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The Wisconsin Octopus: Night life number. Vol. 12, No. 3 November 19, 1930

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November 19, 1930

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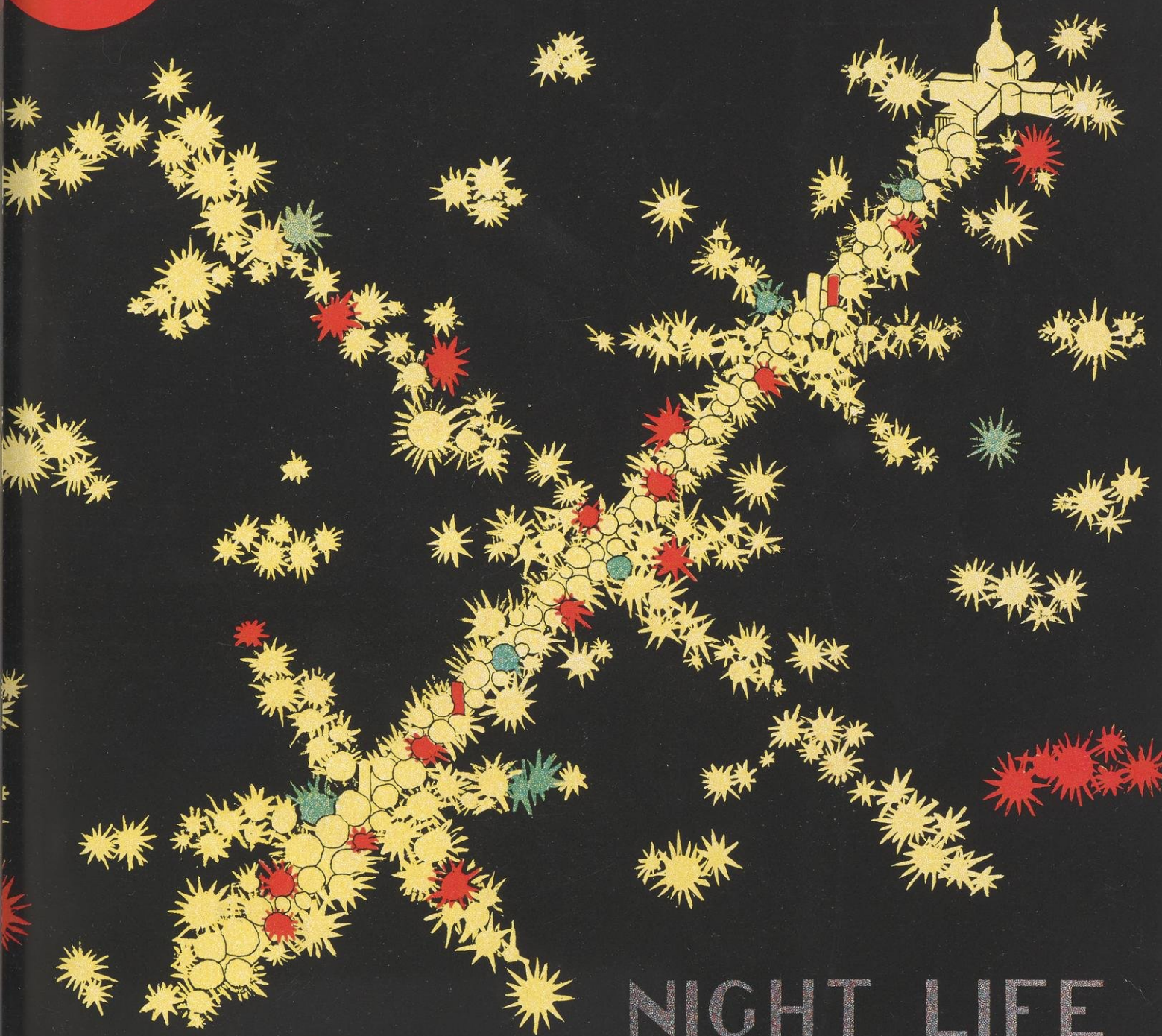
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the wisconsin OCTOPUS



NOVEMBER
25¢

NIGHT LIFE
NUMBER

phil holliday

INFORMALLY *and* COMFORTABLY
FORMAL /

STARCHED WHERE

YOU NEED IT

SOFT WHERE

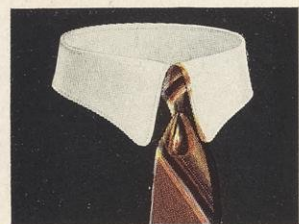
YOU WANT

IT —



ALL THE EASE *of* NEGLIGEE'
WITH THE IRREPROACHABLE
CORRECTNESS *of* FORMAL
WHITE

* Style-wise men are ordering "DUFF" as the Arrow starched collar preeminently suited for this smart new shirt. Duff is moderately low, with slightly rounded points. 25 cents each, \$2.75 doz.

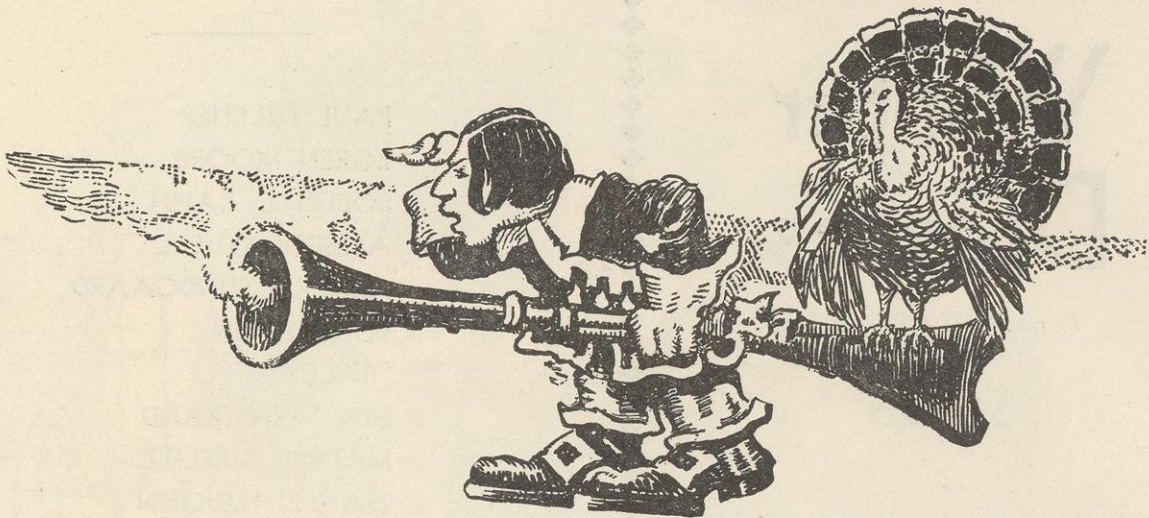


CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC.
TROY, N. Y.



ARROW'S new white "SPADE" is for men who want the bit of self-respect that only white starch can write on a man's chest—and about his neck*—but who want above all things *ease*. The Spade converts a sketchy C-minus appearance into a serene A. It looks as well in a lab as it does in a Lincoln. It is the one daytime shirt that calls for no clowning comment—and gets plenty of quiet envy. It is a great deal of handsome shirt for the small dollars involved (\$3.00). You are within your rights in snorting if your outfitter says he hasn't got it—what he forgot to add was "yet." He'll get your size.

ARROW SHIRTS



TALKING TURKEY

If you are gunning for a suit to wear home over Thanksgiving, trek over to the Co-op and talk turkey on a fine garment for the occasion. The Co-op has two trouser suits in durable materials starting at \$35. The payment plan makes it possible for any student to dress well, and yet budget his Wampum as he best can. All Co-op clothing is purchased on a rebate basis.

\$35⁰⁰ CO-OP SUITS \$55⁰⁰

Use Your Co-op Number

THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

The Student's Store

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

◆◆◆ DIAMOND BROTHERS ◆◆◆

THIS
IMPORTANT GROUP OF

Winter Dresses

Is modestly priced at

\$9.95



An important group of dress fashions featuring all the smart styles for Fall and Winter occasions . . . Proper for school, street-wear, afternoon or business. Make your selections now.

DIAMOND BROTHERS

11 East Main Street - On Capitol Square
Madison's Most Popular Ladies Shop

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL FULCHER
LOREN MOORE
ROBERT L. KAHN
ALDRICK REVELL
ARNOLD SUNDGAARD
TONY TOBIN
"BALLY"
ERIC WENSTRAND
MILDRED STRELITZ
JEAN LITTLEJOHN
HORACE CRAWSHAW
MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS
JACK WITTRUP



Two Distinctive Overcoats

The first is the English Greatcoat — shown this season in fleece and camel hair. The second is the Conventional Chesterfield, with the fly front. Both of these smart coats are now presented to Wisconsin men in our distinctive fabrics and tailoring.

Pete E. F. Burns.

608 State Street

Clothing - Imported Haberdashery - Shoes



Be a little Joy Scout, and start your Christmas shopping at Baron's. You just know you'll spend less, be able to buy more, and find things interestingly "different"! Everything's new . . . and what values!

BARON BROS. Inc.



Black and White

—for Daytime
Wear

For black and white is the order of the day . . . a sure recipe for smartness that's distinguished. If you are looking for a really smart little daytime frock choose this canton crepe trimmed in white satin . . . with the new flowing sleeves . . . expensive looking . . . but NOT expensive.

\$15

100 Dresses Reduced.

\$15 to \$25 Values

\$9.75

**Bonnie
FROCKS**

231 STATE

Song for the fraternity brother whose car has been borrowed by his roommate: My Phaeton's In Your Hands.

"How'd you like it at the Villa Vallee?"

"Oh, it's a gorgeous place, but there was some young fellow there who got up on a platform and kept mumbling to himself with his eyes closed."

The man walked down the street staring hungrily into the foodstore windows as he passed them by. He was famished. Greedily he devoured the restaurant signs with his eyes. He had just had dinner at one of those dine and dance places.

STAGE SLANGUAGE

Did you know that:

When an actor is "catching flies" he is not madly tearing about the stage with a fly-swatter in one hand, but he is distracting the attention of the audience by fumbling with his clothes while someone else is trying to get a laugh?

"To dry a man up" is not to put him on the water wagon, but to give him the wrong cue?

"Milking the audience" is to overplay for applause by taking too many bows, etc?

A "stage hog" is not a species of animal but is an actor who is continually attempting to occupy the center of the stage?

A "bow teller" does not work in a bank, but is some close acquaintance of the actor and who says, "Take another bow, honey?"

"Ad libbing" is the process of improvising lines?

"To balloon" is to forget the lines entirely?

A "dead pan" is not a container devoid of life but is an emotionless or expressionless face?

"Mugging" contrary to general definition, means giving a facial pantomime?

A "left-legged dancer" (Hmmm, what's this?) is one who cannot dance?

"Floor moppers" are not janitors but are girls who do splits, roll-overs, cart-wheels, acrobatic dances, etc?

The question, "What's the B. O.?" does not inquire into the nature of a physical characteristic of some person, but is a query of the box office price of tickets?

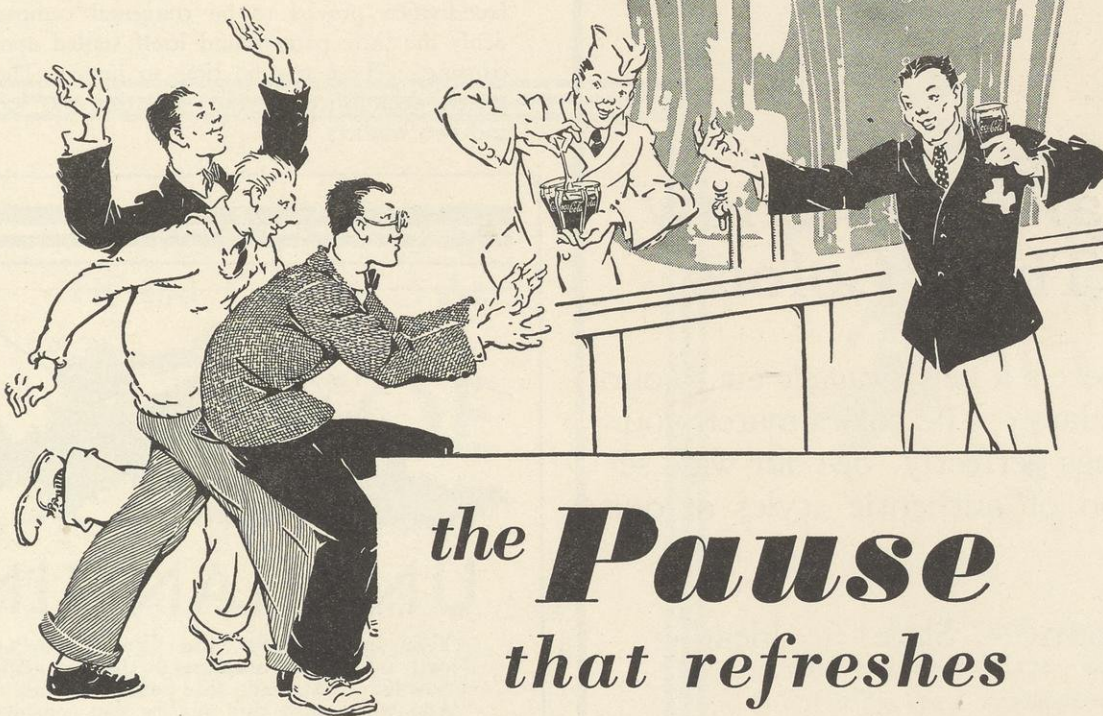
"Dressing the house" is not putting up a lot of decorations but means the process of distributing a small audience so that the house seems well filled?

And finally "get the magoo" is not an African phrase but means to be hit in face with a custard pie!

—Mac



Your good deed
for today



the ***Pause***
that refreshes

No matter how busy you are—how hard you work or play—don't forget you owe yourself that refreshing pause with Coca-Cola.

You can always find a minute, here and there, and you don't have to look far or wait long for Coca-Cola. A pure drink of natural flavors—always ready for you—ice-cold—around the corner from anywhere. Along with millions of people every day you'll find in Coca-Cola's wholesome refreshment a delightful way to well-being.

— **LISTEN IN** —
Grantland Rice — Famous
Sports Champions — Coca-Cola
Orchestra — Every Wednesday
10:30 to 11 p. m. E. S. T. —
Coast to Coast NBC Network

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

CM-3

9 MILLION A DAY—IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



Fall Hats Show Their Colors

There's a new swagger air to our Fall Hats. The colors match your suitings perfectly. See our wide selection of authentic styles at our shop.

Brown - Slate - Heather

\$6



"Is the band at the Kitty Klub any good, Mame?"
"Goodness yes, they're all perfectly divine looking."



"I think this country is going to the dogs."
"I'm not in favor of prohibition either."



"Did you ever hear of 'down again, up again, Finnegan'?"
"Who's he? The elevator boy?"



Once upon a time an insane man escaped from an asylum. Prompted by a criminal instinct, he stole a car. Possessing at the same time a strong desire for companionship, he persuaded two Chinese laundrymen whom he found standing on a street corner, to accompany him on a joy ride. Everything went well for a time, and the laundrymen proved to be congenial companions. Suddenly the little party found itself stalled upon a railroad crossing. There was no time to jump. The train completely demolished the car. All that was left was a nut and two washers.



UNCHANGING

Year in, year out, the "Koh-I-Noor" Drawing Pencil maintains unchanged the scientifically accurate lead that made this pencil famous.

And when with this quality you consider its unmatched smoothness, its precise grading and its ability to wear—then your estimate of the "Koh-I-Noor" will approximate its value. Then you will have joined the legion that acclaims it as "The Perfect Pencil".

17 Degrees of Hardness.

ON SALE AT

Brown's Book Shop
Co-op

KOH-I-NOOR
The Perfect Pencil

"Because You Love Nice Things"

A Triumph in Stocking
Fit and Comfort . . . the

FLEXTOE

By Van Raalte

You are sure to be delighted with these new stockings that you'll find at MANCHESTER'S. You will discover that you never before have known what perfect fit in the foot and at the ankle means. Van Raalte can be justly proud of this smart new creation, and if we may make so bold, so can you be. In the sheer delicate chiffons that sell for \$1.95. In all of the clear subtle colors especially designed to harmonize with the colors of the season.



The flexible mesh assures:
a glove-like fit at the toe. com-
fort at the toe . . . bunching is
eliminated. perfect fit over the
instep. a smooth-fitting ankle.
perfect fit at the side of the
foot . . . such an asset for cut-
away slippers.

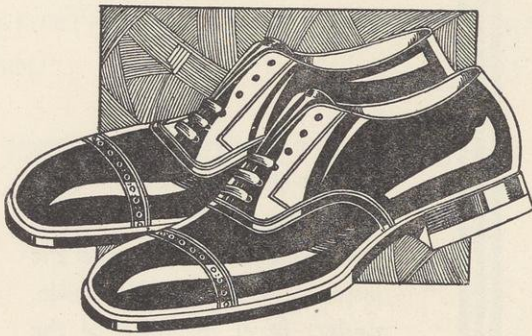
WALK-OVER

Men are becoming more particular about their footwear. They realize no man can be *well dressed* if his shoes are run-over or shabby. Good dressing is an asset . . . and a man is just as well dressed as his shoes.



Duncan

Shown above is the Duncan, strikingly British in appearance. It is made from selected black calf. It is a gentleman's shoe in every sense of the term.



Palmer

For everyday street wear and semi-dress evening wear—Fine grained Black Kaffor Calf and the Main Spring* Arch

Walk-Over Shoe Store

8 South Carroll St.

On Capitol Square

Psych Prof: According to eminent psychologists, soldiers and clergymen appeal most strongly to women.
Stude: Lordy, Lordy, make me an army chaplain.

Music Critic: Mr. Heavydough, your daughter cannot sing for sour apples.

Native Californian: Of course not, my dear sir. All the apples raised in this state are sweet.

Tramp: Pleease, mum could I have a bit to eat?

Farmer's Wife: What do you think you are, a horse?

COLLEGE SLOGANS

Fraternity: Ask the Man Who Owns One.

Sorority: They Satisfy.

Gym Pool: The Flavor Lasts.

The Rambler: Chases Dirt.

Dean's Office: It Floats.

The College Collie: Hasn't Scratched Yet.

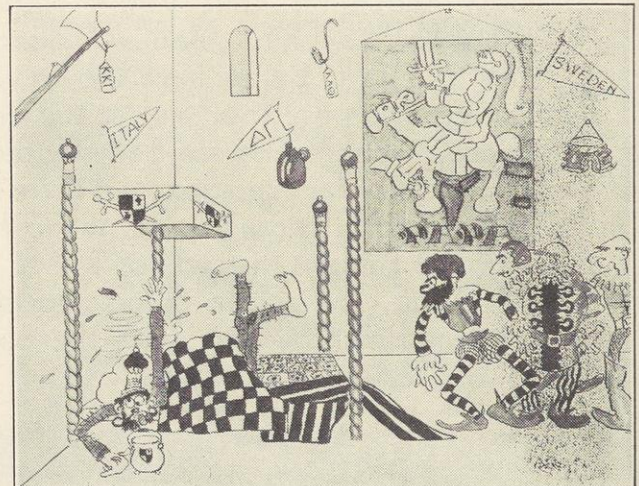
Cross-country Team: Best in the Long Run.

Rathskeller: The More You Eat the More You Want.

Lectures: Time to Retire.

Mem-Union: For Young Men and Men Who Stay Young.

—Aldric Revell



My Kingdom for a Hearse!

"I STILL GET A THRILL"



And you'll get one too... when you swing to this ringing, singing "Come and kiss me" waltz... on a Victor Record played for you

by *Ted Weems* and his well-known dance orchestra...

The world's "big shots" in music... record exclusively for Victor. Here's a hand-picked, 5-starred list... both hot and sweet... unleash the old dogs on these!

**Victor
Record
22515**

I STILL GET A THRILL
Sing

*Ted Weems
Orch.*

22504

**ON A LITTLE STREET
IN HONOLULU**
All Through the Night

*Hilo Hawaiian
Orch.*

22516

LEARNING A LOT FROM YOU
A Big Bouquet for You

*Johnny Johnson
Orch.*

22511

HULLABALOO
Baby Won't You Please Come Home

*McKinney's Cotton
Pickers*



The music you want when you want it, on
Victor Records

HERE'S LOTS OF FUN

Make a Victor Record

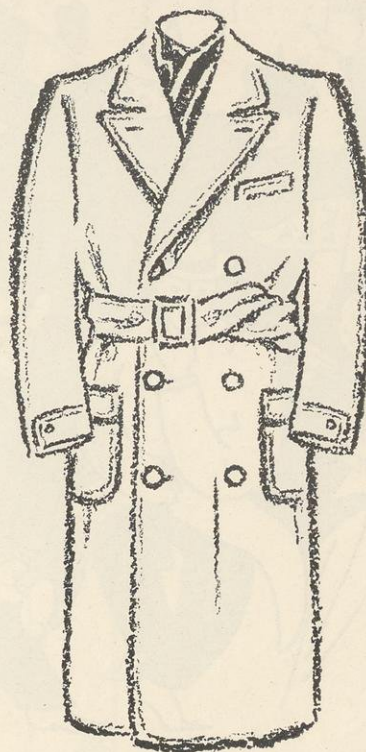
We have several private booths equipped with the new Victor combinations. You can make your own records on this machine. Play it at your Fraternity—or mail it home to Mother. Just buy a blank for 25c and make your record free.

**Forbes-Meagher Music
Company**

27 W. Main



"The Music You Want When You
Want It On Victor Records."



Llama Overcoats

There is a silky richness—a luxuriousness—to a Llama overcoat, that is subtly alluring. Its presentation in a long, well turned, double-breasted style approaches perfection.

A garment having all the merit and attractiveness of an extremely high priced coat—that we are very happy to be able to offer at \$50—making both the coat and the price a triumph.

\$50





Even a touchdown
leaves him cold
.. he lacks a
Laskinlamb
coat ...The All-American

dresser requires the warmth
and comfort of this genuine
fur coat...it's of finest
sheared lambskin...which
men in the know are buy-
ing...at a cloth coat's cost.



A PRODUCT OF J. LASKIN & SONS, Inc. 130 W. 30th ST., N. Y.
Factory: Milwaukee, Wis.

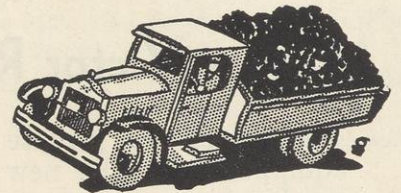
"Why so gloomy Rastus?"
"Nothin'. Only, ah jus' had mah 'pendix out, and de
Doc sewed me up wif white thread!"



I BEG YOUR PARDON—

"Here we are folks at the ringside—sorry, my mistake—
in the Yale bowl, about to witness one of the great base-
ball classics of the season—just a minute, I thought my
cohort here said baseball—he meant football—anyway the
starting lineup will be: left end for Harvard, Man-o-War,
Bluebell, Lucky Seven—excuse me, folks, that was the
wrong piece of paper—the teams are warming up now—
here's the starting whistle—Nagurski through the line for
seven yards—wait, I think it was Albie Booth, no, sorry
it was number 35 and that must be Carredio—anyhow
here's the next play—only a few seconds left in the round
now—this is Grahm McNamee speaking folks, broad-
casting the Army Stanford football game at Los Angeles—
just a second, my mistake, this is the annual meeting of
the Amalgamated Swiss Watch Maker's Association on
Time Hill in Cincinnati."

A
Cold
Evening



Can be made pleasant in the confines of
your own room or home if you use good
clean coal and our coal is just that.
Good and clean and beside we deliver
from car to bin at a reasonable price.



Monona Coal Company

330 So. Blair St.

Fairchild 5610






if
you didn't have
A STITCH
TO YOUR
BACK





You might think that your 'get up' was not quite *a la mode*; but you can be sure that it would be if you wore one of the chic new backless formals now on display at

Tiffany's
546 State Street

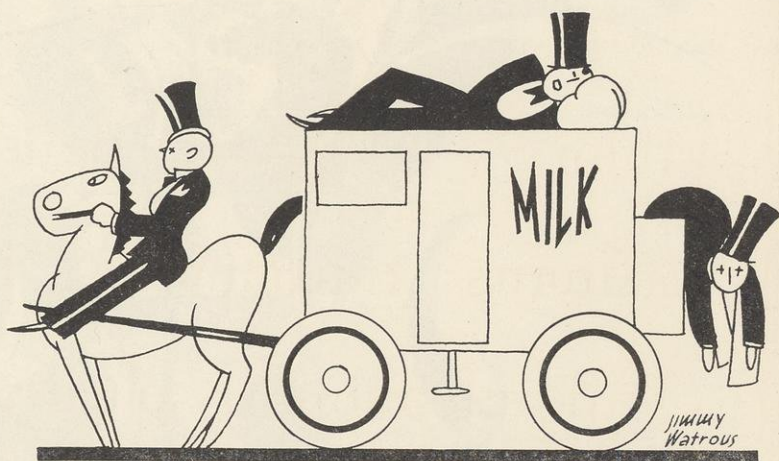


Pity Poor Annabelle!

She's only a "Freshie" - But, handsome Harry  asked her for a date! What's the  tragedy? She hasn't  one Rag to wear. Ah! a rescuer — "Roomie" enters and advises a quick

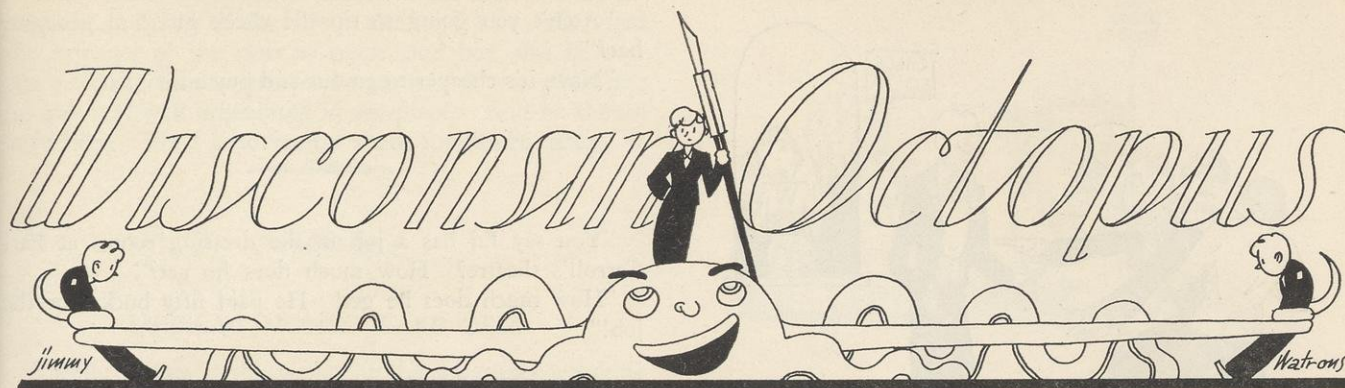
trip to  No sooner said than  done. She returns triumphant, her purse still pleasingly plump. Lucky Lady — the belle of the ball  thanks to Simpson's ^{At The} Co-op 

NIGHT LIFE NUMBER » » »





"Well, folks, here we are at the Club Tranquille. . . Just a quiet place to dine and dance."



Waiter: Here's the bill, sir.
Chi Gunman: My Gawd, I've been robbed!

"Look, there's Al Capone!"
"Probably came in to get a shot."

In the new simplified spelling,
Night Club becomes: \$\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$

1st Cop: Gee, traffic's getting light
these hard times, ain't it?

2nd: I'll say so. I haven't smoked
a cigar for a week.

*Lives of co-eds all remind us
They may sally forth to roam—
And refusing, leave behind them
Footprints on the road to home.*

"Love me, love my dog," is the fur-
coated college boy's motto.

"I hear they have a good bill at the
Casa Alvarado this week."
"Yeah, \$55.60 was mine."

"Gee, May's gettin' round should-
ered."

"Yeh. Since she landed that new
sugar daddy he's piled so many neck-
laces on her she's gettin' stooped from
carryin' 'em around."

"Hello, Hello, this is Al Jolson
speaking. Say, honey, how about a
date tonight?"

"Not the real Al Jolson?????" (much
surprise).

"The same."
"Oh Mammy!"

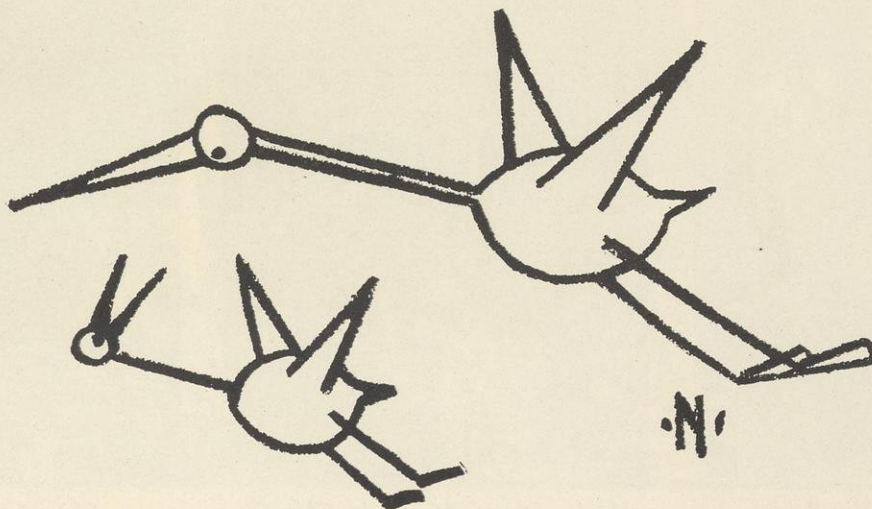
The waiter brought the finger bowl.
The man in the ill-fitting tux stared
at it. After a moment he beckoned
and the waiter approached.

"Bring me a cake of guest Ivory,
please."

A new book about
Chicago has been
written: Alley Baba
and the Forty Thou-
sand Thieves.

"Are you a lady
of the chorus?"

"Yeah, I'm in the
damn thing."



"Hey, quit crab-
bin' my act!"

"Crab it! Lissen,
Ham, that act of
yours should be rot-
ten egged. Crab's is
expensive."

Baby Stork: Momma, where did I come from?

"Why do they call
them night clubs?"

"Because they're
open tonight and
padlocked tomor-
row."



"—but she tried to give me a bum check!"

"Aren't you going to tip the check girl and get your hat?"

"Naw, it's cheaper to go out and buy a new hat."

"You say Ed has a job in the dressing rooms at Earl Carroll's theatre? How much does he get?"

"How much does he get! He paid fifty bucks for the job!"

We have often wondered why these good-looking life-guards, that are seen so frequently in the movies, have curly hair. Prof. I. M. Funnierstill attributes this characteristic to the fact that they get water waves in their hair from the combers.

The Stage Star to Movie Producer: "The movies are so stupid, so inartistic, so, oh, shall I say *low-brow*, don't you know? Even talking pictures haven't changed things; instead of the better things you people have insipid chorus girls sing blues songs. And those awful gobs of color? It injures one's artistic sense, don't you know. That movement, color, and horrible sound—so inartistic, so low-brow, don't you know? You want me to appear in talking pictures? For how much? Oh, really? Well! With sound and natural color? Well! Really, for that much? Well, I accept, but only on this condition: That my pictures not only have chorus girls singing blues songs in natural color and sound, but that they are artistic, and not so low-brow, don't you know?"

HOW TO CRASH THE GATE OF A THEATER

After finding out what the name of the manager is, rush up to him and say, "Howdoyoudo Mr. Blank. My name's Bill Smith. I'm chairman of the social committee of the Eta Beta Pi Fraternity and we are throwing a theater party. About fifty couples. What picture are you showing tomorrow night? (make sure the bill has just been changed) Oh really? Is it suited for a theater party? You won't mind if I go in and look at it will you? Thank you." Go in and after the show is over, leave by side exit. P. S. Don't come back to the theater again. This idea is for transient trade only.



Chicago Parents Mix Babies.



Movie Actress Arrives in Chicago.



Chicago Citizen Shot in Broad Daylight

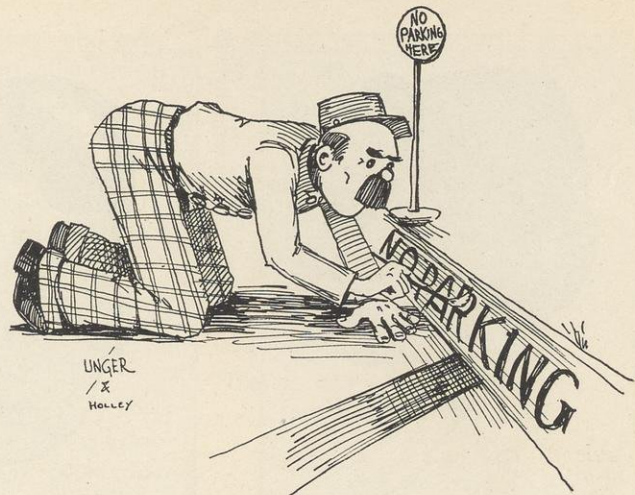
Smith knew the orchestra leader at the club Soakem intimately, and most of the boys in the band, too. He called the manager of the club by name, and boy, did he ever rate with the chorus girls in the revue! It was plain that he was very well acquainted in the place. And he should have been. He'd been janitor there for fifteen years!



SHELLAC HOMES' LAST CASE

"Well, so this is the victim of the vengeance-wreaking vampire of villanvonia. Well, well, well". Thus ruminated the master mind, the greatest of them all. He sat down and knitted his mighty brow, as per instructions on page four of the master detectives manual. The matter of brow-knitting was a finished art with Shellac. And so he thought. Suddenly the great, gaunt frame shuddered convulsively as great, gaunt frames will. Shellac sprang to his feet and emitted a shrill snort of triumph. "Aha, I have it. It's as plain as the face of my last blind date. Now then, you say she was bitten to death, that there are marks on the back of her neck? It's suicide, damme, suicide. Look in her mouth, quick. Aha, I told you, see? She's got false teeth and she took them out and bit herself to death, and then calmly replaced them!"

—Tony Tobin



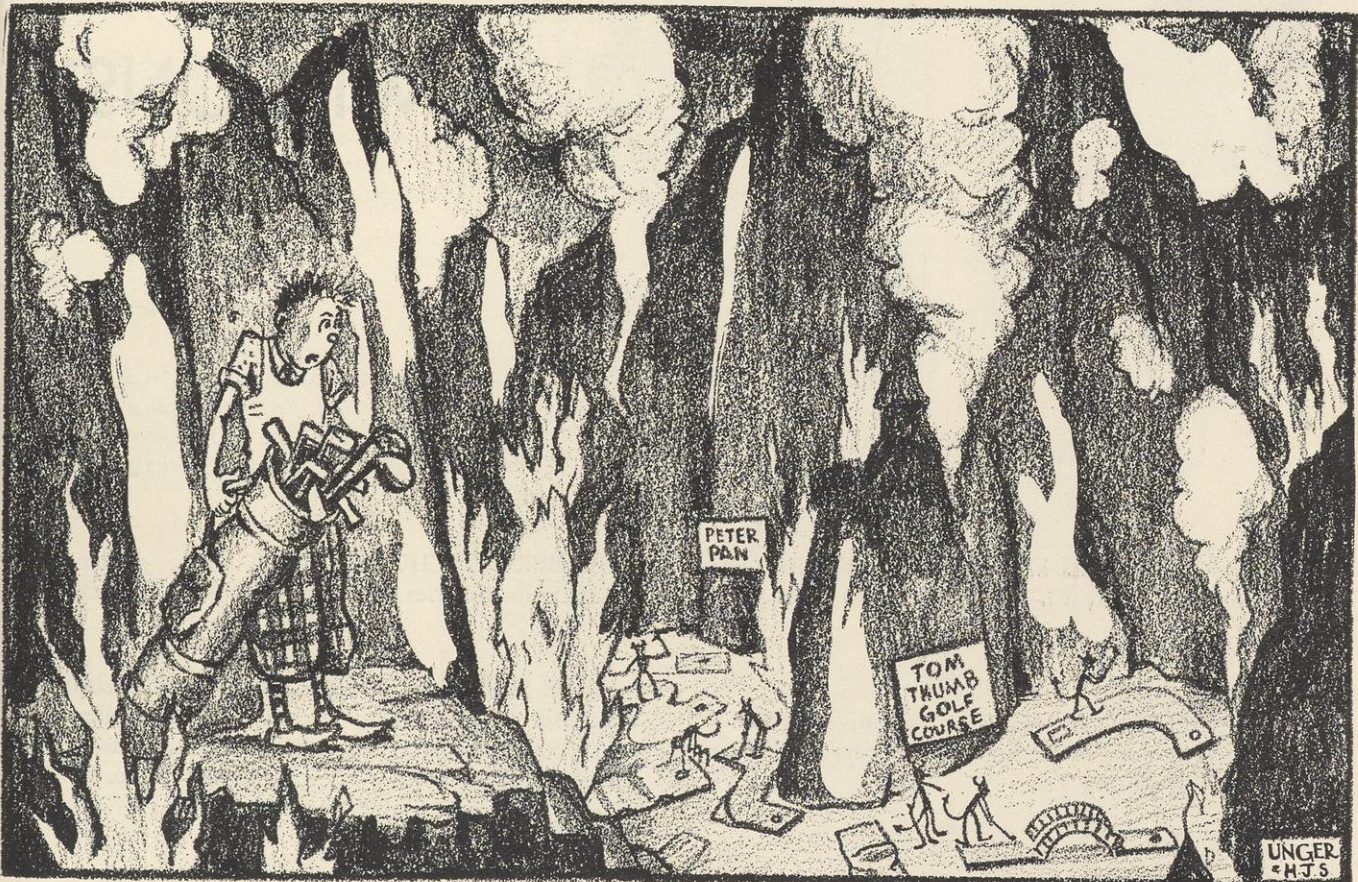
Laying Down the Law.

A PHI BETA KAPPA TURNS PUBLICITY AGENT

This impressive, stupendous, spectacle—a prodigious production—a veritable exemplification of hitherto unattained heights of cinema art—an ostentatious display of beauty, arouses in all who see it a sensation of overwhelming, solemn exaltation.

A KAPPA BETA PHI DOES THE SAME THING

C'mon folksh and shee thish show. S'marvellous—wunnerful—wouldn't miss it for all the world. S'great.



The Inveterate Golfer Goes to Hell.



BETTY GOFF



HERBERT TSCHUDY



JERRY ZIBELL



WILLIAM C. TROUTMAN

WITH THE TEMPO OF WISCONSIN

BETTY GOFF—Whose blues singing over WIBA under the name of "Betty Co-ed" has won her state wide recognition.

JERRY ZIBELL—Drum Major of the University Band, has developed into one of the highest "steppers" and finest baton twirlers in the Big Ten.

HERBERT TSCHUDY—Under whose guidance the Daily Cardinal carries on Wisconsin's spirit and traditions.

PROF. WILLIAM C. TROUTMAN—Who remains at Wisconsin as director and teacher in spite of offers from the Goodman Theater, and whose reputation is attracting dramatic students from every state in the Union.



The Girl Who Would Split Her Infinitives in College Goes on the Stage.

"Table for two, sir?"

"No, three, my invisible mother-in-law is with us!"

Use the word abandon in a sentence.

When Hollywood is closed—there's a band on vacation.

She: My uncle was a great seaman before he was caught by the enemy.

He: My uncle was a bootlegger too.

We heard of a girl who was so dumb that when she went to New York she thought Central Park was where the telephone girls spent their off hours.

Bitter—Sweet

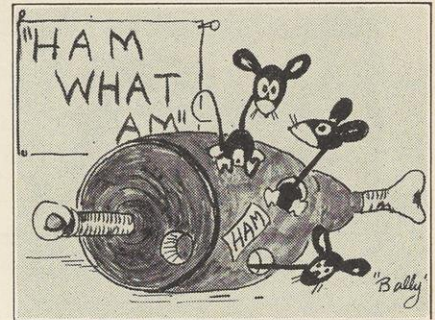
*Desolate and weary of myself;
Sick of limitations;
The tortuous clouds revolt—
Brine floods destroy my eyes;
And though they smart and burn,
Defying all endurance,
Yet could I cry and like it,
Lamenting in your arms.*

—Ananias

Pity the circus fat lady who married the dwarf and then he bought an Austen.

"What's become of the stuff they used to sell at the medicine shows?"
"You buy it at night clubs now."

The lobster was happy, for he knew that he was going to a party that night. "I'm going to get plenty boiled," he said to the shad on the next ice cake.

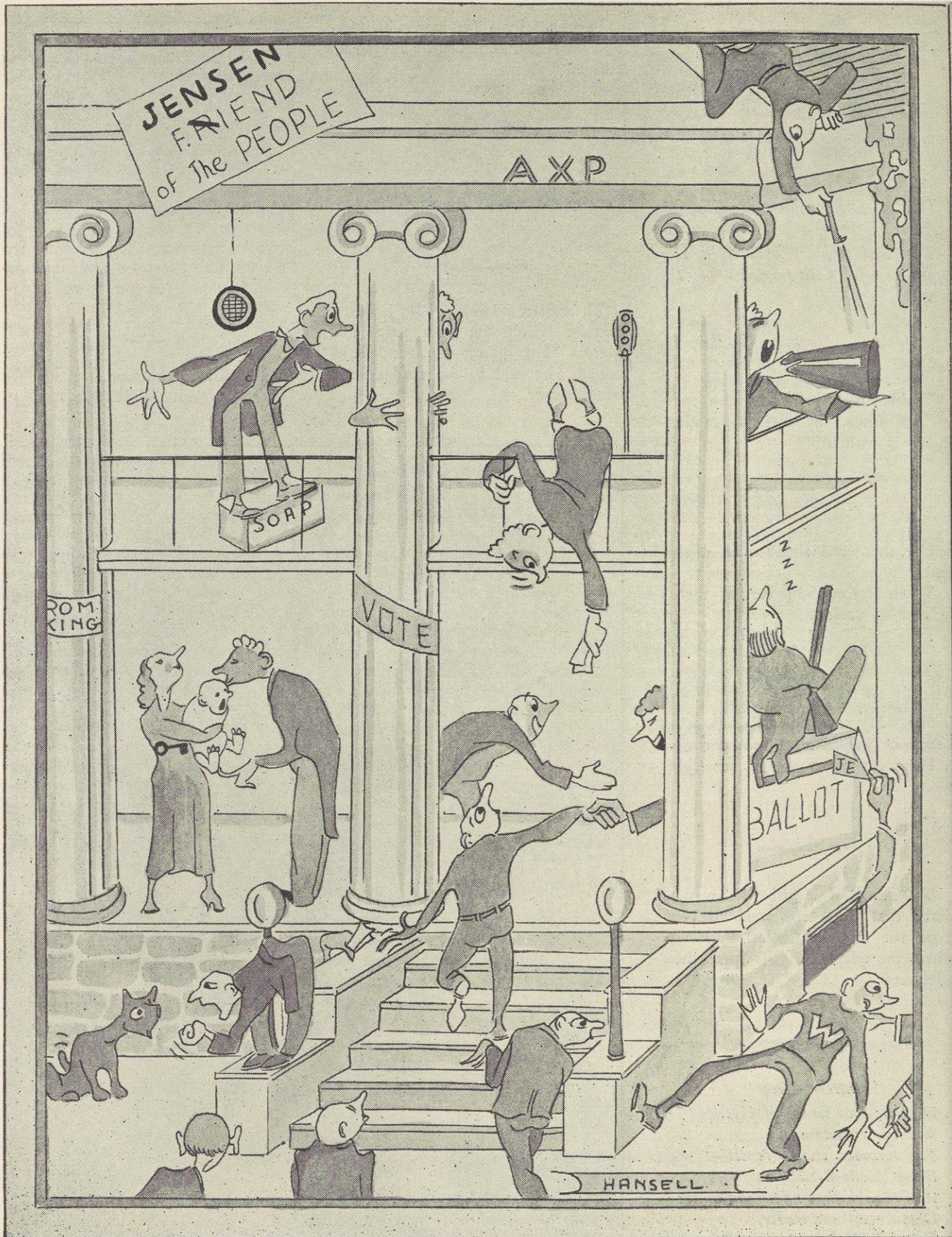


"C'mon, let's get out of this joint before something happens!"

"I'll play the bassoon."
"Oh no, wait awhile."



"Mamma, what bright saying shall I use this afternoon?"



Fraternity Life at Wisconsin.
NO. 7: ALPHA CHI RHO.

NIGHT LIFE GLOSSARY

By Samuel Steinman

Night Club—This name is a comparatively new one for an old organization. Prior to the war and prohibition, these institutions were known to their clientele and to other interested parties, including the reformers, as cabarets. For one thing, cabaret was a difficult name, since no one would agree on whether the French or American pronunciation should be given to the last syllable. The most important reason for the change, however, came because of the anti-liquor laws. Cabarets became night clubs because the owners were able to protect themselves against the law through the defense that the cabarets were organizations maintained solely for members. Needless to say, any good soul with a couple of shekels in his purse can obtain a free membership in most night clubs.

Master of Ceremonies—The wandering minstrel of old did not know what he was starting or he would have stayed at home. The wanderer of the Middle Ages used to put up at castles where he would offer his entertainment for a pittance. This custom progressed through the years and through several stages until in recent years we find the singing bartender, the singing waiter, and the dreamy vocal soloist. He is still the central figure, although he now has a whole show around him. He still sings, usually in a tenor voice, and, in addition, announces everything else. Like his predecessor of old, the wandering minstrel, he is an itinerant figure. His jobs last only a few weeks at a time and he travels from city to city.

Tipping—When satisfactory services were offered in the days of old, the pleased customers used to pull open their purse strings and tip their purses to permit some coins to roll into the outstretched palm of the servant. The degree of satisfaction was indicated by the angle at which the purse was tipped. Extraordinary services would be rewarded with the contents of the purse, which would be turned bottom-side up and emptied.

Cover Charge—Early restaurants furnished tables with bare tops only. If one desired to have the table covered, he was asked to pay an extra charge. Today one is not asked whether or not he wants a cover. He gets a covered table whether he wants it or not—and pays the toll.

Concessionaire—He is the parasite who buys the cigarette, door, waiter, and check room privileges at the night clubs. He pays the cigarette girls, waiters, doormen, and check room girls fixed salaries, while they turn over all of your tips to him. The girl or gent who can draw the big tips gets the largest pay-check. He is one of the original present-day racketeers.

Till Closing—Night club business is dependent upon the spirit of the customers and the weather to a large extent. By advertising 'till closing' instead of a definite closing hour, the clubs can close as early or late as they please, dependent upon the flow of customers.



The fireman gathers kindling wood for the fireplace.

WHY I'M LEAVING HOME

"What's the difference who called up—you weren't in, were you?"

"Now, come on, finish your soup".

"You can't see the paper 'til Papa and me read it".

"Come in after twelve again and you sleep outside".

"Papa's wearing your suit to-night—you don't mind, dear?"

"Uncle Izzy wants you to write the telephone company a letter, why it is he owes them six cents".



"Let's play night club."

"Aw right, I'll be daddy and you be the stenographer."

"Never darken my door again!"

UNCLE
& GORDY



The Usherette!

"Isn't that rather sketchy attire, miss?"
"Well, I'm an artist."

Fifty four forty used to mean fight, now it's just a suit marked down from \$55.

He (poetically): Your love will be etched in gold upon my heart.
She: My gosh, am I that expensive?

"Kiss me, my fool."
"Say, I wasn't brought up to be anybody's fool."

'34: Gee, this bread is savage.
'30: How's that?
'34: It's made out of wild flowers, ha, ha.

"My father's a soldier."
"Mine's a vet too."
"War?"
"Naw, horse."



The Girl Who Dated the Defeated Prom Candidate.

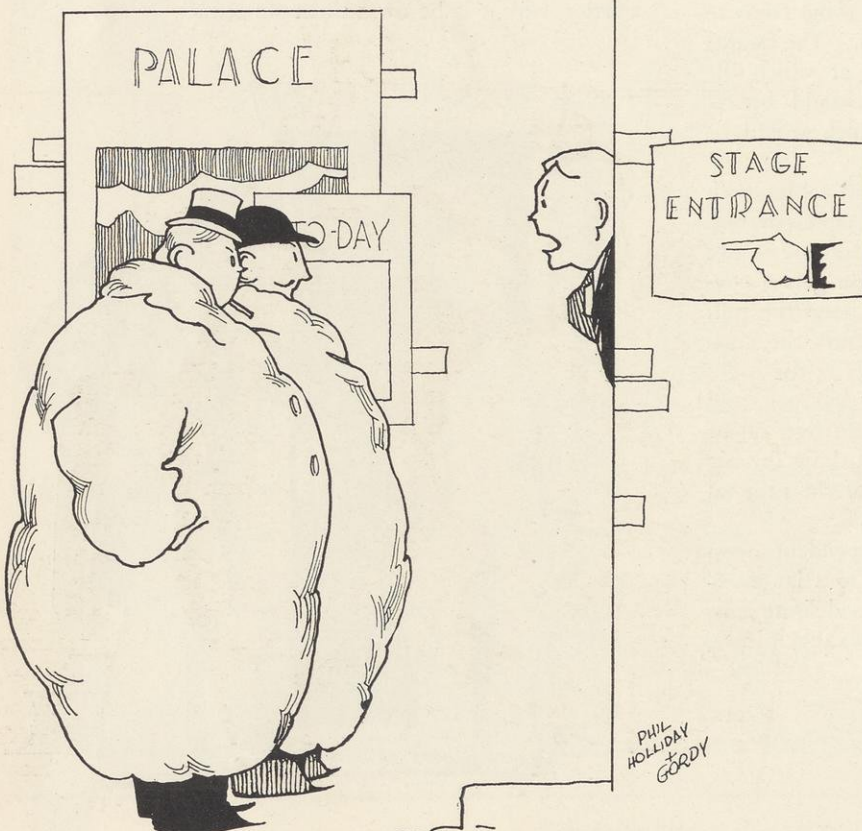
"Come now, Eczema, don' you all be doin' anything rash."

"Get the noose," the city editor commanded the cub reporter as he sent him out to cover a hanging.

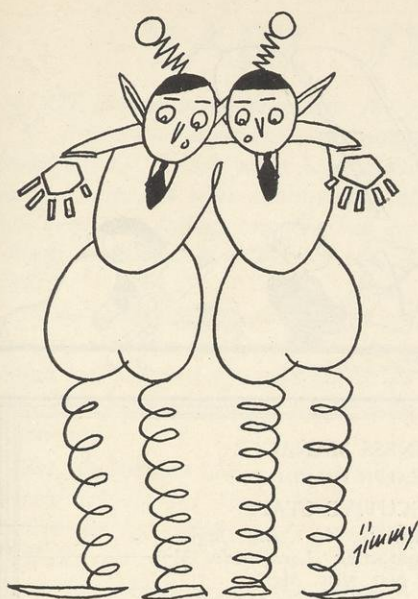
I've got a girl so dumb she thinks Marconi is something to eat.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

"Have one?"
"Thanks no. Never touch it."
Five minutes elapse.
"Gwan, it won't hurt you."
"Really I shouldn't. Not now."
Five more minutes elapse.
"C'mon, be a good sport."
"Just a short one."
Four minutes elapse.
"Have 'n' other."
"All right."
Three minutes elapse.
"Fill 'er up?"
"Yeah."
Two minutes elapse.
"Sh plenty good, eh? 'Nother?"
"Shure."
They both collapse.



"Sorry, youse guys, we don't allow no animal acts in this theater."



"My fadder runs a clinic."
 "He must be a doctor then."
 "Oh no, dry clinic and pressic!"

"I got rimmed when I bought those glasses," he sighed.

"Just one more glass, boys, and we'll all go home," said the dish washer as he laid down the soap.

"I believe in the Einstein theory."
 "So do I, but somehow I always find myself drinking more than one."

"Hello, Bill. Gee, I didn't know you were at school here! What course are you taking?"

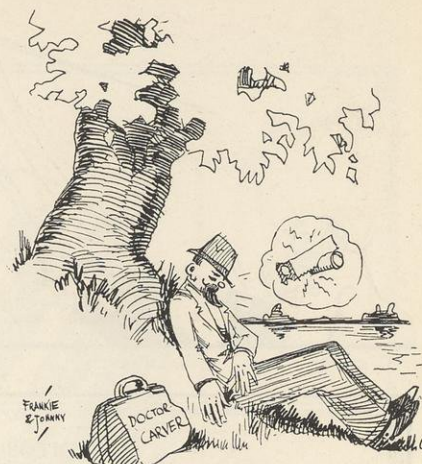
"Well, I really don't know yet. You see, I'm on the football team."

"Why do you call your boy friend a big cheese?"
 "Because he thinks he's so crafty."

Jack and Mabel were in the midst of an athletic embrace. Suddenly the sound of tearing cloth interrupted them.

"Your ripping, darling," said Jack.
 "You're jolly well O. K. yourself," sez Mary.

We long for languid days of yore
 When worries weren't a common bore
 For life's beset with countless ills
 Which are not remedied with pills;
 Just now we do not only dread
 That mumps confine us to our bed,
 That scarlet fever, laryngitis,
 Jaundice, measles, or carditis
 Threaten us at every turn,
 Because we have just come to learn
 The ravages of athlete's foot!



A No-Cut Day.

"Is there anyone you'd like to talk to?" asked the spiritualist of his fair fat and forty client.

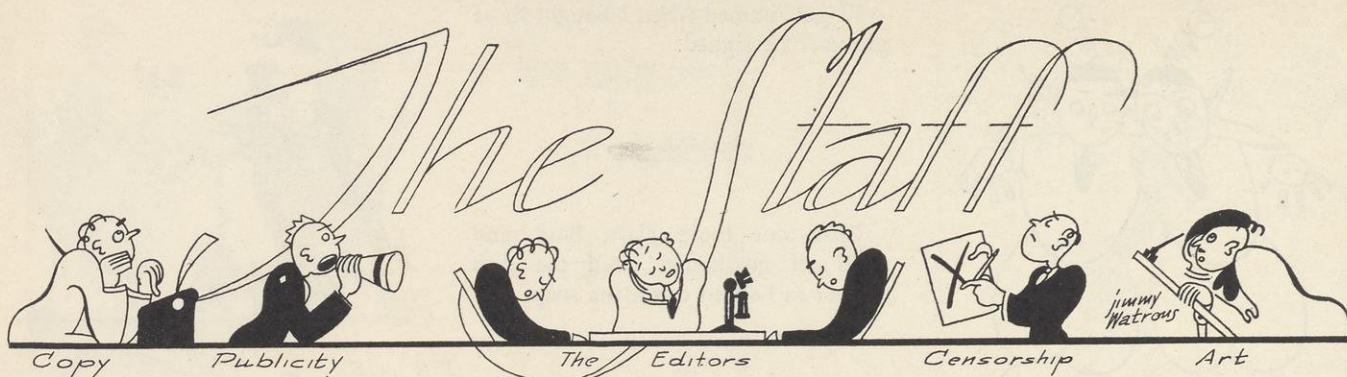
"My dear departed husband, please—can I speak to him?"

The robed mystic was silent for a moment.

"I'm sorry madam, but he says it's his turn now."



"... And they found the bishop's wig back of the davenport."



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GORDON SWARTHOUT

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Vol. XII

NOVEMBER 19, 1930

No. 3

FURNITURE OR FAME?

THE Wisconsin Players, supported by the University theater and its facilities for play production, have launched an all-university dramatic festival in which twenty-two fraternities, thirteen sororities, and four dormitory groups will participate in the presentation of one act plays in competition for three prizes, \$250, \$100, and \$50 in furniture.

According to the announcements, forty one act plays will be given during the first two weeks in December, and the twelve best will be presented December 12 and 13 in competition for the three prizes. Richard Davis, Milwaukee, the state's foremost dramatic critic, will be here to judge the final competition.

As members of the Wisconsin Players, and anyone who has ever had a lead in a University Theater production are not eligible for participation in the plays, the festival will give an opportunity for the majority of Wisconsin's true amateurs to do some dramatic work.

Acting is the thing that will be taken into consideration in the presentation of these plays, as all the work will be done before a gray cyclorama, every show will have an equal setting. No admission will be charged for the preliminaries, and only a nominal fee for the finals.

According to Prof. William C. Troutman, University Theater director, who is co-operating closely with the Wis-

consin Players, "it is the biggest move ever made at Wisconsin to make the university 'theater conscious'."

The offering of prizes of furniture in this contest seems to have aroused a little comment on the campus, the general objection being the fact that, as long as this dramatic festival is an inter-organization contest, trophies should be given, rather than a material prize. The opinion seems to be that many of the organizations are going out for the furniture rather than for any interest in drama, and that the general tone of the contest has been lowered thereby.

The furniture offered in this contest may be an added incentive to some of the houses in the competition, but only three can benefit by the awards. To the rest will come the publicity and the practice in acting.

Each individual director or actor who does a good job in his particular place, will get personal credit for the work. Campus wide recognition will undoubtedly go to all participants, especially those who are in the shows competing for the final awards.

Fame then, as well as furniture prizes, will be the reward of this contest. Anyone desiring the plaudits of the crowd may well earn them, in addition to making an effort to do something for his organization.

And from the general appearance of some of the house parlors on the campus, the furniture prize would come in mighty handy.

YAP? YEPI

NOT a great many years ago, the collegian wore baggy trousers, a coonskin coat, smoked a pipe, and was proud of it. Co-eds wore high skirts, high-heeled shoes, bobbed hair, and were distinctively collitch. Anyone who had been to a college town or had ever seen pictures of a college student could identify the species practically on sight.

To be collegiate was an honor, a part of the growing up process, a section of the color in American life. The collegian was the butt of many jokes, the victim of exaggeration, was even treated, at times, with good natured condescension.

But, underneath the good natured banter, there was a certain respect for the collegian . . . for after all, although he was young and generally managed to lead a hilarious sort of life . . . was he not also the backbone of the nation, the future of the country?

As such, the easily identified collegian with all his idiosyncrasies, was tolerated, and, after a fashion, respected.

Within the last few years, however, a change has come over the campuses, especially those of the midwest, of which Wisconsin is a typical example. The collegian, instead of being young, carefree, and comparatively naive, has turned to an attempt at sophistication. He is making a sorry mess of it.

This business of looking at life through the eyes of bored sophistication is all right for a person of 60 or so or a real globe trotter, but the average collegian who thinks himself too good for campus events, activities, and collegiate atmosphere, makes himself even more patronized than the rah-rah boy of old. Just as it has already been proved that one cannot make a lion out of a sheep and a lion's skin, the collegian is proving to the world at large that a sophisticated, well rounded individual cannot be produced from the folds of a dress suit or out of a silk hat.

Background, education, travel, and an ability to appreciate life are among the prime requisites of a sophisticated individual.

At college, a person who is striving toward that ultimate goal can get a certain amount of education and learn to appreciate.

Hanging around nightclubs and drinking bootleg booze never made a sophisticated man or woman and never will. Going to college at Madison, Wisconsin never lifted anybody to such a high plane that he couldn't enjoy some of the younger things in life for which college was made.

There is a sad day in store for the collegian who has lost sight of being collegiate so far that he thinks he has become a man-of-the-world by going to college. He will find himself nothing more than a big yap who has even lost out on what he might have learned when he goes back to the city from which he came, and an even bigger mistake if he goes home to Prairie Cross Roads.

Gordon Swarthout



Food for Reflection.

BOOK BANTER

POLICE in the metropolitan district and points west are puzzled over the mysterious disappearance of John Riddell, known in their records and in those of the income tax office as Corey Ford, and author of *The John Riddell Murder Case* (Scribners, \$2). Foul play is indicated. Ford, or Riddell, was last seen in company with Miguel Covarrubias on the way from the Scribner's office to the bank, where he was going to cash a royalty check. Police say that Covarrubias, whose name is obviously a false one, is a foreign gangster of Scandinavian origin, citing his name as a proof, and asserting that he and Riddell have often been associated in the profitable racket of collecting bonuses from the publishers of the books whose sale they help with their clever satires. No motive for the disappearance is known, but none is considered necessary.

The police report the usual progress, having arrested seven men and three women, all of whom have of course been duly released with damaged reputations. Suspicion has also pointed toward Oliver LaFarge, Edith Wharton, Rosamund Lehmann, and E. A. Robinson. All of these, however, have been able to give alibis that have satisfied the police if not the critics. Mr. LaFarge was in the company of an Indian known as Laughing Boy all the time. Mrs. Wharton was securely bracketed somewhere on the Hudson River. Miss Lehmann was listening to *A Note in Music*, and Mr. Robinson was teaching his nightingales to sing. Furthermore, no proof was established that Riddell had ever heard of these persons.

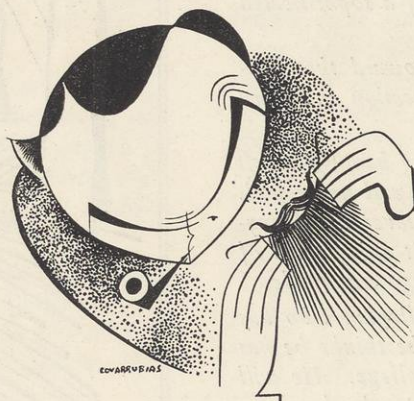
None of Riddell's friends could throw any light on his disappearance, nor could any friends of his be found, and it was at last reluctantly concluded that he had none. His enemies, moreover, could all give a good account of themselves. Theodore Dreiser was studying Woolley's *Handbook*, Jim

By

Paul M. Fulscher

Tully was out looking for John Gilbert, Richard Halliburton was blowing up his waterwings, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce was, she thought, getting married again. (The police were so impressed at the spectacle of Miss Joyce thinking that they did not question her further.)

Two clues seem to the police to be of paramount importance, and they are keeping them rigidly secret. The first of these is a letter from President Hoover, containing phrases of a suspicious nature; Mr. Hoover insists that it was written by his secretary. The other is the fishing out of the body of an unidentified man named Sinclair Lewis, from the East River. When revived by the use of a Burroughs Adding Machine, Mr. Lewis admitted attempting suicide from despondency, brought about by not being mentioned in Riddell's last book. He was thrown back into the river.



Caricature by Covarrubias

Corey Ford Emerges from His Disguise as John Riddell.

The President of the D. A. R. suggests that the communists are behind Riddell's disappearance; linesmen are

measuring to see if this is so. The governor-elect of Wisconsin blames the chain stores. President Frank holds the machine age, urbanization, and the lecture system responsible.

No reward will be offered for information leading to the finding of Riddell, and the informant will be prosecuted under the habitual offender act and for indecent exposure.

W. Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2) must have given its author as much merriment in the composition as its readers will get in its perusal, but it will certainly make harder the task of London hostesses who want to seat Mr. Maugham and Hugh Walpole, E. M. Forster, and Mrs. Florence Hardy at the same dinner table. Waiving for the moment the problem of ethics its publication raises, there is no doubt that the book is entertaining and effective satire. There is a cool and brazen humor about it that is only faintly suggested in *Of Human Bondage*, and an amused, half-sympathetic detachment not to be found there at all.

It is the story of Edward Driffield, grand old Victorian novelist lately dead, and of the biography which his second wife suggests be written by Roy Kear, a younger novelist, urbane, gentlemanly, and second-rate. The biography is to pass softly over Driffield's first marriage with its shoddy and even shady details, in order to stress the dignified later years. And even in these latter years, the Grand Old Man's reluctance to take a bath and change his underclothing, his fondness for vulgar songs and vulgar company, his general untidiness, and the whole attitude toward life that made him less comfortable with the second Mrs. Driffield than with the original and indiscriminatingly affectionate Rosie (the days when his best books were written)—all this, too, is

(Continued on page 35)



WORLD LEADERSHIP

We have frankly aimed to make an assortment of chocolates un-matched in America. We really believe that who leads America in fine assorted chocolates leads the world. We invite your critical testing and tasting of Prestige Chocolates.

Whitman's

In one-pound, two-pound and three-pound sizes — \$2 a pound.

PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES



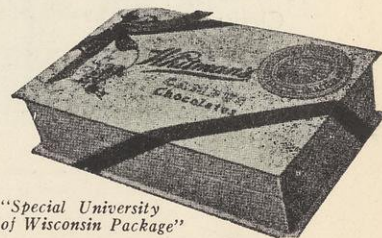
PETER MURD

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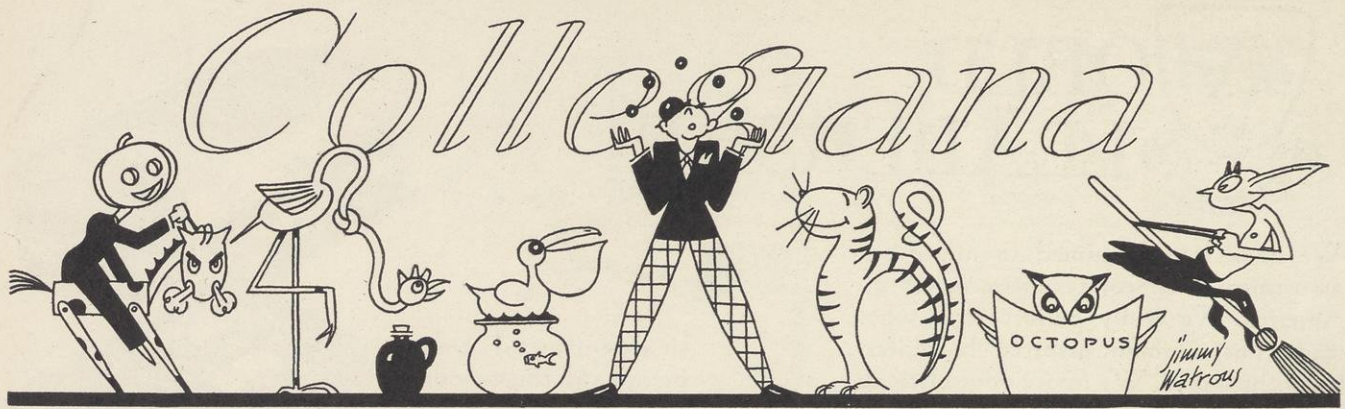
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US SODA GRILL . . . 714 State Street.
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S PHARMACY . . . Regent at Allen
ATT PHARMACY . . . 708 State Street.

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No. 1—1357 University Ave.
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No. 4—123 W. Washington Ave.
No. 6—19 N. Pinckney Street.
No. 7—901 University Ave.
No. 8—702 University Ave.



"Special University of Wisconsin Package"



The song of the bankrupt bootlegger: "The Moon is Low."

—Widow

The most popular man at an Old Gold convention: The fellow with the clean handkerchief.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

Iowan: Why these cattle are small. My dad raised the largest jackass ever seen in Iowa.

Texan: So I see.

—Wampus

"Go home and tell your mother that she certainly did a wonderful job on you." (With music, of course).

"Say! My mother didn't teach me that."

—Orange Peel

"Ah, my little man," beamed the kindly old man to the young Freshman, "watch out or the goblins will get you if you stay out so late."

"Like hell they will," retorted the Freshman. "I'll go Sig Alpha or nothing."

—Purple Parrot

Some women go wrong—and men go right after them.

—Voo Doo

Lindsay: Did Mary blush when she tore her skirt on the car door?

Doyle: I didn't notice.

—Malteaser

"Curse it! Curse it!" hissed the villain snatching at the girl's waist.

"No, it ain't either," she retorted, "it's a girdle."

—Beanpot

He (slightly fried, standing in front of barber pole) to passerby: Lisshun, Mishur, help me out willa? Ish been tryin' to get zish dam zebra to eat out of my han' fur half a' hour.

—Exchange

Frosh: I want a pair of corduroy pants.

Clerk: How long?

Frosh: How long? I don't want to rent them: I want to buy them.

—Juggler



"Papa, tell it to lay me a pack."

—Temple-Owl

Slightly Inebriated (to girl on Broadway): Do you ever speak to strangers on the street?

Sweet Little Dove: Oh, no.

S. I.: Well, then shut up.

—Chaparral

He (with her): Have you a room and bath for my wife and I?

Hotel Clerk: We have double rooms, but none with bath.

He (to her): Will that be all right with you?

She: Yes, mister.

—Bison

Cinderella Never Could Have Gone to the Ball . . .

if her fairy godmother hadn't come along and changed all her rags and tatters into a queen's costume! We don't claim that we're fairies—but we can make you look as winsome as Cinderella when you set out for your November formals. And when you see our shimmering satins—our bouffant taffetas—our sophisticated crepes—you'll admit that we, too, have a wand! They're only

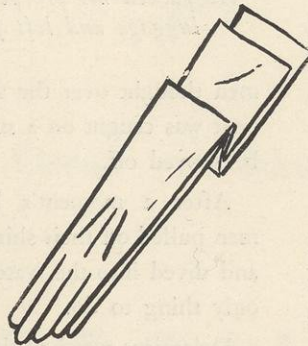
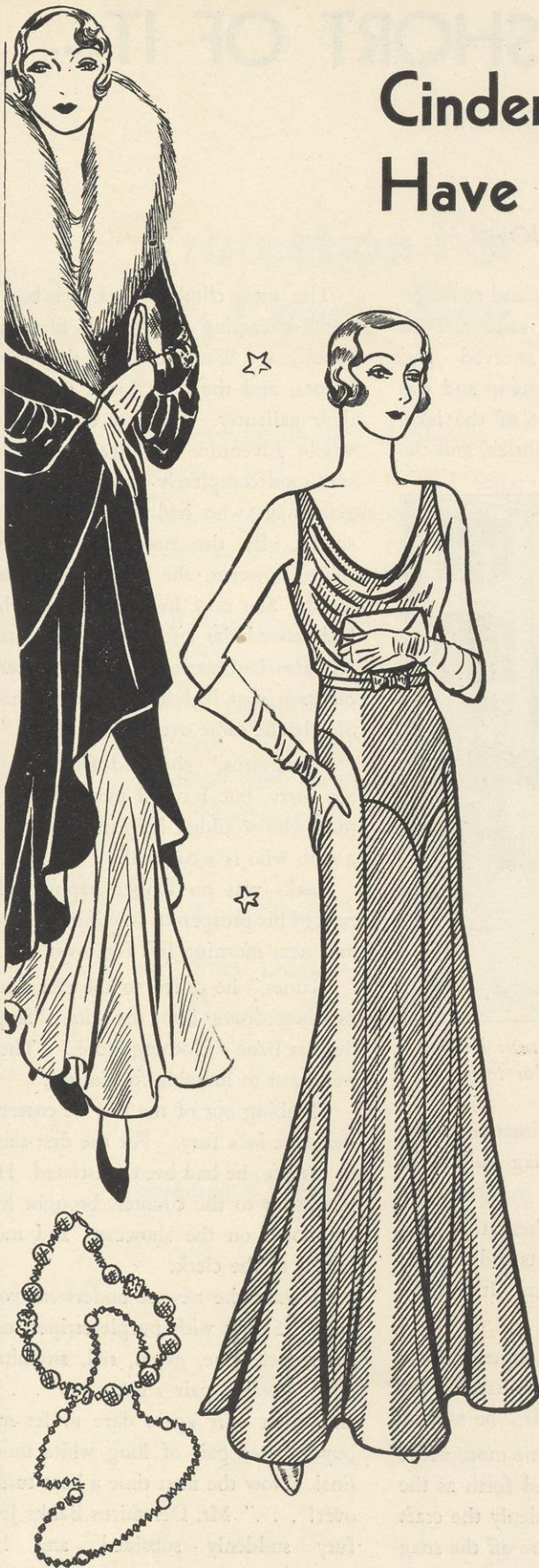
\$29.50

Cinderella's Slippers, \$10.50

Cinderella's Gloves, \$10

Cinderella's Bag, \$5.50

Cinderella's Crystals, \$7.50



Kessenich's

201 State Street

Collegienne Shop 903 University Ave.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT---

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By

JEAN LITTLEJOHN

FOR the forty-second time in his life, Mr. Delamirus Banks Jr. was beginning to feel that he was a success.

The first forty-one successes had been purely economic. That is, Mr. Banks had taken up business: officiated at offices; established establishments; directed directors; proposed proposals; merged mergers; and broken brokers.

So, to quote the chemistry manual, note result. At thirty-six, Delamirus was decidedly well-fixed. Besides, he was not-yet-fat. He was pleasingly prosperous looking. He was a candidate for an article in the *American*. In all, his main obstacle to happiness lay in the dreadful fact that he had worked just a little bit too hard to be up with the times, and the disappointing knowledge that he had not yet been able to find a wife.

Now he was glorying in his forty-second feeling of success. For he had gone to a house party where he had met Florence. And he had fallen in love with her. And he had taken her canoeing on the lake. And she had almost promised to marry him.

Tonight he was radiantly happy as he was preparing for a motor boat ride with Florence . . . and the rest of the week-enders. He did not know what one wore when going motor boating, but he was happy. It was the proper sort of a night, and everyone was singing. Mr. Banks did not know any songs, but he was happy. Florence smiled at him, and he expanded. He was very happy.

On and on, moonlight and romance, live and let live, sailing, sailing. Then the boat suddenly swerved and stopped. It had hit a stump and was stuck in a shallow part of the lake. The girls pretended to shriek, and the



He packed his prosperous looking luggage and left for town.

men thought over the situation. The boat was caught on a snag and had to be shoved off.

After a moment's hesitation, the men pulled off their shirts and trousers and dived into the water. It was the only thing to do.

Delamirus watched the men prepare to dive overboard, and hesitated. "I'll stay and balance the boat," he said.

The girls squealed some more while the boat rocked back and forth as the men tugged at it. Suddenly the craft lunged forward and came off the snag with a great thud and splashing.

The men climbed back on board with streaming hair and bleeding shoulders. Without doubt, they were heroes, and the girls loved them for their gallantry. Florence enjoyed the whole adventure so hugely that she was soon completely enamored of the gentleman who had first located the stump. By the time they reached shore, however, she had changed her mind. She now loved the man who had moved the left side of the boat. She also had settled a very important question that had been worrying her. Slowly she came over to Mr. Banks.

"Delamirus," she said frigidly, "I am sorry, but I could never marry a man who wouldn't help in our rescue, a man who is a coward!"

Banks was no longer happy. He packed his prosperous looking luggage, and next morning left for town.

"James," he called to the chauffeur as they drove into the city, "Stop. Stop at Bane's Clothing Store." Then he began to mumble to himself.

Climbing out of the car, he entered the store in a fury. For the first time in his life, he had been frustrated. He strode up to the counter, brought his fist down on the showcase, and motioned to the clerk.

"I want the newest underwear you have! Shorts with purple stripes, orange dots, blue, green, red, anything . . . twelve pair right away . . . and don't ever again dare to let me buy another pair of long white muslins! Now the next time a boat turns over! . . ." Mr. Delamirus Banks Jr's fury suddenly subsided, and he grinned.

Protection For at Least Two

Scanty femininity demands a new kind of protection. That's another point for our Alpaca Piles.

Of fine high piled fabric, a rich luxurious coat, styled for street or car. A choice of colors, and at a price this season that even surprises us. In three groups.

Forty Dollars

Fifty Dollars

Seventy Five Dollars



Learbury Clothes

Murray Clothes

Bostonian Footwear

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square



22-24 North Carroll

and NOW
'Tis Time to Start
YOUR

Xmas Shopping

With all the family, friends and relatives to select gifts for—there is just ample time to make unhurried and careful selections. Right now, too, you will find more complete stocks than later on.

Old Ideas in New Versions

Gloves

Longer and more tailored, with smart touches of contrasting leather. Lambskin and Kid at \$2.95

Hosiery

In any weight and shade you wish! Of course, Holeproof is always a correct selection.

\$1.00 up

'kerchiefs

In quaint patterns and finished scalloped edges—some with sprays of hand embroidery. All linens at

25c



Lingerie

That appeals to every feminine heart! Dainty dance sets, panties, teddies at

\$1.95 up

Gowns, pajamas \$3.95 up

Jewelry

Is fun to select—especially from this fascinating array of inexpensive pieces! Choice from

\$1.00 up

Purses

Of every description! Colorful Florentine and Morocco bags—calf, pin seal and suede leathers.

\$2.95 up

A small deposit will hold any selection until Xmas!

Wagner's

528 State Street

Stage Hand (to manager): Shall I lower the curtain, sir? One of the living statues has the hiccups.

—Blue Gator

The school inspector prepared to give the children an intelligence test.

"Now, close your eyes, children."

The inspector made a noise like birds twittering.

"Now open your eyes and tell me what I was doing."

"Kissing teacher," came the reply in a chorus.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

He: Remember that night I met you?

She: Yes.

He: Remember how we loved each other as soon as we met?

She: Yes.

He: Remember how I took you and kissed you?

She: Yes.

He: Remember—

She: Yes.

—Beanpot

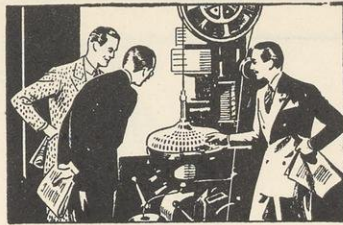
GIRL'S DATE RECORD REPORT

ATTENTION, house mothers! The following complete, condensed, and confidential blanks have been prepared for your aid in making the date record plan a success. Frequent use is recommended.

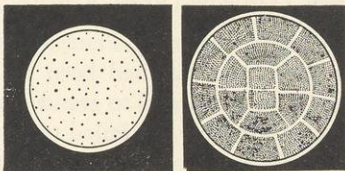
(The following information concerning the girl's escort will kindly be filled out in advance.)

Name _____ Sex _____ Religion _____
 Married _____ Why not _____ Political Affiliation _____
 Weight _____ Wait _____ How long _____ Drink _____
 What _____ How Much _____ Arrested _____ Prison record: _____
 Leavenworth _____ Stillwater _____
 Conduct: Park _____ With or without lights _____
 Technique Good _____ Fair _____ Unfair _____ Results _____
 Name of escort's parents _____
 Married happily _____ Why not _____
 Destination: Where _____ How _____ When _____
 Cover charge _____ Setup _____ Price _____ Who pays bill _____
 Name of Head waiter _____
 Do you intend to arrive home safely _____ Why _____ How _____
 Remarks _____

—Ski-U-Mah



They made 36 wires grow where only one grew before



*Yesterday, the 100 wire cable—
today the 3636. Development work
goes steadily forward.*

"No product or process is ever beyond improvement",

say Western Electric manufacturing engineers. For ex-

ample, see what they did with telephone cable... Through

years of patient trial they advanced from a crude 100 wire cable to one only slightly

larger which contained 2424 wires—until recently the biggest cable that could be laid in

existing conduits... Still further effort produced the 3636 wire cable of exactly the same

diameter as the 2424! Thus they have met the challenge of limited space in crowded cable

ducts and have supplied facilities for constantly greater

use of the telephone... There's a real thrill in this

habit of seeking and finding the new and better way!



*Absorbing work plus out-of-hours
recreation — both are found at
Western Electric.*

Western Electric

Manufacturers... Purchasers... Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



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« « « WE DELIVER » » »

RANNENBERG-PARR, Mgrs.

"How's the pickup in your new car?"

"Fine. The first time I opened the door I was mobbed."

—Banter



On mules we find two hind legs behind

And two we find before.

We stand behind before we find

What the two behind be for.

—Juggler



NOT QUITE ON THE WESTERN FRONT;

Or, 20,000 Leagues Away from the War

By Erich (Little-by-Little) Remark

The last gun boomed. Stealthily Franz crept out from the filthy, muddy shell hole that had been his home for the past three days. As he turned to wend his way back to the lines of the German army, he failed to hear a sneaky step behind him. Before you could say Timbenitz, chairman of the S. A. C., a shot whistled through the air. It whistled "Springtime in the Rockies." Franz, when he heard the old refrain, stopped as if he had been shot. In fact he had been shot.

* * * *

Bright sunlight filled the room when he awoke. A light step sounded upon the threshold. It was followed quickly by another and another, and soon a whole line of light footsteps filled the doorway ready to do their little master's bidding.

"Curse the war," said the five-year old, "It has blighted my generation. We were young . . . and now . . . ugh!"

"Was the war really so terrible, Mr. Remarque?", queried one of the reporters that crowded the staid offices.

"Yes, it was dreadful. I know a man who was in it and he says it was awful, or to use a novel way of expressing it, a holocaust."

"More! More!", thundered the great assemblage.

"Well . . . now let me see," hedged the great author. He kept on hedging until the bushes were well around him and no Peeping Tom could look in upon him.

"Alone! At last. Come to me, my sweet," he said, spurning the package of luckies that the wooden Indian proffered him.

"!!-***???!!", purred Joan Lowell as she crept from under the chaise lounge.

And thus we leave them—together; and if it rains it will not rain, for there are only the two possibilities and if we admit one then the other is not true.

THE END

—Juggler

(Continued from page 26)

to be gently suppressed. Critics seem most enthusiastic about this portrait of Rosie; undoubtedly she is good, but not so good as Chaucer's good wife "of bisyde Bathe". To my mind, Driffield himself is a superior achievement, and one which has no such dwarfing parallel.

As for the ethical question, there seems to me to be only one answer. Many of the traits of Edward Driffield, many of the circumstances of his life, must instantly suggest Thomas Hardy to the even fairly enlightened reader; similar instantaneous suggestions occur in regard to other characters in the book. That other traits, other circumstances, assigned to Driffield suggest Meredith, Conrad, and Anatole France is beside the point; just as the fact that still others are obviously *not* true to Hardy lead to an unholy speculation as to how much truth they do contain. This is, of course, not an age of privacy. Biographies have invaded the domain of fiction. Confessions are made no longer to the priest but to the public. Fiction has taken over real persons, substituting for the creative imagination what information may be gained by pumping and bribing the policeman on the beat and the housemaid in the kitchen of the victim. Just enough fact is present to give a toe-hold for those who have the will to believe. For all this, Mr. Maugham himself suggests a possible interpretation when he has his narrator say, "It's very hard to be a gentleman and a writer." It may be hard, but there remains at least the obligation to try.



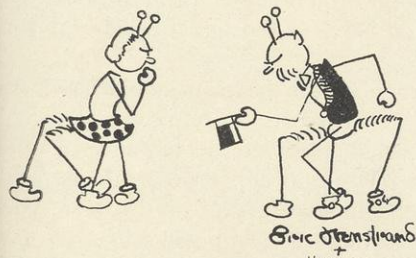
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WHOEVER the fortunate winner of this title will be—one thing is certain—he will be the possessor of abundant health and vitality.

Shredded Wheat is the food upon which many a dazzling social career is founded. It contains in the most easily digestible form all of the essential food elements. It supplies the lordly senior

and the aspiring underclassman with boundless energy. Try eating two biscuits each morning for breakfast with plenty of good rich milk. It will help to keep you ahead in ball room and class room alike.

SHREDDED WHEAT



Mr. Flea: "Let's go for a ride, I know where there's a nice dog."

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Madison's Oldest Sporting Goods Store now offers **Felton Sport Shop** a convenient location for student sportsmen.

Featuring a complete line of high grade Athletic Equipment, as well as Skates, Skiis, Toboggans . . . in fact equipment for all lines of sport.



Felton Sport Shop

Univ. Ave. Nat. Bank Bldg.
Fairchild—463

MAIN STORE
FELTON GUN STORE
120 E. Washington Ave.
Fairchild—472

"Just a moment until I get my clothes on," cried a frantic feminine voice.

Fifteen eager young men craned their necks to see a stout colored woman boarding a street car with a basket of clothes.

—Stone Mill



A gold-digger had died and all her worldly possessions, including a parrot, were being auctioned off. "What am I offered for this beautiful bird?" said the auctioneer.

"One bean," bid a bystander.

"Two bucks," roared another.

"Make it five, daddy," croaked the parrot, "an' I'll give you a kiss."

—Mugwump



SIMPLE EXPLANATIONS OF MODERN INVENTIONS

No. 466

Soap

(Not by Groucho Marx)

Nearly everyone has at one time or another used soap, but how few people really know its story, and the intricate workings of this miracle. It's a miracle to me how they get some people to use it.

At any rate (rates here are \$3.00 and up) soap, this should not be confused with soup, as they are entirely different, is in appearance a white, or sometimes brown or pink, according to the locality where it is found. It is a substance that is slippery when wet and softens in water.

Take for example two and two equal what? Come on kiddies, you all know that. What? Doesn't anyone know the answer? Four of course. Anyway, take something else, a bouillon spoon or a towel, something for a souvenir. Which brings us back to soap. Hotels always put soap in the rack for souvenirs. *It is not to wash with!* Remember that, otherwise they would put full size cakes in which would do some good.

When you get ahold of a real cake of soap someday, try this: Grasp it firmly in the right hand. With the left rub it until suds form, you'll know them because they look like the foam on beer. Then use the suds for your dress shirt.

After you are through drop the soap on the floor and get in the bathtub. When you try to retrieve it you won't be able to reach it. Climb out of the tub and in doing so step on the soap. You will slip on the soap and fall with your head in that unused corner of the room back of the bathtub. Once there you will stay unless the bell boy, who is always watchful, rescues you. After this episode you will never use soap again.

—Holley

Just name an Occasion —

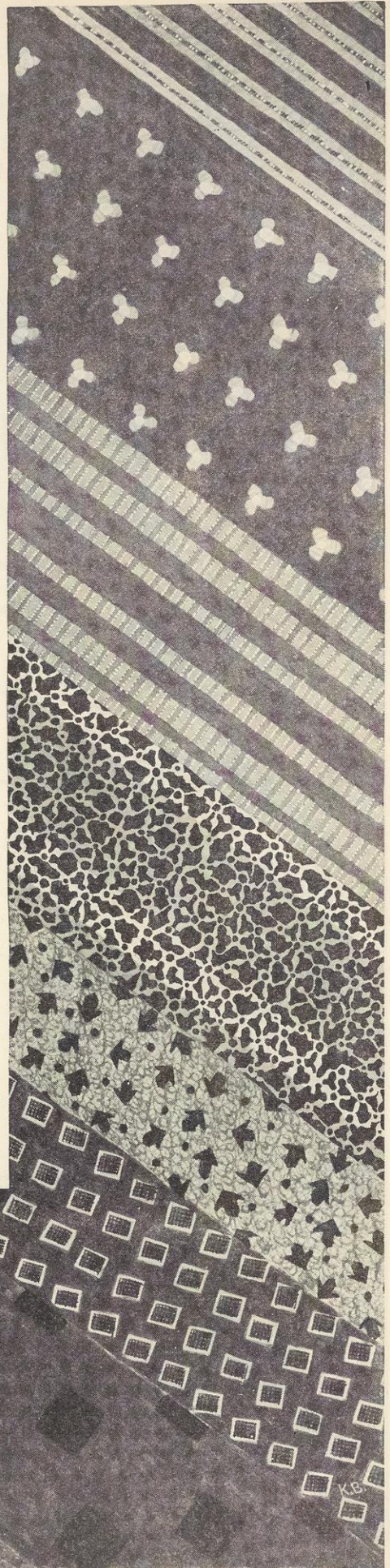
— and we'll name a group of Cheney Cravats particularly suited for that very occasion.



In fact — for every type of daytime and evening wear. Your favorite shop carries them.

CHENEY CRAVATS

MADE OF CHENEY SILKS



**Hold those lines—girls
Maybe he'll ask you to the**

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FOOTBALL
DANCE**

GREAT HALL

Friday, November 21st

Sweet Music

Specialties

Tables Reserved

Dancing 9 to 12

Tickets on sale at Union Desk

Admission \$1.50

"He was trampled to death by sheep."

"Sort of dyed in the wool, eh?"

—Tiger

Mrs. Gold: So you went to the University of Palestine?
It's co-ed then?

Mrs. Stein: Yes indeed, I got my Abie there.

—Lampoon

Irony

'34—wishes he knew women like a senior.

'33—wishes he had kept track of all the women he has dated.

32—wishes to gosh the women wouldn't hang around him so much.

'31—wishes he knew what he's going to do with the "one" he's acquired after three years of wishing for it.

—Zip'n Tang

STUDENTS!

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Your Convenience**

**Our stock consists of Vegetables, Fruits,
Fancy Groceries and all forms
of Delicatessen**

We Therefore Solicit Your Patronage

**HOMMEL BROS.
CASH WAY STORE**

827 University Avenue

He: How are the chances of getting a kiss?
 She: What do you think I'm running, a punchboard?
 —Froth



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



I met a girl in a revolving door and now we go around
 together.
 Ho, hum!
 That's nothing. I got engaged to a girl with a wooden
 leg and I broke it off.
 —Blue Bucket



Frenchman: You have to fill in the nationality blank
 also, sir. You are a Spaniard, n'est ce pas?
 Spaniard: No sir, I'm English. My father and mother
 were English.
 Frenchman: But you were born in Spain.
 Spaniard: That's nothing. If your dog had pups in
 the china closet, would you call them soup plates?
 —State Lion

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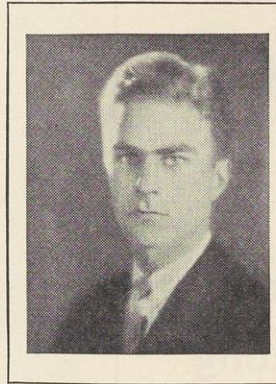
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825 UNIVERSITY AVENUE AT PARK



MISS FRANCES LEE,
 a Vassar girl



MR. HAROLD JAEGER,
 a Wisconsin man

Your correspondents on college styles

College Humor Magazine introduces these two young people, recently appointed to the editorial staff. Each month they will inform you of the modern trend of fashion.

You will meet them each month in the pages of this magazine, and since they will be visiting colleges constantly, perhaps before long you may meet them in person on your own campus.

Alert, keen, so recently out of school themselves that they can easily keep their fingers on the pulse of those influences which affect college styles and customs, you may follow their predictions and know that you are unerringly correct in your dress.

They are ready to help you with any problems your wardrobe may present, with advice and information. This is a service College Humor is happy to offer to college men and women.

College Humor

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BADGER 1763

Jean: Did you ever break a date?
Joan: Have I? Every one I've
ever gone out with.

—Beanpot

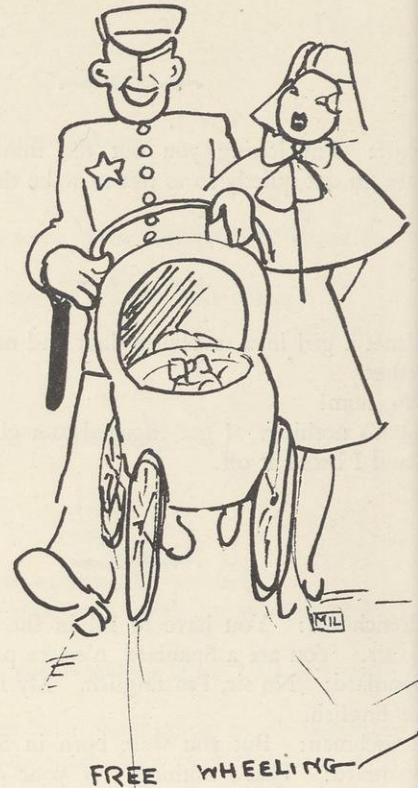
*"Man proposes.
God disposes."
Woman discloses.*

—Orange Peel

*He gazed upon her beauty
With wild infatuation.
Implying eyes sought hers
In frenzied desperation.*

*"Yes or No?" he begged her
In passionate supplication
And torn 'twixt love and honor
With panting, heaving breast,*

*The blue-eyed maiden murmured
"Yes" to his request.—
He took her at her word,
And flunked the doggone test!*
—Mercury



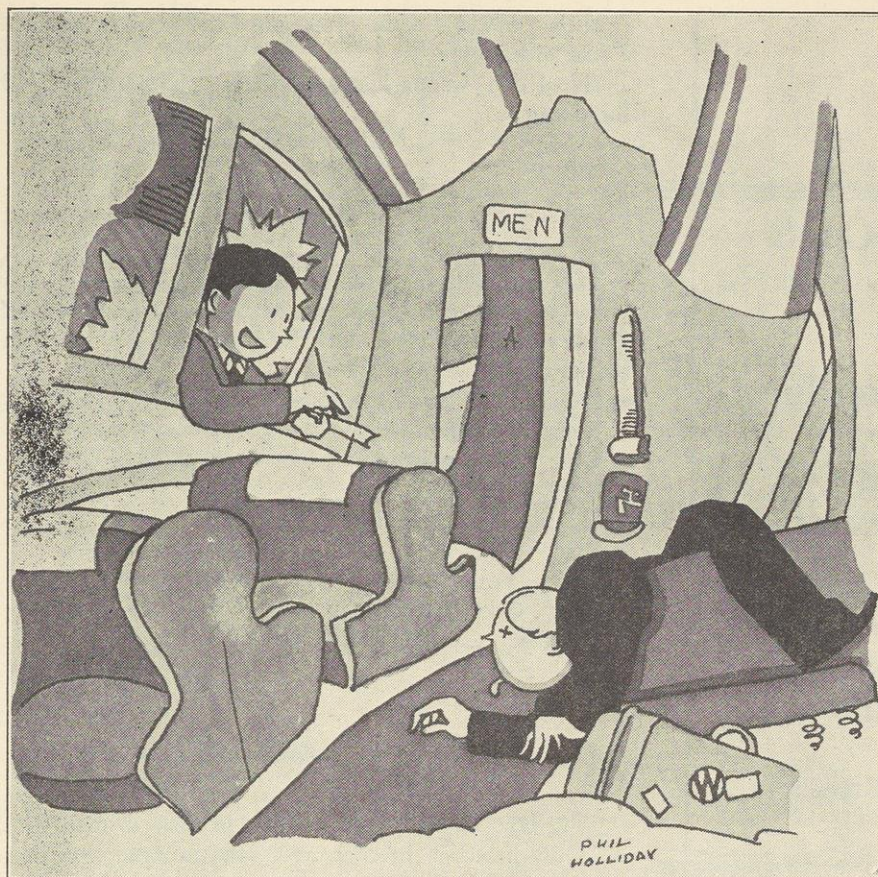
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Lake & Langdon 562 State

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Christmas
Gifts
at
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UNIQUE SHOP
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UPSTAIRS**



"Beg pardon, mister, I'm the inquiring reporter from the Star. Do you think that movie actresses should be allowed more than one divorce a year?"



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—THE—

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No Kiddin', Gang,

It's a
GAME

WE SHOULDN'T
BREAK DATES

WE SHOULDN'T
CUT CLASSES

WE SHOULDN'T
DRINK MOON

BUT—

**WE ALL
SHOULD PLAY**

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*The service and personal attention given
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Phone Badger 25

Little Oswald (in the presence of the family circle plus a few additions):

"No I don' wanna kiss Miss Jones—she slapped Daddy for doing it."

—Beanpot



This is a holdover from the Coolidge regime and shows traces of that economy of words which did not seriously handicap our president until he began to earn his living by the word.

Characters: Boy, Girl, Automobile.

Boy: Good morning.

Girl: Good morning.

Boy: Good driving.

Girl: Good boy?

Boy: Good girl?

Girl: Yes.

Boy: Good-bye.

(Editor: Good Lord!)

—Brown Jug



"Big boy, ah heahs you was makin' love to mah wife!"

"Only practisin' brother, ah's gotta propose to mah gal tomorrow night."



"I hear you belong to a swell golf club now."

"Yeah—got one of the finest clubhouses and courses anywhere in the city—on the thirteenth floor of the Union building."



"I'll take mine straight," yelled the batter to the pitcher as he stepped up to the plate.

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matter what make

HARRY T. BLUM
Jeweler

Jew: The Hebrew people are the most wide spread in the world, in fact you can name no place where there aren't Jews.

Brains: How about the Arctic Regions?

Jew: Just what nationality is this bird Iceberg?

—Burr



Director: Now, in this talkie I don't want you to say a word that has more than two syllables in it.

Actress: Why, what am I supposed to be?

Director: A college co-ed.

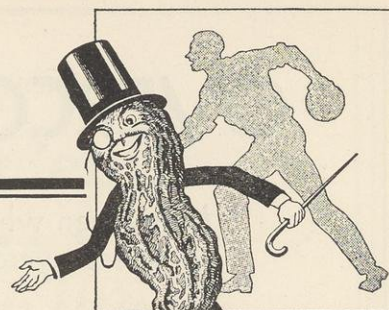
—Skipper



Black: My! those hot dogs smell good.

White: Like them? I'll dive a little closer.

—Pointer



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Doting Relative: Come give Auntie a dreat bid kiss!

Modern Child: Perhaps I shouldn't speak about it but my answer is "No!"—unless you take a LIFE SAVER first.

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HOAK and DUNN overcoats are hand-tailored in a manner which assures distinctive models suitable for formal or informal wear.

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Parson: My friend, I am seeking a little succor.

Pecan Pete: Well . . . d'yre think I look like one?

—Wampus

Dumb: I love you.

Dora: You don't mean it.

Dumb: Gee, I didn't know you were a mind reader.

—State Lion

"So you are the only survivor of the wreck; won't you tell us how you came to be saved?"

"Sure; I missed the boat!"

—Penn. State Froth

The Sniper (cleaning his gun):
Good old Chicago U. One more of that mob bumped, and my bonus will be big enough to pay next year's tuition.

—Widow

MOTHER GOOSE

(A la Capone)

Hickory Dick, the dick
Was swinging his hickory stick;
The clock struck one;
We shot for fun,
Hickory Dick, the dick.

Hark, hark, the noise in the park;
The coppers are coming, I know.
Some we'll slay;
Some we'll pay,
And then we'll have to go.

Little Capone
Will eat macaroni
'Till he's just as crooked as me.
I'll send him to college
To get legal knowledge
And keep all his relatives free.

Dear Mr. Lingle
Too long did he mingle
With pages and squires at court.
In truth, he was rash
For he had no cash
To pay for his jolly good sport.

Humpty Dumpty, I'm on the wall;
Unlike Humpty Dumpty, I can't fall;
All the mayor's judges,
And all the mayor's men
Are paid from my coffers again and again.

—Widow

"What is a grand slam in bridge?"
"When your partner says, 'You haven't played much before have you?'"
—Juggler

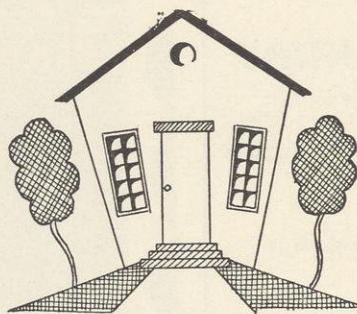
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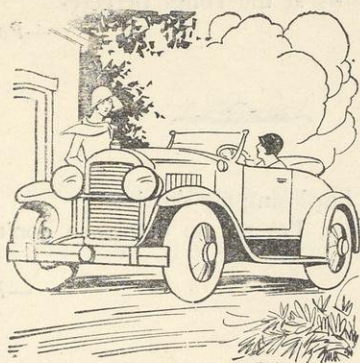


When in doubt as to what to
give her, be nonchalante and
light put for

THE MOUSE-AROUND GIFT SHOP

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Cast your gift problems on their
broad shoulders, and your gift
worries will be at an end.



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You don't have to own a car to
Enjoy the advantages of one—
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Away with some of the disadvantages
Of owning one.

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THE CAMPUS INSTITUTION OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

531 State Street

Fairchild 334

We Deliver

And then there was the Scotchman that peeled onions
on Saturday night so that he wouldn't have to take a bath.

—Wampus

He: Who gave the bride away?

She: I could have but I kept my mouth shut.

—Wampus

"Come on," shouted the side-show sheiks as they swung
their scimitars. "Let's rob the crystal gazers' tent and
split the prophets."

—Widow

"Gee, Ma, Moses sure must have suffered with that
stomach of his."

"Why, no, Jimmy, you shouldn't get that idea of him."

"What! And him always getting all those tablets?"

—Kitty Kat

Here are the questions fraternity men would ask you
if they spoke what was on their minds:

1. What's your old man's racket?
2. How much dough does he make?
3. Do you play football?
4. Can't you play anything?
5. Can you scrub floors, shine shoes, and learn to say
yessir?
6. How long do you expect to last in this man's U?
7. Do you think your old man might make the house a
little present at Christmas?
8. Have you got a good looking sister?
9. Is any other house after you?
10. What would you say if we offered you a bid?

—Froth

An engineer's report is like a chorus girl's costume be-
cause it is brief and covers the important points.

—Stone Mill

let's dine at the chocolate shop

... there's a suggestion for
you to use after one of those
hectic days which we all
have ... tired of everything
... nothing looks good ...
then, especially the menu of
the chocolate shop will ap-
peal ... good any time, of
course ... but just try it
when you're ready to sell for
a thin dime ... you'll know
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Fresh Meat

Uniformly High Quality and a
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Fairchild 5200; B. 1300

"Where is the American section of Paris?"

"The first ten rows at the Folies Bergeres."

—Pointer



She: Heavens! I'm losing my skirt!

He: Listen, girlie, I'm not so dumb, so don't try to pull anything off.

—Froth



He: Is Jack hot?

She: I'll say he is.

He: How do you know?

She: Didn't you see the cinders on the track after his race?

—Punch Bowl



THE QUEEN DIES

I

The queen was dying. She had summoned all her sul-len-faced subjects about her and said, "Subjects, I feel ill as hell. But the state must live on. After my death carry on . . . carry on . . . carry on for Mazdamania."

II

It was a dreary, wet, rainyish sort of day for a funeral. The prime minister wanted to call it off. "Folks won't like it," he had said. But they had forgotten to give out rainchecks, so the funeral went on.

"The funeral must go on," the court jester had laughed.

III

As the casket was being lowered into the grave, a terrible noise and shouting which tore the welkin was heard in the rear of the crowd. Pushing his way to the edge of the pit intended for the queen, a medical student appeared.

"I'll give ten kroners for the corpse," he cried.

"I'll raise you ten," someone shouted.

And all was in great confusion as higher bids were offered. At sixty three kroners the bidding stopped, and the corpse was claimed by a medico from the Southland.

IV

There was much grumbling as the crowd was dispersed by Cossack gendarmes. And as the prime minister returned to the privy chambers he was heard to exclaim, "That was the best funeral in all the history of Mazdamania. And sixty three kroners for the corpse. Just think of it!"

—"Sunny"

"What makes the Dean stagger that way?"

"Oh, that's just the Dean's list."

—Lampoon



"It's a dirty shame the way they pay athletes in this school."

"Aren't you right? I'm not getting half of what I'm worth."

—Brown Jug



Catty: She certainly gave you a dirty look.

Dumm: Who?

"Old Mother Nature."

—Pelican



"Remember the fellow who copied so much in college?"

"Yeh, what ever became of him?"

"He's selling cribs in a furniture store."

—Froth

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