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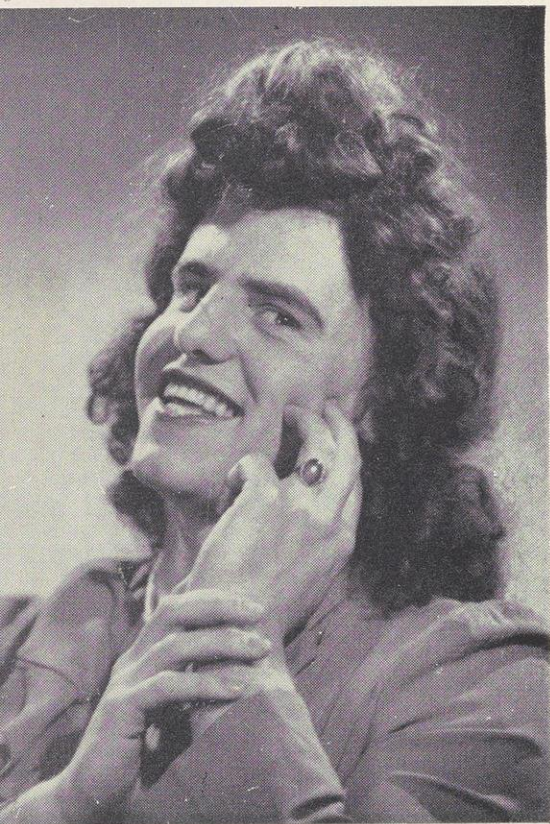
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5 COUNT 'EM 5 Laffettes of a Bygone Era

Student: "Why didn't I make 100 on my history exam?"

Professor: "Your answer to 'why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?' was interesting, but incorrect."

* * *

An elderly lady driving along nonchalantly turned a corner and ran over a poor inebriate crossing the street. Without a change of emotion, she stopped the car, rolled down the window and called, "You had better watch out there, young man."

Rising on one elbow the drunk yelled, "Ye gods, lady, don't tell me you're going to back up."

* * *

They had been sitting out in the garden together for two hours. Finally he became desperate and leaned over and kissed her. Immediately she began to shriek.

"Stop it, please," he begged. I'll promise never to do it again."

"You fool," she answered, "I'm cheering!"

* * *

Customer: I wanna buy a lawnmower.

Clerk: Sorry, sir, but we haven't any lawnmowers.

Customer: Well, this is a fine drugstore.

* * *

A preacher recently received a recommendation that he resign, from his parishioners. Needless to say he was rather bitter and so at the close of the final sermon, he said, "I won't say 'goodbye' because that's too ordinary. I won't say 'farewell' because that's when friends take leave of one another. I won't say 'au revoir' because I don't know what it means. But as I sashay down the aisle for the last time I want to call your attention to the sprig of mistletoe hanging on the end of my coat-tail."

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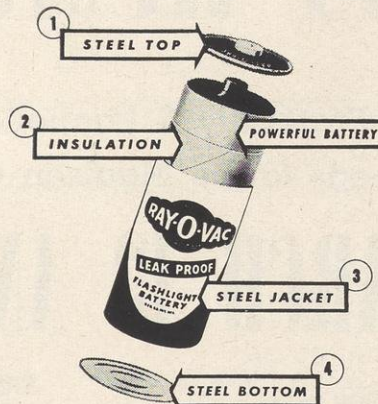
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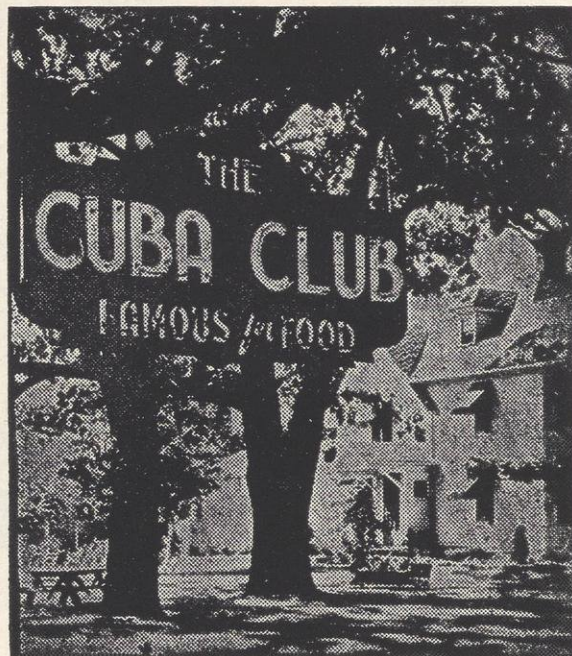
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VOLUME 31

NUMBER 3

FEBRUARY, 1953

WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

GREEK VS. DORM ISSUE

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CAMPUS ARE THE BOUNDERS OF THE STATE

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LOOKIE HERE WHAT THE MAILMAN DRUG IN

Dear Editors:

I manufacture tropical fish for tropical fish lovers. Do you realize there are over 64,000 tropical fish lovers in the United States alone? With an overwhelming number like that I should think you would discontinue printing a humor magazine and start a marine publication. You wouldn't have to change the name, only the contents.

I'm sure all of us could learn to love tropical fish and would thus subscribe to the magazine. If you need any information on guppies, angelfish, platties, or tiger sharks, don't hesitate to call on me.

Sincerely yours,
J. Pisces Fin

Ed: Ice can be removed from motorcycle windshields easily with a new plastic device which plugs into the cigarette lighter.

Dear Sirs:

That December issue was a real doozer. It kept my room warm for fully twenty minutes with its sparkling flames. Am looking forward to bigger issues in the future. Am planning to set fire to the Armory. That should be great at night. Might melt the ice in Mendota. Flames are beautiful. They dance and glow and are alive. I started the fire in Bascom last month. Took heaps of toilet tissue but got warm real quick. Sorry about that girl occupying a booth at the time. That was a real nice fire. Real high and smoky, too. You must have lots of combustible magazines in your office. Where is your office?

Earl Rag
Sulphur Spring
Rhode Island

Ed: Thank you for your letter. Our office is in South Hall.

Good Morning,

On behalf of all the ladies at Vile Maria may I congratulate you on a simply gorgeous magazine. The mixture of humor and pathos is significant of its success. We were also pleased with the full-size falsies enclosed with each copy sent to us. How cleverly thoughtful of you. Yours for bigger ones.

Iona Organ
Vile Maria

Ed: We admit the idea was clever, but why in hell don't you babes start wearing 'em. Have detected no improvement since December. Are you going soft on us?

Dear Editors:

The Octopus is like a touch of home to us boys in the service of the flag. We youth in the Military Police, we staunch defenders of the nation, are indeed pleased to note that our sacrifices are not for naught. When students can live and work in a free world, and write and print such glorious publications, well, then, I salute you.

2nd Lieut. Horace Appel
U.S. 119107368554027644
Co. C 3rd. Pl. 2nd. Sqd.
Camp Gordon-on-the-lake, Ga.

Ed: Sorry to hear you boys don't like army life, but remember, what you do will long be forgotten here. We're trying to make the stories dirtier for all our subscribers in khaki, but the U.S. Post Office, another institution for which you are fighting, won't permit it.

dorm

As our squad crawled on its bellies over the bloated, rotten bodies of the dead Commies, one thing became apparent to all of us. It was . . .

THE STENCH

by E. A. Airwik
Lt. Com. U.S.E.D.M.

Scraping the manure from my shoes, I gazed with speechless wonder at the great, the honorable University of Wisconsin. At last I had arrived.

After checking my team at the stock pavilion and greasing the wagon wheels, I hurried breathlessly to the room which was to be my home for the next nine months. My three gunny sacks of supplies rasped contentedly against each other as I climbed to my third floor cubicle. A hand protruding from under one of the beds indicated that my roommate had already arrived. My roommate! I sighed affectionately at the hand and envisioned all the good times we would have together.

I took from my pocket and carefully unfolded the precious list of proper things to do that my mother had given me when she kissed me goodbye. After carefully reading the part about how to greet my roommate I proceeded cautiously toward the hand. Giving it a gentle tug, I said, "Howdy, there sport!" My name is Framis Q. Ignatz and I guess we two are roommates. Right pleased to meetcha!"

The hand moved and a head emerged. Surely, those long blonde curls and big blue eyes could not belong to my roommate. The head spoke, "Tank God! I was sure it was the landlady. Jake will be back pretty soon, he just went around the corner for another bottle."

Masking my disappointment at not meeting my roommate, I thanked her kindly and stepped gracefully through the door. I picked myself up and hurried outside to search for my first freshman conference. I was completely lost so I approached a big, healthy looking student with a large W on his sweater.

"Could you direct me to the Education building," I asked casually.

"Education building," he pondered, "Education building, huh? Duh, how the hell should I know? I just play football here."

I begged pardon for putting him to such obvious mental torment and looked around for a letterless bosom at which to direct my queries. I was especially attracted by one in particular and when she ranged alongside I said, "Pardon me Miss, but I'd like to ask you something."

Her eyes showed slight disappointment, but before I could continue, she pressed a scrap of paper into my hands

and whispered "Here handsome, but wait a couple of days, will you?"

As she disappeared around the corner, I gazed curiously at the paper in my hand. "Mary, it read, #4206." Surely she must have made some mistake, I thought. "Mary, #4206 doesn't tell me how to get to Education."

I decided to try once more, so I accosted a very peculiar looking individual with a fraternity pin on his sweater and the letters BMOC tattooed significantly across his forehead. In answer to my question, he merely belched rudely and proceeded down the street looking for cigarette butts in the gutter.

I threw up my hands in a practised gesture of despair and began to wander aimlessly up and down the streets gasping amazedly at an occasional four story building.

Just as the sun was setting, I walked dejectedly through what appeared to be the slums of the town. I noticed a particularly run down building with the words "Campus Publishing Company" splashed gaudily across the dirty windows. At this, I brightened somewhat, knowing that once again I must be in the vicinity of the campus, but just as I was walking past, a strange thing happened. Something mother hadn't told me about. A great hook suddenly flashed out from the door of the hovel and dragged me inside. When I came to I was surrounded by several odd looking creatures with pencils clenched in their teeth and garters pinched tightly around their frail biceps.

A pencil was thrust into my trembling hand and paper was put before me. "Write," the leader gritted.

I wrote. "Help."

There was a pause while the leader examined my composition, then a smile beamed across his face and he removed the pencil from his teeth. "He can write," he announced jubilantly, "he can write!"

Suddenly I was surrounded by a wildly dancing group of savages as they brandished their pencils in the air and chanted, "He can write, he can write, he can write."

Since then I have been writing. Every Sunday someone comes around and gives me a bone with meat on it and every two weeks my manacles are loosened to restore circulation. But there is one thing I would like to know. Where is the Education building?



"Well, I use a straight edge razor . . . no blades to buy . . . no messy blades to change . . ."



The Men's Dormitories are a community in itself. All the necessities and a lot of the luxuries of life are to be found in the buildings grouped serenely on the beautiful shores of Lake Mendota. As a matter of fact some dorm residents haven't left the area for two or three years. Pictured here are some Kronshag men eating their Sunday noon meal. A dorm regulation states that neckties must be worn for Sunday dinners. All the residents are eager to comply with Men's Halls Association rulings, and the good food served up by lovable old Mother Henmung keeps their spirits up.



Good fellowship is an intrinsic part of the life of a dorm man, and healthy sports and educational discussions are encouraged by dormitory officials and housefellows. Well lighted rooms and excellent ventilating facilities make studying easy. No wonder the average grade point of a dorm man compared to that of any other living group on campus will always be surprising.

FLASH BULB PHOTOS BY TOM LODAHL
LITERARY DROPPINGS BY KEN EICHENBAUM
PAPER BY NORTHERN TISSUE



Once a month during the winter the relief truck may be seen rolling slowly through the dormitory area, dispensing high grade coal to eager residents. Unfortunately we were unable to secure the names of the students pictured here, but Lee Burns, loveable MHA employee, is the man with the shovel. Driving the vehicle is George Girdle, head of the maintenance crew and chairman of the torture rack committee on resident problems.

MEN WITHOUT WOMEN

TOM "GAMS" LODAHL, DRESSED AS A DORMITORY CHAMBER MAID WITH A LAPEL CAMERA, WAS ABLE TO GATHER THIS UNDERCOVER INFO SURREPTICIOUSLY*



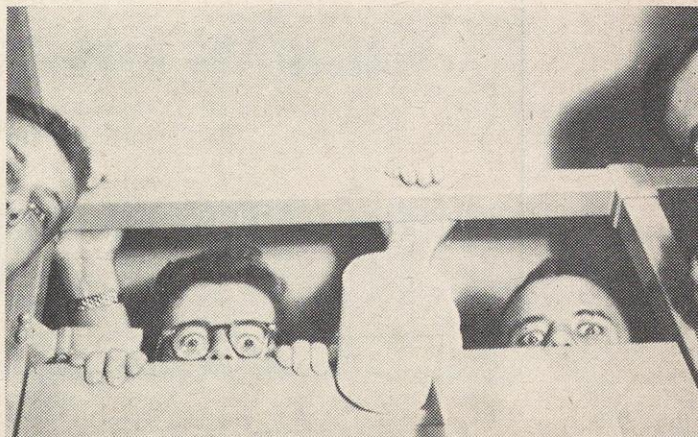
Van Hise dining hall is one of the best equipped cafeterias in the country and boasts a menu that many Parisian cafes might well be proud of. Since Slichter hall has turned co-educational (i.e., both men and women live in this modern structure) Van Hise now serves both men and women residents in an atmosphere unparalleled on other campuses. Tripp and Adams halls are justified indeed when they say, "When Lady Baily serves a meal, we really eat it."

*Means secretly.

The part of this photograph which does not herein appear does so because it was censored. If you wish to see it, it is on display in the Octy hut from 3:30-5:00 Mon. thru Fri. Ask for Duke.

The Men's Halls Store, the largest student operated store in the country, grosses well over \$2,500,000 annually. Here students may purchase items such as cigarettes, cigars, candy bars, chewing tobacco (for Short Course residents), fraternity pins, athletic supporters in all sizes, sweat shirts, and a host of other equally important articles. The store is open daily except Monday through Thursday, from 1 a.m. to 3 a.m.

Visitors to the Men's Halls will immediately sense the ever-present tone of privacy amid the hustle-bustle of life in the dormitories. Indeed for sheer relaxation and pleasure, residing in the dormitories is an experience—that cannot easily be forgotten.



greek

"Professor Clean, you don't know your math from a hole in the ground," cried Sally-Lou as she tore her bluebook into long strips she would find a better use for. The professor smiled and said, "At least I know when

my number's up

by Alfred Einstien

I stumbled off the bus. I was here! I had made it! It was like a dream at last come true. After those twenty arduous years of preparatory study, I was finally fit to enter the University of Wisconsin. Insignificant little I was to become a Badger which was no mean feat in itself as both my parents were human and given to having babies.

I ran anxiously down State Street aiming myself in the general direction of Abraham Lincoln's knees.

Looking to the right as I neared the campus, I saw something which shook my faith in what I sincerely believed

to be the only perfect university town in the whole of the United States.

Here only a stone's throw from the campus itself, a scene of utter, filthy debauchery met my tear filled eyes. Row upon row of weather beaten hovels spread out before me like so many empty beer bottles. The sign above my head blared out the words, Langdon Street, to the world. Students lay sprawled in various positions on the lawns, streets and gutters. Three emaciated men with knives and forks in their hands were busily chasing a squirrel up a tree.

I was so hypnotized by their ma-

neuvers that I failed to notice the girl who had been leaning casually against the street light which appropriately flashed the letters STOP in red.

"We eat good around here," a throaty voice breathed. I winced as a pair of teeth bit tenderly into my right ear lobe.

Jumping back in horror, I saw a most debauched looking girl standing before me. She winked and spit a right ear lobe onto the sidewalk. I tipped my hat. "Verily thou hae struck me a mortal blow, mine own," I exclaimed, pulling out my handkerchief and blowing my ear.

Gliding closer to me, she slowly lifted her skirt up past her perfect knees, past her milk-white stomach, and over her head as I stared in amazement. I stood there amazed for ten minutes and finally found strength to speak.

"Who—who are you," I croaked, wetting my lips and unrolling my tongue.

"Vrumpha Hib," she murmured.

"Who," I repeated cautiously.

"Vrumpha Hib," she repeated.

"Please pull down your skirt, I can't hear a word you're saying," I begged.

As she lowered her dress, I gazed unbelievably at her. She was beautiful, absolutely beautiful. Her attire was conservative yet chic. A necklace of Blatz bottle caps adorned her slender sensuous neck and her gown—simply exquisite.

"Jacques Fath," I questioned enthralled.

"No, Pillsbury, honey," she answered.

"It's beautiful, simply beautiful."

"Oh! It's just an old sack," she returned gaily, "Say you're new around here aren't you."

"Yup," I answered shyly digging the tips of my wooden shoes into the turf.

"What's your name," she asked.

"Hans Brinker," I replied leaping ecstatically.

I had found a new friend. "What's yours," I questioned blushing.

"Virgin Fib," she giggled. "I bet you haven't had a thing to eat all day. Neither have I. C'mon up to my place and I'll make something for you."

Waving to the three fellows in loud sport coats, pork pie hats, sun tans, and white bucks, with pipes in their mouths, who had been standing on the corner watching us all this time, I hurried after Virgin. They grinned

(continued on page 12)

THE CARTOON THAT WAS TO BE HEREIN CONTAINED WAS CENSORED AND MAY BE SEEN AT THE OCTOPUS HUT MONDAY THRU FRIDAY FROM 3:30 - 5:00.

KNOCK TWO SHORT AND ONE LONG AND ASK FOR SAM

"I hardly expected such hospitality, Miss Firbish."

TRADITION STAGGERS DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE

ben weiss

Hone your hatchets! Strop your scalpels! There are new woods to conquer. Shorty and Lammy, the genial gargoyles from the little pine hut on State Street have spread out in a new mausoleum just down the street a ways. They claim their old lease was shaky. Rumor is their catacomb was crowded.

As I write this I'm sitting on a granite slab at the new front door. It says "Brat Haus 52." Didn't know the guy, Haus, myself, but I hope it was painless.

Shorty and Lammy claim nation-wide reputation but this is questionable. Shorty is referred to in connection with the last ice age. His tusks are gone but his bar is good for a field trip. He's a kindly sort, a jolly, rotund creature with chuckling eyes and hollow canines. It's said Charles Adams once met him and later made a for-

tune. It's funny, every time Shorty looks at his oversized barbecue pit he grins and mumbles something about Christians. I had a brat the other day that wanted to know who won the Rose Bowl. Shorty had a large knife on his grill. A few years ago he used it to collect neck ties. Some had beautiful red patterns. Word got out that Shorty heard of falsies and the place was stag for several months.

Little is known of Lammy's past. But it's odd that Shorty took him in just after a series of robberies from Science Hall's fifth floor. Lammy seldom speaks more than to call in the orders. He's been known to become violent if someone orders more than ten of anything.

The new dump is an improvement. It seats about 85 and stands about 800 which eliminates the 85 who were sitting. The sanitary stations have both hot and cold running water. Lammy says the plumber was a guy named Haus. The "Ladies" partition is the first in town with a free air pump and pressure gauge. The tables are open to carving. Mitch Sledge just walked in with his air hammer.

Many co-eds were pinned in the old joint. If all these
(continued on page 22)

HEY!

EVERY OTHER SCHOOL HAS ONE!
A REAL HANGOUT OF THEIR OWN!

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THE NEW

Brathaus

featuring **CHARCOAL BROILED STEAKS AND BRATWURST**
and **YOUR CHOICE OF BOTTLE BEER**

603 STATE ST.

FROM THE TAIL OF THE BIRD

and

Other Foul Droppings

A slow talking girl met a fast talking city slicker. Before she could tell him she wasn't that kind of a girl—she was.

"Do you know what the burglar got who broke into the SAE house last night?"

"Yeah . . . pledged."

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partners
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you at
dances
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The love of a staunch, true man,
The love of a baby unafraid,
Has existed since time began.
But the greatest love, the love of
loves,
Even greater than that of a mother,
Is the tender, infinite, passionate
love
Of one drunken bum for another.

* * *

Demure Young Thing: "Oh, what kind of an officer are you?"

Officer: "I'm a naval surgeon."

D. Y. T.: "Dear, dear how you doctors do specialize."

* * *

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I get the heaves
Just thinking of you."
Beautiful, isn't it?

* * *

"Are you free tonight?"

"No, but I'm inexpensive."

* * *

Dick: "How's your girl?"

Jack: "Not so good."

Dick: "You always were lucky."

* * *

He: "Whisper those three little words that will make me walk on air."

She: "Go hang yourself."

* * *

"Papa, what is the difference between prosperity and depression?"

"Well, my boy," Papa replied, "in prosperity we have wine, women, and song; but in depression all we have is beer, Mama, and the radio."

* * *

"Daughter, I don't mind that young man coming over here every evening and staying up half the night with you, nor his standing on the front porch for a couple of hours saying goodnight, but please ask him to stop taking the morning paper with him when he leaves."

* * *

Psychiatrist to sad-eyed patient. "My dear man, you have no complex. You are inferior."

* * *

A reporter had been sent to cover a great mine disaster. He was so impressed by what he saw that he tried to indicate all the emotions and heroism that he saw around him in that vast panorama of death.

In a telegram to his editor he began, "God sits tonight on a little hill overlooking the scene of disaster."

Immediately his editor wired back: "Never mind disaster—interview God. Get pictures if possible."



1953 OCTOPUS

*Dream
Girl*

*Betty Klein, 19 year old junior in physiology
is five foot three, weighs in at 110,
loves outdoor dancing, indoor sports,
and during the summer skins alligators for a Cuban firm.*



Photographs
This Month by
Badger Studio

(continued from page 8)

and broke into song.

*Tau Kappa Kappa, hats off to you
For you we'll fight till we're black
and blue*

*At Tau Kappa Kappa never dare
sneer*

Who the hell bit off your ear?

We rushed through the door of a building that had some funny foreign lettering on the front and started up the stairs.

I paused for a moment to stare sheepishly at some couples who were lying on the floor, working industriously.

"What are you staring at bub," said a big one-eared fellow wearing white bucks, "haven't you ever seen people cleaning lint off of rugs before? Mind your own business or I'll clamp ya on your ear."

"No sir—yes sir," I answered, tipping my hat and bowing from the waist.

"Hurry up, Hans," called Virgin reaching back to pull me up the stairs.

I doubled up in pain. "Oof!" I grunted. "That wasn't very nice." Shaking my head I crawled up the dimly lit stairs.

"We're here," Virgin whispered, "make yourself at home." She helped me off with my coat and shirt.

Then I watched timidly as Virgin slipped out of her skirt, blouse, and stockings.

"Here now," I gasped, "put those stockings back on before you catch cold."

She lowered her eye-lids and started toward me.

"You're all mine, Hansie," she murmured, sliding her arms around

me. I squirmed passionately. Her lips moved closer to mine. I threw up! She hesitated.

"Not the other ear," I begged.

She giggled and exhaled sensuously. "Keep this for a while, honey, it's in the way." She removed a little gold pin. I noticed that it had those same funny letters on it. With a lunge she fastened it to me, I screamed.

"I haven't got my shirt on," I gasped, tipping my hat.

"Rah! Rah!," someone shouted. Three fellows in loud sport coats, pork pie hats, sun tans, and white bucks with pipes in their mouths, leaped through the door.

"Good work, Virgin," they cried, patting her.

"What's the meaning of this?" I questioned.

"You are now a member of Tau Kappa Kappa," they ejaculated in unison, breaking out in a rah! rah! song.

*Tau Kappa Kappa, rah! rah! rah!
Tau Kappa Kappa, lah! de! dah!
Hear Hear, we love beer
Who the hell bit off your ear?*

"No fraternity for me," I answered. "I am, I have been, and I always will be an independent at heart." I put my hat back on.

"Guess again Brother Brinker," they replied. "If you'll notice, you're wearing our pin. If you so much as take it off, we'll send these pictures of you and little Virgin to your dear old mother. It would break her kind old heart. Laughing gleefully, they waved a handful of photos in my face. I shuddered at the sight of the hole in my head.

With that they broke out into a rah! rah! song, kicking their white bucks into the air.

"Virgin," I gasped, watching the white bucks spiral out of sight. "Verily thou hae struck me a mortal blow."

"Shut up Hans, I gotta line up some more suckers, a buck is a buck."

I was now a fraternity man. I broke down and wept as the notes of the Tau Kappa Kappa drinking song closed in on me.

*Drink, drink, the glasses clink
My, how stale beer doth stink
When you drink, you just don't keer
Who the hell bit off your ear?*

* * *

The young lady carried her baby with her when she went to the fortune teller. He started reeling off things about the future of the child, but she cut him short, saying: "Never mind that. Just see if you can find out where I was after the New Year's party last year."

* * *

He: "I wish I had a nickel for every girl I've kissed."

She: "What would you do, buy a pack of gum?"

* * *

Female driver: "I want a glass of water in my radiator, a thimble of oil for my motor, and a demitasse of gas. I think that will be all."

Attendant: "Couldn't I cough in your tires?"



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ORANGIE BERG
Of International Fame

531 State Street

A broker sought admission to the pearly gates.
 "Who are you?" said St. Peter.
 "I am a Wall Street broker."
 "What do you want?"
 "I want to get in."
 "What have you done that entitles you to admission?"
 "Well I saw a decrepit woman on Broadway the other day, and gave her two cents."
 "Gabriel, is that on the records?"
 "Yes, St. Peter."
 "What else have you done?"
 "Well, I crossed the Brooklyn Bridge the other night and met a newsboy half frozen to death and gave him a penny."
 "Gabriel, is that on the records?"
 "Yes, St. Peter."
 "What else have you done?"
 "That's all I can think of."
 "What do you think we ought to do with this guy, Gabriel?"
 "Give him back his three cents and tell him to go to hell."

* * *

"Waiter," said the irate patron, "I must say I don't like all the flies in this dining room."

"Tell me which ones you don't like, madam, and I'll chase them out for you."

* * *

A farmer once phoned a veterinarian. "Say, doc," he said, "I've got a sick cat. He just lays around licking his paws and doesn't have any appetite. What should I do for him?"

"Give him a pint of castor oil," instructed the vet.

Somewhat dubious, the farmer forced the cat to take the pint of castor oil. A couple of days later the vet met the farmer on the street and asked, "How's your sick calf?"

"Sick calf? That was a sick cat I had," answered the shocked farmer.

"Migawd! Did you give him the castor oil?"

"Sure did."

"Well, what did he do?"

"Last time I saw him he was going over the hill with five other cats. Two were digging, two were covering up, and one was scouting for new territory."

* * *

If she looks young, she is camouflaged.
 If she looks old, she is young but dissipated.
 If she looks innocent, she is fooling you.
 If she looks shocked, she is acting.
 If she looks languishing, she is hungry.
 If she looks sad, she is angling.
 If she looks back, FOLLOW HER.

* * *

The caddy master out at the golf course thought he was performing a good deed all around when he introduced a young man who stuttered very badly to a lithesome young lady golfer who suffered from the same complaint. The two took their drives from the first tee and, as they walked off down the fairway, the young man informed her, "My name is P-P-Peter, but I'm not a s-s-saint."

The girl answered, "Mine is Mary, but I'm not a v-v-v-very good player."

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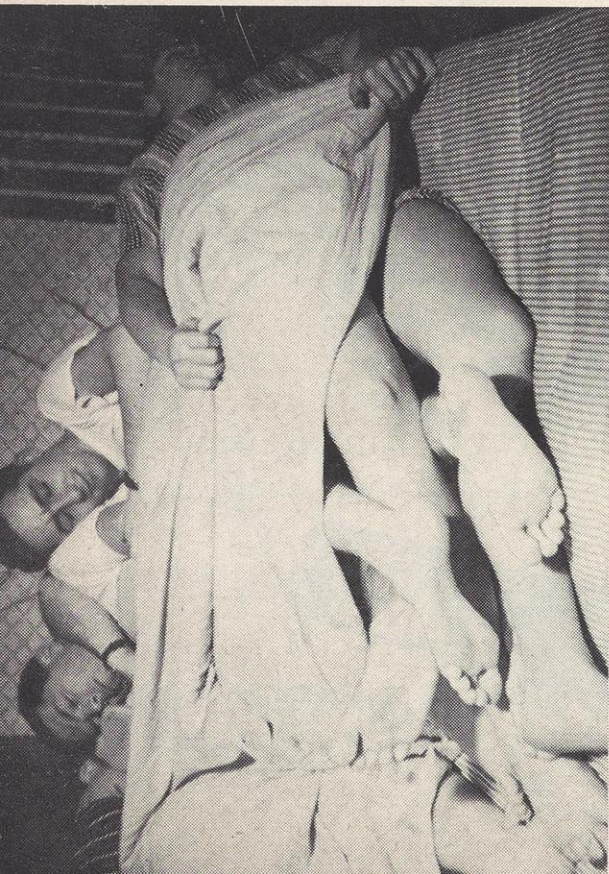
A GREE

*Invading the intim
brings you the tru
tion of a Frat man
Octy exclusive!*

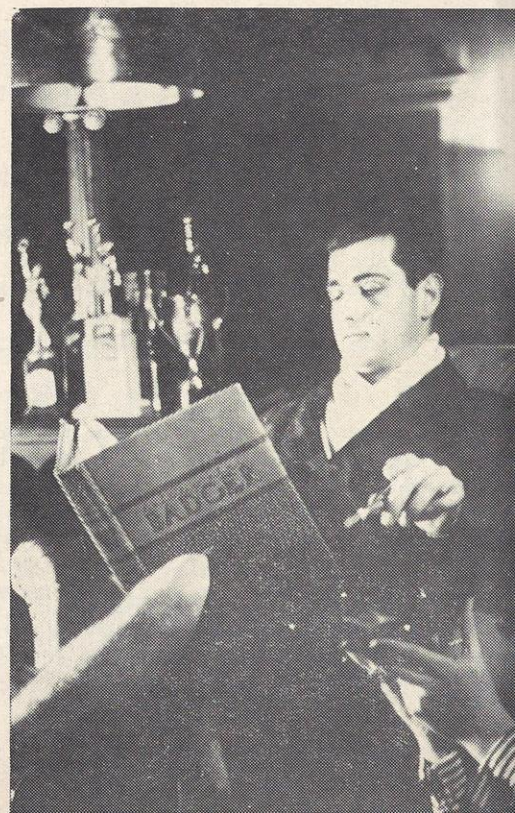
Though many are called, few are chosen. Vital to any fraternity is the limited choice of its members; the less members, the more exclusive the fraternity. One fraternity on Langdon Street is reported so exclusive it consists of only a housemother and a mascot. Subtle tactics are employed in cautious screening of rushees; many are called, but few are chosen.



Even during mealtime (strictly formal in attire, including suits, white shirts, ties, and chastity belts) the pledge keeps up his intimate contact with actives. Menus, created by imported chefs, are varied and very often exciting. *A full mouth conceals no falsehoods; an empty stomach havens bad odors and belches.*



Housing conditions are bad all over. Pledges, however, are fortunate in sharing spacious, steam-heated rooms—ever reminded of their fraternal bonds. House sanitation rules restrict six pledges to a mat, though many exclusive houses allow only four.



IS BORN

Fraternity Row, Octy
s concerning the crea-
inspiration to birth! An



Though materialistic values are minimized, it is many weeks before a pledge learns to attach greater importance to the warmth of brotherhood than to material things. He learns to share as only fortunate Greeks do. *What's yours is mine; what's mine is yours. A bill on the move will never mould. All for one and one for all.*



Sometimes even the pledges have a little time for diversion. And get a load of the big fat sorority girls, healthy and robust, the "gay young lovers" of the Grecian days long since gone.

Etchings by Joe Kirkish
 Stories of the Same Name
 Trophies Stolen

arling," Margot panted heav-
 s me again—again!" Actives
 ne greater majority of their
 life reading cultural litera-
 imitation of their art-loving
 a healthy Greek mind is
 ousy mind. During these pe-
 intellectual concourse, pledges
 f necessity, perform certain
 duties, thus establishing their
 ss. An idle Greek hand is not
 hand.

The pledge dreams of the final day when he can dream as a full-fledged frat man—the day when he begins to live and sleep in true Greek style. He clutches tightly his loving cup, he burrows his toes deeply into the Maidenform mattress of his bed, and as he smiles, a low rumble escapes the haunting caverns of his stomach. *A frat man's head is not a rusty head.* Not always.





However
You Say It,
Say It With

Valentines
from
Manchester's

editor's

BROWN STUDY

The Rose Bowl was great and members of the Octy staff are still trickling back from Pasadena. Ron Carson, the copy editor, walked in yesterday still holding the glass he drank from in Arizona. Needless to say it was empty. Gene Hintz, an illiterate member of the literary staff dropped in a week ago. His bicycle acquired a flat tire over the Rockies and he had to walk it back over treacherous mountain passes. Diane Kraft, Joyce Berliant, and Annie Cogan, so called secretaries, couldn't make it to Pasadena, but I saw them under the table at Charlie's T.V. Bar the day of the game. It's still a mystery to me how they can make it down to the Hut day after day from 3:30 to 5:00 in such an extreme state of inebriation. They're like tipsy homing pigeons, but with conditioned reflexes. Take Diane for instance. The clock in Music Hall chimes three, and instinctively she rolls out of her bed and begins the tediously slow crawl toward the Octy Hut. Her knuckles are sore from constantly being stepped on by the inconsiderate people that walk up and down Langdon Street.

Gretchen Bosch, who handles all the mailing among other things, went to Florida between semesters and the only thing we've heard from her is a sun-tanned post-card which arrived last week stating a desire to have her Octopus expense account extended two weeks. So far the business manager, Kurt Gross, has done nothing about this, so we have no idea when Miss Bosch will return.

Work has begun on the March issue, which will undoubtedly be quite ingenious. This one will really be fun to put out. Can't say much more about it, but watch for hints around the campus in a couple weeks. The Octy for March will be entirely different and unique in the annals of college journalism. Till then,

George

ROTC Student: "I haven't a pencil or paper for the exam."

Sergeant: "What would you think of a soldier who went into battle without a gun or ammunition?"

ROTC Student: "I'd think he was an officer."

A farmer once phoned a veterinarian. "Say, doc, he said, 'I've got a sick cat. He just lays around licking his paws and doesn't have any appetite. What should I do for him?'"

"Give him a pint of castor oil," instructed the vet.

Somewhat dubious, the farmer forced the cat to take the pint of castor oil. A couple of days later the vet met the farmer on the street and asked, "How's your sick calf?"

"Sick calf? That was a sick cat I had," answered the shocked farmer.

"Migawd! Did you give him the castor oil?"

"Sure did."

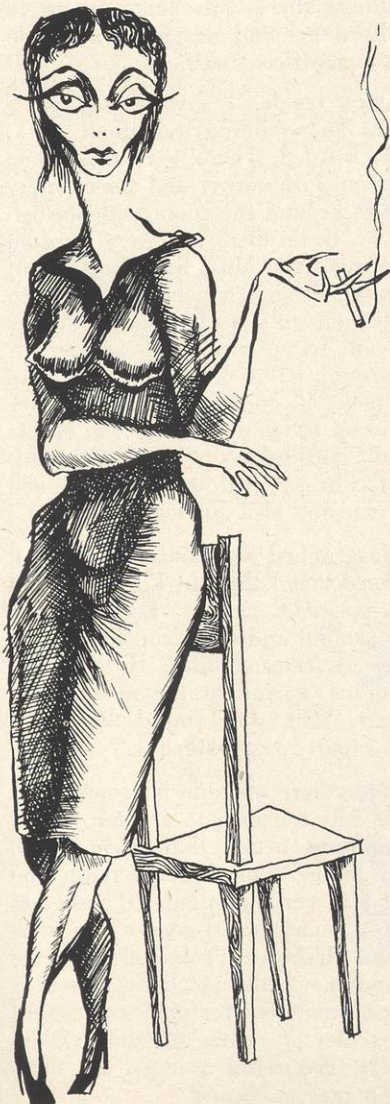
"Well, what did he do?"

"Last time I saw him he was going over the hill with five other cats. Two were digging, two were covering up, and one was scouting for new territory."

As a special note of interest to dormitory residents and those interested in learning how well-planned the MHA diet really is, your Octopus went through a great deal of trouble and garbage to secure this week's menu:

MONDAY: Breakfast; cereal, orange juice, warm toast, bacon, eggs, fresh coffee, milk. Lunch; Creamed beef on toast, creamed potatoes, creamed peas, cream of tomato soup, creamed coffee, cream upside-down pudding, cream. Dinner; Pheasant L'Coultre, potatoes polonaise, horseradish, cream upside-down pudding, coffee, milk.

TUESDAY: Breakfast; cereal, luke-warm toast, bacon, eggs, yesterday's coffee, milk. Lunch; creamed salmon on toast, creamed sweet potatoes, creamed asparagus, cream of pea soup, watered-down cream, cream upside-down pudding, coffee, cream. Dinner; Sirloin of horse, french fried potatoes, horseradish salad, Salad d'



dorm

DORM SLUSH

A MENU IN
SEVEN MOVEMENTS

by Norman A. Bowel

Flambeau, cream upside-down pudding.

WEDNESDAY: Breakfast; cereal, cold toast, eggs, yesterday's coffee, milk. Lunch; creamed horseradish on toast, creamed french-fried potatoes, creamed carrots, cream of cabbage soup, cream upside-down pudding, cream. Dinner; Lamb chops Rousseau under glass, potatoes Rousseau on top of glass, horseradish gravy on potatoes, cream upside-down pudding right side up on gravy.

THURSDAY: Breakfast; cereal, very cold toast, yesterday's coffee. Lunch; creamed oranges on toast, creamed potatoes polonaise, creamed radishes, creamed cabbage salad, cream upside-down pudding. NOTE

TO DIETICIAN: Stop ordering that pudding. Dinner; Spare ribs l' Chimpanzee, roasty-brown salad potatoes, horseradish soup, egg plant Zanzibar, cream upside-down pudding. NOTE

TO DIETICIAN: Please, no more damn pudding.

FRIDAY: Breakfast; very, very cold toast, yesterday's coffee. Lunch; creamed tadpole feces on toast, creamed egg plant Zanzibar, cream of mushroom soup, orange upside-down pudding with cream. NOTE TO DIETICIAN: Cut the comedy, Ma, you ain't foolin' us boys at da scrape table! Dinner; Lobster Manhattan,

Potatoes au gratin, horseradish a la chocolate syrup, egg plant Zanzibar pudding (upside down) a la cream, also some fish.

SATURDAY: Breakfast; yesterday's coffee. Lunch; creamed toast on toast, creamed parsleyed potatoes, cream of chicken soup, lobster upside-down pudding Manhattan style with cream. Dinner; horseradish Zanzibar a la Manhattan with chocolate syrup, diced egg plant, creamed upside-down pudding au gratin.

SUNDAY: Breakfast; warm water, aspirin. Lunch; cream on toast, creamed parsleyed Manhattan Zanzibar Polonaise au gratin with horseradish, creamed egg plant with chocolate syrup, creamed lobster feces upside-down, diced l'Flambeau Rousseau l'Coultre.



CENSORED



YES!!

THEY'RE THE SAME GIRL

Octy uncovers the bare facts,
exposing the
DORMITORY GIRL
clad and unclad

**PATRONIZE OUR
ADVERTISERS**

greek

TWENTY SECONDS TO GO!
THE COACH'S WHITE FACE TWITCHED
UNDER HIS BLUE FEDORA. THIS
SEEMED STRANGE AS HE HAD DIED
THREE WEEKS BEFORE. AND THEN IT
HIT ME . . .

The Ball

BY WHOM

Ah . . . the University of Wisconsin . . . I had dreamed for years of the day that I would be a student at the most beautiful campus in Madison.

There were few students there from my small country village of Wauwatosa, and I was determined that I would do something to put it on the map. I had heard of the great Turner pick-up-stick team and had practiced hour after hour, year after year, in hopes that I would be able to make it. I was now so good that no matter which way the sticks were dropped, I could manage to pick out the black on the first try. That was my specialty. I could try and make the team and, if I did, the honor of winning a game would send my name all over the world and put Wauwatosa on the map.

When I arrived in Madison, the first thing I did was check in with the housefellow, Harrison Fishblood. I was standing in his room talking with him and just happened to mention that while at Tosa, I had won a major letter in pick-up-sticks. Immediately he grabbed me and took me into the den for a try-out. I was shaking . . . here was my chance . . . the day I had worked and aimed at for four long years.

I was as nervous as the first time I visited that little house at Plymouth. Consequently, I had trouble picking up even one little red stick. Harrison said to me, "Well, I guess you realize now that you're in some pretty tough competition. With a little more practice you might make our junior varsity, though."

My heart was broken. The day I had waited for had at last come and I had failed. Harrison said, "Don't take it too hard. You're playin' big

league sticks now and might have trouble, but if you try again later, you'll probably be able to make the team." I vowed that before the end of the season I would be first string and not just another man stuck away in the sticks.

I went up to my room to practice. My roommate had already checked in, but I hadn't met him. As I approached the room, I heard a great scurrying inside and a voice say, "Quick . . . under the bed . . ." I went into the room. There I found my roommate. I could see that he was going to be an ideal partner as he was already sitting at his desk studying. Evidently the book he was reading was from the law school for it was called *I, THE JUDGE*, and was written by someone with the name of Icky Spleen. "You must be my roommate," I said. He said he was and after a short discussion, I discovered his name was Pasqualli Rutherford Blisslyck.

"Just call me Sam," he said.

I was about to practice my pick-up-sticks when I noticed a pair of feet sticking out from under the bed. "What's them?" I inquired of Sam.

"Oh, them . . . well . . . that's well . . . ah . . . yes, that's it. That's my sister. Passionetta, you can come out now. The coast's clear." Sam had a very unusual looking sister. She was very large on top and didn't seem to be wearing much at all. The shirt she had on was cut down to her waist, and parts of her body were peeking out. "Albert, I would like you to meet my sister, Passionetta Handfull. Passionetta, my roommate, Albert Innocuous."

They must have had different mothers, I thought, since their last names were different. Passionetta said that

she had to go, since her housemother worried about her girls if they didn't get in by noon. I practiced my pick-up-sticks.

The next day I decided to go for a walk and see what the campus looked like. As I was leaving, the housefellow yelled to me. "Go anywhere you like, but be sure and stay away from Greek Street." I promised I would and went on. That was the second time he mentioned Greek Street. The first time he asked me if I was a Greek. That was silly. You could tell by my dress that my mother was Irish and my father Swedish.

As I walked happily along looking at the huge buildings (they don't have buildings that big in my home town), I noticed one street with beautiful houses on it. Aha, I thought, Greek Street . . . but no . . . it was a street by the name of Langdon. I decided to take a walk down it. As I strolled along I noticed one building that was particularly beautiful. I stopped and gazed in wonder at the house. We didn't have places like that in Wauwatosa. While I was standing there two huge monsters grabbed me and dragged me inside that magnificent edifice.

Once inside, I saw it was all a front. The building was small, dark, and crowded. There were three men piled up in a corner and some empty bottles around the room with the letters C. B. on them in a very unusual lettering style. Must be some kind of sleeping drug, I concluded. The men forced me into a chair and told me to wait. In no time at all an exuberant young fellow in white shoes, gray flannels, a sportcoat, and sweater came up to me and said, "I'm Hildebrant Huffleshort, the house president. I'm so glad that you decided to come and visit our fraternity first."

He grabbed my hand and shook it so hard that I thought I'd never play pick-up-sticks again. "Let me take you around and show you the advantages of fraternal life." He then noticed me staring at the men in the corner. "Oh, don't mind them. We had a party last Saturday."

"Now here are our bedrooms. We have only ten men to a room. There is nothing better than living with your fellow man, and the room and board is very nominal. It costs but \$100 a semester. Of course you must realize that doesn't include the use of bedding, beds, and lights. There is also a small fee for coal and water. Altogether it comes to about \$900. Where else could you get all these advantages so cheap?

Now the men you live with. We are lucky enough to have some of the campus leaders among us. There's Alfred de Sabre from the fencing team, Harry Brooman, leader of the Fishfry Party, and Moses Maloney from the Tic-tac-toe team. Have you ever seen a more impressive list of campus personalities?

Now for the financial expenses. You realize, of course, that the board will add a slight amount to that \$900 I mentioned a while ago. Then there's social dues and every once in a while a special assessment. Really it isn't much to pay for the honor of living in the Sigma Omega Beta house. The S.O.B.'s are the largest house on the campus and they have a great national ranking."

Just then one of the men in the corner groaned. "More beer," he murmured. That caught the president's attention just long enough for me to notice the little door with the letters E A T on it. It looked like something had been scratched out of the lettering, but I wanted to see what kind of food they ate there. I pushed the door open and went in. Inside I noticed a whole bunch of white enameled sinks, and along one wall was a string of exceptionally small showers. I started looking for the food. I pushed open the door of one of the little rooms and went in. There wasn't any food in there, only a large white pot with water in it.

Just then one of the men that had been lying in the corner, came into the room. He looked as if he hadn't had any sleep in a week. From the smell of his breath, I could tell he hadn't brushed his teeth in a week.

He staggered into one of the little rooms and dropped the load he was carrying. Little sticks spilled out all over the floor . . . little stick of wood . . . lovely little sticks . . . thousands of little sticks. Something struck me. I didn't know what at first, but I found myself down on my hands and knees picking up the little sticks . . . the beautiful little sticks. I got them all without moving any of the others. Then I noticed it. The handshake the president had given me had put a hook into one of my fingers. The man who dropped the toothpicks stopped what he was doing and stared in amazement.

"Why don't you pick them up in handfuls?" he asked. "One at a time goes awfully slow." I explained to him the great game I was playing. He was fascinated. "I bet a buck I can beat you."

"You mean a whole dollar?"

"No, you dope, I mean one of my shoes." After arguing a while, I finally got him to bet \$.50. With the help of my newly hooked finger, I


won easily. Soon the others came in and saw us. They were as fascinated as he. The bets grew larger and the sticks flew far into the night.

Walking into the housefellow's room two days and 10,892,641 sticks later, I proudly displayed the deed to my newly won house on Langdon Street.

"How'd ya' do that?" he asked as he stared in wonder.

"Oh . . . 'twas nothing," I said and explained to him how I had won the house, \$43.13 in money, and 67 white bucks by playing pick-up-sticks.

Need I say that in no time at all I was on the varsity of one of the greatest teams ever developed by Turner House. The next year I was captain. We beat 111 straight opponents, numbering Liz Waters I among our victims. My successes brought me national fame and as you can see by looking at any map of Milwaukee County, Wauwatosa is finally on the map. But I am not satisfied. I'd still like to know what a fraternity is and where Greek Street can be found.



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he got no poppa
got no mama,

he got no wife,
he got no chillun,
he got no use
for penicillin,

he got no friends,
he got no fose,
he ain't no scholar—
don't need nodose,

he got no songs,
he got no bantor,
he don't know crosby,
don't know cantor,

got no distinction,
no clear head,
don't call for whiskey—
drink milk instead,

he use no lotions
for allurance,
he got no car
and no insurance,

no winchell warnings,
no pearson rumor,
for this self-centered
nonconsumer,

indeed, the poor
abhorrent have not,
is unaware
of what he has got,

if you will save
the box tops, comma,
i think i'll go
and join that llama.

by Ted Hasbrook

* * *

Officer: "Are you interested in a commission?"

Recruit: "No, I'll work on a straight salary. My aim's not so good."

Never will I forget my first day at this great university. My classes, dormitory life, new acquaintances, all the adventures of college reached up and enveloped me in a rapturous cloud of, logically enough, rapture.

I sprang from my bed at the crack of dawn on the first day and tugged at my roommate.

"Arise," I cried. "Arise to the dawn of this glorious day filled to overflowing with the education of the ages. Come with me out into this great society in which thousands of knowledge thirsting scholars are vying for the wisdom of our cultural forefathers. Arise!"

"What the hell," my roommate gritted, "ails you?"

"Ails me indeed," I countered. "Would that more were of my mind. Would that more sought the pearls of wisdom for his very own. Would that—." Too late, I attempted to dodge the blunt object that struck me in the temple.

When I regained consciousness, I seized my notebook and my shiny new Parker "1" pen. As the foggiest cleared from my brain I examined my schedule for my first class. Sociology! My head reeled with happiness at the prospect of studying and mastering this science. Oh, to learn of man's advances in society; of his peculiarities and eccentricities; of men's inter-relations with one another. (I blushed at this.) I stepped jauntily through the window.

When I regained consciousness, I hesitated long enough to cast a baleful glance at my open window three stories above before racing blindly to my first class in sociology. When I arrived the class had just begun. Flinging the door of the lecture hall open, I cried. "I am here, Oh fellow students! Instruct me in the glorious path of Sociology I. Blushingly now, in my ignorance I shall bow my head in diligent study; hoping, yearning to absorb the pearls of knowledge that fall from the lips of the instructor."

"For God's sake," rasped the lecturer, "sit down. Here, down in front."

"Show me not favoritism," I continued. "Judge me not by my attitude, but rather by my capacity for learning." I sat down. "Instruct me, most almighty instructor."

A shocked silence filled the auditorium as many students cast admiring glances at me. The lecture was continued without event as lectures are wont to do and at the end I had a very precious set of notes. "In other words," "To clarify my point," "As it were," and other gems of knowledge filled the first four pages of my notebook when I left sociology and made my way to geology.

As I walked down what I had fondly dubbed "the hill," I was confronted by a beauteous creature. It was a girl. She came toward me with lithe grace in her every stride. Timid, yet proud. A light of defiance glistening in her limpid red green eyes. A Christmas seal was stuck religiously in the center of her forehead.

"Gosh," I murmured, making an obscene gesture.

"My honor, sir," she shrieked disapprovingly at me, "is not to be bandied about by such an obviously nefarious minded creature as yourself. You despicable, despised, no-good, pitiable, down-trodden. —(She paused here, having exhausted Roget's pocket thesaurus of synonyms.) —Freshman!!!" she concluded, spitting at my feet.

I waved my Wisconsin pennant and stood, self consciously zipping and unzipping my fly as she retreated up the hill. How had she guessed I was a freshman? My cheeks smarted at this mild rebuke as I entered my geology class at Science Hall. Soon, however, I was swept up in the interesting happenings of the pre-Cambrian.

dorm

"I KNOW YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS. TRUE, I'M A PSYTOPATHIC LIAR, BUT THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF HOW I HYPNOTIZED SEVENTY-THREE BISON AND SET THEM CHARGING INTO SADDLESWEAT CANYON WAS SOMETHING I'LL NEVER QUITE BELIEVE."

BECAUSE

THE STORY THAT TELLS *WHY*?

by **BYE BUY**

The lecturer shuttled to and fro, fro and to, down and up, up and down, interweaving fact upon fact into a colorful Persian rug of knowledge which illustrated plainly some of the greatest questions ever to confront mankind. Constantly shuttling fro and to, to and fro, weaving, interweaving. I fell to the floor in a fit of dizziness.

Suddenly the lecturer spun around and screamed, "What is a rock?"

I leaped from the floor, the answer on my lips. Oh! the good fortune that had permitted me to come up with the answer to this question. I envisioned the beaming smile of my instructor as he patted me on the head, smoothing my tousled hair, and gave me an A for the day.

"Well, don't stand there with your fly open," the instructor snarled. "Say something."

"A Roc," I began with levity, "is a fabulous bird of Arabia, so huge that it bore off elephants to feed its young."

When I regained consciousness, I picked myself up gingerly from the boulder strewn aisle and contemplated the empty classroom. It must have been something I had said. But, what? What? I wept bitterly in my frustration.

"Oh," I sobbed.

"Oh," echoed the walls.

"Oh! walls who are my only companions in this hour of utmost grief," I cried. "What must I do? What will relieve the scourge, the plague, which has beset itself upon my hapless personage? What other than death will alter the tide of circumstances which has flung me into the depths of oblivion? Is there none?"

"None," echoed the walls.

"Alas, then it is true. The walls have confirmed my most dreaded thoughts. I have somehow bungled, somehow failed in my well meaning attempts to acquire those highly treasured pearls of wisdom."

I left the room, clutching spasmodically at my bosom.

As I approached the pier, I drew my shawl tightly around my frail shoulders and shivered at the cold
(continued on page 22)



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

the wooden bowl

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Across from the Nurses' Dormitory

(continued from page 21)

night and my destiny. My feet thumped hollowly on the wooden pier as I raced the length of it and threw myself into eternity.

When I regained consciousness, I found myself lying on a cold slab of ice. Damn the fates for freezing the lake over and foiling my plans. Before I could muster courage for another attempt, however, I was tracing my steps home under the glistening light of the stars.

Steeped in misery, I entered my dormitory room and dodged the bottle heaved by my roommate. His attitude of antagonism lessened immediately at the sight of a tear on my lapel and he listened consolingly to my woeful tale.

"Don't fret, chum," he soothed, "tomorrow is another day."

This sudden inspirational statement immediately inspired me with its simplicity. "It is true," I yelped joyfully. "Oh, brother, fellow student, roommate, how can I thank you for your encouragement?" I licked his ear gratefully.

"With the rising of the morning sun a whole new vista appears. A chance to amend previous errors; a chance to make new and more profitable contacts; to absorb the precious treasured pearls of wisdom and culture offered at this great institution of learning. It is a chance to absorb the learning which is the symbol of America, of democracy, of motherhood, of all that is good and fine and just."

Tears of happiness welled up into my eyes and overflowed onto my pillow as I laid me down with a will.

Mary had a little lamb
The lamb had halitosis
And every place that Mary went
The people held their noses.

* * *

Have you ever heard of the Scotchman who told his little children ghost stories instead of buying them Ex-Lax?

* * *

"What shall I do? I'm engaged to a man who just simply can't bear children!"

"You mustn't expect too much of a man."

* * *

"I said stop it!"

"Shut up or I will."

(continued from page 9)

hung girls were laid end to end, State Street would resemble a mountain range. Shorty, Lammy, and the W.S.G.A. have a pact that has something to do with nembatal.

There's low rafters in the new place that are fine for chinning. Shorty won't explain the nooses in the back of the room but promises an enlarged menu soon. There's a variety of bottled beer to choose from. Strange the algae all seem the same. Coffee all year round is fine for those who forgot their whittling knives or want to tenderize their steaks.

The beer garden will open as soon as arrangements are made for lime. I don't understand this but the boys say that for the sake of respectability all singing and cheering must be done inside. Will finish this later. Shorty and Lammy just offered me a bottle of wine in their cellar.

dorm

A POEM

*Excerpt from "Gas Off the Stomach"
taken from a larger work entitled
"Use the Back Stairs". To be sung
to "There Is Nothing Like A Co-ed".*

By Leonard Q. Mallet

They told us they were crowded;
they said their rooms were filled
They only wanted shelter
till a new Chad they could build.
They only asked a little spot
to keep themselves all warm
And look what they got—
our best damn dorm!

The girls promised everything;
they said they wouldn't fuss,
They said they'd mind their P's and Q's
and never bother us.
But now that they're in Slichter,
bag and baggage too.
Ya think they keep their promises?
—the hell they do!

They asked to join our MHA
and pay the five bucks too.
They said it would be good for us
to have their point of view.
But now the gals demand of us
on top of what they got,
All the extra luxuries
that we have not!

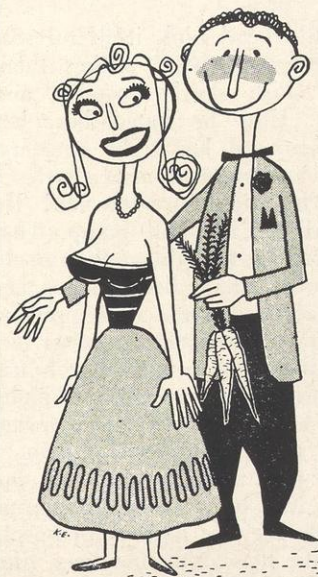
The co-eds want a beauty shop
to oust our barber chairs.
They want a say in everything
that really isn't theirs.
They think they are entitled—
and this really gets us sore—
To buy their blushing items
in the Men's Halls Store!

They come down into Mack House Store
with giggles and a smirk—
They claim that what they want to buy
requires a female clerk.
The boys of Mack can't go there
In pajamas anymore.
They're not even safe
on their own first floor!

In athletics they must figure
and by this it is agreed,
That they shift all their padding
to places where they need.
With dorm men they are willing
to play football, and such,
But when we wanna scrimmage—
ah-ah—mustn't touch.



"Now that you ask, it's called Horse Shed No. 79!"



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greek

Professor Pfeerp's Pfinal

NEVER BEFORE HAD CHADWICK SEEN SUCH AN UNUSUAL FORM OF TRIBAL PRAYER. IT WAS AS THO SATAN HIMSELF HAD INFESTED THE THATCHED JUNGLE-POTS.

*Written under the
hand of Ben Weiss*

Professor Pfidius Pfeerp pondered over his plan. Prof. Pfeerp plodded slowly up the long hill and pondered slowly on his long plotted plan. This was his day. All semester long none of them had given a damn for him. It was true. He knew it was true and he hated them all. But today would change all that. From now on they'd give a damn for him. In fact they'd be damning him for the rest of their lives. Professor Pfeerp's beady little pink eyes became bright with pessimistic pleasure. Soon they were burning long paths in the slowly steepening hill. Yes, this would be the day. Today he'd have his fling and the devil take the Regents.

Prof. Pfeerp slowly entered the long hall and let his beady little pinkies scamper over the buzzing throng. He smiled a blissfully diabolic smile. Yes, they were buzzing. They'd been doing that all semester. Every lecture for a full five minutes, they buzzed, pertinently protesting his presence. That was one of the things. That nasty buzzing. He wouldn't mind if they hummed. No! Not at all. But he couldn't stand that long, slow buzzing.

Professor Pfeerp let his pink little beadies burn slowly over the long hall. Yes, they were all here, every last non-damning one of them. They would be, of course. They always were in elective courses. Good! This would be a perfect pronation.

Prof. Pfeerp let one little bead pink itself on seat forty three. Yes, forty three was here, sitting there in that undamnably short skirt, slowly crossing and recrossing those long legs. How he hated her, her and her double crossing legs and her tight sweaters. But he was no fool. He hadn't found a room across from her sorority for nothing. That tight sweater. Ha! He chuckled as he remembered the foot-ball pump. That short skirt. Ha! He chortled as he thought of the unruly window shade. And then, when she'd been in for her conference, she acted so anxious and posed so prettily. And when he'd suggested they're becoming better acquainted, she'd offered to introduce him to her house mother. That beast! She didn't even have a window shade. Pfeerp let his little pinkie bead her navel and growled with glee as he watched her primp with puzzled pain.

Prof. Pfeerp let his other pink bead plop itself on one eighteen. Yes, he was here too, he and his ponderous physique and his patrician profile. No football prospects to save him now. This would floor him and keep him floored forever. Pfeerp remembered their conference too. One eighteen had polished so purposefully and prac-

tically pleaded for probation. But when he, Pfwwerp, had hinted that he liked football, did the punk pick up the pitch? Positively not! On leaving, he offered the prof. a pair of passes for fifty bucks. Oh, he knew! They thought he was wealthy. They figured a professor who published a primer every period had piles of pesos. They felt that a course with four hundred pupils made him filthy with prosperity. So they were slowly trying to push their long, finagelling fingers into his pot of pennies. All right, next semester one eighteen could purchase the new publication if he figured on pursuing his same program. And the next one was a beaut. It was a perfect paragon of petty pishpash. Fifteen hundred long, slow pages of gobbledygook and one page of index. The glossary was gone and the results would be risible.

Professor Pfwwerp slowly flipped both pink beadies up the long aisle. Ha! Three seventy four was right where he always sat, in seat four thirteen. Never had come to class on time. And writing feverishly all through the proceedings, as tho devoted to his, Pfwwerp's, undamned discouraging. Devoted indeed! He knew about three seventy four, alias four thirteen. The scoundrel wrote for that putrid funny publication that was furtively peddled about campus. Well, that was one more staff member that filthy rag would lose.

Pfwwerp recalled his little chat with four thirteen, nee three seventy four. When he, Pfwwerp, had slowly gotten to the subject of skyrockets, the pudding head had offered some long railroad flares. Flares indeed! At least the last class had made some progress on this plan. If only the project hadn't petered out just before the boom.

Professor Pfwwerp slowly popped his little pink beads, longingly, over the room, piercing each and every undamner. This was the long, slow end for them all. Pfwwerp slowly cleared his long phthistic throat and the pupils in the first fifteen rows wiped the little pink beads from their faces. The buzzing softened and there was the long, slow, seeping sound of a radiator, multiplied four-hundred-fold. Damn! Again there was no boom! Pfwwerp let his long lips stretch slowly into a lengthy leer.

"Pupils," he panted, "the final this year will be posed on one problem. I shall not repeat the problem so please pay precise attention. Now the problem is 'Who was the last of the tasmanians'?"

Four hundred pairs of peepers fixed themselves on four hundred pairs of proper nouns precisely punched in the faces of four hundred desks. Four hundred pens put the four hundred pairs of proper nouns on four hundred pieces of paper. Poor old Prof. Pfwwerp! Pulling the same phony final for the past forty years. But no one gave a damn really.

There is the story of the youngster who had an unfortunate habit of swearing—usually at the very worst time. His parents had tried every known method of curing him, without the slightest success. But the father had left one ace in the hole; he knew that his son had always wanted to own a rabbit. He offered one in exchange for a solemn promise that there would be absolutely no more swearing on the part of his offspring. The bargain was made, and the boy got his rabbit. For two weeks he stuck manfully to his bargain.

Then came disaster. A couple called one Sunday afternoon, and the lady said, "I hear you have a rabbit, Christopher. Wouldn't you like to show it to us?" The boy was delighted and rushed out to the garden to collect his pet. Just as he brought it into the draw-

(continued next month)



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In Memoriam

To Poor Old

CARROLL COLLEGE

Outside of the industrial school for wayward street urchins and the Sparkling Spring Water bottling plant which freezes up in the winter, Waukesha can claim very little in the way of educational facilities. But in passing we might mention a small college-type place called Carroll which is noted for its top notch Wagon Wheel department. From their beautifully appointed Union (whose architecture is derived from World II Army barracks) to their three million volume library (which is especially useful for comic book readers seeking peace and quiet), education is sought but rarely found at this midwestern mecca of learning.

Parties are usually held in the finer spots of Milwaukee: (1) Flame Club (Baby Scruggs is the MC here); (2) Moonglow, whose chief entertainer reads poetry and the dirty parts from Shakespeare throughout the evening; and least but not last (3) the Union. Strangely enough the faculty refused the students' requests for serving Scotch and soda at the Union during the afternoon (it is now being served in the evening). Carroll has a mess of girls (Ed. Note: Mess is right).

The men on the Carroll campus are real men — poker-playing, likker-drinking, girl-chasing, rugged hair-on-the-chest men. A recent report from the dean's office said that Carroll's men are all 3 pointers (Ed. note: This college uses the 25 point system). The Army frequently uses this campus as their headquarters for recruiting, because jobs are hard to find in Waukesha. Pictures below or sideways, as the case may be, show several swell Army Joes pointing out all the wonderful things about the Army to the one point students. These officers have been recently given the purple heart after recruiting operations in Madison.

*Octy's Foreign
College Feature*

Photos by

Rudy Cherkasky

Text by

Alky Beaumont



WE CAUGHT THIS UNPOSED PICTURE OF LOVELY JOYCE BILLING JUST AFTER THE RESCUE SQUAD BROUGHT HER IN, FROZEN STIFF AS A BOARD. DAZZLING JOYCE BILLING HAD FALLEN INTO THE FROZEN FOOD LOCKER IN THE HOME EC. DEPARTMENT. SCINTILLATING JOYCE BILLING IS SHOWN HERE THAWING OUT IN FRONT OF A ROARING FIRE. GORGEOUS JOYCE BILLING IS FROM WAUWATOSA AND HAS AN ATTRACTIVE TWIN SISTER WHO PILOTS A DIESEL ENGINE FOR THE B.O.

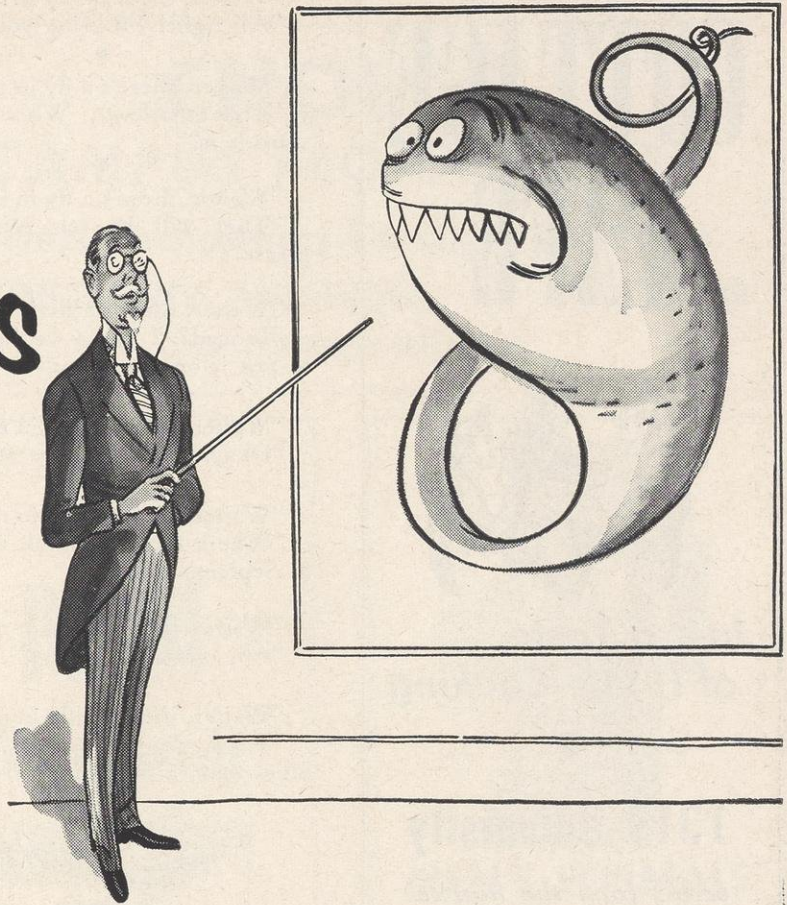


THIS IS EITHER A SEMINAR IN HYDRAULICS 23A OR A GATHERING OF THE SHEEPSHEAD SQUAD. AT ANY RATE IT IS PLAIN TO SEE THAT THE MEN OF CARROLL COLLEGE ARE A VIRILE, FUN-LOVING BUNCH. EVER-SMILING, CAREFREE AND GAY, THEY FLIT LIKE BUTTERFLIES FROM DEFLOWERING TO DEFLOWERING. ENCHANTING JOYCE BILLING IS NOT SHOWN IN THIS SHOT.



HERE ARE THE LEERING, GARGOYLE LIKENESSES OF SEVERAL RECRUITING LIEUTENANTS AS THEY CHUCKLE OVER THE FOLLY OF THIS DRUNKEN SENIOR WHO HAS JUST SIGNED HIMSELF OVER TO THE ARMY BEFORE HIS GIRL COULD STOP HIM. HIS GIRL SHORTLY THEREAFTER BECAME ENGAGED TO A THREE FOOT MIDGET AUTO RACER WHO IS IN ESSENTIAL INDUSTRY, AND THUS ENDS ANOTHER OF LIFE'S LITTLE DRAMAS. PULSATING JOYCE BILLING IS HEREIN UN-PICTURED.

The Mating Habits of the Virus



Here's a virus, which actually doesn't look any more like this than a biology professor. Less. But then, not many people *do* know what a virus looks like. They only know what it does.

It sits around all day long, tireless as a bill collector, waiting for someone to invite it in. Then it goes to work like mad, multiplying all over the place, creating colds, pneumonia, fever, and various other unpleasanties.

The virus is easy to invite. As a matter of fact, it's there to begin with. Just lower resistance enough and wham! There's the old virus at work.

And the best way to lower resistance is to wander around in the rain and wind without a hat. Honest. Your head is the number one target of the virus. Nature *wants* you to protect your head. And the primary function of a hat is *protection*.

It keeps the snow and wind and rain off your hair, it protects you from cold weather and hot weather, too. And don't forget. Hats are as important to your appearance as they are to your health. Any way you look at it, it's smart to wear one. And today, hats are made better—and styled better—than ever before.

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"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"All right! I'll bring you a fork."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"That's strange. What kind of
soup is it?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"That will be ten cents extra,
please."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"Indeed? I guess we just forgot
to put it on the menu."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"Okay, here's a fly swatter."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"Where did you think they went
in September?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"Ah, cornered at last."

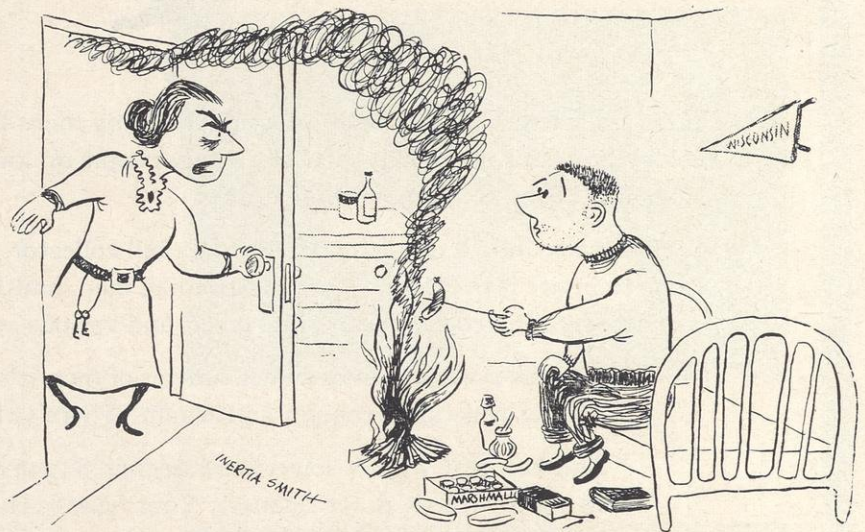
"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"What do you expect with the
blue plate, a humming bird?"

ninth tentacle

Each month the Octopus chooses a staff member who has really been outstanding. Just take a look at Joe Kirkish. Between working with the Wisconsin Players, the Union Camera Committee, and sundry other activities, Joe finds time to set up his equipment for Octy.

As photography editor his work varies from snapping beautiful lightly clad dream girls, to capturing all the esoteric qualities of a couple pair of flat feet for the December photo feature.

Then there's the old organizational problem. Octy boasts four other photographers and they all ache for assignments. So, understandably enough, Octy awards the order of the Ninth Tentacle to this month's all-around beaver-boy, Joe Kirkish.



"No cooking in the rooms!"

"Jane, you've been married to Dave for ten years and each year you've had a baby, just like clockwork, except for this year. How come?"

"It's because of this hearing aid that I got this year."

"What does that have to do with it?"

"Well, before when Dave and I got in bed at night, he would turn to me and say, 'Shall we go to sleep or what?' and I'd always say, 'WHAT?'"

The Sunday school teacher was showing her pupils a picture of a group of early Christian martyrs in a den of lions. One little boy seemed very sad as he looked. "Gee," he said, "that poor lion way in the back won't get any."

* * *

"Have you seen Lucille's new evening gown?"

"No, what does it look like?"

"Well, in most places it looks quite a lot like Lucille."

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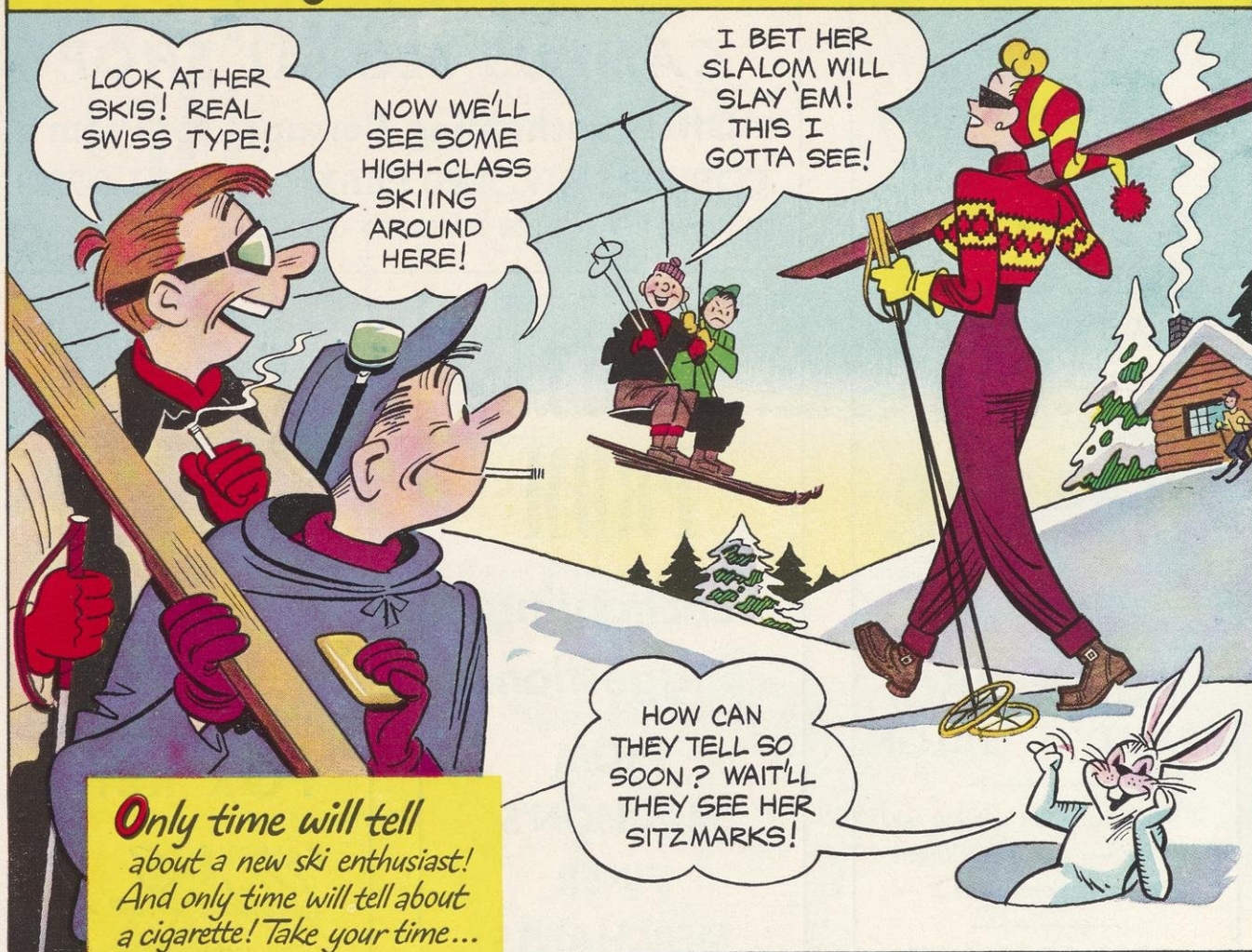
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