

THE FOLLYGRAM

MAY DAY, NINETEEN THIRTY

Women

A Study in Mysteries

Women are persons who worry men. They have two bright eyes, two red lips, and will sometimes let you hold both hands; but they never wear the same dress nor have the same idea two days in succession. Generally speaking, women may be divided into three classes: wives, widows and unmarried girls. An unmarried girl is a mass of contrariness and caprices, entirely surrounded by sweet and enticing charms.

Making a wife out of an unmarried girl is a lost art-lost since the coming of feminism. If she wants to be a wife, you're all right. If she won't be a wife, there's nothing you can do to coax or persuade her, so you may as well quit.

If you flatter a woman, she believes every word of it, and laps it up as a cat would cream. If you tell her the truth, no matter how complimentary, she won't listen and calls you a flatterer. If you believe every word a girl says to you, she scorns you as easy, and says she can wrap you around her finger. If you argue with her, she says you are obstinate and stubborn and "just horrid!"

If you wear dark ties and don't press your clothes, she says you're not neat. If you wear noisy ties and have your pants pressed with knife edges, she says you're as fussy and vain as a girl and there's real sarcasm in her voice too. If you treat her as a clinging vine, help her with her coat and hold the door for her, she says she is no baby and can wait on herself. If you let her wait on herself, she says you're thoughtless and inattentive.

If you make love to a girl, she says you're either bold or "mushy." If you don't make love to her she says you're old and "just haven't any romance in you." When you try to hold a girl's hand, she will pull it away. If you try to grab the hand again, she tells you you are forward, and orders you to leave her alone. If you don't try to grab the hand again, she says she was only teasing you, and trying to lead you on.

What's the use? I ask you!
—Exchange.

Just Suppose—

That Don Orkney and Mr. Funk took up the latest fad in health habits and appeared on the campus in a "sun tan" outfit.

That Dr. Crandall could add something more to the students' appreciative applause.

That Mrs. Funk really had a kindergarten to contend with as she frequently reminds the pupils that is where they belong.

That Mr. Cunningham forgot to inspect rooms over the week-end after 11 o'clock.

That John C. and Bob Tellam could sit in reserved seats by jollying a circus gild along.

That Lola lost all her bobble pins one nite and came to school with out them.

That Dick Ingham could make good excuses for not keeping dates.

That every student was present at drill in a clean uniform.

That Mr. Bell would explain questions satisfactorily.

That Miss Chase owned her own "Blimp."

That the Thompsons had a big fight.

That Ciro didn't receive all the college catalogues.

Lost!

Will the person or persons who found false teeth in their soup please return to owner.—Address, Poly "Cat."

Oh, yes, and about the golfer soon to be hanged. He asked as his last request for a few trial swings.

Varsity Nine Wins Over Faculty Eleven

On Saturday night the faculty truck stars defeated the varsity baseball squad in the most interesting combat of the season. The game started promptly at two-thirty with Millsap kicking off. It was a beautiful kick sailing high and far into the waiting arms of Captain Deuel who drove the ball down the fairway to take first place in the 100 yard dash. On the next play Dr. Crandall carried the ball for three bases, scoring two men ahead of him.

The Varsity now has the ball on the sixth green where they take three attempts at the line, coming in fourth in the relay.

In the next inning the faculty made the seventh green with three hits and no runs putting them ahead by two strokes.

In the third quarter the Varsity got away to a sizzling relay, scoring thirty points on the next two events. But the faculty came right back and Selph took the ball and dribbled down the green for a touchdown. On the conversion, Stout knocked a high fly which fell short of the green by four feet.

They are now playing on the seventh green, with the faculty three runs in the lead when they scored another basket after getting the ball on the side line at the twenty yard line, where they went into the rough for a loss of four strokes putting them just two points in the lead.

With two minutes to go in the last quarter the Varsity came through strong on the last hole and Carter came to the front knocking a home run with two men on, thus defeating the faculty eleven by one stroke.

Poly Phase Club

It has been announced that electricity has been cast out of the civilized world. There seems to be no principle that it may be used at. People are getting tired of radios, telephones, electric lights, and electric machinery, that used to be of great importance to every American home. Great manufacturing concerns have abolished electricity in hopes that the old steam engines come back into service. They work of shafts, pulleys and belts to find it much cheaper to provide a net would rather chop wood and carry

People are heard to say that they transport power around a factory. It is in the house than to have that old monotonous privilege of turning a button to produce heat from an electric stove.

It seems that a new era of progress has taken a hand in the guidance of destiny and produced a much higher type of civilization. Instead of street cars and automobiles, the modern way of transportation is used. It seems that people just drive to harness up their horses, drive them around, bring them back and tie them loose. Hay is much harder than gasoline. People are beginning to learn, there at bringing about the higher type of civilization. The greatest trouble of all is, that the Poly Phase Club finds itself at bay, for it can't find anything to do.

For further information, write to content manager care of this paper.

Ohlipo.

For further information, write to Polytechnic Campus or in San Luis

students who are ineligible to enter to take part in this contest. Other

or Press Club will not be permitted

All members of the Polygram Staff

who solve this mystery.

student of this California Polytechnic

A large reward is offered to any

bed," a voice dravkxkqyppnlywawd.

"All right, pipe down and let to

the floor hrubabzcklymcdxwqlypyy.

another boyxkkyddwmmccrwy who

was sleeping with his eyes open on

fall over something and arousing

motherndnsckj kqj bkp bjkjlddH

little late and trying timhebsjnjgpxx

lhwylkxkxvcelzeln came home a

Last night one of the boys of the

Solve This Mystery

A Short, Short Story

It was one of those stormy days, so common in July, rain, snow, wind and yet 'twas a beautiful moment in the life of Bolivia Turntable. It so happened that Bolivia was out picking lemons, with his sweet Mary Ironhorse by his side, and she was dumbly wondering that her Romeo should be thus engaged on such a romantic day. Said he, "I just love to pluck lemons, for they are so sweet." She then realized that the nut oil he had put on among overhanging cliffs they gazed at the red sea. He whispered, "Sweet Mary, don't love your Bolivia boy?" his hair had sunk in. They decided to gallop to the seashore and there "I do," cried she, but before more could happen sweet Mary slipped, isle, which was strewn with corn husks and white lilies. She was deck-organs and one fish horn, as the bride came stumbling the slippery ed out in a flowing robe of red flannel, with an exotic bunch of bright red radishes by her side, and two grabbed madly at her lover's collar button, and then fell into the briny deep.

Cowbells were peeling forth sweet strains of "Here comes the Bride" to the accompaniment of two mouth shinning-nigger babies daintly holding tightly to her train, which was at least forty feet long, with her darling Fido riding bravely in the middle. The mother-in-law's finger, and kisses the preacher's wife. The couple crowd out bridegroom slinks in amid a din of shouts and walls, and rushes slowly

Things That Won't happen

May 1—May Day picnic.
May 2—Absence on the account of sunburn.

May 3—All teachers forget to give assignments.

May 4—No gang waiting for Capt. Deuel at 4 o'clock.

May 5—Journalism room gets new tables.

May 6—Classes meet at Pismo Beach on account of heat.

May 7—Blimp, eclipse of sun, and circus parade every morning until 1979; announcement at special assembly.

May 8—Seniors forget their dignity and act like human beings for half an hour.

May 9—Cornelison breaks half mile record.

May 10—Someone contributes a real joke for the Polygram.

May 11—somebody murders the fellow who reads headlines out loud.

Know Yourself

Take the first letter of your first name from Column I, and the last from Column II. The two words will describe you:

A—aggravating	A—Ape
B—Bad	B—Bum
C—Cute	C—Crook
D—Dangerous	D—Dumbbell
E—Easy	E—Egg
F—Foolish	F—Flirt
G—Green	G—Gab
H—Hardboiled	H—Ham
I—Individual	I—Iceberg
J—Jealous	J—Joke
K—Keen	K—Kid
L—Lazy	L—Lapdog
M—Malicious	M—Magpie
N—Naughty	N—Nut
O—Odd	O—Optimist
P—Popular	P—Prune
Q—Queen	Q—Quitter
R—Rebellious	R—Rat
S—Soft	S—Sap
T—Tearing	T—Tomboy
U—Unscrupulous	U—Unknown
V—Vicious	V—Viper
W—Wasting	W—Wassel
X—X-Bold	X—Xiphias
Y—Yellow	Y—Yak
Z—Zealous	Z—Zebra

A blotter is something you spend your time looking for while the ink is drying.

Notice!

Although it may not be entirely appropriate in this issue, the Galley Slaves wish to take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Thompson on their marriage.

Intelligence Test

1. How long is short?
2. How high is up?
3. Where does the light go when it goes out?
4. How far is a certain distance?
5. If a Poly boy makes a date for seven o'clock, when will he appear?
6. How does Captain Deuel think up work for the convict gang?
7. What will Mr. Warren be doing 30 years from now?
8. If a boy drives a yellow car 129 inches from hub to hub and wears a blue sweater, what is his name and what kind of a car does he drive?
9. Why do librarians insist on calling the bell a "gong"?
10. How old is young?
11. How crazy is a goof? Read the above thoroughly and you will have the answer.

Cornstarch makes clothes stiff but corn liquor makes you much stiffer.

to the altar's side, The ceremony is over and the bridegroom in his bewilderment slams the ring on his to their chariot under a shower of rocks and red pepper, with one optimistic cry rising above the smoke of battle, "Die happily soon after!"

In San Francisco

"Fare" Miss Abbott paid no attention to the conductor's demand. "Fare, please!" Still the lady was oblivious.

"By the ejaculatory term, 'Fare!' said the conductor, 'I implied no reference to the state of the weather, not even to the quality of the services vouchsafed by this philanthropic company. I merely attended, in a manner perhaps, lacking in delicacy, but not in conscientiousness, to the monetary obligation incurred by your presence in this car, and suggest that you liquidate the request was granted."

Likely to Happen in Dorm

Mr. Cunningham giving us permission to stay out as late as we please. Giving Pete Armandarez permission to stay in Pershing Square.

Letting us out on a closed night to see Watson K. Paul's latest picture. Giving Hopkins, McClain, Danenberg, Williams, and Pete permission to play poker.

Giving "Six Quart" Charlie permission to sing.

Truesdale's "Chevy" not parked in front of the Dorm.

Janitors sweeping six months, twice a year.

History Studied In Light Of Eclipse

Where was Mrs. Thompson and her history I class on Monday?

Why, don't you know that was the day we had the eclipse of the sun.

Mrs. Thompson took her class out on the lawn in front of the Add building to study and watch the sun disappear. But the boys complained that it was too dark and they would not study.

So they just sat around and gazed at the sun. Perhaps you have heard of star gazers well, now you have also heard of sun gazers.

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FICALTE ADWESORS
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The wisest man you ever knew
 Have never dreamed it treason
 To rest a bit—and jest a bit,
 And balance up their reason;
 To laugh a bit—and chaff a bit,
 And joke in season.

The Goofier The Better Says Fictitious Squire

Squire Heavenly presented at the Church Iglesia the other night about a few things in general. He touched upon everything that brought amens and more amens from the bewhiskered congregation. Some of the most important points that he brought out and elucidated upon so drastically was the re-incarnation of Bulaffo Bill and Yankee Doodle. "Yea-sir-ee," he cried in a flame of passion as he emphatically threw his arms towards the outer extremities of the earth, "the man or woman that is born goofy is the happiest being on this old bump of the universe." He then proceeded to pull the plug of Star Chewing Tobacco out of his left hand vest pocket and after partaking of a considerable amount he gently replaced it, quickly and triumphantly as he caught sight of the mouth of one of his listeners, watering and wrinkling up, making a decided contrast with his impelling, beseeching eyes. "Fooled him, he thought, I was going to pass it around," he said to the audience now thoroughly interested by this ingenious fellow.

"To go on with the subject of the discussion, I am greatly honored to speak this evening on "How to be Happy in this World." The question soon comes up what must be done to produce happiness in the old world. Well, there are a few things to take into consideration. For example, if a man worrises very much of his time, his brain soon becomes warped and over-worked, the result being that the man soon becomes goofy, and as long as he is in this condition nothing worries him. Why shouldn't he become happy? Someone takes care of him. He doesn't worry about anything. He is at peace with the world."

The squire receiver a glad hand for this exceptional logic and reasoning by the new worked up audience. "Anotherthing, folks," the squire cried as he spat in the collection plate, "you can control your inner emotions by letting your thoughts die and your brain become blank. After being in this condition for a couple of years you will find that you will automatically move in a dream, nothing will worry you. Goofiness is a great blessing in the world, why not develop some of it so that you can spread some sunshine in the world. If you are a little goofy, feel proud of it." This is the message carried to the simple people of a small village in a far off country, but his policies are worthwhile so that is why you have had the opportunity of reading some real worthy literature, and we hope that you gather a lesson from it.

Modern Verse (Will appeal to present-day poets.)

Asparagus and
 Wild onions,
 A dash of salt;
 A little gravy
 In a dish.
 The sun sets,
 A bit to the North—
 Spring! ! !

Believe It Or Not

"Speed" Hule has shown considerable improvement in his parlor wrestling and radio listening so has changed his name to Strangler Lewis II since his blonde got a stiff neck.—Lowell Day wants some pretty girl to sit under the moon. No experience or former training needed.

Believe It or not
 It seems that all who went to Fresno Raisin Day with J. D. Reiff had plenty of dates. J. D. says he is going often.

Otto Herman Nack Esq. was king of the Raisin Day, that is in the evening when the fair girl friend was away from the parade.

"Turkey" Webb was at Pismo with his new tuxedo Saturday night and also gave each and everyone who saw a treat.

It seems Del Parro has a good time unless Madeline is along.

Dick Willett is one of the boys giving the "number please" girls a glad smile.

Pardon me, professor, but last night your daughter accepted my proposal of marriage. I have called this morning to ask if there is any insanity in your family?
 There must be.

A collegiate Ford,
 All twisted and bent;
 A cross marked the spot,
 Of the accident;
 Wires that were shortened,
 A leak in the gas,
 And good old St. Peter,
 Enlarges his class.

Over heard in the day coach—
 "Will you please tell me, conductor, when are we coming to the next tunnel? I want to change my dress."

Robert: I've lost your penny.
 Mother: What! I lost it?
 Robert: No, Ma, I lost it.
 Mother: Did you give your penny to the Sunday School, Robert?
 Robert: No, Ma, I lost it.
 Mother: What! I lost another penny?
 Robert: Yes, but if I keep it up I'll straighten you out three Sundays.
 Robert: Yes, but if I keep it up I'll win 'em back. That kid's luck can't last forever.

Calendar of a Senior

March—Spring is here. Everybody's happy.
 April—Everybody's still happy, but a little worried.
 May—Comes in like a flunk and goes out like a sheep skin.

Question: When a colored waiter drops a platter of roast turkey, why does it create a great continental disaster?
 Answer: Because it is the fall of Turkey, the overflow of Greece, the rain of Africa, and the breaking of China.

Can You Imagine?

Dick Willett talking hard boiled to a girl friend?
 Dr. Wilder with a new suit?
 Capt. forgetting to assign work when you appear for a "cut" ain't?
 The May Day picnic postponed until the 4th of July?
 Joseph Cornelius Hughes without freckles and red hair?
 "Pop" Smith without a smile?
 Bob Rowe having a girl friend over three months?
 Bill White not cutting someone's hair?
 "Spider" Simmons fat?
 Don Carrol wise?
 "Speed" Hule falling for another blonde?
 Madeline painting her little lord?
 Dud Johnson with "stacomb"?
 Mr. McFarland addressing the Ladies Aid Society?

Home Brew Recipe

Chase wild bullfrogs for three miles and gather up the hops. To them add ten gallons of tan bark to give it a body, half a pint of shellac to make it smooth, one bar of soap to make it foam, and four door knobs to hold it down after you drink it. Boil for 36 hours, then strain through an I. W. W.'s sock to keep it from working. Add one grasshopper to each pint to give it a kick. Pour a little into the kitchen sink. If it takes the enamel off, it is ready for bottling.

Little Milo McChesney is a bright boy, we think, because the other day when a visiting Farm Bureau man asked him: "Milo, what grade are you imbibing knowledge in?" Milo just looked at him with a scornful glance and replied:

"In vociferating you emotive meditations and giving vent to superficial platitudes, refrain from employing monosyllabic symbols of communication. Make utterances incongruous by mediculously avoiding degrading and moronish phrases of compact comprehensibility. Deprive conversation of brevity, and endeavor to attain intellectual knowledge by seeking assiduously anacreme of fluent verbosity and vanilliquent vocabulary."
 The F. B. M. was recover.

She had just received a beautiful skunk fur from her husband.
 "I don't see how such wonderful furs come from such a low, foul smelling little beast."
 "I don't ask for thanks, dear," said her husband, "but I really must insist on respect."

Miss Knox: Can any pupil tell me the meaning of the word "collision"?
 No one knows? Well, it is when two things come together unexpectedly; now who can give me an example?
 All right, Cleo, what is it?
 Cleo: Twins.

Even our best friends won't tell—
 1. Is the Swift Packing Company a rapid training concern?
 2. Why Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was not the place where he received his mail?

Mechanic: Why are you running that steel roller over that field?
 Ag: I'm goin' to raise mashed potatoes this year.

Young Man: May I have this dance lady?
 She: No, I'm too danced out.
 Young Man (a trifle deaf): You're not, Miss, you're just pleasingly plump.

Rich Mixtures

It was but another Paige in history. But Dort escaped across the Ford. And he began to Nash his teeth. "Just one Kissel do!" hissed Mack, her out of some money. he would rather Erskine For she knew Mack well. A scream was heard to Pierce the air, "Chevrolet any eggs?" Pointing to the fowl he asked: And her pet hen, tied to a Cord. Suddenly Mack came upon the girl passing with his nets. But the noise was only a Fisher Body pet out; He clutched his gun ready to Whip-bush. A rustle made him Dodge behind the Auburn tresses along the bank. Dort, he know, would Lycoming her The Hudson rolls to the sea. Mack, the villain, crept along where Flying Clouds hid Moon and Stars. It was a dark, silent Knight.

Always look both ways before crossing a street at a busy corner and be sure to have your name and address in your pocket or handbag.
 Artistic beer kegs?
 O. K., boy, what does she pose for?
 I want you to meet a beautiful woman, an artist model.
 He: Yes, well, er, I only been married two weeks.
 She: Could you help an orphan home?

POLY CRACKERS

Dear Poly Crackers:
 I would like an explanation of Dick Willetts strange actions last Saturday night at the dance. The poor boy was running about frantically with a desperate look on his face.
 Yours sincerely,
 I. M. Curious.

Dear Curious:
 Well, this is an easy one. You see, it seems little Dickie had a dance with a very curly headed Miss who forgot all about it and went home. Imagine his embarrassment, and then you can account for his appearance very readily.
 Yours just as sincerely,
 Miss Poly Crackers.

The Appeal

He glanced at the beautiful woman beside him, his look heavy with anxiety and humble pleading, but she was unconscious of his appeal. For long moments he watched her, struggling with his emotion, desiring yet afraid, to ask the question that trembled on his lips. At last he spoke, wistfully, yearningly:

"Ma, c'n I have the little piece of pie that was left over from dinner?"
 Delia carefully wrote out her telegram and handed it across the counter. "Seventy-five cents," said the clerk, giving the yellow slip a professional glance.
 "Gracious!" Delia exclaimed. "Isn't that rather expensive?"
 "Doubter rate Miss, for that dance," the clerk informed her.
 "Seventy-five cents for only one word?" asked Delia.
 "Yes, Ma'am. But of course you can send him more words without it." "No," she finally decided. "I've said 'yes' once. Ten of them would break as if I were too anxious."

"What Makes The Vitaphone Lisp?"
 "The Talking Pictures Are In Their Infancy!"
 She'll never marry a man, whose fortune hasn't at least five cyphers in it.
 He (excitingly): Oh, Darling! mine's all cyphers.

Some Fresh somewhere wrote on his science exam paper:
 "Nicotine is such a deadly poison that drop of it on the tail of a dog will kill a man."

Lynn Broughton: How are you getting along with your driving lessons, Dagmar?
 Miss Goold: Oh, marvelously. Today I learned how to aim the car.
 An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman had a party. The Englishman brought some gingerale; the Irishman, some wine; and the Scotchman brought the bottle opener.

The pale proud girl turned to the big heavy-browed man who was gazing at her intently. He held a glittering knife in his hand.
 "Have you no heart?" she asked in a low even tone.
 "No," he said.
 "Well, then, give me a dime's worth of liver."

He (nervously): Dear, there has been something trembling on my lips for more than a month.
 She: Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?

He: Well, I finally got in the movies.
 Haw: You really did! How?
 Fe: Oh, I paid the usual fifty cents.
 He: I haven't seen your wife lately.
 How: No, I think she moved and forgot to give me the new address.

B. Swain: How'd ya get the grease on your face?
 D. Ingham: Well you see, our car broke down and I had to fix it.
 B. Swain: Since when did you grease your car with red grease?