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november

1951

wisconsin octopus



25¢



With football players getting more and more expensive, Coach Weedy Williams of Vassar (right) has decided to hire less mercenary players for his depleted team. Lana Schwartz (left), 204 pound quarterback from Plymouth, Wisconsin, shapes up to be the finest new addition to the squad. Lana measures five feet two, eyes of blue, thirty-two, twenty-two, thirty-two. Last year at Illinois she averaged a seven and a half yard ground gain and was followed closely by Rodney Fleetknee, big end from Peoria. Along with Lana, Coach Williams was pleased to admit he was gaining "a large number of stun-

ning new plays, some of which will prove very effective in the shower-room."

Miss Schwartz is a tremendous receiver but many of her teammates complain of her poor passing ability. Some of the first-string boys have offered to make a few passes in hopes of her catching on.

Dardenella "H₂O" Flambeau (center), beloved Vassar waterboy since 1926, was pleased that Schwartz was hired. "H₂O" has become quite an expert star-spotter in his twenty-five years at the college. When questioned about Lana, he smiled and said, "Dat goil ken handle balls like a perfeshunal."

Lana is looking forward to the big Vassar - Notre Dame game next week when she will have a chance to show off her charms against a very excited team. The Coach has decided to let her play without unnecessary padding (as in the picture) due to popular request.

We'll go off on our own deep end to predict that if the Vassar team continues to pick players like Miss Schwartz, football shall prove to be an even greater spectator sport. To Lana and Coach Williams the Octy wishes all the touchdowns in the world. To "H₂O" we wish he would take a bath.

gut busters

A six-year-old child from Milwaukee was visiting in the country. The farmer's wife took her for a tour around the place. She showed her the garden, the chickens, the stables, and finally they arrived at the pig pen where an enormous sow reclined in the sun.

"Big, isn't she?" asked the farmer's wife.

"No wonder," the girl replied, "I saw her yesterday and she had 10 little pigs blowin' her up!"

* * *

He: "The last issue of the Octopus must have been good."

She: "How do you know? I thought you never read it."

He: "I don't but the editor's been kicked out of school."

* * *

Sue: "Yes, I wrote a confession story once."

Helen: "Did they publish it?"

Sue: "No, but the editor came all the way from New York to see me."

* * *

A traveling salesman had just purchased the last Pullman reservation and was leaving the window when suddenly an elderly woman rushed up and cried, "I have to get on that train; It's a matter of life or death."

Always the gallant one, the salesman turned over his ticket to the distraught woman. That night his wife received the following telegram: "Delay unavoidable. Have just given berth to an elderly lady."

* * *

The missionary who was captured and eaten by cannibals gave the cannibals their first taste of religion.

—Matthew 1:45

* * *

A young married woman wanted her new maid to be pleased with her new position. "You'll have a very good time of it here," she explained, "because we have no children to annoy you."

"Oh," said the girl, generously, "I've very fond of children, so don't go restricting yourself on my account."

* * *

Mother (to daughter coming in late): "What makes your right shoe muddy and not your left?"

Daughter: "I changed my mind."

"When they talk about steak, they mean

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our readers' penned-up feelings

Dear Ed:

We would like to know if any of your readers could help us to find some authentic antique bundling beds for our youth organization. We want the youth of today to have the same splendid opportunities for healthful recreation that we had in our day.

Daughters of the Industrial Revolution
Camp Town Races, Virginia

Dear Ed:

I know first hand about scuttling people across the Mexican-U. S. border, because I live there and I ought to know. Your article condemning this practice (August 17) was splendid but it didn't go far enough. This is an insidious plot to undermine the U. S. A communist sympathizer has set up a regular two-way traffic of "wetbacks" sneaking into the U. S. and draft-dodgers sneaking out. This commie, "Pop" Weaver, feels that the illegal transfer will wreck the economy of the U. S., for the Americans are bringing American dollars into Mexico while the fleeing Mexicans take with them only hot tamales. So fanatical is "Pop" Weaver in perpetrating his diabolical scheme, that he refuses to live in Mexico, although this would be much safer for him. Nearing 65, he plans to remain in the U.S.A. and make a further drain on the national economy by drawing his Social Security. We must crack down on subversives like this.

Joel McCarthy, jr.

Nogalas, Mexico

Fellas,

We was mighty happy you printed that recipe for South African doughnuts. We whipped up a batch for the little Brownie group, which I and the girls have taken under our wings. And let me tell you them Brownies are having one hell of a good time peddling them doughnuts. Selling like hot cakes too. Them little Brownies have got quite a sock fulla dough. I advised 'em to put it in something solid like a gambling casino or a beer joint. But you know how kids are—never listen to good advice. They invested it in U. S. Steel.

Madame Vera and the Girls
Rosey Hue Terrace, Madison.



"To the showers, Blanconovsky. You're through."

Dear Sirs:

I have a subscription to your magazine, but for the last several months I haven't received a single issue of the Octopus. So when I wrote you the first time about it, what did you do? You sent me an autographed photograph of your editor in a leopard skin jock-strap. In reply to my second letter you offered to sell me the business. My third litter brought me two dozen exotic poses of the editor in an alligator skin Mother Hubbard. Honest, fellas, all I want is my Octopus.

Allen Agar

Crossroads, Wis.

ED: NOW, MR. AGAR, IF I UNDERSTAND YOU CORRECTLY, YOU WOULD LIKE TO GO INTO THE BUSINESS OF SELLING MY PICTURES. LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU ON A WISE CHOICE OF PROFESSIONS. AND I'M SURE YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED TO KNOW THAT A PEDDLER'S KIT CONTAINING 300 ASSORTED POSES IS ON ITS WAY TO YOU NOW.

Dearest Ed,

I miss you terribly. Oh, how lonely it is here all alone, my darling. How I long once more for your embrace. Must I sit here alone, month after month—waiting, waiting for *it*? Oh, when I think of how I gave you all — everything — utterly all, how could you leave me like *this*? How? How?

Mother

P.S.—How long must I wait for a letter from you?

funnies

Once a man and his dog were sitting on a park bench watching the pigeons. The man reached for a cigarette and found his pack was empty. Turning to the dog, he said, "Hey Charles, do you have a cigarette?"

"No," said the dog, "but there's a place down the street where they sell them."

"Fine," the man said, "here's a quarter, go get me a pack."

An hour later the dog had not returned, so the man went to look for him. He found the dog sitting at a bar casually sipping a martini. "This is a hell of a note," said the man. "Here I've always been able to depend on you before, and now you pull a trick like this. What's the idea?"

"Well," said the dog sheepishly, "you never gave me any money before."

* * *

He who laughs last has found a dirty meaning.

* * *

An officer of ancient Rome, called away to the wars, locked his beautiful wife in armor. Then he gave the key to his best friend with the admonition:

"If I don't return in six months, use this key. To you, my dear friend, I entrust it."

He then galloped off to the wars. About ten miles from home he saw a cloud of dust approaching and waited. His trusted friend, on horseback, galloped up and said:

"You gave me the wrong key."

knee slappers

Patient—I'm all out of sorts: the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness.

Friend—What's so tough about that?

Patient—You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner.
—Pup

* * *

"Gee, pardon me for slapping your face, I thought you were trying to steal my sorority pin."

* * *

"How old is you?"

"Ah's five. How old is you?"

"Ah don't know."

"Yo' don't know how old you is?"

"Nope."

"Does women botha' you?"

"Nope."

"Yo's fo'."

—P.U. Stinker

* * *

It was intermission at the fraternity dance and everyone came inside to rest.

* * *

A surgeon, an architect, and a Republican were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest.

Said the surgeon, "Eve was made from Adam's rib and that was a surgical operation."

"Maybe," said the architect, "but prior to that, order was created out of chaos, and that was an architectural job."

"But," interrupted the Republican, "somebody had to create the chaos."

—Wataugan

* * *

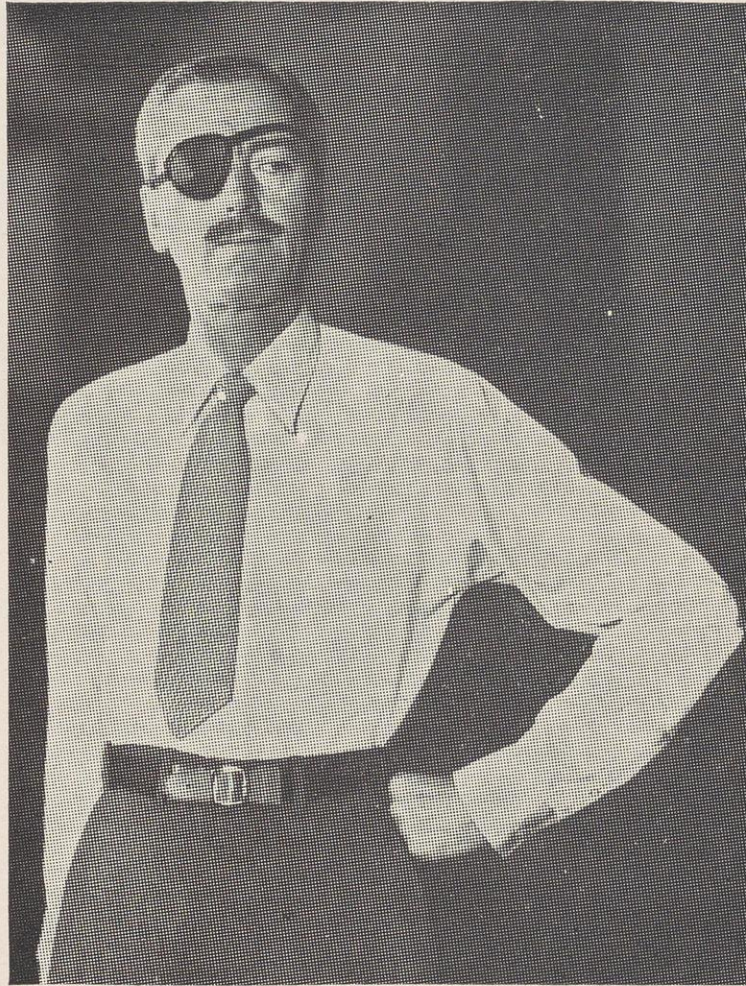
And there's the one about the college student who stayed in bed on Sunday morning because he was sack-religious.

* * *

"Every short story," said the journalism professor to his class, "should have reference to the Deity, a touch of royalty, and some mention of sex."

The following day an earnest student turned in this story:

"My God," said the princess, "take your hand off my knee!"



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PAUL BISHOP — Madison Representative

nausea unlimited

"So you say the water you get here at the fraternity house is unsafe?"

"Yeah."

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

"First we filter it."

"Yes."

"Then we boil it."

"Yes."

"Then we add chlorine to it."

"Yes."

"And then we drink beer."

* * *

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

* * *

Soft, the new love tells his lies,
And, ah, he tells them well;
Demurely I turn down my eyes—
Alone, I laugh like hell.

* * *

Soon after the fraternity house opened for the term, the brothers received a note from the sorority house across the street:

"Dear Sirs: Please procure curtains for your windows. We do not care for a study in anatomy."

The boys' reply was:

"Dear Girls: The course is optional."

—*The Yale Record*

* * *

LOG CABIN BRATWURST

You Know Where!



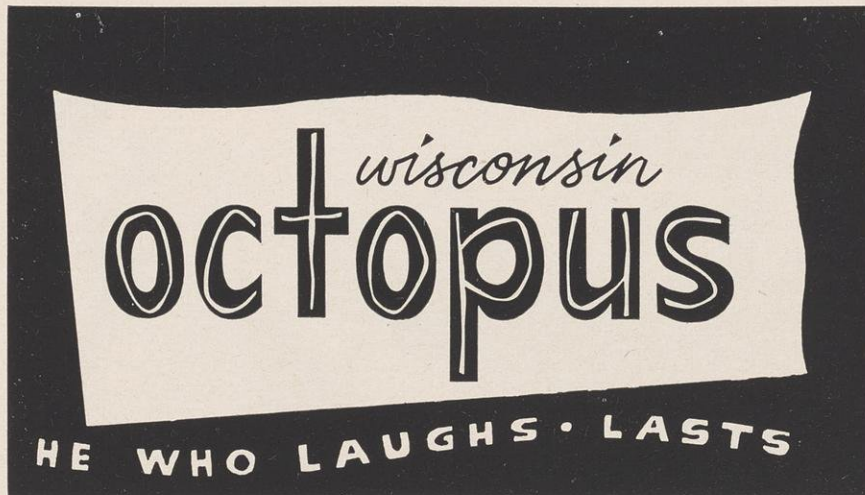
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There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Plastered on her forehead
And when she was good
She was very, very good
And when she was bad
She was marvelous.

* * *

Indignant mother: "Do you think it's fair, Bobby, after I told you that there wasn't any Santa Claus, to go and tell the neighbors that I laid your Easter egg?"



whom to blame

One day about nine or ten years ago in a secluded junior high school in Milwaukee a scream shattered the enforced silence and as the raving and disillusioned young wench was being hauled away on a stretcher, the ominous click-clack of footsteps on the tile corridors echoed the cartage of Merl Edelman to the first of five detentions he was to serve.

It was during these periods of solitude and recollection that Barry de Korpse was born.

In cold storage during the war for security reasons, de Korpse never appeared in print. His adventures were confined to typewritten sheets concealed in textbooks, read in darkness, and discussed in whispers.

The scene shifts to the office of the Badger Record, student newspaper of the U.W. Milwaukee Extension division. One Bernard Pershitz (now on campus in Engineering) was then (1950) feature editor.

"I got 20 inches of blank space on my page," he moaned. "Write me a feature, Merl."

Up came the first adventures of Barry de Korpse ever to appear in print.

"Not bad," admitted one faculty member in Milwaukee, "but we have to read it in the basement."

One Barry story followed that one, and the hard-drinking, foul-living student was sold.

The time was ripe in March, 1951. An ex-Extensionite, paisante, and landsman named Mendelsohn was doing dirty work on the Octopus.

"Send me a Barry!" he wired Edelman in Milwaukee. "My story's too clean and I have to fill the space."

And so the first adventures of Barry de Korpse appeared in the Dormitory (March-April) issue of Octy last semester. Already it has been reprinted in *Shaft*, humor mag for the University of Illinois, and *Leer*, laugh publication at Bradley university.

Edelman in Hollywood last summer to complete his first picture, "*Each Dawn I Try*," is working now on the Christmas adventures of Barry.

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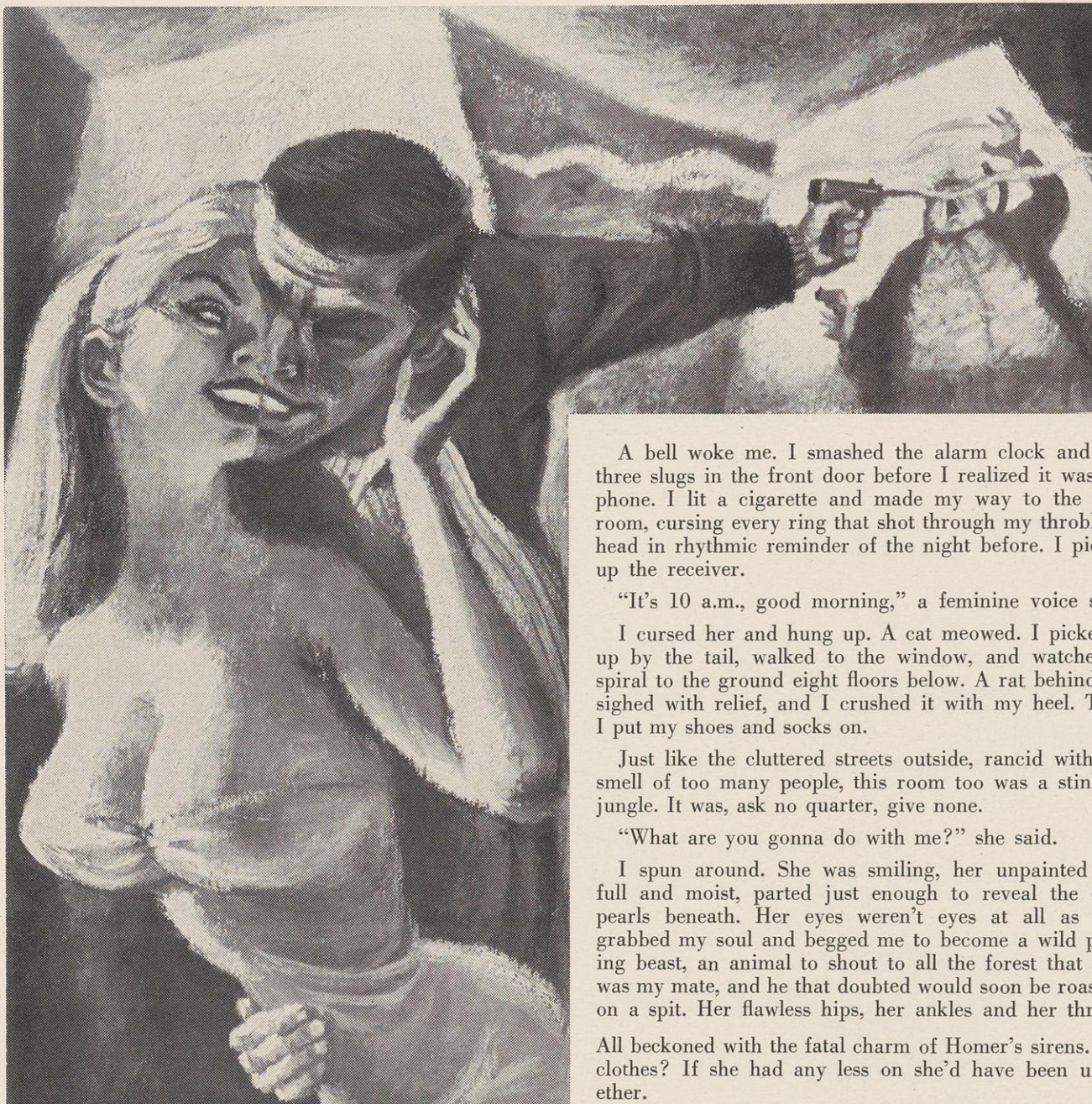
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A bell woke me. I smashed the alarm clock and put three slugs in the front door before I realized it was the phone. I lit a cigarette and made my way to the next room, cursing every ring that shot through my throbbing head in rhythmic reminder of the night before. I picked up the receiver.

"It's 10 a.m., good morning," a feminine voice said.

I cursed her and hung up. A cat meowed. I picked it up by the tail, walked to the window, and watched it spiral to the ground eight floors below. A rat behind me sighed with relief, and I crushed it with my heel. Then I put my shoes and socks on.

Just like the cluttered streets outside, rancid with the smell of too many people, this room too was a stinking jungle. It was, ask no quarter, give none.

"What are you gonna do with me?" she said.

I spun around. She was smiling, her unpainted lips full and moist, parted just enough to reveal the even pearls beneath. Her eyes weren't eyes at all as they grabbed my soul and begged me to become a wild panting beast, an animal to shout to all the forest that here was my mate, and he that doubted would soon be roasting on a spit. Her flawless hips, her ankles and her throat!

All beckoned with the fatal charm of Homer's sirens. Her clothes? If she had any less on she'd have been under ether.

my end is run

another Barry de Korpses adventure



I rolled my lips back over my teeth. Most people shuddered when I did that. I was ugly. There were no mirrors in the room. I hated the sight of me.

"You're cute," she said.

I took a swig from the office bottle. It was flat. I cursed and brushed the ink from my teeth, still looking at her.

"Barry de Korpses, detective, aren't you?" she cooed.

I slapped her across the face and threw my coat around her. She laughed and lit up a Spud, then blew smoke

in my face. I coughed and spit blood on the floor, still looking at her.

"Someone's following me," she said. "I want you to kill him."

I slapped her again and she giggled.

I wasn't a murderer, I told myself. But I knew I'd do it. I knew that once I saw the guy I'd get the urge. I had a whole stock of fiendish devices ready, depending on what he looked like. I told her to beat it, but she knew she had me. She gave me a check.

There was a sound in the hall. The door opened. He was slimy from head to foot, fat and sneering. He had a gun and he had the look on his face that said it was too bad an innocent sucker like me had to die along with her, but he'd enjoy it anyhow. He laughed.

Before he realized I'd ever seen a gun, my .38 was in my hand. His trigger finger moved, but it was ten feet away from him and heavy. He looked down at it. I shot off his kneecaps so he could have a better look, gave him just enough time to know he'd figured me wrong, and blew his face off.

The girl took a long drag on her Spud.

"You slob," she chided.

"Shut up," I told her. "You walk in and I kill a guy." I grabbed her by the throat.

"Who was he?" I demanded. "What did he want?"

"Take it slow," she advised. "My brother plays football for Apesite U. The money boys told him to throw the last game or they'd get me. He scored six touchdowns and told them where to head in. He hates me."

I crushed the shot glass in my fist.

"My name's Laura Morris," she said in a suddenly small voice. "Don't think too harshly of my brother Phil. He's really quite mild. It's just that he found out I murdered mother and stole his share of the inheritance."

She was too fine a woman for me. Defending a scheming rat who'd just as soon see her dead just because he was her brother. I'd settle with him my own way. Later.

"That mess on the floor has a twin brother," she said. "He's the brains. I have a date with him tonight. It was the only way I could think of to put him where you could take care of things."

"At your apartment?" I asked, taking down her address and sensing the kill.

"Yes," she sighed, knowing I'd be there and it would soon be over. Then she left.

It was my last 50 cents, but I threw it on the bar and gulped down the jigger of Scotch. I threw the glass through the bar mirror and left. I was loaded and I loved it. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to bare his guts and play a tune on them with a knife. I leaned against a street lamp and threw up.

Right now he was probably running his filthy fat hands all over Laura. I wanted to cut holes in his soles with a can opener and put hookworm larvae in the wounds. A blind woman sang "Rock of Ages" as she waved her cup. I slapped her across the face and pocketed the coins.

I couldn't stand it. I had no business letting Laura go through with it. I hailed a cab, told the driver an address a block from her apartment, and threw up again in the cab.

"Let ya go with 5 bucks, cleaning and all," the hack said when we stopped.

I grabbed him by the neck and, swaying to the irregular sound of the idling motor, I dragged him outside, opened the hood and fed him into the fan until his shoes crashed through a nearby window. As I walked

toward Laura's, I couldn't help laughing. The whole thing had been silly. I didn't have anything against the cabbie.

I went up the fire escape to the roof of her apartment building. The skylight led to her kitchen. I quietly let myself in. Through the crack in the closed door I could see him slobbering his greasy lips all over her as she calmly puffed a Spud, waiting for me.

I took a Thompson sub from the broom closet and walked in behind them. He heard me throw up and spun around. I took his head off just above the collar.

She blew a smoke ring.

"Must you always be so sloppy?" she laughed. "C'mere."

I threw the Thompson down and pulled her to me. There was a scream. It was me. The Spud was in her mouth when I kissed her.

I needed a drink. While I mixed a Scotch she swept the floor.

When the guy walked in I knew it was her brother. He was young and big and had a small strip of tape on one cheek. He was wearing a dark blue sport coat, grey pants, white shirt and maroon bow tie, a Tartan jerkin and white bucks. Around his neck he wore a yellow ribbon.

"Who are you?" I asked him anyway.

"Zeta Eta Pi," he said with a sneer as he chewed his pipe and ran a hand casually along his blond crew cut.

"So what?" I snarled, uninterested in the culinary feats of his ancestors.

Not wishing to disturb the newly swept floor, I restrained myself.

"See that tower over there, bud?" I said, pointing out the window.

He walked over and leaned out. One swift kick did it.

Before I went home I gave Laura back the check and promised myself to see more of her.



what football means to me

**an english 2 theme
by wallace bradlow**

I like football real much. Being a foreign student from New York where we play mostly cricket and footsie, I do not know a whole lot about the game. So I have delved into research, which has turned up some interesting stuff.

Football is a real old game. Actually it began as a religious ceremony that ended in wild drinking parties and sex orgies. Much of the original splendor of the game, however, has been retained by college students who want to get a bang out of life.

As we all know, football is played on a field much like those the ancient Druids held their sacrifices in. Jupiter, of course, presides over these events.

Before the players are ready for the big shindig, they must pass through certain preliminary ceremonies. Such a ceremony, for instance, as the ordeal by fire and paddle,

a puberty rite, which fraternities perform during hell week.

Having endured these rigors, the players, all of whom must be virgins, are kept in monastic seclusion, living in strictest asceticism. They deny themselves all the pleasures of the flesh such as beer and candy bars and petting. They are required to do such humble tasks as skipping rope, running through tires, and pushing weights around. Also in order to atune their thoughts with those of the gods they engage in the ancient practice of bashing their heads together.

At last, the time of the zodiac being in harmony with the forces of fertility, the stadium is packed with fanatical worshippers. The eleven virgins of each team trot onto the field, richly dressed in their sacrificial garments. The crowd is led in a short prayer of encouragement to the virgins by priests wearing ritual masks vaguely resembling a badger. A gaudy group of musicians pound, beat, and blow crude instruments in a frenzied way that is calculated to bolster the courage of the virgins as they arrange themselves in mystic groupings on the field.

Suddenly the musicians cease, the crowd is hushed, the virgins fly at each other, eager for blood.

For several hours, a football, symbolic of fruitful harvest, is passed from man to man, and occasionally it is crushed beneath sweating heaps of virgins. The females in the stadium are mad with delirium, associating themselves with the football.

At each new casualty the crowd roars its approval. All are wild with the wine of blood and the stench of sweat. The musicians are building up emotions to a fever pitch. But finally the last sacrificial virgin has been drawn and quartered. The festival of blood is ended. The worshippers, satiated with sadism, file happily from the stadium.

The grass is clotted with blood. One of the park attendants, formerly a broom-man for a rodeo, puffs on a cigar and goes about his task of tidying up the field which is strewn with stray bones, chunks of still-quivering flesh, and streamer-like intestines. Here an especially succulent portion of Number Thirty-two's thigh catches his attention and he wraps it in his handkerchief for his hungry dog at home.

So you can plainly see what a wonderful game football is and any college which presumes to place studies before football is definitely no good.

the woman in my room

(Editor's Note—Because of the intense public interest the following article will replace the scheduled feature, "Confessions of a lady shepherd", but look for that exclusive story in our next issue).

It is quaintly peculiar how one may lose one's way where one is comparatively new . . . what! So it was with me, a grad student from England, that first morning on the Wisconsin campus. I politely asked two gentlemen where the Bursar's office was. I finally staggered into an eating establishment called Mickey's (near where I later learned was the Fieldhouse) tired from a four hour search. Apparently I was known on the campus for as I entered someone called my name. I was immediately surrounded by a friendly group of college students.

My first thought was to ask how anyone on the campus could know who I was. The reply was that the whole campus was alerted for my arrival. (For you see, Dear Reader, I am no other than Reginald Carlsham, the greatest soccer athlete in the history of Three Bells on the Rye University located in SCOTCHland. I am of Bourbon descent. But modesty prevents me from digressing further).

I was then asked by the group, who were all wearing big white letters on red sweaters (an awkward combination—what), whether I was going out for (and I will use quotation marks for their exact word) the "team". When I asked if they meant the soccer team there was silence. This friendly, merry, wholesome group did not strike me as the kind that would revert to foul play but history should have warned me of impending danger from such a scurvy, disreputable, hostile looking mob. I had just mentioned something about not playing football when someone pointed to the door and yelled, "Yikes, the blooming King of England." I rose to my feet and turned around to bow when someone hit me with a bludgeon weapon which I later discovered was a white buck.

I woke up next morning in bed and there she was . . . the maid sweeping and cleaning the room. I dismissed her and looked for my clothes. I had to settle for a suit of padded garb which made me look much bigger than I was (it did wonders for my figure). On the suit was the big number 100. I was led into a gigantic stadium and put under the watchful eye of two football coaches (one was blind and the other had lost the sight of one eye. They played by smell).

Under their skillful tutelage I became an expert football player. For the next three weeks I was put through a strenuous drill. Then one day I was called to the dean's office. It seems that I had yet to pay my tuition (not

knowing where the bursar's office was) but that was straightened out.

Meanwhile the big game with Illinois was coming up and I was being put in readiness as Wisconsin's only hope for winning the game. As I quote one columnist, "This boy will play one whale of a game, huh." There were many other articles on me, some of them exceedingly overboard . . . jove!

After the effulgence of all these articles in the tabloids I must apologize for not being able to make the game. It completely slipped my mind. I was having tea that day with some dashing decent fellows at the International Club.

Ed. Note: This letter is from the English embassy where Mr. Carlsham has temporarily taken diplomatic immunity.

dick gronik

Mr. Binks was busily engaged with a spade in the mud beside his car when a stranger hailed him.

"Stuck in the mud?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Binks, "my engine died and I'm digging a grave for it."

* * *

He—Only a mother could love a face like that.

She—I am about to inherit a fortune.

He—I am about to become a mother.

—Pine Needle



"It's complete! He's down to the 20—the 30! It's a touchdown!"

ho-ho that's . . .

You kissed and told,
But that's all right;
The one you told
Called up last night.
* * *

House Mother: "Young man we
turn the lights out at 10 o'clock in
this house!"

Theta Chi: "Gee, that's darn nice
of you."
* * *

He: "Kiss me."
She: "Make me."

"Boys will be boys..."



but Cigars are a Man's Smoke!



**You need not inhale
to enjoy a cigar!**

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.

Mary had a little lamb,
Some salad and dessert,
And then she gave the wrong address,
The dirty little flirt.
* * *

The most observant person was
the historian who noticed that Lady
Godiva had a horse with her.
* * *

Some girls like to squander;
Others like to wander.
My girl likes to ponder.
So what?
Burma Shave.
* * *

Junkman—"Any old beer bottles
you would like to sell, Lady?"

Lady—"Humph, do I look as
though I would drink beer?"

Junkman—"Okay, Lady, you got
any vinegar bottles?"

Joe Stalin was inspecting a regi-
ment of Russian troops. He walked
about half a block down the line
when suddenly one of the soldiers
sneezed.

"Who sneezed?" Stalin asked the
front row. No one answered.

"Shoot them!" Stalin ordered. The
men were shot.

"Who sneezed?" Stalin asked the
second row. No one answered.

"Shoot them!" Stalin ordered. The
men in the second row were shot.

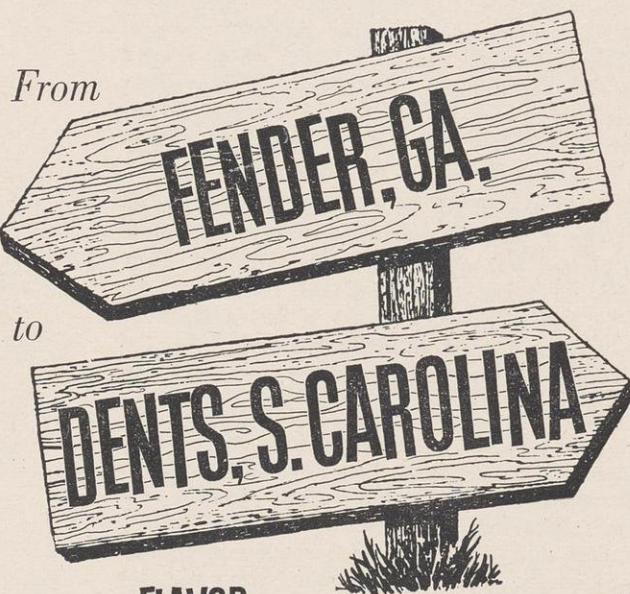
"Who sneezed?" Stalin asked the
third row. No one answered.

"Shoot them!" Stalin ordered. The
third row was mowed down.

"Who sneezed?" Stalin asked the
fourth row.

"I did," said the little buck private.

"Gesundheit!" said Stalin.



From
to
America's **FLAVOR-ite**
from coast to coast

"Fender, Ga. to
Dents, S. Carolina"
submitted by
Francis J. Dolan,
Cambridge, Mass.



\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: Fom RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes December 31, 1951. All entries must be postmarked prior to midnight that date to qualify. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Ya couldda knocked me over wit a feather when I got yer letter which nominated me Mr. Football for 1951, and astin' fer my life history. All troo Boy's State Reformatory I been winnin' all kinds of honors like such an' such, but I never once tot that I'd be mentioned fer Mr. Football by a rag held so high in literary esteem as is yer rag by men of the Badger line-up. Us men read it all the time in the locker room and occasionally find use fer it in the shower room as well—ha ha.

But now speaking wit no jokes intended, may I extend my heartfelt tanks fer the honor which you done me. I am sorry that it could not have been extended toward others of my associates which deserve mention since they are very close to my calibre, like you mentioned in yer letter, but at the same time which is a very great honor bestowed upon only one person per year, and again I extend my tanks.

As fer my life history, it is a long and complicated one which I have been spending many days trying to put together fer you, and which I now put down as well as I can remember.

I wuz born around nineteen or twenty years ago in New York City of dubious parents. (By what I mean to explain that they wuz missionaries in Boston and on accounta their work I never saw much of them. Like that babe in "Peter Pan", I wuz brung up by a mutt, too).

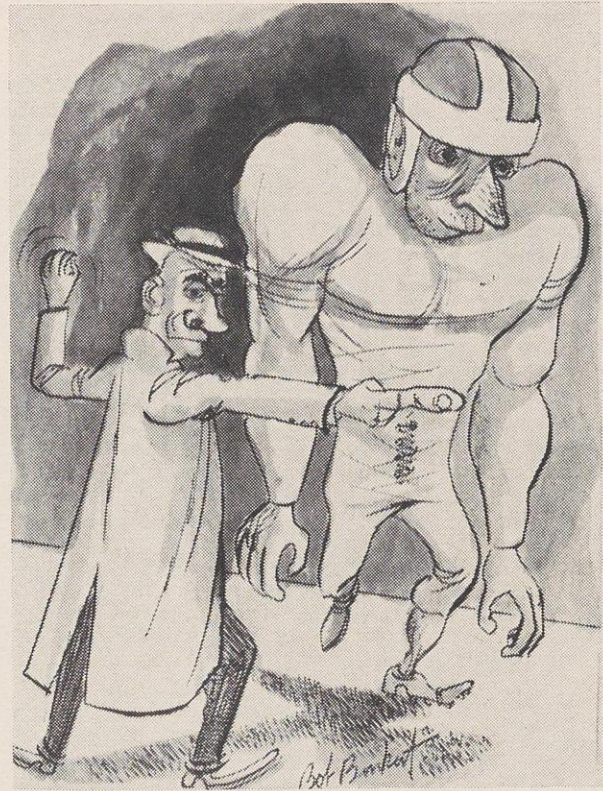
When we wuz kids, people usta laugh at us on accounta my two sisters had beards and I usta fall down a lot. This proved not so good fer the morale of my sisters, but it gave me the drive to make something of myself, and because of which at the age of four I wuz Head Deadie-eyes of the Manhattan River Rats, a branch of the YMCA.

At the age of eight I had my first unpleasant encounter wit the law, and at the age of eleven I wuz free again, to do like I pleased. It wuz during that time which I developed the shoulder power what I now exercise on the field. I got that power from plowin' on the prison farm. First one shoulder, then the other. (Now, I am told by friends, they buy plows fer them sissies).

mr feetsball sounds off

My powerful chest wuz developed at the age of 13, singing in the choir at Boy's State Pen. Many happy years wuz spent at Boy's State. I look upon them as the swellest days of my life. It wuz there what I first lernt the fine art of second story technique; which has become of invaluable aid to me, since I at present am residing under one of the upturned canoes near Miss Water's. It is this what provided me wit the means of having someone which helps me add and subtract in my math problems. (Fer this reason I wish to express tanks to Joyce in the room which is third window from the right, second floor).

Upon leaving Boy's State, back in 1950, I knew that I would never return again. I couldn't — I had passed the age limit. Wit tear-filled eyes, I said good-bye to life-long friends wit whom I had had life-long friendships, and left what had been home to me fer the swellest



years of my life.

Wit nothin' else to do, I decided to go to college, mainly because Ermitrude had always wanted me to. (Ermitrude's the mutt what brung me up). So I applied fer entry in many directions, my mind being confused as to which. I do not know why the University of Wisconsin wuz so anxious to have me as a student since here I wuz—a punk of seventeen or eighteen, weighing 270 pounds, so big they couldn't find a bed to fit me into, and wit nothin' in particular in my head but the urge to play football. But, anyhow, here I am, and as long as I'm here, I hope that I can always be a shinin' example of

joe kirkish

our team, like ya said in yer letter. As fer my future, I don't know about it yet. But I been thinkin' about majorin' in phy-ed, which I am told, is a good deal.

Oh—I almost fergit—I been meanin' to join a frat, but don't know about that yet neither. They're all so nice, tellin' me about all them other frats what ain't so hot, so I don't know yet which. But I like them frat guys; they're regular, and none of that sissy stuff in bottles. By the keg only!

Wit the hopes that I been of help, I am sendin' ya this here letter. Please excuse the way it wuz writ; I broke bote arms in the Illini game, and consequently am writin' wit the lead between my teet.

Yers very truly,

Muscles O'Flaughnessy



Reel 1. Myoptic Paine — center (3' 4", 45 pounds). A small boy crippled from infancy battled his way to the top of the sporting world by having a wealthy alumni father. He holds a souvenir of his first game. *Reel 2.* "Snail" O'Vary — half-back (8'2", 123 pounds). Here is a poor farm boy, a boy who despite insurmountable obstacles fought to become the slowest man in football — a man with a heart of gold and a fistfull of T.N.T. *Reel 3.* Shiv Stanskostovich — end (4'1", 52 pounds). Born in Italy, Shiv came to the land of opportunity and worked his way up by stabbing people in the back. *Reel 4.* Wortsall ("Triple-threat" Warosky — halfback (7'11", 98 pounds). Picture this, ladies and gentlemen: a child, an innocent child reared by a voodoo witch doctor in the heart of Africa. And who, who was this witch doctor? None other than Wortsall. Clean American living, however, and healthful sports caused Wortsall to completely abandon his superstitions and to develop three arms. *Reel 5.* Big John Botschlav — fullback (2'3", 18 pounds) shown here in rapt contemplation of the new offensive weapon which his creative mind has fashioned. *Reel 6.* Hatchetman O'Hanan — tackle (4'10", 52 pounds).

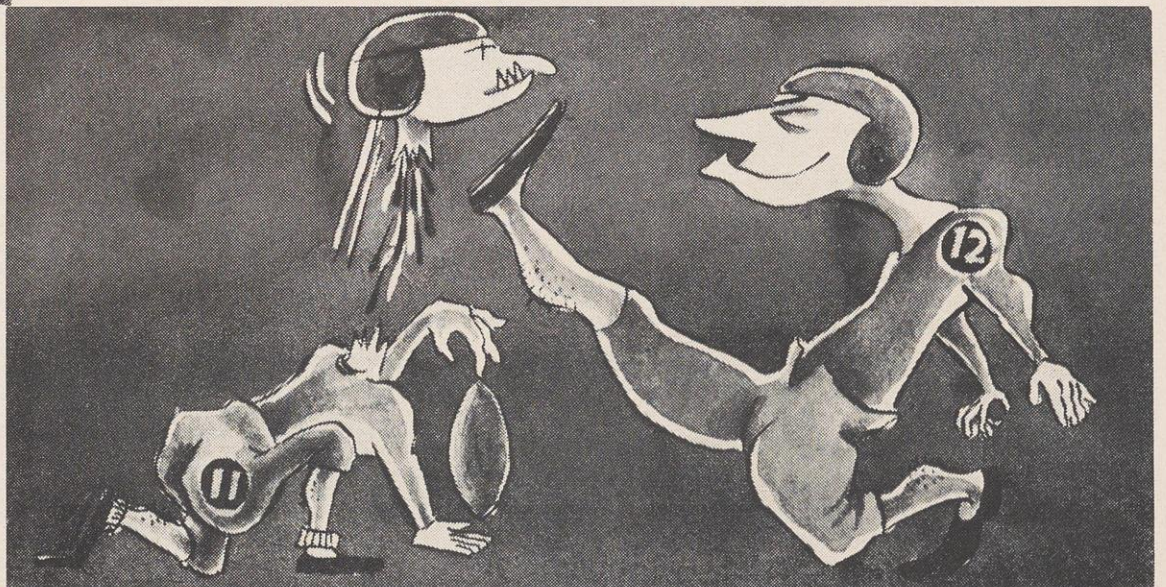
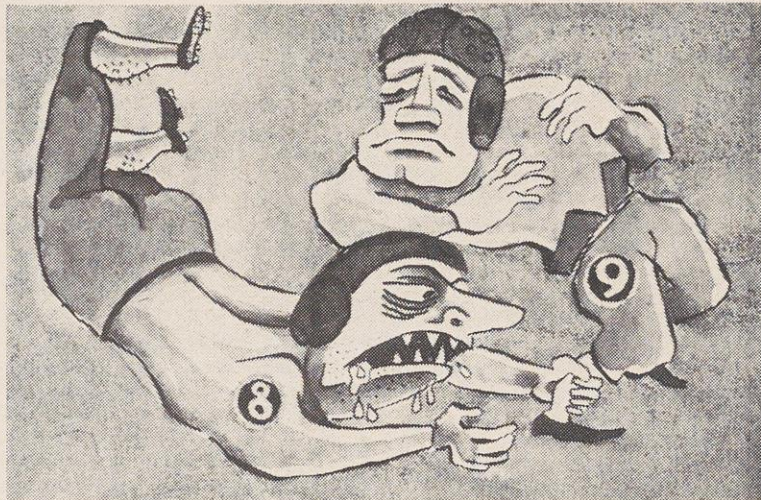
1951

Striking an impish pose. *Reel 7.* Tiny Karokoff — waterboy (7'11", 285 pounds). Imagine if you can a healthy red-cheeked infant, then picture that same infant racked with disease until he is the puny, undernourished youth that you see today. Don't feel sorry for him. He doesn't want pity; he serves his team in the only way he can, and he's doing a swell job. *Reel 8.* Ferocious Fleisherman demonstrates his strictly from hunger attack. Although he is a cannibal, his unorthodox style and bulldog tenacity have won him fame. *Reel 9.* Abe McGorsky (5'5", 145 pounds). Fleisherman is mad at McGorsky who gets a bigger salary for emptying the pencil sharpener once a month in room 32 Bascom than does Fleisherman for the same job in room 33. *Reel 10.* Jeff Pakefroy — quarterback (4'19", 110 pounds). Exhibits his famed quarterback sneak. *Reel 11.* Horus Brokonovich — he never was much good anyhow. Don't worry about him; he'll get unemployment compensation for his injury. *Reel 12.* Kangaroo Kavorsky — guard (4'11", 125 pounds). Powerful kicker.

bill squirm speaks

octopus

all-american football team



homecoming

eve

glo levy

'Twas the eve of the homecoming
When all thru the dorm,
Each co-ed with calamine
Was awaiting the storm.

Her hair was in pincurls,
Her figure was bare—
In hopes that some snarker
Would sit up and stare.

Her makeup and falsies
Were scattered around,
Her tight Formfit girdle
Hid every pound.

Text books were hidden
'Neath lopsided bed,
In hopes that no knowledge
Would Tintaire her head.

Hot jazz and raw jokes
Were cracking like whips,
Cold Pizza and brownies
Coated indelible lips.

"Lurid Confessions"
Was taped on her door,
Coax Me and Surrender
Consumed every drawer.

And I in my Playtex
And my roommate in jeans,
Were languidly playing
A grand slam of queens.

While out in the hall
There appeared not a soul;
Save Bonnie, the Johnny,
On the swiped Badger Bowl.

When from my jammed desk
There arose such a ding;
I thought that Joe Hammersley
Had captured "The Thing".

Alex Bell is resounding,
I managed to croak;
Or could my wax punctured ear drum
Be playing a joke?

I grabbed the receiver,
Amid ecstasy and thrills;
And jammed in my mouth
Some chlorophyll pills.

"Hello—why Clem,—"
I sighed with a drawl,
"Yes, this heah is Glo
Who's speakin' to youll'."

"How 'bout some jazz
After the game,
I'm lively and healthy
And in need of a dame."

"Sorry—my feet—
Couldn't even try—
I washed them today
And they won't be quite dry."

Gad! What a pill!
A zombie with a beat;
A Charleston with him
And I'd land onma' seat.

The receiver I slammed,
But the bell again buzzed;
Like a long-haired horse fly
Who's just been defuzzed.

The calls and the invites
Continued all night;
My excuses were convincing
And my lies were all white.

Some typical excerpts
I shall now relate;
Some ideal methods
To foul up a date.

"This is a frat man,
Frederick de Beer;
A smooch session we're planning
On the Phi Gelta pier."

"Nope! Can't make it,
My heart's kinda' weak;
Last night at the Manor
I out-drunk a Deke."

"I'm a talented artist,
As nimble-fingered as a cat;
How 'bout 'Pot Pourings' viewing
Or some etchings in the Rat?"

(continued on page 21)

Travel and study abroad via TWA next summer

All-expense tours will again
fill the needs of college professors and students

Now's the time to start plan-
ning for one of the most inter-
esting and profitable summers
you've ever spent...sightseeing

and studying abroad. In coop-
eration with specialists in the
field, TWA will again offer these
popular tours.



Check the area you are interested in visiting next summer:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> British Isles | <input type="checkbox"/> India and Far East | <input type="checkbox"/> Holy Land |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Mediterranean | <input type="checkbox"/> Scandinavia | <input type="checkbox"/> Other (specify) _____ |

Are you interested in university credits? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Are you interested in resident study at a foreign university?

☐ Yes Please specify area _____

Across the U.S. and overseas...

you can depend on



TWA

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lowing 2-week tours:

(Check one for
further information)

- ☐ European
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John H. Furbay, Ph.D., Air World Tours,
80 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Please put me on your list to receive detailed information about the
Trans World Airlines tours indicated above. to be sent as soon as possible.

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C-11

notes on contributors

With us this month is Gustave Flaubert, whose delightfully witty tale of adolescent puppy-love, called "Madame Bovary", will stir pleasant memories of those happy, by-gone high school days. One of Gus' earlier works, equally light-hearted and gay, is *Moll Flanders* which he wrote under the pen name of Danny DeFoe. Recently Gus has been working on a short-short story intended for six to ten-year-olds; he has entitled it *Forever Amber*. Gus is a sophomore, majoring in home economics.

Jerry Puhley is an old contributor to the Octopus. Although much of his time is spent in writing scripts for party records, Jerry has found time to knock out a racy little article for us: "Report of the Coordinating Committee for the National Plumbing Code of 1951." You're sure to enjoy this laff-a-minute travesty on the Kekauffer report.

It was not without surprise and some pride that we received a 600 page manuscript from Professor Broughel, well-known for his disorderly conduct in local pubs. Broughel joined the Italian army at the outbreak of the first world war, serving as an ambulance driver. At the close of the war Broughel went to Africa on a lion hunt. His manuscript, unfortunately, is drab in comparison with his own colorful life; it deals with the life of an obscure writer named Hemingway, who seems to have turned out a few little-known novels during the twenties. Due to the mass of information in Professor Broughel's manuscript, we are unable to present it in its entirety, therefore we felt justified in blue-penciling all but the dirty parts, which you will find on page 46.

At the age of 18, Saul Henderson shows a skill and sophistication in handling dialogue which many older writers will envy. Saul is a third year commerce student, but his knowledge of psychology and marital relations is astounding. His conversation piece, "John's Disease", minces no words and may shock many of our readers. It is a highly entertaining study of paratuberculosis in cattle and gives the cause of the disease, symptoms, diagnosis, control, and elimination.

Geoffrey Chaucer, a graduate of the English department, now working on his master's degree, has allowed us to reprint an inspiring portion of his larger work, THE CANTERBERRY TALES. This is an exclusive for our magazine, and we are sure that after you have read the sample, you will want to buy the complete book of CANTERBERRY TALES, soon to be published. It is an exciting collection of detective and science-fiction stories, all superbly handled in fifteenth century verse. Among the important characters in this scatter-brained anthology are: Christian, the hero; Mr. Worldly Wise; Pride; Mrs. Know-Nothing; Discontent; and Paul Bunyan. Be sure to read Mr. Chaucer's fast-moving "Farmer's Tale" which appears on page

BADGER TAVERN


1407

UNIVERSITY AVENUE

Across from the Nurses' Dormitory

THE FINEST BOOT IN SKIING

Henke



"Tops them all in fit, support, comfort, construction."
says Barney McLean
America's best-known skier

SUPER
with new plastic stays to hold heel and ankle. \$42.50

WORLD CHAMPION—racing boot with adjustable inside ankle support.

VICTOR—the quality beginner and intermediate boot on Super lasts.

FITMASTER—with inner boot soft as a glove.

FREE BOOKLET:
"A Skier Is No Better Than His Boots."
WRITE TODAY!

HENKE SKI BOOTS Dept. 27 11 West 42nd Street, N. Y. 18.

dry fifth column

don white

When the WCTU was organized on campus, student reaction was a combination of apathy and a big laugh.

"Sure they're a subversive bunch of fanatics," said one student when interviewed at the Pub, "but those odd-balls will just fade away. Nobody can make this campus sober."

So the WCTU was allowed to exist, and openly and unashamedly wage war against Wisconsin's way of life and was left unhampered in their efforts to destroy all the students' foamy ideals and reduce the campus to a degenerate state where coffee is used as a beverage and not as a sobering elixer.

Students were amused by the novelty of WCTU ravings.

They went around serenading the bars with a barrage of hymns. Student reaction was, "Good, now I don't have to go to church Sunday." Then the beermen would return the serenade with a volley of drinking songs.

Later the campus hangouts imposed a no-admittance-unless-you-buy-a-drink rule, and the WCTU songbirds found themselves supporting the bars they were trying to destroy. Men liked this ya-gotta-buy rule for it was easier to get the date drunk.

They drove around Langdon St. in a sound truck preaching their anti-alcohol propaganda, so a Madison brewery in an attempt to guard their market sent out two sound trucks which not only gave commercials but also handed out free samples. One student said that as long as Madison banks were too old fashioned to give out free samples to potential customers, he was glad the beer industry was wise enough to capitalize on this advertising trick.

But the Temperance Women were a crafty crew. Their apparent defeats served the purpose of diverting student attention from their real aims, their underground dagger-in-the-back tactics that went on behind the scenes of noise and heralded campaigns.

They induced important campus dignitaries into their subversive ranks. The president of the WSGA soon became a secret card carrying member of the WCTU and worked fanatically but quietly for the "cause"—to save the masses from alcohol. Several professors were sympathizers and the wives of others were reputed to be fellow travelers.

Suddenly Prohibition hit campus. They had infiltrated the SLIC committee and Board of Regents.

Hammersley and the Wisconsin anti-vice league raided all campus houses and confiscated vast supplies of the foamy fluid. They threatened that if anybody demanded compensation for the beer, they'd be slapped on social pro for five years. One fraternity president said, "No beer in the house is worse than social pro." But he was informed that probation now meant no stag parties, on or off campus, and even a gathering of five men was considered a bull session which was a special variation of a stag party.

Other phases of university life were affected.

No alcohol, not even wood alcohol, was allowed in Chemistry labs.

Union barbers had to use non-alcoholic hair oil.

Hadacol had to be denatured.

Home Ec cooking classes were forbidden to use vanilla.

Prohibition also produced numerous side reactions.

The owner of the Log Cabin became a millionaire.

One fraternity already on Social Pro converted the house into a beer parlor and became so rich it later bought the Memorial union for a chapter house.

But the WCTU wasn't satisfied merely with the conquest of the campus. Their underground legions infiltrated into the City Council. Soon all Madison was dry.

The WCTU president was so elated over this victory that she went out to Tommy's and got drunk.

However when prohibition enveloped all Dane county, even Tommy's was closed.

Fortunately the Milwaukee beer bloc maintained a powerful enough lobby in Madison to persuade the legislature to thwart the plans for a dry Wisconsin.

Student morale plunged to new lows.

Enrollment dropped to 8,000. The only ones who remained were the unfortunates who couldn't afford the expensive out of state wet campuses.

Meanwhile B.O. became a common campus disease for all the bathtubs were converted to the more important task of producing home made brews.

Nobody could spend much time studying school subjects. Devising schemes for smuggling beer into houses was the main project for fraternity and dorm intellects.

It was a happy day on campus when a Chemistry Grad student concocted a nonalcoholic drink which would be transformed into a 5 per cent beer like liquid when chemically reacted with the saliva in the drinker's mouth. However saliva didn't flow fast enough to let the brew be chug-a-lugged.

But then the SSP, Student Secret Police—made up of WCTU members and male sympathizers—started a terror campaign.

Knowledge of illicit stills were extracted from students with truth serum.

The Armory was converted into a dungeon with torture chambers as medieval as the exterior architecture.

Students with alcoholic breaths were expelled. But many students wanted to be kicked out, so the punishment was changed to living in special quarters with bars on the windows in the armory.

A new SLIC directive stated that all housemothers and housefellows had to be WCTU approved.

Students couldn't leave dry Dane county without a passport. This thwarted the weekly drinking excursions to

(continued on page 20)



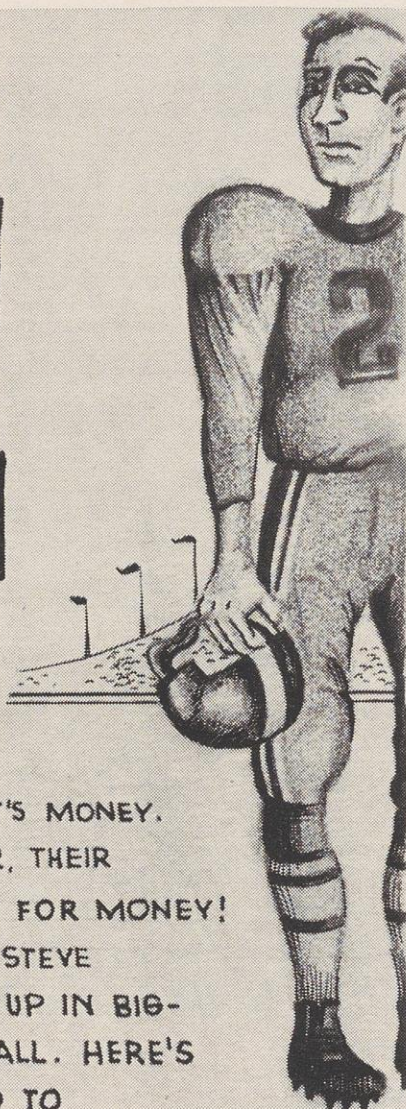
octy

*Dream
Girl*

unassuming beauty
susan gay wish
from san antonio texas
eighteen years old
sophomore
five feet six inches
one hundred eighteen pounds
independent



WHAT MAKES THEM DO IT



IS IT HORMONES? NO, IT'S MONEY.
THEY SELL THEIR HONOR, THEIR
INTEGRITY, THEIR SOULS FOR MONEY!
THIS IS THE STORY OF STEVE
NOSEBLOCK CLEANING UP IN BIG-
TIME COLLEGE FOOTBALL. HERE'S
A BOY YOU'D BE PROUD TO
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EACH FOR THESE BODIES.
SLIGHTLY USED AND
SOME RECONDITIONED!
BETTER THAN FOOTBALL!

FRIDAY'S HERO

HAVE A BIG WEEKEND • SEE IT ON SUNDAY

vintage 1812

Two young boys were returning from Sunday school. There was a discussion going on between them. It went like this:

"Do you think all this stuff about the devil true?"

"Naw! I bet it's just like this business about Santa Clause — it's your old man."

* * *

Professor: "I admire Keats."

Sleepy Freshman: "It sure is a pleasure to know a person vot likes children."

* * *

"In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes and in this bottle I have dye which makes brunettes."

"Yeah, and what's in the third bottle?"

"Gin."

* * *

"How did you like the bridge party last night?"

"Fine, until the cops looked under the bridge."

—*Varieties*

* * *

Mama Mosquito: "If you children are real good, I'll take you to a nudist camp tonight."

—*Sundial*

* * *

A gambler died. The funeral was graced by hundreds of his playmates — dice, poker, stud, and pinochle friends. During the eulogy the speaker declaimed: "Spike Morrison is not dead — he only sleeps." Called a voice from the rear: "I got a hundred dollars that says he's dead."

true confessions of

alesia

lortertale

gavsley ross

minded me so much of the squirrels. He asked me if I'd join him in a nutburger. I couldn't resist; I'm nuts about nutburgers. He was a rather nice boy, and I didn't mind it when he discovered that he didn't have any money, and I had to pay the check: I was allowed twenty-five bucks expenditure for my menu, and I could do it on less because I knew a place that was selling Russian caviar cheap.

Well, the boy with the beard was terribly nice and asked me out the next Friday night, provided I could find a car and some dough. And like I said, I was fascinated by his squirrelly beard, so I said okay. And he said, "Swell, then it's a date—say have you got a cigarette?" I was terribly embarrassed because I didn't have a single cigarette, only a cigar which a sorority sister had passed out for a joke just before she left school to get married. He said the cigar would do fine. And since he didn't have a match, I lit it for him.

He managed to say: "Ah, you have good taste," just before his face was hidden by a sheet of crackling flames. My hand had been trembling so, I guess I must have lit his beard along with the cigar.

He wasn't quite as attractive without the beard but he was awfully sweet anyhow, and asked me if I had just kissed him, because a sudden fever had suddenly seized him. Then he left, the beardless one, cautioning me not to forget our date.

My first date, oh dear, it was so exciting. First of all I had to have a car. That was rather easy: Someone was foolish enough to leave his ignition keys in the car; so I borrowed it and did a quick paint job on it with fingernail polish. I changed the license plates, filed off the serial numbers, and I was all set for my big date Friday night. Oh! No! I wasn't! I still needed some cash.

A few of my sorority sisters who knew how much this first date meant to me said they'd help me raise the money. Finally we came up with a practical plan for raising the necessary funds. I cased the First National Bank on Tuesday, and on Wednesday night a couple of the girls and I pulled a daring raid. We dug a three hundred foot tunnel under the bank, blasted our way into the vault, and I was all set to take out the beardless one.

Friday night, O, Glorious Evening, at last you came! And Charlie, that was the beardless one's name, came, in his attractive ensemble of white bucks, corduroy cap, and unpressed blue jeans.

"Where'll we go, Charlie?" I asked, opening the car door for him.

"H. T.," he mumbled thickly; he had been drinking.

"Okay, baby," I murmured sweetly and slid behind the wheel. I tossed him a bottle of blackberry liquor as I stepped on the starter: "Here's something to amuse yourself with until we get there."

"Thanks, Gloria," he said thick-tongued.

"My name's Alesia," I reminded him. "Sure thing. Good deal," he said raising the bottle to his lips.

After his sixth pitcher at the H. T. he looked tenderly into my eyes with his own carmine rimmed eyes and flopped unconscious to the floor. I tossed him over my shoulder and carried him to the car. I knew now that this boy was crazy about me. I took him to a secluded parking spot and slapped him into consciousness. "Do you really love me," I asked him.

"Yeah," he said and fell into unconsciousness again.

Someone really loved me; it was a great and glorious feeling to know this; I was filled with ecstasy. But I had always heard that we must

hurt the ones we really love, and I wasn't going to let this beautiful creature get in the first blow; I slipped him behind the wheel and let the car careen over the cliff to be demolished on the jagged rocks two hundred feet below. I really hated to do it; I loved him so, and he loved me so. But it was the only way.

I went home to my sorority sisters with a delicious mixture of pain and love churning in my stomach. They were all very enraptured at my first successful date.

After that I became more popular and I took out many boys. But I won't bore you with my other dates . . . further repetitions of that first tantalizing evening . . . my first ecstatic date.



Some like to study standing up, others like to study sitting down. I find I learn a lot more by sitting down, in fact that's where I shine.

* * *

A traffic officer is attaching a ticket to the underside of the windshield wiper of a car as the student owner approaches.

Student: "But officer, I'm an L and S student from the University."

Officer: "You're getting a ticket anyway; ignorance is no excuse."

* * *

A Riddle:

Liz Frizz: "How in the world do you ever get so many boy-friends?"

Chad Lass: "I give up."

* * *

Sailor to buddy after a weekend pass: "There I was, in the telephone booth talking to my girl, and this palooka starts pounding on the door. After about 5 minutes of this I got disgusted and my girl and I left."

dry fifth column

(continued from page 16)

Sun Prairie.

By now students had become very interested in campus affairs.

A Junior anti-sex league was started, but the potential members weren't ridiculed. Instead they were tarred and feathered and drowned in Lake Mendota before they could even anchor their subversive roots in Wisconsin soil.

But all is not hopeless for the Wisconsin students.

On secret radios tuned to the forbidden frequencies of stations outside Madison, they hear the Voice of Milwaukee which occasionally breaks through the WCTU jammed airways and tells about the wonders of the brew, and how the people outside the beer bottle curtain are trying to free their helpless friends in Madison. They listen with awe to the inspiring commercials and are filled with sensuous rapture not from the sexy voice of Lonesome Gal, but from the mention of her sponsor's product.

Occasionally, a nationally distributed magazine is smuggled into campus from the world beyond and the students drool over the illicit liquor advertisements.

There is still hope of liberation. The legislature renewed plans to build a Lake Shore College in Milwaukee, a town which by the very name of its baseball team can never go dry. Then all U.W. students can transfer to the new University of Wisconsin and start life all over again.

fresh forum

As a public service we publish, complete and unexpurgated, an address by Professor Eliot August, chairman of the phrenology department. Professor August's lecture, we might add, is remarkable in that it was done almost entirely without consorting to his muse, a mere mite of a thing, a half-pint, protruding from his hip pocket.

EARLY ATTEMPTS AT DEMOCRACY

Ladies and gentlemen, members of the press, dear friends in the radio audience, as you will no doubt recall, last week I left with you the eager expectance of a lecture about menopause, misunderstanding, and other related topics. There was also to have been a movie filmed before the Hays office was established, a movie that featured "Torrid Torso" Laverne. However, it is impossible to present this lecture today for reasons I will not go into — you couldn't understand about a little boy with a ravenous appetite for lecture notes that borders on the insane. So as a substitute let us explore the question of races which is: "Where the hell's the john? Tell us, oh tell us—privy please."

DEMOCRACY IN THE SCHOOL

What difference does it make after all what color a man's skin is as long as he is asking the same question? A man may be blue or green or violet, but that doesn't matter. Colors are not for me; they turn to mud that the goldfish laugh at, gulp at, and burrow in until the long summer is over, then they come out and if they see their shadows, it's going to be an early spring. This is a proven fact, attested to by tobacco auctioneers and recorded in the Bible. Finian's Rainbow is not recorded in the Bible, nor are the latest stock quotations. "Blood, toil, sweat, and tears," however, is a quotation by a certain English statesman and amateur painter. It is a nine letter name which fits into the puzzle horizontally.

DANGERS TO DEMOCRACY


As the sun sinks into the horizontal, let us pause briefly in our homely labors and whip up a super-peachy batch of Aunt Jenny's triple vulcanized waffles. Now be sure to use plenty of Log Cabin syrup unless you do not live in a log cabin, in which case, use black strap molasses; it builds solid bones and healthy gums and brings to mind an old joke about moles walking in a line. I will not indulge in old jokes, however, because the cocktail hour is not yet for quite a bit.

DEMOCRACY OR DESPOTISM


Now quite a time ago, it was time for bed, and here it is again: time to wind up the wench who is sprawled on your lap and go to bed — singly and separately, of course, because no trace, no hint, no stigma of sex must turn these yellowed pages to infamous scarlet. But would it be falling into the degradation of painted pleasures to just hold hands? Very platonic.


IN CONCLUSION

And so, the bell having rung, we leave until next class period the rejuvenating influence of yellow bile on the human mind, soul, and sex organs.




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homecoming eve

(continued from page 14)

"Sorry, wrong number—
To a Hoosier I'm loyal;
I'd rather be scalped
Than be soaked in hot oil."

"Speaking is a brain doc,
In my room hangs a skull;
Meeting alumni's cadavers
Can never be dull."

"I'd really love to date you,
But I'm suffering from pains;
Why not flip a new coin
To see which end reigns?"

"I'm a star athlete from
Beta Grata Sigh—
I'll take you to a Bowl hunt
If a padlock you'll buy."

"Why, honey, I'd adore it!
To Pasadena I'll pay my way;
But don't be impatient,
We've got 'till New Year's Day."

"Say, kid, this is Bertha,
Hope you made another date;
'Cause that engineer you expected
Has hooked some fresher bait!"

"Don't tell me Henry Wiggins,
That bedroom-eyed Zorry,
Has found a better climber
To take down to the quarry."

"Yep, Henrietta Pointemup,
That Dagmar in Home Ec.,
Who can do more with a *Campus
Chest*
Than you can with your neck."

So here I sit in Danglon cell,
What'll happen is a guess;
Because I saved a night for a guy,
I'm now in a melluva hess.

So if any of you dateless Badgers
Wants a mixer who's lots of fun;
Just lift up your receiver—
Dial 5-2921.

I'm stacked up with excuses,
Some I've never even used;
But I'll hide them with my notebooks,
If you promise I won't be bruised.

Sam: "I want a divorce but quick.
Mine wife, she yap-a-yap all day, she
gab-gab all night, dan in meals yet
she talks."

Judge: "Well, what does she talk
about?"

Sam: "Dat's de trouble, she don't
say."

Dining . . . Dancing . . . Refreshments

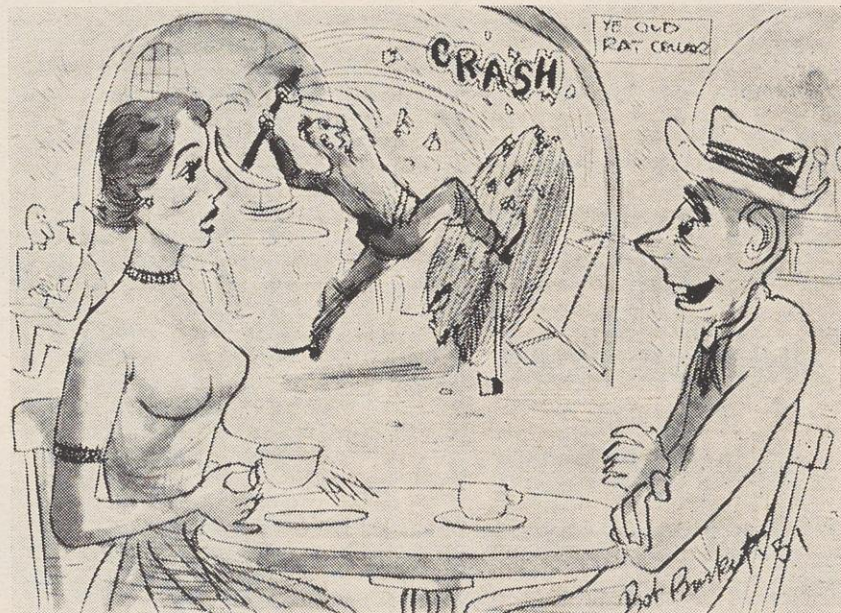


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Name _____

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Doctor: "Mrs. Schultz, is your husband showing improvement after the prescription I gave last week, a capsule before each meal and a small whiskey after?"

Mrs. Schultz: "He seems to be confused a bit on the instructions — he is still on last week's capsules and well into next year's allowance of whiskey."

* * *

Gert: "Is my nose dirty or is it just my imagination?"

Bert: "Your nose isn't dirty, but I can't say the same for your imagination, because I don't know."

The lumber camp foreman put a newly hired country boy to work attacking wood beside the whizzing circular saw. As he started to walk away, he heard an "ouch" and turned to see the country boy looking puzzledly at a stump of a finger. Rushing back, he asked what happened.

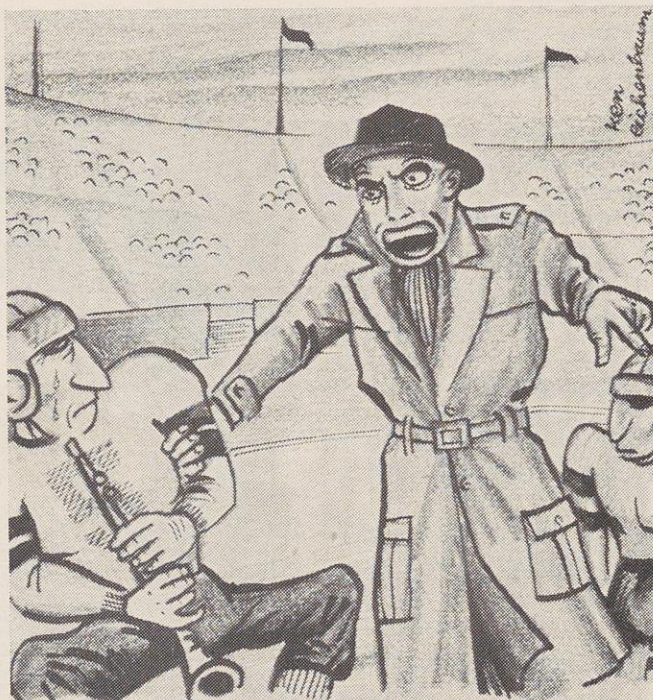
"I dunno," said the country boy. "I stuck my hand out like this, and, well I'll be damned, there goes another one." —Voo Doo

* * *

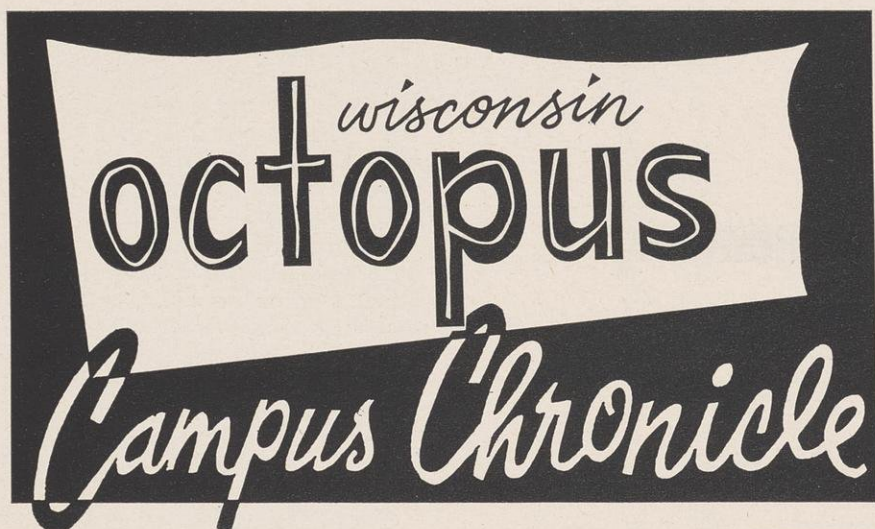
Student (from back of room): "Are you sure the first test question is in the book?"

Prof: "Certainly."

Student: "Well, I can't find it."



"We aren't paying you to toodle your flute.
Get out there and fight!"



wisconsin OCTOPUS Campus Chronicle

After clinking 18 Adams hall men for besmirching Evanston, national headquarters of the WCTU, with red paint, an Evanston police lieutenant couldn't help but offer advice to the crestfallen Badgers. The word:

"What you guys need is a good university police force."

We agree.

* * *

Things we have to be told to appreciate:

"The Union gallery committee, with Jack Gay as chairman, is unusual and unparalleled anywhere in the field of large art exhibitions, in that students on the committee appoint the judges, hang the show and run the details of the salon."

—Union News Bureau

* * *

We hear the men of Mack house felt badly about losing their supremacy cup to an inane, unimaginative and slightly scared-over-the-telephone character who calls himself "The Pack Rat"

But the thing that knocked the men's dormitory in-group Hooper rating to bits was the fact that the story received only a one column head in what is popularly considered to be the violently anti-Greek Daily Cardinal. The same Cardinal which only a week before had re-vamped its entire make-up to bring to its readers the woe-begotten tale of a missing punch bowl.

* * *

Another sign of the "silly season" appeared on a steel spar high atop the big stone box going up on Langdon and Lake streets. Emblazoned with the same verve as the Northwestern signs in front of the Union was this candid and revealing stab

at notoriety: "ATO MONKEY BARS—Keep Off."

* * *

We'd heard about the Badgers having a good football team this year but it wasn't until we glanced at the Daily Cardinal sports page that we learned that eight freshmen or "yearlings" had gotten the call from Coach Ivy Williamson, as from God. We learned that the Badgers were "full of ginger" and that "rain dampens but doesn't dull" football players' spirits, even though the "Badgers are high for Illinois."

* * *

The World Land tenure conference sounded its only note of discord when one of the university's finest instructors in French 1a muffed his lines translating a speech for a delegate and had to be helped out from the audience.

By far the biggest hit of the conference was a delegate from India. The six foot four inch black-bearded Sikh, after thanking the university for his invitation, told of how relative clothing standards were throughout the world.

"I thought the people of India had nothing to wear," he said. "That was before I visited the French Riviera."

George: "I'm a bit worried about my wife. She was talking in her sleep and saying, 'No, Frank; no, Frank'."

Joe: "Well, what are you worried about? She said 'No,' didn't she?"

* * *

"She has a radio-quiz figure."

"What do you mean?"

"You wonder whether it's True or Falsies."

More
Beer
Sold
Here
Than
Anywhere!



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or Bottle
at the

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do you remember, harry?

jim dickson

By God, Harry it's good to see you! Come on over here and have a drink with me. It must be ten years since I saw you last. Hownthell are you, you old Republican! HEY BARTENDER . . . TWO GRAND MACHINISH!

Look at all these sonzabitches, Harry! Must be every clod that ever went to Wisconsin. Jeez, I saw old Prof. Grunder not three hours ago. Still teaching school. He figured that he must have flunked eight thousand guys since he last saw me. Always the card, wasn't he!

Yessir, Harry, it's sure good to see you again. I heard you got a new job. Always say there's nothing like changing once in a while. Personally, I'm not doing worth a damn. Hernia's been trying to kill me. Never will forget how I got the damn thing. Silly, you know. Trying to show off at the company's summer picnic back in '39. Bet some damn clerk I could sit for an hour on the small end of a beer bottle. Jeez. Every time I pass the Schlitz plant part of me gets lonesome.

Thanks bartender. Here you go, Harry. Fire in the hole! Just happened to think a minute ago. They don't make this stuff like they did when we were here. Tickles me, you know, when I see these seventeen-year-old kids act as if they made Jane Russell if they can handle a glass of beer. Why, I can remember when me and Barney Wasserman used to cut varnish remover with Wesson oil and sip it through dandelion stems. Now, by God, there was a drink!

'Course we didn't have this fancy stuff back in our day. Old Glen was prexy back then, you know. He used to sneak off during the winter afternoons and throw snowballs through

the windows when the Regents were meeting.

Good old Board of Regents. By God, Harry, now there is something you oughta remember a little bit about. You know something, Harry, I bet you never knew how I felt about you and . . . well . . . now I like football just as much as any other . . . aw, hell, take my handkerchief, Harry. C'mon, quit crying. Ivy's done a damn good job. Did you see those 41 points against Northwestern? We almost made 40 points that one good season back yonder. Aw, now please, Harry! It's all changed. We got the best damn team that money can buy, but that isn't like the old days, though. These kids don't know the real tradition behind this here school. They weren't here to see beloved old Prof. Kiekhofler dashing down to the Exchange to watch his investments. And I can still see playful old John Chapple chasing Max Otto with a Hallowe'en mask on.

HEY BARTENDER, DAMN IT, ANOTHER ROUND!

Speaking of the old days, Harry, my room-mate and I used to run with the craziest crowd on Langdon street. Makes me cry every time I think of poor old Charlie Butternuck. Drank three gallons of canned heat the night of Prom. His date danced with him for three hours before he was pronounced dead. As a last request he asked to be buried at the foot of Kennedy Manor with a water pistol in his hand.

You weren't here in those days, Harry, but they were really terrific then. I can still see the look on Herbie Page's face when he found out someone had ordered a blanket subscription of the Daily Worker to the boys in the Young Republicans.

As, those Young Republicans. They

were quite a crew, I'll tell you. Had two factions in that bunch that use to fight like hell. One side was in favor of electricity and indoor plumbing — they were the liberals. The other side was dead set against both, whether or not to endorse Cal Cool-

idge's pro-motherhood platform. They were gabbing away up in the Law building when this kid from the Engineering school stampeded a herd of Holsteins through the front door. Nobody was hurt, but the smell killed two of the steers. One boy lassoed a couple and quit school thereafter. Wonder whatever happened to old Wilbur Renk?

Yessir, Harry, I'm an alumnus of this goddam school, and proud of it. I lived the part when I was here from the top down. The night Landon lost to Roosevelt, I sponged up the floor of the Regents' meeting room, and when them fool kids got after you, I erased every dirty mark on the buildings.

Aw, hell. I better drink up and get out to the stadium. I got a lot of dough tied up in that team.

Bid with another fellow in the club for three hours to get rights on that there half-back.

FORGET THE DRINK, BARTENDER.

Goodbye Harry

Jim and Mary were roller skating when Mary suddenly fell. Immediately she flopped over and came to her feet again with remarkable agility.

"Did you see how quickly I recovered my equilibrium?"

"I sure did," answered Jim, "and almost before I noticed it was uncovered."

* * *

"Daughter, I don't mind that young man coming over here every evening, and staying half the night with you, nor his standing on the front porch for a couple of hours saying good-night, but please ask him to stop taking the morning paper when he leaves."

* * *

Any man who claims he can control his wife will lie about other things as well.

* * *

The prim old lady was given her first glass of beer. After sipping it for a minute she looked up with a puzzled air and said, "How odd, it tastes just like the medicine my husband has been taking for the past 20 years."

—Sundial

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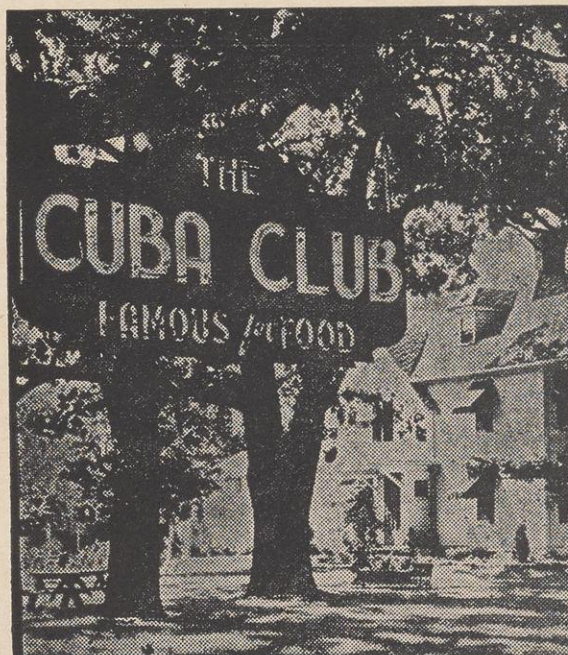
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