



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Octopus: Christmas. [Vol. 14, No. 4] December 16, 1932

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, December 16, 1932

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WPMRQCZLCIZAP8G>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



OCTOPUS

CHRISTMAS

15¢

Dec 32

Phil Holliday

You don't Need to Pay fancy Prices .. for Correct Stationery



50% Bigger
THE NEW
"450 PACKAGE"

You can't buy *any* stationery at *any* price better suited to your informal correspondence than the new "450 Package." It is correct note sheet size, 6" x 7". The quality is actually better than found in many boxes of high-priced stationery.

Give American Stationery for Christmas. It's a better gift than ever this year. Make up your list now and have your Christmas shopping done—early, economically and thoughtfully.

THE AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.
Originator & World's Largest Manufacturer of Printed Note Paper

700 PARK AVENUE
PERU, IND.



THIS note paper is correct for informal correspondence. We have supplied it for 18 years to many of America's most prominent families. It has been a favorite also among college men and women.

With the introduction of the new "450 Package" the cost of this fine note paper is made lower than ever. It actually costs *less* than cheap stationery.

It's the same style note paper we have sold for 18 years—same printed name and address—same prompt delivery—same price. **But the quantity is now 50% greater!**

Send one dollar (\$1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.) and get one of the biggest bargains in fine merchandise offered in America. Your package printed and on its way to you within 3 days of receipt of your order. No agents or dealers. Sold by mail only. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

" "

300 Note Sheets . Formerly 200
150 Envelopes . . Formerly 100
450 Pieces . . . Formerly 300

*All Printed with your
Name and Address*

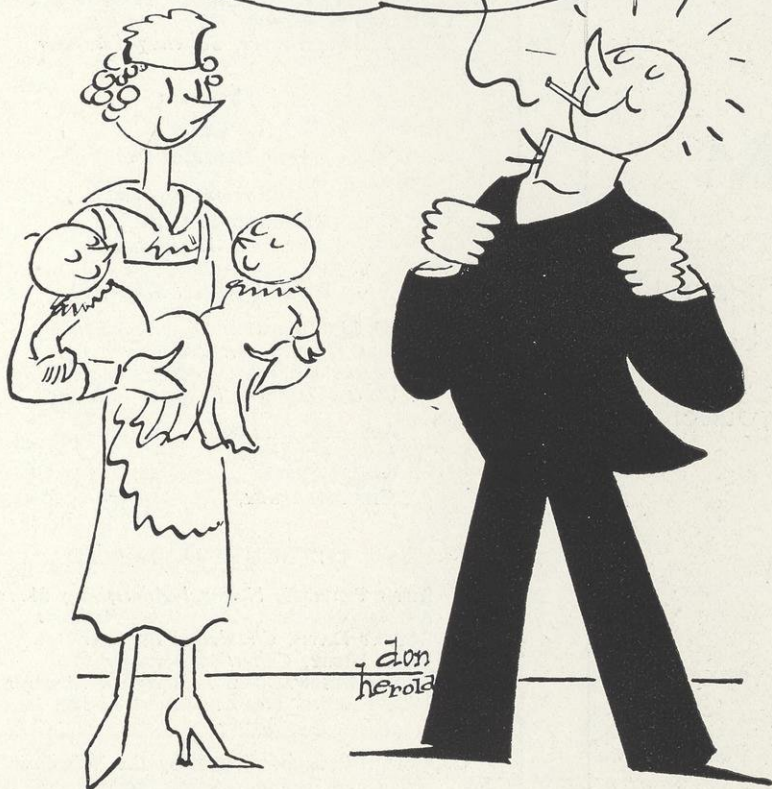
\$ 1.00
POSTPAID

The American Stationery Co., 700 Park Avenue, Peru, Ind.
Here is \$1 for a box of "450 Stationery," to be printed and mailed as shown below. (\$1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.)

Name _____

Address _____

Pardon my poise
-but I'm keeping cool
with OLD GOLD



**When you're in a Hot Spot
-light a cool OLD GOLD**

Finer tobacco, that's the answer.
Queen-leaf tobacco from the heart of
the stalk. The choicest and coolest
burning of all Turkish and domestic.

Get this, folks:
OLD GOLDS are FULL-WEIGHT

not a cough in a carload



MEET
THE
QUEEN
AT
PRE PROM

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN!
Who will it be? Don't believe
all the rumors you hear . . . be
there and meet her yourself.

•
Friday, Jan. 6th

•
The Great Hall

•
Good Entertainment

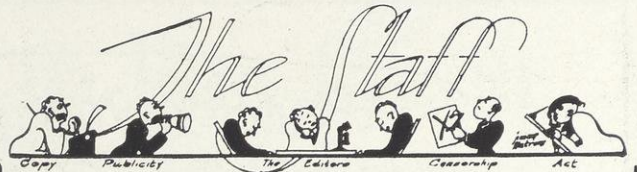
•
A Famous Orchestra

The first social even after Christmas
and the first event of Prom. Every
possible arrangement has been
made for a good time at a reason-
able cost.

TARIFF
\$2.00

LIMITED
NUMBER

Make Reservations Early



BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Faculty

DEAN SCOTT H. GOODNIGHT, *President and Censor*
WILLARD G. BLEYER, *Vice-president*
RAY L. HILSENHOFF, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Student

Editor
FRED PEDERSON, 1933
Business Manager
RAYMOND T. GUTZ, 1933

EDITORIAL BOARD

W. MAC STEWART, *Associate Editor*
BILL HARLEY, *Art Editor*
HENRY KUPFFERSCHMID, *Exchange Editor*
LESTER LINDOW, *Publicity Manager*

ADELAIDE GILLAN,
ARNOLD SERWER,
CARL GRUBERT,
CHARLES HUEY,

EXECUTIVE BOARD

RUTH PHILLIPS, *National Advertising Manager*
RALPH GUENTZEL, *Advertising Assistant*
ROBERT DAVIS, *Circulation Manager*
JOHN HIGBY, *Collection Manager*
EDWIN BINSWANGER, *Subscription Manager*
JACK HARING, HELEN MORSE, LOUISE LANGEMO

Copyright, December, 1932, by the Wisconsin Octopus, Inc. Exclusive reprint rights granted to ~~Octopus~~ **Octopus**. Contents must not be reprinted without permission. Member Midwest College Comics Association. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Madison, Wisconsin. Subscription, \$1.75 a year.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Aldric Revell
Phil Holliday
Oliver Dennis
Elmer Shortcake
Buh Duh
Ingmar Smorgasborg
Lloyd Rassendale
Jack Witttrup
Darwin Borgle

CHRISTMAS AT AUNT MINNIE'S

By ARNOLD SERWER

(One of those old-fashioned stories of high old times at Aunt Minnie's, back in the days when Christmas meant roasted chestnuts, luscious chibblains steeped in gravy, toasted marshmallows, hunting songs, a stolen kiss from Agnes the scullery maid, hot rum punch, snow in the beds, pledges to sparkling-eyed belles, another stolen kiss from Agnes, a shot in the dark, a bird in the hand, a pain in the neck, the duel set for daybreak, kiss number three from Agnes, more hot rum punch, and more snow in the beds, dammit! Just one of those old-fashioned accounts of an old-fashioned Christmas, and you ought to be glad you got this pill in your sock, instead of Modern Version No. 3426 of the "Christmas Eve-Lonely Millionaire-Poor Shivering Newsboy" yarn!

. . . Never mind telling people that I brought it upon myself, Lady Teazle! If you raise your foot to me just ONCE more, I will have the footman order up your Somerset Brougham immediately!)

Shouting and laughing and pushing each other about jovially, we tumbled out of the sleighs, the eighty-nine of us, all nephews and nieces of Aunt Minnie's, and assaulted the great knocker on the front door.

"Hurrah!" we shouted. "Hurrah for Aunt Minnie and Christmas day at Old Pantspatch Farm! Hurrah for snow and sleighs and old Lelong Q. Mortimer, Aunt Minnie's coachman! Hurrah for Santa Claus, reindeer, Charley Schwab, and areas of low barometric pressure over the Atlantic states! Hurrah!"

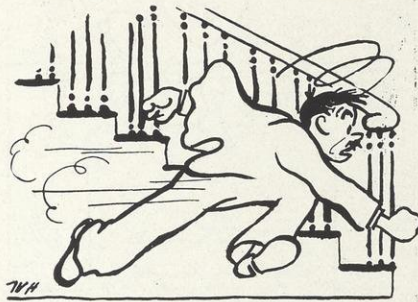
The wind came whistling around the ancient eaves of the great rambling mansion, came whistling the query:

"So what?"

"So nothing!" we shouted back, quick as a flash. Then the front door opened, and there framed in the portal, we saw Aunt Minnie, herself!

"Hurrah for Aunt Minnie, herself!" we shouted.

"Shut up before I slug the lot of you!" grated Aunt Minnie. Quietly we trooped inside, deafening only four butlers and a Harz Mountain canary staying in a cage at Aunt Minnie's at the time. (I mean the canary was in the cage, not the butlers. They were afraid of him. He was always eating butlers. That was why they never stepped inside of his cage, because he was a high-strung canary, and they did not think he would have an easy time of it, because his nerves made it hard for him to stomach butlers. What's that? Ha! ha! Certainly I am not selling any magazines! I was just telling you about this canary of my aunt's.)



"I'm Upstairs!"

"We've come to spend Christmas Day with you, Aunt Minnie!" cried Cousin Theobald, acting as our spokesman at this point.

"Are you spokesman at this point?" asked Aunt Minnie, who must be reading this over my shoulder, or something.

Cousin Theobald concentrated for a moment. "What paragraph are we in?" he queried, frowning.

"Oh, yes, you're right!" said Aunt Minnie, quickly. "You do come in here! I got mixed up. I thought you didn't speak until the time when I come onstage, left, eating olives, and humming the march of my alma mater, 'Fight On, Pitt! Fight! Fight! Fight!' and . . ."

"Then the woodwind section comes in," broke in Cousin Theobald, eager-

ly, "and then the brasses, with a 'Ta-ra-boom-de-ay!', and then the tympani go mad, simply mad, and . . ."

Aunt Minnie interrupted Cousin Theobald. "And then the lights go out and when they come on again I am in the center of the stage, clothed in a flowing white robe, singing the *Marseillais* from, from—" She hesitated doubtfully.

"From Marseilles. The *Marseillaise* comes from Marseille," said Cousin Theobald firmly.

"From Marseille," agreed Aunt Minnie. "And how would you like to stop trying to light that match on that Rembrandt?" she added frigidly.

"Well, the Rubens is too slippery," complained Cousin Theobald. Aunt Minnie pushed him in the face, and turned to her four score and eight other nephews and nieces.

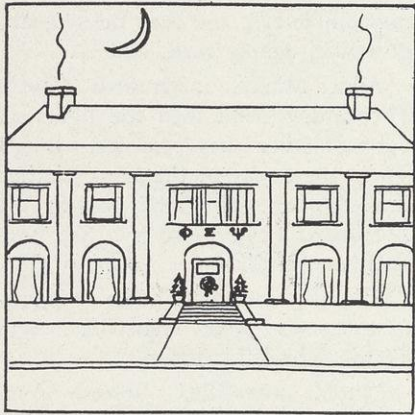
"G'wan upstairs and skin out of your wraps!" she commanded, lapsing into her native patois again, which her four butlers then lifted to their shoulders and bore aloft into the dining room, with Aunt Minnie yelling:

"Hup! Hup! Hup! Keep your oar in the boat, Number Four! Hup! Hup! Put your back into it, Number One! Hup! Hup!" And so on. (When Aunt Minnie was at Cadwalader Jehosaphat McLearnish Night School, she was their outstanding sculling ace, and for years afterwards she ran a scullery of her own, and that was where I met Agnes, Agnes of the rippling laugh, but that is another story and I could get fined for telling it in mixed company, so I will let my brother Jared do a cornbrake stomp for a few minutes while I go out and take a breather with that winsome brunette down in front, if she can shake that aged gentleman she is with for a few minutes.)

We went upstairs, after three cheers and a Tiger for "Upstairs!" The amusing thing about this part of the story is that no sooner had we finished the cheer, with the syllables—"Up-

(Continued on page 14)

A M E R R I E



Hard times have caused Santa to give up his gift-giving activities, and become a racketeer. Now he takes guys for slay rides.

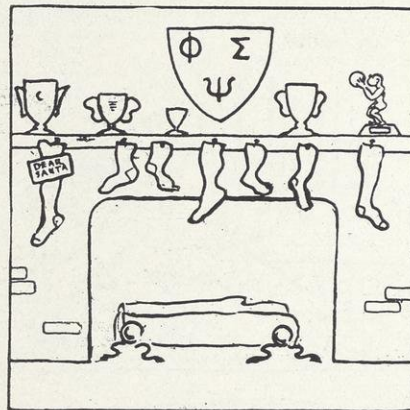
First freshman: My dad was a big activities man when he went to college here. He belonged to the best fraternity on the campus.

Second freshman: That's nothing. My dad left college at the end of his first semester and went into the mortgage business, and now the best fraternity on the campus belongs to him!

"What makes your friend so cynical?"

"Oh, he's just filled with Christmas jeer."

Like the two preceding Christmases, that of 1932 will probably be a year of beardless Santa Clauses. This phenomenon is due to the fact that so many of them got trimmed in 1929.



Russian kid: Teacher, what is Christmas?

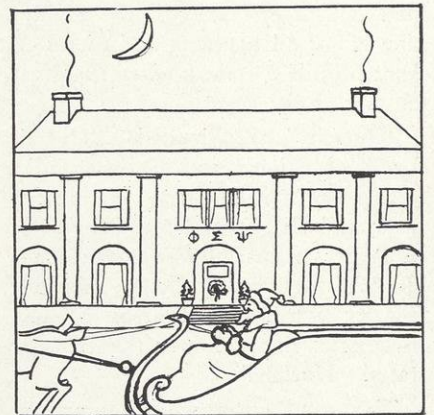
Teacher: It's a capitalist plot!

A diplomat's love-making often turns out to be a *coo d' état*.

Interviewer: I suppose, Mr. Martinelli, that you have already mastered all forms of vocal music.

Martinelli: Oh no! Hard as I try, I can't yell "hey-de-hey-de-hey" like Cab Calloway.

Every politician has at least two hats—the one he throws into the ring and the one he talks through.



A H A P P Y

CHRISTMAS!

Customer: Is this hair restorer any good?

Barber: Is it good? Why, the other night I spilled some on my bed and when I woke up the next morning, I was between two mattresses!

"Now," concluded the speaker, "are you people with me or are you against me?"

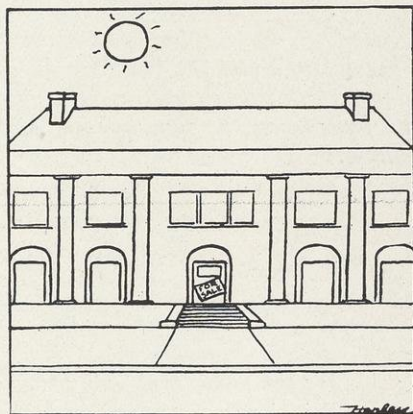
In unison the crowd answered, "Yes, we are."

"Why do you always take your wife with you?"

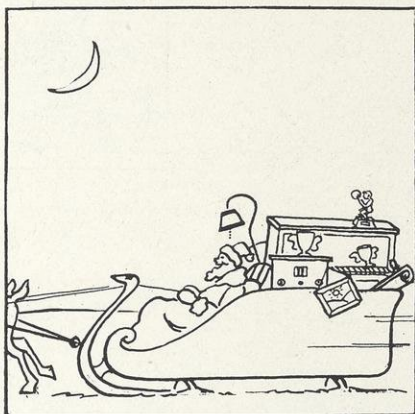
"I'd rather take her with me than kiss her good-bye."

—*The Wampus*

The millionaire's son had enough clothes, so his father bought him a new pair of Cords for Christmas.

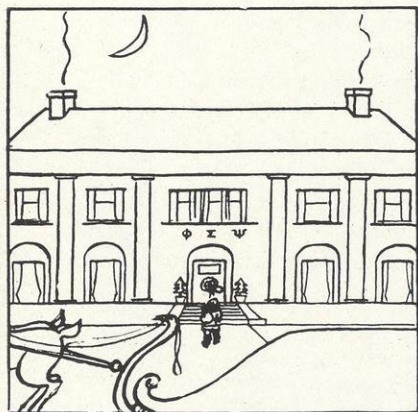


Nature in the rah is seldom mild.



Modern science scoffs at the idea of the ancient Greeks that a hair placed in mud becomes a worm.

But how about the modern male who is placed in grass on a moonlit night and becomes a snake?



Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am going out on a picnic with an insurance agent. Should I be careful?
Cutie.

Cutie:

Yes. If he says he is going to "take out a blanket" policy, don't go.

He: Darn it, I can't think of that name—it's right on the tip of my tongue.

She: Stick out your tongue and let me read it.

NEW YEAR!

OF YOUSE WE YODEL »

(Editor's Note: Encouraged by the success of "Of Thee I Sing" and the more recent "By the Dawn's Early Light," Octopus presents more songs from the hymns of the fatherland. So tune up your piccolo and stand at attention.)

I

O'er the land of the free,
A light shines for me,
It's the moon high above,
Bringing moon-beams of love,
From the girl who is waiting for me.

II

Mine eyes have seen the glory,
Of the cutest little doll,
She winked at me and I at her,
But the winking wasn't all,
I've got a date for 8:15,
Beside the waterfall.

III

My gal is the gem of the ocean,
She's the sweetheart of every Navy lad,
Each one she pets and kisses,
And me she hardly misses,
But fifteen minutes with her ain't half bad.

IV

The stars way up there,
Give proof through the night,
Of being aware,
That my honey's all right.

V

Glory, glory to the girl friend,
To the sweetest little babe in all the land,
Some day we shall marry,
Even if it is contrary
To her old man's disposition and demand.



ADVICE ON INEBRIATION

If you've quarrel with the girl,
Go get drunk.
If your head is in a whirl,
Go get drunk.
If you've lost your funds in poker,
Go get drunk.
If your work is mediocre,
Go get drunk.
If caught petting on the sofa,
Go get drunk.
If they say that you're a loafer,
Go get drunk.
If you find your grades are sinking,
Go get drunk.
If you feel like going drinking - -
Hit the bunk!

HEIGHTS

The height of unreliability: Madison weather.
The height of improbability: The prom queen from West Johnson Street.
The height of asininity: Cramming for a physical examination.
The height of immortality: The Chi Omega in a campus speakeasy.
The height of calamity: Oversleeping on a no-cut day.

SCOOPS FOR THE TABLOIDS

1. Picture of Herbert Hoover asleep in church.
2. Story of chorus girl going back to the farm.
3. Picture of Jimmy Walker looking remorseful.
4. Diagram showing course taken by Republican party in past eight years.
5. Story of movie star consenting to a salary cut.

WHO WANTS WHAT?

- Roosevelt:* Prosperity and a nice swimming pool in the White House.
- Huey P. Long:* Prosperity and a nice, big, Huey P. Long.
- Glenn Frank:* Prosperity and a nice new pair of spats.
- Hoover:* Prosperity and a nice Arrow collar.
- Coolidge:* Prosperity and a nice hobby-horse saddle.
- Curtis:* Prosperity and a nice round table for sister.
- Mellon:* Prosperity and them lost millions.
- Winchell:* Prosperity and . . .
- Chapple:* Prosperity and a nice hide-out in the African jungle.
- Capone:* Prosperity and a nice steel saw.
- Nathan:* Prosperity and a nice, lousy show.
- Hearst:* Prosperity and a nice little war.
- Jimmy Walker:* Prosperity, wine, women, and song.
- Will Rogers:* Prosperity and a nice big wad of Wrigley's.
- William Z. Foster:* Depression and a nice revolution. Whoopee!

COCK-EYED YULETIDE »

(News Item, North Pole News, Dec. 16)

Santa M. Claus, local toy manufacturer, is about to take off on his annual trip south. He intends to be away indefinitely.

"No presents on this trip," he said "Who do those kids think I am anyway? Santa Claus? But I got me a swell new sleigh with red wire wheels, free wheeling, remote control, and a horn that goes 'burp-burp!'"

(From Walter Winkle's Column, North Pole Times)

. . . Big-Butter-and-Egg-Man Claus, of the Subordinate and Dependent Clauses, is slipping out of town while the Mrs. isn't looking . . . the Kiwanis are giving him a send-off that will knock out your granny's glass eye . . . Claus's shnozzle will be plenty red, and not from the cold either . . .

(News Item, Lodi (Wis.) Courier-News-Post-Sickle, Dec. 24)

Charged with drunken driving, an old man was driving a sporty red sleigh full of empty bottles was fined \$25 by Judge Poe Whitetrash. He gave his name as S. Claus, and his destination as Madison, Wis.

Claus was speeding along Highway 18 at a speed of 75 miles per hour, running over four chicken, around town and three cops, through four stop-lights and his bankroll, and finally into Mayor Hillbilly's shiny 1907 Ford.

When notified, Hizzoner threw his worst fit since the Teapot Dome Oil Scandal. "Why, that \$#@¢¼*!" he screamed. "Ran down my car, did he? It's a family heirloom—been in the family since the last war with Spain. We'll fix him!"

"I'll show you city slickers ye can't put nothin' over on us!" cackled Judge Whitetrash. "What have ye got to say for yerself?"

Claus expanded his chest and off snapped three buttons on his belly. "Ladiess and gen'men," mumbled bewhiskered, cherry-nosed Claus (See Time, April 19, 1776), "it ish 'xtreme pleasure to b'able to tell yoush that I 'presbiate the dinner and shigarsh. Drop 'round Nor' Pole shometime. Be glad to have you if wife's folksh sbtay 'way long 'nough. Whoopee!"

(News Item, Society Page, Capital Times, Dec. 30)

S. Claus, North Pole, Wis., is a week-end guest at the Phi Pho Phum phraternity house.

(From The Gypsy, Wisconsin State Journal, Jan. 4)

The deadness on Langdon Street has been broken by the crashing of bottles at Phi Pho Phum fraternity. Students who have remained over Christmas say that some high old times have taken place since the arrival of one S. Claus, a guest at the house.

(Continued on page 11)



HAVE YOU GOT YOUR FEE CARD?

OR

CHRISTMAS AT THE UNION

By ALDRIC REVELL

The snow was falling softly as I made my way down Langdon Street. I knew it was Christmas time, not only because everything was white, but because for the past two weeks people had been calling me up asking whether I wanted to take the bus home? Was I leaving by car? Was I leaving by train? How was my cold? Was that me lying in the gutter on Park Street? Did I want some good stuff cheap? And who the hell did I think I was?

Along the side walks the fraternities had shoveled out the snow in huge drifts together with the installment men and bad telephone numbers. In the Tri-Delt house the windows were lit up on the top floor while the girls were lit up downstairs in the parlour. Near the bend in the street I ran into Marberry F. Quam, my old bench-mate from Franklin Park, Grand Rapids.

"Hello, Marberry," I said, "what are you doing around here?"

"Looking in ashcans," he replied. "I've found an old pair of goloshes. I already have an old pair of goloshes. That makes two pairs of old goloshes."

"Right you are," I answered doing some quick mathematics. "But what do you expect to do with them?"

"Maybe I could swap one pair for a book on agronomy," Marberry de-

clared, "then I could enter the short course in agriculture."

"You've had enough to drink already, Marberry, better come with me to the party at the Memorial Union. It's free."

Festivities were in full swing, as they say on the society staff of the Cardinal. In the center of the lounge was a huge Christmas tree with the lights from all the rest rooms on it.

Under the tree, sitting on a high stool with a pen in back of his ear, sat a high collared individual with a card attached to him. We walked over and read the inscription—"With the best wishes for a merry Christmas and a lower price level, the Daily Cardinal presents this C. P. A. to the Memorial Union in token of its extreme unction."

We walked along the lounge watching the couples sitting in each other's laps. "That," I said to Marberry, "is an old Wisconsin custom. So many people use this place that if they did not sit in each other's laps there would be no room. Besides, the fellows are all teaching the girls how to pronounce French the way it should be spoken."

The halls were filled with people, and we could hardly move. "Marberry," I declared, "do you know who all these people are?"

"No," he said, "but they look hungry."

"They are the fellows that have been laid off."

Just then there was a noise of sirens outside and four armored cars drove up. "Holly Christmas," Marberry shouted excitedly, "we've been pinched."

"Quam yourself, Marberry, that's only the salaries of the Union officials arriving. They get paid today."

Two figures clad in mysterious black passed swiftly through the hall and disappeared around the corner.

Before we could comment on these apparitions, a large, fleshy Santa Claus appeared from behind the Union desk. "What's the matter with his beard?" Marberry asked.

"It's been cut," I replied, "along with everything else around here."

"Who is Santa Claus for the Union anyway?" Marberry whispered.

"Shh," I declared, "it's a secret. Don't say a word but it's the Board of Regents. He only dresses up like Santa Claus at Christmas, but he keeps his munificent role throughout the year."

A group of students came running up the stairs and rushed over to Porter Butts. "It's Christmas," they yelled, "what do we get for our ten bucks a year?"

"Have a drink," he said. "I have to see the committee appointed by

(Continued on page 12)



LIBERAL SERENADE

Bombsky, knifesky, clubovitch and riot.
 Pamphlets, handbills—come along and try it.
 Peace, by God, if we have to kill to do it.
 Dagger in the back—who's the dirty bum that threw it?
 Picket, soap-box—cheese it, there's a copper!
 Meeting in the alley, let the devil try to stop 'er.
 Dead cat, brick bat, down with law and quiet!
 Bombsky, knifesky, clubovitch and riot.

—Widow

First ditch-digger: Help! Help! Quick!
 Second ditto: What da mat'?'
 First d.-d.: Tony, he stuck in da mud.
 Second d.-d.: How far in?
 First d.-d.: Up to da knees.
 Second d.-d.: Aw, let 'im walk out.
 First d.-d.: He no can do; he's in upside-a down!

—Tiger

Jack: Do you know I saw the bed that Hoover slept in?

Jill: How could you recognize it?

Jack: It had a big depression in the middle of it.

—Owl

The astronomy professor was lecturing.

"I predict the end of the world in fifty million years."

"How many?" cried a frightened voice from the rear.

"Fifty million years."

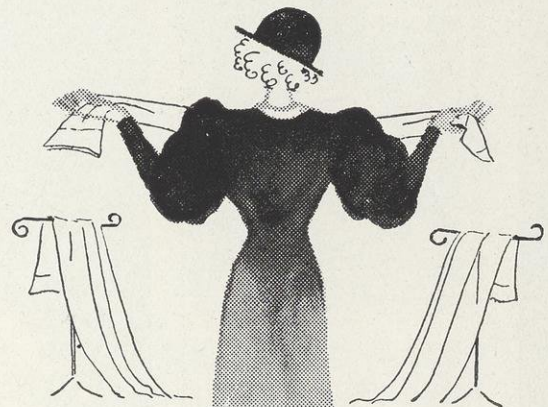
"Oh," said the voice with a deep sigh of relief, "I thought you said fifteen million."

—Rammer Jammer

"So that girl whom you had at the dance was untrue to you?"

"Yeh, she went home with the fellow who brought her."

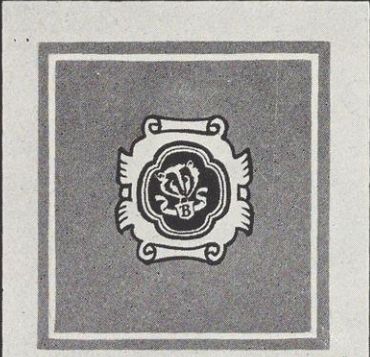
—Exchange



A man
simply
 wouldn't
 understand it!

But every woman knows that sheer, clear hose in just the right shade helps to give that well groomed appearance! That's why so many well dressed women are wearing lovely Phoenix hose with the trim French heel. It has the new custom fit top that always fits and its price is only \$1.35 a pair. Of course it comes in the very newest shades.

Harry S. Manchester, Inc.



BROCK
ENGRAVING
COMPANY
MADISON

DESIGNERS
PUBLISHERS and ADVERTISERS
for ENGRAVERS

Established 1854

Conklin & Sons Company

Coal, Coke, Wood and Ice

Fuel Oil Best Suited For
Your Particular Burner

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

Building Materials

Main Office 24 E. Mifflin Street
Phone Badger 25

MODERN MELODRAMA

First cop: We ain't had nobody bumped off for two week. Dis depression!

Second cop: Shure, and do yer remember a year ago when they put five of them on the spot?

First cop: You mean when dey took Two-Barrel Joe for a ride?

Second cop: 'Twas the verra same time they rubbed out Bull-Face Bill.

(Telephone rings. The first cop answers it.)

Voice over phone: Hello, flatfeet. This is Smith of the East Side gang. I just *killed* a man . . .

Today's Good Deed

Dean (to Frosh): Do you know who I am?

Frosh: No, I don't; but if you can remember your address I'll take you home.

—Tiger

A drunk fell into the police station and confessed that he had pushed his wife out of a ten-story window.

"Did you kill her?" asked the sergeant.

"I don't think sho. Thash why I wanna be locked up."

—Sour Owl

He was rather shy, and after she had thrown her arms around him for bringing her a bouquet, he stood up and started to leave.

"I'm sorry if I've offended you," she said.

"No offence," he replied. "I'm going for more flowers!"

—Red Cat

And there's the happy bounding flea—

You cannot tell the he from she.

The sexes look alike you see;

But she can tell, and so can he!

—Battalion

(Continued from page 7)

They also say that Claus is considering a university career. He will support himself by selling A (B C books) to freshmen. If he enrolls, he will be the oldest student at the university.

(From The Daily Cardinal Society Page, Feb. 8)

Phi Pho Phum announces the pledging of S. Claus, '37, North Pole, Wis.

(From The Daily Cardinal, Feb. 9)

"The oldest student enrolled in the university is S. Claus '37, of North Pole, Wis., who is 89 years old," announced Frank O. Holt, registrar, at exactly 11:06 p. m. last night.

Claus is registered in the College of Letters and Science and at the U. S. Post Office at Madison, Wis., under the federal Postage-Stamp Licking Act of 1879. He is majoring in Sanskrit, and is mistaking it for Greek in case he doesn't know it.

"I wasn't to any classesh yet," said Claus, "but sbtill I learned lotta things in Madison I never knew before. Whoopbeel"

(From Connie Co-ed, Daily Cardinal, Feb. 10)

"Sandy" Claus, Phi Pho Phum playboy, is busy these days making eight o'clocks. We saw him being poured out of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Phi Beta house at 4 a. m. last night.

As far as we could make out, he said that the Phi Pho Phum house is "the nertsb", because he's seen only five fellows around, giving him "lotta privashy". The only trouble he can find is that he didn't know that second mortgages and grocery bills were included in the pledge dues.

(From The Daily Cardinal, March 18)

Santa Claus '37, passed out and away last night from overnourished stomach ulcers. He was a member of Phi Pho Phum fraternity. His home is in North Pole, Wis.

Members of Phi Pho Phum (both of them) will be the pallbearers. They are Ichabod Iskowitcz '35, and Isiah Iskowitcz '33. They will be aided by the alumni: Ignatz Iskowitcz sr. '41, Ignatz Iskowitcz jr. '68, Ignatz Iskowitcz III '95, and Ignatz Iskowitcz IV '23.

Pledge Ivan Iskowitcz '36, is in charge of decorations and complimentary tickets. Pledge Ipswich Iskowitcz will take care of orchestra arrangements, Grand March, Rainy April, Balmy May, and Romantic June.

(the end)

Cop: Madam, didn't you see me hold up my hand?

Lady Driver: I did not.

Cop: Didn't you hear me blow my whistle?

Lady Driver: I didn't.

Cop: Well, I guess I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing much good here.

—Tiger



Give Jewelry for Christmas



Jewelry is the permanent gift and always carries with it the sentiment of the giver. It will be worth your while to visit our display of fine gifts.

We do not sell "prices." Instead, we have always operated our store on the assumption that intelligent people want quality first of all. And, in dealing with a reputable store such as ours, take it for granted that the price is fair.

In the long run, we're sure it would pay you to follow this course.

C. W. Andersen

124 State Street

Madison, Wisconsin

Give Crested Gifts This Year

Such gifts need not be expensive, yet the mere fact that they are mounted with your coat of arms lends that distinction and prestige which only a fraternity man or a sorority girl can give.

You are assured of a fine selection of unusual and different Christmas gifts at our office in charge of—

MR. AL REED
610 State Street
Madison, Wisconsin

Order Now For Christmas Delivery

**L. G. BALFOUR
COMPANY**

Attleboro

Massachusetts



We Wish You A
Merry Christmas
And A Very
Happy New Year

CAPITAL CITY RENT-A-CAR

531 State Street

Fairchild 334

(Continued from page 8)

the committee of the committee of the Union to see whether you're entitled to anything else.

He turned around and with a scream rushed up the hall and into his office. We turned around to see what caused his fright, and saw the two black clad figures disappearing behind a davenport.

"Marberry," I declared, "I know who they are. They're Union investigators from the Daily Cardinal."

A crowd had collected at one end of the hall and we walked over to see what was going on. A photographer was taking a picture of a young man who proudly held the elevator open. "What's it all about?" I inquired of a stranger.

"I don't know," he said, "I'm a Union official."

A man next to me supplied the information. "It's a photographer from the town papers. The fellow's whose picture is being taken is the first one in the history of the building to get the elevator when he wanted it."

"Marberry," I said, "let's go outside. It might be cold, but at least it's comfortable."

(the end)

A droll tale is told about the deaf and dumb man who had a nightmare and broke his knuckles on a bedpost, screaming.

—*Lampoon*

FASCIST SCHOOLBOY WINS ESSAY CONTEST

(MUSSOLINI IS JUDGE)

Mussolini is a great guy. There is no one of who I think is greater. Mussolini can fight and Mussolini can give orders. When I grow up I want to be like Mussolini. My father saw Mr. Mussolini once. He says Mussolini is a great guy, too. We both agree Mussolini is a great guy. My brother thought that maybe Mr. Hoover or Napoleon was greater so we shot him. Mussolini is a great soldier. He is also a great ruler. Mussolini is kind, brave, and modest—he is my idea of a great man. Mussolini is a great guy!

—*Juggler*

Student: Hello, mister, are you interested in drinking?
 Man: Sir, I am the dean of the school.
 Student: Ahe-cr-you see I am a Dixie Cup salesman.
 —*Belle Hop*

Freshman's Parents: Is this where Robert Jones lives?
 irate Landlady: Yes, bring him in.
 —*Tiger*

Professor Kickover has got a new car—
 He's going around with a prosperous look.
 What if he just got a salary cut?
 This year he revised his econ book!
 —*Yellow Jacket*

The fall of so many banks during the past years was caused by their losing their balance.

Christmas Cards 20% Discount

500 new, brilliant, distinctive designs to choose from. Most of them only 5¢, less 20%.

Just one of the many Christmas items now reduced at Brown's

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

CORNER STATE AND LAKE STREETS

Jewelry

Gifts . . .

*"If it comes from Blum's,
It must be good"*

Harry T. Blum

128 State Street
Madison, Wisconsin

Kennedy's VELVET ICE CREAM

Fast Frozen
For
Finer Flavor

Kennedy Dairy Company

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

621-29 W. Wash. Ave.

Phone B. 7100

(Continued from page 3)

stairs!" when a man came running down stairs, to take a bow! Then he introduced himself, saying that he was Upstairs. The following interesting conversation ensued:

"Upstairs, are you?" scoffed Cousin Griswold.

"Yes, I'm Upstairs," said the man, smilingly.

"Listen here!" said Cousin Griswold, "all of us just saw you come downstairs! What's the idea of telling us you're upstairs?"

"You don't understand," explained the man, beginning to look unhappy. "I'm downstairs, but my NAME is Upstairs!"

"His name is upstairs, but he's downstairs," said Cousin Ichabod to Cousin Griswold.

"Well," said Cousin Griswold, who was fairly full of Christmas cheer at the time, "what good's his name doing upstairs? Why doesn't he bring it downstairs, where we can ALL look at it!"

The man began to rock back and forth, moaning slightly. "My name is right here with me," he said in

pleading tones. "Right here with me. It's not upstairs, my name is downstairs, I—"

"You mean it's here?" asked Cousin Griswold.

"Right here, my name is right here!" replied the man, beginning to scream.

Cousin Griswold turned to Cousin Agatha. "His name is Righthere," he announced triumphantly. "We're glad to meet you, Mr. Righthere!" he added kindly.

"No, no, no!" bellowed the man. "It isn't Righthere! It's Upstairs, my name is Upstairs! I mean, it's right here, but it's Upstairs! I—it's downstairs here, but it's Upstairs all the time! Oh, I'm going mad, I'm going mad! I'M UPSTAIRS! I'M UPSTAIRS!"

"Crazy as a bedbug!" said Cousin Griswold. "Still insists he's upstairs, when he's downstairs!"

"I wonder what his name really was," said Cousin Griswold, peering after him.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Cousin Agatha, looking worried. "You don't suppose that could have been Santa

Claus?" (I must explain here that Cousin Agatha is in her second childhood, but no longer teething.)

"Of course not," explained Cousin Ichabod indulgently, "Of course not."

"Of course not," repeated Cousin Griswold. "It couldn't have been Santa Claus. Santa *never* comes downstairs! He's always upstairs."

"What?" asked Cousin Agatha, who is slightly deaf.

"I said," shouted Cousin Griswold, "that it wasn't Santa!"

"Oh!" said Cousin Agatha. "Why not?"

"Because Santa is never downstairs, when people are around!" yelled Cousin Griswold. "Santa Claus is UPSTAIRS!" he roared.

"By the way," asked Aunt Minnie, coming in at this moment. "Have any of you seen my friend, Mr. Upstairs, around?"

I will never forget those old fashioned Christmases at Aunt Minnie's! In that sort of atmosphere, that the literati used to be so fond of, you could make a gag, like the Upstairs one, last for pages and pages at a dollar a paragraph.

(the end)

*When Better Cars
Are Built . . .*

Buick

Will Build Them

and

RITTER

Will Sell Them

**Ritter Auto
Co.**

222 N. Henry St.

**PANTORIUM
COMPANY**

**CLEANERS
AND DYERS**

"Send It To A Master"

B. 1180

558 State 907 Univ. Ave.
2136½ Regent 2612 Monroe

**Now Is The Time
To Order Your**

**Christmas
Greeting
Cards**

Stop in and look over
our samples

NETHERWOOD'S
519 State

"That portrait is the breathing image of your Uncle Antonio."

"Gracious! Pour some Listerine on it quick!"
—Jug

A Guarantee

Skeptical lady: Can you wear this coat out in the rain without hurting it?

Fur Salesman: Madame, did you ever see a racoon carrying an umbrella?

—New Goblin

"You you think the newspaper will ever take the place of the radio?"

"No, you can't swat the flies with a radio."
—Wampus

"Gee, dear, with a moon like that there are only two things to do, and I don't feel like writing poetry."

—Log

Young Artist: You are the first of my models I have ever kissed.

Model: How many have you had?

Young Artist: An apple, a banana, a bouquet, and you.

—Log

Phone for Appointment Fa. 79

MARINELLO SHOP

Permanent Waving Hair Dyeing
Finger Waving Mercerling Manicuring
Facials Electrolysis Hair Bobbing

Chiropody

MRS. W. WENGEL —:— 125 STATE ST.

Look Over These Suggestions

- BILLFOLDS
- BRIEF CASES
- TOILET CASES
- CIGARETTE CASES
- GLADSTONE BAGS
- NEW STYLE ZIPPER BAGS
- WARDROBE HAT CASES
- FITTED OVERNIGHT CASES
- MILITARY BRUSH CASES

You Will Want to Visit Us Before
That Final Gift Purchase



WEHRMANN'S

2 STORES

116 King St.
Badger 666

508 State St.
Fairchild 6220

The Prom King and His Assistants Have Again Selected Braeburn's Full Dress Suit

Through the courtesy of Mr. Charles Hanson, Prom King, we have extended the special price of \$35.50 on Braeburn's \$45 Full Dress to any student attending the University of Wisconsin.

The King and his assistants will all wear Braeburns.

Drop in to try one on if you're interested.

Anderes & Spoo

18 No. Carroll—On Capitol Square

Our Wish To You

Merry Christmas
 . .
 Happy New Year

NEW WISCONSIN LUNCH
 Under New Management
 437 State

Enjoy Christmas Vacation

Leave your topics here or mail them to us during vacation and when you return they will be neatly typed and ready for class.

All Work Guaranteed

COLLEGE TYPING CO.

1/2 Block from "Libe"

B. 3747

Real Values For

Christmas

Shop at the

VARSIITY CLOTHES SHOP
 809 Univ. Ave.

Our Wish To You

Merry Christmas
 .
 Happy New Year

UNIVERSITY PHARMACY
 672 State

LAZY, WHAT?

"And what do you do when you hear the fire alarm, my good man?"

"Oh, I jest get up an' feel the wall, an' if it ain't hot I go back to bed."

.

Spokesman: We are Kappa Sigs and honest men.

Judge: Fine; the Kappa Sigs line up over on this side and honest men on the other side."

—Puppet

.

Frosh: How come you say Zoology and Law are good Physical Ed. courses?

Soph: Just carry a few of the texts around.

—Wampus

.

The members of a certain fraternity were "putting the buzz" on their cook for some pies he had made.

"Pie?" asked the cook. "Why, I made pies before you were born."

"I know, but why feed 'em to us?"

—Purple Parrot

.

Nice blind on the window Abe.

Yes, Isaac.

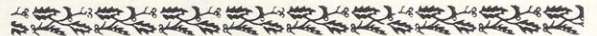
Who paid for it Abe?

The customers, Isaac.

The customers, how is that?

Yes, Isaac, I put a little box on the counter "For the Blind" and they paid for it.

—Bored Walk



Gift Shopping Is A Pleasure

at the

Mouse-Around Shop

Upstairs at 416 State

We Wrap and Mail Your Gifts



Selling
Without
Advertising

IS LIKE

Fishing
Without
Bait

FOR WAYS AND MEANS SEE

DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY

114 SOUTH CARROLL STREET

--

MADISON, WISCONSIN

"Singin' in the Rain"



I FORGOT my galoshes, but I'm going along in the rain... having a good time... smoking my Chesterfields.

Just downright good cigarettes. They're milder and they taste better.

Just having a good time. *They Satisfy.*

