycling we went. She wore shorts. Around and around Lake Wingra we sped. She rode ahead of me, farther and farther ahead of me as time went on. She was a sight to see, her cleanly muscled legs moving as smoothly

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes," I said, trying a different key, "you're such a magnificent physical specimen."

Her eyes glowed. She smiled, a little muscle rippling along her jaw. The next thing I knew, she had grabbed me and kissed me. It was probably the most solid kiss I have ever been kissed with. I can best describe it by saying that Gretchen kissed as though it were a physical efficiency test, and her semester's grade in phy. ed. depended upon it. To her, it must have been quite invigorating. But I am afraid that it didn't move me. Not emotionally, that is. Physically it moved my removable bridge from the front of my mouth back against my soft palate.

After being released, I managed to lithp a quick goodnight and hurried off, leaving that magnificent hunk of woman breathing deeply in the night air.

I never went out with Gretchen again. After being snubbed rather brutally a couple of times, she stopped phoning. Last time I saw her she was bicycling rapidly down the Lake Road with another woman phy. ed. major. They looked as though they were enjoying themselves in a good, wholesome, muscular way.

As for me, I am now going rather steadily with a little bitty girl up on classes on Wednesday so she can gath-

SOME GIRLS HAVE GOT IT

This is a story.

IF YOU WROTE THIS STORY, CLAIM IT!

the evening she smiled and we shook hands. The change of pace must have got me. The next week I called her up for another date. She wanted to go bowling. So we did. She got 211, not bad for a woman. I bowled 89, bad for even a child.

The next date we played ping pong. I beat her one game. The seven games she won were the last seven, when I was tired. This was on a Wednesday. On Thursday we went for a long walk. A long, long, long walk. Gretchen liked it. Walked along, taking deep breaths. Stopping to wait for me to catch up, she would do knee bends.

On Friday I kissed her for the first time.

Yes, on Friday, I had an unathletic date with Gretchen. Went to a movie. Then afterward we had some ice cream. (No, Gretchen eschewed liquor and cigarettes.) When I got Gretchen back to her dorm at 11 p.m. (None of the 12:30 stuff for Gretchen; she needed her sleep.) I was a bit afraid of kissing her. Not that I didn't want to, but I was afraid that she would rule that it was unhealthy. But she turned at the door, smiled and asked in a real friendly way, "Aren't you going to kiss me good-night?"

I gathered her into my arms, and we kissed.

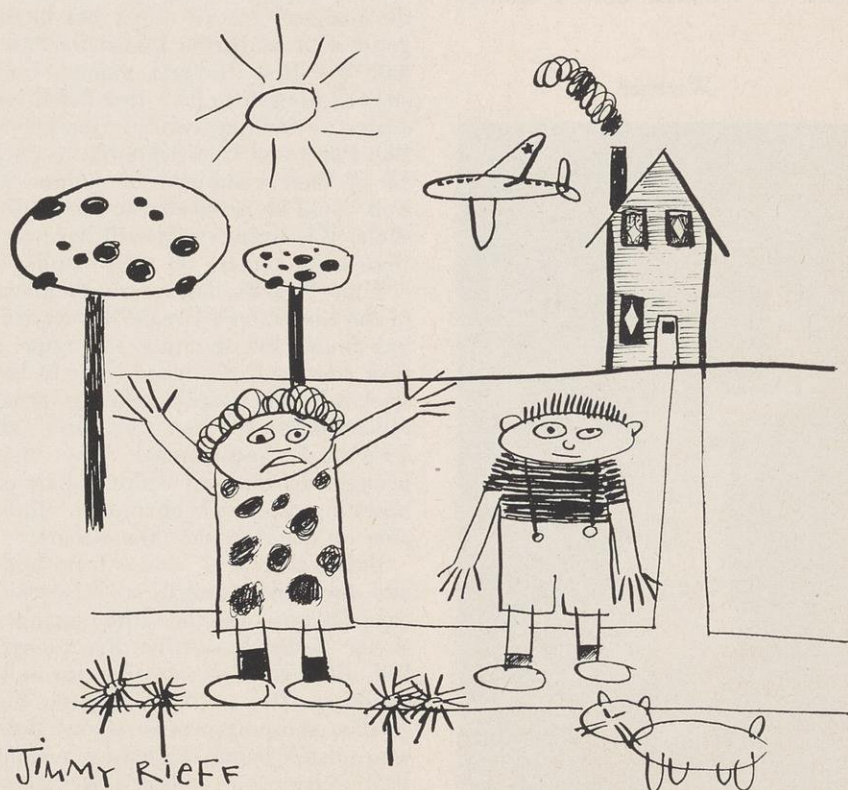
Her kiss was like an alumni association secretary's handshake, firm, friendly, and not very exciting.

Drawing her face from mine, Gret-

as pistons. A sight I wished I'd never seen. By the end of the afternoon I was pooped. But good.

I avoided Gretchen until Friday night again. Another unmuscular date. At 11 p.m. we were at the dormitory door. I wanted to say something nice to her. Every girl, even an average phy. ed. major, likes to hear sweet things said about her.

"Gretchen, you're darling."



"This is all so damn childish, Henry."

continued from previous page
 er up her strength to climb Bascom Hill on Thursday and Friday. And when I bend over and pick up a book of matches she thinks I am Goliath. This gives a man's ego quite a lift, Langdon Street, who has to cut especially in these days when women are competing with men for jobs and things like that.

LET'S HAVE SOME MORE YUCKSES

Police raided a gambling casino where four men sat around a table, apparently playing poker. The police sternly questioned each man. "You're playing cards in defiance of the law," they told the first man.

"Not me," he replied. "I just sat down to talk."

"You're playing cards in defiance of the law," they shouted at the second man.

"Oh, no," he replied, "You got me wrong. I'm a stranger here myself."

"And you're playing cards, too," they told the third man.

"Not me," he answered, "I'm just waiting for the bus."

The police then stared at the fourth man, holding a deck of cards in his hands. "Well, at least you're playing cards," they said.

"Me playing cards?" he repeated. "With whom?"

An unhappy Rumanian was shuffling down a Bucharest street muttering to himself. "Those dirty, rotten, stinking, low-down, no-good so-and-sos."

A heavy hand fell on his shoulder. "Come along," said the minion of the secret police. "You are under arrest for treasonable utterances against the authorities."

"The authorities!" cried the indignant citizen. "Why, I never even mentioned them!"

"No," said the policeman, "but you described them perfectly."

The church service was proceeding successfully when an attractive young lady, who was seated in the balcony, became so excited that she leaned out too far and fell over the railing. Her dress caught in a chandelier, and she was suspended in mid-air. The minister noticed her undignified position and thundered to his congregation: "Any person who turns to look will be stricken stone blind."

A man whispered to his companions, "I'm going to risk one eye."



*I dreamed I went
to the
*SOUTHLAND JAMBOREE
in my
made-of-foam bra . . .*

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SPECIAL 'LIZ WATERS LUDICROSITIES . . .

Jock and Pat collided in cars. Jock offered Pat a drink from the flask he had with him. Pat drank and Jock returned the bottle to his pocket.

"Thank ye," said Pat, "but aren't ye going to have a bit of a nip yourself?"

"Aye," replied Jock, "but not till the police have been here."

I cheer I wish a wasleader,
instands the all of front.
I cheer I wish a wasleader,
to hands my wave and grunt.

But cheerleader be I never will,
for neasons rot unknown.
I illable get the wrong sylalways
upmixed in my T-zone.

Still time to learn the Magic Step
before Prom!

COME IN TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL LESSON

Do
partners
avoid
you at
dances
?



Now! Be a good dancer and gain confidence!

• Don't let old-fashioned, awkward dancing steal your good times. Come to Arthur Murray's and learn the secret of smooth graceful dancing. You'll be amazed and thrilled how quickly

and easily you will be dancing with carefree confidence. In no time at all you will be the envy of your friends. But act now. Don't miss out on popularity that should be yours. Come in today.

ARTHUR MURRAY

20½ E. MIFFLIN

DIAL 6-9506

A professor took his wife to a nearby airdrome and they watched the airplanes take off and land for a while. Although they both wanted to go up very much, they discovered that it cost \$25 to charter the only machine available for such purposes. They negotiated with the pilot for some time until the flyer, in desperation, finally agreed on a deal; he would take them up free on a wild and rough ride provided neither of them opened their mouths on the whole trip. If they did it would cost them fifty dollars. The three of them took off and the pilot put them through his whole repertoire. He dove and zoomed and spinned and twirled and looped the loop. Never a sound. When he finally landed he had to congratulate the professor. "I'll have to say you could really take it."

The professor, still a little shaken, remarked, "Came near talkin' when my wife fell out."

LAST MINUTE FLASH DESERVING BETTER LOCATION. PLEASE READ. HUMOROLOGY

Here it comes . . . get ready you guys . . . "Dig that crazy Humorology '54!! Get out to see a whirlwind of gags, razzle dazzle skits and just plain nonsense at the eighth annual all campus benefit variety-vaudeville show on Friday, March 12 and Saturday, March 13, afternoon and evening. Humorology is sponsored by the Interfraternity and Panhellenic Councils and all proceeds are turned over to the Madison Kiddie camp for children recovering from rheumatic fever. Last year over \$2000 was turned over to the camp and this year the goal has been set even higher. Seven skits, revues, parodies, and charades will be chosen at the preliminary tryouts on Saturday, February 28 from skits presented by every organized house on campus. These skits will be presented in the Union theatre on March 12 and 13 and you can expect plenty of gags, clowning and lots of good old fashioned belly laughs when you get there. Each of the winning skits will run to twelve minutes and all include songs and dances especially written for the show, all entirely original. Each group also prepares its own costumes, stage setting, and special effects. Expert judges will choose the top skits and trophies will be presented to the winning houses. So—if you want to laugh, if you want to roar. Come on along with us—to Humorology '54.

REVIEW THIS POEM!

To the lucky person who unearths the plot and significance of this work of art, Octy will award four wet raisins and a lifetime supply of imponderable anvils.

FREELESS SOPRISONER

*An enigma especially designed
by the editor*

The slippery sloppery skiddiful evening
Was filled with the tropically typical torrentness.
Wholly Venusian wet and uncommonly
Manned by the men from the second of worlds.

Second of worlds and first of the seas
Think of a word that'll rhyme here, please.

And on this wretched of wretchedest evenings
Spake the Venusian hip deep in muddiness
"Glorp un d grandilot mana d manahay?"
(How will we ever be free from this mud?)

Second of worlds and first of the seas.
The word that'll rhyme here is maybe, Disease.

The fungus is cratchilly creepingly moving up.
Strangling struggling livingful organode
While mannikins plead for life there in the moistness
Wish to Buhnda they'd never been born.

Second of worlds and first of the seas
The word that'll rhyme here may answer their pleas.

The mannish Venusian squishes in squalishness
Clutching the key that is key of all keys
Scouring his mind for the linguistic Sesame
Not knowing existlessness curses his cause.

Second of worlds and first of the seas
Search not for the word that is key of all keys.

Key of all keys
Will answer no pleas
With a mouth full of water
Who pronounces his Z's?

Just filler, don't get excited

A child's persistent sniffing annoyed a woman standing next to him. "Young man," she said, "have you got a handkerchief?"

"Yeah," replied the child, "but my mother won't let me loan it to anybody."

* * *

A lush answered his doorbell and called back, "It'sh the milkman."

"Tell him nothing today," said his pal. "There'sh nothing left in the house to mix it with."

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- Wisconsin Stuffed Animals
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Self-Control Contest



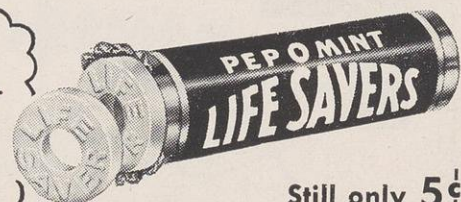
The Life Savers Corporation offers any student TREMENDOUS PRESTIGE for solving this fascinating question:

What are the smallest dimensions to which a Pep-O-Mint Life Saver can be reduced by oral hydraulics?

To enter the contest, simply submit your best experimental attempt to the Life Savers Corporation. All entries must be received unbroken and *unwrapped*.

(In layman's terms: let one of these goodies melt down in your mouth as far as you can. If it breaks—you don't have good self-control, but you've had a good time, anyway!)

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real contest—
we're just kidding.
But, you've won
anyhow! Think
of the fun
you've had!



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Freshman: "There's an awful stink in this room!"

Professor: "Well, why don't you open the door?"

Freshman: "What, and let my goat out?"

SAE: "Every night I dream of a sign on a door and I push it and push it, but I can't open it."

Kappa: "What does the sign say?"

SAE: "Pull."

"Ma, can I go out to play?"

"What, with those holes in your trousers?"

"Naw, with the kids across the street."

Two cool cats were sitting in the back of a class minding their own business when the prof began scratching his head vigorously. Suddenly one cat jumped up, started clapping his hands, and yelled, "Go, Man, Go!"

Frat. Pres.: Brothers, we are in a very serious position, and we must act quickly but with diplomacy.

S.A.E.: What's the trouble?

Frat. Pres.: Well, it seems the drunk we threw out of the place last night was our national president.

A local tavern keeper, who had a reputation for keeping strong brews, was awakened the other night by some heavy pounding on his front door. Putting his head out of the window, he shouted, "Go away. You can't have anything to drink at this hour."

"Who wants anything to drink," came the answer. "I left here at closing time without my crutches."

"Going around with women a lot keeps you young!"

"How come?"

"I started going around with them four years ago when I was a Freshman—and I'm still a Freshman."



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*Marge and Gower
Champion*

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