

MARGYLOF EHT

UTOPIA, MAYCEMBER 1.9, 00000.74

State Officials Urge New Course In Yodeling

Thru Campus Keyhole

Homelock Shermas ran himself ragged while chasing what he thought to be a ghost. It seems that Homelock was vainly trying to get some sleep while the cattle at the barns were trying to harmonize on a bovine interpretation of Dante's Inferno a la musicale. Just as the cows and bulls and whatnot, probably a couple of Ags mixed in with the bunch, were attaining some degree of success, that is as far as getting a barrage of censored words from the windows of the dorms (you can never really appreciate a good cow solo unless you live in a dorm and have several barns full of cows within a stone's throw of your domicile), Homelock saw a gauselike shadow emerge from the dorm and fit down the road!!!! Homelock was galvanized into action!!!! He immediately tore out of the building and after the ghost.

However, the ghost was a little faster than the aged Shermas so that by the time he got outside, the spectre was several hundred yards ahead and fitting toward the barns and the bovine chorus. Meanwhile the refrain had reached such volume that it sounded like a volcanic eruption.

As Shermas rounded the corner of the machine shop, the noise was trembled by the addition of a new and less melodious voice. Shermas realized that now he had to investigate regardless of the consequence.

Homelock shagged up to the barns. His tense face relaxed as he drew nearer, for just ahead of him, and clad only in a flowing nightie, was William Gardner Protector Smith trying his best to harmonize with one of the bulls that was honking in base.

Upon investigation it was found that Smith had been walking in his sleep and upon hearing the noises he could not resist the temptation to try out his correspondence course in voice culture. P. S. As the Follygram goes to press the Ag department is suing Smith for deafening the bull.

And while still on the Homelock subject, perhaps it is well to mention that Shermas has been asked to keep an eye on Bill Phelan. Relative to this case we have the liberty to print a page from the diary of Mr. Shermas: "April 30.—Watched Phedan get out of bed. Noted dumb look on his face. Trilled him to shower room and watched him scribble the initials E. C. on the frosty window panes. Made a notation of the fact that he brushed his teeth with shaving cream and never knew the difference. He kept sighing and dolly looking at the initials E. C. That evening he went to the annual play. After the performance he escorted his fan—(pardon that was a slip), continuing he escorted his lady friend to the vehicle of locomotion or in plain words to his car. It was at this point that Bill met with disaster for sitting in the rumble seat was a very determined looking chicken (fowl—not what you thought). Phelan did then do battle with said chicken. Phelan emerged victorious. CONCLUSION—SITUATION WELL IN HAND FOR E. C.

And now it is rumored that Micky Jovich's pictures were not stolen or abducted but that in reality, he hid them and wrote himself a slough of unsem letters which he printed to get publicity. To what extremes won't people go to get notorious!

Starling McLean is greatly interested in Cambria Pines. As yet we have not quite found out whether or not it is the real stuff, but at any rate, he is known to be quite "GAGA" about this certain individual.

Karl Monson is now a business man. That is, he has no office or any of the other blaa that one expects to go with just ask Hopkins what Karl is selling.

Jim Williams and Mary Padroni are that way about each other.



Piknik Daze Are Here Again

B. V. D. Artists Present Stupenduous Broadcast

(Apologies to Windy Windshield.) Note—English teachers are hereby warned to keep their seats, and remain calm as we are not using quotation marks because of the national depression.

This is station BVD broadcasting from atop the Underware Building on South Union Street, Avila, California. We now take you to our San Luis Obispo Studios.

Good evening ladies, gentlemen, and Ags. This is Graham Cracker speaking from our Deuel Dorm Studio in San Luis Obispo. This program brings to you the Zook Taxi Hour. You too should ride in a Zook Taxi! Zook Taxi's are always kind to your bones! The theme song, "One Hour With You" from the musical comedy of different name is dedicated to Mr. Joseph Dool of San Luis Obispo. And so tonight the Zook Taxi Company, Ltd. will bring you a varied interesting musical and political program.

Get ready out there Bang Smythe and your Symphony Smashers.

Come on, you listeners-out; get on to the magic bath towel for a trip through the ether to the Roof Garden of Dan Thomas's Horse Barn.

O. K.!! Bang Smythe.

Howdie Folks, this is "Bang" Smythe speaking from the Roof Garden. The first number on our program tonight will be the Muscle Dances by Inesda Rubdown followed by The Breathe of Spring vocal chorus by Willie Flunk. The last selection will be the Anvil Chorus by Henry Figge. Now back to Deuel Dorm Studio.

O. K. Graham!

Once again the Zook magic bath towel lands us in Deuel Dorm where we hear Walt Alby and his Deuel Drunkers singing "Oh How We Love Our Alma Mater."

Now for a short political speech from "Wrecks" Keenan, all-wet candidate for president of the Amalgamated Association Agricultural Club.

Faculty Family Fares Forth for Foly Frolic

Two boys, Crandall Prouss who is Thompson and the other Peterson of Albreth,son of Martinson, went on a wild goose Chase. In fact a Wilder Chase has never been known. They hitched a Stout plug to Mc-Cart and loaded it with good things to eat such as: fruit from the Figge tree, some smoked Cushing-ham, some Maceham, A-bhott-le of old Taylor and a Drum, a Ball, and a Bell. One argued that the load was too heavy, but the other replied, "Lleach of us carry that much!"

"A-go-ati-ek your head in the mud!" said the other. A black Smith standing by interrupted and asked why the argument couldn't be settled with a Deuel. "Knott on your life!" exclaimed one, "we have no guns and F-unk-le were here, there would be no argument!" "He Has-kin folks," said the black Smith. "You are always Dunning me for something and I Warren you if you don't stop fighting we will never get started. Opportunity Knox but once and this is the only chance that we will have to go!"

They started off, and took a Mac-farlane towards the Jordan. "Shall we go to the Southerland?" asked one.

"No," exclaimed the other, "we must go Hyer up if we expect to find geese. Let's go to Me-Far-land!"

If they had had More-heart and less tongue they would have agreed, but they didn't, so this is the Finn-ish.

We are sorry ladies and gentlemen, but technical difficulties have arisen far beyond the control of this station, and so we are obliged to bid you all good-night.

This is station BVD going off the air at exactly 11:30 p. m. International Pacific Coast

Haluva wawa... on the air again when we get good and ready. Good-night.

Cal Poly Teachers Must Coach Yodelers

Hear Yel Hear Yel A message from our beloved ruler King of Sports.

On ye 30th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two, upon ye Royal courts, of his majesty royal campus, there shall be staged a most unusual, spectacular, breath-taking, and entertaining tournament of ye grand old game of tennis.

His majesty has for years been on ye watch for ye best material prevalent in his most loyal subjects. (Applause.) Upon this day he will bring before your most unworthy optes, the cream of tennis players of this, our fruitful and beautiful kingdom. These loyal aspirants shall meet in mortal combat, to decide who shall be undisputed winners of ye aforementioned tournament. The foe to be vanquished shall come from the distant land of Taft.

Among the defenders of our fair land will be our standing notables and nobles: Sir Gratch, Royal Nite of the Bawth, His Nibs Sir "Lou" Wallace, Sir Herbert Enberg, of ye Royal order of Chaw Mien, Sir Boise Phillips, grand exalted keeper of the liquid flagpole, and Sir Robert Robinson, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's royal janitors.

His Majesty also proclaims that all loyal Mustangs shall be present at ye gorgeous spectacle, and nonattendants shall be beheaded and thrown to the lions. Such are the words of His Majesty, the King of Sports, son of Cal Poly, King of ye Royal College.

Zooky Wooky Worried Seeks Editor's Advice

Dear Editor: 'Tis a lonely and disillusioned man that writes you tonight from a cold and empty heart. I have just awakened to the perfidy of womanhood.

While peacefully playing my saxophone, to the enjoyment of the rest of the Dorm, one of the boys told me I was wanted on the telephone. A feminine voice insisted that she was Mabel and that if I could be down in front of the Anderson at 7:00 p. m., we would go out and make whoopes.

Dressing carefully and wearing my hat, I hurried downtown, and established myself at the appointed rendezvous. Seven o'clock came; seven-thirty came and went; and at eight-thirty and discouraged I returned to my trundle bed.

What shall I do, Mr. Editor? ZOOKY WOOKY.

Dear Wooky: Don't believe anything you hear and only half of what you see, also learn to tell the difference between boys' and girls' voices over the telephone.

THE EDITOR.

Student Co-op Store Wins Liquor Lawsuit

Utopia, California, Maycember 000000000.9467% (U.P.)—By special ruling of the State Supreme Court The California Polytechnic Non-Students-Co-op Store will again be allowed to sell hard liquors and cider. The store has been closed since a suit was brought against them by Henry Figge and Olive Reid Finn, instructors at Cal Poly.

In the suit the Polytechnic teachers claimed that the store had been conducting a legal sale of liquor which is illegal in the United States. However, the court that tried the case, composed of Pete Armendaris, Herbert Enberg, Ruth Peterson, Fay Billingsley, Dr. Ben R. Crandall, Hope Jordan, and William Gardner Proctor Smith, ruled that the store was conducting illegal traffic and hence legal, thus not subject to prosecution.

According to the defense attorneys the store was merely selling listerine mixed with gasoline, and that the customers were complaining because it lacked kick.

Bradbury Involved In "Boo" Phone Call

It was Sunday afternoon. Chase Hall, with the exception of T. W. Fujita, Hank Vervais, and Dick Dale, was deserted. Fujita was tediously trying to entertain himself by the "hunt and peck" system on the piano.

Finally Fujita tired of his efforts to reproduce new "muscle dance" music, Vervais, discouraged, gave up his wiggle-waggle movements, and, silence reigned. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a terrible din made by the jingling of the telephone in the office.

"Hello," said a feminine voice, "may I speak to Boo?" "Er—, what's that?" asked Dick. "I want to talk to Boo."

"Just a moment please," said Dick, and thinking she had asked for Deuel, he knocked at the Captain's door.

"I'm sorry, but there doesn't happen to be anyone here by that name." "Oh, there must be."

"Describe him, then." "He's got 'it'; has light hair, almost blond, blue eyes—crossed, handsome features, a Roman nose, wonderful physique, and massive bow legs."

"That's not a very good description. Can you tell me anything more about him?" "You can tell him by his feet, I'm sure. They're perfectly huge."

"How big?" "Oh, about as big—as big as—suit-cases, I guess."

"Well, they're big, anyway." After promising the young miss he would try to find "Boo," Dick hung up the receiver and walked thoughtfully back to the sofa in the lounge.

Suddenly Fujita jumped up, frantically waved his arms about, and then collapsed. The strain had been too much for his delicate mind.

When this mystery was solved, Bill Bradbury was located and told of the phone call.

He refused twenty-seven and three-fourth's dates that afternoon while he waited for a phone call from someone who wanted to speak to "Boo," alias Bill Bradbury.

Classified Directory Cal Poly Supermen

- Most handsome man—"Susie" Forbes. Most dazzling blonde—"Blonde Manteca Terror" Miller. Most unassuming—Micky "Sleeping Six" Josovich.

- Most popular—Harold Franklin. Most individual in dress—George "Muscle Dancer" Ha. Most dignified—Fred Vejby.

Gallant Galley Slaves Get Glorious Recognition

A representative of the "Who's Who in America" recently visited the Print Shop with the result that the 1932-33 edition of this volume will list the members of the Cal Poly Galley Slaves among the country's notables.

Donald "Wrong Font," "Peanut" Burrows, distinctive printer, throws so much type at the type line that this species is almost extinct, and the Print Shop is asking for an appropriation with which to buy new type.

Paul "Italic Quad" Carver, famous big shot and leading citizen of Morro Bay, sets several galleys full of blank lines every week in order to economize on type metal.

Clyde "Greasy Mat" Davis, world champion speed linotypist, is believed to be secretly in cahoots with Al Smith, Mussolini, or Amie Semple MacPherson on account of the mysterious sheets of printed matter he smuggles out of the shop after a session at the machine.

Kenneth "Bucket" Hartson, the "Atascadero Strong Man" mixed some orange printer's ink and washing powder in some gasoline and took a couple of drinks. According to latest reports he can still tell the difference between a cylinder press and an electric light globe.

Elwin "Knock Knees" Higby, who preaches socialism to the Galley Slaves, distributes printed matter throughout the county glorifying the virtues of the Communist System.

Phil "Galley Proof" West, while reading the Los Angeles "Examiner," saw a picture of Greta Garbo and immediately decided to take the Daylight Limited for Hollywood, but was prevented from doing so by the prompt locking of the doors and windows by the gang.

Bruce "Baby Face" Rose, while looking for some type lice in the stock room, discovered several suspiciously labeled bottles, and thereby cleared up one of the deepest mysteries of the campus—why the Galley Slaves are strictly forbidden to come within a block of the sacred precincts of the stock room. How did it taste, Bruce?

Hash Covers and Short Skirts

Will the Folyfaze meeting please come to order? The first talk on today's program will bring us Professor Langley who has chosen to give a talk on the life of Hyster Esis, her ambition and accomplishments.

Left Foote took a trip to Cal Pet to see what had to be done about it. Hollinger has been visiting several of the large power companies to find out what they did with their used watts.

And still Sinclair has been trying to find out who dedicated the Wheatstone bridge. "Doc" Wilder: Dill what is the unit of electrical power?

Dill: What? "Doc" Wilder: Fine, Dill, fine. And yet the electricians theme song is "Ohm sweet ohm."

Eli Gregory thinks an ammeter is a rodent destroyer. Mr. Hyer: Sparman, may I borrow your slide rule?

Sparman: I'm sorry, but I didn't copy it down. Preble still thinks that induced currents are used in bakeries for making currant pies.

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SKY DROPPINGS

By Dick Dale EXCELLENT CAST Starring Der Little Red Hen, Frank Barbara, Der Gooseling, Everett Matthews, Der Kink, Harley Cox, Chorus, 1000 Others

"Ooh, der sky is falling," said der little red hen. "I should go und tell der Kink, maybe, oncet?"

Der Gooseling (Everett Matthews) wobbled about on her two web feet and quacked with glee. She had just tried her favorite trick and had almost succeeded in doing it.

"Oh yes, let's do, maybe ve go now, eh?" So they started off. Ere long they came to Piggie-Wiggie (Herbert Jerrells).

"Where youse guys bound for?" he asked in a gruff squeal. "Der sky is falling," said Der Little Red Hen.

"Yes, und vees are going to tell Der Kink about it," said Der Gooseling. "Methinks I'll scam along wid youse."

So Piggie-Wiggie joined them. The three made their way along the rough road that finally led them to California Boulevard. Seeing someone ahead of them they hastened their pace and then seeing who it was, they almost turned and ran from fright.

"De sky is falling," said Der Little Red Hen. "Yes, und vees are goin' to tell Der Kink, too, yet," rasped Der Gooseling.

"Youse ought to come along before I takes a notion to put youse on der spot," wailed Piggie-Wiggie. "Have no fear, I shall join you."

Finally they came to Der Kink's palace. The donkey (Loran Foote) kicked open the door and stood guard while Piggie-Wiggie (Herbert Jerrells), Der Gooseling (Everett Matthews), and Der Little Red Hen (Frank Barbara) filed in to Der Kink (Harley Cox).

"Der sky is falling," said Der Little Red Hen, "und va taut ve should come und tell you once, too maybe, eh?"

"Youse are right," exclaimed Der Kink. "It was a wheat seed." Then he passed around the drinks.

Battling Terrors Win Some Black Shirts

Under the timid tutelage of Coach Susie Forbes, the Battling Terrors trounced the sturdy but highly-spirited Black Shirts, led by the honorable Edward Rubenoff Rose in a rousing escapade yesterday.

Calling the team into action, Umpire Zook blew the dust off the home plate and squatted into a nearby chair. Spectators were at once distracted by grunts and groans coming from a masked body behind the battery.

Closer inspection revealed catcher DeForrest. Suddenly something twirled into the pitcher's box. Within a few seconds the object, rotated so fast that the figure of Poetic Sic Waits was visible.

A thump. The object left the home plate at terrific speed. It ground with a bang and DeForrest grabbing it and sped for first, where the picturesque Slim Fitzsimmons snatched it from the catcher, and with a skip and a jump, let it fly to the waiting baseman, Nicky Covell, a typical second-bagger.

Covell tripped, but threw the object to Pee Wee Thompson, who guarded his position as though it were his English lesson. He in turn let fly and a gust of wind carried the pill off into space.

Dale, third baseman, lengthened his stride in quest of the oak ball but was tripped by the pile-up of the remaining members of the Secret Six who were fighting fiercely for the possession of a Buffalo nickle magnanimously tossed among them by J. D. Ruckerfeller Hillman.

FOLITORIAL STIFF

Execution Editor.....Patsarmen Daseg Maircuring Editor.....Kied Lada Nerts Editor.....Kram Lower Kop Editor.....Big Win Haly Chief Kolum Inches.....War on Food-Jeeta

Solomon Monstrus, Fill Sweatface, John Heer-i-am, Alamo Houston, E. Jacksonville Fla., Buddy Robbers, Landscape Gardeners, Colonel Arturo Zoogis, Bank on de Forest.

Greasy Mechanics Follygram Bust-up.....Ruse Bozo Press Smashers.....Ruse Bozo, Dave Clyvis

Hunt 'n Peckmen.....Ruse Bozo, Dave Clyvis, Carve Knifer Double Exposures.....Bought 'n Sold, Hyer

Hieroglyphics.....Bernie Press Infernalism.....Olive Infamy, Cow-Purr Tired Business Mens Let 'em Knowit.....Scotchy McArthur-lane

Chief Ckeck Up.....Paganinni Norri-hill Pest Carrier.....Carve Knifer

Ye Royal Racketeers Meet in Mortal Combat

The California State Legislature has just passed a bill increasing the curriculum of the California Polytechnic School by the addition of one required course.

It seems that the commission received word of the excellent condition of the road leading from San Luis to Poly and decided to investigate. After concluding the survey the following report was submitted to the State Legislature:

"We of the California State Highway Safety Commission, have investigated conditions in San Luis Obispo and have found it necessary that pedestrians be able to yodel in order to avoid accidents.

The ruts in the road are so bad that in walking over it one is, at times, descending canyons and at other times, scaling hazardous precipices. Thus said pedestrians are frequently entirely out of sight.

Naturally the difficulty arises that travelers may not spot each other and head-on collisions will doubtless result.

"We do therefore respectfully recommend that a thorough course in yodeling be added to Polytechnic's curriculum and that said course be made compulsory. After this is accomplished, we suggest that some means be provided of enforcing the ordinance compelling anyone walking on said road at all times to yodel so that other travelers may always be warned of the presence of another pedestrian in the vicinity, thereby preventing accidents.

Signed: Horatious McThugg (Chairman). I. Hornswaggle. John Gypp. Louise Lugg.

We Would Like to Know

What would happen if Dr. Crandall, Barney Casner, and Dick Jackson, all walked around the campus smoking cigars?

Why Zook does not blow a tune while playing his clarinet? Who sends Susie Forbes all these flaming letters?

What would happen if certain Ags who take Econ would ever clean off their shoes before they came into class? Where Kramer got his nick-name, Pansy?

How McLean and Cleo are getting along? Why Josovich is wearing a uniform? Who the girl is that Barbara has had about seven blind dates with?

Who the Sleeping Six are? Where Dale got the line he used on the girls over the phone? SPARKS AND CINDERS—MEN'S STORE CORSETS, GIRDLES AND GARTERS OUR SPECIALTY HOME OF MEN AND CLARK 89c 0018 \$1000.7 Ur an My St.

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