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WISCONSIN Octopus

Octy's Cinderella:
Of Mice and Housemothers

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cigarette?
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CO-EDS

What are little girls made of? Oh, what are little girls made of?

Sugar and spice, 'n everything nice — that's what little girls are made of.

What are Wisconsin co-eds made of? Oh, what are Wisconsin co-eds made of?

Cigarettes and cokes, 'n dirty jokes — that's what Wisconsin co-eds are made of.

* * *

When I was a freshman I never asked girls for dates because I was afraid they'd say no. I'm not asking them for dates now because I'm afraid they'll say "Yes."

* * *

There is nothing wrong with a Wisconsin co-ed that a new hair-do, a facial, a manicure, lipstick, rouge, and expensive clothes won't minimize for a few hours on Saturday night. But be careful. KEEP IN A COOL, DARK PLACE.

* * *

In college there are two sexes. (We will disregard the third sex, which is pretty sexless, namely Faculty). The two college sexes are Male and Co-ed.

* * *

Most girls have good figures — but then there are co-eds. Co-eds are usually tall, slim, and coltish. You hope they grow out of it. They do, like any horse.

* * *

Co-eds are divided into two groups: sorority girls and sweet girls. Sorority girls are divided into two groups: Kappa Kappa Gammas and sweet girls.

* * *

A co-ed is a woman who is pursuing her hobby as though it were an occupation. (The hobby: MEN).

* * *

Although the co-ed's mind is predominantly occupied by the thought of the Male, it is not true that all co-eds are in college to get husbands. A few girls take library science.

* * *

Not all co-eds get married. Some become Career Girls. A career girl is a co-ed who wants to get married but talks so much about having a career that all men believe her.

* * *

Co-eds have one other interest besides Men. This is Food. Co-eds are interested in eating, especially with Men who are paying for her food.

* * *

Co-eds are the hardest animals to understand. They tell you they do not like to neck. If you do not kiss them, they don't like it. If you try to kiss them, they don't like it. If you don't try to kiss them within a few dates' time, they stop dating you. If you do kiss them on one of your first dates, they stop dating you. Take your choice. Which isn't much of a choice, since you'll either be necking, or not necking, with a Co-ed.

* * *

Some people say our Wisconsin co-eds are ugly. Well, now, I wouldn't go as far as to say that . . . but I'll go half that far and yell it the rest of the way!

* * *

There are some people who believe that things are

wonderful if they are beautiful. Other people believe that things are wonderful if they are utilitarian. Which group of people do you think would like Wisconsin co-eds' legs?

* * *

Wisconsin co-eds love to wear boys' shirts. And why shouldn't they? Nothing stands between them and a perfect fit.

* * *

Well, now, let's forget about the Wisconsin co-eds' physique. (Well, let's try, shall we?). Now let's turn to her mental makeup. (Come back here, you coward!).

* * *

Many colleges are finishing schools for girls. Wisconsin is not a finishing school. Believe me, the girls at Wisconsin are finished!

* * *

Now one has to admit that our co-eds do not lack culture. In fact, Wisconsin co-eds drip with culture. But which of the primitive cultures it is, I don't know.

* * *

I have read that French girls appreciate dating a fellow who buys her a cup of coffee or takes her for a walk in the Park. So do Wisconsin co-eds. They love a cup of coffee . . . after a \$3 dinner. And they'll gladly take a walk in the Park—from the Park Hotel dining room to the Park Hotel cocktail lounge.

* * *

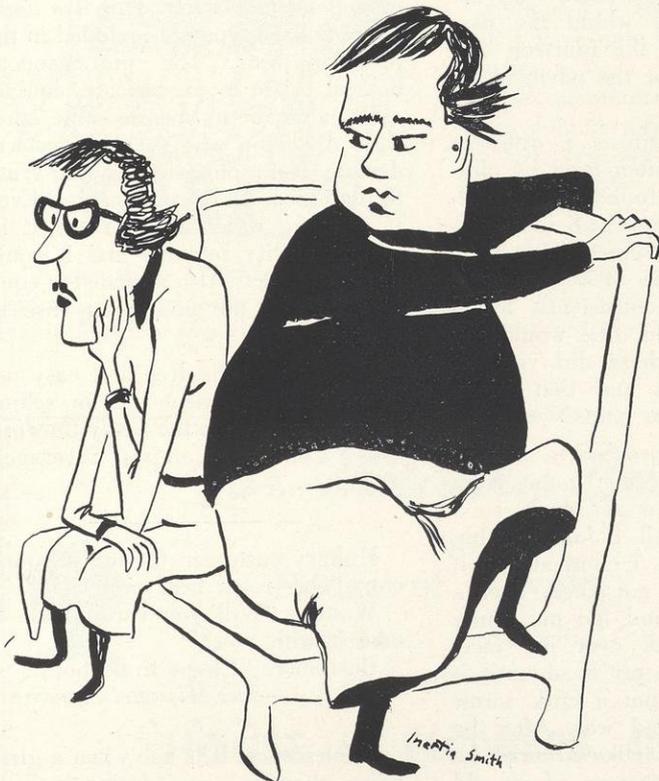
Now don't get me wrong. I do associate with Wisconsin co-eds. I have to. It's 49 miles to the Beloit college campus and I have no car.

You gotta car? Well, what're we waiting for?

—Ed Gisi

* * *

"Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?"
 "No, but I've been slapped."



"Well, after all, we are here to get an education."

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Lies and Liars

Psychosomatic illnesses have been called "dangerous killers" by the American Medical Association which has been conducting research to discover symptoms which might lead to the end of psycho troubles. The association has discovered that one of the worst symptoms is lies.

Research on lies and liars involved some thirty thousand hours and twenty-six cases before the association discovered there is no "perfect liar." There are, however, five types of lies which are prevalent. They are (1) the white lie, (2) the fabricated fib, (3) the misrepresented truth, (4) the falsehood, and (5) the miscellaneous lickspit.

The white lie is an untrue statement which is harmless and rather insignificant in its meaning. An illustration of this occurred recently when a subject for experiment explained that earlier in the day he had found a pocketbook containing fourteen dollars in the gutter. Since he owed the psychiatrist ten dollars he had rushed over to pay his debt. On the way he lost both the pocketbook and the money between Park and Murray. He didn't mind so much until he discovered that it was his own wallet he had originally found in the gutter. Since he had come with the best of intentions, would the psychiatrist loan him the fourteen dollars he had lost for the payment on his television set?

The fabricated fib is a different kind of lie. It is often used by children, but may be found among older people. A fabricated fib is the result of a person trying to save face. The mother of one of the subjects was a person who consistently found fault with her child. She would say something like "where did you get those filthy hands and that sticky face and those torn pants?"

The boy would proceed to answer, "When I was walking home from school it started to get dark, so I started to run until I found a big hole in the ground. I climbed into it to get warm and I got stuck. Then a man came along and fed me candy and smeared it all over my face. Then he pulled on my head until it came off and he put a cork screw into where my head was. After he had pulled me out (like a cork) he dragged me to the steps of an old house and screwed my head back on.

My pants were torn by the blades of grass as he dragged me. Then I found out I had lost my report card near the hole. So I got down on my hands in some awful puddles in order to find it. Now my hands are dirty and the report card is so black you can't even read it." This type of lie is useless because it is so obvious.

A misrepresented truth is an intentional, misleading statement which gives an impression that is contrary to truth. The typical advertising claim can serve as an example. "Our Camels Smoke Cigarettes Two to One."—If this means that there are two camels to a cigarette it is a misrepresented truth. Actually camels do not smoke cigarettes — they chew them.

A fourth type of lie is the falsehood. It is wide in its range of application and nearly always recognized. An illustration would be literary fiction, or stories such as the one about Georgie Washington who was spanked because he didn't tell the truth about the cherry tree. He told his folks he had chopped the thing down when in reality the guy next door saw him throw it across the Rappahanock.

The last type of lie studied is the miscellaneous lickspit. This is a highly specialized type not included in the previous four. The miscellaneous lickspit is apt to prevaricate, equivocate, palter, or to operate some other way. A person who prevaricates will deviate from one side of the truth to the other. An illustration is, "Even if it is so, which I don't say it is, the possibility remains that it could be . . . maybe." Also included is equivocation, or the ambiguous use of words.

Paltering is the free and easy use of positive statements, as in selling newspapers. When the *Daily Cardinal* says "Complete Campus Coverage," it palters.

Hungry customer (at lunch counter): "One roast beef sandwich."

Waiter: "Will you eat it here or take it with you?"

Customer: "I hope to do both."

—*The Missouri Showme*

* * *

Adolescence: The age when a girl's voice changes . . . from "no" to "yes."



"Remember, the faculty gets the chipped cups."

He: "Would you commit adultery for one million dollars?"

She: "Well-I-I, yes, I think I would."

He: "Would you commit adultery for two dollars?"

She (shocked): "Hmmp, what do you think I am?"

He: "We've settled that. What we're haggling about now is the price."

—Pup



"After that Washington State match, I'm beginning to think Professor Morton was right!"

Breathes there a lug so far abnormal,
He can't be stirred by a low-cut formal?

—Pine Needle

* * *

Moe: "What's the difference between a lion and a panther?"

Joe: "A lion roars . . . Panther what I got on!"

—The Missouri Showme

* * *

"Fe-e-t, what does that spell?"

Johnny did not know.

"What is it the cow has four of and I have only two?" persisted the teacher.

The commotion which resulted when Johnny gave his answer broke up the class and left the teacher a nervous wreck.

* * *

A dumb girl is a dope. A dope is a drug. Doctors give drugs to relieve pain. Therefore, a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered.

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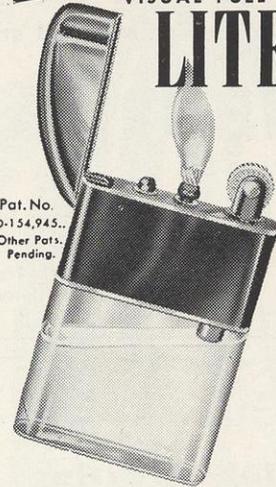
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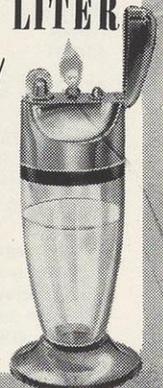
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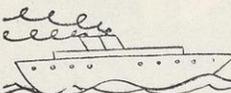
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Library Types

If one were to ask Webster — and that would really be going to a lot of extra trouble — he would probably say: "A library is an apartment or a building devoted to a collection of books." And he'd be at least partly right. But to be 100 per cent he'd have to add that a library is an apartment or a building devoted to a collection of characters. At least that's my personal observation.

And a fortunate thing it is for us, birdwatchers, that this situation exists. Up until now the winter months could be pretty hum-drum for birdwatchers with the ground covered with snow and all the interesting specimens in other climes. But now we're supplied with an interesting substitute hobby to fill those chill winter nights.

Just pick a night, any night, and find yourself an observation post in some little-used corner of the main reading room; perhaps over in the vicinity of *Who's Who in Paraguay* and *Eminent Chinese of the Ch'ing Dynasty* — that's a nice quiet spot — and watch what goes on.

Library characters fall into several categories, some of which I'll describe. But with a little practice you'll soon be labeling the various types in no time.

First, there's the Grind, and you'll discover this to be one of the rarer species and usually the least interesting. He'll ordinarily sit at a remote corner of a study table, notes carefully laid out beside him, intently scanning the pages of his book. He maintains this aloof attitude until some other person at the table speaks or makes some noise; then he'll look up sharply and hiss loudly, disturbing all the others in his vicinity. Frowning in the direction of the offender he'll hitch his chair forward and return to his book. If the disturbance persists the Grind will close his book with a bang, gather up his notes and seek some other table. The Grind is a difficult variety to domesticate, requiring a great deal of care.

A much more plentiful type is the Social Lion. Both male and female of the genus migrate frequently throughout the reading room of an evening. Gaily plumaged, they move from table to table, chatting here, patting a back there until 9:45 when they hurry back to their original positions, collect their books and leave. A very elemental specimen, they are, nevertheless, fascinating to watch.

One of the most interesting specimens to observe is the Book Dropper, which, though not the most numerous type, is occasionally seen in both the male and female form. Despite his name the Book Dropper's activities are not confined to books. Quite often pens, pencils, rulers, slide rules, ink bottles and the like are dropped, too. When possible they drop things at the quietest times in order to achieve maximum effect.

A close relative to the Social Lion is the Borrower. Superficially they appear to be exactly alike but they differ in method.

In an evening the Borrower may make as many trips as the Social Lion but he is never so well received. A pen or a pencil are his commonest objectives but he may ask for cigarettes, matches, last month's lecture notes or even one's car for the coming weekend — a most invidious type.

A quieter but no less distracting variety is the Romancer — seen in quantity and always seen in pairs. The

pair — male and female — usually arrive together and, after looking to all sides, select as exclusive a position as possible. They lay down their books and help each other off with their coats and finally seat themselves, holding each other's chair in the process. The rest of the evening is spent in hand-holding, footsie-playing, and sharing small jokes, all interspersed with furtive sighs and lingering looks. This species is observable year-round but it suffers from some slight seasonal fluctuations, experiencing an upsurge during the early months without "r."

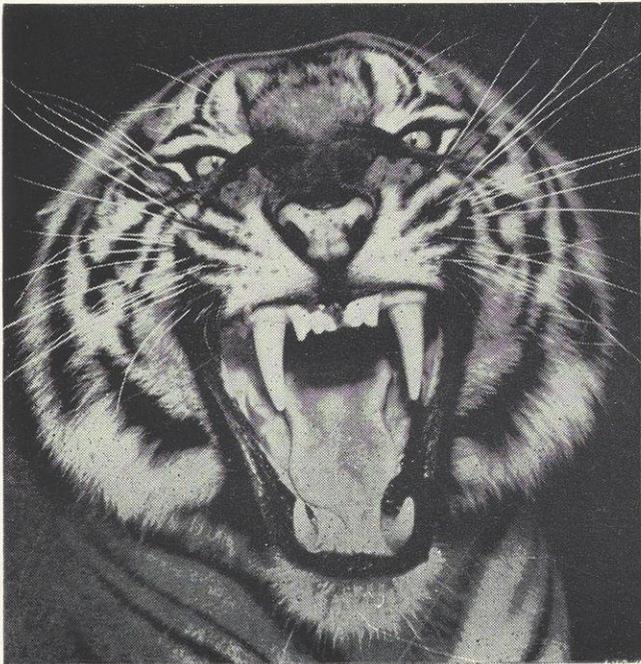
The Foot Shuffler is probably the most unattractive bird but, though uncolorful, he is well worth watching. However, don't be misled by my use of the pronoun 'he,' the female of the species is every bit as common as the male — sometimes commoner. The Foot Shuffler is difficult to distinguish until seated, most always at a crowded table. If there are Grinds or other Foot Shufflers present such a table is just full of interest. Immediately after lighting the Foot Shuffler begins to shuffle. He smiles apologetically when he first comes in contact with someone else's feet but this does not halt his shuffling; he merely pauses. In the case where there are Grinds at the table they soon detect the Foot Shuffler's presence and leave. Other Foot Shufflers contest for supremacy with the new arrival until one or the other is out-shuffled and is forced to find another table.

These, then, are the main types for the novice character-watcher to look for; there are other lesser specimens such as the Gazer who fixes a stare on some distant point but is in reality ogling the blonde in the sweater at the next table, or the Smoker who pops up every fifteen minutes or so, takes his cigarettes and matches and heads for the smoking room; but after you've had some experience watching you'll be able to spot these more unusual types quickly.

Good watching!

Pedigree Poodle: "Have you a family tree?"

Nondescript Mutt: "No, we're not particular."



Henry Wiggins, ME4, has just learned his date will wear a WAC uniform to Mil Ball.

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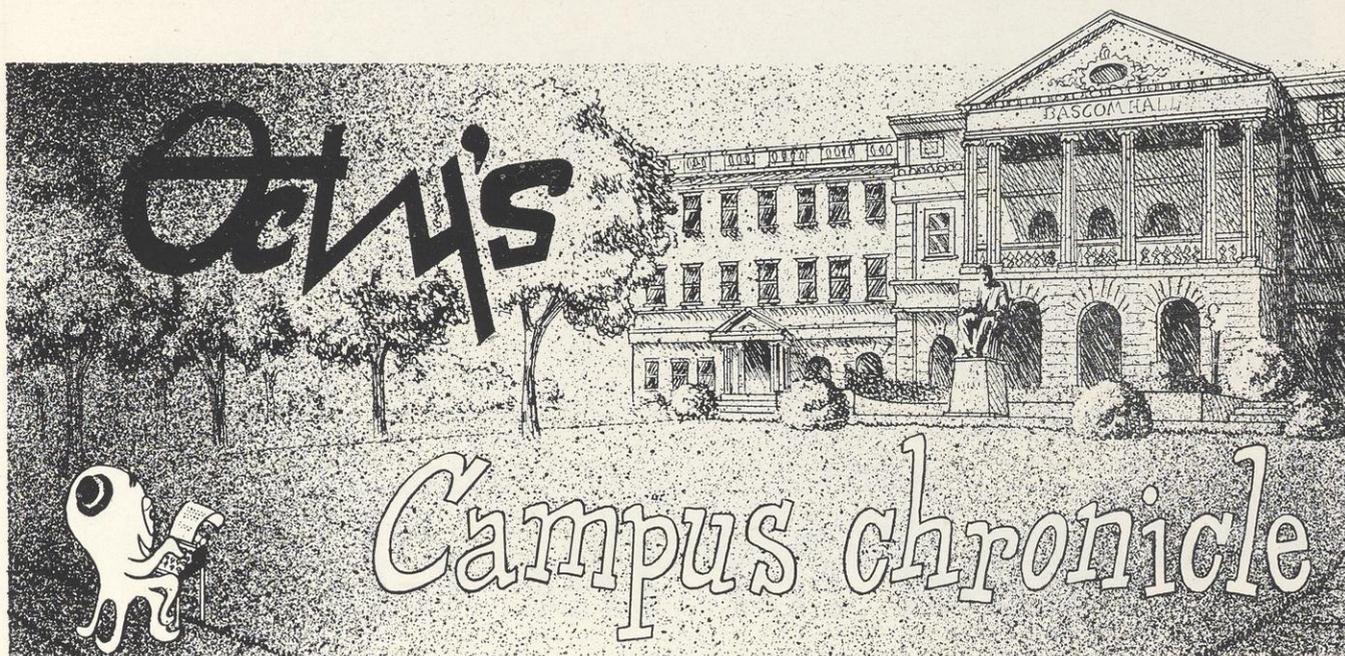


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Tell It To The NCAA

Two members of the athletic board were discussing the reputed ineligibility of several members of the football team and trying to devise a method of handling the subject of scholarship without endangering the team.

"I've got it!" cried one. "Ivy can operate on the three platoon system next fall. One platoon for offense, one for defense, and one for taking examinations."

* * *

Twin vs. Double Beds

A syndicated article carried not so long ago by most of the newspapers in this area quoted a bed manufacturer as claiming that close to 70 per cent of the married couples in this country are now sleeping in twin beds.

The trend is definitely away from double beds, said he, because people are getting tired of their kicking, cold footed partners. And besides, he went on, it's not healthy to sleep in double beds.

The *Octopus*, viewing this story as a piece of insidious propaganda, decided to take a count of double vs. single bed sleepers among the campus couples. In order to make a valid study we sent out return postcards to 150 of those students who have asterisks following their names in the student directory. The questionnaire on the postcards read like this:

1. Do you sleep in a double single bed? Circle one.
2. Would you prefer sleeping

in a double single bed? Circle one.

One hundred seventeen of the 150 cards sent out were returned and this magazine herewith publishes the results.

... 79 per cent (92 couples) sleep in double beds.

... 83 per cent (97 couples) would rather sleep in double beds. (One of those questioned said he would like to sleep in a double bed but his wife couldn't leave her job in Manitowoc).

As far as this magazine is concerned there is still hope for happily married life in this country.

* * *

Something New On Our Senior Senator

We hear that Senator Wiley considers Washington an extremely dangerous spot to be in now that Russia has the atom bomb — so dangerous that he has introduced a bill providing for the contingency that the capital might be wiped out. Next thing the senator will probably think of is extra-hazardous duty pay and a battle star for all congressmen.

* * *

Varsity

We've finally discovered why we've never met Bibler, whose "Campus Capers" appear daily in the *Cardinal*. According to a story in the April issue of *Varsity* magazine, Bibler is a student at Kansas. Hardest hit by the news was a former Octy editor who spent six months one time trying to contact the guy for a cartoon.

Varsity Girls

Octy Dream Girls will soon be representing the Wisconsin campus in *Varsity*, by the way. Nancy Frothingham, Mary Kay Brader, Darlene Stolt, Phylis Berg, and Diane Moore were selected by *Varsity* editors for their gallery of beautiful co-eds. Our only comment: *Varsity* has excellent taste.

* * *

Stop That Cliche Division

At times the *Octopus* feels obligated to pull the *Daily Cardinal*, that alleged campus newspaper, out of the rut it falls into. Not long ago we picked four issues of the paper and went through the sports page to discover the frequency of time-worn cliches. In the four papers we found a total of 83 phrases that Granny Rice was using when he started pounding a typewriter. When a paper averages better than 20 cliches an issue it is time for editor Meyer to "wade in with both hands" (quote-unquote Ollie Williams). Here are just a few we counted:

"Dunked the Wisconsin swimmers, swept to five first places, found the going rough, sizzling final relay, came through in the clutch, the Badger workhorse (Rehfeldt), time-worn tradition, hotly contested, carry the burden, got the nod, head the contingent, throw up a team," and many others.

The most depressing aspect off cliches in the *Cardinal* is that the most trite phrases come from the sports editors, the big guns themselves.

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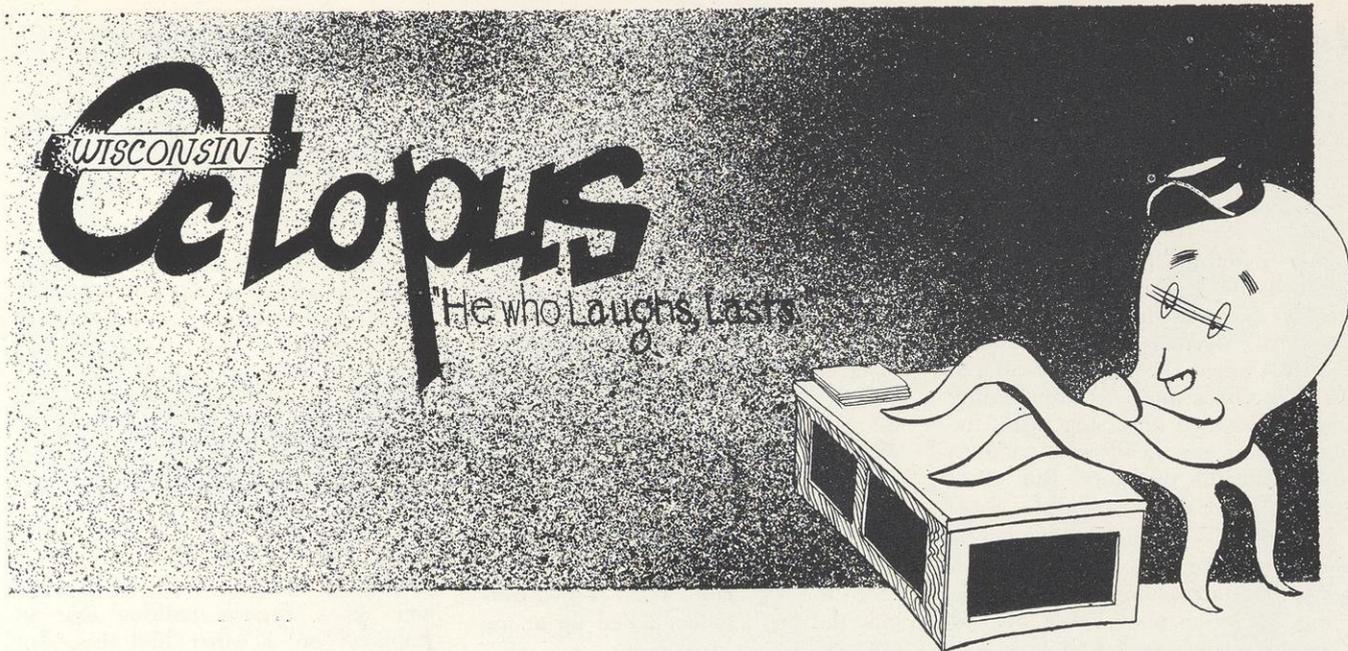
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April 13—Chicago
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VOL. XXVIII MARCH, 1950 NO. 7

Another thriller from the pen of . . .

John Burke

The Return of Floyd Freud

There's nothing as discouraging as a dead bottle of bourbon in the grim light of day and there it sat on the dresser as I opened the lids and looked at the world through rose-colored eyes. I lay back and let the pounding steam pipes get into step with the pounding in my head and tried to think beautiful thoughts. But all I could think of was last night.

At best this private eye racket is about as secure as a straw hat in a high wind, but as long as I'm able to buy an occasional bottle of Old Tennisshoes and sneak past the landlady's door I guess I'll stay with it. But a night like last night is enough to make a man go out and apply for his unemployment insurance and live like any other honest citizen.

About eight I was sitting in a small establishment on the edge of the village with one of my favorite agents, Mavis Davis, getting outside of some ravioli and a very inadequate red wine. But Mavis is a very adequate little blonde so it was all right. She's constructed along the lines of a Lannon-stone gate house and holds up one end of the chorus at the Latin Quarter. Yeh, Mavis can have dinner with me any night, especially when she's picking up the check.

When I'd lapped up the last of the ravioli and sat back to wait for the heartburn, Mavis began the big pitch. Leaning over with that 'orange blossom and city clerk' look in her eye she straightened my tie and flicked some lint off my lapel.

"Floyd," she smiled, incandescently. "You really ought to have someone to take care of you."

I had to pause and wipe the steam off my glasses.

"Look at your tie," she continued, turning caustic. "It looks like something the old master painter wiped his brush on, and that suit — they stopped handing out that model at the Bowery Mission ten years ago. Why don't you get a real job and then we could be married?"

But that word 'married' broke the spell. Pressing the unpaid check and a hasty 'good night' on my well-endowed companion, I stumbled into the street and caught a hack going uptown.

I've got to be real careful in the future, I decided as the cab nicked two pedestrians and turned into Broadway. That dame is beginning to lay small traps. But the night was still in its teens so I figured I'd stop off at the 18th Precinct and chin with my old classmate of P.S. 88 days, Lt. Horace Halligan, before going home.

That familiar odor of cigar smoke and stale jokes hit me as I walked up to the sergeant's desk. Rex O'Edipus, the night man, looked up at me out of his pneumatic face.

"Well if it ain't Amos the shamus. Hey! Where do you think you're going?"

I'd walked right past him, through the railing-gate and up to the first door on the right. I stopped with my hand on the knob.

"In to see the lieutenant. Any objections?"

"You won't find him there," he called after me as I opened the door and pushed in.

He was right. I'd walked into the broom closet.

It could have happened to anyone, I assured myself, as I combed the sweeping compound out of my hair and got the pail off my foot; then I walked into the lieutenant's office, first door on the left.

"What the hell do you want, Freud?" was Horace's cheery greeting. He sat behind a large desk looking like the cat who had just missed swallowing the canary.

I settled myself comfortably in a chair and began carving my initials in the edge of the desk before answering.

"Hi, Horace. What's new?"

"As if I didn't have troubles enough you have to show up. Why don't you go out and buy yourself a half-way fare on the 125th Street ferry just for me, huh?"

After exchanging several similar pleasantries I got up to go, but Horace had a change of heart. With the expression of a man who's just lost his last penny in a gum machine he told me to sit down again.

"The captain's been on my tail for the last week, Freud. Somebody's been passing phony dough uptown and I've been trying to get a line on

the mug. He's just the local outlet for a national syndicate but we've got to nail him. Tonight we were all set to go up there and cover the spots and what happens? My two boys, Mulrooney and Hanrahan get ptomaine from eating chili and end up in St. Luke's."

I allowed as how that was the saddest tale I'd heard and went back to carving my name in the desk.

"I know you'll probably be as much help as a French bathing suit in January, on a caper like this, but I've got no choice, you're coming along."

Before I had time to button up my trench coat in the approved manner of the trade we were heading uptown, moving like the Century on her run down the Hudson. O'Edipus was driving and doing his very best to break every law in the book along with some that weren't there. Horace leaned back in the seat and started to fill me in on the details.

"We tracked him down to one place, Freud. The stuff's been turning up all over town but it seems to be concentrated around this one club and if we stake out there long enough something's sure to turn up."

Five minutes later O'Edipus turned a minor miracle and parked the squad car, still whole, in front of the Latin Quarter. I took one look and suggested that Horace go out and hire Richard Diamond, Sam Spade or some other reputable operator; I didn't want to see Mavis quite so soon again. Given the right atmosphere one could wake up married to that dame.

"Freud, you get in there or you'll lose that license so quick you won't have time to get it out of the frame. Now come on."

Once inside Horace sidled over and talked to a tall, oily character who had 'manager' written all over his face. I thought it looked rather well that way. But in a few minutes Horace was back with instructions.

"Look, Freud, I'm going in to the cashier's booth and keep an eye on all the receipts with O'Edipus. Find yourself a dark spot out here somewhere and keep your eyes open; and

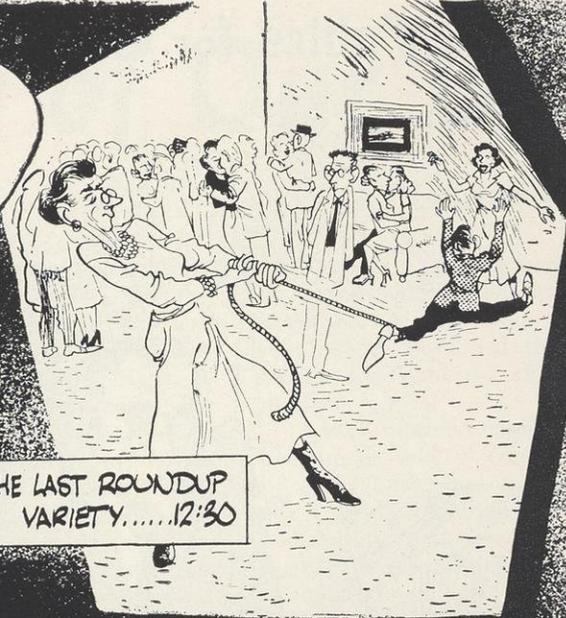
(continued on page 27)

...about time to take a gentle jab at the HOUSE-MOTHERS here at the U.W., don't you think?

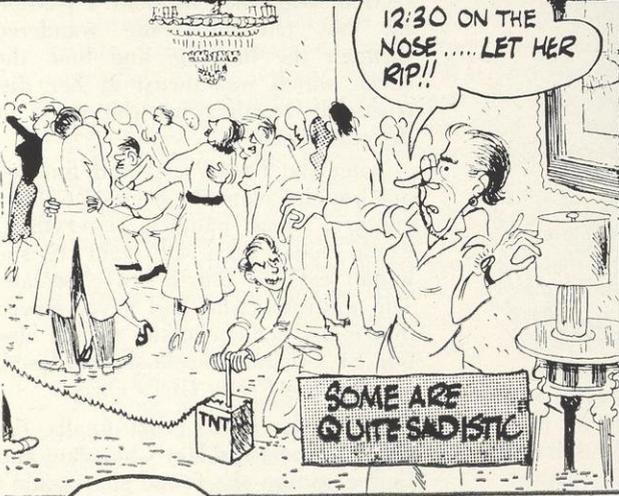
BOB BURKERT



THE LAST ROUNDUP VARIETY.....12:30

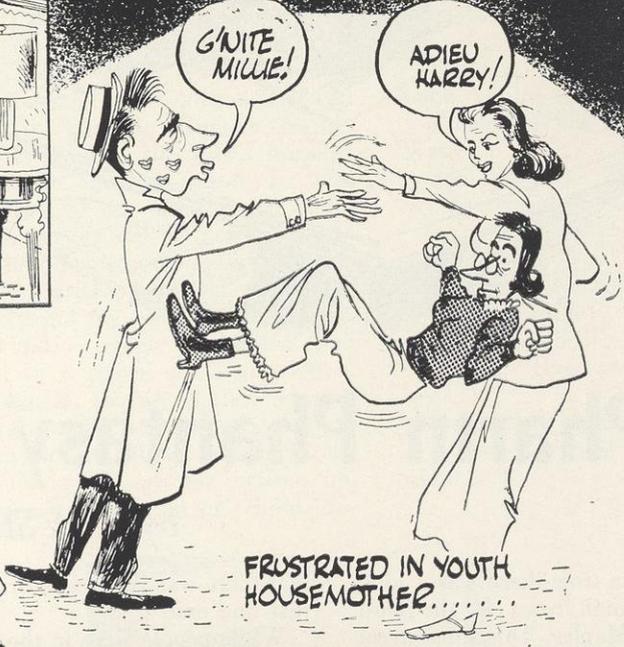


12:30 ON THE NOSE..... LET HER RIP!!



G'NITE MILLIE!

ADIEU HARRY!



FRUSTRATED IN YOUTH HOUSEMOTHER.....

NOW COME BACK ANY TIME, ALVIN, JUST ANY TIME.



THE "I LIKE MEN TOO," HOUSEMOTHER.

AND LAST, BUT NOT YET.....

INTO THE STORM!



Fables for Our Time



Pharm Phantasy

by Jack Stillman

Once upon a time there was a long street in a small town in the land of Elms and Maples. This long street was lined with pretty little shops that glistened in the winter among the heavy snow drifts.

The most prosperous shop on the long street in this little town belonged to a man who found it hard to trust anyone. "I don't trust anyone," he would say to his employees and to his customers. Since distrust breeds distrust, they in turn distrusted him.

All kinds of goods could be found in the little shop — razor blades, pencils, magazines, stamps, and even drugs. But the Shopkeeper was most proud of the little Hot Chocolate and Coffee section in his store. It had shiny chromium dispensing units from which lemon and cherry and pineapple syrups squirted. There was just one thing wrong.

The Shopkeeper had arranged the Hot Chocolate and Coffee section so

that there was just one entrance—and just one exit.

While people were in the shop they often entered the Hot Chocolate and Coffee section to get a cup of hot chocolate or coffee. They didn't mind the single entrance and single exit until one day when a terrible thing happened. The Shopkeeper made a New Policy.

You see, he distrusted people more and more until finally he even distrusted those who entered the Hot Chocolate and Coffee section. It was then that he made a New Policy. Everyone who entered the section would have to take a check, and in order to leave he would have to give it to the Moneytaker and pay the amount which the girl who brought his hot chocolate or coffee had marked on it. People began to resent the single entrance and single exit.

The Moneytaker suspected everyone of either having two checks and

showing the wrong one, or of erasing the correct amount on the one check he had received. The Moneytaker began to distrust people more and more. He distrusted the Shopkeeper since the Shopkeeper distrusted him. Gradually they distrusted each other more than anyone.

During the busy hour on one cold day a Pretty Girl who was not acquainted with the New Policy entered the store. The Shopkeeper looked at her with distrust, the Salespeople looked at her with distrust, and the Moneytaker glared at her. The Pretty Girl saw hot chocolate being served in the Hot Chocolate and Coffee section, and since she had a passion for hot chocolate, she wandered through the turnstile and took the check which was thrust at her distrustingly by the girl who stood at the entrance.

After the Pretty Girl had finished one hot chocolate she decided to have another, then another. Everything would have been all right if she hadn't eaten a fourth hot chocolate. The waitress (who had never served that many hot chocolates to one customer) became hopelessly confused, and lost the Pretty Girl's check.

When the Pretty Girl finally decided to leave the Hot Chocolate and Coffee section she found she couldn't because she didn't have her check. Unfortunately her waitress had left for the day, so she went to the Moneytaker and told him, "The waitress lost my check, but I had four hot chocolates."

"Ya can't get out without a check," he replied, for he distrusted her immediately. No one ever talked to him, and no one had ever had four hot chocolates before.

"But the waitress lost my check and I did have four hot chocolates," she protested.

"Ya can't get out without a check," the Moneytaker repeated.

The Pretty Girl went back to her booth and sat for two hours. She arose again and pushed her way to the Moneytaker.

"Ya can't get out without a check," he said again, so she returned once more to her booth. All afternoon and through the evening the Pretty Girl tried to get out, but she couldn't. Finally she put her head on her arms and cried bitter tears.

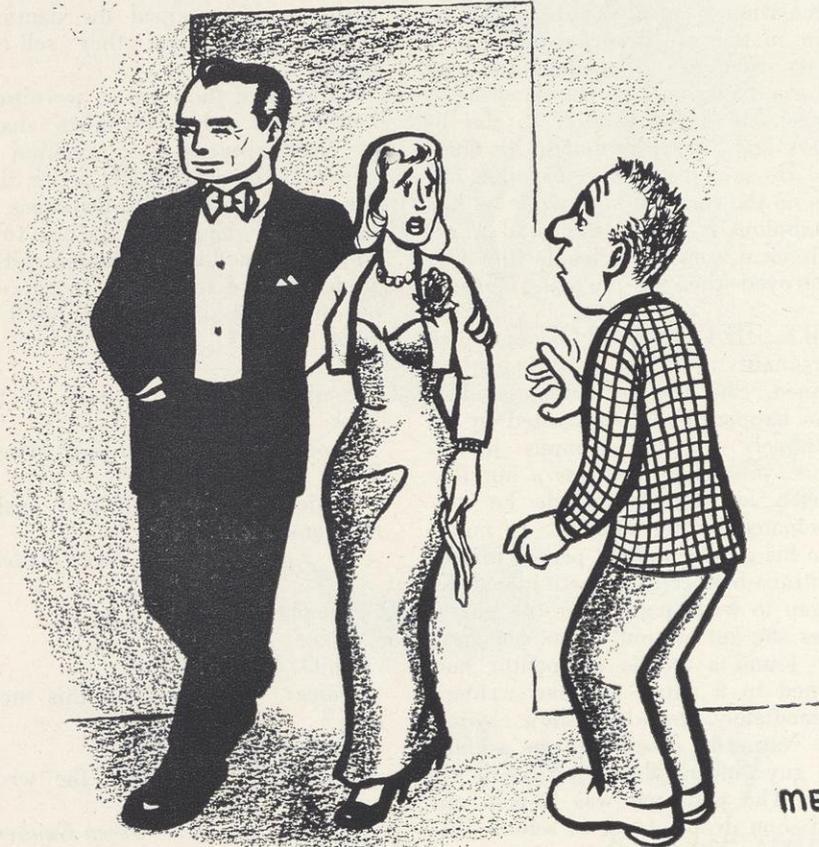
The Shopkeeper saw the weeping girl and wondered what was wrong. He pushed his way through the turnstile, took the check thrust at him distrustingly, and went to the booth where the Pretty Girl was crying.

"Why are you crying, Pretty
(continued on page 21)

What to Say When . . .

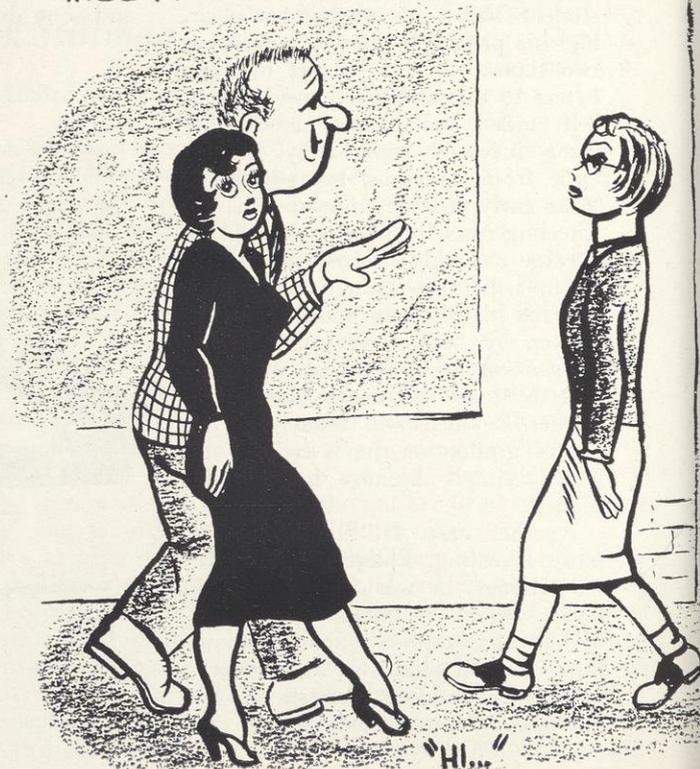
WAL

CALLING FOR DATE ON WRONG NIGHT



"Hi..."

MEETING THE DATE YOU BROKE



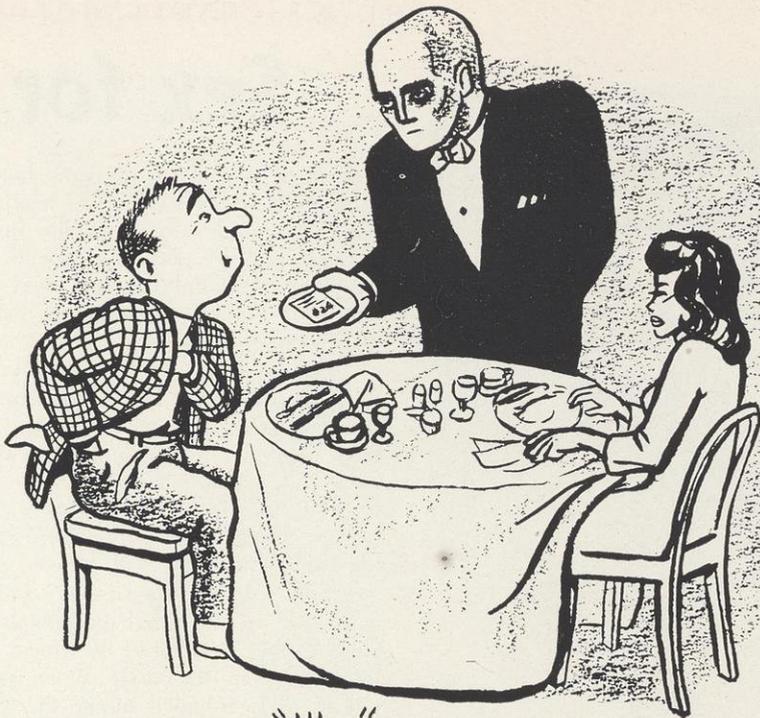
"Hi..."

Harrison

INTO WRONG 'JOHN'

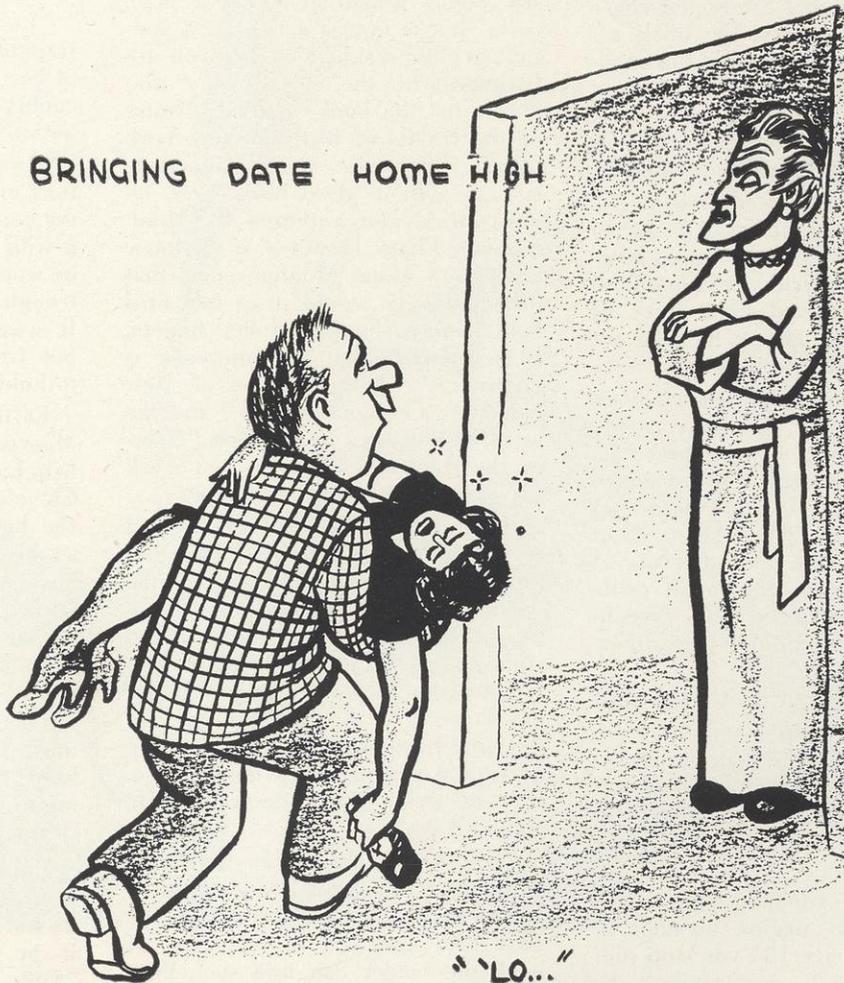


"hi..."



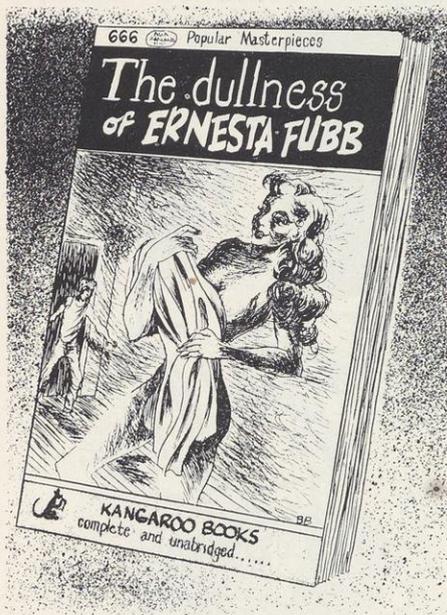
"Hi..."

BRINGING DATE HOME HIGH



"LO..."

Sex for a Quarter



Any competent observer of pocket sized books on sale in drug stores and train depots has probably noticed a frequent discrepancy between advertising information on the cover and the text inside. Either the cover shouts out SEX while the book actually concerns itself with the manner in which Bach wrote his Toccata and Fugue, or the cover is as prim as a Quaker schoolmarm and hides the true story of Ingrid and Roberto.

The trend of either advertising sex or containing sex has progressed to the point where a person can no longer buy a good mystery without finding himself involved in a story of whiskey and lust before he gets out of the first chapter.

Let's take a typical pocket book published in 1949. Looking at the cover we may find an extremely bosomy female wearing a low cut gown, carrying a parasol, and wandering daintily down the plank sidewalk of a typical 1870 cow town. Leering at her from all sides are rough cattle men and innocent little boys. We observe that she is aloof and indifferent to all stares.

"Passionate Polly" is the way they have the thing labeled and the book is described as "the lustful adventures of an Eastern heiress who prefers the life of a dance hall girl — a life full of love, passion, and broken beer bottles."

That sounds good enough to encourage a hasty paging through so you begin. At page 133 you stop suddenly as a swift eye catches the phrase, "began to nuzzle her neck." It looks good. "He moved briskly to where she lay in the long prairie grasses and gazed at her smooth, si-

lent form. Large brown eyes looked up at him and, lowering his head, he began to nuzzle her neck. She jumped a little as he playfully nipped her shoulder. Suddenly a fly, busy on her satiny flank, caused her to switch at it with her tail."

"What's this?" you say to yourself. Reading on, "The sudden movement caused Smoky to jump and frisk away from his mother." Going back once more to the cover, you find in small print at the bottom of the page, "Originally published under the title *Smoky* by Will James."

Where does "Passionate Polly" come in? In the third paragraph on page 275 you will find the lines, "In these days in the early West many young girls traveled along the Oregon trail to find new homes and new lives. Not a few ended up singing in dance halls." Evidently Polly was one of those girls.

Then there is the type of pocket size books which advertises a prim cover, but is hot as a flea on a pancake griddle inside. I'm sure you are familiar with the elderly lady who picks up the book entitled "Notes on the Habits of Birds in New York City." The thing looks innocuous enough with its deep blue cover, no illustration, and authored by Montmorency Flynn. However, if she knew all I know about Montmorency, that little old lady would drop her bird book before she seared her fingers. It so happens that Montmorency is known in certain sections of New York as "Flophouse Flynn" and the birds he discusses in his book "Notes on the Habits of Birds in New York City" aren't the kind she thinks.

Look at that! The old lady dropped it before she got beyond the first page. If my memory is correct the opening passages go like this, "Johnny stepped from the shadows and ripped the skirt from the skirt. Too frightened to scream, she pulled her hat down over her ears to prevent the wind from blowing it away. Johnny should have grabbed his hat, too. It went flying down the street. He chased it . . ."

Then there is the pocket sized book that legitimately broadcasts its sensuous wares. On pages 57, 84, 103, 105, 135, 180, and 226 in this type of book the reader can find such lines as these:

"Moving along the silent passage-

way, Gregory felt the cool breeze of the Indian night ripple through the matted hair on his chest. It tickled. The sound of steady breathing came from a room on his left. Gregory pushed aside the bamboo curtain and stepped softly through the opening. He stood motionless and gazed down at the enchanting figure of the native dancing girl who lay sleeping soundly. Parallel bars of moonlight played across her smooth golden skin. Gregory stepped to her side and hesitantly ran a warm hand . . ." Reminds me of the first book I read that pushed sex in front of my startled eyes. I was 13 at the time and can still see it on the top shelf in the fiction section next to the O'Henry prize short stories in the hometown library.

Speaking of short stories. Some of the classiest examples of erotic literature to be found . . . but let's get on with the pocket books. I recall another novel with a passage that went something like this:

"Luddy Mae sat on the fence which ran along U. S. Highway 23 in front of her granpappy's farm in Clovefoot county and pondered the difficult situation she found herself in.

"Lem, the hired man, had told her that unless she ran off with him to the county seat this weekend to spend a wild time in the rickety Tick hotel he would put corn whiskey in the hog trough. Luddy Mae was disturbed. It wasn't that she didn't like Lem, but Granpappy was getting too old to hold his own at the trough.

Farther along in the book Luddy Mae gets into a damyankee's car to help him find his way to Kansas City. Clovefoot county is in Georgia and she hadn't realized the country was so big. In St. Louis she decided to go home to help granpappy with the spring plowing, but the stranger, in a plaintive and heart-rending scene, convinces her that she should fulfill her bargain.

"Luddy Mae, Luddy Mae. You must listen to me," he began. "I need you, Luddy Mae. Come with me to Kansas City."

"Oh, awright," she replied.

Publishers have even put "Silas Marner" in pocket book form. Luckily for all of us who struggled through it in high school it still remains "Silas Marner." It would have been the ultimate in cruelty to pocket book riffers to pick it up as "Sinful Silas — the story of a relationship between an old man and a young girl."

By Jack Stillman



Photo by DeLonge

Octy's Dream Girl

Dorothy Burrows
Junior . . . West Allis . . .
History Major . . .
White House, Veep . . .

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"I've come to shoot the breeze."

Jokes ... Ha ...

Football note: If students get away with the goalposts, what's wrong with the players getting part of the gate?
—Columns

* * *

A man was perched atop one of Atlanta's buildings contemplating suicide, and a policeman had made his way to the roof to try to persuade him not to jump. "Think of your mother and father," pleaded the officer. "Haven't any." "Think of your wife and family." "Haven't any." "Well, think of what your girl friend might think." "I hate women." "All right, think of Robert E. Lee." "Who's Robert E. Lee?" "Jump, you damn Yankee!"

—Voo Doo

* * *

Cap'n: "All hands on deck: the ship is leaking." Voice from below: "Aw, put a pan under it and c'mon to bed."

—Gargoyle

* * *

Remember —
A slip of the lip may mean a wet chin.

—The Spirit

* * *

"George, dear, I've been chosen to play the part in that next theatrical production next month. What do you suppose people will say when I wear tights?" "They'll say that I married you for your money."

—Scop

* * *

Some guy appeared in the newspaper office to place an ad offering \$500 for the return of his wife's pet cat. "That's an awful price for a cat," the clerk commented. "Not this one," the guy snapped. "I drowned it."

—Bearskin

PHARM PHANTASY . . .

(continued from page 14)

Girl?" he asked her. She told him of her troubles with the Moneytaker. He preferred to believe the girl since the Shopkeeper distrusted the Moneytaker more than anyone, so he wrote on *his* check "4 hot chocolates . . . 40c" and gave it to her. The Pretty Girl thanked him twice and rushed out of the exit after paying the Moneytaker the forty cents and giving him the check.

The Shopkeeper then walked down the aisle between the booths until he came to the Moneytaker.

"Ya can't get out without a check," said the Moneytaker, and a great discussion started between them. The Shopkeeper argued but it did him no good. Since the Moneytaker distrusted him more than anyone, and the waitresses distrusted him more than anyone, and the patrons distrusted him more than anyone, no one would give him a check and no one would believe his story about the girl. He ranted and raved, but it didn't do a bit of good. As far as I know, the Shopkeeper is still sitting in one of the rear booths waiting for someone who will trust him.

Moral: Pay no attention to a crying woman.

She: "I caught my boy friend necking."

Her: "I got mine that way too."
—*Green Gander*

* * *

"Dr. Zilch's trial marriage didn't prove successful, did it?"

"Hope. He was arrested for practicing without a license."

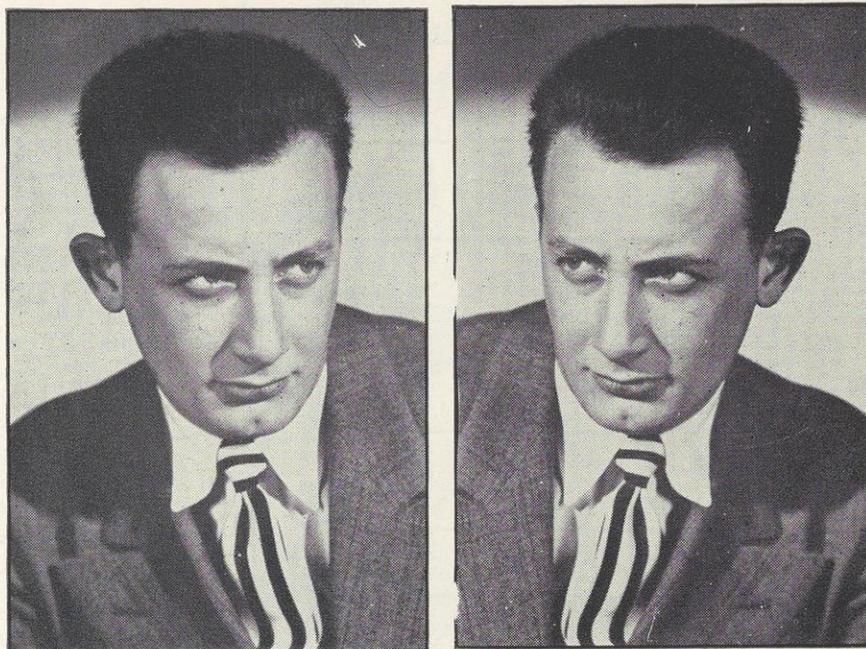
—*Mis-A-Sip*

Next Month . . .



Octy's annual parody! On your newsstands in late April.

Do You Sometimes Feel You Can't Bear To Look At Yourself?



Other ATHENAEAN readers feel the same way. Why don't you switch to . . .

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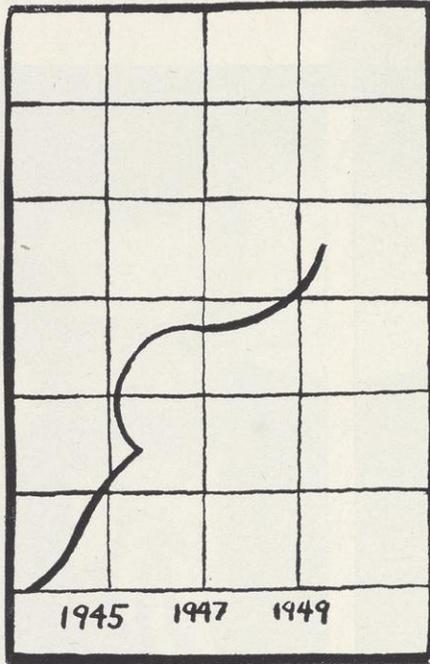
Students are invited to reserve our beautiful Pine Room for private parties.



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Dial 4-9938

Boom or Bust



That's the question we're asking ourselves after reviewing our mountainous growth of the past few years. Never before have things looked up the way they do now. Never before have things looked the way they do now.

Why not drop in and see us this week to have your face lifted?

Pikes Peaks, Inc.

Madison, Wis.

QUESTIONS

- A** If you locate me, you'll see this modern age, Add a furry friend who lurks upon the back page.
- B** Where the dogwood grows you'll find me too, Believe me, solver, I'm pale in hue.
- C** What's the smoke that satisfies? Simple as A B C, Look at the frame's initial lines; its slogan is in 1, 8, 3.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** FRANK CAPRA. Honest or without guile is "frank." A beautiful isle, Capri, with a change of a vowel, gives Capra.
- B** CROSBY. Crops of the birds are "craws;" and insect that hums is "bee." Run them together and you have CRAWSBEE (CROSBY).
- C** SEA, SEE, C. The "Sea" of Green Sea, the "See" in the phrase "See Bing in his latest Picture," and the C. of "S. C." Due to a mistake in running the Chesterfield contest, there were no winners last month. This month the error has been corrected. Good luck!

Dr. Galen Winter on . . .

How to Live 25 Years Happily

ANNOUNCER: This afternoon I have the honor and privilege to introduce Dr. John A. Shimmelpenick of Monroe, Wisconsin. Dr. Shimmelpenick is the noted big dame hunter—er game hunter and author of "How To Live Twenty-five Years Happily".

SHIMMELPENICK: Who's the Tomato in the first row?

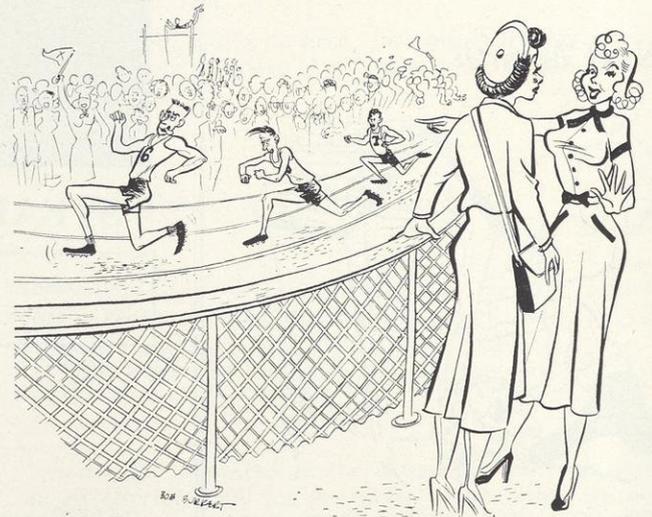
ANNOUNCER: Shut up, you old fool. We're on the air. Dr. Shimmelpenick's article dealt with "G - D - T" grievous difficulties and troubles, I believe. Dr. Shimmelpenick:

SHIMMELPENICK: In the first place, "G - D - T" stands for Gahdam Delirium Tremens. I never knew a person who could live twenty-five years happily unless he got rid of the gahdam delirium tremens. I'm sure that if we look back through our own experiences we will realize that the basis for our unhappiness is firmly grounded in DT's. For instance, last week I awoke and imagined that I had a crocodile in my bed. Thinking that I should be firm, but gentle with it, I said, "Move out of my bed, you old crocodile." The crocodile moved out, but returned with a flat-iron, and I was moved to the Municipal Hospital for care and treatment. It seems that the night before I had come into contact with poisoned martinis and had suffered a mild attack of delirium tremens. When I awoke and looked at my wife it was only natural for me to assume that she was one of the crocodiles that had followed me home.

Had I realized that I wasn't suffering from the DT attack of the prior evening, I would have merely arose, dressed, gone out, got plastered, and would have been very happy.

A patient of mine who was employed by the First National recently complained of a type of delirium tremens which manifested itself in the feeling that he was constantly being watched by bank examiners. Poor fellow brooded so much that he couldn't concentrate on his horse playing. When an honest-to-God bank examiner was introduced to him, he became so unnerved that I had to send him out of the country for a prolonged rest cure.

Another type of patient — common in University



"FAST? YOU SHOULD TRY A FEW LAPS AROUND A SOFA WITH HIM."



"Well, I use a straight edge razor myself . . . no blades to buy . . . no messy blades to change . . ."

areas — is the one who perpetually sees visions of his Uncle Sam refusing to send him any money. My advice in such cases is always the same — Go out and hang one on. They forget about their uncle and feel happy again.

This brings us to the cure of the Gahdam Delirium Tremens. My prescription consists of two elements. The first is rest. Every afternoon I take a short nip — I mean nap. Never have seen a small babe who has suffered from delirium tremens. And, speaking about babes, I wonder who the tomato — Well, anyway, take lots of sleep in the daylight periods. In following this half of the cure, the patient will be able to easily conform with the latter half. Since you will be sleeping all day, you won't be able to sleep at night, and consequently will be forced to take long walks. (Well, at least as far as the corner saloon). A wee drop of alcohol will loosen your system, relax your tired muscles, soothe your shattered nerves, and in all probability get you so orry-eyed drunk that you wouldn't be able to see a delirium if it did happen to come around.



"Now that you ask, it's called Horse Shed No. 29!"

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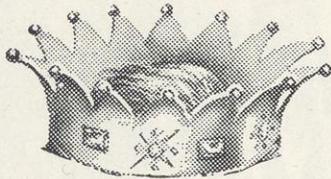
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queen's, too, of course!
where but at*

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RECOMMENDED BY DUNCAN HINES

Indignant father: "Do you think it is fair, Bobby, after I told you that there wasn't any Santa Claus, to go and tell the neighbors that I laid your Easter eggs too?"

* * *

The sorority girl had just received an engagement ring, and wore it down to breakfast next morning. To her exasperation, no one noticed the ring. Finally, after fuming and squirming throughout the meal, a lull came in the conversation, and she exclaimed loudly, "My goodness, it's hot in here. I think I'll take off my ring."

* * *

"Hello! Is this the Smith apartment? . . . Well, I'm MacTavish, in the apartment below . . . Listen, it's three in the morning and your party has kept me awake all night . . . I don't mind the shrieking and pounding and music and stamping and banging and singing that's been going on up there, but for heaven's sake put more sugar in that Tom Collins that's dripping through my ceiling!"

—Froth

* * *

Ann: "I'd like to have something to put my teeth into."
Pan: "Here's a glass of water."

—Sour Owl

* * *

She: "I see by the paper where nine professors and a student were killed in a wreck last night."
He: "Poor chap."

—Limbo

* * *

A hug is energy that has gone to waist.

—Varieties

* * *

"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"
"Why, no. I rather enjoy them."

* * *

A Kiss: A mouthful of nothing that tastes like heaven and sounds like a cow pulling her foot out of the red mud.

* * *

A pessimist is a man who feels that all women are bad. An optimist just hopes so.

* * *

A hillbilly appeared before a judge and pleaded that his marriage be annulled.

"On what grounds?" asked the judge.

"Her father didn't have a license for his gun".

* * *

A woman was shopping in a hardware store. "Have you any wallpaper?" she asked.

"Yes," said the clerk.

"Can I put it on myself?"

"Yes, but I think it would look better on the wall," said the clerk.

* * *

A boss farmer saw a light in the shed. He investigated and found one of his helpers with a lantern. "What do you mean by using oil when it's so scarce?"

"Well," replied the helper, "I'm on my way to see my girl and I've got to go through the woods. I don't want to go through in the dark."

"When I went courting my wife I went in the dark," said the farmer.

"Yeah, but look what you got."



"Is your date smooth? Why he looks as though he just stepped out of Esquire!"

Jane Russell doesn't cook, according to an article about her and her husband in *Script Magazine*.

"Bob does the cooking," says Jane, "because he doesn't want me to lean over the stove and endanger my career."
—Shaft

* * *

The landlady brought in a plate-full of extremely thin slices of bread and butter, which rather dismayed her hungry student boarders.

"Did you cut these, Mrs. Smith?" asked one.

"Yes, I cut them," came the stern reply.

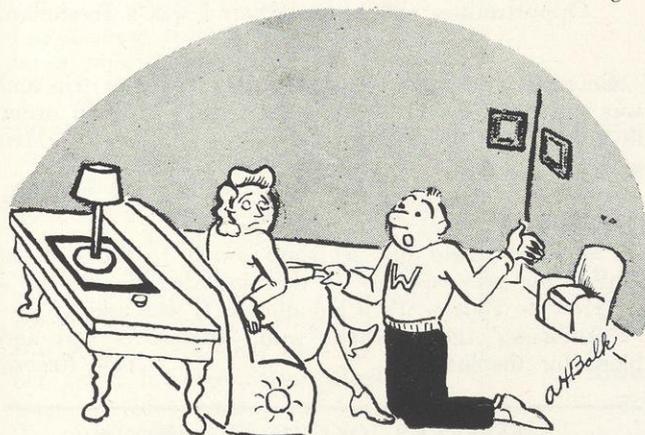
"Oh," went on the boarder. "All right, I'll shuffle and deal!"

* * *

New England epitaph reads:

"Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to go."

—The Log



"Each Sunday I take you out to dinner and then you have to be home by 10:30 . . . When are you going to move me up to Saturday night, Cecily? . . . Can't you at least put me into second place . . . Friday evening? . . . Cecily . . . Cecily . . ."

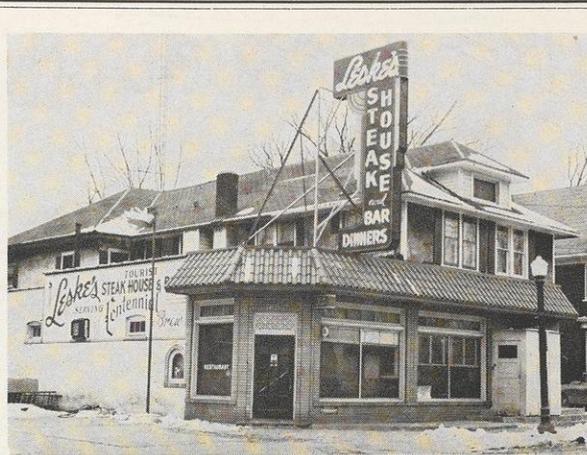


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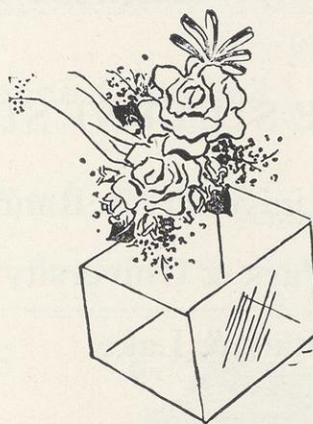
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I'm a four letter man—all from the dean.
 Wheaties, hell, I did it on beer.
 I heard they wanted a smart quarterback.
 Did you notice the mistake in the last Athenaeon?
 And that ain't all—they say I got rocks in my HEAD,
 too.
 I'm also captain of the marbles team.
 I made enough wrestling on TV to come back to
 SCHOOL.
 They came with the sweater.
 I was too big to make little All-America.
 You think I'M big, you ought to see my mother.
 Actually I won the letter at Minnesota—I just sewed it
 on upside down.
 Aw, shucks, anybody can get a 3-point in ILS.
 How'd I get on the football team? I went to a Job
 Opportunities conference when I was a freshman.

* * *

Recently a friend of ours took a short motor trip and
 was struck by the prophetic road signs. In exact order
 he noted: Soft Shoulders . . . Dangerous Curves . . . Men
 at Work . . . Danger . . . Look Out for Children.

—Wampus

* * *

“Madame,” said the pet shop owner to the woman,
 “this is our very best buy—a thoroughbred bloodhound.”
 “How do I know it's a bloodhound?” she asked.
 “Ambrose,” the proprietor said, “come over here and
 bleed for the lady.”
 —Yale Record

LIFE SAVER JOKE OF THE MONTH

“I'm a father! I'm a father!” cried the salesman as
 he burst into the store.
 Boss: “So's your old man. Shut up and get to work.”

This Month's Winner:
 GEORGE WHEELER

FLOYD FREUD . . .

(continued from page 12)

by the way, get out your handkerchief and wipe your face. You've got 'private eye' written all over it."

The end of the bar looked like the coziest place in the bistro so I camped there. I could see Mavis but she couldn't see me and I was near the source of supply in case I felt faint. I was on the point of giving my ulcer some cause for complaint, when the cigarette girl walked by, dressed in what looked like three cellophane wrappers and a cigar band. I troubled her for a package of cigarettes but I didn't need a light; the cigarette lit up in my fingers when she smiled.

"I'll have to get you change for this," she said, in a smoky voice, and she floated off with my sawbuck. And I didn't care if I ever saw it again.

With an effort I went back to checking faces in the bar but outside of the usual 'firemen' the place wasn't too crowded. He'll probably come around after the shows let out and the joint's filled, was my guess. And then O'Edipus came up, all out of breath.

"The Lootenant wants you in the cashier's office. The guy's around here somewhere."

Horace was pacing up and down when I got there, like the expectant father of twins.

"What have you been doing out there, Freud, playing 'gin' with the bartender? Our boy passed a bill not ten minutes ago."

He turned to the cashier.

"Now where did that girl go who got the bill?"

Just then the almost-illegal cigarette girl swayed in the door and I forgot about Horace until she looked up at me and started yelling.

"That's the guy! He's the one! He gave it to me!"

As you can probably guess the ten dollar bill I'd given her had been as queer as a three dollar bill. And it was pretty tough when we went up to get Mavis, too. Here she'd been using me for a 'patsy' all along, and me not knowing it. Letting me borrow money from her just to help her get it into circulation. And she even wanted to marry me to make the game airtight.

So that's why I got that bottle and finished it off last night. In spite of it all I'm going to miss the kid, those little dinners, the soft light — and especially her picking up the check.



Chosen by the Octy Staff

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Miss Rosanne Campbell

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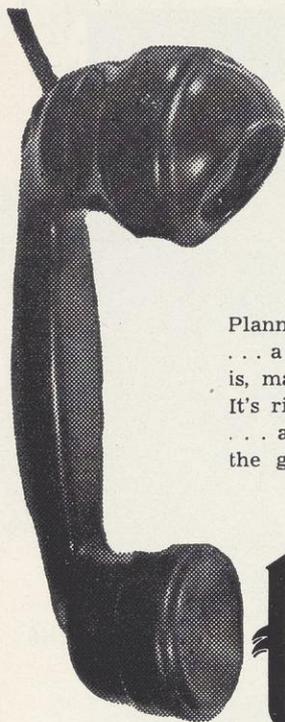
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If She's A . . .

FRESHMAN

1. She blushes at naughty jokes.

2. She thinks a college education leads to things social, cultural, and academic.

3. She thinks midnight is late.

4. She reads “What Every Young Girl Should Know!”

5. She tells her mother everything.

6. Her motto: Mother knows best.

7. She likes to smooch.

The Kiss—I sipped the nectar from
her lips
As 'neath the moon we sat;
And wondered if I'd ever before
Drunk from a mug like that!
—Pine Needle

The Four Stages of A Co-ed

SOPHOMORE

JUNIOR

SENIOR

She smiles at naughty jokes.

She laughs at naughty jokes.

She tells naughty jokes.

She thinks a college education leads to things social and cultural.

She thinks a college education leads to things social.

She thinks a college education leads to things.

She thinks midnight is pretty late.

She thinks midnight isn't so late.

She thinks midnight is midnight.

She reads "How To Win Friends and Influence People."

She reads "The Art of Love."

She reads "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

She tells her roommate everything.

She tells her diary everything.

She doesn't tell anybody anything.

Her motto: Death before dishonor.

Her motto: Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Her motto: Boys will be boys.

She likes to smooch.

She likes to smooch.

She likes to smooch. —Snitched

"Don't worry," said the motorist who'd just run down one of the farmer's sows. "I'll replace your pig."
"You can't," shouted the farmer, "you ain't fat enough."
—Rivet

I like an exam;
I think they're fun;
I never cram;
I never flunk one.
I'M THE PROFESSOR!

She was the kind of girl who wore dresses that kept everyone warm but her.
—The Missouri Showme

The Greek Factor

Lately the medical profession has become increasingly aware of the importance of the Rh factor and has attempted to impress on all young couples the importance of checking the Rh factor in their blood before marriage. Now, Dr. Heinrich von Morgan of the University of Zurich has discovered a new blood characteristic which he considers every bit as important; he calls this new discovery the Greek factor. Dr. von Morgan has found that the Greek factor is a consideration only when the married couple are fraternity and sorority members, but he warns of its vast importance in such cases and urges all sorority and fraternity couples planning marriage to check their Greek factor before the wedding.

"Dire consequences may result," states Dr. von Morgan, "if the Greek factor is ignored by a young couple. It is extremely easy to check, requiring only a chemical formula to be set up, using the Greek symbols for the fraternity and sorority involved. From the sum of the symbols the couple may determine the affiliation of their off-spring.

"For example, if a Gamma Phi Beta is contemplating marriage with

a Delta Kappa Epsilon the following equation would be set up:

$$\Gamma\Phi B + \Delta K E = \Phi B K + \Delta \Gamma + E,$$

demonstrating that the two could expect three children from the union, a Phi Beta Kappa (unlikely as it sounds), a Delta Gamma and an Independent (all remaining symbols become Independents). This would prove an acceptable match. Despite the Independent the other two organizations represented are desirable enough to compensate for that single deficiency. But supposing this same Gamma Phi Beta chose to marry a Theta Chi? The equation for this wedding would be expressed thusly:

$$\Gamma\Phi B + \Theta X = X\Phi + \Gamma + B + \Theta.$$

The resultant from the equation would be one Chi Phi and three Independents. Such a high percentage of Independents would make this arrangement extremely unwise and their engagement should be broken off immediately."

In closing, Dr. von Morgan stated that all fraternity and sorority members should check their Greek factor and determine which fraternity or sorority your prospective mate should come from.

What's your Greek factor?

—John Burke



Everybody
Swing!

Swing to Beech-Nut...
Beech-Nut Gum!

Swing on down
and getcha some!

Swing to the taste
that lasts so long!

Swing to Beech-Nut...
come along!

Y' can't beat Beech-Nut Gum
for quality 'n' refreshment!
Swing to Beech-Nut...
Beech-Nut Gum!



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"Hey, fellas, look! My folks sent me the dough I asked for!"

He: "Let's play that kissing game."

She: "How do you play it?"

He: "Kiss and pause, kiss and pause—"

She: "O.K. on the kissing but you'll have to keep your paws to yourself."

Give an athlete an inch and he'll take a foot, but let him have it — who wants athlete's foot?
* * *

"This University turns out some great men."

"When did you graduate?"

"I didn't graduate. I was turned out."

Girls are like newspapers: They have forms, they always have the last word, back numbers are not in demand, they have great influence, you can't believe everything they say, they're thinner than they used to be, they get along by advertising, and every man should have his own and not try to borrow his neighbor's.

* * *

First BMOC: "I think we ought to teach that dizzy blonde the difference between right and wrong."

Second BMOC: "Good idea. You teach her what's right."

—Pine Needle

* * *

"No, Miss Goody, a neckerchief is not the president of a sorority."

* * *

"So you want to kiss me! I didn't know you were that kind!"

"Baby, I'm even kinder than that."

* * *

When women go wrong, men go right . . . after them.

* * *

A city and a chorus girl
Are much alike 'tis true;
A city's built with outskirts,
A chorus girl is too.

—Pine Needle

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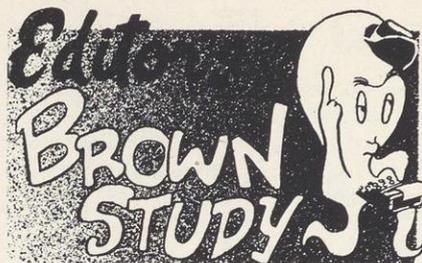


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Strange Coincidence of the Year
Department

• News Item: "Don Ryan, Phi Delta Theta, was appointed president of the Memorial Union, President Bill Johnson, Phi Delta Theta, announced last night."

Johnson, by the way, succeeds Dick Lewis, Phi Delta Theta.

• News Item: "Bob Ennis, Phi Gamma Delta, was elected president of Haresfoot, President Robert O'Brien, Phi Gamma Delta, announced last night."

O'Brien succeeded Bob Pierson, Phi Gamma Delta.

• News Item: "Bill Riggert, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, was appointed editor of the Badger, Editor Herb Haessler, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, announced last night."

Haessler succeeded Bill Vos, Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

* * *

• "Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!"

"Four shots ripped into my groin and I was off on the biggest adventure of my life . . ."

Thus starts Max Shulman's new book, "Sleep Till Noon," which will be published by Doubleday and Company in early April.

Shulman continues, "But first let me tell you a little about myself . . ." and the reader never hears about the four shots again. We are sorry we can not say the same about Mr. Shulman.

* * *

By the way, for the time of your life, be sure to get the next issue of Octy.

* * *

Nine out of ten doctors who have tried camels prefer women.

* * *

Him: "Why is it you have so many boy friends?"

Her: "I give up."

—Pelican

* * *

She was the type who softly murmured sweet nothing-doings in your ear.

* * *

Sign in a local cocktail lounge:
"Please don't stand up while the room is in motion."

—Pine Needle

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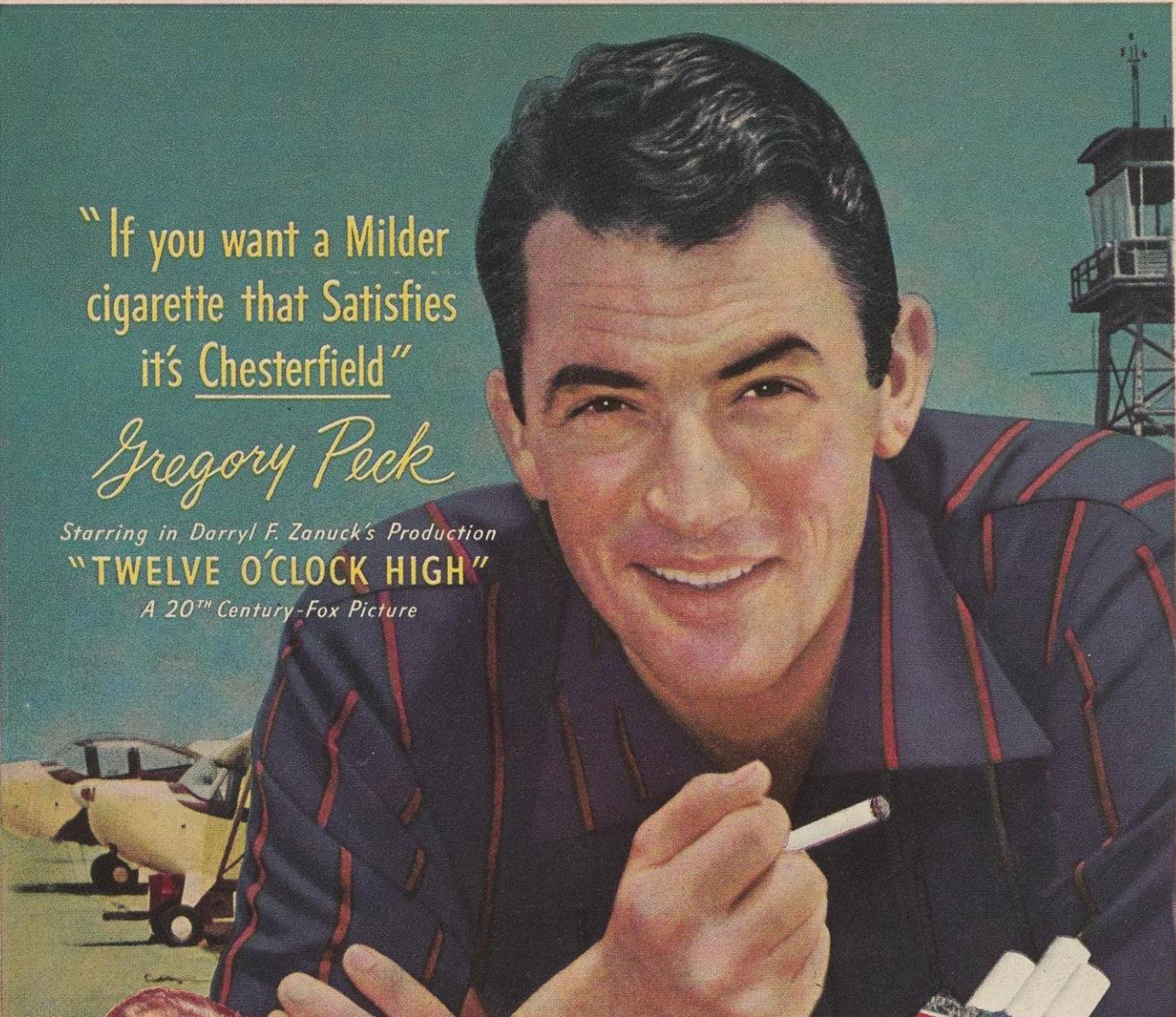
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