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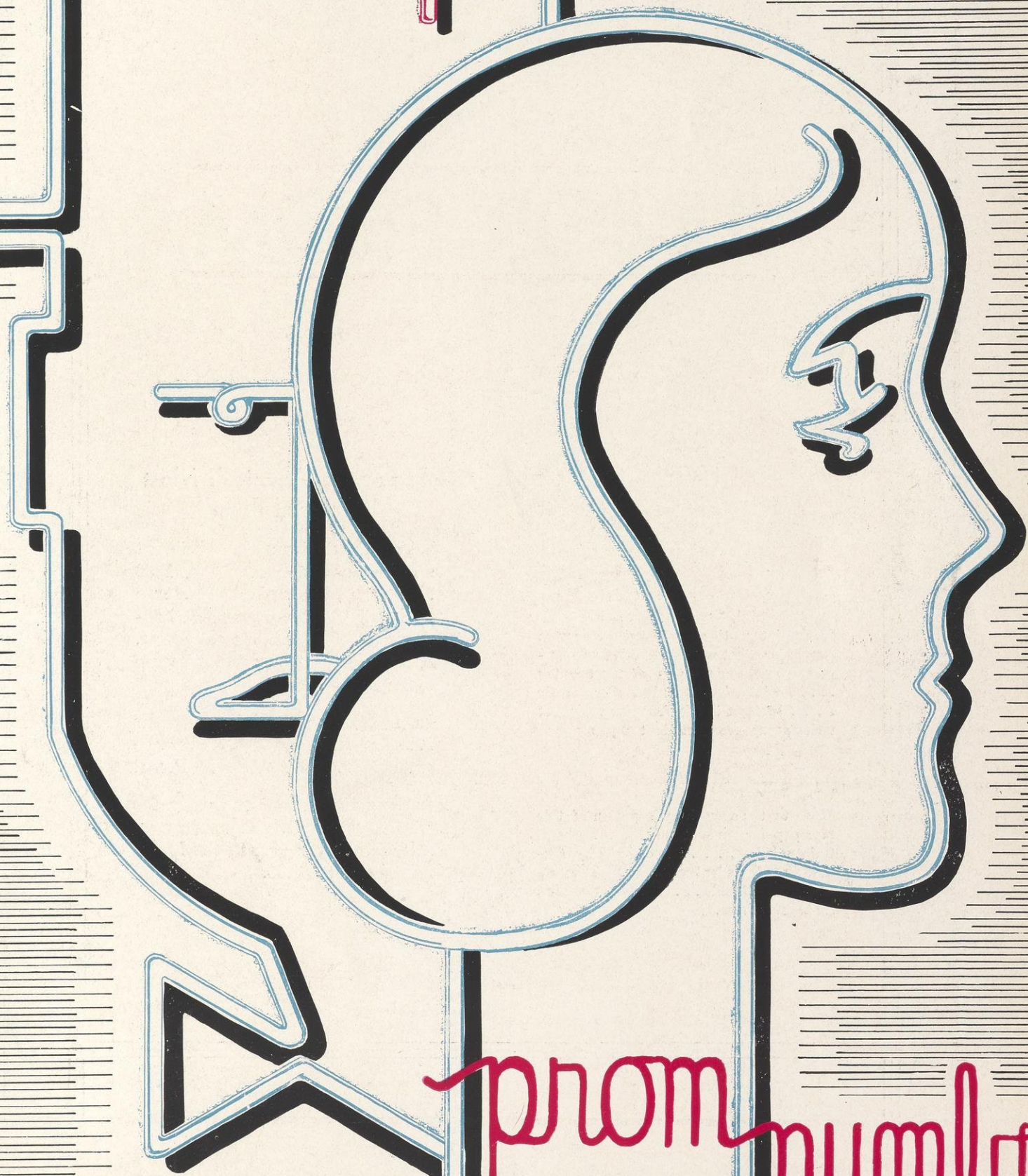
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octopus



prom number

jan. '33

15 cents

WISCONSIN'S GREATEST
SOCIAL EVENT
the 1934
JUNIOR PROM



**Famous as America's Most
Colorful Prom**

Wisconsin's climax to a brilliant social season, February 3rd, 1933 the 1934 Junior Prom. Two nationally known orchestras, hundreds of glittering, gorgeous gowns. A memory that you will treasure forever.

In a setting of striking glamour . . . soft music, dim lights, romance and color . . . the 1934 Junior Prom!

Make your reservations early for this happy event. Tickets are on sale at the main desk of the Memorial Union \$4.50.

hal kemp . . .

Whose internationally favorite orchestra stands foremost with distinctive arrangements which are the talk of the country the latest and best in modern music brought to Madison for their first visit in response to student requests.

jimmy garrigan . . .

Glide to the smooth syncopation of this ever popular dance band one of Chicago's best acclaimed by Wisconsin students for the music at last year's Sophomore Shuffle a great attraction for music lovers.

In The Beautiful Great Hall

POOR SCOTCH

Once upon a time, two Scotchmen were standing at a bar, each one waiting for the other to offer to buy the drinks.

After a long, embarrassing pause the first Scotchman said to the second, "I want to tell you about a hunting experience I had in Africa last year. I was hunting lions one day and although I shot at many of them, I finally started back to camp empty handed and only one bullet left. I had not gone far when I had a feeling that I was being followed. I started to run for camp but I soon discovered that a big lion was rapidly overtaking me. The only thing to do was to shoot it with the one bullet I had left. Standing perfectly still, I waited until the lion sprang and then I shot him right between the yurs."

"What's yurs?" said the second Scotchman.

"I'll take a whiskey and soda," was the quick reply.

—Pelican

"Do you think red-headed women have the worst tempers?"

"No, my wife's temper is the same, no matter what color her hair is."

—Jug

Nature is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears.

—Log

Motorist, who has just killed lady's dog: I will be glad to replace the animal.

Lady: You flatter yourself.

—Skipper

"What do you intend to marry? Brains or beauty?"

"I'd like to marry both!"

"Oh, dear, this is so sudden!"

—Yellow Jacket



"Hi Pal! Some Prom!"

Of course it is. Why not? These boys are wearing tail coats from Karstens. Smooth looking—eh? And you know, tail coats are coming back in a big way.

But some fellows just naturally like the dinner coat. Those fellows, not pictured here, who are wearing Karstens tuxedos are having a big time too.

So will you if you're outfitted here.

Tail Coats

\$28.50 \$35

Tuxedos

\$25 \$35

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square -- 22 N. Carroll St.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Aldric Revell

Karl Milroy Jr.

Buh Duh

Dudley (Magnetism) Stagg

Elmer Shortcake

The Promenader

Morgan Hall

"Wimpy" Hirsch

PROM » »

THE SCREAM OF THE CAMPUS

"Hi, Bill!"

"Hi, Joe!"

"Going to Prom?"

"You bet, Joe!"

"What house ya going with, Bill?"

"Going independent, Joe; not enough fellows in our house going to Prom."

"Well lissen, Bill, how about coming along with us?"

"Well, it's like this . . ."

"Aw, say, Bill, you know that you'll have a good time! C'mon along! You know that the Tau Rhos always throw some Prom parties . . ."

"Well, Joe, you see . . ."

"Nertz! No excuses now, Besides, that invitation includes our post-Prom party at the house."

"O. K., then, I'll go. Thanks a lot."

"Oh, Bill—er-er there's a charge of (—um—) 20 bucks—just to cover expenses, you see, *but you'll get your money's worth all right.*"

"Do you mean that I'll get what I pay for?"

"Will you ever! Boy, you won't ever regret it—"

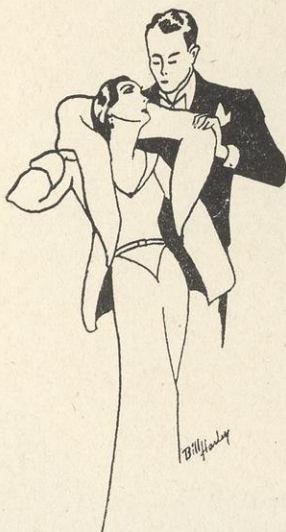
"All right then, Joe. And I'll send a truckman after that mortgaged easy-chair in your parlor tomorrow!"

—Hank

She: I'm considered one of the 400 at Wisconsin.

He: One of the 400 what?

At any rate, everybody is in for one hot time of dissipation. In fact, many couples will be smoking all night.



Postmortem: everybody thought the orchestra was wonderful. To show their appreciation, both of them went up and shook hands with the leader.

What with these new and convenient taxi rates of 10 and 15 cents per person, lots of people who thought they would have to walk to Prom will be taken for a ride.

Lots of folks claim that the Prom King should give complimentary tickets to every person who voted for him. In that case the solution would be easy: each committee chairman would get about 25 tickets.

WHAT PROM IS LIKE

Prom . . . beautiful co-eds in gorgeous gowns . . . sweet music . . . the best obtainable . . . glamour and gaiety . . . flowers . . . celebrities . . . wasn't the dinner before hand swell? . . . isn't Prom the *one* event of the whole season? . . . a smooth crowd . . . but why in the devil did I have to leave my handkerchief at home and why in the devil did my garter have to come down during the grand march?

HOW TO MAKE NOVELS

HEMMINGWAY

Take whiskey, uninhibited young couple, large amount swear words and a small supply of asterisks. Add landscape descriptions, several hundred "he said's" and "she said's." Mix and serve while hot.

DREISER

Mix boy, girl, nature's way, several unabridged dictionaries. Let simmer.

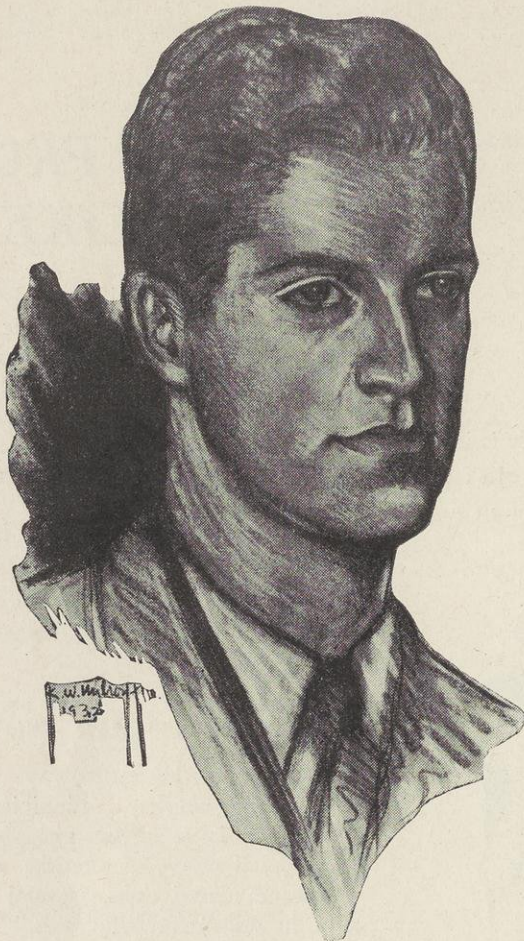
SINCLAIR LEWIS

Take any phase of American life and stir slowly while adding boos, has, sneers, guffaws, snorts. Serve with razzberry sauce.

CABELL

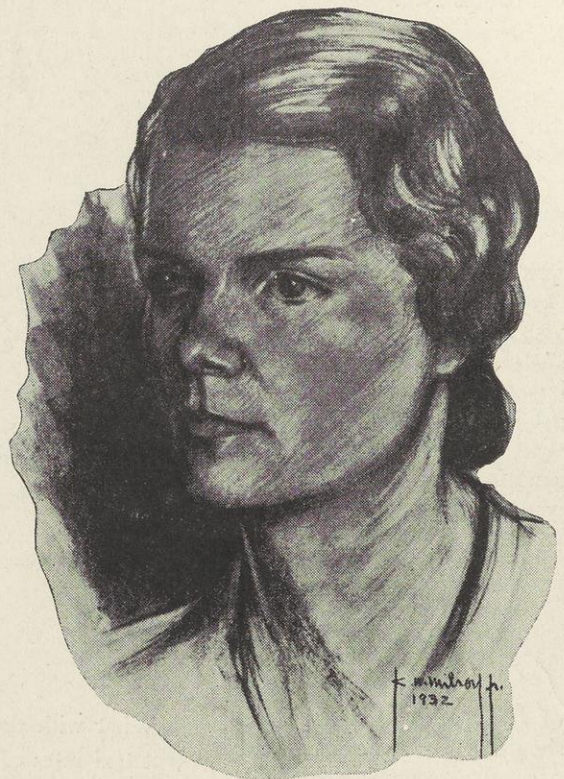
In an imaginary kingdom drop one roaming (human) young man carrying bag of oats. Add hamadryads, virgins, symbols of this and that. Mix with care.

After the ball is over, you'll probably try to trade in your soup-and-fish for some soup and fish.



King Charles Hanson, Chi Psi, who will lead the grand march at the 1934 Junior Promenade Friday, February 3, to the strains of Hal Kemp's music with----

Queen Mary Lib Parker, Delta Gamma, who was presented to the student body as Hanson's choice at the Pre Prom Dance Friday, January 6.



(Portraits by Karl Milroy, Jr.)



CONANT



DAVIS



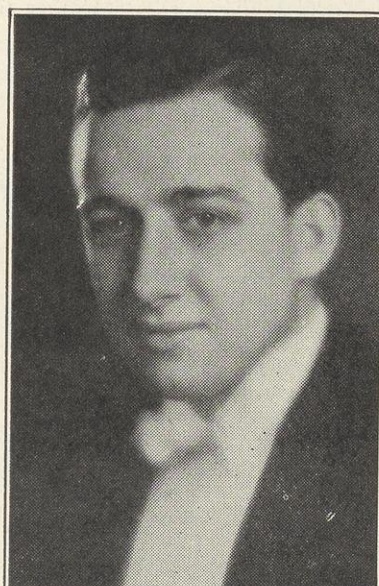
DOOLITTLE

THE ROYAL ASSISTANTS

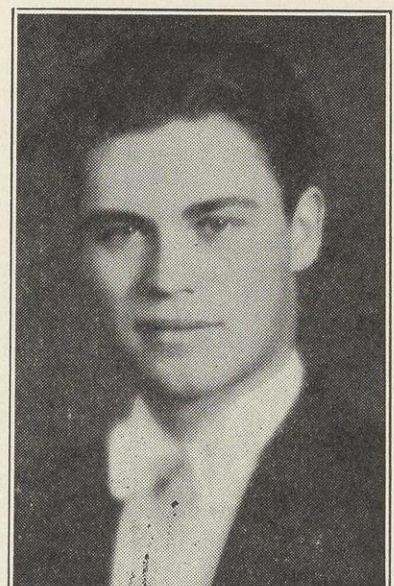
(Photos by De Longe)



ZIMMERMAN



LYONS



GROOTEMAAT

TECHNOCRACY?

I must admit that I don't know any more about technocracy than you and you and you—and you, too, hiding behind the spiral staircase. All I know is what I see in the newspapers, and sometimes I wonder if I'm a blind ignoramus. Aren't we all?

And judging from the mushroom features which are plastered on the front pages, women's pages, financial pages, sport pages, and torn pages of our daily rags, one cannot help but wonder if the newspapermen know what it's all about—but after all, it *does* make some mighty nice space-filling yarns. That's one virtue of American journalism—giving the public what it wants. Witness technocracy. Witness, take the stand!

So far as I can make out, technocracy means the following:

1. A four-hour day, a four-day week, a four-week month, four-month year, and a four-year century.
2. Abolition of the price system, to be substituted by a different price system.
3. Wealth to be measured in terms of units of energy. (Ergs.)
4. An income of the equivalent of \$15,000 a year for each person.

Now ain't them techocrats the nuts? "Sure," answer the technocrats, "we're the nuts!" (I'm inclined to agree with them.)

But aside from such mere bagatelles, let's forget our capitalistic system with its Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Communists, egotists, and technocrats. What would a technocratic society be like? Picture it by a stretch of the imagination—or forget it by a stretch of the jaws.

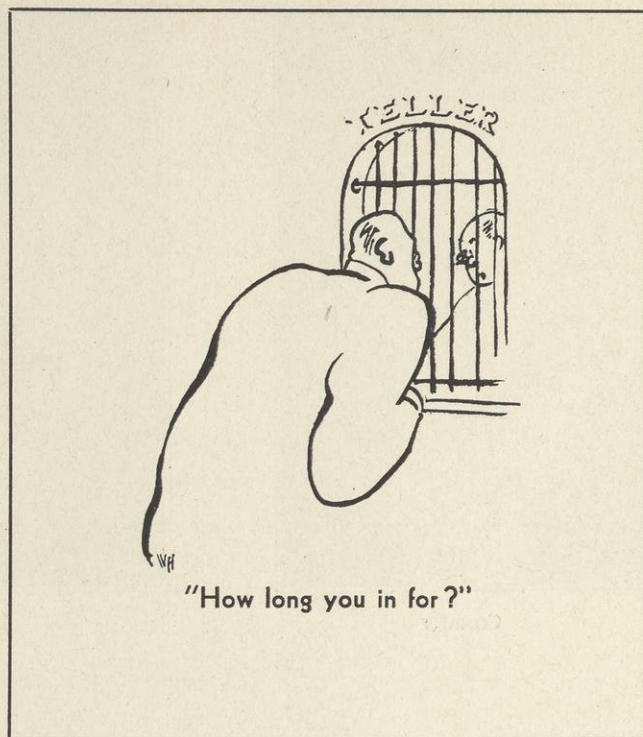
The working day: I have figured out that we do not need any new system to shorten the hours of labor. At the rate we're going now, in a few years there will be no more work for anyone, and all will live in leisurely lamentation.

The price and monetary systems: These will be highly amusing at first. Can you imagine going into a drug store, pawing over all the magazines, and then paying for a stick of chewing gum with so many ergs? Suppose you have nothing smaller than a five-erg bill, and the stick of gum costs, let us say, an albumen (one hundredth of an erg.) The clerk does not have any change, but offers to pay in terms of equivalents of units of energy. You agree, and regret it the next instant, for he sure did swing a mean hoof!

\$15,000 a year: This was probably borrowed from the pre-poverty Republican platform.

Suppose France decides to pay her war debts—she will, of course, pay in terms of ergs. The units will be placed in boxes, put on the ship, and *carramba!* (or is it *sapristi?*) I'm getting sort of groggy typing with my left hand and shaving with the other, so I hope you will let my mind meander to the bar in the Chinning Salon on Deck A while von Baden-Baden-Baden-Baden, the German police dog

(Continued on page 16)



THROUGH THE MAILS

George, dearest:

I miss you *so* much! I just can't wait till I can see you. I was going to come home between semesters, but I have a lot of work to make up.

I stayed home on the night of Prom. About eight boys asked me to go with them, but I wouldn't think of going with anybody but you, darling.

Your own,

Connie.

Dear Mother and Dad:

Prom was very nice. It lasted until about 2 in the morning, but we went home and went to bed early because we were very tired. The boy I went with was a very nice, decent chap. He doesn't drink or smoke, and is a member of Phi Kappa Psi fraternity.

You needn't send me my monthly check for February, as I saved \$75 last month and the month before on meals.

Your loving daughter,

Constance.

Dear Flo:

Am I dead on my feet! That Prom sure was one *brawl*. As a matter of fact, kid, we didn't even go to Prom itself. Oh, gosh, my head is going 'round 'an 'round!

I can't give you the details, because it's against the law to use obscene language through the mails. Use your imagination until I see you.

Love,

Connie.

TRAILER ANNOUNCEMENT OF PROM

Meter-Goldloss-Mare against scores! M-G-M presents an advanced showing of the 1934 hit of the year! A stupendous production with a bevy of beautiful girls, hanson men. Bring your girl and parker here for a mary time. An evening chuck full of fun. Come and enjoy an entertaining evening *ad lib*.

1933 A. D. CALAMITY

Jan. 5—Rumors: orchestra at prom . . . Cab Calloway or Guy Lombardo . . .

Jan. 7—More rumors: the inside dope . . . music arrangements chairman hinted as much . . . Wayne King . . . perhaps might get Paul Whiteman again . . . Isham Jones engaged, they say . . . hope they get a good band . . .

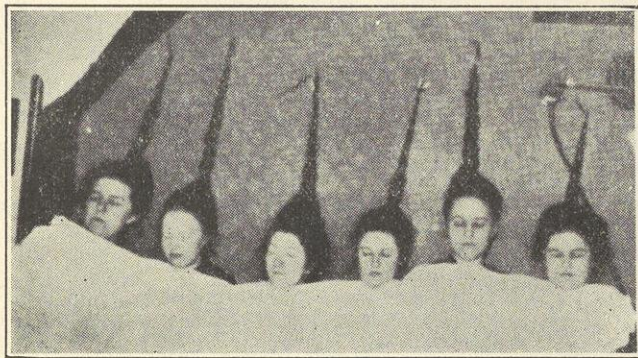
Jan. 10—Still more rumors: don't tell anybody else . . . probably Herby Kay for Prom also . . . toss-up between Duke Ellington and Cummins . . . negotiations with 4 Marx Brothers for entertainment . . . could get Calloway but have to pay train fare from New York . . . get a good band anyway . . .

Jan. 12—Hot news! Got Bernie on the hook. . . probably have the Old Maestro himself, ladeez and gentlemen, the Old Maestro himself . . . *Vas you dere Sharley?* . . . Oh boy! Fun? . . . direct from College Inn . . . with Frank Prinz, former Haresfoot man . . .

Jan. 13—Too bad . . . couldn't get him . . . got to get somebody . . .

Jan. 14—HOORAY! HOORAY! HOORAH! HOO-RAW! We've got a band for Prom! . . . nothing but the best for Wisconsin's Prom, the main social event of the Middle West . . . hired nobody else but:

Phineas Phinklebaum and his Philharmonic Phanatics, directed from the Phreezing Phinlander Room of the Phiphace Hotel, Kokomo, Indiana' !!!



You can bet your last dollar that the Tri-delt girls will look their best at Prom. Here are some of the lassies getting all spiffed up for the big shindig. Play safe, my boy, and take a Tri-delt!

THE KING TALKS!

Mr. Charles Hanson, chairman of the 1934 junior prom, in an exclusive interview with an Octopus correspondent relates some very interesting facts about his life before coming to college. Hanson says:

"I was born in Omaha. I couldn't help it; my folks happened to be living there at the time. Both Ma and Pa were very fond of children, which accounts for my still being among those present.

"I have two brothers living—and another is in Mexico. In the same family are two sisters, except Tillie—her husband is a traveling salesman. We all lived happily with our parents, until I ran for Prom chairman.

"My only claim to fame is that a restaurant in Omaha named a sandwich after me. This may not seem so flattering, but look what a great guy Bismarck was and they named a herring after him.

"By trade my dad was a contractor, and I always had the idea I was one of the things he didn't contract for. Dad hated to work, and all we kids took after him—we took after him at the table, too. Pop seldom worried about himself, his interest was all in us. Why, when we started to work during the summers, for fear we would squander our salary he took it and squandered it for us.

"Mother was always kind, loving and trusting. Pop had her trusting at every store in the neighborhood. Mom didn't like to see Pop drink—so he used to go outside and do it. I have had the same practice put in force at the Chi Psi house in regard to our freshmen.

"I have three cousins. One is a baker, one is a loafer and the other one doesn't work either. They all should be bakers—they're always needing dough.

"Brother Bill was rightfully named, only his middle name should be Due—there's so much due around Bill, he's all wet. At home we call him Willie. He loves to hang around the house, but Willie work?—No!

"My sister married an heir, and believe me he got plenty of it when he hung around our house. His father left him a lot of money, but he's never located the lot.

"My uncle is so thrifty, that as a gold digger, he makes those old fellows you read about back in 1848, seem like tourists on an excursion. He has a road-house, and when business is slow he breaks milk bottles on the road so people will drop in while their tires are being repaired. However, he isn't entirely heartless. Every Sunday morning he jumps into his Rolls-Royce and drives to the poor house to see his mother. When he goes out with his wife he spends hours embarrassing her so that she'll blush and won't have to buy rouge. The maid was once caught rinsing out his shaving brush and he shot her. He cuts all his liquor with water and he is broken hearted because he hasn't found anything to cut water with."

Wouldn't it be the nuts for us men if some thoughtful tailor invented a full-dress suit without tails, cardboard shirt, and choker-collar?

AND THEY SOLVE PROBLEMS!

By ALDRIC REVELL

Scene: A meeting of the editorial staff of the Daily Cardinal. It is 10 minutes past the time since the conference should have started. Blum, poet and punster of the group, is sitting on the wastebasket into which Jacobs is trying to shove him. Fuller is rereading his editorial of the day before for the third time. Serwer and Revell are leaning on each other in a corner. The door opens and Fagen walks in. He is greeted by boos and cries of "Why the heck don't you come on time, horseface."

Fagen: All right, boys, to the left!

Serwer: I don't feel leftish today, let's praise somebody for a change.

Revell: Can't be done, it's against our principles.

Jacobs: Listen here fellows! I say, listen here fellows!

Blum: What does he say?

Fagen: He says listen here fellows.

Fuller: Let's discuss woman as a force!

Blum: Let's discuss woman as a bad habit!

Fagen: Let's not discuss women.

Serwer: I got something on the Union. I bought a bacon and tomato sandwich and there was no bacon in it.

Revell: What do *you* want bacon for anyway.

Serwer: Well I paid for it!

Blum: Start another investigation. Youth must be Serwer.

Revell: Shall I throw him out now or have you got something for him to write?

Fagen: If I can't get you fellows to preserve order I might as well go home.

Serwer: Leave your telephone number and if we run across something to praise we'll give you a ring.

Fagen: Here is something for us to consider. Pres. Frank said—

Revell: Impossible!

Fuller: Listen here Blum, you say that again about the girl I'm taking to Prom and I'll give you what the Rambler got.

Jacobs: Remember the Alamo.

Blum: I was awoken by the Alamo this morning.

Revell: Little Jack Horner

Sat in a corner

Eating his pudding and pie

He stuck in his thumb

And pulled out a Blum

And cried, "Zounds a stuffed banana."

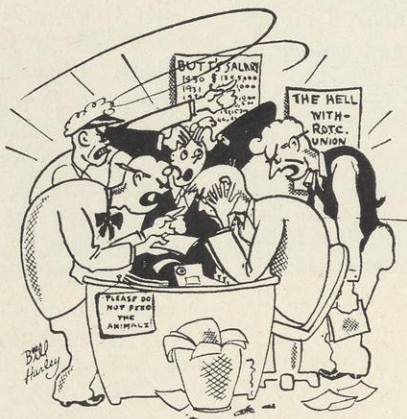
Fagen: What will we do about Prom?

All: Do we get comps?

Fagen: No!

All: Then down with it. Absolutely no publicity. The very idea.

The phone rings and someone in the outer shouts for Fagen. He goes to the phone while everyone crowds over his shoulder to listen.



Fagen: Yes Babette.

Serwer: Whoopeeee! Babette no less. The man's a rounder.

Blum: He is aiding and Babetting her.

Fagen: Yes I will Babette.

Serwer: Won't you testimony too? I bet he's taking her to Prom.

Jacobs: If he goes to Prom he's either a sissy or a grafter.

Fuller: Oh my Babette, don't you fret, he'll get you yet.

Revell: Ask her if she's got a nice back.

Blum: What would she want with an ice pack?

Serwer: If you knew Fagen you wouldn't ask that, scatterbrain.

Fagen: Quiet will you? Let us finish the Prom question.

Revell: How about finishing the Prom Queen?

Noer walks in and throws Fuller out of his chair. He proceeds to read his mail.

Revell: Fan mail from his beloved cousins, the D. A. R.

Noer: What are you boys doing about Prom?

Serwer: Who let in this after-effect?

Revell: He's got Prom publicity all over his face.

Noer: How about some editorial discussion about the subject?

Fagen: How about minding your own business?

Blum: How about getting off my feet Jacobs?

Jacobs: How about comps to the staff?

Fuller: (Screaming at the top of his voice) My God! My God!

All: What's the matter?

Fuller: I've got an idea.

Revell: It's like getting a baby.

Fuller: How about an edit on Prom—sort of literary—you know—color-glamor and evening clothes—that sort of thing.

He is hit over the head with a 1930 file and thrown summarily into the business office.

Oldenburg: (From the business office) I wish you guys would keep your junk out of this office.

Fagen: We have to take Prom into consideration—

Serwer: Especially if Babette says so. Throw him a comp.

Noer: Seriously though, something has to be done—

Revell: Keep out of this, string bean. You're too young. Besides who would go to Prom with you.

Noer: I bet I take a prettier girl than you.

Serwer: Right away he wants to gamble.

Blum: Orgy, you've nothing on Freddy's girl.

(Continued on page 11)

OUR IDEAL WOMAN:

- Would be better looking than most Stanford women.
- Would be able to drink and smoke gracefully.
- Would do just about what she pleased without thinking about what people will say.
- Would realize that life is after all pretty funny.
- Would be able to talk to a drunk and handle him without seeming annoyed or self conscious.
- Would be able to act the part of a sweet young thing or a woman of the world, as the occasion demanded.
- Would know the correct use of flattery, but above all would never gush.
- Would have a good substantial laugh, not a giggle.
- Would generally speak her mind so that a fellow always knew where he stood.
- Would like rye bread, swiss cheese, and beer.
- Would say no when she meant no, yes when she meant yes, and perhaps when she meant perhaps.
- Would take great delight in doing things she shouldn't.
- Would never wear a dress that fit tight just below the broadest part of the hips.
- Would never ask for a cigarette while making love.
- Would have a body that she could display, but by all means would use discretion in doing so.
- Would not go out with too many men at the same time.
- Would value her worth but would not overvalue it like many Stanford women.
- Would enjoy good dance music and realize that Lombardo is not the best orchestra in the country.
- Would never, never rave about Crosby, Cooper, or Buddy Rogers.
- Would not be petty, and would realize that it is a lot more fun to watch the sunset or lie in the sun and watch the ocean than it is to dance in a crowded hotel or to play bridge.
- Would not have as an aim in life settling down and achieving a social position.
- Would never, if she were a sorority woman, refuse to have a good time because of her "duty to the house."
- Would desire her own independence and respect ours.
- Would let on that she thought our friends were pretty swell whether she thought so or not.
- Would probably be married to another man.

—Chaparral

1-C (at after-dinner speaking): My watch has stopped. How long have I been speaking?

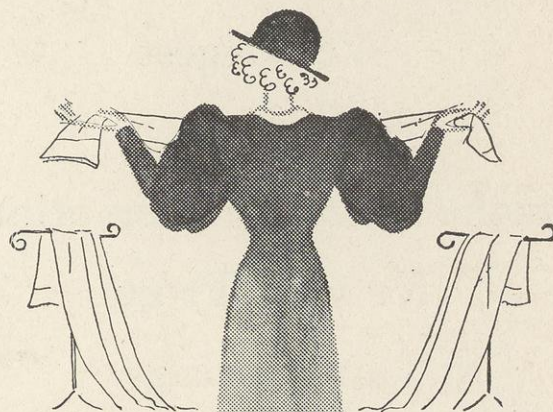
Another One: You'll find a calendar in the hall.

—Log

The Scot is frequently the goat when jokes are on tap, but not always. Listen to this:

In an English political oration: "I was born an Englishman, I have lived an Englishman, I hope I shall die an Englishman." From the back of the hall, in an unmistakable accent, came the question, "Mon, hae ye no ambection."

—Scope



Extra!
Extra what?
Extra sheer!

Why, exquisite Belle-sharmeer hose, of course! They are so sheer, so smoothly woven that you hardly know you have them on! And their big range of colors make them easily matched to every costume color. Their price? Only \$1 and \$1.35 a pair in the hosiery department on the main floor.

Harry S. Manchester

INCORPORATED

We Suggest
that you
make an early reservation
for your Prom
and Spring
Social Functions

Hotel Loraine

SAVE 20% to 50%!

***Buy Brown's Used
Second Semester Texts***

A huge stock of good,
clean, used books for
every course priced
to save you 20% to
50%.

Student Supplies

Real bargains in loose-
leaf note books, fountain
pens, stationery, laundry
cases.

**BROWN'S
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CORNER STATE AND LAKE

IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEW NO. 1

Said Mickey Mouse to Kayo,
"Look here, my little man,
Why don't you lay off making cracks
About Miss Schmaltz's pan?"

"Another thing that makes me sore
Is your big brother Hoon,
He's awed back rent for seven years,
The banjo-eyed baboon.

"And Lord Plushbottom's high silk hat
And monocle insane,
Combine to give me, mighty mouse,
A great big, royal pain.

"While I'm sore I might as well
Include your Uncle Will.
He may be Mamie's honeybunch,
To me he's just a pill.

"Now take our happy family,
We never have a spat,
Pray, tell me, Mister Kayo,
What can you say to that?"

Quoth Kayo to fair Minnie's flame,
"Aw, say you little wheeze,
At least my brother Moon don't scrap
For every piece of cheese.

"And then His Lordship's high silk hat
From you don't call for jeers,
Could you, your puny little mouse,
Fit it on your big ears?

"And last, but far from least, my friend,
Always remember that
A man can set a mouse-trap
And then a rat's a rat."

—Black and Blue Jay

•

REASONS FOR NOT GOING TO PROM

1. No 15¢ for a taxi.
2. No \$4.50 for a ticket.
3. No money for a prom favor.
4. No money for Prom dinners.
5. No sheckles.
6. No bucks.
7. No geld.
8. No dinero.
9. No dough.
10. Broke.
11. Broke.
12. Broke, etc.
13. Centsless.

(Continued from page 8)

Noer: You can't talk about my girl in that tone of voice.

Serwer: What is this a debate or a conference?

Noer rushes at Blum who runs behind Jacobs. Fagen throws a book on Political Myths at Noer and he ducks. It hits Serwer over the head. Blum shouts, "Look he Myths him." The boys all turn on Blum and proceed to pummel him. Serwer grabs a leg and runs into the business office with it. Fagen takes the liver and part of the gizzard and puts them in his draw. Jacobs got one wing and Fuller a wing and a part of the breast.

Noer: The conference was again a success!

All: Who's going to Prom?

Fagen: I am.

The group chases Fagen into the outer office. He rushes down the stairs and into Porter Butts' office where he hides under the desk.

All: (Outside the door) Come on out of their sissy.

They stand around a while but noticing Blum's five ribs running along the hall they give chase.

(The End)

ANIMAL KINGDOM

And then one day she turned and saw that he was smiling at her! She smiled back at him! No—he didn't turn away, he didn't disappear—he looked at her more intently than before!

"Smile that again," he said.

She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed and laughed.

"Just as I thought," he said, "you look like a chipmunk."

—Froth

Three football stars went into a cafe to eat.

First Star: Give me a steak and make it thick and rare.

Second star: Give me a steak and make it thicker and rarer.

Third Star: Just send the bull through and I'll bite him on the run.

—Log

An epicure, dining at Kew
Discovered a mouse in his stew;
Said the waiter, "Don't shout
Or wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one too."

—Record

To save waste and expense of a food often served but seldom eaten, a cook in the Commons has perfected washable green rubber spinach which can be scraped off and used time and again.

—Columns

Corporal (to date): Do you know that ugly sap of an officer standing over there? He's the meanest egg I have ever seen.

Date: Do you know who I am? I am that officer's daughter.

Corp: Do you know who I am?

Date: No.

Corp.: Thank God.

—Log

"Whereja get the 'O'?"

"I played on the Northwestern football team."

"Yes, but Northwestern begins with an 'N'."

"I know it. I played on the second team."

—Purple Parrot

Devil: What in hell are you laughing at?

Assistant: Oh I have just had that co-ed locked up in a room with a thousands hats and no mirror.

—Punch Bowl

Telephone Operator: Is this 1749?

Maid (very black): Yassum.

T. O.: Is this Mrs. Blotz residence?

V. B. M.: Yassum.

T. O.: Long distance from Washington.

V. B. M.: Heh! Heh! yassum sho' is.

—Rammer-Jammer



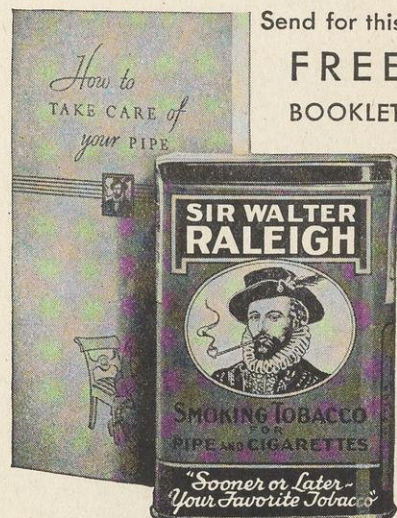
Whew!
Who's cooking
cauliflower?



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A story is told of an American tourist going through the Castle of Marlborough. He has a good guide and was feeling quite expansive. The guide stopped as they entered the garden.

"A marvelous sight, sir! Geoffrey Chaucer went through here in 1400."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Yankee. "Bet you 5 to 1 I can go through here in thirteen fifty."

—Yellow Jacket

Our Scotchmen's riding club has disbanded.

What's the matter, no funds?

No, the horse died.

—Kitty Kat

Elderly Gentleman (bewildered at elaborate wedding): Are you the bridegroom, young man?

Wedding Guest—No, sir; I am not, I was eliminated in the semi-finals.

—Medley

Bravado: My old man still has a good job. Over 200,000 people work under him.

So Vato: And what does the old boy do?

Bravado: He's a parachute jumper.

—Wampus

Friend: What was the most embarrassing moment in your life?

Wife: When my husband came home unexpectedly and found me knitting.

Kitty-Kat

And the Germans named their ships after jokes so the English wouldn't see them.

—Log

"I hear your girl got even with you by not writing."

"Yeah, but I got right back at her."

"How?"

"Didn't answer."

—Jack-o-lantern

Prof. (going over exam. papers): Abe, you didn't answer this: What will be the interest on \$500 for three years at 3%?

Abe: For three per cent, Prof., I aint even interested.

—Exchange

"A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair —"

"Is he quoting Kipling?"

"No, he's taking inventory at the Deke house.

—Orange Peel

Drunk: Where am I?

Nurse: This is 103.

Drunk: Room, cell, or Salem Avenue?

—Skipper

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings of this court will be sent home," announced the Judge.

"Hurrah!" shouted the prisoner.

—Skipper

IF BEER COMES BACK

I'll miss the thrill
Of "The Old Mill"
And Al Capone's bilious swill
If beer comes back.

I'll miss the reek
Of the low-life speak
And polished bars of chrome and teak
If beer comes back.

The wildest rake
Will meekly take
His beer back home for the kiddies' sake
If beer comes back.

If beer comes back
(I hope it does)
I shall not miss the ether fuzz;
I'll talk of days that used to was
If beer comes back.

—Record

"Haven't seen Bob in nearly twenty years. Does he still
part his hair in the middle?"

"Oh, yes, but the part is about five inches wide now."

—Puppet

Course 10f—Anatomy: Sawing a Woman in Half.

Course 46j—Economics: How to run a Packard on \$15 a Week.

Course 761—Psychology: Love Life of the Animal Cracker.

Course 197h—Botany: Why Daisies Won't Tell.

Course 153e—General: Ten Best Necking Spots on the Campus, and Why—Lectures by the Campus Police Force.

Course 895—French; Beauty Spots of Paris (Note: Our Post Card Text Books were sneaked past the customs guard.

Course 8490—Physical Education: Proper posture to Assume a Speakeasy Bar.

Course 234x—Music Appreciation: Lecture, "When I Sat Down at the Piano They All Laughed, But When I Started to Play Tschaikowsky They Didn't Recognize the Tune, the Dopes!"

Course 6—History: Lecture, "Did Nero Fiddle While Rome Burned, or Was Rome Burned to Stop His Fiddling?"

A student debate will be held this evening. Subject: "Are Saucer-Lipped Ubangi Savages Just Worn-out Maurice Chevaliers?"

—Sun Dial

He: Where did you get that lovely sunburn?

She: Oh, I sat on the radiator by mistake.

—Punch Bowl



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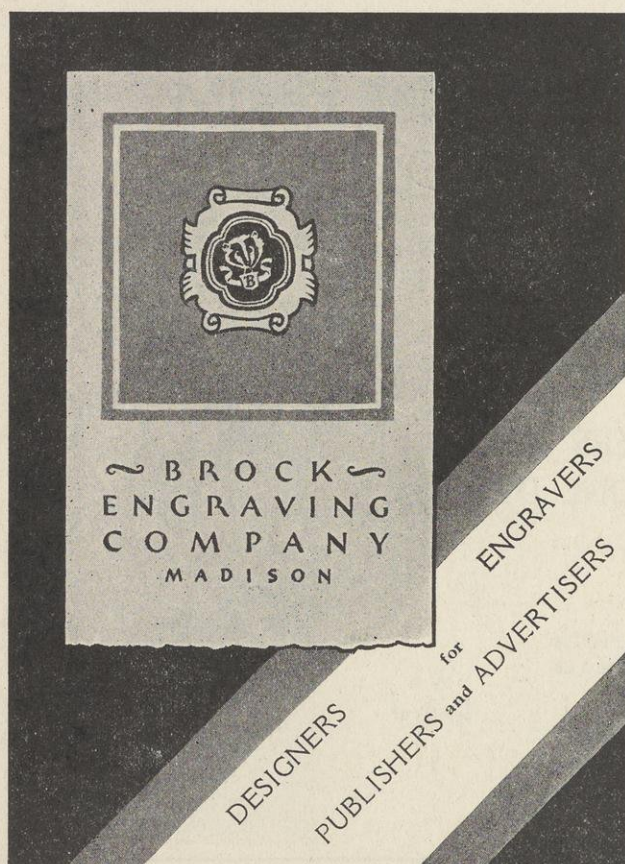
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Death of John Barleycorn

AS REPORTED BY:

Arthur Brisbane:

John Barleycorn, who drank, is now on his way to meet his maker. Doctors tell us that we cannot burn the candle at both ends.

Among the thousands who unsuccessfully tried was John Barleycorn. He leaves six children who will never have the proper supervision or love of a father. Such things are to be regretted.

Will Rogers:

Well, I see by the papers that po' John Barleycorn is dead. I reckon the papers is right, they're bound to be once in a while. Po' John leaves six little ones. Looks like the Farm Board or the Democrats will have to take care of them. John would have never died if he had lived in Claremore.

Calvin Coolidge:

John Barleycorn is dead. He leaves six children. One, two, three, four, five, six. Everybody is sorry. Nobody can do anything because he is dead. They'll have to bury him.

Walter Winchell:

John Barleycorn, whose face would stop a clock, is not that way any more. No longer will he go round with that pained expression. Alcohol makes the world go round. It made John go the way of all flesh also.

Barleycorn was tombstoned this afternoon while his squaw, six acts of God, and the neighbors, mourned.

O. O. McIntyre:

Thoughts while strolling: Who remembers when John Barleycorn was living? John was a city boy who couldn't make good in the country.

Wonder if he's leading a good life in the hereafter? I am glad he returned my silk striped cravat.

Just passed Andrew Volstead. He's to blame.

It's a shame they had to bury Barleycorn (I hate that word, bury). But they couldn't keep him around.

Pan handler: Say buddy, gimme nine cents for a sandwich, will yah?

Pedestrian: But why nine cents?

P. H'er: Well, you see we've taken a ten per cent cut too.

—Froth

•

Ad: If the person who stole the alcohol out of my cellar will return grandma's appendix, no questions will be asked.

—Yowl

•

"What do you think of the art exhibition?"

"Oh, the pictures are good enough, but there ain't no funny captions under them."

—Wasp

•

Pat: Shore, Mike, these sojers wore skirts jest like wimen and moustaches jest like men.

Mike: Oh, and I guess that was the famous Middlesex regiment I've heard so much about.

—Black and Blue Jay

•

Costumer's note to garage: Please send car. If O. K., will send check.

Garage note to customer: Send check. If O. K., will send car.

—Green Griffin

•

Oh: I found out Garbo doesn't love me.

Yeah: Oh, do you know her?

Oh: No, I just tried it on a daisy.

—Dirge

•

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(Continued from page 6)

drags Jeeves, my valet, around the walking deck in a vain search for a mast-pole.)

Where are we? Oh yes, on board the boat which will eventually cause W. R. Hearst to find something new to oppose. It is a bright starry night and the dull skies are clouded by sun-spots. (That's what comes from that drunk shooting bee-bees at old Sol yesterday. In the far distance one can hear the faint whirring of savage tom-toms, and the silent howl of the weird American yo-yo. Romance is in the air, but is crowded out by whiskey-breaths.

Suddenly the ship comes to a sudden stop amidst the screeching of brakes. We all rush up to the captain to see what happened—and there he is, necking with that handsome Italian countess from Sun Prairie. We ask him what is the matter, and the countess explains: "Aye bane yoost come up to see the boat, and sit next to the captain, and he say to me 'Eye t'ank we run out of gas' and he say he stop for to wait for tow-car."

"Is that true?" we ask the captain. And he joyfully answers yes with a sad nod.

We globe trotters are funny people—we would cut off our noses to spite the handkerchief manufacturers—but we don't, for we have found out that oily boid gets the woin, and that our jacket sleeves are just as good as a handkerchief, providing you cut off the buttons first.

Well, we get so sore at that nasty old captain, that we play jack-knife in the hold, and set the nasty old ship leaking. Soon it sinks, energy units and all except our jolly little group, which takes to the Vassar girls in Suite C and floats safely home.

But the debts aren't paid—the U. S. government accused the French of trying to swindle the American people and vice versa. And after a thrilling conference in which peace is narrowly averted, the war is started to "make the world safe for technocracy."

Herr Gott, signor, voulez-vous still learn about technocracy? Non? Está bien, it's time to return to the cells.

(The End)

Ned: I gave my girl a wonderful present last night.

Ted: I gave mine a wonderful past.

—Red Cat

Sunday School Teacher: Now, children, you must never do anything in private you wouldn't do in public.

Sammy: Hurrah! No more baths.

—Log

Ana: Say, what's the noise upstairs?

Lit: Oh, that's my Pop dragging his heavy underwear along the floor.

—Medley



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I really don't know if I should smoke...

...but my brothers and my sweetheart smoke, and it does give me a lot of pleasure.

Women began to smoke, so they tell me, just about the time they began to vote, but that's hardly a reason for women smoking. I guess I just like to smoke, that's all.

It so happens that I smoke CHESTERFIELD. They seem to be milder and they have a very pleasing taste.



the Cigarette that's Milder

the Cigarette that Tastes Better