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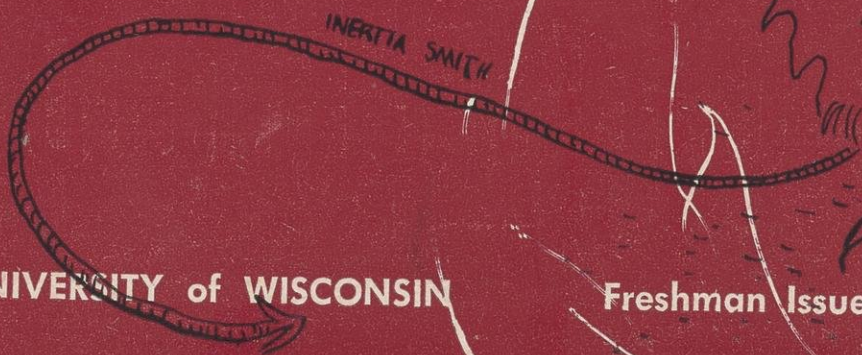
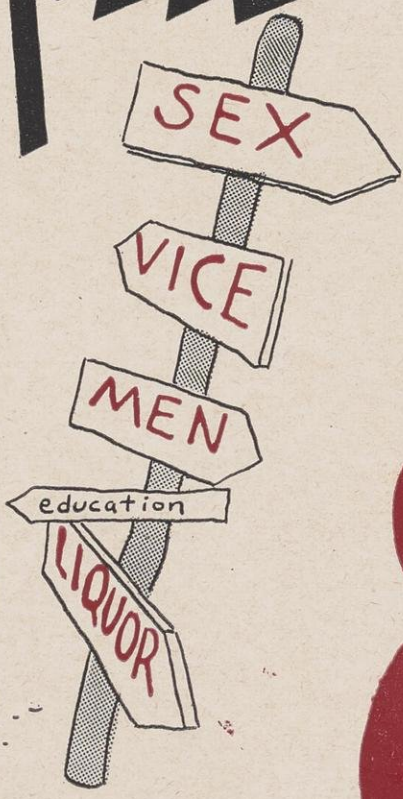
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WISCONSIN Octopus



UNIVERSITY of WISCONSIN

Freshman Issue

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

See RHONDA FLEMING
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"The Eagle and the Hawk"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



"Smoke my cigarette, Chesterfield,
they're Milder... *much Milder*"

Rhonda Fleming

"...THAT'S RIGHT. CHESTERFIELDS ARE Milder. I know
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MacNeil and Moore

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Short Chortles

"Has your son's college education proved helpful since you've taken him into the firm?"

"Oh yes, every time we have a conference we let him mix the drinks."

* * *

Finding her husband in a bar, she sampled the highball he was drinking, and demanded, "How can you drink such stuff?"

"See!" said the husband, "And all the time you thought I was out having fun!"

* * *

A local preacher recently announced that there are 726 sins.

He is being besieged with requests for the list, mostly from students who think they're missing something.

* * *

The little moron's watch had stopped ticking and he tried to find the trouble. Finally he took the back off it, went into the works, and found a dead bug. "No wonder it doesn't work," he said, "the engineer's dead."

—Widow

* * *

The difference between amnesia and magnesia is that the fellow with amnesia doesn't know where he's going.

* * *

I wish I were a kangaroo,
Despite his funny stances;
I'd have a place to put the junk
My girl brings to dances.

* * *

Chaplain: (to prisoner in electric chair) "Can I do anything for you?"

Prisoner: "Yes, hold my hand."

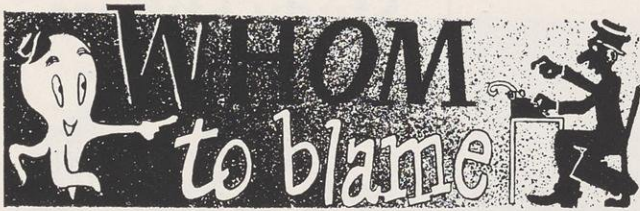
* * *

The reason for the amber light on traffic signals has finally been revealed: it gives the Scotchmen a chance to start their engines.



BALK

"... And now for the first time in radio history . . ."



AELLES BRANKHART is a newcomer to the ranks of Octopus writers. Born in Memphis, Wisconsin, Miss Brankhart has been closely associated with all of the prominent figures in the underworld. In 1945 she was active in a dope smuggling syndicate. A year later she helped knock over a couple of jewelry shop jobs. And at present Miss Brankhart is hiding out on the Wisconsin campus until the heat's off her for ratting on "Killer" Brender. Since her seventh birthday Aelles Brankhart has been a prolific writer in lipstick on lavatory walls, but we persuaded her at last to put all joking aside and write us a serious article about her adventurous life of crime on the lower levels. You will find her hard-hitting article—"How to Crochet for Fun and Profit"—on page 365.

MILTNE DONE writes in a shockingly frank and unashamed manner of men and women and their basest passions. His style will not be enjoyed by the weak of stomach or the priggishly virtuous, but beneath the vile language, perverted characters, and sordid episode there is a pattern and texture that offers the sophisticated reader full aesthetic satisfaction. Nothing was taboo when Done wrote for us the story of a young slave girl on a Roman galley ship which appears on page 98. In his usual uncompromising and picturesque speech he says of this story: "I tried to show that the world is a pickle jar full of mammary glands."

SAMDASEE LEMURE whose article—"How to convert a Television Set into a Radio"—appears in this month's Octopus, is an immigrant from Antarctica. He spent many years in this country thawing out and then he went to work earning the money he needed to get through college. And because of his amazing resemblance to a penguin he easily found a position as a waiter in the Rathskeller where he made four thousand a year on tips alone. He has attempted on numerous occasions to graduate from the U.W. and has failed consistently. During this time he brought many articles, stories, and plays into the Octopus editorial rooms, all of them were pretty bad. Lemure knows nothing about either television or radio. His article—"How to Convert a Television Set into a Radio"—is actually just a rehashing of the old traveling salesman joke. The article is on page 136, but you don't have to read it.

ESTELLE GERTHE was reared by a herd of kangaroos on the steppes of Grant's Tomb in Russia. Poetress and artist Miss Gerthe lives in Pablum, New Jersey, and attends the Pablum, New Jersey University of Wisconsin Extension Center where she studies journalism and military science. Her true artistry, however, will never be appreciated or understood by her contemporaries for she is so far ahead of her time. Franklin W. Kulens, famous poet and lecturer says of her work: "She sends me." And Janis Nofel has written: "I'm not sure I can figure her out." Miss Gerthe kindly consented to write a crossword puzzle for us this month.

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Don't Be an Ostrich

Head up! Look around! Take note that the girls who are staggering the stag lines at all the parties are wearing simply lush formal dresses from the Fashion Center on the Second Floor at Manchester's.

Study Stiflers



She: "You certainly have a filthy mind."

He: "You would, too, if you didn't change it so often."

* * *

Oh damn," said the ram as he fell over the cliff—"I didn't see that U-turn."

—Kickapoo

* * *

You can never tell how far a couple have gone in a car by looking at the speedometer.

* * *

A Clergyman up in Vermont
Keeps tropical fish in the font;
Though it always surprises
The babes he baptizes,
It seems to be just what they want.

—Yale Record

* * *

A drunk walked into an open elevator and fell three floors to the bottom of the shaft. Angrily, he looked up and shouted, "Damit, I shaid up!"

* * *

"Good night," she purred at the door. "It was fun noing you."

—Sour Owl

* * *

"May I have another cookie?"
"Another cookie what?"
"Another cookie, please."
"Please what?"
"Please, mother."
"Please mother, what?"
"Please, mother dear."
"Hell, no. You've had six already."

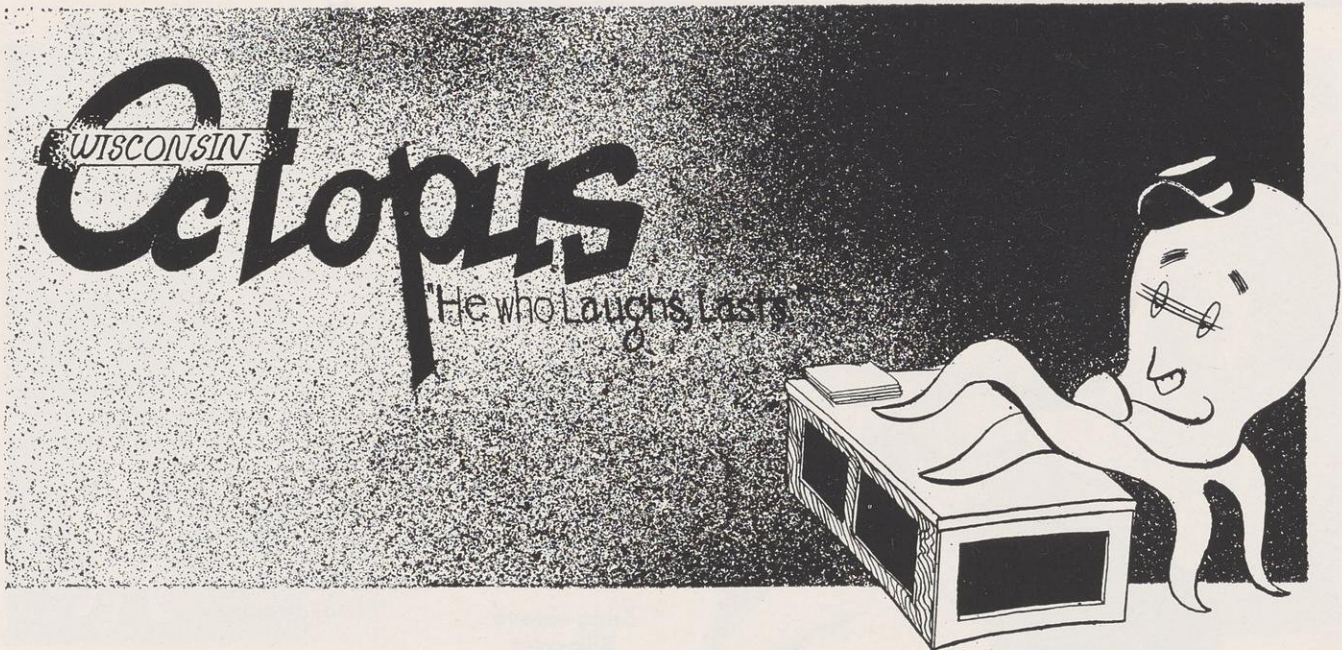
* * *

Patient (coming out from under the anesthetic): "Why are all the blinds drawn, doc?"

Doctor: "There's a fire across the street and I didn't want you to wake up and think that the operation was a failure."

* * *

Two fleas were resting on Robinson Crusoe's arm. "I'm leaving now," said one, "I'll meet you on Friday."



Volume XXIX

OCTOBER, 1950

Number 1

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Yost's on the Campus — 710 State

Breathers

A citizen was walking up Fifth Avenue when he was buttonholed by a character who said: "Shay, can you tell me where to find Alcoholics Anonymush?"

"Why? Do you want to join?"

"No. Wanna resign."

—Poopoo

* * *

Patient: "Doctor, I don't smoke, drink, or chase around with women. Will I live a hundred years?"

Doctor: "No. But it will seem like it."

—The Pine Needle

* * *

"How many eggs did you have for breakfast, Caesar?"

"Et tu, Brutus."

—Banter

* * *

"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's O.K. buddy. We ain't arresting you for breeding purposes."

* * *

"Whoever told that guy he was a prof? He just doesn't know how to teach the stuff. Everybody hates him. Every time he tries to explain something he digresses so much that no one can understand him. I think he ought to quit teaching and go back to the farm."

"Yeah. I flunked, too!"

* * *

And then there's the Deke who dubbed his Model A "The Mayflower," because so many Puritans had come across in it.

"Tell me the story of the police raiding your fraternity."

"Oh, that's a closed chapter now."

* * *

There once was a sculptor named Phidias

Whose statues were perfectly hidias;

He carved Aphrodite

Without any nightie,

Which vexed the ultra fastidias.

* * *

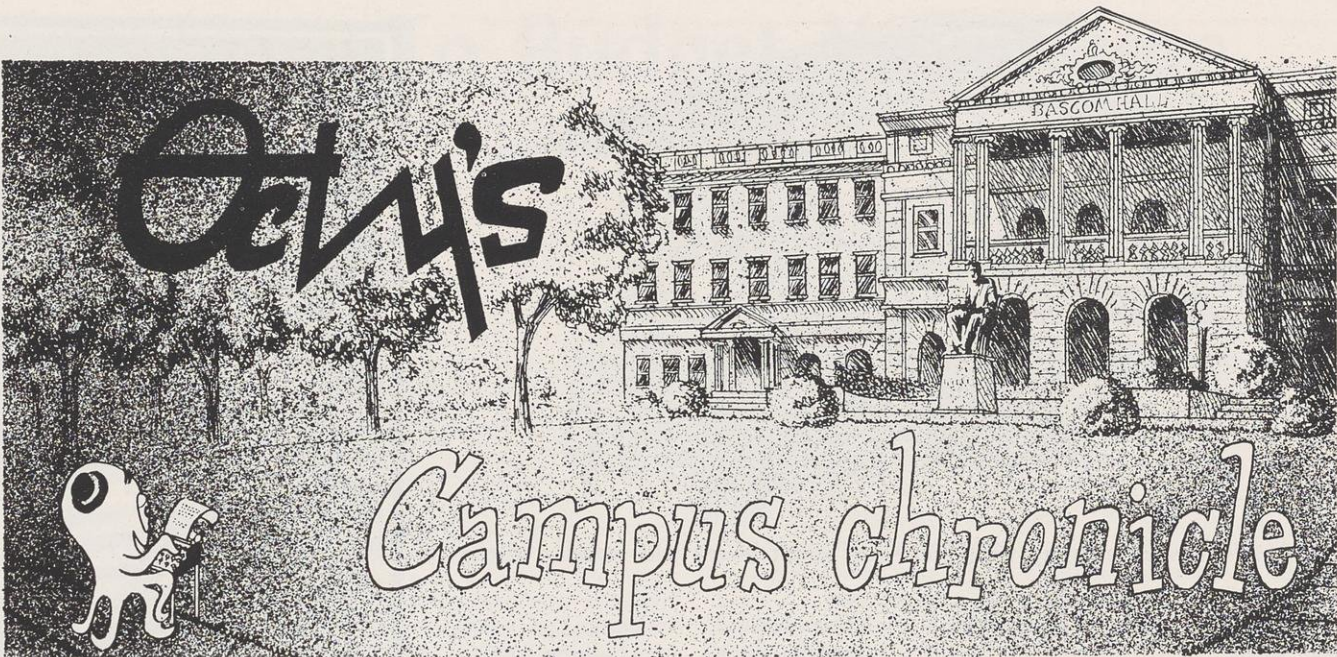
"Like short skirts, Mac?"

"Naw, they get lipstick on me shoit when I dance wid dem."

* * *

There was a little country girl who always went out with city fellers because farm hands were too rough.





Viewing Video Bloomers

Here's one new fashion dictum from which Wisconsin co-eds are exempt: they can disregard the ravings of a certain fashion expert who contends skirts with matching bloomers are strictly the thing to wear now that people sprawl all over the floor to watch television. Yep, the antiquated bloomer is supposed to make a comeback because of TV floor squatters. Fortunately, until Madison gets video the campus male won't have to worry about a slap in the face if he politely tells his date how lovely she appears in her matching bloomers.



"I'll trade you my bag of hydrogen bomb secrets for your sorority pass keys."

Dilly Dally Cardinal

During the summer months when the Daily Cardinal was not daily (it came out three times a week), the circulation of that proofreader's paradise couldn't find anyone willing to cough up the change for their "product", so they had to give the rag away, thrice weekly. Despite this gratis offering there were actually quite a few copies lying around the newsstands at closing time. And when a U.W. student doesn't accept something free . . . Look out! Octy's still selling at the same counter, two bits.

* * *

ROTC Student: "I haven't pencil or paper for the examination."

Sergeant: "What would you think of a soldier who went into battle without his gun or ammunition?"

ROTC Student: "I'd think he was an officer."

* * *

Octy's Clue to A Beer Bier

Beer, in most houses on campus, is strictly forbidden. Disobedience of that statute can lead to anything from eviction to a thirsty housemother consuming the precious brew. And to add to the poor inebriate's trouble of hiding the stuff, he also has to keep it cool. However, if he's not concerned with the aesthetic dwelling-place of his beer cans, here's a solution. Slip a few cans of that liquefied gold in the tank filled with cold water and machinery behind, and inside, the bathroom throne. The water's cold and clean, and in a reasonably regular household it's changed quite often.

A Non-khaki Prediction

Now, with the draft situation what it is, we men on campus will be in even deeper dire straits. It's not bad enough, the shortage of femmes, but with the masculine influx of draft deterrents, the woman ratio will undoubtedly reach a new low. And for us not-yet conscripted hopefuls, well, that's making our last civilian hours hard to take.

A Case for Myopic Love

Overseen at a recent 770 Club mob scene during summer session. Two young "bohemians" with their heads so close together that their horn rim glasses were locked. This tender scene not only made cheek-to-cheeking necessary, but also warded off the more daring stags. For, if her compatriot left her, she might also lose her lenses, and a myopic young thing loose on the campus might be a sorry sight indeed.

* * *

Sign in the Campus Inn:

"Please don't stand up while the room is in motion."



"Huh! This is my 6th try as a U.W. freshman."



"You'll never get away with this — my draft board will wonder where I am."

Small Boy "Dad, is Rotterdam a bad word?"

Dad: "Why, no, son. It's the name of a city."

Small Boy: "Well, sister ate all my candy and I hope it'll Rotterdam teeth out."

* * *

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

* * *

A canny Scot was engaged in an argument with the conductor as to whether the fare was to be five or ten cents. Finally, the disgusted conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off the train just as they were crossing a long bridge. It landed with a mighty splash.

"Hoot mon," screamed the Scot. "First you try to rob me and now you've drowned my boy!"

* * *

Grandmother (looking at her granddaughter's new bathing suit): "If I could have dressed like that when I was a girl, you'd be six years older today."

* * *

There's something feminine about a tree—it does a strip tease in fall, goes out with bare limbs all winter, gets a new outfit every spring, and lives off the sap all summer.

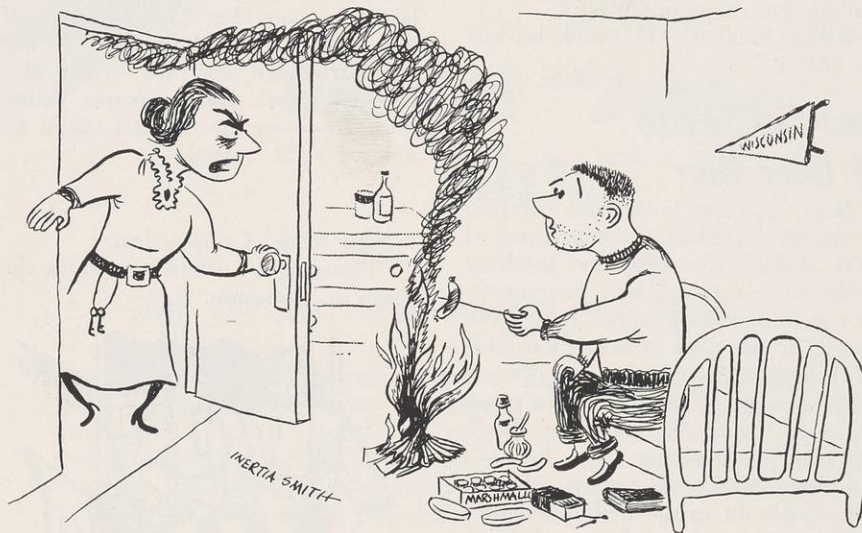
—Dodo

* * *

Three slightly deaf old maids were motoring to London in an old noisy car and hearing was difficult. As they neared the city one asked, "Is this Wembly?"

"No," replied the second, "this is Thursday."

"So am I," put in the third. "Let's stop and have one."



"No cooking in the toomo!"



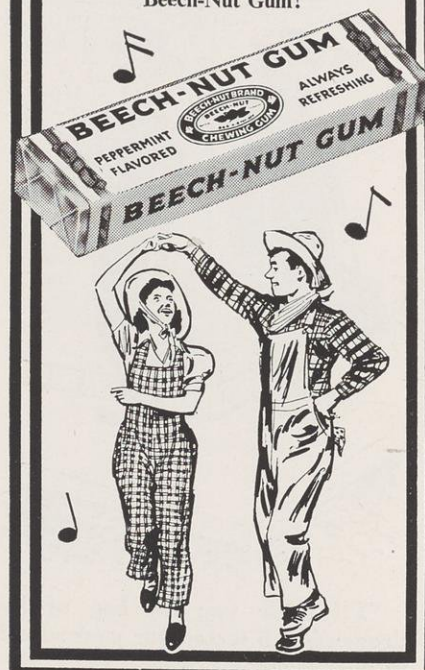
All Join Hands!

All join hands with
Beech-Nut Gum!

Circle around and
reach for some!

To enjoy its fresh
coolness, don't be slow!
Swing to Beech-Nut,
Do-si-do.

Y' can't beat Beech-Nut
for taste and quality.
Swing to Beech-Nut...
Beech-Nut Gum!



How To Budget Your Time

by G. A. Ronsholdt



THE STUDENT

If you want to get A's, make money, win new friends, and still have plenty of time for recreation, budget your time. Wise budgeting of time spells success in any college. For those who have never before planned a schedule of activities Octy has prepared the following sample which should serve as a helpful guide for everyone.

- 6:00 Arise. Do setting up exercises. Review day's schedule.
- 6:01 Take short nap; conserve energy for day's grind.
- 6:40 Brush teeth.
- 7:00 Eat breakfast.
- 7:01 Gag.
- 7:22 Look over notes for first class. Prepare for quiz. Read the assigned pages of text.
- 7:23 Entertain some girl with sparkling conversation.
- 8:59 Say good-bye to girl.
- 9:00 Lecture.
- 9:50 Entertain another lucky girl with scintillating dialogue.
- 12:00 Eat lunch with her.
- 12:03 Violent cramps.
- 12:45 Study econ assignment. Do research for term paper. Write a critical essay for English.
- 12:46 Time for tennis—"all work and no play . . ."
- 1:30 Lecture.
- 2:25 Coke.
- 2:26 Another coke.
- 2:27 Cigarette.
- 2:30 Poker game.
- 5:00 Enter into clever conversation with charming girl.
- 5:00 Put the bite on her for a buck.
- 6:00 Eat.
- 6:05 Take a Tum.
- 7:00 Go to movie.
- 11:00 Time to think about going to bed.

THE PROFESSOR

Professors have had many years of experience in budgeting their time so we print as a shining example the following excerpt from Professor Reingold's daily schedule:

- 2:30 Arrives home. Kicks dog because he didn't get a skyrocket.
- 2:31 Applies iodine to wound.
- 2:40 Has shot for rabies at infirmary.
- 2:43 Calls Murder, Incorporated, to rub out the dog.
- 2:45 Says "he-looo" to co-ed.

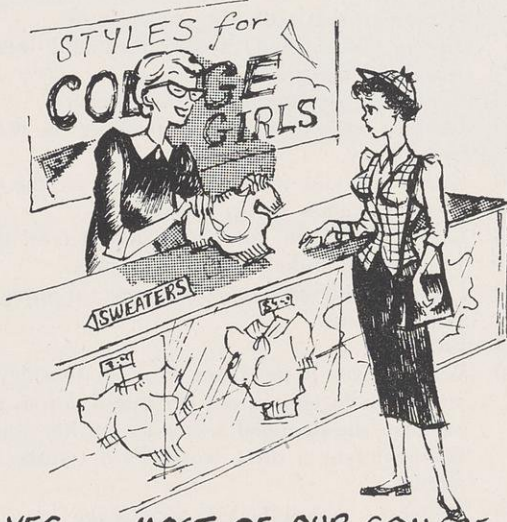
- 2:46 Decides she ought to be getting a better grade.
- 2:55 Arrives home. Gives small son backhand slap across the face because he didn't get a skyrocket.
- 2:56 Takes son's comic book away from him on the grounds that it is fiction and sure sin.
- 2:57 Retires to den with the comic book.
- 3:57 Tosses comic book under desk and marvels at his rapid reading.
- 3:58 Begins to prepare tomorrow's lecture.
- 3:59 Decides extemporaneous speaking is really the best policy.
- 4:00 Gazes idly out window. Sees fly on the pane.
- 4:20 Drowns legless fly in inkwell.
- 4:23 Gives small son forehead slap across the face because he didn't get a skyrocket.
- 4:30 Looks in refrigerator—finds several apples and a bottle of beer.
- 4:33 Burps.
- 5:00 Wife arrives home from work in foundry—slaps small son forehead and backhand across the face because she dropped a casting on her foot. Calls the professor a dirty word. Prof returns compliment.
- 5:20 Professor and wife kiss and make up.
- 5:21 Professor wonders how the co-ed would kiss.
- 6:20 Supper is served.
- 6:59 Professor wipes dishes.
- 7:15 Searches refrigerator—drinks several bottles of beer.
- 7:30 Listens to Gang Busters.
- 8:00 Bottle of beer.
- 8:15 Bottle of beer.
- 8:17 Bottle of beer.
- 8:18 Raw egg seasoned with bottle of beer.
- 8:30 Remarks upon wife's beauty.
- 8:31 Turns dance band on full blast. Dances with wife.
- 8:38 Wife and small son drag professor to bed.
- 9:01 He dreams of beautiful co-ed.



"And this character, Rover, a little trite, don't you think?"

HELLO Frosh!

by
Laurie
Lake



"YES..... MOST OF OUR COLLEGE CUSTOMERS PREFER THE SMALLEST SIZES!"



OH MOTHER! I MET THE MOST HELPFUL GRAD STUDENT. HE'S TEACHING ME EVERYTHING."



"PSSST! WHAT DOES MATRICULATION MEAN?"



.....ROOMMATES SOON DISCOVER THEY HAVE MUCH IN COMMON.....

On Choosing a Major

by Edward Gisi

The most perplexing thing you, as a Freshman, face at the University is picking a major. Whereas in high school you had only three choices, general course (sometimes called "college preparatory" to lure unsuspecting youngsters into taking Latin), commercial course, or manual arts, in college you can major in anything within reason — and sometimes without reason.

The infinite variety of majors open to you isn't as nice as you think. In fact, it definitely complicates your



life. Let us say that you arrive at Madison with an idea that you wanted to be an engineer. Just an ordinary, plain old engineer.

When you run up against the University officials, they ask, "What do you want to major in?"

You answer, "Engineering."

"What kind of engineering?"

"I don't know," you say. "What kind have you got?"

And they say, counting off on their fingers, "civil, mechanical, metallurgical, electrical, chemical, mining . . ."

Perhaps, just perhaps, the University officials may let you stick around for your freshman year without deciding on a particular kind of engineering, but even if they let you postpone your decision, every one of your fellow students who asks you, "What's your major?" is going to answer to your, "Engineering", with the question, "What kind of engineering?"

You can see what a complex problem picking a major really is. And this is just the engineering school.

Over in the College of Letters and Science (called "Liberal Arts" in some colleges, which is bad because the word "liberal" now means anything from "plenty" to "fellow traveler") one can, I must admit, go through four years of college without specializing, but let me tell you that when you finish and get your

Bachelor of Arts (General Course) everyone is going to suspect that you were a yellow coward, who couldn't make up his mind about what he wanted to be. And your father is going to think you have wasted his money ("I sent you down to college to learn something, to be somebody, not to get a general education").

You can see that it is hopeless. You have to pick a specialized major. If you came down to school to become a college-educated farmer, you will probably end up majoring in Agriculture Economics or Agricultural Journalism, which may be all right but it doesn't get the cows milked and the pigs slopped. (I always hoped they might come up with something like "Agricultural Agriculture", but no such luck!)

Even such a thing as Art is complicated. "Art is Art", you may say. Art is not Art; it is either Art Education, Art History, or Applied Art. Each is a major in itself. This may be somewhat disturbing to those who are used to saying, "Art for Art's sake", but I am afraid they will have to change their tune to "Art History for Art History's sake", or "Applied Art for Applied Art's sake." Or quit

altogether and go to Layton Art School in Milwaukee.

Perhaps you think you will escape an immediate decision by postponing it till your junior year. Don't do it. If you put it off until your junior year, you'll put it off until you graduate, and find yourself with a liberal education but not enough specialized knowledge to get a job.

If you don't know what you want to major in, pick the first thing that comes to mind. Don't worry, you won't have to stick with it. You can change your mind — it's a woman's and a college student's privilege. If you find out anytime before your second semester of your senior year just what you want to be, you can change your major (university jargon for "change your mind").

Changing your major (it is never called "major changing", please!) is a common practice at the University. It is simple to do and all you will lose is about 45 credits which counted towards your degree under your old major, but aren't worth a thing in your new major.

But then, who wants to graduate in four years, anyway?



"You can stop now, Elbert! Our 17th try to hit Maggie's room, and we've failed again!"

A Whistlin' from Afar and a Wee

by Frances Helders

From the first moment my travel-weary eyes and legs came upon the graceful spires of Bascom Hall (I had risen at 3:00 that morning and hiked from Baraboo), my heart was sold on Wisconsin. So was dear old Dad's, who had sold everything to put me there. I set down my steamer trunk and leaped into the air, clicking my high heels together. Then I collapsed on the sidewalk (that was some walk). Picking myself up with my little feminine throat all choked with emotion and mud, I headed for my new home, Ye Olde Lower Langdon Eat and Sleep Spotte. Here I met my first college institution, the dormitory lobby. Unfortunately I chose 12:29 as my time of arrival, and as I stumbled through a crowd of couples lustily kissing each other good night I heard a pleasant voice shout, "12:30, you hoodlums. Last one out gets a load of buckshot!" Muttering unintelligible remarks at this little jest, the gentlemen started ambling toward the exit. Bang. "Time's up," came the gentle voice through the clearing smoke. The last two smoochers sprinted out supporting a wounded comrade between them. I knew then that this was the life I had always wanted.

Next morning, after a grilled cheese at an intimate little cafe around the corner, I set out to register. My hopes were soaring as I headed toward Science Hall to see my adviser, a scholarly old coot in the geology department. I was planning on majoring in modern dance but the old fellow probably had a wide range of interests outside of geology anyway. Science Hall is the traditional eyesore on campus. I almost made the fatal mistake of going in the front doors but a group of students who were avidly shooting craps nearby grabbed me in time. It seems that ever since a bad wind storm last year those doors are the only thing that are holding up the second floor. Shuddering from my narrow escape, I crept around to the back, entered the elevator and enjoyed an exhilarating fifteen minute ride to the third floor. This was it — before me rose the gleaming oak panels of my adviser's office door. With a faltering hand (it was lying in the corridor) I rapped on the door which at once fell in with a noisome crash. I stepped across the threshold into his sanctuary.

"Sit down, I'll be with you in a minute," he muttered. Seventeen copies of National Geographic later, he turned from his crossword puzzle and said kindly, "Well, what do you want?"

Blushing furiously under all this attention, I began, "I'm Morphinia Jones. I'm a freshman and—"

I got no further. He sprang from his chair with a cry of delight and strode up and down the floor rubbing his hands together. "A freshman. Another young soul to mold. Another light to set raging in the cosmos. Let's see . . . we'll start you out with English 1a, geology 1a, math 1a, geology 33½, sociology 1a, geology 112—"

I tried to interrupt before he became completely carried away, "I want to major in modern dance."

"—Modern dance 1a, and geology 653," he finished triumphantly. Still smiling benignly, he clamped one hand over my mouth to stifle my protests, signed my schedule and chucked me out of the office.

I picked myself out of the blooming lilacs (he had mistakenly thrown me out of the third story window) and limped off to register.

I finally reached Bascom Hall with my schedules and also subscriptions to the Octopus, Cardinal, Daily Worker, a season pass to the concerts, Wisconsin Players, and the Sunday speedboat rides on Lake Mendota which had been pressed on me by shrieking students who gleefully ransacked my wallet along the way. At first glance this business of registering looked simple. All you needed was unlimited cash. There was the English 1a line winding its way along the hall and right in front of me were the "J's". I slipped into line. As the afternoon wore on I quietly amused myself writing my initials on the wall and defacing No Smoking signs until I reached the English room. Then the ax fell.

"Oh, you're in the wrong line. This is for students whose *middle* name begins with J. Your line is over there, you can just see the end of it down by the E. and E. building." After fortifying myself with rum and pretzels I rented a camp chair from a now ingenious senior, and settled down in line again. This must have been some sort of test; I gather that the University figures that anyone surviving the freshman English line will stand up to anything. I won't go into any more detail about registering. I suppose I'm just being sentimental but I feel that I want to keep those golden hours all to myself,

(continued on page 31)



"Boy, and I hear she has SOME night labs."

Towards an Extracurricular Education

Ed Gisi's vest pocket guide to the extra-indulgence set who wish to appear regularly in all Badger pictures.



It is now conceded by everyone except the faculty that your extracurricular activities will do you more good when you look for a job than the academic courses you take. It is assumed, of course, that you are in college to equip yourself for a job. Anyone who is in college to get an education is apt to get just that and nothing more.

The university, taking the archaic attitude that the study is more important than fun (and more fun than fun), hands you information about activities which is about as inviting to read as Volume II of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. To fill a much needed gap, *Octy* presents the following listing of activities. If you can't find an activity here which you will enjoy, don't blame us. You're probably a misanthropic misfit.

WISCONSIN PLAYERS. If you were ever in a high school play (and you were in one, unless you were lucky enough to have some athletic activity to use as an excuse) you will be interested in joining the Players. And you will be the only one who is interested in your joining the Players. Players are a clannish lot, who live in a world of their own. You may break into their select group by displaying talent, energy, patience, and a passionate desire to paint scenery, lug props and sell Players coupon books.

DAILY CARDINAL, the student newspaper. A monopoly. If you start out here as a freshman, work real hard, and wait until you are a senior, you will very likely be editor. Ninety-five percent of the students who work on the Cardinal are so sick of it by their junior year that by the time you are a senior your only competition will be a girl, and she won't stand a chance, since women are suspected of being inferior creatures, an outdated concept but one still entertained by most activities on campus, except the Dolphin Club. (And it won't do you any good to "see below," because we aren't going to list the Dolphin Club. It's for girls.)

SADDLE AND SIRLOIN CLUB. If you are in Ag school you might like to join this club. If you are not in Ag school you will not only want to join it, but you also won't even know what the Saddle and Sirloin Club does. Which is why we can't tell you more about it.

JOHN COOKSON MARXIST CLUB. We don't know who John Cookson is or was, but Marx is that very same Karl Marx who authored Russia's McGuffey reader, *Das Kapital*. You don't have to be a member of any Communist front organization to get in on all the dialectic materialism and picnics, but it would be pretty cheap of you if you didn't do something to help The Cause.

STUDENT BOARD. You have to get elected to this activity. If you are a clever apologist, you will like this group's job which is to spend the greater part of the school year trying to convince students that without Student Board men as well as women would have 10:30 nights.

The Student Board also has Committees on which you may work. No civil service examination necessary.

THE OCTOPUS. Here is where your wit and ingenuity doesn't pay off, unless seeing your name in print means a lot. Better save your wit, and be entertaining at parties. Nobody reads it.

THE BADGER. Working on the University yearbook is a Challenge. Specifically the Challenge is to get the darn thing out before the students leave school next June. There are oodles of jobs on the Badger, and not much work to do until late next spring when things get rather frenzied and desperate.

HOOFERS. Do you like to ski, hike, sail, go biking? The Hoofers are waiting for you. We say waiting, because they spend most of their free time "hunkered down" in the soft chairs in the club's headquarters in the basement of the theater wing of the Union. One good thing about them; they don't hound you during registration week trying to sell you something.

IF COUNCIL. Stands for Interfraternity Council. Pretty darned important at this campus. No, we don't know what they do.

SENIOR COUNCIL. This is really important, no kidding. No, we don't know quite what they do either.

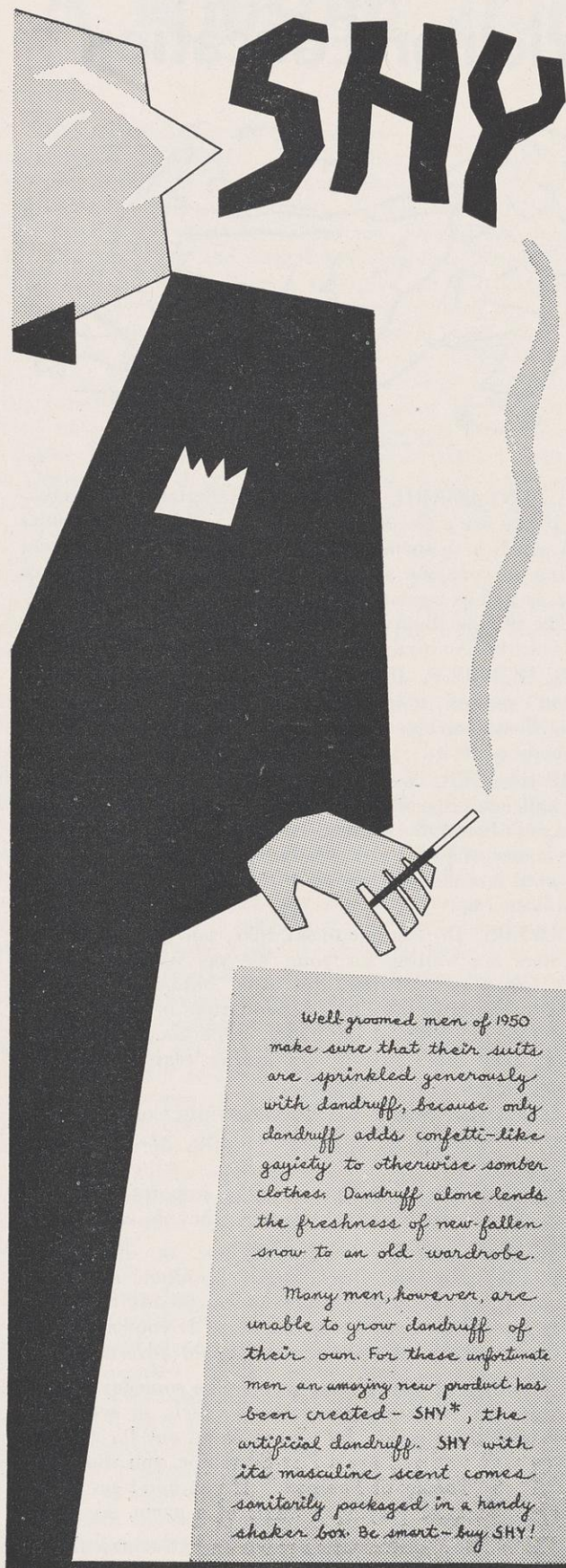
WISCONSIN ATHENAEAN. (Whew, we did spell it right after all.) Jim Gray, English graduate student, is editor of this publication which is dedicated to the proposition that all men are created authors. If you can't write, but can read, please subscribe. (Unpaid advertisement.)

FOOTBALL TEAM. If you would like someday to play professional football, be a football coach, or sell insurance or athletic goods, by all means go out for football. If you play well and are a Phy-Ed major, you should get an "A" in "Theory of Football." If you don't get "A" in that course, after playing a whale of a game, see "Ivy."

HARESFOOT. Haresfooters make an extracurricular activity out of dressing in women's clothes and look more like women than most coeds do. (And that's not very hard to do, at that.)

LABOR YOUTH LEAGUE. This is not a Selig Perlman fan club. In fact, it has very little to do with labor. Go
(continued on page 24)

POT POURRI



PRATHER BROS. Ltd. • LONDON - N.Y.

Pledge (at dinner table): "Must I eat this egg?"

Brother: "Yer damright."

Silence . . .

Pledge: "The beak, too?"

* * *

Housemother: "What do you mean by bringing our Jeannie in at this hour in the morning?"

Deke: "Sorry, ma'am, but I have to be in class at 8:30."

* * *

"I'm for grading on the curve,

I think the plan is fine,

Provided that they start the swerve

On the grade one lower than mine."

* * *

Delta: "A thought came into my mind just now and went away again."

ATO: "Perhaps it was lonely."

* * *

Soph: "Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up. I'll get you a date."

Frosh: "Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me the date?"

* * *

Every dog has his day, but a dog with a broken tail has a weak end."

* * *

"A month ago I was crazy about Bill; now I don't care for him a bit."

"Yes, it's strange how changeable men are."

* * *

Mary has a little car;

She drives it very brisk

For Mary doesn't care, you know,

She only has her *

* * *

Soon after Wandalee and Bennett were married June 1, Wandalee decided to cook her first chicken. When Bennett started to carve it, he said, "What did you stuff it with, dear?"

"It didn't require stuffing, darling," she replied. "It wasn't hollow."

* * *

Lawyer (for traffic accident victim): "Gentlemen of the jury, the driver of the car stated that he was going only four miles an hour. Think of it! The long agony of my poor, unfortunate client, the victim, as the car drove slowly over his body."

* * *

A Scotsman had to send an urgent telegram, and, not wishing to spend more money than necessary, wrote like this:

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead."

The Scotsman who received it immediately decided it was: "Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it and Alice is hurt too. In fact she's dead."

* * *

"I wonder what's the matter with our star football player—he looks so unhappy."

"It's because his father is always writing him for money."

* * *

Then there was the cannibal's daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.

—Hottentot Herald

The Commercial Cult Goes Visual

In the movies when that gun-slinging cowboy hero of the American kid slaughters into a rowdy bar and orders a glass of milk he doesn't commit this about face from his true character merely to set a good example for the kiddies in the audience. Nor does he like milk. But he does get paid to appear to like it, and if the boys who shell out their money had their way, Roy Rogers, Hopalong, or the Cookamonga Kid would say, "Bartender, give me an' mah hoss a huge cool glass of Borden's delicious homogenized milk." Instead of Borden's being the only culprit, actually it's a whole cartel of dairy men trying to indoctrinate the kids to drink milk instead of Kool-ade. Maybe that's why the cowpoke never specifies the kind of milk — as long as it's cow's. So now I'm a follower of the cow.

The tobacco barons do the same things of course. I thought they had reached the ultimate when they engaged the director to make the dying hero's last earthly words, "Gimme another cigarette." But no, such methods aren't extreme enough. It's been almost a generation since cigarette companies doubled their business by making it a vogue for women to smoke. But now they're out to get those few hypochondriacs, like me, who don't smoke. They've gotta have still more smokers in this world,



"Well, then . . . may I speak to your mummy?"

kindle more forest fires with butts, waste more acreage by growing smoke instead of vitamins.

Recently one enterprising cigarette company began waging an all-out struggle to convert the few remaining abstainers into the ranks of the nicotine world. Their new realm of advertising is the movies and television, and, unlike our dying hero blowing smoke rings, there isn't even a pretense at subterfuge. Actually the brand's name isn't mentioned but there's no doubt about who produced this certain picture.

I saw my first movie ad at the Orpheum. The main feature was an expensive one, so Mr. Orpheum decided to cut down costs through this ad. "Some people might not realize what they're viewing," he snickered through his nicotine-sodden lips.

It started out on a western dude ranch. Everybody took time out for a smoke. The debutante, the blacksmith, the bronco-buster, everybody joined the party except the poor busted bronco. And the only reason the horse didn't join the "smoker" was because there were no horses in the audience silly enough to sit through this smoking jag.

Somehow the scene shifted to the sprawling southern tobacco farms. Then when the art of making cigarettes was pictured as elaborate and exacting as the engineering processes used by Longine, I began wondering if the movie's solitary purpose was entertainment.

Later a bevy of luscious gals sighed in dreamy ecstasy over the puffing of that smoky white cylinder. My suspicions were aroused.

Then they implied that World War II was won because GI's in their foxholes were given generous supplies of cigarettes. Bribing a dying hero to forsake his last rites in favor of a cigarette may be too clever to recognize as an advertisement; but saying tobacco won the war . . . that was when I saw the hideous propaganda I was buying, a pure unadulterated commercial, fifteen minutes of it, with a tobacco juice veneer of entertainment slopped over it.

A couple of months later I got stung again. *Annie Get Your Gun* was one of the best and also one of the more expensive shows I've seen for a long time. Note the word "expensive." It's a synonym for a fifteen minute movie commercial by a certain cigarette company, through which Mr. Capitol gets back the dough invested in the higher priced movie.

By the time the third atrocity in the series was committed I definitely had to act, so I stuffed 3 packs of cigarette papers into my ears and dozed off into the arms of non-smoking Morpheus.

Three athletes from different schools had flunked their classes and were dropped from the team. They got together and talked about their misfortune.

The man from Northwestern said, "That calculus was just too damn much."

The man from Michigan said, "It was trigonometry that got me."

And the man from Wisconsin said, "Did youse guys ever hear of long division?"



WHAT KIND OF COLLEGE

DRINKERS	MOTIVE	QUANTITY	FREQUENCY
BASCOM BOOZEHOUND 	To satisfy an irresistible craving for the liquids in bottles labeled XXX. Quite a glutton!	One of the chief supporters of the Centennial Brew outfit. 	Not too often. Only when he passes a pub, sees a bottle, has an extra buck, or smells the stuff.
INDEPENDENT INEBRIATE 	As a sedative; Relaxes to escape from the blues, women troubles, accompanied with money troubles.	Hits an alltime capacity whenever his woman slips out with an old "friend". Capacity never really tapped.	Hardly goes out on weekends. Money never holds out that long. Spends M., T., W., T., in local joints.
PLASTERED PRUDE 	To erase her inhibitions and gain self-confidence; often to overcome shyness and a fear of being stared at, which she often is.	Usually small quantities of rare wines or anything "risque". The pseudo-intellectual drinker.	Whenever she gets a date. Not too often, so really gets snockered.
ATHLETIC ADDICT 	Drinks only non-toxics. Distilled water, milk with a high butter fat content. Cannot breathe in a beery atmosphere.	Only what the trainer advocates. 	might sneak one every Haley's comet or so.... 
SORORITY SOUSE 	Drinks for the kick, or to be a part of her social group. Soon is not part of the group. Out cold.	With her your king's ransom isn't safe, let alone your dad's hard-fought-for check.	Anytime you got the time and the mazuma. Look out 
DORMITORY DRUNK 	To evade the cruel world of class rooms, texts, and future plans. Next morn it's right backwith him.	Around exam time this poor chaps' eyes are really hanging out. Bathes in the brew. 	Only while conscious, and not worrying about his blue books.
FROWZLED FROSH 	To overcome deep inferiority feelings, and provide self esteem. To escape from that upper class look of bitter animosity.	Only enough to get his date drunk and keep him sober for the killing. 	Whenever he gets a date, and she doesn't outlast him. Soon the gals get spotters on this type.

SE DRINKER ARE YOU? ★

by Bob BAERT '50

★ Apologies to Harper's Magazine

INTOXICATION	SYMPTOMS AND DANGER SIGNALS	DEGREE OF ADDICTION	PROGNOSIS
Never! But he keeps trying. 	Bump on head when floor comes up to greet him. 	Could be cured, or could try a less strenuous occupation than that of a U.W. student.	Will come out of it when GI bill leaves him in the cold, cruel world.
BROTHER!! 	Frequent use of "It" to cure that cotton wad in the mouth the next morning.		Somewhere along the line the A.A. will save him from a beery future.
Breathing too deeply around an uncorked Vat 69, or Seagram's 7 will pull the job on this one.	You'd better look out, bub, if she imbibes too freely, for it brings out the bestial qualities in this dormant dynamo.	Will gladly trade her bottle for a steak dinner, rare. 	Will give it up for a man of her own, so she can spend her waking hours at teas, and book reviews.
HUH! Gets dizzy near 7up.	What are they?	HUH, A.A. has nothing on this bird! 	This guy never heard of Bellevue and thinks the D.T's are an occupational dis- among pro golf- ers.
Never misses! 	Often when your glass looks strangely low, she has proved the maxim that the hand is quicker than the eye.	Actually hates the stuff, but is out to get her man.	A bunch of kids, a hubby, and a white cottage will soften this campus queen.
SHAY FELLANS Drunk OFTEN 	Listen carefully for his tread on your floor. He may get the wrong room, and you're stuck with him.	Sober, whenever his grades come through. 	If he ever gets his sheepskin he's promised to swear off. 
Early. Never outlasts his date. 	Girls, look out for the gleam in his left iris... He's in rare form tonight.	As long as there is a stray femme, He'll be roving the campus with the old college try.	Will have to be Psychoanalyzed. 

SAMMY'S MASTERPIECE

Now if anyone's father uses him for bait, anyone is liable to become angry. Sammy being an artist at heart and temperamental, got good and mad. He took a bite out of the bottom of his father's fishing boat. "Blub!" he snarled savagely at the sharks who exhibited absolutely no interest in him — Sammy knew nothing of deodorants. He was just an ugly kinky-haired Italian boy with an artist's soul. "Beautiful," he chuckled as his father's ship was silhouetted against the golden sunset. His father, Captain Pascia, who had never learned to swim, ran frantically from bow to stern waving his arms like a bird with lead in its shoes. His screaming was silenced at last by the tepid waters of the Mediterranean. Sammy Pascia floated on his back and watched the scene. His eyes were half-closed in reverie. "Some day I'll paint this scene," he said dreamily. "It'll be a masterpiece and they'll call me a genius." He struck out for home — the little mud hut, overflowing with children, where he would be sure to find some dry socks.

Dripping, he walked along the dusty road from the harbor and entered the doorless hut in the middle of the fishing village. "Hi, Ma," Sammy said to the enormous woman in whose soft lap couched five or six of the smaller Pascia children. "Pop got drowned."

"No kidding," Mrs. Pascia yawned and spit a garlic clove onto the dirt floor.

"Yeah, he tried to use me for bait so I bit a hole inna bottom of the boat and it sank."

"Well, you always had good strong teeth. Just you take care of 'em and brush 'em every day. I remember back when you was teething, you'd chew on anything. One day Papa woke up with his leg half gone. He was always kinda suspicious of you."

"Me?" cried Sammy, excitedly biting his cast iron toothpick in two and making a gesture of outraged innocence with his artistic hands.

"And then when he got his wooden leg and we smelled sawdust on your breath, we all knew it was you that chewed it almost in two so's it busted while he was chasing that wine merchant's young daughter and he fell on his face. The wine merchant's

daughter — 'little heavy-blouse' he called her — got away, and your father never forgave you." Mrs. Pascia flipped another clove of garlic into the air and caught it in her cavernous mouth. "All these years," she continued, "your father has been planning his revenge."

"Yes, but to use me as bait! Look at me, Ma, do I look like a worm? Do I?"

Mrs. Pascia breathed away one of the babies that was crawling across her face. "Well, you do look a little limp and clammy — you feel okay, kid?"

"Sure, I feel great — never better," said Sammy and slumped with artistic dejection into a chair.

"What you need is a girl to raise your blood pressure," said Mrs. Pascia. "Hey, Madame Lorraine!" Mrs. Pascia shouted out of the paneless window. Madame Lorraine was the muscular proprietress of the house across the street. All of Madame Lorraine's girls were good, clean, and upright — just working their way through college.

"Whatcha want?" asked Madame Lorraine, sticking her head in the door.

THE TORRID STORY OF A STRUGGLING ARTIST WHO FINALLY MAKES GOOD

"Sammy ain't looking so good lately. He can't ever get to be the world's greatest painter if he don't feel good. What would you prescribe?" said Mrs. Pascia, indicating Sammy with a pudgy thumb.

Madame Lorraine kicked aside twenty or thirty of the Pascia children with a single powerful twist of her ankle, and stepped to Sammy's side. She poked at him a couple of times with her strong finger. "Okay, cough," she said. Sammy coughed. "He's in pretty good shape," Madame Lorraine said. "All he needs is a girl. He's a big boy now, but I remember the day he was born."

"Yeah," Mrs. Pascia purred, "I was whipping up a raw squid eye and garlic salad."

"You were telling me how to flush a crank case when all of a sudden you made a little face, and next thing I knew, there was Sammy. It was as

by GAR

simple as that for you. Thirty-one kids just as easy as blowing your nose."

"Yeah," Mrs. Pascia beamed. "Like I always say, I got an allergy; only I don't sneeze like other people — I have kids." She slapped one of the children off her lap with another one. It landed with a splop on Sammy.

"Hey!" Sammy hollered.

"Oh, yeah, Sammy," said Madame Lorraine, remembering him. "You want a girl, kid."

"What for?" asked Sammy absently as his mind toyed with the aesthetic problems of the painting which his genius would some day bring forth as easily as his mother brought forth babies — a painting which would earn for him immortal fame.

"What for?" shrieked Madame Lorraine with derisive laughter. "This character is a real joker," she gasped, weak with laughter. Mrs. Pascia winked at her, and as they both laughed, a light came into Sammy's eyes. He burned with an intense artistic zeal. His hands trembled as they reached for the paints and brushes. "I'll paint my masterpiece—now!" he cried, but Madame Lorraine, still chuckling, "What for?", dragged Sammy out of the mud hut. "Come on across the street — we'll give you what for."

Twenty-five years later, a somewhat older Sammy came home from across the street. A small satisfied smile played about his lips. His kinky hair was a little grey at the temples but otherwise he looked none the worse for wear. "Have a good time?" asked Mrs. Pascia, dusting off a black-framed picture of her long-dead husband.

"You bet," said Sammy. He looked over his forty-seven brothers and sisters. "Been some additions, huh?" he asked.

"Yeah, fifteen more." She blushed modestly.

"That means I've got to get to work and help support the family," said Sammy as his artistic fingers drew paints and brushes from his pockets. He took a canvas from un-

(continued on page 23)



"Do they allow drinking in the rooms?"

Mr. Bigg liked to know all about the employees who toiled in his vast business. One day he came upon a new young man, who was dexterously counting out a large wad of the firm's hard-won cash.

"Where did you get your financial training, young man?" he asked.

"Yale," the young man said.

Mr. Bigg was a staunch advocate of higher earning. "Good," he said, "and what's your name?"

"Yackson."

—Yackpot

* * *

Coed: Why didn't you find out his name at roll call?

Other coed: I tried to, but he answered for four different names.

* * *

The plain, prim, little old lady who stood beside a male customer at the department store was nervous and embarrassed; finally she asked:

"Please, Miss, I'd like two packages of bathroom stationery."

* * *

"Have you seen Lucille's new evening gown?"

"No, what does it look like?"

"Well, in most places it looks quite a lot like Lucille." —Record

* * *

Two cats were about to have a duel. "Let's have an understanding before we start," said the first.

"About what?" asked the other.

"Is it to be a duel to the death or shall we make it the best three lives out of five?"

* * *

College graduate—"Have you an opening for me?"

Personnel Mgr.—"Yes, but don't slam it on your way out."

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the prof as he erased the blackboard.

* * *

Sailor: "You aren't getting seasick, are you, buddy?"

Recruit: "Not exactly, but I'd sure hate to yawn."

* * *

Junkman—"Any old rags, any old clothes?"

Girl—"Of course not. This is the Tri-Delta sorority house."

Junkman—"Any old bottles?"

* * *

"I want to do something big . . . something clean."

"Why don't you wash an elephant?"

* * *

Jones (over the phone): "Are you going to pay us that account?"

Smith: "Not just yet."

Jones: "If you don't, I'll tell all your creditors that you paid us."

* * *

We hear that next year's bathing suits are barely big enough to keep a girl from being tanned where she ought to be!

* * *

A drama student was on the witness stand in court and had just described himself as the "greatest actor since Barrymore."

"Modest, aren't you," laughed the judge.

"Ordinarily, yes," said the ham, "but please remember that I'm now under oath."

* * *

Journalism major's joke:

Said the cannibal chief to the victim, "What did you do for a living?"

"I was an associate editor," quaked the victim.

"Cheer up," said the chief, "After tonight you'll be editor-in-chief."

* * *

The next scene is laid in the insane asylum. They are serving soup to nuts.

—C. Chaplin

* * *

Of all the wolves upon this earth

The ones who've cause to brag
Are Chase and Sanborn. They

alone
Have dated every bag.

* * *

Chuckles Maybe?

Dairyman's motto: "All that I am I owe to udders."

* * *

When a girl sneezes, it's a sign she's catching cold; when she yawns, she's gotten cold.

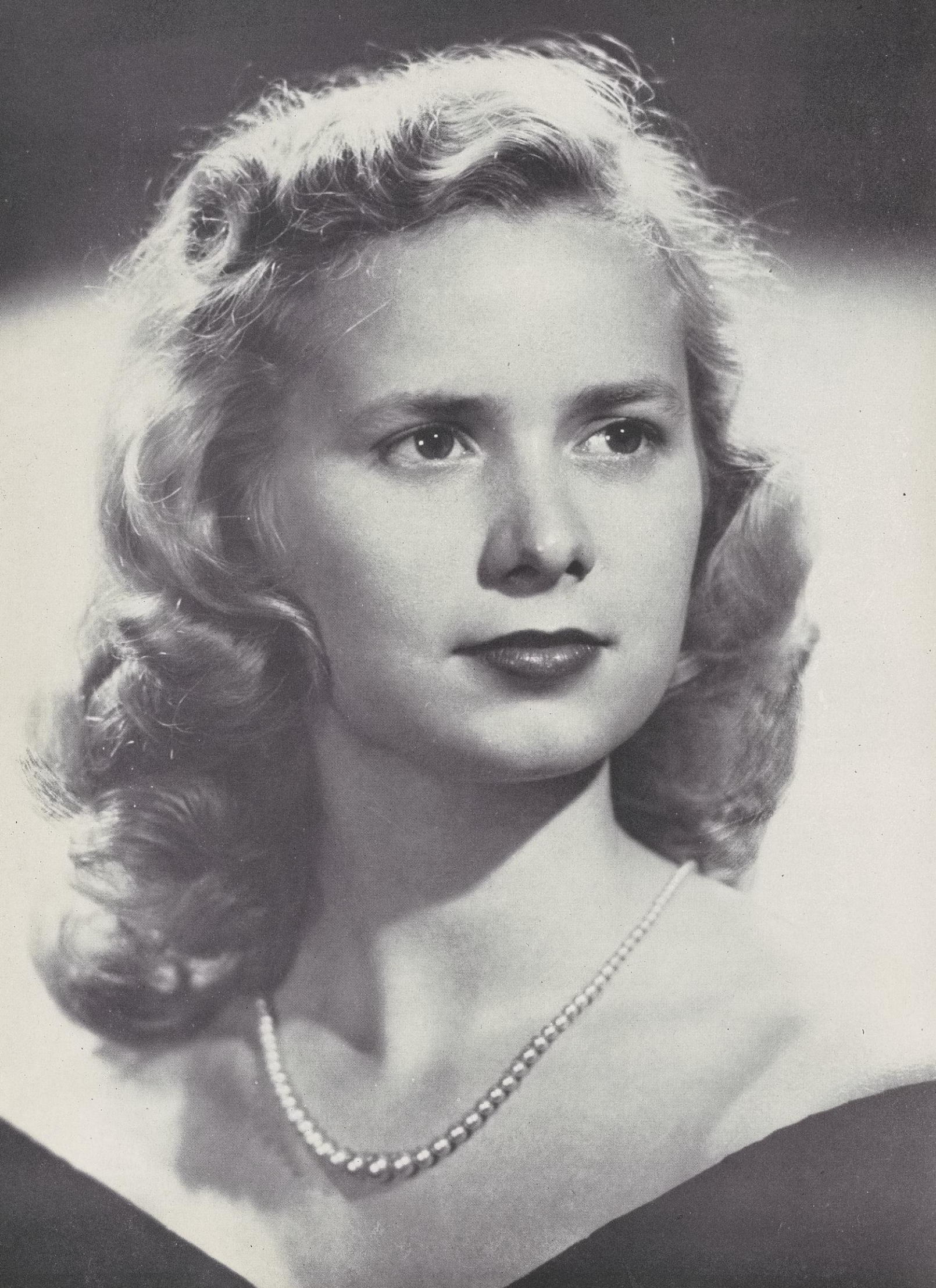
* * *

"What I can't understand," observed a KU law student, "is how a jury composed of six young men and six young women can be locked up in a jury room for twelve hours and come out and say 'not guilty'."

* * *

Barber: "You say you've been here before? I don't remember your face."

Student: "Probably not. It's healed up now."



... MORE YOKES

He: "I wish I had a nickel for every girl I've kissed."

She: "What would you do? Buy a pack of gum?"

—Ski-U-Mah

* * *

Then there's the story of the drunk that walked thru the screen door and strained himself.

* * *

Freshman: "How about a date tonight?"

Junior: "I can't go out with a youngster."

Freshman: "Oh, excuse me—I didn't know your condition."

—Pelican



A lawyer was attending a funeral. A friend arrived late and took a seat beside him, whispering, "How far has the service gone?"

The lawyer nodded towards the clergyman in the pulpit and replied, "He just opened up the defense."

* * *

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."

Octy's Dream Girl Vicky Warren

Delta Gamma, 5'4", and 106. An English major. Activities are Cardinal Board member, Panhel representative, sub-chairman of Orientation, School of Education.

—Photo by DeLonge

You will register delight when you see our suit collection! Come view the newest styles designed with a co-ed in mind . . .

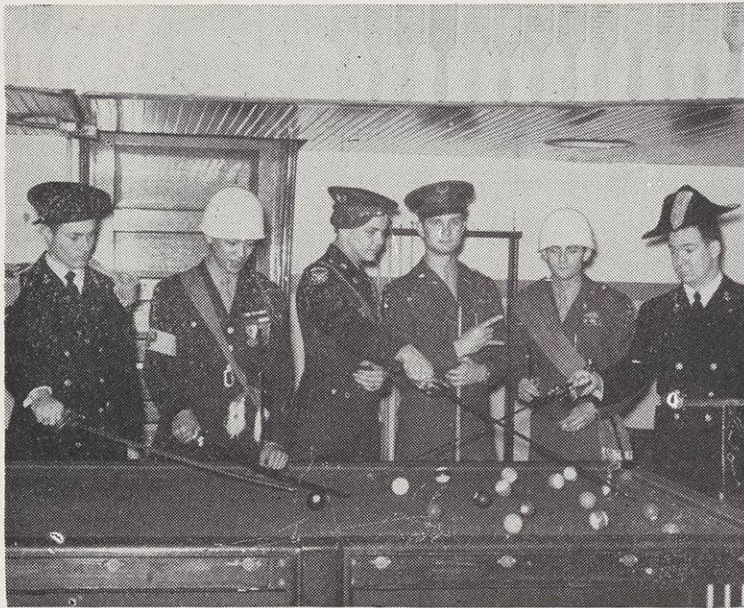


Novelty check
100% wool suit
\$49.95

Baroni's

EAGLE STAMPS • YOUR EXTRA SAVINGS

OUR ANSWER TO KOREA



ROTC students showing Federal Inspectors how to pocket (Army lingo for "knock the hell out of . . .") enemy tanks with military tactics called "banked shots."

Which of the millions of courses offered by the university is the most popular with freshmen and sophomore males?

Military Science, affectionately dubbed ROTC by the enthralled students, must be the favorite — so many of them are enrolled in the course.

At Federal Inspection last spring Wisconsin's enthusiasm for ROTC shocked Gen. Fanbelt. The general, who always wears a bullet-proof vest at inspections because of stadium snipers, was greeted by the army version of the Skyrocket — the Bazooka. Then paraders strutted around the field waving signs like: "Why West Point? We got ROTC"; "We want 20 credits of ROTC"; "God Save the King", and "Why can't girls take ROTC?"

"Neither the FBI, nor Scotland Yard, nor even the NKVD, can determine the source of such popularity," Gen. Fanbelt explained. "In other universities Military Science departments suffer high faculty turnovers due to staggering casualty rates inflicted by outraged students. While the Russian general threatens to assign his incompetent subordinates to icicle posts in Siberia, American brass can frighten otherwise courageous soldiers by talking about ROTC bases in universities other than Wisconsin."

Why do UW students accept ROTC so meekly?

Maybe they just want to be different from other schools.

Maybe they are antivivisectionists who consider ROTC instructors lower forms of animal life not to be hacked apart.

Or maybe they just simply like the course.

Colonel Smell, Grand Commander of UW ROTC, was questioned.

"Why shouldn't students like the course?" he replied. "We treat them swell and want them to consider us their friends, their equals. We want student good-will, especially if we're going to make Mil Ball a success for once."

A sergeant whose solitary duty is taking roll-call said, "Some day a few of those boys will be officers. I'm just a sergeant, so I'm very courteous to them."

An instructor reported, "They're so eager to learn."

Students were also asked why they like ROTC.

An engineer said, "There ain't no wimmin in it. Can't stand wimmin in classes. Ain't none in engineering classes, none in ROTC either. A girl in class is so unusual I stare at her all the time, an' the instructor always thinks I'm cheatin'."

A philosophy student answered, "I like the movies they show. Bang! Bang! All the time. No plot. And it's free!"

A sophisticated English major answered casually, "There ain't no wimmin in it. My only class where wimmin ain't goin' yappitty yappitty all the time."

"I like the uniform," confessed a journalist. "I used to be an Eagle Scout."

An art student liked the cute demerit slips they gave him whenever he thumbed his nose at an officer instead of saluting.

"No matter how low my marks are, my grade-point stays the same. It's a zero credit course," announced a mathematician triumphantly.

That is the crux of its popularity — zero credit.

Even Col. Smell agreed. "We can't make them study if we don't give them any credit, so we just try to make them happy. My job is to trick them into thinkin' gthe Army's a good deal."

Happy indeed are the students.

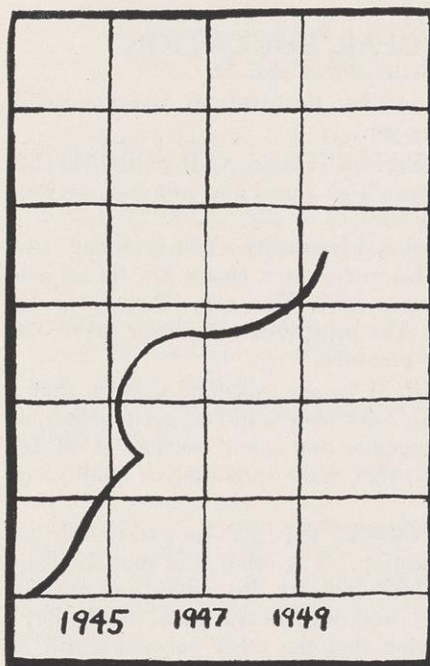
Sleeping in class is pawned off as inactivity expected of officers. To further the military custom of snoozing, movies are frequently shown to darken the classrooms. (Of course somebody in the flickers is always shooting off either his mouth or his gun, but true army men can sleep no matter how many decibels assault their ear drums).

When asked how his gallant students would defend our Mendota shoreline in case of invasion, Col. Smell replied, "Why we'd call the National Guard."

—D. W.



Bob Gesteland, Badger editor, looking rather apprehensive about the October deadline for senior pictures.



Reports from a hidden source in the fashion centers of the East: The false business is definitely on the up trend.

SAMMY'S MASTERPIECE

(continued from page 18)

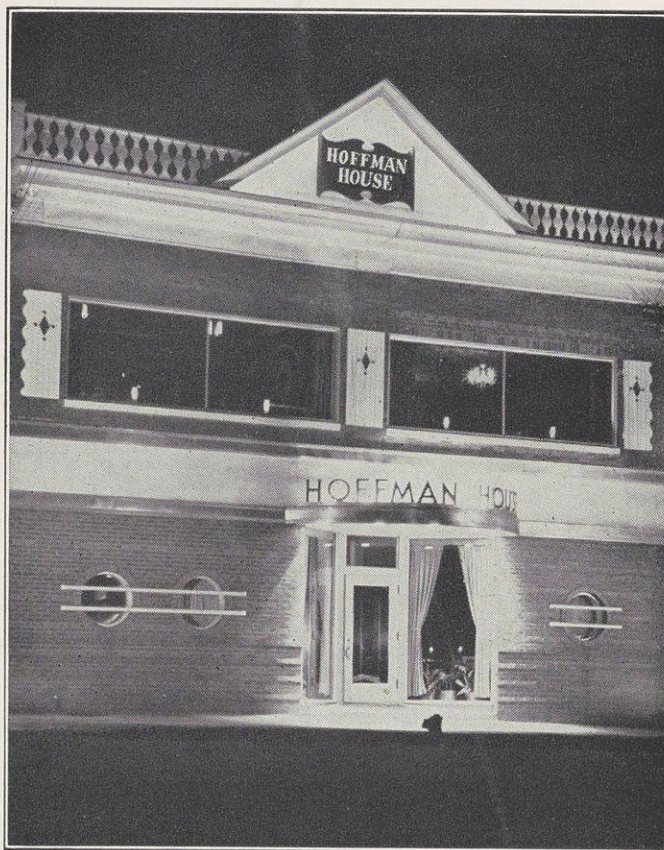
der his coat. He was poised like an athlete; now at last his masterpiece was to be recorded vividly with bold strokes of genius. Mrs. Pascia lifted her ponderous bulk from the floor and stood in awed silence as Sammy's brush dipped into the paints. The children were a hushed throng as his brush moved toward the canvas. But Sammy's brush stopped, his nostrils quivered—turpentine!

Sammy burped, tossed the empty jug onto the floor, and dropped into a limp heap of intoxication. This was the beginning of Sammy's thirsty period. Nothing would quench it like turpentine, but Sammy would drink anything: athlete's foot remedy, paint remover, weed killer — even Fauerbach's. Month after month passed and he grew steadily worse. If his long, artistic fingers hadn't trembled so he certainly would have painted the multicolored reptiles he described in such detail to the doctor who advised him to go to a sanatorium.

After a year in the sanatorium Sammy was declared cured. His hands no longer shook, and the doctor, happy to see him so greatly improved, ordered Sammy's painting equipment be brought to him. Lovingly Sammy fondled the brushes.

(continued on page 26)

The Story of the Hoffman House and its Private Party Rooms



HOFFMAN HOUSE DINNER CLUB, Madison, Wis.

The Hoffman House Dinner Club at Madison was originated by eight Hoffman Brothers in 1945 upon their return from Military Service. A ninth brother failed to return. It soon became one of the most talked about dinner clubs in the State of Wisconsin. Many news and feature articles were written about its unique atmosphere and fine food. It grew and grew until today it seats 300 persons. The second floor contains two very exquisitely decorated private party and banquet rooms, the Chandelier Suite which accommodates 40 persons and the Sky-Lite Club which accommodates a capacity of 100 persons. In case of large parties both rooms can be joined and will then accommodate 140 persons. The private party rooms are ideal for spring formals, Christmas parties and pre-prom dinners and other social functions.



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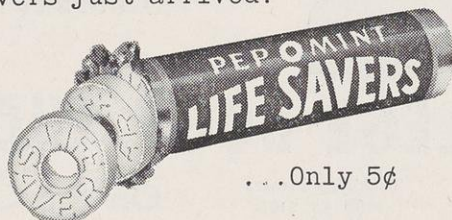
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HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT PAUL REVERE REALLY SAID



Hurry up, everybody! A shipment of
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TOWARDS AN EXTRACURRICULAR EDUCATION

(continued from page 13)

ahead and join if you like; the Attorney General hasn't listed it as subversive yet.

PROFESSIONAL FRATERNITIES AND SORORITIES. We'll warn you, but you'll go ahead and join one anyway, if you get the chance.

You join a professional fraternity. You graduate. You apply for a job. The interviewer clears his throat and asks, "Got any experience?" You say, "No, but I belonged to" The prospective employer says, "Get thee hence from my presence."

MEN'S GLEE CLUB. It is our constant wonder that a bunch of fellows who can't sing solo can get together on a stage and bellow together and sound not bad at all. It's quantity, not quality, that make quantitative quality, we guess.

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA. This isn't an extracurricular activity, it's an institution. It is often said that the Kappas are the best looking sorority, but when you average all the members . . . well, they're still girls, aren't they?

(You probably think that the other sororities will be pleased by this. You're wrong. They wish we had insulted them by name.)

UNION COMMITTEES. There are all kinds of Union Committees which busy themselves running the Memorial Union. By working real hard on these committees you can hope to end up President of the Union, which isn't as nice a job as it used to be way back in the 1930s when the President was given *free* bachelor's quarters on the top floor of the east wing of the Union. Yes, those were the days.

OTHER ACTIVITIES. There are lots of other activities, like the *Wisconsin Engineer* and the Passion Pits of Elizabeth Waters, but we really can't go on and on. Oh, sure, we have the space, but if we keep on we might say something real nice about somebody, and we can't have that, can we?

Only last month Deacon Kalbfleisch took his girl to the races down at Rockingham. Just as the horses were lining up at the post, his date grasped the Deacon by the arm and nervously asked him for a safety pin, meanwhile grabbing frantically after something that seemed to be slipping around her knees.

Just at that moment the crowd roared, "They're off," and the poor girl fainted.

* * *

A woman spends the first part of her life looking for a husband and the last part wondering where he is.

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 Life Savers. Jokes will be judged by the editor.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

Silence.

More silence.

Strained silence.

"My, aren't the walls unusually perpendicular this evening?"

Submitted by

ALBERT SCHUCHARDT
617 Cedar, Madison.

Papa Robin returned to his nest and announced proudly that he had made a deposit on a new Buick.

* * *

Hospital Visitor: "I just heard those two nurses saying some mean things about you."

Patient: "Yeah, they've had me on the pan ever since I got here."

* * *

Policeman (to pedestrian just struck by hit-and-run driver): "Did you get his number?"

Victim: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh anyplace."

—Frigol

* * *

Some very scientific chaps claim that the inside of the earth isn't as hot as is claimed. In our unscientific and humble opinion neither is the outside.

* * *

Ron—So you went to class this morning?

Don—What makes you think so?

Ron—Your suit looks like it's been slept in.

—Mis-a-Sip

* * *

Reporter (to visiting Frenchman): "And why are you visiting this country, Duke?"

Duke: "I weesh to veesit the famous Mrs. Beach, who had so many sons in France during the last war."

—Green Gander

* * *

Then there was the Wave who was in love with a soldier, a sailor, and a marine. She couldn't decide which one to marry, so she put out to sea.

* * *

Men seldom elope
With girls who take dope.

* * *

"What you need for your health is a little sun and air."

"But, Doctor, I'm not even married."

—Pelican

* * *

A co-ed who drank by the qt.
While stewed was brought into ct.
When the judge asked her why
She burped this reply:
"It isn't the thirst, it's the spt."

* * *

Nothing robs a man of his good looks like a hurriedly drawn shade.

* * *

A girl doesn't mind going out with a strong, silent man if he has plenty of money to do the talking for him.



Chosen by the Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

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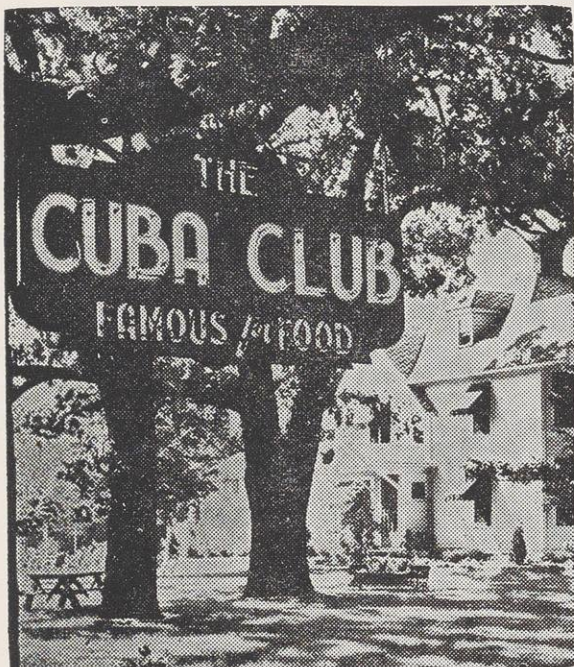
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SAMMY'S MASTERPIECE

(continued from page 23)

"He's going to paint a masterpiece," the doctor confided to the nurse and beamed on Sammy. Sammy could feel a sudden urge roaring in his arteries and exploding in his brain—an urge for self-expression. He bit the doctor in the leg. "Because," as Sammy later explained, "the doctor looked just like a hairy tablespoon."

They only kept him at the asylum thirty-two years. On the day of his release Sammy was seventy-three and as playful as a pup. He buried several bones, chased a cat up a tree and then he said, "What the hell, I better paint my masterpiece now."

He painted furiously, relentlessly. All his seventy-three years of experience flowed into this single canvas. Each brush stroke burned with genius. Clustered about the perspiring genius were artists from far and near—disciples of his brilliant technique. Critics heaped praises on him. But Sammy had no time for glory; he worked with feverish haste for he was old—he knew death was not far off. This one magnificent contribution to the culture of the world must be completed before death overtook him. He painted ceaselessly for months pausing only to take an occasional benzedrine.

At last it was finished, and a wealthy art patron came to see it. He gazed for a long time at the painting—expressionless. Then tears filled his eyes. "It's . . ." the patron choked with emotion, "it's terrific. I must have it for my collection." He mentioned a staggering sum. "And not a penny more," he said. Sammy gasped; he hadn't dreamed there was so much money in the whole world. Mrs. Pascia, despite her ninety-seven years, became so excited that she forgot to throw a garlic clove into her cavernous mouth. Clutching the money in his trembling hand, Sammy sank unbelieving into a chair. Again and again he counted it. It always came out the same. "Four dollars and seventy-two cents!" he marveled.

"Why do they always cheer so loud when a football player gets hurt?"

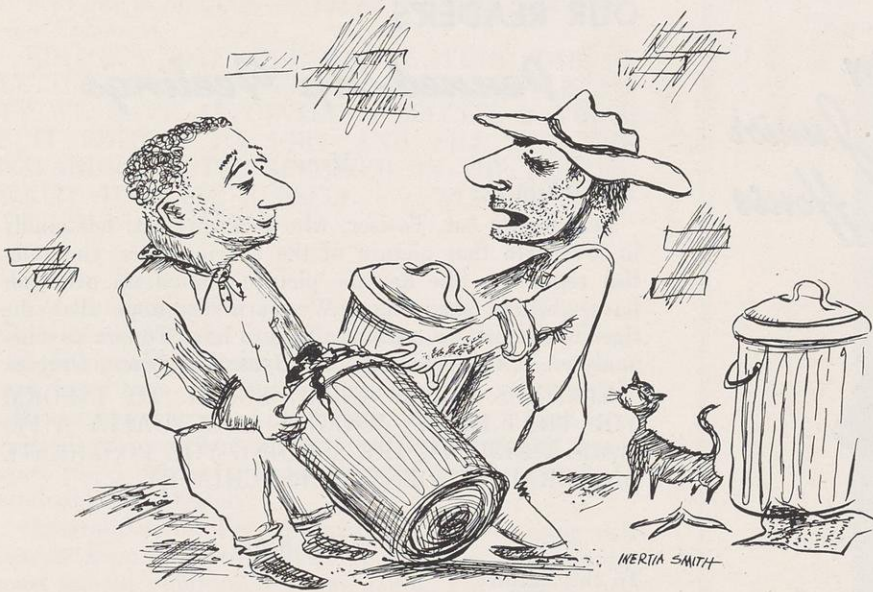
"So you can't hear what he's saying."

* * *

(At the movies): "You know, it's wonderful how the movies have advanced in the past few years."

"Yes, first there were silent pictures, then talkies, and now this one smells."

—Pointer



"Then, after I got my master's degree, I spent 3 years studying abroad."

Tact is making a blind date feel
that it's her you're sorry for.

* * *

Minnie was just found to be illeg-
ally wed. Her father didn't have a
license for his shot gun.

* * *

"Pilot to tower, pilot to tower:
plane out of gas; am at one thousand
feet and thirty miles over the ocean.
What shall I do?"

"Tower to pilot, tower to pilot: re-
peat after me, 'Our father who art in
heaven—'"

—Showme

The kings of Peru were the Incas
They were widely known as big
drincas,

They worshipped the sun,
And had lots of fun,
But the peasants all thought they
were stincas.

* * *

Active: "What are your greatest
ambitions?"

Pledge: "To die a year sooner than
you."

Active: "What's the reason for
that?"

Pledge: "So I'll be active in Hell
when you get there."



"I'd like to major in Australian agronomy; all the other lines are so long."

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OUR READER'S

Penned-Up Feelings

Meow

To the Editor:

Our family cat, Towser, who is a girl cat, fell madly in love with that picture of the roaring tiger you publish regularly. She has the picture pinned up over her basket where she sleeps. We earnestly hope that the tiger is a he, as we can not afford to have Towser psycho-analysed at this time.—KLAUS BERNICK, *Latex, Oregon*.

EDITOR'S NOTE: WE'RE SORRY TO INFORM YOU THAT HENRY WIGGINS IS ACTUALLY A FEMALE TIGER. WE ARE SENDING YOU POSTHASTE ONE GRAD STUDENT IN PSYCHIATRY.

Wedding Bells

To the Editor:

My son was a fine, wholesome American boy. Then he read a copy of your corrupting magazine; he began asking all sorts of embarrassing questions about girls and took to smoking cigarettes. Now, needless to say, he is being married at the insistence of the girl's father—I hope you're satisfied!—MISS I. H. ALLSAS, *Flagstaff, N. J.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: WE ARE ALWAYS HAPPY TO RECEIVE ANY LETTERS ATTESTING THE INSPIRING QUALITIES OF THE OCTOPUS. WE'RE SORRY ABOUT THE CIGARETTES, THOUGH.

Pin-up

To the Editor:

I saw that photo of the girl in the bathing suit you ran not long ago. Where can I get a suit like that?—I've got lots more to show than she has.—ILSA PINKHAM, 300 *Liz Waters*.

—I saw that photo of the girl in the bathing suit you ran recently; where can I get one like that? She's cute, how does she look in clothes?—BILL RUZIHNEC, *Mahappy, Canada*.

. . . in regard to the pin-up picture you published recently—shocking. It defiles American womanhood. She might just as well have been naked for all the good that "swimming suit" did. I'm surprised the post office department doesn't crack down on you.—MISS I. H. ALLSAS, *Flagstaff, N. J.*

. . . I was happy to note the last issue of the Octopus in which appeared that fine anatomical photograph — shows scientific spirit and intellectual curiosity.—PROF. ELBHART, *Madison, Wis.*

. . . You call that a pin-up? What was the babe wearing so many clothes for? You aren't publishing a Sunday school paper—let's have flesh!—SIMON GUKHEME, *Roseville, N. M.*

To the Editor:

Orchids to you for the article, "Sex in the Raw."—LEWIS SIDNEY, *Sidney, Australia*

. . . It is refreshing to find such a frank and honest appraisal of our amusements. Here's for more and sexier articles.—MRS. JANICE BELVENT, *Newark, Oregon*.

—Our sincere appreciation for your splendid presenta-

tion of *Sex in the Raw*.—MADAME VERA AND THE GIRLS, *San Francisco*.

EDITOR'S NOTE: DUE TO THE FLOOD TIDE OF LETTERS CONCERNING OUR BIKINI SUIT BEAUTY WE HAVE APPOINTED A SPECIAL BATHING SUIT EDITOR, TO SORT AND FILE ALL THE NEFARIOUS NOTES RECEIVED. IN THE FUTURE, WRITE TO: JANE RUSSELL, c/o WISCONSIN OCTOPUS.

Dear Mr. Burkert,

Congratulations on your new position as Editor-in-Chief of my favorite magazine, *Octopus*. I've been reading this wonderful humor magazine for almost two years and have been consistently impressed by your subtle wit and genuine, clean-cut humor. Always I have considered your cartoons as the most beautiful well developed pieces of art and the cleverest brand of comedy attainable by anybody.

Congratulations. I'm certain the whole magazine will benefit from your editorship. It will soon become the most famous publication in our nation. For, with a man of your talent guiding it, success is inevitable.

Love, Mom

Dearest Ed:

Can I sue one of your competitors for libel? Your lousy rival campus publication, the Student Directory, has lied about me in a way which causes the greatest possible agony in a woman.

They put an asterisk (*) after my name.

But I'm a Miss, not a Mrs.

A potential husband (any boy) intent on asking me for a date, looks up my phone number in the directory, sees that asterisk and growls, "Why that adulterous little flirt; smiling at me like that when she's already snagged her man."

I lose all my dates that way. What can I do? Sue the Directory?

Forsaken and forgotten.

JANET (the phone never rings) URCHAMILLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: SHUCKS, WE'RE NOT TELLING YOU HOW TO SUE THE STUDENT DIRECTORY PEOPLE. THEY'RE OUR FRIENDS. AFTER ALL, THEY PRINTED YE EDITOR'S NAME IN THEIR BOOK (ALTHOUGH IT'S ALWAYS SPELLED WRONG). BUT IF YOU MUST SUE, SUE FOR A HUSBAND; THEN THE DIRECTORY WILL BE CORRECT FOR ONCE.

Kidneys

To the Editor:

My class and I enjoyed your informative article: HOW TO PERFORM A KIDNEY OPERATION. The color photos were exceptional. Here's for more fine work.—Miss BROWN (first grade teacher), *Kleenix*, *S. Car*.

EDITOR'S NOTE: MISS BROWN IS UNDOUBTEDLY REFERRING TO THE OCTOPUS' FOREIGN PUBLICATION—*LIFE*.

Camels vs. Doctors

To the Editor:

I don't get that joke about three out of five doctors who tried Camels and preferred women. Since when do you smoke women?—HENRY EMINGYARD, *Prince Edward Island*.

EDITOR'S NOTE: WE ARE SENDING YOU A COMPLETE EXPLANATION IN A PLAIN ENVELOPE MARKED PERSONAL.

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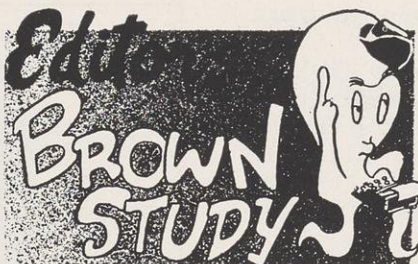
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Thanks to a prolific staff our second issue of the 8-appendaged one is staring you in the face. Pleasantly, we hope.

As I meditate over my dusty typewriter, our luscious women staff members brush by me (have you ever been in our baby quonset?). However, I am steadfast in my desire to fill the allotted column under which the editor pens his gripes and musings. Come storm, sleet, wind, or women, this space will be filled.

A certain magazine has caught on, which is a boon to all the newsstand thumbs and page-flippers. I don't know if *Flair* ever sells copies, but it certainly is handy to us of the non-purchasing public. To the porthole Fleur habitually provides in her cover, I habitually am drawn. It is a deliberate trap for page flippers like me who find this peephole to the inner show irresistible. Peeping one morn, I chanced upon an article lauding the efforts of a certain Eastern college humor magazine which is titled *The Harvard Lampoon*. Being a poor dull Midwestern university "humor" editor, I found it particularly stimulating. Seeing their voluptuous offices (notice the "s" on the end of office), and their obviously humorous appearing staff, I suddenly realized why "Octy" was constantly having an uphill pull. Sure we got writers, artists, cartoonists, gag men, gorgeous gal stenogs, flunkys, galley slaves, and Ghurka floorsweepers. But what ain't we got? It hit me like a Rennebohm bill. We ain't got no press agent!

Our inner sanctum of humor experts went through their paces. Names were named, brains mulled, and ideas began springing forth. Octy would have its first press agent. He is now under contract, and is a dapper and sage student whom no doubt you have seen wandering on campus, complete with vacant stare and a dark cloud heavily hovering over his head. This is his cloud of thought. Already it has showered us with a page spread in a widely read Eastern weekly. This paper (one of the biggest in its field) has opened its sheets

to our youthful ideas. The only hitch, our erring agent informs us, is that we must share the spread with selected sections of Jane Russel's anatomical extravaganza. The weekly is a periodical with the weird title of "The Hobo and Youthful Dip Gazette". But we're on our way.

The Gripe Spread. Practical jokers! All summer I shared a factory assembly line with them. I imagine they cost the owners a bit of lucre, in time wasted. The tricks were largely unimaginative, and I'm sure when I graduate and return to the assembly line I will vent my vengeance in more scheming ways. Upon reaching for a tool, I would find it wired or nailed to the floor, possibly with grease covering the under surface. Or sometimes my jacket would be nailed to the board it hung upon. And then there were the times the tools would disappear for 10 minutes or so. If this playfulness had been harnessed I dread to think of the number of cornpickers that would have engulfed the midwest.

Four hearty huzzahs to Roy Williams, one of the chosen few who hit the cartooning jackpot, *The New Yorker*. The tight-fisted talent scouts of this top-of-the-heap humor mag open their treasure chest to about 2 cartoonists a year. That's a good year! Williams is a Walt Disney artist whose subtle humor is just what Ross raises.



Shock of the month. In the same issue, the *New Yorker's* movie critic actually did backflips praising to the heavens an action packed flicker. This critic whose name isn't chopped beef, advises us to see "Panic In The Streets", a movie concerning a pneumatic plague scare. Hardly a subject to wax sublime over, but we'll see you at the movies.

That's it. Be grabbing my bottle of squid ink, to greet you again in our next edition, the football issue.

Editorially done for this one.

—BOB BURKERT

A'WHISTLIN' FROM AFAR AND A WEE

(continued from page 12)

at least until my feet return to their normal size.

It's a week later now and I'm ready to start life as a college co-ed. I am truly fortunate in having only sixty-six hours of class a week and my adviser has very thoughtfully leased me a shelf in his office on which to keep my 23 geology texts. I've just been in to see him again and he is so encouraging; he is sure that if I give up this silly Modern Dance idea I can be a great rock specialist some day. It was a touching scene — I, on my knees at his feet, and he smiling tenderly over my bowed head. It would have been even more touching if his upper plate hadn't fallen out and clamped on my right ear, but I was inspired nonetheless. I simply hope that every young, red-blooded freshman girl will have this same wonderful introduction to the University of Wisconsin that I had. After all, we humans must lick our wounds together.

The temperance lecturer asked his audience: "Now, supposing I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and then brought on a donkey; which of the two would he take?"

"He'd take the water," came a voice from the gallery.

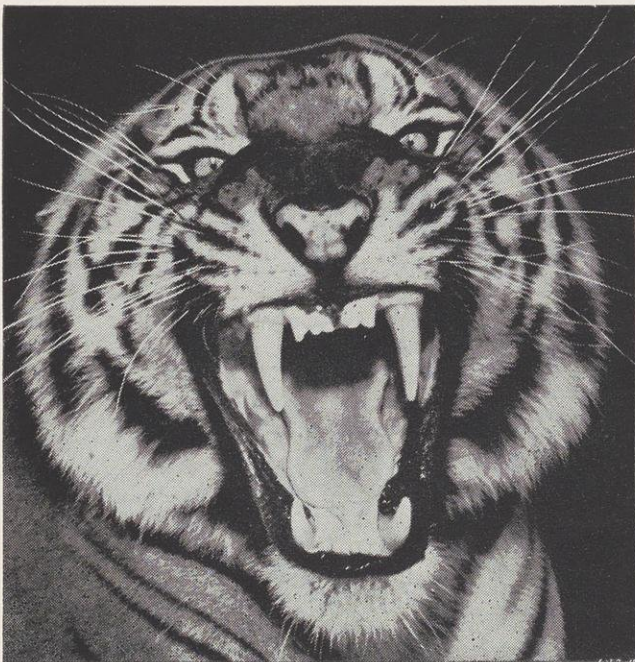
"And why would he take the water?" asked the lecturer.

"Because he's an ass," came the reply.

IMMORTALITY

J. Harold Wellington died yesterday at his home in Spring Valley, Connecticut. He is survived by his beloved wife, Elizabeth, their two sons, Arthur and Harold, Jr., and his Faithful Fountain Pen, guaranteed not for life, but forever.

—Purple Cow



Henry Wiggins, E.E. 4, after spending the summer in a hot foundry saving for college, has just received his draft notice.

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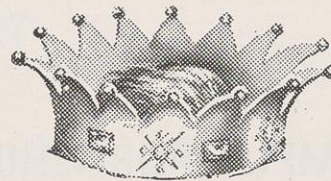


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The Four Year Jig-Saw Puzzle

When freshmen first arriving at the University are given a map of the campus they invariably groan, "What a messed up place. No community planning." But let me assure you, fellow travelers, if you consider the campus a jig-saw puzzle's nightmare, the city of Madison must have spent its formative years in a mixmaster. This proud (or rather confused) town has the most notoriously snarled up streeting system in the New World.

Looking at a map for the first time people are always shocked at the zig-zag streets in Nakoma, and suburbs like Shorewood and Maple Bluff. The streets seem to follow ancient winding cowpaths. However, shape is but a minor ailment. The name's the thing.

While most towns are satisfied with streets, avenues and occasionally a boulevard, Madison has scores of other atrocities to tack onto a street's name. There's an abundance of courts, drives, places, parkways, terraces, roads, trails, lanes, and ways. Fortunately it takes but a little imagination to make such terminology applicable to streets. But things called circles, crests and passes are also tagged to many a street's name. And you can also find a ridge, a row, and even a vista, whatever that is. Apparently a couple streets didn't like that extended list of selections; hence came The Mall and The Speedway.

If ever you have to pick up a date living beyond the security of the campus make sure you have her complete address. If she gives you her house number on Sunset, she could mean Sunset Drive, Sunset St., Sunset Avenue, or Sunset court. (Sunset court is subdivided into east, west, north, and south factions.)

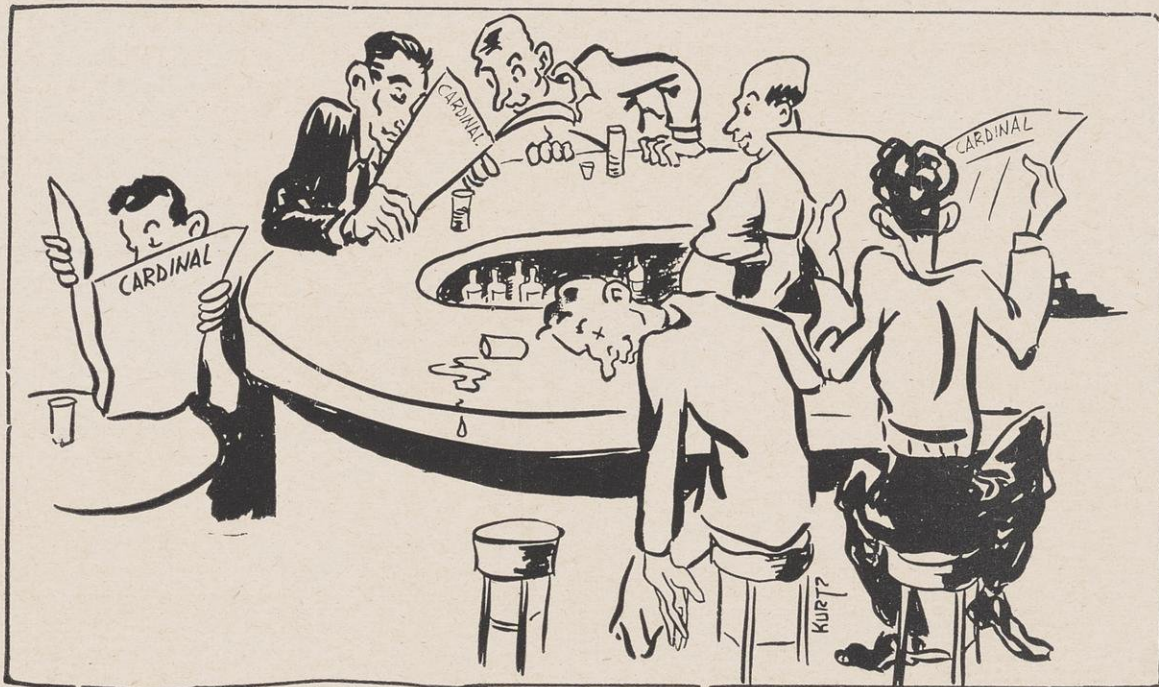
But even after you have the full address, beware. There are, for instance, two Olive Streets, one out east, one out west, with four, five miles in between. Such heinous duality exists several places in Madison and its suburbs.

All of which leads to one conclusion:

If anybody ever tells you to get lost, Madison's just the place to do it.



"All you've got is circumstantial evidence, Miss Smith."



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