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Dec. 1953 n. 32 m. 3

TEAR BACK TO HERE

Dec. 1953
Vol 32
#3

TO OPEN PRESS HERE

TEAR BACK TO HERE

OCTOPUS xmas SURPRISE PACKAGE

WISCONSIN



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Don't
leave any
cookies and milk
for me
this year
Kiddies,
I'm going
for a
BRAT and a STEAK
at the

CAMPUS INN

531 STATE

**SEASON'S GREETINGS
FROM ALL THE GANG**

- bill
- huggy
- johns
- jim
- bob
- dan
- mickey
- john

WINNERS
*in practically
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in 1953!*

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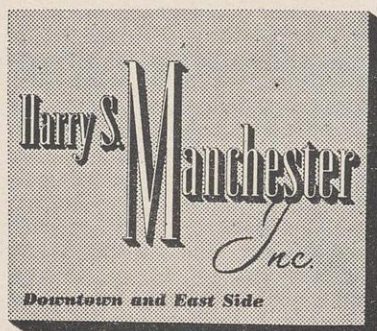
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Is To
Christmas
Gift
Shop
At



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Trite trash from tired toppers

Dear Folks,

I would like to tell you about the delicious porpoise kidneys I have just eaten. They are the best thing in the world as far as taste and nourishment are concerned. There are many other succulent foods I would like to urge you to try but I fear if I started to tell about them here I would have too long a letter. Well anyway, yours for better and more nourishing food,

Union Food Committee

ED. THAT PIPSISSEWA GRASS YOU HAD LAST WEEK WAS ALL RIGHT TOO.

Hey,

Where do you get off with that zoomin' around in the space stuff you printed in the last issue? Here I've been a loyal subscriber since I was three and now all of a sudden you pull something I don't understand. Either you come back to earth or I leave. That's all.

Mike Mallet, Private Eye

ED. DON'T WORRY, OCTY WILL BE BACK TO ITS REGULAR DETECTIVE STORIES AS SOON AS WE CAN HIRE SOMEONE ELSE.

Dear Sirs:

I like it very much and I knew I would and that's why I snatched it out of the nurse's hand when she came by and then read it. You would have been proud of me if you could seen the cunning way I snatched it from under the arm of the nurse and then ever so swiftly slid it under my pillow where nobody could see its brilliant pages. And then in the still of the night when all was dark I took it from under my pillow and, oh so silently opened it and felt the luxurious quality of every page. It was very dark but I didn't have to see it to know it was one of the best and nicest ones I had ever felt. And someday when there is a bright moon and all the others are fast asleep I will creep to the window and read it.

M. Oron Thannoff
Up-North

Dear Sirs:

Ha ha haw snlk squee ha hoo hee haw haw haw ho ha ha ha haw huhuhu hee hah wheez glorp glop aaaa zeeh slaaw ho schlll haw haw hoo haw . . .

Best Wishes,
Santa Clause

ED. YOU SEE, EVERYONE READS THE OCTOPUS. BUT IF YOU DON'T, MAY WE RECOMMEND A BUCKET OF WATER PLACED OVER THE HEAD FOR AT LEAST SEVEN MINUTES.

December 1953

Volume 32

Number 3

WISCONSIN



XMAS SURPRISE PACKAGE

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*The Bounders of the Campus . . .
are the Bounders of the State*

FEATURING THIS MONTH'S FARM EDITOR, HOWARD FRISKE,
WHOSE SUPREME EFFORTS HELPED TO COMPILE THIS EX-
CRETIATINGLY HILARIOUS ISSUE.

BROWN'S

Christmas Gift

Suggestions

- Wisconsin Garters
- Fraternity Tee Shirts
- W Blankets
- Wisconsin Sweat Shirts
- Beer Mugs
- Wisconsin Calendars
- Wisconsin Stuffed Animals
- Wisconsin Bibs
- Musical Footballs



- Barometers
- List Finders
- Week at a Glance
- Daily Calendar
- Schaeffer Snorkel Pen
- Auto Bridge
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- Drawing Set
- LeRoy Lettering Set
- Leather Brief Case
- Fluorescent Desk Lamp
- Pencil Sharpener
- Diary
- Traveling Alarm Clock
- Kem Playing Cards
- Dopp Kit
- Fiction—Non-Fiction
- Children's Books
- Pelican Pen

BROWN'S

637 STATE ST.

and

712 STATE ST.

5% REBATE

*Friendly, Courteous
Service*

"How come you don't go with Miriam any more?"

"I couldn't stand her vulgar laughter."

"I never noticed it."

"You weren't there when I proposed!"

Waiter: "Can I help you with the soup, sir?"

Diner: "Help me? What do you mean?"

Waiter: "Well, sir, from the sound I thought you might wish me to drag you ashore."

Then there was the family who named their dog Carpenter because he did odd jobs around the house.

She: "How was your party last night?"

Voice on fraternity phone: "We're having a swell time."

Prof: "Mr. Jones, I hate to tell you, but your son is a moron."

Jones: "Where is he? I'll teach that young pup to join a fraternity without consulting me."

Father: "Well, Son, what did you learn in Sunday School today. Anything new?"

Young Hopeful: "Sure, Daddy. I learned all about the crosseyed bear. His name was 'Gladly.' We sang a song about him, 'Gladly the cross I'd bear.'"

Bridegroom: "I thee endow with all my worldly goods."

His father: "There goes his bicycle."

"I want to do something big, something clean."

"Why don't you wash an elephant?"

YULE YUK-IT-UPS

A clergyman and a truck driver found themselves in an automobile smashup. The truck driver told the padre what he thought about him in profane terms. When he paused for breath, it was the clergyman's turn. "You know, my good man, that I cannot indulge in your kind of language, but this much I can tell you; I hope when you get home tonight, your mother will run out from under the porch and bite you."

You can't always tell how far a couple have been in a car by looking at the speedometer.

A cowboy wearing a huge flashing gem was asked by an impressed friend: "Is that diamond genuine?" "If it ain't," the cowboy drawled, "I sure been beat out of a dollar and a half."

Customer: "Have you any wild duck?"

Waiter: "No sir; but we can take a tame one and irritate him for you."

The most believable golf story of the year appeared on the sports page of a Florida newspaper recently. It read: "At this point the gallery deserted the defending champion to watch Miss Blank, whose shorts were dropping on the green with astonishing regularity."

An inmate of an insane asylum was trying to convince the attendant that he was Napoleon.

"But who told you you were Napoleon?"

"God told me."

"I did not," came a voice from the next bed.

Hubby went out with the boys one evening and before he realized it the morning of the next day had dawned. He hesitated to call home and tell his wife. Finally, he hit upon an idea. He phoned, and when his wife answered, he shouted: "Don't pay the ransom, Honey, I escaped."

A customer sat down at a table in a smart restaurant and tied a napkin around his neck. The manager called the waiter and said, "Try to make that man understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done here."

The waiter approached the customer and said, "Shave or haircut, sir?"

In an English army hospital:

"Ullo, Bill!"

"Ullo, Alf!"

"Come in to die?"

"Naw, Yesterdie."

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

*The Christmas spirit being
what it is and the Octy
staff also being what it is,
we would like to take
this opportunity to wish
you a perfectly lousy Christmas.
And to assure fulfillment of
this heart-felt wish . . . Turn the page*



Are you sick and tired of the same old stereotyped holidays year after year? Tear yourself away from the boredom of Christmas and attend . . .

The Week of The White

ELEPHANT

by Professor "Inky" Quink
of the University of Wisconsin
English Department

Ed. Note: This is the first in a series of articles by outstanding university educators. Though Professor Quink is a member of the English department, his hobby is studying quaint holidays of the world. This article is based on excerpts from his soon to be published book, "Strange Things Are Happening Already."

The average person knows little about the strange and mysterious land of Tibet. This oriental country located in the land of the Himalayas has some of the most exciting and curious holidays known to man. This primitive land is ruled over by a magnificent personage known as the Grand Bomba. His capital city of Dolly is a shrine to all the Tidbitian faithful. Every year at his summons the country holds a week-long festival called the "Week of the White Elephant."

On the morning of the first day, the Grand Bomba climbs to the top of the Grand Mausoleum, the Tidbitian place of worship, and blows his horn once to the east, once to the west, once to the south, and once to the north. Immediately all the Tidbitians pour into Dolly leading their bull elephants by the nose and singing and shouting and having one hell of a ball. Little children line the streets and go "o-o-o-o and ah-h-h-h" and scatter sunflower seeds beneath the huge feet of the elephants.

Now it is a strange peculiarity of bull elephants that they hate sunflower seeds. The smell reminds them of their mates that they have left behind. This maddens the elephants and with mighty roars and bellows they begin to trample the children and toss them into the crowd with their mighty trunks. Now to the peo-

ple of Tibet, a white elephant is sacred so when this happens every year, the Grand Bomba climbs slowly, for he is very old, to the roof of the Grand Mausoleum. There he stands and blows his horn. Twice to the east, twice to the west, twice to the north, and twice to the south. This is the signal which tells the millions of Tidbitians that the sacred White Elephants are displeased. There then commences a vast and terrible weeping and gnashing of teeth. Grownups flock to the White Elephants and ask their forgiveness. They prostrate themselves before the huge tuskers. Then the elephants are made to lie down on the bodies of the Tidbitians. If the Tidbitians after being used as a bed for two days are still alive they are pronounced guilty for it is believed that the White Elephants are too kind to kill a Tidbitian before he has asked forgiveness of the Grand Bomba. If he is guilty, the Tidbitian is then shot. If the Tidbitian suffocates or is crushed beneath the body of the Great White Elephant, he is pronounced innocent for the kindly White Elephant knew he had nothing to fear from death. There is then great rejoicing and the body of the vindicated is buried.

When this ceremony has ended, a period of great rejoicing begins. None but the innocent are left so a great celebration of drinking, gluttonous eating, and complete moral debauchery begins. In this way the innocent proclaim to the world their happiness.

At the height of the ceremony when the Tidbitians are seated in a huge circle around the Grand Bomba on the huge Great Field of Dolly drinking their Boozah, and eating their Sunflower seeds and smoking their Hashish, the most sensuous and

beautiful girl is the whole city of Dolly leaps to the center of the group and begins doing the exciting Dance of the Six Veils, a variation on the Dance of the Seven Veils. The eyes of the audience are glued on her shapely torso as it jerks, twists, and slides before them. While this is going on, the children called (censored) by the Tidbitians who live under the Double Standard, run merrily among the crowd and gather up the remnants of the sunflower seeds. Then at the conclusion of the dance when the sixth veil is dropped to the ground, the Grand Bomba arises ever so slowly. His hunched frame stands on the dais, before the crowd and all is silent. In a loud voice he commands the girl to come to him. The young girl walks slowly to the stand followed by the eyes of all the crowd. She stands before the Grand Bomba. He raises his hand to quell the murmuring of the crowd. "Girl," he says, "you done do a right good job."

With that he slowly raises his horn to his lips and blows thrice to the east, thrice to the west, thrice to the north, and thrice to the south. The crowd leaps to its feet and grabbing the sunflower seeds which the children have gathered, they scatter them to the four winds. The elephants meanwhile have been lying at the edge of the crowd, nodding in the warm winter air. The sunflower seeds float on the crest of the breeze toward the elephants. The bull elephant sniffs the air. Rising, he lets forth a mighty trumpet. He has smelt the irritating sunflower seeds. They remind him of his mate. He lets forth a mighty blast.

At that terrifying sound, a huge scream rises from the crowd and they rush forth to throw themselves at the feet of the elephants. The elephants lie down. All is peace except for the anguished cries of the guilty and the innocent. The Grand Bomba surveys the scene with a smile of satisfaction. Shaking his head, he walks slowly toward the Grand Mausoleum, his arm around the dancer's waist.

Octy Presents

SPECIAL HOLIDAY PARTY GAMES

OPEN THE DOOR RICHARD may be a game of ancient vintage but it still goes over big at mixed parties. First you need somebody, male or female, named Richard. Richard then becomes the doorkeeper. It is his duty to keep the door at all times. The door which Richard keeps usually leads to a closet. After Richard takes his position at the door, a couple goes inside. It is Richard's duty at the cry of "Open the door Richard" by one of the two inside, to throw open the door as fast as he can. This game can get very tiresome for Richard but whatever you do make sure your Richard is a man of high calibre. Richards in the past have been known to accept bribes and not open the door at the cry of "Open the door Richard." This can periodically be dangerous.

GO, GO, GO—Have you ever been at a party which wasn't going over very big? This game will liven it up immensely. At the first sign of boredom on the part of the guests, an extrovert in the crowd climbs up on the living room table, sticks a lamp shade on his head, holds two book ends in his hand, sticks a lighted cigarette in each nostril, and while standing on one foot, shouts, Go, Go, Go. Everyone will go, thereby solving your problem.

PONY EXPRESS—This is an action packed game loaded with excitement. It can be played only in a large room. The women form a line down one end of the room, the men down the other. Two glasses are then filled with some type of beverage. Richard, who has by this time quit his position at the closet door and is hanging around the fringe of the crowd, is asked to be the timekeeper. At his cry of "Mount and Ride," each line begins passing the glass of beverage as fast as it can, without spilling a drop, from one end of the line to the other and then back. If the men finish first they get to kiss the women. If the women finish first they get to kiss the men. Neither side loses.

OUCH!—This is a favorite game at dormitory parties. A female contestant is lined up against the wall. All the men stand 10 paces away with knives in their hands. At the signal go, they try to stick the woman. If she yells "Ouch!" the game is a success. If she doesn't, a ring is formed around her and the happy men dance and leap about her showering her with felicitations and cheers of peace on earth and good will toward men. The women try very hard not to yell ouch! because they enjoy being feted in this manner.

RING AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE—This is a wonderful holiday game. When all the beautiful lights on the Christmas tree are lit and the guests are likewise, they line up in a circle around the Christmas tree. Men stand on one side, women on the other. They then walk slowly around the tree looking at all the pretty ornaments and going "ooh" and "ah-h-h" and sometimes even "wowie." After a number of times around Richard pulls the cord and all the light go out leaving the room in complete darkness. All the men run around, and fumble around in a very silly fashion trying to find their girls. No one may talk during the time the lights are out. This way it is very hard to find the right girl, you see. After a few minutes Richard turns the lights back on. Whoever the men have chosen as being their date, they must spend the rest of the evening with. This doesn't seem to bother anyone unless of course a man finds he has picked a "he" for his date. This is a little aggravating and if everyone has made the same mistake the party can be very dull.

If you decide you would like to have Octy send you some of their other party games, send 25c and the cover off an old Octy and we will send you the directions to "ME BIG CHIEF," "I'M A BIG SANTA CLAUS," "OVER THE MOUNTAIN," and "DANIEL BOONE," games too risque to mention here.



Ho, ho, ho!



Ho, ho, ho!



Tee hee hee!

A simple-type, homespun girl from the wilds of Mil-Wau-Kee tries with all her might and tries with all her main to force herself on the aristocratic sorority set as they search for . . .

ONE NIGHT OF PASSION

*"And on that cheek an o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."*

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
(1788-1824)

When she first came to the University of Wisconsin she was known as Simple Sarah, sweet and stupid. She came from Sandusky, Wisconsin where she had worked all her life at her father's trade—smuggling engine blocks across the Canadian border. But the bottom dropped out of the hot engine block market—pontoon bridges became the rage.¹ Sarah's father took his destitution to heart and ended his misery by jumping into a fresh batch of cement for the new Wisconsin Memorial Library. (When the moon is full strange wails can be heard from the west wall of the library. These can be silenced only by a silver bullet). Left alone and destitute, Simple Sarah took her father's funeral money and journeyed south to Madison. She wanted to become a dance major at the University of Wisconsin.

Simple Sarah immediately pledged Kappa Kappa Gamma upon her arrival at the U of W. Her loving active masters took exceptional care that Simple Sarah led a good, clean, wholesome, American life in her "HOME AWAY FROM HOME." She enjoyed the pleasant hours playing with the four foot rats who shared the room with her. Of course, Sarah was hampered by the moving pendulum she was chained to. Simple Sarah and her simple, sweet, stupid pledge sisters went cheerfully to classes at 6:00 a.m. every day. Naturally, they were chained in single file and prodded gently but authoritatively with blood-stained bayonets by their active sisters. Oh, how Sarah grew to love that simple life. She enjoyed doing things for others, like cleaning up, before, after, and during the wild Greek revelries which the actives engaged in. Only on one occasion did Sweet Simple Sarah exhibit irritation. After all, a blind date with a sex-starved chimpanzee would get anyone excited, including Simple Sarah.

Then one day HE came into her life. She was pettily stoking the furnace when HE came by in his fire-red MG. Rudolph was driving along Langdon Street doing a modest 175 mph when he made a sharp right turn instead of a left and he came crashing through the boiler room of the KKG house. It hit Simple Sarah right in the guts. She demurely blushed. Rudolph had a concussion. Simple Sarah, remembering her Brownie days, tore off the door of the car with her bare hands and extricated Rudolph from the wreckage. His pant line slipped a bit and she affectionately noted the inscription DRANG NACH OSTEN on his groin. It also had a picture of an imperial eagle on top. This was the badge of a Phi Gam ACTIVE!

*"O frabjous day! Callooh, Callay!
She chortled in her joy."*

LEWIS CARROL (1832-1898)

A tale of lurid desires run rampant in an average college town — by

Simple Simon

Her heart nearly burst with simple enthusiasm. But Sarah knew this was not for the likes of her. She gently picked Rudolph up and deposited his bloody carcass on the living room sofa. A screaming HALF-NAKED ACTIVE² ran into the room and cried,

"What have you done, Simple Sarah? Don't you know this is Rudolph von Swineherd II whose father Rudolph von Swineherd I is the frozen frankfurter magnate of the midwest? He was born with a silver frankfurter in his mouth."

Simple Sarah's mouth dropped. She was drooling at the thought of how many frozen frankfurters this young man represented. The HALF-NAKED ACTIVE forced open Rudolph's mouth and poured a fifth of estro-scotch down his throat. Rudolph was immediately aroused and after alternately convulsing and retching on the floor he smiled weakly.

HALF NAKED ACTIVE: He's alive.

SARAH: Slurp. (She still thinks of frankfurters).

RUDOLF: Huh?

HNA: What a catch for the sorority formal.

RUDOLF: Wha?

SARAH: Burp.

HNA: Sarah, remind me to have your pabulum rationed.

SARAH: Yes'm. (She curtsies nicely).

RUDOLF: (Intelligently). Where am I?

HNA: (Seductively). With me, dearest. (She sits on the arm of the sofa and playfully strokes his lacerated head).

SARAH: Anything else, Maam?

HNA: You're still here. It's getting cold. (She shivers sensuously). Back to the furnace.

RUDOLF: (With a leer at HNA). Hubba, hubba—Goodrich rubba.

SARAH: Would the young men be wantin' anything maam?

RUDOLF: (Becomes shocked and seems to see Simple Sarah for the first time. His face twitches and he lunges forward. The HNA is too fast for him, however, and she kicks Sarah down to the boiler room).

No longer could Simple Sarah enjoy her sweet, simple, and stupid pledge life. She kept seeing frankfurters. Haunting memories of Rudolph von Swineherd II tortured her poor, innocent soul. She had to content herself with the derelict ash collector while her Active-Sisters enjoyed the good, clean, wholesome company of rich, clean, blueblooded American boys. Rudolph was also affected in his sober moments³ and he thought fondly of Sarah's unique beauty.⁴ One night while Rudolph was in a half-drunken stupor he wandered into the KKG basement. There he found Sarah busily fermenting estro-gin.

Rudolf slipped on the bloody stairs and landed on his head with a mushy plop. He dramatically got up and spit two teeth out. Sarah looked up at him with her doe like eyes.

"This is the shlipperiest housh on campush," Rudolf observed candidly.

Sarah's shaggy and becindered head fell. Rudolf produced a soggy, half smoked cigarette butt and conferred it upon Sarah as a token of his esteem. She nearly wept with joy and her whole face lit up.

"Fer me," she coquettishly asked him.

"Yeah," he replied with his customary masculinity.

He took her in his arms and (ugh) kissed her purple lips. Her great heart almost burst with pure, simple joy.

"Shee ya after Hell Week, Sarie. Keep a shtiff upper lip and good shtoking on dat furnace," he said as he left the KKG house for the last time.

Simple Sarah heard many tales about her lover's exploits from her gossiping active sisters. She knew, however, although he played around with literally thousands of women his heart belonged only to her—Simple Sarah.

But one day grief came to Sarah. Her HALF-NAKED ACTIVE sister told her a woeful tale as Sarah was scrubbing the floor. It seems that Rudolf was marching in the ROTC Corps and was at the rear of the formation. Every cadet did a "to the rear, harch!" mistakenly except for poor Rudolf, sterling ROTC cadet that he was. Rudolf was trampled in the rush and when the dust settled all trace of Rudolf von Swineherd had disappeared. The War Department notified his next of kin that Rudolf was missing in action and had been awarded the DSC for courage far and beyond the call of duty.

Simple Sarah sat dumbfounded at the HALF-NAKED ACTIVE's news. Her poor, simple, sweet, and stupid heart was broken. The HALF NAKED ACTIVE giggled a moment and sent Sarah back down to the boiler room realizing WORK and WORK alone would cure poor Sarah.

Sarah returned to her faithful Boiler No. 1 and determinedly put in shovel after shovel full of coal. Then when the flame was at its height, she took a scrap of paper, tacked it on her bosom and climbed into the furnace.

Nine days later, during a lull in one of the revelries, someone remarked at the lack of heat in the house. The now goose-pimpled HALF NAKED ACTIVE ran down to the boiler room and found the cause of the lack of heat. Simple Sarah had committed suicide.

And on her breast these words were found:

"O dig my grave, O dig it deep
A marble stone from head to feet,
And at my feet a turtle dove
To show the world I died for LOVE."

The KKG's buried her out in Potter's Field and once a semester they have a picnic to commemorate Simple Sarah. The final benediction, however, was the poem which each KKG pledge must repeat during hell week:

"Oh grief, oh grief what have you done?
Given up your life for a butcher's son."

THE END

¹—There are no smuggleable pontoon bridges in the state of Wisconsin—Authors.

²—You guess which half—Authors.

³—Which were quite few.

⁴—See Irwin Edman, Introduction to Aesthetics, Mentor Books, 1950, p. 14 Ode to a Grecian Urn.

Another End

MISTLETOE MADNESS

Two Indians obtained a room in a big city hotel. Two days elapsed and the manager, having heard nothing from his guests, became worried and opened the door with a master key. He found a teepee set up in the room, and one of the Indians sitting in front of it, smoking a pipe.

"How," said the manager.

"In there," grunted the Indian, indicating the bathroom.

The manager looked in the bathroom and found the other Indian on the floor with an arrow in his heart.

"My Lord, who killed him?" asked the manager.

"Me, I killed him," grunted the Indian.

"Why did you do it?"

"Him spit in spring!"

"Ivan, what are you doing?"

"I'm drunk, Papa."

"What?"

"Yes, I'm drunk pictures on the wall."

AFROTC Student: "Wanna fly?"

Co-ed: "Ooooooh yes."

AFROTC Student: "Wait, I'll catch you one."

An old gentleman riding the top of a Fifth Avenue bus noticed that every few minutes the conductor would come from the back and dangle a piece of string down before the driver underneath. Whereupon the driver would utter profanity terrible to hear. Finally the old gentleman could stand it no longer so he asked the conductor why he dangled the string and why the driver swore.

"Oh," the conductor answered naively, "his father is being hung tomorrow and I'm just kidding him a little."



"Oh, boy, just what I've always wanted!"



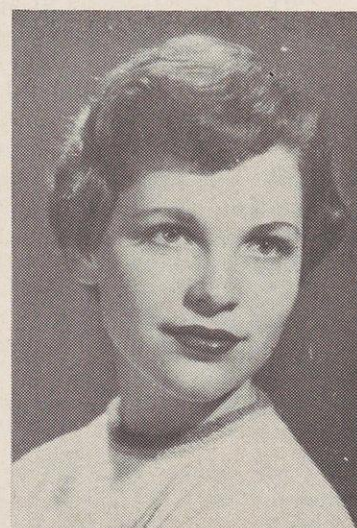
OCTY
DECEMBER

*Dream
Girl*

Nancy Herrick

Sophomore
Education
Madison Girl
3-2663

Photos by DeLonge



Mr. S. Claus entered his front hallway hurriedly and slammed the door. A snowball containing a small bomb thudded against the panel; there was a dull "ca-rump!", causing the door to buckle slightly.

"Damned radical Gnomes," Mr. Claus muttered, stamping snow from his boots. "Should never have hired anything but Brownies!"

Mrs. Claus, a slovenly, pockmarked woman with stringy grey hair, came out of the kitchen. She had mustaches and one crossed eye. She waddled.

"You!" she snarled, using her most familiar and endearing term. "You! How the hell many times do I gotta tell you to clean your boots outside? Just look at my rug. Snow all over . . ." She ground on and on. Her voice was shrill and grating, and she enunciated as if she had a mouth full of thumb tacks.

"If I had cleaned them outside," Mr. Claus told her sweetly, "it is likely you would never have had to tell me again."¹ He went to the win-

¹ See opening paragraph.

dow cautiously and hazarded a peek from behind the motheaten curtains. Several Gnomes were visible. They were standing on a snowbank, haranguing passing Brownies.

Mrs. Claus opened a chipped bowl on the hall table. "Try this," she ordered, withdrawing a cookie. "It's something new, and if you like it I'll make more for the workers' Christmas party."

Mr. Claus took the cookie and hefted it; it weighed about four pounds. "Great for the discus event," he muttered sourly, and bit into the cookie. He chipped his left canine badly, and emitted a loud roar.

Mrs. Claus began wailing, turned and fled toward her kitchen. Mr. Claus examined the wreck of his tooth in the hall mirror. "Damned nagging old bat," he grumbled.

He clumped into the living room, climbing over sacks of childishly written letters, and switched on the TV set. Some idiot in over-stuffed red underwear and false beard was laughing "Ho-ho-ho-hohohoho," and dandling a runny nosed brat on his knee.

"And what would you like old Santa to bring you this year my little man?" the red suited cretin boomed.

The light of well trained greed flared briefly in the little shaver's eyes. He rattled off a list of seventy or eighty items (with-out) drawing a breath, and probably would have continued unabated had not Whis-

The tiger leaped from the bushes upon S. Clause, little knowing that the grand old chap hadn't eaten in four days. And that's why . . .

SANTA CLAWS

by Metik

kers managed another string of ho-hos.

"And have you been a good little fellow this year?"

Small Assassin looked momentarily angelic as he mumbled "Yes Santa," and neglected to remember that he had that very morning set fire to his younger sister.

"That's a good lad," the imposter ho-hoed. "I think Santa will be able to bring you everything you want this Christmas. Now who . . ."

Mr. Claus switched off the living-room cyclops abruptly. "I'll remember that little so-and-so," he promised himself. "And I think I'll do something special for that other idiot too."

His thoughts were interrupted by a shrill voice. "Telegram for Mr. S. Claus."

Mr. Claus jumped. The voice came from immediately behind him and he had not heard the door open. He turned and saw a stunted purple Demon standing in the center of the room; the Demon's beady eyes glowed orange, and smoke curled from his nostrils and pointed ears. Where his cloven hoofs met the rug, tiny flames crackled. Several cheerfully blazing mail sacks marked his path.

"You again," Mr. Claus said, and the Demon bobbed his pointed head politely. "Where's it from this time?" Mr. Claus demanded.

"Same place," the Demon piped shrilly, "Hell, Central Sector." He handed the telegram to Mr. Claus. "From Himself," he squeaked.

The telegram was charred about the edges and smoking faintly.

Mr. Claus took the telegram and scanned it hurriedly. It read:

SANTY-BOY—POSITION CHIEF TORMENT COORDINATOR JUVENILE DIVISION STILL AVAILABLE STOP REQUEST IMMEDIATE AFFIRMATIVE ANSWER STOP SEVERAL OTHER APPLICANTS HANGING ON MY TAIL BUT PREFER YOU STOP.

(signed) RONSHOLDT

Mr. Claus re-read the telegram slowly, and then crumpled it in his hand. The Demon waited patiently, smoldering.

"Tell Him that . . ."

"YOU!"

Mrs. Claus came into the room, and then she saw the Demon. She gave a muffled shriek. "Where did THAT come from?" she demanded. And then "MY RUG!" She swung her broom ineffectually at the Demon, who retreated toward the fireplace, leaving flames in his wake.

"Stop that!" Mr. Claus roared, cuffing his wife beside the ear. "Get out of here, you silly old crow!" He moved to strike her again, and she beat a path for the door, shrieking semi-magical imprecations.

When she had gone Mr. Claus turned to the Demon who cowered in the fireplace. "Sorry," he apologized. "Would you please tell your Master that I will be unable to . . ."

There was a sudden pounding and shouting at the front door, followed by splintering wood and running feet. A pair of Brownies burst into the room, disheveled and breathing hard.

"Mr. Claus, Mr. Claus," they cried in unison, and then subsided into complete confusion, both talking at once in different directions:

"The workshops . . ." "Gnomes and Trolls . . ." "Brownies tried to stop them but . . ." "Something about a labor union . . ." "Talk of trying you . . ."

Simultaneously the Brownies saw the Demon sitting placidly in the flames. They shrieked, and dashed out of the room, neglecting to use the door. When the plaster and brick stopped falling, Mrs. Claus could be heard squawking something about "My rug. My wall."

Mr. Claus ignored her. He went to the window and stared out. There were dull explosions from the direction of the workshops, and the winter night was becoming strangely orange.

He turned on his still wailing wife. "Shut your face," he snarled. He sat down wearily.

He looked down at his frayed red
(continued on page 23)

Feelthy Octapus Geeft Sugestcions

Try these on your friends

*They will be amazed and delighted
at your thoughtfulness*

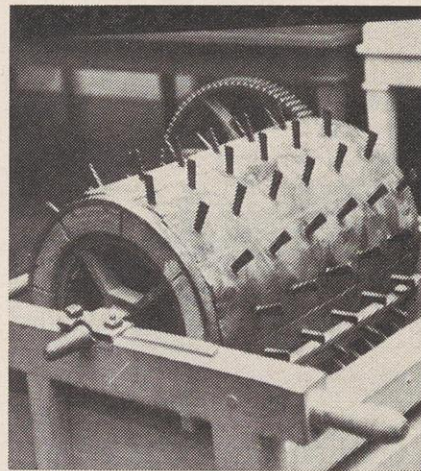
"Distinctively Different"



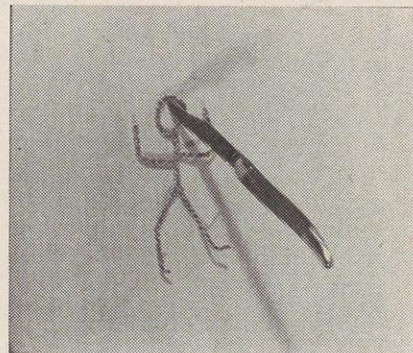
There is nothing as undeniably you as a self portrait. Your boy friend will be proud to show his buddies your picture when you have it taken by a competent reliable Octy photographer. This beautiful portrait shown above is a shining example of the skill and craftsmanship which you too may obtain by merely contacting your Octy photographer and making an appointment for the gift of gifts—a self portrait.



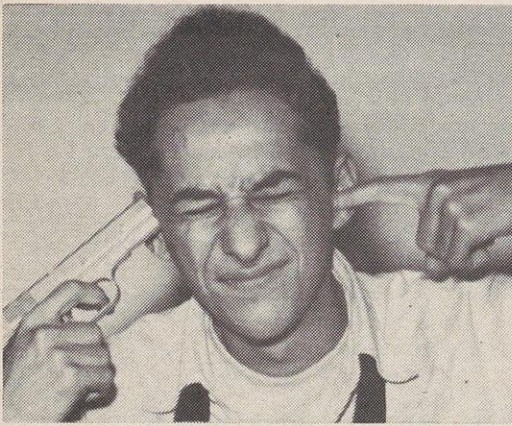
Does that certain someone yearn for outer space? This electronic controlled Space-Time Displacer is the greatest thing you could give him or her. Imagine the utter and complete surprise when your friend opens this unique gift under the Christmas tree. His eyes will bulge with wonder and he will immediately search for the price tag. But, ah, that is where the value of this gift comes in. We will give this machine to you absolutely free if you simply pay the charges for hauling away.



The finest gift you could possibly give to that favorite mother-in-law. Nothing will give you the supreme satisfaction of seeing dear old Ma stretched out on this ancient Chinese torture rack. Her groans will be your key to happiness which bears out the theme of our company's motto—"Give with a double meaning."

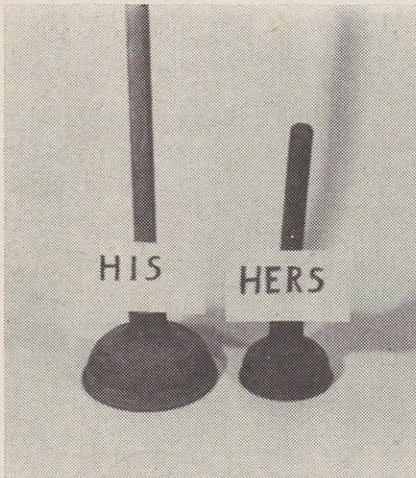


Whammo—and the knife plunges into the skull of your worst enemy. Brought by mule train overland from Haiti at great expense, this matching Caribbean voo-doo doll and knif can be yours for only 79c and a Squishy box top. Fashioned by Mama Ghoulie, they are the perfect gift for that extra-special someone of yours. Surprise him or her at Christmas and be the rage of your community.



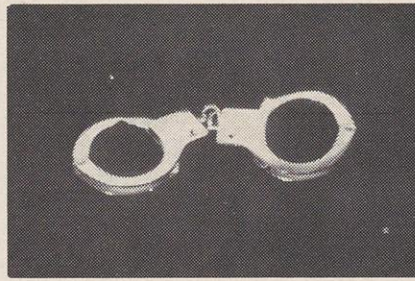
Tired of the hum-drum existence of college life? Tired of boning for exams only to receive artistically penciled F's from your sadistic teacher? Have you received a 1A from your draft-board as a Christmas surprise? Has your best girl taken up with your good old "roomo"? Has your car just been smashed up? Try one of these reasonable Mike Hammer specials and blow your head off. Have a merry old Christmas. The folks at home will love you for it.

*Photos by
Bob Foiles*



No household should be without this charming set of useful appliances. Distinctively chosen and perfectly matched, this set of plungers will free your household from all troubles and tribulations. Not only that, but it is a gift in which you too may share. Why get something for your mate alone? Get something for the two of you and the general betterment of your family life.

Your girl will just adore one of these Japanese silk transparent negligees. Remember, no matter what your girl looks like, these negligees are bound to bring out her best points. 10,000 of Japan's top silk-worms labored long and hard to bring this creation to you. Look, just look, you can see the quality. For only \$49.50, you can have it mailed to you in a beautiful asbestos container. Surprise your girl, she may surprise you!



Do you worry that your boy friend is going out on you? This set of hand made, gold embossed bracelets will be sure to keep him in his place. Just sneak up on him on Christmas morning while he is still asleep and clamp these on him, thus connecting you and him for who knows how long. Not only will you have secured him beyond a question, but many strange and endearing things may happen if the key isn't found in a couple of days.



Give the head of your mob this functional set of tools. He will delight in the smooth operation and sturdy construction of these implements. These tools will benefit the giver too as the boss will be so anxious to try them out that he will pull an extra big job just for the chance. Imagine you and your mob splitting the swag from that big job. There will be no doubt that this is the gift for that "special" boss.



Give your boy friend something to keep him on the stick. He won't mind in the least taking the time to have his head severed and mounted on this polished mahogany wand. You too will be surprised at how obedient and friendly your boy friend will be when you give him this gift.

*Photos above,
below and to
the left may
be blamed on
Bob Foiles*



Jacques Horneah, the noted French delicatessen king, stands outlined against the Paris sky as he surveys his latest masterpiece, a huge chocolate sundae covered with whipped cream. Said to be the largest sundae in existence, it approximates in size Mount Fujiyama in Japan which it was modeled after. These sundaes make excellent Christmas presents and can be had for the piddling sum of 750 million francs or \$10.36.

The right tack in the wrong chair

or

PIERCED UPHOLSTERY

by Sir Throckmorton Q. Nick-Nack

Many times different friends of mine have come up to me and said, "Jove, man, but you have tact." They say this in all sincerity because I have a secret talent for being tactful. It stems from long association with the human race both here and abroad. But a secret it shall remain no longer. As a little Christmas present, I have decided to let everyone in on my talent in hopes that it will help settle some of the world's problems.

There are many situations in which tact is a great aid. For instance, at a dinner party the other evening, one of the guests, a man named Tom, arrived brandishing an empty fifth and swaying noticeably. My friend who was giving the party was worried that the man would disrupt the entire affair. I went into instant action. I raced over to a window, pulled down one of the drapes and drew it tightly around me. Then I sidled up to the offender and whispered in his ear, "Come on outside, Baby. This place gives me the creeps." Well, of course, the party was saved and I managed to slip away from Tom in time to offer rides home to several of the people who didn't have cars. They had all called cabs by then, but that isn't the point. By being tactful, I had saved the party without offending the undesired person, Tom.

Such level-headedness and quick thinking have often been of invaluable aid to me. One time I saved myself from a great deal of embarrassment at another party. The evening was well under way when a man named Jack or Mortimer, an insufferable boor, reached under my collar and pulled out the cardboard that the laundry puts there. "And what is this item of fashionable apparel?" he said in his coarse voice. Well, as you can imagine, it was a pretty embarrassing moment for me and one that could be saved only by my quick thinking. I hesitated for a moment and then said, "It seems you are not up on fashions, my good man. Out East all men have that cardboard in their collars. It gives an added stiffness to the collar that is considered highly desirable to men who put value on good grooming." And just like that a situation that could have been bad for me was turned to my advantage.

One time at a sales banquet, the president of the company, an old fashioned man, was carving a duck. In the midst of his efforts the bird slid off his plate into my lap. Well, the president was pretty embarrassed and I knew my job would be in jeopardy unless I thought of something to relieve the tension of the situation. In a flash I had the right retort. "Why thank you, sir," I said, "but don't you think the other men would like some too?" The president gave me a look of gratitude in that dark way of his as I passed the duck back to him, and the meal took on an informal air for the rest of the evening.

So you see, tact means saying and doing the right thing at the right time, and can mean much to a person. I even make use of it here on my new job. Which reminds me, I must finish upholstering that chair for Mrs. Grimrose.

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said, as he looked in the mirror. "I never knowed he had his pitcher took."

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night while he was asleep she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'."

De Olde

Scrooge's Scroungers

"One thing I have learned in my long experience with the fair sex," said the sly-looking one to his drinking companion, "is that you can't trust a woman with brown eyes."

"Zounds," exclaimed the other, "I've been married for two years and it occurs to me that I don't know what color eyes the little woman has."

He bolted from the bar and whipped home. His wife was in bed asleep. Creeping closer he lifted her eyelid.

"Brown, by God," he roared.

Brown crawled out from under the bed and said, "How the devil did you know I was under here?"

"Dad, what was your great ambition when you were a kid?"

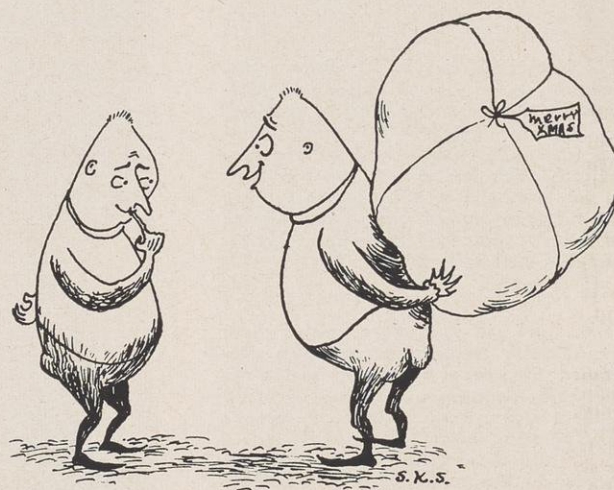
"To wear long pants, son. And I've got my wish. If there's anybody in this country that wears his pants longer than I do, I'd like to see him."

Then there's the one about the cross-eyed teacher who had no control over her pupils.

"Swear that you love me."

"All right, dammit, I love you."

"You can't beat the system," moaned an SAE over his last semester grades. "I decided to take basketweaving for a snap course, but two Navajos enrolled and raised the curve: I flunked!"



"Guess which hand."

'Twas Christmas time and little Bobby Cratchit plodded through the snow clutching the raffle ticket and knowing deep down inside that he would get the . . .

CHRISTMAS GOOSE

By O. U. Dickens

It was Christmas Eve and the snow billowed down in huge clouds of gossamer white, blanketing the face of Observatory Hill. Two dark figures hunched their way through the deep snow toward the observatory leaving spots of black in their wake. Looking furtively from right to left, the shorter of the two, Professor Turnkey Von Sharinghausen of the Psychology department, produced a key from his pocket and inserted it into the lock. He fumbled with it for a few seconds and then cursing softly to himself in Arabian, he shoved the key back into his pocket.

"Damn Phi Beta Kappa keys," he said to himself, "never could figure out what they were good for."

Meanwhile, the taller of the two, a lean, bony man, named Lyle Cadaveraneous, an anatomy professor, had lifted a skeleton key from the depths of his mirror-like trousers and pushed open the door.

Ten minutes later the two night visitors were industriously at work over the large telescope. After much effort they managed to point the barrel at Liz Waters. "Should be a good night for it," Von Sharinghausen said. "Been snowing so hard none of the girls hae been albe to gae hame for Christmas already."

"That is quite correct," replied Cadaveraneous.

Sharinghausen sighted the huge telescope in. A little higher, now a little more to the right. "Wow! look at that one, will you," "Psycho" said. "The Pecker Brownies must have fun with her. They ought to have a good report to make."

"Would you please allow me to observe," Cadaveraneous replied. "My she certainly is a well-built lass, isn't she. As straight and as tall and as firm as an oak tree. And what a beautiful head of green hair . . . green hair? Now see here Sharinghausen, quit tampering with the telescope; we're not here to observe oak trees."

"Yaah! Das ist richtig," Sharinghausen replied in his quaint Albanian dialect. "Speaking of oak trees,"

Sharinghausen continued, "that reminds me of the time I was sent to Africa to study the intelligence of the giant gorilla."

"There we were, me and my Sahara, plunging through the thick undergrowth and the oozing mud of darkest Africa. The Titse flies and kangaroos were buzzing around our heads. The sounds were maddening, simply maddening. Somewhere in the distance we heard the weird laughing of a spotted elephant and the terrible trumpeting of a bull hyena. We were near a water hole. Suddenly we heard the thumping of many feet approaching along the jungle trail. Me and my guide Rudyard and our ten water bearers lept behind a bunch of Kipling bushes. Thump, thump, thumpitty, thumpitty, thump, thump, thump. Thump, thump, thumpitty, thumpitty, thump, thump, thump. Thumpitty, thumpitty, thump, thump, thump, thump. Being unsanforized, we shunk back in abject horror. Suddenly down the trail there appeared a long line of hideous monsters—bull gorillas, followed by the gorilla-isses, and the gorillakiddses. We grovelled in the tall jungle grasses which stretched to our It was no use, the leader smelt us. We had neglected to go down wind from him. With his band following close behind, he pushed aside the Kipling bushes and stared with those stupid animal eyes at us. He looked first at me, then at Rudyard, and then at the water bearers. Even the Kipling bushes kippled before his fierce countenance. Then baring his fangs, he growled. The forest shook with his cry of—"Pardon me old fellow, but could we trouble you for a spot of water." It seems that these weren't gorillas at all but just a bunch of English tea farmers who had got lost on their way from Bengazi and had not had eat nor drink nor relief for a fortnight so we . . ."

"Always you talk like you had your head up your sleeve," Lyle ejaculated. "Lest you forget, the reason we are here is to find out once and for all if there is or there is not a . . ."

"Listen, pray listen," shouted Sharinghausen, "do you 'ear what I 'ear?" From over the lake, there was a

soft, musical sound. "It must be, it must be," shouted Cadaveraneous, clicking his bones.

"This is it, this is it," Sharinghausen mumbled over and over as he peered myopically into the telescope. "It's true what they said. After all this time our snarking is a success." He pointed toward the top floor of Liz. "Look, look, Cadaveraneous," he chortled, "look, look."

Cadaveraneous could not believe his eyes. He looked long and hard. He drank in the graceful lines, the cheery, beery face. "Migawd," he cried, "there is a Santy Claus."

FILLING JOKES FOR YOUR ABOMINABLE SATISFACTION —BELOW

"Darling, let's have a secret love code. If you nod, I can hold your hand, if you smile, I can kiss your lips."

"Oh, don't make me laugh."

Dad criticized the sermon. Mother thought the organist made a lot of mistakes. Sister didn't like the choir's singing. But they all shut up when little Willie piped in, "Still it was a pretty good show for a nickel."

"Doin' anything Saturday night?"

"Nope."

"Kin I use your soap?"

"Grandmother! Use the bottle opener! You'll ruin your gums!"

She's a pretty little wench
Sitting there upon the bench
Looking very coy and shy
At every passing college guy.
Ah, such eyes.
Concentric thighs,
It's too damned bad
She's bald.

A bunch of germs were hitting it up
In the bronchial saloon;
Two bugs in the edge of the larynx
were jazzing a rag-time tune.
Back in the teeth, in a solo game,
Sat dangerous Ack-Kerchoo;
And watching his pulse was his light
of love—
The lady that's known as Flu.

A visiting psychiatrist, wandering through the wards of a state asylum, was particularly intrigued by a patient who sat huddled in a corner all by himself and scratched himself, for hours on end.

"My good man," the doctor addressed the patient gently. "Why do you stay huddled in a corner all alone and scratch yourself?"

"Because," replied the man wearily, "I'm the only person in the world who knows where I itch."

Yale transfer student to clerk: "I say, my good man, could you take that red tie with orange spots out of the window for me?"

Clerk: "Why, certainly, sir; we are pleased to take anything out of the window at any time."

Student: "Thanks awfully. The beastly thing bothers me every time I pass here."

The excited young mother called to her husband: "The baby has swallowed the matches!"

He called back: "Here, use my cigarette lighter."

There stood one day a rather old bull in the pasture at Flushing Meadows. Seeing what to him appeared pulchritude itself the would be youngster ambled on over to make a little time. His presence, however, was hardly noticed by the nearby cow, and after failing in all attempts to attract attention he ambled on back to his former place of rest, but on the way back fortune played a hand. Seeing a cast away glove upon the ground the bull gave birth to an idea. This time he raced back to the side of the cow and tapping her lightly, asked, "Pardon me, madam, but did you lose your brassiere?"

"Did you miss your train, sir?"

"No. I didn't like the looks of it, so I chased it out of the station."

Druggist: "Well, Tim, did that mudpack I suggested improve your wife's appearance?"

Tim: "It did for a couple of days but then it wore off."

Instructor: "You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?"

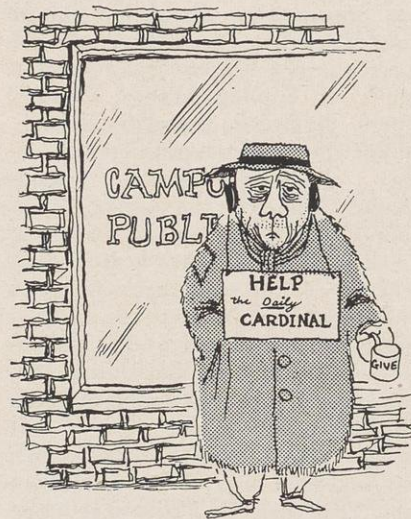
Student: "No, sir, not a bit."

He would make an excellent soldier—just the type—strong, courageous, ready to step into peril, never stops to question orders, he just carries them out. You know—a moron.

The new method of catching elephants requires a piece of paper, a milk bottle, a pair of tweezers, and binoculars. Go to the elephant country, find a pool of water and write on the paper: "For Elfants." When the other elephants come up to drink, they will see that their name is spelled wrong and start laughing. When the other elephants hear them laughing they will come up to see what they are laughing about.

At that point you look at the elephants through the wrong end of the binoculars. The elephants look so small that you pick them up with a tweezers and put them in the milk bottle.

At a circus in a near-by town, a man thoughtfully stood looking at the camels. Then he picked up a straw, placed it on the camel's back and waited. Nothing happened. "Wrong straw," he muttered and walked away.



The army was camped next to a jungle river, and a private was sent out to get some water. He soon returned, saying, "Sir, there is a big crocodile in the river, and I'm afraid to get any water."

"Nonsense," replied the lieutenant. "That crocodile is probably four times as scared of you as you are of him."

"Well, sir," replied the private, "If that crocodile is only half as scared of me as I am of him, that water ain't fit to drink."

Stranger: "Pardon me, but do you know a man in this town, with one leg, named Wilson?"

Old Timer: (Oh, what's the use; you know the punch line already!)

The stork who brought you should be arrested for smuggling dope.

A musician was practicing on his saxophone late at night when the landlord came in. "Do you know there's a little old lady sick upstairs?" asked the landlord.

"No," answered the musician. "Hum a little of it."

A divorce case was being held in court. The aggrieved husband told the judge:

"I came home and there was my wife in the arms of a strange man."

"And what did she say when you surprised her?" asked the judge.

"That's what hurt me the most," said the indignant husband, "She turns and says, 'Well, look who's here. Old Blabbermouth! Now the whole neighborhood will know!'"

Math Prof., explaining the use of the slide rule: "Now gentlemen, this little instrument you will find very useful to an engineer. Take the square root of 49 for example. A simple use of the rule shows that it's six and eight-tenths, or thereabouts."

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said the tramp to the landlady of an English inn, St. George and the Dragon. "D'you think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I have a few words with George?" said the tramp.

Santa Claus: Why are you crying, little girl?

Little Match Girl: I drank some cider—now I can't find my way home.

Professor: "Are you cheating on this examination?"

Student: "No, sir, I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper."

There's nothing like getting up at six in the morning, taking an ice cold shower and a run around the park before breakfast."

"How long have you been doing this?"

"I start tomorrow."

A man ambled into a tennis tournament and sat down on the bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing answered, "Not me."

Yuletide Selections by:

The Kindly Old Christmas Fairy . . .

The dam burst and the raging flood waters forced the townspeople to flee to the hills.

As they gazed down sadly at their homes, they saw a straw hat float downstream about fifty feet. Then it stopped, turned and plowed slowly upstream against the rushing waters. After fifty feet, it turned and moved downstream again. Then upstream again.

"Say," said one of the townfolk, "What makes that hat act so durn funny?"

"Well, I ain't sure," spoke up a youth, "but last night I heard Grandpa swear—come hell or high water he was going to mow the lawn today."

"I went to the movies yesterday and I had to change my seat several times."

"Heaven, did a man get fresh?"

"Finally."

The conductor of an overnight train saw a red lantern hanging out of a berth, and asked the porter the reason.

"Well, suh," said the porter, "rule 36 in mah rule book says 'Hang out a red lantern when the rear of a sleeper is exposed'."

The veteran decided not to inform his little son of the impending arrival of the stork, but, as the months progressed, the secret grew more difficult to conceal. Finally, the stork dropped his bundle from heaven and the father broke the news to his son.

"The stork has been flying over our house," explained the father. "He's swooping around."

"I hope he doesn't scare mommy," replied the lad. "She's pregnant, you know."

Two hipsters in a museum spot a bust of Julius Caesar. One says to the other, "This guy's been gone for two thousand years."

The other replies, "Crazy, man, those Romans really knew how to live."

As the man started across the street, a St. Bernard dog rushed by him so close that it bowled him over. Before the man could get to his feet an Austin tore around the corner and ran over the hapless man leaving several cuts and bruises in its wake. A sympathetic spectator rushed out to help the victim to his feet and asked if the dog had hurt him. "No," replied the confused fellow, "but that can tied to his tail near finished me."

The freshman's father paid his son a surprise visit. Arriving at 1 a.m., he banged on the fraternity house door. A voice from the second floor yelled, "Whatdya want?" The father answered, "Does Joe Jones live here?" The voice answered, "Yeah, bring him in."

The music in the joint was so bad that when a waiter dropped a tray full of dishes, everyone got up and started dancing.



dinner to a
KING'S taste . . .
QUEEN'S, too,
of course!

Wooden Bowl

AT THE LARK

2550 UNIVERSITY AVE.

Parking At the Rear of A. and P. Lot

Recommended by Duncan Hines

Shorty and Lammy

at the
wish you a

Brathaus

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

the finest of NEW YEARS!

"see ya next year!"



A story

CHRISTMAS CHEER

by Ben Weiss, in the new dimension

Hinky Smythe knew utter misery. He squirmed closer to his lonely damp rock and wept. His tears made small rivulets in the bleak December mud.

Somehow, for some strange, unknown reason, Hinky was an utter outcast from campus life. Earlier in the term he had felt the full confidence and determination of every freshman. But now he felt utterly ostracized. He had been snubbed by six fraternities and two political parties.

Things had gone along fine at first, but always came that specific moment when each group broke away from him. And each break had centered around one word—beer. Every time the word was mentioned, Hinky would ask, "What's beer?" and the group would sneer and walk away, enmasse.

Hinky snapped pieces of twig into his tear rivulets and watched them disappear into a gopher hole. Soon a gopher appeared, waved a white hanky and scudded away into the brush.

Suddenly Hinky noticed a shiny spot on the bank of one rivulet. He bent to pick it up and found it attached to something beneath the ground. He scratched around the spot and pulled forth a bottle.

Etched on the bottle was the word—beer. "At last," thought Hinky, "I'll find out what it means." He deftly unhooked the scout knife from his belt and tore the cap from the bottle. A terrible rumbling came from inside the bottle, followed by an eruption of white, frothy matter. Then the rumbling ceased and the bottle calmed down.

Hinky sniffed and his nose quivered. He tasted and his tongue quivered. He gulped and his whole body quivered.

"Well," he snickered, "if this is beer, it's certainly queer to be so mysterious about it." He sniffed, tasted and gulped again. Then smiled, tasted and gulped. Next he smiled and gulped. He wept no more. He felt quite cozy. He poured a little beer into the dry tear-stream bed. The go-

pher peered from the brush, grinned a gopher-like grin and scampered back to his hole.

Soon Hinky Smythe felt brave. His eyes sparkled defiance at the whole damn world and especially at collegiate snubbery. Several quivers later he determined to return and tell the whole crew that he now had the word and they could all go wash their feet.

Toting his bottle, Hinky marched into the nearest of these groups and gave with a beery laugh right in their faces. "Ha!" he snarled, "Now I know what beer is. It's a harmless beverage." With that he kicked over a piano, two checkerboards and a professorial chair.

"Hey," someone in the group screamed, "old Hinky's squaffed and he ain't but tasted one bottle."

"I ain't squaffed," belched Hinky, "and I been quivering from this bottle for more'n an hour." With that he began to pour the remainder of the bottle into a convenient bath tub.

The tub soon began to overflow and the floor was inches deep in beer within a minute. The group's eyeballs popped out, enmasse, wallowed in the foam and stared at each other.

"Jeez," gurgled Hinky, "it's got no bottom."

Swiftly the members of the group retrieved their eyeballs and began to move. A nearby swimming pool was drained and Hinky and his bottle were put to work filling it. The single word was spread and within an hour the entire campus had converged on the pool.

Hinky was immediately made a member of six fraternities, three political parties and twelve sororities. He was toasted, cheered, sung and chugalugged.

The brawl continued and increased. Every pool in the vicinity was drained and refilled by Hinky's magic bottle. Dawn broke and sun set and the revelry continued. The campus became a seething, singing, scraping, smooching surge of scholars. Soon the entire town was involved and the din could be heard six blocks from the farthest bus stop.

Then the faculty heard rumors. It was first brought to their attention by a third assistant house mother that all the co-eds had shiny new shampoos. Then the assistant professors noted that the air no longer had the pleasant odor of mold. Finally members of the board of regents remarked that scholastic life had become much too cordial.

Then was begun an investigation. Departmental differences dissolved. Professorial prejudice perished. Even tenure was terminated. The upper echelon bore down and the magic bottle was curtly corralled.

Silence lept about the campus. The board brooded, the professors pondered and the staffs stood stupidly silent as was their way of expressing themselves.

The student body stood too. They stood defiantly behind little Hinky. They rubbed his back. They tousled his hair. They whispered beery nothings into his ear. They even sobered him up for the occasion.

Then the silence quivered and a little rip appeared in the corner. Through the rip stepped the president of the university. Sparkling eyed, he belched, giggled and spoke.

"After careful survey, consideration and analysis of the situation," he announced, "we of the university have found Hinky Smythes' bottle perfectly legal."

The silence was utterly destroyed. Hinky was hoisted above the crowd and finally placed on the statuary lap of a famous person, nearby. Then the crowd hushed respectfully to allow the dear president to finish his announcement.

"We find," he continued, "that the contents, being only 3.2% in alcoholic content, are perfectly within the rules of the university."

The silence once more quivered back into place. The student body moved slowly and determinedly back to its scholastic chores. Hinky Smythe fell flat on his face, the statuary gentleman having indifferently brushed him off. The pools were scrubbed and disinfected. Co-eds rinsed their hair and some even shaved their heads. Gargle and mouthwash sales were swamped. The six fraternities, three political parties and twelve sororities quickly tore Hinky Smythe's name from their lists.

Hinky Smythe squirmed back to his damp rock, his magic bottle in his hand, and wept bitterly. The gopher crawled out of his flooded hole, snarled and threw a pretzle at Hinky. Hinky wondered what beer really was.

A recently discharged Navy gunner was home dozing peacefully in front of the stove. The door of the stove came open and flames shot out.

"Fire," shouted his wife.

The gunner leaped to his feet, grabbed the cat, shoved it into the stove, slammed the door, opened the draft and shouted up the stove pipe, "Ready two."

NEW YEAREY NOTHINGS

"Will you marry me?"

"No, but I'll always admire your good taste."

"Had some tough luck in court this morning."

"How's that?"

"Arrested for kissing a woman, then the judge saw the woman and fined me ten dollars more for being drunk."

Coroner: "And what were your husband's last words?"

New widow: "He said, 'I don't see how they make a profit out of this stuff at a dollar and a quarter a quart'."

Visitor: (to Arkansas farmer) "Do insects ever get into your corn?"

Farmer: "Yes, but we just fish 'em out and drink it anyway."

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

Ray: "Both."

Who was that lady I saw out out-wit last night?

"Oh mother, may I take a swim?"

"Why not, my darling daughter,
You're so damn near naked anyhow
You'd be safer in the water."

"Another combination shot," said the co-ed as she leaned too far over the billiard table.

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

"Hoot, Mon," cried Sandy. "First you try to rob me and now you've drowned my boy!"

RURAL HUMOR

A group of farmers were crowded around the post office window to get their mail, when one of them stalked up and shouted:

"Any mail for Mike Howe?"

The post office clerk, a stranger in the community, glared at him over the rims of his spectacles and shouted back:

"No, not for your cow nor anybody else's cow."

A young engineering student took his girl to the open air opera one beautiful warm sunny evening. During the first act he found it necessary to excuse himself. He asked the usher where the men's room might be found.

"Turn left, and walk down to the big oak tree, and there it is."

The young engineer did as he was told and in due time returned to his seat.

"Is the second act over yet?" he asked his girl.

"You ought to know," she replied. "You were in it."

The old lady kept her seat determinedly as the slowly moving congregation passed down the aisle to the church door.

"If everybody else would only do as I do, and sit quietly in their seats until everyone has left," she murmured, "there wouldn't be such a crush at the doors."

"Daddy, can I have a nickel for an ice cream cone?"

"Shut up and drink your beer."



Chosen by Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

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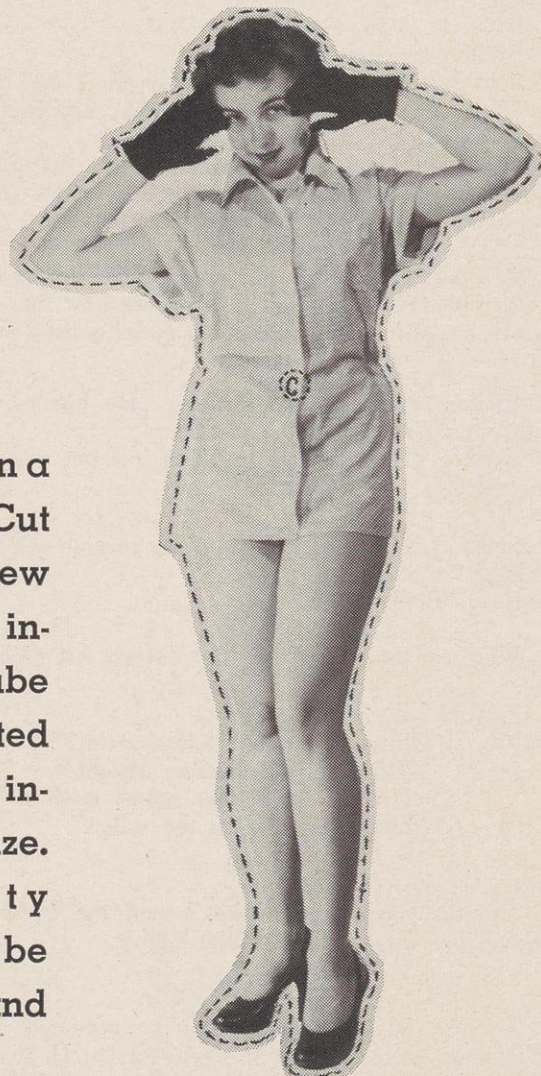
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DECEMBER CALENDAR GIRL SURPRISE PACKAGE

Dolores Steinhilber



Something new in a Calendar Girl. Cut out these forms, sew them together, insert a rubber tube at the designated spot and then inflate to life size. Amazing reality may or may not be achieved. Try it and see!



PASTE THIS CALENDAR ONTO A CEMENT BLOCK AND
USE AS AN ANCHOR (IT'S THE WRONG MONTH)

DECEMBER 1953						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
-	-	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	-	-
-	-	-	-	-	-	-

'Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the house not a crea-
ture was stirring . . . no spoons.

In line with all their other claims,
the Soviet Union has now announc-
ed that Adam and Eve were loyal
children of Mother Russia. We must
admit this seems logical, in view of
the fact that, like so many other Rus-
sians, they had no shelter, only fig
leaves for clothes, lived on apples, and
thought they were in Paradise.

Recently a thief who had been
burglarizing many Oxford homes
was apprehended and brought to
court.

"Don't you know that crime does
not pay?" asked the judge.

"I know," replied the thief, "but
the hours are good."

Clerk: "Yes, sir, the medicine sure
is powerful. Best stuff we have for
the liver. Makes you peppy."

Customer: "Well, can you give me
any specific reference, maybe some-
one who has taken it with good re-
sults."

Clerk: "A man down the block took
it for three years. He died last week."

Customer: "Oh, I see."

Clerk: "Oh, but they had to beat
his liver with a stick for three days
after he died before they could kill
it."

My daughter, admiring the set of
mink skins I gave her last week said,
"I can hardly realize that these beau-
tiful furs came from such a small
sneaking beast."

I said, "Daughter, I don't ask for
thanks, but I must insist on respect."

HOLIDAY HILARIATORS

The newlyweds were honey-moon-
ing at the seashore. As they walked
arm in arm along the beach, the
young groom looked poetically out
to sea and cried,

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue
ocean, roll!"

His bride gazed at the water for
a moment, then in hushed tones
gasped, "Oh, Fred, you wonderful
man! It's doing it!"

Fight Polio!

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and the
HAPPIEST
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"Where Kollegians Kongregate"

A well-known orthopedic surgeon
was being conducted through a hospi-
tal ward on a trip of inspection. His
host showed him a patient and said.
"This child limps because his right
leg is shorter than his left. What
would you do in his case?"

"I'd probably limp, too," replied
the doctor.

She was sitting in a dark corner.
Noiselessly, he stole up behind her,
and before she was aware of his pres-
ence, he had kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed readily,
"I thought you were my sister."

"You dumb ox. I am your sister."

A man walked into church one
morning, seated himself, and was sur-
prised to notice that a man in the pew
in front of him had carrots in his
ears. The man tried to ignore it, but
eventually his curiosity got the best
of him. He leaned forward and whis-
pered, "Why do you have carrots in
your ears?" There was no answer.
He whispered again, considerably
louder, "Why do you have carrots
in your ears?" Again no answer. He
fidgeted around in his seat for a few
minutes, and then asked, in a voice
that could be heard all through the
church, "Why do you have carrots
in your ears?"

The man in front turned around,
stared at him for a moment, and then
calmly replied, "I can't hear you. I
have carrots in my ears."

"I don't know who I am. I was left
on a doorstep."

"Maybe you're a bottle of milk."

In Memoriam to Leonard Maletz who for months, yea for years, has faithfully laughed at editor's jokes and thus risen to the post of Copy Editor only to vault into the cruel world of employment. Here is a poem by him and about him, rest his soul.

Wiggins Among the Galaxies

For Ezra Kilogram
Hic, haec, hoc . . .

Balded Wiggins strides the lakes
Letting the learned scabbard dangle,
A housing for his slide-ruled brain,
Logarithmic scepter of electron jangle.

Orbits of the Solar System
Hold no locus, heed no sun,
But feeling force of Wiggins Control
Revolve in an age of automaton.

Future arrived is the computer-prof.,
The wired, tubed, and worm-gear'd mind
Creator of device and intellect, respectively,
Centuries ahead and centuries behind.

Stereo-Wiggins is the student,
A perfect vacuum at last prepared,
Whose function is Newtonian proof
Acceleration is half the Gee-Tee squared.

Computer and Stereo a university comprise.
Their vast laboratory and they are combined
In that fearless winnowing and sifting by which
Alone there is nothing left to find.

Prove void with void, destroy impossibility
Leave nothing unequated, nothing undefined

Poly Sci is scuttled in Rath's alley
Wigginsism steriles Young Rep. and Dem.
While relationship of man to woman
Is punched-card sex by IBM

Sex 1 | 2 | 3 |

Mechanical socials shall bring
Categorized clientele to Great Hall

O Pluto shone bright on Mr. Porter
And on his Union daughter
They wash their patrons in heavy water

Miracle, all purpose

An hundred thousand stereos shout,
"Give it again to the Centaur!"
He atom-smashes Randall's grid
While Geiger-counters ring the score.

Duz does everything

Concadence-count of the electron beam
Aligns the robot ROTC Corps.
Dictates of the Thought Control
Preclude the student senate floor.

makes whiter washes

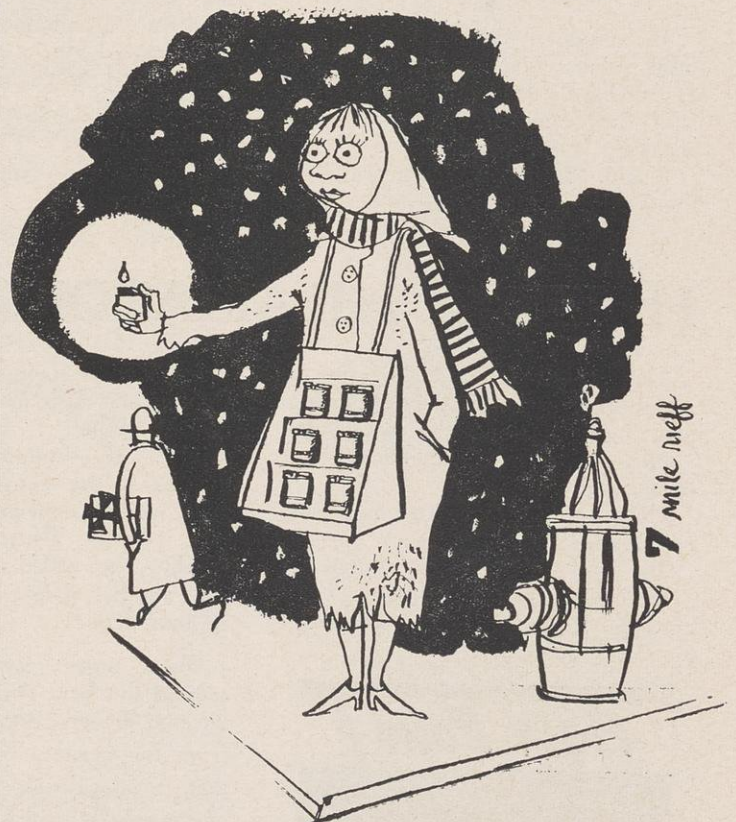
Oh, this is the way we wash our brains,
Wash our brains, wash our brains
Oh, this is the way we wash our brains
At 7:45 in the morning.

You never had it so clean!

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Conversation between a Greek tailor and a customer:

"Euripides?"
"Eumenides."

An ex-U student found himself working in a desolate mining camp. One day he approached the boss.

"Say, boss," he said, "what do you folks do for amusement around here?"

"Why," replied the boss, "we usually watch Sam, the cook, drink a gallon o' whiskey, gasoline, and red pepper juice. Why don't you come along?"

The ex-student was astounded. "Not me," he shouted. "I don't go for that kind of amusement."

"Well," persisted the boss, "I wish you'd come. We really need six men for this sort of thing."

"Why is that?" asked the former Teasipper.

"Some of th' boys have to hold Sam. He don't go for that kind of amusement either."

(continued from page 11)

suit, too large for him, and thought of the thousands of characters trying to make a fast buck impersonating him in department stores, the millions of brats perjuring themselves to get in on the Christmas morning loot, the Trolls and the Gnomes, the clumsy, simple Brownies never doing anything right, his chuckleheaded wife and her four pound cookies.

He thought of the damned eternal cold and the snow and ice, and he living in it because some simpleton had decided that the North Pole was suitably far away for legendary purposes, thought of the reindeer who couldn't find New York City with radar and a road map, (last year, he recalled, they ended him up in the middle of Lake Erie,) thought of the tons of soggy sandwiches and tank-cars of coffee people would set out, thinking that by doing that they could coax him to trim their blasted trees on top of everything else.

He thought, and he got mad. Just plain mad. And then, suddenly, quite happy.

He turned to the Demon who was still in the fireplace, now relaxed and comfortable in the flames. With a broad grin, the first in several centuries, and with the sound of exploding toy shops as a background, he said to the Demon.

"You can tell Himself that I accept with pleasure."

Fini

First Co-ed: "Gonna be busy to-night?"

Second Co-ed: "Dunno, it's my first date."

Dear Sir:

I am engaged to a girl and have been informed that you were seen kissing her. Kindly call at my fraternity house at eleven Friday and make an explanation.

Alfred Zilch

Dear Alf:

I have received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at this meeting.

Red

An asylum patient who had been certified cured was waving goodbye to the director of the institution.

"And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?" asked the director.

"Well," said the patient, "I have passed my bar examinations, so I may practice law. I have also had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics, so I might try acting." He paused for a moment, deep in thought. "Then on the other hand," he continued, "I might be a teakettle."

Watch For the Opening of Our New . . .

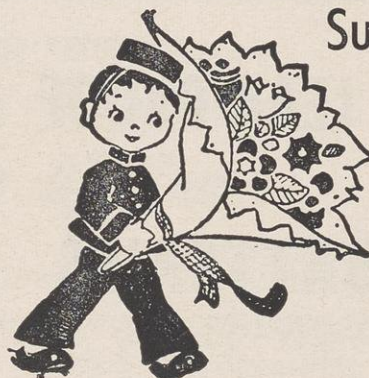
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NOTES ON NEXT MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

The memoirs of Harry S. Trubane, which grace the pages of this month's Octy, are typical of this rising young author's works. This man who lived most of his life amid the squalor of Kansas City, teamed up with the rising young entrepreneur Tom Pendergass, to promote a clean up of Kansas City and its disgraceful political organization. This is only one of the many interesting excerpts from the life of this prominent personality. Read also of his gallant fight to save the fair name of his innocent young daughter Margueritte from the violent Communistic attacks upon her career by radical right wing journalists.

Two old buddies, Drew Peerson and Fulton Louis, Jr., have teamed up on this latest fight for impartiality in America's communication media in the February issue. It is a tribute to America how two young men from opposite sides of the tracks can join together to promote this fight for strong, middle-of-the-road-bed American government.

Turning from the governmental scene, the reader will find an Octy exclusive on page fourteen. A three hundred page story of love, romance and passion, written by Heda Hopeless, instructor in Marriage and the Family at Hollywood University. It tells the delicate and touching story of two tender youths, Crank Sumatra and Eva Garter, and their courageous struggle against overwhelming odds. Childhood lovers, they sought the right to find happiness and raise their children in the good, pure American way, while imbedded amid the slums of Beverly Hills, California.

Last, but not least, this amazingly introspective article on page 96 by John Flushingwell, university handy-man. Flushingwell's article is a superb beneath the scene view of campus government. Flushingwell, who has, at one time or another, come into contact with all aspects of university life, with this article, pulls the chain on subversive campus political activities.

This line of type is merely to separate above from jokes below.

The colored preacher had just finished his sermon about free salvation and asked a brother to take up a collection. At this, a member of the congregation protested: "Parson, Ah thought you said salvation was free—free as the water we drink."

"Salvation is free, Brother," replied the parson. "It's free, and the water is free, but when we pipes it to you—you pays for the piping."

"When does the Union open?" the voice on the phone asked.

"Seven a.m.," came the reply. "And what's the idea of calling me in the middle of the night?"

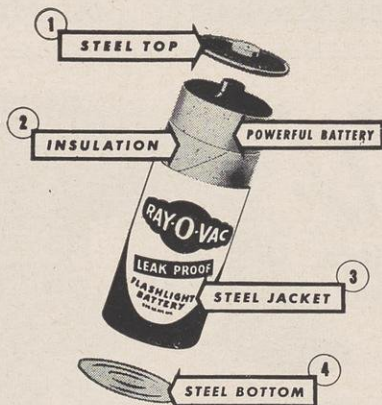
"Not till 7:00 a.m.?" responded a disappointed voice.

"Not till 7:00!" confirmed the other. "What do you want to get in before 7:00 a.m. for?"

"Who wants in? I want out!"

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An English farmer was out in his field one day, sprinkling purple dust over the ground, when a stranger passed by.

"Why are you sprinkling that purple dust over the ground?" he asked.

"To keep the lions away."

"My dear man," said the stranger, "don't you know there hasn't been a lion in England for two thousand years?"

"Well, confidently," said the farmer, "it's a lucky thing. This stuff isn't very good."

●
"Pop, I need an encyclopedia for school."

"Encyclopedia, hell; you can walk to school like I did."

●
"Can I see the doctor?"

"Which doctor?"

"Do you think I'm a heathen?"

●
"Waiter, it's been half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup."

"Sorry, sir, but you know how turtles are."

●
"Don has a denture."

"Did he tell you?"

"No, it just came out during the conversation."

*Happy
Holidays*



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