

THE FOLLYGRAM

MAY FIRST, NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE

Struggle With the Ags Tonight at Horse Barn

Barn Dance Tonight

May Day—what a time! Fun galore! But—you ain't seen nothin' yet. It's what we've all been waiting for the whole long year. The time of times—The Barn Dance. It's the time you've all dreamed about when you can don your fanciest jeans, your loudest shirt, and your old weather-beaten sombrero; carry your little brother's cap gun and dance with your girl in gingham and all the rest of that bygone but much remembered paraphernalia.

As you dance by the light of the moon, let the stars be your only inspiration, for it will take all of your wits to keep up with the latest Fowl Fandango, S. L. O. Slide etc., as such are the popular pieces played in all the most modern and exclusive barns. The horse barn lies between the much traveled points of Lover's Lane and Poly Canyon.

The all-important necessities to remember for tonight are: Bring your best number to the best dance of the year—check. Wear farm clothes—double check. Don't be late. Let not the blissful haunts of Lover's Lane enchant you too long. Recheck. Pay four bits—then register. (Fresh bouncers guard the gate. Nuff said.) Don't forget, fellows. May Day is Poly's Hay Day. See YOU at the BARN DANCE TONIGHT.

Just Imagine!

Bob Umbertis with an inferiority complex.
Miss Haskins swearing.
Mr. Warren head of the Ag. Department.
Dr. Crandall with blonde curls.
Miss Chase as a movie star.
Joe Hughes without red hair and freckles.
Slim Bowman, Karl Monsen, Bill Van Voorhis and the Day twins all packed tightly in an Austin.
Mr. Figg as a slim tea-hound.
An El Rodeo without Jim Rummel as a class president in it.
Pete Armendaris with a messaged and unable to speak.
Garnikie whapped and unable to man on the campus.
"New York" as the best dressed.
Hopkins with a shave.
Sterling McLean teaching forge.
Joe Gyorgy and Bob Tellam staying in the dorm over the week-end.
Bill White without any senior activities.
Gene Lavin as a preacher.
George Sawday as "Dracula."
Louis Rarrick as fifty million Frenchmen.
Carl Monsen as a female impersonator.
Mrs. Thompson losing her temper.
Capt. Deuel forgetting to say, "See me tonight at four o'clock."

A lady with two babes in her arms was having trouble in holding them while she bought a ticket. She asked a stranger who was standing near if he would take one of the twins for a minute. He did. The stranger was greatly interested in children and after the woman had bought her ticket, he said:

"These are fine children; what are their names?"
"I call one Herbert Hoover Jones and the other Alfred Smith Jones," the mother proudly replied.
"Well," remarked the stranger, "I believe that I am holding Al Smith."

A young poet sent his most treasured poem to a magazine editor.
"Let me know if you can use this," he wrote, "as I have other irons in the fire."
In a few days the hard-boiled editor answered, "Remove irons and insert poem."

Adam: Honey, your teeth look like pearls; your lips like red apples.
Eve: Aw, go on! I'll be you tell that to every girl you see.

"I always thought you were a gentleman," she wept, as he let her out of his car in front of her house at eleven o'clock, "and now I know it."



Jiu Jutsu Artists Tour Campus

Margado Hanshaki, Dage Goolagishi, Mae Zera Broughawama, Midget Broughawama, Bunnyto Stoutayama, Rosalyuge Awaltaguchi—all experts in the art of dexterous jiu jitsu honored the campus by putting on an April Fool's performance in Poly Grove. They were rewarded by a delicious repast of Zulu meat.

Late News—A.T.E. We are hot on the trail of the rumor that some of the most respectable gentlemen on the campus witnessed the performance. Buy next year's Follygram and read all of the latest reports.

Believe it or not, you can spell jiu jitsu, ju jitsu, ju jitsu, ju jitsu, and still follow the dictates of Webster, so why worry about typographical errors.

Mechanical Menu

DINNER
POLY CAFE
April 31, 1931
SOUP
Consumes of Shellac
Purée of Fly Spray
ENTRE
Filet a la Diesel
Soule of Cotter Pins
ROASTS
Leg of Lathe au Stilson
Prime Ribs of Zeppelin
DRINKS
Fusel Caffe
Stream Line Glue

Miss Ruth Peterson Endorses "Lucky Strike"

Do you think that this is scandal?
That it ought to be censored?
O.K. Think what you please.
But come to see for yourself on the evening of May 7. Then, if you do not agree with us that "The Black Flamingo" is a "Lucky Strike" for San Luis Obispo play-goers, we will give ourselves up to life imprisonment in the Harmony Jail.

BLACK CATS
ARE
BAD LUCK
BUT

It Will Bring You
GOOD LUCK
To See

'THE BLACK FLAMINGO'

Crandall Gymnasium
May 7
(Lucky Day!)

As We Were

(Contributed.)
The monkey, how curious can he be
Sakis and Cercopitheidae.
He must be queer with a name like that
Although arboreal and willing to chat.
He lives on fruits and eggs of the nest,
Insects for him must be of the best.
Hawlers, Capuchins, and Ouakaris
Comprise the family, and can they kiss!
The overgrown monkey is called the ape.
He has no tail; his hair's like crepe.
Anthropoid apes are stronger than man
Whenever you see one, be sure and scream!
No crepe for me, if I can help;
To one of these, you're quite a whelp.

And now, my children, if you have read
Each of the foregoing words in bed,
Be sure to dream of these at night—
You were once one of them, quite right?

Some of those that came before
Is something that never fails to score
They all were once related to us.
Remember your place and please don't cuss.

This Space Reserved
For the Truth.

"Ape" Whitehill, the master mind of Deuel Dorm, has been receiving mysterious letters from a certain "Gertrude" in Tufunga. Nuff sed!

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That I heard it in a dream
You will see on May the seventh
Black Flamingos bite and scream.

How Would It Be?

"Susie" Forbes giving away ten packs of cigarettes to the boys in the smoke-house?

Erwin Hovde without any money? (Not if his room-mate, Allan Matley, is in town.) A very sad case of his.

Woody Turrentine buying anything he wants, but not in San Luis Obispo.

Joe Webber staying home at night—not until a tidal wave hits Pismo.

The Jay Cees not being the head men in anything that's going on in the school. That would be asking too much for your imagination.

Arlo Awbrey ever buying gas for the Hudson.

George Nehrpass staying in at night to study.
The Student Co-op store selling liquor.

The Imperfect Student

Hair like "New York" Reichenthal.
Eyes like George Elpper.
Nose like Dick Dale.
Mouth like Pete Armendaris.
Teeth like Bob Hanna.
Shoulders like George Sawday.
Girth of Karl Monsen.
Legs of Milton Burnham.
Feet like Bill Van Voorhis.
Ambition of "Speed" Mattly.
Popularity of Wallace.
Military ability of Lewis Pina.
Disposition of Bertram Sibley.
Personality of "Butter" Emerson.
Athletic ability of "Susie" Forbes.
Musical talent of Sterling McLean.
Voice like Charles Chambers.
And the arrogance and nerve of the Faculty!

Senior Class Answers Call Of Pine

The Seniors had their tri-weekly ditch day last Monday at the beautiful and enterprising city of Cambria. After arriving and admiring the Pine, they scrambled all over the country. Some played tennis. Some gave the nags a break. Some were social lions and indulged in bridge, but the real energetic live-wire Seniors slept.

The faculty members, Miss Chase, Miss Reid and Mr. Bell, were asked to leave by the indignant Seniors when they proposed a game of postoffice. They were last seen driving towards Pismo.

Umbertis, Gyorgy, Tellam, Lamb and Schmidt reported that this was one of the happiest "dase" they ever had. Rollins and Armendaris were having a real struggle for ice cream supremacy, when both had to be carried out on the sixth ditchful. Two mighty midgets, Hadlock and Carter, did most lustily do battle on the tennis court beneath the Pine. The game was called off because neither could see over the net.

Umbertis' nag did lay about him mightily, and Robert did an extremely embarrassing "Brodie" to Mother Earth. Oh Yeah???

The Seniors gorged themselves at the lodge, over which the lone Pine stood diligent guard. Several rather crude speeches were gritted at the crowd by the socially prominent, and there were some yells executed by the great Frank Barbarosa. Between mouthfuls, Bill White made inappropriate comments, and daringly flirted with Miss Reid.

We made our way home finally as the dusk gathered, and as the tiny stars came out one by one, each Senior softly said to himself, "Another day shot to the devil. Wish I'd stayed home and slept."

By the ruling of the State Supreme Court all hoboes who walk the railroad tracks will have to take a course in railroad walking. This course is designed to make longer and faster walkers, and to get hoboes out of town quickly. The scheme is heartily endorsed by the local police department, the members of which are pleased to see hobo efficiency leaving town.

"I don't like to brag," sez Frank Miguelis, "but you see how the circumstances are stacked."

THE FOLLYGRAM



HUGHES THE HERO WHO FLAUNTED NOTRE DAME

Vanishing Herd Downs Opponents

Before a crowd of 80,000 frenzied spectators, Captain Margaret Chase led her Vanishing Herd of Grid-women to a thrilling victory over Captain Ben Crandall's Conquering Horde.

Captain Chase, who herself played full-back for the Vanishing Herd, was easily the outstanding star of the day, thrice receiving the ball from the boot-off, and walking through the entire Crandall team for a touchdown.

While the sun was shining through the few clouds which were floating in the sky, Captain Chase would continually hit the Crandall line for hefty gains.

The Crandall team suffered a great loss in the early moments of the game when the stalwart Captain Crandall had his arm broken. This handicapped his team considerably because he was the main defense of his team, but due to his fighting heart, he would not leave the game. (Hurrah for Captain Crandall!)

Of the Crandall team Figge proved to be the best ball carrier, showing that he has the stuff to be All-American blacksmith.

The highlight of the game was made in the last few minutes. With the score tied 910-910, the Chase team had the ball on their own one-yard line.

With Peterson and Reid leading perfect interference, half-back Jordan was able to run the ball to the Crandall one-yard line, only to be damned by Quarterback Agosti.

With three seconds to go, the Chase team took time out to let the sun go down, so that they could pull the dark horse-play. Time was called in at 10:30 P. M.

The Chase team lined up in their regular formation and was ready to go, but the Crandall team took time out as one of the players had had his coins stepped on and had to be carried off the field.

It was now midnight before they were ready to play. Play resumed at 12:03 A. M.

Captain Chase was back in regular running formation. The ball was lobbed back to Right Guard Knox; the play then developed into a quadruple play so, with Quarterback Reid running, slipping, sliding, and finally crawling to the winning touchdown. Mrs. Thompson, who was playing right guard, was called back to convert the goal, but the high heel of her bedroom slippers caught in the turf and spoiled her shot. However, the fire alarm sounded, thus ending the game at 3:31 1-2 A. M.

Referee Arthur Zook rushed out on the field from his hiding place under the smoke-house, and held up Captain Chase's hand as a token of victory.

The players were rushed off the field in a patrol wagon in order to avoid the souvenir collectors who broke through fences and bleachers in a mad rush to get to the field of battle and search for bits of gold teeth and powder puffs. Line-up:

Conquering Horde	Vanishing Herd
McCart	Haskin
Ball	Funk
Stout	Thompson
Knott	Mitchell
W. Smith	Knox
Funk	Hansen
Menham	Goold
Figge	Jordan
Deuel	Peterson
Agosti	Reid

P. S.—There were several substitutes not worth mentioning.

Joseph Hughes Spurns Notre Dame Contract

Rejecting an offer from Notre Dame of \$100,000 per annum for his services, Jumping Joe informed Follygram reporters that he will journey to Pozo and coach the Marble team there. Beers rolled up his eyes as he hoarded the brain for Pozo leaving his Alma Mammy behind.

In his farewell address he stated that Elliot Shoabo is just finishing a portrait of his likeness to be given a place of dishonor in the Rouge's Gallery.

Who's Who

McLean, "Sneak-shot" Sterling born in Goat Center, Montana, Jan. 1st, 1918. President of Junior High School Latin Club (Boy, page Mr. Ripley); Member of sand skidding club of Plamo; All Conference drawback; Head coach of San Luis County; Rudy Valle's double; mighty midget mechanic of the campus; and a theoretical Journalist.

Gyorgy, "Swiss" Joe. Born in the lofty mountains of Switzerland, July 4th. Deals in exchange of inferior limousines. Responsible for the development of new terpsichorean complexities. First Cambria citizen to pass an intelligence test in over a century. Member of the beach tan club.

Dale, "Battery-station" Dick. Born in Glamorgan-shire, Wales, May 1st. Established a credit system in the marts of trade of San Luis Obispo. Surveyed local airport conditions. Another good will ambassador. Founder of national pawnshop association. (Born in Hog Center, Missouri, April 1st.)

Elliot, "Bone-handle" Hans. Climbed the ladder of Agricultural prestige by donating a gallon of "Flit" to the Polytechnic Pig Pens. Walling tragedian of the Mission High locker room. Throws the bull and discus. Easily identified by blank stare and ten-gallon hat.

Hughes, "Brick" Joe. Born in Dublin, Ireland, St. Patrick's Day. Rockne's logical successor. Man about town. Santa Maria's spectacular, speedy lover. Stagg's All-American. Billiard instructor; patronizer of drug stores. Weakness—blondes and Fords. Motto "Such popularity must be deserved."

Simmons, "Spider" Harry. Born in Paris-Texas, Feb. 14, 1913. Original Daddy Long Legs. Inventor of important medical appliance. Featured in the Santa Barbara mistaken identity in 1930. Self-appointed doorman at the Gold-Dragon. Hughes' rival for Santa Maria honors.

Van Voorhis, "One-shot" William. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, Feb. 22, 1901. Musician extraordinary; pedestrian annihilator. Responsible for the violation of the traffic regulations in Antioch. Star boarder at Dennis'. Webster's best follower in the gentle art of argumentation.

Tellam, Robert. Born in the Ukraine, Feb. 14, 1914. Heron Hall's good will ambassador. Has engaged in fisticuffs several times. Has conducted important chemical experiments, among them trying to bleach clothes by the use of talcum powder. Aided the school by donating them work after school hours. Aided the treasury of Dennis' considerably. Member of tan club.

In spite of the fact that prunes get stewed, cucumbers get plastered, gasoline gets tanked, sponges get soaked, and men get paralyzed, so what's the use!

Our idea of nothing is a bladeless knife without a handle.

A Bettitorial

Perhaps one of the most serious problems which confronts the budding study of the Palifornia Calitechnic is the disobedience of Student rules by the Faculty. The demerit and chain-gang system seems to have no effect, and the time is now ripe for the students to take drastic measures.

The "cutting up" has attained such climax that Captain Joseph Deuel and Velma Mitchell are running a race to see who can pile up more labor by the end of the semester. Captain "Happy" Smitson is seeing that the offenders get the toughest jobs available.

The Publications Department suggests that our present Pres., New York, be removed from office because such a flashy and romantic character, is too well-respected by the Faculty.

LET'S GET BEHIND OUR DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS AND HOLD THEM BACK.

Black Flamingo Barred By Censors On Campus

In order to give the public a more thorough understanding of the oncoming play, The Lavender Ostrich (maybe that is wrong) the Follygram will try to explain some of the most dramatic (???) parts in it.

Time: French Revolution.
Place: La Chateau The Black Flamingo.

Scene: A very tender love scene.
Characters: Popo (Richard Rose) and Clothilde (Irene Lebo).

Popo enters and Clothilde falls into his arms.

Popo—(s) a (o, & b).
Clothilde:—Ditto.

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(Censored.)

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"I don't want any callers this afternoon," said the office manager to the office boy, "not any. If they say that their business is important, just tell them that that's what they all say."

That afternoon a lady called and insisted on seeing the manager. "I'm his wife," she explained.
"That's what they all say," replied the office boy.

How do you spend your income?
About 30 per cent for shelter, 30 per cent for clothing, 40 per cent for food, and 20 per cent for amusement. But that adds up to 120 per cent. That's right.



THE DRESSED BEST MAN ON THE CAMPUS

Enraged Father: What are you doing to my daughter, young man?
Ernest Balcomb: I'm hugging her.

E. F.: What do you mean by taking such liberties?

E. B.: Oh, ahem, I'm a reporter.

E. F.: What's that got to do with it?

E. B.: Well, you see, I have a press pass.

Press Club Delegates Enjoy Trip

The Polygram Staff was well represented at the California Junior College Press Association at San Mateo last weekend by Joe Hughes, Joe Hughes, Joe Hughes, Fujita & Co, Inc. It seems as if the guide, Joe Hughes, took great delight in ushering the other members of the Club into the most exclusive and costly restaurants on the Pacific Coast. Much to the disgust of Coca-Cola Fujita.

Perhaps one of the miracles of the trip was the discovery of the only man who can live on one Coca-Cola a week. (Shylock Fujita.)

Hughes' magnetic personality and red hair were the main attractions at the convention—except for McLinn's weakness for the Follies. Armandariz complains that he did not sleep during the whole trip as Hughes was always waking him at all hours of the night to ask him if he thought that his girl in Santa Maria was thinking of him.

Highlights of the trip were: Dinner at the One-Gat-Low restaurant, China Town, and Fujita's record of expenses.

Believe it or not—There is going to be a baby pig in The Black Flamingo.

Up In The Air!

Upon the authorization of the Bureau of Aeronautics, Department of Commerce, the Poly sheep corral behind the Aero Shop was accredited as a licensed airport. Dedication services opened at midnight.

The efficiency of the Poly plane, The Jersey Cow, was shown when it went into a tail spin over Plamo and crashed in the ocean. According to the latest news reports from the Associated Press, all of the occupants were uninjured.

High Spots of the Day
Jim Donnell trying to personify Tomlinson took off in a fifteen-cent "Woolworth Special" for his record outside loop, breaking the world's record by making .001 loops.

Bon Houston and Bill Cheney tried for the dead sticks landing. It was dead stick landing all right when they crashed into Mr. Warren causing the latter to become the world's outside loop record holder by unintentionally breaking Donnell's record by 1-2 more loops than Donnell.

The day was ended by burning.

First Barber: What makes you so late?

Second Barber: I was shaving myself, and before I realized it I had talked myself into a haircut and shampoo.

Do you always read the truth? We thought so. Read this paper and weep.

Grocer: You want a pound of ochre? Go over to that paint store and ask for yellow ochre.

Mr. Mitchell: I don't want yellow ochre. I want the tappy ochre that you make pudding out of.

An Italian, having applied for citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court.

"Who is the President of the United States?"

"Mr. Hoover."

"Who is Vice-President?"

"Mr. Curtis."

"Could you be President?"

"Mista, you 'cuse me, please; I vera busy worka da railroad."