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1956 ? May 1955 v.34 n. 6

May 1955
Vol. 34
#6

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Barhopping la

FINAL EXAMINATION

Professor D.T. Beerbelly

Second Semester, 1955-56

- I. Identify briefly any 6 (six) of the five (5) beer joints on page 14
- II. A. With room temperature at 78 deg. Farenheit, how fast can you chug-a-lug

beer ala mode?
 cirrosis of the
 fake I.D. is
 hic) excuse me,
 tavern.
 ecipes for any
 irty jokes?
 half crocked and
 titute home?
 on the bar,
 where is the
 men's. Room?
 arted prohibi-
 sex, or, on the
 Carrie Nation.
 C. B. on tap at
 ouble bed. She
 imbibed. So he
 wo good handfuls.
 slugged down
 like a light!
 how to brew
 malt beveredge?
 key Mouse exam.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

NAME _____

SUBJECT _____

CLASS _____ DATE _____

INSTRUCTOR _____

1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

4 _____

5 _____

6 _____

7 _____

8 _____

9 _____

10 _____

TOTAL _____



HEY GANG!

HAVE YOU HEARD
ABOUT THE GREAT
DEGREES THAT
THE UNIVERSITY
IS GIVING OUT?

Sure, you too can have one of the attractive leather-bound degrees being awarded by the University of Wisconsin. Be the first on your block to take advantage of this marvelous offer. Your choice of BS, BA, PhD, First, Second, or Third degrees, any one of which will immediately merit you a high paying job as a bartender, paperboy, or brush salesman. No young American should be without one. And NOW, for a limited time only, if you buy a PhD you receive FREE your choice of a BS or BA degree. Act Now!

Yes, I want a snazzy new degree from the University of Wisconsin. Enclosed is my personal guarantee for four years of indentured service to the Board of Regents. I have will get my parent's permission. Please send me all the dope on your pay-as-you-go plan.

My name is

My address is

My choice of colors is: brown black boudoir pink

Mail Postage-

Free to:

IBM machine

#12, Bascom

Hall.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR

Okay, Youse Guys:

I's read that trash in yer motley mag about us'n men be'n lowsee lovers. Where you get dat from, anyway?

Love,
Liberace

Ed.—We meant women.

Dear Sirs:

The article last issue purporting to be a scientific survey of Wisconsin coed's views of U.W. men was funny, but may have caused some repressed emotions of inferiority and impotency in men's minds. I cannot see how such glittering generalities on our techniques can mean anything when based on such narrow research. I have it on good authority that the article was written BEFORE the questionnaires were returned to the author.

We men consider this an attack. If the story had been written by a GURL we men could thumb our noses and pass it off as mere jealous biasedness. But if Mike Michel is a

man, give us the traitor's address. This is WAR!

Irate,
Kids for Kinsey Klub

Ed.—Mike Michel asked us to tell you that his name is Mickey Michel, and that he is a girl.

Gentlemen:

Your magazine ain't bad, I don't mind it at all. I even found a joke I hadn't heard in it oncet. That ain't what I'm writing to you on account of. What I'm writing to you on account of is because I'm sick and fed up with hearing you guys blaring up and down and around in the streets at noontime so's a guy can't hear what he's thinking.

So would you please pay us the courtesy of being so kind as to cut out that noise and leave us be. I know some other guys that think the same as I do on this particular matter here.

How about it, huh,
Joe

Ed. note—Look, Joe, if you think it's bad just listening to it when we go by, just think how bad it must be to ride around with it. It's hell. I'm afraid we'll just have to suffer through.

Dear Sir:

The mock Democratic convention in Madison nominated Adlai Stevenson for President. Do you think this has any significance?

Estes

Ed. note—Yes, we feel that it signifies that the mock Democratic convention in Madison nominated Adlai Stevenson for President.

Dear Ed,

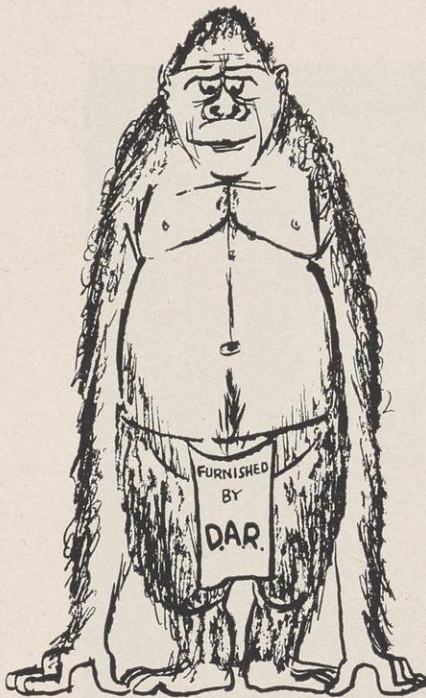
Your last dream girl, Bev Thomas, was socko! How can I get a date?

S. X. Starved

Ed's note—Brilliant observation. You can't; she's getting married next month. Better luck next time.

Gentlemen:

I notice that so little genuine praise appears in your Letters to the Editor column I'd like to tell you how I felt



Henry Wiggins (me 4) upon graduation at Camp Randall.

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about the first five issues of the Octy this year. I thought that they all demonstrated a combination of piercing wit, ribald humor, and consistent good taste. The Octies this year have been a credit to the University as well as to its editors. Each time a new Octy was out I ran to the newsstand to get my copy, knowing it would contain a full quota of laughs, howls, and snickers—and I was never disappointed. Every issue was chock full of

Ed. note—Cut the gab. Everybody knows I write these letters myself and you're just making me look bad.

Dear Octy,

Ha! At last you guys are gonna get shown! You've been putting out TRASH, just plain old TRASH for years now, feeding the minds of students with drivel. No art, no uplifting articles, no creative efforts, in short, no CULTURAH! This campus has long had an urgent need for a little culturah and you have made no effort at all to provide it. You just sat there making jokes. Well at last you are being shown. WE are going to provide it, We are going to bring

it right into every dorm, every frat, every independent house. You'll see.
The New Lit Mag

Ed. note—We understand you are budgeted for a circulation of 67, give or take a few parents.

Dear Sir:

Many thanks for your penetrating analysis of the Middle Eastern situation. If there were more public-spirited publications like yours international problems could easily be thrashed out in the free marketplace of ideas.

Many thanks,
Ephram Neugebauer

Ed.—For the benefit of those who missed our penetrating analysis of the Middle Eastern situation we recommend that war be averted at all costs and that differences between the Arabs and the Jews be mediated by an impartial board. We deplore bloodshed.

Dear Sir:

Your last issue was funny. What happened?

Louis Pasteur

Ed.—Your mother wears army shoes.

**Boost
WISCONSIN**

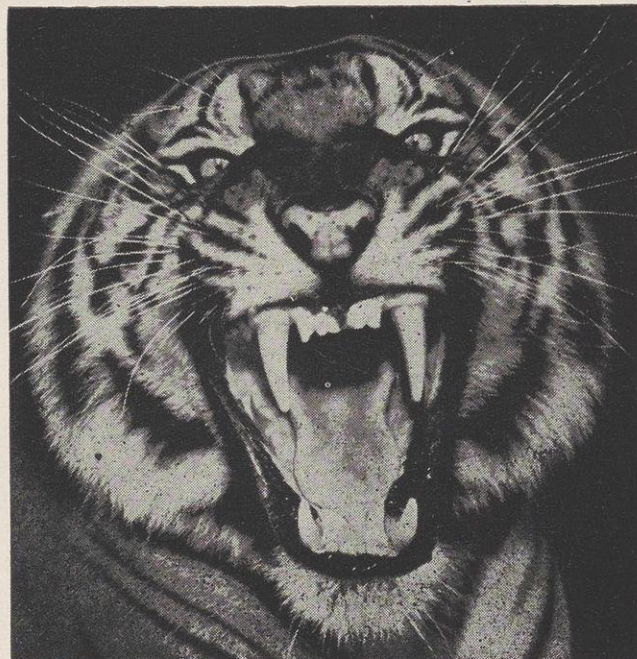
- Bucky Badger Cuff Links
- Bucky Badger Beach Towels
- Zelon Jackets
- Terry Cloth Shirts
- T Shirts
- Beer Mugs
- Sweat Shirts
- Bucky Badger Pins
- Pennants
- Steiff Stuffed Animals
- W Blankets

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Henry Wiggins, ME4, upon being asked to cough by Student Infirmary doctor.

FROM THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

A Parting Word

The reader has a right to wince at the title of this column. If he has been around much he knows that editors scheme and plan for a full year just exactly what they are going to say when at last they have an opportunity to speak their minds and then get out of town fast; they know that they are in for a full dose of invective, tears, and worst of all, the what-a-good-boy-am-I pitch.

Consequently we humbly ask the reader's never-ending gratitude for this column. We could have told you how ruthless and cruel and mean and nasty the University is, but we didn't. We could have told you how immense the opportunities for becoming an educated person around

here are, and how few people ever do, but we didn't. We could have told you how stupid the average student is, but we will spare you the pain of this realization. We could have told you how rotten the climate is in Madison, but everybody knows it. We could tell you what eyesores most of the buildings around here are, but in four years you become attached to them. We could tell you that the Wisconsin Octopus is a great institution that deserves the support of every student, but if we haven't demonstrated that throughout the year it's too late now.

Instead we would like to bow out quietly, with a hope that our magazines have been funny, and with a wish for the best of luck to the Octy and all of its readers.

ED EDWARDS

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

THE BOUNDERS OF THE CAMPUS ARE THE BOUNDERS OF THE STATE

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ED EDWARDS

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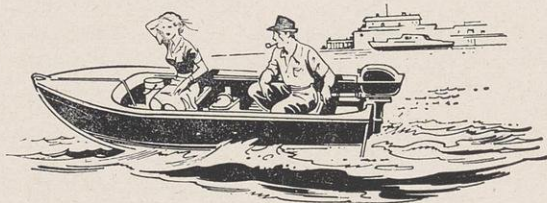
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VOL. 34, NO. 6

Compliments of the Three Bells

763 University Ave.

- Outboards
 - Row Boats
 - Canoes
 - Sailboats
- Speedboat Rides
- Water Skiing



University Boat House

Behind the Old Gym
East of Memorial Union

766 Langdon St.

6-9728

We got JOKES:

Mistress: "I'm afraid my husband is having an affair with his secretary."

Maid: "You're just saying that to make me jealous."

The haughty senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in in the middle of a very nice dance?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five dollar bill at me."

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
Evidently.

Mark Anthony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

Servant: "She's in bed with laryngitis."

Mark Anthony: "Damn those Greeks!"

An airy and delicate lassie,
Possessed a magnificent asse,
It was not round and pink,
As you probably think,
But gray, had long ears, and ate grasse.

He: "Your husband is a brilliant man. He seems to know everything."

She: "Don't be silly. He doesn't suspect a thing."

A limerick packs laughs anatomical,
Into space that is quite economical,
But the good ones I've seen,
So seldom are clean,
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

He: "Do you think I'm conceited?"

She: "No, not at all."

He: "That's good. People as good-looking as I am usually are".

Customer: "Would you please give me change for a dime?"

Clerk: "There you are. Hope you enjoy the sermon."

"Say, that's a bad gash you have on your forehead. How did you get it?"

"I bit myself."

"Come now, how could you bite yourself on the forehead?"

"I stood on a chair."

In Arkansas a cyclone leveled a farm and swept off all of the farmer's valuables. He was amazed, however, to find that his daughter, all of whose clothes had been blown away, had somehow managed to save a diamond pin she had been wearing. "How did you save the pin?" he asked.

"I put it in my mouth," she explained.

"Too bad your mother couldn't think as fast," he said. "She could have saved the horse and buggy."

If Kinsey's figures prove right
(I surely don't doubt that they might),
That just for the thrill,
9 of 10 will,
Why'd I get the 10th one last night?



Here alone, the raw environment man was originally created for. Here alone we carry on in the TRUE LIBERAL TRADITION and cavort in the raw as we please . . .

AWAY from COLLEGETOWN, U.S.A.

by *Dave Preiss,*
TOURIST

and spittoon cleaner

This summer, from evidence of countless haunting reveries of summers in the past, hundreds of University students, and coeds, will embark on delightful holidays of travel.

One of the most appealing spots for college Wisconsinites this season is Monaco. Most anyone can afford a visit to this charming principedom and view the peasantry gamboling along the Riviera in their own, homespun, native bikini costumes, or gambling along the dice tables in the quaint Casino which reminds one so of the Union Rathskeller. It is so chic, so gay, so restful, so inexpensive . . . to watch.

And perhaps, if you are lucky, or filthy-rich, you and your raunchy group of foreign collegians will receive a Royal Welcome to drop in on the Prince and his newly-made Princess. If you play your cards right you may even find yourself one of a few thousand guests invited to an exclusive celebration dinner at the quaint quonset hut (it's small by American standards, but they call it "home") palace on top of the rock in celebration of the couple's 67th day anniversary of wedded bli\$\$\$. Best of all of this, you do not have to feel indebted to the Royal Pair and her 87 servants, or with conscience pangings that Monaco's delapidated economy will be going

to any special expense over this simple, quiet, buffet-type, \$140,000 banquet.

Another appealing place, for those with a wee bit less to spend for vacation indulgence, is Milwaukee's famed Jones Island, summer playground of the Midwest. Here the lowbrows and hoi-paloi can associate freely in common beach attire with the famous personages of high society that are attracted to this scenic resort area. Such familiar figures as Zaza Gabor, Eva Marie Saint, Claudette Colbert, and Frank P. Zeidler are seen throughout the summer sunbathing on the edges of the many magnificent cesspools and sipping Manhattans in the nearby Milorganite plant cafeteria (Bermuda shorts and gasmasks not permissible attire on Sundays).

A tourist attraction in itself, the Milorganite plant sponsors guided tours leaving the sewage intake valves every hour on the hour. Trained sewer workers guide their excursion parties through the intricate gutter system, there being more than 4,000 such causeways leading to and from this huge and modern plant. There is nothing to equal it in the Midwest, the spectacle of million dollar machines sorting and classifying waste materials with IBM-like efficiency. And at the end of each free tour, a sample bag of Milorganite ferti-

lizer to each Jones Island guest.

If you are loyal to our fair state, or cannot afford to leave its boundaries this summer (your frat is on parole, maybe), it will be worth your while to investigate at your travel agency the opportunities of hobnobbing in Milwaukee this season with Braves baseball stars and top-notch sewage engineers on the polluted shores of the lower Milwaukee river.

Or, if fishing is your metete, it again is not necessary that you finance your way to Monaco. Of course, it all depends on what you are fishing for, but almost anything can be caught in the mid-Wisconsin Lake Mendota area during summer session, success, however, depending on your lure.

Farther northward, it is said, the big ones are more available.

Imagine yourself in the peaceful northwoods of Wisconsin, alone with just your rod, reel, and mosquito lotion, hauling record-breaking, delicious, 42-inch carp out of nature's slimey, undisturbed mudholes. Here can be found the raw environment man was originally created for. On the surface, a seemingly motionless, uninhabited topography of serene beauty which when one has lived alone with it just a day, and slept on

it a soft summer night, reveals hidden hordes of animal culture.

Imagine your delightful surprise when you discover furry little caterpillars, orchid-throated thrush, newly born fawns, cute olive gila monsters, copperhead rattlesnakes, grizzly bears, and wildebeastes of all sizes all around you . . . and under you . . . and on top of you . . .

However, the oily odors of America's teeming metropoli appeal most to college students. According to a recent survey, twelve-thirteenths of America's college students can be found during the summer months in the cheap hotels and motels in and around the big cities. This attraction is merely a fad started by Ag frosh who had come to the big city for the first time on arrival in Madison, or any similar huge, busy Colleegetown, U. S. A. Their first contacts with urban civilization—escalators, fire hydrants, drive-ins, prostitutes—came too fast for these farmboys, and they hadn't gotten over it by summertime. Ag studes, making up over one half of today's college population, left for Los Angeles, Chicago, Miami, New York, and Fort Lauderdale, and the other students followed—a few of them because it looked like "The Thing To Do," the others because they lived in those cities.

Cities do have their advantages as vacation spots, fad or not. Variety is the most important factor. Vacationers have their choice of entertainment nearby at beaches, bars, the zoo, the museum, the planetarium, Cinerama, or the hotel. Because of the vast differences among these types of pastimes it is necessary to purchase or carry along with you a heterogenous number of things on vacation in the big city, like clothes for instance.



If you plan on swimming, bring a couple of double weight handkerchiefs



What will you wear during your two months in Los Angeles? These vacation stories aren't complete unless we, as a Public Service, advise you:

During the trip, usually made by college students in an open convertible, wear a raincoat, even if it is the dry season. You never can tell when the swallows fly back to Capistrano.

Once in L. A. you will probably head straight for the beach. Go equipped with sun glasses, suntan lotion, smog glasses, Smedley's smog rash lotion, cigarettes, portable radio, blanket, member of the opposite sex, and top blanket. If you plan on swimming, bring a couple of double-weight handkerchiefs or a bathing suit, unless the beach is private. If you plan on staying only on the beach, bring a little pick and shovel—to dig in the sand with.

After a few hours of digging around you will begin to realize that Laguna beach is no different than where Park Street runs into the mighty Mendota, and you will want to get acquainted with the teeming, crawling city. First, change clothes. Contrary to popular belief, Californians DON'T stroll down Hollywood Boulevard wearing swim suits or handkerchiefs. Proper attire for the man is Bermuda shorts, leggings, sandals, his college T-shirt, sunglasses, and a producer's beret.

The girl can jump into Levis, bra, and cotton imitation leather jacket, shove a popsicle in her mouth and look like any other movie star. You may want to go shopping or take one of those fascinating bus tours of Hollywood homes.

At night fall comes the dancing-dining-drinking routine as in all Big Cities. Wear or don't wear what you want in the evening, girls, for in the early after-midnight hours you (or your date) will be thoroughly enough embalmed with fermented fruit juice to give way to the last inevitable ritual, patting - petting - and - pudding, where the attire is always informal. That's Life in the BIG CITY!

Here in Madison summer schoolers will be picnic-pointing. They don't need any advice.

The above details are all the information one needs for satisfaction this summer. Whether you travel abroad, loll around on the lower Milwaukee river, go fishing, or sporting, or find solace in the Big Cities or summer school, have fun.

What am I doing this summer? I thought you'd never ask. I'm cleaning spittoons at my dad's tavern.

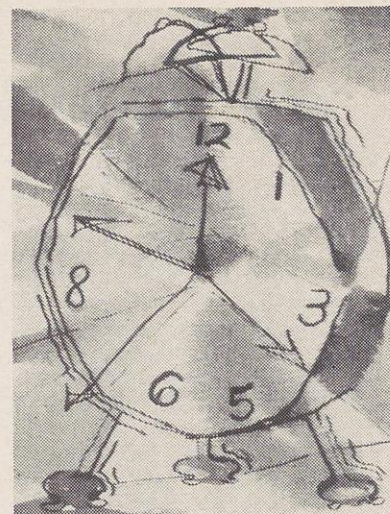


Bring the right clothes so you don't stand out — AND your books, of course!

"Dum De Dum-Dum..."

Would I flunk Econ.?

Naw, not me . . .



"Dumm de dum-dumm—"

It was my alarm clock. What was it dunning for, anyway? I felt as if I had just gone to bed.

"DUM, DE-DUM-Dummm. . ."

"AWRITE, dammit!!"

Through a slit in my left eyelid I saw the hands on the dark blue face of the Dragnet alarm clock—twenty to six. I *had* just gone to bed. I pushed the button in before it could dum at me again. On the fourth dum my Dragnet clock would set off a relay mechanism and a hidden net under the sheet would drag me onto the floor where my roommate had left his collection of vodka bottles, some of them broken, from last night's studying orgy.

"Hm . . . twenty to six. I must have set it wrong. First exam isn't until nine. I could study some more; naw. I studied 53 hours yesterday and can't remember a thing. Why not go back to sleep?"

I sunk back into the pillow and clasped my hands behind my head. Could I pass that 9:00 exam in economics? If not, would my course term paper, "How to Start a Harem on a Bedspring" get a grade of "A" and pass me anyway? Naw. . . .

Could I cheat? Hmmm-mmm . . . ?

The idea struck me like a bolt of cloth. I jumped out of bed, rubbed the red squares the net under my sheet had made on my posterior, gargled with some of the H₂SO₄ I had filched from chem. lab, and felt like a new man.

Jumping into my Wisconsin sweat shirt and suntans (I jumped into the sweat shirt because it is too big for me), I opened the closet door, slipped on my bucks, and was soon climbing the hill. For breakfast I had my usual—chocolate milk in Bascom's basement. I tossed the empty container in an ash tray. I felt reckless. A short, thin janitor angrily whomped

me on the head with his broom. He was more reckless.

"What time is *your* exam, sir?" I asked as I hurriedly flipped the milk carton into the waste container.

Once inside the exam room I looked like any other student in Prof. Zymurgy's econ. class. But I was really enrolled in Prof. Gutlip's class, which had its exam two hours later. Luckily, there was nobody taking this 7:00 exam who knew me. Everything was according to plan. I would be undetected.

I left when a large number of students were leaving. I mingled with the group who were turning their blue books in at the front desk but I didn't turn my bluebook in. No, not me. After I had mingled long enough I made a non-chalant exit, the bluebook undetectable, I hoped, under my sweatshirt.

Step one was completed.

Back at home I opened the bluebook and read the questions I had copied off the board—the same questions Mr. Gutlip would ask on his exam. Economics professors are so wrapped up in saving the nation from depression. I knew, that each one wouldn't bother to make up separate exam questions for the same course. Besides, I also knew that Zymurgy and Gutlip shared the same office. At the last minute one of them probably had jotted down a few questions that would hang about half of his class, and the other snuck over and copied them, when the former went back to his Wall Street Journal.

Did I feel conscience stricken? Naw.

The questions were easier than the six and twelve weeks had been. I suspected Zymurgy had finally taken the initiative this time and Gutlip had copied.

First question: "If the International Caterpillar Company, Inc., has a marginal return of 4.5 cents per jar

of canned caterpillars with a capital investment of 2.3 cents on each product unit, what will be the proportional profit according to the decreasing dividend chart on page 80,706 in Kiekhofer, which you should have memorized, if the firm is already past its greatest marginal return with an increased capital investment of 5.7 cents, 2.3 cents past its highest marginal return?"

A snap. I could have passed the exam with a "D" easily. But I needed an "A" to pass the COURSE with a "D", so I went to page 80,706 in the textbook, just to be sure.

I filled in the answers straight from the book, adding a lot of unnecessary details which alone, I knew, would get me an "A". The last question, however, I couldn't have gotten without the book I held in my lap. "What would be the fine if the firm neglected to show in its income tax form under excess profits that it had \$4,133,000.65 extra return from an 80 cent investment in a manually operated caterpillar crusher instead of assembly-line thumb squishing, if the case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court? (Hint: To answer this question you must take into account the difference in capital investments, subtracted from the depletion of the machine, add the proportionary fines as established by the Dick act on excess profits, the bail, lawyers fees, court costs, wasted time and energy, which, of course, must be approximated. The answer must, however, be exact. We have to separate the boys from the men in these exams)."

I was confused, but I knew it was all in the book.

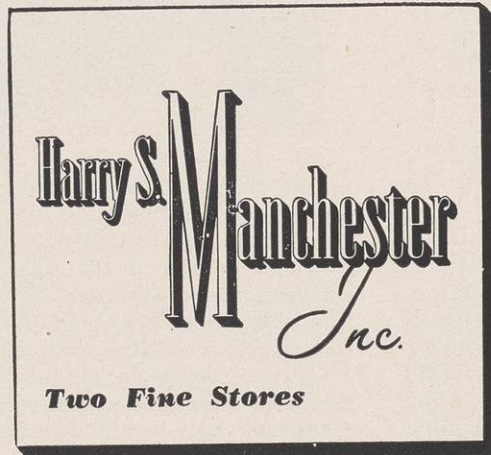
At 9:30 my roommate's Schenley alarm clock rang.

"Clink . . . clink, clink, clink. . ."

I turned it off and beat him on the head with the last remaining full vodka bottle he owned.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

The Name On
Top of Your
Shopping List



you don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



still only 5¢

Pomes For Youse

Veni, Vidi, Sed Non Vici

Mane erat one Spring day
Puella I soon vidit.
"Quo vadis?" to her I did say;
Puella dixit, "Beat it!"

Itaque I tried flattery:
"Ubi so very cuteum,"
Sed she was getting sore at me
Et so clamavit "Scutum!"

"O, dost thou think I am e-rat?
Jussi, ibi quite dignus . . ."
She turned et on my weskit spat;
It was the shafting signus.

—Homer

Owed to Spring

Brashires on the willud tree,
O, ere 'tis the pool . . .
Springish lamus filled in me
Tho I be a fool.

There's the timlik in the air,
Galix on the walk,
Swipling chipricks everywhere
Trying not to balk.

Hither tooest by the laun
Claw the tweedl-dove
At my clockswin, out of pawn. . .
Gnats, am I in love?

Grubworms in the gullotch patch,
Springs of honeyed dew
Rodbuns on the window latch—
THESE I give to you.

—Lewis Carrol

Contributed

I wish I was a normal guy.
Now please, don't get me wrong.
I don't mean "queer," I just mean "shy"
It's hard to get along.

This bashfulness would be my fate
Unless I had the guts
To take a girl out on a date;
My choice was Aggie Lutz.

I took her to a movie show,
Went to the balcony,
And sat down in the fourteenth row.
Gad! She sat next to me.

She puckered up and closed her eyes.
Don't think that I'm *that* dumb;
I handed out a big surprise—
"Here, have my bubble gum."

—Iekie Schwartz, ninth grade.

What Means Funny?

by Dave Preiss

This is a new job, being Octy editor. It's a funny position to find yourself in, wholly responsible for perverting the minds of pure-as-driven-snow freshmen and other naive youngsters, thousands of them, who eventually get their hands on a beat-up, borrowed copy of what was once an Octy.

Many staunch fellows have run the gauntlet before me—Dave Trubek, for one, who finally felt the Octy on his back and issued his startling, but typically original statement last November, "I do not choose to run," and then off he ran; Ed Edwards, for another, who got the shaft from the University; quite without cause, they're graduating him.

More should be said of Edwards if for no other fact than his being a Ford student. This means he is one of those soon to be extinct few who drive Lincolns and serve as private tutors to President Fred. Phil Schaeffer, another Ford Flounder, also to be released from duties by President Fred, and who drives a Coupe de Ville (shh . . .), is an inseparable buddy of Ed, and together they have put their five-point (adds up to ten-point) minds to true and avid studying, and tossed off a bit of the remaining combined subliminal consciousness to the menial challenges of tutoring and Octopussing — (also snarking, boozing, kissing-necking-petting-progressing, just to look like reg'lar college guys).

Don't get me wrong; I'm not sweating the fact that they're smarter than me. To each his own, I always say. Mine is I.9. Getting it across that the Octy has been run by masterminds

before me, I now attempt to get down to the meat of this otherwise point-less narrative: What means FUNNY?

"What we need on this magazine is somebody who's funny; not subtle, not snide, not paradoxical—we got all those fellows—we need somebody who's FUNNY!!"

It was Edwards who spoke, so I figured I would address my question to him:

"So, what means funny?"

I got a vacant stare. Surely I had asked the right man, the man who is a god to President Fred. Whom else could I ask? Does Webster have the holy tattoo of a Thunderbird on his forearm? He must have. I consulted Webster.

I found the "F's" but the small type that was crammed under "funny" inhibited me, something like the feeling one gets paging through a telephone directory in a town where he is a stranger. I handed Webster to Edwards, praising him on bended knee:

"You can read it; you, together with Webster, in my naive, inferior mind are God!" He closed the book and laughed, and I sulked because he'd lost the page.

"It's you, Preiss; it's you . . ." he and Schaeffer laughed a full ten minutes. Then, by sheer will power, they controlled themselves to their more native serenity in exactly one fiftieth of a second (I wear a chronograph, kiddies).

"You're funny, Preiss. How would you like to be editor?"

They said it in perfect unison.

And I still don't know, what means funny?

It was one of Mother's most hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside, came in with his pants torn.

"You go right in and mend them yourself," she said.

Some time later she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying on the chair. The door to the cellar, usually closed, was open. She called down loudly, "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

"No, lady, I'm just reading the gas meter."

•
A bird in the hand is worthless when you want to blow your nose.

•
Two inmates of an insane asylum were talking together.

"I've made up my mind," blurted one suddenly, fixing a look of decision on his face. "Tomorrow I order my legions to invade England. History will never say that Julius Caesar faltered in pursuing the Brittanica campaigns."

"England, eh?" mused the other. "Well, Julius, if I were you—and incidentally, I am—"

•
"Come, Freddy, and kiss your Aunt Martha."

"Why, Ma? I ain't done nothin'."

•
Girl: "I wouldn't go riding with Henry for anything. He sees spots before his eyes."

Friend: "You mean he has bad eyes?"

Girl: "No, he sees secluded spots."



Dave Preiss is funny!



Masterpiece of the Month

OCTY DREAM GIRL

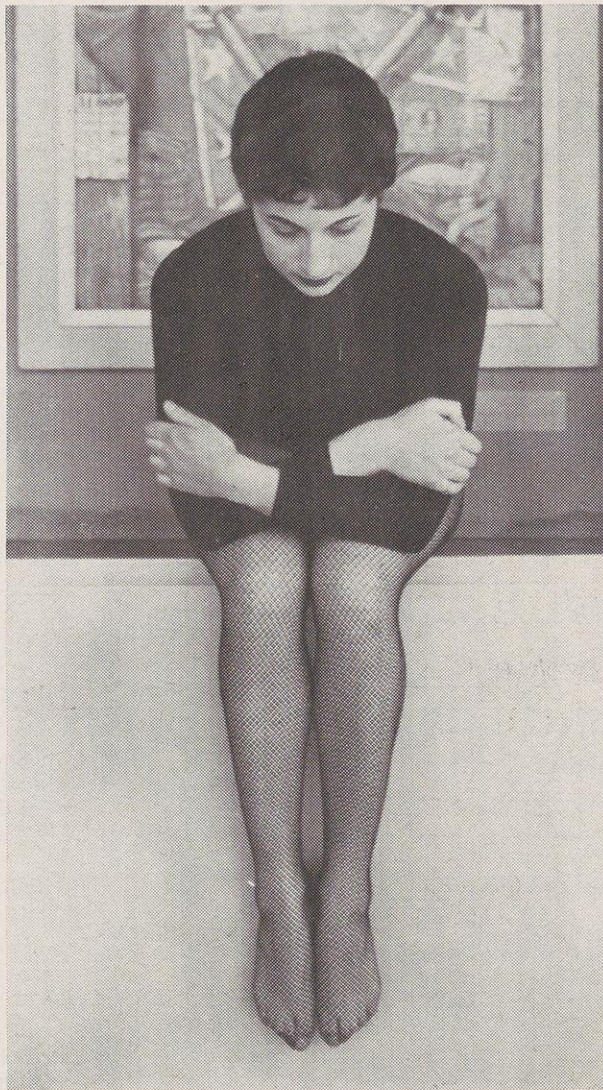
ARLENE COHEN, a girl.
Physical Checkup (Our backs were turned
as she measured):

Thirty-six out there, twenty-four around
here, and thirty-seven back around out
there. 19 year development. Activities:

Pledged? "NO." Pinned? "NO." En-
gaged? "NO." Busy? 6-3276, 252 Lang-
don, third window from the second floor
bathroom.

Can be seen almost anywhere, if you
have a vivid imagination.

PHOTOS BY MIKE LIEN



ARLENE COHEN

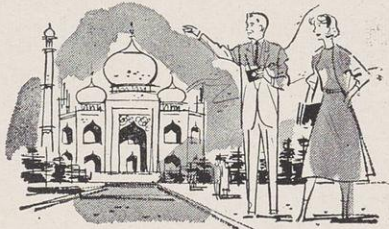
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Dum De-Dum...

(DUE TO COUNTLESS HOURS OF CONTRIVING ON THE PART OF US EDITORS, THE WORDS BELOW LOCK INTRICATELY INTO THE VERY LAST WORDS ON PAGE SEVEN.)

"Knock it off, dammit. You're shaking the stuff up!!" He came to his senses. "Hey, yer supposed to be sweatin' in Bascom now. You can't cut finals—what will mommie say?"

I shattered the vodka over his dome. I was reckless again in my glee of knowing I would pass econ.

"I have a gouge, you fool, you." I shouted as I waved the bluebook and backed out of the room. He wasn't impressed, and he punned as he picked the glass out of the nasty cut in his forehead, "So have I!"

He was one swell, understanding roommate, he was. I promised myself I would bandage him up when I got back. He knew how finals affected me, and he understood.

Professor Gutlip was outside the examination room looking in through the keyhole when I arrived, 32 minutes late. He was embarrassed when I caught him at the nasty trick, and I knew it was a point in my favor.

"There you are, Doe" (you don't expect me to use my own name in this article, I hope), "I was just, uh, peeking in to, uh, see if you had arrived while I, uh, went out for a drink of water."

Didn't he think us students knew what professors were doing when they left during an exam, apparently putting us on the honor system?

"I'm sorry, sir. My roommate had an accident, and I had to make a choice between bandaging him up or being on time for this exam. I know it's not a valid excuse, sir, but I'm sure I can do a good job in the remaining time, if you'll just hand me a bluebook..."

I opened the door and saw the same questions left on the board from Zymurgy's exam. The plan was complete. I could scribble on Gutlip's bluebook and turn in the one I had filled in at home. These professors are naive, trying to catch us cheating by peeping through keyholes, I thought. How could they hope to cope with our experience? Could their statistic-laden minds fathom the complexities of such a plot as mine? Naw.

"No, Doe. I can't permit it. You can take the exam this afternoon in my office. I'll have to make out new make-up exam questions, of course, not because I would suspect you of finding out about this one from others after they have taken it, but be-

"Dum-de-dumb dumb. . . ."

That was me.

Said the bellhop to a noisy college drinking party in a hotel bedroom: "I've been sent to ask you to make less noise, gentlemen. The gentleman in the next room says he can't read."

"Tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself," screamed one celebrant with righteous indignation. "I could read when I was five years old."

Some girls are like flowers—they grow wild in the woods.

"Let's take a walk in the garden."
"I can only spare a minute."

"That's OK. I'm an efficiency expert."

"Excuse me, m'am, may I take you home?"

"Sure. Where do you live?"

"And what did he say when you asked him what he thought he was doing?"

"He said if he stopped to think he wouldn't be doing it."

Fortune Teller — You'll be poor and unhappy until you are forty.
Client (hopefully)—Yeah, yeah. Then what?

Fortune Teller—Then you'll kill yourself.

Ginger Ale—A drink that tastes like your foot feels when it's gone to sleep.

He: "A nice girl shouldn't hold a young man's hand."

She: "A nice girl has to."

Girls are like newspapers: They have forms, they always have the last word, back numbers are not in demand, they have great influence, you can't believe everything they say, they're thinner than they used to be, they get along by advertising, and every man should have his own and not try to borrow his neighbor's.

"I called up that cute girl in the office last night and asked her if she was doing anything."

"What did she say?"

"She said she wasn't doing anything so I took her out."

"Well?"

"She was right; she wasn't."

You're taking accounting at college aren't you son?"

"That's right, Dad."

"Then perhaps you can account for the brassiere in your laundry last week."

"Why is a red light red?"

"I give up."

"You'd be red too if you had to stop and go in the middle of the street."

I fed my girl a pint of gin,
In hopes that she would soon give in.

Has anyone a mop about?

She drank the gin and then gave out.

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

All marriages are happy. The trouble starts with the living together afterwards.

A candidate for Parliament was addressing a London audience: "I was born an Englishman, I have lived an Englishman, and I hope I shall die an Englishman."

From the back of the hall came the question: "Mon, hae ye no ambition?"

Tenant: "The people upstairs are very annoying. Last night they stomped and banged on the floor until after midnight."

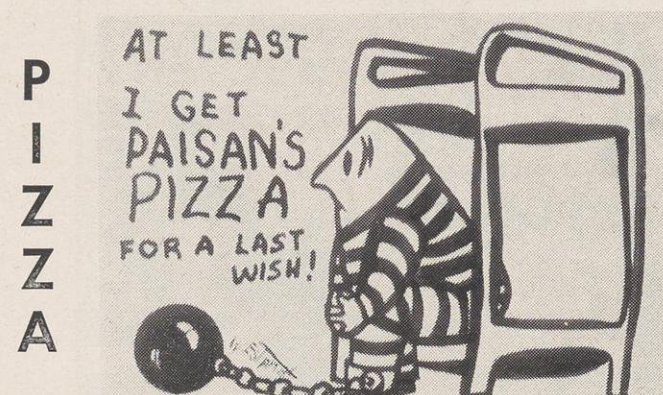
Landlord: "Did they wake you?"

Tenant: "No, luckily I was up playing my tuba."

Employer to beautiful blonde secretary who has filled out job application: "Miss Jones, under 'Experience' you should be a little more specific than just 'Oh Boy!'"

PAISAN'S FOR PIZZA

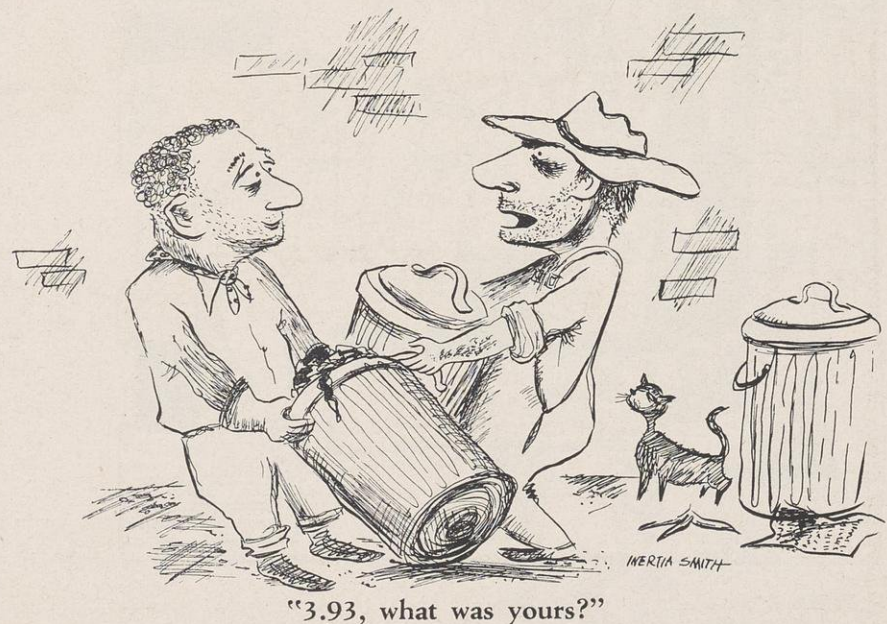
AT LEAST I GET PAISAN'S PIZZA FOR A LAST WISH!



P I Z Z A

P I Z Z A

821 UNIVERSITY AVENUE





Octy Final Examination Barhopping 1a

On these two pages are the final examination of your success or failure for this year at the University of Wisconsin. Identify the five local establishments which are clearly represented here and turn to page 19 for the correct answers.

If you correctly identify all five the Octy will officially vouch for your scholastic ability and the Editor will formally declare that you have passed Bar-hopping 1a. Furthermore, if you correctly identify all five it is quite likely that you will need *someone* to vouch for your scholastic ability. We don't have much pull on the hill, but you're OK in our book.

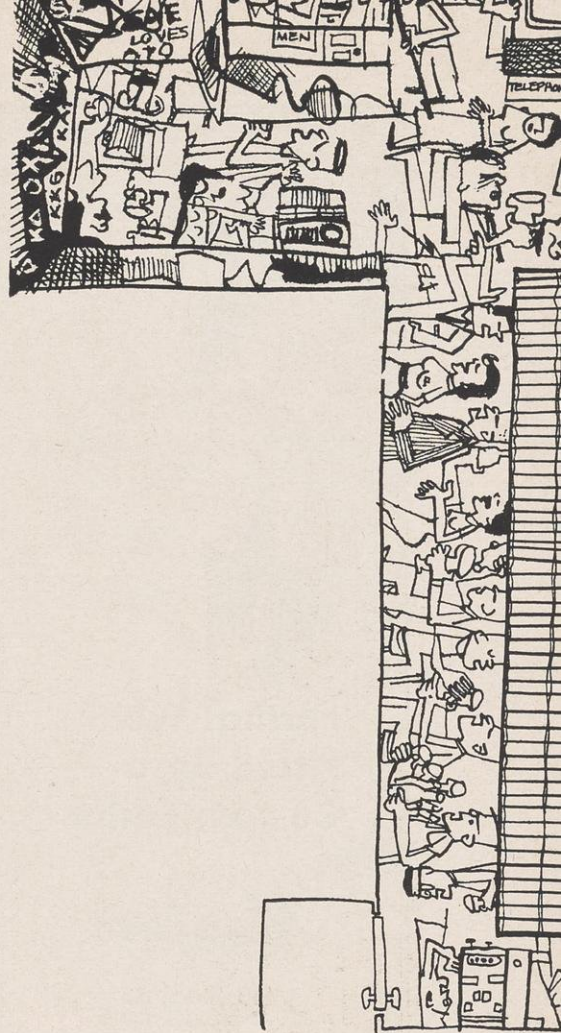
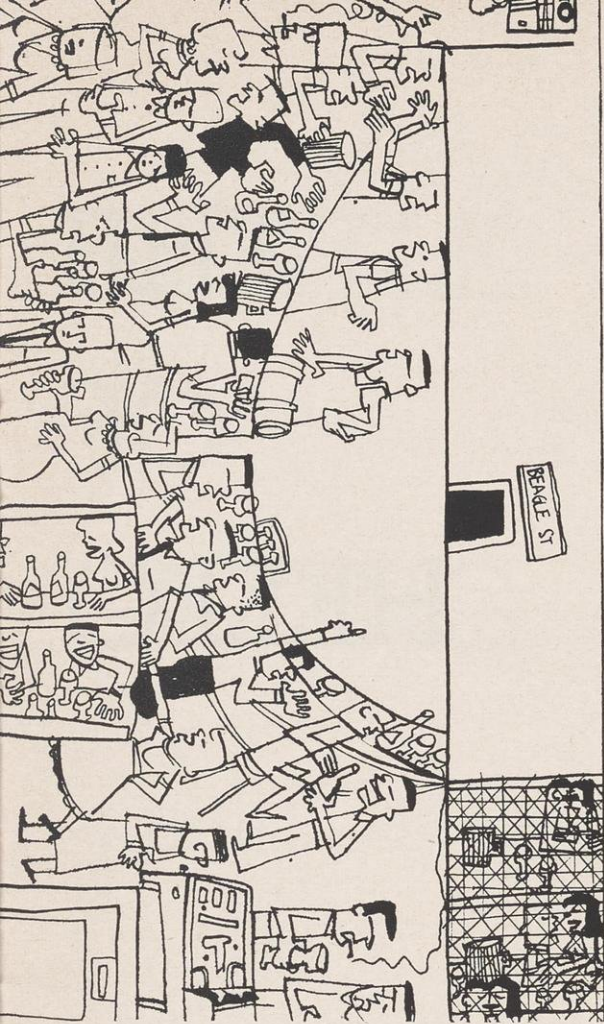
If you only get four you're probably in a little better shape. You are undoubtedly blaming the one you missed on the artist, but it's no use. Our board of experts dredged up from the depths of Madison's underworld named them all right off the bat. You had better own up. You've been doing too darn much studying.

For those of you who got two or three, a word of advice. Get off the fence. Either you get grades and play it sober, or you live it up and flunk out. The way you are headed now you're going to have no fun and flunk out anyway.

Those who could only make out one, or even worse, none, are in a world apart. To you we will offer no advice; we don't understand you.

Now no one need get a swelled head or an inferiority complex over this thing. It just could be that the text wasn't fair. We could only print pictures of a few of the spots around town and we missed a lot of the good ones—you might have just hit it lucky.

1.



2. ↑

↓ 4.

3. ↑

↓ 5.



LIST ANSWERS HERE

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

Correct answers on
page 19.



**Formal Wear
Fitted By a
Custom Tailor**

Martin's

419 State St.



YOU

One of the most taxing and delicate tasks which faces a student in daily life is the task of hello-saying. In few other fields of endeavor are the consequences of failure more disastrous or the rewards of success greater.

For instance, you are walking up the hill one morning and you see friend Ignace about twenty yards down the walk. Commonplace though it may seem, this is a delicate situation. Consider your alternatives.

You could shout out a hearty "Hello Ignace," right away. He of course replies "Hello Giacomo!" (if this happens to be your name). By this time ten of the twenty yards have been accounted for and you and Ignace are moving rapidly toward each other grinning broadly. You can't just walk by old Ignace with that stupid grin on your face or he'll think your mind is slipping. In a pinch you can always ask him how he's been, or make some comment on the weather, but this isn't much better than grinning. There is certainly no time for anecdotes or latest news. Think fast! No, no, don't say "Long time, no see." You said that when you saw him yesterday morning. Let's face it, you are on the spot, and poor Ignace is racking his brain too. This whole problem began with your shouting out hello twenty yards ago, so let's go back and try the whole

thing over again.

This time you keep your big mouth shut. You glance quickly and ascertain that this is indeed friend Ignace who is approaching and then quickly—before he sees you looking at him—you look away. Now, feign an absorbing interest in something nearby—people, the clouds, passing females, South Hall, anything. Aha! Now you have it made. As you examine South Hall brick by brick you are carefully timing yourself. Those extra yards which caused all the trouble last time are quietly and discreetly being covered. Now! Ignace is a handy seven yards away and you turn toward him, beaming broadly, and open your mouth ready to deliver an extra cordial "Hello Ignace!"

"Curses, foiled again." He has perceived that you saw him and now assumes he is being snubbed. Consequently *he* is examining South Hall and zooms past without a word or a glance and leaves you with your mouth still open. You close it quietly, scratching your jaw as though you had opened it as a result of some nervous aggravation. Now you have done it. Good old Iggie has his feelings hurt. We'd better go back and try again.

Well, what haven't we tried? There is the dramatics angle. When you first catch Iggie's eye you go into some

THE OF HELLO

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Latin Rhythms
Columbia
Meet Kostelanetz
RCA Victor
Boston Pops
London
Meet Mantovani**

**BEECHER'S
430 State St.**

GENTLE ART

SAYING

by Ed Edwards

humorous pantomime or other—dragging your feet and feigning utter exhaustion, ogling at a pair of female Bermuda shorts which are walking ahead of you, rubbing your abdomen to indicate hunger (before noon hour), or some other nonsense. This makes you look like a complete lunatic to whomever is walking ahead of Ignace and often proves embarrassing. Better leave this approach to Players members and other eccentrics.

In the end, the safest, sanest thing you can do is to smile coolly at Ignace for ten yards and then give him some such quiet greeting as "Good morning."

Would you have thought of this? You'd better have. Your composure, if not your entire relationship with Iggy, was in jeopardy. This problem of hello-saying is almost unique to college students, who comprise about the only social class in the U. S. which spends an appreciable amount of time strolling about in large numbers.

Our problem with Ignace was just a sample. Hello-saying presents many other difficulties of equal or greater seriousness.

Suppose now that instead of Ignace coming down the walk, you see a vaguely familiar face headed toward you. It is one of those faces that you can't be sure whether you met once at a party or just resembles someone

you know. You examine the Face carefully as it advances, trying desperately to place it. All this while the Face is beaming at you with a glint in its eye which could indicate either that it knows you or that your fly is open.

What do you do now? There is no time to duck behind a tree and check your fly. You must decide whether or not you know the face or not before it is too late.

Actually this problem, which befuddles amateurs, is elementary for any practiced hello-sayer. The procedure is to smile confidently at the Face and give it a hearty, "Hello." Either he is amazed that you remembered him, since you were pretty far gone when the two of you were introduced, or you leave him puzzling all the rest of the way up the hill just who the hell *you* were. Neat, eh?

One of the toughest situations is the one where you have just said hello to another hello-sayer, only to discover that he was talking to a guy behind you. You have just given your warmest greeting to a total stranger and have to look him in the eye. The reaction of the average student is to seek refuge in a crack in the sidewalk. Actually there is no cause for alarm. Thinking fast, you stare him in the eye and say, "How've ya been?" Again your bluff has put the other guy on the spot.

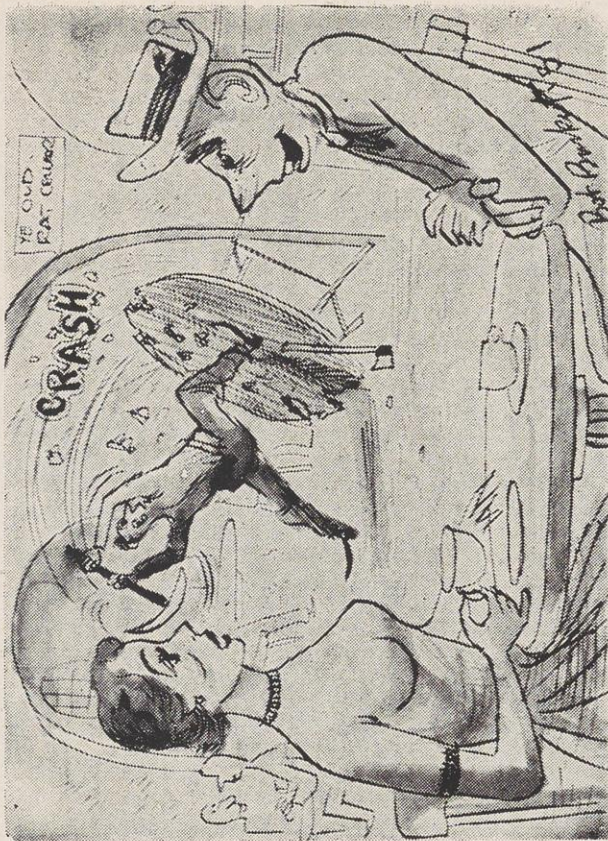


IGNACE

A problem which bothers a number of rather shy students is that of just whom you say hello to. Suppose you just met them once and you aren't sure they remember you. You know their name but are afraid they don't know you from Adam. Forget it! Who cares if they know your name? Even if they aren't looking your way, shout out "Hello," This is just plain old flattery, which, despite popular opinion, gets you somewhere.

The fruits of playing this game well are obvious. You have correctly handled all of these people who have wandered up out of nowhere at you, and when you run for Mil Ball King you'll have their votes. On the other hand, if you are an amateur and made the usual mistakes in these situations you have just lost four votes and will need all the more fraternity brothers to get elected.

Even if you don't run for Mil Ball King, you at least gain the satisfaction of mastering these confusing situations which makes your concentration more than worthwhile. So get out there and knock 'em dead.



"Don't be alarmed. It's the normal reaction to Rat coffee."

The TRUTH About Rathskellar Coffee

The Rathskellar, noted for its strange clientele, is equally noted for its coffee. As a matter of fact, it has been suggested that the strange clientele is the product of a process of selection of the student body which eliminates all of those who can't take the coffee.

There have been many accusations made against Rathskellar coffee in recent years. It has been charged that the grounds used are obtained second-hand from Rennebohm's, whose own source of grounds is questionable.

A few reductionists claim that the bad reputation of Rathskellar coffee is simply due to the fact that the coffee makers are never washed.

Bitter souls have been heard to charge, with great profanity, that the brew is actually concocted from cigarette butts gleaned in the main lounge and is not coffee at all.

The charges and counter-charges have been sufficient to cause Octy to move in, get the facts, and settle the mess once and for all. Octy agents cannily disguised themselves as cafeteria trays and sat undisturbed watching Rathskellar coffee being made. The Octy now offers its readers the following conclusive facts:

1. The Rathskellar brewmasters use bona-fide, first-time-around coffee grounds.
2. The coffeemakers are kept reasonably clean.
3. The brew is served at a perfect drinking temperature.
4. The cups into which the coffee is poured are (reasonably) clean.
5. Rathskellar coffee is the God-awfulest stuff you ever tasted in your life.

CAMPUS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Student Owned

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I once thought a lot of a friend,
Who turned out to be in the end,
The southermost part
(As I'd feared at the start)
Of a horse with a northerly trend.

Hotel clerk to prospective guest: "I'm sorry, we don't have maid service."

Guest: "That's all right."

Clerk: "You'll have to make your own bed."

Guest: "That's OK."

Clerk: "Good. You'll find hammer, saw, lumber and nails in the back room."

Chemistry Professor: "This liquid turns blue if your unknown is basic, and red if the unknown is acid."

Student: "Sorry, but I'm color blind. Have you got anything with a bell on it?"

If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a freshman, the editor gets kicked out of school.

"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"
"She once slapped a guy who was chewing tobacco."

Late to bed,
And early to rise,
Keeps your roommate,
From wearing your ties.

"Are you from New York?"
"Hell no. I'm talking this way 'cause I cut my mouth on a bottle."

"Dad, gimme a dime."

"Not today, sonny, not today."

"Daddy, if you'll give me a dime, I'll tell you what the iceman said to mama this morning."

"Here, quick—what did he say?"

"He said, 'Lady, how much ice do you want this morning?'"

Girls when they went to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard.
Now they have a different whim,
And dress more like her cupboard.

Sympathy is what one coed offers another in return for details.

"You say your water here is unsafe?"

"Yeah."

"Well, tell me what precautions you take against it."

"First we filter it."

"Yes."

"Then we boil it."

"Yes."

"Then we add chlorine."

"Yes."

"And then we drink beer."

Some small children were discussing their origins.

"Pop bought me in the department store."

"My folks got me from the doctor."

"My folks were too poor. I was homemade."

Mamie had been looking all night long for her wayward husband Oglethorpe, going from bar to bar in her search. Finally she found him at two in the morning, a glass in front of him, seated behind a bar. She sneaked up and sampled his drink.

"Brrr!" she spat, dropping it very quickly. "That stuff is awful!"

"See there?" screamed Oglethorpe, turning on her, "You thought I was having a good time, didn't you?"

QUIZ ANSWERS

1. The Hasty-Tasty
2. The Pub
3. The Varsity Bar
4. The Kollege Klub
5. The Campus Inn
See Pages 14 and 15.



"I hear she had to get pinned—"

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Neat 'N Perky stripes of blue, navy, or purple with white; navy or blue with red; black with orange . . . on gold.

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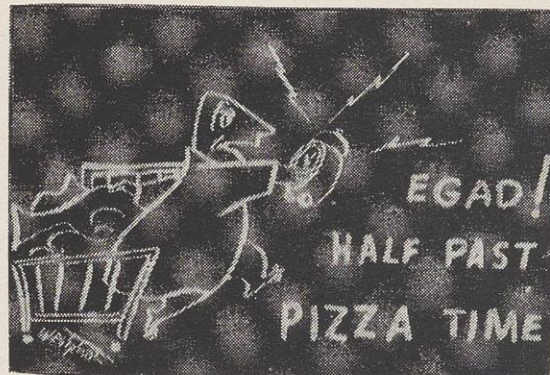
Clip-on Tie . . . \$2 . . . Earrings \$1 . . . Cuff Links \$1 . . . \$3.50 for the set—tax included PPD . . . IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

CARL H. CARO

St. Petersburg Beach, Fla.

PAISAN'S FOR PIZZA

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821 University Avenue

COOLER SMOKING

STARTS WITH THE TOBACCO.
I FOUND THAT OUT WHEN
I SWITCHED TO
EDGEWORTH



ONLY EDGEWORTH IS CUT THIS WAY TO SMOKE
8 TO 10 DEGREES COOLER



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burn hot and fast, bite
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B. FINE CUT SHREDS
all right for cigarettes—
not so good for pipes.



C. ONLY EDGEWORTH
gives you slow burning,
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Do you want cooler smoking too? Then do as smart smokers everywhere have done—switch to Edgeworth and prove the difference with your first wonderful pipeful. No other tobacco can duplicate the Edgeworth cut, because it's actually "ready-rubbed" by an exclusive process. See in the picture what a difference this makes. Edgeworth's even-sized chunks (Picture C) burn slow and cool, with never a touch of tongue bite.

EDGEWORTH'S SPECIAL BURLEYS

No one in over 50 years has ever equalled Edgeworth's way with tobaccos. Tobacco

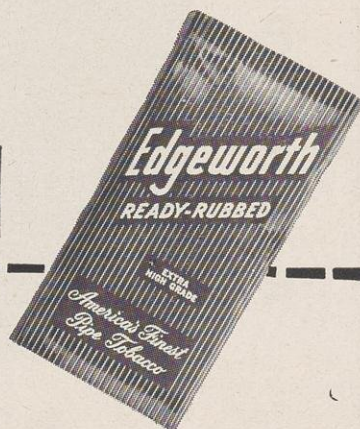
experts agree that white burley is best of all for pipes. But Edgeworth looks for a certain type of white burley, grown on well-drained land on sunny hillsides, just like fine wine grapes or fine coffee. Then these special burleys are aged for years before blending. This is another reason Edgeworth smokes cooler—8 to 10 degrees cooler by actual test.

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EDGEWORTH

AMERICA'S FINEST
PIPE TOBACCO...
CANADA'S FINEST TOO!



In California a husband answered the phone and said to the person on the other end: "I don't know. You'll have to call the weather bureau."

"Who was that?" asked his wife.

"Some fellow who wanted to know if the coast was clear."

Women without principle draw considerable interest.

Freshman: "Would you call for help if I tried to kiss you?"

She: "Do you need any help?"

He (on the telephone): "I have to see you in the worst possible way."

She: "Come around before Breakfast."

"So your brother is a painter, eh?"

"Paints houses, I presume?"

"Nope. Paints men and women."

"Oh, he's an artist!"

"Nope. Just paints men on one door and women on the other."

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Then hold this quart while I tie my shoe."

"Will you please stop chewing your gum when I kiss you?"

"I don't understand you college men. You get upset at the silliest things."

**Willie in a fit insane,
Thrust his head beneath a train.
All were quite surprised to find,
How it broadened Willie's mind.**

"I know a man who has been married for 30 years and he spends every evening at home."

"That's what I call love."

"The doctor calls it paralysis."

Many people have discovered that two pints make a cavort.

The Sunday school teacher was showing her pupils a picture of early Christian martyrs in a den of lions. One little boy seemed very sad as he looked—almost on the verge of tears.

"Gee," he cried. "Look at that poor lion away in the back. He won't get any."

With Sincerity, we feel that . . .

The Wisconsin Octopus is needed on this campus

- because it provides enjoyable reading matter especially fitted for the campus community,
- because its publication is an educational group project open to all students who wish to develop talents in the fields of business, editing, and creativity.

After this issue the Octopus is forced to suspend operations for an indefinite time due to financial difficulties.

How come?

- because of increased printing costs,
- because too many students are **READING** the Octy without **BUYING** it,
- because some students don't know about Octy and are therefore finding entertainment of a less specialized nature in television and nationally distributed humor magazines.

So,

- close to 1,000 students must want Octy to go on;
- they must believe that the Octy endeavors to publish a magazine which is good reading and a credit to the University, and in this way both amusing and providing a unifying factor to the campus;
- they must stop reading Octy and start **BUYING** and reading it;
- they must give their support **NOW!**

And how can this be done?

- by **BUYING** this copy and taking one minute to clip and mail the coupon below!

And whattif we don't?

- you're going to miss the Octy from now on, kiddies.

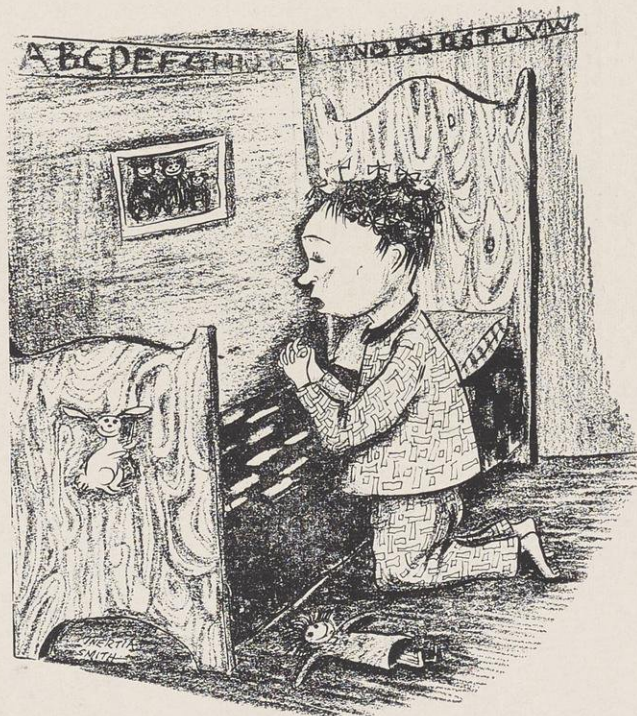
No, I don't want to see the 34-year-old Octy die. I promise to subscribe to Octopus in September and pledge \$1.25 payment then, if Octy is back on its tentacles in Fall.

Signature

Home Address

People who may want to join Octy's staff:
.....
.....

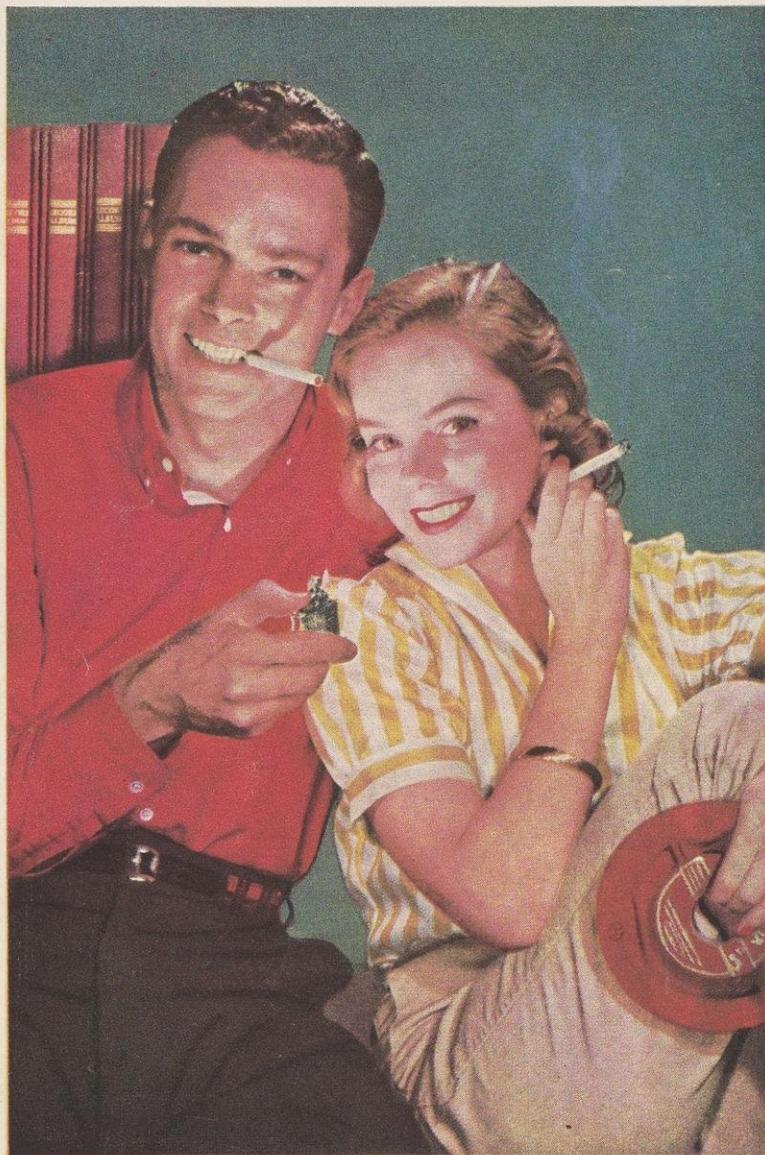
Clip and mail to —
THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS
803 State Street Madison 5



*Space donated by a friend
of the Octopus*

"DON'T let our Octy die . . ."

Try the
all-new Cavalier!
 It's Great!



Look for this smart new package!

Light up this great new, *all-new* king size cigarette. Cavalier's *new blend* gives you *great taste* . . . rich, natural flavor that flows to you so

easily through the cooling extra length of Cavalier's top-crop tobaccos. *And*—the smoke *feels* good to you, so smooth, so easy-going! It

feels as good as it *tastes!* Win this new, true smoking enjoyment for yourself with the *all-new* king size Cavaliers. Do it today!

—the smoke feels as good as it tastes!