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## **The Wisconsin Octopus: Military ball. Vol. 25, No. 8 April, 1947**

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# The Wisconsin OCTOPUS

COMPLIMENTS OF  
"OCTY"

COMPLIMENTS OF  
"OCTY"



April 1949

twistle

25¢

**EXPERIENCE  
IS THE BEST  
TEACHER!**

From the rivers of Georgia, Mrs. Dorothy Newstead has followed the trail of game fish to the Atlantic and Pacific.



*Mrs. Dorothy Allen Newstead*

Holder of the International Women's All-Tackle Record for Cobia

A record catch! Sixty-nine pounds of the rare yellow-bellied cobia. Landed in 35 minutes by Mrs. Dorothy Newstead in the Gulf Stream.



**EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER...  
IN DEEP-SEA FISHING...  
IN CIGARETTES TOO!  
CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'**

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!



Remember? You stood in line to get cigarettes...took whatever you could get. That's when millions learned Camels suited them best.

*Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!*

Mrs. Dorothy Newstead speaking: "During the war shortage, I smoked many different brands. That's when I found Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

You and millions of other smokers, Mrs. Newstead.

Result: *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.*

**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'

*According to a recent Nationwide survey:*

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

• Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors — in every branch of medicine — to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.



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

# The Campus Chronicle

ONCE again *Octy* has sent his tentacles all over these here United States and dragged in the best humour from other college magazines for his exchange issue. Of course, we could have saved a lot of postage and merely reprinted some *Cardinal* editorials for exchange humour, but we figured that would be too easy, and anyway we don't go in for that kind of corn. So, we offer our thanks to the Stanford *Chaparral*, Michigan State *Spartan*, Ohio State *Sundial*, Michigan *Gargoyle*, Harvard *Lampoon*, Colgate *Banter*, Penn State *Froth*, M.I.T. *Voo Doo*, Cornell *Widow*, Duke *Duke & Duchess*, Minnesota *Ski-U-Mah*, Yale *Record*, Washington *Columns*, Maine *Pine Needle*, and Missouri *Showme* for the loan of their material. We promise to return everything in good shape, but with several thousand Wisconsin laughs taken out of it!

\* \* \*

## Danny Boy

The life of a B.M.O.C. is no easy one, as a B.M.O.C. must keep up his reputation or suffer inevitable and humiliating (to one who has been on top) oblivion. And our campus has many such sad-eyed individuals, who, on seeing someone else's picture in the Co-op window or the *Cardinal*, mutter "Mine was there once" as they brush away a silent tear.

One of the latest B.T.O.'s to have his light fade is Dan "Cupcake" Krauskopf. Last fall Krauskopf and his *Cardinal* column, "Sounding Board", were big stuff. Dan's attack on the R.O.T.C. department drew hundreds of both pro and con replies. He was vigorously attacked by the Troubleshooters and upheld by the more left-wing elements. The name of Krauskopf was a household word at Wisconsin. We even used to joke about him in *Octy*.

But now, things have changed. We haven't seen "Sounding Board" in months, the R.O.T.C. Military Ball is the talk of the campus, and just the other day we heard a student say, "Krauskopf? Why, he's passe!"

\* \* \*

## Weather Report

Spring, we are told, between sneezes, has just chirped in the window. The signs are abundant: wet feet, puddles, mud, puddles, soaking feet, and double pneumonia (if you are one of the chosen ones).

"Don't you feel that electric something in the air?" screams an enthusiastic friend as he stands on tiptoe gulping in the surrounding atmosphere. Minutes later he has turned a pale violet and is undergoing artificial respiration.

*Le printemps* may be on the way, but we propose to re-

main skeptical until you show us a non-florists-window, non-Easter-hat daffodil blooming inside Quonset hut No. 1 on lower campus.

\* \* \*

## We Don't Mean Marmalade

The enterprising people who sponsor the Jazz Record Hour have branched out and are holding weekly Jam Sessions which feature live musicians and several varieties of hot music.

They're what cause the Union to quiver ever so slightly to a 4/4 beat every Saturday afternoon when that wonderful noise comes floating down the hallways from Top Flight.

Amid clouds of smoke and intense thumping of feet you can distinguish assorted groups of people who give out with both Dixieland music, and what is vaguely termed "modern" in the current jazz vocabulary.

Course it's strictly unrehearsed and real lively, as the boys definitely know their stuff. And if you can keep your feet from tapping you are strictly in the non-hep category.

\* \* \*

## Useful Info

And did you know that you are living on a ----ssshhhh---- a Drumlin? No not gremlin, this is a Drumlin. And you exist on said item if you live in the vicinity of Langdon street. Of course it's really just the remains of one, if we must be exact, but then what do you want anyway, hummingbirds?

We understand from highly official sources that these things are usually found in clusters, are egg-shaped, and can be blamed on some erratic glacier that wandered astray around these parts a couple of billion million thoughts ago.

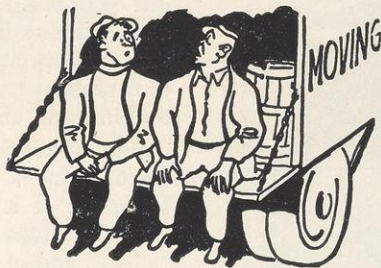
And, most alarming is the discovery that Drumlins are only partly stratified. Jack, that's sabotage. What cataclysmic effects can occur as a result of this hop skip and jump Mother Nature took in her younger years? See any Geography book, chapter subtitled "Glaciers Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out" for the answers.

\* \* \*

## Cinema Inspiration

After seeing "The Beast With Five Fingers" the thought plopped into our lap that an extra hand, bestly or not, would be a handy item to keep under the bed. Just think how useful such an object might be, preferably with fingernails long enough to open coke bottles and scratch that middle part of the back that is unreachable.

We could send a nice unattached third arm off to the



"My wife is sore because I'm getting a bachelor's degree."

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your fashion future**



Curves are made, not born nowadays. And the girl with the best outlook, the lovely uplift is in for a carload of cheers. If you want the contours that make conquests, rely on the Bali Bra. The Bali Bra is designed with you in mind, proportioned to fit your figure—whether you're slim, average or on the fuller side. Just ask your saleslady which cup—A, B, C, or D is meant for you. She'll be glad to help you. \$1.50 and up.



**Bali Brassiere Co., Inc.**  
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## Chronicle

drugstore for coffee in the mornings, or up to Bascom to take an exam, perhaps with a few helpful notes tucked under an extra long, ragged fingernail.

And then it could light cigarettes on cold days, hold doors open and squeeze open corners of pieces of candy so we'd know what was in them before picking one . . . and thousands of other useful things.

Only we'd have to train it not to pop up during class and get us called on and involved in one of those awful sentences that begin with "Taking all factors into consideration and under the prevailing circumstances . . ." and trail off into dismal ignorant silence.

Definitely, a third hand is something no home should be without, so we propose to contact our own private Ghoul via an asbestos-plated Ouija Board this very intense midnight!

\* \* \*

## Literary Preview Take Note

We note that the *Cardinal* has discontinued its engaging "How-To-Write" service. Come now, gentlemen, are there no more Theopolous J. Blumps, class of 1793 with an article in the *Eskimo Daily Almanac* willing to enlighten struggling college Hemmingways? Besides, he wants you to buy his new regional novel "Badger I Could Forget" which is just jampacked with the cutest funniest anecdotes about all the faculty up here. Only for some reason they've been very uncooperative and banned the book. Of course that's just professional jealousy, and we hope you'll keep the title in mind until we get this affair straightened out.

But anyway, dear Mr. Blump can give all of us just wonderful pointers on how to write really *fine* literature. In fact some of it might even pass freshman English. Shall we have a few quotes? Mr. Blump, if you please.

" . . . and of course the main thing to remember is that at the end of every sentence you use a period. That is when you're not using something else. And adjectives are now outmoded; no publisher accepts *any* manuscripts (which have to be V-mailed of course) with even a teeny weeny one lurking about.

"But, dear readers, the main thing about being an Author, is that you must put yourself right into the other fellow's shoes when you write. That may be awkward when your feet are bigger than his, but you must be prepared to suffer if you want to write for high class magazines.

At that we departed to suffer in silence and mediate on the possibility of meeting an author who never got beyond the building-block stage of kindergarten and who does all his writing in his bare feet far far away from anything except a trusty bottle.

\* \* \*

## Vital Info This Time

Elections are past, in fact long past in this fastly changing world. But we feel that a few things ought to be cleared up before they come again.

It is not the principle of the thing which we are going to gripe about. That is for *Cardinal* which comes out five times a week and can afford to waste space on such useless tripe. We are here to complain about the flagrant lack of knowledge of students as to what they were voting for if they voted, and what they didn't vote for if they didn't vote.

Typifying the ignorance of the masses, Robert Salisbury,

**Chronicle**

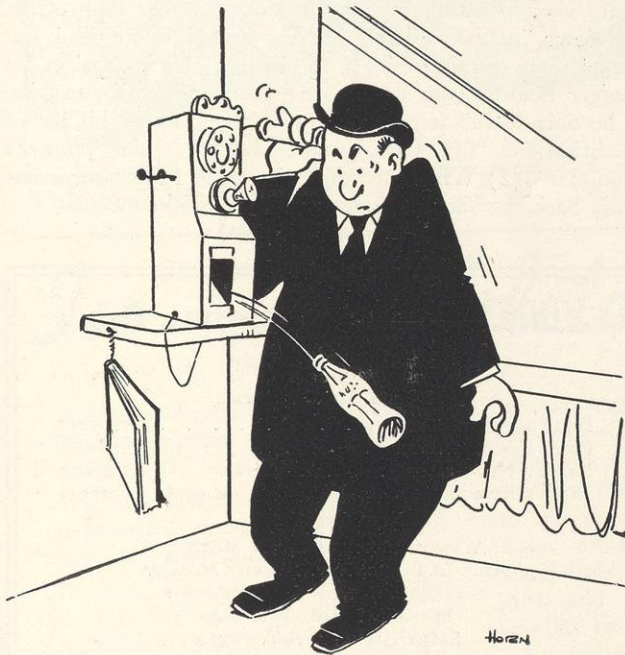
who is out for boxing according to the elections issue of *Cardinal*, asked us the other day what *Badger* board was.

For the benefit of all such students we are printing the answer here. *Badger* board is somewhat like beaver-board only not quite so intelligent.

\* \* \*

**Latin Lovers?**

There aren't many dull moments in Spanish 47 this semester with the kind of lectures Professor Rosaldo gives. He's the one who is famous for his pre-exam direction, "There are two different exams, so it won't do you any



—SUNDIAL

good to copy from the person next to you. Copy from the person in front of you!" and recently he was discussing the many stereotyped conceptions people from the United States have about Latin Americans, being a native of Mexico himself. One example he gave was that most Americans have the idea that all of our southern neighbors are romantic, but he refuted that in quick order. "We aren't all romantic," the prof from south of the border said, "but we sure are passionate!"

*This month's box of LIFE SAVERS goes to Bill Smith, 4168 Cherokee Dr., for a conversation overheard at a temperance lecture.*

Temperance Lecturer: "And in conclusion, my dear fellow citizens, I will give you a practical demonstration of the evils of the Demon Rum. I have two glasses here on the table. One is filled with water and the other with whiskey. I will place an angle worm in the glass of water. See how it lives, squirms, vibrates with the very spark of life. Now I will place a worm in the glass of whiskey. See how it curls up, writhes in agony, and then dies. Now, young man, what is the moral of this story?"

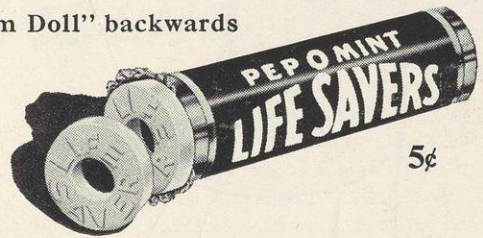
Young Man: "If you don't want worms, drink whiskey."

Are you a  
**Llod maerd\***



Does your poise rate zero when you hear "hubba-hubba"? Do you look over-anxious when the stag line stares? That's no way for a dream doll to click! Relax, instead! Munch on a yummy Life Saver. They're such wonderful little tension-breakers. They keep your breath sweet, too.

\* "Dream Doll" backwards



**KEEP PACE WITH SPRING**



Get her flowers from . . .

**RENTSCHLER'S**

230 State

Badger 177



You can see  
she's no drip  
her (rain) gear  
comes from

**Baron's**  
ON THE SQUARE

## Chronicle

### Candidate's Error

And while on the above subjects: actually, we are loyal, enthusiastic, rah-rah, supporters of student government, but we couldn't help but get a bang out of some of the antics of our spring elections. As usual, the blackboards were so full of "VOTE FOR . . ." that instructors could just barely squeeze in a word or diagram, but there were also some innovations, such as the only two junior woman *Cardinal* Board candidates being from the same sorority, and the sophomore man Student Board candidate who had his baby out campaigning for him.

We got the biggest laugh out of the Student Board aspirant, who, in listing his qualifications for that high office, put down "football usher". He was elected, so we think our friend Tom Devine missed the boat in his campaign for *Badger* Board. Tom would have been a cinch for election if he only hadn't left the following facts out of his list of qualifications: (1) Last summer he was John Hunter's roommate. (2) While attending the U. of Minnesota a few years back, he shook hands with Max Shulman!

(continued on page 31)

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Madison, Wisconsin

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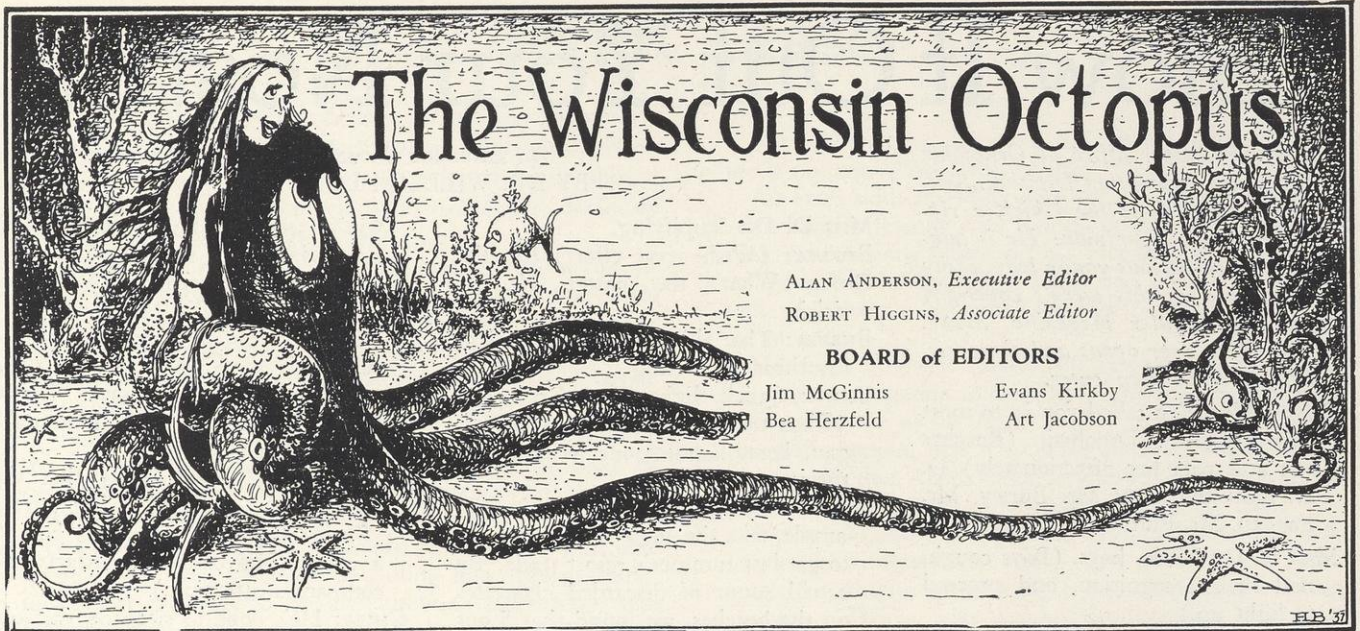
### Contributors:

Harold Entwistle (cover), Jim Doohan, Jane Boutwell, Randy Harrison, B. H., Marian Larson, Art Jacobson, A. A. A.

Thaves, *U.M. Ski-U-Mah; Duke and Duchess; A. H., Froth; Horn, Gerry Turner, Don Wilson, R. McGinnis, R. Owen, O. S. U. Sundial; J. S. F., Widow; Wally Thompson, Wayne Sargent, Terry Green, Chaparral; Hormel, Showme; W. Kortlander, D. B. L., Mich. Spartan; Robinson, W. R. B., C. H. P., Phin, Lam-pon; W. W. F., Salty, Voo Doo; Cave Man; Pup; Gargoyle; Banter.*

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Volume XXV

APRIL, 1947

Number 8

# In The Editor's Brown Study

A swan song is in order as April rolls 'round again and the old staff bows out.

We've turned out some good issues and some bad ones, but at least we've had a swell time doing it.

In case any of our attempts hit you, you can probably blame it on Higgins or Kirkby, two of Octy's right arms.

Higgins, associate editor, has done more to keep Octy in there punchy than any other three men. Always with the ideas and plenty of "push" to carry them out, Bob has done wonders to snap the old eight-legged critter out of his wartime hibernation.

Evans Kirkby, through his clever satires and slap-happy stories, has sparked up every issue with a barrel of good clean laughs.

Octy is also indebted to Jacobson and Entwistle for some clever cartoons and good covers. Jacobson's comic strip and "Harvey" by Randy Harrison will continue in the mag as regular features.

Ellen Nielsen, Ella Sigman, Bea Herzfeld, and Elsa Reid are four beautiful gals who did a lot of good work on the mag. Octy holds a ten-year contract with Ellen.

Getting out a mag like this is a good way of meeting characters of all types and sizes.

I remember the poem of LeBlang's we printed. It was too long to fit the space so we had to chop off a paragraph

without damaging that work of art. Our enigma was easily solved—we cut off the first paragraph.

It was Freshman Howy Hershleder we asked to do a story for the "Fairy Tale" issue. He said, "You mean about goblins, elves, leprechauns, virgins, and other supernatural characters like that?"

Ed Clark came in one day with a hammer and began repairing furniture

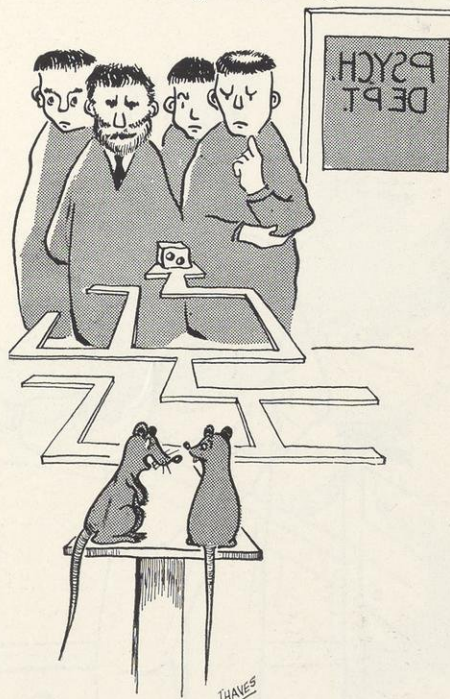
as "maintenance editor"; explained he had a fear of wobbly chairs ever since one had given out under him in a high school play before 400 people.

One day he was carrying his uncle's latest invention: a sort of self-propelled boot jack. "The idea's over a thousand years old," he said. "But my uncle was the first to patent it." The reason was soon clear—his uncle dropped a sock full on it.

Clark was the one who used to chase buses home and save a nickel. Now he chases taxis and saves fifty cents. He's also the guy who boasted he could type sixty words a minute—for thirty seconds.

Don Nestingen once filed a brief to explain that he didn't want an editorial position. The shortest brief was filed last fall when it was announced that everyone could file for a higher position. Higgins wrote, "I want your job, Anderson!" McGinnis explained in his brief, "I really need the job as I can't afford a subscription." It was Jane Boutwell who suggested we model the Chronicle after the Troubleshooters and Badger Beat with, "... not good journalism, but gossip is what people read."

Ah yes, it's a screwy world. And here's to the guys and gals that will make the world a little screwier—the next staff. Good luck, McGinnis. I'm sorry some of the old standbys will be leaving but know you and the new staff can easily take it from here. So here's laughing at you.



"For a lousy piece of cheese!"  
—SKI-U-MAH



# Blow It Out Your Nostril

SCENE: Skyscraper office of Gruesome Cigarettes, Promotion Division. Seated at his desk is the Chief, a rip-snorting two cigar man. He is talking to a curvacious young lady, easily recognized as this week's cover-girl on the popular magazine, STARE. The office door opens and three casually dressed men enter.

CHIEF: Men, I've called you in to meet Miss Dulcitine Droolbait. (Reaches out and pats her affectionately) D. D. meet the boys: Mr. Burley, Mr. Faggan, Mr. Puff.

MISS D. D.: Hello, boys. (Boys cough, nod their recognition, and proceed to light up.)

CHIEF: Boys, Gruesome is getting out a big campaign to wipe our competitor, Phyllis Morribund, out of recognition. We're going to demoralize their promotion. We've contracted Miss Droolbait to tour the hemisphere, embodying the perfection of Gruesome Cigarettes. Savy the outline, men?

BURLEY: (Swallowing his adam's apple) Yah! Just like our motto, "so trim, so slim, so fully stacked." We'll smear her all over the country on posters—in advance, eh chief? (begins to cough) We'll line up the best movie houzzz (goes into a prolonged wheeze)

CHIEF: (with unfeigned admiration) Great promotion man! Give him a Gruesome for that cough.

MISS D. D.: Chief, your way of putting a Gruesome over intrigues me. Just how is it done?

CHIEF: Well D. D., (stubs out one of his cigars). We have confidence in our product, so we only dramatize uh (paws the air for the right word), only uh, highlight the—

PUFF: The obvious, chief?

CHIEF: (Lighting another cigar) Yes, yes, exactly. Show her how we do it, Puff.

PUFF: With your permission, Miss Dulcitine, here's how it goes. I'm representing Gruesome Cigarettes on the city streets. I walk up to you and hand you a pack of Gruesomes. "Do you smoke Gruesomes?" I ask. Without exception, the answer is Yes. So we send all such statistics to our Addiction Division and they tabulate that 2 out of every one smokers are addicted to Gruesome. That's three more out of every two than smoked by Phyllis Morribund.

CHIEF: Straight facts, straight facts.

An Aromatic Survey  
BY DR. WILLIAM LORD

MISS D. D.: Stupifying.

BURLEY: (With great effort) Exactly.

CHIEF: What's the matter, Mr. B., sick?

BURLEY: That skin the Doc grafted in my throat is peeling.

CHIEF: Quick, light up a Gruesome. (Then turns to Dulcitine) And Faggan, here, handles our location statistics.

FAGGAN: Yes, Miss Droolbait, for example, take the angle we figured out to get last summer's resort trade. By actual count of discarded cigarettes on the beaches, we found that 5 out of every 6 sun burned butts were Gruesome, "so round, so firm, so fully sand-packed."

MISS D. D.: How revealing. Gentlemen, I think this tour will be a wonderful buildup for both of us.

PUFF: Gruesome doesn't need a buildup, Miss Droolbait, any more than you do.

MISS D. D.: Thank you.

CHIEF: (Stubs his cigars) Listen, men, Miss D. D. has to take a plane out of here this afternoon. Now that

you've seen her, I want you to kick up a whizz-bang slogan to put super zip into our campaign. We've got to dwindle Phyllis Morribund.

FAGGAN: I've got it, Chief. We'll have billboards showing D. D. asking a guy for a smoke. She says: "If you have a Gruesome, I'd like to make it a twosome."

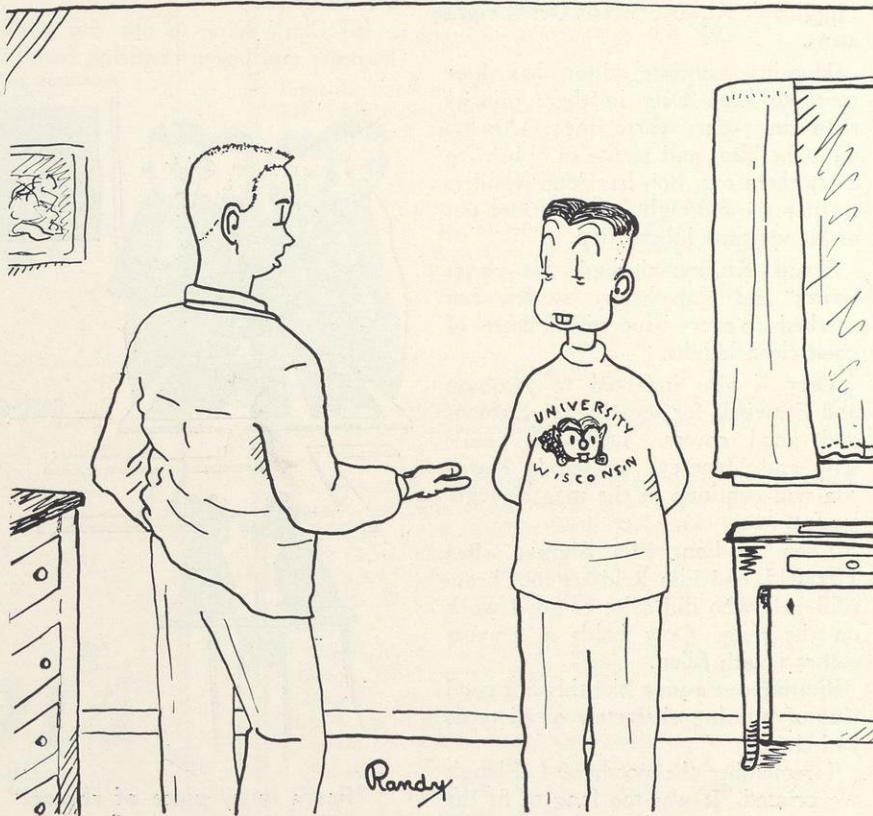
CHIEF: What? And imply that she didn't have a carton in her purse? (Burley has sunk unnoticed behind a chair. His coughing attracts the company's attention.)

CHIEF: He's gone to sleep on the job! I ought to cancel his Gruesome bonus. How shall we bring him to?

FAGGAN: Here, I'll bring him around easily. (Breathing Gruesome cigarette smoke gently into his face. Burley chokes convulsively, rises, falteringly to his feet, mumbling "Air". Reels to the window and tinkles through, out into space; his body disseminating into a rising wispy spiral.)

ENTIRE CAST: Holy Smoke!  
—Curtain— SPARTAN

## HARVEY



"You see, Harvey, it's as plain as the nose on your . . ."

# Script Tease

**I**N this postwar world of ours no greater opportunity awaits bright, young writers than in Hollywood, where huge stacks of currency of the realm are daily shoved across the counter for movie plots somebody obviously dreamed up between cocktails and dinner.

And anybody can get in on it, if he owns a typewriter or is dating a stenographer. For example, the Collector of Internal Revenue and I plan to split at least a gross of G's from the shakedown on "The Road to Oblivion" — the mirth-quaking twenty-seventh Crosby-Hope "Road" sensation which I am whipping up right now as I type.

Bing and Bob will be a couple of fun-loving buddies chasing Dorothy Lamour (the combined ages of the three by now exceeding The Years of Independence) in a terrific crossfire of keen gags like this:

Crosby pulls off Hope's pants just as he pushes him onto a hot stove; Hope retaliates by calling him "prairie-dome" in a subtle reference to Crosby's thinning hair. Hope tells audience that Crosby raised five boys so he could afford to fire his jockeys, but it didn't work because they couldn't stay out after dark. Crosby hits him in the kisser with a handspike, breaking all his teeth and his jawbone. Picture ends as Hope turns to leer at Dottie, and Bing runs him down with a steamroller. Bob sticks his head up out of the asphalt and remarks: "Bet Darryl Zanuck wouldn't treat me this way."

I also have "The Miracle of Preston's Cheek," a new Eddie Bracken opus. Eddie, a frustrated taste-tester in a factory making flypaper ribbons, yearns to be General Eisenhower. A sympathetic old-line QM buck sergeant, Bill Demarest, helps him steal one of Ike's uniforms. Coming home expecting to be elected mayor, Eddie is nailed by the FBI and sent up for a baker's dozen at Leavenworth. Demarest easily covers up with some phoney paperwork (The picture is full of natural true-to-life scenes) and is promoted to master sergeant. Betty Hutton marries Preston Sturges.

A sure-fire biographical drama on Edgar Allen Poe ("Warm-hearted Women and Love-mad Maidens He Ignored Them All!") naturally lets a little fresh air into the stuffy old historical facts.

Poe (Brian Donlevy), a poorly paid author of temperance tracts, is the actual composer of the immensely popular songs which the villain, Edward Everett Horton, markets under the name of Stephen C. Foster. In love with Foster's wife, Clara Barton (Lana Turner), Poe gives her up on the advice of Don Ameche (a struggling Illinois lawyer, coyly left unnamed) and fifteen years after his death volunteers with John Garfield (as "Captain" U. S. Grant) when Fort Sumter is fired

on.

But what will really set a b.o. record—box office, that is—is my new Alan Ladd mystery.

An extra with his skull split open is found on the floor. Alan Ladd is leaning over him on an old scythe blade dripping catsup, with which he has just been fixing a hotdog in the galley. Although it looks bad for Ladd, he won't talk, and cracks wise to the Homicide Squad as he is booked for murder.

However, his loyal friend, Bill Bendix, secretly conducts his own investigation to clear him. Bendix proves beyond a doubt that the scythe blade exactly matches the crease in the stiff's noggin, that it is really smeared with blood, not catsup, and that Alan's name is stamped on it. Ladd won't talk, and cracks wise as he is bound over for trial.

Veronica Lake, his girl, then takes a hand. She locates thirty-two witnesses who heard Alan swear to split the deceased lengthwise with an old scythe blade, and a window-peeping milkman who watched him actually start to tee-off. Things really look black for Ladd, but he still won't talk, and cracks wise as the judge slips him the hotspat.

With the show practically over, Bendix and Lake trail a suspicious bit-player named George to a Las Vegas dive, and set out to loosen his tongue with liquor. Ladd still won't talk. Ladd cracks wise as he is led to the chair. When she comes out of her hangover, Veronica decides it is George she has loved all the time. She marries him with Bill as best man.

Ladd fries.

The opus will be released as "This Theater for Rent."

Now, unless my memory of the smash hit of the past two years has slipped somewhere, all that's left to do is to sharpen the goose quill so that the stack of checks coming airmail from Hollywood can be expeditiously endorsed and cashed.

SPARTAN



—DUKE & DUCHESS

## HOW I WAS TAKEN AT THE CLEANERS

**P**HENOMENAL feats of engineering, like why is a strapless bathing suit, have always puzzled me, so maybe my helplessness in coping with the mothproof-bag problem is unique. I think not, however. In fact, I rather suspect that there are many hundreds of thousands who have been buffaloes in a similar way, but dare not admit it, for fear they would look silly. They have something there.

Anyhow, it was this way. In the early summer, an apparently innocent letter from my grandmother came my way. She told me what the weather had been like, and then, with studied carelessness, she slipped in the following casual remark: "I have been wondering about your winter clothes. Moths, as you know, often attack woollens in the summertime, particularly in Cambridge. Go, therefore, to a dry-cleansing establishment and procure a number of moth-proof bags, which can be had most reasonably. Your grandfather lost \$32 at flinch yesterday."

*Nothing at all*, you see, about how I was expected to get the clothes inside the bags. At the time, I thought of this as a mere oversight, never realizing that my crafty grandmother had no intention of telling me how it was done. For no one in the whole world knows the secret.



But I took her advice, and went down to a dry-cleanser's.

"Give me four moth-proof bags," I said, slapping down fifty cents on the counter.

The cleanser said nothing, but went into the rear of his shop and came back with the bags.

"How much?" I said.

"Seventy-five cents," he said.

I added a quarter to my fifty cents.

"A piece," he said.

"I'll take one," I said.

I held up the bag. It was made of paper, and was about ten feet long. The bottom had an open flap, while

seemed certain, but as I turned around in the bag and started back to the open end, my feet tore through the sides, and six bits went up the flue.

I clambored out of the bag, and returned to the cleanser's.

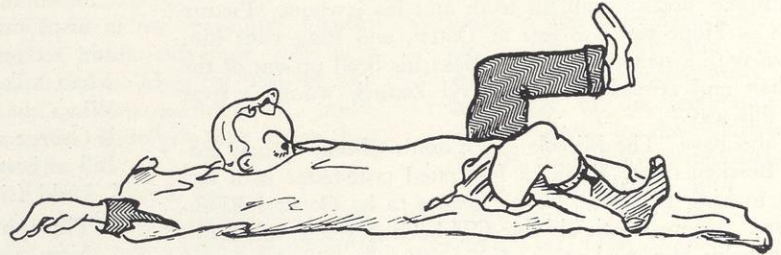
"See here," I said. "You sold me a defective moth-bag."

"Did you moisten the flap with saliva?" he said.

"No," I admitted. "Nor did I say 'by the great horn spoon.'"

"Well then," he said. "You'll have to buy a new bag."

He sold me a new bag, which was easily the dirtiest transaction ever.



at the top was a very small hole for the hook of the coat-hanger. There were no openings at the sides at all.

"Just moisten that flap at the bottom with saliva," the man said, "after you've got the clothing inside."

"After you've got the clothing inside." Very funny. The man took my seventy-five cents, which was next to the most wretched business deal of the day.

At any rate, I led the bag upstairs to my room, and got ready to put the clothes inside. First I hung a suit neatly on a hanger, emptied all the pockets, and threw moth-flakes all over everything. Then I laid the bag across my bed and holding the suit by the hanger, reached up into the bag as far as I could; but my hand wasn't within four feet of the top of it. I withdrew and looked over the situation. This time, I crawled up inside the bag, dragging the suit with me. After a while, we came to the top, and I pushed the hanger through the little hole. Success

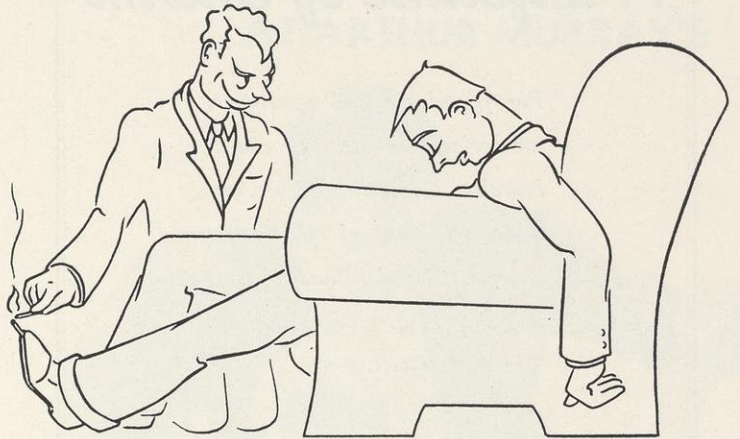
I went back to my room to start again with different tactics. This time I stood on the bureau, holding the hanger with one hand, while I tried to drop the bag over the top. This is impossible, and I came about as close as the Phillies. With my grandmother's name and a fearful oath on my lips, I stood there, trembling with rage, when a brilliant thought pierced my consciousness. Quickly I ripped off my clothes, and taking the suit off its hanger, put it on. Then I pulled the moth-bag over my head, and, with the empty hanger in my teeth, began taking off the suit again. In the dark inside the bag I worked feverishly for the better part of an hour and fifteen minutes, but it was no use. I was baffled, licked. Finally, I got panicky, and anybody who thinks I can't fight my way out of a paper bag should have been there. I was terrific. I tore it to small shreds. I mangled it to ribbons. I fell on the bed. I cried.

WRB

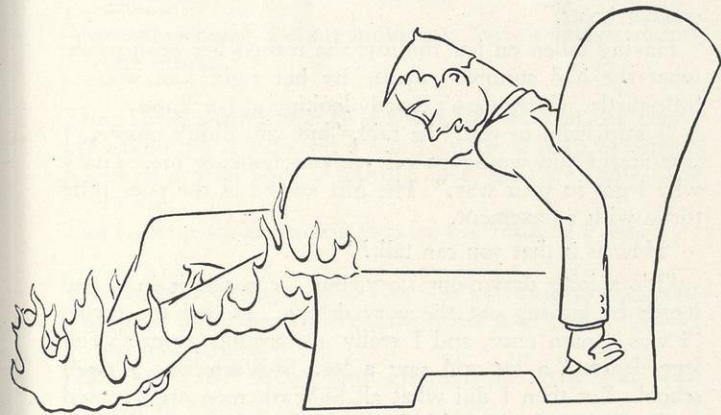
—HARVARD LAMPOON

**Back Bay**

**W**HEN you're wrapped up in sleep  
 In an armchair so deep  
 That your spine, head, and neck are bent double,  
 Some ghoul in his glee  
 On a hotfooting spree  
 Will creep up and give you some trouble.



While you dream on in zest  
 And this treacherous pest  
 Withdraws to go fetch out his fiddle,  
 There is hardly a chance  
 That your shoes and your pants  
 Won't feed the flames on to your middle.

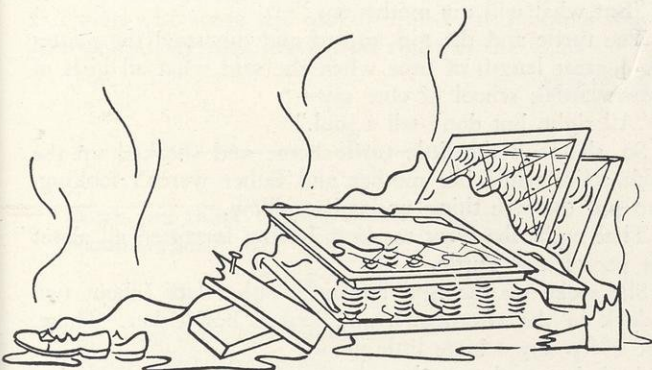


For your dreams by this time  
 Of some tropical clime  
 Will sink you back deeper in slumber,  
 While the scent of the smoke  
 From this infamous joke  
 Makes you choke as the blaze licks the lumber.



But you never awake  
 To find your mistake  
 Was the folly of closing your lashes  
 While sunk deep in a chair  
 Where a skunk from his lair  
 Can sneak up and reduce you to ashes.

CHP



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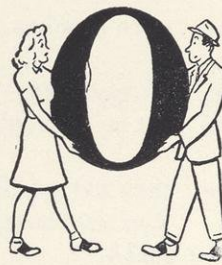
9 W. MAIN

ON THE SQUARE

Since 1859

*For the More Important Gifts*

## More About the Turtle



ONE beautiful day last fall, a beautiful young co-ed was strolling through the woods, it being her day off from the Burly Que show. Red leaves were falling about and as she went along, her lithe hips swayed and her lovely bosom heaved gracefully up and down. She was whistling a gay little ditty entitled "I'm Sellin' What I Used to Give Away." Then, all of a sudden she heard a little voice in a very high pitch, call out—"Hello there."

She spun around looking for a little elf or some other form of male entertainment, but saw nothing but the movement of the leaves rustling as they were tossed about by the gentle breeze which smelled of Chanel No. 5. Feeling that her imagination had played tricks on her, she went on her merry way until she stumbled.

"Darn it," she said, "I knew I shouldn't have worn his combat boots."

Having fallen on her tummy, she turned her head to see what she had stumbled upon. By her right foot stood a little turtle, which wasn't exactly looking at her knees.

"I said hello to you," he said, "but you didn't answer. I was afraid you would go off without noticing me. That's why I got in your way." The girl looked at the poor little turtle with amazement.

"How is it that you can talk?"

"It's a long drawn-out story, but I can tell it in a few words by leaving out the gory details," replied the turtle. "I was a man once, and I really got around, went to college, learned a lot and saw a lot. Si-Wash was a swell school. But then I did what all Si-Wash men are tempted to do. I sinned. And this is the result. I was transformed into a turtle.

"Why that's terrible," replied the co-ed. "I went to school in Browncastle myself. But the Si-Wash men I knew weren't at all like turtles. More like Greyhounds, I'd say. Is there anything I could do that might take this awful curse off of you?"

"As a matter of fact," answered the turtle, "there is. It has been said that if a young maiden was to take me home and put me under her pillow, and would sleep on that pillow all night long, that I would turn into a man again."

The fair young maiden, formerly of Browncastle's school of elite, blushed and turned red all over (of course.) She sat down and thought for a while and then said—

"But what will my mother say?"

The turtle and the girl argued and discussed the matter for a great length of time when she said what all girls of Browncastle's school of elite say—

"All right, but don't tell a soul."

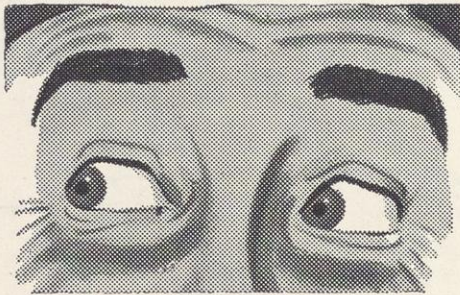
So, she took the little turtle home and sneaked up the back stairs while her mother and father weren't looking, and put the wee thing under her pillow.

That night she went to sleep, having forgotten all about the poor Little Turtle.

She woke up the next morning, rather late (about two o'clock in the afternoon), and looked beside her. There, fast asleep, lay a huge little giant.

And do you know that she has been trying to tell her parents that that is how that man got in her bed ever since—and they just won't believe her?

## EYES RIGHT! . . .



*. . . on the best food in town*

## BUD JORDAN'S

625 STATE

GIFFORD 5755

## Return of the Native

The status quo has gone to pot while we engaged in war,  
The customs of the olden days enrich our lives no more.  
The service man returns to find the campus that he  
knew,  
But lo the creeping hand of time has changed the col-  
lege too.

The other day I whistled at the girl across the aisle,  
In '43 that was the rage—today it's not the style.  
A husky gent beside me said, "You're playing with  
your life,  
That sweater full of natural wealth is my devoted wife."

I started out to grab a bite before my one o'clock.  
I passed Page Hall and saw a line that stretched for  
half a block.  
"Attorneys all," I said aloud. "Oh what a brainy  
bunch!"  
"Attorneys hell," a chap spoke up, "here's where we buy  
our lunch."

The fellow sitting next to me was low man in the class  
He asked me if I'd lend a hand to try to help him pass.  
I looked at him with searching eyes, his face came back  
to me,  
The captain who refused to raise my rank to P.F.C.

The student in the second row was nodding in his chair  
The prof laid down his lecture notes and cried, "Wake  
up back there!"  
"I'm sorry, sir," the student groaned, his eyes agog with  
fright,  
"But both my kids had stomach aches and kept me up  
all night."

When soldiers had to live in tents they took it with a  
smile.  
They used to say when this is done we all will live in  
style.  
Behold the "style" of those today who yearn to go to  
school—  
My pal pays twenty buck a month for half a vestibule.

If Washington were here today he'd scratch his wig  
and swear  
That he was wrong to risk his neck across the Delaware.  
But men who wore the uniform and carry books today  
Are well aware that life is best right in the U.S.A.

SUNDIAL

"Don't you think George dresses nattily?"  
"Natalie who?"

\* \* \*

A gay fop from old Monticello  
Is really a terrible fellow.  
In the midst of caresses  
He fills ladies' dresses  
With garter snakes, ice cubes, and jello.

—Lyre

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TELEGRAPH  
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*Flowers*

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### *Invictus--1947 Model*

BY THOMAS RUBINSON '34

How utterly dependent we are on  
the engineers! They and the scientists  
hold us in the hollow of their hand.

—*New York Times*

\* \* \*

*Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank the vitamins A-G  
And scientific heat control.*

*In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
A cigarette brings nonchalance  
And wraps my nerves in pallid cloud.*

*Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet there is no cause for fears  
When artificial hearts are made.*

*It matter not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishments the  
scroll.*

Science will watch over my fate,  
And no doubt take care of my soul.

—*Lampoon*

\* \* \*

The height of something or other is  
a dumb girl turning a deaf ear to a  
blind date.

\* \* \*

There was a young lady from Rhyde  
Of eating green apples she died  
Within the lamented  
They quickly fermented  
And made cider inside her inside.

\* \* \*

The girl had to be handled with kid  
gloves. Her husband is a finger print  
expert.—*Rice Owl*

\* \* \*

2nd Classman: "I met a girl last  
weekend that doesn't drink anything  
stronger than pop."

1st Classman: "What does pop  
drink?"

\* \* \*

"If I kiss you, will anyone be the  
wiser?"

"That depends on how much you  
know about kissing."—*The Pointer*

\* \* \*

"Was your friend shocked over the  
death of his mother-in-law?"

"Shocked. He was electrocuted."

### Spring Fashions for Men and Women



### Slacks - Suits - Topcoats

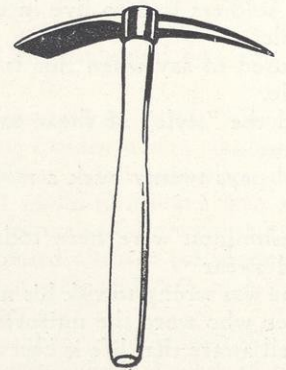
made to measure

250 Patterns

# VOGUE Cleaners

705 State St. Fairchild 4300

## PICK



a good place to eat

## Coney Island Restaurant

314 State

Fairchild 1685

# Diary of a Mustache Artist

MAY 15—Had a great day today. Drew a wax mustache on two Lavoris women on the subway and a flowing black beard—one of my best creations—on an Arrow Collar man. Also blacked out two front teeth of a Pepsodent smile. A very difficult job of draughtsmanship, but the laughter and applause of the delighted crowd were well worth the effort. I hear Lucky Strike is bringing out a new girl tomorrow. Boy!

MAY 16—Lucky Strike did bring out a new girl. By noon I was getting tired of black eyes and Van Dyck beards so I scrawled "Hooray for Camels" on a couple more and called it a day.

MAY 17—New ad out today. It reads "Do You Use Ex-Lax?" I answered this on four subway cards with a terse "No!" These advertisers are playing right into my hands.

MAY 18—Today I tried something new. Took a ladder around to the fronts of theatres and readjusted the letters in the marquee signs. Sometimes only had to remove a punctuation mark. Am especially proud of "Born to Be Bad with Loretta Young." And how I laughed when I got "Nuts to Everyone" out of "University Theatre!"

MAY 19—Stole unobserved into the Harvard Library and scribbled com-

ments at the end of all the History I assignments. In most of them, however, there wasn't any room left so I gave up in disgust.

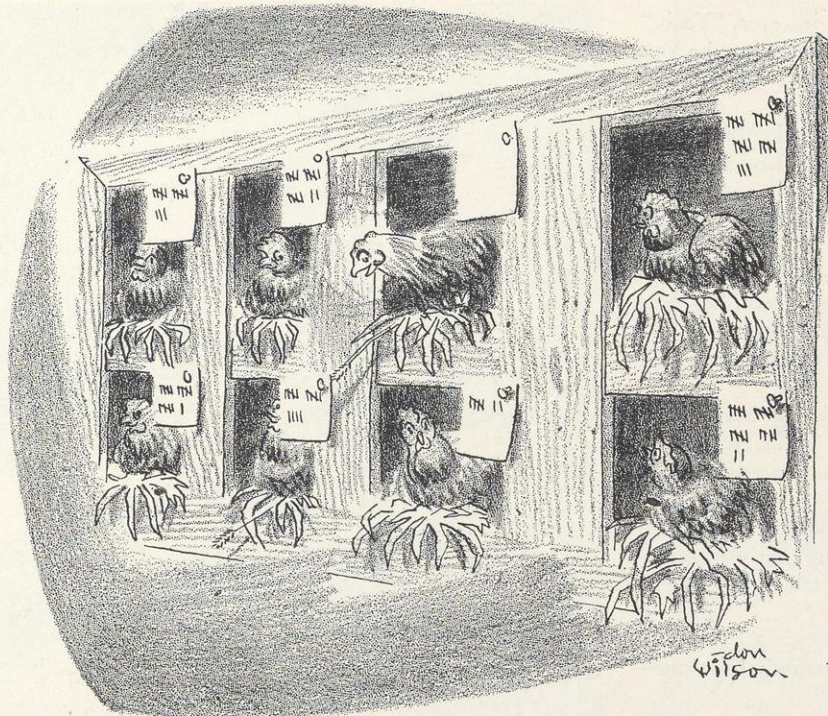
MAY 20—Went into the State-house today and carved my initials on the Sacred Codfish. How I wish I could see Governor Curley's face when he sees those initials! Tomorrow I plan to carve my initials on Governor Curley.

MAY 21—Spent the day changing the "MEN" and "WOMEN" signs in the Hotel Statler. Left the hotel hurriedly, two or three jumps ahead of the house detective and several angry women.

MAY 22—Took a wet sponge and wrote "President Truman Loves Greta Garbo" on the grimy side of the Customs House. They'll have to wash the whole building to get it off.

MAY 23—The police caught up with me just as I was lettering "Rin-Tin-Tin" across a Cadillac advertisement. Taken to court and was just able to carve a donkey labelled "Judge" on the jury rail before I was found guilty.

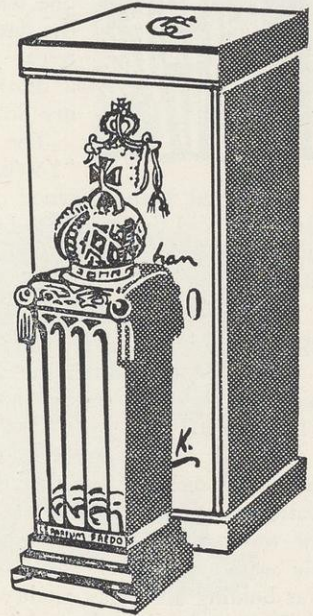
MAY 24—Was taken out to be executed today. Stood up before the firing squad with my face to the wall. Just barely had time to scribble a few dirty words on the wall, in indelible ink, before I was dropped by the first volley. The firing squad all carved their initials in my tombstone.



"What's par here, girls?"

—SUNDIAL

## Le Parfum "CREDO"



by

*Prince Obolenski*

A head-turning fragrance that deepens as it scents her skin . . . intriguing . . . intoxicating!  
Parfums — \$3.75, \$10.00, \$16.75, and \$30.00.  
Eau De Parfum — \$6.00.

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# TOUGH DETECTIVE

By TERRY GREEN

*I, Phil Barlow, detective, was on the trail of a cold-blooded murderer and meant to track him down . . . even if it meant my own life . . . or something.*



WAS sitting in Barraloff's, drinking Scotch, when I saw the woman. She was a good-looking woman. She was walking toward me across the dance floor, and I could see the terror in her eyes before she was a dozen feet from me. I finished my Scotch.

The woman sat down and said, "You're a detective, aren't you?"

I admitted it and downed one more Scotch. She looked thirsty. I told the waiter to bring her another Scotch. She said she couldn't drink another Scotch because she hadn't had a Scotch yet. I laughed.

She leaned across the table and the terror inside her wrote itself out in little words in her eyes. She said, "Help me."

I downed the Scotch the waiter had just brought, and suddenly the table turned into a soft, downy feather bed. I fell into it.

When I opened my eyes there was water in them. I brushed it out and saw that the man who had thrown the water on me was offering me a Scotch. I took it. I brushed the water out of my eyes again and looked at the waiter. He wasn't a waiter. He was a plain-clothes copper. He was holding an empty pitcher in his hand.

"You oughta be ashamed," he said. "A great, big, tough detective like you letting em give you a Mickey."

I heard a voice talking, and with a sudden shock I realized it was mine. "I'm not a musician," I was saying. "You mean they've gone back to giving them to customers?"

He laughed. I didn't like the laugh. It was too much like a laugh.

"What about the woman?" I said.

He looked at me and I saw handcuffs in his eyes. "Yeah," he said. "What about the woman? We thought maybe you could tell us about the woman. All right, smart guy, tell us about the woman."

"I don't know anything about her," I said. "She came over to my table and asked me if I could help her, and then I got that Mickey."

The cop grunted. I looked at him. I didn't like what I saw. He looked at me. He looked like he didn't like what he saw, either. He said, "We picked you up off the floor. We picked the woman up off the floor too. She was dead. You weren't. Tell us what happened, smart guy."

I just looked at him. I tried not to think. I didn't like my thoughts right then.

He said, "Maybe you don't want to tell us? Maybe you think we like it the way you told it. We don't. We'd like it better if you told it different. Maybe you can tell it different?"

The door opened and a doctor and another man came in. The doctor didn't say he was a doctor. He was carrying a black bag. He put the bag on the table. The other man just watched.

The doctor said, "Heck, he's alive."

The other man cut in. He said, "My name's Johnson—captain, homicide. You got identification?"

I tossed him my billfold. He dug into it, looked at my license, took the money out, put the money in his pocket, tossed the billfold back to me. I put it in my pocket. He

told the plain-clothes man to get out. The man got out. The doctor got out too.

Captain Johnson looked at me. He said, "Get out." I got out. It was a nice town.

\* \* \*

I walked halfway to the front door, then I turned and walked to the back door. I turned the knob, then I let it go. I felt under my left arm. My twenty-two was there, nose down in its leather holster. I turned the knob again. The barkeep stepped in front of me. I let the knob go again.

He said, "That's the way it is, huh?"

I just saw a sparkle of light on the brass knuckles before the whole world turned into a great glare of light and I spun into it.

I opened my eyes. I felt bad all over. I sat up. I felt my chin. It felt pulpy. I wasn't surprised—it had always felt pulpy. I looked up.

Captain Johnson said, "Running out, huh?"

I looked at him.

He nodded to a man standing behind me. The man grabbed my shoulders and heaved. I came to my feet. Someone opened the door and the man threw me out.

I just had time to see the car across the street before the machine gun began chopping. I flopped. The machine gun stopped. I didn't move until the car had gone away. I stood up. I felt shaky, but I couldn't stop now. The woman had asked me to help her. Instead, I had let her get killed. Phillip Barlow, detective. Fine detective! I had to find the killer and fulfill the woman's confidence in me. I couldn't stop now.

I felt in my hip pocket. The bottle of Scotch was still there. I took it out. It was broken and the Scotch had run



"Waiting long, dear?"

—SUNDIAL

out. I remembered that some of a bottle's contents always clings to the glass even when the bottle is empty. I put the glass in my mouth slowly, a piece at a time. After I had chewed it up and swallowed it I felt better. The Scotch crept stealthily through my body. I felt much better.

\* \* \*

I walked down the sidewalk. I never saw the man in the alley. His blackjack caught me just behind the ear. The sidewalk came up to my face and I settled into it. The man walked away.

When he had gone, I got up. I felt bad. I knew what to do now. I went to the right street and into the right house.

The doctor was sitting in a chair reading when I came into the room. He didn't look up. I felt under my left shoulder; my twenty-two was there, nose down in its snug leather holster.

I said, "You didn't think I'd know, did you?"

He didn't move. I didn't care. I went on, "At first I didn't know who had done it. I knew she was killed because she knew who was going to kill her. The killer knew she was going to tell me who was going to kill her, so he knocked her off to shut her up. Then he got worried. He began to think maybe she'd told me before I drank that Mickey. So he had the boys machine-gun me. They missed. So he sapped me there on the street."

The doctor still didn't move.

I said, "But there's where he made a mistake. That's what tipped me off to who had done it."

The doctor was staring at his book. I gave him the kayo.

"You made one mistake, Doc. When you slugged me there on the street you only hit me once. Only a doctor would know that one blow had killed me."

The doctor turned the page of his book. He acted as if he didn't know I was there. He didn't. I wasn't there. I was lying face down on the sidewalk on the other side of the town with the back of my skull caved in.

The doctor kept on reading. I turned slowly and went to the door. The door was closed. I didn't open it. I just went through it.

—STANFORD CHAPARRAL

#### LAMENT FOR A "C"

Spare me, O Lord the wretched worm  
Who "hasn't cracked a book all term,"  
Who "hasn't been to class for days,"  
Whose bluebooks come back marked with "A's."

—*Pelican*

\* \* \*

Police Sergeant: "College student, eh?"

Prisoner: "Yes, sir."

Patrolman: "It's a stall, I searched his pockets and found money in them."

—*Tempo*

\* \* \*

"Why, mother, what makes you think it was cold out on the porch last night?"

"I heard you tell your boy friend to keep his shirt on."

—*Pup*

\* \* \*

Stude: "Do you neck?"

Co-ed: "That's my business."

Stude: "Well, whadda you know—a professional."

## SHE'S ASKING FOR IT!



Give her

a ride in a

# FRIEDE

## Rent-a-Car

531 STATE

BADGER 100

# Quote M. Whimple



**I** WAS sitting in the kitchen trying to remember whatever happened to "Flat Top" when the man came.

"Good morning, Mr. Whimple," he said, "I'm organizing a polling panel and would like to include you."

"Fine!" I said. "Put me down for Friday nights. I kinda like a crowd around when I bowl."

By the time he got me straightened out as to what he wanted we were in the kitchen and he was going through the pantry writing down brand names.

"You're a fine respondent," he said. I smiled back, feeling pleasantly immoral.

"We're also interested in public opinion," he said.

"Aren't we all!" I replied jovially.

He merely smiled and said, "Well, here is the question: Do you think the

atom bomb should be stored near Boulder Dam?"

"Not by a dam site," I replied.

The man wrote and vanished. The next week he appeared again. I felt like Abou ben Adhem.

"This is Elmo Stringer," my friend said to me. "He hopes to be as big as Roper some day."

I ran in and locked the pantry door, and we all sat around in the kitchen.

"Mr. Stringer is from the Chicago office," the first man said. "He's interested in you."

"Yes," said Mr. Stringer, "we've been keeping a good watch on you."

I pulled out the thirty-five-jewel Ingersoll and handed it back to him, but he refused it. He went on to explain that up until last Friday his organization interviewed three thousand people weekly throughout the country, but had then decided to cut this down to fifty typical people. I was to be one of the fifty.

"Now, Mr. Whimple," he said,

"here is the question for this week: What do you think of Molotov's new gold tooth?"

The first man looked very nervous, and the man from Chicago looked at me narrowly.

"Just a flash in the pan," I said.

The first man wrote it down, and they both looked very pleased.

"Whimple," Mr. Stringer said, "I'm going to recommend to the New York office that the other forty-nine people are not necessary."

Then they left.

They came back the following week. This time they had another man with them.

"This is Mr. Canter from the New York office," Mr. Stringer said. "When our firm gets running a little better we hope to compete with Gallup."

I shook hands with Mr. Canter, but it felt strangely like a hoof.

"I've heard a lot about you, Mike," said Mr. Canter, "and I have a few questions to ask you myself."

"Fine," I said.

"We've had a call from Sing Sing to get the public's opinion on what should be fed to prisoners. What's your answer?"

"Walled-off salad," I answered.

This time Mr. Stringer wrote down my answers. Mr. Canter was delighted.

"All right," he said, lighting another cigar, "here's another: What is the effect of the high price of soap on the public?"

"They're working themselves into a lather," I replied.

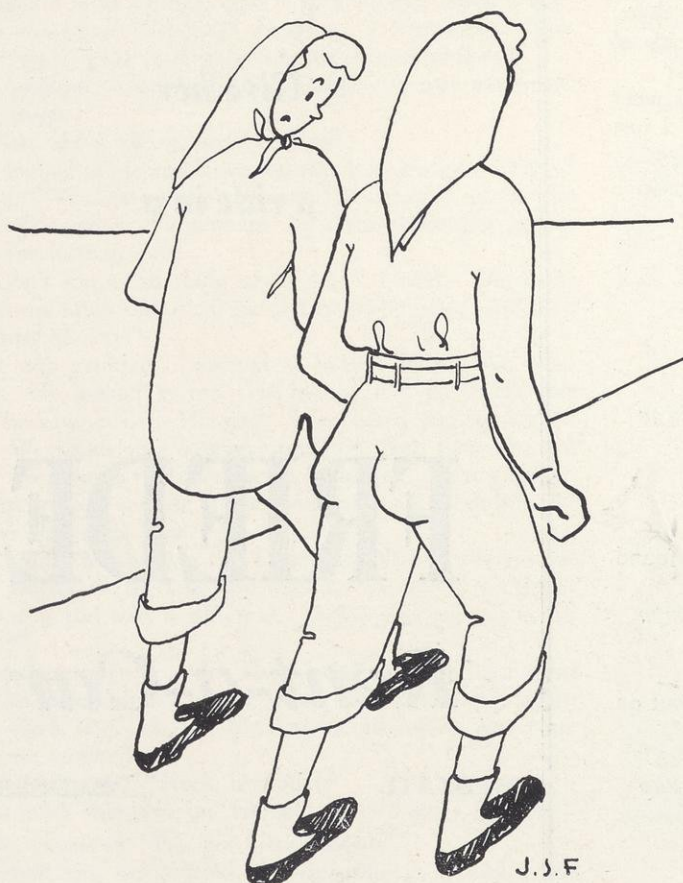
They tried a few more on me, and they must have been satisfied because they were smiling when they left. The next day a man installed a telephone with a direct wire to the New York office. They kept me so busy during the next two weeks that I hardly had time to bottle my home brew.

Then late one night the phone rang. It was Mr. Canter.

"Mike, old boy," he cried, "we've got to have an answer on this one by morning. Tell us who'll be nominated for president tomorrow!"

Well, they kinda caught me by surprise on that one. To tell the truth, I

(continued on page 30)



J. J. F.

"Psst . . . Ethel!"

—WIDOW

# The Case for Sterilization



ON February 31st, 1945, nothing happened, and they called me R. W. Zurch. (The R. W. stands for Rinso White — you see, I was born on a Monday.) The stork was scared and had to make a quick getaway. The reason for his fear was that my parents had been expecting a baby. When my father came cautiously into my mother's chamber, she coyly lifted the corner of the blanket covering me and said, "I should have stopped this monstrosity when the gleam was still in your eye." To which my father replied, "Ah, you and your calculations!"

As the years went by I grew older—it must have been glands, or something. I could boast of having more freedom than most children my age. Why, my parents even let me wander the length of my chain while the attendants were cleaning my cage every day. And on Sundays I was given a sumptuous fare—they gave me food to eat. But I thrive. I grew into a stolid hulk my friends affectionately called the Cadillac body with the Austin mind.

That evening, when I came home from the O. T. Ward, father drew me to one side and began, "Son" (he called me "Son" for short) "now is the time for us to have a man to moron talk. You must know that all of life is not within the confines of these sanitarium walls. You must know of other things. Are there any problems on your little mind? Does anything puzzle you about life?"

"Daddy," I said (and of course he believed me), "I am worried about one thing. My conscience has been bothering me about it since it happened last night. I even had a funny dream about it."

Not many years after this I went off to the University to learn of the *grande monde*. I went to the school of my choice, Peek-A-Boo College (otherwise known as I. C. U.) After I had registered for my courses I went to my dormitory room. I arrived at my room bruised and tired from the friendly

stoning I had received from the upper classmen. After my roommate, Ludwig, and I had a joust to decide who would get the room with the bed, we settled down for a nice long chat.

Ludwig opened the conversation with, "Did you just go through a fraternity initiation, or were you born this punchy?"

I retorted to this indignity, "Ah, your father takes baths and your mother wears old army shoes." This taught him not to toy with R. W. Zurch.

"Did you matriculate today?" Ludwig asked, trying to pacify me.

In astonishment I replied, "Do I look like that kind of a boy? Furthermore my parents are very strict."

And so my college career started. And now, after four years of hard work and tireless study I am about to be promoted into the sophomore

class. This is being done because the dean has taken cognizance of the fact that I have been fighting my way step by step up to a low F in all my courses. In fact, as I walked into Rodney The Rodent's class the other day, he actually beamed at me.

"Come here, Zurch," he waved. "I have a surprise for you!"

"What is it, Sir?" I asked.

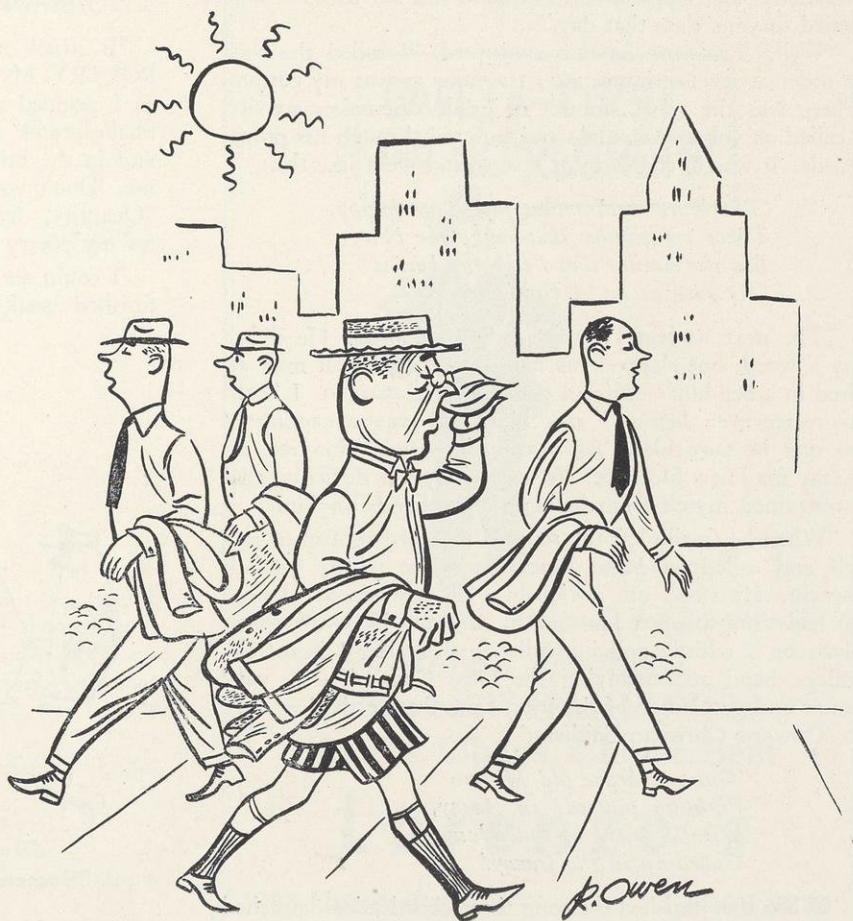
"Harrumpf, well, ah ha, ha, you flunk, of course. But," and his eyes twinkled, "you flunk *high*. And may I compliment you upon your excellent penmanship?"

I wrung his hand and started out the door.

"See you in the Fall," he called.

"That's right!" I shot back, and strode away, knowing that I had scored.

BANTER



# It Can't Happen Here

PROFESSOR Latakia sat in the witness chair, his head bowed, his eyes dully focused on the floor. Judge Irium's gavel banged, his voice snapped. "If we are boring you, kindly leave the stand. Otherwise you will answer your counsel's question."

The professor snapped upright in his chair and looked straight ahead at Applehoney, his lawyer. Applehoney repeated, "How did your students happen to be advertising for grades in the first place?"

"It came about so gradually," Professor Latakia answered, "that we instructors were hardly aware of it till too late. Originally we sought some device to allow those students who were what you might term borderline cases to — ah — to give them an opportunity to present the grading factors in their favor in a logical manner."

"We were tired of these post mortem sessions with students whom we had been forced to fail. Some of the more sensitive instructors suffered immensely. Each term half a dozen or so students would visit our offices, begging and pleading with us to give them just a C. When their records showed that such a course was impossible they would resort to all sorts of appeals."

"We finally hit upon the idea of letting the students lobby for the grades they thought they deserved. The situation gradually evolved into mere advertising for grades. The worst part of it is that every student thinks of himself as an A student."

"Now that you've given the court the background of the situation," said Applehoney, "suppose you tell us what happened in your class that day."

"Well," Professor Latakia continued, "I called the class to order at seven minutes after the hour as was my custom. There was the usual amount of grade discussion activity. I called on young Avondale and suffered through his propaganda. It was in the form of a song and went like this:

*"There are similes that make me happy,  
There are similes that make me blue,  
But the similes that I like the best is  
"As sure as an A from you."*

"The next student I recognized was Morris. He didn't say a word, but clapped his hands. A very small man attired in a bell-hop's uniform entered my classroom. I heard his voice even before I saw him. He was screaming at no one in particular, 'An Aaaaay for Jawn Mowrice, an Aaaaay for Jawn Mowrice.' It was with great difficulty that I restrained myself from laying violent hands on him."

"When he finally left the room, I regained control of myself and called on Mino Blockbuster, the varsity football captain. He stood up, obviously a bit bewildered. Before he had time to open his mouth, someone blew two short blasts on a whistle and immediately thereafter I heard the college band accompanying the Glee Club. These, your honor and gentlemen of the jury, were the words they sang to 'Onward Christian Soldiers':"

*"Onward brave old Mi-i-no  
Fighting towards an Aaaaay,  
With a shield of touchdowns  
Guarding in the fraaay."*

"When they finished the song three cheerleaders launched into violent gyrations, at the completion of which they un-

furled a banner reading, 'MINO'S THE MAN TO MAN AN A—YEAH MAN.'

"My classroom was in an uproar. Everyone was standing on the windows, cheering wildly. It took nearly five minutes to restore order. Franklin was next. He spoke in a confidential tone, in a voice that flowed like sticky syrup. 'Does your classroom seem different lately? Does it have a dull, letdown, not-lived-in look? OF COURSE IT DOES! You need new decorations. Decorate your classroom with the smiles of happy A students.' He looked as if he were going to sit down, but he didn't. He went on: 'BUT the smiles of any A students won't do! ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. Only in my smile and in the smile of Miss Lucy Larmclock (a young lady he was trying to impress) can be found those properties of redecoration.' He sat down amid the jeers of his classmates."

For the first time since the Professor Latakia had begun talking, Mr. Dextrose, the prosecuting attorney, broke in. "All this is very interesting, your honor, but I fail to see where it is leading. What about Mr. Gust?"

Professor Latakia cut in before the judge could answer. "Oh, he was next. His contribution, his attitude, his very manner in walking up to the front of the room, prodded me into a rage I could not resist. This was his poem:

*"The of out nite that like hung a blight  
Broke knowledge my through like a light  
A's in garnering tremendous quantity  
Blessing with many of Greek divonity."*

"It struck me with stunning impact. SURREALISTIC POETRY. My brain whirled madly, my knuckles whitened as I gripped the edge of the desk. Visions of mutilated Shakespeares and Brownings danced through my head, and in the midst of it all his voice leaped at me, mocked me. 'Don't you think that last line is a stroke of genius, "Quantity, divonity?" Do you think the public is ready for my poetry yet?"

"I could see the terror creeping into his eyes even as he finished speaking. I know not what unseen power guided



"Somewhere in this city tonight, sergeant,  
a man sleeps uneasy . . ."

—SUNDIAL

my hand, but before I realized what I was doing, I had picked up my 'Short History of Poetry' and hurled it at him. It was poetic justice."

"Thank you, professor," said Applehoney, "I have no further questions."

"Mr. Dextrose," asked Judge Irium, "do you wish to cross examine the witness?"

"No, your honor."

"Very well. Does the defense wish to introduce any more witnesses?"

"No, your honor. The defense rests."

"Very well, Mr. Applehoney, you may sum up for the defense."

Silence hung like a fog over the courtroom as Applehoney began speaking: "Your honor, gentlemen of the jury, psychological science offers you PROOF POSITIVE. No other murderer is safer to free. Out of 100 murderers tested by 200 leading psychiatrists, none had less digitalis content than Professor Latakia. Consequently NO OTHER MURDERER IS SAFER TO FREE . . ."

Suddenly Professor Latakia, screamed, a long, painful, wailing scream. He lurched to his feet and started toward Applehoney. Three men leaped the low railing that separated the crowd from the trial. They flung him to the floor and held him as he struggled ferociously. At the direction of the judge they lifted Professor Latakia and carried him from the room.

And as they carried him out, the professor was singing:

*"Latakia hits the hot spot  
A million volts and that's a lot.  
Twice as much as any other two.  
Latakia's gonna fry for you . .  
Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle, sizzle—"*

GARGOYLE

A dashing young fellow named Spice,  
Devoted a lifetime to vice,  
He ruined the morals  
Of thousands of gorals  
With never a thought as to price.

—Pelican

\* \* \*

Women are a funny race,  
They curl their hair and paint their face.  
They change their styles so often that  
Last year's hat is not a hat.  
They sleep all AM, dance all PM,  
Go to games but never see 'em.  
They spend the stuff so very well,  
The bills mount up—but what the hell.  
Yet man, too, is a funny race,  
He pays for all this goddam waste.

\* \* \*

The poor man on the stand was accused of a double murder. He had pleaded guilty to both of the slayings, and the prosecutor was questioning him as to his motives. "Well," the prosecutor was saying, "it's fairly obvious that the motive for the first murder was robbery. But I can't see just why you stabbed the second man."

"Well," said the defendant, "I had to hide the knife, didn't I?"

\* \* \*

Stude—What did your prof give you in math?  
Stewed—I flunked. He said I didn't know math from a hole in the ground.

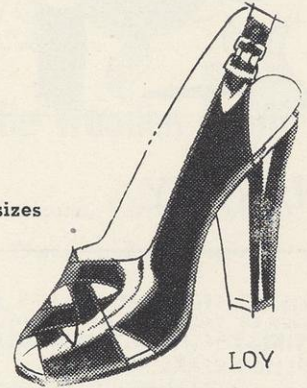
—Texas Ranger

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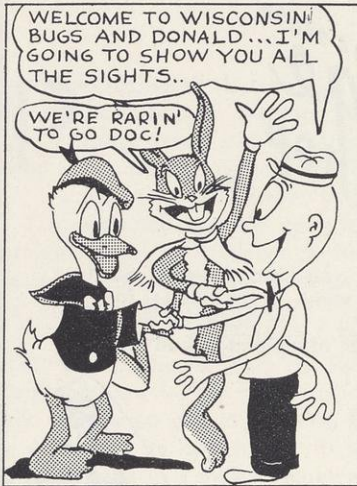
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by Randy Harrison



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By WALLY THOMPSON



It was late evening before Pete and Mike got back to their apartment on Third Street. They had driven their "semi" up from L.A. in one day, and had been on the road since five that morning. It was a hard pull over the ridge and up through the valley, and they were both a little tired. Mike was in the shower. Pete was preparing to shave.

"Hey, Mike," said Pete. "How's da shower feel?"

"Great," said Mike. He rubbed his chest vigorously with the soap and lathered up his arms and neck. "It's dis soap I'm usin' dat does de trick. It's outta dis woild."

"Watta ya got? Somepin new?"

"Yeah. It's dat new soap made by de Parfums de Pigalle people. Dey call it 'Voulez Vous?' What lather! What fragrance!"

"Pretty good stuff, huh?" asked Pete.

"But, def," replied Mike. "Its bracin', dramatic perfection really gets me. It's enchantingly mine."

"Enchantingly yours?"

"Dat's wat it says on de box. Look for yasef."

Pete picked up the handsome, pickled-oak soapbox that was lying on the chair and looked at the legend on it. "Well, watta ya know!" he exclaimed. "Dis soap," he read, "is made especially for he-men."

"Dat's me," said Mike. "A he-man." He flexed his muscles. "I tell ya, Pete, dis soap is exuberantly masculine."

"No kiddin'?" asked Pete incredulously.

"No kiddin'," replied Mike. He took off his socks and rubbed the soap between his toes.

"Say, Mike," said Pete, "have ya tried dat new after-shave lotion, 'Suds'?"

"No," said Mike. "What's so good about it?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Pete. "It's just so soft and frosty-cool. I'm nuts about it." He dipped his shaving brush into a wooden bowl of "Musclebound Lumberjack," the shaving soap fresh from

(continued on page 27)

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# I Q Test

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A score of seventy is pretty good. Eighty is better. Ninety is swell. And one hundred . . . Well, we're real proud of you. Answers will be found on page 75.

Score ten for each correct answer.

## GROUP A — MEN OF SCIENCE

1. Sir Isaac Newton is known to millions of grateful human beings as:
  - a) British King of Figs.
  - b) Horticulturist and developer of the Baldwin apple.
  - c) Friend and admirer of Lord Calvert.
  - d) Illegitimate son of Buffalo Bill.
2. Archimedes, early Greek scientist, is famed for a certain discovery. Equally famous is his exclamation on that great day. He said:
  - a) Scrub me Momma.
  - b) It floats.
  - c) Duz does everything.
  - d) Love dat soap.
3. Edward Condon, scientist of whom every American is justly proud, is most noted for:
  - a) His discovery of the Condon Effect.
  - b) The quantization of the be-bob theory.
  - c) His experimental work with benzedrine, the wonder drug.
  - d) His experimental work with scotch and soda.
4. Romaine Lenz, German scientist was also:
  - a) Minneapolis optometrist.
  - b) Congressional figure, and sponsor of Lenz' Law.
  - c) Record holding obstetrician.
  - d) Discoverer of the common cold.
5. Benjamin Franklin, as well as being one of America's greatest statesman, was also:
  - a) Founder of the Jolly Boy Kite Company of Landsdowne, Pa.
  - b) Exponent of the Hot Stove League of America.
  - c) Great admirer of the woman of forty.
  - d) Twelfth son of a twelfth son of a twelfth night.

## GROUP B — ANALYTICAL ANALYSIS

6. George is John's son-in-law. John is married to George's half sister, who wants a divorce so that she can marry Harry's only son, Clarence (age 24), whose mother is George's daughter by a previous marriage. Clarence is:
  - a) George's mother's half sister.
  - b) Trying to pull a fast one.
  - c) Aware of what he is doing.
  - d) Marrying for money.
7. A pullman car has thirty-two berths. Twenty-nine passengers enter the car at Station "X". Nineteen of the passengers are men and thirteen are women. At Station "Y", sixteen more men try to get on. The

porter can admit only a certain number. If two men and twelve women offer to double up:

- a) All Station "Y" men will be taken off.
  - b) Somebody will make a lot of money.
  - c) The thirteenth woman will object.
  - d) Nobody will ever know the difference.
8. If "A" can grow six ears of corn in half the time it takes one tobacco auctioneer to read The Hucksters orally, but only two-thirds of the time it takes him to walk to the city, a distance of one mile, and buy all the cigarettes he wants, then "A" is:
- a) A doctor.
  - b) A camel.
  - c) A city dweller.
  - d) George Washington Hill.
9. "A" is single and lives at the fraternity house that is seven minutes from school on foot, three minutes via taxi, or one hour by auto (including parking time). "B", who is married, lives three miles from school. "B" is:
- a) Going to buy a car.
  - b) Usually at home on Saturday night.
  - c) A sophomore.
  - d) Eager for the program.

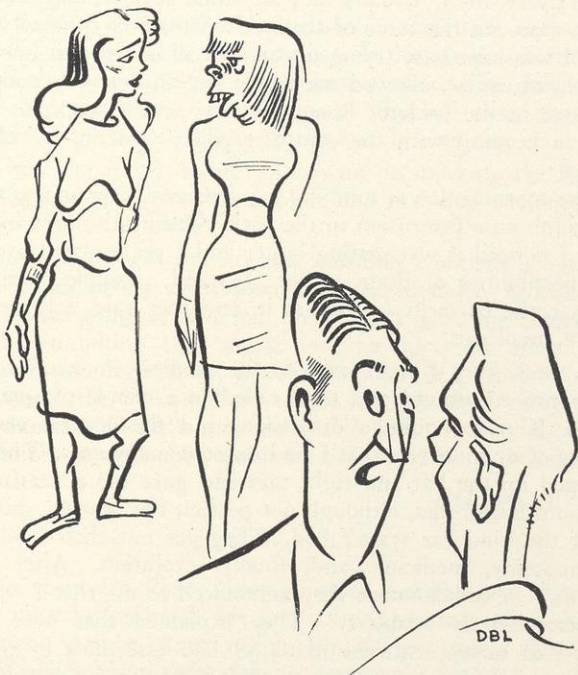
\* \* \*

Editor's Note: Question ten (10) has been omitted or lost.

If you've read this far we:

- a) Thank you.
- b) Don't believe it.
- c) Give you ten (10) points free, you deserve it.
- d) Dare you to try again next month.

PUP



"And then in some ways I prefer Gladys . . ."  
—SPARTAN

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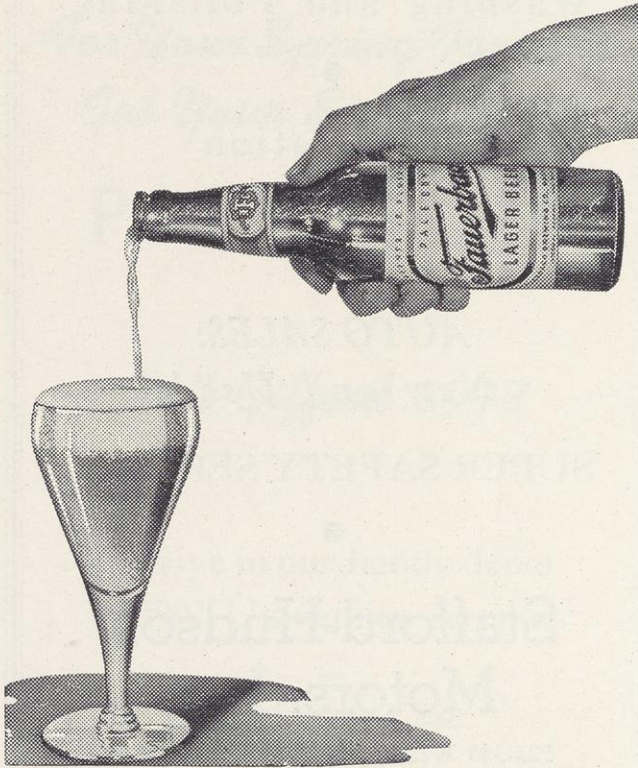
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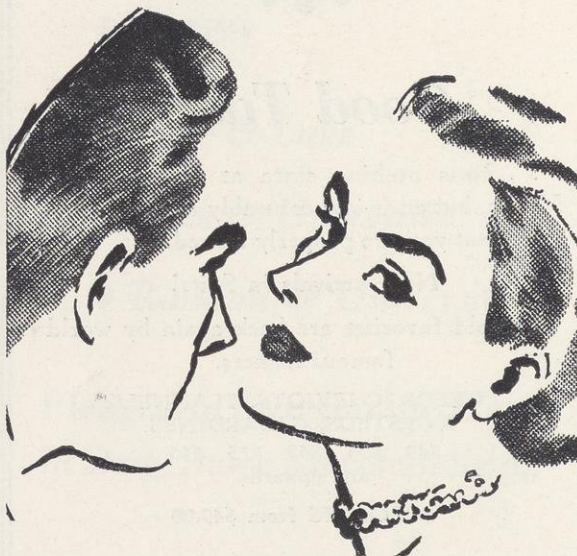
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# The Finger

By WAYNE SARGENT



FIRST noticed the extra finger on my right hand a couple of days before midterms. It was just a little wart of an affair sprouting out from between my second and third fingers, but within the next few days I watched its growth into a fairly normal-looking sixth digit. It would have bothered most people,

but I have had similar experiences before. You take the extra ear I got, for example—but then I'm getting my story mixed chronologically. I'll go back to the beginning . . .

When the war broke out I felt as many young kids did—that I was destined to be a hot pilot. I started out in the Air Corps Cadets, but was booted for chasing buzzard hawks in a Piper Cub. Disgusted with their lack of sporting blood, I was glad to get out of the Air Corps and into a "man's army"—the infantry. It didn't take me long to find out that even bayonet drill made me as nervous as a pregnant fox in a forest fire. So I was glad when they discovered my college education and transferred me to the Adjutant General's Office. I was assigned to general office work and was given a desk. And that's where the trouble started.

On the right of my desk was the captain's office, on the left was the executive officer's desk, directly behind me was the first sergeant's desk. The captain was a West Pointer, the exec officer a second louie, and the top kick an old-timer. A more talkative, blustering, ordering ensemble is beyond imagination.

Now, when the captain spoke I listened with the right ear, when the lieutenant talked I listened with the left ear, when the sergeant bellowed I turned my head. This was okay as long as they took turns in their verbosity, which wasn't very often. Usually they all yelled at once, and more often than not the force of their comments was directed at me. I was kept busy trying to listen to all of them at once, which, of course, allowed me to get very little work done. No one in the Orderly Room did very much work, so it was in keeping with the company policy and no one objected.

One morning I was combing my hair and kept snagging my comb on a protrusion in the back. During the next few days I noticed it was getting larger and I got worried over the possibilities of brain tumor. I asked a couple of the boys in the barracks to look at it, and they said it looked like a small ear.

A week later I went over to the medics. A couple of them probed around and then called in a couple of specialists. It raised quite a discussion, and the general consensus of opinion was that I had one too many ears. They plugged up the left and right ears and gave me a hearing test, and found that, although not perfect, the hearing ability of the hind ear wasn't bad. They got out their books on anatomy, medicine, and, finally, evolution. After a few days of collaboration they announced to me that I was "supersensitively adaptive." They explained that over a period of many centuries mankind had lost most of the hair on his body because he no longer needed it for warmth like the animals do. They cited how man's jaw was receding because he didn't kill by biting any more. This evolu-

tionary change in the physical properties of the human being they called "adaptability."

Only with me it didn't take centuries but just a few weeks. I was kind of a human chameleon, changing in physical appearance to suit my needs. It had its advantages, but it scared me. I turned in my driver's license because I was afraid that if I drove too much I'd sprout an extra foot for the clutch.

Naturally a couple of the medics wanted to amputate, but I decided that the extra ear might come in handy if I needed a discharge.

Things worked out fine. I developed an ability to focus my hearing, the way a person focuses his eyes individually when he looks cross-eyed. I sat at my desk and learned to listen to the captain, the lieutenant, the sergeant, or all three together without ever turning my head or being distracted from my work. It takes practice and a certain amount of physical endowment.

Well, to get back to this extra finger . . .

"I've got a class in the Political Science Department, and there is so much material covered during a lecture that I have to fill my pen twice during the hour in order to get all the notes. The facts come at a rapid rate in a very unorganized manner, so I went over to the bookstore and purchased an outline form of the subjects being covered. I thought that this way I could take notes and follow the lecture in the outline booklet at the same time. My plan was to take notes with my left hand (I'm left-handed) and use my right hand to mark various places in the outline booklet. It was a good idea with some exceptions. With my thumb on the outside of the book, I'd put my index finger in the section marked "England," the middle finger in Italy (which I felt was appropriate), the fourth in France, and the baby finger in the United States. One day, however, the instructor mentioned a Russian by the name of Visserionovich Dzhugashvili, and before I could use my left hand to turn to the Russian section and find out it was Joe Stalin I had missed the first four years of the five-year plan.

This Russian difficulty gave me trouble until the arrival of that sixth finger. But now I think I've got the situation licked unless the instructor drags some damned Spaniard in on us.

I'm going over to the Health Service sometime soon and see if I can get rid of the extra ear. It doesn't do me much good these days, and it makes people stare. The only use I've had for it was listening to a "feelthy" story that a couple of girls were telling in the row behind me.

The extra finger, though, I can use in marking the Russian section of the outline booklet and in filling out chords when I play the piano.

But when I was shaving this morning I noticed a bump on the side of my neck, down near the shoulder. It looked like it was going to have hair on top, so I guess the 22 units I've been taking this quarter are having their effect. I haven't quite figured out what to do about it; I think I'll go around to the V.A. and try to get my allowance raised to \$90 because I'll have two mouths to feed. If that doesn't work, Ill see what the Health Service can do with a scalpel.

CHAPARRAL

The mayor of Reno, Nevada, states that the new liquor laws must be enforced. He said a city ordinance states that no saloon shall be located nearer than 300 feet from a church. He is giving them three days to remove the church.

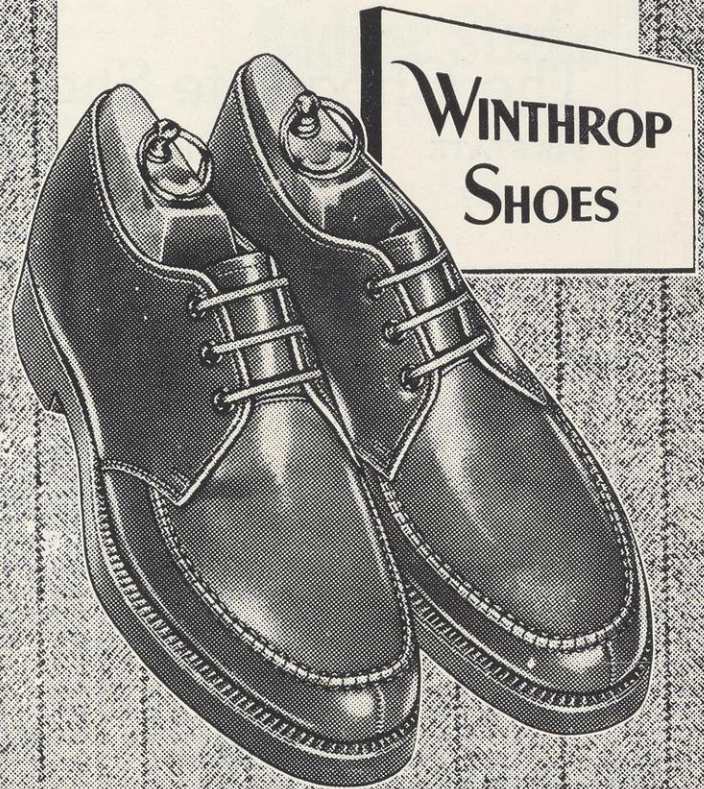
—Froth.

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### TO LOVE UNREQUITED

I think that I shall never see  
A girl as lovely as Marie.  
Marie whose face and form divine  
I once desired to be mine,  
With but a glance could rouse the beast  
That lurks within the human breast.  
But it soon was very clear to me  
That Love's triumph was not to be,  
For towards expensive things she leans  
Far beyond my meagre means.  
While poems are made by fools like me  
Those better stacked can make Marie.

—Anonymous.

\* \* \*

An owl, after primping before calling on his lady friend,  
stepped out of his nest to find it raining hard. Sadly he  
said, "Too wet to woo."

\* \* \*

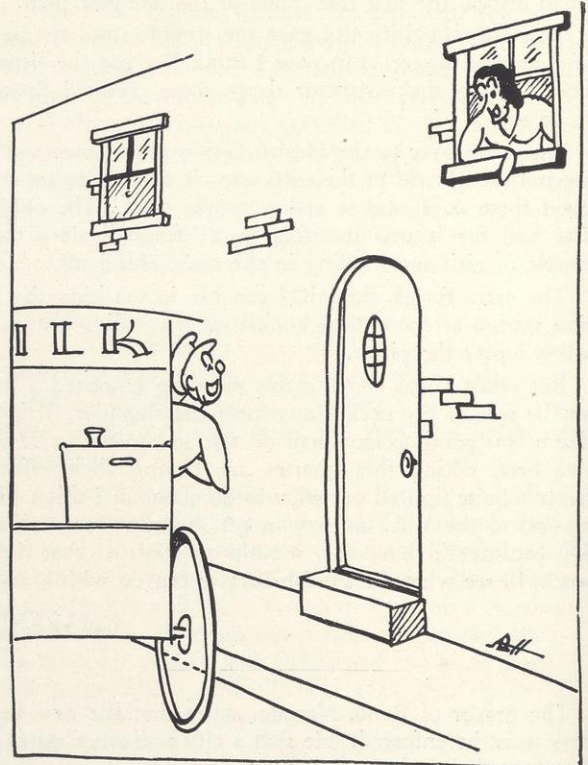
Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn  
The leader is worried, the band's full of corn.  
Where is the little boy who'll make the band hop?  
Down in Joe's backroom, blowing his top.

\* \* \*

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall  
For all the King's henchmen and W men  
Had been feeding Humpty good liquor again.

\* \* \*

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner  
Draining his thundermug dry.  
He held it for more as he slid to the floor,  
And said, "What a drinker am I."



"But what shall I do with the wagon?"

—FROTH

**FOR MEN ONLY**

(continued from page 21)

fragrant forests, and smoothed the lather on his face. "It makes me feel so free-spirited," he went on. "So zesty and gay."

"Suds," repeated Mike. "Ain't dat de only after-shave lotion wid a head on it?"

"Yeah," said Pete. "Dat's it. It's so provocative in its implications."

"Yeah," answered Mike. "Ain't it?"

Pete picked up his razor and began to shave. "Boy, dis shavin' soap is wonderful!" he said. "So cool and zesty. It's redolent of well-groomed luxury, ya know."

"Dat so?" asked Mike. He was doing push-ups on the shower floor.

"It's also dashin' and courageous."

"Yeah," said Mike. He turned over onto his back and did one hundred thirty-six sit-ups.

"Ya know," said Pete, "some guys got it. We got it because we're cautious about our groomin'."

"Yeah," said Mike. "We got to be cautious." He stood up, turned off the shower and began to dry himself vigorously with a towel. "Say, by de way," he went on, "have ya tried dat unerringly correct after-shavin' lotion, 'Pushover'? It gives women dat round-heeled feelin'."

"No kiddin'?" asked Pete. "Ain't dat de one poisonally recommended by Sonny Wisecarver?"

"Yeah. It's great on soirees."

Pete finished shaving and put the top back on the magnificently polished mahogany shaving-soap bowl. He opened the medicine cabinet above the washbasin and took out a shiny-smooth ebony jar.

"Wat's dat?" asked Mike.

"Ain't you seen dis?" asked Pete. "It's dat new imported underarm deoderant from de British Isles, 'Yoicks.' It has all de rare zest of an afternoon ridin' to de hounds."

"Do tell," said Mike.

"I wouldn't be widout it," said Pete, dashing a bit of 'Yoicks' under his left armpit. "It's a dashin' companion to my masculinity."

"I should say," said Mike. He was chinning himself on the towel bar.

"It's so free and easy on your pits," said Pete. "So hale and hearty. It's also bracin', soothin', zesty, and subtly refreshin'."

Mike put on his robe and crossed to the washbasin. "You got some more a dat lustrous hair tonic, Pete?" he asked.

(continued on page 32)



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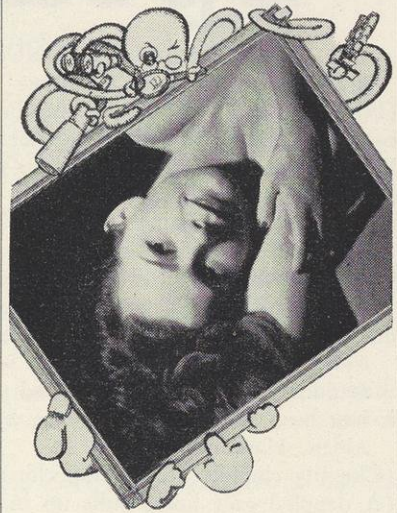
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# Speak For Yourself

## ACTUS UNUS

A room in John Alden's Cottage  
(For eight hours before the curtain rises John Alden has been sleeping in an old four-poster bed. There is an old Wilkie button pinned on the under side of the mattress.)  
(Curtain rises.)

(Enter Myles Standish.)

Standish: Arise from thy pallette, John!

Alden: Why so outlandish, Standish?

Standish: Today is the day for the great feasting and no one hath trod the grapes for the wine yet.

Alden: What telleth the ancient sundial, venerable one?

Standish: It hast recently chimed midnight, but methinks it hast been running slowly since we moved it inside.

Alden: Harken!

(Cloppity cloppity cloppi clop clop)

(A dappled grey horse pulls up in front of Priscilla Mullin's cottage which is two blocks off stage to the right.)

(Clop clop cloppi cloppity cloppity)

(dappled grey horse gallops off towards Dorchester.)

(Enter Priscilla Mullin.)

Pris: Oh bliss! Oh delightful expectation. I must go home to meet John Smith.

Standish: Refrain from speech Priscilla, thou shalt not set thine eyes upon him. He maketh the rest of us gentlemen look poorly.

Alden: That settleth it. I will rise up and hie myself after the knave. Wouldst that we might be rid of the bounder.

\* \* \*

## ACTUS TWOUS

Outside Massasoit's wigwam on road to Priscilla's cottage.  
(Enter Priscilla, Standish, and Alden from right.)

Massasoit emerges from wigwam.

Standish: Heavens to Betsy! Here is that blankety, blankity Indian, Massasoit.

Alden: What bringeth Massasoit to Massachusetts?

Standish: He worketh for the Eagle Laundry.

Alden: Pray, what doth he do there?

Standish: He washeth eagles, what else? Ho ha! I haveth a million of them.

Alden: What ho! During our jest Priscilla hath departed.

Standish: Hie thyself after her, Massasoit.

Massasoit: Nay.

Standish: Nay?

Massasoit: Yay.

Standish: Yay.

Massasoit: Yay.

Standish: Thy bow John.

(Twang, whiz, thud, THUD) (Body hits floor)

Actus Threus and Fours whirl by while Massasoit decomposes on the stage.

\* \* \*

## ACTUS FIVUS

(An orange hearse with yellow spots drives across stage and picks up Massasoit's body. This hearse is followed by a hearse of a different color.)

\* \* \*

## ACTUS SEXTUS

In the woods

(Enter Priscilla and John Smith.)

Pris: Welcome, oh mighty hunter. Embraceth me, oh, Smith.

Smith: At thy pleasure, damselle.

Pris: Nay that's for later. Liketh thou my new uplift? I maketh it from two ancient blunderbuss barrels.

Smith: Ah Priscilla, what hast Pocahontas that thou hast not. Comest I know where —

(Very rude interruption)

(Enter Elder Brewster)

E. B.: Priscilla baby doll. You were sensaysh down at Ye Olde Plymouth Rocke. Didn't you see me? I was the third bald head in from the right front row.

Pris: My soul's bones, to be surest. Now I rememberest thee with thy tall silk in thy lap. 'Twas an momentous ovation given indeed.

E. B.: You send me out of this world sister, the way you do that double hip flip makes Peachy Pear look like an amateur.

Pris: Thank thee for thy kind words of praise, sir.

E. B.: Why don't you knock off that square talk baby, come and take some lessons from Poppa.

Pris: Fare thee well, Captain John, I hast found my true love.

(Exeunt all but Smith)

Smith: (soliloquy) Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow I creep in a pretty pace fretting down the dusty road to the last silly bus home. I can't hold a brief candle to Elder Brewster.

(Exit—dies off stage of a contusion of the left ventricle)

\* \* \*

## ACTUS SEPTUS

(Great and vast assemblage including mostly pure Puritans and pious Pilgrims)

Governor Bradford: Willn't thou partake in some grape juice, Elder?

E. B.: Thanks a bunch pally but Pris and I are doing



"Best darn psych prof I ever had."

O.K. with these potato squeezings.

Pris: Verily — it doth make a languorous sensation arise within me.

E. B.: (aside) It won't be long now.

(Enter Virginia Dare, Joan of Arc, and boy scout from opposite ends of the stage)

J. of A.: Desistay I comay to savey you.

V. D.: You can save em all but the old gent Joan, that's for me.

E. B.: Say it again Virginia Dare, my pilot light's not out. (Exeunt E. R. with V.D. and boy scout)

(Enter Roger Williams)

Williams: Praiseth be, Miss Arc. Thee and me hath agreeable fancies. I heard thy words from without. Let us take these people to Rhode Island and keep them pure as the driven snow and unblemished by wickedness.

(Exeunt all to Rhode Island where everyone becomes good and lives unhappily ever after.)

*And thus Roger becomes the first Williams to dissatisfy the people of Boston.*

W. W. F.  
—VOO DOO

NO HURRY

Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Getting dark, grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, grandpap."

"Yep."

"Airn't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Well, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Well, why ain't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

\* \* \*

Mark Antony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

Servant: "She's in bed with laryngitis."

Mark: "Damn those Greeks!"

\* \* \*

Who was that woman I saw you outwit last night?

\* \* \*

Gravedigger, addressing two cemetery caretakers: "Sit tight, boys, I'll go out and dig up a fourth for bridge."

—Purple Parrot.

\* \* \*

After being out horseback riding all afternoon, a pillow would be a sight for sore thighs.

—Aggievator.

\* \* \*

"Spit is such a horrid word," said the pig as he was about to be barbecued.

—Old Maid

\* \* \*

Little Miss Muffit sat on a tuffet  
Eating her curds and whey,  
Along came a junior and sat down beside her  
And Miss Muffit stayed all that day.

Little Miss Muffit sat on a tuffet  
Eating her curds and whey,  
Along came a senior and sat down beside her  
And *really* led Muffit astray.



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**STOP**  
for good food



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**QUOTE M. WHIMPLE**

(continued from page 16)

didn't quite know what to say, but I didn't like to admit it.

"What about it, Mike?" Mr. Canter screamed.

It was my move. I had to say something, so I replied, "I can tell you in the morning." I expected Mr. Canter to whinny in my ear.

"Superb!" screamed Mr. Canter over the wire. "Wait till I tell the boys. Thanks, Mike, old boy, I knew you wouldn't let us down."

Then he hung up, and I went out to see if the home-brew was aging properly. He certainly is easily satisfied, I thought, making a mental note to add a little more malt to the next batch.

The phone rang again towards morning, just as I was charging a Jap machine-gun emplacement, so I was rather pleased to be awakened. It was Mr. Canter again and he was talking so loudly that he didn't need the telephone at all. I could hear him by opening the back door and facing east. It seems that someone had informed him that Eisenhower was to be nominated and he was blaming me for it.

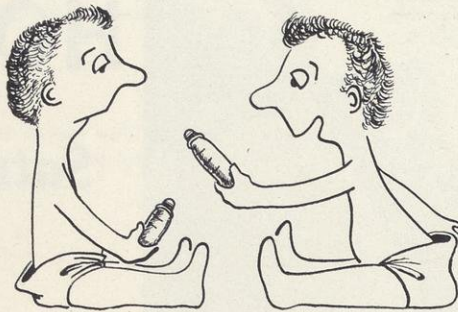
"Whimple!" he screamed. "If I ever get my hands on you! What's the idea of picking Eisenhower and making our poll the laughingstock of the country?"

"I didn't say anything about him," I retorted.

"Listen, wise guy, I heard you say 'Ike can tell you in the morning'."

I hung up and went back to bed. It wouldn't do any good to explain. A man came and took out the phone that afternoon.

CHAPARRAL



"Chug-a-lug!"

—SKI-U-MAH

A midnight scene . . . rain, sleet . . . and a drunk in a doorway . . . a cop.

Drunk: "I live here."

Cop: "Why don't you go in?"

Drunk: "I lost my key."

Cop: "Then ring the bell."

Drunk: "I rang it an hour ago."

Cop: "Ring it again."

Drunk: "To heck with them; let 'em wait."

—Stanford Chaparral

Police Sergeant: "College student, eh?"

Prisoner: "Yes, sir."

Patrolman: "It's a stall, I searched his pockets and found money in them."

—Tempo

\* \* \*

"Why, mother, what makes you think it was cold out on the porch last night?"

"I heard you tell your boy friend to keep his shirt on."

—Pup

\* \* \*

They sat on her porch in the evening,  
But love was not to his taste.

His reach was 36 inches,

And she had a 44 waist.

—Pup

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**Chronicle**

(continued from page 4)

**Fantastic Character of the Month**

April's fantastic character is not only fantastic, he is . . . fantastic! Not only that he is unfortunate. In fact, maybe this might better have been headed "Mopey-mug Character of the Month," but you know how editors are—when they say fantastic character, they won't take anything else.

Bob Tank is a senior, at least everybody but the dean thinks so. But the dean is a very influential personage around here and he will probably have the last word. Apparently this hammy little no-good, Tank, is trying to coerce the dean, or the board of regents (or any other parties who are afraid of plain brute strength) into allowing him six credits for research in "Cheesecake and its Influence on the Lives of the Men of Our Time." Washlamochree! Leave us hope this does not come to pass.

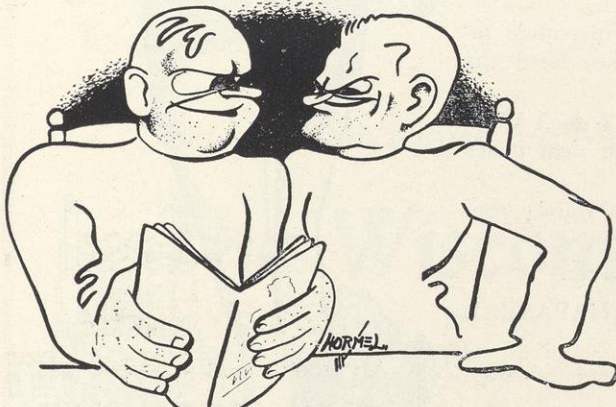
But this does not end our hero's academic problems. It seems he was taking a two credit course in two parts for only one credit so he would only have to go the first half of the semester, but the first half has spilled over into the second half due to incompetence on the part of the staff, so that poor Bobby has to go almost a whole semester for one credit while everybody else gets two. And that is extremely unfortunate since the price of butter is going up.

Do not think that this month's character is just one of these unimportant worms who squirm up the hill before class and down the hill after class. Oh, no, our man is a letter man. He was on the tennis team . . . last year.

This year things are different. Instead of reaping the glory of being a star player in the ball beating racket, he is going to pass on his great knowledge to the little boys of Wisconsin high school. In other words, bud, he is going to coach the W. high tennis team.

Bob is tall, (well, sort of) blond, handsome and has a sleek, black Buick. (Break ranks, girls, I swear it doesn't run most of the time.)

What makes him fantastic? Well, see above paragraph—and beside that, he *doesn't* belong to AYD, AVC, Young Rep, Vanguard or P & G.



"I don't mind filth as long as it's clever."

—SHOWME

*She'll lift her chin with pride*



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### FOR MEN ONLY

(continued from page 27)

"Yeah," said Pete. "Right dere in de medicine cabinet."

"Tanks," said Mike. He found the bottle, poured some of the oil into the palm of his hand and massaged it into his hair. "Gee," he said. "Dis is great stuff. I like its unobtrusive smartness."

"It is unobtrusive, ain't it?" asked Pete.

"Yeah," said Mike. "It makes my hair look lustrous and well-behaved. It also gives me polished poise and quiet, perfect groomin'."

"It accents de man in a man," said Pete sitting down on the water closet to pare his toenails. From a cleverly concealed music box beneath him came the strains of "I'm Bidin' My Time."

"Wat kinda after-shave lotion ya usin' now?" Mike asked. "Still like 'Studhorse'?"

"Naw, I kinda got fed up wid 'Studhorse.' It don't really destroy invincibility in women."

"Oh?" said Mike.

"Naw, I'm usin' 'Drano,' de after-shave lotion for de skin you love to flush. I like its exhilaratin' vitality. 'Studhorse' was too gay-hearted."

"Dey used to call me Seaweed Sam before I started usin' 'Wild Goose' hair tonic," said Mike. "Now I'm well-groomed and dazzlingly distoibin'. My goil goes for it."

Pete tied his tie in a double Windsor knot, put on his Scotch-grained brogues and put a dash of "Let's" on his pocket handkerchief. "I will probably be irresistible tonight," he said. "Poor Moitle."

"Yeah, poor Moitle," echoed Mike. He pulled a thistle out of his tweed sport coat. "Well, you ready?" he asked.

"Yeah. Let's haul."

"I feel magnificently masculine tonight," said Mike as he closed the door behind him.

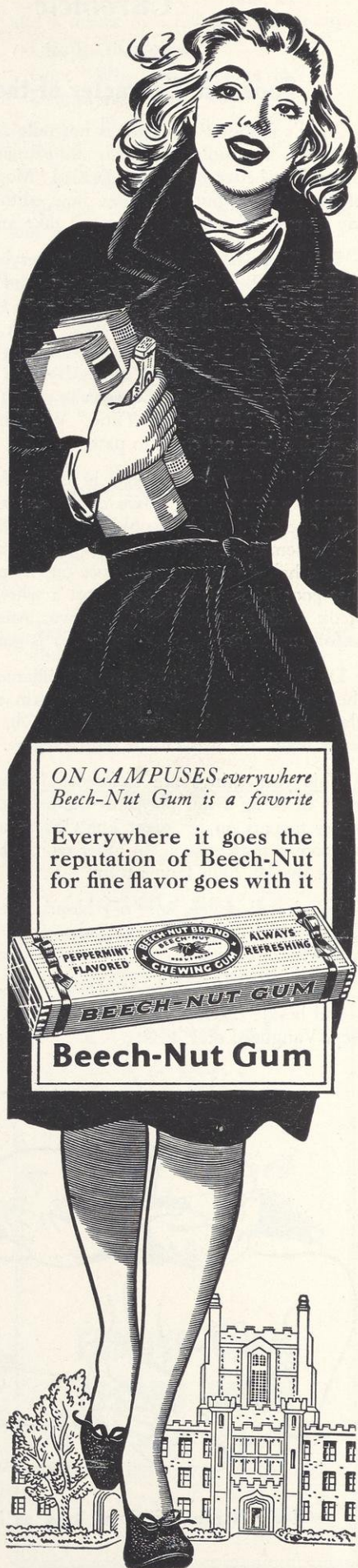
"Me, too," said Pete. "I don't know wat we'd be like widout dem men's toiletries."

"Probably look like a coupla pansies," said Mike.

"Widout doubt," said Pete.

CHAPARRAL

Why must guys always maul  
Gals they take to a ball,  
Or handle their frail  
Like reading Balzac in Braille?



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