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# *New* OCTOPUS

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

HUMOR MAGAZINE



FEATURES

CARTOONS

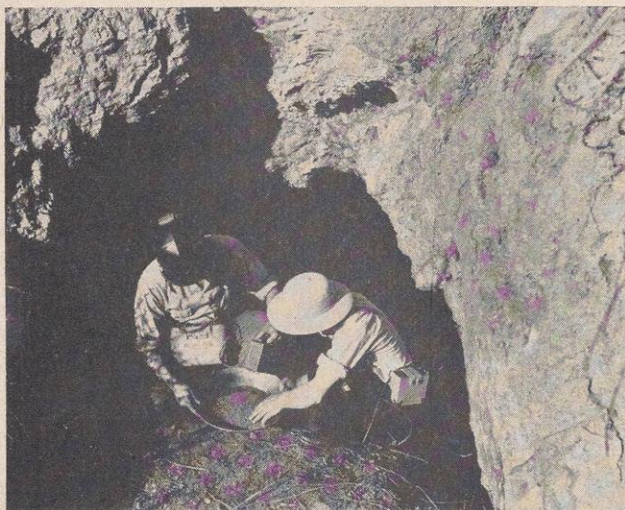
JOKES

*Still*

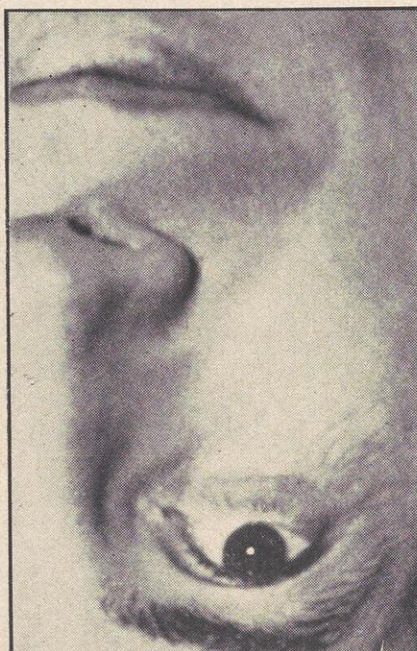
25



*you don't have to dig deep*



*or look far*



THE UNIVERSITY

CO  
OP

IS JUST

AROUND THE CORNER

*state and lake*



## De Golden Treasury of Humour

Girl: "I want some real kissproof lipstick."

Clerk: "Try this. It's a cross between an onion and bichloride of mercury."

\* \* \*

The bandage-covered patient who lay in the hospital bed spoke dazedly to his visiting pal:

"Wh-What happened?"

"You absorbed one too many last night, and then you made a bet that you could jump out of the window and fly around the block."

"Why," screamed the beat-up citizen, "didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you, hell—I had \$25 on you."

\* \* \*

The sun trickled lightly through cypress leaves into the crystal pool. Odysseus awoke, wiped the salt water from his eyes, and peered cautiously around the bush. There, in the speckled light, stooped Nausicaa, her lithe body bending to and fro as she dipped linens into the limpid waters. Her rosy figure was like a nude Aphrodite, chiseled in pink marble. For some minutes the Wanderer sat spellbound, his eyes riveted to the swaying body. Then he loosed his tongue, for he could no longer hold his peace. "Gad," he hissed, "double-jointed."

\* \* \*

Sherlock, the famed detective, arrived on the scene of the crime. "Hell," he said, "this is more serious than I figured. This window is broken on both sides."

\* \* \*

The haughty senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The freshman hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five-dollar bill at me."

\* \* \*

He was an American. She was French. He was in New York to buy furniture for his store in Tulsa. He met her on an elevator. She looked good to him. He looked good to her. He took out a pad and pencil and drew a picture of a hansom with a question mark after it. She nodded yes. They went for a ride in the park. He drew a picture of a restaurant. She nodded yes. They ate. He drew a picture of some dancers. She nodded yes. They danced. Then she asked for the pencil and pad. She drew a picture of a four-poster bed. Now, what he is trying to figure out is how she knew he was in the furniture business.

\* \* \*

A nurse in a mental hospital noticed a patient with his ear close to the wall, listening intently. The patient held up a finger as a warning to be quiet. Then he beckoned the nurse over and said, "Listen here."

The nurse listened for some time and then said, "I can't hear anything."

"No," said the patient, "and it's been like that all day."

## Boost Wisconsin

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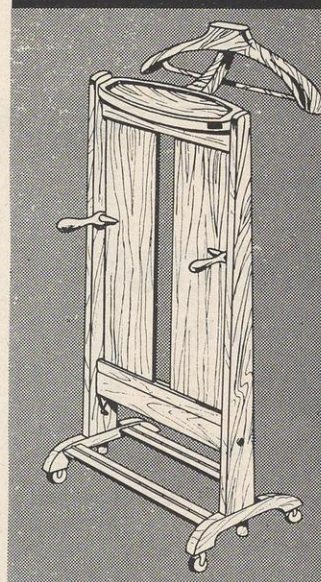
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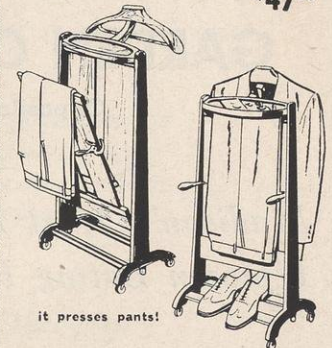
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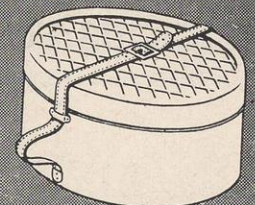


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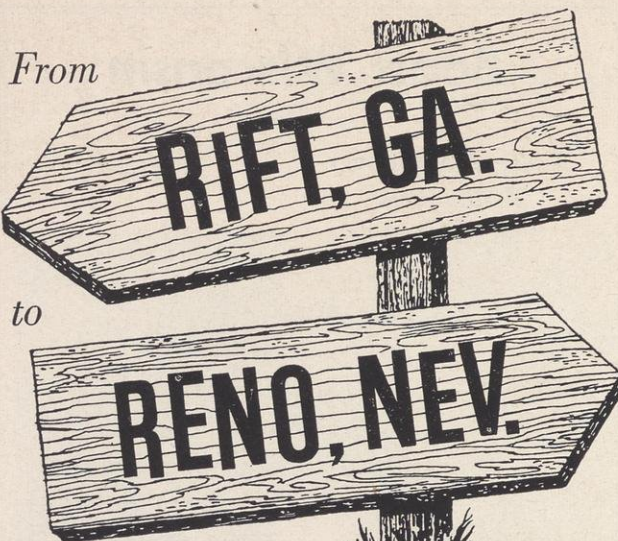


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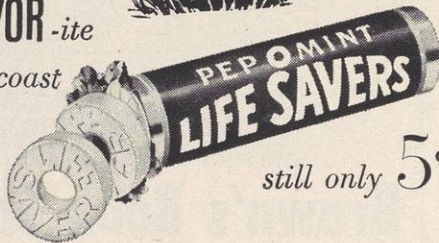
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submitted by  
Ruthelma Quinn,  
Wichita, Kansas



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*The New*

# OCTOPUS

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*Says:*

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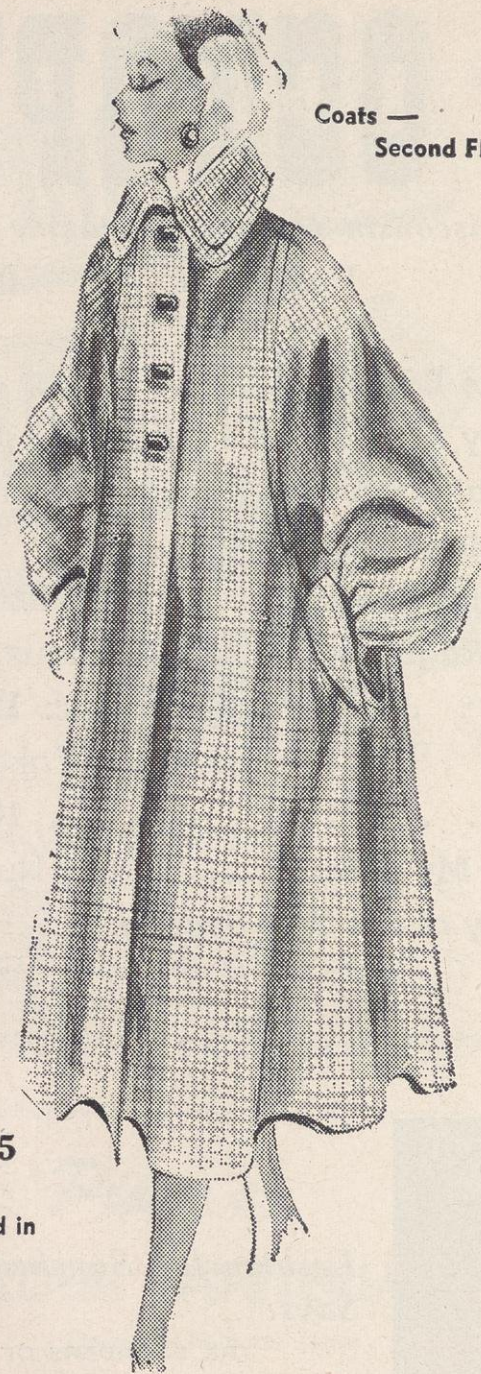
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**Baron's**

EAGLE STAMPS • YOUR EXTRA SAVINGS

A young matron, awaiting the stork, was whiling away an evening playing bridge. She was dealt a strong hand and bid a grand slam in no trump. However, before she could play a single card she was rushed to the maternity ward. When consciousness returned she looked at the doctor and asked, "Did I make it?"

"You did," said the doctor, "and you have two very fine boys."

"Well," she murmured contentedly, closing her eyes. "I knew I was vulnerable, but I didn't hear anyone double me."

\* \* \*

One of two drunks standing beside a lamp-post asked his companion, "Shay, you gotta match?"

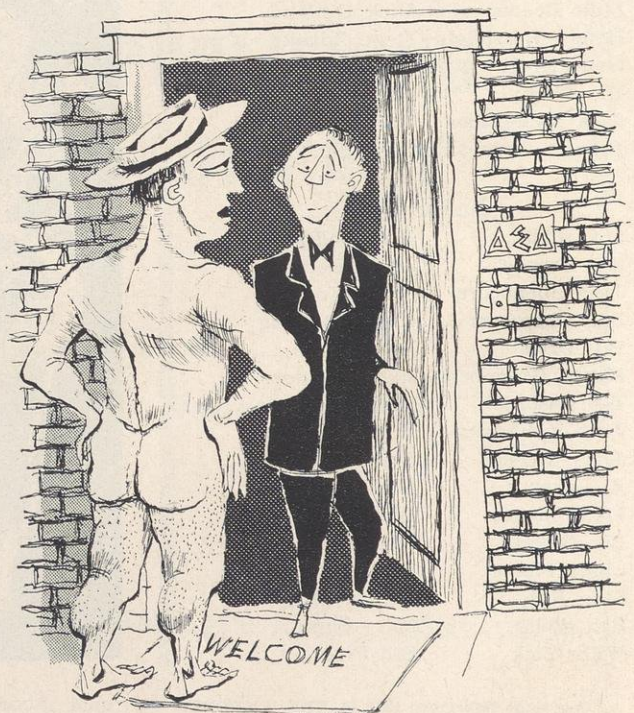
"I shink sho," said his companion. "Lemme shee." He reached in his pocket, withdrew a stick match and rubbed the unsulphured end on the lamp-post several times. "No good," he said finally, and threw it away. He pulled out another and tried again to strike the unsulphured end. "No good," he said again, and threw it away. He reached into his pocket, found another match, and fortunately tried to light the proper end. It blazed up, but immediately he blew it out and thrust it back into his pocket. "Ah," he beamed, "thash a good one. Gotta save it."

\* \* \*

Zeke bought a pink shirt with huge purple dots. In the pocket was a note with a girl's name and address and a request that the buyer of the shirt send his photograph.

"Ah, romance," thought Zeke, and mailed a snapshot.

Several days later he tore open her letter: "Thanks for the photo. I just wanted to see what kind of a jerk would buy such a shirt."



"You said we didn't have to dress for dinner, I believe."



Walter: Do you neck?  
 Caroline: That's my business.  
 Walter: Oh, a professional.

\* \* \*

Prof: What two raw materials  
 are imported from France?  
 Frosh: Books and plays.

\* \* \*

You're a dear sweet girl.  
 God bless you and keep you.  
 I wish I could afford to.

\* \* \*

Undergrad (to old friend)—How  
 is old Bill these days?  
 Grad—Oh, he's much better  
 since his operation.

Undergrad—Operation? I didn't  
 know he'd had one.

Grad—Oh, haven't you heard  
 about it? They removed a brass rail  
 that had been pressing against his  
 foot for years.

\* \* \*

Slogan on a crematorium door:  
 "We're hot for your body."

\* \* \*

How would you punctuate this  
 sentence: Mary went swimming and  
 lost her bathing suit.

I'd make a dash after Mary.

\* \* \*

If all the draft boards in the  
 world joined hands they would  
 reach halfway across the ocean. We  
 are in favor of this arrangement.

\* \* \*

A grave-digger, absorbed in his  
 thoughts, dug a grave so deep he  
 could not get out. Came nightfall  
 and his predicament became more  
 and more uncomfortable. He shout-  
 ed for help and at last attracted the  
 attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted,  
 "I'm cold."

The drunk looked into the grave  
 and finally distinguished the form  
 of the uncomfortable grave-digger.

"No wonder you're cold," he said.  
 "You haven't any dirt on you."

\* \* \*

"Why does Geraldine let all the  
 boys kiss her?"

"She once slapped a lad who was  
 chewing tobacco."

\* \* \*

"I suppose you've been in the  
 Navy so long you're accustomed to  
 sea legs?"

"Honest, lady, I wasn't even  
 looking."

\* \* \*

A great big beautiful car pulled  
 up to the curb where a cute little  
 working girl was waiting for a bus.  
 A gentleman stuck his head out and  
 said, "Hello. I'm driving west."

"How wonderful," said the girl,  
 "Bring me back an orange."

# tweed shop



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Shown is our cute-as-the-dickens pile lined  
 reversible jacket . . . It is of lamb's wool  
 fleece in natural tan and fireman red . . . A  
 pert little coat for school, sport or town wear.

**\$49.95**

\*Trademark

**MacNeil and Moore**

STATE AT FRANCES



# OWR WREEDERS WRIGHT

Dear Sir,

I am a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and am working as editor of a newspaper here on Tasmania (a remote island off the southern tip of Australia). Our policy is to print accurate and unbiased news of the world for our readers. Unfortunately our news sources sometime garble the facts. I am appealing to you therefore to verify this rather unique dispatch we received recently. It reads:

*"President Fred, dressed in a toga and holding a lyre on his lap, recently affixed his signature to a papyrus scroll ordering the destruction of Chadbourne Hall.*

*"Lydia Pinkham, tried and true housemother, was shocked upon hearing this and assembled her girls in military formation to break to them, as gently as possible, the distressing news. The girls cheered wildly their approbation. All of this preyed upon Lydia's mind until she, herself, set fire to the house and perished with it in a scene reminiscent of Jane Eyre.*

*"The girls left homeless in their pajamas by this conflagration were led by a pillar of flame through semi-tropical jungle. At last they came upon a clearing and found there an old Aztec temple called Slichter in back of which was located a garbage disposal plant. Inside were men grown soft with easy living, whom the invading hordes of Amazons easily displaced. Electrified barbed wire and land mines were hastily installed and armed ROTC officers guard the fruits of chastity from dawn til dusk.*

*"It is rumored that Cecil B. DeMille is considering a re-enactment of this epic to be filmed in technicolor."*

So ends the dispatch. Now tell me, seriously, is this the truth or is somebody pulling my leg?

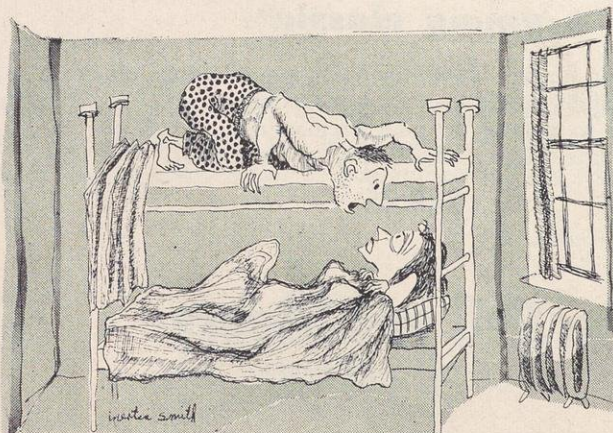
Jerome Kratch  
Hobart, Tasmania

ED: CERTAINLY IT'S THE TRUTH; WE WERE THE ONES WHO SENT IT OUT.

\* \* \*

Good Day,

What the hell do you mean by soiling the untarnished souls of my two sturdy, brilliant sons! It is perfectly dastardly of you to entice these mere boys to write for your stupid and sinful magazine, thereby destroying any chance for success that they might have in the literary field. I have tried to be a good father and bring these



"Gee whiz, I thought I dreamed all that last night!"

boys up as I saw fit in the full brilliant light of day. Let their ruination, sirs, be upon your blackened souls.

You may be perfectly sure that I will deal with them sternly when next I see them. Better yet how would they like their allowance cut off. Heh! Heh! Heh! Your punishment shall come with the full realization of what you have done. Your aching conscience will then throb, throb, throb, racking your brain, yeah! verily your heart with the leaping, driving, stomping jazz tunes of a countless number of devils. A curse of locusts on you and may all your cares be big ones, by Allah!

Sincerely,

Papa Yakamoto

P.S. For those who are interested, I run the finest Chinese hand laundry in Madison. Drop by and see me sometime. For as Confucius say, "A clean man is a sight to behold, behot, behatten to you.

ED: Your boys forced us to print their junk, and anyways there aren't any locusts in this area. Furthermore, you won't get any business from us, we don't wear clothes.

## COMMISSARS BURNT SIENNA STUDY

### A Design in Red

Well, here it is and you can have it. The first issue of the new OCTOPUS and it looks so damn much like the old ones that six of us have decided to hang it up and transfer to Marquette. Perhaps you more attentive students will, however, notice a few feature additions, and an increase in space allotted to such old favorites as the "Octy Dream Girl", and "The Table of Contents."

Everyone keeps telling me, "Ken, all you have to do is get a big staff, and then just make phone calls one night a week and everything will come off automatically." That worked swell the first week, but I'm out of nickels, and, rather than break a dollar bill, I went over to the Octy Hut. The first thing I discovered was that it wasn't. What I mean to say is, the Octy Hut is now the Idea Hut, and vice versa.

It seems these dastardly individuals, during a lapse in Octy's publications, had moved into our office, stole all our old copies and are now selling them under their covers at thirty-five cents each.

Anyway, we finally got settled, on the bias. The winds off Lake Mendota keep our quonset at a fifteen degree angle with the level, and already I've had three heart attacks running up to see Kurt Gross, our efficient new business manager, whose desk is located wind-ward.

There's a lot of people to thank for this first issue, mostly myself for my untiring work in cleaning the hut, dusting the desks and spring-less swivel chair, chopping wood, etc., but the kids who really did the dirty work are all listed on the title page, and to them I say, "Your editor and the OCTOPUS raise our ten tentacles collectively in saluting you for putting out a really lousy edition, in keeping with the Octy tradition." But for goodness sakes, hereafter do NOT come out on time. Dick Roseman and six of his Cardinal staff collapsed.

Ken



# Almost A Father



by Sam Bass

"Leave my sorority pin alone", she  
breathed passionately in his ear.

There was a smile on his  
lips . . . the smile of . . .

"Your wife's having a baby at the hospital!" a friend shouted from a fast moving bicycle.

Open-mouthed I dropped a box of oranges on the freight platform. Whipping out of my work apron, I hopped on a bicycle and sped to the hospital.

My friend was already there with his checkered cap in his hands. Together we watched as a figure under a white sheet was wheeled into the delivery room.

"Me—a father?" I mumbled incredulously. Somehow I felt at once vaguely uneasy and jubilant.

The doctor was a bustling man with a handlebar moustache. His pride in it was such that he wore no operating mask. (Trying to establish his virility, I decided.) As soon as the stretcher came to a stop, the doctor went to work with rolled up sleeves.

I had seen this man someplace before—taking a shower at the YMCA, I think. He was obviously happy in his work for he sang a cheerful Cantonese wharf song.

"Dum, dee, dum," he hummed busily.

I wondered if it would be a boy or a girl. Then the doctor's efforts were redoubled. This was it!—the sacred moment. I marveled that I had had a hand in it. The suspense was unbearable.

"What is it?—a boy or a girl?" I asked.

The doctor continued humming and at last with a dramatic gesture, indicating that there was nothing up his sleeves, he produced a little white leathery egg between his thumb and forefinger. Then he broke into such a broad smile that a bristle from his moustache snagged on one of his enormous buck teeth. He bounced the egg on the table for a moment with evident enjoyment.

"What does it mean?" I asked anxiously. There was a certain disturbing unreality about all this, and a thought far back in my brain struggled to be formed.

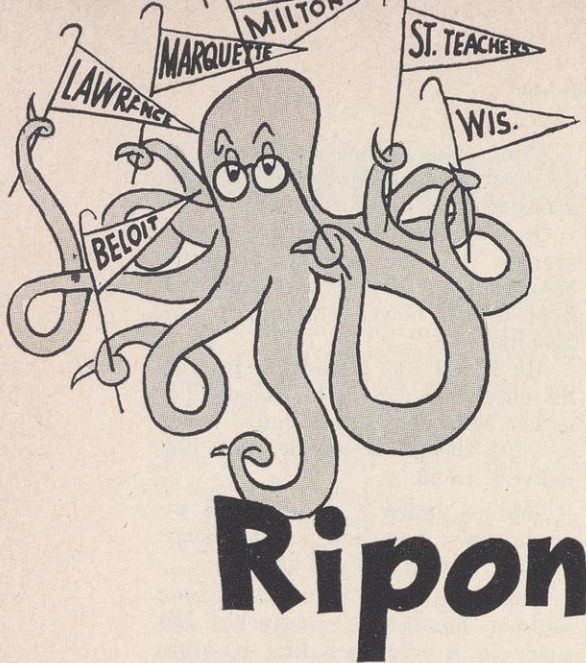
The doctor laughed good-naturedly, broke the egg into the sink and hurried to the door.

"It means you're sterile," he flung over his shoulder. "Tadpoles dead in the pollywog pond." The door slammed.

I stood there grasping the edge of the sink for support as the terrible news sank in. Then the form on the operating table moved. Two blue eyes peeped out from under the sheet.

(continued on page 24)





## Octy's All-State College Presented in two

*In keeping with the new Octopus policy of covering other state campuses, three energetic Wisconsin dope-peddlers went up to Ripon, received a warm welcome, and took these pictures before they were kicked off the campus.*

Famous old Ripon College, one of the largest in Green Lake County, has a student population running into 3 figures (at least 500). Deposited by the second glacier, Ripon College was founded on a marginal moraine. Its purpose was to bring education and culture to the little people of the woods.

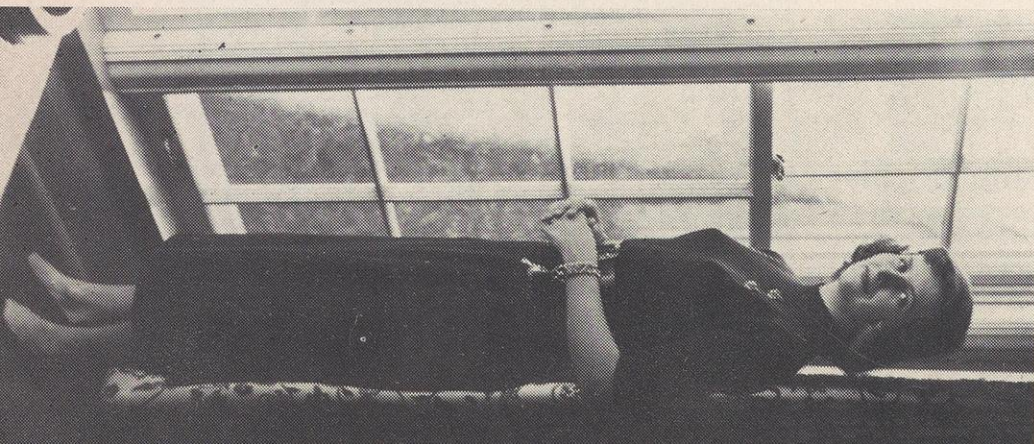
Throughout its long history, the college has been the mecca of higher learning and attracts students from as far away as Eureka. Its varied curriculum is accented by its outstanding Manual Arts department featuring such subjects as manufacturing of toothpicks 2A, wagon spokes 132, and yo-yo's 16.

The metropolis of Ripon claims the distinction of being the birthplace of the Republican Party. Amid such settings, the students today carry on the pursuit of knowledge in much the same way as their predecessors 100 years before. Indeed, little has changed in Ripon.

SHIRLEY OLTMAN, sophomore, Independent, from Grand Haven, Michigan.



Birthplace of the Republican Party.

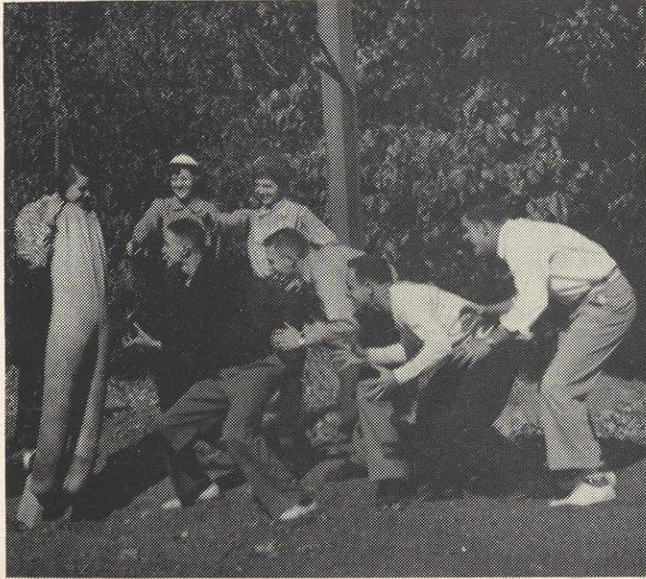


By Dennis Beaumont  
Felix Trueblood  
and Photos by  
Rudy Cherkasky



# *Calendar, Almanac & Social Register*

## *syllable words for easier reading*



Ripon College lunges toward goal aided by student body.

### *Coming and Going*

*BELOIT*—Aqua Follies—November 19-20-21.

*LAWRENCE*—Stand By To Repel Publicity Club—November 31.

*BELOIT*—“John Brown’s Body”—Tyrone Power and Raymond Massey—December 3.

*CENTRAL STATE*—Sectional One Act Play Contest — December 6.

*RIPON*—Artist’s Ball—October 11. Terrific turnout by student body. Show stolen by president in Japanese kimona.

*BELOIT*—Audubon Lecture — November 25. (Special train, Madison to Beloit, to be arranged.)

*Octy says “Heads off to the Ripon people” and expresses gratefulness for the warm ...almost hot ...hospitality shown by them.*

Since automobiles are prohibited on the Ripon campus, these thoughtful students use a tractor, as do hundreds of others.





THE TH

## 4

## ESTATE

The White Queen's body glistened in the fire light while half naked savages danced wildly. She could think only of Milton . . .

"This is the place for me," I murmured to myself, "What serenity, what calm, what peaceful seclusion away from the hum-drum existence of present day life." My thoughts veritably soared to a higher plane, the very earth trembled, meteors flashed, stars crumbled, my toe-nails dug crescent-shaped divots in the green sod as I thought of the good and the worth I would get out of this type of life. I was no longer an ingenue, I was a man! My mind was destined to be a fertile garden for the higher types of thoughts. Yes, I had to become a member of the Rising Authors and Artists Better Business Association.

Scraping my nose from the window-pane, I noticed I had erased the Ass from Association. I laughed. I would gladly paint them more signs, scrub the floors, clean garbage, correct their copy if only they would let me join. Nervously inserting my nose in the door, I pried it open. All the wonders of the world were opened unto me. What a sight met my tear-filled eyes.

In the middle of the room 'midst a pile of crumpled paper which reached almost to his eyelids sat one of my brothers of the fourth estate. Intermittently he banged on the typewriter with his fists, ripped off the sheets, and hurling them at a bust of T. S. Eliot, shouted hosannas to the highest. Here was truly a creative genius; one of America's future greats of the literary field.

"Sex, sex! I've got to get more damned sex into my stories!," he shouted, snatching another piece of paper from his battered typewriter. I gave a cheer as he hit T.S. Eliot on the end of his nose. I hated noses!

Off in a corner, a young man stood methodically pounding his head against the wall. Blood streamed from wounds on his bruised, pock-marked skull. With his right hand he was busily cutting deep gashes in his

left hand while with his left foot he was busily cutting gashes in his right foot and with his lower lip he was cutting deep gashes in his upper lip. An attendant stood next to him, brutally striking him in his bared stomach with a cat o' nine tails. Walking casually up to the attendant, I grasped him by his left pant leg and snarling out of the corner of my mouth (I had to speak out of the corner of my mouth for Max had just hurled his typewriter at me knocking out my front teeth which I had received as a Christmas present from my Uncle Charlie who was a dentist and collected Indian elephant teeth as a hobby) asked him, between swings of his muscled arms, what the matter was.

"Oh! he's only trying to get in the mood for a story about two sadists who were caught stealing cold cream from a dairy." With that he merrily kicked me in the groin. I made a pique.

It was then that I noticed the heated discussion going on at the other end of the room. Seated around a table were a gorgeous looking blonde whose attire reminded one of Lady Godiva without her hair; a tall, esthetic-looking fellow, Chase Sanborn, who was busily cracking coffee beans between his brown stained lips, and a short, gnarled old man by the name of Charlie Mac Factor.

I tip-toed shyly nearer so as to fill my heart and soul with the beauty and knowledge of their words.

Crossing her shapely legs and grinning at me through tobacco-stained teeth, Lady Godiva, who by the way had a large mole on her left shrdlu, launched forth in a brilliant discussion of her latest book, a torrid and enchanting love story of two lovely lovers trapped in the House of Frankincense.

"Ya see, it's like this," she said still grinning, "this guy married the broad for her dough. He's in cahoots

with Frankincense who is supposed to scare the doll to death in return for half of the gravy, but his scheme isn't getting to first base."

"These bans an' wafts an' boh-ghosts an' barguests an' bogles an' all anent them is only fit to set bairns an' dizzy women a-belderin'," said Mac Factor.

Chase Sanborn nudged Charlie gently to remind him not to interrupt. Mac Factor must have taken the rebuke very hard for he fell to the floor in a knot and writhed about crying at the top of his lungs some quaint Scottish phrase, "They be nowt but air-blebs, beuk-bodies, an' railway touters to skeer an' scunner hafflin's."

"Getting to first base, that reminds me of a baseball story," said esthetic-looking Chase Sanborn. "Seems this ballplayer, name of Club Bigbat was hit in the head by a baseball and forever after saw three balls instead of one. This naturally confused Club Bigbat, causing his batting average to descend and endangering his position with the team. Bigbat, seizing on a solution to his problem, had the famous doctor, Ima Gafter, sew him a third arm right in the middle of his chest enabling Club Bigbat to swing three bats instead of one. Immediately Club Bigbat began to hit and his batting average began to rise. However, one bright, sunny afternoon, Club Bigbat came face to face with a three-headed pitcher, name of Tex Tripleheader. This so frustrated Club Bigbat that he struck himself on the head with all three bats. The shock brought his normal eyesight back and Club Bigbat is now a freak with Bungling Brothers where he is billed along with Tex Tripleheader as "The Two Man Symphony Orchestra."

"Is that why they call it "Music for the Millions," I answered chuckling at my own little joke.

Chase Sanborn kicked me heartily in the groin and before I fainted I heard Charlie Mac Factor say, "Why there be scores and scores of these lay-beds that be toom as old Dun's bacca-box on Friday night."

Before passing out, I nodded assent and thought how wonderful it was, at last, to be a member of the higher echelon of the fourth estate.

I passed out!

By  
Farnsworth Yakamoto

Translated by  
Ronald J. Carson



# WHISKEY STRAIGHT

R.O.T.C. WAS ALL RIGHT FOR THE YOUNG FELLOWS. BUT BRUCE WANTED SOMETHING BIGGER. AND HE FOUND IT . . . IN PERSEPHONE.

Whiskey is great! It wakes me up in the morning; settles my breakfast; sustains my strength during the long morning; whets my appetite for lunch; keeps me going during the afternoon; awakens my interest in dinner; mellows my evenings; and relaxes me for bed. Whiskey is great but it tastes lousy. That's why I never take my whiskey straight.

And that's why I was shocked when the hall clock struck ten—bedtime—time for my first night cap (I have my last one at twelve)—and no soda in the house. Well, I couldn't drink it straight; it's poison that way—so I put on my coat, opened the door, and stepped into the night.

It was a fair night, the moon was bright, and I headed up main street thinking that I might enjoy walking the few blocks to the drugstore for soda. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by a siren and then another siren. I could hear people shouting in the distance and the sky was aglow with an orange light and myriad sparks.

I hurried down a side street toward the glow. Rounding a corner, I could see the flames themselves leaping wildly into the air, and a knot of people black against the blaze. Firemen were beginning to train their hoses on the fire. I hurried toward the crowd and tripped over a four foot man wearing a pince nez, a beard, and a bowler.

"Oh, excuse me, Mister Ferrer," I said, picked myself up and hurried on. I elbowed my way into the crowd.

"What's burning? What's burning?" I asked. But the people, their mouths stuffed with roasted marshmallows, could only mumble. At last I worked my way forward and was able to look over a policeman's shoulder. A group of children had playfully set fire to a little old lady in a wheel chair. You couldn't blame the children, I suppose; they'd probably been studying Joan of Arc in school. Lay the blame, if blame there be, (for the crowd seemed to be enjoying the spectacle immensely) on our woefully inadequate educational system.

I was just about to grab a long stick for roasting marshmallows when a young lady with green eyelids and thickly rouged cheeks tugged at my arm.

"Come with me, Monsieur, I can take you to a place where they have for sale the mummified hand of St. John the Baptist."

The lady clutched my necktie and was dragging me down a narrow cobblestone alleyway, before I could decide whether or not I was really interested in buying the

mummified hand of St. John the Baptist. Would it fit in with my other furnishings, I wondered?

We were moving along quite rapidly and all the garbage cans I tripped over seemed scrupulously clean. The alley itself was strewn with egg shells, coffee grounds, fish entrails, bread crumbs, old Octopii, and mouldering vegetables of every kind. The fragrance was overpowering!

"It is only a little way farther, Sahib," the young lady whispered, smiling back at me encouragingly with her yellowed teeth framed in a smear of lipstick. Her tangled orangish hair hung down over a faded purple dress that looked very much like a slip. Her shoulders which were quite broad were also stooped, her calves were outrageously muscular, and her skin was dry and flaking off. All in all there was something extremely feminine about her.

"This is it, Effendi," she whispered, pushing open a door of decaying wood which squeaked and groaned and shuddered. The stench of sauerkraut came pouring out from the black interior and overcame even the odors of the alleyway. Into the black abyss the lady stepped and I followed her. Striking a match, she lit the candle that was standing on a rickety table. Over the candle was suspended a kettle-full of sauerkraut. Two decrepit chairs leaned wearily against the table and in the corner stood

(continued on page 21)



"Does this mean our engagement is over?"





# LOVE STORY

*The Story of True Love*

*As Seen Through the  
Eyes of a Lover*

- 1 *Damp, oh so damp—and cold, when I first saw my love. My first ray of light in that empty blackness called city, when I saw my love. She was pensive, she was sad, and, somehow, I knew she was lonely.*



- 2 *Without bothering to ask, I knew she was lonely. She turned, and in her eyes I saw longing. She saw me and she belched.*



*Octy's Spectacular  
Foto-Feature  
By Joe Kirkish*

- 3 *The heartaches, the yearnings, the thousand questions that ran through her mind—I'll never know. I followed her home, and, somehow, I knew that she waited for me. She knew, and I knew. It had to be.*



4

*We found many things to do, my love and I. Skating, hiking, trips down cold streets that warmed with the touch of her sensitive heels. But most of all, those evenings spent at the piano together—those rare moments of mutual pleasure, as I would ramble through . . . our song!*



- 5 *Surf crashing in the night,—great roaring waves of might—soaring to magnificent heights . . . and then the calm of ebb tide. I found why she belched; she adored shallots.*





6

*There were moments of anxiety for my love—insecurity founded on repressed childhood memories which gave vent to bursts of terrifying fear. I could do nothing to assure her in such moments. Eventually, I stopped trying.*

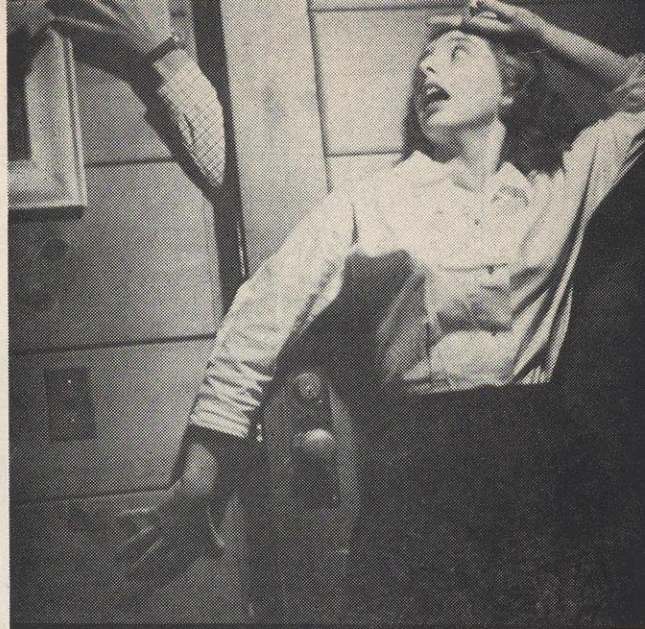


7 *Repentance! Ever sorry afterwards, she would sit by the window and wonder why, why, why! I, too wondered, but, somehow, I felt that I knew.*



*My God, she moaned, what have I done! And then the moment of dread finally arrived. Torn with guilt and remorse, my love suddenly knew what she had to do,*

8



9

*Blackest of night—a tearing cry of “No! No more!”—and she was gone. Gone from my arms was my love, but from my heart’s mind, never.*



10

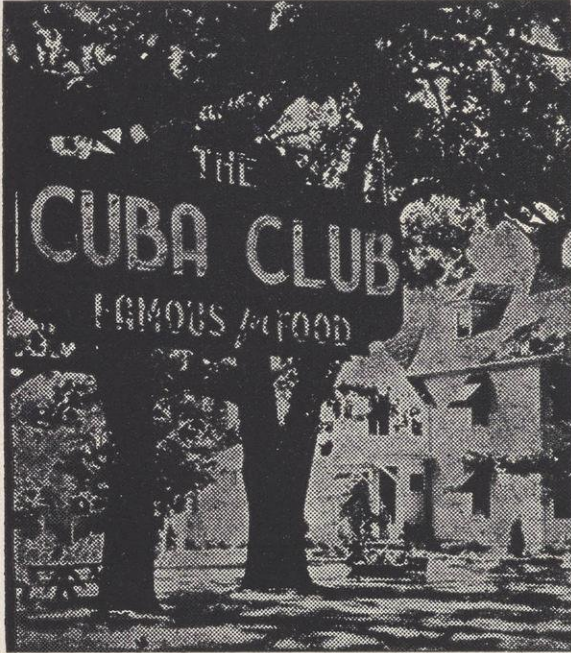
*Never will I forget, and never will she. I will go my way, ever searching for warmth in a city of coldness, and she . . . she will be lonely again, and I know, somehow I know, that she will continue in her loneliness. For to few, very few, is the stench of shallots adorable.*

the end



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Hello Old Students!*

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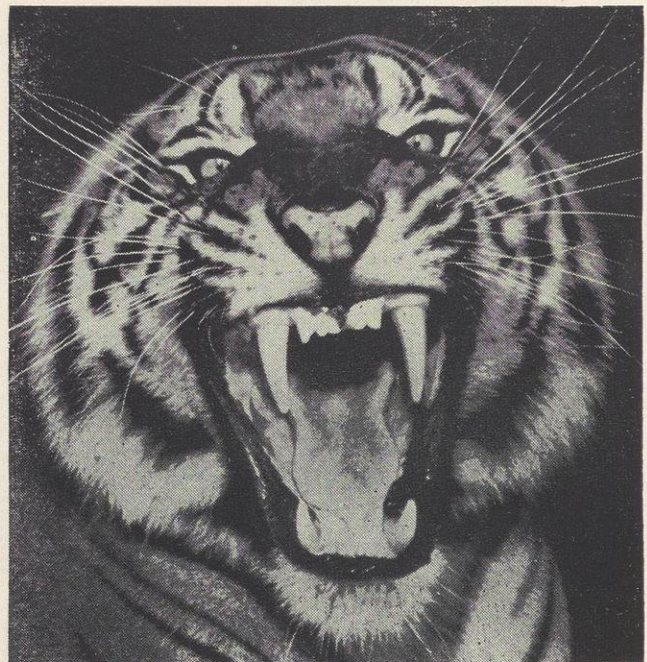
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Henrietta Wiggins, OT-1, upon being pinned by Fumble-Fingers McCassidy.



# Bingo Club

By DIARREAH YAKAMOTO

"All right, Lieutenant, just this once," I snarled and slammed down the receiver. Snatching the fifth of scotch on my desk, I took a swig, emptying half its contents.

"This is a disgrace," I bellowed, smashing a statue of Lord Lazurus (Hounds) Baskerville, the famous English sleuth and my idol, against the wall. "Me Farrington Q. Zyzlckqrset, the roughest, toughest private eye in the business, helping those stupid bulls out."

I was impelled for two reasons to aid the police in this case. One, it was Lieutenant John O'Maniac's caper and since I was passionately in love with his daughter, Nymph, a shy, young thing of twenty, I had to help him; two, it was the city's biggest case in the last 399 years. A gang of hoodlums had crossed the state-line and were running gambling enterprises throughout the city. It was my job to stop this gambling.

Taking another swig from the bottle, I emptied it. Smashing it against the wall, I staggered from the office passing a minute only to leer lasciviously at my receptionist, Mabel. Pinching her and lightly dodging the dagger she heaved (Ed. Note: In the sense that she hurled something). I ran chuckling from the room.

Stumbling out onto 42nd St. I paused for a moment to plan my next move.

"Where would gambling most likely occur in this burg," I thought to myself. The answer came immediately, "The Bingo Club." Known only to residents of the under-world, the club was inhabited by the dregs of society: gangsters, gamblers, junkies, and politicians.

I tossed a slug into the cup of a blind man seated outside the door, laughing merrily at the thought of him trying to buy a cup of coffee with it, and jumped into my '26 Ford.

Two hours later, I pulled up in front of the Bingo Club on 44th St. (Note: This is an exceedingly rare bit of subtle humor\* that I shall endeavor to explain to the no-doubt non-plused reader. Since Farrington's office is on 42nd St. and he drove to 44th St., he therefore drove two blocks in two hours. This is especially humorous for it is well-known that there are no cars that slow. Now that the reader is convulsed with uncontrollable laughter, I show no mercy and proceed with an even brighter gem of humor in the following sentence.) Taking off my goggles and duster, I stepped down from my

\*—This type of humor is commonly known as slapstick. The subtlest and most intricate type of humor known today, it was invented by Oliver Crumwell (affectionately called Crummy by his followers) in 1528. Crummy founded the National Snarking fraternity whose symbol is the blood-shot eye and telescope so well known to present day college students. Their fraternity song is "With My Eyes Wide Open, Whose Dreaming?" Crumwell invented the practice of paddling (slapping the pledges on the behind with sticks) thereby garnering immense laughter and merriment from the kindly actives. Since this type of humor is as funny as a slap on the behind, it was christened slapstick.

car. Pausing momentarily to peel off the bodies of three pedestrians who were stuck to the windshield, I strode briskly up to the door.

Knowing they would never let the famous crime-buster, Farrington Q. Zyzlckqrset, in, I devised a cunning scheme for gaining entrance. Taking five sticks of dynamite, some fuses, a roll of wire, and a detonator from my pocket, I quietly blew away the front door.

Grimming to myself, I hurried inside only to be confronted by three mammoth hoods whose job it was to eject unwelcome guests. Calmly chopping the first aside the ear with my .45, knocking the second over a table, and hypnotizing the third with my solid gold, platinum watch-fob, I proceeded into the main gambling room.

There a scene of utter confusion met my eyes. All around the room various games of chance were being operated. In the front of the hall, a game which seemed to be a favorite with the males in the audience was being played.

On the stage, a buxom blonde dressed only in three balloons placed in strategic spots was wiggling and shaking to the music of a one-man band who was enthusiastically swinging out "Tiger Rag" on his comb and toilet paper. In front of the stage, a group of gentlemen were merrily casting poisoned darts at the dancer. I looked up at the sign over the platform, "A Dollar A Dart—Win A Broken Balloon." Just then I took cognizance of a loud bang and heard a great cheer go up from the crowd. A bald-headed gentleman, slaving at the mouth, eyes bulging, scrambled eagerly up the stairs to claim his reward.

"Nothing wrong here," I thought to myself.

As my eyes roamed further around the room, I saw various other harmless games going on. In the corner, a crowd stood around three gentlemen who were crouched on the floor casting little dotted squares amid the cries of "Little Joe," "Natural," and "Snake-eyes." They certainly were having fun at their childish game.

Over in a corner, I noticed a girl whose clothes were about five sizes too small for her Dagmaresque body, spinning a large numbered wheel. "Hmmm! piece de resistance," I murmured to myself, "suave qui peut."

The object, I gathered, was to guess the digits that the wheel would stop at. Since no money was being passed, only chips, the game appeared to be on the up and up.

Happening to glance down at the girl's legs, I noticed, after re-adjusting my eye-balls (she was wearing a shorty skirt. I had wondered why, every time she reached up to spin the wheel, the crowd would shout Hallelujah and beat their breasts.) that they were working a pedal cunningly concealed from the players. This quite obviously was the spring which made the wheel go round. I shook my head wonderingly and beat my breast as the crowd cried Hallelujah once again.

It was then the thing I was looking for met my eyes. Horrified, I, Farrington Q. Zyzlckqrset, with my own eyes, saw two old ladies leaning intently over cards on which pennies lay being used as markers.

"B-3," the croupier shouted.

I pulled out my .45, walked up to them and snarled, "You're under arrest Grandmas, bingo's illegal in this town."

Slapping the handcuffs on their shriveled old arms, I led the two crying old women through the door, pausing only to pinch the hatcheck girl.

Looking down my nose at the old women, I spat and said dramatically, "Justice always wins out in the end."



*Photo by DeLonge*



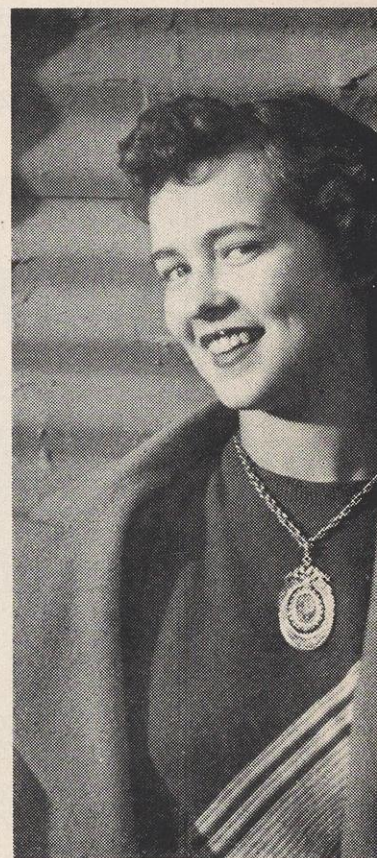
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## Mesolithic Madness

A well-known businessman, shopping for a parrot to present to his wife on her birthday, found a feathered specimen that exactly suited his fancy. However, the clerk tried to discourage his choice by explaining that this particular parrot came from a house of questionable repute.

Seeing nothing particularly derogatory about that, the businessman persisted in his choice and, on the evening of his wife's birthday, when all the guests had arrived for a party in her honor, he proudly produced the fine parrot and uncovered his cage.

The parrot took a look around, blinked its eyes, and then remarked: "Hmmm—new girls, but the same old guys."

\* \* \*

The stately gentleman reeled toward the bar and perched on one of the stools.

"Bartender, you make the besh Martinis in town. Tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm goin' to give you Ethbert."

He reached into his pocket and plunked a sad-looking lobster on the bar.

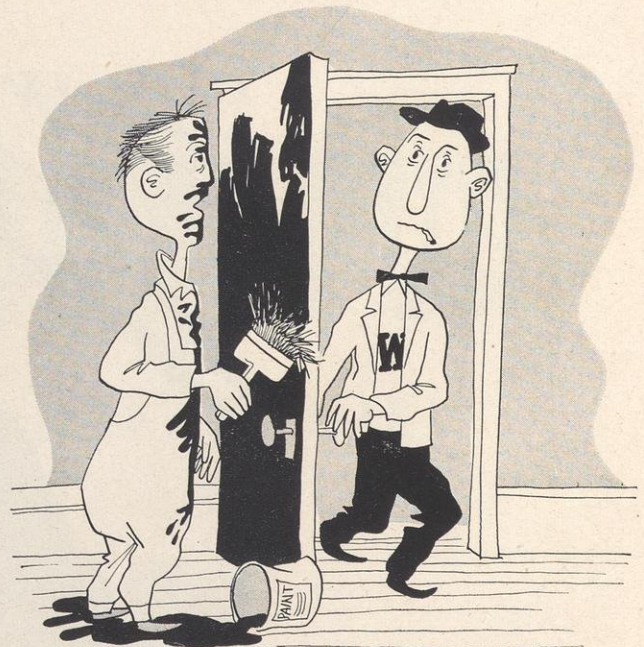
"Thank you very much," said the bartender. "I'll take him home for dinner."

"Oh, don' take him home for dinner, he's already had dinner. Take him to a movie."

\* \* \*

When Mr. Johnson, having heard that he was the father of triplets, rushed eagerly into his wife's room, the nurse intercepted him and scolded, "Don't you know any better than to barge in like that? You're not sterile."

After a glance at his brood, the unnerved Mr. Johnson piped up, "You're telling me!"



"Why can't you learn to knock, Fenley?"





# IDEA

For busy students or those that live far, far from home. Here's how to say "Thank you for everything" for the Thanksgiving holiday.

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Sigma Kap: "Is it natural to shrink from kissing?"

Prof: "If it was, my dear, most of you girls would be nothing but skin and bones."

\* \* \*

Coach: What's his name?

Manager: Ossscowinsinskiewskz.

Coach: Put him on the first team! I never did like The Daily Cardinal anyway.

\* \* \*

A drunk finally finds the keyhole and enters the house where he stumbles around looking for the light. Wife pipes up: "That you, Henry?" No answer. A big crash of glass. "Henry! What in the world are you doing?"

"Teaching your darn goldfish not to bark at me!"

\* \* \*

The freshman comes on little cat feet

And looks the joint over

And then moves on.

Who cares?

\* \* \*

"What is the idea of kicking my dog? He won't bite you."

"Maybe not, but he raised his leg, and I thought he was going to kick me."

\* \* \*

Salesman: "Could I sell you some pajamas?"

Lady Shopper: "No, I don't wear them."

Salesman: "My name is Hardwick, Bob Hardwick."

## Dining . . . Dancing . . . Refreshments



Rendezvous at the RUMPUS ROOM of the

## EDGEWATER HOTEL

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On Lake Mendota at Wisconsin Ave.



Hubby wandered in at 3:00 a.m. after a glorious evening. In a few minutes a series of unearthly squawks howled out of the radio loudspeaker.

His wife looked into the room and discovered him twisting the dial back and forth frantically.

"For heaven's sake! What in the world are you trying to do?" she exclaimed.

"G'way! G'way! Don't bother me," he yelled. "Someone's locked in the safe and I've forgotten the combinashun!"

Then there were the two nudists who quit going steady because they thought they were seeing too much of each other.

\* \* \*

How do you tell whether your gold fish is a girl or a boy?

Just add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid to the water in the fish bowl; if he comes floating to the top, he's a boy. And if she comes floating to the top, she's a girl.

## Neolithic Nothings

"What time do you get up in the summer?"

"As soon as the first rays of the sun come in my window."

"Splendid! Then you, too, like to go out while the dew is still fresh on the grass."

"Not exactly. My room faces West."

\* \* \*

"We are having a raffle for a poor widow. Will you buy a ticket?"

"Nope, my wife wouldn't let me keep her if I won."

\* \* \*

Clerk: "Here's a pretty card with lovely sentiment: 'To the only girl I ever loved'."

Student: "That's fine . . . give me a dozen."

\* \* \*

"Your sample kiss last night had merit,

But that kiss in your tameless arms—!

I marvel I ever did bear it—  
Being hugged has lost all its charms.

"It's too bad that now we have to break

After such a perfect start.  
But ah! how you made my bosom ache,

And left an imprint on my heart!

"For fear you'd next time squeeze me tighter,

I've dropped away like a rocket,  
'Cause you keep your cigaret-lighter

In your upper right-hand pocket."

\* \* \*

First son: "Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor." (Writes out check.)

Second son: "Father, I got into trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue." -----

Father: "It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name." (Writes out check.)

Daughter: "Father, I did something awful last night—"

Father: "Ah, now we collect."

\* \* \*

"Robert Burns wrote 'To a Field Mouse'."

"Did he get an answer?"



Chosen by the Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

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## WHISKEY STRAIGHT --

(continued from page 11)

a brass bed covered with an indescribably filthy patchwork quilt. The young lady smiled at me, shook one of her shoulder straps off her shoulder, and slowly backed toward the bed.

"Well," I said, nervously jingling the change in my pocket. "Where is the mummified hand of St. John the Baptist?" The young lady looked about apprehensively. At that moment a large pregnant cat crawled out from under the bed and belched contentedly. The young lady sprang to her feet.

"Milicent, you nasty creature, you've eaten it!" she cried. With that she took a vicious kick at the poor cat which skillfully sidestepped and ran out through the open door.

"Well, I guess that's that," the young lady sighed. "But I tell you what, I'll fix us something to eat anyhow. You'd better close the door, the draft might blow out the candle."

I closed the door. The young lady smoothed back her orangish hair, and started to ladel out some sauerkraut. But upon hearing a scuffling sound outside she cried, "Hark!", dropped the sauerkraut, and threw her arms around me.

There was a tremendous splintering crash and the door fell down. Framed in the doorway was a menacing figure (certainly anthropoid but questionably homo sapiens) wearing a tweed suit and fondling a gattling gun. The young lady's bloodshot eyes grew large with terror. "John, my husband, I did not expect you back so soon," she gasped tremulously, clasping at her bosom.

"Are you, er . . ." John grunted slowly as though by rote, "tri—foo-ling with my wife's ah-feck-shuns, sir?"

"No, John, no," the young lady screamed, throwing the back of her hand against her forehead and pushing me toward the gorilla.

John made a pitiful pretense at putting up a struggle. Then he handed me the gun and fell groaning to the floor before I could pull the trigger.

"O alas and woe is me," the young lady wailed, pressing her hands to her temples. (I couldn't help thinking what an old game this was.) "Ze hae killed my husband deir. But never fear, it was not your fault and I shall see that no blame falls upon your head. Somehow, although I am a woman of little (I said little) wealth, I shall conceal from the wrathful world the body . . ." She covered her face with her hands and sobbed. ". . . of my . . ." She made a despairing gesture toward the corpse, who was surreptitiously scratching his leg. ". . . dear, dead husband, John. I will arrange everything. It will take money, of course, but your wife need never know of your disgrace."

"But I haven't got a wife," I said lighting a Cuban cheroot.

The young lady looked shaken but quickly recovered her sorrowful concern. "Your mother then," she faltered, "think how this will affect your sweet, little old, gray-haired mother. Why the scandal would kill the poor dear."

"I'm an orphan," I murmured pleasantly.

"A sweetheart then?" the young lady suggested, grasping at straws.

"No."

"An employer, perhaps, whose faith in you might be shattered?"

"Sorry, I'm self-employed."

"Oh," she said biting her lip, then she brightened. "But the police, what about the police? You wouldn't want them to hear about this would you?"

She struck the pose of a prosecuting attorney and

pointed the long finger. "You'll fry for this, Mac. Nobody can get away with murder, bud—nobody. They'll hang you by your pretty neck until dead." Then her tone softened and with averted eyes she said, "Unless, of course, I could see my way clear to get rid of the evidence."

"But I never even fired the gun."

"Hah, no jury in the country would believe you," she snorted.

"But John isn't dead; he isn't even wounded."

"Wishful thinking," she jeered.

"Well maybe so, but in all my experience I have never seen a corpse get up and help himself to a serving of sauerkraut."

The young lady whirled around furiously. "John, you idiot, you greedy glutton, you've spoiled everything."

John looked up from his plate of sauerkraut sheepishly. "Aw, I'm sorry," he said, "but I got hungry."

I couldn't help laughing and when I did the young lady spun on me. "Shut up, you. John, give this bum a going over."

I stopped laughing abruptly and edged toward the door, but a huge paw came hurtling through space and caught me on the side of the head. A great darkness descended on me. The Mormon Tabernacle choir began singing way down at the other end of a corridor. I was floating peacefully in a warm dark place—no pain, not a care in the world.

When I woke up on the floor, I felt like I'd been through a cement mixer. Slowly my eyes began to focus and the first thing I saw was the brass bed and on it, a bony mama cat surrounded by twenty-two kittens; they all mewed in unison. The young lady and John were gone.

I decided to hell with mummified hands; the hell with soda! I made my way painfully to a bar and ordered . . . "Whiskey—straight."



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

**the wooden bowl**

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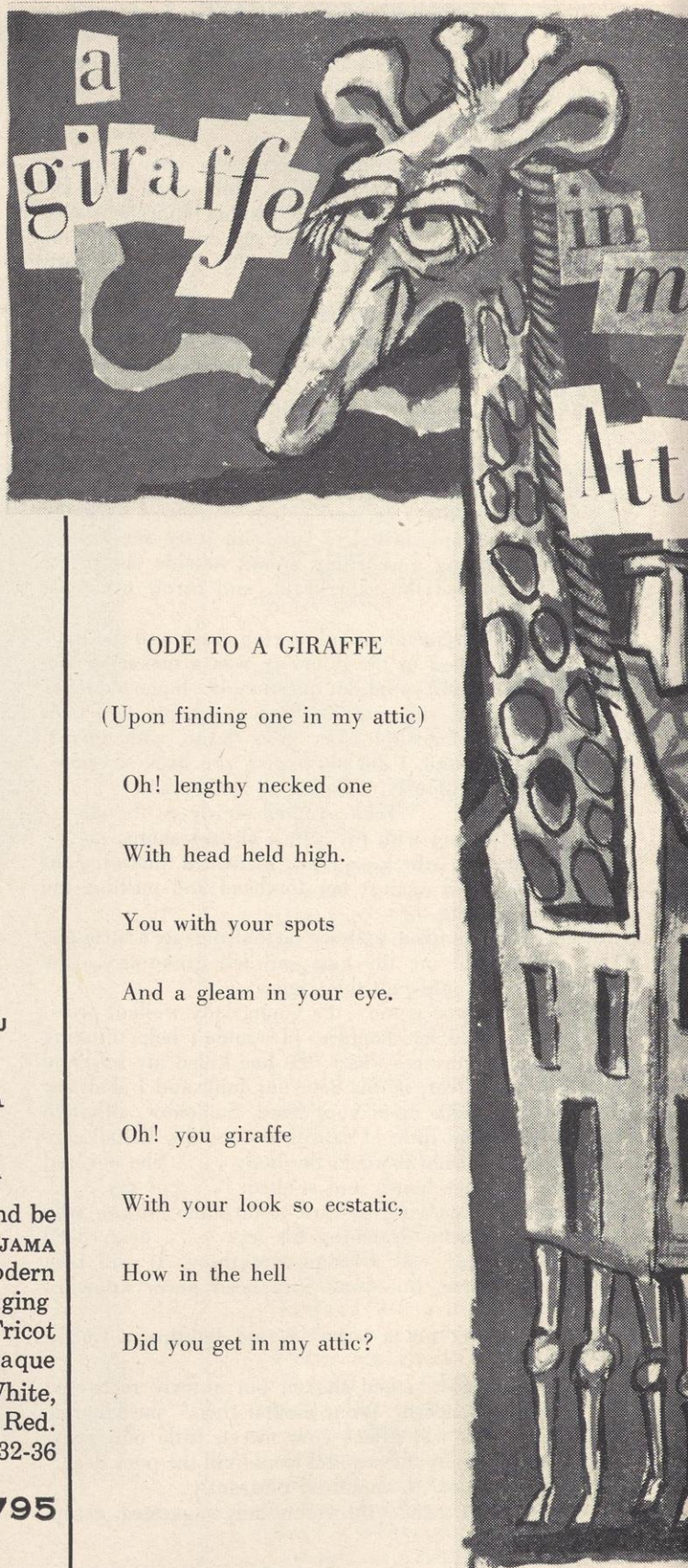
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### ODE TO A GIRAFFE

(Upon finding one in my attic)

Oh! lengthy necked one

With head held high.

You with your spots

And a gleam in your eye.

Oh! you giraffe

With your look so ecstatic,

How in the hell

Did you get in my attic?

*by Edgar Allen Nudn*



## The Tragedy of . . .

# Fifi Tres Secrete

THE WAGON SWAYED PRECARIOUSLY TOWARD THE PRECIPICE AND DEAD-EYE HOROWITZ CLUTCHED HIS CHEST, A PLATINUM ARROW STICKING THERE IN SAID CHEST. HOROWITZ. THAT IS.

*Harry S. Trubane*

I was sitting in my room studying (until she turned out the lights) when suddenly I heard a crash and was showered by a rain of falling glass. When I awoke I saw the missile which had hit me. It consisted of a piece of sponge rubber, which I took to be padding from a baseball catcher's mitt, attached to a large white flowerpot which could only be from a converted men's dormitory. There was a note etched on the inside. It said, "Harrison darling, come down at once! I need your help." I immediately saw that someone was trying to catch my attention.

Looking outside I spied a buxomless lass in a shimmering burlap negligee. When she saw me she burst into song. Our song. It was a beautiful thing which began: "We're the boys from Turner Hall, and we've only got one . . .", and ends with a rousing cheer discribing the current housefellow. As I was bowing low and facing East, I noticed something false about the girl. Something about her gown just didn't ring true.

As the last notes of the beautiful song floated out into the silence over Lake Mendota, she motioned to me to come down. I was worried! She reminded me of the girl I had almost married two years ago. (Her father didn't have a hunting license.) Her face . . . her figure . . . her hair . . . all seemed to melt into something I could not resist. I went down.

"Come," she said, "Let's go for a walk on the Lake Road to Picnic Point. I have something to ask you."

I was leery, but I followed. Once on the path she turned to me with a seductive smile and said, "Harrison, I'm in desperate need of help. Can you keep a secret?"

There seemed to be something about the girl that made me say, "Oh FiFi, you know you can trust me. Anything you tell me will forever remain sealed within my lips. But let's not spoil things. I just want you to stand there for awhile, so that I may drink in your beauty. Your lips are like two rose petals; your eyes are like stars looking down from the deep blue sky; your teeth are like pearls; but your figure . . ."

"Yes?"

"Your figure . . . Well, your figure is like something

I have never before gazed upon. (Note: He means her figure is like something he's never seen.)

"Do you mean that, Harrison?"

"Yes FiFi, I do. Can't you see FiFi? I'm trying to tell you . . ."

"Go on Harrison. You're trying to tell me what?"

(Note: If she doesn't know what he's driving at she shouldn't be a candidate for Campus Chest.)

"Oh, FiFi, ever since that first night, when you forgot to pull the shade, I've had a certain feeling about you."

"I understand Harrison, but can't that wait for awhile? I've got something I just have to tell you."

"Yes?" I could tell that she was nervous by the way she kept biting my fingernails.

She looked at me anxiously with an enticing smile, and said, "Well, as you know, I am a candidate for Campus Chest and the judging is next week. Oh Harrison, I'm so afraid my secret is going to get out!"

"Secret?"

"Yes, as you probably have noticed, there is less to me than most people think."

"You mean . . ."

"Yes, and if it ever gets out my chances for election are ruined and I will forever be disgraced among the girls from Slichter. But Harrison, that isn't all."

"What is it?" The skin was now off the tips of my fingers.

"Harrison, I've found that I'm allergic to sponge rubber. Can't you help me?"

"FiFi I'll do my best. Let me think. Mmmmmmm, I have it."

She dropped to her knees and began kissing my feet. "Oh Harrison, what is it?"

"Well, while reading the ads in the Daily Cardinal the other day I . . ."

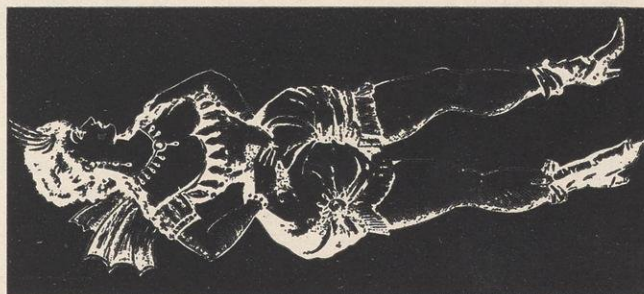
### NEWS ITEM

XP—Madison, Wis. — A terrific explosion ripped through the University of Wisconsin today. This peaceful campus on beautiful Lake Mendota was rocked by a blast the likes of which had never before been felt. Its immediate cause is not known, but it is believed to have been occasioned by a tremendous release of compressed air. The judging had proceeded to a Miss FiFi Tres Secrete when the explosion took place. Miss Tres Secrete along with two of the judges has not been seen since. More details will be given later.

*The End*

MORAL: Men, watch out for University of Wisconsin girls. There are many of them that are just so much hot air.

Ed. Note: This is not a paid political advertisement. The writing of this Harry S. should not in any way reflect upon the suspected "literary talents" of a prominent national figure.





(continued from page 7)

Then the whole head appeared, shrouded like a nun. The face was white and fragile—and radiant. I had never seen anything so beautiful.

"It was a fiasco, I'm afraid," she said.

"Yes," I admitted, "are you feeling all right?"

"Sure," she said, but there was a strain in her voice and it took her all of two seconds to hop into her riding britches.

We left the delivery room sadly—empty-handed. Our friend with his checkered cap still in his hands waited expectantly at the door. "It was a dud," I said, hanging my head.

We walked slowly down the steps of the hospital and mounted the three seater bicycle. Slowly, with dirge-like strokes, we peddled away. "I'm sorry," I faltered, "I didn't know I was sterile."

"It isn't your fault," she said soothingly, and my friend in the checkered cap laughed uproariously.

I was annoyed by this and glanced rather sharply at him, but then my gaze came to rest on my wife. There was something curiously disturbing about the back of her neck. Then I remembered! At last I recognized this would-be mother—she was a complete stranger! "I'm not married!" I shouted, leaping from the bicycle. "I'm not married!"

"They were both strangers," I murmured, mopping my brow, and the three seater bicycle disappeared over the horizon.

## JOKES?

Guard (to prisoner about to be electrocuted): "Have you any last words?"

Prisoner: "Yeah, I'd like to give me seat to a lady."

\* \* \*

I: A little strap certainly is an important thing.

II: You're right. It's kept many an attraction from becoming a sensation.

\* \* \*

A cute young thing walked into a dress shop and asked to see some silk dresses. The saleslady tried to convince her that she should buy a wool dress, but to no avail. Finally she asked:

"But why do you insist on a silk dress?"

"I'm tired of having the wool pulled over my eyes!"

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- Sea Food
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- Chicken
- Italian Dishes

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YOUR FAVORITE  
BRAND OF BEER  
AFTER THE  
THEATER SNACKS

# AMATO'S

## JOKES??

A girl was walking through a hotel lobby, and a sailor said to her, "Hello, beautiful."

The girl said, "I don't know you."

The sailor walked over, put his arms around her and said, "Now do you remember me?"

The girl replied, "Now it doesn't matter."

\* \* \*

Jimmy was assigned by his teacher to write a composition about his origin. He questioned his mother:

"Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me, and you, too, dear."

So, the small modern wrote as the introduction to his composition: "There have been no natural births in our family for three generations."

\* \* \*

Tourist: "Milking the cow?"

Yokel: "Naw, just feeling her pulse."

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# Get a Load of Pinhead, The Great Sniffling Pyramid

Under that woolen tent, Pinhead has two sweaters, a flannel shirt and long winter underwear. He's got a pair of gloves under the mittens and he's wearing three pairs of socks under his waterproof boots. All set for any old thing!

Like a two-legged cow!

Look, Pinhead. Take a barrel full of water, see. Chop a hole in the bottom and what happens? The water comes out. Sure, 99 per cent of the barrel is still there, but the water comes out anyway.

Okay, so let's mix the metaphor up a bit. You got yourself all bundled up except for the hole in the barrel. *Your hat, George!* You can stick yourself in an oven but leave your bare head out and you're still going to get cold.

Your head needs a lot of heat. So help me. If it gets cold, the rest of your body works like mad trying to heat the thing up. So you catch the sniffles and all the rest of you might just as well be wearing white ducks as far as keeping warm is concerned.

Plug up the hole, Pinhead. Get yourself a hat. Keep the wind and the rain out of your hair. You'll *feel* better—and *look* better, too!

**"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"**

These fine hat labels have published this advertisement in the interests of good grooming and good health of American men.

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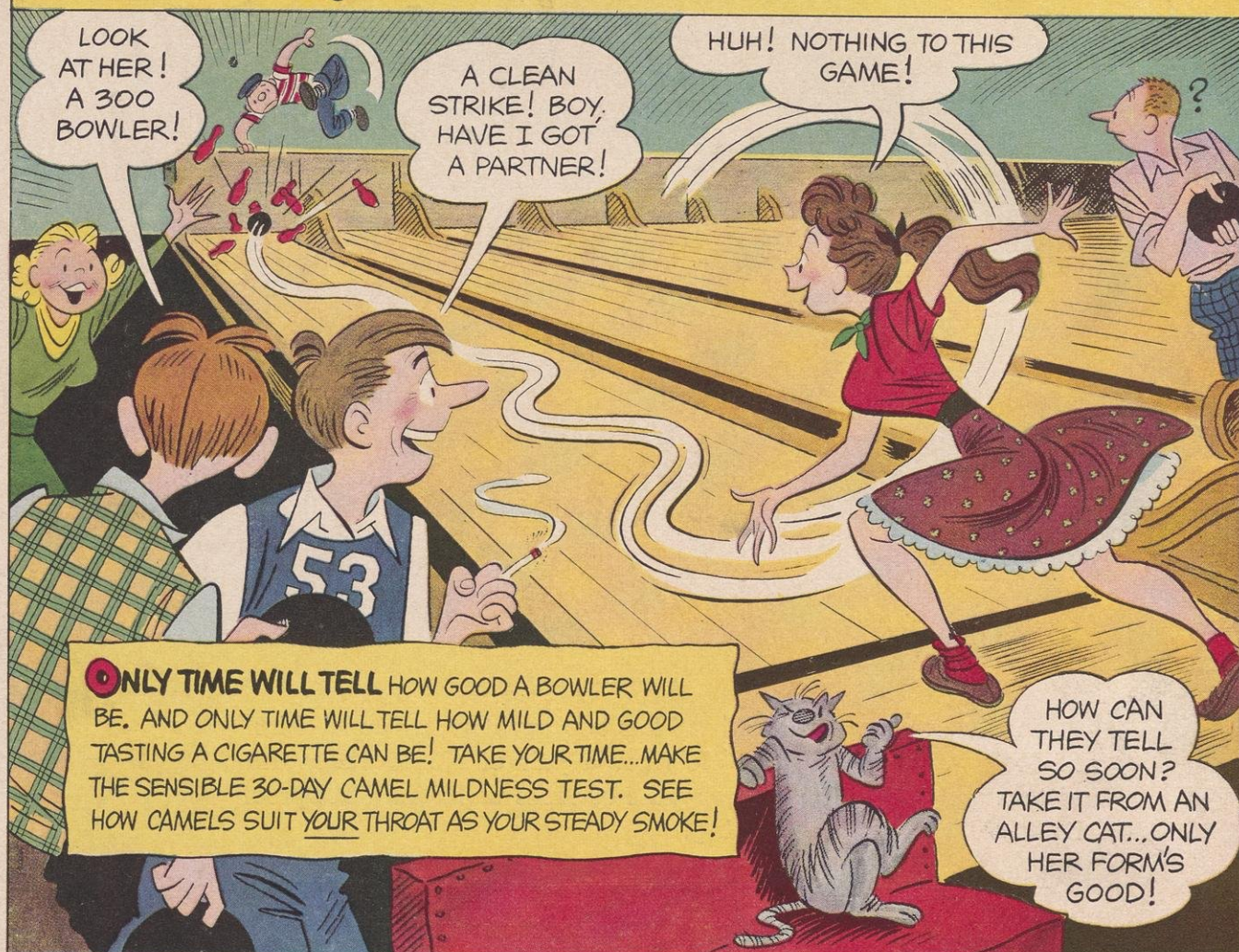
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