

# The Crampus

Three Tries Weekly

From a Sandwich to a National Institution

Don't go down the fire escape  
in pyjamas unless you  
are going somewhere

Water, water, everywhere  
And not a drop is  
Drunk

Volume 4 No. 33.

NEW YORK CITY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1926.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

**D (WART) STORECANS**  
**S. C. COUNCIL PRESIDENT**  
**SORELY GRIEVED BY**  
**Crampus Editor**

"Oh, She Slays Me." Is Storecans Outburst at Sight of Idiotiorial

ACCUSES MAC STADIUM

Blood Flows in Crampus-Stewed Council Fight and Flows and Flows

STEWED PRESIDENT



**T. BADMAN GIVES COURSE**  
**IN STORY TECHNIQUE**

A course in the telling of stories to suit all occasions will be given in the Evening Session of the College starting with the Fall semester of '26. Mr. Teddybear Badman of the English department who recently published a book on "Stories I Have Told, and What my Wife Did About Them", will give the course.

**Millinery Students**  
**Adopt Civilian Dress**

All tactical students in Millinery Science and Theology must report in civilian costume beginning tomorrow night at 11:43 daylight saving time, was the announcement issued by the War department late last night by his nios, the kernel.

"However," he explained in an exclusive interview, "no extremes in dress will be tolerated. In rolling your leggings, work downwards. Start a little above the hips, then wind it a couple of times around your Adams apple, and mail it early so as to avoid the Christmas rush.

**SCANDINAVIAN SCANDAL STARTLES STUDENTS**  
**WHEN CRAMPUS CUB CATCHES COLD IN KANSAS**

*THE CRAMPUS*, in pursuance of its policy of protecting the moral standards of its student constituency, reveals, in a series of startling installments, of which the following is the first, the insidious influences which have been sapping the moral vitality of the curriculum.

Special Dispatch to The Crampus KALAMAZOO, Kansas, Dec. 22.—Unattachment proceedings were started yesterday against Professor Dutch Kleanzier in the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations. The plaintiff has named as co-respondent, Miss Deutscher Verein, a certain eight-piece songbird at the College. Many internationally famed personages, it is alleged, will be implicated before the trial has run its course.

That something was wrong was first discovered by a Crampus reporter while he was reviewing the annual issue of the Register. Under the pretense of announcing a new course the professor is accused of writing the following love note: (The note is in code) "The Scandinavian drama:

Bjornson, Ibsen, Strindberg. The Russian novel: Turgenyev, Dostoyevski, Tolstoi, Chekov. The German drama: Hauptman, Schnitzler, Toller, Neitzsche. Lectures and reports. 5 Hours a week, three credits.

Miss Verein was found studying the note last Friday in room 308 when the Stewed Council convened for the establishment of a Union to Enforce Stewed Council Enactments. When requested to leave by the council president, D. Rustycans Toren '00. (Oh! Oh!) Miss Verein blushingly rapped him on the proboscis. (Editor's note: she stayed.) (President's note: hypocrisy pays!) (Editor's note: As I said before, she stayed.) (President's note: well as long as you're running this paper—) (Editor's note: Well as long as I am—). To go on with the story, he didn't come anyway.

When interviewed by a Crampus reporter, Professor Dutch Kleanzier stated briefly, very briefly, "Dirt, Chase yourself." His lawyer, W. Peewee Nothree could not be seen. All further attempts to locate "Peewee", as he is affectionately called by his associates, have failed.

**WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES**  
**SOMETIMES, MOTHER**

Why Not Now?

**Tradition Shattered**  
**In Drowning Address**

"There ain't no Santa Claus" was the keynote of the address made by Mr. Edward E. (Daddy) Drowning last night at the annual banquet of The Peach Canning Club, one of the constituent bodies of the Stewed Council.

Coming as it does before Christmas Eve, this sensational exposure of the fallacious of a national institution by the noted Cinderella discoverer has sent the Stewed Council into spasms of surprise. It is estimated by President Storecans that thousands of innocent and trusting children will be affected by Daddy's startling discovery.

When interviewed on his back porch (Continued on Page 2)

Oh see the handsome young man, Oswald. He's tall, dark, and good-looking, six feet and has the skin that women go crazy over. He was marked for a fraternity when he entered college. Alas, no frat for Jacob I. Wantobe popular!

One by one all his friends were invited by the modern Greeks to smokers, dinners, dogshows. But not Jake. All his friends were soon wearing little colored fra-pins. No pin wore Jake.

Maybe YOU too have been slighted? Maybe YOU too have been wondering why you were not popular? Maybe.....

But you don't have to be a backnumber any longer. Now comes the pancea. Dr. Cureall has discovered the remedy for old-timers, the medicine which is bound to make YOU a HOT BABY.

YOU WANT TO MAKE FRIENDS? YOU WANT TO BE POPULAR? Be a ligger! Dr. Cureall's "The History of the Worm" will fix you up. Sees all! Knows all! Cures all!

## BANDIT SLASHES MEZES

PICTURE IN REAR OF GREAT HALL

**Examples Club Whoops**  
**Whoopingcuff in Boiler**

NOTED DENTIST LECTURES



J. Whoopingcuff Hozenpfeffer '37 Addresses the Unsocial Examples Club in boiler room.

A special committee of standing and walking delegates was on hand to throw cabbages at the noted speaker and college alumnae. J. Whoopingcuff Hozenpfeffer of the class of 1937.

"Yes, sir! She's my baby now" began the speaker, in melancholy tones. "You must not misunderstand me" he continued, with a rising inflection, warming up to his theme, "Give me union or give me swiss cheese, with mustard if you please."

At this juncture, a burst of wild enthusiasm echoed throughout the sub-basement. The speaker received a round of plaudits and missiles from the raging throng of enthusiasts. Pokers were fired like spears with unerring accuracy; several tons of coal changed places, forming a smoke screen in its travels through the air.

With a final explosion bursting the boiler, the speaker was carried away and the meeting was peacefully adjourned.

**CAT CRABS CLUB DANCE;**  
**TAB COUNSELS CAUTION**

TRUE STORY OF CRAMPUS "Q" ALLOTMENT REVEALED

Daily True Story—How Turn of Cards Decided Fate

Storecans, Stewed Council President, gaily lit a cigarette as he made his exit from the House. "Love and kisses, Red," he shouted as he put out the cigarette and placed the match between his lips. One could only ascribe such frivolity to a person who had just solved the economic situation in Bessarabia, but to Dave, the rupture to society? In a room of the house, on a table, sprawls Red Layer, owner of The Crampus and other Mexican puzzles.

After a futile attempt to obtain the story from every possible source, Schlesinger, when questioned, calmly clears the situation. "So we went up to Apt 411, Hotel Ansonia and knocked at the door four times—no, that's another story—here's what happened. Between two o'clock on Tuesday, five men, including Layer and Storecans, entered the house in order to discuss the philosophical problems of the day. At 2:15 Storecans was eight blues and six red chips to the good. By 3:30 Layer was using complimentary tickets for money. After losing a few more stacks, the editor was on the verge of collapse when a beautiful aces-full came along. Everyone in—he raises—but so does Dave. At this point, Crampus takes off his vest and rubbing his hands, decides to get some

(Continued on Page 3)

**EVIDENCE IS DIVULGED**  
**IN LIBRARY MYSTERY**

(Continued from page 2)

Street and St. Nicholas Avenue where he who runs may see it if he doesn't run too fast. Just lift up the manhole cover and like as not you'll drop into the reading room and find a nice cozy crap game going on.

**FIND FACULTY I. Q. FAULTY**  
**AS FROSH FORGE FAR FRONT**

Dean Robintail Declares, "I Am a Liberal," as Oranges Stump Profs

An appallingly low standard of intelligence as well as a complete lack of appreciation for the finer things of life on the part of the faculty was disclosed by a questionnaire and intelligence test presented to the faculty by the Stewed Council.

The Freshman Class, on the same test, showed an average of 129%. The faculty turned in the grand percentage of .0129% with returns from the outlying districts, notably the Chemistry department, still missing. Prof. Robintail, of the Economy department, refused to answer not yet been adopted by the Trustees. "I am a liberal," he asserted.

The problem which gave C.C.N.Y.'s finest the most trouble was the following:—"If six oranges cost six cents, how much does one orange cost?" In spite of great work in the field of Calculus, Vector analysis, logarithms and exponential functions, as well as studies in permutations, combinations, and probability, not a single member of the Mathematics department could answer correctly.

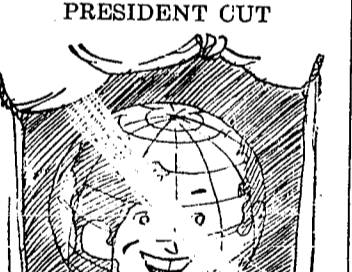
Professors Marshmellow and Turnstile of the Stressed Desires department answered that the dealer must have had exhibitionism to have

(Continued on Page 4)

**Teaching Staff Appeals**  
**For Police Protection**

Despatched with Every Crampus

PRESIDENT CUT



S. (Dumplings) Measles, President of the College of a Certain City (to which no further reference may be made) stabbed in back.

ROOM 121, Friday, December 14.—Caught in the act of slashing the handsome Measles that hangs in the rear of the Great Hall, a masked bandit effected a clever escape by freeing himself from his overcoat and jumping to the terrace from a fourth floor window. Irving Zablo, connected with that column of the newspaper is suspected of aiding and abetting the vandal.

Third degree methods could elicit no further information from the almost broken book reviewer than the protest that "it must have been a couple of other poker games." "Brick" Layer, supposed editor, and "Fat" German, chancellor of the Crampus exchequer, could furnish satisfactory alibis as both were attending a special meeting of the Crampus Ass.

It is rumored that because of the catastrophe to Measles the faculty has demanded a week's vacation. The strain has proved too much for most of them.

Professors Shortpants, Bocker and Gotall have arranged to have two sub-

(Continued on Page 3)

**Searchers Seek Subway**  
**Strayed Since Saturday;**  
**SUBTERRANEAN SURFACE**  
**SHAKEN BY SCANDAL**

Abie, the Telephone Girl, Flays Millinery Scientists in Byway Dept. Probe

LOST LIBRARY LOOTED

Police Nab Unnabbed Suspect Below Dead-Line But Referee Eaks Foul

TEACHER'S TRAINING SCHOOL, Oshkosh, Dec. 33.—Threatening to arouse a scandal unparalleled since the days of the Tweed Ring, new evidence has been discovered tending toward the early solution of the great library mystery. The case first came to the public notice when it was found that the new monument to learning had seemingly fallen off the terrace during the week-end. THE principal features follow:

**Plot Discovered**  
1. Students and other well-meaning dogchasers have been deluded into thinking that the hole being excavated at St. Nicholas Avenue was the site of a future subway station.

2. Students and other well-meaning jackals thought that work on the new C.C.N.Y. library had not yet commenced (or even started).

3. These students and other well-meant micro-organisms will therefore be considerably surprised at the recent Hikkway and Byway department investigation which brought to light the fact that a subway is secretly being built at Convent Avenue and that the hole at St. Nick is to be the library foundation.

**Abie Testifies**  
Abie, the telephone girl, issued a statement declaring the whole affair to be a plot on the part of the Department of Millinery Science to secure more tunnels in which to drill the students in Advanced Lock-step 31.

A denial was immediately given out by Col. Locarnold of the Millinery Science Department who vehemently declared "the plot, if plot it was, was not hatched in my department. "In fact," he continued, "my department never hatched anything. Many advantages accrue to the College by the enforced change in plan.

(Continued on page 4)

**HAMMOND'S**  
**THAT'S ALL**  
IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT—  
IT'S TIME TO RETIRE

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# All Lavender Teams Feature Week-End Orgy With Six Victories

## MERMAIDS BEAT THE MATTRESS QUINTET

Victorious Team Loses When Lieutenant Skinny Bearskin Hits Triple Play

ALASKIN PARKWAY, Junemember 67.—The Metropolitan University swimming team is now leading the inter-collegiate basketball league as the result of its defeat at the hands of the Nile Green nine. It was a closely contested pitching dual in which the Athletics won, the final score being, Michigan 100, Columbia 56.

Irv Mifstone, the first man up, clouted the ball over the fence and managed to slide safely into first. Cike Mallahan followed with a neat double play, Coolidge to Robintail to Williamson to Mac Stadium. Manager Simple seeing that his wall was weak sent in drawback Showedher who, aside from three doubles, four homers, and two baskets, held the enemy hitless the rest of the inning.

"Stocky" Natheim Stars In its turn at bat the Violet five made twelve yards for a touchback. On the next pitched ball Rube Silverberg made a beautiful forward pass on which Bernie and Eisenstein scored.

Thus the game wore on without any startling plays except the breaking of the records for the two-mile swim and the 440 yard running breaststroke by Epstein and Sober respectfully.

Bronz Falls Down In the eventful ninth with the score tied, 47-3, Ally Wetband smacked the pigskin into the center field stands, but Hoddesblot, ever on the alert, made a great running catch and threw him out at first. The next three men struck out and up came Benny Leonard with the bases filled. After two and three were called on him, he hit the next pitched ball into the eighteenth hole and was declared the successor to Lenglen.

After the game the Prince of Wales consented to pose for the movies for the first time. The lineup follows: PIGMIE GIANTS J't's'm ..... 3 5 0 24 Trp'tu ..... 0 4 0 0 P'rml'r's ..... 6 3 12 5 Srg's's'm ..... 29 0 0 100 \*Ran for Sober %Batted for Ruth \$Five out when the winning run was scored.

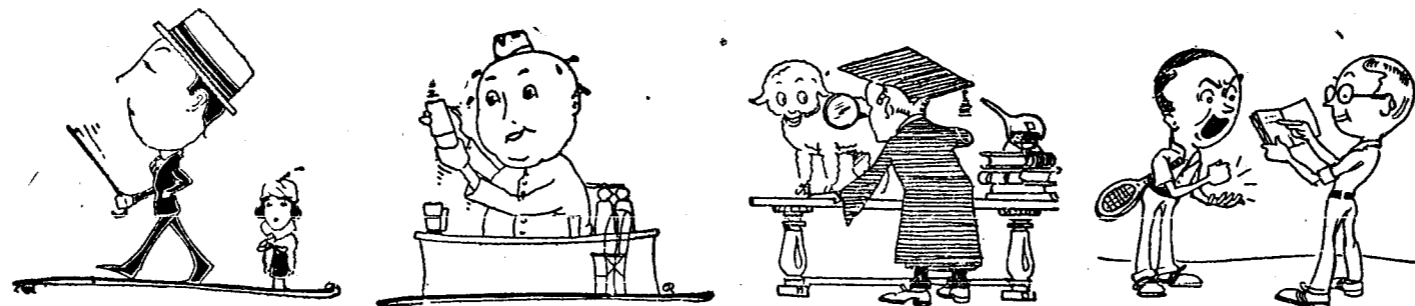
## TRUE STORY OF CRAMPUS "Q" ALLOTMENT REVEALED

(Continued from Page 1)

of his roubles back. Twelve raises later, after the rest had folded up, the president buys one card. With a pat hand, Laver delightfully exclaims, "You're through!" "Tell it to the marines" is shot back at him. "I can't, Lon Chaney has them at the Embassy Theatre now." But he had no money left, and here was a chance to go through Dave like a fire in a Rockaway bungalow! What could he do? "I bet the Crampus Allotment to 413 part payment stubs that you lose," he yelled in exasperation, "Agreed," cried the foxy leader.

All hands stood up and even I, who have no interest or understanding of the game, was forced to leave my "Brothers Karamazov" and listen to the unmentionable phrases that were hurled as the cards were shown. It seems as though the rascally Storecans had bought a fifth ace to complete his royal flush.

To make a long story longer, Laver was in a state of aphasia, but he did manage to utter, "A Crampus without its allotment is like a baby without a milk bottle." What else can I say, except that "It was only a deck of cards boys, but it seemed to just the same.



Lavender athletic leaders shown in customary postures. Right to left, Top Row—E'phie Rane, baseball captain, taking a stroll along St. Nicholas Terrace. Yep, that's a nurse in the background; Johnny-Lark, football star, in the chemistry laboratory. He is attempting to determine the effect of violently shaking nitro-glycerine. Something tells us he will soon find out; The age old question "What's on a sheep?" being solved by Teddy Measles, well known No. 5. No, not wool, silly; Fleas; Ha-Ha Schilling, well known tennis manager, demonstrating the well known adage "The Lavender is always right." (Unless of course there's a misprint).



And now we come to the bottom row. Reading from right to left, they are: Is Ledmee See, erstwhile football player and shot putter, pictured in a moment of leisure. He is playing a game entitled "From Hitching the Horseshoe to Curling the Clover."; Will Crimson speaking for himself; The next two pictures show, Moritz Pelt Her, runner extraordinary, in action at the Olympic Games. He won all events he was entered in by putting his rivals into hysterics, last but not least the shy Butty Kendoo being interviewed by a Crampus reporter.

## STUDENTS HANG CO-EDS FOR DISTURBING PEACE

Five-hundred students, wearing the role and masks of Two Klucks Klan erected a gibbet on Jasper Oval yesterday and suspended two co-eds therefrom as a public warning to the students of Teachers Training to leave College freshmen alone.

The deceased young ladies, Evelyn Sunday and Dorothy P. Crosseseimann both of the Home for the Aged and Destitute, were accused of picking up a '37 man, and attempting to lead the youth astray.

## DESPONDENCE

Issues Defi

To the Editor of the Campus: I am now quivering in the throes of the poisoned java. My strength is slowly ebbing from my Herculean frame, but as long as the spirit of the primeval man throbs in my subconsciousness, I will always feel until the last gasp that one mortal stands between myself and the much coveted crown, the 'Magna cum Laude' of swat.

"While on the other side I had the extreme pleasure of singing my Russian lullaby to such renowned exponents of the art of fisticuffs as Poalino Ungazum, the Basque Woodnymph, and Guglielmo Pasquale Pasticcioto, of Spaghetti and Ravioli fame. Having disposed of my European opponents so easily, I decided to return to the land of the free in hope of receiving competition. My chagrin was great when upon my arrival here and the sad news was conveyed me that 'Dean Pan Luis', the ferocious bull, had returned to his banana patch, the Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, had retired to connubial bliss, and that Gene Tunney, the Fighting Maine, was so-journing in the cavernous vaults of the 42nd Street Library perusing the literary works of such profound philosophers as Elinor Glynn and Ethel M. Dell.

"However, there seem to be a number of men around her who may last a round or two with me. Rambunctiously yours, Beniamino Guiseppe Pasquale (Bison) Puleo."

(Note:—A foul attempt is being made to ruin the tournament by the spread of a rumour that the Kelly Street Killer does not live on that block. Let us hope such mud-slinging will be disregarded by the fair-minded multitude—LANCE.)

## SPORT BARKS

THEY'RE OFF—THEY MUST BE

At last! The real fight of the century! Johnny Teter Itch and Irvy Kepter Back have finally been matched to meet in the "Excising Hall, Hy and Gene Building, College of the City of New York" on Saturday, December 32 at 10 P. M. Hy and Gene, when interviewed, would say nothing. Consequently it was only with the greatest of difficulty that the signature of the champion, Teter Itch, was secured upon the contract. You see at first Johnny could only put a cross on the dotted line and it was only after a two months shorthand course at the College that he was able to sign his name.

Both contestants have agreed to a one-round bout. (The two claim the fight won't go any longer). When interviewed, Professor, Molasses, of the Biology department, was of the belief that a careful administration of correct genetic principles might yet save the race.

According to Dean Robinstail, "There is much to say on both sides. However, I am a liberal and will establish training quarters for the chess team at Hot Springs, Colorado." Professor Tommyson of the Historical Antique department was not certain either way, "However", he smiled, "I see signs of almost human intelligence in your question, did you ever hear the one about the two chorus girls. It seems—"

Came the dawn, and two embittered boxers slunk stealthily through the starry night.

Facilis Descensus Averno

Time was when columns were used to write humor, discuss athletic events, plays, etc., etc. Alas, Them days are gone forever. LANCE gets bids for football dinners, BerniE advertises his class proms and other social disturbances and we? Ah, but it is difficult to smile with an aching heart. The voice of the child is hushed, while her mother weeps. Be it known, therefore, that we too demand our share of the booty. Having no football friends, and not knowing any owners of Halsey book shops, we forthwith put in our bid for a couple of A's. Professors Thompson Shapiro, Mott, Neus, Guthrie, Otis, and Messrs Goodman and Brophy kindly take notice.

Verbum to the Saps

Egypt was great and fell, Babylon, Assyria, The French, Rome all had their day. We do not wish, to be prophets of evil, but remember! Once we were among the lowly in all sports. Let not false pride work its way into the heart of our student body and make of the very foundations, a worthless core.

HIGH JACK

KEEP YOUR FEET OFF YOUR MIND HAVE YOUR FEET EXAMINED DR. I. N. FINKEL — PODIATRIST Specialist on foot ailments 536 West 145th Street, near B'way Hours: 9-11 A. M. 6-8 P. M. Sunday 9-11 A. M.

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## CITY OFFICIALS PROBE MYSTERIES IN SUBWAY

(Continued from Page 4)

D. (Woluptuous) Storecans, and Gene Tunney from blame.

Seated on her best piano stool wearing a green hat and green goloshes Miss Drops patiently answered the questions which were hurled at her by the inquiring reporters who were ravenously sipping their orange juice.

"Now boys," she began coyly "You know I just love reporters but I really am not that kind of a girl and with all you great big men here I really don't know where to begin."

"Begin at the beginning," was the disturbing suggestion of the group leader.

Three of his companions began to rend him asunder, but Miss Drops generously saved him by giving out the startling information that since he wore red flannel underwear she forgave him.

"That's a great idea" she declared, "it all began this way. Mike Trebla, the subway foreman and I were coming home from work one day when Mike playfully hit me over the head, with his roll of plans, and says 'What say, Methy, suppose we hit it up tonight at the Lido Venice'. Say, no one can hit me over the head and get away with it, so I hauled off and crowned him with my roll of plans. 'Venice we going?' I asked. Mike comes back quick as a flash. 'Right now', Mike comes back, quick as a flash. "So we hopped on a street car and (Continued on Page 2)

## CAMPUS MEN REEL IN DRUNKEN RIOT

Detective Ratskin Foils Attempt of Management to Forget Olives

NEW YORK, 8:30 p. m.—"What no women?" was the unanimous cry of the Crampus staff at its annual dinner held last Monday evening in Hammond's Night Club. Profs. Teddybear Badman and William Matthree were the guests of honor.

The first dish on the menu was called "Consomme Argentin ABC Noodles." By universal demand, the management consented to interpret it. The guests of honor received double portions. (That's why they are called guests of honor).

Special Dispatch to The Crampus NEW YORK, 8:45 p. m.—Grand disturbances were heard in the neighborhood of the College of a certain city. The Milli Sci reserves, under command of Kernel Locarnold and Sergeant Wurtemberg were told to be ready for developments.

Special Dispatch to The Crampus NEW YORK, 9:00 p. m.—The foundations of the city were shaken, according to seismographers at fifty universities in the country. It is believed that the earthquake is in the neighborhood of Convent Avenue and 139th Street.

Special Dispatch to The Crampus NEW YORK, 9:15 p. m.—The riot is over. The management served the chicken. A slight clamoring for more potatoes, soon stilled, after the gorgers tasted the potatoes.

Special Dispatch to The Crampus NEW YORK, 9:30 p. m.—J. Kackling Hen (Jake) finally arrived. He demanded soup. He didn't get it.

The Crampus staff is working frantically over the chicken. Jim Ratskin is checking off the dishes as they come. He foiled the management in an attempt to forget the olives. "My doctor says I need them," he asserted.

For dessert, the staff was given a choice of 10 varieties of sandwiches at 5c. each. Fat Business Damager asked for all ten. The motion was unanimously carried.

Teddybear Badman spoke on "Prohibition, Its Cause and Cure." After three minutes he was drowned out by the noise of the demi-tasse drinkers. Prof. William Not-three drowned out the demi-tasse.

The meal broke up in an attempt to collect the carfares from Business Mismanager, Shylock German.

"I am a liberal," stormed Dean Robintail, his coat-tails in one hand, his whiskers in the other after the mob left, chasing German.

NEW HANDY PACK WRIGLEYS P.K. CHEWING SWEET

3 Packs for 5¢ A treat everybody enjoys. It's good for young and old. AFTER EVERY MEAL

SACK SUITS Have the correct nonchalant air of custom-tailored smartness. \$29.50 and more BROMLEY'S 5 WEST 46th STREET Right off "The Avenue" 177 BRADWAY For our Wall Street patrons

# FACULTY IS STUMPED BY ORANGE QUESTION

(Continued from Page 1)

sold them at that price. Prof. H. Assumption Overhead, of the Philharmonic department is still searching for the basic attitude. Prof. Sparkplug of the Classy Languages department cannot decide in which declension it belongs.

Do you really want to know the answer? It will be printed in the next issue of the Crampus. Order your copy from your news dealer now.

The Decameron was voted the favorite modern prose work of the faculty. (Do you catch on? They are so old fashioned. Heh Heh). No member of the faculty voted on the question of their favorite modern poetry work. They don't read poetry.

The Daily Mac Graphic was voted the favorite newspaper of the professors. The Daily Looking-glass was second and the Daily Blues third. Scattering votes were recorded for the New York Globe and the Evening Post.

No answers were received to the question, "Describe your soul-mate?" The faculty never thought of that.

The Rover Boys series was voted the favorite fiction work of the College pedagogues. Professor Short-pantsbocker vehemently supported Tom Swift.

Fatty Arbuckle and Pola Negri were chosen the favorite actor and actress respectively. Johnny Weismuller and "Iz" Seidler also received votes.

## CLASSIFIED

**WANTED** — Several young college men wanted to represent well established clothing concern at the College. Excellent financial remuneration for those well known in the College. If interested call at The Crampus office (Room 411) for particulars on

**APOLLO BURLESK**  
125th St. West of 7th Ave.

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**HILARIOUS THE CRAMPUS**

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**FEROCIOUS ALL GIRLS**

**GET YOUR SEASON PASS AT THE CAMPUS OFFICE**

**Nat LUXENBERG & Bro. CLOTHES**



Luxenberg Ulsters are cut to a pattern and conform to a style which has made them preeminently popular among college men.

**Nat LUXENBERG & Bro. 37 Union Square, New York**  
*Between 124th & 126th St.*

# Christmas Carols

## THE XMAS HOWL

*'Twas the night before Christmas,  
When all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring,—  
Not even a mouse.*

*But up in the attic  
Let's shower our glance;  
A pretty young miss  
Does the scenery enhance.*

*Alas by her side,  
In a bed of small space,  
Lies a weary old man,  
With ghastly drawn face.*

*Imagine for pity  
They're father and daughter;  
Perhaps she is not,  
But maybe she oughtta.*

*The old gent, I'm told,  
Was dying quite fast;  
He motioned her toward him,  
This shy little lass.*

*He begged her to answer,  
His mind at a loss;  
"Tell me," he pleaded,  
"Is there a Santa Claus?"*

## Santa Pulls A Fux Pass

It was Christmas morn and the dear daddy was curiously questioning his little daughter as to the gifts Santa Claus had bestowed upon her.

"Well, darling," he quired, "was Santa good to daddy's little girl?"

"Good?" she flung back. "Why look!" she cried, motioning to the numerous toys he had deposited in her room the night before.

"I suppose you were fast asleep when Santa arrived?" he asked rather apprehensively.

The room reverberated with childish laughter as she disclosed the fact that she had feigned sleep and had spied upon the gift-giver.

"You saw Santa?" her old man guiltily inquired.

"Yes," she assured him.

"Where did he come from?" her male parent demanded, testing the veracity of her disclosure.

"Well," she began, "he came down the chimney."

"And then what?" she asked anxiously.

"Then," she continued, "he put a lot of toys in my room."

"And then?" his breath was coming in gasps.

"And then," she dramatically concluded, "he went inside and went to bed with mamma!"

## BIG VARSITY

I thank the Lord when Christmas comes,  
I love that time of year,  
When your tootsies seek the fire warm,  
And you've a frosted ear.

When from your cellar deep you take  
Your sled and then you go,  
Down the very steepest hill,  
Spilling in the snow.

When you purchase gifts for both  
Your sister and your brother,  
A sombre tie for dear old dad,  
A lavalier for mother.

And though these gifts may truly cause  
Your money bag to pant,  
You have to dig down deep again,  
For gifts for unc and aunt,

And nephews, nieces,—till at last,  
You've squandered your last cent;  
Just the same I'm mighty glad  
That it was all well spent.

And now you know why I rejoice,  
It brings me lots of cheer;  
And so I thank the Lord, I do,  
It comes but once a year!

We've just sent a "collect" cablegram to Her Royal Highness, the Queen of Roumania, wishing her a Marie Christmas.

We received the scare of our life one morning last week when the editor informed us that he intended dispensing with our column for this edition. "It's gonna be a humor issue," he explained.

**BERNIE UNCONDITIONAL**

# "SHE SLAYS ME," SAYS STORECANS IN LAST GASP

(Continued from Page 1)

Bridge and get a job selling fifteen cent wrist-watches." Whereupon Jonah V. Roll rose to his full height at which altitude he would have looked majestic had not his multi-colored suspenders ripped letting his twenty-inch trousers fall and disclosing to the eyes of the curious world his red flannel underwear. Clutching his seceding member with one hand he extended the other supplicatingly and in this picturesque attitude he began eloquently. "I'm authorized by the Oshkosh Watch Co. to sell these watches for 15-cents. Heliotropegold looks like gold and wears like gold. Next week they will be selling in all the big department stores for \$1.98 and \$2.00."

"I object," wailed Blackie Crank, breaking all the cannons of good taste by interrupting so discourteously.

"Objection overruled," said Pres. Storecans gravely "there is much to be said on both sides of the swimming pool" he added in a thoughtful tone. At this juncture a great commotion was heard in the outside hall and the stout oxen door burst as Dean Frederick (Beatrice) Robin-tail, who is playing the part of president at the City College Theatre, rushed in followed by his trusty henchman, Dean Daniel Robin Redbreast.

"Veni, Vidi, Vici" intoned Beatrice solemnly as she (I mean he) broke a piano stool over Storecans' head. Bum Rodgers Laver would-be Crampus editor swooned with a moan of grief as Storecan's old-rose blood stained the precious Stewed Council resolutions. Thereupon Col. Sam B. Locarnold marched in followed by a band of civilian Drillmen and arrested Dean Robin-stail on a charge of cruelty to animals. As Storecans was being carried out on a stretcher, the Stewed Council sang "Goodbye Forever" led by the Deutscher Verein octette after which Merry Meller of the Peace Club read the funeral services in both English and Polish. The Crampus reporter reported that there was much excitement but nothing could be learned.

## DAMNING TESTIMONIES OFFERED BY ARCHITECTS

(Continued from Page 1)

The Lavender will be the only institution on the face of the earth having its own private subway station.

**Trainless Subway**  
"Think of a subway without trains, noise or crush," he exclaimed "T'll be paradise on earth."

All attempts to elicit any explanation of the matter made at the Mayor's office at Beach 47th Street yesterday were futile but Miss Menthol Drops of the Matchmaker's Construction Co., Architects of the structure, when interviewed at her home late last night, made a statement exonerating Dr. Robin-tail, (Continued on Page 3)

# TEACHING STAFF APPEALS FOR POLICE PROTECTION

(Continued from Page 1)

way guards to attend them. The Art department has chipped in to draw a cordon of student policemen about the department officers on the fourth floor. Precautions such as barred windows, transoms, doors, and keyholes have become the-usual thing among the pedagogical staff. Mike, the janitor, and Sam Katz, assistant curator, have promised to divulge some startling information. They have demanded that The Crampus pay for their confessions and are holding out for better rates. Latest reports have it that "Fat" German, business damager, is weakening and will come to terms by the time The Crampus goes to press.

## CREW AND HOCKEY TEAMS WIN COLLEGIATE TITLES

### Victories Mark Fourth Successive Intercollegiate Championship

Playing up to their traditional championship form and ability, the Lavender crew and hockey teams smashed their way through grim, determined opposition to capture their fourth successive intercollegiate championship. The crew won their well-earned victory on the new rink at Madison Square Garden, while the sextet scored over the historic four-mile course at Poughkeepsie.

'Twas a nip and tuck battle between the College and N. Y. for the rowing title, but the brawn and ability of the local huskies accounted for the win. For three periods the score was knotted at 1-1, but as the eighth two (or two eights) entered the last stretch, Iz Seidler, coxswain of the Lavender, starting telling vulgar stories that interfered with the "stroking" of the Violet crew, and the College won by a "head".

All credit for the victory should go to the eight brawny, intelligent, upstanding, fine specimens of American youth and manhood, these behemoths of muscular development are: Ben Fabian Daneman, the demon manager; Jack Whitey Frank, likewise a manager, but not so demon; Sid Licht, a demon and a manager; Hy Sorokoff, the famous politician; Irv Levin, the aspiring, sex-starved journalist, Last, but not least, the diminutive, witty cock-swain, Iz Seidler.

Lavender men held their Vassar opponents, but the superior shooting of the pucksters, gave them victory. For the College Messers Bill Shapiro, Stan Frank, Sy Cohen, Dave Davidson, Dave Coral, Sy Fern, Jake Ratshin, Mac Mednick and Hy Birnbaum: starred.

(Note. This is the only way the above freaks will ever break into copy as athletes)

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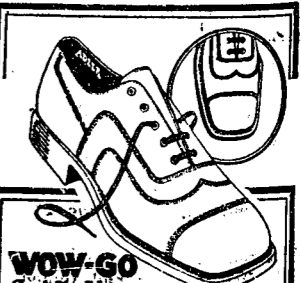
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