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Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 28, No. 2 October, 1949

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, October, 1949

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WISCONSIN

DeLoplis

5c



"My
cigarette?
Camels,
of course!"

GOWN BY
MARY MEAD
MADDICK—
JEWELS BY
REINAD.

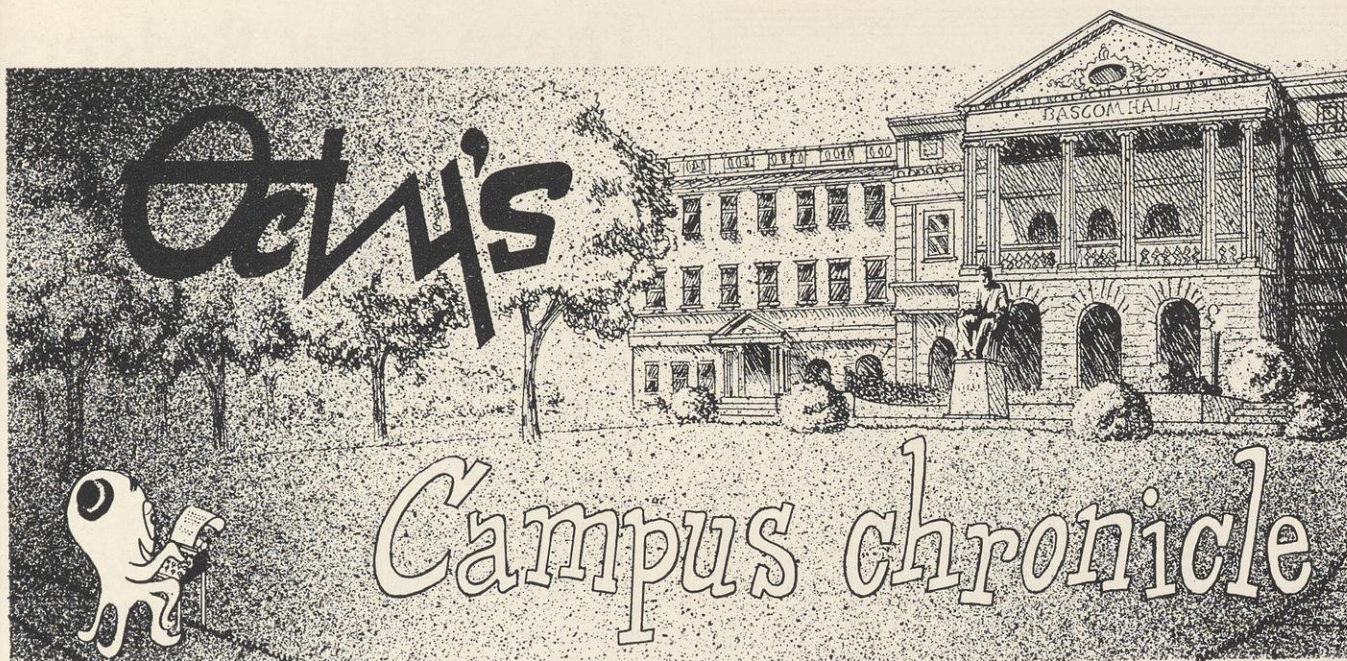
WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

Camels for Mildness

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

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!





The Ninth Tentacle

For showing wit and humor above and beyond the call of duty, Octy has chosen Vice-President A. W. Peterson as this month's recipient of the Order of the Ninth Tentacle.

We hear he was able to muster a smile as he sent a check for \$700,000 to the state of Illinois to pay for the inheritance tax due from the Knapp fund.

(Send your candidate for the Order of the Ninth Tentacle to the Wisconsin Octopus, Memorial Union, Madison, Wis.)

For Freshmen Ears, Yet

At the Activity Circus during Orientation Week Jack Haueter spent the evening in front of the fraternity booth shouting his wares, and from where Octy staffers were situated it sounded like he was yelling, "Come over to the Maternity and Sorority booth, folks!"

Our Harry

The October issue of Varsity magazine carries an extensive article on the immortal "Four Horsemen" of which Mr. Stuhldreher was quarterback. When he attached the name to the Notre Dame backfield, Grantland Rice compared them to the "Four horsemen of the Apocalypse," famine, pestilence, destruction, and death. The question enters our mind, "Which one was Harry?"

There's Always Next Year

A girl grad in the School of Agriculture was wandering aimlessly about not long ago and spied two

small boys devouring a large watermelon. As she approached them they asked her if she wouldn't like a piece. Yes, she would. Between bites the grad asked the boys where they had found the melon.

"Oh," said one, "we swiped it from a patch in the university farms."

The girl choked. She was eating the object of an experiment in seedless watermelons on which she had been working.

Parley-vous . . . ?

The language barrier was a high one this summer for a couple of university students who spent their time abroad. Willi Schwab, a grad assistant in English, listened to a French lass complain about the many unfortunate things which had befallen her. To express the right amount of sympathy, Willi decided to use a bit of French.

"Quelle fromage," he clucked and the girl burst into laughter. It seems he should have said "Quelle damage"



"Je suis enchanter de faire votre connaissance!"

which means roughly "What a pity." "Fromage" is the French word for cheese.

While in Sweden this summer, Galen (which means "crazy" in Swedish) Winter was walking down the street. He saw a sign hanging from a building which read "Bad." A bit farther he saw another sign saying "Dam Bad." His curiosity aroused, Galen decided to go in and find out what was so damn bad. As he pushed through the door he was greeted with feminine Swedish shrieks. "Bad" means "bath." "Dam" means "lady."

Confused

Highly embarrassed at the thought of being prodded and poked by senior med students, a freshman co-ed answered the medical interviewer's question, "Are you single?" by replying, "No, I have a twin sister."

Vital Information You Simply Can't Afford to Miss Dept.

Annie Emory was named first Dean of Women at the university on Sept. 1, 1897. Ann Emory hall is named after her.

—Daily Cardinal
Fri. June 24, 1949, pg. 2

Annie Emory was named first Dean of Women at the university on Sept. 1, 1897. Ann Emory hall is named after her.

—Daily Cardinal,
same day, same paper, pg. 10

Specialties of the House

The Macmoor Button Down Shirt and Repp Stripe Ties

High up on the roster of "Best Sellers" in our shop are our white button down shirts and our stripe neckties. The shirt . . . a fine combed cotton white oxford cloth, a combination of strong, lustrous fabric and expert styling by Hathaway. The ties of repp silk include the British regimental stripes, American college stripes and just plain good looking stripes.

THE SHIRT

\$4⁵⁰

THE TIES

\$2⁵⁰

MacNeil and Moore

MILWAUKEE

MADISON

COLORADO SPRINGS

Those New Badgers

by Jack Stillman

Good afternoon, everyone. This is Stu Bandman with the Sunny-Daze football report of the game between the Centennial university Tusslers and the Burdue university Kettlemakers. Our sponsors have been waiting all week to tell you about their new offer to the team which wins this game. Sunny-Daze Silver Polish makers are going to donate two dozen cans of its product to the victorious eleven for the purpose of polishing its trophies. And you can bet the boys will appreciate it. Yessir, Sunny-Daze Silver Polish is the polish that really shines bright.

And speaking of brightness, folks, the weather here this afternoon is just right for football with the sky clear and just a slight wind blowing out of the west. Camp Crandall here on the campus of old Centennial U. is filling rapidly with fans who are anxious to see what Coach Mossy Willmanson was able to scavenge in the ways of players from the cracked sidewalks and ivy walls of the university. You probably realize, folks, that Mossy has been up against it all fall. Twenty-four of his varsity team from last year were declared ineligible for inter-collegiate competition. The boys' grades weren't too good. Goes to show you, folks, that the real reason for a university is to educate the students. Football playing is secondary.

Coach Mossy Willmanson was a little bothered when he found himself without a football team, but he got to work and began to scour the campus for new material. When I talked to him a few weeks ago, Mossy told me that he's had enough of big hunks of beef who can't keep their standings up. "Stu," he said to me. "Stu, I'm going to get the smartest guys in the school and I'm going to make a football team." So that is what he has done. Mossy went out and picked the most intelligent 100 men in school and for the past month he has been teaching them the fundamentals of football. The boys caught on to the scoring system in a hurry, but the intricate rules bothered them for the better part of a week. Within three weeks though, Mossy had the boys pretty well versed in his modified T-formation and sector defense, and when I looked in on them last Wednesday the boys really looked sharp.

Naturally, the team doesn't have the weight that most others in the conference will have. The line averages a little better than 160 pounds and the backfield about 152 but the team is fast, man is it fast!

Mossy hasn't told me his strategy for this afternoon, but I talked to the quarterback Johnny Gottago who belongs to Phi Beta Kappa (that's a fraternity here at school, folks) and Johnny claims that old Centennial U. will win this game. He says that according to the rules of the game, all you have to do to win is score more points than the opposition. The only way they can score is to get the ball, so, says Johnny, "We'll just keep them from getting their hands on the ball."

Here come the Tusslers out of their locker room now, folks, and they are being met by a tremendous cheer from the stands. Let me turn this mike around and try to pick up the Centennial cheer.

(U - Rah - Rah - Centennial!!)

Back again, ladies and gentlemen. I'd like to describe the picturesque sight of this football team. As I told you earlier in the broadcast, Coach Willmanson had to go into the intellectual brackets to get his football team this

year, and the boys down here show their interest in studies even on this Saturday afternoon. Many of the players are carrying books and notebooks under their arms and I see three or four slide rules down there.

From what I'm told, these boys even figure the odds on the toss of the coin.

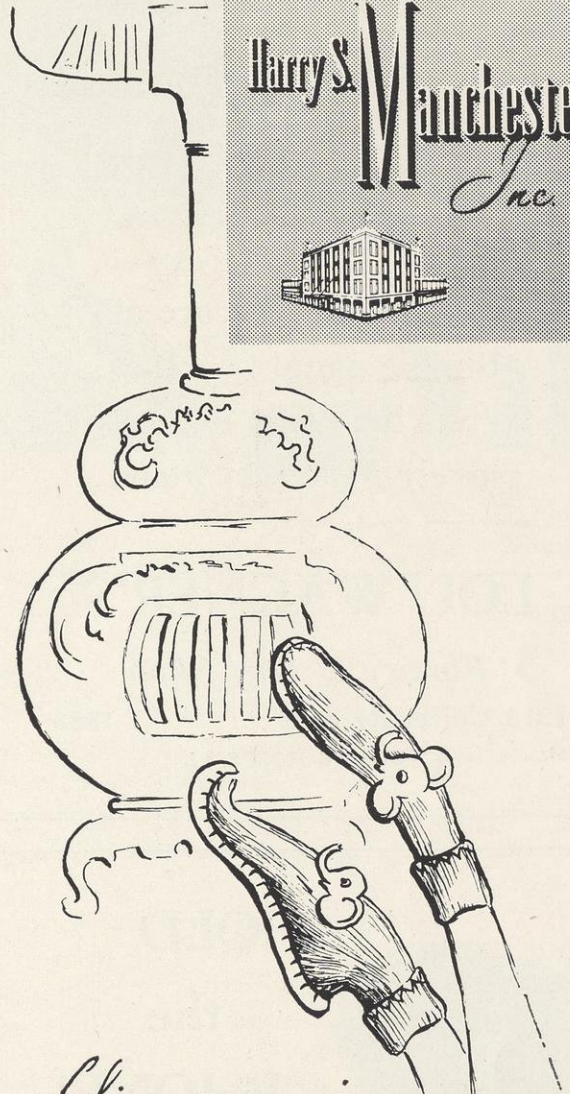
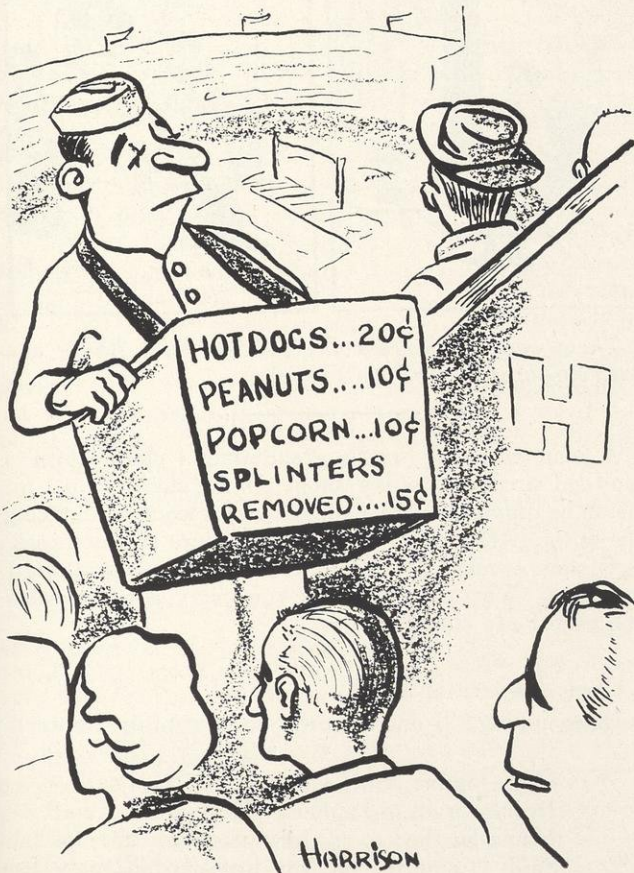
About the only member of last year's team who is with us today is the team captain, Red Wilson. Red alternates between center, right end, quarterback, left half, and fullback, depending upon the play.

The Kettlemakers have come to the playing field and the boys are lining up for the kickoff. The Tusslers won the toss and have chosen to defend the west by southwest goal at our left. They will receive. I'll go down the Tussler's lineup while the teams are getting ready.

Charles Wholverson is at left end; William Allright, left tackle; Bill Gabble, left guard; Patrick O'Kelly, center; Don Kanoff, right guard; Ken Luxold, right tackle; and Red Wilson, right end. In the backfield we've got Johnny Gottago at quarter, Jimmy Halfbach at left half, Gwynn Christensensensen at right half, and big Gene Evans at full. Evans, the heaviest man in the backfield at about 150 pounds, is scheduled to carry the brunt of the attack along with Wilson.

At the kickoff Brown of the Kettlemakers gives the ball a tremendous boot and sends it down to the goal line where Wilson, the likely receiver, steps a few feet to his left, deftly plucks the ball from the air, and barges pell-mell down the field. Evans has dropped the text he was reading and crosses over to receive the handoff from Wilson, but wait a minute, folks! What's this! The Tusslers have formed a line down the field and, as Evans and Wilson run back and forth with the ball, the rest of the team is patting them on the back to encourage them. Now the Tusslers are going into an intricate formation and I can't find the ball.

(continued on page 10)



*Slip on a pair
of these cozy wool
Muk-luks with
soft sheepskin soles,
when you come home
and enjoy real comfort.
You'll find them only at
Manchester's in Madison.*



It's
Football
Time!

... and you'll score at
the big game ... Just
give her one of our
lovely Mums to wear.

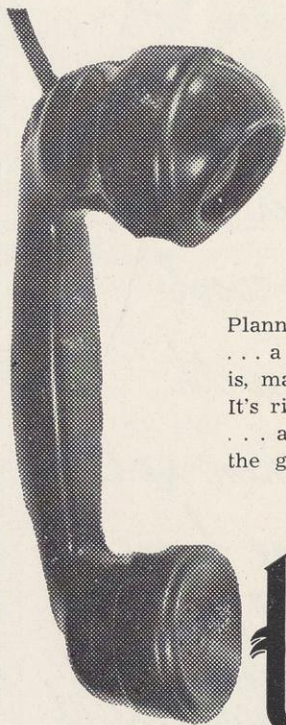
LOU WAGNER'S

Flower & Gift Shop

1313 University Ave.

7-1983

OPPOSITE HOSPITAL



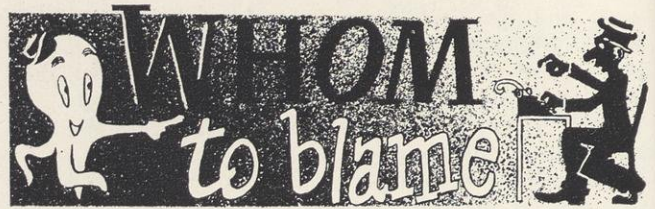
**HOLD
the
PHONE!**

Planning a frat or dorm party?
... a big date? Well, whatever it
is, make sure you ask for **C.B.!**
It's rich in taste for you fellows
... and smooth and mellow for
the gals. Always get **C.B.!**

**Centennial
Brew**

Fauerbach Brewing Co.

Madison



Two of the top wheels in the 1949 Octy brain-trust are John Burke and John Stillman, a pair of grad students in History and Education respectively.

These two lads concoct a hearty share of the ideas which keep Octy readers chortling each month. In this issue for instance J. Burke whipped up the subtle satire about a "myopic private eye."

The other John, called Jack to distinguish the two, contributed a football story to give you the inside view of what to expect this year.

Besides their monthly, by-lined stories these two humorists contribute many of the cartoon ideas which Editor Harrison plagerizes.

Burke finally "wised up" and, after a quick course in the elements of cartooning, broke into print this month with his "South Pacific" cartoon done in his own inimitable style. Stillman still hasn't learned to cartoon but keeps the art staff happy with his prolific contributions.

The quality of the cartoon ideas contributed by these two can easily be attested by some recent difficulty Mr. Burke has had. Within the last six months John has thought of two cartoons which he contributed and then, after he had submitted them, but before Octy could print them, they appeared in the New Yorker, the aristocrat of cartoon humor. (They're currently paying Peter Arno \$1000 a cartoon.)



These cartoons were conceived by John Burke and later appeared in the New Yorker.

A man was carrying a grandfather's clock down a crowded street to a repair shop. As the clock limited his vision he unintentionally collided with a woman, knocking her down. After collecting her composure and her packages, the woman struggled to her feet and scathingly inquired, "Why the hell can't you carry a wrist watch like everybody else!"

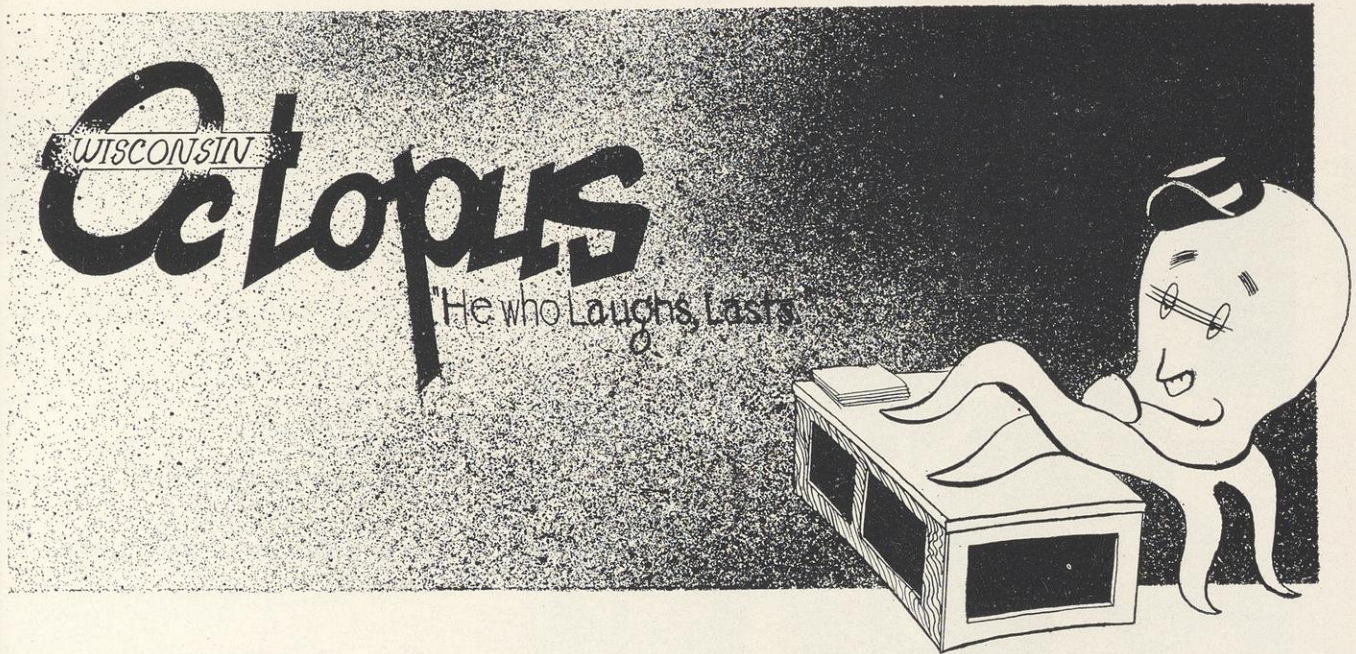
* * *

Coed: "Where is Elsie?"

Housemother: "I don't know. She went to the library."

* * *

Little Johnny, with a grin,
Drank up all his father's gin.
Mama laughed to see him plastered
Said, "Come to bed, you little darling."



Volume XXVIII

OCTOBER, 1949

Number 2

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Contents**Page**

THOSE NEW BADGERS	2
A riotous satire about the new team at Centennial University.	
FOOTBALL PLAYERS ARE HUMAN	6
Inside the locker room for an inside story.	
PENALTY SIGNALS REVISED, ETC.	7
For a more graphic and equitable system.	
THE MYOPIC PRIVATE EYE	8
A private eye who should have stayed out of the public's.	
THE STRANGE WORLD OF 1985	12
Gorklop is watching you!	
STATION "TELEVIEW"	16
THE STRANGE WORLD OF 1985	15
Continued.	
TOUCHDOWN	20
Have you ever wondered how <i>you'd</i> feel carrying the football for Wisconsin? Rollie Strehlow and Bob Teague tell you in a dramatic true story.	
THE STRANGE WORLD OF 1985	17
Continued still some more.	

DEPARTMENTS

Campus Chronicle	1
Dream Girl	14
Henry Wiggins	18
Table of Contents	5
(Whadda ya think yer readin'?)	
Two Men on a Truck	1
Visiting the Sororities	32
Whom to Blame	4

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

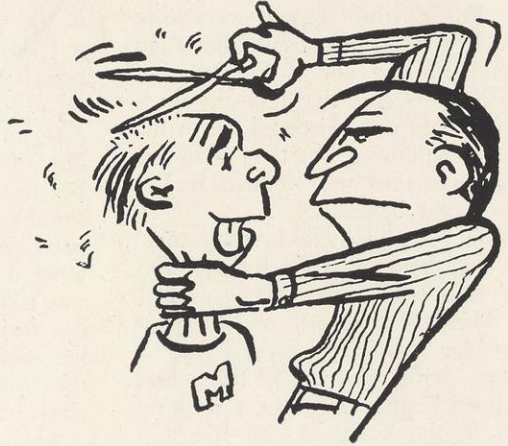
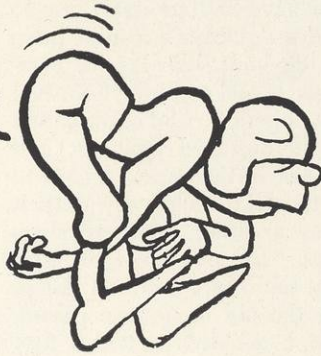
Penalty signals revised, etc.

It has been called to the Octy's attention that most football fans don't understand the penalty signals used by the referees. The Octy recognized this situation, and in addition we feel that the present system is most unjust. Under the present rules, the player who gouges the opposition's eyes, tramps on his fingers, or kicks

him in the face receives no personal punishment. His team is penalized. This is contrary to any principle of equity. A revision of the rules has long been due. The Octopus, in the name of justice and the football fan, respectfully submits the following system of graphic penalty signals.



BACKFIELD IN MOTION

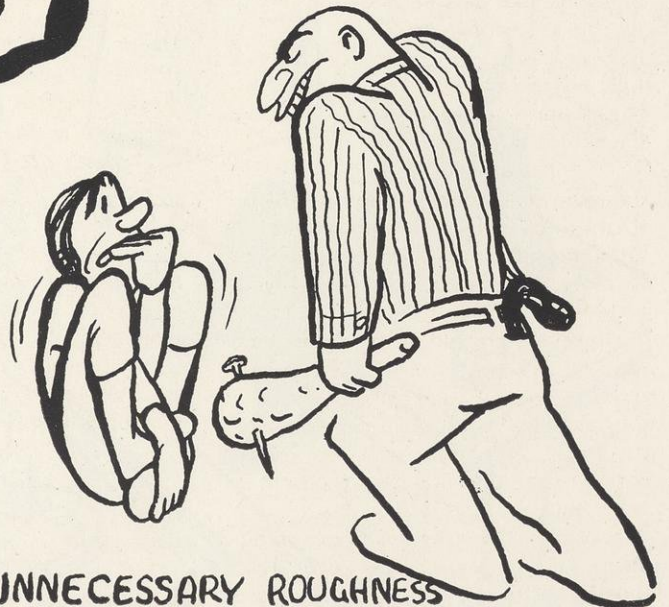
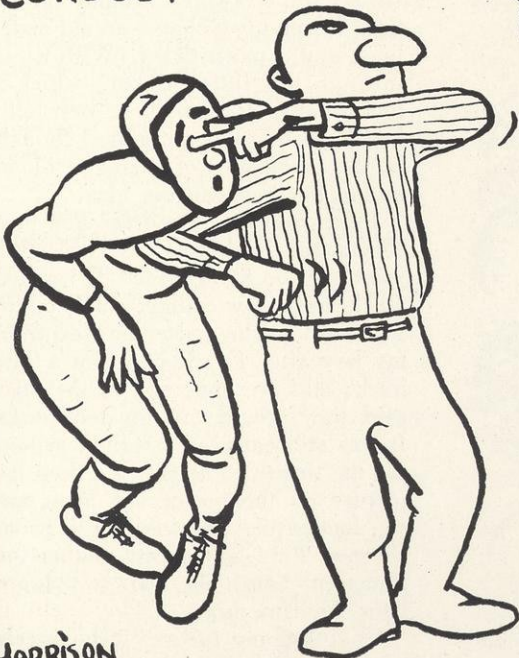


CLIPPING



ILLEGAL USE OF HANDS AND ARMS

UNSPORTSMANLIKE CONDUCT



UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS

The myopic private eye

by john burke

The sign from the delicatessen downstairs makes me green every other second but it's pretty much the way I feel. For a while today everything seemed to be running smoother than the Super Chief out of Chicago but somewhere along the line my luck began to run out. Sitting here in the dark with nothing but that neon for company makes me wonder if I'm in the right business.

"Floyd Freud, Private Investigator," it says on the door. I think that's who I am and until today that's what I did. Mostly I checked on delinquent wives for divorce lawyers but it brought me a pretty good thing and I've been happy. I've got a walk-up down in the Village, with hot and cold running toilet, and this office. The payments are up to date on the furniture and I only owe Bessie Purene, my secretary, three weeks' back pay. I share her with the chiropractor down the hall. All in all it seemed like a pretty fair deal.

Ordinarily I only work the flea-bag circuit for the divorce boys—anything bigger I leave to my radio colleagues—but it being autumn there's a seasonal lag just now. That's probably why I decided to take the old doll's case when she called today, as out of breath as if she'd just ran the sixth at Belmont.

"Please come up right away, Mr. Freud," she says, and gives me an address over on Park. "It's a matter of the utmost urgency."

I should have had enough sense to turn her down quicker'n a mint julep on a cold day but, like I said, business was slack so I took it. I sloshed down four fingers for the road, patted Bessie on the duff as I went out, and caught a hack in the street. I used to patronize the IRT exclusively until it went up to a dime; now my slugs won't work. Since then I've been borrowing the chiropractor's heap, but seeing the old dame was paying the freight I decided to travel first class.

And what an apartment she had.

A gripping, enthralling mystery about a "private eye" who should have seen an oculist.

The butler let me in and told me to wait. I was going down for the third time in the deep carpet when my client appeared. She was about what I'd expected, stern, stout, and seventy, and with enough ice on her fingers to keep internal revenue in business for a year.

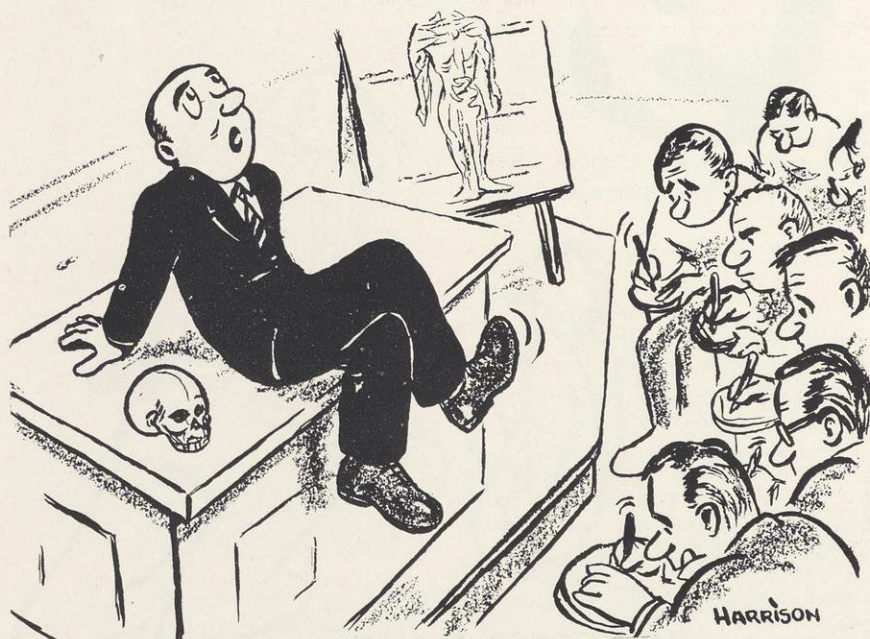
After the butler had supplied me with a tall bourbon she began to fill me in on the caper. It seems that a person or persons unknown had absconded with a particularly valuable item of hers—nearly 200 G's worth of diamond necklace. It had turned up missing this morning. At this point I began to tell her that I'm a rather minor operator and that person or persons unknown capable of heisting so much lustreware are a little out of my class; but she went on to explain the reason she hadn't acquainted the constabulary with the facts. Along with the rocks it develops that her son, who appears to have been as unsteady as a sailor on liberty, has also left the fold, taking all of his clothes with him.

She gave me all these facts, with gestures, and then she asks what my fee for finding her son will be. I was just deciding that she could probably stand double my usual \$10 a day when she says, "Here's one hundred dollars a day for the next five days. If it takes longer than that to find Reggie there'll be more."

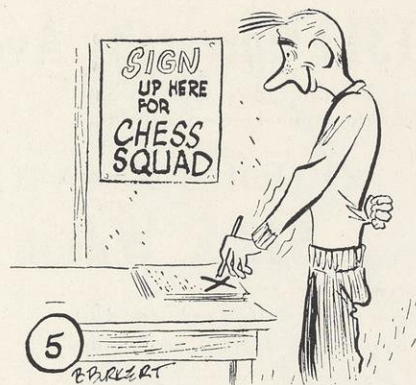
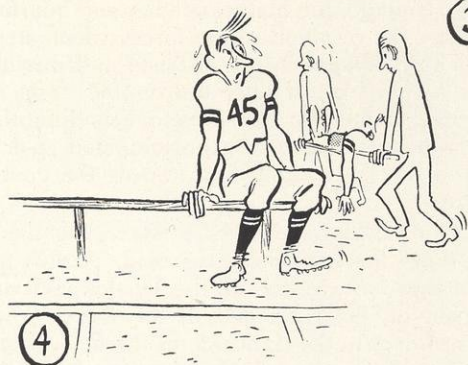
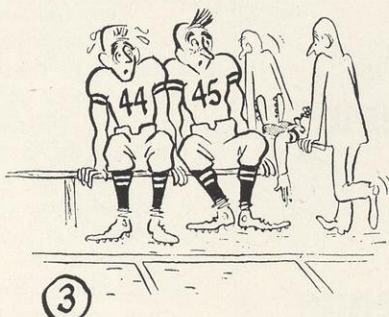
While I stood there counting the \$500 to make sure it was real, she turned me over to the butler and left. He showed me the son's room which I was supposed to check for clues. The kid was gone alright. The room was as bare as the late show at Minsky's. But crawling around on the floor I found two clues—an old match book and a pawn ticket. With a picture of the little stinker, which I took off the dresser, these were all I had to go on. For a minute I thought of the possibility of hiring a bloodhound but gave up the idea.

I decided to try the *Beige Bull* first. The match book was from this little joint over on 52nd Street. It was like all the rest: low ceiling, small tables, big check. The bartender identified my boy after I'd slipped him a saw-buck; and everyone else in the place said they would too for ten bucks. It was still early so I waited around for the thrush to arrive. I'd seen her picture on the poster out front and she looked like the kind of a broad I'd steal 200 G's from my mother for. Fourteen bourbons and two hours later she came in.

"You looking for me?" she purred in a voice that melted the buttons on



"Oh, the head bone's connected to the neck bone; the neck bone's connected to the shoulder bone . . ."



my best blue suit, and she slid onto the stool next to me.

"I'll have what he's having, Cecil," she told the bartender and turned back to me.

I whipped out a package of cigarets, offered her one and took one myself. I held the match for her and asked casually, "Have you gone into the ice business lately, baby?"

It was like a bombshell. She fell back, knocking over the stool, and screamed at the bouncers, "Throw this bum out!" Ten seconds later I picked myself out of the gutter on 52nd. I guess I should have been more careful. I'd burnt the end of her nose with the match.

But I figured I was on the right track so I waited around outside to see if my boy would show up. At about five o'clock when 52nd really began to wake up my client's butler came by and, after looking both ways, headed straight for the *Bull*. I used the direct approach.

"Hey, Mac, where do you think you're going?"

When he saw me his face went white.

"Why into the *Beige Bull*, sir. Why do you ask?"

This whole deal began to take on a new angle so I said, "What have you got cookin' in there?"

He looked nervously about and whispered, "I work here as a waiter on my nights off, sir. I hope you won't tell the mistress."

"Then that match book I found in the kid's room, it must have been yours?"

"Very probably, sir," he replied. "But please don't tell the mistress you saw me, sir."

And he turned and walked into the *Bull*.

But there was still time to check the pawn ticket. I grabbed a hack going downtown and at five minutes to six I got out in front of the Cozy Credit Loan Co. on 33rd. It was just closing but after banging on the door a clerk let me in.

I fished out the old ticket and told him I wanted whatever was on it.

"This is pretty old stock," he said and went into the back room. Ten minutes later he came back carrying an old black case. "It's eighteen seventy-five, total," he said. "And hurry it up. I got to close."

I threw a double-sawbuck on the counter and walked out. The case looked sort of familiar and when I got under a street light I opened the lid. It was my old piccolo—the one I'd pawned when I quit the orchestra and went into the business two years ago.

When I finally contacted the old dame she was in fine spirits.

"Oh, Mr. Freud, I've the most wonderful news. Reggie just called. It seems that he decided all of a sudden to go to Bermuda for the season. And Marie, my maid, has found the necklace in the waste basket, so I won't need you after all. You may keep one hundred dollars but send the rest back to me please. Good night."

When I got back here to the office the place was as deserted as a playground on the first day of school. It wasn't like Bessie to leave so early but she'd left a note in her typewriter:

Dear Jerk:

I've finally wised up and from now on you and that sacroiliac mechanic down the hall can get a new pigeon. I'm sick of working for peanuts.

Hoping you both drop dead in the near future I remain

Yours truly,
Bessie

P. S. My lawyer will see you about the back pay you owe me.

And when I came in to my desk and kicked open the bottom drawer the bottle was empty. The little rat must have killed it before she left.

So, like I say, it's been quite a day. I've just been sitting here wondering if I can still play that piccolo.

MARTY'S SANDWICH SHOP

6 A.M. - 1:30 P.M.

616 University Avenue

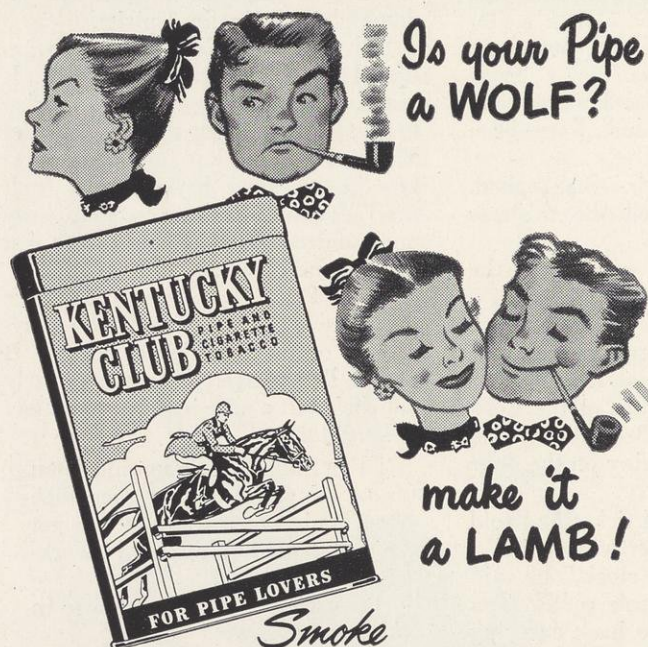
7 A.M. - 1:00 P.M.

1317 University Avenue

24 HOUR SERVICE

512 E. Wilson

(Next to the
Hoffman House)



KENTUCKY CLUB

"LOOK FOR THE BLUE TIN WITH THE RED RIDER"

Pipe and girl—both sweet as honey when you light up with fragrant Kentucky Club! This special blend of genuine White Burley is mild and smooth—a truly friendly tobacco. Enjoy Kentucky Club—"Treat Yourself to the Best!"



Listen to: "THE FISHING and HUNTING CLUB"—Mutual Network, every week

THOSE NEW BADGERS . . .

(continued from page 3)

It's a touchdown Tusslers!

Say, folks, that was tricky. I'm going to wait for official word on that play. It's a bit hazy in my mind.

I've got the word. The officials didn't see the play either, but inasmuch as they couldn't find any infractions, the touchdown will count, and so will the extra point which Wilson has just kicked.

Well, folks, the stands are wildly acclaiming the Tusslers as they study down the field in preparation for kicking off to the Butchers. I'm extremely interested in this next aspect of the Tusslers' game, ladies and gentlemen, because O'Kelly, the center, explained to me yesterday something of the new vector defense the boys have worked up. O'Kelly says that Kanoff, the psychologist on the team, figures out who on the opposing team will take the ball at the kickoff. He signals that information to the team and they all run down and hit the receiver from every angle. Gottago, the mathematician and quarterback, then computes the resultant of the forces which strike the receiver. That resultant is the distance and direction in which the ball will travel after the fumble. You see, as O'Kelly put it to me, the fellow can't help fumbling the ball. So Gottago stands in the precomputed spot, grabs the ball as it comes to him, and crosses the goal for a touchdown.

Well, here's the kickoff, folks. Wilson gives the ball a good kick down the left side of the field. Arturo takes it on his own five, but . . . say, all the Tusslers are running for Anderson on the right side of the field. Now here comes Arturo over to the right side of the field. He hands the ball off to Anderson who is immediately hit by ten Tusslers. He fumbles, and the pigskin pops into the arms of Gottago who is standing on the two yard line. Gottago walks over the goal line and it's a touchdown Tusslers!!

Lemme take a rest, folks.

Father (Peeping timidly into fraternity house living room): "Does Johnny Smith live here?"

Voice from inside: "Yes, bring him in."

* * *

Man—"I want a loaf of Mumsie's Bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sanny Spread, Ole Mammy's Lasses, Orange Pully, a pound of Aunt Annie's Sugar Candy, Bitsey Bite size."

Clerk—"Sorry, no Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsie-Toasties, Maltie-Wheaties, Ricelets, or Eatum-Wheetums?"

Man—"The Wheectums, then."

Clerk—"Anything else? Tootsie, Tatery Chips, Cheesie Weesies, Gingie Bits, Itsey Cakes, Sweetie Toofums, or Drama's Doughnuts?"

Man (toddling toward meat department)—"Tan't det anything else. Dot to det some meat."

* * *

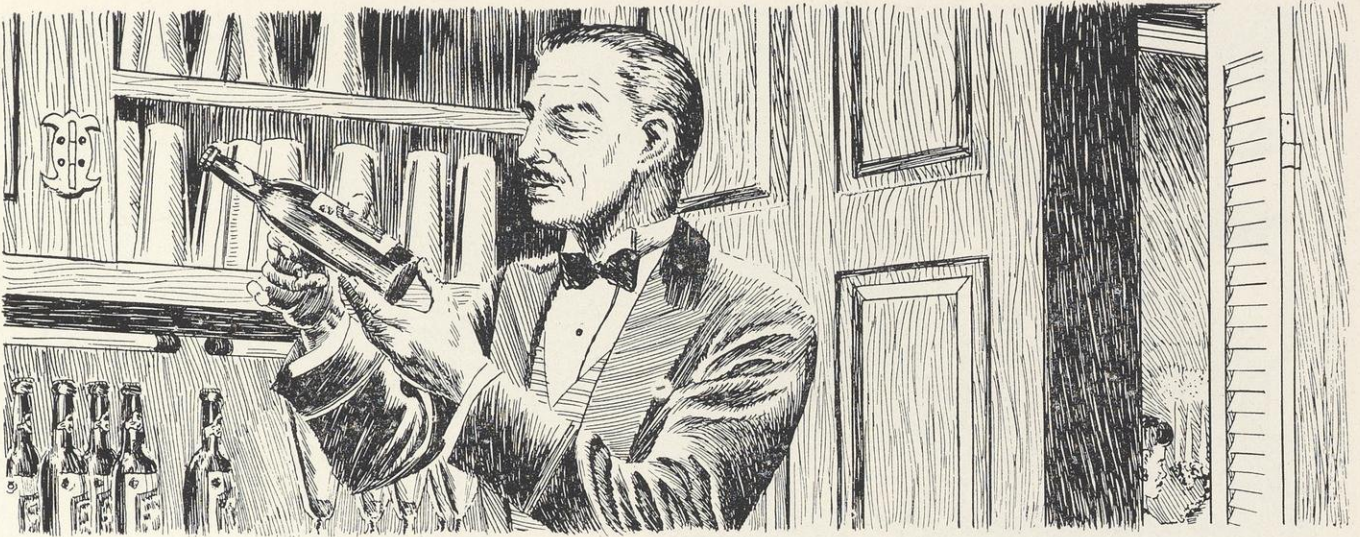
She was only the optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

* * *

The farmer's daughter returned from college for her summer vacation and her father looked at her critically and said, "Lost some weight, didn't you?"

The girl replied, "Yes, Father, I weigh 110 pounds stripped for gym."

The farmer leaped out of his chair, grabbed the shotgun from the wall, and yelled, "Who the devil is Jim?"



"I was curious....."



I tasted it.....



*Now I know why Spitz is...
The Beer that made Milwaukee infamous!"*

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JOS. SPITZ BREWING CO., RED EYE, WISC.

J. BURKE AND B. BURKE



THE STRANGE WORLD OF 1985

MORE STARTLING THAN "LOST WEEKEND", SAY CRITICS . . .

Badger Novelist George Warwell, '46, ME4, has seen first hand the trend in modern education and has since devoted all his talents to warning the academic world of the fate which awaits it if it confuses liberalism with regimentation.

His *Animal Pharm* (1946) was a deft satire of a politician who won his way into the hearts and pocketbooks of the people with his petshop-drugstore. His new novel, *Nineteen Eighty-five* (Hardsport, Suspender and Company, \$3), is a terrifying forecast of what the scholastic



world may be like 36 years hence.

Although it is not funny, like *Animal Pharm*, it is even more effective. It is a July selection of the Look-of-the-Month Club and was condensed in *Digestion*. It is guaranteed to make the flesh creep on anything except brass monkeys and fraternity men.

The plot involves a history student who tries to run his own extra-curricular activity on the highly regimented campus of 1985 without clearing it through the proper channels. He is finally apprehended by Hammersickle, chief of the thought police, and is about to be tortured when the legislature suddenly abolishes the university

because of its poor showing in intercollegiate sports, the Badger team having lost after 13 years as Big Ten champions.

Warwell explains the evolution of the UW, 1985, as follows:

"In the years around the middle of the century, people did not expect their state university to become the totalitarian educational institution which it now is in 1985.

"Why should they?

"In the forties and fifties there was no indication of terrible things to come. Students enjoyed academic free-

(continued on page 15)

Octy's Dream Girl

Ruthmarie Reich

Kenosha . . . Music . . .

Junior . . . Pi Lambda Theta . . .

Sigma Alpha Iota . . .



—Photo by DeLonge

... GORKLOP IS WATCHING YOU ... YOU PARTIPOOPER!

dom. The Young Republicans, Democrats, and Socialists were not restricted in their activities. Fraternities and sororities rushed and hazed as usual, and extra-curricular activities of all types were encouraged.

"Perhaps it was the increased emphasis upon organizations of all types (athletic, aesthetic, social, and fraternal) more than any other reason which brought about the present conditions. As I recall, in about 1950 the students were encouraged to organize, join, coordinate, support, and sustain all types of activities from proms and fashion shows to work days and football teams.

"It was in the middle forties that the mighty Gorklop began to reorganize campus activities. 'Every student a committee member' was his slogan. In those days students dismissed him with a smile, but fifteen years later Gorklop was a power to watch.

"In 1964 Gorklop forced a resolution through the once powerful Board of Regents making it obligatory for each student to have an 8 x 10 portrait of himself in the window of the student cooperative store before he graduated. To earn the portrait the student had to accumulate at least 100 'Activity Points,' points which were awarded for being active in extra-curricular activities. For being a member of a student board committee the student received 5 points. Ten points were awarded to sub-chairmen, 15 to chairmen, 20 to student board members, and 50 to the president of either the student board (now obsolete), the WSGA (known now as the Reely party) or the WMA (the Menorg or men's organization). Members of the football, basketball, and boxing teams received 100 points automatically during their second year of participation while those in lesser sports were required to become a committee member at least once during their stay at Madison before they could receive the 100 points and the coveted Picture Place.

"In 1977 Gorklop and his Menorg party came into real power. The state legislature extended him complete authority to 'revitalize and reorganize the state university for the benefit of the students.' The broad powers he received enabled him to force the Board of Regents to vote themselves out of existence and send University President William Sarles and many other protesting faculty members to the insignificant Milwaukee Extension.

"Gorklop has maintained the point system to this day, but now when a student has earned his 100 points for Activity Participation, it is not his picture which rests in the window of the Gorklop Coop, but a large photo of Gorklop. The sight of the Gorklop Coop windows lined with Gorklop pictures with the slogan 'GORKLOP IS WATCHING YOU' is one to stir even the most half-hearted Joiners into eager Activity Participation.

"The Joiners mentioned in the previous paragraph are followers of Gorklop who are members of either the Menorg or the Reely parties. They make up approximately 85 per cent of the student body and can be recognized by their stern overall-like uniforms and their stern overall-like faces.

"In every society there are some who do not conform to the standards set by those in control. In 1985 the remaining 15 per cent of the students at the university have successfully ignored the powers of Gorklop and his Joiners. This 15 per cent consists of students known as Partipoopers and they are distinguished from the Joiners by their slightly stupid and silly expressions. Partipoopers often smile, Joiners never. Partipoopers sometimes give the impression that they are enjoying their life on the

campus, while Joiners are too busy with their activities to enjoy.

"Partipoopers spend most of their time in secret study and try to ignore the sound trucks and television sets which are continually reminding them that 'Gorklop is watching you.' Joiners are in the habit of carrying books wherever they go whether or not they study, for they appreciate the fact that Gorklop is watching them and is interested in their doing well in school. The fact that Joiners have but four hours a week of study time (the rest is taken up in Activity Participation) often bothers them, but they cannot complain for fear of loss of points.

"Classes for the Joiners are held in all the permanent buildings on the campus. Gorklop hall at the top of the hill and behind the statue of Gorklop houses the Ministry of Activities and some classrooms. Down the hill there are other structures for the Joiners' classes such as the Ministry of Education, the Ministry of Law, and the Ministry of Public Relations. Partipoopers' classes are held in old World War II quonsets and temporary buildings. Those who teach the Partipoopers resemble them in dress. In fact, they resemble the old prototype of the typical college professor. These instructors walk around in baggy, ill-fitting clothing and upon their faces are found expressions of amusement and sympathy. They teach what they think the students will find useful in later life. The Partipoopers, however, cannot receive diplomas because they are not in Active Participation. Partipooper instructors are ignored by their associates who teach the Joiners. These men (mostly graduates of the Gorklop style) offer courses with titles like 'Gorklop on Economics,' 'Gorklop on the Anthropological Differences Between Joiners and Partipoopers,' and 'Gorklop on the Fundamentals of Counterpoint.'

"The Point System is maintained by Menorg Control, a secret organization headed by the man who has been a Gorklop lieutenant for many years, Hammersickle. It is Hammersickle whom the Joiners fear above all, but he spends his time sitting at the master control of the television sets which watch every move of the followers of Gorklop. It is because of Hammersickle that Joiners carry open books with them. It is because of Hammersickle that they sneer at Partipoopers (who worry little about either Gorklop or Hammersickle).

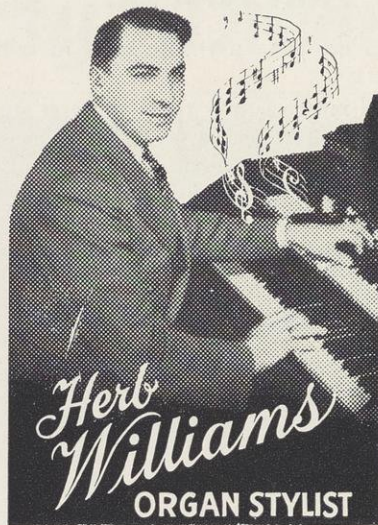
"Hammersickle is the person who detracts points for the totals of Joiners. It is his watchfulness which keeps the Joiners working for the day when Gorklop's picture can be posted in their honor.

"All Joiners are members of either the Menorg party (for men only) or the Reely party (for women). The Menorg is dominated by the Advanced Organizers, a committee headed by Gorklop. The Advanced Organizers are a policy forming group which has such duties as organizing the curricula for Joiners, designating approved activities and student houses, and making rules for the acquisition of points. The Advanced Organizers' policies are carried out by the Menorg Control.

"The Reelies (so called because all women Joiners are automatically sophisticated, and in speech their sentences are punctuated with the word 'Reely') are actually a fairly powerless group which is dominated by Gorklop and his two top lieutenants on the Menorg.

"Fraternities and sororities were abandoned in the middle-sixties when a group of them combined to fight Gorklop's advance in power and were defeated. The battle

(continued on page 17)



The Esquire Presents:

Herb Williams

at the Hammond Organ

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True-to-life
Take-off on

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**DON'T
MISS
IT!**

Station "Teleview", or Mind Over Matter

*I've got television,
Cost: four hundred twenty;
With the station I get
You'd agree I paid plenty.*

*I turn the knobs,
Then pull and twist
And all I see
Are spots and mist.*

*But once I saw
(With lights turned down)
The powdered nose
Of a circus clown.*

*Then followed dashes
And lines askew,
A saddening sight,
(But what could I do?)*

*"Your antenna's too short,"
Said two electricians,
"And all you receive
Are sporadic emissions."*

*"But that," cried a third,
"Is pure hocus pocus,
For all you lack
Is critical focus."*

*A physicist said:
"It's the sun with its spots
That fouls up the ether
With undulant dots."*

*Then a doctor maintained
My eyes were defective
And a pair of astigmats
The only corrective.*

*His colleague, alas,
Blamed the state of my nerves
Which caused me to see
Straight lines as round curves.*

*And another saw clearly
That the cause of my bother
Was my subconscious love
For my uncle's mother.*

*Just then I divined
The truth of the matter:
That Teleview's staff
Was as mad as a hatter.*

HELMUT HECKSCHER

A justice of the peace in a small town was called to perform his first marriage ceremony. The bashful couple remained standing after the finish of the rites, and in a brave attempt to round off the affair, the justice said: "It's all over now. Go and sin no more."
—Judge Roy Bean

THE STRANGE WORLD OF 1985 . . .

(continued from page 15)

grew over his method in awarding points for Activity Participation. He allowed fraternity and sorority members only one (1) point a semester for belonging to those social groups. This made it virtually impossible for a fraternity man to earn enough points for a Picture Placement unless he participated in a Gorklop activity."

PHYSORGS AT WISCONSIN

Athletic organizations (abbreviated "Physorgs" for physical organizations) play a tremendously important part in the Wisconsin of 1985. Gorklop is insistent that each student be in Active Participation in at least one sport. A football player or a member of the basketball team is accorded special privileges. Upon matriculation he receives an Amateur's Fee of \$2,000 and an automatic A in all courses.

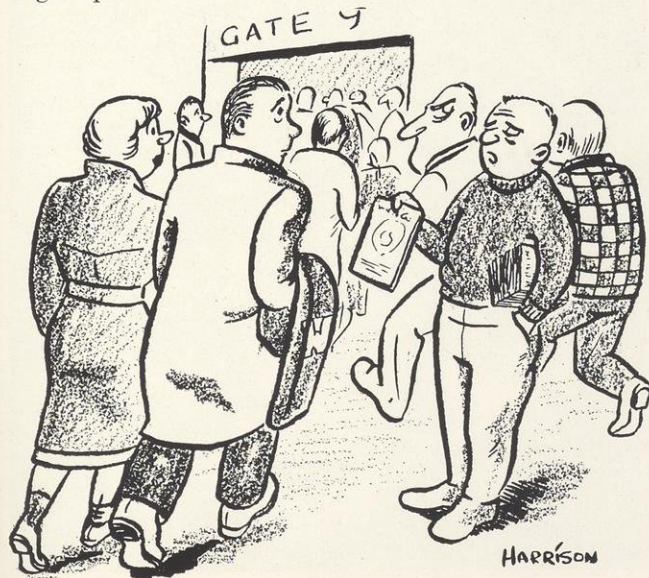
Gorklop hall, the activity administration building, is in the shape of a huge football stadium. The structure was completed three years ago after money for it had been provided from excesses in the Athletic Department Fund. The fund (known popularly as Stuhldreher's Stocking after an athletic director of years ago) grew to astronomical proportions when Gorklop took it over and raised the price of football game tickets to \$20.

Because of the high subsidies paid players, Wisconsin has had a championship team for the past 18 years. It has been beaten only twice in that period, both times by Michigan State.

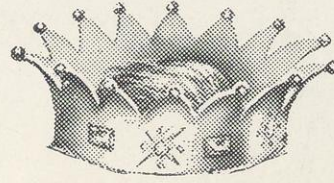
TELESCREEN AT WISCONSIN

Once ignored quiet hours are now observed universally among all Joiners on the campus. The reason for this is the telescreen communication system by which the Dean of Men, a lieutenant of Gorklop, and Hammersickle can observe the actions of the students. At regular five minute intervals an announcement of the time is followed by the inevitable "Gorklop Is Watching You!" and the face of Gorklop peers fiercely from the screen.

Reelies who return to their dormitories after the prescribed hours must pass by the watchful eyes of Gorklop who takes down her name, class, and student number. On the following day the erring Reely must spend several hours folding material for the House President's Mail Bag as punishment.



"Programs . . . programs! . . . Correct numbers, weights and salaries of all players . . ."



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

the wooden bowl

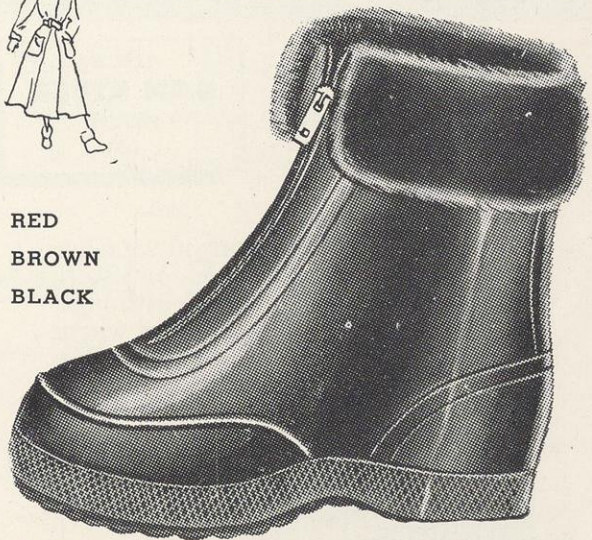
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except Monday! Please call
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Baron's

Eagle Stamp Thrift Is Like A Gift

Ich take mein girl gewalking
Wir walken down die street.
She has einschrecklich figure,
But her charm kann nicht be beat.

Und alles would be wonderful,
(Und ich could close mein rhyme).
If der Wetter would improven;
But es regnet all the time.

Und now ich have ein schrecklich cold,
Und don't know was to do.
Ich go to kiss mein girl gut natch,
Und was kommt aus? . . . "Ah cheul!"
—MEIN KAMPF, REVISED
* * *

Student (in car, to sweet young thing)—"Pardon me, but . . . er . . ."

Sweet young thing—"No, you've never met met at Palm Beach, Newport, or Atlantic City. I wasn't on the Pullman car on the New York Central last Tuesday. I know I'm good looking and I'm not bashful. I'm not going your way, and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I didn't go to school with you; I'm not waiting for a streetcar; I don't want a lift, and I know plenty of college boys. Furthermore, I have a fiance that is 220 pounds. Now were you going to say something?"

Student (in car)—". . . Yes, damn it, you're losing your underwear." * * *

He: "I had a dream about you last night."

She: "Did you?"

He: "No, you wouldn't let me." * * *

"Are you the girl who took my order?" asked the impatient gentleman in the cafe.

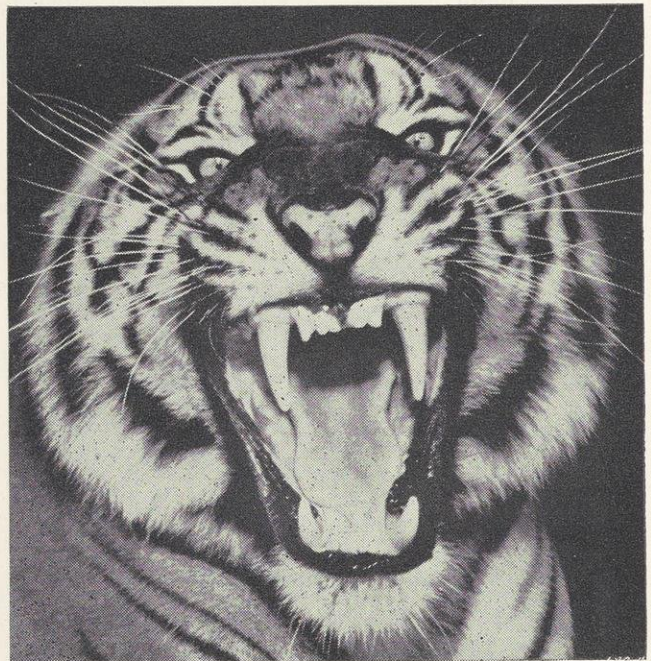
"Yes, sir," replied the waitress politely.

"I can't understand," he remarked, "you don't look a day older." * * *

First drunk: "Shay, know what time it is?"

Second drunk: "Yeah."

First drunk: "Thanksh." * * *



Henry Wiggins, ME4, has just arisen from his "recently sanded" football seat.

Tea-chr: "Willy, what are the two genders?"

Wille: "Masculine and feminine. The masculine are divided into the temperate and intemperate and the feminine into torrid and frigid."

* * *

A tipsy soap box orator who had reached the argumentative stage, sat down next to a clergyman in a street car. Wishing to start something, he drawled:

"I ain't goin' to heaven; there ain't no heaven."

No answer.

"I say there ain't no heaven; I ain't goin' to heaven," he shouted.

The clergyman replied quietly, "Well, go to hell then, but be quiet about it."

* * *

The bravest man we ever knew was the chap who took a taxi to the bankruptcy court, and then, instead of paying his fare, invited the driver in as a creditor.

* * *

The scene was in the reading room of the Main Library. A character was reading vital statistics. Suddenly he turned to the coed in his right and said, "Do you know that every time I breath a man dies?"

"Very interesting," she replied. "Why don't you chew gum?"

* * *

Taken from a test paper in English literature: "A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins, and other supernatural characters."

* * *

Where in hell have I seen you before?

I don't know. What part of hell are you from?

* * *

She: "I'm getting so thin you can feel my ribs."

He: "Gee, thanks."

* * *

She: "I hear that Hammersley is going to try to stop necking."

He: "I should think he would—a man of his age!"

* * *

She: "I'm scared. This is the very spot where my father proposed to mother, and on the way home the horse ran away and father was killed."

* * *

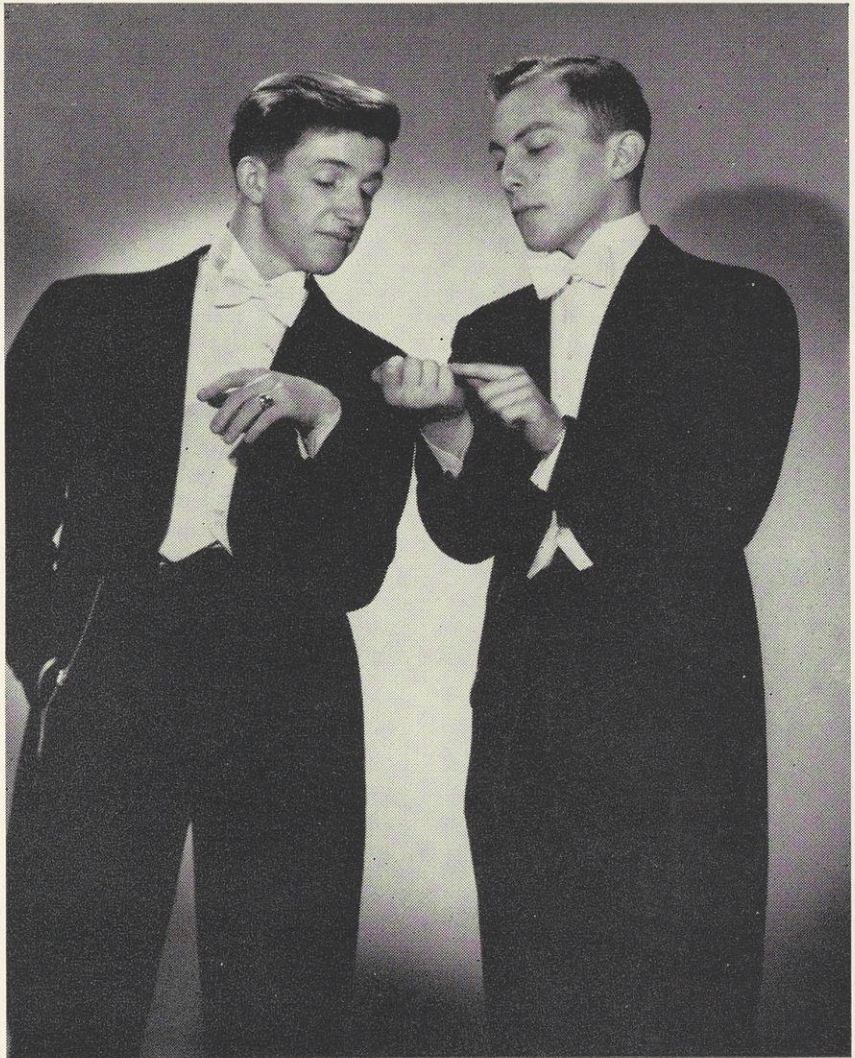
"You know, I've never realized that Sue had such a pretty leg."

"Oh. I've felt that right along."

* * *

"Look, is that lady's dress torn or am I seeing things?"

"Both."



Have you tried the "Fingernail Test?"

Run your fingers through your hair—then look at your fingernails. Do you see ugly, unsightly dandruff? If so,

use

Mildroot Creamoil

for just 10 days. If that doesn't help, cut your nails and the dandruff won't show.

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Beech-Nut BEECHIES, the
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in three varieties:

PEPPERMINT, PEPSIN
and SPEARMINT

The true, inside story of a...

Touchdown!

by *Rollie Strehlow, Varsity halfback*
(as told to BOB TEAGUE)

You—Rollie Strehlow—are a football player, a halfback. And as you sit there on the Wisconsin Varsity bench waiting for your chance to go in you see that the Fighting Illini of Champaign are big, rough, and especially tough on their home field. It's early in the second quarter, score tied 7-7; and, if things run true to form, you'll get your chance in the closing minutes of the contest—after the whole affair has been decided one way or another.

But you're just a sophomore; and looking down hopefully at your brand new gold pants and snow-white jersey you think, "Next year things will be different."

And so you wait and watch. You pay particular attention to the men you'd have to block or run around—just in case.

That big line backer, number 41; he's inside conscious. A quick opener (with you carrying) that slid off to the outside would go.

The coach calls for his defensive operatives as Wisconsin loses the ball, but you don't move. You're an offen-

sive specialist; you're a runner. And at least one person—you—believe you're a good one.

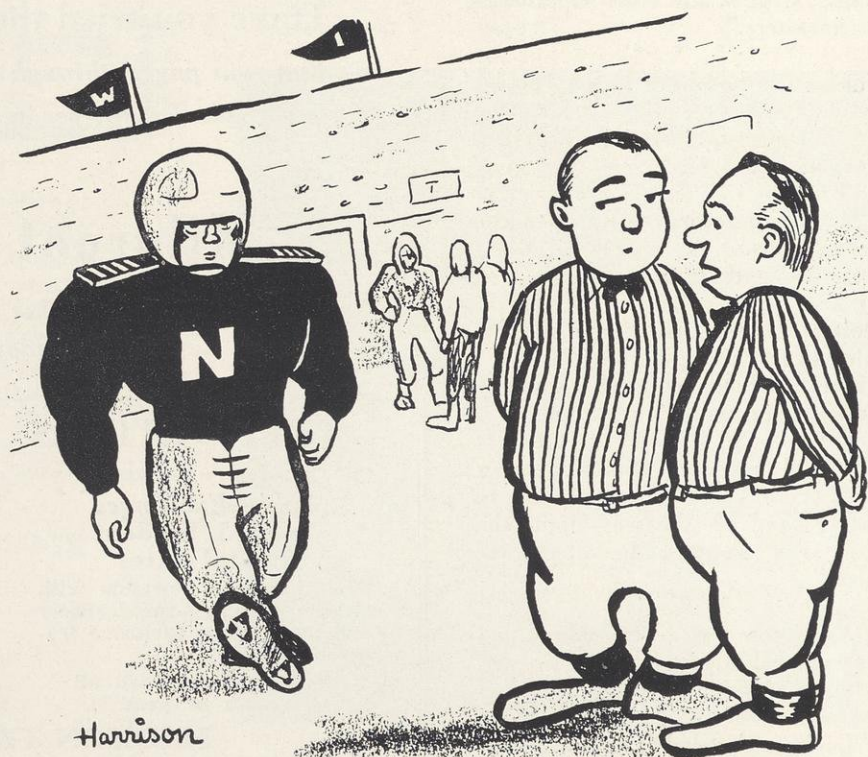
Suddenly, "Strehlow, take the offense!"

It's a mistake; the coach is calling your name. You sit there half-paralyzed, your huge square jaw sagging in disbelief. But it's not a mistake; it's you he wants to go into the game. This is it, what you've been waiting, dreaming, hoping for; this is your big chance!

And then you're loping out there to take over. As you fumble with your headgear, you force a tight smile thinking of the thousands in the stands thumbing frantically through programs to discover that number 40 is Roland Strehlow, left halfback anonymous.

In the huddle you look at the tired faces and listen to the heavy breathing. But as they look at you panic grips your heart; they don't believe in you. You are a third stringer. So you set your jaw and make up your mind to "show 'em."

The quarterback steps into the hud-



Harrison

"Here comes the captain of the Navy team now!"

dle. He's an off-the-field friend of yours; you feel better. When the play is called, you're grateful it's not one of yours; you haven't settled down yet.

It's a pass. Your job: block the guard. You do it, and with that first jolt of a solid block you're at ease. To you now, it's just another scrimmage.

In the huddle again the quarterback calls a number. This time it's your baby. You set yourself to the left of the fullback. And when you get the ball, you follow him into the tangled mass of blue and white jerseys that the line of scrimmage has become. You aren't fast, but you weigh 185 lbs., and when they catch you, you press every pound into service driving for that mythical "extra yard."

When you get up from under the avalanche that buried you, you realize you've just reeled off an eight yard gain and picked up a first down in the process. You're showing 'em.

The fullback carries on the next sortie and pushes right down to the front door of the Illini goal line, less than five yards away from a t.d.

"Left 45", the quarterback calls in the tight circle. It's yours, and you tell yourself you're going to go all the way, that you've got to.

You line up in the T again, a tense package of energy ready to explode into the line and plough your way through the mess you know you'll find there.

The center snaps the oval back to the quarterback and you go lunging into the line. You feel something hard jammed into your belly; you hug it and sink your cleats deep into the turf. An enemy shoulder bumps you, but you dig deeper and go over standing up.

You've just scored your first Big Ten touchdown, sending your team ahead 13-7 and for the first time now you hear the roar of the crowd; its cheers are music to your ears.

But your happiness is short-lived, and you leave the field showing frank disgust. They're sending in another specialist to replace you on the all-important try for extra point.

FREE!

A box of LIFE SAVERS
for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Recommended by Duncan Hines

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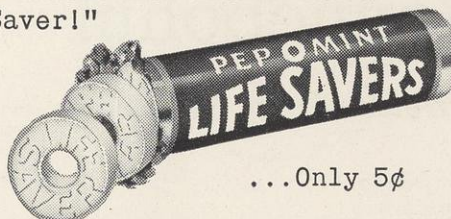
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HISTORY REWRITTEN

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"Gee, I'm nervous! Wish I had a Life Saver!"



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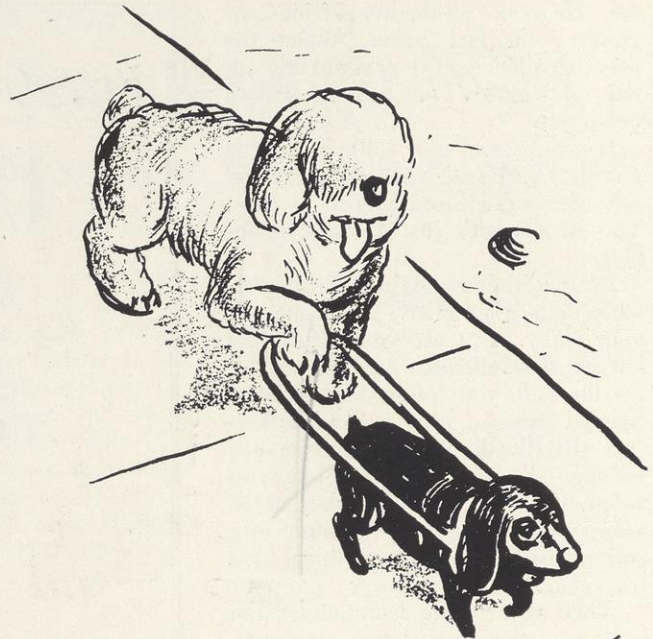
Since 1912

THREE STUDENT STORES

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Rennebohm

Better Drug Stores



HARRISON

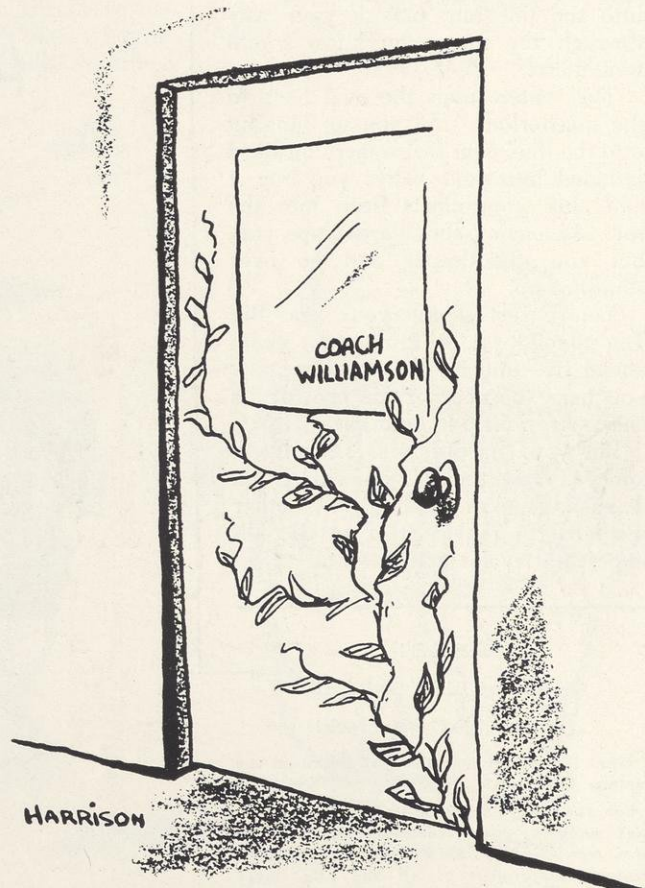
Notice outside Rummage Sale — "Ladies' Auxiliary,
having cast off clothes, now invite inspection."

* * *

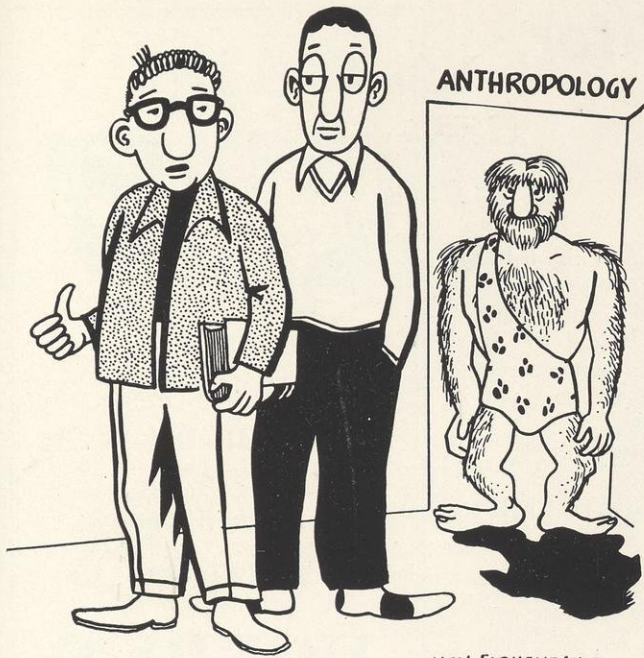
King Arthur: "I hear that you're misbehaving."

Knight: "In what manor, sir?"

—Froth

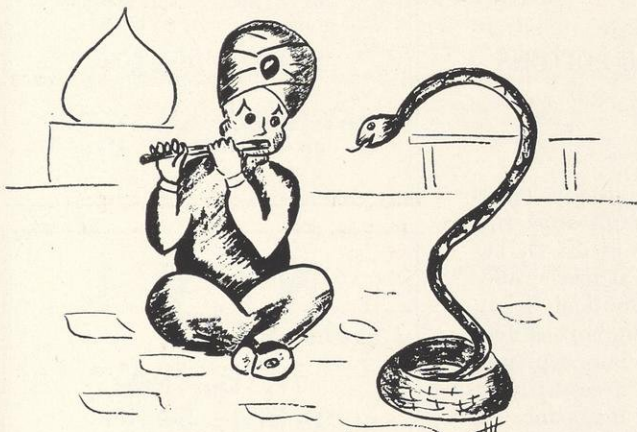


HARRISON

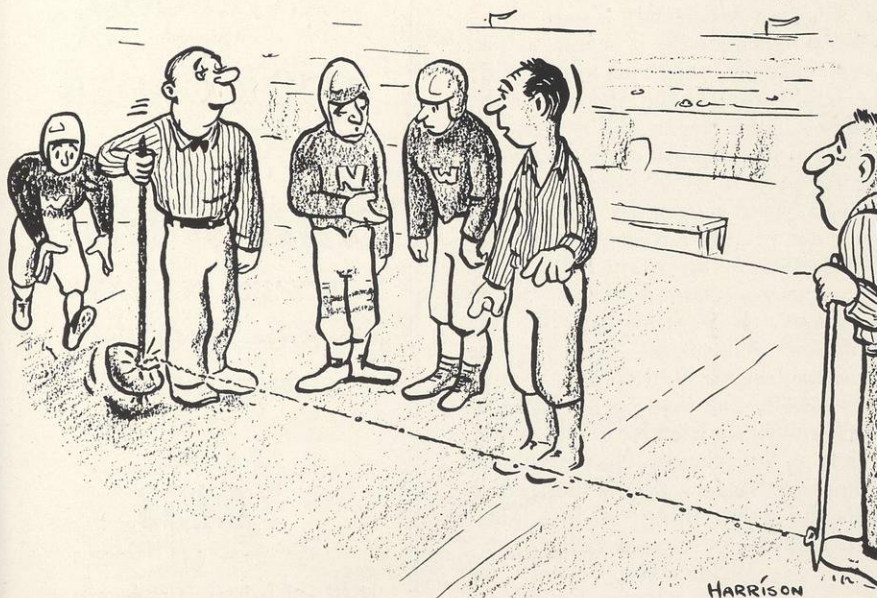


KEN EICHENBAUM

"We had a terrific guest lecturer in Anthro today!"



"Charmed, I'm sure!"



"Not quite a first down!"

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She: "Isn't the moonlight lovely tonight?"

He: "I'm not interested in astronomy now, and besides, I'm in no position to say."

* * *

A young lady and her aunt, returning home from work on pay day, were relieved of their money by a stick-up man. The young lady rushed over to the nearest policeman and exclaimed: "I've been robbed of my pay and my aunt's pay!"

"Cut out the pig Latin and tell me what happened," the copper ordered.

* * *

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

* * *

Freshman: "Why do the janitors at this college wear uniforms?"

Sophomore: "So we can tell them from the English Professors."

* * *

Then there was the girl who soaked her strapless evening gown in coffee so it would stay up all night.

—Sanka

* * *

Bustle — A deceitful seatful.

* * *

Cynthia: "I have broken my glasses. Will I have to be examined all over again?"

Optician: "No, only your eyes."

—Farewell to Arms

*They Flatter Because
They Fit*



TWIN SUITS

The camera doesn't lie, people say . . . so we thought you'd like to see how our clothes look in actual photographs . . . how they will look on you.

Your Nedrebo Suit will now be hand cut and tailored as well as basted for fitting in our own shop, to assure you a more perfect fit.

Suits starting at **55.00**

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SHOP . . . IN THE HEART
OF THE CAMPUS

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Custom Clothing Co.

524 State St.

DIAL 5-6690

Dear Editor,

The Editors
The Octopus
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin
Gentlemen:

We are starting a file of the better college magazines, with an eye to discovering possible new contributors for the New Yorker. Would you be good enough to send us your current issue and also place us on your permanent mailing list?

Very truly yours,
C. C.
The NEW YORKER

Dear "C. C.":

We have your recent letter before us. We would be very glad to send our magazine to you. We only hope you'll reciprocate as our New Yorker subscription ran out a year ago and we too are looking for new contributors.

Yours truly,
THE EDITORS

Dear Editor:

Among the excruciatingly clever articles, features and stuff appearing in the September issue of the OCTOPUS, you printed an article entitled "Some Essentials of Political Behavior." In a moderately humorous note, you indicated that the views expressed in the article did not "necessarily reflect the views of the magazine, the editor, nor the author." It seems that your note was essentially correct. The only thing is, you fail to indicate the author whose views those of the article were not necessarily a part of.

It is bad enough, it seems to me, for an author to reject his brain child; the implication of the absence of the author's name seems to be that the author was ashamed of having written for such a noble journalistic endeavor. This suggestion is not true. I am not proud; I wrote that article.

Rejection of the brain child, however, raises certain doubts as to its genealogy. It is clear that bits are somehow related to conversations overheard in the Rathskeller. I must insist, however, that such conversations are merely friends; good friends, it is true, but friends. No parenthood is implied. In fact, that is the trouble with the damn thing; it is a good idea that knows its own father.

Sincerely,
Gustav Griffith

Ah . . . er . . . yes.



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NO MINIMUM

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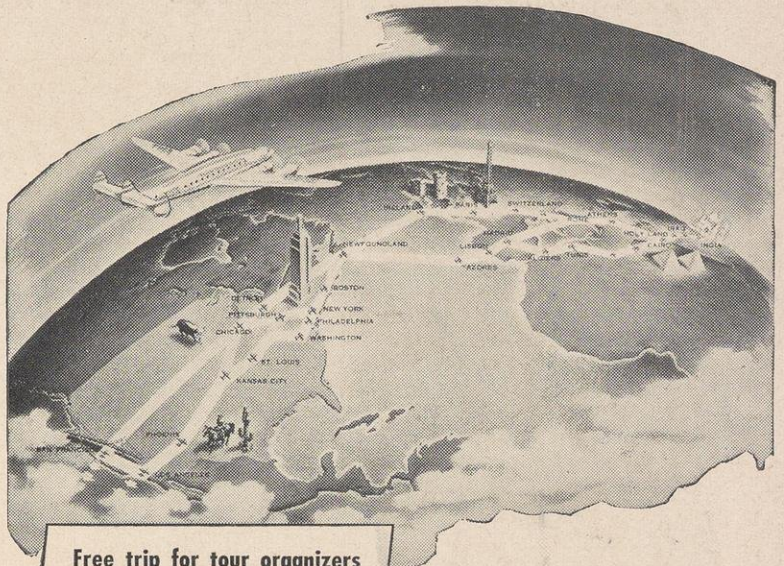
TWA Announces REDUCED OVERSEAS STUDENT FARES

**35-50 per cent savings
on TWA Skyliner trips abroad**

Now, students from 12 through 21 planning to travel and study abroad can go by de luxe TWA Skyliner at big savings. Starting October 1, 1949, fare reductions of 35 per cent will be in effect for TWA round-trip ocean crossings. Once students arrive in Europe, they become eligible for a reduction up to 50 per cent for travel to and from distant points, even as far as Bombay. Tickets are good for one year.

Although fares are reduced, TWA's service stays at its consistently high level. You'll relax in your lounge seat, have tasty, full-course meals served you. And in a matter of hours you'll arrive at your destination, thanks to TWA 300-mph speed and dependability.

For details, contact your nearest TWA office, or your travel agent.



Free trip for tour organizers

TWA gives a full free ticket over its International routes to any person engaged in educational work who organizes and conducts a party of ten or more persons for an overseas tour. Persons may organize groups for university study abroad, or may secure ten or more enrollees to the International Youth Camps in Switzerland (ages 12-20). Call on your nearest travel agent for details.

*Across the U.S. and overseas...
you can depend on*

TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINE
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QUESTIONS

- A** When hard times hit, you need not worry,
He'll fix you up in one big hurry.
- B** Read it inverted with one minor switch,
You have a device controlled by a switch.
- C** A trunk, a pause, a meadowland;
You'll find them all on every hand.

**ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE**

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

A The thirteen slabs of wood which form the letters ABC at the bottom of the ad. Always Buy Chesterfield, the best cigarette for you.

B Three buttons on the left sleeve of Alexis Smith's cowgirl suit, and one button on the right. Also three cigarettes protruding from the pack on the left, and one in the mouth of L. E. Turnage on the right. Both answers are white and right.

C FIELD, that is, Chesterfield. It's in the name, and in the frame where we see a picture of a field behind Mr. Turnage. And in the frame we grow the name, that is, in the field we grow Chesterfield.

WINNERS—Jerry Scheibl, William Ehmann, Al Schnese,
Betty Gregg, Dona Gay.

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Milder Chesterfield"

Glenn Ford

Starring in
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A *Always Buy* **B**

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CHESTERFIELD CONTEST — SEE INSIDE BACK COVER

**... and Mr. Lupo Prominent
Tobacco Farmer says—**

"I like Chesterfields better than any
other cigarette. They're definitely milder.
They buy clear, clean, fully ripe tobacco
... the best I've got to sell."

Herbert L. Lupo
TABOR CITY, N. C.

