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WISCONSIN

January 1928  
25¢



"Fouse  
of the  
son-Dixon  
Line"

JOHN  
AUL-  
COTT  
+  
IRV





## FORMAL FROCKS

NEITHER too sophisticated nor too simple is the distinctive frock from the "Prom".

*Mangel's* collection of evening fashions, new models daily arriving from New York, will delight your eye and gratify your purse.

14.95 to 35.00

*Hidden  
Smartness*  
Mangel's  
Lingerie

*A Smart  
Footnote*  
Fan Tan  
Hosiery

***Mangel's***  
NEW YORK WAIST HOUSE

27 South Pinckney Street, Madison



# GELVINS

## *SPECIALIZATION*

Where Retailers of Clothes are just concerned with advertising, usually quality is unessential.

For then the mere addition of a capable salesman with a marked understanding of that particular field would answer the purpose.

But Retailers who specialize on Quality, Service and Distribution,—every detail of merchandising must be understood and atmosphere prepared in the shop as a background in keeping with the product.

Such thorough Service, Quality and Distribution you will find here, gained through a practice of Specialization of Purpose.

# HOAK & DUNN

*Gelvin's of Madison*

644 State Street



# Used Books Wanted

CASH

OR

Liberal Trade Allowance

FOR USED TEXTS

We will buy ALL your books whether used here again or not

We also buy—

Fiction - Sets - Miscellaneous

## BROWN BOOK SHOP

621-623 STATE STREET

# The Park Hotel

*"Madison's Good Will Hotel"*

200 Modern Rooms  
(All outside)  
\$1.50 to \$2.00

New Private Toilets  
\$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50

New Shower and Tub  
Baths  
\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4

FINE CAFE AND  
COFFEE SHOP



WALTER A. POCOCK, Prop.

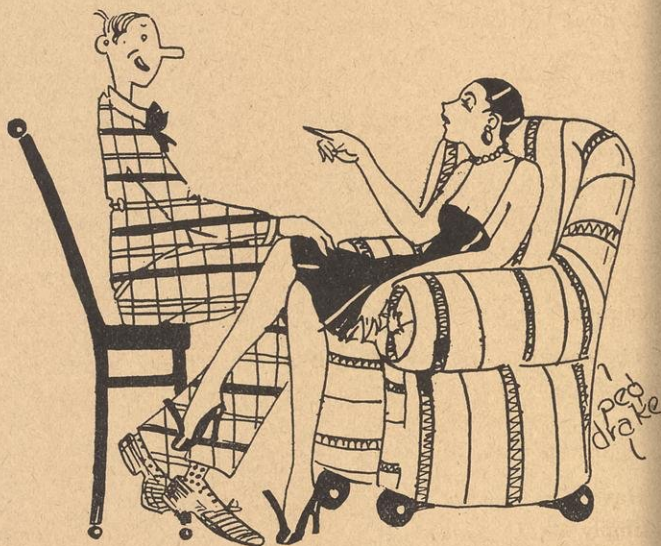
*The Inter Collegiate Hotel for Madison*

## POCOCK HOTELS

WALTER A. POCOCK, President

PARK HOTEL  
Madison

FREDERIC HOTEL  
Saint Paul



Einar: Yup, this summer I worked 18 hours a day in the steel works.

Daphney: Lordee, boy,—how you must have smelt!



"Use the word 'declension' in a sentence."  
"Her pa came in so we stopped declension."



When Impressions Must Count



Flowers  
Are  
The  
  
L  
A  
N  
G  
U  
A  
G  
E

UNIVERSITY FLORAL SHOP

723 University Ave.

F. 4645

Typical Letter of a Coed to Her Friend in Wellesley

Dearest Mehitabel,

I have the most THRILLING news, darling—you'd never GUESS what it could be! I know you'll be envious of me when you hear it—I'm to have American Government and Politics next semester! I'm so thrilled, dear. And mama, the old sport, crashed through with a lovely new set of textbooks for Accounting 113,—she's SO thoughtful.

The most exciting thing happened Thursday. I was in the Library, of course—that's SUCH a romantic spot, anyway—and the first person I ran across was Zimmern, on the Greek Commonwealth! I've been happy ever since.

Have you seen the new eight book power brief cases? I simply MUST have one!

As to your question, yes; I went to Prom, at least I think that's what it was; but who I was with I don't remember. I probably wore my old high school graduation dress, remember?

And, Oh, Hitty, HAVE you read Russell on the Quantum Theory?

Your loving

Doris

## FRED W. KRUSE CO.



### Just Arrived! NEW SPRING DRESSES

Every express brings us new spring dresses, the kind you would expect to find at Kruse's—the university woman's favorite shop. Won't you come in and inspect the newest Paris creations?



*First*

## To Show Spring Togs-

We take pleasure in announcing the arrival of our first shipment of

### "Nottinghams For Spring"

SUITS AND TOPCOATS

That are an achievement in fabric value and tailoring

The style you will recognize as right when you try them on  
With two Pants, \$40, \$45, \$50

*Anderes & Spoo*

MADISON

18 N. Carroll

Men's Quality Apparel

## *Perfect Satisfaction--*

The Delightful Feature  
of our Service.

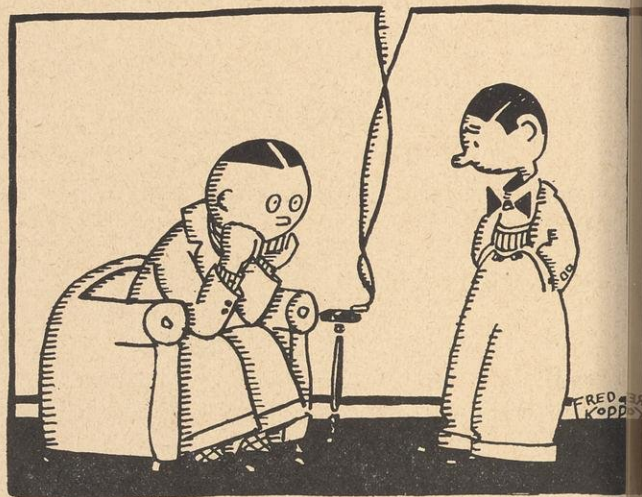


**Royston Plumbing Company**

Fairchild 378

-

1319 University Ave.



Mr. Swilch: Would Mary Ann shine on a date?

Mr. Brultz: Boy howdy! she'd scintillate.



"Chester, give me a sentence with the word 'bulb'."  
"I'm going now bulb be right back."



## 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



## Golly

But we are glad you  
all are back!

And come in for  
Dinner Tonight---

We  
Welcome  
You!

"What did you think of the Prom chairman's tie?"  
"Oh, I thought he won."



"By what appellation are these mountains called?"  
"You guessed it, stranger," said the native of Kentucky.



"I can't stand dress suits at prom."  
"Why not, Clara?"  
"I hate tale-bearers."



### Prom'stics

Out of five hundred girls at prom, our enquiring reporter reported:

One corset (receiving line)  
Three petticoats (janitresses)  
Five brassieres (Sigma Kappa)  
Seven pounds of Duco  
Eighteen pounds of Kiss Proof



IRVING COFFEE  
HOUSE  
IRVING CAFETERIA  
STERLING AT IRVING



## APPAREL FOR EVERY OCCASION



**Wisconsin's Prom**

The Greatest weekend of the social year

You will be attired in apparel that is sartorially correct in every detail, and you have no greater assurance of its perfection than by purchasing in our shop. We offer the Tuxedo and the accessories at a price in keeping with a man's purse. When Ben Pollock and his Californians strike the first notes of the Grand March, step off with the assurance that you are dressed in keeping with the evening.

GEORGE O'CONNELL JR.

**BAILLIE**

**O'CONNELL AND MEYER**

MADISON ~ WISCONSIN



109 STATE

STREET



Toasted Sandwiches

Steaks

## Tragon Grill

Good Tasty Food  
329 State Street

Salads

Chops

### INTERLUDES: Addressed to a Certain Young Lady

By Jack Davis

#### I. In the Manner of Robert Herrick

1

Fain would I rub my Amy's back—  
E'en though she goes to sleep, alack!

2

Whenas in rubbers Amy goes,  
Then, then, methinks the weather knows  
It can attack her through her toes.  
But when my Amy's lovely knee  
Above galoshes I may see,—  
Oh how their flapping cheereth me.

#### II. In the Manner of R. L. S.

When I have grown to be a man,  
I'll call on Amy all I can;  
And tell the other college boys  
How their rivalry annoys.

#### III. In the Manner of Edw. Fitzgerald

Walk! for the dawn who scattered into flight  
The dates who'd sit around for half the night  
Drives thee along with them from Amy's house  
And leaves thee in a cold and lonely plight.

#### IV. In the Manner of A. C. Swinburne

Soft sleepy small, celestial sweet,—  
Let langorous lays of love assail  
Thy slumbering soul, and blissful beat  
Thy heart whose throbbing throbs me pale;—  
And many a mug its mouth shall meet.

#### V. In the Manner of Carl Sandburg

I'm the boy friend  
The honest-to-gawd no foolin boy friend  
At least I think I am  
By damn  
If I'm not  
If I'm being double timed  
Amy sure is doing me dirt  
I'll say she is  
I'll tell the cockeyed world

#### VI. In the Manner of Gertrude Stein

It is indubitable that I love I love that I that that I  
love that I love that Amy that I love Amy it is indubitable  
or if not indubitable then indubitably it is indubitable  
that I love Amy or at least that that that love love Amy  
that I indubitably is that I that is indubitable and at  
any rate that I love Amy Amy I love that is indubitable.

## 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



**Mary--***I certainly envy Gladys. Imagine having that lovely Prom gown sent from Paris!*

**Sari--***Well, you needn't. There is the most gorgeous collection of French replicas I've ever seen at Simpson's---and they're not expensive, either!*



Simpson's

23-25 N. Pinckney Street





*One man who will not run for prom chairman next year*





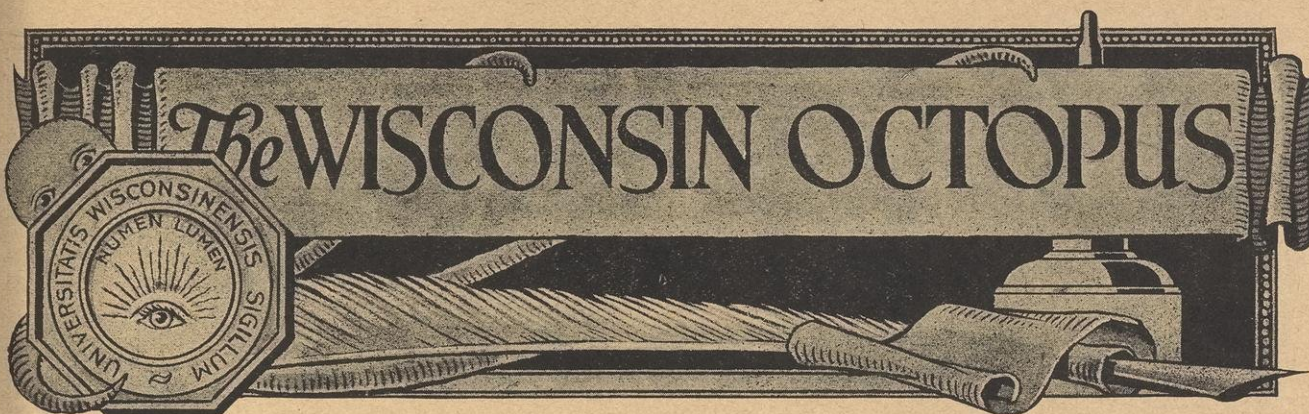
Imagerp Bp

Wolnâ Epula



At times some phantom like the cold moist breath of night envelops me and releases the gray shadows of my former selves.....now babbling mendicants postulating for expression





Campus idol: How about a date Friday night?

Mere woman (surprised): Oh for goodness sake!

C. I.: No, but we'll have a good time.

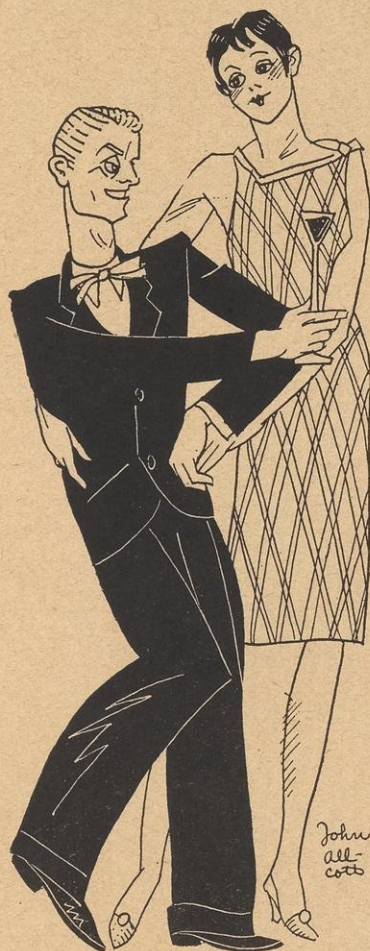
It takes more than a butterfly tie to set a girl's heart fluttering.

Mrs. Finnigan (enthusiastically): Faith, Mrs. O'Hallihan, an' what's that great stew I smell?

Mrs. O'Hallihan (suspiciously): An', Mrs. Finnigan, could you be after meanin' my husband?



"The Alpha Delt's are going to prom en masse."  
"My gawsh, in that condition?"



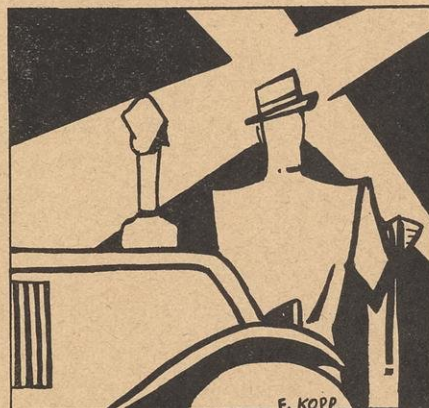
Miss Clandershiold to Mr. O'Kristbaum: Go ahead and drink all you want, dear; you don't look like a gentleman, you don't act like a gentleman, but you can at least smell like one.

He passed out after one drink—the twenty-sixth.

## Things That Just Aren't Done at Prom

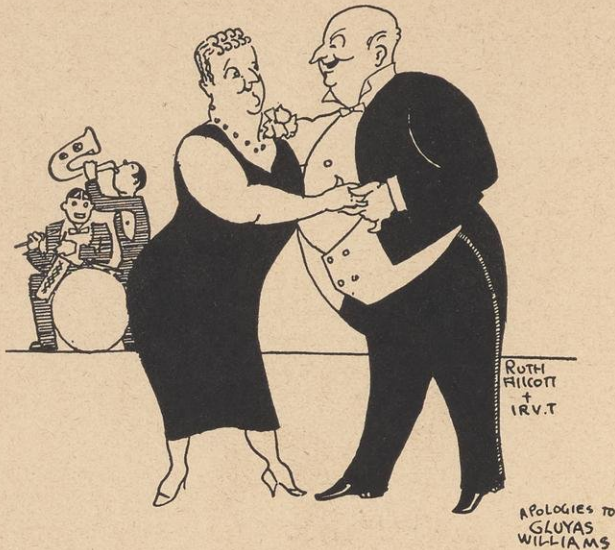
1. Trying to hit the mural painting in the dome with a bottle.
2. Endeavoring to bring the Dean yelling to his knees with your "bear-trap" hand-shake while in the receiving line.
3. Whistling shrilly and pounding your partner heartily on the back while calling loudly, "More! More!" after each dance.
4. Rushing up to Prom Chairman and untying tuxedo tie with a quick twist of the wrist followed by a loud horse-laugh.
5. Eating more than two mouthfuls at your Prom Supper.

Innocent miss—What's a kiss?  
Obliging gent (giving her one)—There's one.  
I. M.—I'd like a further explanation.



"What do girls do?"  
"Boys."





*Too Rotund to Rotate in the Rotunda*

"I'll have you know that there's blue blood in my veins."

"Gee, lady, w'y don't you get a job with a side show?"

"Tough about Bjinks, wasn't it?"

"You mean the mind reader?"

"Yeah, he went crazy at a sorority tea."

"Is that man drinking?"

"No, he has water on the knee, and he's taking anti-freeze solution."

### Prom-inance

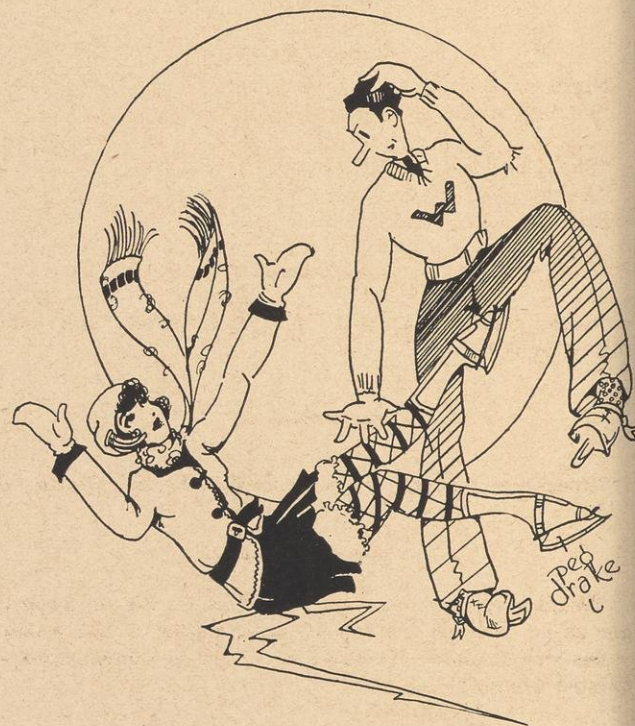
Thousands of dancing lights. . . . Smooth, quivering, bare, arms. . . . Lithe bodies pressed closely,—too closely . . . powder,—warm, sweet, perfumed, air. It seemed a dream. His dear one pressed in his arms, pulsing, living, her red lips slowly turning to tantalize him not more than an inch from his own. She trembled in his arms, and gradually her head bent back, as he bent forward to meet those soft lips. The music stopped. He suddenly became conscious of a thousand eyes turned in his direction, and blushing he turned and saw his last precious bottle of beer lying in the center of the floor. . . .

### I Love My Girl Because

1. She bought her prom dress before I asked her to go.
2. She let me teach her to skate while she was the champion of the school.
3. She accuses me of being jealous to see if I'll get mad.
4. She asks me to play my saxophone.
5. She pulls my ears and says, "Funny Boy."
6. She quotes Dorothy Parker.
7. She corrects my grammar.
8. She never knows any baseball scores.
9. She flips her ashes in my trouser cuff.
10. Because She's My Girl.

### I Love My Man Because

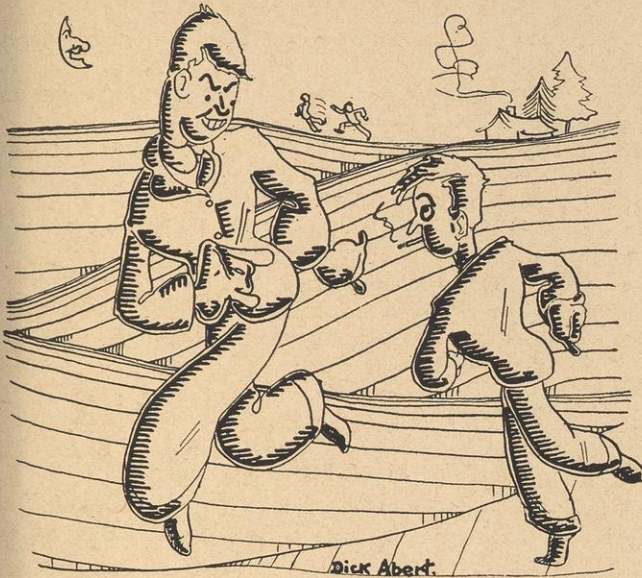
1. He pastes pennants on his grip at odd angles.
2. He looks me straight in the eyes and tells me my shoulder straps are showing.
3. Because he hasn't a girl back home.
4. He was with me all day and then telephoned at 10:40 to ask me to Prom.
5. Neither he nor any of his relations know Charles Lindbergh.
6. He writes to other girls and tells me he doesn't.
7. He looks funny in knickers.
8. He never talks about his trip to Europe.
9. He won't kiss me good night if anyone is around.
10. Because He's My Man.



*She: Say, I'll get killed next on this ice.*

*He: That's all right, I'll send your mail to the dead letter office.*





"Why is a college man like a horse?"  
 "Give up."  
 "You can lead a horse to water . . ."

A cataract in Yellowstone park is worth two in the eye.

## Famous Shirts

Night -----  
 "I'd hate to be in your -----  
 ----- tail  
 "Shay, are you ----- tain?"  
 "Ach! Der's a spot under -----  
 Stiff -----

"Gosh," mused Hannibal, "but Babe Ruth's socks are full of runs."

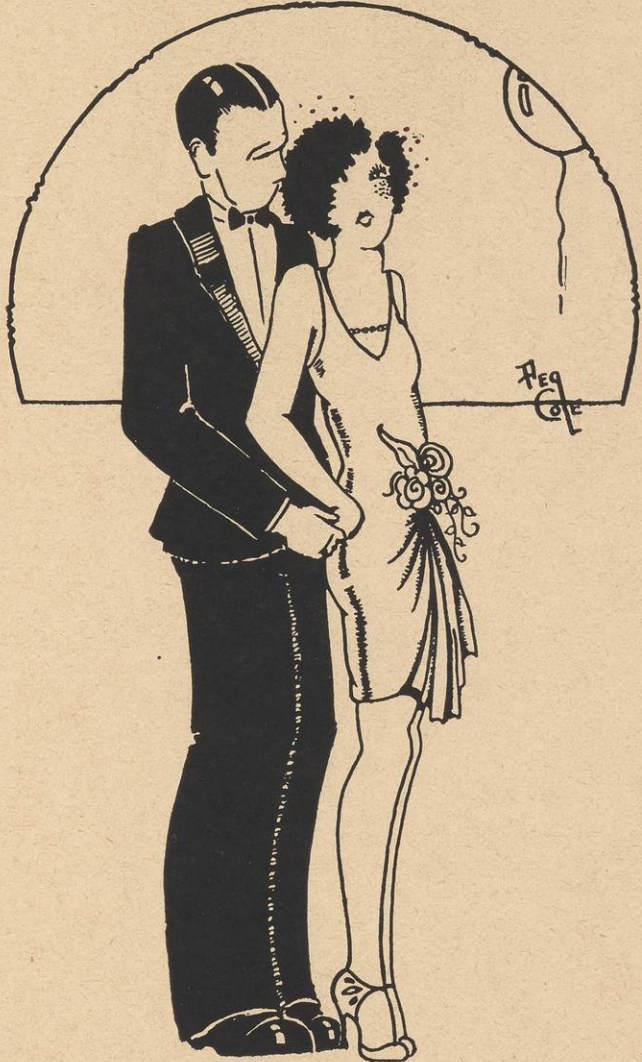
"Speaking of gossip, we wonder what Anatole France?"

"What goes up must come down" mused the old passenger as he watched a scrap of paper flutter to the waves. Sea-sick friend: Ha-haven't you g-g-got that sentence twisted around, o-o-o-h?

"He broke a rib."  
 "He always was rough with the girls."

When will Henry Ford make a cigarette lighter for the college man of ordinary circumstances?

"I call my lighter 'Temperance,' 'cause it's never lit."  
 (Throw the eggs, damn you, we're ready.)



"I simply can't stand women who paint!"  
 "Yes, they seem to lacquer certain something."

The plumbers' golf tournament was delayed while the contestants went back after their clubs.

At least there'll be no question as to whose ancestors went over on the Spirit of St. Louis.





*Tipsy One: Shay, cap, hee-hee, yoush bett er not undresh in front uv thash perischope*



# WHAT A LIFE!

## The True Story of My Life

By BILL MOMSEN

Reading time—one pint

**S**LOWLY the sun rose from its lethargy, gilding the peaks of the purple Sierras and bathing the snow-capped ridges in a flood of silvery light. The stork, setting his wings, glided majestically down between the tall pines and picnickers' rubbish, bearing in his beak an olive branch, a bundle, and ten tasty recipes for mid-summer salads. Depositing me with the customary blessings he bade me adieu and I whistled him off to the tune of "How Dry I Am."

In order to avoid burdening the reader with excess *ennui* I will hastily recount only a few of the more noteworthy incidents of my early life. Despite contradictory assertions by my parents, I am convinced that my early life was not promising for I distinctly recall the nurses very frequently telling my parents that, as a child, I was all wet.

Since the acceptance of a conventional religion is of such tremendous importance in the life of an infant I feel that I was particularly fortunate, in that certain peculiar circumstances, which attended the early use of safety pins as supporters for my unmentionables, convinced me of my need for moral direction. At the age of seven months, while stooping for a card which had dropped from my bridge hand I was attacked from the rear by an unfastened safety pin. The doctors in a futile effort to heal the scratch, treated me with mineral baths, pills, massages and radium, but all to no avail. Then I tried the "New Science" and after reading four pamphlets on the conservation of Wild Life and several volumes of the Harvard Classics I was permanently relieved.

More recently I sought relief from an attack of the hives and, though it may seem well nigh impossible, I had hardly finished Part I of "Gulliver's Travels" when I felt indications of relief and at page 149 I dozed off to a nap and awoke the next morning to find that the hives had completely left me.

It has been my hope that some day I will contract the gout, Thackeray being my favorite author and "Vanity Fair" being the remedy for that ailment. On only one occasion have I failed to find relief from prescribed words or volumes. The details of this, a rather interesting incident, are related in the following paragraph.

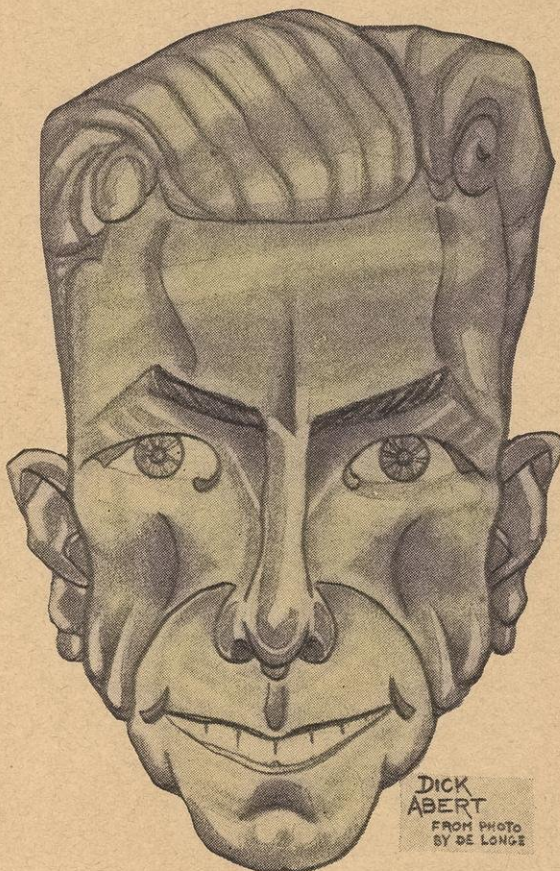
During the years 1904 to 1918 my age steadily increased. I also gained in weight and stature, until a sad misfortune checked my advance in both. I was stricken with that dread malady dandruff, the scourge of the human race. For two years I was confined to my bed and was forced to relinquish my propensity for needlework. I hurriedly read all of Swift and Addison and considerable of the work of the Romantic Poets when I was about to give up in despair. At a friend's suggestion I tried Glieschman's Yeast. All is different now. I go about my work singing cheerfully. The effect of the sad misfortune is still with me, however, for were it not for the two years during which I was confined to my bed my age would now be twenty-five.

About my work at High School much might be said, but is best left unsaid. Suffice to say that aside from my fine work in the class room I was distinguished by my social prominence having reached a high place primarily through the *weighty* influence of a girl who came into my life. I found my love at a testimonial meeting. She occupied the two rows directly in front of me and her testimonial played a beautiful

melody on the high strung strings of my heart. She had been afflicted with every malady known to medical science with the exception of Housemaid's Knee and so faithful had she been in her perusal of the remedies that perfect health had been her reward.

Hyacinth and I spent many pleasant evenings together. That last evening is one that I will not soon forget.

(Continued on page 47)



BILL MOMSEN





*She: But boys, I can't go to prom with all of you.*  
*They: Why not? We're all on the relay team.*



## The Human Element of the Battle of Bull Run

The man who led the forces back to Washington was not an officer.

Just before expiring, Arne Johnson, fourth son of Mathilda and Lars Johnson said, "Take my boots off at your own risk".

When approached by solicitor No. 473 of the "Buy a Tag for Baby", Albert Abercombie's most timely reply was "I can't be bothered."

One of the canons in company F bore the initials C. C. which could not have been put there by our president as he lives in Vermont.

The younger generation was not mentioned.

The average age of the contestants' uncles was 46 years and 6 months.

Single: It isn't a good idea to kiss a single girl in front of your wife, is it?

Married: Not a single one, not a single one.

Historians are certain that Isaac Walton had a bass voice.

"What kind of a neighborhood is it?"

"If you're selling something, don't ask to see the gentleman of the house."

"The children are playing bridge."

"Auction?"

"No, London."

Neither a coated tongue nor a heavy breath will keep one warm.

"Do you want to go on a party with some of the boys?"

"I'd love to."

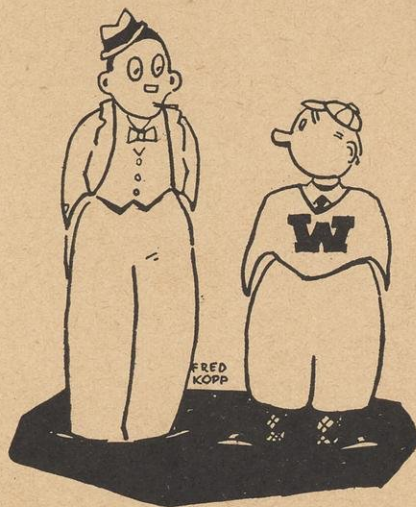
"Fine, but some of the other girls might object."

"She's a little queen to me."

"Do you mean you crowned her?"

"Fold me to your heart, dearest," she whispered.

"I'll place my stamp of approval on that idea," he answered, proceeding to envelop her in his embrace, "the male may be late, but he'll try to make up for it by his method of address."



"He's got a snap job."

"What's he do?"

"Oh, he's a photographer."

"Why do you call it God's country?"

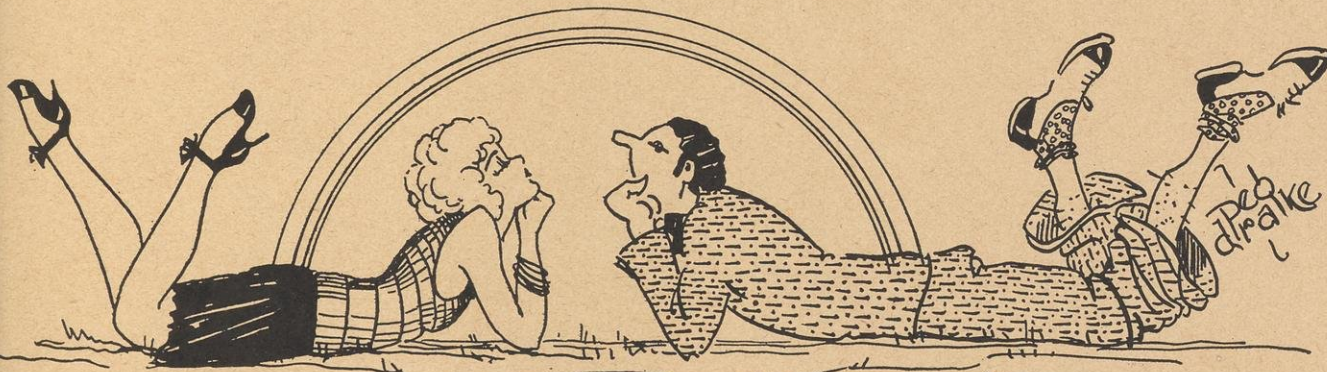
"You'd swear too, if you had to live there."

"Doctors say that we'll catch something if we kiss."

"Yes, I know a girl that did."

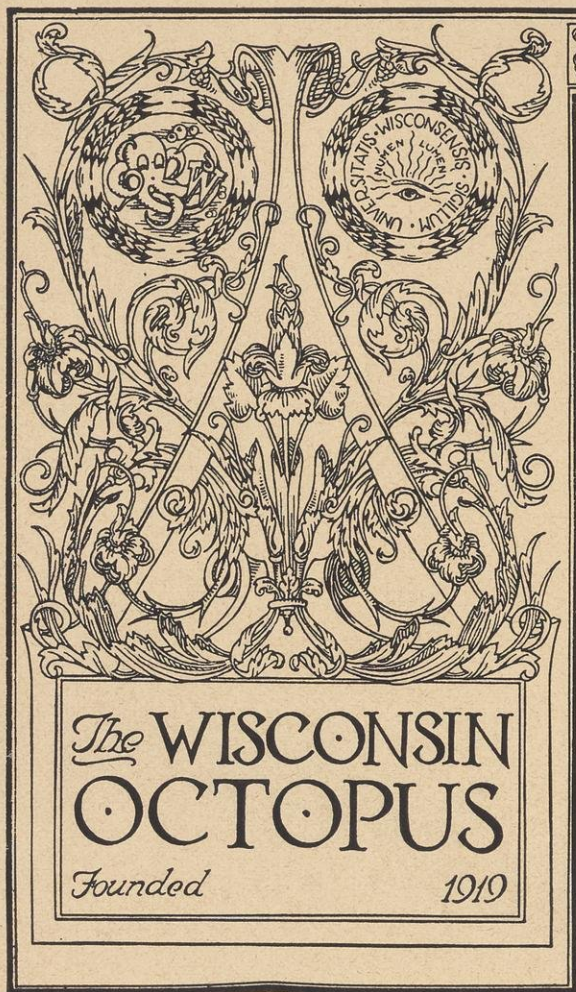
"What did she catch?"

"A millionaire."



"Let's try a transatlantic flight!" "Oh, that would be simply Levine!"





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Vol. X

JANUARY, 1928

No. 5

### Our Approaching Promenade

YOU may have to hock your watch—or your other pants—to go, but it's worth the sacrifice; it may be necessary to give up eating for a month, but you really ought to be willing to lose a few pounds for those nights, or that night. It's our prom, after all, and it's the only outstanding social event that we can boast about at Wisconsin, the World's Greatest Newsmaker notwithstanding. (Like the little boy who ruined his Sunday trousers)

This issue of Octy is dedicated to prom, to the pleasant side of prom, to the fun that there is in a prom—not to the heartbreaks of those who couldn't go or of those who didn't get a bid. We'll leave the sadder side of prom to our sadder contemporaries.

We hope prom is a success financially and otherwise. First because we're a Junior, and second because a kindly and understanding aunt told us to go and to let her know how much it would cost.

If prom is a success financially, Bill will have a check to give the Union, and it takes lots of checks to build the Union and lots of proms to get the checks. Then—we're going to be gloomy for just a second—if something goes awry, and prom has a deficit, Bill will still get himself talked about.

We believe in prom—that's why we have a prom Octy—because we can rub elbows with the dignitaries about the place. Glenn Frank once asked us for a match and, although we didn't have one, we were happy for the rest of the evening. We believe in prom because it takes a real man and a real woman to dance for interminable hours on tile, although a good band helps. We hope to heck we can afford some new shoes.

Is prom democratic? Whoinell cares, whoinell would get a kick out of it if he couldn't create within himself the idea that he was Lord Chesterfield's son?

Octy'll see you at prom, providing he passes French.



## A Toast

“THE old order changeth . . .” or whatever that old gag was about the B. V. D.’s.

This time, however, we are referring to the staff that is passing on, to the boys who have controlled the destinies of Octy for the past year and who are passing on to their just reward—and we aren’t trying to be funny.

To Don and John and Al, we, of the incoming staff propose a toast. Those boys whose conscientious efforts have made possible a better Octy than was ever before gotten out, whose capable training of a staff has given we upstarts enough courage and ex-

perience to undertake to fill their jobs. We are glad for the system which keeps them near us for a semester after they have left our ranks.

We don’t want to say very much because we might get sentimental, and such a thing would be distasteful to that famous trio of Don and John and Al.

“Cripes,” they all sigh in unison, “We’re gonna get some sleep now.”

So we, John and Abe, pledge ourselves to carry on (sob) and keep Octy in its proper place—up there among the best of them.

## Contributors

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Frank Powers  
Holly Smith



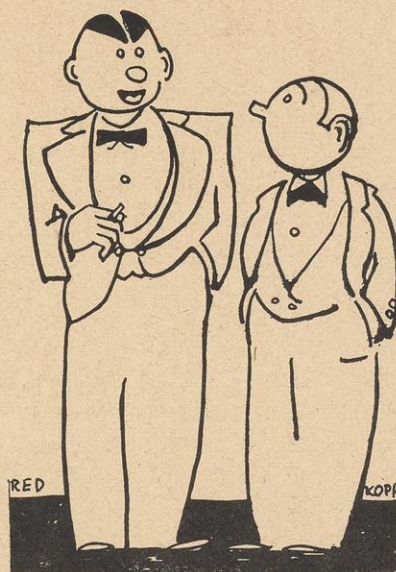
“Watch me make an impression on that crowd!”

## WHEN I AM OLD

When I am old,  
And very wise,  
No more shall I,  
With quick surprise,  
Look in your gay  
And gallant eyes. . .

But I am young,  
And youth afire  
To seek, to find,  
Will never tire  
In search of love  
And heart’s desire;

So here I sit  
Like any sap,  
And sickly gaze  
At your dumb map . . .  
Love? . . . . .  
Aw, shut your trap!



“He drowned himself in the cistern.”  
“He did his suicide well.”



# ALLAN GETS A DATE



## Synopsis of first installment

ALLAN Douglas, avowed woman-hater, is piloting a Rent-a-Ford along the Drive. Patricia Bryant, pretty, popular, and proud is piloting a horse, also along the drive. The horse steps on the forend of the rake, which promptly arises to the occasion. The Rent-a-Ford, arriving, completes the fright, and the horse gallops away while Patricia, suddenly parked in the ditch, gazes up into the laughing gray eyes of Allan Douglas. Allan offers his services and the two ride on together. He is perhaps more than favorably impressed with Patricia and his hardened, woman-hating heart begins to soften. The ride terminates at the door-step of Patricia's sorority and, in parting, he secures a date for Sunday evening. Allan retires to the confines of his fraternity. Things progress rapidly and we see that Allan is, for

the first time in three years, in love seriously and wholeheartedly. Jim Barry, editor of the Daily Cardinal, and Allan's fraternity brother, gives him the "dope" on Patricia which is quite strongly to the effect that she is a presumptuous little flirt and a golddigger,, all of which doesn't affect Allan in the least. Sunday evening arrives and

*Allan's arrival was hailed with joy by the weary brothers . . .*

Allan, armed with Barry's new roadster calls for Patricia. Missing the movie hour their date resolves itself into a drive, Middleton and Malted Milks. They drive far far out. The car is parked. A few words are spoken, then Allan talks.

Allan is head over heels in love with Patricia, and we are not the least bit sure but what she thinks very very much of him. As he leaves her and wends his way home in brother Barry's roadster, a very wise and slightly cynical moon is smiling down, purporting that there is more to be heard concerning Allan and Patricia.

## Part III

For Allan, sleep was impossible. That he was in love he was certain, that she loved him he decided was quite probable from the way she had kissed him and the soft light that he had seen in her eyes . . . and yet . . . why, he had only kissed her once. . . . No-o, it had been twice.

And why should he be in love? Hadn't he decided long ago that women were an expense, a bother, and a menace?

But questions were melted . . . fears were cast aside, and caution



beat a hasty retreat before his recollections. How soft the side of her throat had felt . . . and how much he had wanted to forever abduct the soft, yellow ringlet that had curled down on the nape of her neck.

"She's mine . . . and those cold, blue eyes are mine. . . . All mine. . . . The hell they are. . . . O dam' all women anyway. I'm going to bed."

Being a man long wise to ways and modes of women, he tried to hold off for a week or two and play indifference. But he only managed it for a week because she called him up and very sweetly asked him if he could arrange a date for a special pledge sister and one of the freshmen at his house. He should have taken the date himself, but he didn't think of it until it was too late, for he took Patsy's bait, and they chaperoned the young couple on the same night.

Autumn rapidly merged into winter, and suddenly Christmas vacation with its gay parties was upon them.

Allan, however, spent a bad two weeks. His one thought was to get back to Patricia again. He had managed to see her three times a week since their first meeting, and had begun to notice with alarm the other men who seemed to wait like vultures for his dates to end and theirs to begin.

New Year's Eve, sitting opposite the fireside with his boyhood friend and confidant, who now went to Yale and so, of course, possessed a most erudite knowledge of all affairs, he attempted to figure it out.

"I'm only one of the army," he reflected, "but she's worth fighting for, and believe me, it's going to be some battle!"

Upon his return, he started a furious campaign, but, try as he would, he could not pin her down. "She must love me . . . I don't know why . . . but she must. . . . I'll bring the whole thing to a climax the next time I see her," he would swear every time he thought of the pale, blue eyes and the golden hair, which was continually.

And when "next time" would come, he would talk to her like this . . . "Tricia, how long is this business going to go on? . . . Won't you stop subdividing yourself, and be all mine?"

And she would always kiss him sweetly and say . . . "Allan, honey, . . . I like you so much, but I really don't think we ought to talk seriously yet . . . 'cause I really don't know whom I do like most . . . but I like you so much. . . ." And then she would kiss him and hold him very close, and by caressing his hair, pacify him for another week.

Prom time was fast approaching when Allan realized that he was not progressing very rapidly . . . yet he felt that she did care for him most . . . for she had said that she didn't like to be kissed, but she had always been very sweet to him; so he drew the conclusion that the other men were only a necessary evil, and that he must get rid of them.

"I'll ask her to Prom and everything else, and freeze the rest of the army out," he decided, rushing to the 'phone.

"Why, Allan, . . . how nice of you to ask me," she cooed, slightly surprised at a 'phone call to such an event, "I'd just love to go with you, but you see my family may want me to come home between semesters, and I might not be able to be here. But I'll try to find out, and tell you tomorrow or the next day. . . ."

Allan saw her the next day on the Hill. "I'll bet a dime," he remarked to Barry as he noticed her approach, "that she won't be able to go to Prom . . . I can feel it coming."

It was not, however, until they got to the Pharmacy that either one of them dared open the subject. Then she, beautiful even amid the unromantic, white tables, lit a cigarette, and spoke. "Oh, Allan, I'm so angry . . . do you know that my family long distanced last

night, said they had a letter from the dean, and that I had two cons and two poors, and that I must come home between semesters," she sighed. "I'm awfully sorry."

He was crushed. It seemed as if everything was against him, but he smiled, and told her how sorry he was, and he put on a brave front for the rest of the afternoon.

During finals, he managed to see her several evenings after they were both through studying. After he would leave her, he would walk down Langdon in the white, cold moonlight, quite happy, and very much in love. . . .

## Part IV

It was the night of Prom itself, and Jim Barry lay stretched in the softest armchair which he held by Squatter's Rights. It was from this position that he was wont to pass out momentous statements on any subject to anyone who cared to listen. His present audience was small, for the rest of the brothers were either dating or drinking as their pocketbooks decreed.

"There is another good man gone wrong," Jim declared, "look at him in the 'phone booth, squandering his money over long distance. It's terrible, what a woman can do to a man . . . I know . . . especially that woman . . . that I also know. . . ."

He was interrupted by the subject of his dissertation, who rushed into the hall. "Jim . . . come upstairs, something's happened."

In Barry's room Allan unburdened himself with a stream of profanity directed at all women in general, and one, Patsy Bryant, in particular.

"I take it you are angry at a certain young lady," remarked Barry, When Allan had stopped for breath.

"What's she expect me to think!" he stormed.

"Now let's be logical," said Barry soothingly. "Does Patricia think? Now Patricia is a woman, and all women have no brains. But brains are required to think. There-

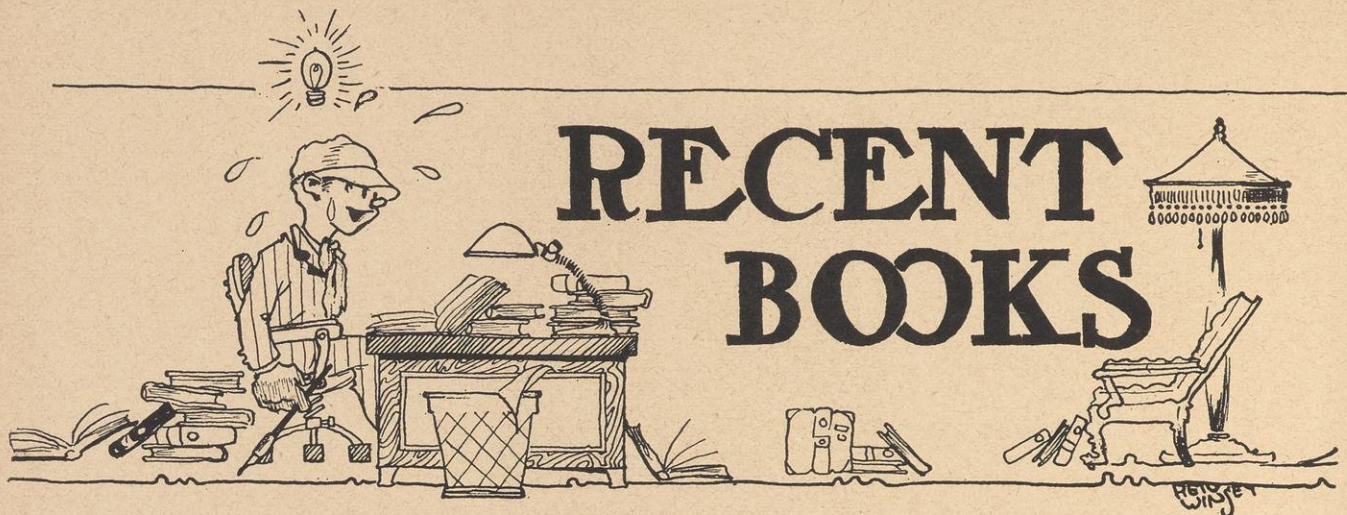
(Continued on page 42)

## *A romance of college life at the University of Wisconsin by*

**BOB GODLEY**

*with illustrations by  
John Allcott*



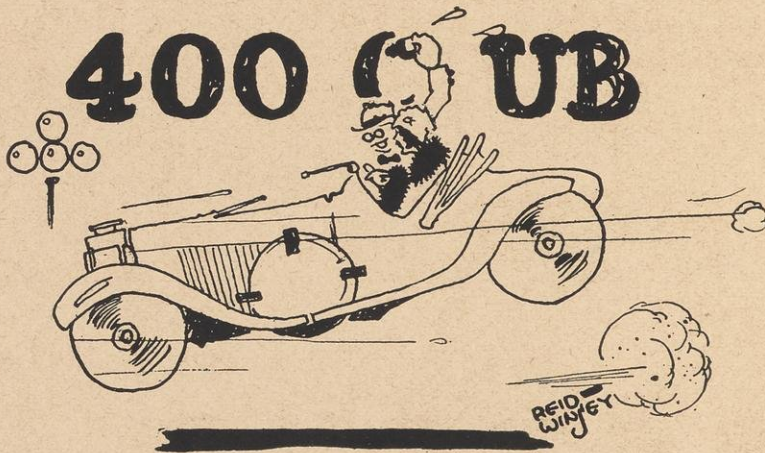


By PAUL FULCHER

**B**OWING before the popular indignation aroused by my temerity as a faculty member in appearing in Octy's chaste pages, I have summoned the spirits—or perhaps, since prohibition, I should say shades—of the great departed to criticize this month's books for me. Simply hypnotizing myself by looking at my Christmas ties under a strong light, I have got into contact with three great shades. Therefore it only remains for me to say that *Dusty Answer*, by Rosamund Lehmann (Henry Holt) will be reviewed by Shakspeare's Rosalind, that Mr. Samuel Richardson will treat *Wild*, by Carol Denny Hill (John Day Co.),

the strain, though sad, with a dying fall, is a sweet one. My heart ached mightily for the fair heroine, Judith Earle, and indeed, for all her company. 'Tis a pity the world is not ordered so that the right youth falls in love with the right maiden, sure as the dial's hand. Poor wretches all! Had I been there, by the beard which I had need of when I was in the forest of Arden, I should have taken all of them by the shoulders and shaken them roundly, and then, methinks, retired to a corner and wept a little—so cruel, perverse, and unnatural were they, and so charming, withal! What taking ways they had! All except Mariella—'tis such

volving eternally in that pretty head of hers what other people might think of what she did and said. And then her cruelty to the brave Martin—whose kissing was as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread. Could she not have loved him? A



and that Charles Dickens will do the honors for Ibanez's *The Mob* (Dutton).

"What a lyric vein hath Mistress Rosamund Lehmann!" exclaimed Rosalind. "All love's nightingales seem to sing through her pages, and

fools as she that make the world full of ill-favoured children. Yet my heart ached even for her, a little.

"But by my troth, my mind is that they were not altogether to blame. Judith herself deserves some censure. A plague on the dear girl, re-

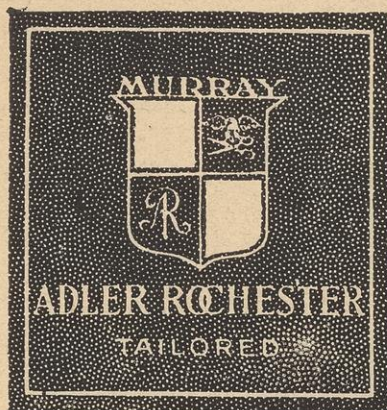


murrain on her! Her encounter with Roddy should have taught her that she was not for all markets. Fie, down on your knees, Judith, and thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love.

"Yet, perchance, I do the lady foul wrong. Mayhap she was sick, with a disease to which no physician can minister, save it be these new-fangled psycho-analysts, who have sprung up of a sowing of dragons' teeth since my time. If so, let her with speed to a psycho-apothecary, and heal her. Or hie her to the forest of Arden, and learn of me that men have died from time to time, and worms have

(Continued on page 41)





## **THE BYRON - A TUXEDO BY MURRAY**

**Styled by Bart Murray—tailored by  
Adler Rochester—The Byron is a  
tuxedo unusually smart and correct  
—with long notched lapel of lus-  
trous satin—well fitting, loose body  
lines—straight hanging trousers, set  
off by a wide side satin stripe. It is a  
dinner suit, worthy in every way  
of the most fastidious University  
man.**

# **\$50**

# **KARSTENS**

**On the Square Carroll Near State**

**Badger 453**





"I shot a dog."  
 "Was he mad?"  
 "I didn't ask him."

Cop: Say lissen big boy, just because you drive a checker cab don't get the idea that you can jump the traffic signals.

"Have you ever been kissed before?"

"Before whom?"

"Hoot, Sandy, and where be ye goin' sae fast?"

"Whisht, there, mon, dinna' stop me! Me ould cow be dyin' an' I mus' be milkin' her 'afore she be topplin over!"



"I took a flop on the ice yesterday."  
 "Yeh, I saw her."

## OCTY'S SLUMBER STORIES FOR LITTLE TOTS

### Uncle Wiggily is Invited to Prom

Lipperty lip went Uncle Wiggily home for lunch. Uncle Wiggily never rode the elevated, for he was susceptible to car sickness. He bounced up to the front door merrily singing the Meditation from Thais. (Whatever that is and however you spell it.) He felt in his pocket.

"Cripes," said Uncle Wiggily, "I aint' got my keys."

He felt carefully through his pockets again. Nope, there weren't any keys.

"Nurse Jane," called Uncle Wiggily as he rang the door bell.

No answer, only a persistent roaring from within.

"NURSE JANE!" bellered Uncle Wiggily. One of the neighbors turned off the radio and went to see what the matter was. Uncle Wiggily grew frantic—he disliked publicity—people were fond of telling Uncle Wiggily how much like Lindbergh he was.

Uncle Wiggily simply went up in the air, "F' gawsh-sakes, are ya dead?" Then he banged lustily on the door which promptly came open. He blushed.

"I might have known it wouldn't be locked," he murmured.

He clumped through the house with a frown that made his whiskers droop. He found Nurse Jane in the kitchen, she had been eating, there was gravy on her chin. That explained the roaring.

"What's this mean?" he demanded.

"What's what mean?" asked Nurse Jane blankly.

"Eating like this," snorted the rabbit gentleman.

"Why not," said Nurse Jane calmly, "Ain't it natural?"

"Don't you ever think of the starving Armenian children?" Uncle Wiggily wanted to know.

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Nurse Jane calmly counting over her calories on an adding machine.

"I'm referring to the tremendous waste," announced Uncle Wiggily.

"Whose tremendous waist?" snarled Nurse Jane, "Just wotinell do you mean?"

"Oh calm down," said the rabbit gentleman wearily, "I'm hungry—say did I get any mail this morning?"

"Yes," said Nurse Jane, "You got a prom invitation."

"How do you know?" demanded Uncle Wiggily, "Was it on a postcard?"

Nurse Jane blushed. "I opened it by mistake," she said weakly.

Uncle Wiggily growled something unintelligible and read the invitation, his chest swelled. Nurse Jane suddenly reached for her ear.

"Wassamatter?"

"Them flying buttons is dam dangerous," said Nurse Jane reprovingly, "You oughta start reducing."

"I'm not fat," protested Uncle Wiggily, "Why all my clothes fit me."

"Have you tried on your tux recently?" asked Nurse Jane with a triumphant gleam in her eye.

"Naw, but I will," said the rabbit gentleman, "You be getting my lunch ready."

Uncle Wiggily skipped off to his room. Painfully he began to struggle into his tuxedo. He looked backwards at himself in the mirror.

"Gawsh," he exploded. "Darn those moths."

Peeved, Uncle Wiggily kicked his door shut. Then he put his street clothes back on again and went out to the dining room. Nurse Jane wasn't there. The rabbit gentleman walked into the kitchen, there was Nurse Jane applying some cold water to her right eye.

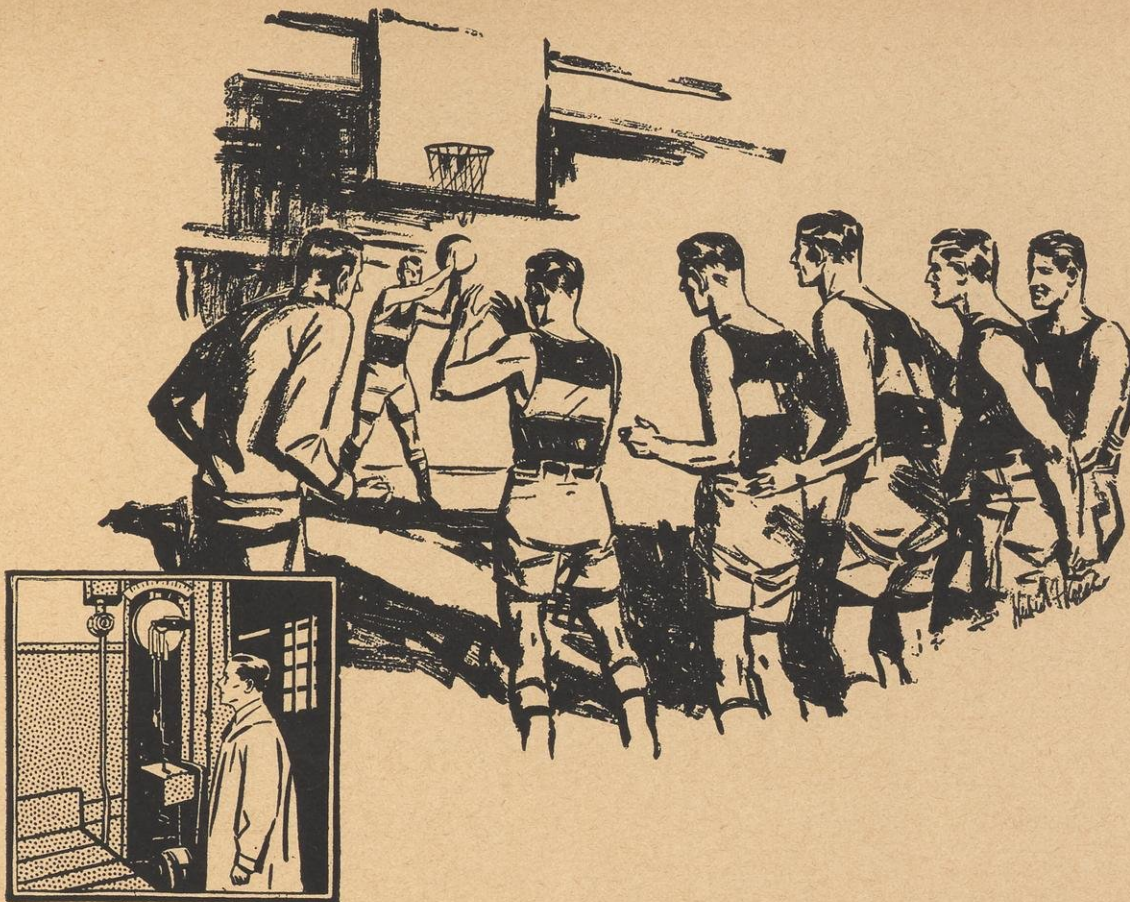
"How'd you ever get that shiner?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"'Aw shut up," said Nurse Jane.

A great light dawned upon Uncle Wiggily.

"Huh—been opening things by mistake," he said.





## Where "good enough" isn't—

The basketball team that is never satisfied with its performance is headed for the top. And in this, as in the making of telephone apparatus, success follows from the determination of every man to cover his position and work in harmony with his team mates.

At Western Electric, a continually widening range of activities is being undertaken—for example, investigating raw materials, designing more efficient machinery, developing new plans for manufacture, studying operating methods and personnel relations—any one of which offers the individual an interesting field.

But whatever the work, his place in it and his contribution to its success depend upon his acceptance of this Western Electric idea: to improve the machinery of production to a point where it more closely approaches perfection.



# Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



THE proper way to finish this New Year is to continue depending on Capital City Rent-A-Cars for your transportation. As time progresses we add additional features for your convenience and pleasure—but, today, our service is utmost in dependability and value.

## Capital City Rent-A-Car

434 W. Gilman Street

Fairchild 334

Yellow men can't stand checkers.

"Don't give up the sip!" is the new battle cry of the advocates of light wines and beer.

"Helen was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring."

"Did they?"

"Did they? Ten of them recognized it at once."

—Malteaser

### PRE-PROM EXPLORATIONS

Upon examination of our Tux pockets preceding the merry Prom season, we find the following items:

Eight badly worn theater ticket stubs.

One sign bearing this legend: "Your waiter No. 7, The Golden Pheasant, Dancing Allowed Only With Members of Your Own Party, Special Parties Inquire at the Office." (Interesting if true.)

One broken pencil, badly chewed.

One bottle opener.

Three cloakroom checks.

One lace handkerchief (Must be Glad's).

One dance program.

Several bridge talleys.

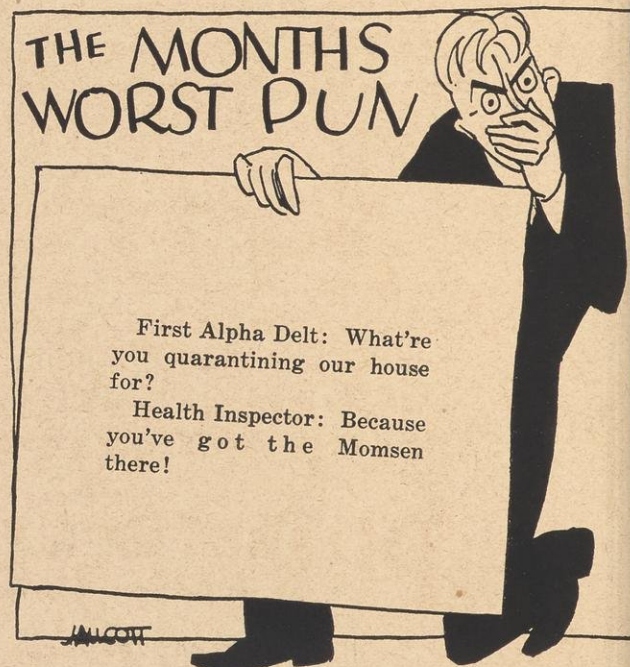
A lipstick (drunk again!).

Six cents in change.

One taxi receipt.

Portion of slightly stale cooky (Where in hell did that come from?).

One salted almond (still nuts).





# Put your pipe on P.A.



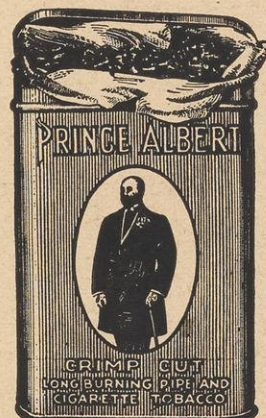
WHAT you get out of a pipe depends on what you feed it. Millions of contented jimmy-pipers will tell you that Prince Albert commands a pipe to stand and deliver. You suspect you are in for some grand pipe-sessions the minute you get a whiff of P.A.'s aroma.

The first pipe-load confirms your suspicions. What a smoke, Fellows! Remember when you asked for the last dance and she said "You've *had* it!"? P. A. is cool, like that. And sweet as knowing that she didn't really mean it.

Sweet and mellow and mild and long-burning.

Put your pipe on P. A. You can hit it up to your heart's content, knowing in advance that P. A. will not bite your tongue or parch your throat. That one quality alone gets P. A. into the best smoke-fraternities. And then think of all its *other* qualities!

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

—no other tobacco is like it!



## THE "NEW FORD"

Which will soon be among our rent-a-cars is just another step toward our giving the public unusual service. When it is value and service you are considering, you are thinking of . . . . .

### BADGER RENT-A-CAR COMPANY

250 State Street

-:-

Fairchild 2099

Smashing Reductions

in our

Semi-Annual Clearances

Quick Service Guaranteed

Special Advance Agents for the  
R. R. Home Specials

Most Popular Student Rendezvous  
in Madison

Dean Glicksman's Office

VISIT

### Dettloff's Pharmacy

Corner University Avenue at Park

when in need of

Drugs, Toilet Articles or Student Supplies,  
and when there, don't fail to try our delicious  
Sodas, Malted Milks or Toastwiches.



"She made a nasty crack, so I took offense."

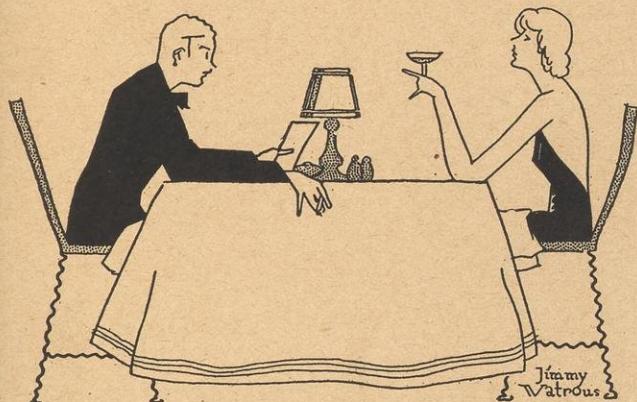
"Why didn't you knock down the whole house?"



## Clean-Up Time at Baron's

And a quick disposal of the accumulations of the past season is assured by the deep reductions that are in force. We urge you to shop early as selections will not be complete long at these low prices.

**Baron Brothers**  
INC.



"Is he different?"

"Is he? My dear, the other night he asked me to step outside and look at the moon."

"I don't see anything original in that."

"Yes, but we did look at the moon."



Diner (to waiter)—What's the name of that selection the orchestra is playing?"

Waiter—Go feather your nest.

Diner—Go jump in the lake, I asked you a civil question.  
—Satyr

## The Prom's The Thing --

So your Tux must rate high. Display your good taste as well as your fine appearance in a Braeburn Prom Tux favored at formal functions at many leading universities.

Just glance in our windows the next time you pass—then you'll know why Braeburns rate high.

## The College Shop

HOWARD L. THRAPP

Next to the Lower Campus



*Movie of a Man Formulating His New Year's Resolutions* : : By BRIGGS

"I'M GOING TO SPEND MORE AFTERNOONS AT THE OFFICE NEXT SUMMER....I'VE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME ON GOLF"



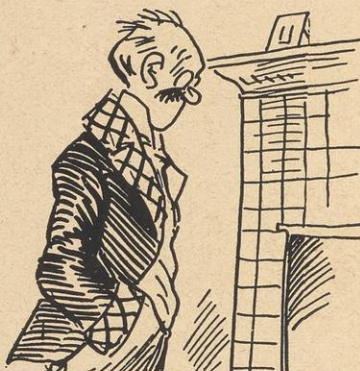
"I'M OFF THE SATURDAY NIGHT POKER GAME, TOO. THAT BUNCH OF ROBBERS SURE NICKED ME FOR PLENTY THE LAST THREE SESSIONS"



"I'M GOING TO STAY HOME WITH THE WIFE MORE NIGHTS, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY SHE HAD TO GO TO THAT CLUB MEETING TONIGHT"



"TIM SAYS HE'S GOING TO CUT DOWN ON HIS SMOKING THIS YEAR"



"BUT THAT'S PLAYING THE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION THING TOO STRONG.... A MAN'S GOT TO HAVE A LITTLE PLEASURE OUT OF LIFE"



"AND IF YOU STICK TO OLD GOLDS, THEY CAN'T HURT YOU.... NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD. I'LL TELL THE WORLD."



© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload

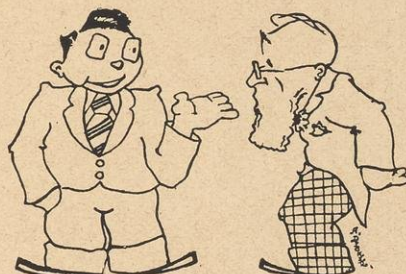
15¢



# O. M. Nelson & Son

Diamond Merchants  
Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street  
for  
Nearly A Half Century



Wit—A fortune teller once told me  
I'd die young.

Nit—And did you?

"Gawd, you hit that cop. Aren't  
you going to stop?"

"No. He might still be alive."  
—Widow

First Co-Ed: I had an awful acci-  
dent last night.

Second Co-Ed: Yes, I saw you  
with him.  
—Orange Owl

17 year old Freshman boy: Will  
you go to prom with me?

Indignant Senior girl: I wouldn't  
go with a baby!

17 year old Frosh: Pardon me,—  
I didn't know—.  
—Exchange

He: I suppose I am only a pebble  
in your life.

She: That's all, but it's all right  
with me if you want to be a little  
boulder.  
—Wampus

## How is Your Coal Supply?

WHEN IN NEED OF COAL  
WHY NOT RING

CASTLE & DOYLE

BADGER 1993





*Early Spring Showing  
of attractive semi-tailored and  
dressy afternoon dresses.*

*Also lovely formals and tea  
frocks.*

*Flowers—Scarfs—Gage Hats*

STEWART  
SMART  
SHOP

227 STATE STREET



*Oh, that reminds me—I forgot to brush my teeth this morning.*



"I'd like to go to prom but—

"The family wants me to come home between semesters.

"We had a fight before Christmas.

"Be with the same girl for four days?—not much.

"Prom bores me.

"Somebody borrowed my tux last month and lost it.

"My girl from home can't come.

"I couldn't go the whole evening without a drink.

"I'd rather spend the money usefully.

"Too crowded—I ain't no traffic cop.

"I haven't got the necessary shekels. (rare)

"She said she wouldn't go." (almost never)



Alice: I adore Keats!

Ikey: Oy, it's a relief to meet a lady vot still likes  
children.

—Froth



Couldn't Guess

"Mama, why do they put cows on the milk signs?"

"Because the cows give the milk, my child."

"Then why do they put the bull on Bull Durham ads?"

—Jester



# There Will Be A Big Majority In Favor of *Society Brand*

Indications are that at the leading social events of the social season, there will be an overwhelming majority favoring Society Brand formal wear.

You remember that the Wisconsin Style Conference, that group of critical University men endorsed the Society Brand tuxedo as the choicest of style and quality.

The formal wear of Society Brand combines a distinction that is attained only by careful tailoring and style that is attained by heeding the suggestions of the college men for whom they are made.

Prom . . . the formals . . . the dinner parties, all of them will find Society Brand in the lead.

The Hub is also showing a most complete line of formal accessories



*You'll like the comfort and ease that is part of the pattern of Society Brand formal wear.*

**THE HUB**  
**F.J. SCHMITZ & SONS CO.**  
*Madison ~ Beloit*



## Savings On Every Student Need, That's The Co-Op Outlook for 1928!



Along with the business forecasting of the coming year we make the same forecast that The Co-Op has made every year since its beginning. That prediction is based upon the past records of The Co-Op, a rebate of 15% in every department for many years, the purpose for which it was organized and a knowledge of the values that we offer. For 1928 and for all the student years to come, The Co-Op predicts student savings for those students who buy all their student needs at The Co-Op.



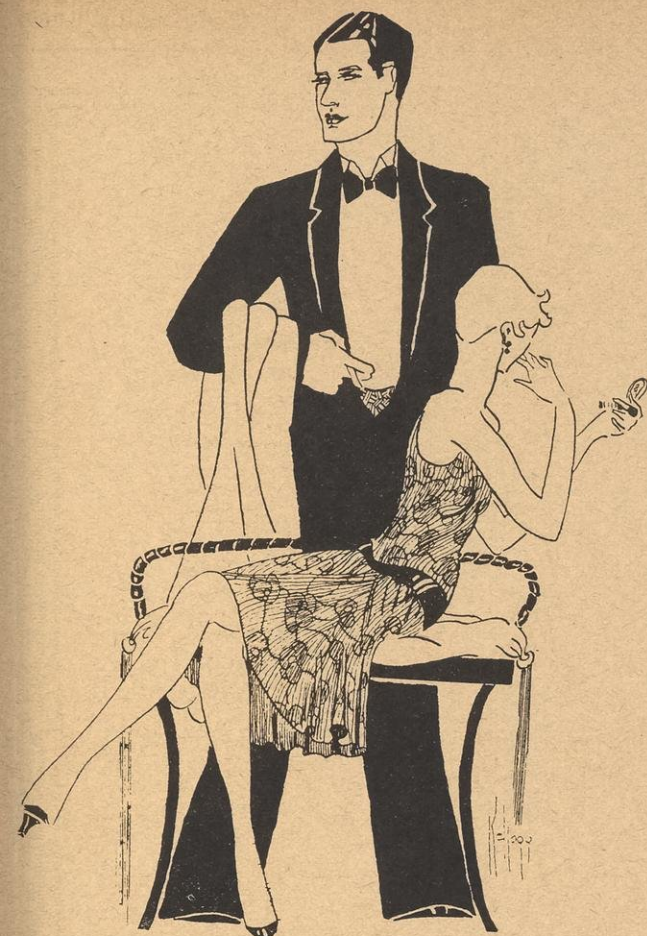
## A 15% Rebate Has Been Paid In All Co-Op Departments For Many Years

### *The University Co-Op*

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

STATE AT LAKE





"Did you read about that drunken fraternity party?"

"No. What did it say?"

"Eighteen students shot."



## Fair One!

May Edginton, in the February *College Humor*, begins a novel that is a rich and genuine study of a girl on her own, *Fair One*. It begins with simple people . . . an English village . . . streets with the sunset bloom in them . . . men and women who knew life was somewhere about, but didn't much want to find it out. It quickens in pace; employs many glamorous, cosmopolitan elements; ends in an arpeggio-like manner that is certain to delight you.

Also in this big February issue you will find *Sailor Love*, a story of shore leave by John V. A. Weaver, soon to be released as a feature photoplay. And Richard Connell, John Gunther, Mildred Cram, Jim Tully, O. O. McIntyre—besides a penetrating article on the University of Chicago, by Samuel Putnam.

### Get a Muzzle

Bashful—Do you mind if I kiss you?

(No answer).

Bashful—Would you care if I kissed you?

Wise Sister—Say, do you want me to promise not to bite?

—Froth

# College Humor

ON ALL NEWS-STANDS



## The Correct Thing

in costume jewelry will make that Prom gown of yours one of the smartest on the floor

Pearls  
Brilliants  
Hair Ornaments  
Smart Rings  
Chokers  
Chains

Tea served each day 4-5:30



The Unique Shop  
130 State Street

For the House or Your  
Room

## A Movie Show

We rent projectors and films. Consult us for further details.



Wm. J. MEYER, PRESIDENT



## Malone Grocery

Agency

RICHELIEU PURE FOOD  
PRODUCTS

Wholesale and Retail  
Groceries, Fruits, and  
Vegetables

434 State. B. 1163-1164

# Brock Engraving Company

Artists and Engravers



4th Floor  
State Journal Building

Phone: Fairchild 913

Won't someone tell the silk hose manufacturers what the girls want is more than a run for their money.

—Malteaser

"What is the difference between a steeple and a politician?"

"One peals from the steeple—the other steals from the people."

—Bison

A darcy and his golden-brown sweetheart, followed by three pickaninnies, applied to a courthouse for a marriage license.

The clerk looked at the children and asked, "Whose children are these?"

"Dey ourn," was the man's reply.

The clerk, being new at his post, was properly scandalized. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, waiting to get married until you have a half-grown family."

"Judge, you'll have to ackkuse dat," put in the bride, sweetly, "De roads out our way has been so bad."

—Bison



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**Featuring Standard  
Merchandise at a  
Saving to You**

**Five Stores**

He: I think contrasting colors are very effective. For instance, that combination you are wearing—

She: Sir!

He: Pardon me, is that a slip?

—Cracker

Eustance—It doesn't pay to take girls skating.

Matthias—Pray, m'lady, why not?

Eustance—They always get sore in the end.

—Punch Bowl

Dean: Have you anything to say before I kick you out of school for drinking at prom?

Student: Nothing—only I had to bring a blind date that my aunt picked out.

Dean (sobbing): My boy, I'm sorry—I didn't know!"

He: Why so sad?

Him: My girl said I didn't know how to kiss her so I went into training.

He: Well?

Him: I had a date with her roommate, and I guess I over-trained.

A prom trotter is a girl who does what the chaperone would like to do and has the constitution to stand it.—Lord Jeff.

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**BETTER**

**FOR THE**

**PROM**

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The last lap of the college year is about to begin . . . and with it the last reckoning of the finances. The 95% that bank at The Branch find that they are able to keep an accurate account of the money spent in the year's work. Checks are receipts, they serve as identification, they enable you to keep an accurate budget. Even now you can profit by an account at The Branch. Now is the time to study the budget.

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**BAD 500 GER**

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"Shoe blackink ain't no subster'tute fer blueink on wash day."



## ..Why Kessenich's is The Busy Corner..

We are pleased when people remark that Kessenich's is "The Busy Corner". It is a tribute to the individuality of Kessenich's, to the values to be found there. It is a compliment to the competent sales force and to the buyers whose discriminating taste brings merchandise of quality and distinction to Kessenich's. It is a positive proof that the policies of Kessenich's are meeting the test of the hundreds that enter the store at "The Busy Corner" daily.

  
**Kessenich's**  
*The Busy Corner*

"Come forth, come forth, Ben Hur," shrieked Iras.  
 But he came fifth and just escaped Pyorrhea.

—Purple Cow

"You know I was out with the freshest boy last nite?"

"Is that so?"

"Yes, I had to slap him three times before I finally gave in."

—Cynic

Mother—Jacqueline, pull down your skirt!

Jackie—But mother, I'm not a bit cold.

—Beanpot

Here's a dime, son, get yourself an ice cream soda at the corner saloon then stop at the corner drug store and bring your old man home.

—Panther

Quick on the Draw

"Heavens! My husband! Quick, act like a burglar."

—Everybody's Weekly

Established 1854

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## Good. That's what it is . . .

No USE trying to put a definition around Camel. It is as diverse and fugitive as the delicate tastes and fragrances that Nature puts in her choicest tobaccos, of which Camel is rolled. Science aids Nature to be sure by blending the tobaccos for subtle smoothness and mildness. One way to describe Camels is just to say, "They are good!"

Somehow, news of Camel has got around.

Each smoker telling the other, we suppose. At any rate, it's first—in popularity as well as quality. It has beaten every record ever made by a smoke. Modern smokers have lifted it to a new world leadership.

Camels request a place in your appreciation. Try them upon every test known. You'll find them always loyal to your highest standard.

*"Have a Camel!"*

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



(Continued from page 22)

eaten them, but, not for love. Nor women either, though by your smiling you seem to say so."

\* \* \*

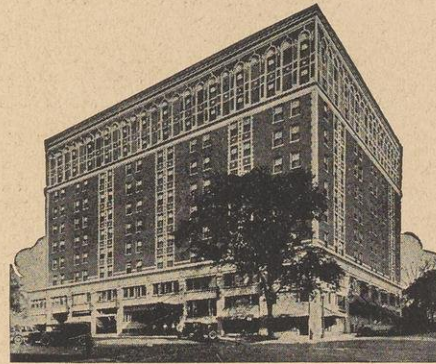
"Pamela, my dearest child," wrote Samuel Richardson, "let me warn you never to read that low and vulgar book called *Wild*, which I am now scanning with one eye while I write to you with the other. You know my meaning, though I express myself ill; to say truth, I am all in a flutter—oh, Pamela, do not read this book! Yet, that you may know how times have changed, and what immodest and ungentelemanly actions go on in female colleges like Barnard, I must tell you something of this diary of a brazen young wench named Helen Atchison. Sent by her trusting parent from the purity of country life to a large city and an educational institution, the artful young baggage, instead of drinking deep from the Pierian springs offered her by her professors, spent her time in visiting the nocturnal resorts of the great city, standing up to dance in mixed company among strangers, drinking gin and heady liquors, attending burlesques and pantomimes, and riding unchaperoned with gay and profligate young gentlemen in an automobile, which, I take it, is some new kind of curricule or phaeton, which traverses the ground with great swiftness. How immodest, how lacking in prudence,—to give it no worse a name! I tremble as I read, my dearest, most cautious Pamela, fearing to turn the page lest something worse appear, and thinking, with each line, oh, how unlike, how utterly unlike is Helen Atchison, to my own modest, virtuous, prudent Pamela. Sweet chuck, do not, I beg of you, read this book, though it may be purchased for two dollars at your nearest bookseller's. What will it profit her to be beautiful and witty if she is to be utterly undone, as I fear she is. . . . But stay, Pamela. All may yet be well. . . . All is well! I have just read the last page, and I thought my heart would near burst with joy. For she marries a really respectable man, Pamela, and has a church wedding. Virtue, as you well know, Pamela, is always rewarded."

\* \* \*

"I thought, said Charles Dickens, "that I knew something about the common people, and mobs, and that sort of thing, having dealt with them—and jolly nasty ones, too,—in *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Barnaby Rudge*. But this Ibanez fellow writes of people beside whom our English lower classes seem clean and washed. Such people, dear public, such people! Dirty, smelling, poor, of unsound political opinions and morals no better than they should be. Why, after reading it I had to go out and walk for an hour over the Elysian fields before I felt myself again.

"Yet there were two characters I rather liked. You remember Maltrana's grandmother, Mariposa, the rag picker, with her treasure of paste jewels? And Mosco, the poacher, with his tame ferret and his dogs? I think they existed. I could have made something of them.

"Don't take me too seriously, however. I never did understand foreigners. No Englishman does. And that is rather unfortunate, for we meet so many of them here in Elysium."



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February 2, at 3:00	-----	Thursday, \$1.00
February 2, at 8:15	-----	Thursday, \$1.50

Box office 200 Bascom B. 1717

## The 1929 Prom Play

*(Continued from page 21)*

fore she cannot think. Q. E. D. . . . And I might add, my Young Friend, that all women have no souls."

"Dam' your rotten logic, and your simple sense of humor. Here you make wise cracks while this woman two-times me."

"What's she done now?"

"Nothin', 'cept lied to me. Fool woman's folks are in Florida, and she hasn't been near her home town since Christmas." Allan sat for a moment with his head in his hands. Then he sighed, snarled, and spoke. "She never meant a dam' thing to me."

"Good for you," applauded Barry.

"And now you sorry journalist, can't you get some liquor and crash us into Prom?"

"The cellar's dry and I'm broke, but I can get us both into Prom."

"Let's go, I crave diversion," replied Allan, wearily.

The hottest of hot orchestras was just finishing "When Day is Done" as they doggedly fought their way across the floor toward the Supreme Court chamber which was the location of the house box.

Prom . . . Prom at Wisconsin . . . Prom in the State Capitol . . . pretty girls dressed in gowns that they had spent weeks in preparing . . . men just beginning to get used to the feel of formal clothes

after two days of continuous wear . . . finely dressed chaperones, wandering and wondering about it all . . . the football star, looking like a waiter in his dinner coat, and his coy, young lady who lisped and made him feel like a cave man . . . the freshman co-ed, a trifle hilarious . . . the man who wanted to slide down the bannisters . . . the garrish peroxide blond with too much make-up . . . the guests of honor, pompous and unnoticed . . . the decorations—gaudy attempts to hide the real beauty of the place . . . the town's most famous sport critic, chewing tobacco . . . a pair of Federal under-cover men, being interviewed by the disappointed Chicago Tribune reporter . . . clinging couples appearing and disappearing in and out of dark passageways . . . and above all the music of the hottest of hot orchestras mingled with the scrape of big and little feet across the notorious, grindstone floor.

Allan looked over the railing and gripped the unfriendly marble with twitching hands, drinking in the picture of golden youth and life, so gay, so happy, and so bright. He seized Barry's arm.

"Let's get out of here!"

### Part V

The next night found Allan alone in his room with the Saturday night dinner dance going full blast downstairs. Despondent and morose, he was easing his soul by break-

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ing the house rule which said, "There shall be no drinking in the chapter house at any time." He occupied his mind with an attempt at writing sonnets. This amusement became jaded after many unsuccessful attempts, and he began to notice the music and the dancing, two floors below.

"Might as well go down stairs," he babbled, rummaging in the closet for his tux. "I'll go down, and pep up the party. Haven't been to a party for a long, long time."

Allan arrived in state and intact during an intermission, and his arrival was hailed with joy by the weary brothers whose originality in the line of entertainment had become somewhat frazzled. He recited "The Return of Our Little Nell" with gestures, and then he began to relate the reasons why the name of Arkansas should not be changed. His audience was drawn away by the music of the amused orchestra, and he wandered onto the remnants of the deserted pier in back of the house. His foot touched something that tinkled. It was a bottle left there by some cautious drinker. Allan raised it to his lips, and drank fervently and copiously.

"S'not bad considering I found it," he muttered, seating himself at the foot of the back porch.

Vaguely, he became conscious of a couple seated there looking at the icy lake. Allan was very cold, but he lacked the ambition to move. Someone above him on the porch was speaking.

". . . Darlin', I'm just mad about you . . . don't you care a little?" the boy was saying.

Allan recognized it as the dulcet voice of Jack Riley, the best and smoothest politician in the university, and the special guest of his fraternity that night. There was a pause, and Allan sensed that Mr. Riley's words had been well taken, and that someone was in the process of being kissed.

A minute passed; Allan discovered that he was very cold.

"You're such a dear . . . Jack . . ."

There was no mistaking that voice . . . Patricia . . . his Patricia at Prom, and at his post-Prom dance with another man.

"Why do you play around with the whole male student body . . . why don't you settle down . . ." Riley was pleading. And there was positively no mistaking the identity of the girl when the same small, silvery voice answered just as he had heard it a thousand times.

"Because . . ."

Allan leaped to his feet, and staggered around to the front door. He lurched into Barry's arms.

Safely in his room, and partially undressed through the untiring efforts of Mr. Barry, he recovered his speech.

"Jim, old man," he said, sentimentally, "Patricia was at Prom and she was here tonight, too."

*(Continued on next page)*

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Prom Chairman, surely we  
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"I know, I saw her. Now you go to bed."

"She broke my heart, Jimmy."

"Aw, hell, Al."

"No 'aw hells' . . . it's depreciating . . . she  
broke my heart . . . thasall there is to it," he re-  
iterated, stubbornly.

"She's a two-timer . . . don't bother about her  
. . . just go to bed and have a nice long snooze."

"Don' wanna sleep. She broke my heart."

"Now listen, Al. She's not worth cryin' about. I'll  
give you the low-down on her."

"What is it?"

"Listen, she's the cleverest woman in Madison, and  
she's got every man in town buffaloed. . . . Did she  
ever say she loved you? . . . hell, no! Every time  
you'd ask her she'd kiss you, and you thought that it  
meant something because she always told you that she  
didn't like to be kissed . . . and that she would only  
like to be kissed by the man she loved . . . admit it  
now, Al, isn't that just what happened."

"At's jus' what she did . . ." Allan wailed.

"Well, you kissed her and she seemed to like it."

"Uh-huh," Allan groaned.

"And so you said to yourself, 'she may play around  
with the other guys, but the one she likes is me' . . .  
Am I right, Al, ol' man?"

"Yep."

"Sure, she had you and me and Riley all thinking the  
same dam' thing—I know."



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*After The Holidays*

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*When Spirit Wanes*

★ ★

*Get The Attitude*

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*Make A Present*

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*To Yourself*

**Mouse Around  
Gift Shop**

At 416 State

"So," cried the enlightened Allan, "I see everything . . . she's no good. I'm through with her. There."

"Attaboy, Al. She's no good. Now you get undressed and get to sleep."

"Awri' Jimmy" agreed Allan, flinging his clothing into far corners of the room. "All women have no brains . . . no souls . . . no . . . nothing. . . ."

## Part VI

And the moon, half full, looked down and remembered that he had seen this started several months ago. And he swelled with satisfaction because at least one man had gotten wise to a woman, but at the same time he trembled because he had seen girls like Patricia in action before . . . and he feared the worst.

*(To be continued in the Travel Number of Octy, Feb. 15)*

Wife (at head of stairs): Is that you Johnny?

Hubby: Sure, who was you expecting? —*The Siren*

Old Man (in Pullman, speaking to dingy porter): Rastus, what's your berth rate?

Rastus (shuffling his dogs): I don't know sah, I'se hasn't been home for a week.

—*Cynic*



**"Letter  
for you, Bill!—  
and it looks important!"**



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'30—Some of these profs lead a dog-gone fast life.

'31—I'm not so sure about that; none of them ever pass me.

—Punch Bowl



"Why didn't you answer when the elevator man said up?"

"I thought that he was having indigestion."

—Vagabond



(Continued from page 15)

She was telling me about her most recent ailment, a most unfortunate combination—that of St. Vitus dance and rheumatism. Then the other man came into her life—a clergyman who proved an ardent lover. A week later she eloped with him, but she was soon to regret her disloyalty to me for one evening she gently tickled him with a razor and he in turn laughed, and caressed her with a sash weight, which clove her head in twain.

I was broken with remorse and was soon addicted to cigarettes and fried liver. Father was in the Lumber business, and I had often been told that I had a great head for lumber, but I wanted to forget, so I turned down the brim of my hat, and turned up the collar of my coat and set out for Wisconsin to drown my sorrows. Here my reception was gratifying. I was rushed Deke, Beta and Alpha Delt. The Betas were running a man for Pope, and the Dekes were apparently celebrating New Year's Eve, but the Alpha Delt's were in close proximity to the A. O. Pi House. I became an Alpha Delt.

The first two years were quite enjoyable. Then, in September last, one of the fellows put down his glass, looked up at me and said, "Say, Bill, how'd you like to be Prom Chairman." I had been exposed to a Haresfoot show and to an Alpha Phi rummage sale and was ready for anything so I said "It's O. K. with me", and the boys stuffed the ballot box and got me the job.

I was told that I could not lead the grand march alone so, bolting on my armor, I mounted my pony and set out for the Latin Quarter. Innumerable obstacles, including cold feet and abusive language beset me and my steed (good old Nellie! What a pal she was!), but we conquered all. At Lake Lawn I came upon a graceful old castle entirely surrounded by mortgages. A wailing crowd of damsels were wringing their hands at the upper windows and calling on the world to save them. Shouting, "Who wants to be my Queen?" I charged up to the door. All but one maiden immediately jumped. This fair creature remained coolly on the balcony and, with a level tone, said, "Come and get me, kid!" I did, and thus Miss Betty Failing became Prom Queen.

The next few weeks will pass quickly. I shall grow gradually weaker. Then will come the third of February. I shall shake hands from nine until eleven, dance from eleven till two, and expire at about four o'clock. Let this be my epitaph:

Here lies the lad—who oft 'tis said,  
Did die in raptures of delight,  
For death came when the poor boy led,  
"Wisconsin's Prom, Wisconsin's Plight."

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# "ALL A-B-O-A-R-D, EVERYBODY!"

**H**ERE'S Sandy McTavish of the Osage Indian School for starving Armenians. Sandy, he one heap fine man, ugh! Faith an' bejabbers, me by's, 'tis a touch av' the auld Kilarney! Boy frien', you' sho' don' wanna' miss wha' dis Sandy habe to say! Hully 'chee, kid, dis swell has sure hit da' rods plenty! Youse oughta' see da' places what he's been to! Sandy, he go askee telle muchee gee-graph'cal questions. He hopee it no tokyo long to get the puns. Lisez!

"Why Ghent Amsterdam ever become an important inland city?"

"Because it's be Zuyder Zee!"

\* \* \*

"My girl's a queer one! She doesn't Caribbean about neck-ing." "Can't Jamaica?"

\* \* \*

The main trouble with Paris is that it isn't Nice.

\* \* \*

Sailors of southern India don't mind being shipwrecked because there's always a Ceylon sight.

\* \* \*

"Just why is the Pope offended with the Dutch?"

"Because they refuse to keep their dikes holy."

\* \* \*

"Milan sakes alive, Florence has gone and swallowed a whole Pisa Bolgna!"



Sandy McTavish

"Well, I don't Siena harm in that so long as she doesn't take a Turin for the worse."

\* \* \*

The Koreans are the Chosen people of Asia.

\* \* \*

"Why is bob-sledding so popular in the Scandinavian countries?"

"Because there is such a long coast."

\* \* \*

As the German thug remarked to his assistant: "Hanover dem jewels und Denmark up anodder victim."

\* \* \*

"Why is holding hands disliked by young Eskimos?"

"One can only go so fur."

\* \* \*

"Mama!" squeaked the timid husband, 'Have Vienna Pilsen der house?"

"O Budapest you are!" sighed his wife, "Stop Fieumeing, und let me think Warsaw some?"

\* \* \*

"A Wei with Tsin!" cried the Chinese missionary.

\* \* \*

And gosh! Sandy could go on wise-cracking forever, but we just wanted to give you a small taste of the TRAVEL NUMBER of Octy. Honestly, you don't want to miss this rib-splitting globe circuit! The cheapest, the funniest and most complete tour ever offered! Out February 15.

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