

## **The Wisconsin Octopus: Prom edition. Vol. 15, No. 5 January, 1934**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, January, 1934

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# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

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Jan, 1934  
v 15 #5

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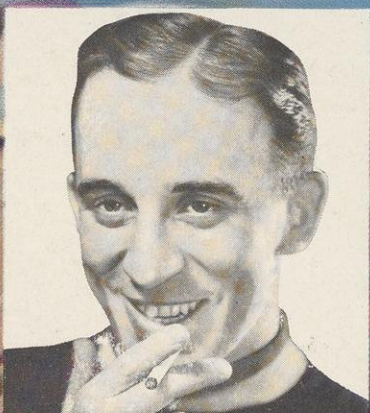
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## PROM EDITION



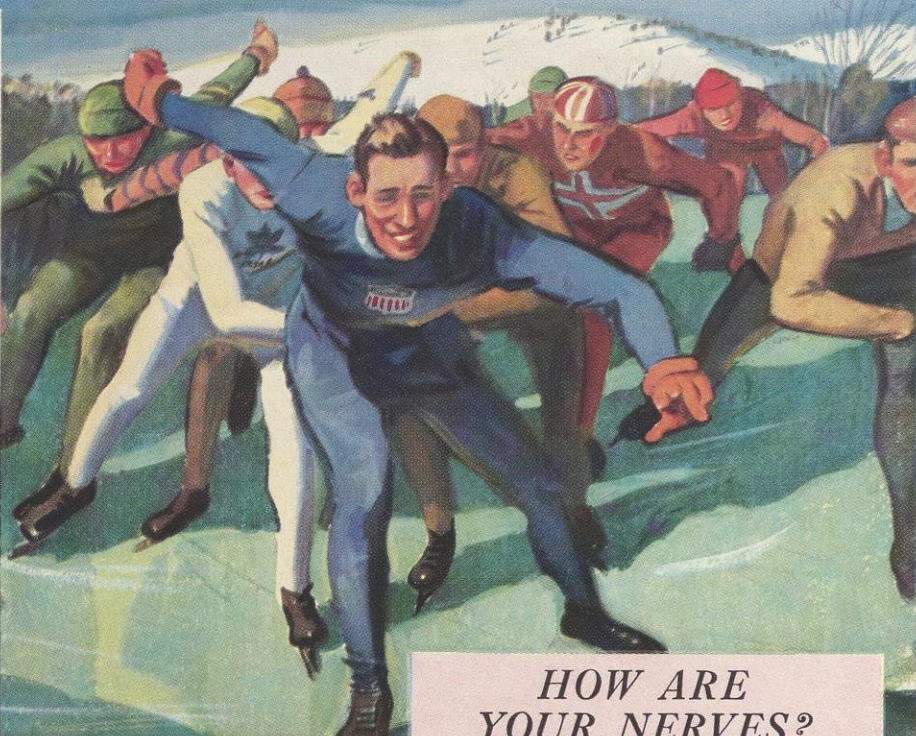
# IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER



## IRVING JAFFEE

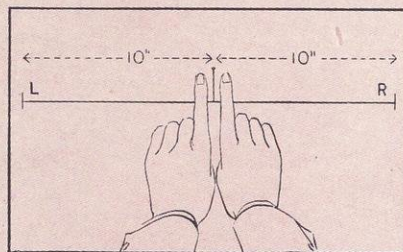
Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including 3 Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U. S. A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes, but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

## HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

TRY THIS TEST



Draw a line 20 inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes... try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watcher stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

Frank Crilley (Camel smoker), famous deep-sea diver, completed the test on his second try.

## Steady Smokers turn to Camels

You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U. S. A. who beat the best Olympic skaters that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says: "It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of

their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves...in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder...have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!



## IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

# CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS



NEVER GET ON  
YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE  
YOUR TASTE



THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, INC.

Publishers of the University of Wisconsin  
ALL - CAMPUS MAGAZINE

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Before You  
Are Too Late

ask *Her* to go to

PROM

and be sure to make your reser-  
vation at the Union desk now.

In the Great Hall, you will dance  
to the strains of Charlie Agnew  
and his Hotel Stevens orchestra.

In the Council Room, Corry  
Lynn will conduct his famous  
orchestra.

*A third band will syncopate in Tripp  
Commons with a cabaret atmosphere  
prevailing, and at no extra charge.*

THE PRICE  
FOUR-FIFTY  
THE DATE  
FEBRUARY 2<sup>nd</sup>





## That Windswept Look

gives a new feeling to this evening gown of cobwebby flesh lace with a pointed train and matching flowers finishing the deep V decolletage.

**Tiffany's**  
Dresses Exclusively

546 STATE

FAIRCHILD 6060

## THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

### THE BOMERANG

Madison, Wisconsin,  
December 15, 1933.

DEAR OCTY:

In your December issue, Herbert Fredman, in a refreshing editorial entitled "Through the Keyhole," condemns the campus' "microscopic replicas of Winchell."

Turning the page, we find the same author writing "we spent several DAYS tapping the wires of Annya Stalinoff, student."

Explain yourself, now, Octy! No "Stalinoff."

Yours truly,

—P. F. K.

.....

*What appears to have been a gross error on the part of our Mr. Fredman was, in reality, an excellent piece of editorial acumen. Mr. Fredman and the "Octy" staff generally had been reliably informed by a dispatch from Leningrad that the noble, Annya Stalinoff, student, had been wired for sound.*

●

January 4, 1933.

DEAR SIRs:

Enclosed find one-third subscription price for Octy for one-third of year just ended.

Octy this year has been so far below that of past years; and in some squibs and cartoons so ignorantly inconsiderate, I would rather not support it. In small part, I specifically refer to caricature of Mrs. Roosevelt in last issue.

Sincerely,

—WM. E. CALDWELL,  
Wis. Ph.D. 1930.

.....

*Ph. D. Caldwell, frowning upon Octy from the heights of higher learning, fails to squelch us by attempting to tread on the numerous toes of Old Eight-Legs. But we do regret that we fail to satisfy. In consolation, we remember that none of us are perfect; some of us forget the coming of the New Year and still date our January letters as of past year 1933.*

●

Jan. 14, 1934.

EDITORS:

Has Octy gone high-hat? In past years have enjoyed reading "Wisconsin's own" as a compendium of the best of America's college humor when other publications were represented via exchanges. Howzabout some?

—J. L. D., GRAD.

.....

*Octy announces the selection of Holger Hagen as exchange editor. Two staff members have been detailed to forcibly prevent Mr. Hagen from editing the entire magazine with scissors and paste; the exchanges which this issue contains are the products of his controlled enthusiasm.*

●

*Send in your letters youze guyze and youze galz; we'll practically guarantee not to open them, but write, anyhow. Last one in's a nigger baby.*





**I**F YOU have any printing jobs, turn them over to us for a perfect result. We will gladly advise you, without charge, on any printing problems you have.

Fine stock . . . clean printing . . . a variety of effective type faces . . . rapid delivery . . . and low prices make our printing service worth your while.

**Cardinal  
Publishing  
Company**

740 LANGDON STREET

BADGER 1137

# How MILD *do you want your* PIPE TOBACCO?

We think much of the talk about mildness is a bit beside the point.

We maintain *flavor* is the quality that makes you like or dislike pipe tobacco.

*Of course* you don't want a tobacco that will bite your tongue. Who does?

But, if you love your pipe, put real tobacco in it—get a tobacco with flavor, character, individuality. That is Edgeworth, the blend you never tire of.

Is it mild? Yes! Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows. It has genuine mildness—a combination of gentleness and body that is most difficult to secure. It does not just happen. It is a real achievement. We found the way to put it in Edgeworth and keep it there.

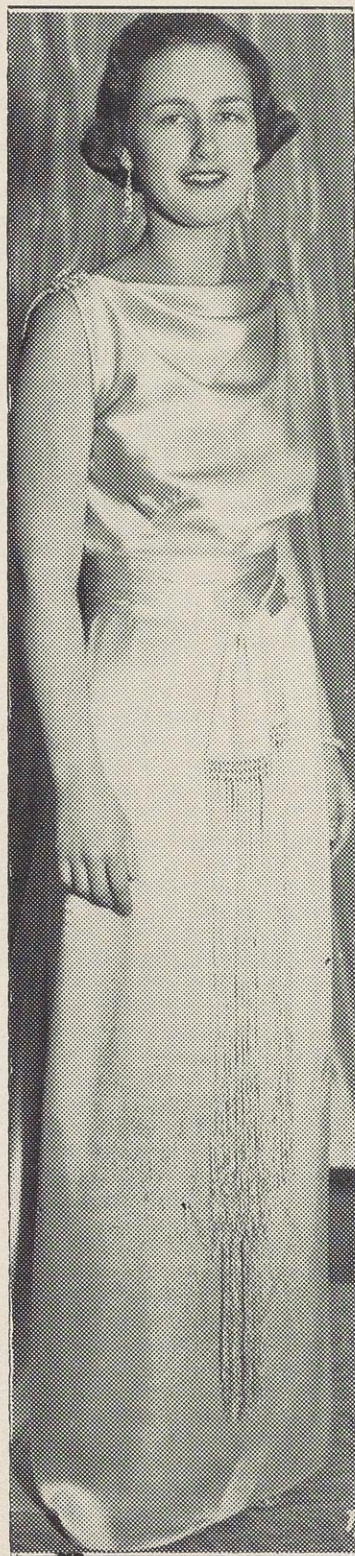
Try Edgeworth next time. Remember, its flavor-mildness has carried it to pipe smokers in every land. Are you not curious to try such a tobacco?

Sold everywhere in all sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

# EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE MILDEST PIPE TOBACCO THAT GROWS





*Catherine Baillie sounds  
the keynote for the  
1935 Prom*

## Regal Simplicity

*and Simpson's are wholly in  
accord with the fashion  
dictates of the queen!*

Regal simplicity and simple splendor . . . *Catherine Baillie* sounds the keynote for fashion at Prom. And SIMPSON'S . . . the Prom store since 1909 . . . are ready to dress her followers accordingly. Newly arrived from the smartest New York houses are gowns in lace . . . in satin . . . in crepe . . . in chiffon . . . that depend on subtlety of line rather than adornment for beauty!

Prom Gowns  
by Simpson's  
\$19.<sup>50</sup> to \$65

*Catherine Baillie has permitted us to announce in  
this advertisement that she has ordered her Prom  
wrap from Simpson's!*

*simpson's of madison-23 and 25 n. pinckney-on the square*



## CAMPUS CHRONICLE

### PLAN FOR BORED BOARD

● We recently noticed that the Cardinal editorial board has gone on its periodical Gandhi hunger strike, again. It must make life exciting for a Cardinal editor—to wake up each morning, and wonder if the editorial board is still around. But to fix things up, under the New Deal, we're working on a plan, allowing each editorial writer to resign every four weeks, alternately, thus allowing *something* besides the Wilde News Deal to get on the editorial page.

### KEYBOARD FRUSTRATION

● Before vacation, the Spanish club was scheduled to hear Professor Vasiliev play the piano, at their meeting in the Union. The meeting was to be held in the Graduate Lounge, but shortly after its start, all the members were noticed moving into the Reception room. Our curiosity overwhelmed us, and we investigated. Well, it seems that the Graduate Lounge has a small upright piano, while the Reception room boasts only a baby grand. The professor began to play on the upright, but his stomach got in the way. They just *had* to move into the other room.

### SHE STEPS TO CONQUER

● Our greatest delight, around this time of the year, is in reading the press accounts concerning just how the King asked the Queen to drop around at the brawl he was holding in the Union, Feb. 2. This year, it was pretty simple—he said, "How about it?" and she snapped back, "Why, Harry, I'd love to!" These remarks occurred, respectively, on the first and third steps of the Kappa house, although authorities differ on this matter. We're waiting, though, for the King to pop the question as they sail majestically over the proposed site of the campanile, in an autogiro.

### OR THE LOVE-LIFE OF A SNAIL

● Recently, at a Psychology exam, Prof. Dick Husband startled the assembled students by remarking, "I haven't seen a beautiful girl on the campus for five years." Of course, after years of

trailing mice through mazes, and teaching oysters to speak broken English, one is liable to lose the sense of discrimination regarding the higher forms of fauna; and anyway, professor, you can't go living in your dreams.

### ATTENTION, MADISON MERCHANTS

● In these suspicious times, when a birth certificate and an income tax receipt are required when one purchases a rathskeller hamburger, the Georgian grill requires a Union member to sign each order. Doing his duty the other day, a waiter asked an elderly gentleman if he was a member. It took some time for the patron to puzzle out the matter, but he finally replied, "Well, I went to summer school here, once."

### WELCOME SUGGESTION

● A recent news item informed us that the Interfraternity ball has been postponed from Feb. 21 to March 10, "so as not to conflict with Prom," which is Feb. 2. This forethought gives rise to a suggestion for the faculty, that they postpone final exams for the first semester until around Easter, so *they* won't conflict with Prom.



Prom Queen—"Hello, Ma . . . it was a great fight . . . We'll be right home."

### GASTRONOMIC NOTES

● Cheese night in the rathskeller, and Norm Phelps in the cafeteria, have recently been added to the repertoire of the Union. Altogether, the din is terrific. *Gemutlichkeit* runs high in the rathskeller, as campus leaders assemble; in the refectory, above the shattering of plates and crashing of trays, the strains of "Tiger Rag" are faintly discernible as thousands cheer. Each time the elevator stops near the Octy office, we shudder, in the fear that Tony Salerno and his Gypsy Melodians have arrived, to make merry in one corner of our sanctum.

### F.D.R. TO THE RESCUE

● While daily President Roosevelt issues panaceas to calm our feverish economic pulse, we pause to note a curious effect of the CWA. Doleing out large sums weekly to all the old grads who have returned for a slice of the Democratic pie, the CWA has enabled many of them to secure Prom dates. And one of the gals in a prominent sorority tells us that many of the sisters are taking a new interest in life, casting off the drab mourning of our economic maladjustment period.

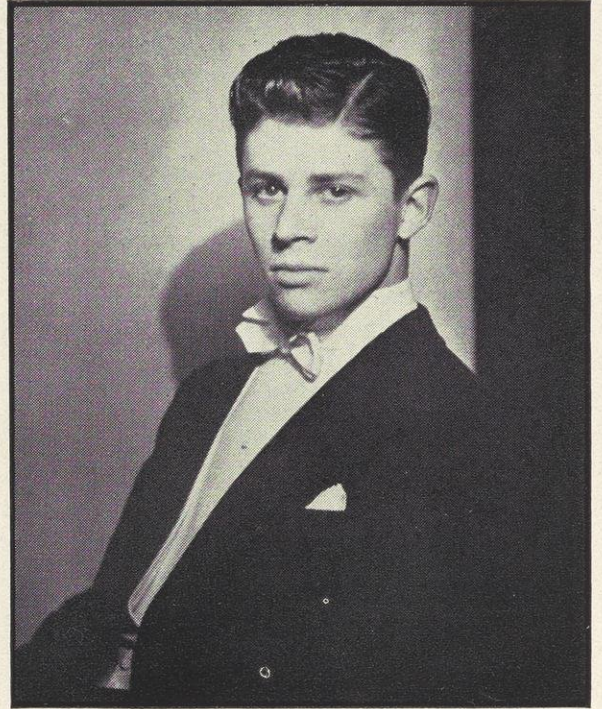
### DEMOCRACY

● The cloistered life of a Kappa Kappa Gamma was never so forcibly impressed upon us as it was the other night, as we made our way down Langdon Street. A roadster drew up besides us, and the Prom queen leaned out, to ask where Mendota Court and the Delt house could be found. We thought everyone knew *that*, but we told her, anyway. She was very nice about the whole matter; just folks, after all.

### HEAVEN HELP US

● Every year, when we attempt to plan our course of study, we must overcome a horrible temptation to sign up for Astronomy 116, Celestial Mechanics. If you don't believe it, look it up for yourself. We visualize lectures concerning eight-cylinder meteors—and we can't avoid the sacrilegious thought of the Lord, in a pair of grimy overalls, tinkering with the spark-plugs of the planet Venus.





HARRY PARKER, KING

CATHERINE BAILLIE, THE QUEEN



We present the leading lady and leading man in the outstanding drama of the year's social season Catherine "Billie" Baillie and Harry P. Parker, who will reign the evening of February second, when the class of 1935 presents its Junior Promenade. Miss Baillie, striking brunette sophomore from Rutherford, N. J., is the first Kappa Kappa Gamma Prom Queen since 1930.

Parker, junior letters and science student from Chicago, is a member of Cardinal Key and Tumas and senior football manager. Delta Kappa Epsilon.

*Photography by Frederick Kaeser II expressly for the Octopus*



# PROMINENT PEOPLE IN WHICH WE INTERVIEW THE KING AND QUEEN

Harry Parker is the Prom king and Billie Baillie is the Prom queen at the University of Wisconsin this year. (*Nice start, m'lady. Take another swig of corn lotion and go ahead.*)

We'd been trailing the royal couple all week trying to get an interview, but so far they'd given us the slip, so when one of our operatives (No. J22-S, we believe it was) phoned that they had recently been seen sneaking into the Kappa house through the coal chute, we knew we had them on the spot. Accordingly we set out for the Kappa stadium with evil intent and two other guys we picked out of a passing ash can. It was with the finest Christian zeal and missionary spirit that we took over the welcome task, nay even pleasure, of interviewing the charming lord and lady of Prom. With stout heart and an eager, ill-fed dog team, we went mushing at a most frightful rate of speed up Langdon Street into the innermost regions of the Latin quarter.

Arriving outside the pavilion, we parked the ash cans outside (*you remember the ash cans; they were in the other paragraph*), not forgetting to observe carefully the now famous first and third steps of the front porch whereon Mr. Parker claims he popped the fatal question to the Queen. They didn't look much different from the ordinary, garden variety of steps, though.

Inside we found the King and Queen carefully arranged on the Kappa mantle.

"How's the weather up there?" we said with our usual startling originality.

Not to be outdone, they chorused back, "Okay! How's the weather down there?"

So saying, they leaped lightly to the floor and stood gazing at us a little perplexedly, as if we were some harsh irritant that had sneaked in unawares.

"Are you by any chance a gentleman of the press?" they queried finally.

"Yes, the Octopress," we answered, just in pun.

Before they had time to recover, we turned to the Queen and asked brusquely, "Miss Baillie, rumor has it that you are a woman of intellectual as well as pulchritudinous grace. Is it your belief that the telephone has come to stay?"

Not only do I concur in this judgment," answered the Queen, "but you may inform my public, for whom alone I live, that it is also my belief that the bicycle is fast supplanting the horse. While this latter truth may seem a wild prediction, in view of the conditions obtaining in the more backward portions of these here fine, fat United States, it will be found to express the real state of affairs in such forward-looking communities as, shall we say, Madison, Wis., and Rutherford, New Jers.

Before we had time to inscribe this unconventionally daring statement in our little leather note-book, Miss Baillie, with characteristic Kappa *sang-froid*, asked:

"Do you, in turn, believe that intuitionism reacts upon itself in utterly rejecting the concept?"

And then we realized just why she had been chosen to lead the finest social event since the last roundup. The attentive, solicitous, understanding Mr. Parker nodded his approval as we turned to him, silently to congratulate the king upon the judiciousness of his choice. And, incidentally, all this had given us ample opportunity to forget answering the subtle question posed by Miss Baillie.

We took two more swigs out of our vest-pocket jug of corn lotion, and said, without guile.

"And you, Harry, tell us, in view of the Dekes' nationally known reputation for sobriety, will there be any drinking at Prom?"

"I believe," (this is an age of faith, you know), the Prom King answered, and a touch of sadness, yea, the very whisper of a sigh came over that suave countenance, "that the first Prom since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, will be a truly representative function. My consort and I shall make it our contribution toward the establishment of a new high in social understanding in the community. People stop me on the campus and the street. They are kind, considerate and gentlemanly. Only the other day, a fellow whom I had known only casually up to then, approached me and shyly asked when in blazes I meant to return his white formal gloves. This approach is but one of hundreds I could cite to illustrate my thesis that Prom is essentially a democratic affair and that it will be just the very thing the mothers

and fathers of the student body can have their sundry infants attend, secure in the knowledge that the Baillie-Parker combine would not allow their charming darlings to come to harm."

By this time, we were in all sooth tired of standing and we turned to our hostess and, with charming frankness, said bluntly, "How's about sitting down?"

The idea caught like wild-fire, and in a jiffy a vote was taken, and when the ballots were counted we found the results to be:

To Sit, 2.

To Remain Standing, 7.

It developed that Mr. Parker dared not assume a posture other than vertical for fear of developing a wrinkle in his sartorial integument.

"You see," he explained apologetically, "it might offend Mr. Anderes. He gave me the suit," he said simply.

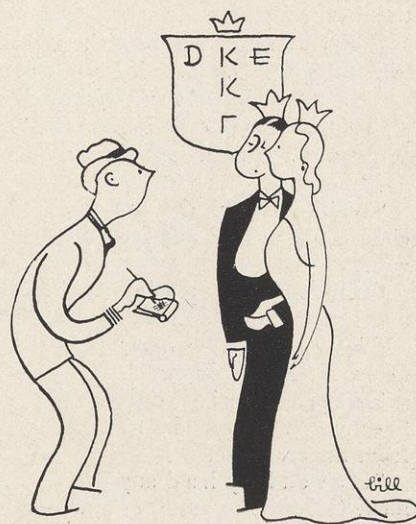
Thereupon we left the King standing by the fireplace idly thumbing through "Tom Swift and His Bright's Disease." When we had the Queen safely ensconced on the divan (we were beginning to warm up to our task), we turned to her and said:

"Have you read any good books lately?"

"Yes, but Harry's reading it now," she said, lightly casting a dainty thumb in his general direction.

We heard a gurgle from the direction

(Continued on page 130)





## THE DEKES HAD A WORD FOR IT

It was Prom night on North Pinckney street, and the Deke house in particular is in an uproar. Barry Barker, Prom King and the Deke's word for IT, is struggling into the labyrinths of his dress shirt assisted by vice-chairman 39 of committee X2b and chairman 63 of committee S12W.

"Ugle woompf ntchumpoor nuff sed," gurgles his 'Ighness from the maze of cardboard, meaning, "Get my head out of this d—n sleeve." Twenty-three assistant chairmen and one poor sucker who didn't get a comp immediately rush forward and after a half-hour of toil finally manage to enclose the King in his armor.

"What are the returns from the student poll on orchestras for Prom?" queries the royal personage.

"Here they are, your Majesty," replies a fellow who has just come into the room.

"Who are you?" interrogates the King.

"Don't you know me? Why, I'm the first assistant chairman."

"Er . . . uh . . . that's right, and your name . . . your name . . . is . . ."

"Svenovich!"

"Oh, yeah, I remember now," replies the King, "you were . . . er . . . my campaign manager! How are you and all the other 400 chairmen?"

"O. K., your Majesty. Thank you. And with regard to the poll, the returns are one vote each for Hal Kemp, Fred Waring, Jan Garber, and Leopold Stokowski, as well as no votes for Wayne King, Ben Bernie, Isham Jones, and twice no votes for Tony Salerno's Gypsy Melodians."

"Never mind. Call up Storm Yelps, Svenovich, and tell him we have decided to have him play for the Prom tonight."

"He says he can't play on account—" answered Svenovich after phoning, and still maintaining the receiver in his hand.

"On accounta what?" barks Barker III.

"On accounta his drummer forgot the words and can't sing 'Lazy Bones.'" quoted Svenovich.

"Tell him to come without his drummer. We may be able to dance to his music then."

"O. K., your Majesty, he'll be there."

"Don't you think it's about time you announced your choice of Prom Queen?" timidly ventured the chairman of the committee in charge of strewing pansies in the path of the royal couple.

"Cripes, I forgot all about the Queen. I didn't choose one yet. I'll run out and see if I can pick one up."

*(One hour later; Great Hall of the Union)*

"Hey, Svenny," calls Barker III, "I haven't had any luck in getting a Queen. All the gals have dates. What will I do?"

"Wait, I'll send the orchestra out to find one for you."

Orchestra stops playing and runs out of the room.

*(Still another hour later; before the Kappa house)*

"Hey, Kingie," calls Svenny, "we just heard from the orchestra."

"Have they had any luck?"

*(Continued on page 129)*



## BALLAD TO PROM

Sweet sounds to carry us along,  
Smooth floor to send us on our way.  
Tune follows tune, song after song;  
Cling to me closely, dear, and sway.  
A time of magic and delight  
Gives promise of soft rhythmed bliss.  
So I must say. (I know I'm right.)  
There never was a Prom like this.

Don't mind the crowd. They're quite all right.  
Forget dull care, your worldly pain.  
Let viols chase blues out of sight;  
They pierce, and echo, come again.  
What joy we'll have through merry din  
To pass unmindful as we kiss.  
The beat comes fast with tango spin,  
There never was a Prom like this.

Cool drink will warm one, as you know.  
Come, bear up smartly, then, and smile.  
One dance is fast, another slow;  
We'll have them all this lovely while.  
The "sax" sends forth its low-down moan.  
What matter, then, we cannot miss  
Our happy way; the pleasure's shown.  
There never was a Prom like this.

## L'ENVOI

O Prince, when night is just begun  
My charming, darling, brown-eyed miss  
Will pass out cold; I'll be undone.  
There always was a Prom like this.

—JACK KIENTZ.

## HANDICAP

A favorite, you set the pace  
But yet it doesn't suit you well  
To have your suitors play the race  
On basis pari-mutuel.

One follower gives you a place,  
Another thinks you're worth a show,  
But all collect the same embrace  
Without regard to how you go.

I'm one of those who played you straight  
And want my full percentage rate!

—I. B.

## ALLITERATION

Harry Parker picked a pack of pretty posies;  
A pack of posies pretty Parker Harry picked.  
Prettily to promenade at Prom these purely pretty posies  
Picked by pull for prim parade with partial Parker's plucky  
pals.  
Booiful Baillie's being brought by bumptious Badger beau-  
ties;  
Born and bred to well-bedeck the Badger banner book.  
Blayful boys will bask and bow before these blue-blood  
babies. (burp, burp.) . . . aw nutz . . .



# PROM, AND HOW by ROUNDY

"Roundy", or Joseph Coughlin, as he isn't very well known, herewith presents his reflections on Prom, "translated from the King's English to a Queen's taste". The Sage of Mendota has long been known as an authority on our mid-year social function, and Octy takes pleaseuse in presenting these notes:

I read in the Daily Cardinal that the queen is charmingly feminine I've met a lot of Prom Queens this is the first time I ever saw one go feminine.

\* \* \*

That word ain't in the dictionary and about the only guy who has got it would be Glenn Frank.

\* \* \*

*There won't be many bare backs at the 1934 Prom there was the last number of years the CWA has covered up a lot of those backs.*

\* \* \*

There was one woman down there with a back last year as big as the main sail on an iceboat. If you had to cover a pimple on her back you'd need a roll of fly paper.

\* \* \*

*I never could dope it out how all these good looking dames go to the Prom and pick out all these apples for partners.*

\* \* \*

What do they do have a grab bag contest to see who goes with them? I seen some swell dames there but how they can enjoy the evening with some of them apples I can't understand it.

\* \* \*

*From the gowns some of these women wear at these Proms it is a cinch they don't keep you in the parlor waiting for them to dress.*

\* \* \*

You could spin some of those guys around the Memorial Union and they'd get so dizzy they'd think they were out in the stock pavilion.

\* \* \*

*I hope nobody shows up as a fan dancer as she wouldn't look good out there as she would be all dressed up with fans.*

\* \* \*

And a fellow can't have a cold if you ever sneeze in front of her you'd blow that dress right off of her.

\* \* \*

*I didn't get no pass to the Prom this year its up to that janitor to leave that back window open. This ain't the first back window I ever went through.*

\* \* \*

This is the first Prom dance under the repeal but there is still those guys

around who get stewed when they see an empty bottle.

\* \* \*

But when you see a bottle at the Prom it is empty and how!

\* \* \*

The Octopus wanted me to write this column but they said Dean Goodnight would have to censor it first. I suppose all the column will say is "By Roundy" and the rest will be censored.

\* \* \*

*I never met Catherine Baille the queen I don't know they seem to keep these queens pretty well under cover from me. But don't think I haven't got my queen.*

\* \* \*

Harry Parker the Prom Chairman is keeping pretty well under cover with those Prom tickets too. But you know a Prom Chairman is supposed to be dizzy anyhow a week before the Prom and one week after also.

\* \* \*

*This is the first time I ever made the Octopus after the board of censorship reads this column chances are I'll make the jail.*

\* \* \*

One jane last year said Roundy what do you think of my dress? I said what there is it is hard to see but what I do see is the gravy.

\* \* \*

*Glenn Frank said I could have his last year's tuxedo I'd of took it but there was too many potatoes on the vest.*

\* \* \*

I'm always glad that I am a little hard of hearing at the Prom as I never hear them yell supper is ready that always saves me \$2.00.

\* \* \*

There's a lot of guys out there in dress suits and if they had \$2.00 in their pockets they wouldn't talk to you.

\* \* \*

*Some people at a Prom a number of years ago wanted me to go out for an iceboat ride at midnight. I told them nothing doing but I'd take a sleigh ride. I'm a wicked baby in a sleigh.*

\* \* \*

Funny how a dress suit and a fine



orchestra can make a big shot out of a ham and egger for one night.

\* \* \*

*I seen a lot of hungry women but none that ever come up to the ones you take to the Prom. They take your jack like Columbia took Stanford.*

\* \* \*

All the boys say that the jane I am going to take to the Prom will still make me feel at home as I'll have to call for her at the back door.

\* \* \*

*Well I'm giving her a break at that the Prom don't start till ten o'clock she ought to have all the dishes washed by that time.*

\* \* \*

Put a gown on her and a sorority pin and you can't tell her from a Kappa Kappa for at least one night.

\* \* \*

If somebody don't holler cut some more bread she'll be alright.

\* \* \*

*Now if you see me at the Prom writing down notes don't get an idea it is about the Prom it will be just new telephone numbers that is all.*

\* \* \*

I lost my old book I've got to stock up on some new numbers.

\* \* \*

*And there's quite a lot of old numbers in the old book that had my number.*



## De Rounde Tayble Promme

### I

Of Promme of olde thisse taylor is tolde. How that Sir Launcelot was let down.

Recall ye goode Queene Guinevere. She was a honeye, soe I heare.

Hotte cayse she hadde on our Sir Knighte. Her Arthur was an naive wight.

At firste sweete Englishe hotsye Promme she was an lovelye, charmyng deare.



### II

For she was Queene while Art was Kinge. Which lette ye handsome Launcelot out.

And thoughte a smoothie was he, true, with lance and sworde and with ye galles.

He founde no one woulde goe with himme in alle of courtly Camelot.

So thoughte-fullye he hidde awaye, nor soughte advice among his palles.

### III

All bothere was ye towne and hotte, imbibing medieval ginne.

'T woulde be a frenzied fonctionne faste, and ringe througheout ye lande.

Muche doughe theye spent for coole, cleare mead, and sun-drye brewwes, one pinte a "finne."

For Art and "Guinny" knewe their stuffe, in alle gaye sporte theye took an hande.

### IV

Ye days of funne and nighte of playe theye came righte soone enough for alle.

From distante isle and lonelye keepe ye honeyes cayme with chaine-maile guyes.

A bande hadde theye fromme farre awaye for makye sweete musique throughe ye halle.

Fulle plaine, above, an bannere saide, "Tayke Heede, No Drinkyng, iffe You're Wiyse."

### V

Ye Kinge ande Queene theye stode in line to earlye welle-comme welle theyre gwestes.

Alle splendidde was ye happyie crowde, alle smoothe as playe-boyes "by-swinge" backe.

In alle courte brawles was Launcelot firste in everythinge to leade ye festes.

Ye Queene himme soughte bothe highe and lowe; of himme saw she no signe, alacke.

### VI

So "Guinny" satte uponne ye throne, nor woulde not eate nor drinke because,

Her lovere yette was not comme inne, ye Grande Marche then was butte to starte.

Her Art was drunke and in his cuppes, a sighte to givve ye chaperonnes pause.

Nor tooke he heede ye Queene was sadde butte dranke his mead withe fulle stoute hearte.

### VII

An trumpette soundes, ye waye is cleared, ye "Bigge Tenne" medleye takes ye aiyre.

Ye Kinge ande Queene in awfulle shape marche downe ye halle. Theye goe fulle blastte.



## . . . Jacques Kienitz

Whenne throughe ye halle an riote reignes, ande to ye doore  
ye wholle mobbe stayre.

For Launcelot, thate "hotte-chha" manne was theyre,  
was pull-yinge somethinge fastte.

## VIII

No Queene hadde he. "O.K.," he saide. "I'll knocke thesse  
baybies for an rowwe.

Ande comme to Promme not alle alone, buttte with ye  
noblest friende of manne."

So after himme, ye jollyie knightie, theyre came his horse  
ande stoppede at "Whoe."

Ye Kinge ande Queene ande dancyinge crowde in one  
wilde bodye to himme ranne.

## IX

"For frivole lighte and gaye partyie, no tayste havve I,"  
thisse tuffe guye saide.

"Alle galles are trickyie, soe ye knowwe. I cannot wishe  
ye honeyes welle.

Inne alle ye worlde to seeke ye Grayile or smite ye dragonne  
onne ye heade

Theyre's nonne I finde quite halfe soe goode. My  
Dobbine is mye true, sweete belle."

## X

Ye Queene she satte ande glayred atte himme, ye horse was  
comfye munching oattes.

Whilye funnye knightie he spentte his time a-whistlying  
loude, Lombardo strayins.

Uponne his fayce he hadde an grinne, he knewe he hadde  
theyre royalle goates.

'T was Goode enough, forsoothe, I wisse, ande welle-  
repaide himme for his paynes.

## XI

Now Dobbine was an merrye steede, she hadde no battes in  
her belfrie.

So uppe she cayme to Launcelot. "Let's scamme," she  
saide, "let's seeke somme tiffe.

"Thisse crowde is badde, ye rafters reeke of dungeonne  
ginne gonne on an spree.

'So, Laun, olde manne, let's on oure waye. Thisse plas-  
tered mobbe juste bores me stiffe."

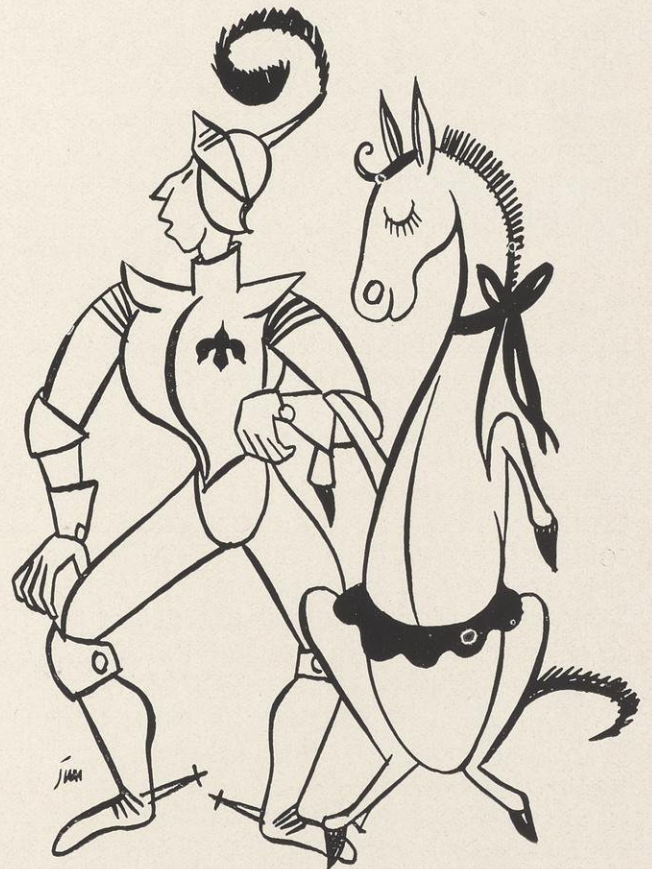
## XII

Reade welle thisse lessone, thene, ande learne, alle swankye  
frayles, Promme-trotting guyyes.

'T was straynge ye Knightie hisse horse shoulde tayke;  
muchte raucouse funne had theye, at leaste.

No Queene coulde keepe himme from ye Promme; ye cayse  
solved he in mannere wiyse.

To prove to alle that even thene, ye Promme cayme  
firste, for manne or beaste.





# BARBED WIRES • IRV BELL

MADISON WIS 10 1122A  
MUSIC CORPN OF AMERICA = CHICAGO ILL =  
WANT GOMBARDO FOR PROM FEBRUARY  
SECOND AT THOUSAND DOLLAR MAXIMUM =  
HARRY PARKER = JUNIOR PROM.

CHICAGO ILL 10 330P  
HARRY PARKER = JUNIOR PROM MADISON WIS =  
IMPOSSIBLE TO GET GOMBARDO FOR  
DOUBLE THAT STOP CAN OFFER PEORIA  
PIPERS FOR FIVE HUNDRED STOP BLUEGRASS  
BLUEBIRDS FOR FOUR FIFTY STOP RODGE  
DENBY AND HIS JOLLY TARS FOR FOUR  
HUNDRED STOP ALL GOOD BANDS NOW  
DRAWING BIG CROWDS =  
MUSIC CORPN OF AMERICA.

MADISON WIS 12 214P  
MUSIC CORPN OF AMERICA = CHICAGO ILL =  
WISCONSIN INSISTS ON GOMBARDO STOP  
REROUTE HIM IF NECESSARY STOP WILL PAY  
TWO GRAND =  
HARRY PARKER = JUNIOR PROM.

CHICAGO ILL 13 946A  
HARRY PARKER = JUNIOR PROM MADISON WIS =  
PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENTS PREVENT  
GETTING GOMBARDO STOP CAN OFFER JOE JOY  
AND HIS ANTHRACITE MINERS FOR FOUR  
HUNDRED EIGHTY STOP NOW MAKING  
SENSATIONAL APPEARANCES IN MIDWEST STOP  
FAVORITE WITH COLLEGES EVERYWHERE  
STOP PLAYS NOVELTIES AND HAS FINE  
SOLOISTS =  
MUSIC CORPN OF AMERICA.

MADISON WIS 15 102P  
MUSIC CORPN OF AMERICA = CHICAGO ILL =  
CAN ARRANGE TWO DAY STOP FOR  
GOMBARDO AT THREE THOUSAND  
HARRY PARKER = JUNIOR PROM.

CHICAGO ILL 16 845A  
HARRY PARKER = JUNIOR PROM MADISON WIS =  
SORRY TO ADVISE GOMBARDO BOOKED YEAR  
AHEAD STOP CAN OBTAIN HAPPY HORACE  
AND HIS VAGABOND MINSTRELS AT FOUR  
HUNDRED FIFTY STOP LOW PRICE DUE  
TO BEING IN YOUR VICINITY =  
MUSIC CORPN OF AMERICA.

MADISON WIS 17 915A  
MUSIC CORPN OF AMERICA = CHICAGO ILL =  
TELL GOMBARDO HIS PAL GUS GRIMES  
WANTS HIM PLAYING HERE =  
HARRY PARKER = JUNIOR PROM.

# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

CHICAGO ILL 17 329P  
HARRY PARKER = JUNIOR PROM MADISON WIS =  
REGRET FRIENDSHIP OF NO AVAIL STOP  
GOMBARDO BOOKED FOR GUN PRAIRIE  
MINNESOTA FEBRUARY SECOND STOP LAST  
MINUTE CHANGE ENABLES US TO GIVE YOU  
OLIVER OATES AND THE ORANGE GROVE  
ORCHESTRA ON ABOVE DATE AT SPECIAL  
PRICE OF THREE HUNDRED FIFTY =  
MUSIC CORPN OF AMERICA.

MADISON WIS 19 1153 A  
MUSIC CORPN OF AMERICA = CHICAGO ILL =  
OLIVER OATES OKAY FOR PROM FEBRUARY  
SECOND AT THREE HUNDRED FIFTY STOP  
FORWARD CONTRACT IMMEDIATELY STOP  
NEED OATES BAND FOR RATHSKELLER  
LUNCHROOM =  
HARRY PARKER = JUNIOR PROM.

## THE GIRL FRIEND PROHIBITS



If you lips have tasted whiskey,  
I shall never let you kiss me.  
  
If you're glassy-eyed from gin,  
I shall never wear your pin.  
  
If your breath should smell of wine,  
Never shall I call you mine.  
  
If your lust is alcohol,  
Well . . . I just won't care, that's all!  
—I. B.

## THE UNION SERVES A SPORTSMAN'S MENU

Horse d'Oeuvres	Fresh Paddock
Fowl Balls	Pigskin's Knuckles
Jack-Pot Roast	Chicken Croquets
Half-Strung Racket	Shuttlecock a' Lacrosse
Poker Chips or Mashie Potatoes	
Squash	Dice Beets
Touchdown Cake	Cribbage
	Tea

Medical terms are not supposed to have any real significance to the layman, but we wonder whether it was through the machinations of a scholastic wit that so singular disease was named pleurisy.

A pedestrian is a man whose son is home from college.

Hal: What do you think of Kant?  
Sal: I think it's a very useful word.





## WHY LINCOLN NEVER GOT TO PROM TO BEER OR NOT

It was on an evening in Madison, coming swiftly and softly, in a joyous accompaniment of an early sunset which sent forth its long, slender shadows of deep purple; of purple like the tempting coolness of the royal hue in sparkling wine. The shadows made a pattern, a darkish number of even lanes coming down the long incline of white. Evening came over the Wisconsin campus. A campus serene in the white majesty of its strange silence, white-bearded, motionless. Not a breath of wind, not a single voice nor a human soul came to disturb the evening quiet. Past six of the clock in the tower of Music Hall and only the august, solemn presence of Abraham Lincoln, supreme upon his white pedestal, high on the deserted terrace, remained to contemplate, passively, the tender, even fall of the snow upon the campus already made soft and beautiful by the caressing coolness of countless flakes. Only the yellow-orange gleams from occasional windows in the buildings gave assurance of warmth, and life, and purpose.

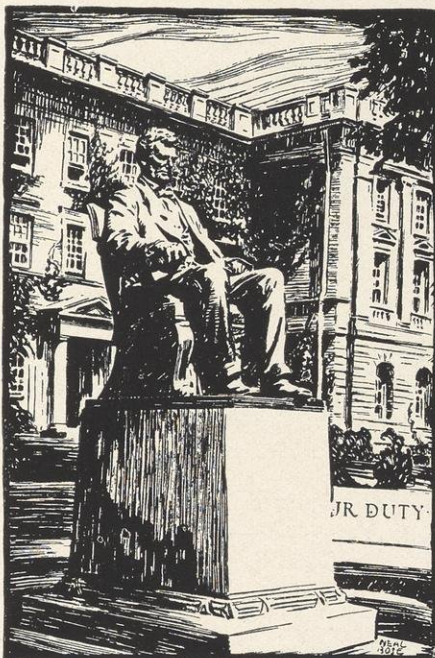
Into this splendor, into this college realm of transcendental charm there came the small figure of a play-boy to disturb its delicate, wintery peace. Bascom Hall let him out upon its stairs. The raccoon-coat he was wearing was so long that it took a solid, heavy edging of white as the fellow made his hasty way to the terrace, the Hill and home. Magnificently indifferent to the pleasant, primitive silence he was so rudely disturbing, he took the low steps of the terrace in his rapid stride, defacing the even carpet of white and ending the silence with the heavy crunch, crunch of his walk.

Past the grim, unchanging figure of the great Emancipator he came, heedless and hatless, intent only upon the

welcome thought of the savory dinner which was to be his.

As he passed before the statue, a coin fell somewhere from that monstrous coat of his. It dropped to bury itself snugly, in the soft snow. And the play-boy hurried on.

His turning down the walk past Science Hall left the campus to its quiet self. Nocturnal beauty of such grace



the spirit despaired to describe it. Even the supposedly immobile face of Lincoln seemed to relax just a bit when the fellow had disappeared from view. It was strange, impossible somehow, yet the lean head of the statue, always so imperturbable, now turned slowly to the right. Satisfied by a glance that there was no one to be feared from that direction, Lincoln swiftly turned to cast a wary glance to his left, rear, and forward again. This cautious reconnoitring concluded, he leaped lightly from the hard place he had kept for so long a time. He knelt down upon the snow and began, feverishly, to dig at the point in the snow where he had seen the coin drop. Anxiously he worked away. What a scandal there'd be in the State Capitol were he to be discovered forsaking the perch provided for him for this unconventional position in the snow. So he worked away with action, and, at last, a short cry of victory came from him as he rose to examine his find.

But his eager joy was gone. He would gaze once more upon the coin. Then, —

"Aw, nuts," he said, and the tears coursed down his face, "it's an *Indian head penny*!"

As Shakespeare once said, "Bowlegs may not be few but they're far between."

Every year comes the dean's decree that "There will be no drinking at Prom," but never does "the last social event of the semester" go by without someone's having smuggled in a beaker of orange-juice, a flagon of hot coffee, or a thimble-full of cough medicine.

Now that Prohibition is on the bier and the beer is on the house, what will befall the February formal? Will Prom be wet, damp, moist, or dry? (Check one.)

It is generally accepted, though, that Prom this year will be a trifle dampish. In fact rumor hath it that some of the Milwaukee beer barons are planning to broadcast it over a national hiccup.

Certain seers foresee the situation thus: persons with a penchant for laughing soup, giggle water, and spiked tea will appease said penchant previous to and in the duration of the festivities at diverse dives, legal and illegitimate; persons with an aversion for those strength-sappers, money-squanderers, and social degraders will abstain, as well as point fingers at the parties of the first part.

Students who expect the board of regents to vote cocktail mixers for all upperclassmen should be given little encouragement. The intelligent majority holds out small hope for this movement though in hearty accord with the spirit of the thing.

The law is also loathe to allay academic aridity. If the tax business were brisk, a move might be made to place bars about the campus with all taverns and other tonic dispensaries in the aldermen's backyards.

Madison merchants, if they continued to have their way, would set up a statue of Bacchus in the square and lamp-posts at five-foot intervals. Lemon squeezers, cork-screws, and copies of "Sweet Adeline" would be distributed about the campus free of charge.

The student should remember the words of President Frank. It's the case of either discipline or dissipation. Quite a number would prefer a case of Scotch.

The boys will have another round the night of Prom, Prohibition or no. What is to be hoped is that repeal has underscored the "sip" in dissipation.





## VERSETILITY AND MORE OF IT

### BITING COMMENT

This dental re-creation  
Of every short vacation  
Gets really rather wearing  
Now and then.

O many folk who strive and plod  
Can own their teeth as a work of God  
But mine are principally  
The work of Doctor N.

### PROBLEM CHILD

There's rhythm in those verses  
That you sent the other day.  
But why in the devil write at all  
If you've nothing new to say?

### BOARDING HOUSE DE LUXE

I've no objections to stew as such;  
I think it's quite all right.  
But why must you call it "dinner"  
And serve by candlelight?

### LAST STRAWS

I live in a room at the top of the stair  
And all who go in or out  
Think they must stop and talk with me  
Or at least give a hello shout.

Ladies (since it's that kind of a house)  
I scream and I beg and I plead  
Will you *please* tone down on the wel-  
come stuff!

Can't you see I am trying to read?

### GYM JAM GEM

David Jones II  
Was out for freshman track  
But little had he reckoned  
For kleptomaniacs.

He hid his shoes and towel,  
His jersey and his pants,  
Suspecting nothing foul,  
In youthful ignorance.

He found his unlocked locker  
As empty as the sea,  
So Davy Jones' locker  
In this way came to be!

—IRV.

### THE MORNING AFTER

Don't forget, English at eight,  
Grab your toast from off your plate.  
Under the table you were last night—  
How were you able to get so tight?  
Heavy eyes, aching head,  
Don't you wish you were in bed.  
Tell your instructor,  
That though you're late,  
You can't forget, English at eight.

### SPECTRUM

Yellow cabs are almost orange,  
While purple cows are rare.  
Mondays are not blue at all—  
You never saw red hair.

No one ever acted white  
And envy isn't green.  
Cardinal sins aren't colored  
Nor scarlet women seen.

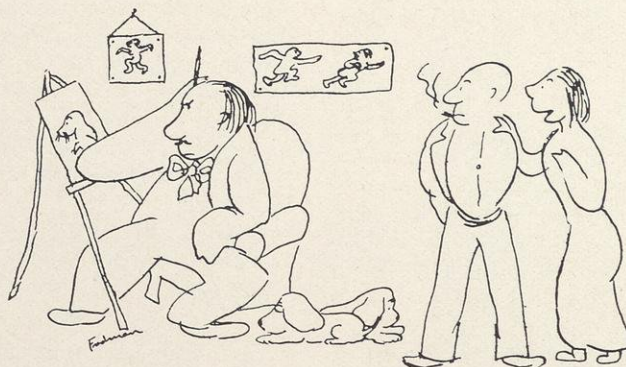
No such thing as pink of health  
Or black hearts can you find.  
If there's a brown taste in your mouth  
The world is color blind.

—IRV BELL.

### NO SALE

This room was just a room,  
This chair was just a chair,  
Before you came and found  
Them fair.

This heart was just a heart  
Without a scratch or mar  
That's all that all of them  
Still are.



*That's New Yorker's Mr. Thurber . . . he's given up everything 'till he can think up another funny picture with a seal in it.*

It is claimed that the CWA will put the idle back to work. We remain skeptical, however, until we see if it has any effect on English instructors.

Now we have a faint idea about why frosh - soph free - for - alls on the lower campus were abolished. The State Street merchants probably complained that it was competing with the legislature.

### THE ROUNDER, ARISING FOR AN EIGHT O'CLOCK

A bat, am I, that from high eaves has  
dropped at noon,  
Awakened from his solemn sleep  
twelve hours too soon.

### HYSTERICAL HISTORICALS

Picture a panorama of pictorial pulchritude framed in the sublime setting of vivacious youth! Beautiful bodies revealed in their primal perfection will conclusively convince you that Nature was working full-time when she brought forth these adorable Aphrodites. The scintillating curves and lithesome lines of these fair forms will dazzle your cerebrum, tingle your epidermis.

Take our word for it, it's a darn good puppet show.

Condemned Prisoner: How about getting me some books to read?

Guard: Sure, would you like a newspaper, too?

Prisoner: No, the warden will take care of the current events.

Any girl who has ineffectively dodged puddles with a pedestrian boyfriend, knows why her pedal coverings are called pumps.



# The Greatest Social Event Of The Year

GLAMOUR «» DIGNITY «» SOPHISTICATION

THAT'S THE 1935

# PROM

## CHARLIE AGNEW

. . . and his Hotel Stevens Orchestra in the  
Great Hall with his host of entertainers.

## CORRY LYNN

. . . and his band, direct from their recent  
Chicago successes, in the Council Room.

[ A new innovation at Prom will be a third band playing in Tripp  
Commons amid a typical cabaret atmosphere at no extra charge ]

• Admittance . will . be . limited . to . 700 . couples •

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW AT THE UNION DESK

\$ **4**<sup>50</sup> PER COUPLE

**Friday, Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup>**



## "NO REPORT"

(As a unique contribution to Americana, the Editors herewith present a typical cross-section of that collegiate enigma—"the chapter meeting")

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Brother Guardian of the Portal: "Who stands without?"

Brother Bellweather: "Gamma Gamma."

(Brother Guardian conducts Brother Bellweather into the chapter hall and seats him at his station.)

Brother President: "If all the brothers are present, we will open the one thousand and thirty-seventh chapter meeting of Tau Tau chapter of Nu Tau by renewing the sacred pledges.

(The brothers join hands and sing):  
*Agricola, agricolae, hic, haec, hoc; sal hepatica, ouryay utsnay, hokey doke.*  
(Chorus) *Frater, fratris, fratri, numen lumen, rub-ba-dub, dub.*

Brother President: "Now that we have renewed our sacred vows of fraternalism, we will proceed with the business of the one thousand and thirty-seventh chapter meeting. I call for the reports of brother officers. Brother Secretary."

Brother Secretary: "No report."

Brother President: "Brother Historian."

Brother Historian: "Brother President, I have pasted in Brother Woolmutton's mention in the Society Rambler of the 26th inst. No further report."

Brother President: "Brother Scribe."

Brother Scribe: "Brother President, I received a communication from Brother Joe Blow of Kokomo. He says to give his regards to all the brothers. No further report."

Brother President: "Brother Rushing Chairman."

Brother Rushing Chairman: "Brother President, no report."

Brother President: "Brother Librarian."

Brother Librarian: "No report."

Brother President: "Brother Social Chairman."

Brother Social Chairman: "Brother President, the last party *stunk*. No further report."

Brother President: "Brother House Manager."

Brother House Manager: "Brother President, it has been called to my attention by Brother Treasurer that the electric light bill for the ensuing month is \$2.34 higher than the previous month. Now, dammit, this sort of this has got to stop. You guys up on the

third floor have been burning lights till all hours of the night, and last night I walked into Brother Nubbs' room and found four lights burning and no one in the room. Now, I got a hellofa job to keep this house from going in the hole and I gotta have co-operation. Now get that!"

Brother Nubbs: "Brother President, how can Brother House Manager have the nerve to say such a thing when he knows damn well that I was out at the Ag Library until ten o'clock, and when I came home, there was Brother Gates in my room running the radio?"



... "and I'm sorry . . . An' I apologize to the chapter."

Brother Gates: "Brother President, I admit that I was in Brother Nubbs' room last night and I'm sorry and I apologize to the chapter, but Brother House Manager has a heater in his room that makes all the lights go dim when he turns it on. It uses more power than three lights and in addition he has an electric clock which interferes with radio reception in the house. We had to put three new tubes in my roommate's radio in the last month. Now I ask you . . ."

Brother House Manager: "Now, listen here, I've had a hellofa cold for the last week and I'll be damned if I'm going to get pneumonia for the sake of three light bulbs. What's more, I do more around here than any other

three brothers and all I get is a lot of gripes from a lot of lazy . . ."

Brother Gates: "Brother House Manager, you're a g—— d—— liar!"

Brother Sneeps: "Brother President, I rise to a point of order. I've got an exam tomorrow, and I object to having to stay down here all night."

Brother President (raps with the gavel): "Order, Order! Will the brothers kindly dry up! Further reports from officers? (Silence). There being no further reports, we will proceed to old business. Discussion is open on old business."

(Silence)

Brother President: "There being no old business, we will proceed to new business. Discussion is open on new business."

(Silence)

Brother President: "There being no new business, we will proceed to miscellaneous business. Discussion is open on miscellaneous business."

Brother Fitch: "Brother President, I don't know whether this should come under new business or miscellaneous business, but I have a serious charge against Brother Secretary. I walked into his room last night to borrow a tie and there on his desk was a copy of *the ritual*! It's a matter of gross negligence for Brother Secretary to *leave the ritual open on his desk* with fifteen pledges running around the house. In view of the fact that this is not the first offense, I move that we impose a fine of five dollars on Brother Secretary."

Brother Secretary: "Brother President, before anyone seconds the motion I should like to say that I gave the key to my desk to Brother Gates so that he could borrow my typewriter. If it's anyone's fault that the ritual was lying on the desk, it is Brother Gates'."

Brother Gates: "Brother President, well, I admit that I used the key and I'm sorry and I apologize to the chapter, but Brother Fitch came into my room and borrowed my bathrobe while I was in Minneapolis and when I got back it had ink all down the front."

Brother President: "Due to the revealed circumstances, I automatically lay the motion on the table. If there is no further business, we will proceed to the closing ceremonies of the meeting."

Brother Kelp: "Brother President, Due to the lateness of the hour, I move we dispense with closing ceremonies."

Brother President: "Do I hear a second to this mo . . ."

(Entire chapter surges out the door, leaving Brother President beating with the gavel for order.)



# DESIGN FOR DRESSING

by Peg Stiles

All set for a glamorous Prom? You are if you have followed these "do's" and "don'ts" for a devastating appearance.

DON'T . . .

1. Forget to be in the swim with a little fish-tail on your formal, whether it is of pleats or draped.

2. Step on your train if it is the elegant longer kind so effective on tallish girls. Practice dancing and walking gracefully for hours before hand, but please don't trip up the Union stairs Friday night.

3. Dare to appear without a circus-queen spangles in your hair, whether tiaras, brilliant combs, or ornaments. Feather tiaras are unusual, or perhaps you are one of those individualists who will gild or silver their hair.

4. Forget in choosing an evening gown, that artificial posies are seen on three-fourths of the formals, sometimes in exotic color combinations as yellow, henna, and maroon on orange crepe.

Do . . .

1. Please, please carry your corsage in one hand a la Joan Crawford unless you are in the habit of dropping things.

2. If your evening gown hasn't artificial flowers on it, and you don't care to tote your flowers about, pin them smash in the center of your neckline, tucked under your chin.

3. Get a feminine, half-sophisticated lace formal if you want your date to feel frightfully pro-Soft cottony laces, silk or linen tective and very big and burly. laces pervade the market. (You can wear a lace frock all year round, all you economically-minded gals.)

4. Remember such materials as Bedford cord (like silk pique) pastel satins, vivid crepes, black net, and scintillating lame' in looking for a new formal.

## FASHION FORECAST

**COLORS**—For evening: pastels, metal cloth, white, yellow; for afternoon: turquoise, aquamarine, navy blue, peach beige, black, tomato.

**KNITS**—Bright semi-pastels in one or two piece outfits.

**EVENING**—White lace, pastel lace and satin, black net.

**SCHOOL WEAR**—Basket weave wools in King's blue, dusty greens; more sweaters than ever.

And just as an added bit of advice, one can't help remembering a remark some eastern notable made in looking down at the orchestra seats from the balcony of a theater.

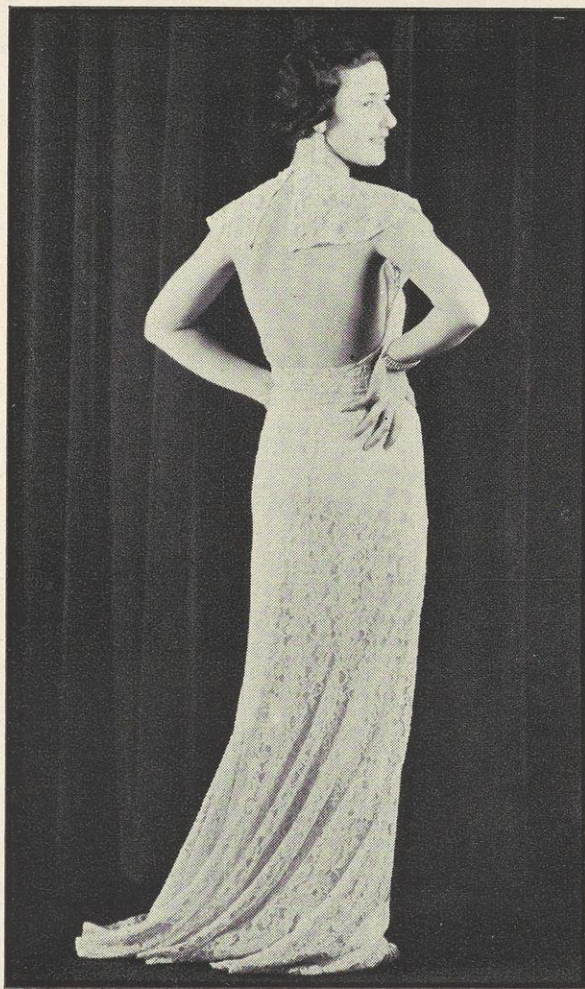
"I thought there were droves of fire-flies below, but it's just the hair ornaments the women are wearing." Prom should look that way, too.

If you must, formal gowns come high at the throat, and are backless often, this winter season. Then again they may be low décolleté' in front. One of the newest necklines is that in which the throat is entirely covered in front and sleevelets top the shoulders. But as the dressed is turned around, one finds that the sleeves continue as a little draped collar, while the back is bare to the waist.

In the midst of this frivolity, don't forget to see about a ski suit for tobogganing, skiing, skating, or ice boating. With such crisp weather, January and February, despite thaws, should be filled with winter sports. After all, it is necessary to contrast your dainty feminine formal personality with a rugged comrade mood in a ski suit. Snow suits should be wind proof and yet gay. Tunic or bloused tops, with regulation ski trousers prove best. But be sure to pick a warm hearty color.

While you are thinking of clothes, budget your wardrobe through May and June, so that by thinking it out beforehand it will eventually come out with every outfit fulfilling a certain use, and all harmonizing. If, right now, you simply must have something new to bolster up your self-confidence and banish the too-many-exams feeling, get a sweater.

Why a sweater? Because there is nothing like something new in your most becoming color to make any co-ed light hearted. Turquoise, peach, tomato-bisque, apple green, canary yellow are the most flattering, smart colors.



MISS CATHERINE BAILLIE photographed in SIMPSON's lounge in a Prom gown of pale pink Chantilly lace.



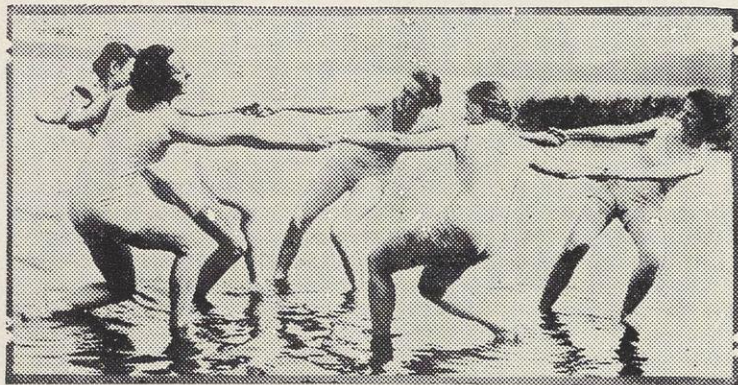
# PROM PREVIEW, OR AMONG THE BLUE BLOODS WITH GUN AND CAMERA



● MISS DIANE Q. BURP, Kappa Kappa Gamma, charming debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bertram Burp of Evanston, models a daring Schiapparelli creation showing the recently introduced "by-swing back"; an ensemble which goes far to accentuate her obviously piquant charm.

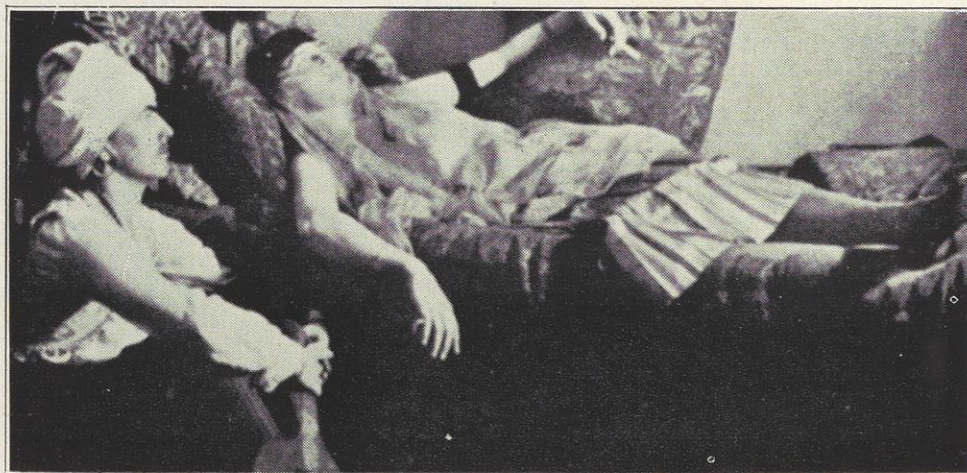


● MR. P. ARMATAGE SMYTHE, Law 2, will escort Miss Burp to Prom. She was his choice when Miss Greta Garbo, Swedish actress, was forced to turn down his invitation as she thought she would go home. "Diane's adv. in the Cardinal solved my problem," stated Mr. Smythe in ten point type.



● FIVE COMELY MAIDS give a foretaste of the Prom floor show in the quiet waters of Lake Mendota, as thousands cheer. Rumor has it that some of our most prominent sororities are represented in the nimble group, including Delta Gamma, Delta Zeta, Delta Delta Delta, and Yale, mother of men.

● "THEY ALSO SERVE who only stand and sit." An informal pose of the Prom chaperones snapped at "The Elbow," that exclusive new dine-and-dance joint. Half the color and glamour of Prom are provided by this frequently misunderstood group of onlookers. Hence the value and charm of this photo which goes far, too far, to show that chaperones are only human after all, after all.





## PLATTER PATTERN • BOB DAVIS

### THE CURRENT HARLEM CROP

Ellington, Calloway, Hines, Mills, and Armstrong are all famous among the negro bands of the country, and they have each contributed one or more recordings during the past month. They're all mighty fine, but our choices are two "old-but-good" tunes played by Duke Ellington. These are *Rockin' Chair* (Brunswick), and *Mood Indigo* (Victor); the latter is coupled with *The Mooche*, which is another of the better Ellington compositions.

### "GENIAL JAN," BING, AND THE CASA LOMAS

Mr. Garber continues to play that soothing music of his and offers three sweet melodies this month in the discs which he has made of *Nothing Less Than Beautiful*, *The Boulevard of Broken Dreams* and *In Other Words We're Through*. Bing Crosby, who still rates as the favorite crooner of most of us, continues his policy of recording about everything that's published. His current offerings include all the tunes from the musical picture "Going Hollywood," in which he was starred. In case you don't remember, these include *Beautiful Girl*, *Our Big Love Scene*, *Temptation*, *We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines*, and *After Sundown*. They are all done very well except the latter, which is a rhumba, and we just can't console ourselves to a Crosby rhumba. Bing has also recorded *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*, which fits his voice about as

well as any song he has ever offered. Glenn Gray and the Casa Loma crew present three great numbers, all with Kenny Sargent vocals. The best of these is *Tired of It All*, but *Shadows of Love* and *We're the Best of Friends* are close on its heels in a tie for second. If you have read this column before, you know our opinion of The Casa Loma Orchestra; but in case you haven't, we'll repeat that we think it is one of the five best dance music aggregations in the country. Hope you agree with us.

### TWO EASTERN BANDS AND ONE WESTERN

Leo Reisman and his Orchestra exhibit their symphonic wares in their offerings of *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes* and *Suddenly*. The first tune is one of the current favorites. As far as we're concerned, Leo can't turn out recordings fast enough to suit us, and we would be willing to recommend almost everything he has ever played. Guy Lombardo is giving you your money's worth this month, for he has coupled *Inka Dinka Doo* and *Night on the Water* on one record, and *I Raised My Hat* and *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?* on another. They're a good investment, folks. *Sittin' Up Waitin' for You* and *Sittin' on a Log* are both played on one record by Anson Weeks and his Orchestra. Seems to us that's an awful lot of sittin' at one time, but we liked it, anyway. *Memphis by Mornin'* is another interesting tune played by Anson's pleasing band.

### HAL KEMP, RAY NOBLE AND OTHERS

The distinctive Kemp style is once again heard in *Don't*  
(Continued on next page)



GLENN GRAY



We'll Dress You  
Up For a Good  
Time at

## The Prom

... from your stunning  
frock and wrap to your  
sparkling slippers and  
jewelry! We've been  
dressing PROM-goers for  
years!

Harry S. Manchester  
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# BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

STATE AT LAKE STREETS

*Fair Prices and Friendly Service*

## . . . ADD PATTEN

*You Remember Me?* and *The Boulevard of Broken Dreams*. As always, Hal and his musicians do a great deal of justice to the tunes. Deane Janis sings the vocals. Even if you don't hear another record this month, be sure to listen to Ray Noble and his Orchestra play *Love Locked Out* (one of Ray's own compositions). If you aren't goofy about his band you just aren't human. Hoagy Carmichael's new hit, *One Morning in May*, receives some mighty excellent treatment from Wayne King and we'd like to recommend it highly. Mr. Carmichael (who has composed such hits as *Star Dust*, *Rockin' Chair*, *Lazybones*, and *New Orleans*) has recorded *Star Dust* and *Cosmics* (another one of his own). They provide very enjoyable piano solos, especially the former. Red Nichols, who you probably have not heard for some time, is back with a rendition of *Dinah* that is really something. It is played at just the right tempo. *The Old Spinning Wheel* and *Someday* as played by Victor Young's Orchestra are both pleasant to the ear. Ruth Etting sings *Everything I Have Is Yours* in a way that would make most guys willing to mortgage their homes for her. The Dorsey Brothers (who are the Boswell Sisters accompanists) have recorded *The Blue Room*, and it should prove to be quite popular with the college crowd. Other offerings of the month which should receive wide acceptance are Freddy Martin's *You Alone*, Rudy Vallee's *Orchids in the Moonlight*, and *Roof Top Serenade* by Henry King and his Hotel Pierre Orchestra.

## FISKANA

Dwight Fiske, the famous teller of sophisticated stories, has just brought forth his second series of two tales; the titles of these are *Ida, the Wayward Sturgeon* and *Clarissa, the Flea*. However, we assure you that they're not the type of animal stories that mothers tell to little kiddies at bedtime. These stories of Mr. Fiske's are unusual to say the least, and you'll like them if you have a taste for that sort of thing.

## FOR DANCING

NOTHING LESS THAN BEAUTIFUL	} - - -	JAN GARBER
IN OTHER WORDS WE'RE THROUGH		
TIRED OF IT ALL	} - - - - -	CASA LOMA
SHADOWS OF LOVE		
BLUE PRELUDE	} - - - - -	ISHAM JONES
SO SHY		
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES	} - - - - -	LEO REISMAN
I JUST COULDN'T TAKE IT, BABY		
INKA DINKA DOO	} - - - - -	GUY LOMBARDO
I RAISED MY HAT		
THE BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS	} - -	HAL KEMP
LOVE LOCKED OUT		
	- - - - -	RAY NOBLE

## ENTERTAINMENT

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS	} - - - -	RUTH ETTING
BEAUTIFUL GIRL		
DID YOU EVER SEE A DREAM WALKING?	} -	BING CROSBY
STAR DUST		
IDA, THE WAYWARD STURGEON	} - - -	HOAGY CARMICHAEL
CLARISSA, THE FLEA		
	- - -	DWIGHT FISK



## ... ADD DEKES

"Yeah."

"Well, where are they?"

"That's just the trouble. They all found Queens and went out to the Chanticleer to dance."

"OOOooooooo . . . what will I do now?"

"Tell Pidgeon to play some dance music on his harmonica, and you come with me."

*(Still another hour later; before the Kappa house)*

"Say, Kingie, look. There's a girl wandering around loose, and she's wearing a formal."

"What of it?"

"Well, ask her to be the Queen, what are you waiting for?"

"Wait, I've got to get her up to the first step of the Kappa house first."

"O. K."

"Miss, will you be my Queen? Hey, Svenny, help me lead her up to the third step, quick."

"Oh, I suppose so, if you insist," answered the damsel.

"She said 'yes,' Svenny; now let's be off to the Prom."

*(Yet one more hour later)*

"Well, here we are, Kingie."

"Look, Svenny, all the lights are out. Where's everybody?"

"Let's ask the night watchman over there. Hey, buddy, where's everyone?"

"Oh, they all went home when the cops came."

"Cops? What happened?"

"Well, it all started when the elections board came and said Barker was disqualified because he had too much publicity in the Cardinal. Then someone got hit with a bottle, and before we knew it, the police and the doctors took everybody away."

The sound of three bodies rolling down the steps of the Memorial Union broke the silence of Langdon Street.

## NOT GUILTY

I sat by the duchess at tea;

It was just as I feared it would be;

The rumblings abdominal

Were simply phenomenal,

And, of course, they all thought it was me!

—YALE RECORD.

## CURSES

Blue eyes gaze at mine—vexation.

Soft hands clasped in mine—palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine—expectation.

Red lips close to mine—temptation.

Lithe body next to mine—aspiration.

Footsteps—damnation.

—Log.

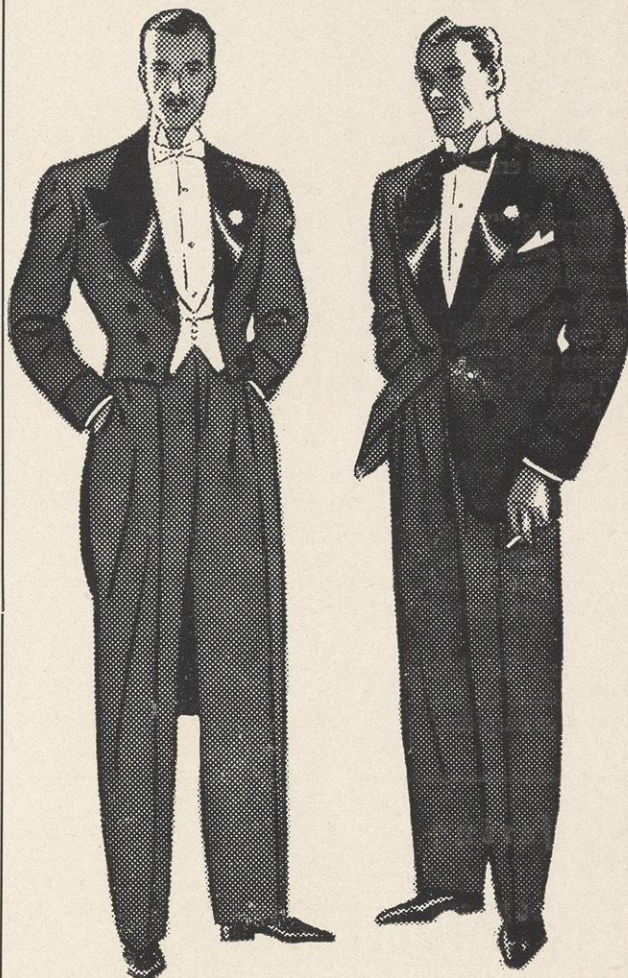
A policeman, making his rounds in the early morning, found an inebriated individual standing in a horse trough and waving his handkerchief over his head.

"Hey, what are you doing there?" asked the cop.

"Save the women and children first—I can swim."

—PUNCH BOWL.

## For Prom



## Tails or Dinner Clothes

both correct . . . either smart  
. . . and shown here with that  
exacting attention to detail that  
insures sartorial excellence.

DINNER CLOTHES - \$30

TAILS - - - \$35

# KARSTENS

ON CAPITOL SQUARE - - - 22 NORTH CARROLL



## THE COMIC CROWD

After she had been "keeping company" with a young man for some time, her mother asked if her suitor's intentions were serious.

"Oh, yes, mother, but I can't make up my mind to accept him."

"Why not?"

"Because he doesn't believe in hell."

"Now, daughter, don't be silly. You go right ahead and marry him, and between the two of us, we'll soon convince him of his error."

—SHOW ME.

Harvard: "You know, one thing that always had the power to move me was Brahms' first symphony. There is something in those chords that conclude the first movement, that gets hold of something inside of you, —that—grasps you in its mood—. Well, it gives you the feeling of wilderness; it loosens up something—well, —something inside of you."

Tech: "Yeah, Brahms is swell, but didja ever try Ex-lax?"

—Voo Doo.

The man with the suitcase chased the train to the end of the platform but failed to catch it. As he slowly walked back, mopping his brow, an interested onlooker volunteered:

"Miss the train?"

"Oh, not much," was the disarming reply, "You see, I never got to know it very well."

—AMERICAN BOY.

Rastus: "Brothaw president, we needs a cuspidor."

President of the Eight Ball Club: "I appoints Brother Brown as cuspidor."

—BURR.

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**Spoos & Stephan**

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18 NORTH CARROLL STREET

## . . . ADD PROMINENT PEOPLE

of the bottle of corn lotion and discovered to our surprise that we were drinking it again.

"List, Billie," we whispered, casting a look at the King, who was by this time running an eye over "The Rover Boys in Alaska, or, Facing Death With Frozen Chins" in three volumes, "Let us do things together on, say, the eve of February 2. I understand there's a big dance on that night and we could go trip the light fantaistic or anybody else that gets in our way."

Without a word, she whipped out a six-foot calendar marked "ENGAGEMENTS" and began whipping through the pages. While she was thus occupied we looked about our environs and noticed that the Louis XVI motif had been followed throughout the house not a creature was stirring not even a mouse.

At this point, the Queen looked up from the calendar with clouded visage.

"Dear me, it seems I have an engagement for that evening. I'm going to a dance with Harry."

"Well, then, how about a year from now come Michaelmas, or Shrove Tuesday, or even Ash Wednesday, or sometime, or something?"

"No," she said, simply.

Naturally, we smote her o'er the pate with the B-flat zither which we had brought along for this very purpose.

She seemed quite put out about this, and a crimson wave stole up her pearly throat. A sort of a royal flush, we might say. But don't worry, we wont.

At this point, our dog team, tethered outside the while, set up a most fearful yowling, and we quick ran to see what was the matter.

It proved not to be the dogs after all; just a goodly group of pledges practicing some snappy songs and ditties of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

We returned to the side of the King, resolved to put words to the real object of our visit.

"Say, Harry, old pal, old pal," we said with infinite guile, "How about a comp?"

We have sat not down for full three weeks and experience some difficulty in breathing through our busted nose, but we still have our corn lotion and are happy in the thought that we have had sweet revenge. We stole his book!

It was "Medieval Kitchen Supervision, or Royalty in Its Cups."

THE END

At a band concert in the Philippines the band was playing the "Merry Widow Waltz."

A Chinese turned to a compatriot and asked, "How calum this piece music?"

The second replied, "Callum 'He Dead, She Glad.'"

—POINTER.

A soldier went to his colonel and asked for leave to go home to help his wife with the spring cleaning.

"I don't like to refuse you," said the colonel, "but I've just received a letter from your wife saying that you are no use around the house."

The soldier saluted and turned to go. At the door he stopped and remarked:

"Colonel, there are two people in this regiment who handle the truth loosely and I am one of them. I'm not married.

—AWGWAN.



## RADIO RAVES

SID TRIPP

Those of you who like your dance music in all moods of tempo and harmony will have more than an ordinary share of fine dance rhythms under the batons of CHARLIE AGNEW and CORRY LYNN at Prom. Agnew's outfit is doing nobly well at the Stevens Hotel at present. His saxophone and brass sections are different in that they possess legitimate tone, and they offer many variations of trick rhythmic effects as well.

"Dusty" Rhodes and Stan Jacobson offer the male phases of vocalization while cute little Emerie Ann Lincoln upholds the female crooning honors. Corry Lynn, the second band, is the alternate of Jan Garber at the latter's present spot. Both aggregations etherize via WGN.

## OCTY IN RADIO CITY

Octy unleashed his tentacles and made the rounds of New York's radio center during his recent vacation there. Fred Waring's broadcast from Mecca Temple was the brightest spot during the two weeks there. Babs Ryan, Poley McClintock, Johnny "Scat" Davis, the Lane Sisters, and Stuart Churchill "smoothed" their way through a fine program including the two favorites, "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any-more" and "Where's Elmer?" The Warings leave the "smooth" program to take over a twice-weekly half-hour bit for Henry Ford, starting February 4, at 7:30. Ted Fiorito will offer his mellow music on Waring's old program.

Those nine floors of new NBC studios in Radio City certainly are beautiful. Regular tours are taken through the place by guides. Several studios have been set aside for use when television makes an active debut. Bert Lahr's last program, Phil Harris' musical crew assisted by Leah Ray, and Paul Whiteman were three of the better spots from the new studios. One of the page boys remarked to a crowd of pop-eyed tourists that the NBC had the largest telephone bill of any company in the United States. Incidentally, every broadcast that does not emanate directly from the studios is sent to the main studio my telephone first before it can be actually broadcast. Thanks to Leonard Braddock of the NBC press relations department for the great courtesy shown to Octy's eight tentacles.

## RAMBLES

Al Jolson returns to the ether again with Paul Whiteman on Feb. 8 . . . the Baron Munchausen rejuvenates some of the college tunes so as to have a repeal flavor, and revamps them in this manner: "Tankards Aweigh," "Fordham Had a Little Rum," and "Washington and Lee Swig." Peter Van Steeden, former N. Y. U. engineering student, provides the musical accompaniment for the Baron's new program . . . Enoch Light, who orchestrates over a CBS wire, once studied surgery at John Hopkins . . . Ozzie Nelson was an All-American quarterback from Rutgers during his student days . . . Jimmy Durante will fill in for Eddie Cantor, when the black-faced lad goes to the coast again in the spring . . . Dick Powell, former Arkansas "rah rah boy" and star of "Footlight Parade," will sing on Ted Fiorito's new program, starting February 7th . . . Jack Denny and Jack Whiting inaugurate a new program via CBS on February 9th . . . Denny has moved into the Pierre in New York, and Bill Scotti, formerly at the Lexington, has taken over Denny's old position at the Statler Hotel in Boston . . . Johnny Green, Hawvard's favorite boast in the music profession, is tired of arranging scores for others and will debut with his own band shortly.

•  
• to make

Prom even  
more delightful

•  
•  
• take her

to the

Chocolate  
Shop

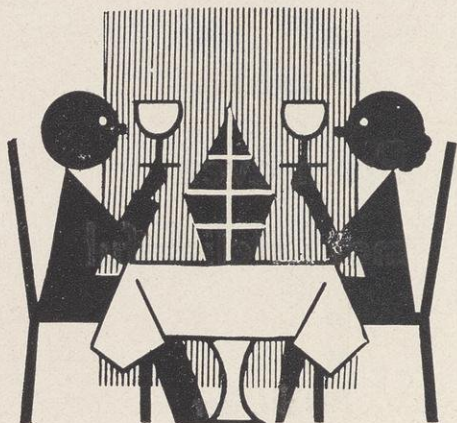
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## THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

### THE IRONY OF LIFE

IRV BELL

Cynthia hurried back from her last afternoon class. Her mouth watered as she thought of the delicious concoction that Jerry had just told her about. She clutched her purse tightly, for in it was the precious recipe for making the new Jack rose.

She tried to remember what the ingredients were. "Let's see," she murmured as she hopped back to the curb after missing a truck on the street corner. "He said two parts gin to two parts, of—now, what was it, Angustora bitters or Vermouth?"

So absorbed was she in her thoughts, that she left the sidewalk and was wandering in the street again, until some kind soul recognized her as one soul in another world and gently guided her back to the pavement.

Finally she reached home, just how she did not know, but there was the familiar doorstep. She dashed up the stairs—eager to begin mixing the new cocktail which all the campus was talking about. Cynthia liked to do everything everybody else was doing, and what's more, she had a keen taste for smooth liquor.

Once in her room, she reached for her newly acquired Gordon dry, pulled out the shaker, and lemons, and found the ice-box empty. Dashing next door, she retrieved a small piece. Pulling out the recipe, she poured out a short glass of gin, squeezed a lemon, stirred the mixture thoroughly and was just about to add the ice when a far off church clock struck the hour of four. With a quick glance at the Big Ben on her dresser, she arose with an angry gesture, threw the shaker out of the window and exclaimed, "Darn it. One minute after four, and I'll have to drink the gin straight; no cocktails after four."

The above is just a little idea of what the prevailing conditions of the country are going to be like after Congress gets through telling us what we can drink, when we can drink it, and how!

### A MAIDEN'S PRAYER

Please, God, don't let me lose my head again,  
My heart, oh that is but a trifling matter;  
For hearts were made to break and lose and scatter.  
But heads, dear God, oh, spare me please the pain  
Of knowing all my mind a hopeless clatter,  
A scrap of this, of something else a smatter.  
Reorganizing's such a frightful strain.  
As for my heart, it really doesn't matter,  
But please don't let me lose my head again.

### A TEAR IN PASSING

All fond illusions must at sometime go.  
Awakening comes always, though one begs  
Of all one's bursting bubbles not to know.  
I've drained sad disillusion to the dregs;  
Imagine, please, my inconsolable woe  
When I discovered that you had bow legs.

Linger: Want to see Europe at little expense?  
Longer: Yeah.

Linger: Well, when you get up tomorrow, jump out of bed and look in the mirror and you'll see you're up.

—SHOW ME.



## CAREFREE

"Do you want to sell that horse?"

"Sure, I want to sell the horse," the farmer replied.

"Can he run?"

"Can he run? Look," thereupon he slapped the part of the horse sometimes used for that purpose, and off trotted the horse at full speed, running just as prettily as could be.

Suddenly the horse ran full speed into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the young fellow hurriedly blurted.

The farmer thought even quicker.

"Hell, no," he drawled. "He just doesn't give a damn."

—GARGOYLE.

A minister one day while visiting one of his flock who had been a sailor heard the parishioner's parrot make a few remarks in the way only a true sailor's parrot can. The man was very much embarrassed and apologized. The minister didn't seem alarmed, but said he had a parrot that prayed all the time. After a while the good Reverend made the suggestion that he thought his parrot would be a good influence on the sailor's bird. The sailor agreed, so the next day the minister brought his parrot to spend a few days with the other bird.

When the sailor's parrot saw the addition to his cage, he immediately remarked, "How about a little loving, babe?"

Answer: "What the hell do you think I've been praying for all these years?"

—GREEN GRIFFIN.

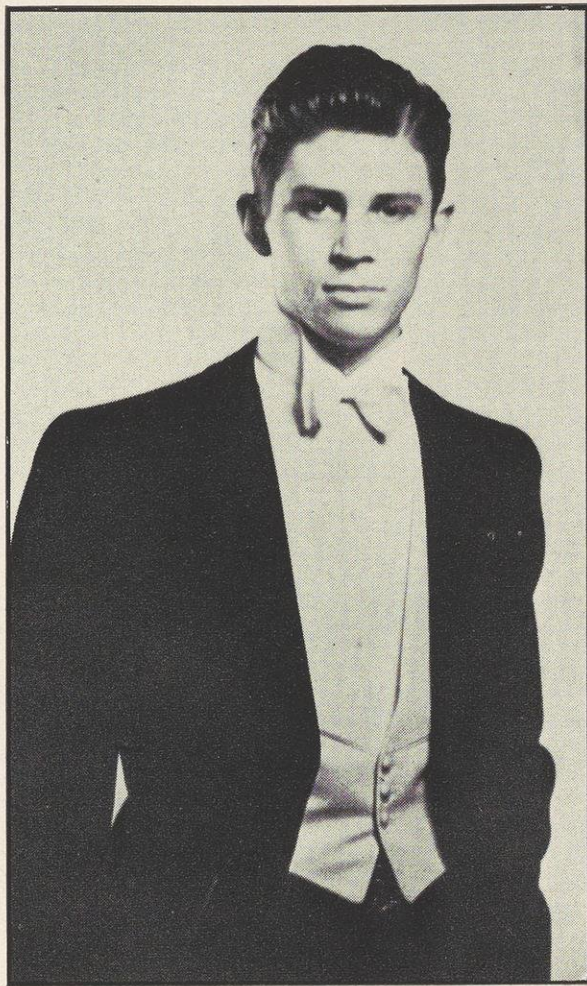
There was only one other passenger besides the honeymooners, Buffalo-bound, on an early morning bus. While they passed through the lighted streets of cities, they maintained their reserve, but became affectionate as the coach sped along the countryside. The groom, anxious to reach the destination, asked his fellow-passenger if he knew how far it was to Buffalo.

"Yeah," said the stranger, "we passed it while you was in that last clinch."

## INEVITABLE ANSWER

Nitwits are all right in their way  
 (Though it's not the finest, I'd say),  
 And morons, as well, are not bad  
 When nothing much better is had;  
 Halfwits, like nitwits, though twice  
 In the difference from nothing, are nice  
 In a mild and defensible fashion;  
 NOR have I a deep hateful passion  
 For imbeciles, idiots, dopes or pules,  
 Cringing sops or flagrant fools;  
 And I am not overwhelmed by speers  
 Of gulls, mugs, herrings, atrocities  
 In human nature, and the like,  
 BUT there is one sharp point where I strike  
 A boundary line for coming ages:  
 I will never do more than curse those fine sages  
 Who think they are the very last word  
 And particularly hot  
 When you end a long sentence they haven't heard  
 And ask, "SO what?"

—M. B.



HARRY PARKER - - - '35 PROM KING

and his 18 committee men

selected

C. W. ANDERES CO.  
 AT THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

to furnish their apparel  
 for the '35 Junior Prom

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They're tailored at

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## THRENOS

It is a crucial hour. Something is dying. But there is no group of mourners about, patient and comforting. There is no prescribing doctor. There is only a struggling burst of music, pulsing like the tides of oceans. There is only asked for complete recovery a single hand, smooth and cool to a feverish brow; and a single voice, beautiful to a throbbing head . . . The music dies away, then returns, to torment and not to torment; to soothe, and to stir strange forebodings . . . Only the hand, and the voice, can reach through the void to hold the dying thing, and to help it. The hour is crucial, and it shall not return.

I walk alone in the streets. I try to read the faces. I tell myself they are eaten with greed, and with lust, and with perversity. I, myself, breathe deep. I jump from something within me. I swing round, and ask myself, Is it not fine to be mad?

I see again the faces. They are kind faces, good faces. Behind these faces are good hearts. Or foul hearts. It depends upon how you feel for the moment.

I swagger along. I should not flaunt my fur-lined gloves so. I thrust them in my pockets. I can be superior. I am going nowhere. I am merely observing, as so often. I jump two squares of pavement at once, and I am happy. The air against my cheek feels good. It is a clean cheek, I pride myself. But for how long? I shall never yield, as these about me. Only for one hand, for one voice, is it worthwhile to have a filthy cheek and a rotten heart.

I frankly do not understand, but that is no reason for not enjoying myself. Revel in your cleanness, for it cannot last long; and after, when you are old, you have only a calloused wit and a diabetic stomach. I jump two-and-one-half squares, and I am happy. It's wonderful to walk out here. It's almost as wonderful — but not quite so — as that voice . . . and that — but why worry about the hand? — all hands . . .

I swagger on. At home, on the tables, there is a dirty milk bottle.

Everything is the product of circumstance; dependence is entirely on the individual. There are few generalities worth noting, few rules worth observing —

It really *is* peculiar that 10,000 years from now there will be no satisfactory substitute for the word "love." How I should like to invent something new! After all, everything about love is new except the word itself. That's why people love more than once.

I jump a bit. I would suddenly like to stand on my head, on the top of a fire-hydrant. I jump three squares, but I am no longer happy.

I decide to return home. I leap up the three outside steps at once, then go down and walk them one by one, counting them. Yes, there are three. I open the door. Instinctively my head turns to the right. Out of the corner of my eye I feel something is going to spring at me. I always feel that way. There is nothing there. There never is.

I walk up the steps.

I take out my key. It is late. The house stifles me. I throw off my hat, my overcoat, my jacket and vest. I tear off my necktie. I throw open a window, and light a lamp. It is feeble, but I —

The hand returns to me, and the voice. So I resolve to ask myself: Why? The answer is short and quick and straight enough.

I have not seen her for two days, and tomorrow I shall see her.

—MAURICE C. BLUM.

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## SHORT SHOTS

History Prof—"How can you explain the great increase in population which occurred after the Industrial Revolution?"

History Shark—"Everybody went to town."

—RED CAT.

Advertisement—"Eskimo Spitz Pups for ten dollars apiece."

—SATYR.

"So you cut your 8 o'clock today."

"Yeah, my clock had that run-down feeling."

Short Short Story: We are twins and look alike. When we were at school my brother threw an eraser and hit the teacher. She whipped me. She didn't know the difference, but I did. I was to be married but my brother arrived at the church first and married my girl. She didn't realize it, but I did. But I got even for all that. I died last week and they buried him.

—RICE OWL.

Among those who would like to see hazing reinstated are the lumber manufacturers.

Fanny the Phy-Ed is so fat that a picture of her isn't a photograph but a panorama.

He borrowed his room-mate's tux, Joe's studs, Bill's patent leathers, Tom's shirt, Jack's tie, and Bob's Chesterfield.

"Going to Prom?" someone asked.

"I don't think I can swing it," he replied, "unless someone comes across with a 'comp' and the house president lets me take his girl friend."

Frosh—I woke up last night with the feeling that my watch was gone, so I got up and looked for it.

Soph—Well, was it gone?

Frosh—No, but it was going.

—PURPLE PARROT.

An optimist is a guy who thinks his wife has quit cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house.

We extend a cordial invitation for you to come in before or after Prom

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## PROM FIBBERS

## BELVING ALDRED

The doorbell rang at the Phee Phi Phum house. One of the pledges admitted a smooth-shaven, wry-smiling, slouch-hatted individual.

"I'm from the Daily State Times," exclaimed the man. "The society editor sent me up to get the dope on who's going to Prom."

"Oh, yes," acknowledged the pledge, "I'll call the social chairman."

She scampered up a flight of stairs to announce that "the paper wants to know whose Promenading this year."

"We all are," came the answer.

"Then all go down and tell him," suggested the pledge.

So the chapter descended to the hall in a body and surrounded the dazed reporter, a folded piece of paper in his one hand and a pencil stub in the other.

"You are attending Prom?" modestly queried the youth.

"You mean that gala social event between seemsters?" asked the house wit. "Sure, with bells on. Silver plated bells set with pearls."

The reporter put pencil to paper. "I didn't quite catch that," he said.

"Say, this guy is a simp," observed one of the sisters (sotto voce).

"Here's where Phee Phum gets its first publicity in years," prophesied an enterprising senior. "Oh, reporter! You want descriptions of our gowns and the names of our escorts?"

"Exactly," answered the fourth estate's representative. "If you'll be so kind."

"Girls," remarked the senior, "Shall I wear the ice-blue satin trimmed with ermine from Patou . . . or Chanel's Nile-green velvet with the silver fox and the train?"

"The Chanel model . . . by all means," said another.

Someone ran upstairs and collected a copy of "Vogue," two issues of "Ladies' Home Journal," and the Christmas number of "College Humor."

"And who is your partner?" inquired the reporter.

"A boy from Dartmouth," the subject divulged. "J. Markham Kensington III . . ."

"I'm wearing a Lelong model of black satin with a moulded silhouette . . .," stated the next-in-line.

"With rhinestones," someone helpfully added.

"Oh, yes," the girl agreed, "it's just dripping with rhinestones . . ."

"And I have Schiaparelli's new version of the sheath in gold lame' . . ." recited another of the sisterhood, looking at a fashion page with a half of one eye. The boy-friend is Reginald Gregg of Tampa and Toledo, coming west for the occasion . . ."

Pocketing a volume of notes, the reporter thanked the girls for their cooperation. At the office, he told "society" that he would take care of the story as he could more easily transcribe the scribbles. On the wall behind the typewriter hung a motto which read, "The Unadulterated Truth." He glanced at it contemptuously and then swept his fingers over the keyboard.

"Two members of Phee Phi Phum sorority are attending Prom," read the lead. "Miss Marjorie Pindar will be escorted by John Doe, local rounder, who has been the fortunate recipient of a comp, due to his persistent pestering of the Prom chairmen. Miss Pindar will wear something she picked up at a recent fire sale."

"Miss Dolly Denby will lean on the arm of Gussie Busse, automobile mechanic, who will put on a rented tux with the help of his immediately family and show Dolly the time of her life before settling down to marriage. Miss Denby will be garbed in a gown she

fashioned from old flour sacks and a bit of lace."

The reporter ambled over to the society desk and tossed the copy in a wire basket.

"Heres' the story," he remarked, "dressed in a very stunning style and trimmed with little white lies."

## CONTEMPORARY COLLECTION

Doctor: "Congratulations, Professor, it's a boy."

Absent-minded Prof.: "What is?"

Here I sit to take a test,  
I pray the Lord I'll do my best;  
If I should flunk before I rise,  
I pray the Lord this D— prof dies.

"Do you know Sally Rand intimately?"

"Sure, I'm one of her fans."

Success Expert: "What's your name?"

Greek Client: "Gus Poppapopopopulos."

Success Expert: "Get a job selling motorcycles."

Attendant: "How's your oil?"

Cotton Belle: "Ah's fine. How's yo' all?"

Squaw: "How come you left that rich Indian chief?"

Co-ed: "Well, ours was a Platonic love, but one day he lost his reservation."

"Why so blue?"

"Oh, I just drank a can of gold paint."

"I suppose that makes you feel guilty inside."

Of course, you've heard of the nervous carpenter who bit his nails.

Have you heard the old refrain?  
No.

"Is that chair covered with brocade?"  
"It's satin, you dope."

"Of course it is, but what is it covered with?"

Teacher: "Who can define collision?"

Young 'un: "I can!"

Teacher: "Well, what is it?"

Young 'un: "Two things that come together suddenly."

Teacher: "Very good. Now, you can give the class an example?"

Young 'un: "Twins!"

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A woman with blonde, wavy hair and blue eyes, wearing a light blue dress, holding a lit cigarette in her right hand.

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*...to me they're Milder  
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