

## **Special inter-planetary Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 32, No. 2 November 1953**

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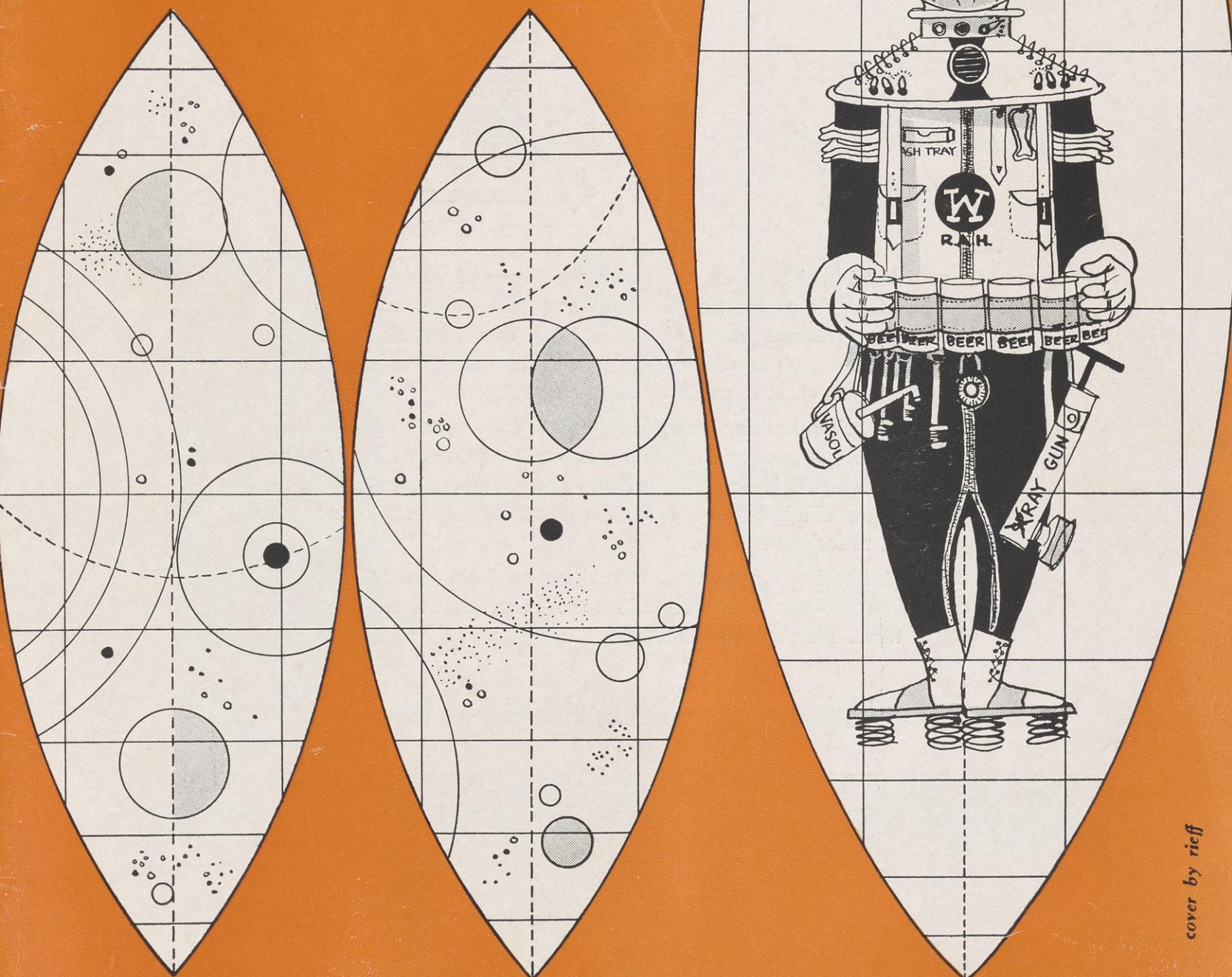


V. 3 no. 2

**SPECIAL** **INTER-PLANETARY**  
**WISCONSIN**

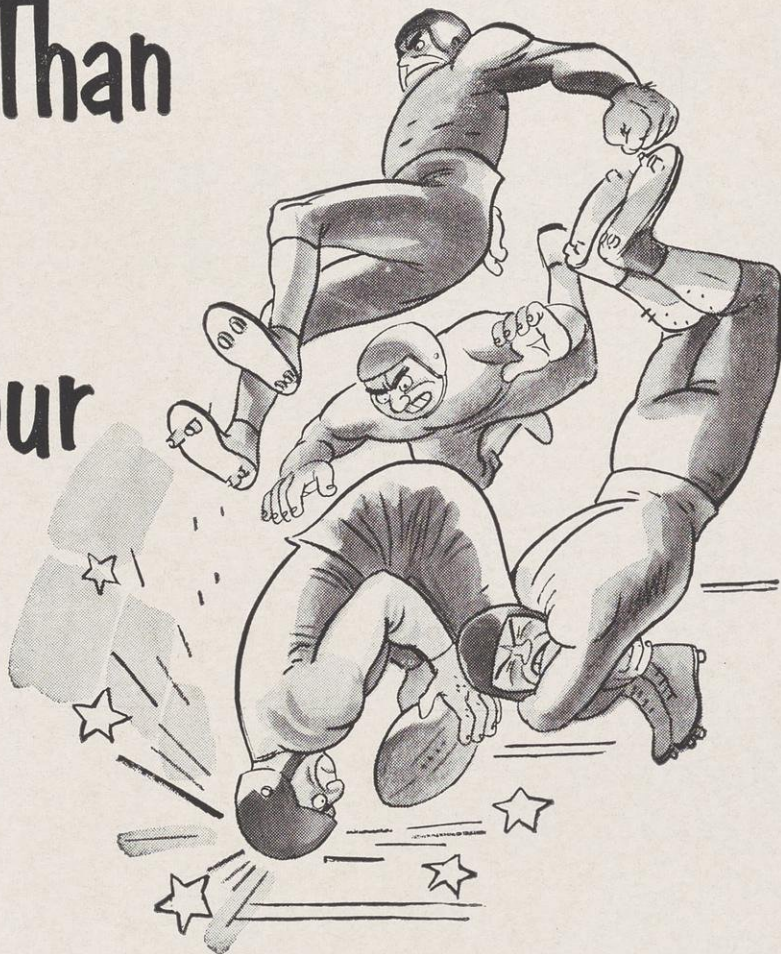
# OCTOPUS

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# There's More Than One Way to Protect Your Head!



Put your head in the middle of a scrimmage line and you'll *know* why football players wear helmets. They've got rules, of course, which say you wear helmets whether you want to or not, but there was probably never such an unnecessary rule in the world. Your head is something you want to protect, rules or no rules.

And a scrimmage line isn't the only place where your head can get into trouble. A good stiff autumn wind can lay you out as effectively—if not as quickly—as a left tackle's knee on the back of your head. Jump out of a hot shower into the cold fall air and your head is wide open to serious trouble.

A hat is good looking. It makes you look carefully dressed. It improves your appearance. But more than that, a hat protects your head. That's what it's for.

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# RAY GUNS?

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OLD  
FASHIONED  
DOWN-  
TO-  
EARTH  
BARGAINS  
AT  
THE  
UNIVERSITY

**CO-OP**



To the Editor:

As spokesman for Miscellaneous, Inc. I would like to take this opportunity to advise you of little gadgets that we now have in stock which will help you immeasurably in putting out your lugubrious magazine. An undetectable poison for disposing of unwanted censors, funny jokes, hilarious stories, wild cartoons, sexy pictures, risqué anecdotes (to be used after the poison) photographers, artists, writers, a complete business staff, and editors. Noticing you were lacking in the foregoing, we took the liberty of writing you this letter which we are sure will help you in the printing of a *good* magazine.

Helpfully yours,  
Charlie Jones  
Haw-Haw, N. Y.

Ed. Note: We like you too.

\* \* \* \*

Dear Sirs:

Return of the Student Issue, eh! Wasn't Oct. 31st a little inappropriate for such an issue. You guys are a bunch of knobs. And that cover, what about that huh! What a couple stupid ash silly-looking dummies. They must of been Octy editors. You guys ought to hang it up.

Jacques Spotsworthy  
69 Slichter Hall

Ed. Note: We thought we were cute.

## IN THE EDITOR'S MAILBOX

Now who would send  
an alarm clock?

tick tick

Jazz Me Jack,

Reading your real cool mag was almost like hearing the sounds. It sent all us cats at West Side High. Man when I saw that groovy cover with those two crazy looking goofballs on there we almost blew our lids. Yeh man, we're gonna dig all your issues now. Enclosed find the crazy, cool, gone money for subscriptions.

Groovily yours,  
Cat-man Blewnotes  
Chemistry Prof., W.S.H.

Ed. Note: Go to hell. Fifty cents isn't enough for 15 subscriptions. Send us 75c more and it's a deal.

\* \* \* !\*

Tres Bien,

Voulez-vous vous coucher avec Octy?

Fifi

Ed. Note: Octy?

It's the Taylor Hand-Fashioned Informal,  
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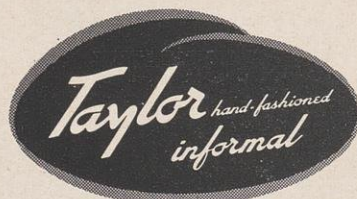
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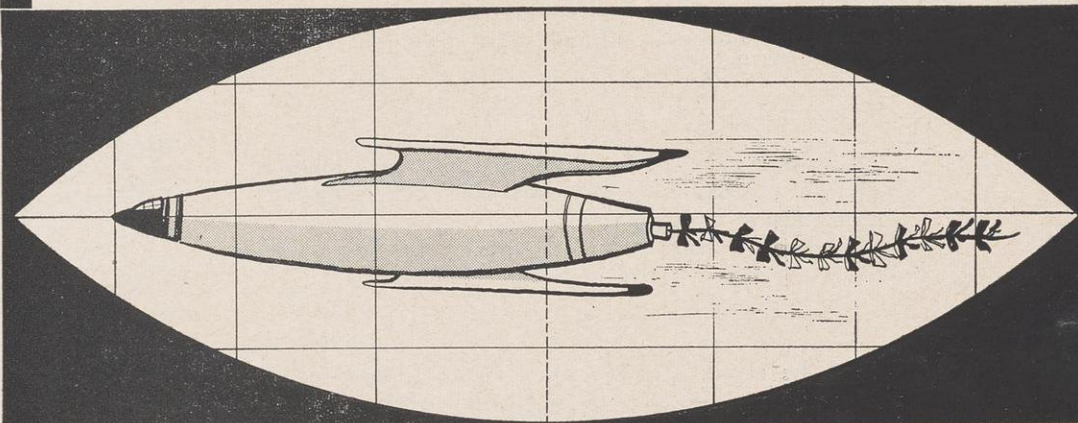
Special Wisconsin Interplanetary

## OCTOPUS

NOVEMBER 1953

VOLUME 32

NUMBER 2



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THE BOUNDERS OF THE

CAMPUS

ARE THE BOUNDERS OF THE

STATE



## URANUSIAN U-GUESSED ITS

Lady on telephone: "Yes, dear, that's all right, don't hurry; enjoy yourself. Good-bye."

As she turned from the phone the gentleman visitor asked, "Who was that?"

"My husband."

"What did he want?"

"Oh, he just called to tell me that he'd be late getting home. He's downtown playing poker with you and a bunch of the boys."

★ ★ ★

His wife lay on her deathbed. She pleaded, "John, I want you to promise me that you'll ride in the same car with mother at my funeral."

He sighed, "Okay, but it's going to ruin my whole day."

★ ★ ★

Said the cannibal to the witch doctor: "Something's wrong with my kid, Doc. He won't eat anybody."

★ ★ ★

"Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?"

"No, but I've been slapped."

★ ★ ★

A pessimist is a man who feels that all women are bad. An optimist just hopes so.

A hillbilly appeared before a judge and pleaded that his marriage be annulled.

"On what grounds?" asked the judge.

"Her father didn't have a license for his gun."

★ ★ ★

A woman was shopping in a hardware store. "Have you any wallpaper?" she asked.

"Yes," said the clerk.

"Can I put it on myself?"

"Yes, but I think it would look better on the wall," said the clerk.

★ ★ ★

Bethia: "Who said you could kiss me?"

Biggy: "Everybody."

★ ★ ★

It seems that one night a young boy took the girl next door into the woods and when questioned about it by his parents, confessed that he had been a bad, bad boy.

"You did wrong, son," said his mother, "but you told the truth and because of that I shall reward you with some cookies."

The following night the same thing happened. Again his mother told him he had done wrong but because he was truthful she gave him some cookies. On the third night, history was repeating itself when the father left the room.

"Where are you going, Pa?" asked his wife.

"I'm going into the kitchen to fry a few eggs; the lad can't keep that up on cookies."

## TRY THESE TREATS FROM OUR NEW CHARCOAL GRILL

• *brats* • *steaks* • *ribs*

THE **CAMPUS INN**

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# Beware

*From the twisted, horribly  
contorted minds of creatures  
from other worlds —  
worlds far advanced over  
ours — come tales of  
terror to infest your  
mind with the haunting,  
forbidden super-natural.  
Thoughts you are afraid  
to think!*

*Turn the page . . . We dare you!*

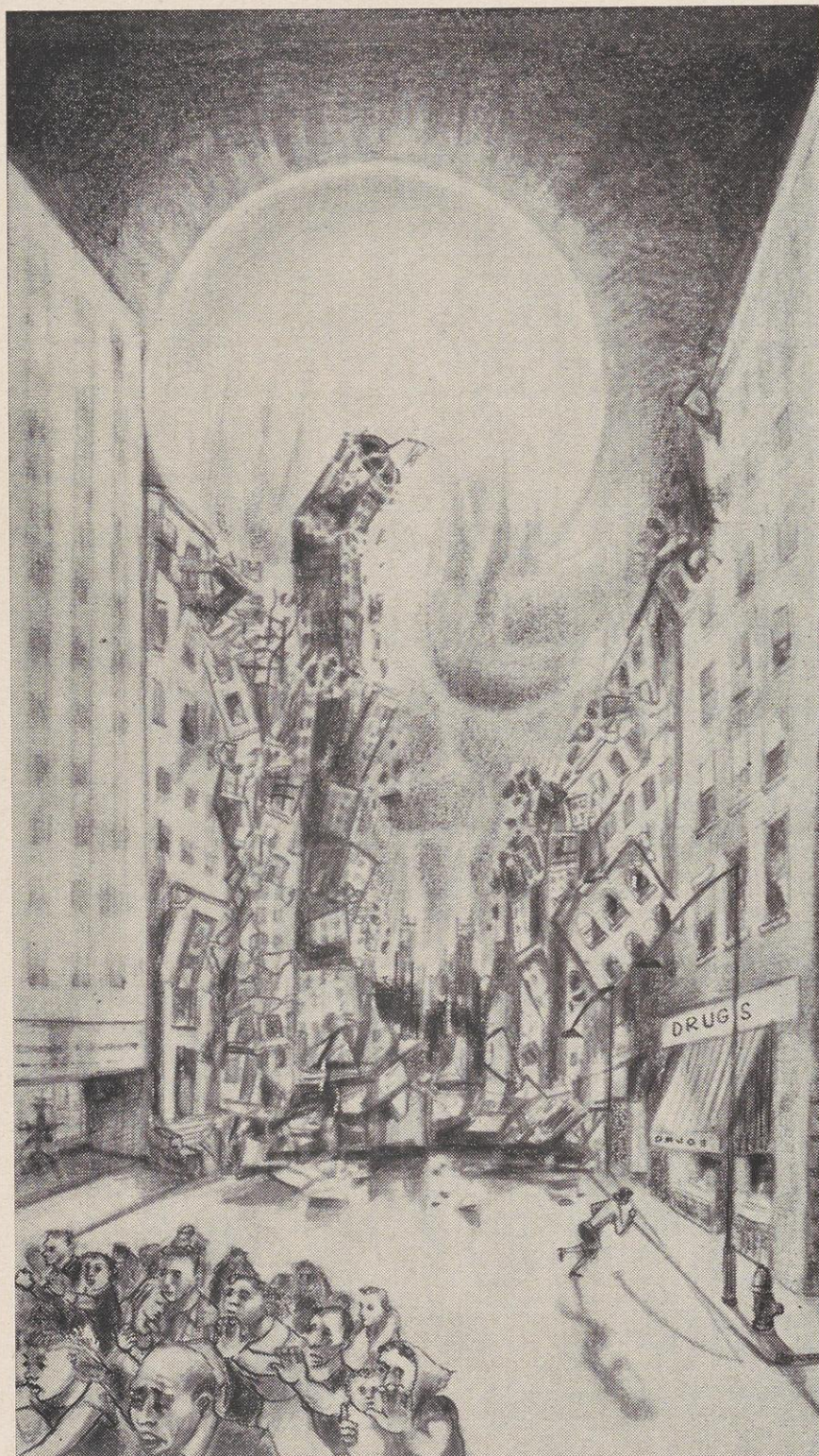




*Run, fools, RUN! Run away your last moments  
of LIFE. Not me—me for a bottle  
of Gherkin's HOME-MADE BOURBON before I . . .*

# Meet the Maker

*by Wilhelmina Grk*



A bright light, blinding in its intensity, glittered against the cloudless Wisconsin sky. Closer and closer it came ever increasing its brilliance. Several students witnessed the spectacle, but strangely enough, no professors admitted seeing it. It came and was gone and no one had an explanation for it. There were articles in the papers about it, describing the way it came and went, but no one could explain just what it was. Nothing much happened for a few days but then a student here and there began to complain that his instructors were acting strangely. Soon it became evident that all the professors at the university had been afflicted with some sort of malady, caused presumably by the incident those few days earlier.

It was very strange, the way they acted. One well known and jovial journalism professor stood up on the desk in front of his class and suddenly announced, "The pen is mightier than the inkwell." Then he dismissed the entire class except for one girl who had pigtails. He spent the rest of the period dipping her pigtails in the inkwell and shouting, "Inkwells, inkwells, wherefore art thou inkwells I have known so well." Finally the girl ran, terrorized, from the room despite the promises of the instructor to give her an A if she stayed.

Another instance occurred in the Anthropology department when Professor Lemur Sinanthropus got up on his desk during a quiz section and recited the prologue to the Afghanistan constitution backwards and ended up with a cheer "For he's a jolly good femur. Let's all Pithecanthropus." He also dismissed the class early and embarked on an expedition to, he said, "The wiles of State street—that faraway land of romance, enchantment, and valuable bones."

The history department did not remain unaffected by the strange seizure which was swiftly sweeping the ranks of the learned. The history, economics, and political science department simultaneously dismissed



*Continued from leftish page  
to be found away from the rt.*

all classes and with joined hands romped up toward the square and stormed the capitol with shouts of, "Lay Say Fair," and "Let's live a little" combined with, "A buck is a buck so let's all go hunting." They grabbed the governor by the scruff of the neck and gave him a deer rifle. A visiting senator was also abducted, but he came willingly enough and took an M1 rifle instead of the 30-30.

Tough, hardened ROTC officers could be seen dancing around a May Pole in the field house parking lot, and brilliant engineering professors were shooting pool with their slide rules. The Ag school and Phy. Ed. instructors engaged in a game of button button who's got the button, and the governing regents and deans threw a beer supper to commemorate the publishing of the filthiest Octopus in years. In short, everything was in a turmoil.

Students, not to overlook this sudden change of events, sponsored huge anti-scholastic rallies in which all Phi Beta Kappas were burned in effigy. Girls took overnights seven days a week and fraternities thrived. It soon became evident that something must be done about this shameful, but pleasant situation. Great educators came from Yale, Oxford, Princeton and the Milwaukee private girls schools; but they all went home babbling that might makes right, but a good time was had by all, after all.

Nothing could be done, it seemed. Everyone who came within the limits of the city with the intentions of reforming the college, met with the same reaction that had seized the regular employees. Soon, after people had come from every conceivable locale and gone home, infested with the same idea, the plague spread over the country. Even reports of the same blinding light in other places caused the spread of the condition.

Some evil force was undoubtedly at work undermining the educational system of the country. But, whenever anyone tried to analyze the situation, he too fell under the spell. It seemed hopeless, and indeed, it was.

Then it happened. A small, insignificant looking man appeared on the Wisconsin campus where the whole thing had started. He took his perch on the lap of the statue of Abe Lincoln and spread out his hands as

if in supplication. Immediately all students dropped their books, halted their steins midway, woke from their sleep, or ceased whatever they were doing, for some reason unbeknownst to them and congregated around the hill by the statue. When they were all there they looked at the little man perched on Abe's lap. He was, as I have said, a curious looking man with strangely foreign features. Like a caricature of a human being. He was clothed in collegiate garments but a small box about the size of a package of cigarettes bulged in his upper right hand pocket. From it curious grinding sounds emitted. The audience was held spellbound.

At last the man spoke. "You've had it," he started. "But you are not unhappy. You are glad you've had it." He spoke with a strange accent. "I want you all to know that the picnic is over. Tomorrow you will go back to your classes, but you will find different instructors there than what you had before. You will note nothing curious about this and you will accept it as a common fact. From this moment, you might as well know, you are slaves to education. You will forget what I have told you. You may leave now."

The next day the students returned to classes as all students throughout the country and the world did. They remembered nothing that had passed and were the happier for it. Many times this has happened but no one knows it.

*Thet be about all*



"Could I speak to you alone for a minute, Wilson?"

## MARTIAN ALONG TOGETHER

A retired colonel encountered his former orderly, also retired, and persuaded him to become his valet.

"Your duties will be exactly what they were in the Army. You can begin by waking me tomorrow morning at seven."

Promptly at seven the next morning the ex-orderly strode into his boss's bedroom and shook him into wakefulness. Then he leaned over and spanked the colonel's wife saying:

"All right, baby, it's back to Skid Row for you!"

★ ★ ★

The doctor was visiting Rastus' wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. As he came up the walk he saw a duck in the front yard.

Doctor: "Whose duck is that?"

Rastus: "That ain't no duck, Doc. That's a stork with his legs wore off."

★ ★ ★

Beginner at fishing: "Oh, I've got a bite. Now what do I do?"

Fisherman: "Reel in your line."

Beginner: "I've done that. The fish is tight against the end of the pole. Now what do I do?"

Fisherman (disgusted): "Climb up on the rod and stab it."



**Gorkel's one eye glittered as he raised the atomic torch.**  
**"You wouldn't dare," shouted the grey haired Farp. She screamed passionately . . .**

# I Dig This The Most

**by Saralou Droopsnitch**

Hurglebum was especially radio-active, his roommate Gerglesnarp noted as he watched Hurglebum preparing for the evening's excursion. He had spent the afternoon waxing and polishing his ultra-maroon super-sonic space ship, and Gerglesnarp suspected he had some celestial navigation in mind.

"Who's the queen on your beam tonight, Hurg?" Gerglesnarp asked.

"It's Planetaria Plattipuss, our first date, and I can hardly wait!"

"Wasn't she chosen Aurora Borealice in Dairyland last year?"

"Ya, what a beauty. Her eyes are like twin rockets, her lips are burning meteorites, and what a heavenly body!"

"A real old fashioned girl, huh?"

"Ya, and did she play hard to get. It took me two light years to get a date with her."

"Where are you going?"

"We've got reservations on Planet 4372869. The 87649834382659756824 Club."

"Well, so long. Have fun and watch out for the Space Patrol."

"Space patrol, schmace patrol," Hurglebum threw the words recklessly over his shoulder as he left, "We're going outer space tonight!"

"Ye gad!" echoed Gerglesnarp as he fell back on the foam-fiber mattress of his upper bunk.

Hurglebum adjusted his antenna beanie at a daring slant and set off in his newly polished ultra-maroon super-sonic space ship; set off for Planet 72748396 and Planetaria Plattipuss . . .

She was dazzling, standing there in a vacuum sealed black satin gownless evening strap. Hurglebum gulped.

"I'll wait while you get dressed," he said.

"I am dressed. Let's go."

"Gulp," said Hurglebum, "Well, let's go then," he said, unwrapping his antenna from around his neck.

"How do you like my space ship," asked Hurglebum, glowing with pride. "Got it from Galaxy Joe, the Used Space Ship Dealer, with ten light years to pay!"

"Must have been the 'heap of the week'," Planetaria mumbled under her breath.

"What?"

"It's all right, I guess, but you should have seen the one I was out in last night. It had trans-sphere ultra-matic drive with hydroflo dwptwig, and besides that you could get twenty channels on the spacevision set."

"Oh?" said Hurglebum. . . .

They arrived at the Club 87649834382659756824 just as the orchestra was playing "From Sphere to Infinity," No. 1 in the Saturday night hit parade.

"Let's dance," said Hurglebum, his antenna swaying to the beat of the music. "Some dance, huh? Big, huh?!"

"Hummmm," said Planetaria, "Of course it doesn't compare to the Pluto University dance last weekend.

Covered three planets and a satellite besides."

"Oh?" said Hurglebum. . . .

"I'm thirsty."

"How 'bout a beer?"

"I never drink anything but 'Solar Slings'."

"Uhh, okay. I'll be right back." . . .

"You're gorgeous, Planetaria. Let's take a little cruise out to the Milky Way and look at the stars."

"But what will my mother say?"

"I don't know, why don't you turn on your portable televoice set and find out?"

"Never mind. Let's go."

ZOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM . . . . .

"Dig that crazy constellation!" said Hurglebum.

"Yes, but you should have seen it last night. There were three eclipses, and the meteorites were falling in T-formation."

"Oh?" said Hurglebum. . . .

"Yes, and why is your antenna lighting up 'tilt' that way?"

"You're beautiful, Planetaria . . . your eyes are like twin rockets, your lips are burning meteorites, your . . ."

"What about my hair?"

"Your hair is like spun glass."

"It is spun glass."

"I love you, Planetaria . . . love you, love you, love you!"

*Continued from here to page 28*



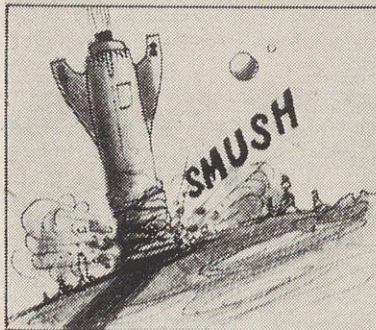
"But, Oliver, you should have thought of that before we left."



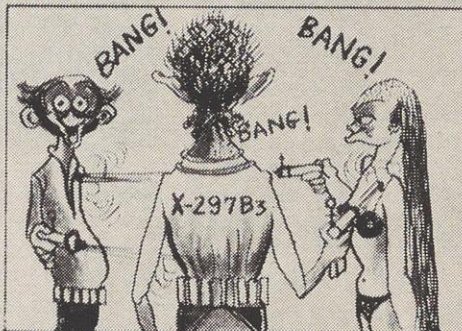
# TWIN BODIES

SCIENCE-FICTION WITH AN EARTHY FLAVOR

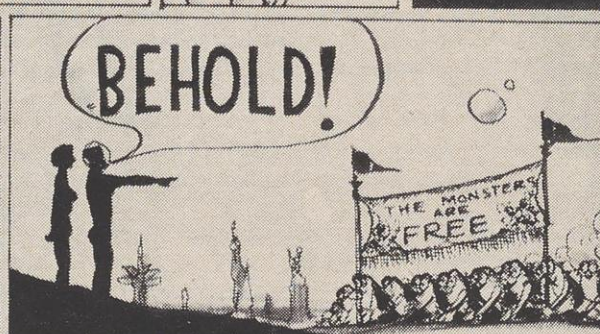
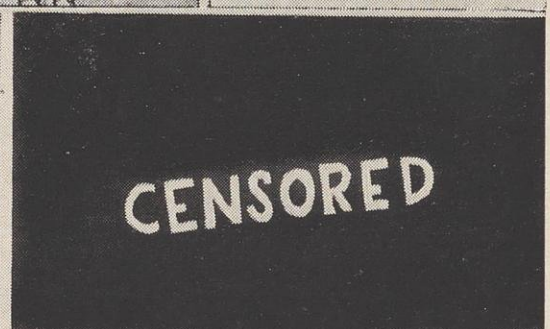
by Otto Dix



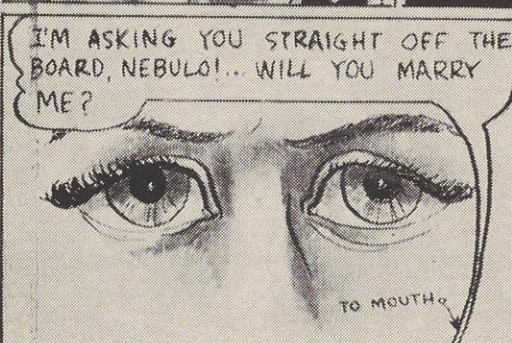
MEANWHILE...  
ON THE SAME  
PLANET AN INTOL-  
ERABLE SITUATION  
REACHES A PRE-  
DISPOSED CLIMAX  
AND A STRANGE  
THING HAPPENS



MEANWHILE...  
AT THE SITE  
OF THE CRASH,  
"NEB" AND  
"AST" PREPARE  
TO RETIRE...



MEANWHILE...  
ASTEROID  
FORMULATES  
A SECRET  
PLAN SOME-  
WHERE IN  
HER HEAD...



NO



YOU WILL FIND THE 2ND BIG  
INSTALLMENT OF TWIN  
BODIES IN EVERY HOLIDAY  
PACKAGE OF FAMILY SIZE  
SNAPPO JAR RUBBERS



*A hand, long and slender, twirled the dials of the Space-Time Displacer. "Egad," shouted Maria to Nina, "Santa stole my Pinta back in . . ."*

# 1492

## Drifted down by Gregory Oh, Well.

It was as typical as a saloon could get on Alpha Centauri. Here the flotsam and jetsam of an entire galaxy gathered to enjoy the few remaining permissible vices—billiards, hearts and snarking. This was the last stop on the road down: after the Moulin Rouge Cafe came hyper-space. Periodically, of course, the dread Thought Police came to sift the riff-raff for the unpardonable crime, THOUGHT DEVIATION.

I sat in my cubby hole downing Victory-Gin and drawing pictures on the filthy tablecloth. I was trying desperately to record the lewdness about me, even though I was appalled by the utter lack of . . . These miserable creatures engaging in their futile quest for happiness were the models for my art, art which will some day prove me great. In one corner of the vast gin garden the black huntsmen from Orion Alpha sat drinking boars blood while the boar himself was bleeding profusely. Four-legged Plutonians were battling viciously over a Bone; she would have none of them, however. Pervading the Moulin Rouge were the languid strains of music by the aged Martian, Don Voeglie and his five man combo. In the booth next to mine I heard the raucous shrieks of the Phi Gam pledges as their active masters drank 3.2 and beat them with croquette mallets.

I broke open another case of Victory-Gin and ogled the petite young Co-Ed sitting near me. She sensuously crossed and recrossed her long, full, silk stockinged legs. I crawled over to her, and suavely offered a dog-eared plug of Apple-Jack-Black. She demurely refused and smiled prettily. My line of vision was filled completely with her lovely forty-four, fifteen, forty-three form. She re-

moved her thumb from her mouth and asked provocatively:

"I'm from Liz Waters. Where are you from?"

I was shocked but intrigued by her directness.

"I'm from France, mamselle," I replied, doffing my beret.

She seductively cracked her bubble gum at this, my latest revelation.

"I'm a Ford student, are you one too?" she asked pointedly.

My beard twitched. I was infuriated. Another fourteen year old pick-up. It seemed the galaxy was swarming with Ford scholars. I was crushed. But I couldn't tear myself away, she seemed such a receptive listener, and soon I was purging myself of my innermost thoughts. After eight hours of thoughts, I decided to try some actions. All the while she had been furiously taking notes and she was on the 998th sheet of the roll. It was then I decided to tell her of my great plan. I had dreamed of this moment for forty-nine years,

ever since I got my BS in accounting. I grasped her hand and looked into her eyes. Yes—this was the moment destiny had prepared me for—she was to become the first convert to the cause. I tried to put my thoughts into carefully chosen words but I could contain myself no longer. It was then I blurted the words: "LOVE WITH PASSION."

At that moment she whipped off her disguise and revealed herself to be a sergeant-major in the Thought-Police. I was stunned but I quickly regained my composure and lit a Victory-Cigarette to steady my nerves. I knew the supreme penalty for THOUGHT DEVIATION. The place had grown hushed except for the Phi Gams who were dissolving their pledges in Victory-Gin. I drew myself up to my full three and one-half feet and faced the sergeant-major calmly except for my twitching left nostril. He levelled his hyper-space gun at me. I downed another Victory-Gin, doffed my beret, and gallantly said, "Au Revoir."





*Sometimes I wonder why I spend  
the lonely night . . .*

## DREAMING OF A SONG

*Wrote in cold blood by Howhard Frisky*

Dear Alexander,

Have they ever got a library here. It's brand new. It doesn't look brand new, but I guess brand new buildings never do look brand new. Probably the reason it doesn't look brand new is because they took so long to build it that some of the parts aren't so brand new anymore.

They tell me that after they were building it for a year or so it fell down. And from the way it looks around the outside they haven't picked up all the pieces yet. In fact the sidewalk in front of the building is still all cracked up.

Never-the-less, it's a brand new building. You can tell it's just been finished because a lot of stuff still has to be done. A lot of painting has to be done yet, and a lot of lights have to be put in. Also some of the tables need chairs and vice-versa.

Some of the shelves have to go up yet, but that's o-kay because most of the shelves don't have books yet anyway. One room has so many bookcases with and without shelves that all the few books that are there look all alone. If you think it's a shame for a pretty girl to be all alone, you should see sixteen history books trying to look nice all alone in a big bookcase.

Whoever drew up the building really went in for windows. He also must have figured simplicity in the way a building looks is pretty good, because from certain angles the building looks pretty simple.

It isn't so simple from the inside though. No sir. In the inside it kind of scares you; it's so big and quiet.

It's a funny thing, but the big libraries in Chicago can be made to work by an eight year old. Not here though, no sir.

Here it's different. First thing if you want a book you got to look it up. That is, look up the numbers and such. This might sound easy, but you can't be sure where to look them up.

Sometimes you look them up in what they call the two hour catalogue; sometimes you look them up in the three hour catalogue; and sometimes you look them up in the general catalogue. There's a bunch of other catalogues but I doubt if I ever will use them so they don't bother me.

This catalogue business is pretty easy too, because the teachers here generally let you know which one to use. And some of them once in a while manage to hit it right.

The other day my history teacher came uncommonly close. He said the two hour but it turned up in the three hour catalogue.

I found the numbers real fast. But when I applied for the book I found out it wasn't a two hour book but a three. It seems I was looking the number up on the wrong side of the table and that's why I found it so easy. If I'd a looked on the right side of the table I'd never have found it.

Anyway this nice fellow told me to go and apply at the three hour room.

He told me where the three hour room was too. He was certainly a nice fellow. Not one of those who likes to read apparently. The other book chasers seem to be reading all the time, and when you ask them about something they put down their book and take off their glasses in such a way that you feel real sorry you stopped to bother them.

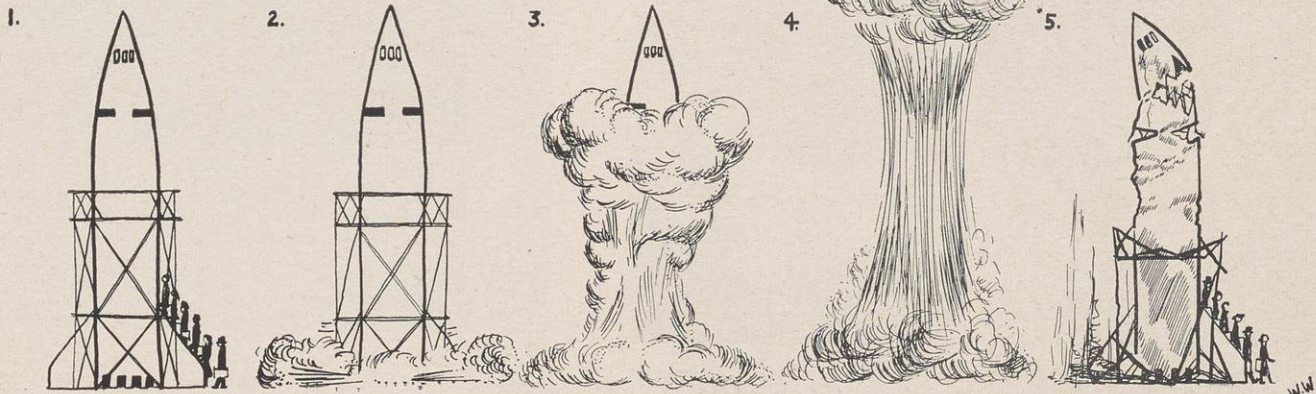
So I went to the three day room, but the book wasn't there. The girl in the three day room put down her book and took off her glasses and said I might try general circulation. But by then I figured to hell with it; I figured if general circulation had it they could keep it.

One thing I learned when I went to the three day room was where the john was. And that's always handy to know. Especially as in these buildings up here they're kind of squeamish about really marking a john so a fellow can find it. I've noticed they're the same way with the girl's johns, but that doesn't bother me because I figure if I knew they wouldn't let me in anyhow.

Oh yes, they've a smoking room too. It's in the basement, I guess. I can't tell for sure because when you enter the library you come in right between two floors. I'm not sure if you walk up to the first floor or down to it. If you walk down to it then the smoking room is in the basement. Otherwise the smoking room is in a hole below the basement.

The purpose of the smoking room is so the boys and girls can smoke and read at the same time. I got a hunch they're against us doing both because it's kind of dim in the smoking room. It looks like they just want you to smoke only. That follows their reasoning here because you have to be of age to drink the 3.2 beer they sell in the Union.

*Continued on page 22*





*Octy*

# Plays The Game

*Due to the recent rise in popularity of the hithertofore little known parlor game called FOOTBALL, Octy is printing for the participants a few rules which should be adhered to religiously.*



OFFENSIVE HOLDING is one of the commonest of the penalties inflicted in the game, and is punishable by fifteen yards unless the penalty is declined.



PILING ON, one of the more enjoyable fouls, is subject to a fifteen yard penalty as bones are often broken in this type of activity.



INTENTIONALLY GROUNDING THE PASS, although usually a foul committed by the offense, is shown here by the defense. Penalty is fifteen yards.



ILLEGAL USE OF THE HANDS BY DEFENSE. This has caused, more than anything else, a lessening in the ranks of the better players. The present penalty of five yards seems hardly enough in the opinion of the editors.

*Photos by Bob Foiles  
and Andy Gregg*

*Models courtesy of  
Follies Bergere*



INTERFERENCE WITH OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE FAIR CATCH. This is one of the instances in which two members of the same team commit fouls against each other. Needless to say, the offense does not benefit particularly. Fifteen yard penalty.

ROUGHING THE PASSER. Although this is considered legal in most places, Wisconsin officials have, in the spirit of furthering the game, placed a fifteen yard penalty on this act of defense.



BOTH SIDES OFF SIDE. One penalty offsets the other, therefore there is no penalty. It's good work if you can get it.



DELAYING THE GAME. This unfair defensive tactic has been outlawed because of the bulk of 10:30 nights. The penalty for this frustrating act is five yards.





"ZAP" — ZELDA FIRED THE GUN. ZOR GRITTED HIS TEETH AS THE DEADLY RAYS PIERCED HIS STEEL WESKIT. "ZOUNDS," HE GASPED, "THAT SURE DO FEEL LIKE . . ."

# HELL

BY FORTICIOUS Q. SMITH-SMYTHE

The Engineering and Chemistry Departments were at war. It had all started because of those Martian exchange students.

The Martian alphabet is the same as ours except the F and A and the L and P are reversed. Now all the Martians were majoring in Chemistry and all were taking Chemistry 10. All got back A's on the six-weeks. Well, it seems that the Martians were geniuses in everything but English—they just could not master the English language. When they got back A's on their papers, they thought they had received F's. Coming from a war-like planet, the Martians quite naturally killed all the Chemistry professors and took over the department. Several Engineering students were in the Chem building at the time and, observing the slaughter, offered to help the Martian students.

"After all, it's something we've wanted to do for a long time," they later explained.

Well sir, the Martian alphabet being what it is, the L and P reversed, the Martians thought the Engineers had offered them "hell" instead of "help." This quite naturally angered the Martians, so the biggest one took the three students in his arms and dashed their heads against the wall with all the might in his 12 foot, 1 inch frame. Now everyone knows that the head is the hardest part of an Engineers physiognomy, so they were merely

momentarily stunned. After the indignant Martians had gone out to regrade their papers "F", the Engineers sneaked off and informed their brothers. That is how the war began.

\* \* \*

The Engineers, as everyone knows, when put to the test are absolute geniuses, especially Wisconsin Engineers. They had been building their defenses all day. Engineers are used to defending themselves. One of the three Engineers, was shrewdly building a sturdy straw wall around his station, the second Engineer was building a wonderfully solid wall of sticks, and the third little Engineer, a 3 pt. student, was building his wall of bricks. He was a smart little Engineer, he was.

Inside these walls the Engineers were constructing the latest and most deadly weapons know to man. When they had to, these Engineers could be exceptionally smart fellows. Oh! yes—my yes—indeed yes. This was not only a deadly weapon, this was also a secret weapon—a very secret weapon. This was a weapon worthy of the 21st Century; a product truly representative of the full intelligence of all the Engineering students.

The three little Engineers were hard at work with hammers and nails. They had constructed towers about 12 feet high, just the height of the Martians, out of old soda and whiskey crates. Then they had raided Liz and stole



*Left over from before*

all the innocent lovelies' brassieres and girdles. Oh! these Engineers were just too smart. Why yes, they were smart, they were smartly smart. They had tied all these brassieres and girdles and unmentionables together and thus their secret weapon stood unveiled to the world. A 12 foot sling-shot or, as they named it, a catapult. This would indeed revolutionize modern warfare. The three little Engineers were now ready for anything. They had gone over every inch of the catapult with their slide-rules, blushing modestly as all boys do when they come to the unmentionables, and now sat on the ground, their faces masks of concentration. Each sat next to a huge pile of rocks and added and subtracted and multiplied and divided all the figures that they had got with their slide rules. Oh! they were geniuses, these Engineers. They then divided and multiplied and subtracted and added and shook their heads and thought deeply. The three little Engineers then jumped to their feet, clicked their heels in unison, and shouted, "We are geniuses. Our slide rules tell us so. We have made a fearsome secret weapon, a "catapult," 12 feet high. Our slide rules tell us so." They then squatted back down on their haunches and lovingly put their slide rules away. They were ready for anything.

The Martians meanwhile had been busy in the Chemistry lab and had developed a powerful new gas, CO<sub>2</sub>.

"With this," they said, "we shpp beft the Engineers." Mumbling incantations, the Martians marched on the Engineers.

The three little Engineers saw them coming and climbing up their catapults they fastened two stones in each. Luckily they had stolen three brassieres from a specially endowed House-mother and were able to use boulders in their massive slingshots.

The Martians were too much for the three little Engineers however. With one swipe of their arms they knocked down the straw wall, the stick wall, and finally, the brick wall. The three little Engineers pulled mightily on their catapults but the brassieres, weakened by excessive strain, burst. The boulders fell straight down and smashed the towers. They were at the mercy of the Martians.

Seeing the deadly CO<sub>2</sub> gun in the Martian hands, the three little Engineers shouted, "Mother" and began to cry. Since crying and laughing mean the opposite to a Martian, they naturally thought the three little Engineers were laughing. "Such brfve men," they said, "we cfnnot hfrm them." The Martians bowed and left.

"They've gone," cried one of the three little Engineers, the one who had built his wall of bricks, "we've won." Wiping the tears from their eyes, the three little Engineers faced Mecca and devoutly kissed their slide rules. "Thank Einstein," they said.

**DOS JOKES BELOW**

Reformer: "And besides, Hell is just full of drunkards, cocktails, roulette wheels, and naughty chorus girls."

Voice from the rear: "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

★ ★ ★

"Can you tell me where the Betsy Ross house is?"

The cop eyed the stranger suspiciously.

"You a stranger in this town?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I thought so," replied the cop. "Those places have been closed up long ago."

## Campus Publishing Company

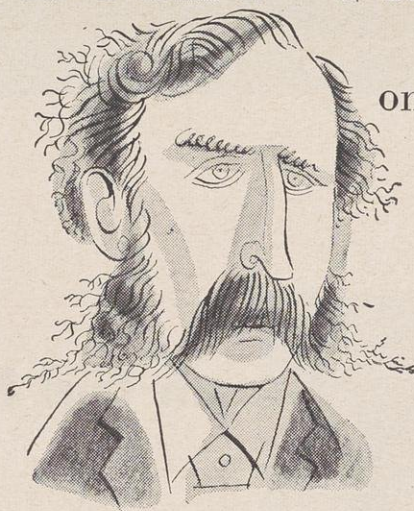


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"Let its fragrant story  
Blend with the breath that thrills."

from *Dickens in Camp*, lines 33-34



Still only 5¢





**Octy**

**Dream Girl For November**

*Dixie Sarchet*





*photos by DeLonge*



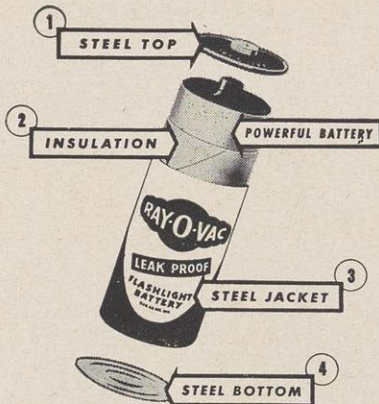
*This green eyed beauty  
lives at Chadbourne Hall  
is from Stevens Point  
and is welcome anywhere.*





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A young lady was on a sight-seeing tour of Detroit. Going out Jefferson Avenue, the driver of the bus called out the points of interest.

"On the right, we have the Dodge home," he announced.

"John Dodge?" the lady inquired.

"No, Horace Dodge."

"On the right we have the Ford home."

"Henry Ford?"

"No, Edsel Ford."

On the left, we have the Christ Church."

A fellow passenger, hearing no response from the young woman, tapped her on the shoulder, and said, "Go ahead, lady, you can't be wrong all the time."

★ ★ ★

"Do you know what good clean fun is?"

"No, what good is it?"

★ ★ ★

Auctioneer: What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns?

Man in crowd: That ain't Burns . . . that's Shakespeare.

Auctioneer: Well folks, the joke is on me. That sure shows what I know about the Bible.

★ ★ ★

"Who's there?" asked St. Peter.

"It is I," came the reply.

"Go to hell," he answered. "We already have too many English majors."

★ ★ ★

"I saw the announcement of your brother's funeral in the paper the other day. How did he die?"

"He fell through some scaffolding."

"What was he doing up there?"

"Getting hanged."

## Terra-Bull Titulators

"Do you know," he said, "that every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," replied his roommate; "have you ever tried chewing gum?"

★ ★ ★

Old Lady: Little boy, why are you dragging your sister around the street like that?

Boy: It's O.K. lady, she's dead.

"In the old days, did the knights fight with battle-axes?"

"Well, the married knights did."

★ ★ ★

One strawberry to another:

If we hadn't been caught in the same bed, we wouldn't be in this jam."



"Dammit! Which ones are the women?"



An Englishman who stuttered very badly went to a specialist, and after ten difficult weeks, he learned to say quite distinctly: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him on his achievement.

"Yes," said the man doubtfully, "b-but it's s-s-such a d-d-difficult remark t'w-w-work into an ordinary c-c-conversation, y'know."

★ ★ ★

Patient—I'm all out of sorts; the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness.

Friend—What's so tough about that?

Patient—You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner.

★ ★ ★

Mother (putting Junior in bed): "Shhh . . . the sandman is coming."

Jr.: "Fifty cents and I won't tell Daddy."

★ ★ ★

Prof: "I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from the back of the room: "Go home and sleep it off, old man "

DIXIE	DANCING	TUESDAY	THURSDAY	SUNDAY
JOSH	SALTER	BEER	FOOD	ENJOYMENT
DIXIE	DANCING	TUESDAY	THURSDAY	SUNDAY
JOSH	SALTER	BEER	FOOD	ENJOYMENT
DIXIE	DANCING	TUESDAY	THURSDAY	SUNDAY
JOSH	SALTER	BEER	FOOD	ENJOYMENT
DIXIE	DANCING	TUESDAY	THURSDAY	SUNDAY
JOSH	SALTER	BEER	FOOD	ENJOYMENT
DIXIE	DANCING	TUESDAY	THURSDAY	SUNDAY
JOSH	SALTER	BEER	FOOD	ENJOYMENT
DIXIE	DANCING	TUESDAY	THURSDAY	SUNDAY
JOSH	SALTER	BEER	FOOD	ENJOYMENT
DIXIE	WHERE?	WHERE	ELSE	BUT AT

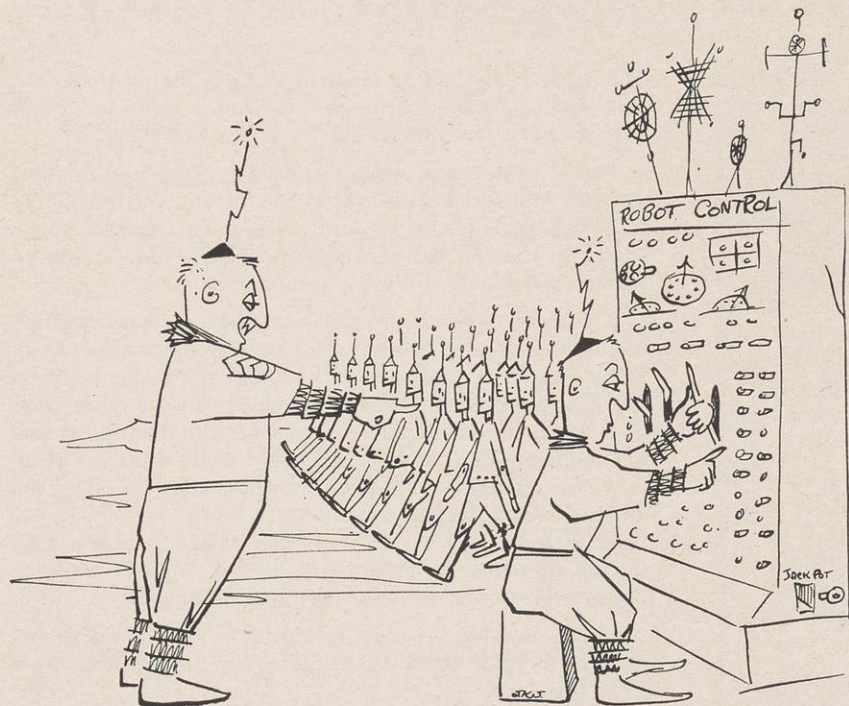
THE

# KOLLEGE KLUB

714 STATE

"Where Kollegians Kongregate"

## PLUTONIAN PIDDELY WIDDELIES



"By the left flank—March!"

G.: "What would be the proper thing to say if, while carving a duck, it should skid off the platter and into your neighbor's lap?"

A.: "Be very courteous. Say, 'May I trouble you for that duck?'"

★ ★ ★

The American Way: Condemning a naughty movie; attending it to see if it's as shocking as advertised; kicking because the naughty parts have been cut.

★ ★ ★

"Your girl likes a man who brings home the bacon."

"Yes, that's why I'm jealous of the grocer's delivery boy."

★ ★ ★

Letter from a G.I. to his wife:

"Please send me \$5 for shaving cream and stuff."

Came the reply:

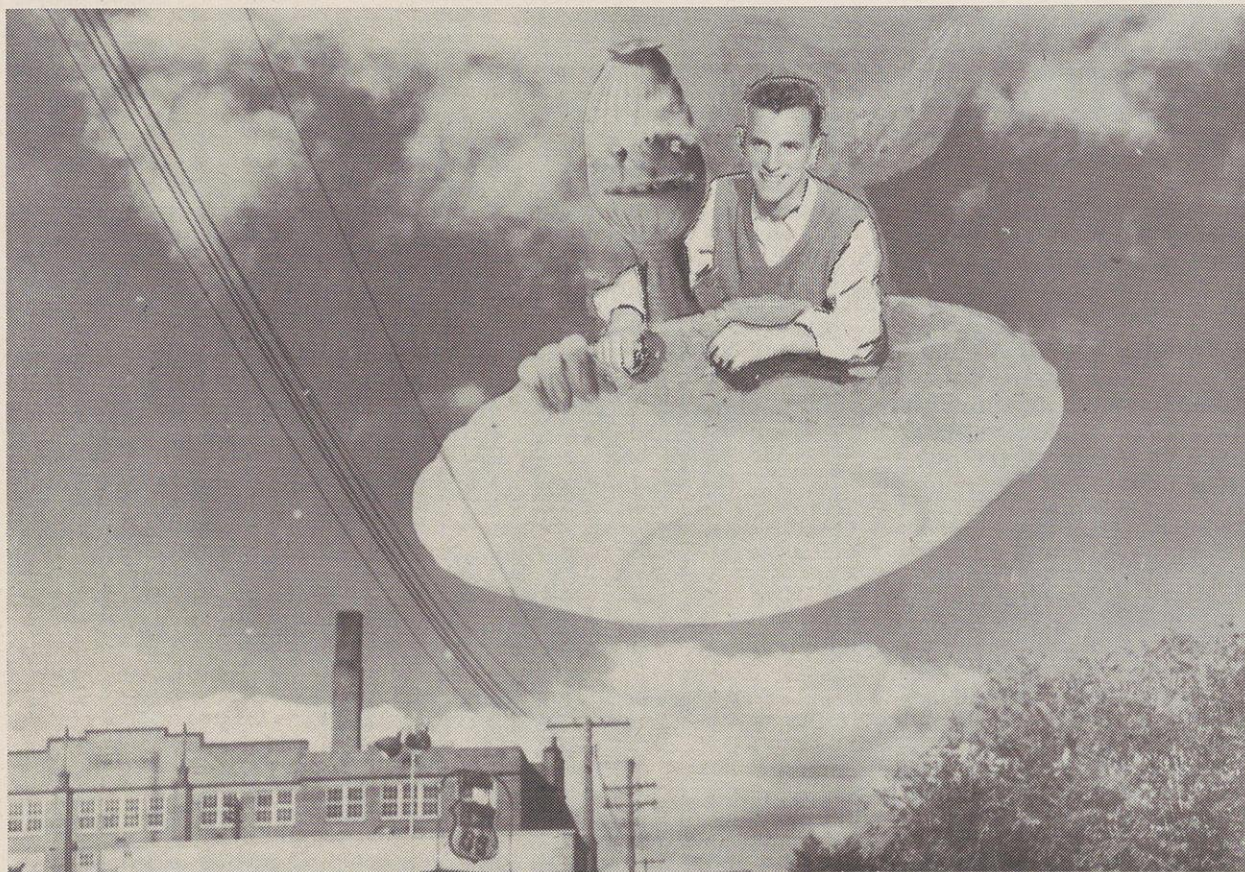
"Honey, here enclosed is 25c for the shaving cream. The stuff is back here."

★ ★ ★

The meanest man in the world is the warden who put a tack in the electric chair.



Editor tests saucer in which Octy staff plans  
to escape into the wild blue up yonder . . .



## Editor's Spiral Nebular Study

We're building a rocket. Yes, we are. The whole staff had so much fun with this Interplanetary Issue of Octy that we all decided space was the place for us. I must admit, I suppose, that the idea was greeted enthusiastically by all non-staff members too. Even DEAN ZILLMAN agreed that the staff should be out of this world and, consequently, out of his hair. Oh, well.

Maybe you don't know it, but whenever we plan a theme for an issue of our MAGAZINE, we adhere religiously to that theme. In fact we live the part. Last year when we did the Greek Dorm issue, the staff chose sides and had a full scale war. It got so bad that the Independents on the staff had to put out the whole mag. It was almost as bad this time.

LEN MALETZ, our copy editor, copied a poem from somewhere. That, in itself, is not unusual, but he used a blowtorch to cut it out of another mag instead of a pair of scissors. He was prancing around brandishing the blowtorch and saying it was a disintegrator gun or something. We expect to move into our new offices early this week.

Our ad salespeople dressed in homemade space suits to sell their ads. One of the girls sent away to a company where they make these transparent refrigerator food bags and when she would walk into a place to sell an ad she really got the response. She had one trouble though. No one could hear her talk through the thing.

That meant she had to unzip it and let the customer inside. But she pulled through fine and I want to extend one of Octy's tentacles to her for a job well done.

There wasn't any Editor's Brown Study in the last issue of Octy. I don't suppose any of you missed it, but it is sort of a tradition, and since it got mislaid somewhere in the shuffle, and also since I should ramble on a little more here, I'll tell you about it.

It told all about how much trouble we had cleaning the cobwebs out of the hut after the summer's stagnation. It was quite a mess too. PETE LEACH, the business manager, got his new pencil all covered with spider legs and stuff. He was kind of mad too. But the thing that got me, was when RON CARSON came in after a summer of working in a Milwaukee brewery. He was a golden amber, and he had a creamy head. I held him up to the light while he told me all about the stories he had written during the summer. Apparently he had a good vacation because every one of his stories was censored.

That censoring is a real headache. Sometimes I wish I had my old job back as a janitor in the Union. Those were the days.

"Okay, Sally, I guess that's enough. You can put the typewriter away. Wait a minute. You'd better sign my name."

WAYNE



Here Are Some

## Neptunian Nasties

For Your Ever-Increasing Anguish

Lady (holding cookie above Fido's head): "Speak, speak."

Dog: "What shall I say?"

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

The young bride approached the druggist timidly. "That baby tonic that you advertise," she began, "does it really build bigger and stronger babies?" "We sell a lot of it," said the druggist, "and we've had no complaints."

"Then I'll take a bottle," she said, "and do I have to take it or does my husband?"

Every husband has his wife, but the ice man has his pick.

Judge to prisoner: "You've been brought in here for drinking."

Drunk: "Fine, lesh get started."

Girl in a dark room—Take your hand off my knee—not you . . . YOU ! !

Give an athlete an inch and he'll take a foot, but let him have it—who wants athlete's foot?

"This university turns out some great men."

"When did you graduate?"

"I didn't graduate. I was turned out."

*Last dying gasps from page 10*

"Well?"

"Planetaria, will you wear my platernity pin?"

"Let me see it."

"Here, Planetaria, dear."

"Hummm, only three diamonds. All the others I have have at least eight apiece."

"Oh?" said Hurplebum.

"But I'll take it anyway. It'll add variety."

"Planetaria, darling, I'm so happy! Just think, we're pinned! May I kiss you?"

"Kiss me! What kind of a girl do you think I am, to go around kissing every boy I get pinned to. The idea!"

"Forgive me."

"Besides, your antenna's on crooked and it looks absolutely revolting. Here, let me straighten it . . . hummm . . . you are kind of cute at that . . . maybe I'll kiss you after all . . . come here . . ."

BOOOOOPPPPPP!!!! SIISSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!  
ZOOOOOMMMMM!!!!!!

"In the beginning . . ."

A bather whose clothing was strewed  
By the winds that left her quite nude,  
Saw a man come along—  
And unless we are wrong  
You expected this line to be lewd.

Said a feminine voice from a parked car: "What's that you've been drinking, rubbing alcohol?"

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

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

"T'aint nothing so dadburn odd about hit," replied the hayseed, "when I'm a runnin' 'round with wild women I don't use my right name."



Chosen by Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

*Newly Pinned Girl of the Month*

**ROSANN ARONOFF**

*Presented by*

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# BROWN'S

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- W Blankets
- Wisconsin Sweat Shirts
- Beer Mugs
- Wisconsin Calendars
- Wisconsin Stuffed Animals
- Wisconsin Bibs
- Musical Footballs



- Barometers
- List Finders
- Week at a Glance
- Daily Calendar
- Schaeffer Snorkel Pen
- Auto Bridge
- Chess Set
- Pocket Slide Rules
- Drawing Set
- LeRoy Lettering Set
- Leather Brief Case
- Fluorescent Desk Lamp
- Pencil Sharpener
- Diary
- Traveling Alarm Clock
- Kem Playing Cards
- Dopp Kit
- Fiction—Non-Fiction
- Children's Books
- Pelican Pen

# BROWN'S

637 STATE ST.

and

712 STATE ST.

5% REBATE

*Friendly, Courteous  
Service*

*Continued from page 11*

The room is almost as big as a small gym. It's too low to play basketball though. And besides they've a davenport where you'd want to put the backboards. They've a little room off the big room that has padded benches. The wall is so close to the end of the bench that you got to sit straight up and down or you fall off. It's good for posture only when you sit like that your head tends to cut off the light. They've indirect lighting, and it's pretty indirect.

Spaced strategically between all the cigarette butts are nice urns filled with a pure white sand.

The library has all kinds of stacks. Who you have to know to get in is beyond me. One fellow told me it's real dark in there and he would like to meet a certain blond when she gives the stacks a visit—to read I guess.

Get this. The classes of books are indicated by letters of the alphabet. For instance: F for History; W for Art; X and Y for English and so on. It's like when in grade school we wrote notes using a reversed alphabet. Remember, Z for A and so on just for the hell of it.

Well that's about all. I'll write when I've some more time. Everything's fine with me except I got some trouble brewing in English.

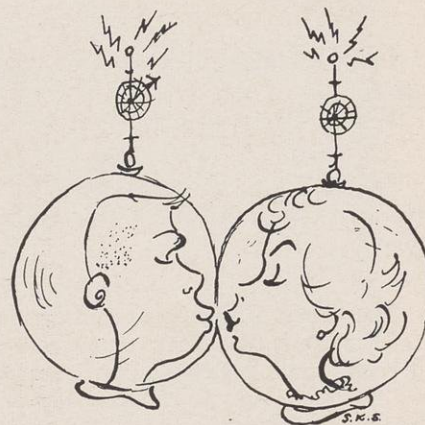
I am your friend,  
Max A. Fricshmann

"Where you from?"

"Bryan, Texas."

"Oh, one of those jerkwater towns where everybody goes out to meet the train."

"Train?"



Stude (from the back of the room):  
"Are you sure the third test question is in the book?"

Prof: "Certainly."

Stude: "Well, I can't find it."

\* \* \*

Politician: "Congratulate me, I just won the nomination!"

Wife: "Honestly?"

Politician: "Why bring that up again?"



"Say, Buddy, got a match?"





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*Charcoal  
Broiled*

**BRATS**  
*and*  
**STEAKS**

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**Help Fight TB****Buy Christmas Seals**

The young couple stopped to read the sign at the front door of a marrying justice of the peace. It said, "You furnish the bride—we'll do the rest."

Bashful groom: "That's hardly fair."

Frosh: "I just brought home a skunk."

Roomie: "Where ya gonna keep him?"

Frosh: "I'm gonna tie him under the bed."

Roomie: "What about the smell?"

Frosh: "He'll have to get used to it like I did."

★ ★ ★

Nurse: Doctor, every time I bend over to listen to his heart, his pulse increases. What should I do?

Doctor: Button your collar.

★ ★ ★

"Any nice girls in this town?"

"Sure, they're all nice."

"How far to the next town?"

★ ★ ★

She: "I caught my boy friend necking."

Her: "I got mine that way too."

**Above and below*****Mercurian Minstrelators*****You will find**

"Didn't I tell you not to go out with perfect strangers?"

"But mother, he isn't perfect."

★ ★ ★

"Like short skirts, Mike?"

"Naw, they get lipstick on me shoit front when I dance wit' 'em."

★ ★ ★

Wise Guy: Does your orchestra play requests?

Pratt: Certainly. What would you like to have us play?

Wise Guy: Pinochle.

"Dr. Zilch's trial marriage didn't prove successful, did it?"

"Nope. He was arrested for practicing without a license."

★ ★ ★

"So you want to kiss me! I didn't know you were that kind!"

"Baby, I'm even kinder than that."

★ ★ ★

First BMOC: "I think we ought to teach that dizzy blonde the difference between right and wrong."

Second BMOC: "Good idea. You teach her what's right."

**Octy Calendar Girl This Month**

is

***Brita Brown***

She is a sophomore and spends her leisure moments being president of Groves, woman's co-op, and leaning up against trees.

**Your  
Octy  
Calendar  
Girl**

DECEMBER 1953											
S	M	T	W	T	F	S					
-	-	1	2	3	4	5					
6	7	8	9	10	11	12					
13	14	15	16	17	18	19					
20	21	22	23	24	25	26					
27	28	29	30	31	-	-					
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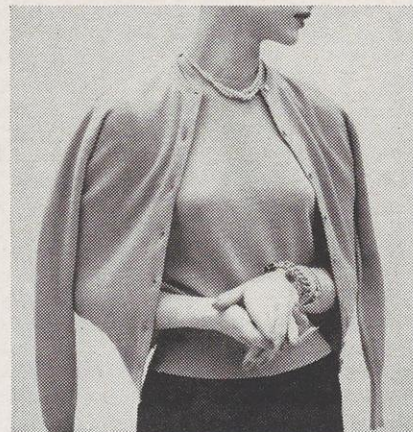
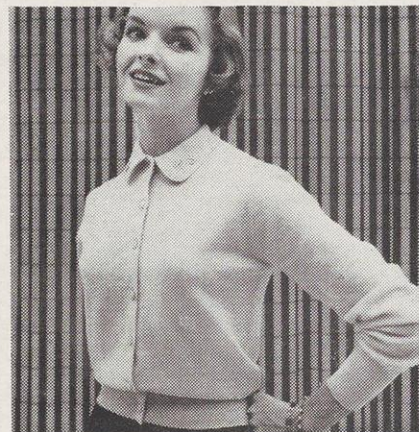




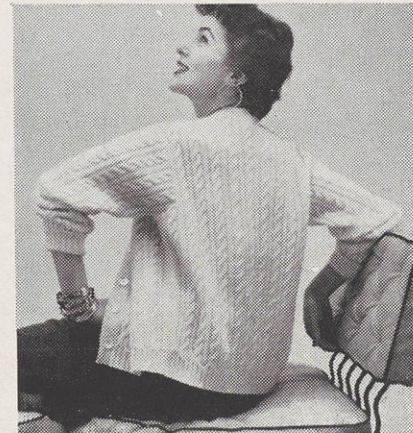
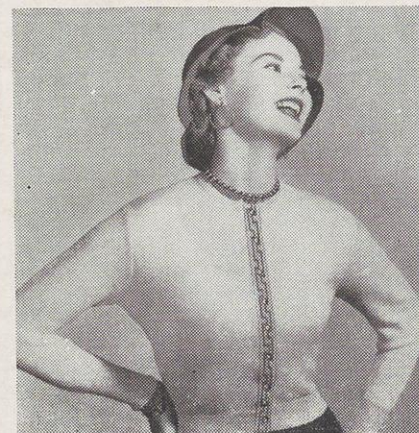
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