

Club To Visit
Enter Thursday

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SEX-MAD CRAMPUS EDITOR RESIGNS

IT'S
COMING

THE CRAMPUS

A TRY-WEAKLY

IT'S
COMING

Vol. 52 — No. 15

NEW YORK, N. Y., DAY BEFORE APRIL FOOL

WEATHER — YES

Comradsky Frederuska B. Jones Canned; 19 Professors Banned by Cokey Johnson

Crampusmen in Orgy; Sadists Ruin Editor

Free Lover Supplants Hellborn
Sadist Possessed of Oedipus
Complex

By Princess Fency Rubinoff

Special despondent to the Crampus
A carnal sex orgy sponsored by the
National Sadist League and culmin-
ating in the retirement of the concupi-
scent editor-in-chief of The Crampus,
Filberten Koodgrind, a hellborn Sadist
possessed of a Oedipus complex, took
place last night in The Crampus of-
fice, the satyriasis of the staff finally
breaking out into rampant and wanton
lasciviousness.

The prurient editor of the paper has
given way to that salacious advocate
of free-love, Windjammer Liar, who
now, for the third time this year, holds
the pornographic post of editor-in-
chief. However, it is questionable
whether Liar can surpass Koodgrind's
iniquitous lubricity.

Koodgrind and a few other mem-
bers of the staff, including the eminent
Herkimer M. Comb retired in shame
when they realized that the lechery of
some of the lowly reporters had begun
to overshadow their own licentious-
ness.

Editor-in-Chief Admits Failure

With a tear in his eye, Koodgrind
mourned his inability to continue his
heinous career of carnality. "I admit
failure," he throated, his voice husky.
On the verge of a breakdown, the
libidinous Koodgrind was able to hold
up his head only because of Hernia B.
Throat Krammer's promise "to show
him how" sometime in the near fu-
ture.

The carousal which took place last
night is the first of a series of sex
orgies to be sponsored by the metro-
politan chapter of the National Sadist
League in protest against the suppres-
sion of free-love in the College.

The Crampus has taken the lead in
(Continued on Page 4)

Crampus Meeting Today in Toilet; Editor To Lecture On Editing

The entire staff of The Crampus
will meet tomorrow in the third
stall of the main toilet to hear a
talk on tissue editing. Filberten
Koodgrind, former editor, will lec-
ture and demonstrate. Failure to
attend will mean suspension from
the staff.

Faculty Files Out In Protest



Irate Professors Staging Tumultuous Demonstration Over Prexy's Dismis sal

Gram. Soc. Stages Spirogyra's Sex Life

Love and life, tears and tragedy,
and stark retribution 'neath a tropic
moon—all these will be portrayed
when the Gramatic Society presents
its semi-annual show, "The Sex Life
of a Spirogyra," in the Greatest Hall
at noon today.

The play, a stirring slice of real life,
is the only trilogy of its kind ever
written. It is the only eternal trian-
gle play with two characters. They
are:

1. A man.
2. A woman.

As the curtain rises, the man is dis-
covered sitting before a mirror ad-
miring himself. He is a narcissist, and
is so nuts about himself that one day
when he is alone together he pro-
poses to himself. Strangely enough
he says "yes."

So he marries himself.

In the next scene, the man is dis-
covered running around with another
woman. He has become bored with
himself and O'Neill and is doing him-
self wrong when he catches himself
in the bedroom with another woman.
He shoots himself—dead.

In the final act, the man is brought
up on trial for murdering himself.
Here we have a dramatic court scene.
The man is convicted.

At Sing Sing, sitting in his cell,
staring through the cold gray night
into the great beyond, he got the urge.
Hopping on the cot, he went to bed
together.

A passing guard notices the sex or-
gy and breaks into the cell.
"Say," yells the guard, "did you
have your lunch today?"
Curtain.

РОБГОМ СА113Д ДЗАТН ТО А11!

Тнз тэд мэназ арргоаонз.
Соои Вэрилсоиоујтсн жј11 say
тнз жоғд! Фэл11ож Стцдентс—

"Urin-al Smoothy" Pool's Theme Song

Professor Gall today manifested his
latest manifesto limiting the amount
of Urine in the Pool-water to 3.2%.
The new regulation is to become effec-
tive on April 7, pussyfooting permit-
ting. The learned professor is or-
ganizing an extensive campaign
against leaks in the pool. A "Smell
Your Underwear" movement is under
way. The U. P. club immediately
announced its opposition. It will
picket the slab on the south end of
the pool this afternoon. They will
march up and down and then to City
Hall singing "Urin-al Smoothy" and
shouting their war-cry "When urine
—you're out."

Noted Psychologist



Pain Issues Startling Story

жз мцст стјкз!! А робгом!
Кј11 тнз антј-мј1јтајстс —
Рнгзз Срззон — кј11 тнз мј1ј-
тајстс — Асадемјс рнгзздом —
— кј11 тнз коммјцјстс — рнгзз
ргзсс — кј11 тнз сарјтајстс —
— рнгзз лјцсн — кј11 тнз адмјцјс-
статјон — рнгзз вззт — кј11
тнз стцдзнт воду — рнгзз аж
— кј11 эцзгуводу — рнгзз —
— а ровгом — уожса!

Мото:

Фалла се из Стапара Мара
Да јој нема над цццццццццццц
То дочуо из Паланке Паја
Са . . . ро јој и и јаја!

Стара баба уранила
Цицу милу накитила
(Continued on Page 4)

Pain Deplores Puerile Passions; Psychological Passions Portrayed

According to a questionnaire given
by Dr. Pain of the Personnel Bureau
to the members of the entering class,
90% of the freshmen are sexually
perverted. The other 10% are per-
verted sexually. Dr. Pain opines that
this may be a sign of a Freudian
complex, or then again it may not.
Who knows? Has anybody here seen
Kelly? Why wear a truss?

50% have intentions of becoming
teachers. Of the remainder, 49.99%
have relatives who are still waiting
for teaching appointments, and the
other .01%, when confronted with
witnesses, at first denied knowing
anything about the murder, but final-
ly broke down and confessed to reg-
istering for 17 credits without special

permission. He blamed it all on tem-
porary insanity and 3.2% beer.

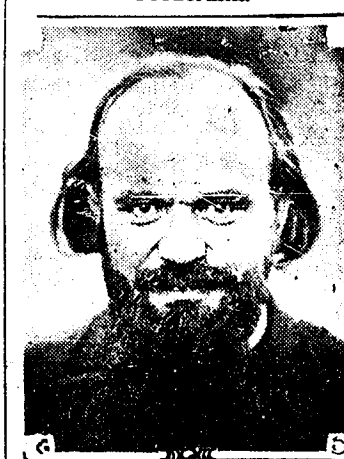
Some Are Unkissed

Nevertheless the fact remains, ac-
cording to le grand docteur Pain, that
20% of the freshmen have never
kissed a girl. Dr. Pain butes this
to an inner sublimation of the con-
ditioned response coordinating the
gregarious instincts of the poor crit-
ters. BUT, der gelente Herr Dok-
tor seems to forget that, according to
his figures, 20% of the freshmen use
neither Life Buoy Soap nor Lister-
ine Mouth Wash. That would ac-
count for their state of unkissedness.

All of this makes the same differ-
(Continued on Page 4)

Faculty Preparing Protest Strike Against Suspensions of Professors

Frederuska



Keyhole Detective Probes Crampus

(Racketeering methods used by
members of The Crampus to gain
complete control of the paper are now
being exposed by the Student Council
and Athletic Association in a series of
articles of which the fifty-seventh fol-
lows.)

By Tritch H. Keyhole

When I was first engaged, two
years ago, by the Student Council and
the Athletic Association to investigate
the dirty politics and fraternity pat-
ronage used on The Crampus, I re-
vealed the fiendishly conceived plan
(Continued on Page 4)

Pres. Cokey Johnson Out In Rain; Guthrie Leads Radicals

Comrade Frederuska Bertrandsky
founded the liberal club Jones (alias
the sugar-coated aspirin) has been
quietly ejected from the presidential
chair by Jacques P. Moregin, who,
the omniscient Crampus learned yes-
terday, is the real boss of City Col-
lege. (and we always had a sneak-
ing suspicion it was Colonel George
Chaste Lewd).

The Crampus, however, could not
learn definitely why this change was
made since M. Moregin hasn't said
a word in the past twenty-three years
and even now refuses to open his
mouth. But all the facts seem to in-
dicate that the real reason Comrade
Frederuska Bertrandsky foun-
ded the liberal club Jones (alias the stu-
dents' choice for Ambassador to
Manchukuo) has been removed from
office is to make room for that eminent
educator and orator, Dr. Cokey
Johnson.

Moregin Suspends Professors

Now it seems that the faculty does
not want Dr. Cokey Johnson as its
president—you see, he knows all the
tricks of the trade—and therefore a
red-hot editorial was printed in that
thriving, up-to-the-minute, liberal
sheet, the Cackety Bulletin, con-
demning the action of the boss.

In answer to this breach of aca-
demic discipline, M. Moregin has
suspended 19 professors connected
with the Bulletin, as well as the
Board of Higher Education, which
doesn't know what it is all about.
The suspended professors will not be
allowed in classes for the period of
one month—and WITHOUT PAY.

Led by that little firebrand Prof.
Will Goothrie, the remainder of the
faculty still in school is planning a
strike. They intend to stay away
from classes until Comrade Freder-
uska Bertrandsky foun-
ded the liberal club Jones (alias from public-speak-
ing instructor to president), the 19
professors, and even the Board of
Higher Education, are reinstated.
Their slogan is "academic freedom
or bust."

Stewed Council Pres. Belches

All during this melée the attitude
of the students has been one of "se-
rene patience." Leaders of student
opinion appear very much unconcern-
ed over the whole fracas. The pres-
ident of the Stewed Council, when
(Continued on Page 4)

Freshmen Are Perverts; Why Wear A Truss? -Declares Pain

The Crampus

Gilbert E. Goodkind, '34.....Editor-in-Chief

Vol. 52 — No. 15

Friday, March 31, 1933.

EXECUTIVE BOARD

 Hernia B. Throatkrammer Embezzler
 Windjammer Liar Loafer
 Foosy R. Goolash Short
 Herkimer M. Comb Snooty
 H. Y. Drox Snooty II
 Letcher Finetime Crappy
 Hallelujah Latrine Stalin

gargoyles

HOLD SPEECH CONTEST TRIALS

The trials for the annual extemporaneous speaking contest will be held this afternoon in the Faculty Room at 3:00 p.m. Some phase of the general subject will be posted on the Public Speaking bulletin board. Simultaneously, the trials for the Roemer poetry declamation contest will be conducted in Room 222, at 3:00 p.m.

MERMEN AND MAYFAIR PERFORM

Before one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Great Hall, Ethel Mermen and Mitzi Mayfair, stars of "Take A Chance" entertained with a song and speeches as their contribution to make the College production "Here Comes The Bribe" a success.

Miss Mermen sang "I've Got Rhythm" from the hit, "Girl Crazy." Miss Mayfair, dancer by profession but speaker by necessity, treated the students to a little extemporaneous talk on the fact that she couldn't dance as she wasn't prepared to do so. Before their appearance in the Great Hall, the two performers took a group picture for New York papers with the editor of The Campus.

TWO TEAMS GO INTO ACTION

Two College teams will go into action tomorrow when the Baseball team meets Columbia at Lewisohn Stadium and the Lacrosse team journeys up to West Point to meet the Army stick wielders.

Coach Parker is confident of his team as the majority of the players are all veterans. Either Spanier or Rauskolb will receive the call to pitch for the Lavender. The Columbians suffered a defeat last week at the hands of Manhattan College.

The Army is favored to win over Chief Miller's Indians.

MASS MEETING AT DOREMUS

Charging Hitler "with a program of discrimination and exclusion", Rabbi Sidney Goldstein, a member of the administrative committee of the American Jewish Congress, presented the "case of the Jews in Germany" to the Student Forum yesterday at Doremus Hall. Otto Vendersprenkel, a member of the Communist Party and Seigfried Lipschitz, the American correspondent of the Social Democratic press of Germany, also addressed the gathering.

Rabbi Goldstein emphasized the fact that American demonstrations were directed not against the German people or nation "but against Hitler's ten year campaign against the Jews. Hitler is arousing feeling against our race by maliciously charging us with being atheists."

Mr. Vendersprenkel further brought out the tactics being employed by the Nazis while Mr. Lipschitz spoke of methods being employed in respect to the press.

TECH NEWSPAPER APPEARS

A front-page sports announcement by the E. S. C. is the feature of this week's Tech News published by students of Technology. Other articles include an editorial on unemployed engineers and technicians, a review of the A. S. C. E. conference and a short column entitled Faculty Corner.

IN OTHER WORDS

Filberten Koodgrind — flagellant. The lode-star of the executive board. He believes in uxorious and inamorata. He is also a corybantic hater of Mill Sci. He is given to tergiversation. To a certain extent he is harebrained, vellicating, galimatiasianism (tomfoolery).

Hernia B. Throatkrammer—hermaphrodite. Some say he is a Cagliostro and a haruspice. When he speaks of M. R. C. and law he becomes a Johnsnian. He vaccinates the guy who is a abecedarian in Dulcinea.

Windjammer Liar—free-lover. Also a misogynist, sadist, epicurean, Platonist, cynic, Nathaniel, Menckemist, Bolshevik, Facist, Green Shirter and a follower of Colonel Chaste. Reads the New York Evening Post. The Crampus' Brobignagian cigarette gruber.

Herkimer M. Comb—lesbian. He is flagitious. He is also adde-headed and looby. His nose is not decurtated. Never has suffered from miscarriage. He is quite contumacious in affairs pertaining to his allegiances. Speaks the Queen's English.

Foosy R. Goolash—sex life—Molly. Never has spoken of being spiced with her. Once wore a straitjacket at the Brooklyn Paramount as an usher. He, so he says, is the quintessence of a sports man. Doesn't know the meaning of epizootic but is one. Not a member of the bashaw tribe despite his demeanor. He never termagants anyone.

Letcher Finetime—Magdalen. He acts like a geomancer. Expects to be led to the joss-house anyday now. His mother claims he is not a changeling. This fellow always indulges in jobation. Doesn't practice abraacadabra.

"Hallelujah" Latrine—Onanist. He deals in pasquinade. He believes in anarchism, Benthamism, collectivism, Fabianism, and Phalansterianism. Has the credit of having the most credit in the College. He is not operose, nor is he hebetudinous. Goes around with "Russia Rasnick" and "America First" Fabiansky.

Screen Craps

Who's Crazy?

Concurrently with the presentation of the pitcher, "Murders in the Zoo," starring Charlie Ruggles, Lionel Atwill, Carl Patrick, Randolph South and others, beginning Friday, March 31st, the Paramount Theatre will feature a special "Crazy Week" stage production, the idea (?) for which was gyped from the reigning vaudeville rage of London (the customers are doing the raging).

For the "Crazy Week" presentation, stars from "The Follies," "Flying Colors," "Ballyhoo," "Vanities," "Pardon My English," "Scandals," and "Little Show," have been recruited to complete a cast of 125 dopes.

Included among the morons will be Frank and Milt Britton and their band of mamiacs, Patsy Kelly, Bob Hops, Johnny Perkins, Carl Randall, Barbara Newberry, Broadwins, Murray Woods, Usa Strutter girls and the "Crazy Quilt Ballet."

From the first muscle strains of the overture to the final curtain, the producers of the "Crazy" presentation plan to employ every possible means to provoke mirth and laughter. Actors will run amuck (how novel!), stage hands will be employed as gag-provokers and the audience will be sprayed with seltzer. Come early and go home a broken wreck.

"Crazy Week" was originally represented at the Palladium Theatre in London, where it created an outcry.

Weak Events

Clubs On

Thursday, February 30, 1943 B.C.
Astronomical Society—Jasper Oval, 12:30 a.m.; address on truths of astrology by Xavier Randall '68.

Business Administration Society—Frosh Alcove, 9:47½ p.m.; address on "Birth Control" by Margaret Sanger.

Cadet Club — Pauline Edwards Theatre, 8:30 a.m.; Norman Thomas will speak: "Evils of Militarism."

Circulo Dante Alighieri — Co-op Store, 6:30 p.m.; symposium on "Benito Mussolini and George Bernard Shaw."

Classical Society—History Library, 5:34 a.m.; address by Tiffany Thayer on "The Classics."

History Society—Lewisohn Stadium, 8:73 p.m.; Prof. Morse will speak on "How to Transplant Begonia Plants."

Le Cercle Jusserand — Hygiene Bldg., 6:60 a.m.; Forum on topic: "Why Not Pay French War Debt?" Newman, Club—Menorah Alcove, 12:36 a.m.; Prof. Overstreet will speak on topic: "Religion and Its Benefits." Politics Club—Lincoln Corridor, 4:45 p.m.; debate between Samuel Seabury and ex-Honorable James J. Walker.

Social Problems Club—swimming pool, 7:11 p.m. Pres., Jones will speak on: "Liberalism."

Bridge Logic

By Ely Rasnick

One of the most interesting games I ever saw played was a perfect example of skillful understanding of Bridge psychology as handled by a real master. I was playing North and my partner, Jabber Fimon, was South. East was Lurt Keyman and West was Hal Latrine. Incidentally (you'll die laughing at this) Mr. Keyman and Mr. Latrine had never met. (Never the twain shall meet—Get it?)

Well, this is how the cards stood:

North

 Spades: 7-4-2
 Hearts: 5-4
 Diamonds: J-8
 Clubs: 10-8-7-6-3-2

West

 Spades: A-Q-J-9-6
 Hearts: A-J-10-9
 Diamonds: 9
 Clubs: J

East

 Spades: 10-8-5
 Hearts: K-Q
 Diamonds: A-K-5-4
 Clubs: A-K-Q-9

South

 Spades: K-3
 Hearts: 6-3-2
 Diamonds: Q-10-7-6-3-2
 Clubs: 5-4

The bidding went as follows: South passed; West bid one heart; I, sitting North, passed and East, Mr. Keyman, bid three no trumps. Notice how clever this bid was. Mr. Keyman reasoned out that his partner had strong hearts, and knew that he had the Ace, Queen, Jack of spades because by accident they had fallen on the table. Mr. Latrine, sitting West, might have made another bid but he had seen my hand and figured three no trumps was the best bid.

Jabber opened his fourth from his longest and strongest suit, the six of diamonds. My kibitzer told me that I could put on the two and Mr. Keyman took the trick with his king.

Now came the problem of how to get back to the board. Of course Mr. Keyman could have played spades but he figured out (unfortunately he couldn't be sure because Mr. Fimon held his cards very close) that it would be best not to try the finesse because they might play back diamonds. So he played the Ace of diamonds himself, one of the most clever plays of the game.

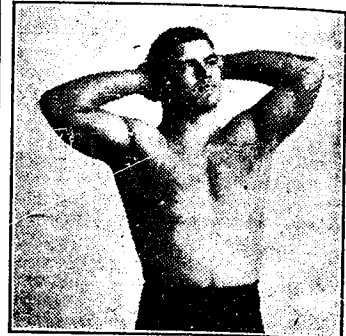
He then shot out the nine of Clubs from his hand and got in dummy with the Jack. Now comes the cleverest move of the game, par excellence, a trick which has since come to be known as the Keyman finesse.

He played the Queen of Spades from dummy! Notice the cleverness of this. He figured on puzzling and hopelessly baffling his opponents. Mr. Fimon in south would certainly have ducked with the three but everyone was yelling so loudly, including Mr. Fimon, that the king dropped out of his hand. The latter then took four diamond tricks and Mr. Keyman, unfortunately, was set one.

A clever player, beaten only by sheer luck.

(Next year Mr. Rasnick will explain the theory of the squeeze play. With beautiful illustrations!)

Off My Chest



When I first came to the College in 1916, all the salmon were canned. Today, due to the untiring efforts of our Comradsky Frederuska, salmon come raw. To any real epicurean, this alone is momentous enough to give three long hurrahs for Fred. All together now, boys, three long yells for prexy. YEAH prexy, YEAH prexy, YEAH prexy. And now leaving Iceland, WE journey far south to Afghanistan. Here in this land of strange barbaric customs, we see the native temple of Nvini Novogrod and its golden peaked dome. Item, and who are those who dive for coins! Of course not the salmon, you poor fish!

The following letter was received from Rake Rasnick.... the man behind the Times....

dere scoop
when i saw this letter from Le Ben which you was so stupid to have run since three issues ago i said tomyself rake why shud Le Ben rite a letter and not me so I sit quietly.

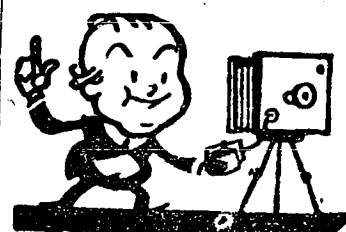
down in the times offis and irote you the letter that you now read of corse my letter is more funny than Lebens but you noe that our times is a plase wear only the best men cum frum and i am forst to keep up this record ok old man and wear the hell is the forty-six cents i wun frum you well so long old man

rasnick.

 ps no epi grammy ps
 rake

I am sorry that I cannot oblige my old friend, Rasnick. I took Mr. Rasnick, a young kid with a huge mop of yellow hair, and I made him editor. And now Mr. Rasnick has no hair. And as for that thirty-six cents, old man, you prevaricate.

HALLELUJAH LATRINE.



Slavender Athletes Go Stark Mad; Win Game

Nerts (To You) Wins In Woods

The members of the College track team are bending all efforts toward making a success of their annual strawberry and music festival. Eddie (the wack) Huckelberry, the genial Brooklyn squire, who will be chief lemonade diluter, has announced that, arrangements have been made to have the guests sit under striped umbrellas in the stadium as they lap up their berries and cream. A special performance of "Heie Comes the Stride" will be presented as a special treat. Mavrin Nerts (of the enlarged hind quarters), late of the Follies Bergeres, will open up—the entertainment by doing his celebrated version of an old maid taking a tramp into the woods. The tramp will be impersonated by none other than that most honorable personage, Rave Zalarius.

Showing a remarkable return to form after the long winter lay off (for corroboration, ask Flo), J. Ames Isher, sensational exponent of the art of throwing the greek discus, has been working out daily so that he might give a sterling exhibition of his manly skill in the hero. J. Ames first became familiar with the tossing of the greek discus, when, as a freshman he was initiated into its intricacies by Comrade McCracker, astute coach. For the reader's edification, this implement is nothing but a twenty pound stone with an eighteen inch length of pipe imbedded therein. The hurler places his finger in the pipe, winds up, and then throws. J. Ames has become so proficient, that, with the aid of a well-vaselined finger, he has attained heights that will, we believe, never be surpassed.

For the past few weeks, Comrade McCracker has been drilling his charges in the convolutions of the ballet. The members of the powder puff brigade include Hussie Hey-Man, Naughty Versil-Man, the most honorable president of the Ahms Asylum, Malke Roach-Man, Comrade Milly-Spots-Her, Dinah LatZkin, Mona Linger a Little' While and that bouncing baby Wilfra Ilson. Their suppleness and grace of movement is attributed to their picking cherries while strolling about the stadium singing, "We are the girls of the chorus." Don't forget the strawberry festival and "Here comes the Stride."

King Rooked; Queen Falls for Please

Deep in the throes of a 19½ game losing streak, the College chessmen bowed to the world famous chess wizards, the Hygiene instructors, yesterday by the tabulation of 3,999-2,624+. The end of the deciding match of the evening came dramatically when, after four hours sixteen minutes, three and a half seconds of patient expectation, a new world's record (former mark, 4 hrs., 16 min., 52-40 sec.), Mr. Please of the Hygiene pawn-thrusters rooked the king of his opponent and then to the vociferous cheers of 4,000 students, a new College record (former record 3,999 men and one English teacher), clinched the match by a queen's gamble.

Next Christmas, the chess team will encounter the formidable military department pawn-urgers in a charity contest, the proceeds of which will be given to the Co-op Store, in order to buy bigger and better athletic supporters for incoming freshmen.

Boxer's Rebellion



Leads Madmen In Attack

Boxers Run Wild; Knock Co-eds Cold

The Business Center was thrown into a frenzy yesterday when the boxing team ran wild and floored an innocent woman bystander. Police prevented further damage and quelled the outburst with x-rays.

After the disturbance, Coach Bimbo laid the cause of the outburst to overtraining. "The boys had a tough season," he said, "They just had to get rid of some excess energy." Horse Car Spume and Gorge Strikeher, members of the squad, were taken to Bellevue and put in straitjackets.

Fencers Victors; Fancy Stuff, Hey!

Exhibiting fine technique and little conscience, the Slavender fencers overcame the feeble resistance of the girls from Bringmore College, and ran them through by a 2 to 1 count. The score was unofficial, the final tabulation to be made in the morgue next Monday.

The match was a killing spectacle to watch. There was a plethora of bad blood on both sides, but after the pleasantries exchanged during the contest there was very little left at the end.

Three events were on the evening's program, the foils, the sabres and the epees. The Slavender swept the foils and epees, but was foiled in its attempt to make a clean sweep of the evening's competition.

The feature match of the meet came to pass when Captain Thrust took the floor against his foe opponent from dear old Bringmore, Miss Frida Steak. Finding his efforts thwarted at every thrust, he hatched a dastardly, fiendish, diabolical, etc. plot to overcome his antagonist, whether by fair means or foul.

Picking up an issue of the Crampus, he turned to Gargoyles and commenced to read the jokes. Miss Steak, however, did not see the point, and the match ended with disastrous consequences.

Ramrods Bit Bent But Shoot Highly

The Slavender Ramrods terminated their record of nineteen successive and intermittent victories when they ran up against the strong Squeedunk Seminary for Blind and Armless Infants team. The match was contested by telegraph.

The shooting was done in three positions, bending, reclining and squatting. The highest scores were made in the latter position where several marksmen displayed surprising ability.

Squeedunk telegraphed a score of 495 in the bending position and the Slavender promptly fired back 496. It was the College's turn to report first in the reclining event. Captain Igot Shot reported a total of 491. By a strange coincidence, the Seminary ramrodders telegraphed back a score of 492. Upon the results of the next position depended the outcome of the meet.

As the shooting got under way in the squatting position, the Slavender was a slight favorite due to its greater experience. When the time came to report the results, Squeedunk and the Slavender matched pennies to see who should divulge the score first.

The Squeedunkians lost, but they perpetrated a dastardly trick upon the unsuspecting Slavender shooters.

Moe Spahn's



Eunice B. Sweet

Swim Ace Loses Suit; Barely Wins

In a hair raising, blood curdling, scalp lifting, man to man struggle, the Lavender swimmers dropped a close decision to Vale Saturday night by the narrow score of 76-09. The outcome of the meet was always in doubt and it was not before the first event was completed that the ultimate outcome of the engagement was apparent.

The closest event of the evening was the fifty yard free-style. Chuckle head Pete, College ace, led the pack until the gun went off. During the last two laps, however, the relentless Vale sprinter steadily pulled away to win by a bare 100 feet.

Fiendish Plan Thwarted

The Slavender's hopes for a victory were dimmed when the fiendish sleuths who were officiating frustrated "Slip" McGowan's plan to win the back stroke by wearing his suit backwards and swimming the crawl.

As usual, the meet was far closer than the mere score would indicate. The Slavender outfought, outswam, outdove, outbattled the blue and white but (as usual) the breaks of the game were all against the boys and the obstacles in their path proved insurmountable. Vale with all kinds of luck, however, managed to eke out its precarious decision, but all in all it was a moral victory for the College.

IN ERRATUM

The Crampus sincerely regrets whatever implications may have arisen from the headline over the debating story in the last issue, viz:

VARSITY DEFEATS MASS. DEBATERS

The Crampus further assures its readers that the story was not expressly written for the headline.

Scene in Tomorrow's Columbia Game



Exciting Moment As Captain Maloney Slides Safely Into First

Doc Yalarka Takes Up Wrestling; Hospital Reports Condition Fair

Doc Yarruld Yalarka '01, former coach of the College gridiron team, has finally gone the way of all football men, when he decided to take up the graceful art of wrestling. Long reputed to be a man of quick learning, he thought he knew everything about the sport in the two months of his burlap-and-grunting (all All-American football stars think so, until they get bounced around).

Our own "Doc" immediately issued a challenge to the outstanding pachyderms in the country. Now was a chance to show up this palooka, thought a second rater and former College man, Ferbie Leedman, who in his undergraduate days was kicked off the squad for refusing to obey "Doc." Apparently steamed, and anxious to "show that guy up," Ferbie grasped this chance to slap around his old mentor. Sweet revenge was what he wanted.

The contest took place a few days later and the story ran like this in the morning papers:

Doctor Wrestler Showed Up by Former Pupul

Doc Yarruld Yalarka, the 200 pound doctor, combining his knowl-

edge of medicine with his wrestling ability, stepped into the ring and apparently thought he was in his office when he started to greet his patient with an arm lock. He began to work over Ferbie and tried to operate on him, but it seemed he had forgotten to bring along some anaesthetic, which would be strong enough for this young man. Next, Doc tried some ether, but that couldn't pin down his patient. Because of his apparent failure to manipulate with his foe, the old master finally found himself on the operating table, the spot usually reserved for the patient.

Off-hand, we would say that about 80,000 fans of physiology witnessed the operation proceed. They watched Doc make out a prescription for some toe holds and flying tackles. "An arm had to be broken first, before I could do anything to him," declared the exhausted Yalarka. Ferbie then refused to be bandaged by a scissors hold covered up by an arm and body lock. After about 30 minutes of struggling with the sick man (the same fights they used to have five years ago), the doctor gave up, and thereupon our own little Ferbie,



Sport Barks

By

Two-Gun Goolash

Around the Block With Professor Billousson

or

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea

Correspondence

Dear Algernon,

Come home! All is forgiven! Mary and the kids need you.

Mamma.

Editor's Note: Blintzes and potato lotkiss will be served Friday night.

Dear Editor, or may I call you Ed?

The Lewdent Council neglected to bring out in their recent investigation an important fact. Permit me to inform you that there is a woeful lack of paper in the Male Room. Alas, Alack, 'tis true. Retrench, we must, but please don't restrain, especially from a remedy.

C. C. N. Y. KEYS — \$1.50

See the new 48c. key. Every student invited to visit us. This coupon is good for a free C.C.N.Y. compact, bracelet, or cigarette case with the purchase of the general \$1.50 C.C.N.Y. key. L. BERGER CO., INC. Any H. S. or College key at any time 79 — 5th Ave., at 16th St., N. Y. Saul Berger '27

After College WHAT?



Insurance?

Julian S. Myrick, famous New York general agent, says: "Selling life insurance is the best paid hard work there is. No capital required other than a good character, an active mind and perseverance. Any young man with these qualifications will find a great future in insurance."

NO OTHER BUSINESS offers greater rewards for hard work. But insurance offers some pretty tough problems. Perhaps that explains why in this business, as in college, a pipe is the most popular smoke.

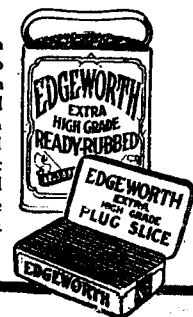
While you "cram" for that exam ... or later when you figure out the best way to sell a \$100,000 policy, just light up a pipeful of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

Edgeworth is the favorite college smoke.* And only in Edgeworth can you find that distinctive blend of fine old burley tobacco. If you would like to try before you buy, just write Larus & Bro. Co., 105 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., for a free sample package.

*A recent investigation showed Edgeworth the favorite smoke at 43 out of 64 leading colleges

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes — 1½¢ pocket package to pound humidortin. Some sizes in vacuum sealed tins.



POLL SHOWS 3071 STUDENTS DESTRO-

(Continued on Page 5)

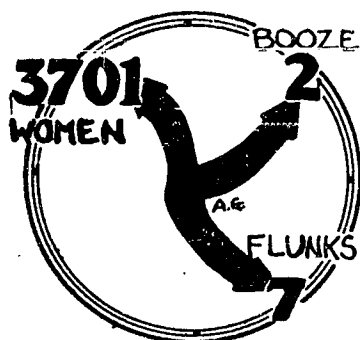
Women, Flunks Go Hand in Hand

As the result of a College wide poll taken ten years ago in locker room A Main, the American Woman's Society for the Better Understanding of Molecular Diseases in the French Antilles has withdrawn its annual donation of 69 cents and a large bag of jelly beans from the College.

According to Miss Emma J. Fillybilly, president of the A. S. B. U. M. D. F. A., the poll, a graphic illustration of which is printed in today's issue, shows that out of 3711 students 3701 go to the Antilles because of some woman, 2 because of booze, and 7 because they flunked out of the College.

"The purpose of our society," Miss Fillybilly remarked coolly, "is to provide for the better understanding etc. and certainly our money has been wasted indeed if students of Antillian molecular diseases are motivated by such ulterior purposes. The true scholar thinks only of his study."

The donation, which has been given for twenty-nine years, was divided



equally among the students and used for travelling expenses. The Society is now looking for another college as a beneficiary.

The one student whose vote has not been recorded by the Society is Abner Perkins '47. Questioned by the Crampus yesterday on why he was interested in the molecular diseases of the French Antilles, Perkins said, "Aw gee, I just love jelly beans."

Authorities at the College had no comment to make on the unexpected move of the A. S. B. U. M. D. F. A. However, Professor intimated that the College is not particularly concerned by the loss of the donation.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I've always thought we had just as good molecular diseases up here in Brooklyn. Why should we trade with France anyway? Did she pay us the war debt?" Professor began to shriek wildly.

"No! No! No! they did not," he answered himself. "To H—I with Miss Fillybilly and the A. S. B. U. M. D. F. A. If you want to help your old Uncle Sam, buy American, that's all you've got to do."

Dr. Jillian Twadley Predicts That Christmas Will Be Late

"I am firmly convinced," said Professor Gillian O. Twadley in an exclusive interview with The Crampus yesterday, "that Christmas will come this year although the probability is that it will be very late. I predict," he added, "that it will be some time late in December."

When asked what he thought of Dr. Twadley's prediction, Professor Feodor Tchoodan said, "Aoin hte Nalpam !%*** Obal."

Snoopy Snooper Snoops Scoops

(Continued from Page 1)

employed by the warring factions to put at least one member of the "machine" on each issue.

Obviously this was done so as to have first hand information of all the news that went into the paper. Later I exposed the dummyming of the paper and how stories were shunted on to the first page when it was profitable.

Still later I exposed the code behind the headlines; then I exposed the granting of name-lines to stories written by men who belonged to the fraternity. Then I exposed the editor's girl friend. Then I took a short rest.

And now to continue:

Numerous examples are shown how these unscrupulous men spread their control over other news men. Any one who refused to work with the party was quickly taken in hand.

"Time after time," said Junius P. Reih, "did I write long stories deserving by-lines. But after I refused to join their fraternity, did I ever get a by-line? Your betcha not!"

"I was told, 'Join our ranks and we'll put you on the associate board,'" said Montmercy Paperstein. So I joined their ranks. What the hell, I'm no fool!"

"It is simply a coincidence," said Bullion Lovit, one of the Chu Papa fraternity, "that every time one of my brothers had charge of the issue I was let off early."

Thus do stories pour in as to the disgraceful depths to which a man would sink to get petty advantages. Self-abjection, disillusionment, degradation—all of these characterized the pitiful tale of vanity and ambition. I ought to know. How do you think I got my by-line?

But to continue:

What happens to the movie tickets? What happens to the books? Who gets them? Long weeks of research revealed the truth about these. The fraternity men get them!

What about the Robinson? What about the library, lunchroom, co-op-store? Well, what about them indeed? They're all right!

And now to continue:

Let us examine a typical case—that of Led, ze bolt. First he came up for an issue before Lye. Then Lye came up. They voted. But the first contended that when it started they had been illegal because it was for Steergood to decide. So they voted. Then he said—

(Editor's Note—For the exciting continuation to this story, read the next issue of The Crampus. At that time the 'fifty-eighth' article in the series will appear providing Mr. Keyhole gets enough money for another opium pipe.)

(Athletic Association's Note—Positions are still open on the committee to expose Mr. Keyhole. All '88 men can apply.)

ANSWERS TO NEXT WEEK'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

Vertical

- 1-9.—Best seller of 1392.
- 9-10.—Sort of rotten.
- 10-10.—Congealed water.
- 11-17.—What caused the depression?
- 17-82.—What really caused the depression?
- 82-83.—"The girl friend," or "The Lark."
- 83-190.—A watering place.
- 190-86.—Never took Eng. I, but wore the fedora at the last strike.
- 192-207.—A dumb Cluck (Finnish).

Perpendicular

- 1-10.—A mayor of Cos Cob, Conn., now in office.

Hot Time In The Old Town



Exclusive Photo Showing Wild Crampus Orgy

(Continued from Page 1)

the movement. Last night the starved reporters put their office at the disposal of the College chapter of the N. S. L. A few members of the staff (they have already asked that their names be withheld) volunteered to instruct at the orgy, and as a result of their untiring and stimulating efforts the participants reached the summit of their carnal capacity.

As each bell ending the many evening session periods rang, more and

more students flocked to the fourth floor to lend their satanic bodies to the stygian revelry.

Conservative influence, in the shape of members of the faculty taking stenographic notes attempted to overcome the spirit of the incestuous gathering, but their own satyrasis, stimulated by the concupiscence of the sadists and masochists, and the sodomy about them, proved too much for their self-control, and they plunged with diabolic vigor into the rapacious orgy.

РОБГОМ СА11ЗД ДЗАТН ТО А11!

(Continued from Page 1)

Да не можеш ни иглицу
Са ти у тичицу!

Три улара, три уздице,
Три јој ку . . . крај гу . . . це!

Ја би која би ми дала,
Која непе нек се љуби сама!

Мађарица села у колиџа,
Из колиџа испала јој циџа,

Мађар мисли да је лубеница,
Узе бриџу, па отсече циџу!
И-ју-ју!

Једна баба шест послова ради,
П пу у ватру дуџа,
П ша, се и суварке бере!
Еј!

Наша маџка врата гребе,
Хоне маџак да је!
Ђура Батина.

Colonel George Chaste Wife Produces Seventy-five Lb. Constitutional Baby

General and Mrs. George Chaste announced the birth yesterday of a seventy-five pound Daughter of the American Revolution. The proud General tried to arrange for the delivery on July 4th but somehow or other, he got his dates mixed.

The baby girl was named Constitution after the General's mother. The General is maternally descended from the Declaration of Independence and the Liberty Bell on his father's side.

A touching scene took place when the greying General saw his infant daughter for the first time. "My little girl," the great patriot declared, "do you realize that the whole Reserve Officers Training Clubs costs each individual in the United States only one purple postage stamp. Do you know that the entire national defense costs each person merely the price of a nut sundae?"

Baby Constitution picked her feet. The General carried on. "Beware of misguided pacifists and radical students who give us a bad name and detract from the value of your diploma."

Born Yesterday



D. A. R. Baby

Freshmen Found To Sell Knishes

(Continued from page 1)

ence, which is the same thing only different. Freud would have something to say about that. Thorndike probably would not have anything to say. We're undecided about Watson, but it's our own opinion that he'll sign up with the Yanks for \$52,000. Beer and democracy! Viva la republique. Support the A. A. and Jack Solomon!

Jewel Lures Frosh

The average freshman, still according to Dr. Pain (we can't get the Doctor to keep quiet—always quoting his statistics) lives somewhere around Kelly St., near Southern Boulevard, which makes it damn convenient for him to get to Jewel's house. But he doesn't know her address we'll bet. If he'll look us up some afternoon in the Crampus office we'll give it to him.

This self same average freshman is one of a family of six, all good Litvaks, and he sells potatoe knishes to work his way through school. He has already bought a tin-box in anticipation of some day being in charge of the Lost and Found Room.

Freshmen Degenerating

Mr. Average Freshman seems to be very intelligent on the intelligence tests. He even knows that the whale is a mammal. Well, this fine, sturdy, manly chap loses all his former intelligence on becoming a freshman and degenerates so rapidly that by the time he is a sophomore he is just as stupid as you or I, or your cousin Max who plays football before N. Y. U.

All this data, says Dr. Pain in conclusion (and we're just about getting tired of his muscling in every other word) leads us to the query, "Do elephants use Ex-Lax?" So with the great riddle still unsolved as to why Joe Cook will not initiate four Hawaiians, we finish our tour of Sunny Spain. This is the Globe Trotter, the voice of William Randolph Hearst bidding you a fond adieu. Remember to write to your Congressman for a bigger navy—so the girls on the Drive won't be so lonely. Freud or Dr. Pain could explain it. Send for a free sample if you I. Q. is that of a high grade moron. Why not learn to play the piano and be the life of the party as long as you live? We don't know, but if you'll ask Dr. Pain, he'll tell you.

FACULTY BULLETIN BOARD SUSPENDED

Moore, Skene, and Edwards Among Staffmen

The Faculty Council decided yesterday to suspend the Faculty Bulletin Board until further notice. After a stormy session of argument, pleading, cajoling and artful philandering, the Council suddenly came to an agreement! Yes! It had to be done! In spite of all feelings of commiseration and loyalty, it was decided to summarily suspend the Faculty Bulletin Board. (From April 1st on, by special decree of the Faculty Council, the Faculty Bulletin Board will remain suspended—in the first floor corridor of the Main Building.

"The histology of an African conubine" will be the subject of an address by Prof. Ive. Donit before the "True Experiences Society" next Thursday at 12:50 in room 416.

Joke

"Who was that lady I saw you walking on the street with last night?"
"That was no lady, that was an alley."

Broun, Rasnick Aid Comrade

(Continued from Page 1)

interviewed on the matter, said,—"Pay no attention to those radicals. All they're doing is sully the fair name of City College. As far as I am concerned they're like mosquitoes buzzing around the head of a man in the woods."

Dr. Cockey Johnson refused to confirm the rumor of his appointment. He promised, however, on the event of his appointment, to rehire Comrade Freder. . . . Jones as an instructor in the public-speaking department where he originally came from.

Rasnik's Behind

Comrade Frederushka Jones (alias from president of City College to public-speaking teacher) is making every effort to enlist public opinion for his cause. (A Lost Cause, we call it.) The time has passed, he said, when an instructor can be dismissed summarily without adequate explanation. I have behind me in this fight all the forces of the N. S. L., the L. I. D., Heywood Broun, and Rake Rasnik, the power behind the Times. This question does not involve only my own specific case, but it involves the whole question of free speech, free press, and free love."

Preparations for the strike are advancing at feverish speed. A gigantic mass meeting is to be held next Thursday. Songs and dances by the faculty will be the order of the day, and in order to satisfy the voracious appetite of the City College Student it is planned to serve a free lunch. One of the features of the affair will be a ballet dance with Dean Cateall and Prof. Bill Gothrie, both dressed in the briefest of unmentionables, and accompanied on the ukelele by that little devil of a thousand loves, Prof. H. A. Extrovertstreet.

Lewd, Mousquetaire Leads Parade
And for the climax of the strike there will be an immense parade led by that daring mousquetaire Colonel George Chaste Lewd and followed by all the members of the faculty on horseback. The City College band will furnish the music.

Paddy, the little janitor, was asked what he thought of the strike and the firing of Comrade Freder. . . . Jones (alias,—Oh, hell, we've run out of aliases, but you know what we mean). He seemed rather surprised and said.

"What! was that nice gentleman fired? And he was such a nice harmless gent. Oh well, Mezes come and Joneses go, but Paddy goes on forever."

Cohen Presents Plan; Would Split Session

A new plan for the settlement of the Summer Session was suggested yesterday by the Honorable Filbert Marshmant Cohen, member of the Board of Estimates.

Mr. Cohen said: "I have always thought there was a terrific waste in the New York Education system. Altogether too many Sundays and holidays. Now my plan is to split the Summer Session up into different parts and give the courses on Sundays and all holidays.

"Thus," he continued, "the students will have their session and I can have mine."

"What will you do in the Summer then?" Mr. Cohen was asked.

"Oh, I always stay in the city," he replied.
Mr. G. Pepsin Cohen, head of the Summer Session, when interviewed on the situation, said, "It is my firm conviction that the Summer Session may or may not open. Further than that I cannot say at this time."