

Octopus: Manners and morals issue. Vol. 27, No. 8 April, 1949

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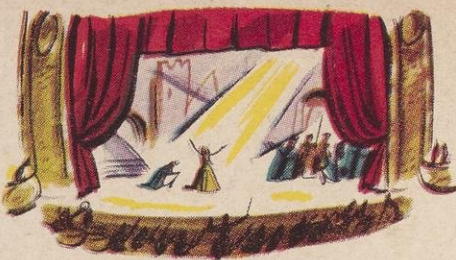
OCTOPUS

MANNERS AND
MORALS ISSUE
25¢



Gladys Swarthout

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AND WHEN YOU'VE SMOKED CAMELS AS LONG AS I HAVE, VIRGINIA, YOU'LL APPRECIATE THAT MILDNESS AND FLAVOR EVEN MORE!



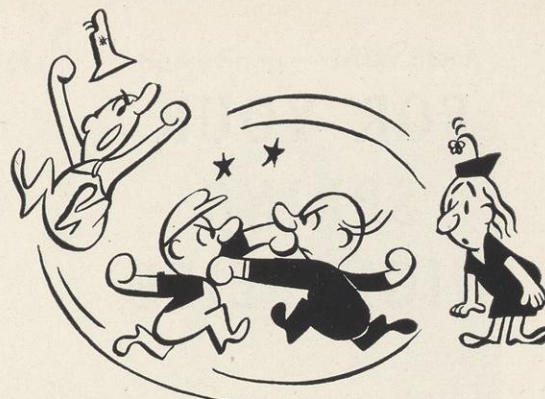
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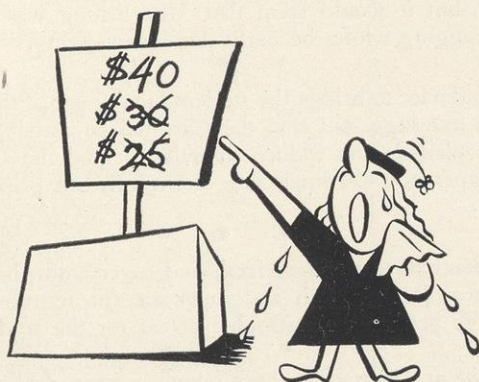
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"And we can make it better still . . . we can build for peace as we built for war without even working harder—just working together.

"We can invent and use more and better machines, can apply more power. We can

work out better methods in our factories, stores and offices. We can have better collective bargaining. We can develop more skills on the job.

By doing these things, we can produce more every hour we work, at constantly lower costs.

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FOR YOUR SPRING NIGHT LIFE



Be ready for spring formals correctly dressed in a cool white jacket made of tropical fabric and well cut, midnight blue trousers. The perfect combination to make a fellow feel and know he's smooth.

Karstens

That's Life

By JOE DERMER

Congress has sent John Rankin's enormous pension bill for veterans back to committee. While they believe that charity begins at home, our legislators seem to feel that the bill would make every American a beggar.

* * *

Recently the Union published an announcement labeled "It Can Happen Here," which, with considerable pride, demonstrated that the price of potatoes in the cafeteria had fallen. A few days later potatoes had climbed to their old price. All of which proves, we suppose, that it can happen here, but not for a very long time.

* * *

Well known Communist Anita Louise Strong has fallen into disfavor with Soviet Russia. The reasons aren't clear as yet, but it would seem that Miss Strong was off some place zigging while the party line was zagging.

* * *

As a device to bridge the student-faculty gap, Prof. Walter Agard has suggested that the Cardinal be distributed free. If this plan doesn't induce students to read the University newspaper, the Cardinal, as a last resort, can print campus news.

* * *

Students have returned fresh and eager from their spring vacations. Just as fresh and eager are the returned professors. We predict a catastrophic defeat for the students.

* * *

President Truman has been having a great deal of trouble in getting his Fair Deal passed by Congress. Our legislators are apparently determined to consider Truman's reelection by the American people as just some kind of terrible mistake.

* * *

Adopting an air of righteous virtue, former recipients of athletic complimentary tickets have declared their refusal to accept any future favors from the University. This may result in an increased revenue of eighty thousand dollars. Many end zone students are convinced that the extra money will be used to devise a plan which will keep them from occupying the decent seats.

* * *

A few weeks ago newspapers were filled with the news of a sensational Milwaukee murder. For a little while it seemed as if we were back to the good old days when our worst concerns were hundred degree temperatures and occasional bloody slayings.

* * *

The halls of Congress have been reverberating with arguments for changing the tax structure. This is a problem which few students, understandably, can take a personal interest.

* * *

Disregarding Mildred "Axis Sally" Gillars' plea that it was love which caused her to commit treason, an unfeeling judge has sentenced her to imprisonment for ten to thirty years. Apparently, he couldn't convince himself that love could be as blind as Miss Gillars would have him believe.

* * *

The Pyramid Club fad seems to have taken root everywhere but in Wisconsin. No one has as yet criticized Wisconsin for being one of the few states to willfully preserve the Midwest's traditional isolation.

Campus Necking Spots

OBSERVATORY HILL: Neatly mowed, comfortable, but the traffic on the street is really annoying.

WILLOWS: no good any more. You are not allowed to park there.

PICNIC POINT: For ambitious oscillators only. A long walk. Lots of privacy, but you have to be out of the area by 10:00. Hammersley checks it.

BEHIND ANN EMERY HALL: Very busy on Friday and Saturday night. Good only for goodnight necking.

ARBORETUM: On other side of Lake Wingra. Not allowed to park in the place, or be in there after 10 p. m. But, there are many side roads and wagon paths you can park in. Automobile is required, of course.

CARILLON TOWER REAR ENTRANCE: We'll bet you didn't know that the tower has a rear entrance. A neat niche in which to neck.

GREAT HALL: For those who don't mind intruders, this is a comfortable, clean, convenient place.

INTRAMURAL FIELDS: Cold, damp. You need a blanket to sit on. Not very good anyway, because Hammersley prowls with a flashlight.

272 BASCOM: After 7 p. m., and before the building closes.

ELIZABETH WATERS "PASSION PITS": Wow! (If Charlie throws you out, join the crowd out front.)

ELIZABETH WATERS PIER: When the pier is up, and the weather is right, it's still too crowded.

SOUTHEAST SLOPE OF OBSERVATORY HILL, BELOW THE FIRST CLUMP OF TREES: Wonderful warm weather aerie. Natural warning devices make this one of the safest spots on campus. No one may approach from Linden drive without being seen, nor cross Observatory Hill road without crunching on the gravel.

EXEDRA AROUND LINCOLN'S STATUE: Too public, and the cement seats are cold the year around.

WOODS BETWEEN BASCOM AND THE LAKE: The woods have thinned out in recent years. There is one place to sit down, but everyone knows where the love seat is.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY STACKS: Try the section devoted to theses. Chairs and tables are provided. You have to be a senior or graduate student to get a stack permit.

DAILY CARDINAL OFFICE: They're so busy rushing around looking for something to investigate they'll never notice you.

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Model: Joan DePew

Photo: DeLonge

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the only women's fashions of Palm Beach!



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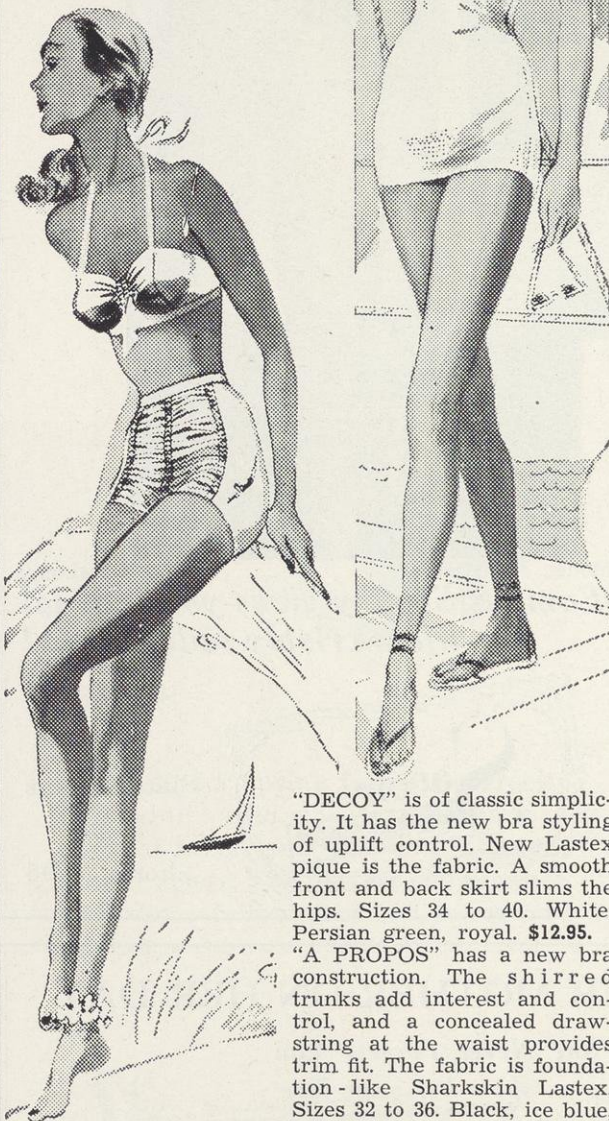
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Swim Suits

The sensational new Jantzen swim suits have Jantzen girdle control that remodels your body and insures smooth swimming. They make you look beautiful and feel wonderful!



"DECOY" is of classic simplicity. It has the new bra styling of uplift control. New Lastex pique is the fabric. A smooth front and back skirt slims the hips. Sizes 34 to 40. White, Persian green, royal. **\$12.95.**

"A PROPOS" has a new bra construction. The shirred trunks add interest and control, and a concealed drawstring at the waist provides trim fit. The fabric is foundation-like Sharkskin Lastex. Sizes 32 to 36. Black, ice blue, sea green. **\$9.95.**

Others **\$8.95 to \$15.95**

W.J. Rendall's

Square at State
College Store—at the Co-op—702 State

American Pastime

By S. KOHLENBERG

You said, "I love you!"
(that trite, pulp phrase)?
And often kissed me
(in various ways).

"Sixty divorces again, today. (Pardon my yawn. I'm really rather tired.) This just can't go on. What we need is something I've never seen. Might I suggest a divorcing machine?"

And now you mention
(had you before?)
that you still love me.
(Please close the door.)

"Most practical would be machines made of steel or wood To stand the wear and tear and strain. I suppose it should Be of attractive yet substantial stuff. Labor on such a machine would be rough!"

I feel a slight draft.)
Did I interrupt?
(A cigarette, please . . .)
You aren't corrupt,

"I refuse to take anymore of this!"

"Darling, forgive me. Let's make up and kiss!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"Shut up!"

"Keep still!"

"I'm filing suit!"

"You nasty brute!"

Darling, just a bore.

Please do not joke.

(A light, please, darling?)

See the grey smoke?

"Just file your husband or wife in a little tin cage, And have lots of divorces. They're really the rage. For sixty days poke your cage with a key. Your divorce is final (for a small fee)."

Darling, please leave now.

I'm bored to tears.

Your receding hairline

Is proving your years.

"This machine could be placed in a prominent place, Fee collected by a girl attired in brief lace. Key could be issued by mail subscriptions. Divorcing beats doctors' old prescriptions."

I read in the *Times*, Dear,

Divorce is in style.

But we're having such fun, Dear,

Let's wait for awhile!

The *Crusader*, June, 1947

"In addition to the failure to be a cure-all drug, streptomycin has some other drawbacks. The treatment requires frequent injections. Over long periods of treatment, such as given in tuberculosis, loss of the sense of balance and loss of hearing may occur and remain impaired for long periods. Permanent damage may even result. Other toxic effects, less serious but very unpleasant, may occur."

Gimme an aspirin instead.

Essay on Necking

To coin a cliché: At Wisconsin everyone talks about sex, but nobody does anything about it. Except neck.

* * *

Necking at Wisconsin isn't an accomplishment; it's a stereotype. Everybody does it. It's like knitting argyles, drinking cokes, or running down the J-school. It's the thing to do.

* * *

A girl told me that she necks because it's expected of her. A fellow told me the same thing. When I think of all the unhappy couples necking at 12:30 on Friday night, when they would rather be eating a hamburger at the Blue Moon, it makes me want to cry. Or eat hamburgers.

* * *

The thing that strikes me most about 12:30 necking is the silence of it all. I was in a sorority house at 12:30 one night.

The hallway was full of neckers. Not moving, not talking, they stood like a field of Easter island statues. I thought they were having two minutes of silence in memory of some long-dead Dean of Women. I took off my hat and bowed my head—to neck.

* * *

Necking goes on anywhere. I have watched necking as a mass movement in front of Elizabeth Waters. I have watched necking through the basement windows of Ann Emery and Langdon Hall. I have even seen it on the porch of Chadbourne Hall. You'd be surprised what goes on right under your nose.

* * *

What housemothers think of necking I don't know. But at 12:30 in the living rooms of the women's houses, the housemothers go about breaking up the clinches as casually as a mother would chide a child for picking its nose.

* * *

That's the thing about necking—it's so socially conventional. I took a girl home one night and didn't kiss her goodnight. I am now considered a radical.

* * *

Don't get me wrong. I'm not against necking. I think it's a fine thing when you run out of conversation.

* * *

The art of conversation died out with the death of people like Samuel Johnson. Necking must have started at about the same time.

—ED CLARK



Chosen by the Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

Miss Marilyn Smith

Newly pinned girl of the month

Presented by L. G. Balfour Co.

260 LANGDON

FAIRCHILD 6860

You men . . .

Going into industry, sales, professional work, or a branch of the services, will be expected to play golf with your associates.

It's smart for you to perfect your game while still in college. You are among friends when you play at BURR OAKS — at the end of the Park Street bus line.



... in our new summer suits ... cool and collected ... priced to bring down summer's heat. See them now, in our second floor suit department.

Baron's
On Capitol Square

A fairy tale

Little Boy Bunny Forgets His Bashfulness

by

Walter H. Brovald

Once upon a time there was a little boy bunny rabbit. Now, he was as nice a little boy bunny rabbit as you could ever have found. But this little boy bunny was bashful. He was bashful because his little white cotton-tail was always askew. He could never keep the tail-fur nice and smooth looking. So, whenever a little girl bunny rabbit would come near, this little boy bunny rabbit would run away and hide in the thickest shrubbery he could find.

But one day when a little girl bunny rabbit came up to him, he did not run! No, the little boy bunny rabbit, instead of running, turned around and stood on all four feet so that she could see his little cotton-tail better. Oh, how nice and soft and fluffy the tail-fur of the little boy bunny looked!

"My, how nice your tail looks!" exclaimed the surprised little girl bunny rabbit.

"Thank you," murmured the little boy bunny rabbit.

"How did you ever manage to get it to look so nice?" the girl bunny rabbit asked.

"Oh," replied the little boy bunny rabbit, turning his face away so that she couldn't see his nose quiver with excitement, "I began using HARE OIL."

The aviation instructor had just delivered a lecture on the use of parachutes.

"And if it doesn't open?" someone asked.

"If it doesn't open?" repeated the instructor, "Well . . . that, gentlemen, is known as jumping to a conclusion."

* * *

Co-ed: "Oh, Edwin has the most wonderful pair of binoculars."

Also: "Has he? I love these strong virile men."

* * *

"Curse it, curse it," hissed the villain, snatching the fair maiden by the waist.

"No it ain't, either," she retorted. It's a girdle."

* * *

Tourist: "Milking the cow?"

Yokel: "Naw, just feeling her pulse."

* * *

"Your sample kiss last night had merit,
But that kiss in your tameless arms—!
I marvel I ever did bear it—
Being hugged has lost all its charms.

"It's too bad that now we have to break
After such a perfect start.
But ah! how you made my bosom ache,
And left an imprint on my heart!

"For fear you'd next time squeeze me tighter,
I've dropped away like a rocket,
'Cause you keep your cigaret-lighter
In your upper right-hand pocket."

—MAC LYNN SMITH.



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Volume XXVII

APRIL, 1949

Number 8

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*"Oh, yes! I'd love to go to
your spring formal."*



After you make the date, select her corsage at Wagner's new on-the-campus location—260 Langdon (with L. G. Balfour Co. across from Ann Emery).

Always remember "It's Wagner's for Flowers of Fashion." Come in today or call us—G. 5072, main store, or F. 6860, 260 Langdon store. And be sure to ask about our special group orders for spring formals.

Lou Wagner's Flower Shop

260 Langdon

Gifford 5072

Time - Tested Laughs

It was at the cinema, and the feature was one of those steamheated affairs with a sultry, La Murrish creature looking hungrily at a handsome duck of a Gable. After some minor plot preliminaries the hero and heroine went into a terrific clinch. Fully five minutes passed. Suddenly a small, childish voice piped up from the audience.

"Mummy, is now when he puts the pollen on her?"

* * *

The dean was investigating a charge made by the sorority girls that the men who lived in the fraternity house next door never lowered their shades.

The dean looked out of the sorority window and said: "Why, I can't see into any of the fraternity house windows."

"Oh, yes, you can!" said the girls. "All you have to do is to get up on a chair."

* * *

A cousin of Sigfried Sassoon
Once wiped out half a platoon
By making them choke
On a horrible joke
Which he clipped from the Harvard Lampoon.
—Wampus

* * *

"Heard you were moving the piano, so I came over to help."

"Thanks, but I've already carried it upstairs."

"All alone?"

"Nope, harnessed the cat to it and drug it up."

"You mean your cat hauled that piano up two flights of stairs? How could a cat pull a heavy piano?"

"Used a whip."

* * *

Sorority Girl—"I think it is positively disgusting the way those fellows in the fraternity house across the street give a show every night before they go to bed. It is absolutely immoral."

Roommate—"But looking down from the window I didn't see anything."

Girl—"I know, not from there. But put that chair on the desk, get on it and lean way out to the left and tell me what you see."

—Pelican

* * *

Little Boy: "Ma, I just cut off my leg in the thresher."

Mother: "Stay outside until it stops dripping; I just finished mopping the floor."

* * *

On the last day of school for the year, the kindergarten teacher decided to prepare her class somewhat for the first grade, and hence drew a large "A" on the board. "Now," she remarked, "this is 'A'."

There was a dramatic silence in the room. Then little Harry Berger, in the first row, said, "My God, so *that's* 'A'!"

* * *

Active: They tell me that you pushed a wheelbarrow down the street last night right after our fraternity party. Is that right?

Pledge: Yes, sir. I was pretty well crocked.

Active: Well, how do you think I feel over the possible loss of prestige that your actions may have brought upon our fraternity?

Pledge: I never thought to ask you, sir. You rode in the wheelbarrow.

—Voo Doo

*Another editor
writes his last*

Brown Study

With this issue, another editor bites the dust. But before he does, he would like to air a few thoughts about Octopus.

What is the purpose, the duty of a college humor magazine? This question faces every editor. The answer, that a college humor magazine must be the students' campus magazine, is not as simple as it looks. For there are student readers, student contributors, and the students who are the staff of the magazine. The college magazine staff has no right to edit their publication to suit just themselves and "to hell with the students." Nor does the staff have the right to cater to the contributors, publishing only what the contributors wish to offer. And the staff must not print only what the readers want.

The college humor magazine owes it to the readers to focus its attention primarily on campus life, dissecting it to the core, and making humor of what it finds. It must make itself readable and attractive to the student buyer.

The college humor magazine owes it to the contributors to serve as a publication where student writers and cartoonists can try out their humorous work. It is the publication on which beginning cartoonists may practice; it is also perhaps the only place where students can find publication for humorous writings.

For the staff members, the ones who do the editing, the college humor magazine must be a product of which they

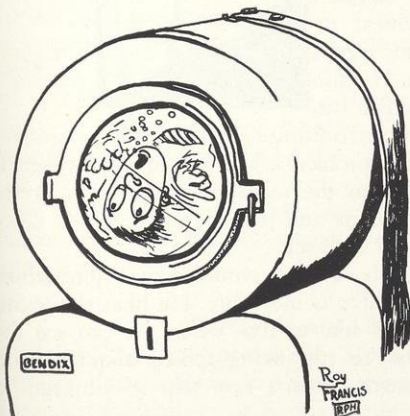
may be proud, a magazine which bears the mark of their talent and judgment, and not merely something designed to drag in the much-worshipped dollar. The college publication is perhaps the only one where young men and women can create without thinking of maximizing profits for a publisher.

Therefore, it is seen that a college humor magazine must be a compromise if it is to be truly a students' magazine. Octopus has tried to serve the students. And it seems to have done a good job of it this year. It has succeeded in pleasing the students as readers, as evidenced by the rise in circulation. The Octopus has been "campus" minded, especially in the TIMF and Cardinal take-off issues.

The contributors to Octopus have seen some of their brain children appear in print. The serious Short Story of the Month (missing this issue, by the way, because no suitable story was found) has given campus authors a chance to have their literary efforts published.

The Octopus staff members have had a magazine of which they can be proud. Comment by off-the-campus journalists this year has been good, which gives us a great deal of satisfaction.

Octopus is a better magazine this year. The success is due not only to this year's business and editorial staffs, but also to the staffs of 1945-46, '46-47, and '47-48. Jane Weisselberg and her staff did a good job of resurrecting Octopus from a wartime grave. The 1946-47 staffs of Al Anderson and Al Rudick boosted the magazine up, and Jim McGinnis and Milt LeBlanc's staffs pushed Octopus along ever further. The progress has been continued by this year's staff members. Next month, a new editor and business manager take over. They and their staffs will produce an Octopus magazine next year which I (to escape from the unwieldy editorial "we" for one last sentence) believe will be better than ever before—better for the students as readers, as contributors, and as staff members.



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AT THE LARK

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Whom to Blame

FRED EVERHARD

Fred isn't a newly-discovered cartoonist. He drew all last year for the 1947-48 Octopus. He was not in school last fall. We thought we had lost him forever, but he reappeared this semester and promises to be with us for quite some time.

Applied Mathematics and Mechanics is Fred's major. But he gets his cartooning ability from art training in art school in San Francisco and Chicago. Fred is a sophomore from Milwaukee. He is a member of Sigma Chi fraternity. His favorite place for recreation is the Spanish Village. (Another staff member swears he has never gone to that place without seeing Fred there).

We asked Fred whether he could tell us about something which was peculiarly his—some trait or idiosyncrasy. The only thing which Fred thought would fit the bill is his Packard (1940 model). He says it's the only car on campus with convertible fenders.

In high school Fred wrote poetry and had some of his verse published in a national anthology of high school poetry. At present he writes science fiction as a pastime. He has not yet tried to sell any of it, so fans of *Astounding Science Fiction* will have to be satisfied with the stuff they're reading now.

ROBERT TEAGUE

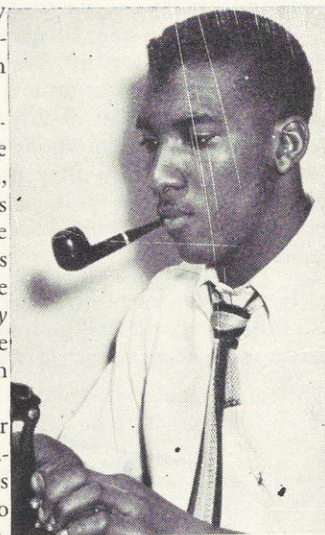
We are writing up Bob Teague this month to give him credit for doing the entire sports page of the *Cardinal* take-off issue last month. We want to do this before any of the rest of us are blamed by the *Cardinal* sports staff.

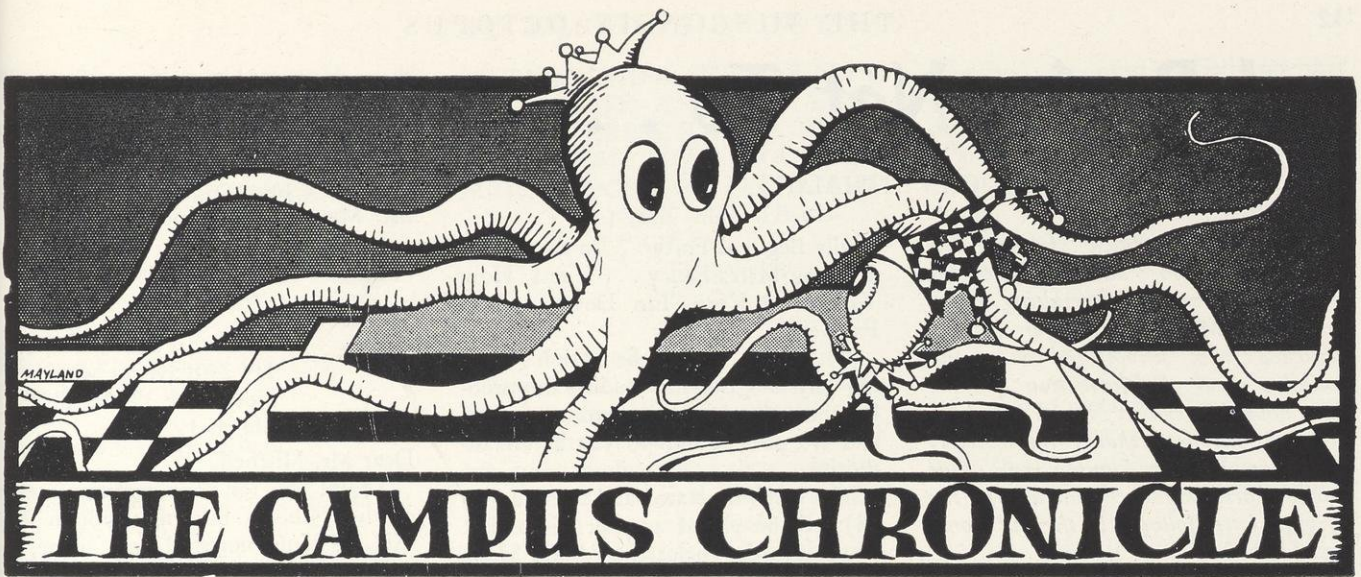
Bob upset us by being elected to Student Board. It's the first time we've had a staff member elected to that august body. Now we do not know quite how to act in the presence of the representative from District Number Four.

Milwaukee is Bob's hometown. Here in Madison he lives at the University YMCA, right next door to the Octopus office. Bob is a junior in the School of Journalism. He is no class-room journalist. He writes sports for the *Daily Cardinal*, and he has had some of his writings reprinted in the *Wisconsin Alumnus*.

Bob has a number of other extra-curricular activities, including a part in this year's Haresfoot production. He also finds time to serve on a student-faculty interrelations committee which studies student counseling and advising problems. His first love, however, is football. Bob has been on the team since he was a freshman, playing both in varsity and junior varsity games. Once a halfback, he is now a fullback.

After graduation, Bob says he would like a journalism job in the East, where there is more life. He likes the legitimate theater and would like to live where he can see the good shows while they're still being talked about. Meanwhile he satisfies himself with a rare trip to Chicago to see plays.





Signs of our Times

The signs on the lower campus quonset huts have become fancier and fancier. We wondered just when the sign painters would go too far and sacrifice communication for the sake of art?

Our answer came one night last month when we saw a student pause to look over the Job Opportunities sign covering the whole south end of the quonset reading room. The sign featured an atomic bomb mushroom-shaped cloud. Above it painted like dashes of lightning were the words: JOB OPPORTUNITIES.

Our hero studied the two words and asked, "What in hell does it say?"

"Why, it says 'Job Opportunities'," said someone.

Our hero turned back to the sign, looked at it carefully, and said, "Well, I'll be G—damned if it doesn't."

* * *

A Close Shave

When Governor G. Mennen Williams, the heir to the Mennen shave cream fortune, came to Madison to speak in the Union theater, he discovered he had forgotten to bring along his shaving cream. He had to turn to an electric razor to get that smooth "Mennen" look.

* * *

The Cliche Experts

Looking over the sports page of the *Daily Cardinal* one morning, we noticed a couple of clichés in one sports story. Just for the fun of it, we counted the number of clichés on the whole page, excepting only the United Press wire story.

Following is the list:

Emerged victorious . . . punched out a win . . . garner a decision . . . smashed out a victory . . . spotted a run . . . paced the varsity . . . pounded out a single . . . hurlers . . . garnered a total . . . garnered eight points . . . rang down the curtain on a season . . . staged a comeback . . . rally had been stopped . . . slight, bespectacled . . . jet-propelled . . . stirring finish . . . performed brilliantly . . . soared to new heights . . . tried manfully . . . unbroken string . . . copped the playoffs.

Nineteen clichés, one of them, the word "garnered," used three times. All this in six news stories and one photo caption. Well, whatta you expect for a gold Cardinal key—John Kieran?

* * *

Pretty Good, Huh?

"Roundy" Coughlin, the old "Lawnmower Pusher," who writes a daily column in the *Wisconsin State Journal*, addressed the members of Sigma Delta Chi, university jour-

nalism fraternity, several weeks ago. His address was mostly answers to questions.

Asked one interested SDXer, "It is true that you met Gertrude Stein once?"

It was true, and "Roundy" told all about it. "I talked to her; she talked to me. I didn't understand her; she didn't understand me. Some debate, huh?"

* * *

Supmac Scitilop

Everyone enjoyed the full page ad in the *Cardinal* which was written, produced, and paid for by a group which decried the crimes of the Student Alliance party. The last line of the ad read, "This advertisement authorized and paid for by Legions of Lanidrac—Bob Williams, Secy."

It took us only five minutes to see that *Lanidrac* spelled backwards was *Cardinal*. But *Legions* spelled wrong-end-to spells *Snoigel*. Would someone in the Cardinal party please tell us who Snoigel is? He or she isn't in the student phone directory.

* * *

No "Hucksters"

One of the more interesting conferences in the recent job opportunities conference was that on "Your Future in Agency Advertising—If Any." Many advertising majors were disappointed to learn that graduates this June will not be made account executives for at least two or three months. In fact, if one gets a job sorting mail in an ad agency without having had some advertising experience behind him, he's either lucky or Clark Gable.

* * *

Read the "Worker"

Students who are eager to look at the *Daily Worker*, the Communist Party's poop sheet, but who are afraid to be seen purchasing it from the leftist newsboys at the foot of Bascom hill, may read it in safety in the John R. Commons library. That's in Sterling hall, on the third floor. You can even take the *New York Times* from the rack and hold it around the "Worker" while you glance through it.

(Note: The preceding information was not authorized or paid for by the Legions of Lanidrac.)

* * *

Fraternity Regimentation

It has been alleged that fraternities are discriminatory. Now it is being alleged that they regiment the youth of Wisconsin. At least, we are told, white buckskin shoes have become the uniform of the day for Delta Upsilon pledges. Being interested in neither white bucks or Delta Upsilon pledges, we neglected to investigate further.

I Prefer Not To . . .

By JOHN STILLMAN

This can be entitled "I Once Returned a Coupon", but because of the unfortunate experience resulting, I prefer not to. My troubles began when I returned from school one noon and found a sheaf of information sent me by a book concern in New York. I became so incensed that I immediately sat down and typed out a reply. Our entire correspondence including the original letter follows. In the end I only lost \$100.00.

Intimate Publications, Inc.
114 24th avenue west
New York 19, N. Y.
March 9, 1949

Dear Sir:

You have been referred to us as being broadminded, a man interested in the finer things. As a consequence we are taking the liberty of informing you of this special offer. We are placing at your disposal our latest publication, *Sane Sex Life at Home* by Dr. Horace Wenn.

The book is being offered to select individuals, who like you are interested in the finer things. It contains 148 full color illustrations and such typical chapter headings as "Does Life

Really Begin at Forty?", "In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy . . .", and "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?"

Dr. Wenn, one of the nation's leading physiologists, has studied the problems discussed in his book for years and we present him to you as an authority.

The text (annotated and unexpurgated) will be placed at your disposal if you return the enclosed card and \$3.98. For replying promptly within ten days we shall send you in addition to Dr. Wenn's treatise, a copy of *Night Life on the Riviera*, a small pamphlet describing gambling and other things on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM ROMELY, *President*
Intimate Publications, Inc.

* * *

1919 N. Frances st.,
Madison 3, Wisconsin
March 14, 1949

Intimate Publications, Inc.
114 24th ave. W.
New York 19, N. Y.

To whom this may concern:

I do not usually stoop to writing to firms of your type, but the fact that

through some bit of fancy footwork you were able to obtain my name has prompted me to work hard to get off your list.

What I mean is take me off your list. Mrs. Mitchell objects.

Yours,
JOHN MITCHELL
* * *

Intimate Publications, Inc.
114 24th avenue west
New York 19, N. Y.
March 19, 1949

Dear Mr. Mitchell,

Thank you for your communication of the 14th. In hunting through our lists we could not find your name, so assuming the list to which you refer is our list of unpaid accounts we must ask you to return your remittance in full. We can send you no further orders until you do.

Sincerely,
JAMES BROWN, *Treasurer*
Intimate Publications, Inc.
* * *

1919 N. Frances st.
Madison 3, Wisconsin
March 25, 1949

Mr. James Brown, *Treasurer*
Intimate Publications, Inc.
New York 19, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Brown,

There must be some misunderstanding. I do not owe you people a red cent. All I want is to be taken off your mailing list. For all of me you can have 500 full color illustrations in your damn book, I still don't want any.

JOHN MITCHELL
* * *

Intimate Publications, Inc.
114 24th avenue west,
New York 19, N. Y.
April 2, 1949

Dear Mr. Mitchell,

On behalf of Intimate Publications, Inc., I should like to send you our deepest regrets. Upon further study of our books we have realized that you owe us nothing, and as you desire we shall express to you without further delay the 500 volumes of Professor Wenn's *Sane Sex Life at Home*.

We have been trying without success for many months to locate an outlet in Madison and are proud that you show a desire to handle our line. In addition to Dr. Wenn's books, we are sending you sample copies of all the books we have published since 1922. Most are still available.

Because of the size of your order we are charging you only \$3.00 per copy. At that price the 500 books will



Smoke A Lucky . . . to feel your level best

A playlet written
by John Burke

Paul Bunyan's True Story

Scene I.

A handsomely furnished office complete with leather padded walls, several overstuffed chairs, a divan, a bleached mahogany liquor cabinet in one corner and a large, matching, kidney-shaped desk in front of the single floor-to-ceiling window. Photographs of early logging scenes adorn the walls. Through the enormous window can be seen an immense saw mill. Over the gate to the mill a sign bears the device, "Bunyan Enterprises." In addition to the photographs the walls bear several admonitions, urging the visitor to "Cogitate!," "Elucidate," "Do it Presently," etc. A short, dumpy man, dressed in a wrinkled business suit, paces nervously back and forth. Occasionally he runs his hand over his balding head and adjusts his pinch glasses. As the scene opens he goes to the desk and presses the intercom.

PAUL BUNYAN: Miss Abernathy. Where's Upjohn? Send Mr. Upjohn to me at once.

(Indignantly he snaps the button and resumes his pacing. The chiming of a clock on the far wall interrupts him. He pauses, checks his own pocket watch and then goes over to the liquor cabinet. He pours himself a glass of water from a decanter, slips two pills in his mouth and drinks the water.)

At this moment the door opens and a young man of about thirty enters. He is attired in a navy blue pin stripe suit and green suede shoes. His tie, which matches his shoes, carries the representation of a nude reclining in a champagne glass. At the sight of him the other scowls heavily but the newscomer is the first to speak.)

UPJOHN: Good morning, P. B. You look great—great.

P. B.: Look here, Upjohn, I'm paying you good money to sell my products and I expect you to be here on time in the morning.

UPJOHN: Relax, P. B., everything's under control.

P. B.: (wringing his hands) How can you say every-

thing's under control when sales keep dropping? Look at that chart. (Points to a sales chart on wall). We'll have to cut a hole in the floor if it drops anymore. And my ulcers (grasping his stomach). They won't let me sleep at night.

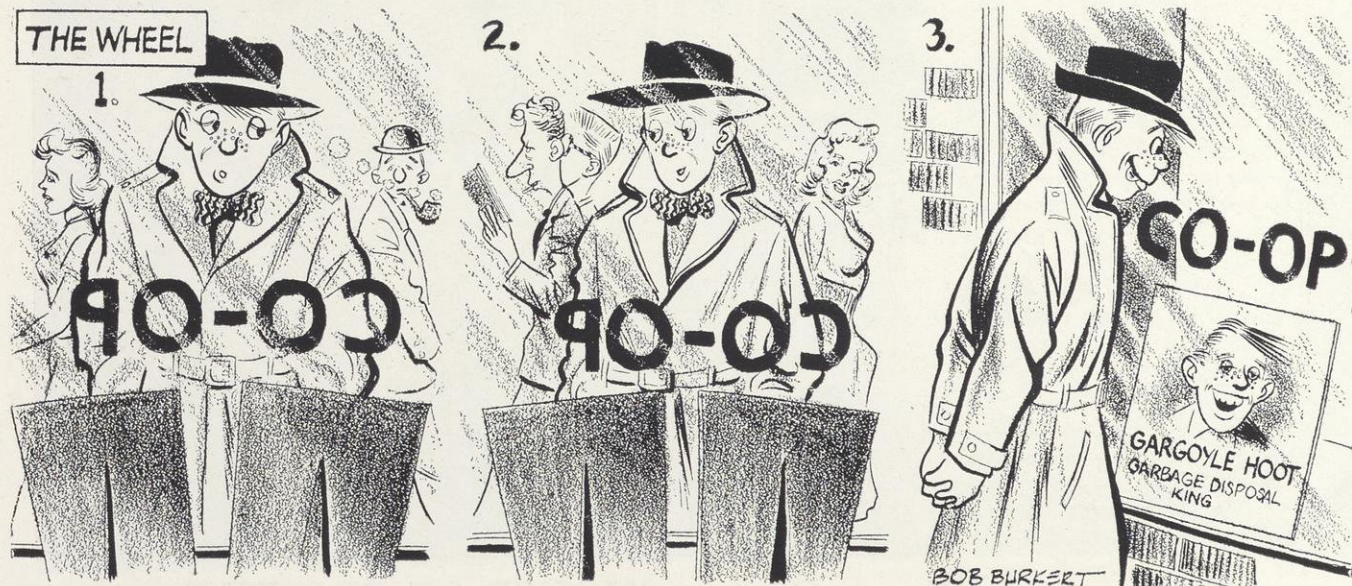
(Upjohn is now seated in one of the over-stuffed chairs, with one leg draped over the arm of the chair. He is in the process of peeling a banana and throws the skin on the floor.)

UPJOHN: I've given the picture a lot of thought, P. B. What's the matter with the products? The answer, nothing. What we lack is some sis, boom, ah. We got no sex, no dash, no color. What we need is a gimmick, a tie-in. Why does anyone buy Philcos? Not because they're any better than any other radio on the market but people figure they're buying a hunk of Crosby along with. The same with Chesterfields. Does someone want a better smoke? Uunh-unh. They're subconsciously getting a chunk of Jo Stafford along with the package. Why do people buy Pepsodent? Not just to get a mouthful of suds. They're getting an interest in Bob Hope. And why do people buy Prudential insurance? Because they figure they're getting white-fenced lots on Gibraltar. And the same with Ticonderoga pencils and Pochontas coal. People are buying a piece of Americana, a pie of history, a—

(Paul Bunyan has continued his pacing, pausing only to inhale two more pills and another glass of water.)

P. B.: But what's all this got to do with selling Paul Bunyan products? We can't afford Hope or Crosby. Why it's all we can do to afford the "Friendly Hour" once a week.

UPJOHN: But that's what I was getting to, P. B. Here's what I've dreamed up and it's bound to work. So we can't get Hope or Crosby. They're all sewed up anyway. And so the other companies beat us to all the historical sites



already. We'll trot out a legend.

P. B.: A what?

UPJOHN: A legend, P. B. It came to me like a dream the other night. We combine the two ideas and make a legend and, brace yourself, P. B., you're it.

P. B.: I'm what?

UPJOHN: You're the legend, P. B. When I get through with you you'll be the biggest thing since the Johnstown flood, bigger than the covered wagon. School children will love you, old timers will tell stories about you, citizens will put up statues of you.

P. B.: (*Beginning to show real interest*) But what kind of a legend?

UPJOHN: P. B., we'll make you the king of the lumberjacks. Strongest, roughest woodsman ever to swing an axe.

P. B.: But I've never swung an axe.

UPJOHN: Incidentals, P. B. I've spent all week tracing your life story and with a few minor changes we can use it. (*Pulls a typewritten sheet from his pocket.*) First of all you were born in a log cabin in northern Wisconsin of pioneer stock—

P. B.: But it was a tourist cabin and my family ran a delicatessen in Chicago. They were up for the Labor Day weekend.

UPJOHN: Please don't interrupt, P. B. That's what I mean by incidentals. (*Continues to read from the typewritten sheet*) You grew fast in the invigorating climate, sleeping under the stars and working from dawn till dusk. At an early age you became a logger and blazed a trail of fallen trees from here to Nome. Stories of your prowess are still told around the logging camp fires on long winter night. (*Looks up*) I got your life drawn up in comic book form, P. B., and had it peddled to all these logging jerks for free. (*Resumes reading from the paper*). By sheer brute strength you have hewn this timber empire out of the native soil. (*Looks up again*) I know you inherited the works from your great uncle, John Bunyan, P. B., but we're just twisting a few points. (*Reads again*). Now almost a legend, stories of Paul Bunyan's prowess occupy a hallowed place in the already rich field of American folklore. (*Folds the sheet and replaces it in his pocket*). This is a cinch, P. B. It only cost a couple bucks to get you in some new folklore anthologies and I had Burl Ives 'discover' a couple of 'old' ballads about you. Well, what do you think?

P. B.: (*Stunned but pleased by idea he has settled down in the large swivel chair behind the desk.*) It sounds all right, but do you think it will work?

(continued on page 26)

One Hundred Years Old—No. 2



The first fraternity, Alpha Omega, was founded on Oct. 25, 1849, complete with a substantial mortgage, two pledges, a dirty song, and a trophy stolen from the Madison Yacht Club. Organized as a "Literary & Debating Society of Christian Gentlemen," the group's first activity was to imbibe a keg of applejack and borrow the board sidewalk from Governor Doty's house to build a pier with. They were promptly put on probation by Dean Harvey M. Science (for whom Science Hall was named) and have stayed there ever since, except for a brief period during the Civil War.

Which are you?

Find yourself with Octy's Can

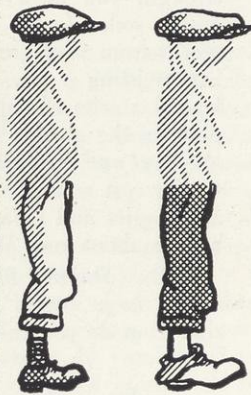
CLOTHES

USEFUL OBJECTS

DRINK

GATHE

HIGH-BROW



DATE
CLEAN
SOCKS,
CAP

SCHOOL
DIRTY
SOCKS,
CAP



HORN-RIM
GLASSES,
PIPE



BEER



RATHSK
BLUE

MIDDLE-BROW



DATE
BOW TIE,
MIDNIGHT
BLUE SUIT,
ARGYLES

SCHOOL
GREY
FANNELS,
WHITE
BUCKS



COMB,
SHOE POLISH



WHISKEY
AND SODA



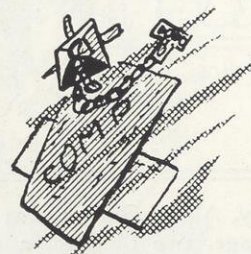
THE CA

LOW-BROW



DATE
LETTER
SWEATER

SCHOOL
ROTC UNIFORM,
BLUE DENIMS



FRAT PIN,
COMPS



BEER



"B.T." and

High-Middle-Low-Brow Chart

DISCUSS



THEMSELVES



POLITICS



SPORTS

A campus fairy tale

by C. W. Crocker

Peter, the Person

Once upon a time there were four young freshmen, and their names were Bill, Phil, Joe, and Peter. They lived with their housemother in a dormitory underneath the shadow of the great state U.

"Now, my dears," said the old housemother one morning soon after they'd arrived, "you may go out for athletics, or join the church groups, but don't go into campus politics. A boy who lived here before you had an accident there. He was investigated by student board."

"Now run along and don't cut any classes. I am going out."

Then the old housemother tied on her babushka and went down State St. to the Cabin where she bought a bottle of beer, and five fried bratwursts.

Bill, Phil, and Joe, who were good little freshmen, went up the hill to classes. But Peter, who was a dumb bunny, ran straight away to the Union and signed up for a committee.

First he moved chairs for 770 Club. Then he put stamps on envelopes, and then he counted people as they came into the Union.

Then, round the corner of a file cabinet, whom should he meet but a committee chairmanship. The chairmanship was small and had few possibilities. But he attached himself to Peter, and Peter had his picture in the *Cardinal* and the *Co-op*.

Peter was most dreadfully excited. He rushed all over doing nothing, as he had forgotten how to think. He lost one of his principles among the committee data, and another amongst the expense account.

After losing them he went faster and faster, so that I think he might have run down, if he had not unfortunately run into a fraternity brother who impressed him with pride in his own importance. He implored Peter to run for student board, not for himself but for Omega

Sigma Upsilon. Peter said he couldn't with tremendously weak protests. But his protests were overhead by some more friendly fraternity brothers who rushed to him in great excitement and insisted he exert himself.

The other fraternities came up with candidates which they intended to beat out Peter, but there were so many good men and so much wheeling that in the end the fraternities endorsed Peter, the dark horse candidate.

Peter began to campaign quite carefully, remembering to smile at everyone he knew, and many people he didn't know. Presently he won the election . . . and everyone was after him in no time.

Several people tried to put pressure on Peter, who jumped out a window upsetting their plans. But avoiding them was too hard for Peter, and he tired of it, so he began to be coerced.

Now Peter never got any rest. He was always out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to turn. Also he felt very dull sitting on student board. His voters kept insisting he help them.

After a time he began to venture small opinions, going "I think," "I believe," and "perhaps it would be," not very fast, and watching reactions cautiously, at board meetings. Soon he discovered that everyone else on the board was doing the same, so he got bolder. By now, board members were listening to Peter when he suggested things, and he began to say, "we should," "we must," and "we will."

And then he ran into Mr. McGregoritch. McGregoritch belonged to an organization. And he had had his organization vote for Peter. Now that Peter had a say, they put the pressure on. His organization wanted recognition.

Peter thought it best to pass by McGregoritch without speaking to him. He had heard about McGregoritches from his Hearst newspapers.

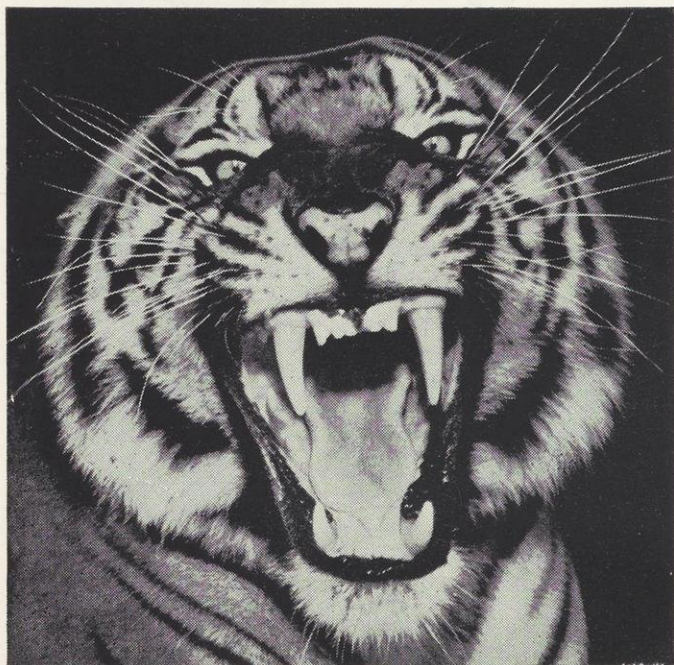
Peter went down the hill one day, and suddenly quite close to him, he heard the voice of McGregoritch: "das-ve-dan-ya." Peter pulled his coat collar up. But presently, as nothing happened, he raised one eyelid and peered under. The first thing he saw was McGregoritch pursuing him.

His back was turned toward Bascom, and behind him was Peter's dormitory. Peter rushed past him and started running as fast as he could along the walk, ignoring everyone who spoke to him.

McGregoritch continued after him, but Peter didn't care. He raced past Liz Waters, and was safe at last in his courtyard. McGregoritch turned and went back to his friends in the Ratheskeller.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him until he got to his room in the dormitory. He was tired of wheeling and pressure; so tired that before he flopped down on his nice soft mattress he wrote out a resignation from student board "due to the pressure of other activities." His housemother was busy drinking. She wondered what had happened to Peter. I am sorry to say that Peter was very ill during the evening.

His housemother put him to bed, and gave him some hot milk and a poached egg. But Bill, Phil and Joe had bratwursts and beer for supper.



Henry Wiggins, ME 4, has just been told he will be getting his copy of the "Badger" later than "expected."



"This is the last time we invite a Chamberlain man to a party of ours."

First son: "Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor." (Writes out check.)

Second son: "Father, I got into trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name." (Writes out check.)

Daughter: "Father, I did something awful last night—"

Father: "Ah, now we collect."

* * *

"Robert Burns wrote 'to a Field Mouse'."

"Did he get an answer?"

* * *

Papa Gnu came home and Mama Gnu looked at him shyly and said: "Dear, I've got Gnus for you."

—Pelican

* * *

"When I was in India," said the club bore, "I saw a tiger come down to the water where some women were washing clothes. It was a very fierce tiger, but one woman, with great presence of mind, splashed some water in its face—and it slunk away."

"Gentlemen," said a man in an arm-chair, "I can vouch for the truth of this story. Some minutes after this incident I was coming down to the water. I met this tiger, and, as is my habit, stroked its whiskers. Gentlemen, those whiskers were wet."

A professor brought a copy of his final examination to be mimeographed in the mimeo office. The girl read it and said to the professor, "Sir, this is exactly the same examination that you gave last semester."

"Yes," replied the professor, "but I changed the answers."

* * *

BRIGHT THOUGHTS

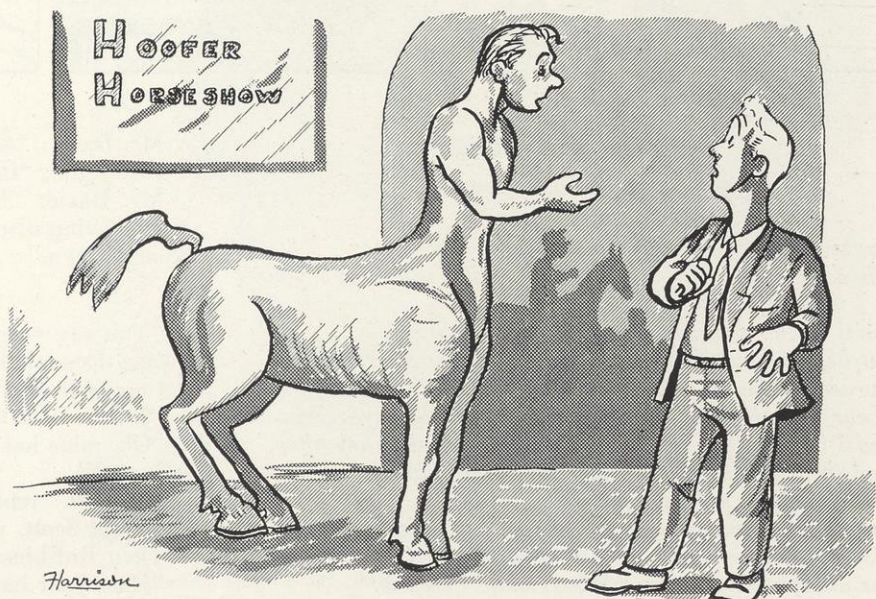
He—Will you marry me?

She—Yes.

Long silence.

She—Why don't you say something?

He—I've said too much already.



Hubby wandered in at 3:00 A. M. after a glorious evening. In a few minutes a series of unearthly squawks howled out of the radio loudspeaker.

His wife looked into the room and discovered him twisting the dial back and forth frantically.

"For heaven's sake! What in the world are you trying to do?" she exclaimed.

"G'way! G'way! Don't bother me," he yelled. "Someone's locked in the safe and I've forgotten the combination!"

* * *

A farmer, standing on his back porch eating a cookie, watched a big rooster chasing a hen around the yard and gaining ground at every lap. The farmer threw a piece of cookie in front of the racing pair. The rooster came to a sliding stop and gobbled up the tidbit.

"Gosh," said the farmer, "I hope I never get that hungry."

* * *

"What time do you get up in the summer?"

"As soon as the first rays of the sun come in my window."

"Splendid! Then you, too, like to go out while the dew is still fresh on the grass."

"Not exactly. My room faces West."

* * *

"We are having a raffle for a poor widow. Will you buy a ticket?"

"Nope, my wife wouldn't let me keep her if I won."

* * *

Clerk: "Here's a pretty card with lovely sentiment: 'To the only girl I ever loved'."

Student: "That's fine . . . give me a dozen."

THE ADVENTURE STRIP

or, Why the P.T.A. Is Against Comic Books



The author calls this a poem; it could be verse.

Beware of the gal who starts calling you honey
When keys clank in your pocket. (She thinks it's your money.)

She'll thrill your heart and upset your liver,
But be wise and sigh, "Love's all I can give yer."
Beware of the gal with verbal diarrhea;
"Four out of five have it!"—you know, like pyorrhea.
She'll bat her big eyes and sigh, "Love's all I am after,"
And then guzzle more drinks, the sly little grafter.
Beware of the gal who just likes to tease;
She'll excite your emotions, then suddenly freeze.
It's a dastardly trick and not at all cricket.
She walks with a swing; oh boy, could I kick it!

—R. M. J.

Mr. Davis: "Anne Boleyn was a flatiron."

Instructor: "How could she have been?"

Mr. Davis: "It says in the history book that Henry VIII, having disposed of Catherine, pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn."

* * *

"You say your baby does not walk yet," said Brown. "Mine does and he is not as old as yours. Has your baby cut his teeth yet?"

"No, he hasn't," admitted Robinson, sadly.

"Oh, mine has them all," boasted Brown. "Your baby talk yet?"

"Not yet," replied Robinson. "Can yours?"

"Great Scott, yes," answered Brown.

Then Robinson got desperate.

"Does your baby use a safety razor or an old-fashioned one?" he asked.

The Wily Women

By BOB TEAGUE

It's not the woman who knows!

But she does know how to create statistically the impression that she does.

Grade-point statistics printed in the *Cardinal* showed that the men have a 1.6 average and the girls a 1.7. But new light has been thrown on the why and wherefore of this humiliating phenomena by several females, who, being grad students, can now speak freely without fear of retaliation from their former under-grad instructors.

In an informal discussion of gals and grades a few nights ago, five university co-eds boastfully reminisced over the devices they employed and which still are employed by members of the fair sex to hoist the old grade point. "Any girl who realizes that men are 'very human' can get good grades," they maintained.

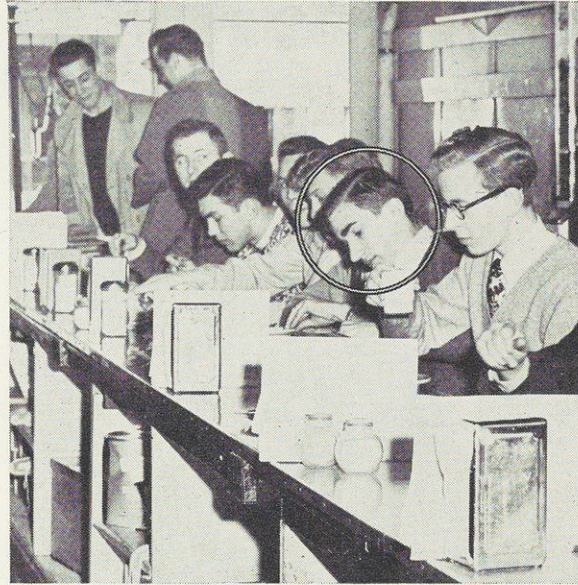
The first step, it seems, is to get a seat close to the front of the room, the closer the better; the front row provides an excellent opportunity to display shapely calves and pink knees. Not much of course, but then it's the little things that count.

The 50 minute period is filled out with sweet smiles and girlish blushes. The professor may be democrat, philosopher, historian, or even vegetarian; nevertheless, these girlish gimmicks usually strike home and pay-off handsomely when the old boy (who incidentally carries a scholastic axe for males) fills in female transcripts.

Popularly referred to as the "after-hours maneuver," step three is the clincher. It consists of snuggling close under the prof's chin after class, to ask a question about the assignment, and staying right there until said prof is slightly giddy from the aroma of some strategically located perfume.

In most classes one can usually find a brilliant fellow (male that is) who knows all the answers. Miss University Co-ed never fails to cultivate his friendship with the utmost dispatch and delicacy. After she tricks him into studying with her at the library, she graciously consents to let him study with her at the library. There he pantingly pours out his soul to her and also the answers for the coming quiz discussion. And in class the next day she, being equipped with more natural powers of attraction, is called upon first. Whereupon she steals our hero's thunder,
(continued on page 27)

Are You In the Circle?



DeLonge Photo

If it's your face in the circle above,
bring in this ad to us and be our guest
at dinner.

BUD JORDAN'S GRILL
625 State

The Perfume Shop



Photo by DeLonge

presents PATRICIA SOELLNER and suggests for spring formal
evenings Nettie Rosenstein's new perfume — "TIANNE."



**Octy's
Dream Girl**

Photo by DeLonge Studio

Donna Erickson

A second semester freshman, Donna is a Madison girl. She is an Alpha Phi. Home Ec is her major.

Which Sorority Girl To Date

To prevent further errors in dating sorority girls I shall match up the sororities with the types of dates for which their members are best suited.

BIG FORMAL DANCE. If you really want to impress your friends or make a girl jealous, date a Kappa Kappa Gamma for a big formal dance. (I wouldn't myself; I can't dance.) I say, date a Kappa, because they have the prettiest formal dresses on campus.

THAT PICNIC DATE. There is only one kind of sorority girl to take on a picnic. That's a Pi Beta Phi. Don't let the fact that they have two Badger Beauties in their sorority this year fool you. The Poo Phoos love to roast marshmallows, they can take a mean cut at a soft ball, and they have the biggest wardrobe of dirty blue jeans in town.

BEER-DRINKING DATE. The girls who really love to quaff intoxicants and can hold their liquor belong to . . . *But, Dean Trump, the girls wouldn't mind. It isn't libelous . . . O.K., if Dean Troxell wouldn't like it. . .* Well, for information about this kind of date, you'll have to call me. 8-0015 is the number.

THE ATHLETIC DATE. It has been reported that the Alpha Gams are really rugged. They are best, I understand, at volley ball.

INTELLECTUAL DATE. If intellectual conversation is what you're after, I would suggest that you try a Sigma Kappa . . . Well, you can try anyway. On the other hand, if you want to be sure, call up a Phi Sigma Sigma.

DINNER DATE. If you don't care how much the girl eats or how much it costs, date a Gamma Phi Beta. (I bet they'll eat this up.)

COKE DATE. For a coke date, or any other cheap date, I would suggest a Theta.

SWEET, REFRESHING DATE. Let us say that you are tired of dating sophisticated glamour girls, and you want to take out a sweet, refreshing, naive, simple girl. A Delta Gamma is the answer.

WEDDING DATE. If you are looking for a girl to fall in love with and marry, date an independent.

—ED CLARK

Springtime Is Picnic Time

Make your picnic perfect with delicacies
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You will find in our complete selection of relishes, cheeses, meats, barbecue sauces, confections—well, just everything you need for a perfect picnic.



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than a Cuba Club dinner. You will find our menu complete — our food delicious. We suggest you call and make your reservation now.



CUBA CLUB

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Fairchild 9701

Roman Holiday



(The scene is a street in ancient Rome. Two young men wearing gabardine togas and white buskskin sandals approach each other.)

FLAVIUS: Ah, Claudius, it is good to see you. What have you been doing?

CLAUDIUS: I just came from the Coliseum. I was watching the Lions eat hell out of the Young Men's Christian Association. Great sport.

FLAVIUS: I don't like it. It's too one-sided. The Lions always win. Now, boxing, there's a sport.

CLAUDIUS: Oh, I don't know. Since Mortonus made them wear head guards, the punch has gone out of it.

FLAVIUS: Maybe.

CLAUDIUS: Have you seen Caius' new cream-colored chariot? It's really swell. Two horsepower, of course.

FLAVIUS: No kidding. I suppose his pater got it for him.

CLAUDIUS: Yes, the lucky canine. Speaking of chariots, have you signed up for chariot racing?

FLAVIUS: No, I'm scholastically ineligible. It's that damned Greek. I don't see why we have to take foreign languages, anyway.

CLAUDIUS: Oh, well, it could be worse. You could be studying some dead language.

FLAVIUS: Perhaps you're right. But I tell you that Latin is bad enough, without studying foreign languages. Who's ever going to write Latin like a poet when he gets out into life? I'm going to be a slave merchant myself.

CLAUDIUS: What you need is an extra-curricular activity.

FLAVIUS: Yes, you're right. By the way, I saw your bust in the niche at the Baths. How come?

CLAUDIUS: Oh, I'm ticket chairman for the Festival of Bacchus. It's a good deal.

FLAVIUS: How about a comp?

CLAUDIUS: Gee, I'd like to, but we're scared to, what with Galordus Nelsonus kicking up such a fuss in the Senate about comps.

FLAVIUS: Well, thanks, anyway.

CLAUDIUS: Say, how'd you like to go to a concert tonight? I've got two Concert Series tickets I'm not using. I hear they've got a hot show.

FLAVIUS: Sounds good. Who's playing?

CLAUDIUS: Some violinist. Nero's the name, I think.

A drunk finally finds the keyhole and enters the house where he stumbles around looking for the light. Wife pipes up: "That you, Henry?" No answer. A big crash of glass. "Henry! What in the world are you doing?"

"Teaching your darn goldfish not to bark at me!"

—Exchange

* * *

A co-ed was on a trolley car discussing opera with her girl friend.

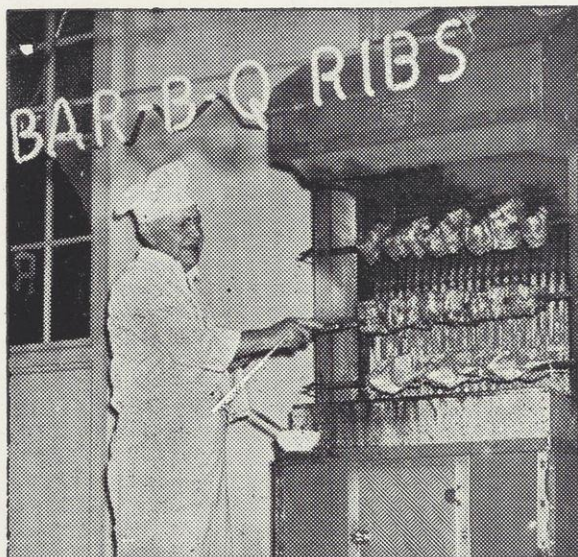
"I just love Carmen," she said.

The conductor, who passed by at that moment, blushed a deep red and said, "Try the motorman, miss; I'm married."

* * *

"I shall put you fellows in this room," said the host. "You'll have a comfortable night since it has a feather bed."

At 2:00 o'clock in the morning one of the guests awoke his companion. "Change places with me, Dick," he groaned. "It's my time to be on the feather."



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Drama in the Depth

Scene: One of the more shallow bottoms of the ocean. It is dark and watery (as oceans tend to be).

Cast: Harry, a star fish, and Lucy, his wife. She seems listless for some strange reason. Harry, in the clumsy solicitude characteristic of husbands, tries to find out what is troubling her.

* * *

"There's a *Venus mercanaria*," he said, relaxing his ampullae. "Are you hungry, dear?"

"No," she answered with a sigh.

"But you haven't eaten!" he cried. "You've had nothing all day except an *Ostrea*."

"I . . . I . . . Oh, Harry!"

"There, there, dear. Don't cry. What's troubling you? You've been so nervous lately. Why, yesterday that anemone family down by the crags told me you almost insulted them when all they did was to call out a hello."

"I was impatient," she sobbed, her dermal branchiae quivering.

He patted her clumsily on her aboral surface.

The set water undulated. A hydra glided slowly by as a goneonemus drifted into view. At last she calmed down.

"Is there . . . is there something you want to . . . tell me, dear?" he suggested gently.

"Harry, darling, please try to understand my condition. After all, it is a little frightening, . . . the first one."

"You mean that we . . . you and I . . ." He snapped his pedicellariae in joy.

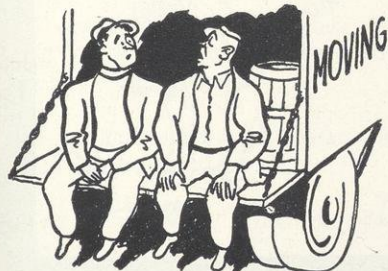
"Yes, dear," she admitted shyly, happily burbling water through her madreporite. "We are going to have a little zygote."

"Ah, Lucy, Lucy!" he cried, embracing her with all five antimeres. "You have made me so happy."

FAY SHERWOOD

RITA KROHNE

PAT McEACHRON



"So then she says, 'You can keep your old pin.'"



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aged steaks
. . . fine
sea food
. . . superb
chicken



Spanish Cafe

212 State

6-9444

TWO DOORS FROM THE ORPHEUM

PAUL BUNYAN . . .

(continued from page 14)

UPJOHN: We can't miss, P. B. And the ideas already rolling. We need a couple loose ends picked up and we're in business. First, we got to have a painting of you, P. B., in your lumberjack outfit. I've got an artist coming up here in a few minutes to do your portrait but we'll need some props first. (*He goes over to the intercom*). Miss Abernathy. Have those guys bring that stuff in.

(*The door opens and three workmen enter. Two of them are pushing a stuffed cow painted blue and the other carries a large box of paraphernalia.*)

UPJOHN: Just put it all over by the window, boys. That's right. Yeh, that'll be all. Thanks. (*Exit workmen.*)

P. B.: Just what the hell is that?

UPJOHN: Why, P. B., that's to represent the blue ox you once told me you used to play with when you were a kid. It was a good angle for the story. It fit swell.

P. B.: I never told you that. I said 'blue blocks.' I used to play with blue colored blocks when I was a babe.

UPJOHN: Well we can't change it now. It'll have to stay. Now P. B., take this stuff and put it on. (*He is bending over the box of paraphernalia and he hands out a plaid shirt, blue overall trousers and boots*). Hurry, P. B., that artist is due any minute.

(*P. B. moves skeptically to the washroom at right and goes in. Upjohn bustles about the office, moving the desk from in front of the window, placing the 'ox' in its place. He extracts a large axe from the box and leans it against the desk. He removes a pair of horns which he ties to the head of the cow. P. B. reappears, looking sheepish in the strange costume.*)

UPJOHN: You look great, P. B., great. Those built-in shoulders look wonderful. (*He pats him on the back and one of the large shoulders sags but he puts it back in place. He moves over to the box and extracts a coon skin cap and false black whiskers.*) Look, P. B., you'll have to put these on too. All lumberpacks are supposed to have beavers and

(continued on page 28)



"Somebody should tell her about that sale at Host's."

THE WILY WOMEN . . .

(continued from page 21)

leaving him without critique or comment.

Then there is the female species, "homely-o sapiens." She unfortunately has not been endowed with the prerequisite features for inspiring professor partiality. In fact she can't inspire partiality in any male; so she loses herself in her work and studies intensively and extensively, the results being a straight A.

The only reason all girls don't get straight A's is the fact that they just can't avoid having a few women instructors some of the time.

So fellows—chest out! chin up! head high!—the male is still the master. In view of the above information the slight difference between the 1.7 and 1.6 averages of the gals and guys respectively seem less and less significant. The male is superior in fact. As soon as professors get a grip on themselves and turn their blind spots to the "lure of the petticoat," male superiority will be amply reflected in corresponding grade-point changes. Wait and see.

"What is the idea of kicking my dog? He won't bite you."

"Maybe not, but he raised his leg, and I thought he was going to kick me."

* * *

Salesman: "Could I sell you some pajamas?"

Lady Shopper: "No, I don't wear them."

Salesman: "My name is Hardwick, Bob Hardwick."

* * *

Sigma Kap: "Is it natural to shrink from kissing?"

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

* * *

First: "Who's your tight-lipped friend over there?"

Second: "He ain't tight-lipped, just waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon."

* * *

She was so homely that when she walked along the waterfront even the tugboats stopped whistling.

* * *

You can lead a horse to Vassar, but you can't make her think.

* * *

Co-ed (tenderly): "When did you first know you loved me?"

Ed: "When I began to get mad at people who said you were brainless and unattractive."



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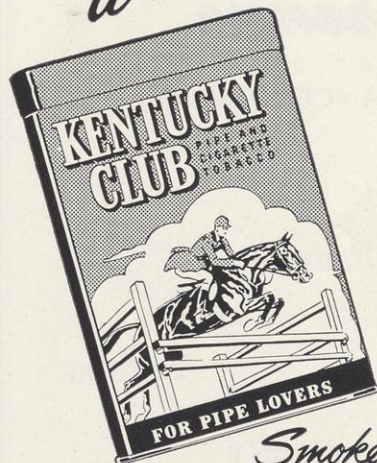
'TILL 9



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Rates with
a Date



Smoke

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PAUL BUNYAN . . .

(continued from page 26)

wear coon skin caps. (P. B. sullenly complies as the intercom buzzes and Upjohn answers it.)

MISS ABERNATHY: There's a weasel with an easel here who says he has an appointment. Has he?

UPJOHN: Send him right in, Miss A.

Scene I curtain.

Scene II

Four hours elapse.

(Bunyan is back in his ill-fitting business suit and a large canvas now stands in the corner bearing a portrait of heroic proportions. It is a picture of Bunyan in his lumberjack outfit and beard standing before a dark, lightning-flecked sky with one hand on the blue ox and the other holding the axe. Upjohn and Bunyan stand before the painting.)

UPJOHN: You gotto admit, P. B., it's a beautiful job and quick, too.

P. B.: (admiringly) Well, Upjohn, maybe I've misjudged you in the past. You might have a real idea this time.

UPJOHN: This is it, P. B. Paul Bunyan will be a household word from coast to coast and dealers will be knocking down the doors with orders. How does it feel to be a legend, P. B.?

P. B.: (Regaining some of his old grouchiness) Back to work now, Upjohn. Is everything out of the way on this project?

UPJOHN: There's just one more incidental and you'll be a full-fledged legend. (He goes over the box and reaching into it, pulls out a pistol. On seeing the pistol P. B. falls back in amazement.)

P. B.: Put down that gun, Upjohn. Are you mad?

UPJOHN: I'm sorry, P. B., but it's the only way. Who ever heard of a live legend? (He fires twice and P. B., clutching his middle, staggers and falls to floor beside the blue colored cow. Upjohn walks over to the desk, pushes the button on the intercom.)

UPJOHN: Miss A., get those workmen back here to haul out this junk. And then see that I'm not disturbed. (He moves behind the desk, seats himself in the chair and as the curtain descends begins to peel another banana.)

CURTAIN

To A Sweater

Hail to thee, soft fuzzit,

Wool thou never wert

That from heaven, or wuzzit?

Stuck to thy sweetheart

In profuse strands of unpremeditated art.

Thicker still and thicker

From the scarf thou springest

Like a roll of sticker

To blue serge thou wingest

And clinging still dost cling and clinging ever clingest.

On the fuzzy serge

Of a once good suit

Which no brush can purge

Thou dost sow and root

Like an unbidden weed or a layer of soot.

Teach me how to pluck thee

From my ruined coat

That happy I may be

And from my lips would float

A mocking peal of laughter—as I would sit and gloat.

—JOYCE WILEY

Curses on Composition Courses

And when the mountain staunchly refused to come to Mohamed, Mohamed doffed his green beanie and went to the mountain . . .

After a "grilledanish'n'coffeeblack" every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, it is easy to fall into the pit (chiche') of exposition, more commonly (good word, common) called English 2a. Just you remember exposition (not short stories) . . . expository. . . expose. Expose yourself to three classes a week at an un-godly hour of the day. Eight-fifty classes are hell (trite expression); expose yourself to six feet straight up of straight hair, straight eyes behind straight glasses, and Veblen; expose yourself to an exposing impromptu the first day of school, the first day of six weeks exams, and undoubtedly (in times to come) the first day of mid-terms and finals; expose yourself to *Exposition of Ideas* and to Huxley and to study, to study, to study, to study. The beat of good poetry is in "to study" and you think to yourself, "Maybe I'll write it in a poem, someday." But you never get time.

Then you can expose yourself to the deeply intellectual atmosphere (omit . . . poor expression) of the "Rat" for two gulps and a swallow of coffee and back to the (proverbial) salt mines of English 2b. Vaguely you attempt remembering your teacher's name . . . "O'Riley Odeskie? Kelukie?" What the heck . . . it really doesn't make any difference. You never get a chance to talk to him, anyhow! And it is Wednesday . . . or then again it might be Friday, (except that you remember that papers are usually returned on Friday, unless your professor has mislaid them), so it is probably Wednesday, and the conversation inevitably turns to sex . . . or maybe morality. Morals are not good. (John Steinbeck is good.) Do not moralize in a story. (You won't be able to sell your story, but that doesn't make any difference.) Stop moralizing. The world moralizes. That is what is wrong with the world. Become self-sufficient. Sex . . . sex . . . and a basket of eggs for sixty-two cents. . . and Jack Benny should go up in smoke. . . sex . . . sex

(continued on page 30)



"She's stacked, all right."

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HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT WENT ON INSIDE THE TROJAN HORSE



By Zeus! It's stuffy in here.
Anyone got a Life Saver?



Still Only 5¢

QUESTIONS

- A** Just find the key, throw out the E,
And add Blue Grass to fleur-de-lis.
- B** A cheerful mien encircled as seen:
A doubter of fame, that's most of my name.
- C** The leading three in this basic series,
Contain advice that's better than theories.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The word "milder" appears twice in the ad in red letters, and the word "mild" (two-thirds of "milder") appears in white letters. They all explain why Chesterfield is right.
- B** Four eyes (Darnell's and Griffin's) are the same in color and shape, but not in fame, since Linda Darnell's are much more famous.
- C** The pearl earrings worn by Linda Darnell.

WINNERS . . . Roy R. Allen, Tom Bavary, Pat Crandall, George Dorr, Harry Ehmman, Hugh Fries, Mary Horner, Ester Kummier, Ann Shoemaker, Arthur Thomas.

CURSES . . .

(continued from page 29)

. . . And the possibility of Dorothy Parker being a rather good writer. Don't moralize. The *Bible* didn't moralize. That is why so many copies sold. Don't write . . . re-write. Re-write and for God's sake as well as your own, don't write copy for those damned "Holly-wooden films." And re-write . . .

And at five minutes to eleven trot up to Bascom's towering heights (trite phrase), through 272, the ancient hall of famed lecturers (and a psych class), up the trembling stairs (doesn't fit the newly upholstered building) to English 106b . . . b . . . b . . . be a good writer. What is wrong . . . what could *possibly* be wrong with moralizing? (You have just expounded on the theory that it is wrong to moralize). Many people have moralized for many years. They have sold things. Maybe some day, you can sell things. Moralize . . . moralize . . . and for two dollars and seventy-one cents postage you can mail your hunk of profound literature to *God-Save-The-King* or some other modern-moralizEEdited magazine. God bless morality.

So you make a mad dash (skip the dash . . . the telegraph company might object) down the stairs . . . down the hill . . . down the world . . . down . . . down . . . down to a blonde writer with wide, blue eyes, on your left, who must be good, and a tall, handsome cashmired Mr. Van Something or Other in front of you and "I-Say-There-Old-Bean, Are-You-There?" perched on a table in the front of the room, conceding that "You may all smoke loike chimneys if you loike!", reading a powerful collection of pungent prose and prolific poetry to crackpot (ordinary term used to define writers) writers. Some of them even sell things, occasionally, but you blush to admit it, considering the fact that you only had your literature printed in the *Cardinal*, once. God bless the mid-west! And he is screaming in a deep-throated English accent about Auden and/or Maugh-am or St. Peter-Knows-Who-Else and you casually wish that you were dead. After brief consideration you decide that you don't wish you were dead, because it is vital to have experiences to become a good writer, and you are in dire need of experiences.

So, at one-ten you leave lower campus 2, and you drag yourself over to a typical greasy spoon coffee shop for more coffee, only this time you go with a group of would-be writers . . . possibly the blonde, blue-eyed girl on your left, who must be good . . . and you talk in quick eager voices about when you are rich and famous . . . and you consider the possibility of writing the all-American novel, and then you give up the idea in favor of more coffee.

And at night you go home and think to yourself that you'll be damned if you'll go to the mountain. Then you think about it some more and decide that if it was good enough for Mohamed . . .

—SHEILA KOHLENBERG

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

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

"What did Stalin have to say?" the editor asked the reporter.

"Nothing."

"Okay! Only write a half column about it."

Submitted by William H. Kiekhofers
1919 Arlington Place
Madison, Wis.

The wife was always antagonized by her husband's going out at night. His departing words, which especially angered her, were always, "Good night, mother of three."

But one night she could stand it no longer. When he took his hat, started out the door, and called cheerfully, "Good night, mother of three," she answered, quite as cheerfully, "Good night, father of one."

Now he stays home.

* * *

The oldtimer, looking bent, weary and dejected, hobbled painfully up to the bar.

"What's the trouble?" asked a kindly acquaintance. "You look bad."

"It's yoorz," moaned the oldtimer, "I've got a bad case of yoorz."

"What's yoorz?" asked the puzzled friend.

"A double Scotch," thanks."

* * *

A tough employer noted for his energy saw a boy leaning idly against a packing case, whistling.

"How much are you getting a week?" he demanded.

"Twelve dollars."

"Here's a week's pay. Now clear out. You're through."

As the boy pocketed the money, he shrugged his shoulders, and walked away, the busy boss turned to the stockroom clerk. "How long has that kid been with us?"

"Him?" said the clerk. "Oh, he just came in to deliver a package of bolts and nuts."

* * *

"Shoe shine, mister?"

"No."

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

"I said no."

"Coward!"

* * *

Clerk—Yes, sir, that medicine sure is powerful. Best stuff we have for the liver. Makes you peppy.

Customer—Well, can you give me any specific references? I mean people who have taken this medicine with good results?

Clerk—Well, there was a man living next door to us who took this liver medicine three years.

Customer—Well, does it help him?

Clerk—He died last week.

Customer—Oh, I see.

Clerk—But they had to beat his liver with a stick for three days after he died before they could kill it.

—Record

Answers To Picture Quiz on Page 32

IF YOUR SCORE IS FROM 1 TO 4: *Aren't you the naive one, though? You are either cheating or incredibly sheltered. You stopped learning about birds and bees at about the age of 18 months.*

IF YOUR SCORE IS FROM 5 TO 8: *You're pretty bad off, but not hopeless. Your knowledge of this subject is rather primitive. Your reactions, while charming, are those of a grade school child. Better start cramming on naughty novels.*

IF YOUR SCORE IS FROM 9 TO 12: *You have the same knowledge and reactions to sex that any normal college student possesses. (Whether being a normal college student is being really normal, we'd rather not say). Isn't fun to be normal, though?*

IF YOUR SCORE IS FROM 13 TO 16: *Bet you thought you were superior getting a big score. Well, you aren't. Your score shows that you are too learned about sex to enjoy it much.*

Let's Go, Gang!

We're all set for our picnic now . . . I just got my portable radio from . . .

Zenith

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*Plan Now For A
Special June Day*

Almost before you know it, Father's Day will be here.

We suggest you plan now for your gift to Dad—the kind he'll like best—a portrait of you.

Placed on his desk in office or den, it is sure to be treasured in the years to come.

Call or come in today and make an appointment for your gift to Dad.

Badger Studio

619 State

5-4266

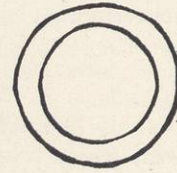
Are You Sexually Normal?

THIS IS ...



- _1. AN INK BLOT
- _2. A BOY
- _3. A GIRL
- _4. A RORSCHACH TEST

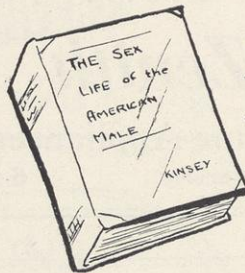
THIS IS...



- _1. THE WHEEL OFF MY WAGON
- _2. A DONUT
- _3. A WEDDING RING
- _4. A FREUDIAN SYMBOL

UW PSYCH DEPT.
FORM 31E1X1 90

THIS IS...



- _1. A BOOK
- _2. TOUGH READING
- _3. THE STRAIGHT SCOOP
- _4. OPEN TO QUESTION BECAUSE OF SMALL STATISTICAL SAMPLE

THIS COUPLE IS...



- _1. PLAYING
- _2. TRYING TO SEE WHAT COLOR EYES THEY HAVE
- _3. NECKING
- _4. OSCULATING

This test is designed to show whether you are abnormal or normal in your attitudes towards sex. The test was devised by Octy's own psychiatrist, Fred Grootney, so you can't go wrong.

Instructions: Look at each picture. Then place a check mark beside the answer which most closely describes your action to the picture.

When you are finished, take the numbers next to the answers you check and total them. (For example, if you marked Number 1 for each picture your total will be 4.)

(See answers on page 31)

For your new job or summer of pleasure . . .

Present yourself in a tailor-made suit from Didriksen's.

Then you'll be sure of correct styling and fit.

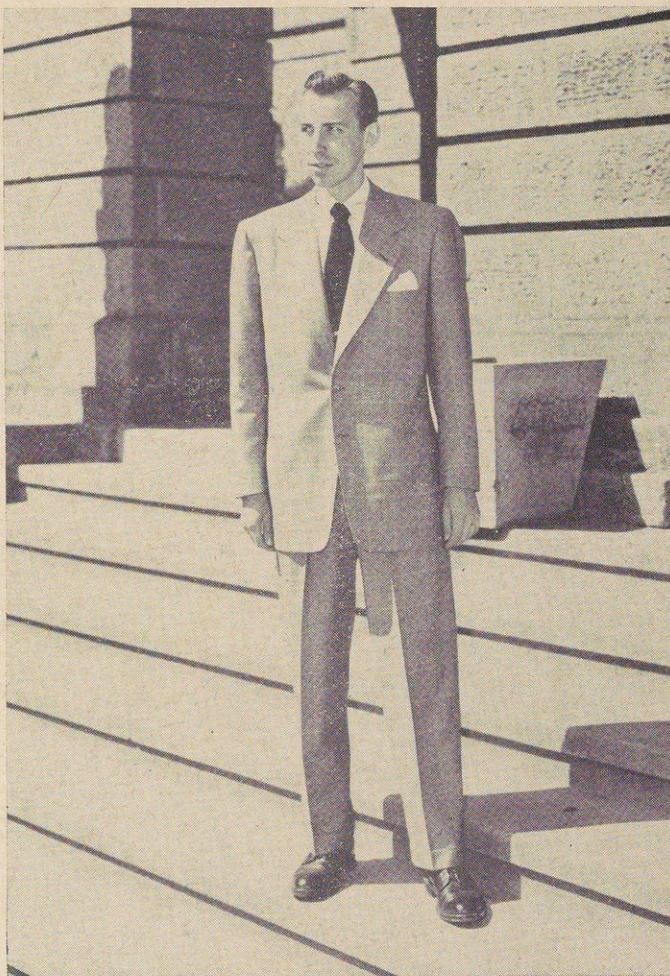


—De Longe Photos.

Whether you're graduating or coming back next year, NOW is the time to order your tailor-made suit for summer or fall. Suits ordered now will be delivered well before the end of school. We have a complete selection of fabrics in a wide range of colors. Prices start at \$55.

Left. Measured to Fit. Mr. Didriksen records all measurements that will make your suit fit you perfectly and comfortably.

Right. Tailored to Please. You select your material and style from a complete up-to-date stock of fine fabrics and latest fashions.



TAILOR-MADE LADIES' AND MEN'S SUITS, COATS, SLACKS, AND SHIRTS

Didriksen Custom Clothing Company

1419 University Ave

Badger 1056

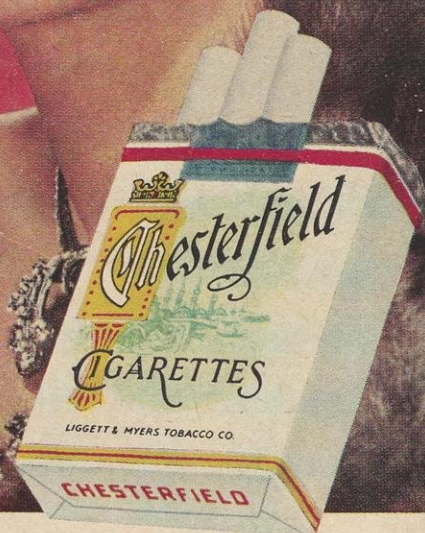
Open Mon. 9 to 9; Tues.-Sat. 9 to 6

I LIKE CHESTERFIELD'S
MILDER, BETTER TASTE.

IT'S MY CIGARETTE

Joan Crawford

STARRING IN
FLAMINGO ROAD
A MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCTION
RELEASED BY WARNER BROS.



"I'm a 100% Chesterfield smoker. I've tried other brands but always come back to Chesterfield. They buy fine light tobacco, ripe, sweet and mellow."

L.E. Thomason

TOBACCO FARMER AND
WAREHOUSEMAN, PARIS, KY.

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)

A *lways* **B** *uy* **C** **CHESTERFIELD**

MAKE YOURS THE MILDER CIGARETTE... *They Satisfy*