

THE BUZZARD

FROSH TAKES INITIAL LESSONS IN SMOKING WITH MAN-SIZE PIPE

Places Pipe on Sale at Reduction of 150%



Now that smoking is a dignified occupation in social circles, and in college circles since Bryn Mawr College has joined Vassar in allowing women to smoke on the campus, a popular Frosh, commonly entitled "Horky," decided that it was time he learned to handle the vile weed.

"Smoking is not an evil," says the editor of the *Southern California Trojan* in an editorial; but, at any rate, Horky was determined. Purchasing himself a man-sized pipe and supply of the weed to go with it, he set himself down behind the woodshed and ruined a perfectly good match on the tinder in the bowl.

The fuel burned ravenously and poor Horky did his best to get the smoke circulating as fast as it came, but he resembled an overworked locomotive and his immediate vicinity resembled Pittsburg before the fuel was half consumed.

Horky's friends missed his company the day following the experiment, and it took a prolonged period of convalescence to convince the Frosh that he would have to wait a few years before he could call himself a man.

The pipe cost him a dollar and a half, good American rhino, but it is now on sale at a reduction of 150%. The pipe is as good as new, since it did not have a fair chance to get broken in. There is no depreciation in the condition of the pipe, it having survived the ordeal in much better shape than its experimental owner; but due to the noticeable depreciation in the owner, the pipe has been offered for sale at a loss. If a buyer is not found by tomorrow night, Horky is going to use the pipe for soap bubbles, a use which to which he is much better adapted.

Neck's Weak

Monday—First period, ditch psychology to regain a little sleep. Sixth period, cut Spanish to go swimming.

Tuesday—Fourth hour, Run to assembly so as to get a front seat.

Wednesday—Fourth hour, brag up professor in Public Speaking for good grade. Laugh at prof's jokes in math.

Thursday—Night, heavy date at show and beach.

Friday—Night, Show date with steady.

OUR PLATFORM

Dry sidewalks on rainy days. Backs and cushions on corridor benches.

Non-skid chair seats in lecture rooms.

Individual mail boxes.

Improved trolley service.

Tame drinking fountains.

Passing Exams (Out)

He goes to classes reg'larly. Occasionally he studies; Except those times when he is out With lady friends and buddies. His lessons never bother him Till announcements of exams, And then he sits up two whole nights And crams and crams and crams.

And when examinations come, His brain is fagged and stale. No wonder that the grades he gets Are dangerously near fail. 'Tis time when one exam is past To prepare for the next; So now get busy with note book And reference book and text. C. A. Brockus.

"I want to go where you go, then I'll be happy," sang the wood tick as it commenced operations.

Taki Asakura then defeated Gene Powell and all comers in wrestling matches which ended decidedly in his favor.

Keith Gunn and Clayton Sheelsy then tangled themselves up in what they playfully called a wrestling match which was won by Sheelsy.

The pugilists resembling windmills the pugilists resembling windmills match was replete with haymakers, and Kid Vandam. Although the time between Battling Marshall and Kid Vandam. Although the evening was another draw, this The other boxing match of the worth writing home about.

much dinner to make the bouts contestants had consumed too enough publicity this week. Both the professor and the newspaper decision, because he is not getting draw, but we are inclined to give Battling Bus Heggie. They fit to a survived a couple of rounds with Following this Professor Nicklin stories which he labeled jokes.

big. Then Mr. Ericson told a few cowboy ballads which went over with a number of readings from Dr. Ellison opened the meeting matches.

and several boxing and wrestling type of entertainment, the program Varying somewhat from the usual tion.

Dr. Ellison rose to speak to the Men's Club at the feed last Tuesday. "Now, I don't know how long this will take," he said, "so I am going to lay my watch down here on this stool and watch it."

If last Sunday morning's paper was correct, Casey won't need to worry about broadjumpers. Our yell leader was credited with a leap of 171 feet, 2 1/2 inches. Must be an angel.

SENIORS LOSE TRACK MEET, SMALL MARGIN

By a bare margin of ten points, the Seniors were acclaimed the cellar champs of the college in track this season, the decision being arrived at after the festival last Saturday commonly termed the annual interclass track meet. The other classes fought hard, but to no avail; for the Seniors had the advantage of fewer contenders for the positions. The final standing was the same as that rumored about the college following the last basketball tournament:

Seniors	21
Freshmen	31
Juniors	36
Sophomores	52

Contrary to predictions, there were few dark horses. Ben Fong, however, surprised the Sophomores by winning the high jump and Daniel Britton placed second in the high hurdles. No, there were more than two men running.

"Bus" Heggie was high point man of the meet with 17 points, dethroning Jimmy Anderson by one point. The records made in the meet could not be compared with those made in the recent interclass meet at the University of California, but then, beating the other fellow was preferred to establishing records and the meet showed very good results, considering the early date of the meet.

The Score Sheet

Mile run—Nicklin (F), third; Jacobs (So), second; Linder (Sr), won. Time, 5:09.2.

100-yard dash—Treolar (F), third; O'Reilly (Jr), second; Heggie (So), won. Time, 0:10.2.

120-yard high hurdles—Dice, (So), third; Britton (F), second; Morehead (Jr), won. Time, 0:18.2.

Hammer throw—Jakaway (F), third; Anderson (Sr), second; Annin (So), won. Distance, 100 ft., 2 1/2 inches.

No. 1 continued on Page 1

Results of college instruction were demonstrated in a practical way at Flores Flats by the members of the Outing Club. Department from the Home Ec. Department consumed for breakfast faculty cookies while the C. M. men tried themselves eggs and meat.

Dr. Ellison scanned the crowd. "You better watch it," he said.

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An Autobiography of a Freshman

I was born, so I have been told, a long time ago with nothing in my mouth but my tongue. It was not long ago—no, not very long until I acquired a few teeth to keep it company. Incidentally, I have gained other articles of apparel since that eventful day that influenced my whole life, but they do not concern my biography as much as did that birthday.

I entered school before I had been in existence a mere decade and it was not long before the teacher recognized my abnormal ability as a scholar. Although I could read the Little Red Hen faster than anyone else, I remained at the foot of the class, because that was where the stove was.

When I was fifteen years old, I could play marbles and shoot craps better than anyone else in the fourth grade. In fact such was my athletic prowess that I became district hop-scotch champion before I reached the sixth grade.

To illustrate my remarkable powers, one of my playmates playfully threw a couple of cats through my ears without scratching my brains. Now you see me with a spotless future before me. In spite of the efforts made to use my head for something else than a medium to keep my ears from rubbing together, my brains are as good as new.

I am writing this for the use of research historians who may find it invaluable when I become a Congressman.



"Doc" Defeats Flip

Pulling the final curtain on his personal tennis match victories, "Doc" Ellison scalped Flip Brotherton to a 2-6; 4-6 flavor the other day. Flip says that "Doc" was playing the best tennis he ever has before.



The accompanying pen sketch drawn by the Buzzard staff photographer was taken during the heat of the match. The picture shows the Doctor using his characteristic double-fisted drive. The artist notes at the bottom of the view that the ball went over the fence. Also, note the determined expression on the historian's countenance—come Helen Wills, no? It was that determination which won the match for him. Without it, he would have lost. And with it, he might have lost anyway!

STUDENT BODY URGED NOT TO ATTEND IRISH SHAMROCKTILT TONITE

St. Patrick's Dance to be Boring Affair Tonight at Club

Therefore it is for those reasons which we have lived up to before that we want you all to stay away from the big Shamrock Tilt to be given by the Student Body, Friday night, March 5th. In order that we may be more than sure that you will not be roped into coming, we'll just name those above reasons all over again.

Reason No. 1: Stay away! If you come you will be taken away from your lessons one whole evening, and your thinking of them during the dance will only result in making you a nervous wreck—and your partner a physical one.

Reason No. 2: Stay away! If you come you will be bored to death or tears, as the entertainment which will be provided will be so absolutely above your class that you will not find it in the least enjoyable. This entertainment, by the bye, consists of a solo dance by one of St. Patrick's direct descendants, Margaret Patrick, who has condescended to illustrate in a solo dance the terpsichorean art instituted and practiced by her saintly grandsire. To complete the program, three nonentities of the Irish drama will appear in a skit. The trio modestly expressed a desire for anonymity, but it is generally felt that if a revelation of their identity be made it will induce more people to absent themselves from the Clubhouse. Enter Harry Coleman, Floyd Kenney and Roscoe McGuire.

No. 3: For the third time, Stay away! With Greenough's synco-pating quintette on deck there will be so many addicts of the dance already present that you would only be in the way.

No. 4: And again—for good measure—Stay away! The Dance committee, namely, Clara Parrett, Phil Brotherton (chairman), Ruth Chalmers, Charlotte Bellman, Myrtle Lee Ambrose, Harold Furman and Warren Atwood, all desire it to be emphasized that they worked so hard in preparation for the dance in order that no one might come Friday for a marvelous good time. The doors will be thrown open at 8:30 o'clock, but you stick home and grind. Let the other fellow come.

Tau Gams Hike

Not to be outdone by the Outing Club, the women (only) of the Tau Gamma Sigma sorority will leave early tomorrow morning on a hike to Flores Flats at the head of Rattlesnake Canyon. A winner roast will be held at the flats. Gretchen Zeigler has arranged the affair.

THE EAGLE

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PRIZE CONTEST

Since *The Eagle* seldom has anything in it worth reading, because it is not large enough to hold everything, we are giving our subscribers two issues in one.

Since we have never indulged in any prize contests yet, we feel that the present issue affords an excellent opportunity for one. To the first person, whether a student or a gentleman, who turns in to the Eagle mail box the correct answer to the question: "Which way is the paper turned to have it right side up?" we will award the privilege of reading proofs for us for a week.

THE EAGLE SQUAWKS

The City Editor Comments

WHEN TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS FIVE

The multitudinous meditations of the editor-in-chief were rudely disturbed after he had examined his paper as it appeared to the students last week. He had spotted a series of incongruent mathematical calculations in the write-up of the Greek letter society pledges on the front page.

The following are the calculations. The headline advertised fifty-six members as joining the frats. The gentle reader was then

annoyed by discovering that the lead stated that fifty had become members, and he evidently calculated that six members had decided to drop from the list. So to check up on the figures, the disturbed reader decided to see for himself; so he counted the names. And as the editor-in-chief says: "There wasn't forty names there if you counted the fat ones twice."

So the editor-in-chief is advertising for an expert mathematician to audit all mathematical observations in *The Eagle*.

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YE KAMPUS GOSSPE

SLEEP BEAUTY sleep.
SLEEP SLEEP sleep.
AND HE did.
BECAUSE.
THE OTHER night.
OTTO LARSEN was dated.
WITH LUCILLE Dexter.
AND THE TRYSTING time.
WAS EIGHT o'clock.
AND IT WAS SIX o'clock.
AND MR. LARSEN was sleepy.
AND HE TOLD a friend.
OF HIS to wake him.
WHEN HE returned.
AND MR. LARSEN lay down.
AND WENT to sleep.
AND KEPT sleeping.
AND AT LUCILLE'S house.
MISS DEXTER was worrying.
BECAUSE IT was past eight.
AND SHE was pacing the floor.
AND WRINGING HER hands.
AND AS SHE LOOKED out the window.
TO WHERE her car.
ONCE WAS parked.
SHE EXCLAIMED.
MY AUTO! My auto.
WHERE IS he?
BUT NO WHERE could.
HE BE seen.
EXCEPT AT home.
ON THE bed.
AND WHEN his friend came home.
HE WOKE MR. Larsen.
AND HE SAID to his friend.
WHAT SAYETH the clock?
AND HIS friend replied.
ELEVEN!
I THANK YOU.

Disgusted Father—What do you expect to be when you get out of college?
Son—An old man.

A chance and marry thief first mail who aster.

She wed a home leat guy with hard lea enough
Enuf to buyer clothes and chews and lids.
Sheet aches in washing four thee neigh burrs now
And awl sew is them other of sick kids.

Them oral of mice tory is just this:
"Don't waest ewer thyme on silly cents less rot,
You've dun ale lot of work two reed this poem,
And now that ewe are threw, watt have ewe got?"

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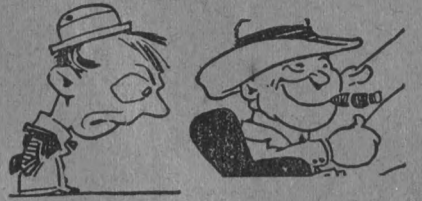
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Our Peculiar Lingo

A rite suite little boy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough about his neck, flu up the rode swift as eh dear. After a thyme, he stopped at a gnu house and wrang the belle. His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded wrest. He was too tired to raze his fare, pail face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with all her mite, for fear her guessed wood not weight. Butt when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site.

"Ewe poor deer. Why dew ewe ye hear? Are yew dying?"

"Know," he said, "I am feint to the corps." She boar him inn her arms as she ought, too a room where he mite be quite, gave hymn bred and meet, held cent under his knows, tied his choler, rapped hymn warmly, gave hymn some suite drachm from a viol, till at least he went fourth hail as a young hoarse.



This is a portrait of Lettuce Prayforim before and after taking three drops of our *Vigorine emulsion*. Although only 93 years of age, he couldn't play football nor indulge in any other of the milder sports which his playmates were enjoying. Now he is a prize-fighter and moves bath tubs for a living. Read his confirmation: "To whom it may concern—Be it known that I, L. Prayforim, had chronic cold feet and green expectoration for forty-five years. After taking one dose of your *Vigorine*, I could throw the bottle 175 yards, and did. Censorly yours."

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EDITORIAL

This is the first time I ever wrote an editorial, just arriving at this college yesterday from the seething metropolis in the valley that supplies the college with the increase in enrollment of which it brags every semester. Surely you've heard of Wasco, that place where the road widens near Bakersfield.

I was told by the editor to write a dizzy editorial for him, and I was also told not to let anyone know I wrote it, because Wasco needs all of its citizens.

Well, as the student bulletin board remarked to the corridor fountain, "I'm not very well posted this morning, but anyway, I'm not all wet." Hence my inability to express myself.

I like your college here and your fair city is everything it was cracked up to be. I've written enough now to give any buzzard indigestion, so I guess I'll sign off and get back to the valley before our mayor gets worried.



Dear editor:
 For cat's sake, you're surely not going to try to put out a dizzy editor (CHARLIE A. by name). HAD EXTRAORDINARY difficulty. FULFILLING HIS P.E. requirements. AND SO CASEY the Coach. (BEING IN A beneficial mood). DECIDED that. IF MISTER Brockus, would be last week. It takes me a whole week to get over the dizzy spells I get every time I read your paper now. Can't you take pity on us?

A. Stewardant.

Dear Stewardant:
 Six bits you're a Freshman as well as a student. Nobody else could get away with a dirty dig like AND BASKETBALL baskets. AND DUMMY stands. AND CHARGING dummies. AND SO forth. THAT HE WOULD be given. PHYSICAL education requirements. AND CREDIT. AND MISTER Brockus. (THE poetic). AND SO HE dusted his saw. AND HAMMER AND nails. AND SQUARE. AND BUILT hurdles. AND HIGH JUMP standards. AND BASKETBALL baskets. AND CHARGING dummies. AND SO forth. AND SO THE other day. MISTER Brockus. (THE poetic). REPLIED that. HE DIDN'T THINK he could. BECAUSE. HIS HAMMER was broken. AND HIS SAW was getting dull! I THANK you.

Why don't you answer me? I did shake my head. Well, I couldn't hear it rattle clear over here.

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Stewed Aunt Opinion

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The high tea ended Saturday afternoon with the general consensus of opinion that it was the most attractive yet given.

The program from ending to beginning was shown by the hearty applause that it was much appreciated.

Tea was poured during the latter part of the afternoon by Mrs. Price and Miss Severy and during the first part by Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Crosswell. The refreshments consisting of ices, cake, tea and salad, were enjoyed by everyone who ate them (and everyone did, though not in this order).

Dean Pyle and Ester Janssens bid goodbye to the guests, who seemed very reluctant about leaving, and welcomed all the newcomers graciously.

Everyone came in new spring frocks which showed very effective-ly against a background of pastel tinted flowers. Some came singly, some in sorority groups, but everybody came.

Why don't the Scotch wear rubber shoes?

Because they give a little.

High-T Entertains Women Students From End To Beginning

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Ye Kampus Gossipe

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Profetor Discovers Theory Of Gelatinic Debatement; Is Lauded

Profetor Henriquis Abomina-tions Nicklin, B.V.D., C.O.D., P.D. Thirty Paul S. Means, local tele-crease the speed; while Thirty bailing out the water as he sweats in the University of Seismojus, advanced quiverological theories

When the news reached Wash-ington, Profetor Coolidge abruptly left the Congress chamber, where he was presiding over a debate on satisfaction of the American Asso-ciation of caricaturists by the Paris

Designers' union after a heated dis-cussion as to what day should properly follow Friday.

Note the pathetic expression on the face of the horse at the end of the race. It is about to be tossed into the largest cavern in

three counties, from whence it will emerge no more in its orig-inal form. The remainder of the members basked in the moonlight

After reading the latest dis-covers the President climbed to the summit of the nearest soap box and delivered an oration on the

discovery. The speech is found elsewhere in this paper.

Senator Borah interrupted The Congress immediately dis-banded, some senators left imme-

diately for their residences, others stood around in groups discussing the discovery. Senator William

G.O.D., P.D., professor of Shiverol-ogy and advanced quiverol-ogy theories in the University of

Seismojus, California, while puffing his been cigarro, tossed out to a waiting correspondent an explana-

tion of his theory of the Principle of Gelatinic Debatement. To-wit:

"Having perceived the incongru-ity of present quiverological theories, I decided to settle the en-tire matter. I executed the fol-

lowing procedure: 1. Went to a grocery and pur-chased 453 grams of pure distilled

Jell-O powder, which I prepared and armfuls. His inspiration, Pro-fessor W. W. Peters, was standing

sumption. By taking a heavy ham-mer and smashing one leg of the table upon which the Jell-O rested,

from being disturbed too much. The Profetor himself, sitting on a wooden chair in room 47, was re-ceiving congratulations by kissful

and armfuls. His inspiration, Pro-fessor W. W. Peters, was standing sumption. By taking a heavy ham-mer and smashing one leg of the table upon which the Jell-O rested,

Neck's Weak Monday—Sorority night. Tuesday—A.W.S. and Men's Club. Faculty meeting. Thursday—Student Body meet-ing. Friday—High-Jinx (A.W.S.) Saturday—Dual track meet, Po-mona Frosh there.

To be concluded Under one corner of the edifice, didn't know it and placed a plank sneaked up one night when he get a person in the hut at night. I secure. Obtaining permission to The foundation was somewhat in-

In Soap-Box Speech President Lauds Discovery

To be continued

To be concluded

On Campus Investigation a Result of Foolish Questions

That tomorrow will be Saturday and the following day will be Sun-day was definitely settled to the

relationship is strained Between 2 Local Track Stars

Relationship is Strained Between 2 Local Track Stars

To be concluded

To be concluded

To be concluded

To be concluded

To be concluded

To be concluded

TO LA CUCUMBER PEAK OUTING CLUB "OUTS" CLUB CELEBRATION AT Y. 2'S DAY

Straggling home between the hours of 9 and 12 Sunday morning, the Outing Club of the college fin-

Before sauntering home, howev-er, the club climbed outside of a breakfast of charred bacon and cof-

fee garnished with mountain scen-ery and real estate, but everyone

was too sleepy to know the differ-ence. All this happened at Flores

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