the Spring quarter is two-thirds gone, the college has suddenly sprung to life, for it's about this time every year Mustangs find themselves the nucleus for exhibits and rodeos, and companions for dates and relatives who have been brought to witness Cal Poly's annual Poly Royal. Termed a "country fair on a college campus," the entire student body, faculty, city merchants, friends, and a gracious queen endeavor each year to make the current "fair" better than the previous, and they succeed, because their abilities and cooperation are limitless.

The center page spread this issue is given to a small part of the many queens who have reigned in preceding years, while our 1948 queen, Miss Pat Walker, may be found gracing a full page near the front of the magazine.

This month's cover was drawn by a new artist, Jay Davis, a cowboy from Los Angeles, whose ambition is to do work for national magazines.

The only title this issue could have would be "Poly Royal," and is dedicated to all you many visitors and spectators who wander over our 2000-acre campus; may our exhibits help to demonstrate to you our motto; "LEARN BY DOING."
The old maid called in her lawyer and explained her last will and testament. "I want to give $3,000 to the art museum, $1,000 to my nephew, $1,000 to the Y.M.C.A. and $1,000 to the library."

"What about the remaining $500?"

"I've never had a lover, and I'll give that to anyone who will kiss and make love to me."

"I'll do it," said the lawyer. He hurried home and explained to his wife. That evening he called at the old maid's home.

At nine o'clock his wife became nervous and called on the phone.

"It's all right, dearie," he explained. "She has cut off the library and the art museum, and if you'll let me stay another hour she'll drop the Y.M.C.A."

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"If there is anyone in the congregation who likes sin let him stand up—what's this, Sister Virginia, you like sin?"

"Pardon me, I thought you said gin."

—Mis-a-sip

"Where'd y'all git dat derby?"

"Hits a surprise fum da wife."

"A surprise?"

"Ah cum home de udder night, unexpected an' foun' it on top o' de table."

---

"Where the heck have I been all night?"
A woman complaining to her neighbor, who every evening about midnight walked his dog by her house, that the pooch always hesitated by her new shrubs.

She got this answer: "Now, don't fret, Ma'am, I always start around the block the long way, and by the time he reaches your bushes, it's only a gesture."

"Are you the waitress that took my order," asked the impatient student in El Corral.

"Yes, sir," replied the waitress politely.

"I can't understand," he remarked, "you don't look a day older."

Prof—Are you cheating on this exam?

Student—No, sir, I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper. —Caveman

"See that girl? That's my girl."

"Uh-huh. Good looking fur coat she is wearing."

"Yeah, I gave her that."

"Pretty hat, too."

"Yep, I gave her that."

"Boy, what a sparkler she's wearing."

"Shore it is, I gave it to her."

"And say, that's a cute little boy she has with her."

"Yeah. That's her brother." —Pelican

Then there was the illegitimate Rice-Krispie— it had no POP. —Mis-a-Sip

"I dunno, do we have rooms for rent in this dorm?"
The Country Fair

Welcome to Poly Royal. We hope that you enjoy your stay at California State Polytechnic College; we hope that you learn a little about the way we teach vocational education; we hope that you will pick up some items of interest and value from the exhibits. We hope that you have fun, we certainly enjoy presenting Poly Royal to you.

In the article that follows, one of our self-styled "basement barker" gives you something of an idea about what Poly is all about.

It is Poly Royal time again on the San Luis Obispo campus of Cal Poly. For the 16th consecutive year the students, faculty, administration and Poly boosters are presenting a program which has become famous throughout this area.

Each year new students, visitors, new members on the faculty, even a few oldtimers at Poly ask the question: "Just what is this Poly Royal?"

Down in the basement of the Administration building, whence cometh nearly all of the publicity and not a little news about this college, the "hucksters" or members of the fourth estate, depending upon your point of view, each year grind out the phrases: "A Country Fair on a College Campus," The Show Window of Progress," "Open House," "Two Day Exposition of California's State Technical College of Agriculture and Industry." All in an effort to answer that question: "Just what is this Poly Royal?"

Most of the questioners see some of the answers provided by the basement barker and then again ask: "Just what is this Poly Royal?"

Evidently the answer to the question isn't easy; in spite of the experience these publicists have had with Poly Royal, not one of them has come up with a short, catchy phrase which completely tells the answer.

Poly Royal is many things. Every single person connected with Poly is a part of Poly Royal. Each of these people has different ideas as to just what Poly Royal is, and most of them are right.

Poly's publicity men break Poly Royal down into two main ideas: Exhibition and Entertainment.

Most important, probably is the exhibition side. Poly Royal is a two-day exposition of the progress and achievements of California State Polytechnic College. Each department presents exhibitions of its program of work. Students show the operation of the "project system" wherein each pupil has the opportunity to carry on some phase of his training by practising what he is learning, and of marketing the product of that practice for profit. This may be a project where a student feeds out a pen of hogs, where he repairs radios, or even where he writes stories.

In addition each department tries to present in their exhibitions the application of new devices or techniques for the benefit of those who can use them and for the instruction of those who are interested. This is the side of Poly Royal where college and students try to show their visitors the value to society of "learn by doing" and "vocational skill" as educational philosophies.

But don't forget the entertainment side of Poly Royal. Both college personnel and visitors get to laugh, to enjoy contests and to appreciate skills in "extra curricular" line. Poly Royal is a lot of fun and enjoyment. There's a rodeo, two dances, a barbecue, music, contests, a beautiful queen and lovely princesses, baseball, football, tennis, swimming and other athletic events and many more activities which will provide a full load of entertainment. If it weren't for the fun to be had at Poly Royal most of those who put on the show, and most of the visitors wouldn't be interested.

This isn't the whole story of Poly Royal. Poly Royal is work. Nearly every student devotes a good share of the Spring quarter to the show, a few students and faculty

(Continued on page 11)
Life in a Trailer

—By HELEN BALL—

Several months ago when my husband told me we were to live in a trailer while he went to school, my first impressions were all favorable. Just think, I kept saying to myself, only dishes to do, a bed to make, and then to sit with a good mystery for the rest of the day. At least that’s what I’ve been told. I could hardly wait to leave our little (I thought then) apartment and settle in my new home. Finally, the great day arrived and I found myself standing in front of a silver painted thing with only three numbers on it to distinguish it from all the others. It was then my husband informed me that this was to be our home for the next four years.

“But,” I blurted out, “how do we get in?”

“Through the door of course,” he replied.

“You mean this,” I said, pointing to the window, “opens to be a door?”

“Of course not, the door is in the front, you’re looking at the back.”

Now, I’m 5’9”, and a pretty big girl at that, so you can imagine how relieved I was to see the door. I walked in and looked around in amazement. It was the first trailer I’d ever been in, and to me it resembled a doll house. That afternoon I set about to clean it up. I dusted and scrubbed until my hands were sore, and it seemed to me I cleaned the same cupboards over and over again.

Several weeks later everything was in order, and I was proud of my little trailer home. My husband jokingly argued the point that it was impossible for both of us to walk around in it at the same time, and I jokingly insisted that it was, providing he crawled on his knees.

Once I made the embarrassing mistake of walking into another trailer, thinking it was mine, only to catch a strange man in the act of changing his clothes. I still don’t know which one of us jumped the faster! After that, I was always careful about looking at the number of the trailer before entering.

For awhile everything was fine in my little trailer, but then one day I saw two men snooping around. One crawled under the trailer, the other knocked on the door, entered and threw some funny looking stick on the floor. Then it began. Bang, boom, clang, zoom . . . I thought an earthquake had struck. Suddenly the one on the outside shouted, “Hey, lady, you’d better come out so we can level your trailer.”

Oh, so that’s what they are doing . . . well, that suited me fine. . . . so out I came and sat on the steps to watch them work. First they pulled one way, then another, then suddenly I heard a hissing sound that reminded me of a tire going flat, so out of curiosity I looked in the trailer and saw the floor covered with rising water. “Stop it,” I yelled, “you’re flooding me out!” One of the men walked in, nonchalantly with a smirk on his face and said, “Oh, that . . . guess we broke your water pipe.” Evidently it wasn’t new to him because they took their time about fixing it. As I kept some of my groceries in a cupboard under the sink, I spent the rest of the afternoon mopping up the water composed of salt, sugar, and cream of wheat.

In due time, that too was forgotten and things were getting down to normal again, that is, until someone decided to plug in their toaster, broiler, hot plate, and iron, all at the same time. You can well imagine what happened . . . no lights!!! Now everyone knows it’s against the rules to use any extra electrical appliances without permission from the Housing Authority. When the lights go out, everyone gathers in a circle and state what a shame it is that people can’t follow regulations. Then when the lights come on again, they rush back to their trailers and plug in their irons and hot plates.

Lack of hot water was another thing that I became accustomed to immediately. In the midst of a shower, the water would turn cold, leaving me with masses of soap still clinging to my shivering body. My husband thought it was all very funny because he rather enjoyed cold showers. But I’ll never forget the language I heard the first time he had to shave with cold water.

It wasn’t long before the strong winds descended upon our little trailer, and remained for several days and nights. During that time I considered seriously of using

(Continued on page 16)
—By DON MILLER—

Born in the bayou country of Louisiana, Kelg had never cared for the country beyond the cypress trees and the swamp land. Yet he knew every square mile of the bayou which he had roamed when a boy.

Kelg went to work in the local sawmill at 15 and was introduced to bark slabs which he learned to feed into the yawning boilers with dexterous rhythm. It was a hard job which calloused not only his hands, but probably his personality.

When it came to living, Kelg believed one should enjoy life, and the heck with what others said about him.

He spent most of his time with the gang down at “Little Joe’s” with a round of drinks and a hand full of cards. The distant ululation of the mill saw and the dismal plukety, plunk of the saloon piano were music to his ears.

Kelg disliked women, and he was vulgar to the point of nauseaion. Some said he had hard luck with love—on this he never confided in anyone.

Then one day Kelg, with many of his co-workers, signed a form for the draft. What was the draft? he wondered. Something to do with the army, he was told. Kelg didn’t realize the world, which he knew little about, was closing in on him, although events in other nations were to alter his course in life.

Plucked by the draft board, or rather by special request of his friends and neighbors, he reluctantly objected—they can’t do this to me—but they did.

During training, Kelg was either living at a honky-tonk or enjoying room and board in the stockade. Finally orders came—his outfit was alerted. The Old Man got Kelg out of the camp bastille and loaded him on the train with the outfit for destination overseas.

On a cold October morning, back in ’42, men detrained to the bleak windswept platform at Jersey City. No bands then or girls handing out coffee with doughnuts—the war was still young.

With mixed feelings of wonder, despair, and a bit of patriotism the men lined up along the platform. Civilians stopped momentarily, to gape, for many had yet to realize this country was fighting for keeps. Kelg in his usual manner whistled and shouted at all the choice numbers who managed in return to force patriotic smiles for the doggy.

Unnoticed by Kelg was a young girl, about ten years of age, shyly walking towards him. In her hand she tenderly held a red rose. Against the drab background of the railroad station this rose seemed to possess a sun-warmed radiance.

Stopping in front of Kelg, the girl smiled, and Kelg looked down at her in astonishment. Gazing into his face the young girl said, “Please take this rose.” She gently placed the red rose in his hand. There was a moment of silence, then a tear trickled down her cheek as she said in a soft clear voice, “May God watch over you.”

Turning, the young girl ran toward the station exit and was soon lost in the milling crowd of people. Kelg watched her until he could see his unknown admirer no longer. Then his gaze fell to the red rose in his hand which he found, was made of paper. Kelg knew, as those around him also knew, that his impervious shell had been shattered by this young child who from the depth of her heart had bid him farewell.

“All right, you guys,” barked the platoon sergeant. “Let’s get movin’. We can’t keep this scow waiting forever. Kelg slipped the stem of the red rose through a button hole and shouldered his duffle bag

As he walked his last few steps on American soil, Kelg felt that somewhere, someplace, a little girl was thinking of him.

His only cherished gift from life—a red rose.

—Don Miller

A few short years ago,
When shady jokes were told,
A co-ed blushed a fiery red
And thought the man “most bold.”
And now upon the campus,
There are so few who frown,
When she dashes for a pencil,
To copy the joke down. —Burma Shave
Non-coeducational Cal Poly selects each year with open arms, for a queen to reign over her worshiping year.

Since the second Poly Royal queen selected each year to rule were chosen from the San Luis order to gain more widespread system of selecting the queens inaugurated. Since then Cal Poly in 1943 when the queen was again

Since 1934 there have been the royal throne, they are: 1934, Miss Jorgensen; 1936, Miss Harriet 1938, Miss Edna Cave; 1939, Miss Jeanne Defosset; 1941, Miss Bart 1943, Miss Eleanor Burrows of San Diego State. There was no Poly Re time restrictions of travel.

This year at the Coronation over the crown to Miss Patricia has been chosen our queen for 1941

Pictured on this page you see and our queen of the year. Need queens with open arms. Wouldn't
welcomes the advent of Poly Royal with Poly Royal comes a beautiful subjects throughout the following
in 1934, there has been a gracious over the festivities. The queens Obispo area until 1941, when, in publicity for the college, a new from other state colleges was has adhered to this system except a chosen from San Luis Obispo.

twelve beautiful queens to grace Miss Jane Horton; 1935, Miss Ruth Lepley; 1937, Miss Fern Porter; Miss Betty Lou Aixox; 1940, Miss Sara Biggs of San Francisco State; San Luis Obispo; 1946, Miss Patricia 1947, Miss Katherine Dupont of San Royal in 1944 and 1945 due to war.

Ball Miss Katie Dupont will turn Miss Walker, A Chico State coed, who 1948.

several of our queens of the past we explain why we "welcome our you?"
Out Of The Herd...

Emmons Blake

Usually stirring up some kind of excitement somewhere, Emmons Blake holds forth in the basement of the Administration building. It has been his experience more than one time to have caused controversial arguments by voicing his views on the linotype, but in his good-natured way, he usually manages to prove it was all done to create interest or just all in fun.

This printer, writer and promoter is married and has two children, a boy and a girl, who usually make the print in his weekly syndicated human-interest column, Footnotes, in the local daily and other California newspapers.

Besides his varied interests in journalism and printing, Emmons also is representative for Chesterfield cigarettes, Southwest Airways, and Campus Magazine, here on the campus.

A transfer from Antioch (Ohio) and San Diego State colleges, Emmons is in his second year here at Poly majoring in printing. Being questioned, he said, "I think the course here at Poly offers the best in the type of work I plan for the future." Upon completing his course, he plans to own and operate a weekly newspaper somewhere here in California.

John Patterson

A powerhouse for publicity in any form lies in the name of John Patterson. He has worked his way up the line in Cal Poly's journalism, until now, about the only position he hasn't held is that of Director of Public Relations.

Among the many capacities this affable writer has filled are: editor of El Mustang, Cal Poly's weekly newspaper; sectional editor of El Rodeo, Poly's yearbook; president of the Press club; publication's representative on the Student Affairs Council; student manager of the Board of Publications and Publicity Control; chairman of the publicity on 1948 Poly Royal; and editor of the Poly Royal Bulletin for this year.

Conducting the Poly Royal publicity is nothing new for Patterson, as it was one of the first bits of journalism he handled when a freshman at Poly. Since that time, Poly Royal general superintendents find that he is a veritable right arm because of his hard work and ability.

Most students, unknowingly, make the mistake in thinking John is a journalism major, but upon inquiry, they would find that this junior is really following the line of Animal Husbandry.
Gonna Go Skyward

It's a man... it's a woman... no, it's Major Noon, flying through the air with the speed of a Piper.

Major Midnight is in serious trouble on earth, so by means of a perforated cranium, he was able to get in touch with his second cousin, the heroic crime buster from the planet Platonic, Major Noon. This thrilling episode has been reprinted by requests of thousands of thrilled radio listeners. Major Noon is portrayed by himself while the Doctor takes the part of the Doctor. This program is sponsored by those great breakfast cereals, Crickle Crackles and Gummy Yummies. Now fellows and gals, in one minute we will continue with this action-packed serial of Major Noon. But speaking of serial, here is a word from our sponsor.

The makers of Crickle Crackles and Gummy Yummies are proud to bring our fellow crime-busters this thrilling cereal. How many of you boys and girls have awakened with the feeling that you didn't want to eat? That's what I thought, yes, and that's what our breakfast company thought, too, when they began production of those delightful crispy, crunchy, tasty Crickle Crackles. And that's not all kids, no sir, that's not all.

For your parents this wonderful cereal company has produced Gummy Yummies. Ask your folks if they have ever eaten spiked fruit cake, just ask, then tell them to buy Gummy Yummies. This wonderful cereal is designed especially for parents over 35. Those rich brown flakes become mushy and soggy at the slightest contact with liquid. Yes kids, tell your folks this, tell them it doesn't pay to be only "half safe." Tell them that Gummy Yummies are mashable without teeth.

Now fellow crime busters, we take you back to our hero of the sky, the man... no, no... Major No-o-o-o-o-n.

Major Midnight is in desperate trouble, and Major Noon is trying hard, against heavy odds (6-1), to rescue him. We drop in just (Continued on page 15)

The Country Fair

(Continued from page 5)

members spend a good share of their spare time for two quarters each year in laying the groundwork for the "Country Fair." Each department head, many students and faculty members and not a few visitors start their preparations for the coming Poly Royal on Sunday morning right after the previous show.

Poly Royal is history. It started in 1933 as a small exhibition of project livestock by Animal Husbandry students. This enabled the rest of the school and a few interested visitors to see what these boys were going to exhibit at the Junior Livestock and Baby Beef show and it also gave the exhibitors some much needed practice in the show ring. That was back in the dim dark days of the depression when Poly and the rest of the country was nearly on the rocks. Poly Royal has grown with California Polytechnic. This year, the 16th, some 23 departments in three divisions of education will present exhibits.

Poly Royal is the handiwork of 2300 men students, and of probably an equal number of faculty and administration members, student and faculty wives, Poly boosters and employees. Poly Royal will be seen by some eight thousand visitors, maybe more.

Poly Royal is more than this. It is the biggest event on the California Polytechnic College campus; it is Poly's best chance for advertisement, explanation, and advancement.

Poly Royal is Cal Poly.

—John Patterson

"Give 'er the gun, Harry, I think we got her now."
He was driving her home from the dance. It was past midnight, very dark, the road was lonely and so was the driver. Suddenly, the car stopped. The young man got out, looked the car over, turned to the girl and said, “What a break, the gas tank seems to be full of water, and we can’t move a foot.”

The girl gave a sigh, and said, “Come inside. This has happened to me before. All we have to do now is sit and argue for a while and the water turns right back into gasoline.”

—Mis-a-sip

Tight clothing never did stop a girl’s circulation.

—Mis-a-sip

Mother: “Didn’t I tell you not to go out with perfect strangers?”
Daughter: “But he wasn’t perfect, Mom.”

—Pointer

Customer: “I’ll take some rat poison.”
Clerk: “Will you take it with you?”
Customer: “No, I’ll send the rats over after it.”

—Log

Notice on the bulletin board of the biology department: We don’t want to begetrude you dipsomaniacs a little alcohol, but please return our specimens.

—Dr. Kildare

“Go to father,” she said:
When I asked her to wed.
And she knew that I knew
That her father was dead.
And she knew that I knew
What a life he had led.
And she knew that I knew
What she meant when she said:
“Go to father!”

A PROFFesor’S LOT

When the dullard’s not
Preoccupied in cribbing
Pied in cribbing
And throughout my
Dissertations doesn’t doze
There arises no occasion
For ad libbing
For ad libbing
A few scathingly
Satirical bon mots
When the athlete has
Prepared his recitation
Recitation
When all academic
Discipline is done
When for passing grades
There is no supplication
Supplication
A professor’s lot
Is not a happy one.

ROOTS OF CULTURE

YOUR BIRTHSTONE AND ITS MEANING

APRIL - THE DIAMOND

IN EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES, MANY PEOPLE WORE THE 12 BIRTHSTONES SUCCESSIVELY AS MONTHSTONES, EACH BEING THOUGHT MOST FAVORABLE IN ITS OWN MONTH.

THE DIAMOND, MOST BRILLIANT OF GEMS, WAS THE FAVORITE OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

APRIL PEOPLE INCLUDE FAMOUS PIONEERS, SOLDIERS, INDUSTRIAL LEADERS, TRAVELLERS.

A FARMER’S SMALL SON, PLAYING WITH BRIGHT PEBBLES FOUND ON A RIVER BANK, LED TO DISCOVERY OF SOUTH AFRICA’S DIAMOND FIELDS.

DIAMONDS HAVE ALWAYS EXPRESSED MODESTY, PURITY AND INNOCENCE. A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING SYMBOLIZES TRUE LOVE AND HARMONY.

APRIL 1

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

APRIL 2

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE

APRIL 3

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

APRIL 4

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE

APRIL 5

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

APRIL 6

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE

APRIL 7

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

APRIL 8

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE

APRIL 9

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

APRIL 10

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE

APRIL 11

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

APRIL 12

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE

APRIL 13

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

APRIL 14

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE

APRIL 15

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

APRIL 16

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE

APRIL 17

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

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APRIL 19

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

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QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

APRIL 28

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE

APRIL 29

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

APRIL 30

EMPERESS JOSEPHINE

APRIL 31

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE

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PAGE TWELVE
The Gay Deceiver

Mrs. Edna Hilton was a woman in her early twenties and a bride of eight months. Her husband was a salesman in a department store, but to Mrs. Hilton, he was a first-class bank executive and business man. So others were told.

Now Mrs. Youngsby was only a bride of two weeks who lived next door to Edna and lacked in many household materials such as pots, pans, linen, and many others. Every day she very shamefully went over to Edna Hilton's and borrowed different things she would need for the day. One time it would be her presto-cooker, the next her vacuum cleaner, her ironing board ... She would even run over to inquire about the time. Edna Hilton was always bragging about her three electric clocks, which she claimed were given to her for wedding gifts. Mrs. Youngsby would sigh at her marvelous possessions and often went over just to sit and look at them.

Edna Hilton would hold up a beautiful cocktail set trimmed in silver and say that it was given to her by an ex-fiance who was at the time madly in love with her. Then there was poor Bill who was hopelessly in love with her and had gifted her with a golden set of bookends. She had ever so many things and they were all gifts from her ex-lovers or wedding gifts. Mrs. Youngsby always wondered how long it would take her to be the possessor of such beautiful things.

One afternoon Mrs. Youngsby was prepar-

(Continued on page 16)
I Married A Horse

A short time ago, four weeks to be exact, I was given a horse. It came as a real surprise. I had been looking about for a horse to match the one I have in Long Beach, but so far had done nothing but look.

It happened in Austin's hash-house about four weeks ago when I was drinking my fifth cup of coffee, that the door opened and in walked Mary Ellen Burns, half owner of Burn's Enterprises. She joined me in my booth and after a lot of small talk, she said she must get rid of all the stock on her ranch. So as a joke I told her she could give me a horse.

"Fine," she said, "I have just the one. Her name is Mary, and she's a twelve year old mare. Of course she is a little poor right now, but she'll come out of it. Wrap her around twenty bales of hay, five bags of oats, six bags of barley, and you'll have a fine saddle horse."

Little did I realize it then, but that was the formal announcement of my engagement to Mary.

My marriage, if it can be called that, took place a week later at the Burns ranch in King City. I was so innocent. After running over half of California trying to find and roundup my betrothed, we finally managed to herd her into the corral. Poor me. I know how the people in olden days felt when their parents arranged the weddings for their children. I felt like a child that had been promised to a man-eating gorilla. For there in front of me stood the horse I had promised to love, honor, and feed, till death do us part. It was this piece of muddy hair, bones, and tallow that stood before me, head hanging as if in shame, legs spread as if to brace itself against the wind and with tail swinging from side to side like a little girl playing with her pigtails in embarrassment when called on to recite, that I was promised to. Being the gentlemen that I am, I could not back out. So Mary was put into a borrowed trailer and brought back to San Luis Obispo, a proud and blushing bride.

But now my bride and I are faced with a problem that faces all newlyweds. Where to live? Of course I could go on living at my old boarding house, but where to house my bride was another question. Being of Bohemian nature, I was quite pleased to live apart from my bride. So after some looking about, Mary was put into a lot near school where Dr. McCapes, the vet, could look in on her should complications develop.

My marriage has lasted now for three weeks and I am most unhappy. It is I who gets up first to fix breakfast. It is I who must stand out in the cold rain to feed her from a bucket, because she can't eat from the ground. Oh, no, she can't eat from the

(Continued on page 15)
I Married A Horse

(Continued from page 14)

ground, but she can roll in the mud in a most disgusting manner. She can get herself covered with mud from one end to the other and still look at me with innocent eyes. It is I who must keep her room clean and aired because if I left it for her to do, she would soon be rolling in her own filth. She is lazy and proud that I wait on her hand and hoof. I can’t take much more of this kind of life. Either she becomes more helpful and loving or I leave. Marriage is a two-way affair and I feel I am doing more than my share!

—R. L. B.

Visitor: “Where are the monkeys?”
Keeper: “They’re in the back making whoopee.”

Visitor: “Would they come out for some peanuts?”
Keeper: “Would you?”

She has an ermine coat and a foreign car:
A ten-room flat with a built-in bar;
And she does it all on thirty per.
Believe it or not, it’s the truth dear sir.
Yet five years back some teaching hick
Flunked this gal in arithmetic. —Mis-a-Sip

“Marie doesn’t go out as often as she used to.”
“Ah, settled and became a nice quiet little stay-at-home, eh?”
“No, I mean she carries her liquor better.”

Gonna Go Skyward

(Continued from page 11)

in time to hear Major Noon say to the Doctor...
“Well, Doctor, I’m leaving now.”
“Do be careful, my boy... do be careful.”
WELL... what did the Doctor mean, by saying “do be careful”? Could this be the death of Major Noon? And now a word from our sponsors, the makers of Crickle Crackles and Gummy Yummies.

We can’t miss the next thrilling episode of “GOING SKYWARD” can we fellow crime busters? No siree... and another thing you kids can’t miss is the wonderful new breakfast cereal Crickle Crackles.

So kids, until tomorrow night, stay healthy by eating those delicious Crickle Crackles... and tell, don’t ask... tell your folks to buy the Gummy Yummy cereal, the delightful soggy food, designed especially. This is George Alexander saying “Good night” from the makers of that great breakfast cereal Crickle Crackles.

“You are tuned to radio station KIVPEKC, San Luis Obispo.

—Grant Ball
San Luis Obispo has more frequent air service than many cities twice its size. See our campus representative, Emmons Blake, in Cal Poly Print Shop, for the schedule that best fits your flying needs.

LIFE IN A TRAILER

(Continued from page 6)

props on the leeward side. Then after the winds, came the rain. It was then I found that we had a few leaks in the trailer, around the windows, down the stovepipe, under the door, and in the closet which did a beautiful job of changing my white blouses into speckled gray and brown ones.

Immediately after the rains, again the repairman made an appearance. This time, to be so helpful as to plug all the small points of dampness that found their way in our home, and to attempt a block on the larger torrents . . . not guaranteeing, of course. In the process, the helpful gentlemen managed to gouge large divots of new lawn with the legs of their ladders and step on all my new pansies and asters.

Now I'm wondering what's coming next. Just think, all this beefing, and when anyone of my friends ask me how I like living in a trailer, I reply, "Oh, it's wonderful!"

—Helen Ball

THE GAY DECEIVER

(Continued from page 13)

ing to visit Mrs. Hilton when she noticed a shiny-looking car parked outside her house. She wondered whether she should intrude or not, but without much hesitation she knocked on the door and as Mrs. Hilton opened it, she noticed a bright red color spring into her face. There was another woman in the room that resembled Edna Hilton, and as Mrs. Youngsbys soon found out, it was her sister. After the introductions were completed, Mrs. Youngsbys dismissed herself with proper apology and was about to close the door when she heard Edna's sister say, "Now that we're back from our vacation, I will lessen your burden by taking all my kitchen ware and household equipment back with me."

—Helen Ball
WHY ARE MORE PEOPLE SMOKING CAMELS THAN EVER BEFORE?

BECAUSE EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

Vic Scott
Champion Outboard Racing Driver

He holds the world's record for Class C Outboard Motorboats—57.325 miles per hour for 5 miles! 1947 winner of the famous Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon.

"In 12 years of outboard racing, I've found that 'experience is the best teacher,'" says Vic Scott. "And that's true in choosing a cigarette, too. Through the years, I've tried many brands. I've compared them— for mildness, for cool smoking, for flavor. I learned from experience that Camels suit me to a 'T'!"

LET YOUR "T-ZONE" TELL YOU WHY!

T for Taste . . .
T for Throat . . .

that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if CAMELS don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

ALL OVER America, more people are smoking Camels than ever before. Millions of smokers have found by experience that Camels suit them to a "T."

Try Camels yourself. Compare them—for mildness, coolness; for full, rich flavor. Let your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—tell you why Camels are the "choice of experience."

According to a Nationwide survey:

More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.
As the late, great Gertrude Stein might have said—but didn’t—"a buck is a buck is a buck." And bucks—up to fifteen of ’em—are precisely what Pepsi-Cola Co. kicks in for gags you send in and we print.

Just mark your stuff with your name, address, school and class, and send it to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. Yes, you collect a rejection slip if your masterpiece lays an egg on arrival.

Will we hate you for mentioning "Pepsi-Cola" in your gag? Au contraire, to coin a phrase. It stimulates us. Even better than benzedrine. So come on—bandage up that limp badinage, and send it in—for Easy Money. Then just sit back and cross your fingers.

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**DAFFY DEFINITIONS**

$1 apiece to Herbert W. Hugo of Northwestern Univ., Richard M. Sheirich of Colgate Univ., Ted Golas of Columbia College, Bob Sanford of Notre Dame, and Jo Cargill of Bates College for these, and when we think of what a dollar used to buy!

Mushroom—the girl friend’s front parlor.

Dime—a buck with taxes taken out.

---

**GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE**

Ounce—one-twelfth of a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

Funnel—faster way of drinking Pepsi.

Ghost writer—writes obituary notices.

Suffering from the shorts? Here’s your answer—one buck each for any of these we buy.

---

**LITTLE MORON CORNER**

Here’s the character study (and we do mean "character") that dragged down two iron men for Mauro Montoya of Univ. of New Mexico:

Our own inimitable Murgatroyd (better known to his intimates as "Meathead") was discovered a few days ago carefully holding a large bucket beneath a leaking faucet. Naturally he was asked the reason. "Duuuh," replied the outsized oaf, with his customary ready intelligence, "I’m collectin’ trickles for the Pepsi-Cola jingle!"

Arthur J. McGrane of Duke Univ. also raked in $2 for his moron gag. So can you, if yours clicks. Just be yourself.

---

**HE-SHE GAGS**

Three bucks apiece went out to Mammon-worshippers Bill Spencer of Hardin-Simmons Univ., Nick G. Flores of Univ. of Pittsburgh, Shirley Moter of Univ. of Cincinnati, and Carson A. Ranas of Brooklyn, N. Y., respectively, for these bits of whimsy:

He: O. K., stupid, be that way.
She: Don’t you call me stupid!

He: O. K., ignorant.
She: Well, that’s better!

* * *

She: I’m thirsty for a Pepsi-Cola.

He: Okay, let’s sip this one out.

* * *

He: Does your husband talk in his sleep?
She: No, it’s terribly exasperating. He just grins.

* * *

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: At least we’re better off than those two empty bottles on the sidewalk.

She-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: How do you figure?

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: They’ve been drunk since yesterday, and we’re still on the wagon.

* * *

$3 each—that’s a lot of bonanza oil! But that’s the take-home pay for any of these we buy.

---

**EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION**

At the end of the year, we’re going to review all the stuff we’ve bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

$100.00
"I'VE TRIED THEM ALL, CHESTERFIELD IS MY FAVORITE CIGARETTE"

Claudette Colbert
STARRING IN A TRIANGLE PRODUCTION "SLEEP, MY LOVE" RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

NOBODY knows Cigarette tobacco like the farmer who grows it

"I like to sell my tobacco to Liggett & Myers because they've been buying my best tobacco and paying the top price to get it ever since I started raising tobacco. "I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since I started raising tobacco. I know they're made of mild ripe tobacco because that's the kind they buy from me."

J. Hogan Ballard
TOBACCO FARMER, BRYANSTON, KY.

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD
ALWAYS MILD, BETTER TASTING, COOLER SMOKING

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