



Octopus: Homecoming. Vol. 12, No. 2 October 17, 1930

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OCTOPUS



A colorful, stylized illustration of a crowd of people, mostly men in hats, looking up at a large, stylized letter 'M'. The people are drawn in a cartoonish, dotted style with various expressions. In the foreground, the word 'COMING' is written in large, bold, white letters with a yellow outline. Above it, the word 'HOME' is also in large, bold, white letters with a yellow outline. To the left of 'HOME', the word 'OCTOBER' is written in smaller, white letters. To the right of 'COMING', the words '25 CENTS' are written in white letters. The background is a light blue color.

OCTOBER

HOME COMING

25 CENTS



Fall needs its own ties

The bright ties of summer won't quite do for the fall. It's a different season...mellower, quieter, with a different feel. You need some new Cheney Cravats!

They're at your shop now...in colors, designs, and weaves for daytime, sports and evening wear...for every conceivable occasion.

**CHENEY
CRAVATS**

MADE OF CHENEY SILKS
Cheney Brothers . 181 Madison Ave. . New York



\$9.00

Round Trip
To
Purdue

3 Fast Special Trains

WISCONSIN vs. PURDUE

De Luxe Daylight Special

Leave Madison 5:30 A. M. Sat. Oct. 25th
Arrive La Fayette 12:30 noon Sat. Oct. 25th

RETURNING

Leave La Fayette 5:00 P. M. Sat. Oct. 25th
Arrive Madison 11:50 P. M. Sat. Oct. 25th

Equipment Consists of Drawing Rooms, Compartments, Parlor Cars, Coaches, Free Lounge and Observation Cars.

CONVENIENT ARRIVAL---LIBERAL STOPOVERS IN CHICAGO

\$15.93

Round Trip
To
Columbus

WISCONSIN vs. OHIO STATE

Fraternity-Sorority Special

Leave Madison 10:30 P. M. Friday Oct. 31st
Arrive Columbus 10:00 A. M. Sat. Nov. 1st

RETURNING

Leave Columbus 11:55 P. M. Sat. Nov. 1st.
Arrive Madison 11:10 A. M. Sunday Nov. 2nd

The Cardinal---Leaves Madison at 11:00 P. M.
Friday Oct. 31st, arriving Columbus 10:30 A. M.
Saturday Nov. 1st---Leave Columbus 11:15
P. M. Saturday Nov. 1st, arrive Madison 10:45
A. M. Sunday Nov. 2nd.

Drawing Room Compartments, Open Section Cars, Club and Observation Cars. Make your reservations early for choice accommodations.

C. P. DAHNKE, City Passenger Agent

PHONE BADGER 6300

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

18 Years of Fun

With "Wisconsin" Students, that's our history, and, we are proud to continue to offer you the largest complete clothing service in Madison.

SUITS—OVERCOATS—TOPCOATS

\$30 **\$25** \$35

Made to Your Measure

SUITS—TOPCOATS—OVERCOATS

ONE PRICE **\$22.50** NONE HIGHER

Ready to Wear

It Will Be Fun to See You—Now

THE
Glasgow

Tailors and Clothiers

C. J. McElrath, Manager

123 State Street

Daughter, you shouldn't go through Bob's pants like that. Just suppose you caught him going through your—
Why, Mother!

—Texas A. & M. Battalion

There's an invention on the market that will make a woman's kiss taste like an orange, but millions are waiting for the man who makes an orange taste like a woman's kiss.

—Dodo

Six Ways to Make Any Fraternity You Want

1. Drive up to the house in a Rolls Royce.
2. Drive up to the house in a Cord.
3. Drive up to the house in a Cadillac 16.
4. Drive up to the house in an Hispano Suiza.
5. Drive up to the house in an Isotta Fraschini.
6. Drive up to the house in a Dusenbury.

—Bucknell Belle Hop

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

LOREN MOORE
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TED HOLSTIEN
BEN KLINE
MAXWELL KRASNO
PATIENCE
PHIL EYESENBACH
ARNOLD SUNDGAARD
PAUL FULCHER

On Wisconsin!

and on goes
a cosy fur
coat!



Homecoming wouldn't be Homecoming without going to the game---and what's the game without a warm fur coat? You'll find all types of snappy coats at the prices you want to pay. In the coat department on Second Floor.

BARON BROS., INC.

THE BIG GAME

may be important
But—
MORE SO is what YOU wear



From Head to Foot—Sportified!

Nothing will do but a
BERET

It is the approved
campus fashion this
year—and how many
versions! Peek in and
see our wool ones at
\$1.50

For a dash of color—
add a printed scarf,
\$1.95

Keep your toes warm
in
**SILK AND WOOL
HOSE**

They're ever so soft
and fine! The most
sensitive skin will
not irritate. You'll
like the shades, too.

\$1.50

Smart and warm is a
**LEATHER
JACKET**

Smart — because of
its color and swanky
belted line. *Warm*—
because it's real
leather with an all
wool plaid lining.

\$16.75

To Complement the
Jacket in a
**COVERT
WOOL SKIRT**

A perfect combination.
A leather jacket
and a swagger,
dark skirt. They're
inexpensive at only

\$3.95

Wagner's

College Shoppe for Women

528 State Street

Phone: F. 5623

The ultimate in women's clothes is achieved when they
can feel the coolest and look the hottest.

—Dodo



First Tourist: Who's that fellow in the purple pants
dodging that bull?

Second Tourist: Oh, that's a Mexican jumping peon.
—Blue Moon



Sophisticated Maid (trying to arouse interest of indifferent Yale senior): Look out, Johnny, I'm going to scare you. (Kisses him). Now, Johnny, you scare me.

Senior: Boo!

—Record



How do you spend your allowance?

About 30 per cent for room, 30 per cent for clothing,
40 per cent for board, and 20 per cent for amusement.
But that adds up to 120 per cent.
That's right.

—Longhorn



THE ORIGIN OF SIN (*A la Boccaccio*)

There was once upon a time, two high Church officials—Cardinal Sin and Cardinal Virtue. They were always together, and although they were continually fighting, they could not do without each other. If Sin wasn't around Virtue meant nothing, and vice (not meant for a pun) versa.

Now one day, Sin and Virtue were on their way to see Richelieu. Darkness overtook them, and although Sin felt perfectly at home, Virtue insisted that they stay at a farmhouse. As usual, the farmer had two beautiful daughters.

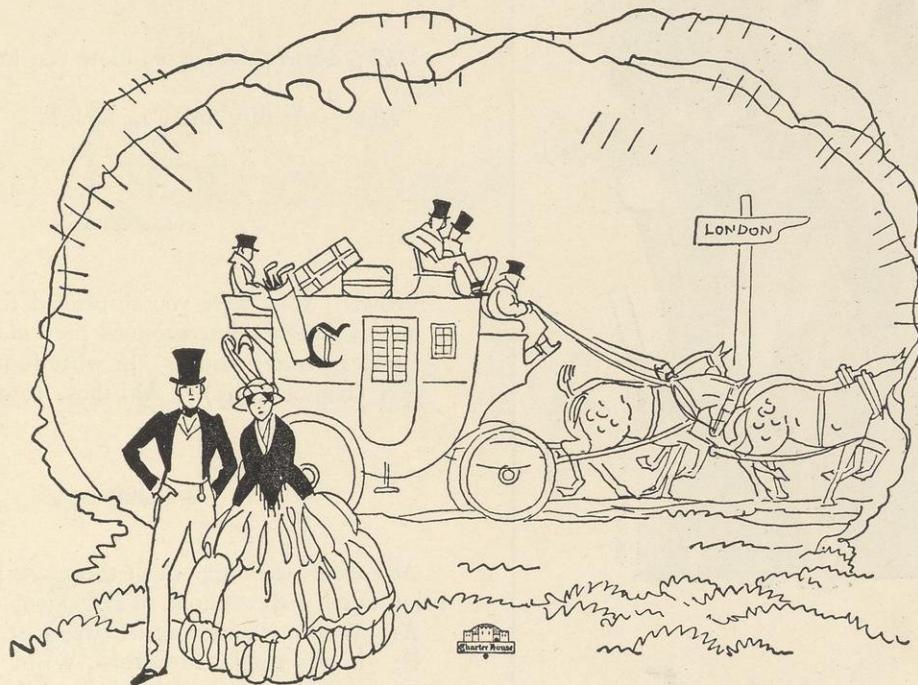
Well, they all had a great time until it was time to go to bed. You see, the farmer had only three beds. In one, he and Cardinal Virtue were to sleep, in another, his wife and one daughter—leaving Cardinal Sin and the other daughter unaccounted for. (Now don't start figuring, or you'll spoil the story.)

Sin, being a perfect gentleman, didn't want the farmer to feel embarrassed, so he said to the girl, "You and I can sleep together, can't we?"

The girl, not to be outdone, replied, "Let's not, Sin," so they didn't.

—Brown Jug

CORRECT - APPAREL - FOR - EVERY - OCCASION



HOME COMING

The mode of travel has stepped up since the days of the Coach and Four—but if travel has been speeded up—the fashions in men's apparel have moved at a greater pace—To-day a new style appears in Wall street or at Princeton—a week and it appears on Langdon.

At all times we have, for your inspection, the newest style ideas in suit—topcoats—overcoats or haberdashery—The most recent style note is the return to favor of the double-breasted suit; another is the demi-bosom shirt—with one round and one pointed collar—See these new fashions at our shop today.

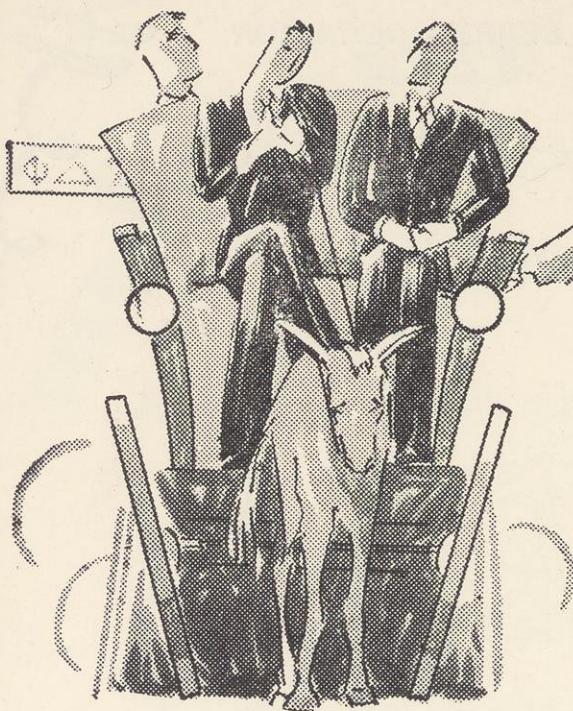
Suits
\$35—\$50
Two Trousers

Pile Camel
Overcoats
\$40—\$55

BAILLIE
O'CONNELL AND MEYER
MADISON ~ WISCONSIN

109 STATE

STREET



Appropriate For The Occasion

Whether it be "hell week" foolishness or a week-end formal . . . the appropriate clothes are here . . . that in design and conception express the spirit of the university man . . . and which faithfully reflect his moods about the campus—be they aristocratically formal or informally aristocratic.



You can always tell a lady by the way she dresses. Well, a real lady would pull down the shades.

—Purple Parrot



"Why doesn't the lamb follow you to school any more, Mary?"

"What! At fifty miles an hour?"

—Temple Owl



Father: Why were you suspended from college?

Son: Constant interruptions prevented my studying.

Father: Interruptions? In what forms?

Son (reminiscently): Ah, those forms!

—Virginia Reel



At a recent wedding one of the guests brought her young baby, it cried throughout the ceremony.

A: Wasn't it annoying the way that baby cried?

B: It was simply dreadful. When I get married my invitations will have on them "No babies expected."

—Gargoyle



Scraping Along

"Oh, George, do you realize it's almost a year since our honeymoon, and that glorious day we spent on the sand? I wonder how we'll spend this one?"

"On the rocks."

—Vancouver Province



A beautiful moonlit garden in Paris (any campus will do).

A man (regulation size and features) speaking huskily to the softness of the night and the girl at his side.

"I'll love you until the end."

A beautiful, languid lady (co-ed, through necessity, might fill requirements) charmingly demands.

"That's just it, Bruce, or whatever your name is, the end may be the beginning, or halfway, but it is undeniably the end."

"True," he sobs.

Exit—Charming lady, bewildered.

Curtain—Man, bewildered.

Exit—Audience, bewildered.

Remaining—Critics, entranced.

—Bucknell Belle Hop

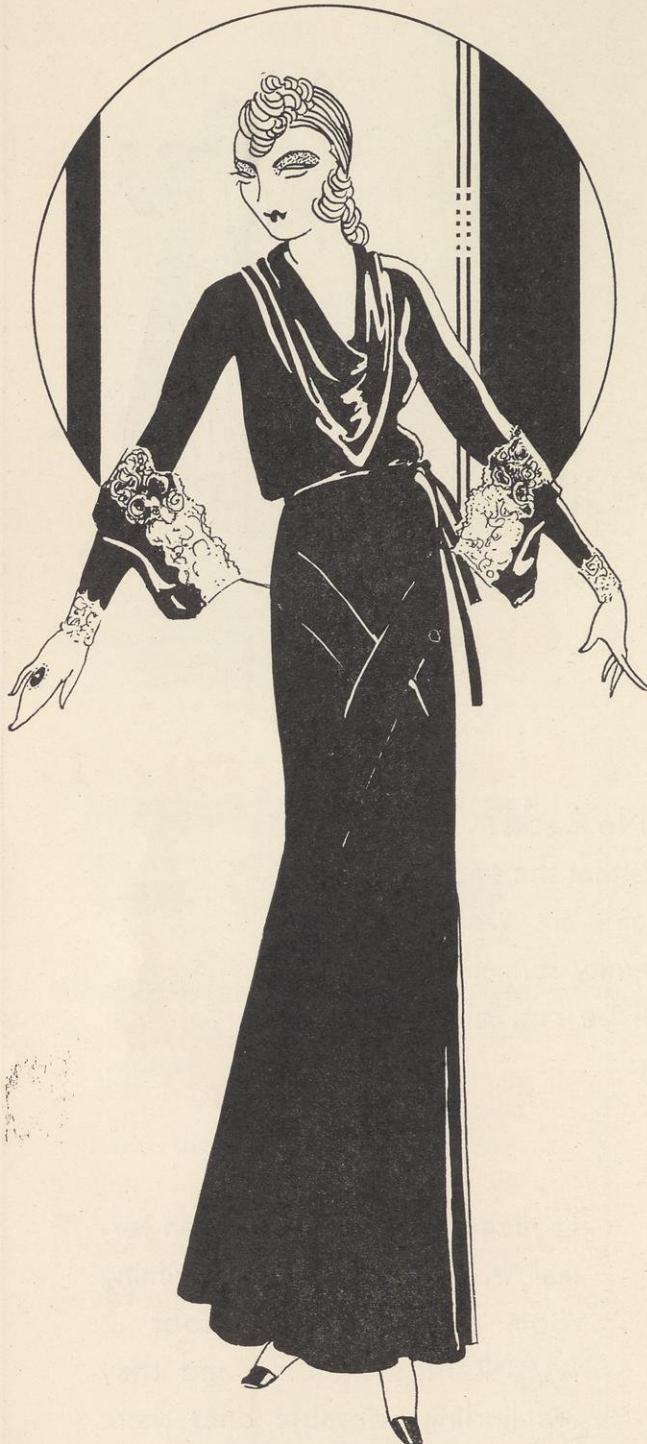
Not a Back

in a Frat Full



What! No backs? Just notice the frocks that the smartly dressed college girls are wearing at the next fraternity formal you attend. They will be cut, oh, so low in the back.

College girls enjoy trying on formal frocks in the new evening room on the second floor at MANCHESTER'S . . . and they are finding adorable ones there for only \$29.50 and \$35.



Tiffany's are showing this Sunday Night dress in wine Ione chalet with deep egg shell "V"

Auditor: Now, let's see your pink slips.
Filing Clerk (feminine): Sir?

—Virginia Reel

"You tickle me, Freddie."
"Gee, what a strange request!"

—Yellow Crab

Keen: My client has killed his father and mother.
How shall we conduct the case?

Sharp: Make him plead for mercy on the grounds
that he's an orphan!

—Siren

He made a run around the end,
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck,
The fullback on his ear.
The center sat upon his back,
Two ends upon his chest,
The quarter and the halfback then
Sat down on him to rest.
The left guard sat upon his head,
Two tacklers on his face,
The coroner was then called in
To sit upon his case.

—Yale Record

PERELMAN HAS A BAD DREAM

But beneath that rough and stern exterior there beats a heart of gold. . . . With apologies. On second thought, without apologies. . . . I never apologize. . . . And that goes for your whole family. . . . Oh, mother, if you were only here now—how I need you. . . . Oh, how I remember—when I was but a little lad with golden curls and dimples (the dimples weren't golden, though) . . . and she used to playfully kick me into the coal-bin. . . . Oh, mother, where can you be now? (Is that damn woman late again?) What loving memories the name conjures up. I am fired with zest and zeal or zeal and zest, have it your way, I never could tell the difference anyhow. As I say I was fired and some time I had getting another job . . . and there they sat the little dears, his head in her lap—yes he lost his head over her and she got twenty years . . . oh, hum. . . .

—Tony Tobin

Kisses are like salt water—that I know.
The more you taste the thirstier you grow.
(From a Persian poet, 800 A. D.)

—The Frivol



"I want to trade this roadster for a coupe."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing, only I quit chewing tobacco."

—Wabash Caveman



Wife: Why is it that some men are more thoughtful than others?

Husband (sarcastically): Why is it that some men's wives are so damn more irritating than other men's wives?

—Longhorn



Speak Easy

Ali Baba stood before the door of the stone cavern and repeated the words that had been told him.

"Open, Sesame," he said loudly. Nothing happened.

"Open, Sesame!" he said, more loudly. Less than nothing happened.

Finally he fairly bellowed: "Open, Sesame!" This time the great stone door rolled aside, and a weazened old man peeped from the opening.

"Come around tomorrow night, son," he said, "this place has just been raided."

—Punch Bowl



"H-h-huh-hello, W-w-wally. H-h-huh-how ah-are ya-you? S-sa-s-say." — — — —

"Your time's up. Will you deposit another quarter in the box, sir?"

"Y-y-y-yes, m-mah-m a'm. H-h-ere you are. B-b-but I ul-only w-want t-t-to s-s-sa-say a f-f-few m-m-more w-w-wor." — — — —

"You're time's up, sir. Pleasee put another quarter in the slot."

Th-th-there you are—b-b-but a-operator, y-you're t-t-t-t too f-fa-fresh. I-I-I'm g-get-going t-t-to report y-y-you t-t-to" — — — —

"Twenty-five cents more, pleeeeze!!"

"O-o-o. K-kuh K. W-W-wally, w-wha-when t-th-th the h-h-hell are y-y-you g-go-goin t-t-to" — — — —

"Twenty-five cen"—

"G-g-give m-me th-th-at d-d-dollar y-you o-owe m-m-me.

—Mercury



GO HOME AND TELL YOUR MOTHER

HEAR this merry, merry melody of happy heartbeats set to music...recorded for Victor—and how! by Gus Arnheim and his high-voltage orchestra. Other Victor Record hits, too...each one "the Broadway berries"—sweet or hot—for every mood and moment. The greatest artists and orchestras record exclusively for Victor, in every field.

22505— GO HOME AND TELL YOUR MOTHER

I'm Doin' That Thing

Gus Arnheim and Orch.

22506—Confessin' My Bluebird Was Caught in the Rain

Rudy Vallee and Orch.

22515—Sing I Still Get a Thrill

Ted Weems and Orch.

23000—Okay Baby I Want a Little Baby

McKinney's Cotton Pickers



The Music You Want
When You Want It On

Victor Records

RCA VICTOR CO., Inc., CAMDEN, N. J.

Whether You Are Interested In
The Latest Dance Records Like
"Go Home And Tell Your Mother"

or

The Best In Red Seals Like
"Brahms Symphony No. 2 In D Major"
You Will Find a Good Stock Here

COME IN AND LET US PLAY THESE
RECORDS FOR YOU

Forbes Meagher Music Company

27 W. Main



"The Music You Want When You
Want It."

MANGEL'S

Fan Tan Hosiery



\$1.25

For exquisitely sheer Chiffon Hosiery

They're full fashioned, silk to top, with dainty picot edge. Guaranteed to give satisfactory wear. In all the new fall colors

*Promenade
Brownleaf
Manon
Nightingale
Gun Metal*

Mangel's

27 S. PINCKNEY ST. ON THE SQUARE

What an easy time Mr. Coolidge must have! In writing his daily 200 word column all he has to do is lengthen one of his old campaign speeches.

—Panther

Kappa Delta: How was the party?

Delt Zeta: The best in years. The chaperons couldn't come and the orchestra men missed their train.

—Wet Hen

Visitor (gazing at campus buildings): I think your porticos are very well shaped.

Co-ed: Yes, that's what all the fellows tell me, but you needn't get so familiar.

—Black and Blue Jay

A fraternity man was badly mangled in a train wreck, and when the doctors tried to identify him by the clothes he was wearing, it looked like the whole chapter was injured.

—Colorado Dodo

THE SILENT PARTNER

It seems that a widow, a flapper, and an old maid all lived in the same boarding-house, and each had a date with a college boy one night.

The question arose as to which would be kissed the most. To decide the question, each on coming to the breakfast table the next morning was to say "good morning" for each kiss she had received.

—Came the Dawn!

The flapper came down first, blushing, and said very emphatically, G-o-o-od Mo-o-o-rn-i-ng!"

(She'd only been kissed once, but that was enough!) Enter the vivacious widow.

"Oh, good morning, good morning, good morning. I want to tell everyone, good morning, good morn, good—" etc. etc.!

(Whatta woman!) Enter the old maid, very dramatically. All were quiet—

expectant.

"Hullo!"

—Black and Blue Jay

The weighing machine was out of order. A fat lady clambered on and inserted a penny. An inebriated gentleman standing in the vicinity saw the scale register 75 pounds. "My God," he whispered. "She's hollow."

—Jack-o-Lantern

Frosh: Would you rather die with your shoes on or your shoes off?

Soph: I'd rather die with them on.

Frosh: Howcum?

Soph: So I won't stub my toe when I kick the bucket.

—Cynic

Diner: I'll have apple pie for dessert.

Waiter: All out.

Diner: Well, then give me the raspberry.

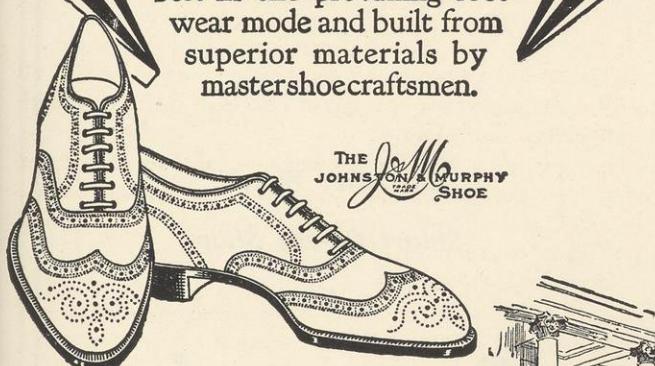
Waiter: Sorry, sir, but we waiters are not allowed to be offensive to guests.

—Panther

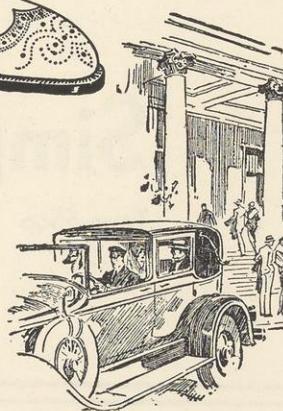
Pete E. J. Burns.

J & M Shoes have a definite appearance of simple elegance and quiet distinction. Designed to the best in the prevailing foot-wear mode and built from superior materials by mastershoecraftsmen.

THE JOHNSTON MURPHY SHOE



The new Ambassador Oxford is patterned with wing tip and slender custom lines . . . at our shop.



For Football Games A Wool Crepe Frock



Bonnie Frocks features the season's smartest frocks for the coming football season. Wool Crepe, the newest fabric in all the late Fall shades, some with berets to match in Black, Brown, Green and Wine—

\$15

Sizes 12 to 20

More for your
money this year
at Bonnie's.

Bonnie features
styles for Women,
Misses and Juniors.
Special slenderizing
styles for the
larger woman . . .

Bonnie
FROCKS

231 STATE



SPORTY.

Warm.

Youthful Charm.

A fleecy

Coat for

Wintry days.

Fitted. Flared.

Be prepared

For any

Fashion

Questionnaire;

And merit "A"

In problems

On Economy.

In Other Words

Smart Co-eds Shop

At

Simpson's

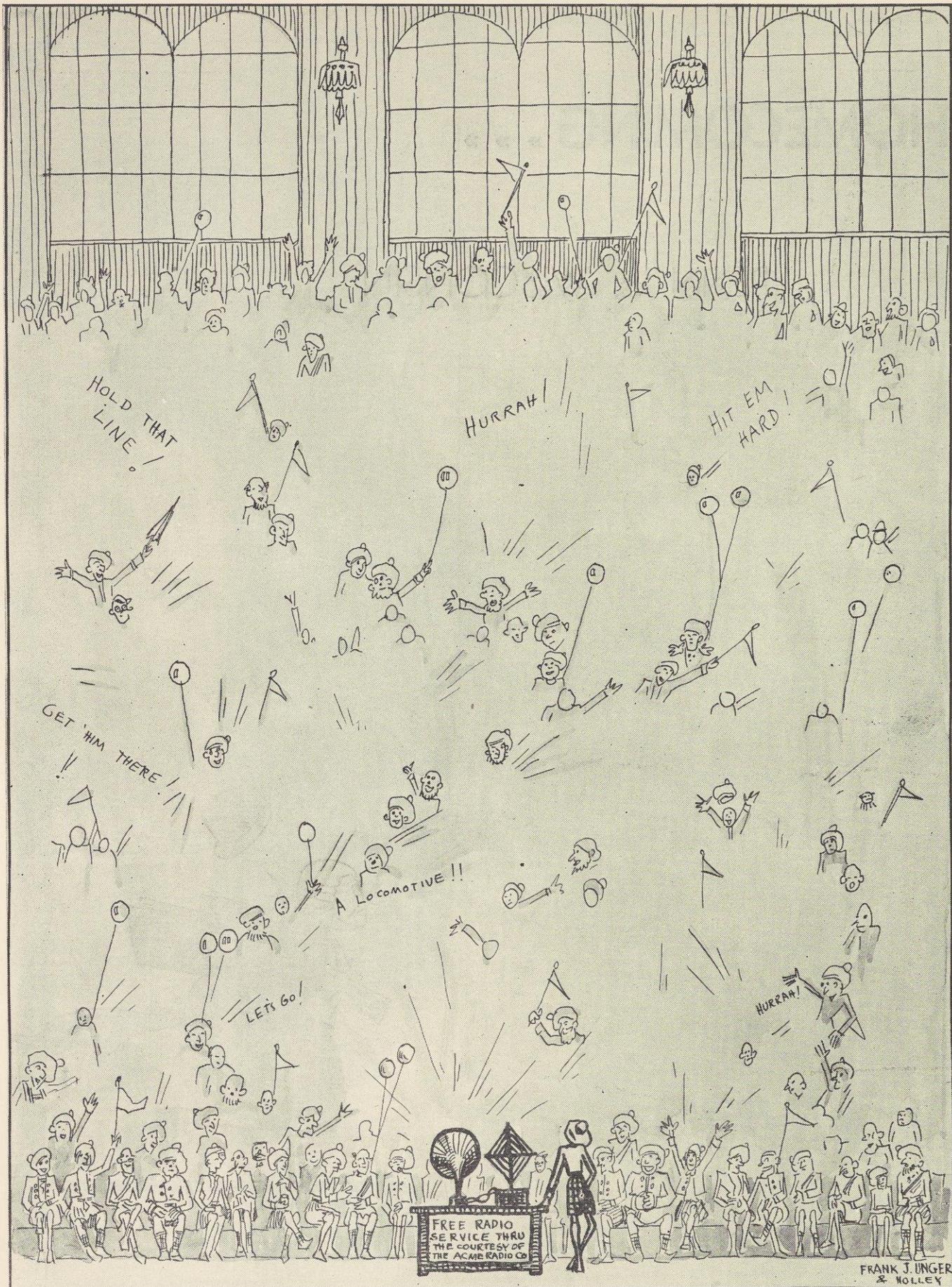
Town Shop

Co-op Shop

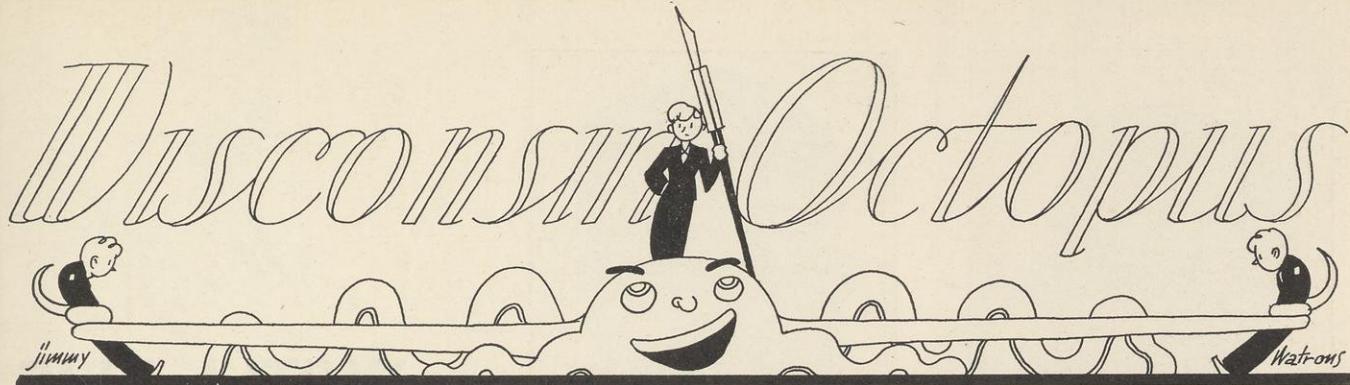
HOMECOMING » » »

PENN vs. WISCONSIN





A Scotch Homecoming



"Did they have good meals during homecoming?"

"Gee, I don't know—I only tasted the coffee."

And then of course there's the musical carpenter. He plays on the tuba four.

Proud Father: I hear my son made a 98 yard run in the big game.

Coach: That's true, but did he tell you that he didn't catch the man ahead of him?

Macbeth: Where the Hell are those three old hags, Banquo?

Voice from Nowhere: Don't get excited, Mac old dear, and we'll bewitches in a minute.

Absorbine This One

Athlete's foot is composed of twelve itches.

And then the sneezing song, "When I'm Looking Atchoo."

"I found a rabbit's foot in the woodbox yesterday."

"Ha, there must be a nigger in the woodpile!"

"My girl won't speak to me."

"Why not?"

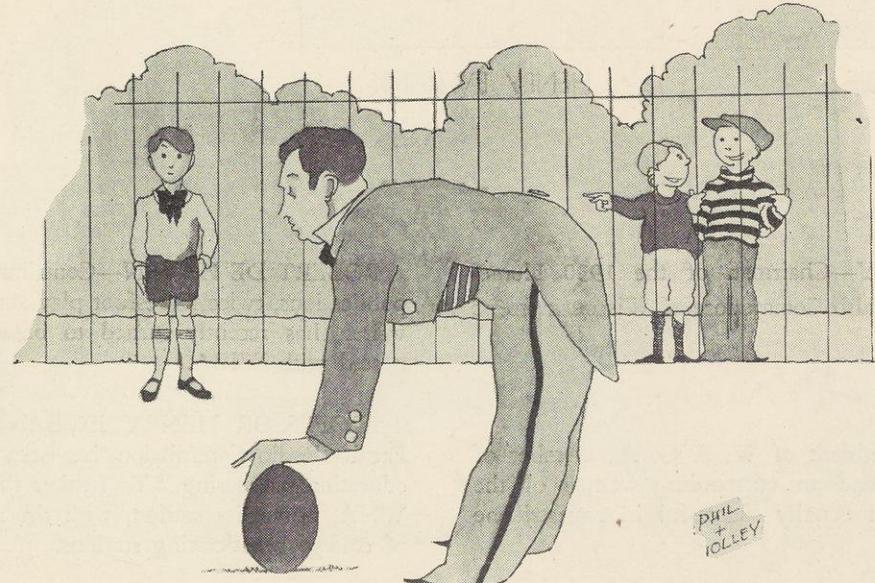
"I sent her flowers for her birthday which is three days before Mother's Day."

"Yeah?"

"And they were delayed three days!"

"Yow!" mourned the frosh as he tried his best to clean the red stains off his shirt collar. "The demn stuff's called LIP-stick! Yow!"

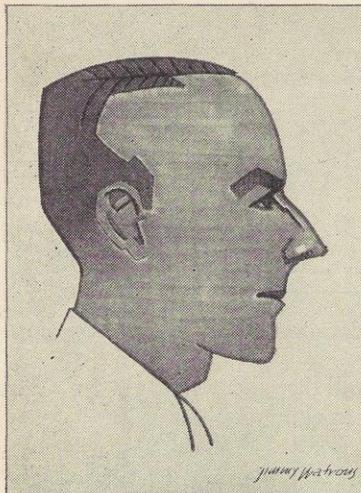
"Football sure is the life, isn't it, Ed? It hardens you, toughens you, makes you healthy, develops a clear mind and alertness. I don't think there's anything like it. Nothing I'd rather watch than a good football game. And say, Ed, we better have another drink—the half is almost up and the teams are on the field again."



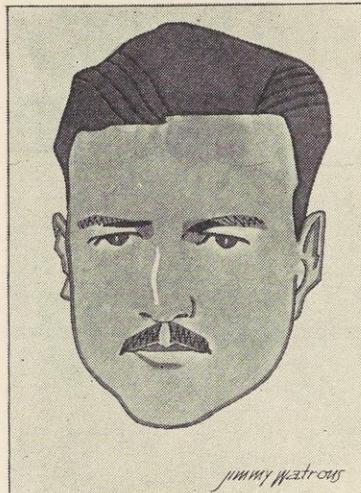
"You may kick it now, Percival."

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

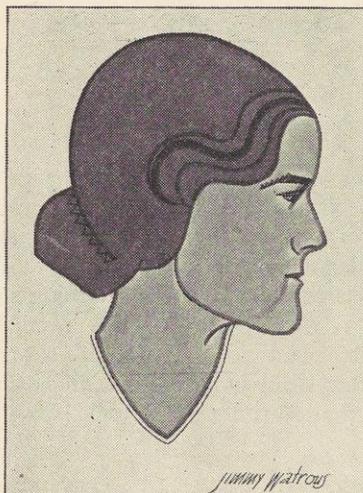
"Well, I really don't know yet. You see, I'm on the football team."



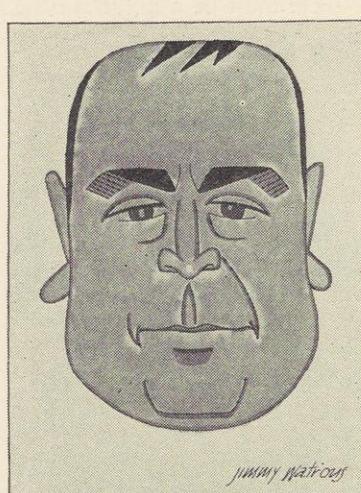
JOHN ZERATSKY



ROBERT DE HAVEN



PEG MODIE



HENRY EWBANK

WITH THE

TEMPO

OF

WISCONSIN

JOHN ZERATSKY—Chairman of the 1930 Homecoming Committee is also Commodore of Wisconsin crews for this year.

PEG MODIE—President of W. S. G. A., member of the Union Council, and an outstanding woman of the senior class, has been equally successful in equestrienne activities.

ROBERT DE HAVEN—Contributor to national humor publications, twice Haresfoot play author, and Octy feature writer, has recently turned to broadcasting and is connected with WIBA.

PROFESSOR HENRY EWBANK—Chairman of the Faculty Radio Commission, has been instrumental in radio education pioneering. To further this end he has aligned WHA, university station, with the first national network of college broadcasting stations.



The Student Waiter Forgets Himself.

"Are you a Dunkard?"
 "Say, I never touched a drop in my life!"



"Is he very stingy?"
 "Stingy! Say, he smokes twenty cigarettes out of every package he buys."



THE GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CRITICAL DICTIONARY

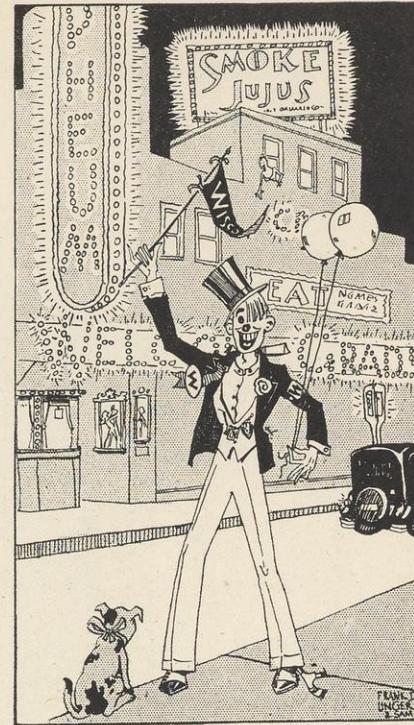
Punk
 Rotten
 Terrible
 Lousy
 Putrid
 Rank
 Awful
 Claptrap
 Balderdash
 Tripe
 No
 Ditto
 Piffle
 Whangdoodle
 Miserable
 Impossible
 Outrageous
 Good God!

—*Tony Tobin*

"He's going to West Point."
 "Oh, I didn't know he played football."

First Freshman: I just bought a nickel eraser.

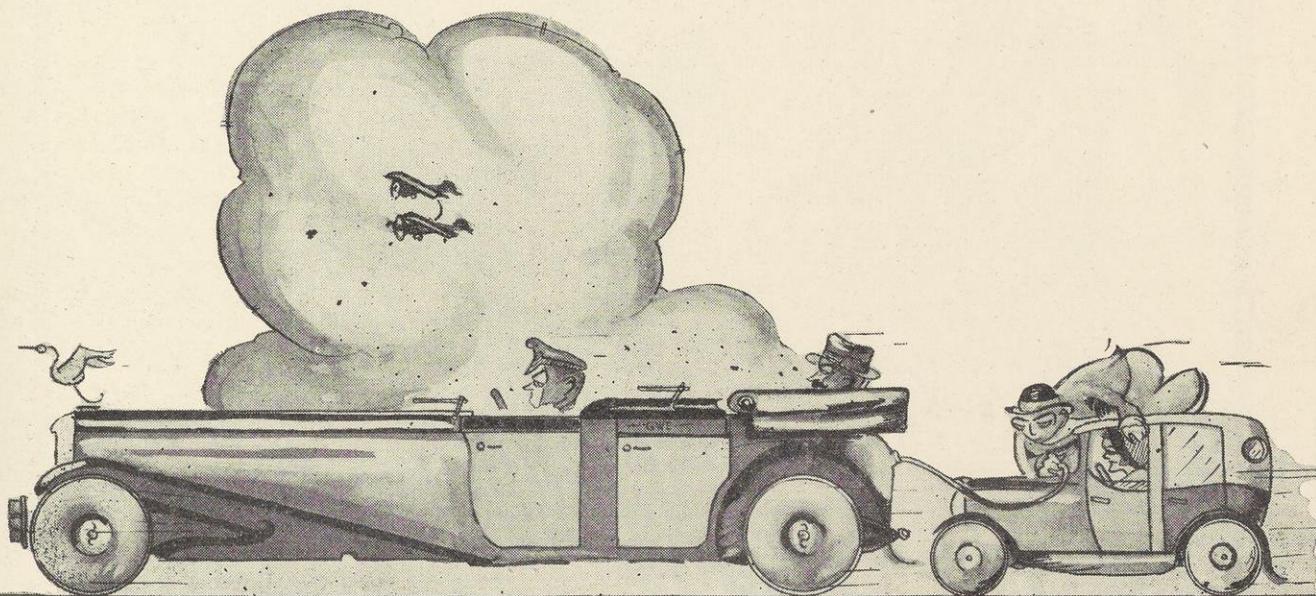
Second Dummy: Whyn't you get a rubber one?



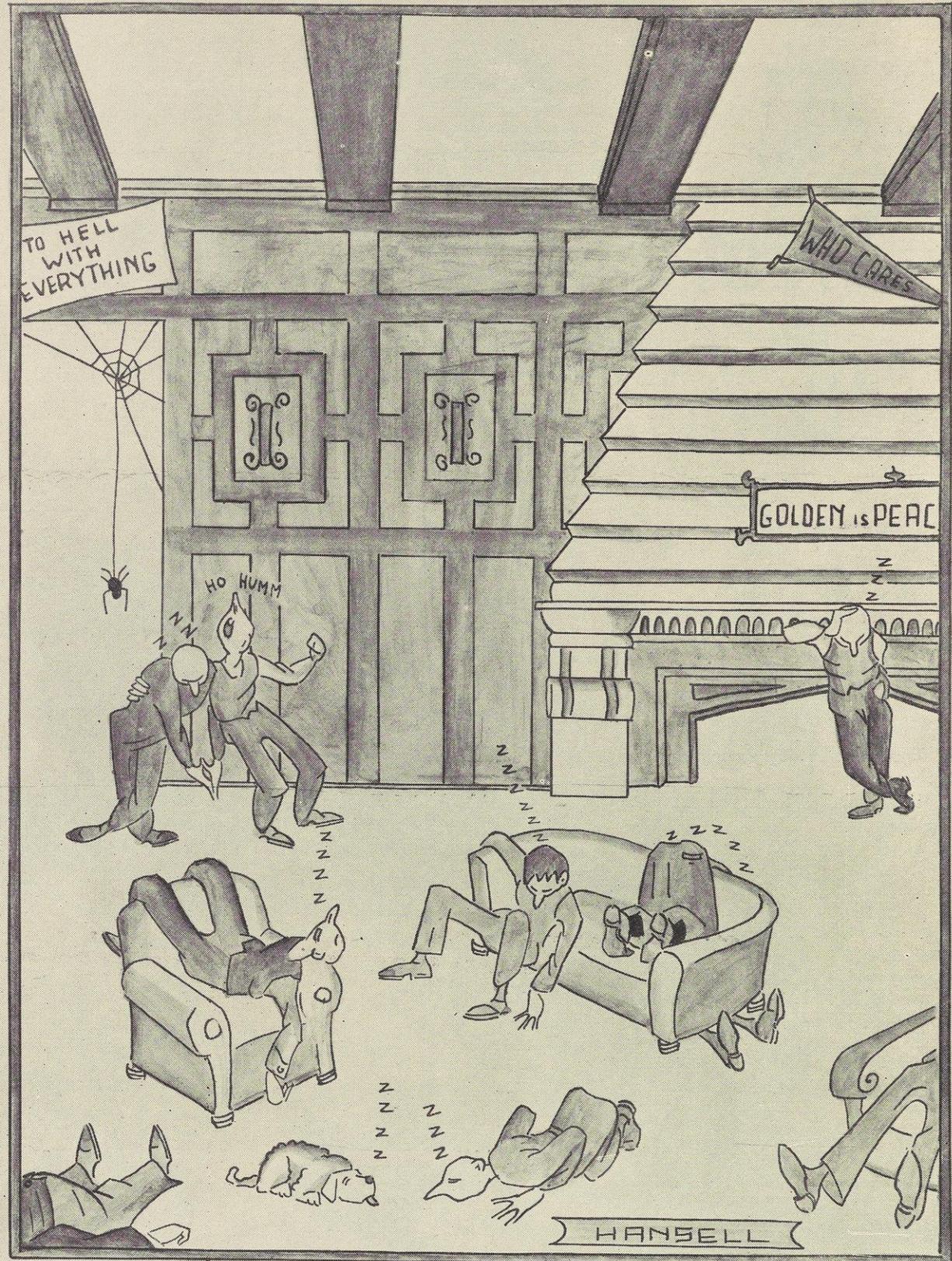
All Lit up for Homecoming.

"Nu, Mrs. Gainsborough, so vere did you live wile you were in Russia dis sommer?"

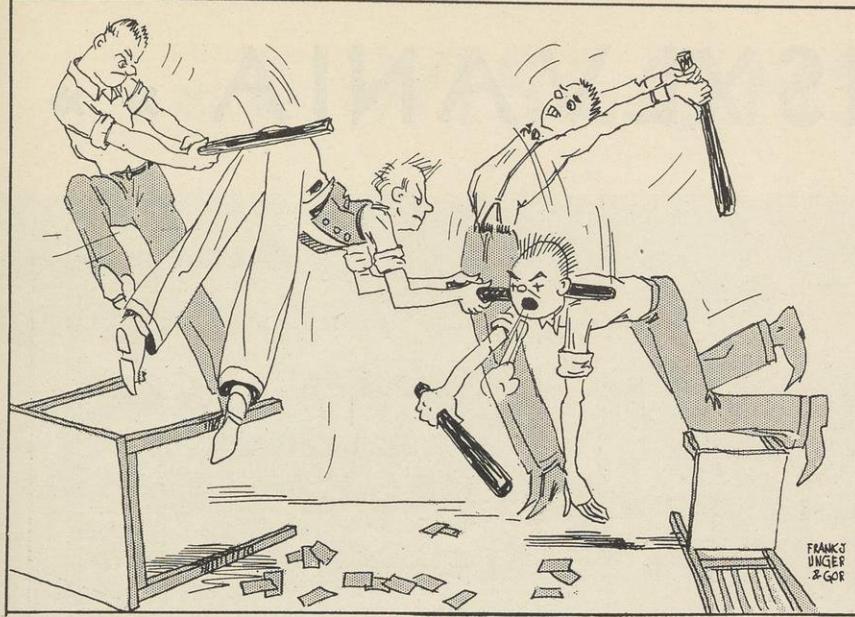
"Oh, ve lived vit de pheasants dot voik in de fields—you know, de vodka-pickers!"



The Latest in Non-Stop Refueling



Fraternity Life at Wisconsin
No. 6: DELTA TAU DELTA



Just a Friendly Little Game of Blackjack.

"I am firmly convinced that man is made of mere dust."

"The women seem to think it's gold-dust!"

The following testimonial was received recently by a prominent tobacco manufacturer:

"Gentlemen:—

When I was a boy, I was unable to spit over my chin, but after chewing your cut leaf plug for fifteen years, I can spit all over it."

One kind of suit that will always give a man a fit is a law suit.

Lawyer (to woman seeking divorce): Now give me the bare facts of the case.

She: I beg your pardon!

AT CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

"We sure were lucky to win that game, eh?"

"Yeah, that was some break when the signals on that last play came to the wrong address."

"Hello, Tubby, how are you, you old monkey?"

"Hello, Skinny, how'sa boy?"

"Just fine. And the family?"

"Never better. Gee it's good to see you again. Ten years isn't it?"

"Just about. Say, remember the time the fellows threw you in the lake?"

"Yeah."

"An' remember when they put the turtle in your bed?"

"Ummm."

"An' what about the time they got you out of bed to take the goat home?"

"Aw, hell, now you've spoiled my Homecoming."



"That's a nice pleated dress that girl has on!"
"Yeah. A case of 'Pleats Keep Hands Off' I guess."

"Well, do you remember one night in a rent-a-car out on the willow drive, when . . . ?"

"Ohhhhhh." Slam!

"What the hell, she hung up on me!"

« « PENNSYLVANIA » »



The powerful Penn aggregation which Coach Wray is bringing west to battle the Badgers in a Homecoming game at Camp Randall on Saturday, October Eighteenth.

PENN'S ON THE BAND WAGON!

By JULIUS H. COMROE, Jr.

Editor Penn Punch Bowl and Pres. of Association of Eastern College Comics

“GO WEST, young man, go West,” was not only sound advice for hardy pioneers. It also has a pleasing sound to the University of Pennsylvania men. For the echoes from the cheers sent up when the Wisconsin-Penn football pact was signed last year have not yet died down. And this great athletic agreement is culminating this week on the gridiron when the famed U. of P. Band clashes with the Wisconsin musical organization.

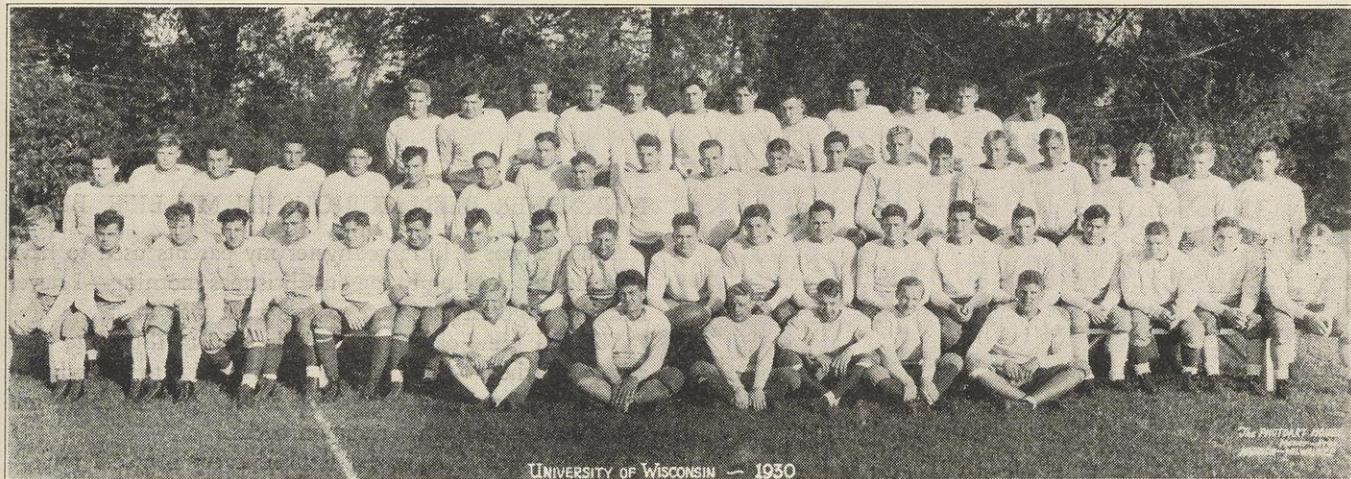
The Penn Band members have been polishing their brass instruments diligently for months in preparation for the great intersectional tilt. Interest in the game itself is of course secondary. The competition between bands is the main thing. “What if we did lose?” the fellows say, “We had the better band!” So instead of spending more scholarship money in acquiring crack quarterbacks, the University Moguls now bend their every effort to secure bigger and higher-stepping drum majors. “May the best Band win.”

The two bands—football and musical—that will visit you may both be described as harmonious combinations. One gets along with signals; the other with notes. Both, however, join in “Hail, Pennsylvania!” The musicians expect to spell out “Wisconsin.” The athletes expect to give Wisconsin a spell.

For the small minority who are interested in the game itself we might add that Penn will do its best to win that contest as well. Fortified with two star ends, Riblett and Raffel; two brilliant backs, Gentle and Masters; and an overflowing bag of tricks, Penn is sure to treat Wisconsin fans to a wide open game of football. Wisconsin is Penn’s first big test—and upon it hinges much of the season’s success. Following this game, Penn meets Kansas, Notre Dame, Georgia Tech, Cornell, and Navy in rapid succession.

As for next year (when Wisconsin comes East)—never mind the football team, but be sure to bring that Band!

« « WISCONSIN » »



Coach Thistlethwaite's Big Ten dark horse squad which meets the highly reputed Quaker eleven in one of the most colorful intersectional tilts of the season.

KNOCKING 'EM FOR A GOAL!

By SAMUEL STEINMAN

Daily Cardinal Columnist and Octy Staff Member

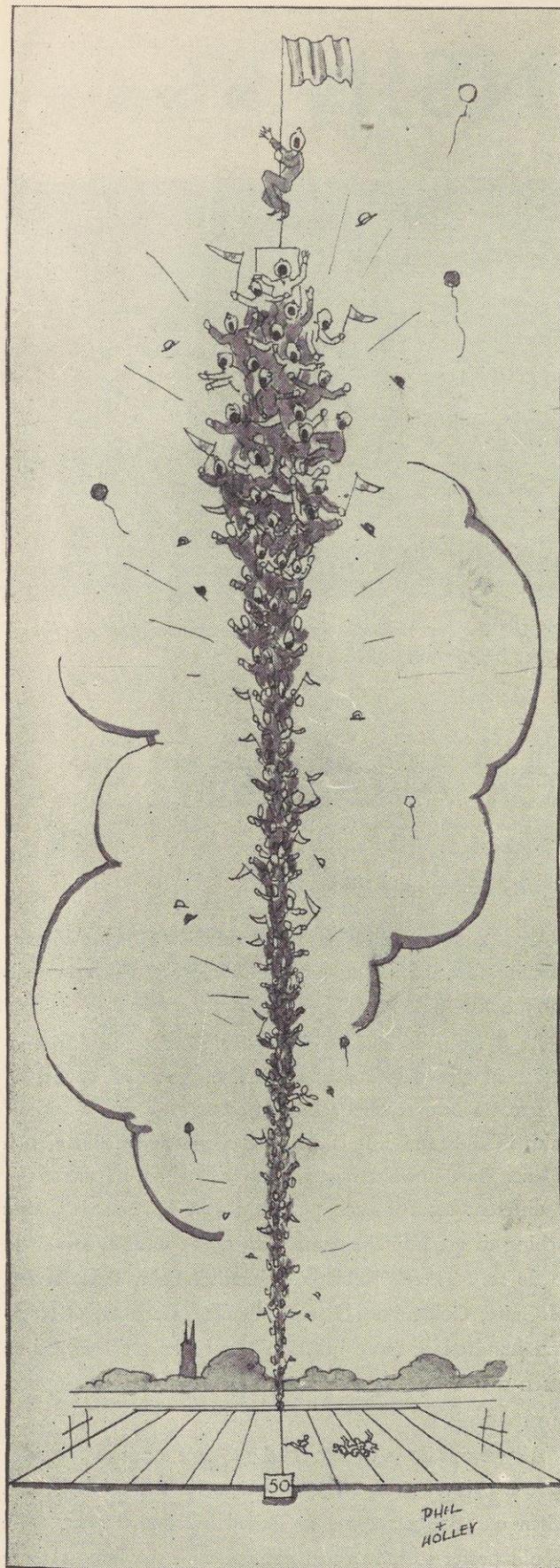
ONE of the easiest ways for an eastern team to go west is to schedule Wisconsin. Colgate tried it last year and they saw their championship chances go west. Alabama made the attempt in the name of the south the year before and they kept right on going west after coming to Badgerdom.

If Penn rooters seek to boast about their band rather than their team we'll retaliate with the story of our goalposts. When goalposts have to be defended Wisconsin will defend them. When goalposts have to be raised Wisconsin will raise them. Iowa found that out. Less than 2,000 Badgers carried off the Hawkeye's uprights, but an equal number of visitors at Camp Randall the following year were utterly helpless. Wisconsin never has to buy a new set of posts. When George Washington was crossing the Delaware, tradition tells us, the Cardinal-clad eleven was playing its first encounter in the shadow of the same set of posts that stand today. As for the posts of others, Wisconsin always gets them. There is scarcely a fraternity basement on the campus that lacks a set of Iowa, Minnesota, Purdue, Chicago, or Northwestern

goalposts, not to mention many others. We are already looking forward to the Franklin Field set which we will carry home in 1931.

At Wisconsin, like at Pennsylvania, there is little interest in the game, you see. The goalposts count, of course. However, the lack of interest is not due to lack of faith in the team. It is rather the knowledge that Coach Glenn Thistlethwaite has so many backs that he might use a different set for each play and still have some spares itching to get into the game with no opportunity for them to do so. There's Rebholz, Schneller, Behr, Pike, Lusby, McGuire, Goldenburg, Pacetti, Oman, Graebner, and several hundred or more others. The backs are changed so often that the players do not know them from the opposing team.

All we can do is to remind the Quakers not to forget to have a pair of goalposts somewhere on the football field when our Badgers come to Philadelphia next year. We would prefer to have them painted with the Pennsylvania colors. They are so much more attractive that way.



Dr. Theophrastus Clam's Design for a football stadium with every seat on the fifty yard line.

Just an old Spanish cuss—carramba!

"My sister's boy friend is a lawyer."
"Oh, he has a case on her?"
"Yeah, but I bet it'll be a brief case."

I'VE NEVER BEEN CURIOUS IN MY LIFE, BUT—

When I was a little youngster my parents used to have to bring my stocking to me on Christmas morning—I never had the slightest curiosity to see what was in it.

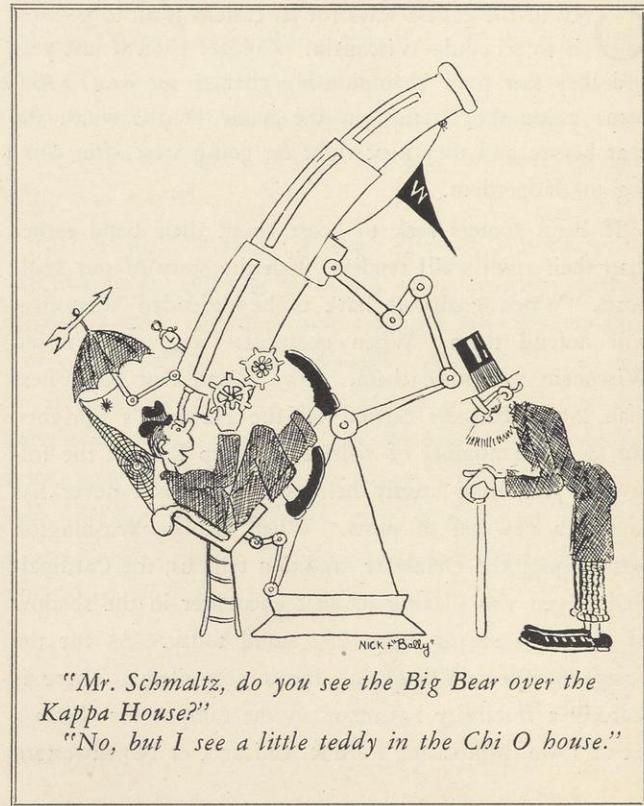
When I grew older all the kids used to think me "too wise" for them—I never had any curiosity to see what it felt like to stick my tongue on an icy iron hitching rail or try any of the other common tricks.

When I got to college I flunked every course I took—the instructors said it was simply because I lacked even an atom of intellectual curiosity.

And when I got out into fast society I was considered a "prude"—I never had the faintest curiosity to read the "juicy" passages in the sexy books everyone was reading and talking about.

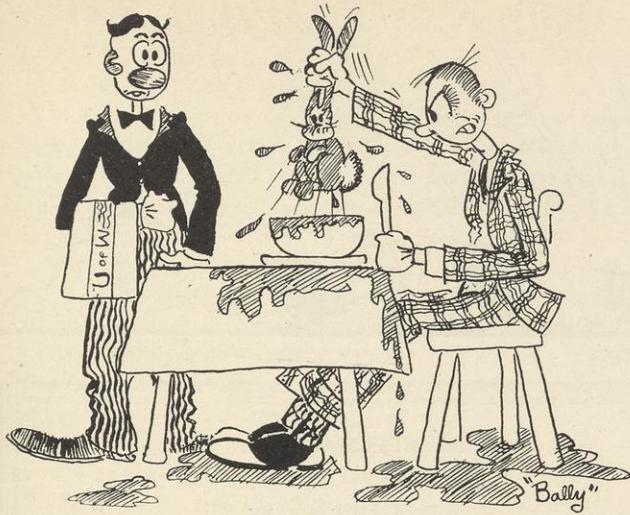
But—I'm here to tell the world that I'll go crazy pretty soon if someone doesn't tell me who the guy is with the hat over his eyes who cranks the camera at the end of every News Reel! !

—Irv Tressler



"Mr. Schmaltz, do you see the Big Bear over the Kappa House?"

"No, but I see a little teddy in the Chi O house."



"There's a bare in my soup," denounced Dominick loudly.



An optimist is a college man who wires home for money and then spends his last dollar for gin.



It used to be, when an Indian painted his face white, red, and yellow, he was considered a barbarian. Then civilized women began painting their faces white and red. That was all right, but what are we to think since they started using sun-tan?



IT'S LIKE THIS

"Hello, hello, is this the Chi Upsilon house?"

"Yeah. Whaddyu want?"

"Well, this is Joe Gilfunkle speaking. I graduated in '02. I don't suppose you ever heard of me."

"No, can't say I have."

"Well, I want four seats on the fifty yard line for this afternoon. I'll be in town at one o'clock."

"Sorry, but—"

"I know it's a big order, but after all I did for the chapter—"

"I'll tell you, maybe—"

"No, I won't take no for an answer."

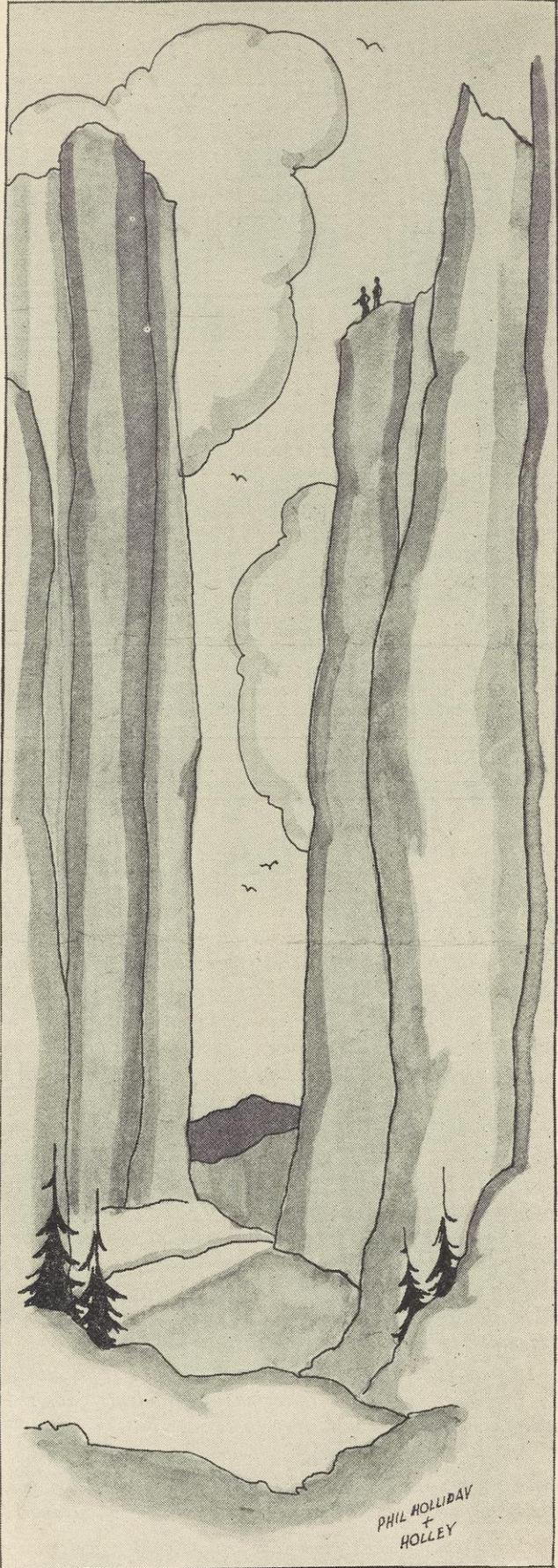
"Really—"

"I'll call for them when I get in."

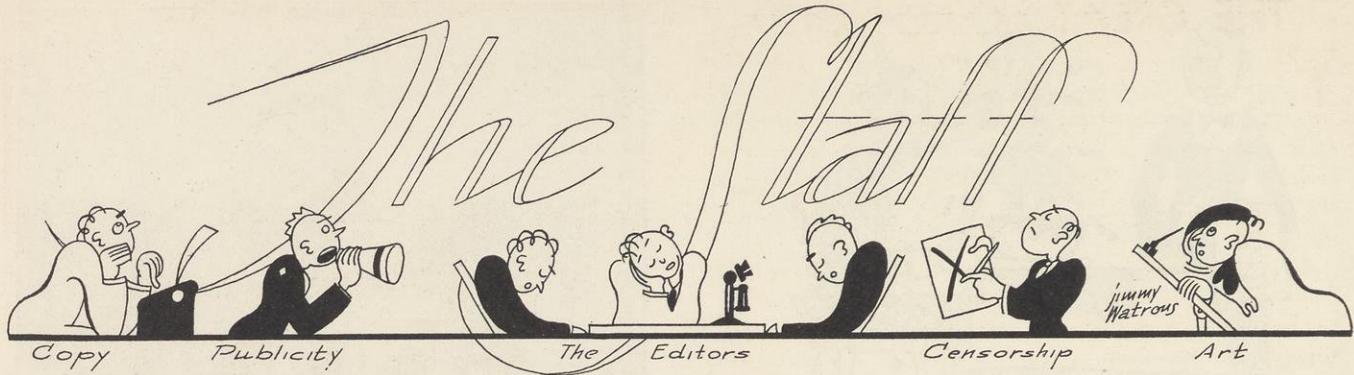
"Well I'll be . . ."

"What'd you say? No, I won't pay more than three dollars for them!" Slam!

"Of all the nerve, now you'd think they'd be glad to do a brother a small favor!"



"Hey, Joe, here's your chance to get even with that pigeon."



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GORDON SWARTHOUT

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OCTOBER 17, 1930

No. 2

A GUIDE FOR GRADS

GREETINGS, alumni! . . . Octy extends several of his numerous tentacles in your general direction with the same spirit that fraternity and sorority row, the campus, and State Street have used in welcoming you.

And because things may have changed a little from '07 or '15 since you graduated or since you were last here to pay us a visit, Octy has compiled a guide of his own to help make the week end the success it should be.

You will find the Memorial Union at the foot of Langdon street a decided addition to the campus in recent years. It is a good place to meet your class, to lounge around, and make your headquarters. Those of you who were in activities in your day will find all the offices here under one roof. Drop into the Haresfoot Loft, the Badger office, the Cardinal office, or the Octy office and see what changes have been made. You may find the same typewriter you used ten years ago.

If your fraternity or sorority has changed from athletes to longhairs, or from collegians to students, don't be alarmed. You can still sleep three in a bed.

Fraternity row may seem a little long and some of the houses a bit more elaborate than they used to be, but get a load of this. The TEKES are planning a skyscraper!

Old Mendota will give you just as cold a welcome as she did the year you were a frosh and got dumped in by the sophs. If you don't believe it, jump in and see.

Our stadium and new field house have certainly added to things in an athletic way, and the teams may be as good as they were in your day, although we know you won't believe it.

The men's dorms are a new addition but they are much the same as the old rooming houses except that they hold an "initiation" for the frosh instead of dumping them in a bathtub of cold water or stacking their rooms.

Drop into any of the bookstores and browse around. Who knows but what you may find that book you were always going to read for the four years you were here and never got around to it!

The libe is still as popular as ever, and if you have a quiet hour, drop in. You may be able to re-capture the illusion of that nice blonde boy or curly headed girl that you took home one night in the rain.

You will find that spending money is the same as it used to be. You can have a good time on \$50 or \$500.

The old drive is still the same, but many parts of it have been roped off for reasons all of you probably know.

For the rest, the buildings are all about the same, with the exception of the new ones, the faculty is still as little appreciated as it used to be, and this year it almost rained on Prof. Olson at Varsity Welcome.

We all hope you're having a good time, and that the old Wisconsin spirit burns as brightly as ever. Be sure and drop in again next fall!

THE GREAT COACH GOD

YU RA RA. . . . Yu ra ra. . . . O'er campus and state the steady rolling rhythm of the Great Coach God worship echoes and re-echoes in the barbaric cadences of a race gone mad. Fifty thousand assorted hearts pulse to the mad intoxicating regularity of the monotonous beat as sound waves pound upward through the sky.

Can it be that the great American public is being misled? Can it be that athletic contests supposedly between two rival universities are no more than the pitting of two highly paid specialists against each other? Is it possible that loyalty to school, to tradition, the training of youth in quick thinking, self reliance, muscular skill, and loyalty to Alma Mater is not the point of university athletics? Is it possible the end of the game is to WIN it?

The English system is to have the coaches teach the men the sport, then let the team play the game. In America the idea seems to be to let the Great Coach Gods battle between themselves, using their players as pawns. And what do the athletes get out of it all? The ability to follow orders, perhaps. Where is their chance to plan, to think, to develop their self reliance, to do that thing for which they came to college . . . to LEARN? All these opportunities are left in the dressing room where the Coach God gives his orders.

If the coaching system is desirable, it could easily be extended through college. Why not allow the student the advantages of higher education and superior intellect during an exam as well as before it? If the athletes are entitled to a Great Coach God who can stand on the sidelines and direct the progress of their actions, why can't the student expect some one in the back of the classroom who can step in and give him advice during the crucial moment in the third question?

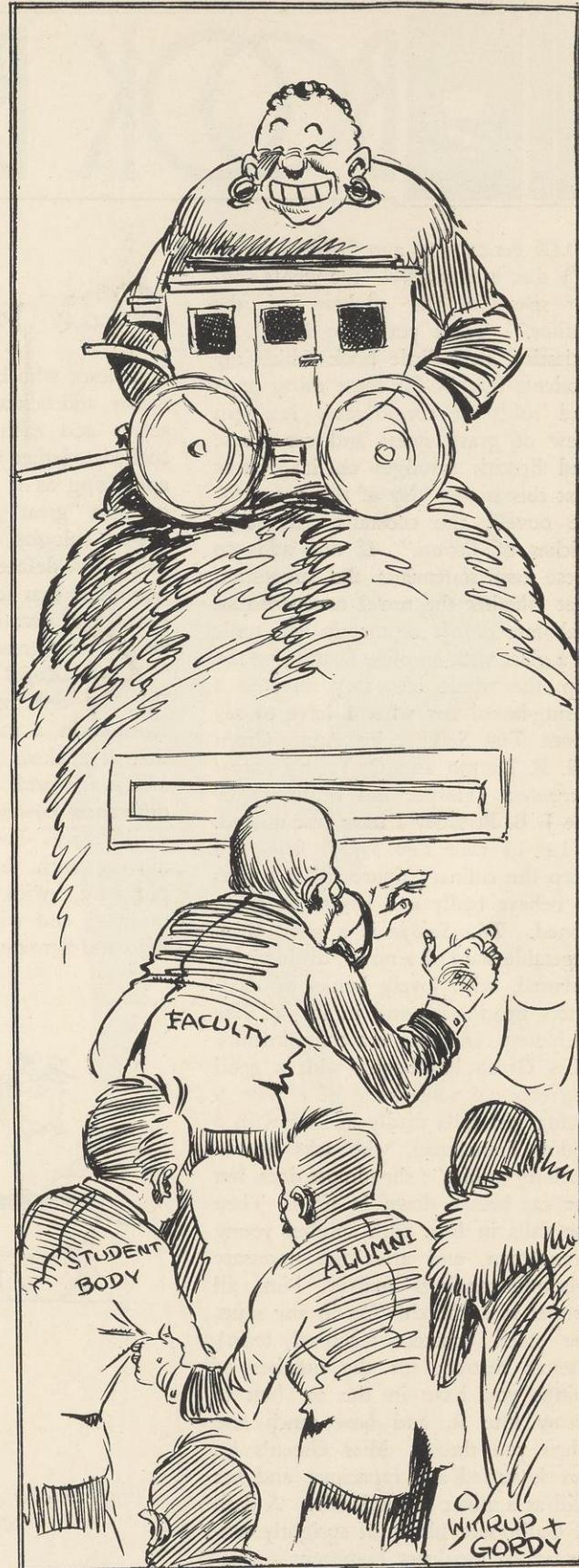
The next deduction then, is that the athlete is not at school to be educated, especially during that time which he devotes to sports. The personal advantage in American college athletics seems to be centered around a little publicity for the exceptional player, although the advantages to a college in having winning teams are several. Championship athletes mean fame, advertising, increased enrollment, and financial gain. It's a business proposition.

If athletics are not an advertising and a business proposition with the university, as is claimed, why not let the TEAM play the game for what the men may get out of it themselves, rather than have the coach play to win?

As long as inter-collegiate athletics seem to be an advertising and business proposition, why not make them truly so? A hired athlete could be more respected than the man who puts himself under the thumb of the Great Coach God in the mistaken belief he is bettering himself, that he is Learning something.

And even as this is written, down from the Temple in the high hills continues the chant sung in the worship of the Coach God. Yu ra ra. . . . Yu ra ra. . . . Yu ra ra. . . .

Gordon Swarthout



Yu ra ra. . . . Yu ra ra!

BOOK BANTER

IX generations ago Fielding wrote that in the novel "the whole consists in the cookery of the author." Three years ago Mr. J. B. Priestley, in a little book which my students bought for some thirty cents and sold for considerably less (in view of gravy stains and car grease and lipstick smudges on it), wrote that this is the "day of the clever little novels, the cocktails and sandwiches of fiction." If one adds to these two statements the suggestion that whether the novel turns into an elaborate dinner or merely hair tonic in a glass with an olive floating on the top, the whole idea may serve as a spring-board for what I have to say about *The Selby's*, by Anne Green (E. P. Dutton and Co.), and *Angel Pavement* (Harper and Brothers) by the J. B. Priestley I have just quoted.

Let us take *The Selby's* first, and keep the culinary figure till it begins to behave badly and has to be abandoned. *The Selby's* is a good thick vegetable soup of a novel, distinctively flavored, with lovely hunks of characters floating around in it. (I like such soup, and that is a compliment.) Miss Green has begun with a good conventional soup bone of a plot; a young girl falls madly in love with a young Frenchman, who asks her to "belong to him"; she almost does, but the car breaks down in time. Then she falls in love with another young Frenchman, and after the necessary misunderstandings marries him; all proper in a church. As in any soup, the stock (correct technical term) doesn't matter; it's the number of things you have in the ice box to throw into it, and how much and when you throw. Miss Green's ice box is varied and capacious, and her skill as a mixer is admirable. A dash of Gallic salt, plenty of sprightly conversation, incidents humorous or pathetic or merely unusual, a lot of Parisian atmosphere, and a dozen or more interesting characters, French and

By

Paul M. Fulcher

American, who behave oddly and humanly, and talk amusingly about themselves and each other—all so well cooked together that the mixture is as appetizing as it can be. *The Selby's* is not a "great" novel; even the dozens of eulogies with which the publisher has defaced the first pages do not assert that it is. But it is a gay novel, and occasionally it is better to be gay than great.

As for *Angel Pavement*, in it Mr. Priestley does a corner of modern London in a manner as nearly like that of Dickens as is possible for the after-war world. It is Dickens with a difference, however, and London with a difference—London with American movies, with the shadow of unemployment, with the gentleman in business, and without the Dickensian hero and heroine.



Prof. Fulcher's idea of a novelist at work.

I discover that five out of eleven critics have suggested the Dickens comparison before me, but without

committing themselves definitely as to the nature of the resemblance. Certainly it is not in the plot; any graduate of a ready-to-sell short story course could tell you that the plot of *Angel Pavement* could be easily developed in three thousand words. It is not in the ending, for poetic justice does not triumph; Dickens would have had the hero's grandfather kick Mr. Golspie downstairs after caning him, whereas Mr. Priestley has no hero and, consequently, no grandfather, and when there is any kicking to be done Mr. Golspie does it himself. Yet on almost every page one is reminded of Dickens, and reminded favorably. The resemblance seems to be partly in the obviously Dickensian lower middle class life, partly in the characters, and partly in the humorous grain of the style.

A character, as found in *Angel Pavement*, is exactly what a character meant to any Victorian novelist—a person with a few definite, consistent traits, capable of being summed up in a sentence, so far as their importance to themselves or to us is concerned. Most people have always been like that and always will be. Hamlet was not, but Polonius was. You may not think you are, but the chances are that is only conceit on your part. At any rate, Mr. Priestley's characters, from Smeeth, incessantly worried by the prospect of losing his job, and Turgis, obsessed by the unattainable feminine, to Dersingham, typical product of the English public school, are all examples of straightforward, sympathetic, and skilful character drawing. Some of the minor characters are even over-simplified in the Dickensian manner. Mrs. Cross the charwoman might be the daughter of Mrs. Gamp, and Stanley the office boy is first cousin to the "boots" at Todgers'.

The humorous fiber of the style is still harder to analyse. Most often it consists in using a phrase in a per-

(Continued on page 44)

If You've Never Been
a Lady of the Evening

ssh!

We'll Show You How!

We don't mean the lady of the evening they speak of in France. Or yet—the college lady of the evening—so called because she attends so many formal parties during the semester. The kind we mean is the girl who—even if she goes to just one dance—does it in the grand manner—who wears the right things—and with what an air!

One needn't be extravagant these days to be grand—not when there are two Kessenich stores near the university—ready to show you the most exquisite little formals at a mere \$29.50. And there are many as low as \$19.50! Of course, if you insist on paying more—we'll help you do that, too. In all sizes and colors.

Lovely short velvet even-
ing wraps to harmonize
with your gown are only
\$29.50.

Kessenich's

201 State Street

Collegienne Shop 903 University Ave.



BEDLAM BABY

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By

ARNOLD SUNDGAARD

THE brothers at the Tau Tau Tau house first learned of pediatrics from Horace Loose. He had gone downstairs early one Sunday morning to see if his name was in the intramural lineups, and instead had found a baby in a pink basket on the front steps. He was distinctly amazed when the baby burst into a raucous welcome, but with fraternal generosity he took the basket inside and laid the baby on the divan in front of the fireplace. He spied a note pinned to it.

"Dear boys," it read, "take good care of Josie. There are extra diapers in the basket."

Horace ran to the basket to verify the note, and found eight soft diapers neatly folded in the bottom. By this time Josie seemed quite at home and was merely gargling some pianissimo notes, and to Horace it seemed as though she were smiling triumphantly.

Still afraid to awaken anybody in the house, he sat down to tickle the baby, and to meditate on its future. While deep in philosophical conjecturing, he fell asleep, and at breakfast time he was found beside Josie who was sucking her socks.

Jerry Bennett was the first to come upon the strange couple, and he ran screaming through the house, "Horace has a baby. An honest-to-goodness baby. Imagine!"

While breakfast cooled, Horace warded off his sympathizers.

"Horace, my dear," said Jerry, "this is a surprise. You could have at least let your fraternity brothers in on the secret."

"Listen, fellas," pleaded Horace, "this is no joking matter. Obviously some girl has been wronged, and, not being able to care for her child, she has mistaken our house for an orphanage."

"On the contrary, Horace, there is a striking resemblance between you and the child," began Jerry. "She's got your nose—and, look, she's got Nick's eyes."

"Hey, don't drag me into this," cried Nick. "I'm an upright man. . . . I have no children. . . . And I haven't dated for years."

"Aw, let's eat," said Lahr, the fraternity gourmand. "Horace can take care of the mascot."

And while breakfast was being defeated, a pledge was sent for a bottle and milk with which to pacify Josie. Discussion ensued.

"I suggest," offered Lahr, "that we place her on the Kappa porch, and let them worry."

"Say they couldn't even take care of a Pekinese pup," interceded Horace. "Let's adopt her ourselves."

"What about future Tau Tau's," someone suggested, "would they want to pack lunch for a five year old kid and send her off to school each morning? You've got to think of the future."

It was mid-afternoon before Josie was asleep. Word had spread about the campus. The baby was receiving many visitors, and Horace was getting many calls. Jerry answered all phone calls with "Yes, the baby's fine, and Horace is getting along well, too."

About five in the evening the phone rang. As usual Jerry answered, but it was for Horace himself.

At the other end of the line a sobbing voice spoke, "I'm the person who left that baby on your porch—and I want her back—can't I have her back"

"Listen to me, young lady," Horace spoke fiercely, "you have no right to that child. You ain't fit to take the responsibilities of motherhood. . . . You"

"Oh, but I want her so! Can't I please have her back?"

"With pleasure, lady," interrupted Jerry from the extension phone. "Where should we bring her?"

"By the tree opposite the drugstore at 620 Woods Avenue, at six thirty."

"O. K." said Jerry. And an argument followed in which Horace spoke his mind.

But nevertheless at six thirty, Jerry cruised down Woods Avenue, and Horace placed the basket under the designated tree. Speeding around the block they returned in time to see a girl about eleven years old walk off with the basket.

Horace jumped out and blurted, "Are you the mother of that child, young lady?"

"No, I'm not," she said, "but this is mama's seventh baby, and I have to take care of all of 'em every night and I thought that as long as you frat guys ain't got nothing to do and besides I"

But Horace had retreated to the car.



"Horace ran to the basket to verify the note."



How Could Dad Know?

When daughter spoke about her young man she usually mentioned Murray and Learbury also. Dad thought they must be the three Musketeers. How could Dad know that the Y. M. wore a Murray suit and a Learbury top coat?

But when they went stepping out you can bet that all the other boys and girls could spot the Murray and the Learbury. Some clothes are like that. They are so exclusive in style and fabric smartness that they can't be confused. That's the kind that Murrays and Learburies are.

Murray Two Trousers Suits

\$45 \$50

Learbury Two Trousers Suits

\$40 \$45

Murray Top Coats

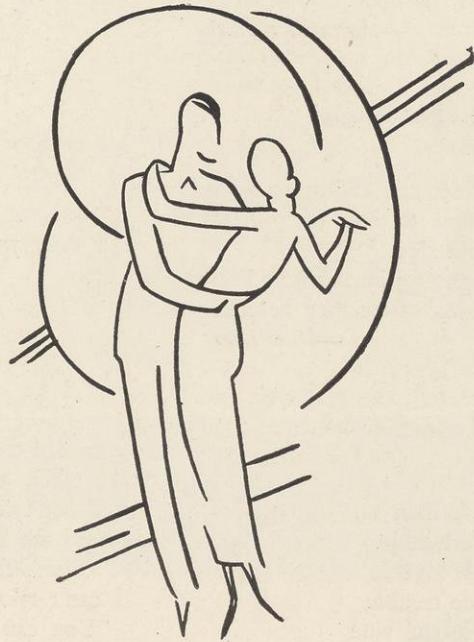
\$35 \$45

Learbury Top Coats

\$35

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square—22 North Carroll





Ruth: What are two ways of becoming popular?

Anna: Ride both ways.

—Carolina Buccaneer

Our idea of a man with drag is the piccolo player who made a musical fraternity.

—Kitty Kat

Two old ladies in a drug store:
Say, young man, do you have any fans
for a couple of hot old ladies?

—Brown Bull

"How come, Esther, that you were born in Wisconsin?"

"Well, you see, sir, I wanted to be near my mother at the time."

—Buccaneer

He: Don't you scream, girl.
She: Why not, pray?
He: All right, pray then, but it
won't do you any good.

—Annapolis Log



"Say mister, how about borrowin'
your muff for a while?"

—Chicago Phoenix

He (in street car, seeing an ad for
ice cream next to one of pickles):
Awful combination.

She (just getting into car): Fresh!
Keep your eyes where they belong.

—Voo Doo

An old maid went to have her picture taken and the photographer noticed her tying a piece of clothes line around the bottom of her skirt.

"What's the idea of that?" he asked.
"I can't take your picture that way."

"You can't fool me, young man," said the old girl. "I know you see me upside down in that camera."

—Malteaser

God made man
Frail as a bubble.
God made love
Love made trouble
God made the vine
Was it a sin
That man made wine
To drown trouble in?

—Frivol

A baby born in a tornado finds out ahead of time what life is like.

—Lafayette Lyre

"Whose game?" asked the football enthusiast.

"I am," murmured the shy young thing.

—Bison

Professor: Use the word omnivorous in a sentence.

Student: Omnivorous as happy as when I'm drunk.

—Yellow Crab

Fond Mother: Be quiet, dear, the sandman is coming.

Modern Child: Okay, Mom, a dollar and I won't tell Pop.

—Mountain Goat

"What was the name of the last station we stopped at, mother?"

"I don't know. Don't bother me, I'm reading a story."

"It's too bad you don't know the name, mother, because little brother got off there."

—Longhorn

A happy thought the Sampler!

as won a place all its own in home life and the social life of America. A permanent place on the living room e. The first thought in paying social debts.

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Whitman's
Sampler

Whitman's Famous Candies Are Sold By

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| INS PHARMACY | 1941 University Avenue. | UNIVERSITY PHARMACY | State and Lake Street. |
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| LATT PHARMACY | 708 State Street. | | |



Just as Well

"Is she a sorority girl?"
"Gamma Phi know."

—*Purple Parrot*

"The Man Most Likely To Succeed"

IN the race for fame and fortune, the man with the greatest stamina, physical and mental, wins. "The senior most likely to succeed" is chosen because he has superior strength of brain and body.

Shredded Wheat is the favorite breakfast of many famous captains of industry—the ideal food for conquerors. It gives in one simple

delectable dish all of the necessary food elements—and gives them in the most easily digested form. Plenty of bran too, for a clear system and an alert mind. Let a bowl of Shredded Wheat with plenty of good rich milk start you on a successful day—every day.

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY

SHREDDED WHEAT



She: You're no collat ad.
He: Well, you're no Fisher Body
ad yourself, darling.

—*The Log*

"Why didn't you call me last night
when that young man tried to kiss
you?"

"But, mother, I didn't know you
wanted to be kissed!"

—*Widow*

We wonder why the iceman smiles so,
When his glance happens to meet
The sign: Please drive slow,
The child in the street
May be yours, you know.

—*Sniper*

Gifts

for

All

at

THE UNIQUE SHOP

130 State St.

UPSTAIRS



The greatest relief ever experienced since your initiation into the Caterpillar Club cigarettes that really *SATISFY!*

CHESTERFIELD

Milder
. . . and



better taste

Madison's Outstanding Riding Stable Is Pleased To Announce

To Our Old Friends »»

Many fine horses have been added to the stable. Your old favorites are here but we know you will be pleased with the new comers.

To New Students

The Fashion Stables offer only the best in reliable mounts. We invite your inspection. The charge is most reasonable: If you prefer, a twenty ride ticket can be obtained at a greatly reduced rate.

To The Novice

The inexperienced person need show no hesitancy about riding. An excellent instructional staff is maintained by the Academy: Private and group lessons being available. The finest of bridle paths insure your safety.

For further information call either the stables or Ray Van Wolkerten at the Pete Burns Shop.

FASHION STABLES

J. P. Corcoran, Principal

2024 University Ave.

Badger 7223

Notice (outside second hand store): Mrs. Molinsky, having cast-off clothes, now invites inspection.

—Yale Record



It sure is hell when these correspondence school students have to buy a sweater for every letter they get.

—Penn State Froth



Host (appearing on darkened veranda): Are you young folks all enjoying yourselves?

(Absolute silence.)

Host (returning indoors): That's fine.

—Life



Pete: My wife doesn't understand me, does yours?

John: I don't know, I've never heard her mention your name.

—Lyre

FAIR PRICES—FRIENDLY SERVICE

BROWN'S
BOOK SHOP

CORNER STATE AND LAKE

Brown's Rental Library

¶ 3c per day; 10c minimum; no deposit.

¶ All the recent fiction since 1928.

¶ New books added day of publication.

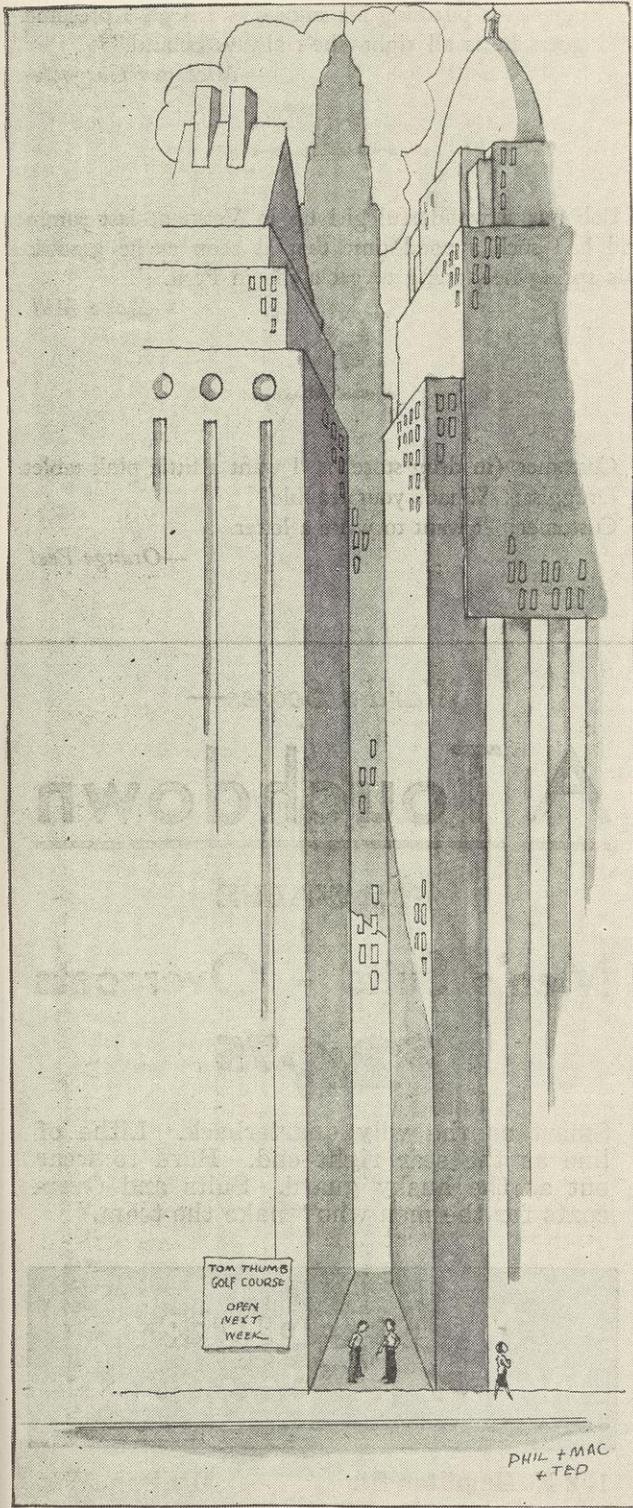
¶ "Come in and browse" today.

BROWN'S
BOOK SHOP

CORNER STATE AND LAKE

Numb: Who do you think is the sternest man in a boat?
 Skull: The coxswain.

—The Log



"We'll put the eighteenth hole right here."

**The rumble seat
rider who gets
somewhere wears a
*Laskinlamb***

coat . . . This warm and
fashionable fur coat . . .
it's of finest sheared lamb-
skin . . . is standard equip-
ment for the 1931 model
man . . . for every outdoor
occasion. Your dealer will
sell you a Laskinlamb Coat
. . . at a cloth coat's cost.

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

Go Places!!



In A

BADGER RENT-A-CAR

State at Henry

Fairchild 6200

« « « WE DELIVER » » »

RANNENBERG-PARR, Mgrs.

First Prof: Did you tell your usual joke to the class this morning?

Second Prof: Yes, I saw four of them laugh.

First Prof: That's not bad. Who were they?

Second Prof: Fellows that were repeating the course.

—Voo Doo



"Your son is pursuing his studies at college, I presume."
"I guess he is all right—he's always behind."

—Michigan Gargoyle



Bob met a wonderful girl up in Vermont last summer and had such a good time that as soon as he graduates this spring he's going to get a job in Peru.

—Stone Mill



Customer (in drug store): I want a little pink tablet.
Druggist: What's your trouble?
Customer: I want to write a letter.

—Orange Peel

Ward's Scores—

A Touchdown

FOR VALUE

Men's Suits - Overcoats

\$24.75

Smart as the wily quarterback. Lithe of line as the star right end. Hard to wear out as the husky guard. Suits and Overcoats for the men who "make the team."

**MONTGOMERY
WARD & COMPANY**

102 N. Hamilton St.

Madison, Wis.

"Do you think mental defectives should be placed in institutions?"

"Well, I'd hate to commit myself."

—Mercury



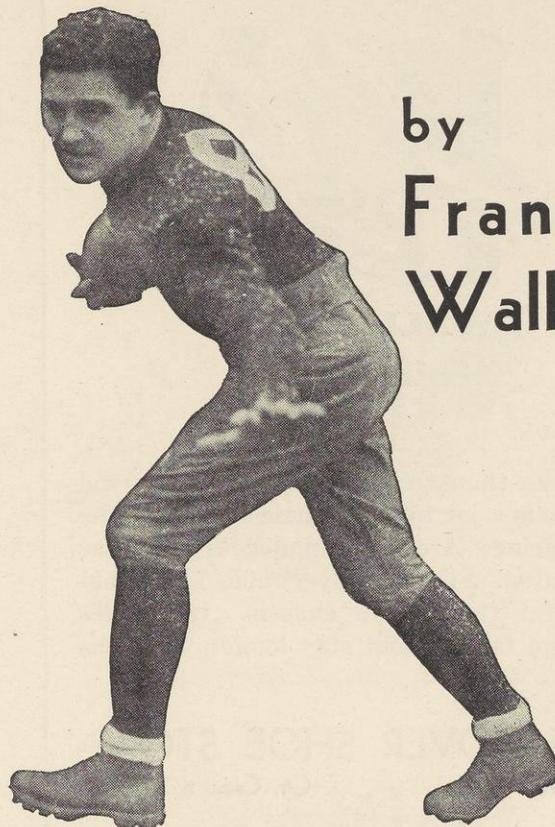
Black: How much'll you take for dat mule, nigguh?
 Ebony: Boy, ah'll sell you dat mule so cheap you'll
 feel lak a hoss thief.

—Longhorn



"I'm going to shoot the man who married my wife."
 "But that's murder, isn't it?"
 "No, it's suicide."

—The Log



by
 Francis
 Wallace

ALL AMERICAN JACK ELDER:
 "One of the best college stories I have
 ever read!"

Fresh Meat

Uniformly High Quality and a
 Great Selection

Goeden & Company

MEAT - FISH - SEAFOOD

635-637 University Ave.

Fairchild 5200; B. 1300

St. Nicholas Cafe

(Formerly Ben Stitgen's)

— - -
 STEAKS . . . CHOPS . . . FISH

Booths for parties of 3 or more
 — - -

Phone Your Order

120 W. Main—Badger 922

Huddle

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

CollegeHumor
 MAGAZINE

"I know of no contemporary who is better qualified to write modern football fiction than Francis Wallace; this is particularly true of the kind of football we play at Notre Dame, as he has had an opportunity to observe it from the inside for the last eleven years.

"I know that in his first novel, *Huddle*, the football scenes both on and off the field will be authoritative and authentic; more so, perhaps, than any long football story of recent years."

Krute Rockne



**WALK-OVER
Main Spring
Arch**

YOU take thousands of steps each day and each one is a jar to your whole system. The Main Spring* Arch is designed to minimize these jars . . . it is a veritable shock absorber for the human chassis. It enables you to go farther and stay longer with less fatigue.

WALK-OVER SHOE STORE
8 S. Carroll St. On Capitol Square

Established 1854

**Conklin & Sons
Company**

Coal, Coke, Wood and Ice

Fuel Oil Best Suited For
Your Particular Burner

*The service and personal attention given
each order, insures your entire satisfaction.*

Building Materials

Main Office 24 E. Mifflin Street
Phone Badger 25

If writers and poets starve in attics it's their own fault.
There's much more inspiration to be found in cellars.

—Judge

"This letter says my brother went to Europe this summer."

"On a fellowship?"
"No, on a cattle ship."

—Stanford Chaparral

"Is that boy across the hall a fraternity man?"

"I don't think so; I notice he wears his own underwear, smokes his own pipe, drives his own automobile, and necks his own girl."

—Ranger

First Angel: I hear they Isaac up in Heaven the other day, but he didn't get to stay long.

Second Angel: No, he asked for a Jew's harp.

—Panther

When

You Miss Mother's
Cooking

Visit

BELMONT TAVERN
in the New Belmont Hotel
Phone Fairchild 3866

MALONE GROCERY
**Groceries, Fruits and
Vegetables**

Wholesale and Retail

434 State St. Phone Badger 1163-11

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THIS GIRL, MR. CARROLL

She just adores nature—she thinks a kernel is an army officer and that a furrow is a soldier's leave; a Buddhist, she thinks, is a gardener, and a bugbear an insect.

She thinks a balustrade is a folk-song, that a cubit is a fairy that makes people fall in love and that incest is what the Chinese burn.

According to her, a cassock is a Russian soldier, a Riff is a sort of separation, and she says a Mormon is a classy car.

I told her I liked the Marxian theory and she said, yes, I believe we should teach everyone to shoot.

She thinks gamin is a vice, especially betting on horses. She says she's dying to see how salmon spawn, she thinks it's a new game.

And when I mentioned the disarmament conference, she told me that the first things they ought to scrap are the tugs of war, because even the colleges have those!

—Tony Tobin



"I didn't know you played football, Tom."
"I don't. I was in a train wreck last week."



The Vaudeville Acrobat's Son Makes Good

Kennedy's
VELVET
ICE CREAM

"our wagon passes your door"

Kennedy Dairy Company

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

Phone B. 7100

it's your turn
to send a gift » » »

... you know how your family is, always sending you gifts ... either in the form of remembrances and food or in the form of legal tender ... don't you really think they'd like a gift from you ... you know they'd appreciate it ... appreciate it even more if it came from here ... we'll pack it and send it ... no trouble at all ...

the chocolate shop

548 state street



WIN OR LOSE

THREE is something more to wearing a "W" sweater than merely displaying athletic prowess. The man who has won a varsity letter has learned to do his best under all conditions; he has found that victory is sweet, but that defeat is sometimes sweeter when he has given his best, and knows that he could have done no better. A man may win, and yet still be a loser in spirit. It is the effort that counts, not the results, if the outcome was inevitable.

It is a great thing to stand for a cause when it is winning, but it is a noble thing to stand by it when it is losing. The team is always Wisconsin . . . win or lose!

Milt Hantzen

| | |
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| JOHNSON'S SODA SHOPPE | 1201 University Ave. |
| DIAMOND "L" SHOE SHOP | 915 University Ave. |
| UNIVERSITY AVE. NATIONAL BANK | 905 University Ave. |
| CAMPUS CLOTHES SHOP | 825 University Ave. |
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| O. C. ANDERSEN, PRESSING | 819 University Ave. |
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| THE VARSITY CLOTHES SHOP | 809 University Ave. |
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| U. W. MEAT MARKET | 728 University Ave. |
| DIAMOND GROCERY | 706 University Ave. |
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| CAMPUS SODA GRILL | 714 State St. |
| LOHMAIERS | 710 State St. |
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| UNIVERSITY PHARMACY | Corner of State and Lake. |
| OWEN & VETTER | 654 State St. |
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| HOAK & DUNN | 644 State St. |
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| UNITED SHOE BUILDERS | 544 State St. |

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| HARROLD'S, INC. | 220 State St. |
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| KARL LOPRICH ELECTRIC SHOP | 712 University Ave. |
| WISCONSIN CREAMERY, INC. | 512 University Ave. |
| PETE E. F. BURNS | 608 State St. |
| AL THOMPSON ORCHESTRA | 610 State St. |
| RUNKLE BARBER SHOP | 640 State St. |
| THE WATCH SHOP | 639 State St. |
| BROWN'S BOOK SHOP | Corner of State and Lake. |
| UNITED VALETOR SERVICE | 637 State St. |
| EAT AT THE ORIGINAL PETES | 627 State St. |
| SHORTY'S DUG OUT | 613 State St. |
| 3 F LAUNDRY | 531½ State St. |
| VARSITY HAND LAUNDRY | 527 State St. |
| GEO. BEIL TYPEWRITER CO. | 523 State St. |
| LEWIS PHARMACY | State and Gilman Sts. |
| MADISON STEAM LAUNDRY | 429 and 431 State St. |
| MARTINS RESTAURANT | 107 State St. |
| THE TAVERN CAFE | 212 State St. |





WISCONSIN...



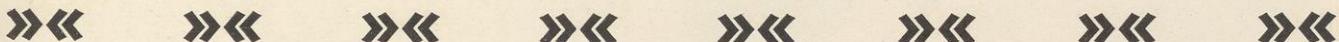
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Captain



GLENN THISTLETHWAITE
Coach

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Leaders in Quality and Prices
Nationally Advertised

AUTO ACCESSORIES

RADIO

SPORTING GOODS

Most Complete Stock in City
At Lowest Prices

Money Cheerfully Refunded

329 STATE STREET

Discriminating

Frosh (at P. O.): I'd like to see some of your two-cent stamps, please.

The clerk produced a sheet of one hundred twos. The freshman pointed to the stamp in the center.

"I'll take that one," he said.

—Voo Doo



The Song of the Sucker

I buy gold and silver watches
That are always made of tin.
And gentlemen with tales of woe
Can always take me in.
The wise boys always come to me
As heaven-given game—
I'm a sucker, I admit it,
But I love it just the same.

People sell me real Scotch whiskey
That would make a donkey bray.
I fall for fake petitions
In a sweet and lamb-like way.
Last night the moon was shining
And she said she'd change her name—
I'm a sucker, I admit it,
But I love it just the same.

—Yale Record

The Wisconsin Malted



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

Regular Dinners, Steaks and Chops

Campus Serenaders Play Every Night Except Sunday From 6 to 7

Campus Soda Grill

"The Place Malted Milk Made"

714 State

WE DELIVER

Fairchild 3535

The honeymoon is over when she wants a heater in the coupe to keep her warm.

—Wabash Caveman



Stage Manager: All right, run up the curtain.

Green Hand: What do you think I am, a squirrel?

—Yellow Crab



First Mask and Wigger: Have a cigarette?

Second Sucker: Thanks, I don't smoke.

First Again: Well, have a drink?

Second Softie: No, thanks; I never touch liquor.

First Hopeful: Well, do you eat hay?

Second Dupe: Why, of course not!

First (despairingly): Gawd, you're neither fit company for man nor beast!

—Punch Bowl

““W” Booster Robe”

At the stadium or in your room nothing is smarter than a “W” Booster Robe.

Through a special purchase on the part of our buyers we were able to obtain a Cardinal Colored Robe, valued at \$7.50 to sell at our store for \$4.98. Sewed on, 15 in. letter “W” 75c extra.

Let's all have a “W” Booster Robe for the next game.

SEARS ROEBUCK and CO.

311 State Street

Phone for Appointment Fa. 79

MARINELLO SHOP

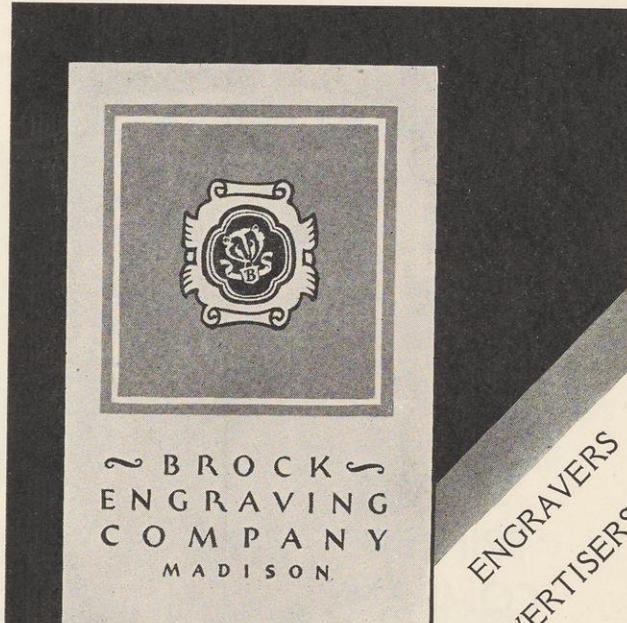
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Quality Job Printing

that **EXPRESSES**
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COMPANY

118 East Main Street
BADGER 1763

No Good

Prof: What made you leave my class this morning?

Student: I was moved by your lecture.

—Burr

The woman wrung her hands and sobbed: "Bread, bread—Oh give me bread!"

And her husband came in with a bun on.

—Belle Hop

(Continued from page 26)

fectly sober manner and then repeating it in such a way that in its new context it becomes funny in itself or glances humorously at character or situation. "I see what you mean, sir," said Mr. Smeeth, who felt that he would see in time," is an example. When read where they belong, such phrases send little ripples of mirth chasing one another over the pages.

The Selbys and *Angel Pavement* are not of the "cocktails and sandwiches of fiction." They are more solid food than the fictional sandwich, and they do not bring the reader into peril of intellectual and ethical blindness as does, sometimes, the fictional cocktail.

GOOD-But \$3.98

Not Expensive

\$3.98

It seems almost impossible—but we are able to give you these beautiful fall styles patterned from high-priced shoes at this very reasonable price.

\$3.98

A new fall style in men's black calfskin bal oxford. Same style in light brown calfskin.

\$3.98

Men's black calfskin plain toe blucher oxford, creased vamp, rubber heel—An exceptional value.

\$3.98

Men's black grain leather oxford, corded tip, leather heel with brass clatter plate.

FULL-FASHION
SILK HOSIERY

| | |
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| 42-Gauge — Chiffon or Service Weight Narrow French Heel All Newest Shades | \$1.10 THE PAIR THREE PAIRS \$3.00 |
|--|---|

YOU
CAN ALWAYS SAVE
AT
KINNEYS
 18 E. Mifflin St.

"Captain, I wish you could arrange it so that the lights on both sides of the boat were red."

"Why young lady, we have to have one red and one green. That is the law of the sea."

"Oh, I know, Captain, but you see it was this way: The first night out I met a young fellow from Dartmouth. And we sat on the deck, and it was dark, and the ocean was beautiful, and moon was pale, and the air was warm, and—oh, well, I kept looking up at that red light and it kept saying, 'Stop, stop, stop!' And the next night, Captain, we sat on the other side of the boat, and the ocean and the moon and the air were all the same and I kept looking up at the green light, and it kept saying, 'Go, go, go!' And, oh, captain, in a case like that I just ain't got no will power. And captain, there's four more nights to this trip, and that light's still green."

"Young lady, for your own good I think you'd better come up here on the bridge tonight and talk to me. I have a collection of old mariners' lanterns that I'd like to show you."

—*Jack-O-Lantern*



From the actions of many couples in the stadium there ought to be park benches instead of seats.

Lettercraft

Stationery

Engraved
Printed
or Plain

725 University Avenue
Good Dance Programs

308 State Street

Where you get your Watch Serviced, no matter what make

HARRY T. BLUM
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*Prepared with Pure Sweet
Whole Milk and Eggs*

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Madison, Wis.

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MORE READY TO SERVE
YOU.

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COLLEGE TYPING COMPANY

515 Campus Arcade - B 3747

"My girl must be Scotch."
"Why so?"
"Very little waist."

—Owl

Graham MacNamee broadcasts the hurdle race: "He's up! He's down! He's up—!"

—Punch Bowl



"Gosh, Pete, what a swell place for a football stadium."

Stationery

To
Please
The
Most
Exacting

For
Formal
And
Informal
Occasions

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Netherwood's
519 State

Pantomium Company

Madison Master Cleaners

20% Discount on
Cash and Carry

\$5.00 in Advance Gives
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558 State Street
Phone Badger 1180

Gifts from

THE MOUSE-AROUND GIFT SHOP

Upstairs At 416 State

are the ultimate in attractiveness. Whether it be antique Persian ring, a Japanese ivory, or a bit of Chinese cloissone, a gift from the Mouse-Around shop is a remembered gift.

Let your curriculum this year include several hours at the Mouse-Around.



How-Dee! Pal

It's good to see you again and we hope you'll have a most enjoyable Homecoming.

In scouting around for your old friends, may we suggest that you drive one of our new cars.

Call Badger 1200
And We'll Deliver Your Car
Promptly

KOCH RENT-A-CAR

313 W. JOHNSON

CHARACTER

The world's finest fabrics from historic looms of the British Isles are utilized in suits tailored by HOAK and DUNN with the thought and ability worthy of these fine fabrics and the consideration of discriminating gentlemen.

HOAK & DUNN

644 State Street

? Who Cares ?

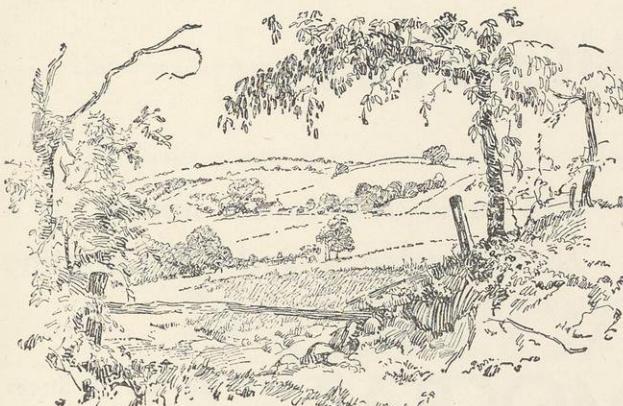
If Summer Is Gone

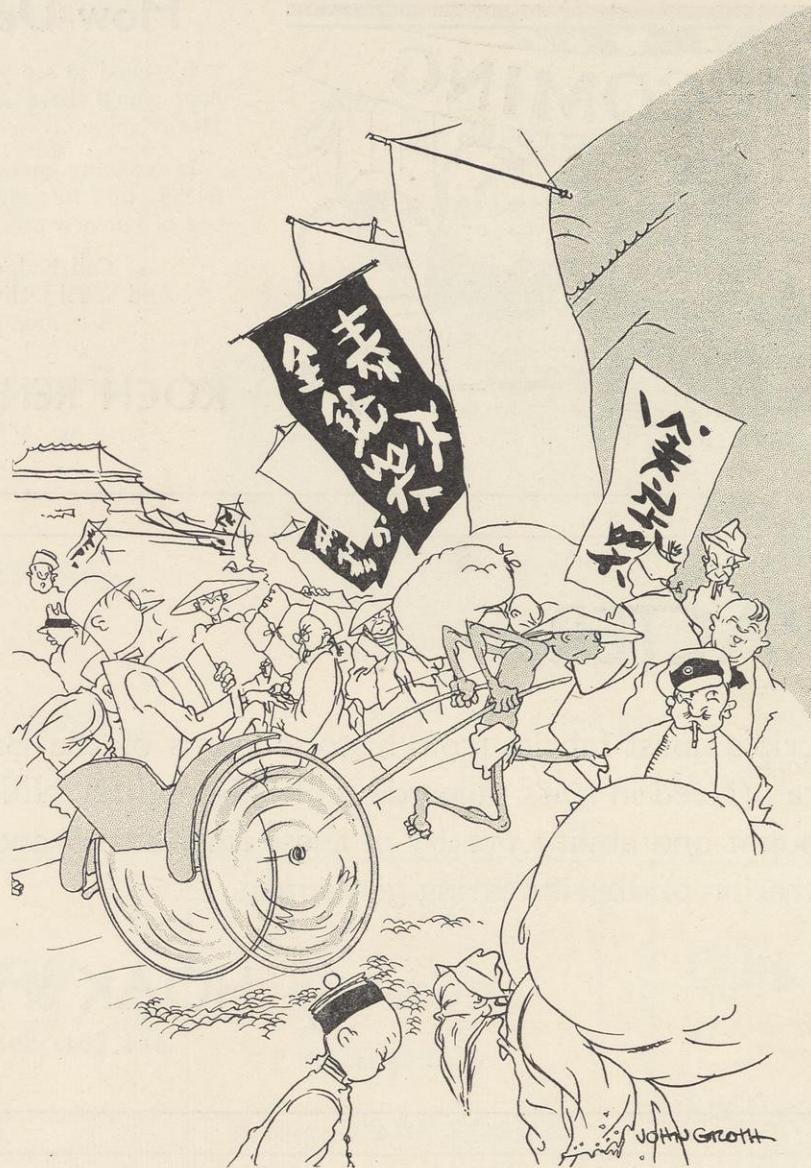
Fall is here—a Wisconsin fall with its beautiful scenery, its thrilling football games, its happy good times

Enjoy it all with a new car from

CAPITAL CITY RENT-A-CAR

531 State St. F. 334 We Deliver





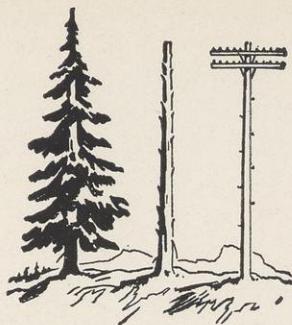
GRAB YOUR BUGGY...

and come over to our house for a
cordial welcome and good printing

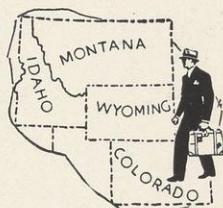
Everybody Calls It

THE DEMOCRAT

114 So. Carroll Street
Madison, Wis.



In case you think that purchasing merely means buying



Back and forth across four states traveled a Western Electric man—
out to secure one particular kind of tree for telephone poles. ¶ Month

after month he checked quantity and quality of timber, means and cost of transportation,

the labor situation, value of stumpage,

prices. Not until every point

was settled satisfactorily did Western



Electric buy a single pole.

¶ Purchasing all the Bell System uses is a vast and fascinating task. It requires keen judgment, extensive research, scientific planning. Western Electric continually searches the whole world to make sure of adequate sources of supply.

¶ This is just *one* of its many responsibilities in the Bell System.



Western Electric

Manufacturers... Purchasers... Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM





NOTHING UP OUR SLEEVES BUT A GOOD SMOKE



Camels are made of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, blended with expert care. You'll find them mellow, mild and smooth, with a full-bodied aroma that simply can't be copied. It's a simple statement of fact to say money can't buy a better cigarette.

WE HOLD certain truths to be self-evident in this matter of smoking — truths that need no garnishing of guff. A fellow smokes because he likes to; he smokes a certain brand because that brand gives him more pleasure than any other. Year in and year out more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette. We submit that the only legitimate reason is because they enjoy them better. If there's any bunk in that, we hope to swallow a senator.