

Wisconsin Octopus. October, [1951]

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, October, [1951]

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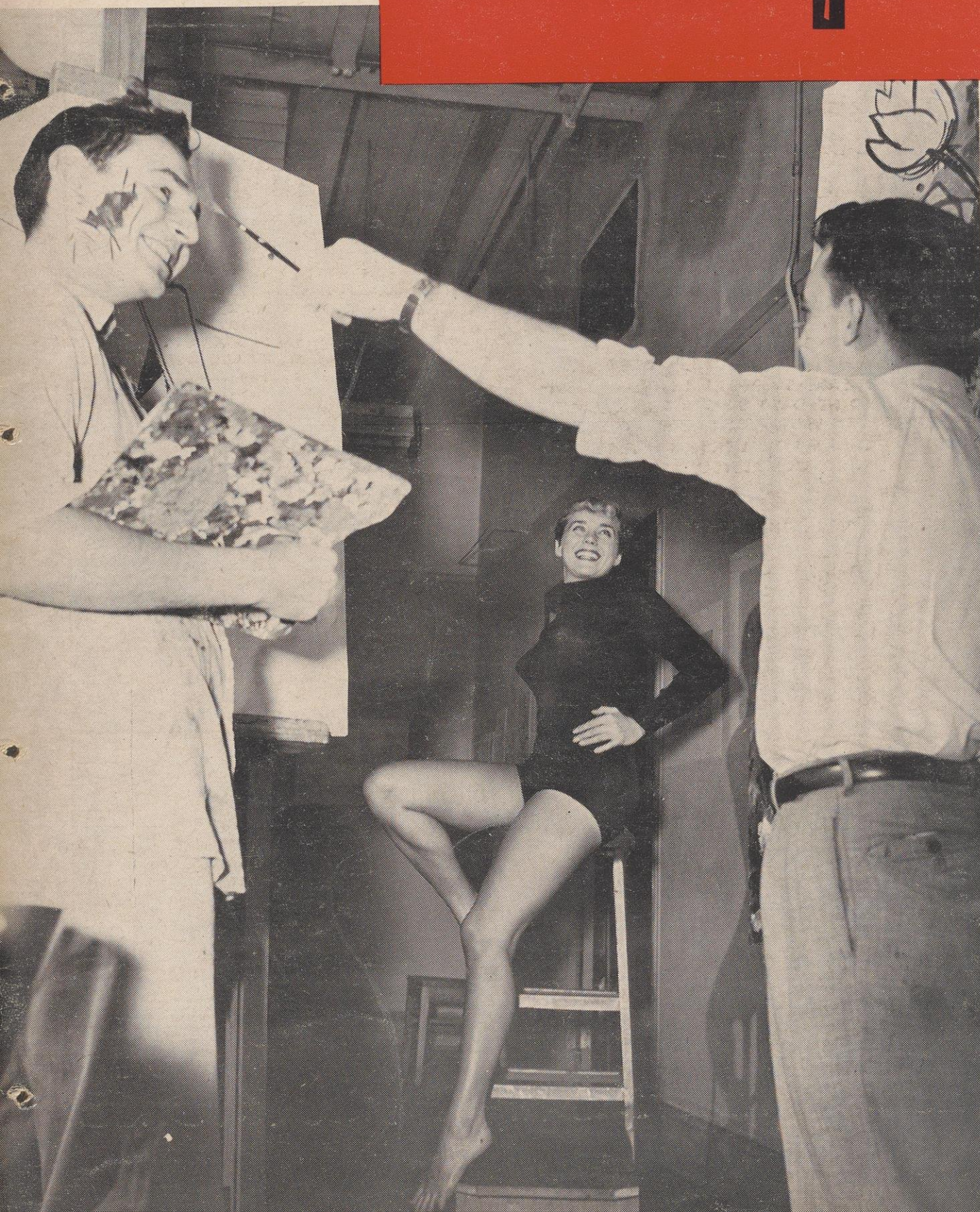
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october

1951

wisconsin octopus



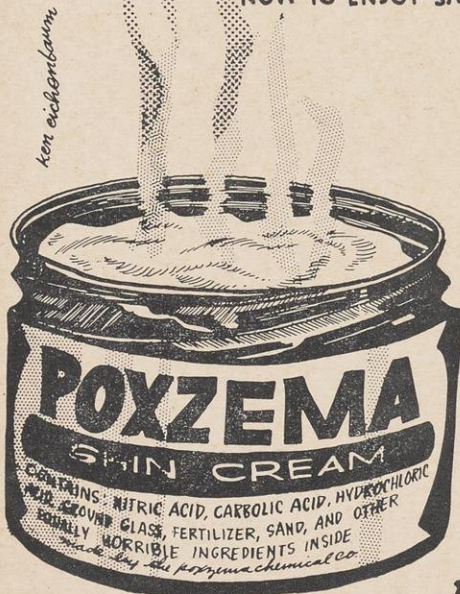
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That walks and hikes of sixty miles
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That rations-K, 'mid bursting bombs,
Are tastier than pies of mom's.

A uniform of finest wool
I'll make for you, though it be full;
Grenades and shells, a rifle, too!
And all these things I'll give to you.

And we will drill and drill and drill
And gaily trip up every hill,
And laugh and shout, for on our backs
We all will carry five-ton packs.

The sergeants all shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Enlist right now, and be my love.

J.H.S., JR.

what they're saying on the princeton tiger

TO THE STUDENTS, TO MAKE TIME

Gather ye weekends while ye may,
Your Uncle Sam's a-calling,
And this same lad that grinds to-day,
To-morrow will be brawling.

The glorious youth, Old Nassau's son,
The higher should be getting:
Should more and more be having fun,
His whistle should be whetting.

"That youth is best, that is exempt,"
So Wellesley, Smith will cry:
But that's not you, my lad, who'll tempt
The Vassars by and by.

Then be not grinds, but use your time,
And while ye may, go party;
And revel long with song and wime
And girls a little narty.

J.H.S., JR.

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. . . . laugh 'em off!

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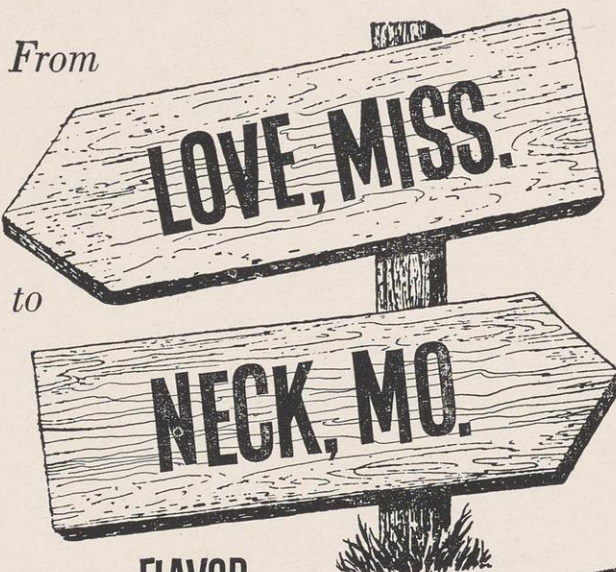
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1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your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

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our readers' penned-up feelings

Dear Sir:

Usually your magazine is so hot we can light our bonfire with it, but last time it wasn't. What's the matter? We want our money back.

The Boy Scouts, Troop 81

Fairbanks, Alaska.

ED: JUST TRY AND GET IT.

* * *

Dr. Mr. Ed:

As a serious student of animal husbandry I have to put in long hours of study these warm summer afternoons. (My evenings are devoted to research.) Unfortunately the other girls in this house insist on sun bathing all afternoon—the smoke and fumes from this primitive practice irritates my eyes and makes it impossible for me to study. So here is my plan to alleviate the problem: restrict this barbaric, bare-skinned activity to off campus and at night.

Elsa Mae Kans

Madison 6, Wis.

ED: YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT THE GREAT STRIDES THAT HAVE BEEN TAKEN IN THIS DIRECTION. AT PRESENT THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF NOCTURNAL ACTIVITY OFF CAMPUS THAT'S RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY.

* * *

Dear Sir:

I think your last issue which featured those wonderful color prints of modern art was superb . . . a move in the right direction.

James Fox

Bentlen, New Jersey

* * *

Dear Sir:

My little brother can do better stuff with his muddy hand than that so-called modern art you published last month.

Harry Dex

Ladysmith, Wis.

* * *

Dear Sir:

Rarely do we see such excellent color shots of frog feces . . .

Roger van der Weyden

Madison 6, Wis.

Dear Sir:

In your recent article "The Atomic Bomb Secrets Exposed," you made a grave error when you said the bomb was a product of cooperative action among a group of scientists. It's time the real fact were known: The bomb was discovered by one man—a quiet unassuming, intensely talented scientist, who hit upon the idea when a loaded cigar exploded in his face. And I am none other than that unassuming, intensely talented scientist.

Sir Isaac Newcome

London, England

ED: WE HAVE CHECKED INTO THE MATTER AND FIND THAT MR. NEWCOME'S STORY IS REALLY TRUE.

Dear Ed:

Congratulations on your last issue. We bought 500 copies.

Harvey Wastepaper Company

* * *

Fellas:

Thanks for including our place among the famous night spots in your article "Recreation in Madison."

Madame Vera and the Girls

Rosey Hue Terrace, Madison 6.

* * *

Dear Sir:

Belated congratulations on that excellent indictment "Generation of Jellyfish" which you published not long ago.

Mrs. Meyer

ED: OH, IT WAS NOTHING—REALLY.

* * *

Dear Sir:

Your magazine is morally reprehensible.

Miss Dehla Houst, mother of three.

Hellsinkie, Norway.

* * *

Sirs:

Two months ago I pinned a girl, and now she is married to some other guy and has a seven pound eight ounce kid. Do you think it's right for her to keep my pin?

Alvin W. Wastslavel

Madison, Wis.

ED: NAW.

Sirs:

Several months ago I was pinned by some frat boy—a real jerk. Now that I'm married and got a kid, he wants his old pin back. But being just recently married and all, we ain't got much dough, see. And I was kinda hoping to hock the thing—pick up a little pin money, you know. You think that's okay?

ED: SURE.

Fellas:

O happy day! We wanted you guys on the Octy staff to be the first to know 'caus you've always been so sweet to us: one of our girls got pinned by a fraternity man—can you imagine? Of course, all is not smooth sailing—she went and got hitched to another joker, but anyhow we're sending along a snapshot of our little girl who made good. Hope you print it among your newly pinned girls of the month.

Madame Vera and the Girls

ED: WE'D BE MIGHTY PROUD TO, MA'M.



"I heard she had to get pinned."

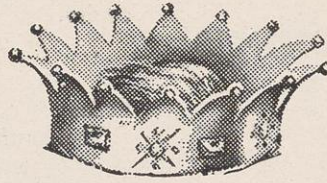
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what they're saying on the m.i.t. voo doo

FAMOUS LAST WORDS . . .

I stand on this rostrum with a deep sense of humility and pride. — I advocate no partisan cause — I am just a good staunch Republican — The world would not be in the mess it is in today if Truman were alive. — I am as rank as they come — and I'll say that since the Communist threat is a global one — we must get on the ball. Formosa the people the situation seems critical, but we shall fight them on the beach-heads — we shall fight them in the streets — we shall fight them on the hilltops — we shall never surrender. The magnificence of the courage and fortitude of the Korean people defies description — They have chosen to risk death rather than white slavery. Their last words to me were — Don't scuttle the Pacific — don't make a wave. People dreaded the consequences of a power vacuum in Japan, but we have had a powerful vacuum in the White House for the last five years. It has been said in effect that I am a warmonger — nothing could be closed to the truth. From the beginning of time man has sought a peace. I have just left your fighting men in diarrhea. They have a great deal in them — but they are fighting a deadly enema. Even the Chinese need relief. What we need is a good world movement. As I retire from 52 years of military service I remember those lines from that old barracks ballad "T'was a cold winter's evening" — whoops! wrong ballad — "old soldiers never die — They just fade away."

JERRY HERLIHY

Then there was the meteorologist who could look into a girl's eyes and tell weather.

* * *

A housewife out in Shorewood had never seen an elephant. When one escaped from the passing Ringling Brothers' show, she telephoned the chief of police very excitedly.

"Send a squad car quickly," she gasped. "There's a huge animal out in my garden pulling up cabbages with his tail."

"What's he doing with them?" asked the chief.

"If I told you," she answered, "You'd never believe me!"

—Duke & Duchess

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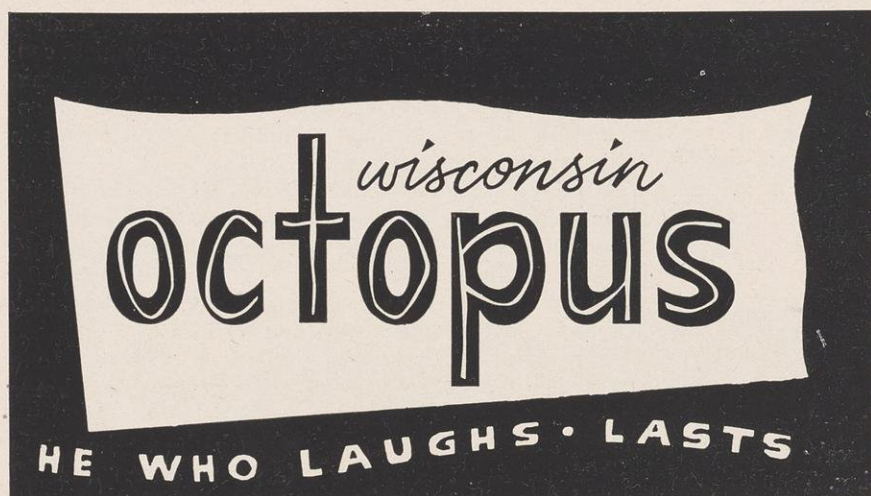
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WHOM TO BLAME

Notice anything new in the Octy lately? It's the new cover design and a couple of improvements, we hope, on the interior. The young man whose posterior appears above this literary masterpiece is none other than Ken Eichenbaum, artist in residence at the dorms. After studying abroad for three years he got tired and went back to nice girls. Ken (or Eichenslop as his friends affectionately call him) is an Applied Art major from the Eastern Greenwich Village sewers where he studied under the most famous figure analyst, Gypsy Rose Schwartz.

Eichenslop has been added to the already infamous group of blabbering idiots known as the Octy Staff and will hereafter be known as the Art Director. Any complaints you have about the magazine . . . any complaints at all . . . let him know about it. Don't tell us. Let him know about it.

Look at those intelligent eyes, that expressive mouth, those sexy ears. This is the face of the artist, this is the countenance of a man deeply versed in the arts, capable of great esthetic feats, this is the visage that consumes great quantities of carbonated alcoholic beverages nightly while strolling the lonely capitol streets in search of a stroke of inspiration, something which will send him soaring to greater heights. We offer Eichenslop a heavy spiked track shoe in what is commonly known as the seat of the pants. And catch the pencil growing blithely from his right ear. This is very unusual since Eichenslop swears he planted tomatoes. As soon as our new addition returns that tie and last winter's sport jacket (gayly striped in Pink Revlon) we'll chain him once more to his drawing board where new and better Octys are taking form.

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snark raving mad

by don white

Walking down the hill after discussing his military future with his advisor in light of his six weeks exams, Chalkie resolved to spend more time studying. That was really an honorable but quite ridiculous decision, for it meant cutting down on snarking time. He'd gladly give up Burt Ballard's and the Pub, women and beasts, even athletics and bridge, but he had already forsaken all those sports to make room for more snark time. Now he'd have to curtail snarking, maybe cut it down by seven hours weekly.

He entered the house and looked at the bulletin board. The Snark Chart occupied a prominent place in the center.

DIMPLES: third floor left, red PJ's. Best times: after supper if study night; 1 a.m. after date; no good before date.

MUCKLUCKS: Dimples' roommate, 3rd left. Wears orange muckluks to bed. Best times: after ten o'clock coffee; date nights, when she sneaks in, about 3 a.m.

GIRDLE: (Marcia Butternut) second left. Best times: only when drunk, every week end night, plus occasional weekdays. Nights she doesn't wear girdle best of all.

CHASIS: (Suzanne Sucre) Second middle. Very unpredictable. But worth waiting for.

WOW!

GARGOYLE: Chasis' roommate, second middle, left of John. UGH! PHEW! If you're hard up try midnight, 3 a.m. during exam periods.

He went through the list describing the girls at the GOTTA LOTTA SHO sorority house, which by now he had quite well memorized.

Then he saw something new and exciting.

NEW GIRL: (suggested name, BINGO) third middle. Best times not tabulated but sure worth the research. And how!

"Right across from my room," moaned Chalkie. "I'll never study now, not with that attractive distraction."

He wondered how he could study and still snark. Obviously he couldn't move his desk up to the window and peer at the girls every time he turned a page or more preferably at the end of each sentence.

The house constitution was also on the bulletin board written in English, French and snarking sign language.

PREAMBLE: We, the men who live in Snark House, believe in the snark, the wholesomeness of recreation enjoyed, the cheapness in financial investment, and the aesthetic art involved in snarking. Only by obeying rules

set up in due process of law and by fully cooperating with fellow snarkers can the perfect snark which continues night after night be attained. Thus we maintain snarking builds a man's character, his ability to co-operate with others and improve his knowledge in certain subjects not taught at school.

RULE 1. Shades must be drawn at all times so lighted rooms will not attract the girl's attention. When snarking, lights must be out and observing done only through snark holes cut in the shades.

He went up to his room and looked at the shades which had to be down. Suddenly he had an idea.

He grabbed an empty beer bottle from stock and flung it through the window. Then an empty whiskey bottle followed for good measure.

That didn't go over too good with the landlord. He said Chalkie would have to pay for the window. "Gladly," he said agreeably, "I'll even install it myself."

A one way glass window was his salvation. He could look out, but nobody could look in. He moved his desk up to the window and while studying "The Sex Habits of the American Male Boll Weevil," that night, he caught a snark, the new girl.

Other interesting nights followed. Apparently he even managed to study, for his other grades zoomed up to that of "Figure Drawing IIa."

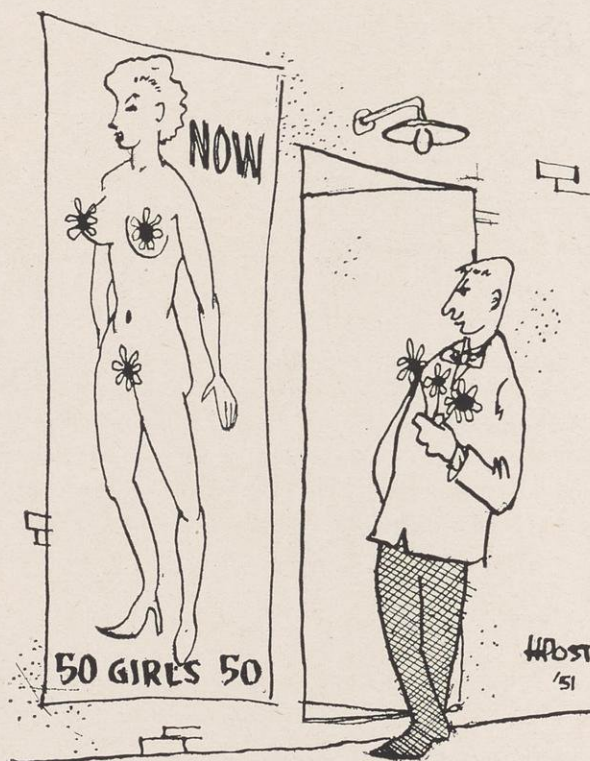
He also wrote the snarking vignette of the new girl for the bulletin board.

SHOW-GIRL: Middle third, best time, ten to eleven. Best seen from my room, (one way window) and really worth seeing, too.

A few weeks later he suddenly realized he was in love with Show-girl. Why? Because he refused to share his super snark with the other fellows. They offered to pay admission, use of a twenty power telescope in the second floor snark lab, and even to take a movie of the event so he wouldn't have to wait till night to see his favorite snark.

He declined all such offers, and even refused to check

(continued on page 18)



wisconsin **octopus** *Campus Chronicle*

STILL TRYING

I heard a story about the U.W. Summer school that shows the older gals are still in there pitching. Seems these two guys tried for dates, both 21, rather late in the evening of their intended date. They were re-buffed, coldly ignored, and finally hung-up on by at least 12 organized femme houses. But at one house they were overwhelmed by two of the gals with rather low sexy voices who eagerly accepted their offer for several beers that evening.

Upon arrival they found Roxanne and Bertha all smiles and sunshine. The only hitch in this otherwise hap-

py story was the "girls" rapid approaching of old maidhood. One was 38 and the other 34.

DRAFT EXAM

All the reports are back, and most collegiate hopefuls now know their draft status for the coming year. Everyone we've talked to just got over the wire, and aren't complaining about their 71's or 72's. But what we can't help wondering about are all the guys over there in Korea who couldn't quite make the draft postponement test because there were a few Chinese Commies running wild around them, shooting off all sorts of lethal weapons.



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I was sitting in my room, teaching my waltzing mice to fox trot, when I heard a ringing in my ear. It was the phone.

I put down my bagpipe and picked up the receiver.

"Well?" I asked impatiently.

A hoarse, sensual feminine voice moaned passionately, "May I speak to Dick Botts?"

"Just a minute," I said. I took a firecracker out of my pocket and set it off into the speaker.

When the smoke cleared, I said in my most indifferent, bored voice, the voice which flicks ashes on your carpet. "This is Mr. Botts. What can I do for you?"

She giggled. "Oh you're such a scream."

Ad nauseam and etc. I shall not bore you with the tee-hee type conversation which followed. The story was, her sorority, \$\$\$, was having a little party. Would I go with her?

Not being a snob, and she being charmingly and irresistibly wealthy, I yawned, and said, "Yes."

"By the way," she moaned passionately, "it's formal."

I coughed up some blood, and before I could say anything, she had hung up.

The next day, I hocked my text books and talked my econ professor into buying some more stock in my magnesium mine in Tibet. I stole a "Contributions for Starving India" box, and sold the Rath back some glasses which I had filched from them last year. Then I went to a formal wear shop to "get fitted", as they say. I went to the florist's and ordered a corsage. Then I called up Lucky Pierre's and reserved a table for dinner. With my remaining money, I bought two jars of olives and a can of sawdust so that I'd have something to eat for the next two weeks.

The rest of this story my readers undoubtedly know. There is really no point in telling it except that I am a sadist and get exquisite pleasure from describing that unique form of torture, the formal dance.

I arrived at the \$\$\$ house in a tux which obviously was made for a cretin. The collar irritated my skin, and I could feel a pimple forming at the end of my nose.

I was duly impressed with my date's dress, an adorable off-the-body asbestos creation decorated with vari-colored thorns. It was held up by two strong magnets cleverly concealed in her adenoids.

We went first to Lucky Pierre's. This is an intimate, friendly place with piped-in smoke. I stuck my finger in my mouth and was reassured by the feel of the money there. I knew I would have to pay through the nose.

We ate. My date had ant's legs in Istanbul sauce and a bloated pig with an apple in its mouth. I had black bread.

Then we drank. As she casually blew smoke into the waiter's face, she ordered a mixed Zombie and Moscow Mule, with a hydrochloric acid kicker. It came in a glass with a skull and crossbones on it. I was impressed.

I ordered a dry martini—very dry. The waiter arrived with an empty glass. Lucky Pierre's, he said, is famous for serving the driest martinis in the world.

I had been outshrewded.

The dance itself was lovely, just lovely.

"Aren't the decorations pretty?" she said. "Especially the lights."

"Yeah."

"Don't the girls look beautiful in formals?" she said.

"Yeah."

"I always say the \$\$\$'s throw the best formals. Don't you think so?" she said.

"Yeah."

There was nothing more to say. So I said it.

"Let's dance."

But her feet hurt. "Let's mix instead."

So we mixed. This consisted of telling everyone about the pretty decorations, the colored lights, the beautiful formals, and the wonderful formal dances which the \$\$\$'s always threw. Yeah.

Then came the high point of the evening—the entertainment. The M.C. started it off with a joke.

"I was sitting on the street car the other day when this guy next to me starts mumbling, 'I have one, two, three, four, six, seven . . . ' I turns to the guy and asks, 'Why

don't you have five?' He says, 'Because only Mrs. Dionne had five.' Hyaw! Hyaw!"

We all laughed uproariously to show each other what a good time we were having.

A girl then did imitation bird calls, the M.C. told a joke about the famine in India (at which I flinched), and the dance was over.

When we stepped out into the fragrant spring air, I asked my date whether she wouldn't change into jeans so we could sit out on the pier for a while.

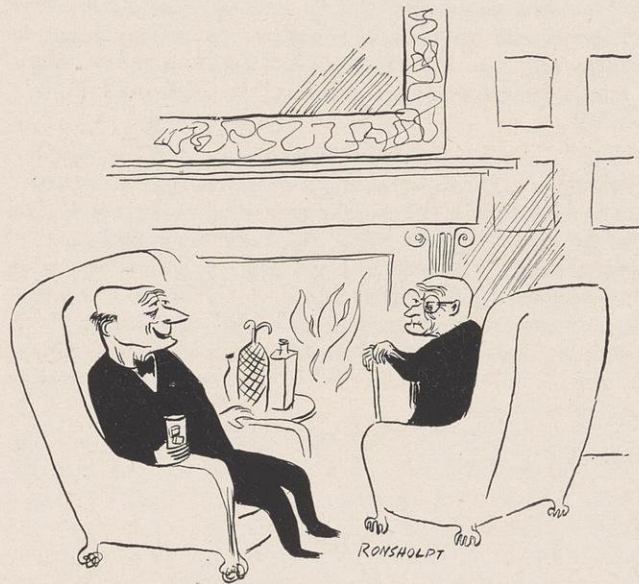
"I just happen to have them with me," she moaned passionately. And she reached down into where I thought her bosom was and pulled out a pair of jeans. Laughing gaily, she tripped over to a Standard Oil station.

When she emerged, she had jeans and a T-shirt on. I wondered what she had done with her formal . . .

We went through the ritual of making mad, passionate love on the pier. There were seventeen other couples on the pier, but it was still better than making mad, passionate love in the \$\$\$ house "lobby."

Thus ends a lovely evening at a formal dance. Look for my next article, which will be on "Varieties of Oriental Water Torture."

P.S. When brushing my teeth the next morning, I found out what kind of a girl I had been with. When she kissed me, the sweet young thing had made off with my gold fillings.



"Dad, I've been thinking of going out on my own."

One of the young lovelies in the School of Education got a job teaching school in Pittsburgh. One day she caught a bus to visit State College again. The only available seat was beside a stern looking man in his forties. He glanced sharply at her.

"How do you do?" she said sweetly, thinking she knew him.

Humph!" he exclaimed sharply, looking away. She realized her mistake.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said in embarrassment. "I thought you were the father of one of my children."

what has happened since?

An extentialist poem written by Marcel Chateaux, who was carrying a load at the time. Note the subtile symbolism and delicate shades of meaning which this eminent French poet has been able to convey in the irregular structure of this truly great literary masterpiece.

What has happened since last I looked
In thy lined thigh and rose-red eye, Papushka?

* * *
"The foolish are finished,
The fish is fried,
The tails are tucked all snug in their beds . . .
Half for you and half for me."

* * *
See here, Papushka, what do you desire?
A dominating dinosaur?
Dappled dominoes?
Remender whad your fadder said?

* * *
"Beaten, battan—beholten to you, sir,
For rescuing my daughter from the foul
And fetid finger rings of a doughnut-filching fiend.

"Far afield a fence I see—fancy frilled,
Much alike a wench, a she, slightly stewed,
With hungry herrings in her hair.

"And never before have I been able to thank you, sir,
For your afore said conduct which is in all respects
Befitting a gentleman of your gigantic stature.
(Where'll they find a coffin for the cur?)

"It is indeed a great honor for myself, an umble servant,
To bambol with a maraschino cherry like yourself
In the mumble of the mad moonlight and macaroons . . .
To bounce with bands in the ballyhigh of tap rooms.

"Stand in the sun with your heads held high,
For the libertines are passing by.
Look at the libertine with the orange and yellow tie,
Who has just been passing by—

"On his clothes grassy seed 'e as freshly flung,
And the green thumb of Ireland is 'is bloody nose."

* * *
Papushka, I love your guts
Which are slimy to the touch
But which, dearest, are your own
So I touch them to my lips
And bite them to the bone.

You scream for a copper,
But I won't give you a penny, dearest,
Not for your thoughts—you haven't any.

Kiss me again, my swine, you've been smoking
Indulgently in the corner of the chandelier
With a bottle of beer in both hands.

I can not pretend this is new to me:
Your laugh like a mouse in a bare-footed house
And your squeek in the hole without oil,
For the lamps are out in China
And Chile is a cricketless hearth.

I WAS A DELTA FOR THE IFC!



as related to Earl Yaillen by
Matty Quvetchick (Alpha Zeta Alpha)
EDITOR'S NOTE:

Only a few weeks ago the internationally famous Madison daily, The Oriole, printed the shocking I.F.C. scandal story. Delta Alpha Delta (commonly known as DAD-“sugar” DAD to the female inhabitants of Greek Row) had been ousted from the Inter-Fraternity Council. The Octopus (commonly known as Flare alias Timf) seized upon this opportunity for a public service expose (known in J-school as the “filling up space technique”) of the incident.

The editors realized that such a job needed a man who could interview people without insulting them (a sucker who would pay his own expenses). They chose the only person around at the time, Earl Yaillen (commonly known as Uncle Jolly Joe). What follows is Mr. Yaillen’s paraphrasing of his ten hour interview with Matty Quvetchick.

The Quvetchick Story* is a tale of true heroism. It is a story of espionage and counter-espionage. And above all it is a story of how the greatest menace to Greek Row was discovered and destroyed.

Matty Quvetchick is an average fraternity student. He has a crew cut, a pair of Super-Snark binoculars, five pair of white bucks, a girl friend who belongs to a sorority and a 1950 Cadillac which is purposely battered up to resemble a 1930 model. Matty is majoring in Com School and has a grade point of 1.6. You can see from this slight verbal picture that he does not at all resemble the accepted description of the college fraternity boy. In other words he is no snob. He is just like all the other average fraternity members; plain, ordinary, simple life loving students.

But enough of this background material and on with the story. The whole mess began when Matty was elected as his Frat’s representative to the IF council. He beamed at me when he related what his roommate said about the *Editor’s Note: Motion picture of this title will soon be released by Warbler Brothers — starring Raymond Massey and Doris Day.

election, “The most mediocre compromise candidate ever elected to represent Alpha Zeta Alpha.” Our gallant hero was too bashful to admit that he was, even at that time, the most popular man in AZA.

After two years of service on the IF Council, Matty got his first important job. He was appointed Chairman of the Public Relations Committee, the most dangerous and secretive position on the Council. IF members laughingly refer to the Committee by its nickname initials, NKVD.

The Committee’s main function is one of counter-espionage and investigation. And Matty became chairman at a most crucial time. It seems that many secret fraternity practices had been stolen by some independent and dormitory residents. According to University rules, all fraternity, independent and dorm books and practices were open for public inspection. But the stalwart fraternities had been able to keep some ancient rituals hidden from the outside world. It was Matty’s job to discover the leak.

It was at this time that fate came to the rescue. The most famous fraternity institution on campus was the Delta Alpha Delta sophomore winter formal. It was a DAD custom to invite all IF officers and committee members to the affair. And it was customary for all IF members to courteously refuse by saying that they did not want to impose on the finest and wealthiest fraternity on campus. But as we said before, Matty Quvetchick is no snob and he gladly accepted the invitation.

The formal was a wonderful success, but Quvetchick the Alert had noticed something very peculiar. He knew that DAD was the wealthiest fraternity in the Midwest. In addition to having the best house on Greek Row, every DAD member had a car and a chauffeur. His amazing discovery worried him. He noticed that all the chauffeurs were at the dance, also! And if this wasn’t enough, he knew that he had seen everyone of the chauffeurs at a dormitory dance a week earlier.

During the interview Matty explained why he, a good fraternity member had been at a dorm dance. One of his

other functions was to investigate all dorm affairs. This was actually a precautionary measure. His duty was to observe and report any sorority member who had nerve enough to attend any non-frat affair. This function was a co-operative effort between the Public Relations Committee and the IF heresy Committee. Any sorority member caught at this activity was immediately investigated and in many cases blacklisted.

The day after the DAD prom, Quvetchick went directly to his superior, the IF Council president. And it was at this super-secret meeting that their master plan was promulgated. If the plan failed, Matt Quvetchick's entire college career would have been lost.

It was decided that Quvetchick would de-pledge Alpha Zeta Alpha and join Delta Alpha Delta. He would have to denounce all his AZA friends and resign from the Inter-Fraternity Council in order to divert suspicion.

He contacted the DAD president and rushing chairman and since Matt was so well known on campus no red-tape was needed. He then told the AZA boys that he was leaving for the only decent frat on Greek Row. The AZA's took the announcement in their usual good and friendly manner. As Quvetchick told me, "They were wonderful about it and besides I never used my left arm anyway."

The die was cast; Quvetchick was now a Delta for the I.F.C.* The plan was to have Matty pretend he was a super-intellectual pseudo who liked to study all the time. In this manner he was able to lock himself in his room every night. He lived on the third floor, but the escalator fire escape was located right outside his window. He was able to sneak out each evening at ten o'clock and keep his rendezvous with IFC's special agent, Lotta Harrie.

People thought they were lovers whispering sweet nothings to each other as they walked down the Old Lake Road. No one realized the significance of this couple and the patriotic job both were doing for the cause of fraternalism and sororism.

It took a while, but finally Matty was able to obtain a position on the DAD Executive Board. It was at this time he noticed that some of the DAD traditions were different than any other fraternity he had ever known. Positions on most fraternity executive boards were obtained on points. Points were usually based on quantity and quality of drunkenness, model of car, model of girl and amount of clothes. But the DAD's had an extra method.

**Editor's Note: Musical by this name will soon be released by 19th Century-Fox starring Betty Grable and Tyrone Power.*



The Delta method was based on a game which is played by only dorm boys. Points were based on the number of people the DAD member could drench by throwing buckets of water out his window or at members who were busy in the wash room.

With this and other discoveries carefully jotted down in a hidden notebook, Matty decided to tell Lotta to get a raiding party ready. But something was drastically wrong. Matty was going to lock his door as he usually did and found that it had been locked from the outside. He tried his window and it would not budge. He was trapped; the secret plan must have been discovered.

But Matty Quvetchick and the IFC were prepared for such emergencies. Lotta Harrie was to wait at the rendezvous for thirty minutes and if Matty did not show up she was to call the IFC Snark Squad. At ten thirty-five that evening a camouflaged Snark Squad car stopped in front of the Delta house.

The driver remained in the car and Casey Atabat, IFC southpaw, emerged carrying a small round shaped object in his hand. This was the famous Snark Bomb. The ingredients were accidentally discovered at the Memorial Union a few months before. Someone had played a joke on Casey and substituted an odd mixture of "Rat" coffee, coke and 3.2 beer into his glass. Casey spied his girl walking out of the Union and ran after her with glass in hand. He caught up with her across the street and in the process spilled a few drops around the area. A few minutes later, the structure of the new library collapsed. The Snark Bomb was discovered.

Casey stepped under Matty's window and lobbed the object upward. There was a slight murmur and the window dissolved. Matty clambered out to the escalator and joined his companions. Another Snark Squad car pulled up at that time.

Matty decided to take the bull by the horns and raid the house immediately. A crude plan of attack was evolved and the men silently approached the entrance. Another Snark Bomb took care of the locked door. They entered.

To Matty's amazement the place was empty. His men ransacked the entire house and the evidence was discovered. Matty found a batch of micro-film hidden in a hollow beer can lodged behind a frozen steer in the refrigerator. It was all the proof they needed. The entire dastardly plot was crushed.

The MHA, secret dorm society, had decided to stem the power of the IFC. Infiltration had failed and this ingenious plan was proposed and accepted by the MHA Cabinet. The MHA raised the rent for dorm room and board periodically. They then started a rumor campaign about the famous DAD fraternity. The campaign was so successful that within a semester everyone believed that Delta Alpha Delta had existed but had disbanded during World War II.

The second phase of the campaign was then started. With the surplus from the extra room and board rent, the MHA constructed the most beautiful house on Greek Row. They purchased fifty new Buicks for the fifty fictitious DAD members and got fifty more MHA members to pose as chauffeurs. The DAD members completely fooled the IFC and were able to obtain many prominent positions within the fraternity structure. They were able to discover many IF secrets and were even attempting to find out the exact ingredients for the Snark Bomb. Liz Waters was an impregnable snark barrier which only

(continued on page 19)

"A boy's best friend
is his mother..."



but Cigars are
a Man's Smoke!



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

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.

Then there was the professor who forgot to write a \$5.00 text book to tell to his class.

Small boy explaining a broken window to a policeman: "I was cleaning my slingshot when it went off."

* * *

Newspaper item: Mrs. Lottie Prim was granted a divorce when she testified that, since her marriage, her husband had spoken to her but three times. She was awarded the custody of their three children.

* * *

A hungry Irishman went to a restaurant on Friday and said to the waiter: "Have yez any whale?"

"No."

"Have yez any shark?"

"No."

"All right," said the Irishman. "Then bring me ham and eggs, and a beefsteak smothered with onions. The Lord knows I asked for fish."

* * *

The drunk was hustled before the magistrate for disorderly conduct. "Do you have anything to say before I pass sentence?" asked the judge.

"Your honor," the culprit replied in a cultured tone, "I am not so intemperate as Burns, so profligate as Byron, so debased as Poe, so ungrateful as Keats, so vulgar as Shakespeare . . ."

"Make a note of those birds," shouted His Honor, "and bring 'em in. They're as bad as he is."

* * *

Lulu reports that the newspaper man she was out with the other night sure believes in the freedom of the press.

* * *

"Porter, get me another glass of ice water."

"Sorry, suh, but if I takes any mo' ice, dat co'pse in de baggage car ain't goin' to keep."

* * *

The elephants and the ants were having a football match. One of the ants got the ball and made a dash for the goal. Galloping across to stop him, an elephant put his foot on the ant, and killed him.

The crowd booed, hissed and threw beer bottles, and the referee came running up to the elephant to reprimand him for his rough play.

"Aw shucks," said the elephant, "I only wanted to trip him."

"You'll need a pretty expensive operation," the doctor hold his patient.
 "Of course, you might move to England, become a citizen, and let the government do it."

* * *

"I want to get some grapes for my sick husband. Do you know if any poison has been sprayed on them?"

"No. Mam. You'll have to get that at the drug store."

* * *

Men make passes at girls that empty glasses.

* * *

Judge: "So they caught you with this bundle of silverware. Whom did you plunder?"

Yegg: "Two fraternity houses, your honor."

Judge: "Call up the Park, Lorraine and Edgewater Hotels, sergeant, and distribute this stuff."

* * *

She was only the bottle-maker's daughter, but nothing could stop her.

* * *

Student: "Here, look what you've done."

Madison Laundromat Man: "I don't see anything wrong with that lace."

Student: "Lace? That was a sheet."

* * *

We heard the story about the laziest student in the world. When he had handed in his exam papers, this is what he had written:

"Please see Brown's papers for my answers."
 —Polaris

* * *

During the war the Germans named their battleships after jokes so that the English wouldn't see them.

* * *

Definitions: Sympathy: What one girl offers another in exchange for details.
 —Shaft

* * *

The teacher had spent most of the morning telling the class something of the wonders of nature. At the finish she said, "And isn't it wonderful how the little chickens get out of their shells?"

One quick-witted lad went her one better, "Teacher, I think it's far more wonderful how they get into the shells."

* * *

A co-ed who drank by the qt.
 While stewed was brought into ct.
 When the judge asked her why
 She burped this reply:
 "It isn't the thirst, it's the spt."

INSTRUCTORS, FRATERNITIES, SORORITIES, ALL ORGANIZATIONS:

Why have your material mimeographed when it can be planographed for the same price?

SEE US!

COLLEGE TYPING COMPANY

527 State Street

Dial 5-7497

"This is the third operating table this month, Dr. Spileongar. You must learn not to cut so deep."

* * *

Private Detective: "I trailed your husband into three night clubs and two bachelor apartments."

Suspicious Lady: "Good grief! What was he doing?"

Detective: "Trailing you."

* * *

Notice on the bulletin board of the Bio. building:

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

"The senses of animals and birds," explained the professor, "are usually better developed than in man. Can you, Smith, name a creature which sees better than a man?"

"An eagle, sir."

"Correct. And you, Jones, name an animal which hears better than a man."

"A dog, sir."

"Quite right. Now then, Rostermazik, you name something which smells better than a man."

"A rose, sir."

Imported grain! Campus favorite!

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Panel of college men in leading universities selected the *Glen Royal* and several other Phi Bates as the most style-preferred shoes for campus wear. Come in and see this rich Martin's Imported Grain shoe which has few equals in campus popularity.

BATES

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Exclusive
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C. W. ANDERES
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GLEN ROYAL
No. 545 — Martin's
Imported Heather
Grain

CAMPUS
ENDORSED

The father of a pretty co-ed asked her boy friend to see the basketball game over the family television set. When the boy arrived, he brought a jug that obviously contained a mixture involving alcohol, and during the game he took a nip now and then. At last the father could stand it no longer.

"Young man," he said, "I'm forty-seven years old, and never in my life have I touched liquor."

Well, don't get no ideas, pop," the student snarled. "You ain't gettin' any of this."

He—"Ah, what is home without Mother?"

She—"I am tonight."

* * *

Delt—"I want a book about 'The Red Ship,' or 'The Scarlet Cruiser,' or something like that."

Clerk—"Here you are sir, 'The Rubaiyat'."

* * *

If more than one mouse is mice,
And more than one louse is lice,
Then you must agree
Obviously,
That more than one spouse is spice.

—Jack-O-Lantern

Joe: "Let me have some money, Pop."

Pop: "What did you do with the dime I gave you last week?"

Joe: "I spent it."

Pop: "What are you doing—keeping a woman?"

* * *

Then there is the story of the mountaineer who put a silencer on his shotgun because his daughter wanted a quiet wedding.

* * *

Two herrings stopped at a neighborhood bar for a couple of snifters. One of them disappeared for a moment, and a puzzled onlooker accosted the one who was left alone at the bar. "Where is your brother?" he challenged.

"How should I know?" replied the indignant herring. "Am I my brother's kipper?"



There's a young lady asking for you, Mr. Brown."

A woman was driving her car along an Airline Highway at 60 miles per hour when she noticed a motorcycle cop following her. She pushed the car up to 70 and then noticed two cops trailing her. Not to get caught she upped the speedometer which now read 80, and this time there were three bike cops trying to catch her. Suddenly she spied a gas station so she pulled up in front of it and dashed into the ladies room.

Ten minutes later she ventured out and there were the three cops waiting for her. "I'll bet you thought I wouldn't make it," she said.

* * *

Psych Prof: "What is a home without parents?"

Bored Senior: "A good place to take a cheap date."

* * *

"Darling, I could sit here and do nothing but look at you forever."

"That is what I'm beginning to think!"



Chosen by the Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

HELENE SCHLUETER

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PAUL BISHOP — Madison Representative

truth is stranger than fiction

jack steinhilber

Great events sometimes have strange beginnings. Not too long ago, a poor fisherman named Mackerel J. Upjohn was out on the beach near his home busying himself in his chosen career, namely, fishing. As he pulled in his net, he noticed that it was very light and seemed to be entirely devoid a fish. (I mentioned he was a poor fisherman. Well, as a matter of fact, he was lousy.) However, he noticed that there was *something* caught in his net. He discovered that it was a small brass flask with a stopper in it. Little did he realize that this flask was to lead to event of national significance. He immediately picked it up and rushed home to show it to his wife, Guppie.

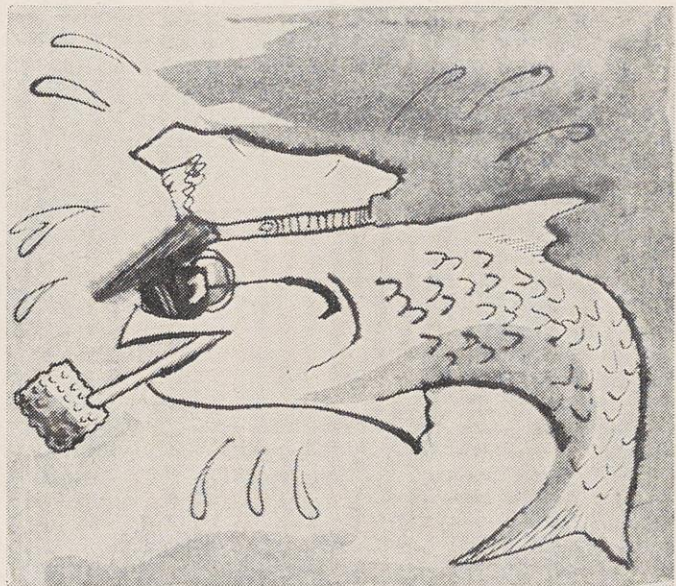
Guppie was seated in front of the television set watching a program which attempted to show how to boil an egg, which egg had been laid on the previous comedy program. Mackerel dashed in and shouted as he jumped up and down, "Look what I found, a brass flask with a stopper in it!"

She looked up at him, much chagrined at being interrupted, and said sweetly, "You pin-head! How many times do I have to tell you to stay out of the living-room? You always track in worms and snails and slime and seaweed and other stuff that gets caught between your toes! And furthermore, you slob, what do you mean by interrupting me with your imbecilic discoveries? May I further suggest that you go jump in the bay and kill all the fish?"

His wife had unwittingly made a grave mistake. Mackerel hadn't slept a wink the previous night because some practical joker had called him up every half-hour all night saying, "Are you Upjohn?" and then had hung up. Poor Mackerel, nervous and irritable, stood there, quivering with rage. Then something snapped in his brain, and with a strange, faraway look in his eye, he raised the flask and bashed in his wife's head with it. "Tell me to jump in the bay, huh?" he mumbled. "Kill all the fish, huh?" (Somewhere he had been reading Roudy's column.) "Well, let's see how the fish like *you*, huh?" With that, he picked her up and put her in his wheelbarrow and took her down to the lake, where he heaved her in.

As it happened, the fish were annoyed with his wife's presence in the water and began jumping out in droves onto the land. "Oh, joy!" Mackerel exclaimed as he went along picking up the fish and throwing them into his wheelbarrow. He loaded wheelbarrow after wheelbarrow full of fish, until he had accumulated five hundred tons. He then contacted the eminent fish merchant, Herry J. Codd.

Codd had started out in business as a humble peddler with a pushcart. He bought and sold fish until he had enough capital to buy a store. The process repeated until



he had several fish markets. Then his great uncle died and left him two million dollars. So, through diligence and hard work, Codd had become the richest fish dealer in the country. It can readily be seen that such a man would swing a hard bargain. In fact, this shrewd operator bought the whole five hundred tons from the ignorant Upjohn for a song. Furthermore, the song was extremely old.

When Mackerel returned home he thought of his flask and his curiosity finally got the best of him, so he decided to open it up. He pried the stopper loose and extracted it from the mouth of the flask.

What do you imagine popped out of the flask? An Arabian Geni? . . . Nope, it was a small vial. He uncorked the vial, and . . . No Geni this time either. It was a small plastic capsule. He pulled the capsule apart and found a small rolled piece of paper. He unrolled the yellowed paper and reading the ancient writing scrawled on it, possibly written centuries before. It said: "SUCK-ER!" He was about to throw it away when he noticed a postscript which read: "P.S. I was only kidding. The stopper is hollow. Look in there."

He examined the stopper. Sure enough! There was a small cap on it. He unscrewed it and a puff of smoke filled the room. The smoke soon formed a solid mass in the shape of a huge giant. Yes, the long-awaited Geni had appeared. He had light brown hair so Mackerel knew he was the genuine article. The Geni stood there with his arms folded and said, "Master, your wish is my command."

Mackerel rubbed his hands together and cried, "Big Deal! Big Deal!" Then he related the story of his transaction with Codd. "You know, Gene," he said, "I expected to get more out of it than I did."

"Mackerel, you poor fish," said the Geni. "Codd pulled the wool over your eyes. In fact, you have been taken."

"No! I can't believe it,"

"Sorry, old boy. I hate to disillusion you about some of your fellow mortals, but some people will stop at nothing to make an extra buck. No ethics at all. I once knew a guy who dipped sparrows in peroxide and sold them as canaries, reaping a tidy profit in the process

(continued on page 22)

the city of forgotten women

bob burkert

4800 miles from Timbuctoo, and 2873 miles from Java-Java, low in a valley on the southern rim of the eastern tip of the Northwest barrier, lies a small but wierdly stimulating village, called Vanity. It has no incorporation papers; it has no census taker. It is Wisconsin's City of Forgotten Women.

Here, ancient rites are exotically performed by the all-woman population. The mirror reigns as deity over this not-so-humble village, and all the inhabitants' eyes revere it. Here, reality is fended off by pseudo-reality and the female eye delights itself in pure sensual self-contemplation. Lipstick, mascara, finger-nail polish, permanent waves, deodorants, and falsies are the disciples of the reigning god, Mirror, and every spring the thousands of painted and preened villagers perform their elaborate vanity rites before their god and its disciples, and their three imported onlookers.

You scoff, you laugh, at this tale. But I know it is true, for I am the only man to have ever escaped from the annual spring swing-out sacrifice.

To fully satisfy their god and disciples these forgotten women must dance themselves energyless before three males kidnapped from the outside world of Wisconsin, and the reactions of the males weighed and tested to see if the year's reign of Vanity has been successful. If so, and usually it is, the wide-eyed males are thrown to Vanity's equivalent of Hell, called Home, which is a small ivy-covered cottage in which a pit of deadly vipers is housed.

I had been a cosmetics salesman before my capture by those pagans. But on a run through La Crosse after a hard day, I stopped for a few snifters in an uptown bar. Two bewitchingly beautiful girls at the far end of the bar became familiar with me, and tried to pick me up. But mother had told me of moments like this, and I was unyielding. Before I knew it, however, I was whisked away to the **City of Forgotten Women**, a victim of a Mickey Finn, and two blond beauties.

It seems that we drove for days, and then, finally, after a strange descent we came into a small barren valley from which a heavy odor of Tabu perfume diffused, and where, in the center was an entire village built of old lipstick tubes, compacts, perfume bottles, atomizers, and mirrors confronted me. How it glittered and danced in the late sunlight. I noticed then, with my blindfold removed, that the beauties had donned black, heavy robes, obscuring everything but their heads which were heavily painted. Suddenly, what sounded like thousands of telephones began clanging and ringing, and I was dragged by several blond and buxom Amazons onto a large hill made of powder

puffs from which clouds of perfumed powder sprang into my face almost blinding me, and renewing my asthmatic cough. There, I was lashed to a stake with two other males both as frightened as I.

Perfume was sprayed about us, lit by permanent wave irons, and the festival began! Through the flames we could see painted, gaudy Amazons lash wildly about to the wild strains of Frankie Laine and Stan Kenton records. The music pressed on all night and when dancers dropped from exhaustion, freshly preened and painted ones leaped into their places. At about 3:00 in the morning after hours of continual prancing about, the last dancer dropped and the festival was over.

We saw, then, approaching us, about forty gor-to hate. When they grew near it, they gnashed their teeth and snarled like animals.

The door was opened and we saw the pit below us, filled with hissing snakes. The first man was pushed in screaming, while the painted females laughed hysterically, which as I sit here reliving this, reminds me for all the world of a sorority hen party. The second man tried to break loose but he was soon surrounded by Amazons armed with sharpened eyebrow tweezers.

In the confusion of his attempted escape, I, for a moment, went unnoticed. I dug into my pockets and found twenty tubes of the new indelible lipstick. Would my plan work? I began my dime store sales talk and they turned to me, quieted for the moment, their large maybellined eyes, staring, puzzled. I shouted to them of the wonders of this new lipstick, and was just about to demonstrate it upon a seemingly willing Amazon in the front row, when cries of "throw the snake to the vipers" came from my now jealous male companion from powder puff hill, now ignored in the back row.

The women, awakened, began advancing on me. I turned to run, but I was facing the pit of the deadly vipers. The women pushed close to me. What to do . . . but throw the indelible lipsticks over the side into the pit, and then dive to the ground while the stampeding, hypnotized, kicking, writhing pack of Amazons surged over me, mesmerized by their last sacrifice to Vanity and their god, Mirror. My green-eyed friend had gone over the pit's edge with the females, and I was left alone in the village, now quiet except for the distant wail of a Perry Como record and the noiselessly shimmering light on the mirrored, compact, lipstick houses.

I now cautiously inspected the strange and deserted houses, and, to my astonishment, found that every hut had a diploma from the University of Wisconsin hanging on its walls. They all read from the year 1976 upwards . . . to 2001. I sat down, knees quivering from my ordeal. An asthmatic cough again seized me, and powder wheezed out of me as I breathed. This revelation; how could it be? How was this entry into another time belt accomplished? I was conscious through my entire trip from La Crosse.

I imagine then, for it's quite hazy now, that I got up and scattered the buckets of Chanel No. 5 that were sitting in the square, around the village, lighted them and left the once shimmering, now blazing village . . . to return to La Crosse and tell the world of my discovery of the **City of Wisconsin's Forgotten Women**, who were all Wisconsin gradates.



rosemary gaulitta

(Photo by DeLonge)

from Milwaukee . . .
18 yrs. old . . . freshman . . .
pre-journalism . . .
liz waters

Kindergarten Teacher: "Let's all draw what we'd like to be when we grow up."

At the end of twenty minutes every kid handed in a paper except little Butch.

"Why, Butch," remonstrated his teacher, "isn't there anything you want to be when you grow up?"

"Sure, Teacher," replied Butch, "I want to be married, but I don't know how to draw it." —Gargoyle

* * *

The hillbilly, with a dizzy blonde hanging on his arm, took the pen handed him by the hotel clerk and signed the register with an X. With a thoughtful look on his face, he hesitated, then circled the X.

"A lot of people sign with an X" said the clerk, "but this is the first time I've ever seen one circled."

"Tain't nuthin so dadburn strange about it," replied the hayseed. "When I'm a runnin' around with wild women, I don't use my right name."

* * *

Employer to beautiful blonde who has just filled in job application. "Miss Jones, under 'Experience' try to be a little more specific than just 'Oh Boy!'"

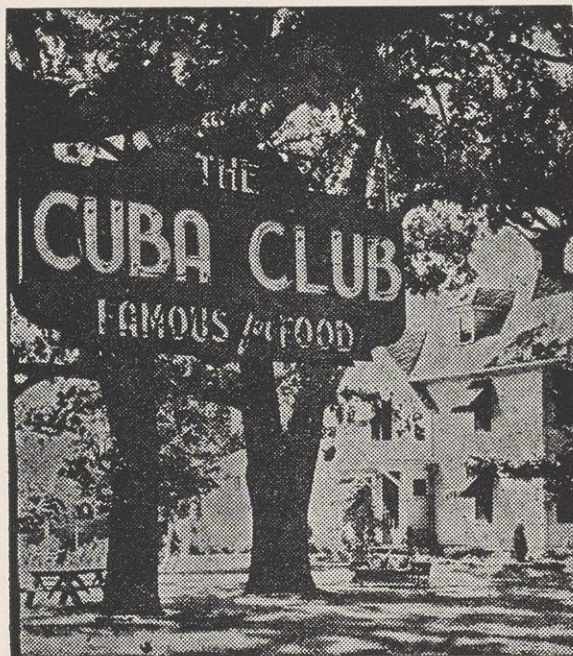
* * *

I serve a purpose in this school
On which no man can frown.
I gently enter into class
And keep the average down.

—VooDoo

*Welcome New Students!
Hello Old Students!*

THE CUBA CLUB



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SNARK RAVING MAD—

(continued from page 6)

out equipment from the vast stockpiles of the house. He said things like periscopes, telescopes (which can be attached to periscopes), cameras (which can be attached to the telescopes already linked up with periscopes) and similar weapons of science meant taking an unfair advantage of the innocent girl.

This was surely love, but it was a hopeless one. For house rule No. Seven stated:

RULE 7. Relations of any kind with the girls next door are forbidden. If she dates any snark house resident, she'll know what kind of derogatory characters live here and hence be cautious and suspicious about the house.

Chalkie didn't dare break that house rule for the penalty was eviction and if he couldn't live in snark house he might as well milk zebras on a prison farm.

And so his grades went down, even "Figure Drawing." He had another "But gee whiz I'm trying so hard" session with his advisor and began to wonder how snarking would be in the army. Perhaps he could be a sniper with a telescopic sight on his rifle.

A month later he was getting a bit tired with his usual snark. Chalkie wanted novelty, so he sent Show-girl an exploding cigar wrapped as a belated Christmas present. Although it wasn't her usual brand, she lit it up. Chalkie gleefully waited for the big bang.

But then the housemother came in. Seeing one of her darling innocent girls smoking a big black stogie had quite an effect on the 98 year old housemother. She fainted and bounced a couple times on the linoleum. So Show-girl set her cigar on the ashtray and slung the old H.M. over her shoulder and dumped her into the hall. She immediately went out for a beer to recover from the effects of touching a housemother.

Soon the untended cigar exploded and knocked over a bottle of gin which promptly flared up with a fiery puff.

Chalkie didn't know what to do. Letting the house burn down would spoil the snarking, but if he did call the firemen the girls would know someone had been watching.

Love for Show-girl formed his decision. He called the Madison Fire Department and said in a high falsetto, "Help! this is GOTTA LOTTA SHO sorority. Our house is on fire!"

After Show-girl's room was thoroughly washed by a three inch hose under two hundred pounds of pressure, Chalkie received a summons from the house judicial committee. Seems as if he disobeyed house rule No. Five.

5. It is unlawful to do anything which might give the house publicity. Even if the girls snark on us, they shall not be reported to the U.

He was tried and convicted of unsnarksman-like conduct and was given maximum sentence—eviction.

Chalkie was a sad man that night. Snarking to him was even a greater love than his love for Show-girl. It was life itself. Eviction meant the plebian snarking of fraternities, or even the cruder style of independent men.

As he was walking up Langdon reviewing his sorrows, Chalkie saw Show-girl walking toward him. How could he introduce himself to her? She didn't know him from Adam's apple. He felt that the standard techniques of making a girl's acquaintance wouldn't work on Show-girl. If he admitted snarking on her she'd consider him

as a form of life somewhat lower than moss or asparagus.

So he walked right by her.

And she slapped his face.

"Stuck up," she screamed, half crying.

"What?" protested Chalkie, shocked.

"After snarking on me for all these months you have the gall to ignore me!"

"Me? Snark?" he cried indignantly. "That's an insult on my character." It was an insult alright, but it injured his reputation as a snarker more than his character.

So the story came out. The one way property of his snark window could change. The person on the dark side sees the one on the bright side, so Show-girl could see Chalkie when his center light was shining.

"I thought we've been trading snarks," said Show-girl.

So Chalkie was happy. Love was his—he could date Show-girl now. Show-girl told the fellows at snark house she'd alert the rest of the girls if Chalkie was evicted, so he still snarks through the same window.

But Chalkie is still flunking everything, including figure drawing. Apparently a man in love can't study the things books offer, especially when his girl lives so close by.

SNARK JUICE

why continue to snark through old fashioned dirty glasses when snark juice will clean them to a sparkling lustre in seconds?

why not start now... use snark juice for 30 days and if you are not satisfied give us your room number and we'll call for the unused portion. Look for the big blood-shot eye on the box.



ON SALE AT THE INTERFRATERNITY OFFICE

I WAS A DELTA —

(continued from page 10)

the S-Bomb could destroy.

Matty Quvetchick was the first prominent IFer to ask to join DAD's. He was allowed to join because it would have looked too suspicious if they blackballed him. Also, the MHA masterminds realized that Matty might make a valuable tool if he was kept under constant scrutiny. His door was kept locked every evening, but his window was purposely left unlocked. An MHA counter-espionage agent followed Matty every evening.

But the DAD's one vice failed them on that fatal night. The MHA Dorm Duke campaign was in progress that evening. The DAD's being dorm men at heart, rushed back to the dorm area to witness the Dorm Duke Finals. They kept a man on guard at the DAD house, but the temptation was too great. He wanted to see the finals, also. He sneaked up the escalator in an hour and locked Matty's window. That one slip spelled the downfall of the MHA conspiracy.

Matty Quvetchick was tired after our long interview and I bid him farewell. He has asked me to deliver one request to the general public. He is a very tired man and needs some rest, so please do not pay any visits to him for a few weeks. His doctor has ordered complete rest and relaxation.

And you know, Mendota isn't such a bad place after all.



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notes on contributors

Yeary Belfurd was only four years old when he scribbled his first word on a lavatory wall. Much of his early work has been sponged out by priggish janitors. For the last two years Mr. Belfurd has been writing for such little magazines as the *New Yorker*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Cosmopolitan*, and the *Weekly Reader*. With "Scandalous Zoo" appearing in this month's *Octopus*, Mr. Belfurd makes his debut in the big time publications. "Scandalous Zoo," which is representative of the author's mature work, must be read with an open mind in order to penetrate beneath the surface crust of vulgarity and obscenity. For here, underlying it all, is the tender, poignant tale of a young girl in love with a zookeeper who believes himself to be the only ink-stained wombat in captivity. These characters, their triumphs and tribulations are sensitively portrayed by the hand of an inveterate psychopath.

Marcel Chataux was born in 1921 and has remained in Paris all his life. He has been active in politics, and was the founder of a non-virgin club. He says he enjoys his club work intensely, but it is terribly time consuming. Only occasionally does Mr. Chataux find time from his outside activities and full time job in a popcorn ball factory to write such highly personal poems as "What Has Happened Since?" We have published this poem by the popular request of Mr. Chataux's club members.

Marian Cherry, one time chorus girl and member of the United Nations, has published much of her work in the *Boilermakers' Journal*. Recently, however, from her hospital bed she mailed us a timely article of outstanding interest to *Octopus* readers. This article, dealing with premarital relationships, is entitled "I Was Young and Foolish in a Ford." Miss Cherry's plans for the future are uncertain but she says it takes her mind off the cares of the world to knit little things. It was Miss Cherry, incidentally, who first discovered the merits of a beer shampoo.

"Gimme a kiss like a good girl."

"All right, but if I give you one like a naughty girl you'll like it better."

editor's brown study



Greetings, Octy readers, you fiends, you. Hold your collective breath. You are now trembling on the threshold of the most thrilling event of your college career.

Before your dazzled eyes an editor is born; an editor who will dedicate this somewhat periodical to the proposition that all men are created free and equal, but somewhere along the line they are subjugated to the level of cringing slaves.

Who causes this degeneracy? Women, Son, women. By ruthless exploitation of the Old Debil, S-E-you-knowwhat, they lead you poor saps around by the schnozzola like so many water buffalo.

But lift up thine eyes, Samson-Without-Muscle, the day of liberation is at hand. A genius who has sublimated himself above all this will free your hair from the grasp of these campus Delilahs. Just read this mag from now on and you will know the Truth, with a capital BS, about the Unfair Sex.

Just be sure you are over twenty-one, or that you hold your house-fellow's hand while reading Octy from now on.

And be sure and get your issues early, because if, after they appear on the stands, WSGA doesn't ban hell out of us, Pan-Hell will.

But don't get scared. I'm not all bile and vinegar. Just to show that my heart's in the right place, I want to take this opportunity to thank last year's staff for all the kicks we had working together, especially, my predecessor, Bob Burkert, who broke me in for my present position.

A tearful au revoir to departing Octy staff members: Business Manager Jack Boughton, Editorial Advisor Karl Meyer, Associate Editor Arnie Balk, Cartoon Editor Laurie Lake (even if she is a girl), Photographer Al Saltzman, and staff members Marti Fried (also female — but a "good" one) and Ken Knauf. Good luck to all of you, wherever you may be.

A joyous welcome back to the old

stand-bys, who, evidently having gotten Octopus blood in their veins, are back for another year with us: Bob Burkert, now serving as editorial advisor, Executive Editor George Ronsholdt, Associate Editor Don White and staff member Mary Schwenker. (Miss Schwenker, I am told, is a girl, but the rest of the staff sneaked her in before I could do anything about it).

And a special welcome to three new Octy men: Art Editor "Hopalong" Ken Eichenbaum, Photographer Burt Gellman, and staff member Jack Steinhilber. I know that you will enjoy your stay with us.

I'd like to extend a warm thank you for all their cooperation in the past to the faculty members of our Board of Directors: Dean Theodore Zillman, Professor Frank Thayer and Student Financial Advisor Ray Hilsenhoff.

Over on the business side, congratulations to new Business Manager Gordy Kaasa and Director of Advertising Bill Barney.

Last, but far from least, let me welcome once more to the well-thumbed (I hope) pages of the Octy, its most important associate, you, Dear Reader. You will find in this, and succeeding issues, many new ideas. I hope you will enjoy them, but whether you do or don't, let us know. In either case, we'll be interested in hearing from you.

If you happen to be interested in working for the Octy, either in the business or editorial departments, drop in on us any time. We're in the Hut between the Union and the Y. And if you have any contributions, drop them off either at the Hut or the Information Desk at the Union.

A great big thank you to Ken Eichenbaum and our Illinois U. correspondent, Hershey Post, without whose able assistance this issue would not have been able to hit the stands.

And, before closing, here is a warning to the Cardinal. After years of being insulted with your banalities,

with the exception of one certain column, we will not take lightly your adding insult to injury and defying us by putting at your head a—girl!! Them ain't kilts Jean Matheson wears, Laddie.

Co-ed: "I'll never marry a man who snores."

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

* * *

Did you ever stop to think what might have happened to American History if the British soldiers at Bunker Hill had had bloodshot eyes?

* * *

The poor man on the stand was accused of a double murder. He had pleaded guilty to both of the slayings, and the prosecutor was questioning him as to his motives. "Well," the prosecutor was saying, "it's fairly obvious that the motive for the first murder was robbery. But I can't see just why you stabbed the second man."

"Well," said the defendant, "I had to hide the knife, didn't I?"

* * *

"Darn it, leftovers again," said the cannibal as he gnawed on the old maid.

*always ask for
fauerbach*



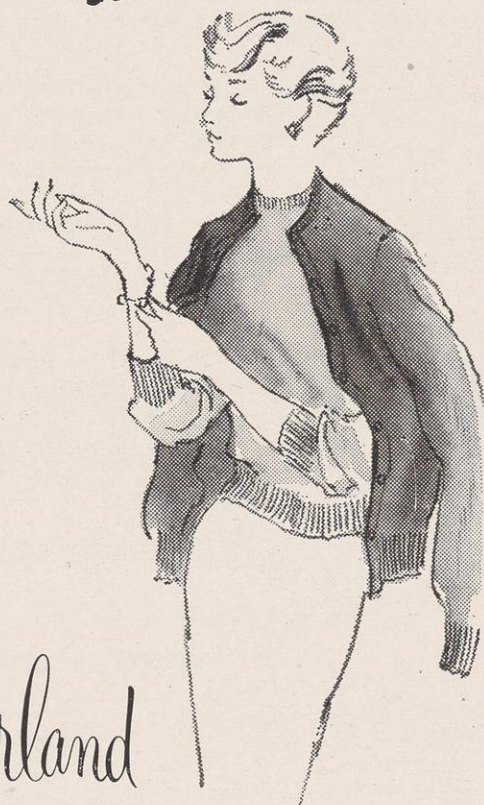
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Yost's On the Campus — 710 State

TRUTH IS STRANGE —

(continued from page 15)

... There, there now. Don't cry, we'll fix everything up. Let's see a copy of that song you got from Codd."

Mackerel tearfully handed him the song. "Gad, how can we make this song popular and get even with Codd? Let me see." The Geni thought and thought and finally got a bright idea. "Mackerel, you wait right here and old Gene will take care of everything!"

* * *

Our scene changes. In an office in Tokyo, a man in an army uniform is sitting at his desk intent on his work. We notice he is wearing sun glasses although he is out of the sunshine, and he has a corn-cob pipe in his mouth. This tells us that he is a general. We see the Geni appear behind him and whisper in his ear. The man looks up but isn't aware of anyone else in the room. He thinks for a minute, then begins writing a letter. The Geni smiles and vanishes.

Time passes and our scene again changes. This time it is in Washington and this man is also a famous letter writer. He is obviously perturbed about something. We hear him mumbling the letters "S.O.B." over and over to himself. The Geni appears and whispers in his ear. The man reaches for a phone. The Geni smiles and vanishes.

More time passes and the scene is the Congress of the United States. The general is on the rostrum addressing the assembled gentlemen and the radio audience. The speech is nearing the end. "... an old barrack-room ballad, which stated: 'Old soldiers never die, they just fade away' ..."

Immediately, recording companies began searching for this old song to cash in on the bonanza. Copies were published, records were sold by the thousands, dance bands and disk jockeys all over the country plugged it, and it became the sensation of the nation. And who owned the song? Well, as strange as it may seem, the song that Mackerel J. Upjohn received for his fish was "Old Soldiers Never Die."

But our story doesn't end there. It happened that there was a flaw in the copyright which Codd, (that lovable old character) had placed there to make sure that if the song ever did become a success, he could reclaim it as his own. As a result, Codd made another million, and poor, down-trodden, broken-hearted Mackerel Upjohn died in poverty. And as for the Geni ... Did he just fade away? Hell, no. The doublecrosser is now serving as financial advisor of the Herring J. Codd Co., Inc., TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

He: "They had to shoot poor old Fido today."

She: "Was he mad?"

He: "He wasn't any too pleased."

* * *

Collector: "Is your husband home?"

Blonde: "Why?"

Collector: "I want to collect the installment on that sofa."

Blonde: "Shhh; he'll be gone in a few minutes."

* * *

Gather your kisses while you may,
For time brings naught but sorrow.
The girls that are so cold today,
Are chaperones tomorrow.

coming attractions

Watch for the September issue of the *Octopus*, the most widely unread magazine in the country. In it you may find:

(1) The shocking true confessions of a lady shepherdess whose flock is reduced to a mere handful by her insatiable appetite for lanolin. There are numerous love affairs in this impassioned tale which takes a turn for the surrealist. But in the end the shepherdess, armed only with an umbrella and an old sweat shirt, routs a stampeding herd of gila monsters all done in technicolor.

(2) A "How-to-do-it-yourself" feature that explains at great length the correct procedure for catching fish with your baited breath.

(3) The lyrics for a new song hit by Oscar Hamelstein, entitled: "My Mother Was a Red Until She Got Those Old Barfly Blues."

(4) Defying extreme danger and expending many feet of infra-red film, our research department has come up with an informative picture essay, called "The Nocturnal Love Life of the Student." Techniques illustrated in this essay may be exploited to great advantage.

(5) A follow-up article to the foregoing essay is the long article by a certain anonymous and unlicensed doctor in the big city who has helped many an erring young maiden. The addresses and price lists of other specialists in this field are included in the article. Very helpful to sorority girls.

(6) An enlightening interview with a seven year old, one Georgie Clark, who describes in great detail how his second grade teacher is accustomed to change into a great winged monster with scales. Georgie vividly tells how smoke and flames issue from her mouth as she flies out in the full of the moon to suck blood from the throats of poor little school children. This interview places the deplorable condition of our school system squarely before the public with uncompromising frankness.

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

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THE



ILL

GOOD OR ILL

As I survey thee, wondrous mound
Which bards have styled the "Hill"
The will to climb thee—Bascom crowned
(Leaves me slightly ill)

Though Alpine peaks I've never seen
I know you're equaled not
When summer clothes thy side in green
(And makes thy climbing hot)

Summer school brings many joys
For lawyer, yes, and plumber
but scaling this high mountain, boys
Is the hardest work all summer.

But we would miss the lovely view
If we would lose our high plateau
For sweet advantages accrue:
We pass friend John each year or so.

Winter lets each student slide,
In postcards Madison is viewed,
While Lincoln's eye sweeps far and wide.
Distracted not by pulchritude.

These attributes all stir my soul!
I must not let more time elapse
Before I start this lovely stroll
(Courage, I must not collapse.)

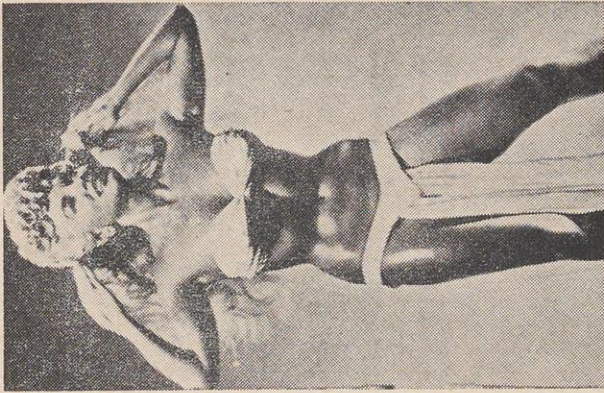
By martial strains my will to scale
At Music Hall renewed
In haste I must keep on the trail
To nose bleed altitude.

Here is "Law" where students park
(Prestige it doth connote)
"Our Badger," I must here remark,
"Should be the Navy's Goat."

And now South Hall in joy is passed
Though it be some time later
I can not help but think how fast
Would be an escalator.

At last I end the weary climb
My glorious goal attained—
Ten minutes more of talking time
On Bascom steps is gained!

—Mel Wade



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MEMORIAL UNION
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Here's my \$1.75 for 8 issues of Octy and my share
of college humor in 1951-52.

Name _____

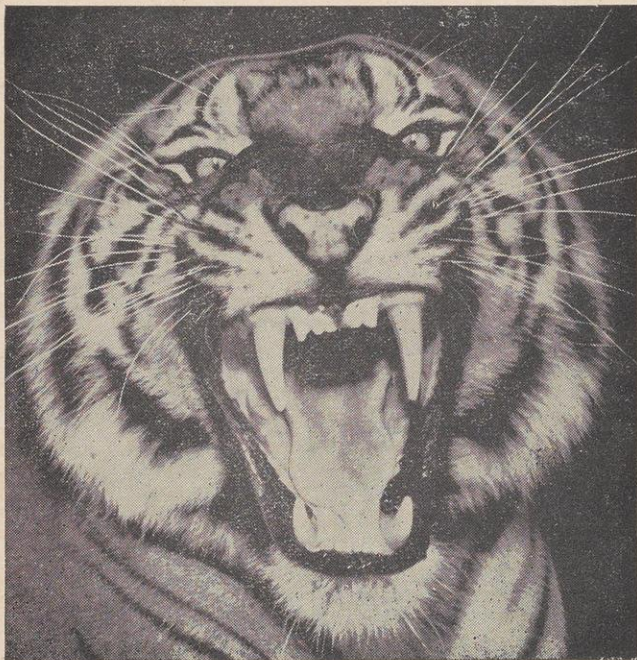
Street _____

City _____ State _____

John: "What has 68 legs, green eyes, and a pink body
with purple stripes?"

Joan: "I don't know. What?"

John: "I don't know either, but you'd better pick it
off your neck."



Henry Wiggins, on learning that the beautiful fresh-
man he met last year is now entering maternity hospital.



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SQUARE AT STATE

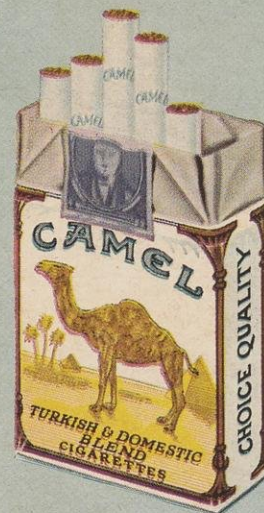
*Campus
Interviews on
Cigarette Tests!*

No. 11...THE ROOSTER



You have to get up early in the morning to put one over on *this* cock-of-the-walk! When it came to making “quick-trick” experiments of cigarette mildness, he stated flatly, “That’s strictly for clucks”! How ’ya going to keep ’em down on the farm—when they *know* there’s one convincing way to prove cigarette mildness!

It’s the sensible test . . . the 30-day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as a steady smoke—on a day after day basis. No snap judgments. Once you’ve enjoyed Camels for 30 days in your “T-Zone” (T for Throat, T for Taste), you’ll see why . . .



After all the Mildness tests . . .

Camel leads all other brands *by billions*