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december

1951

wisconsin octopus

santa claus is coming to town



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• •

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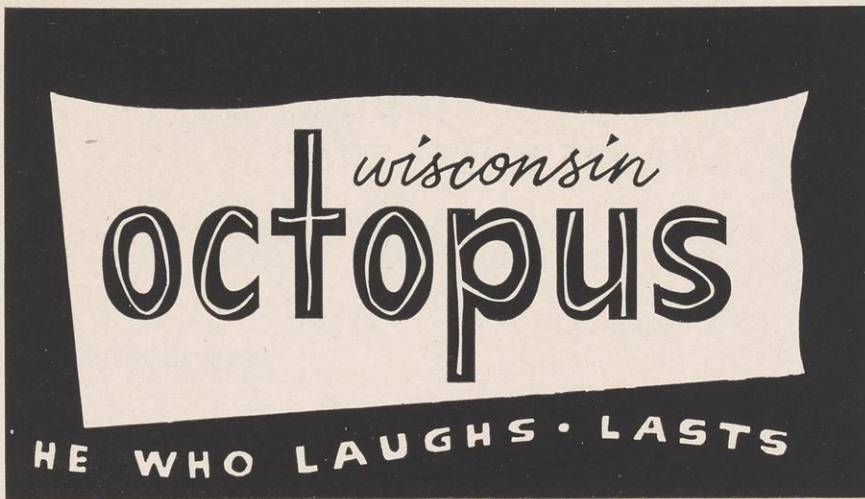
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WHOM TO BLAME

Well, I suppose I ought to start off by thanking the Columbia Jester. We steal from them like mad. The Princeton Tiger, too. Hmm, Columbia and Tiger, too.

I like those eastern mags. They're sophisticated. Anyway I don't dig their gags. As a matter of fact we'd steal from any humor mag, but we can't. Most of them are lousy. But we get back at them. We're lousy, too. Hmmm, getbackatthem and lousy, too. Can't use it, too ambiguous.

We were a little disappointed about that senior class gift. We kind of thought we could of used some of that largesse, ourselves. Now, don't get me wrong. I think Ted Schwedenborg is one hell of a nice guy. As a matter of fact, I sit next to him in anthro class every chance I get. Kid always has a copy of the State Journal. By the way, what do you think of our changing our name to the Athenaeon?

Might as well give my boys the plug. This calendar deal is a little something Bob Engle drew up. Kinda cute, huh? He also did the illustration for Merle Edelman's Barry story last month.

Jim Dickson down at the Cardinal office has been after me to mention him for a couple of stories he did for us. "Do You Remember, Harry?" in last month's issue and "Miracle on Pennsylvania Avenue" in this one. He's not a bad writer, not bad at all.

Every once in a while we get around to mentioning our executive editor, Inertia Smith. That boy's really a genius. He did last month's cover and centerspread. Every once in a while he walks into the Hut carrying a load of copy yea high and drops it in our lap without a word. We don't have any words for it either.

We've got two pretty good photographers around here, too. Tom Ferderbar and Dick Outland. They're responsible for the Christmas Carol take-off.

And let's not forget Glo Levy and Joe Kirkish. Glo is so cute my girl won't let me stay alone in the office with her, and Joe, while not so good looking, is a good man to have around.

Best wishes to Merl Edelman who is now working on the Christmas Barry de Korpses for this issue.

Oh yeah, on behalf of my colleagues and myself, a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to everyone.

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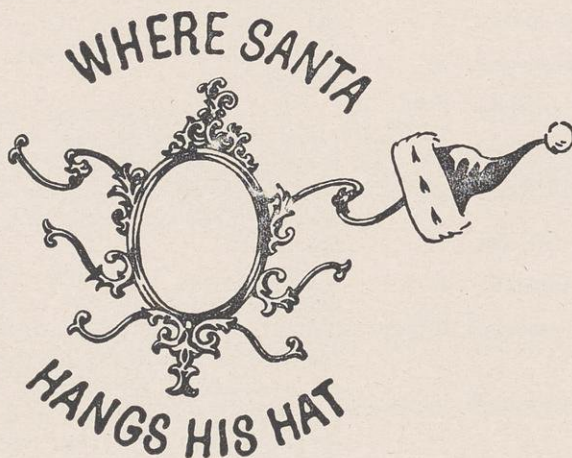
mal mendelsohn *editor-in-chief* . . . gordon kaasa *business manager* . . . george ronsholdt *executive editor* . . . ken eichenbaum *art editor* . . . don white *exchange issue editor* . . . bob engle *staff artist* . . . dick chira *dream girl editor* . . . jane moe *public relations* . . . bob burkert *editor emeritus* . . . mary schwenker, jack steinhilber, glo levy, midge rose *staff* . . . dean theodore zillman, prof. frank thayer, ray hilsenhoff, gordon kaasa, mal mendelsohn *board of directors*.

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This is the Store



Everyone can find something for everyone at Manchester's! Come to the store where Santa hangs his hat . . . where the warm spirit of Christmas makes every shopping trip a pleasant adventure. And if your hands have more than the usual number of thumbs we will do a bang-up job of gift wrapping for a very nominal fee. Come often . . . the door is always on the latch in the store where Santa hangs his hat!

jocosities

"You're taking accounting, aren't you, son?"

"That's right, Dad."

"Then account for the brassiere in your laundry last week."

* * *

An amoeba named Joe and his brother
Went out drinking toasts to each other.
In the midst of their quaffing
They split their sides laughing
And found that each one was a mother.

* * *

A husband and wife were asleep. About 3 a.m., the wife dreamed of secretly meeting another man. Then she dreamed she saw her husband coming in. In her sleep she shrieked, "Heavens, my husband!"

Her husband, awakened by her shriek, leaped out the window.

CAMPUS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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'Twas the night before christmas

lifted from the jester

(With complete Freudian implications explaining what the author actually meant, thus proving that the poem is immorally constituted.)

By Shelly Lowenkopf and Ronald Hurwit

Professor Johanne Libido, the University's foremost Freudian psychologist, has long been aware of the effect of "The Night Before Christmas" on the unsuspecting youth of the nation. In his attempts to enlighten the already garbled generation, Dr. Libido has analyzed the poem and will attempt to show how the perverted and psychotic mind has run rampant. The poem and its Freudian implications are presented here.

'Twas the Night Before Christmas,

Author has guilt complex concerning over-indulgence in alcohol. Substitutes phrase "night before" for "morn-ing after" which is what he subconsciously means to say.

When All Through The House

Re-emphasizes guilt complex. Bottles are hidden all over the house.

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The Stockings Were Hung by the Chimney with care

Note poet's fondness for mistress.

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While Visions of Sugar Plums danced through their heads!

Author sublimates sexual symbolism of children's dreams by injecting sugarplums into the picture.

And Mama In Her Kerchief, and I in my cap

Electra complex. Though it is a cold night outside he makes "Mama" go to bed clad only in a kerchief. Obviously hated his mother when a child.

Had just Settled Our Brains for a Long Winter's Nap.

Rationalization. We know why Mama and he went to bed.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash
Tore open the shutters and Threw up the Sash.

Physiologically impossible, since the sash was too big to swallow in the first place. Delusion probably brought on by wife's cooking.

The moon on the Breast of the New Fallen Snow

Attempt to define sex of new fallen snow proves author is demented.

Gave a lustre of mid day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes did appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so Lively and Quick,

Abilities required to get into UW parking lot. Author, denied parking pass, perhaps suffers from persecution complex.

I knew in a moment he must be St. Nick.

More Rapid Than Eagles his coursers they came,

Unconsciously militaristically minded since the only thing more rapid than an eagle is an ROTC student with six demerits who is late for drill.

And he Whistled and Shouted, and called them by name:

Associations with early sex experiences when he frequented burlesque houses.

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! On, Donder and Blixen!

To the top of the porch!

To the Top of the Wall!

Delusions of grandeur. Thinks he is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away, all!

And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I Drew in My Head, and was turning around,

Excellent example of Freud's "Ostrich Complex" in which subject believes he can escape from the world of reality by drawing his head into his body.

Down the Chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

Obviously a phallic symbol.

A Bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,

Kleptomania. Probably stolen from the last house he visited. Undoubtedly an introvert.

And filled all the stockings; then turned With a Jerk,

Continued sexual inhibitions often breed nervousness.

And laying his finger along aside of his nose,

And Giving a Nod, up the chimney he rose.

Strong erotic significance, since a nod is the conventional symbol for consent on the part of the female.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a Whistle,

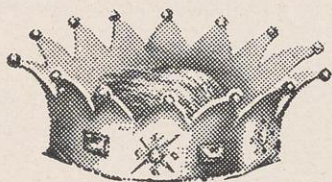
Association with burlesque house experiences evidently strong, hence repetition.

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight—

Happy Christmas To All and To All a Good Night.

Author, in final realization of his maladjusted character, attempts recompense by attaching this conventional "happy ending" to his work, hoping to disguise the over-all meaning.



dinner to a king's
taste . . .
queen's, too, of course!
where but at

the wooden bowl

At the Lark
2550 UNIVERSITY AVE.

Where it happens every day
except Monday! Please call
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Recommended by Duncan Hines

New shipment of pottery from Quimper

HAVE YOU STARTED
CHRISTMAS KNITTING?

Madison agent for
Penguin Yarn Gifts
from Limoge

MIRIAM BROWY WHITE
Owner and Operator

Fleur de France

447 W. Gilman

A couple of flyers stationed in Africa were bragging about their prowess as lion hunters. They decided to have a contest and each bought a pint of whiskey, the one who shot the first lion to get both bottles. The first took his rifle and set out in search of a lion. The second borrowed a fighter plane and took off. After circling a few minutes he spotted one, took careful aim and riddled it with bullets from the machine guns. He then went back and drank both bottles. All of which goes to prove that a straffed lion is the shortest distance between two pints.

* * *

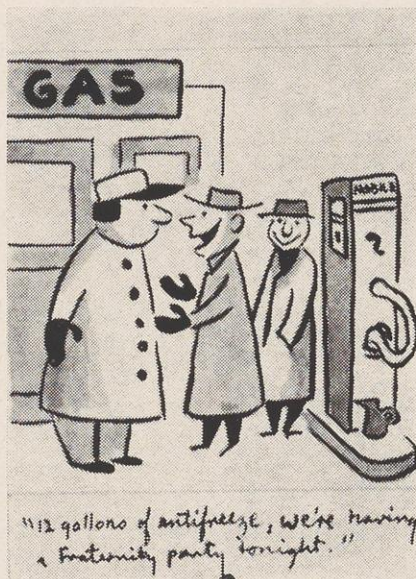
Sigma Kappa—"I'll never marry a man who snores."

House Mother—"Yes, but be careful how you find out."

* * *

"Think of your reputation."

"Why? Does my reputation think of me?"



"Twelve gallons of anti-freeze; we're having a fraternity party tonight."

While attending a night club with a favorite escort, a young woman had gone to the powder room where she met several friends she hadn't visited with in ages. The conversation was gay and gossipy, and time went on . . . and on . . . and on . . . Then the maid handed her a note. It was from her obviously weary escort. In a bold, male hand were the words: "Can't understand why you haven't written."

* * *

Golfer: "Would you mind if I played through? I've heard that my wife has been taken seriously ill."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever..."



but Cigars are a Man's Smoke!



You need not inhale
to enjoy a cigar!

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.

psychotic psanta

It came upon a midnight clear—the midnight of December 24 to be exact. A heavy-set, red-faced gentleman climbed down the chimney of a fashionable Westchester home. He crawled out of the fireplace and was dusting some soot off his ermine cuffs when a pajamaed figure switched on the lights.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"I'm Santa Claus," the intruder replied in a hearty voice. "And a Merry Christmas to you."

"Come, now, old man. Who are you?"

"I told you, sir. I am Santa Claus."

"I can help you," the awakened owner replied, fidgeting nervously with a book of matches. "I'm Dr. Soma, psychiatrist. I've cured many cases of dementia. Now, don't fight me; just lie down."

The snowy-bearded old man raised his eyebrows and said "Merry Christmas," this time with less gusto.

"Now, I'm not going to call the police," the doctor said. "You're not

a common house breaker, you're sick. If you had scarlet fever, we would sympathize with you and you would let the doctors take care of you. You're ill right now. Not in the body, perhaps, but in the mind. Just sit down and try hard to think who you are."

The old man reluctantly sat in the easy chair across the room from the doctor.

"But I know who I am. I'm Santa Claus."

"Give up this dream world. It will only cause you pain. You're a big boy now. You must face reality." the doctor smiled benignly, his face slightly twisted by a nervous twitch around the mouth. "If you won't tell me who you are, tell me, where do you live?"

"North Pole."

"Of course, North Pole. Try to relax. Remember: I am your friend and we are going to solve your little problem together. It must be very cold in the North Pole. On these freezing nights when you and your mate are alone, what do you do?"

"We make toys for all the world's children."

"I see, make toys. Just sit back, oldster, unbuckle your belt and remove the pillows if it helps to ease your tension."

"But all this is me."

"That's all right. I won't press the point. How did you come here friend?" the doctor said as he knotted his handkerchief to make a little rag doll.

"By sleigh and reindeer."

"Sleigh?" The old man nodded.

"Reindeer?" The old man nodded again.

"And," said the doctor, "I bet those reindeer were peppermint striped, had golden horns, and rhinestones for eyes."

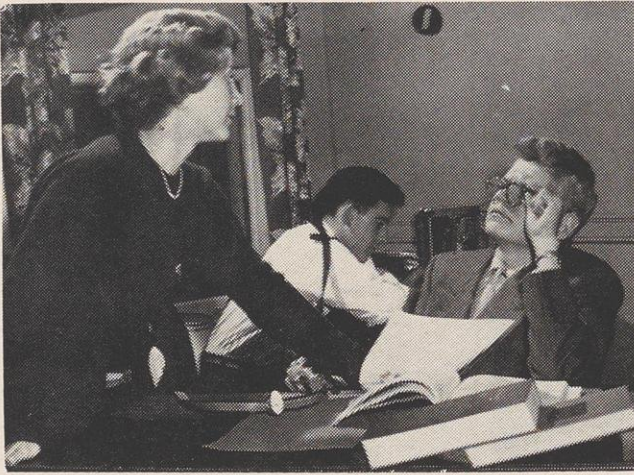
"Course not. Haven't you ever seen a reindeer?"

The doctor made a furious scrawl on his pad. "Tell me, why were you coming here tonight?"

"Tomorrow's Christmas."

"Oh, yes, of course, I forget," the doctor said adjusting his heavy horn-

(continued on page 22)

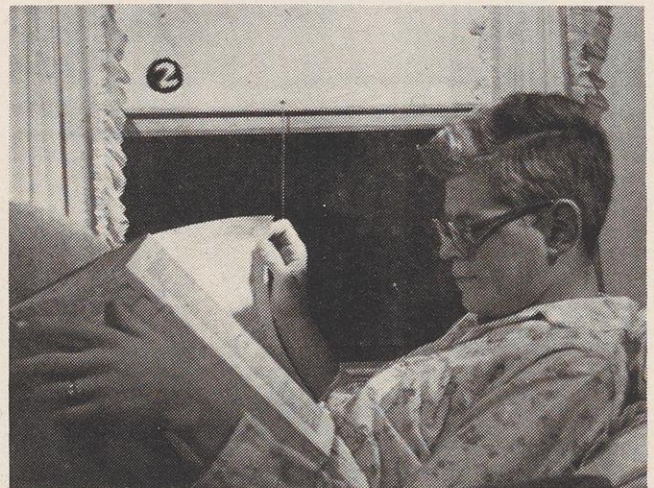


Office of Ebenezer Scrood. Carol Lovelace, Scrood's spinster secretary, hands him the day's mail, among which is a letter asking for a raise. The letter had been written by Bob Crotchett, another employee. Scrood refuses the raise.

a christmas carol

by tom ferderbar
and dick outland

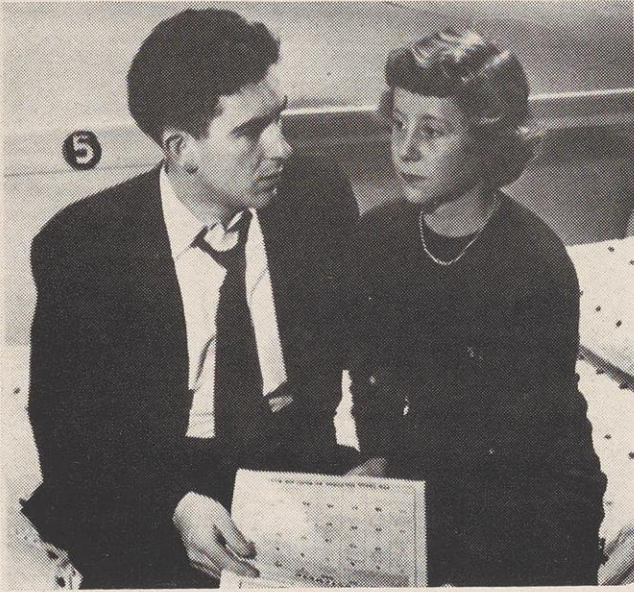
It is Christmas eve. After spending a strenuous evening counting his cash, Scrood settles comfortably into bed with a good book. It being Christmas eve, Scrood remains up until nearly nine-thirty.



Somewhere around midnight, Scrood is suddenly awakened. He is not alone. After a brief discussion (delineation of character), the Spirit of Christmas Past induces him to make a tour of the past with her. He goes.



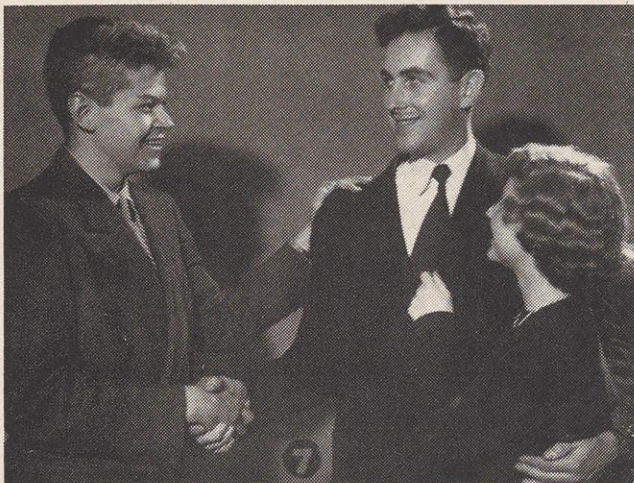
Christmas Past reveals some of Scrood's miserable days, when he was an unwanted, lonely student at the University of Wisconsin. Scrood is unconvinced that this has any bearing on his present state of existence.



Spirit of Christmas Present takes over, brings him to the home of his spinster secretary, where he learns that she and Crotchett seem to be worried about something that has to do with calendars. "Has this to do with over-time pay?" wonders Scrood.



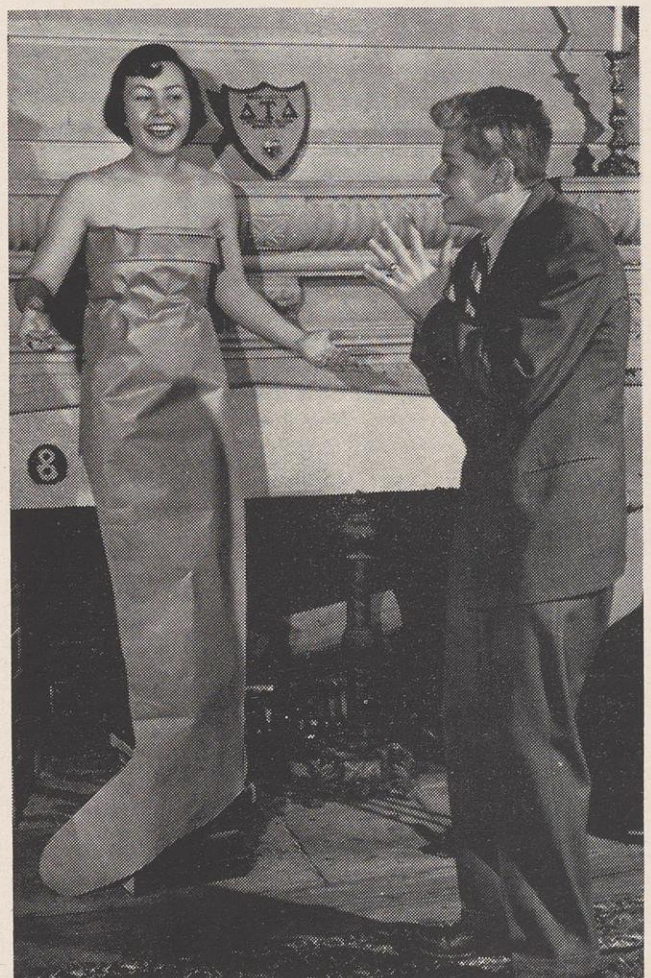
The desperateness of the situation is brought to light by Christmas Future. Scrood sees Miss Lovelace, now forced to raise additional money to raise her growing family, selling violets part-time in front of the Parkway. Scrood now realize what he must do.



Scrood awakens to discover that it is Christmas morning! Elated, he dresses enthusiastically. We hear the peal of church bells in the distance (thus the subtitle). This is the beginning of a new man.

Taking the first streetcar named Desire, Scrood arrives at the home of Miss Lovelace, where he presents a raise to Bob Crotchett and gives his blessings to the joyous couple. They celebrate by singing an old Vulgarian folk song of the late 17th century. He leaves, a new man. Truly, he is no longer Scrood.

When he gets home, he is surprised (but now delighted) to find that someone had been there during his absence—and readers will never guess who! The curtain falls on a happy note. The end.



miracle on pennsylvania avenue

by jim dickson

Kristopher Kringle, the toy tycoon, lumbered back and forth across the floor of his plush office. In one hand he held his ulcer medicine and in the other a thick sheaf of toy contracts.

"Dammit!" he roared, "What a miserable Christmas this is going to be!"

He strode to the window and looked down at the mob of gnomes milling idly in the main yard twenty floors below. Some of them were gathered about a gnome on a Lifebouy carton who was flaying the air with his fists. Others dawdled back and forth carrying signs which read: "No Contract—No Work," "Kringle is Unfair." A few huddled in a corner of the yard and exchanged off-color jokes about their employer's wife.

The tycoon surveyed the scene beneath him and exploded vociferously, "Look at 'em! Durned Red-infiltrated goon gang!"

Presently his secretary darted into the room bearing a jungle of hysterical telephones on her arms.

"Please," she cried, "can't you do anything to stop this madness! Macy's and Gimbels have threatened to send out an investigator. Woolworth's desperate!"

"There's not a damn thing I can do, Nell. I've called two or three of my representatives in Congress and they can't do anything either. Congress isn't even in session!"

The girl dropped the phones into a pile around her and began to sob. "It's John L. Lewis's fault. It must be."

"No it isn't. Congress won't do anything because it's an election year and they haven't been told how to play this mess."

"But the poor kiddies won't have any . . ."

"Aw, for cryin' out loud, Nell. Knock it off. That line went out with Maeterlinck. I have millions in toy contracts right here in my hand. THAT IS IMPORTANT! What a lousy way to make a living!"

"But Santa . . ."

"Nell, I don't think I ever told you, but I hate kids."

"Santa!"

"That's a fact, Nell. Kids are responsible for everything that's wrong with me. I'm not as young as I used

to be and I can't stand the gaff anymore. Look—how would you like to go batting around in an open sleigh in sub-zero weather? How would you like to sit directly in back of a herd of impolite reindeer for God knows how many miles? How would you like to dive down a grimy old chimney to fondle an endless line of unwashed socks?"

"Well, really!"

"How do you think I got this damn ulcer anyway?" he said, pinning her to the wall with a finger.

"I'm sure I don't . . ."

"By swilling coffee and pumpkin pie that isn't fit for moose! Some women should be prohibited by law from ever touching a stove!"

"Please, you're hurting my clavicle," Nell whined.

"And that's not all!" he bellowed. "Some smart-aleck brats try to kill me every year. Last year some wise guy put a brood mare in his front yard. I damn near got trampled trying to stop my own reindeer!"

Kringle was interrupted by a sudden blow on his left

foot. He stared down at the unannounced visitor by his knee and roared "You!"

"Yes, Kringle, it's me. Are you ready to come to terms, you old goat?"

"Not on your life, Gremlin! I'll fight you till the end."

Nell threw up her hands in horror and shot out of the office.

"Why can't you be reasonable, fat boy? Our side has its troubles, too. Damn Russian surveyors have been poking around here and fouling up everything. And those Army crews—Oh my God! Now they got Operation Shelvadore!"

"Look, Gremlin, if I agree to that contract the next thing you know you guys will be wanting steam-heated gutters for the drunks. I'm up against it myself. I don't get any fancy war contracts like the other boys in the club. And with the campaign fund coming up this year . . ."

"Suit yourself, Kringle. But you're making a big mistake. Look, fatso, you're on pretty thin ice. A lot of people don't even believe you exist. Now it would be a crying shame if the kids of the world knew the truth about how you got such a red nose!"

"Blackmail!" Kringle roared.

Gremlin smiled wryly and said, "You deserve it, you old hypocrite. How long have you been handing out that line about it being frostbitten?"

"Now see here, Gremlin," Kringle shouted, "You can't frighten me. Where's your public spirit, anyway? Think about all those poor little kiddies . . ."

"You're breaking my heart, Kringle. Why don't you cry."

"Listen, you hob-goblin, Christmas is a sacred . . ."

"Get off my back, will you?"

"The birthday of Christ is traditionally . . ."

"Traditionally observed by a pack of louts getting plastered to the gills," Gremlin said.

"It's a tradition worthy of all honor . . ."

"Can it, tubby, you sound like a meat market calendar," Gremlin sneered.

Kringle crushed the toy contracts in anger. "Why you half-pint rabble-rouser, I'll make you respect fine old traditions or free-market commercialism—one or the other—before I'm through with you!"

"Please remember, you unshaven old phoney, if the machines don't run this year, you're a dead letter."

They stood staring violently at each other; Kringle plowing his fingers through his beard. The reverie of contempt was shattered by the voice of Nell (a sound similar to that of an outraged lunch whistle).

"It's happened!" she caterwauled, "I knew it would happen. We're finished."

Kringle snatched the telegram she brandished in her hand and tore it open. Gremlin bounded quickly to his shoulder to read it—and having read it—fell hard to the mink carpet. An aching silence ensued.

"Alright," Kringle said thickly, "I'll sign." In a matter of seconds the contract was signed.

In a far corner of the room, Nell stood before a television set, a perfect ringer for the Little Match Girl. Through her tears she watched the man on the screen cavort. He wore glasses, a stetson hat, and was attempting to pull a red and white trimmed jacket about a pillow in his middle. He was standing on the lawn of a white mansion before a microphone.

"Don't worry about a thing, my fellow Americans," he said, "this is right down my alley. C'mon Margaret!"

Phi Delt Pledge: "One of the brothers wants to borrow your cork screw."

S. A. E.: "You go back and tell him I'll bring it right over."

* * *

"Something is wrong with my chickens," wrote the would-be chicken farmer to the College of Agriculture. "Each morning when I go out to my chicken coop, I find several of them lying on their backs with their feet stuck in the air."

"Your chickens," wrote back the College of Agriculture, "are dead."

* * *

THE ENGINEERS' WHISKEY TEST

Connect 20,000 volts D.C. across a pint of the fluid. If the current jumps it the product is poor.

If the current causes a precipitation of lye, tin, arsenic, iron slag and alum, the whiskey is fair.

If the liquor chases the current back into the generator, it's darn good stuff.

•

The two men in the dray were stuck. The horses, great huge Percherons, couldn't make it budge. The men swore and shouted, but it was no use. The horses couldn't move the dray an inch. Just then a dainty little woman with a tiny Pomeranian puppy walked by. The men accosted her. "Pardon us lady, but could you lend us your pooch for a minute?"

"Whatever for?" asked the lady.

"Our horses are stuck, and we want to use your dog to help them pull this dray out of the mud."

"But he's only a little dog. He couldn't help."

"Oh, that's all right lady. We got whips."



"A little present from the men of my house to the women of yours."

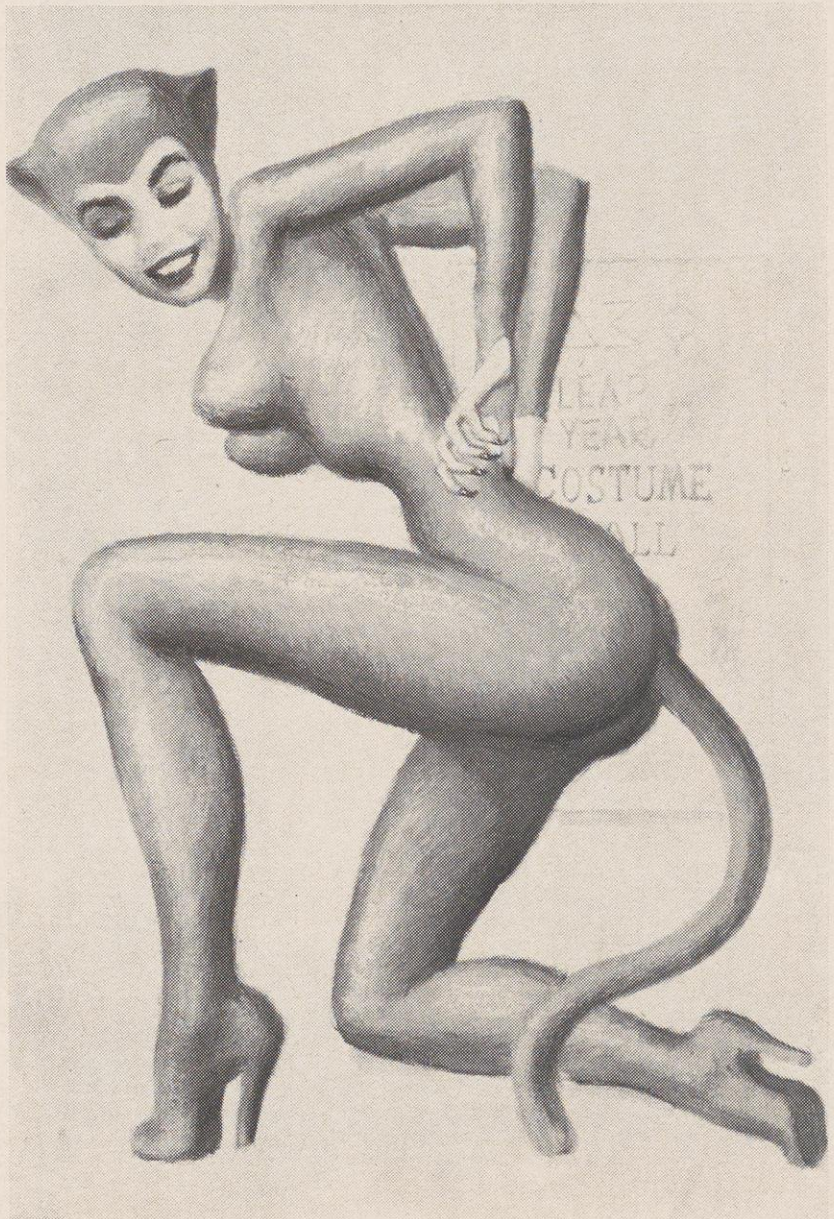


january

		1. Hangover. Begin term paper tomorrow.	2. Hangover Begin term paper tomorrow.	3. Begin term paper tomorrow.	4. Begin term paper tomorrow.	5. Too late to begin term paper.
6. Work on . .	7. . . . term paper. TERM PAPER DUE.	8.	9.	10. YGOP tables McCarthy resolution.	11. LAST WEEK FOR SOCIAL FUNCTIONS. Get campused.	12. DITTO No date.
13.	14.	15. Cardinal attacks over- emphasis on sports.	16.	17.	18.	19.
20.	21.	22.	23.	24. FINAL EXAMS. Cram.	25. FINAL EXAMS. Cram.	26. FINAL EXAMS. Cram.
27. FINAL EXAMS. Write cribnotes on petticoat.	28. FINAL EXAMS.	29. FINAL EXAMS.	30. FINAL EXAMS.	31. FINAL EXAMS. The hell with	it.	

					1. FINAL EXAMS. Cram.	2. FINAL EXAM. Get clobbered.
3. Hitchhike home.	4. Fight with family.	5. Hitchhike back to school.	6. REGISTRATION. Meet senior boy at Armory.	7. Don't see senior.	8. Have coffee with senior in rat.	9. Sick.
10. Discover senior's name is Ted. It's leap year.	11. Phone Ted.	12. Cardinal attacks student apathy.	13. Buy Ted valentine.	14. [REDACTED]	15. [REDACTED]	16. [REDACTED]
17. [REDACTED]	18. [REDACTED]	19.	20. December Octopus out.	21. YGOP tables anti-McCarthy resolution.	22. Date with Ted. Held hands.	23. Date with Ted. Danced close.
24. Dine with Ted. (Dutch).	25.	26.	27. Last chance to subscribe for 1952 Badger.	28.	29. Cuddle up to Ted.	

february





march

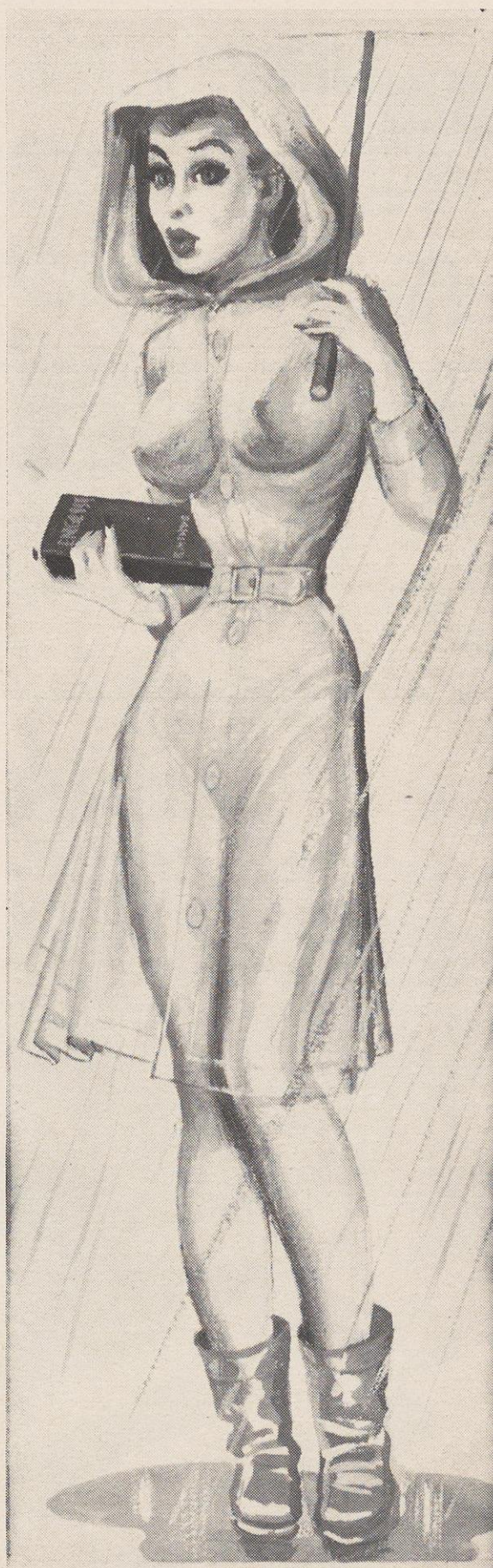
2. Religious emphasis week. Take Ted to church.	3. Cardinal attacks religion.	4.	5. Not has dip
9. Ted tells dirty joke. Laugh.	10. Ted reads aloud from Octy. Slap him.	11.	12.
16.	17.	18. YGOP tables anti-McCarthy resolution.	19. It be nice steady.
23. Hint.	24. Hint.	25. HINT.	26. Ou Ted. Re Octy w another
30. Ted sick. Visit him.	31. Ted asks me to go steady. Accept.		

		1.
6. Ted's Boy Scout Troop serenades me.	7.	8. to for Bad
13. ?	14. ?	15.
20. Spring recess. Ted and I hitchhike home.	21. Ted meets father.	22. back scho
27. Fun.	28. Sign up for marriage lectures.	29.







			1. TED KISSED ME.
ice Ted mples.	6. Neck with Ted.	7. Ted tells dirty story. Blush.	8. Ted tells dirty joke. Smile.
	13.	14.	15.
would e to go	20. Tell Ted I like him.	21. Ditto for Ted.	22. Hint to Ted about going steady.
ut with ead with r boy.	27. Ted breaks date.	28. Apologize to Ted—he hangs up.	29. Ted calls. Accept his apology. Buy him beer.

april






Town night.	2.	3. Feb. Octy hits stands.	4. Cardinal attacks Octy.	5. Ted gives me Captain Midnight ring.
Last chance subscribe 1952 dger.	9. YGOP tables anti- McCarthy resolution.	10. ?	11. ?	12. ?
	16. Whew.	17.	18.	19.
Hitchhike ck to ool.	23. Fun.	24. Fun.	25. Fun.	26. Fun.
	30.			



may

				1. Ted asks me about Joe. Lie.	2. Ted talks to Joe.	3. Ted breaks date.
4. Call Ted. Tell truth about Joe.	5. Buy Ted sweater.	6. Ted forgives me.	7.	8.	9. Last chance to subscribe for 1952 Badger.	10. 
11. 	12. 	13. 	14. 	15. 	16. Ted asks about Bill.	17. Buy Ted wallet.
18. Ted forgives me.	19. Ted asks about Al.	20. Town night. All is forgiven.	21. ASK TED ABOUT SUSIE.	22. Ted proposes. Town night.	23. Parents come up.	24. Tell them about Ted and me.
25. Parents hitchhike home.	26.	27.	28. YGOP tables anti-McCarthy resolution.	29.	30. Memorial Day—No classes. Fun with Ted.	31. More fun with Ted.



1. Octy art editor goes to church.	2. Octy art editor fired.	3. March Octy on stands.	4. Sells out.	5. Octy editor expelled.	6.	7. 
8. 	9. 	10. 	11. 	12. FINAL EXAMS. Cram with Ted.	13. FINAL EXAMS. Cram with Ted.	14. FINAL EXAMS. Cram with Ted.
15. Cram with Ted.	16. FINAL EXAM. Night-club with Ted.	17. Decide not to get married yet.	18. Ted gets notice for physical.	19. WEDDING.	20. Commencement.	21. HONEY-MOON.
22. HONEY-MOON.	23. HONEY-MOON.	24. HONEY-MOON.	25. HONEY-MOON.	26. HONEY-MOON.	27. HONEY-MOON.	28. Ted's physical—4-F.
29.	30. Last chance to subscribe for 1952 Badger.					

june



merry christmas eh?

Can the Christmas Swindle be stopped? Faced by the prospect of dwindling returns the author shows how to raise profits by pruning the exchange of dead accounts.

From now on if anyone sends me presents they do so at their own peril. I do not say that I will refuse to pay the shipping charges or return packages unopened, but I will not keep the pretense of being surprised and pleased by the atrocities foisted upon me under the guise of Christmas benevolence. From now on it's the truth, nothing but the truth, and let the chips fall where they may. This vicious and unprofitable exchange of gifts must be stopped.

For the benefit of those few thousand unfortunates who have been caught up in these pagan rites, I offer a solution. The following series of letters should close the matter permanently.

Letter to a Maiden Aunt upon receipt of a tie, hand painted.

Dear Madam:

The receipt of even the most trifling gift must be acknowledged by letter. You have, however, no reason to expect—nor, I am happy to say, any legal right to claim—a present in exchange. I have, nevertheless, taken your miserable offering to my haberdasher for appraisal. The enclosed sum of \$.23 will both defeat your plans for petty profit-seeking and exonerate me from the charge of ingratitude.

Kindly do not annoy me again with unsolicited merchandise.

Sincerely yours,

Letter to an Alleged Friend and Former Business Partner after uncrating a home rowing machine.

Sir:

You may consider our partnership dissolved. I can

see no reason for continuing business affiliations with a man who has shown himself a personal enemy and who has made of the season of Christmas an occasion for gross and transparently malicious innuendoes concerning another man's physical characteristics. Your expenditure—if it was your own money you spent, and I am having the books audited—your expenditure, I say, of \$137.50 for a so-called practical joke ill-becomes a man who owes everything to his benefactor, and who wears, if I am not mistaken, a size 44 belt himself.

But wait a moment, I perceive a more despicable motive and one more in keeping with your character. In the



"Oh, mummy, this is what I always wanted."

light of my recent heart condition your gift of a rowing machine can only be interpreted as tantamount to an attempt upon my life. Very well, sir, but I warn you I am not defenseless. I am placing the entire matter in the hands of the District Attorney in the morning. In the meantime your "gift" of one (1) Sampson Home exerciser, Poughkeepsie Model, is being held as evidence.

Yours truly,

copy to

Office of the District Attorney
Municipal Court Building
New York 9, N. Y.

Letter to the Industrious but Hopelessly Inept Fabricator of Hand-Knit Hose.

Dear Miss.....:

You will be amused to know what roar of laughter went up when your quaint little jest was finally exposed. You will not easily imagine, however, what puzzled inquiry and droll suggestions accompanied the first view. What was the purpose of those ludicrously misshapen sacks? It was the cook who finally put an end to our argument. Fingering the texture of the wool she saw at once that they were intended for argyle sausage-bags. Only you could have thought of such a delightfully puckish and eminently practical gift.

But do make us some more quickly. Before they could be put to use the dog got hold of them and I fear the present set is ravelled beyond repair.

Affectionately yours,

Letter to a Rich Uncle with two children, both healthy.
My Dear Sir:

Your gift of a year's subscription to a certain national magazine—I will not sully my pen with its name—bespeaks at once your contemptuous parsimony and your intellectual naivete. I must admit I am at a loss how to account for this affront. Had you searched for months I doubt whether you could have found a gift more distasteful personally nor more likely to discredit me with my neighbors. But perhaps I give you undue credit for sagacity. Perhaps it was merely the result of your recognized slothful habits of mind.

Whatever your motives, sir, you may rest assured that I shall bend every effort to prevent the delivery of a single copy, or, failing that, burn each issue upon arrival.

Fascism, sir, is not universal.

Your obedient servant,

Letter to a Friend Whose Present is Long Overdue.

Dear,

Christmas, I find, offers an infallible criterion for separating one's true friends from those self-seeking chisellers who masquerade under the name of friendship. This year I have been very fortunate in receiving any number of thoughtful—and I might say, *expensive gifts*—from my many friends and admirers.

Naturally I know how disappointed you must be to learn that I have not yet received anything from you.

Personally, however, I always say giving is better than receiving, I do. And speaking of gifts, I wonder if you'd mind returning that pair of brass bookends I sent you. It seems there's been a little mix-up in the mailing and I'm afraid you got the wrong package. If you'll just send them back within the next ten days I can straighten the whole thing out and then I can send you the right gift, as the case may be. I imagine you should get it shortly after your present arrives.

With best wishes for the New Year.

BERNARD W. SHIR-CLIFF—1948

GIFTS OF GOOD TASTE

Christmas Book Specials

- Roger & Hart Song Book
- New Yorker Cartoon Book
Best cartoons of last 25 years
- Rommel—The Desert Fox
- The Bible
Greatest book ever written

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*the ever-popular
campus favorite*

**Fauerbach Brewing Co.
Madison, Wis.**

correspondence course

*How to carry on
brilliant conversation:*

Three topics are essential. You've got to be able to talk about (1) books you've never read, (2) plays you've never seen, and (3) neuroses you've never had.

The most kosher critics of the country use several ways of describing a book. It is an important contribution to the history and criticism of the period it portrays; it is an important record of artistic achievement; it is a notable realistic romance; it is an absorbing and mature piece of writing; and it's a penetrating social document. Any one of these will be a panic if tossed off between the meat course and the celery.

The style of the book is either *recherche*, which is a thirty-five cent word and practically pays for the meal, or else it is tough and extroverted, in the James Cain tradition. If it's a lend book, it's faintly reminiscent of Proust. If you haven't any idea what the hell the book's about, just say that it resembles Hemingway and let it go at that.

The hero is either a country boy who meets a city girl or a city girl who meets a country boy. Ever since the war it has been a literary tradition (that's also an impressive phrase) to have the girls seduce the boy. This is undoubtedly just another labor-saving device which will soften the fibre of modern manhood.

If you look shyly at the caramel custard and mumble something about the rape that takes place in chapter seven, this will give you a chance to remark that rape has always fascinated the erotic consciousness of the world's writers, including Shakespeare. It also demonstrates your tremendous erudition and leads to some very pleasant cracks.

You must always remember that a play is significant, dull, socially conscious, bawdy, or something that George Abbot dragged in. If it's a revival, it's never as good as Barrymore or Sarah Bernhardt did it thirty years ago. It must also be remembered that Maurice Evans is the only actor on the American stage that can play Shakespearean parts. All players under forty are obvious Hollywood material. It will thrill the girl sitting next to you who is making so much noise with the spaghetti if you men-

tion a couple of producers by their first names and repeat what Alfred Lunt never said to you about what Noel Coward says when he wakes up in the morning.

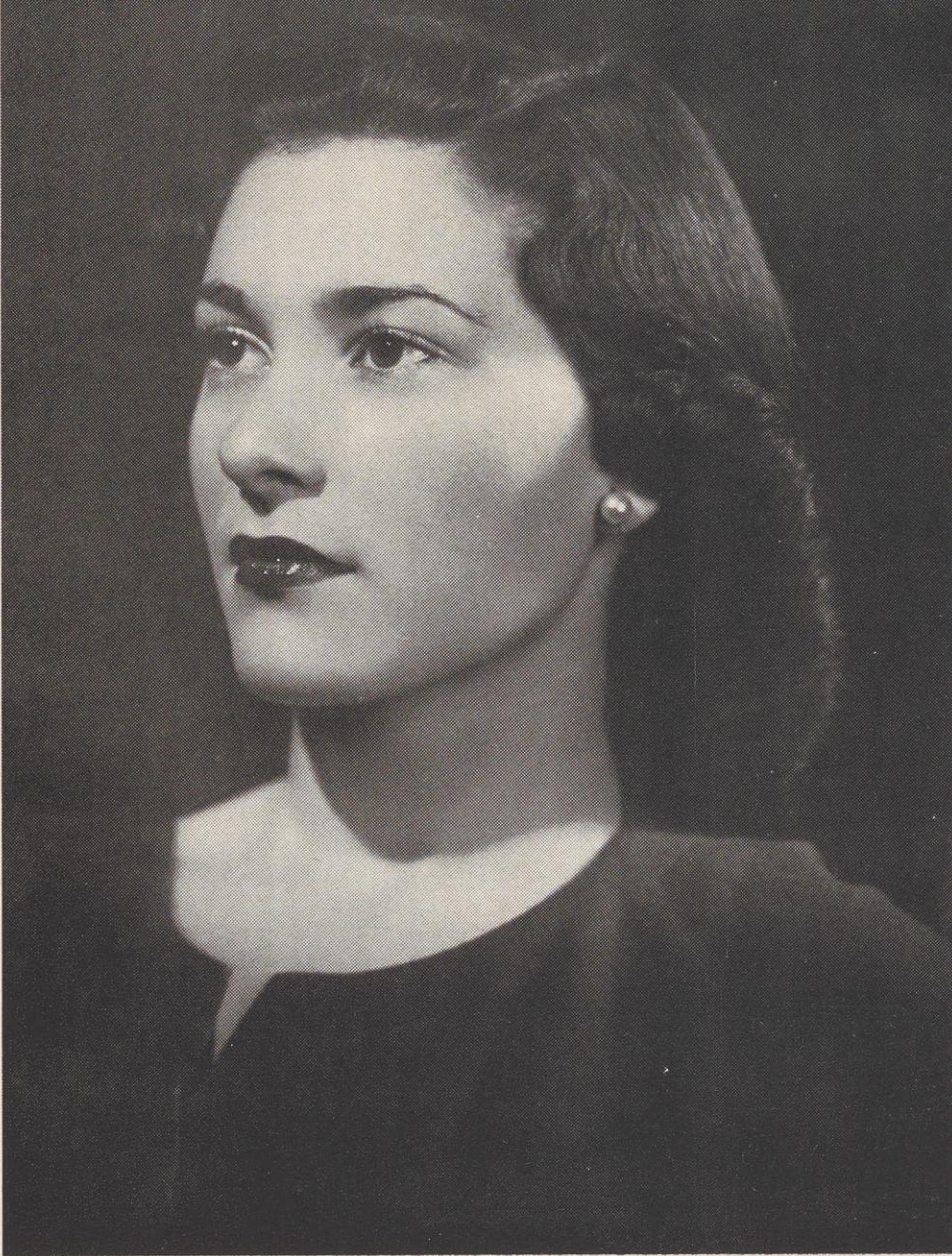
Somewhere between the coffee and the third act of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, you can bring in the story of how your Uncle Jim was bitten by a horse and then became a Manic Depressive. This is a good opening, because it leads to talk about all sorts of mental disturbances. Let the other guy tell the first story and then raise the ante. You will always know someone who was a little bit more psychotic than anyone else, and if somebody does come up with a dilly, you always subdue them by mentioning that you think that Freud isn't all he's supposed to be. This can be kept up until one of you loses his voice. The subject is very easily changed to defining life and saying that it resembles a plum-pudding, a hay stack, a snowy day in January, Jack Benny's wise-cracks, and your underwear after the laundry is through with it. This makes you sound cynical and a bit of a Bronx Alexander Woolcott.

How To Write A Sophisticated Movie

The picture should start with Crawford getting a rubdown. She is dressed very charmingly in a towel and an engaging smile. Gable and Grant, who always play in this kind of stuff, always make their entrance by sliding down a bannister or breaking up the water-polo by jumping into the pool with all their clothes on. This demonstrates in some mystic way that they have been bosom pals since their first cream-puff days back in Spencerville Prep. It proves, too, the interesting fact that all young people these days are very gay and have clothes and time to waste.

By this time, Crawford is dressed and she grabs the two young men by the arm. They walk vigorously to the bar, making a few smooth cracks to demonstrate their overwhelming sophistication. Such as: Have you any oranges in the kitchen and will you please marry me? Having passed all your psychology courses, you can realize that Joan is in love with both of them. This is technically known

(continued on page 22)



octy
dream
girl

classical beauty

*Sandra Ward from Tower View
eighteen years—sophomore
from Winnetka, Illinois
five feet five inches from head to toe
one hundred sixteen pounds of
classical beauty*

(Photo by DeLonge)

SKI PANTS \$11.95 and \$19.95		NYLON SKI MITTS (Leather Palms) \$3.95
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letters to sandy claws

Dear Sandy Claws,

I have always wanted something. Wanted it with all my heart and soul. Everyone else laughs at me, but, oh, I need it dreadfully, Sandy Claws. Please, please, Sandy Claws, send me a big wooly rhinoceros with wooden warts, a neon nose, a mildewed moustache, and tremendous teeth like Mrs. Roosevelt.

Maxum Digatalus, age 7.

Dear Sandy Claws,

I am a vary talented liddle girl. One day I'm goin' to be a big movin' piture star. Right now tho I'm working my way up in liddle produckions, like this Sunday school play we are giving Christmas Eve. I think thair may be a talent scout or a theatre kritik or sommbody in the house who might see me.

Now my big ideea is to make at hit with the sukers out front the first night, 'cause I ekspect this liddle opiss will be a turkey. You know Dagmar? She made a big hit. So what I'd like outta you is somethin to make me just as outstanding as Dagmar.

I'm only nine years old so I don't hold out much hope for nature coming thru by Christmas eve. I got great potentialities in me, but if you could send me a little something to kinda tide me over until those old hormoans start hopping, I sure would apreeshiate it.

Hopfully,

Dellie Long, Age 9.

P.S. Make shur they git hear befour opening nite.

Dear Sandy Claws,

I have trouble with my folks. They treat me like a child. I am nine, going on ten, and am going steady with a coed. I feel I have outgrown my nursery decoratons. I'm sick of Peter Cottontail. I want to spice up my room. You got any full color nude photos in real hot poses? That's what I want for Christmas. They would sure go over big with the other guys in my cub pack.

Yours truly,

Peter Hart, Age 9 going on 10

Dear Sandy Claws,

All the other kids in my block have sent in for their sure-fire Solar Space Guns. My Mama won't buy Grubber's Maggot Mix, and you gotta have the box top in order to get one of them space guns. I hate Mama, but Papa's handsome. He smokes cigars.

Would you please send me a sure-fire Solar Space Gun? I'm sure with your connections you won't need a box top, Sandy Claws. And please make sure my gun really and truly works. I want to disintegrate Mama. She's a witch.

Lovingly,

Electra B. Rogers, age 12


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RYE, N.Y.

to

BOURBON, IND.

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



still only 5¢

"\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!"

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

CHRISTMAS PRESENT?

**Have Octy sent to your girl back home or
to that guy in the service**

WISCONSIN OCTOPUS
MEMORIAL UNION
MADISON 6, WIS.

Here's my \$1.35 for 6 issues of Octy and my share of college humor in 1951-52.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

During the holidays, two students from the same town met back in the old home burg.

"Say," said the first, "aren't you working your way through school?"

"Yes," replied the second. "I'm editing the college humor mag, but don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm bootlegging gin."

"What's your cat's name?"

"Ben Hur."

"How did you hit on that name?"

"Well, we called it Ben until it had kittens."

The Log

* * *

"Were you copying his paper?"

"No, professor, I was only looking to see if he has mine right."

"When they talk about steak, they mean

LESKE'S

*We honestly believe you can't buy a finer steak
in Madison than those served daily in
the dining room of Leske's*



TO GET TO LESKE'S
BY BUS TAKE
THE FAIR OAKS BUS

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Madison
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Leske's*

Next time, for really good steak, at the most reasonable prices,

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guide to enunciation

The peculiarities of academic speech and patter are here traced to a document written by a Mr. Butler. It enables you to spot an instructor at twenty paces through his nasal "o".

I think that I found out about the academic world last June. The real story had never come to me until then. At last I found out what the universities were doing to our language.

I had emerged from the finals with an overdose of Benzedrine and an appalling number of bad grades. Thus stoutly armed I faced New York in summer. I found that I was totally unable to make myself understood by anyone. For three weeks I wandered from street to street, trying to accost strangers, trying to make them understand. It was a noble failure. My speech had been so changed by my college hibernation that I would have been better off with an Esperanto dictionary clutched in my hands.

It was the fourth week that I first managed to eat at a public restaurant. Before, I had to put up with toads and newts, specialties of the Columbia Club, the only place in heat-ridden New York where my language was understood. But that fourth week, as I walked into Toots' and ordered my

(continued on page 24)

correspondence course

(continued from page 18)

as a triangle and will prove to the Hollywood mogul that you've got a good idea. A few of Noel Coward's cleaner epigrams, lifted and marcelled, convince the audience that this is the Vanity Fair squad to the cuff-link. The three principals banter with a high-ho and pip-pip Jenkins all through the picture. The sadder they are, the more flippantly do they laugh-clown it. This is known as tragedy and is exceedingly moving.

How they do it, you really don't know, but sooner or later the three of them eventually land in Bridgeport, Connecticut, with four cents and a Baltimore trolley token, adding the devil-may-care touch to it all. This also provides a chance for them to put in a hitch-hike scene, or something else just as ducky.

Nobody knows who's in love with whom until the last reel, giving everybody who doesn't like the picture, a chance to make a couple of bets on the side. When one of the leads leaves the lovely girl at the altar, the other boy steps in and it turns out, that of course, this is what should have happened in the first place, because she'd been in love with him all along. A

theme song such as "Isn't Love Blind?" might help.

There is also the rich dowager (cynical, but with a heart of gold) who swears like the chairman of a holding company, can drink anyone under the table, and lets everyone know that the facts of life were well known when she was at her prime. She hints about several gay romances with spur-bearers of her day and tells everybody to marry everybody else.

The intrigue is represented by a rich, perfect blonde, who knows a collar-ad when she sees one. She manages to detain Grant for several hours and Crawford naturally assumes that he has been kidding her along. This blonde is a bitch who has realized that the course of true love depends on which person can think up the most inane and childish way of passing the time.

The fade-out, a milestone in social consciousness, consists of Joan and the oh yeah guy kissing in front of a porthole while the Guy With The Pathetic Look waves frantically from the pier.

Follow these rules, and you're made.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO—1936

psychotic psanta

(continued from page 5)

rimmed glasses. "Maybe you came because you were hungry. Would you like me to get you a sandwich?"

"Dangblastit, son, I just ate before I left home."

"The North Pole?"

"North Pole."

"If you don't want to eat anything, I won't make you eat anything, fair enough?"

"Look, youngster, I've got a lot more calls to make tonight. I've got to be going."

"Sorry, I can't let you leave the room in your present condition. You're something of a menace to society."

The poor old man held up his hand in protest.

But the doctor continued. "Oh, I know you never hurt anyone, at least not yet. But why did you come here? What were you doing at the fire place? Were you trying to burn down the house?"

"I came to fill your children's stockings with toys and candy. Every kid expects these things from Santa."

"I see, toys and candy. But there aren't any stockings here. Were you going to hang some?" The chubby, ruddy man heaved a sigh as the doctor continued, "Let's go back into your childhood. Before we start would you like a sedative?"

The old man said no.

"You don't mind if I have one?" said the doctor. "How long have you imagined yourself to be this Claus man?"

"I know I'm Santa Claus."

"Did your daddy tell you?" Santa shook his head. "Did your mommy, the mommy you loved oh, so much?" the doctor asked, carefully waiting to jot down an answer.

"I didn't have a mother or father."

"Hmmm. Orphan still trying to create ideal childhood he missed."

The door opened and a wizened little woman came in, her eyes almost cemented shut with sleep. "What's all the noise?"

"Darling," the doctor said, "we have an unexpected guest This is Santa Claus. He comes from the North Pole. He makes all kinds of toys for children and delivers them each Christmas from his reindeer-drawn sleigh. Will you call our friends from the hospital and ask them to come and help us out?"

The doctor's wife peered into the dark but could not make out anyone else in the room as Santa pressed

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622 STATE

CHRISTMAS IDEA

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while YOU have a happy holiday.

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back in the chair. However, she obediently left the room and presently the click-click of the dial was heard.

Mrs. Soma waited outside the room until the orderlies came. Then she nervously opened the door and pointed.

"He just left," the doctor said. "I tried to restrain him, but he overpowered me."

"Yes, yes," said a tall, husky orderly. "Don't fight us." He tucked the doctor's arms into the twisted jacket. "We're here to help you. If you had scarlet fever," he said as they left the room, "we would sympathize—."

GEORGE L. GEIS

A transport had been sunk and several life-boats were cruising about the surrounding waters picking up survivors. A completely bald-headed sailor popped up alongside one of the boats. One of the Irishmen manning the oars spotted him and with a snort of rage, brought his oar down smack on the bald man's pate. "This is no time for fooling," he said, "go down and come up straight."

* * *

A farmer approached a friend who was working with hammer and nails on some pieces of wood.

"Heard your wife's been pretty sick," said the farmer.

"That's right," his friend replied. There were a few moments of silence.

"That her coughin'?" suddenly asked the farmer.

"Hell, no," cried his friend, throwing down the tools, "this here's a henhouse I'm making."

* * *

He: "Shall I leave the dim lights on?"

She: "No, turn the dim things out."

* * *

A middle aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window into a garbage can.

A Chinaman, passing, remarked, "Americans wasteful. That woman good ten years yet."

BEST JOKE OF THE MONTH

One carton of CHESTERFIELDS will be given to the person submitting the best joke to the Octy each month. Entries must be in the first of each month to be included in that month's issue.

Mail your jokes to:

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Memorial Union

Madison 6, Wisconsin



Chosen by the Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

BEAT BESSERDICK

Newly Pinned Girl of the Month

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**Slalom****Langlauf****Jumping**

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SUPPORT YOUR
NATIONAL SKI PATROL

guide to enunciation

(continued from page 21)

newts, the waiter smiled in perfect comprehension — my first victory! Soon after my release, I became more and more adjusted to the common speech; I could order newts-and-relish at any Nedick's with perfect equanimity.

After I regained my lingual citizenship, so to speak, I went to the College Library, where, between bound volumes of Dale Carnegie's collected works and the *READER'S DIGEST*, I found a mimeographed directive. It was evidently very old and had earmarks of being written by a Mr. N. M. Butler, an instructor. What could be deciphered read:

DIRECTIVE TO INSTRUCTORS:

Regarding the Language to be used in classrooms, faculty meetings, and other clandestine speeches held before students:

GENERAL

1—All words are to be spoken with a minimum of clarity, maximum of languor, and optimum of sarcasm.

2—All departments will use a minimum of Anglo-Saxon words, except for the English Department, which shall use a maximum.

3—Greek and Latin are the only languages for civilized man.

4—English is a language to be tolerated; therefore, if it must be used, slur over it, so as to make your listeners unaware of it.

5—Never speak before students. Gesticulate!

PRONUNCIATION

1—The name of the Cervantes book is *DON QUICKSOT*.

2—The name of the Spanish nobleman is *DON JUWEN*.

3—The United States must pursue a policy of isolation.

4—We are witnessing the "Rice of American Civilization."

5—Everything from Donne on is "decadent."

6—Men in poems are in "luve."

7—We must take courses in music "Appresiation."

8—You have no choice as to accent. It's either Oxford or Iowa.

9—Of course, it's "eyether, neyether and tomahto." This establishes a rule. Speak as if you were capable of improvisation on a theme by Mr. Webster. You are!

10—The name of the two presidents is "Rosevelt" and we go to C'lumbia.

SENTENCE STRUCTURE AND PECULIARITY

1—The Ablative Absolute is not an English Construction. Forget this

fact! Say: "The papers having reached my desk this morning, they were discarded." Or: "Your grades having just lately been prepared, they are ready."

2—Keep the students waiting as long as possible for the verb.

3—Keep the students waiting as long as possible for the predicate.

4—Keep the students waiting as long as possible.

5—There is chalk at the blackboard. This is not meant for writing. You are to chew on it. There is a lack of calcium in the diet of the Faculty Club.

6—There is a desk. Instructors must sit on it, comment on its weakness and their own physical strength. These, as most every other pseudo-humorous utterance, must be spoken very clearly, so as to let the students know there is a joke coming. As a matter of fact, tell them to laugh.

7—Never lose your notes. Never even look up from them. The class might see you.

8—Make sure that your students develop your mannerisms. They must have an accent. It's either Oxford or Iowa.

9—We must not profane God's greatest gift to man—the sentence.

10—The sentence, next to the trustee, is the most sacred object.

11—Your language must not include popular sayings like after "Tippicanoe and Tyler too." Even this one is frowned on. Play safe. Use Restoration vocabulary.

12—Use "*a priori*," "*a posteriori*," "*nous*," "*arete*," "*katharsis*," and "*logos*" in any and all metaphysical discussions. These are the armaments. Salvo!

13—Call people names only insofar as the do not deserve them. Everyone is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. Plato was an Aristotelian and Aristotle was a . . .

This was the last scribbling. I knew that there must be some reason for the sinister uniformity of language among the professorial staff. I knew I had unearthed the secret of our indoctrination. I rushed from the Library. I would run an expose in Spec. I had the inside track. I had found out about the secrets of the ages.

I was on the Quad when I ran into my friend Jay. I told him about the piece of paper. "It's terrible," I said. "It's a plot. They are trying to prevent the rice of education. They are positively decadent . . ."

GERALD WEISSMANN—1949

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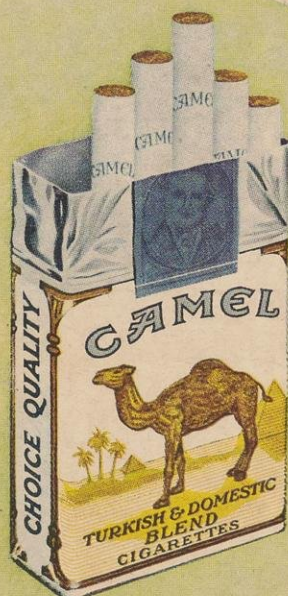
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