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OCTO

PIUS

DECEMBER

15 CENT

1933

LEGISLATURE

W.S.G.A.



UNION.

LE CLAIR

ALUMNI SENIORS

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES



RIDE 'EM COWBOY! It sure takes healthy nerves to stay on board a fighting bronk! "Camels are my smoke," says Eddie Woods, cowboy champion. "They never jangle my nerves."



*Steady Smokers
turn to Camels*

EDDIE WOODS, twice all-round cowboy champion at the famous Calgary Stampede, "top hand" of the cowboy world, says:

"Ten seconds on the back of an outlaw horse is about the hardest punishment for a man's nerves that anybody can imagine. To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all, but Camels are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness that appeals to me, and I like their taste better. Most important of all, Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I light up one Camel after another."

* * *

If *you* are nervous...inclined to "fly off the handle"... change to Camels. Your own nerves and taste will confirm the fact that this milder cigarette, made from costlier tobaccos, is better for steady smoking.



"I'M DEVOTED TO riding. Even if I am not in the championship class I need healthy nerves. And Camels are the mildest cigarette I know!"

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW
Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos
than any other popular brand.



A
MATCHLESS
BLEND

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

Copyright, 1933,
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company

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VOL. XV NO. 4



... and buy
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for MOTHER . . . DAD,
SISTER and BROTHER

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when you get home . . . so come
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The right book to the right person is the best of all gifts, and at BROWN'S you will find just the right books. Prices from 30c up.

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Discounts of 50% and more on Fountain Pens and Desk Sets. These are nationally known brands, but are models discontinued by the manufacturer. Prices from \$1.00 to \$25.00.



• Games •

CHESS MEN - 85c to \$4.50
Carefully made of good materials. Be sure to see the pocket sets.

CHESS BOARDS - 35c to \$5.00
The solid inlaid wood boards are ideal gifts.

CRIBBAGE BOARDS - 35c to \$2
Made of fine woods. Be sure to see the circular boards with an ash tray.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Hundreds of new, colorful designs at low prices.

2 for 5c . . . 5c and 10c each

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

STATE AT LAKE STREET

"Come in and browse"

THE BOOMERANG

November 20th.

DEAR OCTY:

We would suggest that the bountiful Octy Santa bring a bag-full of type-writers to the Cardinal office. They would be appreciated. In the meantime, thank you for the privilege of use of Octy machines.

A grateful reporter,
GEORGIANNA MATHEW.

We thank you, Georgianna, but we are afraid this Santa stuff is too much to swallow. Looks like "bad penny" Cardinal will always turn up—in our office!

Dec. 2, 1933.
507 Whitney Avenue,
New Haven, Conn.

YE EDS,
WIS. OCT.

Where the — are all the free issues?

What the — became of the fair mess I sent?

If you didn't get it you are lucky, but fa — sake ship me an issue anyway so I ken see how yuh doin'.

atta boy,

JARVIS HENCHBOTTHOME.

NOTE. *The above letter was written to us by one of our alumni contributors whose name it would embarrass us to print. But we printed the bit to show you just how imbecilic Octy contributors are; wild, untamed, hoary monstrosities.*—THE EDITORS.

December 6, 1933.
Princeton, N. J.

EDITORS,
THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS,
Madison, Wis.

DEAR SIRs:

In regard to your letter of December 4, we regret to state that the characture of Glen Gray is an exclusive TIGER cut and can not be used for exchange purposes.

Sorry that we can not be of assistance to you in this.

Sincerely,

Arundel Cotter, Jr.

THE PRINCETON TIGER.

Oh deah, we wonder if the spelling of "characture" is also an exclusive TIGAH featuah.

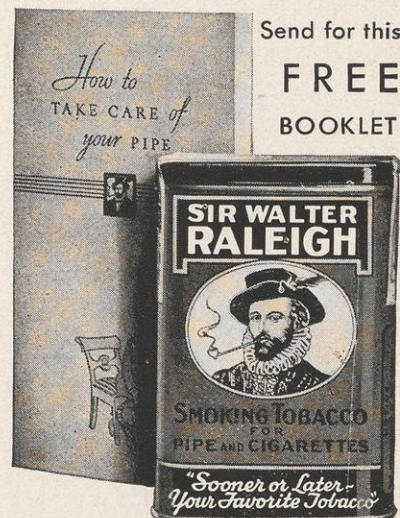
Octy regrets that the space does not permit the printing of more of its monthly fan-mail. Contributors will hold their hands until next month. Please.



SPEAKING of farm relief, what about the poor pigs? When *they* complain about an odor, boy, it's some odor! Less particular things than pigs shy at foul pipes. Yet so gentle a person as a lady loves to have pipe smoking in her presence—that is, with the *right kind* of tobacco. For instance, no living thing, pig or person, ever drew away from Sir Walter Raleigh's mild, fragrant mixture in a smooth, well-kept pipe.

Those rare Kentucky Burleys satisfy the smoker, and delight nearby non-smokers. Try a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh on your next store visit—the tin wrapped in gold foil. You'll see why particular men have adopted this fine tobacco "whole hog."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-312



Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

THE DATE FOR PRE PROM

has been changed from *Fri-
day, January 5th*, to *Saturday,
January 13th*.

Get a date now before Christ-
mas vacation for this gala
social event.

You will want to be present
when Her Majesty the Queen
is introduced.



REMEMBER THE DATE



SATURDAY, JAN. 13th



THE GREAT HALL



Music and Entertainment
by
A Famous Orchestra



It's Fun to Receive

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There's always something excit-
ing about opening a gift box from
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your gifts for you, and even mail
them out!

**Harry S. Manchester
Inc.**

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS • A CAMPUS CHRONICLE

KNOCK THREE TIMES AND . . .

Now that it's becoming customary to show your family's birth certificate for three generations to get into the Union, and inasmuch as speakeasy doors become passe with the advent of repeal, the old forerunner of campus thought, the well-known Octopus, offers an idea of consolidation. For the satisfaction of the Madison Merchants' Protective association, why not erect the grilled doors at each of the present entrances to the building? And add to the list of hints to new students: "Knock three times and say Porter sent you."

EIGHT LEGS INSUFFICIENT

Octy's editor had all kinds of trouble climbing South Hall's stairs to get to Dean Goodnight's office when CWA job-seekers were seeking places. Even though the Dean is our own personal censor, Octy's eight legs couldn't climb over, under or around the line. So, pushed back, we waited and watched. And the happiest face that came away heading for duty was behind the remark, "Now I can keep up my payments on the Plymouth."

A FELICITOUS TENTACLE

Octy extends a felicitous tentacle to that former student who returned to Madison to take a place under the vote-tugging CWA. The man wrote his girl in Milwaukee, "Am working in Madison. Do you ever get over?" He mailed the note and went back to his room to find, forwarded from his home in Merrill, a note from the girl: "Have a job in Madison under CWA. Do you ever come down?" And two days later he was still trying to find where the girl was staying.

HORSESHOE OVER THE DOOR

Resting above the Octy office door is a shining silver cup, for years a part of the furniture. A loving tentacle carried it on as the center of operations moved hither and yon. Predecessors won it years ago in a pep parade before the Union was built; since then it had collected tarnish, dents, and veneration. Recently, needing it as a vase, Irene Thomas, dormitories and commons secretary, removed the tarnish after overly abundant hard work. Flowers were placed in the mug, but when she tried to add water, the darn cup just refused to cooperate. Among the accumulations of the years was a hole in the base; water left much faster than had the tarnish. Octy regrets.

MATTERS OF MENU

It may have been just a co-incidence, but following the Sigma Kappa Christmas formals, to which dormitory playboys sent as special guests a pig and several chickens, the Sunday menu was stewed chicken and Monday's included roast pork. Chaperone Julia Ladwig will tell you both were ordered before the party—if you ask instead of drawing our own conclusion.

THREE MEN — ONE LAUGH

Cuthbert Kelly, leader of the recently appearing English Singers, brought smiles and polite laughs time and again by his gestures and remarks. But when he called his first and second tenors to the front of the stage and announced the next selection to be

"The Three Fairies" by that trio, there spread a hearty titter through the assembled intelligentsia.

THE MARCH OF TIME

We sat out on Willow Drive the other night considering astronomy and such, and to our well-trained ears came the disastrous rasp of an alarm clock at exactly 10:20. Almost at once the cars reversed direction and fled back toward Langdon Street before 10:30.

MADISON'S DESERT SPOT

Even after the city fathers' local ruling of no liquor ends with the introduction of a state regulatory act, the region about the university will remain dry by comparison. It has been reported that the old-time law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within one thousand yards of the university grounds will be resurrected. Mark's has already passed from the campus scene, and it appears likely that hard liquor may be dispensed to student trade in shops spread around the corner of State and Gilman, where the famous old Hausman brewery once stood, and out past the tracks on Park street. Indications are that local enforcement will be strict—I'd walk half a mile for a gin buck.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Far be it from old eight-legs to tell stories out of school, but we did curl said legs in pleasure to see two happy youths at a recent Sunday afternoon Union concert. The men, candidates for Union Board and serving their time as apprentices, sat back in their sofa places after all who sought admittance had entered Great Hall. And as scores sought the hallway during the intermission, the guardsmen sat — and slept.



Hey, are you a Union member?

INSOMNIA

One o'clock past
 And soon to be two.
 Who said Langdon was a quiet street,
 And why in the devil
 Should anyone
 Decorate a room
 With spotty wallpaper
 That looks in this half-light
 Like crawling spiders?
 The clock on Music Hall
 Is going to strike again
 And it never agrees
 With other clocks.
 Wonder how the campus
 Peace movement
 Is progressing?
 It's a little like
 Standing on the bank
 Arguing about methods
 Of resuscitation
 While some one drowns,
 But necessary, I suppose.
 Anyway, it's combining
 Certain heterogeneous
 Campus elements.
 The wolf shall dwell
 With the lamb
 So saith Isaiah
 And Hyslop.
 This would be a good time
 To write reaction cards;
 I'm tired of
 Figuring out
 Complimentary phrases
 For a lot of egotists
 Called staff teachers,
 But I do need the credits.
 It would probably be
 A more useful preparation
 For after college
 To learn the correct technique

Of standing
 In bread lines.
 Did Job have insomnia
 As well as boils?
 I'm glad I'm not
 A cat.
 Think of staying awake
 For all of nine lives.
 Why, in the name of the gods
 Of architecture,
 Are there so many chimneys
 On Science Hall
 Out of which
 Nothing ever comes—
 Not even Santa Claus?
 Which reminds me
 Christmas really
 Lurks just around the corner
 And me broke as usual.
 It's getting to be a habit with me.
 I wish I had a dollar
 For every figure
 On this wall paper
 To buy Christmas presents.
 Three o'clock
 And all's wrong.

ODS BODKINS!

Dear readers, the Rambler is pffft! On December 13th, Octy's publication date, the Rambler died. Hence, the tirade on page 96 becomes, by virtue of his suicide, an unusual obituary. The Devil rest his hide!

—EDITORS.

Christmas Frustration: Never the
 twine shall meet.

JUNIOR MAJORS

Junior Jessup wasn't one of these students who simply "go to college." He chose his courses with care. Each subject had to contribute something to his cultural background and fit him for a life of authorship.

He took Freshman composition and three times during the year wrote his impressions of the university. They hadn't varied at all in approximately nine months, so Junior passed in the identical theme on every occasion.

Introductory geography, thought Junior, would provide him with the information which every world traveler should have at his tongue's tip. He learned that igneous rocks are much harder than the sedimentary ones. When the class was studying the Yukon, he devised the dialogue, "I estuary confidentially, will you esker?" "Sure, Alaska."

In French, Junior found out that only the best grapes, picked in their prime, should be used for wine and that the guillotine is really a humane means of death. Junior also pondered on the patronage Henry VIII would bestow upon Reno if his majesty were alive today.

Psychology brought to light the fact that the cerebrum and cerebellum are inside the head, and that just by ringing a bell you can make a dog feel like spitting.

The literature courses were very valuable as well, teaching that Shakespeare held horses, that Hawthorne never sinned but always thought about it, and that Dante went steady with Beatrice.

From philosophy, Junior gleaned the fact that when the Greeks went to Hell they had to pay ferry-fare. He wrote home to his folks to say that he was saving money.

Junior's thesis was called "Sagas of the Soil as I See Them." It was a well-written piece of work, a climax to four years of faithful service in the college of letters and science, department of English.

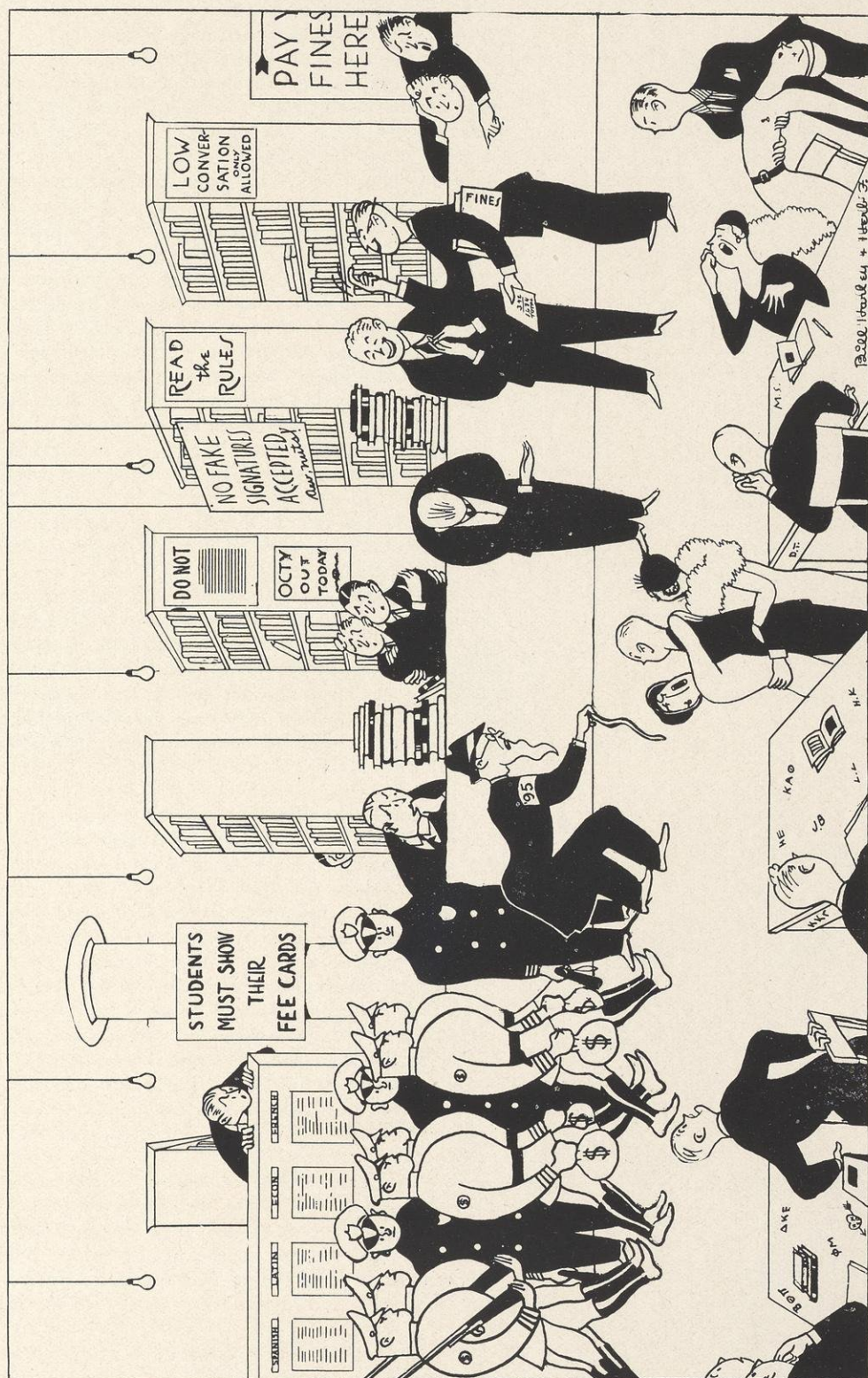
So Junior can hardly be blamed for being a trifle sore when they gave him a diploma in dairy husbandry.

—IRV BELL.

"No loose ends" also describes the situation of the girl who couldn't promote a date with a football hero because all the lads on the team were going steady.



Jees, we must have missed Shorewood Hills!



CAMPUS CRISES AT WISCONSIN. NO. 3.

Ebenezer Hacksaw '95 who, in his freshman year, kept a book out fifteen minutes overtime from the reading room, and who has been saving up to pay the fine since, returns to discharge the obligation.

BALLADE TO CYNTHIA

The viols play, their rhythms strong
Are gay or thoughtful, as you choose.
Now for us calls a "Stardust" song
Whose charm is such, we well may lose
Within its sway dull care and thought
Of what's to come. This song has brought
Your smile to me in sweet surmise,
Madonna of the soft blue eyes.

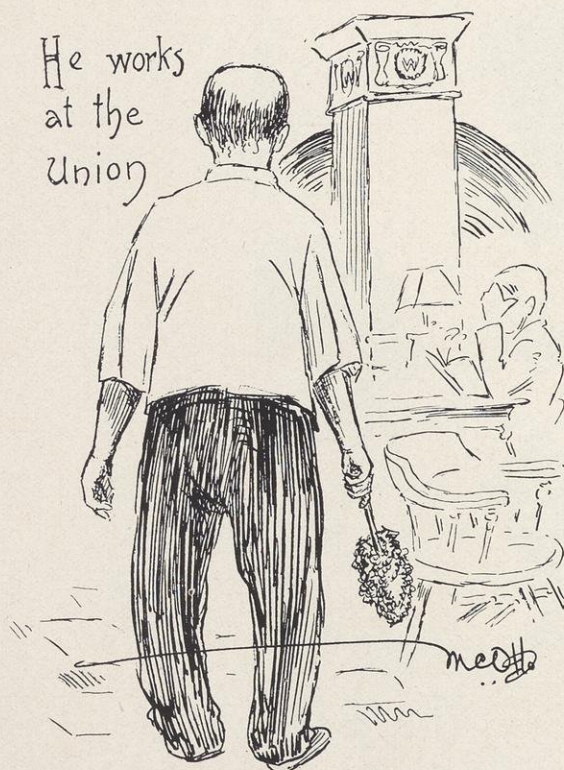
Smile, darling, smile, that I may see
Your joy again, hear laughter free
And ringing clear. 'Tis love's full hour,
A moment when we feel its power.
Forsake your primness in its spell,
Of glance to glance. This night will tell
If one's a fool, or both are wise,
Madonna of the soft blue eyes.

The viols cease, the pleasure's gone,
Now through these shadows comes the dawn
To take me from you, sweet, again
When I shall once more see, and then,
Shall I be mournful, lost, or sad
For subtler joys we might have had?
Soft songs will tempt, for love's the prize,
Madonna of the soft blue eyes.

L'ENVOI

O Prince, we had such little while,
With saintly kiss and a lovely smile,
Was she a devil in disguise?
Madonna of the soft blue eyes.

—JACK KIENITZ.



A caricature by Max Otto reprinted through the courtesy of Chuck Dollard.

REPEAL RAVINGS

by KAD

So we're at liberty to drink, eh? We can sleep tight now, eh? We can legally be the land of the spree, eh? And we're going to drink our way back to prosperity, eh?

The saloon will never return, they say. Stay away from them thar swinging doors. Puhleeze, Mr. Hemingway, is my paw in that den of sin? —well, maw sez for you to keep him. Don't shoot, I'll divorce your daughter. What, mother, no gin for breakfast?

We're going to be educated to be temperate, not coerced, eh? Not me, not by a jugful. As a good respectable University of Wisconsin radical, whatever it is, I'm again it. I was against Prohibition, but I'm against Repeal, too.

Compare the B.P. situation here in Madison, with the D.P. one. Way back in the pre-historic days, the stewdents used to "cross the Rubicon," they called it. By that they meant they would go down State Street, starting at Gorham, go round the Square and return, taking a drink at every saloon they passed, some fifteen or twenty of them. Of course they had to try every dive within a block of the circuit. It is reported that one guy who tried drinking beer at all the places was drowned. Another one who tried it floated half the way.

Hell, you can see for yourself that wasn't any fun. No stolen sweets. No women to drink with. No nothing except just straight guzzling.

But since the war, ah, that's a different story, as, the second story man said going up to the third floor. One could "go down to the bush" or to any of a hundred other sub rosa dumps in the vicinity, and there one could prove he was a conscientious objector against Volsteadism, and could safely be bold and defiant. Dancing at some places. Food at some. Private rooms. Roxbury and Sauk City home brew. Lousy gin. Worse Bourbon. But cripes, how we loved it.

And you got a kick out of toting your own. At the Prom. At Homecoming. Poker parties with lime rickies for accompaniment. And over it all a glorious air of sin, scarlet sin, black sin, pink elephants. And now, oh the pity of it, it's wringing tears from my heart—the Demon Rum becomes smug and thrill-less as he becomes legal; what's so pathetic as a bad man gone good?

Think of the bootlegger's children—what will become of them? And the politicians will starve—an dthe cops—and the reporters. Ah me, a splendid era has come to an end.

During the war, the "best minds" were saying, "We better make the workingman stop drinking. Then he can buy more of our products and we'll make more money. Of course, we can always get what we want, but the hoi polloi, that's different."

Now the "best minds" win again. Taxes being oppressive, they think that, since the workingman is drinking anyway, he might as well pay the government for the privilege, then their own tax burden will be lighter.

The bluenoses and rednoses have counteracted each other—it's been the "best minds" who have held the balance of power.

Another amusing manifestation of hypocrisy is the expressed intent to ban the return of the saloon—they'll call it a tavern. When the country was young, they called drinking joints taverns. That name becoming too odious, they called it salon, after the French. Then saloon, a derivative of salon. Then speakeasy. Now tavern again. A little circle for your entertainment, dear reader.

Proving nothing. Except that I prefer gin, jazz, and janes, to wine, women, and song. And Prohibition to Repeal.

CHRISTMAS ON THE BIG ONION • TAGGERT TED BROWN

Christmas must be properly observed even in his big rough-and-tumble logging camp, so decided Paul Bunyan, the famous Big Boss of many an old time timber-cutting in the Wisconsin North Woods. He must have a real Christmas celebration for his lumberjacks. Paul had two thousand men in his camp on the Big Onion that winter, the winter of the Blue Snow.

Some say that Paul got the idea of a Christmas celebration from a German fellow who came to his camp to sell hospital tickets to the men, while others assert that he borrowed the plan from a tract given to him by a wandering sky-pilot. But that is neither here nor there, and of no great consequence, anyway. The day before Christmas, so one of the old river pigs yarns, Paul shouldered his huge axe and strode forth into the woods to pick a suitable Christmas tree. With him went his favorite oxen, Babe and Benny. All three tramped through the pines toward the Pyramid Forty. Now the Pyramid Forty, in Section 37, was a forty of land shaped like a pyramid, with a heavy forest of timber on all of its sides. It was so high that to see to its top "took a week." It was "as far as twenty men could see." Several lumberjacks became permanently blind in just trying to see half-way up. Paul Bunyan and his crew labored all one winter in trying to clear this forty. From it they cut one hundred million feet of lumber. Some of the men got one short leg from working all winter on one side of the slope. When they finally reached the top of the pyramid in their cutting, the stumps at the bottom had already sprouted and shot up young trees seventy feet in height. When Paul Bunyan at last logged off this forty he hitched his oxen to it, dragged it to Lake Superior and sunk the pyramid in its waters. Geologists will probably never find any trace of it.

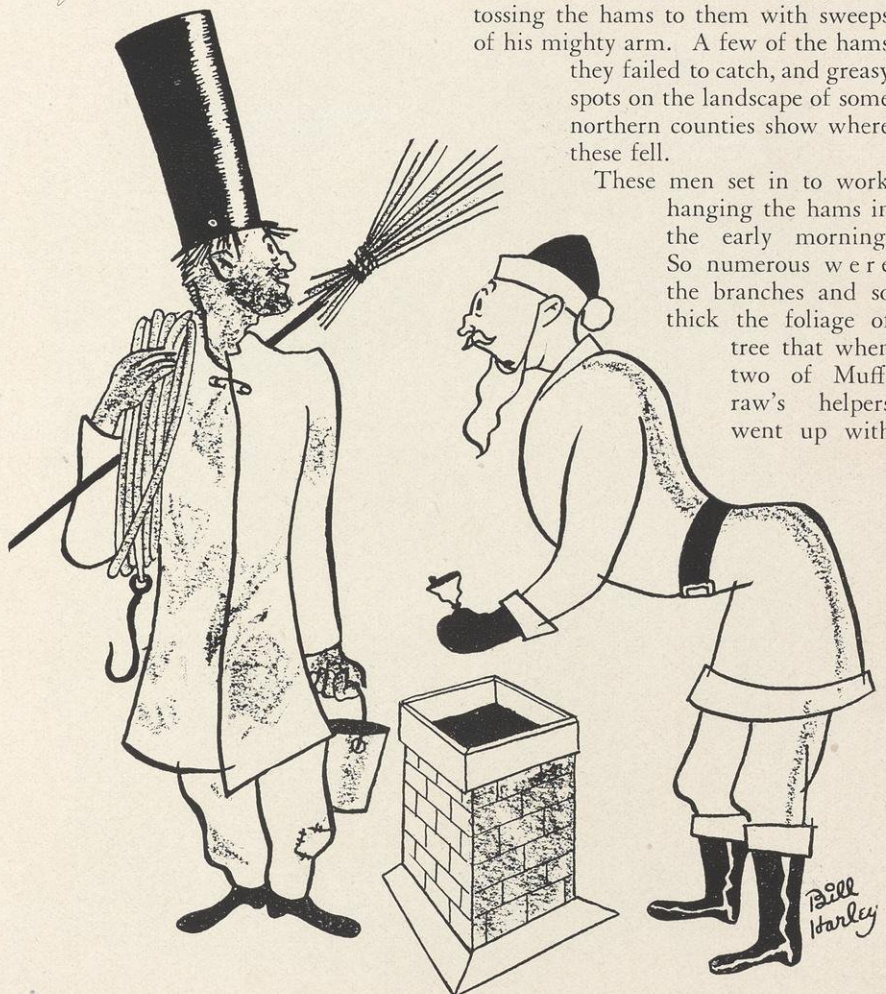
Well, on the very crest of the Pyramid Forty, Paul found just the big pine that he wanted. With one mighty blow he felled this woodland giant. The oxen hauled it down the steep slope to camp.

With the tree over his shoulder Paul waded out into the very center of Pea Soup Lake and there set it up. It was a cold day and the water immediately froze about its butt and held it fast. Incidentally, you have no idea what a remarkable lake Pea Soup Lake was.

Its history goes something like this. One of Paul's tote teamsters was one day driving across this frozen lake with a load of peas when the ice suddenly crashed, drowning the oxen and spilling the peas into the water. It was a sad loss, for the peas were badly needed. But Paul arose to the occasion. He damned up the lake outlet and fired the slashings which he had caused to be piled around the shore. Joe, the cook, threw in a quantity of salt and pepper. So Paul boiled the water in the lake and the camp had good pea soup with an *ox-tail* flavor all winter. When the men were cutting timber at a distance, Joe's assistants got the soup out to them by freezing it onto sticks and pieces of rope. Some of the men drilled holes in their axe handles and filled these with soup. Their hands on the axe handles kept it warm until required for food.

After Paul had set the tree in Pea Soup Lake it froze upright and solid. The great fir towered above all of the surrounding scenery. Paul now summoned all of his handy men. With the help of Joe Muffraw, the camp cook, his camp foreman, Black Dan McDonald, and his favorite lumberjacks, Jim Liverpool, Dutch Jake, Red Murphy, Yellow Head, Curly Charley and Patsy Ward, Bunyan set to work to properly decorate the tree. Muffraw and his colored assistants brought along from the big cook shanty three logging sleds loaded to their tops with choice hams. These Paul had decided to substitute for candles to illuminate the Christmas tree. Jim Liverpool, the famous jumper, had once cleared Lake Superior in three and a half jumps, winning a Congressional medal for his great feat, was ordered to jump into the tree and hang the hams from the limbs. Black Dan, the foreman, assisted Jim, Paul tossing the hams to them with sweeps of his mighty arm. A few of the hams they failed to catch, and greasy spots on the landscape of some northern counties show where these fell.

These men set in to work hanging the hams in the early morning. So numerous were the branches and so thick the foliage of tree that when two of Muffraw's helpers went up with



Chimney-Sweep: Clean your chimney, mister?

the men's lunch at noon, they got lost. Joe had to send two of his big trained chipmunks to trail the blacks. One never was found. These chipmunks Joe had fed on prune stones thrown out from the kitchen and they had in a few weeks grown as big and fierce as tigers.

Big Ole, the camp blacksmith, was busy most of the morning with his sledge and punch punching holes in the doughnuts which were to be hung on the tree. Iron balls were painted a red color to represent cherries, or gilded to simulate oranges. These weighed twenty pounds apiece. A huge silvered ox-shoe was hung on the tip of the tree.

Paul ordered ten thousand popcorn balls to be suspended from his Christmas tree. It was the duty of Joe Muffraw to fill this large order and Joe undertook the job without a whimper. He hit on the scheme of setting fire to three forties of timber slashings, and then throwing forty tons of shelled corn on the hot ashes. The noise of the

popping corn was deafening. When it was all popped Joe had old Brimstone Bill drive out the big oxen, Babe and Benny. With old Bill speeding them up with a flow of his choicest cuss-words, Babe kicked the popcorn into balls and Benny rolled them past Joe and his assistants who shoveled molasses over the huge spheres as they went by. These popcorn balls were simply thrown into the tree and stuck to its branches where they hit. At these points some were unrolled to make popcorn strings and garlands and these were draped from limb to limb.

It was a hustle and bustle all day long to get that big tree dressed for the celebration. Some of the lumberjacks got pretty well tired out. Hels Helson, the Big Swede, fell asleep under its branches and Babe, the big Blue Ox, mistook his blonde head of hair for a bale of hay and ate it nearly bald before he awoke. Hels was forever suffering from ox-bites.

On Christmas eve, the light from the

thousand blazing hams on Paul Bunyan's tree was seen for two hundred miles away. That night two thousand lumberjacks from Paul's Big Onion camp gathered on the ice about the big tree. It was time for merriment and rejoicing. French Pete brought his company of fiddlers, accordion and jews-harp players, there was a five gallon jug of Kentucky tanglefoot and a two-foot plug of Star tobacco for every man, the gift of good Paul Bunyan. The singing, dancing, and horse-play lasted for an entire week. No one thought of retiring to the bunkhouses. The big celebration might have lasted longer but the hams on the tree finally burned out.

Of the lumberjacks who worked for Paul that memorable winter none who are now alive will ever forget the Christmas tree on the Big Onion.

BLACK-OUT

Of all the things that happen
Nothing makes one so sore,
As colliding in the dark
With an unexpected door.

—BILL HARLEY.

Chaperon: Why aren't you dancing with the rest of the young people?

Co-ed: Well, you see Charlie is giving me a very entertaining lecture on "Significant Living."

DISILLUSION

The delight of primitive urge,
A trip in endless abyss—

Ecstasy and fire converge,
'Tis said, in the first stolen kiss
Which the finally heartened beau
Draws from the lips of his love.

This is a fact all poets must know
And a joy they've written much of.

Encouraged by such affidavit,
A few warm words from the flask,
One eve I decided to brave it,
To perform this Elysian task.
But, releasing my eager Miss,
I knew that poets write hokey—
Rapture, flames in one's maiden kiss?
Ha! Mine was mostly gooey.

—MAC.



"Pssst! I'll bet it's Mrs. Roosevelt!"

PLEA

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, your duty is plain. I know you can sympathize with the prisoner at the bar, and can understand his motives for this regrettable affair which is nevertheless justified.

Picture him, if you will, returning to college after the Christmas holidays, healthy, perfectly sane, and in the best of spirits. He drives immediately to the sorority of the victim, who is—or was, I should say—his sweetheart, the girl of his dreams, though which dreams is not certain.

Parking his *brand-new roadster* carefully and conspicuously at the curb, he gets out, adjusts his *new genuine polar-bear coat*, tilts his \$28 *Stetson* at a chivalric angle, makes sure that his cravat is arranged properly, and having been admitted to the confines of this female fraternity, awaits the appearance of his beloved with what coolness he can muster.

At last she comes down the stairs. Our prisoner arises slowly, conscious that his *new coat* and *hat*, his *new suit* of imported tweed and its *fittings*, and his *gleaming roadster* outside are all visible and even attractive. And then, ladies and gentlemen, what did the victim say? Ah, you know those fatal words. You know why our young prisoner here lost control and went raving mad, during which insanity the victim was choked.

Yes, she eyed him from top to toe, looked out the window at that fine automobile in which she had seen him arrive, and then smiling sweetly, said, "Oh, hello, Jack. You look different, somehow. Did you get anything special for Christmas?"

Ah, ladies and gentlemen of the jury . . .

—MAC.

FAMILIAR DIALOGUE

Must you always be in love,
Foolish wanton heart?
Won't you learn from last time?
Stop before you start.

Mind, I haven't any ears
For your wisdom slow.
Loving is my nature;
Loving's all I know.

Heart, you're very silly.
Mind, I have no choice;
I can only listen
To a stronger voice.

MISS YOU

Miss you?
You know I do—
Your leaving left
Just aches and pain.
Without you I feel bereft,
And wonder if I'll be the same
Without you.

That you're gone
Is woeful truth,
Your memory lingers on,
Dear Tooth.

—KAD.

The Indians used to hold their tribal ceremonies on the site of this city . . . in fact, there are still a lot of "Medison-men" hanging around.

'Tis said that angels gained their heaven

By nobly bearing pain and dirth,
Then surely those who live in Hell
Took heaven here on earth.

—H. E.

RENUNCIATION

"Mommy, there's an old man at the door with a long white beard and a funny red suit."

"Tell him we're sorry he hasn't earned his way through college yet and that we really don't need any magazines."

LITTLE AUBREY

Little Aubrey had a very jovial though ribald sense of humor, which was a bit queer and out of place at times.

She especially enjoyed jokes on her own family. One day she saw her baby brother falling out of a window, so she laughed and laughed and laughed. She knew he wasn't a bouncing baby.

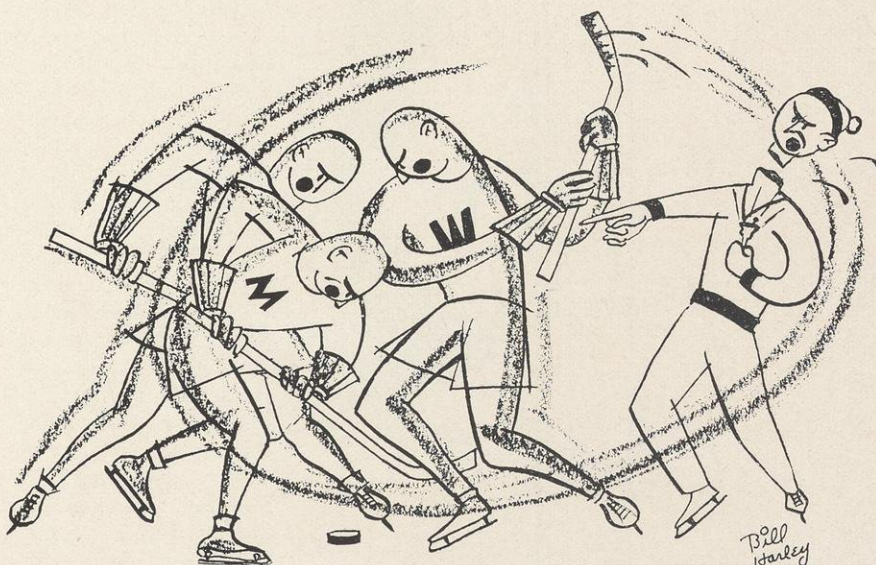
Later she saw the furniture mover throwing the new piano to her grandfather, so she laughed and laughed and laughed. She knew he couldn't catch it.

One afternoon by the sea shore she saw her uncle, who was a lighthouse keeper, falling out of his lighthouse, so she laughed and laughed and laughed. She knew it was his own look out.

This time little Aubrey was wrong, because her uncle died. At his funeral she was surprised to see his corpse lying on the floor. All of a sudden she laughed and laughed and laughed. She knew the undertaker "couldn't hold" the bier.

—V. EDWARD JOHNSON.

A basketball star went out to the infirmary with a cold, where a sporting M.D. diagnosed his ailment as "hooping"-cough.



"Just for that you go to the penalty box for two minutes!"

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Perhaps most impressed by their own importance, among the sundry campus big-shots, are the worthies who each day decorate the Daily Cardinal with the rampant childishness of the "Rambler." These microscopic replicas of Winchell, without, however, his courage or humor, provide a considerable amount of unconscious amusement to the campus.

The Rambler delights in exhibiting his power. Last year, the author of the column proudly boasted that three girls had withdrawn from the university because of articles he had printed. By a campaign of petty annoyances and misrepresentations, this noteworthy feat had been accomplished. Such an achievement is a high honor for a Rambler, and entitles him to a seat in the gallery of immortal keyhole-peepers.

At the present time several students are engaged in the highly intellectual toil of collecting material for the Rambler. They *all* feel that the job entails a great personal risk; they skulk about, with a facial expression combining that of a gangster and the government agent in a western thriller. In fact, one Rambler of the past went to the melodramatic extreme of carrying a pistol, presumably to ward off seekers for bodily revenge. This, after the notorious Becker-Klaber fiasco.

One former Rambler, impressed by the money-making potentialities of his position, cut his expenses by cleverly press-agenting various affairs. By a judicious use of publicity, he also managed to improve his standing with his professors.

Each day, several anonymous letters are received by the Cardinal, with items for the Rambler. With a fine disregard for such unimportant matters as the truth, these excruciatingly funny anecdotes are inserted "*as is.*" Verification never enters the Rambler's mind—because, after all, the stories are funny, and there's no use spoiling things by finding out that they're not true.

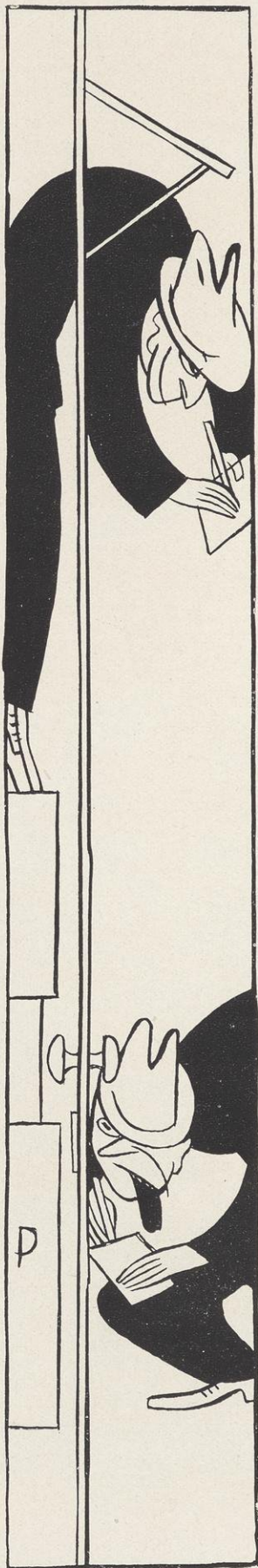
This year, the Rambler printed a detailed account of a fraternity party, which took place in a Madison residence. After university authorities had carefully investigated the story, it was found to be for the most part untrue. And the Rambler who wrote the story still doesn't know how close he was to having severed relations with the university.

More recently, another fraternity was intensely surprised when they read in the Rambler the fact that they were planning a wild party for that evening. The Rambler, apparently, knows about plans before the participants plan them.

Most students consider the Rambler very entertaining material—until they awake some morning to discover some purely personal matter printed in the column, and, more than likely, distorted beyond any semblance of the truth. Then they join the growing body of students who are protesting against this inanity and child-like foolishness.

A column devoted to humorous incidents which do not depend on the personalities involved would have a place in any collegiate publication. But one so devoid of ethics and good taste as the Rambler certainly should be suppressed. It might be disregarded as merely another manifestation of the immaturity of college journalists; it is a noteworthy fact that at least two of the present Ramblers are below junior standing. But the ill-feeling caused by the Rambler cannot be passed over so lightly. When the students cease reading the Cardinal for gossip, it will enter a new period of enlightenment.

—HERBERT FREDMAN.



here begineth the tale of cynara...
the prolog

Ohan that September with his thretty day
hath welcomed-on October's windy way,
than longen man be'twixt the leaves of fallen,
to wart in lusti natures collin.
Engendered now with gay College melodye
no meknesse showeth in his open ye.
Inspired to maken whoopee pel-mel,
and drinke swich licour to rouse-on hel,
man gooden on pilgrimage to Notre-Dam
for to seke footbol-gom and Junior-promme.
with sondry part ther, and pic-nek here,
and greet homage donne on five poynt here,
he flirte ful busily with every mayden las
and specially ech love he swere will be his last.
here endeth the prolog

here folweth the tale of Cynara...

Onne tyme a student there was fro Sonne Drairi,
ful thredbare was his purs, his bokes and charitee
but wel worldly wyse on lerninge loveres speche
and gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
ther was also a fon-dancer of Oxenford
that of hir smyling was ful simple; but lord!
she bathed hir herte al yere in goyety
(the which that was beste glad in speekesy)

Now ech of them mayde other for to winne.
allas, hir herte hadde he fro the beginne.
for the droght of love hadde perced hir little herte
and pricked every vertu with its darte.
"methinketh thise mayde shal be myne," he sayd
and his she was. (and what a mayde!)

but litel by litel did die al his passion.
ypocryte! thise note did he sende:
"I have loved thee, Cynara, in my fashion."
(howbeit the quik felows hie come to an ende.)

and so it bifel hir that she was forseke.
therefore, I rede yow thise good conseil teke:
for here may-y-be seen how a las is bigyled:
fashion changeth and love runneth wyilde.

O shede teres for thise las who knew no code.
o wepe for thise mayde with hir broken herte.
for a shingel now hange atte hir abode
wheron is carved: "I do my porte."
here endeth the tale of Cynara...

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RED HOT WIRES

Impressed by the recently publicized proof that Maxim Litvinoff is a "real person," due to the tenor of his telephone conversations, we spent several days tapping the wires of Anya Stalinoff, student at the university, whose father is high in the councils of the Kremlin. Recently, the following international conversation ensued:

Anya—Long distance, please.

Operator—What numbah, please?

Anya—Long Distance. I wish to speak with Russia.

Second Operator—Long Distance.

Anya—I wish to speak with Peter Stalinoff, in the Kremlin, Russia. (Long silence)

Third Operator—Portugal speaking.

Anya—No, I wanted to speak with Russia. By Lenin, can it be that the telephone company doesn't recognize Russia yet? (Second long silence)

Fourth Operator—U. S. S. R. speaking.

Anya—Hello!

Stalinoff—Hello. I'm sorry — can't be interviewed today. I'm going out for a round of golf.

Anya—But, this is Anya, father.

Stalinoff—Oh, yes, Anya. You're in America now, are you? I hadn't noticed you around the house lately.

Anya—Yes, father. How are you?

Stalinoff—Oh, as well as can be expected, with the stock market jittering the way it is. And, by the way, before you left, what was the idea of giving all my vodka to those loafer friends of yours?

Anya—I'm sorry, father. How is the five year plan coming?

Stalinoff—Oh, we've been having some swell board meetings lately. The Brain Trust Quartet has finally got "The Volga Boatman" down pat.

Anya—I've joined the Tri Deltas, father.

Stalinoff—What! And your mother was a Kappa?

Anya—But the Kappas are always serving caviar, and you know how it gives me the hives.

Stalinoff—I see. Well, I have to say good-bye. I'm due at the Rotary club luncheon. And how about cutting down your expenses?

Anya—But, father—I must live up to our position. How is mother?

Stalinoff—She's gone to a tea for the Daughters of the Revolution.

Anya—How's the Leningrad football team going?

Stalinoff—Pretty punk. I wouldn't give a Dneprostroy Dam for their chances next year.

Anya—Well, good-bye, father.

Stalinoff—You didn't reverse the charges on this call, did you? Good-bye, Mischya—or you're Anya, aren't you? Good-bye, Anya.

Now see? These Russians are real people, after all. New Masses and Chicago Tribune—please reprint.

—HERBERT FREDMAN.

BLOCK HEAD

Her store of knowledge

Is on a barter basis.

You must acknowledge—

Her brain is where her face is.

PROGRESS

We have always displayed a quizzical interest toward special Wisconsinisms in the matter of the English language, and have been considerably tickled by such niceties as "Are you ever," and "You bet!," and "How?". But our amazement really reached several new heights "a while back," when we heard one youth yell across a lecture hall to another: "Hey, when are you goin' to have a party down at your house pretty sudden?"



"Py golly, I bane never see such fine gal in Sveden."

INTERLUDE

He sat and sat. It seemed he sat for hours. All he did was sit there, and look beautiful. Because he did look beautiful. No one could deny that; especially not she. But what was he sitting there for? It irked her to see him sit and sit; not even reading. He was only watching the people. He saw her, too; and three or four times glanced at her, sidewise. She disturbed his equanimity. Well, didn't he disturb hers?

Finally she approached him.

"For whom are you waiting?" she asked.

"For someone who isn't," he answered. Which, she reflected, was just what he should have answered. In fact, the whole thing might have been prearranged. She knew all his answers; and he knew all her questions.

"What do you mean, 'For someone who isn't'?" That doesn't make sense." Secretly, she knew that it very well did.

"It's this," he explained. "I am waiting for a woman who is infinite in all things; in love, in goodness, and in understanding. She is a woman who is completely rational, yet whose ration interferes no whit with her emotion. She is one whose mind can embrace all sides of a man and his problems, and who can yet love, not in spite of such comprehension, but even because of it. For such a one, you need put on no act; you need be no hypocrite. You need make no lies, and save your conscience with others to smooth them over. Such a woman, of course, isn't. You understand, don't you?"

This, he knew, was the test. If she understood all this, then she herself was that woman. If not . . . but he hoped she would.

She realized this equally well. Her course was clear. She would only nod, Yes. And then he would get up and they would go off together. She began to so nod . . .

But things became hazy to him . . . she seemed to grow smaller and smaller before him, like Alice in Wonderland. He had not counted on this. She was gone now, and there was a draft on his back. He roused himself out of his chair. Someone had left the side door open. He looked around, but he could not even laugh.

She was gone, all right; gone from her chair over there.

He had only wished that she would ask him, "For whom are you waiting?" She hadn't even done that.

THE BARRELS OF LANGDON STREET

• JACK KIENITZ

"Of course, we'll have to take her. Not only because of Hope but because she's an absolute legacy. None of you have ever been given to forget that darling Mamma Barrells was first president of this here now glorious chapter in the days when Langdon was a wilderness of uncut elm and it was the custom to open a window and pot a few stray deer for the replenishing of the larder."

There were four of them in the next booth to ours in the "Blue Prelude," taking down 3.2 and peanuts and beer cookies with a savage sort of intensity which showed that the actives of the D.D. house were lamenting the expected addition to their otherwise charmingly pulchritudinous set of the utterly barbaric sister of their famous president. Sister to a Prom Queen, too, she would be. And so we listened further, for the problem was a serious one for these social lights.

"Hope's going to bring her 'round," the dark-haired honey continued. "And all of you are expected to gush and swoon and accept the precious treasure with all affection and neatness and dispatch. Perhaps it won't be such rough going after all—surely a sister to Hope will have something human to redeem her. But I'm told she's tremendously big and upholstered to overflowing by nature and a too concerted addiction to that famous candy her liberal pater dishes out all over this God's country. So it's up to the house for us while we greet the local Kate Smith."

I saw her finally, taking a walk down the Hill with a fullback's relentless ground-gripping strides. She was a "beauty." And her name in full was Titania Barrells, but we shortened that to "Tiny" and "Titanic." And so she came and went, dateless, stout, ugly and sublime in her compact, steady ignorance. And Hope and the rest of them, so I am told, worked day and night to keep her ensconced along our pleasant shores and among our academic halls. But it was a struggle. For Tiny had to be double-dated by some unlucky man, someone's double-date, sometime. And the wailing went far and wide. What man on this shaded campus, had car enough or rumble-seat ample to seat the rotund Barrell's child without endangering the life and limb of her poor, adjacent, unfortunate male, weary of breath and muttering that even a promised date

with Hope would not make up for the awful torture of this latter-day mother of the giants. And everything went well. Bascom rooms could do little for her. Arm-chairs groaned to the accompaniment of the frenzied yelps from instructors who could do nothing to stop her incessant eating of Papa Barrell's candy. She stuck the pages of blue books together with her greasy fingers and, after the exam had been painstakingly pulled apart, the happy academician discovered, always, that the little darling used a hand writing in direct contrast to her own august frame, it was microscopic in intellectual caliber and in actuality.



And so it went on. She continued to batter down all who attempted to walk past her up the Hill, even the distant vista of the State Capitol was obscured when she stood majestically and haughtily in front of the "terrace," obstructing our own and "honest Abe's" view as she nonchalantly dragged away at a cigarette in the approved fashion set by the genial "Doc" Spears, two drags and the cigarette remained but a memory. Somehow, I had escaped the task of escorting her of a night, but I caught it on the chin for Pre-Prom and politics won the day. And so there I found myself after a strenuous week of physical preparation for the sad event in the "gym" and on the hand ball courts. I called at the D.D. house, tempted to enlist the services of the traditional old red wagon and two stout horses as I wended my weary way over the Hill to become a martyr for the sake of some daffy brother's yen after the class presidency. And so I wondered what would become of my one hundred and fifty odd pounds after I barged through Great Hall with this damsel of high degree. Should I whisk her away or just gently get good and stiff with the stags when I could, hoping some one would propel this cheerful cherub out

of my arms while I sought surcease in a dark corner.

Have you ever seen the rolling hills of West Virginia, honey? Well, they've nothing on my opulent partner of that evening. She came down the creaking stair in a velvet gown of tender green, her arms forming a pillar-like setting of white to all that meadow-like expanse. And, of course, this is what she did:

"Oh, darling, your nice little white tie is awry. Let me do it up," and she did. Leaving a brown imprint on each wing of what I had thought would be the "piece-de-resistance" of my conventional black-and-white.

So the evening began with delicate foreboding of worse events to come. Ha, we *walked* to the dance; I wouldn't risk being impaled by that voluptuous sweep of green-sea in any cab. And so we went, like mother and son, in all simplicity to the "greatest social event since the beheading of St. Paul." And she held me to her as though I were a rag-doll, and so I was, and I was as clay in her hands, her sticky hands, for not even Hope could hope to keep her from her candy bag.

There was no escape. No stag cared for my faun. She was a green-clad goddess, too high, wide and ugly for mere men, and when she stopped to request "just one more waltz" of the genial Art Kassell, I drifted off to hang one on. And when I returned, minus a pint but plus synthetic courage, I whirled her away in a mad *gavotte*, spilling the dancers right and left in the approved manner of Louis Quatorze. Great grief, the last dance of the term, and sure, she'd flunk out cold in February and here I was the last of the long list of submissive souls carting her around the Hall. But it was with good hope and for sister Hope I was doing all this, and so I struck up a conversation on our return.

"You like this town, Tiny?"

"Yes, sir, movies change here every fourth day and the Chicago train brings me Daddy's candy."

"But, tell me, Tiny. Why did you come to Wisconsin? It's a tough school for a play-girl like yourself." (Why, I thought, should she pick this of all schools?)

"Oh, I had to come here."

"Why, because of Hope?"

"No, you see we ran a Fair finishing school. And I *had* to come here, because, you see, I won a Wisconsin pennant in a raffle."

STOCK PAVILION

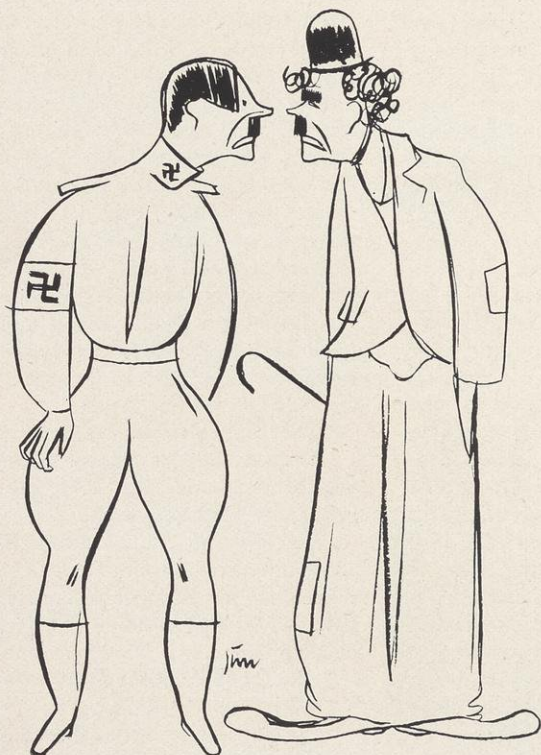
Let's go to a concert and cross our knees,
And listen to beautiful melodies,
And catch the germs from a neighbor's sneeze.
Let's go to a concert and cross our knees
While the stock below us stomp and wheeze.
Let's go to a concert and cross our knees
And listen to beautiful melodies.

HOW SHOULD I VALUE YOUR LOVE

How should I value your love, inflated,
With coin far too base for mine . . .
What is the worth of your token, weighted
So falsely, so polished to shine?
What is the stamp by which I may measure
The true coin from the debased . . .
How should I carry your love as a treasure,
If it jingle janus-faced?

How should I judge the kind words that you send;
Words that you label to sell
At tea-table prices to afternoon men
In letters you postscript pell-mell?
You parcel your love, assured without taint
(Perhaps, it was meant for a brother?) . . .
A divine epistle! But I make one complaint:
Strange! 'Tis addressed to another!

—R. W.S.



"Who, me?"

ART CHRONICLE

HOLGER HAGEN

ADDENDA TO THE FRAY

Appearing in a recent issue of the "Rocking Horse," campus literary magazine, is a sharp and somewhat unfair attack on Prof. Troutman and the University Players. The article claims that Prof. Troutman and the Players, "lost in their megalomania," are not fulfilling their purpose as sponsors of a University Theatre. According to the writer of the article the Players should attempt some experimental drama, instead of feeding the audiences Broadway hits of two or three seasons ago. To a certain extent the attack is justified. Certainly such works as "Alice in Wonderland," or "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are misfits on a University stage. However, there are several considerations the author of this attack has overlooked.

* * * *

She seems to forget for one thing, that there is a depression going on, which has hit the theatres as hard or harder than it has hit any other enterprise. There was a time when a University Theatre had money, and during this time they could put on the type of play they wanted to work with, without regard for the box office returns. Those days saw the production of such works as "Cyrano," "The Insect Comedy," and "Six Characters in Search of an Author." It may interest followers of the Players to know that despite the fact that these productions played to excellent houses, each one in turn lost money. However, at that time Troutman could afford to lose money, there was more where the last had come from. Now the Theatre has its hands full trying to break even, despite the fact that expenses have been cut to the bone, and the average attendance at the plays is better than ever before. This latter fact is due to the sale of season tickets, which could not be sold were Troutman to produce fewer plays during the year, one of the remedies suggested by the "Rocking Horse."

* * * *

Another factor which the writer of the article seems to have overlooked, is that modern experimental plays cost money. The royalties on such plays cost a great deal more than those on the type of play Troutman has been producing, and with the financial condition of the Theatre as it is, there is no room on the budget for high royalties on plays with uncertain returns.

* * * *

Besides these adverse financial conditions, there is the fact to be considered that the so-called intelligentsia, which supports the Theatre, asked for light, airy works this year. Troutman realizes the fact that catering to the public taste for a year or two is the only solution to the Theatre's problems. By doing this, he may bring the Theatre back to its feet sufficiently so that after a time he can work with some experimental drama for which the "Rocking Horse" is clamoring, and which he, more than any one else, wants to produce.

* * * *

COMING EVENTS

CAST THEIR SONATAS BEFORE

Madison music enthusiasts are looking forward with great interest to the last concert on this year's Union Concert Series. The artist to be presented in this recital is a young pianist, as yet unknown to city audiences, Stanislaw Szpinalski. This young artist is arousing particular interest because he is the brother of George Szpinalski, Madison's young and

(Continued on page 106)

DESIGN FOR DRESSING

PEG STILES

Being all dressed up like a Christmas tree, is no longer a mark of dowdiness, but the ultimate of co-ed chic. And, after all, why not sparkle through the Christmas season, and afterward, both from within and from without?

Directions for sparkling in personality don't come in print, but a fine set of recipes for being dressed dashingly should be taken either before or during Christmas vacation.

Give yourself a few Christmas presents!

First present yourself with an evening gown that glitters and glows—a gown of lame, of faille taffeta, frivolous tulle, scrunchy moire, or velvets in soft muted tones. That's your Christmas tree foundation. Then don't forget the stars that always top a tree; but one or two rhinestone extravaganzas in your hair or, if you prefer, some crescents. And if you are a tall girl with some bit of stateliness, wear a tiara.

Be sure to give yourself, (or hint so that sister Sue or the one-and-only gives it to you), something sprightly for your hair, laurel wreaths, rhinestone feathers, or practically every sign in the zodiac reproduced in brilliants. Most of them would bring glamor to a violet, let alone a prospective modern Christmas tree.

Elaborate necklaces for plain necked formal gowns are returning, but beware of them unless they are so lovely and so appropriate that they are not cheapening. Add more spangles to your Christmas tree appearance with wide matching bracelets, but mind you don't wear tiara, necklace, earrings and bracelets all at once. Tiara and bracelets; earrings and bracelets; tiara and necklace, is the proper combination, we understand.

Afternoon dresses are high on your list of presents to yourself. See to it that you do not return from vacation minus an ankle length frock with a shirt-waist or blouse top. If you have more than one blouse and skirt combination, then try switching the tops and bottoms of the outfits; it's great fun, and multiplies your wardrobe by four. Here again, afternoon dresses allow you to be all shining, for tailored metal cloth blouses and jerkins are the thing.

Belts, too, are practically coats of mail in themselves and gird you with sparkles as firmly as tinsel girds the tree. Look for dresses that can be worn to dinner at your house, dancing later,

tea, or practically everywhere, in street-length crepes with belts of hammered silver and chain metal.

Remember to specify in writing Santa Claus that your afternoon dress is scheduled to last well into spring and that you have heard that shirt waists and blouses of taffeta on dark skirts are "just too lovely." Incidentally, a postscript added telling him that for day time wear dirty, dusty pink, and dirty green combined with black or brown are frightfully new. Black, with red, tomato, gold, pale blue, green, and pink will vie with brown combined with peach, greyish blue, light apple green, grass greens, and turquoise.

Add to your Christmas list a note reminding you to buy a nice stiff brush, and work away at your dangling locks until you have the new "brushed up" movement in your coiffure. Did you know that Katie Hepburn in "Little Women" showed the newest of "hair-dos" when she appeared with it piled on top of her head? Hair like diadems, and hats like madonnas' haloes or saints' aureoles are all as new and as Christmasy as one could believe. Beware the flare back hat that emphasizes your round face, however.

And as a last Christmas present, be sure that your new frocks for dressy occasions of all sorts have a flung-back feeling, like the wings of a bird, or like sails. Some of them perk out in back from shoulders or from below the knees just as a stiff bough of a Christmas tree springs forth.

Give yourself these presents of sparkle and crispness and you will not only have to dodge the mistletoe, but you will be the Christmas belle.



Elizabeth Graham, Kappa Alpha Theta, is shown wearing a shirt waist dress from WOLDENBERG's on the Square. The jacket of blue crepe is worn over a pleated ciel blue satin blouse with silver buttons.

PLATTER PATTERN CONTINUED

prefer the first combination. Abe Lyman is one of those orchestra leaders like Paul Whiteman, and Isham Jones who were among the first to play our modern dance music, and have continued to maintain their own bands ever since.

Jay Whidden and his Biltmore Orchestra (newcomers to the recording field) offer *Good Morning Glory* and *I Wanna Meander With Miranda* from "Sitting Pretty." We think you'll like the way they're played. (6688). From the same show, the orchestra plays *Many Moons Ago* and *You're Such a Comfort to Me*. (6689). These are plenty okeh also. Regarding this gent Whidden, all we can say is that we wish his music had been brought to our attention long ago; for his style seems to combine the best features of many of the most famous bands in the country.

The two best numbers from "Dancing Lady," *Everything I Have Is Yours* and *My Dancing Lady* have been recorded by Freddie Martin and his Orchestra (who are rapidly improving). The former tune is much the sweeter. (6677). *It's Oh! It's Ah! (It's Wonderful)* and *In a One Room Flat* are also played by Freddie's musicians. The former is really much better than the title might lead you to believe; and there's some mighty tricky instrumentation in the latter. (6690).

Tom Coakley and his Orchestra (more newcomers to the

recording field) present *Lucky Fella* from "The Prizefighter and the Lady" and *Clean as a Whistle* from "Meet the Baron." (6702). Coakley's music, with certain limitations, reminds us very much of good old Ted Weems.

The one really good vocal of the month features the incomparable Ruth Etting singing the two biggest hits from "Roman Scandals." What she does with *No More Love* defies description; and her singing of *Build a Little Home* will probably make you wish that the boy (or gal) friend would 'phone you. (6697).

VICTOR RECORDINGS

Duke Ellington's much heralded recording of his two new compositions has finally arrived. *Rude Interlude* is one of the most unusual numbers we have ever heard, for there doesn't seem to be a major note in the entire score. On the reverse side is one of those negro stomps which make you desirous of climbing trees or doing something equally frivolous. Its title is *Dallas Doings*, and the saxophones, Ellington piano, and muted trumpets are really somethin', so help us. (24431).

Jan Garber, who has built up a tremendous following since he located in Chicago, plays some excellent tunes in his "Lombardoish" style this month. The best of these is *I'll Be Telling a Lie*, one of the more choice sentimental ballads. *Say What You Mean*, from the Columbia picture, "Brief Moment," is found on the reverse side. Lee Bennett



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MILWAUKEE
ROAD



"I'm SO glad to meet you; my daughter is an L.I.D.
at the University"

—FROTH.

accounts for the vocal refrains. (24446). Two not-quite-so-recent airs are also offered by "Genial Jan." *You're Gonna Lose Your Gal* and *You've Got Everything* (which are just about perfect for dancing) are rendered very pleasingly. (24444).

That's Me Without You and *When the Last Rose of Summer Whispers Goodbye* are two very new and very agreeable recordings offered by Don Bestor and his Orchestra (that great band which is so little appreciated in this part of the country). (24443). However, if you would really like to hear Don at his best, we'd like to recommend what we consider two of the most distinctive numbers of the current conglomeration. *Heaven Only Knows* would probably soothe the most frayed nerves; and *There's a Ring Around the Moon* should satisfy its most exacting auditors.

Eddie Duchin, who has pleased the dancing public in the East for quite some time, comes to the front this month and renders a personal favorite of his entitled *Dark Clouds*. On the reverse side he plays *Lonely Lane* from the picture "College Coach"; the trombonist of the orchestra does some fine work in this recording. They're both highly recommended. (24441). Two hits from the United Artists' picture, "Roman Scandals," *No More Love* and *Build a Little Home* are also recorded by the Duchin aggregation. (24447).

That eminent English composer of American dance music, Ray Noble, directs his orchestra in a couple of swell Victor releases this month. *Turkish Delight* (in two parts) is the rarest novelty since the introduction of *The Big Bad Wolf*. If you want to be royally entertained, be sure to hear it. (24427). *Roll Up the Carpets* is a most splendid number, especially as played in the shining Noble style. The orchestra comes through with a startling change of pace during the course of the rendition. *If You'll Say "Yes," Cherie* (one of Ray's own waltz compositions) occupies the other side of this disc. (24420).

Mills Blue Rhythm Band, which deserves a rating as one of the finest torrid rhythm units in the country, has recorded two tunes (?) this month. *Love's Serenade* is as blue as they come and its rhythm should be classed as downright subterranean. One of those slow fox trots of the *Mood Indigo* type. On the other side is found the fast and furious *Harlem After Midnight*, a typical, rip-roaring "eight-ball" number. (24442).

The Lady With the Fan and *Father's Got His Glasses On* are played by our old friend Cab Calloway in the favorite Harlem manner, with the Cab himself wailing the refrains. If you like Calloway's music, you'll be "utsnay" about these. (24451).

Henry King and his Hotel Pierre Orchestra, who play nightly to the most exclusive dance set in metropolitan New York, contribute two tunes this month. *Don't You Remember Me?* is a suave fox trot played in equally suave fashion. This number is backed by a beautiful waltz, *Goodnight, Little Girl of My Dreams*.

FISKANA. That name probably doesn't mean much to you now, but we'll be willing to wager that it does in the very near future. You see, at the Mayfair Yacht Club in New York (one of the smartest night clubs in the United States) there is a man named Dwight Fiske who tells stories—naughty, sophisticated little stories—not for the young and innocent. Since there are some things you just can't print, Mr. Fiske has recorded two of his favorite stories on discs which go by the trade name of Fiskana. The first two tales are *Mrs. Pettibone* and *Two Horses and a Debutante*.



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Phone F. 4600



SLEEP THAT OFF

I don't know whether it was the bad alcohol or the charm of that girl that made my heart pound so hard, but for the first time in my life I met someone that really thrilled me. She had everything that MacClelland Barclay could put into an ad for Fisher Bodies. I confess I've seen no equal. I fell deeply—and instantly. We sat together talking of things that didn't matter much.

When the conversation eventually lagged, I sat and did some thinking. I analyzed her. Tried to map out a campaign whereby I could win this girl; for, I had definitely decided that she would have no rest until she were my wife, and not much after that.

I closed my eyes to consider the fellows she had formerly gone around with. I reflected on the qualities of these guys that had won her admiration. I would adopt these qualities, and finish the job, because when I make up my mind to get a thing I get it.

When I opened my eyes after a few minutes of meditation, she was gone. She had gone home with another fellow. That got me. I'll never speak to her again.

—PELICAN.

In times like these you can't count your checks until they're cashed.

SUGAR CORN, TOO

"I see they pinched one of the local cops with a whole car full of moonshine."

"Corn on the cop, eh?"

—PENN STATE FROTH.

"Did you hear what that burglar who broke into the fraternity got?"

"Yeah, pledged!"

—PELICAN.

"Do they make false eyes out of glass?"

"Certainly. How else could you see through them?"

—PRINCETON TIGER.

Crowd—"Hey! Sit down in front!"

Assistant Manager—"Quite yer kidding. I don't bend that way."

—LAMPOON.

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it
In a cabin quite old and medieval,
A rounder espied her and plied her
with cider

And now she's the forest's prime evil.

—PUNCH BOWL.

He placed his arm around her waist,
And on her lips a kiss;
Then sighed, "'Tis many a draught
I've had,

But not from a mug like this."

—RICE OWL.



A Night Club for Smart Campus People

770 Club

Norm Phelps Orchestra — Floor Show

RADIO RAVES

SID TRIPP

HIGHLIGHTS

This month's awards consist of Christmas trees to the following for their radio appeal:

JOE PENNER, assisted by Rutger's favorite son, OZZIE NELSON, and HARRIET HILLIARD, over NBC-WTMJ, Sunday at 6:30.

JAN GARBER and his improved Lombardo touch over WGN, Monday at 10:50.

EDDIE CANTOR and RUBINOFF over NBC-WMAQ, Sunday at 7.

PHIL BAKER, BOTTLE, 'N BEETLE, over NBC-WTMJ, Friday at 8:30.

EDWIN C. HILL commentating over CBS-WBBM, Friday at 7:15.

ENRIQUE MADREGUERA tangoing over NBC-KYW, Wednesday at 10:30.

JACK PEARL

In response to several requests as to how the BARON first acquired that German accent, we present for your approval or vice-versa the true account of his rise to "fame and fortune."

Quite some years ago, Pearl worked for an old German book-seller in the heart of what is now known as Harlem, in New York City. This same book-seller, who happened to be named Schneider, spoke with a dialect typical of that used by the BARON today. Unconsciously, Pearl assumed the speech of Herr Schneider and before he knew it he was a dialectician.

With regard to the requests as to how the BARON acquired all those "stories" he tells, we refer you to the A. A. L. (Association of Amalgamated Liars).

HAL KLATZ

We herewith present the first of a series of short articles on the local dance orchestras.

HAL KLATZ, who created quite a sensation when he first played for the 770 Club last year, has returned this year with one of the most unique and danceable orchestras seen on the campus for some time. Unlike the usual run of Madison orchestras which feature heavy brass and little rhythm, KLATZ offers the variation of soft and sweet strings with a background of solid rhythm. His eight-piece combination consist of five rhythm instruments, piano, drums, guitar, accordion, and string bass, as well as two violins and one tenor saxophone. Despite the apparent lack of melody instruments, KLATZ has worked out the combination to such an extent that it is never monotonous or boring. On his radio programs from WIBA every Thursday at 7 p. m., he features Argentine tangos and rhumbas. Incidentally, he rejected an offer to play the violin with Vincent Lopez last year in order to continue his studies at the university.

SHORT SHOTS

GUY LOMBARDO has broken all traditions and has added another piece, a piano, to his orchestra. It is rumored that the LOMBARDOS will open at the Cocomanut



"TO US
STEADY
SMOKERS

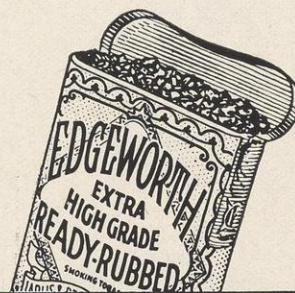
flavor
IS THE
IMPORTANT THING"

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ART CHRONICLE CONTINUED

outstanding violinist. Stanislaw Szpinalski, after having studied at the best conservatories both in Poland and Russia, caught the eye of Ignace Paderewski, who took a great interest in the young artist. His recent debut in London was received with phenomenal success, and he immediately received engagements for concerts in various other music centers of Europe. Besides giving numerous recitals, Szpinalski has made various recordings for a British recording company.

* * * *

DEAD CAT ITEM

We notice with a malicious chuckle that the greatest change which has taken place in the University during the past year or two, is that the Stock Pavilion has become the University Pavilion. It looks as though the University has reversed the old proverb and has given a bad dog a good name. This does not alter the character of the building in any way, however, for: "a barn by any other name will smell as badly." Something should be done to remedy the situation, for Madison cannot continue to insult visiting artists by forcing them to play among the cows and horses.

* * * *

The Kreisler Concert once again brought forth the utter inadequacy of this place as a concert hall. An arena used for stock and horse shows is no place for a concert, least of all for a Kreisler concert. It must seem rather strange, to say the very least, to a man who is used to performing among all the splendor and pomp of the *Konzerthalle* in Vienna, the *Royal Opera House* in Berlin or the vast concert hall of Stockholm, to be forced to walk around in the mud before he may even gain admittance to the building where he is to play. Then after he has finally found a way to get in, it must seem even stranger, after being accustomed to all the aforementioned pomp and circumstance, to have to play on an absolutely drab undecorated, and box-like stage in a hall of the nature of Wisconsin's Pavilion.

* * * *

The Union Concert Series, after getting off to a most disappointing start, has with the Kreisler concert taken a tremendous step upward. There can be no doubt that the Kreisler recital was one of the most brilliantly presented musical events Madison has heard since Piatagorsky played here. The next attraction on the Series are the English Singers, who are coming with a program of old English church and folk music. This group is known as one of the finest singing ensembles in the field of old music, and are thorough musicians to the last man. Their recitals are always an artistic unit from beginning to end. We sincerely hope that the rest of the Union Concerts of this season will measure up to the high standards set by the Kreisler recital.

•

RADIO RAVES CONTINUED

Grove of the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles, and contrary to popular belief, they will continue their present commercial series with George and Gracie . . . COLONEL STOOPNAGLE AND BUD return to the CBS airwaves via a commercial route on December 16, at 8:15 . . . TED WEEMS has replaced Vincent Lopez on the Sunday night NBC hosiery program . . . GLEN GRAY and CASA LOMA incorporated are commercializing for Camel ciggies, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 9 . . . HAL KEMP will prom it at the University of Illinois on the 21st . . . Rumor has it that MAE WEST is inviting a commercial sponsor to "c'mup 'n see her some time" . . . with regard to a CONTRACT.

OLD, BUT FUNNY

Optician: "Weak eyes, have you?
Well, how many lines can you read on
that chart?"

Patient: "What chart?"

—PUPPET.

THE FOG

(Apologies to Carl Sandburg)

The tackle comes

On big flat feet.

He sits, looking over the situation

On silent haunches,

Then plops the halfback's face in the
mud,

Leaving him in a complete fog;

And then moves on.

—PUNCH BOWL.



Life's a farce we all abide;
We have patience without end—
For we're the actors and the audi-
ence, too,
And fools will fools defend.

—S. G. E.

Runner—Time me around the track,
coach?

Coach—Sure. Wait 'til I get my cal-
endar.

—PUNCH BOWL.

Announcer: "Now the orchestra will
play that old love song, 'When You
Were Eight and I Was Nine and We
Were Seventeen'."

—KITTY KAT.

Client—I lent a chap five hundreds
pounds and he won't give me a receipt.
What shall I do?

Lawyer—Write and ask for the
return of the thousand pounds.

Client—But it was only five hundred.

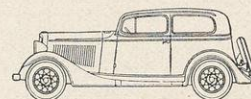
Lawyer—He will soon write and tell
you it was five hundred, and that shall
be your receipt.

—SKETCH.



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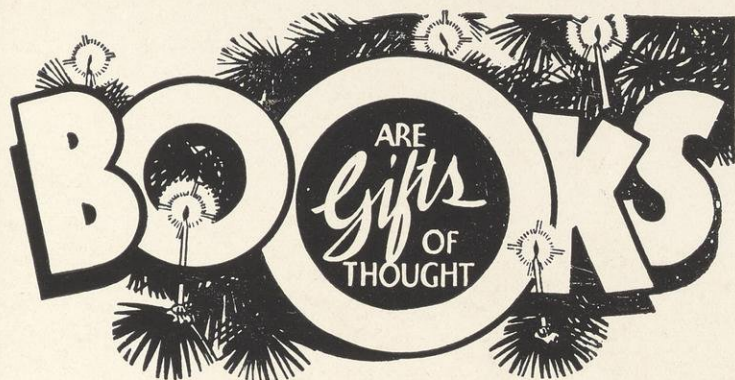
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in which tobacco is used
the cigarette is the
mildest form

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But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette, is the mildest form.

Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way — the cigarettes are made right — the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is

*the cigarette that's milder
the cigarette that tastes better*



Chesterfield

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