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WISCONSIN 9#3 259

Octopus

HOMECOMING
NUMBER

"A GOOD OPENING FOR
A BRIGHT YOUNG MAN"



Cord
50c
Extra

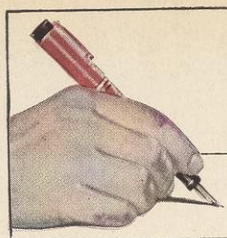


*A
Featherweight
Touch
starts instant
flow*

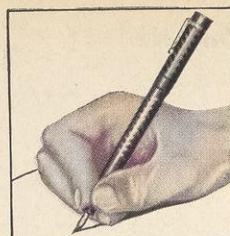
Red and Black Color Comb. Reg. Trade Mark U.S. Pat. Office



Parker Duofold Duette
\$8, \$8.50 and \$11



Pressureless Writing
Try this at any Pen Counter
where Duofold is Sold



Do You Press This Way?
Try a Duofold
and feel the Difference

A Feather-weight touch
is all this new Duofold requires

Stop Pressing!

And own a Pen that stays in Perfect Trim

Yesterday's standards of writing are changed today forever. For the new Parker Duofold introduces Pressureless Writing—stops breakage—ends pen troubles.

By adding a single part it's interchangeable for Pocket or Desk Set use.

No hand can distort its point—yet it yields to any style of writing.

To reach this perfection we spent 35 years on 47 major improvements (32 patented).

One important discovery now combines capillary attraction with gravity feed. Thus a feather-weight touch to paper starts ink-flow, and keeps it going.

Only by grinding a special ink channel between the prongs of the Duofold Point can this be done. We must grind it by hand though the work is costly and few can do it.

We now make the barrel of Parker's new Permanite—non-breakable—28% lighter than rubber formerly used.

This barrel we make in 3 sizes—in 5 black-tipped color combinations—Jade, Lacquer-red, flashing Black, Mandarin Yellow, and Lapis Lazuli Blue.

Only one caution: Flattering imitations can't give these results. So look with care for the imprint "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." Then we stand responsible for perfect service.

Parker Duofold Pencils to match the Pens, \$3, \$3.50 and \$4

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • ATLANTA • DALLAS
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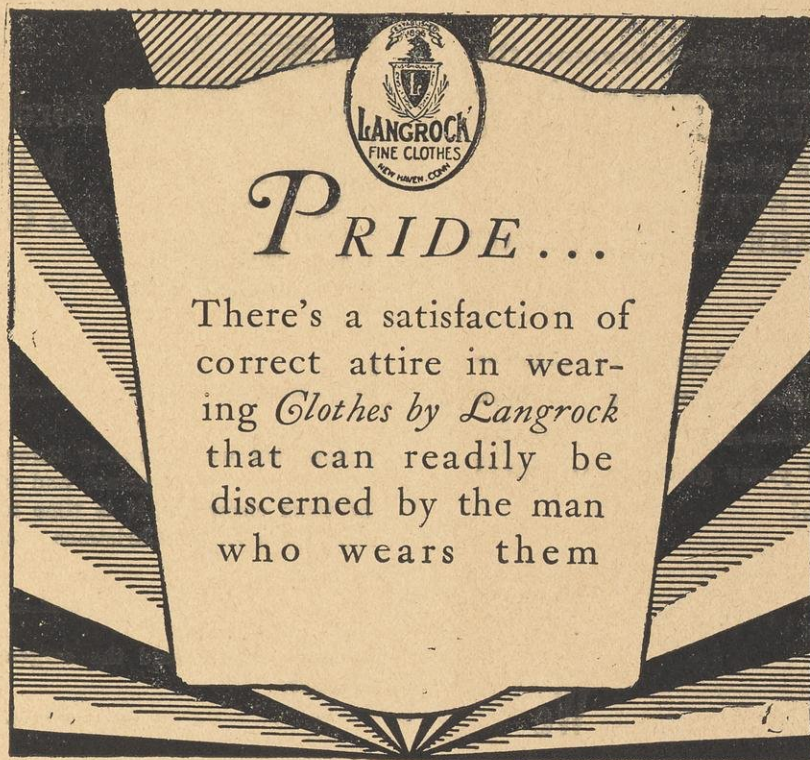
Parker

Duofold

Duofold Jr. \$5 Lady Duofold \$5

OVER-SIZE \$7

GELVINS



HOAK & DUNN

Gelvin's of Madison

644 State Street

When



A judge makes a mistake it becomes the law---when a plumber makes a mistake it becomes a double time job---when a professor makes a mistake who cares to argue with him? BUT WHEN A COOK MAKES A MISTAKE---NOM DE TOUT LES DIABLES!

The Moral is too utterly obvious---Dine at the Irving---where the cooks do not make mistakes---And where you can be as confident of your guest's approval as we are of yours!



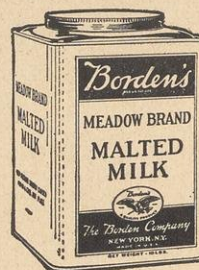
We
Welcome
You
!

IRVING COFFEE HOUSE
IRVING CAFETERIA
STERLING AT IRVING

The Campus Soda Grill

The Place That Malted Milk Made

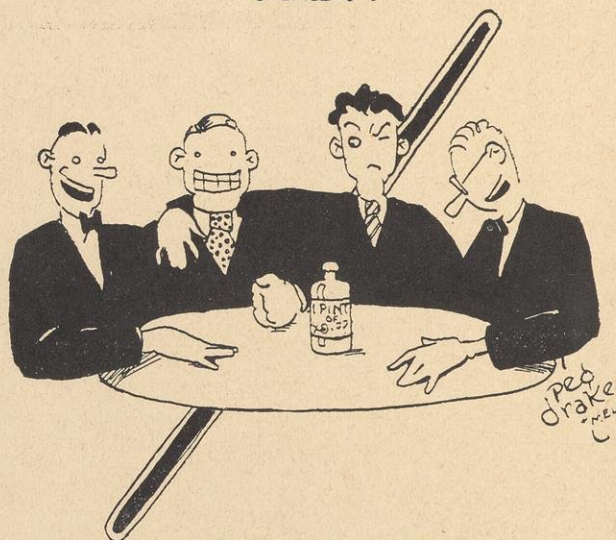
Ever Growing in Popularity



Borden's Malted
Milk Served
the Campus Way

Now that we are nearly through with cutting classes for Saturday home games and taking others to support the team elsewhere, it is time to start circulating petitions for a longer Christmas vacation.

"Right face!" said the sergeant as he identified the prisoner.



A Jack for Every Gill

The Park Hotel

Madison's Good Will Hotel

200 Modern (all outside) rooms \$1.50 to \$2.00. With new private toilets \$2.00—\$3.50

With new shower or tub bath \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00

FINE CAFE AND COFFEE SHOP

The Inter-Collegiate Alumni Hotel for Madison



WALTER A. POCOCK, Proprietor

POCOCK HOTELS

WALTER A. POCOCK, President

PARK HOTEL FREDERIC HOTEL
Madison Saint Paul

FRED W. KRUSE CO.



Letters Never Received

Ed Student
Madison, Wis.

Dear Son:

Of course I wouldn't come down for Homecoming. I wouldn't spoil your good time . . . now here is a check for 200. That ought to keep you for a week. You don't need to mention that affair of wrecking the car, last time you were home. What are a couple of La Salle fenders in my young life?

As ever

Papa.

P. S. Your mother wants to know if that last batch of gin turned out all right.

Darling Jim:

Really Jimmy boy, I don't think that I had better go to the Chicago game with you. The expense is so great and I am the kind of a girl who does realize that money doesn't grow on trees. So you go alone and I will be satisfied to get a special from you right after the game.

Love

Alice.

P. S. Here is my ticket . . . if you can sell it it will pay your railroad fare down.

Distinctive Frocks for Holiday Gaieties

Fashion-wise Wisconsin women know that at Kruses smartness and newness go ever together. There's no denying the smartness of these new winter frocks . . . the Kruse label assures that . . . and certainly there's nothing newer than those shown in our shop.

RIDE IN COMFORT WITH "THE BETTER CAR"

You'll be agreeably surprised to see what a difference a car makes on the next date. Of course the place to get the "better car" is at the

Capital City Rent-A-Car

434 West Gilman

Fairchild 334

Campus Clothes Shop

"College Clothes For College Men"

FEATURING TWO-PANTS SUITS

"An Extra Pair For Extra Wear"

Come in—See our new fall line of
Haberdashery

825 University Ave. at Park

Fair. 2484

The dusky-faced coal digger grunted as he accidentally sat on a pick. "That's a miner point," he rasped.

"Oh, I suppose so," the foreman sighed.

"But," giggled the miner, "I still think there's a lot of cribbing going on around the corn belt of this great nation."



Rooming House Babels—No. 1

"Say, where's my pipe—how do I know?—let's go over to the Pharm and get a malted—naw, it's too late—hey, pipe down you guys—she's some swell dame, believe me—wanta date with Mary Louise?—why don't somebody empty the wastebaskets around here?—gee, it's eleven bells and I've got ten more pages of French to do—and I said to Sady—well, whata I care about that?—listen, Bill, how do you spell animated, with two n's?—look it up—"On Wisconsin, on Wisconsin, plunge right through that line"—rotten—what'd you get on that exam?—I sure flunked flat—sissss booom ahhhhhh wheeeew, third floor—kill him—two bits Wisconsin wins—gee, I'm hungry—hello, is this Puss?—listen, can't you possibly make it?—Fairchild 0001—what'd you say?—no, I can't go Friday night—they only want eight cents for a roadster—think I'll cut English tomorrow—only two months until Christmas—did you get a card from Scotty Goodnight?—when's the first basketball game?—oh, shut up—hey, Burt—QUIET HOURS."

"Come In And Browse"
All Book Shelves Open To You

BOOK BARGAINS

10c---25c---35c---50c

Used books on all subjects at low prices

Rental Library

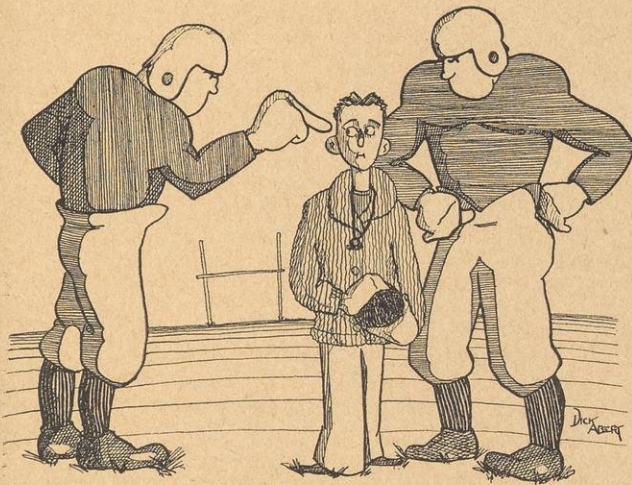
1300 Titles—Latest Fiction

No Deposit—3c Day

BROWN BOOK SHOP

621-623 STATE STREET

Our Sale Checks Are Worth 10%



Professional football player: Say, what is this, a game?

The crying need of young America today is a bottle of milk.

"And why don't you look for work, my good man?"
"Well, you see it's this way, lady, my eyesight has always been poor."

MEAT

Goeden & Company



HOMECOMING

We offer for your approval, distinct
and new apparel for every occasion

109 State **BAILLIE** **O'CONNELL** **AND MEYER** Street
MADISON ~  ~ WISCONSIN

Baron Brothers

INC.

Has always interpreted elegance in dress to mean: smartness in terms of subtlety, richness in terms of simplicity. Now this and none other is the essence of the mode. And where but at Barons can it find such complete and perfect expression.



"Think you'll get your letter?"
"I dunno if she can write."

Why aren't you using any lipstick?"
Can't, it's red.
What's that got to do with it?"
I'm going out with a railroad man tonight."

CLOTHES

Ready-made
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats

Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165



Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165



Bicky—You should have seen Lucia at the party last night. She was positively stunning.

Dicky—I knew she would be. I saw her gown. It was a Paris replica purchased at Simpsons'

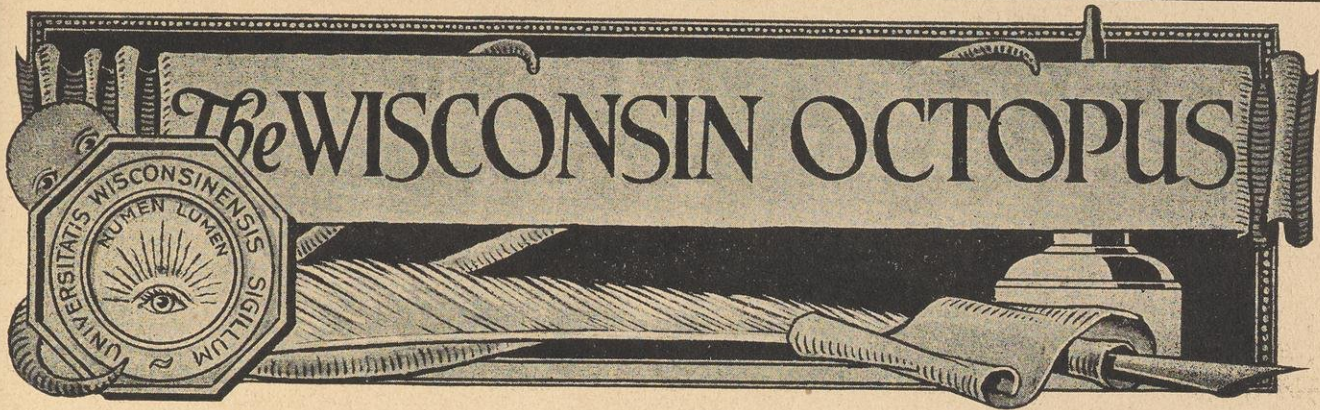
Simpson's

23-25 N. Pinckney Street



Hold 'em, Yale!





Back For Homecoming

1st Grad—"Rah! rah! rah! Whooz-is! Whoozis! rah! rah! rah!"

2nd Grad—"Say fellah who you cheering for?"

1st Grad—"Dear ol' Whoozis, of course."

2nd Grad—"Why we played Whooz-is last Saturday."

1st Grad—"My Gawd, I'm in the wrong stadium."

"Wither?"

"Post Office."

"Why?"

"Hear the mail cheering section."

History Prof: Could anyone tell me what the German Diet was?

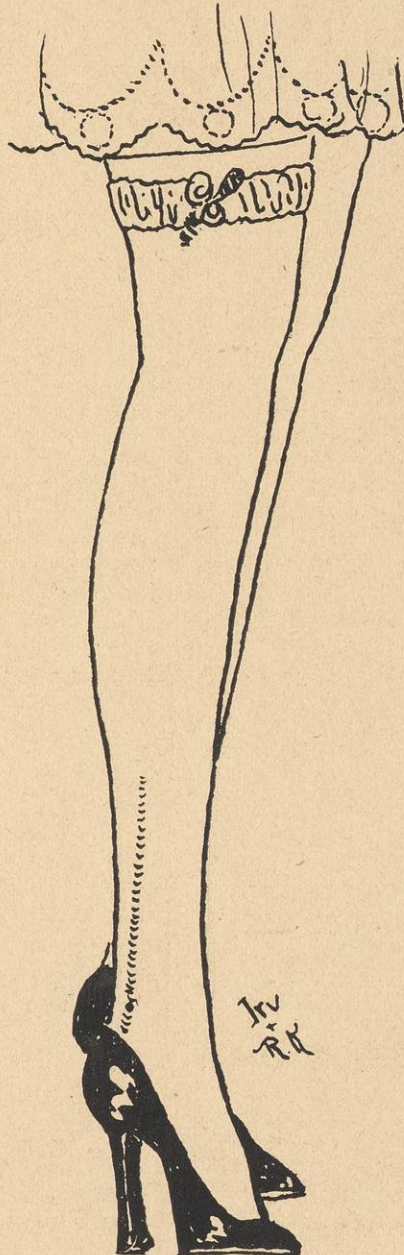
Half Asleep: Pretzels and beer.

"If everything else fails, a woman will win by tickling a man. She's been a rib and knows how it feels."

"Too bad about Zeb Hayfield. He'd been counting for years on his boy's coming back and lifting the mortgage."

"And then?"

"He came back—and lifted the silverware."



Only One Loyal Supporter Witnessed the Beginning of the Long Run.

Aren't Printers the Devil?

(From Appleton Post-Crescent)

Births: Peter Brill to Joseph Neylon, part of government lot 6 in town of Buchanan.

"What did you think of Pittsburgh?"
"Wholly smoke!"

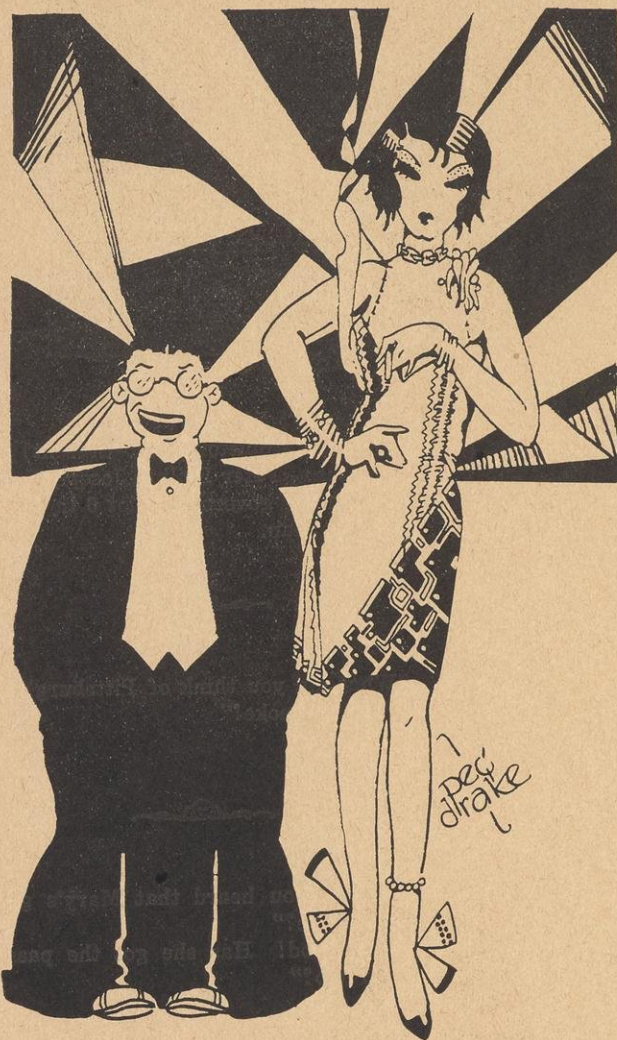
"Have you heard that Mary's got the grippe?"

"My God! Has she got the password too?"

Politicians at the University at Miami are rejoicing that the school has entered its second year. They can now use the "Support the old traditions" plank.

She (long distance)—Now really darling I don't think I ought to come down this week because it will cost you so much and you will have to simply starve the rest of the year and you will want to have good times with your alumni when they come and I really don't think I'd better come down.

He (short and snappy)—Say, what's this Sonovagun's name?



"I walked home from a date with a football player last night."

"Half back?"

"No, all the way."

O. F. M. (Old Fashioned Mother): Don't you know that you won't go to Heaven if you smoke?

A. H. W. (A Hot Woman): That'll be hell, won't it?

Visitor to village rustic: "My good man, could you tell me whether there are any telephones in this town?"

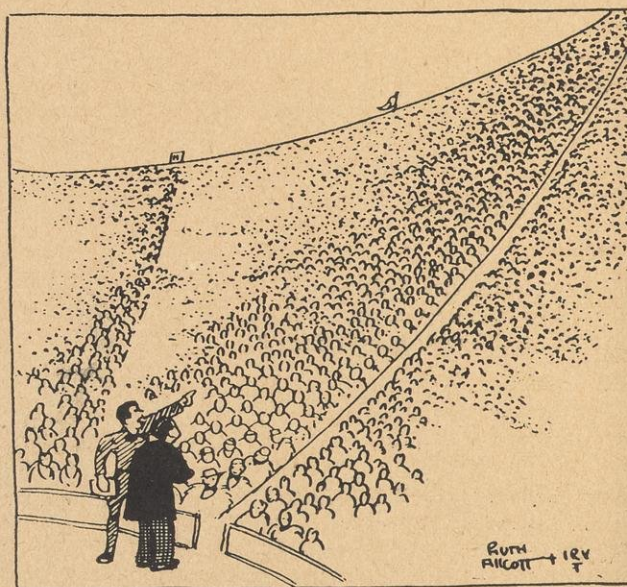
Rustic: "Well, now, les' see. They be one to Pete Jergens an' they's one at Miz' Achers an' seems like there be one som'eres out at Trinity Center. Y'see this here radio has sorta' taken the place of them things."

Horrible Examples Number Two THE ALUMNUS

"Hello . . . HELLO . . . is this the Pi Dam house? . . . wassat? . . . no, this isn't the Detroit bootlegger, this is . . . say, gimme somebody with brains—are you a pledge . . . well, go get me the president . . . he's not in, whyinell isn't he? . . . oh, well give him a bromo seltzer in the morning and send me an active . . . hello, whoozis? . . . never heard of you . . . well, anyway I want four tickets on the fifty yard line for tomorrow afternoon and be sure they're good ones . . . you CAN'T get them—say, wassa matter with you boys, don't you ever think about your alumni? . . . g'wan, there's lotsa tickets, why there aren't enough people in the state of Wisconsin to use up all that stadium . . . well I'll be around about two o'clock tomorrow and I want those tickets . . . what, the game starts then? Well, what of it? Have somebody wait till I get there . . . put them in the mailbox then . . . and listen, I want a comfortable bed and a quiet room too . . . and say, I want something to drink that's good, none of this poison . . . you got some good looking girls up there haven't you? . . . yes, but my wife isn't coming up to homecoming with me and I'm only thirty-nine . . . hey—hello, HELLO—hey operator you cut me off . . . what, they hung up? . . . well blankety blank, just wait until I get up to Madison, I'll show 'em what it means to be obliging . . . that inconsiderate bunch of kids . . ."

—Jonah

"Doggone this Indian underwear," exclaimed Si, "always creeping up on me."



Tiers Filled the Old Grad's Eyes



The Home Team Loses Ground

"What's all that commotion in that clothing store?"
 "A guy just found that the pants they sold him were short."
 "Well?"
 "Oh, he had a fit."



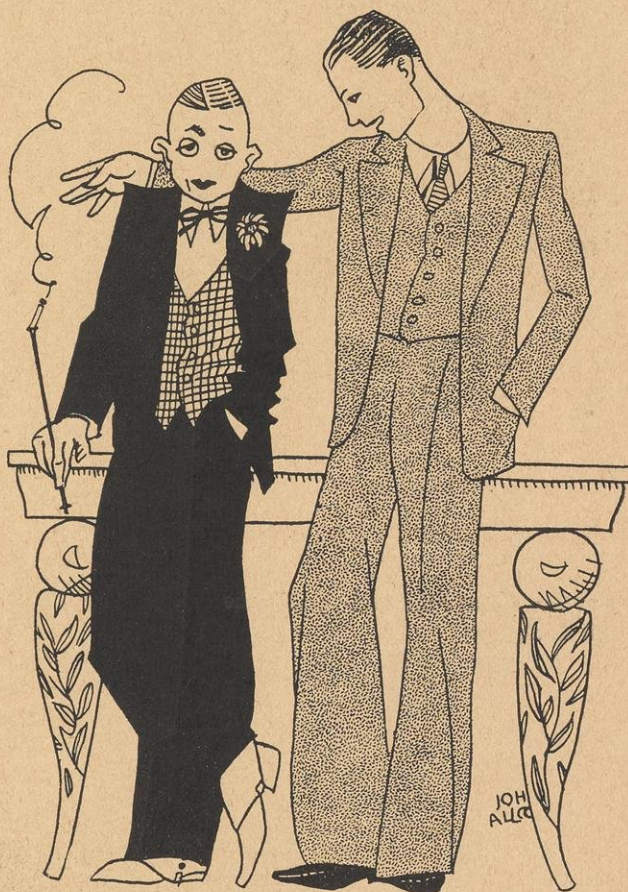
Ship Bulletin: He who hesitates loses anyway.



Her (after third intercepted pass): Isn't he a good passer; he passes the ball right to somebody every time.



The turkish bath proprietor is the man who earns a living by the sweat of your brow.



He: This dining-room table goes back to Louis 14th.

He: That's nothing. My whole sitting-room set goes back to Sears-Roebuck on the fifteenth.

Football Dictionary for Tyros and Harvard Men

Football: The leather oval which is varnished and preserved in the college museum. Obtains air from the Pump: An article employed to capture and give great force to air for the football. However, not used by the

Coach: A man employed to explain to the Kiwanis club why a poor season is being had by the

Team: Refers to the eleven men who get board and room from the

School: The name of the school appears at the head of the lineups so that one team can be distinguished from the other in conversation. They are headed by a

Captain: Who usually majors in Music Appreciation so he may be

Eligible: A term referring to an old custom which no one is able to trace. It does not apply to the

Field: A place where everyone comes the day of the game. It must, however, be inside the

Stadium: An arena built in time by the

Old Grads: Men who can't get drunk at home but who seem to sit on the

Fifty-Yard-Line: A point in the Field where all the seats should be located on account of the

Student Body: Disillusioned sheep who cheer wildly for their team. They seem to curse freely the

Referee: A man intent upon the other team being

Victorious: A term applied to the team not getting the smallest number of

Points: Intangible credits for playing the better

Football: Which is after all the name of the game.



"Wasn't that an awful tumble the full back took?"

"Quite right. Football is the big fall sport?"

AN INTERVIEW WITH THISTLETHWAITE

Editor's note: To avoid undeserved congratulations, the Octopus announces that it had no part in selecting the spelling in the name of Wisconsin's great coach.

By John Bloomesbury Allcott

All my school days I had heard about what a wonderful man Mr. Thistlethwaite is. (I had heard, you see, how wonderful he is.) And so I was delighted to think that the janitor of the Octopus office asked me to interview him for you 25 dear Octopus readers throughout Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Mass., and then I forget what comes.

"We must have the article next spring at four o'clock," snapped Cleveland, the janitor, fiercely.

"But, Grover," I interjaculated, "won't the Octopus have gone to press by four o'clock?"

"All the better, then," he answered, lighting a black cigar, leaning back in his chair, crossing his legs, leaning back still moreso, and falling over backwards.

"O. K. chief," saluted I.

* * *

At the football field, I saw the players in a practice game. "Pardon me," said I to a gentleman doing some spading near me, "Which is Mr. Thistlethwaite?"

"Over there," answered he, going on with his task.

"But which one?" said I, getting quite furious, as who wouldn't.

Just then the group of players ran past me, only to have a dreadful smash up right under my eyes. They knocked out the quarter back. But, I noticed that the quarter was well spent anyway.

I recognized the coach right away. He was somewhat older than most of the boys. I spoke to him; and he answered me in that clear vibrant voice which makes him the master of men and the terror of women.

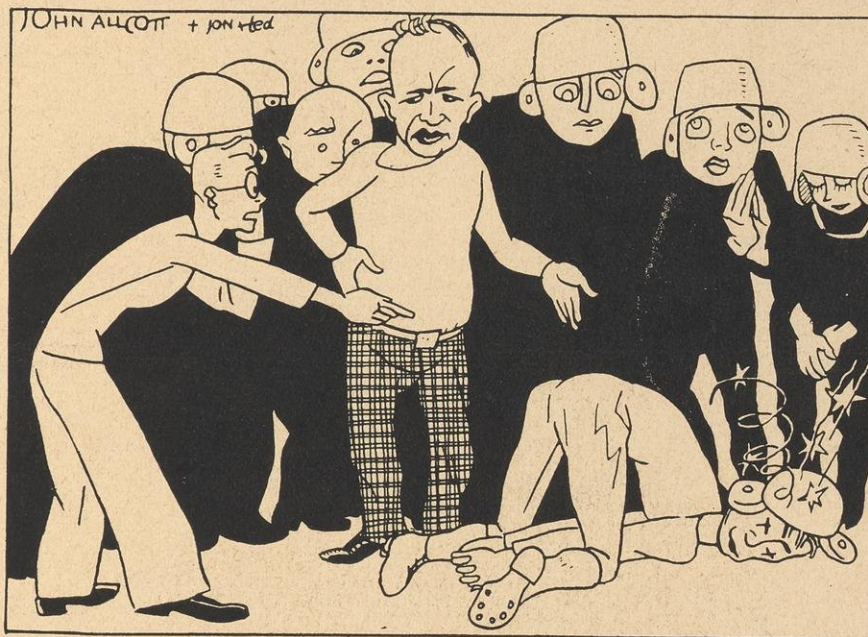
He said, "What?"

"What are Wisconsin's prospects for something?"

"Oh," he answered, "I thought you were the boy with the laundry."

He ran on with the players, and you may well imagine how embarrassed I felt.

"That was him," said the laborer.



"Gad," said I, "what's this dreadful sight?"

"Don't no" said the coach, "looks like the end of the quarter."

"That was he," I stamped. "To be never takes an object." And now it was his turn to feel ashamed. He went furiously to his digging, quite red.

I ran to where the players had stopped in the middle of the field. Our coach was saying to our boys, "It goes like this boys, now don't forget it . . . ever. *Lehn-en, lehnst, ge-lehnt!* Preterite tense is always st.

"I'm from the Octopus," I interrupted.

"Oh, Hell-o!

said Thistlethwaite, "Just the man we want to see." Now I realized the magic in those cool brown eyes, or as some say, blue.

His warm greeting was as good a bracer to my dampened spirits as a schooner of port, or perhaps a hot foot bath. I could well see why Thistlethwaite had so endeared himself to all his boys, why they were willing to give him the shirts off their backs and their old razor blades.

"What are Wisconsin's prospects for anything?" I asked the coach, offering him my cigarette case.

"Why, I believe I *will* have one," he said taking three or four, "my voice is a little rough this afternoon."

With this sally, the players who had been standing around looking like nothing so much as so many football players, one by one doubled up, and fell over in agony. And so there stood Mr. Thistlethwaite and I alone in God's great open spaces, he standing where he stood, and I standing where I stood.

"What is your favorite flower," I continued.

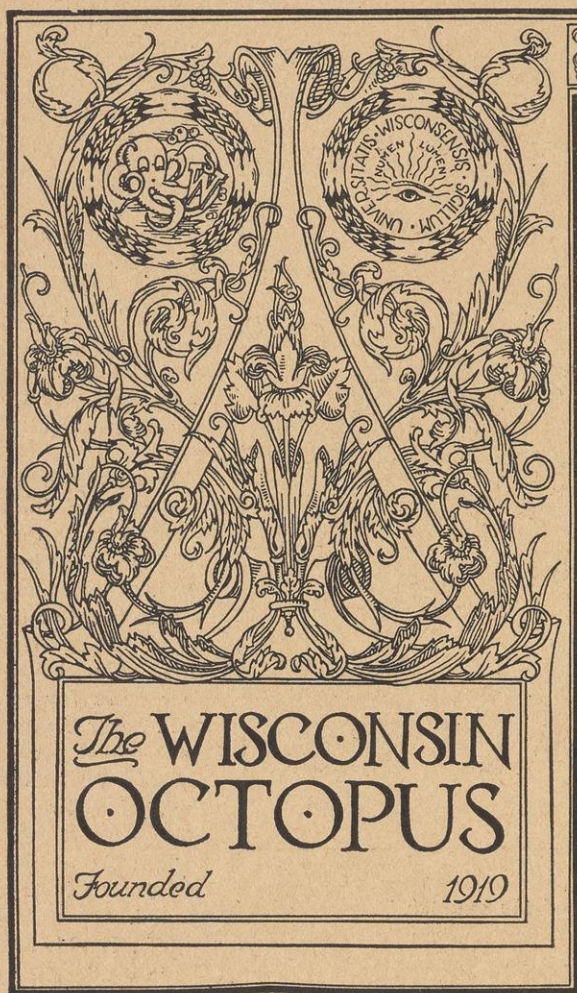
"Graham," sighed Mr. Thistlethwaite; at which the players groaned, and died, one by one.

"Are you and Mrs. T. great pals?" I continued.

"Hey, dummy, are you or aren't you from the laundry?"

"Why, I aren't," I stammered.

"Well, get the hell out of here, then," and he said it in such a brisk manner that I ran hurriedly off, suddenly remembering a shirt I had to return before my roommate got home.



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Vol. IX

NOVEMBER, 1927

No. 3

Now We Ask You

A FEW weeks ago we went up to Minnesota (we had a free ride) to see the football game. Our second concern was to see the co-eds. So, gathering up a fellow Badger for protection, we started out to make a round of the sorority open houses. It seems that there have been some several open houses at Minnesota since school opened, in fact the girls entertain each time there is a home football game.

The open houses are much like ours—they dance and eat. We, however, cut in just once for about a minute, were promptly cut out, and were almost killed trying to get off the floor. We didn't get near the lunch counter.

Then we began to learn about the Minnesota co-eds. We found that their dating hours are not restricted—that three o'clock is not an outrageous hour to be telling the boy friend good night. (And if they tell 'em goodnight proportionally to the way they dance, we're gonna transfer at once.)

Well, the whole thing is this—we're not going to allow any further depreciatory remarks made toward Wisconsin co-eds and their ungodly carrying-ons as long as their Gopher sisters can get away with what they do.

"We'll have to hurry, or we won't be in by twelve thirty!"

Gawsh!

The Demon Drink—

SEVERAL times during the last 5 or 10 years of my professional college career, it has occurred to me that perhaps there is not enough drinking at the University. If this is the case, it is high time we remedy matters.

Last summer I mailed these questions to the 9,000 men connected with the University: "Do you drink? How much? Well, well. Where do you get it? What price?"

You will be surprised to hear my answers:

3 letters threatening prosecution.

7 letters from men who drank a little (when they had colds).

153 of my original letters which had been sent to wrong addresses.

The 8,837 men not heard from, are non drinkers. It is reasonable to assume this: because if they were drinkers, it would make conditions simply too awful.

Thus I conclude this conclusion:

I. 8,837 male men in the University do not drink. Can the postal service in any other community speak so well?

II. 7 men drink a little. Since 2 of these men were students and 5 were professors, it is clear that drinking in the faculty is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than in the student body.

III. It now is deduced that 15,000 faculty men drink. This may seem a little confusing at first (there are but 1,000 faculty members), until it is seen that the 15,000 total, must include families and near relatives of faculty members.

Conclusion: These appalling figures can mean but hardly only one thing. We have a faculty consuming 7 billion gallons of liquor annually, in varying proportions of Gin, South Special, and such choice names as Vermouth, Three Star, and Apricot Cordial.

Octopus readers, the supply will soon be gone . . . all gone. Turn your latent talent to bootlegging and supply our faculty with liquor. Of course, there will always be those students who will refuse to stoop to sell liquor to the faculty; there will always be those students who insist on only the best paying customers. But the rest of us must meet the situation.

The call is sounded: "Beep-beep!"
Let's go!

Loren Moore
Cecelia Gmalling '29
Peg Cole '28
Ruth Allcott, Grad
Bob DeHaven '29

Contributors
Nathan Hindin L1
Gyula Molnar '31
John Powell, Grad
Vic Seastone Grad
Wilma Weaver '30

Les Wilde '31
Harold Kubly, Grad
John Tufts '31
Edward Reed '31
Tom Mattingly '31



The Bleacher Section

"Verily, my friend Jonathan does study history and math from the same book."

"I laff at thee."

"Nay, he readeth St. Bedes History of the Angles."

The entire difficulties of a foreign language would be removed if we could learn to speak it in English.

Reporter to head linesman: "Is this your chief occupation?"

"Nope, it's only a side-line."

He (earnestly)—Have you a date Friday night?

She (expectantly)—No, I haven't.

He—You'll probably stay home then, won't you?



"'S'cuse me, missus. Have youse got a safety pin? Dam' if me suspenders didn't bust."



"Hasn't she attractive eyes? They're so different."

"Yeh, I noticed that one's green and the other is brown."

Traffic is only as dense as the drivers.

Silence descended over the stadium, the shadows of the lowering sun shrouded the field with a sickly golden sheet. An airplane circled lazily above, droning, dipping.

The score was tied (naturally) with one minute to play (shades of Red Grange) and the stocky quarterback dropped back to kick the point after touchdown. It meant fame for him, glory for his collitch, a raise for the coach, and one big bender for everyone else concerned.

He stepped back, barked out the signals . . . the stands rose, a howling, shrieking, twisting monster. Dimes and dollars flew through the air, thousands of spectators waved their hats and beckoned frantically.

Did the gallant quarterback make that extra point? Hell, I don't know—I was fighting for a hot dog myself.

TOUCHDOWN!

Don Trenary, Coach of the Gloversville Military Academy from 1911 to 1917, and Robert De Haven, famous all-county half-back of Kane, Pennsylvania, discuss football, the new game that is sweeping the American campus.

The importance of "offensive play" in football can scarcely be overestimated. It would be practically impossible to play the game without it. It would also be difficult to play it without a football. A coach can have all the "material" in the country, but without "offensive play" or a football, he can get nowhere in the "gridiron" world.

For nothing, I have discovered, discourages an opposing team as much as to have seven or eight "touchdowns" made off them in the first three minutes of play. When this is done their morale is very badly shattered, indeed, and a victory practically assured. And, as this cannot be done without an "offense", it is needless to say that many of the best coaches in the country are laying particular stress upon that phase of the game.

Figure one shows the process of "tackling" or throwing the player who is "carrying the ball" to the ground. This "tackling" also constitutes an important part of every football game. In fact, very few "plays" actually take place in which there is not either a "tackle" or an attempt at one. The theory of football is to postpone a "tackle" by the opposing team for as long a time as possible. This may be done, and usually is, in one of three ways, i. e., by having the man "carrying the ball" avoid the "tackler"; by having another "player" "block" the "tackler" (knock him down violently before he can complete the tackle); or by "trick plays" of which every good coach has many in his repertoire.

One of the trick plays which I employed so successfully took advantage of the human failing of curiosity. During this "play" I would "send back" one man, who would start making motions with his arms. The opposing team would naturally think that he was semaphoring and become intensely interested in what he said. "B-U-Y-A-N-O-C-T--" he would spell, and, as the opponents were gazing open-mouthed, the ball was "snapped" and a "touchdown" made before they became aware of what was taking place. Which all goes to show that advertising pays.

Another one which I used effectively is illustrated in illustration 2. This play is used when the ball is near the "sideline". The man "carrying the ball" runs over toward the sideline and is forced "out of bounds" after a small "loss". The ball is then brought out into the middle of the field, which is a great moral victory and cause for much rejoicing. I employed this play against Armour Tech in 1916 and it so dumfounded them that it was only by a fluke that they won the game, 38-0.



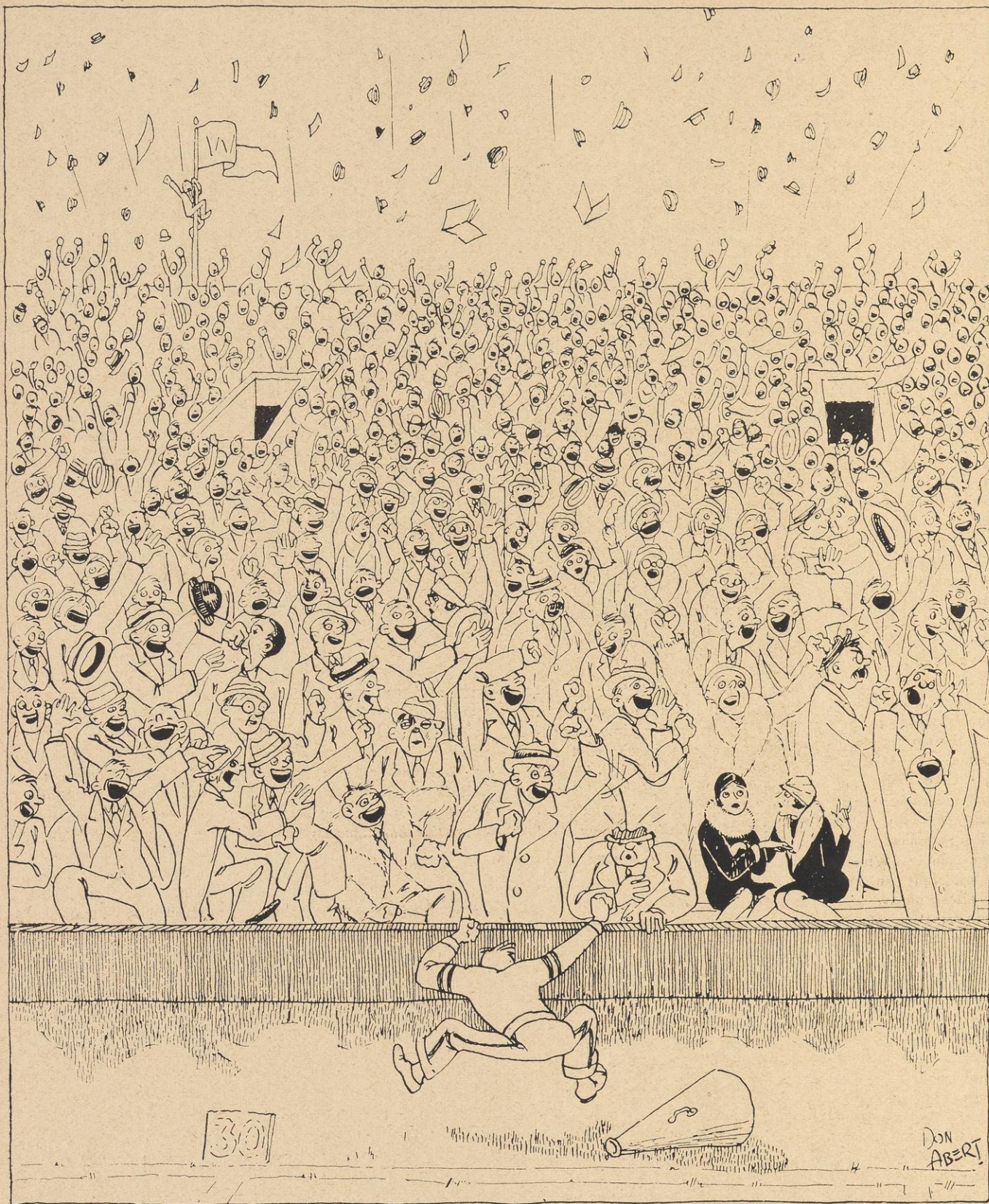
This reminds me of a little incident which might enlighten the minds of some of the readers concerning the conversation which we coaches carry on on the eve of an important game. It was in 1913 and a strong team of mine was playing the Michigan lads at Ann Arbor. The night before the game I met Mr. Please Accelerate Yost, the Michigan coach. "Hello, Yost," I said, "Excellent football weather, isn't it?" "Yes it is, Trenary," he replied, "if it doesn't rain." As I remember it, it did rain the next day, much to the chagrin of the players, who were caused by this to become very wet and muddy.

Another clever bit, at least so my friends call it, which I originated, was my Double X, or megaphone play. When our team would get the ball, the captain would announce that he thought that his team was not getting sufficient support from the rooters, and would ask permission to lead a cheer, which was of course granted. While he had the megaphone in his hands, the ball would be thrown to him, and he would catch it in the megaphone and dash to the "goal line" for a "touchdown".

The "goal posts" play has also been phenomenally successful. In this play, which I originated, the "ends" go into the game carrying small hatchets. When the ball is "snapped" they run down the field, chop down the "goal posts", carry them back and re-erect them over the ball, meanwhile shouting "touchdown" much to the mystification and bewilderment of their opponents.

At this point I may as well divulge the trick by which our team won its victory over the College of the City of New York in 1915. The score, as everyone knows, stood 7-7 in the last "quarter", with our team in possession of the ball. While the "signals" were being "called", one of our "guards," as if by accident, dropped a "two bit piece" as a quarter dollar is called in football parlance. While the entire CCNY team was scrambling for the quarter, it was an easy matter for our "full-back" to romp over with the winning score. This would also be an excellent play to use against the University of Aberdeen, except that I am informed upon credible authority that they have no football team.

Another interesting play which I evolved was the "Grandstand" play, in which the "quarterback" took the ball and ran with it around the outside of the grandstand to the opponent's goal line. This play, however, is rather dangerous, as it involves going behind one's own goal line, and can be employed successfully only against weak teams, such as "Penn" or Harvard.



HISTORIC CONVERSATIONS NO. 1

Mamie to Graycie (just after touchdown):—An' so I sez
t' Charlie, 'I don't kiss boys.' An' he sez—

HOW TO BE A HOMECOMER

By J. Ernest Roe '03

Homecoming, like seduction, is a Fine Art. It should not be confused with the crass commercialization of a Religious Convocation or an Elks' Convention.

Advice to the expectant Homecomer is best divided into two fields—(1) conduct at the game, (2) and conduct at the fraternity house. Above all, remember that in Homecoming, as in bridge, a graceful finesse is an invaluable asset.

Do not attend the Big Game until you are properly equipped. The Standard Equipment is as follows: one "W" arm band, one lapel football, one Wisconsin pennant, one "W" blanket. An umbrella is often carried by those who expect rain. It is also advisable to fit out your hat with a cardinal chicken feather bearing your class numerals. This latter is to prevent your being mistaken for a human being.

Conduct at the game is very important. Be sure to greet members of classes other than your own with noisy derision. Leap to your feet with a shout on every third play. Whack the old lady in the row ahead on every ten yard gain.

Appreciation of the team's efforts may be shown by the cry of "Down in Front," repeated between drinks. Remember that the referee is eager to please the cash customers. Tell him what to do. Explain the difficult plays to him.

Encourage the players with such cries as "Hey, you silly dub, try the other end." Give the boys the benefit of your experience. Follow all cheers at least two beats behind everybody else. This will relieve the monotony and the cheerleader will appreciate it.

At the end of the first half, wink slyly at your neighbor and walk out of the stadium, ostensibly for no good purpose. Smirk a bit as you come back in. Remember you are a gay lad again. Do not fail to turn around and leer at the pretty girl who keeps asking why the players are numbered.

After the game, jostle your way out of the stadium and go over to your fraternity house. It will be all

dressed up like a tinsel outhouse; so do not fail to admire the decorations. Tell the boys it reminds you of your college days. They will be glad to know it.

Address all the brothers familiarly as "Bill," but do it under your breath so they will think you know their right names. Be clever and original in your questions. "Well, well, well, how are things at the old frat?" is suggested. Tell everybody about the wife and kidlets and the soap business in Kokomo.

After everybody gets tired out, a two-course banquet will be held all over the first floor. During the banquet, make it a point to let everybody know you are there. Don't talk to anyone less than five paces away. Show the brothers how the chapter songs were sung when you were in school. Beat time to the chorus with your knife. This makes it obvious that you are very much one of the boys.

After cigars a game called "Paying Off The Mortgage" will be played. Spill something in your lap and rush upstairs until this is over with.

By the time you get back, the speeches

will have begun. Bill Spavins will get off a few straight-from-the-shoulder words on "Alumni Debts." Then the chapter president will give a hesitant, blushing little address of welcome and spill some froth on "Cooperation." Before long the toastmaster will call on you. Here is your chance to shine.

Be sure to begin your talk with the story of the traveling salesman and the woman in the upper berth. This will break the ice, even if it has nothing to do with your talk. Explain that you think the present chapter is about as good as the chapter when you were in school. The brothers will be amazed. Be reminded of the story of Pat and Mike. Speak slowly and teeter a bit on your toes. Remember that nobody has anything else to do. Do not fail to let the boys in on the hot one of how you put the "Open For Business" sign on the front door of the Theta House. The boys enjoy reminiscences and are really very broad-minded. Oh, quite. They have to be to live through the week-end.



Explain the difficult plays to the referee. . .

RECENT BOOKS

By Paul Fulcher

In Floyd Dell's *An Unmarried Father* (Doran), we have, as the hero remarks of himself, a P. G. Wodehouse young man in a Tolstoyan situation. Only the title, implying the initial situation, and a few Rabelaisian remarks from a certain Mrs. Case could shock the most sensitive reader—the mood hovers between comedy and seriousness, with considerable social criticism implied in the background.

Norman Overbeck is an amusingly, irritatingly pathetic young man. Except for his independence in asserting his claim to his son, he is never a free agent, though he strives hard to be one. He is a father, because nature, unbenefited by clergy, has made him so. He is unmarried, because the mother of his child prefers an artistic career. He disowns his family, but they refuse to cast him off. Determined to remain a bachelor parent, he eventually finds himself manoeuvred into the position of having to choose for his wife one of three women, about none of whom is he wholeheartedly enthusiastic.

The solution provided for him can be completely satisfactory to no one, except, perhaps, the Comic Spirit. But the progress of the book is guaranteed to entertain all those in whom the sources of pity and of mirth lie close together.

The best thing about Harvey Fergusson's *Wolf Song* (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.), is the way in which the atmosphere of New Mexico in the eighteen-forties is fused into every sentence-fiber, every idiom, of the story. The story itself is nothing—the tale of young Sam Lash, his mountain and his Taos "doins", and his ultimate surrender to the taming influence of a Spanish woman. But the style has the hot rawness of the whiskey and chili which the mountain men consume so liberally, the color of the Sangre de Christo range, the male savagery and the feminine seductiveness of the wild country

(Continued on page 50)



Professor Paul Fulcher, whose wit and critical prowess unite to make one of Octy's most popular features.

Back In The Early Nineties

When Uncle Elmer was doing his stuff on the Upper Campus, when the football team was equipped with shinguards and moustaches, you couldn't have bought a Learbury Tuxedo for love nor money. That's how rare they were. But times have changed. Now you will see Learbury dinner clothes wherever well dressed men get together in the evening. If you haven't bought yours, come in and see them.



Learbury Tuxley
\$40



K A R S T E N S

ON THE SQUARE — CARROLL NEAR STATE — BADGER 453



THE SPIRIT OF FOOTBALL ENTERS
THE SHOE SHINE PARLOR



To improve the machine

Practice — hours of practice. Every glee club knows the constant striving for improvement, for the coordinated smoothness essential to perfect harmony.

So, too, are Western Electric men engaged in the never-ending work of improving the machinery of telephone manufacture and keeping the stream of production flowing smoothly.

Even time-honored processes, such as the manipulation of rubber, are under investigation in order that newer and better methods may be developed. This striving for perfection—a spirit that regards nothing as finally standard nor too small for further improvement—permeates the Western Electric organization and offers inviting opportunity for alert minds.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

Chosen by Wisconsin Style Conference



© Society Brand

Wisconsin Men Have a Suit Especially Approved and Endorsed

The First Wisconsin Style Conference held last month unanimously endorsed "The Dunlin" as the Wisconsin suit for fall and winter. The conference was composed of a representative from each fraternity and men's organization.

"The Dunlin" is shown exclusively at The Hub. It is tail-

ored by Society Brand from fabrics that are stylish as well as packed with quality. (Fabrics too were approved).

It is purely a Wisconsin suit and the eighty men at the conference recognized it by a unanimous O. K. We'll be mighty glad to show you "The Dunlin".

THE HUB

F. J. Schmitz & Sons Co.

MADISON - - BELOIT

Pome

An hour to play!
The game intense!
Concordia!
Was in suspense!

Half hour to wait!
And Swathymore!
Was just ahead!
By sixty-four!

It's all but done!
Nerves battered fine!
Concordia!
But two behind!

Oh local boys!
Impinge that line!
Rise up with will!
Defeat that nine!*

But all their pleas!
Were vain withal!
For Zounds! just then!
They lost the ball!

**The discrepancy occurring here is due to the demands of versification and not to the author's ignorance of the game.*



JOHN ALLOTT

She: I'm in an awful shape.

He: That what I felt all along.

Fraternity man pacing floor, tearing hair, in terrible agony: "My gawsh, brothers, my gawsh! We've got the old house paid for and aren't even planning a new one!"

Professor—Am I speaking loud enough?

Freshman (dozing)—Hell, yes, I can't even sleep.

"Do you know the 'Oil Can' song?"

"No."

"My Oil Kantucky Home."

"What did you do to the editor who refused to print your favorite puns?"

"Oh, I just quipped him black and blue."



The one cigarette in a million

THE instant a Camel is lighted, you sense that here is the distinctly better cigarette. And how this superior quality grows with the smoking! Choice tobaccos tell their fragrant story. Patient, careful blending rewards the smoker with added pleasure.

Camel is the one cigarette in a million for mildness and mellowness. Its decided goodness wins world popularity for Camel.

Modern smokers demand superiority. They find it fulfilled in Camels, and place them overwhelmingly first.

You should know the tastes and fragrances that choice tobaccos really give. Camels will reveal an entirely new pleasure. And the more of them you light, the more enjoyable.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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In Advance Gives

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538 State Street

Badger 1180

Cleaning, Pressing,
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Lettercraft

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Social Life.

725 University Ave.

After The Game
Hot Chocolate or a Heavy
Malted
at

The
Badger Pharmacy
University and Randall

Rennebohm
Better Drug Stores

(Five Stores Conveniently
Located)

Central Store—208 State St.

Square Store—13 W. Main St.

Loraine Store—Hotel Loraine.

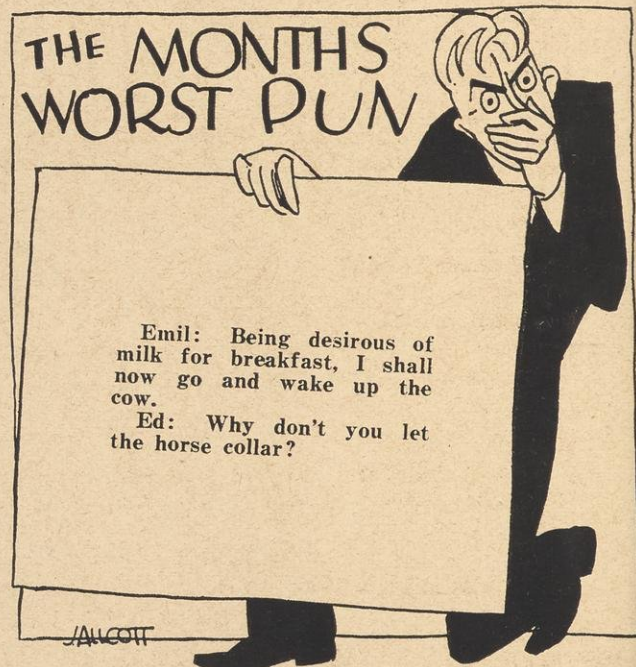
East Side Store—Schenk's Cor-
ners.

There's Only One Hill

Likewise there is but one Lake Mendota;
there is only one Drive; only one State
street.

There are many places to eat things and
buy candy and take your date but after all
there is only one that is associated as part
of Wisconsin and that's

**The
Chocolate
Shop**



(This choice bit of groan-evoking humor unquestionably wins the prize for the worst pun of the month. Will the contributor please come to the Octopus office and receive a well-earned dollar. No questions asked.)

QUALITY

Never goes out of style—
—that's why our service is so popular

PARTIES

GROUPS

ANY TIME

ANY WHERE

McVicar's Photo Service

(At the University Floral Co.)

723 University Ave
Phone F. 4645

"Oh Gladys"

I was just up to the *Mouse-around* after my 2:30, and they've got the darlinest gifts and favors. And they're so inexpensive too! That's where I'm going after this."

Mouse Around Gift Shop

At 416 State Street



Malone Grocery

Agency

RICHELIEU PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

Wholesale and Retail
Groceries, Fruits, and
Vegetables

434 State. B. 1163-1164

I hate alumni
They gather in hoardes
at your festive boards
(More water in the soup)
I hate alumni

I hate alumni
They all get tight
Real late at night
and stagger in the house
I hate alumni

I hate alumni
With noses red
they steal your bed
(and you sleep on the sofa)
I hate alumni

I love alumni
for when they go
they leave you dough
(to build you a new house)
I love alumni

"Well, you've got to say one thing for Bjinks. He's trying."
"Very."

"Why are you walking so slowly?"
"Oh, so that if I fall asleep I won't fall so hard."

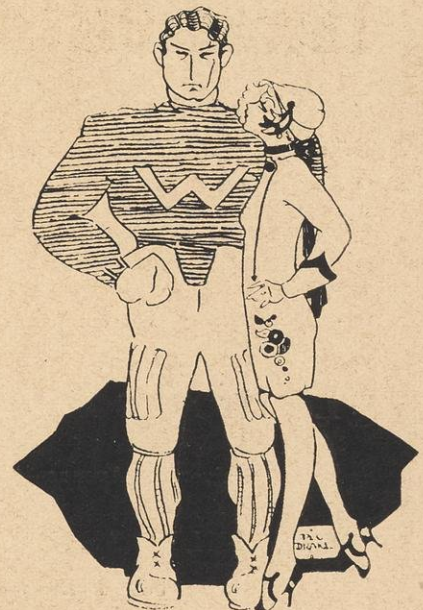
He Got a Bark, Not a Bite

He had married her: a chorus girl straight from "What Price Glorification." Returning to the tiny apartment on the first day after the honeymoon's end, he embraced her in his arms. Finally, she pulled away.

"Dearest," she cooed (all love jokes have somebody coo), "let me go while I get the chow in the kitchen."

"What? Are you a cook too?" he cried as she stepped to the kitchen door.

"Come puppy, come puppy," she called.



"I forget the words."
"Now, if you'd only forget the tune."

"Ah," says the English professor-etta, "Look at the leaves! Little slices of gold falling to mother earth."
"Yeh," remarks the Econ prof, "slices of gold, but try and float a check on one."

NOT FUNNY!

Royal Portable Typewriter sales so far this fall have been 15 to 1 of all other makes.

It Isn't Funny

It's a study in typewriters. Here we merchandise all makes—Coronas (15% off list), Remingtons, Underwoods and Royal Portables. Yet when we sell one of the other three makes **fifteen** Royal Portables are sold—Laff that off!!

The answer surely must be—See them all here but don't fail to try the New Royal Portable. Easy to buy—no extra charge for colors or special keyboards.



Brewington Typewriter Company

(Home of the Royal Portable)

533 State Street

Badger 222

Octy's Slumber Stories For Little Tots

Uncle Wiggily Comes Back for Homecoming

"Well," said Uncle Wiggily one bright November morning, "I think I should go back to my collitch and my frat eating club for homecoming."

"What's that," asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, "another one of those convention things? You remember the hang-over you had last month."

"No it's not a convention," snapped Uncle Wiggily crossly, "It's a time when each alumnus should get back to his alma mater."

"Whose she?" asked Nurse Jane.

"Whose what?" demanded Uncle Wiggily.

"Why—Alma," responded Nurse Jane wonderingly, "I thought that last perfumed note was from Gladys."

"Gosh, you're a nitwit," groaned the rabbit gentleman, "Alma Mater is a Greek word they put in college songs, besides, whatcha been reading my mail for?"

"I didn't read your mail," shouted Nurse Jane.

"Well, how do you know about Gladys then?"

"Oh," said Nurse Jane thinking fast but not very well, "You talk in your sleep."

"Well I'll be darned," said Uncle Wiggily looking out the corner of his eye, "How did you find that out?"

"Oh be still," blushed Nurse Jane, "You almost shout. And anyway, what's an alumnus?"

"That's a kitchen utensil," snorted Uncle Wiggily sarcastically.

"That's what I thought," said Nurse Jane.

"Because it sounds like aluminum?" asked Uncle Wiggily sweetly.

"No," answered Nurse Jane even more sweetly, "Because they're always getting boiled."

"Say," said Uncle Wiggily very sternly, "I like that."

"That's what I thought," said Nurse Jane as she went out, "You always did seem to."

"Now what did she mean by that?" mused Uncle Wiggily as he went out to the ice box, then he got the point.

"NURSE JANE!" bellered Uncle Wiggily, beginning to get mad.

But Nurse Jane had left for the day.

Dettloff's Pharmacy

University Avenue—at Park

DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES, STUDENT
SUPPLIES

Soda Fountain and Luncheonette Service

Lisping pedestrian to companion (in fog): "My thith mith ith heavy!"

Woman in front (whirling around indignantly): "Sir!"

A New Recipe for an Autumn Evening

A pipeful of your favorite blend
An armful of your favorite girl
One BADGER-RENT-A-CAR
And forget the world

Badger Rent-A-Car Company

250 State Street

Fairchild 2099



More Radicals

Irate Policeman: "Hey! Why'ntcha look where yer goin'!"

Motorist: "None 'a yer !X%!&??*! business!"

I. Policeman: "None 'a that! My business is too fine for words!"



Zoology professor: What disease do we associate with biting dogs?

"I-I come from Arkansas, sir," wailed the timid Freshman. "We n-never bite any down there." —*Malteser*

The Cardinal Beauty Shop

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They Know Us

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A Saving of 15% On All Your Co-Op Purchases

Suppose someone came to you annually and handed you 15% of what you had spent for clothing and school supplies the previous year. You'd take it, of course. That's what the Co-Op does and this is to urge you to take advantage of it. Buy everything possible on your Co-op number and in the

spring you'll be refunded 15% of the amount. There are other things than books at the Co-Op and on every purchase in the store (except University publications and law books) you'll earn the rebate. Use your Co-Op number and enjoy the annual gift that has been paid by every department for years.

Here are a few of the departments that can save
you 15%.

The Gift Shop
The Book Department
The Co-Ed Corner

Sport Goods Department
Men's Wear Department
School Supplies Dept.

The UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Manager
STATE at LAKE

[Buy Everything Possible On Your Co-Op Number

When you think of Shoe Repairing—
Think of
The United Shoe Rebuilders
Hats Cleaned and Blocked
524 State Street

KEELEY'S
Old Fashion
Chocolate Creams
The Richest Candy in All the World
949-951 East Washington Avenue
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Milwaukee Sausages, Picnic Sup-
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Phone for Eats—We Deliver
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We pack and ship Cookies—a
very choice variety for Xmas.
At our Store—302 State Street

Six Stores

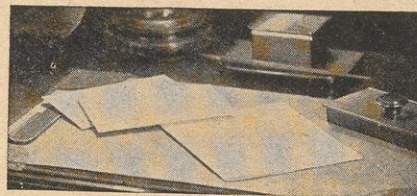
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What do **YOU** care
about your stationery?



YOU may not be interested in the crispy
crackle of beautiful writing paper—
And the correct cut of sheets and enve-
lopes may mean nothing in *your* life—
But you *are* very much concerned that
your letters should make the best possible
impression.

Old Hampshire Stationery will help
them to do so. You cannot buy better.



Old Hampshire Stationery

"The Aristocrat of the Writing Table"
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

"Cook tells me you want to go out
tonight, Mary. Is it urgent?"

"No, mum; it's mine."

—Malteser

First Knight: What's the dope on
the knaves who broke into the king's
wine cellar at two in the morning?

First Page: Good my lord, they
were shot at sunrise!"

—Virginia Reel

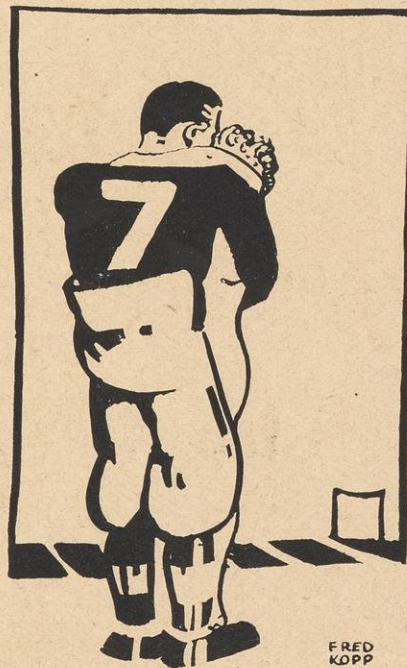
"So it's settled, is it, dear? You
are a confirmed old maid?"

"Yes, alas! I simply can't bear
children."

—Widow

"Louise hurt her rib."
"You'll have to stay on her good
side from now on."

—Widow



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KOPP

Spring Practice

THE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

presents

THE WISCONSIN UNIVERSITY PLAYERS

under the direction of
Prof. Wm. C. Troutman

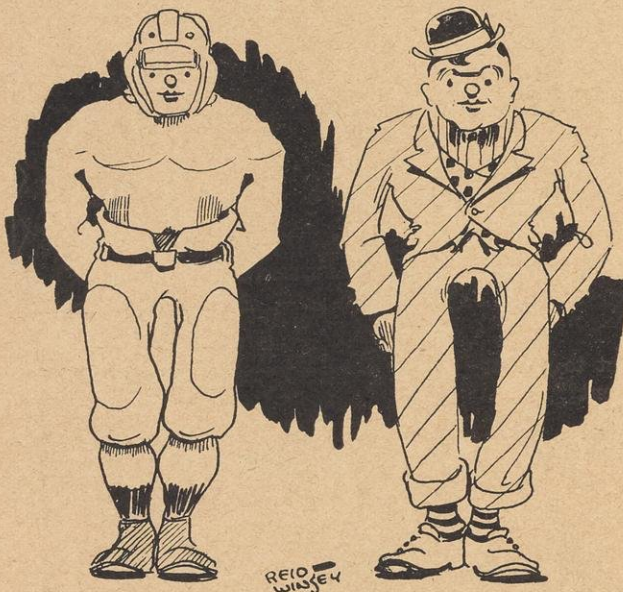
"He Who Gets Slapped"

November 25 and 26
ONE PRICE ALWAYS \$1.00

Box Office

200 Bascom

BASCOM THEATRE



Aloysius: We look alike, I think.

Perseus: We look alike, but you don't think.

Chem. instructor (making assignment): "And tomorrow take bichloride of mercury.

"The stoick didn't bring my bruvver," announced little Albert.

"Oh yes he did, Albert," cooed Aunt Matilda.

"Well, old tin ears," smirked Albert, "if the stoick brought him why isn't he a little more silent."

"I must look into this," said the detective as he saw a light in the girls' dorm.

"That has the earmarks of a dirty slam," said the boxer as he took one on the side of the head.

"By what appellation are these nuts called?"

"You guessed it, Stranger."

Hats and Gowns
to order

Carolyn Shop

Madison, Wis.

State at Frances



O. M. Nelson & Son

Diamond Merchants
Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street
for
Nearly A Half Century

First Prisoner (trying to cheer up his cell-mate): Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.

Cell-mate: "Yeah, I know, but ain't the deception and illusion clever as hell."
—*Carolina Buccaneer*

"It's terribly disagreeable in Montana in the summer, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, but we have Great Falls."
—*Virginia Reel*

Tom: Where've ya been for the last two hours?

Will: Talking to the girl at the cigar counter.

Tom: What'd she say?

Will: No.
—*Ski-U-Mah*

Cannibal Chief: Why ain't that Baptist on the table?

Cannibal Cook: It just isn't done, Sir!
—*Virginia Reel*

"That fellow takes orders from no one."

"He must be quite a big man."

"No, he is just a rotten salesman."
—*Widow*

"Oh, Mother, ain't that giraffe a hell of a big animal?"

"Willy, how many times must I tell you NOT to say ain't?"
—*Jack-o-Lantern*

One Frosh: Ever read Carlyle's "Essay on Burns?"

Another: I'm not in the medical school.
—*Notre Dame Juggler*

Owner (hearing noise in the dining room): Stop, thief!!

Thief: I'm at your service, sir."
—*Carolina Buccaneer*

Coy Young Thing: I hate to think of my twenty-fifth birthday.

The Brute: Why, what happened?
—*Malteser*

Cheerful Service Convenient Location

A Student Institution

CRAMTON DRUG CO.
670 State Street

Eat at

FRANKS RESTAURANT

A Campus Institution for 17 Years

821 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

About Another Outside Activity

WE aren't giving a lecture course on success. We are merely telling the results of more than twenty years experience with students.

WE are saying that an important clue to a man's ability is the handling of his own money. that indicates his efficiency. It's an important outside activity.

HERE at The Branch we offer every student an opportunity to use the finest banking system for students.

THE student who uses it can't fail to know where and why his money is spent. He learns a business habit that is an invaluable asset to him in later work.

Convenient--Safe--Efficient--Useful

The Students Banking Headquarters
Branch Bank of Wisconsin
 State at Gilman
 Capital and Surplus \$360,000



**AFTER
the THEATRE**

Then the dance. And remember—all those cigarettes you have been smoking between the acts have positively not improved your breath. They have if anything—well, why go into details? A tobacco breath and romance do not go together.

A breath-sweetening Pep-o-mint Life Saver after smokes is a life saver indeed. She'll agree.



The Iowa Backfield Is Fast

Here we have an action photo of the Famous Fauntleroy shift. Smith is ready to receive the ball while Allen stands looking at a pretty girl on the sidelines. The pigskin is then snapped back to Smith who hurriedly changes it to a cream puff and walks through the opposing line unchallenged. The Iowa team is shown wearing the much discussed rubber pants. Edgerton, right half, is over in the bushes mixing himself a gin fizz. Fozlebaht, center, is bending over absorbed in watching a beetle beating it.



Flowers
Speak
A
Language
All
Their
Own

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At Every Dance and Social Gathering

the men wearing Braeburn formal or informal clothes always command a mark of distinction—rendered only because the imported fabrics are tailored to perfection so as to insure perfect fitting garments.

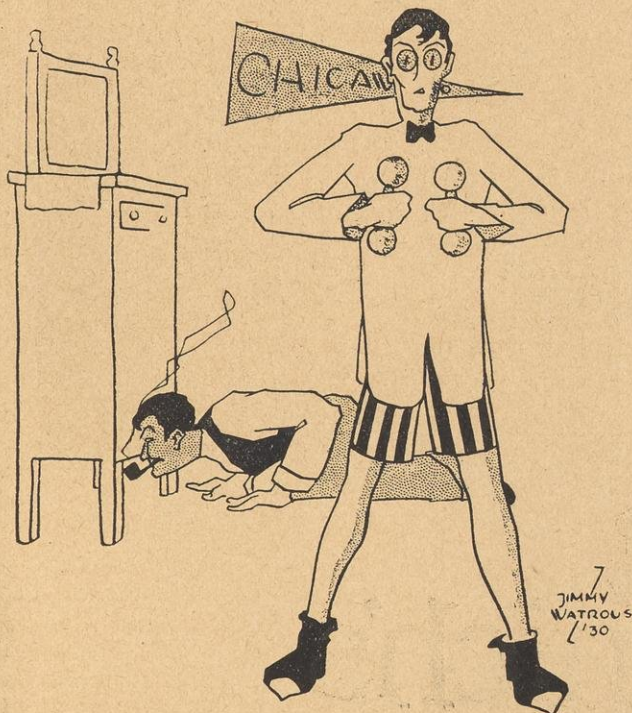
Braeburn

Smart Styled Clothes For University Men
Tailored At Rochester

The College Shop

Howard L. Thrapp

"Next to the Lower Campus"



"Did you hear the scandal about Feep?"
"No, spill the gore."
"They say his wife is a married woman."

JUST FIVE BLOCKS FROM THE CAMPUS

Because of Her Confidence

Kessenich's Has Come to Be The Wisconsin Girl's Store



*On your way
uptown—not
far from the
Hill*

She knows that at Kessenich's the search for style and the search for worth of merchandise terminates in the happy ending and satisfaction.

She has confidence in our sales people. She believes in the ability and taste of our buyers and their search of the markets.

Now with winter near, she plans her wardrobe and her buying with the people at Kessenich's.

Kessenich's are very proud of the confidence placed in the store by the Wisconsin girl. We'll try always to merit that confidence and earn even more.

*Kessenich's—
one store that is
exclusive, but
not expensive*




Kessenich's

State at Fairchild

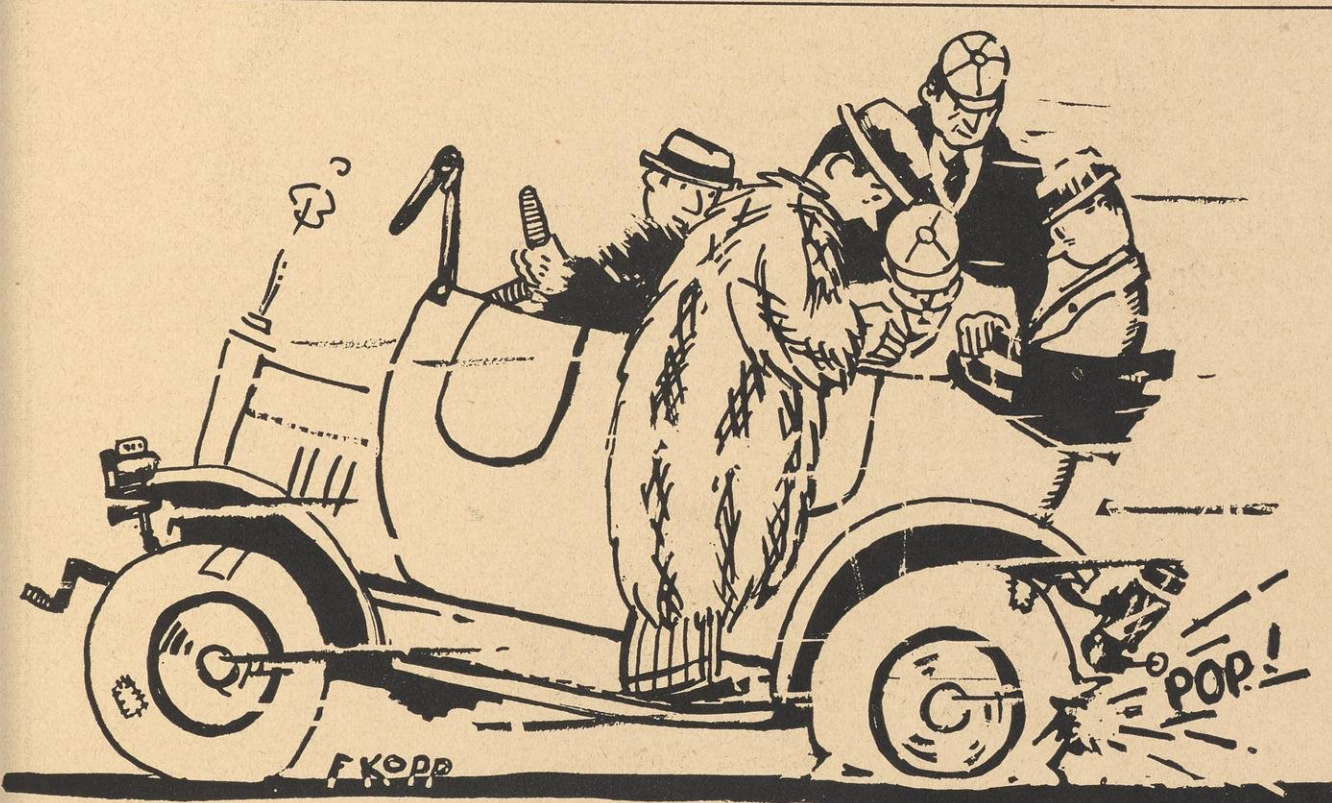
Enjoy Wisconsin's best tradition of hospitality faithfully kept at Hotel Loraine. Students, their parents, and guests are cared for in the most modern manner.

Our Dining Room, Banquet Rooms, and Ball Room are the most beautiful in the state.

Coffee Shop serves popular priced food

HOTEL LORAINÉ

Madison, Wisconsin



One Down and Three To Go

Wonder What an All-Star Half Back Thinks About : By BRIGGS



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.. not a cough in a carload



15¢

Fashion Stables

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Madison's Accredited
Riding Academy, Reliable
Mounts for Novice
or Professional

Special Courses for
Students

J. P. Corcoran, Principal

The Roystering Rooster

First Co-Ed: Geewiz! My Dad's peeved at me and he'll never buy me that racoon coat now.

'Nother Co-Ed: Get smart, my dear. Get him something nice. It melts any pater's heart. Try one of these Roystering Rooster things that the Unique Shop has—it's a stand to read your paper on at breakfast. Or get him something cute in smoking truck. He'll fall.



The Unique Shop
130 State Street

Smart Frocks Made To Your Measure

All garments are personally planned and fitted by Miss Minch. Yet this service is very reasonable.

Original Peasant Frocks
\$34.50 to \$59.50

Complete Pleating Service,
Hemstitching, Tucking,
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The Hetty Minch Shop

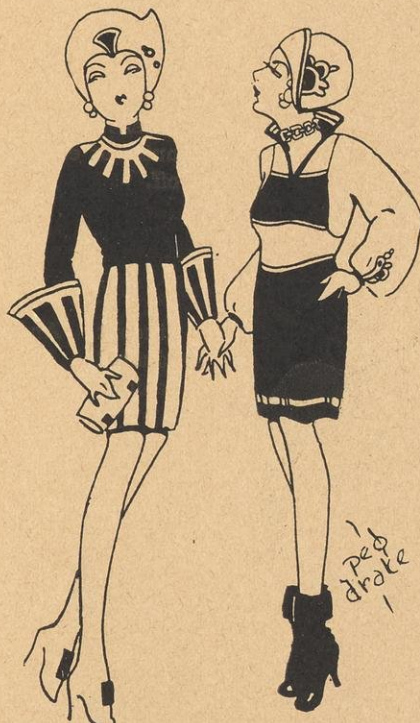
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Make this a Kodak Christmas and consult the Photoart House for suggestions.

Come in the store and see our greeting card samples—they have the personal and individual touch.

The Photoart House

Wm. J. Meuer, Pres.



"Do you know who the laziest man in the world is?"

"No, who is he?"

"The man who said, 'Moonbeam Kiss Her for Me.'"

LAWRENCE Restaurants

Where the University
Meets and Eats
"The best of everything"

662 State Street
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They know their
line---and its
Gordon for both!
One, the slender-
izing narrow
French heel, and
you just must know
the other---it's the
famous Gordon
V-Line

--- at ---

Manchester's
(Exclusive in Madison)

Velvet

IT'S ALL CREAM

ICE CREAM

"our wagon passes your door"

Kennedy Dairy Co.

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

Phone - - - - B. 7100

Junior: Thought you had a date with that Senior to-
night.

Frosh: Well, when I saw her leave her house at five
minutes of eight with some one else, I got sore and called
it off. —Malteser



Student: And what are you going to be when you
graduate?

Senior: A college man. —Notre Dame Juggler



Irate Dad: What did you mean by dancing the Hula
Hula at the party?

Freshman Flapper: Why, Dad, I was just putting a
little motion before the house. —Malteser



"For three weeks Brown has been hunting for the man
who stole his 'flivver'."

"Determined to prosecute, eh?"

"No, to apologize."

—Juggler

Do you want a free trip abroad?

Exceptional opportunity for a limited number of students in your college to earn a scholarship tour through Europe with all expenses paid. Pleasant part time work enrolling members in the Literary Guild. Write now for details to:

DIRECTOR SCHOLARSHIP TOURS

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA

55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



**There'll Be Merry-making In Old Barnard If We Win
This Game**

Just a few of the girls raising the roof following a football victory of last year. And oh what a time they do have! The little wren in the center is pulling a fast one. She's going to break that nassy big bubble all over Tessie's new finger wave and Tessie will laugh and clap her hands and surprise her with a wicked little rabbit punch.

Know us as the home of
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES
MANHATTAN SHIRTS RESILIO NECKWEAR
JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOES
STETSON HATS
Smart Style and Good Quality



Copyright 1927
Hart Schaffner & Marx

***Straight long and
button through***

The university man likes this type of coat. Hart Schaffner & Marx bring it to us through their style experts studying every university and style center. The colors are dark ox-fords, blues and in many cases blacks.

\$50

Others at \$35 to \$125

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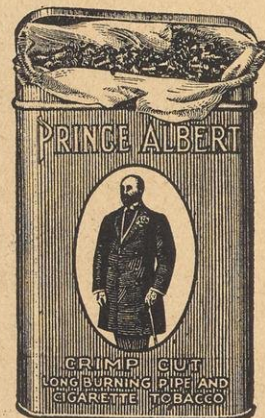
Pipe paths lead to P.A.

YOU can take the long, circuitous route and come to P.A. by degrees, as you eventually will, or you can cut corners and *start* right with The National Joy Smoke. Open a tidy red tin of Prince Albert, drink in that rich, rare aroma, and you will decide on the quick route.

Your first taste of P.A. in a pipe will clinch the decision. What a smoke, honestly! Cool as a conference in the Dean's office. Sweet as getting back on unlimited cuts. Mild as tea, but with that tobacco-body that satisfies your most

deep-rooted smoke-hankering. No matter how fast you feed it, P.A. never bites your tongue or parches your throat. Just cool contentment and solid satisfaction with this long-burning favorite of experienced jimmy-pipers. Ream out the old pipe and give it a brand-new deal with good old P.A.—today.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

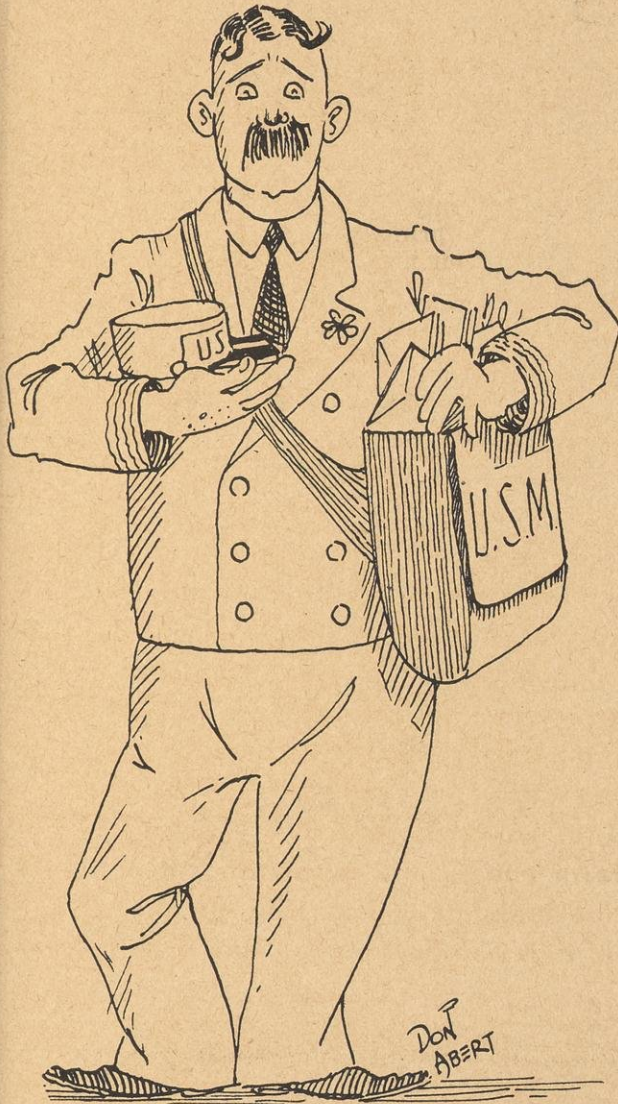


PRINCE ALBERT

— the national joy smoke!

"Please say you'll be mine forever," he murmured in her ear softly. "I may not be on the football team like Jimmy Smith and I won't have as much money to spend on you as Smith would, but oh darling, I love you more than any girl I've ever met."

"And I love you too, dear," she whispered, "but where is this Smith fellow?"
—Malteser



A Big Letter Man From I. C. S.

Too Bad

"If Mary doesn't take back what she said to me tonight, I'll never marry her."

"What did she say?"

"She said NO."

—Carolina Buccaneer

Mangel's

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21 S. Pinckney St.

Madison, Wisconsin

Co-ed Headquarters
for
Ultra-Smart Apparel

New
Fall
Frocks

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Note-
worthy
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New
Fall
Coats

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Rich
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"Fan Tan"

GUARANTEED

Silk Hosiery

56 New Fall Shades - All Weights

Prices 1.⁰⁰ to 2.⁰⁰

Lovely Silk Lingerie

Very Moderately Priced

"Straus for Student Printing"

Football and Printing

Between teams evenly matched in brawn and muscle, **intelligence** will be the determining factor in scoring.

True of other things, too. In printing, particularly.

Type, paper, and ink are the common elements, but only the intelligent skill of abler craftsmen can add power and effectiveness to the printed page.

And only when your ideas are clearly conveyed and your message is adequately presented can your printing make the desired impression.

Our experienced craftsmen serve you with printing of distinctive **character**.

We invite you to talk with us about your printing requirements. We offer other advantages besides better quality. Let us tell you about them.

Straus Printing Company

"How does that fellow get that way, running around half-shot?"

"Oh, he's from Chicago."

—Ski-U-Mah



Sue: Someone stepped on Jack's cigarette and put him in the hospital.

Lou: Why that's ridiculous.

Sue: Well, you see it was in his mouth.

—Notre Dame Juggler



After Game: "I just love all you great big football men."

"†*! I wondered what was wrong with my boys in the game to-day. I'm the coach, young lady."

—Virginia Reel

"You didn't hang up your stocking on Christmas Eve, did you?"

"No, but my room-mate did."

"And what did he get?"

"A summons from the Board of Health."

—Widow



Gentle Philosopher

The more I go to school the more I find out I don't know and the more I find out I don't know the dumber I think myself so I had better stop school before I discover that I am crazy.

—Carolina Buccaneer



Aggravating Anastasia, the girl with the detour brain says:

"Aren't the modern girls the limit? One half of them long to kiss and the other half kiss too long."

—Jack-o-Lantern

Ratcliff Company

Jewelers and Opticians

Corner Main and Pinckney St.

**Buy Gifts With A Real Value
They Cost No More**

MORGAN'S

672 State Street

**Fountain Service Billiards
Smokers Supplies**

How is Your Coal Supply?

WHEN IN NEED OF COAL
WHY NOT RING

CASTLE & DOYLE

BADGER 1993

Octy's Medical Service

Personally Conducted by Dr. P. Q. Hevvins, I. C. S.

Today, dear readers of my column, I am going to talk about reducing. You know, talk about reducing and he appears. Well, it's a very interesting subject, both theoretically and practically. Now take, for instance, my little woman, who weighs two hundred flat averdupois in the shade. She's vitally interested, see? Anyways, I am. I'm trying out everything I can find on the little woman. I've tried everything from rolling pins to goat-glands, and I wish to report to you, dear readers of my column, that they're all the bunk! I also wish to say that from actual observation, there's nothing like starvation. I would not recommend the water cure, because I have known of several rather sever cases of drowning which resulted from this form of treatment. Well, if any of you readers of my column hear of any thing good, drop me a line. And now for the question box!

Question Box

It was the original intention of the Octopus, through it's Medical Service, to attempt to answer all the questions on health or what have you, no matter how goofy they are. Well this is still its intention.

Dear Dr. Hevvins: I weigh 348 pounds and eat just

like a horse. Ella, that's my sister, says I should ought to reduce, but Oswald, that's my husband, says he likes me just like I am. What shall I do?

Have Oswald psychoanalyzed.

Dear Dr. Hevvins: Recently, while in Chicago, I received a bit of lead from a machine-gun in my skull. Since then I have been bothered by sharp pains in one of my upper bicuspid, and frequent toothache. Is this lead poisoning?

Lonely.

Paint it with iodine.

Dear Dr. Hevvins: I am a business man of average age and intelligence. I eat at cafeterias, and I wonder if you could give me a good snappy suggestion about my noonday meal. I can't take any exercise, so what'll I do.

Mr. Average Man.

The usual diet for men in your shape is: 1 glass water, 1 cracker, 1 dyspepsia tablet.

First room-mate: S-sh, Jim, I believe there's a burglar in here.

Second room-mate: Then in the morning it won't make any difference who gets up first. —Malteser

Satisfactory work for those who want something very much better for less money.

**Madison Steam
Laundry**

"20% Discount for Cash Call"

429 State Street

Fairchild 530

Flowers

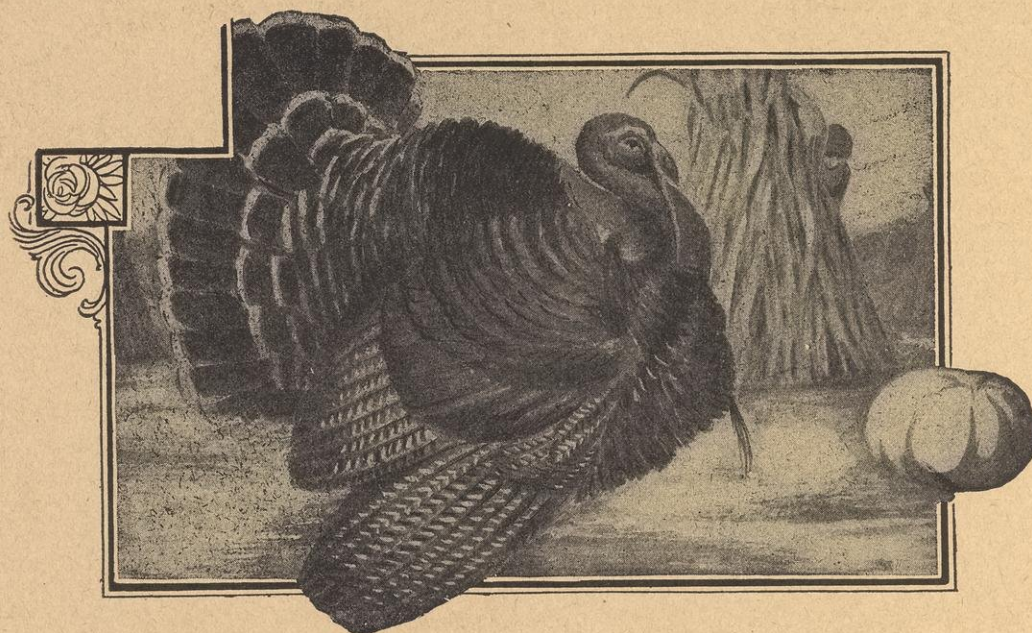
Fresh daily from our own greenhouses

Rentschler
FLORAL CO

230 State Badger 179

"Say it with Flowers"

CLOSED ALL DAY



MEAT ME ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH

Notice to All Our Student Friends:

Due to an important engagement
in Turkey, this plant will be closed
all day November 24 ☪ ☪ ☪ ☪ ☪

Democrat :: Printing :: Company

114 South Carroll Street

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MADISON, WIS.

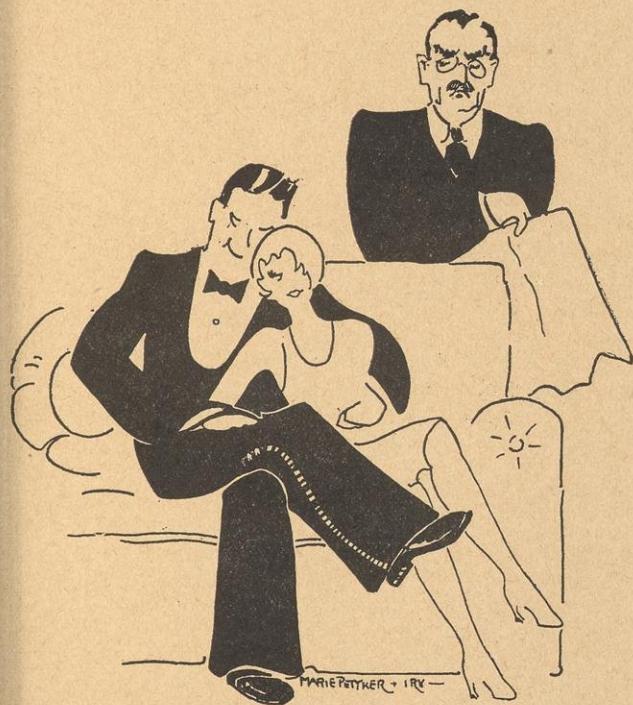
Permanent Marcel Waving SCOTTS

672 State St. Upstairs B. 7170

It just occurred to us that it was a good thing for
Jonah that the whale was contrary so he didn't throw
him down.
—Ski-U-Mah



Freshman: May I hold your hand?
Sweet Soph: Of course not. This isn't Palm Sunday.
Freshman: Well, it isn't Independence Day, either.
—Malteser



Increasing Cloudiness; Not Much Change in Temperature



"STUDYING physiology? Or are
you an art student?"

"No, I was just thinking what a bother
clothes are, anyhow."

"You buy Michaels-Stern Clothes and
you'll forget your worries."



The Crescent
CLOTHING CO
Specialists in Apparel for Men & Boys



"Nobody knows
how dry I am!"



SINGS the Drinkless Kaywoodie
"until they smoke me!"

Here's a modern pipe that earns
"A" on any test. And you can't
get it "wet"—it gives a dry, cool,
fresh, sweet, wholesome smoke all
the time. The Drinkless Attach-
ment does it—easy to clean.



Ask to see the famous Drinkless Kaywoodie
at your pipe shop. Don't miss it, man!

Drinkless KAYWOODIE \$3.50
Unconditionally Guaranteed UP

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc., 120 Fifth Ave., New York

Service that
needs no
explanation



Royston Plumbing Co.
1319 University Ave. F. 378

(Continued from page 22)

through which the mountain men come riding chanting
hai yai, hai yai, hai yai!

Behind this high seasoning a captious reader may de-
tect the fact that there is little meat; he may feel that
even the story of Sam Lash is just begun at the final page.
That may all be true. The robust and barbaric yawp of
Wolf Song is no hymn to intellectual beauty. Nor is it
a book that many women will enjoy; its heroine, like
those of Conrad, is both a necessity and an encumbrance
in its man's world. Yet *Wolf Song* is rooted in the genius
of its own peculiar soil as deeply, as artistically, as *The*
Time of Man, or *My Antonia*.

In *The Next Age of Man* (Bobbs-Merrill), Mr. Wig-
gam sets forth his views on the possibility of a future
human being whose tendencies toward barbarism have
been bred out and whose potentiality toward civilization
has been bred in by a process of selective eugenics. There
is a mass of interesting and stimulating material in Mr.
Wiggam's latest book, and he seems entirely the master
of it. As always, he writes cleverly, perhaps a shade too
cleverly in places. To those whose minds are made up
on such questions as prohibition, tuberculosis, birth con-
trol, and the whole matter of eugenics, Mr. Wiggam may
not appeal. Scientists and psychologists—I imply no in-
vidious distinction—may differ with him, as they do with
amusing frequency among themselves. But in these per-
plexed and winding shoals and channels of the present
day, any honest attempt to dig a way straight and deep
toward a better future is to be welcomed, and such an

Brock Engraving Co.

Artists — Engravers

FOURTH FLOOR

State Journal Building

MADISON, WIS.



1 something's in the air!

THERE'S something everywhere about you—something as sparkling as the crisp November sunshine. Gay as the pennants fluttering from the stadium walls. Into that something goes the dull percussion of punted footballs . . . chrysanthemums . . . hawkers' cries . . . crowds hurrying, laughing, happy. . . .

Does it catch you up—sweep you along?

If it does—if you warm to the charm, the verve, the gay light-heartedness of Youth—we believe you will like COLLEGE HUMOR. You clever collegians write the things we feature; our stories by today's front rank writers are written with you in mind, as an audience.

Scott Fitzgerald's article on *Princeton*, and a complete novelette by Lois Montross, *The Return of Andy Protheroe*, are two features of the many that compose the December issue.

CollegeHumor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

attempt is Mr. Wiggam's book. It has a local interest besides, for many of his illustrations are gathered from the University of Wisconsin; and the beautiful young ladies who at the end of the semester are told that their scholastic records are unsatisfactory may comfort themselves by Mr. Wiggam's statement that brains and beauty really go together. "So the instructor was wrong after all! I'm just as intelligent as I look." But let them read no further, lest they discover that Abraham Lincoln is considered a beautiful man by Mr. Wiggam.

Beyond Behaviorism, by Robert Courtney (Grant Publications, Inc.), is, like *The Next Age of Man*, a study in what human beings must do to avoid extinction. It is not a modest work. In some one hundred and thirty pages it traces psychology from William James through gestalt and behaviorism to an "activity of direct awareness," which, the author feels inclined to believe, will cure all the ills which flesh is heir to. The metamorphosis of the butterfly and the essence of Buddha's philosophy are included for good measure. To this untutored and bewildered reader, the process of self-development which the author suggests smacks ludicrously of Mr. Pecksniff's delight in the phenomena of his own excellent post-prandial digestion, his serene assurance that he is Wound Up, and Going. *Beyond Behaviorism* is also *Beyond Me*. A prize of one second-hand detective story is hereby offered to anyone who will explain it in words of one syllable. It repents me that I attempted it; hereafter I shall stick to simpler souls.

(Paul Fulcher's
book reviews
appear in Octy
every month.)

R I D D L E



THESE two old dust mops have started a bang up argument. The ought-ta-know-better on the left with the bay window and trick stocking cap is T'Eckusai, a member of an ancient Grecian family and afraid of nothing. He is talking with Sir Howdairu, another worshiper of the Lard.

T'Eckusai has just put the question, "Knowest thou, Sir Howdairu, what the difference is between a horse and a pair of shapely ankles?"

"Well," begins Sir Howie, like all deep thinkers, "that depends. Are not blinders needed for both?"

"Yes, and both are used to hoofing it home," comes back T'Eckusai. "But what I seek is the difference betwixt the two."

This sort of gets Sir Howie and he frowns studiously as he plucks a tack from beneath one of his "straight eights." In a few minutes he comes back in the ring with this little wallop. "A horse sighs as it works at its simple tasks, but a pair of ankles consider themselves below thighs," (thaid the old thiek with a lithp).

"And," comes back T'Eck, "one steps along while the other longs to step."

"Thou hast a nimble tongue, brother," snorts Sir Howie, "but is not the former able to canter, while the latter canter--t anybody?"

"My aunt's Shredded Wheat, but that's a bran new one!" ejaculated the flustered T'Eck. Indeed, this is no small problem.

Can it be that there are more ways of differentiating betwixt them?"

"Most assuredly, honored friend, for a horse cannot have a flat tire, whereas ankles may easily attract one or even several."

"Which reminds me," said T'Eck, "that machines are rapidly replacing horses, but nothing can take the place of a pair of ankles—unless it be two pair."

"T'Eck," whispered Sir Howie, his voice husky with emotion, "there's one thing the two have in common, each one can kick, but—" and a strange happily light sprang into his eyes—"that isn't anything compared with the kick in the CHRISTMAS Number of Octopus!"

OUT DECEMBER 14

WISCONSIN 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ PURE OCTOPUS

How will your office look?

Not like this, of course

Yet you will find in it a dozen jobs that can be done more quickly and effectively by electricity—and done so quietly as to be practically unnoticed. In fact, electricity has completely revolutionized many office methods.



TO-DAY in a modern office you will find these electrical aids:

Addressing Machines; Dictating Machines; Adding Machines; Multigraphs; Check-writers; Calculating Machines; Cash Registers; Interior Telephones; Card Recorders; Card Sorters; Time Recorders; Accounting Machines; Time Stamps; Clocks; Mailing Machines; Typewriters; Fans; MAZDA Lamps, and many other electric devices.



This familiar mark appears on many electrical products, including motors that drive time- and labor-saving office machines.

YOUR FATHER probably will recall the days of high stools, eyeshades, and evenings overtime.

...

But visit a modern office! A thousand letters to go out by four o'clock. A new price list to all customers in to-night's mail, without fail. Enter electricity. Two or three people turn switches, and the finished letters come out of an ingenious machine. Another motion and they are sealed and stamped. Only electricity could get that job done.

...

Here's a statistical job. The reports are in; thousands of figures to analyze. Looks like overtime for fifty clerks. "Certainly not," answers electricity, as a button starts the

motor-driven sorters and tabulators. Key cards are punched with lightning fingers. Electric sorters devour 24,000 cards an hour. Tabulators add quantities and amounts in jig time, and print the totals.

...

Go to almost any bank today. Hand in your account book. Click, click, goes the electric book-keeping machine and back comes the book to you. Five operations performed in that brief moment. Everybody saves time,—you, the clerk, the bank,—when electricity is the book-keeper.

...

In the office of to-morrow you will find "electrical fingers" doing more work than even to-day.

210-62DH
GENERAL ELECTRIC
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

*I*N the Campusionian mode this is the hat—



and it will go

with this velvet collared form-

fitting overcoat—

Suit will be the short

cutaway of black

soft-finished wors-

ted, with trousers

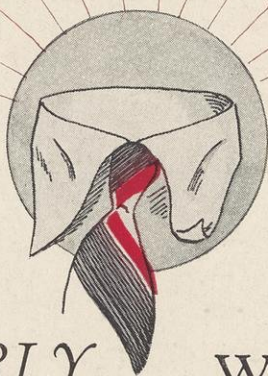
of striped Cashmere, and

black shoes and spats—



this
soft collar
form? It

not PROPERLY



AND do you think
will go with all this
will NOT—you can-

wear any of these

things without wearing

ARROW *Starched* COLLARS