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EMERALD HIT NO. 1



OSTOPUS

DECEMBER 25¢

Heigh Ho—the Holly!

—and here's a cheerful thought—Cheney Cravats!—always a welcome gift because they're always in good taste. For all day-time and evening occasions.

Your favorite shops carry them.



CHENEY
CRAVATS

MADE OF CHENEY SILKS



YOUR XMAS GOOSE

Every one wants to go home to that big Xmas dinner looking his best. If you are going to be home for the holiday parties you will likely need a suit, a tux or new apparel of some sort. In the many bargains that the Co-op is now offering it is easy to find some thing that you need to make The Season more complete.

SPECIAL

SUITS
\$31⁵⁰

O'COATS
\$31⁵⁰

THE CO-OP

Is now showing Xmas Gift Ideas that will carry a touch of college to the friends at home.

XMAS SALE

The Annual Co-op Xmas Sale
Is Now In Progress

THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

The Student's Store

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

II



There are TOO MANY WOMEN

● Katharine Brush has written the saga of a professional life-guard.

A tea-brown giant in a brief gray suit, he followed the sun and the sun-burned swimmers North in summer and South in winter. His profile, like a head for a coin, belonged against a background of beach and beach umbrellas and bright silk beach pajamas—and women. Women's eyes were always on him, but his blue gaze was not to be held for long . . . And then he met Ruby in a hot little inland town where there was no sea, no sand, no nothing—just a girl with yellow hair and violet eyes. Just one girl, when there were a hundred million in the world.

A Complete Novelette by

KATHARINE BRUSH

One of the grandest of a series of grand stories this writer has done for College Humor, in the next issue.

College Humor

M A G A Z I N E

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

JACK WITTRUP
PAUL FULCHER
"BALLY"
TED HOLSTEIN
ARNOLD SUNDGAARD
IRVING BELL
GLUYAS WILLIAMS
"BILLY"
JEAN LITTLEJOHN

THE NEW DRURY *by Walk-Over*



English type brogue that laces over the instep with unusual compactness. Gives a trim, tailored look to your foot. Imported black calfskin, plump and supple. Semi-tapered toe, \$10.

Walk-Over Shoe Store

8 South Carroll St.

On Capitol Square



\$3.98

Men's patent plain toe dress oxford, rubber heel. An exceptional value.
Same in Black Gun Metal, \$4.98



\$1.98

Women's Feathered Satin Mule. Soft Sole. Covered Heel. Assorted Colors.



\$1.98

Men's Brown Kid Everette. Overlay Design on Vamp. Leather Heel. Rubber Sole.



\$1.49

Men's Brown Kid Hi-Low; contrasting colored Cuff. Soft Sole and Heel.

Kinney Shoes
G. R. KINNEY CO., INC.

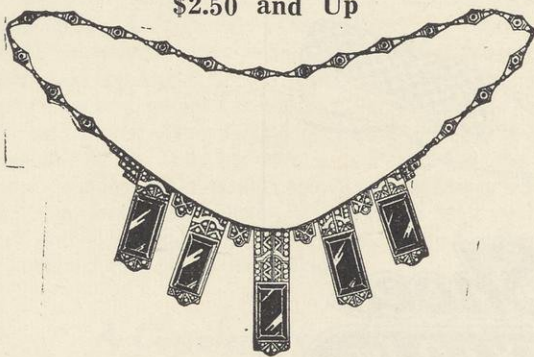
Give Costume Jewelry



For Xmas Gifts

Exquisite in taste are these articles, combining modernity with a delicate grace. As a Christmas cadeau to Milady there is nothing more appropriate. And consider, too, the very attractive prices that prevail. Won't you inspect our Yule showing?

\$2.50 and Up



For Rings	\$2.50
Cloisonne Compacts	6.00
Slave Bracelets	2.00

HARRY T. BLUM
Jeweler

316 STATE STREET

Blue eyes gaze at mine.—

Soft hands clasped in mine.—

Fair hair brushing mine.—

Red lips close to mine.—

Lithe body close to mine.—

Footsteps.—

Vexation.

Palpitation.

Expectation.

Temptation.

Aspiration.

Damnation.

—Pointer



A Colored Gentleman (on being asked what was meant by tact): I can't express it, boss, but I know what it is.

Boss: Well, Sam, can you give me an example?

Sam: Yes, suh. You know I cleans up around this hotel, and when the other day I step into the bathroom on de second floor an' there was a lady in there, I stepped right out an' said: Pardon me, suh! Well, when I said Pardon me, that was politeness, but when I said suh, that was tact!!!

—Log

Santa:

Recommend You Visit Him

«VIA»





BADGER RENT-A-CAR















State at Henry

Fairchild 6200

WE DELIVER

RANNENBERG-PARR, Mgrs.






Gift

Suggestions For HIM



WHETHER IT'S A UNIVERSITY MAN, BROTHER, FATHER, OR GRAND FATHER, OUR SHOP HAS PREPARED A SELECTION OF GIFTS THAT IS BOTH PLEASING AND DISTINCT AND AT THE SAME TIME REASONABLE IN PRICE.

ROBES
SLIPPERS
PAJAMAS
NECKWEAR
WOOL HOSE
SHIRTS
SCARFS
GLOVES
SWEATERS

AND MANY NOVEL SETS AND CASE THAT WILL PLEASE A MAN



109 STATE STREET




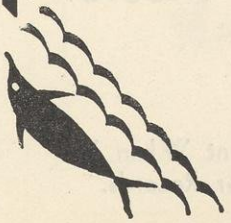
If..

you are going to graduate . . . or if, for that matter, you aren't . . . if you have disappointed someone in love . . . or if perchance someone has disappointed you . . . if study has impaired your health or if it hasn't . . . if you've never seen a whale or if a whale has never seen you . . . if you've never driven through the Bois at dawn . . . if you've never tamed the lions at Trafalgar Square . . . if your feet hurt or if your back aches . . . or if you're alive at all . . . it's an STCA passage abroad and back you need and incidentally, a stopover in EUROPE . . . about \$200. Round Trip . . . up-to-the-minute accommodations . . . careful cuisine . . . college orchestras . . . lecturers . . . the only modern loan libraries . . . all maintained entirely for college people and their friends . . . more than 5000 college people insisted upon STCA for their crossing last summer . . . now it's your turn . . . don't be left on the wrong end of the gangplank see . . .

VERNA RAVENSCROFT
601 N. Henry St.
B. 1489

or

STUDENT THIRD CABIN ASSOCIATION
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
40 N. Dearborn St., Chicago



URGENT... yet as various as a young girl's whims... a syn-copated steeplechase of Ole Man Trouble... Mister, you sure got music when you dance to Victor Record No. 22558!

Arden and Ohman—no lusty ivory-ticklers quite like them—record this Broadway wow for Victor with their own most understanding band.

Note list below. Each is a meaty wallop—matchless of its kind. Victor records what you want—first... and the greatest orchestras and artists, from jazz to symphony, record for Victor—*exclusively!*



Victor
Records

Hear These!

22558—"I GOT RHYTHM"
"EMBRACEABLE YOU"

Arden & Ohman Orch.

22512—"WILL YOU REMEMBER VIENNA"
"I BRING A LOVE SONG"

Leo Reisman & Orch.

23010—"PENALTY OF LOVE"
"LOVIN' YOU THE WAY I DO"

Rubber Riley & His Mileage Makers

23015—"MY MAN FROM CAROLINE"
"I LIKE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE THAT"

Joe Venuti & His Orch.

The Music You Want
When You Want It... on



Victor Records

Hear The Above And All The
Other Good Victor Hits At

**FORBES-MEAGHER MUSIC
COMPANY**

27 W. Main

Now You Can Make A Victor Record
Cost Only 25c

We are equipped to record your voice or your instrument. Come on in you hot quartets—record your voice. Use it at your fraternity—give it to your girl—send it home to mother—keep it to play in the future when it will be a treasured keepsake.

**FORBES-MEAGHER MUSIC
COMPANY**

27 W. Main



"The Music You Want When You
Want It On Victor Records."

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY

(A Tragedy in 5 Acts)

Act One

Time: 1:36 A. M.

Place: Grady's. Scene opens with "School Days". All are studying for exams. All are dressed to retire. All hear rapping on window without shade. Theme song at this point is "Who is that knocking at my door?"

G. I. P. W. (Girl in pink wrapper): Did you hear that?

G. I. O. W. (Girl in orange wrapper): Did I hear what?

Note: Orange and pink together suggest tragedy.

Yes this is going to be a tragedy, give us time.

G. I. P. W.: Did you hear that rapping?

G. I. O. W.: No, I did not hear that rapping!

G. I. P. W.: Oh.

All resume studying.

Curtain

Act Two

Time: 1:55. (Note: Numbers 3, 5, 7, are always used in tragedy.)

Place: Grady's. Scene opens with "School Days". All are studying for exams. All are dressed to retire. All hear rapping on window without shade. (It is still without, and always will be without a shade we think.) Theme song at this point "Please come down and let me in."

G. I. P. W.: Did you hear that?

G. I. O. W.: Did I hear what?

G. I. P. W.: Did you hear that rapping?

G. I. O. W.: No, I did not hear that rapping!

G. I. P. W.: Oh.

All resume studying.

Curtain

Act Three

Time: 1:366-3:333 (Inclusive).

Place: Porch Roof at Grady's. Scene opens with "I'll see you in your dreams". Character is arranged out of sight in corner. Window without shade in background. IS THIS SANTA?

I. T. S. (Is this santa) Wraps on window at 1:36.

I. T. S. Wraps on window at 1:55. (Note use of five in tragedy.) Scene closes with "Please come down and let me in".

Act Four

Time: 2:15 A. M.

Place: Grady's. Silence prevails. All have retired except G. I. P. W. She is studying by window without shade.

G. I. P. W.: OOOOOO (Screams) OOOOOO Runs down hall for she has heard a rapping on window!

Curtain

Act Five

Time: Any.

Scene: The same.

Place: Grady's.

And here, dear readers, is the tragedy. There ain't no 5th act.

Curtain

—Billy

The room was dark.
It was two A. M.
Her father came to the top of the stairs and called.
No answer.
He came to the bottom of the stairs and called.
No answer.
Angrily striding into the parlor, he switched on the lights.
There was no one there.

—Missouri Outlaw



The census taker approached a little tumble-down shanty on the outskirts of Savannah and pushed his way through a bunch of little pickannies who were playing in front of the door. He knocked. The door was opened by a large lady of color. After the usual preliminary questions the statistics gatherer asked:

"What's your husband's occupation, Liza?"

"He ain't got no occupashun. He's daid. He done passed away fo-teen yeahs ago, suh," replied the negress.

"Then who do all these little children belong to?"

"Dey's mine, suh."

"Why, I thought you said your husband was dead."

"He is, but ah ain't."

—Jack-o-Lantern

A PART OF MADISON

On the
Capitol
Square



Phone
F. 6400

Make It

LUXITE

Pure Silk Underwear

for a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Styles Are More Beautiful Than Ever Before

For A Gay Holiday Season Choose Your Frock at Bonnie's



Never have we displayed such Gorgeous Frocks. Such materials, such styles. All new modes from New York's smartest styles to

\$15

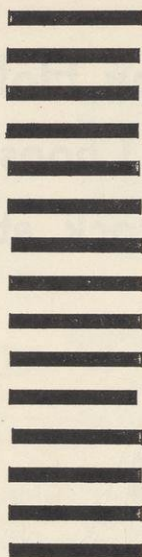
Visit Our New Thrift Department.
Bonnie's Thrift Frocks Always

\$7.75

All Sizes. All Styles. All Materials.

Bonnie FROCKS

231 STATE ST.

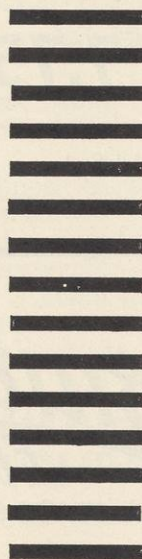


Compliments

of

Harrolds' Inc.
JEWELERS

220 State St.



Father is the necessity of convention.

—Medley



The Mohammedans are reported to have ninety-nine names for God—what an ideal golfer's religion.

—Banter



Dear Mr. Editor:

Will you please read the enclosed poem carefully and return it to me with your candid criticism as soon as possible, as I have other irons in the fire.

My Dear Sir:

Remove the irons and insert the poem.

—Longhorn



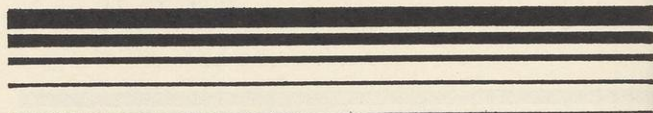
Father (to son): Did you look through the keyhole in the parlor?

Small son: Yes, papa.

Father: And what did you find out?

Small son: The lights, father.

—The Reserve Red Cat



STRENGTH!

Next to Smoothness and Uniformity, the most desirable quality in a drawing pencil is Strength.

The Koh-I-Noor lead is famous for its Strength. Points last longer. And because the lead is so strong and wears so slowly, the Koh-I-Noor is Economical.

17 Degrees of Hardness.

ON SALE AT

Brown's Book Shop
Co-op

KOH-I-NOOR
The Perfect Pencil



Things a Young Girl Should Know!

Ah-ha! It's no easy matter, keeping the boy friend pleased, that is, unless you know how. But there's one sure way of rating Ace high with him at Christmas time, and that's by securing his gift in MANCHESTER'S Men's Department. It's filled with everything a man likes from things to wear to things to use. Just glance down at the list of gifts below, and see if there isn't something there that your boy friend would "go for."

Flannel Bathrobes---In plain colors bound with black - **\$18.00**

Silk Scarfs---The snappiest ones in paisley designs with ends fringed - - **\$3.25**

And **Silk Ties** are always appreciated---hand tailored **\$1.50**

Perhaps your boy friend would appreciate getting a smart cocktail shaker enameled in red and trimmed with black and gold - - **\$7.95**

And if he smokes, give him a black and gold smok-a-dor, attractively designed, **\$1**

Barry S. Manchester, Inc.
The Store of the Christmas Spirit



Fraternity and Sorority Jewelry

For a Christmas gift nothing is nicer than Fraternity Jewelry. We have recently established a complete line, at reasonable prices, and of superb quality

E. W. PARKER

9 W. Main

B. 1404



It is not the size of the tree but the quality of foliage that counts. Likewise we are always ready to do our best no matter what you may ask of us.

at

Netherwood's

519 State

"But, my good man, you're not blind!"

"I know it, lady. I'm woikin' for me brudder; he's sick today."

—Sun Dial



"My sugar goes to bed in her working clothes."

"Howzat?"

"She's an artist's model."

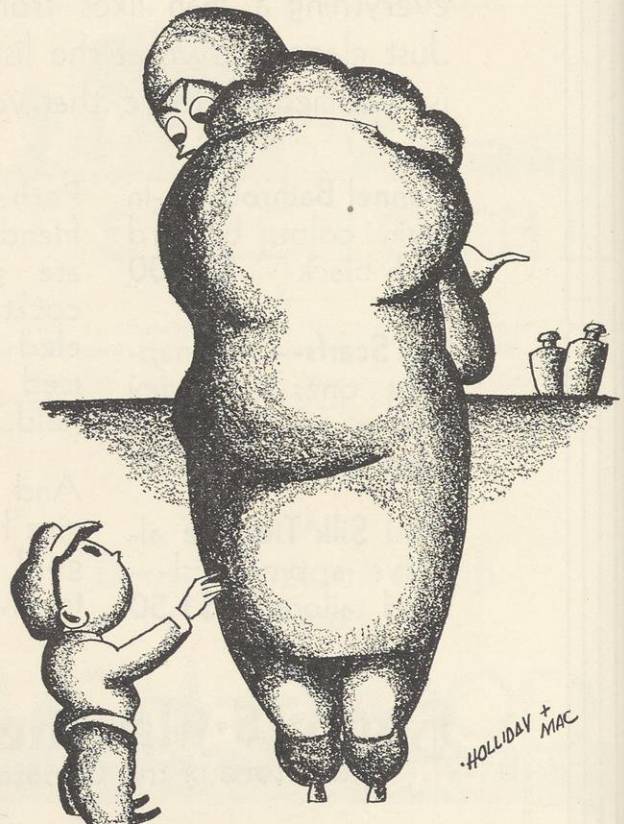
—Mountain Goat



I don't mind it if you date Annie,
Or go out riding with Sue.
You can play all day long or candy,
'Cause honey, you know I trust you.

I don't care if you go for Doris,
Admire her good-lookin' clothes,
But tell me dear, how you knew Lois
Wears chiffon full-fashioned hose!

—Sun Dial



"Lady, how much for one of your stockings?"

Give A Man A Gift He Can Use.

Imported Socks
Imported Ties
Imported Scarfs
Formal Wear
Pajamas

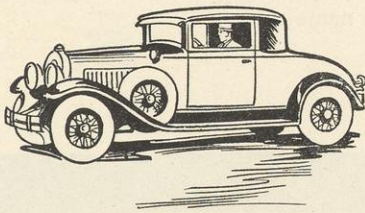
Scotch Sweaters

Pipes
Shirts
Leather Goods
Robes
Clothing

HOAK & DUNN

644 State Street

Drive our car



For Business Or Pleasure—

You will find one of our new Fords a great convenience whether you want it for pleasure or business. Rent one and drive it yourself. Avoid garage rent and other burdensome expenses by using our rental service during these cold winter months.

CAPITAL CITY RENT-A-CAR

THE CAMPUS INSTITUTION OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

531 State Street

Fairchild 334

We Deliver

K
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Madison, Wis.

OLD FASHION

Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

The Richest Candy
In All The World

ONE POUND NET WEIGHT

Chocolate Creams

... state street's perfect gift center

... that's what so many are saying of the Chocolate Shop this year ... Candies, sweets, table decorations — all in a tempting array here ... We'll wrap and ship your Christmas order with no extra cost ... Come in right away.

the chocolate shop

548 state street

"Are you writing that letter to a girl?"
"It's to a former room-mate."
"Answer my question!"

—jack-o-lantern

A lady was waiting to buy a railroad ticket when a stranger bumped into her violently. Feeling that it was done intentionally she glared at him.

"Well," he growled, "don't eat me up."

"No danger of that," she snapped, "I'm a Jewess."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

Steve: Say, Dick, if I take a girl up to the city for a date and bring her back on the last car, and she invites me to sit down on the porch swing for an hour or two, shouldn't I refuse?

Dick: Oh my, yes; by all means—By the way, what did you say her name was?

—Witt

Give BOOKS

... make
everyone
happy

We have books
for everyone on
your Christmas
list.

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

CORNER STATE AND LAKE



~ BROCK ~
ENGRAVING
COMPANY
MADISON

DESIGNERS
PUBLISHERS and ADVERTISERS
for ENGRAVERS

Stationery of Distinction

Quality Job Printing



that EXPRESSES
and IMPRESSES



STRAUS
PRINTING
COMPANY

118 East Main Street

BADGER 1763

Absent-minded Professor's Wife:
Wait, John. Are you sure you've for-
gotten everything?

—Purple Parrot

Professor: What did Juliet say to
Romeo when she saw him in the bal-
cony?

Freshman: Why the hell didn't
you get seats in the orchestra?

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

Motor Cop: Hey, you! Didn't you
hear me say, "Pull over, there?"

Driver: Why I thought you said,
"Good afternoon, Senator."

M. C. (smiling): Isn't it a warm
day, Senator?

—Record



"On account of the market crash,
dear, you won't have to buy me that
fur coat you promised me for Christ-
mas . . . the Rolls will be quite
enough."

's Tough Luck

IF YOU DON'T
HAVE A BIT
OF TIME
TO HAVE

Good Times

AT

THE

Golfette

426 STATE STREET

'NEATH THOMPSON'S STUDIO

These
Little Girls
Have Been
Christmas Shopping
!

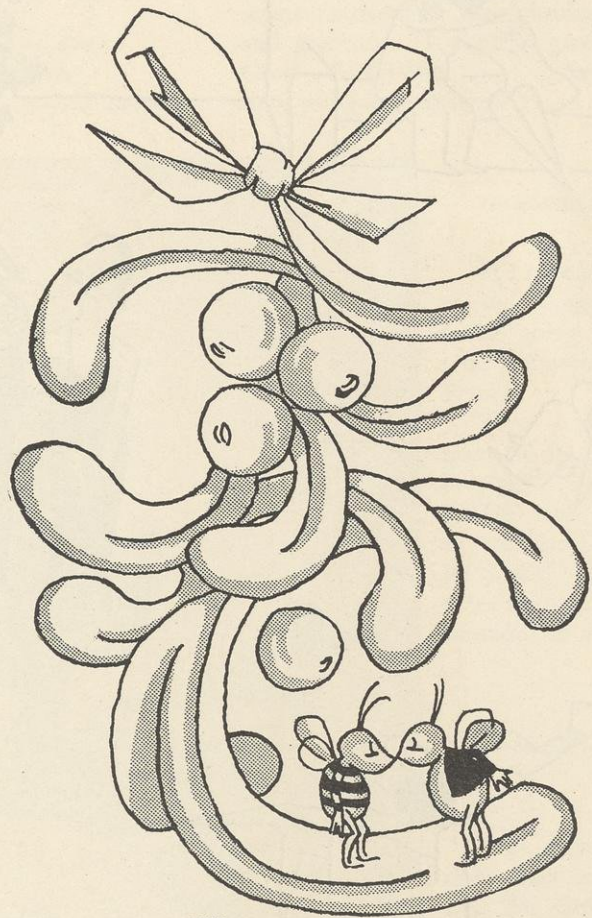


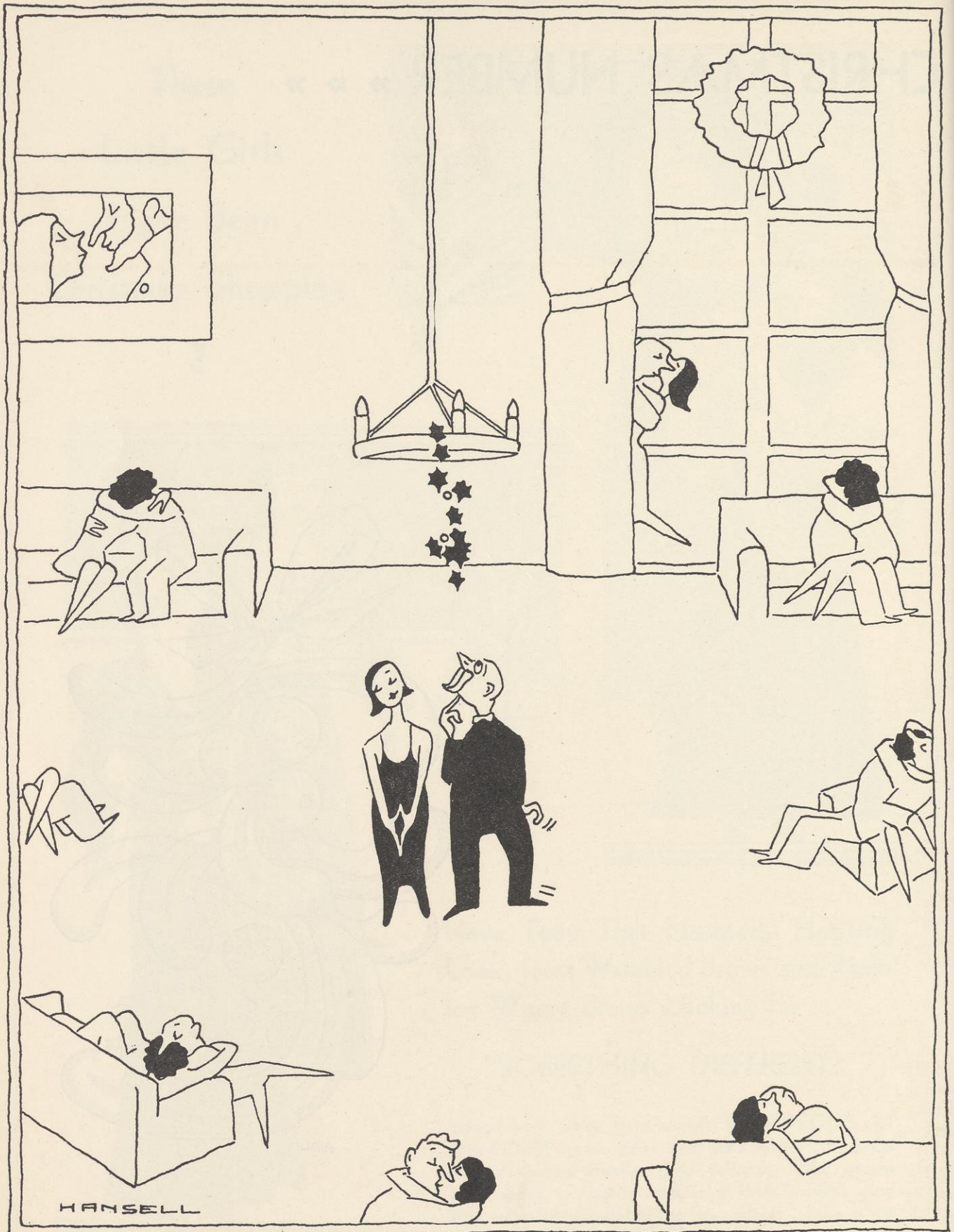
Have They That Haunted, Hunting
Look, from Wrinkled Brows and Rack-
ing Weary Brains Looking for

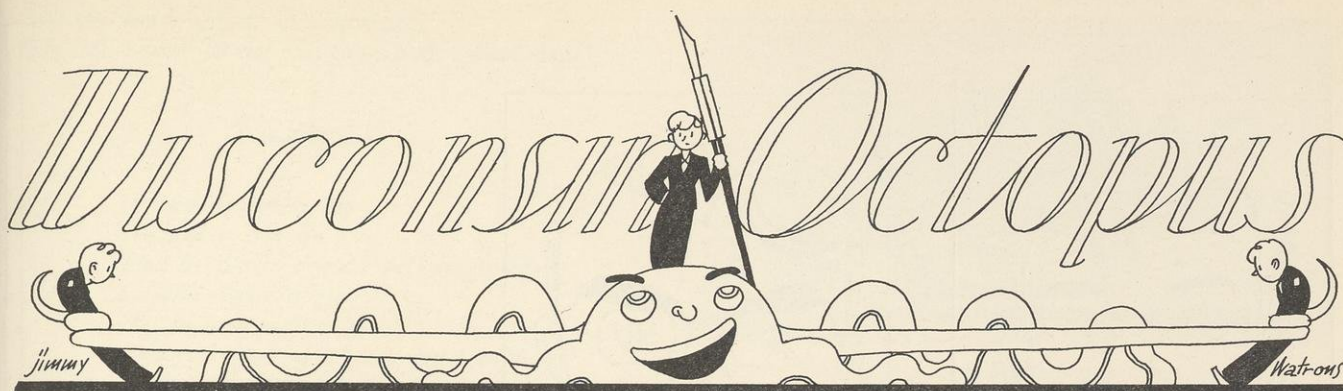
"SOMETHING DIFFERENT?"

Indeed not! They went straight to SIMPSON'S AT THE CO-OP (wise girls) and there they found useful gifts of unusual loveliness, for Mother, Sister, Aunts and Cousins . . . not to mention all their friends. And they were flabbergasted at the low prices! Take a tip from them!

CHRISTMAS NUMBER » » »







"They're always pickin' on royalty."
 "How come?"
 "Here's a guy guilty of assault on three counts."

Have the Russians made any revolutions for the new year?

"He has a Santa Claus complex."
 "Whaddoya mean?"
 "Big hearted."

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

*The penguin
 is so debonair
 because he knows his frigidaire
 has ice cubes
 though his guests
 may stay 'til reeling down
 —six months away.*

—J. Watrous

"The judge gave my brother ten years for forgery."

"Well, if he's of average intelligence, he ought to be able to pick it up in that length of time."

"You know, Joe, at this time of the year, when the joyous spirit of Christmas is all about us, I feel like giving something to everybody. My heart seems to overflow with thanksgiving and gratitude. I want to give. To Give! To GIVE!! . . . Say, Joe, have you got a cigarette?"

"I hear Joe got arrested."

"How come?"

"He tried to steal a march on Souza."

"Please mister, I ain't had a square meal for three days."

"Here's a dime, go buy some bouillion cubes."

"Whatcha mean shooting along here fifty miles an hour? Let's see yer license."

"Here it is."

"Hell, this is a hunting license!"

"Well, yuh said I was shooting, didn't yuh?"



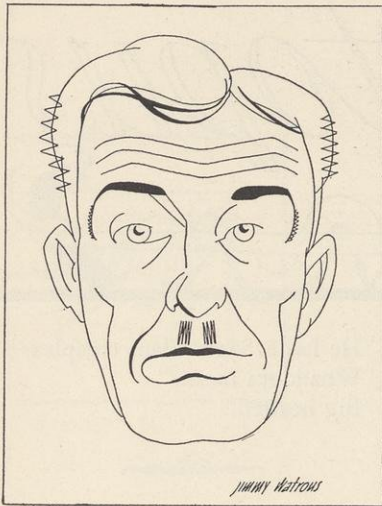
"Harry surprised me by telling me that we're going to take our honeymoon in France."

"How nice, and how did he spring it on you?"

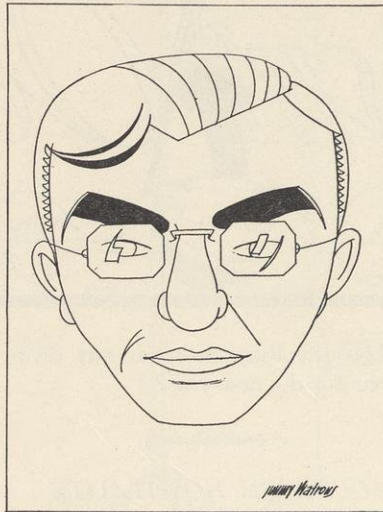
"He said as soon as we were married, he would show me where he was wounded in the war."

Then there is the child who sat up to wait for Santa Claus and gathered evidence enough to chastise the maid, discharge the butler, ruin his mother, and send his father to Reno for a divorce.

The Detective Who Got His Beards Mixed

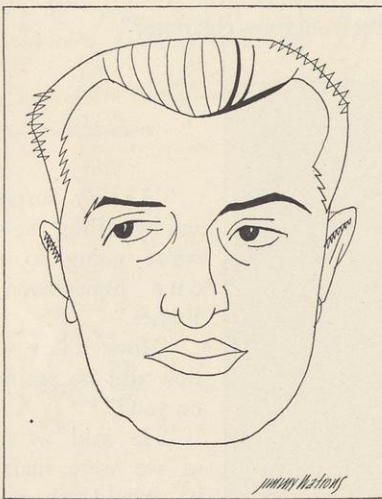


PROF. C. D. COOL

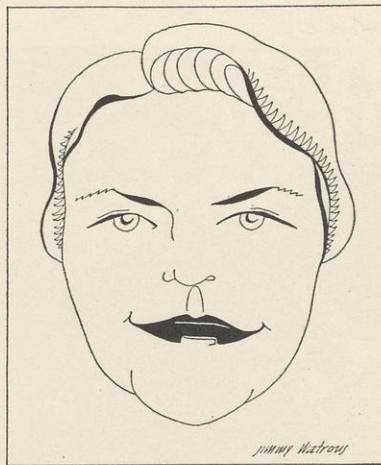


ORRIN EVANS

WITH THE TEMPO



SAMUEL STEINMAN



MARY MARGARET McKILLICAN

OF WISCONSIN

PROF. C. D. COOL—Whose Spanish classes are among the most popular courses offered to Wisconsin students.

ORRIN EVANS—Haresfoot business manager, was recently elected to the presidency of the Senior class.

SAMUEL STEINMAN—Known to Wisconsin's reading public as the "Rambler", is Publicity Director of Haresfoot and Exchange Editor of the Octopus.

MARY MARGARET McKILLICAN—First woman ever to be president of the Badger Board.

"Use the word 'aghost' in a sentence."

"My father went to war and came back aghost man."

*A modern Safety Pin
Decided it was sin
That he should live a lonely single life.
So with romantic grit
He threw a perfect fit
And got a pair of trousers for a wife.*

*Soon he was hauled to court,
But not for non-support
Because a brawny Safety Pin was he.
But as the judge decreed
And the jury quite agreed
To wed a pair was surely bigamy.*

Empire State Bldg.
New York City
Dec. 1, 1930

Mr. Santa Claus
Northpolis
Arctica
Dear Sir:

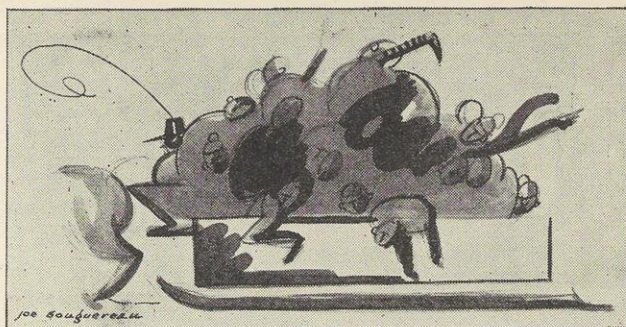
Refer to C963 in reply.

Yours of the 23rd inst. received and in reply would say that we can use one model F16 electric train of weight and traction power as stated in your catalog.

We were very much dissatisfied last season with delivery of our order and hope you will have the goods shipped so they will arrive here Xmas and not the day after.

Also include one enameled trumpet, complete with mute; three pounds of Xmas candy and one of English walnuts; one abbreviated golf set; a bicycle with oil can, pump, valve caps, and spare sprocket. And for God's sake don't send any flannel underwear as in the past or we shall close our accounts with you immediately.

Yours truly,
Junior.



"I know it's cold, but rub your own leg."

THE FRATERNITY MAN OBSERVES CHRISTMAS

He returns a pair of corduroy trousers to his room-mate.
He returns seven neckties to brothers on the second floor.
He returns overdue books to the library.

He returns the homecoming decorations to the police department.

He returns the girl friend to the house president.

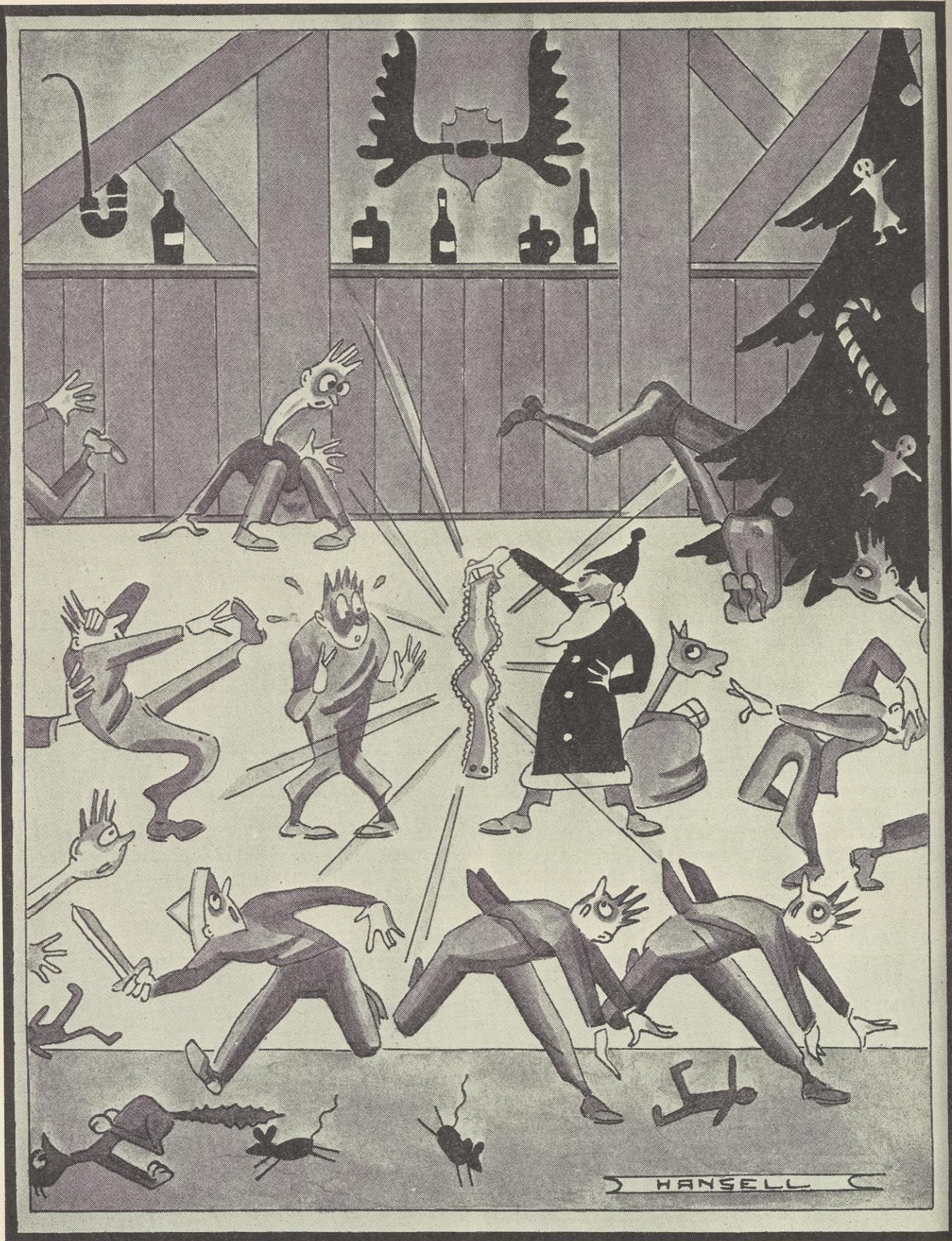
He returns home and comes back a non-fraternity man.

It was eleven o'clock on December 24th. A little boy, his slight figure almost buried in the soft folds of the easy chair, was reading Grimm's *Fairy Tales* by the light of the fire that crackled merrily in the fireplace. Now and then his gaze lifted from the book and he glanced expectantly at the fireplace. Suddenly he heard a noise coming from up the chimney. A sweeping, brushing sound, as if a cloth were being rubbed on the inside of the flue. A cloud of soot came down the chimney and blew into the room.

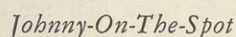
The boy, with all the keen insight of the present generation said, "What the hell! I thought those chimney sweepers were Union men and didn't work after six o'clock," and continued his reading.

—Mac





Fraternity Life at Wisconsin.
NO. 8: PHI PSI



Love is an urchin,
A poor gutter rat,
Starved and anemic,
But happy at that.

I'm sorry to give you such short notice, Mr. Phillum, but I wonder if you could arrange for a little funeral this afternoon. You see I'm killing my husband some time this morning, and I want to have everything ready. Oh, I don't want anything fancy—just a plain coffin and a few pleasant flowers, and a little sad music—you know, just a little home-like affair for a few of my closest friends. Now I want everything to be just so, because this is my first venture in homicide, and I wouldn't want anything to go wrong for the world. I think you understand how it is. I'm really so amateurish about these things. You say you can have everything ready by two o'clock? Oh, that would be just splendid. I'll hurry and get the corpse ready and you can come right over and call for it. Oh, I'm so thrilled!

No matter how you move it, writing paper remains stationery.

Then there was the Chicago gunman who had lead pudding for Christmas dinner.

*Rejoice to see tradition go,
Especially the mistletoe,
For now a girl desires a kiss,
No matter where the leafage is.*
—Irving Bell

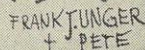
"Did Santa Claus come down your chimney this Christmas?"

"Why, Aunt Emma! Santa Claus is as old as Methuselah. Imagine even grandpop climbing down a flight of bricks."

"When my brother went to college, he was a marked man within a month."

"He must have been rushed by all the fraternities."

"No, he was out for football, and in the first game some guy stepped on his face."



"And I told dem kids if dey wasn't good . . ."

AN OLD CIVIL WAR CODE

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By

IRVING BELL

AS DAN WALTERS, Jr. drove Kathryn home from the Willow Wood he told her that he loved her. To prove it, Dan kissed her again and again. Then, as if they were not satisfied, he turned up a narrow dirt road, parked, and repeated the process. Dan was gay and Kay was obligingly indifferent.

It was because he failed the exam that he had filled himself with antifreeze mixture and had danced until a Willow Wood employe began sweeping the floor. Not to pass Spanish or comparative literature was bad enough, but to flunk his major was an undeniable tragedy. With the aid of liquor and Kathryn Joyce he had kept a nonchalant attitude.

Kay was a blithe little blonde with eyes which no one tried to describe but only to appreciate. Her lips were warm and willing. To Dan she was an indispensable part of an enjoyable date. She worked in a restaurant near the campus in the daytime and, not being a student, was available nights. This was one of the latter.

"Danny," whispered Kay, "you should grow a bristly beard on your upper lip."

"Why?" he asked.

"So I could have a reason for resisting you," she said.

When Dan had taken her home, he went to Jack's for a few more drinks. He felt inspired in general and enraptured over Kathryn in particular. He would write Kay. In fact he would propose to her. She had every reason to want to marry him. And he liked her.

"Let's see that titewriter," asked Dan.

Jack brought him the old three-row Corona from a nearby table, offered him a few sheets of paper. Dan adjusted a sheet and pounded out a letter which more nearly resembled a telegram.

DARLING BABY — AWFULLY IN LOVE WITH YOU HONEY. ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY ME? NO IS NOT THE RIGHT ANSWER. YOUR DEVOTED DANNY.

He struck the keys of the typewriter with a confidence in his aim, put the



He Leaped to the Phone and Called Jack's.

letter in an envelope, and left it with Jack to address and mail. Jack was very helpful that way.

Then he started home. Things were slightly hazy, but he was well satisfied with what he had done. Kay was a nice girl all right, and they'd get along swell. What if she was a waitress? Better men than he had done the same thing. So he justified himself on the winding way to the house, where he shed his clothes in a ring on the floor and flopped into bed.

Somebody woke him for an eight o'clock class, and he dressed in time for comparative literature at 11. But he didn't go to comparative literature. Being in a more sober state than on the previous night, he realized that he was engaged to Kathryn Joyce of the Green Grasshopper Cafe. He leaped to the telephone and called Jack's.

"Did you mail the note, Jack?" he asked eagerly.

"Rely on me, Dan. I always carry out orders."

He sank into a chair with a groan and had visions of his mother reading the engagement notice.

"Daniel Walters, Jr., only son of the automobile manufacturer and a senior at the state university, is reported engaged to a restaurant waitress. Walters was prom chairman last year."

His fraternity brothers were surprised to find Dan still in bed in the middle of the afternoon studying a book entitled, "Advanced Inorganic Chemistry". He didn't seem sociable, so they left him alone.

"Miss Joyce on the phone!" someone hollered. Half fearing that Kathryn had already made the announcement and half hoping that the letter had been irretrievably lost in transit, he answered the phone.

"It was sweet of you to write me, Danny," came the familiar voice. "But I don't understand what you mean by all those numbers and punctuation marks."

"Numbers and punctuation marks," mused Dan inaudibly. "Oh", he said, "that's an old Civil War code meaning 'Give my regards to your father'."

And he pictured himself before the typewriter at Jack's touching the key marked "figure" instead of the one labeled "capital".

%@4#8:— "&"3 —began the letter.

A rolling stone may gather no moss
but it does gather momentum.

"I got a night letter the other day."
"Howdja know?"
"Had a black rim around it."

"Officer, that man stole a kiss from
me."
"Hmm, a case of petting larceny, I
suppose."

"And what is Santa Claus going to
bring you, my little man?"

"Aw, hell, dis Santa Claus guy is
nuts. Last year I ast for an automatic
and he brung me a cap pistol."

The New Year's resolution of the
Communist party is a revolution.

He didn't believe in Santa Claus,
but he was gifted nevertheless.

MODERN THEORIES OF SANTA CLAUS

That he has a master key.

That he has a relative in every de-
partment store.

That it requires only three minutes
for him to travel from the north pole
to a Sunday school party.

That he rarely puts presents in a
stocking worn longer than three days
previous to Christmas.

That his gifts come exclusively
from Montgomery Ward & Company.

That the Republicans are responsible
for his not stopping in the slum dis-
tricts.

That he makes deliveries in the
Graf Zeppelin.

That he is George Bernard Shaw.

That there is no Santa Claus.

"Use Mistletoe in a sentence."
"The enemy's mistletoe—a hole in
the roof of the French Cathedral."

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Cocktail shaker disguised as a cane.

Cane disguised as an umbrella.

Poker chips disguised as overcoat but-
tons.

Cigarette lighter disguised as Statue
of Liberty.

A FRATERNITY MAN MAKES HIS 1931 RESOLUTIONS

I hereby resolve,

Not to steal, but to borrow, my
roommate's ties.

To smoke at least two cigarettes of
my own each day.

To date only girls of my own ac-
quaintance.

To leave some gas in my car now
and then when a brother wants to
use it.

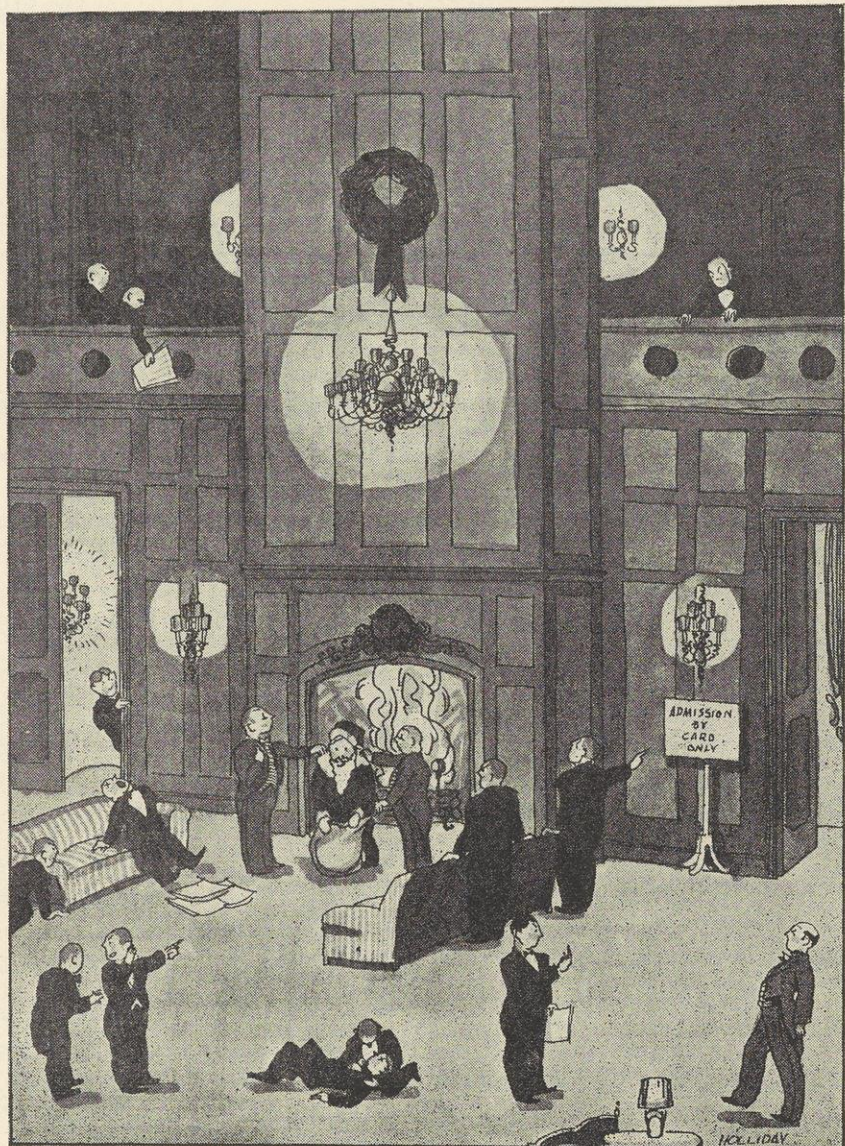
To let the social chairman run one
or two parties the way he wants to.

To bring my own liquor to the
house parties except when I'm broke.

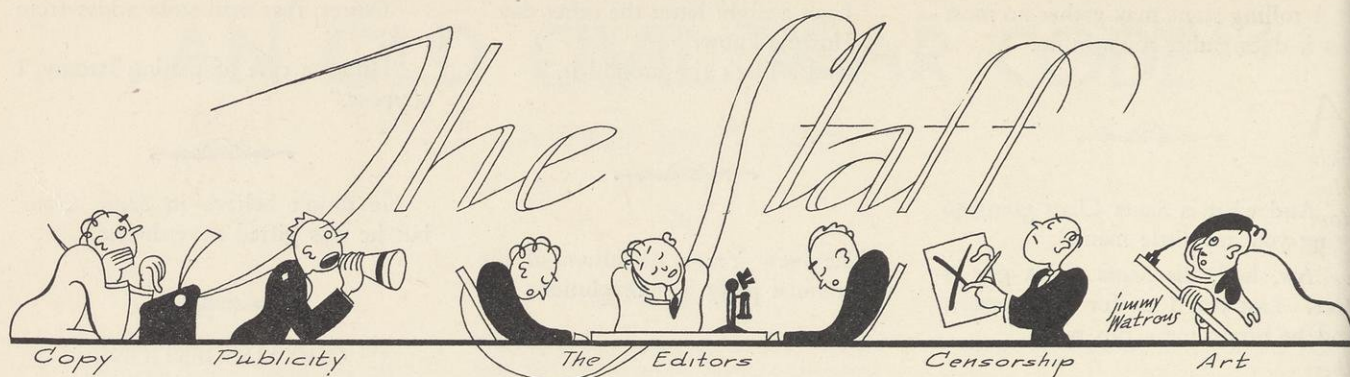
Not to kick about the meals all of
the time, only occasionally.

To use my own tux at the parties.

To live at the house.



Santa Claus Invades The Ultra-Exclusive Harvard Graduate Club



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GORDON SWARTHOUT

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DECEMBER 11, 1930

No. 4

THE INSANITY CLAUS

IN THE entire university, probably there are not a dozen students who do not plan on doing some kind of academic work over Christmas vacation. Some intend to write a paper, some are going to study up a language, some will do back work, and many plan on doing a chapter or two of thesis.

The majority of these people . . . if this year is like other years . . . will probably eat a lot, sleep a lot, and maybe discover that the girl back home to whom they have been true (more or less) doesn't really care whether they were or not. Then, there is always the possibility of realizing how handsome Johnny has grown since he was promoted to assistant manager, or finding out how really nice the house guest is who came up to spend the holidays with the girl next door.

All in all . . . Christmas vacation usually turns out to be a pretty busy time, whether or not there are any odds and ends left over from school.

A few misguided souls will probably do about half the

work they planned, and about what is absolutely necessary. The remainder will let the thought of what they should be doing spoil a moment now and then which otherwise could have been well enjoyed.

Of course, the ideal thing would be for every student to have all his work up to date when school is out, but as the average undergraduate is essentially human, such a state of affairs is hardly possible.

Those whose marks are so low that they have to have a firm belief in Santa Claus to get by the finals should take the old fellow to their bosoms. But at any event, let school fade into the background during the holidays and have a good time.

Worrying about studies, coming finals, uncompleted work over Christmas vacation is not the way to spend the holiday season. It's the Insanity Claus in the collegian's Christmas.

Now . . . sez Octy . . . A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

SPARE THE ROPE

ATENTION, Wisconsinites! We are being roped in . . . or, more aptly, roped out. Although the bulk of the student body has not yet realized it, a severe blow has been directed at the traditional rights and freedom of the Wisconsin undergraduate.

What Octy wishes to do at this point, is to start an investigation to find out WHO ROPED OFF THE PARKING PLACES along the Drive, and why.

If the state is behind this move to deprive students of their rights on the Drive, it can only be because they wish to protect the wild life in the game refuge of which the Drive is a part. If this is the case, Octy will be glad to circulate a petition in all fraternity houses and dormitories which will pledge all men who wish to park on the Drive to the following procedure:

Any man, who, for any reason, might wish to park his car in the trees along the Drive, will, before running off the main road, get out of said car and chase all the rabbits, quail, and pheasants out of the underbrush before driving in, so that there will be no danger of injury to the wild life in the game refuge.

If the University is behind the dastardly deed, we wish to remind them that students who park along the Drive in spite of the formidable fences are liable to be run into if they do not leave the lights on their car burning. If they leave the lights on, the battery will be so run down that the car won't start in cold nights in time to have the co-eds in by ten-thirty.

Another thing we might point out is that the action shows a very poor lack of cooperation in these hard times. Students, deprived of parking privileges on the Drive, are going to park on sorority davenport to the ultimate destruction of same. Sororities should rise up to protect their furniture.

If the University has roped off these old standard parking places with the mistaken idea that it can in this way protect the morals of the student body at large, the psychology is all wrong. They force the student cars further out into the country, and while a great many girls will walk back a mile or so, few relish the idea of a five mile walk.

The point of the whole thing, if one can see any side of this action beside the ridiculous, is that it seems rather elementary to try and keep student cars from being parked along the Drive by stringing up ropes and poles. If Wisconsin is as broadminded an institution as it has a reputation for being, if its curriculum is as well rounded as it is supposed to be, it would seem that students ought to be able to take care of themselves pretty well without the aid of fences.

The old adage of "Spare the rope and spoil the child" is hardly adaptable to an institution of higher learning.

Gordon Swarthout



Registering a Kick!

BOOK BANTER

A LITTLE while ago Harper and Brothers sent me a new book by Robert Benchley, called *The Treasurer's Report and Other Aspects of Community Singing*, to review in this column, hoping presumably, that the wealthier sort of student might be persuaded to spend two dollars for it after, or even before, reading my review. (As a matter of fact, they will simply take it out of a rental library over the week end, or try to borrow my copy, or just read the review instead, which will be a compliment to me but not exactly what Harper and Brothers wanted.) When I say Harper and Brothers, of course I don't mean that any of the brothers sent it out personally to me; they have secretaries who do that sort of thing for them, and do it very well, too, usually picking out a copy that has two leaves stuck together, or a chapter in upside down.

But the point is that at first I didn't see why they thought I'd be interested in a book about treasurer's reports and community singing. The only thing I ever was treasurer of was the Language and Literature Club, right here in town, and I never was able to find the club's bank book, or learn which bank, if any, it had an account in, and as not very many people paid their dues that year I didn't bother to keep track of them; so it doesn't seem to me now as if I had to make any report at all. And as for community singing—well, that has always seemed to me one of those things that gentlemen don't talk about until the ladies have left the table; and since nowadays (what with the financial depression and all, dinners tending to be informal affairs where you sit around in the living room and hold a waffle on your lap) the ladies don't leave the table, community singing never gets talked about at all, and a good thing, too.

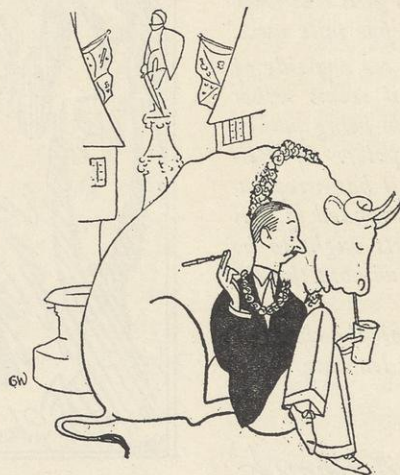
So, not being attracted by the title, I remembered that about two years ago

By

Paul M. Fulscher

I had reviewed another book by Mr. Benchley, which Henry Holt and his helpers sent me; and I wondered if Mr. Benchley had just changed his publishers in order to give Harpers a break, or if he was sold like a ball player from one league to another, and whether I couldn't find my old review and warm it up and use it again. But I couldn't, although I looked everywhere and found a number of other reviews of books which now I can't remember ever having read. So there was nothing for it but to read the book anyhow. Besides, according to the table of contents, I saw that the treasurer's report article came last, and knew that if the brakes were working I could stop before I got to it; and there seemed to be a lot of interesting subjects like "Exercise for Those at Sea", and what to do with a coat of tan when you can no longer use it, before I would have to worry about the treasurer's report at all.

So I read the book, and I must ad-



"The two of us sat all alone in the public square . . . drinking a lemon squash together."

mit that it impressed me greatly. It was, as my students say, so true to life, and so very sincere. It really was. I mean, it is. It is one of those terribly frank books. I would call it devastating if I wasn't saving that word for the next novel by Sinclair Lewis. I, for one, shall never dance a morris dance again after reading Mr. Benchley on the subject; I have already given up morris chairs. And intimate . . . One feels, after finishing the chapter about Sunday afternoons, that one has been given an intimate glimpse into Mr. Benchley's own dear home, where he has gone to sleep on the davenport, just as he would if you or I were visiting him. His dislike of these new luxurious bathrooms, too, proves him to be at heart just a common man with homely tastes—though personally I am modern enough to feel that there is much to be said for the built-in tub. And in spite of his democracy, what a well-informed man Mr. Benchley is! His article of football rules makes me suspect that Knute Rockne got his help for those football movie talks (Knute Rockne certainly got *somebody* to help him with them). No one not well up in international affairs could have written so authoritatively as Mr. Benchley of what goes on at a diplomatic parley, either; it would not surprise me to learn that he is that man who is always spoken of as being "close" to the President—especially after reading the touching account of his experiences in the house that Mr. Coolidge had just moved out of. And his description of the *fiesta* (or *siesta*, as the word may be spelled either way) at Las Los, or Los Las, is entirely accurate; it throws a lot of light on the situation in Spain (or is it France?) today (by today I mean *today*, not the day this paper comes out, when things may be entirely different there, for all I know—yes, and for all you know, either, even if you are so smart).

(Continued on page 30)

First on the list Whitman's CANDIES

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nd. One pound
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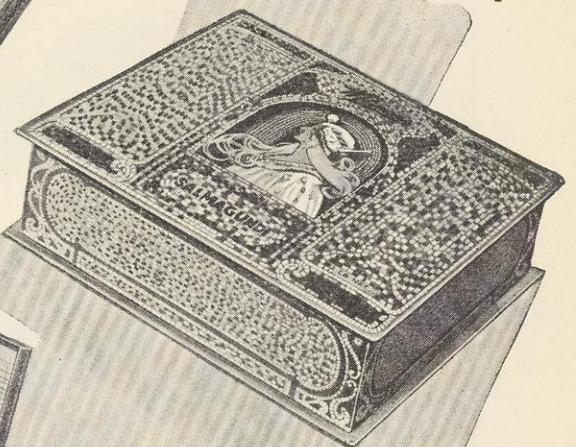
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pounds — \$2
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"Special University of Wisconsin Package"



"Is your baby a boy or a girl?"
 "Of course, what else could it be?"
 —Stevens Stone Mill

Lifeguard (with girl in arms):
 Sir, I have just resuscitated your daughter.

Father: Then, by Gad, you'll marry her!

—Punch Bowl

Nowadays when a girl gets her neck broken in an automobile we don't know whether the car was wrecked or not.

—Burr

Then there was the undertaker who, when he put ten corpses in a truck, sighed, "Not a coffin, a carload."

—Puppet

THE LION (Playlet in 3 acts)

Act I

Lion, trainer, and his assistants.

Act II

Lion, trainer.

Act III

Lion
 (Curtain)

—Black and Blue Jay

Parson Dudley: Deacon Smith, will you lead us in prayer?

Deacon Smith (awakening): Lead yourself; I just dealt.

—Lampoon

He: Why is it that women are afraid of mice?

She: Instinct.

He: Why do they chase men?

She: Instinct.

He: And why do they avoid skunks?

She: Ins— You brute!

—Ex.

Nearsighted Old Man: (To crying child) What's your name little boy?

Child: John Smith.

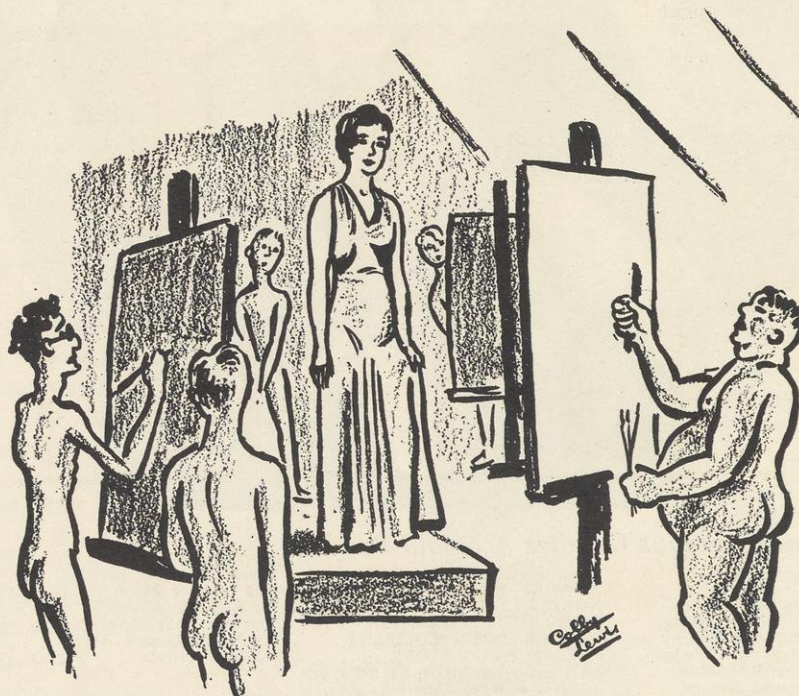
N. O. M.: Aha, a college boy on a spree.

—Sun Dial

Tardy Plumber: Well here I am; and how's things?

Optimistic Householder: (three feet deep in water) Oh, not so bad. While I've been waiting for you, I've taught the wife to swim.

—Reflector



"Hello, is this the City Bridge Department?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"How many points do you get for a little slam?"

—Puppet

Zoology Prof: To-day I shall lecture on wading birds: take the stork for example—well, Mr. Jones, what are you laughing at?

"Ha, ha, I know there really isn't any stork."

—Purple Parrot

THAT'S NEWS!

—Cornell Widow

Visit These Two Stores For Feminine



Kessenich's

Main Store, 201 State St.

Collegienne Shop, 903 Univ. Ave.

BOOK BANTER

(Continued from page 26)

As for the article on Community Singing, I shall simply say that Mr. Benchley has handled a delicate subject with rare tact and reticence. There is not a sentence in it, not even a word (to ask the same of the syllables would be a little prudish, wouldn't it?) that could induce the blush of shame to come and mantle the cheek of the most tender undergraduate. It was an agreeable surprise, in this age of super-realism, to find that some, at least, still cling to the old-fashioned ideal of modest and decent expression when dealing with a topic which could so easily be crudely handled.

Now when I had finished the book (I am still writing about Robert Benchley's *The Treasurer's Report and Other Aspects of Community Singing*, in case anyone has forgotten, or has come in after the bell rang), I turned back to the essay on cleaning out the desk. It occurred to me that I might as well clean out mine, and so I did. And I found that other review. After reading what I could of it (a tube of

pink toothpaste, one of a dozen I had bought when the new drug store opened, had got squashed on it, and it was rather hard to make out, especially the best parts), I decided that I might as well hand in the new one. Then, if Mr. Benchley should ever write another book, and Harpers or Henry Holt or Haldeman-Julius should ask their Mr. So-and-so to send it to me, I would have two to choose from. So this is the new one.

Years ago they hung mistletoe over a doorway. Now they hang it over the davenport.

First Tramp: Whata yuh think o' this unemployment situation, Pete?

Second Hobo: Well, I tell yuh, I'm afraid it's gonna hurt our business somepin' awful.

Santa Claus takes a ride only once a year, but Chicagoans have an open sleigh once a day.

SANTA CLAUS

Scene the first

(Christmas eve in front of an open fireplace)

Mother (with index finger to lips, softly): "Shhhh! Santa Claus.

Daughter (scoffing): Santa Claus!

Scene the second
(Night, stage dark)

Daughter's Voice (scream of surprise): Santa Claus?

Male's Voice (haughtily): Santa Claus.

Scene the Third
(Same place as first scene)

Mother (tiptoeing in and wakens daughter in front of fire): Santa Claus?!!

Daughter (thrilled): Santa CLAWS!

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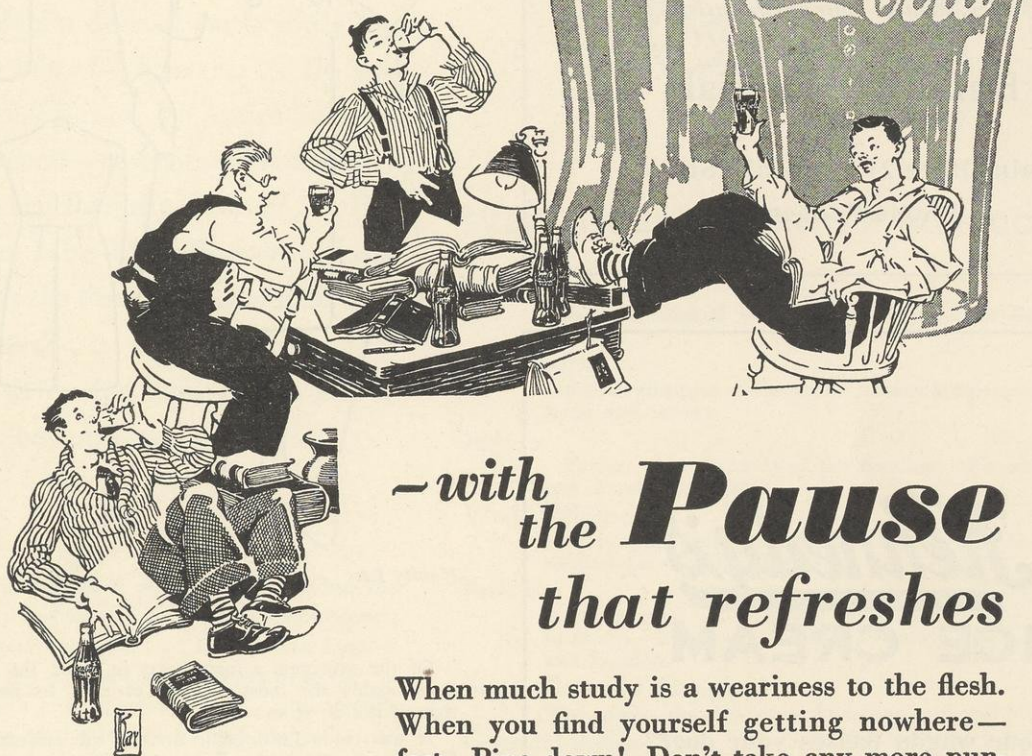
That will please that particular person.

THE
**MOUSE-AROUND
SHOP**

Upstairs At 416 State
We Pack and Mail Your Gifts.



Put the "grin" in Grind



— with the ***Pause***
that refreshes

When much study is a weariness to the flesh. When you find yourself getting nowhere—fast. Pipe down! Don't take any more punishment! Let go everything! Pause for a moment and refresh yourself.

That's just the time and place when an ice-cold bottle or glass of Coca-Cola will do you the most good. A regular cheer-leader with its happy sparkle and delicious flavor, while its pure, wholesome refreshment packs a big rest into a little minute and gets you off to a fresh start.

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— LISTEN IN —

Grantland Rice — Famous
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CM-1

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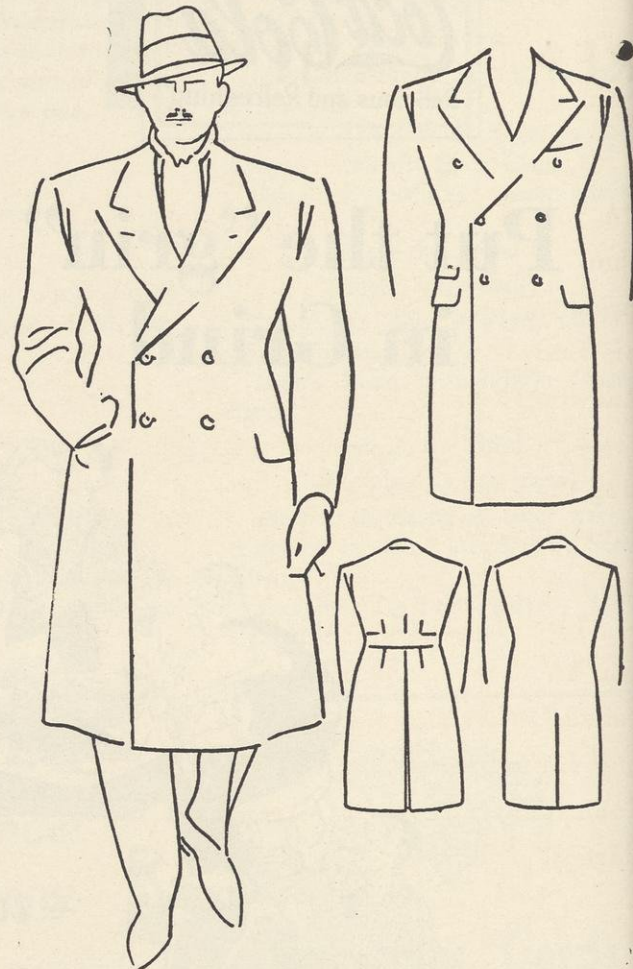
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Perfectly pasteurized
Milk, Cream, Butter, Buttermilk, Milcolate,
Selected Guernsey Milk

Phone B. 7100

THE ENGLISH GUARDS COAT COMPARED WITH AN ENGLISH TOWN OVERCOAT



Vanity Fair

Of the overcoats a man wears in town, the Guards coat is unquestionably the most military of all. Its name would indicate that, if not its lines.

It was made fashionable first by the officers of the Brigade of Guards, of which the Prince of Wales is a member. At times, it has been more popular than at other times, but ever since its first appearance as a fashion, it has been considered correct for town, and, in dark blue and black, correct for evening.

The original Guards coat has three points of identification: a half belt at the rear; a deep inverted box-pleat at the rear; a skirt that flares out at the bottom like all military coats.

Decidedly in contrast to this is the English town overcoat, although built of the same dark materials and usually in Navy-blue.

The English town overcoat is made double-breasted, like the Guards coat, but is cut on straighter lines. Its back is plain, without belt or pleats, and the skirt hangs straight. Carrying out the trim effect, its pockets have no flaps as the Guards coat does, and the only deviation from a straight line is in the fairly broad lapels and a waisted effect.

If you are interested in any question of men's dress or etiquette, write to the "Well Dressed Man," care of the *Wisconsin Octopus*, and your letter will receive prompt attention. Please be sure to give address accurately.

(Copyright, 1930, by Vanity Fair)

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Top Sergeant: General, dis orderly is drunk.

General: Oh, then the charge is drunken disorderly!

All that is necessary to make it complete for the year is for a half-pint Santa Claus to come riding down the main drag in a miniature sled.

The American Economics Survey recommends that children only hang up half-socks by the fireplace this year on account of the business depression.

"Yuletide me over the week-end with five bucks, won't you?" inquired the student as he touched his room mate for a loan.

"I'm at the crossroads of my career."

"Really?"

"Yes, I can either be declared insane or be called the greatest futuristic painter in the world."

TRAGEDY

"You've flunked my course," the prof had said,
And tears stood in his eye.

"But you will pass with honors yet
Some day before you die."

"Oh, nay, good prof.," I cried aloud,

"Alack. It shall not be,
I've flunked this course so many times,
That I'm attached to thee."

L'Envoi

But years are short, and time flies fast
Forever and anon.

The prof it was who first did die
Not I who did pass on.

—Arnold Sundgaard

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ON UNEMPLOYMENT

We had a young dog named Remember.
He left one day in September.
But times are bad.
Conditions are sad.
Remember came back in December.

—Jean Littlejohn



"An' next time come to the back door!"

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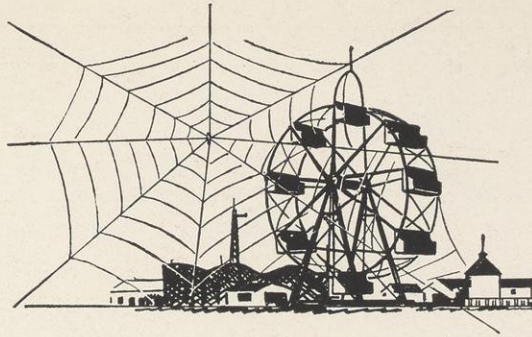


"It's A Bear, Boys"—

How many times do we University printers hear that expression as some particularly interesting student job rolls off our presses » » » »

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... and so they put this abandoned playground *to work*



*Reels of cable roll
where roller coast-
ers once roared...*

Several years ago a group of Western Electric men set out to find the best location for a vast new telephone manufacturing plant.

¶ To assure availability of labor the site must be near a large city,

yet land prices must not be prohibitive. Transportation facilities were of utmost

importance. Local civic policies must be favorable to the growth of industry. ¶ Months

of fascinating investigation revealed an ideal site—a once famous playground near

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ing problem, and an indication of the diversity of work that all

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