



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin Octopus. December 1958

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, December 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.

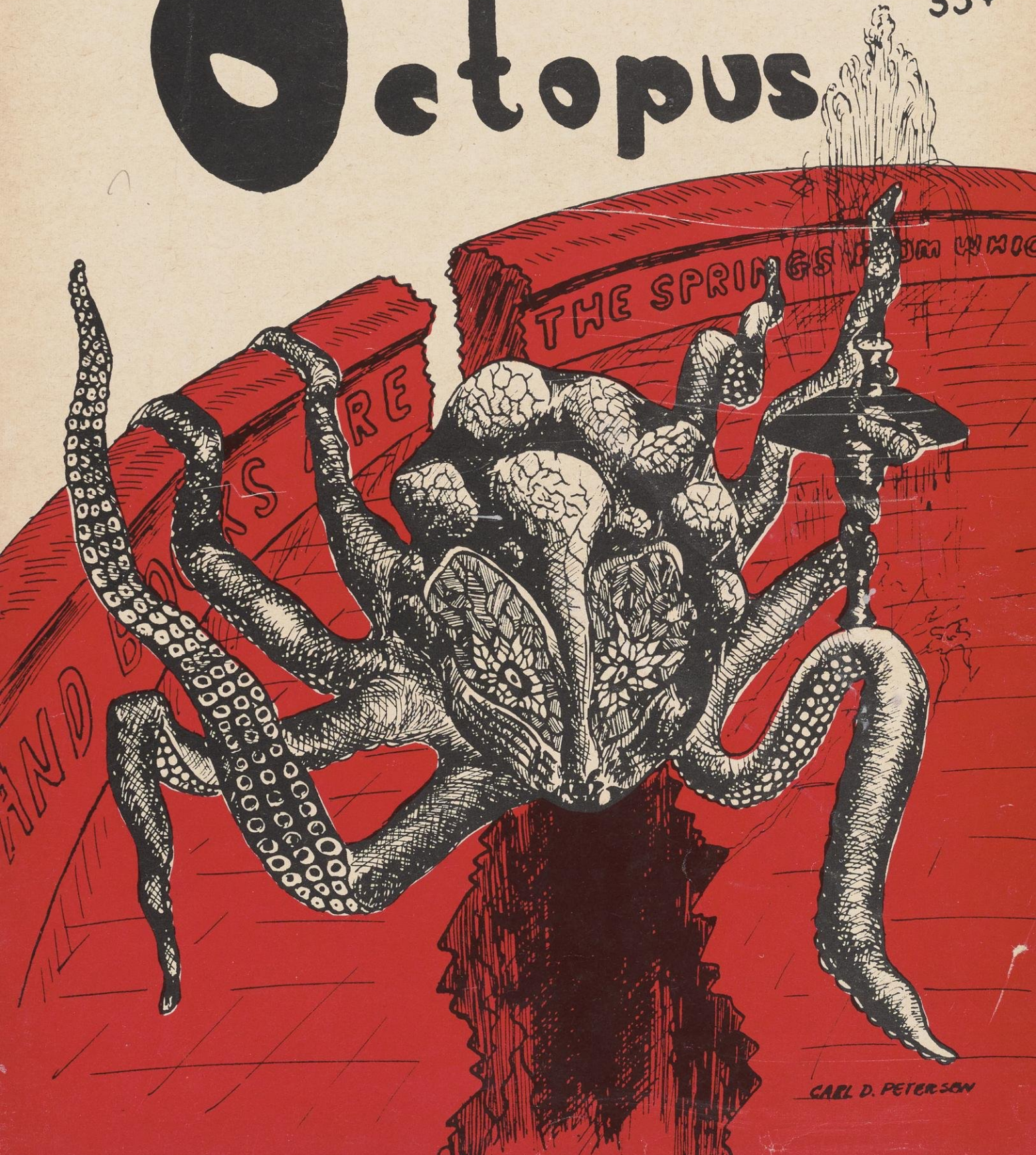
THE WISCONSIN

DECEMBER

1958

35¢

Oetopus



CARL D. PETERSON

SANTA CLAUSE

SHOPS AT THE

CO-OP

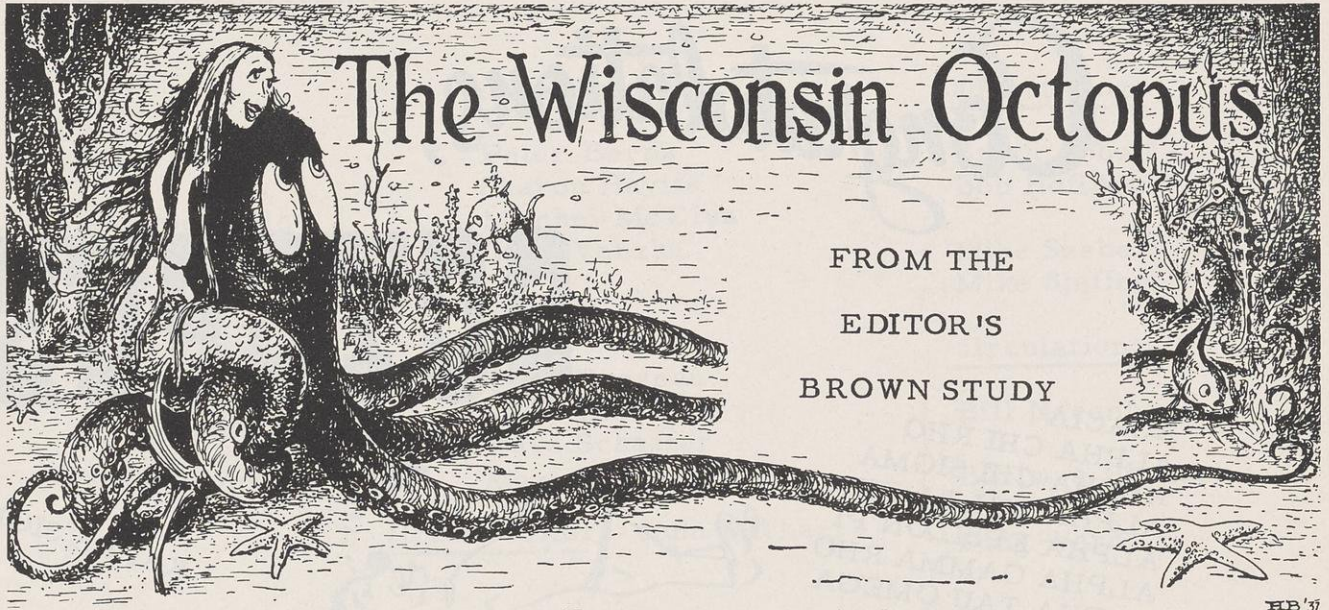


MEMBERSHIP CARD

this is to certify that

S. Clause

is a member
The University CO-OP



The Wisconsin Octopus

FROM THE
EDITOR'S
BROWN STUDY

A while back President Elvehjem presented one of our competitors, the New Idea, with a subsidy of \$1000 from his special gift fund. This grant had an odor of rank favoritism, but at the time we let it pass -- we were busy with the Octy. Then the first issue of the new lit mag hit the stands. The cover was excellent and inside, for those who had time, was some copy. Well, we thought, this is what the President wanted, he's got it. Then, on page 4, we came across an editorial of sorts, which gave us the Straight Poop on this money. It seems that the magazine claimed it could "stimulate thoughtful student expression, ... develop the students' critical faculties, ... and reflect the stimulating cultural scene on the campus for others to see."

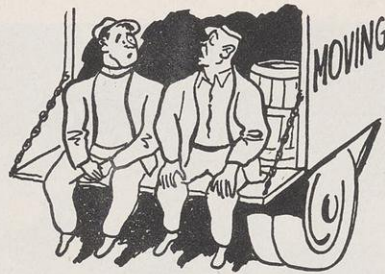
This is garbage, and the New Idea knows it. The amazing thing is that the President fell for it. The most

thoughtful student expression we've heard lately has four letters, and not even the New Idea could print it; the students' critical faculties are well enough developed while standing in endless registration lines; and as for the stimulating cultural scene on campus, compare the attendance at Coffee: Grounds for Discussion, to that at the Northwestern game.

The majority of students on campus just don't give a damn. It's the Beat Generation,

mate, and there's naught for it. A few of them read the Octy, but that's because we print dirty jokes.

We didn't want your old money anyway.



"Here we go again, dammit."

Dick Hamlet

Congratulations,

OCTOPUS

ACACIA
ALPHA CHI RHO
ALPHA CHI SIGMA
ALPHA DELTA PHI
ALPHA EPSILON PI
ALPHA GAMMA RHO
ALPHA TAU OMEGA



KAPPA SIGMA

KAPPA ALPHA THETA
KAPPA DELTA

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA

ALPHA CHI OMEGA
ALPHA EPSILON PHI
ALPHA GAMMA DELTA
ALPHA PHI
ALPHA XI DELTA

PHI GAMMA DELTA
PHI KAPPA
PHI SIGMA DELTA
PHI SIGMA KAPPA
PI KAPPA ALPHA
PI LAMBDA PHI
PSI UPSILON

BETA THETA PI

CHI PHI
CHI PSI

CHI OMEGA



PI BETA PHI

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON
SIGMA CHI
SIGMA NU
SIGMA PHI EPSILON

DELTA SIGMA PI
DELTA UPSILON

SIGMA DELTA TAU

DELTA DELTA DELTA
DELTA GAMMA
DELTA ZETA
GAMMA PHI BETA



TAU KAPPA EPSILON
THETA CHI
THETA DELTA CHI

ZETA BETA TAU

editor: Dick Hamlet

business manager: Andrew Schindel

art:

Sally Ballam

Clayton Bailey
Tom Bontly
Lyle Lahey
Carl Petersen
Tom Wallmo

photography:

Peter Gold

contributors:

Peter Berns
Sharon Havlik
Mitchel McElya
Gene Venzke

staff:

Julie Broseau
Sally Kapplin
Dave Schaefer
Marge Swiencicki

fiction editor: John Michael

advertising:

Brian Abbott
Bob Hoffman

Mike Seeber
Mike Steffen

circulation:

Bill Nerenberg

Barbara Brandel
Jody Otto
Ping Ward

board of editors: Ed Peters, Mike Proctor, Andy Schindel

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

THE BOUNDERS OF THE CAMPUS ARE THE BOUNDERS OF THE STATE





the wayward santa

by Peter Berns

"I'll get it, Cora. You just stay in that kitchen." The plump woman bustled toward the hall, saying to herself, "That's probably Mr. Newton." She labored for a moment with the huge heavily ornamented lock and when it yielded to her fumbling hands, a large robust looking man stood framed in the fading light of late afternoon.

"Come in, come in," gurgled Mrs. Clyde, "You'll catch a cold out there." The man obeyed, and in so doing brought in an ample quantity of the damp, rain-like snow which had been accumulating about the upper regions of his rotund figure. Mrs. Clyde said, "You must be Mr. Newton."

"That's correct, Madam. And you're Mrs. Clyde, I presume." Without waiting for an answer he took her pudgy hand and pumped it vigorously; his smile was serene and warm. "Ah, such a nasty day. It is a pleasure to find a shelter such as this and a woman so lovely as yourself, after walking in the cruel, bare streets of our city."

"Well thank you," said Mrs. Clyde, who had walked around behind him and was busily trying to remove the ancient overcoat from his ponderous shoulders. After a hectic struggle, man and coat parted and Mrs. Clyde gripped the arm of her guest, saying, "Come into the kitchen and we'll make you some coffee. I imagine you're just frozen through."

"Thank you, thank you," he said with much gusto, "but it would take a lot more than a little snow to put a frost on me. That's the nice thing about being overly endowed with flesh," he said, eyeing not too closely the abundantly encased body of Mrs. Clyde.

"Makes for a good Santa Claus too," said Mrs. Clyde, who had noticed the humorous glint in Mr. Newton's glance. "Are you ready for the big party tonight?"

"Yes sir," he answered jovially. "Got the reindeer back in the garage next to your Cadillac."

"Very cute, Mr. Newton," chuckled his hostess.

"Ho ho ho," mocked Mr. Newton in his best Santa Claus style. The laugh, bouncing back from the rather cold, bare

walls of the mansion seemed to transform the room into a cheery haven, sweeping away the forboding atmosphere and bringing forth a true Christmas mantle of good will. Mr. Newton was indeed a good Santa Claus. His shiny, overly red face was enriched by a lined white beard, and his eyes twinkled with something of a gentle mockery frosted over with a comfortable, kindly humor likely to set the most wretched heart at ease. He could have been Santa himself.

But as Santa, Mr. Newton would have been somewhat out of character. Not in appearance of course, nor even in his true nature. Alas, it was his profession. Elgood Newton was a professional pickpocket, known among friends as "Elgood the Magnitudinous Hook."

Mrs. Clyde had no knowledge of this. Otherwise, she would have been somewhat hesitant in inviting him to her home, since this was Christmas Eve, and she was throwing her annual party for the children of the foundling home. Many older people would be present, most of them quite wealthy, and the presence of a pickpocket would be a most disquieting influence.

Mrs. Clyde had hustled her guest into the kitchen, where a fury of activity was taking place. There were dozens of assorted pots, pans and bowls scattered about, filled to the brim with sizzling and aromatic goodies. "Smells good," said Mr. Newton.

"Yes it does," agreed Mrs. Clyde. "By the way, Mr. Newton, I would like you to meet Cora. She is in charge of my kitchen. Cora, this is Mr. Newton, who is going to be our Santa tonight."

"Very glad to know you Santa," said Cora. "Ah sure am glad indeedy, but Ah'm a little angry with you. When Ah was a wee child, you never did answer mah letters." She cackled quite loudly, and Mr. Newton joined her. He sat down, adjusting the seat of his hostess first, and the coffee was served.

Mrs. Clyde said, "You don't know how much I appreciate this, Mr. Newton. I wouldn't have minded paying a man, but you coming here without charge

makes the charity complete. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm retired," said the Magnitudinous Hook. "However, I do odd jobs occasionally to sustain myself. This sort of thing is a hobby."

"And a fine hobby it is," beamed Mrs. Clyde. "Oh, I meant to ask you, have you done anything about getting some Santa's helpers? There will be many children here and I'm sure they'll want the whole show. Perhaps I could call the..."

"I have arranged," said Mr. Newton, "for a number of friends who share the same ideas of charity as myself, to be present. They will bring the costumes. I have also instructed them to bring sacks with which to distribute the loot." He grinned.

There was a knock at the door, a light tap that was almost unheard by the people in the kitchen. Cora opened the rear door and faced a small bald man who looked like a clown without makeup. The intruder peered shyly into the room and held his hat politely at his side. Mrs. Clyde wiped a bit of coffee from her prominent jowl and looked up from her cup. "Yes?" she said coolly.

"Uh, Ma'am...de, uh food seems so plenty-ful here, and..."

"Really," said Mrs. Clyde, "I can't have any unsavory characters in my kitchen. I'm afraid I must ask you to leave."

Elgood Newton rose from his chair. "Mrs. Clyde!" he said sternly. "Are you going to turn this creature of the streets back into the gutter on this of all evenings?"

"Why, uh, yes...I was, until suddenly it occurred to me that the poor fellow may be hungry. Yes, look at the way he is grabbing at that piece of bread. Why, do come in poor man, you unfortunate, lonely...and oh, such an untidy soul." She waddled over to the confused tramp and led him to the table. "Cora!" she commanded, "fix this chap a plate." She turned to Mr. Newton. "Really, I don't know what possessed me to even think of..."

"Mrs. Clyde," said the Magnitudinous Hook, "we all have our lapses. Eat hearty my friend, and a merry Christ-

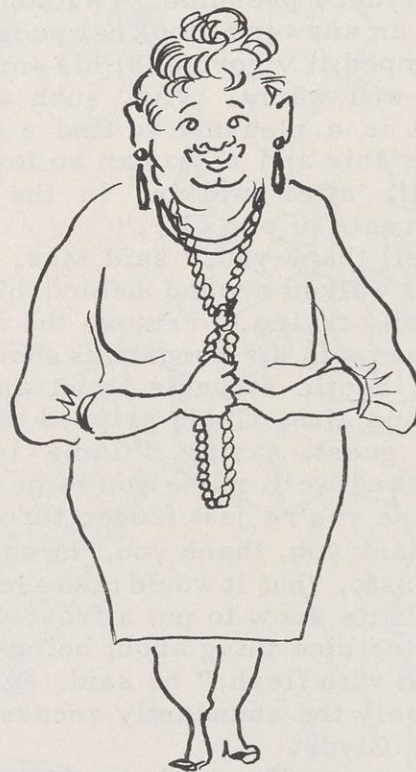
mas to you."

"Yes, by all means," chortled Mrs. Clyde. "And now Mr. Newton, I would appreciate your assistance in decorating the house. I wouldn't ask you, but...oh those servants nowadays. Won't do anything except bow and scrape and be proper."

"Certainly, Mrs. Clyde. It will also give me an opportunity to look over your home. After all, Santa should know his way around."

"You mean 'case the joint'?" laughed Mrs. Clyde.

"I suppose that would be a suitable term," murmured the Magnitudinous Hook.



The guests began to arrive. They came in shiny new cars with jewelry and decorous furs, and all were joyous with the spirit of Christmas. Mr. Newton was also joyous as he peered from within the red and white costume. He looked at the milling groups of philanthropists and his twinkling eyes took on a slightly predatory gleam. Otherwise, he was every inch the hearty, jovial Santa.

GENUINE REGISTERED
Keepsake[®]
 DIAMOND RINGS



The Choice of a Lifetime

Magic moment beyond compare . . . a diamond ring for this love you share. In making this important lifetime purchase, you'll be wise to choose a diamond of finest quality . . . a perfect diamond.

There is no more expressive symbol, no greater assurance of value than a Keepsake — the engagement ring with the perfect center diamond. Only a gem of this flawless quality, fine color and expert cut can reflect full diamond fire and brilliance. To help you choose with confidence, the Keepsake Certificate presented with your

ring guarantees perfect quality (or replacement assured). Keepsake also registers your ring permanently, assuring lifetime trade-in privilege and protection against loss of the diamonds for one year.

Why risk an unwise choice when the Keepsake Guarantee gives you all the facts. Look in the ring and on the tag for the name "Keepsake," the diamond ring you will wear with pride forever. Many beautiful styles from \$100 to \$10,000—at authorized Keepsake Jewelers only.

Rings from left to right

JULIET Ring	575.00
Also \$500 to 2475	
Wedding Ring	175.00
ROLAND Ring	400.00
Wedding Ring	125.00
BAXTER Ring	225.00
Also \$100 to 750	
Wedding Ring	20.00
HAYDEN Ring	125.00
Wedding Ring	42.50

All rings available either natural or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show details.

® Trade-mark registered.

Dating is really fun . . . when you know

THE ART OF DATING

by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall

An expert guide to happy, successful dating to make your teens the best years of your life. This fact-filled book is written by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall, famous author and counselor. REGULARLY \$2.50 in hard cover, this book is yours in the exclusive Keepsake edition for ONLY 50¢ AND THIS COUPON AT ANY KEEPSAKE JEWELER'S STORE. If dealer is not listed in yellow pages, write to Keepsake Diamond Rings, Syracuse 2, N. Y., for his name. DO NOT SEND MONEY, PLEASE.

And the children. There were hundreds of them arriving in their new outfits so generously provided by Mrs. Clyde's organization. They were smothered by the atmosphere, the gaiety, and the embraces of sweet-smelling, gracious ladies. Their little mouths and stomachs were crammed full of the aromatic, rich creations of Mrs. Clyde's kitchen. Their pockets were stuffed with candy canes, coins, jelly-beans, glass beetles, gum, marbles, movie passes, baseball cards, ribbons, candy canes, coins...

The Santa's helpers arrived also. Fortunately, they were already in costume--their usual appearance would probably have caused a certain amount of apprehension among the guests. Not all hooks are as generously endowed in appearance as Mr. Newton. Soon the place was truly humming with the joy of the season.

Mr. Newton was also humming as he moved among the crowded tables, distributing his gifts and goodwill. He sang softly to himself:

Better be rich,
Better be heeled,
Better be keeping your pocketbooks
sealed.
Santa Claus will rob you tonight...

"Ho ho ho," he chuckled as his twinkling mocking eyes peered out at the happy throng. A group of children pinned him to the ice cream table. "One for you and one for you and one for you and one for you." And one for me, he thought, pushing against a portly man who was the president of a well-known department store. Deft fingers extracted the wallet and in almost the same movement, the money was removed and the wallet reinserted. Mr. Newton was an expert. "Ho ho ho," he chortled, as he dropped his hand quickly into the pocket which had been sewn into his sack. "Ho ho ho. Merry Christmas to you sir, and to all my little friends."

...I'm making a list,
Checking it twice.

Baubles and rings will bring a good
price,
Santa Claus will rob you tonight...

He draped one arm about the shoulder of a tousle-haired youngster and hugged the boy to him. Anelegantly gowned woman fished in her purse for a pack of cigarettes. Mr. Newton took a candle from the centerpiece and gallantly put the flame to her cigarette. He pulled off his hat and swept it in front of his body, bowing. With the concealed hand he extracted a jeweled earring from the still open purse.

"Thank you," she said.

"Thank you Madam," said the Magnitudinous Hook. "And a merry Christmas."

...he knows just where to venture.
He moves with jolly mirth
He's looked in Dun and Bradstreet
To find out what you're worth...

He moved toward the hallway. En route, he bumped into the bulky form of a woman. "Is that you Mr. Newton?" she said.

"It is I," answered the Magnitudinous Hook.

"You are doing such a fine job, Mr. Newton. I don't know just how to thank you."

"It is I who thank you, Madam, for providing this opportunity for an old man to exhibit his pleasure toward a kind and generous world. But now I must be off."

"Such a busy man," said the benevolent Mrs. Clyde.

The washroom was full of Santas. When Mr. Newton entered, they looked over to him. "Well, gentlemen, how is it going?" he said.

One of the men, known as "The Big Dipper," said, "Fine, fine."

"Splended, gentlemen. And we remembered to limit our endeavors to the less bulky items, didn't we?" He looked directly at a former second story man whose appetite for such goods as TV sets and air-conditioners was well known.

"Yes," they chorused.

"Mr. Newton," ventured the Big

Dipper, "are we not pushing our luck by remaining this long?"

"I was about to get to that," said Mr. Newton crossly. "I have made preparations for our departure. Mr. Titus Poof, the renowned driver has, uh, secured a station wagon from a used car dealer. He will be out in front in exactly seven minutes and 13 seconds. He is tuned in to the police calls and will come earlier if that is necessary. Now, let us adjourn until we meet at the chosen place."

In a secluded corner, a newly engaged couple stood gazing into each others eyes. A hand upon the shoulder of the young woman interrupted the rapture. "Eunice?"

An old friend. "Jane! So glad to see you again."

"Hi Bill. Say, I hear you two are engaged."

"Yes." They blushed.

Jane fidgeted. "The girls are so excited--you know how we are about those things--they say your..."

Eunice raised her left hand, casually. "Bill's father is such an angel. Just out of law school and..."

"Can't quite make it out."

"My ring!"

A slow wave of astonishment crept through the home of Mrs. Clyde. Cries of indignation, bewilderment, alarm, grew ominously more frequent until they erupted in downright panic.

Mrs. Clyde came running up to Mr. Newton, exclaiming, "Is that you, Mr. Newton?"

"It is I."

"There is a pickpocket present," said Mrs. Clyde, excitedly. "What shall I do?...Ohh, where are your helpers?"

Mr. Newton looked about him in shocked amazement. He said, "It looks like someone has been performing a villainous duty. Those helpers were obviously imposters...Heavens, what have they done to my friends?"

"Oh, this is terrible," she moaned. "And they cut my telephone lines."

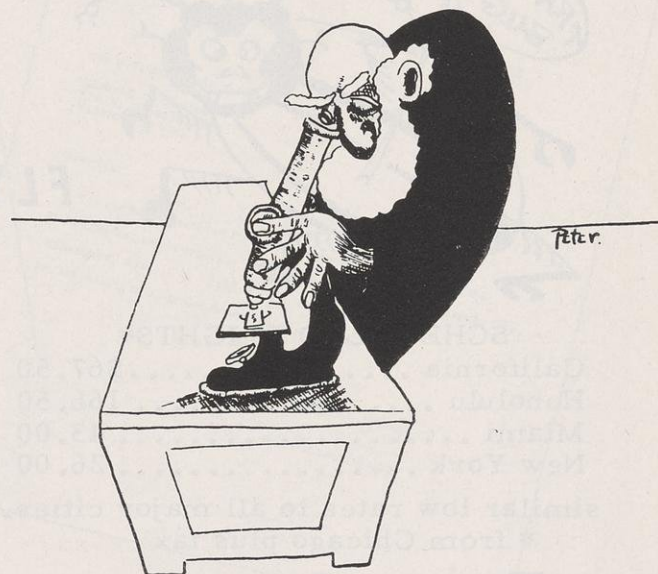
"I will get the police," volunteered the Magnitudinous Hook.

Several hours later Mr. Newton had shaved, rid himself of his costume, and was hungrily partaking of a midnight snack. He finished the meal and emerged from the restaurant. There were still some people on the busy square, mostly theater-goers, and Mr. Newton eyed them happily. He patted his tummy and issued a contented burp.

A Santa was ringing his bell, proclaiming the spirit of the season. Mr. Newton dropped a quarter into the cardboard chimney. "Merry Christmas," sang out the Santa.

"Ho ho ho," returned the gentle, mocking voice of the Magnitudinous Hook. He looked up at a now dim marquee and saw the words, "A Christmas Carol," and the somewhat incongruous proclamation, "Air-conditioned for the comfort of our patrons."

"Humbug," said Mr. Newton, patting the bulge at his hip pocket.



"By God he's got her now!"

-Yale Record

JOYOUS NOEL

from

TROIAS

STEAK HOUSE

at 661 State St.

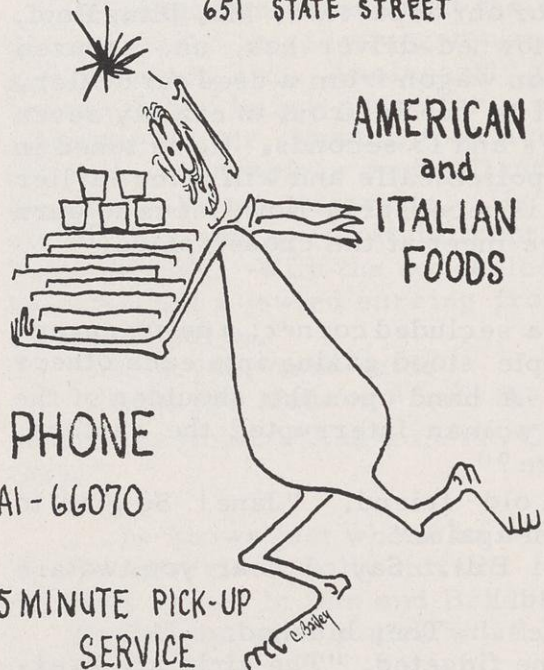


Entertainment
Tues. through Sunday

ITALIAN VILLAGE

651 STATE STREET

AMERICAN
and
ITALIAN
FOODS



PHONE

AI-66070

5 MINUTE PICK-UP
SERVICE



FLY

SCHEDULED FLIGHTS*

California	\$67.50
Honolulu	166.50
Miami	43.00
New York	26.00

similar low rates to all major cities.

* from Chicago plus tax

TRANS CONTINENTAL AIRLINES AGENCY

SEE... **Brown's** Student

BOOK STORE

712 State Street
ALpine 6-8979



Hi-Fi 33 1/2 LP RECORDS
STEREO DISCS
STARTING AT \$1.18

Letters TO THE Editor

W. B. BRADBURY Co.
BOSTON-CHICAGO-LOS ANGELES-NEW YORK
 PUBLISHERS REPRESENTATIVES
 NEW ADDRESS
 465 LEXINGTON AVE.
 NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
 REPRESENTING COLLEGE MAGAZINES EXCLUSIVELY
 TELEPHONE MURRAY HILL 7-2888

December 1, 1958

Mr. Richard G. Hamlet
 416 N. Carroll St.
 Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Dick,

I'm happy to inform you that our staff has been very favorably impressed by your performance as editor of the OCTOPUS. We feel that there is a place for you on the Bradbury Team, when you graduate in June.

Your starting salary would be \$12,500, with ample opportunity for advancement. We can all grow with the Agency.

Congratulations--we'll be looking forward to seeing you in June.

Very truly yours,

Bill

W. B. Bradbury

WBB:mjq

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
 COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
 OFFICE OF ASSOCIATE DEAN - 107 SOUTH HALL, MADISON 6

December 1, 1958

Student:

Richard G. Hamlet
 416 N. Carroll St.
 Madison 3, Wis.

I regret to inform you that your academic achievement for the past semester was unsatisfactory. After a careful review of your entire record the following action was taken because you did not meet minimum requirements for continuing in the University:

Dropped.

This action means that you must withdraw from the University for at least one semester unless a previous action specifies a longer time. However, you may appeal this action to the Associate Dean.

This action also makes you ineligible to take for credit correspondence or course work in the Extension Division of the University. Although to date your academic record has been unsatisfactory, this need be no bar to a successful career. Most students who have been required to withdraw from college have found satisfying and useful occupations, many rising to positions of responsibility or even distinction. Some have returned to do good work in college. If you have questions about these matters or about your academic record we shall be glad to discuss them with you since we wish to help you in every way to work out plans for a successful future.

C. H. RUEDISILL, Associate Dean

Subjects	Credits	Grades	Grade-Points
Journalism 2a	3	F	0
Sociology 60	3	G	6
Psychology 1	4	D	4
Freshman Forum	1	Incomplete	

STUDENT



SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM

Local Board No. 44
 Milwaukee County
 211 E. Detroit St.
 Milwaukee, Wis.
 (LOCAL BOARD STAMP)

December 2, 1958

The President of the United States to
 Richard G. Hamlet
 416 N. Carroll St.
 Madison 3, Wis.

Greeting:

You are hereby ordered for induction into the armed forces of the United States, and to report at induction center, 211 E. Detroit St., Milwaukee, Wis., at 7:15 A. M., January 2, 1959 for forwarding to an armed forces induction station.

Ruth D. Jung

Clerk of Local Board

Octy welcomes correspondence of all kinds. Address letters to 770 Langdon Street, Madison, Wisconsin.

STIFF CANYON

By MILTON SANSKRIT

A SPECIAL OCTOPUS FEATURE DEDICATED TO ILLITERATES WHO STILL READ COMICS

AFROTC HEADQUARTERS-U.W.

STIFF, I HAVE A BIG ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU! INCIDENTALLY, YOUR SHOES AREN'T SHINED- THAT'S FOUR DEMERITS! INTELLIGENCE HAS JUST GOTTEN WORD THERE ARE SUBVERSIVES ON "THE HILL!"

JOHN



DON'T BE CHICKEN!

LIST N
USAF

ROTC



YOUR JOB-WIFE 'EM OUT! AND STIFF-POLISH THAT BRASS!

YES, SIR, COLONEL, SIR!



LATER | HMMM, QUITE AN ASSIGNMENT! ROOT OUT THE SUBVERSIVE ELEMENT ON "THE HILL!" WONDER WHERE I START?

STIFF! STIFF CANYON!



SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, STIFF! I GO FOR MEN IN ROTC UNIFORMS!*

GOOD TO- OH, PARDON ME! LO, MISS MIZZU

STIFF!! STIFF CANYON (I GO FOR MEN IN ROTC SUITS, TOO!*

*THEY MADE US SAY THAT!



IM AWFULLY SORRY, GALS, BUT IM ROTC MAN, AND I'VE GOT MY DUTY TO DO. BOY, IS THIS A PATRIOTIC COMIC STRIP!



STIFF-
LOOK
OUT!

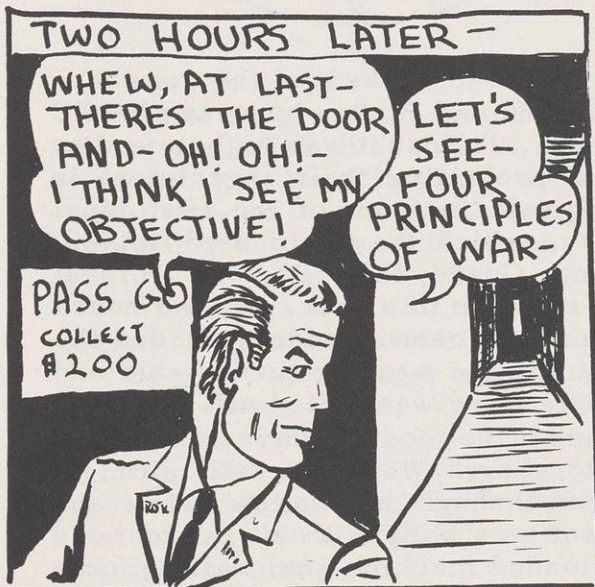


SOME TIME LATER- I WHERE-
TO 605, 15, 9? / AM- I ?
GOOD GRIEF!
I'M SOMEWHERE
IN BASCOM
HALL!

THIS IS G-HASTLY!
I MAY NEVER FIND
MY WAY OUT! MEN
HAVE BEEN KNOWN
TO GO FOR DAYS-

THIS
WAY
←
NO, THIS
WAY
→

FREE
PARKING
→



TWO HOURS LATER -

WHEW, AT LAST-
THERES THE DOOR
AND-OH! OH!-
I THINK I SEE MY
OBJECTIVE!

LET'S
SEE-
FOUR
PRINCIPLES
OF WAR-

PASS GO
COLLECT
\$200



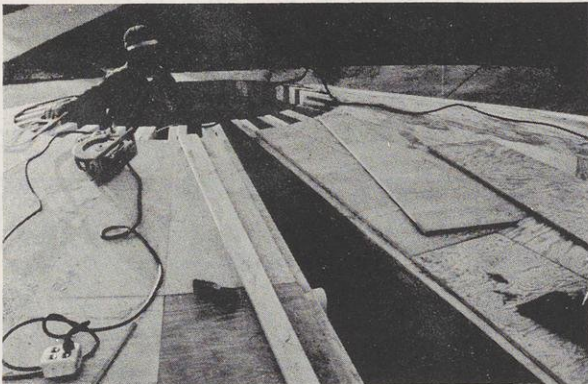
OH, WELL, GUESS I'LL
HAVE TO ADLIB
THIS!



STILL LATER-
GOOD JOB, STIFF!
YOU'LL GET A BIG REWARD
FOR THIS. MAYBE EVEN
A UNIFORM THAT FITS!
HOW DID YOU KNOW THIS
WAS THE SUBVERSIVE?

SIMPLE SIR! HE WAS
SMOKING IN BASCOM
HALL! PART OF A
PLOT, I DARE SAY!

During the warmer months, it is necessary to make a circular detour around the \$18,000 abortion which squats between the libraries, throwing water skyward with the undiminished force of ten water pistols. There had been some speculation that a skating rink for preschool children would be established when the weather turned colder. However, the University is taking no chances with its precious monument. Around the first of November a gang of workmen began constructing an elaborate shelter to protect the monstrosity from the "elements." At first we viewed this activity with a certain distrust--one mistake can only be obscured by another, we reasoned. But now our skepticism has turned to admiration. Not only is the shed functional, but it more than eliminates the basic gripe we had against the fountain; we no longer have to walk around. In fact, a certain element of excitement has been added to crossing the mall. With a five yard start it is relatively easy to scale the slope of the mound, stand triumphant on the top for an instant, and crying, "Tally Ho!", slide down the far side. Just wait until there's ice on the thing.



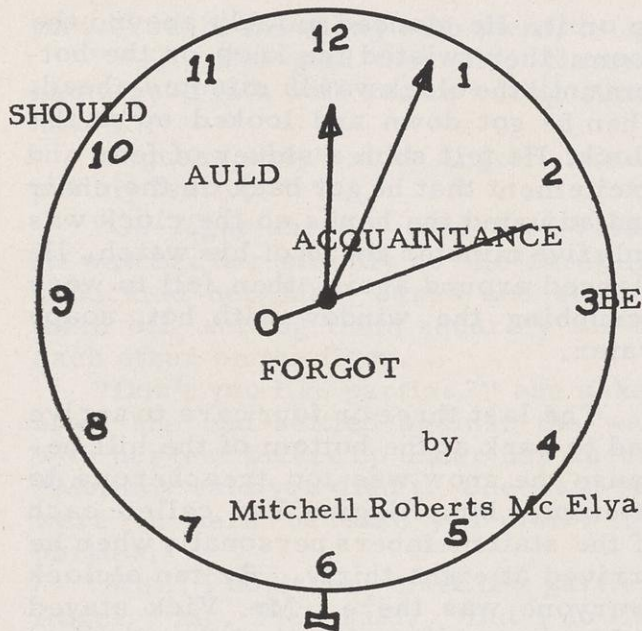
A couple of weeks ago, the members of Scabbard and Blade, honorary ROTC fraternity, decided it was high time they started protecting their investment in the flag pole in front of the Historical Library, which they dedicated in 1922. An Honor Guard, they felt, was an ideal pledge task for this year. So, two hours at a time, the cannonfodder guarded the pole, until the weather turned cold and the whole thing was called off.

Back in the good old days things were a lot tougher. We can recall midnight marches through the swamps, while actives sat on a bluff with a case of beer and a loaded machine gun, waiting for a pledge to show his tail. Guarding a flagpole sounds rather tame by comparison.

Perhaps it would have been more useful to guard that other thing in the Mall. Then we'd find out if the pledges know how to use those sabers.



Squid blings



He was so lost in his reflections that when the telephone rang again he was caught off guard. He stood rigid a moment, as though receiving an order, then ambled to the phone.

"Season's greetings, station WWNR hello."

"Vick?"

"Yep."

"This is Mr. Higgins."

"Yep."

"Get Harry for me, will you?"

Mr. Vick dropped the receiver, and walked back to the control booth where Harry was playing the one recording of Christmas carols the station owned for the God-knows-how-manyth time. He tapped on the door and went in.

"Higgins wants to talk to you on the telephone."

Harry made a face and put down the book he was reading. "Kay. Thanks, Vick."

Mr. Vick waited until Harry had left the room, then picked up the book. The

"Season's greetings, station WWNR hello." Mr. Vick didn't say it as though he meant it. Mr. Higgins, the station owner, forced him to say it, and he repeated it grudgingly, with a heavy Slavic accent.

"Who in the world is this?" asked a woman on the other end of the line.

"Season's greetings, station WWNR hello." repeated Mr. Vick. "This is Andre Slutervick here."

"Oh, Mr. Vick!" The woman suppressed a giggle. "This is Jane Higgins. I certainly didn't expect you to be answering the phone."

"Everybody's gone but the day announcer."

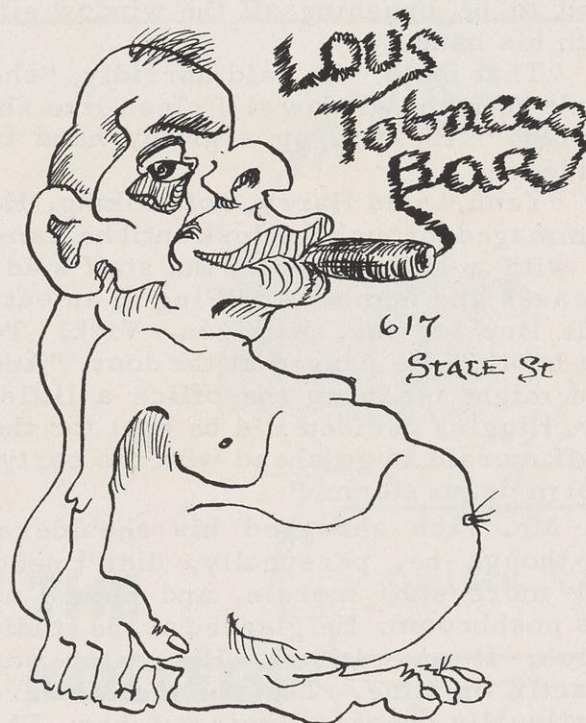
"Oh, well, do you know where my husband is?"

"No ma'am I sure don't." He glanced out the window at the snow. "May be the storm's so bad he just hasn't got down home yet. Left about half an hour ago."

"Well, thank you. I guess they're not having the New Year's Eve party after all?"

"I wouldn't know a thing about it," Mr. Vick answered. They said goodbye and hung up.

Mr. Vick walked over to the window and watched the snow fall. He permitted himself the vision of Mr. Higgins stuck in a drift down the road, getting madder and madder and colder and colder.



Gifts for the smoker of distinction.

girl on the cover, blonde and voluptuous, reminded him of the village girls back home. He put the book back down, remembering that Harry was on the phone with Mr. Higgins. Harry wasn't saying much.

"Yes sir. Yes sir, I think it's a good idea. No, that'd be a hell of a shame. Yes sir, it's fine with me. So long." He hurried back towards the booth. "Have to make a break." He shut the door behind him as the record was finishing.

Mr. Vick walked back to the window, sat down in Mr. Higgins' swivel chair, and propped his feet on the desk, listening to the syrupy voice coming from the speaker.

"...little sign of abating. Instead of signing off at our usual hour of six o'clock, station WWNR will remain on the air until midnight to bring you any further bulletins we receive concerning the storm...and so that your home station, WWNR, may wish you all a Happy New Year. On the national scene..."

Harry came out, giving Mr. Vick barely enough time to jump up and pretend to be brushing off the window sill with his hand.

"That maid," he said hurriedly, "she don't keep the window sill clean like she should." He held up a grimy hand in evidence.

"Yeah," said Harry, not looking. He rummaged through the desk until he came up with a little book of the staff's addresses and numbers. "Plug in an outside line for me, will you, Vick. To the booth." He paused at the door, "And you might clean up the office a little. Mr. Higgins decided it'd be best for the staff morale to go ahead with the party, storm or no storm."

Mr. Vick shrugged his shoulders, as though he, personally, didn't need any more staff morale, and picked up his pushbroom. He glanced at the studio clock. It was 4:19:17. His watch was exactly on time. The whole staff were continually checking their watches. The snow was still swirling thickly about the window. He looked at the clock again, then pulled a chair over to it and climbed

up on it. He glanced quickly around the room, then twisted the knob on the bottom until the clock was 15 minutes ahead. Then he got down and looked up at the clock. He felt such a shiver of fear and excitement that he got back on the chair and adjusted the hands so the clock was only five minutes ahead of his watch. He glanced around again, then fell to work scrubbing the window with hot, soapy water.

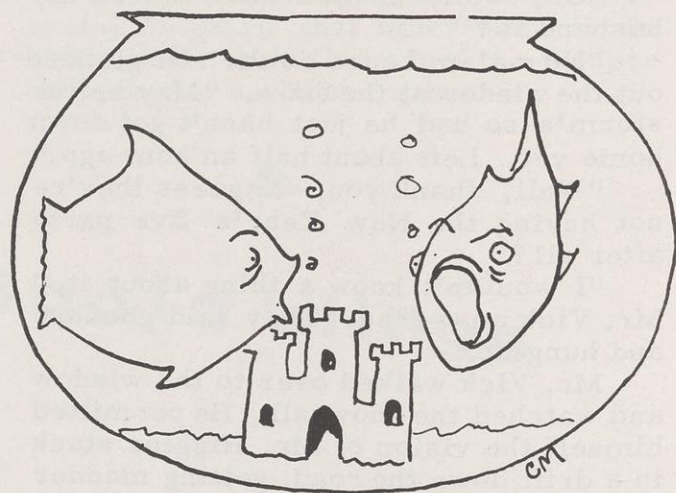
The last three or four cars to arrive had to park at the bottom of the hill because the snow was too treacherous to attempt. Mr. Higgins had called each of the staff members personally when he arrived at eight-thirty. By ten o'clock everyone was there. Mr. Vick stayed in his room, listening to the party.

About eleven, there was a tap on his door.

"Mr. Vick?" It was the Higgins' daughter, Angel. She opened the door and peeped in. "Mr. Vick? My mommy says I'm supposed to come and stay with you."

"Well, come right in, Miss Higgins, come right in." He got up from his easy chair and patted the bed smooth so that the girl would have a place to sit. "What're you along for? Isn't it past your bedtime?"

"Yes." Angel sat down. "But my sitter wouldn't come out in the storm and Daddy couldn't get another one. So



"Okay wise guy, if there's no God, who changes the water?"

—Fang

they brought me along with them."

"Well, I'm glad they did. Haven't had a good talk with you in a long time, have I?"

"I guess not," said Angel. "Can I put my feet up?"

"Go right ahead," said Mr. Vick. He watched her silently as she carefully unbuckled her Mary Janes and slipped them off, setting them squarely beside each other on the floor.

"Don't you like parties?" she asked after she had settled against the wall with her feet tucked up under her knees. "Mommy said you didn't. She said you were in here because you didn't like parties."

"Well, I don't very much like parties, Angel," Mr. Vick said. "But I do like little girls. I never had a little girl of my own. What would you like to talk about?"

Angel squirmed around to study the room in great detail. "Don't you ever clean up your room?"

"Sometimes I do," he answered. "Don't you ever not want to clean up your room?"

"Every time," she said, "but I always do."

"Would you like me to tell you a story about a little girl named Ilona who never used to clean up her room? My mother used to tell it to me when I let my room get messy. Shall I tell it to you?"

Angel pulled up Mr. Vick's bed pillow and settled again. "Okay," she yawned. In a short time she was asleep. Mr. Vick tucked a cover over her, and after a minute of thinking, went on with the story, telling it aloud to himself.

At the height of the celebration Mr. Higgins burst into the room. "Come on baby, it's almost midnight—you'll miss New Year's." He picked her up, blanket and all, and carried her out, leaving her shoes still neatly placed beside the bed. Mr. Vick went over to his closet for the pint of bourbon he kept there. He poured some of it into a glass and waited.

Soon a flurry of songs and cheers went up from the office. It died down into kisses and well-wishings, and Mr. Higgins was just about to propose a toast to his staff when a baritone voice boom-

FOR THE MAN
WHO HAS EVERYTHING

"Eau de Locquer"
(Locker Room Sweat)

Traditional Bay Rum
for after shave, after bath

3 YEARS SUPPLY.... \$10.00



Redwood & Ross

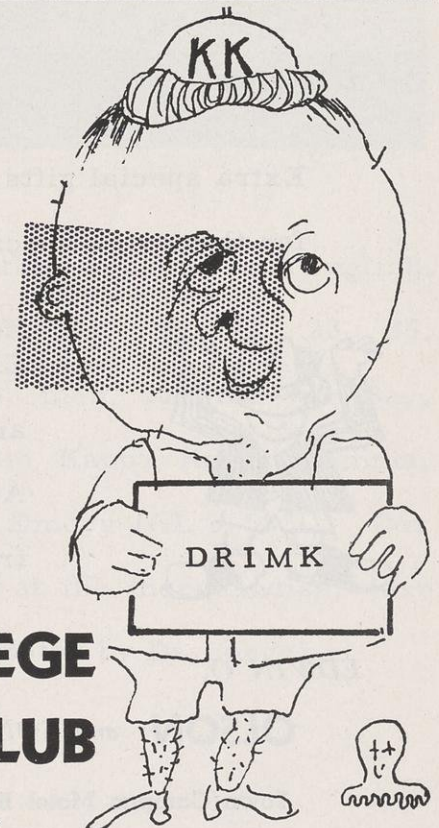
639 State

College

Clothes

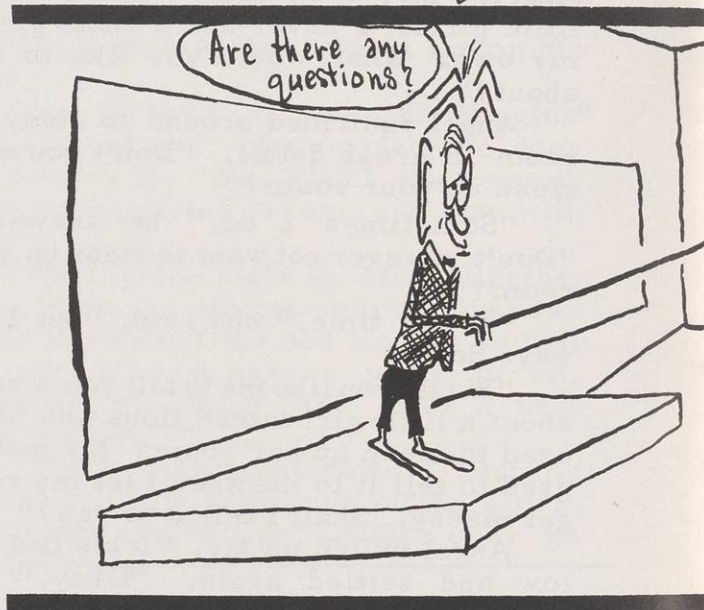
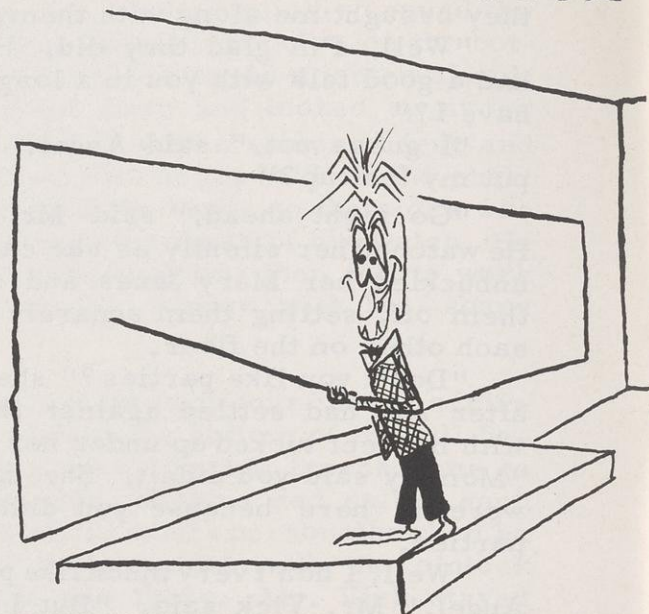
**THE
KOLLEGE
KLUB**

714 State



ed out from the back of the station. It was loud and quite vigorous; everyone stopped to listen to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," although no one could understand the words.

Suddenly Jane Higgins laughed. "Why, it's old Vick!" she said. "Singing in Slavic, or whatever it is." She looked at the studio clock and then at her husband. "That's too funny!" She laughed. "He forgot to check his watch, see? He's five minutes slow." Everyone looked at her blankly, not understanding. "He's missed New Year's!" Mr. Higgins burst out laughing, and soon they all had joined him, realizing the joke. Jane picked up the melody from the back room, and soon everyone had stopped laughing enough to join in.



GIRLS:

Extra special gifts...

for that extra special guy

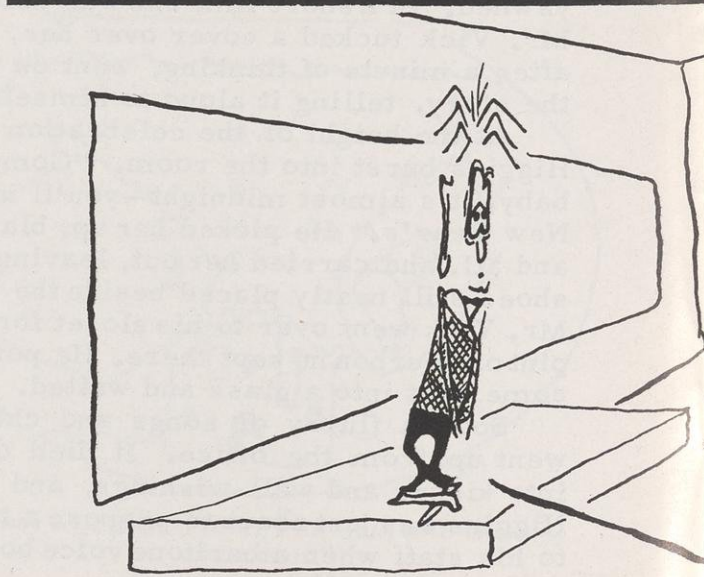


Clothing
and
Accessories
from

EDWIN O.

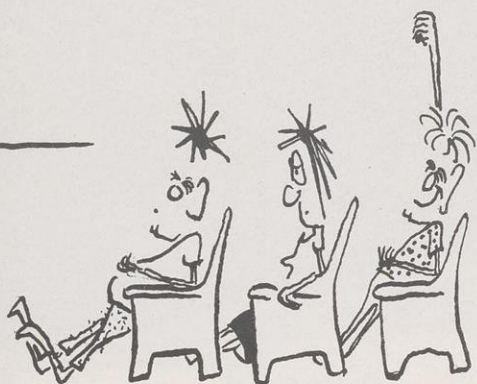
OLSON and SON

Town/Campus Motel Bldg.



LECTURE

DREAM GIRL



Do you always lecture
with your fly open?



Pam Miethe. Sophomore in English.
From Minneapolis. 35-1/2, 23, 35.
Likes bridge, men, and the Var Bar.
Affiliated with Kappa Kappa Gamma.
Lives in Ann Emory (AL 6-5531). For
a closer look at the merchandise, turn
the page. (Photos by De Longe)



TORN BETWEEN THE "NOTE" AND THE "WORD"

Friday, January 9, 1959

"The Devil's Disciple"

Saturday, January 10, 1959

"As You Like It"

8 p.m.

are YOU
22 years old?

(MICHAEL RABIN IS)

do YOU play the violin?

(MICHAEL RABIN DOES)

have YOU performed 63 times
with the New York Philharmonic?

(MICHAEL RABIN HAS)

are YOU going to hear MICHAEL RABIN?

(YOU REALLY SHOULD YOU KNOW — HE'S FAIRLY GOOD)

tuesday, december 16

wednesday, december 17

THE CANADIAN PLAYERS

\$2.75, 2.25, 1.75, 1.25* (Tax Free)

*Reserved for students.



GOUGE

APPROVED
4-1-36
College of Engineering
Office of the Dean

ENGINEERING REPORT NUMBER BB 40 - 26 - 38

PERFORMED BY : EDWIN N. LIGHTHEAD
C. H. MUMBLE
P. C. FLUNK
V. C. RIDEON (Courtesy Bell Labs)

DATE PERFORMED : 10 August 1958
Date due : 17 August 1958
DATE SUBMITTED : 7 Dec. 1958

I. PURPOSE The purpose of this experiment is to prove conclusively and absolutely FANAGLE'S FIRST AND SECOND LAWS stated as follows ;

1. If anything can go wrong with an experiment IT WILL.
2. No matter what result is anticipated, there is always someone willing to fake it.

II. APPARATUS -

- 1 small steam engine complete with steam
- 1 large electrical circuit complete with electricity
- 1 medium sized distillation unit complete with OLD RAVEN *- CLARK'S SUPER DUPER ONE HUNDRED THIRTEEN mixture
- 1 Rockwell hardness tester complete with three sizes of deenergized Rockwells.

III. PROCEDURE

The small steam engine was started without mishap and run continuously seven hours, thirteen minutes, ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent seconds, at which point a bearing froze and the boiler pressure made like it had an infinite second partial derivative with respect to time and pinned the gauge. Casey Jones, lab group safety man, who snoozed whilst resting his posterior on the safety valve, got the shock of his life when the medics told him that he would be released in time to attend the dedication ceremonies for the rebuilding of the Mechanical Engineering Building.

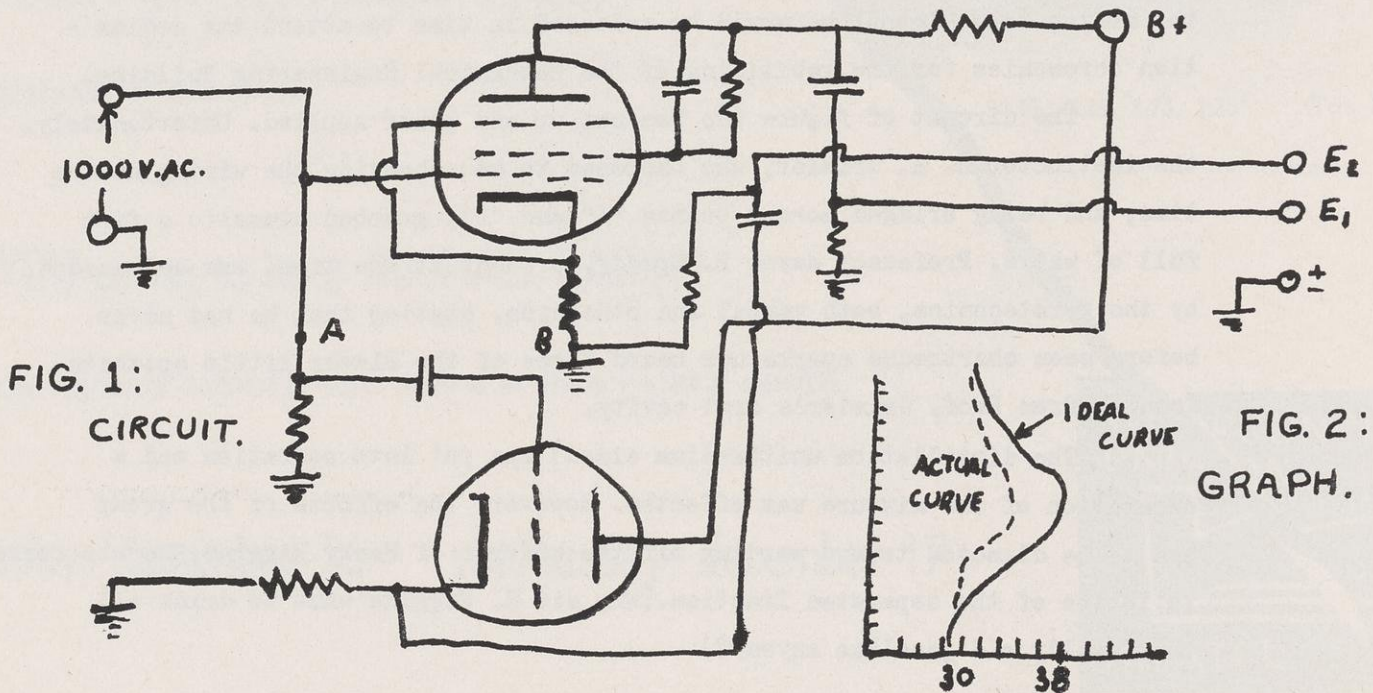
The circuit of figure one was set up and power applied. Unfortunately, the instructor R. A. Grinder, who happened to be checking the wiring at the time, and being bridged across points "A" and "B", grabbed himself a fist full of watts. Professor Wayne B. Speedy, present at the time, was astounded by the pyrotechnics, both verbal and otherwise, stating that he had never before seen chartreuse sparks nor heard three of the clever little epithets issuing from Prof. Grinder's oral cavity.

The distillation unit (medium sized) was put into operation and a separation of the mixture was effected. However, the efforts of the group had to be directed toward warding off the efforts of Henry Wiggins, ME4 who rears, to imbibe of the separated fraction. (Why did H. Wiggins want to drink all that smelly old gasoline anyway?)

The Rockwell hardness tester was set up as outlined in THE MANUAL of PROCEDURE for SETTING UP THE ROCKWELL HARDNESS TESTER VOL. I. The Rockwell hardness tester was then adjusted as per THE MANUAL of PROCEDURE for ADJUSTING THE ROCKWELL HARDNESS TESTER VOL. II. It was then discovered that the three sizes of rockwells were missing. Alert lab instructor G. W. Washout soon cornered the three little rascals under EE Prof. N. L. Schlitz's 1950 Buick with oil leak and chattery clutch, and the experiment proceeded. After the hardness of the first two Rockwells was tested, an inexcusable dereliction of duty by lab group equipment man Kurt F. Went, allowed the third and smallest Rockwell to flee to the practice football fields, where it is believed that the fugitive Rockwell was harbored by a soft-hearted fullback. To complete the experiment the first and largest Rockwell was retested, and in the ensuing skirmish, lab group data man, Merdecai Brown, got two of his fingers tested. His fingers were about seventeen points softer than the average Rockwell, however.

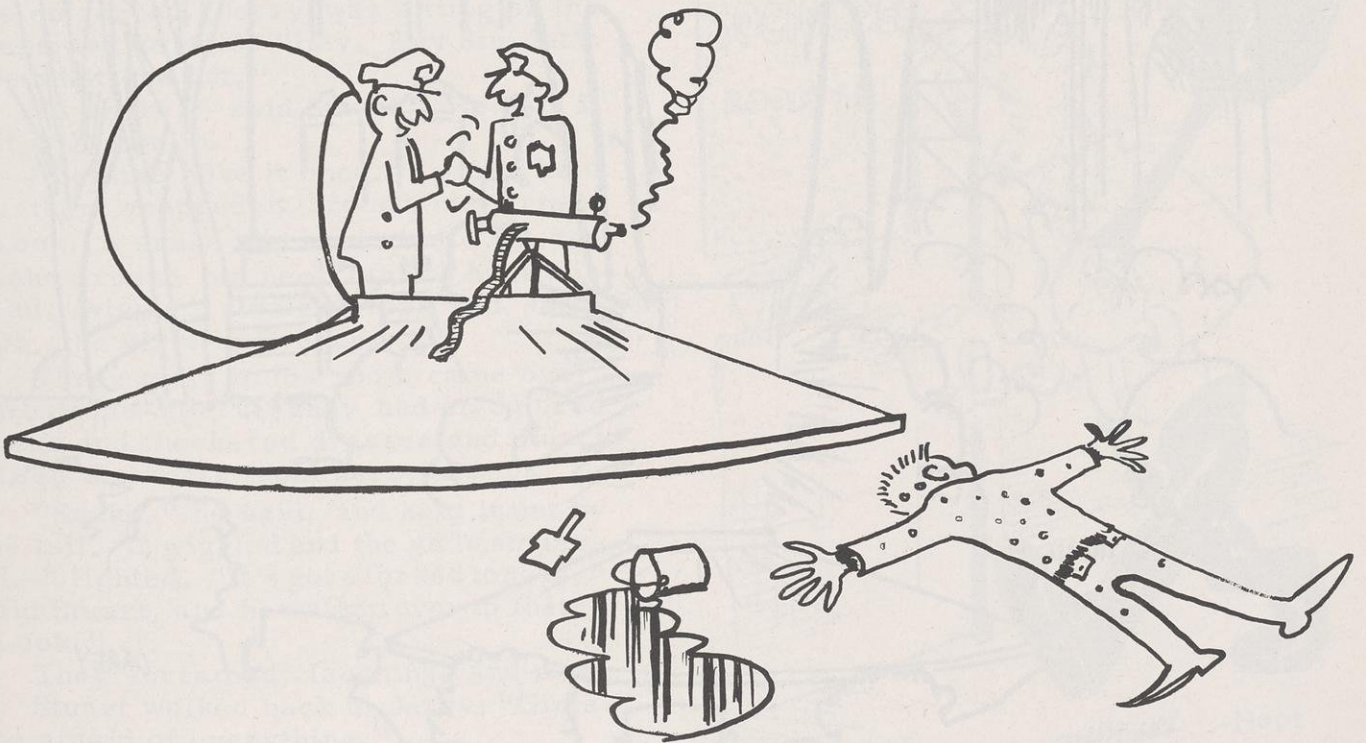
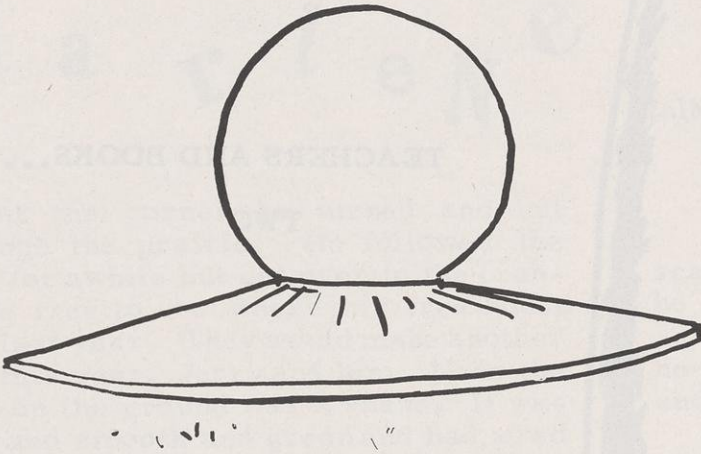
IV. DISCUSSION AND CONCLUSIONS

IT is intuitively obvious to even the most casual observer that Fanagle's first two laws are truly verified by even the most casual intuitive examination of the obvious results of this rather rigorous experiment, which neglects, however, the intuitively obvious casually real meat of this experiment, which is an intuitively obvious verification of the LAW OF THE TOO SOLID GOOF, Namely, that it is intuitively obvious that the most unimpeachable piece of data is obviously where the mistake lies.



TEACHERS AND BOOKS...

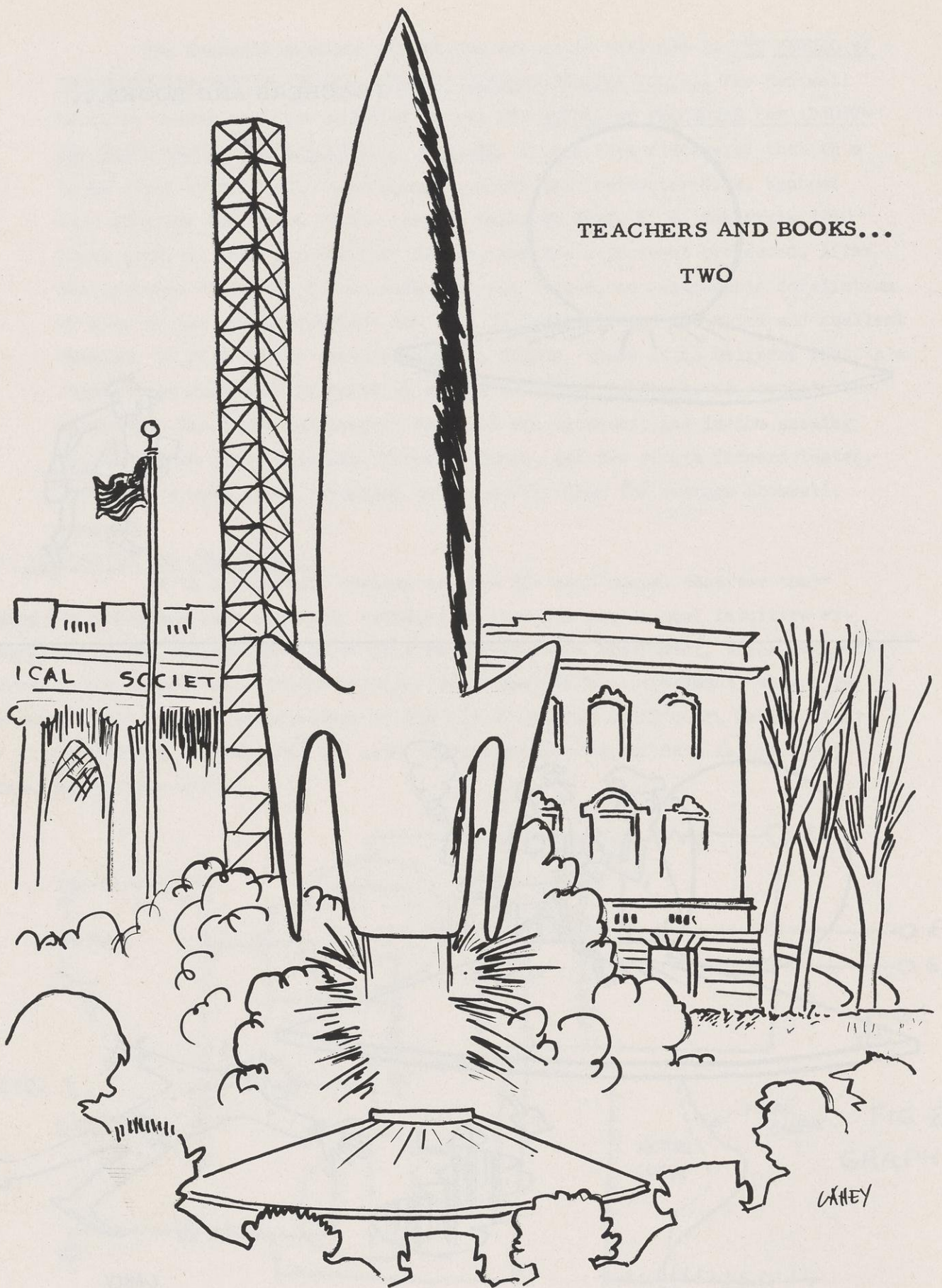
ONE



CAHEY

TEACHERS AND BOOKS...

TWO



by Sharon Havlik

Marlene

At the corner he turned and cut through the prairie. He followed the path for awhile but cut over to the crab-apple tree to see where his tree house was last year. They would make another one this year, Jerry and him. Near the tree on the ground was a snake. It was long and smooth and green and had a red tongue that shot in and out. He picked it up and it twined gracefully around his thumb.

He would bring it to school. He would show the kids. He walked so as not to jolt the snake and wondered if his teacher would like it.

He came to the corner, walked down Argyle Avenue to school, and crossed the playground. No one noticed him. Most of them were playing Red Rover, but there were some kids on the side by the entrance. Jerry was sitting on the steps and he said, "Hey. Hey Stu, let's see what'cha got."

"A snake," said Stuart. He held it out in his palm.

"Lemme have it once." Jerry held it, then wrapped it around his wrist. "Look, a snake charmer." He put the snake around his neck, threw back his head, wiggled straight hips and sang; "Oh, the girls in France...."

Three girls in his room came over. "What'cha got?" They had on colored socks and checkered dresses and Stuart pulled the snake from Jerry's neck.

"Snake," he said, and held it out by the tail. It wiggled and the girls shrieked, delighted. "It's got a forked tongue," said Stuart, and he walked over to them. "Look."

They screamed, laughing, and ran. Stuart walked back to Jerry. "Girls are afraid of everything."

And they were back, giggling and talking.

"I hate snakes."

"Keep that thing away from me."

"You can die if a snake bites you."

Stuart held it out again and they scattered. Marlene didn't go as far and he went up to her. She didn't run.

"It won't hurt you," said Stuart, and he dangled it in front of her. It wiggled and touched her nose.

"I'm going to tell," she yelled, and she ran.

"It won't hurt you," Stuart laughed and ran after, but she was faster and he stopped. "Dumb girls," he said.

The bell rang then and they fought to be first in line and lingered in the hall to be last into class. Stuart left the snake in his locker. He went in the room and sat down.



What was all the commotion?" said Miss Gafke. Silence. "Well?" she demanded.

"Stuart has a snake," Marlene said. "He chased me with it. He chased everybody."



If YOU MUST GO
SKIING... AND
BREAK A LEG OR
TWO OR THREE...
COMPLEMENT YOUR
CAST WITH ...
WAGNER'S
SKI WEAR

Stuart glared at her. That jerk, Marlene.

"Stuart!" said Miss Gafke. "My goodness!!!"

My goodness! thought Stuart.

"Now Stuart, you know that wasn't nice." She looked at him. "And it's not funny."

He wished he could chase her with a snake. He didn't like Miss Gafke. She was almost worse than Marlene. She was a crab. She yelled at him for talking and sent him to the principal when he only put a stone in a girl's scarf and threw it on the roof.

He folded his hands on the desk and looked at them. His one thumb--the right one--had an ink spot on it. They were writing with ink now and it was there from yesterday.

"Stuart, I'm going to write a note to your mother. And I want an answer from her tomorrow."

Old tattle-tale Marlene. He wished she'd drop dead. He'd shovel dirt in her mouth. He watched his hands, tan against the desk, and said, "yes Ma'am."

"WHETHER A MILE OR A BLOCK
THEY ALL FLOCK TO

CASTLE ROCK"

1204 University Ave.

Middleton

PITCHERS and SCHOONERS

STEAK SANDWICHES

(almost a complete meal)

It said that I regret to inform you that your son has been bothering the girls in his class. Today he chased them with a snake. When I spoke to him about this it seemed to do no good. I hope you will talk to him...there was a little more but Stuart folded up the paper. He put it in his hip pocket and nonchalant and masculine, spit on the sidewalk.

He saw an ant. It was Marlene. He would drown her. He spit again but missed. But if you kill an ant it will rain tomorrow. He didn't spit again. He went home the way he always did,

INSTANT REBATE

SAVE MONEY

SEE

REASONABLE PRICES

INSTANT REBATE

Jerry Bratlie for Books

807 University Ave.

"Over, 25 Years Experience in Books"

short cut through the alley. On the way he found a vase for his mother but she didn't like it. She threw it in the garbage can.

He brought out the note at supper time, so his father would be there. His mother read it and handed it to him. His father laughed when he saw the note--"Chased them with a snake," he said and he laughed.

His mother said, "Al," and his father stopped. But you could tell he wanted to. His mother didn't laugh. She said, "Stuart, that wasn't nice. You know you shouldn't have done that."

"Yes'm" said Stuart and looked at his mashed potatoes. He broke his gravy dam with his fork and the gravy flowed out, slow and thick.

"And stop looking so pleased with yourself. How would you like a snake dangled in your face?"

"I'd eat it," said Stuart. "I'd take a big bite and eat off its head and swallow it."

"I don't want you to do that again," said his mother. "What made you do that?"

"Anyway, that was that old Marlene Nelson. I only chased her."

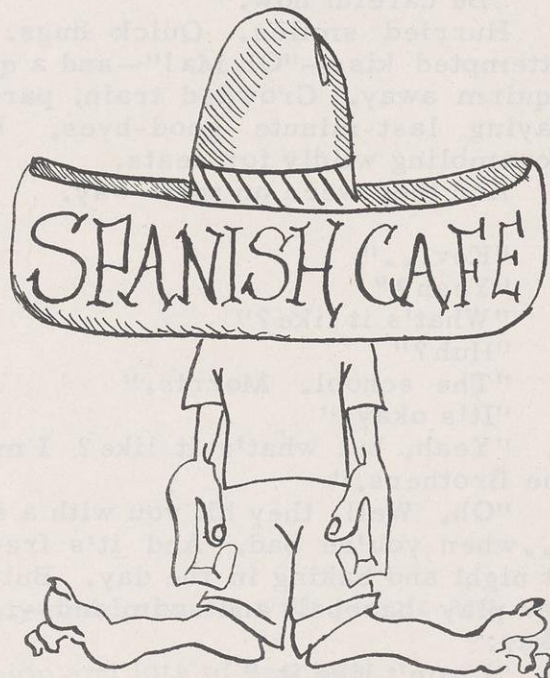
"Oh," said his mother. She looked across the table. Stuart looked at his father too. He was trying not to laugh.

They knew he hated Marlene. She had kissed him one day. He had been just walking down Argyle with Jerry and she ran up and kissed him. He couldn't hit her because you aren't supposed to hit girls but he stomped on her foot--hard. She yelled and sort of slapped him and ran. Jerry had laughed. Oh darling, he said. He put his arms out and kissed the air and threw back his head. Stuart darling, he shrieked. Stuart said, oh, shut up and watched the sidewalk as they walked home and Jerry had laughed. Jerry told all the kids at school. Stuart's-got-ta-girl-friend they chanted and when he came over Jerry said Marlene kissed Stuart and Stuart's mother laughed and told his father.

"Now, Stuart, I mean it," said his mother. "She's a nice girl. You leave her alone."



Our back room has been decorated
by experts --The Varsity Bar



"Yes'm," said Stuart. He didn't care. He pushed his potatoes in a heap and poured more gravy on. They knew now he didn't like her. She didn't like him either. She told on him. She would leave him alone now. He wondered if he could find a toad. He'd give it to her. Toads get afraid and they pee in your hand. And, he thought happily, maybe she'd get warts.

JERRY

"Jerry. Your blue jacket. You forgot it."

"Ma, I hate that jacket!"

"Now Dear, you know how warm it is. I'll wrap it and send it to you first thing in the morning."

"Bye. See you Thanksgiving."

"Be careful now."

Hurried smiles. Quick hugs. An attempted kiss—"Oh Ma!"—and a quick squirm away. Crowded train, parents saying last-minute good-byes, boys scrambling wildly for seats.

And they were on their way.

"Kev..."

"Yeah?"

"What's it like?"

"Huh?"

"The school. Morris."

"It's okay."

"Yeah, but what's it like? I mean, the Brothers."

"Oh. Well, they hit you with a stick...when you're bad. And it's freezin' at night and baking in the day. But you can play baseball and swim and—. It's okay."

"I won't like it."

"How come?"

Jerry wiggled down in his seat. "My mother... she said I'll keep out of trouble there."

"Oh, there's lots of stuff to do. You can go to town if you're on the team."

"Don't want to." He stared glumly at the floor.

"You swim?"

"Yeah."

"They got a pond. Divin' board and all."

"They hit you?"

"When you're bad, just."

"Hard?"

"Nah." Kevin picked up an imaginary stick. "Bam! Right over the head."

"My dad hits hard."

"Bet mine hits harder."

"Probably does." Jerry shrugged.

"My dad and me wrestle."

"We used to too but Ma got mad. He plays mostly with my sister anyway.... The other guys like it?"

"Some of them. We can have visitors on Sundays."

"I live too far anyway. Besides, Dad sleeps Sundays. And I have to be quiet. He says it'll be quieter without me." A signal clanged by.

"If I didn't like it, I could leave. I could run away. I ran away once."

"Whereja go?"

"Oh, way far. When I come back Ma was cryin'. She was cryin' 'cause I was gone." A new thought struck him. "She thought I was dead and she was cryin'." He smiled contentedly and leaned back.

"Sandwich?"

"Thanks."

"We're almost there. You can tell by that funny barn with the blue door."

It was dark in the station.

"We're right up there," Kevin pointed a finger into the black. "We're on a hill."

Jerry looked out into the dark. He picked up his bags and held them tightly. "I'm going to hate it here," he murmured. "I know I'm going to hate it."

This Place . . .

by Lois Dubin

"Sum--mer--time . . ." in a sentimental swing swirls circularly, rounding and embracing and surrounding This Place, it's tables, it's people singularly, doubly, or more, seated together close together in rhythm with words, expressions--jiggling their feet, biting the pencils they borrowed, scanning This Place and looking intensely around and around, squinting their eyes from the smoke and when fresh strong rays of sun shift and stare and push in through the glass panes to blind and temporarily stop their looking.

"And the living is easy . . ." with eight cups of black coffee in green and brown cups empty and ashes from cigarettes border the soppy saucers where the black coffee spilled and settled and got colder and looked like mud.

"another cup of coffee,
yes I'll have a cigarette,
tell them to turn the music down,
spade is trump,
have some of my lunch,
I hate This Place,
there's a good show upstairs,
she sleeping around,
do you REALLY play chess?
can I borrow this chair?
this course is a snap,
and we're giving out free
samples to let you see for
yourself how Hit Parade allows
you only the very slightest
particle of nicotine to
reach your lungs,
sorry, but my lungs
are already black and burned
out.

I shall sit down and read or maybe I know somebody and I can sit with people and talk and have coffee or a hamburger with a raw onion and lots of ketchup and I'll tell them about my friend who is very interesting, and maybe I'll be interesting too.

... This Place

"Fish are jumping..." and time has stopped, pushing problems out and pressures are left waiting outside but sometimes sneak in with the straight streams of sun that make you squint and you stop talking for a minute and then you regain and plunge forward faster, more intensely and you hit the table hard with your fist and a cup bounces and some of the muddy coffee spills and your cigarette is no longer burning so someone relights the dead tobacco.

"literature is grand but hold my hand,
don't bother, it's not necessary to stand,
hello, it's so good to see you my dear,
I'm almost positive, after all they say he's queer,
let's face it, our culture is disintegrated,
it's just one of those days, I'm discomboomberated,
but I want the part so bad I can taste it,
and then she went on to tell me about this bit,
I'm so lonely sometimes I don't know where to go,
he goes with a colored girl, didn't you know?
hey whatsisname, get me a beer,
I just love it, I just love it here..."

"And the cotton is high..." along the murals and the counter and the heads, and the talk that combines to harmonize heavily, hits resoundingly, reminiscent of then and now but where are Dick and Jane and spot, where did they go or maybe they are still there and here in This Place there is no room for them.

They talked and the sun showered in through the windows in the back and danced forward in a graceful smooth line and I listened with my eyes wandering and my mind wondering wistfully, What am I doing here?

What am I doing?

What am I?

"One of these mornings, you're going to wa--ke up..."

BUCK UP, FELLOWS, YOU'VE
FOUND THEM AT LAST—THE

JOKES

"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."
"You's fo'."

-Fang

Voice from rear of room: "Are you sure
the third question's in the book?"
Proctor: "Of course."
Voice: "Well, I can't find it."
-Widow

Two residents of the backwoods
country greeted each other one morning.
"Say," queried the first, "what did
you give your mule when he had heaves?"
"Turpentine," offered the other help-
fully.

Two weeks later they met again.
"What did you say you gave your mule
when he was sick?" asked the first.
"Turpentine," answered the helpful
one.

"Well, I gave it to mine and it killed
him."

"Killed mine too."

-Froth

"My uncle is in Africa hunting ant-
eaters. He wants to bring one back
alive."

"Why does he want to bring one back
alive?"

"He hates my aunt."

-Widow

"This has all been very interesting,
madame, but I am no longer with Dr.
Kinsey."

-Froth

FLAGSTAD

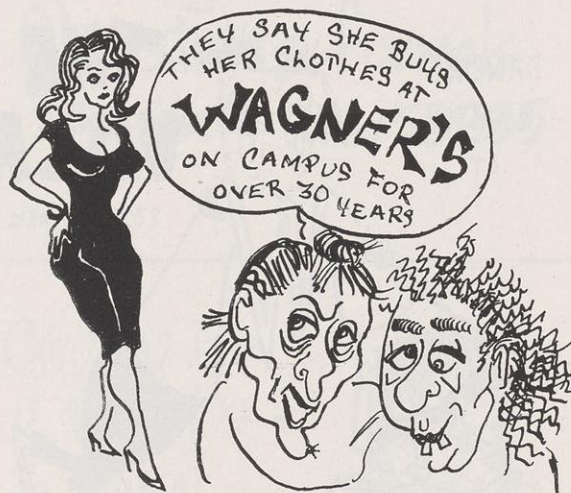
FLOWER and GIFT SHOP

1965 Winnebago St.
Phone CH 4-7221

601 State St.
AL 5-3693

Christmas Party Flowers

Special and Group Rates



For a quick bite
late at night . . .

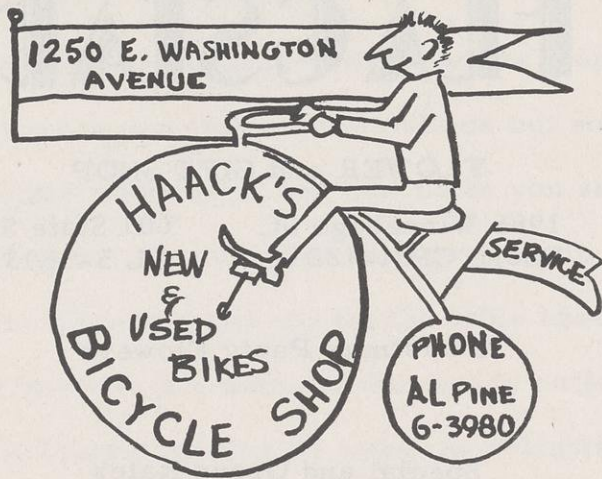
Coffee between classes . . .

Breakfast before your
first class . . .

Open 7:00 A.M. - 11:30 P.M.

Dotty's Sandwich Shop

. . . Across from Barnard Hall



Let's Put / Back In The MESS / Christmas

Notice on bulletin board of zoology department:

"We don't begrudge you a little alcohol, but please return our specimens."

-Barter

He who laughs first told the joke.

He who laughs last censors the magazine.

-Hoot

Superman is really keen.

Batmas's really swell.

I just don't like old Mary Worth--

She can go to hell.

-Squat

Both women and pianos
are similar in brand
Some of them are upright
and some of them are grand.

-Aggievator

She: "Did you ever try selling vacuum cleaners?"

He: "No. Why?"

She: "Well you'd better give it a try. That's my husband coming up the walk."

-Anon.



GALS ... I'M NATURALLY ENDOWED.
YOU TRY...



PLEASE READ BEFORE ATTEMPTING
TO AWAKEN ME

1. Do not jostle me, unless I do not respond when you call my name (see 2).
2. Call my name in a low voice, three (3) feet from the head of my bed.
3. DO NOT BLOW IN MY EAR.
4. NEVER THROW BACK MY COVERS!
5. Enter the room quietly and leave in a like manner.
6. Be able to account for general weather conditions and breakfast menu.

-Octopus

Overheard at the Cardinal:

"I hate the Beat Generation."



You may wonder what a picture of the Octopus editor sitting in front of a typewriter is doing up there. Or you may not. Anyway, this is our way of saying that the Octy is being printed this time by photo-offset multilithography, which is a fancy way of saying that more copy costs less money. The typewriter is an IBM Executive, which rents for \$8 a week, and cost the magazine \$375 when a former staff member accidentally knocked over the typing table. This wild machine is able to type like print, so the copy can be photographed instead of set in lead. When we first got the machine, with the magic name IBM across the keyboard, we thought all this would be easy. We soon discovered, however, that even the International Business Machines Company cannot build a typewriter which will not make mistakes. In fact, with all the extra keys used to even out the right margins, it is twice as easy to make blunders. If you'll sight down the right margin of this column, you'll note that the last line looks a little short. Oh, well.

Beneath the new type face, we are hiding some stories by people who can write. This is almost an innovation for the Octy. But for the other crowd, the ones who Don't Care, we've included the usual fare of jokes, cartoons, and ads.

At this point we took stock and found that we had neglected the engineers. This is a common practice, since most people have never met an engineer, and tend to think that there are only a handful on campus. This simply is not true. So, for the EE's, Me's, CE's, and ChE's, we have included a helpful Gouge, to ease the burden of the Laboratory.

call Rentschler's
for flowers and
Corsages for
Christmas formals
230 State AL-58885

CHRISTMAS TIME
IS ALMOST HERE,
SO SHOP AT
ANTOINE'S -
IT'S SO NEAR.



LOSE THAT
BEDRAGGLED LOOK WITH THE
FINEST IN CAMPUS WEAR.



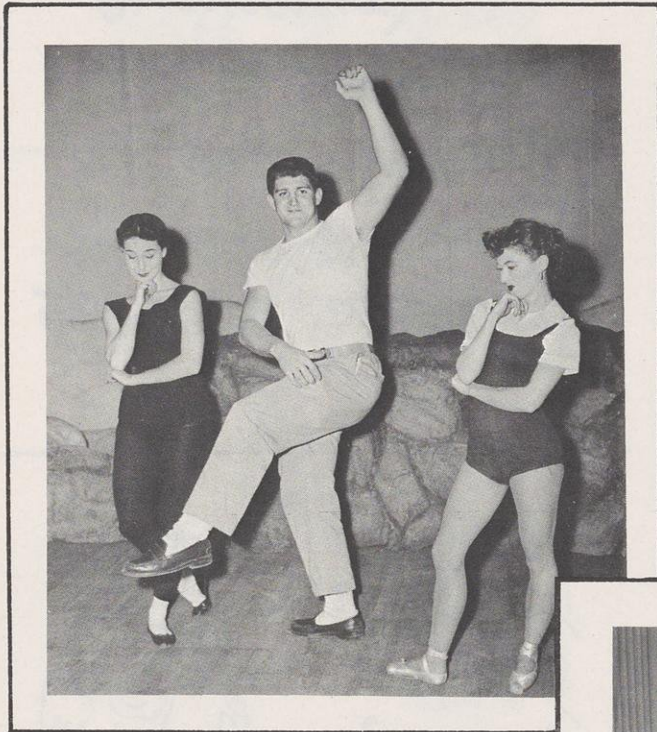
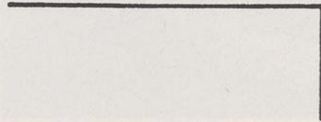
Shorty Schaefer Quintet

Modern Dance Music for All Occasions

THOMAS C. SCHAEFER....AL 5-3311, EXT. 3239
306 SHOWERMAN, KRONSHAGE HALL

HARESFOOT

According to Webster: The terminal organ of the leg of the common American rabbit. Traditionally symbolic of good luck. Also, (arch.) frequently used to apply theatrical make up.



According to Tom Ewell and Fredrich March: A wonderful, educational, and rollicking way to spend the Easter vacation. No undergrad should miss it.

THE 1959 HARESFOOT PRODUCTION OF "DU BARRY WAS A LADY" WILL PLAY: *APPLETON *GREEN BAY *RACINE *MILWAUKEE *CHICAGO *MADISON



- *All Expense Paid Trip
- *No Experience Necessary
- *Now in Its 61st Year

TRYOUTS : DECEMBER 16, 17, 18

"All Our Girls are Men, Yet Every One's a Lady"



What Do You Know About Haresfoot?

How well acquainted are you with the customs of this traditional campus institution? Just exactly how much do you know about the inner workings of this hallowed organization? Just how much do you care?

Oh, go on and take this quiz, anyway, just for the hell of it. You may win \$50 or an old Haresfoot chorine. You may get a sick headache. Who knows?

1. Haresfoot is the name of:
 - a. The boxing team
 - b. A blonde on the third floor of Langdon hall
 - c. A town in Pennsylvania
2. This year's Haresfoot show is called:
 - a. Keep 'Em Laughin'
 - b. Desire Under the Elms
 - c. Fred Doerflinger
3. To become a member of Haresfoot you must have:
 - a. \$500.42
 - b. A cleft palate
 - c. A permanent stoop
4. The authors of the show are chosen by:
 - a. Hare ballot
 - b. A quorum of Union janitors
 - c. Pure necessity
5. The cast tours five cities, one of them being:
 - a. London
 - b. Combined Locks
 - c. The City of Dreadful Night



"I'll see you up in the powder room."

6. The Haresfoot trip is known as:
 - a. The Haresfoot trip
 - b. Why Herman was expelled from the University
 - c. Wow!
7. The slogan of the club is:
 - a. All our men are ladies, yet everyone's a girl
 - b. All our girls are women, yet everyone's a fool
 - c. Where love is, there is God also
8. Membership in the club entitles one to:
 - a. Walk around dressed like a girl
 - b. Steal books from the University library
 - c. Flunk out of school early and avoid the June rush
9. Everyone should see Haresfoot because:
 - a. It will make the boys happy
 - b. The chorus line is prettier than anything you'll see around the women's dorms or sororities
 - c. Haresfoot will make some money and maybe pay us for the ad



"Damn—smeared again."

LORENZO'S

811 University

Napoli, Italia
stands for much more
than
Naples, Italy

Napoli is the actual city of tradition, but Naples is the American name merely representing that beautiful city across the sea . . .

In 1943, a man, from this same Napoli, Italy (not Naples, Italy) opened a restaurant here in Madison. His proud specialty . . . spaghetti a la' Napoli, not Naples . . . his name, Lorenzo, not Lawrence

. . . since 1943 his menu has grown to include a wide range of tasty meals, priced for the student, and spaghetti still is the real source of his neapolitan pride.

Stop in and treat yourself to a generous serving of real Italian Spaghetti, at these lowest prices. Just once, rather than Italian-American spaghetti, try Italian spaghetti.

LETTER FROM A FORMER CLASSMATE

Tahore, Pakistan
25 October 1958

Imagine a small mad fraternity whose members are suspended from all courses except a long EE lab, but still draw full scholarships. The local chapter is richly endowed by the parent organization; the house is large and just a bit run down; there are no house rules and no one pays any attention to the social code; the house manager oversees a staff of full time houseboys, cooks, launderers, gardeners, sweepers, and other assorted flunkies which outnumber the membership. The only organized activities of this mind's-eye fraternity are softball and drinking. Imagine such an arrangement and you will have a good idea of how your Air Force in Tahore lives.

Everyone who has been here any length of time (that is, everyone except me) hates this place, giving as reasons (1) "No white women" and (2) "The food stinks." White women are not to be had, it is true, and now that martial law rules the land with righteous hand neither are black; but I would disagree about the food--I find Pakistani water buffalo more tender than Thai water buffalo.

Martial law seems to be nothing to get excited about. Unless you are a smuggler, hoarder, black-marketeer, or politician of the old regime, you probably won't be shot. If you remember to stand for the national anthem you won't be flogged or fined either.

We Amer ee kaus keep to ourselves and try very hard not to drive over the 30 mph speed limit.

Paul Bourdus A/2C

Cardinal CAMPUS

LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANING

809 University Avenue

AL 5-8296

*"Service with or without
an appointment"*

William Busch

Hair Styling Center

636 State

Phone: AL 7-2591

COLLEGE BARBER SHOP

TWO LOCATIONS
650-665 State St.
Madison, Wis.



JACK KEROUAC ERNEST HEMMINGWAY

MICKEY SPILLANE

Arriving at the fixed point in Mr. Eliot's world, no one should be without a Vodka screwdriver. The finest craftsmen in the world use them.

Vodka

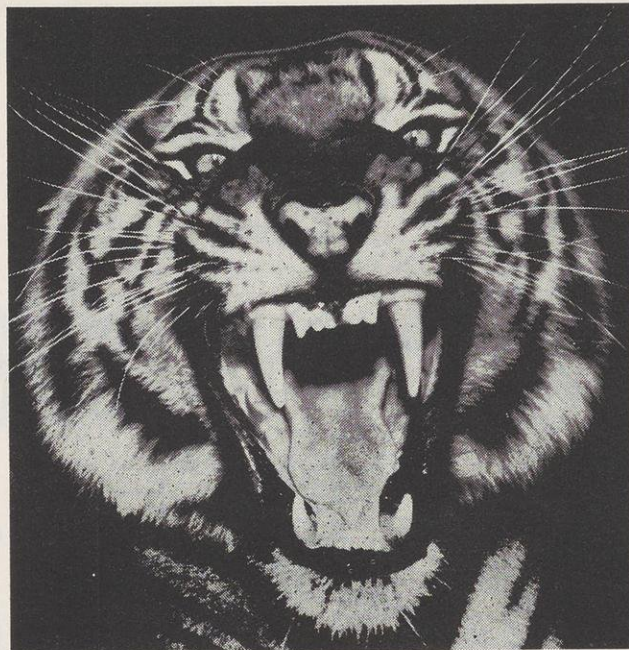
TOOL

MANUFACTURING CO.



ADVERTISING INDEX

Antoine's, Inc.	35
Bratlie's Book Store	28
Brown's Book Shop	10
William Busch	38
University Co-op	inside front
Cardinal Campus Laundry	38
Castle Rock	28
College Barber Shop	38
Dotty's Sandwich Shop	33
Flagstad Flower and Gift	33
Haack's Bicycle Shop	34
Haresfoot Club, Inc.	36
Kollege Klub	17
Lorenzo's	38
Lou's Tobacco Bar	15
Edwin O. Olson and Son	18
The Perfume Shop	34
A. H. Pond Co., Inc.	7
Redwood and Ross	17
Rentschler Floral Co.	35
Shorty Schaefer Quintet	35
Spanish Cafe	29
Troia's Steak House	10
Varsity Bar	29
The Villa	34
Wagner's	28, 33
Wis. Union Theater	22



Henry Wiggins, ME 4, after receiving his first copy of the Octy.

SUBSCRIBE! Inside of a week you'll be roaring too.

OCTOPUS

THE
WISCONSIN

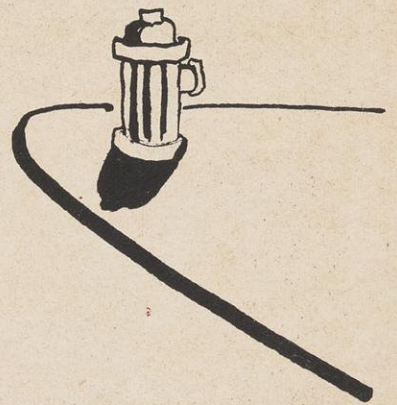
My name is one the back, therefore
SEND ME THE OCTY! Enclosed is

\$ 1.00 in full payment for 3 issues

for the 1958-59 school year.

for OCTOPUS Henry Wiggins

W



A new idea in smoking!

Salem refreshes your taste



- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Freshness of growing things and softly fragrant air . . . just as a Spring day like this refreshes you, so a Salem refreshes your taste. Through Salem's pure-white, modern filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. Smoke refreshed, pack after pack. Buy Salems by the carton.

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company