

Wisconsin Octopus: Education of a frat man. Vol. 28, No. 6 February, 1950

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, February, 1950

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

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

For information on re-use, see http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright

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

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

WISCONSIN OUS

EDUCATION OF A FRAT MAN

S 0 ES C A R 00 N S H U M O R



254



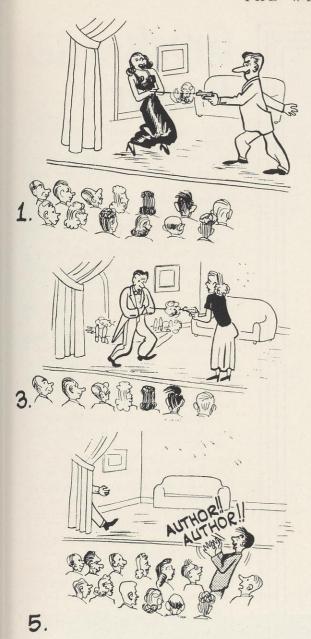
WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW . . . IT'S

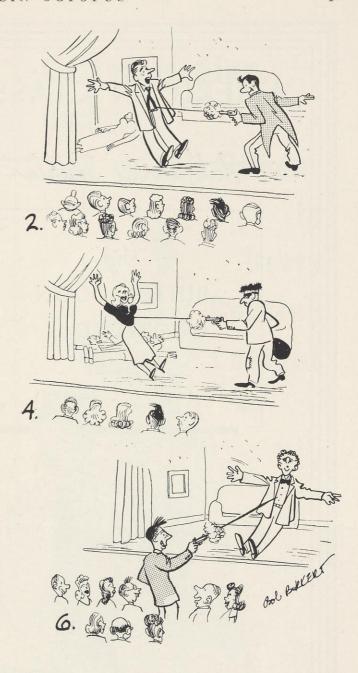
amels for Mildness

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

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!







Introducing . . .

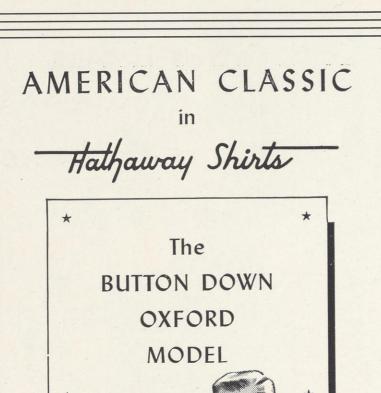
Rích Ríchard's Almanac

- Six weeks exams will begin this year, during the first week in March. Like the weather, the students who take their flunks like lambs will go home a lyin'.
- It is regretfully noted that for Washington's birthday, which falls on Ash Wednesday, the University administration tersely advises "classes as usual." Lincoln's birthday came on a Sunday; no, no, no: they can't take that away from us.
- Publicity wise Americans have taken to reminding themselves of things for a week at a time. However,

- after emphasizing religion for seven days, the following week's stress on the brotherhood of man will seem definitely anti-climactic.
- That Brink's hold-up, by the way, was not the perfect crime. To have been perfect, they should have driven off in a Brink's armored car and demanded a police escort.
- Judging from recent publicity, we feel we know at last what a grad student is—a senior who neglected to attend the WSGA Careers Conference.
- The tremendous concern for the terrific explosive power of the hydro-

- gen atom is beginning to have unpredicted consequences. So fearful are some becoming, at least three students have sworn off water.
- The Arnold Society for Air Cadets is busily preparing their "Take-Off Ball" scheduled for February 24. If that "take-off" business is a progressive affair, by midnight the dance ought to be very revealing.
- Some campus wheels, we understand, are bitterly opposed to the Annual All-University Photo Salon. They don't want their pictures to leave the Co-op window for a minute.

— G. G.



The button down shirt is tailored to clean perfection

by Hathaway

in a white oxford of fine-woven cotton. A quality shirt, through and through, at a sensibly low price.

\$4.50

MacNeil and Moore

MILWAUKEE MADISON
COLORADO SPRINGS

Greek Primer

Alpha—used to mean half of. Ex: Alpha pint.

Beta—synonym for "ought to". Ex: You *Beta* beat it before the cops come.

Gamma—baby talk for grandma. Ex: What big teeth you have, Gamma. Delta—used in cards. Ex: He Delta

hand of pinochle.

Epsilon—a laxative. Ex: Go, get me
a nickel's worth of *Epsilon* salts.

Zeta—to repeat a phrase. Ex: Zeta
again.

Eta—to devour. Ex: I Eta slab of horse meat.

Theta—to devour (plural). Ex: Theta whole cow.

Iota—a duty. Ex: *Iota* slap your face. Kappa—a pair. Ex: Those girls were just a *Kappa* of pigs.

Lambda—a pugilist phrase. Ex: So I Lambda guy on da snoot.

Mu—love song of a cow. Ex: Mu, Moo.

Nu-recent. Ex: What's Nu?

Xi—dialect. Ex: Xi in love? I is. Omicron—expression of pain when dancing. Ex: Ouch! Omicron!

Pi—the great American dessert. Ex: Give me a piece of cherry *Pi*.

Sigma—part of a warning. Ex: Watch out or I'll Sigma dog on you.

Upsilon—an explanation. Ex: See the acrobat. *Upsilonded* on his head. Phi—expressed condition. Ex: I'd go

away Phi had the dough.

Chi—slang for man. Ex: He's a helluva *Chi*.

Psi—what they do during dramatic situations. Ex: He heaved a *Psi*.

Omega—part of a prayer. Ex: Omega good girl out of me.

Overheard in a heated discussion between two small boys on a bus this Winter:

"... When I grow up I'm gonna get a hunnert million dollars and I'm going to buy this block and all the houses in it . . ."

". . . You mean you got a honest-to-God *toilet*, what you can sit on?"

". . I'll go home and tell my father and he'll throw an atomic bomb at you . . ."

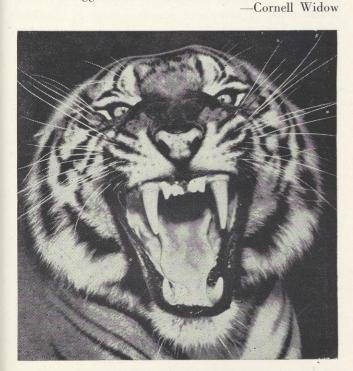
". . Your mother's dirty, ain't she?"

"... We have a battleship in our house ..."

"... Does your sister go out with men?" —Widow

Gizmo Joe

You may talk and race your motors With regard to ice cream sodas, And a double coke with lemon may be fine, But when you crave a beer you are out of luck, I fear, For the bloomin' beer taps close each night at nine. Now in Ithaca's hilly place Where I used to take up space In all the Gin-Mills, dumps and dives, you know Of all that mangy crew, the biggest sot I knew Was an alcoholic brother, Gizmo Joe. He was Joe, Joe, Joe You schizophrenic drunkard, Gizmo Joe. Though you say you're on the wagon, Your resolve is sadly saggin', And your elbow's on the bar rail, Gizmo Joe. I shan't forget the night When the fellows all got tight, And Gizmo Joe was tighter than them all. He was speaking with a snicker on the ills of drinking licker. When the fellows stepped away and let him fall. He was Joe, Joe, Joe A tank without a bottom, Gizmo Joe, You're the cause for lemonaders, And a boon to vice crusaders. You are nothing but a booze hound, Gizmo Joe! Yes, I know that down the hill Gizmo Joe is drinking still, Where they shut the beer off every night at nine. With a glass up to his lips, he'll be taking little sips, And he'll say the hell with you Jack, I've got mine! So it's Joe, Joe, Joe, You weary alcoholic, Gizmo Joe. You have licker on the mind, And D.T.'s are close behind,



You're a bigger drunk than I am Gizmo Joe.

Don Gehrmann, PE4, has just been informed he did NOT win the Wanamaker mile.



"Radio Is Our Business . . .

Not a Sideline"

EVANS RADIO SERVICE

Radio and Television Sales and Service

720 University Ave.

Dial 5-7322



Party 'Em Up

Do you ever think of those party games everyone used to play? My hands go all clammy and old wounds tingle whenever something especially nasty recalls them to me.

They were dangerous, you know—really fraught with the perils of irresponsible good humor. People were all the time falling out of windows or off tables, or tripping over footstools. A relative of mine has a plate in one knee and wires in the other from the time he played Musical Chairs; the host couldn't understand how it had happened, but it was explained to him in court.

In the days before I retired to my cork-lined room, I seemed always to be singled out for some leading role in mine host's game of skill.

"All you have to do," he would say, brushing aside my crushing statement that I was not a professional clown, "is stand piggy-back on Charley. Then, you see, we all race across the room. It's loads of fun—"

On my lucky days, I could pull a fairly convincing faint at this point, and was once or twice lucky enough to siphon off some adequate little chick from the merry rout to minister to my fevered brow and share the sofa and my amusement at the steaming mass of humanity that was punishing itself up and down the room in the name of gaiety.

But even if you could ignore the death and horrible maims aspect, you still had to admit they were just no fun. People always forgot the rules. Others would stand about and look blankly hopeful. And the host, with a fixed smile on his face, would patter nervously around the room, wondering what to do next. By the time everything had been prepared and the crowd arranged in circles, squares, and other formations, the players would begin dropping to the floor—sometimes from confusion, sometimes from exhaustion, and sometimes from mere boredom. The guests would leave, trying to make their protestations of enjoyment sound as false as possible, and the host would stand there, alone—and probably friendless.

I got quite expert at telling when a party game was about to start. People squirmed uneasily in their chairs; feet tapped nervously on the floor. Straws of conversation began to float in the breeze:



"Quite a wind today, eh, Fred?"

"Work and no play-"

"Hey, get a load of this."

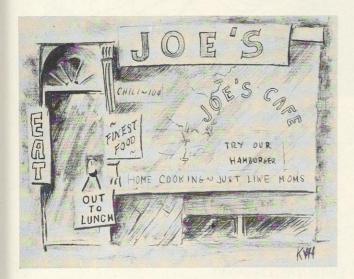
"Come on, be a sport."

I would be edging toward the door with my hair standing on tiptoe just as the storm broke.

"Let's play Tissue Races!" they would shout.

And after a few rounds of Guggenheim, crepe-paper cutting, and anagrams, everyone would have worked up a lasting hatred of everyone else, just as the neighbors began banging on the pipes. Sometimes I'd have a headache for weeks.

Some of those games have stuck in my already burdened memory, and are taking up room I could easily use



for something useful, like the multiples of nineteen. If I commit them to paper I may rid myself of some of the

There were Animal Charades. Someone crawled on the floor and pretended to be an animal. The idea was to guess which one; I generally said Goat, and still think I was right.

There was Cigarette Magic, which was not really a game but a trick. You had to have a partner, and there

was a code. . . .

There was a thing in which you all wrote down sentences at random, which were supposed to be risque when you read them together, and were, if you were determined enough.

There were card tricks and paper tricks and soap sculpture. There was the Old Hat Game and the Old Spoon Game and the Old Badger Game. There was—well, they aren't with us any more. All we can do at our parties is sit around and drink, sinking lower and lower into our overstuffed chairs.

Who wants amusement, anyway?

—Pelican

"At the prom last night my suspenders broke right in the middle of the dance floor."

"Weren't you terribly embarrassed?"

"No. My roommate had them on."

Reformer—And furthermore, hell is just filled with cocktails, roulette wheels, and naughty chorus girls.

Voice from the rear—O death, where is thy sting?

SAE: "Did you know that we maintain seven homes for the feeble-minded?"

Rushee: "I thought you had more chapters than that."

YES, IT'S TRUE

what people are saying!

—For the Best Food in Town It's

Leske's Steak House

- And at the Most Reasonable prices in town.
- Private Room for Private Parties.

Leske's Steak House

2827 Atwood Ave

Madison, Wis.

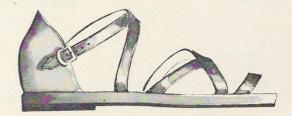
Phone 4-6853

OPEN 11 A.M. TO MIDNIGHT

We have them . . . the

Evening Slippers

you love, of gold or silver kid, with high, low or no heels at all!



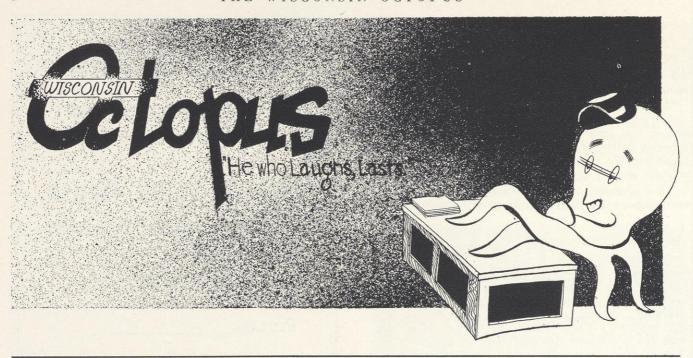
Allegro, a Town and Country "flat" of gold or silver kid. \$10.95

FASHION CENTER, SECOND FLOOR

MANCHESTER'S

ON THE SQUARE

STAFF PSYCHIATRIST Henry Wiggins



Staff	Contents	Page
Board of Directors	GREEK PRIMER	2
Dean Paul Trump Prof. Frank Thayer Ray L. Hilsenhoff John W. Boughton Randy Harrison	GIZMO JOE	3
	PARTY 'EM UP	4
	WHY I FAILED TO SWIM THE CHANNEL	8
Executive Editors John Burke Jack Stillman	ONE GOOD SQUIRT	9
	LUNCH AT THE HOUSE	10
	KRUMB SIX IS MADE A KIGMI	12
Advertising Manager Bob Sivyer	The Education of a Frat Man	
	THE HOLLYWOOD STORY	
Associate Editor Audrey Bland	SUGGESTED COURSES	17
Managing Editor Robert Burkert	BALLAD OF A NON-CONFORMIST	
	PSYCHOQUIZ	20
CARTOON EDITOR	MAYNARD WAS A MAGNET	23
Arnold Balk	ON ROOMMATES	24
STAFF Keith Bennett Bob Memmel Don White	Departments	
Herb Haessler Pat Cunningham	Rich Richard's Almanac	1
CIRCULATION MANAGER John Soevig	Henry Wiggins	3
	Two Men on a Truck	7
Account Executives Rae Segal Janet Cox	Dream Girl	11
	The Ninth Tentacle	7
Legal Adviser Galen D. Winter	Copyright, Feb., 1950, by the Wisconsin Octopus, Incorporated, 770 Langdon	a Street, Madison. Published

Copyright, Feb., 1950, by the Wisconsin Octopus, Incorporated, 770 Langdon Street, Madison. Published nine times during the year by the students of the University of Wisconsin. Reprint rights granted to legitimate college magazines if credit is given; cuts will be loaned upon request.

Subscription rate: \$1.75 (subject to change without notice) per year in the U. S. and its Possesions (except the Virgin Islands). Single copies, 25c.

VOLUME XXVIII

FEBRUARY, 1950

NUMBER 6

Magazine

- Randy Harrison, editor
- Jack Boughton, business mgr.

My lady, be wary of Cupid And heed to the lines of this verse-To let a fool kiss you is stupid; To let a kiss fool you is worse.

-Kitty Kat

He: "Do you neck?" She: "That's my business." He: "Oh, a professional." * * *

Sorority girls, most pleasing Will soon start wheezing and sneezing,

Cold weather is rough They're finding it tough— To show off their pins without freezing! -Froth

She: "Do you want to stop the car and eat, sweetheart?"

He: "No, pet."

Prof-Will you explain the difference between shilling and pence?

Delt-You can walk down the street without shillings.

"Joe has a glass eye, you know." "No I didn't. Did he tell you?"

"No, it just came out during the conversation."-Record.

"One thing I have learned in my long experience with the fair sex, said the sly looking one to his drinking companion, "is that you can't trust a woman with brown eyes!

"Zounds!" exclaimed the other, "I've been married for two years and it occurs to me that I don't know what color eyes my wife has."

He bolted from the bar and whipped home. His wife was in bed asleep. Creeping closer he lifted her evelid. "Brown, by God!" he roared.

Brown crawled out from under the bed and said, "How the devil did you know I was under here?



Schoenberg is never pianissimo enough for me.



"I'm switching to hydrogen!"

The Ninth Tentacle

Having spent approximately three and a half years in the University, and having taken recent final examinations, we feel we have taken enough tests to be able to classify them instantly into one of the four following groups: (1) easy, (2) fair, (3) hard, and (4) ridiculous.

The secret lies, of course, in observing the way the test begins. All examinations falling into group (1) start out with "Fill in the following blanks" or "Mark T or F before each question." All tests in group, (2) begin with "Identify the following:" while all those in group (3) start out "Write an essay in which you

Those strange and ominous questions which comprise group (4) always begin in one of the two ways; either "Trace the development ofor "Compare and contrast-". These are the questions which are neither fish nor fowl. They call forth only verbose ramblings and a fervent prayer. They demonstrate not what the student has learned, but his ability to improvise. We take pleasure in presenting, the Order of the Ninth Tentacle to any and all professors who chose to begin their finals in this manner.

A woman was shopping for a pair of pants for her little boy. "Do you want knickers with a zipper?" asked the clerk. "No, Johnnie has a sweater with a zipper and he's always getting his tie caught in it," was the reply.

Lad (looking through a telescope):

Friend: "Aw, gwan, it ain't that powerful."

-Yale Record

A bachelor is a man who never Mrs. anything.

She: (suggestively): "That roast duck in the window makes my mouth water."

He: "Then spit."

Girl: "What makes you think this is a night for wild oats?"

Hay: "Your eyes just told me sow."

An irate old gentleman rushed into a pharmacy, bottle in hand. He was bald, and two large bumps stood on his head, one on either side.

"Look what this damn hair tonic did to my head," he shouted.

The experienced clerk took the bottle in his hand and looking at the label, blushed and said, "My goodness, I made a mistake and gave you a bust developer.'

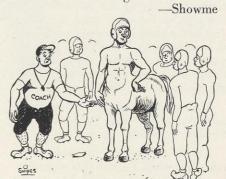
-Showme

Perplexed Oriental: "Our children velly white. Is velly strange." "Well . . . Occidents will happen."

A shoulder strap is responsible for keeping an attraction from being a

sensation.

A nice girl shouldn't hold a young man's hand. A nice girl has to.



"Boys, meet the new centre."

Why I Failed to Swim the Channel

So many of my friends have asked me why I failed to swim the English Channel this summer that I feel I owe them some sort of an explanation. You know how it is, the word gets around that Old Bernie is flexing his biceps for the aquatic marathon and the first thing you know the papers pick it up, and then where are you? Rather than wait for an answer to that one, which might take several years, I shall tell you where you are. You are sitting in the old composing room with a lot of extra sticks of type on your hands, and Old Bernie, as we shall have to call him (the Law reading as it does) is still dabbling a tentative toe and peering wistfully at the distant strand.

Obviously, this is no way to spend the summer, and rather than go through the whole thing again next year I will explain right now the events leading up to my historic decision not to swim the channel this year. Or ever, for that matter.

In the jargon of Hollywood, let us switch to the long shot and pan in slowly on the shores of France. The author is shown seated at a pile of flotsam, writing.

Tuesday, May 31st.

What a day! Arrived this morning at Calais and then by dog cart to Huille sur le Mer where I shall begin training tomorrow. Water looked cold and very deep. (Possibly over head?) But mustn't think of that. No one here but our party and I shall have plenty of time for practice. Saturday, June 4th.

Rain again this morning and this afternoon the water too cold for swimming. Spent the day going over maps with Jens Jenson, my trainer. It seems the current changes with the tides. At high tide, for instance, the current flows back and forth very rapidly. This is the dread Alternating Current, so trying for swimmers. At low tide, on the other hand, the water just lies around in stagnant pools and it is impossible to work. As Jens explains it, this means that at high tide I shall have to swim up and to the right. At low tide I just float.

Shall go into town for a few hours after dinner, but must be back early. Sunday, June 5th.

Jens is getting very irritable. Terrific fight when I got in this morning, he claiming my hangover has set us back four days. Nonsense, of course,

with the whole summer ahead of us. Schedule moved back now and will make the attempt on the 15th. Sunday, June 12th.

Working very hard all day. Did eight more columns for Scripps Howard and am now a week ahead. Dragged the portable out on the terrace and wrote in the sunlight. Many delays because of news photogs and didn't finish until nearly five. Splitting headache (absinthe?) must try to take it easy.

Later: Just heard in town that three Belgian swimmers had arrived and went over to their quarters to see them but all in bed. Whole town seems to fold up after midnight. Thursday, June 16th.

Very lonely here now that the Belgians have left. Papers say they made it easily but of course they have probably been swimming since they were eight years old. Would have shoved off yesterday myself but developed bad blister on my typing finger. Just as well, probably. Water full of jellyfish. Will go definitely on the 21st. Monday, June 20th.

Talked to Jens again last night and think I convinced him of the folly of making the crossing before the Fourth of July. After all, I think I know best whether I am ready or not, and if I tried tomorrow and failed it would just set us back that much further. Sunday, July 3rd.

Everything is settled. I leave tomorrow morning at 4:00 A.M. Englishman named Pritchard or Richards or



something like that checked in last night. No luggage. Curious. Wednesday, August 3rd.

Now that the Fourth of July is definitely out, Jens thinks we ought to try for Labor Day. He is going up to Paris tomorrow to buy some oarlocks for the boat as he says I ought to get in some shore practice sessions very soon.

Friday, August 19th.

Long letter from Jens last night. Ooarlocks vary scarce because of the war and he may have to go into the black market. He sounds very discouraged but suggests I send him 60,000 francs and he will see what can be done.

Went down and looked at the water this afternoon. Very crowded. 138 girls between the ages of 8 and 12 down here from some convent school near Nantes.

Later: Reporter from the *Daily Mail* swam over this afternoon to ask when I was going to start. Told him it depended on the tides. We had dinner together on the terrace and he swam back late this evening. Nice chap.

Thursday, August 29th.

They are hiding something from me. This morning when I got down to the beach there was no one in sight but old Miss Preem and a small child about 14 months old. Not a sign of the 138 convent girls. They seem to have vanished into thin air. Miss Preem says they may have gone back to Nantes but I doubt that. When I wanted to question her further she became very evasive and wheeled her chair out into the surf. It is all very mysterious.

Friday, August 30th.

What a laugh we have had! Jens came back this morning and we went down to the dock to fit the new oarlocks. Was he surprised! It seems the boat already had oarlocks! Well sir, I just wish you could have heard us laugh, those of us who were still able, that is. Jens was furious and kicked a 14 month old baby right off the dock. I do not think this was wise.

Later: Just received a nice postcard from Miss Preem. She reports a mechanical failure in her starboard wheel but says she can see the cliffs of Dover and expects to make port under her own power. A fine clear hand in spite of her 108 years.

Still Later: According to the BBC a large school of what appears to be schoolgirls has been sighted off Land's End. The Royal Air Force is watching them closely.

Tuesday, September 6th.

We finished packing this morning

(continued on page 21)

One Good Squint

Once upon a time there lived a man named L. Llewelyn Lewis and he was a good guy. He did not smoke and he did not chew and he did not go with the girls that do, and, in general, he was accepted. People who passed him on the street were apt to nudge their compainon and say, "There goes L. Llewelyn Lewis and he is a good guy all right." He did not beat babies or molest dogs. But he had one fault. L. Llewelyn Lewis could not eat grapefruit without squirting other people in the eye.

This was too bad.

Because L. Llewelyn Lewis developed a complex about it and you know and I know and Tom, Dick and Harry know that a man with a complex is a mean thing to have around.

L. Llewelyn Lewis knew it too and it bothered him. "Oh I am a mean thing to have around," he used to say.

As it turned out, he was right, but he didn't believe himself at the time as he was merely saying this to make conversation, after a fashion. You see, at this stage in the game his complex was only a *small* complex because the right occasion hadn't arisen to prove to him just how much of a mean thing a man who goes around squirting people in the eye with grapefruit juice can be.

Pretty soon the right occasion

He was eating grapefruit in an Automat and he hit a pair of Siamese twins who happened to be eating opposite him in the eye and they got up and beat him.

This was just the beginning.

A few days later he was eating at the annual Dinner of the Bipartisan Committee for Unified Planning of Community Projects and he squirted the guest speaker, who happened to be a Democrat and was guest speaking at the time, and the guest speaker picked up his grapefruit and hit Llewelyn, who happened to be a Republican, and a brawl ensued and Llewelyn was arrested for disturbing the peace.

He received criticism for this.

A few days later he was eating with a female associate for whom he had matrimonial aspirations and who happened to be wearing a rather low cut dress, and he squirted her right where the low cut dress was low cut and she got up and hit him in the eye with her pocketbook in which she happened to be carrying an alarm clock which was a present for her grandmother.

Furthermore, right about this time a man in Paris who set the fads decided that he liked grapefruit and pretty soon everybody all around the world began eating grapefruit three meals a day, seven days a week, as the saying goes.

L. Llewelyn Lewis could see that this general turn of events bode him no good.

Then one day he was sitting in his room, playing a stream of grapefruit juice up and down the wall with his spoon, when he decided to do something about it.

"Make the most of your weaknesses," said Llewelyn, coining a phrase.

He did, and one day he was invited to a big dinner party which was the climax of the social season and where they served grapefruit.

"Ha," said Llewelyn.

Then he picked up his grapefruit and his spoon and squirted Mrs. Clementine Dundee right in the eye. "Got you that time, didn't I?" said Llewelyn.

Then he squirted Mr. Horatio Furgeson right over the top of his pincenez.

"Touche!" said Llewelyn.

Then he squirted Mrs. T. Bromley Atwater and Mr. Osgood Beal and Mrs. Adelaide Greene all in the eye without breaking fire once.

Then he stood on his head and played a stream the length of the table up and down Mr. Alger Jones' mustache.

Now you might think that this sort of good natured fun wouldn't be well received in such stuffy society, and as a matter of fact it wasn't.

As a matter of fact it was so poorly received that Mrs. Clementine Dundee and Mr. Horation Furgeson and the rest of the stuffy people had Llewelyn thrown right out of the dinner party, which was the climax of the social season.

And no one ever saw hide nor hair of him again.

And that is the story of L. Llewelyn Lewis and his grapefruit.

MORAL: A little humor, now and then, is bilious to the best of men.

Yale Record



"Why John, we didn't expect you and that income tax report until the 15th!"

Lunch at the House

Now honey, it's all right." I said. But I wondered. Did they really have any social graces at all? Or were they just a bunch of aborigines in cashmere sweaters?

"But George," she said, "I don't want to put you to so much trouble."

"No, no. We've been through that before. No trouble. Besides, now that you've got my pin, don't you want to see the fraternity that it represents?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Guys bring girls to lunch all the time, and everybody wants to see you." But my words sounded hollow, even to me. I remembered the last time a guy brought his girl to lunch. Collins, I think it was. That was the day Ed came into the living room with his fly open. And that was the day the hashers put a mousetrap under one of the chocolate puddings. (Collins' girl found out which pudding, it was under.) And that was the meal when Barstow tried to slide the milk across the table to Collins.

"Yes, George," she said, "I do want to meet your friends. I know they all must be wonderful."

"Oh, they are, they are."

By this time we had reached the house.

Two of my brothers were sitting on the porch railing. They stared down at me with no sign of recognition. They looked surly, unfriendly and insolent. They looked at Ginny, too. I felt like Jack the Ripper arriving at a church social with Gypsy Rose Lee.

"Lunch will be pretty soon, Ginny. If you'd like to freshen up, the women's powder room is right in there."

I aimed her toward the door and went into the living room to plead for my life. "Please, Guys, could you keep it down a little, I . . ."

"Where 'ja pick her up?" asked a pledge I did not know.

"Jeez, George, what a build she's got."

"Yes, yes, I know, but would you all mind . . ." I felt her presence beside me. "Ginny, I'd like you to meet . . . what?"

"It's locked, George," she said.

"What? Oh. OOOh. Oh, it's locked. Pete, say Pete, would you try to locate the key to the powder room please?"

He loped up the stairs, jabbing at his dangling shirt-tail. I escorted her back into the hall and waited while Pete created a terrible scene upstairs about ". . . the key the women's JOHN!" Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, lunch intervened, and with a longing look at the locked door, she accompanied me into the dining room.

We sat down near the president because I thought it would be more quiet at that end of the table. Then I tapped on my glass with a spoon. This is the signal for quiet that is usually ignored by everyone. Today, a stony silence settled around Ginny and me.

"I . . . I'd like to introduce Ginny Moore."

They all shouted "Hello" and "Hiya, Ginny." This was supposed to make her feel at home. She looked a little like Marie Antoinette at the foot of the Guillotine.

It was the day the cook chose to burn the soup. The scorching instilled a delicate taste reminiscent of old galoshes, and brought on cries from the members directed at the house manager, sitting next to Ginny.

"Who died and fell in this?" shouted one lad.

"I told you to get that plumbing fixed. HAW? HAW? HAW!"

I wish they hadn't made such an issue of it, but it WAS awful soup. "I guess something happened to the soup today," I said to Ginny. "The cook usually turns out some pretty good stuff."

"Oh, that's all right, George. Accidents will happen."

And, as if by command, something did happen—in the kitchen. Something loud. It might have been a man breaking plate glass with a sledge, or a load of gravel poured into a bath tub. In reality it was the upsetting of seven trays of chocolate pudding.

The rest of the meal went very smoothly. I ran out of things to say to Ginny. The pledges suddenly fought each other with tomatoes and she watched with interest. But there was an odd, unfocused look in her eyes.

Since there was no dessert, the president soon rapped on his glass for announcements. This was the last ritual, and I prayed that common decency would prevail. The announcements included: a plea to stop breaking glasses at dances; a plaintive request for the return of someone's jockey shorts; a description of the entertainment lined up for the alum smoker; and a report on the forthcoming formal (a subject my wallet and I had carefully concealed from her), and the ordeal ended.

"Come on," I said to her, "we should leave if we want to make our one o'clock class." We excused ourselves and walked from the room.

"Well, Ginny," I said, "that wasn't so bad, was it?"

She didn't answer, but she slipped her hand softly into mine. The next day she transferred to Minnesota.

-California Pelican



"That's O.K., Jones, we don't expect bullseyes right off."

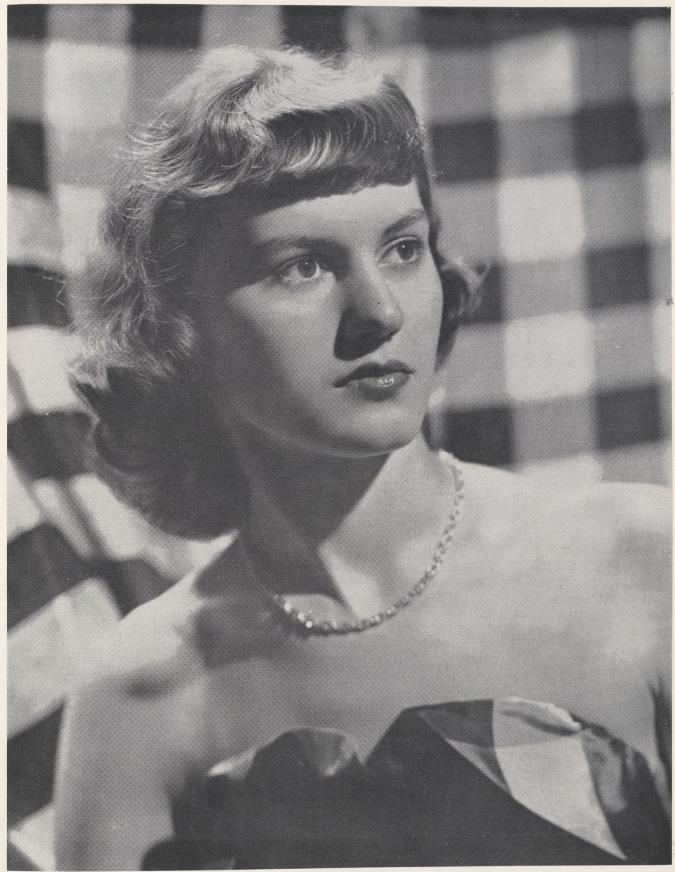


Photo by DeLonge

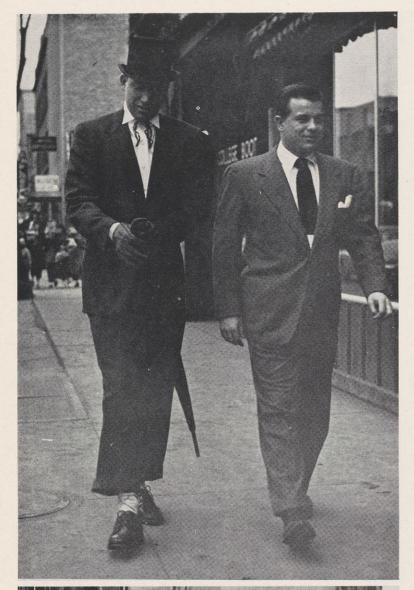
Octy's Dream Girl

Emmy Lou Garwig

Gary, Ind... Langdon Hall...

Pi Phi pledge... pre-journ. 1...

5'6"... 115 lbs... 33 - 22 - 33





PLAYING CARDS after lunch. Gambling and cheating are, of course, illegal.

STUDY SESSION (right) is held. Fraternity men, Marth learns, always wear white shirts with stiff cuffs.

COLLEGE FRATERNITY



MESSY BUREAU in fraternity bedroom is noted by Carpenter. It's his.

Krumb Six is

Krumb 6, pledge Bob Marth, is a short, dumpy sopho more who plays on the varsity marbles team. When Bol was first invited to the Kig house last spring the members were impressed by his athletic success. "But you could start a conversation with him on something other than

BEFORE TRANSFORMATION. New pledge Marth walks down a Madison street beside dapper Carpenter.





HOW TO EAT is explained by patient Carpenter, who instructs Marth.

Made a Kigmi

marbles," said a Kig admiringly, "and he could still talk sensibly." Bob liked the brothers, too, so he was pledged. Bob needed brushing up on a few points, but in a few weeks he turned into the self-assured Kigmi shown in the picture at upper right.

COMPLETELY TRANSFORMED, awaiting their dates for big "Take-Off Ball."





Photos by Haessler

GETTING CULTURE, the enraptured Marth (front row, right) hears a recital of chamber music in chamber.

The Hollywood Story

by John Burke

Scene: The oak-paneled conference room at Mediocrity Pictures. Framed photographs of various well-known stars line the walls. The venetian blinds are drawn against the dreary and wet Southern California day; but inside all is cheerful as soft fluorescent light bathes the room. Save for the framed pictures and chartreuse-magenta drapes the only furnishings are a long mahogany table with surrounding chairs. The latter are occupied and all eyes are turned to the head of the table where Manny O'Brien, head of Mediocrity Pictures, stands, addressing the group.

Time: Some vague point in the near-future.

Manny: And this is the overall picture right now. TV has got us over a barrel but good. The report shows it (all heads turn to the printed report of which all have a copy). We only made ten million net and las' year we had fifteen net—that means a five million loss. So you can see the situation's grim. I called you vice presidents in here for some su'gestions. Now let's have 'em.

First V. P.: (a round-faced man attired in a green turtle-necked sweater, blue sport coat, checked slacks and sandals. The others are similarly dressed.) Chief, I su'gest we try and boost popcorn sales. It's ob'ious we can't possibly make Mediocrity Pictures any better — why everyone knows they're terrific already — so how about upping the popcorn sales? We could even use a tie-in slogan like 'You can't enjoy a Mediocrity Picture without corn' or, 'As American as baseball, popcorn and a Mediocrity Picture.' I don't see how it could miss, Chief.

Fourth V. P.: Selling popcorn's a great idea — don't get me wrong — but I think we should make a big picture — a really big picture — a extravaganza (all lean forward excitedly and nod approval). But it's got to be sure fire, lots of stars, lotsa leg and lotsa music — we can't afford to take any chances on it.

An excited buzz fills the room when he finishes talking and each vice-president seems thoroughly taken with the idea, but the hum subsides when they turn to the head of the table where Manny stands frowning darkly at the Fourth Vice President.

Manny: Coming from anyone else but you I'd like the idea but after that su'gestion of yours las' year when you said we should pick up that

when you said we should pick up that mutt Lassie from Metro cheap—well, you been on the list ever since.

The approving smiles have all

The approving smiles have all faded and been replaced with glares as the other V. P.'s listen to Manny's words.

Second V. P.: What a turkey that dog's turned out to be. Nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble, ever since we got him.

Fourth V. P.: Gee, how'd I know, fellas? I just heard that he was temporarily a free agent and I thought we could get in and grab him for a 'song.'

Manny: Call \$2500 a week a song? Whyn'cha have your head examined? Third V. P.: (continuing attack) Why that refugee from the city pound was through year's ago. I'm tryin' to produce a picture with him now and it's mur-der. What a lush!! He's always late for work and when he does show, usually about 11:00, he's weaving like the congo line at the Coconut Grove. It takes another hour to sober him up. And when I su'gested he join Alcoholics Anonymous the other day he bit me. (lifts pants leg to show bandage)

First V. P.: An' that ain't all. He's in such lousy shape we can't use him for nothin' but closeups — and then only with a fur girdle to keep his gut from drooping. Why if he ever breaks into a trot he starts breathin' so hard they have to carry him off the lot. We even tried steam baths but they didn't help — he's too far

Second V. P.: I hate to bring this up now, chief, but seeing we're on the subject I guess I better tell you about it. It's just this: If we're not careful Lassie's goin' to cause us a lot more trouble. I've had one of my boys tailing him lately, just to see where he goes after work. Well the other night, I think it was Thursday, he trailed him all over town. Lassie must of known he was being followed; he tried hard to lose my boy, ducking down alleys, knocking over garbage cans, chasing cats, anything to try and throw him off. But he couldn't lose him and finally, along about 12 o'clock, he caught Lassie in the act, smoking 'reefers' with some bitch out in Bel Air — and worst of all, the 'bitch' wasn't his wife!

> All talk excitedly at once and turn toward the head of the table to see Manny's reaction.

Manny: (bangs heavily with his fist)
That settles it. We gotto get rid of
that mutt. Why if the 'feds' ever catch
him smoking 'reefers' we're dead. I
know the dog's got a lousy home
life — I hear he's married to a real
bitch — but that's no excuse. He's
gone too far this time. (glowers at
the Fourth V. P.) You and your
ideas. Now tell me, Mr. Smartie, how
we going to get rid of this barking
white elephant?

Fourth V. P.: (shakily) First thing, chief, we can't let the kids find out what a 'dog' Lassie turned out to be. It would break their hearts. I think we'd better send him to a sanatorium. Manny: (holding his head) Sanatorium, planatorium — that's not going to get our money back. We got a lot of dough tied up in this walking flea circus and we can't afford to lose it. First V. P.: I agree with you, chief, one hundred percent. We got to get back something on our investment and quick before the dog gets the D. T.'s or something. Whyn't we make a whole series of 'B' pictures and run him into the ground. At least we'll get something back that

Manny: (shaking his head) That's no good either. Nobody wants to see that hound anymore. Nobody cares about him anymore. He's strictly a has-been. He can't even draw if we put him on the same bill with Bugs Bunny.

Silence fills the room and all think hard as they stare up at the acousti-board ceiling.

Second V. P.: How about a personal appearance tour? We could send him all over the country with his latest

First V. P.: A trip would kill him. He'd drop dead before he finished the first leg and then where would we be?

Quiet again settles over the room and the five occupants continue to ponder Lassie's fate.

Manny: (jumping to his feet) I got it boys. I tell you I got it. Leave it to the old man to come through with a original idea when we need it.

(continued on page 22)

The Knight of the Pear

1950 MILITARY BALL

PRESENTS

"THE GOLDEN TOUCH" FRANKIE CARLE



Featuring

VOCALISTS

- DOLLY HOUSTON
- ALLAN SIMS
- BOBBY CLARK

Military Ball has established the tradition of being the most COLORFUL social event of the year. The 1950 MILITARY BALL will keep those traditions high.

Check These Events for the Night of the Mid-Century:

MARCH 31 YOU WILL BE:

- ★ Dancing to the "music with melody" of Frankie Carle in Great Hall
 ★ Seeing the Queen and her "New Look" Court of Honor
 ★ Meeting celebrities from all over the world

- * Enjoying yourself every minute of that 2:30 night!

FORMAL — EVERYONE IS A KNIGHT — UNIFORMAL at the

> 1950 MILITARY BALL **MARCH 31, 1950**

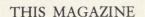
The Standard of the World Has Been Raised We Present

> CADILLAC and OLDSMOBILE for 1950

PYRAMID MOTOR COMPANY

434 W. Gilman

Phone 6-5406



IS A PRODUCT

OF THE



Campus Publishing Company

ATTRACTIVE PRINTING at ATTRACTIVE PRICES

Always Union

823 UNIVERSITY AVENUE Call 5-5759

"Mama, daddy isn't like other men, is he?"

"Why do you ask that, child?"

"Well, he just got tired waiting for an elevator and went down the shaft without one.

"I'm from the International Knitting Mills, Madame; are you interested in any coarse yarns?

'Gosh, yes, tell me a couple."



"If you give me a razor again this year, so help me, I'll rip off yer wig."

A certain radio announcer had charge of a daily Manin-the-Street program, his duties, of course, being to chat with people on the streets of the town in which he was employed. One day, a drunk staggered up to his microphone and said, "I wanna play "Knock knock." Seeing no harm in this, the announcer said that it would be all right.

"Okay," said the drunk, "knock knock."

"Who's there?" asked the announcer.

"Argo," said the drunk.

"Argo who?" asked the announcer.

"Argo to hell," said the drunk, chortling gleefully.

Immediately the local gendarmes collected and carted the ill-fated announcer away to jail. He was sentenced to five years for permitting profanity to be broadcast over his program. During his five years in jail, however, he made it his business to learn every "Knock knock" joke in existence so that such a thing could never be pulled on him again. When finally released, he returned to his old job on the Man-in-the-Street program.

On the first day of his resumption of duties, a very sober, staid businessman stepped up to the microphone and announced that he wanted to play "Knock knock." Sure of his ground, our protagonist said that it would

be all right.

"Knock knock," said the man.
"Who's there?" asked the announcer.

"Peggy," said the man.

The announcer thought over every single "Peggy" gag that existed, and finally decided that they were all presentable. "Peggy who?" he asked.
"Argo to hell," said the man.

-Windsor

I think that I shall never hear A poem as lovely as a beer,

A beer whose gently effervesce

Can seem so like your hand's caress.

I like both you and beer, my one,

But beer I think is much more fun.

I like the way it dulls my nerves

And makes your angles turn to curves.

I look through beer's warm lovely glow And all my inhibitions show,

So what care I for you, my dear,

When all I want is one more beer.

-Widow

Suggested Courses

(For those who appreciate the finer things in life)

323 Consolidated Statements (2) For after dinner speakers especially.

370 Land Renting Problems (2) Further explanation of the plight of second level basement dwell-

304 Rabbit Production (2) A course in higher mathematics.

3 Elementary Observing (1) What to look for and where to

315 Rapid Reading (2)

Prerequisite for Economics 1 306 Transportation (3) Scientific explanation of the raising and lowering of convertible

270 Wire Communication (4) Latest methods for completing phone calls to sorority houses at 11 P. M.

335 Ice Cream (3) For teetotalers and girls under

56 Minor Games (2) Elementary course in necking.

424 Paleozoric Startigraphy (3-5)

365 The Romantic Period (3) Life history of man from the age of 5 to 75.

233 Illumniation (3) Especially recommended for cha-

perones. 199 Distinction (credit to be arranged) For men of . . .

-Showme

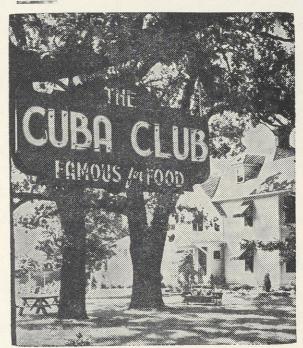
Next month . . .



OCTY surveys campus sex life in the annual "Manners and Morals" issue, on your newsstands in late March.

CUBA CLUB

Playground of the Big Ten



- Steaks
- Chicken
- Sea Food

Try our Student Delight and French Fried Shrimp Student Prices

3416 University Ave. Dial 3-9981



658 State St.

Collegiate Apparel

for

MEN

Stop in now and see our completely new selection of Repp Ties and fine array of oxford and broadcloth shirts.

WOMEN

Starting this month see our distinctive and smartly styled spring fashions. Sweaters Skirts Blouses

Bruce & Co.

Edwin O. Olson & Son - Men's Wear

- Capps and Hyde Park Clothing
 - Nunn-Bush and Edgerton Shoes
 - Jayson Shirts & Pajamas
 - Phoenix Sox & Knit Ties
 - Wembley Neckwear

EDWIN O. OLSON & SON

Men's Wear
718 STATE 720

AVOID THE RUSH AT THE LIBRARY!

Check our large stock of reference books in all fields of study.

STUDENT BOOK STORE

The Bookstore Nearest the Campus

Ballad of a Non-conformist

Oh, once upon a time there lived, In ignorance and bliss, A college man whose firm resolve In life was simply this:

"I shall not tread where others lead, Nor toe the minion's mark, I'll try instead to turn my head To paths unknown and dark.

"I'll clear new roads in science, and
I'll pioneer in fashion.
I'll show this rut-bound world new kinks
In pastry and in passion.

"Too long has custom dogged and staled The family of nations. I come! My banners blaze these words: "Beware all imitations!"

You're right! A person known to speak
In such exalted phrases,
Is only found in Ballad verse,
The type your mother praises.

And sometimes English Majors, wrapped,
In culture, knowledge spewing,
Cast deathless prose upon the flood
And know not what they're doing.

But this verbose young man, cock-sure
And scornful of tradition,
Knew in his soul, instinctively,
He'd reach his great ambition:

To innovate, initiate,
Induct, and introduce,
Inauguarte, and instigate,
Indoctrinate, induce

New ways of life, new trends of thought, New days of peace and hope. He'd take the dirty world and clean Its face with Ivory soap.

He'd dump the old, and make things shine
Again on every side.
In short, an intellectual
Of pure and spotless hide.

Did I say spotless? Well, it may
Be that I said too much. On
Far more than one night I've heard of
The blot on his escutcheon.

His father went to college, too,
But wait! *That's* not the blot.
His parent's record, so I hear,
Does not impress a lot.

When raccoon coats were all the rage,
His daddy took to wearing 'em,
When all the lads were hipped on flasks,
His daddy started bearing 'em.

His daddy said "Yea, bo!" when that Was all the raging style,

His daddy twenty-three skidoo'ed Each yap within a mile.

But all that's in the past, and now Is no time to look back.

Our hero rises from his couch As dawn begins to crack.

"I'm off to classes now," he smiles,
"My new life now shall start,

This moment hence, the shackles of A slavish life depart."

He dresses, as he sings a tune,

(No time for yawn nor frown!) In dark gray slacks, white socks, and shirt

With collar buttoned down. He knots his black knit tie, and dons

A coat of corduroy.

But what is this? What goes? What gives? What's happened to our boy?

He chokes, he falls, his face cerise And twelve assorted hues,

"I'm ruined" he screams "Some fiend has cleaned

My dirty buckskin shoes!"

—Penn Pics



"Another legacy!"



YOUR 1950 MILITARY BALL QUEEN

in

A Gown Designed and Made By

THE BRIDAL SHOP

507 STATE ST.

DIAL 6-8681

Order Your Gowns Early For All Coming Social Events

OUESTIONS

- If you locate me, you'll see this modern age, Add a furry friend who lurks upon the back page.
- Where the dogwood grows you'll find me too, Believe me, solver, I'm pale in hue.
- What's the smoke that satisfies? Simple as A B C, Look at the frame's initial lines; its slogan is in 1, 8, 3.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



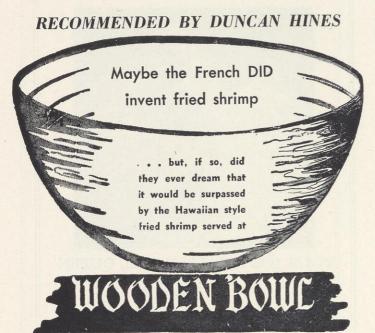
RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

- Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
 Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
 First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
 Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
 Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
 Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
 All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
 Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A BARBARA HALE. An arrow is a "barb"; a constellation is "Ara"; hearty is "hale."
- B THE FIGURE 4, is made by the manner in which the Stork's legs are crossed.
- C MULLINS. To heat and spice is "mull." Add taverns (inns) and the whole answer becomes Mullins.

WINNERS . . . Shirley Rapoport, Jane Moe, Jerry Scheibl, Don Smithana, Ruth Walker, Ellen Fuller, Charles Boehm.



Marie A. Stanley We Feature Kathleen Curry's Delicious Shortbread Cookies Reservations 6-8025 2550 University Ave.

> She'll Appreciate You MORE If You Send Her FLOWERS



LOU WAGNER'S

Flower & Gift Shop

1313 University Ave.

7-1938

OPPOSITE HOSPITAL

Psychoquiz

The latest Norwalk fashion communique reports that more and more college students are wearing their jacket sleeves much longer these days tied with a simply mad little bow knot in back.

And just how do you know you're not whammier than an outhouse mouse? Have you had the ink blot, beer stain, or argyle association test? Have you seen your psychiatrist in the last 10 minutes?

For students who fear for missing marbles, for men who don't want to be merely half-safe, Dr. Libido McCouch, an unfrocked psyhologist, has designed a self-test. The test has proved a boon to both freshmen and people in determining their social aptitude, in unearthing long-buried phobias and old bones, and in separating the nuts from the bolts. It can also be folded into a tres chic three-cornered hat.

Simply put both of your pointed heads together, search your clammy little soul, and answer the following psychologically significant questions fearlessly. Remember, guessing is as likely to lower your ego as raise it.

1. Do you ever feel the exquisite desire to slap your professor across the face with a wet fish?

2. Do you sometimes sense the presence of racoons or ocelots skulking beneath your bed at night?

3. Do you ever feel the urge to bite the ankles of passing co-eds?

4. (a). Do you drink coffee in the Union because you like it or because it's the smart, sophisticated think to do? (b) Do you ever suspect that people are trying to poison you?

5. Do you blush, stammer, or hide your head in a mason jar when you hear the words, sextette, sexton, brazier, sweater?

6. Do you believe people are here to stay? (Or do you suffer from atamphobia?)

7. Pick out the word that doesn't fit: convertible, fraternity, ravishing blondes, parking ticket, salami.

8. As a child, were you ever frustrated by being rashly deprived of your garrotting rope, halberd, meat axe, or other plaything?

9. Do you think television will ever replace the wife? How to rate yourself: Don't bother-merely by answering the questions you have indicated that you're in doubt about yourself. That's enough to get you a priority on a quilted room in some nice quiet place.

—Wampus



WHY I FAILED-

(continued from page 8)

and took the boat back to England. Naturally, I feel a little disappointed now that it's all over. They say I was almost hysterical when they finally pushed me into the water. I don't know. All I know is they never could have done it if the boat hadn't been heavily greased. Fortunately we were still within sight of land. . . . I think it was the tides that beat me.

A funny thing happened this afternoon. Just after we docked, a small child not more than 14 months old thrashed into the harbor, staggered up the ladder, and flopped down gasping at the end of our pier. I looked over at Jens. He nodded his head. It was no place to leave a baby. Together we walked to the end of the dock.

I'm not sure yet how it all happened, but just as we reached the child he uttered a moist gurgle and slipped over the side. He was badly waterlogged at the time and I remember the thought flashed through my mind, "He'll never come up!"

I waited around for a while to make sure and then we went back to the hotel. Somehow I felt we had done the right thing.

Columbia Jester

* * *

"I saw you running to work alongside your bicycle."

"Yeah, I was late and didn't have time to get on."

* * *

His toes curled in the black soil. It was marvelous to feel the good cool earth beneath his feet again. Tenderly he bent down and crumbled a sod between his fingers. A man was a fool to leave the land. He thought of the city with loathing. All it had brought him was unhappiness and sorrow, but that was over. He was back to his first love-the earth. For a while he was motionless in silent contemplation; a prayer of thanksgiving rose from his heart. Once more he was a part of Nature. A voice called, "Dinner's ready." He sighed. Slowly and reluctantly he took his feet out of the flower pot.—Thoreau
—The Colgate Banter

* * *

Beautiful girl, nicknamed Jan,
Lustrous hair, calves of tan,
Lovely ankles, cute little toes
Exotic figure, glamorous clothes,
Gorgeous eyes, soft smooth hands,
Why in the hell can't she get a man?
It does seem strange, but—Holy
Moses,

I guess it's because she has three noses.



Chosen by the Octy staff

Photo by DeLonge

Elza Dent

Newly pinned girl of the month

Presented by L. G. Balfour Co.

260 Langdon

Dial 6-8883

TYPEWRITERS

Rented—Repaired Sold—Exchanged Special Student Rental Rates

See! the Royal Portable with "Magic Margin"—speed spacer and many other exclusive features.

We service and sell all makes of pens.

MADISON TYPEWRITER CO.

639 STATE ST.

Typewriter Service Since 1910

DIAL 6-4352



Make A Hit with Your Date for MIL. BALL . . . a Corsage from



RENTSCHLER'S!

RENTSCHLER FLORAL CO.

230 STATE ST. Dial 5-8885

Taste our Home-made Pies, Cakes, Rolls 616 University Ave. 1317 University Ave. 512 E. Wilson St. and other pastries

Marty's Sandwich Shop

HOLLYWOOD STORY-

(continued from page 14)

(points at Third V. P.) Didn't you tell me the other day you had two, three good stand-ins for Lassie? (Third V. P. nods) Well, pick the best looking one of the bunch and get him ready for a picture - a really big picture. Call Natalie Kalmus on the phone, I want it in Technicolor with Rita Hayworth, June Allyson, Clark Gable, Lana Turner — borrow anybody you need. I want lotsa music get two or three bands — lotsa girls, lotsa leg, lotsa songs — get Cole Porter to do the score (seeing their puzzled expressions Manny leans forward) Boys, we're going to do The Lassie Story!

Everyone leaps to their feet and cries of "Sensational", "Terrific", "Greatest Idea of the Century", etc. fill the air.

Manny: (quieting the room with a glance and turning to the Third V. P. again) Get this stand-in ready quick, now. I want you to rehearse him night and day. Fix him up to look as much like Lassie as Lassie. The voice will be different but we can dub in Lassie's bark on the sound track. It's the greatest idea in the history of Mediocrity Pictures.

Uproar breaks out again. First V. P.: (shouting above the noise) A really original idea, chief, really great, and after we finish this we can do a sequel and call it Lassie Barks Again.

> Pandemonium takes over and all join hands and dance around the table as the curtain descends.

The couple had just been rescued from a tiny island after three days and nights. The girl extended her hand to the man and said: "Charlie. you're a dear, and thanks for being such a gentleman. Too bad you didn't know this gun was empty."

House Mother: "I though I saw you taking a gentleman up to your room last night, Miss Smith."

Heller: "Yeah, that's what I thought

First Cow: "Where are the rest of

Second Cow: "They're over in the other pasture having a bull session."

Beta: "Your girl is spoiled, isn't

Sigma Chi: "Nah, that's just the perfume she's wearing."

—Bearskin



"You, too, will like the fresh, minty flavor and relaxing refreshment of Beech-Nut Gum"



Maynard Was a Magnet

It was back in 1938 when I first met Maynard Blatz. He had just knocked me down with a maroon Cadillac, and I noticed how the car glittered in the noon-day sun as he got out to pick me up.

"Whatsa matter," he said gently, "ya blind or something?"

(I was to learn later that this was typical of Maynard. He had a kind word for everyone—no matter how hard he had hit them.)

I nonchalantly brushed the dust off my lapel, thanked him for his services and started to walk away.

"Hey, just a minute there," he yelled. "Tryin' to make off with my headlight, heh?" He strode towards me and plucked his headlight, which, unbeknownst to me, was imbedded in my forehead.

Yes, that was my first encounter with Maynard Blatz, but I new in an instant that we were to meet again.

I was right. It was a night in France, 1944. I had wisely spent the past several hours in a fox hole, a safety measure I had picked up from my colonel. The Germans were using bullets that night, and I was thinking that life could be beautiful, when I looked up to find I was sharing my fox hole with a medium tank. The hatch opened and Maynard popped out.

"You think this fox hole is a private hotel room?" he said with his usual buoyancy. He crawled down from the tank, caressing it fondly. "Move your fanny," he said.

He pushed me gently out of the fox hole and curled up under the tread to go to sleep.

That guy sure has a personality, I thought to myself, as I tramped aimlessly in the direction of No Man's Land.

I saw him a few days later. He had won the Congressional Medal of Honor for his "heroic stand against the enemy in a fox hole." I was a little surprised, because when I had left him there, he wasn't standing or even sitting.

"Congratulations," I said to him, "for winning the Congressional Medal

of Honor for your heroic stand in my fox hole."

"Medal, Schmedal," he replied phonetically. "A guy can't even catch a little shut-eye around this place. I lie down under my tank to catch a few winks, and what happens? Some brass wakes me up and pins a medal on me. They said I was the only guy who didn't retreat, or something."

I didn't see Maynard again until after the war. He was selling war surplus in a little store just off Hennepin. I walked in one day because I wanted to buy a ski cap.

"Do ya ski?" he asked.

"No, not exactly. I just want a ski cap."

"No ya don't. You just think ya do. What you really want is a pair of hip boots." "No, honest, just a ski cap." I tried hard not to offend, as I had heard he was extremely sensitive.

"Sheddup the mouth," he snapped. (He snapped like that frequently.) "Ya think this is a self-service place or something? You'll take what I give ya." He pushed the hip boots into my outstretched palms. I put them on while he reached in my pocket to empty my billfold.

Maynard and I met just once more —only two weeks ago, as a matter of fact.

I was riding in a taxi when I spotted him shooting out street lights with a BB gun.

Honest, folks, I don't know what possessed me, but somehow I said to the taxi driver, "Say, old bean, would you mind veering from your course a wee bit so as to run over that chap with the BB gun?

"Sure thing, Mister," the cabbie replied. He seemed like an obliging fellow.

The cab wasn't hurt much by the impact, except that it lost a headlight. But we found it later, lodged in Maynard's forehead.

-Ski-Uh-Mah



CAL

Is back to
entertain you nightly
at the
Hammond Organ

STEAKS — CHICKEN — SEA FOOD

Student groups are invited to reserve our beautiful Pine Room for your private parties.



2615 Sherman Ave.

Dial 4-9938

TASTE

our
SANDWICHES
and FOOD

and
TRY OUR NEW
DELIVERY SERVICE
at

Sno-White

FROZEN CUSTARD
SANDWICHES
SHORT ORDERS

7-2153

1425 University Avenue



NO COVER
NO MINIMUM

Prices Within
Students' Reach

DOBBY'S

Cosmo - Club

WESTPORT

Seven miles from the campus on old Highway 113

On Roommates

The night my roommate fell out the window and broke his collarbone I decided to ignore him altogether. My other roommate had just poured himself a bottle of beer and when the accident happened, he said "Oops," and looked at me briefly. I kept staring at my book. "Richard's fallen out the window," my other roommate said.

"He's just trying to be funny," I said. "He's been trying to be funny all night. Just ignore him." "You don't suppose he's hurt himself, do you?" said my roommate. "After all, that's a long way to fall. I'd hate to have to do it." He took a drink of beer and shook his head thoughtfully. "Yes, sir, Jim, I'd sure hate to have to fall out the window tonight. Just not up to it. Been feeling rotten all day. Think I'm getting the ague. Started to shake in philosophy class this afternoon and shook so hard I couldn't hear the lecture. Fellow next to me tapped me on the shoulder and asked to please stop shaking and I told him, have you ever tried to stop shaking when you're shaking? There's nothing you can do about it. You just have to sit there and shake."

"Yes," I said, reading the same paragraph for the fourth time. "You might just as well reconcile yourself to the fact that you're going to shake until you stop, that's all."

"Exactly," said my roommate. Then he added, "I wonder if Richard fell out the window on purpose. Hadn't we better look out and see if he's all right? It's been several minutes since he fell and I haven't heard him crawling out of the moat yet." "Listen," I said, "he's just lying down there not moving because he thinks he's going to get a rise out of us. The only way to handle him is to let him alone. He'll come out when he gets tied."

"Yes, but don't you think-" said

LIFE SAVER JOKE OF THE MONTH:

"Honey, ah loves yo bathin' suit!"
"Sho' nuff?"

"It sho' does!"

This month's winner:

EVELYN FRANDSEN

my roommate. He took another drink of beer. "I guess you're right," he said. "He's been trying to be funny all night. He hasn't done anything but run around from me to you trying to be funny. First he flooded the bathroom, and he knows damn well how it makes those people across the hall mad when he floods the bathroom. Then he sat here for half an hour waiting for them to come over and complain about the bathroom, and when they didn't come he went over there and said, 'Hey, I flooded the bathroom again.' I mean to say, it seems to me that Richard is just going around looking for trouble these days. There's been something on his mind and it's been frustrating him.' My roommate came over to where I was sitting and gesticulated with his beer, spilling it over my face and tie. "You can't tell me," he said, waving his glass, "that a nineteen-year-old boy is in a normal state of mind when he has to go around flooding bathrooms, hiding people's pillows, getting in arguments with people across the hall, and jumping out of the window just to gain attention. You can't tell me-"

"Yes," I said, "yes, yes, you're right." There was a knock at the door. "Well," said my roommate, "here comes Richard, out of the moat." A campus policeman looked in. "A fellow fall out the window here?" he inquired. "Yes," said my roommate. "Richard did. If he's still lying down there in the moat, just ignore him. He's just trying to attract attention." "Well," said the policeman, "we sent him off to the hospital. How did he come to fall out the window?"

"That was the worst thing you could have done, sending him to the hospital," I said. "That's all he wanted. Attention. Now his evening's complete."

"He was just trying to be funny," said my roommate, "and he fell out the window. Jim, let's go and have a beer."

"All right," I said, closing my book. "I need something to take my mind off Richard being taken to the hospital. He always gets his way in the end. It makes me mad as hell." We went out the door and down the stairs. The campus cop stared vacantly after us.

Yale Record

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

		Page
Balfour, L. G.		21
Baron's		3
Beech-Nut Gum		22
Bridal Shop		19
Bruce & Co.		17
Camels	Inside Front	Cover
Campus Publishing Co.		16
Chesterfield	Back	Cover
Chesterfield Contest		19
Cosmo Club		24
Cuba Club		17
Esquire Club		23
Evans Radio Service		
Fauerbach Brewing Co.		
Leske's Steak House		
Life Savers	Inside Back	Cover
MacNeil and Moore		
Madison Typewriter Co		
Manchester's		
Marty's Sandwich Shop		22
Olson, Edwin O. & Son		18
Pyramid Motor Co.		16
Rennebohm Drugs		
Rentschler's Flowers		
Sno-White Custard Shop		
Student Book Store		
Wagner's Flowers		
Wolf Tours		
Wooden Bowl		20

Patronize Our Advertisers

Dependable —

Since 1912

THREE STUDENT STORES

- University & Randall
- Park & University
- State & Lake

Rennebohm

Better Drug Stores

HISTORY REWRITTEN

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN



Any of you chaps have a Life Saver?



FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS

for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophanewrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.



LAUGH WITH OCTY

EVERY MONTH

