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## **The Wisconsin Octopus: Exchange issue. Vol. 26, No. 4 January, 1948**

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# The Wisconsin OCTOPUS



O'Connell

25



INTERNATIONAL SKI STAR  
*Blanche Christian agrees...*  
**"Experience is the best teacher!"**  
 in skiing and in choosing a cigarette"

Experience—and perfect coaching—have taught Blanche Christian the finer points of skiing

**CAMELS ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE WITH ME!**

**More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!**

**Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You Why!**  
**T for Taste... T for Throat...**

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

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

AS A SKIER, Blanche Christian is "one in a million"—an expert with wide experience... ski instructor in leading resorts. As a smoker, she is one of millions who had a most revealing experience during the wartime cigarette shortage.

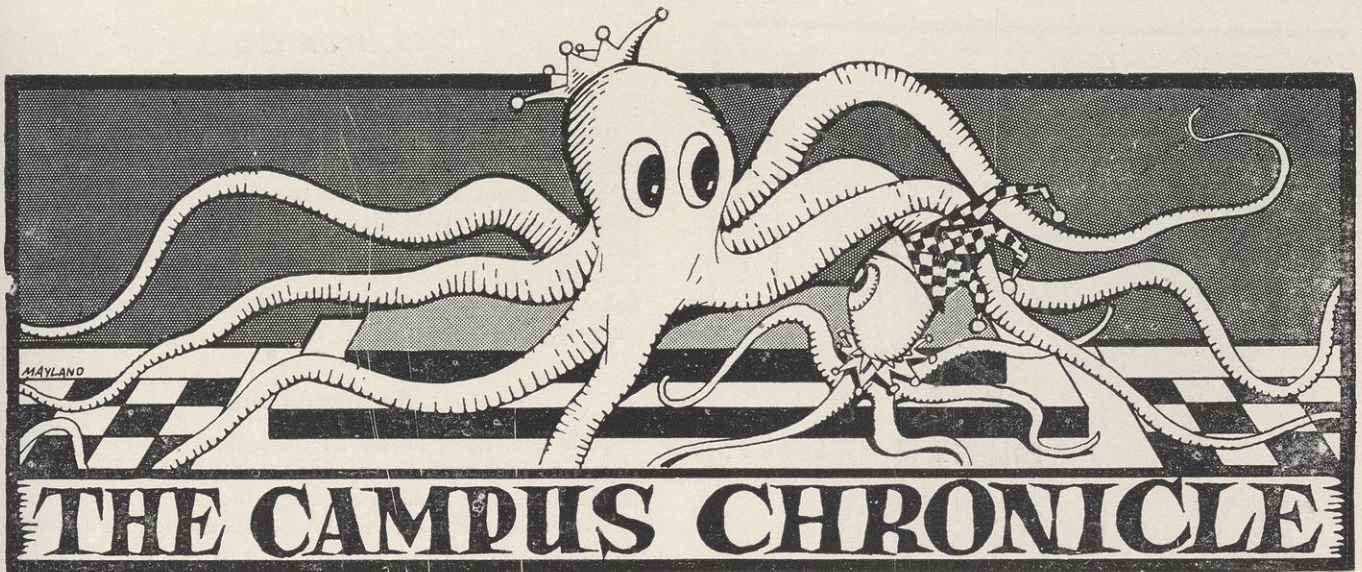
"When cigarettes were so hard to get," says Miss Christian, "I smoked many different brands. Naturally, I compared them for quality. I learned by experience that Camels suit me best!" Like Miss Christian, thousands of smokers compared... found Camels the "choice of experience."

Try Camels. Let your own experience... your "T-Zone"... tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

According to a Nationwide survey:  
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!





### *Madison, Synonym for COLD*

There were a number of zero weather days in January. People in Florida won't believe this, but it was so cold that folks fishing through the ice on Mendota caught fish that were quick-frozen. Some fraternity houses got so cold the brothers cut ice off the lake and built igloos to live in. Furnaces were so ineffectual that lots of students had to sit inside them to get warm.

It was so cold that when co-eds gave fellows the cold shoulder there was an epidemic of frost bite. Why, it was so cold that all the co-eds were forced to wear stockings.

(Editor's note: The author of this is a liar. There's nothing that could force some co-eds to wear stockings.)

\* \* \*

### *A Present for Joe Hammersley*

There is talk of building a \$50,000 crime laboratory on the campus. Most students think that the lab is proposed as an aid to police departments all over the state. This is not the case. The lab is planned especially to help campus cop Joe Hammersley. With the lab behind him, Joe will be unbeatable at catching speeders and spooners on the lake road.

\* \* \*

### *Student Directory-Come-Lately*

The 1947-48 student directory finally appeared. It's a mystery why the university bothered putting "1947" on the cover. The directory had as much chance of getting out in '47 as Wallace has of getting in in '48. There should be an investigation by the Young Republicans. Maybe then students could get their directories a little earlier, at least by Christmas vacation so they could look up home addresses of friends to put on Christmas cards. Fifty cents is a lot of dough to pay for the directory, but the students will pay it. After all, it's the only university publication most of us can get our names in.

\* \* \*

### *Gee, Just Like Jersey City!*

A disappointed campus politico told all. The *Cardinal* went *Capital Times*ish and printed a photostat of a note which proved fraud in the election of the Junior Prom King. One student said there ought to be a campus Magna Carta. It would seem that some of our campus politicians had better change, if it's not too late, to an excellent course given this second semester, Philosophy 41—Introductory Ethics.

### *The Most Horrible Crime*

There have always been and always will be discussion about which is the most heinous crime. Some people say murder is the worst; others vote for rape; still others hold out for blackmail, bigamy, child-beating, perjury, and selling liquor to minors. But everyone forgets to mention the dirtiest, low-down crime of all—returning a book late to the quonset reading room on the lower campus.

If you take a book out over night and bring it back the next morning a minute late, you will get a look of disgust from the librarian as your name goes down for a nominal fine. If you bring the book back fifteen minutes late, the librarian greets you with righteous wrath and charges a suitable financial kick in the pants to you. If you are more than a half hour late, you'd better send the book back with a friend.

It is rumored that the reading room librarian has imposed so many penalties for late books that when you meet him on the street and say, "Nice weather, isn't it?" the only reply you will get it, "Fine, Fine, FINE!"

\* \* \*

### *The Bruising Finger*

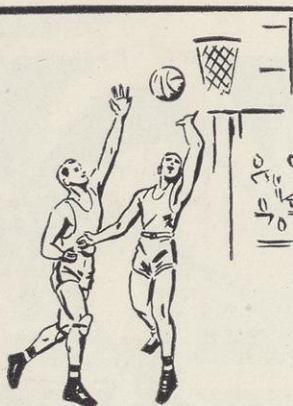
A few Sundays ago the *Daily Cardinal* editorial and business staffs had an informal party. (This means that the lucky *Cardinal* is making a little money in spite of high prices these days.) The party was an entertaining affair. One Cardinalite said that, unlike so many campus parties, this one had very few lagging moments. This isn't surprising when one considers the number of wits working on the paper.

The most entertaining part of the party was the magic of John Hunter. Hunter put his finger on the edge of a table, laid an empty beer can on top of it, and then hit the can a powerful blow. A deep dent appeared in the upper side of the can without hurting his finger a bit.

Others thought that what John Hunter could do they could do too. Many tried the same stunt, but results were not uniformly successful. So if your *Cardinal* has had a few typographical errors lately, you'll know it's due to the typing of those bruised fingers of the unsuccessful imitators of John "Houdini" Hunter.

Footnote: To top this off, the *Cardinal* folks slipped up and put the notice of their party in the *Cardinal* again two days after the party was over.





FASHION IS MY GOAL...

## "MY SHOE IS *air-o-magic*"

I'm stepping out with my best foot forward... that's why I wear AIR-O-MAGICs, with their 88 comfort-construction features! I never knew how foot-happy I could be until I tried the patented, hand-moulded innersoles that make irritation a thing of the past; never an inside ridge, curl or wrinkle! AIR-O-MAGICs gives you the newest in style, the utmost in value. No breaking-in needed! Moderately priced.



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## Chronicle

### *They'll Do Better Next Time*

The opening ceremonies of Wisconsin's Centennial year, which were held at the field house January 5, were reported to be far from a complete success. Governor Rennebohm blamed it on everyone's inexperience at "this sort of thing." He's right, but think of all the valuable experience they've had. Wait til Wisconsin's bi-centennial year. Gov. Rennebohm and the others should handle the ceremonies quite expertly.

\* \* \*

### *Bee Spells 'Em*

Clair Bee, Long Island U. coach, had this to say about Big Nine basketball in an article entitled "Bee Picks 'Em" in the December VARSITY magazine:

"Don't be surprised if Illinois, possessing the potential All-American, Dwight Eddleman, cops the Big Nine title this year. The pressure is off this club and will be on the defending champion's shoulders—Wisconsin. The Badgers will have Bobby Cook and the giant center, John Mills, but will miss Selbo and Lautenschlager."

And, Mr. Bee, what about that other star Menzelberger?

\* \* \*

### *The Rising Cost of Subsisting*

January was the month in which Al Houghton headed for Washington to lobby for higher veteran subsistence allowances and the AVC campaigned for letters to congressmen to back up the appeal. Veterans haven't been eating so well on only \$65 per month. Of course, publisher and physical culturist Bernarr McFadden would probably approve of this, since he advocates fasting as a benefit to mind and body. Despite McFadden's theory, veterans have found that it's better to have a full stomach and let the body be run-down and the mind dull and undisciplined.

\* \* \*

### *Aren't They Devils?*

A lot of commerce students got the surprise of their lives when they looked through the second semester timetable. They found that they couldn't graduate in June because a large number of their required commerce courses conflicted with one another. It is rumored that the commerce school worked for years before they perfected this practical joke on the embryo business magnates.

\* \* \*

### *Aspinwall's Dilemma*

No one is happy about the seating arrangements for the Wisconsin basketball games. Students can use their coupon books for only a fraction of the games, townspeople can't buy tickets to all the games they want to see, rooters from opponent colleges arrive at the field house late to find others occupying their reserved seats, and Bill Aspinwall, Wisconsin ticket merchant, is going slowly mad.

There have been all sorts of solutions offered to fix the mess, but Mr. Aspinwall will find that there is but one true remedy. That is to have two games instead of one. Have one game at 7 p. m. and a second game at 9 p. m., the second game being a replay of the first game.

Well, they do it in radio, don't they?

\* \* \*

### *T. A. Cox, Athlete and Author*

On January 7th the five-times-a-week *Daily Cardinal* published the second of T. A. Cox's open letters to Don Smith, ardent critic of Harry Stuhldreher's methods. Cox got a lot off his mind, 1009 words by our count. This letter proves that football players have as much stamina on paper









Model: Lynn Kimmel

Photo by DeLonge

## A Floral Surprise

*Puts that gleam in  
her eyes*

We Specialize In Personalized  
Corsages

**ANDERSON'S**  
GIFTS and FLOWERS

656 STATE

Badger 441

### *Reincarnation's Wonderful!*

A grandparent who believed in reincarnation made an appointment to meet his grandson at a certain time after he passed on. When the time came, the boy went to the pre-arranged spot, where he made contact with his grandpa.

"Are you happy, grandpappy?" the boy asked.

"Why, son, this is the most wonderful experience I have ever had. The sun is shining brightly, the grass is green and tender and would you believe it, there are twenty-five of the most beautiful females lying on the grass in front of me. They have the sweetest faces, and their big brown eyes look up at me in adoration."

"Gee grandpappy," the boy said, "I didn't know Heaven was like that."

"Hell, son," the old man replied, "I'm not in Heaven. I'm a Holstein bull out in western Pennsylvania."

\* \* \*

Sigma Chi, as the lights go out in the D G house—"Now I can get some sleep."

\* \* \*

Wife (to drunk husband): Dear, let's go to bed.

Husband: Might as well, I'll catch hell when I get home anyway.

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\* \* \*

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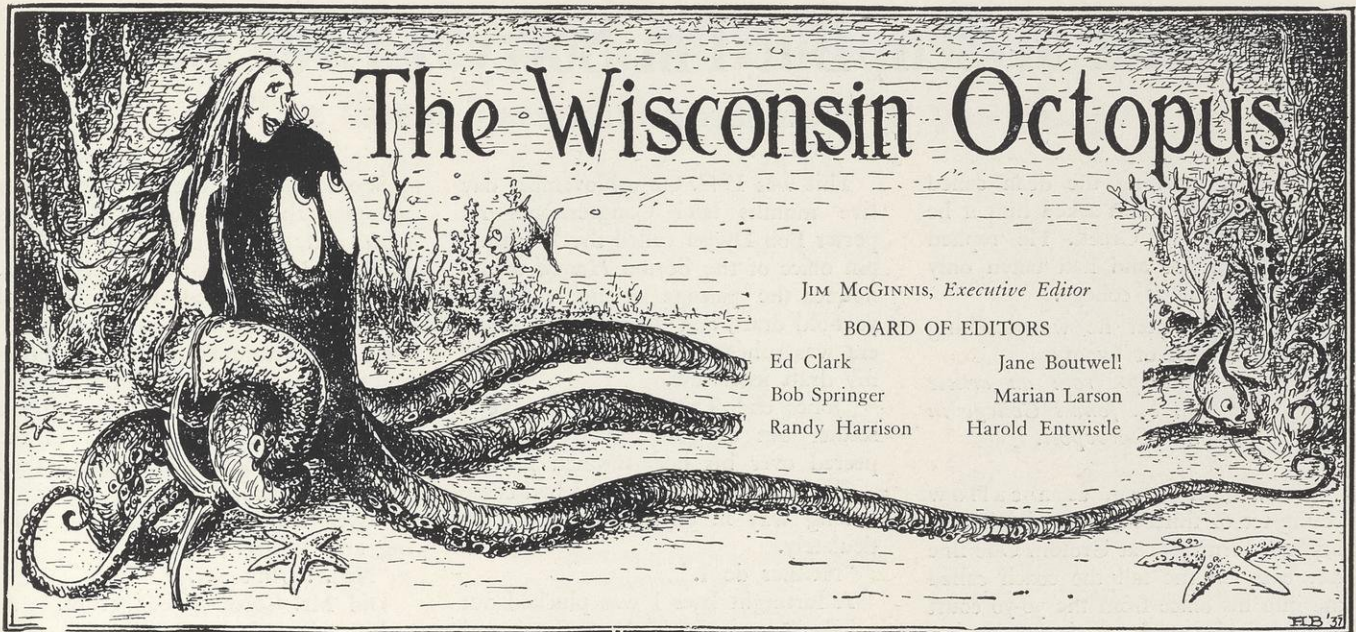
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Volume XXVI

JANUARY, 1948

Number 5

## *In the Editor's Brown Study*

BY GUEST EDITOR  
BOB SPRINGER

Now that exams are over, those of us who are still able, will try to resume abnormal lives where we left them before cram-week began. Things in the brown study aren't as morose as they might be considering what we've discovered lately. For instance, it is possible to write a semester play in one night, all night that is, but two history books are out of the question, and finishing a dozen Shakespeare plays the night before (even in outline form) is humanly impossible. Then those French, or German, or Spanish idioms that crop up in finals, they're never what they look like and never look like what they are. All we can say is, thank God for English translations.

The mystery as to where you stand in regard to grades really is a great help in keeping the end-of-the-semester lull from being dull. Well, at least until all the ominous post-cards have trickled in. That's the time we lose some of our best students.

Much of the nervous strain so evident on campus could be relieved if the University would try more aggressively to solve the still critical housing situation. Once excellent means of achieving the desired end would be to encourage bigger and better mixed houses. Most psychologists will agree that segregation of males from females is a big root on the tree of social evils. Not only would students be able to

accomplish more concentrated studying if the situation were approached this way, but the aforementioned root would be sufficiently dealt with.

The campus group most interested in such previously mentioned reforms besides the questionably liberal YAM,



—SPARTAN

is the Existentialist Society, admittedly inspired by their Parisian brethren. They have convinced themselves of the "futility of existence," therefore all actions committed in this life are unim-

portant as long as they are natural. We feel this is a broad-minded approach. Their most important premise is still, "live as completely as possible," or "don't miss a thing, you'll never know what it's like when you're dead!"

The Existentialists do have an unquestionably large following of students, who, unconsciously, think in their terms. They know that they alone are responsible only to themselves. The catch is, how can they learn to accept this important responsibility in a University that insists upon maintaining a system of juvenile checks, a childish regulation of hours, and a hopelessly ridiculous method of testing and quizzing. We're bitter!

Another campus group with more pointed desires, is the increasingly felt body of Henry Miller devotees. Henry Miller's name means a lot more to the Americans who made tours in Europe in past years. They have especially benefited from an unlimited access to Henry's impassioned books, "Tropic of Cancer," and "Tropic of Capricorn," long banned in America. Fervent members of this cult do have well worn copies available.

These incredible books contain the soul of Miller's philosophy, often expressed in one word. With this one word philosophy foremost in their minds, most Americans charged through Europe making more conquests than ever reached the newspapers. Enriched with memories of

(continued on page 23)



# I Found Myself, But I'm Sorry I Ever Looked

A SUCCESS STORY

One fine morning the dean called in a certain tutor and asked him if he had ever taught Greek. He replied that he had not and had taken only one year of it at college.

Two weeks later he was teaching Greek to a class of twenty.

—Excerpt from an article on St. John's College in the *Satevepost*.

I remember when, as a callow youngster of thirteen, I was beginning my first form year at Groton. One fine day early in the fall the coach called me into his office from the yo-yo court behind the cage.

"Ever played much football, eh, Jones?"

"Well, er . . . ah . . . huh," I rejoined. I had not acquired the self-assured poise which was to become such an asset in the years ahead.

"I thought not."

Three weeks later, as full-back on the first team, I carried the old pigskin down the field 69 yards to clinch a 13-12 victory over St. Mark's.

This was only the beginning of a series of breaks that were to carry me to the very pinnacle of success. One fine afternoon early in my freshman year I was splashing about aimlessly in the freezing water of the Charles. One of the official launches came along side, and a grinning face peered down over the side.

"Haven't done much rowing, have you Jones?" It was the coach of the Freshman crew.

"Well, er . . . ah, blub." I sank under the surface for the second time.

Eight months later I stepped up the stroke to a record breaking 69 to eke out a half-length victory over a heavily favored Yale freshman crew.

This was 1942. On a November day five months later Congressional reporter Bob Dwyer called the Washington office of the Boston *Herald* to announce the passage of the eighteen-year-old draft, and the dawn of a new era was ushered in. Well I remember my draft interview.

"Jones eh? Think we can make a soldier out of you?" The examiner peered over his horn-rimmed glasses.

"Well . . . ah . . . no." I had come a long way in expressing myself articulately.

"Neither do I."

A fortnight later I was plucked out of Basic and assigned to Command and General Staff School.

This was only the beginning of my service career. After a month at Staff School I was called up by my commanding officer.

"Ever had any experience in Strategic Services, Jones?"

"No sir."

A month later, disguised as a Gestapo chauffeur, I swerved my Mercedes Benz off the narrow road-way just outside of LeMans. Seconds later Field Marshal Erwin Rommell lay dying in the Normandy dust.

Discharged from the Service for chronic hay fever, I returned to Harvard where I was elected First Marshal of the class of '46. It was then that I experienced my first and only romance. I met her, as I recall, at the Empire Dance. Well I remember the evening I sat and gazed at her in the soft moonlight.

"You don't know much about love-making do you, John?" Her voice was like the wind blowing through the trees.

"WELL, er . . . gosh, Louise." I always was a trifle shy with the girls.

Seven months later I proudly mounted the steps to the Registrar's office and entered the name of John Jones, Jr. for the class of '69 at Groton.

Having graduated from Harvard with a Magna Cum Laud, I immediately joined my father's firm, the brokerage office of Cabot, Whitney, Drexel and Jones. One fine morning while I was reading Tips for Teens in the men's wash room, Mr. Cabot called me into his office.

"Ever done much large-scale buying and selling?"

"No . . . but . . ."

Old Mr. Cabot gave a grunt.

Five days later Presidential press secretary Charles Ross, wiping the perspiration from his furrowed brow, announced to a stunned world the declaration of a National Emergency. Truman had sold Fort Knox to Cabot, Whitney, Drexel and Jones. The following week I became a member of my father's lunch club.

The next spring, having bought a seat on the exchange, I sold the Beacon Street house and moved into the old Vanderbilt place on Long Island, long vacant because of cost of upkeep. One fine morning I was practicing polo shots on the lawn when I was approached by a short dark gentleman dressed in a blue pin-stripe suit.

"You the owner of this place, Mister?" A silver badge flashed on the inside of his double breasted suit coat.

"Yes."

"Ever fill out any income tax returns?"

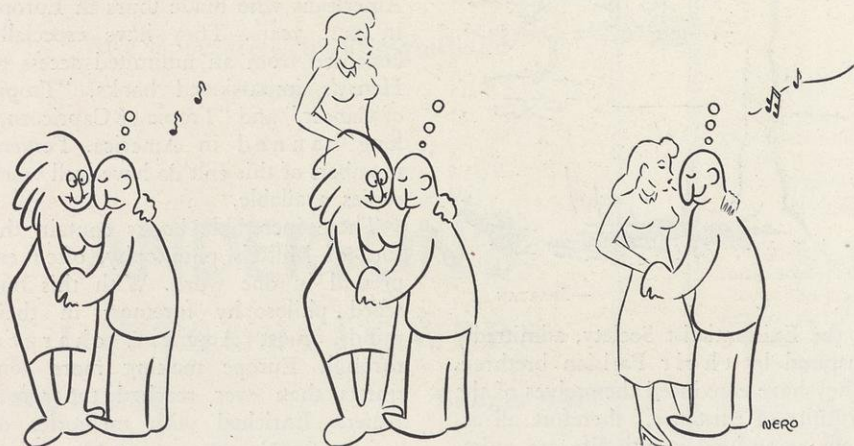
"Well . . . come to think of it . . ."

"Just forgot, I suppose. Ever been to Federal prison?"

"Well, ah, no."

Three months later, as star batter for the San Quentin base ball nine, I knocked my sixty-ninth home run of the season over the left bleachers to clinch a 9-8 victory over a heavily favored Alcatraz team.

—LAMPON



Professor: "Will you men in the back of the room please stop exchanging notes?"

Student: "They aren't notes, sir. They're cards. We're playing bridge."

Professor: "Oh, I beg your pardon."

—WIDOW



# GERTRUDE'S OTHER HUSBAND

## The Great Test of Drama--Will It Sell Soap?

I was reading an article the other day that complained about the silly trash fed to the American woman over the radio every day. This gentleman, a college professor, seemed to think that Brenda's Son's Other Wife was something less than literature. He strongly suggested substituting serializations of the Great Books for the soap operas. It's a hot idea, Buster, but leave us graduate from our mental quadrangles and face the cold world. The Great Books over the radio would appear as something very much like this.

Announcer; Station H.I.I.Q., Chicago. Now transcribed—

Quartet; (singing)

Pepsi Cola smites the locality,  
Twelve inundant ounces, that a plurality,  
Two-fold the quantity for a five cent specie,

Pepsi-Cola is the beverage for thee, see?

Specie, specie, specie, specie, etc.

Announcer; Good morning, ladies, Kleenum Spot, that new soap compound presents, GERTRUDE'S OTHER HUSBAND. (Organ music). Once again we bring you the tender story of a woman's fight for happiness, a story pulsating with the lust to live and the desire for security. It is the story of Gertrude, who, though Queen of Denmark, is, above all else, a woman; of her second husband Claudius, and of her rebellious and feeble-minded son Hamlet, who, willfully, threatens to destroy her happiness. It is the story that asks the question that faces so many of *you*. Should a woman of forty poison her husband? (organ music). Yesterday, as we left Gertrude, she was obsessed by the fear that her son Hamlet would destroy her marriage. She and her devoted husband Claudius, like leaves in the tide, clutching out for scraps of happiness, were planning how to lure Hamlet into the Deep-freeze. Today we find Gertrude in her boudoir, putting on her corset with an old crowbar. (organ music).

Gertrude; Yoiks! This matter makes me clammy,

Methinks me little offspring, Hammy Ain't up to no good for his old Mammy.

Just in case, if this should force it, I'll pack a pistol in my corset.

OOOOOh, it's cold! My blood it curdles,

But 'til danger's gone, I'll arm my girdles.

(Enter, Hamlet)

Hamlet; Here you are in perfumed closets,

Don't think your figure hides deposits

Of such sinister and bulky nature

As a pistol. How I hate yer

Rompin' with yer royal followin',

In the sink of sin a wollowin'.

My Mother!

Gertrude; Hammy, baby, whatcha sayin'?

Yer Mammy's golden hair is greyin'.

Let her have her little fun

Afore her rosy day is done.

Hamlet; Maw, you squint-eyed piece of baggage,

At your age and degree of saggage,

A caperin' with Uncle Claudy,

Actin' sassy and actin' naughty.

I know you rid yerself of Pappy

And wed his brother mighty snappy.

But now I know Pa died unnatural

And sure as sin, your guilt'll

catchural.

Gertrude; My face is whiter than Rinso,

Tell me, where'd you get yer info?

Hamlet; Maw,

I saw

Paw!

Gertrude; Pshaw,

Ya saw

Paw?

Hamlet; Yaw,

'twas Paw.

Gertrude; Phaw!!!

Hamlet; Up on the roof of this here castle,

Dressed in kilt and topped in tassle.

Gertrude; (horrified) Was he drunk or was he sober?

(aside) He got the mickey last October.

Hamlet; He was a ghost, a man invis'ble.

He warn't happy, in fact he's mis'ble.

Gertrude; Why dincha run here with this knowledge?

Ya know that's why ya's sent to college.

Hamlet; Mama, you know in all humility

I had to stop and orate a soliloquy.

But now I interrupt my silence.

Gad, zooks, I hear the call to vi'lence.

I'll find foul Claudius, detain him,

And with this triangular bottle

I'll brain him.

REVENGE! shall be my one

enthralment,

OOOps, time's up for this installment.

Announcer; Will Hamlet crown the king? Will Claudius hit the bottle?

Or will Gertrude follow the great

highways of a woman's heart to find

happiness with GERTRUDE'S

OTHER HUSBAND.

(organ up and out)

If you don't get a moral from all this, look up the words again.

—PULSE



"John, John, look at me John, now listen to me—you've GOT to get a haircut."

—SUNDIAL



# LAUGH, DAMN YOU, LAUGH . . .

Golfer (to players ahead): "Would you mind if I played through? I've just been notified that my wife is seriously ill."

—EL BURRO

## GRAMMAR LESSON

Lord De Liverus—"Your niece is the main attraction of the dance, me lady."

Lady Baltimore—"Thank you, but 'Knees are' is the correct form, Lawd D.L."

He: "I've loved you more than you know."

She: "How dare you take advantage of me when I'm drunk?"

—WAMPUS

Mandy: I can't come to work tomorrow, ma'm, my lil' boy is sick.

Ma'm: Why, Mandy, I thought you said you were an old maid.

Mandy: Ah is, Ma'm, but Ah ain't one of dem fussy kind.

"Do you like short skirts, Mike?"  
"Naw, they get lipstick on me shoit when I dance with them."

—VooDoo

Pi Phi: "Did you know that at the last game scores of co-eds were turned down for seats?"

Theta: "That's a new idea."

A dean of women at a large co-educational college recently began an important announcement to the student body as follows:

"The president of the college and I have decided to stop necking on campus."

—SKI-U-MAH

If she calls you to her bedroom in the wee hours of the night,  
And through half-closed eyelids you detect a tell-tale light,  
If her bosom heaves tumultuously like the tide upon the ocean,  
And her voice is soft and tremulous betraying her emotion,  
If her nostrils dilate widely with each panting, labored breath.  
And her shapely body trembles as might one approaching death,  
If she beseeches and implores you, as she grasps your trembling hand,  
To alleviate her sufferings, the tortures of the damned—

THAT'S ASTHMA

—COVERED WAGON

"Eavesdropping again," said Adams as his wife fell out of the tree.

—S. C. WAMPUS

My daddy's a bounder,  
A dirty old rounder,  
His chin's often covered with foam;  
I've oft heard him mutter,  
While stretched in the gutter,  
"My gawd, it feels good to get home."

—WEST POINTER

Girls without restraint  
Give no cause for complaint.

Girls with reserve  
Get what they deserve.

Girls besweated  
Better be fettered.

Voice heard in Grad. House: "Hey you guys, cut out that swearing—I've got a woman in my room!"

Mary had a little swing  
It wasn't hard to find  
For everywhere that Mary went  
The swing was right behind.

The newcomer placed his hand on the shoulder of the convict before him and began the rhythmic lockstep back to jail.

He leaned forward a little and whispered to the tired convict ahead: "Is this all there is to this rock-splitting job?"

"Ain't fourteen hours a day of it enough?"

"Nothing to it."

"Seven days a week of it. Bad food, rotten beds . . ."

"It's heaven!"

"Say, where did you come from?"

"I . . . was a college professor."

—RICARDO QUINTANA

"Ah wins."

"What you got?"

"Three aces."

"No yuh don't. Ah wins."

"What yuh got?"

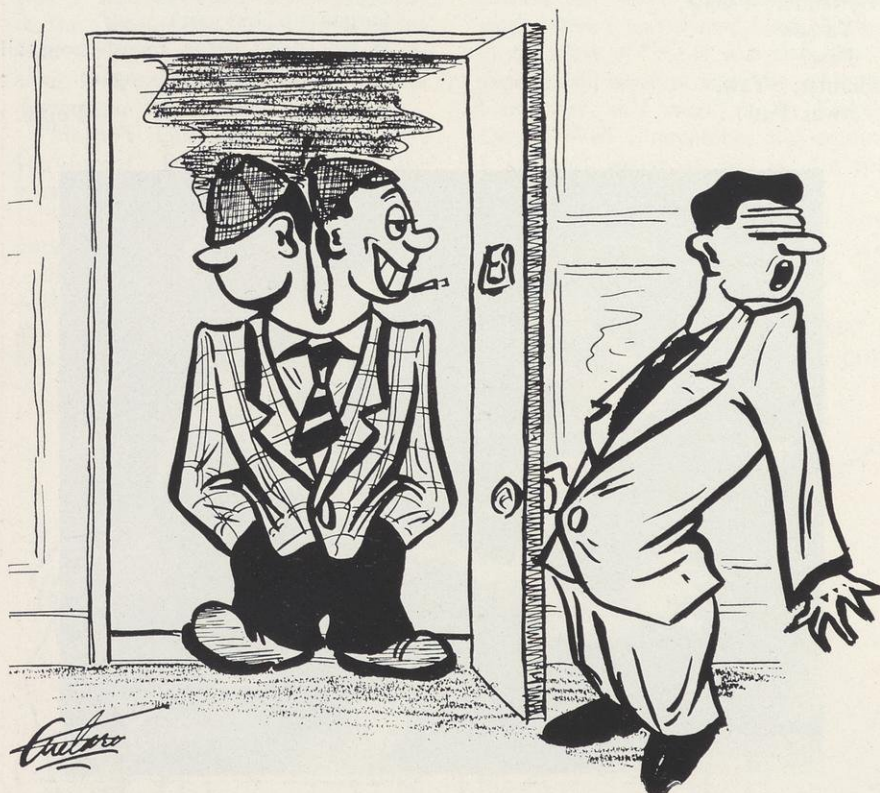
"Two eights and a razor."

"Yuh sho' do. How cum yuh so lucky?"

—AGGIEVATOR

Slave: "There is a girl outside without food and clothing."

Sultan: "Feed her and bring her in."



"Kee-rist, another legacy!"

CORNELL WIDOW



*The Best Christmas GIFT Ever:*  
*AVAIL Thyself of*  
**Joe Miller's JESTS:**  
*VADE-MECUM.*

being

A collection of the moft Brilliant Jests; the Politeft REPARTEES; the moft Elegant BON MOTS, and moft pleafant fhort Stories in the Englifh Language.

Firft carefully collected in the Company, and many of them tranfcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious GENTLEMAN, whofe Name they bear; and now fet forth and publifhed by his lamentable Friend and former Companion, Elijah Jenkins, Efq.;

Moft Humbly INSCRIBED

To thofe CHOICE-SPIRITS of the A G E

Captain Bodens, Mr. Alexander Pope, Mr. Profeffor Lacy, Mr. Orator Henly, and John Baker, the Kettle-Drummer.

Be your judgment on:

1. A Drunken Fellow carrying his Wife's Bible to pawn for a Quartern of Gin, to an Alehoufe, the Man of the Houfe refufed to take it. What a Pox, faid the Fellow, will neither my Word, nor the Word of G-d pafs?
2. A young Lady who had been married but a fhort Time, feeing her Huband going to rife pretty early in the Morning, faid, What, my Dear, are you getting up al-ready, Pray lie a little longer and reft yourfelf. No, my dear, reply'd the Husband, I'll get up and reft myfelf.
3. A Dog coming open-mouth'd at a Serjeant upon a March he run the Spear of his Halbert into his Throat and kill'd him: The Owner coming out rav'd extreamly that his Dog was kill'd, and ask'd the Serjeant, Why he could not as well have ftruck at him with the blunt End of his Halbert? So I would, fays he, if he had run at me with his Tail.
4. A famous Teacher of Arithmetick, who had long been married without being able to get his Wife with Child: One faid to her, Madam, your Husband is an excellent Arithmetician. Yes, replies fhe, only he can't multiply.
5. A mendicant enquiring at an Inn, the "St. George and the Dragon," whether he could fecure a fpot of futenance, was rebuffed violently by an unfightly Haridan who was evidently the Innkeeper's fpoufe. He hied himfelf away fadly, but returned in a few minutes and flammed his fift againft the Door again. The fame female opening it and afking, 'Sblood! What do you wifh now? He faid, I was wondering if I could fpeak with George.
6. A certain Bumpkin, whilft boasting of his conqueft of a certain Maid known far and wide as an icicle, was fet upon by his comrades. That would be as difficult as finding a Needle in a Hayftack, quoth one. Yes, fo it would, faid the Bumpkin, rubbing his fhanks ruefully.

(Price One Shilling)



## A Perfect Valentine! Henri Bendel Perfumes



Sold Only At

**MacNeil and Moore**

## Evening Jewelry *by Krementz*



Cuff link and stud sets  
Various designs 7.50 to 15.00

White mother of pearl for tail coat—dark pearl for tuxedo. Correct in style . rich and enduring . convenient to use with patented snap bar cuff links and bodkin studs.

**E. W. Parker**  
JEWELERS  
9 West Main—On the Square

# THAT'S LIFE

By PAT MOUL

With the elections coming up this year things are beginning to shape up already. From our corner it looks as if the Republicans will have the support of big business, while the Democrats will draw the farmer-labor vote. Henry Wallace will get what's Left.

\* \* \*

We have just found out that journalists are exempt from income taxes in Brazil. If we want to exist for another year, we will have to get a tramp steamer for the South before March 15th rolls around.

\* \* \*

Mr. Vandenberg and Mr. Taft have split over foreign policy and the Marshall plan. It looks as if Mr. Taft has been caught off guard by another one of the Michigan mousetrap plays.

\* \* \*

Dumb Dora wants to know how long it will be before the United States gets into war with Russia on the side of Walter Winchell.

\* \* \*

Nineteen forty-eight is a centennial year for Wisconsin. One hundred years of progress will be marked by an all-out campaign on the part of alumni to provide the 5 million dollars needed badly by the University for expansion. This is the same 5 million that the State legislature has been refusing to provide for the last 20 years.

\* \* \*

Mr. Justice Douglas has refused to run a Vice Presidential candidate for the Democrats, thus returning the 1944 snub.

\* \* \*

Rumor has it that Joseph Stalin is either dead or critically ill. We are a bit afraid that this rumor is just wishful hoping on the part of 9/10 of the world.

\* \* \*

Californians have been proud of their weather for many a moon, but we all know that it rains there occasionally. However, with Gov. Warren around, it is never Dewey.

\* \* \*

Even the advocates of it are just about sure that UMT is doomed to a quick death when it gets to congress. America is again sitting back on its self-complacent duff.

\* \* \*

Another wartime leader has lashed "the next war." Hap Arnold has come out strongly against it. Like General Ike he would rather be out of a job.

\* \* \*

We have viewed with alarm the "abdication" of the King of Roumania. The Communists would like us to believe that he left for reasons of love. This we believe, he left for the love of life.

\* \* \*

Mr. Stassen touched off a little bit of political dynamite when he asked for an investigation of the grain speculators. However, it seems as if the Secretary of Agriculture has been most unco-operative, refusing to release the names of the true insiders and substituting instead only those of honest people who profit in the misery of others.

\* \* \*

This will be the last column of this type. It seems that the author is finally graduating, and, Brother, that really is life.



Sonny, don't you know you shouldn't drag your little sister down the street by the hair?

Aw, that's all right, Mister, she's dead.

—COVERED WAGON

\* \* \*

Tom Garren: "What kind of dress did Liz wear to the party last night?"

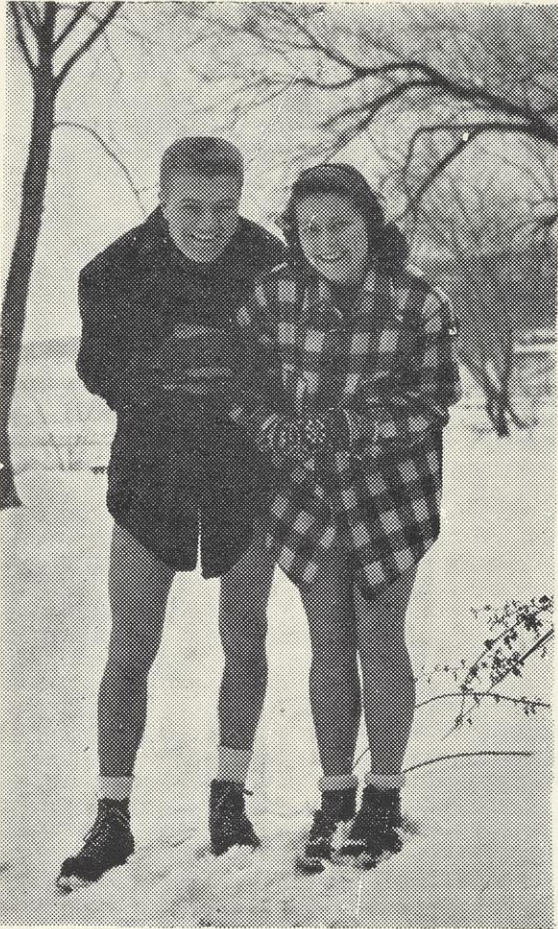
John Carter: "I don't remember all the details, but I do know that it was checked."

Tom: "Boy! That must have been some party."

\* \* \*

Co-ed: Is it natural to shrink from kissing?

Prof: If it was, my dear, most of you girls would be nothing but skin and bones.



Every year when the Hooper ski snow-birds put on their Winter Carnival show anything from a new ski-jump record to a broken neck is liable to happen. At any rate, they never disappoint the crowd, and their members are many and faithful. For instance, when they proclaimed the dress for the big annual Snow Ball on Saturday the 14th as "plaid shirts" . . . plaid shirts (and not much more) it is. Witness above shot of Hoopers Bill Treul and girl friends, Mary J. Peterman, as they paused for the camera-man on the way to the dance.

Bill, a frustrated Haresfoot devotee, will show his legs at the drop of a trouser, but in this picture, well, nobody will pay any attention to *his* legs anyway.

**"He knows  
and knows that  
he knows"**

**A**ccording to the old saying that's the definition of a wise man — and the young man who knows Campus Togs is wise indeed.

Once he has known the comfort, self-assurance and perfect satisfaction of a handsome, well-styled, faultlessly fitting Campus Togs suit, he is sold on the Campus Togs label for good.

He's in the "know," too, about the year-around saving on his clothing budget that the Campus Togs habit means.

**Karstens**

ON CAPITOL SQUARE . . . 22 NORTH CARROLL STREET.



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VALENTINE



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or Bouquet

From

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WAGNER'S**  
*Flower and  
Gift Shop*

Distinctive Cards  
and Gifts

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G. 5072

## My Roommate - Homer

Gee, hullo, Mom . . . I didn't know you were coming today . . . Yup, this is my room . . . This is where I live . . . No, I don't live here all by myself . . . I have three roommates . . . Yes, it is pretty crowded . . . The furniture? . . . Yes, of course, the furniture . . . See that big pile of rubbish on that big packing crate over there? . . . That's my desk . . . Where do I study? . . . I study at the Library on Sunday nights . . . That broomstick over there with the rag on top? . . . Oh, that's our lamp . . . Just a minute, Mother, and I'll get a shovel and scoop away some of this rubbish . . . There's a chair around here some place . . . You can sit down . . . Don't mind the spring sticking up . . . It's pretty uncomfortable at first, but you'll get used to it.

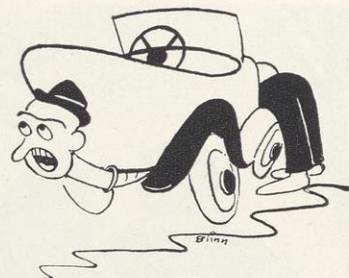
Those pictures . . . Er-a-well-ah, they belong to Homer . . . Homer's my roommate . . . No, they don't have many clothes on . . . No, they're not *really* obscene looked at from an artistic point of view . . . You see, Homer's an art major and they paint and study things like that . . . By the way, Mother, excuse me a minute . . . I have to go in my bedroom and take something down . . . I mean I have to get something.

My dresser? . . . Well, I haven't seen it recently . . . Not for about three weeks . . . It should be under this stack of dirty clothes . . . Just a minute, I'll dig down and see . . . I'm getting down to something here . . . Yes, here's a knob . . . It must be the dresser . . . And here's our rug under all these newspapers . . . Homer saves newspapers . . . It's his hobby . . . See, here's one . . . The headline says, *Roosevelt Inaugurated For First Term* . . . Those barrels of cigarette stubs belong to Homer too . . . He collects them . . . He's a great one to collect things and save them . . . You know I don't smoke, Mom . . . I'd offer you a drink, but all our glasses are dirty . . . Drink of water, that is . . . No, Mother . . . That's not black crepe hanging on the door knob . . . That's Homer's towel . . .

That case of beer behind the door? . . . Ah-er-ah, we're keeping it for some of the boys down the hall . . . Yes, I'm afraid some of the boys do drink a little, Mother, but of course I wouldn't have *anything* to do with them . . . See those big baskets of clothes by that heap of rubbish over there? . . . They belong to Homer . . . Homer takes in washing . . .

Washes them in the sink and strings up ropes across the room to dry them.

Wanna see my bed, Mom? . . . No, it's not in the bedroom . . . There's no space for it in there . . . That's where we keep Homer's car . . . Homer's taking physics and he has to take the car apart and put it back together . . . Our beds are out on the fire escape . . . Yes, it does get pretty wet when it rains, but we just pull the covers over our heads . . . No, this isn't all our rubbish . . . The boys down the hall pay Homer \$1.00 a month to dump their rubbish and



"It's empty!"

—SPARTAN

garbage in here . . . Yes, the garbage does smell a little bad after a few weeks, but we just sprinkle after-shave lotion around with gay abandon . . . 25c a gallon.

Yes, we always enter by the window . . . You see we can't open the door because there's too much rubbish piled in front of it . . . Those garbage cans? . . . They belong to Homer . . .

Mother, why are you looking so funny? . . . You look like you're going to faint . . . I'll get a little more air in here . . . There's someone coming up the fire escape right now . . . It must be Homer . . . No, Mother, of course not! . . . It's not an ape! . . . It's Homer, my roommate . . . He was a little shocking at first, but he's o. k. once you get used to him . . . Come in, Homer . . . I want you to meet my Mother . . . Why, where is she? . . . She was here just a minute ago . . . Here she is . . . Mother, what are you doing on the floor? . . . She's fainted! . . . Quick, Homer! . . . Get the smelling salts . . . I think they're over there under that pile of cracked toilet seats you bought at the auction sale . . . Hurry, Homer! . . . Mother's groaning now and turning green,

—ZEPHYR



## GIZMO JOE

*You may talk and race your motors  
With regard to ice cream sodas,  
And a double coke with lemon may be fine,  
But when you crave a beer you are out of luck, I fear,  
For the bloomin' beer taps close each night at nine.*

*Now in Ithaca's hilly place  
Where I used to take up space  
In all the Gin-Mills, dumps and dives, you know  
Of all that mangy crew, the biggest sot I knew  
Was an alcoholic brother, Gizmo Joe.*

*He was Joe, Joe, Joe  
You schizophrenic drunkard, Gizmo Joe.  
Though you say you're on the wagon,  
Your resolve is sadly saggin',  
And your elbow's on the bar rail, Gizmo Joe.*

*I shan't forget the night  
When the fellows all got tight,  
And Gizmo Joe was tighter than them all.  
He was speaking with a snicker on the ills of drinking licker,  
When the fellows stepped away and let him fall.*

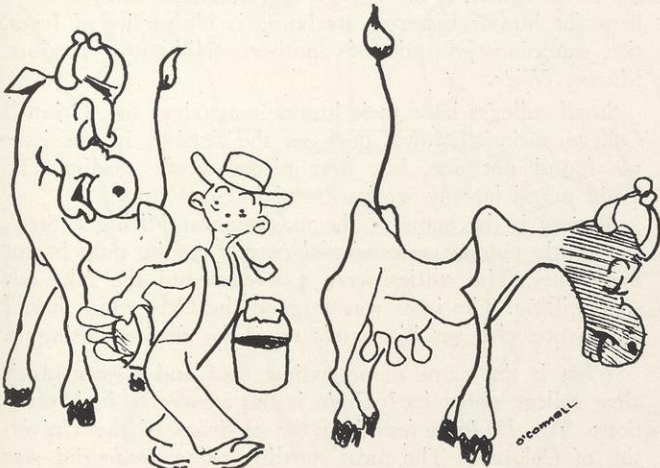
*He was Joe, Joe, Joe  
A tank without a bottom, Gizmo Joe  
You're the cause for lemonaders,  
And a boon to vice crusaders.  
You are nothing but a booze hound, Gizmo Joe!*

*Yes I know that down the hill  
Gizmo Joe is drinking still,  
Where they shut the beer off every night at nine.  
With a glass up to his lips, he'll be taking little sips,  
And he'll say the hell with you Jack, I've got mine!*

*So it's Joe, Joe, Joe  
You weary alcoholic, Gizmo Joe.  
You have licker on the mind,  
And D. T.'s are close behind,  
You're a bigger drunk than I am Gizmo Joe.*

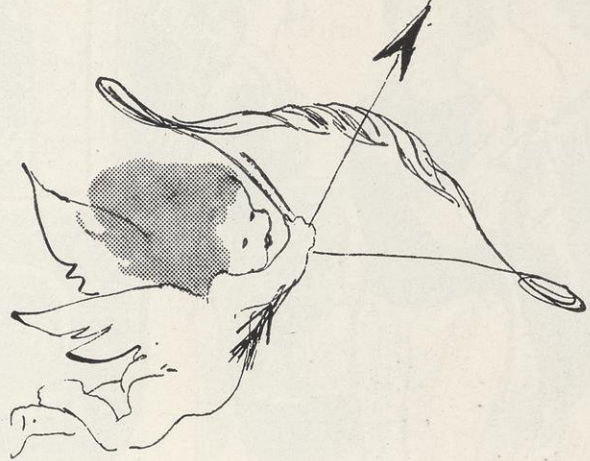
—CORNELL WIDOW

Webster says that taut means tight. I guess I was taut a lot in school after all.



"I'll thank you to keep your hands off my wife, sir!"

## It's Manchester's



for  
romantic  
Valentines  
that go straight  
to the heart!

And Psssst, girls!  
St. Valentine was a man!  
Don't forget HIM on  
St. Valentine's Day!

Harry S. Manchester  
Inc.





"This is Mrs. Smith—her hobbies are interior decorating and Dentyne Chewing Gum!"



"She says it cheers everybody up just to be reminded of Dentyne Chewing Gum's delicious good taste—and the way Dentyne helps keep teeth white makes it really worthwhile to smile!"

Dentyne Gum — Made Only By Adams

## WHOM TO BLAME

Because this is Octy's exchange issue, "Old Eight Legs" will try to tell the reader about the humor magazines from which this month's material was stolen. Please understand that when we use the word "stolen" we mean borrowed with permission of the other mags as long as credit is given. Occasionally Octy slips up and prints something, usually a cartoon or a poem, without a credit line. When this happens we blame it on the printers, of course.

The college humor magazine which has made the greatest name for itself is the *Harvard Lampoon*. In its many years it has had such well-known Americans as Robert Benchley and William Randolph Hearst on its staff. The *Lampoon* maintains its reputation with a magazine that is all humor. Jokes, poems, cartoons, stories, and humorous commentary. This is unusual today when so many college humor magazines have added leg art photos and even, yes, literature.

Up at Massachusetts Institute of Technology is another good humor magazine, *Voo Doo*. It's not the handsomest college magazine in appearance, but it does have consistently rollicking stories. *Voo Doo* is proof that Engineers have a sense of humor and can write something besides mathematical formulae.

The most original cover designs, in our worthless opinion, appear on the front of the *Cornell Widow*. We couldn't borrow its covers, so we filched some cartoons, which is another strong department of the *Widow's*.

The wonderful cut of Norma Shearer and John Barrymore comes from the Ohio State *Sundial*. *Sundial* has had an interesting history. It was in, it was replaced by another magazine, then it came back again. Because it printed some pictures which the university thought were indecent, it was kicked off the campus. A new mag, *Scarlet Fever*, took its place. Then some alumni of *Sundial*, including James Thurber, campaigned for *Sundial's* return. So it's back and it's a top-notch college magazine.

A new magazine, *Pulse* of the University of Chicago hasn't had time to polish itself up as much as some of the other mags, but it has already printed some funny material. We stole a piece of *Pulse* for this issue.

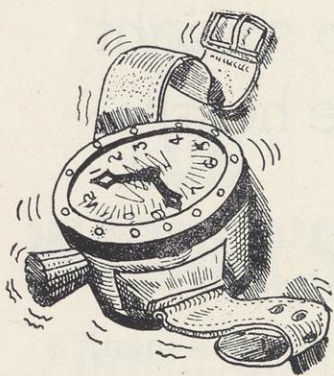
We don't want to get into an argument so we won't pick any firsts. So we'll say that the *Texas Ranger* is one of the finest general college magazines we have seen. It has had a crusade a month of late. It has humor too, as its contribution to Octy's exchange issue shows.

Out where the tall corn grows there is a monthly periodical called *Frivol*. It too is a general magazine with a heavy bent for humor material. Its home is University of Iowa, the stamping grounds of another well-known product, Murray Wier.

Small colleges have their humor magazines too. Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa, puts out the *Zephyr*. In one issue we found not one, but four pieces worth stealing. To avoid grand larceny we borrowed but one story.

*Spartan* is the name of the magazine at Michigan State. It recently put out a wonderful parody on the pulp horror magazines. The stories were a scream and the fake ads were killing. The issue was so good the Octy editor hasn't let anyone else get his hands on it for fear of losing it.

What is the name of an extinct bird and a very much alive college magazine? *Dodo* is the answer to both questions. The *Dodo* is found in the environs of the University of Colorado. The most startling thing *Dodo* did was to print a cross word puzzle in Russian in its Russian lampooning issue.



## GRUESOME

The Pretentious

Time Piece

A miracle of inaccuracy  
World's thickest, lowest-priced wrist watch — Priced from  
\$0.34 to \$5,000.00 (Including the Party's tax)

CURVED TO FIT THE FOREARM

By an ingenious arrangement of the second hand the entire mechanism is larger, therefore sturdier and more accurate—yet the parts occupy less space! It rattles. Pretention and gaudiness combined—

## GRUESOME

Official Timepiece—Rutopian Airways



## THE WRITER AND I

There are only two things in the world everyone can do: sing and write. I know it is so because I hear everyone doing the first and have everyone I meet claiming to do the latter.

The guy in the mail-order suit, from Republic, Kansas, shoves a copy of "Argosy" across the counter of a bus-station hashery and says, "Now see this here article. I had an experience just yest'day that beats that . . . Why, if I was of a mind I'd set some place and put it down . . ." Or in some fly-by-nightery, a disillusioned craftsman says, "If I could just get away from all this — get alone and write, write what I have inside of me."

Egg raisers, ecclesiastic fathers and sons, war heroes and those who also served, strippers, drug-addicted jazz musicians are writers all. The only thing that keeps the unsuccessful ones from reaching the best-seller list in Gimbel's basement is the lack of time and connections.

The plumber plumbs, and the bank president or society matron or anyone but Cluny Brown doesn't come over and take up his own private Stillson and have a go at the Crane fixtures. The merchant merchandises, the sower sows, the farmer farms, the soldier soldiers and the populace by and large keeps its fingers out of the other man's pie.

Even the tenors have higher principles. I've heard of a few policemen and barbers singing for gatherings of

one type or another, but they always remained amateurs. Not so the writers. Anyone with a message may suddenly rocket into the professional writers' ranks, and no professional author is safe from being replaced by a former sand-hog or jockey or debutante. The professional goes down with a gasp and a gurgle as fluff and fornication jotted down on the backs of old grocery bills by blithe newlyweds turn into best sellers.

How it happens, I don't know. Perhaps the Palmer Method people started it all, or Remington-Rand. I sometimes think the old days of the stone tablet and mallet were better. Having to wield a 35 pound hammer on an oversize piece of granite might discourage a few to whom "writing just comes natural". At least a man would have something to say before he attempted the task. And the bodily effort might eliminate the less sturdy aesthetes.

As it is, the only slight form of discouragement offered is the rejection slip. It never will be as effective as the physical weight of the stone hammer. In fact, it's getting so that rejection slips are prized more highly than successful sales. Movies and stories never show a successful author winning a girl. It's always the one who's down to his last cup of coffee at Ciro's who broods into the plush carpet and mutters, "Hunh, Sales? No, but you should see my rejection slips."

(continued on page 24)



"Gesundheit!"

**L**etterheads

**G**ifts

**B**eer Mugs

**A**wards

**L**eather

**F**avors

**O**fficial Insignia

**U**niform Quality

**R**ings

**C**ups

**O**pen 10 'til 6

**M**emorials

**P**rograms

**A**sh Trays

**N**ovelties

**Y**our Friend

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## Newest Campus Hangout



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After - Date

Meeting Place

Swap Stories

With the Fellas

# STRICTLY SCIENTIFIC

Professor Theodore Bates drummed his fingers nervously on the desk in the lobby of the Plymouth Hotel.

"May I help you, sir?" the clerk asked politely.

"Certainly you may help me," replied the professor. "I am Professor Bates from the paleobiology department of the Lathrop University. A group of graduate students of paleobiology are holding a meeting here tonight. I'm expected."

The clerk swallowed, excused himself and disappeared behind the panel. "Hey Joe," he whispered, "There's a character out front who's looking for a meeting of paleobiology students."

Joe turned around in the swivel chair and looked at the clerk "Okay. I'll bite. What is paleobiology?"

"I was gonna ask you, Joe. Know anything about a meeting of poleo-what-zit students?"

Joe scratched his head for a moment. "Yeah, those guys in the Green Room are university students. I didn't ask them what they were studying."

The clerk returned to the desk. "The meeting is being held in the Green Room, sir. First door on the mezzanine floor. By the way, what is paleobiology?"

The professor stopped his drumming and looked sharply at the clerk. "It is the field of science that studies fossils as organisms."

"Oh," said the clerk as the professor made his way towards the stairs.

The professor rapped quietly on the door of the Green Room. When there was no answer, he pushed open the door and entered. It would be an understatement to say that the professor was surprised. His pince-nez glasses dropped from his nose and tinkled merrily against his Phi Beta Kappa key. He replaced them and looked about. The students seemed to be more or less in a state of inebriation. A few of them were lying on the floor. There was a poker game at the table. In the corner, a quartet was attempting to harmonize on a vulgar song. Someone staggered up to the professor and placed a glass in his hand.

"Hya bov, howva doin'?"

"I am Doctor Bates," the professor said flatly.

"By God! I didn't know Olson knew anv doctors."

The professor's eye glasses dropped again. He recalled the warning of Dean Hicoblesbie. The Dean had said.

"Now remember, Theadore, some of the western colleges are a bit radical.

But your program calls for lectures at them so just ignore any irregularities."

"Come over and meet Olson, Doc; he'll be glad to see you."

This was too much for Professor Bates. He gulped a swallow from his glass without thinking and burst into a fit of violent coughing. The young man beat the professor's back until Dr. Bates' face returned to its normal chalk-white color. Then the professor was dragged across the room to the poker game.

"Hey Olson, here's a friend of yours."

A hand emerged through the cigar smoke and Professor Bates took it gingerly.



"Miss Otis regrets she's unable to launch today."

—SPARTAN

"Olson is the guest of honor, ya know," said the young man.

The professor nodded. "Yes? Ah yes! Olson! Isn't he the young fellow who won the Watermore scholarship for paleobiology?"

Olson's face protruded through the haze and grinned at the professor.

"Mr. Olson, I am Doctor Bates. Could you tell me where Professor Hollingsworth might be found? He was to introduce me to this group."

Olson took a swallow from his glass and shook his head.

"Fraid I don't know Hollingsworth, Doc. But you don't need an introduction. Just mingle."

"But this is preposterous," the professor remonstrated, "My program calls for a speech."

(continued on page 22)





## *For Your Valentine*

We have the ideal gifts for this wonderful occasion ---- come in and browse around.

# UNIVERSITY CO-OP





### Valentines For:

#### SWEETHEARTS

MOTHER	AUNT
FATHER	UNCLE
BROTHER	COUSIN
SISTER	FRIEND

Styled By  
Rustcraft & Gibson Art

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Friendly, Courteous Service

**Great Expectations**

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STEAM-FRIED CHICKEN  
SINGIN' T-STEAKS  
SPAGHETTI ALA MEATBALLS  
SHRIMP — LOBSTER TAIL  
SANDWICHES — 27 VARIETIES  
MINESTRONE SOUP

## JIMMIE'S 906 REGENT

Celebrated Restaurant & Cocktail Lounge

## THE FIENDISH MR. PONG

On the thirteenth of November, 1929, Samuel P. Pong was hanged by the neck until dead. His last words were: "I fully realize I have betrayed the sacred trust bestowed upon me as an American citizen and am ready to pay the price. There is no one in the world today who is more guilty than I of major crime against humanity; hanging is really too good for me."

It was only fitting that this beast should die by the rope, for he was the inventor of the ping pong ball. Samuel P. Pong's relatives and family did not go to the funeral—they would have nothing to do with the disposal of such a monster. They would have no part of the man who had caused millions of innocent people to endure unmentionable hardships and abject poverty.

In the fall of 1923 the Federal Industrial Economic Negation Department (FIEND) of the Commodity Credit Corporation issued an order which was destined to upset our entire national economy. This order seemed to be harmless at the time of its origin, but it has now shown its effect to be far reaching and devastating. The order was enforced by the Federal Industrial Economic Negation Department and received its teeth with the passage of the Haveldorf-Slitz bill two months later. The CCC purchased 420,000,001 pounds of ping pong balls in order to keep the market price from falling. The FIEND was given the problem of deciding where to store the purchased ping pong balls.

The problem was solved by Senator Raymond Gallup (D., Poteet) who, as head of FIEND, was able to secure 198,000,000 unused banana boats. These boats were docked at the piers and wharves which lined the eastern banks of the Saval River. The boats were immediately pressed into service and the ping pong balls were shipped to the North ern Shan states of Eastern China.

The loading and unloading of the ping pong balls took six years. This could have been done in less time, but government inspectors, supplied by the CCC, had to bounce each ball at every foreign port to insure their safe transfer to China. While the long and tedious job of unloading and ball bouncing was taking place in China, the CCC, in co-ordination with FIEND, had secured permission to use the old Williamson bill, with an amendment added by the House to bring the price of foreign ping pong balls up to the same level reached by the United States.

The head of the CCC instructed the President to impose a special import fee, additional to the tariff, because imports were reducing the amount of domestic ping pong production by 27.8 per centum.

The result was simple, but disastrous. There were 420,000,001 pounds of excess ping pong balls released at one time.

The foreign market could not tolerate such a blow. The sudden flood of ping pong balls caused the immediate crash of the ping pong industry in South America, supplemented by a complete shutdown in Siberia. The United States was called upon to subsidize these paralyzed industries. This led to the passage of the Farnsworth-Pabst bill which called for a complete investigation of the Williamson bill and a subsequent investigation of the Haveldorf-Slitz bill.

Two months later (June 7, 1929) the United States ping pong ball industry crashed. With ping pong ball economy on the rocks the stockholders of the Acme Ping Pong Paddle Corporation were scared into selling their stocks in order to reinvest in a more secure position. This apparent run on the APPPC forced the Federal Reserve Board to



allow loans to corporations ostensibly interested in programs of the ping pong paddle production. Between July and September of 1928, borrowings for speculation on the ping pong situation rose from one-third to eight and one-half billion dollars. Prices of stocks soared upward to an apparently permanently high plateau. As a result many European holdings were dumped on the market, and prices began to sag. On Thursday, October 24, 1929, 120,800,000 shares of International Ping Pong Preferred were unloaded. That did it.

Prices dropped, foreign trade fell, factories curtailed production, or closed their doors never to reopen them, real estate declined, banks went under, wages were cut drastically and unemployment figures began to mount. Foreign nations fell into the abyss of depression and the natives in the Northern Shan States of Eastern China were forced to eat ping pong balls instead of fish balls.

The CCC blamed the entire mishap on the Federal Industrial Economic Negation Department, which in turn placed the blame squarely on the shoulders of Samuel P. Pong, the erstwhile inventor of the ping pong ball.

A senate investigation was conducted and on the twelfth of November, 1929, Samuel Pong was sentenced by the Supreme Court to death by hanging.

A complete and detailed description of the events leading up to the depression was printed in the December 26 issue of the Congressional Record, with ample praise heaped upon the head of the CCC. The CCC in turn heaped praise, as well as several volumes of flowery memoranda, on the head of FIEND.

The body of Samuel P. Pong, with a stake through the liver, lies in an unmarked grave in southern Michigan.

R. I. P.

—RANGER



"Damn this capitalism—you gotta pay, now."

—COLORADO DODO



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- \_\_\_\_\_ Spanking female guests.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Inebriation.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Excessive destruction of furniture.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Complete loss of equilibrium.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Indiscreet petting.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Weeping.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Nausea.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Indiscriminate tickling.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Looking for hidden mole.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Frequent absence from party.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Burping.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Hiccups.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Target spitting.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Silverware missing.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Kicking lady's shins under table.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Pouring goldfish in silk hat.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Walking on hands.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Swinging on chandeliers.

I sincerely hope that I'm invited again.

—OKLAHOMA WHIRLWIND

They say that if you don't drink, smoke, or run around  
with women, you'll live longer.

It's a lie.

It only seems longer.

\* \* \*

A musical production came to town. The bill board read:  
"50 Beautiful Girls—45 Gorgeous Costumes."



"Come, come, Smythingdale, J-school isn't THAT  
bad!"



# Nothing But Talk

"Are there any sensible questions now?" The Professor allowed his hair to settle back into place and concluded his lecture on the culmination of trilobites and how best to serve them. Though I wanted to know if I could make trilobites serve me, I maintained the ethical silence after his question and waited for the class to leave. Here was my chance to question the professor-scientist:

"Sir, is it true that the B-bomb will follow the A-bomb?"

"That is a rather broad statement. Let me say that the A-bomb will precede the B-bomb. I am unfamiliar with the social characteristics of alphabetical bombs."

"What can these bombs do?"

"It is said that the A-bomb causes night blindness and that a projected C-bomb causes rickets. You see, these bombs are an antidote for their vitamin counterparts."

"You're not sure though?"

"The brain of the scientist Brigadoon, inherited by Abner Yocum, was churning these ideas around, before he smashed headlong into a tree to get rid of them."

"I see, Sir, what it is that makes the bomb explode?"

"That is very simple. You see, it is full of atoms. You've heard of a chain reaction?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, that is too general—merely for public consumption. Actually it more nearly resembles what we men of science know as a burning licorice stick."

"Licorice stick! But I thought the bomb was no bigger than a pea."

"Ha. We mislaid too many of those portable bombs. You don't suppose we would require a plant the size of Oak Ridge to turn out two pea-size bombs? We lost some under desks and in waste baskets. Some were taken home by the employees, whose children used them in sling shots. Very effective."

"What do the new bombs look like?"

"The new peacetime bomb resembles a juke box. It is stationary and cannot be misplaced."

"I'm afraid that as a layman, I don't see the tremendous significance of what you have said. May I change the subject to ask if there is any truth to the story that we are going to set up some satellites 10,000 miles above the earth's surface?"

"That is, of course, a secret. But confidentially, I would like to suggest that I believe that some people may think that there is some possibility of such a development."

"And what is the use of such an instrument in warfare?"

"Yes, just as you say, it is of great use. The first nation to install such a weapon will have a great strategic advantage. A great advantage. We might use them as airports."

"How about artificial eclipses to keep sun off the enemy's land?"

"Personally, I believe it would be better to build up our stock-pile of dry ice to cause a steady rain to fall on the enemy. Keep his productive capacity tied up with raincoats."

"What a planning mind! Professor, is there truth to the rumor that you would be willing to serve as chairman of the Navy's Carmine Ribbon Department? Isn't that supposed to be the lushest job on the West Coast?"

"I immediately reject any such implications or advances. The idea is abhorrent. However, I would gladly accept any opportunity to serve my country — if it were offered. As to your last comment. This job is not 'lush'; it is hard work. Hard work. A job that needs a scientific thinker and capable man."

"What do you know about the scandals and exposés which concern so many of our office holders?"

"I see it all as a result of transmogrified psycho-emotional touchback. Some people have political masochistic complexes. They go about asking others about the most repulsive and disgusting politicians they have heard of. I don't seek office. It hasn't been offered me. However, I am conscientious and would willingly serve my community if called upon to do so."

"I am sure you would, Professor. But back to our discussion. What do you think is the most devastating weapon which will be used in the next war?"

"This is a strict secret, but I understand that the Army is buying up 10 million umbrellas for short-range combat. Just think what this means. The other day, I saw a matron on Park Street put out the eyes of five people through sheer carelessness. Just think of the inherent devastation of 10 million umbrellas in the hands of strong, well-trained soldiers who aim. If we poke out one eye per enemy, we

will eliminate his perspective. Everything would look like a flat surface to him. We can reduce the enemy to fighting in two dimensions, while we are armed with three dimensions."

"You seem to know everything. But back to your speech, how do you think people culminate a tribolite and serve it?"

"What the hell are you talking about? Did someone ask if I was going to run for office?"

—VooDoo

No longer do I fear to tread  
In through the bar-room door.  
No longer do I feel that dread  
When walking 'cross the floor.  
My head is up, my spirit high,  
These dreaded years are done.  
No longer do I need to lie;  
Today I'm twenty-one.

\* \* \*


"I know a good joke about crude oil."

"Spring it."

"I would, but it's not refined."

—FRIVOL

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## STRICTLY SCIENTIFIC...

(continued from page 16)

Olson stood up and tossed his cigar at the open window. He missed. "Well, what the hell, that's different."

Olson and the young man who met the professor at the door began rounding up the students. The quartet sat down affably without missing a line of their song. The men lying on the floor were dragged to chairs and propped up in them. The poker players were already in their seats.

Professor Bates watched the proceedings with amazement. He had heard of liberal colleges. He had run across some unconventional schools. But this university must be something entirely different. As the boys were being seated at the table, the professor recalled his six months of lecture tours. He had spoken at university, banquets, clubs, and societies. He remembered the droves of dull, uninterested faces that stifled yawns as he spoke. At least tonight would be different.

Olson pounded the table with a water pitcher. The poker game ceased. The quartet ceased. Even the snoring ceased.

"Men," Olson shouted. "This here is Doc. He's going to give a speech." While the group cheered madly, the professor thought about the introductions he had received from all the other colleges. Not one of them had varied . . . *it is my pleasure to introduce an eminent paleobiologist whose work on prehistoric fossils have proven beyond doubt that . . .*

Now there was strange silence in the Green Room. Faces were turned toward the professor. Dr. Bates decided to stress in his lecture the importance of the scientific approach.

"Gentlemen," he began, "we must remember that many in our group are prone to make hurried classifications of a specimen's shape without a careful analysis of the underlying bone structure."

Professor Bates noticed that the students were smiling. Never before had he seen such an interested audience.

"I am confident that even amongst this select gathering, there are those of you who have used the subjective method. We must not let our feelings run away with us. We must not allow ourselves to be blinded into seeing specimens with beautifully shaped bodies when bone structure does not indicate such factors."

Men were chuckling to themselves. "Examine leg bones carefully to determine the shape of the legs. Be thorough in your study of the girdle before you decide on the hips. Take careful stock of the spine and ribs in order to note the shape and firmness of trunk. Always examine the teeth carefully."

There was a roar of laughter and a round of applause. Here indeed was an enthusiastic meeting of paleobiology students—however radical.

"If we fall in love with an old bag of bones after we've dug them up, we have gained nothing."

Men were slipping off their chairs in uncontrollable laughter. The din was terrific.

"Be objective in your work," the professor shouted. "Remember that a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair is



—SPARTAN

nothing to become excited over until the bones prove they are worth the trouble one goes to in digging them up."

The professor could not go on. He took a long swallow from his glass and looked down the table. Only Olson was still sitting. The rest of them were on the floor, howling and holding their sides. Never had he seen paleobiology students react with such overt approval. He took another long swallow.

Professor Hollingsworth drummed his fingers on the desk in the lobby.

"Yes, sir?" the clerk said.

"If and when Doctor Bates arrives, will you please send him up to the Blue Room?" The professor wheeled on his heel and walked away. As he passed the Green Room he heard a high-pitched voice singing a vulgar song off-tune.

—COLUMNS

Dick: "What's the hurry?"

George: "Just bought a textbook and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."



## HE WHO GETS STUCK

*Kitty Kat investigates the actual blow by blow cost of pin hanging.*

### WHAT IT COST HIM—TO PIN HER

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What It Cost Him ..... \$199.09

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7. Fortune Teller .....	1.75
8. Cocktails With Girl Friends to Discuss Him .....	4.37
9. Telephone Calls .....	2.60
10. New Dresses .....	73.59
11. Box of Candy to Sorority .....	5.00
12. Loss of Friendship with College Watchman .....	
13. Loss of Friends from Absorption in One and Only .....	
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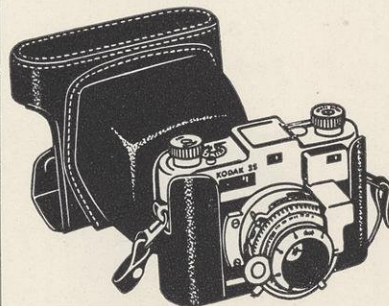
### IN THE BROWN STUDY . . .

(continued from page 5)

unforgettable experiences, these men are now rigid in their determination to renew and enlarge on the pleasant past here at Wisconsin. Judging from the latest reports, the enthusiastic converts are falling thick and fast.

Of the many momentous things that have distinguished the finish of last semester, Wisconsin's noble governor's action heads the list. This is something of a scoop, and we are proud to be able to reveal that our own Oscar Rennebohm's hat has more or less been tossed into the presidential rat-race. It is hoped that the observation made by a French girl concerning Madison, "In the center there is a dome, and all the rest is Rennebohm," will be adopted as the national slogan. We personally believe it will be a final toss up between Senator Taft and Vera Vague.

This exchange issue will certainly compare favorably with other issues of the Octy, mainly because of our considerable influence on other college mags. In selecting copy we were not a little amazed to discover many of Octy's original gags, cartoons and stories slyly disguised in other mags, ah, the price of glory. You're probably mad to get on with our cheer, so read.



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**THE WRITER AND I . . .**

(continued from page 15)

The girl always responds as required. Of course, *we* all know the man in the movies has a great undiscovered talent and surely enough one of the tools of the Brothers Warner or Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer discovers him.

Admissions of rejection slips are always begrudgingly drawn from the author, usually under the influence of liquor or at the slightest display of interest. This secretive nature is also present in many young writers. Hardly anyone I know who wanted to be a writer ever admitted it. Not unless he was a shoe salesman, car dealer, bell-hop or garage mechanic who always had something inside he had to get out. Most of the college students always hide their desires under the guise of Journalism or English. Of course, the admission of an interest in either field calls for the inevitable query, "You're going to become a writer?"

To which, he replies, in effect, well, I don't know about that, I mean there are lots of other positions in the field. Hardly say I'm going to be a writer. I mean—after all. These deprecating admissions are confined to friends and members of the same sex. In a strange gathering or town or mixer or luncheon or dinner, by some devious way, the man becomes the whispered back-of-the-hand term—a writer, of considerable talent and promise. Oh, isn't it too precious? If he can balance a tea cup on his knee, hold a geometric sandwich in one hand and flutter the other, success is assured.

After a time he and all may discover that writing is hard work. Consult Maugham or Hemingway or Steinbeck or anyone who became a well-digger *after* he became a writer.

It's hard work.

But it's so easy.

The story I read yesterday. Why I could have written that. In fact, I happen to have a manuscript right here. Got a minute? . . .

—FRIVOL



"I danced with Oscar at the prom."

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# EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



## LITTLE MORON CORNER

Dubious Dave "Michaelangelo" Moron, the would-be artist who never believed what people told him, was discovered one day pouring Pepsi-Cola on his paint board. "They told me it would tickle my palette," he exclaimed, scowling fiercely, "but so far I haven't heard a single laugh!"

*The two bucks for this classic went to William D. Blair, Jr., of Princeton. What could be simpler, if anything? Send in your Moron gags... \$2 each for those we buy.*

We can't figure out whether we're soft-hearted or soft-headed. Anyway, Pepsi-Cola Company pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags and stuff like that there for this page. Below we list some of the characters who hit the jack-pot in September. What have they got that you haven't got? Right—Easy Money!

So climb on board the gravy train now.

Send your gags, with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. (Getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your joke may not keep that rejection slip from your door, but it might help. Who knows? Certainly not us!)

## JACKPOT

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

**\$100.00**

## HE-SHE GAGS

This is really a soft detail. Three bucks for just kicking it back and forth between a Him and a Her. Duck soup! Three-dollar bills were sent to Barbara Fram, U. of Texas; Ira Gurney, New York Univ.; and Forest M. Cruse, U. of Texas, for these gags which limped in during the September contest:

\* \* \*

She: When I get in a drug store, I feel like an anarchist.

He: Me too: *Down* with Pepsi.

\* \* \*

She: When you go to a restaurant, why do you always flirt with the waitress?

He: I'm playing for big steaks.

\* \* \*

She: So long . . . I'm going on a Pepsi party with my two beaux.

He: Beaux?

She: Elbows!

\* \* \*

*That's it . . . \$3 each for any of these we print.*

## Daffy Definitions

We'll probably have to cut out this department soon. These things are beginning to sound logical to us. Until that day, however, any Daffy Definition we buy rates a fast buck. Like these:

Oboe—a cockney tramp.

Plenty—what Pepsi-Cola's your best buy by.

Barber shop—clip joint.

You—what Pepsi's the drink for.

Oyster—a fish that's built like a nut.

\* \* \*

*At \$1 apiece for these, your conscience should keep you up nights. But that's what we pay for those we print.*

## GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



Here's a cartoon that needs something. Possibly adrenalin. Or maybe just a title. For cartoon captions we buy, we pay five bucks each. Or send us an original cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it—if we buy it.

*Easy Money for September cartoon captions went to Cadet R. J. Herte of the U. S. Military Academy, Laurence A. Ingwerson of Berkeley, Calif., and Tom Brody of Culver City, Calif.*

## HASH ON THE HOUSE

Here are a couple of miscellaneous gags we dredged up in the September contest. We couldn't classify 'em, but we thought they ought to be worth something. So we kicked in \$2 each. Are we a soft touch!

Little Susie, at her first basketball game, overheard someone say that the home team was "red hot," so she immediately ran out on the floor with 5 bottles of Pepsi-Cola!

*Sent in by Mrs. J. B. Kennedy, of Urbana, Ill.*

Robert's uncle had just returned from Africa and paid a visit to the college lad. "Bob, my boy," said the uncle, "I've brought you a trinket." With that, he took out a Pepsi-Cola and handed it to his nephew. "But this is a bottle of Pepsi-Cola," exclaimed the boy. "Why, sure it is," said his uncle, "so . . . trinket!"

*Sent in by Leonard Blostein, of Washington Square College, New York University.*





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I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON  
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... THEY SATISFY"

*Gary Cooper*

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