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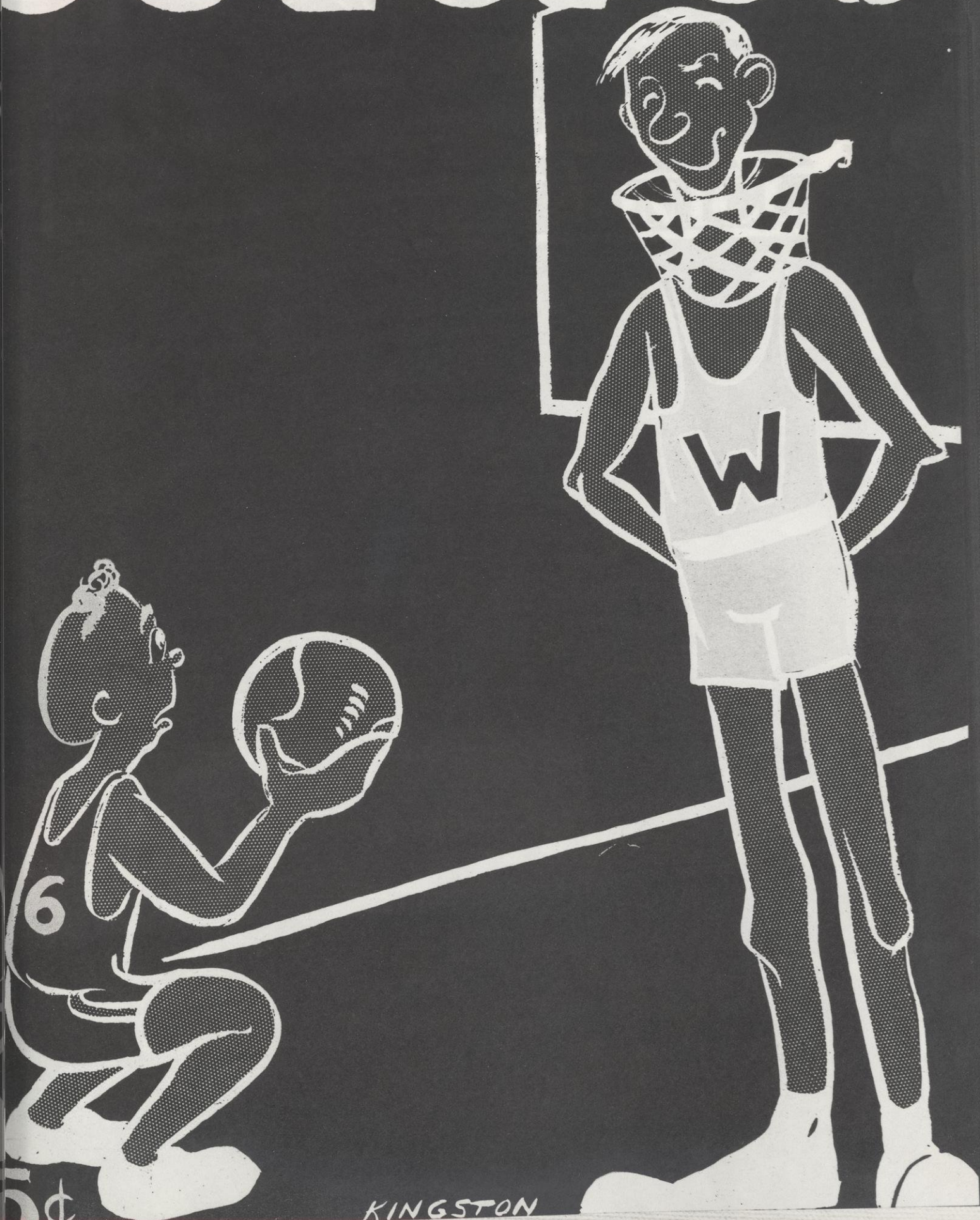
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*The Wisconsin*  
**OCTOPUS**



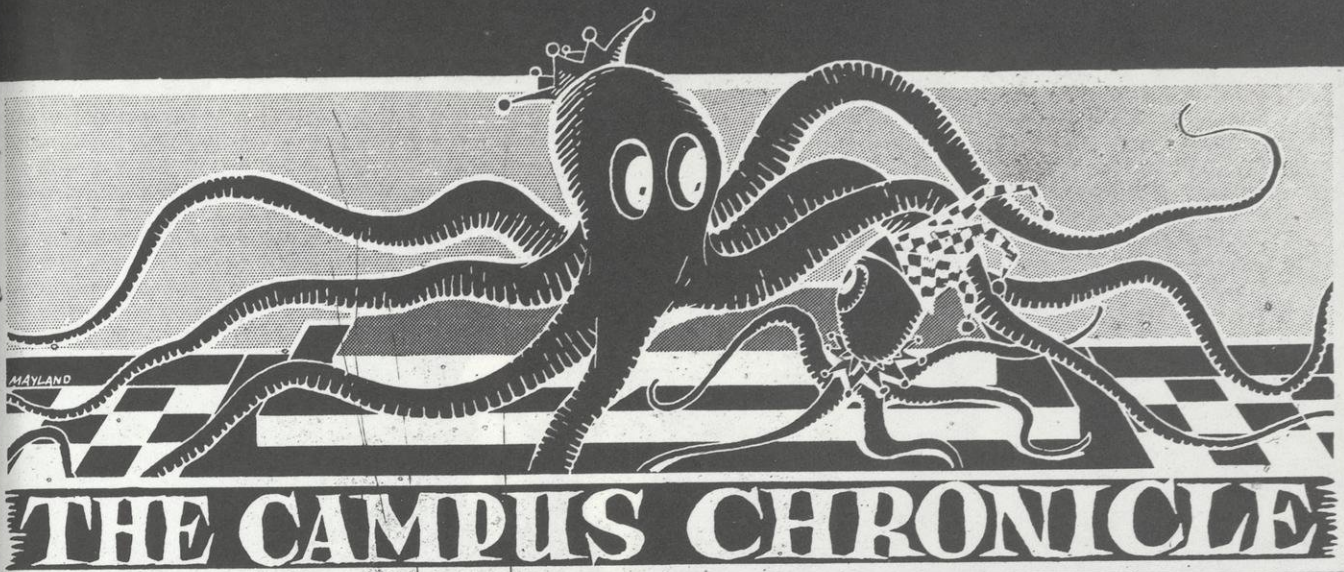
KINGSTON



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### *Can This Be True?*

Term paper time is here again, kiddies, and people are singing the same songs all over again. "I want a term paper just like the term paper that graduated dear old dad," "Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette," or simply "Oh, tell me why?" We heard about one character who was told he had to have at least eighteen footnotes in his term paper. He looked a little surprised and checked on it with the prof.

"Yes," said the professor firmly, "eighteen, at least. Of course, a really well-documented paper would have . . ." Our man turned on his heel and slunk away. Came T-day and he had his ready to hand in—with footnotes and everything. "But what are these things?" asked the prof. as he pointed to the queer-shaped diagrams that took up about half of each page. "Footnotes," snarled the student, "and I'm not going to trace another outline of my foot for you, even if you flunk me."

When last heard of, the professor was muttering to himself aloud.

\* \* \*

### *Hood-winked Again*

It crossed our mind the other day, in the midst of a light snowfall that was trying to be a blizzard, that those hoods that dangle from the back of almost every female's winter coat have their hazards. For instance, next to a snowplow nothing banks up the white stuff better than one of those shoulder swathers. It seems a little queer to see what looks like a snowdrift moving up Bascom hill, until we peer under the moving pile to find a little girl vainly struggling under the crushing weight of the snow on her hood.

And then there's the hunchback angle. How many women have you seen lately who look as if they're refugees from Notre Dame? And worse yet, when they actually wear the hoods, it's a little difficult to even find the girl inside the coat. All you can see are two eyes peering out from the dark recesses of the face framer.

All in all, the most accurate comment we heard came from a young lady who had just adjusted her hood for the fifth time. As it slid slowly off her head, she shook that same head and said, "They're not good for anything but papooses." She stumbled off, trailing the hem of her New Look.

\* \* \*

### *20 Years Ago in Octy*

In case you think Octy hasn't progressed in 20 years, give a look at what they printed back in 1927.

Situation: Boy racing his car after his almost-to-be-lost love. We quote: "The old motor roared after one application of the starter, and Jud was off. He knew approximately what the car should do, as he had never been reluc-

tant to let it out. He only hoped that it wouldn't fail him now that he needed it. The needle of the speedometer advanced slowly to forty-five, where it stopped, quivering slightly. When the engine grew warm enough, Jud knew he could get fifty out of her.

"And presently he did. The car swayed, rattled sometimes, but kept going."

Wow! Hang on to your hats, boys!

\* \* \*

### *Literature: Future, Perfect*

The small upheaval over on the intellectual side of the tracks is the result of efforts to assemble and put out another Literary Magazine. Assorted geniuses are in on the deal, as well as a large mob of sincere young people who look as though they might get somewhere. This time, the magazine has faculty support from both the English and Comp. Lit. departments.

Octy was considering sending a few of its writers to a meeting but was informed that that wouldn't be giving the magazine a chance. So we have to rely on second-hand reports of the doings. So far there have been several meetings. Octy wishes its new cousin all the luck in the world.

\* \* \*

### *That's the News*

We were paging through the State Journal the other night looking for news when our eyes ran into the following headline:

REA to Hit  
2,000,000th  
Customer

Will that be an uppercut or a left jab?

\* \* \*

### *A Lesson in Shorthand*

Well, the shortages have really hit all over. The other day four student characters were in a local eat-shop battling that noon hunger problem. One of the characters ordered steak. When it was slapped down before him he asked if he might have some steak sauce for it.

"You'll have to wait a minute," snapped the waitress, "I've only got one hand." We wonder if the owner of the beanery knows he's so short-handed.

\* \* \*

### *Uncle Joe's Laugh Book*

We recently discovered that the humor magazine is not just an English language crime. In a news item which we clipped and lost recently we found a story about the Russian humor magazine, *Krokodile*, twitting the English about some such gay matter as an economic crisis.

Frankly, we had never heard of the *Krokodile* before, so we were surprised and delighted. We have had several



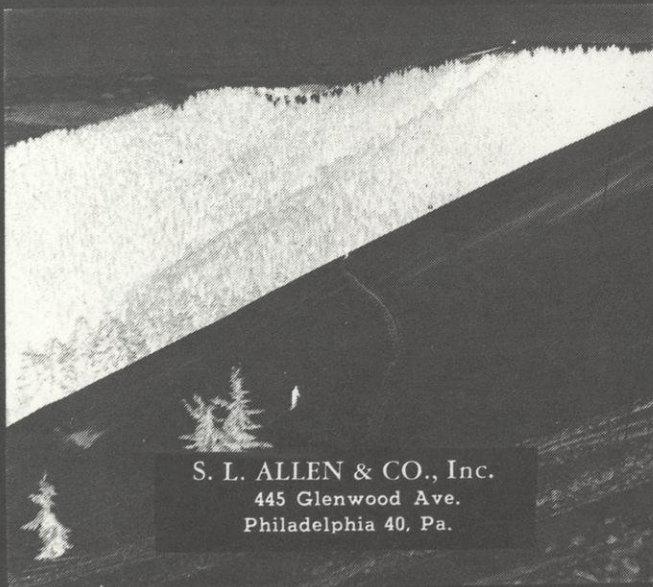
WESTERN SKIING  
PHOTOS

## *Flexible Flyer*

# SPLITKEIN

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- Greater strength with less weight!
- Absolute matching in weight, grain, camber, and flexibility!
- Freedom from warping!
- Endurance beyond expectations!



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## Chronicle

meetings of the staff to decide whether we should exchange copies with *Krocodile*. The exchange editor, who has had a semester of Russian, says she could understand the gags. The rest of the staff is afraid her one semester of Russian does not enable her to translate Soviet He-She jokes. Besides, some of us are afraid that *Krocodile* would steal our Entwistle cartoons without giving us credit lines.

Because of our democratic dilemma, it seems to be up to *Krocodile* to start the exchanging. If it will send us one shaggy dog story for the February issue of Octy, we'll be glad to send *Krocodile* all our back copies. We might even throw in a few issues of the *Cardinal* for a laugh bonus.

\* \* \*

## Our Quonset Palace

We got a letter in the mail a while back from another college magazine which surprisingly enough, didn't want to know why we didn't give them credit when we stole their stuff. This mag was on a campus where they were building a student Union, and this magazine wanted to know about our office set-up so they could incorporate the better features into their new office plan.

After we paid the \$24 monthly bill for our Quonset hut, we leaned back on the office chair to think out a reply. The chair promptly collapsed. From a comfortable spot on the cement floor we began to type the letter, but we used the wrong typewriter. One of ours falls apart. We tried the other typewriter but the ribbon was worn out and the business manager couldn't remember where he'd put the new ribbons.

"Fine system," we muttered, picking up a pencil. The point was broken and our pencil sharpener is broken too. We had a maintenance man around here once, but he got so frustrated being here he turned into a staff writer instead.

We were all set to put together our odd typewriter when a cool drop of water splashed off our forehead. (Yes, the ceiling leaks too.) We were driven from the hut. But when we think of just one nice feature, we'll be sure to let that magazine know.

\* \* \*

## Burlington: It Floats

We are worried about one of our old associate editors, Bob Higgins, '47. Higgins has a larger map collection than Rand McNally, but just the other day we heard from him in a town where he now has a newspaper job, Burlington, Wis. "Burlington," he wrote, "is just about 40 miles east of Racine." According to our maps that should put the town in the middle of Lake Michigan. We are worried about Higgins.

\* \* \*

## Touche'

Our editor is a great guy, but we see so little of him. The other day we grabbed him as he was rushing off to fencing practice. "Editor," we said, "do you realize that if you make the team we'll never see you around the office at all?"

"Oh, that's not right," he answered. "You'll see more of me."

"More of you?" we responded. "How come?"

"The team wears brief uniforms."

\* \* \*

## Vignette

One wet slushy night as we were wading home we saw this knight in sports coat play the hero. He was a slight thing, but when he and his girl came to the river the melted snow had made of State street, he didn't hesitate. He picked up his girl, and almost bent double with her weight, slogged and staggered across the street.

Reaching the other side, he heaved a sigh, breathed



"Chivalry is not dead," and started to deposit her gently, but he tripped and dropped her squarely on her seat in the biggest puddle on the sidewalk.

Which brings us to the moral that if the age of Chivalry isn't dead, maybe it should be.

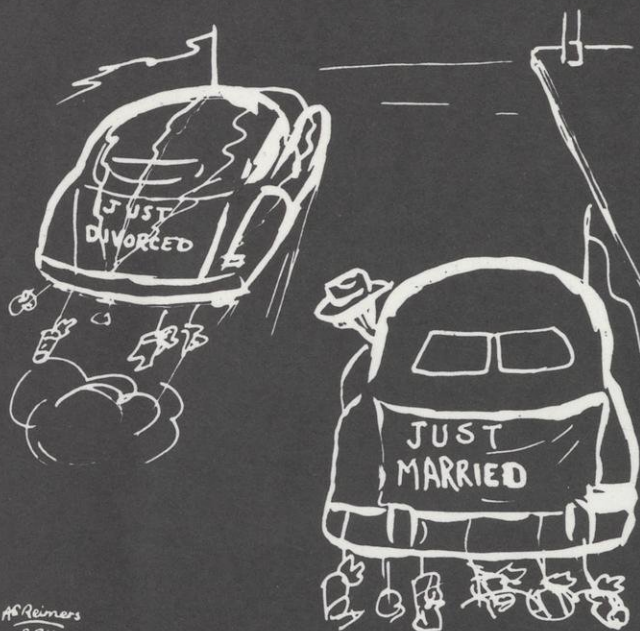
\* \* \*

### *Tragedy in Shorts*

A friend of ours whom we shall call Mary Doe for protective reasons, feeling in a gay mood, wrote a correspondent thus: "I'm being smooth this week. In your next letter you may address me as 'Smooth Mary Doe.'"

Several nights later she was pounding out a term paper attired in her fatigue outfit of bare feet, shorts and sweat shirt when the door bell rang. Grabbing a scarf to cover her pin curls, she opened the door to find a young mail man with a special delivery letter leaning on the door jamb openly leering at her.

"Hmmm. Quite a build-up," said the mail man, looking



her up and down. Rather disconcerted, she hastily signed the slip and took the letter.

Her previously-mentioned correspondent had sent it addressed to "Smooth, Smooth, Oh so Smooth Mary Doe. Have You heard? She's Smooth!!!"

\* \* \*

### *The Last Word*

Obviously impressed by such wartime slanguage as "snafu," "jeep," and "chicken," Tripp Commons has taken to coining words. Over the serving table in the hallway where you wait for food to be placed on your tray is the sign, "No Smoking in the Servery."

\* \* \*

### *Washington, Adams, ah . . .*

We got a card from one of our own Octy editors addressed to us in the town named after the fourth president of the United States (that's Madison of course).

Apparently the post office isn't as versed in American history as our postcard friend. In the upper corner was stamped this message: "Missent and forwarded from Jefferson, Wisconsin."



Model: Lynn Kimmel

Photo by DeLonge

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A lovely smile that says something special to you — happy and sparkling eyes that reflect the beauty of an **Anderson Personalized Corsage.**

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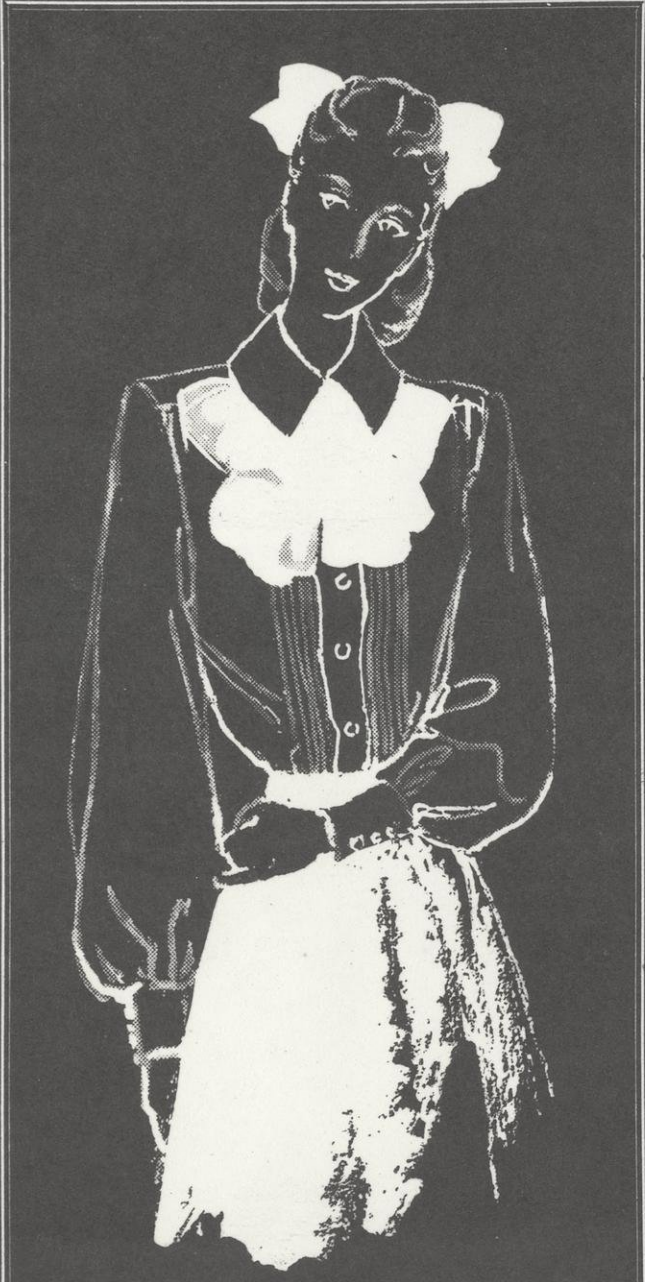
# ANDERSON'S

## GIFTS and FLOWERS

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*If she's the chick  
with all the tricks  
You just know  
she buys her clothes at*

**Baron's**  
On the Square

# RODNEY

Rodney was a gentle soul  
His temper retiring  
Rodney was a mental soul  
And not too awe-inspiring.  
He made solely verbal passes  
From behind myopic glasses  
Getting brush-offs from the lasses  
Who sat next to him in classes.  
*But*  
Rodney had a bright thought  
To be an intellectual  
Rodney had the right thought  
To make himself effectual.  
Tossing glasses down the drain  
Mid predictions of eyestrain  
Rodney bought some horn-rims—plain,  
Male distinction to regain.  
*Now*  
Rodney is the man to watch  
A guy who has connections  
Rodney is a man to catch  
And one who wins elections.  
And behind his horn-rimmed glasses  
Rodney boldly eyes the lasses  
Who, in predatory masses,  
Make innumerable passes.

—Boutwell

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DECEMBER, 1947



# The Wisconsin Octopus

JIM MCGINNIS, *Executive Editor*

## BOARD OF EDITORS

Ed Clark                      Jane Boutwell  
Ella Sigman                  Marian Larson  
Randy Harrison              Harold Entwistle

## The Editor's Brown Study

With the advent of the snow season and all, the musical activities in Madison and environs has undergone a tone-needle shot in the arm. From the first day we swathed ourselves in stocking cap and red muffler (preparatory to dragging in the Yule log) we have been in constant earshot of the genial, if somewhat nasal, mid-western carolling. Music is everywhere . . . in the Carillon Tower, along State street, and from deep within Music hall. Even the radio is full of music, seasonal, popular, and classical. With so many notes being banded about daily, a bit of a brush-up on sharps and flats is in order. Here it is, straight from the conductor's mouth.

Basic principles are essential for a good musical education. As we strive to always start with the basest possible, we shall take first things first:

This is a note: It looks like an egg. It can be *p*, soft; or *f*, hard-boiled. This is a half-note: You hear it half as long as you hear a whole note. If you listen with only one ear, you can hear a whole note only as long as you can hear a half-note with both ears. Some people find that when they listen with just one ear it takes as long to hear a half-note as it does to hear a whole note when they use both ears. If you have three ears, stay away from concerts. This is a quarter-note: It is relatively unimportant.

Music always has tempo, or time. Tempo is measured in beats per bar. When you get eight beats at a bar,

things move at a fast tempo. If they are dead beats things drag noticeably. Waltz time is also called three-quarter time. Musicians get time-and-a-half.

At this point of progression we arrive at form. This should be studied carefully. (No. No form-crack about betting two dollars on Rita Hayworth to show). In form there is the sonata, the etude, the concerto, the symphony, the scherzo, the suite, etc. Only the finest artists can properly perform an etc.

Now we come to opera. Wonderful



**"I told Foster I was saving myself for ping pong."**

opera! The opera has arias, duets, trios, choruses, ballets, interludes, and left. The high spot of the opera comes in the death scene. The hero is dying of the rupture he got carrying the heroine away from her cruel father. The heroine is dying of too-tight corsets and too much apple-strudel for dinner. Then the hero sings in Italian, "Darling, I am dying. Fetch me a stein of beer."

The heroine sings, "Beloved, I adore you, but my old man's got his thumb in the bung-hole." The hero seems gone, then undergoes a temporary recovery, enough at least to sing, pleadingly, "Dearest, just once more before I die let me taste the nectar of your ruddy Rheingold." "My sweet," she tells him, "I am just as thirsty as you are, but this fool audience won't go home." Then they die, and when the curtain comes down they go off for their Pabst. And we go off for ours.

The younger set are always crazy about popular music. Freddie Martin is a "maker of popular music". To do this he takes Bach or Brahms and puts the shuffle under them. Singers are also very important in popular music and there are many kinds. One vocalist who sings through a muffler wrapped about his head is known as a velvet fog. All popular songs have key lines which are repeated numerous times throughout the number. They are concerned with varying observations such as, "I should have known", "Why doesn't somebody tell me these things", and "You can't do this to me."

There are many many annotations that can be made concerning popular music, though we prefer to abstain further comment, being of the opinion that it will never replace night baseball.

If you have carefully followed this article, by this time you should be able to discuss music intelligently. It helps if you can whistle.



# WHAT IS LOVE?

By ED GISI



**L** was Mike who fixed it up. Was he proud! "The irresistible force meets the impenetrable object. What a charge!"

Maybe I'd better start from the beginning. It

was spring, and something had stirred in Lobart Bottomly's chest. (Lobart was a gangling, homely, shy kid on my floor in the dorm.) Anyway, Lobart took soda for the feeling in his chest, but it didn't help. Then he told Mike about it. Mike is my roommate.

Mike correctly diagnosed Lobart's trouble. "It's love, Lobart. Spring has pierced your pump with a passion-pointed arrow."

Lobart was amazed, of course. But Lobart was also sensible. Soda hadn't helped. One had to do something about an internal disturbance. So he asked Mike to help.

"Mike, what can I do? Gotta do something about this pain, don't I, huh, Mike?"

Mike put a friendly hand on Lobart's shoulder. "It isn't a pain, Lobart. It's an inspiration. It's a desire. Your heart is yearning for something."

"What's it want, Mike?" begged Lobart.

"Love," said Mike, soulfully.

"Oh," oh'd the gangling Lobart. "I'd better do something about it, huh? But, Mike, where do I find this thing, Love?"

"You find it in an old corner cafe," said Mike. "On a windswept beach. On a moonlight night. Wherever you meet the girl."

"Girl?" cried Lobart in alarm, his ungainly figure jerking erect. "Is there a girl mixed up in this love business? That's turrible."

Mike laughed. "That's it, Lobart. Without a girl you can't find Love,

and without Love you can't settle that feeling in your heart."

Lobart was stricken. He ran a bony hand through his cowlicked, brown hair. He pulled a plug of tobacco out and bit off a big chew. Then he said, "Well, I gotta settle the feeling in my heart. If love does it, and if there's got to be a girl around to find Love, I ain't got a choice. But, Mike, how do I meet a girl?"

Mike's eyes gleamed. "I'll fix that up. I know a lovely girl who would like to date you. How about Friday night for a date?"

Lobart nodded dumbly and walked sadly off, munching on his cud. Mike winked at me, and went to the phone and called a Liz Waters number.

"Hello, is Kitty Killhart in? Yes, I'll wait... Hello, Kitty? Mike. How would you like to date a friend of mine? Lobart Bottomly. Yeh, the Abe Lincoln-like boy. Yes, yes, I know you're crazy about fellows looking like dead Presidents. Is Friday night O.K.? A movie?"

"Lobart wants to meet you, but he's terribly shy, you know. Remember, Friday night, 8:30. So long."

Mike hung up, turned to me and howled. He was laughing because Kitty Killhart was the biggest heart-breaker on the campus. It was her boast that no college man could resist her. She was right, with one exception. Lobart Bottomly.

Lobart was in many of her classes. She had blasted him with smiles, pleasant words. But "Rock of Gibraltar" Lobart was shy. His seeming indifference made her frantic to get a date with the tall, lanky, loose-jointed boy. Of course, no girl, not even Kitty, would ask a boy for a date.

Well, now she had the date. And Mike was laughing. He was always looking for big, huge jokes. "The irresistible woman meets the impenetrable man." Yes, Mike sure was proud of himself.

Friday evening came. Mike and I dressed Lobart up in a mixture of his, Mike's, and my clothes. Lobart shook like a scarecrow in a cyclone. He would have reneged, but Mike told him this might be his only chance to find Love and relieve the heart feeling.

We piled our hero into Mike's Model-A and zoomed up to Liz Waters.

Kitty Killhart was waiting. How I wished I were Lobart. She was dressed in a black dress that contrasted with her beautifully molded white arms. Her red hair was a fiery cascade about her shoulders. And magical green eyes fixed Lobart with a look that would have made an octogenarian forget about his second childhood.

Lobart trembled, with fear, not love. To make sure the date got started, Mike gallantly offered to drive the couple to the theater in the Model-A. That meant I was left behind, there being room for only three.

Mike was back in twenty minutes for me. "The show lets out at 11:45. Lobart doesn't have money for a cab. So they'll walk back. You and I are going to follow. We'll witness the battle of the century. Killhart vs. Bottomly!"

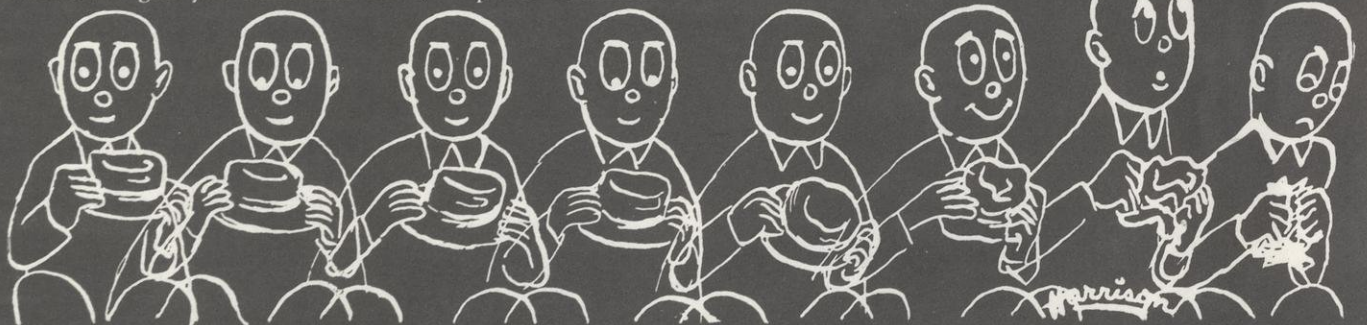
At 11:45 Kitty and Lobart came out of the theater. Kitty clutched his arm closely. Lobart looked as though an asp were wound around his arm.

Instead of going straight to Liz Waters, Kitty pulled Lobart down the lake road. Lobart wasn't willing, but his mother told him never to strike a lady, so he went.

The two strolled up the road in the moonlight until they came to a little, rough bench beside the lake. They sat down. Mike and I crept close.

Kitty tried to put Lobart at ease. She asked about school, his home, and his family. Lobart relaxed a bit. That Kitty was a feminine Dale Carnegie.

(continued on page 28)



BASKETBALL SPECTATOR



# Follow That Class

By JANE BOUTWELL

Let me tell you right now, if I, Theodore H. Clunk, ever cross the threshold of another temporary building, it is the end. And you can unhook my head and use it on a bowling alley if I ever go back on my word. Now I'm not a bad student, or an unreasonable guy. In fact, back in Wiffelwash, Wis., I did pretty well in high school. Yes sir, I was editor of *The Wiffelwash Wildflower*, our newspaper, I wrote the senior play, "Wiffelmania," and besides all that, I taught four Sunday school classes in the Wiffelwash Baptist Church (Wiffelwash Synod). In fact, my last year I even took a "Boys' Cattle and Outing Club" Wednesday nights over in Mezomanice Leak, twenty miles away.

When I graduated last summer, the Rev. Letuspray presented me with a bound volume of his own poems (which he only gives to select people) and told me that he felt that I had the insight to understand what he had written and to use it as a guide throughout my university career. I remember choking back the lump in my throat as I assured him that I hoped I could write some of my own half as good some day. I always carry the volume with me, clasped onto my new watch chain I got from Uncle Ebanazer.

Well, what I was trying to explain to you is that I'm not excitable or anything like that. I'm a very stable character; at least that's what all my teachers in high school said. When I came to the University I was very eager to get started, to make friends (with real, genuine people who don't drink or smoke) and to get the most out of my college career. In fact, I had even considered in turning my talent for leadership toward some worth-while office like Student Board, or perhaps the editorship of the *Agricultural Journal*. Something with responsibility, like the things I did in high school.

And I wanted to write. There was a novel I had all planned all about Wiffelwash and the people I know there. I borrowed the Rev.'s notebook so that I could work from source material about their lives. Some of it, though, I'll have to ask him about. It was a little surprising in parts.

Well, anyway, what I started to tell you—no, please, I just have to talk to somebody—was about those Temporary Buildings. It isn't that I mind walking five miles to a classroom, it's just that I wish the University would

be a little more careful in their assignments there. Just let me tell you what happened to me the first week of school.

When I got up at 4 o'clock that morning I was really looking forward to my 7:45 English class. This ought to be really stimulating, I told myself; this is your chance to demonstrate your writing ability and get an exemption from Freshman English. I hitchhiked out to class on a truck that was going to Milwaukee and arrived there in plenty of time. Only there wasn't any class. There was just a big sign that read: "Eng. 1A meets in Temp. Bldg. 87 on the road to the Airport."

I found Temp. Bldg. 87 just about supper time. It was located just to the right of the landing field, and had a couple of dents in one corner where somebody had apparently miscalculated while landing a small plane. A big plane would have reduced the place to kindling with one prop blast. This building was also locked; and so I decided to get there real early the next day and explain just what had happened to my teacher.

Tuesday morning I fell out of bed at 3 A.M. instead of 4 so I could walk out to class. As I got near the place I saw quite a crowd of people standing outside looking in the two windows, and elbowing each other out of the choice spots with very nasty displays of muscle power. I walked up and asked one little boy who had been shoved aside by a brawny W. clubber, why there were so many people there.

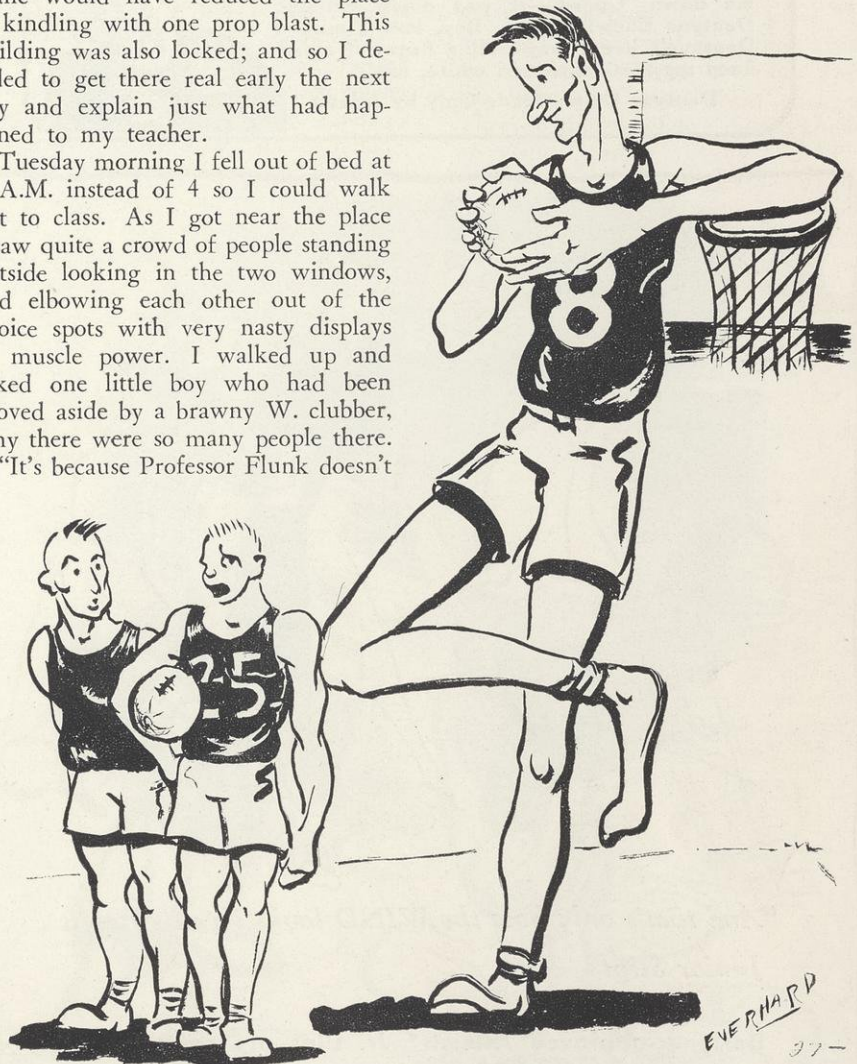
"It's because Professor Flunk doesn't

give any finals," he explained. "Why I was here at 6 this morning and I still couldn't even get in the front door."

"But how can he get by with that?" I asked.

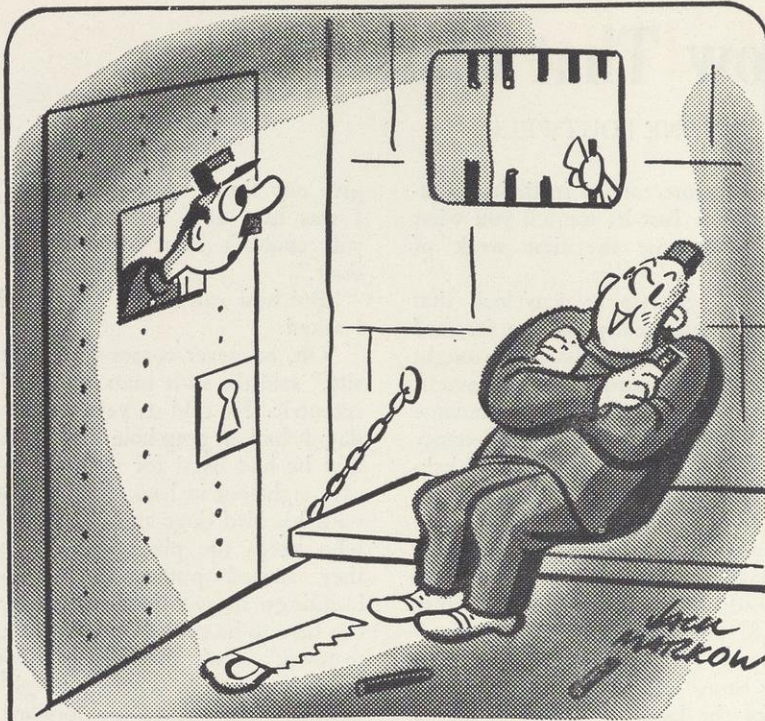
"Oh, he never comes to the University," said the little man gravely. "He's eccentric. He told us yesterday (yesterday I had a peep-hole for the class) that he had lived for years in a small cave right out in back of this building, with his bird dogs and a small gnome who keeps the place neat. So when they started putting up temporary buildings, he got them to put up one out here so he doesn't have to commute to town." Look, there's a place for you to see . . . right where that girl just fainted." He pushed me forward so I could enjoy the lecture.

Eventually I managed to wangle a  
(continued on page 30)



"Yeh, but can he jump?"





"I merely stepped out for some Dentyne Chewing Gum!"

"It wasn't the confinement that was getting me down, Guard—it was doing without Dentyne Chewing Gum. Boy, how I missed Dentyne's keen, long-lasting flavor. Helped keep my teeth nice and white, too!"

Dentyne Gum—Made Only by Adams



## Gagging the Editor

I think that I shall never see  
A girl refuse a drink that's free.  
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed  
Upon a drink that's being mixed.  
A girl who doesn't like to wear  
A lot of doo-dads in her hair.  
But girls are loved by fools like me  
Cuz I don't like to kiss a tree.

\* \* \*

Glad tidings in a telegram: "Hazel gave birth to a girl this morning: both doing well."

On the message was a sticker reading, "When you want a boy, call Western Union."

\* \* \*

There was a young man from St. Cyr  
Who was inordinately fond of flat byr.

He would say with a gryn,  
Wiping suds off his chyn,  
"At St. Cyr, clyr byr has no pyr."

\* \* \*

Two little boys were standing on a corner. A little girl passed.

Said One: "Her neck's dirty."  
Said the Other: "Her does?"

\* \* \*

"Here's where I cut a good figure,"  
said the college girl, as she sat on a broken beer bottle.

\* \* \*

A newly married doctor was walking with his wife when a beautiful girl smiled and bowed to him. The wife became suspicious.

"Who is that lady, dear?"

"Oh, just a girl I met professionally."

"No doubt," quipped the wife, "but whose profession, yours or hers?"

\* \* \*

She's a pretty little wench  
Sitting there upon the bench.  
Looking very coy and shy  
At every passing college guy  
Such thrilling eyes,  
Concentric thighs,  
It's too darn bad  
She's bald.

\* \* \*

I saw her dress  
And laughed at it,  
For brevity's  
The soul of wit.

\* \* \*

"I'm from the International Knitting Mills, Madame, are you interested in any coarse yarns?"

"Gosh, yes, tell me a couple."

\* \* \*

Fran: "Would you think it was telepathy if we were thinking the same thing?"

Dick: "No, just plain good luck."



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# Pearls Before Swine

THE DYNAMICS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY  
(A PRIMER)

## CHAPTER I

### Economic Theory

Daddy, see the Cow. Cow, see Daddy. Say hello to the nice Cow, Daddy. Look at that great big Field, Daddy, look at all that grass growing there. Who owns the Field, Daddy?

The Farmer owns the Field.

What kind of grass is that, huh Daddy, huh?

That is Grain.

Does the Farmer grow the Grain to feed a Starving Europe?

No, he is making a Sack of Jack.

What are those men doing, Daddy?

They are har-vest-ers.

What does the first Man do?

He is driving the tractor.

What is the second man doing?

He is hoping that the machine will Break Down.

Will it, Daddy, will it, huh?

No, the machine will not Break Down. It is Constructed by American work-man-ship and can not break down.

Then why are they stopping?

Probably due to sabotage perpetrated by the Communists.

What are Communists, Daddy?

They are big bad men who wear whiskers and go around scaring Industrialists.

## Chapter II

### THE FAMILY

The Family is an Institution. So is a Mental Hospital. The difference is in degree, not kind; generally, there are fewer people in a family.

The family is comprised of a father and a mother. They may have either (a) children, or (b) a dog or a turtle. A turtle may not give a damn about its father, but no child should be without one.

America is having more families, more cars and fewer babies. There seems to be some relationship between cars and families; the correlation between cars and babies is not as high. It seems the two strongest emotions are Love and Fear.

The family is created by a ritual that is known as marriage. There are many symbols connected with that rite. The shotgun is losing favor in the American scene. The marriage may be contracted in Heaven, but the terms of the agreement are fulfilled in a much more Tropical atmosphere.

Every other marriage ends in divorce. The most important thing about the divorce is the alimony involved. Alimony is the penalty for having poor

judgment in selecting a Mother-in-Law. She should be selected with Great Care. Some people think men should only marry orphans, and to Hell with Mothers-in-Law.

The divorce is important in another way. It keeps the lawyers going until they can catch up with an Ambulance.

## Chapter III

### Education

In America, the teaching of the young is left to the leisure class called teachers. They must be in the leisure class because they are not paid for their time and effort. It has been said that if you can't do anything, you can be a teacher. This is because teachers go to school so long they can't do anything else.

The teaching takes place in buildings called schools. The better the buildings, the better the school. There are three kinds of schools: (a) the primary, (b) the secondary, and (c) the substitutions for higher learning.

Next to buildings and teachers, the most important part of the school are the students. There are three kinds of students: (a) the male, (b) the female, and (c) those suffering from delusions of gender. They can be classified another way. To make this last classification, the student is subjected to a horrible ritual called an examination.

This is a most interesting phenomena. The only thing the students are interested in is grades. You give an A to the best students and F's to the worst. You can tell who the good students are by the fact that they have

the A's These students are then subjected to great ridicule, for who ever heard of a student learning anything? They become outcasts and are very lonely. Eventually, they grow up to be teachers.

This whole process should not be surprising. After all, it is not what you know but who you know. This is applied to the student life, as well do the teacher's pets know. Actually very little learning is gained in the class room, since most of the time is spent on the campus. The students majoring in campustry can be laid end to end. Most of them are.

## Chapter IV

### Government and Law

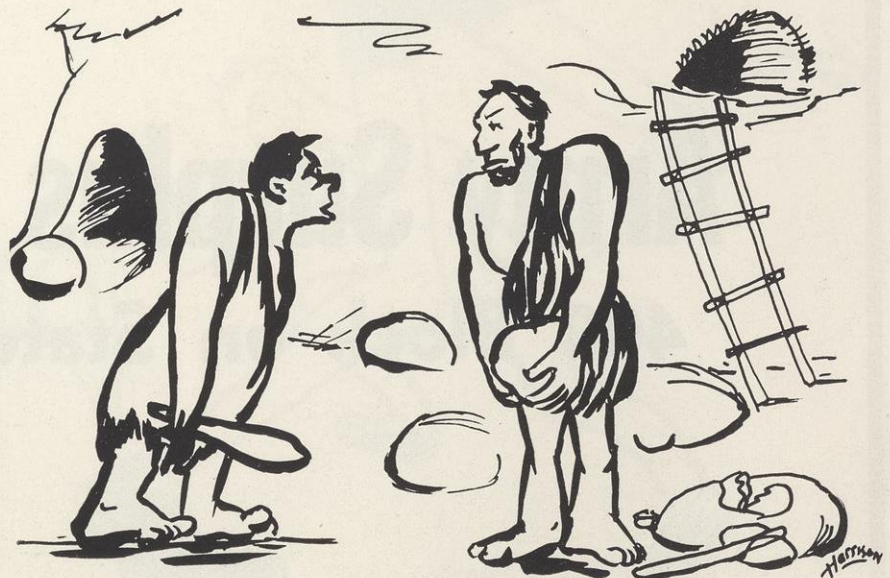
The United States is a democracy, which, as we shall see, is Unamerican.

The government is composed of the people who elect politicians who are supported by Powerful Men. The politicians make promises and laws. The Powerful Men spend their time avoiding the laws. When they can't avoid the laws, they want them changed. They do this through a device known as political parties.

America has two parties, the Democrats and the Republicans. The Democrats Point with Pride; the Republicans View with Alarm. In 1932 it was just the other way around. It depends on who is in office and who is not. Those who are in office are called introverts and those who are not are called outroverts.

Like all parties, each political party

(continued on page 22)



"Can I borrow half a rock till the first?"



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# It's All in How You Look at It

You, Joe Doaks, are now a student at the University of Wisconsin. You will be plagued by many problems, several of which will be difficult for you to find solutions for. However, Joe, there is one guiding principle, which if you remember it, will be the key to your successful existence in the topsy-turvy world of today. All that you have to remember is that everything that you do while at the U. is a matter of CHOICE.

That's a very important word, choice. Webster says simply, "Choice, act of choosing; selection. Care in selecting; discrimination." But, oh, what that single word can mean to you. Let me illustrate a bit.

First of all, you have had to make a choice before you got here. You had to pick Wisconsin from a number of schools as the one that you would attend. You may have chosen it because it is near to your home, far from your home, a place that offered the best instruction in your field, a place that offered a social life that was to your taste, or for countless other reasons. But, at any rate, you chose Wisconsin.

The next choice was not yours. You made application for admittance, and the registrar chose whether or not to let you in. For the sake of our story, let's say that he did. Then you had to choose what course you were to follow. You could take pre-Med, pre-Law, pre-Commerce, L & S, engineering, or et cetera. Too many people have not looked into the possibilities of et cetera; it's really a very fine course. Within each one of these fields you can pick your specialized goal, again a matter of choice. We don't care particularly what you like just so long as you pick something for the sake of our story. Are you through choosing now? Oh no! Not by a long shot! You still have to select a place to live. This could be a dormitory, apartment house, fraternity, or et cetera. Et cetera isn't a very good choice in this case. And this brings up another matter. Are you going to be a Greek or an Independent? You may have been an Englishman at home, but here you are either a Greek or an Independent.

If you choose to be a Greek, you have to decide which fraternity to pledge. This could be a nightmare, but you will usually find some nice friendly fellow, with rubber hose in hand, to help you with your decision. After this, you must choose whether to date or not. You'd better date; it's much

more fun that way. Now you must select a girl friend. Will she be Greek or Independent? If she is to be Greek, what sorority do you want to pick on? Should she be a blond or a brunette? Should she?

The real important selection is now at hand. What joint will you hang out in? Will you be a big wheel and hang out in the Cabin, or will you be a big, big wheel and hang out in the Cuba Club? This is a serious matter and should be deliberated upon for quite some time.

Well, Joe, I could go on for hours enumerating the choices that you will have to make such as: what drink to order, what nights to study (if any), what suits to wear when, and et cetera. However, I think that by now you get the idea. Everything here is a matter of CHOICE. That puts a heavy load on your tender young shoulders, and maybe you won't feel that you are up to it. That has happened in a lot of cases, you know. People have gone very far astray because they made the

wrong choice somewhere along the line.

There is a solution to the problem. It's as simple as ABC (chosen rather than MNO). The answer is right in your trousers pocket. It's called a coin and has heads on one side and tails on the other. Now, all you have to do is toss it into the air and call "Heads," or "Tails." Of course you have to choose . . . . .

—Moul

*Prof: So you said I was a learned jackass, did you?*

*Student: No sir. I merely remarked that you were a burro of information.*

\* \* \*

Pi Phi: "I'm so discouraged, everything I do seems to be wrong."

Beta: "Hmmm, what are you doing tonight, lovely?"

\* \* \*

*"Does your boy friend have ambitions?"*

*"My, yes, ever since he's been knee high."*



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## How to Snare a Husband

By ED CLARK

The two biggest problems facing the college girl today are how to lengthen last year's skirts and how to catch a husband. I know nothing about the former, so I shall solve the husband problem for you girls.

The truth is that modern girls don't know how to catch a husband. They make all kinds of mistakes. They miss many opportunities (pronounced MEN) and get husbands only through the laws of averages.

The first mistake girls make is not evaluating the man in question. You must study your dream man as though you were a military strategist. You would do well to put down on paper your evaluation of your heart beat. This can be overdone, of course.

I know of one girl, Marjorie Lemonhoof, who worked out a 112-page report on her current beau. It included photos, fever charts, his reaction times, and a list of his likes and dislikes. The girl spent so much time on it she lost him to a cute little number who sized up the fellow in question in ten seconds. It was all right, though, because Marjorie discovered she was in love with her 112-page report, not the boy friend anyway. She and the 112 pages are living happily.

Now let us say that you have dated a sweet character long enough to know you want him on a life contract. But you find that he is reluctant to slip you a crystallized carbon ring. What are you to do?

Phyllis Sygstisyx was faced with this problem. She tried to overwhelm her boy friend. She swamped him with her glamorous clothes, perfect make-up, and brilliant chatter. She succeeded only in paralyzing the boy friend's tongue.

What is wrong with Phyllis and other young women is that they do not realize that to win the battle of love, you must weaken his resistance to matrimony, not build up his infatuation.

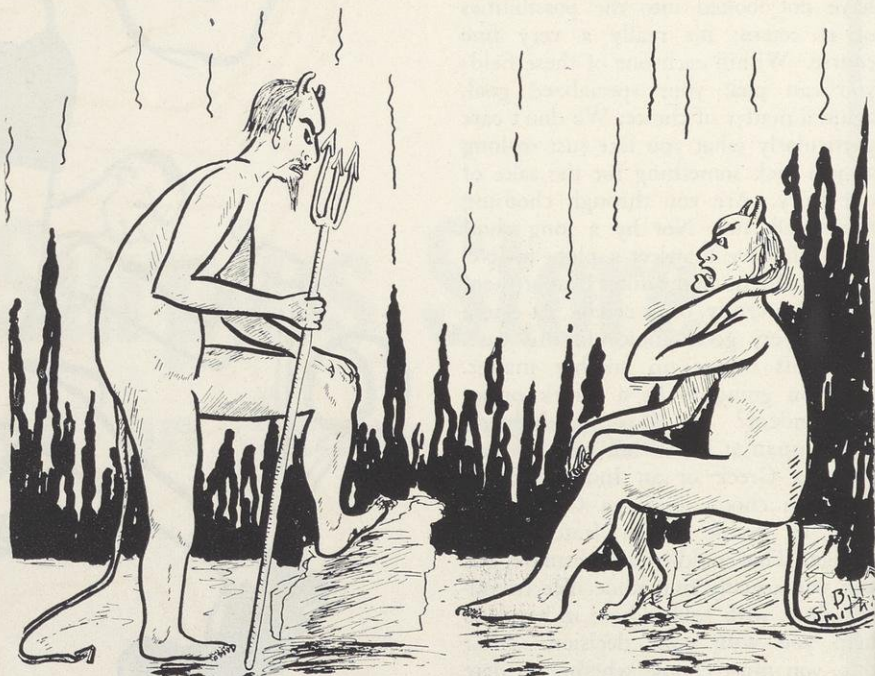
A wife is a luxury today. It is the girls' job to make the men think that wives are a necessity. This must be done in many subtle ways.

A few weeks ago Lucretia Bledwhite came to me. "Uncle Ed," she said, "I am not getting anywhere with Piggy, my beloved. I've tried to glamour him into marrying me, but I am a failure. Help me! Help me to trap dear Piggy!"

I did help Lucretia, who is not my niece but calls me Uncle because I am two years younger than she. I mapped out a campaign for her. It went something like this:

One day Piggy, who had never seen Lucretia in anything but expensive date dresses, found her in the sorority kitchen dressed in a cotton print dress. She was cooking over the hot stove. Her clean-scrubbed face and arms were flushed a pretty pink. Poor Piggy!

(continued on page 20)



"Aw, go to Earth!"



# Now They Wear Them on the Street

By SHAMUS

The picture editor laid aside his comic book and riffled moodily through my stack of prints. He looked up in disbelief.

"You ain't working on no Sunday school sheet," he screamed. "Where's them legs I told you to get? These bats look like finalists in a sack race."

"I can't help it," I tell him meekly, "it's these long dresses they're wearing."

"Don't beat your gums to me," he shouted, "and shut up when I'm talking. We print these and our circulation drops like a lead balloon. Why, there ain't hardly no legs showing at all. What's a matter with you?"

"It's these damned hobble skirts," I explained. "They won't blow."

"D'ja try the front entrance to the Union?"

"Got this there yesterday." I showed him a shot of a co-ed struggling through the gale in front of the Union. One girlish kneecap was exposed to the public view. The picture editor eyed it with distaste.

"Get some shots up those stairs in the B. A. building," he commanded. "Got to have some cheese cake."

"They won't let me in there any more," I protested, "since all those girls complained to the dean. Why don't we just put in some more dirty jokes?"

"We already got in all the dirty jokes we know," the picture editor explained. He spit on the floor. "Who started these women covering their legs anyway?"

"It's fashion," I tell him, "these fellas in New York and Paris get together with a gin bottle and whatever comes out the women wear."

"We ain't never exposed them yet, have we?" the picture editor asked, checking through a stack of back issues. "We'll expose 'em."

The next afternoon I crossed the American Legion picket line and dropped in on a local fashion show. The place was packed with well dressed women, and a tall, lank model was parading about 6' 1" and would have gone about 84 pounds soaked. I found a seat up front by a pretty lady in a sweater, and opened my program.

According to the card on the platform, the little job being modeled was number seven. The program described it as "a dark dress with a bright future" designed exclusively for milady's wardrobe by Bruce.

A footnote explained that this was Bruce's first creation since his release from the armed service.

This Bruce must have picked up some pointers in the Army. To my untrained eye, his "newest creation" was nothing more than a GI mattress cover equipped with a pucker string, shoulder pads and a \$97 price tag.

I passed this information on to the pretty lady on my right, adding that I was opposed to long skirts.

"I am too," she replied, "for two reasons." She crossed her legs. "I like them a little below the knee."

From where I sat, I never would have guessed it. 37621 was tattooed over her right knee. 37621 I discovered later, was her telephone number. But I digress.

The next model was a red head, wearing dress number eight, which my guide book described as "an off the shoulder sheath of velvet, with the new longer skirt for evening wear. Especially good to show Connie co-ed's late summer tan."

In this job I couldn't complain of the longer skirt. Apparently the designer got it down to the ankles by grabbing the hem and jerking. That "off-the-shoulders" stuff was a masterpiece of understatement, and if

Connie co-ed got that tan on the beach, she must have been wearing a man's bathing suit at the time. While she was taking the prescribed turns my glasses fogged and by the time I was back in focus the red head was gone and a long faced brunette, clad in a gown I'm at a loss to describe, had replaced her. My guide book called this one a "Tricolor dress with a strictly geometric plot, tricky gusset dart holes, and chic saddle shoulders." On this rangy brunette, a saddle seemed appropriate. The price was \$114, without the horse.

My thoughts returned to the red head. "How did you like that job the red head was wearing?" I asked the pretty lady on my right.

"How do you like my sweater?" she replied.

"It has its poi--I like it!" I told her, and I did.

The m.c. interrupted our conversation by ushering in number ten. Number ten, my guide book informed me, is "Something daring for the fall formal." Wearing that to any dance on this campus would be like going over Niagara Falls in a hollow tooth—daring, no doubt, but not prudent.

Here's the description offered by my

(continued on page 22)



"But, Buttercup, love is a fragile thing!"



**JOKES, YOU SAY?**

This sentence is taken from an English history test paper: "Henry VIII, by his own efforts, increased the population of England by forty thousand."  
\* \* \*

Judge—"Rastus, do you realize that by leaving your wife you are a deserter?"

Rastus—"Jedge, if you know'd that woman like I does, you wouldn't call me a deserter. I'se a refugee."  
\* \* \*

Landlady: "How do you like this room as a whole?"  
Jim: "As a hole it's fine, as a room not so good."  
\* \* \*

Customer: "Is this soup on the bill of fare?"  
French Waiter: "Excuse me. I thought I had wiped it off."  
\* \* \*

A bulletin board outside a church announced: "Do you know what hell is?" Underneath was printed in small letters: "Come and hear our organist this evening."  
\* \* \*

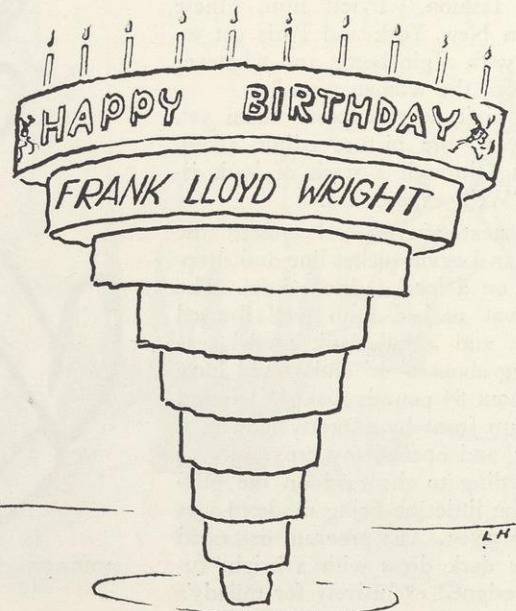
Some girls are like a zipper nightie; pull anything and it's all off.  
\* \* \*

I never kiss, I never neck,  
I never say hell, I never say heck,  
I'm always good, I'm always nice,  
I never play poker, I never shoot dice,  
I never wink, I never flirt,  
I say no gossip, spread no dirt,  
I have no line, play no tricks,  
But what the hell, I'm only SIX!  
\* \* \*

Doctor Grant: "You must avoid all forms of excitement."  
Bob Telleen: "Can I look at them on the street?"  
\* \* \*

Bus Conductor (from top deck)—"Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"  
Voice—"No, but there's a MacPherson that's willing to try."  
\* \* \*

The gal who wears a cotton stocking  
Need never give her door a locking,  
The gal who chooses other makes  
Gets all the runs and all the breaks.



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# FOSTER, SAVE ME!

By PAT MOUL

Taking a chance on being diagnosed as psychopathic by some up-and-coming Freudian about Campus, but with the full approval of Fred Grootney, Octy staff psychiatrist, I would like to relate to you a dream that I had the misfortune of having a couple of weeks ago.

It was the night of the Marquette game. That, plus the pig's knuckles and maple nut ice cream that I had just before retiring, might have had something to do with the cause of the dream.

The first thing I was aware of was being lost in a forest of huge trees. I tried frantically to escape from a ring of six trees, but each time I would dash towards the space between them they would move to block my path. I thought of scaling them to find out just where I was. I looked up towards the tops of the trees and found to my surprise that they weren't trees at all, but rather that I was a two-inch edition of myself standing in the center of a circle composed of Ed. Mills, Don Rehfeldt, and Bob Haarlow. Mills reached down and picked me up between his thumb and forefinger.

"Hey, look," he said to the other, "look at what I've found. A member of the student body. You know, one of those people who come out here and cheer their lungs out when we win and call us bums when we lose."

"Yeah, let's show him how a basketball feels," said Haarlow.

Mills tossed me to Haarlow, who passed to Rehfeldt, back to Haarlow, over to Mills who tried a hook shot from the free throw circle. I was hurtling through space towards certain death from a collision with a glass backboard when a hand reached up and caught me in mid-air, saving my life.

The hand set me down, and I was again my normal size. I then saw that the hand belonged to Bud Foster.

"You'll have to forgive the boys," he said. "Every once in a while they become rather cynical about the student support. They work like dogs all week long in practice and I have to use my cat-o'-nine-tails only occasionally."

"Look, Bud," I said, "just how is the team making out this year?"

"Well, that's hard to say. We got Bob Cook back. That's him over there with the solid gold crown on his head. And there's Mills and Rehfeldt, of course. We've been able to find a couple of guards in Mader and Rogers who have speed, although they don't compare with Selbo and Lautenbach yet. And at the other forward spot we sure are going to miss that boy Menzel."

With that, he faded completely out of sight with his crew-cut being the last thing to disappear. I walked over to Cook who was practicing free throws.

"Hi, Bobby. How's the team going to do this year?"

He stopped shooting, adjusted his crown and said, "See this crown? Got it for being the top scorer in the conference last year. Made of solid gold. But Ex Menzel got one made of solid diamonds for his work. We sure are going to miss that boy this year."

He would say no more, so I moved on. Suddenly I was confronted by a beautiful girl of about 23 who was dressed in a waitress' uniform.

"Who are you? How did you get in here?"

"Don't ask me! It's your dream," she said.

"But I've never seen you before in my life."

"That's probably right. You see, I'm the girl who dishes up the salads behind the screen in Tripp Commons and no one ever sees my beautiful face." Here she broke down and started to cry. The tears fell to the floor in a great puddle.

Trainer Walt Bakke rushed out from the sidelines to mop up the puddle with a towel.

"Get out of here," he screamed, "someone's liable to break a leg because of you. This is very distressing. It wouldn't have happened if Exner Menzel were here to block you out like you should have been. We sure miss that Menzel."

A little man in a red and white sweater came up to me and started to jump up and down, waving his arms as he did so.

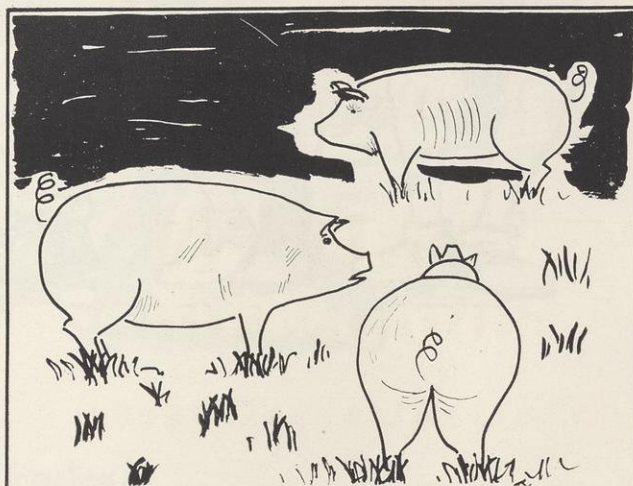
"Cheer, damn you, cheer," he shouted into my ear. "Yell! What do you think I do all this for, exercise? All that it means to me is the added expense of an extra bar of Life-buoy every week. Scream your lungs out. Now let's go with a varsity locomotive and make it big!"

I opened my mouth to yell but the band started to play. I couldn't hear myself above the din. The bass horn blew an off-note and the leader threw his hands up in disgust. "Come now, Mulvaney, did you smuggle that midget into the game in your horn again?"

A whistle blew and the opposing team came onto the floor. However, it wasn't a regular team, for I saw McIntyre of Minnesota, Wier of Iowa, Eddelman of Illinois, Exner Menzel, and "Roundy" Coughlin in the starting lineup. I tried to get off the floor, but Foster shoved me back on. Then I realized that I was starting at the other forward for Wisconsin. The ball was thrown up by the referee and there was a scramble for it. Somehow I came up with it and ran for all I was worth. But the others were catching up to me.

I could hear them coming closer and closer, but I didn't dare to look around. Suddenly a voice yelled, "I got him," and I felt a hand close about my shoulder. I fell to the floor and looked up to see the entire other team jumping at me with large spikes protruding from the soles of their shoes. I twisted and turned to try and avoid the spikes, but they were coming nearer and nearer as I thrashed about screaming for help. Suddenly, everything stopped.

I gazed around me. I was sitting on the floor of my bedroom. Bed clothes were scattered to the four winds. I felt my head and found it covered with a cold sweat. I realized that I had been dreaming, but I could almost hear that the crowd had been chanting as I tried to run away from the opposing team—"We'll sure miss that Menzel. We'll sure miss that Menzel!"

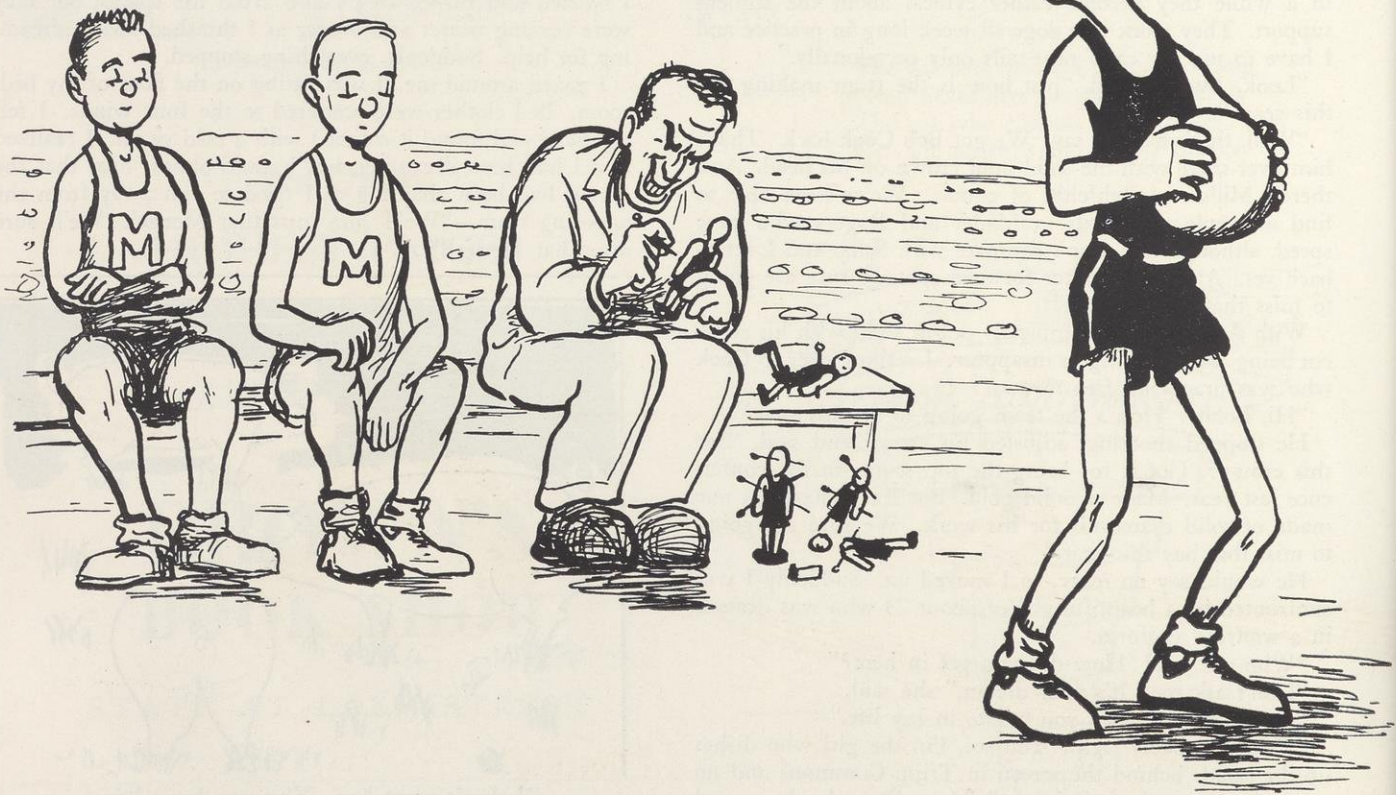
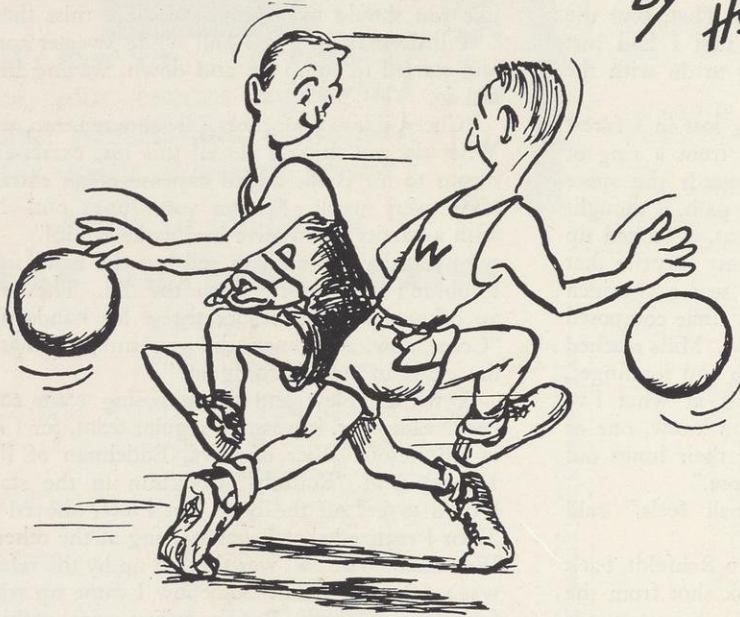


"I don't want her. You can have her.  
She's too thin for me!"

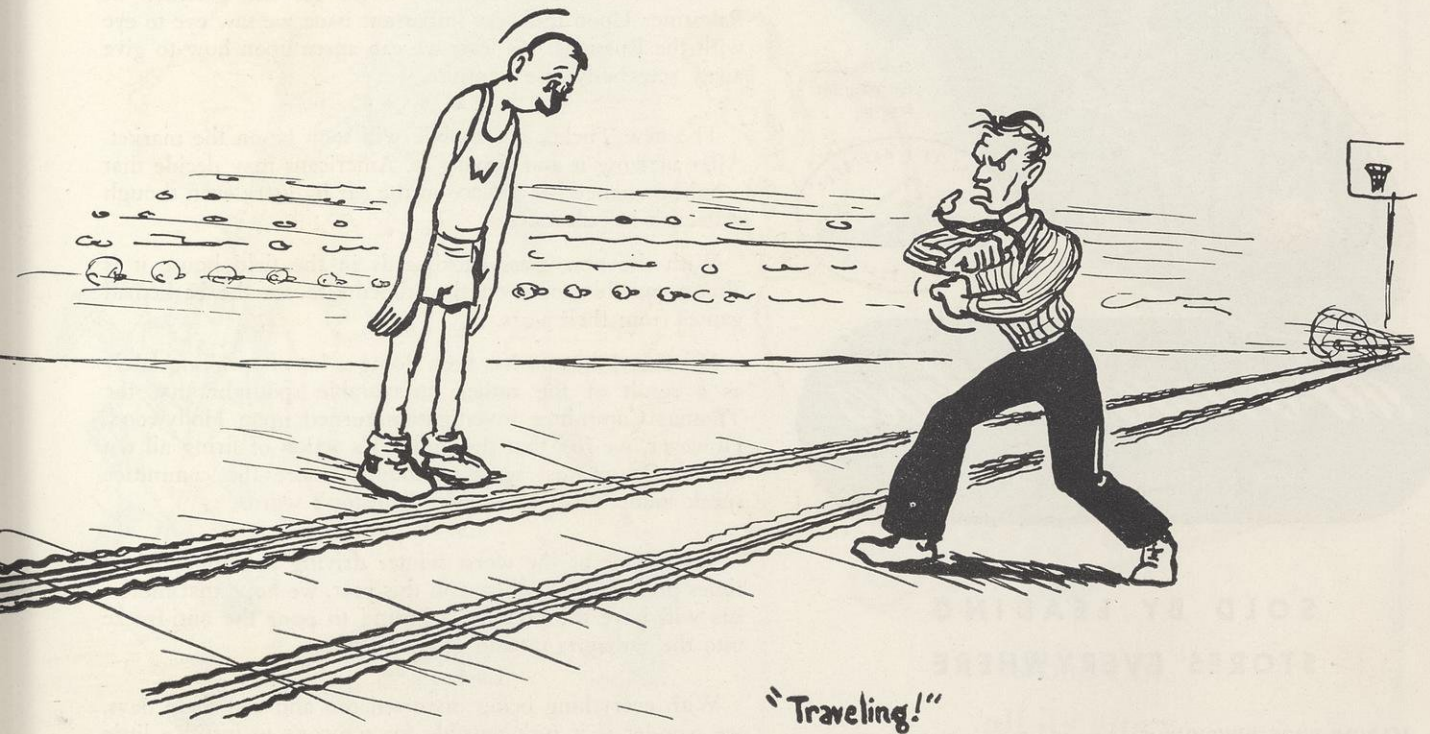
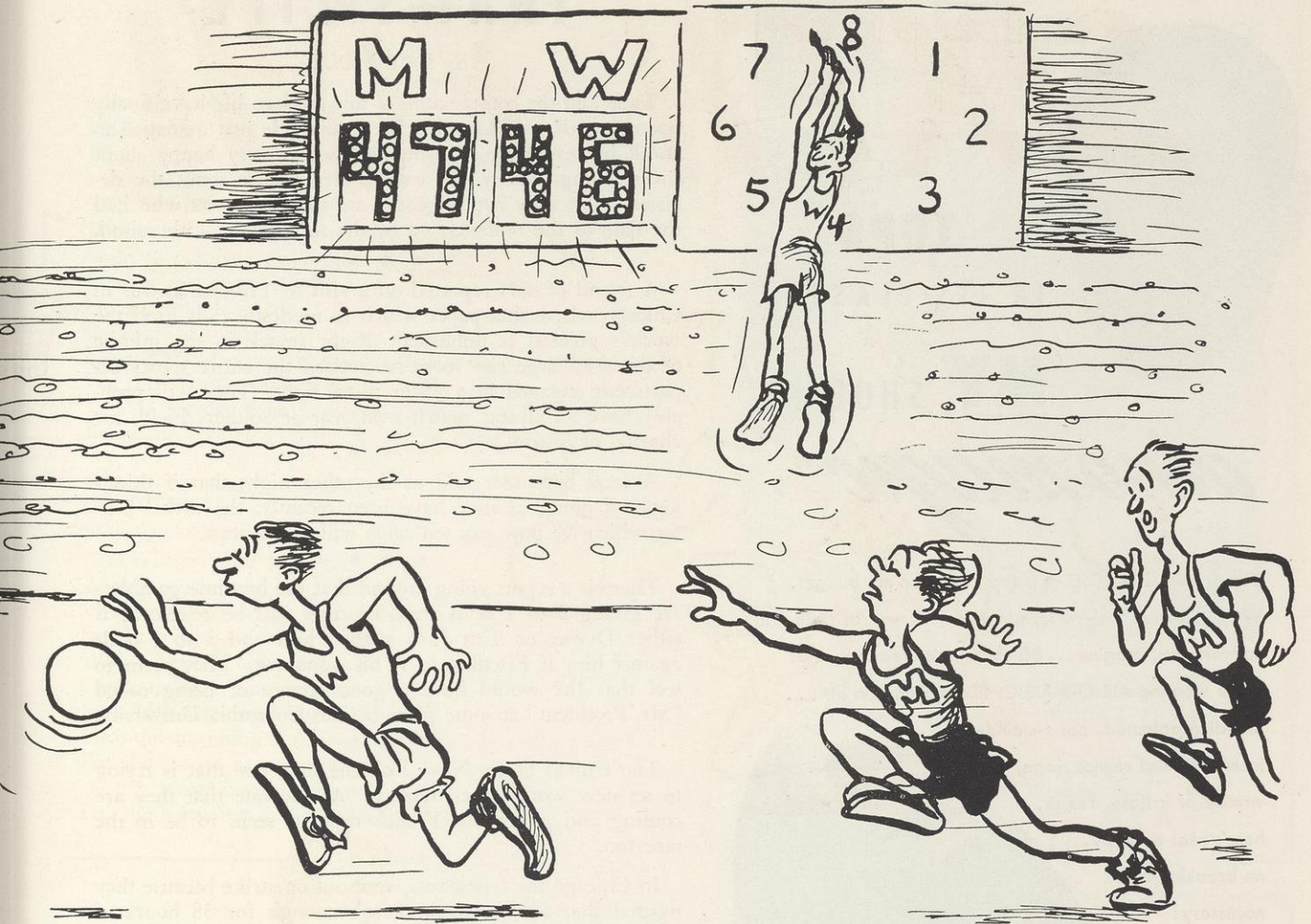


# SIXTH FOUL

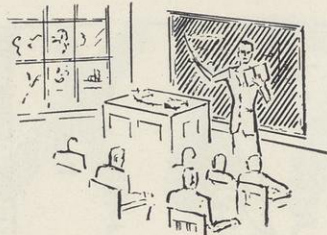
by Harrison











**TOPS**

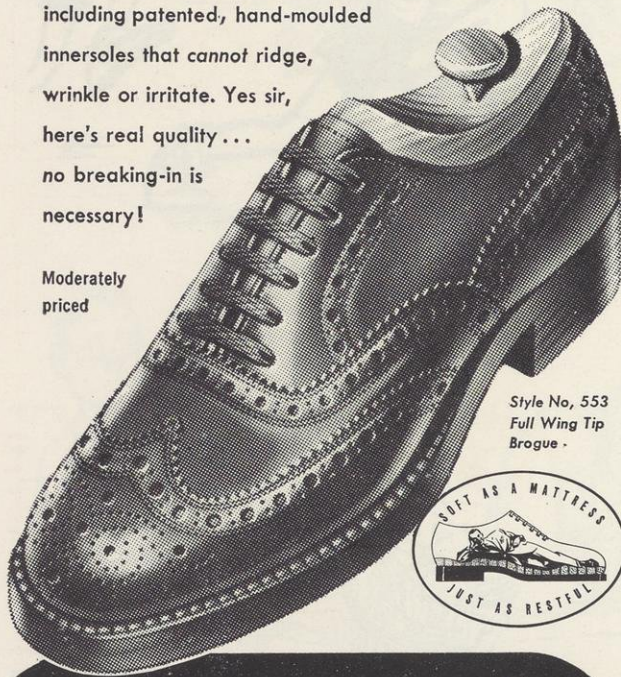
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# THAT'S LIFE

By PAT MOUL

Time and the complexities of our modern life have finally begun to tell on Champion Joe Louis. He just managed to sneak by Jersey Joe Walcott and wasn't very happy about his showing. Jersey Joe wasn't very happy about the decision. The only happy people are the promoters who had the date of the re-match set by the time of the 13th round.

\* \* \*

A friend of ours reported on a visit to Tribune Tower in Chicago where that paper which so modestly calls itself the world's greatest is published. Right smack in the middle of the very large city room he noticed the entire sports department engaged in a water pistol fight. They will probably have an all-star match next year at Soldiers Field, for charity, of course.

\* \* \*

A local bartender told us the other night that if things kept on going as they have been recently, the nickel beer for which we now pay ten cents will cost fifteen.

\* \* \*

There is a report going around that the big-time gamblers are giving 2 to 1 odds that Truman will be re-elected if either Dewey or Taft runs against him and 3 to 1 odds against him if Eisenhower is his opponent. They seem to feel that Ike would have a good chance of being called "Mr. President" at some place besides Columbia University.

\* \* \*

The United States Navy isn't the only one that is trying to set new world speed records. At the rate that they are coming and going, the French cabinets seem to be in the race too.

\* \* \*

In Chicago the typesetters went out on strike because they figured that \$116 a week wasn't enough for 38 hours of work. Why, even some of the department heads at the University of Wisconsin make more money than they do.

\* \* \*

The UN General Assembly voted for the partition of Palestine. Upon this very important issue we saw eye to eye with the Russians. At least we can agree upon how to give away somebody else's empire.

\* \* \*

The new Tucker automobile will soon be on the market. After viewing it and driving it, Americans may decide that a radical change has a place in the car industry even though it doesn't in politics.

\* \* \*

With the new glass backboards in the field house it is almost possible for even the students to see the basketball games from their seats.

\* \* \*

Mr. Eric Johnston has been doing a lot of speaking lately as a result of the rather unfavorable spotlight that the Thomas Committee investigation turned upon Hollywood. However, we feel that the industry's action of firing all ten of the Communist writers brought before the committee speak louder than all of Mr. Johnston's words.

\* \* \*

With some of the worst winter driving conditions of all times promised for Wisconsin this year, we hope that motorists will have the presence of mind to pour the anti-freeze into the radiators instead of themselves.

\* \* \*

With everything being discussed pro and con these days, we wonder if it isn't possible for someone to instill a little PROGRESS into CONGRESS.

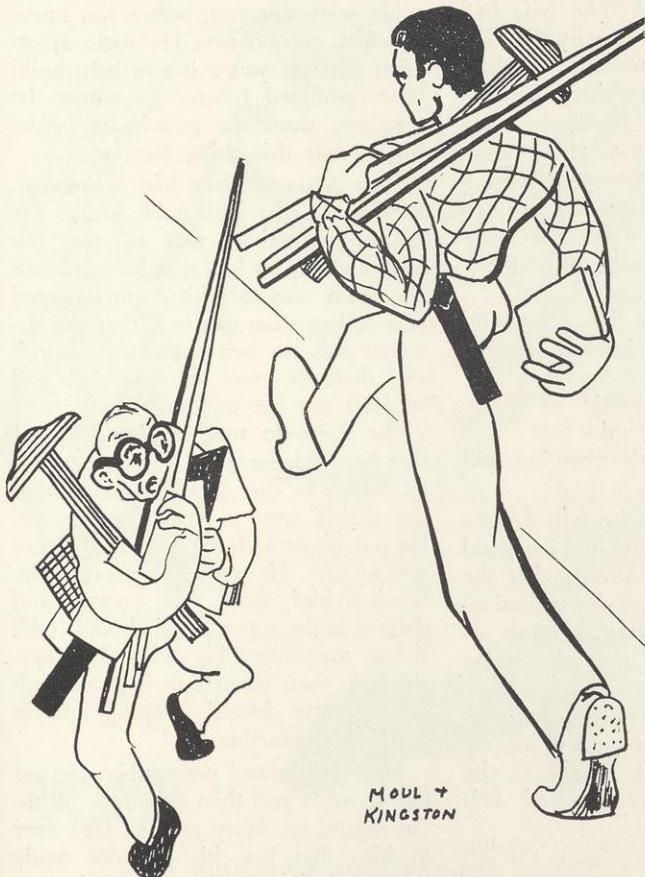


## EXAMS (NOT "BELLS")

By SPRY (not Poe)

Hear the sighing o'er exams,  
 Hard exams!  
 How the rusty door of knowledge inconspicuously slams  
 In the face of one who lingers  
 Till the final study-night!  
 When the last hour's gory stingers  
 Seem to paralyze the fingers  
 With a vehement delight;  
 Getting late, late, late  
 In a sort of sodden fate.  
 Hear the cold expansive out-cry that so definitely damns  
 For the exams, exams, exams,  
           exams, exams, exams, exams  
 From the wailing and the failing of exams!

Hear the moaning o'er exams,  
 Long exams!  
 How the cringing brain of exigence abominably jams  
 And refuses more to ponder  
 At this moment of the hour!  
 While the knowledge gone asunder  
 Seems to echo back the blunder  
 With a brutish note, and sour;  
 Growing near, near, near  
 In a dull auspicious fear.  
 Hear the thumping of the pages as the weary student crams  
 For the exams, exams, exams,  
           exams, exams, exams, exams  
 For the harassing and the passing of exams!



"Somehow you don't LOOK like an engineer!"

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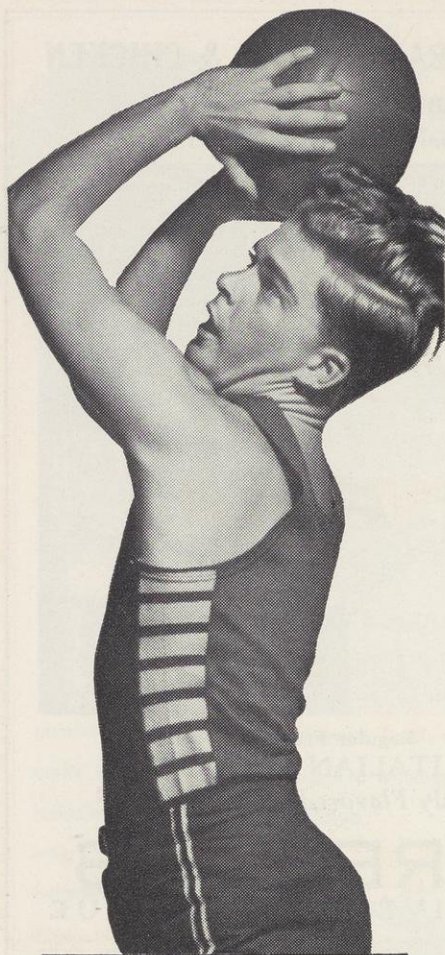


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*Everywhere it goes, the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it.*



*The yellow package with the red oval*

## SNARE A HUSBAND . . .

(continued from page 12)

The discovery of another, sweeter, side to his darling put cracks into his defense.

A few nights later, Piggy called for a date but was told that Lucretia was at another number. He called her. She said she was watching some friends' house for the evening and to come on over to keep her company. Piggy did.

When he got there he found Lucretia in the living room. She was dressed in a soft, simple, wool dress. In her arms she held the sweetest baby Piggy had ever seen. "I'm a baby sitter for the evening," she said with dreamy, tender eyes. Piggy just stood there, reverently watching the sweet scene of woman and child. Piggy's defense now had holes in it you could crawl through.

The final attack on Piggy's bachelorhood took place at the apartment of a young, married couple Lucretia knew. She had suggested a couple who lived in a trailer on Camp Randall. I nixed that immediately, because although the couples out there may be very happy, a trailer is no atmosphere to soften a bachelor's reluctance.

The young wife knew what was going on; her husband didn't. (Young husbands seldom do.) The wife had a wonderful dinner. Not only that, she also was very sweet towards her husband that evening, fetching his pipe, and things like that. In short, Piggy was exposed to a view of what a comfortable thing marriage can be for a man. Lucretia was careful not to call Piggy's attention to the comforts. No, she let him soak up the atmosphere all by himself.

Seeing what a soft life a husband leads ruined Piggy's defenses utterly. He melted like warm butter. That night he begged Lucretia to marry him. Reluctantly, she said yes.

You see what a little planning will do for a girl?

Now take the girl who falls for the handsome jerk who knows how good looking he really is. Guess what the girl usually does to get his attention. She ignores this beautiful hunk of man completely. That is the worst thing a girl could do. Why? Well, even as obtuse a character as Handsome Boy sees through such an extreme act and silently laughs at the poor girl. Having been around, he's no fool.

If you are in such a spot, I'll tell you what to do. First, make the handsome lad's acquaintance. Be friendly

towards him. Laugh at his jokes. Even compliment him on his brains. But don't, not even once, let him know that he has any more sex appeal than a horse-hair sofa. Treat him as though there were but one sex, neuter. Keep this up long enough and you'll drive him to Despair (forty miles north of Uneasiness).

The guy will figure that if he once kisses you your indifference must disappear. If he does kiss you, receive it as you would a kiss from an elderly friend of your family. Fun, eh?

By this time your dear heart's stomach will have canceled all orders for food and insomnia will have hit him harder than a Notre Dame tackle. He'll be under a terrible strain. So will you, and that's the danger. You and he may both get so awful looking you'll fall out of love with each other. So don't prolong this siege campaign too long.

If your bachelor argues that he really couldn't take you away from all this, your fine home and wealth, be sure to get indignant. Tell him that you are in love with him, not what he can or cannot give you. Then calm down. Look sincerely at him and tell him that to build a solid marriage a man and a woman should start out with nothing and build their future together. Wrench his ideals.

The bachelor will appreciate this noble sentiment and, before you know it, whisk you off to a 1½ room apartment and get you a job to help build your combined future. Of course, be sure you want the guy badly before you pursue this thing too far.

Now Mary Azalark had a problem. She loved a guy with noble ideals. He stoutly maintained that he was not good enough for her, that he was weak (he really was as willful and talented as a college man can be), that she deserved only the best man in the world, and that, therefore, he wouldn't and couldn't ask her to marry him.

She came to me weeping. And I sent her back weeping. Yes, I had her fix things so that Noble Youth found her crying over a letter from home. He put his arm about her and told her not to cry. He pulled a great white handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed at the tear-washed cheeks. (All young men carry big white handkerchiefs in their pockets in hope of finding a pretty damsel weeping and in need of comforting.)

Mary brightened perceptibly. He got her to smile and then to laugh. Without saying so, Mary got the idea over to him that just his presence made things all right again. When the sap

(continued on page 29)



## HEM'S AWAY

The damsel who in fashion late  
 Persists in tempting nervous fate  
 Who with all hostile gods doth flirt  
 In her new funnel shaped skirt  
 Beware, my child for you are fated  
 To wish that you had hesitated  
 Instead of stating with eclat  
 And outthrust chin, "Please give me that."  
 Now up to Bascom totters she  
 Encountering calamity.

For as she takes  
 Each step, she trips  
 Then staggers up  
 As something rips  
 Her skirt snaps up  
 Around her hips  
 At last, enraged  
 She stops and strips.

—Boutwell



EVERHARD  
 -47-

"Rush order to Ann Emery.  
 They said something about Leap Year."

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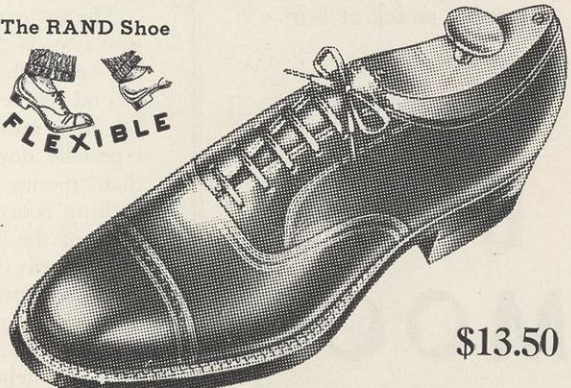
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## PEARLS BEFORE SWINE . . .

(continued from page 9)

has a Practical Joker. He is known as a Candidate for President. He makes promises and wins friends and influences people. If he is elected, his party laughs and laughs. His promises are the practical jokes. They depend on people to forget that they heard it before.

Another part of our Government is concerned with the Law. This is a rule that applies to other people. You find out what the law is by consulting a court. The only way to do that is to get into trouble. That is not hard to do.

The court scene is comprised of a judge who is a lawyer, the state's attorney who is a lawyer, and the defense counsel who is a lawyer. They have a language all their own which cannot be translated into understandable English. A legal plea sounds like a rough translation out of sanskrit by someone who did not know the language.

All the lawyers belong to a club called a Bar Association by the members. Other people have other terms for it.

### Chapter V

#### Recreation

Americans are a hard working bunch of people. They do not like to play. Instead, they hire people to play for them. It has been said that Americans do not play because they are afraid to unless they are Champions. This is not true. It is simply because they get so tired working that they don't have enough energy left. All they can do is to sit and watch. They pay good money for that privilege.

The recreation of America is divided into two parts. The first is where they can spend their money wisely, and the second where they can spend it foolishly. Since most Americans love animals, especially dogs and horses, they spend their money at two dollar windows, making contributions for the improvement of the breed. It is called betting, but actually is a donation like giving to the Community Chest. Except that in improving the animal there is not much gambling involved. This is because the whole thing is fixed.

The other type of recreation is called the Movie, or, more recently, the Talkie. They are made in Hollywood.

Hollywood, we have found, is the true capital of American Life. Ginger Rogers' mother lives there. She is a very unhappy woman. She can't get a job writing scripts for the movies. The communists have those jobs.

Movies are written for people with the minds of twelve-year-olds, and most

twelve-year-olds were glad to get rid of them. That explains why the normal adult cannot see the insidious propaganda in, for example, the Pop-eye movies. When he says "Blow me down" he really means "down with the government."

### Chapter VI Conclusions

The zoological concept that ontogeny recapitulates phylogony can not be applied to a study of the American social structure. The group cannot be explained in terms of a biological process, but must be in terms relevant to itself. It is obvious, then, that we must conclude one of two things.

First, further research is necessary. This point, perhaps, needs a degree of clarification. It is essential that the problem be clearly stated, the methodology refined to avoid the ambiguities inherent in tautological redundancy. Further, care must be taken to distinguish between the differing levels of abstraction; this is especially true, it must be obvious to the most ignorant scholar, if dangers of reification are to be made explicit; ethnocentric tendencies must be vitiated by a recurring reference to the central problem. Only in this manner can the issues be clarified and policies rationally considered.

The other conclusion is to give the country back to the Redskins. But not the Reds.

—R. G. Francis.

## WEAR THEM ON THE STREETS . . .

(continued from page 13)

program: "an exclusive Bergdoff creation, with full dancing skirt, and sheer sophisticated bodice." Allow me to explain this to the uninitiated. Bodice is blouse, sheer is stuff you can see through, like the cellophane around cigarette packs, and sophisticated is when you put bodice and sheer together. Me for this sophisticated stuff.

I told the pretty lady on my right how I felt.

"Let's leave this place with 'em," she tells me.

"I gotta stay and take notes," I told her.

She stood up. "I'm going," she told me. She yawned and stretched.

"It is getting awfully warm in here," I admitted, consulting my watch.

We left.

"Yeah," said the sophomore, "when I first came here I was pretty conceited, but they knocked all that out of me and now I'm one of the best fellows in college."



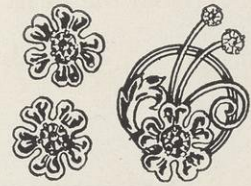
**"I--er--ah--That is, I--ah--"**

By ROY FRANCIS

How fortunate is the Orismologist who has a lexicon,  
 a glossary, or a thesaurus at hand  
 With which he can express himself, using the most  
 exacting and explicit vocabulary, so that all  
 can understand.  
 Now, the language of the pedagogue, with expressions  
 apropos  
 To every shade of meaning, is what every man should  
 know.  
 The utterings of a philological glottologist, commanding  
 every tongue,  
 Are nothing but the mouthings of a stupid oaf, a cloth-  
 headed bumpkin, a blubbering idiot, a stammering  
 lout when compared with the rhetorical niceties  
 obvious in the effusively eloquent locutions that the  
 lexographer flung.  
 Why spend your time to learn Latin, French, Greek,  
 Sanskrit, Russian, German, Arabic, Chinese or  
 other languages whose seemingly exotic phraseology  
 becomes excruciatingly trite  
 In a simple confrontation with the overt vocal symbols  
 of the polysyllabic pedagogue whose words are  
 necessarily and invariably right?  
 So here I am, a cluck; I am not hep: in expressing my  
 thoughts, I'm little more than a stupefied  
 reactionary.  
 I'd like to say "You're wonderful"—but I'd need a  
 dictionary.



"Bongo, bongo, bongo, I want to leave the Congo."



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Let me tell you . . .

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OPEN EVENINGS

## THE MASTER'S DEGREE

By JAMES C. SPRY

'Twas forty-two when Percy came  
To 'tend the U. of worldwide fame;  
There was no frosh enrolled with morals higher.  
Now, Percival would not resort  
To drink a rather low-proof snort—  
He stood his ground for dries, yet he was drier.

Came forty-four, he held the reins  
And boasted of his moral gains;  
Now "mama's boy" and "papa's boy" was he,  
Until the fellows in his dorm  
Began to eye his "sacred" form,  
And made a plan to quench his dignity.

They chose a liquor smooth as silk,  
And poured a portion in his milk;  
"Just think! Will Percy ever hate us now!"  
He gulped it down most unaware  
And sat there with a wordless stare,  
Then rose and shouted, "God! Who owns that cow?"

The boys explained the cow was rare,  
But of her milk, he'd get his share,  
And one thing *sure* was Percy now was wet.  
Each time they gave him less of milk  
And added more of "smooth as silk"—  
And Percy swore he'd buy that cow for a pet.

In forty-five they told the truth  
To this bewildered "milk-fed" youth;  
But oh, too late! The fatal die was cast.  
Sobriety was not his plan,  
He now was bred a college man,  
So he renounced the morals of his past.

In forty-six the co-eds knew  
The he-man king of three-point-two;  
He owed his fame to "buddies"—and a cow.  
His "buddies" viewed their deed with hate,  
And realized 'twas much too late  
To change the drastic situation now.

Down at the U. they would exclaim,  
"We are the spokes of Percy's fame"  
While Percy blew the suds from co-ed beer.  
Unheard, their words made no great thrust,  
So they withdrew in great disgust,  
And let the limelight fall on Percy "dear."

Now forty-seven! Ah, what fate  
The king of suds will graduate,  
He'll get his M. A. sometime in the fall;  
The moral: Freshman! Think and think  
Before that glass of milk you drink—  
You may become *Master of Alcohol!*

She: "What were you doing after the accident?"  
He: "Scraping up an acquaintance."

\* \* \*

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of an English inn, the George and Dragon. "D'you think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with George?" said the tramp.



# CAMPUS CAMERA

A reversal of the New Look unveiled plenty of knees at the Alpha Tau Omega Parisian Party, but it's that same old 3.2 in their glasses.



At the Haresfoot Follies the camera-man found that a candid shot of dancing in the dark can be as interesting as the Haresfoot chorus girls.

Apparently this was "Show Your Legs" Month on campus. The Prohibition Party at Victoria House proves that young women still have lower limbs.





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## CAMPUS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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## The Morning After New Year's

By BOB RAABE

'Twas the morning after New Year's, all was quiet and nice  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mice.  
The stockings still hung by the chimney but without care  
It had been a week since St. Nick had been there.  
The kids were slam-banged, smack in their beds  
While visions of beer bottles danced through their heads.  
The rest were flung on their beds without care  
In hopes that hangovers would not be theirs.  
And mamma in her formal and I in my cap  
Had not settled our brains for any kind of nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter  
I staggered from my bed to see what was the matter.  
I fell toward the window and grabbed for the sash,  
Tripped on my shadow and fell with a crash.  
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow  
Shone so brightly, I could hardly see below,  
When what to my bloodshot eyes should appear  
But Old Uncle Ed and eight pink reindeer.  
A little old driver without any sled,  
I knew in a moment, it must be our Ed.  
More rapid than turtles his coursers they came  
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.  
Now Seltzer, now Aspirin, now Coffee and Sleep,  
On Ice Pack, on Covers, down Soda and Steak.  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Anyone that's drunk never got there at all.  
So up to the house front the coursers they flew  
All carrying a load and Uncle Ed too.  
And then in a moment, I heard at the door  
A slight timid knock, and then a great roar.  
As I drew in my head which was spinning around,  
Old Uncle Ed came in with a bound.  
He was dressed in his tux, his hat on his foot  
He had no idea where it had been put.  
His eyes how they blinked, his efforts how tryin'  
His nose lighted up like a neon sign.  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a funnel  
For the drinks to go down—like a train through a tunnel.  
His stump of a pipe was held by a bite;  
I expected an explosion when he held up a light.  
He was chubby and plump—a jolly old elf  
And he laughed when he saw me in spite of himself.  
The blur in his eyes and the jerk of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, just staggered and reeled  
He inwardly knew his doom had been sealed.  
And laying his finger aside of his nose  
And giving a nod—but there stood Aunt Rose.  
Yes, Aunt Rose caught him there and at the end of the fight  
I heard him whisper—"Happy New Year to all and to all a  
good night."

Frosh: "What do you mean by slinging the bull?"

Soph: "To sling the bull is to prevent the professor from realizing that you are saying nothing in a great many words."

Junior: "To sling the bull is to say little in a great many words so as to give the impression that you are familiar with what the test is covering."

Senior: "To sling the bull is to say as much as possible in well chosen words so as to convey the impression that you are familiar with the material under examination in spite of the fact that you have been unable to devote sufficient effort to study adequately an unduly difficult assignment."



# OCTY'S PIN-UP



## Haresfoot Beauty Queen of 1948

*(“Phyl” Stalheim)*

She's lovely  
She's engaged  
She lives in Frankenburger.



**WHAT IS LOVE? . . .**

(continued from page 6)

Then she spoke to Lobart in her sultry voice, "Lobart, look at me."

Lobart turned and looked at her. That's all, he just looked.

Kitty smiled. "Do you like my dress? What do you think of it?"

Lobart looked. "You must be gettin' fat; it sure fits tight."

I could have laughed aloud, but Mike whispered threats of violence.

Kitty then ran her white hand through her crown of glorious red. "I had my hair fixed just for this date with you. I hope you like it. Do you, Lobart?"

"Yup, sure is pretty. Just the color of the cowbarn at home. Kinda makes me homesick."

I thought of my overdue term papers to keep from laughing.

Kitty, I must admit, was sharp. She said, "Thank you, Lobart, that was a sweet compliment. Look into my eyes, Lobart."

Lobart, whose mother told him always to be polite to women, looked into those eyes which had tortured so many college men.

"Tell me, Lobart . . . dear, do you like my eyes? I do so want you to."

"Gosh, they are pretty. They remind me of . . . They remind me of . . ."

"Yes, dear Lobart, what do they remind you of?"

"They remind me of the pretty green scum on a stagnant pool."

Kitty threw up her arms. "Lobart, are you a man or a mouse?"

"Must be a man," Lobart opined. "I never did like cheese."

Kitty put her face in her hands and laughed almost hysterically. Lobart was alarmed.

"You sick? You want a soda mint? I take 'em."

Kitty looked up. "No, thanks. I'm just cold, Lobart." It was perfectly warm, of course. Kitty nestled against Lobart and draped his arm about her shoulders.

Lobart paled. It looked like Kitty would win. I hated to see it myself.

Kitty looked up at Lobart like a tender child. "Why did you want a date with me, dearest Lobart?"

"Mike," was all Lobart could gasp. It was plain the feeling in his heart was worse than before.

"What's Mike got to do with this?" Kitty demanded.

"Well," Lobart choked over the feeling in his chest, "I told Mike about the feeling in my heart. He said the only way to help it was to find Love, and the only way to find Love was with a girl."

Kitty purred. "Mike's right, dearest Lobart. When a man has a feeling in his heart, he needs a girl so he can find Love."

Kitty stretched upward and pushed yearning lips toward Lobart's face. "A kiss," she whispered, "can you think of anything more wonderful than a kiss?"

"Yes," gulped Lobart. His adam's apple throbbed painfully. He reached his free hand into his pocket.

"What is it?" murmured Kitty, pushing her lovely mouth nearer his, "two kisses?"

"Nope," murmured Lobart. He drew forth a small bar. "A chaw of tobaccy." He bit a hunk off the plug and chewed heartily.

Kitty jumped to her feet. She threw her hands towards heaven. "He can't be a man!" she cried. "You left-over from R.U.R!" she yelled at Lobart, and began beating his face with little white fists.

Lobart's adam's apple surged violently. He turned green in the moonlight. Then he yelled, "I've found it! I've found it!"

Dumbfounded, Kitty stopped throwing punches. "What have you found?"

"Love," cried Lobart. "The feeling in my chest is gone. Mike told me I

(continued on page 31)

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# Esperanto A la Carte

or BASIC BASIC

Tired? Participles dragging? Afflicted with jumpy gerunds? Then look no further. Below, you will find helpful hints on how to get through almost any foreign language course in the University with four hours of one-point. You, too, can be a linguist and insult your friends without their knowing it.

## GERMAN

All nouns have five cases, nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, and bonded.

All verbs have 200 separate forms, none of them very attractive.

All verbs meaning "to spit," do.

Useful phrases: *Ich bin betrunken. Du bist betrunken. Er ist betrunken. Wir sind alle betrunken. Welches Bier!*

## FRENCH

Sucking lemons is a great aid to French pronunciation.

Beating one's head against a stone wall is also a great aid to French pronunciation.

Pronouns precede the verbs and leer at them.

Frenchmen leer at Frenchwomen. (Obviously intended for an Anthro course.)

Useful phrases: *Ou est lat tete? Ou est ma tante? Ou cares?*

## GREEK

There are so many forms to a Greek verb that even the Greeks didn't know them all. Why the hell should you?

All verbs meaning "to touch" take the genitive.

All other verbs take a powder, whenever possible.

Greek words possess breathing marks.

Otherwise, the race would have died out long ago.

Useful phrases: *Tauta men epistamai, ekeina d'ou. En arche en bo logos. Coffee and sinkers, Nick.*

## LATIN

Latin verbs come at the end, or in the middle, or at the beginning of the sentence.

The rest of the words, if there are any others, belong to a union and are placed where they damn please, even in the next sentence.

Several racy stories have been printed in Latin. Therefore, Latin-English dictionaries are not sold to minors in Wisconsin.

Eight verbs, which are passive with active meanings, take the ablative. They are otherwise useless.

Useful phrases: *Quis erat ill femina quacum te viderim proxima nocte? Cave canem. Occisus sum, cido.*

## SPANISH

Spanish is spoken under the illusion that it is a speed contest.

It is a speed contest.

Verbs meaning "to love" are taken with a grain of salt.

Useful phrases: *Yo ha matado la madre de mi eseposa. Don Quixote es un schmiehl. Mabel, salga dela mesa. (South American Spanish.) Yo' all.*

Having read and mastered the above handy helps, you are now eligible for membership in Sigma Omega Beta, national beekeeping fraternity. The SOB's will welcome you with open hives, and the cry, "Yep roc hreshi!" They are currently being investigated by Governor Rennebohm.

—Shamus

## SNARE A HUSBAND . . .

(continued from page 20)

realized that the little girl needed him in this hard cruel world, he decided that the only noble thing to do was to marry the girl and take care of her forever and forever. See how it works?

If you have been playing the little girl act when your ideal man wanted to talk about European reconstruction, grow up fast. You have been associating with a fellow who wants a lifetime brain companion as well as a cook and housekeeper for a wife. So drop those snap courses. Read the Atlantic Monthly, even if it kills you. Attend all those lectures and open forums that no one attends. And write your senator for copies of all the bills that go through Congress.

Then one day surprise your mental marvel by telling him why his interpretation of "Finnegan's Wake" is all wet. He'll be so happy to find that his good looking girl friend is also intelligent. In fact, he'll marry you immediately so that you and he can talk about the Dirac theory of electronic behavior for the rest of your lives. Sounds cozy, doesn't it?

Well, I think I've told you enough about ensnaring a husband. Now you want to know what right I have to advise you. Is my advice valid? Is it drawn from life? You bet it is! All of those strategems have been used successfully on me by eight different girls. No, I never married one of the eight. My mother wouldn't let me.

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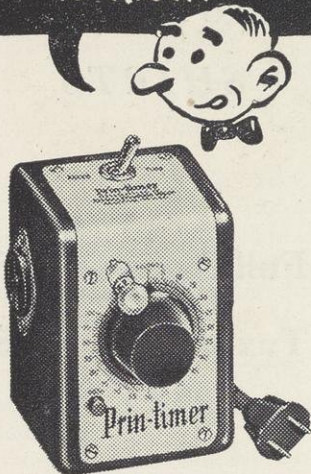
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**FOLLOW THAT CLASS . . .**

(continued from page 7)

seat on the front center of the roof and I managed to fix it up just fine. I'd even bored a hole through the boards so I could get to know the professor better, when I sensed that something was wrong. It bothered me for a week until I finally went to talk to Professor Flunk. He is a brilliant man, Professor Flunk, and besides he liked me because my name rhymed with his. "I know what's wrong," he shouted right away. "Son, you're in the wrong class. I teach Aztec History you know, not English!"

I explained that I hadn't really been close enough to *hear* him any time I'd been in his class. Only students who slept there overnight could do that.

Well, he was really very helpful; he showed me the right Temporary Building through his telescope and even gave me a map. I walked for several hours but finally found it. By that time I was a little hungry, and I was amazed and delighted to find that this Temporary Building had not only a table to take notes on but a kitchen where you could get food too. The professor was standing behind the table lecturing about inflation and so I whipped out my extra-size notebook and started taking notes right away. I didn't want to miss a minute of college. After about ten minutes, the professor turned to me and said, "What do ya want to eat?"

"Do you always feed us in English classes," I asked him. "It's a wonderful idea."

"Feed you in what?" the man said. "Look, Bud, I ain't got time to stand here and talk . . . what d'ya want to eat?"

"You mean this isn't Temporary Building 87?" I said. "But this is what Professor Flunk showed me through his telescope."

"No, Bud, this is Egbert's Eatery, and I'm Egbert," said the man. "Now what do you want?"

"A hamburger," I said weakly. "I don't really care whether I get ptomaine poisoning or not. It might solve everything."

Unfortunately I lived. Depression had settled around me like a fog, though, and I just barely mustered up enough spirit to try and find that class once more. I pulled out Rev. Letus-pray's poems for moral support, and after reading the one that begins, "Let your spirit flutter fondly forward," I began to feel better.

This time I played it smart . . . I

asked a policeman where Temporary Building 87 was.

"It's right over there," he told me. "About seven miles up the hill and turn to the right. It's under a big oak tree."

I gathered my books to my chest and began to run. It was so wonderful to have a class to go to after. Perhaps my college career wasn't going to be such a struggle, if I could only find that class. I raced over to the big oak and stopped short. There wasn't even a building there; just a big hole in the ground that a crew of men were filling in with shovels.

"Isn't there supposed to be a building here?" I asked one of the diggers.

He threw his shovel down and looked at me nastily. "If you're here to complain too," he barked, "don't bother. We've had enough of that in the past two hours; we know we made a mistake and we're fixing it up right now."

"What kind of a mistake? Isn't there an Eng . . ."

" . . . kind of a mistake? . . ." the man said. "Why this building was supposed to go up at Purdue instead of here. One of our men got the maps mixed. We've just torn the thing down; it'll go up at Purdue tomorrow."

"But weren't there any classes around when you started to tear it down?" I asked. "I was supposed to have an English class here, I think."

The digger paused a moment in thought. "Yes," he admitted, "we thought we heard voices when we started to tear the place down. But then they died away and we haven't heard anything since we started filling up the foundation. It must have been a talkative mole." He started digging again as I wandered back to the long road home.

So that's why I've decided to go back to Wiffelwash where they want me and respect me. This whole atmosphere here upsets me so that I'll never be able to get any writing done. That is, until the University gets this classroom tangle straightened out.

Only I have my doubts about that straightening out, because as I walked down the hill this morning to the station, a small bent man stopped me.

"Hey," he said, "hey there you young 'un. Is that really Bascom Hall?"

"Why yes," I told him. What's so strange about that?"

The old man cackled with laughter until I thought he'd break into pieces.

"Why," he gasped, "I remember that old scrap heap back in '84 when I was a senior. It was just supposed to be a Temporary Building, you know. Yes sir, a Temporary Building."



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## Ode to Philosophy

BY JOAN CLARK

*I'm here because I ain't.  
My mind is too,  
My hands are imagination.  
Nope, that can't be true—*

*Cause if my mind is not,  
I can't imagine, can I?  
My hands, my blood, my body,  
Just aren't. And then I sigh.*

*I gaze into the mirror,  
I see that it is me.  
Oh! Here is something concrete  
And I jump and shout with glee.*

*I stop. How I've been foiled.  
I just plain stand and stare.  
That isn't my reflection,  
Cause I just isn't there!*

*I can't be cause I amn't,  
It says so—second verse.  
One can plainly see that  
Me is getting worse.*

*I wrack my fevered brain,  
I wipe my dampened brow.  
And still I don't cause they aren't there.  
Oh yeah? Oh boy! And how!*

*Deep silent meditation;  
I heave a tortured sigh.  
I turn the page and wonder  
Who the hell is really I?*

### WHAT IS LOVE? . . .

(continued from page 28)

would find Love when I was with a girl. And he was right."

Kitty looked triumphant. "Love, dearest darling Lobart, what do you mean?"

Lobart cried, "You struck me. I swallowed the chaw of tobaccy. The feeling in my chest is gone. Love is a swallow of tobaccy!"

Kitty Killhart fainted to the ground. Mike passed out beside me. And me? Well, move over, Mike!

Two students were passing a dormitory when one of the occupants had forgotten to lower the shade.

"That girl's not a bit shy, is she?"

"Well—not exactly, but she's certainly retiring."

\* \* \*

Professor to students: "Always use graduates instead of pipettes for measuring cyanide solutions, for if you use pipettes, we won't have any graduates."

\* \* \*

Wabbits have a funny face,  
Their private life is a disgrace,  
Oo'd be surprised if oo but knew  
The awful fings that wabbits do,  
And often, too . . .



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## WHOM TO BLAME

Every now and then we run this department just to let the readers know who is responsible for all the junk that appears between the covers of this fair magazine. The average reader does not pause at the end of a story long enough to note the author. Rather, he skips along at a merry pace to the next Entwistle cartoon or He-She joke. With this in mind, we would like to shine the spotlight upon a few of our distinguished slaves.

One day not so long ago a rather tallish North Carolinian shuffled into the office to say that he would like to do something for the campus humor magazine. As a result, you find in this issue "Exams, Not Bells" by James C. Spry. Spry is a journalism student and he writes verse, two facts that are not alone impressive, but when taken together they are remarkable. The Daily Cardinal might be tempted to say that he had gone from bad to verse. One trait of Spry's that is guaranteed to make any editor happy is that he is terribly prolific. You can expect more of him with the passing of time.

And then we come to Kathy Kingston. Kathy is the artist who did this month's cover as well as last month's. She is not only an artist, but for our money she could act as a cover model any day. One more surprising fact: she actually learned how to draw by being an art major at the University of Wisconsin.

Marian Larson decided that she would like to do something besides writing letters to other magazines in her capacity as Exchange Editor, so she took her rusty pen in hand and drew the "Too Fat" cartoon which we feel will be widely reprinted by other magazines. Marian is a Madison girl, plays tennis expertly, and plays a mean (cruel) game of bridge.

Perhaps you have noticed the mad little cartoons of John Nero. His style is truly different and, we think, highly amusing. He is the mystery man of the gang of contributors, nobody knowing anything more about him than that he draws up experimental designs for the psychology department to pick up a few spare dollars. It is a very exceptional occasion when the editor has to get out the "It Stinks" stamp to reject one of Nero's drawings.

Last, and probably least, we come to Pat Moul. He has been written up in this department before, but we discovered that if the deans are merciful instead of just he won't be with us after

this semester. Yes, he's setting a new precedent for Octy people by graduating. Pat is our most "borrowed" editor. Not so long ago he became rather excited when he found that another college magazine had borrowed his "Open Letter to Dean Trump" (Back to School issue of Octy) word for word without mentioning either his or Octy's name. This is about the fifth time this has happened. The only answer we can give is that the other schools must have heard of him, and the deans there refuse to allow his name to be reprinted in their schools' magazines.

### EDNA THE EEL

Edna, the eel,  
Was dangerous to feel,  
But she had appeal  
For she was electric.  
Through water she'd glide  
And those she'd decide  
To touch or collide  
With, would be apoplectic.

But out on a swim  
Her power grew dim,  
Foreshadowed fate grim—  
She just couldn't shirk it.  
The problem she faced  
Made Edna disgraced  
An eel displaced—  
She had a short circuit!

So Edna grew stale  
Unhappy and pale  
For lack of the male  
Attention demanded.  
Till finally she tried  
To commit suicide  
Floating in with the tide  
To a beach where she landed.

She sprawled, spine awry  
Preparing to die  
When, up in the sky,  
She heard thunder begin.  
And then heavens crashed,  
A lightning bolt flashed  
To Edna, and dashed  
New voltage within.

Now there are no dampers  
As our Edna scampers  
As one of the vampers  
Through foam and through brine.  
A maritime dish,  
Edna shocks all the fish  
With tail aswish:  
Kinetic, divine.

—Boutwell

"She's a nicely reared girl, isn't she?"  
"I should say so. Not bad from the front, either."

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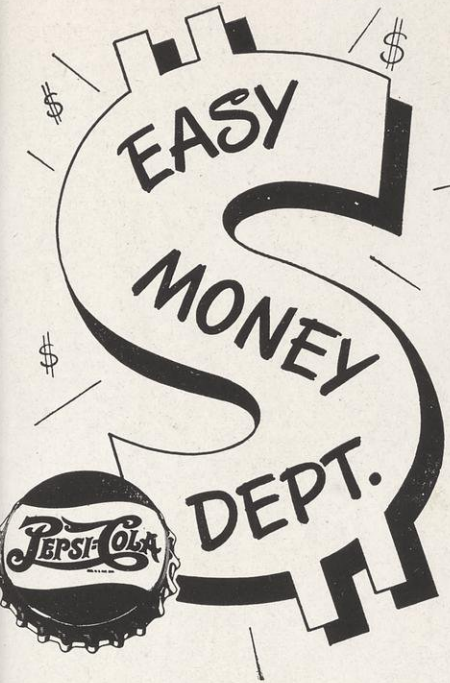
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### GOOD DEAL ANNEX

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

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Our well-known moron-about-campus, Murgatroyd—now a student in the school of agriculture—has developed a new theory on sheep-feeding. He makes a daily ration of Pepsi-Cola an important part of their diet. "Duuuuuuuh, of course," said Murgatroyd recently, when questioned as to his reasoning, "everybody knows that Pepsi-Cola is the drink for ewe!"

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If you're a He, and know a She—or vice versa—this should be your meat. Here's your chance to strike a blow for the home team in the battle between the sexes—and maybe win three bucks besides!

★  
He Ubangi: I hear that Mbongo has left his wife.

She Ubangi: Really? Why?

He Ubangi: He says that every time she drinks a Pepsi, she smacks her lips, and he can't stand the clatter.

He: Why do you call my date "Pepsi," when her name is Betty?

She: Oh, we all call her "Pepsi" because she goes with anything!

★  
He: I never knew what real happiness was until I married you.

She: Darling!

He: Yes, and by then it was too late.

★  
*Three bucks apiece for each of these we print. Let your conscience be your guide.*

## Daffy Definitions

Here's a column that must have some deep underlying significance. Darned if we know what, though. All we know is that these rate a buck each—and the daffier, the better.

Frustration—having a Pepsi-Cola and no bottle-opener.

Stork—bird with a big bill.

Professor—textbook wired for sound.

Thirst—obsolete term; dates back to pre-Pepsi-Cola era.

Cooperation—one bottle of Pepsi with two straws.

\* \* \*

*Paying \$1 apiece for these is like giving you a license to commit burglary. But—\$1 apiece for those we buy.*



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