

### Wisconsin Octopus: New year issue. Vol. 28, No. 4 December, 1949

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# WISCONSIN COULS

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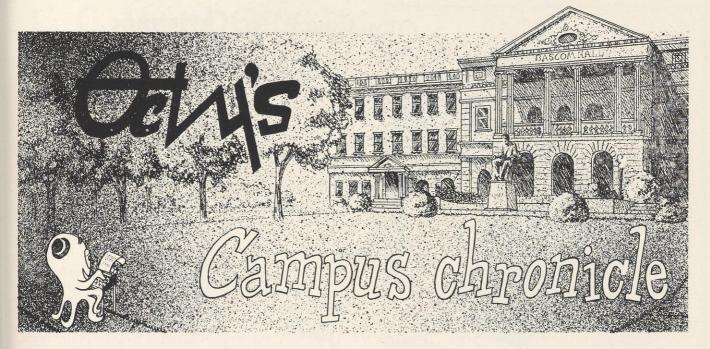


WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW ... IT'S

# Camels for Mildness

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels — and only Camels — for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported





#### Signs of the Time

The grandfather clock in Tripp hall is working after a long period of silent senility. The thing is only four minutes slow and has a most delightful chime.

The editor of this magazine, a chap named Harrison, has recently returned from Dallas in Texas where he attended the national convention of the Sigma Delta Chi professional journalism fraternity. While there he was in conversation with the editor of Better Homes and Gardens. The two editors were discussing the beautiful large plate glass windows in modernistic homes. BH&G editor, who gives a goodly portion of his copy to such windows, didn't see the one behind him. He turned around and tried to walk through it.

When General Motors came out with a Buick sporting three and four air vents in the fenders we wondered what purpose the holes served. When Fords, Plymouths, Oldsmobiles, and Kaisers showed up with the vents we wondered even more. Last week one of our men saw a snazzy Crosley with the holes and we have at last solved the dilemma. In the Crosley, at least, they serve as emergency exits.

#### Legitimacy Established

The student directory, hot off the presses last month at 50 cents a throw, contains its usual number of typographical errors. Joe Dermer LS grad, has an asterisk (denoting marriage) following his name. It was to be expected though, since Joe gave birth to a magazine a couple of weeks ago.

Octy's Dream Girl is on the cover this month. The little Christmas package happens to be Phyllis Berg, a Madison freshman and Gamma Phipledge. She graduated from Wisconsin High last June and she's classified in the university as Applied Art 1. We classify her as being 5' 4" tall, 108 pounds, and a perfect 34-24-34.

Photo by DeLonge

#### Misinterpretation?

We note from the New York papers that the latest starring vehicle of the Lunts ("I Know My Love") has finally made its weary way to Broadway after opening here. In the meantime it's been revamped from stem to stern, news we're delighted to hear; the version they presented here hardly seemed worthy of the Lunts' time or talents. S. N. Behrman adapted it from a French play, "Aupres de Ma Blonde," which title, freely translated, probably means something like "The Afternoon of a Blonde" or maybe "After the Blonde was Over." At any rate it might have been better if he'd left it in the French.



"Cheer up! This could be a mule train."

#### No Order This Month

We'd like to give the Order of the Ninth Tentacle to Joe Hammersley for the jolly way he reacted when he returned to his car on Homecoming Eve after dispersing the menagerie in Liz Waters to find a greased pig sitting behind the wheel. We'd like to give the order to Joe, but we couldn't imagine anything humorous about the situation. Of all things, a greased pig!

#### New Type Face Solves Nothing

The Daily Cardinal crowed last month when it changed type faces shortly before our take-off issue came out. In the issue in which it announced the change of type faces, it proved the paper was the same old rag. On page six in the sports column there appeared the following paragraph:

"No, there are no apologies in order, and neither coach 'Ivy' Williamson or his crapping bunch of players have offered any."

Just a bunch of fair weather friends.

#### Dream Girls

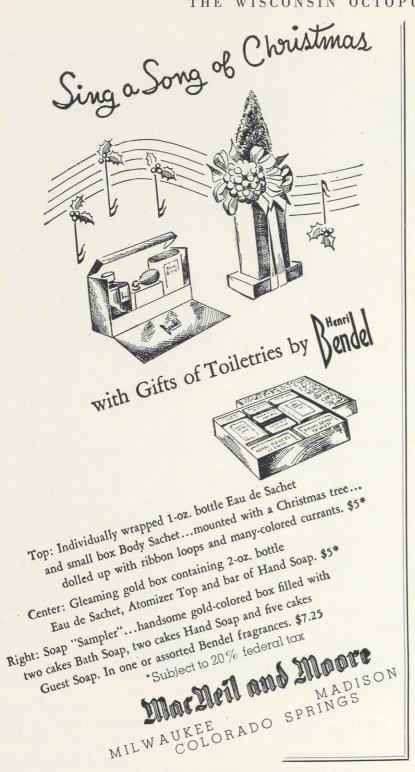
Statistical studies are rewarding at times. After a bit of research we have discovered that one-third of the last 12 Badger Beauties were previously discovered by Octy and publicized as its Dream Girls.

Mark Antony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

"But sir, she's in bed with laryngitis."

"Damn Greeks."

-The Spartan



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#### Christmas Comes, but . . .

By JACK MITCHELL

(News item: "Porter Butts, director of the Memorial Union on the University of Wisconsin campus, said yesterday that the Union this year will have the most elaborate Christmas decorations since 1938.

According to Mr. Butts, "We're getting everything organized for some grand decorations.")

The following is a three-act play created from the above news story. The scene shifts from room to room throughout the play but the entire sequence takes place within the Union. Characters include: Porter Butts, director of the Union; Bill Johnson, president of the Union; Miss Palmer, director of foods; and the following members of the Union directorate: Ruth Vilberg, Rita Peterson, Dave Newcomb, Bert Lepp, and Dan Weiss.

The first act takes place on Dec. 5 at a meeting of the Union directorate. Bill Johnson, president of the Union, is calling the meeting to order.

JOHNSON (pounding gavel): This meeting will come to order. (Pounding again.) This meeting will come to order! People! We can't get anything done this way. (Things finally quiet down.) That's better. I'm going to turn the meeting over to Mr. Butts who has something to tell us.

BUTTS: Thank you, Bill. Now, people, today we must discuss plans for the Christmas decorations in the Union. We can make them bigger and better this year because we have more money to spend. We all want to do our best, right?

ALL: Right!

BUTTS (to Johnson): Bill, you're going to have to appoint new committees for the job. This thing has to be well organized.

JOHNSON: What new committees could we appoint? We already have a film committee, the Union forum committee, the gallery committee, the music com . . .

BUTTS: Never mind, we don't have all day to discuss this. It seems logical to me that we appoint a Christmas decorations committee to be responsible to the house committee which in turn will be responsible to the directorate. Then under the decorations committee we can have a (continued on page 27)

#### C. C. Moore Gets It Some More

By SHEILA KOHLENBERG

'Twas the day before Christmas, and down at the pharm the laundry case line was not one of alarm. The breakfast line staggered (a few folks from town, who read the Cap-Times as they gulped their brew down). Walking down State Street were a few lonesome shoppers, stoopen 'neath the collars of conservative toppers. The Union stood looming, a block or so down, a big useless part of a small useless town. And out on the terrace of great Bascom Hall, sat Lincoln, at rest, in a peaceful snowfall. The light on the clock of the Music Hall steeple was ignored by the masses of passing townspeople. The B. T., the Three Bells, the Pub did appear as if prohibition hit Madison beer. The arty group, smarty group, party group, blissful, the sleekest ones, meekest ones, weakest ones, wistful, from the dorms on the hill to fraternity row, and the off-campus homes in the city, below . . They took to their autos; they took to their skis, they hitch-hiked and plodded in snow to their knees. Yes, off from the college town, gaily, they flew, with sixteen weeks' laundry, and dry-cleaning, too. They left the cold quonsets to mice and such things; they left the cold classrooms to small bats, with wings. As the reading room shelves sat there, sadly ignored, the bell in each quonset was silent . . . and bored. The professors, all pacing on Bascom's cold floor, wished they hadn't made term papers due weeks before. Their offices lined with the small books of blue, from twelve weeks exams were three weeks overdue. A half-finished snowman on Lathrop's front stair showed that youthful phy eds had been recently there. The Governor sitting up high on his throne, sent please to the students: "I need you! Come home! Come, buy coffee black . . . cigarettes at half price! Come for toothbrushes, bandaide! We'll sure treat youse

The students at home, the price war had stopped, and like the Depression, the prices had dropped. St. Nick, at the Square, puffing on a cheap stoker, was raising less dough than he made playing poker. He winked not his eye and he moved not his head, and I feared on first sight that he was close to dead. I hated to leave . . . yes, I wanted to stall, for I thought that St. Nick was really Dean Paul. And I heard him exclaim, as I went on my way . "Merry Christmas to all . . . I made five bucks, today!"

#### Seven Stages of Man:

- Milk, vegetables
- Milk, ice cream, sodas, candy
- Steak, coke, French fries, ham, and eggs
- Pate de fois gras, frog's legs, caviar, poulet royal, hors d'oevres, omelette surprise, crepes suzette, scotch, wine, champagne
- Milk and crackers
- Milk



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### Be Careful, Father Abraham

As one whose ancestresses buried the family silver under the magnolia arbor before the sweep of General Sherman's forces, I have always been glad that the pigeons share my enthusiasm for that statue enthroned on the piazza in front of Bascom Hall. Mine is a prejudiced point of view, I know. Yet the revelation—nay expose!—springs, not from the loins of a bigoted viewpoint, but from honest, Irish compassion. No idle whim, this. It has been rankling within my sunken chest since last spring.

It was a sensual day last April. The sun was leering down on the Hill. Youth was calling to Youth. And the answer was deafening on all sides. Untrammeled co-eds bobbed about the mall like nymphs enticing their crewcut admirers. Many a young man was getting a bi-focal viewpoint on young womanhood. The sap, indeed, was running.

As I pulled heavily on my reefer and mused on the heady scene about me, my jaundiced eyes chanced upon that statue. We have all marveled at the serenity, wondrous wisdom and calm cast in that iron visage. But at that time—on this day—those eyes, which are generally as blank as Orphan Annie's, held a smug, knowing glint. It's standard equipment with most of the male populous, but really startling in a statue. I fumbled for a cigarette in my companion's breast pocket. Lighting it nervously (the cigarette I mean), I tried to rationalize that gleam. Explain it away. It was clearly preposterous.

But eyes have a will of their own. And soon, mine were again fixed on the metallic orbs of the statue. I pondered. I contemplated. In my desperation, I even conjectured. Through strange occult powers, I stumbled upon the answer. How stupid of me not to have noticed it before. Absurd, really.

It's perfectly obvious that the Emancipator is staring fixedly at derriere of Miss Forward, the forward Miss perched atop the capitol.

The Iron Maiden, from her dizzying pinnacle, can surely feel the smoldering glance burning into her—well, burning into her, period. While she is not free to cast a sultry, heavy-lidded glance over her shoulder, it's plain to see that she is delighted with this tittilating situation.

A Goddess in good standing, she is not reduced to tawdry tricks like pretending to straighten a wayward seam or powder her gleaming, Romanesque nose. She stands erect, secure in her boiler plate bodice, composed and wise as a housemother. But, by a coincidence which positively makes the flesh creep, she is gazing in the direction of Springfield, Ill., the earthly home of her ironic admirer.

Still, there's magic in this Statuesque Lady. Her unique accoutrements are perfect symbols of Love ala Madison. A clump of bushes is clutched firmly in one hand. A load of books is held in the crook of her arms—a dog-eared copy of Lady Chatterly's Lover and also. Ulysses, the bulk of the pages uncut, the last chapter worn by careful, constant reading. The plumes of a bird of paradise nestle coyly in her bronze blonde hair. Her turreted bosom heaves gently. It looks ever better that way. Though the breeze can't stir her flowing robes provocatively, certainly

such a concentrated stare as she enjoys can discern a well-turned ankle encircled in a sandal strap. A mischievous tornado might even go so far as to reveal a dimpled knee—and most definitely an adorable golden calf. An enigmatic smile plays across those full lips. The nostrils twitch and flare nervously, and even though she is gowned by U. S. Steel, she remains an alluring figure—especially if you happen to be a statue.

Who can tell what whispered confidences are carried from one imposing figure to the other by what pigeons? Surely the birds have some purpose in life other than that of critics of outdoor art. What monumental, delicious shuddering sensations might be enjoyed by these American Olympians—conditions being right?

You know, it's very hard, even for a Goddess to think beautiful, uplifting thoughts all day when frozen immobile in one position.

Surely, all those in favor of the two-sex plan will have the greatest compassion for these unrequited admirers.

If the Class of '50 is looking for something constructive to do for the university . . . if they want to show the spunk and spirit that have made us what we are today . . . let them emancipate the Emancipator. Loose him from his iron bondage.

I'm sure Miss Forward would be forward enough to let down her hair, like Rapunzel, for the ascent of her Great and Good Friend. Besides, it gets beastly cold atop a dome on long winter nights.

If we let this matter go indefinitely—it might even get Frigid!

-Joseph Boyd

"Hey, you guys, where are you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?"

"Nope."

"Sick?"

"Nope."

"Just a gag, huh?"

"Nope."

"Dizzy spells, maybe?"

"Nope."

"Well, what the hell is the matter with him?"

"Dead."

Duff was big, fat, corpulent, obese, adipose, fleshy. Duff was a junior. He joined a fraternity. True to tradition Duff was soon dubbed with the handle "Fat." Duff was so tickled that he wrote to his cousin Pratt, who was also tickled.



# **Everyone** at

### Barons

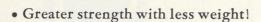


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a very
merry,
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#### Please Don't Let My Mind Alone

By RICHARD BOURKE

I'd always considered myself as normal as the next man. Outside of a natural aversion for pets and small children I'd conducted myself in a sane manner. I usually drank to excess whenever possible, slept late on Sundays, talked to myself when working alone, kissed the wife on leaving for work and lived a generally well-rounded life. I had a bridge acquaintance with the psychiatrist down the block, but aside from wondering what mental process was behind his bidding our relationship had been strictly non-professional. To be perfectly frank one might say I hadn't given my mind much thought.

But just lately I've begun to feel sort of left out of it. At cocktail parties I'd sit in a corner, morosely communing with a martini while listening to a detailed explanation of an Oedipus complex with schizo-phrenic overtones or a Narcisso-acute. It got so bad that one day a large, corpulent individual suffering from an inferiority complex kept me cowed and speechless for two hours while he described the methods of treatment.

It worried me. I always took the 8:19 into the city and I'd sit in the club car reading the *Herald Tribune* until Grand Central. I'd catch friends looking at me over their papers. "There's old normal Smith," they were probably saying, "someone told me the other day that there wasn't a *thing* wrong with him," and they'd shake their heads sadly and go back to their reading, which would probably turn out to be the serialized version of *Peace of Mind*.

I noticed it in the office, too. One day while talking to the senior partner at lunch I admitted that I was rather hungry; he looked at me sharply and went on eating his soft-boiled egg and ry-krisp. Another day after having polished off marinated herring, welsh rarebit and cherry jubilee I confessed to feeling great. Two of my fellow workers took it as rather odd though they hid their amazement with loud talk of their ulcers and poor digestion.

But the night the conductor on the 5:27 started to tell me about his case of "mental blockage" I decided that a frontal attack was the only way. Next morning I went into Brentano's and got the set, including Emotional Problems of the Living, The Mind in Action, The Mature Mind, A Guide to Confident living and a medical dictionary. I called the psychiatrist for an appointment and bought a box of sleeping tablets. The appointment was a week away so I had to hurry.

I spent the rest of the day reading the news sections of (continued on page 31)



"Yes, its results have been quite rewarding."

### My time is your time

Being anti-social by nature I never get much in the way of mail. Most of my friends can't write and those who can don't seem to be able to get out of the present tense. But every year at this time you'll find me waiting rather impatiently for Jesse Donaldson's strong right arm to make his way around to our house. He's usually late (it takes a while to read all those postcards) and I'm noticeably shaking with anticipation when he hands me our sheaf of envelopes. I shuffle quickly through the stack of overdrawn bank notices, past-due bills, summons, and then—if I'm in luck-there's another letter from my best and only correspondent, F. D. Pratt.

Dropping the other items in a convenient waste basket I settle myself in my favorite armchair and carefully read the latest communication from the TIME organization, for Mr. Pratt is their circulation manager. You might think that an organization as big as TIME would be a pretty impersonal outfit but that's not so. The word "impersonal" just isn't in the TIME lexicon (I once looked it up in the TIME lexicon and I couldn't find it).

Our correspondence is usually pretty one-sided. If I'm careful I can often get five letters out of Mr. Pratt before I finally notice signs that his patience is beginning to wear thinthen I rush in my renewal in one of their convenient air mail envelopes and set about waiting for next year. My check usually ends our pleasant acquaintance for that year. Occasionally I've felt rather sad that Mr. Pratt hasn't ever acknowledged my renewal but after all one can't be selfish can one? Five letters from a man as busy as Mr. Pratt is a pretty fine showing. And besides I've never known anyone who wrote letters as interesting as his.

Along about mid-September this year I got my first note from Mr. Pratt. Most always the first one is a short, chatty letter in which he talks about anything that comes into his head—the weather, the world series, anything. And at the end he tactfully (Mr. Pratt is the soul of tact) mentions that my subscription is about (continued on page 20)



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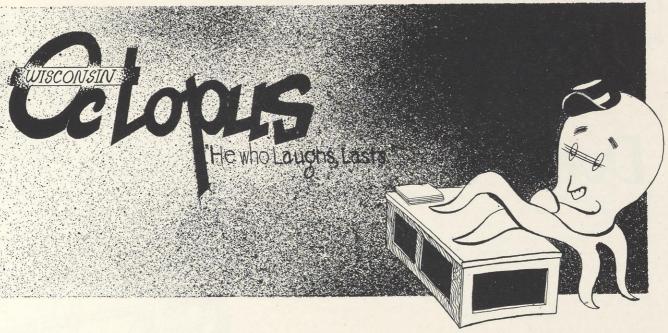


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#### THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

STATE AND LAKE



Volume XXVIII

Ray L. Hilsenhoff Albert Hutchison Randall Harrison, III DECEMBER, 1949

Number 4

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Comic Critique IV by Jack Stillman

### Don't Cry, Joe



### Fisher's Fisticuffer Fools Fans

Joe Palooka is the kind of a guy you hate to mess around with in a critical way. After all, he is the epitome of sportsman-like conduct. He doesn't smoke, he doesn't chew, and he has never gone with girls who do. The guy would undoubtedly blanch at a glass of 3.2 beer.

Everyone likes Joe because no matter how powerful his left hook he is still square with friend and foe alike. Just a great big likable square. In the ring during a championship bout if his opponent grimaces with pain in the clinch, and mutters, "Cheez, Champ, don't hit so hard. Me mudder'll die if I drop dis one!"—Joe will step back a few paces and reply, "Than' kyou for telling me. You may knock me out if it will save your dear mother."

The average person could marry, rear a family, retire, and die in the time it took him to get Miss Howe out of her several scrapes. He's married now, Joe is, and he may want to have some little Palookas. Raising a family brings up another point about the comic strip which may be hard to swallow. To Joe, Ann is some sort of a goddess, and she in turn believes that he is her Prince Charming. Never has such a platonic relationship existed between man and wife, and if any procreation takes place, Ham Fisher, the originator of the strip, will undoutedly pass over it as a sort of virginal visitation.

As a matter of fact, we don't think Ham Fisher has the nerve to let the couple have children. Until now Joe has been the picture of purity and were his wife to be shown in a pregnant condition, thousands of idealistic readers would begin to get ideas. With teary eyes and grimy hands they would clutch to the trousers of their hero and cry out as he walks along.

"Say it isn't so, Joe! Say it isn't so!" they would cry.

It remains a mystery how a person so surrounded by the degrading influence of the prize-fight racket can continue to be as he is. Doesn't Joe have hidden desires? Wouldn't he like to break away and lose a weekend? Instead of giggling "tee-hee" at a joke wouldn't he enjoy throwing back his head to let go with a big "haw-haw!" It would doubtless be the end of a comic-strip character beloved by all, but so what?

Just for novelty's sake we'd like to see a four-color Sunday frame start off like this:

KNOBBY: Joe, whyn't ya run into the kitchen and fix us some cider and doughnuts?

JOE: Than' kyou, Knobby, but I think not. You know what some people do to cider. I'd be glad to fix you some for youse though.

ANN: I'd have loved you even if

you'd said yes, dearest.

JOE: Than' kyou, dearest.

KNOBBY (lighting up a cigar): There's nothin' like a good after-dinner seegar.

JOE: I prefer a candy bar.

ANN: I'd love you even if you'd agreed with Knobby, dearest.

JOE: Than' kyou, dearest.

KNOBBY: Say, Joe. Did you hear that Battler O'Toole called you a coward and a punch drunk pug?

JOE: In America every man has the right to his own opinion, Knobby. I am no better than Mr. O'Toole. God Bless America!

KNOBBY: It must be wonderful to be like you are, Joe. You make me want to vomit.

JOE (laughs uproariously): Teehee!

KNOBBY: As a matter of fact, you make me sick enough to lead me to something drastic.

JOE (again): Tee-hee!

KNOBBY (drawing a gun): I think I'll get rid of that "Tee-hee" for good. Sorry, Joe. (Shoots Palooka.)

JOE (dying): Than' kyou, Knobby. You know best. Than' kyou. Than' kyou. Than' kyou. (Dies.)

#### An Indian Discovers India

As told to ARNIE BALK

It is when you travel abroad that you discover your own country. I happen to be from India and from the day I landed in Norfolk, Va., a year and a half ago, it was assumed that I was an expert on the sub-continent's history, anthropology, mineral deposits, natural fauna, in fact—everything.

I came here under the delusion that I was going to learn what makes America tick (with a little economics, on the side), but I have not had the chance. In sheer self-defense I spend all my time acquiring an encylcopaedic knowledge about my own country.

The things I now know about tigers! Always I have imagined myself an inoffensive looking sort of fellow; however, there seems to be something ferocious about me. I say this because apparently the first impulse of people, on being introduced to me, is to ask me about tigers.

I was not quite so unfortunate as a friend of mine from Africa who, when asked about lions, was forced to confess that the first and only lion he had ever seen was at the Philadelphia zoo. I had seen tigers in India, but that was at the Bombay zoo, and at a respectful distance with some solid iron bars between us. And they were puny, undersized specimens compared to the ones I saw in the Chicago zoo.

To continue, due to the constant curiosity about tigers I have been forced to learn all about them. I know their culinary preferences, the regions they infest in India, the diseases they are prone to, and even their mating and breeding habits. Perhaps it is just as well, because if things become really desperate, I can always join a circus as a sort of cat-valet.

Another animal inevitably associated with India and Indians is the elephant. Apparently it is imagined that every Indian keeps one in his garage, instead of the Ford which is preferred here. As a matter of fact, I can afford neither, and keep a bicycle—though I have some difficulty in convincing people of this fact.

And then the complications which arise, because Columbus made a mistake. Last Christmas the little brother of a friend of mine became quite excited when he was told I was an Indian. He wanted to know whether I lived in a tepee and what had I done with my tomahawk. When the resulting embarrassment cleared itself, the child lost all interest in me, no doubt dismissing me as a fake. And this type of misunderstanding is not confined to the younger generation either. The father of one of my friends, a successful dentist and a prominent citizen in his community, asked me which tribe I belonged to.

This sort of thing can also happen in reverse. Once I was asked by the *Cardinal* to interview foreign students for an article. Prowling about the Rathskeller I methodically buttonholed Indians, Chinese, and other nationalities. In the process, my eye happened on a swarthy looking gentleman, sitting by himself in the corner.

I immediately went over to him with an ingratiating smile and effusively claimed him as a compatriot from India. I asked him which city he came from. He replied, in English, that he didn't understand. Taken aback, I asked him whether he was a foreign student. He said, with a smile, that he "was a real American—a full-blooded Iroquois." I in turn told him I was a real Indian and

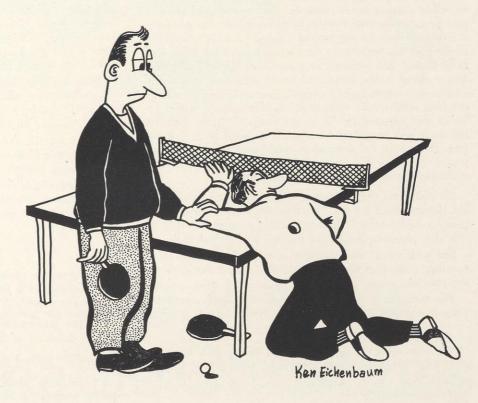
retired in some confusion.

This racial confusion has some amusing aspects, and other which are less funny. Small boys seem to find something irresistably comic about me, and many is the time, usually on a crowded sidewalk or drug store, some infant points delightedly at me and crows at the top of his voice: "Mother, who is that funny man?" It is usually embarrassing for me, but my embarrassment is mild compared to that of the mothers, judging from their expressions.

It is pleasant to excite a certain amount of attention—in fact, it has been quite flattering to be an object of public curiosity for the first, and possibly only, time in my life—but there, too, the law of diminishing returns begins to set in. Once, in Oshkosh, a waitress dropped a tray full of glasses at the mere sight of me.

It was rather late at night, and she had her back to me when taking our order. But, when she returned, however, she saw me face to face and apparently I produced such a devastating effect on her that she dropped the tray, glasses and all.

It seemed to me that her first im-(continued on page 22)



### ANTICIPATIUM . . .

#### The Chemical Mind Reader

By DONALD WHITE

If you're going to cut that 7:45 class, Anticipatium will shut off your alarm clock five minutes before it's set to ring. But unfortunately you can't go to the corner drug store and buy this great sleep saver. Project Anticipatium (from the word anticipate) is a secret research program at the University of Wisconsin. But this writer is fortunate enough to have an inside knowledge on this hushhush project.\* So by presenting this report the Octopus has scooped the daily newspapers. (Scooping the Cardinal is routine for Octy; I refer to papers that get news from sources other than quonset hut paintings.)

Since Octy feels that *Anticipatium*, the chemical that automatically turns on the light while the drunken student is still groping for the switch, is of such interest and value to UW students the editors have printed this article in direct defiance of university censors.

Last year *Anticipatium* was accidentally discovered by Jock Holden, ChE *I*. (This discovery nullified his zero test average, thus enabling him to pass chemistry and change his name to Jock Holden, ChE *I*.)

Holden was playing around in a Qualitative Analysis lab always getting tests for arsenic and chloride in a solution known to contain only silver. In true engineering self-confidence he set out to prove that silver is really a compound of arsenic and chlorine. In his research he concocted a blue chemical, *Anticipatium*.

Pleased at producing such a pretty, gooey substance, he began putsing around with it. (In an interview Holden said he *experimented* with it, but remember—he was only a freshman—so he just putsed around with it). Soon he discovered the substance had a very unusual property. It predicted his actions. If a speck of the blue residue was soaking in the bottom of a test tube half filled with a saturated solution and Holden began adding more water, the blue stuff would completely dissolve *before* the extra water was dumped in. It would jump the gun, dissolve before it was supposed to. And if he tried to fool it by just pretending he planned to add more water, nothing would happen. He just couldn't fool it. Apparently *Anticipatium* could read his mind.

He described the substance to his chemistry professor, Dr. Borum. Said Borum, "It's too complicated for a freshman to understand," thus neglecting to mention that it was also too complicated for himself to comprehend.

But with a true scientific devotion for knowledge (and possibly a crack at the headlines) Doc began research on the subject.

The compound could infallibly predict human actions. Thus if you add yellow paint to the blue solution, it turns green a few seconds before it gets mixed with the paint. If shot out of a sling shot it leaves the sling a second before the sling is shot.

It will also begin burning before you touch it with a match. Dr. Borum planned to show this pyrotechnic property in a demonstration before student board's Committee on Atomic Energy and Scientific Advancement. But this time the compound really anticipated the kind professor's actions. It ignited while still in his hip pocket.

Anticipatium also predicts physical phenomena.

A roof made of the material starts pitter-pattering five minutes before a rainstorm. (Weathermen, beware of your jobs.)

If a little *Anticipatium* is added when cooking food, it will not only act as a delicious seasoning, but it will also emit a stench a full three minutes before the meal starts to burn.

Dr. Borum believes *Anticipatium* can also be used in the fabrication of automobile fenders that duck.

Scientists are speculating over the substance's ability to prognosticate the actions and emotions of the most unpredictable creature in the universe—the human female. Incidentally, some progress in this line has been made. In a special interview for the Octopus, Jock Holden discoverer of Anticipatium, said he never goes out with a girl unless he has given her an Anticipatium test which, by means known only to Holden, shows if her body temperature will be extremely hot that night. Results are very accurate, claims Holden, but not always conclusive that the heat will originate from passionate emotion. One time a girl got heated up in his car, as predicted, but it was from scarlet fever.

Octy believes the government should let private business display its efficiency by developing that compound. It should not he a hush-hush subject. It should be commercialized so all will benefit.

Think of it! No taxes for the weather bureau. No costly dented fenders. And a billion other uses which only money-mad private business could invent.

Besides, we believe Jock Holden should be able to patent and commercially manufacture his potion which tells us how passionate a girl will be. (M'God, I hope he hurries up with it.)

The gunman rushed into the saloon waving and shooting his gun and yelling: "All youse dirty lousy bums scram outta here."

All the patrons fled but one mild looking man who continued drinking at the bar.

"Well!" barked the gunman.

"Goodness," observed the mild little man. "There certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

<sup>\*</sup>When asked about this inside knowledge, the writer admitted that a very intimate friend of his, a beautiful blonde chem grad working on *Project Anticipatium*, was his source of information. "It's really not her fault for letting the secret out," he explained. "She talks in her sleep."

### The Octopus Staff Joins Scrooge



in wishing you an Abominable Christmas

### l've got those Laundromat blues

By JACK STILLMAN

An addition to our cultural heritage has resulted from post-war conditions. The factors of high prices, a housing shortage, and the scarcity of new washing machines has made it necessary for people in highly populated urban areas to concentrate their soiled clothes in comparatively few machines.

Thus the rise in popularity of self-service laundries.

Two such laundries have entered the campus area, and because of this, cottons and linens of many a college-trained couple will bear the marks of mass-washing for years to come. I speak of the total disregard and contempt with which signs in the laundries reading "Please Sort Clothes Before Putting in Machines" are held.

For many a month I had thought that Gertrude and I were the only habitues who were blessed with multicolored T-shirts, socks, towels, etc., but on a casual tour of inspection through the Launderette a few days ago, I noticed that several of the little wheeled baskets contained clothes that had once been some other color.

I don't know the reasons offered by others, but I always seem to be too much in a hurry to sort my laundry. Even if I took the time I doubt if it would do much good.

My first mistake, about two years ago, was in dragging along a bunch of heavy (and extremely yellow) wool place-mats. It is my practice to take the laundry on my way to work early in the evening, stuff it in the machine, set the thing in motion, then run for the telephone to ring my wife who calls for it when it's finished.

"Number 17 at 5:42!" I tell her when she answers the phone. She quickly adds 30 minutes to the 5:42, comes up with a snappy, "O. K., number 17 at 6:12!" and we hang up.

What a hell of a shock she got that night at 6:12. Everything white has taken on a soft yellow hue. Blue things came out a sad green. According to Gertrude, the prettiest bunch of pastel T-shirts and wool socks that you'd want to see poured from the machine. A fellow I once told this story to remarked at the end of it, "There must have been some argument at your place that night."

As I recall, my answer was "No." I had no point to

Some months later the things that weren't colored yellow plus some that were emerged from that cleansing grew a delicate shade of green. I could never discover what caused it

Gertrude is an extremely orderly person who feels that even laundry should be typed, classified, and cross-classified. Our soiled things are placed in three classes. Class I is laundry laundry, or the shirts and sheets that a man in a truck calls for. Class II is made up of launderette laundry. In this group she files shorts, T-shirts, socks, slips, and "things that won't run." Finally, such things

(continued on page 19)



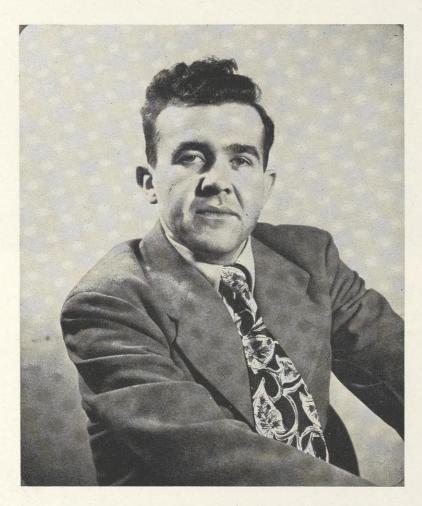








# MEET... The Italian



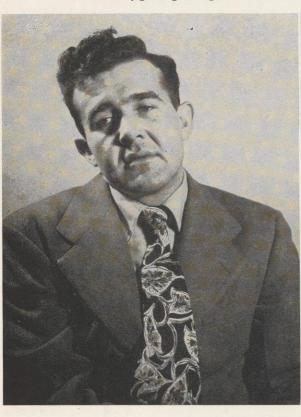
The University of Wisconsin is honored this semester in having the distinguished Dr. Eduardo Morganieri, visiting professor of Italian, on the campus. Dr. Morganieri arrived last month from his native home in the fifth ward of Rome, and is conducting a course entitled "Italian Literature in the 12 Century B. C."

We tried to interview Prof. Morganieri when he arrived but he did not know any but a few words of English which he had picked up during the occupation. We didn't know any Italian. As a result the interview was carried on with a camera. The results are herewith published.

What do you think of Ivy Williamson and his fighting Badgers?

Have you tried the Rathskeller coffee?

Would you Beauty?

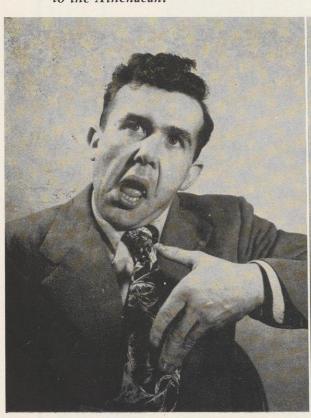


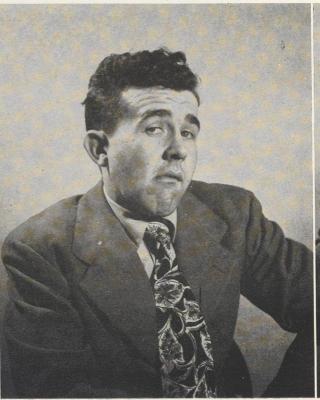


We hear you've submitted an article to the Athenaean.

Why do you think the Willows is so popular on summer nights?

Don't you should put







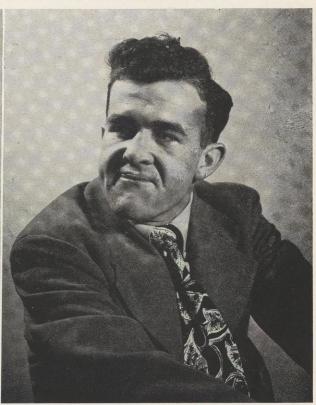
et a Badger

Of course, they're all either pinned or dated up solidly.

As an Italian, do you still enjoy dating University of Wisconsin girls?







e university this activity?

I'm told you could have named your own salary at any college in the country.

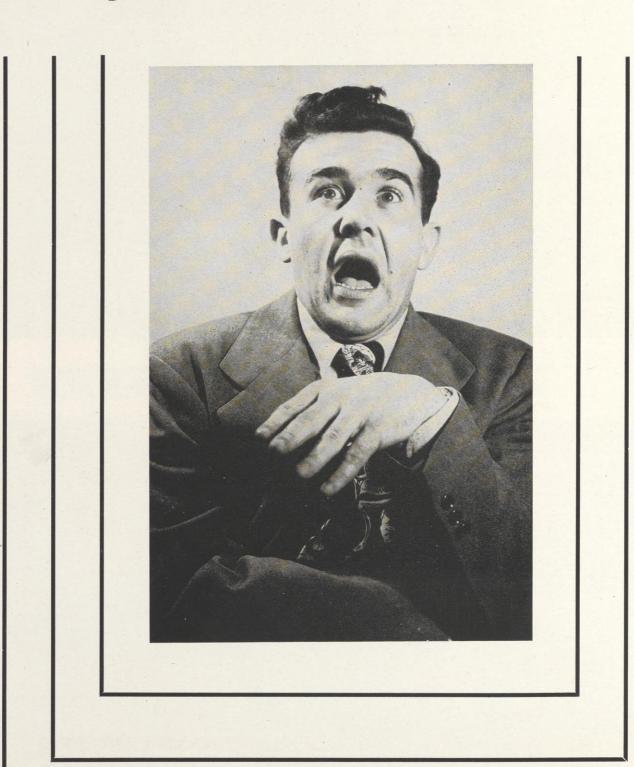
Of course, the Wisconsin legislature won't let the university pay you much.







# "...in fact they may not even pay you at all."





#### LAUNDROMAT ...

(continued from page 14)

as her nylons and "things that run" fall into Class III to be washed individually.

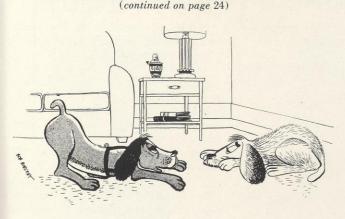
Last week I failed to realize that a pair of black lace panties went into Class III and took them along by mistake to the launderette. I now have at least one T-shirt that is a dull yellow with large blotches of green and blue (the pants ran blue, not black).

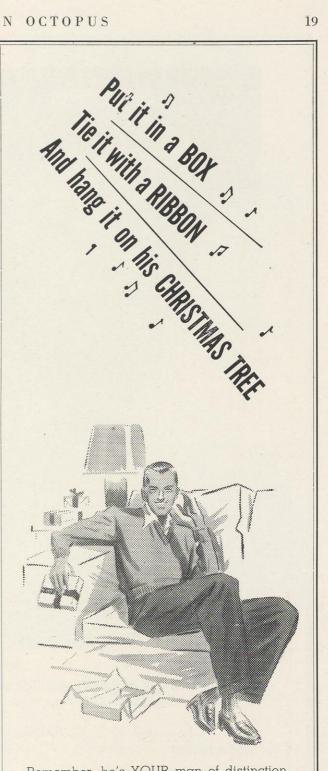
At the launderette the situation has reached the point where the attendant need not look at the tag on the machine in order to tell whose laundry is inside. He can look at the clothes through the window and say:

"This is Stillman's stuff. I can see the yellow, green, and blue T-shirt," or "I think that one is Dugan's. I recognize the orange and green slip.'

Another fascinating thing about the self-service laundries is the machine that does the extracting. I am a little resentful that laundry builders decided to assign a new meaning to the word "extract." A dentist extracts teeth, my uncle extracts porcupine quills from his foolish dog's face, and the miner extracts coal from the bowels of the earth, but you don't extract water from clothes. You either wring it out or you "flang" it out.

During my youth in a small town we had a neighbor, Mrs. Schleuter, who had what I believe was the original centrifugal clothes dryer. The thing was much similar to those in self-service laundries, but larger, more primitive, and not bolted to the floor. The term "to extract" would have been entirely out of place in the case of Mrs. Schleuter's machine. It "flang out" the water in a singularly violent way. I loved to go over on Monday mornings and watch her try to tame the monster. Mrs. Schleuter was a small woman of tremendous strength. She was absolutely





Remember, he's YOUR man of distinction. Put a song in his heart and a gleam in his eye on Christmas with a gift he'll wear. Here you'll find the accessories he'd select for himself . . . intrinsic quality . . . careful workmanship . . . good taste . . . plus the value and variety that hits all the high notes at low note prices.



22 N. CARROLL



Chosen by the Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

#### MISS AUDREY RASMUS

Newly pinned girl of the month

Presented by L. G. Balfour Co.
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DIAL 6-8883

#### **Buy Christmas Seals**



Help Stamp Out TB

Boy looking for an apartment—just a small place large enough to lay his hat and a few friends.

-Mis-A-Sip

\* \* \*

Daughter of first film star: How do you like your new father?

Daughter of second film star: Oh, he's very nice.

Daughter of first film star: Yes, isn't he? We had him last year.

#### MY TIME ...

(continued from page 7)

to expire and suggests that I might like to continue it.

Although I've never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Pratt face to face I can just imagine what kind of a man he is. He's probably about fiveten, portly, iron-gray hair, stern features but with a sly twinkle in his eye. I can see him now in the middle of a busy day's work pausing suddenly and turning to his secretary:

"Miss Jones," he probably says, "it's that time of the year again. I guess we'd better drop a little note to John Burke up there in Madison, Wisconsin. We haven't heard from John since last year."

And then he thoughtfully composes that first letter.

Along about October 9th I got my second letter from Mr. Pratt. And in this one he was in rare form. Mr. Pratt must spend a great deal of time composing his letters and this two-page offering dated October 7th is one of his best. He probably stayed after work one night and, after everyone had gone home, wrote this thought-provoking epistle.

"What strange events lie ahead of us?" he begins, putting the whole thing on a "man-to-man" basis; he reviews the events of last summer and observes, "It was hot—it was humid. And the whole world seemed to be waiting through the long summer —exactly for what, no one could be quite sure . . ."

Further down on page one Mr. Pratt continues: "And now—as more and perhaps even more fascinating months begin their march through time—who can name the clowns or heroes, or anticipate what triumphs or disasters they may bring?

"You and I know only this: we are sure to be surprised, amused—or challenged."

(Why, compared to Mr. Pratt Samuel Johnson couldn't even write a "thank-you" note.)

And later he reiterates that note of camaraderie tinged with a little flattery when he says, "... in months, ahead, I am almost sure that a busy person like you will find TIME more valuable than ever in helping you follow the pattern of the news, fit it together, make it all sense to you.

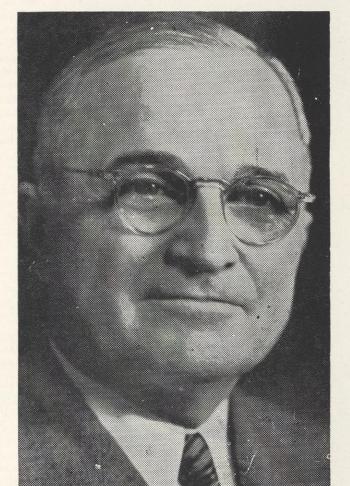
"No need to send any money now (he must have seen my bank balance) . . . check your preference card and mail it right back to me, please to-day."

(continued on page 25)

## PRESIDENT TRUMAN AND HIS OFFICIAL FAMILY



John R. Steelman





Cyrus Ching



Margaret



Bess

Wish You a Merry Christmas and a Happy 81st Congress (2nd Session)



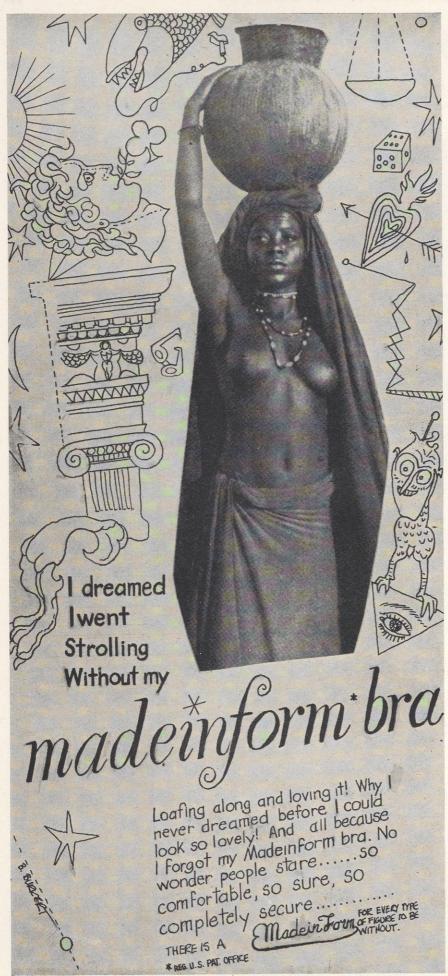
Tom Dewey



Clark Clifford



Earl Warren



#### AN INDIAN REPORTS . . .

(continued from page 11)

pulse was to assume a defensive position. But she recovered, apologizing to me on the ground that I was the first Indian she had ever seen.

But the most memorable experience of all was a little incident I ran into in Washington. The evening I got there, I got a sudden hankering for Chinese food, and asked a small Negro boot-black to direct me to a Chinese restaurant. Looking gravely at me, being quite obvious that I was something quite outside his experience and that he could not place me, he finally asked me whether I was a white Chinese or a colored Chinese.

I gave up after that and decided to find the restaurant myself. But, I had raised the scientific curiosity of the little boy and his equally small buddy. The embryo anthropologists followed me for blocks, audibly speculating about my ancestry. They had, it seems, come to the tentative conclusion that I was a tanned Chinese. I bribed them each with a dime to leave me alone.

Perhaps the incident I have related above is more ironical than funny, but I know I shall never forget it.

However, it is the incessant questioning that makes my visit to the United States so interesting. I am finding out so much about my own country. Besides tigers and elephants, tepees and tomahawks, other of a more serious bent of mind want to know about the uranium deposits in India, the origins of the Indus Valley civilization, the possibilities of selling radiators in Central India (where the temperature averages 100 degrees in the shade), and so on. Invariably I am expected to know the answers.

I cannot very well complain though. I, in turn, have pestered Americans I ran across in India, with similar questions. Besides, it is flattering to find so much interest in one's native country. Yet, I would like to find some time to learn something about America.

I think I have found the solution. When Prime Minister Nehru was in Madison he told the Indian students that we were all ambassadors for our country in the United States. I remember reading somewhere that an ambassador is a good man sent abroad to lie for his country. I fully intend to follow that abjuration and really see America. Besides, the truth is not always pleasant about India.

## A plaintive appeal to the idol of a kid

Dear Santa Claus:

I guess I can't blame you for trying to make a little extra money these days, but m'gosh St. Nick, despite the unselfish way you return your profits every Christmas Eve I still maintain you should be a bit more careful about how you gather that magic green paper.

Your mercenary antics are mighty confusing to the American youth. They undo all the good will you inspire

in your annual midnight sleighride.

Please Santa, consider the plight of my kid brother, Junior. All summer he reads nothing but "Joe Dimaggio eats Wheaties" so like a good little kid Junior eats his Wheaties. In the fall he eats his wholesome, vitaminenriched Oatmeal just as Johnny Lujack does. Then in December his hero, his idol, is you, Santa. And what do you tell him to do? Hmmph!

Every breakfast cereal out has a picture of either you or your reindeer eating their product. So Junior tries them all (at the same time) and gets sick.

Unfortunately your commercial atrocities aren't limited to breakfast food advertising.

Instead of buying presents for his family and friends Junior buys a carton of cigarettes of each of the eight brands that various advertisements said you smoke. You may say a little smoking won't hurt that young fan of yours, but when he tries to smoke all eight cartons before his parents discover them, I think even you'll agree that's not the desired end.

Of course you may say that the ad where you wore red flannels (though slightly undignified) might induce Junior to wear warm clothes during winter. You're right. He did wear them. And also like you he lacked sense enough to put something over the red underwear before going out.

You even scare the poor fellow by displaying those shaving kits. He thinks you intend to use it on yourself and spy on him disguised in a whiskerless face.

It's difficult to forgive those misdemeanors, although I suppose such things must be expected of you. After all you're a celebrity, a big wheel, our nation's Man December. You have a right to capitalize on such fame to earn a little extra money from advertisements. But there is a limit.

The end of my patience came today when Junior discovered that you were a man of distinction. Now my kid brother's goal in life is to do the same as you—do nothing but sit down with legs crossed and drink Calvert's.

Shame on you.

It's permissible to turn Junior into a nicotine fiend, to make him believe the family Ford could fly if Dad would only hitch an octet of reindeer to it, but it's going too far when you let him go to bed Christmas Eve expecting a bottle of booze to find its way into his stocking by morning.

And you're liable to convert Junior into a moral wreck if he keeps guzzling whiskey in his heroic efforts to become just like you, a man of distinction.

-By Don White

Dependable —
Since 1912

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#### LAUNDROMAT . . .

(continued from page 19)

fearless when it came to operating her "flanger."

The "flanger" (she had painted it fire-engine red) had two handles, one on either side at the top, and a long cord which gave it plenty of room to roam about while doing its work. I believe I learned most of the stronger expletives earlier than most boys because of my Monday morning associations with Mrs. Schleuter. It was exciting to watch her load the "flanger" with sopping clothes, slam down the cover, and grab both handles.

"O. K., Jackie," she would say. "Turn on the juice and stand 'way back, 'cuz I'm really gonna flang 'er!"

I'd follow her directions and stand pop-eyed as the machine built from a rumble to a roar and began to hop around the basement floor with Mrs. Schleuter pulling at it and tugging at it, and calling it every name she could think of. Finally she'd shout to me to turn it off, and as it died down she would stand there still talking to it. Before it came to a stop Mrs. Schleuter would jerk open the cover and begin pulling out the clothes as if the thing had tried to steal them, but had been caught before it could slip away.

She'd end up just shakin' mad, and Mrs. Schleuter when she was shakin' mad was a wonderful thing to behold.

Platonic love is like being invited down into the cellar for a bottle of ginger ale.

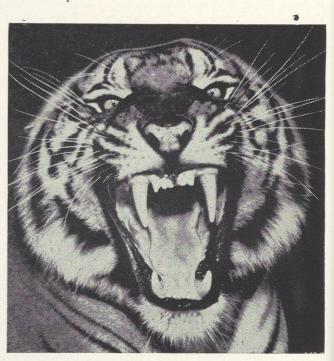
-Varieties

"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's O.K. buddy. We ain't arresting you for breeding purposes."

Youngster: "Do you know who was the first engineer?" She: "No, who?"

Youngster: "Adam. He furnished spare parts for the first loud speaker.



Henrietta Wiggen, HE 4, has just seen her Badger photo proofs.

#### MY TIME . . .

(continued from page 20)

After reading the letter it was all I could do to keep from filling the card out right then and mailing it off. How could you refuse anyone like Mr. Pratt—especially when he says such nice things about you? But I knew he'd stop writing if I sent the renewal so I held back and waited.

As good as his word he was back on October 28th and this time with an appeal to my economical nature. "Here's a way to save money that's simple as A B C," he opened, and soon he was quoting yearly, twoyearly, three-yearly and century subscription rates on the magazine. He was still "reasonably sure that in times like these you must need TIME and want TIMÉ more than ever." And I guess he was right, there; but then he went back to dollars and cents and 52 weeks, 104 weeks, and 156 weeks. It was definitely not Pratt at his best and at times his attitude seemed downright patronizing. I chalked that up to overwork, however. He probably resented it a little that he had to stay after work and get that letter off to me.

I had to wait until mid-November to hear from him again and this time he was the Pratt of old. You could feel that this letter was his labor of love. He mentioned sadly, probably with a catch in his throat, that I seemed to be dropping out of the TIME family. Like a father to a prodigal son he recalled all that we'd been through together and he told of wonderful things that were going to happen to TIME-readers in the coming year — things like auto wrecks, atom bombs, earthquakes, explosions, international incidents and all the rest. Finally he ended on a note of hope; he told me that it wasn't too late to get in on all these wonderful things and that if I sent my remittance off right away I could stay in the TIME family.

I read the letter over line by line and sat musing over it for several minutes. Then I went to the desk and made out my renewal and made sure it got into the early mail. I just couldn't let "F. D." down.



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<sup>&</sup>quot;Is this the Salvation Army?" "Yes."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Do you save bad women?" "Yes.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Well, save me a couple for Saturday night."

There's

#### Christmas Glamour

in our Gifts



#### LOU WAGNER'S

Flowers & Gift Shop

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Opposite Hospital

We want to wish you all

α

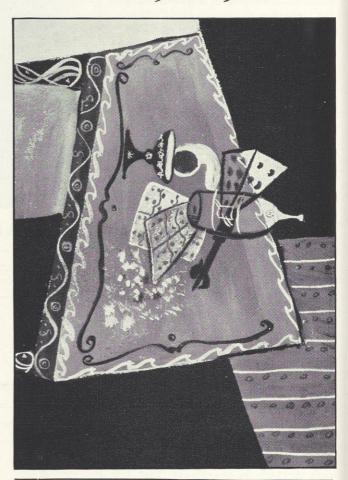
MERRY CHRISTMAS

and α

HAPPY NEW YEAR

MARTY'S SANDWICH SHOP

### Compliments of the Athenean





The best Christmas tree selection in town

THE UNIVERSITY ARBORETUM

#### DECORATIONS ...

(continued from page 2)

few sub-committees like a tinsel committee, a bulb committee, an ornament committee, and a committee on trees and other greenery.

ALL: Not so fast, Mr. Butts. We

can't write that fast.

RITA PETERSON: May I be on the tinsel committee, Mr. Butts?

DAVE NEWCOMB: I certainly like to be sub-chairman of the committee on trees and other greenery, Mr. Butts. I want my activities list in the Badger to be real long.

MISS PALMER: Porter, I'd like to be on the foods committee. I'm sure I could make some delightful cookies

and sell them at a profit.

BUTTS: By all means, Miss Palmer. I'm sure you could make a profit. (To the directorate.) People, we owe Miss Palmer a vote of thanks. It is partially because of the profit she has made in the cafeteria that we are able to spend so much on decorations this year.

ALL: Our thanks go to Miss Palmer! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

MISS PALMER: It was nothing. JOHNSON: I have just made up a list of committees for decorations. The decorations committee shall consist of the chairmen of all the decorations sub-committees. The following sub-committees are only tentative, subject to your approval, Mr. Butts.

BUTTS: Very well, go on Johnson. JOHNSON: The tinsel committee, the bulb committee, the ornament committee, the committee on trees and greenery, the Christmas posters committee . . .

BUTTS: One moment, Johnson. That last one would sound better as the posters for Christmas committee.

RITA PETERSON: I'm good at lettering, so I'll be chairman of the posters for Christmas committee.

BUTTS: Don't worry about lettering yet. We have to get these committee organized.

RITA PETERSON: Yes sir.

BUTTS: Who will make a motion that we create new committees for decorating the Union?

DAVE NEWCOMB: I move we create the aforementioned committees for the purpose of decorating the Union.

BERT LEPP: I second the motion. BUTTS: The motion has been made and seconded that we create the aforementioned committees for the purpose of decorating the Union. All in favor say "aye."

ALL: Aye!

BUTTS: Opposed? (No sound.) O.K., approved. The remainder of the meeting shall be spent in draw-

ing up the chains of command.

RUTH VILBERG: I think we should requisition some funds for the purpose of searching for new committee talent. We have to have publicity for the project, too. You know, like pictures in the Co-op window and that stuff.

BUTTS: That will call for another committee.

DON WEISS: I'm in J school. I could handle that fine.

JOHNSON (looking at Butts): Let's get these committees organized before we start worrying about personnel.

BUTTS: Right! (A waiter brings in coffee from the Rathskeller.) Ah! Here's the coffee.

(Smoke begins to fill the room as the members of the directorate ponder over organization charts and coffee cups.)

BUTTS (excitedly): Now look, people. This box at the top will be the directorate and beneath it we draw all the Union committees responsible to it. Let's see now, the film committee, the music committee, the gallery committee, et cetera, et cetera, and here is the house committee.

JOHNSON: And beneath the house committee we'll draw the decorations committee.

651 STATE

NEWCOMB: And beneath the decorations committee we draw the tinsel committee, the bulb committee . . .

(The curtain falls on Act I)

#### ACT II

The second act takes place on Dec. 15 after an extensive drive to approach new personnel for the decorations committee and sub-committees. The scene is in the office of the Activities bureau. Johnson and Butts are interviewing prospective committee members.

BUTTS: Your name again? INTERVIEWEE 1: Harold. BUTTS: Harold what?

INTERVIEWEE 1: Harold Tribune! Yuk! Yuk! I'm on the Octy staff.

BUTTS: You can stay there. Next. JOHNSON: This is Marcia Mikelo, Mr. Butts. She wants to be on the tinsel committee.

BUTTS: What do you know about tinsel, Marcia?

INTERVIEWEE 2: I'm a sorority girl and I'm always sparkling.

BUTTS (puts his hands to his head): You should be on the Octopus staff, too.

INTERVIEWEE 2: I am. (She is dismissed abruptly and as (continued on page 28)

**DIAL 6-6070** 



#### CCCCCCCCC

Merry Christmas

from

#### Sno-White

Frozen Custard
Sandwiches
Short Orders

Try Our New Delivery Service

Phone

7-2153

1425 University Ave.



NO COVER NO MINIMUM

Prices Within
Students' Reach

#### DOBBY'S

Cosmo - Club

WESTPORT

Seven miles from the campus on old Highway 113

#### DECORATIONS . . .

(continued from page 27)

she leaves, a breathless wild-eyed boy

BREATHLESS WILD-EYED BOY: I've just discovered that we have spent all our funds on publicity and committee organization.

BUTTS: Gee whiz! JOHNSON: Golly!

BUTTS (suddenly a man of action): Johnson, take a memo! As of the first of last month we shall raise the rent on all the student activities that occupy this building. Student board is only paying \$50 a month. Raise it to \$100! Raise the Haresfoot rent! Raise the Octopus rent! Charge Ray Hilsenhoff double! Jab the Hoofers for all you can get!

JOHNSON (applying the brakes on impulsive Porter): Mr. Butts, we can't do that. The directorate wouldn't approve and neither would the Board of Regents.

BUTTS (deflated): I forgot.

(The door is thrown open and a breathless wild-eyed girl rushes in.)

BREATHLESS WILD - EYED GIRL: Something terrible has happened. All the committees have done their jobs, but we are stopped because no one bought a Christmas tree stand and we haven't any thumb tacks for posting posters.

BUTTS: Good God! I forgot the tree stand and thumb tack committee.

JOHNSON (crestfallen): What will we do, Mr. Butts? Time is getting short.

BUTTS: I don't know, Johnson. But (his voice rings), we will find a way!

(Curtain)

#### ACT III

The fourth act takes place in the Council room of the Union on Dec. 17. The Union is rather deserted since most of the students have gone home for the Christmas recess. Two figures are on step ladders decorating a small evergreen tree. One is Johnson. The other is Butts.

JOHNSON: Throw up some tinsel, Mr. Butts.

BUTTS: Here it comes. JOHNSON: Thanks.

BUTTS: You want another red ornament?

JOHNSON: I think a blue one would go better.

BUTTS: There's a light out here. JOHNSON: One's out here, too. BUTTS: I better get Leon Lansing. JOHNSON: Yeah.

(Final curtain)

### They Flatter Because They Fit



TAILORED

#### SUITS

The camera doesn't lie,

people say . . . so we thought you'd like to see how our clothes look

in actual photographs
... how they will look
on you.

Stop in and see our Var-

sity Drape, the smartest
 suit in town. Note the new, wider lapels, wid-

er shoulders, lower set buttons and waist-line

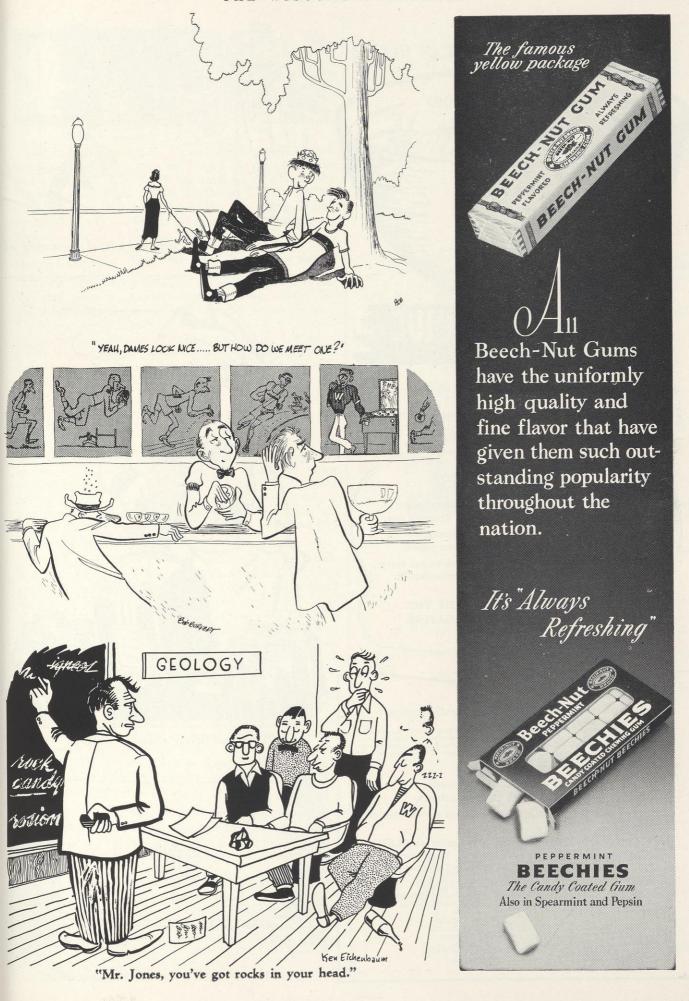
and longer coats. You will like it, we promise.

Suits starting at 55.00

#### **NEDREBO**

Custom Clothing Co.

524 State St.
DIAL 5-6690



#### RECOMMENDED BY DUNCAN HINES

Maybe the French DID invent fried shrimp . . but, if so, did they ever dream that it would be surpassed by the Hawaiian style fried shrimp served at

### WOODEN B

Marie A. Stanley We Feature Kathleen Curry's Delicious Shortbread Cookies

2550 University Ave.

Reservations 6-8025

#### **QUESTIONS**

A I'm said to be honest, in short, without guile; Change a vowel at the end, I'm a beautiful isle.

B Crops of the birds, an insect that hums, Run them together and up my name comes.

We're homonyms three, and to pick us out better, We're a noun and a verb and a capital letter.

> ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



#### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

- RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

  1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.

  2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.

  3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.

  4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry,

  5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.

  6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.

  7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.

  8. Decision of judges will be final.

OCTOBER'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A FILE in the title "The File on Thelma Jordon."
- B CHESTERFIELD. A form-fitting coat and a pleasure-giving
- C CLAUD POPE. A cirrus, nimbus or cumulus is a CLOUD. Change one letter and you have CLAUD. Sisal, manila and hemp is ROPE. Change one letter and you have POPE. WINNERS ...

We were in error in last month's Chesterfield contest; we are running the correct answers to October's contest, along with the winners at this time.

Ted Levine
Robert Wernecke
Dwaine Hubbard
Stanley G. Grant
June Hartenberger
Thelma Coffeen
Harold T. Schlottke

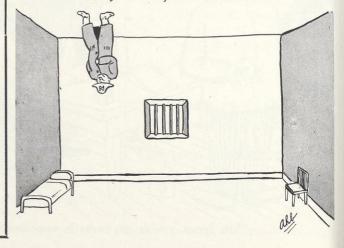
Herbert Glaettli
Gary Billings
John Simes
Mary Brus
Don White



"Here comes Johnny stepping out of thousands of store windows all over America.'



"I can just barely afford to smell it."





Bob Madigan over at De Longe's studio can be blamed for a great deal that goes on around the campus. If he had a glass of Calvert's in his hand we'd call him the "Distinguished Photographer of Dream Girls." Besides Octy, Madigan shoots for the Badger (including Badger Beauties); he shoots for the Co-op window, and he shoots for just about everyone else. Our Christmas Dream Girl on the cover is a result of his work as have been all other Dream Girls.

We can blame Arnie Balk for the cartoons from now on. The staff recently appointed him as cartoon editor. We did it for two reasons. He's a cartoonist (signs his stuff "Ahb") and he'd like to be an editor. Arnie is a junior from Chicago majoring in English and he once snubbed Bertie McCormick at a cocktail party. He claims he doesn't have Lincolnesque features but a couple of girls we know screamed when they saw him stand up.

MY MIND . . . (continued from page 6)

the daily papers (I'd never read anything except the sports section and Dow Jones before). At home I began to plow through my newly acquired library and made a pot of coffee to keep me awake so I'd have to take a sleeping tablet to get to sleep. At ten o'clock, after six cups of coffee, I dozed over Freud. It was rather a disheartening beginning but I persevered.

After a week of black coffee, cigarets, sleeping tablets and Dale Carnegie I began to show results. A twitch appeared over my left eye and by carefully going without my glasses for a few days it developed nicely. My digestion began to fail on the sixth day of treatment and I began to have considerable trouble sleeping even on Sunday morning. But cleverest of all I went to the top of the Empire State each day and gradually I was able to cultivate a fear of high places.

My intensive reading bore great dividends. On the 8:19 I felt a new sense of camaraderie with my neighbors. I could worry with them over the state of the world, discuss new developments in psycho-neurotic therapy or even regale the assemblage with a review of my symptoms. And now on the 5:27 I realized a new kinship with my "blockage-suffering" conductor; I could belittle his problems with an account of my own.

Finally the great day arrived—the day of my appointment with the psychiatrist. I had broken out into a timely cold sweat and my twitching eye was jumping at a great rate as the examination began. I lay on his cot, baring my innermost soul, telling of my fear of high places, my poor digestion, my worry over world events and my inability to sleep. Finally after two and a half hours of intensive searching and probing, he closed his casebook and walked to the window. After a few anxious moments he turned to me and spoke those words I'd been longing to hear.

"Smith, you're neurotic."

for a truly

### Merry Christmas



A fitting gift for holiday happiness . . . she'll love Claussner's flattering sheer beauty . . . they're size proportioned for perfect fit, longer wear.

> Daytime sheers 1.35 Afternoon sheers 1.50 Evening sheers 1.95



34-40 West Mifflin College Store — At the Co-op — 702 State



### Please read the Wisconsin Athenaean

We know the editor (pictured above with his distinguished staff as they select next month's material). It will make him real happy.

Thank you-the Octy Staff

### Before You Leave for Christmas Vacation



Round up the gang and come out to the CUBA CLUB for a holiday gettogether. You'll enjoy the best in food, beverages and companionship.

#### CUBA CLUB

3416 UNIVERSITY AVE.

DIAL 3-9981

Mother: "What are the young man's intentions?"

Daughter: "Well he's keeping me pretty much in the dark."

"I've stood about enough," said the humorist as they amputated his legs.

"And now, doctor, that I've told you I'm going to marry Anne, there's one thing I want to get off my chest."

"You just tell me about it, my boy."
"It's a attooed heart with the name
Mabel on it."

Three men were sitting around bragging about how much money they made in radio. The first fellow, an announcer, said, "Really, you know, I get paid \$100 for saying just three words, 'Duz does everything'."

The second fellow said, "How very interesting, old chap. Of course, my price is a little higher. I get \$200 for saying just two words. Those two words are 'Rinso White'."

The third guy spoke up at this point and said, "The trouble with you is you talk too much. I don't say nuttin' and I get \$300."

"Indeed, and what do you do to get \$300?"

"I get \$300 for pinching the girl who says: "Ooooooh, That Oxydol Sparkle!"

The main trouble with the straight and narrow is that there's no place to park.

—Covered Wagon

Great men are born, not made. Great women are born.

The tragedy of the flea is that he knows for a certainty that all his children are going to the dogs.

How many magazines does it take to fill a baby carriage?

One Mademoiselle, one County Gentleman, a Look, a few Liberties, and Time.

Student A: Where are you going in such a hurry with that textbook?

Student B: I just bought it and I'm trying to get it to class before it goes out of date.

"Is there a factory on that road?"
"No, that's the Lake road to the

"Then, why did that girl say that she'd been through the mill there?"



