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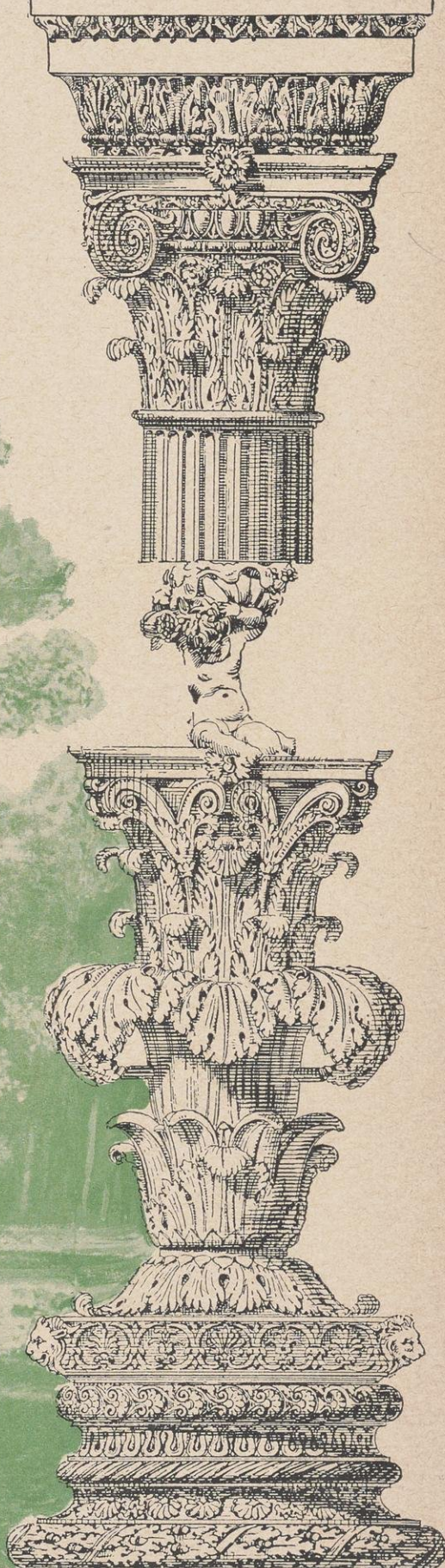
The Wisconsin Octopus

for the very first time in
recorded history goes completely

June 54 Vol. 32 no 6

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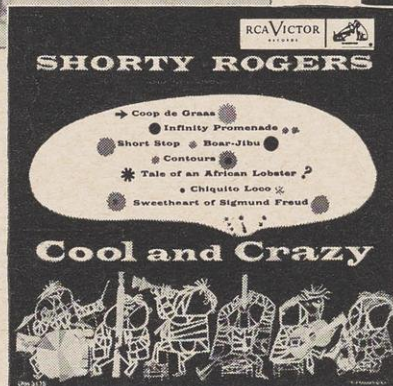
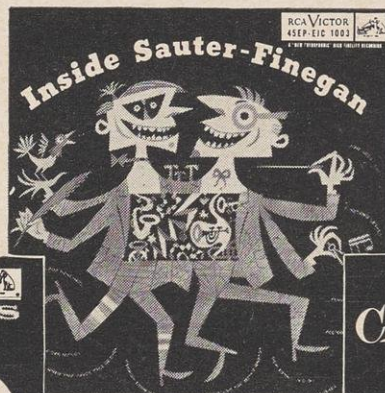
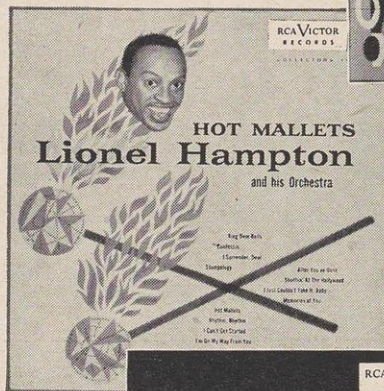
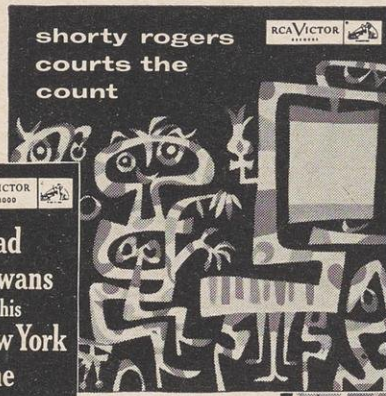
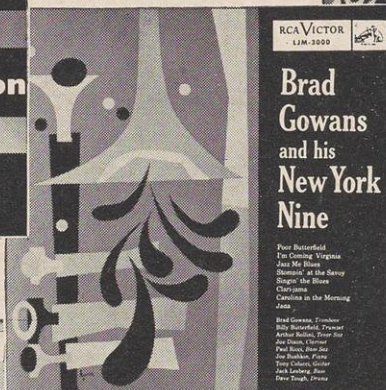
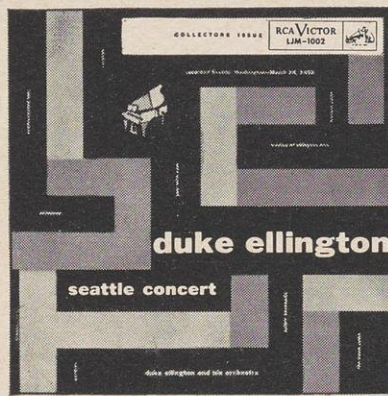
June, 1954
Vol 12
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Idiot Editor,

We of the Kappa Delta sorority are what you might call, "up in arms" over the last issue of the Octopus. It seems we were reputed to have won an all-university chug-a-lug contest. We would like to make it known that we have never won such a dubious honor. We consider activities of that sort to be highly dishonorable and we are heartily against such goings on here at the university. In fact, after losing seven years in a row, we dropped out of competition completely.

Yours for more clear and concise reporting,

The KD's

Dear people,

Us guys hear at the Carninul offis has detectud a noat of sarkasum in the last isshu of the octapus about which we is muchly over-raut. Us guy thinks that youse guys misinterprutud the Cardinul policys terrible. We all reely thinks that Hitler (McArtney) is a good guy. (like us guys).

The Hole Cardinul Staf.

Dear Editor,

Gee it was swell of you guys to ask us to go with you on your annual picnic. Of course we accept the invitation. I mean, it wouldn't really be fair to turn it down after all the good time we have had together. Remember that last party we had when you guys came over? Wow. See you at the picine.

Madam Vera and the Girls

28 Rosy Hue Terrace

Dear Sir,

What the hell is the meaning of this? For two or three years now I have been living a life of ease and now all of a sudden you put me back to work. I mean, golly, have a heart. It's hard to hold that pose very long.

Leonard Maletz
Alias, Henry Wiggins

Dear Sir,

Upon receipt of your last issue we have decided to drop you from our files. We no longer wish to exchange magazines with you. Your Cardinal parody was too realistic, too close to the truth to make us believe that you put any effort into it at all. Now, tell us, did you or didn't you take stories directly from the Cardinal instead of writing your own. This practice is cowardly and not at all in keeping with the regular college parody tradition.

Midwest Humor Magazines, Inc.

Dear Sir,

I would like to caution you not to read any farther than this because I am not going to say anything. I know it is unusual, but it is also very interesting to note that, regardless of the fact that not a thing is said, most of the readers will read from the very first line, all the way to the end which is here.

Bye, now,
Dirty Dan Novelities

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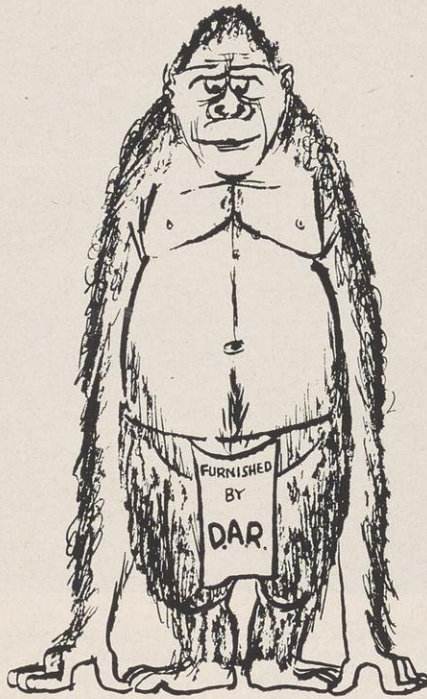
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Matilda Dolt has been a successful actress and playwright for several decades. Now, turning from the fields of literature and art, she has composed this contribution to *Octy*. The fact that her first and last names both appear in the story is due to her sensitivity and bashfulness, or so she says.

And here it is . . .

THE INHERITANCE CAPER

A MONOLOGUE

by — *Matilda Dolt*

I hopped and jumped so merrily over the water pumped, and turned in at our gate. As I went up the walk I saw dear old mother sitting in the porch swing. It groaned and hung as straight as a plumb bob as she said chidingly, "Well, here comes that Jones boy."

"Mother," I said, "you are chiding me. I'm not the Jones boy and you know it."

"Don't be too sure about that," she said mysteriously, and then turned her attention elsewhere suddenly as father came out onto the porch.

"Get inside and eat your owl suet," growled father.

"Yes, father, your magnificence," I said salaming into the kitchen. I bolted my wholesome meal of owl suet and grits and was back on the porch in a flash.

"Son," said mother, "there is news."

"Yes," chimed father, "news."

"News?" I asked.

"News," they answered in unison.

"Speak to me the news."

"Well," said father, dabbing his eyes with a handkerchief. "It seems your dear aunt has passed away."

"Away?" I said falteringly.

"To the great beyond," said mother. I saw a tear trickle down her face. I noticed father too was crying. Never before had I seen father cry. It was a funny feeling.

"Son," said father, "there is some word of an inheritance left to you by your dear mother's sister."

"I," I said, "an inheritance left to I?"

"Yes," said mother, "you see your aunt was a little odd. She never married because she couldn't find a man. The only thing she ever loved was a turtle named Jasper. Anyway, Jasper finally died. It was just then that you were born. I was out in back of the house trying to stuff you into the garbage can when your aunt, Matilda, came to visit us. She saw you there with the garbage can lid over you and your head, feet and arms sticking out on all sides. Immediately she thought of Jasper. I remember her well, 'What is your turtle's name?' she asked. When I explained that you were our son and not a turtle she was very sad, of course, but she said that when she died she would leave all her possessions to you, Framise Dolt, our son. Well, last night she died and I guess you got something coming or I'll know the reason why."

"Yeah," said father, dabbing his eyes some more and weeping moistly, "or I'll know the reason why too."

Mother went into the living room and father threw away the onion he had been concealing in his handkerchief.

"Look, stupid," he said, breathing in my face. "Tomorrow you go to Pewterville and collect. Get it? And don't come back without the inheritance—or else."

He breathed one more gust in my face and went into the house. I remained weeping on the porch. Damn, but those onions were strong.

The next morning I awoke to a rhythmic pounding noise. As I focused my eyes I saw that it was a noise produced as father beat my head against the wall near my tick.

"Wake up, dammit," he shouted. "You've got to make a train."

I leaped from bed and started to do my exercises but father tore my Charles Atlas book from my hands. "No time," he shouted.

Mother had a succulent meal of bone marrow and rhubarb piping hot for breakfast and as I ate they told me what I had to do.

"All right," said mother. "Don't get friendly with sexy women on the train."

"And be sure to get the inheritance" prompted father. From then on it was a barrage, each taking a lick at me.

"And be sure to wear your rubbers if it rains."

"And be sure to get the inheritance."

"And don't lose your ticket or baggage."

"And don't forget the inheritance."

"And stay away from the evil vices of the big city."

"And for God's sake, get the inheritance."

It was a long walk to the train depot. As I walked along I counted the flaps made by the loose sole of my right shoe as it smacked the ground. Eleven hundred and seventy-four flippity-flaps and I was there. Then I realized that in my haste I had worn the wrong pair of shoes. In fact they might not even let me on the train wearing snowshoes. During the next few whirling moments I was swept up in a great crowd of people, all rushing in the same direction; toward the ticket window. At last I traded my snowshoes for a ticket to Pewterville and before I could say "pickle picker" which I never could say, I was on the train. I sat next to an elderly gentleman who was wearing snowshoes.

"How do you do," I said, "my name is Framise Dolt and why are you wearing snowshoes?"

He looked self-conscious for a moment and then answered.

"I've just come from the Klondike, son, and I haven't had time to change."

"But the Klondike is thousands of miles from here."

"That's what I mean," he said. "That damn Klondike is just too far away. The dogs get worn out as hell coming into town."

"Oh," I said, deciding to let things go as they were.

"Ever been to the Klondike, son?"

"No," I said respectfully.

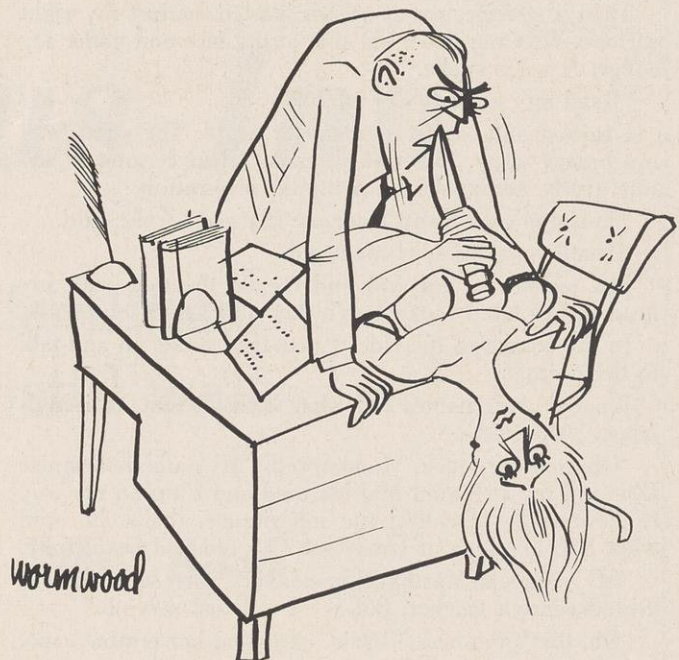
"Are you sure?"

"Positive," I answered.

"Ever read about it?"

It was my turn to look self-conscious. "No," I answered.

Flip-flop the page, please



"You're fighting me again, Miss Wilson!"

Continued from page five

"Let me tell you about the Klondike, son. Up there it's bitter cold all the time. Only dots of humanity here and there and mostly savages. But there's wealth there, son. I remember one day I pulled into one of those dots of humanity, took the sludge off of the dogs and went into a little hut they had there. The people there are called Popsicles and they live in little glass brick houses called Icicles. Anyway I went into this icicle. Of course all the popsicles stared at me and punched me to see if I could spare any blubber, but I wasn't inflated and I got by all right. Well, son, I looked and there was one of those Popsicle fellows with his shoes on the wrong feet. I says to him, hey, buddy you've got your shoes on the wrong feet. Well, he jumps up and down real happy like and says, "Hurrah, and all these years I thought I was club footed." Right away I was a hero. They thought I was a doctor and they fed me and clothed me for two years."

"Why did you leave?" I asked.

"Well, I was selling life insurance to them, and everything went all right until one of them died."

"That's too bad," I said. "I had a friend one time who tried to sell IBM machines to the African Zulu's."

"What happened to him, son?"

"He forgot they couldn't use IBM machines. They didn't have any electricity."

"That's pretty good, son. Well I had better be moving on."

He stumbled down the aisle in his snowshoes and disappeared into the men's room. In a few moments he came out looking puzzled. Then he kicked off the snow shoes and went back in. I didn't see any more of him on the trip.

The train clickety-clacked across the country. The rhythm of the singing rails thrilled me with the spirit of the adventure into which I had been so suddenly thrust. The thought of getting an inheritance was so romantic that I make up a little song which I sang to myself.

"An inheritance, an inheritance,

I'm going to get an inheritance.

Be it a million, or be it a trillion,

Or be it only a buck."

Then a strange, warm breath blasted against my right earlobe. Wax ran down the side of my face and under my collar. A voice spoke.

"Read any good books lately?"

I turned and saw a beautiful creature. The sight took my breath away. It was a woman. When I came to she was gently administering artificial respiration.

"You don't get away from me that easy," she said.

"Thank you, miss," I managed.

She picked me up and laid me on the seat with my head in her lap. I looked up at her and passed out again.

In the course of the ride, I managed to sit up and talk to this woman.

"What is your name, and what is this about an inheritance?" she said.

"Oh, nothing much," I answered. "My name is Framise Dolt and my rich aunt Matilda died and I am on my way to Pewterville to collect the inheritance, that's all. And what is your name, if I may ask?" I blushed beautifully.

"My name is Martha Homemaker," she said. "I was a kindergarten teacher, but I—I—I lost my job."

"Oh, that's too bad," I said, caressing her ermine cape.

"Oh, I don't mind," she said bravely. "Let's pet."

"What is to pet?" I asked.

"I'll show you," she said, showing me.

"Really, Miss Homemaker," I cried, recoiling.

"Oh, don't be a fuddy-duddy, Framise," she said. "I like you, and if I like you, why not show it?"

"Well, after all, you are a strange woman. My mother told me to look out for strange women."

"Well, okay," she said, pouting, "be a square."

"By the way, where are you going?" I asked.

"Pewterville," she said. Then she went to sleep.

Pewterville was a booming town. Everywhere young men with manure on their shoes strode through the mud of the streets, lit matches on the rivets of their bib overalls and spat long brown streamers onto the sides of the whitewashed buildings.

Martha and I lost no time in finding the home of my late aunt Matilda. I wanted to stop for a cup of coffee because the owl suet lunch mother had packed for me had gotten lost, but Martha would have none of it. Aunt Matilda's house was above a tavern on the main street. I thought it rather odd that the entrance to her part of the building should be through the tavern, but the bartender explained that Matilda very seldom went out after the tavern was closed anyway and it wasn't inconvenient for her at all.

We went up the back stairs and knocked on the door. A young girl answered the knock.

"Hello," she said sweetly and then saw Martha. "What do you want?"

"I am Framise Dolt," I said. "I was my aunt Matilda's favorite nephew. Are you my cousin?"

"Ye, Gods, no. Come on in."

We went in. The living room looked somewhat like a doctor's reception room, but I remembered that my mother had said aunt Matilda was a little odd.

"Sure I can't fix you up with something?" asked the young lady. "We already planted Mattie."

"I understood there was some sort of inheritance for me," I ventured.

"Oh, so you're the guy who looks like a turtle. I should have guessed. Yeah, here's a box she left. Said you should be sure and get it."

She handed me a box from the top of a Rice Crispies package. I thanked her and Martha and I left.

"You sure pulled that off cool, Framie," said Martha when we got back to the street. "Maybe I figured you wrong. Let's pet."

I looked embarrassedly up and down the street to see if anyone could have heard her.

"Please, Martha," I said. "Don't say that so loud."

"Okay, then. Let's get a hotel room."

"No, no, a thousand times no," I said staunchly. "I must get this money home. The owl suet is running low and I need new straw in my tick."

"Well, anyway," said Martha, "let's count the cash and see what kind of a haul you got. Then maybe we can get a hotel room, huh?"

I was rather curious myself, so I thought it not improper to count the money.

"All right," I said. "I feel it not improper to count the money."

We sat on a bench and I opened the box. That was the last I ever saw of Martha. She disappeared like a rocket. I don't know why.

The turtle food lasted me most of the way home.

THE END

APE LIKE ANGUISHERS

Mother: David, how many times have I told you not to wade in the sink?

David: Seventeen.

(*Now there's a good, clean, no-laugh joke.*)

She stepped out of the bathtub onto the bathroom scales. Hubby came in the back door and walked past the door. He observed what she was doing and inquired, "How many pounds this morning, darling?"

Without bothering to look around she answered: "Fifty, and be sure you don't leave the tongs on the back porch again."

The young thing was sitting on her front porch knitting some tiny garments. And her mother said to a neighbor: "I'm glad to see that she has taken an interest in something other than running around with boys."

A singing bartender at a well-known New York hotel went to the coast with his wife and applied for a job at the employment agency.

The conversation went like this:

Interviewer: "Have you an occupation?"

Applicant: "Yes, I'm a bartender."

Interviewer: "Well, we can't do anything for you in that line. Can you do anything else? Can you pick lemons?"

Applicant: "Can I? This is my fifth wife!"

Dear John,

Words cannot express how much I regret having broken off our engagement. Will you please come back to me? Your absence leaves a vacancy which nothing can ever fill. Please forgive me and let us begin anew. I cannot live without you. I love you, I love you, I love you!

Yours forever,

Emily.

P.S. Congratulations on your winning the Irish Sweepstakes!

The very small boy came home dejectedly from his first day at school.

"Ain't goin' tomorrow," he sputtered.

"Why not, dear?" his mother asked.

"Well, I can't read, and I can't write, and teacher won't let me talk, so what the hell's the use?"

"My love," said the beaver passionately, "come and live with me in my newly built house in the stream."

For a moment the beaver maid was silent, then coyly slapping her tail on the bank, she whispered: "Then you do give a dam for me, after all?"

Wife modeling new suit: "If you remove the bodice from this you have a play suit. If you remove the skirt you have a sunsuit."

Husband: "And if you remove anything else you have a law suit."

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"Pa" Bush



Octy Dream Girl This Month is

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by Cecil Bridges

Have You Ever Noticed

That for Every 97 Lb. Weakling

THERE IS A 200 POUND BULLY?

Where Do all the 200 pound

bullys who kick sand in

the faces of 97 pound weaklings

come from?

Heretofore unpublished letters

reveal all!



Professor Gustav Biceps
Muscles, Incorporated
P.O. Box 9187½a
New York, N.Y.

Dear Professor Biceps:

Before I took your course, I was a 97-pound weakling. When I went to the beach, girls laughed at me, and a 200-pound bully kicked sand in my face. After taking your course, I weigh 250 pounds, solid muscle. I went to the beach yesterday, but I couldn't find the bully who kicked sand in my face. The girls still laugh at me. Should I buy a bigger suit now? The top to this one is stretched all out of shape. And the life guard didn't like it a bit when I picked up his tower, said he was going to call the cops or something. Professor Biceps, I don't think I'm a bit more popular and successful than I was before taking your course, and I've lost my job as tube inspector at the Feuchtwanger Flue Factory, since I got too big to get in the tubes. I want my money back because I'm not perfectly satisfied in only 30 days.

Yours truly,
Spence Wartenby

Mr. Spence Wartenby
243½ Esplanade
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Mr. Wartenby:

Of course you didn't find the 200-pound bully who kicked sand in your face. He is working another beach now. Mr. Wartenby, I'm going to let you in on one of the finest deals you have ever run across. How would you like to make up to \$25.00 a day just having *fun* on the beach? Sounds incredible, but it's *true*! I'll tell you a little secret. Mr. Emil Schnellering, the 200-pound bully who kicked sand in your face, was one of *our* men, earning as much as \$25.00 a *day* going from beach to beach kicking sand in the faces of 97-pound weaklings. Now, Mr. Wartenby, have you ever heard of a better money-making pro-

position for a 200-pound man with a bathing suit? We are prepared to make you the same generous offer we made to Mr. Schnellering. Our rates are as follows: Kicking sand in the face of a 97-pound weakling—\$1.25; insulting girls accompanying a 97-pound weakling—65; calling a 97-pound weakling "skinny"—75; stepping in the middle of picnic lunch of 97-pound weakling and guest—\$1.00; improvised insults and injuries (short of bodily assault)—rates to be arranged. All rates are doubled if said 97-pound weakling is reading one of our advertisements while said insult takes place. Now, did you ever hear of a *fairer* arrangement? Of course, from time to time one of our agents, incognito, will check the beach you are working just to make sure everything is on the "up and up" and that you are charging us only for accomplished insults, but for an honest man like you, Mr. Wartenby, this should never enter your mind. Can you let me know by return mail if you accept this *dynamic* proposition?

Sincerely,

Professor Gustav Biceps,
Muscles, Incorporated

Professor Gustav Biceps
Muscles, Incorporated
P.O. Box 9187½a
New York, N.Y.

Dear Professor Biceps:

I accept your generous offer; what beaches do you want me to work? Just for practice today, I kicked sand in the faces of two 97-pound weaklings, and one 96-pound weakling. I also insulted a girl accompanying the 96-pound weakling, and stepped in the picnic lunch of one of the 97-pound weaklings. Gee, Professor Biceps, kicking sand in the face of 97-pound weaklings is *fun*!

Yours truly,

Spence Wartenby

—Texas Ranger

I WAS AVA'S GARDNER

From the Yale Record

Waldo Crud had not wanted to go into Cassidy's Bar at all. He had, in fact, intended to see "Mogambo" that evening, because he liked to watch black people beat drums and leap about with long spears. But as he was walking past Cassidy's Bar a large man with a big brown mustache came up to him and threw an arm about his shoulders.

"Zachary!" the large man cried, and grinned at Waldo. "Damned if I didn't think you was dead!"

Waldo smiled back at him. It seemed the thing to do at the time. "Hello," he said.

The large man roared with laughter. "Same old Zachary!" he boomed. "Come on, kid, let's booze it up! Let's live a little, lad! Come on!"

Waldo did not want to seem impolite, so he followed the large man into Cassidy's Bar. No one, as far as he could remember, had ever called him Zachary before.

The large man went right up to the bar, and beat his fist down hard on the wooden top, so that bottles and glasses jumped and skittered all the way down the line. "Cassidy!" he bellowed.

Cassidy, the bar-tender, came toward them. "What are you havin' tonight, Zachary?" the large man asked Waldo.

"Well," said Waldo, adjusting his glasses and wondering how he could tell him, "I'd thought about 'Mogambo'."

The large man turned toward Cassidy. "Don't just stand there, pin-head!" he shouted. "Bring him a mogambo!"

Cassidy carefully wiped a beer glass on his apron. "He ain't twenty-one," he said.

The large man put both hands upon the bar and leaned forward, glaring at Cassidy. "He is twenty-one," he said emphasizing his words through clenched teeth. "He is twenty-one and he is having a large mogambo."

Cassidy considered the fingernails of his right hand. He was silent for several minutes. "Maybe we don't have no mogambos left," he said.

The large man's mustache began to quiver. "Bring it," he said in a low voice. "Bring two. You have thirty seconds."

Cassidy's lips parted with a gentle snarl. But he turned and went toward a row of bottles behind the bar.

"Excuse me," said Waldo to the large man. "I don't think you quite understand."

"I understand perfectly," said the large man, cracking his knuckles ominously. "I've had trouble with this slob before. You just leave it to me."

Cassidy returned, bearing two glasses filled with a pale liquid. "Aha!" the large man shouted triumphantly. "You don't even know what a mogambo is!"

Cassidy drew himself up to his full height. "Certainly I do," he said with dignity. "Certainly I do. They've been sellin' like hot cakes tonight."

The large man smiled, and rocked on his heels. "I've got him now," he said to Waldo. Then he stepped for-

ward and pushed a forefinger into Cassidy's chest. "What is hot cakes that they sell so good?" he asked "Tell me that, wise guy."

Cassidy swallowed. "Any damn fool knows what hot cakes is," he said. "People like 'em and they sells fast like—well, like mogambos."

The large man began to pound his fist upon the bar. "You don't know what a hot cake is!" he shouted.

"Listen," said Cassidy, "if I was sellin' hot cakes you'd buy one and be damn quick about it, too!"

"I wouldn't," the large man said with a bitter laugh. "I wouldn't 'cause I don't like hot cake!"

"You don't have no sense of values!" cried Cassidy. The large man let out a roar, and leaped over the bar, his hands reaching Cassidy's throat. In the uproar that followed, Waldo slipped silently out the door. He arrived at the theater just in time to catch the final showing of "Mogambo."

—Dole



"How well I remember my college days when I was a zoology lab instructor."

Pa to son cannibal—Don't you know it's rude to talk with someone in your mouth?

Gangster up for murder rap—I refuse to answer on the grounds that it may incinerate me.

Robert Q. Lewis says he drinks nothing stronger than pop—and there's nothing his pop doesn't drink.

"Why don't you buy a new pen?"

"Why? I've had this one since I was a little Sheaffer."
—1923

Voice from car—Shay, Offisher, ish thish the way to go to the football game?

Policeman—You bet. And if I wasn't a cop, I'd go that way, too.



Excerpts From the Congressional Record

Man getting a shave—Barber will you please give me a glass of water?

Barber—What's the matter, a little hair in your throat?

Man—No, I want to see if my neck leaks.

She was only the minister's daughter but you couldn't get anything pastor.

He—Your stockings are rather wrinkled.

She—You brute! I have no stockings on!

The teacher had spent most of the morning telling the class something of the wonders of nature. At the finish she said, "And isn't it wonderful how the little chickens get out of their shells?"

One quick-witted lad went her one better, "Teacher, I think it's far more wonderful how they get into the shells."

Men make passes at girls that empty glasses.

"I want to get some grapes for my sick husband. Do you know if any poison has been sprayed on them?"

"No, Mam. You'll have to get that at the drug store."

A minister, making a call, and his hostess were sitting in the parlor when a small boy came running in carrying a dead rat. "Don't worry mother, it's dead. We bashed him and beat him until . . ." And noticing the minister for the first time, he added in a lowered voice, ". . . until God called him home."

The two traveling hoppers while in Russia saw a guy being flogged in a public square.

"I don't dig the beat," said one, "but that sure is a crazy drum."

Three ways to end a dinner conversation:

1. Ask the lady on your right if she's married. Should she say "yes," ask her if she has any children. If she says "No," ask her how she does it.

2. Ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says "No," ask her if she has any children.

3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says "Yes," ask her if she's married.



Chosen by Octy Staff

Photo by DeLonge

Newly Pinned Girl of the Month

NANCY NIEDERER

Presented by

PAUL BISHOP

650 State St.

Dial 6-8883

L. G. BALFOUR CO.



1. Playing Post Office.
2. Robbing the Bursar's office.
3. Collecting ROTC pay.
4. Subsidizing UW pistol champ.

OCTY PRESENTS

What Are They Doing?

- *A new, exciting game for Mongolian Idiots*



1. Cutting a wedding cake.
2. Building Rome in a day.
3. NROTC cadet snarking on Chadbourne hall.
4. All of the above.

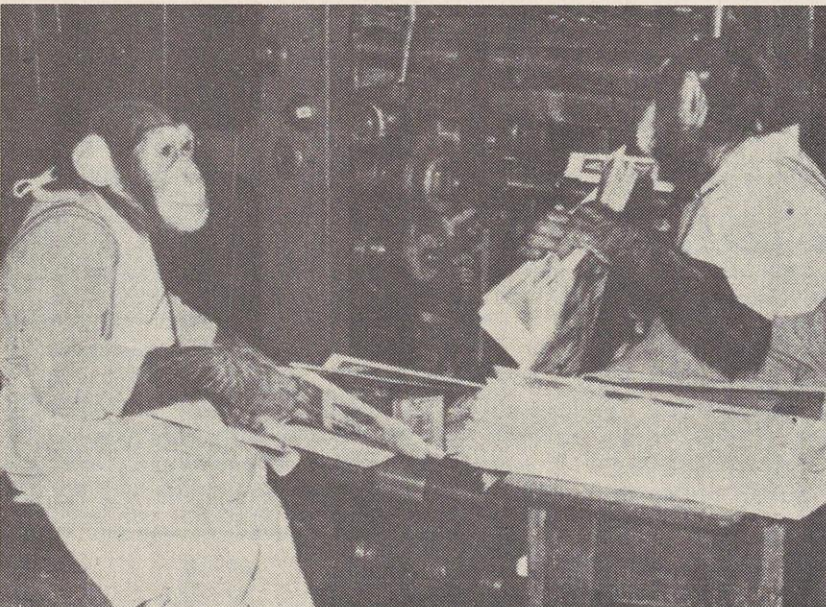


1. Lunchtime in the Rathskeller.
2. Movie starlet taking milk bath.
3. Marlon Brando relaxing between acts of Julius Caesar.
4. State milk inspector checking milk at Van Hise cafeteria.



1. Pershing Rifles performing at Mil-Ball.
2. Army high level conference.
3. Teddy Roosevelt taking San Juan hill.
4. St. George and others retreating from dragon.

1. Woman remarking, "But, Barney, your breath stinks."
2. Couple playing "roll the marble" between chin & cheek.
3. Dr. Christian whispering prize-winning play to Judy Price.
4. The iceman having his pick.



1. Cardinal going to press.
2. Wis. Engineer going to press.
3. Country Magazine going to press.
4. All of the above.

EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

Well, here it is at last. An Octopus that isn't subjected to faculty censorship. Kind of hard to believe, isn't it? The credit goes mostly to Dean Zillman himself, and the SLIC subcommittee on student publications whose cry is "freedom of the press." I hope you can appreciate the significance of this move which comes when other campuses are putting restrictions on humor magazines rather than lifting them. It shows that

this campus is going forward instead of backward, (no mean feat these days either). Well anyway, hurrah. Yessir, by jingo, golly, gosh, HURRAH.

Perhaps a few clusters of roses should be thrown into the last rushes of the school year stream. The first of these will go to Ronald J. Carson for tireless effort put into his job of Associate Editor. Many a night-be-

fore-deadline story has issued forth from his cranium to delight Octy readers searching for something deeply symbolic.

Business managers have been plentiful this year. Pete Leach carried Octy through the first four issues in great style, then retired because he was beginning to look like an adding machine. John Nimlos is now at the business manager's desk giving his whole hearted efforts to the job. He comes up only once in a while from under a great pile of papers. The rest of the time all that can be seen is an occasional movement as John sharpens a pencil under his papery grave. Harrah to John and his turnips and oat meal.

Jim Reiff, the Dodgeville wonder, has supplied Octy with its hilarious covers during this 53-54 season. In fact it is hard to find artwork in the magazine that didn't flow from Jimbo's pen. Not only have Wisconsin students enjoyed his work, but humor magazines all over the country have reprinted Rieff cartoons.

All you people who have subscriptions can thank Tanya Sander for the safe arrival of your mag. If it didn't arrive safely you can probably thank my own ten thumbs for their ceaseless jumbling of the labels Tanya so tirelessly typed. An inspection of Octy's typewriters would make you doubly aware of the fine job Tanya has done.

Bob Keyes, Lee Baxandall, Ben Weiss, and the Phil Scheaffer Jerry Kolbert team all get honorable mention for their stories which proved quite readable, not to mention funny.

Story illustrations and drawings of pretty girls earn credit for Russ Koester and Sharon Smith respectively.

And, casting modesty aside, I save one rose for myself for the colorful language used during layout sessions and other such moments of stress.

So this is the end of Octy for the year. It has been a successful year as years go and I guess they do. Adios to you and the guy reading over your shoulder, from me, Wayne Arihood, and the rest of the Octy staff.



Octy Proudly Presents

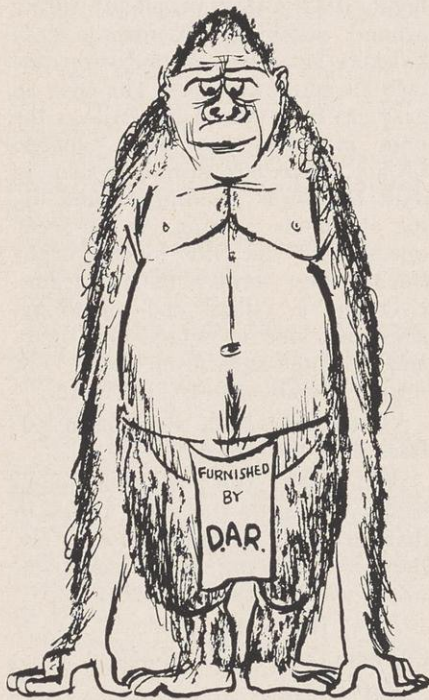
Mary Elizabeth Silber

This Month's Calendar Girl

Bust 21"
Waist 22"
Hips 23"
3 Feet Long

Pre-Kindergarten I
Loves strained
corn, rattles and
men. Phone 6-7543.

APESTERS



There once was an old Finnish woodsman who was very proud of his axe. He boasted that he had used the same axe for twenty years.

"You mean," marveled a friend, "that you have really used that same axe, day after day, for twenty years?"

"Oh, yes," said the woodsman proudly. "And all it has ever needed was six new heads and seven new handles!"

ModesT ?

... Try



The
Kollege
Klub

714 State

... *because*

We have the finest
in beer

... and atmosphere

Senior: "Waiter, please bring me some tomato juice for a pick-up."

Waiter: "Yes, sir, and what will you have for yourself?"

Sig Chi: "What would you call an old maid doing the dance of the seven veils?"

Phi Delt: "A comic strip."

Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a six dollar book to sell to his class.

Little Willie wrote a book.
Woman was the theme he took.
Woman was his only text.
Ain't he cute? He's oversexed.

THESE ALL START — "SHE WAS ONLY..."

a creditor's daughter, but she allowed no advances.
a taxi driver's daughter, but you auto meter.
a convict's daughter, but she knew her bar.
a grave digger's daughter, but you ought to see her lower the bier.
a fireman's daughter, but she sure did go to blazes.
a judge's daughter, but she could dispose of any case.
a plumber's daughter, but she had good connections.
a milkman's daughter, but she was the cream of the crop.
a film censor's daughter, but she knew when to cut it out.
a surgeon's daughter, but oh, what a cut-up.
a photographer's daughter, but she was well developed.
a real estate man's daughter, but oh, what development.
a hash-slinger's daughter, but how she could dish it out.
a boxer's daughter, but she knew when to feint.
a plumber's daughter, but oh those fixtures.
a parson's daughter, but she had her following.
a blacksmith's daughter, but she knew how to forge ahead.
a golfer's daughter, but her form was perfect.
a stableman's daughter, but all the horsemen knew her.

a professor's daughter, but she learned her lesson.
a lumberman's daughter, but she had been through the mill.
a barber's daughter, but what a mug she had.
a bartender's daughter, but she was a good mixer.
a politician's daughter, but she voted yes on every proposition.
a carpenters' daughter, but she nailed her man.
a miner's daughter, but oh, what natural resources.
a mortician's daughter, but I cadaver.
a moonshiner's daughter, but I loved her still.
a printer's daughter, but I liked her type.
an insurance salesman's daughter, but I liked her policy.
a carnival queen, but she sure made concessions.
a second hand dealer's daughter, that's why she wouldn't allow much on the sofa.
an optician's daughter, but give her 2 glasses and she'd make a spectacle of herself.
a chimney sweep's daughter, but she soots me fine.
a gear maker's daughter, but she could outstrip them all.
a florist's daughter, but she was dandelion in the grass.

—POT

I dreamed
I went
Strolling
Without my

*madeinform*bra*

Loafing along and loving it! Why I
never dreamed before I could
look so lovely! And all because
I forgot my Madeinform bra. No
wonder people stare.....so
comfortable, so sure, so
completely secure.....

There is a
* REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

*FOR EVERY TYPE
OF FIGURE TO BE
WITHOUT.*

Babe Ruth

Scene: Wrigley Field, Chicago, October 1, 1932. 49,986 people are sitting around, watching nine men in gray knickers bat a ball around with nine men in white knickers. The men in gray are from New York (A.L.); the ones in white are from Chicago (N.L.). There are also four men in dark blue suits standing around doing absolutely nothing. As the scene opens, it is the fifth inning of the third contest between the two teams. Everyone is yelling and screaming, since each side has scored four times, and now the men from New York (A.L.) are about to try for more.

(Enter Babe Ruth, swinging a bat. Boos from the crowd.)

Announcer: And now the Bambino is stepping up to the plate. Listen to that crowd! (Crowd noise.) The Babe is grimacing as he has a few words with the Cubs' catcher.

Ruth: How's the wife?

Catcher: O.K. How's yours?

Ruth: Fine.

Announcer: Looks as though there's some sort of ill feeling between Ruth and the catcher, fans. Here's the pitch . . . fast ball, called strike.

Catcher: Looks like rain.

Ruth: Yeah. Look at that storm cloud out there.

Announcer: Get this, fans! The Babe has just pointed toward the center field bleachers! He's calling his shot! What a man! What a man! (More boos from the crowd.) The pitch . . . called strike two!

Catcher: I don't see any storm cloud.

Ruth: Out there, behind the Lifebuoy ad.

Announcer: He's done it again, fans. He's standing there, pointing to the dead center field stands, letting the crowd know where he's going to hit it. What confidence! What a man!

Ruth (to pitcher): How's about a beer after the game, Charlie?

Pitcher: Sure, Babe.

Announcer: And now Ruth is screaming at the pitcher, who yells right back at him. Now the catcher's getting into the act, and here comes the ump to break it up.

Catcher: Say, Babe, I heard a good gag the other day. Seems there was this overshoe salesman who married a barmaid and . . .

Ump: Don't tell me you're telling that old one about the overshoe salesman again. Why, I heard that one back in Philly at the beginning of the

Calls His Shot

season.

Ruth: Shut up, Jim, and let him tell it. I haven't heard it yet.

Ump: Well, hurry up and get it over with before the crowd starts getting impatient.

Pitcher: Hey, ump, how's about a clean ball? (Lobs the ball in toward the plate.)

Announcer: Here it comes!

Pitcher: Look out!

WHAP!

Announcer: And there it goes, way, way, way back into the center field stands! Just the way he called it! What a man!

Ruth (apologetically): Tch, tch. Guess I'd better run. I'm awful sorry, Charlie, I was just trying to duck out of the way. Almost clipped my ear.

Pitcher: Didn't mean to throw it so close, Babe. It sort of slipped out of my hand.

Announcer: That was a blazing fast ball right down the middle that Ruth connected with. Nothing phony about that one.

Ruth: What a goddam phony that one was.

Ump: You can say that again.

Catcher: That fluke wasn't worth a two-cent cigar.

Announcer: And a box of White Owls to the Bambino for that round-tripper!

Ruth: How'll I ever explain it to the boys? Oh, well, it'll probably all be forgotten by tomorrow. (Exit.)

Announcer: That's one you'll be hearing about for years, fans; 425 feet in the air, etc. . . .

(Cheers of crowd fade off into distance.)

—Record

An Apeish Pome To Be Read But Not to be Understood

I live alone and like it
Has this a truthless twang?
It's really true, because, you see,
I'm an orangoutang.

One day a little baby stork was very perturbed because his mother was gone all night and he asked his father about it. "Why, your mother has been making people very happy," the father stork replied. The next night the father stork was gone and the baby stork asked his mother where he was. "Your father has been making people very happy," the mother stork replied. The next night little baby stork was gone till the wee hours. When he came in, mother stork and father stork asked where he had been. "Oh, out scaring the hell out of college kids," baby stork replied.

GUT-BLASTERS

I know a girl who got a job distributing those little boxes of cereals that some of the large companies use to advertise their products to the public, reports Lennie Warren in *True*. One day she met a friend who hadn't seen her for some time.

"I hear you're going to be married," said the friend.

"That's right," the girl replied. "We're going to be married next month."

"Great!" said the friend. "What are you doing now?"

"Nothing much," answered the girl. "Just giving away samples."

Soph: "How did you like Venice?"

Frosh: "Oh, I only stayed a few days. The place was flooded."

Professor: "Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"

Student: "No, sir, it was I. I'm taking it over again."

Professor: "Extraordinary resemblance, though—extraordinary."

Did the doctor mean it when he said you'd not live more than a week if you didn't stop chasing women?"

"He certainly did—I was chasing his wife."

Recruiting Officer: "What's the idea of coming in here and saying you're only seventeen years old! Go and walk around that yard and come back and see if you're not nineteen."





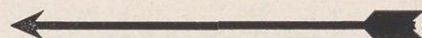
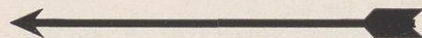
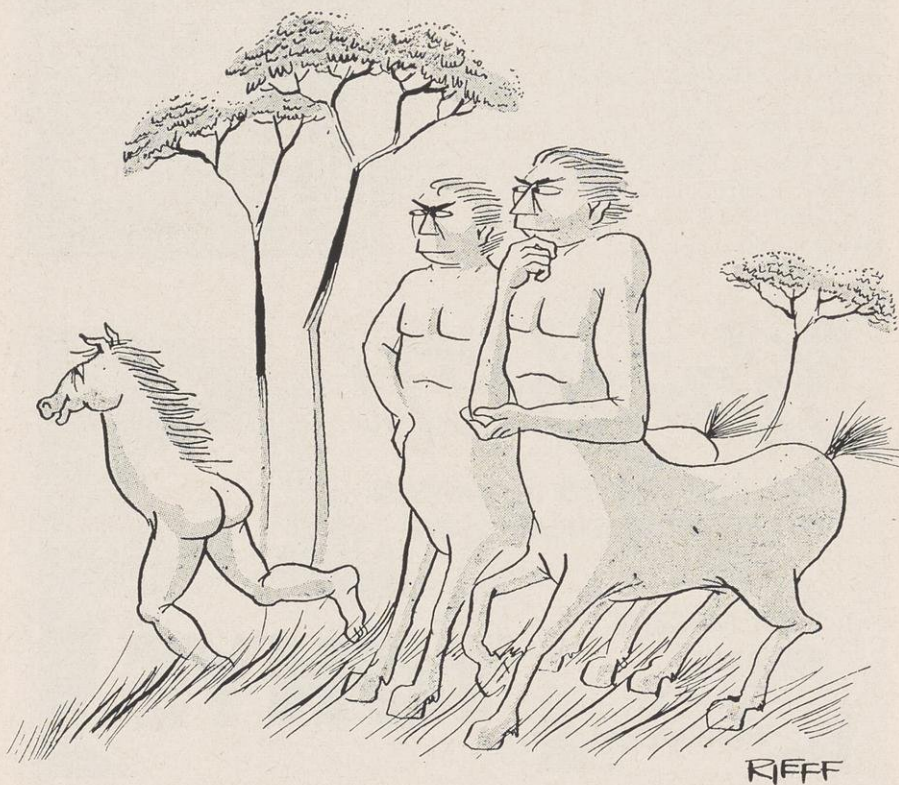
With only these hands and this cranium

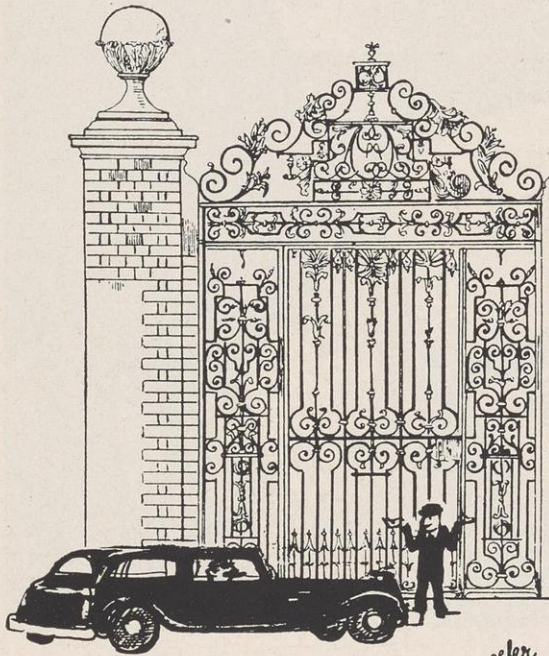
Octy's Cartoonist-in-Residence

Jimbo Rieff

Pleads guilty to the following

Stone Age Stinkers





"I can't FIND the damn lock, sir."

reefer



Wormwood



"She talks too much."

RIEFF



reefer

"This must be a college program, Pa."

"Scottish women are extremely appreciative of the dexterity and coordination required in the perfect execution of the Highland Fling."



APE FOR TEA

by Wayne Arihood

Time—Mid-afternoon.

Place—Africa.

Scene—Two men, Ralph and Conrad, are standing next to a quicksand bog. Around them are vines and other jungle material typifying the locale. Off about fifteen feet to the right an ape is squatting near a tree, apparently asleep.

Ralph—(to Conrad) I say, it seems to be nearing four o'clock.

Conrad—Quite.

Ralph—Time for tea, you know.

Conrad—Quite.

(Ralph unfolds a small card table and brings a can of Sterno from his pack. He starts to brew tea. Conrad unfolds two chairs taken from his pack. They sit at the table. Ralph sits with his back to the quicksand bog. Conrad faces him.)

Ralph—Rather hot.

Conrad—Beastly.

Ralph—Suppose the tea is done?

Conrad—Perhaps.

(Ralph pours a cup of tea and tastes it. It is hot and he spills it on his shirt front. He jerks back and falls into the quicksand bog.)

Ralph—I say, Conrad, I've fallen into the quicksand.

Conrad—Quite.

Ralph—Do you suppose you could give me a pull out?

Conrad—Possibly. (He pulls a copy of Astrology magazine from his pocket and pages through it.) Yes.

Ralph—Then please do. The quicksand is pulling rather heavily at my new tweeds.

Conrad—Quite. (He extends his arm out to Ralph. Ralph grasps it and pulls Conrad into the quicksand with him.)

Ralph—Jove. I've pulled you into the quicksand with me.

Conrad—Rather.

Ralph—It will be frightfully hard to escape from the quicksand now.

Conrad—Frightfully.

Ralph—I fear we are stuck for good.

Conrad—Quite.

Ralph—We are undone.

Conrad—Rather.

Ralph—Terribly unpleasant end for it all.

Conrad—Terribly.

Ralph—And without a decent pot of tea first.

Conrad—Ghastly.

Ralph—Do you suppose you could reach the tea from where you are?

Conrad—Possibly. (He again con-

sults the Astrology magazine which he has been holding over his head.) Yes.

Ralph—Do.

(Conrad extends his arm toward the tea. As he does this the ape stirs himself and walks to the edge of the bog. The men are sinking faster now and Conrad can no longer reach the tea. The ape spies Conrad's outstretched arm and displays some interest.)

Ralph—I say, Conrad, you don't suppose the ape could grasp your arm and pull us out do you?

Conrad—Possibly.

(The ape walks to the very edge of the bog and peers at the two heads and one outstretched arm which are all that remain above the surface. He sniffs disdainfully and turns away. The ape drinks the tea while the men sink gently below the surface of the quicksand. The ape then walks slowly off stage whistling "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Cocoa-nuts." The stage is clear except for the Astrology magazine which floats on the surface of the bog.)

FINI.

OPPORTUNITIES

BARRELLS WANTED: Write Guy Fawkes, Lon., Eng.

ATTENTION BEDWETTERS: You really ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I mean, really, at your age and all. A Friend.

EXCITEMENT, adventure, romance, prestige. Campus Patrol Office, Cornell U., Ithaca, N.Y.

FOR MEN ONLY. Literature of Polynesian fertility rites. Fully documented and illustrated. All phallic symbols explained. Write Hango, Pago-Pago, Samoa.

RAISE CANE! Raise sugar cane at home in the bathtub. Big money. Fleming Plantation, Box 490, Lafitte, La.

PILES? Piles of money in selling wrought iron fences. Write Box R, Charlestown, N.C. Free samples on trial.

TAKE your loved ones with you wherever you go. Print photos on your fingernails. Make big money. Special kit contains developer, etching acid, and practice finger. **PHOTOCO**, 3459987 S. 16th St., Peoria, Ill.

LAST chance to send one dollar to Box 45, Anaheim, Cal.

LONELY? Raise hamsters. Send dime for free sample. **HAMSTERS**, Birmingham, Ala.

WAKE UP to the realities of life. Stop reading, philosophizing, unraveling the secrets of the universe. Wake up to life's realities. Utilize your full potentialities. Live. Free booklet tells all. Write Brother Phil, Sacramento, Cal.

LONELY HEARTS

MEN WITHOUT WOMEN. Meet women without men. The Have Nots, Box 100, Devestation, Arkansas.

THAY FELLATH Thend for pictureth, rendethvouths. Thricthly confidential. Write Pretty Fred, Box 18, Greenwich Village, N.Y.

SEND QUALIFICATIONS AND PERSONAL DESCRIPTION. We will find a mate. Don't despair. We have married some of the spookiest turkeys on the face of the earth. Anyone can have love. Spouse Sleuths, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

WIDOWS? WIDOWERS? BACHELORS? SPINSTERS; All sizes, all shapes. All ages. Send \$1 for catalogue or come right on down and select your own. Mad Man Marriages, 4th and K, St. Louis, underneath the floodlights.

IS LIFE DULL? For only \$2 I will tell you how to live. Pulsate with new life and energy. Worldly Sam, Box 70, Ithaca, New York.

SUCCESS IN MARRIAGES? GIRLS \$END FOR \$ELECTED LIST\$ OF ELIGIBLE BACHELOR\$: \$ISTER BE\$\$, \$OUTH \$OUX FALL\$, \$OUTH DOKOTA.

FRIENDSHIP. It's the most wonderful thing in the world to have friends. There is no substitute for good friends. For \$5 I will be your friend for life—Happy George, Cherry Hollow, Vermont.

WANTED

AMBERGRIS: Two bushels of high-grade South Sea Ambergris for which to feed my pet white whale. Contact Herman Melville, Nantucket, Rhode Island.

TWO LEPRECHAUNS: Must be Irish. Am writing an Irish historical novel. One male and one female. Will pay in shamrocks. Joseph Dombrowski, Germantown.

MEN: Elizabeth Waters Dormitory.

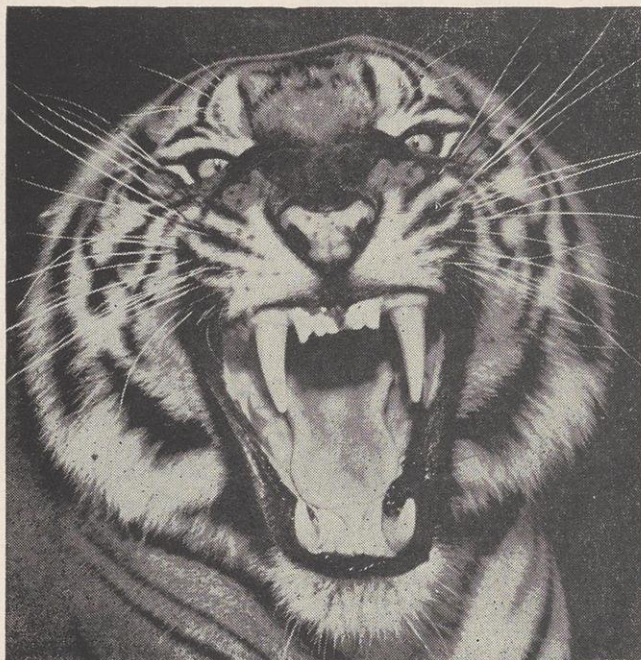
BEANS: One bag will do if they are of the jumbo variety. Must have magical qualities. Will trade one cow for them. Jack.

ROOMMATE: I am lonely. I had a roommate but now he is no more. Where could my little roommate have gone. Must play Russian Roulette. Ivan the Terrible.

GENIUS: Must have the name of Barney Fledermaus. No other requirements. Am flunking an English course and need your assistance. Contact Barney Fledermaus, Gavin House, Slichter Hall.

A POON: While walking through the park one day in the merry, merry month of May, I lost my poon. Am helpless without it. If you have a spare, write Churlock Gump, 69 Wistfull Vista, Hollywood, Cal.

STAND-IN: Am getting damn tired of signing my name to worthless checks. If you can write, see me and the concession is yours. John Doe, Anytown, U.S.A.



Henry Wiggins, ME4, upon being informed that he will not graduate.

Note: Popular campus figure H. Wiggins returns after long absence due to unpopular demand.

RAISE APE-STERS!

- Fresher
- Cooler
- Much Milder

Than Hamsters

"I've raised Ape-sters for 30 years. They have been a constant source of joy and income for me. Hospital bills mean nothing compared to the nice sensation of feeling your bones knit together again."

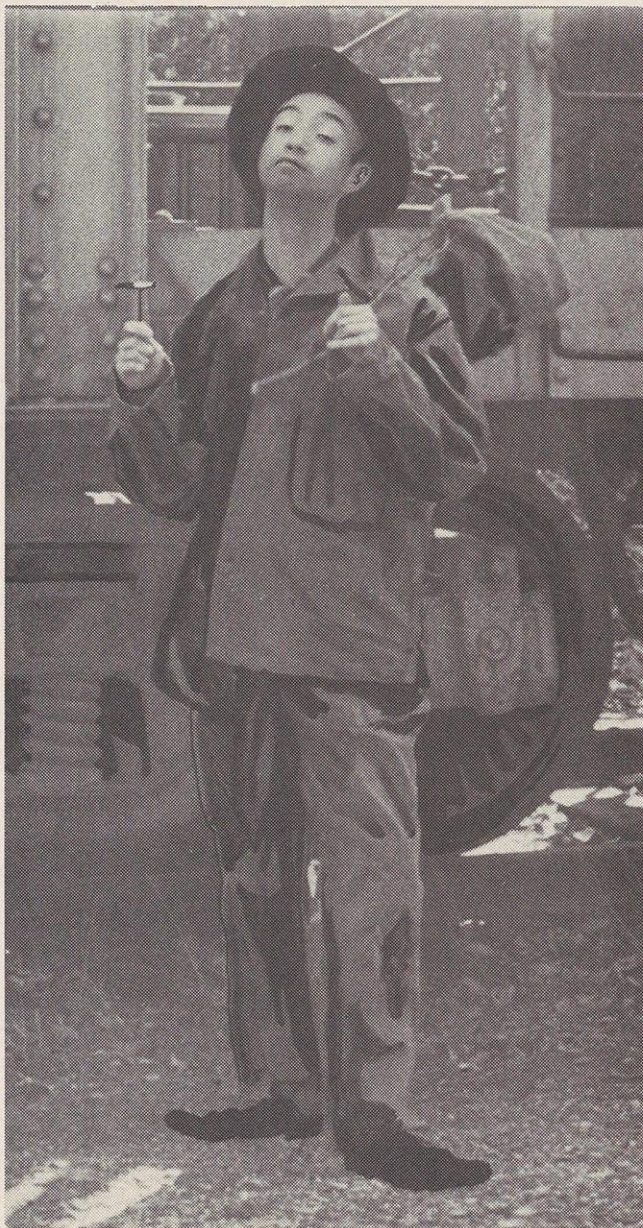


GO APE-STER

ZDUZIE'S APE-STER CO.

The Partially Unsolved Mystery of the Purloined Cornerstones

by Joseph McBrady Kaburpish



Mssr. Kaburpish, although an imbecile plagued by falling hair, has succeeded in writing this modern day epic for Octy readers. It may be interesting to note that the original draft of the story was assembled with lettered blocks from the Psych. department, we don't know.

Ramprage was a quiet, peaceful city that nestled apologetically against the foothills of Rockridge Mountain. Ramprage was an average American city, populated densely with average American citizens. Average, that is, until that fateful day in June when . . .

. . . when the telephone, resting lazily on the desk, rang desperately. Chief Mahoney reached for it.

"Hello!" he asked.

The voice at the other end spoke out excitedly. "I'd like to speak to the chief of police!"

"Speaking."

"Well, I wish to report the theft of a cornerstone."

The chief could hardly believe his ears. "I see," he drawled. "Give me your name and address, and I'll send a man right out."

No one paid particular attention to the theft of the first cornerstone; it was novel, but nothing more. Yet, as the disappearances became more numerous, interest mounted. Soon the Ramprage Daily Gazette picked up the story. Headlines read, **BAFFLING CRIME WAVE HITS RAMPRAGE**. Underneath, in smaller letters, came **CORNERSTONES VANISH BY THE SCORE**. The article itself contained the real story:

Ramprage, June 29, 1939. A new series of baffling thefts have left the local police nonplussed. Several cornerstones have mysteriously vanished from all but one building in our metropolis. A statement from Chief of Police Howard H. Mahoney revealed today that in spite of the fact that the culprit (or culprits) left no clues, he promised to make an arrest within five days.

Cont'd CRIME WAVE page five.

Chief Mahoney leaned back in his swivel chair and chortled smugly. Ah, yes, he thought . . . within five days. The solution had bared itself so neatly. It was really so simple, he thought. The thefts, he had deduced, had one thing in common; they occurred in a perfectly regular cycle. Oh, it was *so* simple! The chief again chortled smugly. Since the crimes had become so completely periodical, he always knew in advance when the next crime would occur; the only thing he never knew was where. So, all he had to do was sit back and wait until only one cornerstone remained, and then . . .

Again, he chortled. Oh, it was so very, very easy when one possessed the capacity.

The time had come. He looked at his watch. Four more days to go, he mused. Just four. Then I shall have the culprit (or culprits) in my power! He laughed childishly.

The four days passed with amazing rapidity, twenty four hours apiece. In the inky blackness of the night, police cars stole insidiously down the dimly lit streets of Ramprage, all converging on one spot, a block from the Ramprage National Bank. Dark forms crept from the cars, spreading into a wide circle around the bank which loomed menacingly in the dark sky. The air was shot with tension.

Chief Mahoney, his back pressed flatly against the shadowed side of a stone wall, inched his way cautiously toward the building. Then the nemesis of all evil paused. He was tense with anticipation.

"What time is it now?" he drawled in forced nonchalance to the form behind him.

"Ten to," the form answered.

"Thanks," he chortled. "Give the signal; see if the others are ready."

"Yes sir." The form puckered his lips. The dreadful silence was punctured suddenly by the cry of a hoot

Continued on page 24



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

Wooden Bowl

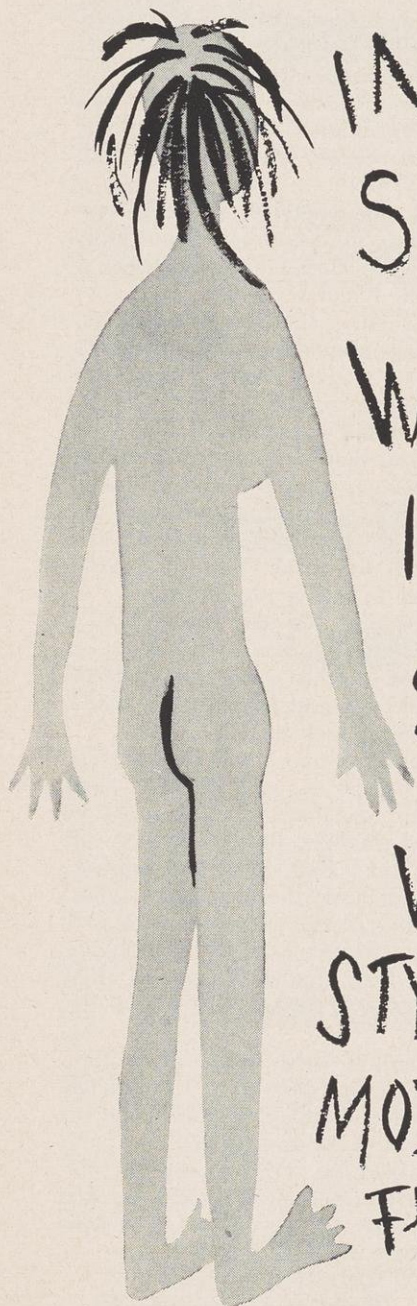
AT THE LARK

2550 UNIVERSITY AVE.

Parking At the Rear of A. and P. Lot

Recommended by Duncan Hines

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



IN 13000 B.C.
SMARTWOMEN
WORE NOTHING
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Next to New Library

Continued from page 22

owl—one short hoot and two longs. Before it faded entirely away it was answered by a nightingale, a mocking bird, a bullfinch, and a canary—two short tweets and a long.

And then it happened.

As the bells in a nearby church tolled the hour of midnight, it happened. With the pealing of the first silvery tones, Chief Mahoney grew taut. His sensitive ears picked up a sound—the barely audible yet unmistakable sound of sandstone grinding on sandstone. He gasped in amazement. For there, before his unbelieving eyes, the cornerstone began to recede into the building! Before he could gather his wits about him, it was gone, leaving only a black void in its stead.

When the chief finally lifted himself from his trance, he put a whistle to his lips and blew a shrill blast on it. Out of the night came scores of black forms. They rushed forward expectantly. Then they stopped, confused.

The chief shoved his way through the mob of uniformed men to the spot at which they gaped. He peered into the hole where the cornerstone had been.

"Into the building, men!" he shouted suddenly, and sixty-six men darted after him as he bolted through the door, left open for him by the thoughtful night watchman. They covered every inch of the building with a fine-tooth comb, but to no avail until a man moved a filing cabinet from one corner of the room.

"I've found it!" he shouted.

And, sure enough, there was the hole which corresponded very much to the one on the outside. Investigation proved it to be the other end of the very same hole!

Chief Mahoney studied the hole carefully. After a thorough examination, he turned to the men who had massed about him, eager with suspense, and drawled slowly, "Men, we are up against it. This fiendish culprit (or culprits) is much smarter than we anticipated. The cornerstone was obviously loosened in advance so that sharply at the stroke of twelve it was ready to be removed from within. I suspect this is an inside job!"

A murmur of amazement rippled through the crowd of men. They parted in awe as Mahoney strode triumphantly out of the building.

On the following day, subpoenas were delivered to every employee in the bank. Singly, each was interrogated, but with no results. In desperation, the chief issued warrants and the home of all suspected underwent a rigorous search, but still without results. Once sus-

picious were aroused when upon searching through the home of Cuthbert Wickelford, assistant teller No. 7, the police came across a basement piled high with old and new cornerstones. Wickelford, however, absolved himself by stating that they had been bequeathed to him by an eccentric uncle.

Across the nation, newspapers caught up the story. It became the unsolved mystery of the era. WHO PURLOINED THE CORNERSTONES FROM RAMPRAGE? AND WHY? asked the Philadelphia *Sun*. RAMPRAGE IN AN UPRAGE! screamed the headlines of the San Francisco *Telegram*. At the request of the Ramprage Chamber of Commerce, Chief of Police Howard H. Mahoney resigned voluntarily from office. Ramprage became known as the city without a cornerstone. It was their humiliation, yet the citizens of Ramprage endured it magnanimously.

For years the crime went unsolved. Then one day, nearly twenty years later, a letter was delivered to the new chief of police, Patrick Henry O'Tooligan, which blew the case wide open. It read as follows:

To whom it may concern:

I am writing this letter with the intention of partially solving the mystery of the purloined cornerstones. As you read on, you may understand why I have sealed it in an envelope and had it hidden away in a deposit box with instructions that it be mailed to the Ramprage chief of police only after my death, whenever that shall be.

I hereby confess that I, single-handed, stole the cornerstones from the buildings in Ramprage. Knowingly and willingly, I filched every cornerstone available. I did it without compunction. I had to do it!

As a child, I had been brutally neglected, since I numbered one of ten in a family of middle income bracket. My mother neglected me to a great degree, so I soon grew accustomed to foraging for myself.

There was one thing that I always wanted, however, and could never possess, and that was a set of building blocks. Desperately, I contrived, connived, and contested for a set, but to no avail. It was then that a strange, unnatural desire found its basis. As I grew, a fixation for building blocks smoldered within me. But, as I grew, mere toy blocks soon ceased to satisfy my craving.

Then one day, while waiting on the corner for a streetcar named Perspire, my eye was attracted by a beautiful chocolate colored marble cornerstone. Once again the fire flamed inside me, and I knew then that I had to have that cornerstone. I took it.

For a time, I was happy. But one day I knew that a single cornerstone would not be enough. I had to steal another. It was green, and metamorphic; I adored it. Then I stole another, and another, until they were all mine, all mine. Only then did I find supreme happiness. I spent evenings roaming about my beloved cornerstones, gloating over them, reveling in the surging emotions I experienced in running my fingers over them, touching first one glorious texture, then another. Every so often I even rearranged them to form unique patterns of design.

Understand, while I admit to these thefts, at no time did I ever feel a guilt for having done what I did. I felt perfectly justified in doing it. I place all the blame on my mother, who in a period of want, neglected me.

As to how I accomplished my deeds, well, for the safety of the nation at large, that must remain forever a secret. It shall die with me; to prevent possible repetition, I shall forever remain reticent.

Very truly yours,
Cuthbert R. Wickelford

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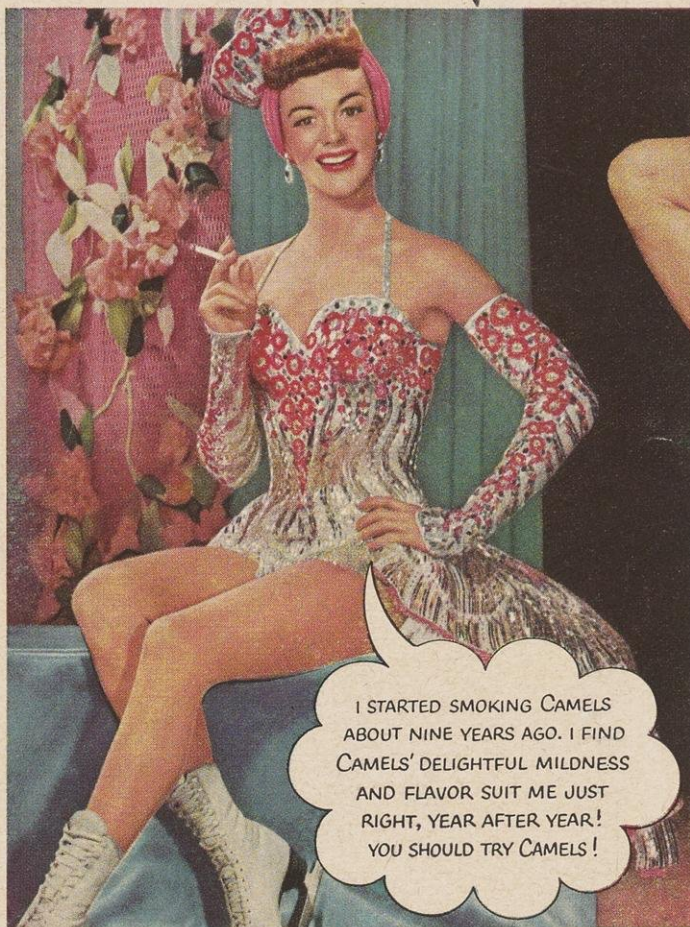
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