

The Wisconsin Octopus. February, 1958

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, February, 1958

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WPMRQCZLCIZAP8G>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

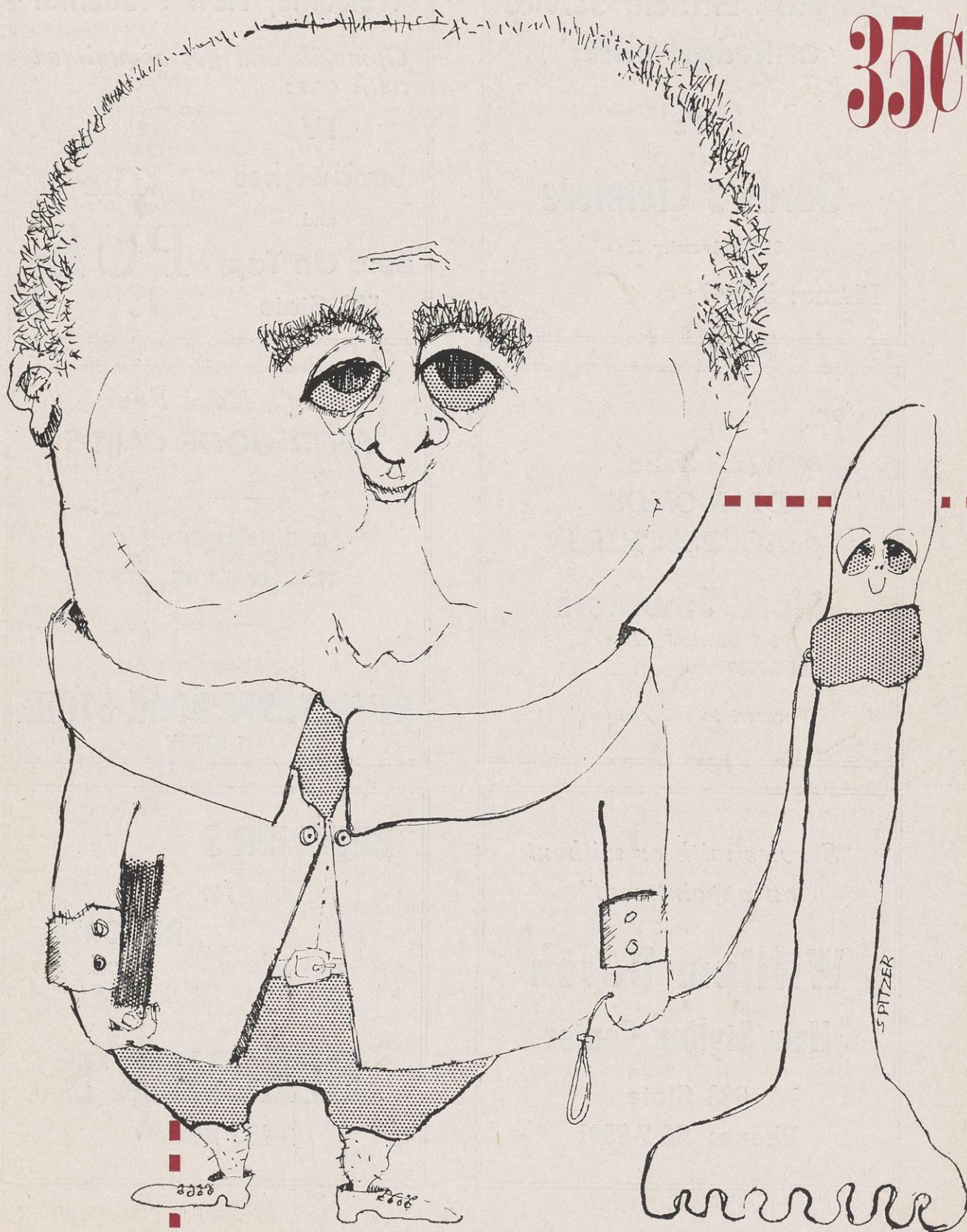
When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

Feb. 1958

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

FEB. 6, 1958

35¢



The Bounders of the Campus Are the Bounders of the State

**For Fast, Efficient Service
at Budget Prices**

it's

Gordy's Cleaners

813 University Ave.

Phone: 5-0847

Welcome, New Students!

*Come in and get acquainted
with our:*

TV

Sandwiches

and

Beer On Tap

522 State

The

PUB

For

- WATCHES
- DIAMONDS
- ACCESSORIES

Nord Jewelers

907 University Ave.

Phone: AL 5-7558

"nearest to the campus"

Let's Have Fun!

SEND GOOF CARDS

OUR VALENTINES AND
EVERYDAY CARDS
WILL REALLY KILL YOU!

See Them Only At

RENGSTORFF BOOK STORE

645 STATE

*"Service with or without
an appointment"*

William Busch

Hair Styling Center

636 State

Phone: AL 7-2591

BEECHER'S

for

RECORDS

and

HI-FI

BEECHER'S

430 State

Some More Pulp For The Freshman

(And to unenlightened upper classmen)

In the first place, don't expect me to welcome you to our fair school. This has probably been done through numerous other agencies, people, letters and signs. To tell the truth, I'd like to unwelcome you. My reasoning is sound (thus spoke the loon) because if you're freshmen now, in another year you'll be sophomores (brilliant, aren't I?). Then there is a chance you'll wind up in one of my classes. As academics and I are diametrically opposed, you'll probably be the one to raise the curve. And this I cannot tolerate (Get the point?). Hence, a merry, merry unwelcome to you.

And the second reason why you are unwelcome (speak for yourself John) is because I hate crowds and you're a crowd. You must assert yourself; be an entity. Stand in the sun; let it shine on you. Stand up for your rights. Crowds cause Communism. Be an American. Yeah, America! (Get the point?)

But you are here so it's best that we get you off to a good start. The problem that we must face is why in blazes did you come to Wisconsin in the first place? Because you love the school spirit? Because you want to be stimulated? (intellectually, of course). Because you felt by going to school you could benefit mankind? (If your answer has been yes to any of these, make your appointment early down at the Clinic, department of psychiatry).

Let's face it; you're here so that, after four years of gouging, cramming and chug-a-lugging, you can take a goatskin home to your parents, hide it in a bottom drawer, and then go out and hunt up a job. These four years would be great if classes didn't keep interfering with your sleeping, eating and dating habits. (Let's petition the school). But they do, so slide into the rut with the rest of us.

Feel snug now? Good. So now we move to our next point; how to make your stay here painless. The easiest way, of course, is to go down to the drugstore. . . . no, we'd better not go into that. The best way would be to room with someone who hasn't read this article and has an inane desire to study, study, study. Once you are rooming with him, find out the courses he is taking and follow suit (P.S.: If he's taking engineering, get out. It's a completely different language).

If the above is impossible for you, your next best bet is either getting into the dorms or joining a fraternity. They have a wonderful little gimmick, called the gouge box, where all the students who lived there in past years, donated to the cause, their notebooks and the exams (Most of which, if you ever get around to seeing them, you will notice are failures or near misses). You probably won't learn the right answers to the tests, but, you will become a scholar, bar none, of assorted bits of fallacious material. Well, at least it's better than learning nothing.

If this doesn't suit your needs, we have a last alternative (and we do mean last). This alternative is really quite simple. You can join us and become a full fledged member of the Wisconsin Octopus. How will this make college life painless, you say? Boy (Or girl), once you're in this dizzy organization, your head is so much in the clouds you wouldn't feel bullets (If you want to go to extremes). We guarantee it will be painless. Our brain tapping specialists are world noted for their talents. And, as we have just come back on the campus who knows, within a week you too can become a brain tapping specialist. (This entitles you to a privately padded cell and a key to the washroom). So, if you haven't already ripped up the magazine, why don't you come join us. Just write on any scrap of paper that you have around that you are willing, waiting and able. Drop it in Professor Thayer's box in the Journalism Building and it will be forwarded to us (we're hiding out for the time being). Give us your phone or where you can be reached and the long, red arm of the Octopus will arrange a meeting.

And for the people that, after reading this issue, think its miserable, disgusting, unamerican; here is your chance to do something about it. Join us, start a revolution, preach from a soapbox, but for goodness sake, do something.

We can't have repressed desires here in Wisconsin.

—THE EDITOR

John Jacob Astor
John D. Rockefeller
Andrew Carnegie
And
Porfirio Rubirosa

... couldn't buy better No. 2 pencils
than you can buy at the

CO-OP

From the Editor's Brown Study

You have made us very happy. We, the undersigned, are delighted with you. Praises are being sung in your honor. In the planning stages are ideas for huge firework's displays, to be followed by an East Drambuie rain dance. Yes, you are one of those wonderful people who bought an issue of Octy. Happiness, oh happiness.

Our sales aren't tallied up yet but if students have plunked down some of their hoarded cash, our jobs are assured. Bright new visitas are open for us. Life will have meaning. Yeah, team yeah.

We're the excitable type.

Now that that is off our respective chests, we can tell you a little about what to expect from this issue. One story that we would especially like the older readers to look into is Wolfgang Amedeus Jones' contribution to this issue. A poignant story which goes back to the good ol'

days, Jones (a reactionary) brilliantly paints a portrait of a poor little working girl, her sisters and her inevitable triumph. Insipidly enough, it's called, The Return to Childhood.

The other story that we heartily recommend is called (to steal a phrase), The Paranoic Reader. Here, with touching sentimentality, Author Gretel touches on the small story; the one that never makes the headlines, but is still something worth reading. If this doesn't move you one way or another, then you're a cold hearted tyrant and may the curse of Mufti Snufti be upon you.

(I told you we get excited).

And so ends this prologue, hoping it won't end your reading of the magazine.

(The truth of the story is that in this space we were supposed to have a cartoon on the Student Senate but it wasn't very funny and this was the best we could do in such a short time.)

WISCONSIN Octopus

EDITOR
MIKE SONNENREICH

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

MARV PLETZKE

ART EDITOR

JIM SPITZER

ART ASSISTANTS

SALLY BALLIN

TOM KLAPROTH

NANCY KOETCH

EDITORIAL STAFF

BILL NERENBERG

LENNY COHEN

STEVE GLAUBER

INEZ GOLDMAN

BOB STORCH

TERENCE ERVIN

MIMI JACOBY

BARBARA STARRETT

BOARD OF EDITORS

KARL KROEBER

MARV BIRNBAUM

LENNY COHEN

BUSINESS MANAGER
DICK BLANKSTEIN

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
FRED SILVERMAN

PUBLICITY EDITORS

GLORIA LEVY

MARGOT WEISS

ADVERTISING MANAGERS

ANDY SCHINDEL

DICK HAMLET

CIRCULATION MANAGER

ELI MUNSON

PRODUCTION MANAGERS

STU DOLINKY

AL WAGENHEIM

THE BOUNDERS OF THE CAMPUS ARE THE BOUNDERS OF THE STATE

COPYRIGHT FEBRUARY 1958 BY THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, INCORPORATED, 260 LANGDON STREET, MADISON 5, WISCONSIN. PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JANUARY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER BY STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN. REPRINT RIGHTS GRANTED TO LEGITIMATE COLLEGE MAGAZINES IF CREDIT IS GIVEN. SUBSCRIPTION RATE: \$1.00 (SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE) PER YEAR IN THE U. S. AND ITS POSSESSIONS (EXCEPT THE VIRGIN ISLANDS). SINGLE COPIES AND AVAILABLE BACK NUMBERS 35C. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT MADISON, WISCONSIN.



JACK

The Return To Childhood

by WOLFGANG AMADEUS JONES

We have had so many stories lately about disgruntled life, kitchen sinks, lynchings and poor depraved (correction: deprived) girls, thrown into the street by mean fathers, husbands, etc., to say nothing of incidental subjects, such as soggy Wheaties and unfortunates who have only one green sock, that the public has brought forth the cry of "Return to the old tales."

"No more of these gruesome tales," they cry. "Just tell the stories of our childhood; the bright, fanciful world we were brought up in before everything turned sour and grim."

Because it is important for any good writer to obey the commands of the public (you sell more this way), I am going to write about one such charming little fairy tale of my youth, or, at least make up a reasonable facsimile of one.

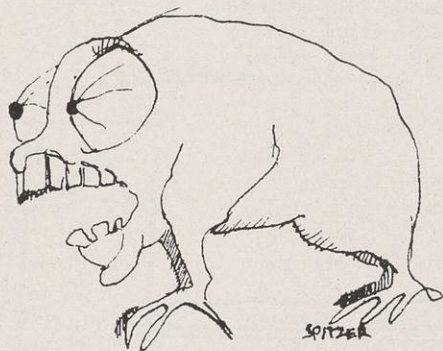
So back we go to Never Never Land, where nymph's gaily cavort and everybody is full lipped and rosy cheeked. After reading this offering, I sincerely hope you will sit back in your chair, smile, and forever hold your peace. For Now Now Land, (that's today), after all is said and done, still has many good parts to it or why would people keep insisting on putting choke chains on German Sheppards?

+ + +

Biltung and the Three Wungs

(A typical Grimm fairytale)

Once upon a time there lived a girl named Biltung, believe it or not. She lived in a deep, dark forest with her three ugly sisters and their uglier



husbands (who were, by the way, truffle diggers). The sisters were very mean to poor, unfortunate Biltung. They used to pull out a strand of her long, golden hair every day so that by the time she was eighteen years old she looked a frightful mess. The husbands, feeling slighted because they weren't allowed to join in on the festivities, used to stick pins into unfortunate little Biltung at every opportune moment. (Truffles were moving slowly at the time).

One night, while the three husbands were fighting over the right to stick their last hatpin into Biltung's riddled form, a fairy prince rode into

their house. (Being as it was the twelfth century, walls were considered passe and even sinful). He was lost and inquired as to the whereabouts of the king's castle.

"Why are you going to the king's castle?" asked the ugliest wife.

"Because the king is my father and he is torturing my mother in an Iron Lady," replied the prince.

"I can see your father was brought up correctly," stated the ugliest of the husbands.

This prince didn't think this was at all funny and asked if Biltung could direct him to the castle. The least ugly of the wives said why not and, after pulling out all the pins (they always re-used them as iron was scarce), they allowed Biltung to go with the prince. Biltung would have preferred to stay at home but, princes being what they were, she decided to go along for the ride.

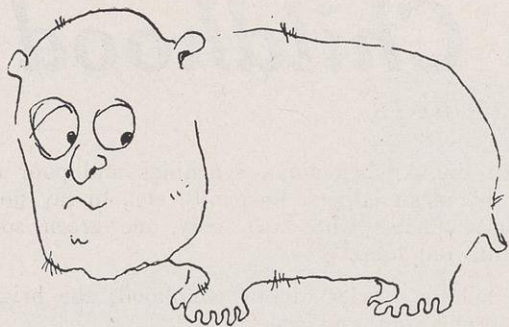
When they reached the castle, they discovered that the queen had already been killed. Upon hearing this news, the prince turned to Biltung and said:

"You are now my queen."

"Goody," replied Biltung, not too surprised.

Immediately after saying this, she issued soldiers into the forest to catch her three ugly sisters and uglier husbands, which they did. After several relatively simple tortures, they were burned on a slow fire. After which, of course, the prince and Biltung lived happily ever after.

And so, kiddies, it's off to bed. Another gay, fanciful tale has drawn to a close. Once more, we must go out and face the drab, unpleasant world of today.



"Where the heck did everyone go?"

The last war saw a lot of displaced persons.
The next war will see a lot of disperioned places.

* * *

IT JUST ISN'T TRUE

Krakowlonbulah, Pennsylvania, (WSA)—After hours of discussion, a conclave of scientists here gave Professor Thomas A. Goiter a vote of confidence to start his new experiment. Some other scientists have reported that camels seldom, if ever, feed under water. Professor Goiter labeled this conclusion as "obvious communistic attempts to denounce science." A year before, Professor Goiter had proven the exact opposite. Hence the vote of confidence and the new experimentation. "America must be free," he added.

* * *

"How did you get that flat?"

"I ran over a bottle."

"How can you run over a bottle? Didn't you see it?"

"It was under the kid's coat."

* * *

*In Paris it's frankness;
In Panama, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever;
But in the Octopus, it's smutty!*

* * *

*A pretty little wench
Sat upon a bench,
Looking very coy
At every passing boy.
Rosy red lips,
Beautiful hips—
Darn shame she was bald.*

THE EARLY BIRD

Here's to the dog that walked up to a tree.
Said the tree to the dog, "Come, have one on me."
The dog then replied as meek as a mouse,
"No thanks, dear tree, I had one on the house."

* * *

3 WAYS TO END A CONVERSATION AT DINNER

- 1) Ask the lady on your right if she's married. If she should say "Yes," then ask her if she has any children. If she says "No," then ask her how she does it.
- 2) Ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says "No," then ask her if she has any children.
- 3) Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says "Yes," then ask her if she's married.

* * *

For years the bum slept under bridges and in ditches. Then one day, he switched to culverts and became a man of distinction.

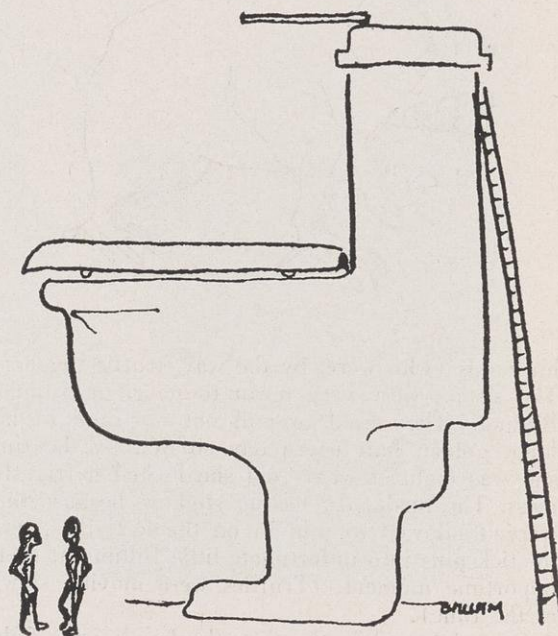
"Many, did he fight dirty. Did you see him swing that crutch?"

* * *

"I cured my child of biting his fingernails."

"How?"

"I kicked his teeth out."



"I see you're ready for Hell Week."

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Octy's Jazz Reporter

by BILL NERENBERG

A Real Swingin' Affair!

Hey, all you cats, gather 'round and dig some of this jive that I've been able to pick up on. This is the first in a series of real swingin' articles that I'll be sending your way in the next few moons. And so for those of you who dig the cool, and for those of you who are traditionally inclined, pick up on this trash.

In this issue, I would like to devote my entire column to a review of the new Playboy Jazz All-star Album. This is a two-disc offering that sells for 9 bucks at various dealers across the country.

The album has a complete rundown of the first 12 or 13 places in each instrument group, plus several pages of sizeable stories and good pictures. There is also a discography included for each artist.

The numbers on the album are all good with several being excellent. Ella Fitzgerald, who sings "I Concentrate on You" comes up with a truly remarkable performance. I don't think her voice has ever sounded so

rich and full. One of the swaggiest numbers that your reporter has ever heard came out of the horns of J. J. Johnson and Bobby Jaspar, the new sensation from Belgium, when they played "Joey, Joey, Joey." There is great cymbal work and fine piano and bass support to round out the cut.

Dizzy Gillespie shines as usual with a boppish thing called Joogie Boogie. "The biggest surprise is the cut made by Dave Brubeck. For a change he comes up with something less monotonous than his usual funky style. Desmond is there all the time and keeps up very well.

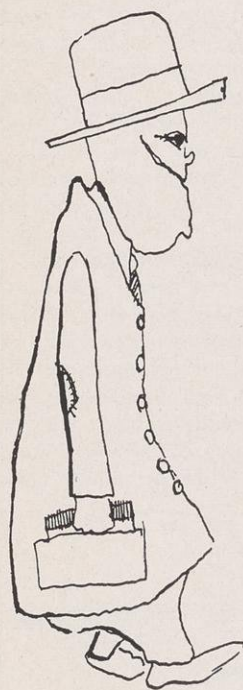
The great Kenton orchestra is honored with an

early (1941) recording of a song called "The Harlem Folk Dance." The same song, or one very similar was recorded by Stan in about 1947 and was called "Harlem Holiday." Good stuff all the way.

The rest of the album is good listening and I advise all who are thinking about it to order The Playboy Jazz All-stars album very soon.

While in Chicago over the Christmas holiday, I saw the Max Roach Quintet over at the Blue Note. He had Kenny Dorham on trumpet, and Hank Mobley on tenor; both did very well, especially Dorham. Roach displayed a tremendous amount of technique, but somehow I don't think that Max had all that certain jazz feeling wrapped up in his solo work. Carmen MacRae was also there with a fine trio to back her up. She sang very well, but nothing to yell about.

I guess that winds up the first edition of Octy's Jazz Reporter. If you have any comments on the column, or if there is some interesting event I can give a plug to, please don't hesitate to write. Your letters will be welcomed and given every consideration. Address all letters to Jazz Reporter, 260 Langdon Street, Madison.



Everybody in Madison reads the Cardinal.

We, the merchants of Madison, being businessmen, not writers, offer this page to the reader to do with as he sees fit.



Welcome back, Octy

Brave New Noise

by SARTOR RESARTUS

"What a lousy book," he said, throwing it down on his desk. "It's just a bunch of lousy words, written by a lousy writer, out to make a few lousy bucks."

His roommate, Mac, startled by the sudden tirade, lifted his sagging head from his book.

"That lousy writer, out to make some lousy bucks, is your physics prof and he wants you to learn those lousy words. Right? So now shutup and let me get some work done."

Joe, without seeming to listen to Mac, picked the book up and slammed it down again on the desk.

"Aw, hell, let's get some coffee. I need a break."

Mac pointed to his book, put his finger to his lips and went on reading.

Joe threw his parka on, putting his hood on over his head and three day stubble. He looked over to Mac, still reading, wondering whether or not to push the matter. He slammed the door behind him, a little annoyed at having to go down to Toddle House alone.

There was the general late studying crowd there; a few drowsy students, a night watchman of some sorts, and a woman of a questionable occupation.

The nightwatchman was kidding Ruby (the waitress) about her late shifts and her southern twang. Joe sat, playing with his spoon, rather indifferent to the low talk and the racous laughter of the man. He heard someone behind him clear his throat and he turned around to see a small, slightly bald man smiling up at him. The little man positively beamed at him and Joe felt somewhat embarrassed.

"Of all the people in this city, this wonderful gift is only yours, do you know that?" the man said.

"Know what?" Joe replied, flustered by the man's voice.

"That's for you to guess. Guess what surprises we have for you?" the little man rubbed his hands together, trying to work Joe up into some emotion.



"I'm terrible at this sort of thing. Why don't you just tell me," Joe said, annoyed at being made the center of attention by a crazy little eccentric.

"Guess, boy, guess. That's half the fun of it," the man said, hopping up and down on one foot.

Damn, thought Joe. I'd better think of something to get him off my back.

"I know what it is. You are the owner of all the Toddle Houses in the world and I am your millionth customer here. This entitles me to wealth untold."

"That's it, boy. You've hit it on the head. Great idea, huh?" the little man clapped his hands.

"Are you kidding? You really mean this?" Joe said, astonished.

"Of course I'm not kidding," the little man said, now all business. "You receive for being the millionth customer here, a free trip to Bermuda for two weeks, a home in Florida. You'll love it down there, a Jaguar X130, which is parked in front of your house right now, and a fifty thousand a year job with my firm. Oh, and a free pass to all 207 Toddle Houses in this country. I should say I'm not kidding."

Joe sat back, confounded. All this for a stinking cup of coffee! But it would mean quitting school. No college degree, no MA, no intellectual glory and fame. Yet . . .

"This is a chance in a lifetime, boy. Let me tell you that." The little man was rubbing his hands together.

"But that means I won't finish school. I'll lack intellectual stimulus. I'll . . ."

"You'll be making fifty grand, boy. Fifty." He started hopping, this time changing his feet with each hop.

"But I must be certain. I must choose the right way."

He lifted his hand up and slammed it down, hard on his desk. Mac jumped like he was hit by a bullet.

"For God's sake, Joe, I'm studying."

Joe stared into his table light. *A dream! A lousy dream. All of it a rotten dream. Damn, damn, damn.*

"Hey, Mac, how about a cup of coffee?"

Mac pointed to his book and kept reading.

Joe put on his parka and went down to Toddle House. The janitor of the building was poking fun at Ruby's southern twang.

Joe ordered coffee and started fiddling with his spoon. Behind him he heard someone clear his throat and when he looked around, he saw a little, bald man, smiling up at him.



Some Quickies

by Farnsley Gainsworth

Just Born

Prof. and Mrs. Rhett Butler are happy to announce the birth of their thirteen pound, eleven ounce, Mongolian idiot. Mrs. Butler was very pleased to display her first born to Octy and Professor Butler muttered something about killing two birds with one stone. Professor Butler teaches Anthropology here at the University.

* * *

Just Died

The Primate Department Department announced in a closed executive meeting last night that Bahula, an 800 lb. ape, died early yesterday morning. The cause was strangulation. Nobody knows why Bahula did this to herself. Professor Jung feels that it might have been caused due to suppressed desires. Mopunk, Bahula's former mate, had no comment.

Oscar Remmobohm Goes Broke

It was announced here in Madison yesterday that Oscar Remmobohm, famed Madison restrantier, is going to declare bankruptcy. Madison has been thrown into a state of fervor over this piece of news. The other member of the Madison Council For The Protection Of Big Business, Oscar Manor, announced that he was deeply shocked. It seems that Oscar No. 1, that's Remmy, started on his downward path when he announced a special on eggs. Scared away by his attractive prices (Two eggs, jelly and toast, all for 99½ cents), the students have left his stores deserted except for sales clerks running around, dropping sales checks on the floor to bring back that homey feeling. Mr. Remmobohm might decide to run again for Governor.

* * *

School Buildings to Be Eulogized

Thomas J. Dulnut, world renowned poet, announced today that he planned to write a "long, dynamic poem about the beauty and architectural perfection of the buildings leading up to Bascom Hall." When he saw the buildings, Dulnut was "overwhelmed" by their dimensions and all-togetherness. Mr. Dulnut originally came to the campus to improve on his Braille.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED
TO ATTEND
THE STRANGE HEATHEN
CEREMONY
OF BEER-DRINKING
AND
GOOD COMPANIONSHIP
NOW TAKING PLACE
AT
THE KOLLEGE KLUB
714 State

Blatz On Tap
Snack Counter
Daily

1st Color TV
On Campus

Redwood & Ross

now proudly present

BUCKLES

with clothes in the front



Redwood & Ross

Tomorrow: Today's greatest labor saving device.

* * *

Instructor to late student: "You should have been here at seven-forty!"

Late student: "Why? Anything happen?"

* * *

Man in barber's chair: Your dog likes to watch you cut hair, doesn't he?

Barber: It's not that. Sometimes I snip off a bit of ear.

* * *

"Terribly sorry you had to bury your wife yesterday."

"Had to. Dead, you know."

* * *

"May I join you?"

"Heavens! Am I coming apart?"

* * *

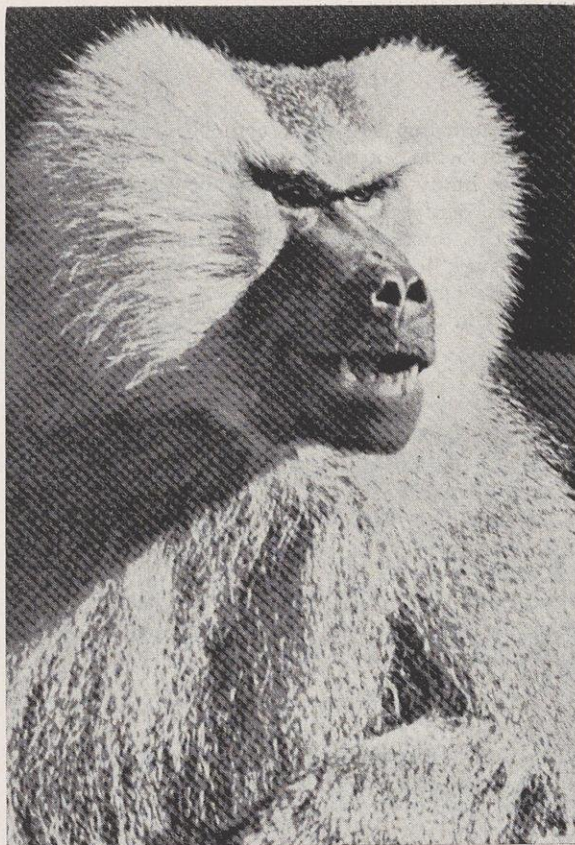
"Yes, sir, this dog is a genuine bloodhound!"

"How do I know it's a bloodhound?"

"Rover—bleed for the gentleman!"



"But Major, after two thousand years I should shave off my beard for R.O.T.C.?"



"And now, fellow senators, the next point on the agenda deals with the . . ."

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

by JEFFERY WARNER

He read the text,
He studied his notes,
He summarized his outline,
He summarizes on 3 by 5 cards,
He reduced the cards to one card,
He boiled the card down to a sentence,
The sentence down to a phrase,
The phrase down to a word,
He entered the exam,
He analyzed the question,
And then
He forgot
The word.

"Who's that?"

"Oh, just a girl I used to sleep with."

"Shocking. Where?"

"Physics lecture."

Dean Zillman: In your room we found whiskey, coke, soda, and lemons. Now what do you make of that, young man?

Student: Highballs, sir.

AND EGYPTIAN TRAGEDY

by A. NONYMOUS

The amorous life of a camel
Is not what everyone thinks
After many months in the desert
He is ready to tackle the Sphinx
But the lower ends of the latter
Are sunk in the sands of the Nile
Which explains the gloom of the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

* * *

"Oh, what a funny cow," the chic young thing
from the city told the farmer. "But why hasn't
it any horns?"

"There are many reasons," the farmer re-
plied, "why a cow does not have horns. Some
do not have them until late in life. Others are
dehorned, while still other breeds are not sup-
posed to have horns. This cow does not have
horns because it is a horse."

Waitress (looking at nickel tip): "What are you
trying to do big boy, seduce me?"

* * *

"You're the first girl I ever kissed," said the
college man, shifting gears with his knee.

* * *

Then there was the magician who walked down
the street and turned into a drugstore.

* * *

Co-ed: Call me a taxi.

Wisconsinite: Okay—you're a taxi.



It's a good year for books!



The Brathaus

at

603 State

is

The Place

to take that super date
for
the best snack in town

Dibbie

says:

When you
buy an
EICO
Hi-Fi kit
from The
Hi-Fi Corner

they lend you the tools
to build it—FREE!



The **Hi-Fi** Corner

401 State Street

BAREFOOT BOY WITH TONGUE IN CHEEK

by MARV PLETZKE

My Fair Malady

Not only does the University train the student's mind—but it also helps to develop the student body. Upon enrollment, one is able to participate in the finest of student health services. A center where prominent doctors with years of professional experience devote time and energy, wisdom and advice, with little thought of monetary reward.

I shall always remember with pathos and nostalgia, the day I went through the Student Medical Service for my physical. I was examined by many doctors, each a specialist in his own field. I had looked forward to the day for weeks.

I remember the first person I was instructed to see. He was the eye doctor. He was seated at his desk reading a '47 issue of Playboy. I cleared my throat and he slowly looked up from his magazine. He peered at me through a pair of army surplus opera glasses which were strapped to his head.

"How many eyes do you have?" he questioned as his eyes kept returning to his magazine.

"Two, sir," I said nervously, realizing the importance of each statement.

"What is the color of my tie?"

"Brown, sir."

"Good, it matches the color of my brown suit."

"But your suit isn't brown, sir."

He began to nervously page through his magazine.

"O.K., O.K., smart guy. Move on."

Trying to hide my feeling of elation at passing my first test, I continued to an office marked heart doctor. A nurse and a doctor were in the room, both attired in white costumes. They faced the window, but I could see his hand on her chest, thus I knew I would have to wait my turn. I took out my hanky and blew my nose. They turned

sharply and—it was my turn for the nurse quickly left the room. The doctor smiled, put his hand on my wrist and waited several minutes. He reached for his stethoscope. Finally he looked up and said "I would like to see you again, possibly next week."

"Why," I asked.

"There's quite a crowd going through today," he said, "I'll have more time to look for your pulse then."

My next step was the scale room. I awkwardly stepped on the scale hoping that the needle would move. It moved, and slowly tallied up the poundage. The doctor smiled as I stepped down.

"You are inclined to be lazy. You like to laugh, but at times slip into a very moody state. You will take a short trip which will bring you unexpected riches."

I thanked him, felt in my pockets for a coin, but they were empty. He scowled and said "That's all."

Finally I was in the last office, mental adjustment it was called. The man was picking petals out of a daisy as he stared at a picture of Kate Smith. As I entered, he pushed aside a package of unplucked flowers.

"Come from a normal family, do you son?" he asked.

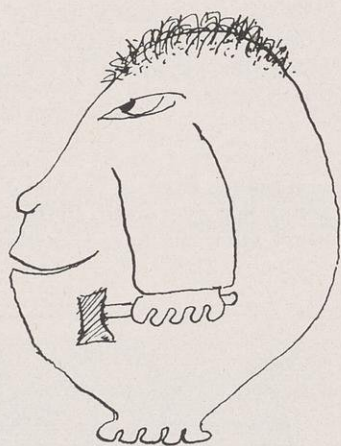
"Yes sir," I said, "There have never been any unusual happenings that I can recall."

"Nothing?"

"Well on occasion one of our relatives does something different. Like Uncle Meateel who started a fencing factory after collecting the foil inside sticks of gum. And my widower nephew Charlie Weterbad who has been growing lamps since he was fifteen to avoid buying light bulbs. And cousin Satrfet who's been collecting the THRA HTARH doughnuts to set up a factory in active competition against Pilgrim socks. And my Aunt Juliandf who read half way through "Little Women" before she found out it wasn't about midgets, and things like that. But I wouldn't call that abnormal."

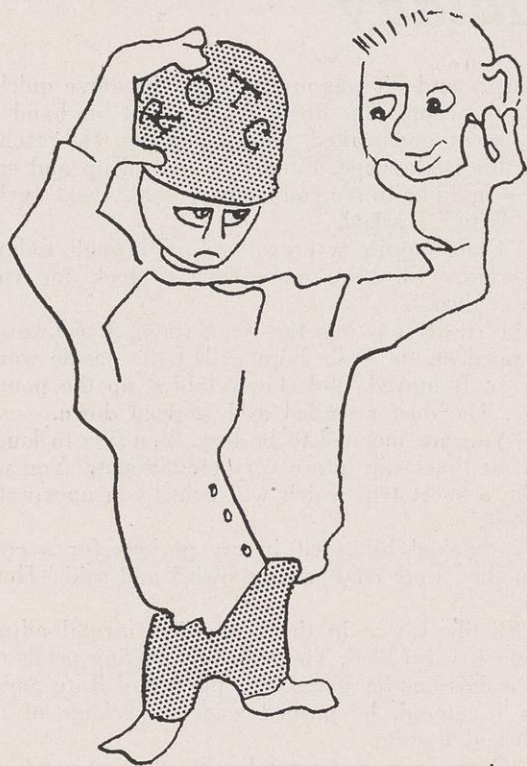
"No, of course not. They were probably just trying to relieve tension. As you well know, this was your last test, and passing it, as you have, you are now a member of this University. It is my privilege to be the first to congratulate you. Con-

(continued on page 14)



gratulations, son." He embraced me and placed a kiss on my forehead.

I could not hold back my joy. I broke into tears. It was indeed a proud moment in my University career, and I knew as I walked past the heart office where the doctor was examining another nurse, that I would do all in my power to live up to the responsibility placed upon my shoulders.



Mother: What have you been doing?
 Son: Shooting craps, mother.
 Mother: That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you do.

* * *

The fourth grade teacher asked Johnny, "Who signed the Declaration of Independence?"

"I don't know and I don't care," answered Johnny.

The next day, she asked Johnny the same question and got the same rude answer.

She called his father to school and related the story to him. "I asked him who signed the Declaration of Independence and his answer was, 'I don't know and I don't care'."

The father frowned and said to Johnny, "Damn it, if you signed it, admit it!"

Two little girls were busy discussing their families.

"Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" inquired one little girl.

"I think," said the other one, "that she's cramming for her finals."

* * *

The reason the Romans gave up their big holidays was the overhead. The lions ate up all the prophets.

* * *

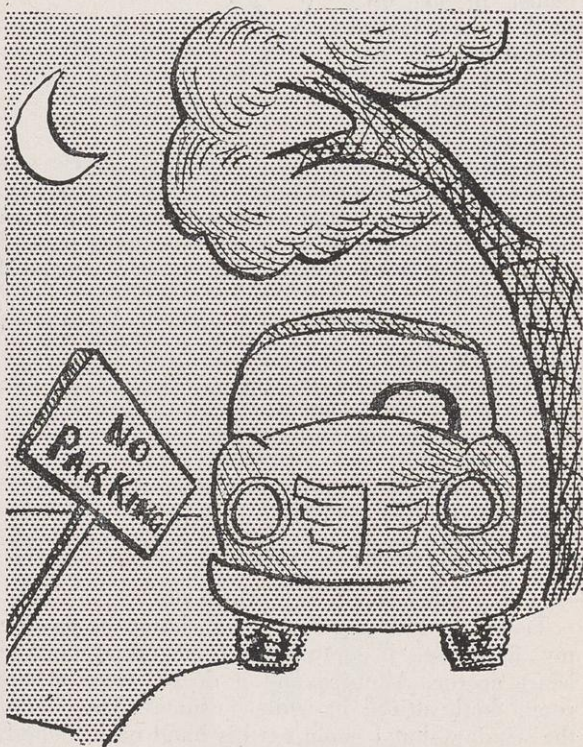
"You can't beat the system," moaned an AEPI over his latest semester grades. "I decided to take Basketweaving 103 for a snap course but two Navajos enrolled and raised the curve and I flunked."

* * *

If all the S.A.E.'s in the world were placed in a line, holding hands, they would reach half way across the ocean. A lot of people are in favor of this scheme.

* * *

A letter from a reader: "You are the greatest editor that ever lived. Please excuse crayon, as they won't allow me to use anything sharp."



"Charley, I know you can't speak to me during Hell Week — but this sign language is awfully tiring."

Cop (to man just struck by hit-and-run driver):
"Did you get his number?"

Pedestrian: "No, but I'd recognize that laugh anywhere."

* * *

The way taxes are today, you might as well marry for love.

* * *

The old-fashioned girl used to put her money in her bodice.

The modern miss prefers to keep it where it won't be seen.

* * *

Mother: Don't use such bad words, dear.

Son: But Chaucer uses them.

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

* * *

Joe: "Where are we gonna eat?"

Moe: "Let's eat up the street."

Joe: "Naw, I hate asphalt."

* * *

An epitaph on a farmer's grave near Madison reads: "Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and nowhere to go."

ROTC Officer: "Why didn't you salute me at drill today?"

Wis. Student: "I didn't see you, sir."

R.O.T.C. Officer: Thank goodness, I thought you were mad at me."

* * *

Wisdom: Knowing what to do next.

Skill: Knowing how to do it.

Virtue: Not doing it.

* * *

Gary: "Give me a cigarette."

Steve: "I thought you quit smoking!"

Gary: "I'm on the first stage. I've quit buying them."

* * *

The me who go to college,

The he-men and the wrecks,

They do a lot of talking

About beer and also sex;

Now it's my observation

In spite of all they boast of,

That between the beer and women

It's beer they get the most of.

* * *

"Hell yes," said the devil, picking up the phone.

And then there is the story about the engineer who was so dumb he thought that a logarithm was a lumber song.

We flaunt the strangest assembly of classics, minor and major, texts, esoterica, incunabula, errata, erotica, friendly advice, eccentric sayings and things of similar ilk to be found anywhere outside of Bascom Hall. Besides that, we buy used books, sell them upon occasion, feature the fastest ordering service in town, and have no greeting cards. Browsers are particularly welcome and need not check their books at the door.

THE BOOK STALL

707 STATE STREET

(Across from the Co-op)

BOB DALE and JIM HYER

Madion's Oldst Television Dealer —

HI - FI

TV RENTAL

SERVICE

Radio and Television Is Our Business—

Not A Sideline

Evans Radio & Television

720 - 724 University Ave.

5-7294

REMEMBER—THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE

Well, it was this way Judge

by GLORIA LEVY

"Well, it was this way Judge, there I stood, after a hard day at the sand box making mudpies . . .

(The defendant, ladies and gentlemen, is seated in the witness chair, a small, blond, blowsy bit of a girl. She sits playing with the beads about her chubby neck, her pudgy cheeks are covered with dirt. Her woolen dress hangs on her round little



body in barrel like fashion. The time is 1:20, June 9, 1894, Nosi Dam, Wisconsin, and, . . . Too Bad You're Here!)

"O.K., O.K., step down miss. Next witness."

"But judge, you haven't heard my (sob) story yet."

(The defendant toddles off the stand, tears streaming down her cheeks, furiously sucking her thumb. The Boy takes the stand. A handsome, debonair young chap; an unlit cigarette dangling from his puckish mouth. He squirms nervously in the chair).

"Would you tell the court, please, how you first

met the defendant."

"Yeth Thir."

(The Boy has a slight speech difficulty, due to the recent loss of his two front teeth.)

"I wath out near the Kiddie Pond in Playland trying to catch one of those toads, when I looked and there in the muddy water wath the tweeth fath. I looked and she thmiled, and my heart began to pound. . . ."

"This was the defendant you were looking at?"

"No Thir. A frog. I'm coming to the defendant. Anyway, as I reached for thith frog a thmall, chubby hand thmacked mine and grabbed for the frog . . . the defendant. She wath hunting too and I had made the mithtake of looking at the thame frog that she wath. We thtood there grappling for a while; she hitting, kicking, biting, and scratchin, and me just defending and trying to duck. Well, anyway, after a few minutes of thith I ambled away in thearch of leth dangerous entertainment, so I went over to the aligator wrestling pond."

"And now, would you tell us how you met Miss Tura Lura Lipshitz?"

"Well, anyway, ath I wath thaying, it wath later the thame day on the thwings. As I stood



on my thwing ready to begin, a gentle hand plucked me from my perch and threw me to the ground. I cast an agonized glance skyward. Grinning down at me wath Tura Lura, preparing to strike again before she hopped gracefully onto the thwing.



Having had one entanglement with a female adventurer that day wath enough, I didn't even bother to defend myself, I thimply dragged myself to my feet and got the h--- out of there. I would be da . . ."

"Uh, yeth, I mean yes, that will be quite enough. You may step down. Next witness."

(The witness for the prosecution takes the stand. She seems much cooler than the other two were. She learns nonchalantly back in the chair, her skirt hiked well above her slightly skinned knee, showing a well formed, much bruised shinbone).

"Will you tell the court please, just exactly what you were doing standing stark naked between two rocks at five o'clock in the afternoon."

"Naturally, I was eagle spying."

"Would you try to recall for the court how it was that your attention was turned from this noble endeavor?"

"Well, as I was saying, there I stood, peacefully communing with nature when suddenly I heard a splashing: I looked and saw Miss Lipshitz, (as shown), fishing for pebbles, as I watched she was approached by another figure, they exchanged words, scuffed a bit and then the figure knocked Miss Lipshitz down; and there she lay with her bare face hangin' out. In a moment or two she got up and ran off down the beach, the figure following her."

"Thank you. Will the defendant return to the stand?"

"Now, how was it that you came to blows with Miss Lipshitz?"

"Must I answer that, Judge?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Well, uh, she was seen beating on my man, and bless my blue-eyed bone head if I gonna let her do that. So . . . I takes off after her and there she be, brazenlike stealin' my sand, an' pebbles, an' stuff. . . . So, we had a word or four, and she agrabates me pretty good by this time, so I hoults off and fetches her a good sound clap on the side of her ugly little head, and lets it go at that. So, she goes runnin' off, yellin' for her ma, she do, so I goes runnin' after, and I decides I'm gonna fix this broad good, good, I'm gonna fix this broad, real good. So, I takes my pail, and then I says to myself, I say, 'No, I will take a tub, a real big tub, a tub very huge, and will play little games with her.' So, I sees her, and I says to her, this babe, 'Let's sail boats, we'll sail boats, let's.' And when she puts her boat in the water, I puts her in, and I pushes, and pushes, and pu . . ."

"Ah, that will be all, thank you."

"If that is all, the jury will now recess in order to come to a decision."

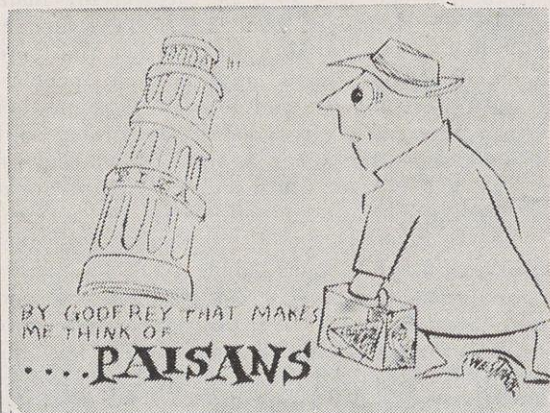
* * *

(Three hours later. The court room is tense as the foreman stands to give the verdict).

"We, the jury, uninfluenced and unbiased as we are, feel that we cannot honestly convict this innocent looking young lady, mainly on the grounds that she is my sister."

(In the hub-bub that follows, the Boy finally manages to light his cigarette; the defendant (her real name is Lithbeth Bordon), is seen sticking her tongue out at the judge; the prosecuting attorney is leading everyone out of the courtroom to the strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers." The lights dim; the story is over.)





... everyone, but everyone
in Italy flies to

PAISAN'S FOR PIZZA

University Near Park

Last minute gift problem?

..... HAPPY HOUSE

Want gift suggestions?

..... HAPPY HOUSE

Limited budget?

..... HAPPY HOUSE

that's right

HAPPY HOUSE

549 STATE

*For unusual gifts and greeting cards
that mirror the flair of the donor.*

Another epitaph on a grave in a cemetery near Sun Prairie, written by a hypochondriac, to be inscribed on his tomb at his demise: "See! I told you I was sick."

* * *

The lumber camp foreman put a newly hired country boy to work stacking 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 had happened.

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

* * *

Men seldom make passes in eight o'clock classes.

* * *

Blessed are the censors, for they shall inhibit the earth.

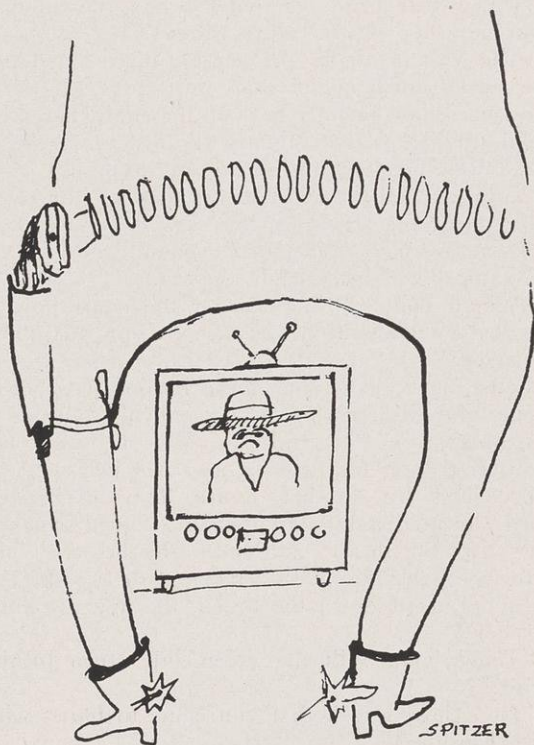
* * *

Why is a cumquat like an alligator?

Because neither one of them can ever be president.

* * *

People who live in glass houses might as well; everybody knows they do.



"Draw, dammit, draw!"

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

The Paranoid Reader

by HANS GRETEL

Some interesting facts have come to my attention recently and, being more or less the gossip kind, I'd like to get them off my chest. If you find me running on with no apparent goal in mind, just skip a paragraph or two and you'll get back on the track.

The first item that came to my attention was about a big fight on Capitol Hill. It seems that they are moving to give one hundred and fifty dollars to the Navy for the loss of a battleship. The money, which originally was supposed to go to pay the snow shoveling charges for the steps of the Supreme Court, will be given to Rear Admiral John C. Fremont to pay for his room in a rest home. Nobody knows where the ship went and Admiral Fremont, the only man who was near the boat when it was supposed to have disappeared, is constantly mumbling about flying ships. After checking with the Air Force to see if any battleships were seen flying over the Atlantic, they summoned Fremont in front of a board and demoted him to Rear-Rear Admiral. Fremont was last seen in Peru, building a raft to test a Navy theory that the Polynesians didn't sail to the South Pacific but really settled in Antarctica.

Here's a local news item. It seems that mongrels are going out of business. In this world of bigger and better things, the folks of Madison are going in for the pedigreed canine. A bill is now being passed in the Senate to declare Madison off limits to all non-pedigreed pooches. Any dog found in the streets without proper identification will be subject to severe fines and possibly banishment.

Senator Dearthbottom is the leader of this new group trying to get the measure passed. He's being rather dogged about the whole thing. It seems his cousin Renthrew, twice removed, is the dogcatcher in these parts. (Renthrew also told me to tell you that he plays the violin and is available for weddings and catered affairs).

When questioned about his stand on this canine matter, Senator Dearthbottom replied: "It's connivin' politik's that's a keeping the U. S. of A. strong and I'm just following an ol' tradition."

This remark drew yelps of outrage from some and howls of laughter from others. Many senators jumped from their seats to unleash a torrent of words, both supporting and disapproving of the Senator's last comment. Realizing the importance of all this, the illustrious Senator stood up and raised his hands for quiet. He began speaking.

"Now, now boys, no more of that. Maybe I jest didn't quite make myself clear. Maybe connivin' wasn't the right word. Therefore, Mr. Chairman, I hereby submit that we strike the word connivin'

from the records and recommend that we vote on a better word to express it correctly."

Everyone seemed to like the idea and after two hours of debate (thirty minutes off for lunch), it was decided that the word that best exemplified what the Senator had tried to say was 'sly.' Exhausted from deciding on this, the meeting was adjourned.

And that, my schizophrenic readers, is all for now.

* * *

FLASH—New Budget Declared

The new University budget has just been approved, being the largest yet in Co-ed history. Special notice was given to the increased spending of the Department of Protection and Security (the cops). Aside from the purchase of two 300-D Chryslers, which by the way will be used to take the officers home after their stint, the university has allotted money for the purchase of ten high powerde telescopes. These telescopes will be strategically placed near certain girl's dorms to keep a sharp lookout against Wisconsin male students who might want to snark (vernacular for Peeping Tom). Anyone caught snarking will be fined five dollars for the act, three dollars for doing it on or about the University proper, and one dollar for making the judge bang his gavel when he hears the case.

* * *

"Blue Angel to Tower, Blue Angel to Tower, one minute of gas left. Request immediate landing."

"Tower to Blue Angel, circle the field."

"Blue Angel to Tower, Blue Angel to Tower, thirty seconds of gas left. Request landing instructions."

"Tower to Blue Angel, circle the field."

"Blue Angel to Tower, no gas left. What should I do?"

"Tower to Blue Angel, repeat after me—Our Father, who art in heaven . . ."

* * *

"Did you neck?"

"That's my busines."

"At last. A professional!"





Pond's, because . . .

From Whence Comes It?

by ROGER SHORT

To be read in a dark room

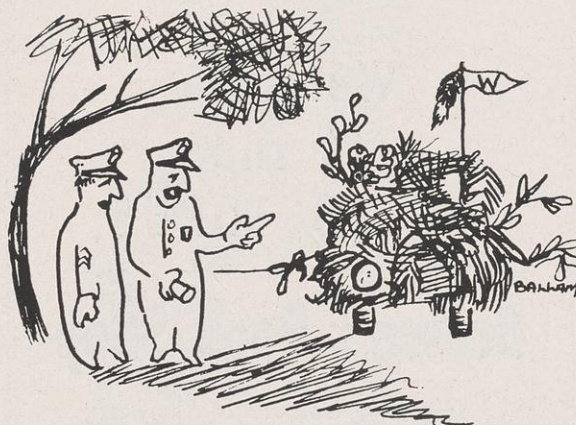
From whence comes the phrase, "You and your damn theater tickets"? One might think (if one can), that it might have been said by our beloved President Abraham Lincoln after he was shot at Ford's Theater. Well buster, you've got another think coming. It was said by Mrs. Sarah Lincoln to her husband Harley after she was hit by a piece of shrapnel while watching Kroger Babb's production of that all time famous war story, Bob and Sally. (Read that again).

It seems that Harley and Sarah got the tickets for the show through her uncle, Sigmund Pinley who is a tailor down on the square. The fact that Sigmund is a tailor has quite a bit to do with this story too. You see, Sigmund sewed Harley's pants so that Harley could go to the play. On the night of May 6, 1956, a day which will live in infamy, Sigmund deliberately, and without any conscience, found the tickets in some person's pants pocket and gave them to Harley.

Why did he give them to Harley? Well, Genevieve, Sigmund's wife, who had just started dinner for that evening, fell into her chicken soup and turned to stone. Sigmund was quite upset at this, (we now know that he was really upset because he forgot to watch the Texas Rangers on TV) and so he didn't feel like getting dressed up to go out. Instead of going to see Bob and Sally, he gave the tickets to Harley.

Now ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I ask you, what the heck was in that chicken soup? Is it the same stuff that has been appearing in the food at one of the lesser known fraternity houses? Were there any dogs present when Sigmund boned the herring-bone and marinated it? What happened to the king of Shlugzatz when the queen kicked him in the slats? And who scared the living day-lights out of Little Red Riding Hood when she was walking down Halstead near 63rd in big Chi?

Tune in next week and find out the answers to these many other perplexing questions of our day. Until then, this is Osgood Mudflinger pointing his muddy finger at you and saying, "What do you think of the new two point conversion rule?"



"We got nuthin' but grief since ROTC 4b started camouflaging."

GIDEON WITH IT!

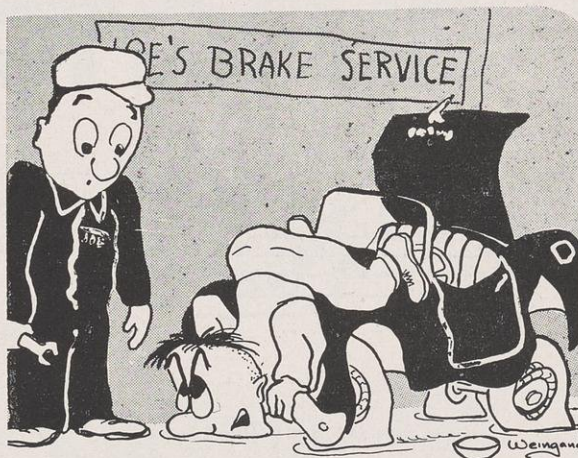
A truly naive parent (male gender) is a man who remains convinced his daughter has done no sinning because she comes home from a date with a Gideon Bible in her suitcase.

* * *

*He was sitting in the parlor
And he said unto the light
"Either you or I, Old Chappie,
Will be turned down tonite."*

FROM THE NEW YORKER

Syria, meanwhile, kept the issue boiling, giving a formal rejection to King Saud's mediation offer and in effect accusing the U.S. Navy of sending Wladislaw Gomulka from his planes deep over Syria.
—Chicago Sun-Times
(Impossible! Gomulka was fired a thousand miles over Eniwetok that same day).



"At least I didn't get a ticket"

Welcome
to the
new OCTOPUS
Brown's Book Shop

Friendly, Courteous Service

STATE AT LAKE

**CAMPUS WATCH REPAIR
HOSPITAL**

(On the Campus)
321 NORTH PARK

•
Complete Diagnosis, Prognosis . . .

For
Your Watch's Psychosis
(IN SHORT, WE DO *FIX* WATCHES)

•
COME ON IN!

COMING

**WISCONSIN
UNION**



THEATER



GARY GRAFFMAN
concert series pianist

Feb. 13, 15
8:00 P.M.

COUNT BASIE
with
SARAH VAUGHAN

Feb. 18
7 & 9 P.M.

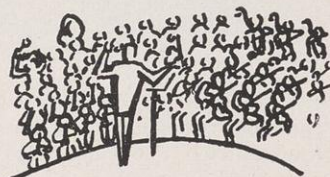


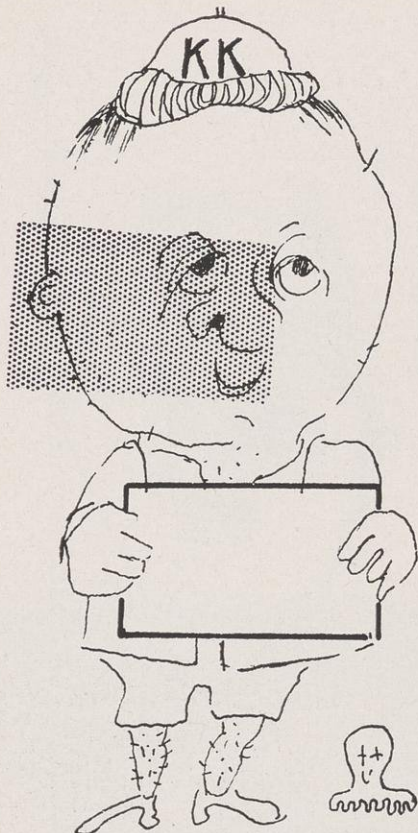
JOYCE GRENFELL
British comedienne
songs and comedy sketches

Feb. 26
8:00 P.M.

MPLS. SYMPHONY
Antal Dorati conducting

Mar. 16
2:30 & 8:00 P.M.





7:45? . . . Saturday? . . . Only?



Ad In A Magazine:

The ladies of the Cherry Street Church auxiliary have discarded clothing of all kinds. Call at 444 N. Cherry Street for inspection.

Congratulations
To the
NEW OCTOPUS
Here's to your *FUTURE*
From
The Daily Cardinal

Daffynitions:

HOLLYWOOD—A place where you can pick an orange off a tree and a tomato off any street.

CHAPERONE: A dame who never could make the team but is still in there intercepting passes.

ENGAGEMENT: A period of urge on the verge of a merge.

CONSCIENCE: Something that hurts just when everything else feels so good.

* * *

The Dean of Women at a large mid-western University recently began a speech to the student body: "The President and I have decided to stop petting on campus."

* * *

For every girl who has the curves, there are a dozen men who have the angles.

* * *

ON DIAMONDS—The hardest substance known to man—especially to get back!

YOU WON'T BE SORRY
YOU WENT TO THE
CASTLE ROCK

1204 University Ave.

Middleton

PITCHERS and SCHOONERS

STEAK SANDWICHES

(almost a complete meal)

FOR PARTIES CALL TE 6-9821



So What?

FOR SALE

Fifteen foot tapeworm—goes where you go; eats what you eat.

* * *

TO ALICE—The original good time that's been had by all.

SAVE MONEY

SEE

REASONABLE PRICES

Jerry Bratlie for Books

807 University Ave.

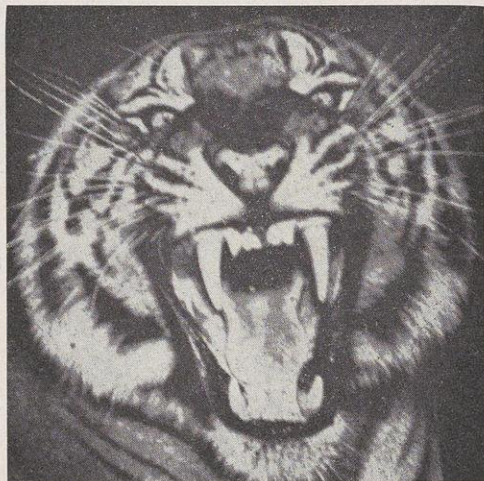
INSTANT REBATE

"Over 25 Years Experience in Books"

INSTANT REBATE

the Wisconsin BADGER

(A YEARBOOK OF SOME NOTE IN THE BIG TEN)



Henry Wiggins, ME 4, having forgotten to order his BADGER.

wishes to
convey this
message to
students who
do not have
a BADGER
as yet:

SALES END MARCH 15

LOCATE:

- (1) House Rep.
- (2) Room 311, Union
- (3) Coupon below

----- PLEASE PRINT -----

THE WISCONSIN BADGER, INC., 770 Langdon St., Madison, Wis.

Sirs: Enclosed find payment for one 1958 BADGER. Send me a receipt.

NAME (LAST - FIRST - MIDDLE)

(MADISON ADDRESS)

(HOME ADDRESS)

PLEASE CIRCLE AMOUNT
ENCLOSED:

\$6.00 BADGER picked up

\$6.50 BADGER mailed

(Indicate mailing address)



That's Right, Miss, I'm a Ford Scholar