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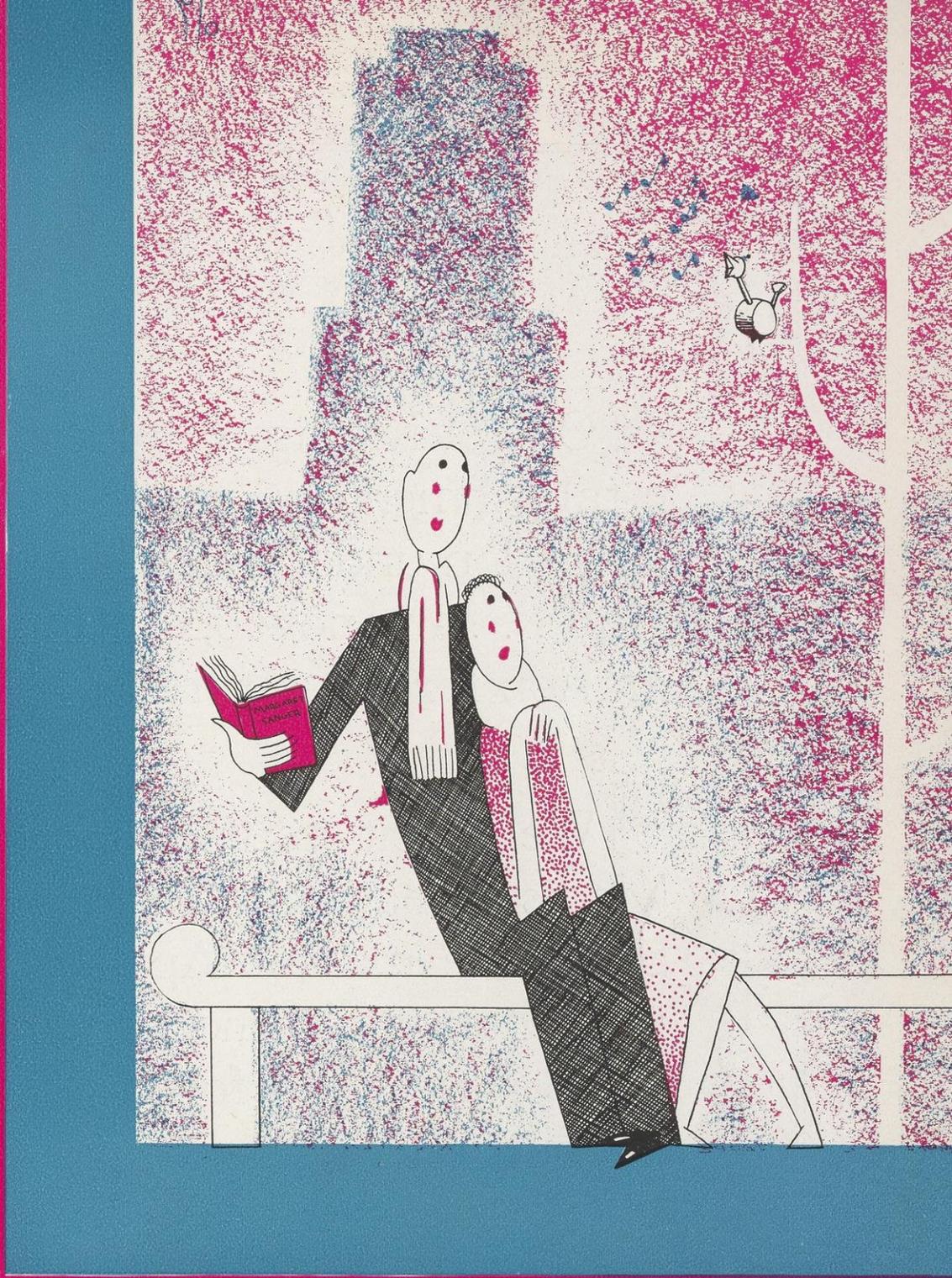
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# OCTOPUS

SPRING NUMBER

15 CENTS

1963

Since  
1848

Since  
1848

¶ One of Madison's oldest business establishments . . . . in continuous operation under the federal law since 1848 . . . and now operating in preparation for the return of real beer.

¶ We solicit your support for our Madison-made products which will be on the market April 7 . . . made in a thoroughly modern and equipped brewery . . . for a discriminating clientele.

*Fauerbach*  
Brewing Co.

Badger 15

Madison, Wis.

# *Hungry? .. Broke? .. Then Look:*

**SOMETHING NEW  
FOR  
EVENING DINNER**

A swell special each night in the Georgian Grill for 40c. First time in history it's been so low.

**WEEK-END SPECIALS  
IN THE  
UNION REFECTORY**

Saturday night: A steak dinner for 35c  
Sunday noon: An oversize special at 35c  
Sunday night: Cheapest of all, a special at 25c

*Give Your Appetite and Pocketbook a Break*

**COME TONIGHT**



**TO THE UNION**

Your support at the City Election  
on April 4th is solicited

**James R. Law**  
for  
**Mayor**



announcing:

The Gala Event  
Of The Second Semester!



21st Annual  
Military Ball



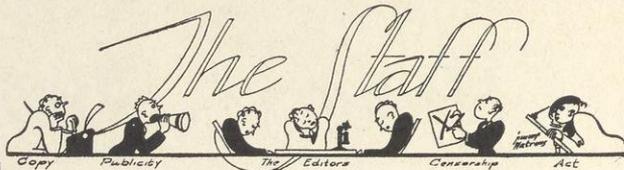
APRIL 28th



« A Famous Orchestra »

The date has been set back to enable us to present for your enjoyment one of the finest bands ever to have played here—A nationally known attraction, which has never before appeared on this campus

« Don't Miss It! »



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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

- Zambo Mestizo
- Robert Pentler
- Jack Wongun
- Fabio Cabron
- Buh Duh
- Fred Fake
- Billy Upstairs
- 'Tank' Manley
- The Thirsty Three
- Florence McCoy

First Frosh (in swimming class):  
Are you a fraternity pledge?

Second Moron: No, I just backed  
into a stove.

—Aggrievator

We suppose that the reason for so  
much water around the statue of Lib-  
erty is that her upraised hand was not  
noticed soon enough. (Sorry)

—Lord Jeff

*Mr. Sappy:* The milkman told me  
he necked every dame on this route,  
with the exception of one.

*Mrs. Sappy:* That must be that  
stuck-up Mrs. Ritz next door.

—Owl

Country Gentleman: Here, hold  
my horse a minute, will you?

Senator: Sir, I am a member of  
Congress.

C. G.: That's all right, I'll trust  
you.

—Log

"Here comes the parade. Where's  
Aunty?"

"She's upstairs waving her hair."

"Goodness, can't we afford a flag?"

—Pelican

"Will we ever have a woman presi-  
dent?"

"Of course not! A president has  
to be over thirty-five years of age."

—Phoenix



## Men Are Doing Their Own Picking This Season

Each is his own stylist. For the  
suit he chooses must go—great  
guns—with a plaid slack—and  
perhaps a light over check.

Then the shirts, the neckwear and  
hose must "go with"—to contrast  
—or to blend.

Building ensembles is fun—is in-  
teresting and (in these days) is  
inexpensive.

*Anderes & Spoo*

18 No. Carroll  
On Capitol Square



## Well Suited

That you must be this spring! It's folly to even try to get along without a smartly tailored wool suit this season. We have them in an excellent selection in our apparel section on the second floor... moderately priced!

**Harry S. Manchester**  
INC.

Russia is starting on a second Five Year Plan. We hope they have better luck than we had with one of those Easy 20-Payment Plans.

—Columns

Curious Old Lady: Why, you've lost your leg, haven't you?

Cripple: Well, damned if I haven't.

—Kitty-Kat

According to our sociology profs, marriage is a great institution. We agree. No family should be without it.

—Medley

She: How is it that you get so divinely after you've taken a few drinks?

He: That's because I drink rubbing alcohol.

—Rammer-Jammer

Prof. in Ethics: I will lecture today on liars. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter?

Nearly all raise their hands.

Prof: That's fine. You're the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter.

—Red Cat

Policeman: Where are you going in such a hurry?

Student: I just bought a new textbook and I am trying to get to class before it goes out of date.

—Exchange

# SPRING NUMBER » »

Cover Courtesy  
Chicago Phoenix



BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

# ○ TEMPORES! ○ SENATORES!

*Scene: Elegantly furnished room in the Wisconsin State Capitol Building in which a legislative committee is meeting to discuss the introduction of bills. They are seated around a large table.*

*Time: The crucial present.*

Chairman: Fellow Senators, I have called you together to prepare legislation that will immediately relieve the dire financial and unemployment distress in this state. The time calls for action. The people expect it, and we must not be found wanting.

Senator One: Mr. Chairman, I am even inclined to resent the inference that we legislators will be found wanting when we are face to face with a crisis as critical as the present one. I, too, sound the call for immediate action, and to speed matters up have prepared a timely bill.

Chairman: Let's hear it!

Senator One: In view of the present situation we cannot afford to dilly dally with conservatism. Action is the word!

Chairman and other senators (eagerly): Yes, yes, go on!

Senator One: I have here a bill which will make it a criminal offense, punishable by law, for any member of any secret organization, lodge, or fraternity to hang his pin or emblem thereof on any designing member of the opposite sex. There you are boys, how's that?

All: (applauding) Congratulations, Senator, you will go down in history as the man of the hour. Hurrah! Hurrah!

Chairman: Indeed, fellow senators, One has given us a mark to shoot to in the matter of timely legislation. This should do more to better conditions than any other piece of legislation in recent years.

Senator Two: Mr. Chairman, I, too, have prepared a bill which will help alleviate the present critical conditions. I propose that hazing, paddling, and other ungentlemanly practices used in initiating members into various orders existing within our pub-

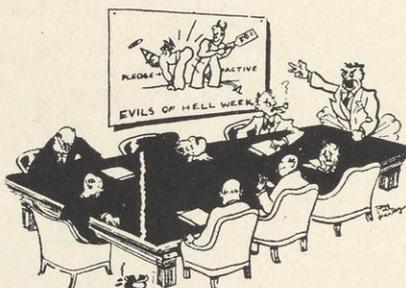
lic schools be banned under penalty of the law.

All: (thunderstruck) Marvelous, marvelous, Senator Two, we shall see that it passes the legislature tomorrow. You will be known as the benefactor of the common people. Senator Two, the Savior of his State!

Chairman: I am pleased with the progress we are making in meeting the demands of the time. This meeting will come to be regarded with increasing significance as time goes on.

Senator Three: Yes, indeed, but we must adopt even more far reaching measures to cope with the present situation.

All: (eagerly) What have you in mind?



Senator Three: It has been brought to my attention that the University of Wisconsin is sadly neglecting its educational opportunities by not offering courses in Glubjikian, one of the better known Afghan dialects. I will introduce a bill establishing such courses at the university.

All: Yeah! Yeah! H'ray for Senator Three and Glubjikian! May we save the day by putting Glubjikian words into the mouths of every man, woman, and child in Wisconsin.

Chairman: Splendid work, Three. Now that we have successfully met the crisis a motion for adjournment is in order. But first let me say that at our next meeting we will discuss the problem of indigent snipe-pickers on northern Indian reservations and what to do with the homeless potato bugs of Hootnanny County.

## Financial Vacation

A bank holiday is when the currency decides to let everything drop and spend a few weeks at sea.

She: I have a most delightful etching in my *salle à manger*. Would you like to see it?

He: Yes, but please don't ask me to scratch it.

## TOOT

One of the most paradoxically comical ads we have seen for a long time is that of a beauty shop in the sophisticated New Yorker of February 11.

In the center of the copy, is the picture of a gent whose appearance approximates the conventional conception of a burly Latin "muscle-man." And, in the words of the ad, the female proprietor, Mme. Something-or-other,

*Is happy  
to announce  
the affiliation of  
GABRIEL*

He evidently horned in on the place!

Rich man, poor man,  
Beggar man, thief.  
Doctor, lawyer,  
Indian chief.

Rich man's poor now,  
Barrister's beef.  
All but tramps get  
Charity relief.

It is commonly said that a certain company sells razors at a loss in order to sell more razor-blades. Now we see the connection between the low price of cheese and the high cost of mouse-traps.

EX '36

Oh Mom and Dad,  
I'm coming home  
To milk the cows  
And plow the loam.

For social life  
I was not cut—  
Of urbane jibes  
I was the butt.

My clothes were sadly  
Antiquated—  
Ties and shirts  
Were badly mated

When I looked at  
My clumsy shoes  
And thread-bare coat,  
I got the blues;

For other boys  
Were fashion-plates,  
Who had good times  
And went on dates.

But I was always  
Home alone,  
Devouring books  
I didn't own.

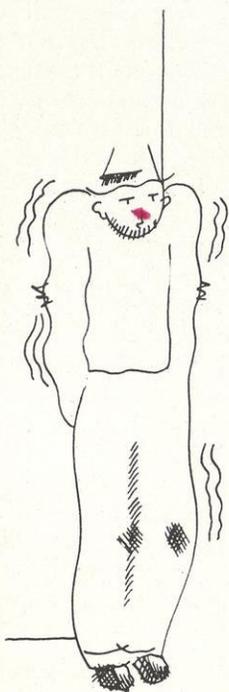
I tried to calm  
My social yearning,  
Tensely seeking  
Higher learning.

And so I stuffed  
My brains with Einstein,  
Schnitzler, Freud,  
And Gertude B. Stein;

Voltaire, Flaubert,  
Browning, Whitman,  
Tolstoy, Gorky,  
Mencken, Lippmann.

So—anyone  
Can plainly see  
Why I flunked  
Dairy Husbandry.

—Henry Kupferschmid



*Note on a Precocious Child's  
Coin Bank*

Dear Daddy: I'm having a bank  
holiday so please let my money rest.

First Kappa (to room-mate): Long  
distance phone-call for you, Betty!  
Paris France calling!

Second Kappa (languidly): Tell  
Mr. France that I don't remember  
ever having been introduced to him.

At last the public knows  
The meaning of scriptorium.  
There fiat money grows  
When there's a moratorium.

# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS HANDY HANDBOOK FOR CAMPUS POLITICIANS

Compiled By FRED FAKE

*Mr. Fake, Octy's political expert, probably knows more about campus politics than any contemporary university authority, including the combined brains of the elections committee and the elections board. Mr. Fake has been known, on occasions, to answer with infallible accuracy as many as two or three out of a full hundred questions put to him concerning these affairs. Octy feels confident that the accompanying guide will prove of great value to all who do not entirely misunderstand university campus political matters already. Lux fecit nox.*

*Backslapping.* Chiropractors majoring in spades may use this device. All others are advised to refrain, owing to the danger of contracting athlete's foot from people who sleep in shower baths with their clothes on.

*Badger Board.* This group has always been found to be very congenial and well mannered, although they occasionally disagree as to whether green or orange pekoe tea shall be served at their perfectly charming luncheons.

*Big Shot.* This colloquial term generally signifies, to continue its metaphor, an explosion producing a great deal of noise; unless, of course, the individual using the term refers to himself. A variation in the spelling of the second term has occasionally been used.

*Campaign Manager.* The manager is the only person on the campus who is downright certain that his candidate is an ignorant boor. A pair of candidates and manager will generally alternate capacities during a four-year career here, in case one or both continues in residence for that period.

*Candidate.* The wheel of activity revolves around the candidate. In fact, the entire affair bears a remarkable resemblance to a windmill. The name of the candidate is, on special occasions, listed correctly on the ballots.

*Cardinal Board.* This group may be termed another meal outfit. It intermittently frets, fusses, and fumes its membership into a furor over very minor journalistics. Although carrying the same name, the Board, like Cardinal Key, has really little or nothing to do with the campus daily, which functions excellently in its own distinctive manner. A candidate for this board, if he is to carry on its tradition, must possess not one iota of wisdom or understanding, although he

mingled with general misanthropy. The paper prides itself on its staff of phoney political specialists. It lives in mortal fear of slipping some day by giving somebody some publicity; but just do something that you *don't* want printed and see what will happen!

*Dormitory Vote.* This is the time-honored enigmatic anathema of the campus politician. While it has never failed to upset the fraternity peace of mind, its significance is extremely psychological. When measured in ballots, well, it just ain't!

*Election.* The exceptional and miraculous process of making something out of nothing. Many good studies of "before . . . and after . . ." could be made.

*Election Day.* This has always been a period of universal class-cutting. Except for the election, the actual day has no points of significant difference from any other day.

*Elections Board.* The board recently gave itself the power to run the campus.

*Elections Chairman.* The elections board always selects for this position the individual who rates lowest on the registrar's intelligence and personality tests. Once, a number of years ago, a student was discovered who gave a favorable opinion of the elections chairman.

*Fee Cards.* Quotations on gross lots are expected to become firmer on the Langdon exchange as the election date approaches.

*Forensic Board.* This is the Werner crowd, which recently met and cut its membership from five to four. The composition of the group will not be perfected until after four more meetings.

*Goodnight, Scott H.* The Dean operates a no-charge consultation bureau for aspiring politicians, for board

(Continued on page 14)



must, particularly after election, cherish firmly the conviction that the board carries some significance.

*Co-op Board.* The chief function of this board is to discover just how low they can put the Co-op rebate without actually having the members owe something.

*Daily Cardinal.* In one sense of the word, this is a newspaper. It has a marked anti-politician psychosis

# SORORITY BRIDGE

By HENRY KUPFERSCHMID

Once, at least, during every college man's career, whether he be an independent or whether he walks with his nose up in the air, there comes a time when he must go through a most horrible experience—playing bridge in a sorority house.

Not that I have anything against sorority girls—(except that the majority of them have a most celestial opinion of themselves)—but as an old hand at the game, having been the sucker for many a blind date, I feel it is my duty to give you the lowdown.

First of all, you walk into the joint, which is either an unattractive but solid house, or a luxurious cardboard affair. You wander about the first floor, wondering what procedure you have to go through in order to get in touch with your date (or maybe you'd better wait till later for *that*—when you know her a little better). Then the house-mother or one of the cistern drags herself up to you and smiles sweetly, showing the extra-fine and expensive bridgework in her mouth, if she has one. (I mean bridgework, silly, not the *mouth*.)

"Were you looking for anybody?" she asks, but really means "who the L are you, anyway, you *tramp*?"

"Yes," you answer with equal sweetness and hypocrisy, "is Miss Z... at home?"

"I don't know-ow," is the answer, "I think she had a date tonight... but I'll see. Next time, you may ring the bell in the hall closet."

After waiting about two hours or so, during which time the young lady has been waiting in vain for a phone call from somebody else, and looking for your picture in the yearbook, she makes a dramatic entrance on the stairway. Then comes the customary gab about "Are you Mr. L...?" and "Yes,

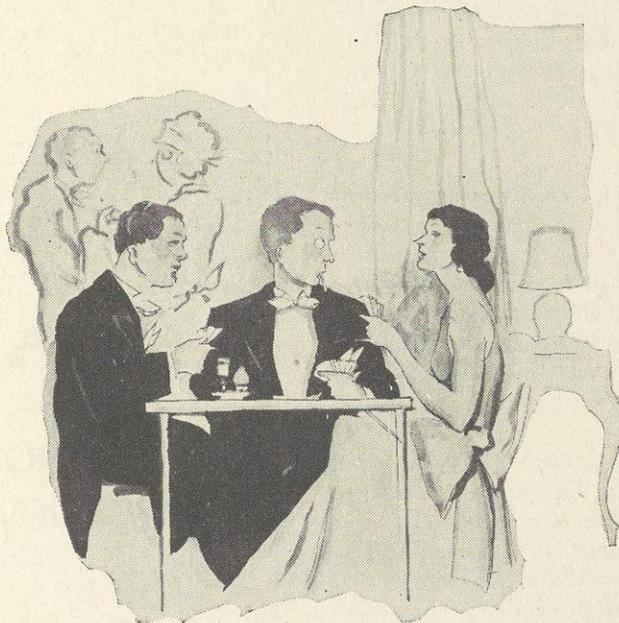
I'm him' 'and "My, my, your grammer's terrible! ain't you never loined no English? ha ha ha" and "heh heh heh."

The next development:

"Where are we going tonight, Mr. L...?"

"Oh, call me Joe."

"All right *Joe*. You may call me Hephebia-Anna."



"Finnish?"

"No, that's all."

"Heh heh, I meant—are you Finnish?"

"No, I don't think so. You see, both my mother and father came from Helsingfors."

"Oh, I see."

"Yes."

(Directions: shift uneasily on your feet. Make creases in your hat. It's better than making creases in your bankroll. Sooner or later she will start up again.)

"There's a swell place I know of... there's dancing and *everything*."

(This is your cue.)

"Well, I was thinking...there's a swell show at the Orph..."

"But I've seen all the shows in town!"

"...And I've seen all the dives in town. How late can you stay out tonight?"

"Well, it's really a 10:30 night... and I *really* couldn't..."

"How about a ride, then?"

"Oh, no, I *never* go riding."

"Dance?"

"We-ell, I was sort of thinking of that place before, but I just reminded myself that my doctor said I can't dance on account of my weak heart."

"Walk?"

"Oh, dear, I'm *so* tired tonight... you know, I've been out *every* night this week, with rushing and all, you know..."

"Yes, I know! Go to a show or something?"

"Well, maybe I didn't see *every* show, but then my eyes are *so* tired, you know... (What's the matter with that sap? Can't he see where I want to go?)

"YES, I KNOW!" (What's the matter with that dame? Can't she see where I DON'T want to go? Does she think I'm a

gold mine?)

"Well..."

"Well..."

This is about the time for her to signal one of the girls to drag herself and her date in.

"Joe, this is Miss O..., and Mr. T... This is Joe L..."

"Pleased ta meetcha."

"Delighted."

"Sa pleasure."

"Been to the track meet?"

"No, I'm not interested in track. Never go. Basketball is my game. Say, do you remember last year..."

(But girls aren't interested in basketball in March. Be prepared for *it*

(Continued on page 19)

# MR. PRESIDENT!

MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,  
% EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR FRANK:

I hope you'll pardon the familiarity, but you seem to be quite a sociable fellow judging from the movies I've seen of you. Of course, maybe Jim Farley was coaching you behind the camera; but at any rate, we're all in the same boat, and we all got to pull together.

Believe you me, Frank, we students are serious-minded of late. No longer do we study such tripe as Sanskrit phonetics, Population Problems of the Antarctic, Seminar in Lecturing to Deaf and Dumb Classes, etc. We do *real* thinking now. Of course, some twerps didn't go to classes when you declared a bank holiday a few weeks ago, but they don't count.

I've been studying the situation, and I thought I might help you out with a few suggestions, in view of the fact that you'll probably be busy during the next few months receiving ministers from Patagonia, Curaçao, Ubangi, etc., not to mention helping Mrs. Roosevelt undo the dinner-table tangles of Dolly Gann.

I read in the papers where a lot of towns are having "barter." You know what barter is, don't you, Frank? It's something like this:

Suppose a farmer can't sell his stuff—what does he do? He goes to town with his best heifer and trades her in for a gallon of milk. If you ever traded in a second-hand car for a new one, you'll know what I mean, except that they don't chop off about \$300 from the allowance if the cow has a dent in her rear fender.

Anyway, we students could have barter if you'd give your O. K. For instance, among the empty beer bottles and alky cans lying around my room, I've got about 684½ pairs of old socks that I might trade in for something I need—like a pair of garters, or maybe a phonograph for a course I'm taking in Music Appreciation. The socks are a bit dirty because I've worn each pair for about 3 weeks, but somebody could surely use them for stocking-caps if they washed them and mended the big holes. Perhaps you don't understand, because you're a Harvard man, but I know you sympathize with us anyway.

When I was in France in 1927, the only worth-while things I saw was post-cards, and Americans bought 'em like hot-cakes. They were real snappy—it showed nature in the raw before the cigarette companies ever thought up that idea. Well, you've probably been to Paris, so there's no need of going any further and getting into a hole.

I was thinking maybe you could get Congress to do away with the duty on French post-cards. Then Americans would buy them, and France would get so much gold in international exchange that she would have *no* excuse for not paying the debts—providing, of course, that they don't go off the gold standard, like England. *And we'd have the post-cards!!*

Speaking of England—they owe us some dough too, don't they? How are they going to pay? And what about their "Buy British" campaign? That's foolish, be-

cause it'll come in conflict with our "Buy American" campaign, and how is the world going to co-operate if Britain says "Buy British" when they know darned well that we want everybody to buy American?

But don't let that bother you, Frank. Let those limeys solve their own problems—we've got enough to think about without bothering about them!

My political science prof once said that "gov't is business." I also read that there are too many people who want gov't jobs. Well, by putting 2 & 2 together, you'll see that *everybody* could have jobs if the gov't took over *all* business. Why didn't anybody think of that before? That would solve the unemployment situation, and then we could ignore those lousy communists and socialists who are always raising hell about something.

Well Frank, I hope that my suggestions will be of some value to you. If I can ever be of any use to you in solving the country's problems, I'll always be willing to drop down to Washington and take a gov't position.

Yours for prosperity,

JOE COLLEGE

—Fabio Cabrón

## EXTRA! EXTRA!

### EARTHQUAKE OPENS CALIFORNIA BANK



PENTLER

# PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN ANNIVERSARIES

In 433 A. D., Attila the Hun began the formation of an Eurasian empire; and to the quingentiary of the event, this memorial is dedicated. Attila promulgated the theory that "Nature in the raw is seldom mild," and was the first to pose for cigarette advertisements. Told that all roads lead to Rome, the barbarian chieftain attempted an attack on the city but was detoured by highway construction. He laid siege to Constantinople, ending up by writing a song about it. Attila couldn't spell hemorrhage, either. He died from its effects.

Five years ago, people were unable to tell a depression from a hole in the ground. In fact, that's what they believed it was. In celebration of the quinquennium, trouser pockets should be turned inside out, and the waistline placed at half-mast.

This is the one-hundredth year following the installation of Santa-Ana as president of Mexico. He is not to be confused with Santa Claus, since the only thing the former gave freely of was trouble. Beginning with Santa-Ana, the country's chief executives have stayed in one place as long as its jumping bean. He found it unwise to hitch his wagon to a Lone Star. Since Juarez, the Mexicans have been playing hide-and-go-seek-a-president.

The year 1933 should be celebrated as the one marking complete emancipation from the bustle. No longer do women hide their might under a bustle, for they have found other ways of keeping in shape. Necking is no longer handicapped, nor is it hazardous to play pinochle on a piano. The modern skirt—long may it wave!

An opera house, a lecture hall,  
A theater, and a zoo.  
Most modestly they named the place—  
Bascom 2-7-2.

Eight University of Wisconsin students and instructors ran for city offices in the municipal elections on a Socialist ticket. It would have been more in keeping with the times to run on a meal ticket.

On nights in spring it is the thing  
Your morals to ignore.  
Though time is vast, you must be fast—  
The sun comes out at four!

At last — the lame ducks have packed their carpet bags and travelled back to where they came from. Unfortunately, this does not mean that Washington will be free from quacks.

Poor Hercules! He had to bear the weight of the world on his shoulders! If he were here today, he would be able to balance it on his hand, like a tray.



"Hey, you, why don' sha go around?"

# CRYSTAL MANSIONS

1

Girls who gab all day and night,  
 Profs who always think they're right,  
 Barking dogs that never bite,  
 Don't annoy me.

2

Reds who never comb their hair,  
 Dopes who put tacks in your chair,  
 Playboys on their weekly tear,  
 Don't annoy me.

3

Childish campus politicians,  
 Hard-boiled cops and quack physicians,  
 Useless federal commissions,  
 Don't annoy me.

4

BUT

I refuse  
 To tolerate  
 Or digest  
 (Much less masticate)  
 Folks who always  
 Remain calm,  
 Who never  
 Register alarm—  
 Folks who always  
 Laugh and sing—  
 Who're never annoyed  
 By anything.

—Zambo Mestizo

The president had taken his oath of office. The crowd cheered wildly, for in the heart of every person present, was the anxious, suffering hope that this man—this smiling, amiable man who waved his hat to his fellow-citizens—would carry out his promises, would save the nation from ruin.

Suddenly Mr. Roosevelt's lined face became serious. He turned around and called his wife. "Eleanor," he whispered hoarsely.

Mrs. Roosevelt hurried up to her husband. "What's the matter, Frank?"

"Eleanor," he muttered, "I've done something terrible! Terrible!"

"What is it, Frank?"

"Eleanor, I forgot to put out the cat at Hyde Park!"

•

"I can't marry you, Jim. Ours will have to be a platonic friendship."

"Well then, good-bye fervor."

•

A lady recently took a taxi from Eastbourne to Scotland. It is stated that for some reason or other the driver was unable to pick up a return fare.

—Punch

•

Even American *humor* is penetrating England, Mr. Adams!

•

The French are funny people,  
 Different from folks *chez-nous*,  
 For when they add their numerals,  
*Tu plus tu* make *vous*.

•

The Hill looks like a Turkish harem,  
 For sporting pants—the girls all wear 'em.

•

Ever since a copy of the American Mercury was brought into Europe, those damned foreigners have been Mencken fun of us.

•

Mr. Rockefeller's Radio City had only one short-coming—the amplifier didn't work so well.

*Out yonder*\_\_\_\_\_

While we stop to rest and  
admire the beautiful 'out yonder'  
let's enjoy a Chesterfield

*they Satisfy*





## SIGNS OF SPRING

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**KARSTENS**

On Capitol Square :: at 22 North Carroll

(Continued from page 8)

members, for board non-members, for campus czars, and for the general public. The simplest problem can often be settled in as short a time as two weeks. The students on this campus, of course, manage their own affairs.

*Independent.* Be like this, if you want to be sure you're not elected. The independent is analagous to the "forgotten man." (At least when ballots are being marked.)

*L. I. D.* The League for Industrial Democracy would like its organization of independents to sweep all the offices. An organized independent sounds strangely like white negroes, dry Madison, students, humorous Octopuses, and other self-contradictory terminology. The League recently announced that it will publish a memorial in "Student Outlook" to all persons donating any pink fabric or well-built soap boxes.

*Machine.* A campus political machine is the inevitable result of any chance mention of "politics" in a speakeasy containing at least two students containing at least two beers. Machines are made up of groups of fraternities, with no fraternity necessarily belonging to more than two machines.

*Politics.* This is a general term covering codes of conduct not otherwise accountable for.

*Polling Place.* This is the only place in the world where a large number of intelligent people seriously make crazy X's in funny squares after names of people they never heard of. Some voters have been known not to recognize names even after marking their fourth or fifth ballot.

*Qualifications.* For all boards a candidate must be either a student or a non-student, must have worked a hundred hours or not have worked a hundred hours, must be recommended or may run unrecommended, must be male if not female, must be either a freshman or sophomore if not a junior, senior, grad, or otherwise, and must in other respects be generally qualified unless in other respects generally unqualified. Anybody may run for any board, although all incumbents hope by regulations some day to limit candidates to those not exceeding fifth

degree common law relationship to themselves.

*Registrar.* The registrar, to testify to student honesty, always counts the ballots. The number of votes each candidate receives is determined by Miss Martin on a ouija board, after the winners have been selected by drawing names from a hat. The method is short and inexpensive, as well as being just as likely to determine the real victor as any other method.

*Rules.* The rules are drawn up by the Elections Board in consultation with an advisory committee from the Mendota hospital. The rules add an element of delightful confusion to the election, although they may readily be adjusted and interpreted to attain any desired result.

*Stoll, Norman A.* Stoll, in the past few months, has brought forth upon this campus two new constitutions and sets of by-laws, subject to the same comment as the rules. Stoll proposes to set up a system of regulations governing individuals entering and leaving Bascom at the front entrance, as well as covenant of principles concerning sweeping pencil shavings from the offices of The Daily Cardinal.

*Vote.* A vote is a mark on a ballot. Elections have been known which were decided through these.

*Republican (boarding train):* Porter, I'm in lower 3. Is my berth ready?

*Porter:* No sir. I thought you politicians made up your own bunk.  
—Voo Doo

"Ah threw mah knee out of joint doin' that Charleston."

"Man, you is lucky—s'pose you had been doin' the Black Bottom!"  
—Crimson

*Prof:* Didn't I get my last haircut in this shop?

*Barber:* I think not, sir. We've only been in business two years.  
—Skipper



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Interested but unprospective buyer: Say, fellow, can you comb your hair with it?

—Phoenix

Pi: Florence has the biggest Hispano-Suiza I have ever seen.

Phi: Yes, I know, and she will wear those tight dresses.

—Exchange

The flapper co-ed went up to the young prof. and said, "Profy, dear, what are my marks?"

He put his arm around her and whispered sweet nothings in her ear.

—Banter

### *Voices at Twilight*

"I wanna come in."

"No, you can't come in."

"Why can't I?"

"'Cause mamma says boys should not see little girls in their night gowns."

Short silence.

"You can come in now, I took it off."

—Exchange

1st Customer: Pie me, fella.

2nd Customer: Hamburger me.

1st Customer: Coffee me.

2nd Customer: Why er-a I'll have a glass of milk.

—Exchange

Butcher: Would you like a nice turkey for Christmas, lady?

Woman: No, I want a nice goose.

Butcher: Hmm, can you take it?

—Lyre

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"I can let you have a cot in the ballroom," replied the clerk, "but there is a lady in the opposite corner, and if you don't make any noise she'll be none the wiser."

"Fine," said the tired man, and into the ballroom he went.

Five minutes later he came running out to the clerk.

"Say," he cried, "that woman in there is dead!"

"I know it," was the answer. "But how did you find out?"

—Punch Bowl

Oh, Yeab?

Mother (to Bursar and Housemother): And are you sure that all of the parties at the university will be well chaperoned?

Housemother: Absolutely. Very well chaperoned.

Mother: Well, then, I don't want her to go to the university. I want her to have a good time.

—Phoenix

Judge (to servant acting as witness): Have you ever seen your master under the influence of intoxicating liquor?

Witness: No, your honor, I can't say that I have, but I have seen him lying on the floor swearing that he'd catch that bed the next time it came around.

—Log

1st Engineer: Why do you call your girl your "Mechanical Sweetheart"?

2nd Monkeywrench: Because she has a glass eye, rubber neck, cork leg, cedar chest, fire in her eyes, electricity in her hair, and gas on her stomach.

—Yellow Jacket

"Did you vote for the honor system?"

"Bet I did—four times."

—Pelican

Many a classy debutante  
Closely resembles Jimmy Durante.

—Record

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Speaker says that colonial aggran-  
dizement is continuing. All we can  
say is that things look dark for Africa.

—Columns

"I hear Rastus was expelled from  
Tuskegee for calling the Dean a fish."

"Yeah, he kept saying to him: 'Yes,  
sah, dean. Yes, sah, dean.'"

—Rammer-Jammer

Housewife (to garbage man): Am  
I too late for the garbage?

G. M.: No, ma'am; jump right  
in.

—Puppet

Father: You say you and your  
date got lost in the woods? How did  
you manage to hear the scouting party  
after you?

She: I had an ear to the ground.  
—Yellow Jacket

"Boy, oh boy! That was some  
blonde with you last night. Where  
did you get her?"

"Dunno. I just opened my bill-  
fold and there she was."

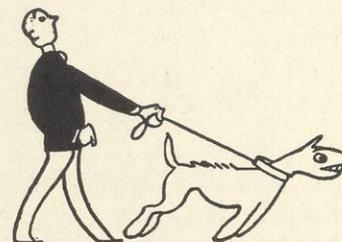
—Punch Bowl

Silk Pledge: Ish it all right if I  
open thish window?

Active: No, leave it alone.

S. P.: O. K. I was jus' thinkin'  
how your carpet's gonna look.

—Dodo



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(Continued from page 9)

any moment. Uh--huh-- here it comes!

"Oooo, I got it! LET'S PLAY BRIDGE!"

(What a bright idea! Why didn't they think of that before?)

So a wobbly bridge table is drawn up to the fireplace, and wobbly chairs (in spite of the shiny upholstery) are produced from the other room. One of the girls (take your choice) is more talkative than the other, (if that's possible), and begins to chatter:

"Do any of you play contract bridge? No? That's funny. Everybody around here plays it--after a fashion.

"Pardon the cards, they only cost two dollars a deck, but it's the best I could find. You know, at home we pay three dollars a deck and get them by the gross, because we're *always* having some kind of gathering or other. (Oh *darn* these cards!) I hope none of you have any trouble when it's your turn to deal.

"Can you do any card tricks? My brother Ted, can he *ever* do card tricks! You should see him. He can make them go in and out like an accordion, and he can take 'em out of the air so *cleverly*! He's good enough to go on the stage!

"No thanks, I *never* smoke. I'll bet you think it's unusual for a girl not to smoke, especially a *sorority* girl. But some of us *are* different. I don't drink, either. I---

"Oh, *pardon* me!"

Then she deals.

"What do you say, Joe?"

"Pass."

"Pass."

"I pass also."

"I *pabss*."

Then you deal.

"What do you do this time, Mr. R---?"

"Oh Joe, (pardon me for interrupting), before we start, do you play the force system? Culbertson says---

"Oh, play any way--makes no dif."

"Who dealt this mess? PASS!!"

"I'll say two of them."

"Two what?"

"Two passes. Hee hee hee!"

"Ha ha ha! (Fnfff.)"

"Tish tish. (Phhhht.)

(Someone always pulls that one.)

"I say three no trumps--*emphatically*--three no!"

"What do you think about the bank situation?"

"I buy."

"I don't know. Everybody pass?"

"Yeah."

"Sure."

"I get it for three no! Watch me make a grand slam!"

"I'd like to give *her* a grand slam."

"I see you lead with a six of clubs."

"No, that's a nine upside down."

"Oh. Pardon me! Who's supposed to lead?"

"I lead with a right to the jaw, then two body blows---he's up, he's down, he's up, he's down---

"Oh shut up, Ed, don't act silly. Besides a pun is the lowest form of wit. And anyway-----"

"C'mon, let's play *bridge*."

"Ooooooh, I made it!"

"Well, boys, here comes the house-mother."

"Good night, and thanks awfully. It was a very *pleasurable* evening."

"Wuz pleased to meetcha."

"Same here."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

And that's that.

*After the Ball Is Over*

He took her gently in his arms  
And pressed her to his breast;  
The lovely color left her cheek  
And lodged on his full dress.

—Orange Peel

He: What do you think of the Four Mills Brothers?

She: Oh, I'm just crazy about them, especially the red-headed one who plays the harp.

—Green Goat

"So Rose is going to get married at last? Who's the lucky man?"

"Her father, dodo, her father."

—Phoenix

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MAHATMA GANDHI

All women will dote  
On your short petticoat,  
Your bare legs must give them a treat;  
But, Mahat, you're so old  
That you're apt to catch cold.  
You'd best be a bit more discreet!

HENRY L. MENCKEN

Your satire is keen  
On the American scene,  
Your comments are caustic and tart;  
But for all of your balking,  
Misanthropic talking,  
You'll yet be America's sweetheart.

BERNARD SHAW

Your satanic grin  
And cracks about men  
Bring you more fame and money each year.  
Though folks think you're a wiz,  
The plain God's truth is  
You're only a bum racketeer.

JOAN CRAWFORD

I'm certain your face  
Wouldn't win you a place  
On either the stage or the screen;  
But, nevertheless,  
I'll have to confess,  
Your figure is really worth seein'.

—Black and Blue Jay

*Reverse English*

Buy American!  
Buy Mid-western!  
Buy Wisconsin!  
Buy Dane County!  
Buy Madison!  
Buy State Street!  
Buy nice apples, 5¢ . . .

*Second Semester Blues—A Parody on Song Titles*  
The Grade in the Little Blue Book.  
Now We're on Our Second Probation.  
Have You Ever Been to Prom?  
Out in the Great Drinking Places.  
Spittin' in the Fire With You.  
A Little Speak Where Old Friends Reek.  
Here It Is Monday and I've Still Got a Hangover.  
In a Sleepy Little Dormitory.  
Two Empty Pockets.  
I'm Living My Life I. O. U.

And there's the story concerning a clergyman, who, at a dinner, had to listen to a talkative young man who had much to say on Darwin and his "Origin of the Species."

"I can't see," bawled the young whippersnapper, "what difference it would make to me if m'grandfather was an ape."

"No," skirmished the clergyman, "I can't see that it would. But it must have made a great difference to your grandmother."

—Brown Jug

"What do you take for your insomnia?"

"A glass of wine at regular intervals."

"Does that make you sleep?"

"No, but it makes me satisfied to stay awake."

—Phoenix

Phone for Appointment Fa. 79

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# Luckies Please!

“It's toasted”

