



The Wisconsin Octopus: Football, game of the gods. Vol. 34, No. 2 [Nov. 1955]

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THE WISCONSIN

OCTOPUS

Nov. '55 v. 34 no. 2





The Badger

CAN BE A *BIG HELP*

- for future reminiscence of college
- to preview that blind date

The Badger

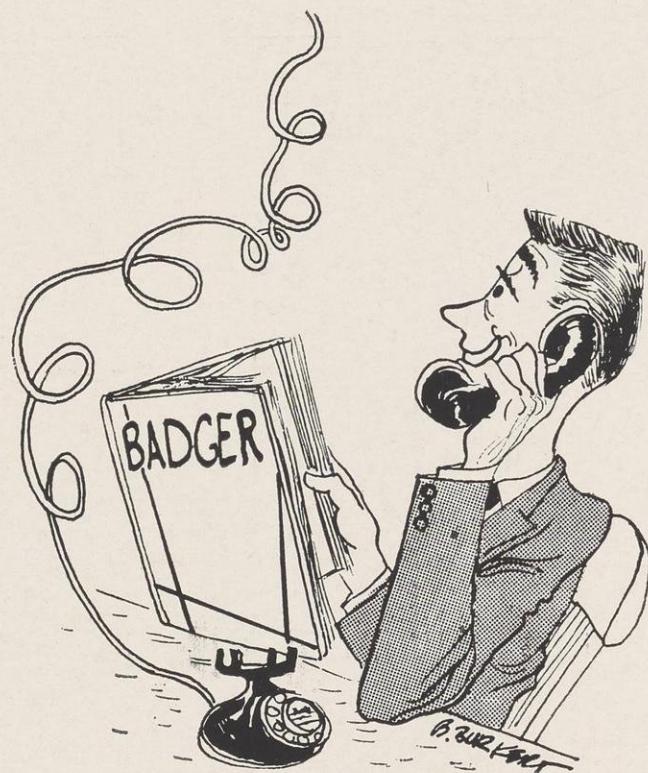
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1956 Badger

311 Memorial Union



Letters to the Editor

OUR READERS' PENNED-UP FEELINGS

Dear Sir:

Do you call that last Octy an Octy? What was it? It wasn't funny, it wasn't interesting, it wasn't big, it wasn't cheap. The cover was confused; the jokes were corny; the picture features were dull; the serial was too long; the Squidblings were dry to the point of being completely evaporated; and The Seven Year Scratch was immoral and obscene. If you can't do better than that, you'd better quit.

Sincerely yours,
Theodore W. Zillman

Ed. Note — This man is obviously a wrong-thinker and should be done away with.

Dear Sir:

Thanks for a really great Octy! I've read a lot of Octys in my day, but this is absolutely the funniest. The editor's greeting to the new students was a riot; the photo features were extremely well done; the

Seven Year Scratch was one of the best parodies I ever read; the Squidblings page slayed me with its ribald wit; and the jokes—well they were the best, the funniest jokes I have ever seen gathered in one magazine in my life. I laughed till I had tears in my eyes! Keep up the good work!

Hilariously yours,
Louise B. Troxell

Ed. Note — That's a little more like it.

Dear Sir:

Every Friday and Saturday night I fall asleep in my dormitory on a tear-soaked pillow. The dampness is very unhealthy so every weekend I wind up with a gollyawful cold. Can the Octy help me?

Hopefully,
Hopeful

Ed. Note — The Octy was made for little girls like you, Hopeful. Read one Octy each night if relief is desired just before retiring. The only possible way to tear-soak your pillow then is with tears of laughter, and this can be avoided by taking a limited dose only, despite the fact that it is almost impossible to put the magazine down once you have started reading it. If this

treatment fails, the glossy paper the Octy is printed on, when placed over your pillow, serves as an excellent protector to keep your pillow dry until you have cried yourself to sleep. It may then be discarded, leaving your pillow dry and warm.

Dear Sir:

Your story on IBM registration was splendid. It is undoubtedly the best advertising we've ever gotten. Enclosed please find a check for \$5,000 as a token of our appreciation.

Yours truly,
Thomas Watson, Jr.,
President
International Business
Machines Corporation

Ed. Note — Thank you.

Dear Sir:

One part of your publication operation has always bothered me. It must be very difficult for you to come out with just exactly the right amount of material on a page. What do you do when you don't have quite as much material as you have room for?

Inquiringly yours,
Ephram Neugebauer
Ed. Note — We print dumb letters like yours.



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FOR DANCING . . .



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Vocals

Fridays and Saturdays to 1 A.M.
For Dining and Dancing

"It's a swell place for private parties"

THE SPANISH CAFE

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IN ORDER TO AVOID CONFUSION
THIS PAGE IS PLAINLY LABELED

JOKES

Little Ephram was walking along the street with little Joan, age four. As they were about to cross the street, Ephram remembered the manners he had been taught.

"Let me hold your hand," he offered valiantly.

"Okay," agreed Joan, "but I want you to know you're playing with fire."

John stopped the car, turned off the keys and moved toward his date as a boa approaches a desired feast.

She: "You aren't pulling that 'out of gas' routine are you?"

John: "No, this is the 'here after' routine."

She: "What's that?"

John: "If you aren't here after what I'm here after you'll be here after I'm gone."

Dogs in Siberia are the fastest in the world, because the trees are so far apart.

Joe got a raise from his boss and returned home bursting with enthusiasm. "Now, dear," he said to his wife, "at last you'll be able to buy some decent clothes."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," she replied. "I'll get the same kind the other women are wearing."

"I don't know who I am. I was left on a doorstep."

"Maybe you're a bottle of milk."

A cute little trick from St. Paul,
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball.
The dress caught on fire,
And burned her entire,
Front page, sporting section, and all.

Men make passes at girls who empty glasses.

Next to a beautiful girl, sleep is the most wonderful thing in the world.

"I've got a friend I'd like you to meet."

Athletic Girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus Girl: "How much money has he got?"

Literary Girl: "What does he read?"

Society Girl: "Does he come from a good family?"

College Girl: "Where is he?"

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

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

Mother: "Junior, don't use such bad words."

Son: "Shakespeare used them."

Mother: "Well, don't play with him."

In Paris, it's frankness;
In Panama, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever;
But in a college magazine, it's smutty.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the judge, "that you murdered your grandmother for a paltry three dollars?"

"Well judge, you know how it is. Three bucks here, three bucks there—it adds up."

From the Editor's Brown Study

A Parting Word

It's a hard job, this business of being Editor of the Octopus. It's always Laugh, Clown, Laugh. You see, he's always Laughing on the Outside but Crying on the Inside.

Actually he's a Sensitive Observor of the Tragedy and Turmoil of Life, but he's forced to hide his sensitivity behind a Brusk Curtain of Raucous Humor. Get the pitch?

He must be a **bon vivant** and the laugh of the party. You're always expected to maintain a witty line of conversation that must be considerably fresher than the jokes in your magazine, and a good deal racier.

And every once in a while you think of something that is really funny. You've just finished drilling a group of basic ROTC cadets and you turn to a comrade in arms and say: "How's your end of the Military Nursery School holding up?"

Invariably he'll turn to you and say "What?" "What?" means "Who are you to deal with levity with this great organization and you're probably a Commie anyway."

Or then there's the Baptists. A professor tells you about the two sects of Southern Baptists. They disputed about a very basic problem of early American life. When the Indians come to the door and ask for the men folk (to scalp

them) can the women lie or are they bound to tell the truth and lose their men?

Well, this caused a big split in the Baptist church. They divided into "Lyin' Baptists" and "Truth-tellin' Baptists." So you think this is a great story. You walk out of class and rush up to a friend and tell it to him with as many embellishments as possible. What happens. He says "Oh yeah," and walks away. Seems he's a "Lyin' Baptist."

So you crawl back into your trench coat and walk on. You stop at the Rat for some coffee and some people are discussing the abstruse theories of Jean-Paul Sartre.

Always the humorist, you comment "Sat-ray? I've heard of that there feller". Real queer duck, I hear tell." This strikes you as the funniest thing on God's Green Earth. They smile condescendingly and go off to hear a lecture on the Decline and Utter Collapse of Western Civilization and the Sheer Misery of Existence 198a.

Or you go up to one of our erst-while Campus Leaders and ask him "Still keeping the Campus running?" Or ask the Editor of the Cardinal if he's got Apathy licked yet.

Once I was sitting talking to a fellow who announced he was a professional Boy Scout. I told him that sounded something like being a professional virgin. He punched me in the face.

Next day two iron-faced Scoutmasters knocked on my door mumbling something about the honor of the corps and demanding satisfaction.

It's a hard job, sometimes. . . .

—DAVE TRUBEK

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

THE BOUNDERS OF THE CAMPUS ARE THE BOUNDERS OF THE STATE

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Kome Kiddies!

THE
WHOLE
DAMN
TRIBE
IS
GOING
TO
THE

↓

KOLLEGE KLUB

FEATURING A NEW KLUB SPECIALTY:
STUDENT LUNCH HOUR

714 STATE

"Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"
"I don't know, bring your wife around and we'll see."

The automobile engine began to pound and finally stopped. The worried boy said to his companion, "I wonder what that knock could be?"

"Maybe," said his blonde girl friend, "it's opportunity."

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

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

Veteran: "During my duty in the south Pacific I saw the strangest bird. It lays square eggs and talks."

Freshman: "What does it say?"

Vet: "Ouch."

Excerpt from a coed's letter home: "And the food is wonderful. Believe it or not, I now weigh 120 stripped. But then, you never know whether these drug store scales are accurate or not."

The doctor came out of the room and spoke to the anxious wife.

"Frankly, Mrs. Jones," he said, "I don't like the way your husband looks at all."

"I know, neither do I, but he's nice to the kids."

Doc: "I can't find any cause for your trouble. I think it's due to drinking."

Student: "Well, maybe I'd better come back sometime when you're sober."

Editor: "Things are going to be different around here this year. We'll have no jokes that deal with smoking, drinking, or sex."

Business Manager: "Okay. I don't want to put out a magazine this year either."

"The baby swallowed the matches! What will I do?"
"Here, I've got a lighter."

Some girls are like paint. Stir them up a little bit and you can't get them off your hands.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS
AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2,
1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF
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2. The owner is: The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc., 803 State St., Madison, Wis.

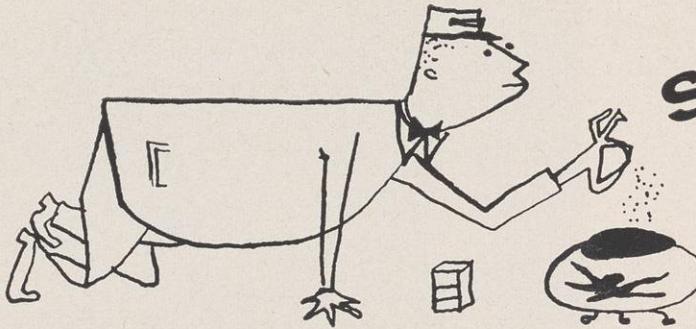
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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

Phillip Schaeffer, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of October, 1955
(Seal)

Leroy C. Murray
Notary Public, Dane County, Wisconsin
My commission expires April 7, 1957



Squid blings

WE ARE TOLD that in the primitive areas of the world people live only to eat and sleep and that these are their only concern. We students at the University of Wisconsin can safely look down on such people. Here everyone is so wrapped up in dating, beer drinking, card playing, movie going, football game going, and even studying, that eating and sleeping get completely left out.

ON THE SURFACE it would seem that students spend most of their time sleeping, judging by the frequency of statements like "I slept through my eleven o'clock class" and "I'm going home and sack out after my two twenty-five." To learn the truth of the matter we must pry below these superficial clues and look deep into the glassy eyes, observe the brows creased with the effort of holding heavy eyelids open. In truth the people who are sleeping at eleven in the morning and two thirty in the afternoon are desperately grasping at every chance to make up an enormous deficit that has been piling up since September.

AS FOR EATING, there is no deception here. Ask a student from the dorms how dorm food is, ask a Greek how the food at his house is, ask an independent how Union food is, the answer is unanimous. Students hate the food they eat, yet they go on eating it. Why? As we said, eating and sleeping are strictly secondary to this strangely advanced form of humanity.

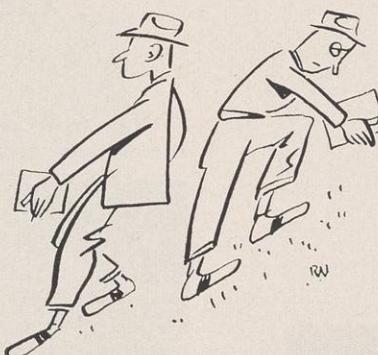
WE ARE BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED in the Daily Cardinal. When we bought our subscription, and the Octy is a loyal subscriber, we were told that we were going to get an eight page issue four times a week. Alas and alack, the four page Cardinal is back! We had a story in our Cardinal the other day that was continued on page 8. That's pretty good for a four page newspaper.

FOOTBALL, compared to most college activity, is a lot of fun, but compared to college football as seen in grade B movie musicals it is pretty sick. In order to bring our Saturday afternoon games up to that level a gross reorganization would be necessary.

THE FESTIVITIES would have to begin at about 12:30 with a 30 piece band at the Edgewater Hotel end of Langdon Street. The band would march down Langdon while students streamed out of every building and every side street, forming ranks and marching arm in arm. They would have to be wearing cardinal sweaters with white W's and singing rousing fight songs as they marched.

THE GAME ITSELF would be short. The first three quarters would last only about ten minutes and no one would pay any attention because the score would always be perfectly even going into the last quarter. The last quarter would be long. There would be a fierce interchange of plays while the clock hands moved ominously. And then, just when it looked as though neither team would be able to break the tie—a long pass, the crowd rises to its feet, and Sonny Tufts leaps high into the air to bring it down. Touchdown!

THE PERIOD AFTER THE GAME would be the grandest of all. It would be one enormous songfest and shoulder-carrying ceremony. The president of the University, who would be about thirty-five, prematurely gray, and slightly better looking than Ray Milland, would be at the head of the parade. The hero of the game, namely Sonny Tufts, would be close behind with Virginia Mayo, also being carried by sweater-wearing, singing flunkies, at his side.

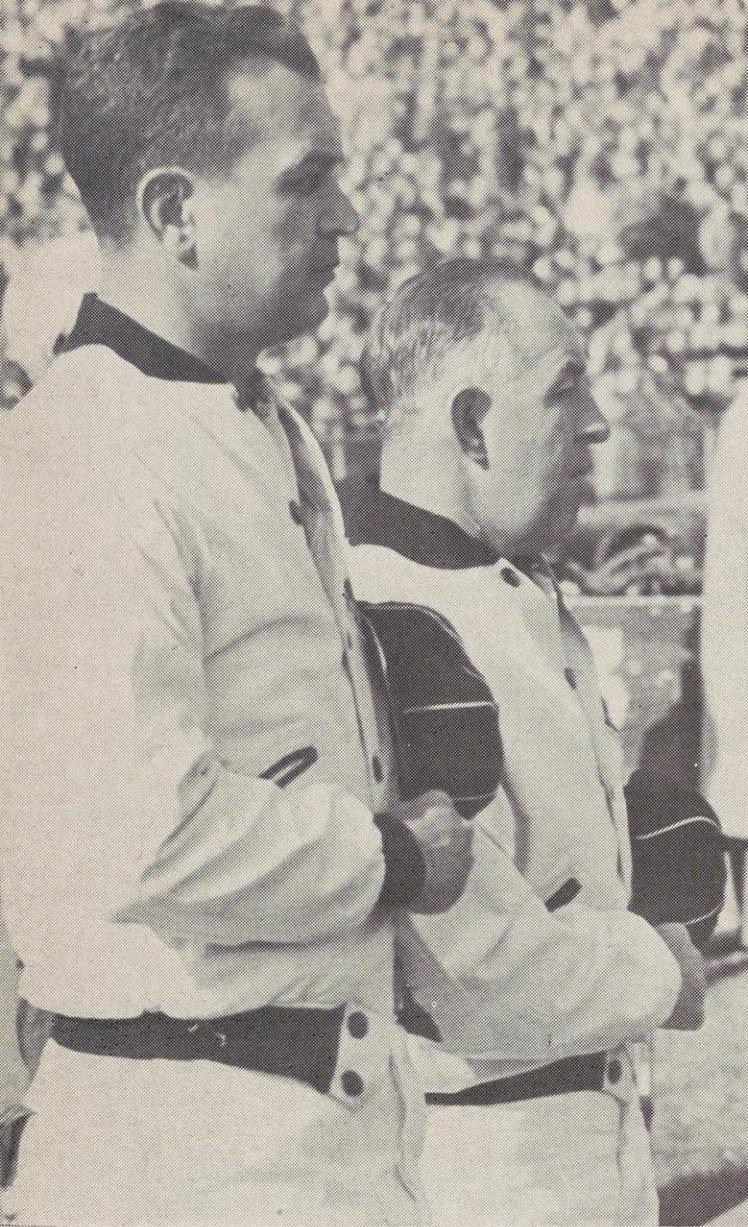


a campus chronicle

THE STADIUM would have to be about where the Home Ec building is now in order to provide the right collegiate atmosphere. The march to the game would go up the north road past Bascom Hall, which would have to be dripping with ivy.

THERE WOULD BE a short interval to allow time for Sonny to shower, although he really doesn't need it, and for the sun to go down. Then the big dance would start with another parade down Langdon Street, only this time everyone would be wearing tuxes and formals and Sonny and Virginia would be heading the parade, sitting on the back of a white convertible. The dance would slow from a laughing, rollicking ball to a very nostalgic affair where everyone sits around and sings school songs. This is in order to provide suitable background music for Sonny and Virginia to go strolling on the terrace in the moonlight.

WHEN YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT, it would be much too much work; and anyway, who likes Sonny Tufts and Virginia Mayo that well? We'd better forget the whole thing.



The referees pause solemnly as the Star Spangled Banner is played. There was a flag on the play.



Bill Lowe makes a pit stop after heroic run.



"Yes Dear. No, Dear. Yes, Dear, I'll change quarterbacks."

Squid's Eye View A Sad Day At

Wisconsin vs. Ohio State
October 22, 1955

Ohio State managers hovering over box which was rumored to contain a secret weapon.





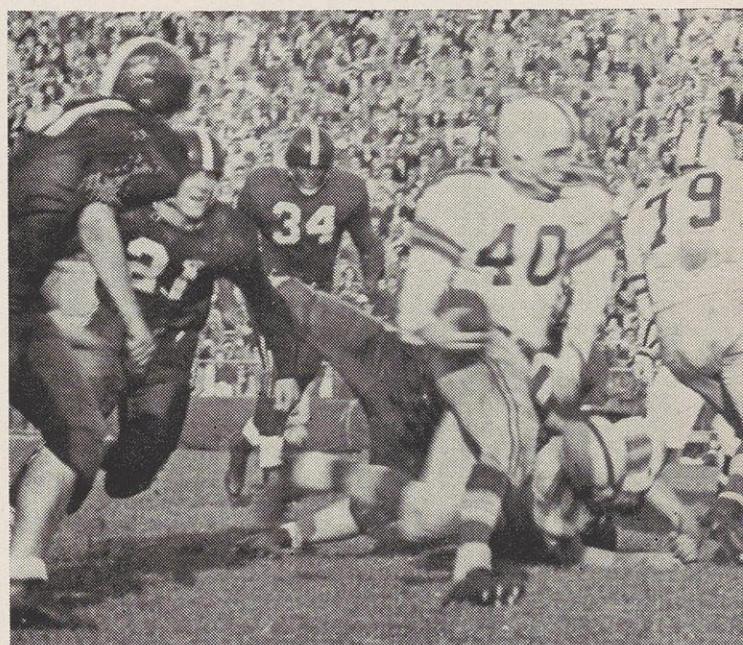
The squad watches . . .

Camp Randall



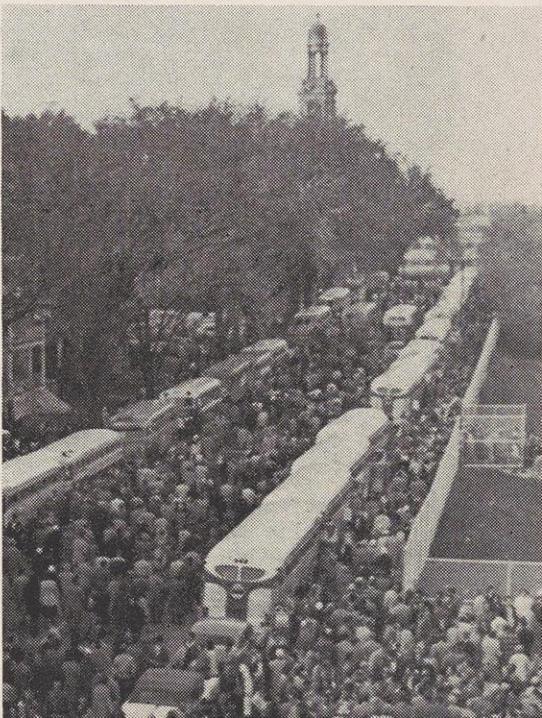
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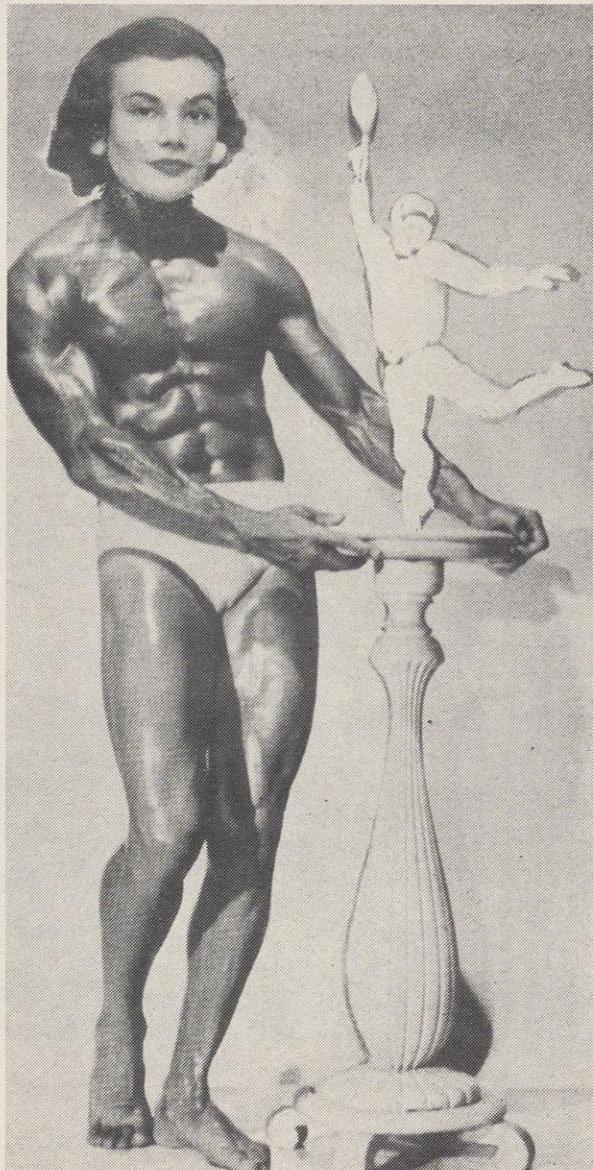
photos by mike lien



. . . Cassady go off tackle . . .

A group of fans snapped leaving the game, lamenting the loss and looking forward to better days.





AN OCTOPUS INNUENDO FEATURE

— done *Confidential-ly* —

What happened on the INSIDE
when Wisconsin decided . . .

SEX AND FOOTBALL

DO NOT MIX!

When the student athletic board banished female cheerleaders, the Dean of Women said:

"I think it's an immature activity that belongs to the lower levels."

"Something fishy is going on over at Camp Randall."

By *Feeith E. Story*

WE USED TO HAVE GIRL CHEERLEADERS. Now we have men cheerleaders. To INNUENDO this spells filth. Anywhere else, in any other state, on any other campus, and to any other magazine, F-I-L-T-H might spell filth, but not here. This is a rough place, lots goes on you don't know about, and if it doesn't we'll always be around to make something up.

ROUGH GIRLS AND THE DEAN

Sure the Dean said Wisconsin's girls are too sophisticated to be cheerleaders, but what did he mean? Sophistication can mean a lot of things, and in Paris sophistication is well paid.

We don't mean to insinuate that anything illegal, immoral, or fattening was going on behind the scenes, but the Deans HAD to do their duty when they saw it.

Cheerleading can be a rough sport, and it can breed a rough bunch of girls, and you mix rough girls with sophistication and it spells business for the investigative arm of the Dean's office.

AMECHE FIGHTS FOR WOMEN

Don't forget, Alan Ameche, who at the time was married and a father, fought the removal of cheerleaders tooth and nail. He said, "I think it will make football a whole lot duller."

Maybe that was what the Athletic Board had in mind when they eliminated the practice after a three-year probationary period.

INNOCENT BACKSIDES

They say those curvaceous cuties who bounce around out on the field like to bounce around a bit when the

game is over. Maybe there was too much bouncing going on somewhere.

Something WAS going on, and it brought the iron hand of the Dean down on the soft backsides of innocent girls.

DEAN TROXELL'S SECRET POLICE

What really happened? Now that you've read thus far in eager anticipation of the filth ("Just the smut, ma'm") we'll let you have it—broadside!

Eleven P.M. in the basement of a State Street establishment. The lights are low. Behind the bar an oily, obsequious bartender pours drinks and polishes the bar. Polishes the bar and pours drinks. Ah, a true oily and obsequious bartender!

The soft strains of "If you Want to be a Badger" waft through the smoky air. Off in one corner, crowded around a honky-tonk piano are a bunch of cuties in short skirts and tight sweaters. Just the sort of girls you can always expect to find in a basement barroom any time of the day or night . . . cheerleaders.

Sitting at the piano is a tough looking girl with a cigarette drooping out of one corner of her mouth, her hair down over one eye, her skirt up above her knees. She bangs out the sad, sentimental, sinful tune. This is the Captain of the Cheerleaders, fondly known as "Boss."

The girls look cynically out of tired eyes around the room filled with card-playing frat-men and a few lonesome independents standing at the bar. Did they come in to get out of the rain? Or are they operatives of that hated band of ruthless men known in the underground as—Dean Troxell's Secret Police, or the Vice Poleizei? Behind the bar an oily drunk polishes the obsequious bartender.

A MIDNIGHT RAID

Suddenly there is a flurry of activity. The swinging doors burst open and in walk twenty-two hulking men. Who are these menacing trench-coated figures? The feared Secret Police? FBI agents? The Federal Narcotics Bureau? A unit of elite Partipoopers? No, the football team!

To a man, our gridiron warriors. Our shining knights in plastic armor. The gang! What are these Saturday Seigfrieds doing in this loathsome spot? Have they a previous appointment? The drunk bartender obsequiously polishes the oily bar and says nothing. No wonder the Deans are concerned with the behavior of the cheerleaders.

PROFESSIONAL VS. AMATEURS

The Captain of the team faces the "Boss." She pushes the piano back slowly, takes a puff on her cigarette, lazily lets the smoke float out of her mouth, rises, and looks the Captain straight in the face.

"Is there anything Ah can do for you-all, honey-chile?" she drawls.

"You know damn well what you, and all your girls, can do. You know what we're here for!" says the grim-faced athlete.

"But honey, there's plenty of time for THAT. How about a little old drink? Oily, obsequious bartender, a little old beer, if you-all please."

Flattered at being called by name, the bartender stops polishing the bar and pours a drink.

But the Captain of the team dashes it to the floor and cries "NO! NO BRIBERY. NOT NOW!" (A pledge catches the beer an inch from the floor, chug-a-lugs it, and smiles at his admiring contemporaries.)

The Athlete points an accusing finger at the "W" that so superfluously adorns the chest of the "Boss."

"That!" he cries. "That!" Then, spitting out each obviously painful syllable, he says "Non-professional. Lousy, stinking, amateur."

Now it is out in the open. The team crowds forward suddenly displaying signs that say "Unpaid Cheer-leading a Danger to The Purity of College Athletics—COLLEGE ATHLETES LOCAL 304". Outside a band strikes up "Solidarity Forever." The barkeeper looks through his wallet and produces an oily union card.

BOSOMS BARED

The girls cry and mumble something about free enterprise, rugged individualism, and the like, but it is to no avail. The Athletes march up, rip the "W's" from their swaters, and leave their bare bosoms as a symbol of what happens when scabs meddle with the union.

So, the ugly, filthy truth is out. The labor gangsters of Organized Football are behind the corruption that runs riot in the university. The pious pronouncements of Dean and Administration are mere cover-ups for the Bosses of the Football Unions who do not hesitate to crush poor innocent girls when they stand in the way of their relentless drive to organize the entire Athletic endeavor. INNUENDO has shed light on the filth behind the facts.

PEANUT VENDORS, BEWARE!

Confidential - ly Innuendo Brings You

THE FILTH BEHIND THE FACTS

THE FACTS BEHIND THE FILTH

save your confederate money, boys

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR DISPLACED
DIXIECRATS

by

HENRY SUMMERALL, C.S.A.

ABOVE THE CRIES OF ANGUISHED SOUTHERNERS (those true sons and daughters of the Confederacy) who have come to Wisconsin expecting to see part of America only to discover that it's the heart of Damyankeeland, has arisen a demand for some brave soul to lead the way in showing some of the pitfalls a true Son of Dixie faces at Wisconsin. Damyankees and fellow suffering Southerners, I am that man. Accordingly I have taken my pen in hand to warn you all of some of the obstacles in the path of a more or less unreconstructed Rebel in "America's Damyankeeland" and to offer some helpful advice.

1) Don't let them fool you with fancy definitions. They will try to argue with you and tell you Wisconsin isn't really the heart of the North. They will say it's a relative matter, that if you're from Oregon, Wisconsin is East, if you're from Boston, it's West, and if you're from the North Pole, it's South. That may be true. But never forget that if you're from Mississippi or Alabama or South Carolina or even Kentucky, Wisconsin is no other than Damyankee North. That's true by every known test of Damyankeeness: percentage of Anglo-Saxons in the population; number of Republicans; percentage of foreign-born; and number of Holstein cows. And when you see a statue of Honest Abe in front of the Temple of Learning, you'll be sure that Wisconsin is North. A state that has sifting and winnowing for its Ark of the Covenant, the Republican Party for its infallible holey religion, and Abe Lincoln for its patron saint can be nothing other than Northern Damyankeeland.

2) Conceal your surprise, if possible, at discovering Damyankees are somewhat vaguely human. At least, most of them are, regardless of what you've heard about their behaviour while marching through Georgia. Don't be like the freed slave at Beaufort, S. C., who said when he saw his first Damyankee, "Lawd, dey's people."

3) Don't call them Damyankees. Even though they are, it doesn't help relations with them to call them that (to their faces). Follow the ancient maxim: "When in Rome, don't call the inhabitants thereof Romans to their faces."

4) Accept the fact that they talk differently than you do. Don't be alarmed when Wisconsinites (or is it Wis-

consinians or Wisconsinners?) obviously mispronounce such ordinary words as water (standard: "wawtuh") "wahterr." You will just have to steel your nerves to take the harsh, grating, metallic sound of Wisconsin "r" that comes out in an "er" syllable sounding like an Iowa pig hauling truck slamming on its screeching brakes on the University Avenue pavement.

5) You will have to learn a new terminology for many common articles. A state house is called a "capitol" in Damyankeeland, for instance. What they call "potatoes" are in reality Irish potatoes, not sweet potatoes which they call "yams." When they say "peas", they don't mean blackeyes, or crowder peas, or rice peas, or cowpeas, but merely English peas. What they call "pop" is nothing more than a soft drink. What the Union Cafeteria horribly misnames "Southern fried chicken" is really Northern grease-drowned rooster. Don't let the names mislead you.

6) You will miss your grits and rice if you're a true Southerner. I tried to buy some grits at a corner grocery store in Madison and the proprietor (probably a German) said, "Grreetz? What grreetz? Rreetz I got, rreetz crackers. No grreetz." And the staple vegetable of Wisconsin is Irish potatoes, the most tasteless dish dreamed up by the gods to fatten mortals on. This primitive practice of eating Irish potatoes for a staple is obviously a holdover from the days when the ancestors of Wisconsinites were inhabiting the bogs of Ireland and the forests of Germany. This custom is in contrast to the civilized Asians and South Carolinians who have discovered the blessings of rice. This is another instance that supports the "cultural lag" theory of sociology.

7) Don't be startled to discover that Damyankees (excepting perhaps Bostonians) don't have families—they don't have kinfolks. Oh, they might have a mother and a father (not a momma and a papa) and sisters and brothers, and maybe even uncles and aunts and perhaps even grandparents, but they don't have a second and third cousins once removed on their mother's side and great-aunts by a previous marriage twice removed on their daddy's side. They just don't have kinfolks.

8) You may even suffer the humiliation of being mistaken for a foreigner. They might try to tell you that Southerners aren't true Americans. But that's a lot of baloney; us Southerners were Americans fighting the British when Wisconsin was just an Indian reservation fighting fleas. The other day I met a fellow while crossing University Avenue and after a little conversation he asked me, "How long have you been in this country?" He was surprised to find I was a native American. He said he thought I was a Swede; he said I sounded like I had a Swedish accent but he wasn't sure and then my blood hair and blue eyes made him certain. Yes, Damyankees might even make the mistake of confusing a person from Stockholm, Sweden with one from Denmark or Norway, South Carolina. We Southerners must overlook such ignorance with a magnanimous spirit, realizing that after all, the North got started on this business of culture a century or two after we did.

Dear Son or Daughter of Dixie, this started out to be Ten Commandments for displaced Dixiecrats, but since there are only eight, I will add two more: 9) try to apply the foregoing eight rules and 10) when they are obviously not applicable to the situation, remember what Sherman did to Georgia and save your Confederate money, boys, 'cause in antique shops it's worth more on the dollar than Federal currency.

SOME OCTY OLDIES . . .

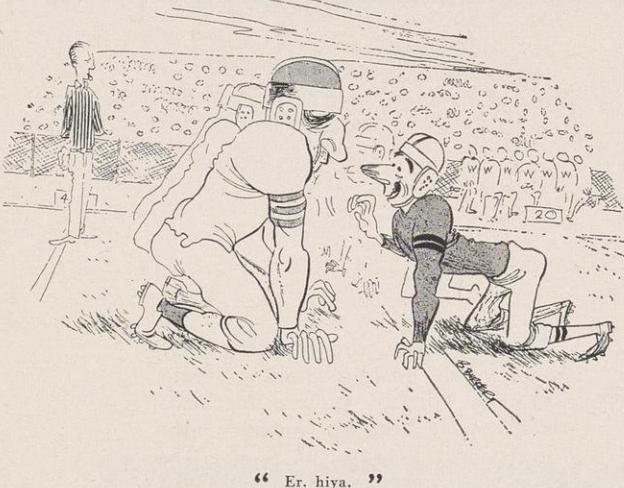


"All-American—no salary of course."

OUR ARTISTS MAKE LOTS YUKS
ON
FEETZBAWL

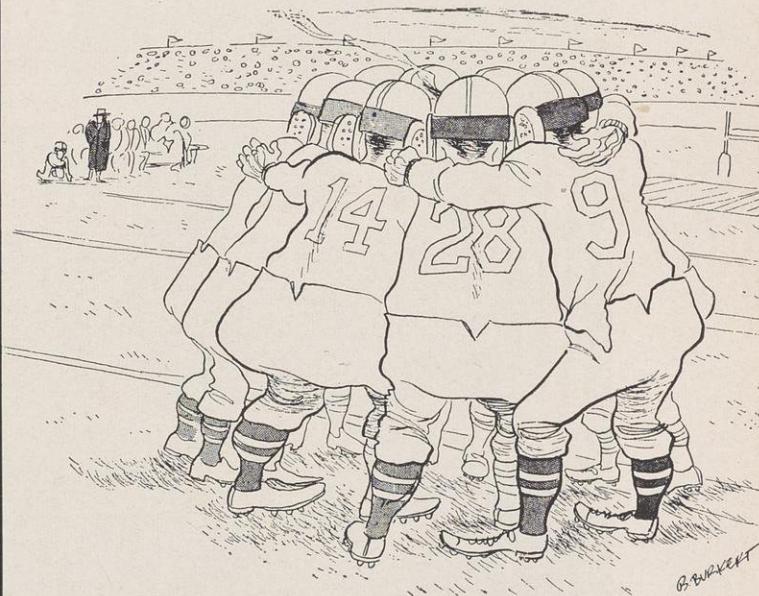


"I'm sorry, Miss Rogers, but you don't have
one of the requirements of a good cheerleader."



"Er, hiya."

. . . A DANDY GAME



"Hurry up and button it, Jones, or we'll be
called for too much time."

Octy Dream Girl

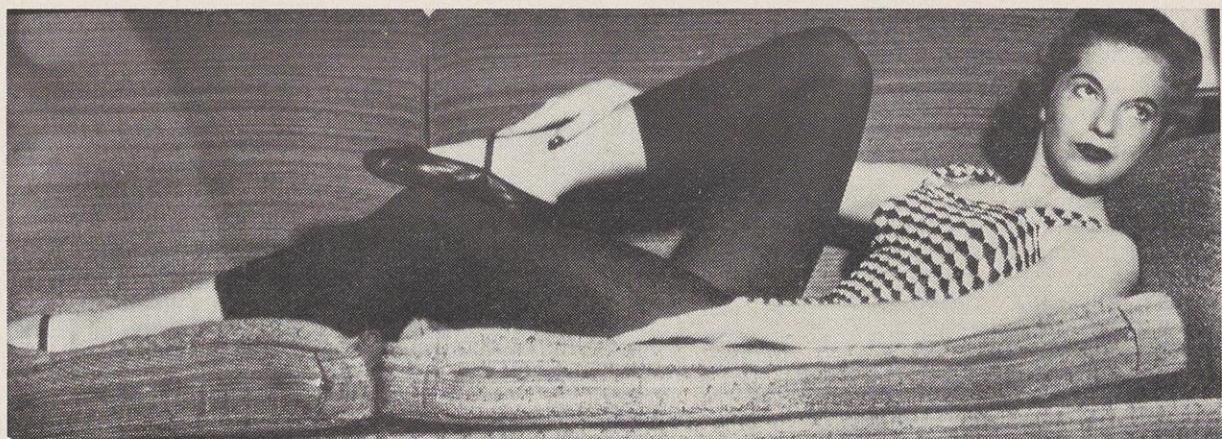
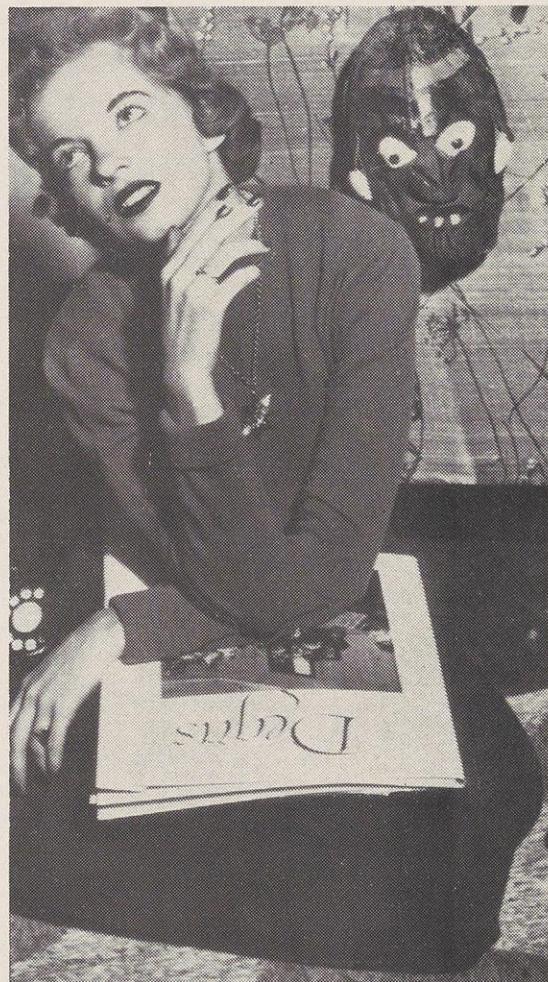
We
Love
Lucie



Lucie Gillham, this month's Octy dream girl, besides coming from Southern Illinois, is five feet two inches tall, weighs ninety-eight pounds, is a member of Alpha Chi Omega, is a senior in speech, and will graduate in February.



Planning to head for the theater world of New York upon graduating, Lucie will have behind her a successful career as an active member of the Entertainers Guild and Wisconsin Players. She sings for the Guild, and for Players she has parts in *My Three Angels* and *Annie Get Your Gun*.



The Joke Racket

Fred Belmar continues his search
for the source of jokes with
more than a little success.

(SYNOPSIS)

Fred Belmar, having determined to learn who makes up jokes, is unable to find anyone in the city of Madison who does. He decides that Hollywood is probably the most likely place in the U. S. to find people who write jokes and goes there to find them. He hopes that he has found the answer when he meets a professional joke writer in a bar, but the writer is enraged when Fred asks him if he does make up jokes and hastily leaves the bar. Fred leaves a short time later and has proceeded only a few steps when a pair of oriental men accost him and put him in a large burlap bag. They are carrying him down the street as our story resumes.

(PART TWO)

FRED STRUGGLED FIERCELY AT FIRST, when he realized he had been inserted in a potato sack. In a few moments, though, he decided that the potato sack was more than strong enough to hold him and that the only possible outcome of struggling was that his captors would drop him, bag and all, on the concrete sidewalk.

Deciding against getting himself dropped, he figured he would take advantage of these moments of relative leisure to try to size the situation up. There were a few obstacles to constructive thinking — his captors were not carrying him very daintily and the inside of the bag was itchy and stuffy—but Fred had so few

moments all to himself during this stage of his career that he had to make the best of the ones that he did have.

In the first place, he had caught a glimpse of the two men who had so graciously volunteered to convey him down the street and had noticed that they were orientals. The plot was rapidly shaping into the wildest one that Fred had dared to imagine. An international ring, ruthlessly dealing in one of the most precious of all commodities — jokes. If he could penetrate to the heart of this ring, find out how it works, and then return to expose the whole plot to the United States through some such fearless organ as the Saturday Evening Post or Confidential magazine, he would both do a service to the world, which was what he had set out to do, and would make a penny or two out of it for himself. It seemed a fair exchange; he would rid society of a non-productive and monopolistic cancer and would receive in return a little of society's purchasing power. My, things *do* work out nicely, he thought.

After considering this he turned his concentration upon his immediate problem. Was he in danger? He wasn't sure. He did hope that the bumpy ride he was enjoying would not come to an unpleasant end. The whole matter seemed entirely out of his hands, at any rate, so he resigned himself to a policy of waiting and seeing. He scratched his nose to relieve the itch caused by the burlap



and tried to make himself comfortable.

Fortunately the pedestrian portion of his journey was ended shortly when he was put, or rather tossed, on what seemed to be the floor of the back seat of a car. He had the bump in the middle of the floor to contend with, but all in all he was much more comfortable than he had been when he was being carried. Fred continued to wait, seeing nothing but the burlap.

HE DID NOT have to wait long, for no sooner had the car started moving than he felt the rope at the end of the sack being untied. Apparently it was all right if he got out, so he began to worm his way feet first, out of it. He was about half way out when there came a tremendous jerk which removed the sack completely and left Fred on his hands and knees on the floor and the sack hanging limply in the hand of the man leaning over the back seat.

Fred looked up at the man sheepishly. "Hello," he said. Silence. He inched his way to a sitting position on the back seat, but this didn't make him feel much better. When he had been on the floor he felt like a little boy who had just been found in a game of hide-and-seek, but now he felt like someone on the witness stand. The man looked at him coldly.

"How much do you know?" he finally asked gruffly.

Fred wasn't too sure how much he did know. Actually, all he had done was to ask a joke writer a simple question. But he did know that he

had found something that was decidedly fishy—and dangerous. He wasn't sure either how much he wanted to know. He had set out to get to the bottom of the situation at any cost, but his chances for getting to the bottom of some nearby body of water were extremely good from the look on the man's face. Better to forget the whole thing.

"How much do you know?" the question came again.

"Well, my professors at college don't think I know very much at all," Fred replied, and he laughed softly.

The man was not amused. Fred thought that a joke ring could at least have people in it who had a sense of humor. Meanwhile the cold stare continued. Fred decided to change his tact completely. He'd seen the good guys in movies get away with it, so he decided to try it out.

"I know plenty," he said. "I know that you guys are running an international monopoly on jokes, and that the whole business is rotten to the core. I know that that writer that I talked to in the bar is nothing but a stooge and that the minute I asked him whether he made up jokes he ran to you guys for help. And not only that, I'm not so sure that you guys aren't just stooges. You're probably just taking orders from the guy who runs the thing, the brains. I know just enough to put you boys in real hot water, and that's what I'm going to do if I get half a chance."

At the end of this last sentence the car stopped for a red light. Perfect timing! In a flash he grabbed the door handle, opened the door and began to jump out. The man, calmly but with amazing speed and strength, grabbed his wrist and threw him back in the car, then closed the door and locked it.

"Not bad. Not bad at all," Fred said, rubbing his wrist. Damned oriental! He is probably a judo expert. "Well, what next? Are you going to kill me? Naa. You guys are dealing in jokes. You won't risk a murder rap. Not only that, you guys won't dare lift a finger without getting the word from higher up. Naa. You guys aren't going to kill me." He gnashed his teeth like James Cagney.

The man didn't say a word. He reached into his pocket and produced two pieces of rope. He quietly bound Fred hand and foot and turned around to face forward in the front seat. Fred sat staring at the backs of their heads as the car rolled on.

AFTER SEVERAL MILES the driver pulled into the drive of an apartment house far out in the suburbs. Fred's feet were untied; he was grasped firmly by the left arm and marched up two flights of stairs. He was then led swiftly through a spacious apartment decorated in oriental style, and tossed into a bedroom. The door was locked behind him. About twenty minutes later the door was unlocked and one of the men entered carrying a tray of food. He set the tray down, left the room, and locked the door behind him.

Fred's heart fell when he saw the food. He had hoped for hardtack and water, or perhaps a bowl of gruel, but he had received instead a perfect Chinese meal with all the trimmings. He ate it grudgingly. After dinner he lounged around a bit, listened to the radio which he found in the room, and finally fell asleep on the bed.

Early the next morning the door opened and the strong one came in and shook Fred until he was awake. "Get ready to go," he said. "We're going on a long trip. Don't make any trouble."

The way he spoke convinced Fred that he was not in danger. Not only that, the idea of a long trip intrigued him no end. Where to, do you suppose? He thought that they must be going somewhere outside of

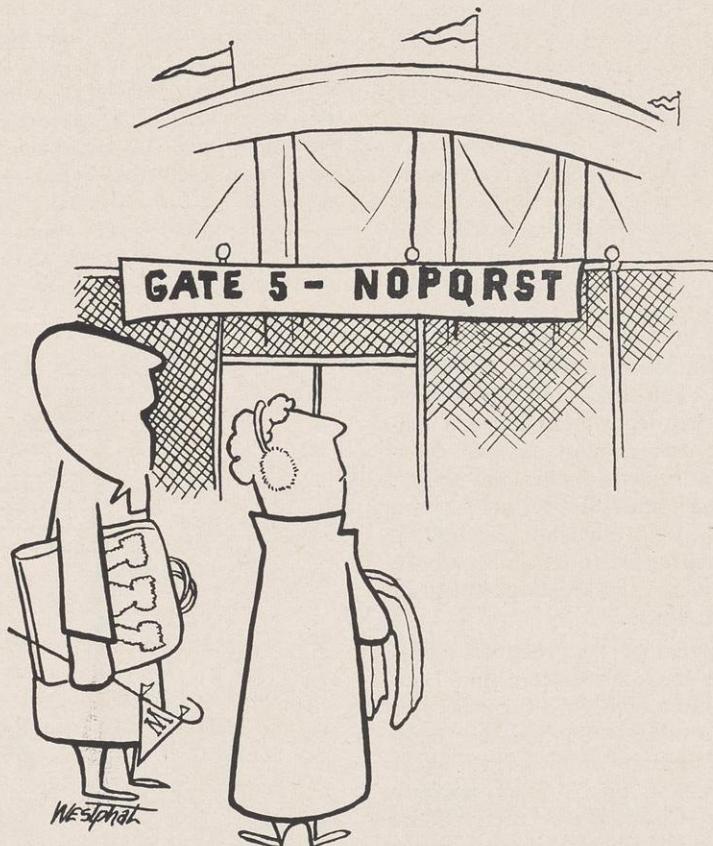
the country, perhaps to the place where jokes come from. With this possibility in mind, and remembering that his captors had done him no harm except when he tried to escape, he decided to play along with them.

IN A SHORT TIME Fred realized that the man was not kidding when he said that they were going on "a long trip." That morning they drove to the Los Angeles airport and boarded a plane for the Far East. At every stop on the flight Fred watched eagerly to see whether they were getting off, but Honolulu, Manila and Rangoon came and went. Fred was dozing most of the time and had almost decided in his stupor that they were not going to get off but keep circling the earth, when a strong tug on his arm told him that the destination had been reached. They were in Calcutta, India.

Do jokes come from here, Fred wondered? But no, they had much farther to go. They took a crowded train up the Ganges valley, but even this did not take them to their destination. They traveled, complete with a native guide and pack horses, far up into the Himalayas. They rode for almost a week without seeing any sign of life when at last they came to an enormous castle-like building built into the side of a mountain.

Perfect, Fred thought. This must be the place that jokes come from.

(To be continued)



"I wonder what they're prohibiting now?"

THE PLAYING FIELDS OF RANDALL

an epic by John Goldman

IT WASN'T REALLY that the Badger fans were disloyal to the old fighting eleven, but rather that they had lost interest in watching the team increase its losing streak. It had gotten to a point where a few of the older grad students could hazily remember the last victory. The University had soon found that the attendance at the games decreased proportionally as the defeats increased.

In fact for the last few games, the only people attending were the immediate relatives of the players; the coach's family, an optimistic vendor named Max, a ticket-taker who generally left after the kickoff, and the bus driver for the opposing team.

Several schemes had been tried, all to no avail. One of the more costly ones concerned placing free football tickets in breakfast-cereal boxes. The cereal company lost a small fortune, managing to stay in business only after suing the University for a large sum of money. Their lawyers successfully argued that the tickets had contaminated the cereal. Another attempt saw the price of coupon books so reduced that the fee covered only the cost of printing the tickets — people still complained the price was too high. The final blow came when the Athletic department hired a student to sneak around campus, leaving tickets in class rooms, the Union, and on back seats of city buses. Of a thousand such tickets distributed, every single ticket found its way back to the Lost and Found Department at the Field House.

By September of Nineteen-aught-seventeen the rock bottom had been reached. In a combined business and athletic meeting—they had been combined as the latter took such a short time it was a pity to call separate meetings—Coach Harry received the final word—if the opening game was not won, both football and Coach Harry would be banished from the

Playing Fields of Randall. Most coaches would have done their best, lost the game, and wound up happy men selling insurance. Coach Harry was not so fortunate; he had seven hungry mouths to feed—himself, his wife, three kids, a cat and a dog. On top of this Coach Harry had flunked high school math five times, and knew nothing of the insurance game. As he solemnly heard the order, he threw back his shoulders and calmly walked out of the meeting. There was a strange gleam in his bloodshot eye.

As a last ditch attempt to increase attendance, the Athletic Department—backed by Coach Harry—made a startling announcement. If the team lost, *double the admission price* would be refunded. For the first time in five years, the opening game was sold out. A few came because of intellectual curiosity; others for the fresh air. The majority were hoping to make a fast buck. Even the almost extinct breed of scalpers appeared on the University campus.

Three nights before the opening game, a night watchman at the field house noticed a lone figure groping

around on the darkened field with a flashlight. The figure inspected the visiting team's beach, then hastily left. Friday night before the game, a city chemical supply house reported the theft of a large jug of colorless grain alcohol.

Opening day arrived, complete with hot, humid weather. The fans, who had packed the stadium to capacity, fully expected to see the highly rated Waterloo Naps romp over the Badger eleven. Both teams went through the pre-game warmups, then retired to the locker room for quick pep talks. Coach Harry was as silent as usual, but a few of the players thought they saw a slight smile on his face.

Back on field; the flip of the coin; and the kickoff.

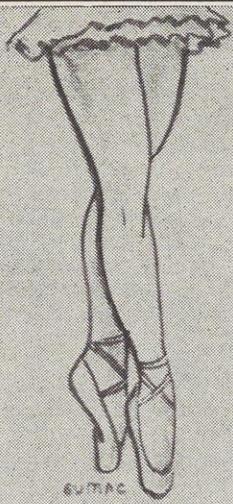
The Badgers received on their five, and the halfback managed to get to his ten before being blocked by one of his own men. On the first play the ball was fumbled, the Nats recovered and two plays later, scored. The conversion was good. At that moment half the fans left the stadium, fully assured that their investment was safe.

By half-time, because of a few lucky breaks, the Badgers were losing 21-0. As the team filed off the field, Coach Harry stopped to talk to the Waterloo coach, who hadn't even bothered to go to the locker room. As he turned to leave, Coach Harry stepped squarely into the Naps' water jug, spilling it on the ground, and drenching himself. He hastily apologized, and sent the Waterloo waterboy over to the Badger bench to get their extra, sealed jug. As Coach Harry entered the locker room, he looked rather happy for a man soaking wet.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21)



"What? Manhattan Hamburger Surprise again?"



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on Their
Toes
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Octy Views

A Letter To The Daily Cardinal



"Who is to blame for the ruination of these girls in altogether too many cases? It's you fellows!!"

THE DAILY CARDINAL

"Who are these girls? I'll show you."

Wednesday, September 28, 1955

By HOPEFUL

(The following anonymous letter could not be printed in the "In the Mailbox" or "On the Soapbox" columns because it was unsigned. Because we think its message deserves to be heard by every student, we are reprinting it here—

SKYROCKETS EDITOR).

Dear Mr. Fischer:

After weeks of seeing the unhappiness in the dormitory and experiencing it myself, I had to do something in the only way I know—write.

* * *

Why are you college men so blind? Why can't you see the great injustice you are doing? Why can't you realize the heartache and the misery you are causing for so many girls? Who are these girls? I'll show you.

* * *

Let's take a walk through any dormitory or co-ed's home on a Saturday night. There's Mary, that sweet kid in your zoology class! Why is she writing a letter tonight when there's a big dance at the Union? And in the next room is Sally. You met her at the football game last week. She's already sound asleep on a tear-soaked pillow.

On and on, through the hall is one lonely, unhappy girl after another. And **you** are at fault for her loneliness and unhappiness.

* * *

In every dorm, as is true with mine, a great majority of the girls have an exciting time every weekend. If they don't have a date for the movies or the dance, they take their cigarettes and run down to the nearest pub to find one. They inevitably do. But how about this small percentage of girls left home Friday and Saturday nights?

THESE are the girls who have worked, sacrificed, and fought against temptation for years to

keep themselves lovely and respectable. They have stood up for their beliefs, opposed what they knew wrong, and have beautifully preserved the healthy body and mind which God gave them. They have maintained their principles and morals so that some day, they might be the girls you fellows would choose to take as a wife and live with in God's sight for the rest of your life.

* * *

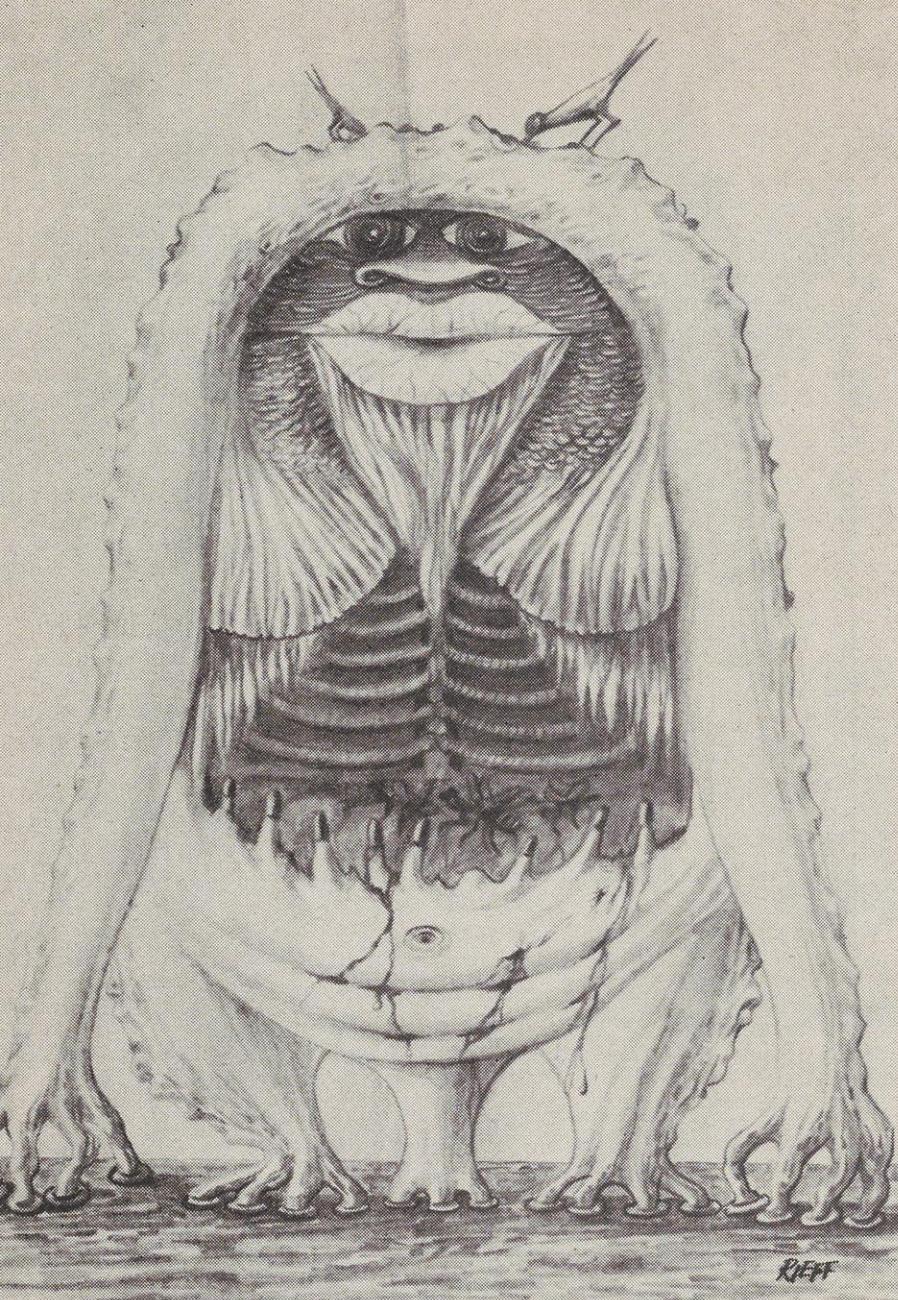
But suppose one of these girls can't take it any longer! Suppose weeks and weeks of lonely evenings prove too much for her. There is one alternative left. Let some fellow see her in the dark corner of a tavern with a cigarette hanging out of her mouth and she has lots of dates. No more loneliness. No more Saturday nights at home. Now she has many good times and lots of company—the wrong kind of company. Before long, the word spreads that she's "earning the rent money", as it is bluntly put. When it comes time to look seriously for a wife, you "wouldn't spit on the dirty slut."

But who put her there? Who is to blame for the ruination of these girls in altogether too many cases? It's you fellows!!

You, whose companionship means so much to a girl; **you** who a certain someone longs to stroll with in the moonlight amidst the beauty of autumn, rather than drink beer in some detestable tavern. In a university such as Wisconsin, where the boys outnumber the girls so greatly, there's no need for such loneliness.

You boys should be much more forward about meeting girls and a little less forward after you know them. Next Friday and Saturday evenings, let's have every dormitory, every independent home AND EVERY TAVERN completely deserted!!

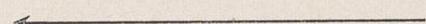
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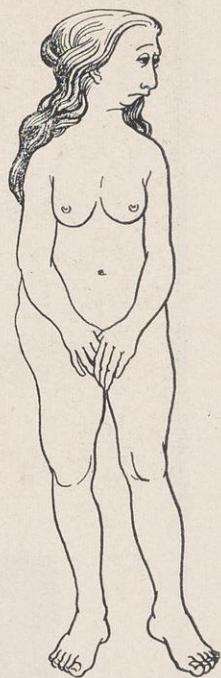
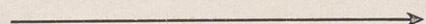
"YOU, whose companionship means so much to a girl: YOU who a certain someone longs to stroll with in the moonlight amidst the beauty of autumn."



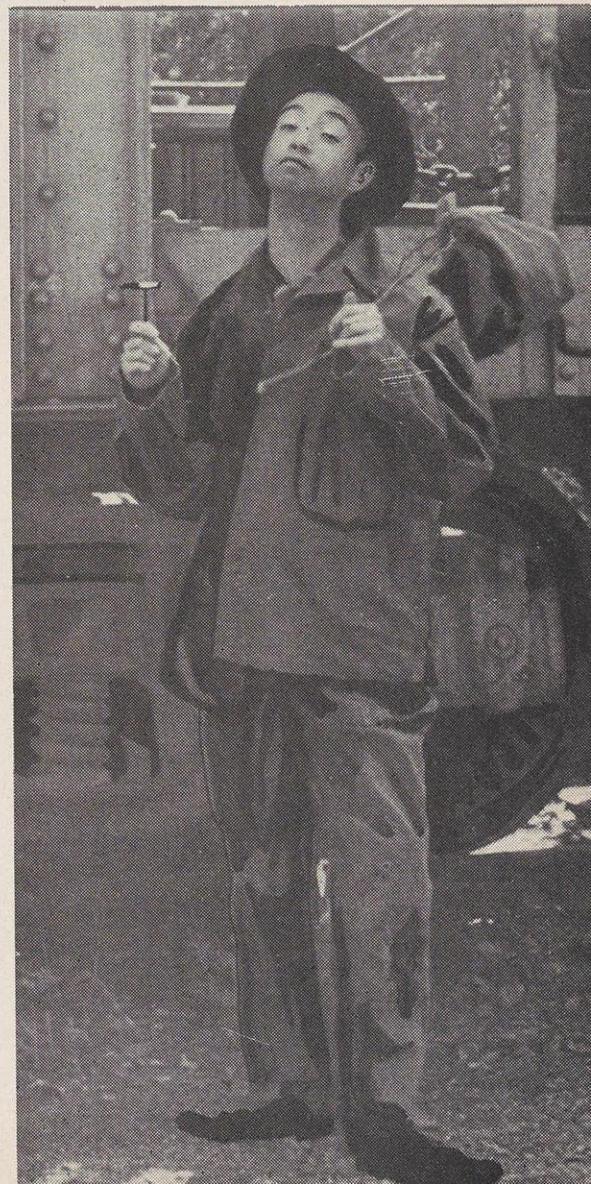
"There's Mary, that sweet kid in your zoology class!"



Next Friday and Saturday evenings, let's have every dormitory, every independent home AND EVERY TAVERN completely deserted."



"They have stood up for their beliefs, opposed what they knew wrong, and have beautifully preserved the healthy body and mind which God gave them."



Oh No!



THE
CO-OP

FORGOT TO HAND IN THEIR AD!

HERE COME

Pat was determined to pass his favorite tavern on the way home. As he approached it, he became somewhat shaky, but after plucking up courage he passed it. Then, after going about fifty yards he turned, saying to himself, "Well done, Pat my boy. Come back and I'll treat you."

"It's not just the work I enjoy," said the taxicab driver, "it's the people I run into."

She: "Just listen to those chimes! Aren't they beautiful? I've always said that the carillon is one of the best things about our campus."

He: "Talk louder. I can't hear you for those damn bells."

Nurse: "Doctor, every time I bend over to listen to his heart, his pulse increases. What should I do?"

Doctor: "Button your collar."

They say if you don't drink, smoke, or run around with women, you'll live longer. Actually, it only seems longer.

Father: "Your little brother has arrived."

Little boy: "Where did he come from?"

Father: "From a far-away land."

Little boy: "Another damned subversive."

A lady, athletic and handsome,
Got wedged in her sleeping room transom,
When she offered much gold,
For release, she was told
That the view was worth more than the ransom.

When a girl finds that she isn't the only pebble on the beach, she generally becomes a little boulder.

A fiery-tempered southern gentleman wrote the following letter:

"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think of it. You, being neither, will understand what I mean."

There was a young man with a hernia
Who said to his surgeon, "Gol-dernya,
When carving my middle,
Be sure you don't fiddle,
With matters that do not concernya."

"I wish we had a fifth for bridge."
"You moron, you don't need a fifth for bridge."
"Well, I wish we had a pint, then."

A man in an insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor approached and, wishing to be friendly, asked, "How many have you caught?"
"You're the ninth," was the reply.

MORE JOKES

THE PLAYING FIELDS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

Another half of the fans left the stadium when the Naps scored their fourth touchdown shortly after the game recommenced. But after the conversion, the Naps seemed to slow down. The next time the Badgers had the ball they lost only five yards, then lost none, and began to gain. The Naps seemed to be slow in carrying out their plays, and their poor defense allowed the Badgers to score twice before the quarter ended. The last quarter will long be remembered by loyal Wisconsin fans.

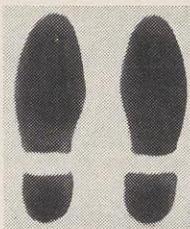
Miracle of miracles—the Badgers scored twice, tying up the game. It wasn't that the Wisconsin team was improving, but that the Naps weren't even making an attempt to play the game. The final stroke came with two minutes left to play. Waterloo was on its own twelve yard line, third down and forty-seven yards to go. The Nap quarterback received the ball, looked slowly around then handed it to a Badger who had broken through the weak Waterloo line.

The Badger, being rather startled, dropped the ball, only to have the Nap pick it up and hand it to him again. By that time, the Badger realized what was happening, and scored the touchdown. Wisconsin won its first game in thirty-four starts, 35-28.

The remaining fans — after the shock had worn off—rushed onto the field and paraded Coach Harry around the field three times. The third time around, the Hero got slightly sea-sick and was returned earthward. His glory was short-lived.

The irate Waterloo coach put two and two together (after investigating the water-jug "gift") and came up with something other than H-2-O. The following Monday morning in a secret board meeting, the incident was privately settled. All present, including the Governor, Senator from Wisconsin, Mayor of Waterloo, and the Nap coach, were sworn to eternal secrecy. Coach Harry never had to sell insurance, as the University had better plans.

Coach Harry dropped conveniently out of sight. However, have you ever noticed—when things aren't going so well for the Badgers—a small, tattered old man, who during the confusion of the half-time band entertainment seems awfully interested in the opposing team's water supply? And doesn't it seem odd that such a small man should carry such a large hip-flask?



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MADISON

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The average girl would rather have beauty than brains, because the average male can see better than he can think.

Gather your kisses while you may,
For time brings naught but sorrow.
The girls who are so cold today,
Are housemothers tomorrow.

Do infants have as much fun in infancy as adults do in adultery?

Customer: "Is this ice cream pure?"

Clerk: "Pure as the girl of your dreams."

Customer: "Give me a pack of cigarettes."

Active: "What's your greatest ambition, pledge?"

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

Active: "Why do you want to do that?"

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

"Will your wife hit the ceiling when you come home this late?"

"Probably—she's a rotten shot."

She: Don't you wish you were a barefoot boy again?"

He: "Not me, lady, I work on a turkey farm."

Prof.: "If I saw a man beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

Voice in back: "Brotherly love."

"What color bathing suit was she wearing?"

"I couldn't tell. She had her back turned."

A co-ed, excited about having been pinned, dressed hurriedly to go down to the union. Coming upon a group of her male friends, she proudly thrust out her chest and exclaimed, "Look!"

In her haste, she had forgotten the pin.

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

Give an athlete an inch and he'll take a foot. But let him take it . . . who wants athlete's foot?

Voice from the rear seat of a taxi: "Hey, driver, why did we stop?"

Driver: "I thought I heard someone tell me to."

Voice: "Keep going; she wasn't talking to you."

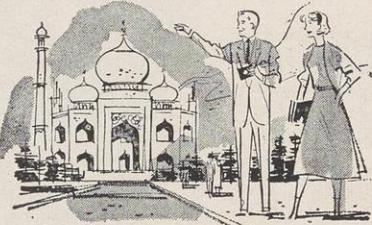
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How To Complain About The Octy

Complaining about the Octy has long been a favorite pastime around the Wisconsin campus. The editors are not so narrow-minded as to object to such lively entertainment, but they would like to offer a few suggestions as to how it should be done.

For instance, it should not be done at the top of your lungs while lying flat on your back in bed. Nor should it be done snidely to friends over coffee in an attempt to impress them.

The correct procedure is as follows:

1. Go to the Octy office, 803 State Street.
2. Walk in.
3. Tell us what's on your mind. All gripes are welcome. Offers to do better are more than welcome.

The dam burst and the raging flood water forced the townspeople to flee to the hills.

As they gazed down sadly at their homes, they saw a straw hat float downstream for fifty feet, then it stopped, turned, and plowed slowly upstream against the rushing waters. After fifty feet, it turned and moved downstream again.

"Say," said one of the townsfolk, "what makes that hat act so funny?"

"Well, I ain't sure," a youth spoke up, "but last night I heard Granpa swear that come hell or high water he was gonna mow the lawn today."

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He: "Will you have breakfast with me tomorrow morning?"

She: "Sure."

He: "Shall I phone you or nudge you?"

A funny thing: the Dean. Often heard, seldom seen. Inscrutable, Immutable, Very scary, Sedentary, The Dean.

His wife lay on her deathbed. She pleaded, "John, I want you to promise me that you'll ride in the same car with mother at my funeral."

He sighed, "Okay, but it's going to ruin my whole day."

Platonic love is like being invited down to the cellar for a bottle of ginger ale.

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The hotel manager was checking up on his distinguished guests, a pair of Indians straight from the reservation who were visiting the city. He was surprised to find a tepee set up in the front room.

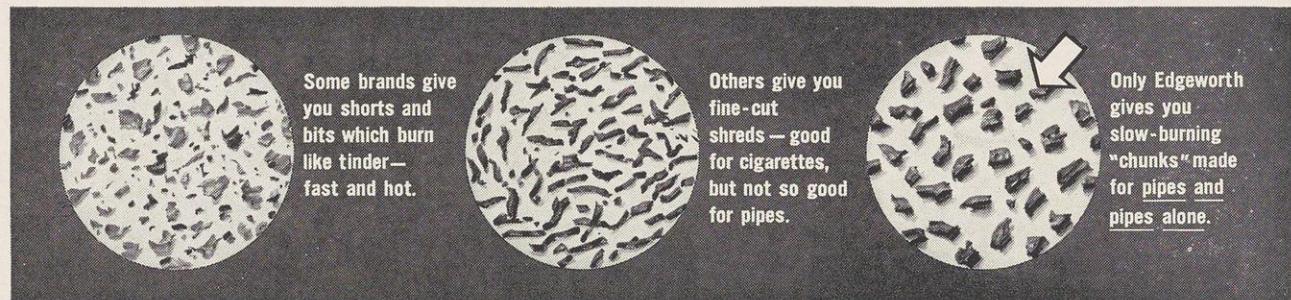
Unable to get the silent Indian in the tepee to tell him how he liked the room, he decided to look around for himself. Upon opening the bathroom door, he was horrified to find the second Indian lying on the floor with an arrow through his heart.

"Who killed your friend," he shouted, running back to the tepee.
"Me kill him."

"Why did you kill him?" the manager asked in amazement.
"Him spit in spring."

Drunk: "But officer, I live here."
Cop: "Why don't you go in?"
Drunk: "I lost my key."
Cop: "Then ring the bell."
Drunk: "I rang it an hour ago."
Cop: "Well, ring it again."
Drunk: "To hell with them, let 'em wait."

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Your true tobacco expert will tell you that white burleys are the world's coolest smoking tobaccos. Edgeworth is a blend of white burleys only—aged like fine wine, for years. Of course, other tobaccos use white burley too—but nobody yet has found out just how to blend and process tobacco to give it the even-burning, cool-smoking character that Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" has maintained.

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"hand-rubbed" their tobacco until it crumbled into chunks of just the right size. Now Edgeworth does all this for you *before* the tobacco is packaged. An ingenious exclusive process "ready-rubs" Edgeworth into chunks that pack *right* in your pipe, giving you a cool, leisurely smoke with never a touch of tongue bite.

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