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## **Octopus: Christmas. Vol. 20, No. 4 December, 1938**

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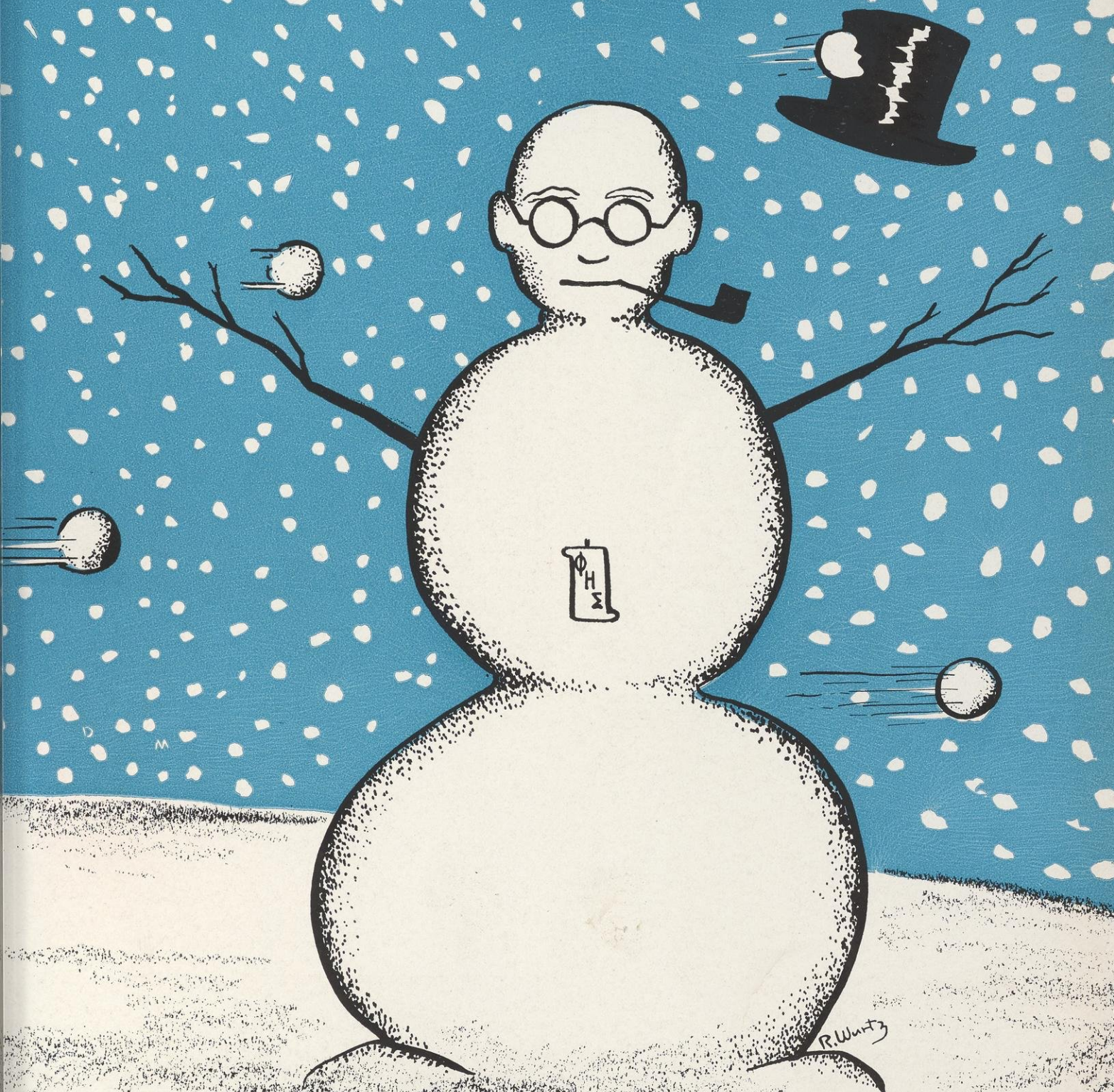
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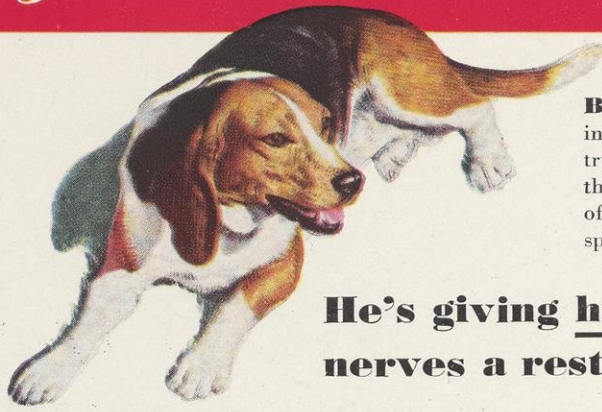
# Oetopus



Christmas

15 cents

# High-tension times are hard on nerves



**BEAGLE HOUND**—English fox-hound in miniature. Solid and big for his inches, true beagle has the long-wearing look of the hound that can last in the chase. One of oldest breeds in history. U. S. standards specify 15 inches maximum height.

He's giving his  
nerves a rest . . .

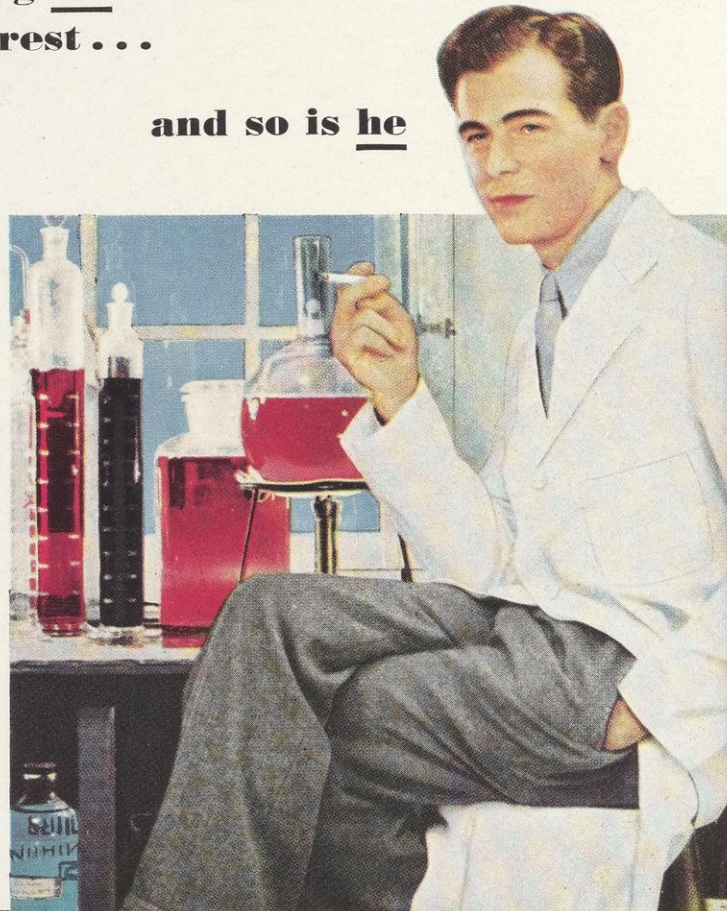
A DOG'S nervous system is just as complex as your own. His reactions are lightning-quick. But when his nerves need a rest, he stops—relaxes. We often neglect our nerves. We press on heedless of nerve tension. Take a lesson from the dog's instinct for protection. Ease up—rest your nerves. Let up—light up a Camel. Keeping Camels at hand provides a delightfully pleasant way of giving your nerves a rest. Often through the day, enjoy Camel's ripe, expensive tobaccos. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos so soothing to the nerves.

People who know the sheer joy  
of an active, effective life say:  
"Let up—light up a Camel!"



COVERING TRIALS, ACCIDENTS, sports puts a big strain on the nerves of Western Union telegrapher, George Erickson. "I avoid getting my nerves tense, upset," says operator Erickson. "I ease off frequently, to give my nerves a welcome rest. I let up and light up a Camel."

IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO, Leila Denis and her explorer husband filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." She says: "Such ventures can be quite nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."

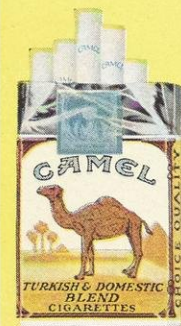


and so is he

## DID YOU KNOW:



—that tobacco is "cured" by several methods—which include air-cured and flue-cured? Not all cigarettes can be made from choicest grade tobacco—there isn't enough! It is important to know that Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.



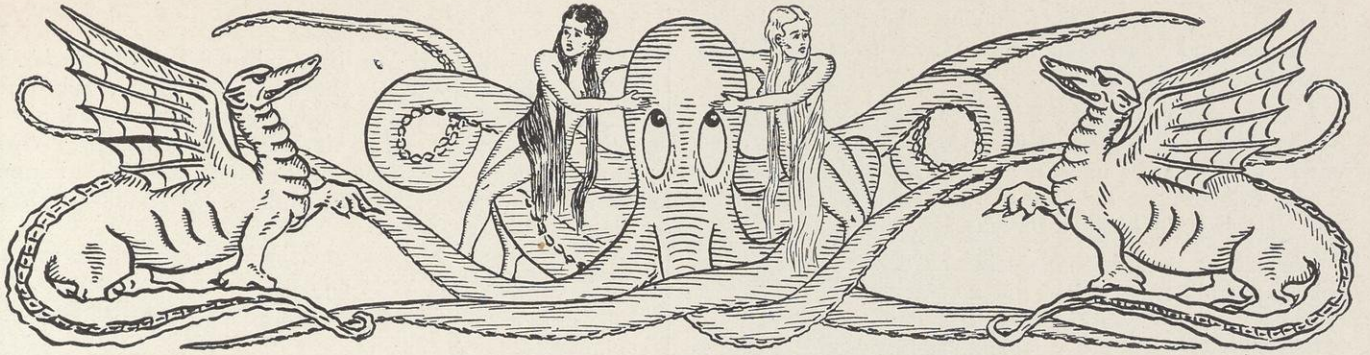
Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

# Let up—Light up a Camel



Copyright 1936  
R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.  
Winston-Salem,  
N. C.

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves



# THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



WE LIKED the Union concert of the Kedroff Vocal Quartet—Kedroff, Kasakoff, Kedroff, and Kaidanoff. Papa Kedroff turned out to be a little goat-bearded rascal in spats, who tugged at his ear while he boomed, and blew kisses to the audience after each group of numbers. During the intermission, there was a great yelling of Russian and

pounding of a piano backstage, while the audience, accustomed to artists who take their intermissions more docilely, listened in wonder. The Kedroffs returned from the backstage battle smiling slyly, as though to say, "No, mama, I didn't eat the jelly."

## Quotation of the Week

Sometimes you learn things if you go to classes. From Wallace Stegner, pride of the English Department, we found out this week that "sex is the most fun you can have without laughing."

## 'Tis the Season

Now that the Minnesota game is over and, we hope, forgotten, the men are really going to work in earnest on the 7,000 new seats on the east side of the stadium, and they might even be able to rush the job through by New Year's Day. If that's the case how jolly it would be to dedicate it with a football game. We'd have to compete with the Rose Bowl game and the Sugar Bowl game and other games in other bowls, so what could be more appropriate than to call it the Gridiron Classic of the *Wassail Bowl*?

With such a name good cheer and high spirits would abound a-plenty. Ale and spices, sugar, toast, roasted apples—and a football game. What a combination! But just one flaw. Alas! Ice would be completely out of place, and ice there's bound to be. We can still call the stadium the *Punch Bowl*.

## Just Girls

We were on the bus when five or six "middle-aged" club women got on. Most of them found seats in the front, but one of them was left standing. She was not what you'd call slight, but neither, fortunately, was she much too plump. Taking quick command of the situation, she chirped, "I see where I sit," and she plopped herself down on the lap of

one of her friends. They chuckled at her inventiveness and went right on with a discussion of the afternoon's lecture. Ah, short-sighted youth! None of them noticed two empty seats a few rows back.

## Problems

We are constantly amazed at what our little school-mates are worrying about these days. Sitting in the refectory, we heard these two statements come from the table next to ours: "Gosh, the national debt is increasing at six million dollars a minute," and

"You know, it's awfully hard to get decent balsa wood and tissue paper in Madison lately." We could see a copy of *Model Airplanes* on the chair beside the speaker. As we left to pay our check, we were seized with modern youth's dilemma—the little planes that whirl through one's mind and the thoughts of Monster Roosevelt driving poor papa to cutting one's allowance five bucks.

## Assignment

We jotted this down from a blackboard, written for an English class before ours:

"Write a 2,000 word theme on the advantages of no-cut days."

We're going to try it ourselves some time. After that, we'll be ready to run for Congress.



## Random Junk

The four little liquor bottles we found on a Union writing table . . . the iron poles planted around Bascom Hill to keep us off the snow . . . the new green boards on the concrete library stairs . . . the muddy hockey rink . . . the four geese, one chicken and one turkey tied up outside the gymnasium . . . The Union elevator out of order . . . the back-sagging climb to *Chez Octopus*.

## Original, Daring Novel

Looking through old magazines we found the following Christmas suggestions:

1. Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver (safe to hang on the Christmas tree).—*Collier's*, 1906.
2. Clemminshaw's Duo-Tone Ribbed Silk Four-in-Hand

Ties, two for a dollar, in the following colors: slate and scarlet, argent and violet, and majenta and heliotrope. Also, black.—*Literary Digest*, 1911.

3. Combination Billiard-Table-Davenport, manufactured by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company. It was a davenport with a rather unusual square back which would be dropped down upon the arms of the davenport and *voila—une table de jeu!*—*Literary Digest*, 1912.

We haven't seen these items in any of the stores as yet this season but trust we're a little early.

**Author**

Below is our favorite example of freshman composition for this month:

MY ASSOCIATIONS WITH MUSIC

*I stop and listen. The blood seems to rush to my head, my pulse begins to throb, and a tingling sensation runs through my nerves to every part of my body. Nothing has happened to me; I have only heard some beautiful strains of music. This is my reaction to any beautiful and soul-inspiring music, whether it is classical, holy, or swing music. My appreciation for music developed from my being closely associated with music since the time my legs dangled a foot from the floor as I sat on the piano bench until now. I intend to show my development in studying music and how it may affect my future.*

**The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.**

Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XX                      DECEMBER, 1938                      Number 4

**Watch Your Step**

We laughed hard last June when *Ken, The Insider's World*, which investigates the love life of Hitler, took time out to get to the bottom of cribbing in university examinations, in an article which, we hear, was written by a Wisconsin student. It mentioned such stunts as invisible ink on one's watch crystal and notes under a co-ed's silk stocking, slightly above the knee.

The stocking idea was used in a rah-rah college movie which we saw last week, and it's really nothing new . . .



Octopus used it in a secret police cartoon last May. It's no good this year for two reasons besides its age. The men never could use it, and the women . . . well, what co-ed would not look conspicuous in stockings instead of ankle socks this year?

A better scheme is the one we saw a fellow use last Friday. He copied his crib notes in a regulation blue book which he inserted in the real blue book he was writing in, and it was easy to copy from one to the other.

Octopus refuses responsibility for this idea, for as you know, the penalty for cheating at Wisconsin is failure in the course—or worse. But we want to make one plea. Don't, for heaven's sake, forget and leave your notes in the blue book when you hand it in, the way this other fellow did. We're getting impatient to hear his grade.

Rendall's  
 • AT THE CO-OP  
 W J RENDALL, INC                      702 STATE ST

For Christmas Gifts

All Are Wrapped Free



ANGORA  
 Is the Vogue

For school or sportswear, Angora accessories are tops . . . Colors and white, blue, red, etc.

See Our Large  
 Selection of

CASHMERE AND SHETLAND  
 SWEATERS

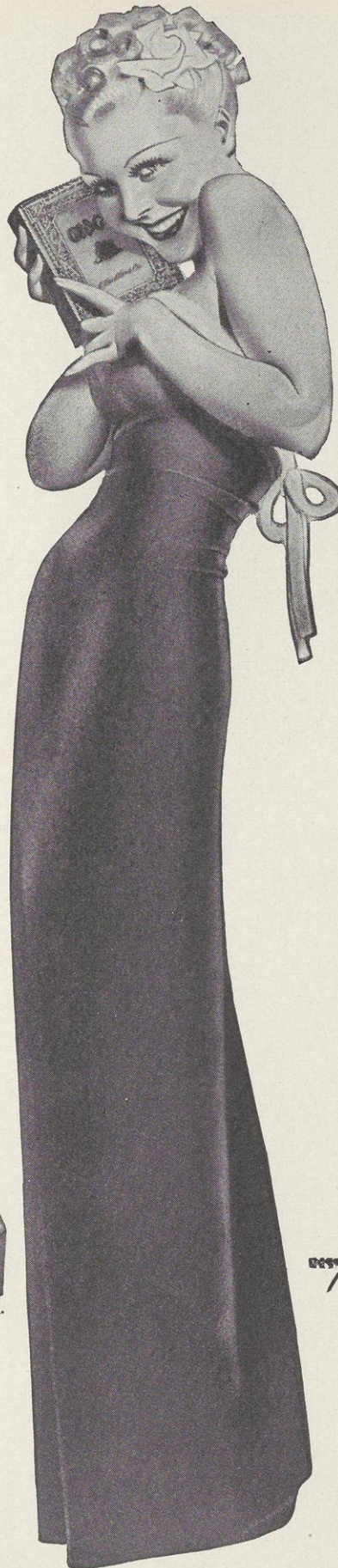
Mittens 3.95-4.95  
 Scarfs 2.95-4.95  
 Hoods 3.50



The Girl  
 "who has a Book"  
 Gets a Book and  
 Loves it!



Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM*.



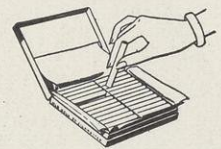
Whatever  
 Her taste  
 Is in reading  
 Here's one book  
 She'll really enjoy.  
 It's dedicated  
 To her  
 Cigarette taste  
 . . . And it's a  
 Volume of pleasure!



This Old Gold  
 Gift-book  
 Looks like  
 A rare edition.



When she opens  
 It up  
 She'll find  
 Two regular  
 "Flat-Fifties"  
 Of Old Golds  
 (100 cigarettes).

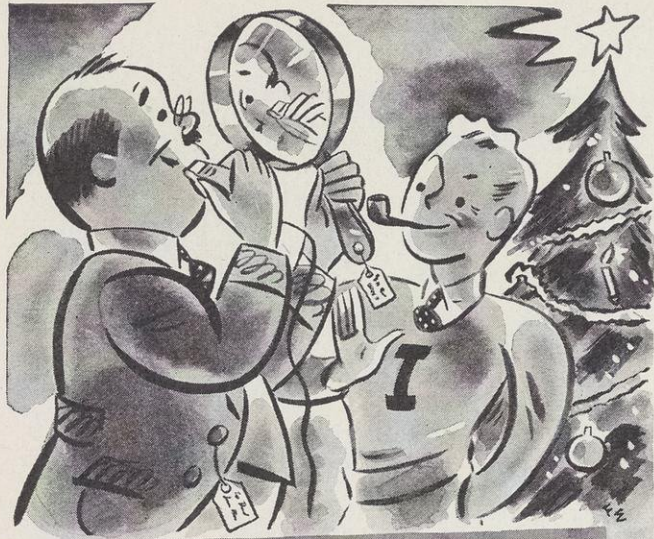


When she lights  
 An Old Gold  
 She'll discover  
 The most thrilling  
 Chapter  
 In cigarette  
 Enjoyment.

Old Gold Christmas book-  
 package now on sale at  
 all cigarette counters.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds



### THIS ISSUE

**H**ERE is the December issue of that magazine! A quick glance under the covers will show you that it just abounds with cartoons and good fun. The cover was done by Roger Wurtz. While the editor's back was turned, Roger carved his girl's initials right on the front cover to celebrate the hanging of his Eagle Scout pin on her. The editor isn't angry; instead, he says, "Bless you, children."

Prize feature of the book, this month, is the take-off on the Chicago Tribune. Leonard Silk and Bob Nash did the tough work on it, and came out with something which Octy is certain you will enjoy.

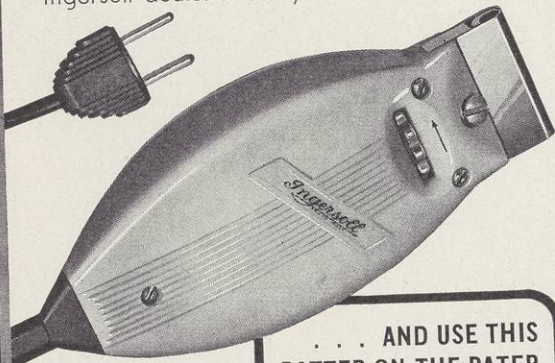
Traditionally, at least for the past *two* years, Octy has stressed pictorial humor in its Christmas album. Jerry Erdahl, Ed Mayland, and Roger have cartooned their heads off this time—all for the good of Octy.

## UNBEARD THE LION IN HIS DEN



Dad, Governor, Pops . . . call him what you will, the senior deserves more than a kind thought at Christmas. Give him an Ingersoll Electric Shaver and you'll find it easier to face him when your allowance needs an assist.

Smooth as a campus co-ed, the new Ingersoll Electric Shaver whisks off a beard in record time. Snuggles right into the skin too, and leaves the face as clean as a Saturday night. Made by Ingersoll, you know it is trustworthy, efficient and low-priced. Amble over to your Ingersoll dealer's today.



**\$7.50**

Precision shaving head; self lubricating quality motor. Modern ivory Plaskon case. Complete with brush; attractively boxed. See it now.

### . . . AND USE THIS PATTER ON THE PATER

Keeping up appearances is just as important as your studies. When whiskers scam you'll have more time to cram. And \$7.50 is so little for a dependable Ingersoll electric shaver.

# Ingersoll

DEPENDABLE WATCHES . . .

AND NOW, A DEPENDABLE ELECTRIC SHAVER



## Song of the Saddle Shoes

*Few enough of us remain  
Who greeted once the April rain—  
Who trod atop green Bascom's heights  
On sunny days and moony nights.*

*Our brown and white,  
Through wear and weather,  
Have more or less  
Been merged together  
Into that kind of cloudy gray  
Remindful of a muddy day.*

*Our once-intact  
And splendid laces  
Are knotted in  
A score of places  
And soles of crepe  
That "knew no ending"  
Would benefit  
From skillful mending.*

*Once, like herds  
Of buffalo,  
We roamed all places  
Students go;  
From stuffy classrooms—  
More like caverns!—  
To noisy, smoky,  
Pleasant taverns.*

*Aye, few enough remain—but still  
You see us sometimes on the hill,  
And we who last through cold and snow  
Shall live to feel the Spring winds blow.*

—R. E. NEPRUD



The romantic spirit of crinoline days gives charm to this gown of antique rose slipper satin with a white lace ruffled petticoat . . . by *Tiffany's*.

*Worn by Bonnie Boone Lamb*

**Tiffany's**

THRIFT SHOP

DESIGN STUDIO

546

State

550



## Have Some Fun

*during the holidays*

Don't spend all your time at the typewriter pounding out a term paper. Give us the manuscript and *zing!* . . . your worries will be gone and you can relax till next year.

**College Typing Company**

*In the Arcade Building Behind Mallatt's*



## You Can't Take It With You, Santy

(With two snowballs tossed ever so lightly at Messrs. Kaufman and Hart)

### Characters

SANTA VANDERCLAUS

MR. JINGLEBELLS, his chief gnome

MRS. JINGLEBELLS

Gnomes, Reindeer, Pigwidgeons  
and lots of other funny fellows  
whom we'll tell you about later.

\* \*

TIME: The night before Christmas.

SCENE: The parlor of Santa's North Pole residence. Slightly more hustle than bustle, as Santa prepares to start his annual road tour. He stands before a mirror, combing his beard. Mrs. Jinglebells is humming sweetly in a corner, as she runs counterfeit bills off her little printing press. Reindeer poke their heads through the open window every few seconds.

\* \*

FIRST REINDEER (*champing*): Come on, Santy! It's colder 'n hell.

SANTA: Don't get your antlers hot. Must I look as though I just walked out of a bargain basement?

MRS. JINGLEBELLS: Have you money enough, dear? I've made some nice fresh bills.

REDSNOZZLE (*a gnome*): Confidentially, her dollar bills stink!

REINDEER: By the great horned Hitler, are you coming?

SANTA: Be right with you, fellows (*patting his cap into place*). Hey! Where's my pack?

MR. JINGLEBELLS (*Hurrying up cellar stairs, tugging Santa's pack, while Plinkplunk and Flibbertigibbet, bottle-nosed pigwidgeons, pull from behind*): Coming, Santa, coming!

SANTA: All right, hook me into the damn thing.

(*The little fellows trundle the pack across the parlor, and hoist it onto Santa's back.*)

FLIBBERTIGIBBET: Oh my, I almost forgot the spats for President Dykstra. (*He stuffs them into Santa's back pocket.*)

SANTA: All set, then. Goodbye, everybody!

(*He starts for the door, as the*

gnomes croak, "Bye bye, Santy, have a nice trip," and Mrs. Jinglebells runs behind him, stuffing dollar bills into his pockets. Just as Santa gets to the door, it flies open, and a frock-coated gentleman bursts in, knocking Santa backwards on top of Mrs. Jinglebells.)

GENTLEMAN: I'm looking for Santa Vanderclaus.

SANTA (*still on his back*): At him, you mean. Who're you?

GENTLEMAN: Fussbudget. T. C. Fussbudget. From the government.

SANTA (*getting up*): What government?

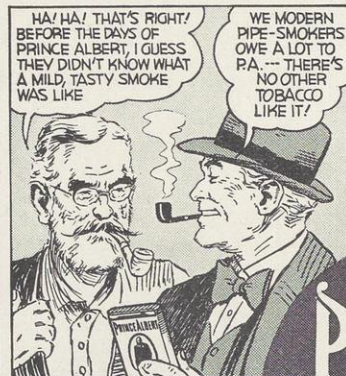
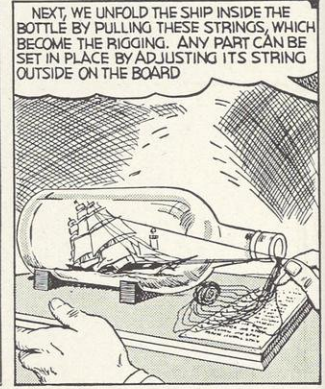
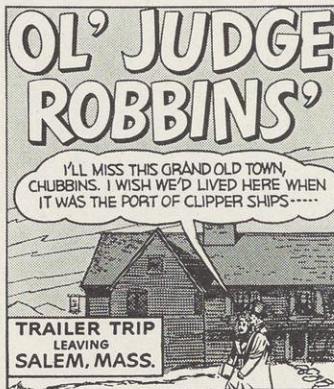
FUSSBUDGET: The United States government, silly. Aren't you planning to visit the United States?

SANTA: Yes, blast you . . . if you'll get out of the way. I'm late now. I'm leaving.

FUSSBUDGET: Oh, no you don't, Vanderclaus. The government's had enough of your tricks. We're going to settle things *right* this time.

SANTA: Settle what? All I'm doing is delivering my Christmas presents.

FUSSBUDGET (*mimicking*): Oh, that's



WHAT I WANT IN A PIPE TOBACCO IS JUST WHAT I GET IN PRINCE ALBERT—A COOL, MELLOW SMOKE FULL OF RIPE, RICH TASTE BUT NO BITE

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



SO MILD!

THE BIG  
2  
OUNCE  
RED TIN

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON

Chub Cuthbert . . . Earl Boyd  
Gene Steinbach . . . Bill Allen

from . . .  
John Duffy

Wally Blair . . . Bud Imhoff  
Norm Boyd . . . Al Belsma

*all your doing*, is it? Well, who's going to pay the tariff on this junk you're bringing into the country? (*kicks pack*).

SANTA: Tariff? But I don't believe in the tariff!

FUSSBUDGET: Well, we do. Do you want to ruin our home industry? Yes, and the Interstate Commerce Commission would like to see your license to do interstate business.

SANTA: But I haven't any.

FUSSBUDGET: This is going to cost you plenty, Vanderclaus, what with those *back* taxes you owe us.

SANTA: BACK taxes!! What for?

FUSSBUDGET: For all the gifts you've been handing out, of course. I guess you never heard of gift-taxes, oh no! Do you expect the poor people to pay 'em? No, Vanderclaus, on the ability-to-pay basis, *you* gotta pay 'em!

(*The door swings open again. A fat man brushes through sideways.*)

MAN: Gobble's my name. F. John Gobble. I represent the Amalgamated Associated Confederated Union.

SANTA: And I am S. Whogivesadamn Vanderclaus.

GOBBLE: Aha, *you're* the guy I want. Let me see that pack. (*Looks into Santa's bag.*) I thought so! No union labels! You're running an open shop, Vanderclaus, and organized labor boycotts you.

SANTA: But I pay my gnomes good wages.

GOBBLE: I bet, you yellow-dogger, you Girdler, you!

(*Again the door opens, and a gentleman with a spade-pointed beard enters.*)

SANTA (*before the man can speak*): Yes, I'm Vandehclaus! And what's *your* business?

MAN: I am M. Jean la Seessie. Tonight you are planning to invade the United States and other countries, no?

SANTA: Yes.

LA SEESSIE: So I name you the aggressor. If you aggress, as representative of the League of Nations, I will write you a sharp note! Boo!

SANTA: Look, boys, I've got work to do tonight. Christmas comes but once

a year.

LA SEESSIE: Ha, a fatalist!

SANTA: All I want is to do good. I want to give things away.

FUZZY-JOWLED MAN (*who has just darted in the door*): You can't do it! You're ruining our business! I am the American Alliance of Manufacturers and Confederated Chain Stores. How do you expect us to meet your prices? You're killing us!

SANTA (*sitting down, in despair*): All right, gentlemen—I guess it's no use. What shall I do with my pack? I guess I can't take it with me.

ALL (*together*): No, YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU. But *we* can! (*They pounce on it, each running off with as much as he can carry.*)

FIRST REINDEER (*walking into the parlor, as Santa sits weeping on the floor*): Don't take it so hard, Santa. It's too darn cold, anyway.

SANTA (*through his tears*): I know . . . but I did so much want to give Mr. Dykstra his spats.

Curtain

—L. S. Silk

# Season's Greetings

..from..

# Savidusky's

--- HOME OF ---

NU LIFE  
THE PERFECT CLEANING

NU FORM  
THE PERFECT PRESSING

NU DYE  
THE PERFECT DYEING

You get more CLEANING VALUE for your CLEANING DOLLAR at SAVIDUSKY'S...

Expert workmanship and superior equipment with prices as low as the lowest make SAVI-DUSKY'S the choice of the campus...

STUDENT BRANCH  
301 State Street

Phone BADGER **6086** for  
Free Delivery Service

PLANT  
829 E. Washington Avenue

# GO BY BUS HOLIDAY TIME

.. *Is* ..

## TRAVEL TIME

only 14/5c per mile for round  
trip travel — Return limits  
180 days

### MADISON-DUBUQUE

‡7:30 AM ‡4:00 PM

### MADISON-OSHKOSH-GREEN BAY

‡7:45 AM †10:35 AM †1:45 PM †4:50 PM  
‡7:45 PM TO FOND DU LAC ONLY

### MADISON-F.DU LAC-SHEBOYGAN

‡7:45 AM †4:50 PM

‡DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

†DAILY

## TRAVEL SAFELY

on the

# ORANGE LINE

Operated by The Wisconsin Power & Light Company

## Snow . . . my theme

Mervin Gifford  
English 1A  
Theme 9  
Mr. Allen

**S**now is the result of snowing. Most people never think why snow is called snow. For example, it might have been called rain. It might even have been called hail. But it wasn't. This is because the words rain and hail were already used for something. The French call it *neige*.

Snow only comes in winter when it is cold, and the snow won't melt. That shows how wise Nature is. Most times, when it is January, there is snow on the ground or you're in Africa. Also, if it is July and there is snow on the ground, you're near the North or South pole. That is Nature.

There is no snow in Africa because people don't need it there. Sometimes, there is snow on mountains near the equator. That shows again how wise Nature is because she puts it on the mountains where it doesn't bother anyone.

Snow is very useful. Besides many other things, you can make snowballs out of it. Other kinds of balls are footballs, baseballs, popcorn balls, and many others.

**M**ost people think we would be better off if we didn't have snow. But they are wrong. If we didn't have snow, what would we do with all our snow shovels, snow plows, snow shoes, sleds, and snow fences? They would all go to waste. Nature keeps all these things from going to waste.

The Japanese have snow, too, but it is a different kind. It doesn't melt so fast. They carry it around in hollow canes, hollow shoe heels, and little packages.

Outside it is snowing.

—R. PIERRON

## Heart Song

**O**h love, they said, is king of kings  
And triumph is his crown.  
Earth fades in flame beneath his wings  
And sun and stars die down.

Oh love, they said, and love, they said,  
And the gift of love is this—  
A crown of thorns about thy head,  
And vinegar to thy kiss.

And so I never feared to see  
You coming down the Street,  
Or walk across the Hill to me  
On ordinary feet . . .

For what they never told me of,  
And what I never knew,  
It was that all the time, my dear,  
Love would be merely you.



## So . . . He's Already Got a Book?

*. . . Then, chances are he'll want another, if not several*

JERRY SUGGESTS—

- My Son, My Son
- And Tell of Time
- The Citadel
- With Malice Toward Some
- Horse and Buggy Doctor
- Importance of Living
- Alluring Wisconsin
- The Long Valley
- Songs My Mother Never Taught Me
- Nonsense Anthology



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*On the Square at State Street*

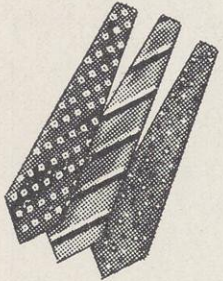


## How much can you spend on him?



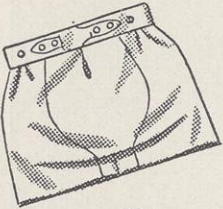
### \$2 to \$5?

This is enough to get him the best-liked shirt in the world—an Arrow. Arrows have the handsomest collars made by man, and are Sanforized, guaranteed not to shrink. White or new patterns, \$2 up.



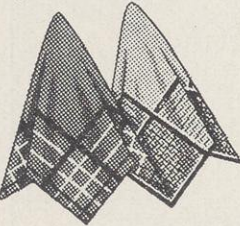
### \$1 to \$1.50?

This will buy him a really distinguished tie. We mean our Arrow ties. They are not only well-tailored of rich fabrics, but the styles are the very latest out of America and Europe. \$1 and \$1.50.



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For this amount we suggest Arrow shorts with their far-more-comfortable seamless seat and crotch. Absence of seam means absence of chafing, twisting and other bad habits. 65c up. (Tops, 50c up.)

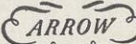


### 25c to \$1?

No man ever has enough handkerchiefs to go with all his shirts and ties. He'll welcome some new Arrows, which come in attractive new designs and plain or initialed white. 25c, 35c, 50c and \$1.

# THE HUB

22 W. MIFFLIN

FOR  SHIRTS

## "If the People Would Only Read"

—Marx

The haughty senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The freshman hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five dollar bill at me."

—Pelican.

"I spent ten dollars on a canary last week."

"That's nothing; I spent fifty on a lark."

—Covered Wagon.

From my files, cross-indexed under both "aquarium" and "gender," comes this little household hint on how to tell whether your goldfish is a boy or a girl: "To the water in the goldfish bowl add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; and if she comes floating to the top, she is a girl." —Pittsburg Pirater.

A patient in an insane asylum was trying to convince an attendant that he was Hitler.

"But who told you that you were Hitler?" inquired the attendant.

"God did," replied the inmate.

"No, I didn't either," came a voice from the next bunk.

—Knox Phi Beta

Oh Germany, Oh Germany, God shed his grace on thee.

Thy money spent, for armament,

From sea to shining sea.

—Ruppa Rocker.

One of the freshmen was bearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary R.O.T.C. drill when he very inadvertently passed by the captain without saluting.

"Say, Buddy," said the captain, with characteristic sweetness, "do you see the uniform I'm wearing?"

"Yeh," said the rookie, looking enviously at the captain's almost immaculate uniform, "look at the damn thing they gave me."

—Pitt Plagiarizer.

Season's Greetings from . . .

# MALLATT'S

- STUDENT SUPPLIES
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*Student Headquarters*

Sonny had the habit of tearing his pants whenever he was playing. His mother in exasperation finally said, "The next time you tear your pants I'm going to make you fix them yourself."

Sure enough, Sonny came home from play with his pants torn. True to her promise his mother sent him upstairs to fix them. After an hour had passed and he had not reappeared she went upstairs to investigate. The pants were lying on the chair but no Sonny was in sight. However his mother heard a noise in the basement and went to the head of the stairs and called down, "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

"No, ma'am," a bass voice replied, "I'm reading the gas meter."  
—*Lampoon.*

"I think she's as pretty as she can be."  
"Most girls are."

—*Pumpkin.*

Ted Vollmer, frosh two-miler . . . ran his first competitive 100 meters in 33 minutes 4 seconds.  
*Through sticky tar?*  
—*Daily Cal.*

When the clock struck the midnight hour, father came to the head of the stairs and, in a rather bold tone of voice said: "Young man, is your self-starter out of order tonight?"  
"It doesn't matter," retorted the young man, "as long as there's a crank in the house."  
—*Lampoon.*

### *Dangerous Dan M'Crobe*

*A bunch of germs were hittin' it up  
In the bronchial saloon;  
Two bugs on the edge of the larynx  
Were jazzing a ragtime tune.  
Back in the teeth, in a solo game,  
Sat dangerous Ack-Kerchoo;  
An' watchin' his pulse was his light of love  
The lady that's known as Flu.*

### *A Letter*

Dear Sir: I am engaged to a Pi Phi. I have been informed that you were seen kissing her. Kindly call at my fraternity house at 11 o'clock Friday night and make an explanation.  
—*Leo.*

Dear Leo: I have received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting.

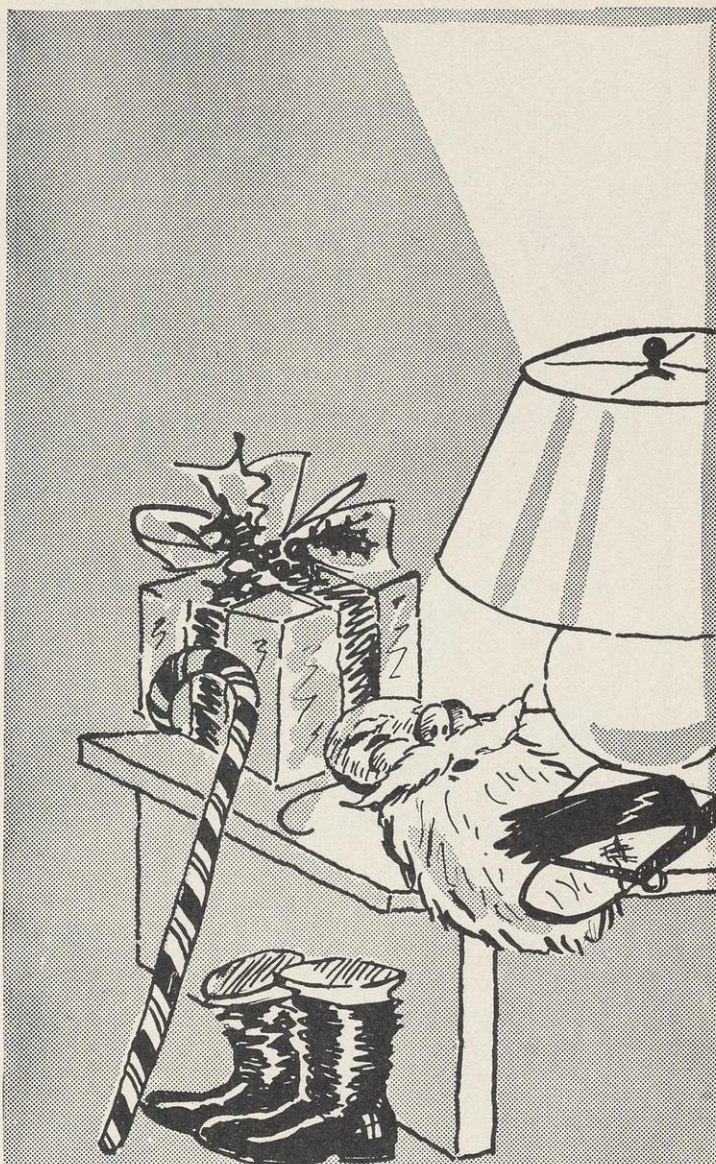


*Christmas Cheer*

**Cottage Cafe**

917 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

We'll serve you a meal or a sandwich  
*It's a pleasure*



**"But, Santa Claus  
... I always thought  
you brought pres-  
ents to just good  
little girls."**

Everything happens to girls  
dressed by

**Harry S. Manchester, Inc.**

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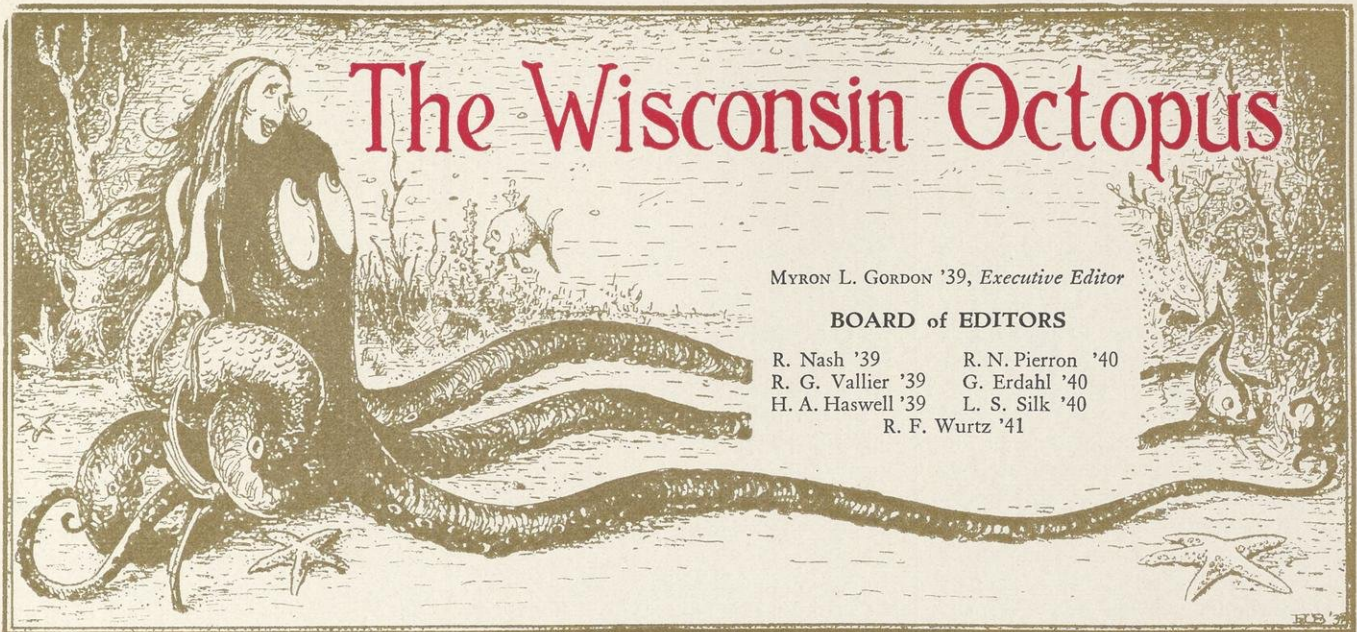
your purchases of \$1.00 or more as handsome gifts and preparing them for mailing.

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# The Wisconsin Octopus

MYRON L. GORDON '39, *Executive Editor*

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Volume XX

DECEMBER, 1938

Number 4

## On Second Thought

**T**HE Chancellor of Tibet reports that his countrymen use vultures to choose their infant king. Meanwhile, the infants of certain Central European countries choose vultures to lead them.

The Octopus notices a growing number of shotgun weddings. It reminds us of the old saying that father is the necessity of convention.

For once we think the Dies Committee was in the right, when they called Gypsy Rose Lee to testify on un-American activities. What could be more un-American than the strip tease?

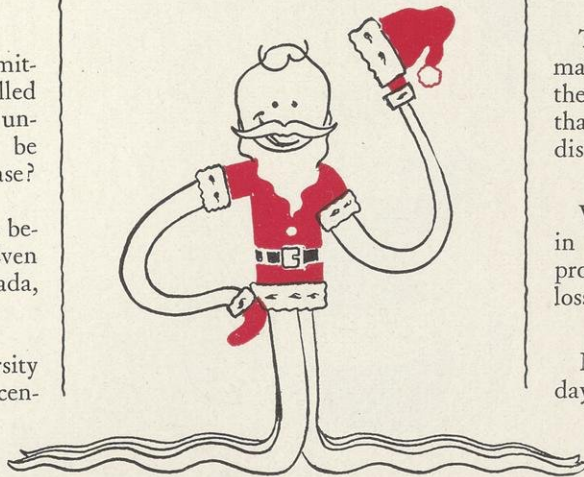
Chamberlain says happily that he believes "it is peace for our time." Even if he has to give Hitler France, Canada, and South America to prove it.

Mr. Heil has promised the University a good football team upon his ascendency to the governorship. We would point out, first, that he also promised to *cut* the budget; and

secondly that Minnesota also has a new Republican governor.

Premier Mussolini has kept his word about settling the Spanish War by withdrawing 10,000 Italian troops. He even sent 50,000 new Italian guards to Spain to make sure his men don't try to go back.

We learn that Japan has shut the open door. With China's neck in it.



A new sign in New York to prevent traffic accidents declares, "If you must JAY WALK, use this *red* flag to help you across." And what do you think of *that*, Mr. Dies?

Italy has a new law banning cribbing in examinations that states, "The fascist state requires the accomplishment of a task by perseverance and hard work." *Now* aren't you glad you live in a democracy.

The press states that Roosevelt remained silent concerning the results of the recent off-year election. We realize that sobs can't be heard at any great distance.

We read that a Beta pledge made \$75 in a dice game last week. This only proves that a rolling bone gathers no loss.

Mother tells us of the good old days when girls blushed when they were embarrassed. Now, it appears, they are embarrassed when they blush.



## Muse on the Leash

The Dance . . . December, 1938



ABOUT nine o'clock any Saturday night, if you're on the other side of the Square near Doty Street, you can see the fellows and girls arriving at the Eagle's Ballroom for their week's hot-footing. Practically no one brings a date. The girls come in two's and three's, while the fellows—and older men—are as likely to stag it or come with the guy who works across the street at the filling station. It's not unusual, either, to spot a couple of boys in regulation university uniforms—gum shoes, high-water slacks, pork-pie hat. Sometimes, of course, such a pair will be fake collegians, but just as often they are the fellows you always see eating together in the Rathskeller.

It was snowing at nine-thirty on the Saturday night I went down to the Eagle's. In the lobby, a cop was dourly sniffing his pink nose, watching the crowd milling around the "pay-first"

checkroom. The orchestra was already playing upstairs, and the customers were on edge. They looked each other over, as they pushed toward the window.

After leaving my coat, I went upstairs, bought a ticket, and had 623 stamped on the back of my hand. I blotted my blue number against the wall, as the others did. The Eagle's saves the risk and expense of pass-out checks by inking its customers.

In the ballroom, the orchestra had just finished a scorcher. The couples were walking back, panting, toward the stag line. "Oh Gawd," a peroxide-blonde was sighing, "was that ever a hot one."

During the pairing off for the next set (I drew a smooth-cheeked brunette, myself), I looked around for familiar faces. There was a pair of huge black eyebrows that unmistakably belonged to a guy in my last year's economics quiz section. There were also the blushing cheeks of a fellow *Octopus*

man, whose good name I'll leave unsullied. And several others.

While dancing, I asked my partner whether many college fellows came down to the Eagle's this year.

"Oh, some," she said, adding that she didn't dance with them much—had a boy-friend of her own, only he had to work tonight.

"What do the *other* guys talk about?" I asked.

"They never say hardly anything. They just dance," she said.

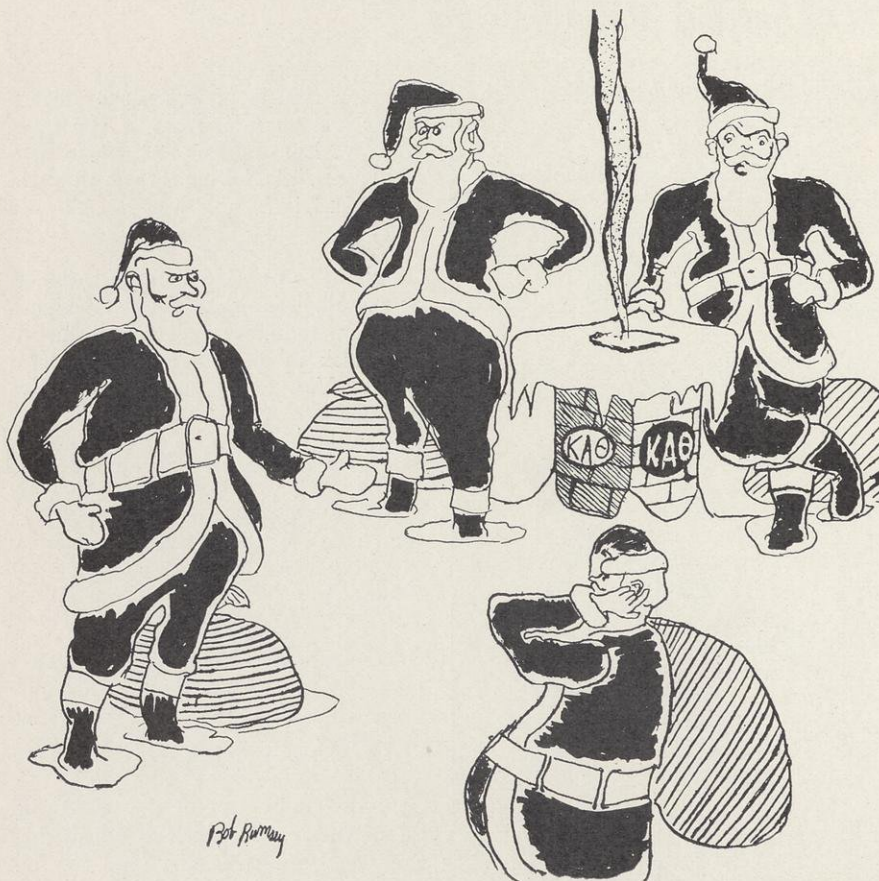
And that's the way it seemed to be. The couples would move industriously around the floor for several dances, the orchestra would knock off for a minute or two, while the fellows scrambled for the next dance, and then the process was repeated. That was all that was happening on the surface. But, if you looked sharp, you could see the boys lining up their girls for the intermission.

For it's during the intermission at the Eagle's that men prove themselves. If you can win a girl for the intermission, it is almost an unwritten law that you may take her home after the dance. Everyone rushes to the bar downstairs, or to the one in the balcony. Walking out of the ballroom, I heard one buck roar, "I got somepun up there!" and rush up the balcony stairs. I kept going downstairs.

They were four deep around the bar. "Jeepers, let's get up in there!" a girl with a tough jaw and nose rasped to her girl friend, and the two started elbowing their way to the bar. I followed in their wake. The hard-looking blonde sidled up to a fellow at the bar, and said, "I wanna light." He gave her one, and turned aside, but she kept after him. Finally he said something to her out of the side of his mouth that I couldn't hear, and probably couldn't print, if I had.

I walked around the room, looking. Three men wearing felt hats were sitting around a table with fourteen glasses and two bottles of *Red, White, and Blue* beer on it. One of them, at least *half*-drunk, reached out and hooked a girl's arm. "Siddown!" he ordered. She siddown.

I scribbled this on my pad, and the man, seeing me, jumped up and took me by the arm, asking, "Ya want my autograph?" I said no thank you, politely, and kept watching. One gentleman shouted, "If anyone sees my wife, he can have her!" Another said, "The girls are going to buy us a drink," and



"There's only one way to settle this—we'll flip for it."

a girl squealed, "Okay, we'll all drink cokes!"

UPSTAIRS in the balcony, things were much quieter. I sat at a table near the rail, and listened to a guy moo two choruses of "When My Baby Smiles at Me," like Ted Lewis. I tried to overhear what one couple, leaning out over the balcony, were saying, but after five minutes, they hadn't said a word to each other, and I moved on.

At last the intermission ended, and the couples hurried back to the floor, to get in some wild swoops and stomps before the floor got too crowded. Everybody pressed around the bandstand to hear the orchestra do a musical skit about, "We Work Our Way Through College," but nobody liked it much.

When the ones who had tarried too long in the downstairs bar got back into the ballroom, there was some half-hearted hell-raising. One silly-faced man in spectacles shoved his way along the stag line, asking everybody, "Like it?" When, with many a push and lurch, he started to ask dancing couples if they liked it, the two stag-line-straighteners and floor detectives crowded him off where he could do no harm. When I walked over to him, he told me, "I got kicked out last week."

Some of the jitterbugs were letting it out, hopping and crossing and slamming into other couples. It was harder to get a random dance now, since buying a girl two beers during intermission is tantamount to buying a dozen tickets in a taxi-dance hall. Before the band reached *Goodnight, Ladies* (if it was *Goodnight, Ladies*), I beat the crowd to the checkroom, got my hat and coat, and took a taxi to the ice-cream parlor where me and my buddies hang out.

I forgot to tell you about the fellow who went along with me. "What a lousy way to spend an evening," he said, over his milkshake.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "It's a long night." That was subtle as hell, wasn't it?

—L. S. SILK

"We cannot maintain the American system with one-third to half of our able-bodied out of production."

—Speech by Gov. LA FOLLETTE

"The population of the United States . . . is increasing by about 800,000 persons a year."

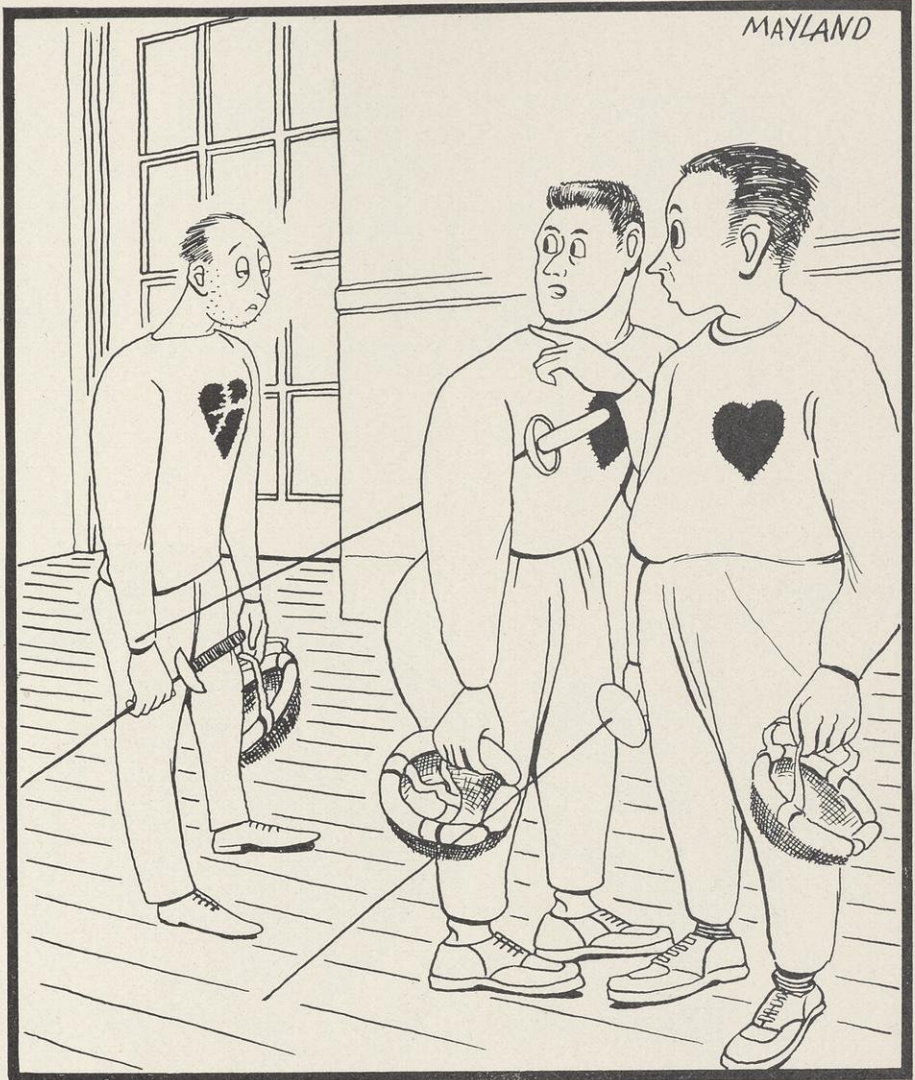
—TIMES ENCYCLOPEDIA

Better examine our "American System" closer, Mr. La Follette.

**ENGINEERS HEAR TALK ON CONCRETE**

—CARDINAL

No chairs?



MAYLAND

"It's been that way ever since his girl threw him over."

**The Purge**

(Scene: The White House, President's Office, Washington)

"WELL have to get rid of them, sir!" Mr. Roosevelt leaned forward over the Presidential desk to give his words emphasis. "They're undesirable elements in the House! Why, at every turn, I'm faced with one of them. We must be ridden of them—for progress's sake. Remember, sir, this is 1938—the age of modernity—we must be progressive enough to take a broad view of the situation. They aren't 'my friends.'

"Everyone will agree with me—Eleanor would, if she were here long enough to appreciate the situation. We've tried all manner of purge—but always failure. This last surge is too much! They're eating me out of house and home.

"I was talking with Senator Wagner about the situation and he says Ajax traps will catch any mouse living. Set them all over the White House, Henry. Now back to the kitchen with you."

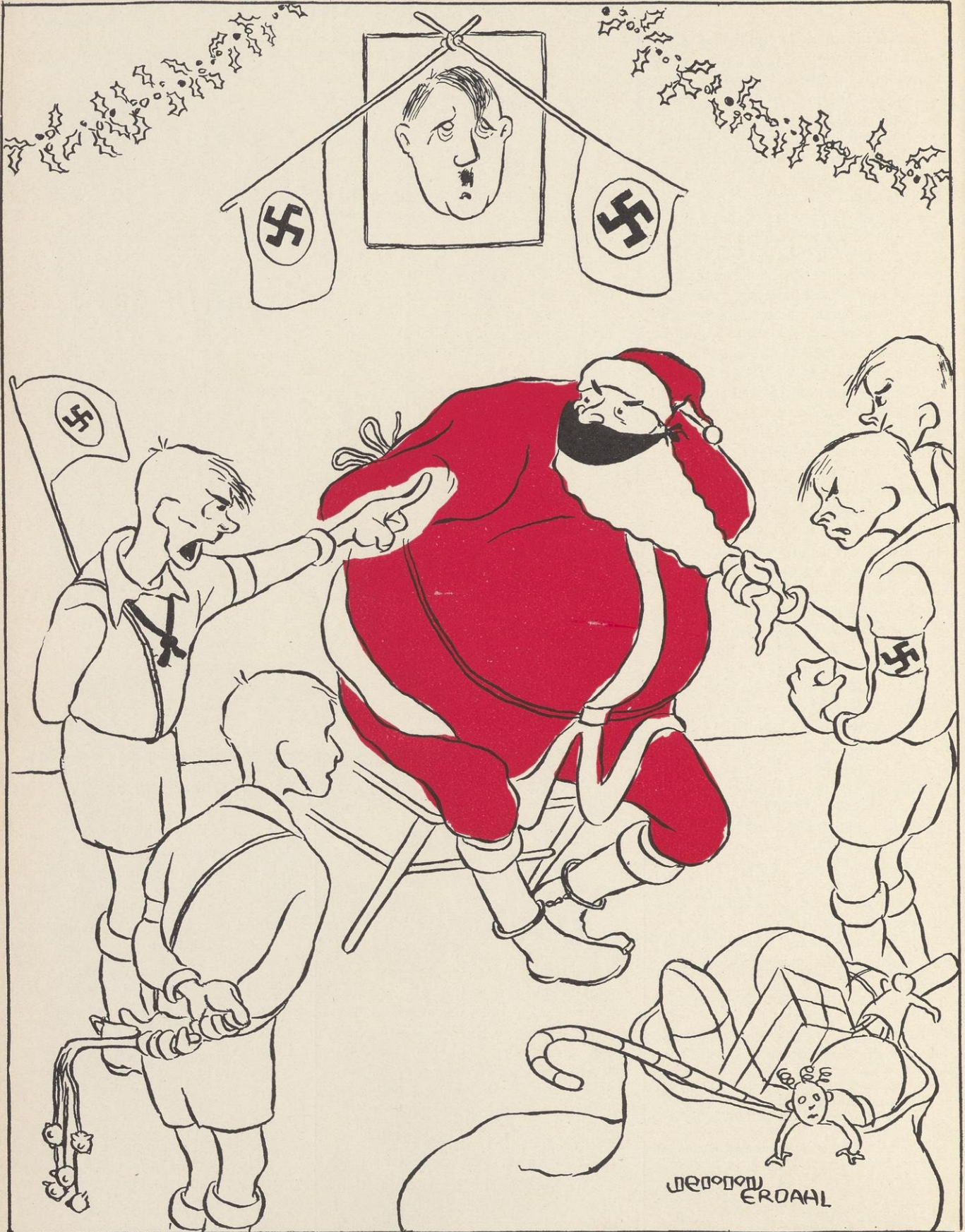
—D. BRIGGS

**Upper-classwoman's Lament**

Time it slippeth  
Neath my feeteth  
Time it trippeth  
Me, the fleeteth  
Of the smoothies.

See the lovely  
Freshies groweth  
Blast the lovelies!  
Well I knoweth  
That my pace  
Must surely sloweth.  
Alack, my proms are numbered.

—ANNE CALDWELL



*"We demand all your toys and Donner and Blitzen."*

# TOT SLAYS FIEND

## SEX CRAZED WAIF GRILLS RED IN LOVE NEST CULT

By **WESLEY CUTLET**

(Chicago Tribune Press Service)

Boris Bolshevikoff, communist agitator, was drawn and quartered late last night at 45th street and Ellis avenue where he had maintained headquarters of his love nest cult, the dreaded Russian Passion ring. The murder was committed in the presence of Bolshevikoff's brown-eyed sweetheart, Harry Hopkins.

Chicago police arrested four-year-old Stanley Bottle, of South Bend, Ind., last night as a suspect.

"Of course I killed him," Bottle declared. "But I loved him, do you understand, I LOVED him!"

When it was revealed that Bolshevikoff was a Red, the police immediately released Bottle and awarded him a gold medal.

"He is a true American," Commissioner Barney McSpavined said of young Bottle. The tot revealed to The Chicago Tribune that he had gone to Bolshevikoff's apartment in search of a chum, Mitchell Pitchell, five, who had been missing for three days.

"When I forced my way into the love nest," Bottle explained, "I found only Pitchell's right leg. The Red had eaten the rest."

Bolshevikoff then leaped up from the table where he had been discussing with Harry Hopkins, WPA boss, the occupation of the United States next month by the Soviet Union. Young Bottle stopped him with a thrust of his sword cane, which he always carries for such occasions.

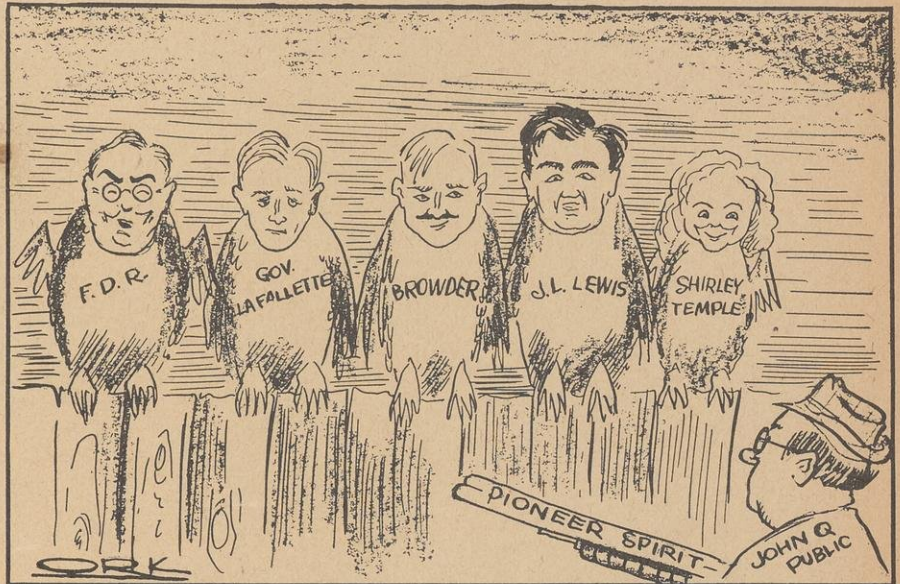
Seeing his comrade vanquished, Hopkins fled down the fire escape. Bottle then grilled Bolshevikoff.

"Is Roosevelt behind this?" he asked the Red.

"Yes," groaned Bolshevikoff, with his dying breath.

"Goody!" cried Bottle, and proceeded to draw and quarter the Red as an example to all others who depart from those God-given principles upon which our democracy was founded.

### THE AMERICAN WAY



"Five little vultures sitting on a fence"

## NEWS SUMMARY

of the  
**TRIBUNE**

(And  
Historical  
Crapbook)



### DOMESTIC

Plot to give U. S. to Red Russia goosed, as tot butchers fiend.

Defeated Governor La Follette of Wisconsin plans to assassinate Governor-elect Hell. "Poor sport" says observer.

Buy low and sell high, says Wall Street Baron.

### LOCAL

Chicago police heroes in saving factory from C.I.O. strikers. Only 28 strikers killed by public-spirited guards.

University of Chicago coed reveals opium fed to students who refuse to believe in communism.

### FOREIGN

Mussolini a modern George Washington, touring American savant declares.

Free love in Russia costly, survey reveals.

### WASHINGTON

Bill of Rights held constitutional by Supreme Court in surprise verdict.

New Dealer admits in cross-questioning that he knows where Russia is.

## FDR, BROWDER JUSTLIKETHIS

What promises to be the juiciest circulation raiser ever uncovered in WPA scandal stories was revealed today by Homer Guef (Rep. Kan.) under fire in a Dies committee investigation.

When quizzed by benevolent Chairman Dies as to the observance of the principles of Americanism as set forth by Abraham Lincoln (Rep. Ill.), Guef scoffed. "Thosh damn Redsh!" he exclaimed, snatching The Flag (Rep. Ill.) out of Dies' hands.

The U.S.S.R. (CIO) Roosevelt link was clearly indicated by Guef when he testified that there was a picture of Roosevelt hanging in the WPA office. "Not only that," continued Guef, "but it was tacked over a lithograph of John L. Lewis. And I heard a rumor that it was pasted over a watercolor of Josef Stalin." The symbolism is obvious, but in case you don't get it yet, sheep, it means vote to overthrow this dictatorship in the next election.

More testimony by other witnesses (Rep. Kan.) served to expose Soviet borings from within. Aaron Rodd, Iowa farmer, stated that "though I voted for that feller down in Washington in 1936, they won't catch me nappin' again."

Nearly hysterical, Rodd was allowed to leave the witness stand after having been given a little flag to wave.

total average net paid circulation  
**DECEMBER, 1938**

**DAILY**  
in  
excess  
of

**843**

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

## Chicago Daily Tribune

The World's Greatest Newspaper

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1. Make Chicago the First City in Cook County.
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3. Keep Ourselves Physically Strong.
4. Mentally Awake.
5. Morally Straight.
6. Cut Upper-Bracket Taxes.
7. Ventilate Chicago.
8. Save America, the Constitution, and The Tribune.

### CHRISTMAS, 1938

Let us rejoice today that we enjoy peace. All the insidious Red Schemes for undermining the heritage of the American people, and for taking away their birthright have been successfully dealt with.

The sly plot to pack the Supreme Court has not stood the light of public denunciation, especially when it was shown that it would have meant regimentation. Regimentation leads to communism; communism to inflation.

With only a few isolated cases to work on, our splendid department of Intensification has exposed the Moscow-CIO axis that with the proper nursing, can be made to dwarf that of Rome-Berlin-Tokio axis.

We, too, point with scarcely hidden pride to our handling of the Memorial Day Massacre, which we cleverly changed to "Memorial Day Insurrection." The exonerated of the policemen, was purely a routine matter, of course, but we admit that the La Follette Communist Civil Liberties Committee did give us a bit of trouble. Finally, by hinting that the strikers deliberately aimed their backs at the police and provoked them in this way, we were able to get an airtight case.

So we say that, in the name of those boys who fought so bravely, and the sweethearts and mothers they left behind them, we cannot, we will not, let the Communist Party violate the principles of the open shop and Republican government, while the flag yet waves!

### Editorial of the Day

#### HURRAH FOR LABOR UNIONS

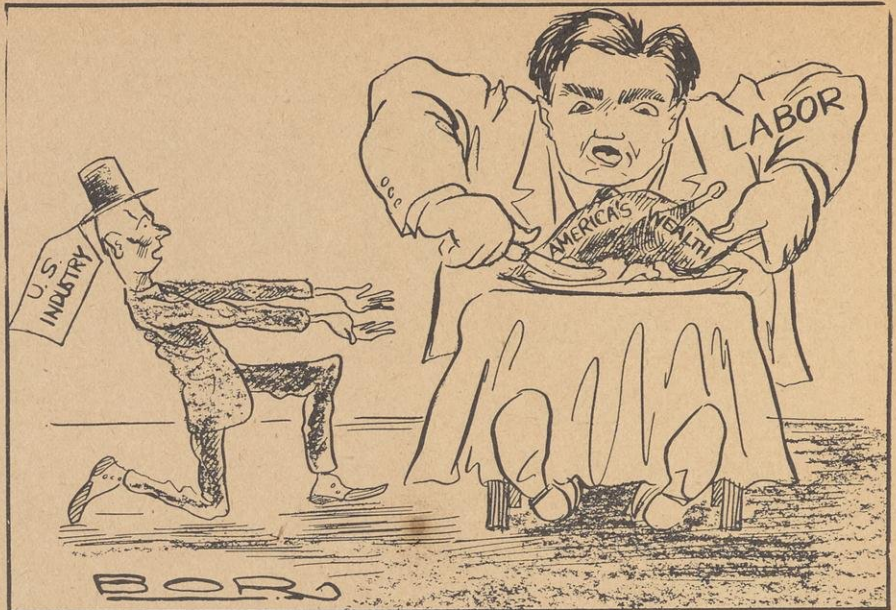
(Berliner Zeitung)

Labor unions are very good, if they are the right kind of labor unions. Every working man should know that his employer knows best what is good for the working man. If everything is left to the employer, who always does what is best for the leader, who always does what is best for the people, then everyone will always be happy.

It is when men think they can know themselves what they want that trouble starts. Let us not be blinded by our own interests. What hurts the leader, hurts you.

If every labor union remembers these fundamental principles, happiness and prosperity will reign forever, and we will not kill you anymore.

### VAIN PLEA



"Please, please, just one morsel, sir!"

### A LINE O' TRIPE OR TWO

*Hew to the line, let the  
drips boo where they may.*

#### TRAVELER

Let me away from earthy storm  
Back to the family bosom warm.

Let me hear the partridge whirr;  
Let me hear the kitten purr.

Back to the land of friendly faces,  
And friendly chairs in friendly places.

In this valley of tears I'll n'er more roam:  
I'm going home, boys, I'm going home!

I wuz talking to Joe t'other day, and I happened t'remark that in spite of the elections the Democrats evidently haven't seen the hand-writing on the wall. And Joe told me that, "Ye kin set a thief t'catch a thief, but ye cain't set a skunk t'ketch a skunk."

Keokuk Karl

When gathered around the Christmas turkey too few of us are filled with "spirit" and too many of us with "spear it."

Ione III

#### Atheiste Moderne

Some believe in Browder's rant;  
But I'm sorry: I just can't!

After supper lass nite, tha Boy asked me for tha Bus, as he had some courtin' to do, and that he couldn't get tha best girls unless he had it. So I started to tell him that I didn't have no horseless carriage when I was his age and doin' my courtin', and just then the b. and c. stuck her head around and said yass yass, go on; I think this'll interest me. So I lit outa tha house and I haven't bin home since.

Duke Claptrap

#### Oui, Oui, Monsieur

What are little girls made with?  
What are little girls made with?  
Diamonds and poils, and gallons of oils,  
That's what little girls are made with.  
Naughty Bachelor

### VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

#### A GRANDIOSE ROOSEVELT SCHEME

Eureka, Ill.—On very good authority I happen to know that President Roosevelt has decided to extend his ideas of the NRA, TVA, WPA, CCC, and other nightmarish, communistic programs to cover the sacred rights of the American family.

The children of respectable American parents will be rented out to foreign nations to fight their wars, further collecting sums to balance the budget.

True, this is all terrible and disgusting, but what can we expect of a man who deliberately orders little pigs, sent to this earth by the Lord in Heaven, to be slaughtered?

#### FAITHFUL READER

#### LOVER OF DEMOCRACY

Chicago, Ill.—I am an honest, law-abiding tax evader and as a citizen of this stockard town, I wish to enter my protest against those radicals who say that Chicago stinks.

When I was a tiny tot in wet diapers my father told me that the Communists were overrunning this town.

What are we going to do about it? Are we to just stand about the place and do nothing?

#### SOLDIER BOY

### Test Your Facts

Below each of the following questions are listed three answers. Make your choice, turn to page 30 in the Want Ad section (clever, eh?) for the correct answer, and mark your score:

1. Who killed Abraham Lincoln?  
(a) Karl Marx. (b) Robert La Follette, Jr. (c) Franklin D. Roosevelt.
2. What is the region inhabited by the devil?  
(a) Hyde Park, N. Y. (b) Madison, Wis. (c) U. S. S. R.
3. Who is Henry Ford?  
(a) Hitler. (b) Famous Philosopher. (c) The Messiah.

SPORTS  
BASKETBALL  
WEIGHT-LIFTING  
PAPERHANGING

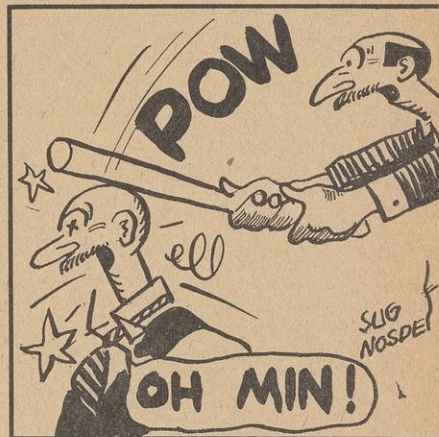
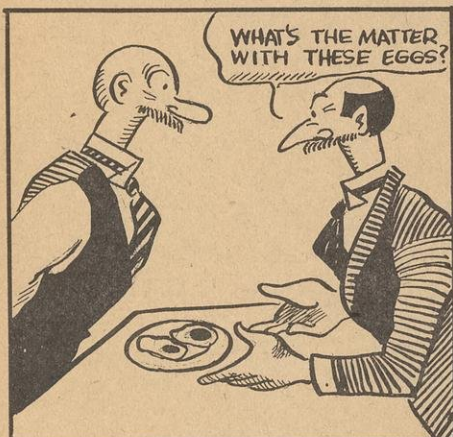
# Chicago Daily Tribune

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

WANTED: A wife who can  
bake oysters.  
T. Bund, Lodi, gave us  
this ad and got an oven

# U. W. WINS BY LUCK

THE GUMPS—EGGSACKLY!!



## NU NOSED OUT BY WISCONSIN REDS IN GASPER, 65-11

By J. STANWOOD GOGGLE

Northwestern University's fighting Wildcats dropped a heartbreaker to the University of Wisconsin quintet last night at the Municipal auditorium. The final score of 65-11 in no way shows the real closeness of the game.

Until the last quarter, indeed until the last five minutes of play, it was Northwestern all the way, but somehow or other, the Badgers got lucky and scored ten or twenty field-goals to pull the game out of the fire.

In all fairness, it should be pointed out that Wisconsin used foul methods in defeating Chicago's representatives. The Badgers repeatedly passed the ball around, from one man to another, refusing to allow Northwestern even to touch it. The Wildcats, on the other hand, always let Wisconsin catch a pass if they wanted to.

Northwestern scored many of its eleven points on fouls. As a matter of fact, they scored all their points on fouls. The officials awarded the Wildcats 34 free throws and Wisconsin two, so we were at least better than Wisconsin in that respect.

Nobody on Wisconsin looked very good; no man stood out. For Northwestern, Frank McCormick Jr., played a brilliant floor game.

### NORTHWESTERN

	FG	F	FT	T
Dumpling, f. ....	0	7	12	7
Rumpling, f. ....	0	3	7	3
McCormick, c. ....	0	0	14	0
Kugel, g. ....	0	0	0	0
Vandenberg, g. ....	0	1	1	1

## In the WAKE of the NEWS

By ARCH BORED

Langdon Moppett, Wisconsin forward, has brown hair . . . Reasons given for Iowa's poor showing in basketball this year include (a) the fact that their basketball team is composed entirely of football men and (b) that their football team is composed entirely of basketball men (except one ping-pong player) . . . City College of New York had scheduled a game with Northwestern this year, but Chicago police prevented the Reds from gaining entrance to the City Beautiful . . . Andy Slump, White Sox third-sacker, is spending the winter cracking his knuckles.

\* \* \*

### What's in a name?

I. Itch is a underwear salesman in Debuque.

Bill Foresite makes back-sights in the Ajax Rifle Corp.

George Burpp is a tea-tester in Hongkong.

Wheezer

\* \* \*

### Do You Remember 'Way Back When

Women wore buffalo robes instead of coal-scuttles on their heads when they went to dances (1899)?

\* \* \*

### Dream Come True

I have been trying for 23 years to make the Wake. You rejected my last three novels and two one-act plays. Yesterday I stood in front of Tribune Tower all day long thumbing my nose at everyone who came out so I'd be sure to get you. Ha, ha, you are lousy. But please, p-l-e-a-s-e, print this, so I can die happy. I am on my deathbed now. I am dead. Ha ha.

## Swedish Meatball



## JUNKMAN SEEKS AMERICAN TITLE

Helga Junkman, Swedish weight-lifting champion, arrived in the United States Friday and entrained for Chicago to compete against America's best back-strainers. When snapped by The Tribune photographer, Helga was saying, "Right here, it hurts, where I squeeze with my hands." She had just thrown an anvil across the University of Chicago Field House.

Her trainer, Maxwellton Garbo, last in a line of eleven Swedish masseurs, then scratched Miss Junkman's back. When the photographer took his picture doing this, Garbo smashed the camera. "I tank I go home," he declared. He left yesterday on the Queen Mary.

Today Miss Junkman limbered up, after her tiring train ride, by running six miles on the indoor track, wrestling Man Mountain Dean, and lifting simultaneously three barrels of beer.

# Modern Miss Is Far Too Brazen

By ANTOINETTE HOMILY

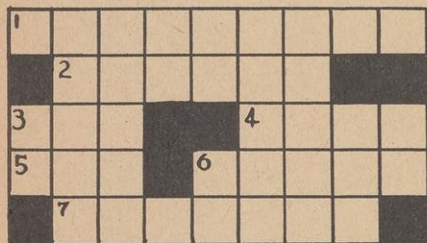
George Herman Peabody, foremost authority on the M'bungo, or red-feet tribes of Africa, said in an interview yesterday that he much preferred the M'bungo lasses to ours.

"Railly," he said, "you cawn't imagine what an utter ass the modern girl makes of herself. She knows nothing about dress, for example. Our M'bungo girls have long found that the Gou-gou, or gown is best suited for displaying their many charms. It consists of a simple canvas tunic, fastened in at the neck by an old thigh bone, gathered in at the waist by the left hand, and held up from the mud with the right hand. An effective foundation garment of burlap completes the ensemble."

Regarding the American girl's conduct in public, Mr. Peabody was highly indignant, "Our M'bungo girls are at all times amiable, But Miss United States? Never! To illustrate: you can say hello to any M'bungo girl and she will be very cordial, but yesterday, at a slight experiment, I asked a charming appearing young female if she would come up to my apartment and have a slug of rye. What did she do then, but biff me in the jaw so hard that it knocked my plate out!"

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1. President of U. S.
2. Foul Odors (rhymes with "thinks")
3. Opposite of "in."
4. Opposite of adj. "faint."
5. Initials of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.
6. Opposite of "hates."
7. Notorious Red (rhymes with "louder.")



# COEDS USE LIPSTICK, CLAIM

By Lucy Pott

Mores, 1938

In a recent survey, it has been discovered that lots of coeds use lipstick, or at least say that they do. Many girls, the Tribune believes, like to shoot the bull (as the college girls put it) about their promiscuity.

At the University of Wisconsin, 38% of the coeds actually admitted using a bright red shade on both upper and lower lips. When asked the purpose of using this war-paint (as the college girl puts it), the girls unashamedly admit that the purpose is to "snare a pair of pants." My! One is inclined, however, to believe that this is not true of so large a number as the Wisconsin girls profess. Surely the

girls there have not gone so far that they fail to see the sin of lipstick. One coed, when asked why she used it, blushed, and whispered with a giggle, "It's naughty, but nice." It should be pointed out that this same girl is allegedly a perpetual reefer. Furthermore she lives on the first floor of her sorority, so anything she says must not be taken as typical.

Where this mad, mad insane dash toward lipstick will end is hard to say. The dean of women at the University of Wisconsin has ordered that girls be not allowed to drink out of water bubblers, for "it causes their lips to become too inviting."

## Pours at Tea



# Billingsgate Dunks Crumpet

By BETTY BOILERPLATE

Frankly, this picture has nothing to do with the story, but it is sensational and we know our readers will like it; the editor likes it, too.

However, we *did* have a story that we were going to put in here about some girl who served tea at one of our nicer social gatherings lately. Her name was Billingsgate, or Twillingsway, or something like that. Our society editor had a note explaining it, but she mislaid it, the cat!

That reminds us. We hear that our society editor is playing around with a certain newcomer to the telegraph desk. And he was only a copy-boy till he met her. Naughty, naughty! Of course, you won't let this go any farther.

## Looking at H'Wood

By Stew Mulligan

Hollywood, Cal.—On lot 2 at M.G.M., Hedy Lamarr in a love scene with Walter Pidgeon . . . And didn't your correspondent tell you long ago that some day Hedy Lamarr would be in a love scene . . . I asked her director, Joseph Von Sternberg, if he didn't think so, too . . . And he said, "Yes, I think so too!" . . . And what do you thing of THAT, Jimmy Fiddler . . . Ha, ha, scooped again . . .

Over at Warner Bros. the directors have been having their troubles. It seems that there were about three thousand midgets left over from their production of "Little Men, What Now?" Told that their work was over, they refused to believe it and have stuck around the studio adding to the confusion, and have even forced themselves into the places of several stars such as Carol Lombard and Clark Gable. Since it would entail too expensive re-takes to eliminate the midget shots, the forthcoming picture will be changed from "Man and Woman" to "Grasshopper and the Ant."

It was very sweet to see Dixie Dunbar knitting her own dress for her new picture, "Freshman Floy Floy" while waiting on the lot . . . She is really the domestic type, though few know this . . . It can now be stated with certainty that Myrna Loy will NOT wed Mickey Rooney . . . Those "Dead End" kids are going to be in a new picture, unlike anything they have ever done before . . . It's called, "Little Tough Gangster and His Sister and How They Grew," with Humphrey Bogart and James Cagney.

Here's sensational news . . . I have the low-down on Greta Garbo at last . . . Naturally I can't tell everything now . . . Too hot . . . But I will tell you this . . . She and Stokowski are madly in love . . . They recently went to Europe together . . . And they are now back in the United States . . . Furthermore, Greta is considering what to do about her publicity problems . . . She may give an interview . . . We'll have more sensational news along this line next week.

## Today's Bloomers

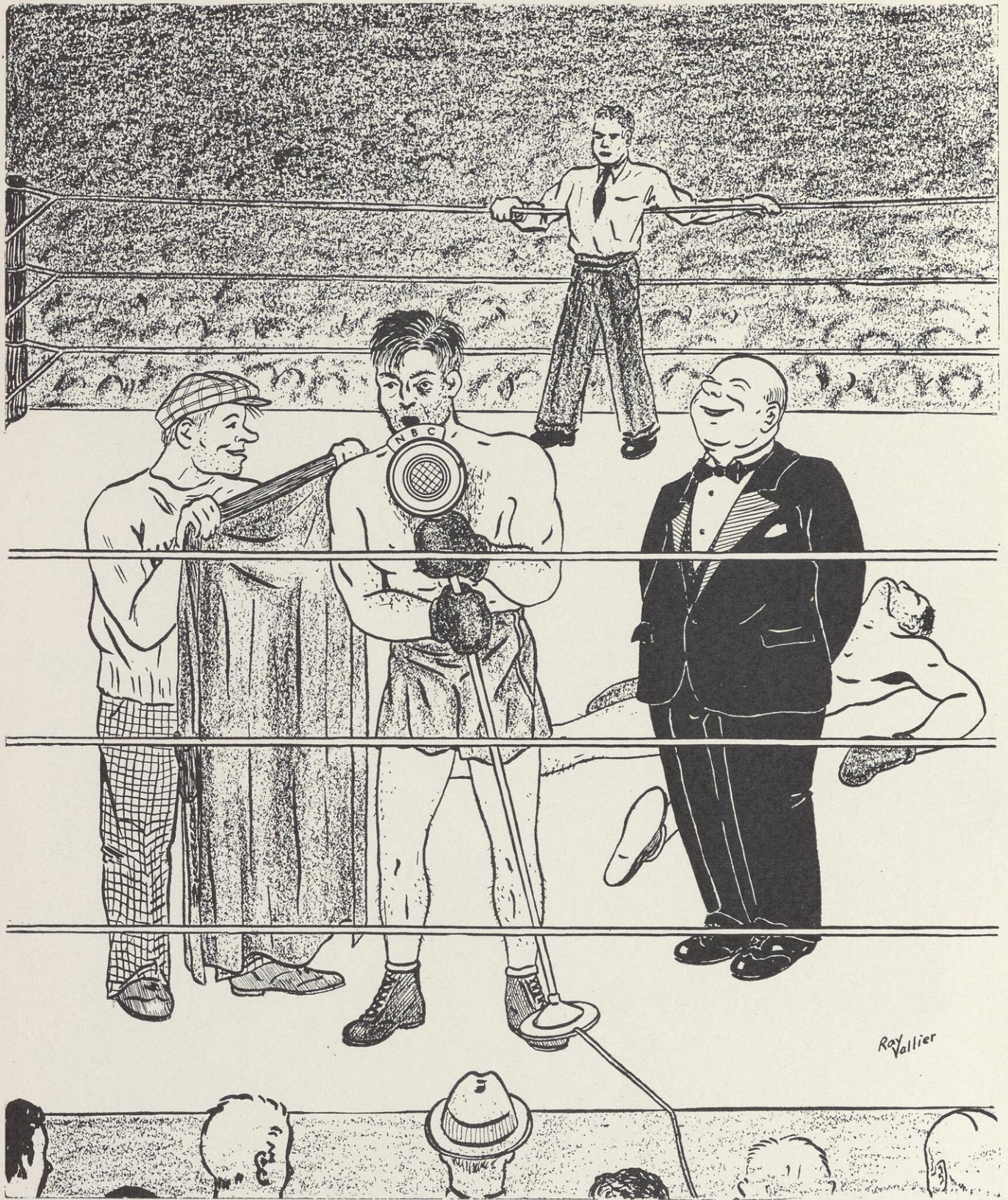


Pattern No. 321

These fetching little bloomers are direct from Latou's shop in Paris. Made of dainty buckskin, they employ the bias or cantilever principle which grandmother knew so well and grass or frothy lace may be welded on with equal chic. Gay photographs of your sweetheart, or of points of interest in your home town may be printed on directly to add a note of insouciance.







*"My adversary boxed valiantly, and it was only with considerable difficulty that I bested him. I shall return home with as great alacrity as these tibias and femurs can muster, my dear mother."*



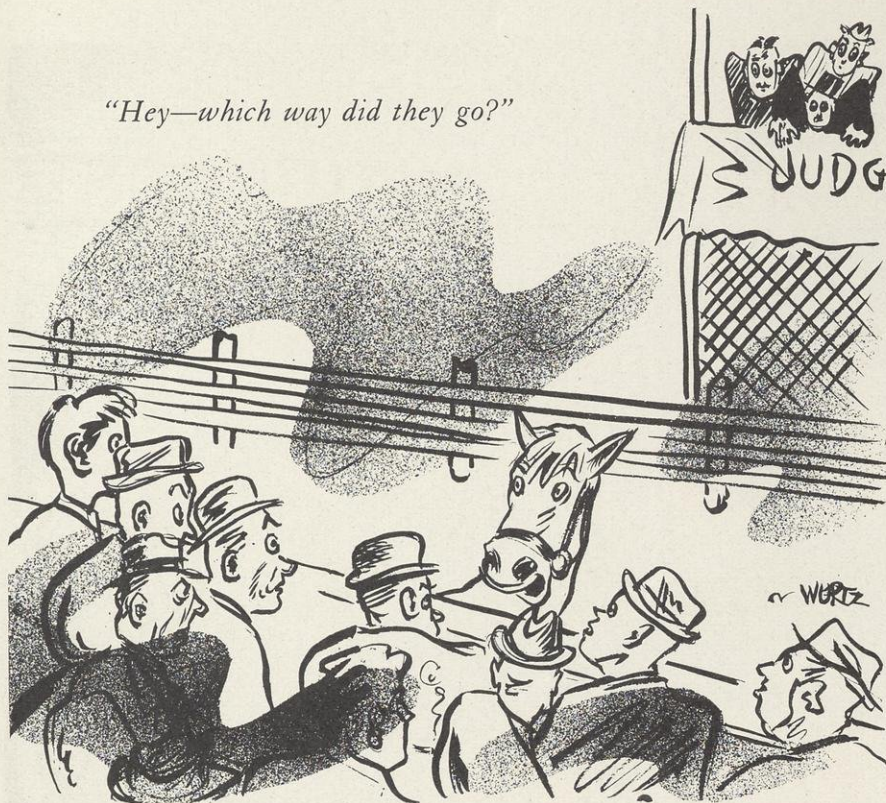
THE ZOOLOGY LAB

*"We're both crazy about frogs' legs."*



*"And him a Phi Bete, too."*

"Hey—which way did they go?"



### Super-Service, Sir



MR. MILLER, like many another person of indeterminate character, was late with his Christmas shopping. He and his wife had decided to send her brother Bill a pair of shoes. Bill had big feet; size fourteen. Horrible present, thought Mr. Miller, but he hadn't had much to say in the matter—which was usually the case with Mr. Miller. So Mr. Miller hurried downtown to a large department store.

He was met at the door by a well-groomed fiery-eyed floor-walker.

"Your name, sir?" asked the man (a Mr. Blott by a card on his lapel).

"Mr. Miller," automatically replied Mr. Miller. "I want to purchase a pair of shoes for—"

"Certainly!" beamed Mr. Blott. "All shoes here are \$5.00, so under our new 'Smiling Super-Service Plan,' Mr. Miller, a five dollar purchase entitles you to 'Super Service Group No. 5.'" He snapped his fingers twice and two large smiling men appeared and forcibly

ushered Mr. Miller toward an elevator.

"You see," said Mr. Blott as the elevator went down, "we give *all* our customers super-service with a smile under this new plan."

Mr. Miller was carried from the elevator into a clean, white room. The smiling clerks quickly and expertly stripped him.

"I say!" said the surprised Mr. Miller. "What's the big—"

"Oh, don't mention it, don't mention it," interrupted the grinning Mr. Blott. "To all our customers—'Service—Complete and Pleasant.' That's our motto, Mr. Miller, that's our motto," he added as Mr. Miller was clamped in a Turkish bath.

"But I don't want a Turkish bath, Mr. Blott. All I want is a—"

"But, of course," beamed Mr. Blott, "and with each purchase, our super-service is yours, Mr. Miller."

Some minutes late the now visibly weary Mr. Miller was sitting in a barber chair, fully dressed, manicured, his suit pressed and cleaned.

"All given free with a \$5.00 purchase in our store, Mr. Miller, really super-service."

Mr. Miller wisely didn't attempt to answer over the drone of the clippers in back and between the strokes of the razor gliding around his jaw-bone. He just gazed stupidly.

"Shall we look at shoes now, Mr. Miller?" asked Mr. Blott, smiling from ear to ear as the clerks whisked the customer from the chair. "What size, Mr. Miller?" he asked when they left the elevator.

As he was pushed into a chair in the shoe department he managed to say, "Fourteen," though very weakly. The clerks bustled; Mr. Blott soliloquized on the super-service plan.

The clerks looked up dismayed. Mr. Blott exclaimed, "But, Mr. Miller, you *can't* want a size fourteen. Why you could fly balloons in size fourteens!"

MR. MILLER groaned, "Oh, I didn't want the—"

"Don't mention it, don't mention it. Jones, get a measuring-stick. We all make mistakes, Mr. Miller. See! You only take a size seven! Jones, get a size seven. A seven for your left foot and a seven for your right foot, Mr. Miller, but that doesn't make size fourteen for both. You're still size seven, Mr. Miller. There! Isn't that a fine pair of shoes, Mr. Miller? Do they fit you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Jones, wrap them up. Mr. Miller will take them. And your address, Mr. Miller?"

"34 Water Street. But, see here—"

"No! I wouldn't think of it, Mr. Water—ah—Miller. Your credit's good here. We'll bill you later, Mr. Miller. Just another super-service." The clerks thrust the package under Mr. Miller's arm and all three accompanied him to the door.

The clerks bowed low and Mr. Blott, wringing his hands, said, "Good day, Mr. Miller, good day. And a very merry Christmas to you, Mr. Miller, a very merry Christmas."

Mr. Miller wandered off aimlessly into the early December twilight.

—D. BRIGGS

"How're things going?" asked the Washingtonian.

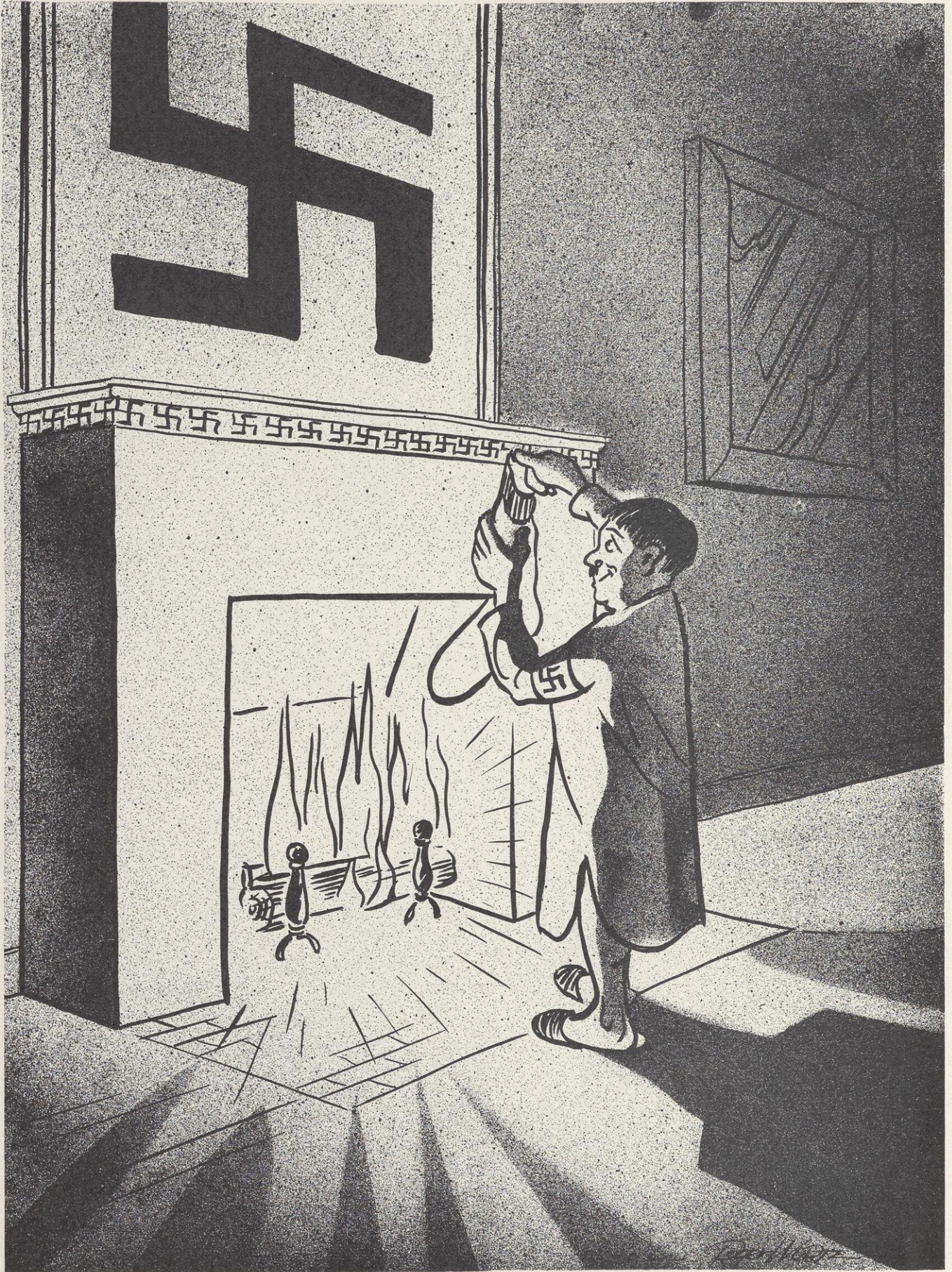
"Not badly," exclaimed young Hoover, who is ranching.

"Not badly," exclaimed young Hoover, who is Jimmy Roosevelt!

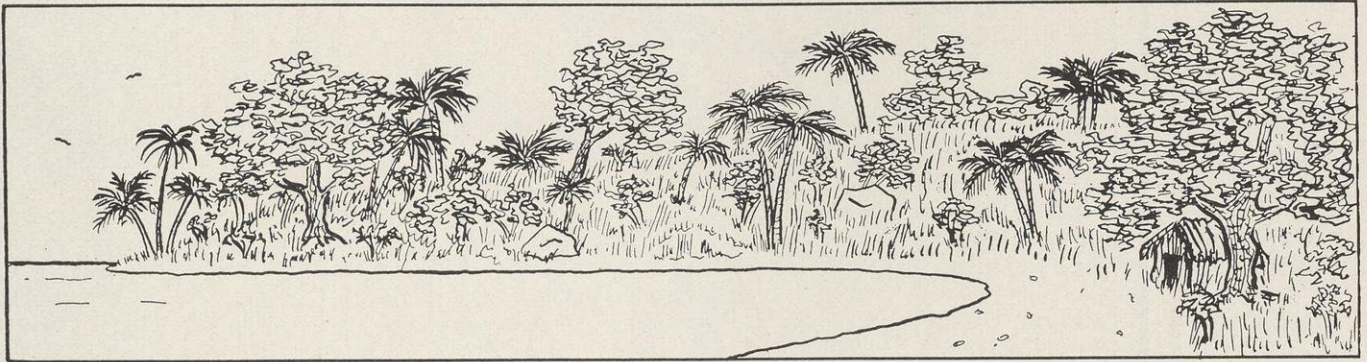
—BOSTON TRAVELLER

Where did you hear that—in the Saturday Evening Post?

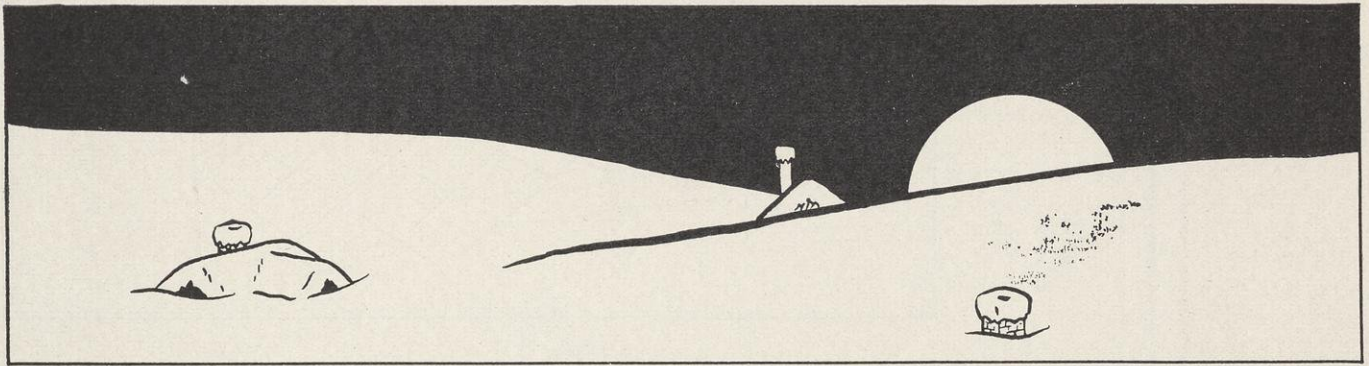




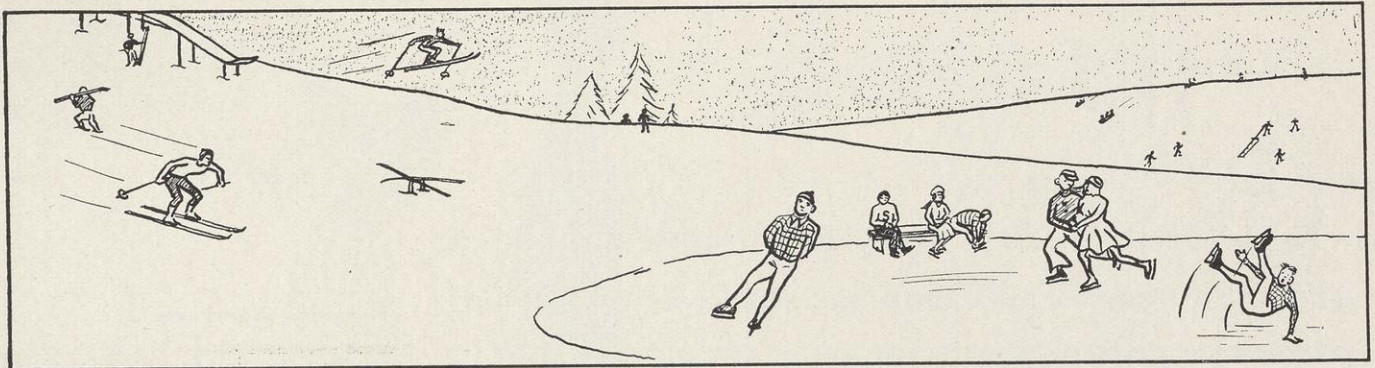
# Wisconsin Winters



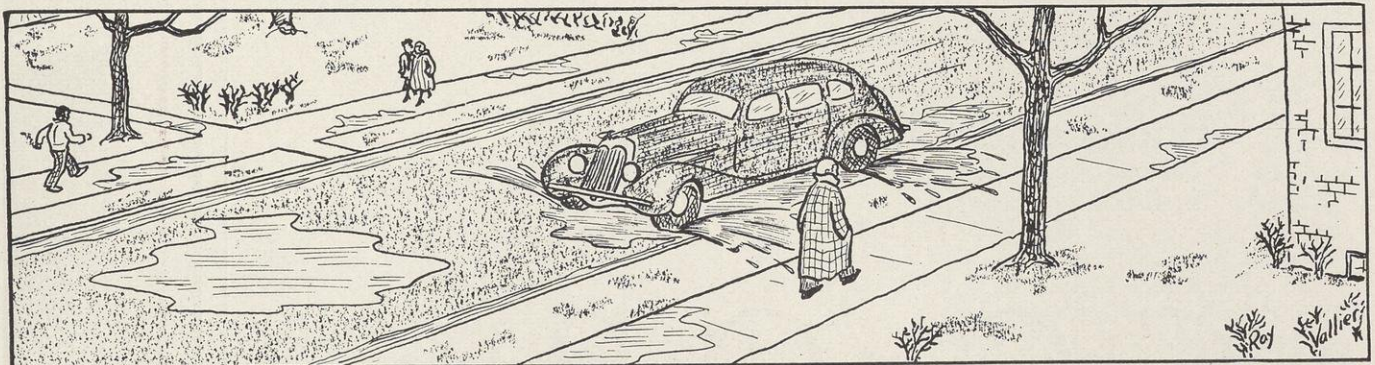
*As the Eskimo sees them—*



*As the Hawaiian thinks of them—*



*As the University bulletins picture them—*



*Though they really are like this—*



**C**HRISTMAS this year promises to be a great gift year. The Co-op has stocked hundreds of attractive gifts moderate in price and undeniably in good taste. Drop in . . . and we're sure you'll agree.

*In addition we offer the newest in*

**Books and Christmas Cards**

THE  
CO-OP

## Life With Grandfather



**G**RANDPA graduates in February. I will be real sorry to see him go because Grandpa and I room together. Grandpa is nice to everybody.

I remember when he first moved in with me, he always thought of me first.

He let me sleep next to the open window because he thought I should have lots of fresh air. It often got very cold and I shivered all night. But then I remembered all the fresh air I was getting. And I felt ashamed of myself for not appreciating Grandpa's generosity.

Grandpa is a very smart man, too. Once a friend of mine had the hiccups

and Grandpa told him to hold his breath until they were gone. So my friend held his breath until they were gone. He got blue in the face and everybody cried when they buried him. Grandpa, too.

Grandpa helped me cure my dog complex. He said, "Next time you see a dog, don't run; stare him down." After I tried it, I said to Grandpa, "Well, I tried it." Grandpa told everybody how he cured my dog complex. He even wrote letters home about it. It only cost me \$2.25 to get my pants fixed after that dog was through with them.

He remembered me on my birthday, too. He bought me an electric razor. Of course, I don't need an electric razor yet, but it works swell on Grand-

pa's whiskers. And anyway, my topcoat which he sold to pay for the razor was too big for me anyway. Grandpa always is big-hearted like that.

When he has my clothes altered to fit him, he always pays the alteration charges himself. Nothing selfish about Grandpa.

Above all though, Grandpa is a scholar. He always insists upon a lot of studying. A man, to do his work properly, must study every night, Grandpa says. And at 2 o'clock every morning when he staggers in, he always wakes me up to make sure I studied before I went to bed.

Grandpa is a very patient man, too. Sometimes I feel like a heel when I think how mean I've been to him. But he never complained. I remember the night when I came home too late to do Grandpa's econ for the next day. He just looked at me sadly, but he didn't say a word. I cried in my pillow. I thought of all the nice things Grandpa had done for me—how he taught me to shag, all the blind dates he got for me, and how he showed me how to build a head on my beer.

Once I was very sick. Two of my friends went out and got tight. They figured that way they wouldn't catch what I had. Grandpa is a doctor, and he knows that drinking wouldn't keep them from catching what I had. But just the same he thought it was a pretty good idea at that. So Grandpa got tight too, again.

**A**NWAY, I did feel plenty punk and I wanted to be left alone. Grandpa didn't want to leave my side. He refused the five dollars I offered him to get tight on; he said four would be enough. I guess he must have been pretty much upset by my sickness to get tight over me.

When I got out of the hospital, I found out that Grandpa had been taking out my best girl for me. That certainly was very generous of him. Not everybody in Grandpa's shoes would have done that for me.

Well, anyway, Grandpa graduates in February. He told me yesterday he was going to marry my best girl then. At first I was sore about it, but then I thought, here I am being selfish again.

As he said, Susie is young and pretty. It's not fair for me to expect her to wait for me. Anyway, I *am* going to be best man. I don't know yet just what Susie thinks about the whole thing. I suppose it's all right, though, just as long as it's all in the family, as Grandpa says.

—R. PIERRON



*"Think father can afford a present for himself this year?"*



## PHOTOGRAPHY . . .



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to please*

Beautiful color work  
in natural shades at  
the most reasonable  
prices . . .

*Special Rates  
to students*

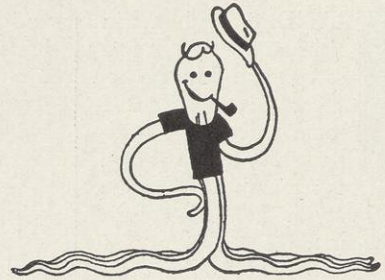
For beauty and perma-  
nence, our porcelain  
miniatures cannot be  
excelled . . .

— THE —  
**FOX STUDIOS**

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...Badger 3034...

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or senior, he can use you in some  
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## CAMPUS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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BADGER 1137



*"I bagged it on the roof."*

## Toby and Moon, Inc.

"Can you drive with one arm?"

"Boy, can I!"

"Okay, have an apple."

—Utah Pumpkin

He—See that man playing fullback?  
He'll be our best man in about a week.

She—Oh, this is so sudden.

—Record.

Curious Old Lady—Why, you've lost  
your leg, haven't you?

Cripple—Well, damned if I haven't.

—Kitty Kat

The New Store  
The New Stock  
The Old Faces

## Grady's

670 STATE

MEN'S WEAR . . . LADIES' HOSIERY

Stop In to See  
Our Selection for  
That Christmas Gift

He knocked at the door of my room.  
"May I come in? It's the room I had  
when I went to college in '09," he said.  
Invited him in.

"Yes, sir." He said, lost in reverie.  
"Same old room. Same old windows.  
Same old furniture. Same old view of  
the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a  
girl, terrified, half clothed.

"This is my sister." I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story!"

—Gogo Giggler.



A Scotchman was leaving on a busi-  
ness trip, and he called back as he was  
leaving, "Goodbye, all, and dinna for-  
get to take little Donald's glasses off  
when he isn't looking at anything."

—Kenosha Pussy.

I wish I were a kangaroo,  
Despite his funny stances;  
I'd have a place to put the junk  
My girl brings to the dances.

—Oshkosh O'Gosh.



For  
that



*Doggy Touch! Come in  
and look over our Xmas  
array . . . prices that please  
. . . for Fancy Cards and  
Wrappings, see . . .*

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No other group of friends will ever  
mean so much. This Christmas  
exchange photographs with them.

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Official Badger Photographer*

## Reierson Studio

On the Square

Badger 5880

### INDIVIDUAL HAIRSTYLING . . .

The new Up-Swept Coiffures  
designed especially for you . . .

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**CARDINAL BEAUTY  
SHOPPE**

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## According to the Records

### The Classical



This is the 100th anniversary of the birth of Georges Bizet, one of the most distinguished of French composers. To commemorate the occasion *Decca* has released two of his greatest works—*Carmen* and *L'Arlesienne*. It is the fiery and beautiful *Carmen*, Bizet's masterpiece, by which he lives. *Carmen* is universally admired and has brought untold pleasure to grateful thousands of people throughout the world. Bizet's greatest orchestral achievement is *L'Arlesienne Suite*, written as glowing incidental music to Daudet's play, *L'Arlesienne*. Both of these works, pervaded by warm tones of the south, are well conceived and masterly recorded.

*L'Arlesienne Suite* presented by the Orchestra of the Concerts Colonne, Paris, conducted by G. Pierne, is recorded with felicity and distinction. The work has a tranquil purity devoid of emotional strain, and its languid melodies possess clearness and charm. *Decca*.

One of the most popular one-act operas on the modern stage is Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Unlike most operas, its acclaimed acceptance came from the very beginning, bringing immediate fame, fortune and the Order of the Crown of Italy to its author. This drama of rustic chivalry is not one of high romance, rather it is an exciting, lustful thriller. It features mezzo soprano, Germaine Cernay, as Santuzza, and tenor, Gaston Micheletti, as Turiddu with an orchestra conducted by G. Cloez. Its music is colorful and of a passionate intensity. One of its best known numbers is the "Prelude and Siciliano," which introduces the stormy passions of the opera. The "Intermezzo" pulsates with fervid emotion, yet it has a religious glow which offsets the alternately tense and tumultuous moods of the opera. Further contrast is manifested in the bright and joyful "Easter Hymn." A weakness of the recording appears in the melodramatic treatment of trivialities and the love of mere noise, but the presentation is in general worthy. *Decca*.

Devotees of Brahms may sing for joy on learning that *Columbia* has grooved the polyphonal Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel. Released on six sides, the recording presents the ingenious pianist, Egon Petri, who plays with an individual charm and gets from this greatest set of variations for piano the utmost fullness of effect. The Variations show the master's insight into the characteristics of two hands, and Petri's special charm exhausts the possibilities.

Also available from *Columbia* is Grieg's *Peer Gynt*—Suite No. 1, Op. 46. This music to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" is remarkable for its individuality of design and picturesque character. In this work Grieg has adapted classical structure and makes it appear as genuine folk music. The recording is performed by the Grand Orchestra Philharmonique of Paris, and is enthusiastically conducted by D. E. Inghelbrecht. An almost magical effect is obtained in the strange, haunting harmonies of "Ase's Death," while the oriental character of "Anitra's Dance" is intriguing. "Morning" and "In the Hall of the Mountain King" are too well known to require comment. This recording is exceptional. *Columbia*

This month *Victor* enriches the record world by presenting a new recording of Puccini's *La Boheme*, the Italian opera of early 19th century student life in the Paris Latin Quarter. Puccini writes all the traditional lyricism of Italy into this favorite of opera lovers. The work is presented by the distinguished tenor, Beniamino Gigli and members of La Scala Orchestra and Chorus. The conductor, Umberto Berrettoni, reveals superb inspiration in his handling of the ideas and musicianship. The opera is one of alternate gaiety and pathos portraying the quick play of checkered feelings. The score, notwithstanding *Tosca* and *Madama Butterfly*, is Puccini's masterpiece. If one can choose an outstanding selection, it is the gay, joy-perfumed "Musetta's Waltz Song." The impassioned "Love Duet" of the second act is one of the most powerful pieces, while the tender and pathetic melody of "My Name Is Mimi" has a note which runs through the entire opera like a connecting thread. Surely any collector of recorded opera will want this transcription for his library! *Victor*

A single record from Moussorgsky's epic opera of Russian history, *Boris Godounow*, is presented by *Victor* on a recording made during an actual performance. Bass voiced Feodor Chaliapin, sings with tenderness and pathos the "Prayer of Boris." On the other side he is supreme in the "Death of Boris." He reveals great beauty in portraying the agonal terror of Boris, and he ascends by degrees to a climax of stupendous power. *Victor*

The Overture from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* and The Grand March by Tannhauser comprise an above average *Columbia* release. These are presented by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The Wagner mu-

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sic is not as great music as that of "Der Ring," yet it is fully as well known. Beecham's leadership brings to both records a rhythmical combination of great beauty and pleasing harmonic originality. *Columbia*

Fritz Kreisler evidences strength and certainty of touch in his individualistic waxing of the Andante Cantabile and Humoreske. Write your own superlatives; we'll concur. *Victor*

From Cilea's opera, L'Arlesiana, tenor, Galliano Masini sings "Lamento Di Federico." This is charming music, but the rendition is not conspicuous for vocal power. On the other side he brings Se Franz Dicesse Il Vero from Mascagni's Lodoletta. Here his lovely tenor voice is revealed to better effect. *Columbia*

The Mad Scene from Lucia Di Lammermoor is ably done by Lina Pagliughi for *Decca*. Lily Pons excels herself in a beautiful rendition of the calm and dignified "Pamina's Aria" from Mozart's Magic Flute. Lily Pons reveals consummate vocal mastery in her perfectly interpreted work. *Decca*.

Handel's creative effort is honored by the strong presentation of virtuoso violinist, Ossy Renardy's rendition of the Prayer from "Te Deum." This is a performance which is a credit to the musician. Equally well played is Von Vecsay's Caprice No. 2. *Columbia*

### The Popular

WE KNOW a fellow who lives in a cave who doesn't like Benny Goodman. And then there's a chap across the lake who thinks *he* plays better clarinet; but he's in a padded cell. Everybody else likes the Goodman.

This month the swing addicts may jab their needle into the new *Goodman Swing Album*—eight sides of the best licks in many a moon. Best number in the album is *Opus ½*, an original quartet rendition. Also to be heard are *Make Believe*, *Blue Room*, *I Never Knew*, *Sweet Sue*, *I Must Have That Man*, *It's Wonderful* and *Sweet Georgia Brown*. Could you ask for anything more? You can? O.K., then hear the separate release of Pestalozza's Italian waltz song, *Ciribiribin* done in real swing backed by the *Bumble Bee Stomp*. What! You still want more. Well, try this piece de resistance: *I Had to Do It* and *Is That the Way to Treat a Sweetheart?* *Victor*



### PLEASE FORGIVE ME

Because this is backed by *Prologue to Black and Tan Fantasy* and that oh so eerie clarinet we jumped atop our gramophone and cheered and cheered. The Duke of Ellington has the spell on us. He'll get you, too. *Brunswick*

### TWO SLEEPY PEOPLE

Hoagy Carmichael and Frank Loeser have created the song sensation of the moment. The work has merited the attention of Bob Crosby, Fats Waller and Jean Sablon, who present their own interpretations on the wax for *Decca*, *Bluebird* and *Victor* respectively. Crosby gives you swing, not too good; Waller has his piano and impertinent baritone moan; Sablon (French baritone) and Lou Bring's orchestra present a soothing sensuous style.

### LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN

For dirty black swing Count Basie is your man. The nursery rhyme we sang as kiddies sure has changed (so has *Stop Beatin' Around the Mulberry Bush* on the other side), but the modernizing is interesting. James Rushing aptly carries the vocal story. *Decca*

### GARDENIAS

Winchell would give this an orchid. Skinnay Ennis vocalizes this and *Deep in a Dream*. Hal Kemp's loss; your gain. *Victor*

### GET OUT OF TOWN

Eddy Duchin bats 500 this month. With a glorious rendition of Cole Porter's *Get Out of Town* and *From Now On* to his credit he comes to bat again and strikes out swinging *I Kissed You in a Dream Last Night* and *The Night Before Christmas*. *Brunswick*

### QUAKER CITY JAZZ

There's less than two inches of grooving on top of this record, but it's so-o-o hot any more would melt the wax. Coupled with *Sugar Foot Stomp* this hot plate is the real fire. Jan Savitt and his Top Hatters belong in your collection! *Bluebird*

### MEXICALI ROSE

Bing Crosby revives this old-timer in sensational style. The pressing combined with *Silver on the Sage* is a triumph for *Decca*. The crooner does *Summer Time* and *You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby* on another platter; we've heard better. *Decca*

### HONG KONG BLUES

Hoagy Carmichael writes songs which we like a lot. When he sings them, too, oh boy, whee! His *Riverboat Shuffle* is even better. *Brunswick*

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# ELAINE'S DINING ROOM

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The Spartan youth used to return with his shield or on it. The modern youth returns with the windshield or through it.  
—*Octopus.*

How to find an intelligent girl: Tickle her under the chin. If she laughs, she's intelligent; if she doesn't duck.

She came to the police station with a picture in her hand.

'My husband has disappeared,' she sobbed. 'Here is his picture. I want you to find him.'

The inspector looked up from the photograph.

'Why?' he asked.

—*Pelican.*

Wife No. 999: "Do you love me, your majesty?"

King Solomon: "I certainly do, my dear. Why, you are one in a thousand."  
—*Gargoyle.*

"Are you a college man?"

"No, a horse stepped on my hat."

—*Marquette Drivel.*

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"Now, children," said the teacher who was trying to boost the sale of class photographs, "just think how you'll enjoy looking at the photographs when you grow up. As you look you'll say to yourself, 'there's Jennie, she's a nurse; there's Tom, he's a judge; and—'"

"There's teacher," said little Bertie, "she's dead."  
—*Kenosha Buzzer.*



A man, seeing another man swimming off a Florida beach, said: Hey, aren't you afraid of sharks?

Swimmer: No, I'm tattooed.

Observer: What has that got to do with sharks?

Swimmer: I've got "Harvard is the best college in the world" written on my chest, and even a shark wouldn't swallow that.  
—*O'Gosh.*

For that Christmas Gift . . .

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If I have as much intelligence  
As you say I possess,  
If I always look to you  
The snappiest in dress  
If I were half as beautiful  
As you say I am  
Then I wouldn't even date you  
You funny little man.

Gee—you look like a million dollars!  
Yeah, and I'm just as hard to make.  
—*Kentucky Specialist.*

Boy: "I haven't heard a squeak out of you since we started dancing."

Pi Phi: "Oh, I'm pretty well oiled."  
—*Lyre.*

Prof: Mr. Whippersnapper, what one thing has done more for Ireland than anything else?

J. W.: The wheelbarrow, sir.

Prof: In what way, son?

J. W.: It taught the Irishers to walk on their hind legs.

—*Burr.*

—:— ONLY —:—

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### Music Man

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You'll kick yourself a dozen times or more if you don't get on this merry-go-round; so we suggest you save the wear and tear on your blue-denim breeches and tear over to the Union desk for those tickets.

You'll find Jose at the Armory on January 12, at 8:15 p. m.

### Her Line

*Since she went off to college  
Her friends all thought it sure  
That she'd come home for Christmas  
With a spiffy new allure.*

*For all the time they knew her  
She did not drink or smoke;  
She never used a single "damn"  
Or told a dirty joke.*

*But they were disappointed  
When they saw her again  
To learn her line has worked out fine  
On all the college men.*

—H.A.L.

### EX-FOOTBALL KILLED BY BLAST

—BOSTON TRAVELLER

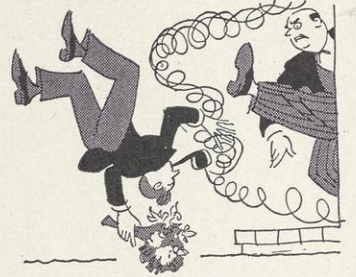
*Weak bladder, probably.*

### SLASHER OF CAPONE MAD, CLAIM

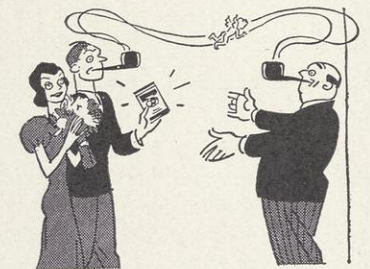
—STATE JOURNAL

*Then again, think how Al must have felt.*

**"DON'T GO  
A-WOOING WITH  
A STEWING PIPE!"**

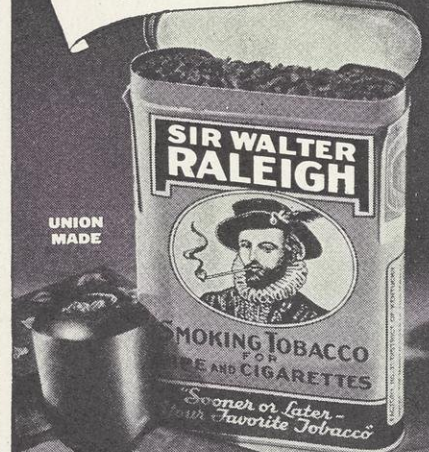


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# Hush, Dear! Don't Weep

The idea of thinking he'll not ask you to PRE-PROM. Why, 23-skidoo, he's just forgotten, of course. Wait 'til Homer comes a-courtin' to-night . . . row-de-dow . . . he'll come through!



And as for you, Homer, you cad . . . tar-and-feathers are far too good, sir! Hop in the buggy and call on your Flora at once. Ask her to Pre-Prom. When you twirl your moustache, she can't resist. We're bettin' she's yourn.



## PRE - PROM

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