President Crandall's Message to Graduates

The approach to commencement time always brings up a wide range of emotions. With the joy and exhilaration of accomplishment comes the depressing thought of separate paths. The last four years have brought us a wealth of experience that will help shape us through the most difficult times of our lives—theirs—adulthood. In their technological world, they have made a great contribution to the world of tomorrow, and we, the graduates, are about to take our place in the world of the future. We have fought and struggled, and seen the fruits of our labors... we will continue to do so, for there is a world of opportunity waiting for us.

The California Polytechnic extensive four-year program has broadened our minds in many ways. We have been exposed to various disciplines and have developed skills that will serve us well in our future endeavors. Whether we enter the field of engineering, business, or any other profession, we will continue to learn and grow.

The material compensation received from our educational endeavors is only a small part of the experience. We have gained knowledge and understanding, and are ready to take our place in the world of work. We have been taught the importance of hard work and dedication, and we will continue to apply these principles in all aspects of our lives.

The毕业 is not only a milestone in our personal lives, but also a significant event for the entire community. We are proud of the achievements of our students and are confident that they will continue to make a positive impact on the world.

The Polytechnic would like to extend our congratulations to all the graduates and wish them continued success in their future endeavors.
THE POLYGRAM

Last Will and Testament of Class of 1932

We, the graduating class of the secondary division, feeling that we are about to join the ranks of Alumni of The California Polytechnic Institute, do hereby make and declare our last will and testament.

We do will and bequeath to the Junior Class one saltshaker, one fork, one spoon, and the famous Senior dignity.

It is their solemn duty to watch, protect, and value the above mentioned property. We also leave to them a piece of old cloth for their costumes. Keep them and hand on them we leave you this worthy institution of learning, for they are an unsinkable Senior tradition.

To the Sophomore Class we leave one-half of the great wisdom which we would like to possess (but unfortunately not) hoping it will not weigh too heavily upon them.

To the Frosh we give our fondness for possessing Captain C. D. O'Day's salt and pepper.

To the whole faculty we leave our respect and appreciation for all the care possible. But do not feel that an unwise decision is irreparable. Apply early and avoid the rush.

I, Sol Mondrus, will my ability of taming chickens, and one more for the protection of my right to name a dog "LilMay" to Sam Cratch, feeling sure that both will continue to be fully appreciated.

I, Francis Hopkins, bequeath what little I have that is worth keeping to Bert Sibley, who is in need of a general overhauling.

I, Bob Robinson, will keep my Maxine.

I, Everett Hewitt, will my room in the Propagation House, next to the toasts called "Gus" and "Flint," and my ability to make puns...

I, Paul Carver, will nothing to no one, as I need everything I have.

I, Don Waller, leave all my admirers, excepting a few, to "Peace and Happiness." This includes the members of the band with a miniature instrument.

I, Kenneth Harfson, will leave everything that is nailed down and can't be carried off, back to the school.

I, John Culbertson, will my quiet nature and cheerful disposition to Abie, hoping that he may take them.

I, Charles Meud, bequeath to Abie, my inability to express myself in words.

I, Ian Valentine, will my ability to be a Turk, if I happen to be chosen the next time to do the "Turk" dance.

I, Jim Culbertson, kind at heart and over-blessed with scientific ideas, am willing to share them with Davy Crockett.

I, James "Romeo" Bogert, having a superfluity of lovers since the Block "P" admission of senior, all of whom I cannot afford to keep, am transferring my rights to the Junior Class. I am willing to make you a present of all my male admirers, excepting a few, to "Peace and Happiness." This includes all the members of the band with a miniature instrument.

I, John Culbertson, will my ability to bluff the teachers to any extent, if they have the audacity to try to make me work on Saturdays.

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Photographer Stalks Camera-Shy Seniors

But Misses Many Prominent Faces

A P O I N T

Russell (to new girl): May I have your picture taken?

Girl: It's in the telephone book.

Russell: Oh, it's also in the telephone book.

Girl: Did you ever fall in love with a boy you'd never seen before?

Yes, I've had many experiences; your face is different.

Mank: May, Villiers, didn't I hear the click strike two last night when you came in, or was it my imagination? Before you had just settled down and I shot off at it so fast I didn't know it.

 Clyde: What do you think of those girls who try to imitate men?

Waiter: I've heard they wear skirts.

 дальше: Pretty good imitation, eh what?.

Girl: What do you think of these girls who try to imitate men? I'm in the showers.

Dumb Student—I Don't Know

Bob: How's the weather? Why?

Mother: It's the weather.

Bob: It's the weather.

Mank: It's the weather.

Clyde: It's the weather.

Girl: What is the most common form of music made this winter?

Sommers: These skirts simply laugh at the banjo.

Mank: I know you have some that come from them.

Bob: Well, they're the same.

Girl: This is what, walker? Walker: Filet of oil, none.

Bob: Need I ask you to the kitchen and ask them to remove the dirt from the oil?

Bob Robinson: Say, Monsen, I've never seen a beautiful woman before in my life.

Mank: You go on do what you want.

Bob: Yes, do big shoes.

Mank: No, you can't.

You get back some.

Girl: What is the southest gun at Yale and why am I?

Should you drink?

Alice: Invitation or investigation.

Bob: You're going to study tonight.

Alexandra: I'm going to the show.

Mother: How's the weather?

Bob: It's the weather.

Girl: It's the weather.

Clyde: It's the weather.

Bill: St. The Vivian dance.

Bill: I'm going to study tonight.

Alexandra: I'm going to the show.

Bob: Well, if I'm studying, why don't I study?

Klaxen: I've just returned from photographic school.

Bob: You're here because you didn't want to take this at all.

Carl Johnson: I could use a figure sometimes.

Bob: You're never an artist.

Clyde Davis': What do you think of these girls who try to imitate men?

Girl: Some eat and grow fat.

Some laugh and grow thin.

Yet many of you Seniors. During those last five years we have been students to­

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our fellowmen. -

The young lead—

for a heart,

the bow if repeated, is never call­

ed.

The funniest language we ever did

see.

The round-up. C. U. H.,S.

It's in the telephone book.

The young lead— for a heart,

As much as you have learned from me.

If the plural of man is called men,

The young lead— for a heart,

Why?

Some eat and grow fat.

With the turned-down silken hose

With your trousers broad and wide,

my daughter?

With the lipstick from the store,

With the lips I give you,

And shouted with a screech,

With thy lips reddened more

And looked down at the mutt.

Her heart went pit-a-pat;

And the china doll.

Our Editor—What is This?

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Father Time is a fast worker. It is now 1952. Customs and habits are much different from those of twenty years ago. Zilch and I have just returned from a week's travels, during which we saw

... "Chuck" Mend, who told us he missed the clang of the school bell. He went on to say that the conduct of the student body was much more than "clean," but that he used the clank of the school bell so much that he took up this profession to remind him of it. Thus, ’..."

... made the purchase, the floor manager came skating up to lend a helping hand. The young man was dressed completely covered his head, and revealed the features of our old acquaintance of our graduating class after the bull fight and entertainment. Then something made us laugh..."

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