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OCTOPUS

December
25¢



SCOTCHMAN WHO PROMISED
SONS GOLF BALLS FOR CHRISTMAS.

DAVE WILLOCK + JOHN SACH



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"The most delightful place in town to shop" . . . that's what people say of Kessenich's. And this is especially true of the holiday gift season. Each department is like an individual gift shop with a myriad of lovely suggestions for the Yuletide giver. There is our new gift department on the main floor, installed for the convenience of the Christmas shopper, where you will find many gifts assembled from various departments. And it is not too late if you want to order Amy Drevenstedt's unique Christmas cards printed with your own name. But remember that time is fleeting . . . and make your Yuletide gift selections now at

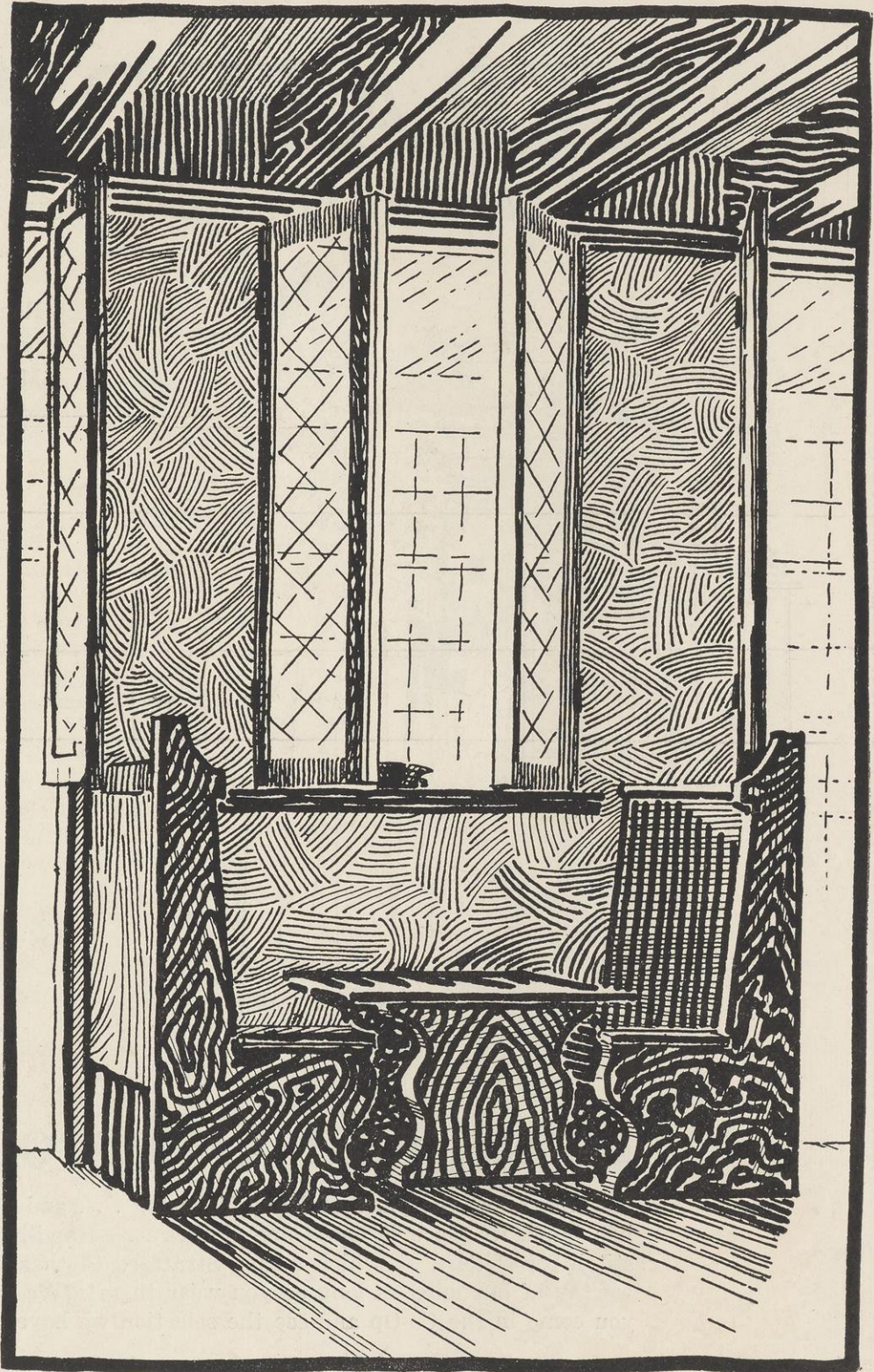
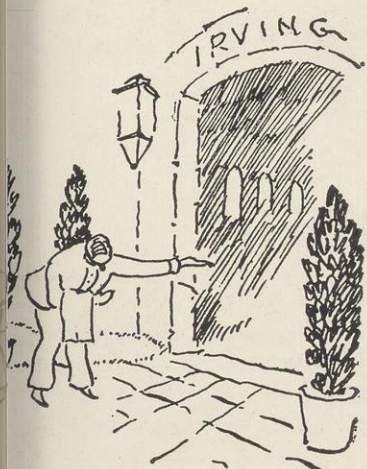
Kessenich's

Owned and Operated by Wisconsin Alumni





Merry
Christmas
to
Everyone
of You



And remember that The Irving will be open for the service
of its friends throughout the University's Vacation Period!

IRVING COFFEE HOUSE
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STRATFORD

Clothing for University Men



Ready - For - Wear Ap-
parel as Fine as that
Made by the Finest Cus-
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Suits and Overcoats

Nothing takes the place of Hand Tailoring . . . and nothing has taken its place in these fine clothes . . . Hand-Needling stitch for stitch . . . which means Stratford Clothes will be worthy of our label as long as you wear them! We suggest you come in the Co-Op and see the selection we have

THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Manager

STATE & LAKE STREET

OUR OPEN LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

December 5, 1928

Dear Claus,

It has bin some time since you were written by me in regard to the matter of December 25 pending. But the delay has been do to things some of which you and Mrs. Claus would be unfamiliar of as because you have neither gone to a Big Ten university where ther is Co-Eds.

I have a number of things I would like to have you deposit in my humble sock on the nite of December 24 pending. A new tire for my bicycle is a delightful dream of mine. Walking to the Theta house is no fun (it's different when you get there) and as also some great man sed, "No bicycle is complete without tires and wheels".

Please also consider serously my liver. I'm getting so I can't carry a girl's books home any more as on account of my condition. Some well recommended pills would be greatly apprec. and will give what I don't need to the Y. M. C. A.

I also need a new catcher's mitt. Yours of last year was a success until I loaned it to a guy in Haresfoot with which he caught bottles and vegatbles during the show's tour. Please deposit one this year which turns glass a little better.

I discover also while fixing the family furnace that the gas man has again stole my three bottles of '56 champagne. If you will remember me on this with a dozen bottles of same, I'll be very much appreciated and will not open them until Christmas.

Also, Claus, I want to mention that you had better give your press agents the same stories after this. If you are to arrive from the North Pole in South Bend on Saturday and the Madison papers come out Sunday and say you have had engine trouble in Canada, some of these clever kids are going to smell a nigger in the wood pile before they are too old to get the real dope on you. Only a suggestion, Claus.

Will say Good Bye now as will have to put on the storm winders for the wife. As you once said, Claus, "Mother is the necessity for invention."

Yrs. resptcy.

Bob.



Prospective Freshman (any college): Well, g'by, paw.
Paw: S'long, kid, and don't forget this, if you must pledge Kappa Sig, try to pick out the best chapter they have on the campus.

—Nebraska Awgwan



"What is the first commandment?"

Little Boy: I am the Lord, by God.

—Princeton Tiger

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205-207 State St.



The
Rumble Seat
Coat

HERE is the most popular coat on the campus! Developed of American wombat, Australian wombat, sheared lamb, and baby seal, they appeal especially to university women of limited allowance. Kruse's present a wide selection at \$50 to \$150.

"Come in and browse"

You will always find

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New and Used Books of All Sorts

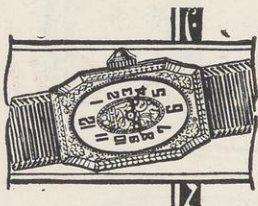
All Book Shelves Open to You

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Gruen Cartouche—
the popular rectangular shape

At the low cost of \$35— you will find in these ladies' wristlets a wonderful value.

In every sense watches worthy of the recognized prestige carried by the Gruen name on the dials.

We invite you to come in and inspect these creations.

R. W. NELSON
JEWELER
Watch Repairing

320 State Street

Fairchild 4242

The Wharton School Whiz

It (over the phone): . . . and I'd love to go to that game with you.

He: Sorry, sweetheart, you'll have to make me a better offer. I know three other girls willing to do just as much.

—Penn. Punch Bowl



"Yo'all know much 'bout automobiles?"

"Do I? Ah should say! Yo'all auto see the truck I ate for dinner."

—Brown Jug



The passenger gasped with horror as the cab bore down on a pedestrian. "Blow your horn, man!" he cried at the driver.

"Hell, no," snarled the driver. "Then he would dodge."

—Virginia Reel



Me: Say did you see that good looking mama I had out last night?

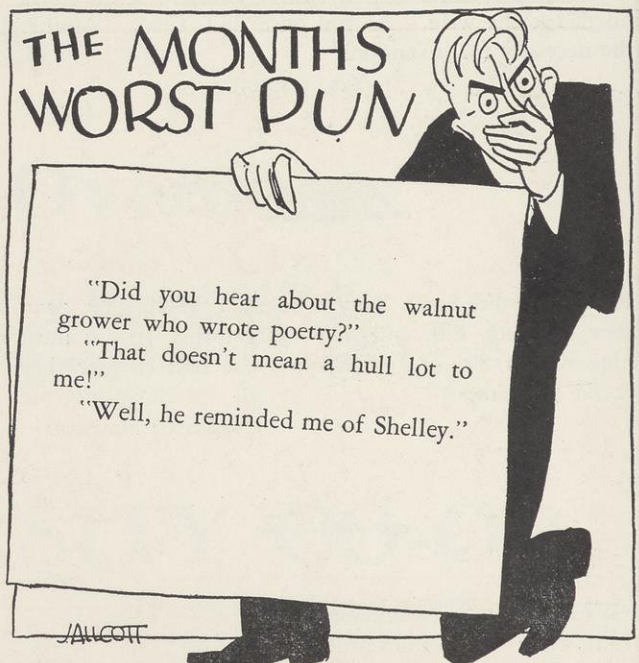
It: Yeah, what about it?

Me: She sure had affectionate eyes.

It: Wadda yuh mean, affectionate eyes?

Me: Well, I tell you, it's this way, "They're always looking at each other."

—Ariz. Kitty Kat



Harry S. Manchester Inc.

The Store of the Christmas Spirit

---where it's so easy to
Pick the Perfect Christmas Gift!

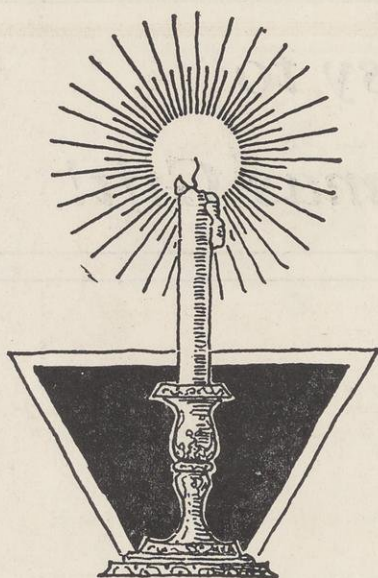


Christmas

Gifts From His Store

He Knows What He Wants

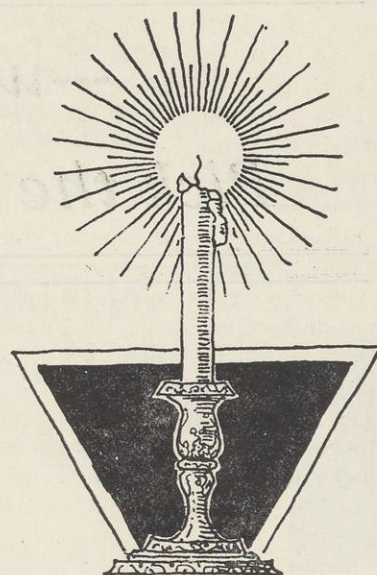
And so do we!..And in that knowledge, experience and our consequent provisions we can be of wonderful service to Christmas Shoppers. Things men do not want in apparel are not here because in this Man's Store our buying is concentrated only on those things our day-by-day experience tell us men do want.



Belts
Garters
Suspenders
Slippers
Fine Silk Neckwear
Mounted Canes
Golf Knickers
Fur Gloves

Shirts
Golf Hose
Fancy Shirts
Mocha Gloves
Gladstone Bags
Toilet Cases
Collar Cases
Sweaters

Broadcloth Pajamas
Wool or Silk Hosiery
Silk Dressing Gowns
Imported Silk Mufflers



BAILLIE
O'CONNELL AND MEYER
 MADISON ~ WISCONSIN
 109 STATE STREET

If O. O. McIntyre Went to Wisconsin

Thoughts while strolling: Dad Morgan's with a sign, "No Loafing Aloud". A Zona Gale scholar blowing her brains out on front of Science Hall. She looks like Marilyn Miller, another country girl who was made good in the city. Who remembers when the Phi Gams had an athlete? an old house? a dance? a quarantine? Professor Kiekhofer selling pencils. George Little planting flowers on the lower campus. What has become of Ot Wiese, Harry Thoma, Bill Shakespeare, Johnny Cavoossee, Bill Purnell's little boy, Prosper Merimee?

What has happened to Wisconsin spirit? There goes Tippy Boyd with a date. She's getting stout. If there isn't Anny Open eating hamburger, another country girl who was made right at college. Where are the old Milk Sandwiches we used to eat at Kelly's. What has become of the Bascom Hall dome? the Six Brown Brothers? the Notre Dame football team? Railroad Jack? Remember the rat named Rosy at Clyde's. How long is he in for?

The tinselled doorman at the Pi Phi house. No, it's a Psi U. A roadster with a Wisconsin pennant. A sorority girl turning down a drink. A sorority girl taking it. Morry Hill at a nine o'clock with the same suit he had on at his eight. Nate Hindin's new chin, no it's a cheese sandwich. Minnesota rooters trying to make the city good. A street car which was due yesterday at this time. What has become of Picnic Point, the Big Ten Championship, free speech and free love.

Who stopped hazing? the R. O. T. C.? the World War? Jo Steinauer training ivy. Where is Platteville Normal? the Zeta Psi house? the Drive? Gerald Chapman who killed a man and was supposed to have been electrocuted for it. Little boys shooting craps. The capitol with a red light on it. What has become of Sacco? Vanzetti? Prexy Frank? Jessie James? Charles Gateau?

What ever became of the wax man in the Alpha Phi house? Bill Momsen in a suit coat. A couple necking in South Hall. Three couples watching them. What age is Dean Goodnight giving now? Peggy Joyce, a Virginia girl who made good in Europe. She's using lip stick now. Marge Droppers selling newspapers. Learning from the ground up, I suppose. Where is the old Lake street pavement. The Stock Pavillion is smelling older. Paderewski offered to buy it so he couldn't come here again. Two men fixing a flat tire. She's drunk too much.

What has become of Dean Roe? the Constitution? the red wagon? the upper campus? Helen's place in La Fayette? the bottom of Lake Monona? Cleopatra? the War of the Roses? Doc Sheldon? two wheel brakes? key wind watches? the Garden of Eden.

And so to bed.

—Bob De Haven



He: The first time you contradict me I'm going to kiss you.

She: You are not!

—Life

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Ready-made
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.

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Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats

The
"Saratoga Flair"
\$5.00

Superseam
Stitches will not ravel
even though thread
is cut or broken.

The pull-on glove is quite the smartest thing for street or driving. The "Saratoga Flair" combines comfort and durability with its distinction. Of strong, flexible Calf-skin with a side vent which makes it easy to slip on and off. Hand cut, with hand-sewn back and hem—and washable.

Daniel Hays Gloves



A Breathless Moment

Connie (aside): Here's hoping she likes it!

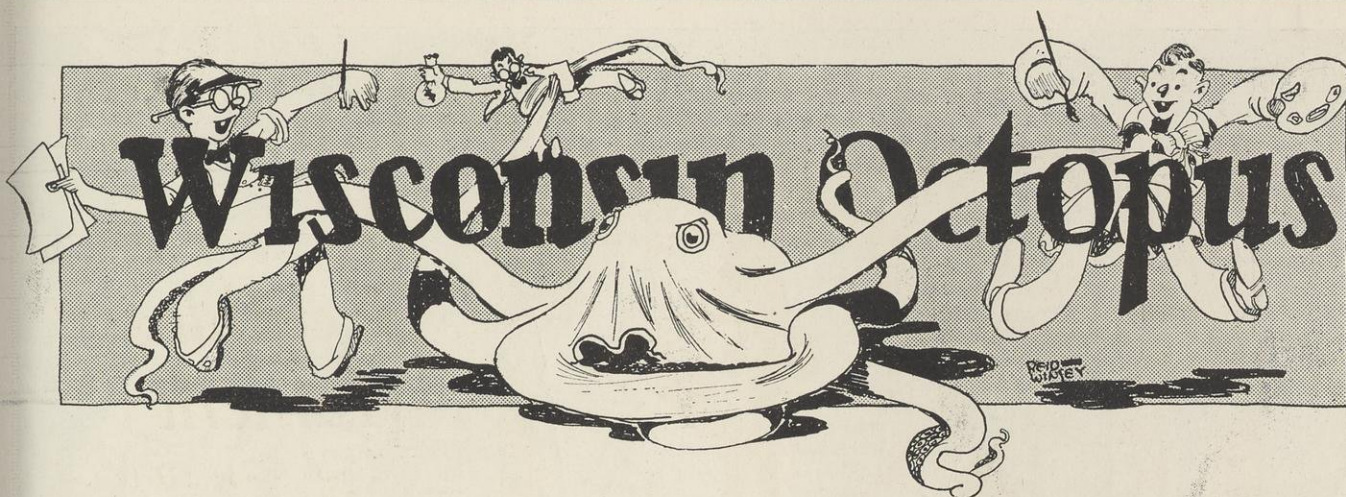
Kitty (aside): I don't see how she can help liking it!

Audrey (to herself): A Simpson box! Why— of course—they were in the Co-Op store the other day and didn't want me to see what they were buying. I know! It's that adorable black georgette set!

And "darling Connie" and "precious Kitty" didn't hear the last of it that evening.

Simpson's

On the Square and at the Co-Op.



STIPULATION

I can still maintain my stomach
If a man drools over gin;
And I don't feel very much disturbed
By skirts far removed from the shin.
My Gawd, what sons of the Jack, I deem
These men who are rabid neckers;
Any self-respecting ass's bray
Says more than these would-be home-wreckers.
Is anything more amusing
Than the ritz of these simpering dames?
Most of them trot to the famed repute
Of a jumble of greek-lettered names.
The more famous the greek—the higher the head;
And I'm saying it's not fabrication,
The higher the nose—the more snooty the pose
The lower the brain-power dictation.
Well, I can stand to see a wench
Smear paint with the rest of the rabble;
Then it rather fascinates to watch
Her mouth in incessant babble.
I can stand all this with quaker smirk
Nor pack a straight left to the block;
But—Gad,—I get frenzied and mad with despair
To see a sick seam in a sock.

—Ananias

And they tell this one about the Scotchman and the gentleman of Hebraic origin who were rescued clinging to the edge of a piece of wreckage after the Vestris disaster. For hours they had been tossed about on the waves with the visions of a watery grave facing them as the cruel waters pounded them and tried to pry them loose from their only support. Finally help came, and they were taken from the water nearly dead from exposure and exhaustion, with the rescuing crew doing a heroic bit of work in saving them. The pair revived about a day later to find themselves aboard the rather dingy boat which had been instrumental in their salvation.

The Scotchman turned to his partner.

"Jake," he said, "I think we should reward these boys."

"Yes," agreed the other, and he felt in his pocket.

"Sandy, have you got change for a quarter?"

Very Hardboiled Father: And now that you've busted me last bottle of gin, can ya see any reason why I shouldn't whale the daylight's outa ya?

Equally Tough Son: Sure, didn't the Doc tell ya that that D. T.'s would getcha down if ya tried ta do any exercising?

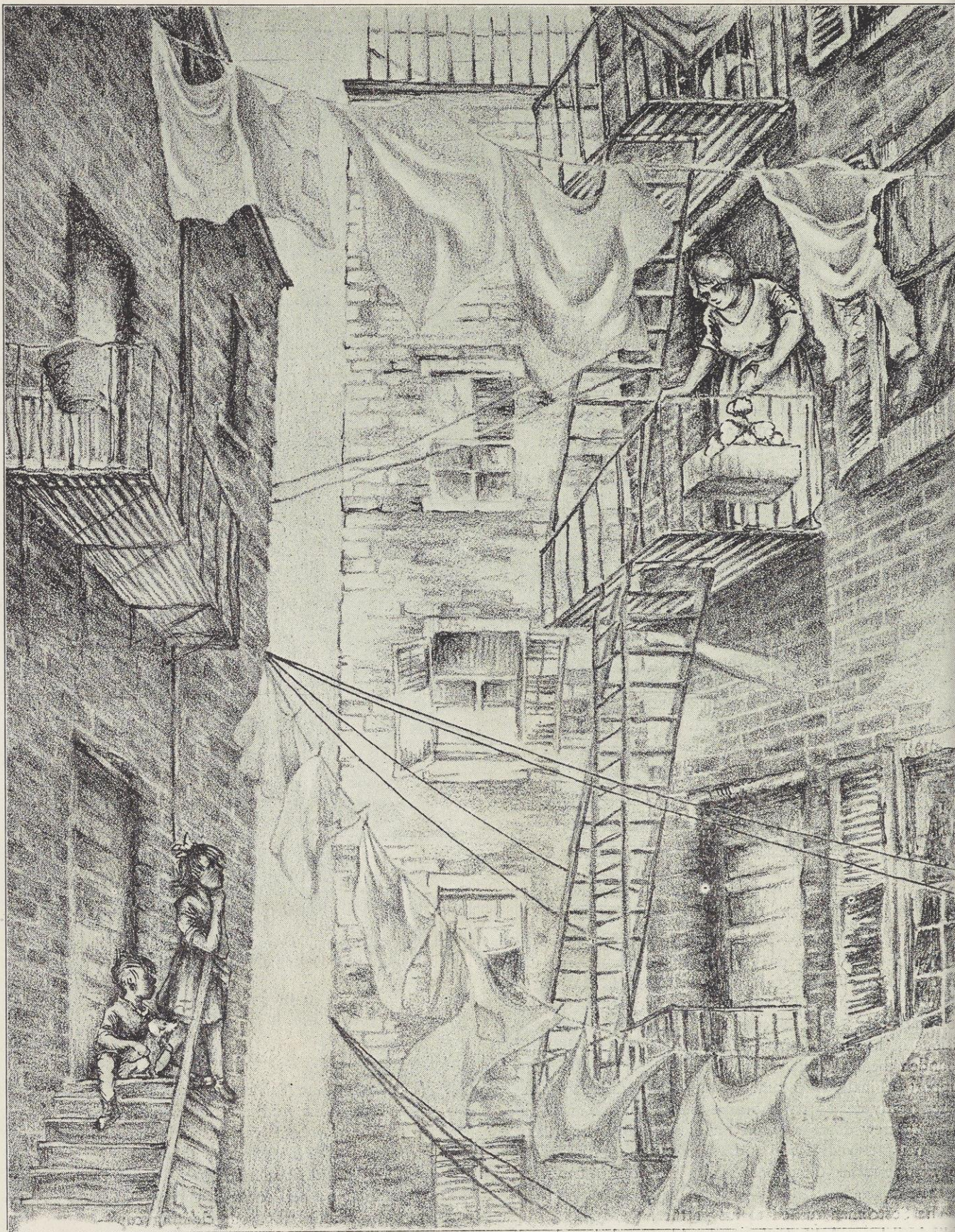


REQUEST

(Dedicated to a Salvation Army Santa Claus)

Santa Claus, with the thin white beard,
Concave where 'vexity should be—
Reindeer-less, pack-less, shivering
In Fahrenheit at fifty three;
Ringing a bell on street corners
For pennies for your clinking cup—
In courtesy to the kids that stare,
Pull your rotundity up.

—Peg J.



—By Molnar Gyula
"Gawd, Ain't Nature Grand!"

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Mother, you don't mean it! Not a brief case! . . . Just what I've needed for three years at college. Hurrah! No more cold hands . . . you don't know what a nuisance they are . . . no more . . . no more . . . Heh, heh. Just to think, after all these years. . . . What's this? Thank you, Dad. Sounds keen. . . . Well, can you imagine . . . a dozen handkerchiefs . . . real Christmas presents . . . something useful. Of course, Mother, I'll be careful with them. . . . Yes, but those others weren't as nice as these . . . of course, Mother! Shall I open it, Sis? Well, I didn't know . . . thought it might be something for George or Henry or . . . well, all right, whoever you're going out with now. Don't be so upset just 'cause I don't always remember your latest. . . . Why, Sis. This is keen! I bet Mother helped you pick it out. Not loud, but just expressing real class . . . now if I only had a stick pin to set it off . . . Oh that's all right, Dad. No I don't want that old one of yours in the vault. No . . . I was just saying that in fun . . . No, of course not! That's right, Grandpa, it is a merry Christmas isn't it . . . Don't know when I've enjoyed myself like this. Puts a fellow right back in the good old days doesn't it . . . Why, of course, I remember how excited I used to be, Mother . . . You don't say! Are they outside now? Tell them to come in, Mom. Why of course not! I like company . . . Merry Christmas, merry Christmas everybody . . . Heh, heh. . . .

—Steve

Abe: I hear Ikey, the coxswain, was fired from the crew.
Sam: Is dot so? How come?
Abe: He wrecked the shell.
Sam: Vell, how did that happen?
Abe: He couldn't keep his hands on the tiller ropes.

As essential as a musical comedy plot.

AUNT ELLA GOES TO THE MOVIES

"Did I go to the Palace last night? Did I? Well, I'll never forget it. In the first place the tall man outside said 'Plenty of seats inside—no waiting'—that was before Elwood bought the tickets. It was true—there were plenty of seats—but they were all taken but we didn't find it out until we had climbed to the top balcony—and I'd as soon not go as to sit up there where a body can't even see the actors. Well, then we went way down again and by this time a big crowd had formed in the lobby and we pushed in with them. I was thirsty from having eaten my after dinner mints but there want no hope of getting a drink with that mob around. Well, I waited first on one leg then on another and then back on the other again and Elwood kept consultin' his watch and saying hopefully, 'Well, it can't be *much* longer.' And

all this while more people were coming in behind us and the man outside was still saying, 'Plenty of seats'. I would have gone back and insisted on my money back if we could have got through the crowd. Well finally two people came up and the whole crowd pushed up and the other opened the rope and let two go by—well, there were a few more came out after that and I was still hopeful.

"At last we got in and the crowd all pushed so much that by the time I had got my bearings all the main floor seats were taken again and Elwood and me had to climb clear up to the balcony once more. Well, by this time the last performance of the vawdeville was about over and I was too tired to stay for the movie. What was the vawdeville? I declare I forgot to find out." —C. A. B.



Cataclysmic Moments: Mother's Musical Christmas Tree decides to work

BLARNEY

Hi, Harry. Say how would you like those two tickets you asked for. Yeh. Oh, don't mention it. . . . I can get 'em easy. Yeh, little drag, that's all. Say, by the way, you got a box from home, Harry. Yeh, pretty heavy . . . well, to tell you the truth, I don't know. . . . 'S funny though my folks don't send me one. I've been expecting one for over a week and . . . say, how about an apple? No kidding, I just bought a couple and I thought maybe you might like one. Not very good, but . . . well, as the doctor's wife's lover said . . . Heh, heh! I wonder what time it is? No! Is it that early? It's surprising how hungry a man gets just waiting for meals. . . . No, Harry I couldn't think of it. . . . No. . . . I couldn't think of eating all your food up. Shure, I'll come up with you while you open it up, but, Harry, don't think that just because you have something from home you have to give it all away. I surely would hate to have you think.

. . . . Mmmmm. . . . Aren't you going to save that string? Give it to me I'll use it. . . . Well? . . . Well! . . . Well, I'll be damned. . . . Gee, that's tough! Heh, Heh! Pretty good joke on you, eh? Fake instead of cake. . . . Heh, Heh, that's really funny. . . . Er . . . By the way, Harry, would you mind if I wore your fur coat this evening? Of course I'll take good care of it . . . and if you ever want anything of mine, why just let me know. I'm sorry about that box though. . . . I know just how you feel. Yeh, I've had it happen to me lots of times. . . . Yeh. . . . That's tough all right. . . . Don't forget I'll be up tonight for that coat!

—Steve

"I was suddenly reminded that Christmas isn't so far away."

"How?"

"I saw Helen letting Jack neck her last night."



Just a Couple of Girls with Bad Habits

The girl who continually pulls down her dress doesn't do it because she doesn't want you to look at her knees.



The Passion Play

CHRISTMAS NEWS ITEMS FROM THE PRESS OF THE WORLD

Santa Sends Out His Official Message

The Chicago Tribune: Just got into my aeroplane, little children. I'll be there about midnight, and, a little secret; I've got the biggest load of toys I've ever carried.

Vas macht der Berlin: Kinder, I'm about to start on my trip down to see you. I can hear the roar of the zep-pelin motors from here, and . . . Ach, what toys!

Dark Continent War Drum: It won't be long now 'til I'm on my way, Youngsters. My war canoe is heaped with the most beautiful spears, poison arrow blow pipes, knives, and . . . Oh, all sorts of wonderful presents.

Moscow "Bomb and Sword": Polsta Polka . . . Chauve Souris . . . Vodka!

Then there's the one about the absent-minded co-ed who left her negligee in the bathtub and slipped on a cake of soap.

She (at dinner): Are you from Chicago?
He (at same dinner): How did you guess it?
She: I thought you handled a knife pretty well.

The All-American Team

" 'Bout time they're pickin' the All-American team, ain't it Jim? . . . seems tuh me Markowicz oughta be one o' the tackles, he sure played a mean game all season, 'n' then Ossendowski for the other tackle, . . . yeah, Rabinowitz is O. K., but he didn't go at all in the first two games . . . that boy Markovski played a sweet guard, and Schultz is another plenty good guard, we'll put 'em on . . . 'n' Miguale for right end, with Kronheim for left, 'n' Tertchekoff for center . . . that's a line that'd stop anythin' . . . now all we need is four backs, Jim, 'n' we'll have a real team . . . let's put Gutknecht for fullback, Gustafson for half, 'n' Legendre for the other, with Zingarelli for quarter . . . there, that's a real All-American team, Jim . . . boy, can we pick 'em?"



First Old Maid: Mary, there's someone in this room.

Second O. M.: Only a mouse Marg, only a mouse.

First O. M.: Well, tell him to get out from under your bed. His snoring bothers me.

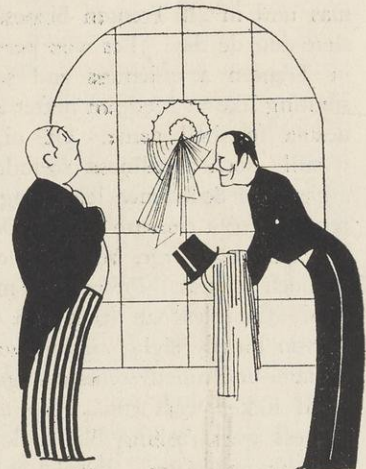
Little Girl: Look, Grandpa has caught a minnow!

Little Boy: Misrepresentation, I calls it. Misrepresentation.

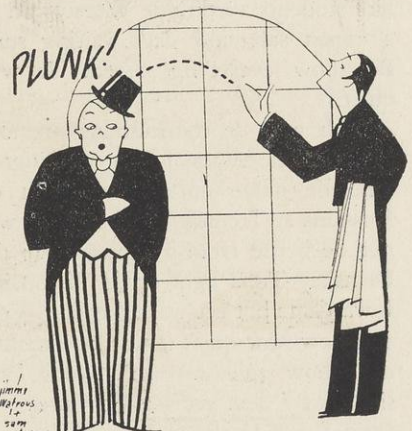


It seems that a little fellow of Hebrew extraction had a hated enemy, one Mr. Beck. It is said that Abe's secret ambition was to tell Mr. Beck just what he thought of him, and that in rather strong language. He even went to the extent of getting an estimate from the judge, a friend of his, as to just how much it would cost him should such a case go to court. Now Abe regarded the price a little high for such a proceeding and so had about given up the cherished idea entirely. Not long after however, Abe spied his pet aversion standing near the curb waiting for a bus. Abe, hailing a passing peddler and rewarding him with a dollar for the rental of his horse and wagon, drove the wagon up the street directly in front of Beck, headed the horse towards the curb and stopping the nag began, as he pulled back on the reins, "Beck, you devil! Beck, you son of -----! Beck, Beck, you --&*6\$--!"

—Buster



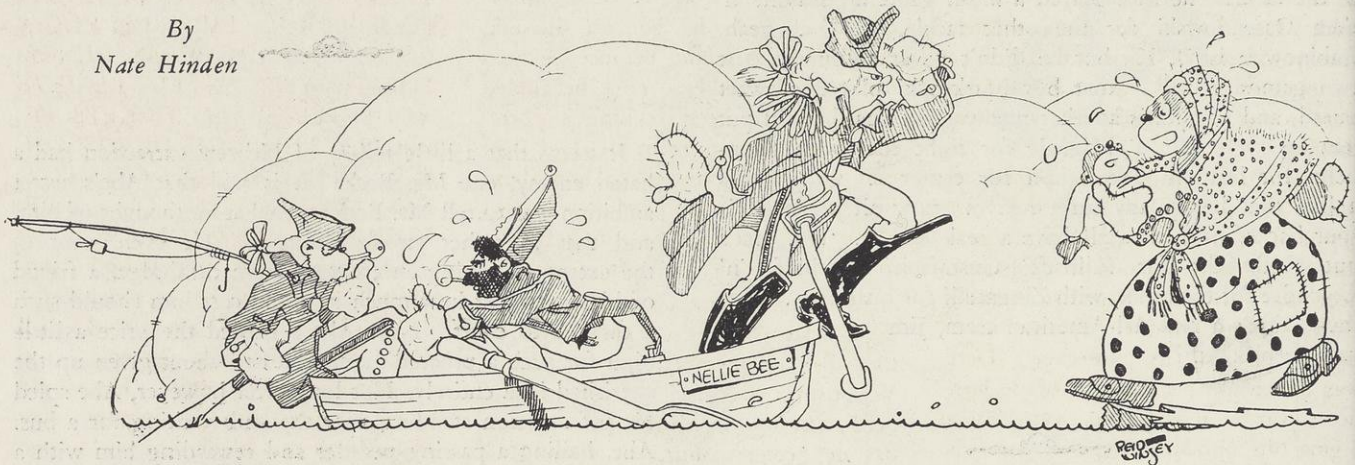
The Man Who Forgot About Christmas—Before—



—And After

BEEG SHOTS FROM HEESTORY

By
Nate Hinden



"Hallo, as I leeve und die eet's walking a goil across de ice."

Prolock.

So of cuzz gredually, de begeening
of mine story weel start to commenz.

* * *

Eet wuz de nite preciding Chreesmas und in all Trenton bizness wass shut dun de day. Eet wuz pervading in Trenton a quietness and solitude sumting like in Medison hefter a Minnesota feetsball game. Oi, oi, wass it still—soch a stillness, seemilar like a group of Scotchmen leestening to directions for a treasure hunt. De holiday rush wass over, biznees had been a hooch sokcess. Prices wass mokked dun. Cut gless cut from two dollars to vun ninedy eight, cigars two fer a dollar—und ninedy cents change, even good likker wass cut. Hup to now bizness wass rushing like a dollar at de Vunder stores. Pippel stood in line and vaited to buy moichandise like students vaiting at Weesconsin at a hopen sale und dat's vaiting sum. But now everyt'ing cissed. It wuz quiet.

Soch wuz de condeeshons previous to de bettle from Jodge Vashington (meedle name not known) mit de Hessians at Trenton. Of cuzz eet was not de bettle from a century like the Demskey-Tuna fight or de Visconsin-Iowa game bot eet was a bettle. Vell, ennyhow how quiet it was by Trenton, dot's how quiet it vasn't by de Hessians. By dem eet was de Chreesmas formal und bettle or no bettle a good time must be hed by hall hincluding

de committee. Dey sad, "Leeve to-day fur tomorrow your social privileges might be taken away." Wass it a brilliant haffair? So, hmm, dunt esk. De social kommittee from de Hessian army woiked day und night, hexcluding the daylight saving system, mit de decorations. Dey won de foist prize for decorations from the de hull Breetish army. De most beautiful goils wass dere, soch han array from beauties—Keppas, Delta Gammas, Thetas, Pie Fi's, und votnot. Each goil would cum foist or close in any Helk's beauty contest und that's for a fact rilly. Eet wass simply a gudgeous und levisch haffair und hexclusive—dunt esk—heet wass so hexclusive dat heven One-Eyed Connely couldn't crash de gate. Everyone wass heving a good time. Hoo vorried about bettles, and hoo said var vas hell, and eef it vas, all de Hessians wanted to go there. But de tick plotens. Leetle did de Hessians know wot hed in de store tomorrow for them. How should dey, dey were no mind ridders and dey had no hinquir-ing reporters.

Bot, by Vashington at Velley Fudge, eet vas a horse frum a deerferent stable. By heem wass no formal dinners or dences, no Fadder's day banquets or Homecoming celebrations. By heem eet vas cold greem war. De colonies should not pay texxes midout representation in the Interfraternity council from de Breetish hempire. Jodge figured dat if de keeng wass crowned

eet wass his own fault, because eef he came home early he wouldn't get crowned. So, I'm talling you, Vashington wass a great man, by heem wass nothing but foists. By heem wass foist in war, foist in peace, foist in de hearts from his country men (und vimmen, too) und his biographer, Octavus Jesse Cohen, said he vas not sure but he t'ought dat Jodge took foist when he ran de hundred yard dash at Williams und Mary collitch. Jodge, heemself, wass a Alpha Chi Rho. Und as for letters und honors at school, Jodge hed dem hall, und W. & M. collitch even started new honorary fret clobs so Jodge could kip hon going to school. He heven refused Phi Beta Keppa because he said eet's too beeg a heendrance to leeve down when you get hout from de collitch in de commoicial woild. Statistees show dot no Phi Bete ever gets more dan twelve feety a wik and dot's ten dollars too much. Dat's de kind of a fellow wass dees guy Jodge. Vell, so moch for Jodge.

De Continental army wass not like de Hessians. Dey vere not sleek und vell fed. Dey ate sparingly. Vashington's cooks und dieticians figured hall de kellories out correct to three decimal points. Dey had seestems from logarithms table, so dey shouldn't go wrong. Dey figured dat dere were more vitaphones in lemons dan in horanges. De meals at Velley Fudge, but dey weren't good, either, some-t'ing like de meals at de Alpha Keppa

Lambda house—but who cares? Aside from dese, odder t'ings were as bad if not voise. De slipping quarters vas cold of cuss, not quite as cold as de Theta Chi dormitory, but eet vas cold. De clothes de poor soldiers vore would not heven be fit to giev to a touch feetsball tim. Conditions were somet'ing terrible dey were enchoying.

Bot, oddder t'ings being hequal dis wasn't bed—hah—bot somet'ing voise heppend to de harmy, de morale was shot, dere vas dissension in de harmy, heet vas divided hagainst eetself. Und a house divided against itself cannot pay off its mortgage. Dere was dissension because one of de hof-ficers vas a Keppa Sig, vun vas a Sigma Nu, und de odder two, vun vas a Seeg Phi und a Phi Delt, und dey heddn't gotten over deferred rushing und prom, and dey vas still mad wid each odder, so waddle gonna be? How can you fight with such a harmy? So Jodge tried everyt'ing—he hed mess meetings, booster kempaings, smokers und even paddling. He had signs oop like dees—"kipp de hum fires boining—you'll collect insurance," "a steetch in time gathers no moss," bot eet dedn't help. Vell, in a vay you couldn't blame de poys. Dey veren't getting paid, de finences were low, und you can't fight without money—esk Demskey or Tuna.

So Jodge sad to himself, "somet'ing most be dun."

So on December fourteenth he called a convocation. Soch a meeting vot eet vas. Und I'm writing dees from notes vat I got from a Hoctopus reporter in von of de press boxes:

"So hefter de meeting vas called, Gold Olds vas passed around so de soldiers shouldn't coff und disturb de spikkers. Jodge got up and said: 'Fellas, de Hessians are professional soldiers, but t'ank Gott for small favors, Cash und Carry Pyle hasn't made you a hoffer, so you still hev your hamateur standing. Ve are now mek-king history, and de Vest publishing company said don't qvit now or dey won't publish de book. Dey vill pay me und I weel pay you—Fare enough?' Und de absent minded conducters answered 'Yes'.

"Den he introduced de spikker from de evening, a transfer Phi Keppa Sig from de University of Tolouse,

France, who was here on a travelink scholarship. Oh dis guy La Fayette was a handsome brootz. He had "eef." He vas de kind of a guy what could postpone a W. C. T. U. meeting. Vell, ven he got up to spik, everyone wass leffing because he wass not a good spikker. (But he fooled dem—he had been tekking a correspondence course from de I. C. S., und ven de reporter esked him about his success as a spikker, he replied "You too, can learn to ride a bicycle in four lessons." He commenced:

"Men und Zona Gale scholars, ees dis a system? For v'y should eet be like dis? Remember, vin or lose—Visconsin! Sacrifice!" Und he had dem all cryink. So haffected were dey dat de Scotch contingent from Vest Virginia decided to forget dere back pay. So eet wass gredually decided to write de Hessian general, Herr Tonick, a polite message esking eef he would surrender like a gentleman in a polite



"... Jodge took foist ven he ran de hundred yard dash at Williams und Mary collitch."

way. Eef eet gave a refusal, vell dat comes later in de story.

So on December seexteenth, de head general from de Hessians received de following special delivery:

"Eef it's by you agreeable, I'm mek-king you a good substantial hoffer—surrender like a gentleman und don't inconvenience de harmy. I'll give you seexty per cent down on all de new uniforms und supplies, und forty per cent on all de old vuns. Hanswer immediately if not sooner yat. R. S. V. P. Jodge Vashington. P. S. No smut cracks—for Jodge Vashington, he dunt fool."

So de Hessian general sent de fol-

lowing telegram; und to increase insult plus injury he sent it collect:

"DEAR SIR, IN REPLY TO YOUR LETTER FROM DE SIXTEENTH INST. DUNT BE A DEM FOOL JUDGE. I VISH ON YOU A COISE—FROM NOW ON HENCEFORTH YOU WEEL RECIEVE YOUR FEETSBALL TICKETS DIRECTLY THROUGH DE VISCONSIN ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT. I'M LAUGHING TO YOU. IRRE-GODLESS. HERR TONICK."

So you can imaging Jodge's hem-barrassment when he received eet—de ladder. "Hmm, smot cracks, I'll mekk from heem a creeple." So Jodge skimmed a skim. He would attack de Hessians de night in front from Chreemas because he was teeped hoff to de formal from a girl vot dedn't get a bid.

So on de twenty tird of December was held een Velly Fudge previous to dis from de sixteenth hon, de harmy went through two week of hintents training. De harmy was all keyed for de battle. Eet was divided, de harmy, into A und B squads und reserves, and de trainers tried evert'ing absolutely und positively to feex up de creeples wid chalk talks und target prectice, und dueling und punting—was not odderwise de day a soccess. Came de twenty third, und de boys vas feet—even for a Lambda Chi party. Jodge called a special chepter meeting on de twenty third und said:

"Boys, hopportunity ees ringing de front doorbell, und tonight we strike, und strike while de iron is rolling for a hot stone gathers no moss. Und don't forget habout de balloon—dey go up as soon as de first rigiment surrenders."

So eet was chartered from de Velly Fudge boat line some ferry boats, badges, canoes, und scows. Und de valiant band procided on de mission. So started de treep across de Delaware.

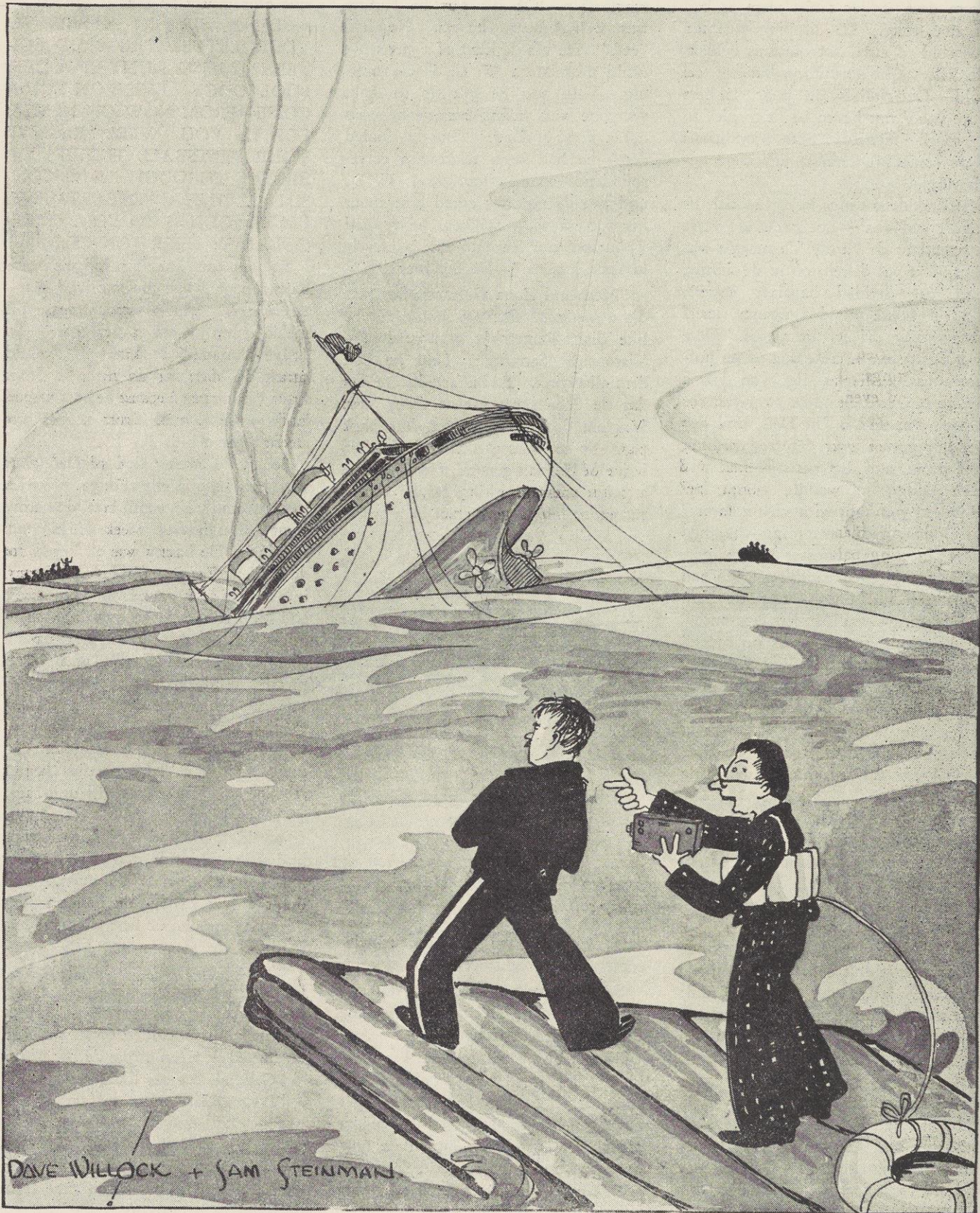
"General, eet ees likking de boat."

"Poot a pan under eet und go to bed."

"Hallo, as I leeve und die, eet's walking a goil across de ice. Say lady, excuse pliz, dees ees a bad time from de night to be valking home."

"Oh, I'm Eliza from Uncle Tom's cabin, und I'm hitch-hiking to Can-ada, but I got it a bum steer on de de-

(Continued on page 39)



Timid One: Pardon me, Captain, er, but could you do that over again by any chance, I forgot to wind my camera.

"THE GOOD OLD GAME OF DO-YOU-KNOW"

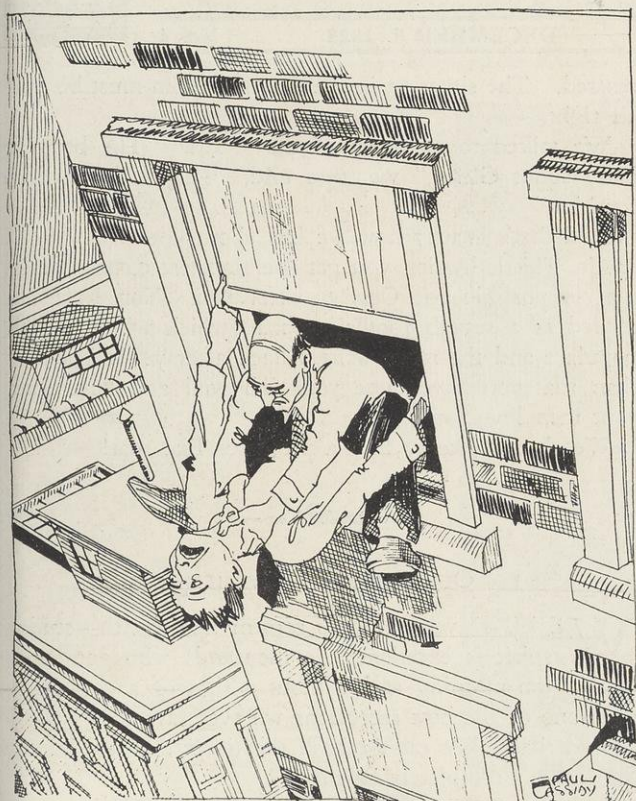
Oh, are YOU from TEXAS? Well, ISN'T that a coincidence? I have MORE friends in Texas. UM-huh. Do you know Vyril Mann? You DON'T? Why I thought EVERYBODY knew HIM—everybody that IS anybody, of course. I'm SO sorry you don't know Vyril. You really SHOULD. He lives in—oh, I can't REMEMBER the town. It BEGINS with a C, though. Callettsville? No, I don't think so. It might have been Taylor. Well, let me see who else I know—I know practically EVERYBODY at the University. I wonder if you know Bea Reveman? Such a sweet girl—and MY DEAR, POPULAR? WELL! Do you know Columbus Davis, or Lura Brandes or Fain Hairston or Sidney Parker, or Hutton Peckham, or Joe Allen, or Bruce Maddox, or Margaret Martin or—oh, YES, I know Texas IS a big state but do you know Ruth—oh, I CAN'T remember her last name—but SURELY you know RUTH?

Marcia

Soph Man: I don't see how these co-eds get away with it.

Freshman: What?

S. M.: They sit in the front row, cross their legs, and get an A out of the course. Now I sat in the front row, crossed my legs, but flunked anyway.



"This Is My Story and I'll Stick To It"

Brigham Young Makes a Telephone Call

Voice: Hello!

Brigham: Hello! Whosis?

Same Voice: This is Sophia, Brig. An' say, I got the catsy-est news. The triplets have two more teeth!

Brigham: Uh huh! Which ones?

Sophia: Bicuspids I think.

B.: No I mean which triplets?

S.: Oh! why Judith, Junis, and Judis of course.

B.: Oh! Uh huh. Say Sophia lemy talk to Heppy willya.

S. (aside): Heppy! HEPPY! Where the heck is that woman? Here she comes.

H.: Hello!

B.: Hello! This is Brigham. Did you say that we were gonna have biscuits this evenin', Heppy.

H.: No! We can't. That carload of rolling pins didn't come. Just the way with you men. Buncha foreflushers. Always pussy-footin' around askin' dumb questions and—

B. (awful loud): NEXT!!

H.: Oh darn it! Gerty c'mere.

Gerty: Hello Brigham.

B.: Hello. Say Gerty I don't think I'll be home very early tonight. You see I'm asked out to dinner, and I thought you could break it to the wifes. So if you will—(Receiver slammed.) Whew! I'm glad that fellow didn't send those rolling pins around till after this party. The boys'll be glad.

—H. W.

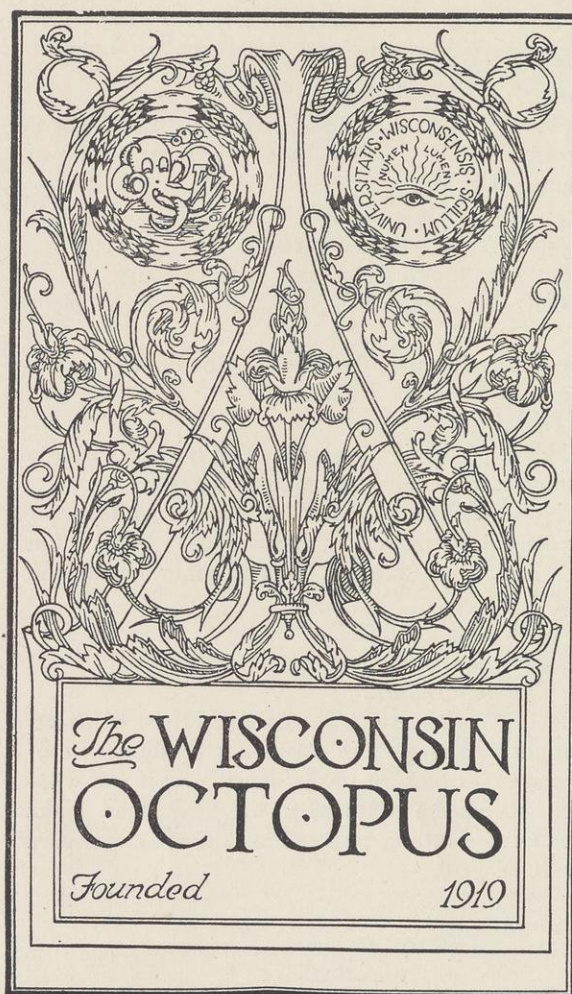
I guess the fact that Louis Wolheim started out as a math instructor accounts for his cutting such a figure as a movie villain.

ARE YOU TROUBLED WITH SQUEAKING SHOES?

Ever since I was a boy my life has been miserable with squeaking shoes. Upon walking across a floor, such an outrageous unlubricate sound would result that often I would resort to crawling on my hands and knees to avoid the humiliation of a thousand titters and askance looks.

Determined to find relief, I sought out an old assistant Indian chief whom I had heard knew a remedy for squeaking shoes. He explained to me that his people had been nearly wiped off the face of the earth by the malady which was making my life unbearable. But he saved his people by building a big fire and calling a meeting. After the minutes were read, the assistant chief rose and implored his men to throw their squeaking shoes into the fire. They did; their troubles went up with the smoke.

Now I have to go barefooted, of course, but I much prefer it to my misery of former years. I owe my all to that kind old Indian, and I hope this message will save thousands of other sufferers.



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No. 4

IN WHICH WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT

MOST of the hooray and whoopee of the past football season has died down. The extremely hectic season of 1928 has passed into the limbo of the "year-whens". Nearly everyone is looking at it in retrospect, which is after all the only way one can look at it, (silly) and so are we, but we'd like to look at it from a little different angle. What if Illinois did have a set-up schedule, what if some of those passes didn't connect in that last game, what if a plunge missed by a couple of inches? That's all been done—we can't live over the past season, nor can we play the Minnesota game again.

We're thinking of what a bunch of unheralded and unpress-agented boys did this year, and of the very excellent gentleman who showed them how to do it. A team of comparative youngsters—full of ability, but youngsters nevertheless. Not many years ago at Wisconsin such a condition would have been a catastrophe, and we might have been very much of a doormat despite our potential strength. Why? Easy—fraternity politics, petty jealousies, lack of discipline, and wavering morale have ruined only too many youthful teams.

Yet this youthful team of ours rolled up one hundred and forty-nine points with opponents showing a total of thirty-one, and in but three games was our goal line

crossed. The situation in the dressing room must be quite all right.

We talked to members of the squad. "The boys are crazy about Glenn," we were told, "They'd do anything for him."

And that's exactly how we feel about Glenn.

Mr. Thistlethwaite, you get the sincerest commendation that is possible for Octy to offer you. You have succeeded as a superb football coach (which will make the populace and the news writers flock after you), but more than that you have done your job well and have made your men love you.

We should like to find a professor like that!

OUR REFORM MOVEMENTS

WE FIND very little to reform this month—student spirit is excellent, the thousands who got out at two in the morning and without a sign of a cheerleader gave one of the best receptions we ever saw at Wisconsin proved that. We can't rehash the ticket business because the season's completely finished.

Let's see—no, even the elevator in the Union works occasionally, but the pressure in the drinking fountains is

rather low. It even appears that the Union steps are being smoothed off so as not to hold so much water.

We wish that some of the thievery about the place could be stopped, not just because we had our day—old overcoat swiped, but because other people, fully as broke as we, are having such useful items as overcoats, hats, and suits hooked. Even the Badger Bowl was hooked. We aren't surprised—we thought it would go sooner or later when we had it at the house once.

So we would like to see the organized stealing brought to a stop and the offenders given five years.

CONCERNING HOSPITALITY

OCTY believes that we have an extremely fine group of ladies and gentlemen at the University of Wisconsin. Octy believes that the treatment accorded the visitors from Minnesota and the fathers was excellent. The student body went out of its way to accord a warm-hearted reception—and when a student body can do that following the crushing of a championship, well that student body is displaying damned fine sportsmanship and good breeding.

The contrast between the attitude displayed toward a victorious school here and at the University of Iowa is marked. Out there after the game the natives raised prices, talked glumly about lucky breaks, shunned the Wisconsin crowd, moved all the furniture out of the Iowa Union and the hotel, and then wrote editorials telling about how naughty we were for removing the goal posts. Hell, when the Minnesota crowd went after the goal posts here we kept them away, until the first throes of enthusiasm had died down, and then we frankly admitted that we were outplayed. But, after all, that's the only way to be about such matters.

IN RECOGNITION

OF MR. Donovan Eastin, artist and musician. Don did the very excellent cover for last month's Octy and we somehow neglected to mention it. Don is an up and coming artist, and a darned nice guy, hence we hasten to make amends.

THIS MONTH

CHRISTMAS . . . snow . . . the lake freezing
over . . . topics . . . Christmas . . . formal-
mals . . . wailing winds . . . girls falling down on
the Hill . . . some of them being picked up . . .
basketball . . . tickets all sold out . . . when will
the field house be finished? . . . how many days left?
. . . Dean Glicksman I live in Iowa can I go home
early—it's pretty far . . . Christmas . . . Dear
Father, please send me some money . . . yes I'm go-
ing to get caught up on studying while I'm home . . .
do I know that girl well enough to give her a present?
. . . Christmas . . . when will we get those mid-
semesters back? . . . hey shut that window do you
think this is a sanitarium? . . . no I DON'T want to
get up for this eight o'clock it's too cold . . . Christmas
. . . whothahells got my overcoat? . . . for the last
time Mrs. Hoople we've gotta have some heat . . . no
wonder you girls get cold why don't you put on some
clothes? . . . Christmas . . . there ain't no Santy
Clause . . . Christmas . . .

—John

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Someone has said that if you teach your boy to blow a saxophone, he'll never blow a safe. When the neighbor's boy gets going we'd like to do a little blowing ourselves—with a shotgun.



"Well, Little Boy, What Kind of a Toothbrush Do You Want Me to Bring You for Christmas?"

"Make It a Hard One, There Ain't No Sissies in Our Family."



Everything was calm and peaceful at the Alpha Xi Delta house the night before the Minnesota game. Even the drunk from Minneapolis had gone to sleep on the doorstep. Two of the more helpful sisters brought him into the cardroom so he wouldn't freeze . . . and then forgot about him. He woke the next morning a celebrity, the first man to spend a night at a sorority house.



A certain instructor on the hill wanted to go to the Iowa-Wisconsin game recently held at Iowa City, but the small matter of a Saturday morning class stood in his way. The upshot of this desire was that the class wrote an examination under another instructor Saturday A. M. while their regular instructor sat happily in the rain watching a football game. The instructor's name is being withheld from this little story because the writer is desirous of passing the course.



Anent the drinking problem. Noyes House, Adams Hall, which formerly held undisputed dorm championship for beer drinking, has been recently vanquished by Van Hise House, according to reliable reports. Van Hise stands ready to accept a challenge for contest from any fraternity, providing they (the fraternity) buy the beer.

By Gordy and the Rover Boys

The following is a list of the number of men from Minnesota that were entertained at some of the fraternity houses the week end of the Minnesota football tragedy:

Beta . . . 20 from Minnesota;
5 from Chicago.

Delts . . . 30. (The whole chapter)

Pi K. A's . . . Between 22 and 25.

Chi Phi . . . 75. An unverified report.

Alpha Delt . . . 20.

Phi Gams . . . "Wait a minute, I'll find out."

Sig Chi . . . "We don't know."

S. A. E. . . . 23 (they think).



The Alpha Phi's, according to report, have the largest aggregation of married women on the campus. Last count numbered four.



Bill Troutman has a new system of delivering lectures. Instead of standing up in front of the class and telling them things that put them to sleep, he says, "Now will the class please line up in the front of the room?" That done, he picks out a comfortable seat in the front row and proceeds to lecture for 40 minutes. Nobody ever slept yet.

Two of the University's prize publicity hounds were looking for Bill Grube one day. Going into what they thought was the Delta Chi house, they marched upstairs, hollered for Bill, failed to find him and started down the stairs again. At the foot they were met by a small boy who told them that they were in Governor Zimmerman's house and that the Delta Chi's lived next door. Not much of an event, but one of them wrote up the story, featuring his name in it as often as possible, scrawled "approved for front page feature" across the top of it, and put it on the copy desk of the Cardinal. Unfortunately the desk editors saw through this bit of cheap publicity strategy and relegated the story to the seventh page. But don't worry Gen, here is your little story where the whole world can read it at last.



Construction on the new Kappa house will probably be delayed. They slipped up and served the new linoleum as cake at one of their Sunday evening teas. Some of us who were unfortunate enough to be watched by the charming hostesses had to go through with it and actually eat the material.



Jerry Sperling, whom the Badger lists as being an Alpha Delt, has been seen recently wearing a Sigma Kappa pledge pin.



He Won With His Irons on the Last Green

Incongruity

I'm absolutely free;
My hands are tied.
There's no one to stop me;
I've not an inch of ground.
I could conquer worlds;
Every thing is futile.
I can babble endlessly;
I must be very still.

—Ananias

She: You went sixty miles an hour around that corner.

He: Sit tight, sister, we didn't get around the corner.

1st Sweet Young Thing: That man is the orchestra leader at the Orpheum.

2nd Sweet Young Thing: How do you know he is?

1st Sweet Young Thing: My boy friend called him "Joe".

"Mama, where are we going?"

"To the hand laundry."

"But, mama, I just washed my hands."

"There's at Least One—"

"And oh say Bill you don't need that five you loaned me last year do you? Oh, you do! Gosh, well that's certainly a rotten break Bill. Cause, darn the luck I haven't got enough to buy a fur coat for a hummin' bird. You say you do need that five awful bad. Oh, for Susie. Yea. Well, Bill I tellya what I'll do, me bein' such a big hearted bozo is lucky for you, I'll just loan you five till next week. I couldn't begin to think of paying a five right now, but I understand how you need it. Oh gosh, well congrats old pal so you're makin' a match of it. I didn't know you an' Susie was so thick. You say it's all set for a week from tomorrow. Uh-huh! Church weddin' I spose. Well, Bill I tellya. You've alays been a purty good friend so I think I'll jest make you a weddin' present of this five so you won't have to think about payin' it back. An' say if you'll jest mention it to Susie, you know I used to knock around a bit with Susie, wy I'll be much obliged. Er—say wouldn't it be nicer, you know jest assa little surprise for her if I was to do it up in a envelope and send it to ya. That's jest what I'll do, an'

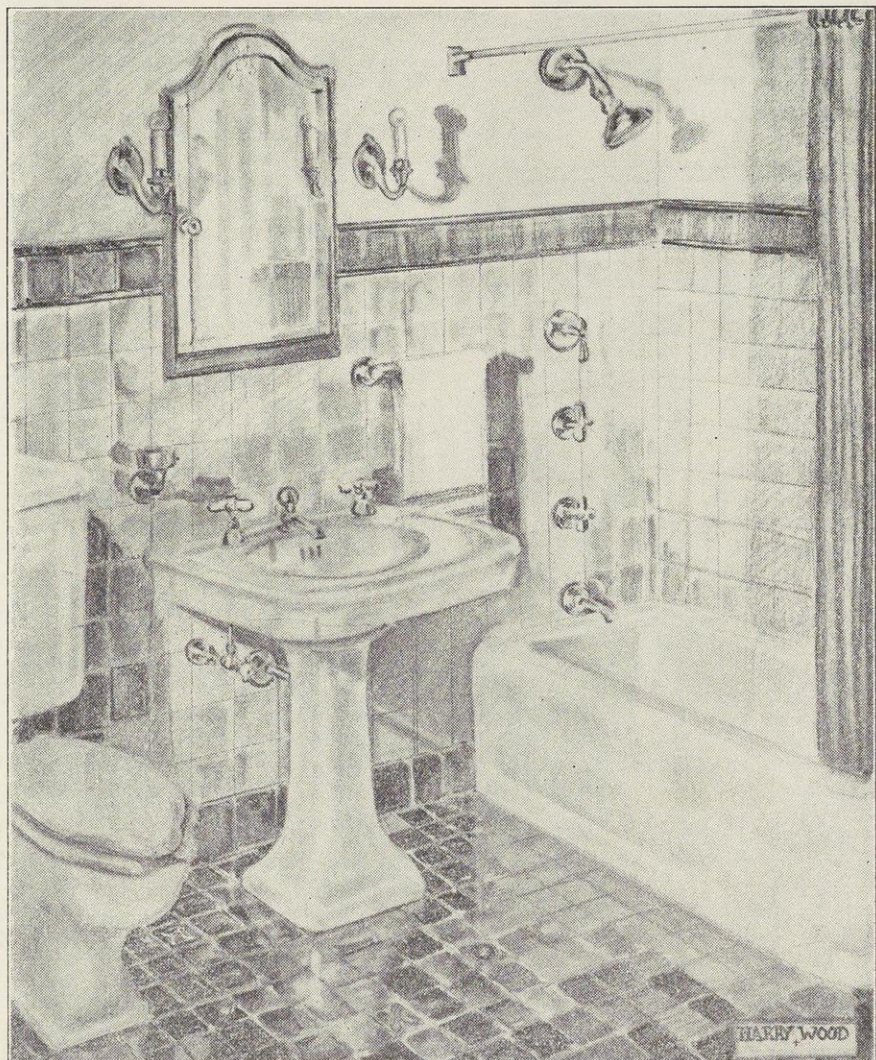
"Well can ya beat that. Walks right off like a buzzard with the asthma. Never even thanks a body for a nice cozy weddin' present straight from the heart. I guess that's the way with these people that can't think of anything but money, money, money."

—H. W.

Murder in the first degree is the worst, but murder in any degree is killing.

"Aha!" cried Sir Roderick, "Thou wert in, but I found ye out!"

"Nay," quoth Quendolyn, "I was out, but I was all in."



Governor-elect Kobler Furnishes His Offices in the Capitol

SEND A TELEGRAM FOR XMAS

"Merry Christmas Boys and Girls this is station W Bum Bum Bum Chicago, the ol gray mare club (crash)—(Whinny) the old boys themselves, Coon and Sanders (hic—crash) Do Do Do deo dodo. (Crash)

"Sorry folks but another announcer has just bit the (crash) and (zowie) get away joe and we'll plays and sing for the people . . . hey hey . . . what a night . . . the ol gray mare club or something like that (Crash).

"Now will sing sing ramona come on Joe . . . ha ha ha that was a good one can I tell it to the (Whoopie) folks? (crash?) Well let's get to gether gather up the boys and this is the ol gray mare whoopie club ninty miles northwest by south of Chicago Bommbers town . . . hey hey . . ." (and so on into the night).



Old Woman: The Goblins will get you!

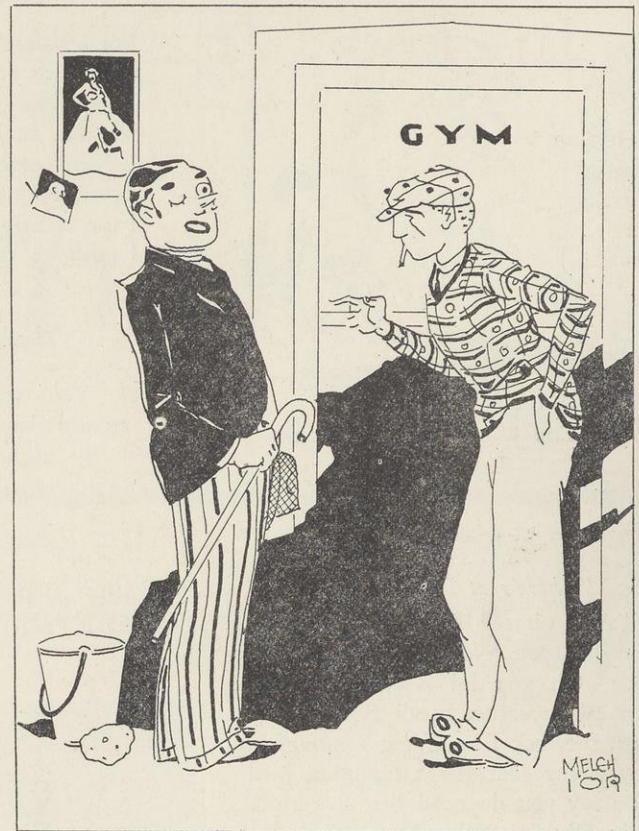
Little Boy: No, they won't. I've already signed with the Third Ward Alley Rats to play fullback for 'em.



It must be terrible to be moral and not be able to laugh at the gags they pull at the Orph.



Christmas Eve



Shoplifter: Expect to be busy this Christmas?
Ditto: Oh, I'll have me hands full.

The 12:56

"Why, Annette, I didn't think you'd be on this train. How are you anyway? It's been ages since I saw you last . . . put your bag on the rack, it'll be out of the way. My dear, I couldn't get anything at all done . . . actually I had a date every night . . . George is so nice, and then of course we never see anything of each other except during vacations. Oh, I got loads of nice things . . . a new coonskin coat from dad and mother . . . you did, gee, I've always wanted one . . . no, I don't think Jeanne came back, I got a letter from her and she was going to Princeton for some dance . . . the show was wonderful this year . . . Helen gave a dance New Year's night, and it was a riot . . . no I stayed sober, George doesn't think it becoming for a girl to drink. Yes, I let it grow, and I'm not going to cut it again . . . yes, but I cross mine over, and then take two pins, it always works that way . . . I have an

awful time keeping the stray ends from flying all over, but I hate a net. Gee, only three weeks 'til finals, and I haven't cracked a book in years . . . guess I'll have to study a little for a change . . . but I don't see how I can pass that damn psych course, the prof is perfectly horrible all the time, and he never gives me a chance . . . yes, Hayden is awful too, I had him last year . . . we're going to have our formal the seventeenth 'cause the Thetas are taking the sixteenth and the next week there's a million. The man wants your ticket dear . . . it's only Woodstock, we've got five hours to go yet . . . gee, but I'm sleepy."

—H. J. S.



"Did you know about the one-legged man?"

"No, what about him?"

"He had one foot, but he didn't use it as a rule."

In The Christmas Octy We Have--

Professor C. F. Gillen

He objects to having his correct age printed. He was born in St. Johns, New Brunswick "less than one hundred years ago". He came to Wisconsin a decade ago. He is married and has two boys and girl: Fred, Hugh, and Beatrice. He is the leading wit of the French department.

He is President of the Madison Art Association. His greatest experience was seeing Sir John Forbes Robertson play in "Hamlet" fifteen years ago. His hobbies are music, art, and walking. He has one of the finest collections of wood block prints, etchings, and water colour drawings in the state. He is famed for his lecture recitals. He has a very strong dislike for jazz in literature, art, and athletics. He believes that the present popular athletic games are lacking in making for poise, charm, and grace of carriage. He advocates fencing, tennis, and handball.

He will stop his French classes to make them look out of the window at a beautiful bit of sky colouring. He believes students do not need teachers to help them with their studies, but to help them interpret life. He thinks that athletic coaches should not get any more money than professors. His desk is always littered with pictures, papers, and pamphlets of all kinds. He is one of the pleasantest and most entertaining persons to be found on the campus.

Prof. William Ellery Leonard

He is more of a fixture to the campus than Lake Mendota. He was born in Plainfield, N. J., in 1876. He obtained his A.B. at Boston University, his A.M. at Harvard, and his Ph.D. at Columbia University. He studied for several years at the universities of Gottingen and Bonn in Germany. He has been a high school principal at Plainfield, a German instructor at Lynn, Massachusetts, and a fellow at Columbia. He came to Wisconsin in 1906. He is a member of Beta Theta Pi. He is one of the leading scholars in the mid-west and can read, with varying success, in twenty-five different languages. Although a professor of English, he is teaching courses in Norwegian and Latin, this semester. He likes to be on informal terms with students. He has written thirteen books and has translated a host of poems and books in half a dozen languages. He considers "Two Lives" the best of his books. He likes to swim, skate, play tennis, bridge, and baseball. He is a rare combination of a scholar, a creative artist, an excellent teacher, and a man with a vital interest in present day questions. He dislikes "bumpious sham".

Coach Tom Jones

He has the pleasantest, the most expansive, the friendliest smile on the campus. He was born at Cresco, Iowa in 1877. For three years he was high school principal and coach of football and track at Algona, Iowa. He left Algona for the Springfield College of Physical Directors in Massachusetts.

While there he played fullback on the football team which held Harvard to a 9-5 score. Next he went to Harvard for more advanced physical education courses. From 1908-9 he was coach of all sports at Madison Central High and organized the first Department of Physical Education in the city. Among the boys whom he coached at Central was Sam Barry, now basketball coach at Iowa. In 1910 he

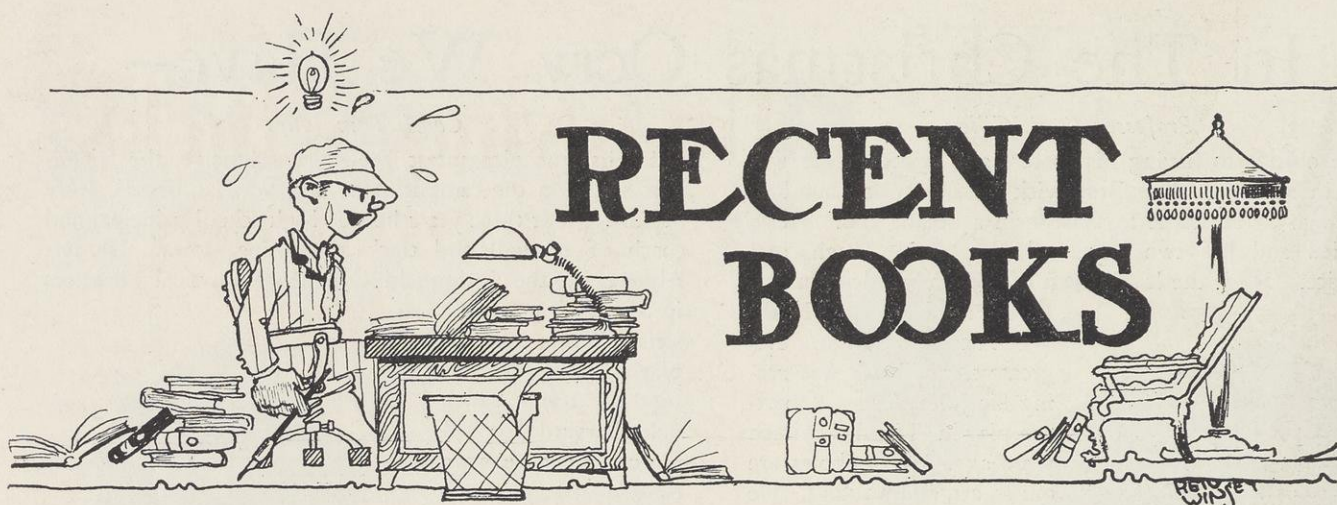
went to Missouri as track and cross-country coach and assistant football coach. While there his track and cross-country teams were undefeated. Two years later he came to Wisconsin as track coach and assistant football coach. His record as track coach includes the winning of ten out of the twenty-one conference championships in cross-country; three indoor championships; two outdoor championships; and a host of second and third place teams in both indoor and outdoor track. He is one of the ten greatest track coaches in the United States. He has two children, a daughter, Elizabeth Jane, and a son, Carmen. He is a member of Acacia. He was Director of Physical Education from 1916-25. He loves to hunt and stroll in the woods. He is one of the best football scouts in the country.

Some say he is "too fair and square to be a good coach." He considers himself a "fair bridge player". He is the friend and ideal of every man who comes in contact with him.

Words by

Irv Tressler

**DRAWN BY
DICK ABERT**
WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT TO
THE VICTIMS



POINT COUNTERPOINT

(Courtesy of Brown's Book Shop)

In Aldous Huxley's *Point Counterpoint* (Doubleday, Doran), the point, to my mind, is lost in the counterpoint—the pattern in the embroidery. Mr. Huxley has cast a stone into the water, the concentric circles resulting have somewhat dazzled us, but the stone has sunk. Briefly, the thesis of *Point Counterpoint* is that man should be a human being, but is continually being warped away from the norm of his humanity into perversions of that norm. This is all very well, and very true. Plato discovered the fact long ago, and Meredith, not so long ago, rediscovered it with the aid of his Comic Spirit. One suspects that Mr. Huxley's norm is less human than Plato's and his comic Spirit less sunny than Meredith's. One suspects that his natural man is not so far away from the natural man of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. To reassert an ancient heresy is man's inalienable privilege. But the added difficulty with Aldous Huxley is not the theme itself, but its variations. In *Point Counterpoint* the perversions have so outstanding a place that they dwarf the conception of which they are perversions.

An Arabesque Novel

There is no denying Aldous Huxley's brilliance, nor, in *Point Counterpoint*, the seriousness of his intent. There is no sense in blaming the book for its being inchoate and episodic. It has the form which its title suggests; it is an arabesque. Mr. Huxley has anticipated criticism when he makes one of his characters write:

"The great defect of the novel of ideas is that it is a made-up affair. Necessarily; for people who can reel off neatly formulated notions aren't quite real; they're slightly monstrous. Living with monsters becomes rather tiresome in the long run."

A Savor of Monstrosity

Waiving the fact that the run here is indubitably long, one feels that the statement is not entirely true. One task of the novelist is to keep his characters from seeming monsters, to prevent them from formulating their no-

tions too neatly. Tolstoy's is a case in point. At his best, Tolstoy fuses idea with character and action; not at his best, he talks out like Aldous Huxley, but without Huxley's brilliance. And is it not possibly Huxley's very brilliance that gives to *Point Counterpoint* its savor of monstrosity?

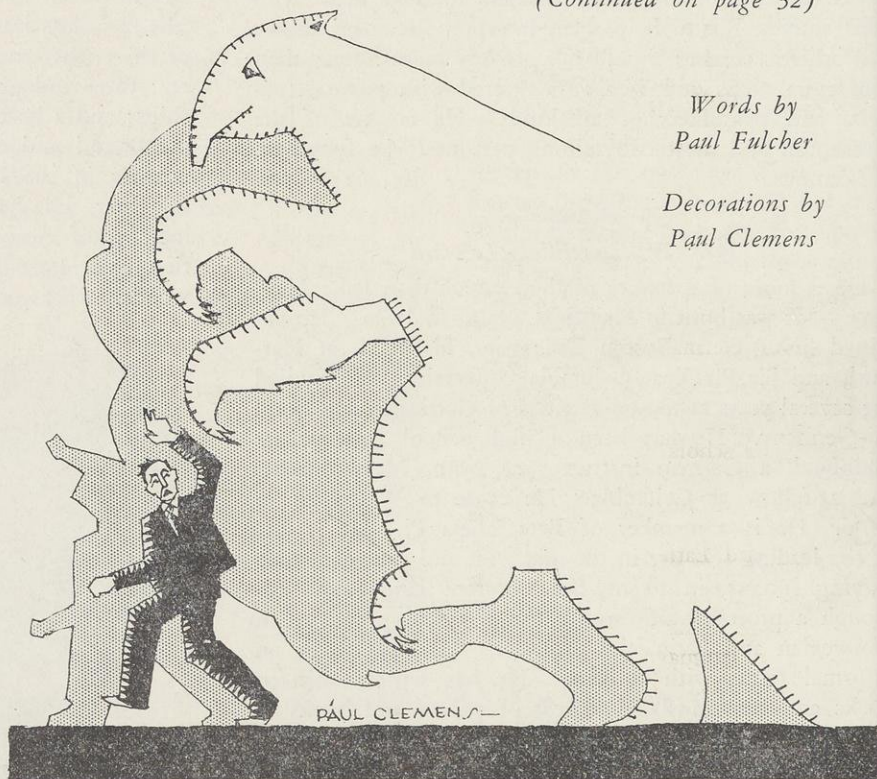
MR. BLETTSWORTHY ON RAMPOLLE ISLAND

In *Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampolle Island* (Doubleday, Doran), H. G. Wells is again waging his eternal war against the Megatherium. That ani-

(Continued on page 32)

Words by
Paul Fulcher

Decorations by
Paul Clemens



"... H. G. Wells is again waging his eternal war against the Megatherium."

"I'm giving Schicks
for Christmas
this year"

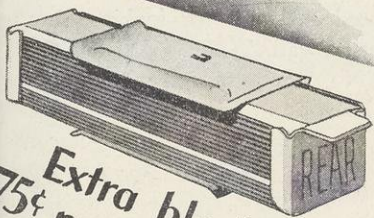
The whole male tribe must modernize

It's up to us fellows to keep the family and friends up to date. And when I stop to think of Dad and a whole flock of brothers, cousins and uncles scraping and slicing away with their old hoes and battle-axes while I just wave the whiskers away with my Schick . . .

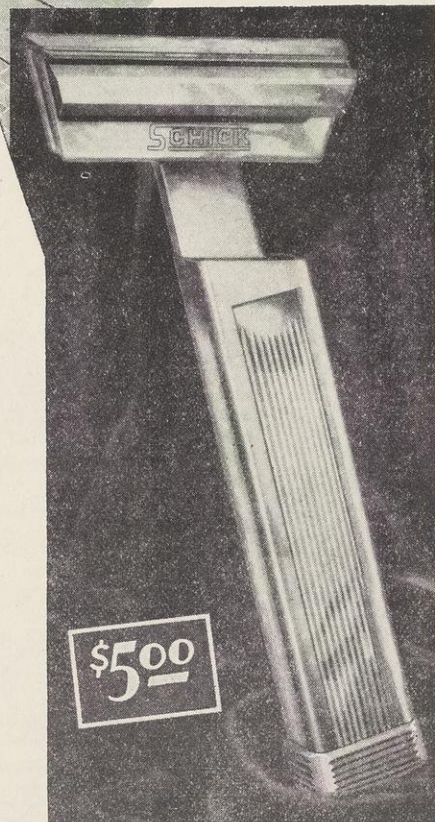
Why it's not only a privilege but a duty to wish 'em a Merry Christmas with a Schick. Dad'll be as tickled as a kid with a new toy when he finds there are 20 blades in Schick's handle and you just pull out the plunger and snap it back to replace the old blade with a fresh one.

And those superkeen Schick blades that shave as no other blade ever shaved—talk about your "school-boy with his shining morning face"—I'm going home Christmas just to be beamed on by my male relatives. It's a hit, fellows. Get your orders in early.

Schick Razors are sold in the better stores at \$5.00, including 20 blades. (Gold model \$7.50.) Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York.



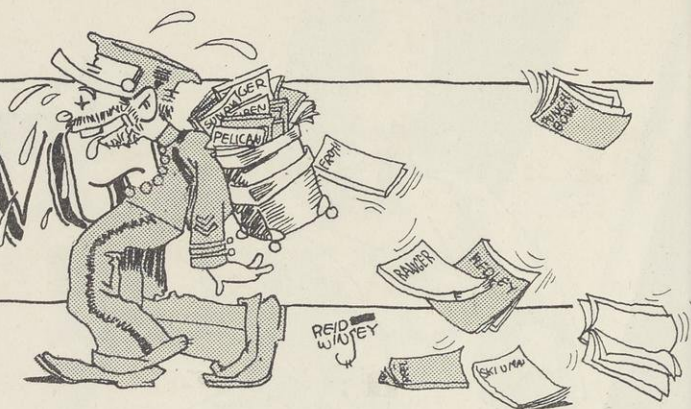
Extra blades
75¢ per clip of 20



A smooth shave, quick

Schick ^{with a} Repeating Razor

EXCHANGE



If you are caught in hot water be nonchalant, take a bath.

—Log

His mother called him Louie—he was the fourteenth.

—Frvol.

Little Boy (to father who has just returned from hospital after operation for appendicitis): Well, where's the baby?

—Cornell Widow



Indignant Parent (6 A. M.): Young man, what do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour?

Flaming Youth: Hell, I gotta be at work by 7.

—Texas Ranger

(Scratching): "How do you get rid of these damn cooties?"

"That's easy. Take a bath in sand and rub down in alcohol. The cooties get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks."

—Purple Cow

"Hear about the fellow who invented a device for looking through a brick wall?"

"No, what's he call it?"

"A window, sap!"

—Record

"Say, pard, the sheriff wants you fer that murder at Bernie's Gulch. Hev yuh got an alibi?"

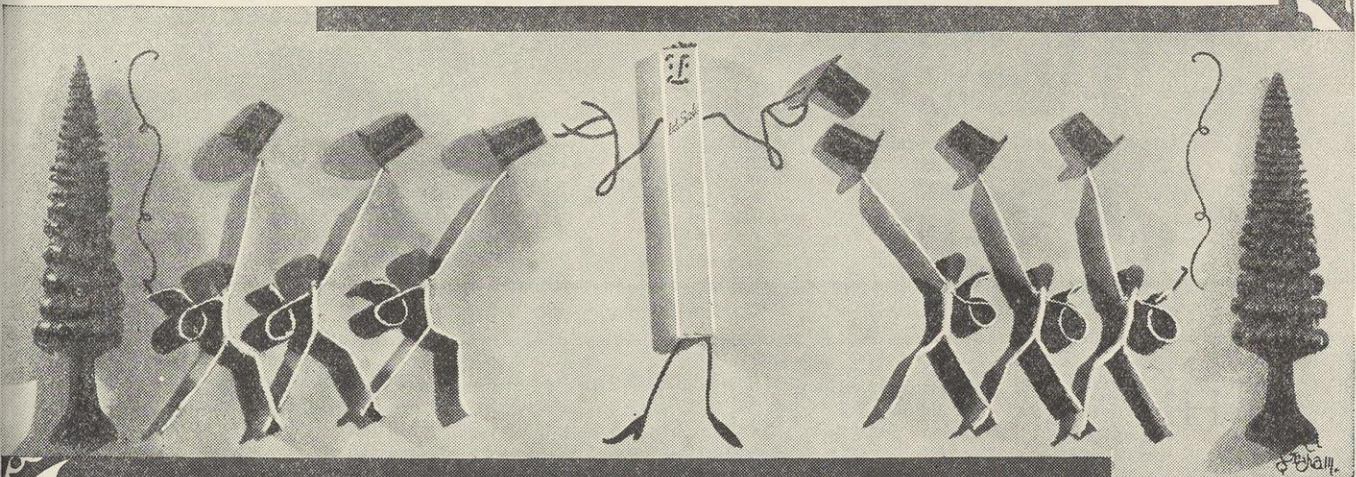
"Shore. That was the day I shot Maverick Slim over in Tony's joint down t' Hell's Station."

—Columns

The Retired Stockbroker Who Couldn't Overcome the Ticker Tape Habit.

—Stanford Chaparral

**May Your Christmas
be as MERRY
as you have made
OLD GOLD'S**



© P. LORILLARD CO., EST. 1760

A year ago OLD GOLD'S holiday message to its many friends was entitled, "OLD GOLD'S first Christmas." OLD GOLD was then just the infant prodigy among cigarettes. But, thanks to its three million new friends, and its countless old ones, OLD GOLD has grown four hundred per cent. The infant has become a strapping young giant. OLD GOLD is America's fastest growing cigarette. You have given OLD GOLD a wonderful Christmas by your kind patronage and cordial good-will. And in deepest appreciation we say to all our friends, "May your Christmas be as merry as you have made OLD GOLD'S."

We thank you.

P. Lorillard Company
INCORPORATED



Rosmor Frocks

231 STATE STREET

Offers for Your Approval Latest Creations

For Dinner and Dance
For Afternoon Wear
For Sport Occasions
For Business Wear
For School and College

AT OUR ONE PRICE

\$15

OTHER ROSMOR STORES
in Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Rockford,
Hammond and other cities.

THE WAXWORKS

By Tod Williston

COLUMBIA

Gypsy: Whiteman's best in months.
Jeannine: twelve inches of beauty.
You're the Cream in My Coffee: stupid melody set to a catchy rhythm.
I Wanna Be Loved by You: a disappointment after hearing Helen Kane sing it.
Doin' the Raccoon: Rah! Rah!
Happy Days and Lonely Nights: sophisticatedly stimulating.
Come On, Baby: includes some great banjo work.
Avalon Town: Spanish.
Billie: not much of a waltz.
My Window of Dreams: Leo Reisman still has a good band.
When Summer is Gone: throw them a fish.
There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder: best recording of this, but the vocal chorus is the horrors.
Dusky Stevedore: starts out impressively.
When Sweet Susie Goes Steppin' By: lively and with a rhythm.
You're in Love and I'm in Love: Ruth Etting and a cornet.

My Blackbirds are Bluebirds Now: got so interested in listening to the cornet I forgot about Ruth.
Dog-Gone: (the Nifty Three) needs bass in the back-ground.
Anything Your Heart Desires: Rhythm Boys stuff.

BRUNSWICK

Sonny Boy: makes a fair fox-trot.
Four or Five Times: ye goode olde hotte dragge.
Don't Mess Around With Me: boisterous.
It Goes Like This: Ben Bernie plays an exceptionally good one.
Rhythm King: takes prize money.
Jubilee Stomp: on fire.
King for a Day: you've heard it anyhow.
Carmen: pretty waltz.
Got Everything: the folder says it's good; I don't.
On Wisconsin: (West Point Band) same arrangement as used by our own band.
U. of W. Songs: every Badger should have this.
Serenade Songs: not loud enough.

(Continued on page 30)



You're Old Enough Now to Know

REMEMBER Christmas Eve when you confidently dangled your sock on the fireplace . . . and then Aunt Phoebe marshalled you off to bed . . . while mama and papa stayed up to welcome Santa Claus? Perhaps, you've already discovered that it was all just "Pretend" . . . and there really is no Santa Claus. Stern reality . . . bitter disillusionment . . . ah, yes. But then . . . you're old enough now to know.

And here's another little secret we're going to let you in on! When smart collegians shop in Milwaukee they shop at Gimbels. There, now, we've told you, because . . . well, you're old enough now to know.

GIMBELS

Rain or Shine

A Date is Fine

IN A

BADGER RENT-A-CAR

250 State

--

Fairchild 2099

Campus Soda Grill

"The Place That Malted Milk Made"

...

On Cold Dreary Nights
Don't Forget Our Tele-
phone Number

Fairchild 3535

...

W E D E L I V E R

(Continued from page 28)

VICTOR

Stephen Foster Album: (Nat Schilkret's Salon Orchestra)
an ideal Christmas gift.

Wagner Album: selections from *Die Meistersinger*, *Parsifal* and *Goetterdammerung*.

Doin' the Raccoon: George Olson pulls a Waring.

It Goes Like This: O. K.

I Loved You Then as I Love You Now: typical talkie
theme song.

Sally of My Dreams: another, slightly better.

Here's That Party Now in Person: dancy.

Come On, Baby: low brow.

I Can't Give You Anthing but Love, Baby: by Schilkret's
Rhythm Melodists.

I'm Sorry Sally: hodge-podge of solos.

What a Night for Spooning: Warings drop the freshman
act and really play a song.

High Up on a Hilltop: refined.

Where Were You—Where Was I: great tune for dancing.

Metropolis: (Paul Whiteman) in four twelve inch parts.
Futuristic music, much of it in rhythm.



"Hello, let's get married."

"But, my dear man, I've only just met you. Take it
easy, Rome wasn't built in a day."

"Yeh, I know, but look at the hot time Nero had after
it was built."

—Chanticleer

THE LEARBURY TUXEDO

Designed in deference to the wishes of the college man. You will enjoy this athletic type—easy, comfortable and smart—of course.

Come in for your Learbury Red Boy Windshield Stickers—Free.



KARSTENS
22-24 N. Carroll St.

HOW TO CATCH A MOUSE

- 1) Allow mouse to approach within easy jumping distance. Then strike up a lively tune on your Saxophone. Mouse will probably die of shell shock.
- 2) Scatter broken glass over room. Mouse having tender feet will often catch Tetanus and die.
- 3) If mouse be in parlor, flood parlor to the ceiling. Mouse will then rise to surface and may be easily caught with a fly net. (Damage to property may be avoided by removing ash trays from room first.)
- 4) Leave windows open. Mouse will then contract sinus trouble and may be caught at ease.
- 5) If all these methods fail, merely leave mouse alone. If the house be a fraternity, the mouse will automatically starve to death anyway!

—Steve

CHRISTMAS LIST

For any movie producer—a talking picture device that doesn't lisp.

For every university—an undefeated football team.

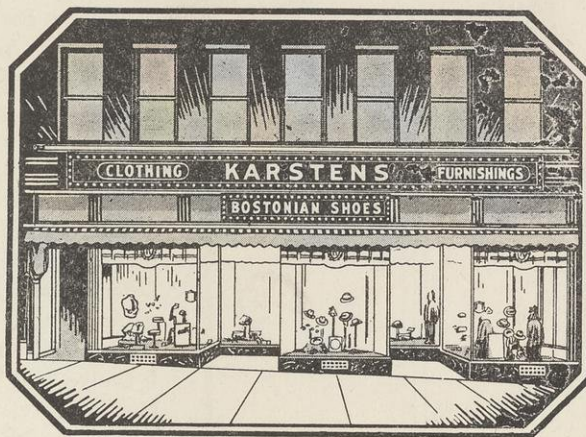
For the Prince of Wales—a new place on the face of the earth to visit.

For the New York Yankees—a charm to protect them from what the other American League teams wish them.

For Colonel Lindbergh—a chance to remind the public of who he is.

For Sinclair Lewis—a little publicity.

For the Octy staff—an idea machine.



A Store for Wisconsin Men

A very large proportion of Wisconsin men have the fixed habit of coming here for everything in apparel—in hats—in clothes—in footwear. They know that what they want will be found here—that what they buy will be the most correct—and that although the qualities are exceptional the costs are moderate.

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square—Carroll Near State

Call for Her TONIGHT

in a car from the

U. W. Rent-a-Car Co.

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F. 6676

Malone Grocery

Agency

**Richelieu Pure Food
Products**

Wholesale and Retail

**GROCERIES, FRUITS
VEGETABLES**

434 State Street

Telephone B. 1163—1164

(Continued from page 24)

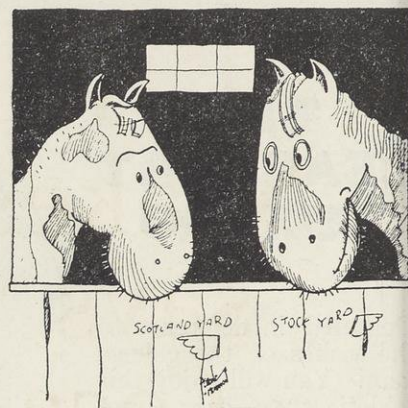
mal, familiarly known as the giant sloth, is seemingly not yet extinct, the statements of scientists and the unceasing activities of Mr. Wells to the contrary. For the benefit of those who do not have that broad, well-correlated knowledge of all aspects of ancient and modern life which the English department shares with the experimental college, let me say that the Wellsian variety of Megatheria is characterized by the fact that it does not breed, evolve, or die—except, for the latter, when Mr. Wells succeeds in getting in a particularly well-aimed thrust. (Even Mr. Wells cannot make it evolve, and he is just as well pleased that it has ceased to breed.) Furthermore, Megatheria suspiciously resemble our long-established institutions, such as nation, church, capitalism, and the social order.

A Mellow, Kinder Wells

So far, one might think that *Mr. Blettsworthy* is just another Wells novel. That would be a mistake. It is the best Wells novel for some time. It has some of the humor of *Mr. Polly* and *Kipps*; the fantasy and adventure and love of the marvelous of romances like *The Time Machine* and *The Dream*; the discussion of the religious-socio-political novels. And it is Mr. Wells grown mellow, kinder, more tolerant and patient. He still makes use of science, but he does not worship it. He is inclined to forgive his enemies; he has always done good to them that hate him, but here he is not so anxious that they should know that he is doing them good. And, best of all, he is not in such a hurry. He is still interested in a world that is changing, not a world as it is; but he sees that the change may come slowly, and that perhaps it will come through a gradually increasing number of better men, rather than a sudden Utopianization of institutions and society. It is so pleasant to have Mr. Wells come round to one's own point of view!

Mr. Fly: Are you going south this winter?

Miss Fly: Oh, I 'spec so!



"How did you like that meal?"
"Oats all right"

. . . Juggler

The dean of women says that people with will power are those who get along in the world. But lots of co-eds disagree.

Drunk: Whash 'at shine shay?
Friend Pilot: "Winter Fur Sale".

Drunk: Fer gosh, who wantsh tuh buy the durn thing?

Blase Daughter: Dad, do you still believe in Christmas?

Old-fashioned Dad: When I look at the bills, I know it's a fact.

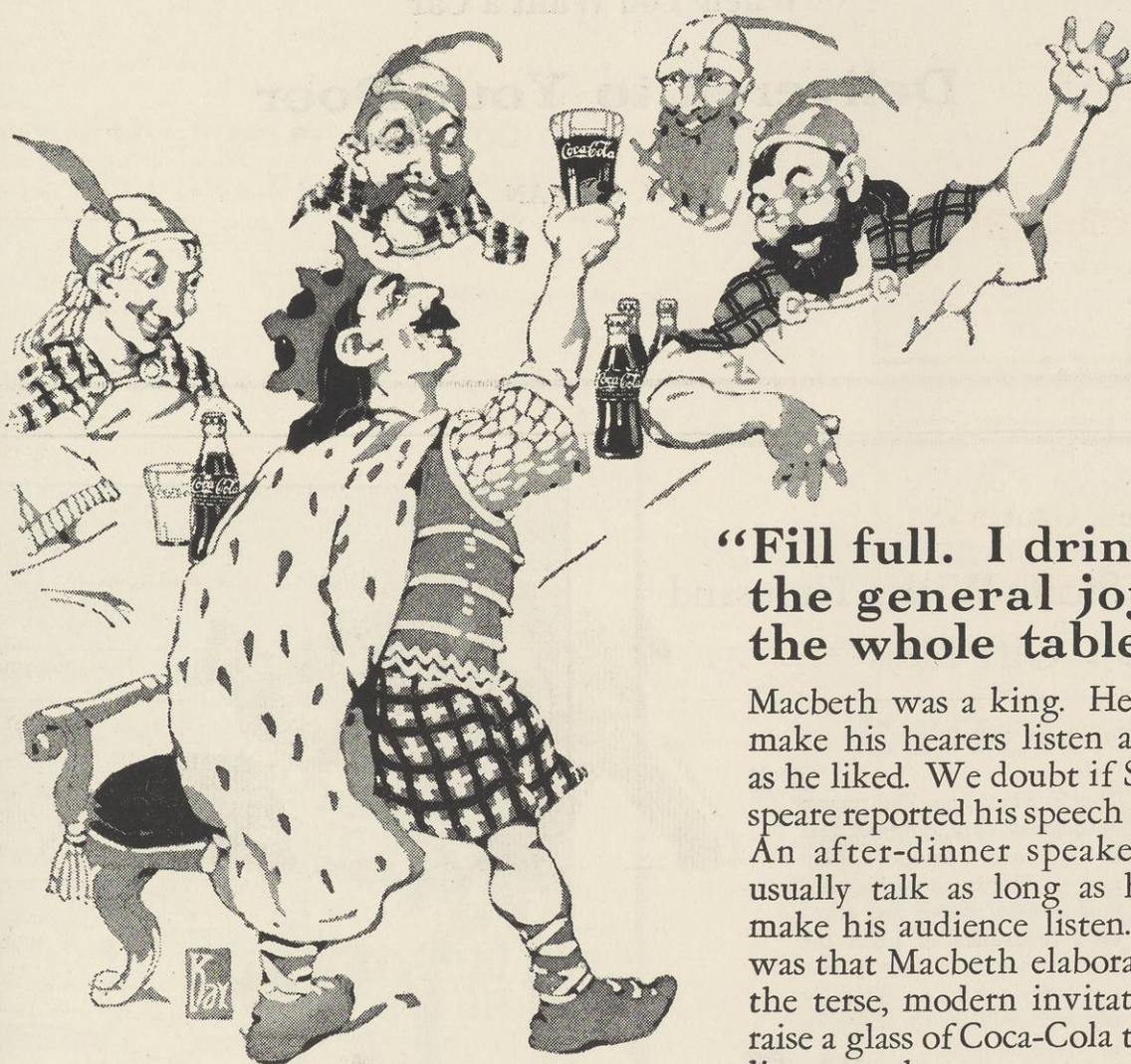
Pome

(After the style of any Zona Gale Scholar)

Soft gentle snow
pitter patter
snow
Pitter pitter
patter patter
snow

Snow snow snow
My God when will it end?
(Editor's note—Right here.)

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Macbeth
Act III, Scene 4

**“Fill full. I drink to
the general joy o’
the whole table” ~**

Macbeth was a king. He could make his hearers listen as long as he liked. We doubt if Shakespeare reported his speech in full. An after-dinner speaker will usually talk as long as he can make his audience listen. So it was that Macbeth elaborated on the terse, modern invitation to raise a glass of Coca-Cola to your lips, namely —

*8 million
a day*

Refresh yourself!

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

CAPITAL CITY RENT-A-CAR CO.

REMEMBER F. 334

When You Want a Car

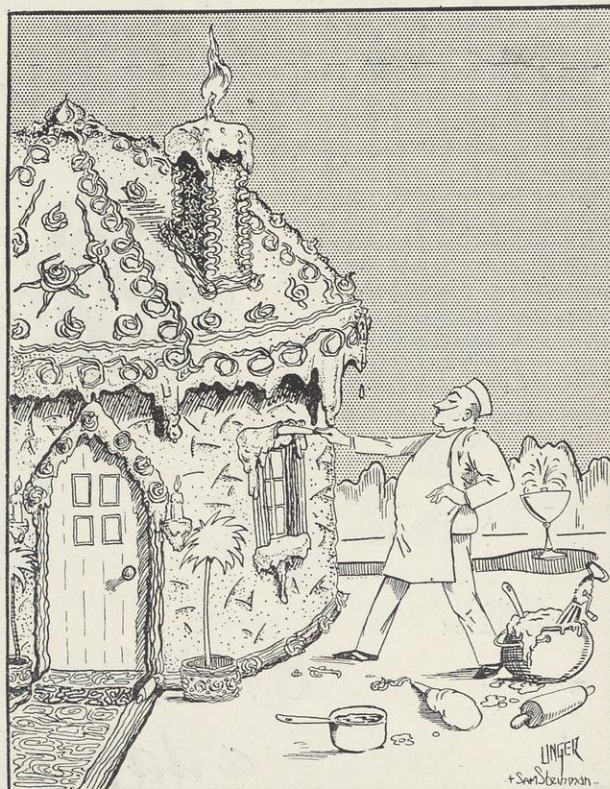
Delivered to Your Door

434 W. GILMAN

"Two Stores With a Thousand
:-:- Gift Ideas :-:-"

That's what one Wehrmann enthusiast said, and modest as we are, we can't help agree. For in these luggage and leather stores are gathered thousands of gifts for any person, for any purse, for every purpose. Simplify the gift problem by shopping at Wehrmann's.

WEHRMANN'S



The Pastry Chef Takes Up Exterior Decorating

*To express something
deeper than mere giving
buy your gifts from*

Anderes & Spoo

MADISON

On Capitol Square
18 No. Carroll

*Authority in apparel
of merit for gentlemen*

A Merry Christmas to All

The doctor and the undertaker are a jolly pair
They often work together and they always work with
care,
They form a combination that is hard to separate,
For they cannot be successful if they don't cooperate.

The doctor always says the case demands an operation
The undertaker hears of this with feelings of elation,
The doctor gets his patient ready—sharpens up his knife
And warms up to the happy task of parting him from
life.

How many people really know what chances they are taking
When off for doctor's care they run with some slight
paltry aching?
Why soon I surely hope to see some brave astute mortician,
Take offices with our old friend the great and good
physician.

—J. A. M. Jr.



"STUDENTS APPEAL TO CITY COUNCIL FOR
CHECKERBOARD SYSTEM OF STREETS" (Headline)
Hmmm—to play around town more, maybe?

All Engraving in the Octo-
pus Was Done By

**Brock
Engraving
Company**

Artists and Engravers

4th Floor
State Journal Building

Phone—Fairchild 913



Christmas at Baron's

Three floors of GIFTS from the four corners of the earth. You will enjoy seeing these new things and we will enjoy showing them to you.

A Pleasant Evening Is Assured

— in a —

College Rent-a-Car

315 N. Henry

F. 4464

Recommendation

Would you break my heart and crack it in half?
Would you trample it under your feet and laugh?
Would you make me a cynic—bred from despair?
Have me wear a plaid face of vari-hued care?
Should I court desperation, hope to die soon?
Try sanity, boy, and cry for the moon.

—Ananias



He: I'm glad because the student directories finally came out.

She: Why?

He: I signed up for a couple of courses at the beginning of the year and then forgot where the lectures are given. Now I can call the profs and find out.



Of course you've heard the one about the Scotchman who licked his glasses after splashing through his breakfast grapefruit.



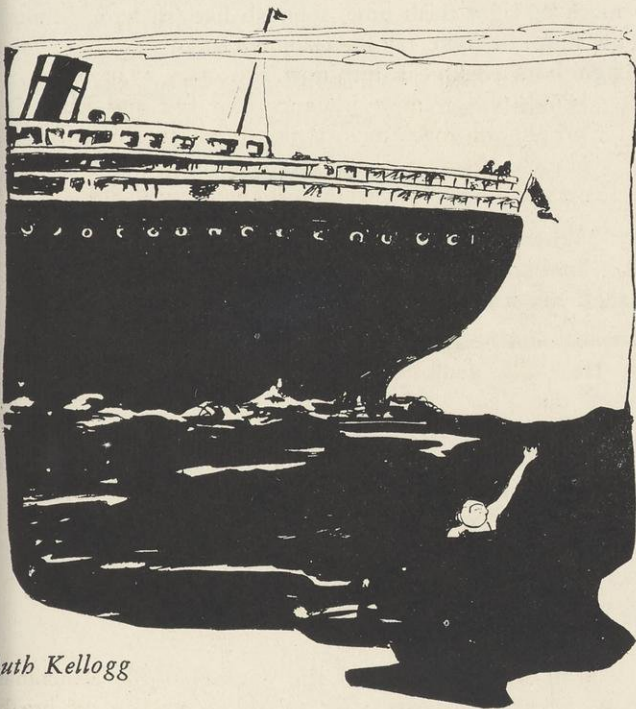
Al Smith has sung his Swan Song, but he's still looking for the gents who "framed" our constitution.



We suggest that you make your reservation now for your fraternity and sorority parties as the requests for rooms are very numerous for this purpose.

Hotel Loraine

Phone B. 3200



Ruth Kellogg

"Don't Forget to Drop Me a Line!"

"I'm very sorry to hear your wife is so ill, Benjamin. Not dangerous, I hope."
 "Thank'ee, miss, but she be too weak now to be dangerous."
 —Ex.

There is distinction
 in wearing
 Tiffany Frocks



Tiffany's

546 STATE

A Dramatic Sensation

WISCONSON UNIVERSITY PLAYERS

... IN ...

"THE CRADLE SONG"

DEC. 8, 14, 15, (Mat. and Eve.)

200 Bascom

B 1717

U 209W

THE UNIVERSITY THEATRE

'77 Comes Back

"Hello, everybody . . . I'm Joe Bunion, got out in '77, guess you boys don't remember me . . . oh, yes, glad to know you Brother Harrison . . . 's a pleasure to meet you Brother Willson. Got a new house since I left I see, pretty nice place all right, but it can't beat the old house that burned. No sir! No thanks, I don't drink. Yes sir, we did have some good times in that house. I can remember . . . no, I rarely ever take anything of an alcoholic nature . . . well, if you insist, just one. As I was saying I can see it just as plain as day. . . . Eddie Morris was going to the Theta formal . . . what? . . . yes, thanks. Well, Eddie was going, yes, he was going to the Kappa formal, no I mean he was going to the Gamma Phi, no I mean, well, anyway he was going . . . no really, my constitution wouldn't stand it . . . but if you insist. Ash I was shaying, Eddie, good ol' Eddie, prob'ly you boys don't recall Eddie, 'cause that wash a long time ago . . . another? . . . why of cōurse I will, never refushe anything the broth-

ersh give me, dear brothersh in Gamma Gamma Gamma, let ush pray. Aaaamennn. 'shall right boys, never mind, Joey'll buy you a new rug; caushe I know 'sh a terrible thing t' be wishout rugs. Rugs are mosht esshenshial to th' human race. 'Sh my check for ten thoushan' dollars, 'n' don't shpend it foo'ishly boysh, 'n' 'bove all, never forget wha' Joey'sh done for you. Anosher? 'Sto many, but can't be helped, pour 't out. Drink to ol' Gamma Gamma Gamma Gamma, may she ever be wrong, but—, no 'sh not right, may she ever be right, but ne-never wrong, mush be right thish time, soundsh like 'sh wrong though, but mush be right, ray for Gamma Gamm . . . "shall righ' boysh, goin't' shleep now."

—H. J. S.



"Where are gunmen first mentioned in the Bible?"

"In Proverbs where it says, 'For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous'."

GIFTS

A Man's Christmas is made
merry by wearable gifts,
finer than he'd buy
himself.

HOAK & DUNN

644 State Street

O. M. Nelson & Son

Diamond Merchants, Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street

for

Nearly A Half Century

(Continued from page 15)

tour signs, und my poor baby wheech I'm hentering in de baby show at Win-nipeg ees frizzing."

"Dot's allright, jump in dis boat und ve'll geef you a leeft as far as Trenton. Ve're going to pay de Hessians a hinformal visit. Nize bebbly, zippoop anudder drinking from Coca Cola. Leggo de watch."

Came pretty near dawn ven eet arrived, de sturdy band in Trenton. It's no need to describe very geographical de bettle, eet can be found in de hysterical library. Vid a solid front dey crashed into de Trenton Armory vere vas held de Hessian formal.

"Vot's dis—de Betas coming un-ited? God save de king."

"To hell vid de king, save de wim-min foist."

"To arms—to arms!"

"Vot's dees—a petting party? Pleease don't give de right names."

Herr Tonick looked about, und gave a Hamlet soliloquy. "Either I'm drunk or have been cheated." He saw double so instead of seeing a small harmy he saw a beeg one. "Vot's de use of fighting—de king didn't geev me a raise. Boys—you can toin in your time slips to the time-kipper—heet's no use to battle weeth odds."

So he waved de white fleg and hostility cissed. So it was called an intermission in de party, but de musicians waited with de manager from de musicians union (local number 34) so dey should be payed. Eet was lined up de armies in brilliant formations yet while de ceremony was going on.

Eet was soch a solemn occasion similar to a Phi Sigma Kappa initiation.

"Jodge, I queet, I t'row up, I re-sizne—I t'ink ve're licked."

"You ketch right on, Herr Tonick, old top."

"You ain't such a bad bad fellow, Jodge."

"You're not a Chi Phi yourself, Herr. I'll tell you, so dat de party will not be a total loss, we'll join ya. We're not proud. On wit de dence. Sherman vas right—de hell he vas."

Epilogue

Hexerpt tekken from Vashington's diary: "We hev met de henemy und dey are ours. Four pints of gin, a case of Scotch, und two cartons of Gold Olds."

(DOT'S ALL)

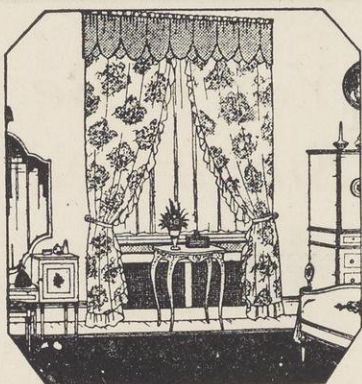
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and IMPRESSES

Straus Printing Co.

118 East Main Street

Phone Badger 1763



Modes of the Moment in Home Furnishings

by Marcia Meadows

Courtesy of
Marshall Field & Company,
Wholesale, Chicago

and

**BURDICK & MURRAY
COMPANY**

This month I have had a charming little breakfast room sketched for you. It was planned to supplement rather than formal dining room and has proved so inviting that the family also uses it frequently for luncheons and for impromptu after-the-theatre suppers.

The cheerful colors of the little room and its big windows are its chief attraction, I believe. The walls are finished in light gray-green in two-tone effect, and hung with bright flower prints. The floor is painted a deep rusty red, and an unfinished breakfast set was given two coats of lacquer in a soft shade of sand color.

The over curtains are a particularly bright and pleasant pattern in Colonial Town and Country printed linen—Ribbon-rose, it is called—showing long, graceful garlands of ribbon and bright bouquets upon a natural linen ground.

They are gay enough—these curtains—to make almost anyone start the morning happily. They hang straight to the floor under a beautifully shaped valance of solid color green linen outlined with a wide band in a much darker shade. Glass curtains of ecru Opalescent Gauze were used.

The accessories of the room include coarse linen table and buffet scarfs, tall pewter candle sticks, a pottery bowl for flowers and a broad lipped, brightly colored dish of peasant ware for fruit.

COLONIAL DRAPERIES are not high priced—
45c, 85c, \$1.50

PANTORIUM COMPANY

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558 STATE STREET
Phone Badger 1180

It Happens in the Best Sororities

Gee, I'm glad we had this dance. I've been waiting for it all evening. Of course not . . . Joe is fine but . . . He just doesn't care for me that's all. No, to tell you the truth, I see very little of him now. . . . Well, last Wednesday and Saturday. . . . He very rarely calls me up any more. . . . Do you really! . . . Hee, Hee. Don't you think that Sociology course is the dumbest thing? I can't get anything out of it. I wish I could find somebody to help me. . . I just don't know anything! Ohooooo—you can't tell me. Why you're bright. . . . Gee, would you? No kidding, I don't

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Christmas Gifts

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Christmas Wrappings

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The Mouse-Around Shop

Upstairs at 416 State St.

But it at a Gift Shop

know anything about the course. . . . Well, of course, that mid semester was funny. . . . I just struck it lucky. . . . I got a 93. With my knowledge of the course that's positively funny, isn't it? Hee, Hee. . . . He just seemed to ask the questions I happened to know. . . . Well. How about Wednesday night? I'd have to meet you some place. . . . Florence would bite my head off if she knew. . . . Tell me, aren't you hot? Let's go out on the porch and cool off. . . . Of course not. . . . Don't be silly; she won't even know we've been out. . . .

(Exit)

—Steve

He was a good skate but he slid to the devil.

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of a

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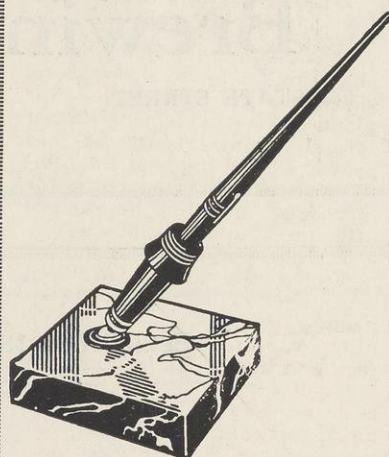
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And the colors! Pearl and black, jade, blue, cherry red—! Boy, I'm telling you, one of those Desk Sets is bound to please her.

Come in and "havalook" at

**Rider's
Pen
Shop**

650 State St.

I've been kicked aroun' by half the coaches an' berated by most of the Profs at this "U". I've been two-timed by half-pints and razzed by squirts. I've sat through Orph shows galore, an' I've left my shoes on the floor when some damn fools ser'naded the girls next door during the wee hours. I've had my shirts an' ties borrowed (an' not returned), an' had gin spilled on my Tux that left holes in it. Everythin' without battin' an eyelash. Patient as Job an' tolerance personified, that's me, an' me not so smallish either. Yes sir, an' I've had some pretty low tricks pulled on me 'sides, but by Gawd if I catch the guy that cut all the suspender buttons off

my pants an' en swiped my belt, I'll tack his ears to the wall an' jerk the floor out from under him.

Hula hula dancers like chewing gum because it's Wrigley.

"Yuh heard of the new shot put liquor?"

"Nope, what about it?"

"One drink an' yuh heave."

"Give me a sentence with the word 'Gunga Din'."

"If you lose your ticket, how you Gunga Din?"

—Judge

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Zoo Prof. (taking class on an exhibition trip): I have a group of twenty freshmen. Can't you let us look at the monkey for half price?

Keeper: Twenty freshmen! Wait, I'll bring the monkey out to look at you.

—Pelican



"What makes Jack so restless today?"

"He went to one of those shows last night where all the actors are trained fleas."

"What of it?"

"Well, Jack forgot himself, and went home with the leading lady."

—Virginia Reel



"Sir Knight," quoth the queen. "You have slain nine dragons and saved the country from boredom. As a reward you may kiss our hand."

"Say, whassa matter?" queried the Knight, "Yer mouth dirty?"

—California Pelican

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Suspenders	-----\$1.00 to \$3.00
Silk Scarfs	-----\$2.50 to \$5.00
Golf Hose	-----\$2.00 to \$10.00
Pigskin Gloves	-----\$4.00 to \$5.00
Radio Jackets	-----\$10.00 to \$15.00
Knitted Gloves	-----\$1.50

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All Gifts in Beautiful Gift Boxes

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234 State Street

WHAT THEY LAUGHED AT WHEN MOTHER
WAS A GIRL



BUSINESS ADVICE

Mrs. Obenstein: Isaac's found a cent; I tell him to put it in his bank.

Isaac: No, I vunt; I vill wait fer ther reward.

Mr. Obenstein: No, no, Isaac; you petter pay some-dings fer a penny und sell it fer dree cents, und den Pop-per let's you haf a five-cent handkerchief at gost price.

(Puck, 1893)

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*Individual
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Fairchild 4645

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
* * * x x x ? ? ? ! ! ! * * * ? ? ?

—Belle Hop



"These flies pester my baby so."
"Must be a spoiled child."

—Chanticleer



"Who was the lady I seen you with last night?"
"My, my, such English."

—Boston Beanpot



He: Have you ever heard about the traveling salesman—

She: Shut up! I am a farmer's daughter.

—Sun Dial

Smart Shoulders are Wearing SUSPENDERS by PIONEER



Someone once remarked that what a college education most gives a man is "a point of view"—a viewpoint that includes an appreciation of the finer things in life and an alertness to new fashions and tendencies.

So it's significant that college men were first to sense the vogue of suspenders and to realize that "it's the hang of the trousers that matters."

Leading New York tailors advocate the wearing of suspenders for the proper hang of the trousers.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS · PIONEER BELTS · BRIGHTON GARTERS

"How did you find yourself this morning after Bigg's party?"

"I just looked under the table and there I was."

—Chanticleer



Pilot: What do you think of Lindbergh?

Mechanic: Too strong. Just plain yellow cheese is good enough for me.

—Virginia Reel



Shy Youth: Do you love me?

Pretty Maiden: I love everybody.

Shy Youth: Aw! Let God do that—we should specialize.

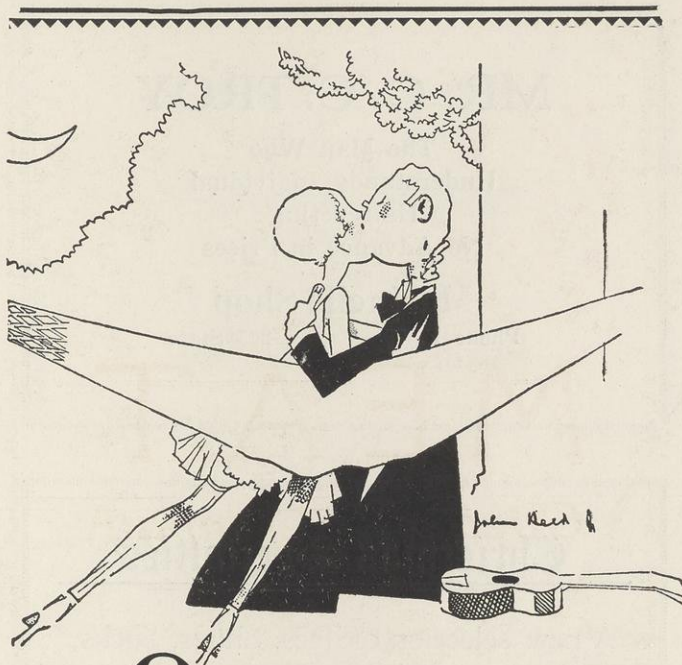
—Pelican



"Well, what did she say when you told her you wanted her heart?"

"Cut it out, brother, cut it out."

—M. Gargoyles



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Percy Marks, the Montrosses, Katharine Brush, James Montgomery Flagg, and hundreds of college writers and artists have made the January COLLEGE HUMOR especially brilliant.

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The Dekes at Syracuse, by Howard Barnes, an intimate picture of this fraternity group—who they are, what they do and what they like.

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and Selz Shoes

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The Cardinal Shirt Shop

658 State Street

Fairchild 4420

Yeah

"Who won that fight you fellows got into last night?"
"The usher guysh."
"The other guys?"
"Yesh, the usher guysh."
"Who were they?"
"Usher guys."
"Well who in hell were these 'usher guysh'?"
"You know; those birdsh that usher . . . usher guysh."
Plop!

—M. Gargoyle

C. O. D.

Prohibition Officer: Sonny, d'ya wanna make five dollars?

Mountaineer Boy: Shore. How?

Officer: I'll give you five to take me up this creek to
the whiskey still.

Mountaineer: All right. Give me the five.

Officer: Oh, I'll pay when we come back.

Mountaineer: Mister, you hain't comin' back.

—Oklahoma Whirlwind

Driver of the Car (unfamiliar with the road): I take
the next turn, don't I?

Muffled Male Voice from the Back Seat: Like hell you
do!

—Jack-O'-Lantern

The Groom: You are the most wonderful woman in
the whole world. I love you and would gladly die for you.

The Bride: Oh, you're so-o-o-o romantic, just like my
second husband.

—C. Puppet

Phone Fairchild 153

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FINE SILK HOSE

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tractive price.

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ONE OF THOSE THINGS

"Curfew shall not ring tonight, mother," sobbed little Willie, as he put on his galoshes and stepped out into the warm morning sunlight (62 degrees Fahrenheit). "Curfew shall not—Oh my garters!" (as he stooped to retrieve them) "curfew shall not . . ." at that moment in walked Olive.

"Mother, I am going to kill Olive".

"Oh, no, you mustn't kill Olive. Olive is the best friend you have." At that moment in walked Olive. She was accompanied by Uncle Billy Wiggly whose whiskers were entwined with sprigs of spinach blossoms.

"Where have you been?" entreated Olive.

"To see the pie-eating team home from Milwaukee", shouted Uncle Billy, "Where would you suppose?"

"From Milwaukee?" little Willie interpolated. "Oh, how br—I mean, gruesome. Mother I am going to kill Olive."

"Great Caesar's wars," cooed Olive, "my marcel is coming out. Shrimp always did affect me that way. Somehow I never could read Tennyson.

"Now to my mind, said Uncle Billy, "oyster ice-cream . . . just then he felt himself slipping. Dexterously he pulled the lever and slid back the door. "Third floor—bladies ready-to-wear—furniture—hardware—hats—corsets and coffins. Watch your step please" he sang out.

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EDW. F. MEIER

FLORIST

101 W. Mifflin Street

Decorations for Formals
Flowers Telegraphed Anywhere

"Is this the Bedgewater Each Hotel?" little Willie simpered fiercely. "If it is I am going to kill Olive".

"Oh, no, you mustn't kill Olive. Olive is the best friend you have."

"The die is cast, e pluribus unum, and other rhetorical
—Marcia



His Look-Out

"Clorine," said Clorine's mistress, "I've heard about your hard luck, and I'm terribly sorry."

"'Deed, ma'am, Ah ain't had no hahd luck."

"Why—wasn't your husband killed in a railroad accident yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am—but dat's his hahd luck—not mine."

—Tawney Kat



VOTES FOR SMITH

"I had it right on the tip of my tongue when a policeman came along and—"

"—prevented your saying it?"

"No, took the bottle away and drank it himself."

—Reserve Red Cat

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P-repared. We have
I-n our office a brand
N-ew multigraph. It does
G-ood work—and how!

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limit to the importance of the position he plays; no limit to his eligibility save his own desire to make and retain a place for himself.



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