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WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



JACOBSON

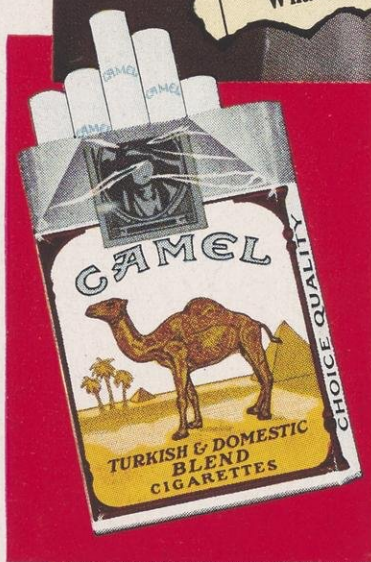
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



1945 NEWS ITEM
Cigarette Shortage
Still Acute

Crowds Queue Up... Millions
Try Different Brands... Smoke
Whatever They Can Get.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Result: *Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.*

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not.

And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Thus the demand for Camels... always great... grew greater still... so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE **CAMELS**
than any other cigarette



When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!

Your "T-Zone"
will tell you...

T for Taste...

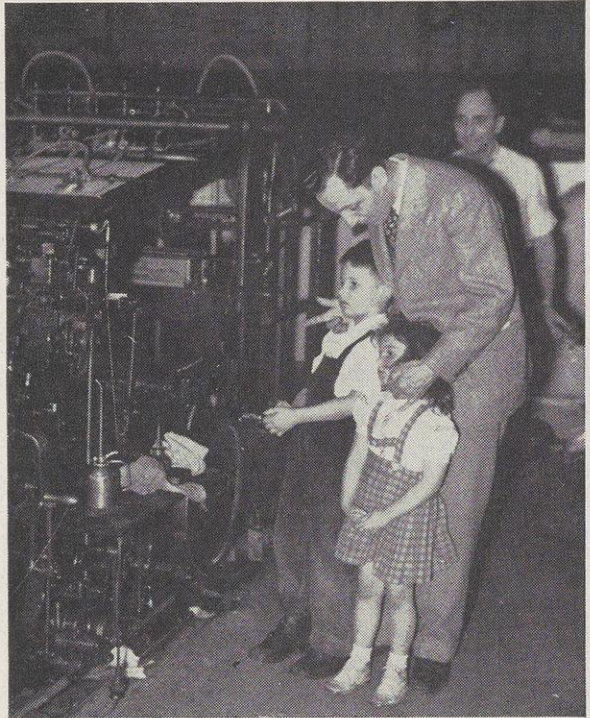
T for Throat...

*that's your proving
ground for any cigarette.
See if Camels don't
suit your "T-Zone"
to a "T."*



Fairy Tales Thru the Ages

*Uncle Ray gives the
issue a sendoff
with a short history*



Uncle Ray and his children watch
Uncle Ray's Magazine in production.

FAIRY tales of one kind or another have been told ever since the dawn of history. The Egyptians and Babylonians told them about their gods and goddesses, but regarded the stories as part of their religion.

The story of Cinderella is supposed to go back to an ancient nature myth in which the part of Cinderella was taken by the goddess of the dawn who was oppressed by the "night clouds" (her cruel relatives) and who was saved, at length, by the sun-god (later the prince). If that is true, the nature myth was dressed up a good deal by Perrault, a Frenchman. Perrault, by the way, wrote about a *pantoufle en vair*, or fur slipper, as being dropped by the young lady during her hasty departure from the ball, but an English translator mistook the "en vair" for "en verre," and told us about a *glass* slipper, so it has been glass ever since in the nurseries of Great Britain and the United States.

The sirens of Homer's poems were fairies of a sort, and so were the ancient nymphs. Yet the fairies which we have come to look upon as of the proper kind have the shape of women, usually beautiful, and behave as do those mentioned in the fairy tales of Grimm and Andersen. Along with fairies in those stories we are apt to find a prince and a princess who, after being kept apart by some wicked being, marry each other and "live happily ever afterward." The repetition of those words has given many a child the notion that perfect and unending bliss is to be expected in marriage, which is rather too hard a requirement for human beings while they are on this side of heaven.

Which fairy stories the editors of "The Octopus" will portray, or refer to, in this issue is something unknown to me as I write these words, but I think that the idea of mixing a bit of humor with the fairy tale world is a good one. People need the lift which humor can give.

—RAMON COFFMAN



A Betty Original

Designed and made right here in our Custom-Made Section . . . modeled for you by Aileen Courteen just to show you how lovely you'll look in it at your next party! Peach rayon satin, size 9, \$59.95. Other Betty Originals, \$49.95 to \$79.95.

(Second Floor)

Harry S. Manchester
INC.
MADISON, WISCONSIN

Campus Chronicle

*Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!*

—ALLINGHAM



ONCE upon a time a bunch of *Octy* editors decided to do a fairy tale issue. So calling on the campus' second best fairy tale writers (the *Cardinal* reporters are the best) they put out a magazine complete with fairies, genies, elves, dragons, witches, and maybe a brownie or two yet. So here is happy reading to you, dear children (you schlemiels!).

* * *

In the Pink

Right after the war ended there was a lot of agitation about inequalities between officers and enlisted men in the service. There were mutterings and grumblings about the "officer caste", one of the worst points of contention was the fact that officers wore different uniforms from the enlisted men, and this finally resulted in an Army decision to garb its officers the same as the men. So how do you explain the fact that Olson's clothing store on State Street says that it sells stacks of officer's "pinks" to veterans, but it can't get rid of one pair of enlisted men's o.d.'s it's had for quite a while?

* * *

Hot Stuff

One of the more esoteric spots on campus (spelled U-n-i-o-n) is the Jazz Record Hour, Wednesday evenings, seven-thirtyish. It consists of a couple of hours of records and people of equal interest and if your feet aren't thumping the floor by the second record, brotah you are an unslick square.

There is jazz and jazz, it develops after a somewhat incandescent session. The people get worked up about it too.

For instance, a Woodrow Wilson Herman fan departs with an injured sniff and some cracks when another intense individual spins a New Orleans "purist" platter.

We pried the mind open and tried to keep it that way, with a fine evening as a prize. Better drop in, they'll sell you on hot.

Chronicle

Typical Co-ed

Place: An advisor's office

Characters: one dewy-eyed young co-ed and her exhausted advisor.

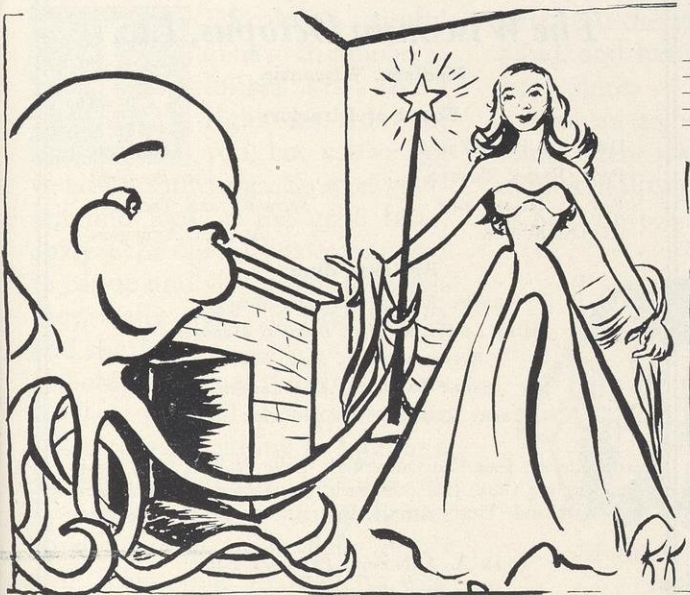
Dialogue:

"Well my major's English, I think, but I ought to have some science to be *really* well rounded, so I'd take Chemistry but I can't *ever* find the building, so I'll take Geography because it's at the bottom of the hill and besides there's an elevator.

Eight hours a week? Geography? Oh . . . then I'll fill up that hour with French . . . only it's at the Horticulture building? Uh uh, not at 7:45. Let's see, what will correlate well?

Look, this time is perfect, and it sounds just luscious. . . Elementary Sanskrit! Put me down for that, professor,—I'll bet I don't have to do *any* work, and it will be so character building.


Oh, *you* teach it? Uh . . . can I see that time table again?



The joke of the month is below. The joker of the month is Timmy McLean, 829 University Avenue, who came through with this one:

Pat and Mike moved to Minneapolis and they were quite surprised at the number of people they met who were named Johnson. It seemed that nearly every other person they met was named Johnson and they couldn't figure it out. Finally, they were walking down the street one day when Pat said to Mike, "Now I know where all the Johnsons come from. See that sign?" The sign read: "THE JOHNSON MANUFACTURING CO."

GIVE THAT MAN A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS!



SILVERWARE

Prestige
For Your Future

- Your choice in sterling is our problem. Come in and let us help you choose from our wide selection of patterns. You will enjoy our personalized service.

Illustrated:
PRELUDE by INTERNATIONAL
\$22.63 a Place Setting

E. W. Parker

JEWELERS
9 W. Main On the Square
Since 1859

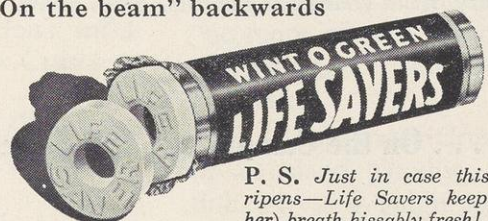
For the More Important Gifts

Are you
Maeb eht no*



You are, if you get tongue-tied when you meet a cute cookie! Or worse yet, if you stoop to "weather talk!" *Get on the beam* right, fellow! Start off from third base! Offer that choice bit of calico a yummy Life Saver. She'll be keen on them (and you).

* "On the beam" backwards



5¢

P. S. Just in case this friendship ripens—Life Savers keep your (and her) breath kissably fresh!

Yost's
ON THE CAMPUS
710 STATE

SPRING SHEERS RATE CHEERS



by
Susan
of California

You will thrill to the softness of this cobweb-fine sheer print with kaleidoscope colors floating on a white background. An unusually beautiful blouse adept at bringing out the beauty of your spring suits and lending the necessary lift to your spring spirits. Sizes 12-18.

Yost's . . . On the Campus . . . 710 State

Chronicle

Our Friends at the Cardinal

Sometimes we do exaggerate a bit about the *Cardinal*, but this item is absolutely on the level—no kidding! It seems that a few weeks ago *Cardinal* editor Dick Leonard got into an argument with one of the little girls who works under him. Words led to words and finally physical violence.

First came hair pulling and then that was followed by the feminine Cardinalite pouring glue into Dick's hair. Naturally he retaliated with some more glue, so then the f. C. introduced the refinement of topping off the glue with cigarette ashes. Dick then did likewise and then went her one better by adding ant eggs (food for the *Cardinal* pet turtles) to the mess her hair was by that time.

We, of *Octy*, are supposed to be the campus comedians, but it isn't likely we'll ever top that performance!

(continued on page 30)

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Madison, Wisconsin

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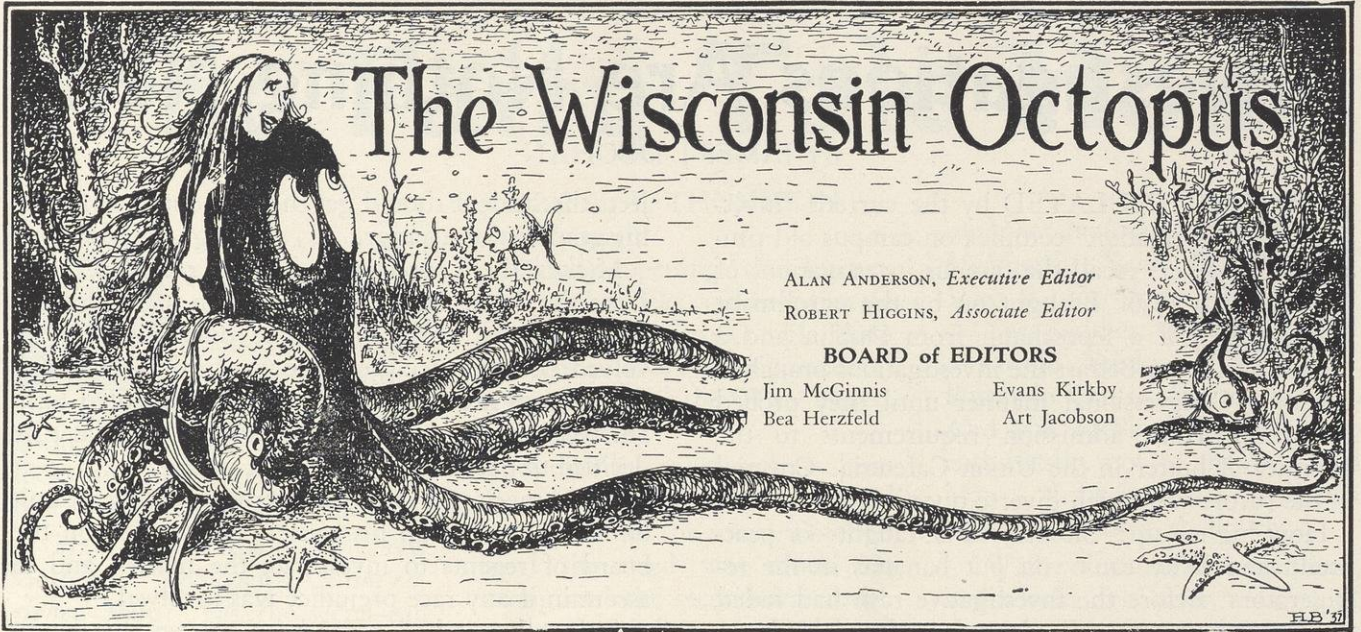
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MARCH, 1947

NUMBER 7



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In The Editor's Brown Study



T'S always painful to have childhood illusions smashed right in front of you, but you've got to face it sometime. So steel yourself and look at the grim facts; analyze the old fairy tales you used to eat up and view them for what they really were. It isn't all tea and skittles.

Goldilocks, that thieving housebreaker, romped through a fairy tale eating everything in sight and topping it off by messing up everyone's bed in a strange house, finally dozing off in Baby Bear's bed. Now that all may be well and good, but if it happened on the Wisconsin campus, I know one bear who'd be doing some fancy explaining.

Snow White lived off seven stunted little characters who slaved away in mines all day, then married the first prince that came along. He should lose his title in a crap game and you can guess who'd catch the first train back to John L. Lewis' pint-size boys.

Cinderella was a sad little snob who shirked good honest toil and went all-out for the glitter and gold. A certain female on Octy's

staff read the story when she was a kid, and hasn't done a stitch of work since.

You can go on but it's too gruesome. Here you stand, knee deep in broken illusions and not a thing to hold on to.



"I think the driver's enchanted."

Unless we want the next generation to grow up to be a bunch of goof-offs like us, we'd better do something quick. We must burn all the old fairy-tale books and start fresh. We, the "lost generation", have got to see to it that children's books of the future help build character and don't influence people to follow Crusoe to Timbuktoo.

To start the ball rolling, here are the synopses of a few uplifting fairy tales:

I. "Cinder-track" Ella outruns a

knight on a white charger, hides in old Grootney's shoe shop. The knight finds her slipper and finally tracks her down. Old Grootney meets him at the door, calls him a masher and gives him a thorough thrashing. The knight's armor is so bent out of shape he can't open his visor, has to drink his beer through a straw. He leaves the neighborhood and never shows up again. Ella hires on as Grootney's apprentice and salts away a sock full; finally marries an ambitious young man and sends him through college.

II. A stranger meets our hero, grants him three wishes. His first wish is for "a sack full of gold". He spends half the night tossing gold bars out of his bed, wakes up all nervous and out of sorts.

On his second wish he wants "a beautiful blonde". She shows up, practically makes a wreck of him and takes off with the gold.

On his third wish he wishes for "no more infernal wishes or meddling strangers." He lives happily ever after.

III. Robin Santa Cruz dreams of an island paradise, leaves his dull job as a gidgit rigger in a

(continued on page 22)

Investigations Are Nothing New

BY JAMES J. DOOHAN



STIMULATED by the current "investigation" complex on campus old timers recall the famous investigations of 1926. Brought on by the enrollment of a leprechaun from Dublin and a fairy queen from Belfast the investigations branched out in a Congressional manner until they probed everything from admission requirements to the quantity of butter in the Union Cafeteria. Covered in the furor were such diverse questions as:

How high is up? Should sex be taught—or practised? and Why can't you put bananas in the refrigerator? Before the investigative rash had faded two instructors were fired, one professor took up opium, a grad assistant cornered a vice-presidency with U. S. Steel, and filled with enthusiasm two *Cardinal* staff members learned to read.

Since Freshmen come in all shapes and sizes the registrar was unperturbed by a chap with pointed ears and knob-like appendages on his head. He merely noticed that the leprechaun was wearing a Kelly green suit with complexion to match. Freshmen with green faces are particularly common on registration day.

Queen Mab, as the fairy from Belfast came to be known, excited even less comment. Along sorority row a few cattish comments were made about her habit of wearing wings and carrying a wand to class. They thought she was trying to be a character.

Had it not been for the six weeks exams, Queen Mab and Mickey the Leprechaun might have dozed their way through four years, moving from lecture hall to hall with temperature changes, and behaving as other undergrads.

Exams were stiff that semester and practically the entire freshman class received billets doux from the dean. Writing in his straight-forward prose style the dean suggested that having failed one or more sub-

jects the student should get the lead out and pull up his grade point average.

Mickey the Leprechaun did not receive a letter from the dean. He mulled it over in his mind. He suspected that there was some discrimination involved, perhaps race prejudice was behind the dean's refusal to write to him. At first he contented himself with writing letters to the *Cardinal*, but later he decided to put his case before the public.

The American Youth For Verbosity, a liberal unit on campus, took up his cause. They called on the board of regents to investigate the matter, and to ascertain if any race prejudice was involved.

Citing that it had never been proven that leprechauns are a race, the regents dismissed the case. The A.Y.V. countered with an assertion that leprechauns were definitely a race and that they could prove it by evolution. At this point Babbitts Inc., a conservative group, entered the fray. Not being too sure of what evolution was they somehow confused it with revolution. They decided to investigate evolution, revolution and the A.Y.V.

After the Tennessee Scopes Monkey trial, the word evolution was a bomb shell on campus. In Dayton, Tennessee the previous year William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow had debated evolution. Darrow had proven that God did not exist: Bryan had proven that God did exist but Darrow did not. Both men have since gone to investigate the matter further. According to the tabloids of the time, Scopes, a high school teacher, was on trial for teaching that man descended from a monkey. The monkeys wisely refrained from comment.

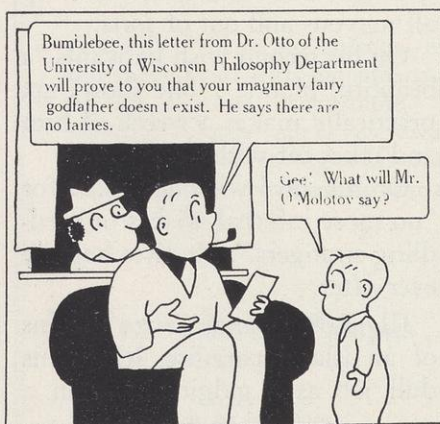
The preliminary investigations were only the fanfare. By a process similar to cell division, inquiries multiplied. A girl from Beaver Dam investigated her ancestors and wrote a midwestern "Forever Am-

(continued on page 35)

BUMBLEBEE

With apologies to Ferro, Morley, and Hatlo

(Copyright 1947, The Newspaper PM, Inc.)



The Fairy Tale Hour

BY A. T. THOMPSON



GOOD afternoon Kiddies, this is Uncle Benny bringing another fifteen minutes of delightful fairy tales for tiny tots. Today I'm going to tell you about 'Goldylocks and the Three Bears', but first, a word from our sponsor."

"Have you tried the New Grandma McSlooch's *Atom-enriched* Soup? Yes, the secret can now be told! Grandma McSlooch has received special permission from UN to use *uranium* in the new *Atom-enriched* Soup. Now each bowl of Grandma McSlooch Soup contains enough atoms to blow your little heads off. Yes, each bowl has literally *piles* of atoms. And remember, Grandma McSlooch Soup still has all the vitamins it used to have, including B₁ and A_{YD}. Also it still cleans your pen as it writes, stops hiccoughs, smoker's hack, and beating hearts. And does it taste good! Well, no—but they're working on that now. So remember the next time your mommy goes to the grocery remind her to get a case of McSlooch Soup. LS/MFT. Like slop, many folks think. But don't take our word for it. Try it yourself. Who knows, you may like it. And now back to Uncle Benny and his story for today."

"You will remember, Kiddies, that yesterday when we left Goldylocks she was outside the impregnable, concrete, forest hideout of the 'Three Bears', notorious mobsters who murdered her brother, Jack, the giant killer, and even now held her sister, Little Red Riding Hood, a captive.

"Once inside the lair of the 'Three Bears', Goldylocks, revolver in hand, moved stealthily towards the kitchen where she believed her sister was kept as a

scullery maid.

"Slowly opening the kitchen door, Goldylocks could see that no one was inside. On the table, however, three bowls of soup, evidently the supper for the 'Three Bears', were laid out.

"Suddenly realizing how hungry she was, Goldylocks decided to try some of the soup. The first bowl she tried was much too strong and the second was much too weak. . . But the third bowl was delicious.

"It was Grandma McSlooch Soup!!

"Now you kiddies know how good Grandma McSlooch Soup is, don't you? And you know how good it is for you too, don't you? Why sure. As a matter of fact, I just received a letter from one of my little listeners this morning, little Stinky McSlooch of Pumpkin Center, Wisconsin.

"Having probed exhaustive, authoritative medical proclamations, I, too, can sagaciously announce,

without qualms, that Grandma McSlooch's New Atom-enriched Soup is superior by verification."

"Yes, Kiddies, that's what little 4-year-old Stinky McSlooch of Pumpkin Center, Wisconsin said. And Mrs. McSlooch is even more enthusiastic, not to mention Old Man . . . I mean . . . Mr. McSlooch and all the other McSlooches.

"Well, you can realize then how Goldylocks felt after a bowl of that nutritious soup. So naturally when those nasty old 'Three Bears' came in just then, Goldylocks turned her gat on them and filled them full of lead. She was smiling at the big pool of blood the 'Three Bears' made when suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

"'Who's there?', Goldylocks demanded.

"'Joseph Hammersley!'"

* * *

"Will Goldylocks escape the law? Does Hammersley drink Grandma McSlooch's Soup too?"

(continued on page 22)

HARVEY



Randy

"Er, what was the number of that course again?"

Sigfried, The Sap

A German Fairy Tale

BY JANE BOUTWELL

TIME: Ages and ages ago on an aggressively bright spring morning.

SCENE: The ancient Germanic Valhalla, somewhere a little east of Berlin and up three miles.

We see a large room with two massive thrones at the right, and a long table in the center, loaded with the scattered remains of an enormous feast. Obviously, this is a morning after.

A few tired Valkyries still in armor are half-heartedly picking up some of the debris, and putting the chairs back around the table. One of them suddenly sits down and peers at her ankle.

1ST VALKYRIE: Gotterdammerung! I've got a run in my new armor!

2ND VAL. (in a bored voice): Well, if you'd used Wotan's Wonder Wool like I told you. . . .

1ST VAL. (angrily): Oh, stop, my head's splitting. Maybe Thor could rivet it when he wakes up. I don't see how they expect us to look decent when we pick up those earthmen! Two suits of armor every thousand years! And I've got four big hulks to call for tonight!

2ND VAL. (suddenly dropping the plate she has picked up): Kindergarten! Here comes Wotan!

1ST VAL.: Quick, let's feed the horses or something; he's always in a vile humor, and after last night. . . . (grins).

(The other Valkyries hurry out)

2ND VAL. (as they start toward the door): Well, I don't blame Brunhilde! Sigfried's much cuter. And you know what Thor says—that Wotan's just trying to get Sigfried out of the way—sending him off to earth like that.

1ST VAL.: What's Brunhilde got that I haven't . . . ?

2ND VAL.: Muscles dear!

(They go out door at right)

Wotan strides in, talking to Brunhilde. He is a gigantic swarthy hunk of man dressed in dark skins. As he rumbles out conversation, his shaggy beard quivers. In his hands he holds a book and an impressive scroll of velum, dripping official seals.

Brunhilde, when she's not answering Wotan excitedly, is pounding the floor with the six foot spear she carries in her left hand. It comes in handy to emphasize a point, she finds. She is a strapping blousy blonde, dressed in dented armor.

BRUNHILDE: I won't, I tell you, I won't! (stabs the air with her spear). You send Sigfried down to rescue that hussy and your old heroes can just rot on the battlefields!

If you want them in Valhalla, you can just ride down and pick them up yourself.

WOTAN (shocked): But that's a woman's job. After all, how would *you* feel if you had just been chopped to little pieces and were expecting a beautiful Valkyrie on a white horse . . . and got me?

B. (giggling at the thought): They'd never come. (remembers she's mad). But that doesn't make any difference. You send my Siggie down to save that ten ton ninny Elsa and I'm through. And if you're thinking of changing things between you and me, that's out too! (clunks the spear down near Wotan's foot. He jumps.)

W. (placatingly): No, no, that's all over, dear. We're just good friends. But Sigfried *has* to go down to earth this morning. It's orders. (shows her the scroll). Now you'll be a good girl, won't you Brunhilde? We'll have a bang-up feast to cheer you up tonight—and maybe a battle tomorrow!

B. (unhappily): I'm sick of food. Suppose he falls in love with her.

W.: Who?

B.: Elsa, you, you . . .

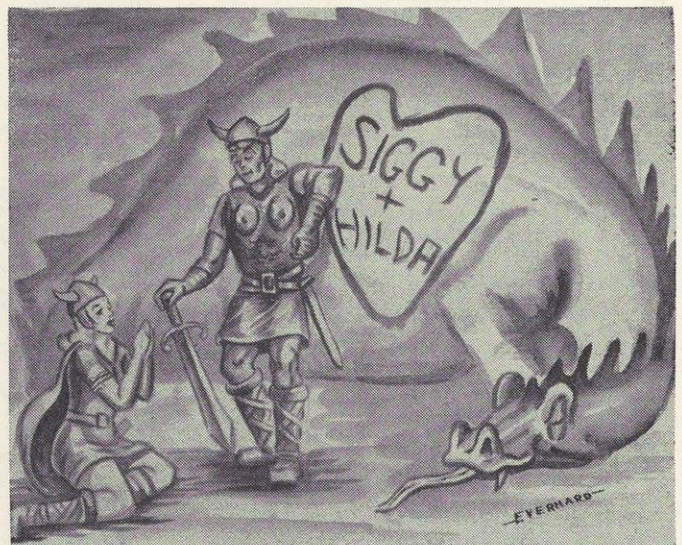
W.: Never mind.

B.: Where does that leave me, if he does? And *why* are they sending Sigfried, of all people?

He's wonderful (dreamily), but . . . (down to earth), not very bright. I have to mother him all the time to make sure he doesn't gash himself with that big axe. But he's so *sweet*

And besides, he won't leave *me*. (smugly) We talked it all over last night.

W. (annoyed): But he's *got* to go. It says so right here. One more word out of you and I'll banish you to Greece, I'll break you down to the Valkyrie ranks,



(continued on page 21)

Whistle While You Shirk

*P. CHARMING Esq. married Snow White fair,
In a Disney castle way up in the air,
Just a few steps down from outer heaven,
(But what ever happened to dwarf number seven?)*

*T H A T seventh dwarf, the delightful elf,
That the movies plucked down from the fairy tale
shelf,
That shy little dope who stole all of our hearts,
(Were does he wander? In foreign parts?)*

*W E L L, he went to the castle; the Prince said
"Nopel!"
And the other dwarfs chorused, "Out, you dope!"
So down to earth with a helpless sigh.
Went the seventh dwarf, his luck to try.*

*F A R and wide he searched a suitable place
For his vacant mind and smiling face,
And the only spot that would let him in,
Was an Institute called Wisconsin.*

*S O the seventh dwarf is an elf tres gay,
He smirks through his classes (all I-A)
And would he return to that cartoon heaven?
"I'd have to work there," says dwarf number seven!*

A Wisconsin Fairy Tale



SUPER-SALESMAN Jasper Wright finally did it! After 20 years of trying he actually—no kidding—yup—that's right—he actually **SOLD A CARDINAL!** Jay Galloway is the unlucky customer.

He: "What kind of lipstick is that?"

She: "Kissproof."

He: "Migod, rub it off; we've got work to do."

HARESFOOT

*All Our Girls Are Men
Yet
Every One's A Lady*

CLUB

presents

Cole Porter's

"Anything Goes"

- Sheboygan, April 7
- Appleton, April 9
- Green Bay, April 8
- Racine, April 10
- Milwaukee, April 11, 12
- Madison, April 15, 16, 17, 18, 19



Genie With the Light Brown Hair

BY EDWARD G. CLARK



ALBERT ADDIN was slumped in his chair, his feet on the scarred study desk, reading *An Outline of An Outline of Ancient History*, when the package arrived. The landlady called him downstairs to pay the postman the twenty-five cents due.

It was a heavy package, Albert thought, as he lugged it upstairs. He noted that it was from home. In his room, he tore open the brown parcel, dug down through the excelsior and pulled out—a dirty old metal spittoon.

"Is this some cruel maternal joke?" cried Albert. "Twenty-five cents due postage for a spit reservoir. And I needed that two bits to pay the Wisconsin Student Association fee."

Albert saw a piece of white paper in the wrappings. It was a note from his mother. Albert read it slowly.

"Your uncle, Mustapha Jones, died a few days ago. What I am sending you is what he left you in his will. Everything else he willed to his college fraternity . . . Mom."

Albert flopped in his chair, thinking evil things about Uncle Mustapha, from whom he had expected a few thousand bucks, at least. Disappointment left Albert soon, however, for youth is quick to forget.

He picked up the old spittoon, turned it around in his hands, and wondered what to do with it. Whatever he did do with it, Albert decided, it would have to be cleaned first. He picked a dirty towel off the floor and began to massage the surface of the spittoon.

Whoom!

A great noise vibrated Albert's ears like brass gongs. Black smoke blasted forth from the mouth of the spittoon. It gathered in the

middle of the room in the shape of a giant mushroom.

Albert dropped to the floor in a faint.

Albert came to a couple of minutes later. He crawled onto his bed and opened his eyes. What he saw in the room before him made his eyes race to see which could bug out the farthest.

A giant man with green skin, light brown hair, and a mean looking face was towering above him. His only clothing was a Glen Urquart plaid loin cloth (MacNeil and Moore . . . \$5.95).

"Who are you?" Albert cried.

"I am the slave of the spittoon. I am ready to obey you, I and all

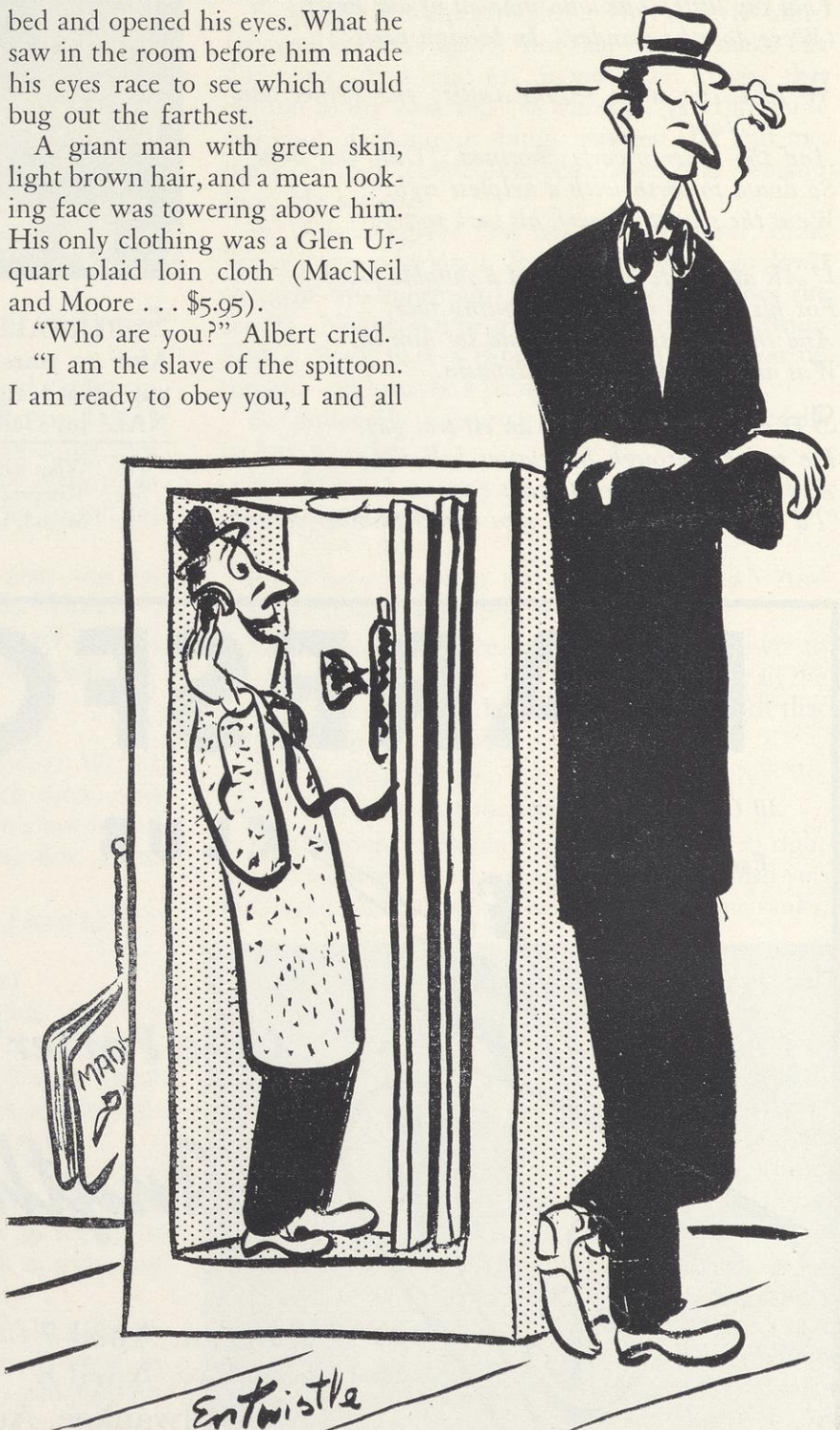
the other slaves in the spittoon," said the giant in a deep voice of thunder.

"Well, strike me pink!" said Albert.

Before Albert knew what was happening the giant hit him a terrible blow.

"What did you do that for?"

(continued on page 25)



"—and I got a date for that girl friend of yours . . . yeah, the one who likes tall men."

Hail, The Queen

BY KIRK EVANSBY



THE DOGMA of social ceremony is certainly rigid around here. Take this picking of "Campus Queens" for instance.

For every social function there is elected, appointed, or chosen by some other more devious means a head man. This is natural; someone has to run the show. But do we call this head man the "general chairman"? Or any other equally appropriate but non-glamorous title? Lordy no! He's a KING—Prom King, King of the Winter Carnival, Senior Ball King—but always he's a "King". That's part of the ritual.

And the date he drags to the affair, she's gotta be a QUEEN. It matters little that she might be a mousy little character with a rich old man whom the King hopes to have as boss come graduation from this cloistered academic niche. She's still gotta be a "Queen".

One other point in this elaborate ritual is that the King has to publicly name his Queen at the very last moment. This is supposed to arouse tremendous interest in just who is going to be chosen. That it doesn't arouse a bit of interest in me is irrelevant; I'm not eligible to be Queen of anything anyhow.

Perhaps it does serve to arouse some interest among the feminine portion of the student body. But frankly, I'm of the opinion that the only useful purpose it serves is to get the King a bunch of free drinks, attractive invites, and a great deal of enthusiastic if fickle popularity from ambitious females. Not that I'm running down any of these affects; after all, every man has a right to his own racket.

Before we go any farther, I want one thing understood—I'm not bitter about anything. I'm a happily married man so I don't know any Queens; I don't like to dance so I wouldn't want to be a dance King; the Winter Carnival takes place in a season in which any man with a reasonable amount of common sense spends his time at home curled up with a good book; and as far as cleaning up Picnic Point or the Tent Colony or whatever else is done on Work-Day is concerned, that, in my mind, is a job for the janitors.

So let's continue. Even before the Queen has been named the *Daily Cardinal* has started it rolling via its gossip columns, each of which lets its readers in for at least three "scoops" on just who the new Queen will be. This is also supposed to arouse interest in the affair or fill up space, I'm not sure which.

Immediately after the choosing of the Queen the Society page takes up the banner and here's where the real gush comes in. Every Queen is "pretty" and "well-dressed" even if she resembles nothing more strongly than a stalk of celery sticking out of a paper bag. She is "vivacious" although a phlegmatic sloth with the sleeping sickness looks like a whirling dervish compared to her. She is always "active in extra-curricular activities" on the strength of the fact that she is a rich legacy of her sorority and happened to drop in on a basketball game one evening in her freshman year. And she has her picture taken wearing the same old top part of an evening dress that every other woman around the University has worn to be photographed since 1911.

We have yet to hear of a Queen who wasn't "thrilled to death" and "completely taken by surprise" when the King chose her. It will

be refreshing when some Queen gets around to admitting that the only reason she accepted the role was because she was afraid that she might not get any other date for that evening and that she really thinks the King is rather a stoop whom she has been trying to avoid for the last three months.

The dogma is so rigid in this sort of thing that the emotions aroused in other students around the campus is pretty standard also. Every co-ed says publicly, "Isn't she lovely, and such a nice kid too," and privately to her roommate, "How come he decided to ask that old bag?" Every male student says in public, "How come he decided to ask that old bag?" and to himself, "He's sure got a nice little dish there."

This sort of thing goes on ad infinitum. But to prove that I am not just being cynical about the whole works, I have a few suggestions to offer along with the implied criticism I've handed out so far. Here goes: First, we won't choose a "Queen" and we'll call the "king" the "General Chairman." This will serve to de-glamorize the affair and cause the entire feminine portion of the student body to lose interest, so we'll make it a stag smoker with a few poker tables on the side. Second, since the general chairman won't have to worry himself to death making an appropriate choice of a "Queen", he'll have plenty of time to drop down to Chicago to pick up a good burlesque troupe to entertain the boys. Third, since a burlesque troupe would undoubtedly cost much less than a big-name band, there will be plenty of money left over to furnish free refreshments.

If any of these various "Kings" get around to running an affair like this let us know; we'll buy a ticket or two.

BEDLAM AT A BANQUET

Where the attire is formal but the proceedings are strictly informal.

AS THE distinguished speaker swung into his talk of the evening, he was suddenly jolted to a stop by a strange phenomenon: a small skunk was ambling toward him along the speakers' table.

Something like this would bring any normal banquet to a screeching halt, but not this one. This was the annual Sigma Delta Chi Gridiron banquet—where anything can happen and usually does.

With the skunk under control, things proceeded at the usual zany rate. Acts, stunts, formal speeches, and impromptu heckling all went on at the same time. This is typical of Gridiron; the affair that draws personalities from all fields into an evening of bedlam around a banquet table.

* * *

Started in 1924, the Gridiron banquet has been the outstanding stag social event in Madison. A combination of slapstick and intellectual stimulus, it features prominent newspaper figures each year in off-the-record speeches. It is patterned after the Washington, D. C. Gridiron and is sponsored by SDX, honorary journalism fraternity on campus.

Prof. Frank Thayer, SDX adviser since 1938, has been the guiding light in these banquets. He runs the show; a sort of poor man's Billy Rose, and is now busy on 1947's affair that threatens to break in late March or April. SDX pledges are drafted as stooges and enjoy the shenanigans as much as the businessmen, judges, and editors that attend. 1947's Gridiron, the 23rd so far, promises to be a gala affair.

But in case you get an invite and are the adventurous type that plans to attend, here is a warning in the form of a quick glance at some past events:

One year a photographer busily snapped pictures of celebrities, said he'd have them developed before the banquet ended. At the psychological moment, he handed out the beautifully mounted photos—artistic shots of the aft end of a horse.

When a local judge asked for ice water, he was handed a cake of ice and told to let it melt. Waiters emptied ash trays by dumping them in the center of the table and flicking the refuse with a towel.

One gag that will long be remembered was the pigeon fiasco when the banquet was held one year at the Loraine Hotel. As part of the proceedings, a flock of pigeons was released to add to the gaiety. But when the affair ended, the birds couldn't be coaxed out. The next day a bankers' association held a banquet in the same room with dire results.

That's what you're up against when you attend Gridiron.

* * *

Among the outstanding speakers have been James R. Young, Tokyo war correspondent; Robert S. Allen, writer of the "Washington Merry-Go-Round"; Robert G. Nixon, INS war correspondent

who covered Dunkerque; Turner Catledge, editor of the *Chicago Sun*; and Luther Huston, Washington bureau manager of the *New York Times*.

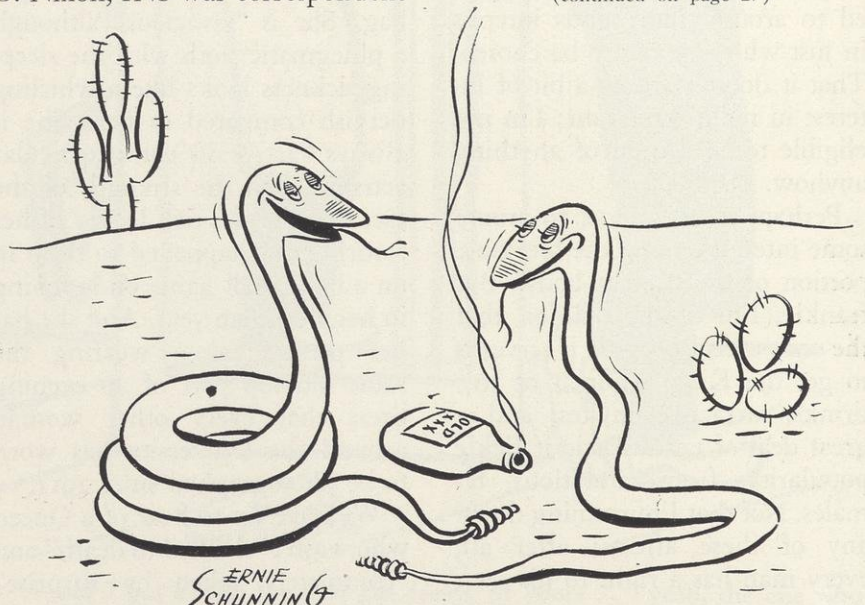
Speeches are always off-the-record so everyone says what he pleases without fear of being quoted.

There are also panel discussions and skits put on. Don Anderson, publisher of the *State Journal*, put on a show one year. He received a custard pie in the face for his efforts. Discussions run from "There shall be no chaperons at university parties" to "The truth about Col. McCormick."

The climax of every Gridiron banquet is the presentation of the famed red derby. A general vote decides the man who has contributed most to the banquet and he is ceremoniously presented the red trophy. Some winners have been Glenn Frank, Harry Stuhldreher, Scott Goodnight, "Wild Bill" Kiekhofer, Ben F. Rusy, Robert S. Allen, and George Sellery.

Another tradition is the no-women rule, staunchly upheld until 1942 when Mabel Bauer and

(continued on page 29)



"I'm getting so drunk I'm beginning to see people."

How To Be a B. M. O. C.

(Because the tradition of the B.M.O.C. has suffered a severe setback during the late war, the OCTOPUS herewith presents the answers to the problems facing the up-and-coming freshman.)

1 Write a clever letter to the *Cardinal*, then write an answer to it using the name Fishbein, and then answer that using your name. Continue this until you get a feeling people are talking about you behind your back.

2 Get a student directory and start phoning every girl in it alphabetically. This will have two principal results: First, every girl you phone, though she may not go out with you, will make it a point to find out who you are, as women are very curious. Second, your systematic approach to the women-problem shown by your alphabetic solution will meet with the approval of all the people who form committees, and they will ask you to join their committees.

3 Trot down to the Co-op and buy a pair of officer's pinks, take them home and punch small holes all over one leg. Afterward, when you are inevitably asked how you got those holes, answer tersely, "Shrapnel, France."

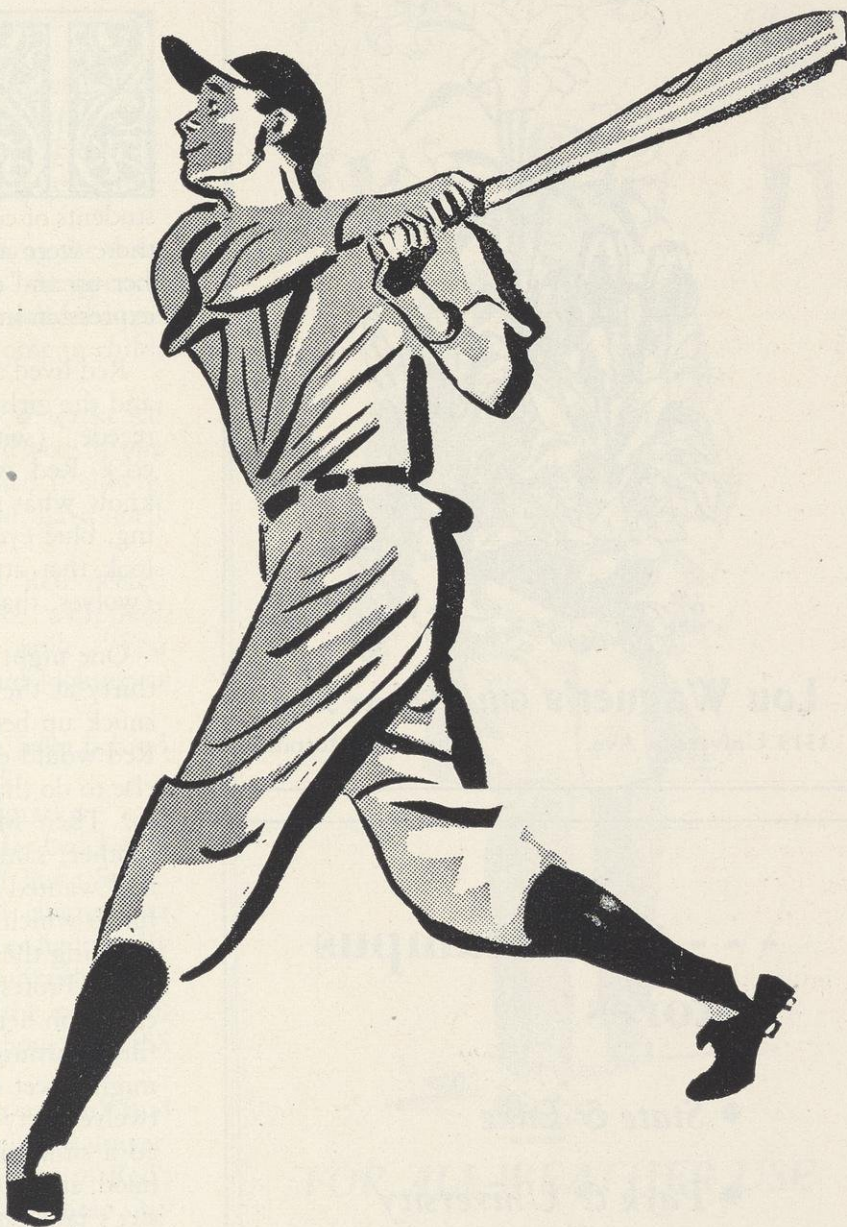
4 Make up cute nicknames for everybody on campus and they'll make up a name for you.

5 Join any organization on campus. After you're on the inside, find out all you can about the purposes and finances, and since most of the campus organizations have either no purpose or no finance, expose them in the student paper.

(continued on page 24)

"I'm losing my punch!" exclaimed the co-ed who hastily left the cocktail party.

You Can't Miss!



The Literary Preview

Affirmations of Picasso by

Prof. John F. Keinitz

Foreword by August Derleth and the

Editors of *Esquire*

March Issue

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UW Red Riding Hood

By MARIANNE KIRCHER



TWICE upon a time there was a lovely co-ed named Red. She was so named because of the red hood that she wore whenever going out to brave the elements. Red had long blond hair. It reminded all the Ag students of corn silk, which accounts for the fact that there were always three or four of them following her up and down the hill with a dreamy, homesick expression in their eyes.

Red lived at one of the dormitories on the campus, and the girls there voted her the "one most likely to recede," (withdraw from a point or position reached.) Red was an innocent freshman and didn't know what she was missing. Her soft, understanding, blue eyes had a "come hither but not too far" look that attracted all the animals on the campus (wolves, that is).

One night as Red was signing out for her twelve-thirty at the dorm desk, her grand(house) mother snuck up behind her and asked in a sweet voice if Red would do her an errand. Red (having nothing else to do that evening) said that she would be glad to. Then Mrs. Lena Genster, the grand(house) mother, said that Professor Hardmarker was sick and wanted a bit of lunch; so handing Red a box lunch which she had bought in front of the Science Building the previous day, she gave Red the address of the Professor. As Red tripped awkwardly on the carpet on her way to the door, Mrs. Genster called a final warning, "Be careful of any strangers that you might meet on the way, and be sure to be back by twelve-thirty or you will have a penalty." Red tossed a smile over her shoulder, put on her little red hood, and nodded an acknowledgment of Mrs. Genster's last statement.

Humming a little song to herself, the Refrain from Spitting to be exact, she hurried down State Street on her way to the Square. Just as she was passing the Cabin, without a glance toward the little building, a man with his coat collar turned up in front of his face, and his hat pulled down over his eyes stepped in front of her saying, "Say, haven't I see you somewhere before?"

Startled, Red looked up at this suspicious figure and examined his features, trying to remember if she had seen them before. His eyes seemed to gleam at her and his thin lips formed a very sinister smile. Red decided that she did not know him and she stopped only long enough to say, "I don't know you, Good-bye!"

The man grabbed her gently by the arm and yanked her back inside the door of the Cabin. "Wouldn't you like a nice cool glass of lemonade?" he grinned.

"Sure I would," she answered, "but I am on my way to deliver this package and I have to be back by twelve-thirty." With this she opened the door and defiantly continued on her journey.

Our villain was not to be cold shouldered this easy; so he also left the warm, cozy atmosphere to take to following our brave little heroine. He slithered and slunk from one door way to the next so he wouldn't be discovered.

Red, when reaching her destination, rang the door bell, and upon hearing the call, "Enter" she opened the door and went inside. There was another hoarse call from the next room which said, "Come in child. I'm in here."

With hesitating steps Red entered a darkened room. There was a large old-fashioned bed in one corner of the room and Red approached it slowly. The strange voice then said, "Say, child, have not I seen you before? In a class perhaps?"

Recognizing the voice and phrase, Red peered through the darkness and saw a face with half closed eyes and a thin lipped, sinister smile. "You are as pretty as a picture, child," it said looking at her frame.

Just then Red heard a muffled voice from behind a closet door. "Who's that!" she cried.

"That is the voice of Professor Hardmarker," said the imposter jumping from beneath the bedclothes and revealing himself as the villain of State Street. Red screamed and the villain started chasing her around the room. Professor Hardmarker had finally succeeded in freeing herself and she cautiously opened the door of the closet, terrified at the sight that met her eyes. The villain was just about to KISS Red.

Art, the janitor, a young veteran who couldn't find any other place to stay while attending the university, heard the screams and came running to Red's aid. As he entered the room he took the whole situation in at a glance: the professor in her night cap and gown, and Red in the clutches of the villain. Thinking fast he grabbed a shovel and brought it down heavily on the head of the villain, making a bad impression on him. He crumpled to the floor.

Red fainted with relief into the strong arms of the janitor and thus he carried her swiftly back to the dorm, leaving her at exactly twelve twenty-nine. They, of course, made a date for the following evening and three days later they were married. And did they live happily ever after? Nach!

Brooklyn Sailor: "Wadja do before ya jerned the Navy?"

Midwesterner: "I worked in Des Moines."

Brooklyn Sailor: "What kind of moines, iron or coal?"

WHY BE A "WASHOUT" ..?



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The Night Before--and After

'T WAS the night before Abel Lostalot's birthday when his father, a Knight of the Elliptical Table (popularly known as the Round Mound) took him aside and said, "Abel, you are growing up. It is time you learned the facts of life." Little Abel blushed and ran away and hid in a corner. He was only 23. He was naive.



It was in the Goonic War that Abel showed his valor, as a result of which he received a battlefield promotion to knighthood from King Norbut. One day Abel rode into camp on a beautiful white charger. When asked how he had acquired the new steed, Abel replied, "Well, I had stopped by the side of the road last night to rest, when a beautiful Goonic maiden came riding up on this horse. She dismounted and sat beside me in the moonlight. Then she went swimming in the creek, and sat down beside me again, and said I could have anything of hers I wanted. So that is how I got this beautiful horse." Abel was only 30. He was naive.

When Abel returned from the war, he became the Major Axis of the Elliptical Table. Abel was a veteran. Like all the boys, he brought home a war trophy. Most of the boys brought women back. Abel also brought back some quail, but he met his through an old gull friend. He was naive.

Abel was rich. He was getting 65 a month (2 1/6 a day—pretty good!) When the girls found this

out they all went for Abel. One comely wench said to him, "I will let you keep me."

"Keep you from what?" asked Abel, who was only 40. He was naive.

Abel's father was getting along in years, and wanted to see the great line of Lostalots carried on before he died. A match was arranged with a very lovely young princess of the realm. The wedding went off beautifully, and that night Abel and his bride withdrew to the bridal chamber. While the lovely lass awaited her betrothed, Abel stood at the window and gazed at the moon all night. His mother had told him that this would be the most beautiful night of his life, and he didn't want to miss any of it. Abel was only 45. He was naive.

For some reason or other, Abel's married life didn't take. Other men had children, but Abel had only ideas. So sorrowful was Abel's plight that it led that wise court philosopher, Gismo, to coin the famous adage that "There are two periods in a man's life when he does not understand women: before and after he is married."



At 65 Abel decided that there was something in life that he had missed. He decided to ask council of his good friend, Havelot Ellis, the sex authority. Havelot gave Lostalot his advice; and at last Abel was no longer naive. But Abel was no longer Able.

—VOO DOO

Fables of Our Day

Or Conversations That Were Never Heard

BY KIRK EVANSBY

By the Housemother: I'm going on a little trip and won't be back for three days so have fun, kids.

By the Student-veteran: I'm saving quite a bit from this \$65 a month. Madison is such an inexpensive place to live you know.

By any student: I wish the teachers here would give out bigger assignments; I don't feel as if I'm doing enough work to earn my degree.

By a Co-ed: Peggy is really a beautiful girl; not a bit artificial and she doesn't know the meaning of the word, "conceit". She wouldn't think of stealing another kid's date; she can't help it if all the boys are crazy about her. She's just a "peach"! Sure wish she had joined our sorority.

By a male student: Boy, I sure go for those plaid slacks women wear. The louder the better, I say.

By any student: I enjoy 7:45's. I like getting up early and really feel wide-awake and raring to go at that hour.

By any student: I got a "D" in that course and didn't deserve that much. The professor was excellent and presented his material well and the subject itself was intensely interesting. I guess that I'm just dumb, that's all.

By an AYD member: After studying the situation objectively, I can't say that I think much of the Russian government and to be perfectly frank, I think big-moneyed capitalists are, on the whole, a pretty decent bunch of fellows.

By a Faculty member: Frankly, I'm getting as much money as I'm worth.

By a Faculty member: I wrote a text book on this subject last year but it's not much good so I have decided to use another book for the course.

By any athletic coach before the season starts: Have we got a good team? I'll say—three deep in every position. I firmly believe that we'll beat every team we play this year in or out of the Big Nine. Our material has been improved immeasurably by returning veterans and I don't think that the other schools have improved much at all.

By Hammersley: There's no harm in it; they're just getting acquainted.

By the Cardinal editor: I think we have too many political columns in the *Cardinal*.



"Naw, it's only 3.2—the regents think I'm located too near the campus."

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. . . A worthy man.

THE KNYGHT

*A knyght ther was and that a worthy man
That from the tyme that he first began
To rollen out, he loved chivalrie
Truthe and honor, maids and revelrie.
Ful worthy was he in his swetter redde
Shaved but for bristles wert his hedde.
(Spirits he dranke most hartily)*

THE SQUIER

*With hym ther was his sone a yong squier
A lovyre and a lusty bachelor
With locks welle curled as they were leyd in presse
Of twenty yeer of age he was I guesse.
Black was his swetter but whyte was his hart
Saddled his shoes, and all called him smart.
(He was soon to be a knyght)*

THE MAYDEN

*Ther was also a mayden of wich I'll make much!
Who in her smyling, modest was, and aye
Her greatest oath was but a greeting! hye!
Intoning with her nose becumingly
Her locks on her hedde rested dangerously
(As if she wert hanging by a rope.)
Butey she was as plaine could be seene
And doubted she not that she was a Queene.
(You knowe her perhaps?)*

CAMP U

BY BAREWOLF

THE PEASANT

*A peasant from Isa was herre also
That unto knowledge sought longe ago
As lean was his hors as is a rake
Nor he hymself too fat I'll undertake
But poked hollow and went soberlie
Hardlie seeming half alyve.
Rice he bought with his sixty and fyve.*

* * *

HERE BEGINNETH THE TALE

*At Angeles not farre fromme Glendale townce
Therre through the city a street runs downe
A mayden dwelt therre many a day
With eyes that hadde laffter and lypes that werre
gay.*

*She coulede sing and flirte and dance on her toes
Ruge her cheekes and powder her nose
(Of braynes she hadde non).
Lived her with others such as she
Who knu no worde as miserie
But only shared the frutes of those
Who owned fyne steeds and cherished clothes.
Now upon the lawn she laye
For her fygure to displaye
Her purpose no wun chance mistooke
After but taking jus wun looke.
(It was no different on the other lawns.)*

*Came to this street the peasant poore
Seeking a vote at the mayden's door.
But harke a man's a man and herre was wun
Tho his raiment was poore and his shoos about dun.
So slylie she wriggled and sange a love songe
Tille pale and swetting the peasant didde longe
(To talke to her.)*

BURY TALES

*Lo the poore peasant was caughte in her snair
For votes or freedom he gave not a cair.
Love he hadde met where Venus was dwelling
And of whatt could have happened there is no
telling.*

*(But alas the Knyght has rolled up)
Bryght were his colours, whyte were his pantes
Big was his hedde and lowd were his chantes.
Large was the steed that this Knyght possessed
With saddle of muleskin the fine hors was dresed.*

*Why upon seeing the Knyght arryved
The peasant felle to his knees and cryd
Forgive me sirre, forgive me nowe
Whence came my nevre I no not howe.*

*(The Knyght drew his sworde.)
Colde was the steel that the Knyght unsheathed
While quivering in swett the peasant was wreethed.
Spoke the Knyght thusly to the Peasant belowe
Neer forgot, the wordes did they gowe:*

*"Knave thou art, and sone of swine
Defamer of wumen and poisner of wine
Yonder lyes the mayden faire
Defenceless and frendless, left to dispaire*

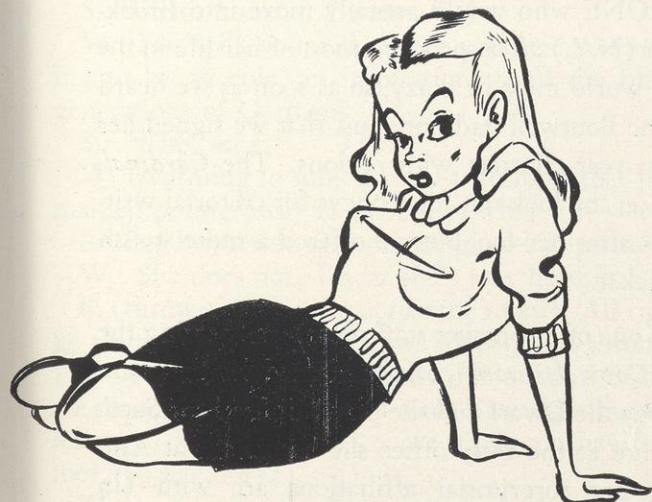


... Hardlie seeming half alyve

*But wert it not I came along
To wreek fair vengence for this wrong."
(The mayden blushed and combed her hair.)
"But I'll not send this steel through hart
Fore banished from the street thou art.
Behold my Squier shalt take thee out
Lucky thou art thou worthless lout."*

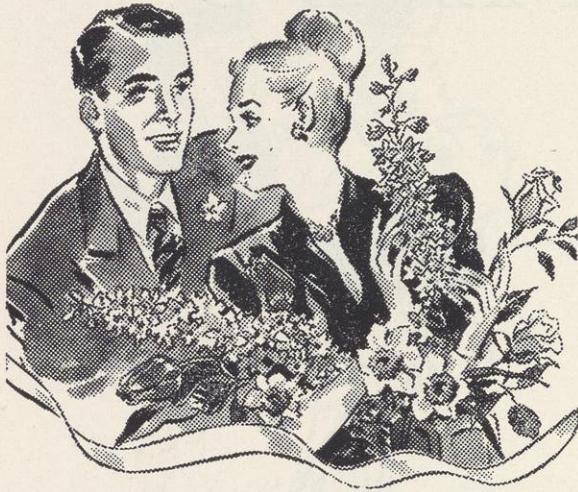
*(A Squier arrives and dragges the Peasant out as
the Knyght has vowed.)*

*Wunce agayn the mayden appears
Perfume drypping frome her ears
And kissing the Knyght upon the hedde
These art the wordes the mayden sedde:
"Oh Knyght thou art brave as thou art trew
Rewarded you must now have youre dew.
Tonyght at the Queen's Ball I will be
And fore your deed thou shalt takest me."
(It was a just rewarde.)*



... Butey she was as plain could be seen.

FOR EASTER, GIVE HER



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SHE'S "IN HEAVEN"



because he's taking her to the
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Whom To Blame

Combined with
**Fantastic Characters
of the Month**

WHEN it comes to writers and artists, for this issue we really hit the joker-pot in the screw-ball machine. We saw that there wasn't much point in running separate "Whom" and "Fantastic" sections as we would have had to write up the same people for both of them, so here is the natural result:

HARRISON

IF someone hands you an exploding cigar while you're reading this month's *Octy*, it will probably be Randy Harrison celebrating the birth of his latest brain-child, "Harvey". "Harvey" is the cartoon character pictured here, and Randy is a six-foot three freshman character from Eau Claire, and we're still trying to decide which one is the bigger character.



HARVEY

Besides drawing the "Harvey" cartoons, Randy showed his versatility by writing "The Fairy-Tale Hour". Then just to confuse things he requested that it be signed "A. T. Thompson".

Randy says that he doesn't have any pet peeves. He says that he likes darn near everything, except for one small, insignificant item—women. He sure is a character!

BOUTWELL

ANYONE who would actually move into Brooklyn (N.Y.) after spending most of her life in the outside world must be crazy, so as soon as we heard that Jane Boutwell had done just that we signed her to a ten year contract with options. The *Cardinal*, always on the look-out for looneys for editorial writers, was after her too, but we offered a more stylish strait-jacket.

Jane, one of our newer staff members (bearing the title of *Copy Assistant*), can be blamed for the poem on Dopey the Dwarf and the play "Sigfried the Sap". When not at the *Octy* office she hangs out at Ann Emery, her sororitorial affiliations are with (in

(continued on page 27)

SIGFRIED

(continued from page 8)

I'll . . . (looks around for something to throw; sees Brunhilde balancing her spear thoughtfully and changes his mind).

Sigfried enters from door at right.

SIGFRIED: Brunhilde, darling, what's the matter?

As he walks toward center, we see he is a tremendous blonde giant. Six feet eight, topped by a small weak-chinned head with pale blue eyes. And he seems to be constructed mostly of hands, knees, feet, and elbows.

B. (hysterically): Wotan's trying to take you away from me!

S. (calmly): I won't go. (Puts his arm around her shoulders with a clink).

W. (trying to be rational about the whole thing): But you *have* to go. Here are the orders. (Shows him).

S.: Why? I don't see. . .

W.: Well, this maiden, Elsa, has been praying for a divine savior to fight a battle and get her out of prison. And you're it.

S. (stupidly): Daaaaaaaaaah? A fight? Where?

W.: North Germany. I'll look it up on the map. Anyway, there's a winged dragon chariot to take you there.

S.: Oh, no, not those dragons again!

W.: Why not? They're very spectacular. Create a good impression.

S.: They give me hay fever. (warming up to idea of a fight) I can't fight when I have to blow my nose all the time.

B. (annoyed at being forgotten): What about me? Siggie, you aren't going to leave your Brunhilde, are you?

S.: Daaaaaaaaaaaaah. . .

W. (quickly): Look here, both of you. This all *has* to happen; it's already written right there. (Points to his book). You see, this will go down in history.

S.: What's history? I wanna fight.

W.: You will, you will. But it says here you're going to be an epic, an inspiration to all the future generations of Germans.

S.: Who, *me*?

W. (warming to subject): Just think of that poor maiden pining away in prison, praying for—you!

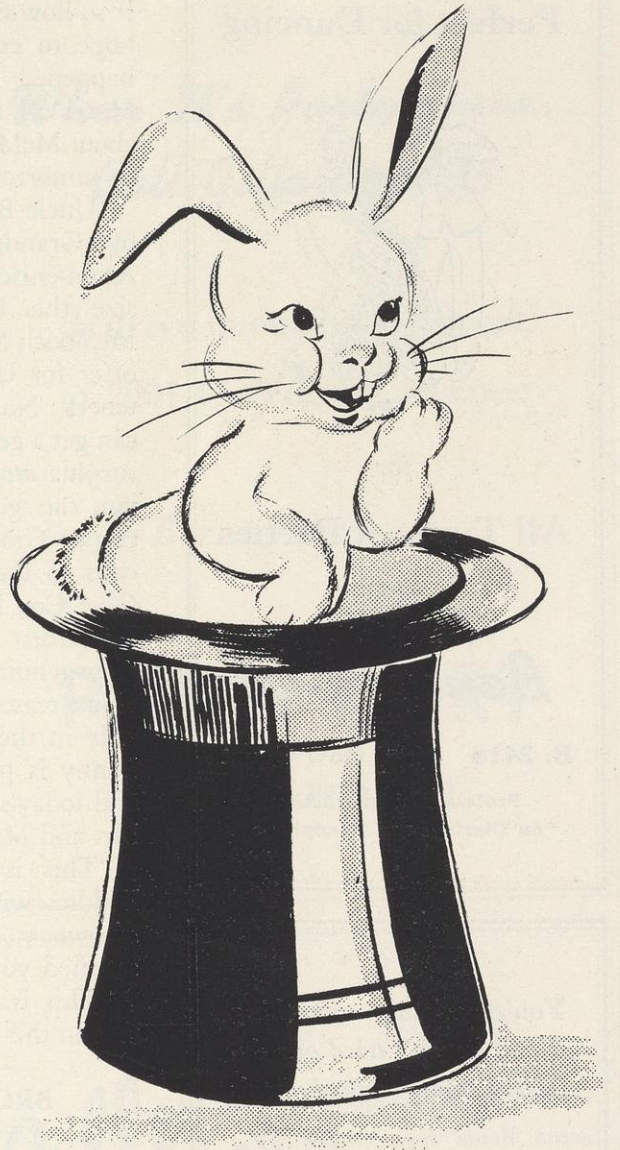
S.: But Brunhilde said she weighed 250 pounds.

W.: She does not. I hear she's very beautiful.

B. (throwing her spear across the room): All right, go rescue that big blonde cow! Go on, I'm through. Play your little fairy tale. Only don't expect to find *me* sitting around when you come back. (getting hysterical) I hope, I hope . . . *she* gives you hay fever too! (rushes out).

There is a silence. Both men look at each other

(continued on page 23)



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in a hat
we have it
at*

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THE FAIRY TALE HOUR

(continued from page 7)

If so how can Goldylocks possibly hope to escape? And what has happened to Little Red Riding Hood all this time? And how about McMurray? Be sure to tune in tomorrow and find out!

"Uncle Benny is brought to you by Grandma McSlooch's New Atom-enriched Soup. To emphasize the New Atom-containing McSlooch Soup, we have a special offer for Uncle Benny's little listeners. Now, while they last you can get a genuine exploding Army surplus *atom bomb*! Here's how you can get yours. Just send 24 empty Grandma McSlooch Soup cans to the McSlooch Soup and Glue Co., Pumpkin Center, Wis. By return mail you will receive your genuine *atom bomb*. For obvious reasons, this offer is good only in the United States. Uncle Benny is played by Peter Gorre, and today's script was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Lauren McCall."

"This is Uncle Benny again, Kiddies, wishing you a good, good *afternoon*. (And I hope today I satisfied you little jerks.)

"This is WHA, the oldest station in the nation."

BROWN STUDY

(continued from page 5)

scranoflange plant and takes off to Boola-Boola. Here he stumbles onto a jungle queen doing the hula-hula. She's seventy years old and homelier than a mud fence.

At night he's eaten alive by mosquitos, in the daytime he has to mix DDT with his food to keep the flies off. After 147 straight days of rain, he begins cutting out paper dolls carrying umbrellas.

Half-crazed with Beri-Beri and bangs disease, he finds footprints in the sand, follows them frantically hoping for aid. He comes face-to-face with an orangoutang, gets pelted with coconuts, and dies dreaming of his wonderful job in the scranoflange plant.

That, at least, is a start. Come on now, let's give that next generation a break.

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SIGFRIED

(continued from page 21)

guiltily. Wotan picks up the spear and hands it to Sigfried.

W.: Here, take this. It's much better than the ones we get. Might come in handy.

S. (sighing): Well, I'd better get my horse.

W.: I'll call you a couple of swans if you don't want dragons. About Brunhilde—don't worry; she'll be here when you get back.

S. (dully): No she won't. She meant what she said.

W.: I could fix it so she would.

S.: How?

W.: You know that old ring of fire near the edge?

S.: Daaaaaaaaaaaaah?

W.: I could arrange to have her put in there till you get back.

S.: That *would* keep her quiet.

W.: I'd hate to loose my best Valkyrie so long, but being as it's you. . . .

S.: You mean, only I could get her out.

W.: That's it. Two mile high flames, trapping the girl. You appear on a gigantic dragon. . . .

S.: Swan.

W.: Yes, yes, swan, and gallop through the fire and take her in your arms. She'll melt. A ring of fire can be awfully dull for 500 years, you know.

S. (pleased that the problem is solved): When is the fight?

W.: As soon as you get there.

S.: Call the chariot! (Strides toward the door)

W. (pompously): Remember, Sigfried, you are Germany, going forth to save an innocent maiden in distress, . . . it's symbolic!

S.: Hot Gotterdammerung! Is she really pretty?

W. (crossing his fingers): Yes, . . . (gulps) . . . beautiful.

S.: Liebenstraum! Hi-o-to-ho! (Leaves).

Wotan mops his brow and shouts.

W.: Thor!

Thor enters, a paper in his hand.

W.: Is the dispatch ready?

T.: Here it is. (hands paper to Wotan, who reads it, correcting it here and there).

W.: Valhalla, Northern Gods Press Service Ltd.

Today, the heroic God Sigfried, to be remembered as the victor in numberless battles, set forth on his most exciting quest to date. He is to save Elsa, a pure and beautiful (pencils that out) maiden, who has been unjustly accused of usurping her dead father's throne. It is rumored that a marriage might take place. (looks hastily around to see if Brunhilde is within earshot).

Will Sigfried win this, his hardest battle? Or will the puny earthmen prove too wily for the fighting

(continued on page 34)

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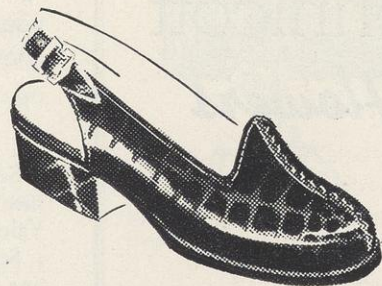
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HOW TO BECOME A BMOC

(continued from page 13)

6 Throw away your razor! This will do wonders for you. If you are seen in the Rathskeller with a beer and a beard, people will feel sure that you represent either the better interests of the engineers or the lawyers. As no one on campus cares to associate with either engineers or lawyers, no check can be made, and you will be immediately accepted as someone of importance.

7 Find a very ugly girl, take her to the Cabin, sit her in a corner, and then go around and talk to everyone you know or have ever seen before. This will also have two results—your date will be terrifically impressed with your popularity, and all the people you talk to will wonder who you are, and will make it a point to find out your name.

8 Wear stilts.

9 Learn all the words to "The Main Stein Song", the "Whiffenpoof" and "Humoresque"—(College Variation) songs, and when, in the course of an evening's beer-ing, the lyrics falter . . . your voice will ring true and clear. As many people will hear the words for the first time, you will be looked upon with awe, and efforts will undoubtedly be made to learn your name.

10 If you're a girl, change your sex and follow any of the above plans.

—McGINNIS

Seagull No. 1: "Who won the boat race down here below us, Harvard or Yale?"

Seagull No. 2: "Yale just crossed the line in the lead."

Seagull No. 1: "And to think I put everything I had on Harvard."

* * *

"Darn it, leftovers again," said the cannibal as he gnawed on the two old maids.

—Pup

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GENIE

(continued from page 10)

screamed Albert in pain.

The giant said, "I did what you ordered. Look in the mirror."

Albert stood up and tottered over to the mirror. A gasp of horror came out of him. In the mirror he saw his face, his hair, his eyes—all a pastel pink color.

"What's the matter, don't you like it?" The giant was looking at him like a disappointed giver of gifts.

"No," wept Albert. "Take it away. Make me like I was before."

The giant clouted Albert with another blow, sending him flying back across the room. "Well, you're the same again."

Albert climbed weakly onto his chair. He rubbed the bruises he had. Because Albert was an Aladdin, and no one can push an Aladdin around and get away with it, Albert got mad. He pointed an angry finger at the green giant.

"What's this all about? What do you mean climbing out of the lamp and trespassing in my room?"

"I am the slave of the spittoon," answered the giant as though he had a hard time remembering his lines, "I am ready to obey you, I and all the other slaves in the spittoon."

Dawn came to Albert's brain.

"You mean you're a genie?"

The giant nodded.

"Tell me then, how come you hang around a cuspidor. I thought a genie was a lamp slave or, maybe, a ring slave. And why did you come in a mushroom of smoke?"

The genie took this for an invitation to stay a while. He sat on the floor and crossed his legs like a tailor.

"We—I and the other slaves of the spittoon—got tired of appearing in just any old blob of smoke. We saw the Bikini blast. We liked the mushroom cloud of smoke. So now we always appear like atom blasts. Pretty, wasn't it?"

The genie raised his hand into the air, wiggled his fingers. A Corona Corona appeared in them.

"A little trick I picked up from Blackstone."

He put it into his mouth, lit it with a match from the air, and continued.

"Remember the story of Aladdin? He sure kept us busy. Very unsatisfied cuss. He finally died. The lamp—yes, we were slaves of the lamp then—disappeared for hundreds of years. It was finally dug up by an archaeologist.

"The archaeologist brought it back to America and put it on his mantle. His wife didn't like it, so the next time the old antique digger went away, she sold it to Patrick Flynnoshay, the Irish King of Junk. Pat sold it to a metal works company.

"At the metal factory, it was melted down and was finally made into a spittoon. The spittoon ended up in a tavern, from which your uncle, Mustapha Jones, stole it for his den. He willed it to you as a joke. So here it is at Wisconsin."

Albert pondered this closely, then asked, "Why didn't anybody else discover you before?"

The giant laughed. "We work only for guys named Aladdin."

"But my name isn't Aladdin."

"Oh, yes it is. What's your first name? Albert. What's short for Albert? Al. What's your last name?"

"I get it," said Albert. "Al Addin—Aladdin."

"Right," replied the genie, scratching his light brown hair. "Is there anything you want, Aladdin?"

Aladdin, nee Albert Addin, chortled and jumped up. "Yes, take me for a fast trip to Chicago and—"

"No," interrupted the genie. "Can't do it. Things aren't like they used to be. Interstate Commerce Commission would squawk."

Albert snorted, "Well, I'll be—. Then build me a castle, as big as Aladdin's in the 'Arabian Nights', out in Westmorland."

(continued on page 28)

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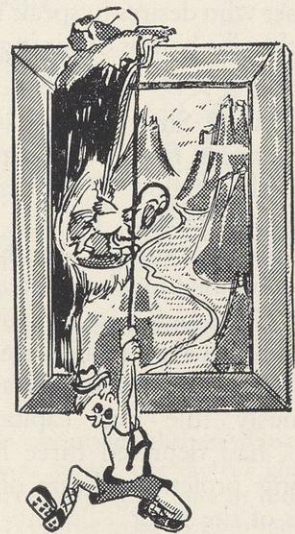
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A Report on YAM

BY R. JOHN HIGGINS

WITH cries of "Goldyllocks was a fascist!" and "Snow White sold out to the capitalists!" YAM opened a recent anti-fairy tale meeting in Great hall. YAM, a campus super-liberal organization with the alternate names, THE YOUNG ANARCHISTS OF MADISON and THE YOUNG ARSONISTS OF MADISON, had previously issued a public statement that it was "deeply concerned over the reactionary tendencies and vicious capitalistic sub-currents prevailing today in that extremely conservative-fascistic type of literature known as the 'fairy tale.'" The meeting was called to decide YAM's course of action in regard to fairy tales.

Because of an agreement with Porter Butts that the Great Hall dance floor would not be marred by the usual YAM bomb throwing, members left their explosives in the Union check rooms before the meeting, and were therefore handicapped in expressing themselves. True to its anarchist principles, YAM has no officers, so a member who desires to speak must use either his bombs or his ingenuity in order to get the floor.

Cnidoblast Shrechlichkeit was the evening's first orator. Speaking as his fellow YAMites attempted to remove his red ants from their clothing, Shrechlichkeit expounded his theory that the story, *Goldyllocks*, is capitalistic-fascistic propaganda because the blonde heroine, Goldyllocks, an "obviously idle-rich capitalistic leech", had deprived three hard-working proletariat bears of the "fruits of the labor".

Next to speak was Bob Berg, who gained the floor by adroit use of an ammonia-filled fly sprayer. *Red Riding Hood* was his pet peeve. "If Red Riding Hood had not been a discriminating snob, the wolf, now pictured as the villain of the story, in all probability

would have been proven to be a typical hard-working union organizer who was merely attempting to put the Hood on the right political path," Berg explained. "The wood-choppers who killed the wolf in the end were obviously non-union scabs," the squat, beady-eyed Elephantiasis major concluded.

Long fingernails and an old-fashioned hat pin did the trick for Anesthesia Furble, and she was next on the list of speakers. With her hair dishevelled and mascara dripping, Miss Furble roundly denounced the fairy tale *The Sleeping Beauty* between feverish puffs on a big black cigar. "All royalty is abominable," Miss Furble began, "but the Sleeping Beauty, a princess, was not content with the usual idleness enjoyed by the ruling classes. She did not merely sleep late mornings; she slept for 100 years! And then upon awakening, the so-called Beauty concocted a story that she had been cursed, but it is perfectly clear that

she was simply lazy and liked to sleep while the poor down-trodden common people toiled!" The female YAMster then yielded the speakers' platform in order to escape a barrage of over-ripe goose eggs.

Wielding a stout shillalah, "The Irish Firebrand", Seamus McOscar, succeeded Furble. 'Faith and begorra, the fairy tale I'm after objecting to is *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*," McOscar said first as he waved his oaken weapon at those who had ideas of taking over the platform. He then, in a knife-cuttable brogue, went on to say that the Pied Piper, a member of the musicians' union, had no right to usurp the duties of the exterminators' union, in which he did not hold a card. After finishing his anti-Piper tirade, McOscar was wildly waving his shillalah and shouting "I can lick any man in the room!" just as he was knocked unconscious by an iron-hard stale bagel slung at him by "Bomb-Happy" Gus Bop.

Shaggy-haired, foreheadless, long-armed Bop, one of YAM's best bomb throwers and chief incendiary, a junior majoring in Alligator Psychology, obstreperously attacked Ali Baba for breaking up the thieves' union by boiling its forty members in oil. His red eyes flashing, Bop thundered, "Ali Baba was a mean old spoilsport!" as his speech ended.

With voting restricted to members still conscious and in one piece, the meeting ended with the adoption of a resolution that the University should eliminate fairy tale courses from its curriculum. The resolution was particularly directed at COMPARATIVE LITERATURE 509—*The Fairy Tale As a Driving Force in the World Today*; and ENGLISH 10,000—*Reading and Writing Fairy Tales, If You Can Read and Write*.

TWO YAM BOYS



"What time is it by your bomb?"

WHOM TO BLAME

(continued from page 20)

"Troubleshooter" terminology) the "Gummy Phoos", and she lived in Washington, D. C., before Brooklyn.

When interviewed, Jane got off these profound statements: "I dislike ice on pavements, but love it in tall glasses", "I am majoring in *American Institutions* because I want to institute the Americas", and in reply to a question on how she liked Wisconsin, "Merry Christmas to you, too!" All during the interview her hands had been working feverishly, and by the time we were through the floor was covered with strings of paper dolls.

Jane says that she wants to be a writer after graduation (she is a sophomore now), and besides writing she likes hot jazz. We like Jane.

* * *

CLARK

"AW shucks, there's nothing interesting about me," said Ed "The Genie With the Light Brown Hair" Clark as we started to interview him up in the journalists' haven, South Hall. But with a series of our unusually tactfully worded questions (EXAMPLE: How much time have you spent in jail?) we soon put him at ease, and we found out a lot of interesting goo.

(continued on page 32)

He's coming from Bud Jordan's with that satisfied look!



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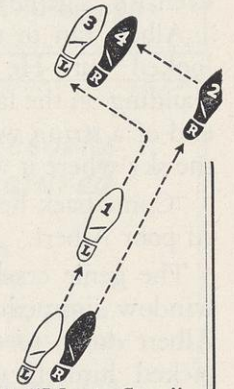
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GENIE

(continued from page 25)

"Sorry," sneered the genie. "Zone restrictions in Westmorland prohibit such large structures. Not that I couldn't build it, mind you, but the city wouldn't let you keep it. No use wasting my talents."

Albert was getting peeved. "Okay, okay. I understand. If you can't do those things, go get a pumpkin and change it into a 1947 Studebaker for me."

"Fool," smirked the genie. "We got a union. And that ain't in our jurisdiction. Changing vegetables into vehicles comes under a different union. You'll have to get a fairy godmother to do that. Not that I couldn't do it, understand, but union rules is union rules."

"Aw, go fly a kite," screamed Albert.

Bang! The genie shot out through the window. A closed window. (A pretty good stunt even for a genie).

Albert ran to the window and looked out. He saw the genie standing on the lawn, holding one end of a string which ran up into the sky where it was tied to a kite.

"Come back here at once," yelled poor Albert.

The genie crashed through the window immediately, knocking Albert down to the floor. Albert picked himself up again. Tears stood in his eyes. His bones ached.

"What's a matter, kid?" asked the genie gently.

"Can't you behave? What's got into you?"

"You sit in a spittoon or a lamp for a few thousand years," suggested the genie, "and you'll want to exercise too. But now I'll promise to do what you want and be a good genie."

"Good," said Albert. "First of all, go out and get me a new suit, a new hat, a covert topcoat, some expensive shoes, gloves, a scarf, and a couple of ties. Use good taste."

"What do you think I am, a charge account?" scowled the tall, green and ugly one. "Well, okay, I'll do it."

The genie vanished in one second and was back the next with a complete wardrobe of excellent taste.

"Good old Genie," said Albert. "Now come across with some American money."

The genie fingered the air and drew five ten-dollar bills from the atmosphere.

"Now," said Albert, "comes the important part. Over on Langdon street there's a sorority house, and in that sorority house there's a certain girl—"

The genie sighed, "There's always a girl, isn't there?"

Albert went on. "She's short, black-haired, and the cutest, sweetest thing on the campus. She's wonderful. Only I am too afraid of pretty sorority girls to ask her for a date. That's where you come in, Genie. You're going to ask her

to date me. You'll do that, won't you?"

"Be glad to." The genie smiled. "I'd like to know what you think a pretty girl is. Do I mention your name?"

Albert came out of a reverie. "Oh, yes, she knows me. She's in my classes. You're sure you have powers enough to talk her into dating me?"

"Really!" said the genie. "I am offended. Remember, I am the slave of the spittoon. I'll put some clothes on, change my appearance a bit, and then I'll see what I can do for you."

The genie vanished.

Albert set about getting himself ready for a date. He bathed, shaved, and dressed himself in the new clothes. Then he sat down to wait for the genie.

He waited an hour, an hour and a half. Must be taking a lot of talking, thought Albert. Am I that undesirable?

At the end of two hours, the genie reappeared. He was different. He had changed himself to a giant of only 6' 5". His skin was now a healthy tan. His features, Albert had to admit, were good looking.

"Well?" asked Albert.

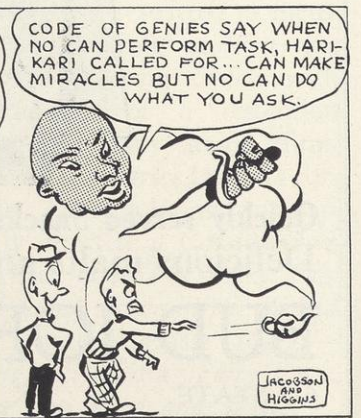
"You were sure right," said the genie. "She is the cutest, sweetest thing on the campus. She's wonderful."

"I knew you'd like her," Albert smiled. "Did you get a date with

(continued on page 33)

ADVENTURES OF OCTY

By Art Jacobson and Bob Higgins



Jacobson and Higgins

*"There's Good
News Tonight—"*



We're going to the
**Coney Island
Restaurant**

314 State Fairchild 1685

BANQUET BEDLAM

(continued from page 12)

Kitzi Blair crashed the gate. Last year Evelyn Cohen, Jane Weisselberg (ex-*Octy* editor), and Jo-Ann Oyaas got in under false pretenses. Jane came disguised as a visiting Indian potentate; got a ringside table.

In fact, women have contributed so much lately to the success of Gridiron, a Ladies' Auxiliary has been formed. Eleanor Ferguson is the 1946-47 president.



Another allied organization is the Honorary Gridiron club which figures the annual budget (costs sometimes run into four figures). Joe Rothschild, head of Baron Bros., is president. Members are not necessarily of SDX. (All red derby winners become automatic members.)

And so the Red Derby bull session goes on. The roastmaster rakes the subject under discussion over the coals and everybody puts in his two cents worth. And as they leave the hall, battered and bruised, they're already looking forward to the next free-for-all—the next Gridiron banquet.

What brought me here? asked the little rose-bud.

The stalk, answered the rose.
—*Wampus*

* * *

"Your girl's spoiled, isn't she?"
"No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."
—*Gargoyle*

* * *

Girl: "Are mine the only lips you have ever kissed?"

Fellow: "Yes, darling, and the nicest."
—*Tempo*

* * *

If one and one make two,
And one and one do marry,
How is it in a year or so
There's two and one to carry?
—*Columns*



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Chronicle

(continued from page 4)

It Does Sound Nice

The very eager beavers who are taking Zoology 119 (Parasitology) have to learn a lot of weird names and terms such as *ctenocephalides*, *echinophaga*, and *haemophysalis* just because those names are good things to know if you want to become an expert on parasites. But recently Professor Herrick gave the boys and girls a real dilly to learn for quite a different purpose. We refer to the rather obscure *tstutsugamushi* fever which is caused by *trombicula akamushi*. REASON WHY THEY SHOULD KNOW IT: Euphony-minded Doc Herrick likes the sound of it!



Tips for Investigators

This eager and somewhat wide-eyed investigating for subversive elements by the stalwart Young Republicans alarms us. Mainly, we think, because we're hazy on what a subversive element is—the material for a bigger and better bomb, or something unshaven and pale covering under a stone. Or could we be wrong, too?

And what please, does this thing subvert? Perhaps the junior Tracys ought to be a trifle more scientific and political in their approach. In short, block that tendency toward clarity, gentlemen, you are now Politically Minded and must organize accordingly.

First, set up a committee to determine what an s. e. is, size, shape, blood pressure, drink capacity et cetera, with perhaps two sub-committees: one on sub subversive elements and the other to fish the quintuplicate forms off the floor.

Then, maybe, a steering committee armed with righteousness and "State of the Union" to ring doorbells, plus a couple of sub outfits *there* to send tele-

Chronicle

grams to Congress and empty ashtrays. Got to do it that way, boys, if you're interested in Washington!

Anyway, we hereby start our own private committee for the care and feeding of any subversive elements left out in the cold by the youthful Mr. Tafts. Takers?

* * *

Ed Clark, who is written up in this month's "Whom to Blame", pointed out an interesting fact to us the other day that we hadn't stopped to think of before. It's probably just because we're so used to the thing that we hadn't noticed that the *Cardinal* isn't really a newspaper after all; it's merely a whole mess of signed columns with maybe a news item here and there, if there is room!

We haven't the space to list ALL of the *Cardinal's* columns, but here are a few of them: "The Troubleshooters", "Through the Looking Glass", "Crocker Comments", "In the Wolf's Den", "Star-dusting the Screen", "The Badger Beat", "Dissonances", "Nothing to Wear Except", "On This End of the Bench", "One Man's Poison", "On the Social Side", "Let's Get Personal", "Over the Hill", "Sports Session", "Covering the Legislature", "Out From Under", "As I'd Call Them", "Sounding Board", "It's My Nickel", "Comments Contemporary", "In and Around Lathrop Hall", "Truax Tidbits" and "Langdon Street Lamplighter".

If they ever get economy minded over there we suggest that they save space by combining some of the columns. Wouldn't you just love to read "Out From Under the Hill", "Dusting the Looking Glass", "Contemporary Wolves", "Poison the Badger", or even "Covering Trouble in the Badger Den From This End of the Side-board"?

Doctor: "How is the boy who swallowed the half dollar?"
Nurse: "No change yet, doctor."

* * *

Artist: "May I paint you in the nude?"
Model: "Migod, No. You've got to wear *something*."

* * *

Co-ed: "Why didn't you find out his name when they called the roll?"

Other Co-ed: "I tried, but he answered for four different names."

* * *

A lady was seated with her little girl in a railway car when a frowzy looking fellow entered the compartment.

A few minutes before the train started the lady, perceiving that she would have to travel with an undesirable companion, thought of an excuse to rid herself of him. Leaning forward, she said, "I ought to tell you, my girl is just getting over an attack of scarlet fever, and perhaps—"

"Oh, don't worry about me, madam," interrupted the man. "I'm committing suicide at the first tunnel anyway."

*Parties are more fun to go to
when you don't have to walk*



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WHOM TO BLAME

(continued from page 27)

Big Ed Clark, of the Madison Big Ed Clarks, is a junior at this sifting and winnowing institution and is a J. major. Like many another student he spent some time wearing olive-drab drapery during the war. Don't tell anybody, but he was in the ARMY AIR FORCE! He claims that all he ever did while in uniform was to show an Army training film that starred Van Heflin.

Big Ed's main trouble at school is trying to determine which sorority girls are pinned and which aren't. He told us that he is afraid to speak to pretty girls, but then we decided that if we print that, the next girl he spoke to would slap his face, so we probably had better not use the item. Borrowing a term from chemistry Ed says he needs a catylist like the genie of his story to get him to ask for a date, but he is an expert on keeping potatoes from sprouting in the cellar, if that's any consolation.

Soph: "My gawd, but I'm thirsty."

Frosh: "Wait a minute, and I'll get you some water."

Soph: "I said *thirsty*, not *dirty*."

* * *

Don't you ever read anything but the jokes?

* * *

Jr.: "Man, am I scared. I just got a card from a veteran telling me he'll shoot me if I don't stay away from his wife."

Soph.: "Well, why don't you?"

Jr.: "He didn't sign his name."

—Mis-A-Sip

* * *

She kicked her Democratic boy friend out.
Although his wooing was of highest quality;
It seems the lady entertained some doubt
As to his kisses constitutionality.



—EVERHARD—

"There goes Dr. Eisenhart, Professor of Child Psychology."

Time out
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GENIE

(continued from page 28)

her for me? When is it? Eight? Nine?"

The genie looked embarrassed. "I hate to tell you this, kid. I went to the sorority house. I talked to the girl. I asked her for a date with you. But she said she'd rather die than be seen with you."

Albert gnashed his teeth in frustration. "What else did she say?"

A glow enveloped the genie's face. "She said that if I weren't doing anything tonight, she'd love to go out with me. Boy, she's wonderful, Al."

Albert jumped up and glared at the genie. He screeched hatred.

"Steal my girl, will you? You dirty, two-timing Arabian Night edition of a John Alden!"

The genie hooted. "She isn't your girl. She detests the sight of your ugly face. You can kiss romance goodbye."

"You go to H—!" bellowed the furious Albert.

The genie's appearance changed suddenly back to its former gigantic green ugliness. His face was ecstatic. He boomed with joyous shouts.

"Sis— Boom— Ah! I'm being sent home . . . home at last. Home to Daddy."

The genie grabbed the spittoon with one hand and stripped off Albert's new clothes with the other. Then, shouting "Open Sesame", the genie with the light brown hair vanished into the floor, going home to H—.



Millie: "Would you think it was telepathy if we were thinking of the same thing?"

Clay: "No, just plain good luck."

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SIGFRIED

(continued from page 23)

flower of Valhalla? Watch for further developments.

(aside) Lucky he didn't see her picture.

T.: Yes!

W. (leafing through his book): Yes, it's OK, but let's find out whether he marries her or not. . . . Hmmmmmm . . . Serpents, Sonambulists,—ah, here we are, Saviours. (runs his finger down the page).

Thor! (Wotan jumps up, staring at the book). Sturm und Drang, Trinkgeld, Blut und Eisen. . . .

T. (backing off): What's wrong?

W. (slumping down tragically): I—we sent the wrong hero! These pages stuck together! It's Lo-hengrin she's expecting!

T. (philosophically): Gotterdammerung! Well, they'll just have to rewrite the mythology, that's all.

W.: But they won't, their minds don't work that way. This is *awful*; it'll confuse those people terribly. They'll never understand.

T. (hopefully): Maybe they'll stop believing in us and let us alone?

W.: No, they'll rationalize some sort of explanation and it will get worse and worse through the ages. Just keep Brunhilde away from me when she finds out!

T.: Come on, you need a good fight!

W.: I guess I do. (laughs). No wonder Sigfried got hay fever from dragons—he's the wrong one. The big dope!

T. (laughing too): And I gave him the nastiest two birds we have! He'll probably let them run away with him!

(Both men are roaring with laughter as they go out the door, and Wotan tosses his sword up in the air, as—

(THE CURTAIN FALLS)

"Daughter, that fellow who walks with you through the park doesn't look very polished."

"Well, I'll admit he's a bit rough around the hedges."
—Voo Doo

* * *

Guy: "How 'bout some old fashioned lovin'?"
Gal: "Okay. I'll call up my grandmother."

* * *

Now I lay me down to sleep.
The prof is dry, the lecture's deep.
If he should quit before I wake,
Someone kick me, for goodness sake.

* * *

And then there's the Republican who was kicked out of the party for having a pink toothbrush.

* * *

"Where do you think you're going," said the dog as another fled past him, "to a fire hydrant?"

—Ski-U-Mah.

* * *

Teacher: "Johnny, do you wish to leave the room?"
Johnny: "Well, I ain't hitch-hiking."

INVESTIGATIONS

(continued from page 6)

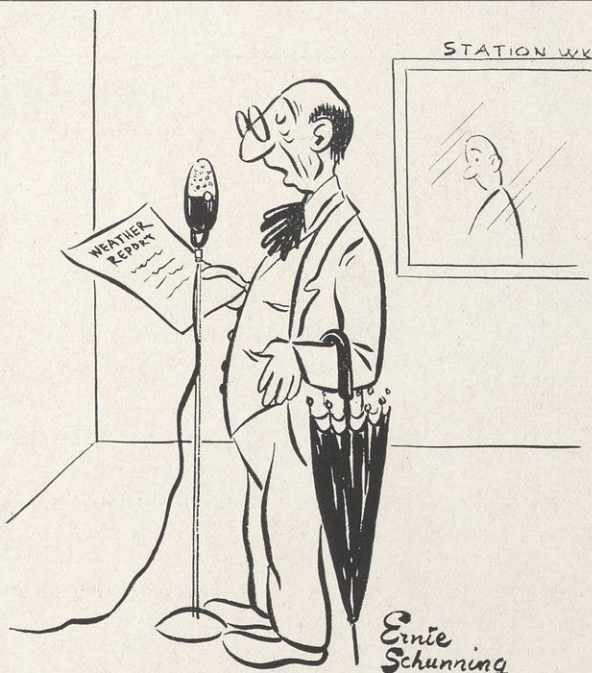
ber", the football team investigated the Y.W.C.A. Shocking to relate some of the Y.W.'s investigated the football team. *Cardinal* investigated *Octopus* and *Octy* investigated each and every leg. Some Home Ec girls investigated a kitchen and then switched to sociology.

Conducting investigations replaced miniature golf and flag pole sitting as pastimes. Factory production rates dipped as the country became absorbed in the new sport. A magazine article warned that investigation had so superceded normal human curiosity that the human race was in danger of dying out.

Regretting his first oversight Dean Quaddipus would have been glad to send a letter to Mickey the Leprechaun but he felt vaguely that some principle or other was involved. Rather than send the letter he preferred to investigate the salaries of football coaches. Shortly after this investigation he resigned.

Finally the glue of investigations halted all activities except investigations. Busy filling out questionnaires the professors could not lecture. Busy printing questionnaires the students had no time to learn. All programs at the Union were dropped except a forum on How To Conduct Investigations. At the same time the Union was being investigated by Senator Claghorn. He did not like the name.

The investigation fad lasted until 1929, when everyone had to go to work except those who escaped to Congress. As for Queen Mab and Mickey the Leprechaun, they flunked out in the mid-semester. Years later they were found writing perfume advertisements for Harper's Bazaar.



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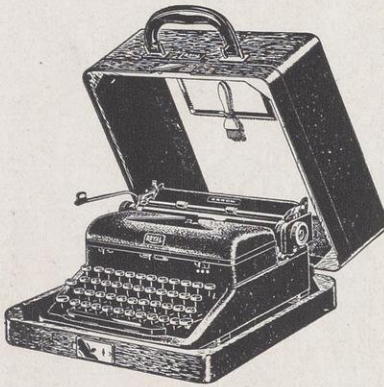
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