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The Wisconsin Octopus: Homecoming. [Vol. 13, No. 3] Dec. (November 12, 1931)

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, Dec. (November 12, 1931)

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The Wisconsin Octopus



DEC. • HOMECOMING • 25¢



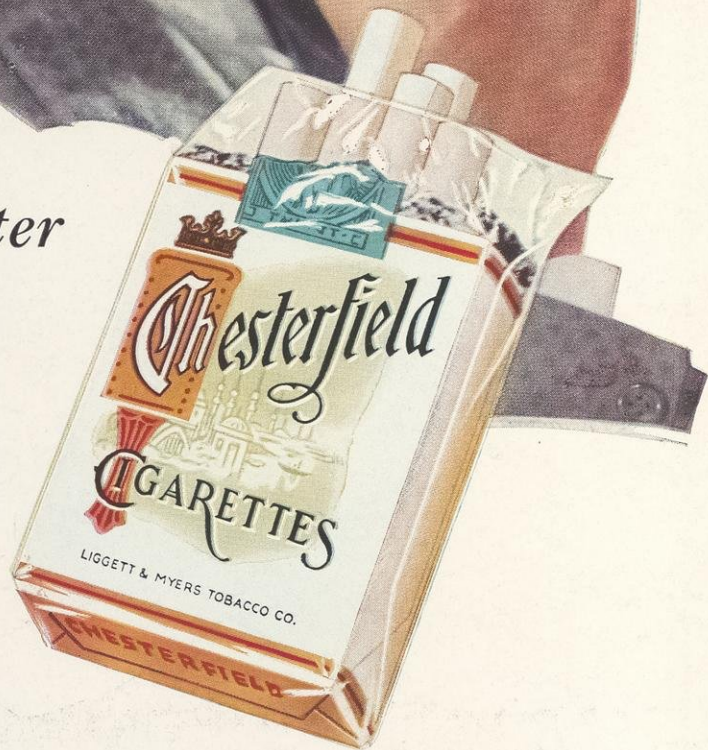
*“They keep tasting better
and better to me!”*

NO matter how many you smoke!
It's a fact. The last Chesterfield of the
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All this care—to make Chesterfields
taste better and milder. And they do!
The millions of Chesterfield smokers—
men and women both—say it in their
own way: “They Satisfy!”



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Six Reasons Why You Should Dance Friday and Saturday Nights!

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4. Sleepy Hall will provide music Saturday night at the Homecoming Ball.
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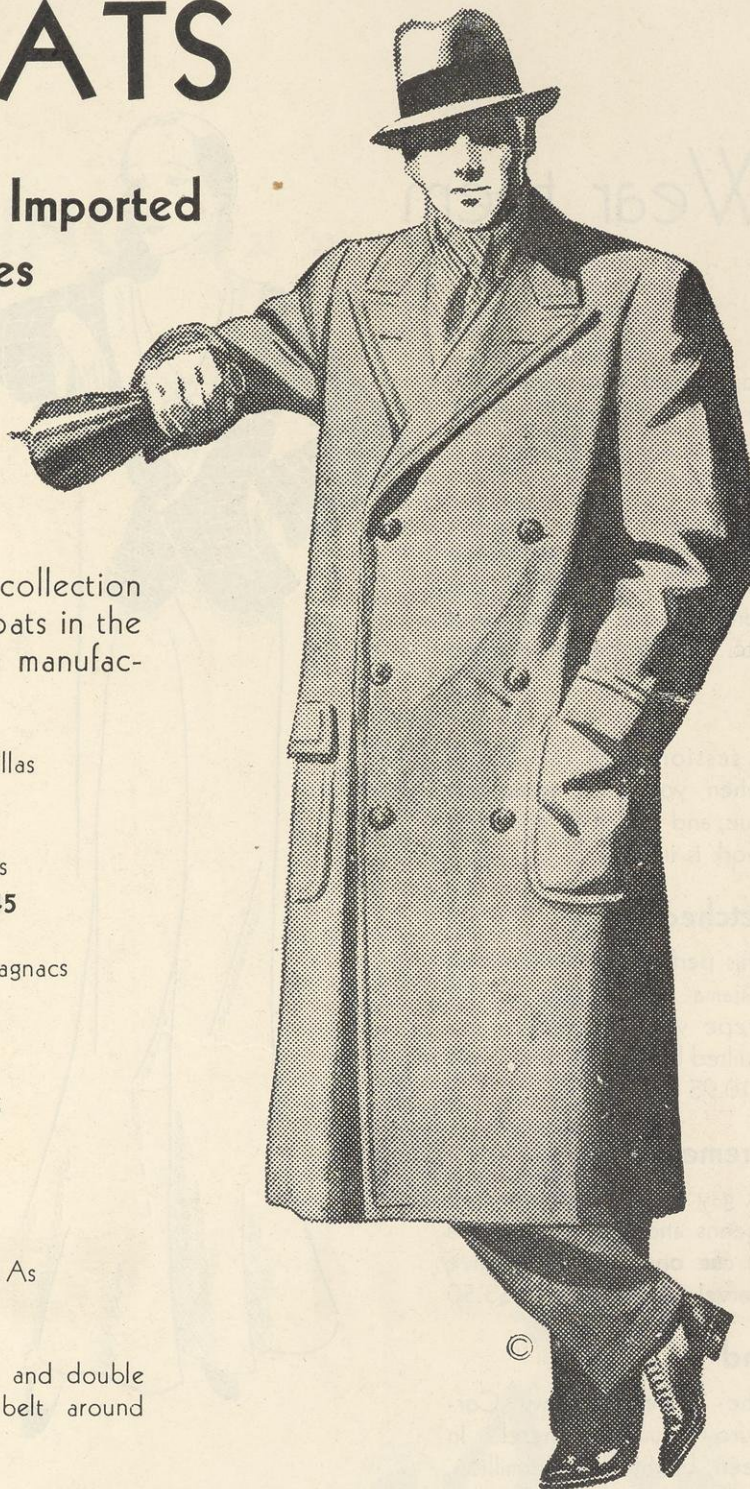
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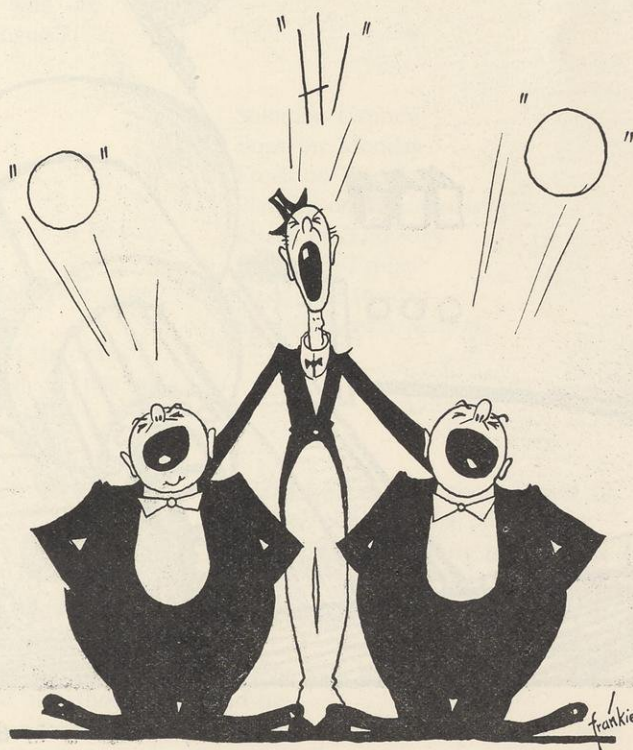
The newer-than-new Cor-
duroy 'jamas are here! In
geen, bright blue, vermillion,
and wine. Ever so warm
and comfortable! \$7.50

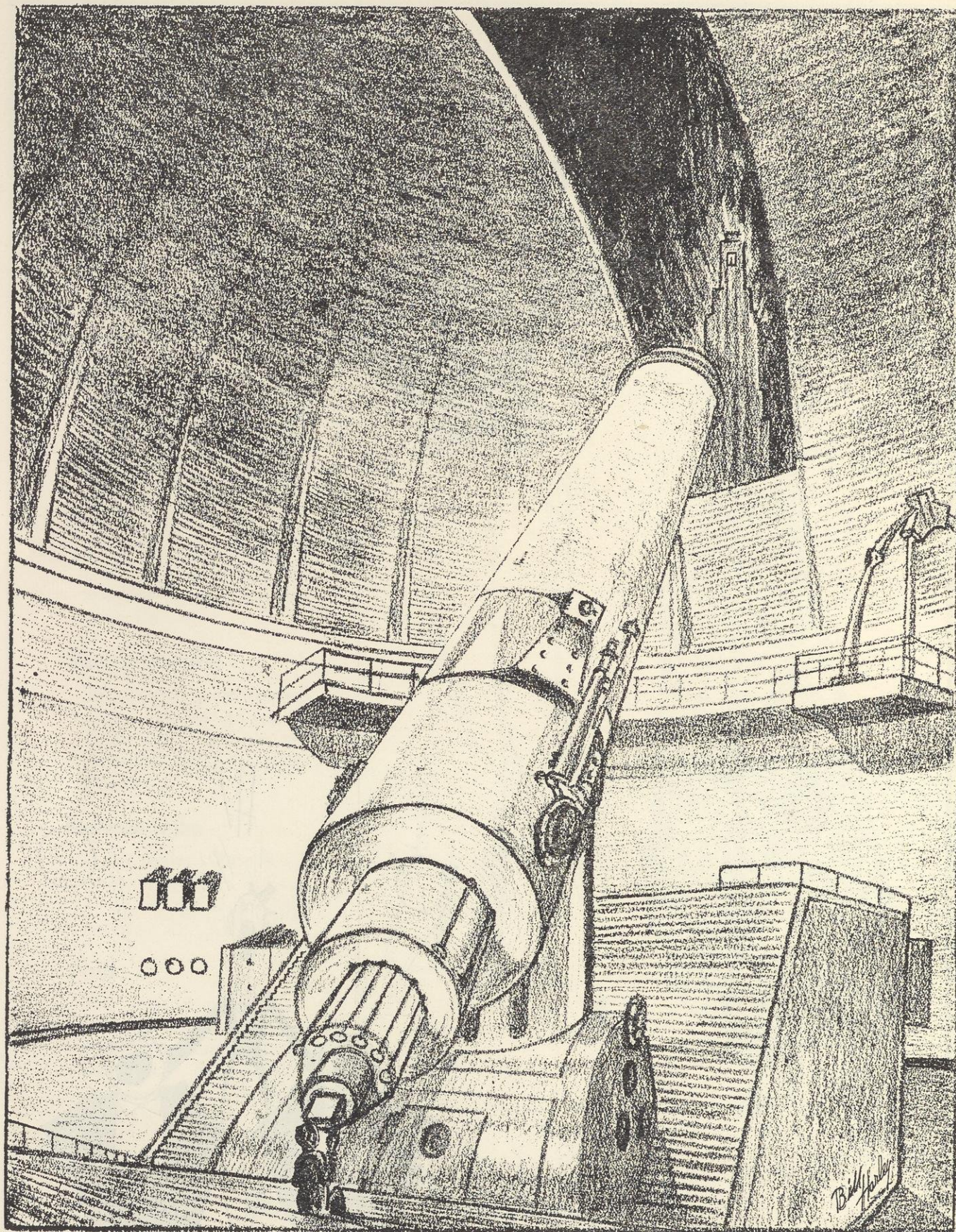


BARON BROS, Inc.

O C T O P U S

HOMECOMING » » »





"Ah, Venus is in the ascendancy tonight."

O C T O P U S

Somebody called up and little Marmaduke answered.

"Hello," said the voice, "will you put your mother on the phone?"

"Like hell I will," said the child, "don't forget the old lady weighs 200 pounds."

She: Horace, that star halfback simply rejuvenates me.

He: Say, the big stiff needn't think he can get away with that.

"How come you were mad when the quarterback kicked goal?"

"My name is Goal."

"How come Tech lost the game to-day?"

"Their quarterback stutters, the full-back stubbed his toe, and the right end has three fingers missing on his left hand."

At the game to-day I sat next to the Prof who reported me for cribbing back in '20."

"What did you do?"

"I wouldn't let him look at my program."

Times are so bad that college students are selling their books to bootleggers in return for whiskey. I saw one friend of mine who did that, and he was crying.

"I wish I had my books back," he wailed.

"Are you sorry?" I asked?

"No, I'm thirsty," he sobbed.

"Naw, I can't go to Homecoming this year. I owe four big bar bills around there yet."

Nurse: Congratulations, Professor, you're the father of a baby boy.

Professor: What, is she cribbing again?



"Well, I like his guts!"

Coach Epstein: You pig porkers, get in there and fight for that pig-skin! (And that is why he was kicked out of the synagogue.)

"How come you're going to bed so early, Tom?"

"I'm in training for the big game in Minneapolis."

"But you don't play on the team."

"I know, but I'll put in just as tough a weekend."

She came to him as if she were floating in the air. He took her in his arms, and she nestled up close to his chest. "Now," said the football player, "for an eighty yard run for a touchdown on the kickoff."

"What did you do this summer?"
"I was a flunkie in a lumber camp."
"I flunkied, too. Only in summer school."

"Their honeymoon at Niagara Falls was cut short, wasn't it?"

"Yes, the groom got a cataract in his eye."

Dora thinks that a moratorium is a place where they bury dead people. But what gets her is that President Hoover should want to run one.

Frosh: Whose ashes are those up on the mantle?

Soph: Those are my brother's ashes.

Frosh: Did the poor fellow die?

Soph: Yeah, he got all burned up over a co-ed.

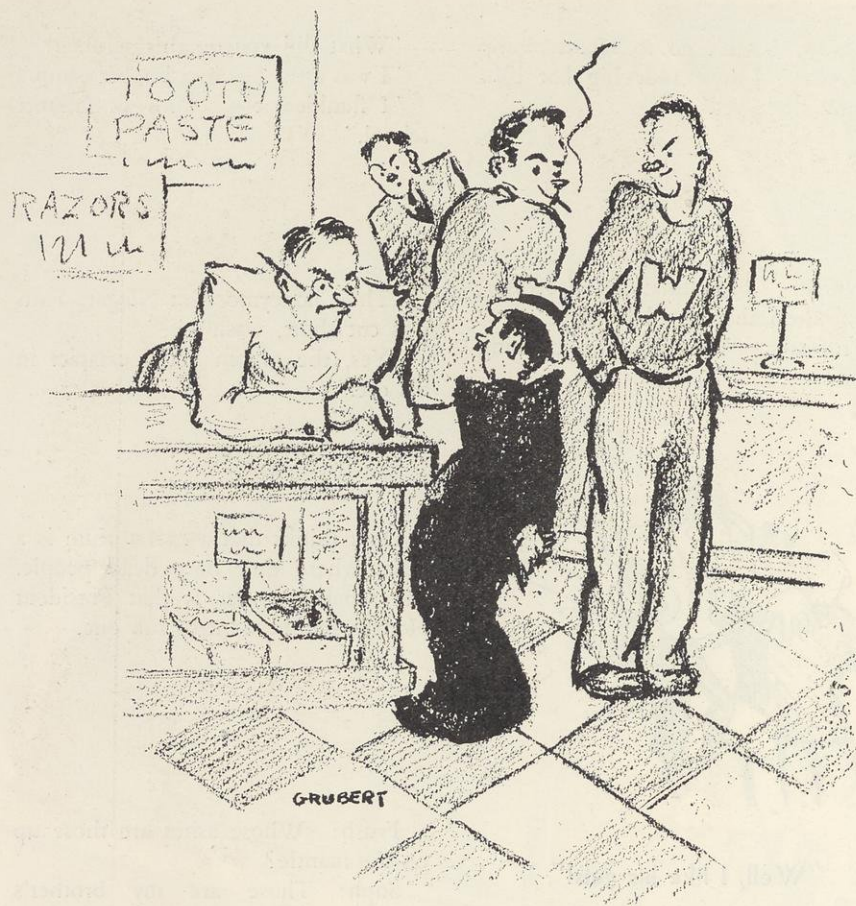
Solomon Grundy
Born on Monday
Frosh on Tuesday
Pledged on Wednesday
Dated on Thursday
Exams on Friday
Dean on Saturday
En route again Sunday.

"This kiss is on account," said he.
"On account of what?" said she.
"On account of losing my balance," said he.

"Then make a new deposit," said she.

"You can bank on me for that," said he.

And in fervent liquidation, both were solvent.



"Please, sir, have you something for Athlete's Foot?"

Dates I Have Known

A clean girl from the 3F laundry.
 A live wire from the telephone office.
 A "hot shot" from the French Battery Company.
 A girl that "clicks" from the Western Union office.
 A fast girl from the railroad office.
 A "golddigger" from the School of Mines.
 A "red hot" date from the furnace factory.
 A "sophisticated" girl from the Kappa house.
 My girl!

Campus Bughouse Fables

- (1) Prof announces that same book will be used for next five years.
- (2) College man tips waiter in restaurant.
- (3) College man refuses to drink.
- (4) Football man gets scholarship which he really deserves.
- (5) Senior says and really means it (to the old man) . . . No Pop, I don't want a coonskin coat because they're too common. Last year's old overcoat will do.

As we remember it at this late date, Clarence Darrow entered the famous Scopes trial as a defense attorney, but we can't remember whether it was for Scopes or for the monkey.

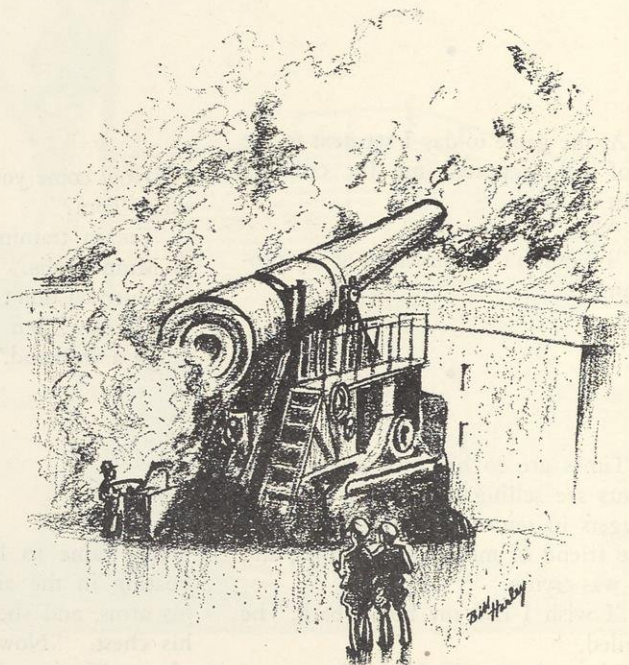
"Look at that swarm of kids . . . must be an orphanage there, eh?"

"No, just Homecoming at the Sultan's place."

Slightly pie-eyed frat man to sheriff who has just arrested him: (Upon seeing his star-shaped badge)—Shake, brother, I'm a Phi Gam pledge myself.

"Say there, Lord Whoosontop, I understand you went out on a big tear last night. Did you have a good time?"

"Oh positively ripping, old bean, positively ripping."



"Yeah, he thinks he's a big shot."

Famous Last Words

"Coach, if I make a touchdown will you let me keep my jersey after the season is over?"

"So that old soak doesn't date Pearl because she's a rum runner. How come?"

"Yep, she runs every time he opens a bottle."

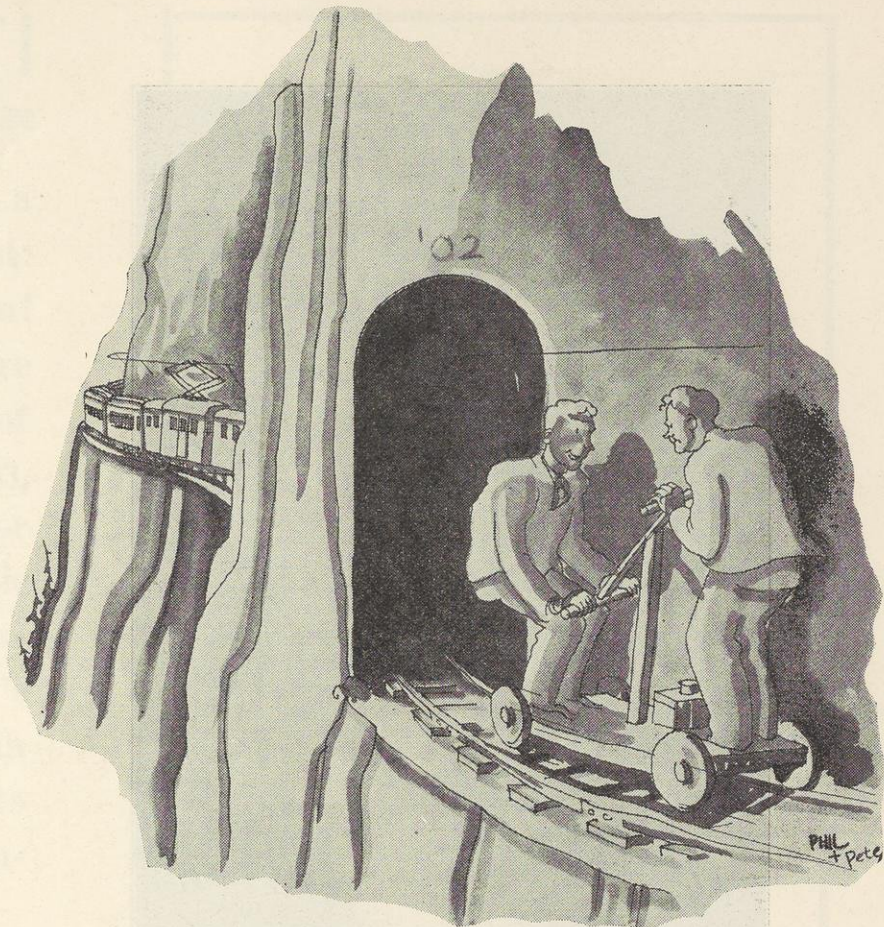
In the movie theatre:

"Did you see that chandelier sway?"

"Don't be foolish . . . that Frenchman can't dance."

Grandma (telling story to three-year-old Mary): And what do you think the big bear said to Goldilocks?

Mary: Scram!!



"Dosen't this mountain atmosphere make you feel heavenly, Henry?"

THIS WINCHELL WORLD

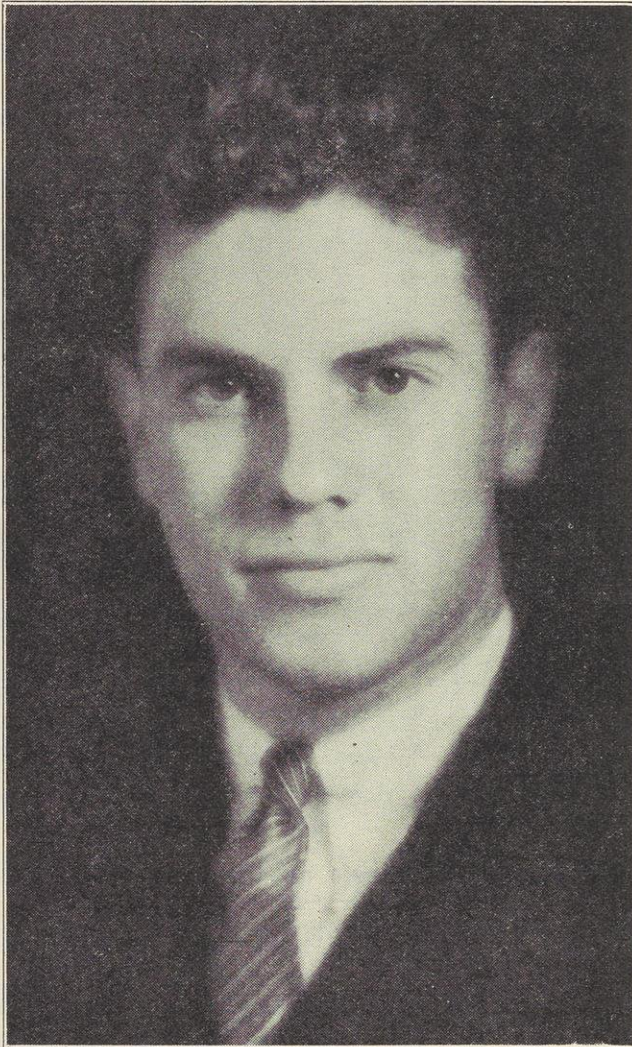
No. 5

Coin doesn't tarry very long in the paws of Henry VIII . . . He doesn't spend it all on the Mrs. either . . . She is too Spanish for his British taste . . . The royal couple are making faces . . . Henry is plenty sore about Wolsey not getting the anchor melted . . . H. M. airs Katherine and grooms it with Anne . . . Peddling his real estate for a few Gs . . . The Henry VIII's are girl'd and the old man is in a fret . . . Cuts off Anne's conk to blend with Jane . . . She is storked but dies in the hosp . . . H. M. and the 2nd Anne are parson'd and blasted, being sotto voice about the latter . . . They are tuning the wedding chimes for K. Howard who has a shady rep and a score of genmen frens . . . They're Ouch! and now he locks the handcuffs on K. Parr . . . And still he's whoops-my-dearing it!

Recent newspapers featured a picture of Charlie Chaplin and Ghandhi and titled it "A Comedian and a Saint." The point is, which one was the saint?

"Climb aboard," said the pirate captain; so the captive walked the plank.

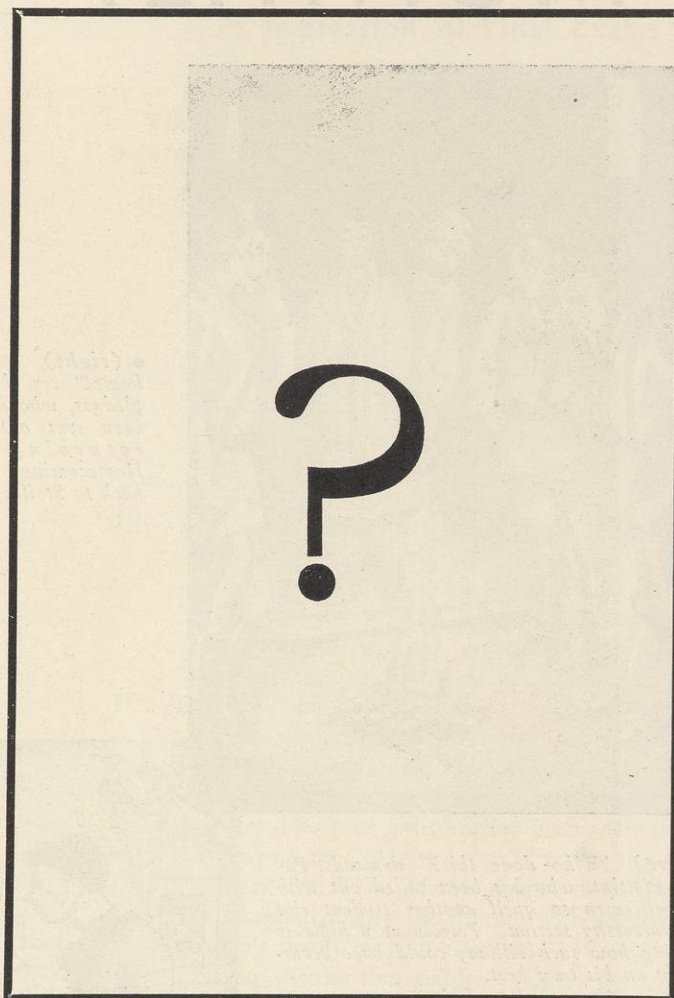




● Edwin J. Kinsley, 1933, who was elected Chairman of the Junior Class Promenade to be held February 5, 1932. Varsity crew, Union board, Tumas, Haresfoot and Sigma Chi is Ed--a damn fine man!

CONTEST!

Octy announces a monster prize contest: Guess the Prom Queen! On the opposite page appears the picture of Edwin J. Kinsley, '33, chairman of the Junior Prom. Who will be his queen? Any artist except those on Octy's staff, on the Wisconsin campus is eligible to participate in this contest.



RULES

1. The contestant must submit a drawing of the girl who is his choice for prom queen, drawn on standard artist's board, in pen and ink, greased pencil, wash, or oils.
2. The drawing is to be made either as a caricature, or as a portrait, and must be drawn from the subject herself, not from a photograph.
3. With the drawing the contestant must submit the name of the girl, her sorority, and a short resume of her qualifications for prom queen.
4. The winning picture will be used in the Octopus for the Prom Number.
5. The prizes will be: First, \$5.00; Second, \$2.50; and honorable mention.

MONTHLY GRAPHIC

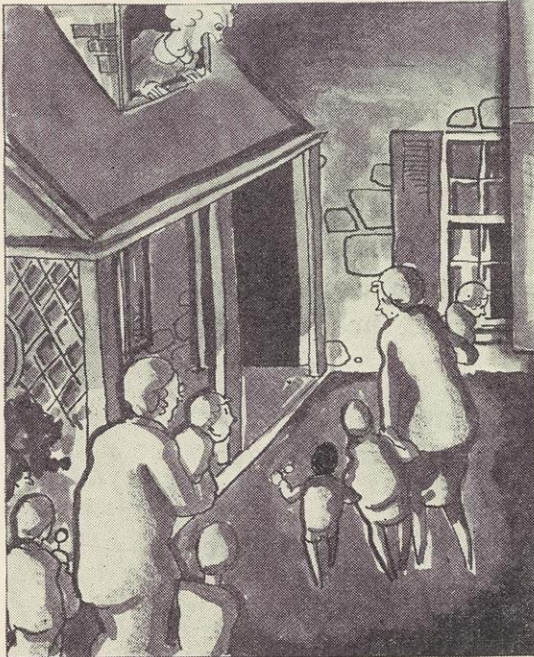


• (above) "Who done this?" demands Patorman Flattfut, who has been called out with other policemen to quell another student riot in the university section. Patrolman Whiffle is wondering how such villiany could have occurred right on his own beat.

• (right) "Welcome home!" cry the Phi Psi pledges, who have (has) been sent out to greet returning alumni at Homecoming. "Welcome back to Stoiling Coir".

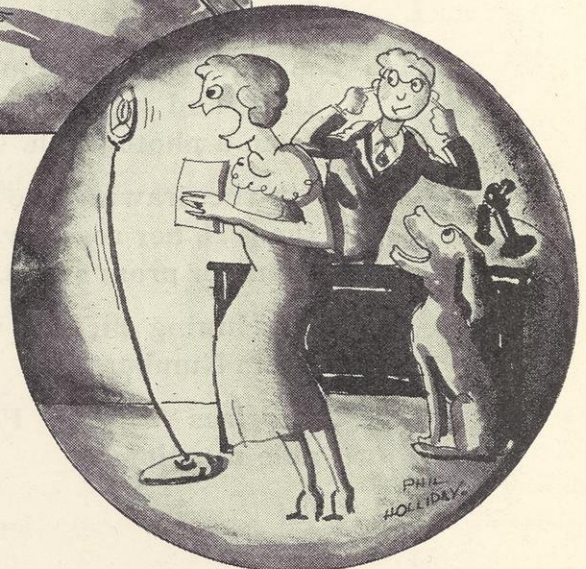


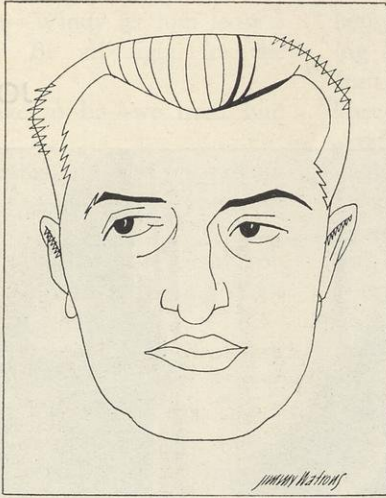
• (left) "I could do better myself", acidly remarks a critic at the Union exhibition. His companion with the funny hat and rolled socks has ideas of her own about the show. After all, one has to consider that Reversa is supposed to be a pretty good artist.



• (above) Sister Muddleface (leaning out the dormer) is all aghast, and rightly too, for when alumni sisters in Delta Gamma wrote that they would return for homecoming they didn't say that they would arrive in multiples of four.

• (right) What a good natured dog, to help out the star soprano of the Daily Cardinal Radio Hour! When you hear 'On Wisconsin' over your radio at noon, look out. Anything is likely to follow.





Editor Steinman

WE BELIEVE » » »

The subject of eligibility has never bothered Octy unduly, since the magazine seems to have the happy faculty of choosing its staff from among the students who are rarely ineligible. However, Octy does recommend that the following changes be made:

- (1) Freshmen requirements shall be made uniform in all of the various activities of the university—such as athletics, dramatics. There shall be no discrimination.
- (2) The freshmen shall be regulated for one year in whatever manner the faculty shall prescribe, whether they be allowed full or partial participation rights, or none at all.
- (3) All students above the classification of freshmen shall be allowed unrestricted participation in all and as many activities as they desire, no matter what the character of the activities.
- (4) Students on probation shall be ineligible to participate in activities so long as they are on probation.

For Octy believes that students are not children . . . that the paternal assumption is wrong. If persons of university age cannot regulate their own time so that they achieve the required grades to keep them off probation, they never will be able to keep abreast of the swift movement of modern social intercourse in the business aspect.

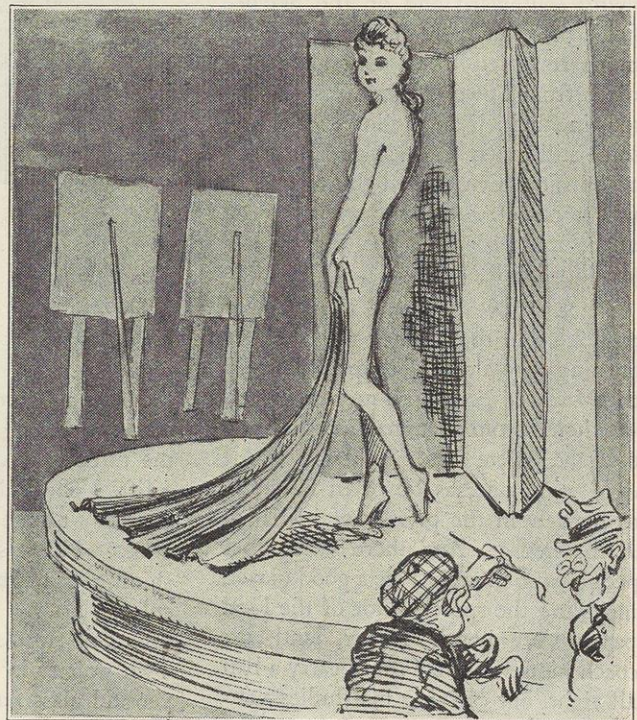
The problem of "squawking" parents is one to be faced courageously by the faculty, instead of with the "fear-of-losing-my-job" attitude displayed. Let parents complain, it is their fault if their offspring have not been properly trained. The university is not a kindergarten for wayward children. If they cannot stay here, let them be sent to a school for subnormal intellects, or set to work.

A Impression of Final Exams

AMERICAN LITERATURE

Take your time. Thirty minutes for each question. Use no cribs.

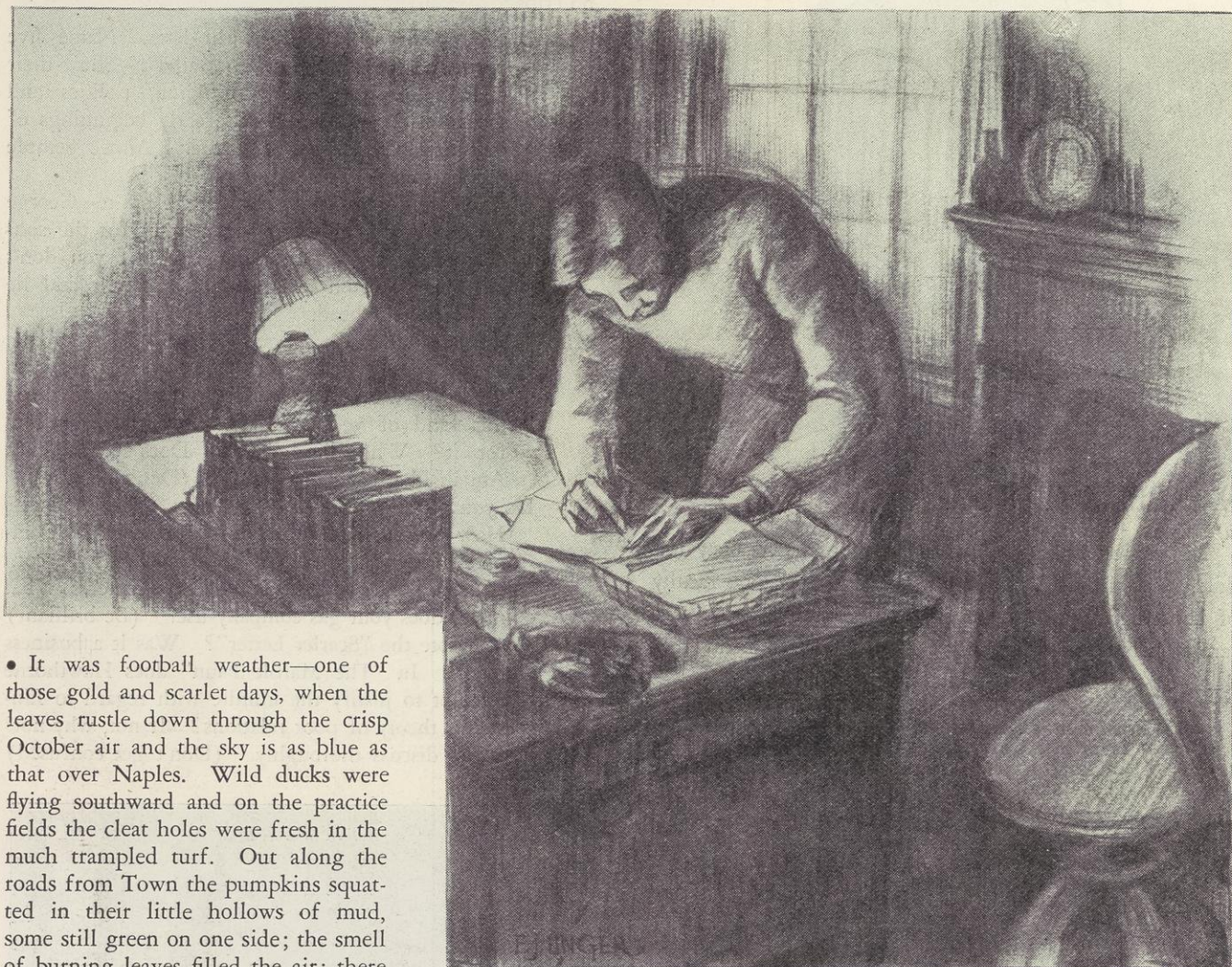
- I. Outline Longfellow's life with dates. Name five poems he wrote besides "Hiawatha". Show their relation to contemporary religion, politics and society with reference to the early beginnings of the Birth Control movement and Aimee Semple McPherson.
- II. Was Washington Irving any relation to George Washington? How do you account for the similarity of names? Or don't you? If you don't see Prof. Morton after the examination and he will feel your head.
- III. What poet does the phrase "Hog butcher of the world. . ." make you think of? (Can you think?) Was Carl Sandburg the first to write this kind of verse? Why didn't they pay him for it? What kind is it? Does your Uncle Abijah like it? What of it? (Don't be silly)
- IV. Do you count Robert Frost among the "cold" poets? How would you characterize his work? Compare him with Edgar Lee Masters as to style, content, number of ideas per line, and meter. What meter does your gas company use? (Be brilliant)
- V. Who wrote the "Scarlet Letter"? Was it a business letter? In "The Marble Faun" does Hawthorne attempt to justify the infinite with regard to Einstein's theory of poor relations? If not, why not? If so, discuss thoroughly. (Don't get confused)



"Come on, Leonardo, let's take in a burlesque show this evening."

HALFBACK » » »

By
H. S.
JOHNSTON



• It was football weather—one of those gold and scarlet days, when the leaves rustle down through the crisp October air and the sky is as blue as that over Naples. Wild ducks were flying southward and on the practice fields the cleat holes were fresh in the much trampled turf. Out along the roads from Town the pumpkins squatted in their little hollows of mud, some still green on one side; the smell of burning leaves filled the air; there was a certain sadness come over the earth, mingled with the joy of impending battle.

Peter McNeil wasn't thinking of pumpkins in the mud or the smell of burning leaves as he bumped along in the Model T Ford with no top, on the way home from scrimmage in the early twilight. Pete was a halfback, and a darn good one, as he often admitted to himself in the privacy of his room at the house. And there were other people who thought Pete a good player, including the sports editor of the local paper, Westbrook Pegler, and the coach himself. Pete could carry a ball all right, but carrying his studies worried him. It was of English 30 that he was thinking as the Ford putted up Fraternity Row and turned the corner

down the short street where the House was.

He climbed over the door, which hadn't opened since the vehicle had plunged in the ditch on a beer picnic the spring before, and stepped on the curb, muttering a brief, "S'long" to the three fellows who had given him a lift. The lights gleamed in the tall windows of the House, patterning the grass with crisscrossed patches and shining through the coat of arms in colored glass. He took the two short flights of steps in a single stride each. Two waiters in white coats rattled silver and glassware as they set the tables for dinner. In the living room the chapter was engaged in the daily perusal of the evening papers.

"Hi, Pete. Tough practice today?"

"Oh not bad, Bill. The frosh aren't so swell this year. We got through 'em for four touchdowns. They were usin' Ohio plays that Pinky brought back Monday. But yuh never can tell from scoutin' a game what they're gonna use when yuh play 'em."

"I see by the papers that you're going pretty good, Pete. Jim'll have you All-American yet if he keeps up the publicity campaign. You're right in there at that."

"Jim's all right, but newspaper talk doesn't count Bill—you know that."

"Yeah, I know. Is Marino's shoulder any better?"

"Guess so—Windy let him loose a little today. Be all right for the game."

"He'll have to be—we need him plenty."

"Sure, but this soph Sheerer is damn good—hasn't got the experience though."

"What about that con exam you gotta take? Jim said something about it in his column yesterday."

"I was thinkin about it, Bill. Don't see why ol' Ward couldn't have passed me anyhow—he knows I play football. Mean ol' cuss. If he wasn't Di's father I'd tell him a few things." Pete looked disgusted.

"Why don't you work on Di a little? She oughta help you. If she's got the welfare of the team at heart and the noble spirit of this fair institution." Bill was a cynic of the collegiate variety.

Aw, Di's all right, but I kinda hate to say anything to her. She's good at English and that stuff—she would be with an old man like that—an' she doesn't know how I hate it."

"It wouldn't do any harm to try. When's the exam?"

"Day after tomorrow—I haven't studied for it yet either. Gotta get a book too."

"Hell, Pete, if Di's so good at that stuff, let her help you study for it. She'll do it."

"Maybe—I'll ask her though. She is darn smart at that stuff." Pete's face brightened a bit. From the dining room came the sound of the dinner chimes, and the double doors were thrown open.

The brothers settled down to roast beef and the usual table talk went back and forth between mouthfuls. Pete was silent except when some one addressed him directly. Di would help him all right, but there was so darn much to review, with the exam only one day away. All he needed was a "poor" though—that would get him by for the team. His thoughts wandered to Di.

• Diony Ward was the only daughter of the head of the English department—her father had conned Pete in the course. Diony didn't know that, nor did she know how much depended on passing the con exam safely. Pete had met her at a Gamma Theta open

house the year before, and while trying desperately to balance a plate of fruit salad and a cup of coffee on one knee, he had discovered that Di was a rather pretty girl. This impression increased with every date they had. Di had that exceptional combination of very blond hair, with black lashes and brows, accompanied by deep blue eyes, and a dimple which played hide and seek as she laughed. Pete could pick her up as easily as an armful of pillows, and the top of her head brushed his nose when they danced. She lived in Town of course, so late dates were permitted as often as Di could manage to evade her father's firm, "Diony, come here a moment"—as they went through the hall past the professor's study. For John Ward was one of the few members of the faculty who still cling to the ancient

belief that all decent professors should have studies.

• Dinner was over and cigarettes lighted.

"Got a date tonight, Pete?"

"Yeah—gonna study for that English exam with Di if she'll help me."

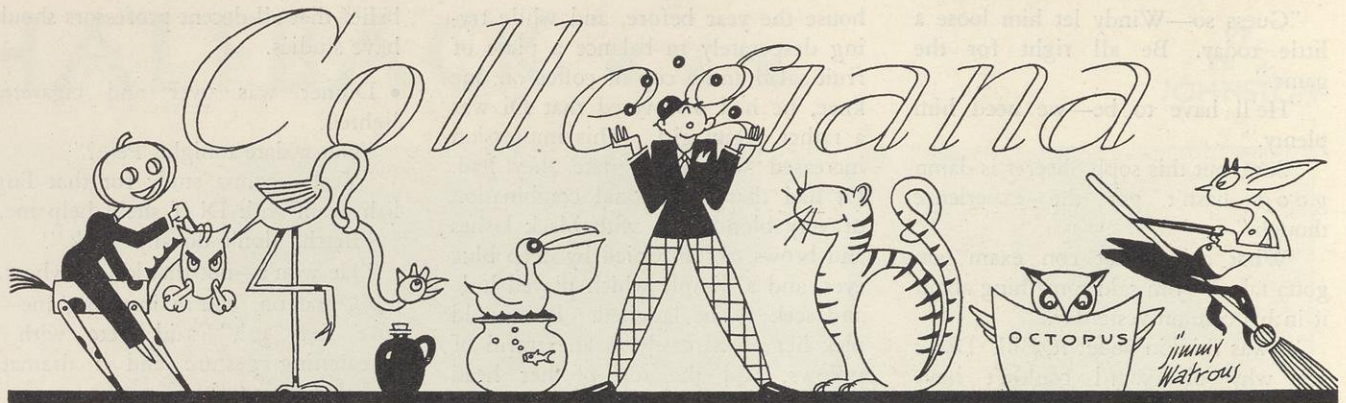
"Betcha don't do any work."

"He won't—not that kind anyhow."

"Come on, you're insulting me—I love that gal," said Pete with a threatening gesture and a dramatic look for the speaker.

(Continued on page 24)





"Come back to bed, John. You'll find that collar button in the morning."

"Who the hell's looking for a collar button!"

—Gargoyle

Our all-American debating team: Chaplin, Harpo Marx, Coolidge and Floyd Gibbons.

—Punch Bowl

A college magazine is a great invention,

The college gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
The staff gets all the blame.

—Longhorn

Tired business man (to young wife): I've made up my mind to stay home tonight.

"Oh, have you?" she countered; "Well, I've already made up my face to go out."

—Punch Bowl

Prof: I'm letting you out ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes."

—Wampus

Speaking of embarrassing positions, how about the firemen who answered a general alarm from Fraternity Row the other day, only to discover that the excitement was caused by steam escaping from one of the fraternities' hot box. Before they could get away three of the firemen had pledged and signed house notes.

—Dirge

First hopeless: I hear they had a merger in the court house yesterday.

Second S. A. E.: What do you mean?

First hopeless: They put the marriage license department in with the dog license department because after you buy a marriage license you lead a dog's life.

—Purple Parrot

Don't fret little tabby, stop your hollers,

You'll be a tennis racket, priced twelve dollars.

—Flamingo

Who says a man can't walk a straight line when he's drunk? What about tight rope walkers?

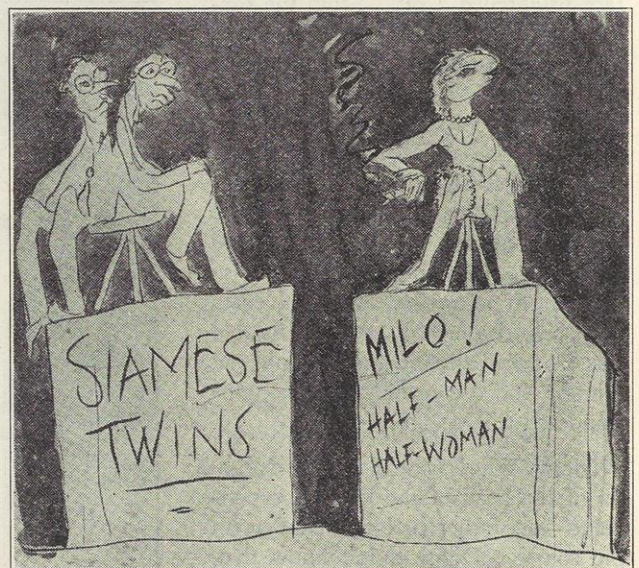
—Widow

Rev. Good (at baptism): His name, please?

Mother: Algernon Phillip Percival Reginald Mortimer Duckworth.

Rev. (to his assistant): A little more water, please.

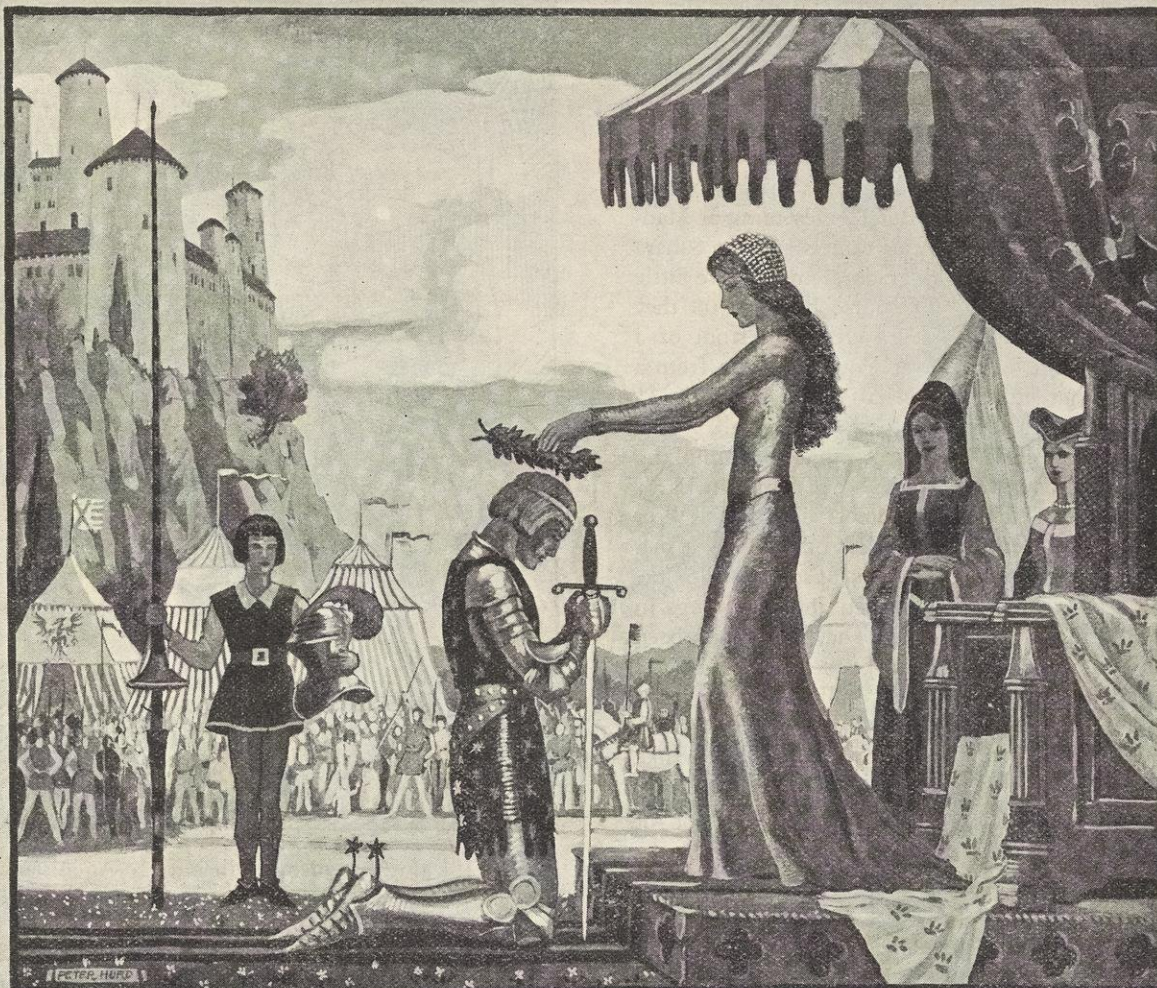
—Punch Bowl



"Come over sometime. We'll Play Bridge."

—Juggler

Prestige



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HOMECOMING » » »

By Fred
Pederson

Football weekends invariably bring a lot of visitors to the subterranean speakeasies and attic grog-dens of the city. Here victories are celebrated and defeats drowned with a zest perhaps equaled only by that displayed at a German beer garden during Homecoming at Munich U., where one does not have to run up three flights of stairs or blindly slip down a dirty coal shoot to quench his thirst scorched by two hours of lusty cheering. But Homecoming at Madison is not exactly like a conclave of camels at some Sahara sand dune . . . in fact the old grads seem to have little trouble in finding an oasis. Of course back in '08 they may have been accustomed to stand erectly in front of a bar with their English instructor and quaff heartily from a stein of Pilsener, but sitting in a cellar with a bunch of '31 collegians is not such a sorrowful pastime after all. This is just what Henry Cellars and Joe Upshot were thinking as they leaned over one of the rough wood tables in Bart's place . . . sipping, I think, at number five. The beer was good that day. Henry, of the class of '09, was a successful lawyer from one of the towns upstate, while Joe, one of the '10 boys, earned his chicken and dumplings in the clothing business in Chicago. They had both been Tau Taus in their college days, and years had passed since they had indulged in the proverbial bull-session together. This year Homecoming brought them together . . . in that chance meeting at Bart's whither they were both led by like feelings and tastes to warm up a little before the big game.

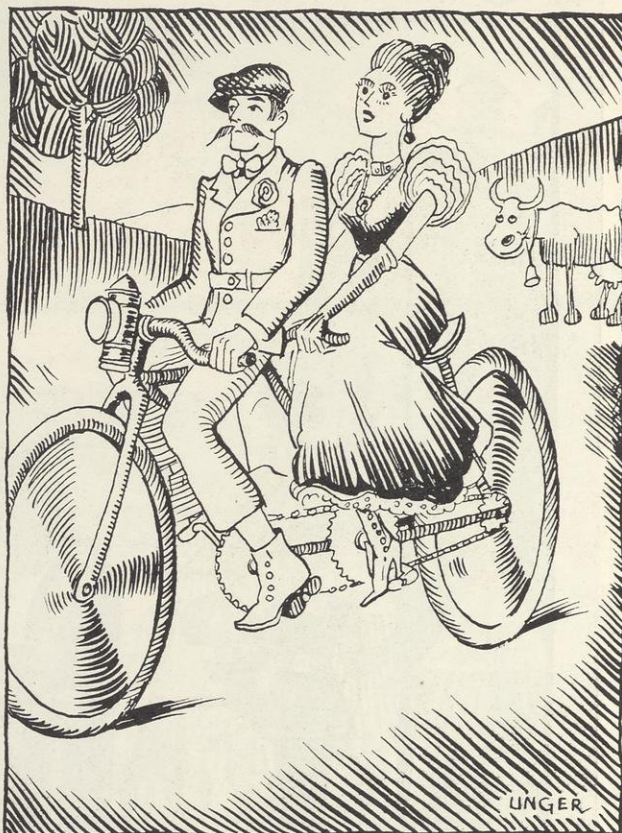
"Yes sir, Henry, twenty years sure brings a lot of changes to a place like this. Why you don't even look the same yourself . . . you didn't have that bald spot in the middle of your head when you used to drive up in front of the old Gamma Phi house Sundays in a Rent-A-Buggy with two horses to match."

"You're no baby boy anymore either, Joe. I reckon you couldn't get as close to Ed's bar to-day as you could back in the four button suit days . . . that is if Ed's bar was still in existence."

"Those sure were the days. Remember the time Dapper hid the mouse in the girl's muff at the Delta Gamma open house? How she did scream!" That inevitable pleasant grin which accompanies reminiscences now stole over Upshot's face.

"Do I remember . . . say, that was my date. In fact she's the girl I took riding with me on a tandem bike I bought at a fire sale. We got a flat tire out in the country, but I managed to hook a ride and took her back to the Tri-Delt house on a hay rack." Cellars' red nose now became encircled with that self same smile.

"I'll never forget Tau Tau initiation . . . you were a sophomore when I went through I guess . . . I still think I ought to get even with you. You fellows made me stand in front of Bascom before the eight o'clocks in a striped nightshirt, opera hat, and try to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" with a meerschaum pipe in my mouth, and when my efforts failed I had to ride a goat cart that way down State street shouting, "The red coats are coming!" "



"Say, I'll always remember that too. At initiation banquet you pledges kicked because you had to buy us a barrel of beer for four dollars. You thought we were a bunch of highway robbers."

Conversation lulled for a moment when both simultaneously picked up their steins with one hand and pretzels in the other. Evidently they were enjoying the occasion for old time's sake.

"We did have great times in those days," began Upshot again, apparently unwilling to let this diverting field of amusement burn out, "I wonder if the fellows do much to-day?"

"I guess the good, old times have passed. You hear too much about this thing they call sophistication nowadays. Why say I can recall one time after a game when a gang of us young fellows built a big bonfire at the intersection of State and Lake streets. We piled everything imaginable on it . . . even unhitched the horses from some farmer's wagon nearby and put it on. Boy, we had a royal blaze, but the fun didn't start until the cops came . . . they didn't have a chance. A few of the huskiest took three of them right down Lake street and tossed them into Mendota clothes and all. The rest of them beat it, and there wasn't a cop in that neighborhood the remainder of football season."

Upshot chuckled to himself. "Nope," he said, "I'll bet there's nothing like that going on anymore. You know, I

(Continued on page 25)



Just Between You and I ~

MANCHESTER'S is THE place to go for collegiate looking clothes! Its buyers are certainly collegeminded, with years of experience in selecting clothes for particular college women. You should see the new formals, afternoon frocks, and school things that give us reason to believe that you're going to have a mighty enjoyable winter!

Old Salt: Heave to.

Potential drunk: After the next beer, buddy.

"Will you give me some 'depression-over' flour?"

"What kind is that?"

"The kind that rises fast."

Reporter: Mr. Cohen, the Daily Blah would like to have the story of your life, and how you made a success.

Cohen: Vell, I came over here 25 years ago and got a job as a janitor. I couldn't read or write, so they fired me. I vent in de cloak and suit business, and to-day I'm worth a million dollars.

"Leave and let leave", is the new dean's motto.

'34: I don't like my girl. She knows too much.

'33: Well, you can't expect her to say "yes" all the time.

If college football gets any worse than it is, it will be called the Farcety."

Observation

Some women are as easy to see through as the windows in a speakeasy.



"Oh Yeah!"



It
isn't
Christmas
yet—
but this will
do
for the present

After all, isn't it about time your parents were made acquainted with the facts of life? And we don't mean inside information on the birds and flowers, either. We mean your crying need for a car of your own this Christmas. If you agree, why not break the news now—when holiday spirits will dull the shock of facing one of life's sterner moments?

You can make the ordeal easier for them by requesting one of those shiny new Chevrolet sixes. No mortgage

on the old homestead will be required to give you this car—because Chevrolet prices are among the lowest of any on the market. The fact that it costs less to operate than any other car will also help to ease the blow. And you won't lose anything yourself by suggesting a Chevrolet, as it is smart enough and fast enough to uphold successfully your reputation as one who knows how to pick 'em. So brace yourself and do your stuff. Remember, Chevrolet expects every man to do his duty.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value for 1932



Kappa Delta

One of the most successful subscription contests in years was conducted by Octy this fall, and resulted in victory for the Kappa Delta sorority, who annexed first place in the Octopus 'Pot of Gold'—a beautiful silver loving cup containing about \$50.00 in coins. The cup and engraving was through courtesy of Ernest Templin, jeweler. Second prize went to the Alpha Chi Omega's who were host to a theater party and were guests of the R. K. O.



Alpha Chi Omega

Capitol theater where the Marx Brothers were playing in "Monkey Business".

Girls who captained the two teams were: For the Kappa Delta's, Mary Esther Stephens, and for the Alpha Chi Omega's, Alyce Heffron.

Many of the sororities who did not place in the contest were given three and five pound boxes of Keeley's Old Fashioned Chocolates for their efforts.

It has come to light that the person who thought it wasn't any sin to take off his skin and dance around in his bones was a nudist who had been playing strip poker.

1st Homecomer: Did Tom come back for Homecoming this year?

2nd Homecomer: No, he couldn't wait so he went on his yearly bat about a month ago.

Kennedy's
VELVET
ICE CREAM

Fast Frozen
For
Finer Flavor

Kennedy Dairy Company

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

621-29 W. Wash. Ave.

Phone B. 7100

"A Song Without Words" is what opera singers seem to render.

When they asked the sappy senior what he was specializing in, he said he was a drum major.

Times Are So Hard That

A bread line is the longest distance between two points.
Stock brokers are riding to work on business cycles.
Lotharios are working on curves and depressions.
Only undertakers and moratoriums are having a prosperous season.

Buzzing Around

"Remember those husking bees my folks used to have?"
"Yeah, my father had hives, too."

15th anniversary sale

It's kind to your allowance and pleasing to your tastes because only Kessenich quality merchandise is offered. Buy your own immediate needs—buy Christmas gifts if you can plan that far ahead—buy little knick knacks for your room if you would be more comfortable. You'll find impressive birthday prices on dresses, fur trimmed winter coats, lingerie, new winter hats, DuBarry shoes, handbags, jewelry, hosiery, gloves, neckwear, silks, cottons, draperies, knitted suits, blouses and other timely wants. The values will show you that we mean business.

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Madison Battery
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Brake Adjusting	Radiator Flushing
Brake Relining	Battery Recharging
Exide Batteries	Mohawk Tires



Chevrolets

Fords

Plymouths

De Sotos

(Continued from page 15)

"Oh, yeah? Some people call it love—but us plain folk just says 'necking' and lets it go at that."

"Guess Prof. Ward don't let it go at that. Doesn't he ever kick you out? You take up space around that house most of the time."

"Well, I don't see him much. He's usually busy in his study."

"And you're busy on the davenport. Every man to his own trade I suppose. You'll have to join the union if you hang around there much longer."

"Double pay for overtime, and he's always doing night work you know, Bill. It must be worth while."

"Aw lay off fellows, I'm cut to the quick," moaned Pete covering his face with his hands.

"Quick, he's cut," murmured the wit of the chapter and received two cuffs from the men nearest him. Pete climbed the front stairs and order was restored.

The Ward home was typical of most of the professor's houses that were grouped in one section of the town. A small structure that had once belonged entirely to the mauve

decade, but which had been remodeled and filled with the antiques that Diony's father loved so well. The only modern piece of furniture in the place was the davenport that Diony had insisted on having placed in the music room where no one could see it unless they made a special effort. The professor's study was a dark place, lined with shelves of the literature of all countries and ages. In its center stood a desk piled high with texts and stacks of blue exam books, and littered with a heavy snowfall of papers in varying sizes and conditions.

Pete went up the walk with his usual feeling of anticipation and happiness. The lamp was burning in the window as always. He was admitted by the maid.

"You, Pete?" called Di from the upper regions.

"Yes, Di."

"I'll be right down. Dad isn't here. The paper's on the table."

"O. K." Pete dropped into a chair. Nice that the old man wasn't home. They'd have a quiet evening together. He glanced through the sport page of the *Journal*, reading Jim's column

carefully. When he raised his head Diony was regarding him silently. The stairs and the floors were heavily carpeted.

"What's the matter, Pete? You look so serious tonight?" She sat beside him on the sofa.

"Well—I've gotta take a con exam, Di."

"Oh, Pete, you never told me . . ."

"I didn't like to . . . it's in English."

"Pete! You'll be ineligible if you don't pass?"

"Yes. Didn't do enough work last spring I guess. It's your father's lecture, Di. I was hoping he'd let me through, knowing I played."

"I'm sorry, Pete. But you know Dad has a sense of justice or something or other—he never budes for any reason. I'll help you though—I know his 30 lectures almost by heart and we can get his notes." Diony went into the study.

For two hours Pete attempted to assimilate names, dates, and styles of writing, both prose and poetry. The floor was littered with papers.

(Continued on page 30)

(Continued from page 18)

wonder how the parties are now? The Tau Taus used to give some 'beaners', remember?"

"That Christmas formal in '08, I guess it was, went over big. That keg of ale we had on top in the vestibule sure didn't last very long . . . some of the fellows had to run out for a picnic or two of beer, if I remember correctly." Cellars seemed to appreciate his own glass all the more as he dwelt on this subject.

"But that was nothing compared with Prom that year", continued Ushot. "Tubby Walters and I double dated in his dad's new cutter which he managed to bring down from home for the event. Was it ever crowded and cold in that thing. The girls felt so sorry for the horse that Tubby, who was feeling good, was going to put Old Dobbin in the library till after the party."

I'll sure never forget that particular Prom. I think I spent something over eight dollars all told, and Dad almost jerked me from school." A more serious look came over Cellars' face as he recalled this spending orgy.

"How about the time we cut a week of classes to drive up to Minneapolis for the Minnesota game, and you got stranded in South Saint Paul and won forty bucks in an all night poker game. We never did get to see any football." As the number of beers consumed mounted likewise did the daringness of the events related increase.

"But the girls, Cellars, the girls back then . . . didn't we have some real times? I can recall the Kappa barn dance at Schmeckpepper's farm. Say, by the way, you were there . . . in fact you were the life of the party. Your girl's dress caught on a nail sticking out of the wall and came off. You had to wrap her up in your motor coat and take her home." Cellars' face crimsoned at this as he thought of his wife and three children back home. However he was not going to let Upshot get ahead of him.

"Yes, indeed," he replied and then asked, "No doubt you remember the razzing you took after you broke the sofa in the Theta parlor?"

Time passed, beers disappeared, and reminiscences sped along with increasing speed. Without a doubt both Cellars and Upshot were enjoying Homecoming to its fullest possible extent. Finally, during a temporary lull, Upshot burst forth, "Gad, Henry, do you know what time it is?"

Henry quickly looked at his watch and surprisedly answered, "Why, it's four-thirty already! We've missed the game!"

At first both appeared excited and disappointed until Cellars spoke again, "Well, Joe, I think we've had a better time and perhaps even a more enjoyable one than if we had seen it." And Joe smilingly nodded the agreement to which, I think we all also agree.

(The End)

Freshman: I read in the Handbook about traditions. What are they any way?

Wixhiemer: They're something that used to be, but aren't anymore, and are still trying to be.

—Sun Dial



"GOOD They've Got To Be Good"

Murrays and Chesterfields
have one thing in common.

TASTE.

Good taste in choosing your
clothes is a simple matter of
choosing a Murray.

Murray University Styled
Clothes are the expression
of young men who know
what smart young men's
clothing is.

\$35 - \$40

two trousers

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square

22 North Carroll

What !!

Christmas Here

Again ?

Better grab the old phone now while there is yet time and call Badger 7371, "Al" Reed, 608 State, the Balfour man, and confide in him the necessity of your getting that "special" present PRONTO. Then watch him go into action while you rest content that your Christmas shopping will be adequately cared for by "Al" Reed

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In All Branches of the Profession

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ACTIVITIES AT HOODLUM UNIVERSITY

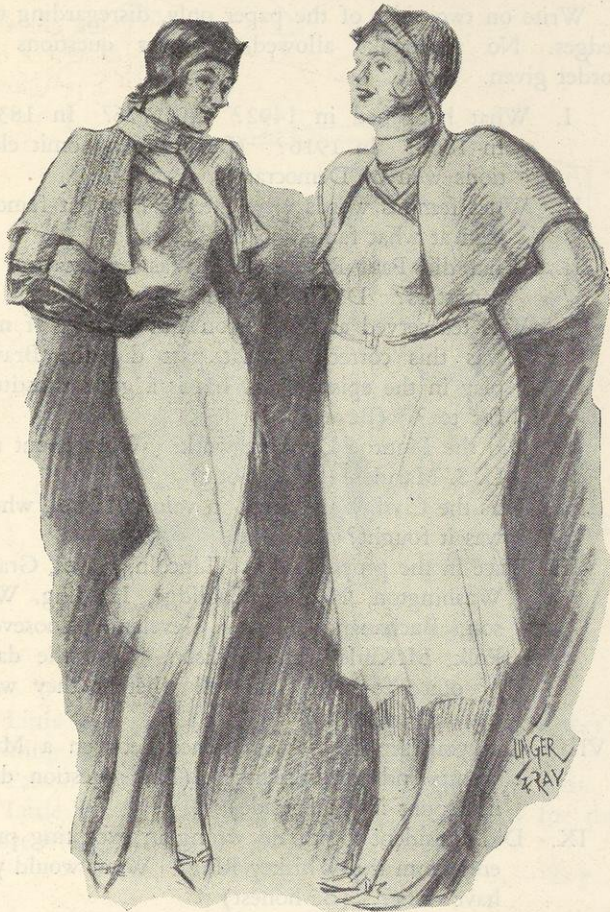
- (1) A freshman taking Brewing 1a got his gin and moon formulae mixed up in the basement lab of Alky Hall. His body will be shipped home to-morrow. Plans are already underway for the reconstruction of the damaged building.
- (2) Pop-eyed Pete Palooka, varsity guard, is off the team. Coach Mushface declined to state reasons. However, it is rumored that Pete is too full of lead.
- (3) Professor Yuda Bumtimoff, famous for his research in explosives, now has the seat of Bomb-throwing at the U.
- (4) Izzy Shmutz, last year's Prom King and campus shiek, has taken three co-eds for a ride this week-end.
- (5) The Dusty Roads Travelling Fellowship was awarded this year to Percy Bumsahitch, popularly known as "King of the Hoboes." The destination depends on the recipient.
- (6) President Mardface Balone announced yesterday that all candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Bootlegging will be required to have a grade-point average of 1.3 victims per her credit; and for Master of Bootlegging, at least one cauliflower ear or a scar on some part of the physiognomy.
- (7) Coach Mushface asked the Athletic Board yesterday for an armored car and a bodyguard to transport the team to and from the field. He claims he saw several men who looked like scouts from Gashouse Institute hanging around the stadium.
- (8) Lynn O. Tipe, student editor of the Daily Racket, the campus newspaper, wants four new men for his staff after having attended the Gangster University Newspaper Banquet.
- (9) Dean Bugs Moron says that any student who cuts more than four classes a semester will be sent home—in a box.
- (10) It looks like Hoodlum University will soon have a bigger and better Memorial Union. The five-story mansion occupied by I. Ketchum is the place. Mr. Ketchum, who ran a gambling joint there, forgot to pay protection money to the University last year. His body has not been found as yet.

When Dora heard that the stevedors of Superior went on strike, she said she didn't know they had bull-fights so far north.

"They say Pete was dead drunk at the Chi Mu formal the other night."

"Just a case of petering out."

THE BROADENING EFFECT OF EDUCATION



Freshman

Senior

Sandy: I'd like a demonstration of your 1931 models.

Auto Salesman: Of course, sir!

Sandy: I'll be buying mesilf a used car in a coupla yiers 'n I'd like to decide now what kind to git.

—Puppet

Soupspoon Sophie, the Syncic Soprano will now warble the little ditty, "When it's springtime in the Rockies, the September magazines are on sale over here."

—Ski-U-Mah

Patient (calling family doctor): Doctor, my son has scarlet fever and the worst part is he admits catching it from kissing the house maid.

Doctor: Well, young children will do thoughtless things.

Patient: But you don't understand. To make it plain I kissed the girl myself.

Doctor: That is too bad.

Patient: And to make bad matters worse I have kissed my wife every morning.

Doctor: Ye gods, we all will have it.

—Yellow Jacket

We Haven't Time to Write an Ad

We're too busy unpacking the many New Things we've just received for you!

Pajamas

Lingerie

Sweaters

Skirts

Blouses

And so many others, we can only ask you to come in and see them.

You'll be more than pleased with the low prices on everything, too.

Comparison will prove to you that the quality at Wagner's is superior to price!




Wagner's

"College Shoppe for Women"

528 State

"Economy with utmost style"



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ENGRAVING
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316 State Street

Where you get your Watch Serviced, no
matter what make

HARRY T. BLUM
Jeweler

AMERICAN HISTORY

Write on two sides of the paper only, disregarding the edges. No notebooks allowed. Answer questions in order given.

- I. What happened in 1492? In 1776? In 1832? In 1864? In 1916? (Be brief and omit elections won by Democrats)
- II. What famous words were uttered by what famous man at what famous battle?
- III. What did Paul Revere do? Was he a victim of gangsters? Do you revere him? Why?
- IV. Was tea served at the Boston Tea Party? If not, was this correct? What part did the Braves play in the episode? What is a good substitute for tea? (Be careful)
- V. Did the Monroe Doctrine work? What about the U. S. Marines? (Be patriotic)
- VI. Was the Civil War fought in vain? If not, where was it fought?
- VII. Place in the proper order: Lincoln, Hayes, Grant, Washington, Hoover, Coolidge, Harding, Wilson, Buchanan, Adams, Cleveland, Roosevelt, Polk, McKinley, and Jackson. Give the dates of office for each and tell whether they were married or single.
- VIII. Can you explain the difference between a Mugwump and a chipmunk? (This question does not count in final grade)
- IX. Did President Grant do wrong in excepting presents from the Whiskey Ring? What would you have done? (Be honest)
- X. Give a short outline of the growth of the Republican party from its origin to the present day. Show why the G. O. P. is (a) the best; or (b) the worst of the two. (Democrats should choose (b) above and Republicans (a).)

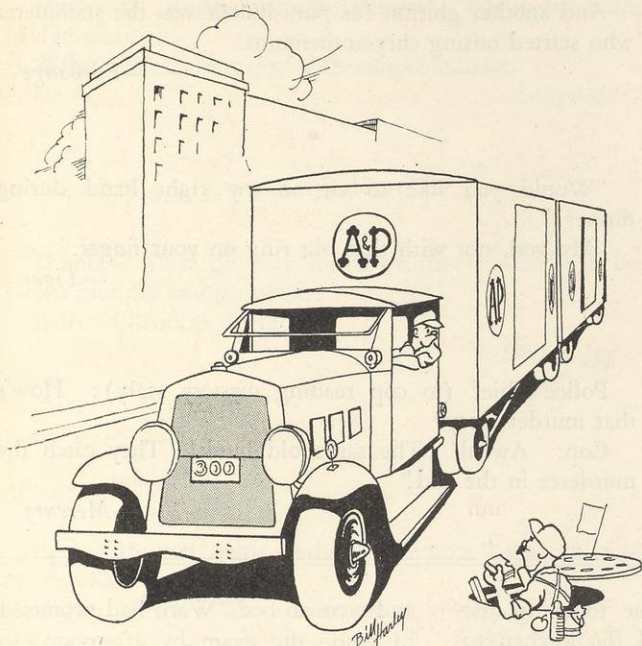
In spite of present economic conditions, depression and cleaning business is still thriving.

In London, Ghandhi put on trousers. He is now loining how to wear clothes.

Pity the poor man who tried to play the backhand of his opponent in a game of tennis when he was playing against the Siamese twins.

"Mine your own business."

"What do you think I am—a gold-digger?"



"Hey, driver, any lettuce to-day?"

Little boy (to parson): Please pray for my father's floating kidney.

Parson: But I can't pray for any one thing like that.

Little boy: Well, the other day you prayed for the loose livers.

—Log

Bridegroom: I thee endow with all my wordly goods.

His father: There goes his bicycle!

—Lampoon

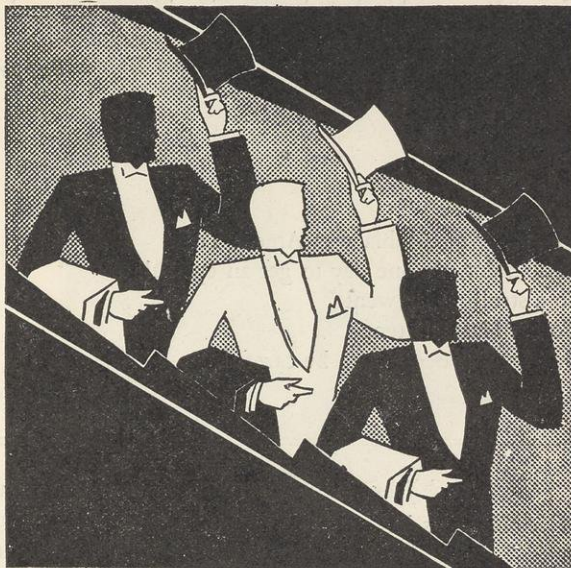
Commander: Now, suppose you are on your post one dark night. Suddenly a person appears from behind and wraps two strong arms around you so that you can't use your rifle. What will you call then?

Cadet: Let go, Honey.

—Siren

Otto Ginsberg and his frau
Were gifted with a babe.
Said Otto Ginsberg to his frau,
"Vat say ve call him Abe?"
"Nottink doink," piped the wife,
(Her accent not of Boston)
"Since he is a little Otto,
Ve'll simply call him Austin."

—Bison



Tuxes

You'll need one for Prom. Get yours now for a full social season of wear. Of course the style at the O & V College Shop is authentic. Yet the price is only

\$35



Toodle Dimple: I hear you were sick this last summer.

Fancy Pants: Yeah, I had clothes sickness.

Toodle Dimple: What's that?

Fancy Pants: My breath came in short pants and my tongue was coated.

—Puppet

And another glutton for punishment was the stammerer who started raising chrysanthemums.

—Exchange

"Would you like to sit on my right hand during dinner?"

"My god, not with that big ring on your finger."

—Tiger

The ruler of Arabia was Ameer Trifle
Who went out one day to get an eye full
So a'strolling he went
To his Harem's tent
But therein decided to be careful.

—Mac

Police Chief (to cop reading mystery story): How's that murder story?

Cop: Awful! The same old bunk! They catch the murderer in the end!

—Mercury

(Continued from page 25)

"Gee, Di, let's have a recess, or I'll go nuts."

"Right, I guess you need it. I'll get some sandwiches and cake. Kate's gone to bed."

Pete rose and stretched himself. He'd go out and help Di. The study door attracted him. The green shaded lamp was burning low over the desk top. On the blotter lay a single white sheet of typewritten matter. Something told Pete to go closer and look at it. "Condition Examination in English 30" he read. It was Ward's copy, ready to be mimeographed. In a motion Pete reached for his pencil and a scrap of paper in his coat pocket. It took him three minutes to copy the

five questions without touching the original. He entered the kitchen to find Di picking up a tray of food and took it from her. She glanced at him fleetingly with a strange expression.

Next morning Pete woke feeling better than he had in days. The exam was merely a matter of learning the questions he had copied and writing on them exactly and precisely.

At afternoon practice he charged more viciously than ever, scored two touchdowns against the frosh, and won the approval of Coach White. The starting line up would mention McNeil certainly.

• The next day was Friday. He learned the answers to the questions

and went to bed. Ward had promised to grade the exam by afternoon, so Pete and the coaches would know the result. The lined pages of the blue-book filled more rapidly than he had ever written before. It was an almost perfect paper. At three-thirty, when he walked onto the field in his suit, the backfield coach called him over and said that Ward had O.K'd him. The evening papers carried a flash—"McNeil Hurdles Con Exam, Will Play". At the House the boys congratulated him. Friday night before a big game. Early to bed that meant, but he could see Di anyway for a little while.

(Continued on page 32)

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With Raised Letter Monogram . . . Special Price \$2.00 Box

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Also—we still produce as distinctive announcements, cards and programs as ever.

STRAUS PRINTING COMPANY
214 East Washington Ave. Phone Badger 1763

Husband: Bridge! Bridge! Bridge! You'll die at the bridge table.

Wife: Well, bury me with simple honors.

—Longhorn

Dumb: What do they mean by the 'eternal war between blondes and brunettes?

Bell: Chemical warfare.

—Brown Jug

Bill: Are you going to have any more babies at your house, Will?

Will: Never! We're overstorked already.

—Masquerader

Times are so hard in Chicago the gangsters laid off 200 cops.

—Ski-u-mah

You gotta give'em credit: An Eskimo is the only one who can be married one day and have a good-sized family before the end of the next day.

—Beanpot



Native American Birds

No. 1

The Meadow Lark



Miss Helen Slinde turns her back to the world in displaying this beautifully molded evening gown from

Tiffany's

546 State Street

HUDDLE! PLAN! SCORE!

The HUDDLE—

Heads behind the line. A conference, a decision, and then

The PLAN—

An All-Star plan for homecoming. A real old-time get-together after the game.

The TOUCHDOWN—

The winning score A perfect dinner at

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413 State St. Fairchild 21

(Continued from page 30)

She met him at the door—waiting to see him come up the walk evidently.

"Hi, Di—how's everything?"

"All right, I guess." There was a queer shakiness to her voice. They entered the music room. "Sit down, Pete, I want to talk to you."

"Sure."

"Pete, do you love me?"

"Di . . . you know I do. Why?"

"Because . . . well, I know how you passed that exam . . . you copied Dad's questions . . . I saw you . . . I was coming to ask you to help me . . . the carpet is so soft."

"Oh . . . well. . . ?"

"Pete, you've got to tell Dad . . ."

"But—"

"Yes, I know, then you can't play. But isn't it—oh, I don't know how to say it—your duty—don't you feel as though you should? It wouldn't matter so much if you were just passing it to get rid of the course or something. For football—we don't want players that way, do we?"

"Gee, Di . . ."

"I know. You think I've turned noble or saintly or something. Maybe I have."

"I've got to play, Di, I've got to."

"The team needs you, yes. But you need yourself, Pete, and I need you so much, so much. I—I'll never be able to have you this way. Don't you see" Two bits of crystal glittered in Di's eyes.

"I don't know whether I see or not."

"Pete—it isn't honorable, it isn't fair . . . it isn't . . . please for me."

"Well, maybe it isn't right, but I've got to play, Di. And besides, everybody'll know . . . they'll kick me out of school."

"You'd do it for me, wouldn't you. You'd still have me, and I'd believe in you."

"You've got me there, Di . . . I'll do it. But you're to blame, remember that."

Telling Di's father was hard. Ward listened in silence.

"I see," he said when Pete stood silent. "Well, McNeil, I admire you for your honesty, but naturally, the exam will not be counted. Since you have confessed, I will not take it up with the disciplinary committee, but I

will notify Waite that you cannot play." He cleared his throat and glanced down at a book before him. Pete started to leave. Di stood in the doorway. She motioned Pete to silence and spoke, "Dad, do you remember where you put the class book with Pete's grades in the class last semester?"

"Why no, dear, why should I? I usually throw them away."

"I know you do. But look at this." She extended a thin paper bound notebook.

"Humph—that's it. What of it?"

"Look at Pete's grades."

The professor ran his finger along the line opposite "McNeil, Peter".

"They're all C's and D's aren't they?"

"Yes."

"Then Pete should have passed. You conned him. What for?"

"Well, humph, must have been a mistake. My secretary made out the grades—we were leaving for New York you know."

• Later Pete said good-bye to Di in the hallway.

"If you hadn't found that book, would you have made me confess, Di?"

"What do you think?"

"I think that you should have anyway."

"Well, that's something you'll never know. And you've forgotten something."

"What?"

"Two tickets for the game, silly. You said you'd have them for me tonight."

"Right, here they are. Who're you going with—Sally?"

"No, with Dad—didn't you know that he never misses a game?"

(The End)

Though life is most uncertain,
I'm sure of this one thing—
That when I'm in the bath tub
The telephone will ring.

—Malteaser

SPANKING OF GIRL COSTS THAW \$16,000

—Herald

Bottom price?

—Lampoon

Daughter (greatly worried): Mother, I can't marry Jack after all.

Mother: Why dear? I thought you loved him.

Daughter: I do, but he doesn't even believe in hell!

Mother (relieved): Never mind, dear, go ahead and marry him and we will convert him in a few months.

—Yellow Jacket

And then there's the contortionist who dreamed he was eating dried peaches and chewed his ears off in his sleep.

—Pointer

Coach: What's the matter with you fellows, you look like a bunch of amateurs?

—Medley

A college professor started on his career forty years ago with only ten dollars in the world. He retired last spring with \$70,000 deposited to his account. He acquired this fortune by steady, hard work, perseverance, untiring spirit, and by inheriting \$69,990 from his wife's father.

"I say, old man, I hear you are going to Paris. Are you going to take your wife?"

"My Wife! Say, you wouldn't take a sandwich to a banquet, would you?"

—Yellow Jacket

Budding Artist: Here's a modernistic picture of a steam shovel.

Magazine Editor: Sorry, we can't use it. The dirt's there all right, but it hasn't any sex appeal.

—Columns



HOME COMING

WHAT A WEALTH OF SENTIMENT THAT WORD CARRIES. THE DAY OF RENEWED FRIENDSHIPS. YOU'LL WANT TO BE ATTIRED IN APPAREL THAT IS SMART AND CORRECT IN EVERY DETAIL. LORD TAYLOR CLOTHING WILL DO THAT FOR YOU. CHOOSE YOUR NEW WARDROBE AT OUR SHOP AND BE ASSURED OF THAT PERSONAL CONFIDENCE THAT COMES WITH GOOD CLOTHING.

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My sugar daddy has lost his entire fortune.

What will you do now?

Put some of it in real estate and the rest in bonds.

"Pray, let me kiss your hand," said he, With looks of burning love;

"I can remove my veil," said she, "Much easier than my glove."

—Log

Can't study in the fall,
Gotta play football.
Can't study in the winter,
Gotta play basketball.
Can't study in the spring,
Gotta play baseball.
Can't study in the summer,
Gotta girl.

—Skipper

Remember when you set out to buy your winter underwear that it isn't the original cost, it's the upcreep.

—Longhorn

"Give a girl an inch . . ."
"And she'll make a dress."

Juggler

Waiter: Zoup, zoup, sir?
Diner: I don't know what you're talking about.

Waiter: Well, you know what hash is. Well, zoup is loser.

—Log

"Boy, go help Joe; he dropped his glasses and now he can't see."

"Dropped 'em nothing! You mean he drained 'em."

—Bison

"Where do dropped freshmen register?"

"At the Veteran's Bureau."

—Lampoon

"Isn't that guy from Arizona funny?"

"Yeah, he certainly has a sense of Yuma."

—Yellow Crab

Teacher: The lady fed the milk to the cat. Algernon, what is the indirect object?

Algie: The kittens, dear teacher.

—Log

She: Oh, Carl, there was once a time when you used to lovingly stroke my chin. You don't do it any more.

He: Yes, but that was when you had only one.

—Beanpot

"Shing A Shong"

Shing a shong at 6:00 A. M.

A s'tummy full o' rye.

Four and twenty cocktailsh—

'ere raished t' th' eye.

When th' door wush opened—

A shkirt b'gan t' yell.

Beg pard'n—I'll take i' back—

I' wush th' wife—aw 'ell.

—Puppet



"I'd die for dear, old Wisconsin!"

A girl doesn't always lose her rep when she gives a fellow the slip.

—Widow

Chicago was settled in 1833 and at rare intervals since then.

—Juggler

"Freshman?"

"No."

"Soph?"

"No."

"Junior, maybe?"

"No."

"Senior?"

"No."

"Well, then, wottinell are you?"

"I'm only a football player."

—Widow

Formal

The Season's period of after six activities has begun. The importance of correct evening wear is obvious—whether it be tail coat or tuxedo—hand-tailored by HOAK and DUNN in a manner which overlooks no detail. And most important of all, assures ease and comfort.

HOAK and DUNN

INCORPORATED

644 State Street

Editor: Did you know that the Widow Jones is suing us for libel?

Reporter: No. What is the idea?

Editor: We said in her husband's obituary that he had died and gone to a happier home.

—Siren



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Cooking**

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Fraternity man's motto: If the shoe fits—borrow it!
—Yellow Crab

"I hear Peggy Hopkins Joyce started this fad of seeing who can make and break the most engagements."
"Yeah, she's the ringleader."

—Owl

For that lousy feeling—scratch!

—Red Cat

He: Who's that dumb looking palooka?

Pi Phi: Oh, she's one of our depression pledges.

Yellow Jacket

Cop: The dame we pulled in last night wants to confess."

Sergeant: Who does she think I am—Bernarr McFadden?

—Punch Bowl

Talking pictures are rapidly displacing vaudeville. This really is too bad for we used to get a little rest between acts of a vaudeville show.

—Brown Jug

"What's your mother so upset about?"

"Oh, the cat went and littered up the place."

—Voo Doo

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you

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Electric Home Bakery

(*'Tis The Taste That Tells The Tale Truthfully*)

Phone Fairchild 2278

1801 Monroe St.

Judge: And you say you were attacked by a crowd of hoodlums?

Latin Professor: Hoodla, your honor!

—Lampoon

•
"What do you want with a new dress?"

"Just a new coat, new shoes, and new gloves."

—Siren

•
"How tall did you say that redhead was?"

"About sixteen hands."

—Purple Parrot

•
1st Football Star: Is this yere blowout at Bill's going to be formal?

2nd Football Star: Yeh. You better wear a tie.

—Log

•
St. Peter: And here is your golden harp.

Newly arrived American: How much is the first payment?

—Rammer Jammer

•
"Did you go on a toot last night?"

"No, we just horned in on a party."

—Brown Jug

•
Heel: How can you make Anti-Freeze?

Toe: Easy—hide her pajamas.

—Beanpot

•
"William," snapped the dear lady viciously, "didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in?"

"You did, my dear. It started to strike ten, but I stopped it to keep from waking you up."

—Banter



The short road to success, is only a few blocks from the campus. Smart girls will tell you that they get their frocks and such, from

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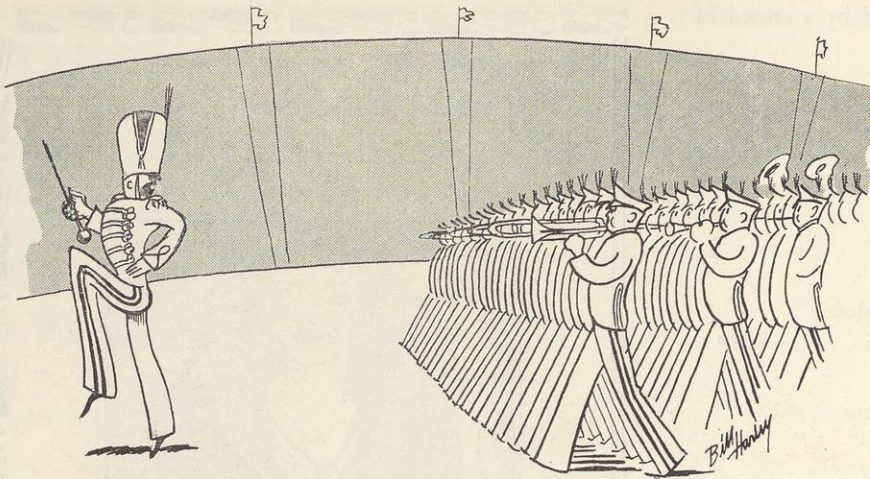
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BOOK SHOP**

CORNER STATE and LAKE STREETS



"Hey, you guys, get in step!"

"My husband is a Lion, a Moose, an Elk, and an Eagle," proudly boasted the professor's wife. A friend replied, "You should put him in a tent and charge admission."

—Puppet

Preacher: God created Adam. Then He created Eve, but with a difference.

That Well Known Voice from Rear: Thank God for the difference!

—Widow

"Who says that all men are born free?" wailed the young father as he received the doctor's bill.

—Cougar's Paw

"Have you been to the new Club Royale?"

"No. How does it raid?"

—Juggler

"Senior, why do you close your eyes when you take a drink?"

"To keep my mouth from watering and diluting it, Frosh."

—Yellow Jacket

Sergeant (at police station)—What! You back again? Frosh—Uh, huh; any mail?

—Punch Bowl



Why Not Send It To Her
For Xmas

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WITH

OCTOPUS

"Look! Our team is on the ten-yard line!"
 "That's nothing. Their team is, too."

—Columns

Dressing

Customer (in drug store): A mustard plaster.
 Drug Clerk (force of habit): We're out of mustard;
 how about mayonnaise?

—Panther

We understand that outside the twelve-mile limit business is on the "urp and urp."

—Sour Owl

Advertising Manager: Madame, I understand your ancestors signed the Mayflower compact.

D. A. R.: Well, what of it?

A. M.: We want to you endorse our new powder, rouge, lipstick, combination.

—The Pointer

A divinity student named Tweedle,
 Once wouldn't accept his degree,
 'Cause it's tough enough being called Tweedle,
 Without being Tweedle, D. D.

—Exchange

Gifts » » »

Should be useful this year—And will have to fit most pocketbooks—There are many such here.

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Printing is the inseparable companion of achievement and therefore the constant companion of business, according to one wise-man. When Engine Number Nine of the S. P. & Q. R. bumps Farmer Jones' favorite Mooly Cow into a bovine hereafter, Engineer Finnegan has to make out detailed reports on *printed* form number 00000x5. Also when President



Hoover and Premier Laval want to order tea in the White House they probably

have to sign the third assistant Salon Floor Steward's *printed* receipt before he pushes in the tea cart. At Wisconsin, students register on *printed* forms, pay with *printed* checks, write letters on *printed* stationery, answer exams in *printed* blue books, dance with *printed* tickets and programs in their pockets, advertise their activities with *printing*, and either roast or praise the varsity squad with *printed* messages. And best of all, you'd be surprised how much of this *printing* is done at the Democrat Printing Company in Madison.



an announcement for Wisconsin men

Wisconsin men, past and present, are invited to visit the recently opened Madison shop of Mac Neil and Moore at 550 State street, second floor. They will be interested in the unusual collection of fine clothing for gentlemen, the most careful choices of domestic and foreign markets. Proper style and distinctive selections are assured through the experience of the shop in outfitting men of university experience. Prices, of course, are nicely adjusted to new 1931 levels. For your convenience the Madison shop will be open all weekend, including Sunday.



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550 state street

(second floor, above chocolate shop)

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Madison Representatives: Pete Smith and Eliot Woolcott

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It isn't only that these fine tobaccos are cleaned by a special vacuum process that whisks away all the peppery dust.

It's that *all* the goodness of these fine, clean tobaccos — *all* the rare fragrance, *all* the delightful aroma — reaches you factory-perfect — prime, mild, *fresh!*

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The Humidor Pack does that — seals within germ-safe, moisture-proof Cellophane *all* the natural freshness — seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

So just try Camels—fine cigarettes kept fine — as a relief from stale, parched, dried-out cigarettes.

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