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WISCONSIN

Octopus

ORIENTATION
NUMBER

September
1928





John Ward H.

For that delicate touch in Writing Home

Cord
50c
Extra



Try Parker Pressureless Touch—Geo. S. Parker's 47th improvement in a fountain pen.

It lends a delicate touch to everything you write.

It means that the Duofold's own feather-light weight alone is sufficient to maintain an even, steady flow of both ink and language. No pressing from your fingers or your brain. No effort, no fatigue.

Some of the makers of the Duofold are not long out of college themselves, so they know what you like in a pen.

They know that you want yours to last, so they make one that they can *guarantee forever against all defects.

They know, too, that you like color and that you have your favorite—so they offer a choice of five flashing hues in the Duofold.

Don't play a substitute, of course, when you can put the regular in. Look for the imprint "Geo. S. Parker—Duofold" on the barrel.

Duofold Pencils and Duofold Pens, matched in color, make nifty sets. See them at a near-by pen counter.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • DALLAS
SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection we offer to make good any defect provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for postage and insurance.

Duofold Pencils
\$3, \$3.50, \$4

A
NEW BLUE
in
Modern Style

A handsomer, smarter-looking Parker Pen and Pencil than have ever been offered before at these prices. Fit the hand nicely. Large ink capacity, non-breakable Permalite barrels. Pens, \$3.50. Pencils to match, \$3.



Parker Duofold Jr.

\$5

Junior or Lady size, \$5; Senior, \$7

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10

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AND SAVE MONEY

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Then consider this merchandise on your CO-OP NUMBER, which means an additional saving—as the rebates have been 15% for the last number of years.

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State and Lake Streets

Know us as the home of

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES
MANHATTAN SHIRTS, RESILIO CRA-
VATS, JOHNSON & MURPHY
SHOES, STETSON HATS

Smart Style and Good Quality



Copyright 1928 Hart Schaffner & Marx

*It's the wide variety
you find here*

The new shades of Chippondale brown, Grenadier blue, Stone gray in the Fall Fabrics and correct university styles. Hundreds of them here.

The quality is so good it looks better and gives more wear for your money.

Olson & Veerhusen Co.

7 and 9 N. Pinckney St.

Diamonds

College Jewelry

Rings, Watches

R. W. NELSON

JEWELER

Watch Repairing

320 State Street

Fairchild 4242



O-Pin-ions

I am an inventor! And a genius, if I say it myself, a natural genius. Imagine, if you please, a crowded room; hot, laden air; a speaker, potent, impelling, inciting—Suddenly the speaker reaches a high point—his voice reverberates—there is not a sound . . .

Then, from near at hand, a pin drops, and the dreadful noise diverts the attention of the whole crowd. The importance of the speech is lost! The speaker himself is dumfounded; and humanity is no further advanced than before. . . . My invention would have prevented that. Gentlemen, this is your first introduction to my invention, the noiseless pin! No one but a genius could have invented it—Am I right?
—H. S.



Another Juicy Story

An absent-minded old gentleman named Hickens,
Who chewed tobacco like the very old dickens,
Used to spit on the cat
And give the spittoon a pat
That extraordinary old gentleman named Hickens.

MEAT

Goeden & Company



A Bond Salesman Goes To His Just Reward

"Ah, there, Satin I believe was the name, was it not? Oh, Satan! Heh, heh! Well, the best of us make mistakes, and I guess I'm no exception, heh, heh! Pretty warm weather we've been havin', yeh? Yep, as I was saying to my wife just last night, now, if we could only stop talking about the heat and forget it, we'd be all right, but the trouble is—what?—my name? O. A. Oscar, yes sir, old English stock. None of this wop blood in me! Well, sir, now Mr. Satin—pardon me—I meant Satan, heh, heh! Well, sir, now I just bet that when you saw me come walkin' in you says to yourself, 'Here's another of those damn bond salesman!' now 'fess up, didn't you? Well, Mr. Satan, you're perfectly K. O. there, cause if there's anything I hate myself, it's one of these slick bond salesmen who come in and try to jaw you into mortgaging your home jus' so's they can make a measly little commission and trim another sucker. No sir, there's nothing more annoying! But jus' between you'n me, I'm right in on the ground floor with a syndicate that's putting up the biggest roaster ever built. S-a-a-a-y, that roaster is going to knock all these here other two-by-four roasters so cold that they'll be standin' in line waitin' to get in! And reliable! Like the Statue of Liberty! Now, I'm letting a few of the influential men around here in on this, and I've selected you to head the list, now if — what's that? Me? Here, leggo! Why the dirty bum! I've had lots bigger men than him slam doors in my face, the hick!" —I. D. T.

FRED W. KRUSE CO.

205-207 State St.



Kruse's Again Lead in Smart Collegiate Fashions

University women have always preferred Kruse's . . . and we have been rightfully termed the "college shop." Here you will find a thrilling array of accepted college fashions, that will be a tribute to the tastes of Wisconsin undergraduates. Student charge accounts solicited.

Youth Seeks Adventure

Age Has Wisdom

Undoubtedly
That Is Why
Both Dine At
The Irving

The
Irving Coffee House
The Irving Cafeteria

Sterling at Irving

Malone Grocery

Agency

RICHELIEU PURE FOOD
PRODUCTS

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Groceries, Fruits, and
Vegetables

434 State. B. 1163-1164

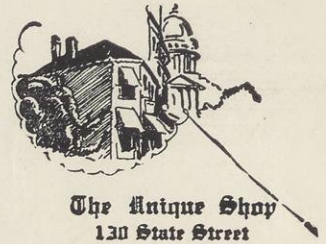
Cats are like women. They're haughty and proud and pretend they don't like petting. Yet the minute you don't pet them they coax you until you do, then bite your hand for doing it and the next minute lick it. They're fastidious about what they eat, how they look, and getting caught in the rain. They purr when they're pleased; they spit when they're displeased. Tabby cats don't get along with tom-cats and they spit at other tabby cats.

Yes, cats are like women. Cats have whiskers. Some women have too.

—C. A. B.

Dumb: What's good for a cold?
Bell: Oh, nitric acid works pretty well.

Dumb: I know, I tried that yesterday, but it makes my teeth so yellow, I'd rather have the cold.



While our building
is being rebuilt we
are located at

110½ North Fairchild

where

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Smart Jewelry
Unusual Lamps
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RENT - A - CAR

Better Cars and Better Service.

Fords and 1928
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Delivered and Called For

Fairchild 6676
218 N. Bassett Street

—O—

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT

Madison's Newest
Restaurant

107 State Street

—O—

THE CARDINAL BEAUTY - SHOPPE

Welcomes
You
For Style and Beauty

Open—Wed., Fri. and Sat.
Evenings

625 STATE STREET
Fairchild 3966

"Come up and mouse-around"



We sell cheerful lamps
and pictures, costume
jewelry, rugs, smoking
accessories and Oriental
imports.
An unusually large as-
sortment of Persian
Prints and Kargaz
homespun.

THE MOUSE-AROUND SHOP

Upstairs at 416 State
Fairchild 324

GET YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN

... at ...

Rider's Pen Shop

There's a Reason!

Fountain Pens, Ever-
sharps, Expert Pen
Repairing, Typewrit-
ers, Typewriters Rent-
ed and Repaired, Type-
writer Ribbons, Ink,
and Name Engraving.
Sudden Service!

RIDER'S PEN SHOP

The Pen Hospital
650 State Street

"Ah ha! So you've had a shoe shine!"
"Clever aren't you? How'd you guess"
"Oh, just by putting 2 and 1 together



A Large Freshman Representation
from Milwaukee



Paris Creates Them—

New York Sponsors Them—

Baron's Present Them—

The New Modes For Fall

You will enjoy seeing them and we
will enjoy showing them to you.

Baron Brothers
INC.

Professors, Instructors and Students —

We are glad to see you back!

For over five years we have been serving the public. Each year we make new friends, which means increased business.

We cater to university and student business. Many of our workers are students; some of whom have been with us four years, —perhaps a fellow classmate of yours works here.

We do typing, multigraphing, mimeographing and duplicating work, and furnish stenographic service.

Come in and see us. Let us get acquainted. Even if you have no work for us let's be friends!

Guaranteed work at reasonable prices.

Office hours 7:30 A. M. to 10:30 A. M.

College Typing Company

Badger 3747

519 N. Lake St.

A New Golfers' Organization

- I. It is called the "Take A Swipe At A Snipe" Club.
- II. Any golfer addicted to taking warm-up practice swings on the first tee is eligible to membership.
- III. The object is to use cigar snipes as imaginary balls for practice strokes.
- IV. All snipes over two inches in length are barred.
- V. Snipes may not be teed up.
- VI. Distance record now held by Angus McWhiffus of Tuskaloosa, Okla., who sent a newly-dropped snipe fluttering and flapping for a distance of 31 feet 3 inches.
- VII. For the safety of spectators, "still smouldering" snipes are barred.



"You look like the last petal on the last rose of summer; what's the matter?"

"The stuff we had to drink last night tasted like furniture polish."

"Well?"

"It was."



"Say, I bought a collapsible duck boat, and it won't collapse now I've got it together. What shall I do?"

"Take it on the water."

Fair Prices—Friendly Service at the Largest and Oldest
Independent Student Store

USED AND NEW
Text Books
Student Supplies

BROWN BOOK SHOP

621-623 State Street—Opposite Lawrences

10% Rebate Check with Each Purchase

At St. Andrews They Say

If all the places where
Balls "ought to be",
Were collected and
Destroyed together,
There'd be a lot less cussing
And thrashing around in
The bonny, but matted Scotch heather.



What's On at the Movies? (Just any night)

Clara Bow undressing.

Colleen Moore as a waitress, ash sifter, errand girl, etc., falling into the arms of a wealthy hero and the lap of luxury all at one flop.

Greta Garbo as the wicked lady who ruins one hand and makes short work of another and expiates her sins either in death—or the arms of the best looking man.

William Haines as the wise-cracker who falls in love with the girl who sasses him back.

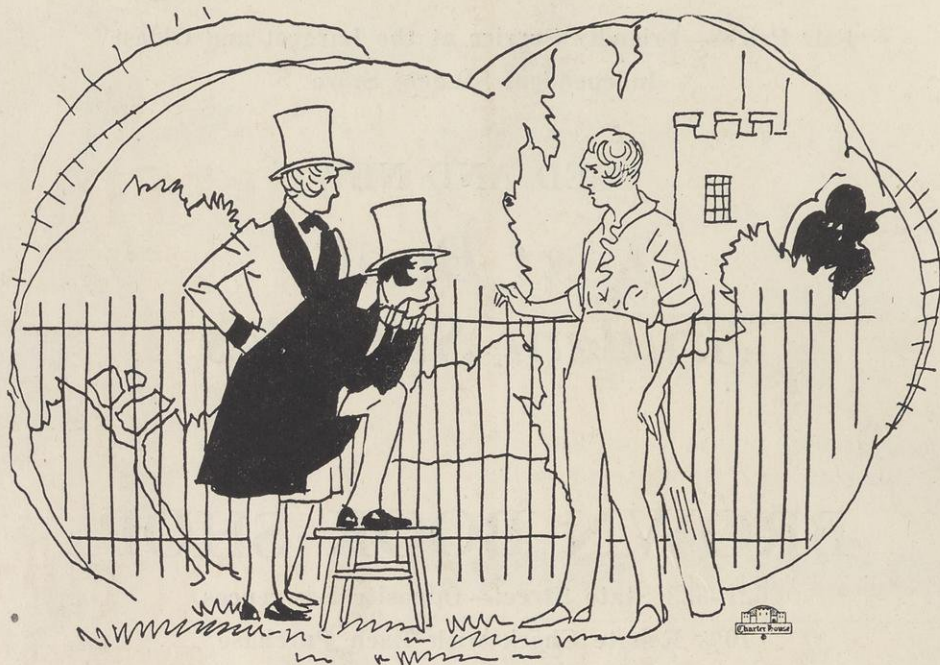
Marion Davies making faces—Lon Chaney making others.

From the first day

---a favorite rendezvous

Hundreds of people, on their first day in Madison have a favorite rendezvous — The Chocolate Shop. Lunches, refreshments, candies, novelties. An atmosphere that many try to imitate — but never duplicate. After your first visit The Chocolate Shop will be your rendezvous too.

the chocolate shop



It is indeed pleasant to be in position to supply Charter House Clothes to the student body and to give assurance that the styles embrace the exact characteristics in cut and woolen which flavour the current season's styles for English school men.

Charter House

CLOTHES

Ready-made
And Cut to Order

\$40, \$45, \$50



109 STATE STREET

114 W. MIFFLIN

Never judge a person by what he will dance with at an open house.



"Why is a date with a dentist like a date with a Delta Zeta?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I never dated a DZ."

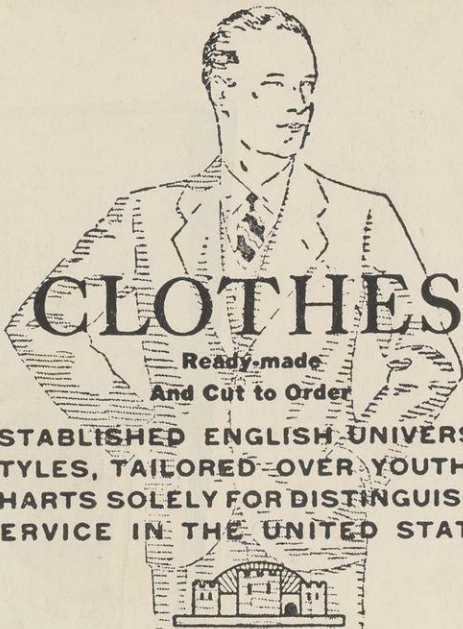
"Well, you see it's so nice when the date is over."



"And We Have Just Dandy Times at Our Sunday Evening Get-Togethers!"

"Dear young men and women of the class of '32, we welcome you to our midst. We want you to feel at home over at our Bapresdist club house, and even though you may not happen to be a Bapresdist we want you to feel perfectly free and welcome to come in and talk with us and tell us your problems just as though you were one of our faith. And we aren't just a lot of dried up old stick-in-the-muds as some people think, but we're just as peppy and jolly a bunch as you'll find anywheres in this great big institution. We think that good times are just as essential to our boys and girls of university age as are the more serious religious discussional groups which meet every Monday and Thursday night in front of a crackling log fire. At the Bapresdist House we have a jolly mixture of clean upright young men and pretty young ladies. On Saturday afternoon, led by our peppy pastor, Reverend Smuggsey, we have brisk little hikes into the country starting from the club house at three o'clock, and everybody bringing his own lunch. Then when we reach our destination we build a roaring big bonfire, and we all sit around it and eat and tell stories. At ten o'clock we start homeward, singing and laughing, and reach our little beds tired but happy. Won't you come and join our happy little group?"

—I. D. T.



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



*LEADING New York tailors
advocate the wearing of sus-
penders for the proper hang
of the trousers.*

Pioneer Suspender Company,
Philadelphia, Pa., Makers of
Pioneer Suspenders, Pioneer
Belts, Brighton Garters.

At Oxford and Cambridge, the Oxford "bags" have given way to the English type of trousers, and suspenders have again become an essential part of the dress equipment of England's undergraduates.

And in America, too, Pioneer Suspenders, because of their style and color harmony, are worn by university men who know that "it's the hang of the trousers that matters."

*It's the hang of the trousers
that matters*



Di—You do have lovely clothes, Anne.

Anne—Y o u mean —
Simpson's has them.

Simpson's

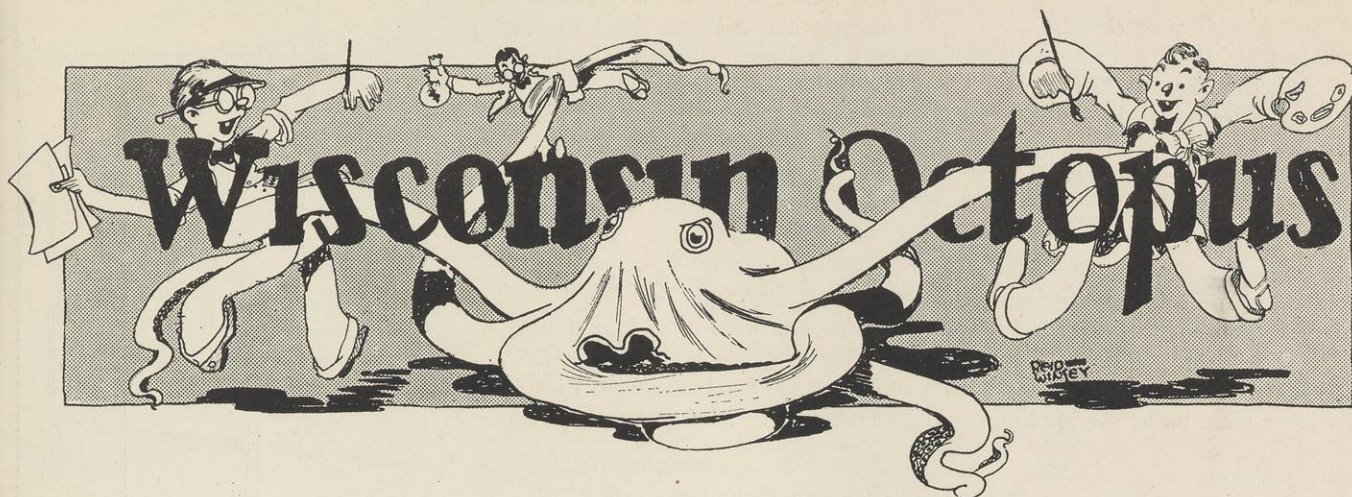


Untouched By Human Hands



MODERN PORTRAITS

After conceiving an ideal back-ground for his new dog kennel, the futuristic artist has difficulty in "orienting" the dog to his surroundings.



"That fellow plays a bass viol."

"Yes, he is pretty bad, isn't he?"

First Chorine: It would take a diplomat to kiss me!

Second ditto: And it would take an acrobat to get away once he did, dearie.

Lady (to tramp): No, I won't give you anything. The last time I did you sent all your friends here.

Tramp: No lady, them wasn't my friends, them was my enemies.



"Why are the leaves so red in the fall?"

"Probably blushing to think how green they were in the spring."

"Who's that girl Jones is stuck on?"

"Stuck with, you mean."

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Yes, but only as a time saver."

"What's blood heat?"

"Why, red hot, of course."

Patron: For the first time this year, the milk tastes like milk.

Milkman: Can't help it, sir, our pump broke.

SLAP!

"Sir, where's your chivalry?"

"My which?"

"Your chivalry, you big ham."

"Oh, I traded it in on this new Ford."

"Pardon me all to hell," said the rejected applicant to heaven.

"I will," said Saint Peter as he pulled the lever that put the skids to the other place under the applicant.

The Censors Get Together

"Did you see those awful jokes these students wanted to put in their magazine?"

"Filthy, weren't they? What are college students coming to?"

"It's beyond me—it seems the dirtier the humor the better they like it—now that one about the bathing girl and the minister—"

"That was rank—worse, vile! And the one about the shiek and the near-sighted old maid—"

"Nauseating! I don't see how they think of such things."

"I either. Why, they're not even funny. I cut them all out. Especially the one about the widow and the traveling salesman—"

"That was raw. By the way, did you save those jokes?"

"Yes, I thought I'd better take care of them so nobody else got a hold of them."

"Good idea. We can take them along to the club tonight."

—H. V. S.

A music dealer in New Haven was recently arrested and fined for indecent exposure. Probably because he didn't have any Chloes!

To One Who Is Lost

You, who were mine last summer,
Where are you now—in the fall?
Where are you, you whom I loved
Perhaps . . . the best of all?

Where are you now, my dear
You who belonged to me?
In some one else's arms,
That's where you ought to be.

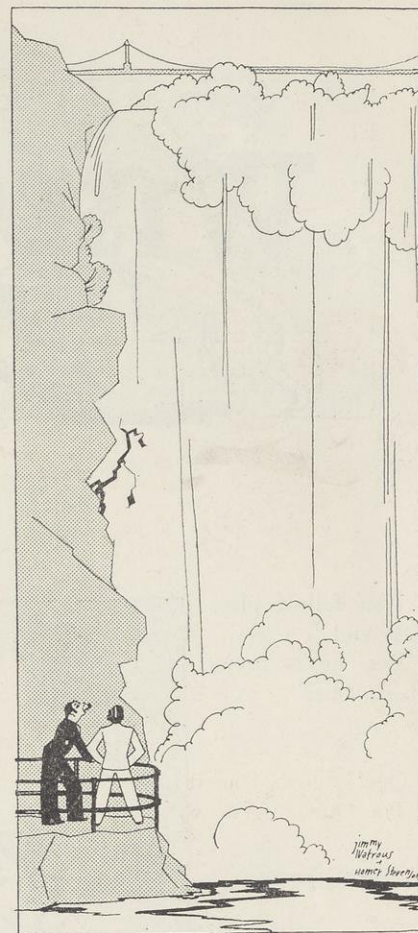


Judge: Do you plead guilty?

Defendant: Yes.

Judge: Please address the court correctly. Yes what?

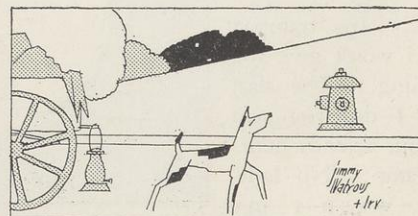
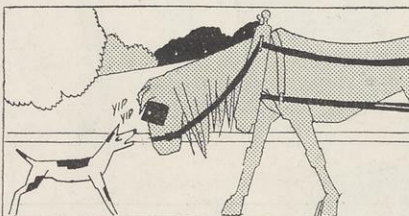
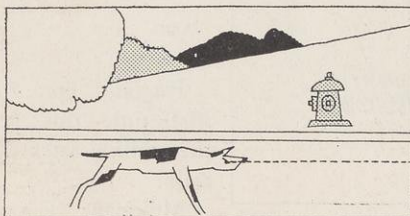
Def.: Yes, you damned old monkey.



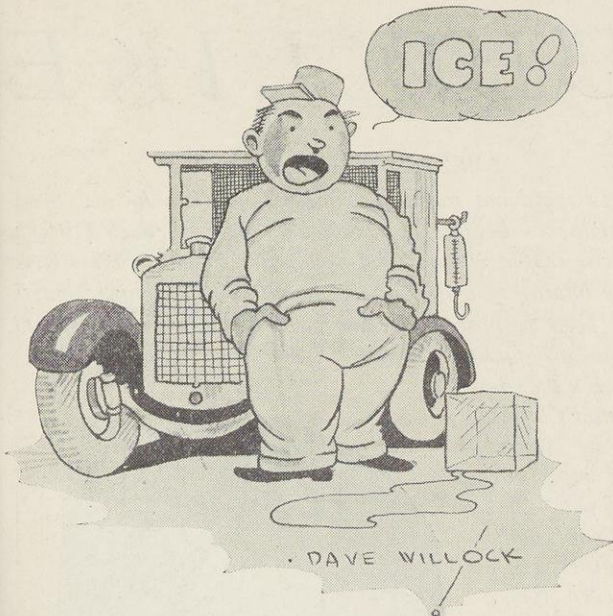
Tourist (looking for first time at Niagara Falls): Isn't that beautiful?
Second Tourist: Yes, but imagine the nation's water bill. . .

The minister was in the midst of a very heated sermon on the younger generation, and on the general decline of moral conditions in the country. In conclusion, becoming a bit rattled, he remarked forcefully, "It is up to every one of us to get the hell and damnation out of here quickly."

The congregation left the church.



The enemy is sighted and . . . attacked with vigor and . . . repulsed successfully.



The Woman's Home Companion

The Congressman's Baby

Wife of Congressman: Look, John, how well little Joe plays paddy cake.

Congressman: Yes, indeed. The motion stands approved.

Wife: The Doctor says I have been feeding him too much. You don't think so do you?

Cong.: I'm sure I don't know! I suggest you read papers on the subject, my dear.

Wife: John, look. He's tearing my dress.

Cong.: (Slap, Slap) The baby will come to order! !

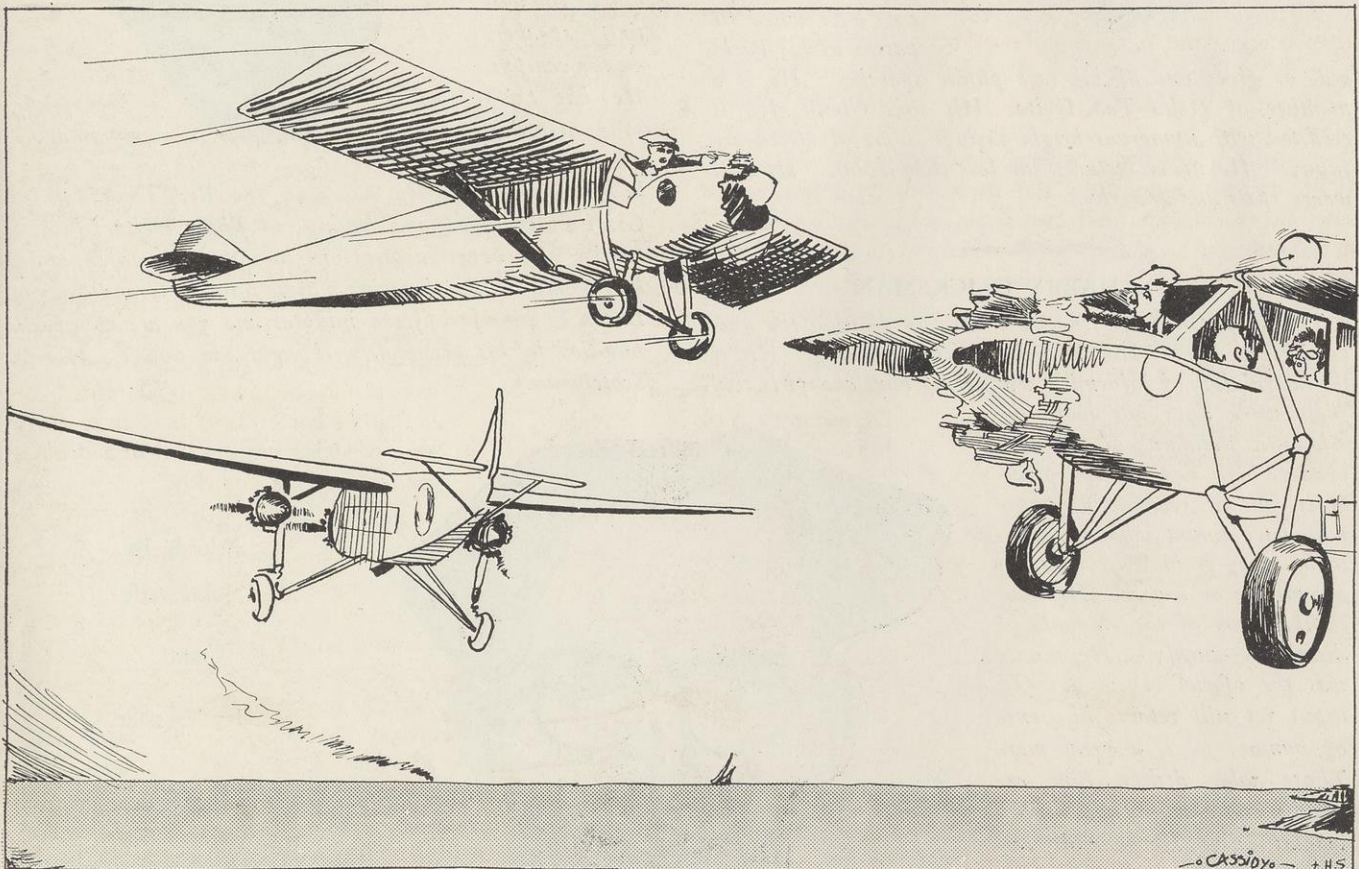
Wife: If the Joneses should come over, what would we do with him. The noise right next to his room would keep him awake.

Cong.: I vote we lay it on the table; it's asleep now. And by the way, did I hear a motion to adjourn to the movies? Is there a second? Good! The motion is carried!

—H. S.

One English Tourist to Another: I'll see you in Bath.
The Other: You will not!

The man who wrote the words "The Sun Shines Bright In My Old Kentucky Home" probably had a bed-room with an eastern exposure.



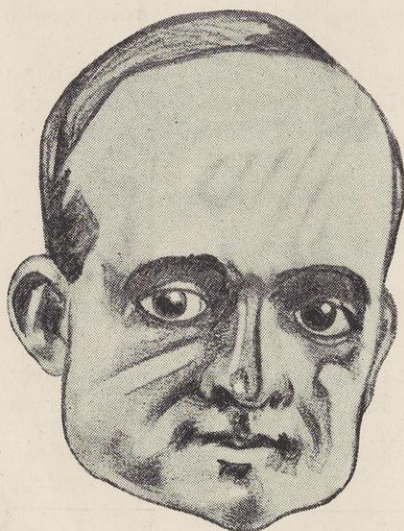
"I say, old top, am I right for Paris?"

"Sorry, but you should have turned left at Cape Town!"

WE WOULD LIKE

PRESIDENT GLENN FRANK

He came to Wisconsin from the east, three years ago, wearing spats and a derby. He left the literary field for the less lucrative one of a middle-west co-educational university. Stubborn legislatures, fond parents, and student contacts have filed the keen edge off his ideals. Yet, genuine admiration, distinct educational progress, and Wisconsin liberality have strengthened the remaining steel.



Glenn Frank is one of the few men who can read a speech and make you forget he is reading it. He entertains more celebrities than anyone else in the state. He plays a fair game of golf. Little is seen of him except when he passes in his Packard, or gives one of his rare public speeches. He is a member of Delta Tau Delta. His son, Glenn, Jr., is credited with numerous bright sayings, some of which are funny. He never lectures for less than \$500. He still wears spats and a derby.

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DEAN HARRY GLICKSMAN

The man who holds the most delicate position the university can offer. He does all of its dismissing. His is the tactful duty of informing wandering boys and girls that their work does not meet the scholastic standards of this university. He also has the pleasanter job of readmitting those who have found what it means to be away from Wisconsin for a semester or a year. His hair is like some of the students he dismisses—unruly. He once was the official censor for Octopus yet still retains his sense of humor; he is a great man. Those who dislike him are usually those who have slipped scholastically. He generally carries a brief case and walks slightly bent. He has a daughter, Marjorie.



ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

He could not stay with Amherst—though he was president there—because he was liberal in his views. For that precise reason we find him now at Wisconsin. He arrived here hoping to work out the dream of his lifetime, and he has been permitted to carry out that dream unhampered.

Now we find the Experimental College in its second and most crucial year. We do not know whether it is a success or a failure but we do know that it is unique in educational circles. Alexander Meiklejohn is an idealistic realist. He is one of the wittiest speakers on the campus.

He has two sons, Gordon and Donald,

in this university. He has won the Red Derby at the Gridiron Banquet, and belongs to Theta Delta Chi Fraternity. He never inspires one to shout . . . to shout for him would be like throwing a dime into the Grand Canyon. Listen to him for fifteen minutes and you are roped and hog-tied by his personality, thought and power.—He is a Scotchman.



Words By

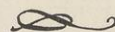
John Ash

and

Irv Tressler

More Next Month

YOU TO MEET



CARL RUSSELL FISH

"A-w-w-w, now, aw-r-r-r," well, that's how Carl Russell Fish vocalizes his punctuation marks. His drawl is typical and traditional of him, and therefore is essential to the university, for he is a very necessary part of Wisconsin, He lectures on the history of this great and glorious republic

whose stars and stripes float so bravely from the top of Bascom Hall. He also, has won the Red Derby. He bubbles with wit; the noises he makes have been compared to an easy going outboard motor. On special occasions he wears a red vest. He sometimes uses gymnastics on the platforms



to illustrate a particular point. He has been known to come disastrously near toppling off the platform or falling over backwards, yet remaining dead sober. A course under him is essential to a Wisconsin student.



DEAN SCOTT GOODNIGHT

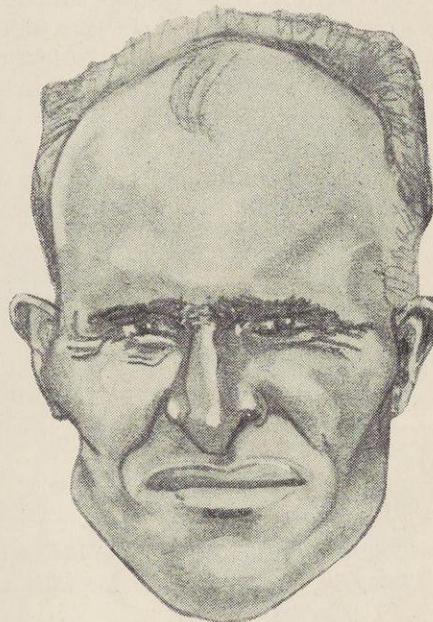
Hypocrites dislike him; people who shoot straight with themselves admire him. He is kindly, intensely honest, and has the strength to stick to his guns. He is growing thinner every day—on top. He has a son, "Scotty", who is a Phi Gamma Delta, and daughter, Eleanor, who is a Kappa Kappa Gamma. He himself is a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity. He was to head the Floating University this year, but had the will power to resign when he found that he was expected to give a year's college credit to students for a glorious travel cruise. He is a grandfather.



COACH GLEN THISTLETHWAITE

Coach Thistlethwaite is the possessor of the most difficult name to spell in the entire faculty. (For directions as to how to pronounce it, see Editorial page). He came to us from Northwestern, and to Northwestern from Oak Park High School. At Oak Park he turned out national championship teams. At Northwestern he raised the Methodists from the cellar to the roof tops. At Wisconsin—? He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He is commencing his second year at Wisconsin. Some say that Wisconsin will win the Conference

title this fall; others say she hasn't a chance. Thistlethwaite says nothing. Everyone has confidence in him. With George Little at the prow, and Thistlethwaite at the helm, the Wisconsin football team is bound to get somewhere. Glen Thistlethwaite is quiet and capable. He has three sons, Robert, Glen, and Richard. Absence of carping and criticism of Thistlethwaite and his methods this fall will be like hair tonic—it will help him greatly. He has done an outstanding thing in selecting Notre Dame as the season's first opponent.



DRAWN BY
DICK ABERT
WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT TO
THE VICTIMS

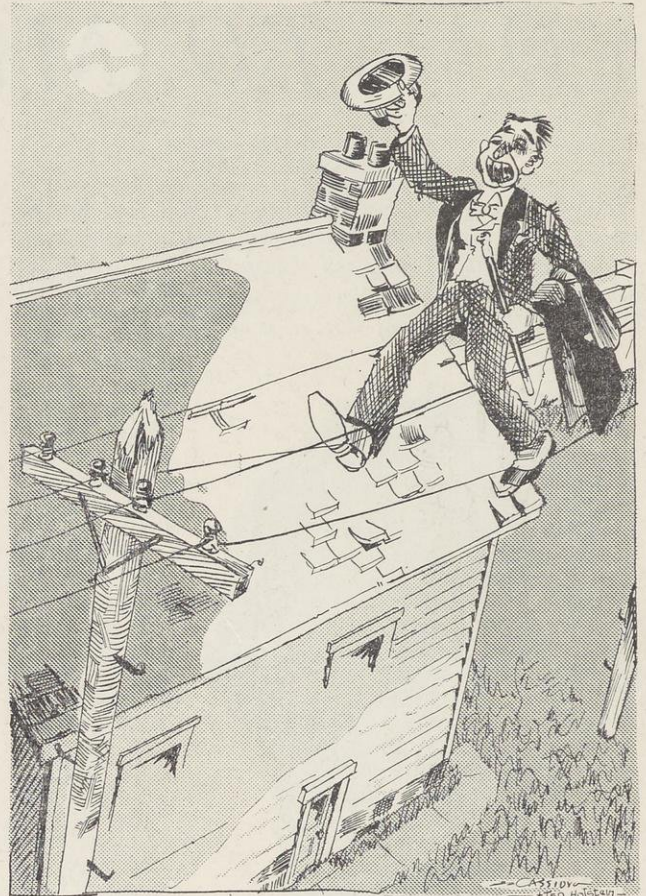
Owner of collitch car on witness stand: . . . and then the truck bumped the fender on my car.
 Attorney: Which fender?
 Witness: THE fender.

Evolution

At Eight Years: No, I don't think my mamma wants me to play with boys.
 At Twelve: Well, perhaps mamma wouldn't care if you came over and played checkers with me some evening.
 At Fifteen: Oh, Dave, I'd just love to go to the movies with you. I'll tell mother I've a headache and need a good walk in the air.
 At Eighteen: Hell! Quit arguing and come on over. The old lady's out for the evening and we'll just have ourselves one warm little time! Don't forget the gin!

"My sister's got a Chi Psi pin."
 "Gosh! Has she learned to walk with it very well?"

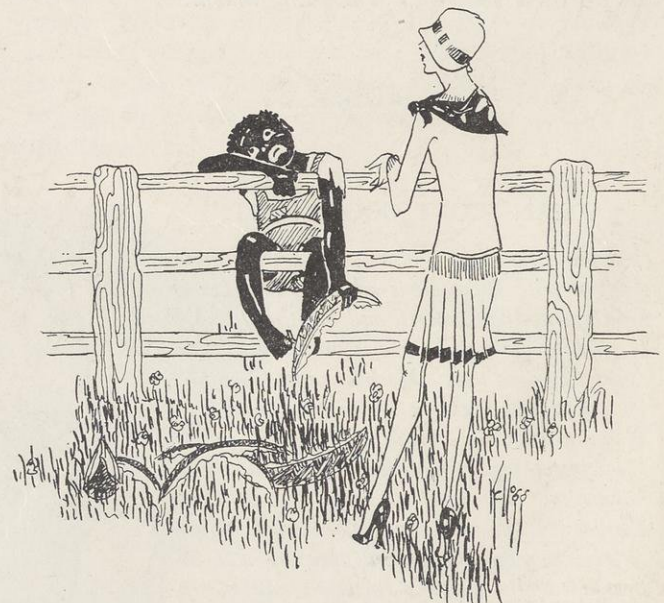
"Did you get home last night before the storm?"
 "No, she was waiting for me with a rolling pin."



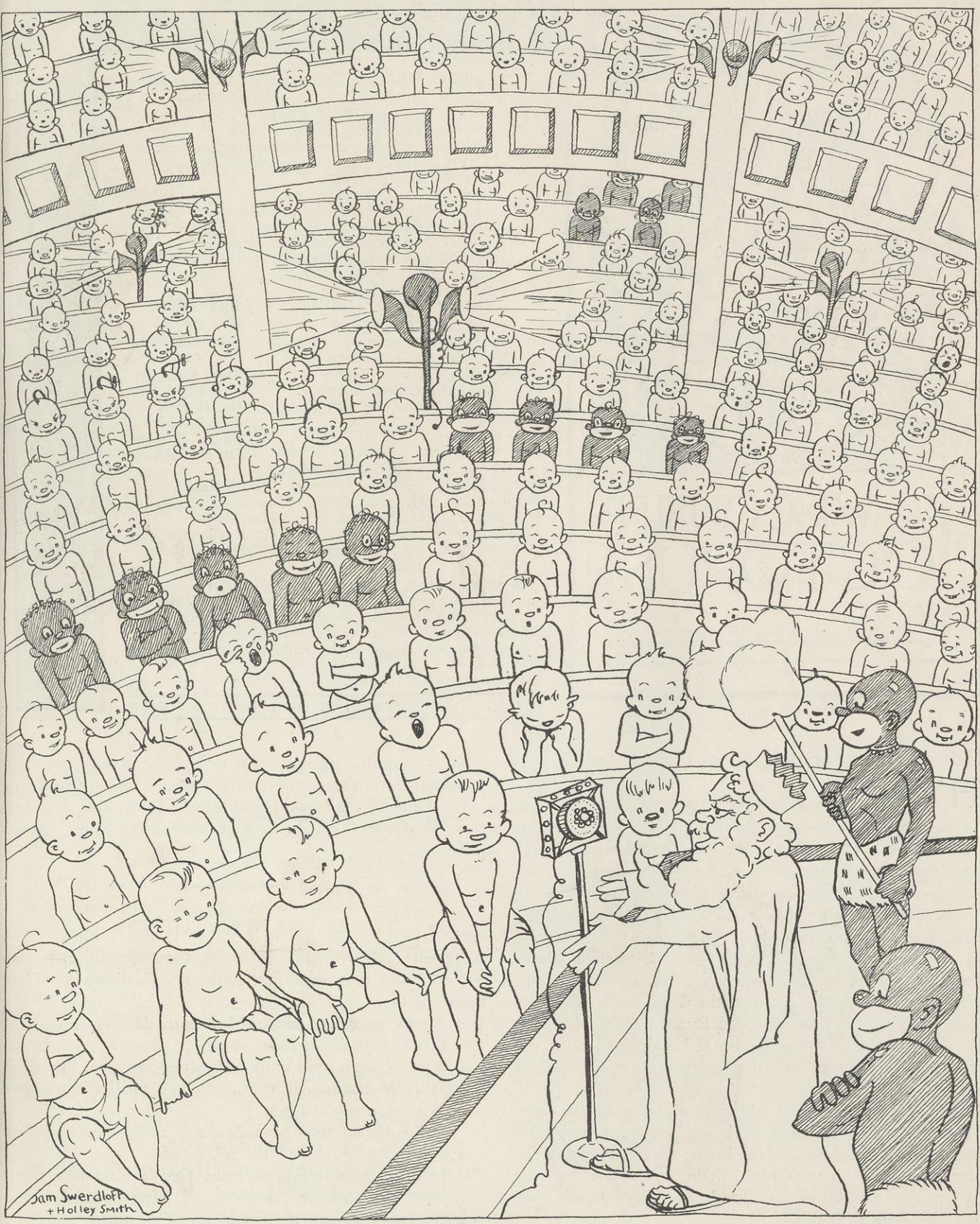
The Tight-Rope Walker Comes Home.



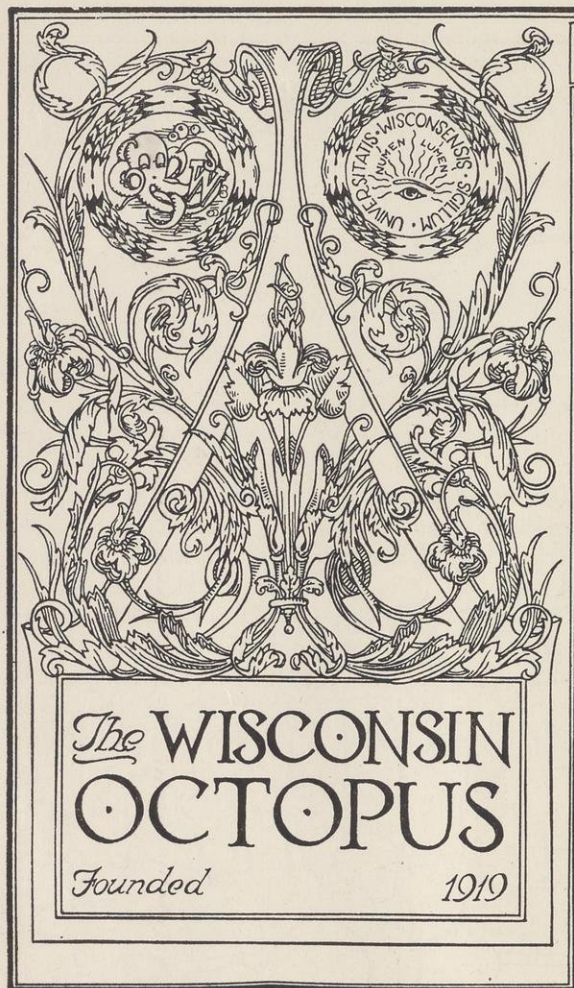
"I say there, what's the matter with Van Dyke?"
 "Oh nothing. Someone told him to pronounce the 'a' in 'again' as in 'pain'."



Sweet white lady: What's the matter nigger, too much watermelon?
 Black child: No'm Missie, not enough nigger.



King Solomon Tells A Bed-Time Story To His Children



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Vol. XI

SEPTEMBER 26, 1928

No. 1

YOU'RE NEXT '32

HELLO.

Why of course we're not going to make a fuss over you even if you *are* freshmen. It isn't good for you, and besides if Octy were nice to you, you'd expect everyone else around here to be nice to you—even your instructors—and imagine an instructor getting that way!

We have, however, done you the honor of naming our first issue after the latest experiment which the pooh-bahs of our university are making on you. Orientation Week. In this issue there is a certain amount of material designed both to supplement what the university is doing for (or with) you and to make you laugh a little. In short to show you that college is not all concerned with the filling out of cards and the answering of a thousand questions.

We rather sympathized with you as you made out those lengthy application blanks. The size of them, and what went into them made one think that he was applying for the ambassadorship to Great Britain. And who in heck is going to read all of them, and after they're read, what is to be done with them?

But we hope you get along nicely, and that not too many of you are booted out. It's always tragic—that long list of the dear departed at the end of the first semester—

for Wisconsin *is* tough. Go to all your classes, get your themes in on time, smile at the teachers, and try studying for a change, and you'll probably find out what a spring at Wisconsin is like without coming back for spring formal.

OCTY'S NEW CLOTHES

AND NOW YOU are seeing Octy for the first time with a number of new features worked into it. They are these:

A new page size, being a half inch deeper.

A better quality of paper stock.

A new, larger, and more beautiful body type, like what you're now reading, in contrast to the smaller newspaper body type in use last year.

A number of new page headings and features such as the *Exchange Page* and the *Waxworks*.

In short we're trying to make Octy a pleasanter thing to read and look at. Some of the changes—unless you are acquainted with the intricacies of printing—you'll be conscious of without realizing the difference. *But pick up a copy of the Cardinal, read over a couple of paragraphs then do the same with Octy. See the difference?*

AND NOW?

THE SECOND YEAR of football at Wisconsin under Mr. Thistlethwaite is about to begin with the most colorful list of games we have ever seen for a team at Wisconsin—Notre Dame, Alabama, Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota, Purdue, and Iowa. All of them are tough, probably some of them will be unbeatable for the inexperienced Badger backfield. The line, for a change, is expected to have beef, speed and some experience. After seeing the Michigan and Minnesota games last year we know it has courage.

We have a rather pleasant feeling, however, that Mr. Thistlethwaite (pronounced "Thisselwate"—for the benefit of the yearlings) will not be content with some of the moral victories which fell his lot last year. The names of Behr, Davidson, Smith and some others come to mind—will they make history for football at Wisconsin, such pages of football history which have not been written here for many years?

As far as Glen Thistlethwaite is concerned, there is no doubt but what those new pages will be written. Octy admires him as it does few men. Admires him as a man who knows what his job is and what is expected from him.

As we said a year ago in one of the first editorials we ever wrote:

The First Sweet Corn Of The Season In The Babbitt Household

"Lands, it seems good to have corn again! Always 'pears as though I never could get enough of it the first time."

"Guess this don't hit me right where I live, eh? Boy, let me at them corns!"

"Who's got the salt? Ma, why don't we have more salt cellars?"

"Grandma, you'd better slice that off with your knife—don't try to gnaw it with those loose plates of yours."

"S-a-a-y! Why don't we ever have salt cellars that pour! I never have any trouble getting the salt out of them at the club! Why can't we——"

"Junior! You're simply covering yourself with butter! Now, let mother wipe your face off, and don't make such a noise eating!"

"Heard of a fellow at the club who mixes salt and butter together so he won't have to put 'em both on separate. Now, me, I never like butter on——"

"Ever notice how some people eat corn on the cob from left to right and others from right to left?"

"Where'll I put these cobs? My plate's full!"

"Now, father, there's just one more ear left——"

"Wh-o-o-o-f! Am I full! Well, dunno, guess maybe I could just about find room for another—if no one else wants it. How 'bout you, grandma? you mother? junior? sister? Well, looks like it's up to me!"

—I. D. T.

"If that over eager part of the alumni and that unthinking section of the student body will model their patience after yours, if they will howl less and work harder for you, we shall not worry about Wisconsin's football prospects.

"We are with you Glen, go to it!"



WE FEEL SORRY

FOR JOHN COOLIDGE. Why just because his father happens to be president, it seems that the lad can't even fall in love without the newspapers trying to flaunt it, and without digging up the party he went to in Minneapolis when John was probably trying hard to keep it quiet from the girl friend who was then safe in Europe.

And then what does the girl friend do when she gets back from Europe but make a lot of statements to the effect that they're waiting a year or so before getting married until John makes some money. Some of these wimmin are the limit.



First Vagabond: How's the market today, Alf?

Second Vagabond: Fine, but Amalgamated Soap is up ten points.

First Vagabond: Don't worry, Alf, don't worry!

"Does your house mother object to my staying so late?"

"No; she says it serves me right for being in when you call."

Father (to little Johnny, aged five): Look, Johnny, there's the new moon.

Cynical Johnny: New hell, that's the same one mother saw when you asked her to marry you.

The Ex-Fisherman Turns Golfer

"—and s-a-a-y, Charlie, I wish you could have seen the putt I sank today! Twelve feet if it was an inch, and I had to do it to square the match on the 17th!"

"—but, Al, did I tell you about the fifteen footer I sank today? Match all even—everybody'd putted but me—so I lines her up and I says—"

"—wait a minute, Joe, I wanta' show you how I dropped in a twenty-five foot approach shot on the eighteenth to win the match for me an' my partner and ten bucks to boot!"

"—and Will, old boy, we were one down and one to play with a side bet of a dozen balls and the drinks. Both our opponents were lying dead to the pin in four; I was fifty feet away behind a tree in three and whatt'd I do but—"



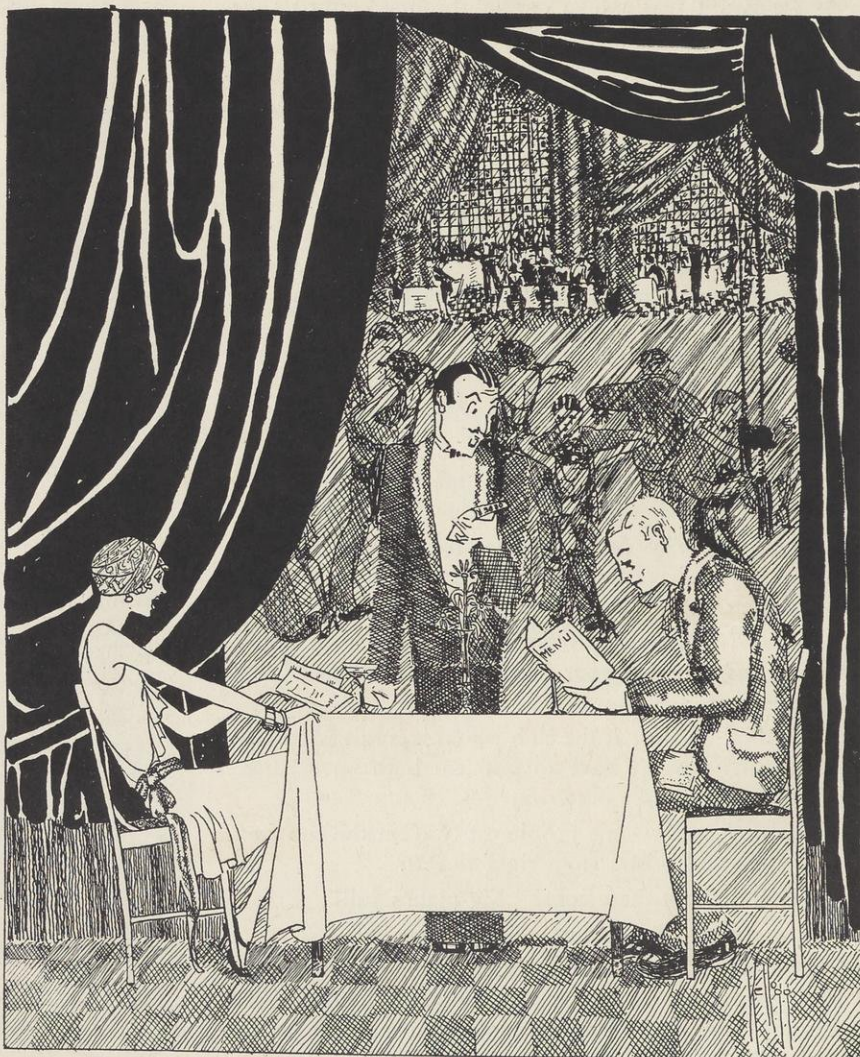
"They laughed when I spoke to the waiter in French!"



Comedian: Say, folks, did you hear about Charlie, the director, last night?

Charlie, whispering: Psst—don't say anything about me and the manager's wife—the boss is in the audience, I'd get fired.

Comedian, also whispering: Don't worry, he's the guy who just told me about it, don't worry! WELL FOLKS!



He: What will you have?

SHE: I'll take an order of sweetbreads.

He: Yea, I like them too, but what kind of meat do you want?



Pity the fate of the poor Chi Phi's this first semester while their new house is being built. They've only got one bathroom in their temporary residence!



Local merchants are on the verge of doing something desperate. The recent summer school crowd was reported as the tightest in generations. (We meant tight as referring to money, but you can take it either way.) Then, with the necessity of male Greeks getting back early for the annual slaughter eliminated by deferred rushing, the situation has become even worse for the stores. Maybe they'll reduce prices.



Dear old Delta Kappa Epsilon by the grace of God and the fear of the alumni edged back into the one point column by sixty four one thousandths of a point and saved the eating club from its third or fourth kind of probation. The pledges, however, put the active chapter to shame by going even lower than the Alpha Delt hopefuls with a minus point something or other average. The Deke pledges now owe the university several grade points, but they should worry, for initiation to a Deke pledge is something like graduation a heluva ways off.

IF!

*If I were a Phi Gam alumnus
I'd grow sadder day by day,
For at each Homecoming they'd
remind me
That "there's still ninety thou-
sand to pay."*

*And if I were a Phi Gam active
I think I'd offer a dime
To each freshman who'd take a
pledge-button
And thus fill our house up in
time.*



The Kappa Girls owe a debt of gratitude to the Delta Chi's for holding numerous drunks this summer and helping to commence wrecking the house by ripping off the porch. The Kappa's are waiting for their check from the sale of the old house before they commence building.



*We are waiting with moistened lips
for the first couple to get caught be-
tween floors in the new Union self-
operating elevators.*



Herman McKaskle, giant linesman on the varsity, who hails from Arkansas, spent the summer selling magazines so as to keep from becoming over-trained.

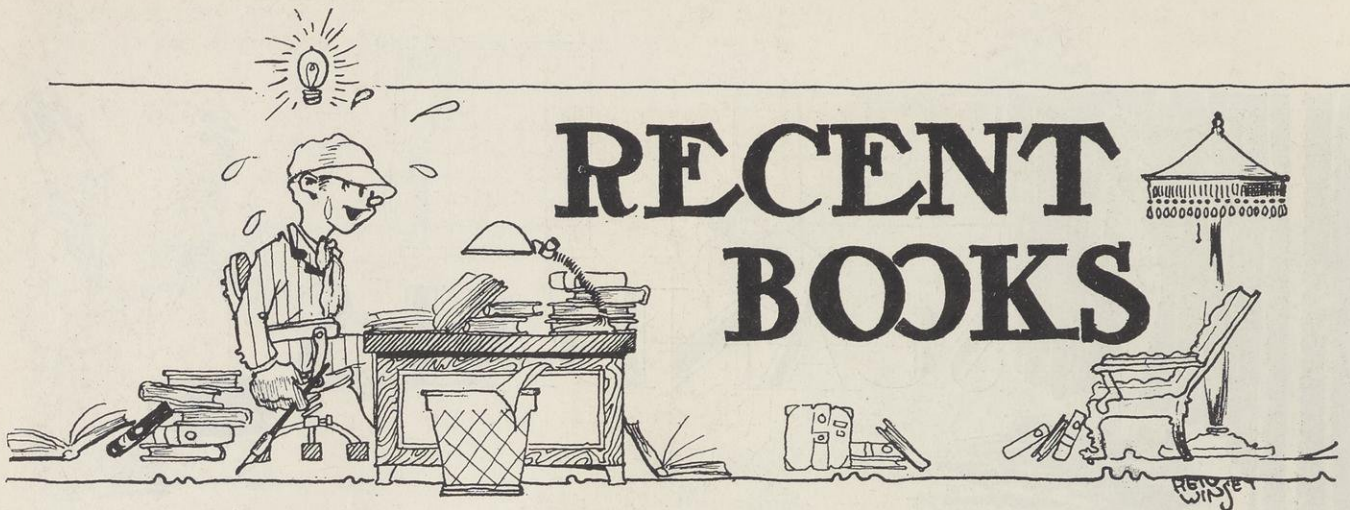


LOST: Girl's white gold wrist watch. At Alpha Delta Phi house or Hollywood. *Wisconsin State Journal*, Saturday, September 15.



Noting the tendency among some fraternities to run to the hotel register type of membership list, Octy has compiled a list of all houses which ran to at least forty-five members (both active and pledges). The Betas slipped, going down to a mere total of forty-two, and are consequently not included in the list.

Fraternity	Total men at end of last semester
*Sigma Phi Epsilon	54
†Pi Kappa Alpha	53
Phi Kappa Sigma	51
Alpha Chi Rho	50
‡Theta Chi	50
Phi Kappa Tau	50
Sigma Alpha Epsilon	47
Kappa Sigma	46
*Chi Phi	46
**Phi Gamma Delta	45
Delta Pi Epsilon	45
Note: *—new house; †—new paint, old house, ‡—mortgages.	



This is Introducing—

Professor Paul Fulcher of the English department. For more than a year now he has crackled and sparkled and whip-lashed his way among the authors and she-authors of this great and glorious republic. Paul is an old friend to upper classmen, but to you first year people—well, you'll squirm with delight over some passages of Paul's; you'll snort and chuckle at others; and you'll shake your head in honest disagreement at others. But no matter what your kaleidoscopic reactions are, they're always fresh as a newly pledged Kappa Sig.

By Paul Fulcher

The Battle of the Horizons, by Sylvia Thompson, (Little, Brown, and Co.) is another of those entertaining stories of a rich American girl marrying an aristocratic Englishman, and the inevitable unpleasantness that follows. It is a competent piece of work, especially in the handling of England and the English. It is sincere, it moves along, and it is almost convincing. The heroine seems to me its weakest element. Athene, beneath her talk about points of view and understanding and impressions and economics, is evidently intended to have in her something of value. Yet, just at the point when we expect to be shown how it comes to the surface, there is nothing but three

blank pages introducing an epilogue in which Athene is everything she should be. And Athene in those first three hundred pages—well, it's difficult to believe that even an



"-----novels all plot, like old cab horses with the ribs showing through the 'galled skin.'"

American heiress could be such an utter fool.

Thanks to Galsworthy

After a summer spent in reading novels without plot, invertebrate, jelly-fish things—streams of consciousness covered with thick green slime with an obscene frog or so splashing about—novels all plot, like old cab horses with the ribs showing through the galled skin—novels sprawling along from shapeless sentence to shapeless sentence—novels with endings so impertinent that they need never have begun—novels that would have made nice paper twists for lighting fires . . . after all this, why, one comes to John Galsworthy and *Swan Song*, and offers up a prayer of thanks

to the gods of rhetoric and construction and dignity and beauty.

With *Swan Song* (Scribner's) Mr. Galsworthy brings the saga of the Forsytes to a full close, its last pages dying away on a chord whose purity and calmness do not quite obliterate the poignancy of the accompanying dissonance. I do not know if *Swan Song* is a great novel; I think it is. I know it is an eminently satisfactory termination to the series. All the old qualities are here, with a difference. The irony is calmer, gentler. The symbolism is more organic, not stressed in external objects but rooted in action and trait.

The binding pressure of class and clan is here exerted to ends that are noble and humane. That sentimentality which cloyed at times is replaced by sentiment, which is fit and right. And, without losing the restraint which was his prized characteristic in the past, Galsworthy for once lets himself go, and gives us in the death of Soames as fine a piece of dramatic writing as the century has seen, yet one in which character is sacrificed neither to drama nor to those master strokes of symbolism which point to what was both the strength and the ruin of the Forsytes.

Swan Song is perhaps the last novel of one of the few gentlemen who are also authors. You can count the rest of them on your fingers, and leave your thumbs free for other uses.



PROF. PAUL FULCHER

By Paul Fulcher

When you go to tea at the Arden House, or drop in for a friendly chat with the Dean, what will you say when you are asked what you have read this summer? Yes, so I supposed. Of course, you can gruffle, if you are that kind of person, that the summer fiction list was unusually disappointing—but so few of us are the gruffling sort, after all.

You found Van Vechten's Spider Boy the most amusing travesty of Hollywood and the movies you have ever read. You lament that Thomas Beer's The Road to Heaven is so little known; Anne Paerish's All Kneeling was obvious and over-advertised; it might easily have been a good short story. You caught up with "Saki" by reading "The Toys of Peace;" you think no one has any claim to literary awareness if he doesn't know "Saki", or to a sense of humor if he doesn't like him. You were disappointed in In the Beginning, by Norman Douglas. You thought that Baroja's The Tree of Knowledge is the best of his books that has appeared in translation. As for mystery stories, you recommend The Six Proud Walkers, The Mystery of the Blue Train, The Sea Mystery, Scissors Cut Paper, The Amateur Crime, Juggernaut, and The Story of Ivy.

Two collections of stories of the supernatural that kept you up were They Return at Evening and The Beast with Five Fingers. You don't know who wrote any of them, and you can't remember much of what they were about. And you smile knowingly at the mention of Lucian Cary's The Duke Steps Out, for reasons that anyone who picks up a recent number of The Saturday Evening Post will discover if he can make five by adding two and two. And by that time you have consumed all the tea in sight, or the Dean has swooned.

THE WAXWORKS

By Tod Williston

In this, its first bow, Waxworks wishes to say that it is to be a review of the current record releases. Although only popular music will be considered, Waxy hopes that you won't think it utterly unappreciative of the FINER THINGS IN LIFE. There simply isn't space for everything!

The one promise made is that personal opinion will enter into the remarks on the impossibly bad and unusually good records only. And then it won't make any difference.

COLUMBIA

By Paul Whiteman

American Tune: a lot of flag waving.

Pickin' Cotton: catchy in spots.

I'd Rather Cry Over You: livelier than the name suggests.

Is it Gonna Be Long?: Whiteman's brass at its best.

Out o' Town Gal: not much.

Just a Little Bit o' Driftwood: good tune.

In the Evening: no!

If You Don't Love Me: Ditto.

By Others

Washington and Lee Swing: The best recording of this popular college song I have ever heard.

V. M. I. Spirit: a new tune to me; good too.

Grieving: Ben Selvin can play waltzes.

Jeannine: includes a vibraphone background that is beautiful.

My Darling: help!

Gee But I'm Lonesome Tonight: even a good orchestra couldn't save a song like that.

Adoree: good enough.

Who Wouldn't Be Blue?: (California Ramblers) I bought this one.

That's Grandma: and this.

Wa da da: Whiteman's Rhythm Boys sing up to form.

BRUNSWICK

Every Tub: the trumpet player must make funny faces to get some of his effects.

Showboat Shuffle: King Oliver introduces a new rhythm.

A Good Man Is Hard to Find: so is a good record, like this.

Royal Garden Blues: recommended with the above.

I've Found a New Baby: da da da.
There'll Be Some Changes Made: what can be done with a good arrangement of a mediocre tune.

Take It Easy: queer stuff.

Black Beauty: includes some one-finger piano work that you may like.

San: re-re-re-revived in the honky-tonk by Abe Lyman.

Weary Weasel: catchy.

Shirt-tail Stomp: nasty.

Blue: I liked this one.

I'm on the Crest of a Wave: the hit of the new Scandal sung by Harry Richmond himself.

What D'ya Say: Harry promotes things with Frances Williams.

VICTOR

Doin' the New Low Down: try this on the dog.

Spanish Dream: La Senorita dons short skirts.

Indian Cradle Song: Coon-Sanders show just how smooth they can get.

It Must Be Love: Typically Don Bester.

Jeannine: Gene Austin still whistles his S's.

Then Came the Dawn: beautiful background while Gene sings.

Ten Little Miles from Home: will continue to be popular.



The Original American Girl

"Yep," sez Asherbanerpol, "I busted up with my girl. I called her nine times for a date and she refused, so I threw her over."

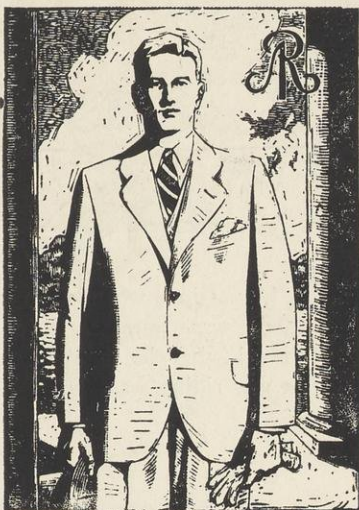


Census-taker: Have you a mother?

Senseless co-ed: Yes, thank you.

C. T.: Don't thank me, thank your mother.

Store - Of - Friendly - Service



**For The Fall Of 1928—
Styled By Bart
Murray - Tailored
By Adler Rochester**

Bart Murray is acknowledged as a leading observer of men's styles at the greater American universities—and the Murray label is a warranty of smartness and conservative good taste. Recommended for this season are—

THE SHELLEY—Sack suit with three button—two to button—coat, tailored in unusually fine worsteds of dark grey and blue, **\$50**

THE BYRON—Tuxedo with notched lapels, satin facing and trouser side trim—made up in excellent quality black unfinished worsted, **\$50**

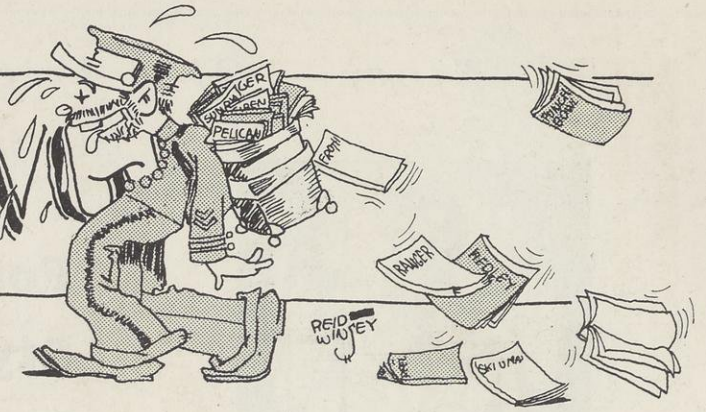
THE BROOKPORT—Single breasted, three button overcoat, constructed of black or very dark grey Mount Rock Fleece—correct, shapely, durable, **\$50**



KARSTENS

On Capitol Square—Carroll Near State

EXCHANGE



Octy thought you ought to know where all the sparkling dirt in our exchanges comes from each month. Here's a list of the schools.

Royal Gaboon—Hamilton College

Flamingo—Denison University

Pitt Panther—U. of Pittsburgh

Orange Peel—Syracuse University

Ghost—George Washington U.

Red Cat—Western Reserve U.

Jester—Columbia University

Froth—Penn State

Purple Cow—Williams College

Wampus—U. of Southern Calif.

Pelican—U. of California

Chaparral—Stanford U.

Columns—U. of Washington

Kitty Kat—U. of Arizona

Medley—New York University

Voo Doo—Mass. Inst. Technology

Black and Blue Jay—Johns Hopkins

Goblin—University of Toronto

Puppet—Carnegie Tech

Lampoon—Harvard (an eastern school)

Jack O' Lantern—Dartmouth

Yale Record—Yale

Widow—Cornell

Punch Bowl—U. of Pennsylvania

Tiger—Princeton

Brown Jug—Brown University

Lord Jeff—Amherst

Bean Pot—Boston U.

Sun Dial—Ohio State U.

Phoenix—U. of Chicago

Purple Parrot—Northwestern

Siren—U. of Illinois

Frivol—U. of Iowa

Gargoyle—Michigan

Juggler—Notre Dame

Ski-U-Mah—U. of Minnesota



"If I thought you busted that, I'd spank you good!"

—Jack-O-Lantern.

Teacher: Willie, do you believe that the stork brought you.

Bill: No, I believe it was a lark.

—Log

We admit the Indiana band did fairly well on spelling "Harvard," but we'd like to see them come up against "The Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

—Lampoon

In passing, we might mention that there was once a little boy who thought that the Pullman car in which he was riding was named "Men."

—Tiger

Prominent Clubwoman's Son: Yes-sir, my mother laid a corner stone yesterday.

Birdie: Did she cackle?

—Record

A Hardened Criminal

Judge: Were you ever in trouble before?

Prisoner: Well, a librarian fined me two cents once.

—Cornell Ollapod



Two belles of South Africa, where the Kissproof Lipstick Co. cleans up a cool million in profits each year.

—Yale Record



An Interesting Group

Selected and Sketched From The
Large Fashion Showing At

Kessenich's

State at Fairchild

*Wonder What A Transplanted Tree
Thinks About?*

May 6: Thank God I'm back on earth again! Who wouldn't be cramped after being trussed up like a packing case and carted half way across the country in the bottom of a common truck! Me, a Fir, one of the New Hampshire Firs, with some of the oldest and finest sap in the land coursing through my limbs!

May 20: Boy! Some class to me, eh? Maybe I won't do this new \$500,000 library credit! Why didn't they plant me deeper? Gosh, I've got to do some fast growing or some day one of these fresh winds is going to sweep me right off my feet.

June 7: Can you feature such nerve? Today that walrus-faced old gardener stopped in front of me and told his companion I wasn't doing very well. I was so mad I trembled all over. Gee! There isn't enough phosphorus in this soil to light a match. How do they expect a fellow to get anywhere?

June 28: Guess I'm not doing pretty well now, eh? Sent four roots down over ten inches in two weeks. Say, what kind of soil is this? About

all I've struck so far is ashes and old boards.

July 9: My gosh! One of my roots—the big one around in back—ran smack into an old iron boiler. Now I'll have to send it all the way around down underneath, and it'll take at least a month, and I'll get blamed for not growing faster, and they'll go and dump a lot of this prepared fertilizer around me. What a life!

July 26: For Pat's sake, what is this, an old dump ground? Last week another root ran into a perfect mess of plaster and brick and is still trying to get through it. Two days ago my biggest tap root announced that it was going to quit if it had to dodge any more old cement blocks. I've got to get to the root of this!

August 10: I can't last out much longer if this is going to keep up. Two of my best tubers have given up trying and are simply starving to death, and three more have notified me that they will be unable to continue if they can't find something more than old lathing and tin sheeting for nourishment. I'm beginning to feel weak and the tips of my branches are all turning brown.

August 30: The gardener held a consultation over me today with a tree specialist. They pruned some of my limbs, and spaded up the earth around me, and piled on some more of that fertilizer until I thought I would die! I've only got a half dozen roots left that I can depend upon, now. Two feet of dirt over ten feet of plaster and pieces of brick and God knows what!—that's what I'm expected to live on!

September 14: I'm gradually getting weaker. Only three roots left, and one of those is just about useless. Saw the gardener shaking his head over me today and saying he guessed I wasn't much good to begin with, anyhow. H-m-mph! Like to see him do as much as I have! Oh Lord! Another of my roots is running up against something else—some more old cement blocks! Well, I'm too weak to go around them now. No one can say a Fir gave up without fighting! Good bye, winds, old pals! Don't sigh. I'm going to a better land—a land where I can grow in honest to gosh dirt. Bye!

I. D. T.

Embarrassing Moments

I have always prided myself on being able to meet people on their own level. Even though a freshman I am very experienced. So when I met the president of my school, I said, "Hey there, Prexy!" Imagine my embarrassment when he told me my petticoat was showing.

—Sadie Sophie McSlopp

"I had my car hauled over this morning after the accident."

"Hauled over, you mean over-hauled."

"If you had seen the car you would know that I mean hauled over."

"Did you hear about the fight the employees of the two rival ice companies had yesterday? They attacked one another with their implements and four were almost killed."

"Hm-m, just another tong war I suppose."



Castaway On Left: My God, Bill, who's that?
Bill (Very Bored and Resigned): Aw, who cares!
It's probably only the meat inspector!

Now is the Time!

New Brunswick Records by
Abe Lyman, Vincent Lopez,
Red Nichols, Ben Bernie, and
other famous recording artists.

Paul Whiteman, Ruth Etting, Guy
Lombardo, and Ted Lewis make the
new Columbia records.

As Usual at

Ward-Brodt Music Co.

328 State Street

Established 1854

Conklin & Sons Company

Coal, Coke, Wood and Ice

Fuel Oils and Building Materials
Cement, Sand, Gravel, Lime, Sewer Pipe
Brick and Building Tile
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to Manchester's

for those
stunning cam-
pus clothes
that will go
smartly

**Down
the
Hill**

this fall. And
first impres-
sions are so
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EDWARD F. MEIER
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announces
the opening of his

Modern Flower Shop
At Head of State Street

Students Cordially Invited

Corsages - Decorations

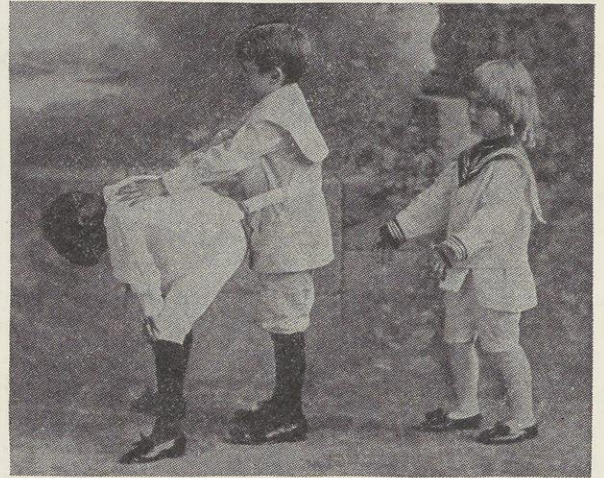
EDWARD F. MEIER
... FLORIST ...

101 W. Mifflin St.

F. 6896

Question: What is Scotland Yard?
Answer: Two feet eleven inches.

—News



*"The Younger Generation is Going to Hell!" Shouted
Father Hengel, Screaming with Rage*

Here we have an action photo of Notre Dame's first football practice. The uniforms this year are distinctly smart and snappy, being cut full in the collar, like a horse, with tight close-fitting panties. The feminine stockingless fad has extended to the football field, and "Bull" McGrady, shown with arms outstretched ready to receive the ball, is quite nude from the knees down. Rockne is trying out another innovation this year by having his men wear soft-soled low oxfords. The man in the center is wearing one of the flashy new Trench coats which have so taken the collegiate world by storms. The belt may be removed and the rear seat folded back in less than ten seconds, converting it into a cozy little davenport. It is rumored that all expenses of the Notre Dame team are being paid out of the Democratic party treasury, the school band accompanying the team wherever it goes, and spelling out the words "Al Smith" in marching formation between halves. The wily Rockne has devised a new play called the "Raskob-General Motors Shift" by means of which the ball is transformed into a pair of Chevrolets which pass through the opposition's line unchallenged. By the time the goal has been crossed the Chevrolets have multiplied to one hundred so that no one knows which one contains the ball, and everybody is running and diving for a car.

—I. D. T.



**Start the School Year
Right in**



Styled with an easy, athletic swing...patterns dignified yet youthful...created according to the preferences of college men.

Learbury Says ~
"Every day is
registration day for the
man in a Learbury. He
registers with everyone!"



KARSTENS

On Capitol Square

Carroll Near State

The excursion train jerked to a stop,
The brakeman suppressed a laugh;
"There's serious trouble up front," he said,
"The cowcatcher has a calf."

—Cannon Bawl

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?

By BRIGGS

WHEN YOU'RE A TRAIN ANNOUNCER AND ONE DAY YOU START TO CALL OUT THE TRAINS LUSTILY-



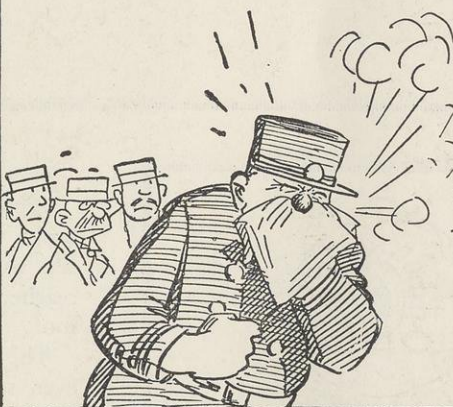
AND JUST AS YOU GET GOING GOOD AND PEOPLE STOP TO LISTEN AND ADMIRE YOUR DEEP, THROATY TONES, YOU START BARKING



-AND WHEN IT CEASES YOU START OFF AGAIN WITH LESS CONFIDENCE AND GET A BIT BALLED UP



-AND THEN YOU START BARKING AGAIN



-AND THEN THE BIG CHIEF COMES ALONG AND SAYS YOU DON'T NEED TO REPORT TO-MORROW UNLESS YOU CAN CAN THE COUGH -



- AND A FRIEND TIPS YOU OFF TO OLD GOLDS, THE CIGARETTE THAT HASN'T A COUGH IN A CARLOAD--AND YOU BUY 'EM-- AND OH-H-H-BOY! AIN'T IT A GR-R-RAND AND GLOR-R-RIOUS FEELIN'?



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload

Special Announcement

MISS ETHEL SILVER of Milwaukee, Wisconsin who has three times been awarded a scholarship by The Juillard Art Foundation of New York is in charge of a trio at The Hotel Loraine, playing in the Main Dining Room every evening and both noon and evening on Sundays. Miss Silver is a remarkable soloist, her most notable public appearance being with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Fred Stone. She is taking special musical work at the University of Wisconsin, and is being assisted at the Loraine by Mr. Duane Longaker, violinist and Mr. Grant Otis, celloist. On account of anticipated heavy business in our main cafe, we suggest that you Phone B. 3200 for reservations.

HOTEL LORAINE.

L. G. Fitzgerald,
Manager.



That's the idea!

"Say it with Flowers"

From

University Floral Company
723 University Avenue
Madison, Wisconsin

The Tragedy of the Room Orgie

From somewhere in the distance a dismal train whistle broke the silence. Outside the rain poured down, and the wind, which had been more or less high all day, reached to an even higher pitch as it moaned about the roof.

The man, a shrouded figure, moved forward cautiously, ever so cautiously, in the dark. Someone was in the room—of that he was sure. God! Sweat stood out upon his brow and his foot faltered; for out of the dark loomed a hideous face, its features distorted as if in agony, its mouth open in a ghastly grimace. The man uttered a sob, his nerves were beginning to snap. Suddenly his body became even tenser, his eyes grew wild, and he lost all control as a low horrible laugh came from behind him.

"For God's sake!" he shouted madly. "Is every bed in this Fraternity house taken?"



Old Gentleman, indignantly: Look at that girl—wearing knickers—and her hair cut just like a man's. Why it's a disgrace!

"Sir—that's my daughter!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't realize you were her father."

"Father, hell, I'm her mother."

Welcome to Madison



If you're one of those young men who like to
set the lead for the rest of your
set—get yourself a

"NOTTINGHAM"

Suit at

Anderes & Spoo

MADISON

The Man's Store

18 North Carroll

"Judge," pleaded the prisoner, "don't send me home. I'll plead guilty to anything, only don't send me home!"

"And why this request?" asked the judge.

"Your honor, I don't dare return. I remembered last night that I'd left the pan under the ice-box go for four days and my wife returns home tomorrow."

"Two years at hard labor!" thundered the judge, for she was a woman.



First Rat: Well, my mother used to live in the White House!

Second Rat: That's nothing, my ancestors came over on the Mayflower!



Prof. (to class in Eng. Comp. when several students come in late. With sarcasm): This is a class, not an afternoon tea.

(Next afternoon, when young woman enters class 20 min. late.)

Prof: How will you take your tea, Miss Smith?

Co-ed: Without lemon, please.

Tiffany's



Claire Tiffany Frocks are created for young girls who wear charming clothes both in and out of school.

A Creation for the Price of a Dress

WHERE the new man
can supply himself
in matters of dress
with an assurance of
detailed correctness

HOAK & DUNN

Gelvin's of Madison

644 STATE STREET

The huge liner plowed through the seas with apparent ease. It was a calm night, slightly cloudy, with a fair breeze from the northeast. The Ptomania was making good speed, with everyone enjoying the weather. Suddenly without warning there was a terrible crash, the ship shivered from head to foot, or from stern to stern, as you will, and all the lights went out.

"We are lost, save yourselves!" came a stentorian bellow from the bridge.

And then in the second of calm that followed this announcement came the hoarse voice of a sailor from the bow, "Aw hell, now I'll never know what them dice read!"



After listening to my experiences of last year, my kid sister wanted to know if the "W" on my Freshman cap stood for Women?

He: I feel sure I'm the reincarnation of Nero.
She: Seems to me you're playing second fiddle, aren't you?



Pledge: I always say what I think.
Brutal Frater: I wondered why you were so quiet.



"I wonder what it is that attracts people to these naked revues."

"I declare I don't know. I've been to six and I can't find out."

Thompson Orchestras

610 STATE STREET

Badger 2020

CAMEO ROOM
in
BEAVER BLDG.

ESTHER BEACH
Around
LAKE MONONA

O. M. Nelson & Son

Diamond Merchants
Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street
for
Nearly A Half Century

Why Soda Clerks Go Crazy

"My dear, you should have seen her . . . absolutely the latest from Paris . . . you know she has a rich aunt that goes over every year . . . of course, I don't admire her taste, but the clothes are the last word . . . !"

"Aaaaaa-hem, what'll you girls have?"

"Who was she with? Why, that awfully homely Arnold boy . . . you know, the one with the silly grin . . . yes, I know he's a football player, but I never could see him, really."

"Pardon me, what is your order?"

"Yes, there's an awfully cute boy in my French class . . . I've tried to make him notice me, but he seems so preoccupied . . . your nose is shiny, Joan . . . here, take mine . . . I just don't know who to take

to our formal . . . Jimmy is so childish sometimes."

"Say, do you girls want anything to eat?"

"Mother said I could get that Poirret model at Manchester's, but I do so want that black velvet . . . maybe Dad'll get it for me . . . he's a dear sometimes."

"Say ——!"

"Did you pass that horrible quizz old Fergusion popped the other day? . . . I simply couldn't . . . it was devastating, wasn't it?"

"Either order or get out of here!"

"Oh, Joan, here's the boy, what do you want? Give me a triple chocolate parfait with pistachio nuts . . . what, you don't have it . . . come on Joan, this is a terrible place, no service, after waiting twenty minutes, too!"

"My God! (———)" censored.

—H. J. S.

Student Activities

Have long come to us for their printing work, realizing that
the care and attention we give them produces
attractive and distinctive printing

Straus Printing Co.

118 East Main—Near the Square—Badger 1763

*Rosmor
Frocks*

—The Sophs Know It
—The Juniors Know It
—The Seniors Know It
—So We Tell It To The Freshies

There is a Rosmor Shop in Madison Selling America's Smartest Frocks

If it is smart and new you'll find it here and
always at this one low price. To get posted
your first visit should be to Rosmors

231 State Street

Other Rosmor Shops in Chicago, Milwaukee,
Minneapolis, Rockford, Hammond and other
cities.

\$15

Phone for Appointment

MARINELLO SHOP

Permanent Waving

Facial Massage

Electrolysis

Hair Bobbing by Expert

Finger Waving . . Marcelling

Mrs. W. Wengel

225 State Street

Fairchild 79

Fairchild 3677



"Well, I see Doris had one of those skim-milk marriages."
"Whatsa' matter, not rich enough?"
"No, been separated."

The Wisconsin Malted



deliciously heavy, made with our own ice cream, and served in your favorite flavor.

25 Mixers to Serve You

Campus Soda Grill

"The Place Malted Milk Made"

714 State

WE DELIVER

Fairchild 3535

Wait A While

Hall Boy: De man in room seben has done hang himself!

Hotel Clerk: Hanged himself? Did you cut him down?

Hall Boy: No, sah! He ain't dead yet!

—Exchange



He: Have you heard the new sneeze song?

She: No, what is it?

He: I took one look a-tchoo.

—Yale Record



Annett: Jack must be very wealthy.

Janett: Do you think so?

Annett: Yes, I've been to four formals with him and he had a different tux each time.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

SAWYER'S LUNCH Bakery and Delicatessen

617 STATE STREET

Try Our
Noon
Lunches

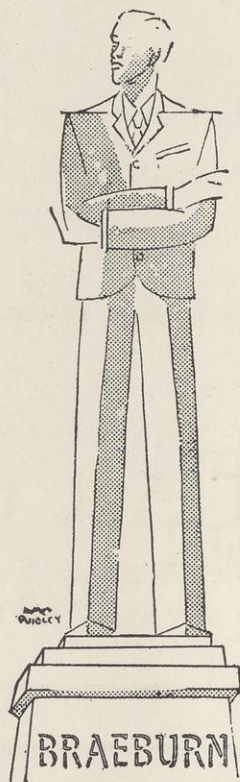
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Chop Suey
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Salads
Sandwiches

We cater to
Private Parties

Phone Reservations—B. 1267

OPEN—6:00 A. M. TO 11:00 P. M.

For University Men



Clothes of Distinction

AUTHENTICALLY styled clothes designed for this Fall by Braeburn of Rochester carry a mark of distinction rarely found in clothing. The combination of excellent fabrics, superb tailoring, and exclusive patterns make Braeburn University Clothing especially desirable for students at Wisconsin.

\$40 \$45 \$50 \$55

With Two Trousers

THE COLLEGE SHOP

Next to the Lower Campus

SKLAR'S

219 STATE

DRESSES

— of —

QUALITY

— at —

Popular Prices

\$10.75 to \$18.75

Fe: I'll call for help if you try to kiss me.
Male: Never mind, I'll manage it alone.



He was an Engineer

Professor: I recommend your taking another English course.

Student: Say man, I ain't got no need to take no more English.



Connie Co-ed: Does it make any difference on which side I sit?

Willie Necker: No, I am ambidextrous.



Crook: Your money or your life!

Man: Well, I have a boy in college—

Crook: 'Scuse it, pard, I didn't know.



KEEN!

Yes, but try and rate that little frosh without a car.

You'll find that walking "isn't being done this season."

LEARN YOUR LESSON NOW. RENT A CAR FOR THAT DATE!

Just Call

BADGER RENT-A-CAR CO.

We Deliver

Fairchild 2099

State at Henry



"Be nonchalant—light a Murad."—Adv.

—Gargoyle.

GILLER'S RESTAURANT and SANDWICH SHOP

Where Students Meet and Eat

DELICIOUS SANDWICHES
AND
DAINTY SALADS

Hot Lunches

Fountain Service

Open Until After Midnight

We Deliver

Phone F. 5662



A Car

is an essential part
of the college man's
equipment.

If you haven't one
Don't Worry

You Can Rent One
Reasonably at

College Rent-a-Car

315 North Henry

Fairchild 4464



15%

CASH DISCOUNT

On all new Books and Supplies 30 to
50% on Used Books

Gatewood's

The Nearest Book Store to the Campus

Monthly Dialect Story

"Boy, what kinda seegar is dat you is smoking."

"Nigger, dat's a quarter seegar."

"Quarter nothing. You never pay no two-bits for a seegar."

"I didn't say nothing about dat. De boss he smokes three-quarters and I smoke a quarter."

—Ghost



Sunday School Teacher (reading): And there came seven virgin—

Hard-boiled Harriet, aged 3: What's this, a fairy tale?
—Black and Blue Jay



We've heard of the height of this and the height of that, but the height of politeness, we insist, is the following sign:

KINDLY KEEP YOUR HANDS
OFF THIS WIRE
IT CARRIES 20,000 VOLTS
Thank You!

—Red Cat

CONSERVATIVE

Lines and materials mark the
new fall suits and top coats

at the

Campus Clothes Shop

825 University Ave.—at Park Street

Greenhorn: And how can we tell when we're near an elephant?

Bored Companion: You'll detect a faint odor of peanuts on his breath.

—Life



"Have you heard the new 'Symptoms' song?"

"Hurry, I'm all a-twitter!"

"Symptoms I'm happy, Symptoms I'm sad."

—Satyr



Old Timer: Is your married life one grand, sweet song?

Newlywed: Well, since our baby's been born it's been like an opera, full of grand marches with loud calls for the author every night.

—Frith

Mangel's

27 So. Pinckney St., Madison, Wis.



New
Fall
Dresses

9⁹⁵

and

14⁹⁵

When you shop at Mangel's you shop in the heart of the fashion center — because Mangel's with its central location is just around the corner from wherever you are. 95 stores throughout the United States means 95% better value for you.

FAN TAN HOSIERY

Made for and sold
exclusively by
Mangel's

Chiffon Hose

All silk
from top
to toe; full
fashioned.
All Paris
shades.

1 35

Our Other Prices
\$1.00 to \$1.75

SILK LINGERIE

Mangel's are the largest
retailers of under-
wear in the United
States.

Rayon Slips

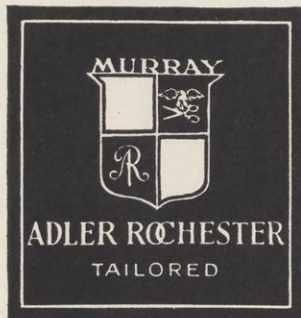
Heavy
quality;
well
made;
washable.

1 98

Other silk items too
numerous to mention

The Murray label on Suit or Topcoat
is a badge of style authenticity, a
stamp of conservative good taste.

Q Their cut, colors, fabrics
and tailoring will appeal to
Universitymen with a devel-
oped dress consciousness,
men who shy at the wild
extremes of so-called
"Collegiate clothes"



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ADLER ROCHESTER CLOTHES

You are cordially invited to inspect
our exclusive showing of Suits and
Topcoats bearing the Murray label

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square Carroll Near State

ADLER ROCHESTER CLOTHES

The University Pharmacy

The Students Drug Store

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Better
PHOTO-FINISHING



McVICAR'S PHOTO SERVICE
(AT THE UNIVERSITY FLORAL CO.)

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THE MONTHS
WORST PUN

Adolph: Haf a cigar?

Alphonso: No tenks, I don't
wanna get cigarlet fever.

J. ALCOTT

Lad (viewing the Grand Canyon for first time): Gee,
what a great place to throw old Fords!

—Gargoyle

? WHO CARES ?

IF SUMMER IS GONE!

Fall is here — a Wisconsin fall with its beautiful scenery, its thrilling football games, its happy good times. // // //

Enjoy It All With a Neat New Car From

CAPITAL CITY RENT-A-CAR CO.

434 W. Gilman St. or 531 State St. Fairchild 334

Chapter 1

Tentative opening for novel on college life: "A small coupe drew up to the fraternity house and eleven passengers alighted.

—*Detroit News*



Him: My, but he's dumb! He thinks Uncle Wiggily is Gilda Gray's uncle.

—*Malteaser*



"Are you going to stag at the dance tonight?"

"Yes, I haven't any doe."

—*Rammer-Jammer*



When Grandma was a flapper,
She dressed like Mother Hubbard;
But Grandma's flapper granddaughter
Dresses more like her cupboard.

—*Log*

MORGAN BROS.

Malted Milk

672 State Street



Enclose return postage if vest is sent.

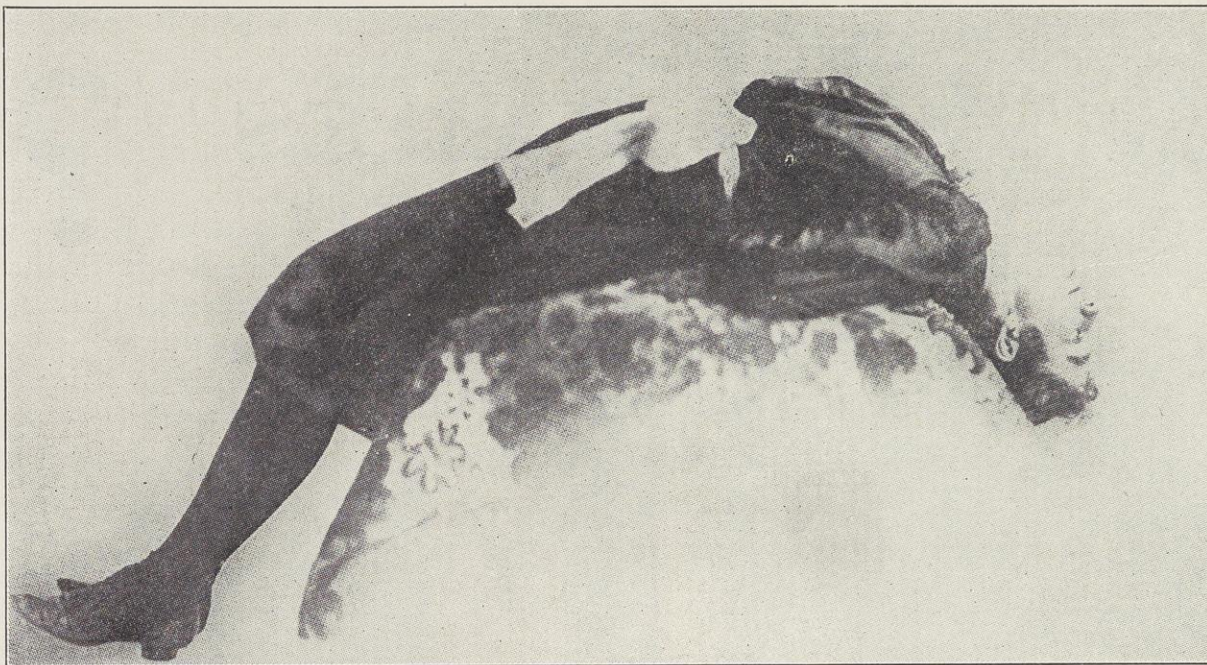
PANTS MATCHED

*Why Throw Away
That Coat and Vest*

Save \$25 or more! Let us match your coat and vest with new trousers, and save the price of a new suit. Hundreds satisfactorily matched every day. Each pair tailored to your measure. Over 80,000 patterns. We submit sample of cloth for your approval. Just mail sample of the suit, or your vest.

Match Pants Company

Dept 18, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago



“FOR YEARS I SUFFERED ON A BED OF PAIN”

Read How One Woman Was Saved From A Life of Suffering and Misery

Cornucopia, Iowa.—“I had pains in my back, spots before my eyes, and dizzy spells upon arising. My arches fell, and I could pull out my hair by the handfuls. After my nineteenth child was born I took to my bed and resigned myself to a life of suffering and wretchedness. My hands were swollen to twice their normal size, and I was helpless as hell. I tried every known medicine. Even the doctors gave up hopes of my ever being well and strong again. For years I suffered on a bed of pain.

“Then one day my husband brought home an Octopus. At first I refused to touch it as I believed that nothing could help me. Finally, one day I tried a copy. The change was remarkable. I felt new life and blood coursing through me. After taking nine copies I was entirely restored and able to do my own housework. I am now husky as an ox and can lift a washing machine with one hand. I enthusiastically recommend Octopus for both the well and the sick. I am still taking it.”—*Mrs. Ellen B. Dahmed, Route 8, Cornucopia, Ia.*

**What Octopus Has Done For One Woman It Can Do For You. This Is Only One of
Thousands of Testimonials of Grateful Thanks We Have Received
From Users. Ask Your Druggist or Book Store Dealer.**

99 $\frac{44}{100}$ %

(9 issues \$1.75 Locally. \$2.00 Out of Town)

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

PURE

How is Your Coal Supply?

WHEN IN NEED OF COAL
WHY NOT RING

CASTLE & DOYLE

BADGER 1993

Foot Brawl

I

A SUB AND A DUB WAS YOUNG TALLOW MCGEE,
AND HE DROVE AND DOVE LIKE A WHALE IN THE SEA,
AND HE RACED AND HE CHASED EVERY BALL HE COULD
SEE
THIS FELLOW YOUNG TALLOW WAS YELLOW, YOU SEE.

II

CAME THE DAY (SUCH A DAY) WHEN THE TEAM WAS
TO PLAY
THEIR RIVALS—MOST RATED, MOST HATED, IN FRAY.
THE YELLING CAME SWELLING FROM ALL SIDES AND
TELLING
OUR SALLOW YOUNG TALLOW THE SCORE, TWO TO
THREE.

III

STUTTERING, PUTTERING, ANGRY, AND MUTTERING,
THE COACH TOLD THE SUB TO GO IN—

ALTHOUGH TALLOW WAS SALLOW, AND THIS WAS OUR
TALLOW
HE WAS SALLOW AND YELLOW NO LONGER—NOT HE!

IV

THE CHEERING AND JEERING WAS HARD ON HIS HEARING,
AS TALLOW CAME REARING; HIS BACK LIKE A PINE-
TREE.
BUT A SLICK LITTLE TRICK AND A KICK WITH HIS KNEE,
MADE A GOAL FOR THE SCHOOL AND A NAME FOR
MCGEE.

V

AND THOUGH TALLOW'S STILL SALLOW, HE'S A MIGHTY
NICE FELLOW,
NO SUB OR A DUB IS HE—
AND HIS NAME HAS A FAME, WHILE THE STUDENTS
STILL SHAME
WHEN THEY THINK OF THEIR TREATMENT OF TAL-
LOW MCGEE.

—H. S.

University Photo Shop

Photography In All Its Branches

Expert Photo Finishing

GIFTS - GREETING CARDS

810 University Avenue

Telephone: Badger 6216, Fairchild 2620

The Badger Hosiery Shop announces the
opening of a complete line of Ladies' Lin-
gerie and Hosiery on Tuesday, August
the Twenty-Eighth, Nineteen Twenty-eight
at 1355 University Avenue.

Our motto will be Service, Quality and
Value and our intention as a neighborhood
store is to serve the folks of this com-
munity.

BADGER HOSIERY SHOP

1355 University Ave.

Favors

Telephone F. 4382

Madison Fuel Co.

E. J. Frautschi, Mgr.

Fuel of all kinds

601 W. Doty

Badger 3

672 State Street

Badger 7170

State-Lake Beauty Shop

(Formerly Scott's)

All lines of beauty culture
Permanent waving a specialty

Come in and meet our beauty
specialists, or phone Badger
7170 for an appointment.

Make Madison's
Master Cleaner
Your Cleaner

Pantorium Co.

\$5.00 Advance Gives
\$6.00 Credit



B. 1180

558 State Street

History Professor (who had a momentary lapse of memory): The Queen of Spain was—Well, she was—

From the Rear: A sprightly dame was she.

—Virginia Reel



Divine Justice

An official of the telephone company was rudely awakened from his slumbers by the insistent ringing of his telephone. After bruising his knee on a chair, he reached the telephone.

"Hello," he growled.

"Are you an official of the telephone company?" asked a voice.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"Tell me," said the voice, "how it feels to get out of bed at two o'clock to answer a wrong number?"

—Gargoyle



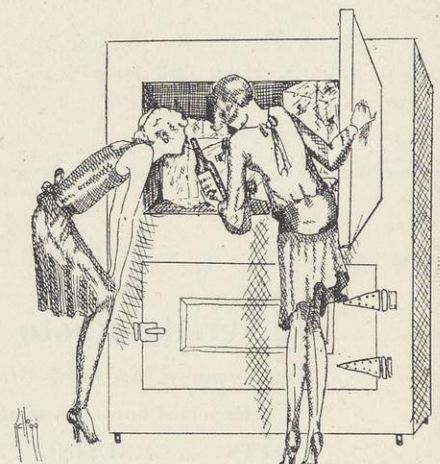
Appropriate Movie Subtitle

"Came the Yawn."

—Yale Record

An Englishman was seeing some "collegiate" dancing for the first time. He seemed greatly impressed, and after a lengthy pause inquired of his guide, "I say, my dear chappie, they marry afterward, don't they?"

—Buccaneer



Senseless: Where'd you get all the ice?

Also: We raised it from little ice plants.

RENNEBOHM
Better Drug Stores

SAVE YOU MONEY

Five Stores

located
conveniently
for all students

MADE-TO-ORDER
Gowns, Wraps, Frocks
READY-TO-WEAR
Silk and Wool Dresses
SILK HOSE
All Smart Shades

Special Services

RHINESTONE SETTING
In All Shades of Stones

PLEATINGS
Side, Box, Accordion Combination

HEMSTITCHING

The Hetty Minch Shop

Cor. Gorham and Henry

"Use the word 'nude' in a sentence."
"Oh, John, I just nude you could do it!"

"College students are regular night-hawks, aren't they?"
"I should say. They study until two o'clock and then play poker until bedtime."

Some of the boys who are doing the tail spinning in the air right now probably won't be alive to do a little tale spinning for their grand-children.



Soliloquy

"How did you spend your summer?"
"Oh, I was doing some etching and whatnot."
"Oh! Were you troubled by mosquitoes, too?"

Sin and the world sins with you,
Be good and you are good alone.
The girl who pets gets all of the dates,
And the girl who won't sits home and waits.

Frieda Flapper wants to know why they don't have stop signals in Lover's Lane?

DON'T BE A NEW BOY



And sign your life away to rent a car.

We have a "Drivurself Card" which is yours for the asking . . . without any red tape or bother. It entitles you to drive one of our cars anytime and anywhere you wish without a deposit. Latest open and closed models:

- New Ford
- Chevrolet
- Pontiac
- Oakland
- Graham-Paige
- Chrysler

KOCH
RENTACAR
DRIVE IT YOURSELF
313 West Johnson Street

Are You Paying Too Much For Your Clothing?

The first thing every male student should find out when he enters the University is what store offers the best assortment—the latest styles—the best values for the lowest price.

That store will be found at 27 North Pinckney street on the Capitol Square, next door to the New Belmont Hotel.

The only store in Madison operated on a No Sale Policy—which means we have no long mark-ups to take care of the mark-downs that is necessary to overcome the losses sustained by holding cut price sales.

We carry only nationally advertised goods in clothing, hats and furnishings that meet the ready approval of the College Man.

Every Day is Registration Day here.

The Crescent
CLOTHING CO.
Specialists in Apparel for Men & Boys

Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM
ICE CREAM

"our wagon passes your door"

Kennedy Dairy Company

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

Phone B. 7100

It was a thrilling moment in the big prizefight. The contender for the championship had just knocked down the title defender. As Gorilla Al staggered to his feet, the opponent hit him again with terrific force. One enthusiastic fan shouted, "Socko!" with relish. His neighbor, fearing for the champion, and not liking his vehement seatmate, smartly replied, "And Vanzetti!", as the champ rallied to shoot over a fast left.



Rusher: So you're from the Mississippi bottom. Tell me, what's the best way to catch catfish?

Rushee: Well down home we use tobacco for bait. Then when the fish come up to spit, we knock 'em on the head with an axe.

—Purple Parrot



"McDonall, will ye have a cigarette?"

"Thank ye, no. I never smoke wi' gloves on. I canna stand the smell of burning leather."

—Lampoon

All Engraving in the Octopus Was Done By

Brock Engraving Company

Artists and Engravers

4th Floor
State Journal Building
Phone—Fairchild 913

A hen is immortal because her son never sets.

—Gargoyle

Cy: Say, pard, I see you have a bad leg? Pray tell me, what may you be doing for it?

Clone: Limping, Cy, me boy, limping.

—Log



Bystander: Did you fall?

Fallen One: Naw, I'm just listenin' for a subway, batcha' t'ink.



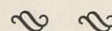
Crisp autumn air . . .
the thud of a well-kicked pigskin . . .
burning leaves . . .
chrysanthemums!



'YOUTH'S LAST STAND'

Percy Marks, author of *The Plastic Age*, has written a new college novel which should sweep across the country just as sensationally. It is the real story of an athlete who went away to college to get an education and not to take part in any outside, rah-rah activities. *Youth's Last Stand* is its title. It is daring and true. It will rock the foundations of many athletic and social standards in our colleges today. It also happens to be a thrilling story in his best-seller manner, and a genuine publishing scoop.

COLLEGE HUMOR, during the football season, will have a brilliant collection of short stories about our greatest sport.



A NEW SPORTS DEPARTMENT

A large department devoted to college sports, for men and women, is being developed by COLLEGE HUMOR. It will be a forum for the leading coaches, players and sports writers in American college circles, and will be edited by Joe Godfrey, Jr. This magazine already numbers among its contributors on sports such men as:

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Snappy Retorts

1918

"You ain't funny—it's just the way' your ma dresses ya."

1920

"Do your stuff!"

1922

"I'll tell the world!"

1924

"So's your old man!"

1927

"And how!"

1928

"Yourguessisasgoodasours!"



*Pretty little freshman
With blond bobbed hair,
Going to her classes
Up the long hall stair.
How I love to walk behind her
As she climbs and climbs
For she is quite a goddess
With her fine and shapely limbs.*

(That ought to rime, it's spelled the same.)

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To A Moth On My Best Suit

Moth, I'm sorry you have stayed for
Lunch upon my Sunday best;
But inasmuch as it's not paid for,
Won't you try an older vest?

Do not think that you're intrusive;
(Pardon me if I seem rude.)
Nor do I mean to be abusive;
(Surely I'm not misconstrued?)

All I have is yours for asking;
Little good t'would do to kick;
For moths are stubborn when they're
basking
On a place they'd like to stick.

My demand is not a bold one;
I will let you eat your fill.
But please oblige and choose an old
one—
I, not you, must pay the bill!
—*Jack-O-Lantern*



Hark to the prayer of the average college man: "The
Lord is my shepherd; I should worry."
—*Boston Beanpot*

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A little boy was enduring the torment of his first piano lesson, and beginning to tire. His little fingers rang out seven of the eight tones in the octave and then stopped. The teacher waited patiently a second and then asked: "Isn't it about time you were hitting the A?"

Whereupon little Johnny slipped off the stool, and, handing the teacher her hat, said, "Yes, ma'am. Good-night."



After I came home and gave Dad a few hints on how to judge liquor, he said he was glad he had sent me to school as long as I was learning something useful.

WHAT THEY LAUGHED AT WHEN MOTHER
WAS A GIRL



A REASONABLE REQUEST

Train Robber: Throw up your hands!

Passenger: All right; if you'll hold the baby. My wife's gone into the dining car to get a cup of tea.

—*Puck* (1893)



Nero: You say it's a three-alarm fire?

Police Chief: Yes, sir.

Nero: But we only have one fire engine!

P. C.: That's all right, sir, they sent it three times.



"That's a crazy thing to tell time by," said little Alonzo, pointing to the Cuckoo clock on the wall.



Just a Coupla Friendly Greeks---

But, oh, how cagey!

On our left we have Prunella Paducha on whom the Tutti Frutis are pinning all their hopes for a banner freshman class. You really wouldn't think a sweet sixteen could be so Circe-like, but fact is she's a triple threat artist—Packard, Palaver, and Perseverance. Girls she's a spider when you get in her web!

Oscar the nice boy on the right is one of those Fauntleroy fellows from the He-she She-he House down by the lake. During the first few days of school, he is often seen in company with freshmen. Some say he gives 'em a bum's rush, but Bill Purnell or Hal Hoak'll tell you he's not so slow. You with the green cap, watch out.

How do we know so much? Well, little freshman, after you have been here as long as Prunella and Oscar you'll learn that right here is where most students come for their printing, and that we have been in Madison seventy-five years, just as long as the university itself. Do come over.

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