

Octopus: Homecoming no.. [Vol. 14, No. 2] October 28, 1932

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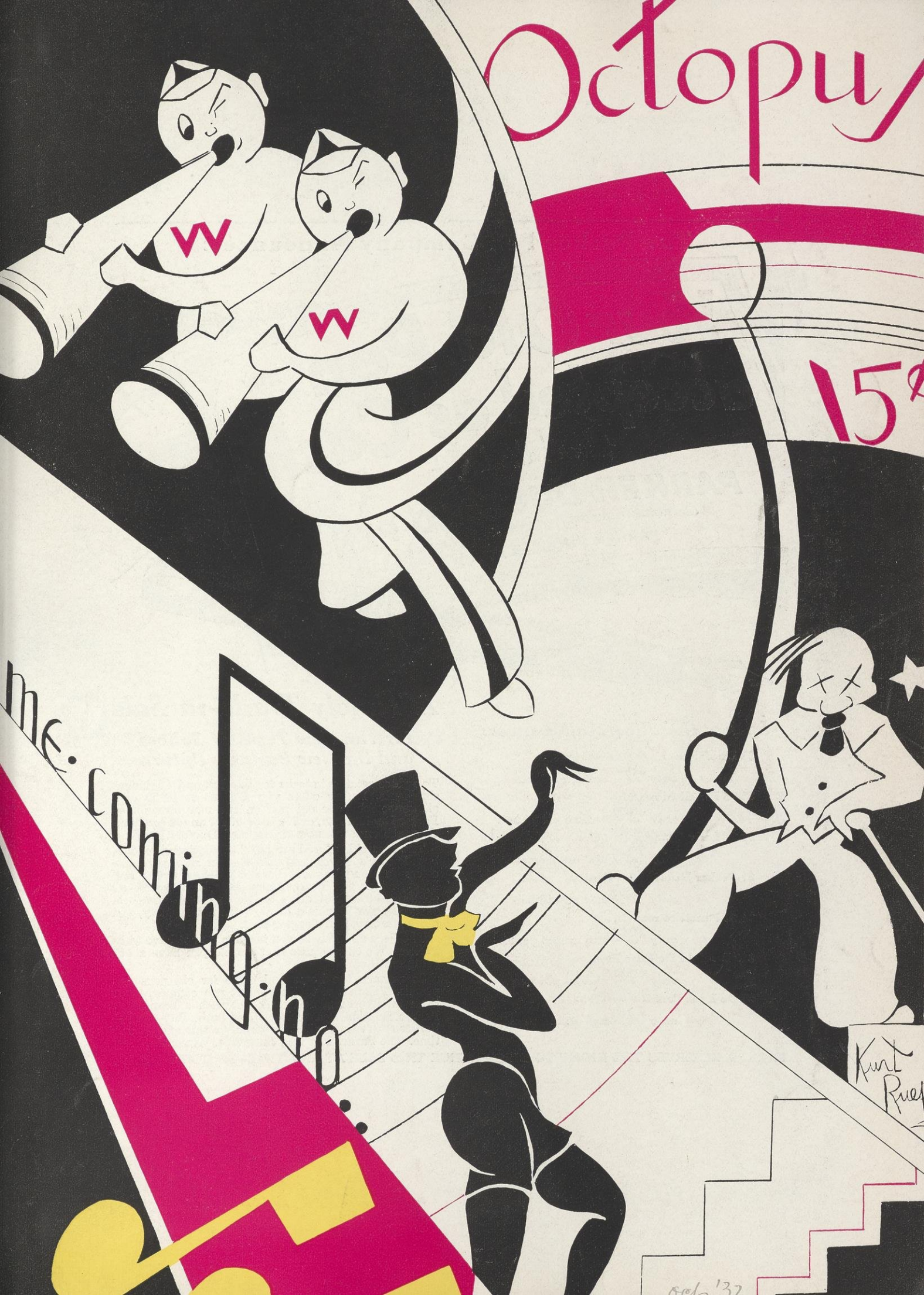
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October

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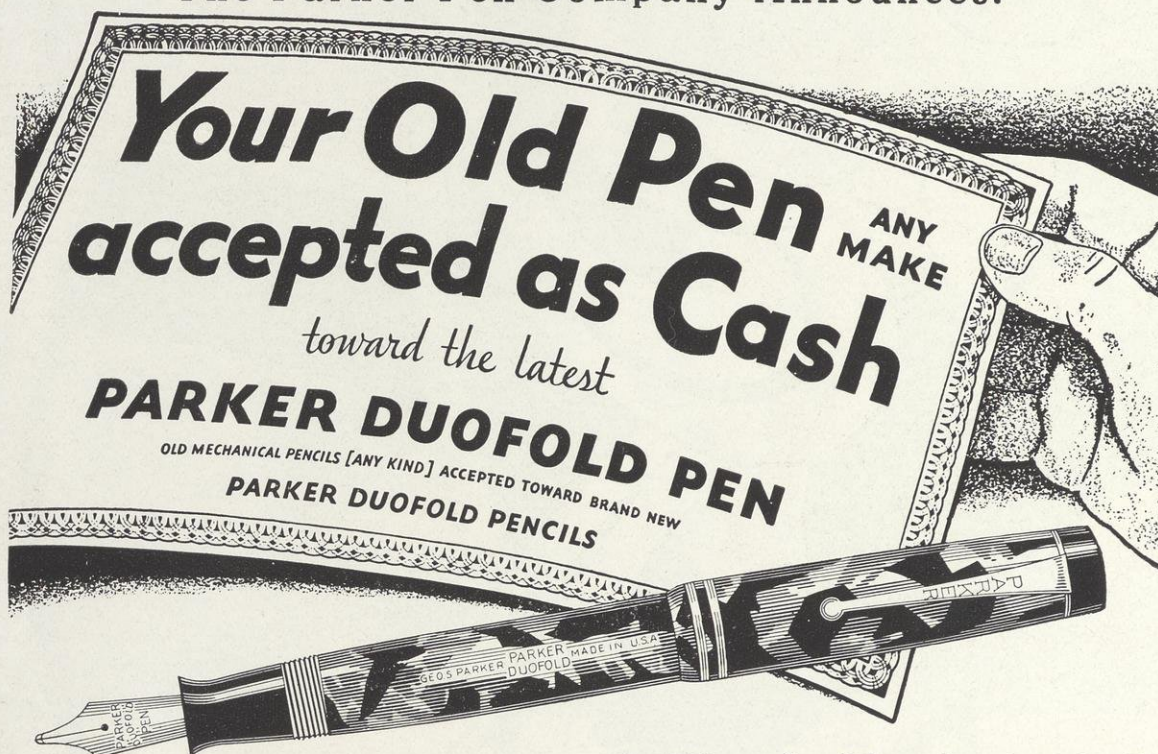


the. comi

Kurt Ruel

Oct '32

The Parker Pen Company Announces:



Look at these liberal allowances:

- \$5 Duofold or Lady Duofold Pen,
only \$3⁷⁵— and an old pen
- \$3.75 Pencil to match,
only \$3⁰⁰— and an old pencil
- \$3.25 Lady Duofold Pencil,
only \$2⁵⁰— and an old pencil
- \$7 Parker Duofold Sr. Pen,
only \$5⁰⁰— and an old pen
- \$4.25 Pencil to match,
only \$3²⁵— and an old pencil
- \$10 Duofold De Luxe Pen,
only \$7⁵⁰— and an old pen
- \$5 De Luxe Pencil to match,
only \$4⁰⁰— and an old pencil

A Timely Trade-in Sale

*for the New Term of School
and the New Business Upturn*

To reduce retailers' stocks for late fall and Christmas shipments, Parker offers you a \$1.25 to \$2.50 cash allowance for your old pen on the new streamlined Parker Duofold Pen, or 75c to \$1.00 for an old mechanical pencil on a fine new streamlined Duofold Pencil.

The Duofolds offered are NOT discontinued models, but Parker's finest and latest—exclusive jewel-like colors in non-breakable Permanite—Sea Green and Black, Black and Pearl, Black, Jade, and others—all gold mounted, and all with Parker's super-smooth, "special-order" Duofold point, extra ink capacity, and quick-starting, non-clogging feed.

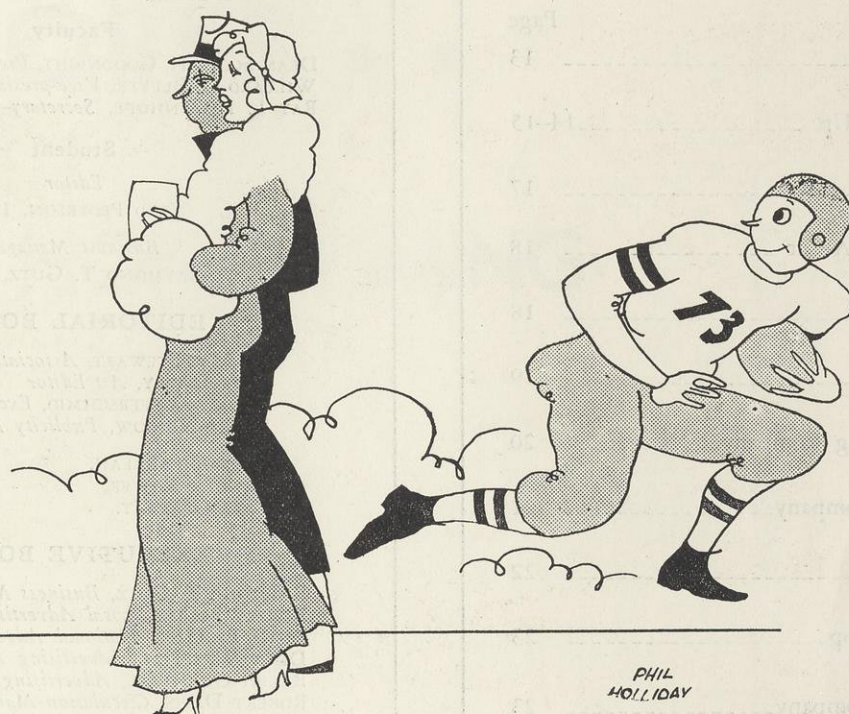
The Pens and Pencils you trade in do not have to be Parkers. We only require that the old pen have a 14k gold point.

So ransack the home and office for old pens and pencils. Take them to the nearest pen counter, trade them in, like cash, and walk out with a brand new Parker Duofold Pen or Pencil, or both. But hurry—Parker reserves the right to withdraw this offer at any time. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wisconsin. ²³⁴

PARKER RESERVES THE RIGHT TO DISCONTINUE THIS SALE AT ANY TIME—SO DON'T DELAY

"SPEAR THE SUCKERS"

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Ace Brigode and his Fourteen Virginians . . .

one of America's finest dance orchertras . . . will be featured at Homecoming Ball, Saturday evening, November twelfth, from nine to twelve in the beautiful Great Hall of the Memorial Union. Tariff . . . two ducats the couple.

Dateless Dance . . . a real football mixer . . .

Friday evening, November eleventh, in Great Hall.

Jack Hogan and his Campus Musicians will entertain with their popular dance tunes. Bring your date or find her here. Fifty cents per person.

"Buy Your Homecoming Button Now"

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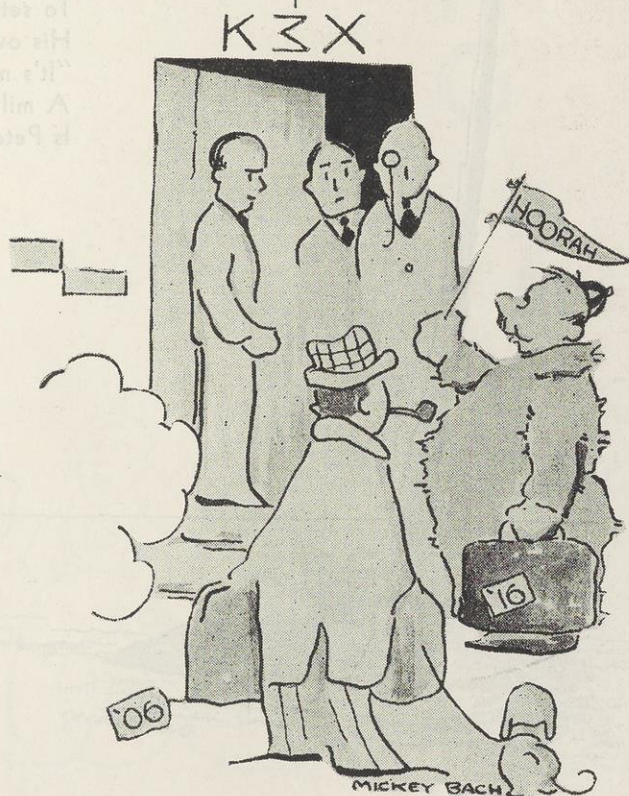
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O C T O P U S

OCTOBER » »

HOMECOMING



ILLINOIS

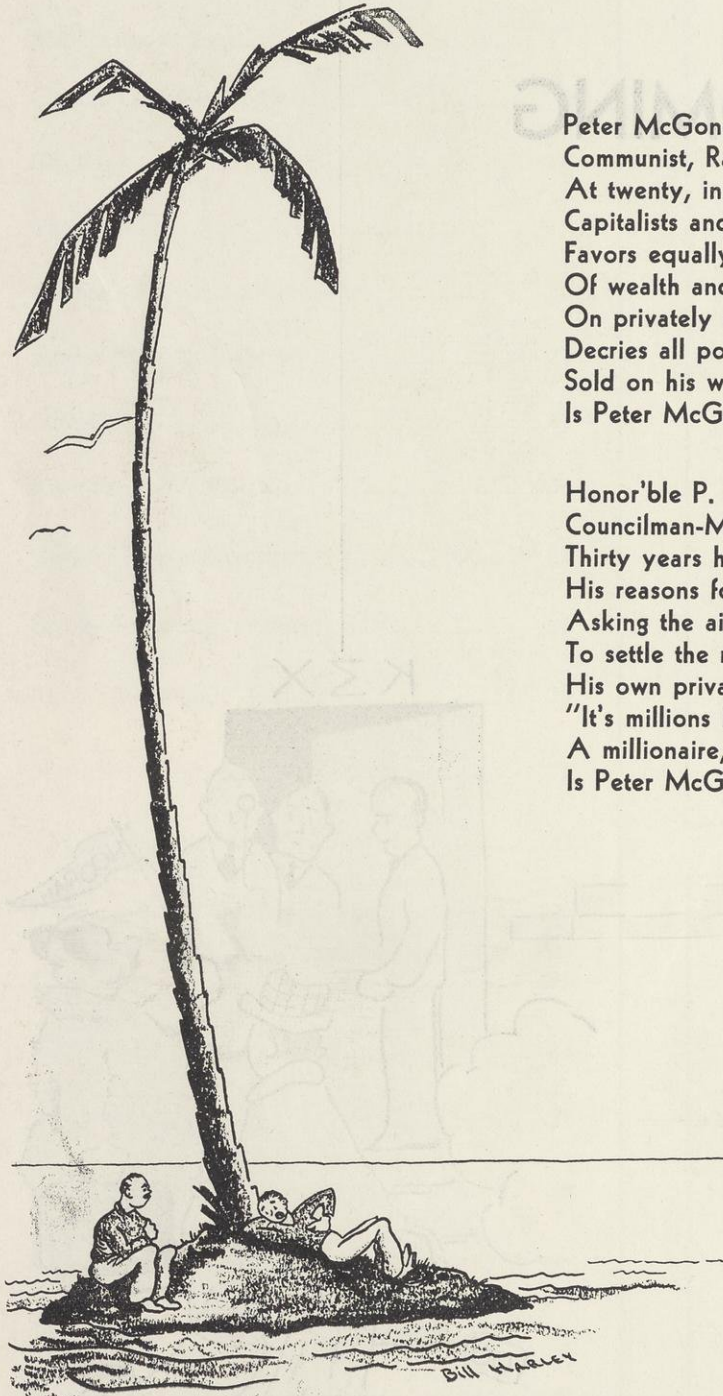
THE CAMPUS RADICAL

THE OLD ORDER POOPETH OUT

Peter McGonocle Fred G. Bucks,
Communist, Radical, Red de Luxe,
At twenty, in college, he rants and curses
Capitalists and their wars and purses.
Favors equally, doles, and such,
Of wealth and monopoly—not so much;
On privately owned things, he heaps maledictions,
Decries all policemen, their brutal convictions,
Sold on his war-cry of "Politics—shucks!"
Is Peter McGonocle Fred G. Bucks.

Honor'ble P. M. F. G. Bucks,
Councilman-Mayor of Moppitux,
Thirty years hence, gives vent with will
His reasons for passing the great Buck Bill,
Asking the aid of the U. S. Marines
To settle the riots that threaten "Bucks Beans,"
His own private project in far Siam.
"It's millions I'm losing, by God, I aml"
A millionaire, playing political mucks,
Is Peter McGonocle Fred G. Bucks.

—Pelican



"C'mon over in the shade."
"Who, me?"

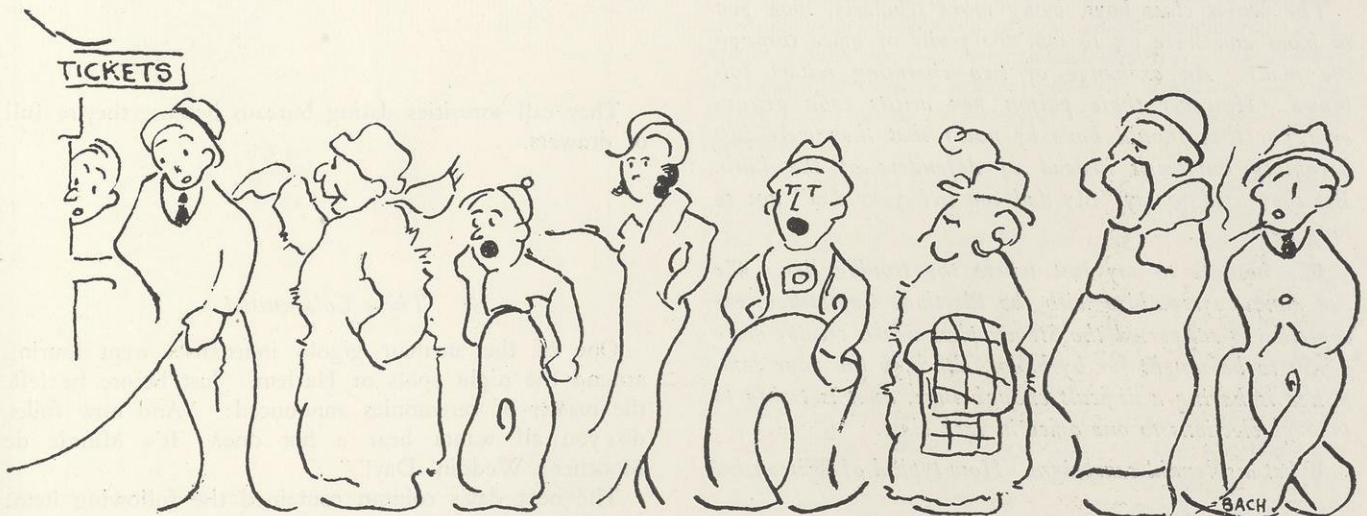
W I S C O N S I N

HOMECOMING

Homecoming, that picturesque occasion each year for which old grads and their friends stream into familiar scenes once again for another fling at college life (the kind depicted in the movies!)

Fraternity houses affect a festive tone, proprietors of pleasure rendezvous eye the till smilingly, football players nervously try to do their best to appease Elmer Shortcake '09 who remembers the time when the team beat each of its opponents by at least five touchdowns, and the poor students pinch their pocketbooks, think of the mid-term exams, and try and enjoy themselves.

Homecoming this year is just the same, look forward to it light heartedly and sigh with a heavy head when it has passed! The football angle is more obtuse this year than formerly with a new coach and a spirited team which pushes the ball over the line now and then. Let's beat Illinois! Then let's go out and have fun!



EDITORIAL » »

In which Octy expresses its attitude and gives the low down on the recent political rumpus.

The smoothness and finesse with which the recent campus elections were graced and the apparent harmony among the ranks of those public spirited individuals who contested for the trials of the respective offices certainly should be an inducement for some student Mussolini to arise and supplant the present university political system with a brand of Fascism. Perhaps it would be wise for the members of the Elections Committee to don black shirts and assume the responsibilities of all the class offices themselves. This may be their ultimate aim, and they seem very adept at creating enough offices to go around.

Beginning with the duel in the "Cardinal" courtyard between the proponents of the Steven plan and the so-called "Badger Oligarchy" (epithet courtesy "Daily Cardinal") and ending in a hurricane of dissatisfaction and ill-sounding snarlings from those whom the gravy train left waiting at the station, the entire campaign sounds a very flat note from its tin horn.

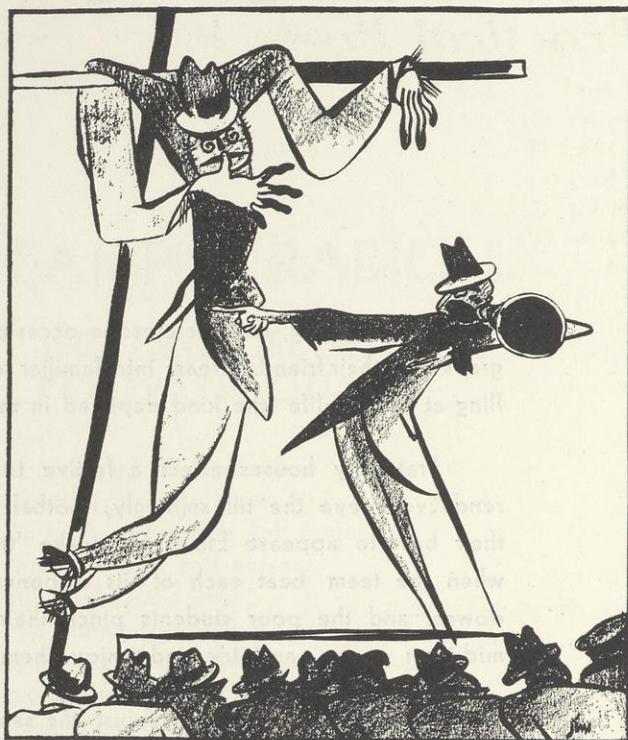
Much of the amusement and ludicrousness of the campaign itself was derived from two of the senior candidates, one of whom wrote an activity list for the Voter's Guide which was as long as a legislative report and included everything from picking snipes off the Union steps to helping aged dowagers get on street cars. The other lad, ambitious like Caesar, thought it silly for anyone to run against him and to save the trouble of having ballots printed offered to serve as senior class president. This being unsuccessful, he attempted to ride into office on the wave of boos that followed. H'ray!

The junior class boys, being more scholarly, took pen in hand and were off to win the fruits of office through the mails. An exchange of two charming letters followed. However these poison pen artists soon discovered (or they should have by now) that they were fast becoming humorists instead of defenders of the faith. Bet they used to say "My dad can lick your dad" not so long ago!

We hesitate to say just where the trouble lies. We can almost sympathize with the Elections Committee, except that it supported the Steven plan which creates more offices to be sought for by ballot, although the poor committee is having a difficult enough time, as it is trying to manage elections to one office in each class.

What a splendid campaign! How typical of Wisconsin!

Fred W. Pederson



The fitness of our candidate has been demonstrated in the sincerity of his activities.

Dad: Fine son you are! You say you don't like your college work, but here you are back home with a wife!

Son: But dad, this course wasn't optional!

"Why did that Greek in the restaurant kick you out?"
"I don't know. I only asked him what our fraternity motto meant."

They call sororities dating bureaus because they're full of drawers.

These Columnists!

One of the amateur gigolo journalists went touring around the night spots of Harlem. Just before he left, the master of ceremonies announced: "And now folks, do you all wanta hear a hot one? 'It's Minnie de Moocher's Weddin' Day!'"

The next day's column contained the following item:
... 'tis rumored that one Minnie D. Moocher expects a blessed event in the near future ...

Practical Prom Platform

Move classrooms nearer the intersection of Langdon and Henry.

Keep flies away from the Rathskellar doughnuts.

Keep the Alpha Xi Deltas, Sig Phi Eps, and Delta Zetas out of the Rambler.

Sixty more elevators for the Union. (Ones that run!)

Move the Union barber shop up to the Union lobby. It might act as more or less of an inducement to the loafers around there.

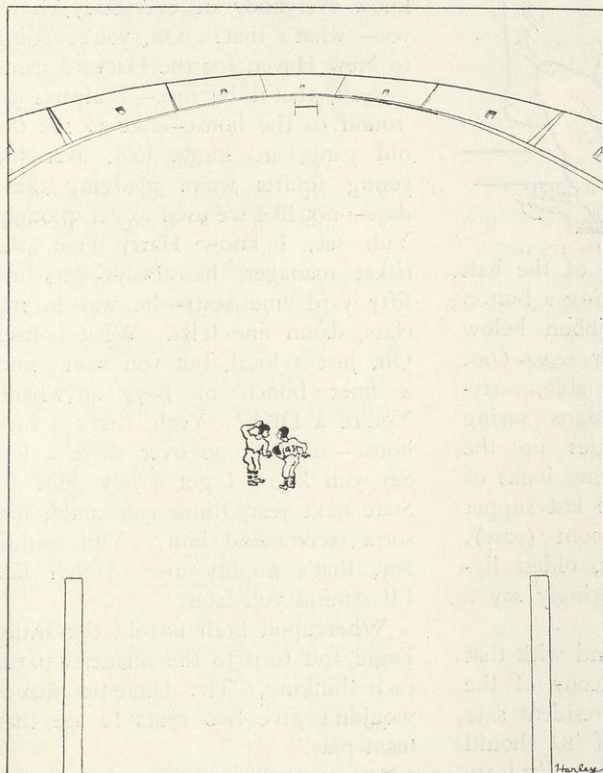
Keep fraternity men from asking upper classmen, "Are you a freshman?"

•
Watch Out, Doc!

If Absorbine Jr. cures athlete's foot, can you imagine what Absorbine Sr. can do? Probably cures the athletes.

"Roundy," demon of the sports page of the State Journal, seems to be in a quandary. He's heard reports to the effect that the fish are not biting upstate, but seems to be quite skeptical as to the truth of the statement.

Sure they're biting, "Roundy!" Didn't Chapple get in?



"I could 'a sworn that our contract called for a game this afternoon."



October . . . Victorious crowds swarming back from the stadium . . . laughter . . . excitement at its highest peak. Through the smoke of burning leaves at twilight myriad lights appear . . . soft music is heard from the houses on the Lake Shore, where preparations for the evening formals are being made. October . . . when good times have begun.

Last month we prophesied that we should have to say a few unkind things this month . . . so here goes! And don't bother to start gunning for us . . . we have our doors and windows thoroughly barred in anticipation of that sort of thing.

Mr. Jack Donald, well-known Sig Chi, made this statement at four a. m. one morning last week: "I don't have much to do with girls in school!" Caryl (Knockout) Dempsey, Tri-Delt pledge, said, at the beginning of rushing, "There is only one sorority I care to pledge." . . . Mystery—was it Tri-Delta? . . . add: Mary Dunlop, Tri-Delta, seems to be enjoying a rapid rise in popularity. The SAEs had a party out the road the other night, and their table was decorated with violets . . . wonder if the Deltas will have one, using their fraternity flower—the pansy?

In the midst of the repertory of trivial gossip I should like to take time to comment on the local hey hey situation versus the depression. The student is no longer content with merely a beaver board shack dance pavilion and a cheap, tinny band, but, if he is to be beguiled into spending his hard earned 1932 dollar, he demands good music in a fairly nice atmosphere; hence the popularity of places whose managers have been farsighted enough to hire a pleasant sounding orchestra and provide more comfortable surroundings. Following in line, the proprietors of local poison palaces have at last realized that there is a depression and that students want a better environment than the plaster fallen rooms of yesteryear. (i. e. several noteworthy examples)

The Kappa Sigs seem to run to song in the early morning hours . . . their chorusing (yes, and carousing) kept Dave George up way past his bed time a couple of weekends ago. The same night, as we were making our way wearily homeward, we noticed a Ford sedan draw up in front of the Gamma Phi house, and two Gramma Phis disembark . . . it wouldn't have been so strange, except for the fact that it was four-thirty a. m. . . can it be that the Delta Gammas at last have rivals in this matter of late dating? We take exception to the statement in *The Rambler* some time ago that the Pi Phis had painted only the front of their house . . . the window casings of the side windows nearest the front have also been painted.

(Continued on page 18)

IMPRESSIONS OF AN EX-UNDERGRAD

By HOLLEY J. SMITH '31

*"Listen my children and you shall
bear
A tale of depression which is most
severe."*

—Old Poem

I used to dream of the days when old gaffer Smith, '31 would make a pilgrimage back to those hallowed halls where he received his secondary education—the days when all the young brothers who knew of me only as a legend would gather in awe, only to find that the old codger hain't changed a bit, and they would have to go out and find a tin of alky somewhere to mix some Madison high-balls* for this revered alumnus—the days when an eager circle would listen as the bard of '31 related tales of all the old joints, Varsity Club on a last-day-of-exams night, ad infinitum, and the inside stories about many mysterious happenings on the Wisconsin campus that have since become myths handed down through the classes—but my dreams have faded.

I am disillusioned, broken, jobless. Ah, there is the keynote to everything. A job. Too, I used to dream that someday I would have a job. That I would work as other men do. Go to the office every day on the subway or street car and sit at a desk from eight to five with an hour out for lunch. But that dream has gone with the rest. For I have discovered that, ssshhh, listen closely, there are no jobs! None whatsoever. Not even if you should happen to be the third vice-president's secretary's sister's nephew.

I have discovered that business is at a standstill—in fact it isn't even marking time. A friend of mine used to be a body worker for Fisher, and now he has to do his work at home! An iron worker I know became so wrought up over the thought of losing his job, that he was forced to become a wrought iron worker! A baker who used to make Charlotte Russe regularly for a large store, and who

prided himself that his Russe was succeeding, was discharged on two weeks notice. The situation is terrible. Jeess auntie, ain't there any more pretzels?

And so I am forced to face the facts. Without a job there will be no money to make my longed for pilgrimage back to collitch and to relive those halcyon days of yore.† How well I recall them—strolling up the hill under the spreading elms beside the ivied buildings I love so well (amen); playing my catarrh beside the murmuring waters of Lake Mendota under the young May moon; or dancing at some sorority house, drunk with love . . . and Golden Wedding whiskey. (Moment of silent prayer.)

Without a job I will be unable to attend my class's fiftieth reunion,



when that feeble parade of the halt and the blind, each wearing a button inscribed '31 with a ribbon below bearing the legend, *Fifty years Out*, and those of whom are able, carrying little sticks with signs saying '31 at the top, straggles up the steps of the Union, wearing looks of grim cheerfulness, to the last supper in the Old Madison Room (east), where Angus McNought, oldest living graduate, will quaveringly say a few words.

I will be unable to stand with that pitiful group in the balcony of the Field House when the president says he feels that that class of '81 should honor the class of '31, who will please

rise so that everyone may have a good look at these morons who have the nerve to think that anyone cares whether they went to Wisconsin fifty years ago—the bunch of old dopes, whyinhell didn't they stay at home and look after little Nelson, Emily's youngest, you know.

Without money I will be unable to go back for football games, that great national pastime which has come to be one of the greatest factors for providing conversation between bored males during the months of September, October and November. You know how it goes.

"Well, hello Ed, howryuh? Fine? That's great. Whattayuh been doin'? Oh, yuh have? Say, yuh know I'm gonna run up to Lodi next Saturday myself—yeah—biggest game of the season—'course Rowley isn't what you'd call a big school, but we've got a lot of spirit—anyhow I always say a small school is a lot more fun—yuh know everybody an' everybody knows you—what's that? Oh, you're going to New Haven for the Harvard game—yeah, that'll be nice—I always go 'round to the house—like to see the old gang, an' kinda look over the young squirts we're pledging these days—not like we used to get, though. Yuh see, I know Harry Fein, the ticket manager, he always gets me fifty yard line seats—he was in my class, damn fine fella. What house? Oh, just a local, but you won't find a finer bunch of boys anywhere. You're a DKE? Yeah, that's a nice house—used to go over there a lot. Say yuh know I got a boy goin' to State next year, think yuh could, uh, sorta recommend him? Yuh could? Say, that's mighty nice of yuh Ed. I'll remind yuh later."

Whereupon both unfold the Daily Eagle and turn to the financial page, each thinking, "The damn bragger, I wouldn't give two cents to see that team play."

Yes, I will be unable to enjoy all these blessings—no football week

(Continued on page 27)

* 1/2 alky, 1/2 warm water in tumbler—guaranteed.

† Yore—small town where the university is located.

Monthly Bugle

"Complete Campus Confusion"

Vol. I No. 2

University of Wisconsin

October, 1932

SCALPERS SCALP SCALPS

HELLO REVELL!

Our good friend on the Cardinal staff, Aldric Revell, who has repeatedly stated that he can find nothing but sex and gin jokes in OCTOPUS (much to the detriment of our sales, as students simply won't read anything off color), is reported suffering from severe melancholia.

His latest column, 'Light Wines', has had, as subject matter, such stories as that of a neurotic farmer who has abnormal impulses toward his pet cow. His friends have hopes that the matter can be adjusted and Mr. Revell's proper perspective towards the world can be restored.

CRITIC TALKS

Octy Recommends:

1. Homecoming dances at the Union
2. Union Concert Series.
3. Gridiron Ball, Nov. 11.
4. Rachmaninoff.
5. Log Cabin Bratwurst.
6. Wisconsin Players Productions.
7. Atlas Beer.
8. Union Cabaret Dances.

Buy Your Homecoming Button Early.

* * *

Remember Carl Moore at Gridiron Ball.

Rambler Hall of Fame

Eskey Pfeffer
Julie Goldfarb
Sigma Phi Epsilon
Delta Zeta
Delta Chi
Fritz Bolender
Alpha Xi Delta
Rah Rah Rah

POLITICS

Hoover? Roosevelt? and how many will Thomas get? This problem will be the dominating one for the next couple of weeks. We venture to make a few predictions and comments about the coming elections and the candidates.

With the republicans having the elephant for their symbol and the Democrats the donkey, we wonder why the communists do not select the skunk as their mascot.

The most effective platform on the Pan American policy would be to muzzle Mencken.

Lots of people will vote for Roosevelt or Thomas because they don't like the collars Hoover wears.

One thing is certain—the Barber's Union and the Union Barbers of America are not supporting William Z. Foster.

Whatever is done about the tariff we certainly hope that the custom agents will quit searching our hip pockets.

So many Republicans are making jackasses out of themselves that the country must be going Democratic.

LETTUCE LAMBASTS LUCRATIVE LURE

Because of the prevalence among students of the practice of scalping tickets, the Athletic Department has taken drastic steps to prevent such illicit methods in the future. In the recent Wisconsin-Iowa massacre, it has been reported that some 300 tickets were scalped and the victims were left helpless and hanging on their seats.

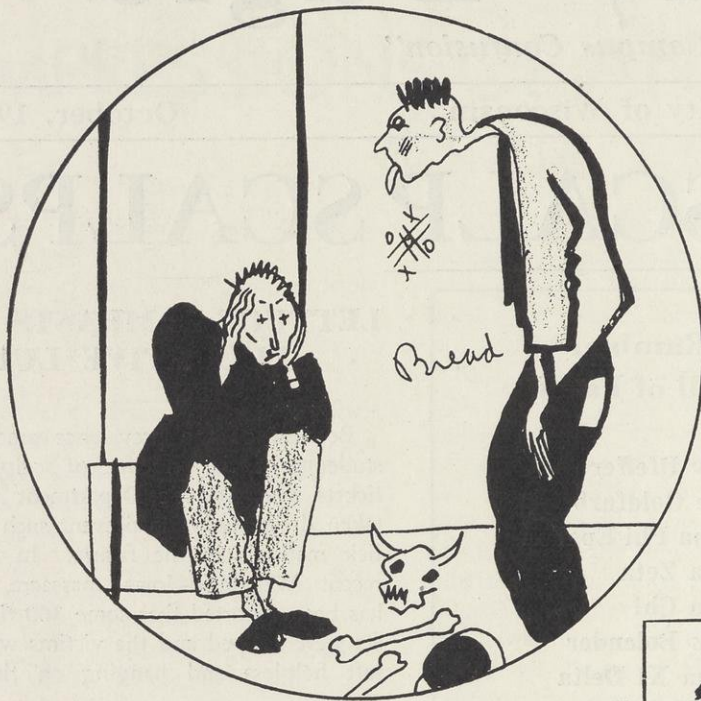
"Tickets which are sold to students will not give the bearer admission unless the ticket is accompanied by fee card, birth certificate of bearer, description of bearer, and citizenship papers if the bearer is foreign born. The bearer must also be accompanied by his parent and a bodyguard of at least four armed men to prevent scalping," declared Gorge Lettuce, business director.

"This is the only airtight, waterproof, loopholeless method that can be devised to prevent the notorious, messy, bloody, hair-raising, scalping on the part of unscrupulous ticket buyers."

"This business of scalping has a historic background," continued Mr. Lettuce. "It is said to have started when the Indians played the Braves in 1806 at Ft. Dearborn. At that time 60% of the people who came to Ft. Dearborn to witness the mighty struggle were scalped before they had the opportunity to see the epoch making battle, hence the origin of the term, 'Ft. Dearborn Massacre.'"

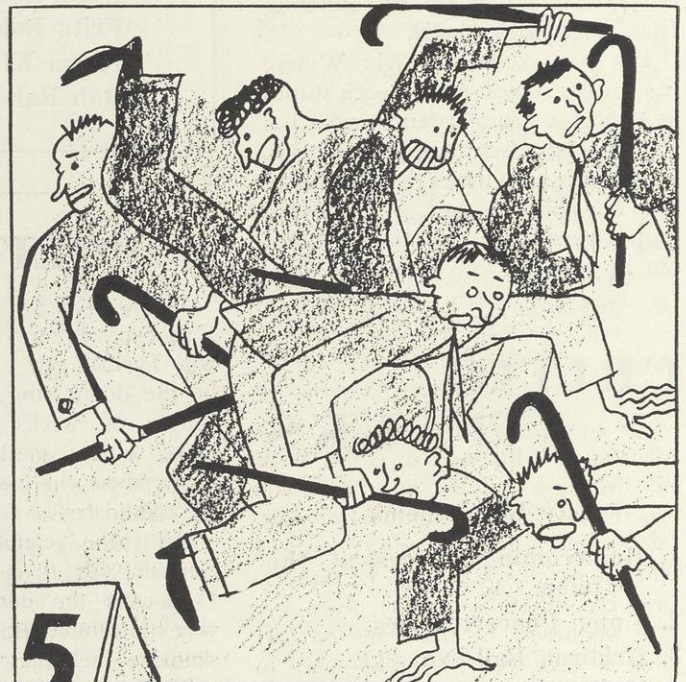
There is a noble movement afoot on the campus that deserves the support of every student. Hats off to you, Ted Brandt, and to you, A. S.

GRAPHIC PAGE

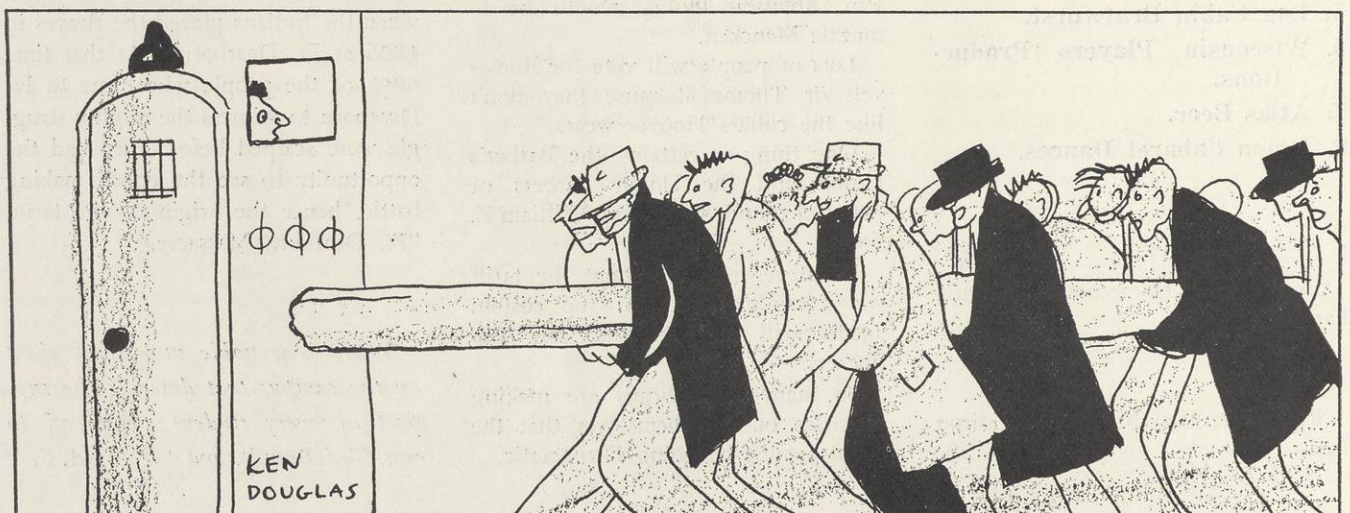


● (Left) With the depression and the University Athletic Department combining in an effort to starve and stamp out the ticket scalper, our sympathy goes out to these poor self-sacrificing individuals who were merely doing their best to see that everyone can see the games.

● (Right) Just look at the future American judges at their favorite sport of running the team competition for first honors at the football games. What a dignified group! H'ray for the Law School!



● (Below) The many campus fraternity houses just getting along on lean 1932 budgets cannot quite appreciate the fact that a lot of homecoming alumni want to eat them out of house and home for a weekend.



THE HORRIBLE HEREAFTER » »

By NEAL T. B. KUEHN

Times have changed since father was a boy. Of course, that's neither here nor there, because I didn't know father when he was a boy, and judging by the things mother tells me I am rather glad I didn't have the pleasure. But let's be more definite with our words. Just what do we mean by the times? Do we refer to those newspapers which print everything not fit to print, do we refer to the days in the hazy and fabulous past usually prefixed as "good old", or are we just using words for the savage pleasure of filling up space?

Having settled that question, let's get down to brass tacks and nail ourselves to our subject, our colors to the mast, and a carpet to the floor. Linoleum has its points, but so has a package of pins and you wouldn't nail a package of pins to the floor, would you? No! Or maybe you would; you read the OCTOPUS.

Anyhow, here you are in college, with what staring you in the face besides that damned intellectual in your seminar? The first ten correct answers to that question will be accepted with amazement. The answer is the depression. It's spelled with a small 'd' because I couldn't find the capital on this writing contraption just now. We seem to be wandering, maybe I should say that I seem to be wandering, but I'll bet an Indian penny you are wondering by this time too. (I love a good pun!) I was going to talk to you boys and girls about what follows the present besides the future and your own past. Of course I am referring to your coming plunge into the world of affairs and men (and women and children) and Big Problems and Other Things. College doesn't fit you for the business of sane living (witness John "compulsory" Chapple) except in rare cases (witness me), and it's up to the returned grad to bring back to Homecoming a little good advice along with his quantity of punk liquor. Oh, Wisconsin, here I come.

Two years, three months and twenty some days ago I stood, diploma in

hand on the brink of the World. What to do? Turn back and enter law school in the hope the depression would meantime strangle itself? No, the thought of Herby Page nipped that idea in the bud. Get a higher degree and become an instructor? No! a thousand (1000) times no! I was no coward—and besides the dean discouraged the idea. Oh, I am baring my soul to you! (that ought to sell a couple hundred extra copies to the vulgar horde, Mr. Editor). Next to bearing your conscience, baring your soul is worst, but baring your soul at three or four cents a word is better than eating spinach for nothing. I once knew a man who ate spinach for the pleasure of it, but then he was a queer sort of fellow, voted Democrat and all that sort of thing. I remember we used to call him the fakir. Just out like that, making no bones about it, the fakir! Life had a truer ring to it in those days, we said what we thought. I remember one friend of mine, his name was John I believe, was studying for a final exam, when another friend, I think his name was Henry, came in and said "What are you doing?" John replied "I am boning for an exam." Boning was a phrase we used meaning studying like the dickens. "Why!" replied Henry, quick as a wink, "You have enough bone in your head already!" We all laughed heartily at this good joke Henry pulled on John. Of course, I may be wrong for this was a long time ago—it may have been Henry who was studying and John who made the joke, but this can very easily be fixed by just changing the two names around a bit, putting Henry where I have John, and John where I have Henry. Or else just forget the whole thing, and pretend I hadn't mentioned it. Perhaps I shouldn't have.

Where are we now? Oh, yes, on page 11 and two years, three months and twenty some days out of college. When I was in college I was rather an average sort of student. I always had a pile of debts but also some

money in my pockets. Now I find that the family of debts has grown, but all I can put in my pockets these days are my hands! I bet you saw that coming—I didn't.

Depression and unemployment do strange things to queer people—I mean queer and strange things to people. A friend of mine, Peter Whiffle, a graduate of law school, had been out of work over a year, and was very despondent. One day he answered an ad, and to his surprise landed a job with an insurance company, one with its offices on the 23d floor of its own building. He was hired to work for the experience. This sudden good fortune was too much for poor Peter. He was overwhelmed with joy, rushed out of the insurance office waving his brief case, threw open a hall door and fell down the elevator shaft. The insurance company found the brief case, it was hardly damaged at all. Sometimes I think, boys and girls, the world is just an empty elevator shaft without even a brief case at the bottom. Watch the first step when you walk out into the world.

And here we are—Homecoming again! Of course, it's just a capitalist scheme to keep the people's attention occupied while they (the capitalists I suppose) do something else, no doubt very low and mean, like picking pockets or selling football programs for twenty five cents. And the last quotations show yellow onions selling at 39¢ a bu. Can you imagine? No wonder the farmers are sending their boys to college. The farmer must sometimes feel like that brief case staring at the empty elevator shaft stretching up and up to the 23d floor. We can't blame him. But Kohler will soon be governor and there will be work for everyone—even the French Dept. instructors will have to work.

I was walking down Langdon St. Homecoming of last year, when I noticed a man crawling around on his hands and knees, evidently searching

(Continued on page 22)



"Professor, is this second question confidential?"

"Boy, am I glad! I just got an engraving bill for \$100!"

"I don't see anything to be glad about. What was it, for wedding invitations?"

"No, something better—it's for burying my mother-in-law."

Election time—when wooden-faced candidates suddenly buck up and start smiling.

Mickey Mouse: Gosh, I feel dead.
Minnie Mouse: Yeah, you look like something the cat dragged in.

After being unable to get a job in spite of his three academic degrees, V. Hillington Pussyfoot declares that the highest university degree should be a Ph.t.

Flo: Is Bill a snappy dresser?

Lil: Is he? Why, the crease in his trousers is so sharp that it cuts me every time I sit on his lap!

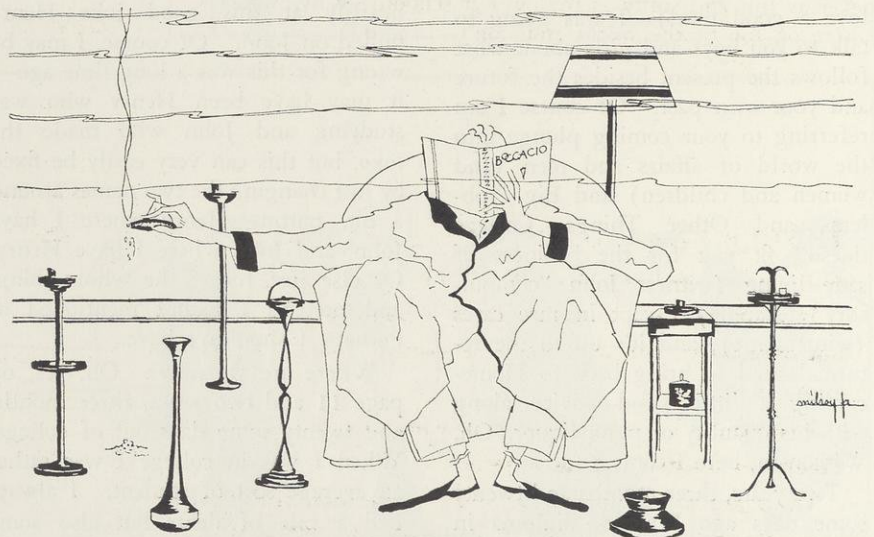
Spaniards and Mexicans are often charged with cruelty because of their fondness for bull fights. But what would they think of us if they ever witnessed the American fraternity rushing system in operation?

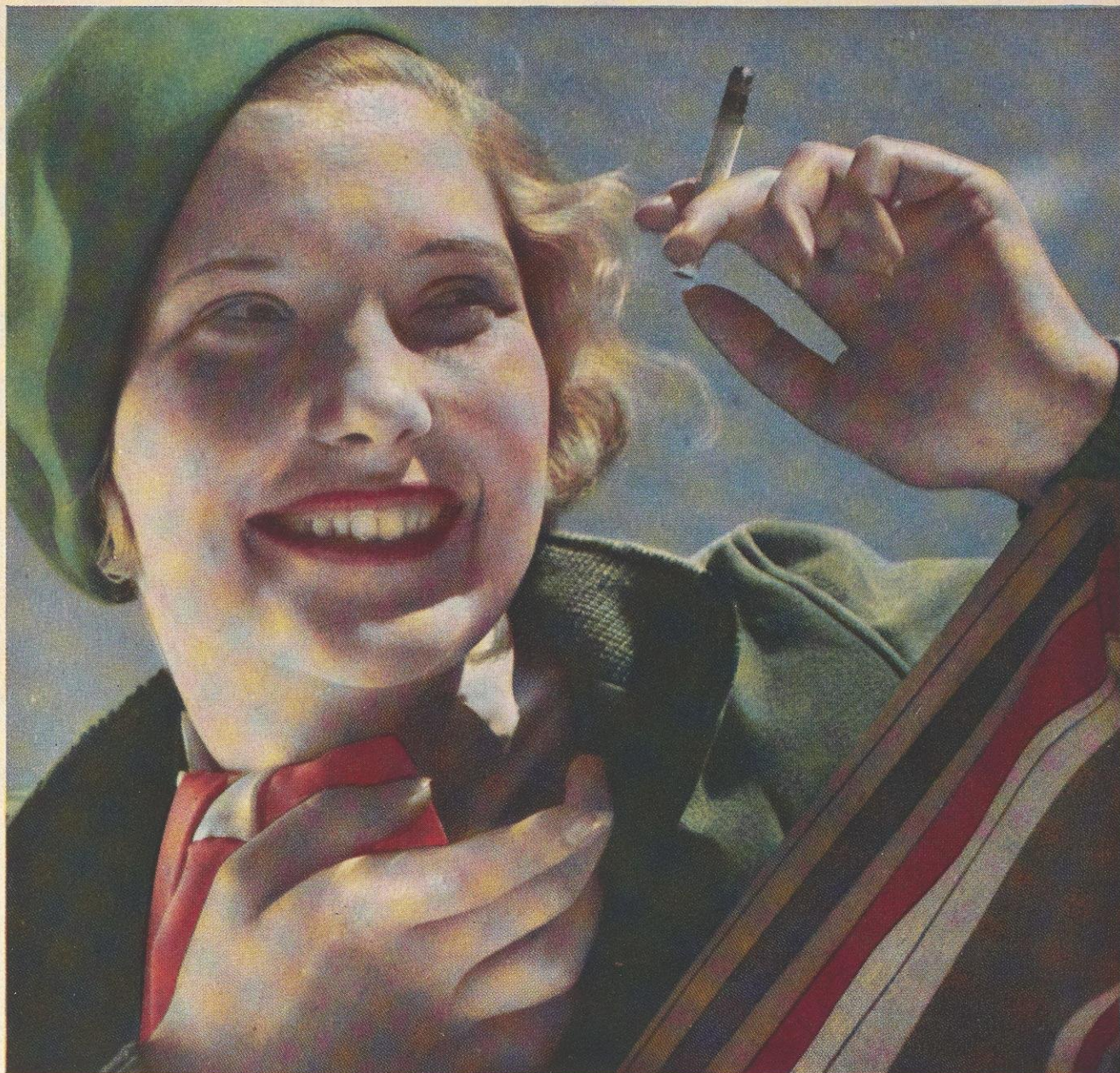
Some people are so dumb that they ought to shampoo their hair with vacuum cleaners.

"What is your son taking at college?"

"All my money."

Here's to the dapper, young centipede whose favorite pastime was counting the dimples in his sweetheart's knees.





“You’re telling ME they’re Milder?”

IF YOUR cigarette is mild—that is, not strong, not bitter, but smokes cool and smooth—then you like it.

If your cigarette tastes right; if it tastes better—that is, not oversweet; and if it has a pleasing aroma—then you enjoy it the more.

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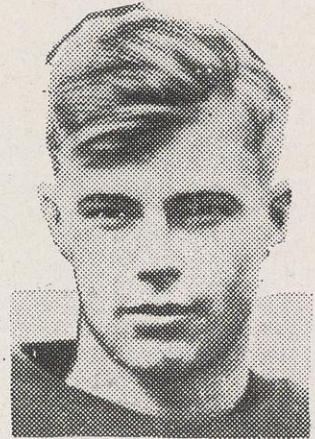
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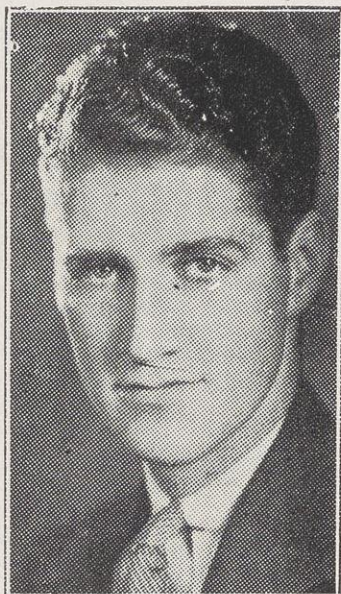
Welcome Alumni

WIN OR LOSE

HOMEcoming

The one time of the year when everyone gets together for a good time. It is the wish of these Madison Merchants that yours shall be another gala day.





Charles Hanson, Chi Psi, is expected by his many supporters and by the socially inclined of the campus at large to lead a very successful Junior Promenade to the music of some nationally famous orchestra on Friday, February the third, nineteen thirty-three. Already dopesters are attempting to figure out who will accompany Hanson on the memorable evening. Delta Gamma? Tri Delt? or what?

This year's colorful campaign for the office of Senior Class President was carried off by the business manager of the Daily Cardinal, Hugh Oldenburg, Sigma Nu and veteran of the political endeavors of the class of '33. The class affairs and the Senior Ball should have very capable leadership and management this year.



COLLEGE?

"Dad, I've been thinking it over and I've decided that I want to go to college."

"College, Son? What ever gave you the idea that you'd like to go there?"

"Well—I want to get an education."

"Heh! Heh! That's pretty rich. An education at college, eh? What makes you think you'll get one there?"

"Isn't that what colleges are for? Just think—four years spent absorbing culture and learning things."

"And I suppose you'll step right out into a ten thousand a year job at the end of that time with a beautiful co-ed on one arm and a diploma tucked beneath the other."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, only it doesn't make sense."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I went through those four delightful years, and at the end of that time was two thousand dollars in debt, didn't want to see another co-ed—they're what put me in debt, didn't get my diploma on account of some technicality—I guess I had forgotten to take gym, and couldn't find a job until six months later when one of the boys I graduated from high school with gave me one in the factory he owned. Of course I worked up, but most of the fellows I knew had a four year start on me."

"Er—ah—things are different now, aren't they?"

"Not a bit. Why jobs are so scarce now that a fellow is much better off if he spends four years hunting for a good one instead of trying to keep away from one like you want to do."

"Well, anyway, if a fellow doesn't want to start right in working, isn't college a pleasant way to spend four years?"

"Not at all. Just the opposite in fact. Here at home you're well fed and in no danger of stomach ulcers from fraternity house fare, you always have pocket money while nobody at college ever has more than holes in theirs, you don't have to crawl on top of a rickety double-deck bed to catch a few hours of usually disturbed sleep, and if you want to read you can go to the public library—it's never as full and stuffy as the ones at school. Why, Son, you're on top of the world and don't know it."

"Gosh, maybe you're right, Dad."

And then there's the salesman who went crazy trying to sell neckties in a monastery.

We'll bet the best way to clear a Broadway night-club is to have the master of ceremonies announce the presence of Walter Winchell.



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find it reasonably priced at **HUGHES**.

20 East Mifflin

First Co-ed: Who's that fellow over there?

Second Co-ed: Oh, they say he's a Phi Beta Kappa
or some silly thing like that.

Small Boy: Maw and Paw had an awful time getting
married. Maw wouldn't marry Paw when he was drunk,
and Paw wouldn't marry Maw when he was sober.

—Drexlerd

(Continued from page 7)

We understand that a couple of Thetas, drowning their sorrows up in their room in the wee hours, decided to call their respective fellows on the phone, and the fellows, thinking it to be someone else, hung up on the girls.

Freddie Wipperman, playboy extraordinary, simply cannot be overlooked this month . . . after getting rid of his two former cars, he has at last got himself a carte blanche with a nice blue Packard phaeton . . . to say nothing of the girl that goes with it. Roger Hamilton's latest fancy is known to sport a first-class bottle opener on her key-ring . . . it must be a great help to Rog! The Chi Psis go in for Monte Carlo stuff . . . they pulled quite a successful gambling party at a roadhouse just out of town the other night . . . add: Poole Bowman and Father Caudey in tuxes, milling around in the brawl which followed . . . every Beta Alpha Gamma in town was there.

The week-end of the Iowa game was the most hectic so far this season . . . prominent were the two stunning Gamma Phis from Northwestern, Peggy Lou Crane and Kay Eisenhaur . . . it seemed impossible for anyone to be so many places at practically the same time . . . Charlie Huey is back again . . . wonder if something has happened to his whistler . . . he refused to do an exhibition at a local resort the other eve.

Congratulations, Chuck Hanson! We know it's going to be a great Prom . . . already there are rumors of who is to be the Queen.

. . . Ah, there! We just couldn't suppress that yawn. This life gets you down if you don't let up a little now and then . . . we've really got to lead the good life for a week or so and get back on our feet . . . and we sometimes wonder if it's a good idea to be a rounder, after all. Read what ex-rounder Holley J. Smith has to say about it in this issue. We'll see you next month—if we're still alive . . . and so to bed.

(The End)

It was in a small town down South on a hot and dusty day. The Negro population were engaged in an important ball game. All the good looking gals were there and one team had a band along. It was an important event, and razors flashed at random and at niggers.

The umpire was a big, ragged replica of the eight ball. The visiting team's clean-up man was at bat and the bases were loaded.

"Ball one, high."

"Ball two, low."

"Ball three, inside."

"Ball fo', low and wide—you is out."

"How does you talk, Mister Ump? I gets a base fo' dat."

"Brother, you's right, but de bases am loaded, and I ain't got no place to put you. You is out."

—Punch Bowl

AD WRITER'S ALPHABET

A is for Arrow—collars or shirts,
 B is for B. O.—Life Buoy's the nerfs.
 C is for Corn Flakes—good in the morning,
 D is for Dandruff—gives you no warning.
 E is for Eversharp—pencil supreme,
 F is for Fairy—soap, I mean.
 G is for Gold Medal—flour, I guess,
 H Halitosis—insidious mess.
 I is for Ivory—in cake or in flakes,
 J is for Jello—it brings bellyaches.
 K is for Kissproof—Guaranteed not to smear,
 L is for Luckies—"Consider your ear".
 M is for Mum—expells any whiff,
 N is for Nunnally's ideal birthday gift.
 O is for Old Gold—"Keep Kissable," wow!
 P is for Pillsbury's—"Why not now?"
 Q is for Quality—everything has it,
 R is for Rit—nobody can razz it.
 S is for Saniflush—to clean out a pipe,
 T is for Telegraph—it's useless to write.
 U is for Underwear—see how it fits,
 V is for Valspar—Veedol and Vicks.
 W is for Woolworths—the place where we shop,
 X (this one's easy)—X marks the spot.
 Y for You-Drive-It—(and you pay the fare),
 Z is Zip—for superfluous hair.

—Green Goat

The little boy was telling his mother of his recent trip to the zoo.

"There were tigers and tigresses, monkeys and monk-esses, elephants and elephantesses and bears."

—Mountain Goat

A Patriot's Pants

First Soldier: Sit down, you're rocking the boat.

George Washington: Can't.

Seventh Soldier: Why?

G. Washington: My pants are too tight.

So they painted him standing up.

—Sun Dial

Alfalfa Ike: What happened to that tenderfoot who was out here last week?

Badger Pete: Oh, he was brushin' his teeth with some of that new-fangled, foamy tooth-paste, and one of the boys thought he had hydrophobia and shot him!

—Purple Parrot

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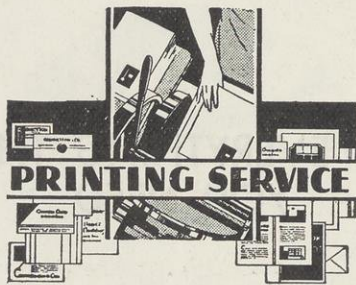
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Badger 1137

Remember when you set out to buy your winter underwear that it isn't the original cost, it's the upcreep.

—Longhorn

"That fellow over there is only 19, but he has the knowledge of centuries in his head."

"Really? How do you know?"

"Did you ever hear his jokes?"

"Why does Bob remind you of your new car?"

"Because he has an automatic clutch."

When a radically inclined couple get married (?), the most advisable present for them is a bomb-bomb dish.

ESKIMAUX

A funny people, Eskimaux,
They never mind the wind that blaux,
The rain that rains, the snow that snaux,
A funny people, heavn knaux.

They never use a garden haux,
They never go to picture-shaux,
They live in peace and have no faux,
A funny people, Eskimaux.

They travel round on icy flaux,
They haven't pockets in their claux,
They need scare-bears and not scare-craux,
A funny people, all of thaux.

But something no one ever knaux,
Is why the people carefully chaux,
To spell their plural without aux,
Those peculiar Eskimaux!

—Tiger

U. S. SETTLES FIVE-CENT DEBT

—headline in Post-Dispatch

Which should make Mills the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Mellon.

—Dirge

Major: Haven't you been here long enough to know how to stand at attention?

Fresh Frosh (attired in uniform twice his size): I am standing at attention, sir. It is only my uniform that is at ease.

—Beanpot

"Mary, did I hear you kiss someone in the kitchen?"

"Well, ma'am, the junk man said he came for a little oven."

—Black and Blue Jay

Pappa, Mamma and son, Willie, were crossing the ocean. Willie had done something for which his mother thought he needed correction, but not feeling equal to the occasion, she turned to her husband.

"John," she said, "can't you speak to Willie?"

Papa replied in a thin, weak voice, "Howdy, Willie."

—Battalion

I may not have a little fairy in my home or a little miss in my car, said Oscar, but I certainly have a little made in my cellar.

—Log

"Boy, that's some suit of D. V. B's you're wearing!"

"O. K., but why call 'em D. V. B.'s?"

"You got 'em on backwards."

—Dirge

The Courter (doubtfully): If you knew what I was thinking about, your heart would turn to stone.

The Skoit (wearily): And if you knew what I was thinking about, you'd be a little boulder.

—Battalion

Many fraternities are planning to abolish their regular "Hell Week" this year and make their pledges attend all of the sorority pledge dances.

—Dirge

"Well, sir, the upshot of it was that it took me ten years to discover that I had absolutely no talent for writing literature."

"You gave up?"

"Oh, no, by that time I was too famous."

—Juggler

Hold On Tight

Crowded trolley car. (Young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare.)

Young Man: Pardon me, miss, but may I not pay your fare?

Young Lady: Sir!

(Several seconds of groping.)

Young Man: I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?

Young Lady: Why, I don't even know you, and anyway, I'll have this purse opened in a minute.

(Continued groping.)

Young Man: I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my suspenders three times!

—Beanpot

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Badger 1763

Mother: Mary, come upstairs immediately.

Mary: But mother, I'm all wrapped up in my problem.

Mother: Tell him to go home.

—Wampus

"What have you been doing all vacation?"

"I had a position in my father's office, and you?"

"I wasn't working either."

—Beanpot

He: Have you heard the story about the nasty military officer?

She: No. What about him?

He: He was rotten to the corps.

Mamma, can I go out to play?

What, with all those holes in your pants?

No, mamma, with the little boy next door.

—Bison

(Continued from page 11)

for something. "Hello," I said, (I usually wait for an introduction, but this was Homecoming night), "what are you doing here, crawling around on your hands and knees as though you were searching for something?" "You've answered your own question," he leered, "I'm looking for a quarter." "Why don't you look for it over there on the corner where the light is better?" I joked (I usually don't say such things but this was Homecoming night). "Because I haven't lost it yet!" he shot back laughing heartily. I have never forgiven Dean Goodnight for this bit of unequivocal directness. I didn't find the quarter either.

Now that I am growing older and wilder, I sometimes find myself stopping in the middle of my work and asking myself, "What is the meaning of it all?" I never answer this question because the boss is usually just behind me when I stop work to question and he has an unequivocally direct way of settling my problems. I almost said my hash, but hashish an

awful word in that it tends to become a habit.

I was dragging home from work the other day when the little woman said to me—I forgot to mention that it was the little woman I was dragging home from work—she said to me, "Alcibiades," she said, using my pet name, "why don't you get a job?" "But, Portia," I said, using her pet name so as to get even, "how can I get a job? I'm a college graduate." "Well, you needn't tell everyone that," she came back. "No," I replied, "but it helps." "Why don't you write for a living?" This started me thinking, remarkable as it may seem, and I wrote Uncle Abner for a regular allowance. He never replied. Maybe it was because I only put an old 2¢ stamp on the envelope. Uncle is finicky about little things like that.

But here you are, in college. You'll get out one of these days, that's the unpleasant part of a college education—you can't all die here as English instructors. You may even get out with a degree. That's all right. Just don't tell anyone. You'll live it down.

(The End)

Commoner: Let's start a new religion.

George Bernard Shaw: Alright, I'll be God.

—*Tuscan*

Notice: From this date, I will not be responsible for any debts or obligations made by my wife.—G. A. F.

Notice: I have not purchased anything for cash or credit since I became Mrs. G. A. F.—Mrs. G. A. F.

—*Bored Walk*

Don't lock up the barn after the horse is stolen; make a speakeasy out of it.

—*Siren*

"Say goodbye to the nice lady, son."
"Scram, Moll, scram."

—*Medley*

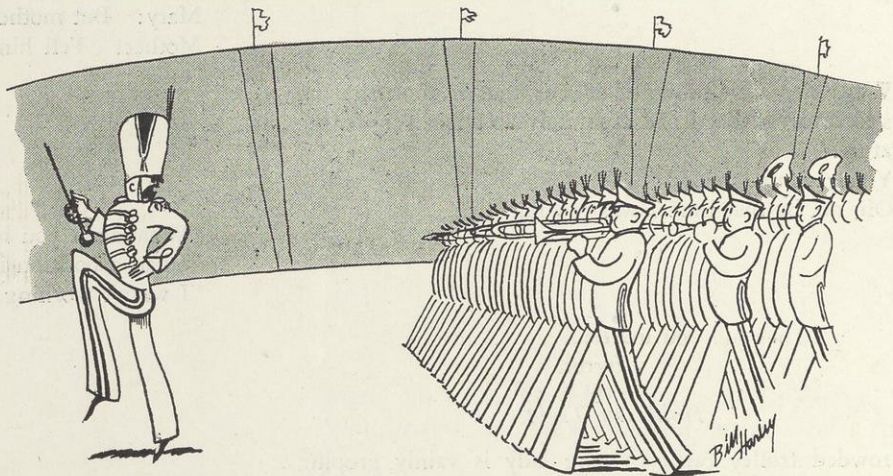
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The following notice was posted before a fraternity dance recently:

"The chairs here are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them until the ladies are seated."

—Witt

•

"You're a liar."

"You just say that again and I'll bust yer jaw."

"Consider it said again."

"Consider your jaw busted."

—Drexerd

•

"But Mary. You said you'd love me if we had only a hut to live in."

"Yes, one of those little huts on the top of sky scrapers."

—Belle Hop

•

Irate Father: What's the idea of bringing my daughter home at eight-thirty in the morning?

Voice over the phone: Well, you see, sir, I had a class at nine."

—Bean Pot

•

"They say you married her because her aunt left her a fortune."

"That's not true. I'd have married her no matter who left it to her."

—Purple Parrot

•

Just a Duty

Bill: The girl I am married to has a twin sister.

Mae: Gee! How do you tell 'em apart?

Bill: I don't try; it's up to the other one to look out for herself.

—Drexerd

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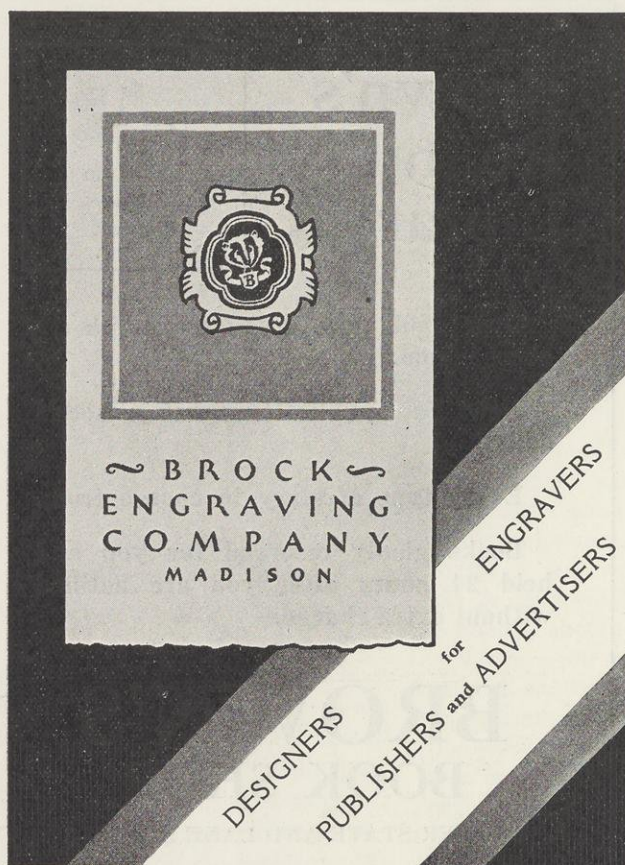
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A group of men in a town formed a lazy men's club. One of the conditions was that any member of the club seen in a hurry would be compelled to buy a dinner for the other members of the club.

One member, a doctor, was seen in a great hurry, going to a patient's house in an old-fashioned horse and buggy, as the town was a very small one and had not yet acquired the auto habit. At the next meeting charges were brought against the doctor, and he was asked to buy the dinner; but he said:

"Hell, gentlemen, the horse was in a hurry. I was too lazy to try to stop the critter."

—Punch Bowl

We recently waited in vain all during one of these popular "All Barkie" comedies for the canine general to give the command, "To your posts, men."

—Bellehop

A communist is a man who will share everything he has with you if you will only give him a good meal and a place to sleep for the night.

—Punch Bowl

Teacher: Johnny, I'm surprised! Do you know any more jokes like that?

Johnny: Yes, teacher.

Teacher: Well, stay after school.

—Battalion

"I recently got twenty dollars for a collection of poems!"

"Yeah? Who from?"

"The express company—they lost them."

—Punch Bowl

A lecture is that process whereby ideas pass from the notebook of the instructor to the notebook of the student without affecting the mind of either.

—Purple Cow

Little Boy: Mister, why is cream higher than milk?
Milkman: Because it's harder for the cow to sit on the little bottles.

—Battalion

Man: Is smoking permitted in the balcony?

Doorman: Yep.

Man: O. K. I'll sit downstairs with the men, thanks.

—Banter

Girl: I dreamed I was out autoing last night with you.

Jack: Tell me about it.

Girl: I forgot the dream, but when I woke up I was walking in my sleep.

—Puppet

"How did you happen to oversleep this morning?"

"Well, there were eight of us in the house, and the alarm was only set for seven."

—Purple Parrot

Lectures at institutions for the deaf must be given by a man who has his subject well in hand.

The school teacher had been reading her class stories of the lives of great inventors.

"Now then, Edgar, what would you like to invent?"

"Well, teacher," said the youth, "I'd like to invent a machine so that by simply pressing the button all my lessons would be done."

The teacher shook her head. "That's very lazy of you, Edgar," she reprimanded. "Now let Willie say what he would like to invent."

"Something to press the button," came the dreamy reply.

—Log

An evening gown is like a barbed-wire fence—it protects the property, but does not obstruct the view.

—Caveman

Lecturer: Potts was a great man. At his death three towns were named for him: Pottsville, Pottstown, and Chambersburg.

—Wasp

A sweet-looking young thing was powdering her nose while a sensational play took place at the game. Desiring to know who the player who made the gain was, she turned around and asked the elderly man sitting next to her, "What was the number of that fellow who made the gain?"

"I don't remember," answered the old gent, who was a professor of mathematics, "but I recall that the number he wore on his sweater was one-half the square root of nine minus 21."

"Your wife needs a change," said the doctor. "Salt air will cure her."

The next time the physician called he found the Scotchman sitting by the bedside fanning his wife with a herring.

—Augwan

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DOMESTIC BLISS

"Good evening, honey, how's things?"

"Fine, darling, except that Johnny has a cold."

"Well, aren't you gonna give me a big hug and a kiss?"

"Of course, sweetness." . . .

"Supper ready?"

"No, but it will be in a minute. Oh yes, dovey, the car broke down today."

"Well, send it to a service station and have it fixed."

"I did. By the way, when are we going to get a new one?"

"Why, I can't even think of it now!"

"But that old piece of junk we've got is ready to fall apart!"

"I'm sorry, honey, but we're not getting any car!"

"Well, you dirty liar! What's the big idea of promising me one then?"

"Don't call me a liar! and I didn't promise you anything!"

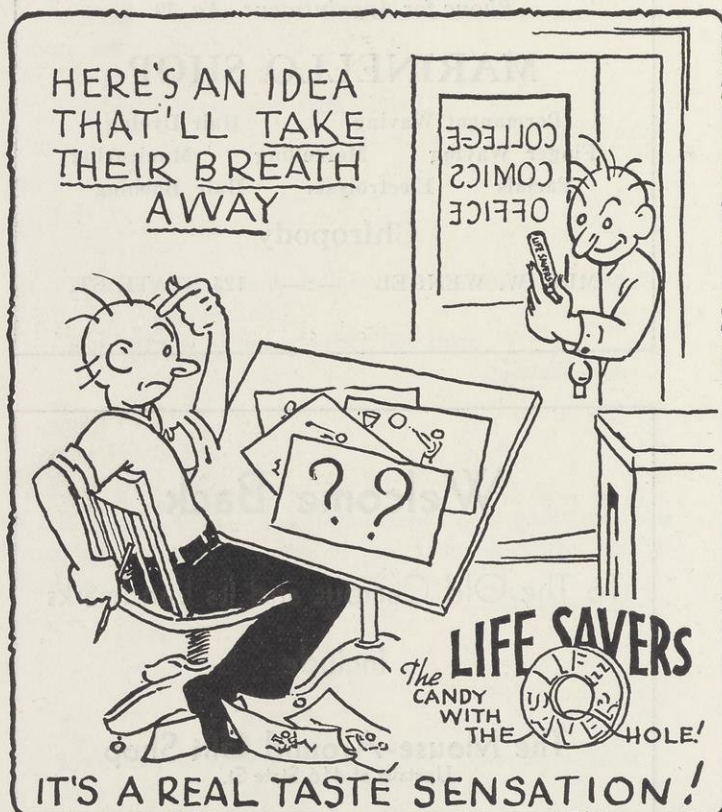
"Why, you dirty 5\$gJ(&!!!! I wish I were a man!"

"Don't call me a 5\$gJ(&!!!! you @¢1/2%!!!"

"I'll get even with you for this!"

"Oh yeah? Whatcha gonna do about it?"

"Plenty! I'll be damned if I marry a tightwad like you!"



She: Would you like to call me up sometime? My name's Gretchen Schnitzelbaum.

He: Sure, ya darn Teuton!

Times are so tough that the baseball coach is looking for players with club feet.

Homecoming—that glorious climax of the football season when the bromo seltzer business thrives.

(Continued from page 8)

ends with a Sunday morning head like Picard's balloon fifteen miles up—no reunions at which no one remembers anyone else's name, and nobody comes but the members of the class who attended Y. M. C. A. and Presbyterian House get-togethers when they were in school—no parades with a bunch of imbeciles who like to carry cardboard signs—no visits to the old house, where all the members of the chapter stare at the returning alumni as though they were lepers.

I will be sitting at home by the fire, with my faithful dog, dreaming of the happy hours of the good old days.

(The End)

People who live in glass houses must get tired of reading funny paragraphs about themselves.

—Purple Parrot

"Mabel looks like a million tonight."

"I know but she's really only thirty-two."

—Bean Pot

Depression Note: The girl that used to walk home now walks both ways.

—Battalion

Little boy, calling father's office: Hello, who is this?

Father (recognizing voice): The smartest man in the world.

Little boy: Wrong number.

—Log

Rushing Season is open!

—Pelican

Speakeasies are breaking up the home, and Prohibition agents are breaking up both.

—Mercury

"Shay, you can't unlock th' doorsh with that. It's your shigar."

"Migosh! I've shmoked my latch-key!"

—Ranger

The Collegiate Distress Signal:
\$ 0 \$.

—Dodo

The little girl who used to want an all-day sucker now just wants one for the evening.

—Bean Pot

Beta: So Tilden wouldn't play after he broke the strings in his racket, huh?

2nd Punk: Yeah, no guts!

—Tiger

"Your breath smells of gin."
"Yeah, I'm trying to get rid of the smell of Listerine."

—Puppet

He: Baby, you've the prettiest legs in captivity!

She: They're not in captivity; I'm single.

—Log

English Professor: What's "Lorna Doone"?

Student: None of your business.

—Lampoon

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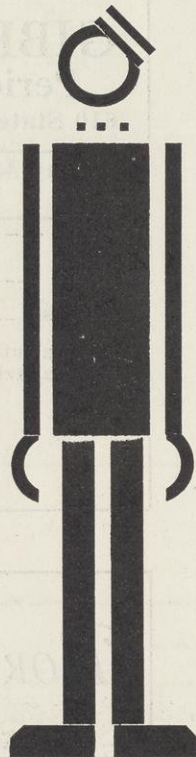
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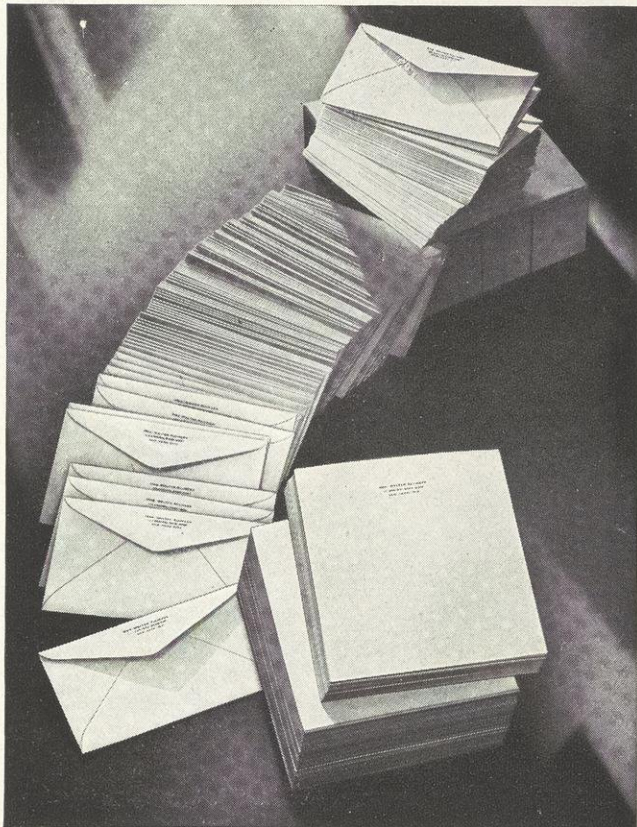
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—and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes

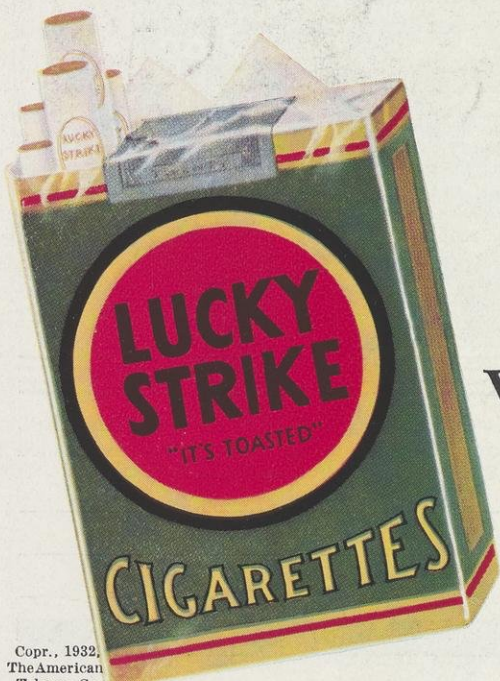
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city, town and hamlet say that
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"It's toasted"

That package of mild Luckies



Copy, 1932,
The American
Tobacco Co.

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, tho he
build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
Does not this explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of Lucky Strike?