

C.I.

Mustang ROUNDUP

CALIFORNIA STATE POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE



LEAP YEAR

ISSUE

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Mustang ROUNDUP

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Co-ed

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Vice-Prexy.

STUFFED BREAST OF ALBATROSS page 7
So you think I shot the albatross in an
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learn.

THE FIGHT page 7
It took guts to stick around when a
wild beast was on a rampage

MY IDEAL CLASS page 10
This is the life every student should
enjoy, an easy chair, a pipe, and

HERMIT OF HILLCREST page 13
One reason why Poly is better off
without coeducation.



Christmas, Santa Claus, The Bowl Games, New Years, pink elephants, headaches, and the holiday relatives have been forgotten, we thought it would be a good time to show the old and new students at Cal Poly the new version of the ROUNDUP. In previous years, it has varied in contents from local navy gossip to a pictorial on how the Mustangs enroll in Avila 103 for the Spring quarter.

For those of you who do read an editorial (if that's what this is), will be happy to know that this year's **ROUNDUP** will endeavor to follow in the footsteps of other college humor-literary magazines. And like these other magazines, which steal jokes, cartoons and other bits of copy, all of the ROUNDUP that glitters is not original. It will contain, however, to the best of our ability, local color and top-rate stories.

The staff of the ROUNDUP is small, and more short, short story writers are sorely needed..... so, if you enjoy the mag, have some talents that can be used towards its ends, and are willing to contribute them, drop in, the staff will welcome you.

This months issue is entitled **Leap Year**, and is dedicated to all of you guys that still have no marital red tape attached, but be wary, remember in 1948, the gods are on **her** side.

—ART GANDY

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—Al Calkins, Proprietor—

MUS—What a crowd. Something happen?

TANG—Man hit by a train.

MUS—Was he hurt bad?

TANG—Can't tell. Only found one leg so far.

Columns

A hot-spell story that we like is about the girl who went swimming in the raw in a secluded mill pond. Along came a little boy who began amusing himself by tying knots in her clothes. She floundered around, found an old washtub, held it up in front of herself and marched toward the little boy, saying: "You little brat, do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Sure," said the little brat, "You think that tub has a bottom in it."

Record

El Corral Waiter—You sure like coffee. This is your fourth cup.

Student—I sure do. That's why I'm willing to drink so much hot water to get a little of it.

Ski-U-Mah

Visitor—Are there any slick crooks in this town?

Rough—Slick crooks! Why, one evening at a dance they stole my pants and hung weights on my suspenders so I wouldn't miss them until they had gone.

Jester

"Gonna be tough sleddin' today."

"How come?"

"No snow."

Jester

"I'm sorry," said the elevator girl. "Did I stop too abruptly?"

"Oh, no," said the disgruntled passenger, "I always wear my pants down here."

Pell Mell

They laughed when they saw how my white ducks had shrunk, but when I sat down, they split.

Bachelor

"Who commands in your house."

"We share the management. My wife bosses the servants and the children. I attend to the goldfish."

It was the first date.

"Cigarette?"

"No thank you. I don't smoke."

"Let's go down and sip a few."

"I'd rather not, I never touch liquor."

"Well, let's go up to Monterey Heights for a while."

"No, please don't. I want to go out and do something exciting, something now."

"O.K. Let's go to the dairy barn and milk hell out of a couple of cows."

Viking—Why don't you wear ear muffs?
Mustang—I haven't worn them since the accident.

Viking—What accident?

Mustang—Someone asked me if I wanted a drink and I didn't hear them.

Secretary

"Do you know how to tell a male sardine from a female sardine?"

"I'll bite, how?"

"Watch which can they go into."

Frivol

The astronomy professor was lecturing. "I predict the end of the world in fifty million years."

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

"Fifty million years."

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

Green Gander

"Where are you going to eat?"

"Let's eat up the street."

"No, I don't like asphalt."

Voo Doo

A clergyman was being shaved by a barber who had evidently become unnerved by a previous night's dissipation. Finally he cut the clergymen's chin. The latter looked up at the barber reproachfully and said:

"You see, my good man, what comes of hard drinking."

"Yes sir," the barber replied consolingly, "it sure makes the skin tender, don't it?"

Pathfinder

It was one of mother's most hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside came in with his pants torn.

"You go right in, remove your pants, and mend them yourself."

Some time later she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying on a chair. The door to the cellar, usually closed, was open and she called down loudly and sternly:

"Are you running around down there without your pants?"

"No, Madam, I am reading the gas meter."

Columns

She started to speak, my captured heart warmed,

For her voice was like thrushes that chirp,
So I breathlessly waited as her pearly lips formed—

A good, healthy, old-fashioned burp.

Voo Doo

"Who gave the bride away?"

"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."

Frivol

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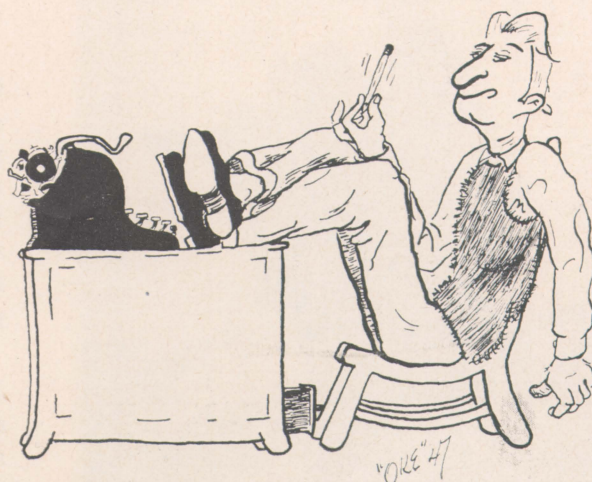
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Miss Muriel Lehman
Santa Barbara College

A Cents For Humor



It was a Wednesday morning in November, and I sat brooding over a cup of coffee in the publications office, wondering why, why, why, I had ever agreed to work over the holidays instead of going home like any other normal, sensible human being.

Life at California Poly may have its shortcomings, but being obliged to get up at seven in the morning, eat breakfast and go to work is not one of them. If you're thinking of quitting and dashing out to get a job, slow up brother... at least the government doesn't force you to get up and go to class to collect the sixty-five... but we digress.

Anyhow, a cheerful voice down the hall made me snap to attention. It was Kennedy. The Boss. El Supremo himself. Hastily putting aside the coffee, I whisked a sheet of paper into the typewriter and when he walked in the door I was in a state of deep concentration, making the words; "the quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog; the quick brown fox..." appear in the paper.

Fortunately, Kennedy didn't look to see what I was doing. His face was covered with a happy Irish smile, and it was plain to see in addition to a good night's rest and a fine breakfast, he had also been smitten with an idea.

"Com'ere" he stated, "Leave that stuff. I have plans for you."

I trailed after him into his inner sanctum, rubbing my eyes and stifling a yawn. Kennedy sat down at his desk and assumed a brisk, executive attitude, thought for a moment and then unmuzzled his vocal artillery.

First he gave me to understand that the Round-up was to be revived.

"That's fine, Mr. Kennedy."

It appeared that it was to be clad in new garments.

"That's a swell idea, Mr. Kennedy."

Did I know anything funny to write for it?

"No, Mr. Kennedy."

Didn't I know any good jokes?

I tried a navy story on him, but apparently it didn't take, because he stopped me half way through.

"What you men need is to study the situation a little." He drew a two dollar bill out of his pocket and waved it before me. I clenched my fists. "Take this, and go downtown and buy up all the funny magazines you can find. Study them over and see what you come up with."

"O.K., Can I have twenty cents for bus fare, please?" He looked pained but sprung with it.

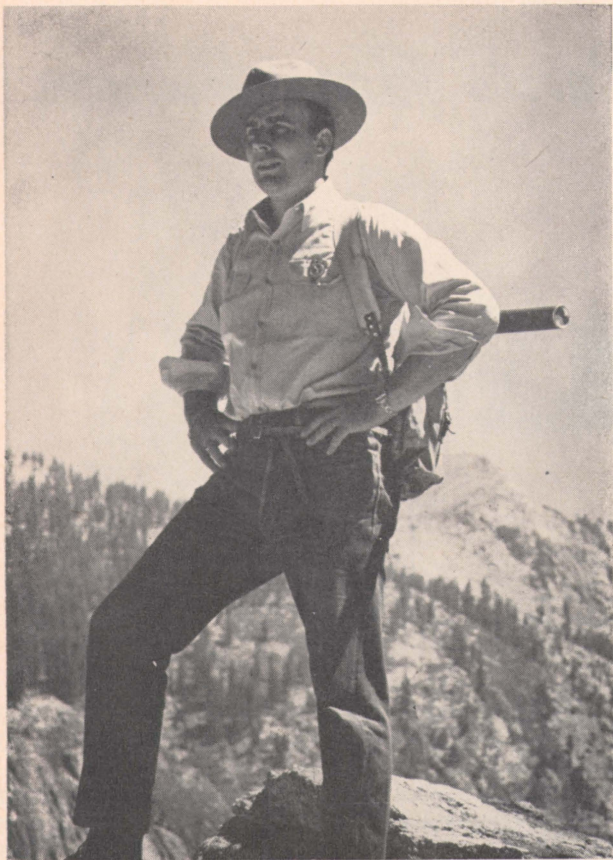
The fog was lifting from the town, and it was a warm and glorious morning. Pocketing ten cents I walked down to the news butcher at the corner of Chorro and Monterey and set about my mission.

The first thing to catch my eye was an eight by six pulp entitled, **CAPTAIN BILLY'S WHIZ BANG**. The pattern behind it was simple. It was designed to appeal to the baser of instincts in the male after self preservation had been taken care of. Every other page was a cartoon, while the alternates were printed with jokes in bold face type. The first cartoon was interesting. It portrayed a girl, dressed in lounging pajamas sitting on a sofa. Standing beside her was a large, fat man who had a bald head and pinc-nez, and was dressed in a cutaway coat with striped trousers. The caption read: "Gosh, Mr. Arbuthnot, I thought all I had to do was ACT to become a movie star."

Putting **CAPTAIN BILLY** aside I next tackled **SWAGGER—A MAGAZINE FOR THE MAN ABOUT TOWN**. Looking into the table of contents I noted the first article: "Virgins are gone Forever." Well, Kennedy wanted the straight dope and I was there to get it for him. I sat down cross legged on the floor. The clerk looked at me, opened his mouth and then closed it again.

How long I sat there I have no idea. People came and went. Pre-marital chastity was dashed

Continued on page 12



Jack Anderson

Jack Anderson, a student at Poly and part time forest ranger at Sequoia, has a much more interesting method of making ends meet than most of us while attending college.

Aside from the usual activities of a "Joe College," Jack is on call from 4 p.m. to 8 a.m. by a local mortuary to drive ambulance and to take pictures for the highway patrol and insurance companies of those automobile accidents which may result in a court fight. With these accident shots and his ambulance driving, he supplements his G.I. bill so he is able to carry on with his photographic work as a hobby.

One of the more interesting accidents which Jack covered was one in which the carburetor of a "hot rod" was driven deep into a tree, the driver appearing to have vanished. Later, the driver was found 120 feet from the scene of the accident.

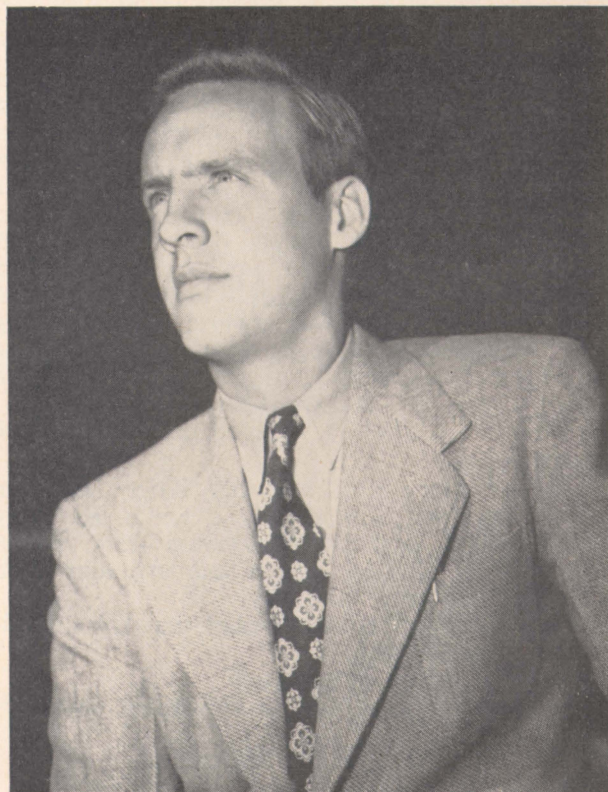
After completing his course in ornamental horticulture, Jack plans to pack up his wife and camera and head for the tall timber to become a full time forest ranger at Sequoia National Park.

Don Seaton

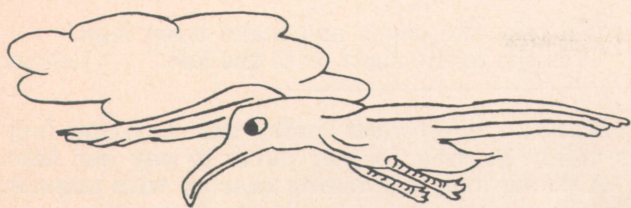
Hilo, Hawaii's contribution to California Polytechnic is in the form of tall, blond Don Seaton, second in command of the student body. Don has been in and around Poly for seven years now, taking a three year vacation in 1943 to go see an Uncle in the marine corps. Returning in 1946, he has been active around campus with the music department and this year as the vice-president of the Associated Students.

Don has always found time for some sort of music. The year 1942 found him with the Collegians, the campus dance orchestra, playing bass and a selected member of the Men's Glee Club. On returning from the Marine Corps, he became manager for the Collegians, a post held until 1947. With his election to the vice-presidency, Don resigned in order that he might give full time concentration to the duties of his office.

As for the future, Don plans on attending Poly another year to obtain his teachers' credential. With this piece of paper as testimony to his true quality, he will be known as Mr. Seaton, A.S., B.S., C.P., S.L.O., instructor in his chosen field.



Stuffed Breast of Albatross



An interpretation of "The Ancient Mariner"

By Al Greig

Yes, I am the Ancient Mariner who stoppeth one of the three. Yes, I'm the fellow who held the wedding guest entranced as he listened to my tale of misery and woe.

I've just come back from the grave with my molding bones rattling and my creaking joints acreaking to haunt all of the people who believe old Sam Coleridge gave the true version of my ancient story.

It's very true we were on a vessel for many, many days, and there was water everywhere, but not a drop to drink. Everyone seems to be under the impression we were on salt water and there was no fresh water, but as I recall it, the Prohibition Act as yet had not been repealed. However, that is just one of the minor details I want to straighten out.

The most important item on my agenda is to correct the mistaken idea as to why I shot the albatross with my crossbow.

Of course there was no other weapon handy, but in Sammy's version of my rhyme, he implies I had a few marbles loose in my cranium. He creates an impression that in a frenzy of hate, I drew from the hip and plugged the over-grown seagull deadier than the worm in the apple that Eve gave to Adam. This act of shooting an albatross was supposed to be a bad omen, but as I develop this yarn, you will see that the bird made the best meal during the whole damned voyage.

Can you picture me, a poultry major at Cal Poly, sitting in the middle of the ocean, thousands of miles from chickens and ducks and geese and turkeys? If you can see that, you can imagine how I felt when I saw this over-grown, seagoing turkey flying along at the stern of our ship. To me, it seemed like a welcome visitor from my old home town.

Gradually, as days grew into weeks, this object reminded me of familiar occasions at home. The idea of a friend accompanying me on the trip made me feel like inviting him home for Thanksgiving dinner. Then an idea occurred to me. At first the thought was repulsive. How could one treat a friend so? No, no, it couldn't be done! But then the thought presented itself in a different light.

Continued on page 15

The Flight

It was a beautiful morning in the jungle, and the lion was feeling great. He was right on top of the world, in fact he felt so damned good he was looking for a fight.... he didn't care where, how or with whom, just as long as he got into a scrap.

He walked along the path leading to the water hole, but he could find no one who cared to have a little exercise so early in the morning. Besides, the other animals knew that he had not yet had breakfast.

The lion came upon a meadow, green with a soft carpet of grass and sprinkled with daisies and forget-me-nots. "Just the place for a bout," said he and roared out his terrible challenge. The jungle became alive with the animals so rudely awakened by the lion.

He roared again, and all but the curious and foolhardy animals slipped quietly away. The lion was disgusted and he stalked deeper and deeper into the jungle, becoming more and more depressed by the minute. None of the other animals would fight, in fact, only the larger, more ferocious animals would stay around long enough to find out what he wanted. Then, they too, would quickly disappear into the wilderness. All the animals were fearful, lest they be singled out by the lion.

Leo was downhearted. Here he was, spoiling for a good fight, and he could see nothing of the other animals except for an occasional glimpse of a rapidly receding tail-section.

He stopped, roared again, and looked about him. No answer. His head drooped, he was discouraged. Then, suddenly he saw it . . . A mouse . . . and just a few feet away. The lion roared again, the mouse trembled violently, but stood his ground, looking him straight in the eye. The lion flexed his powerful biceps, roared again and walked up to the mouse. A shudder ran through the little animal. Cold chills ran up and down his spine, but still he stood his ground.

"Well," said the lion, "put up your dukes, let's get started . . . quit stalling."

The mouse quacked with fear.

"Come on," said the lion, "don't just stand there, let's fight!!"

"But . . . but," said the mouse, "I've been sick."

— MUMBLES

TO A SKIRT

I hope that I shall never see

A skirt that comes below the knee,
Or

A skirt whose gently flowing fold
Hides a leg that may be bold.

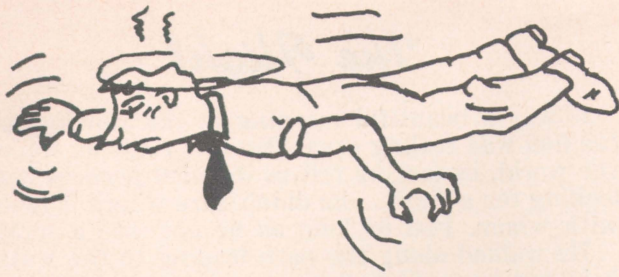
Never be it said that we
Stood in the way of posterity,
But

When girls are judged by guys like me

I know only what I can see. —H. L. and F. N.

Wife (to drunk husband) — Let's go to bed.

G. I. — Might as well, I'll catch hell when I get home anyway. —Mis-A-Sip



"How high can he get?"

—Stanford CHAPARRAL

An Excerpt From A Married Man's Diary . . .
It wasn't my fault. I wouldn't have taken the date, but Harry's girl liked her and wanted to see her get around. I didn't have any excuse and they bought my ticket to the "Follies."

When she came down the stairs, I grabbed Harry. She was dressed in lavender or something, her slip showed slightly, the back of her dress was bare and I could see her skinny shoulder blades. Her hair was corn color and she wore glasses.

On the way home she said she liked my car better than she did hers. I asked her what kind of a car she had and she had a Packard. I wondered what business her father was in and she said he was president of a big bank in San Francisco.

In June we were married.

—Mis-A-Sip

Mother— (Putting junior to bed)—Shhh—the sandman is coming.

Junior — Fifty cents and I won't tell Daddy.

—Pointer

Sedgewick — Terribly sorry you buried your wife yesterday.

Watleywood — Had to—dead, you know.

—Ski-U-Mah

Instructor— (after a final exam) Well, what did you think of the course?

Student — I thought that it was a very all-inclusive course. Everything that was not covered during the quarter was covered on the final exam.

—Spartan

If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up.

—Chaparral

From France we import such raw materials as books and plays.

—Boulder

The ten best years of a woman's life are between 29 and 30.

—Showme

"I'll take the chops and make them lean."

"Yes sir, to the right or to the left." —Pelican

Scene — A crowded trolley car. A young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare.

A young man is standing near by with anguish plainly written on his handsome features.

Young Man — Pardon me, Miss, but may I pay your fare?

Young Lady — Sir!

Several seconds later of groping.

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

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

Continued groping.

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

—Urchin

"Why mother, what makes you think it was cold out on the porch last night?"

"I heard you tell your boyfriend to keep his shirt on."

—Spartan

First Drunk — Shay you don't open the door with that, it's a cigar butt.

Second Drunk — My God, I've smoked my key.

—Pelican

A bachelor is a man with no children to speak of.

—Pelican

Student — Writing home ?

2nd — Yeah.

Student — Mind making a carbon copy?

—VooDoo



"This looks like a good place to do our Physical Science."

—Stanford CHAPARRAL

An old friend had come to visit, and the family, after reminiscing until late, decided to adjourn until the next morning. The visitor and Junior, who had become fast friends, went up to bed together. The little boy undressed quickly and knelt on his side of the bed.

"Ah," thought the visitor, "he's saying his prayers. I won't disillusion him by showing him that I have stopped saying mine." Then he knelt on his side of the bed.

The little boy looked up and, perceiving his companion, said in hushed tones, "You better be careful or mother will give you hell; the pot's on this side."

"Well, Doc, was my operation a success?"

"Sorry, old man, I'm Saint Peter." —Chaparral

Wife — The new couple next door seems very devoted. He kisses her every time they meet. Why don't you do that?

Husband — I don't know her well enough yet.
—Pointer

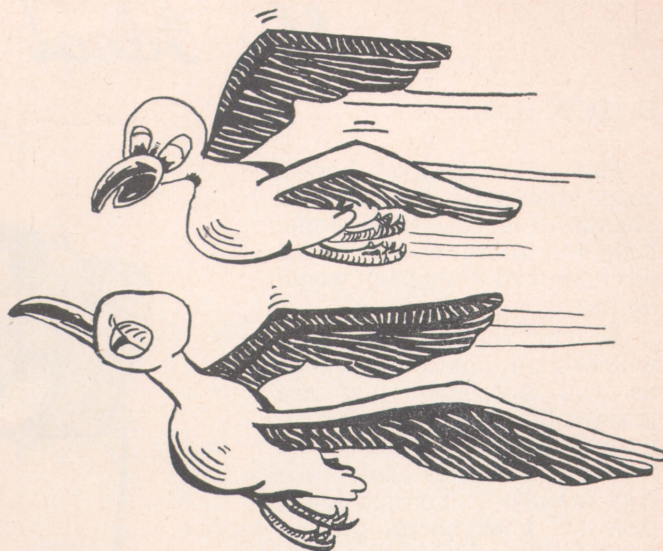
He lay there on the river bank watching her with admiring eyes as she drank deeply from the scummy water. The sight of her glassy eyes and enormous mouth made his pulse quicken. Her large yellowed teeth intrigued him. He thought to himself that he had never seen anything quite so beautiful as her wrinkled, scaly skin and those horny feet. Of course, she was not perfect in every detail, but to him her glamour completely overshadowed her faults. Yes, indeed, that crocodile was really in love.
—Awgwan

Little Willie, cute but dumb,
Gouged his eye out with his thumb.
"Mercy on us," screamed his mother.
"Hell," said Bill, "I got another!"

—Tremblay



—California PELICAN



"How much did you drop on the game last week?"

—Stanford CHAPARRAL

"I don't stand for necking."

"You don't?"

"No, standing makes me tired."

"You should be more careful to pull your shades at night; I saw you kiss your wife last night."

"Ha, ha, ha, the joke is on you; I wasn't home last night."

—Mis-A-Sip

A new clerk was in doubt as to the use of a certain phrase, so he said to the stenographer:

"Do you retire a loan"

And the wistful-eyed one replied: It's none of your business who I sleep with."

—Mis-A-Sip

And then there was the one about the Scotch girl who was expecting her first born. She moved out into the country to take advantage of rural free delivery.

—Battalion

Joe's Friend — Just because my eyes are red is no sign that I'm drunk. For all you know, I may be a white rabbit.

—Mis-A-Sip

Who is your wife voting for, Truman or Dewey?
She'll vote for the man I vote for.
Well, who are you going to vote for?
She hasn't decided yet.

—Mis-A-Sip

Female elevator operator in car alone with a Cal Poly student — Going up? . . . anybody else going up? Please, will somebody else go up?

Studen—I'll take two eggs and a cup of coffee without cream.

El Corral waitress—Sorry, sir, you'll have to take it without milk. We haven't any cream.

My Ideal Class

By DON HARPER

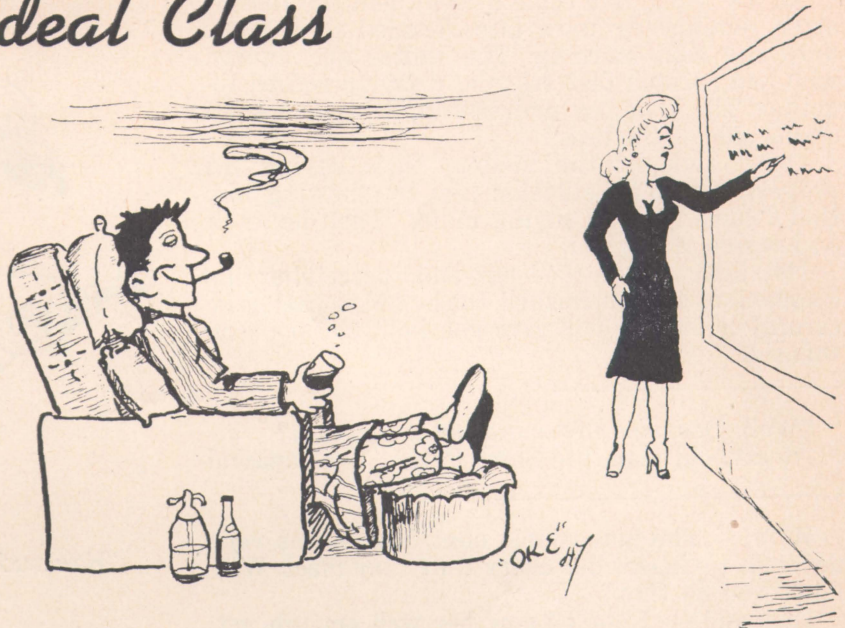
This is my idea of how a class should be conducted. I am sure if all classes were like this one there would be no ditching, and everybody would be happy.

As you walk in the door, which is automatic and opens as you approach, you are greeted by a beautiful girl (in a white formal) who leads you to your all-leather chair (ash tray installed). You sit down, take off your shoes, put on your slippers, light your pipe, and sit back comfortably in your chair. You are now ready for class to begin.

In walks your instructor. She is just an ordinary woman (Ginger Rogers, Esther Williams, or Peggy Lee). She walks around to each chair, says good morning, and asks if you are ready to start classes. You nod your head majestically and she starts the lecture.

About halfway through the hour you become thirsty, so you buzz your little buzzer on the arm of your chair and in rushes a waiter from the cocktail lounge in the next room. You order and then relax again (having tired yourself by this great ordeal). Two seconds later, in rushes the waiter. He pours your drink (which is furnished free of charge by the school), lights your pipe, and returns to the bar.

As the class nears an end, you signal your private secretary (also furnished by the school). She tip-toes over (so as not to disturb the students



who are sleeping) and shows you the notes she has taken of the day's lecture. Then she puts your shoes on for you, puts out your pipe, helps you to your wheelchair, and pushes you gently to your next class. Here the process starts anew.

This version of school life may sound boring, dull, and rather lifeless, but I can think of no other way to improve my classes. Being a simple person, I would be satisfied with just these few things at school.

Then there was the woman who had the varicose veins—so she went to the costume party as a road map!
—“Turk”

She was only an architect's daughter, but she had designs on everybody.
—Judge

There was a young man from Belgrave
Who kept a dead horse in a cave

He said, “I’ll admit
It doesn’t quite fit,
But it saves me from digging a grave.”

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

A woman arriving in this country after a short jaunt to Europe came to the customs office on debarking from the steamer.

“Anything to declare, Madam?” asked the official.

“No,” she said, “not a thing.”

“Quite positive?” insisted the official.

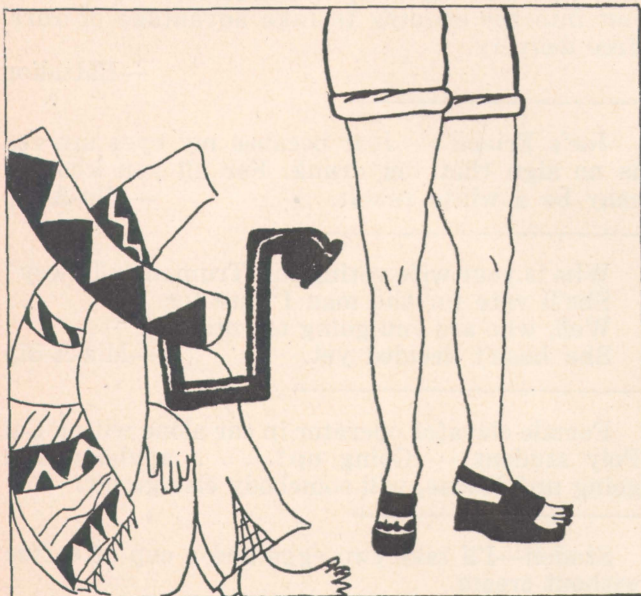
“Quite,” she replied angrily.

“Then, Madam,” quipped the official, “am I to understand that the fur tail hanging down under your coat is your own?”

—Rammer Jammer

“I would like to get some alligator shoes.”
“What size shoe does your alligator wear?”

Pelican



—Stanford CHAPARRAL



"Just lissen to those goddam molecules."

—Michigan State SPARTAN

"How old is the baby?"

"Six months."

"Talk yet?"

"No, not yet."

"Boy, eh?"

—Mis-A-Sip

She — Stop immediately.

He — I won't.

She — Well, can't say I didn't try. —Mis-A-Sip

Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame shook as I looked into her blue eyes. Her body trembled as our lips met, and I could feel my chest heaving, my chin vibrating and my body shuddering as I held her to me.

—Moral. Never kiss your girl in a second hand car with the motor running.

First—Who's your tight-lipped friend over there?

Second—He ain't tight-lipped; he's just waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon.

—Mis-A-Sip

The glow-worm writhed and twisted;
He whose humble day consisted
In sole pursuit of food and life
Was dying now in pain and strife.
The glow-worm forced one final fire
To burn, and lit himself, his pyre.

—Lampoon

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San Luis Obispo has more frequent air service than many cities twice its size. See our campus rep., Emmons Blake, in the Poly Print-shop for the schedule that best fits your needs.

Southwest
Airways

A Cents For Humor

Continued from page 5

upon the rocks. **SWAGGER** was succeeded by **SPLASH, SPLASH** which I decided, was more or less a washout. No need to waste Kennedy's money there.

DROOL, however, was a far more interesting prospect. It had some of the most maddening drawings of girls I had ever seen in a magazine sold on a public newstand.

I have a faint notion that the clerk was getting a trifle restless about me, but at the time it did not really seem to matter. Then from the depths of the subconscious, it crossed my brain I should wipe that idiotic smile off my face. It was more or less a giveaway. "Sizzling Salmon," I thought, "I'd hate to have anybody see me doing this. Suppose Miss Porter or Mr. Cook walked in here now. I'd really better break this off!"

Had I done so then, all would have been well. I would have been out of the store and on my way before it could have happened. But as it was, I fell victim to my own natural curiosity. As I moved to close **DROOL** a single three letter word in three inch type jumped out from the inside back cover and hit me in the eyes. "SEX."

Hastily folding the cover back I looked further. It was, it appeared, a book advertisement: "How many couples have their lives blighted by sheer ignorance . . . you may think you know all, but in reality . . . no one should miss the experience of reading this book . . . courtship . . . romance . . . send two dollars and it will be sent in a PLAIN wrapper."

Something warned me all was not well. I looked up and saw—not a dignified and outraged faculty member but a seventeen year old high school girl. Bad enough, but this one I had had three dates with, and I had been working like a dog for a month to get into her good graces. With a cool, knowing smile, she delicately flicked her left eyebrow, spun around, picked up her morning paper and walked from the store leaving me glowing like a toaster in a dark kitchen. The clerk bent double with mirth which he made no effort to conceal.

I bought five magazines and walked out.

What is home without parents?

Home without parents is what is commonly known as a good place to take a cheap date.

—Pup Tent

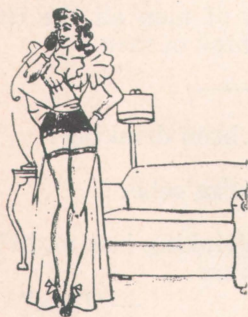
The Hermit of Hillcrest

by Scoop

The question had arisen as to the reason for the apparent animosity of one instructor, Herr Dilts, as to his anathema for female students and interruptions in the form of questions during his lecture series titled, "One Man's Opinion of What's Wrong With The World." Therefore **El Roundup** went to no expense to seek out the cause of this phenomena.

We located Mr. Dilts, holed-up in the old office of the NYA near Hillcrest, drawing on a Chesterfield and mooning over some old postcards from Boulder (That's Diltian for Hoover) Dam. We pushed aside a loaded ash tray, sat down and shot the question to him. "Why?", we asked.

Well, I'll tell you, my lad, he said as he inhaled another pack. It all goes back to the time I was supervisor in a small Montana town. (Here it should be pointed out that all towns in Montana are small and the S. of Ed. is really nothing but a school teacher of which they have approximately one to a town.)



Anyway, I was giving a lecture on the Napoleonic wars to a mixed class and being even younger, I believed that all men were created equal, at least in basic intelligence. Therefore I stated before the lecture that they should feel free to interrupt and ask for a fuller explanation. With that I began,

FEMME DE GARRE liant picture of the entire campaign. About the middle of the hour I reached the point where I discussed the part played by the "**Femme de garre**." Right there it started. A thin, flat-chested girl with horn-rimmed glasses and a fine growth of hair on her upper lip shot up a boney arm and asked just what they were. The conversation went as follows:

"Well, dear student, '**Femme de garre**' literally means woman of war."

Bustless: "Do you mean these women were fighters?"

"Not exactly in the everyday conotation of the expression."

"But they did stay with the troops?"

"Yes, I suppose they did."

"Well then, where did they sleep?"

"Sleep? I'm sure I don't know. I suppose they slept in tents."

"Do you mean, Mr. Dilts, that these girls had to carry around their own tents?"

"It is my guess that tents were furnished them."

"So! They slept in the soidier's tents did they?"

"OK, so they slept there . . ."

"So those were the '**Femme de garre**' . . . I always

thought that those were what they meant by **Hors de combat**."

Dilts, visibly aged, went back to his postcards with a salty tear rolling down his cheek. I could see that I had hurt him no little by forcing to recall and recount this bitter moment of his early pedagogical days . . . I faded out, as he reached for a fresh pack of weeds.

I don't see really what the Ten Commandments are for. They don't tell you what to do. They only put ideas into your head.

—Pelican

Once upon a time there was a little puppy named Fido. Now one day Fido took a walk and walked right past a fire hydrant.

"Come on over," said the hydrant.

"No, thanks," said the pup.

"Ah, come on."

"No, thanks."

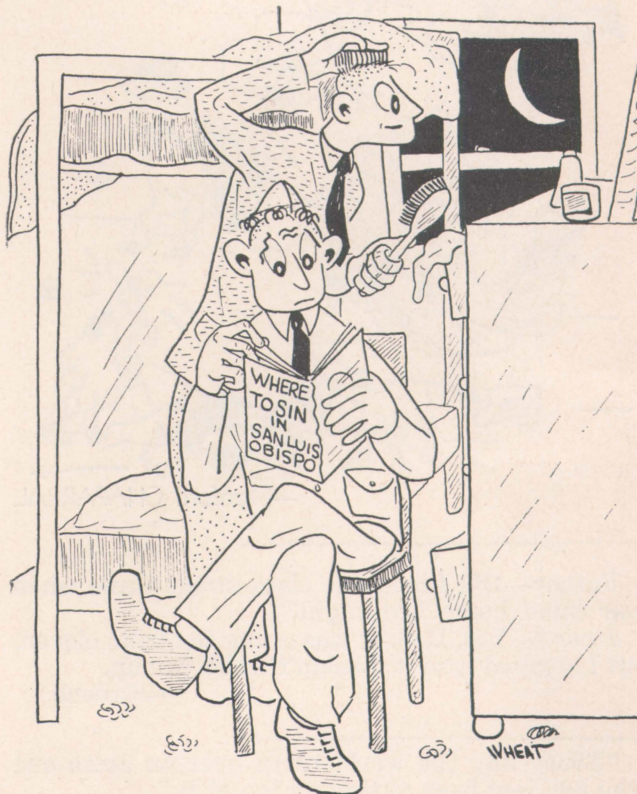
"Ah, come on."

"No, thanks."

"Ah, come on," said the hydrant, "have one on me."

"No, thanks," said the puppy, "I was just over there and had one on the house."

—Froth



A Scotchman walked up to a friend at the bar and began telling about a hunting trip.

"We shot a couple of bears," he said, "but the biggest thrill was tracking yuers."

"What is yuers?" asked the friend.

"I'll have a beer, thanks," said the Scotchman.

Just as they reached the bottom of their glasses, the friend remarked: "Well, I'll have to be going. Got to get home and do my chores."

"What chores?" asked the Scotchman.

"Beer, please," said the other.

—Pup Tent

If you're looking for an innocent way to "pop the question," you might learn something from the subtle proposition we heard one bright boy get off the other night.

He and his girl were just finishing their rounds of the night spots when he asked her somewhat casually: "Will you have breakfast with me this morning?"

"Sure," said the frail, always looking for a free meal.

"Fine," exclaimed the guy. "Shall I call for you, or just nudge you?"

—Lyre

"That's a hot number," said the steer, as a red-hot branding iron was pressed against his leg.

—Exchange

Then there was the deaf and dumb man who had a nightmare and broke all his knuckles on the bedpost screaming.

—Widow

She: "Does the moon influence the tide?"

He: "I wouldn't know, honey, but it sure influences the untied."

Morning is the time of day when the rising generation retires and the retiring generation rises.

Airplane Hostess: "The plane is nearing the airport. Shall I brush you off, sir?"

Passenger: "No, thanks! I'd rather wait and get off myself when we get on the ground."

Some women don't think of men all the time, but when they think, they think of men.

Father to son—Have you been drinking?

Son—Why, no, Father!

Father—Are you sure you're sober?

Son—Abstotly, Father!

Father—What were you drinking last night?

Son—Three fathers, Feather.

—"Turk"

A close friend vowed he heard this while standing in one of the perennial Ad Building lines. A pretty, somewhat breathless blonde ran up to the lost-and-found window and gasped out to the attendant: "I've lost my pen." When the attendant asked what kind it was, she answered promptly, "A Wassermann!"

A tramp asked a local businessman for a dime to buy some bread.

"Can't you go into any business that is more profitable than this?" the businessman asked.

"I'd like to open a bank if I could only get the tools," answered the tramp.

—Rammer Jammer

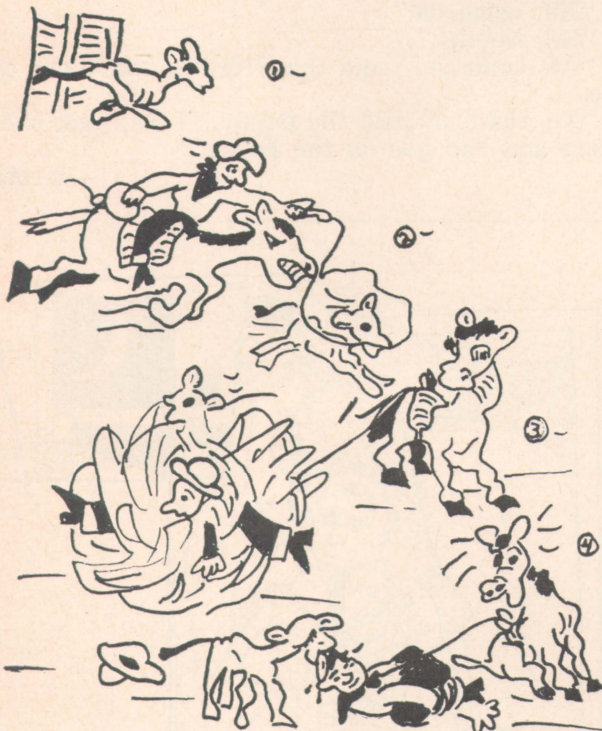
Father—Did I hear the clock strike three when you came home last night?

Junior—Yes, Dad. It was going to strike eleven, but I stopped it so it wouldn't wake you up.

—Greene

"Every day the world turns over on some one who has just been sitting on top of it."

—Exchange



—Stanford CHAPARRAL

Stuffed Breast of Albatross

Continued from page 7

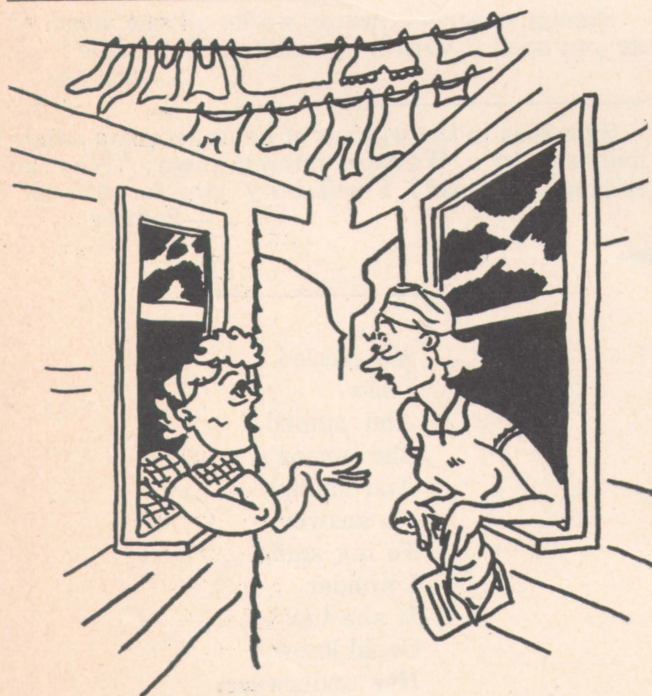
I called loudly to my friend, "Won't you come home with me for a turkey dinner——You be the turkey!"

The only reply was a muffled screeching, but to my ears the sound was enticing. That low gurgling sounded more and more like the muffled gobble of a turkey. Gradually the picture of the albatross sailing about changed into the delightful vision of a chef carrying a steaming roast turkey on a large silver platter. The crisp, golden brownness of the bird was tantalizing. The drumsticks, a deep brown, were the size of the leg of a large calf. The breast seemed large enough to pleasantly stuff thirty men. I could imagine myself filling three clothesbaskets with bread crumbs, a bushel of apples, half a peck of rasins, and all the other necessary ingredients for the most delicious stuffing ever tasted.

With that thought in mind, and with that tantalizing vision before me, I shot the albatross.

In case you haven't already heard about Pepsi-Cola's Easy Money Contest, look for the rules on the inside back cover of this magazine.

Pepsi-Cola Company continues to pay cash each month for the best jokes, gags, cartoons or miscellaneous gems of wit submitted in its Easy Money Contest, run in all college magazines. And you'll never get very rich if your entries don't have a Pepsi twist or punch line. Each month a new set of losers will receive elaborate rejection slips. And each month a new set of winners will be chosen in all divisions, the winning entries to be published in subsequent issues of this magazine.



"It isn't the housework, it's the homework!"
—Stanford CHAPARRAL

Willie Saw Spots

Willie Dripp was a small-town fellow who made good in his way. He had his own business, owned his own home, and would have been a happy man except for the fact that he suffered from dizzy spells and saw spots before his eyes. The local doctor could do nothing for him so he advised a change of climate, suggesting California. Willie sold his home and business, packed up his belongings and moved to California.

California weather was lovely, Willie had a nice place to live and was doing splendidly, but he still had dizzy spells and saw spots before his eyes. He went to a doctor. Said the doctor, "Willie, you made a mistake coming to California. It is too damp. What you need is a dry climate like Arizona."

So Willie closed his business, packed up and went to Arizona. He liked it and he did well, but he still had dizzy spells and had spots before his eyes. He went to a doctor. Said the doctor, "You had better take a trip around the world, experiment, find out just what climate agrees with you."

So Willie prepared to take a trip around the world. While buying clothes for the trip he went into a haberdasher's and asked for size 14 shirts. The clerk politely suggested that he take a size 16. "No," said Willie, "I want a size 14." "But," said the clerk, "you really should have size 16." Willie stood his ground—"I asked for size 14 and I want size 14, I've always worn size 14."

"O.K.," roared the clerk, "go ahead and buy size 14 if you want to have dizzy spells and see spots before your eyes!!"

—P.T.andT.

Fan Dancer—Doctor, I want you to vaccinate me where the scar won't show.

Doctor—Okay. Stick out your tongue.
—Exchange

Terence—"Tis a fine lad ye have here. A magnificent head and noble fetaures. Could ye lend me a couple of dollars?"

Pat—I could not. 'Tis me wife's child by her first husband.

—Rebel

The old lady was very much afraid of passing her destination. Leaning forward she poked the streetcar conductor in the ribs with her umbrella.

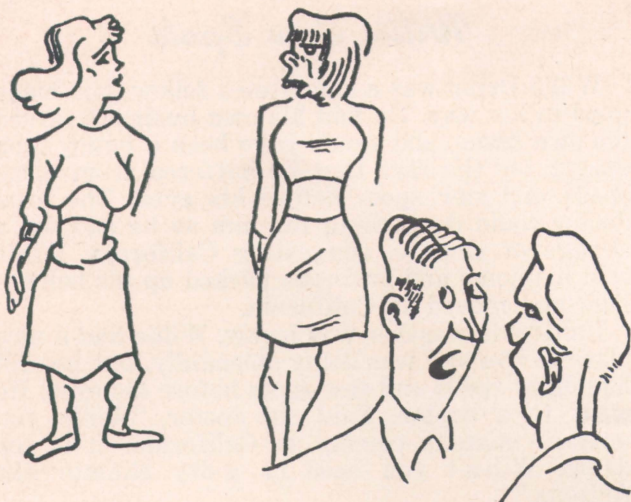
"Is that the First National Bank, my good man?"

"No, ma'am," replied the conductor hastily, "that's me."
—Widow

"Carry on!" cried the vulture as he spied the dying horse on the desert.
—Pointer

Newly-wed wife—And will you ever stop loving me?

He—Well, I have to be at the office by 10:30.
—Murray



"And then in some ways I prefer Gladys."
—Michigan State SPARTAN

Soph—That's a nice suit you have on; do you mind my asking how much you paid for it?

Frosh—Not at all, a hundred and ten dollars.

Soph—Don't you think that is quite a lot?

Frosh—Oh, I don't know, I got nine pairs of pants with it.
—Medley

There was a young man from the West,
Whose chin was tattooed on his chest,
And his knees on his nose,
And his ears on his toes,
Which **confused** his appearance at best.

—Pelican

A midnight scene.... rain, sleet a drunk in a doorway a cop.

Drunk—I live here.

Cop—Why don't you go in?

D—I lost my key.

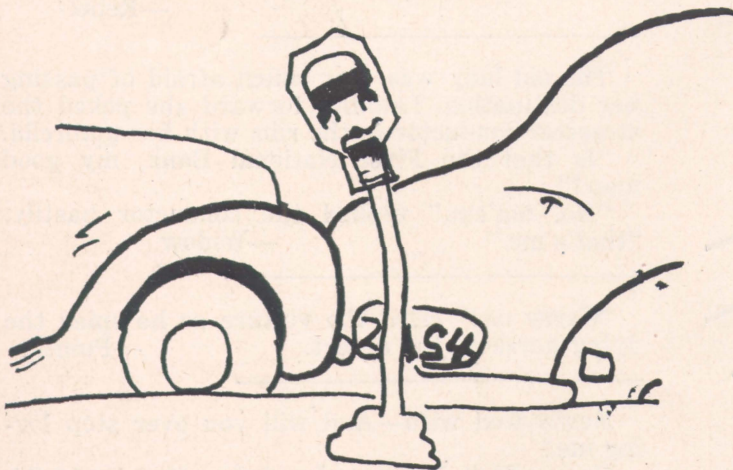
C—Then ring the bell.

D—I rang it an hour ago.

C—Ring it again.

D—To hell with them; let 'em wait.

—Buccaneer



"Call a cop; I've been violated."

When Mac and Turner registered they had to sign their names and nationality.

Mac signed: "Irish—and proud of it."

Turner signed: "Scotch—and fond of it."

—Pelican

"What is sachet?" asked the buxom lady.

"Well," explained the saleslady, "it's a sort of little bag of perfume. You put it in your drawers."

"I understand what you mean, but isn't it a little uncomfortable?"
—Vassar

Father (to daughter coming in at 4:00 a. m.)

—Good morning, child of Satan.

Daughter (sweetly)—Good morning, father.

—Scratch

"Does your husband still find you entertaining?"

"Not if I can help it."

—Urchin

Professor—I'm going to pass around a piece of paper for the roll. Kindly put your names on it, not your signatures.
—Wampus

He had a fortune of \$60,000. He amassed this large sum through courage, enterprise initiative, military efficiency, the careful investment of savings, and the death of an uncle who left him \$59,999.50.
—Pup Tent

Demure Young Thing—What kind of an officer are you?

Officer—I'm a naval surgeon.

D. Y. T.—Dear, how you doctors do specialize.
—Urchin

Stenographer—Is water works all one word, or do you spell it with a hydrant in the middle?

—Urchin

Sign seen in the window of an undetaking establishment in a Western mining town: "Why go around half-dead? I will bury you for \$50.00."

—Pointer

She passed.

I saw.

And smiled;

She turned

And smiled

An answer

To my smile.

I wonder

If she too

Could know

Her underwear.

Hung down

A mile.

—Widow

INTERNATIONAL SKI STAR

Blanche Christian agrees...
**"Experience is the
best teacher!"**
in skiing and in
choosing a cigarette"

Experience—and perfect
coaching—have taught
Blanche Christian
the finer points
of skiing

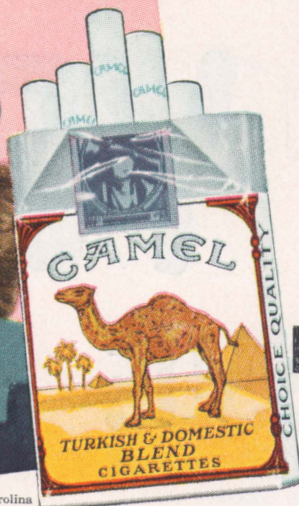
**CAMELS
ARE THE CHOICE
OF EXPERIENCE
WITH ME!**

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

Your "T-Zone" Will 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."



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

AS A SKIER, Blanche Christian is "one in a million"—an expert with wide experience... ski instructor in leading resorts. As a smoker, she is one of millions who had a most revealing experience during the wartime cigarette shortage.

"When cigarettes were so hard to get," says Miss Christian, "I smoked many different brands. Naturally, I compared them for quality. I learned by experience that Camels suit me best!" Like Miss Christian, thousands of smokers compared... found Camels the "choice of experience."

Try Camels. Let your own experience... your "T-Zone"... tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

According to a Nationwide survey:
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



We can't figure out whether we're soft-hearted or soft-headed. Anyway, Pepsi-Cola Company pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags and stuff like that there for this page. Below we list some of the characters who hit the jack-pot in September. What have they got that you haven't got? Right—Easy Money!

So climb on board the gravy train now.

Send your gags, with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, 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. (Getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your joke may not keep that rejection slip from your door, but it might help. Who knows? Certainly not us!)

LITTLE MORON CORNER

Dubious Dave "Michaelangelo" Moron, the would-be artist who never believed what people told him, was discovered one day pouring Pepsi-Cola on his paint board. "They told me it would tickle my palette," he exclaimed, scowling fiercely, "but so far I haven't heard a single laugh!"

The two bucks for this classic went to William D. Blair, Jr., of Princeton. What could be simpler, if anything? Send in your Moron gags... \$2 each for those we buy.

JACKPOT

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

HE-SHE GAGS

This is really a soft detail. Three bucks for just kicking it back and forth between a Him and a Her. Duck soup! Three-dollar bills were sent to Barbara Fram, U. of Texas; Ira Gurney, New York Univ.; and Forest M. Cruse, U. of Texas, for these gags which limped in during the September contest:

* * *
She: When I get in a drug store, I feel like an anarchist.

He: Me too: Down with Pepsi.

* * *
She: When you go to a restaurant, why do you always flirt with the waitress?

He: I'm playing for big steaks.

* * *
She: So long . . . I'm going on a Pepsi party with my two beaux.

He: Beaux?

She: Elbows!

* * *
That's it . . . \$3 each for any of these we print.

Daffy Definitions

We'll probably have to cut out this department soon. These things are beginning to sound logical to us. Until that day, however, any Daffy Definition we buy rates a fast buck. Like these:

Oboe—a cockney tramp.

Plenty—what Pepsi-Cola's your best buy by.

Barber shop—clip joint.

You—what Pepsi's the drink for.

Oyster—a fish that's built like a nut.

* * *

At \$1 apiece for these, your conscience should keep you up nights. But that's what we pay for those we print.

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



Here's a cartoon that needs something. Possibly adrenalin. Or maybe just a title. For cartoon captions we buy, we pay five bucks each. Or send us an original cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it—if we buy it.

Easy Money for September cartoon captions went to Cadet R. J. Herte of the U. S. Military Academy, Laurence A. Ingwerson of Berkeley, Calif., and Tom Brody of Culver City, Calif.

HASH ON THE HOUSE

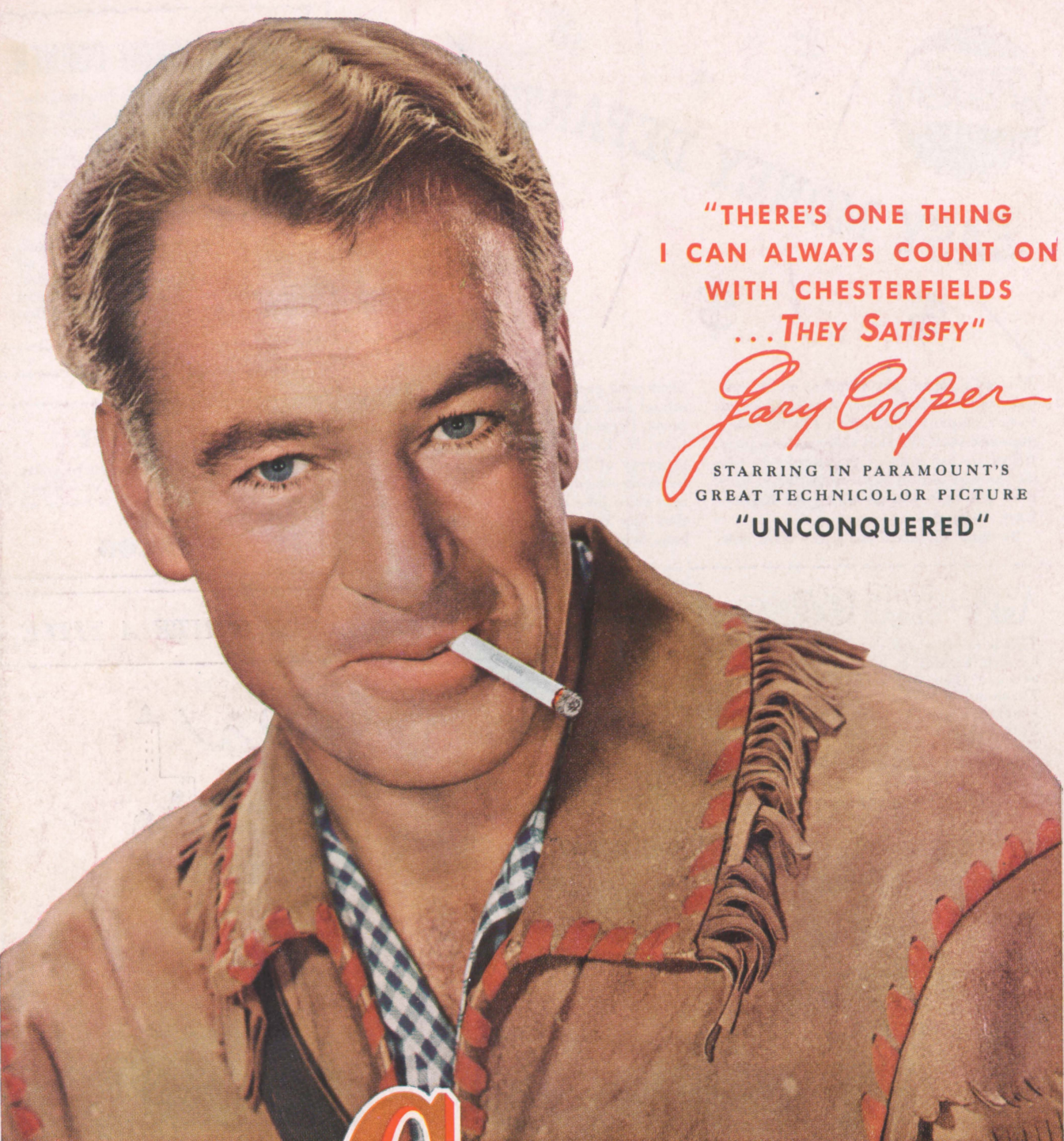
Here are a couple of miscellaneous gags we dredged up in the September contest. We couldn't classify 'em, but we thought they ought to be worth something. So we kicked in \$2 each. Are we a soft touch!

Little Susie, at her first basketball game, overheard someone say that the home team was "red hot," so she immediately ran out on the floor with 5 bottles of Pepsi-Cola!

Sent in by Mrs. J. B. Kennedy, of Urbana, Ill.

Robert's uncle had just returned from Africa and paid a visit to the college lad. "Bob, my boy," said the uncle, "I've brought you a trinket." With that, he took out a Pepsi-Cola and handed it to his nephew. "But this is a bottle of Pepsi-Cola," exclaimed the boy. "Why, sure it is," said his uncle, "so . . . trinket!"

Sent in by Leonard Blostein, of Washington Square College, New York University.



"THERE'S ONE THING
I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON
WITH CHESTERFIELDS
...THEY SATISFY"

Gary Cooper

STARRING IN PARAMOUNT'S
GREAT TECHNICOLOR PICTURE

"UNCONQUERED"

ALWAYS BUY

CHESTERFIELD



A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING ABC

RIGHT COMBINATION • WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS