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35c

MARCH, 1958

WISCONSIN

OCTOPUS



Zowie, Gang! **BARGAINS!!**



GET THEM WHILE THEY LAST!

30 almost new Gatling Guns, complete with 200 rounds of ammunition.

Amaze your friends. Put the fear of God in your enemies. Great as gifts for weddings, birthdays, etc. Also a wonderful practical toy for Junior. Hurry, while we still have some left. Only \$28.99

LONELY? NEED A DATE?

Do you have that left-out feeling? Have you tried Vitalis and Listerine Antiseptic Mouth wash and you still can't get a date? Then send in your \$5.00 and leave the rest to us. Specializing in this field for over 30 years, we guarantee fine times ahead for you. All we need is your money, your preferences, and an outline of when you want a date. The service will be prompt and if, for any reason you don't like our choice, just send her back and your money will be cheerfully returned. For more information call BO-3-3484.

TOP SECRET!

Hurry and call this number before we get pinched. The number is HZ 3-3489. For \$2.00 we will print up a set (3) of false I.D. cards. Your worries will be over. You will pass unnoticed into the famous student haunts, confident you will not be suspected. These cards are as good as the real McCoy. All work done by skilled craftsmen. Hurry and get yours today. Don't let age stand in the way of future happiness.

FRATERNITY - SORORITY!!

Genuine Greek jewelry at cut rates. Anyone can own an impressive Phi Beta Kappa key or a quietly elegant Sigma Alpha Epsilon lapel pin. Be the first on your block to wear both Zeta Beta Tau and Kappa Alpha Theta pins at the same time! Gold or silver finish. From \$3.13

FOR THE PRACTICAL JOKER

The joke of all jokes. It will make you immortal in your own circle of friends. For want of a better name, we call this gag the Aqualung prank. Interest your victim in underwater swimming. Tell him you'll teach him in the pool. (The water is clear and everyone will be able to see clearly).

You put on an aqualung (a good one) and give him ours. When he gets six feet under water the lung cracks and his air escapes. Guaranteed for ten minutes of the most riotous laughter you have ever had. Only \$42.00

SALE—U. S. ARMY SURPLUS

Just released by the Army are 500 Minex cameras with ten rolls of microfilm, all for only \$6.23. The perfect item for every student. An excellent method of preserving your favorite snarks, and no one will be the wiser. Also easily adapted for cheating. Just shoot your notes and carry them to the exam on film. This is what is known as ingenuity. Hurry, while supplies last.

BARGAIN—Only 50 Sets Left!

Hurry and buy your own "So You Want to Be a Basketball Coach" set. They're selling like hot cakes. All plays are set electrically and the players follow all the movements you assign them to do. We originally stocked one hundred but our own basketball team bought half of the shipment before we could get them on the market. So follow your own winning basketball team and get your set today.

DOPEY - DOPEY!


Seventeen ampules of imported oriental opium, guaranteed to really kick you. We also stock marijuana, cigarettes or pipe mixture. At these prices the stuff won't last long, so come in today. We have never been raided! Opium \$312 oz.

Remember! You saw these items first in the Octopus!



SABBATICAL LEAVE

MARCH, 1958



Anyway You Look At It

OSCAR MAYER

Means Fine Meats

MADISON — MILWAUKEE

**Going home for
spring vacation?**

Bring a special gift
to that special someone

HAPPY HOUSE

549 STATE

Open Nights Until 9

*Let us help you with
your gift problems*

Letters to the Editor

A disgusted Sr.

Dear Sirs:

Hey man! I mean we gotta' have ah—, a big-
gern' better Octy! To say the least it wasn't
the most. It was &*\$(!)/#/~!

Here I was, sittin' there all ready to sit down
and detererate my mind, with a good mind de-
tereratin' session an' it was like nuthin', I mean,
too small, too short. You know!. I turned the
page, I mean, an' it was the end.—finished, no-
mo. You can imagine how disgusted I was, I
mean, like— really "shot down." MAN WHOT-
TA BEAR!

In the first place—where was the "Octy Dream
Girl", I mean SEX?

You know!!

Then, what's happened to the RAW JOKES?
They were well done!

I mean like a door knob—Everybody had tak-
en his turn at them.

What ever happened to those writers that used
to tear up the Cardinal into four by five squares
and send these to the Frats, where no one ever
read them.

I mean, let's LIVE UP to Octy's tradition. So
we can really revive the ole' Octy spirit. I mean
live up—to the tradition—I mean, live up—OR
ELSE!

Disgustingly yours,
E. J. Disgusted, Sr.

Ed—Threats, threats, that's all we ever get.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I just wanted to write to let you know that I
thought that, on the whole, you put out a good
first edition and am waiting for your next one.
What ever happened to Octy's Dream Girl?
Keep up the good work.

Marylou Wellens

Ed—Thanks for your letter, mother. How would
you like to be the next Uninhibited Coed?

* * *

Dear Sir:

How did you have the nerve to print such
trash! It was really bad. No life. No style.
Heaven help us. You are doing your job as badly
as the Cardinal is doing theirs. Why don't you
just stop publication and let us keep our thirty
five cents?

Keith Maddox
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Ed—I don't remember anyone twisting that thirty
five cents out of your hand, Keith.

(continued on page 4)

From the Editor's Brown Study

Did you hear about the new Global World Series? You haven't? Well it's about time you did. Settle back and lend an ear. Your problems are settled. This revolutionary idea has made ROTC a thing of the past.

Everything but the final date has been decided. In a secret communique, which, thanks to Octy's efficient world organization I was able to get hold of, it was disclosed that both the United States and Russia have agreed to play this Series. It is being run on a winner take all basis. (To the winner belongs the spoils and all that). The referee will be the island kingdom of Bisbangi, as it was the only country that both nations felt would be impartial. Also because the natives and governing officials of the island have no verbal language and therefore are not so prone to propaganda machines.

The game is really quite simple. As a matter of fact, preparatory actions have already been started. Both nations must send up ten earth satellites before a stated time (not yet decided). Each must contain a radio, a world wide television screen and a neon sign that must be kept lit at all times, designating if it is American or Russian.

Each team must be controlled from the ground by a two man team, whose job it is to plan the strategy and direct the 'players' movements. (American gamblers are laying 10-1 on "Tricky Dick" Nixon and "Dodging John" Dulles as the United States' choices.) On the other side of the Atlantic, there is no betting and B and K seem the likely choices.

Each team is undergoing intensive training. Chief coach for the American team is Milt Bruhn, world renowned for his variety of offensive and defensive maneuvers. Surprisingly, the chief Russian coach named was Beria, who was reported to have come out of retirement from his gracious palacial estate in Siberia.

All the countries of the world are being hooked up to a special cable, which will enable everyone to see the games, play by play and mach by mach. Both teams are in high spirits and it looks like it will be a great show.

So, as I said before, take it easy, relax, and forget about ROTC and better grades. If we win, then there will be no more army. If we lose, well, they call ROTC by a different name in Russia anyway.

WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

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LETTERS . . . (continued)

Dear Sir:

Whatever happened to Henry Wiggins? Thank God the Badger put him in. You've forgotten all the old traditions. Whatever happened to those two guys that were always sitting on the back of a moving van? And where was Octy's Dream Girl?

It's fine to inject new things and ideas into the Octopus but why don't you keep some of the old traditions along with some new ones?

Anonymous

Ed—A reactionary. There's one in every group. (Seriously, we more than agree with you, Mr. Anonymous.)

* * *

Dear Sir:

It should really be 'Dead Sir'! What a rotten issue! It was terrible! I've never been so mad in my life! Bah!

!!!

Ed—Humbug!

Once upon a time there were three co-eds, a great big Co-ed, a medium-sized Coed, and a little Co-ed, who went for a walk in the woods. When they came back they were very tired and wished to go to bed. So they went to their rooms.

Suddenly:

"Somebody's been sleeping in my bed," said the great big Co-ed in a great big voice.

"Somebody's been sleeping in my bed," said the medium-sized Co-ed in a medium-sized voice.

"Good night, girls," said the little Co-ed in a little bit of a voice.

* * *

A psychologist is a man who, when a beautiful girl enters the room, watches everyone else.

Did you get home all right after the party last night?

Fine, thanks; except that just before I turned into my street some fool stepped on my fingers.

* * *

Once upon a time there was a little girl who had many boy friends. They each asked her: "Do you love me?" She answered, "Yes," to each of them. This went on for many years, but she died an old maid.

Moral: Don't love everybody. Leave that to God. SPECIALIZE.

* * *

News Item: A roaring twister last Wednesday carried off Jim Bennington's house and all of his eight children are missing. Neighbors donated a bed to give Jim and his wife a new start.

* * *

"No," said the centipede, crossing her legs, "a hundred times No!"



"I only have
ice for you"

but

Madison Pen & Card

has cards
for everyone!

. . . Next to
the Orpheum

Then there's the one about the sweet young thing who bought herself a bicycle so she could peddle it out in the country.

* * *

SIGN:

Found—Roll of five-dollar bills. Will the owner please form a line at the information booth in Bascom Hall.

* * *

The bride was very much concerned upon finding twin beds in the hotel room. When asked what was the matter, she replied, "I certainly thought we would get a room to ourselves."

* * *

The wolf was too poor to buy etchings, so he asked the girl friend to come up and see the hand-writing on the wall.

* * *

We know a girl who said she'd do anything for a mink coat and now she can't button it.

Historic Scenes

rewritten for the Octy by Robert Arbogast

ONE



It is a snowy evening in Springfield, Illinois. One by one the cheery lights in the shops along the street wink out as the clerks lock their doors and leave for the night.

One light burns on in Lincoln's General Store, where Abraham, the proprietor, is adding the last items collected by a middle-aged lady. Abe, an industrious young man, is anxious to get home to dig into his law books. Absent-mindedly he computes the bill, while his customer calls her husband to bring the wagon to the door. Abe quickly finishes, prepares her bundles, and hands her the change. After she has gone, he suddenly realizes that he has overcharged the good woman by a few pennies. Running to the door, he peers up and down the rapidly darkening street, but can see no sign of the lady or her husband. Apparently they have already left for their home many miles away in the country. He stands for a moment, staring at the thick snowflakes drifting down. Then he puts the coppers in his pocket.

"What the hell," he says quietly, leaning on a cracker barrel, "a penny saved is a penny earned."

* * *

TWO



We take you now to the Irish Sea, where the British frigate Leopard and the American Bon Homme Richard are engaged in a fierce battle which seems to be drawing to a close, for the American ship is almost completely disabled. Only one mast remains standing amidst

the terrific shelling. The British ship, although badly damaged, continues to batter the Bon Homme Richard. A smashing broadside carries away her mainmast. On the bloody decks of the ship, there is feverish movement. The men are confused, disordered, and alarmed at the condition of the ship. In the midst of the chaos, the captain appears. A great shout arises as John Paul Jones comes on deck and begins to address the men.

"Captain," comes a frightened voice from the ranks, "They just blew away our mainmast! We can't make headway! What can we do?"

Brandishing his sword in the smoky air, Jones strides boldly to the side of the ship. He turns to

his men. A hush falls as they wait for his words—"Jump, men, jump!"

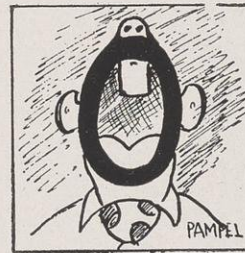
THREE



A determined woman crosses the street toward a tavern from which issues the clinking of glasses and snatches of bawdy songs amid loud and drunken talk. With a heavy blow of her axe she knocks aside the swinging doors and strides into the room. In the shocked silence the doors rebound from the wall and settle down to a quiet swaying—the bartender recovers his composure and, clearing his throat, asks, "Something I can do for you?"

"Damn right!" shouts Carrie, burying her axe in the bar, "Double whiskey and leave the bottle!"

FOUR



In a dingy side-street in Philadelphia in the 1870's stands an old, dilapidated warehouse. The second floor has been converted into a makeshift laboratory, strewn with tangles of wire, jars of chemicals, and strange-looking apparatus. A young technician is bending over a cluttered table, peering intently at the device in front of him. Reaching for a screw-driver, his arm brushes a bottle of acid near the edge of the table, and it splashes down onto his leg. "Dammit!" he yells, "Who left that acid on the table! Watson, get the hell in here!"

Watson comes running into the room. "Mr. Bell, it works! It works! I heard you distinctly!"

"Probably ruined these pants."

* * *

FIVE



Although the sky is dark and threatening, the tap room of the Boar's Head Inn is packed with merry-makers, and the streets of Philadelphia outside ring with their laughter and song. The doors swing open, and Ben Franklin, crooked to the gills staggers out.

"God save the Bastard king of England!" Ben chuckles and lurches down

(continued on page 6)

HISTORY . . . (continued)

the street, beginning the song over, "Ooooh, the minstrels sing of an English king, of many long years ago, who ruled the land with an iron hand, though the state of his mind was loooooow . . ." He turns into his little print shop, and after fumbling with the key awhile, succeeds in letting himself in. He trips over a large kite which is lying in the middle of the floor. Cursing softly to himself, he tramples the kite into small fragments, and staggers off to bed.

Dean: "Young man, I have just been informed that you were drunk last night and were pushing a wheelbarrow around the campus. Is that true?"

Student: "Yes, sir."

Dean: "And where was I during this time?"

Student: "In the wheelbarrow, sir."

* * *

An elderly man approached the little boy and asked, "Tell me, young man, do you have a fairy godmother?"

"No," replied the little boy, "but I have an uncle we're a little suspicious of."

* * *

"See that fellow over there?"

"Yes, what about him?"

"Oh, he's a terrible guy, awful low life; let's ostracize him."

"O.K., you hold him and I'll do it."

* * *

Joe College decided to reform. He cut out smoking the first week. The second week he cut out drinking. He cut out women the third. The fourth week he cut out paper dolls.

* * *

Then there was the girl who was so thin that when she swallowed an olive ten men left town.

For a quick bite
late at night . . .

Coffee between classes . . .

Breakfast before your
first class . . .

Open 7:00 A.M. - 11:30 P.M.

Dotty's Sandwich Shop

. . . Across from Barnard Hall



N
E
D
R
E
B
O
,
S

Formal
Wear

524 State

"I dreamed I went formal
in my tux from NEDREBO'S"

Prof: How many revolutions took place in France during this period?

Soph: Four.

Prof: Enumerate them.

Soph: One, two, three, four.

* * *

She: Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?

He: No. I hate hospitals.

* * *

A student and a professor were sharing a seat on a train. Tiring of conversation, the professor suggested a game of riddles to pass the time.

"A riddle you can't guess, you give me a dollar and vice versa."

"O.K.," agreed the student, "but you are better educated. I'll only give you fifty cents."

"All right," consented the professor. "You go first."

"Well, what has four legs swimming and two legs flying?"

"I don't know. Here's a dollar. What's the answer?"

"I don't know either. Here's your fifty cents," responded the student.

* * *

Prof: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student: "No wonder so many of us flunk our exams."



**Take Me to Mr. Elvi . . . Mr. Ebenho . . . Mr. Eblzho . . .
The hell with it. Take me to your President!**

The author of a famous book on economics received a phone call from a stranger recently. "I question your statistics on the high cost of living today," said the stranger. "My wife and I eat everything our hearts desire and we get it for exactly sixty-eight cents a week."

"Sixty-eight cents a week!" echoed the economist. "I can't believe it!"

"Won't you tell me how: and to make sure I get the story straight, please speak louder."

"I can't speak louder," said the stranger. "I'm a goldfish."

And in conclusion, my dear citizens, I will give you a practical demonstration of the evils of the Demon Rum. I have two glasses here on the table—one is filled with water and the other with whiskey. I will now place an angle worm in the glass of water; see how it lives, squirms, vibrates with the very spark of life. Now, I will place a worm in the glass of whiskey; see how it curls up, writhes in agony, and then dies. Now young man, what moral do you get from this illustration?"

Said the young man, "If you drink whiskey, you'll never get worms."

Spending Spring Vacation
in Ft. Lauderdale, Miami,
Havana?

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Wash 'n Wear suits 34.50

A complete selection of short sleeve
shirts, Bermuda shorts, cotton slacks,
etc.



Redwood & Ross

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College

Clothes

MAMA SAYS
IF I'M GOOD
I CAN HAVE
PIZZA!



*And if you University
students are good,
you too can have
Pizza . . . at Paisan's
University Near Park*

The Paranoic Reader

How to Make a Buck—Z. Pocohantus

My Life in a Convent—B. Bardot

Pictures I Have Sat For—M. Lisa

Baldness is NOT Hereditary—Y. Brynner

Live in the Jungle and Like It—F. Castro

Winter, and the Effects of Exposure—

B. and D. Grime

A Winning Football Team—M. Bruhn

The Parole System and How It Works—

—R. Loeb Jr.

Bright is the Light—H. Keller

Light in August—A. Borealus

Ten Ways to a Successful Marriage—

T. Manville

Liquor and Its Healing Powers—L. Roth

Tactics and How I Used Them—A. Hitler

The Meaning of Friendship—J. Caesar

A Stab in the Dark—L. Macbeth

The Secret Sharer—A. Tapeworm

Roman Holiday—A. Hun

Pyromaniacs I Have Known—N. Nero

Hit the Silk—B. MacFadden

My Two Years of Farming—E. Benson

Yogurt, Schweeps and Sex—A. Kinsey

Lakes That I Have Known—H. Hiawatha

It's not Worth Losing Your Head Over—

M. Antionette

A Farewell to Arms—V. de Milo

Beds I Have Known—S. Thompson

Did You Know That:

Spartan boys were beaten to death sometimes to
see if they could stand it?

The animal which possessess the greatest attach-
ment for man is woman?

One of the main causes of dust is janitors.

Two occupations of the civilized world are work
and looking for work?

Mushrooms always grow in wet places and so
they look like umbrellas?

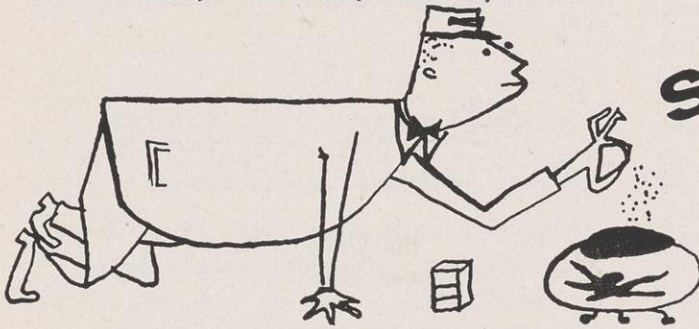
* * *

Prof: "Will you men stop exchanging notes in
the back of the room?"

Student: "Them ain't notes, them's cards. We're
playing bridge."

Prof: "Beg your pardon."

... "shake, winnow, and sift ..."



Squid blings

Securely bolted to the front of Bascom Hall is a battle-scarred plaque which contains the phrase "... the continual and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the Truth may be found." We think that this procedure is likely to end badly. Sifting usually leaves fine particles, which are promptly blown away by the winnowing. It seems that the University will be left empty-handed.

Octy too will shake, winnow and sift. But we won't spend much time at it. We know what we'll wind up holding, and it won't be Truth.

* * *

Complete Campus Garbage

The Daily Crudinal, as we like to call the campus rag, was founded on April 4, 1892. Since then it has been printing trash. Normally, Octy is content to ignore the Crudinal and its petty struggle to stay on campus by creating news where there is none. But we would like to point out to them, if any of the staff can pull their noses out of their comic books long enough to read this, that there is an easier way. We suggest that the editor go to the University, explain the said state of affairs, and beg for a subsidy, so that the staff can get on with writing and publishing, and forget about trying to sell the rag, which is patently impossible.

The Crudinal could then be delivered free to the students, who would use it to wrap fish, as they now do. We also suggest a better quality paper. It leaves a finer ash.

* * *

Apathy Kills

The Wisconsin Student Association (WSA), Student Government Department, representing the 37 students who voted in the last election, is constantly harping on Student Apathy. Actually, they should let well enough alone. If 75 students had voted they might all be out of jobs.

Octy would like to stick up for the other 14,963 students in school, who saw fit not to vote, and state the cause for apathy.

WSA's most important function is representing students in faculty decisions, especially those

of the Student Life and Interests Committee (SLIC). But WSA is handicapped by one unfortunate fact: any student who incurs the wrath of the faculty can have his credits withheld, on essentially no grounds. This makes it difficult to seriously oppose SLIC and remain a student. It makes it impossible for WSA to do anything but complain. For example, almost everyone on campus is opposed to compulsory ROTC. But we have it. What is WSA doing? Talking. There is nothing else they can do. The University and the Legislature can and will ignore their resolution, if they ever make one.

Octy predicts a turnout of 35 for the next election.

* * *

M-I-C, K-E-Y, M-O-U-S-E

Among the fraternities on this campus, some are not purely social in nature. These are the so-called Professional Fraternities. Recently, there have been vague rumors circulating that there are goings-on in some of these organizations a little inappropriate to their high-minded character. One story has it that initiates are being treated as if they were joining the Mystic Order of It (MOI). This tale mentions blindfolded midnight marches, candle-light oaths, and signatures in blood. Now it seems to us that while this sort of thing is all right for the Twelfth Street Panthers, and even for the DAR, it is a little out of place in an organization supposedly devoted to more serious matters than robbing the corner filling station or preserving the nation from the Red Threat. Why waste a meeting so well attended?

As we said, this is only a rumor.

* * *

Office of Mercy

Consider the Student Clinic. We are willing to ignore the uncomfortable chairs and the absence of beautiful nurses, but not the rhapsodies of the student handbook. Quieting the fears of thousands of mothers, it boldly tells of excellent free medical service. Upholding this statement is the surprising health of the student body. The clinic receives few customers and judiciously uses

(continued on page 10)

SQUIDBLINGS . . . (continued)

its miracle drugs. Shall we laud drafty halls and free advice, or Jackson Clinic?

* * *

7:45 MWF

Octy would like to remind everyone of the University Rule which requires attendance at every scheduled class. We would also like to remark that the rule is stupid, out-dated, and completely without point. Its purpose, according to the faculty, is "obvious." This word, as all students know, means that the person who uses it cannot prove what he says. The only purpose obvious to us is that of forcing students to attend poor courses they would otherwise cut regularly. Our guess is that the faculty reasons something like this: "It is our duty to make our students learn. They will learn by going to class. Therefore, it is our duty to make them go to class." Aside from the fact that both premises are false, the inference suffers from a badly undistributed middle. We suggest auditing Philosophy 11, Elementary Logic. Attendance is not required.

* * *

Going Down

We felt that a visit to the University Library would provide appropriate material for this column. Unfortunately, though we tried many times to get in, it was always closed.

We did notice that work on the beautiful bottomless pit between the Library and the State Historical Society was progressing nicely. We have long felt that the University needed a bottomless pit. The workmen are digging beneath a temporary concrete weather shield. Rumor has it that the pit is now at the 2300 foot level. A second rumor says that there is no construction going on at all, but that the University plans an ornate birdbath in the center of the Mall. Nonsense. What would we do with a birdbath? A bottomless pit we can use.

* * *

Lemme See Yer Fee Card

Douse that weed, buddy, or you're in trouble. Scared silly by the recent gas explosions in Madison, the University has begun posting guard in the biggest fire hazard on campus: Bascom Hall. Now Octy was willing to put up with the busybodies who tried to link smoking with lung cancer. But arresting students for smoking in Bascom is too much.

We would like to offer a better solution. With the help of a sympathetic professor in the physics department, we plan a mass meeting on the Ides of March. We'll meet under Lincoln's statue and march on Bascom. You can reserve your bombs by calling CH 3-5097 after 7 P.M. The Young Anarchists of Madison will rise again.

* * *

Basketball?

There have been complaints from various

quarters about the University of Wisconsin basketball team. Since when have we had a basketball team?

Slices of Life

LIBERAL MISQUOTES

Chopped liver sandwich Mrs. Mac Carthy?
How about a shave while you're here, Mr. Anastasia?

Did you enjoy the show Mrs. Lincoln?
Two tickets to Lisbon Miss Froman?
Is it true that you'd rather be right than be president, Adlai?

How about a tour through the jungle, Mr. Batista?

Excuse me, Mr. Zuchof, would you pass the salt?

"Vasali Stalin, you know that family background isn't everything."

Are you going to the barbecue, Joan?

"How's the baby, Marilyn?"

"Why don't you re-enlist, Mr. Giraud?"

"Fill er up with gas, Jimmie?"

"Nice weather in Russia, Nappy."

"Why so dejected, Judas?"

"You'll have to try the boy's department, Mr. Lautrec."

"Happy Father's Day, Mr. Lindburgh."

* * *

Radar: an ingenious product that will never succeed because advertisers can't spell it backwards.

. . . tick, tock, tick, tock,

tick, . . . tock . . .

tock . . .

Boing!

Quick!

CAMPUS WATCH REPAIR

321 NORTH PARK

Just Off University

Anthropology is the science of Man embracing Woman.

* * *

Doctor Jones entered the maternity ward and addressed a young woman.

"Mrs. Brown, I have very good news for you."

"Doctor, my name is Miss Brown."

"In that case, I have some very bad news for you."

* * *

The man that invented the divan is very wealthy. Millions have been made on it.

* * *

The student is one of the finest citizens in the world. I am one of them and I know.

—Anony Mous

* * *

Jokes from the French Department Definition Department—

A la carte—on the wagon

Louis cing—lost at sea

Pas de tout—Father of twins

Entrechart—let the cat in

Une affair manquie—monkey business

* * *

OVERHEARD IN THE BASEMENT OF THE KREMLIN:

"But Comrade, they're smashing down the gates and killing the guards."

"I ain't talking while the flavor lasts."

★

The unwed mother was in the hospital next to her illegitimate child. The doctor entered on his tour of the patients.

"Your hair is red," he said to her. "But the child's is brown. What was the color of the father's hair?"

er's hair?"

"I don't know," was the innocent reply. "He didn't take off his hat."

* * *

They were huddled close, the lights were low. He pressed his lips into her pink little ear and whispered, "What are you thinking about, darling?"

"The same thing you are, sweetheart," she shyly answered.

"Then I'll race you to the icebox!" he shouted gaily.

* * *

A fraternity had sent its window curtains to the cleaners, and there was some delay in having them returned. One morning a note arrived from the house mother of the girl's stable across the way. "Dear Sirs:" it read, "May we suggest that you procure curtains for your windows. We do not need a course in anatomy. Thank you. Ant Bell-view."

The fraternity house president replied promptly with the following answer: "Dear lovelies: This course is not compulsory."

LORENZO'S

811 University

Napoli, Italia
stands for much more
than
Naples, Italy

Napoli is the actual city of tradition, but Naples is the American name merely representing that beautiful city across the sea . . .

In 1943, a man, from this same Napoli, Italy (not Naples, Italy) opened a restaurant here in Madison. His proud specialty . . . spaghetti a la' Napoli, not Naples . . . his name, Lorenzo, not Lawrence.

. . . since 1943 his menu has grown to include a wide range of tasty meals, priced for the student, and spaghetti still is the real source of his neapolitan pride.

Stop in and treat yourself to a generous serving of real Italian Spaghetti, at these lowest prices. Just once, rather than Italian-American spaghetti, try Italian spaghetti.

ANOTHER SCOOP

for the OCTOPUS!

Below is an actual portion of a photograph from
THE 1958 BADGER,
which is not even printed yet!

*(This is an enlargement of 1
square millimeter of the charcoal
suit of an unidentified student
having coffee in the Rat
with the Dean of Men!)*



However, one difficulty arises:

BADGER sales ended on the Ides of March. If you don't have a **BADGER** you can:

- 1) Go to Room 311, Union, and argue with the business manager.
- 2) Buy a **BADGER** at the end of the term when the books arrive.
- 3) Go to hell.

LOWER LIMBO

by Slimey John Koelher

Take a good look at your new 1958-1960 course bulletin. As a result of the incessant lobbying of the DAILY CARDINAL, a new course has been added:

(History 321, History of the Daily Cardinal, 2 credits. Back issues of the Cardinal are scraped clean and read. Each student is expected to present a thesis of at least 90 pages on some aspect of the imagery conceits, or type facing of the Cardinal. Prerequisites: Ph.D. in education, with undergraduate minor in journalism, notarized statement of the candidate's favorable feelings toward fraternities, and a beard.¹ MR. DURTI and Staff.)

As you all know, the bulletin never tells you anything about what a course is really like, so Octy will here endeavor to do so.

Professor William Sidney Porter of the Department of Esoteric Literature has prepared a sample thesis for the course of which we take the liberty of printing as little as he would let us.²

Echos of Beowulf in the Daily Cardinal

... at this point it would be apt to draw a parallel between the difficulties of Grendel and Beowulf and the controversy between the DAILY CARDINAL, and its complacently snide rival, the Wisconsin OCTOPUS. As an example, Beowulf says, "No ic me an herewae smun hnagran talige guthgeweorca, thonne Grendel hine." We may infer from this an attitude similar to that of dauntless CARDINAL editor Marshall F. Paul, when he said, "Goddam the OCTOPUS. I'm gonna go over there and clobber every sonof-a-bitch in the place."³ In fine Grendelian form the OCTOPUS replied, "When Paul took over the editorship of the CARDINAL six months ago, no one knew what to expect from him. They still don't.⁴ Combining a faith in astrology with a deep knowledge of newspapering, Paul has succeeded in bewildering the whole student body."⁵ We see here the Grendelian green forming a fine symbol for the envious attitude of the OCTOPUS, and the sadism which is so manifest, it seems to me, is a thing of which only some sub-human monster would be capable.

As my colleague, Dr. Sigmund Elman, has so aptly put it, "Hell, man, anybody can see that damned OCTOPUS . . . is just looking for subscribers."⁶ One wonders indeed if this is not the very thing which that in itself, moreover, is, when the last word is said, however extreme it may seem, likely to be in and of itself. Or to put it bluntly, yes.

The common backgrounds of Beowulf and the CARDINAL also lend themselves well to the

completion of a well-rounded picture. First of all, there is their common Anglo-Saxon background. The Cardinal was founded in 1066 by J. Crupman Blisch, one of a group of isolated cave-dwellers who had not kept up with the development of the language. When the Normans invaded, Blisch and others like him were captured and catapulted into the ocean. Blisch happened to land on one of Leif Ericson's ships,⁷ which carried him to the site of present-day Boston. Needless to say, he plucked a feather from the nearest Indian and then went hunting for raspberries so he could make an account of his unusual experience. He found none until he reached Madison. Here he wrote his account⁸ and thus founded the CARDINAL.⁹

(73 pages of text omitted here)

Thus we see that in the Grendelian versimilitude of Octopotian logic and intensely epi-heroic Beowulfian naure of the DAILY CARDINAL that might makes right, justice triumphs in the end, and that the great traditions of shaking, winnowing and sifting are the parts of our American Heritage that only the CARDINAL can ensure.

We are tempted to make some critical comment on Prof. Porter's paper, but let it pass.¹¹ Suffice it to say that we feel that this course will put needless financial burden on the university, that the search for the required back issues will lead to the opening of many latrines at Camp McCoy, and that if such a research course is really necessary, it should be titled: History of the Wisconsin OCTOPUS.

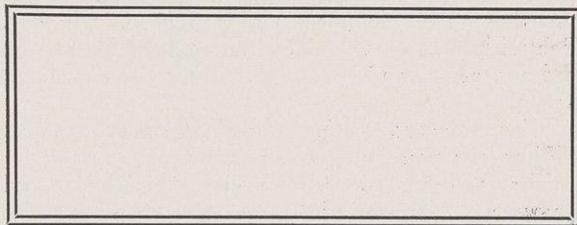


Figure 1¹⁰

1. Women meeting all qualifications except this last may substitute ten credits of graduate psychology.
2. Prof. Porter owes us for a full-page ad.
3. Ibid., pp. 3-4.
4. Atrocious syntax.
5. OCTOPUS, January 1949, p. 32.
6. Elman, Sigmund X., "Über die Sprechweise des Chinesen, Hart, Shaft & Eisenhower, Paris, 1887, pp. 15, 976.
7. N. S. Nautilus.
8. Die Zeit Ohne Beispiel, Faber & Faber, London, 1943.
9. See fig. 1.
10. He ate the berries.
11. Remember the ad.



The Marlboro Girl

A lovely young thing had just been brought into the hospital for an operation. The doctor examined her and told her to undress and prepare for the ordeal. She did so and climbed on a wheel table, after which the nurse covered her with a sheet.

Presently down the hall came a man dressed in white. He paused when he came to the girl, lifted the sheet, then dropped it and went on his way. Behind him came another white clad figure who did the same, and then a third who repeated the action.

"For heavens sake," cried the nervous girl, "When are you going to operate?"

The third man in white cleared his throat and answered: "Damned if I know, lady, were just the painters."

* * *

The childless movie star claims that where she made her mistake was in marrying a director instead of a producer.

* * *

Confucious probably say: "Who say I say all the things they say I say?"

* * *

And then there's the shoemaker's daughter who gave the boys her awl.

"This pen leaks," said the convict as the rain came through the roof.

* * *

"Hello, is this Wasserman?"

"Yes, it is."

"Are you positive?"

* * *

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

"He fell through some scaffolding."

"What was he doing up there?"

"Getting hanged."

* * *

Coed (in a very dark room)—"Take your hands off my knee, . . . O, not you, YOU!"

* * *

"Mother, remember what you said about the shortest way to a man's heart?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, last night I found a new route."

* * *

"Who made her dress?"

"I'm not sure. I think it was the police."

* * *

"Did Freddy like the sofa?"

"Well, he complimented me on it."



Clyde decided it was less painful than the student clinic.

There are a lot of couples who don't neck in parked cars. The woods are full of them.

* * *

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

Voice from the rear: "Go home and sleep it off."

* * *

And then there was the man who was so accustomed to having things done for him that he went out and married a widow with three children.

* * *

Prof: "If I saw a man beating a donkey and stopped him from so, what virtue would I be showing?"

Student: "Brotherly love."

* * *

"I shall now illustrate what I have on my mind," said the professor as he erased the blackboard.

* * *

You've heard the story of the lawyer who stayed up all night trying to break a widow's will.

* * *

Height of Confusion: The guy who shouts, "Thank God I'm an atheist."

* * *

You must know of the goose that got peopled.

* * *

"Say when, darling," he said as he poured a glass of beer.

"Okay," she replied, "right after the next drink."

A psychology professor went to visit a psychiatric friend of his. "You're fine, how am I?" he said.

"All right," he said, "but some of my clients are making me worry—they're nuts."

"How pitifully common," replied the prof, "but exactly what is the trouble?"

"Well, I have a set of stock questions which I ask each patient I interview, as a sort of test. First, I ask what is it that a cow has four of and a woman has two of?"

"Feet, naturally," responded the other.

"Then I ask what is it that a man does standing up that a woman does sitting down and a dog does on three legs?"

"Why, shake hands of course."

"Then I ask what is it that a dog does that a man steps into?"

"Pants, obviously enough. But what is wrong with those questions?"

"Nothing! You know the right answers, and I know that they're right, but you should hear some of the ones I get from those crazy patients of mine."

★

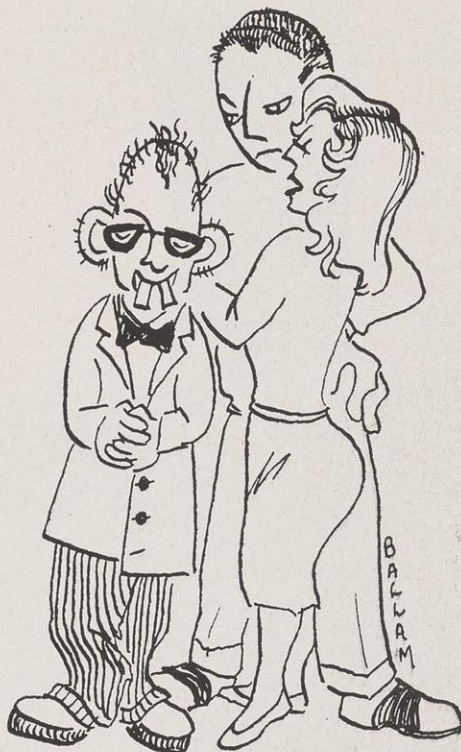
Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

* * *

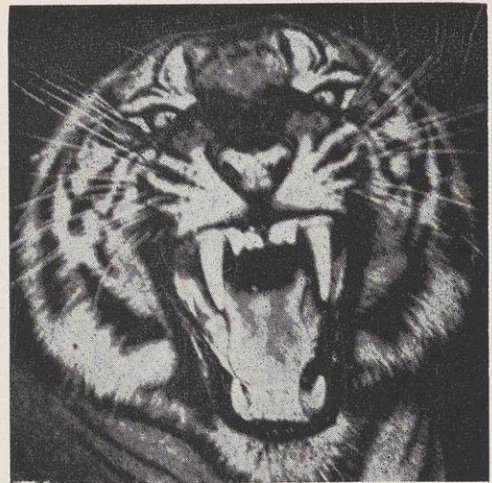
I hate women, and I'm glad I hate 'em, 'cause if I didn't hate 'em I'd like 'em, and I hate 'em.

* * *

Many a bathing girl has got into deep water.



But Jack, this is my Chemistry quiz instructor.



Henry Wiggins, ME4, after asking Octy's Uninhibited Co-ed for a date.

Octy's Comment

Her name is Nancy Myers. She hails from Racine, Wisconsin. She is a Junior and is majoring in Speech. Octy spied her down at the *RATHSKELLER* one evening and was smitten. Being as Octy runs the magazine, he decided to show his "find" to the rest of the campus.

As to her likes, Nancy told Octy that she is interested in the theater, sailing and dancing.

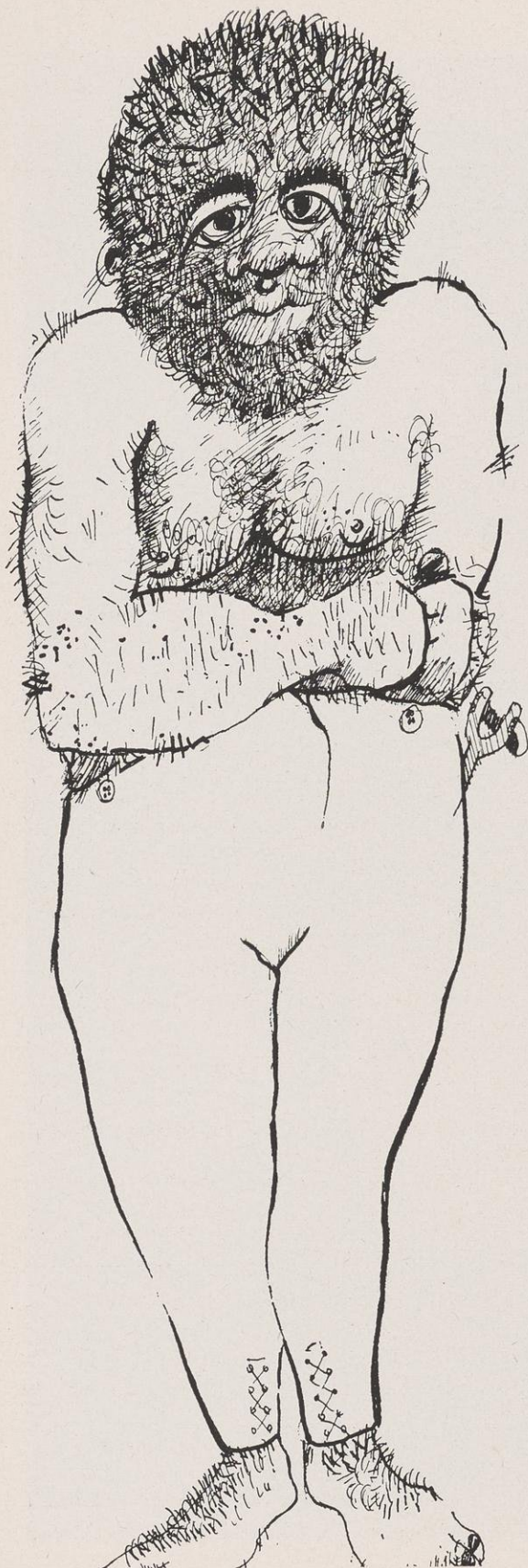
Oh, and of course, she likes boys.
(Correction: we meant men).



Introducing Nancy Myers, Octy's Uninhibited Co-ed



—Photos by DeLonge Studios



Modess because . . .

SHIRTS

Hand Finished

2 DAY SERVICE

or

24 HOUR SERVICE

(On Request)

IF IN BEFORE 2 P.M.

Frank Yee Laundry

State St. Chinese Laundry

505 State St.

AL. 5-6638

Mark Anthony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

Slave: "Sorry, sir . . . she's in bed with laryngitis."

Mark: "Blast those Greeks anyway!"

* * *

"I didn't know she was a sorority girl."

"She's not. That hungry look comes from hard study."

* * *

Prof: "Give, for one year, the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States."

Student: "1492—None."

* * *

Theorist: "What is your idea of heaven?"

Joe College: "Methuselah's age and Solomon's wives."

* * *

Prof: "And whatever on earth made you write a paragraph like that?"

Student: "I quoted it, sir, from Dickens."

Prof: "Beautiful lines, aren't they?"

* * *

"But you should love your enemies," said the Dean.

"I do. I love rum, whiskey, tobacco and women," said the student.

* * *

The judge pointed with his cane at the prisoner before him. "There's a great rogue at the end of this stick."

The prisoner smirked, "At which end, your honor?"

* * *

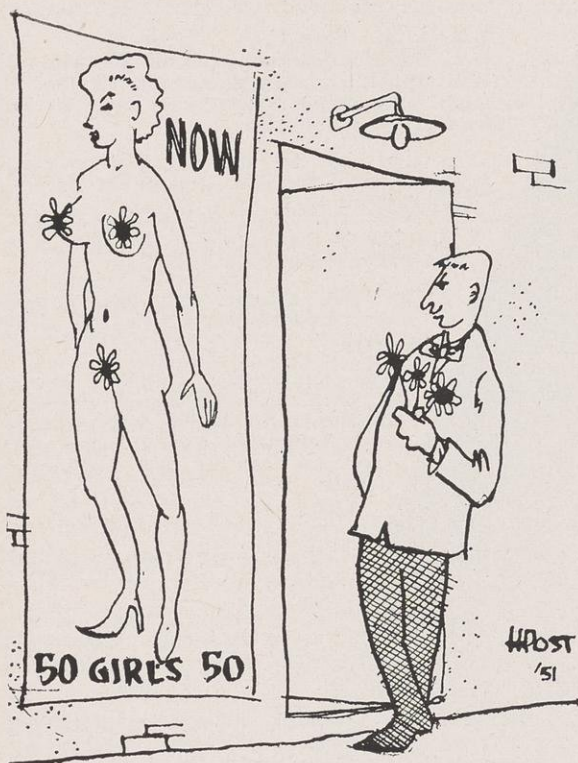
A polygon is a heathen who has many wives.

* * *

The laws of the United States do not allow a man but one wife. This is called Monotony.

* * *

The Golden Rule is, if a man smite thee on the left cheek, smite him on the other also.



The American tourist was gazing down into the crater of a famous Greek volcano. Finally he turned to the guide and commented:

"It sure looks like Hell."

"Oh, you Americans," replied the guide, "You've been everywhere."

* * *

Child: "Mommy, sing me a lullabye."

Mother: "Hold my beer and I'll try to get one on the radio."

* * *

Deke: "Why didn't I get 100 on my history exam?"

Prof: "Do you remember the question: Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?"

Deke: "Yes."

Prof: "Well, your answer, while very interesting, was incorrect."

"That dress looks very good on you."
 "It should. I was just made for this dress."
 "Well, in that case, you should have held out for a mink coat."

* * *

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

"No."

"Is he sick?"

"No."

"Just a gag, huh?"

"No."

"Dizzy spells, maybe?"

"No."

"Tired?"

"No."

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

"Dead."

* * *

The game of love is paradoxical inasmuch as it is amusing until played for money.

* * *

Chinese farmer about to throw fertilizer on his rice paddy: "Dung Ho!"

★

"Oh, dear, I missed you." And she raised the revolver to try again.

* * *

AT THE DEAR OLE CLINIC:

Nurse: Doctor, I think that student in room 313 is regaining consciousness. He just tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

* * *

"Well, doctor, was my operation a success?"

"Sorry, old fellow. I'm Saint Peter."

* * *

Theta: "There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further."

Beta: "What's that?"

Theta: "Don't go any further."

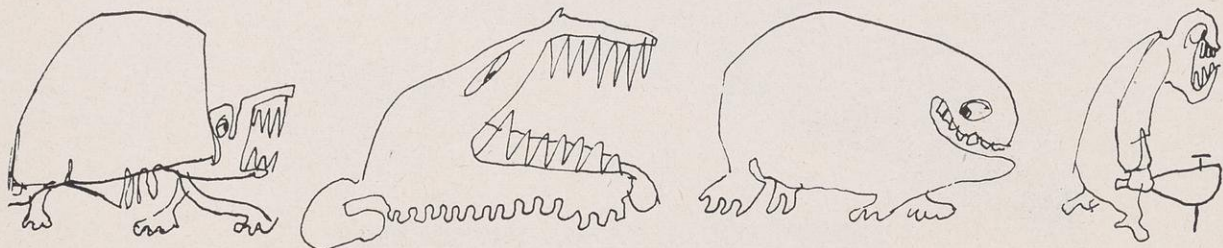
* * *

Maid: "I can't come to work tomorrow, ma'am. My little boy is sick."

Ma'am: "Why, I thought you said you were an old maid."

Maid: "I am, but I'm not one of the fussy kind."

Evolution



HARESFOOT ADVERTISES FALSELY!

All across this fine state of ours, the Haresfoot Club has been spreading propaganda such as this. It is dishonest advertising of the worst sort. We indict Haresfoot on ten counts . . .

1. The man with the top hat does not have a grotesque nose like that. It is putty! (He had a bob-job years ago.)
2. The girl in the picture is in reality a man and has much thicker ankles.
3. The "girl" assumes that obscene posture and then guilelessly lets herself be stamped "Can-Can!"
4. The picture itself is a cheap reproduction of a Toulouse-Lautrec poster, and the self-styled "artist" has the gall to omit Toulouse's revered name and insert his own in that extraordinary place.
5. The "girl's" wig is dyed!
6. The tiny dots in the background are **not** hand-drawn!
7. This reporter has yet to observe one true "Lady" in the cast. They are notoriously vulgar and bibulous.
8. The position of the man's hands are suggestive beyond belief.
9. The very name "Haresfoot" is cleverly abstruse to conceal the actual Red leanings of the organization. The club has been on Sibble's list for years.
10. Can-Can is hyphenated!



ALL OUR GIRLS ARE MEN, YET EVERYONE'S A LADY

GUILTY! GUILTY ON ALL TEN COUNTS!

This feckless flier marks a new low in false advertising and public obscenity. Haresfoot ought to be ashamed but instead goes further and presents this licentious Broadway scandal on our very Union stage! And remember—you read it first in Octy . . .

HARESFOOT ADVERTISES FALSIE!

JAKE THE SPIT

or

SIMPLE TWENTY-SEVEN

Emily Morgan

I think education is a good thing. I think it's good and Mom thinks it's good. It's not bad, it's good. Good for the country. Good for any country, but especially our country because our country is newer and better than other countries.

Education makes big words out of little words; complex sentences out of simple sentences; charlotte russe out of graham-cracker pudding. Education says, "why say it in ten little words if you can say it in twenty big words," or, for that matter, thirty, two-hundred or two-thousand big words. The bigger, the better. The better, the bigger. Why should we be little and simple when we can be big and complicated. Why should we say "Where's the toilets?" when we can LEARN to say (without much effort at all, actually) "Pardon me. Can you direct me to the lady's powder room?" Why should we be natural and boorish when we can be affected and classy? Why should we have good, plain blokey sorts of people from good, plain blokey sorts of backgrounds when, with a little coaching, we can have sleek, cultivated sorts of people who can say things like, "bouillabaisse" (with such a marvelous little flourish at the end) and, "marmoset" (oh, ever so prettily). Why should we have simple headaches when we can have migraine headaches. Why should we go broke if we can go bankrupt?

I have a dog named "Rover." I think an education would be good for Rover. What is good for Rover is good for the country. What is good for the country is good for other countries. What

is good for other countries is good for the world and good for God and good for the universe and good for the universe's universe (twice removed).

Let's stamp the cornmeal mush out of America while there's still some to stamp out. Get rid of the home-cooked people. Educate 'em. Poke 'em and punch 'em and smooth their edges. File 'em and sort 'em and stuff some class up their noses. Make 'em live gracious, that's what I say. Be good for 'em. Gracious is as gracious does and a word to the educated is worth two to the uneducated. If there's one thing I can't stand in a person, its ignorance—crazy, drunk ignorance. I don't like ignorance and Mom don't like it either. Mom told me, "Son, you go out and buy you some peg-pants and a bottle of Jack Daniels and maybe a couple of Ivy-League jock straps and get started on this education business. Education's the thing. It's not bad, it's good; and anyway, what's good for Rover is good for the country."

WAITER: *There's a Fly in MY SOUP!*

"That's all right, mister, he won't drink much."

"Shhh, not so loud, the other customers will want one."

"Hmmm—there were two of them when I left the kitchen."

"I know, watch the cute little rascals dive for parsley."

"Oh, fudge! I mixed my orders again."

"Go ahead and eat him, there's more where that came from."

"Wring him out before you throw him away."

"Half a fly would be worse."

"You want I should dive in and keep him company?"

"Serves the chef right. I told him not to strain the fat through the fly squatter."

"What do you want me to do, beat him to death with my carnation?"

"If you wanted it with your dessert, why didn't you say so."

"That's all right, he's dead."

"Don't throw a fit, I'll run and get a frog."

"All right, I'll give you separate checks."

"When you finish that one you can have another."

* * *

Joe: "I just brought home a skunk."

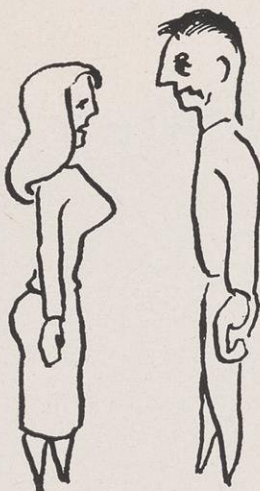
Roommate: "Where you gonna keep him?"

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

Roommate: "How about the smell?"

Joe: "He'll get used to it."





*Just in case, I'll start wearing
sack dresses.*

Nowadays Mother's little pet is known as
Mother's little petter.

* * *

The difference between a dress tie and a noose
is that one is worn without a collar.

* * *

She (playfully): "Let me chew your gum."

He (more playfully): "Which one, upper or
lower?"

* * *

Barnard Girl: "Are you on the rowing crew?"

Adams Boy: "Why no. I couldn't make it."

Barnard Girl: "Then stop stroking."

* * *

"I think Tom and Sally were the cutest looking
couple on the floor last night."

"Oh, were you at the dance last night?"

"No, I went to a fraternity party."

* * *

A chemist recently said that the first alcohol
was distilled in Arabia, which may explain those
nights.

* * *

SHE WAS ONLY

a fireman's daughter, but she sure did go to
blazes.

a plumber's daughter, but oh, those fixtures.
a stableman's daughter, but all the horsemen
knew her.

a milkman's daughter, but she was the cream
of the crop.

a golfer's daughter, but her form was perfect.

a hash-slinger's daughter, but how she could
dish it out.

*And then there was the sophomore who sowed
his wild oats on Saturday night and went to
Church on Sunday to pray for a crop failure.*

* * *

It happened recently when a man, complaining
of a severe pain, visited a psychiatrist.

"Where is your pain, my good man?" asked
the doctor.

"In my navel, Doctor," replied the victim.

"Well, what does it feel like?" the doctor asked.

"Like I had a big screw in my navel, Doc," he
replied.

"Why don't you get a screwdriver and remove
the screw?" the doctor suggested. The patient
brightened visibly. "A great idea, Doc," he said;
"I'll try that."

The next day the doctor's phone rang and the
caller turned out to be the man with the navel.
"Doc," he said, "I did what you told me. I bought
a screwdriver and removed the big screw that was
in my navel."

"Fine," said the doctor. "Now how do you feel?"

"I feel O.K.," the patient replied, "but the
damndest thing happened. When I took the screw
out my legs fell off."

* * *

Then there's the indignant co-ed who ex-
claimed: "I'll give you just forty-five minutes
to get your hand off my knee."



I surrender, Dear.



We see that a new edition of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is coming out under the title "How Hester Won Her A".

A farmer phoned the veterinarian. "Say doc," he said, "I've got a sick cat. He just lies around all day, and has no appetite. What should I do?"

"Give him a pint of castor oil."

The farmer complied. A couple of days later, the two men met on the street.

"How's your sick calf?" asked the vet.

"Calf? That was a cat I had!"

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

"Sure did."

"What did he do?"

"Well, the 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."

* * *

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

* * *

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 night-fall and his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last managed to attract the attention of a drunk.

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

The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the man. "No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't got any dirt on you."

* * *

And then there was the Indian who drank 38 glasses of iced tea one night and they found him dead in his tepee.

* * *

A canny Scot was engaged in an argument with the conductor as to whether the fare was to be five or ten cents. Finally, the disgusted conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off the train just as they were crossing a long bridge. It landed with a mighty splash.

"Hoot mon," screamed the Scot. "First you try to rob me and now you've drowned my boy!"

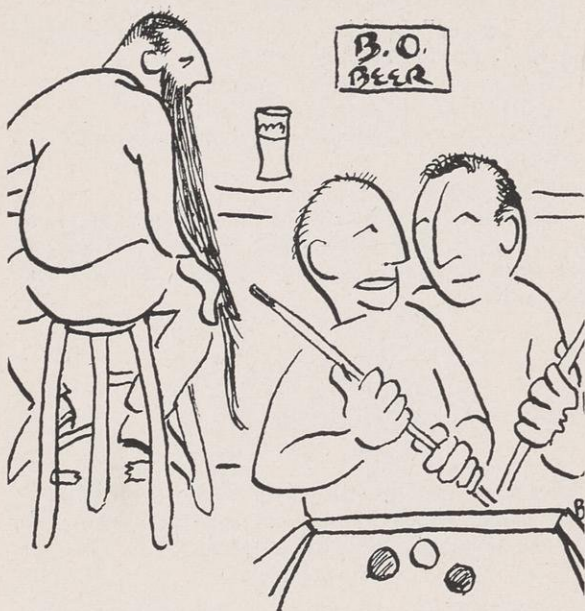


Shorty and Lammy's

BRATHAUS



*When you think of Octy, think of (him, her, it), cross out two please,
with steaks in four tentacles and bratwurst in the other four,
from the BRATHOUSE GRILL, 603 State*



"Actually Reilly flunked out of Engineering two years ago, but his apartment's cold."

"Daughter, what are you and that young man doing out on the porch?"

"We're petting, mother."

"That's nice, children, don't fight."

* * *

Two men were working on the White House lawn, each supplied with a small push cart and a garbage can. They walked about picking up bits of paper with a long spear. One spied a piece of paper and started to spear it, but a gust of wind came along and blew the paper into the White House.

The man became frantic and rushed into the building. He returned shortly and said, "I was too late. He had already signed it."

* * *

Then there was the janitor who worked in the girl's dorm and was entrusted with a pass-key to every room in the building.

The following week the dean ran across him and asked, "Why don't you come around Friday for your pay, Simon?"

"What! Do I get wages, too!"

Ricardo Dennenholtz liked to know all about the employees who toiled in his vast business. One day he came upon a new young man who was dexterously counting out a large wad of the firm's cash.

"Where did you get your financial training, young man?" he asked.

"Yale," the young man answered

"Good," he said, "And what's your name?"

"Yackson."

* * *

A Belated Valentine Card

If you love me
Like I love you—
Then shame on us!



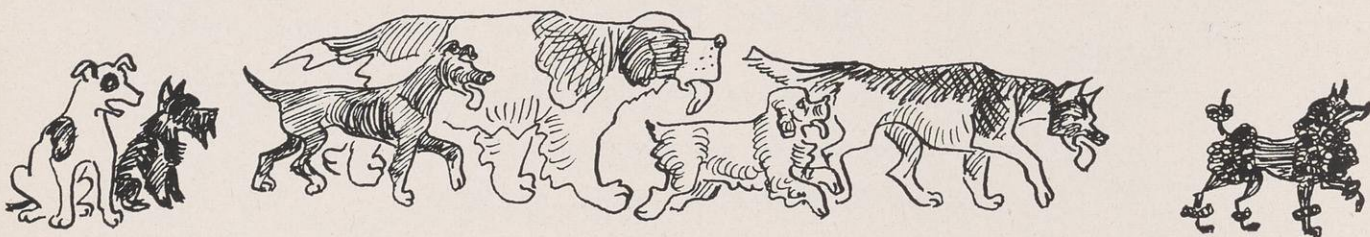
Phideaux!

Stephen Girard's will prohibits clergymen from entering Girard College in Philadelphia. One day Horace Greely, who usually wore a white tie, and otherwise looked like a clergyman, started to enter the campus. The gatekeeper saw him, and called out:

"Here, you can't pass in, the rule forbids it."

"The Hell I can't," sputtered the excited Greely.

Oh, all right, sir; beg your pardon, sir, pass right in."



It must be that new Chlorophyll dog food she's been eating.

A Certain Schmaltz

by Francis Saggin

I walked slowly, carefully toward the juke box, picking my way through the littered cigarette butts on the floor of the Rat. I looked over the selections and chose *our* song. Then I looked at Bernie. He smiled. I smiled. This was our song.

When I got back to the table we sat and traced the patterns of the cigarette burns in the table top with quivering fingers. Bernie was my man. After our song had played about fifteen times Bernie started asking me to go back to his apartment with him. We could play our song there for free on his Hi Fi. I blushed. Bernie was such an impulsive guy.

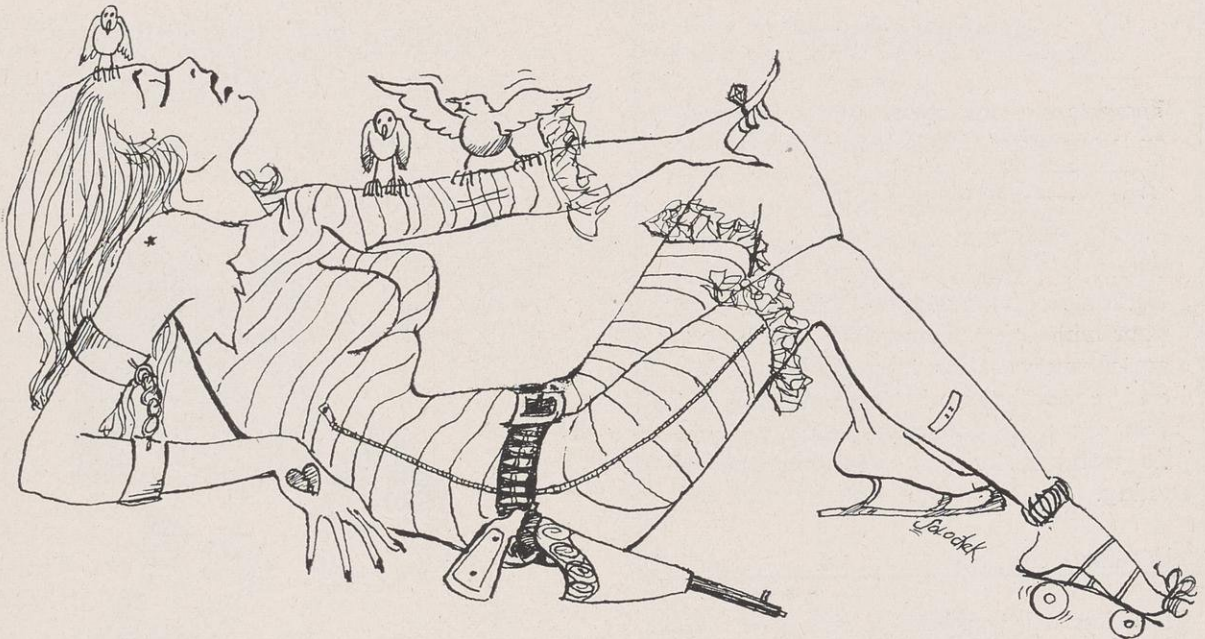
Actually I was bored and the warm atmosphere of the Rat soothed my feelings. Glancing around

smiled again. I smiled again. Uncle Luke let his eye rove over my body. I moved my chair away from the table so he could see better. Uncle Luke smiled. I smiled. Bernie did not smile. Uncle Luke moved his chair next to mine and put his hand on my knee. We sat and talked about life for a while. Since none of us had much to say, Bernie got up to play our song again. While he was gone Uncle Luke turned to me, his fingers clutching my knee.

"Dominia, you're beautiful."

"Thank you, Uncle Luke."

"Call me just plain Luke." He stared me in the face. His eye didn't blink once, but I saw his patch quiver slightly.



to see if anyone was looking I poured my coffee into the nearest trash bin. Bernie was still smiling at me. I smiled back. Then he looked at his watch. An expression of surprise spread across his face.

"Dominia, my uncle will be here soon."

"So what?" I said, grinding out a cigarette on the table top.

"You've never met my uncle before. He's a quiz instructor in Com 8."

"So what." I said. Just then in walked a man with a patch. He searched the Rat with his eye until he saw Bernie. He smiled. Bernie smiled. I smiled. He walked over to us and sat down.

"This is my Uncle Luke, Dominia. Uncle Luke, this is Dominia." He smiled again. Uncle Luke

"All right, Luke," I said, putting my hand on his knee. Bernie came back. We started talking about life again. This time we completely exhausted the subject. Bernie said he would get us some more coffee. I wondered if he could see that Luke and I were hand on knee. Luke again turned toward me, his fingers were starting to hurt.

"Dominia, walk along Mendota with me?"

"Why?"

"I want to show you the sights."

"I've seen them already."

"Not the ones I want to show you." Luke smiled. I smiled. Bernie came back with our coffee. Luke stood up.

(continued on page 26)

Schmaltz, continued

"Bernie, blow on our coffee. I'm going to show Dominia Mendota."

"She's seen it."

"She'll see it again," he said, pulling me to my feet.

"Good-bye, Bernie. I'll see you in psych quiz." I smiled. Luke smiled. Bernie did not smile.

When Luke showed me Mendota, I said,

"The bushes tickle."

Mendota is a beautiful lake.

Be the first kid in your gang to have

a book from

THE BOOK STALL

707 STATE STREET

Imagine the look of consuming jealousy on your pals' faces when you show them your copy of Camus, Pound, Eliot (G. or T. S.), or Alger. Think of the contempt you can exercise upon them when you whip your copy of Rabelais, Cervantes, Bocaccio or Milton out of your hip pocket. Remember—the key to social success lies in your knowledge and capabilities of its application. If you are a 97 pound weakling we can do wonders for you. Visit our studios today.

"I understand you have a very poor opinion of Sam."

"I wouldn't say that but I'll bet that his parents wish birth control was retroactive."

* * *

Joe College: "I went out with a girl last night who really had something."

Tom College: "So?"

Joe College: "I think I've got it."

* * *

They wanted a formal wedding so they painted the shotgun white.

* * *

Nudists: People who wear one button suits.

Jim: "I wish I had a nickel for every girl I kissed."

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

* * *

Joke magazine editor No. 1 steals a joke from joke magazine editor No. 2. Joke magazine editor No. 3 sees it and steals it for his own publication. No. 1 sees it again, thinks it's new and prints it again. And that, dear reader, is why you never see a new joke in a humor magazine.

* * *

Bride: A woman who makes strange bread, fellows.

* * *

"I guess I lost another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.

* * *

They're putting tranquilizer drugs in cigarettes now. It won't stop lung cancer, but you just won't give a damn.

* * *

When you get through with your cigarette please wipe the ashes off your teeth.

* * *

THINGS A BOY LIKES TO HEAR A GIRL SAY:

1. "No, I've never seen the Intramural fields at night."
2. "Why bother, there's no one home here."
3. "You think this bathing suit is too tight?"
4. "Let's go Dutch."
5. "Chaperone? What chaperone?"
6. "No, I don't really have to be home early tonight."
7. "My, but I'm cold!"
8. "We could always move in with my family."
9. "YES."



I would have been out of here three years ago except for statistics.

Octy's Poetry Page

(Plagiarized)

Diddle-diddle-dumpling
My son Gene
Got himself caught
In a guillotine.
One arm mangled
One arm gone,
How will he ever get his hat back on.



*A lovely young girl named Ann Heiser
Declared that no man could surprise 'er
But a fellow named Gibbons
Untied her Blue Ribbons
And now she is sadder Bud-weiser.*

A sultan at odds with his harem
Thought of a good way to scare 'em,
He captured a mouse,
Let it loose in his house
And started the first harem scarem.



I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed
Upon a drink that's being mixed.
A girl who won't forever wear
A bunch of junk to match her hair;
A girl who looks at boys all day
And figures ways to make them pay.
Girls are loved by fools like me
Cause who the hell wants to kiss a tree.

Sing a song of six-pence
A pocket full of gin
Four and twenty corpses
Entrenched and well dug in
When the graves were opened
The lads began to drool
Now wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a ghoul



Ain't gonna do it for a dime no more—
 Did it last night 'til my back was sore.
 Fifteen cents is now my price—
 I'll do it good and I'll do it nice.
 Shoeshine Mister?

There was a little girl
 And she had a little curl
 Plastered on her forehead
 And when she was good
 She was very, very good
 And when she was bad
 She was marvelous.

*Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it
 In a cabin old and medieval,
 A bounder espied her and filled her with cider
 And now she's the forest's prime evil.*



There was a young lady named Ransom
 Who loved three times in a hansom.
 But when she asked for more
 Came a weak voice from the floor
 "My name is Simon not Samson."

*An Eskimo on his vacation
 Took a night off to yield to temptation.
 Ere the night was half through
 The Eskie was too.
 For the night was of six months' duration!*

If an apple a day
 Keeps the doctor away,
 They'll soon be condemned
 By the A.M.A.



I walked into a barbershop,
 The sign was very queer.
 "During alterations,
 We'll shave you in the rear."

*Who scrubs my back when in the shower?
 And wakes me at the proper hour?
 Who helps keep me on the beam?
 And who figures in my every dream?
 I do.*

Little Larry wrote a book
 Woman was the theme he took
 Woman was his only text.
 Ain't he cute? He's oversexed.



Customer: "Did you ever go to the zoo?"
 Waitress: "No."
 Customer: "Well, you ought to go sometime and watch the turtles whiz by."
 * * *

"Kto buila zhenchina chyem ya videl vas vechera becheronis."
 "Kzo, Chinz vas to mudt glub zighufdt."
 * * *

Stopping at the first farmhouse on his famous midnight ride, Paul Revere cried: "Is your husband home?"

"Yes," came back the reply.
 "Tell him the British are coming. Tell him to get up and defend himself."

At the second, third, fourth and fifth house it was the same conversation, but at the sixth house it went something like this:

"Is your husband home?"

"No" came the reply.

"Whoa!"
 * * *

(Scene: Cocktail Party)

Host: Highball or Martini?

Co-ed: Just a straight ginger ale, please.

Host: Pale?

Co-ed: No, just a glass.
 * * *

"Goodness, George, this isn't our baby. This is another carriage."

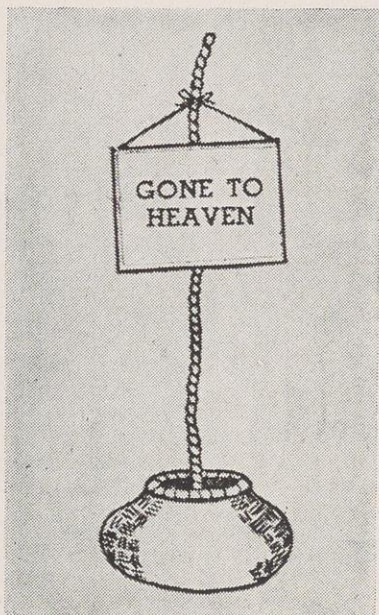
"Shut up. This is a better carriage."
 * * *

"Look, Sammy, mother just fell over the cliff!"

"Don't make me laugh, I have chapped lips."
 * * *

First Beta: Was it very crowded down at The Brat last night?

Second Beta: Not under my table.



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Spain's great guitarist

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All remaining tickets:

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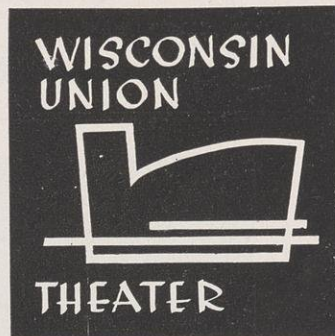
All prices

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*Reserved

for

students.



"NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS"

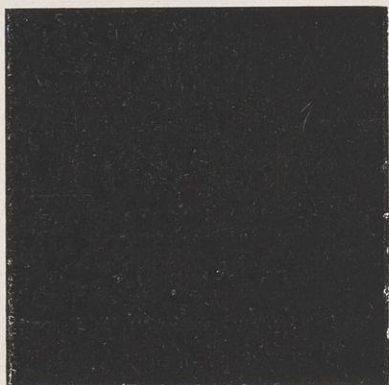
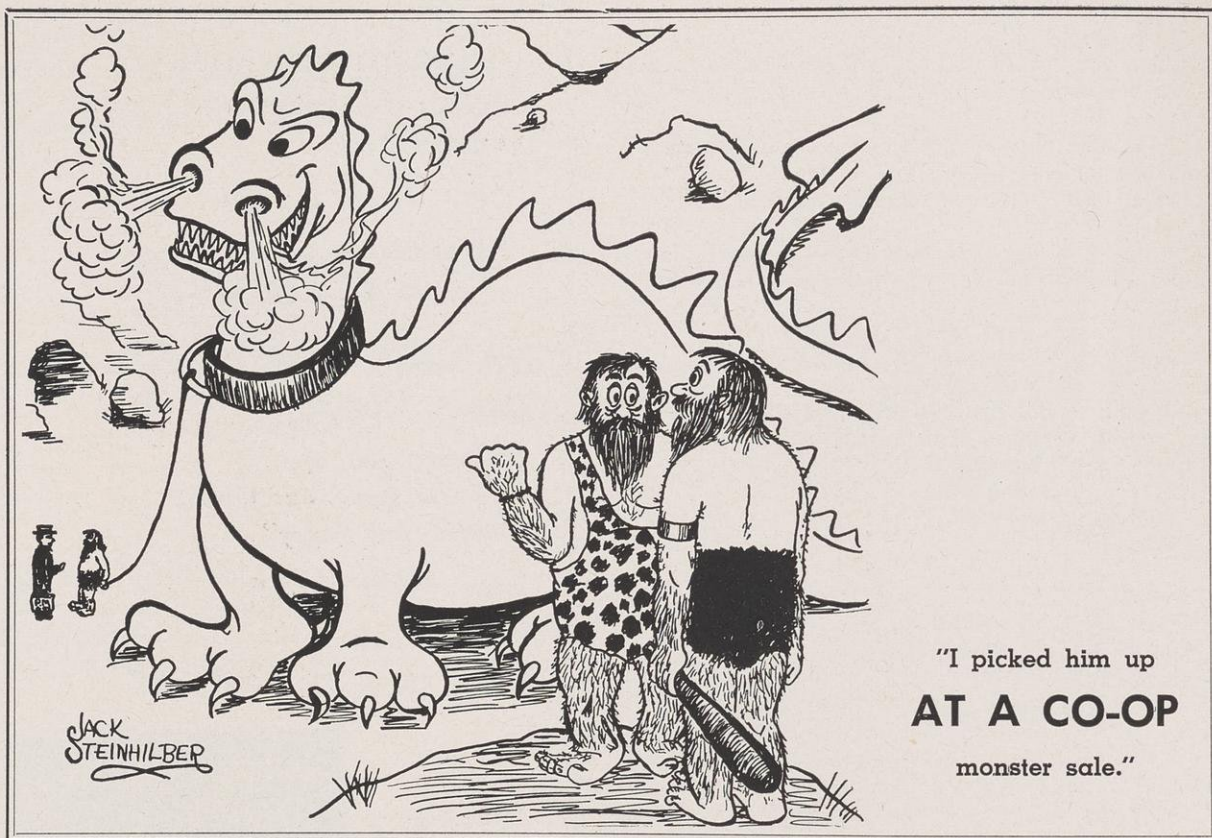
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Mail orders:

Apr. 21—Mat. \$3.25, 2.75, 2.25*, 1.75*; Eve. \$4.25, 3.75, 3.25*, 2.75*

Presented by the Wisconsin Union Music and Theater Committees



"Stop it, young man, I'm the Housemother!"

In the Punch Bowl

An unknown professor in an obscure midwestern university suggests that a glowing low level satellite should be launched during exam week as a symbol of peace and good will. It could certainly be followed with interest by a number of wise men in the East.

* * *

Then there was the woman with vericose veins who went to the masquerade party as a road map.

A sensible girl isn't so sensible as she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to go around looking sensible.

* * *

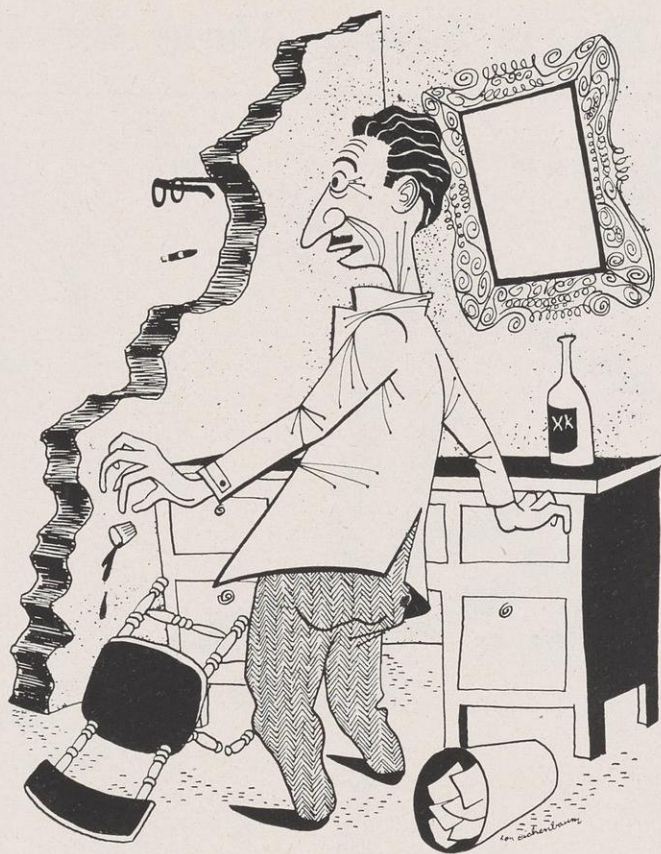
Prof: "What are six animals peculiar to the Arctic regions?"

Student: "Six polar bears."



"Who's a brown nose?"

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



Announcing Another Insipid Octopus Contest, Dammit!

Well, said the Editor to the Advertising Manager, what are we going to do with page 31? I haven't the vaguest idea, said the Advertising Manager, and what's more, I don't give a damn. That's your job. Yeah, said the Editor, I know. How about this old cartoon? Well, said the Advertising Manager, yeah, but what are you going to caption it? Damned if I know, said the Editor. The two thought in silence for a while. They didn't think of anything usable. The hell with it, said the Advertising Manager, run some stupid contest to name the cartoon. That'll fill up the whole bloody page. The Editor was astounded. That's the first good idea you've ever had, he cried. Thanks, said the Advertising Manager.

So, kiddies, this is it. Name that cartoon up there, send it to Octy, in care of the Union, and we might print it. Of course we can't guarantee anything, but every little bit helps. We might have 48 pages to fill up next time.

What They're Saying About the Cardinal

"... And just what the hell is the 1960 clause?"
President, Fraternities International

"It's got a lot of meat to it."
Oscar Mayor

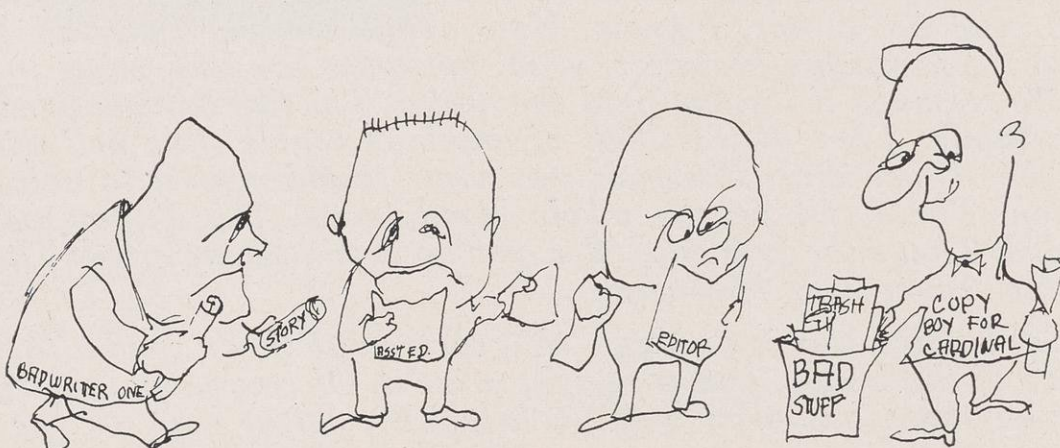
"Censors for the Crudinal? Why?"
SLIC Representative



I also didn't know when to quit.

"... And furthermore, next month we're printing all our editions on adsorbant, wet strength Scotties."
The Crudinal Editor

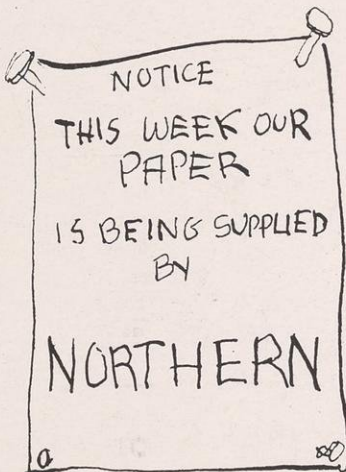
"No comment. Don't read the thing."
Wisconsin Student





Why must we put out
such a bad paper?

"Their editorial policy? No comment."
An Observant English Professor



in everything it places the Crudinal

Anonymous

"The wonderful thing about the Crudinal is that it places everything in its proper perspective."

Manager, Wisconsin Union Theatre

"Yes sir, those writers over at the Crudinal are really top notch critics."

"What we like about the Crudinal is their extensive campus coverage."

Men's Halls Representative



"At least we tried to stop it."

Member, defunct Wisconsin Herald

"The Crudinal is their extensive campus coverage."

A Psychotic Asst. Crudinal Editor

