



Wisconsin Octopus: The return of the student issue. Vol. 32, No. 1 October 1953

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Oct 53 v.32 no. 1

WISCONSIN Octopus

OCTOBER 53



"THE RETURN OF THE STUDENT" ISSUE

25¢

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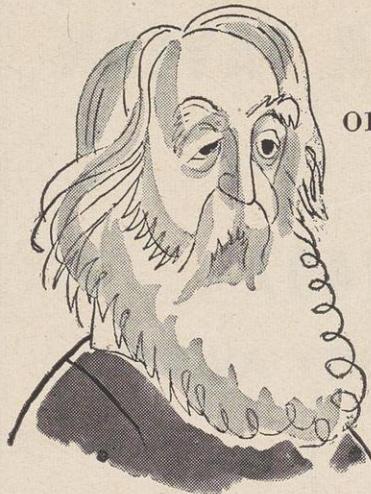


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Dear Sir,

Your article on McKinley's assassination was, to my mind, a farce. If you would pay more attention to detail and less to sensationalistic brick-a-brack your publication would gain in merit, I am sure. And another thing; if something isn't done soon, I hear that there will be a competitive publication on campus called the Robin, or the Blue-Jay, or something like that. As a last warning, I suggest that you fix your eye on a bright journalistic star and thither repair forthwith.

Indignantly,
Henry Ford

Ed. Wow, golly gee, gosh-a-mickle, yes.

Dear Sirs:

I thought the stories in your last issue were lousy. Why can't you hire good story writers who can write with exuberance, description, pathos; who know how to make the reader hang on every word with expectancy and relish; who delight in the subtle twist of the sonnet and the flowing majesty of Steinbeck? It just so happens that I am such a writer. If you are in need of me, as I know you are; if you want me to save your publication from the inevitable pits of doom toward which it is headed; if you have any kindness at all toward a starving patron of the arts, I await.

Geoffrey Herringbarrel
Greenwich Hamlet, Ia.

Ed: Thanks just the same Jeff, but Octy has a tradition to uphold, you know.

Hi Hon:

How's my little sweetie pie today? Why didn't you call last night? I waited until ten thirty for you and then Ted came over. I knew you weren't coming then so we went to the Bells and had a coke. He was real nice, but he told me that you had been run over by a truck that morning. I hope you are all right. He said that you would be in the hospital for at least three months, so I made dates with him until New Years Eve. I'm saving that night for you. I hope you will be alright by then. It's funny though, I mean that about you being run over in the morning and I know I saw you that same afternoon. I guess Ted was a little mixed up.

Get well quick Darling,

Lulu

Ed: But— but— but—

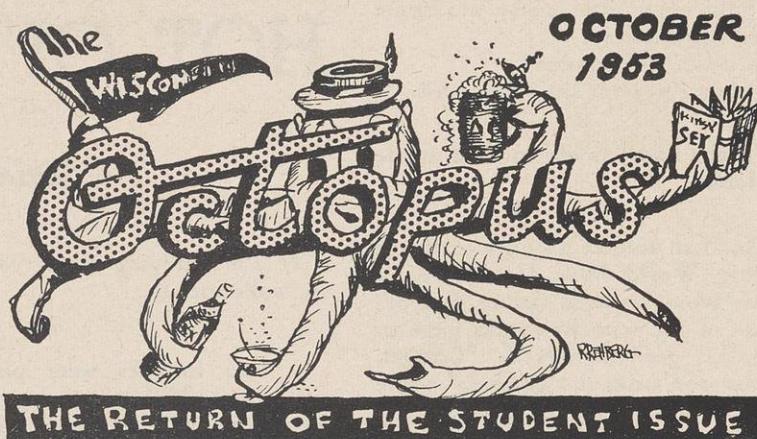
Hiya:

Jeez hey, all the kids on the block went ape over the last mag. I mean downright ape. We all think it's the greatest and we want more skin. I mean it's real crazy cool now but all of us especially me and Freddie want more skin. I mean I've always heard that University women are the wildest and they really dig life. You dug Life last year too didn't you? Ha ha. That's a joke. Pretty cool huh? But anyway let's have more cartoons and more skin.

G'bye hey,
Hep Catt, Mil-wis.

Volume 32

Number 1



the bounders of the campus are the bounders of the state

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Letters to the Editor

2

White Space

11

Goldilunks

By Alvernon Turnvernon 12

Jason's Basin

By Mopsy 13

Dream Girl

14

Movie Feature

16, 17, and 18

Strange Passion

By Ben Whoosh 20

Comic Section

By Itchy Scissors 22, 23

Newly Pinned Girl

24

Calendar Girl

27

Bathroom Boo-Boos

29

And everywhere you turn

Jokes

TABLE OF CONTENTS ABOVE

Published monthly except January, May, June, July, August and September. Reprint rights granted to college humor magazines if credit is given.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: \$1.40 (subject to change without notice) per year in the United States or abroad

Pupil—My little sister ate some chicken yesterday.

Teacher—Croquette?

Pupil—No, but she's very sick.

* * *

"Heh! Heh! made ya look, made ya look."

* * *

An Irish soldier on duty in Egypt during World War II received a letter from his wife saying that because of the war she would have to dig the garden herself. "Bridget, please don't dig the garden," wrote Pat. "That's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored and in a short time soldiers came and dug up the garden from end to end.

Bridget, worried over the incident, wrote to Pat, asking what she should do. Pat's reply was short and to the point: "Put in the spuds."

* * *

I cheer I wish a wasleader,
instands the all of front.
I cheer I wish a wasleader,
to hands my wave and grunt.

But cheerleader be I never will,
for neasons rot unknown.
I illable get the wrong sylalways
upmixed in my T-zone.

—Banter

HOT OFF THE GIRDLE

or

Want To Play Tex?

If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up.

* * *

Two lunatics were playing a little game. "What have I got here?" asked one with his hands cupped.

"Three navy patrol bombers," said the other.

The first one looked carefully into his hands. "Nope."

"The Empire State Building?"

"Nope."

"The Philadelphia Symphony orchestra?"

The first one looked into his hands again and said slyly, "Who's conducting?"

* * *

Thirty days hath September
April, June and no wonder
All the rest eat peanut butter
Except grandmother
She drives the Buick.

American History Prof.: Now who made all the dams?

Class: Roosevelt.

A.H.P.: And who made all the parks and reservations?

Class: Roosevelt.

A.H.P.: And who made the forests, streams and trees?

Class: God.

A.H.P.: Damn Republicans.

* * *

Two little girls were leaving Sunday school. One turned to the other and asked, "How far did you get today?"

"I'm studying original sin," the second replied.

"Humph," said the first, "I'm past redemption."

* * *

They laughed when I stood up to sing—how did I know I was under the table?

Wednesday Eve. 9:30-12:30

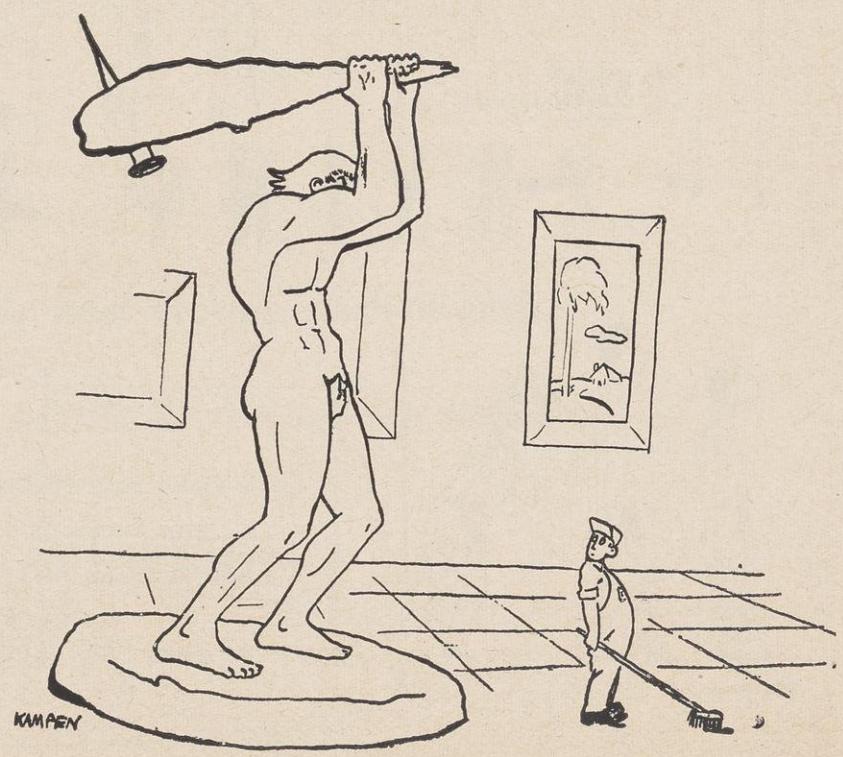
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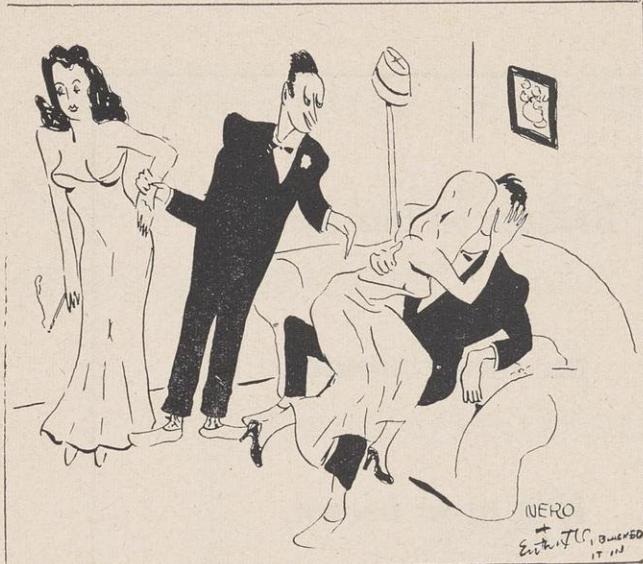
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and a
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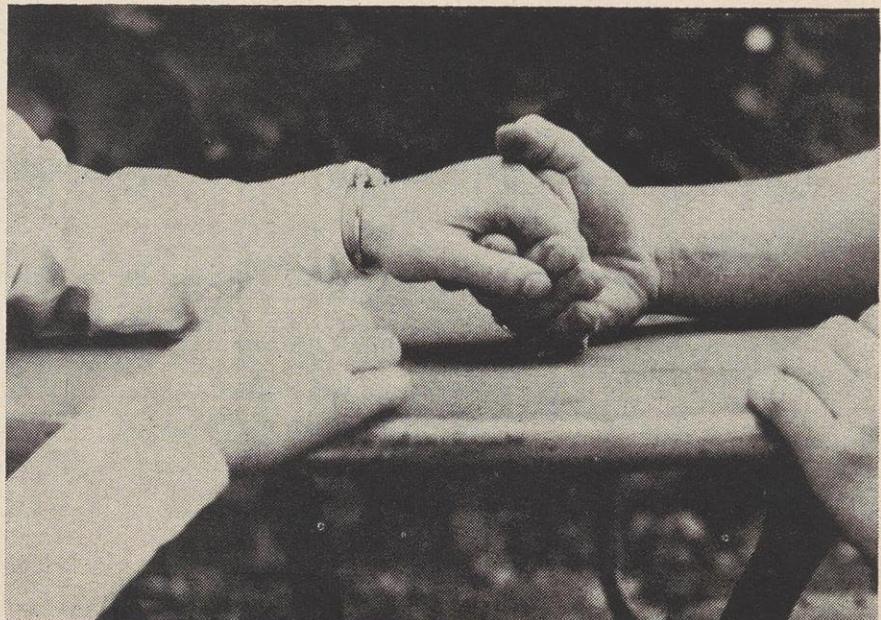
brush your teeth,

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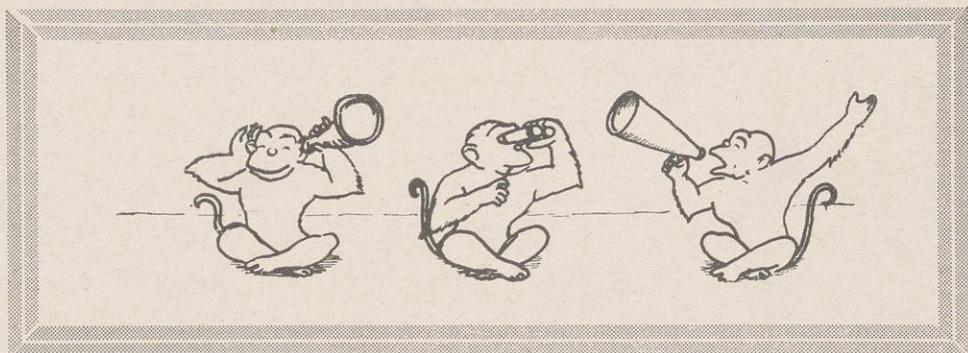
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NO. 1 Freshman



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CHANGES BROUGHT ABOUT BY CENSORSHIP



"This is a completely self-supporting fraternity."



5.

"This is the fourth time you've gone back for cake. Aren't you embarrassed?"

"Nope. I keep telling them I'm getting it for you."

* * *

"Mother, come here quickly!"
 "What's the matter, dear?"
 "Billy just ate all the raisins off that sticky brown paper!"

* * *

First Young Matron: "I was married in blue to show my faithfulness."

Second Young Matron: "I was married in white to show my purity."

Third Young Matron: "I wore a business suit, and what's it to yah?"

"What color dress are you wearing to the dance?"

"Brown, I guess. We're supposed to wear something to match our date's hair."

"I don't think I'll go."

* * *

Gals that sleep in black lace panties
 Seldom live in Third class shanties.

* * *

He only drinks to calm himself.
 His steadiness to improve.
 Last night he got so steady,
 He couldn't even move.

* * *

Betty's back from Hollywood,
 Escaping all its perils;
 Her reputation still is good—
 No hits, no runs, no Errols.

Panting and perspiring, two Irishmen on a tandem bicycle at last got to the top of a steep hill.

"That was a stiff climb, Pat," said the first.

"Sure, and it was that," said Pat.

"And if I hadn't kept the brake on, we would have gone backward."

* * *

The train came to a grinding stop and all the passengers were jolted severely.

One nervous old lady approached the conductor and demanded to know what happened.

"Nothing much, madam, nothing much. We just ran over a cow."

"Was it on the tracks?"

"No madam," the conductor sighed. "We chased her into the barn."

WHITE SPACE

"First name?" asked an interviewer.

"Harry," was the reply.

"Hmmm. Last name?"

"Truman."

"Say," said the interviewer, "that's a pretty famous name!"

"It oughta be," piped the new cadet, "I was waterboy at Yoakum High for three straight years!"

After a tough fight, the bomber was approaching its base. Just as the pilot over the intercom, was giving the crew landing instructions, the engineer, in an agitated tone, cut in:

"Sir, we're very low on fuel. And I've just discovered our landing gear has been shot away. What'll we do?"

The pilot thought a moment, then shouted back "All right you guys. We're almost out of gas and we've lost our landing gear. So you'd better stick your feet out of the bomb bay and start running like hell."



"All right, let's have another about face!"

You look as though you were poured into your dress.

Oh, thanks.

But you shouldn't have run over.

* * *

Some one has observed that it takes a student twenty minutes longer to say what he thinks than to tell what he knows.

* * *

"Honey, I love yo' bathin' suit."

"Sho' nuff?"

"It sho' does."

* * *

A sailor discovered, when he arrived home on leave, that his wife was expecting a baby at any moment. Immediately he dispatched a microgram to his commanding officer requesting an extension and explaining his reason.

His reply came quickly and consisted of the following message: "U.S.A.S.N. recognizes necessity of your presence at laying keel. Considers your presence at launching superfluous."

* * *

Because of his refusal to eat, the frantic mother had taken her little son to the great psychiatrist, who coaxed the boy with every conceivable goody in vain. Finally he said, "What would you like to eat?"

"Worms," was the calm reply.

Not to be outdone, the medico sent his nurse out for a plate full of the wrigglers. "Here," he barked to the boy.

"I want them fried," came the answer.

The nurse did so and returned with the plate.

"I only want one," said the food hater.

The doctor got rid of all but one. "Now," he exploded, "eat!"

The boy protested, "You eat half."

The doctor gagged the fried worm down, then he dangled the remaining half in the little fellow's face. The boy burst into loud tears.

"What's the matter now?" yelled the infuriated medic.

"You ate my half," the little boy wailed.

* * *

"Hey! Where did you get that black eye?"

"I got it for kissing the bride!"

"For kissing the bride? But everyone kisses the bride."

"I know, but this was two years after the ceremony."

Swill

Goldilunks

AND THE

Three Beers

By Edgar Allen-A-Dale Newton

The waiter at the Purple Sow set it in front of me. I listened to the band. The waiter scowled. I paid him and he left. I raised the decanter to my lips and partook of the beverage. "So this is beer," I remarked. "How terrible." Yet all the other young people around me were guzzling the stuff with gusto and seemingly enjoying it. I took another swallow.

"Sort of like aromatic turpentine," I remarked inwardly. But I am a person who never accepts a fact without due experimentation. I thought that if all these other people were enjoying beer so much there must be something to it after all. I drained my glass with a grimace and ordered another. The second and third went down somewhat easier and as I started on my fourth, I noticed some friends from my home town. They were acting like I had never seen them act before. John had his hat on backwards and a feather between his teeth.

"I'm a bird," he shouted. Then he spilled beer down the front of his toga. "Better make that fish," he giggled and the girls around him laughed politely.

I drained my fourth glass and wondered what had come over John because he had always been such a quiet person before he had come to the University. I sat and watched his disgraceful antics while he drank my seventh and eighth beer. Then he reached for my lamp shade and took off the lid. It was very funny the way his next few beers slid down my throat. I could hardly feel it. Then I moved over and sat down with the crowd. They moved away from me but I was crafty and grabbed the table as it swam by. Come to think of it, John did look like a fish. But not so much as I. "Let's get a pitcher." The bartender chased the pitcher over to our table and caught it just in time to set it down. I was beginning to think that beer was not so all at bad. But this seemed silly at least at the time being. My glass filled it self. I drank it and spit out the beer. It tasted flat but not so much as the ceiling. I laughed at my joke but no one else did. They were too busy thinking of the



NO. 2 *Sophomore*

way it all tied in. Then I ate the table without salt. Everyone laughed at this and so I did too even if my mother had often told me not to when my mouth was full. The pitcher had left and this was not right which all added up to about three and two with two away. I brought it back full. Then I filled the table and drank the girl across from me before the six glasses collided in a proposit. The train chugaluged down the aisle between three fingers of soda and an open door. To the tune of a reel, I drank my necktie and waited for the glass to untie itself but it didn't so I drank it again. For four score and several beers this elegance forthwith. Forsooth for whom is sard to hay. A spoony risum. Rizum rizum rhizome rank, with a boom-a-lay. For he's a jolly good chug-a-lug. Whose a lug? Chug's a lug. Whose Chug? Oh a nellow I fow. Neer's all right for a start but I don't scare easy. Scareesy scaroser Scaramouche. I have not lot a gong doze. The glass says diffident for my nose it wet in beer. A winge of good hill is beer. Poetical I do dates fedy. I slurped the room just in time for it to leave at the twelve oh clok croaking of doom. It's dark in here and real lonesome but the numbness is gratifying to one in shy mape. Like on a neck. Of course it is impolite to make fun of a giraffe in this manner of abandonless wreckage. Which is you and me comdined. The Purple Sow, eh? Oh, K.

K O L L E G E

I turned the record player up a notch and lay back, enthralled by the wailing magic of the saxaphone. Mabel sat at my side looking deep into my eyes. At length she spoke. "For crying out loud," she said. "That sounds like a sick cat we had out on our back porch one time, til pa fed it a hunk of poisoned liver. She really shut up then. Deader'n a mackerel. And stiff? Lordy, was that cat stiff. Pa was always handy at that sort of thing. Why in hell don't you shut it off?"

I gave Mabel a withering glance that told her just how little she knew about life and the finer things therein. "Don't you know what a wonderful thing music is?" I asked her. "Haven't you ever heard that music hath charm to sooth the savage beast?"

"Breast," corrected Mabel.

"In this case 'beast.' Let me tell you about a very dear friend of mine. At the age of four he started beating on a washbasin. His mother tried to discourage him until she realized that he was playing distinct melodies. She quit taking in washing and put the lad on the stage to make a living with his peculiar talent. He was an immediate success and his fame mounted steadily from that first day when he rendered a Cantonese wharf song on his washtub. At the age of twelve, he gave a concert in Carnegie Hall, and by the time he was eighteen he was traveling abroad to entertain foreign dignitaries. People everywhere were clamoring for him. All over the world cries of 'Hasten Jason, bring the basin' were thrown up. For that was his name.

Well, one time Jason was entertaining a maharaja in the heart of India, and managed to remove the rubies from his ears and navel long enough to go on a hunting expedition as the maharaja's guest. The maharaja, Jason, and four gun bearers tramped all day through the nearly impenetrable jungle with no luck. Finally, as the sun was beginning to set, the troupe decided to turn back toward home. They had no more than headed back

"P. T. Barnum?"

Persephone cried

"She Is Not!"

But Little Did Said Persephone Know . . .

By Bye

when a gigantic tiger leaped from the underbrush and fell upon one of the gun bearers. The maharaja and Jason both emptied their guns at the tiger, but missed completely in the semi-darkness. The situation seemed hopeless. Then Jason had an inspiration. He whipped his little jiffy washbasin from his tunic and began to play "Onward Christian Soldiers" softly. For a moment the tiger eyed him suspiciously, and then . . .

"And then slunk away into the for-

est?" asked Mabel who had become thoroughly enthralled by this time.

"As a matter of fact," I answered, "no. It seems the tiger was a Moslem and detested the song. He devoured the entire company. But I see you miss my point. The thing to remember in this case is that it doesn't always happen that way."

"I don't get it," said Mabel.

"That's all right," I soothed. "I'll bet none of the readers will get it either."



" . . . and Mom, please send my rubber sheet."

K L U B 714 State

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*dream
girl*



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CRACKELO

*Freely adapted from
the best-selling
sexsational thriller
"I, The Judgery"
by Murky Supline*



I'd get the killer. I-Me, Mike Mallet. But first how about a slug of Paul Gerkin's Home-made Bourbon. Gerkin's Bourbon may not be the largest sell, but remember, it's the Bourbon that I-Me, Mike Mallet, drinks. It's good cheap crud and speaking of crud, I'd get the one that did this vile deed. Be he a bum or be she a broad or be it neither, I-Me, Mike Mallet, would get him, her, or it.

The movie begins in a flurry of mechanical arms, upturned coat collars, grisley death wounds, and assorted shots of one teed-off detective, Mike Mallet. Mike is terrific, except that he makes one error. He talks. The producers, when making the movie, were faced with quite a problem.

It seems that Supine, the author, had been sitting in a bar one night getting drunk when a girl came in and sat at the end of the bar. Murky went into instant action. He bought her four rounds of rum and tonic, two gin-in-the-buckets, a manassa mauler, a giraffe, six Borneo Bolo's, and a coke with four aspirins in it. Then he went over and accosted her. It was his wife. He was so infuriated at this that he took a swing at a man entering the place. The blow never landed. The stranger broke Supine's arm in eight places, fractured his skull, broke six ribs, and kicked all of his teeth out.

Supine was working at the time as a glass-blower, the only profession he had ever known. Without his teeth he could never do a proper job again. It destroyed his compression. So while he was in the hospital he got a typewriter and started pecking away at it with his good hand. Every day he threw piles of used paper into the wastebasket.

The nurse, who had a crush on Supine, kept all of these papers for sentimental reasons. Later she arranged them chronologically and had them published. This was the book, "I, the Judgery." It made a fortune for Supine and when Hollywood propositioned him about the movie, he insisted that the nurse's brother play the part of Mike Mallet to show his gratitude. Hollywood producers screamed that the nurse's brother didn't have a proper voice for the part, so Supine offered to dub his own voice in. As it turned out, his voice was the worst of the two, but no-one noticed it until the premier and then it was too late.



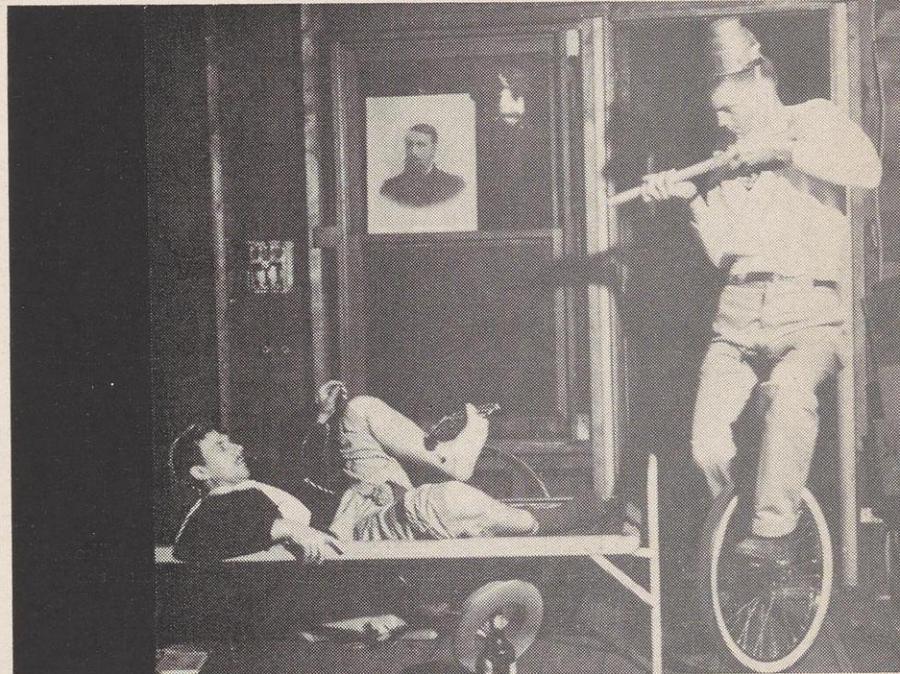
I had to do it artistic like. That's just the way I am. That self-portrait over my head proves I'm artistic. Me and the bottle were going to do it real artistic-like. After I altered he, she, or its face, no-one, not even he, she, or its mother would recognize said he, she, or it.



I got my first lead from my psychiatrist. As I lay there staring into her four beautiful eyes, it all came to me like out of no where. Sure it all pieced together. It was a perfect fit. I had to find out where she has her swim suits made.



The babe with the strawberry birth-mark wouldn't talk. Too bad, and so young. Nobody crosses Mike Mallet. I made her look like her twin by blowing the birth-mark off. I left.

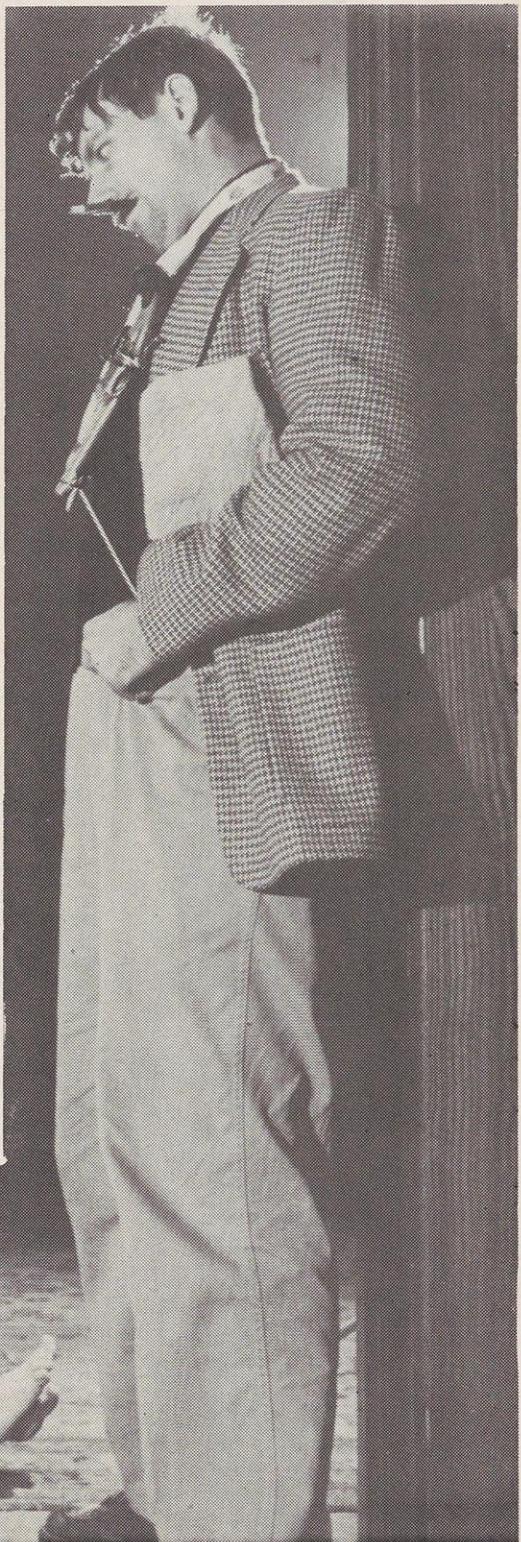


The killer sent an ape to work me over but they forgot to reckon with Mike Mallet's educated toes. I triggered the gun with the big one and that was the end of Pailface McUnicycle.

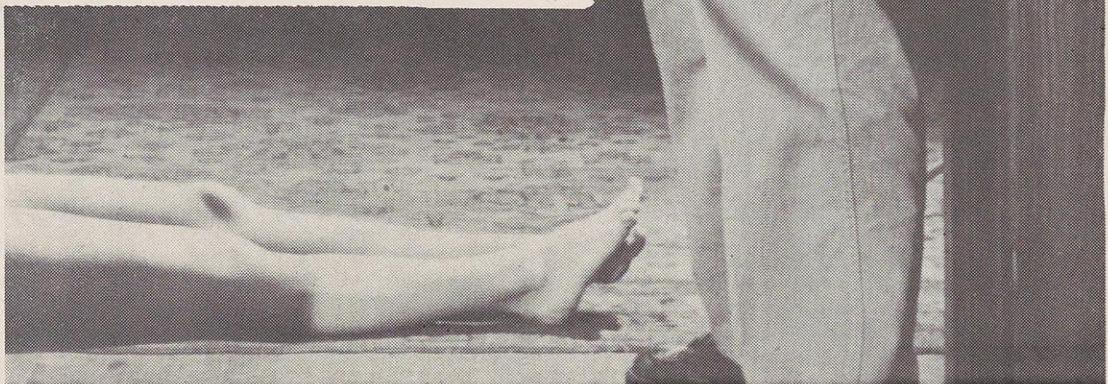


I was getting tight so I relaxed by throwing down a bottle of Gerkin's Home-made Bourbon, shot by shot and playing Russian Roulette, shot by shot, all in 3-D. Then it came to me—the killer could be none other than . . .

Photos by *Bob Foiles*
and *Andy Gregg*



. . . my psychiatrist. She thought she could fool I-Me, Mike Mallet, but I soon showed her. It didn't take much to pull the trigger. In fact, it was easy.



HER PHOSPHORESCENT EYE GLITTERED IN THE MOONLIGHT

IT WAS THEN CYRL KNEW

STRANGE
PASSION

By Ben Weiss

It was black on the ridge, pitch black. Even the street lamps shone blackly. The little red flash came, seemingly, from nowhere. Automatically I ducked and squeezed. This time it caught. I wiped the pitch off the end of my reefer and puffed at the little flame.

I was in the middle of the bridge when I heard the scream. It was a woman's scream. I could tell because I'd had a correspondence course in scream-differentiation. Just then a long, yellow convertible with the top down rushed past. I tried to make out the number but the plates were covered with pitch.

Losing no time I tore off my pants and boots and dove over the side of the bridge. Too late, I remembered it was a railroad yard bridge. Luckily my fall was cushioned by the third rail. I straightened it out and groped about for a body. There was no body. There was nothing but tracks, ties and an old hobo selling French post cards.

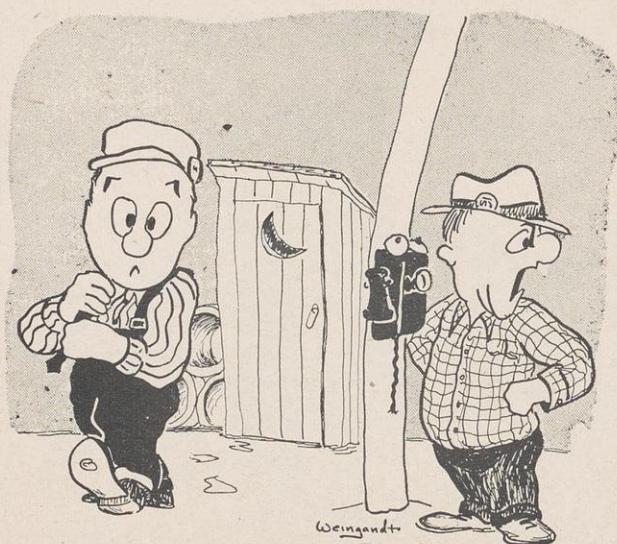
I shinnied up a post, slipped into my pants, shoved the post cards into my pocket and slammed into my boots. I screamed. My big toe had set off my lighter. I stomped across the bridge and up to my office, passing the scream off as just an extra-high pitch.

My office lights were on and through the door I could hear the clicking that told me my secretary, Verna, was hard at work. I paused outside the door a minute and thought of Verna. What a doll! One hundred eighty five pounds of beautiful body and not a muscle on her five foot frame. And a worker! Day and night she was there clicking away, clicking away. If only she'd learn to knit quietly.

I opened the door and she screamed and splattered against the far wall. She had just bent over with her back to the door knob.

"Hullo gorgeous," I cooed, tossing my ten-gallon bowler towards my desk.

"Well Mickey Slammer!" she purred, "How are you, you illegal spaniel?" She really had a case on me, Verna did. She always said the nicest things.



"Who the hell's got the phone book?"

"Any new cases?" I asked, walking to my desk and brushing the cob webs from the wrong places on my Monroe calendar.

"Yeah, hey," she grinned, "Dere's a case of scotch over dere in da corner and a case of D.T.s over dere by da radator." Cultured, that gal is. Cultured. Her voice has the most dulcet nasal twang you can imagine.

I opened my case of scotch and helped myself to a bottle. The case of D.T.s lurched over and helped himself to one, too. We clinked, gulped and shuddered at one another.

"I'm Smedly of the FBI," the D.T.s said, munching off the top of his now empty bottle, "I've come to engage you on an important case."

"You're a very engaging fellow," I replied, rapping the bottom of my bottle on the edge of the desk and holding up the jagged remains, "But if it's the rest of this case, you can please go away."

"Stingy," he whimpered. "It's not that at all. I've come to ask your help on the case of the disappearing gas trucks. The government has lost twenty gas trucks and can get no lead on their disappearance."

"Have you tried the gas stations?" I asked, licking at the jagged edges of my bottle.

"Not that kind," he explained, "These trucks hold helium for balloons and such."

"Have you checked in Washington?" I sneered.

"No good," he replied, "Those boys only use the heavy type."

"O.K. I'll give it a snoop."

He thanked me and looked longingly at the case of scotch. I slashed him with my bottle and he smiled and licked viciously at the smoky, amber blood that ran from his wounds. Verna dropped a stitch and belched gleefully as he lurched through the door.

The phone rang. Verna picked it up and snarled into the receiver. Then she unravelled the snarl and handed it to me.

"It's for you, you unlawful dachshund," she shouted.

I handed her back the snarl and picked up the phone.

"Hell," I said, "This is Mickey Slammer, the only detective in the world that's worth a dam." I had bought a small dam on an Arizona river just the year before so I could say that.

"Hi Mickey," a male voice squeaked, "I wonder if you'd mind looking around for my girlfriend. We were out cruising in my convertible and she just plain disappeared."

Continued on page next

Continued from Page ?

"Was it on the bridge?"

"Yeah. And just after she vanished, some dope took a header over the side of it."

"Go to blazes," I shouted and slammed down the receiver, crushing three fingers in the process. Blazes ran the lost and found department in the police station.

I needed room to think in. I picked up my homburg, chucked Verna under a couple of chins and lurched out into the pitch again, lighting a reefer I had snatched from under Verna's third chin.

I bumped my way into the bar, next door, and ordered a rye milk shake. The barkeep handed me the drink with a gumball for a chaser. I gulped down the shake, shook and popped the gumball into my mouth.

I chewed over the facts in the case. They got tangled up with the gum. Everything was a mess. Why would anyone but a balloon man want helium gas?

The swinging door slid open and a six-foot redhead slithered in. She was a real doll. She squirmed onto the seat next to me and ordered a tomato cocktail. The barkeep squashed a tomato into a glass, sloshed it with absinthe and squirted the whole mess with fizz water.

"Nuts," she belched, "This ain't nuthin like the drinks you get at Big Jim's place. His drinks has got real fizz in them."

I pulled a reefer out of my pack and lit it. She grabbed it out of my mouth and took a puff. I could see this was going to be a long friendship, so I nudged my seat closer to hers. She slammed me in the chops with her handbag and jolted out of the door.

I picked my chops up off the floor and left, myself. I started back towards my office and bumped smack into a little blonde. I bounced back five feet and blinked. She had the bouncingest bumpers I had ever seen.

"Oh hello Mickey," she smiled, "I've been looking for you. I want you to find my boyfriend. We were out driving in his convertible. I turned away from him to sort of fix myself up a little and all of a sudden he and the car disappeared. The next thing I knew, I was sitting on the curb in front of your office."

"Your boyfriend phoned me and I told him to go to blazes. He's probably over there now. Who is he anyway?"

"Oh he's Jim Hashi, the guy what owns that big night club outside of town."

She started towards Blazes and I headed for my office. Something was missing yet but I was beginning to get an idea. The lights were off in my office. Verna must have gone out for her nightly five-pound steak.

I opened the office door and flipped on the lights. The room was a mess. Verna was sprawled all over the floor. The case of D.T.s was sprawled all over the case of scotch, or what had been scotch. I shook Verna. She opened one eye and shuddered.

"Wha hoppen?" I inquired, inquisitively.

"Aw, nuthin," she whispered, fondly, "Me'n him just pitched a ball."

I trod across her body and peered under my desk. At least they hadn't gotten into my beer supply. I shook the case of D.T.s and he belched.

"Sorry old boy," he mumbled, "Gas on my stomach you know."

I looked at my memo pad. It was crowded with names and numbers. I started dialing the numbers and the names answered. They were all disappearance cases. The only thing they had in common was having been to Big Jim Hashi's place during the evening. I told them all to

Continued again on Page 32

LULU



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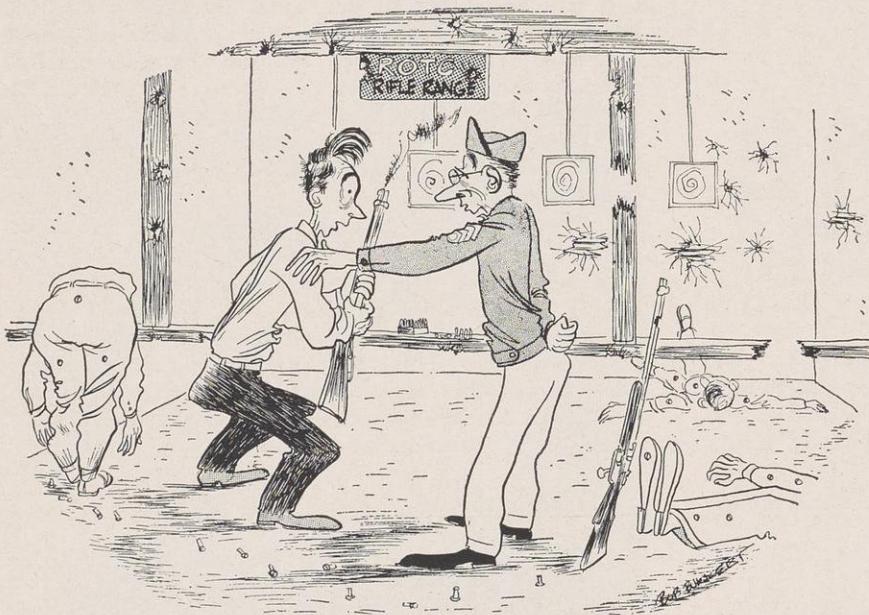
"It's amazing what Zduzee cooks up in Zoology Lab."

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-WIS. OCTOPUS-

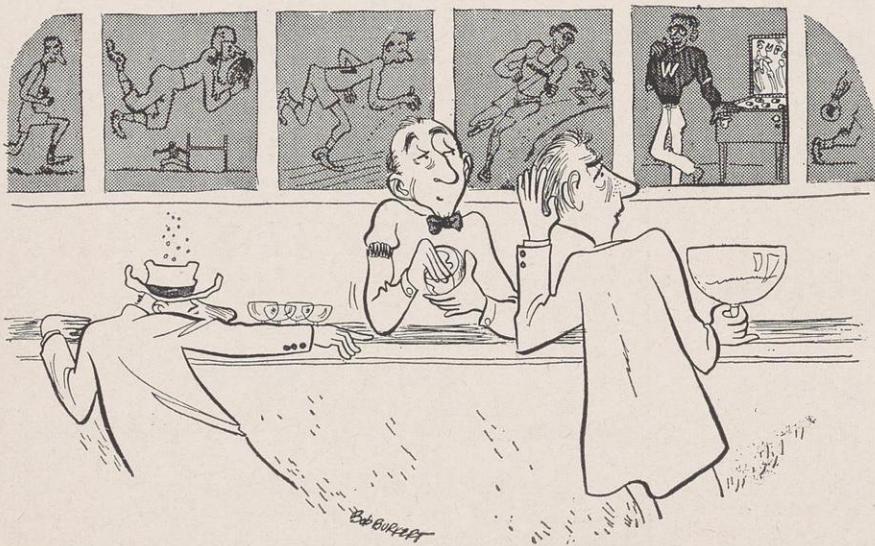


"That's all right, Clyde, we don't expect bulls-eyes right off."

EH?



"And here is our Statue of Liberty model."



Whole bunch FAIRY Tales

Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame shook as I looked into her blue eyes. Her body trembled as our lips met, and I could feel my chest heaving, my chin vibrating and my body shuddering as I held her to me.

Moral—Never kiss your girl in a second hand model T with the motor running.

* * *

A local tavern keeper, who had a reputation for keeping strong brews, was awakened the other night by some heavy pounding on his front door. Putting his head out of the window, he shouted, "Go away. You can't have anything to drink at this hour."

"Who wants anything to drink," came the answer. "I left here at closing time without my crutches."

* * *

Honest Henry Brown was returning answers based upon family history as the medical examiner went through the long list of questions furnished by the insurance company.

He gave his mother's death at forty-three because of tuberculosis. At what age did his father die? A little past thirty-nine. And of what? Of cancer.

"Bad family record," said the doc. "No use going further," and tore up the entry blank.

Impressed by the lesson that one shouldn't make the same mistake twice, Henry Brown applied for a \$10,000 policy in another company?

"What was your father's age at death?" he was asked.

"He was ninety-six," asserted Henry.

"And of what did he die?"

"Father was thrown from a pony at a polo game."

"How old was your mother at death?"

"She was ninety-four."

"Cause of death?"

"Childbirth."

* * *

Wife—"Our new nurse is very scientific. She won't let anyone kiss the baby when she's around."

Husband—"Who'd want to?"

* * *

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

"We're petting, Mother."

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

* * *

Kappa—"Don't kiss me again, you bad boy."

SAE—"I won't. I'm trying to find out who has the gin at this party."

A pair of newlyweds got into a hotel elevator. The good-looking operator fluttered her eyes at the groom and said, "Hello, darling." All the way up there was a deadly silence, but, after the two were in their room, the bride exploded, "Who was that hussy?"

"Listen, don't you start anything," groaned the groom. "I'll have enough trouble explaining you to her tomorrow morning."

* * *

A persevering couple finally produced a boy after having eight straight girls in a row. When the happy sire heard this, he went on a week-long celebration that broke several records. On the seventh day, somebody asked him, "Who does it look like, you or your wife?"

"I don't know," the proud parent chortled happily. "We haven't looked at his face yet."



Chosen by Octy Staff — Photo by DeLonge

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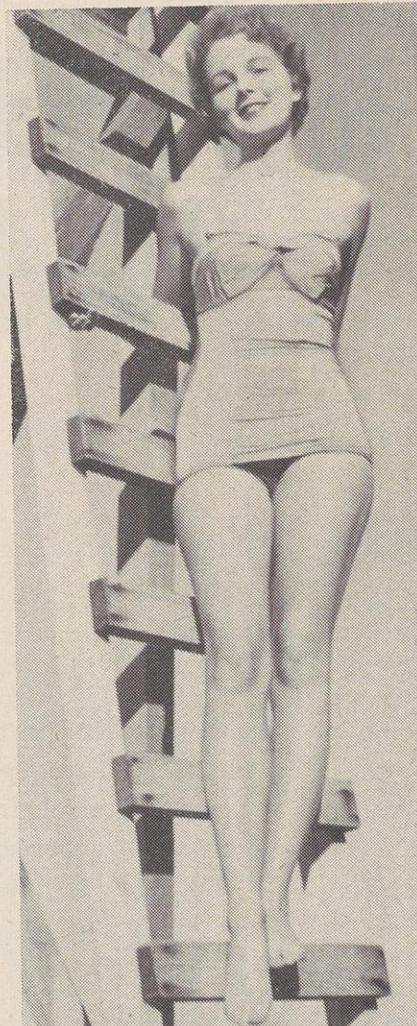
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is

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who hails from Senior in Education,

lives at 5'7", 125 lbs.,

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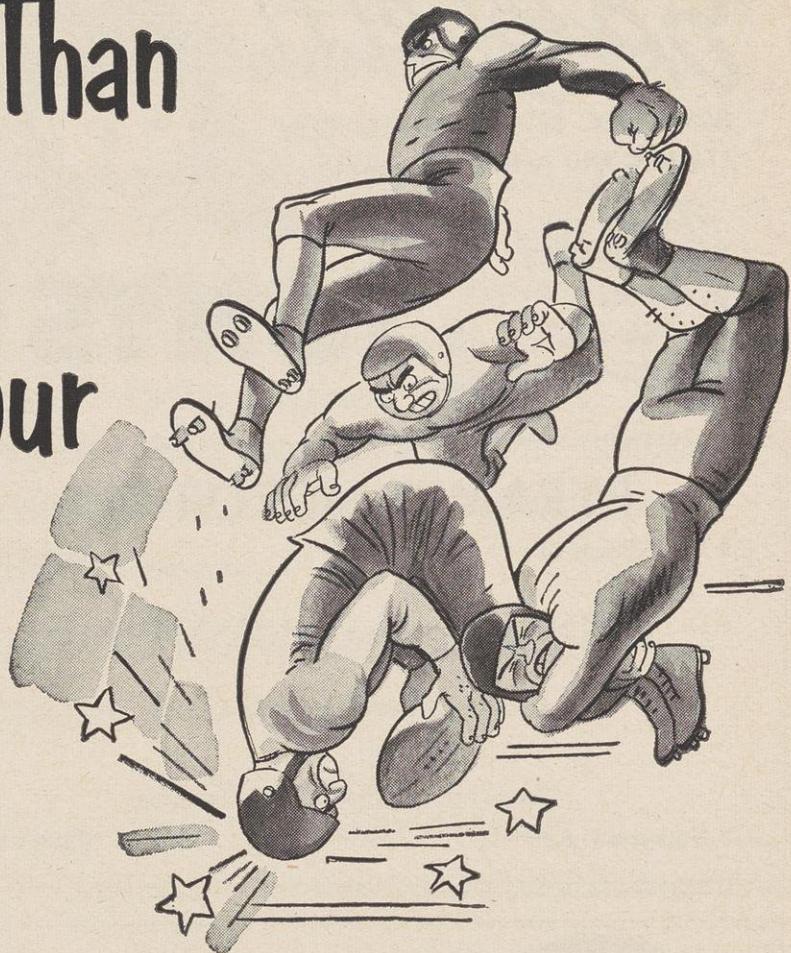
and enjoys an occasional 21 years old.

NOVEMBER 1953						
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8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	-	-	-	-	-
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Cut out and use as a

BOOK MARK

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



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

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

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

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

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Bathroom Boo-boos

It's hard to figure out why a girl thinks a man is rude and vulgar when he stares at what she's trying so hard to display.

* * *

Girl: "Now I know why we women are called birds."

Fellow: "Because you're always chattering?"

Girl: "No, because of the worms we pick up."

* * *

Johnny (six years old): "Daddy, the little girl across the street and I are going to get married."

Daddy: "That's quite a step to take, son. What are you going to use for money?"

Johnny: "Her daddy built her a play house. We're going to live in that."

Daddy: "Well, that's taking care of the housing problem. But what about children? Have you thought about that?"

Johnny: "Yes, her and I have talked it over. If she lays any eggs we're going to step on 'em."

* * *

We point with pride to the purity of the white space between our jokes.

Visitor: Why does your Grandma just sit there and read the Bible all day?

Little Jim: She's crammin' for the finals.

* * *

"It was deep in the woods back yonder," began old Humphrey, the grizzled guide. "I was plodding along minding my own business when suddenly a huge cinnamon bear sneaked up behind me. He pinned my arms to my sides and started to squeeze the breath out of me. My gun fell out of my hands. First think you know, the bear had stooped down, picked up the gun, and was pressing it against my back."

"What did you do?" gasped the tenderfoot.

Old Humphrey sighed. "What could I do? I married his daughter."

* * *

Coed: "Daddy, the girl who sits next to me in class has a dress just like mine."

Dad: "So you want a new dress?"

Coed: "Well, it would be cheaper than changing colleges."

A doctor was diagnosing the complaint of a pretty young girl at the health service.

"You've got acute appendicitis," he said at last.

The girl sat up indignantly. "Say, don't get fresh," she said, "I want to be examined, not admired."

* * *

O woman's birthday came while her miserly husband was out of town on a business trip. However, she received a letter from him and inside the letter was a check. She was elated —until she read the check. It was for a million kisses! The following day she wrote an answer:

"Dear Norman,

"Thanks for the birthday check for a million kisses. The milk man cashed it for me this morning!"

This space once contained a joke

NO. 4 Senior



"Eureka, dammit, Eureka!"

Photo series by Ron Cohen

**EDITORIAL STOLEN
FROM THE
DAILY CARDINAL**

The surest way to tell a male sardine from a female sardine is to watch and see which can they come out of.

* * *

Toulouse: "I grew up in the poor section of town."

Lautrec: "The wrong side of the tracks?"

Toulouse: "Well, no. My town was so poor we couldn't afford train tracks."

Lautrec: "That must have been hard on you."

Toulouse: "If you think it was hard on me, you should have seen what it did to those trains."

* * *

"Oh, doctor," cried a wild-eyed man, "I'm dreadfully afflicted. The ghosts of my departed relatives come and perch on top of the fence posts all around my garden when dusk is falling. I can look out any evening and see a couple of dozen spooks sitting on the fence waiting, waiting, waiting. What shall I do?"

"Sharpen the tops of the posts."

* * *

A philosopher is a man who can look into an empty glass and smile.

* * *

A tomahawk is what if you go to sleep suddenly and wake without hair there is an Indian with.

* * *

A Mississippi river steamboat was stopping in the mouth of a tributary stream owing to a dense fog. An inquisitive passenger inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," was the laconic reply.

"But I can see the stars overhead," replied the passenger sharply.

"Yep," came back the captain, "but unless the boilers bust, we ain't goin' that way."

* * *

"Yes, the bullet struck my head, went careening into space, and—"

"How terrible! Did you get it out?"

* * *

"What did you say this morning, professor?"

"Nothing."

"Of course. But how did you express it this time?"

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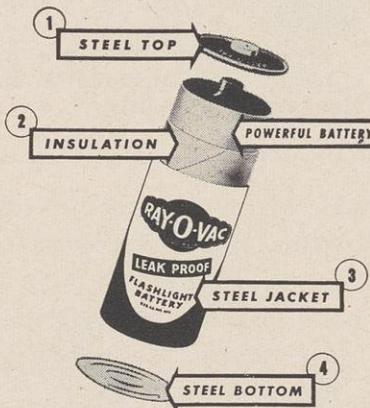
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*... then by heaven,
you'll marry her!*

"Say, Bob, can I borrow your pen?"

"Sure."

"Got a sheet of writing paper?"
"Reckon so."

"Going past the mail box on the way out?"

"Uh-huh."

"Wait a minute till I finish this letter, will you?"

"All right."

"Want to lend me a stamp?"

"O.K."

"Much obliged; say what's your girl's address?"

ADVANCED
PORNOGRAPHY



He who laughs last has found a clean meaning.

* * *

"Now, gentlemen," said the president of the Homely Baby Bottle Co., "we have 50,000 of these feeding bottles in stock and we expect you salesmen to go out and create a demand."

* * *

"Hello, Joan, watcha doin' next Saturday night?"

"Gotta date."

"And the next Saturday night?"

"Gotta date."

"And the Saturday after that?"

"Gotta date."

"Good gawd, woman, don'tcha ever take a bath?"

Daughter: "Mom, what kind of a husband would you advise me to get?"

Mother: "You just get a single man and leave the husbands alone."

* * *

I've got a feeling deep in my diaphragm

That says to me, "What a lucky guy I am!"

Just this morning I got the hot poop;
We've got a girl in our boy scout troop.

* * *

For every man over 85, there are seven women—but it's too late then.

* * *

Little Boy: "What do you repair these shoes with?"

Cobbler: "Hide."

Little Boy: "Why should I hide?"

Cobbler: "Hide! Hide! The cow's outside."

Little Boy: "So what? Who the hell's afraid of an old cow?"

* * *

Grandmother was a diabetic patient, and, although put on a strict diet, she would not play the game, and was "cheating" all the time. After numerous violations, she was sent to the hospital.

* * *

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

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

"John Dodge?" the lady inquired.

"No, Horace Dodge."

Continuing out Jefferson.

"On the right we have the Ford home."

"Henry Ford?"

"No, Edsel Ford."

Still further out Jefferson.

"On the left we have Christ Church."

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

* * *

Customer: "Have you a book called 'Man the Master of Women'?"

Salesgirl: "The fiction department is on the other side, sir."

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**RECOMMENDED BY
TONY STEBBINS
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CRISPY! CRISPY-ER! CRISPY-EST!

RED DOT

**Potato
Chips**

And again we continue it from Page ?

go to Blazes and hung up. Then it struck me. I pulled it off my face and looked at it. Yes, now I knew. Only someone with a filthy mind like mine could figure it out. I pulled out my set of postcards just to make sure. Yes, I was right. I did have a filthy mind.

This was gonna be tough, real tough hey. I grabbed my forty five and stuffed it into my shoulder holster. It was unnoticeable except where the drum made a curve on my chest and the barrel stuck out beneath my sport coat. I squashed my way across Verna and out the door.

I strapped on my roller skates and headed for Big Jim's place. It was a big gin and gamble joint and everything was in full swing when I rolled in. All the games were packed, hopscotch, mumblety peg, marbles and tic-tac-toe. I glided up to the bar, ordered a drink and looked the joint over.

The tall redhead was sitting in the middle of the floor with a tomato cocktail in each hand. She was surrounded with chops so I figured she was still in a nasty mood. Then I noticed the bumpable blonde at a table with a huge, swarthy bruiser and a little, frail guy. It figured. This must be Big Jim and his bodyguard, little John Bobsen.

I crept up to them and kicked their table over. Big Jim shrank back but Little John swung his feeble paw and knocked me clear across the place and into the alley next door. Before I could recover, he was on top of me, blasting away with a fizz bottle.

When I came to, I found they had spiked me to the dance floor and were beating me with a huge logging chain. I watched disinterestedly for a while and then winked at the blonde.

"I see you found your boyfriend," I said, pleasantly.

"Oh yes," she replied, resting her hunk of chain for a minute, "He was at Blazes, waiting for me."

"Are you Mickey Slammer?" Big Jim asked, pausing from carving his initials on my chest.

"Yeah," I snarled and tore myself free from the floor.

Little John started his swing again but this time I was ready. I ducked and he hit the blonde just below the shoulders. There was a loud pop and a hissing sound. The blonde suddenly became much less interesting. I unleashed my forty five and put a short blast into Little

John. Then I turned to Big Jim. He fainted.

The tall redhead came over and poured a cocktail on him so I shot her next. That would teach her to waste tomatoes. Then, just to kill time till Big Jim came to, I plinked off a couple dozen of the cash customers. However, being a kindly soul, I only shot losers.

Just as Big Jim came to, the case of D.T.s wobbled through the door. Behind him, Verna stuck in the doorway and then oozed through. The sight of her made me so glad inside that I shot another dozen customers.

"I say old boy," the D.T.s smirked, "You missed one in the corner, yonder."

I blasted and he smiled with satisfaction.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

"We followed your skate tracks in the pitch," he replied, "Have you found my gas, yet?"

"Yeah, he found it," Big Jim blubbered from the floor, "But I'd like to know how."

"Oh, it was really very simple," I grinned, leaning against Verna, "You see, Big Jim's blonde disappeared, and all the other girls disappeared because of the gas. Big Jim had been swiping the stuff to make charged water for his cocktails. He and his gal had been out in the car and she had become a little deflated. So she used one of Big Jim's gas capsules to refill her personality and just floated away. The other girls had borrowed capsules for the same reason. The redhead on the floor gave me the clue when she said that Big Jim's drinks had more sparkle in them but I didn't figure it all out till you, Smedy of the FBI, belched from over indulgence of my scotch."

Big Jim began to weep and the flat blonde rushed over to console him. Big Jim flung her aside, borrowed my gun and blasted her.

"You," he wailed, "have been false to me."

I took back the gun and blasted him and then the D.T.s for good measure. Verna grabbed a bucket and retrieved my scotch for me. That's what I like about that gal. She always looks out for my interests and there's nothing phoney about her, either.

I lit a reefer, tossed off the bucket of scotch and glanced around the room. The only movement was Little John, sitting, picking the slugs out of his hide. These little guys are the hardest to kill.



a title

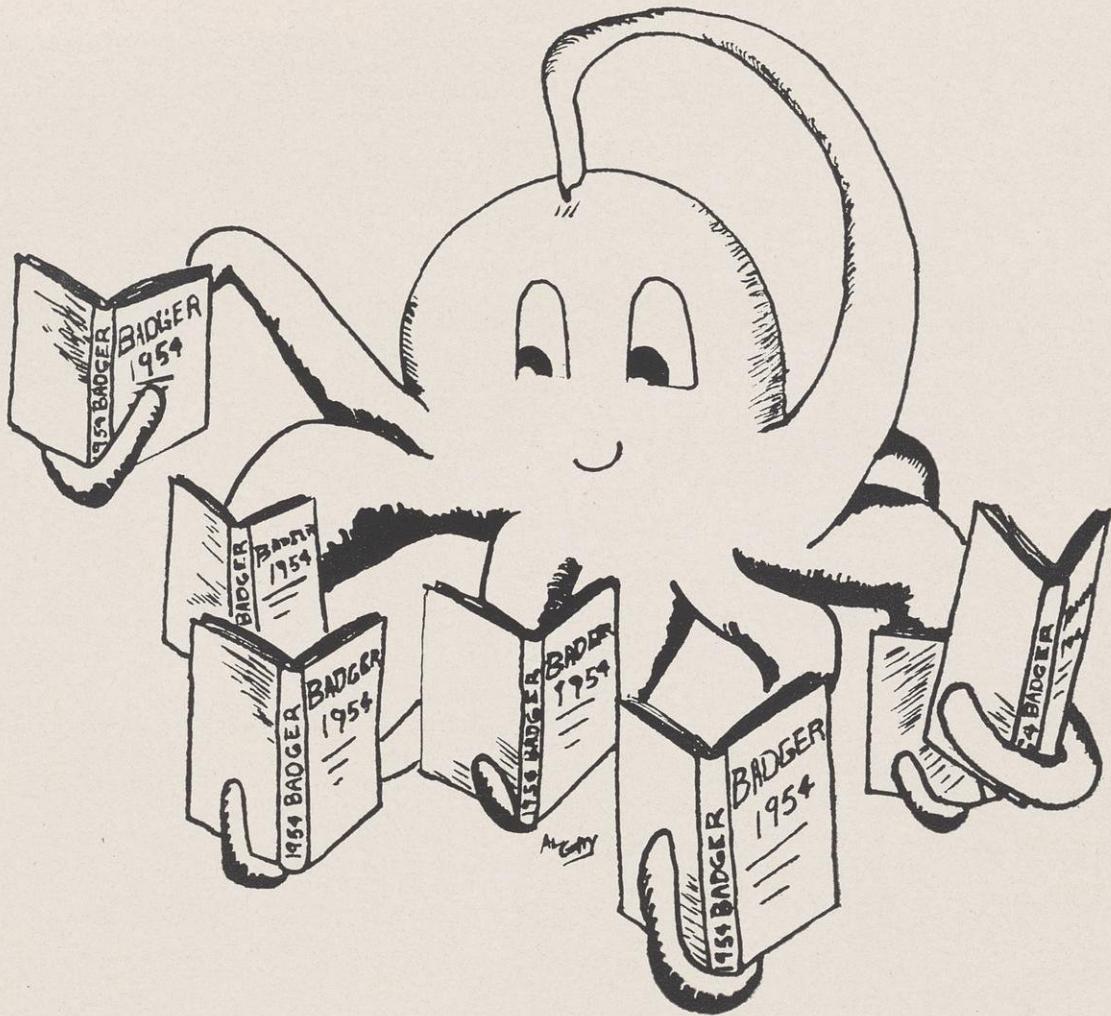
this is heaven, this is heaven
take it from

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this is the straight
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The wages of sin
Are \$2.50 a week.
(slightly higher
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by John Nelson



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