

Follygram Stuff

John Pimento.....Fool-in-Chief
 Sure Doing.....Trades
 Gelatine Cow.....Sassy I
 Carol Mercy.....Scandal
 Velma Fish.....Boola Brolars
 May Purer.....Second Fool
 Edwardo Smith.....Gully Slaves
 Timmy Bruno.....Feet-Yurs
 Gas-pipe Scabooch.....Hee-Hawa
 Fuzzy Lee.....Tipper
 We're-for-Sammie.....Feet-Yurs
 Billy Swan.....Dumb Clubbers
 Badly Boy.....Cow Barn News
 Weary Willie.....Prison Notes
 Dodie West-of-Dorf.....Whirligig Mgr.
 E.Hellmer Toga-sinnie.....Ad Getter
 Tella Scarse.....Scandalous Adyser
 Dadmus Burnheart.....The Old Man

EDITORIAL

"Little Boy—Oh look, mother! The circus is in town. See the clowns with the funny green and orange hats?"

Mother—No, Johnny, those aren't clowns. They are just Poly boys."

The above item appeared in a local paper, so this edition of our Campus Classic is dedicated to the Value of the Folly in life.

Think of what we would be without a bit of fun now and then.

First, our health would be impaired. Even health doctors admit that laughter does as much good as cabbage in the world, and certainly smiles improve the appearance of the face.

"Smile and the world looks at you, Kick and they only groan."

Secondly, smiles improve the brain power of students and teachers alike. When a teacher is "cranky," students are angry and won't work. Think of the brain power lost! And anyway—

"All work and no play
 Makes Jack a dull jay."

Thirdly, a little fun improves the spirit of anything. Someone smiles. Another smiles. Soon, instead of a group of long-faced idlers, there are many cheerful workers.

"There's a long, long face a frownin'
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Until someone tries a smilin'
 And the whole world beams."

Notice

Here's to the students and teachers who have been thanking their stars that there was to be no SCANDAL EDITION this year, to those who have guilty consciences as to their behavior, and to those few who haven't, if such there be, we humbly present this issue. Everything which could have, and should have, been given notice in our columns did not find place, because of lack of space. Indeed we could have easily filled a nine page edition, and still have had scandal to spare. Also some things have gotten put in by mistake which should not have been printed. If your name appears too often, inspect yourself, and if it has been omitted, consider it an oversight, an not a result of merit. We have tried to present things in their true form as far as possible, but—as said before—lack of space will not permit the WHOLE truth.

A staff member.

Riddle

Why would Roy Bradley be a good worker in a watch factory?

Ans. Because he's experienced in holding hands and making faces.

Nize Baby!

(With due reverence to Milt Gross.)
 Nize baby, lick opp all de penkeks wit cylinder oil, den momma'll try to tell you de sturry from de collegiam, Kad Riding Hebit.

It weks wance do lettle girl which by her femly called de lettle Red Riding Hebit, which she was like to poot on de rad close wen she was meking to rido wit a horses odder a motor sakkal, odder a buy sakkal. De momma say to her wance mit de month from Saptamber, dodder, she was say, It meks de time which it should be de collitch by you. So Velma peck de vales, odder de tronk, and go by de Polyteckneek ter de Print Sop. So de boys der hebet pecked de hendkerchifs by de sootkess, and she las hed a nize time. Nize baby.

When de momma was hear all about dis, she was say, Hmmm mmmmm, so my dodder she las not mekking to obey, he, he? Well, dats not so nize. So she poot her to leef mit Grase Zterlig.

Help Murder the Police

Help murder the police. They disturb our solitude by murdering some one in the still watches of the night. It was midnight. Not a street car was clanging. The master crook slipped deftly up the winding stairs, feeling his way along, step by step, not making a sound. The windows creaked and the dog barked next door.

"Darn that dog," exclaimed the crook taking a left hand monkey wrench and knocking him in the head.

Smoking a stove pipe cig., he swung his leg over the window sill, knocking over an Egyptian Sphinx, which flew into a million atoms, hitting the bullseye on the black and yellow Chimpanzi.

Exclamation: "Holy Gee."

In walked three people, a representation of a man, a cockeyed woman, and a runty pug-nose boy of twelve winters.

The maid, what was left of her, fell out of the davenport chair onto the Chinese pug which gave a wolfish scream.

"Oh, my Indians! Have you come to look at Patter Ruskiel paintings? The Dr. Crandalls and shining son, are out to coffee, but will arrive suddenly."

The sawlegged crook was crouched back under the piano, trembling with awe, while the three illustrious, notorious people pulled frantically on the shrouds, uncovering a ghostly skeleton of Melton.

Pulling up another shroud they saw the famous painting of Jerry Cowell by Rudy Barnes. Star-gazing at another, they saw the elopement of Mrs. Knott and Dr. Wilder's son.

Flashing a red bandana and three cocktails, stolen from Percy's barn yard, the crook sprang upon the startled crowd, yelping: "Git the Devil out of here."

Grabbing Sander's puttees, he fired it at the man, hitting Hohn Chase's Black Stetson and upsetting the great posts' fish bowl. (Posts Brommer and Harper.)

Firing Carl's ancient 88 cannon, he murdered the man. Then he cut the woman's head off with the pruning scissors, and hitting the boy over the head with an ice pick, he stepped into the dining room, eating over their dead bodies.

The scattered-brain maid was hiding in Rust's wine cellar, drinking her full of Dandelion wine. (P. Q. Dandelions from Poly Campus.)

A burning light, as if sent from Hell, flooded the gruesome dining room, and in walked the owners.

Just to make it short and sweet the crook awoke, but to find it all a horrible night mare.

From then on he was a "Model Crook." "Mother's Angel Boy."

P. S.—Don't worry, Freshies. This isn't supposed to make sense.

Scathing Scattums

Up drives a small coupe, considerably crowded. Honk, honk, and out rushes a maiden wearing goloshes and some other things.

"Lo, Bo!" she cries to the lad behind the honks.

"Lo, Duchess!" he says. "Hop on the pony for a little flyer."

"Thanks," said the maiden.

"Welka," said the lad.

Honk, honk, they're off.

Victor Pickens has severely hurt his big toe by having a pipe drop on it. When he got home, the toe was black, but he is able to be around.

Bob Wright got a shower the other day when he opened his door. A pail of water is set over the door and when he opened it, down came the water. Bob asked Powers for three eggs for revenge. Somebody better be careful.

We're asking you, Avaly, Who gave you that ring?

Poor Eddie is hopelessly smitten by Florence's "million dollar smile," and winning ways. And Flossie doesn't know it 'cause Ed's so bashful!!!

We wonder why Reg and his unknown Poly companion were going down "Sport Town" last Sunday afternoon about five. Have a good time boys?

The difference between a cow chewing her cud and a flapper chewing her gum is, that a cow always looks as if she were thinking.

Murder! Murder!

Page the Police

Say ain't you heard the orful thing 'at 'appened the torthor day? Ol' man Henglish was found murdered in his bed, and they sez a Poly kid down it. Ain't that orful and thy hain't done anything about it yit.

Ol' man Henglish was laying in his bed with his 'ead all gory with a cut in it. They think that he wax killt after an english test the torthor day. Well anyway he's dead and they hain't done nothing yit.

They sez the kid what done it had had a hard time wid him and done got mad and killt him dead. By the way ol' man Henglish slunked him in his quiz, baybe he was mad about that, we don't know. Ain't it orful the things peoples will do when theys git reel mad!

Just Suppose

Just suppose Mrs. Warren hit the ex-quartermaster with a frying pan on the seat of his breeches causing a hole, and they separated for a year.

Just suppose Miss Chase married a dashing young college professor and they ran an orphanage with forty-eleven kids.

Just suppose Earl Williams died a rich and fabulous old man. (I forgot the meaning of fabulous, but it sounds well.)

Just suppose Fairbanks became a military sheik, looking vainly for his lost battalion.

Just suppose Dr. Crandall used the saying: "Let bygones be bygones. No more campus. You boys can stay out till the cocks crow."

Just suppose Daddy Preuss stopped working.

Just suppose Mrs. Knott forgot to darn Prof. Knott's socks.

Just suppose, oh just suppose, Mrs. Fuller sued her hubby for cruelty.

Just suppose Miss Carse considered Able seriously.

Boob, ah, boob, if such were, so this tale would ne'er been written. So there.

When We Were

Very, Very Young

The old "unclaimed blessing," popularly called "old maid" school teacher, and the little red school house. There you have a complete picture of the first educational institution Al er—er—r—r—Mr. Rathbone went to.

It was a quite a sultry day and the hot California sun was roasting the students clustered in the little school listening to the droning of the teacher. There were several small boys in the back of the room who, tiring of the teachers talking, began to amuse themselves at the other students' expense. But the eagle eye of the instructress, who was rather ruffled by the weather, detected them and she ceased her monotonous talking.

"Al," she asked sharply. "What are you doing?"

"Nothin', m'am," responded Al meekly.

"Yes, you were," she continued harshly, "I saw you throwing something at Al Agostl. Come up here!"

Al slowly rose and with head bowed shuffled to the front of the room, fully realizing what would happen.

The teacher, arising from her seat, seized Al's collar in the rear and began to shake him. Seeing that he was not getting the full results of her exertions, she shook harder, and poor Al's head bobbed back and forth like the pendulum of a clock.

Suddenly there was a sharp snap and something small and white rolled under a desk; but the teacher kept on shaking, beginning to puff by this time. Again there was another sharp sound and several more small white objects rolled along the floor. Ah! Only one left and that threatened at every moment. At last! It went and there stood poor Al before the ridicule of his fellow students, with all the buttons torn from his shirt by the ruthless hand of his teacher.

Boys Select Organdy

The senior boys of the California Polytechnic have chosen their graduating costumes. They are to be of organdy in pastel shades, with ruffles around the cuffs of the trousers and lace rosettes on the sleeves.

The class president, George Isola, is to wear pink. The others will wear green and orange.

The girls will wear the conventional khaki.

BED TIME STORIES

Print Shop Life of Doris and Bobby

Silence reigned in the print shop. "Oh, Bobby, you're the only boy at this school that I could really love," exclaimed Doris, as she twined her arms around his neck.

"Aw, you quit," said Bobby; blushing a fiery red.

"Look at him blush, precious boy," someone cried laughingly.

"Bobby, don't get all het up. She told me that once too," crushingly remarked Scotty.

"Scotty, you old devil. Don't dig up the past like that," pleaded Doris. Barnes cut in with a, "She doesn't mean it, Bobby. Don't get excited."

"Shut up, you old crepe hanger," said Bobby.

Silence again reigned in the shop.

Klauke claims to hate girls, but we would like to know who the blonde Co-ed is, the one whom he has in his Ford every night, making love to him.

Since Mr. Dunning won a pillow at the Country Store the other night, we wonder if he'll use it on one of the seats of the plows.

"Have you heard the latest news?"

Asked a student of his mate, A Polyite's "old his dues, Before he got the gate!"

Ralph Bell is in love, or something just as bad. He wanted to see something, or someone, down below in such a hurry that he forgot to open the window and so—Who pays for the glass Ralph? Do you or does she?

S. A. is the new name given to Harris Miller, the fast boy of the campus.

Abbreviations

Al—Can open a charge acc't.
 A. B.—4 yrs, hard sentence.
 A. M.—When we get up.
 C. O. D.—Call on dad.
 D. D.—Be careful of your jokes.
 I. O. U.—Hard luck.
 P. M.—When we go to bed.
 Rep—See G. O. P.
 U. S. A.—Bryan and Wilson.
 Adam (last name unknown)—an-
 cester, explorer, gardener, and inaug-
 urator of history. Biographers differ
 as to his parentage. Born first Satur-
 day of the year 1. Little is known of
 his childhood. Education: Self-edu-
 cated. Entered the gardening and
 orchard business when a young man.
 Was a strong anti-polygamist. Mar-
 ried Eve, a close relative. Children:
 Cain and Abel (see them).
 Was prosperous for some years, but
 eventually fell prey to his wife's fruit-
 ful ambitions. Lost favor of the
 proprietor of the garden, and failed
 in business. A. started a number of
 things that have not been perfected.
 Diet: Fond of apples. Recreation:
 Chess, agriculture. Address: Eden
 General Delivery. Clubs: member of
 all exclusive clubs.

Dirtiest Jokes of the Week

Joe Golden: Shall I take this rug out and shake it?

John Wright: That ain't no rug! It's my room mate's bath towel!

Davis: Gonna change your bed linen this week?

Blackburn (An Ag student): What! It ain't wore out yet.

Moral: Do a good turn and you won't skid.

Jerry

Jerry had a little nose
 With freckles on the ridge,
 And Jerry called it Brooklyn
 For it had a noble bridge.

Jerry had two little feet
 On which she made her marches;
 She called them Rome and Athens
 For they both had fallen arches.

Jerry had two little eyes
 All full of lights and flashes;
 And when their pupils misbehaved
 She whipped them with her lashes.

I - 1 - 2 - B - 4 - got - 10
 Y won't U please I get me
 O - Y - O - Y - O - Y
 E said E did - N - love me
 N - now I - 1 - 2 cry
 I - 1 - 2 - B - 4 - got - 10
 N left L - own - 2 - die.

Down With The Faculty