

THE FOLLYGRAM

MAY DAY, NINETEEN TWENTY-NINE

What A Night!

It was 12 o'clock at night, and oh, what a night! The wind moaned and whistled through the trees. Also it was the thirteenth of the month. Bill Judson woke up with a start. His heart skipped a beat. What was that he heard? Bang went something. Bill shut his eyes, hoped that he would live until morn. My, but he was cold. What made him so cold? And he was sweating. What was wrong anyway? He watched with glassy eyes his hands, as they wailed back and forth.

"Shakin' up a sweat," he murmured feebly to himself. Oh, of he only had his dear mother. She had always told him not to be afraid of the dark. Well, it wasn't the dark he was afraid of anyway. It was what was in the dark. My, but his mouth was dry. He guessed he would go and get a drink of water. Slowly, on tip toes, he crept to the door.

My, how the wind did blow. Slowly he opened the door. A gust of cold wind whipped him in the face. Br-r-r, but it was cold. He finally got through the door and into the hall. Not a sound greeted his ears except the roar and rattle of wind and rain. If only he could have some companionship. It was ghastly. It seemed that hidden beings with big claws and teeth lurked in every corner ready to spring upon him and tear him limb from limb. Finally he reached the fountain; eyes seemed. Hoy! how good that water tasted. He felt better now.

Why there was nothing to be afraid of. He straightened up his shoulders and started back to his room.

It was awfully dark though. He couldn't see a thing.

Mark! what was that? His blood ran cold. Perspiration stood in beads on his face.

Something was coming up the hall, he couldn't see anything though. Swish, swish, like something being dragged. Closer and closer it came. His heart missed a beat or two and he shook like the trees unprotected from the raging storm.

In a trance, unable to move or yell, he waited. "It won't be long now," he guessed.

By now the scraping noise was awfully close. Still he saw nothing.

An extra hard gust of wind. Something hit him in the leg. He fell. For a moment he was stunned. He had hit the doorknob with his right eye. My how it hurt.

"Guess it will be black tomorrow," he ventured to himself.

Oh, he'd forgotten all about that scraping noise.

Just then he felt something around his ankle. Slowly he reached down and touched it. A piece of paper. The wind had blown it down the hall and it, scraping along the floor, had scared him. He began to get mad, so mad that he got over his scare and went back to sleep ten minutes later.

The next day Bill told us the story of a baseball that slipped through his fingers and hit him in the eye.

Student Becoming Good Tennis Player

Alfred Hedstrom, one of the campus beauties, has been seen every day down on the court. It always seems that he is always playing with the same girl who also happens to be a blond. When Alfred becomes another Tilden he should always remember the old Poly Court.

Upside Down

There is no doubt that some of the things that are going on in this town are upside down. That is the reason why we have put this type in upside down.

Our idea of a busy evening is a sweet Daddy with the paly necking a widow with the St. Vitus dance.

Spring Has Arrove!

The zephyrs are zephying in the breeze
All the woods are full of brush and trees

The sky is clear and full of clouds
And the hill are dry in green, grassy shrouds.

The hills are full of valleys
In which the rabbits bloom
Everyone is sad and happy
In the gloomy, gay month of June.

The birds are swimming in the air
And the rocks are mating, pair by pair,
Where the sweet-scented onoins bloom
Elephinks build their nest in a big mushroom.

The cowslip moos to her little calves
And the bullfrog croaks just to spite the bass.

All the goys and biris are feeling gay
As to swim to school—they walk their way.

My heart almost slaps me in the face
As I feel the fond caress—(of the sun)

And I feel so clean and foolish
As I get bathed and kissed—by the moonshine.

By Ina Coma.

Senior Ambitions

Avalyn Schliet: To be a physical education teacher, showing girls how to get the boyish figure.

Al Hedstrom: To be a barber of a side show.

Pinky Green: To be a proprietor of a parlor.

Harriett Wright: To get more expert in foreign signatures.

Margaret Truesdale: To go to Eureka.

John White: To acquire the world's best coat of sunburn.

Gordan Hazelhurst: To be a home-breaker.

Dot B.: To break into movies as a successor to Pola Negri.

Things We Would Like To See

1. Mr. Ogle in bloomers.
2. Pop Smith's enemy.
3. Mrs. Mitchell playing tennis.
4. Miss Knox play football.
5. Miss Abbott a dancing teacher.
6. Mr. Cain forget to bow.
7. Capt. Deuel cancel work.
8. Miss Chase talk slow.
9. Miss Haskins roller skate.
10. Mr. Funk in a swimming suit.

May First

Little fishie in the brooklet
To be caught by boy with hooklet,
Who to fish in the brooklet,
Must play hookie from the booklet;
But if he plays hookie to use the hook-
let
And forsakes the usual booklet,
He must pay for the time he tooklet.
Now, to get away from schoolet
He must pay by using toolet
And if he is using toolet
To get away from schoolet,
Why does he want to go to schoolet?
Not a toolet schoolet.
But a fishlet schoolet.

FOLLY INTELLIGENCE TEST

1. When was the War of 1812?
2. How far is up?
3. How big is a hole?
4. If the drivers of a locomotive are 24 inches in diameter and make 48 revolutions per minute, what is the name of the engineer and on what line does he drive?
5. What color is black?
6. In what state is New York?
7. Why is Chicago deserted?
8. Between what two countries was the Spanish-American War fought?
9. Who won the Human Race?
10. Why are blackberries red when they are green?

Somebody's Idea Of It!

Suppose it happened that a Hindu Fakir came by Poly and distributed a quantity of courage pills among the students, what would happen? Well, all this and then some.

Came the dawn of the first day. The buglers were chased from the dormitories and the dormitory superintendents were locked in the shower rooms while everyone slept until noon.

At one o'clock the Dorm fellows sauntered to the dining hall where they demanded table service and white table cloths. Captain Deuel's cigars were passed and Mr. Funk was compelled to sing a solo after which he was forcibly ejected followed by crockery and vegetables.

Later in the afternoon, some of the fellows finally mosed around to the buildings where they took the office attendance board and literally annihilated it, after which they set the electric clock ahead to four o'clock and then stopped it.

In the mean time, some one had borrowed Dr. Crandall's car and collected a load of high school girls. That brought up the idea of a dance, so all the available cars were dispatched to the high school where a wholesale raid was conducted.

That evening in the gym a glorious feast was spread on the long tables while soft music was made by the faculty who were required to eat at a table in the corner and were served only soup and a tiny tin spoon.

After the meal was finished, the best orchestra in the country started to play from the stage while the faculty cleared the tables and waxed the floor.

The evening was a wonderful success, enlivened by novelty dances by Miss Chase and Miss Jordan and pink refreshments, so when four o'clock in the morning came, we all went down to the Anderson Hotel; the faculty were assigned convenient places on the sidewalk and — I woke up.

Our Promising Journalists

I
This guy Hedstrom; they call him "Al".
He thinks he rates with every gal.

II
This boso Daniels; they call him Swede.
He drives his car at an awful speed.

III
This bloke Reinert, to his friends is "Herb".
When it comes to cars, his is a bird.

IV
The young maid Eunice is a valley girl,
Her hair, you know, has a beautiful curl.

V
This kid, Abbott, his first name is Frank,
We fear he's planning on robbing a bank.

VI
This kid Covell whose name is Madeline
Is seen often in her new Ford rattlin.

VII
Now for Judson; we all know Bill,
In fact, he is a merry pill.

Poly Boy at San Luis Hi

Every day at a certain time, a certain boy by the name of Bob Umbertis has been seen at the High School with girls and not only one but several, all piled in his nice new Dodge and the driver goes along with his nose up in the air seeing nothing and hearing nothing but what the girls are saying to him. We wonder if he wouldn't let some other nice boy in on it so he won't have all those nice girls to himself. You stingy thing, Bob.

"Papa," said Arthur Mac, "what do they mean by college bred?"
"My son," replied his Dad, "it's a four year's loaf."

Big Bazeball Game But Automobill Men Don't Shoot

Two days after day before yesterday there will be a grate baseball game at the annual May Day picnic. The game will be between the Automobill Mechanics from the house of Mukfarlan and the Duel Dormists who are famus throwout the southern part of the state of San Luis Nabisco.

Doctur Kandie will officiate and he will be told from the rest of the boys as he will wear a sunbonnet with a blue top and red strings. The Mechanics will wear skyblue pink kilts while the Duellists will wear green rompers with a large orange sewed on their yellow sunbonnets. The oranges are to feed the Mechs and as they are knawing them off the top of the sunbonnet the juice will run down off the end of the Duellists nose and from thence to their thirsty throtes. The Meks wish to extend their thanx to the Duellists for their thotfulness and also wish to donate to them their silk embroidered hanker sniffs to mop up their tears after loosing the game. The public is thanked for their rooting sekshtun and we hope for their rooting sekshtun and we hope

Percival, Archbald, Marmaduke McLearning.

The Perfect Man

The personality of June Bug. The hair of Johnny Costello. Eyes like Moss. Lips like Al Hedstrom. Wit and humor like Geo. Higgins. Intelligence like Chas. Finn. Physique like Corky Fry. Dresses like Bill Lowry. Has a car like Pinky Green. Has money like Theodore Dehesa, and behold—our perfect man!

The Perfect Girl

The personality of Avalyn. Hair like Eunice. Eyes like Hazel. Lips like Dot Stoftey. Wit and humor like Harriet. Shape like Carolyn. Dress like Margaret. Modest like Dot Hyer. Car like Madeline, and behold—the perfect girl!

Who Is It?

We have in our school one who has rather a great amount of ingenuity, conceitadness, cleaverness, ability, leasiness, spirit, honor, leadership, backwardness, dirtiness, and many other beautiful traits, and we all know that you are just dying to learn who this person is that we have here in our midst.

Well, all of you can come away from the mirror now.

We Wonder Why

Avalyn's Ford finally broke down the other day.

They give us exams at all. Ciro is such a bear with the wimmen. Margaret has always got somebody on the string.

This school hasn't got more keen coeds.

Ed Schmidt is so particular about girls.

Swede Judson doesn't use his head instead of his feet a little more.

Oh, Jakie, Jakie! Do you really mean it? Now what is it all about? Jakie says he met a fair young maid at Fresno. He is leaving for San Francisco to get married. I really don't believe it. But I suggest that Jakie write instead of calling on her hereafter.

Able: Papa, vot is science?
Papa: My, how could you be so dumb? Science is dose things vot says, "No Smoking."

Samuel (in hospital): Oi, oi, I'm dying. Bring me a priest.

Nurse: A priest? You mean a rabbi, don't you?

Samuel: Oi, oi, no! I vant a priest. I should gif to a rabbi de smallpox.

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FOR FACULTY ONLY!

Learn the Art of Driving a Lizzie

Always drive fast out of alleys. You might hit a policeman. Who knows? Always race with locomotives to crossings. Engineers like it. It breaks the monotony of their jobs.

Always pass the car ahead of you on curves and turns. Don't sound the horn, because it might unnerve the other fellow.

Demand half the road; the middle half is the best. Always insist on your rights.

Always lock your brakes when skidding. It makes the job more artistic. Often you can turn clear around.

Always drive close to pedestrians in wet weather.

Always try to pass cars on a hill, when it is impossible. It shows your bus has more power, and you can surely turn somewhere, if you meet another car at the top.

Never look around when you back up. There is never anything behind your automobile.

Drive as fast as you can on wet pavements. There is always something to stop you when you lose control—often a heavy truck or a plate glass window.

Always speed! It looks as though you are a person of pep, even though an amateur driver.

Never stop, look, and listen at railroad crossings. It consumes valuable time, and besides nobody believes in signs.

What The Heck's Wrong?

The newly formed Scholastic Society, Dumbhead Dunks, have completed their list of "all one student's." This society makes a difference. And why? Because grades are given in eating, sleeping, loafing, pool playing, and snoring. Pins and sweaters are also being awarded, and blankets have been discussed as a possible award for the best sleepers, the only objection being offered by opponents of the proposition being that those who really sleep well will never know whether they do not have the blankets or not.

Such waste of effort, to them who need shall be thrown, but so runs the world away.

HONOR ROLL OF DUMBHEAD DUNKS

(Lack of space forces us to leave the list of names for a later edition of the Follygram, but the honorable dignitaries may be viewed in the Museum of Study in Science Hall every week night from seven to nine.)

Attention, Seniors!

When in the course of a school year it becomes necessary for a Senior to come to his last Mayday picnic, it also becomes imperative to pay him a fitting tribute. Here then it am for this once now:

"Hush, little Senior,
Don't be bold
You're only a Freshman,
Four years old."

First Indian: Let's go on the war-path.

Second Indian: Can't. It's been paved.

Mrs. Selph: I think that married men should wear something to distinguish them from single ones.

Mr. Selph: They do—a worried look.

Track Team Smashes All Records at Fresno

Last Saturday, Aprember 27, 1929, in the hole, our famous Block "P" flashes motored over to Fresno and met in a congregation will all of the classiest track men in California.

The weather was hot as blazes and by the unheard of results, the fellows all got hot too.

"Believe it or not," but Poly sure knocked them all cold. According to Sunday's city papers, some of the other schools won the meet, but, according to us, they are all wet.

Our 1929 model speedster, Sammy McBane, shattered all speed records, and has equalled the famous record of the notorious model 1869 Ford.

Slim Werner, with his Venus De Milo form, threw the plate so far that they had to send out a posse to search for it. It was later found one-half a mile the other side of north end of the city.

Hazel likewise, threw his pole out of sight. They all say that Hazel was mad because he didn't throw it far enough, but what does he expect? He is only a small boy yet.

"Pop" Millsap again won the old man's race. He finished and dressed before the others passed the stop line.

Reed and Ray passed Frank Wy-claugh and Charlie Boilermaker so fast that they were standing still.

On the whole the meet was so splendid that none of them will ever forget it.

COME AGAIN

Victor: It is not often that I get such a good dinner.

J. Mitchell: Neither do we, Mr. Jones.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

Want ad in the Buggy Times—For Sale—a fall-blo'ed cow, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens, and several stoves.

HEAVY TRAFFIC

Miss Hanson: So you have broken off a tooth, have you? How did you do it?

J. Anna: Oh, shifting gears on a lollipop.

WARNING

Getting hot under the collar may overheat your Adam's apple.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Arthur Mc.: I'm an I. W. W.
Eunice: What's that?
Arthur Mc.: I Want Women.

Overhead in study hall:—
It's all over everything!
What is?
The roof!

What???

Hazel: Good news, school is to be let out at noon tomorrow.

Eunice: What for?
Hazel: For lunch.

The Test For Me

Where is the test of tests for me, Of teachers' tests that are easy, When will I hear the voices say, When will I hear the words "I pass you."

Where are the grades I long to see, In teacher's book of tests to be, Saying the grades of grades for me, Saying the words of words, "I pass you."

???

The moonlight crept softly into the room. Her hot breath softly brushed his cheek. Then she slowly raised her slender arm and put it around his neck and drew him closely to her, and said, "What a lovely ! ! ! HI doggie."

Chicago

Bang! Bang! The curtain shoots up. A bandit car shoots by. The bandit shoots up the spectator's back. The spectators shoot back. A policeman is shot. The curtain shoots down. Then the spectators shoot the playwright.

"The jig is up," said the doctor, as his patient with the St. Vitus dance died.

O. K. M. N. X. Heddem

One fine mornink, when Heddem und Heeve were walkink in de garden of Hedden, dey saw a liddle sneck. Ho, my, what a peautiful liddle sneck! cried Heeve.

Egad, yea! replied Heddem. Look at de peautiful liddle dress de sneck has got on. Green mit orange stripes. Yea, he looks like a sport model jack-ass, don't he?

Then Heddem walked up to de liddle sneck and said, Goot mornink old keed." Said de sneck, "How you vas, ain't I?"

"Vell, Hi must be goink, cried de liddle sneck, "or de old lady will paddle de fanny."

"Vell, goot bye liddle sneck," said Heddem, "Hi must be goink back too."

Can You Imagine ???

Frank Abbott not playing the piano?
Billy Judson with dark hair?
Della without Herbie?
Miss Carse acting crabby?
Corky Fry without his shadow?
Miss Hanson not cutting up?
Shorty Cunningham about six feet tall?
Eunice not coming to school in a Chev?
Al Hedstrom acting his age?

AN INSTANCE

Resistance — — insistence — —
perseistance — — less distance — —
a kiss stance — — assistance — —
desistance.

The End

Miss Dot Hanson: Stella, what did you and Miss Peterson wear when you went up in the airplane?
Miss Carse: Oh, we just put some of those funny little bonnets on.

Doctor: My little man are you in pain?
Poly Frosh: No sir, pain's in me.

Hedstrom: Have you read corn flakes?
Eunice: No, what is it, a novel or a short story, or what?
Hedstrom: No, it's a cereal.

DUMB? AND HOW?

Soph: Hey, Frosh, get off the grass.
Frosh: Oh, thank you. I was just wondering what that green stuff was.

FLEAS OR FLIES

A flea and a fly together
Flew through a flaw in the flue;
"Let us flea," said the fly,
"Let us fly," said the flea,
And they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Pinky: What is that you've got there?
Halford: That's a dummy. Don't you know what a dummy is Kenneth?
Pinky: Yes, and I've seen lot's of 'em.

Mr. Smith: I picked up a horseshoe today.
Mrs. Smith: That means good luck.
Mr. Smith: It did—for the tire dealer.

Mervin Samuels: Give me some male and female spuds.
Grocer: Are you crazy?
M. S.: No, me fadder sent me after two sex of potatoes.

Husband (After going down badly at bridge): You might have guessed I had no heart, partner.
Wife: Quite, but I thought you had a brain, darling.

Murph White was seriously injured and was taken to a hospital. Several beautiful nurses were trying to get him to speak.

"Come," said one of them, "Drink this and you'll soon get strong again."
"And rosy," added another. At this, Murph sat bolt upright, looked woosily around and asked, "Yea, but which wan of yez is Rosie?"

Within my willy, puzzled dome
This thought is my despair;
Why does a rooster have a comb?
A rooster has no hair.

Love is a feeling that you feel when you feel a feeling you never felt before.

Good Ad For Esperanto

If one is a tooth and whole set as teeth,
Then why shouldn't booth in the plural be beeth?

If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But more than one house is more surely not hies.

A cow in the plural is properly kine,
But how if repeated is never called bine.

Then one may be that and two would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother we never say methren.

The masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine a femine she, this and shim!

So the English, I fancy you all will agree,
Is the funniest language you ever did see.

—"Adapted" by the Boston Transcript from the Inland Printer.

Oh! Those Pan Cakes!

Did you hear the latest about cafeteria hot cakes? Well, to make a long story short, ask Poof why he has to pay for the missing chandelier in the Dining Hall.

Canada Tell

What does Philadelphia, Pa.?
How much does Columbus, O.?
How many eggs does Louisiana, La.?

What grass did Joplin, Mo.?
We call Minneapolis, Minn.
Why not Annapolis, man?
If you can't tell the reason why I'll bet Topeka, Kan.

Foolish Questions

GUESS WHOSE

(Some Aren't Questions!)

How could you?
Have you one?
What's pressing on your brain?
What causes that? How's that?
Have you seen Chuck?
Where's all the galls?
Who said what?
Next dance?
How's your soul?
Does Poly ever win?
When do we graduate? (Never)
Is there anything wrong in that?
When do we eat?
What's doing?
No women!
How high is up?
What's what?
And how!
Oh, isn't that cute?
Oh, mamma!
Did you assign a lesson Friday?
Where's Jackie?
Is it an old Spanish custom?
Oh Annie!
Is she all wet?
Are you going swimming?

Hooz-onest?

You simply cannot find a maid who is honest. That one you recommended just left suddenly and took with her nine of my towels.

What kind were they?
They were those Pullman car towels which I brought back from my trip.

The First Stage

Jock met his friend Sandy in the street.

"Sandy," he said, "I wonder if you could oblige me with a cigarette."

"But I thought you said you'd stop ped smoking?"

"Oh, well, I've reached the first stage I've stopped buying them."

"Marriage," says a Poly philosopher, "is like a railroad sign. When you see a pretty girl you stop; then you look; and, after you're married you listen."

First: Then your uncle died and left of money?
Second: Yes, the cops shot him before he could get out of the window.