

Love Nest Orgy Bared; Coach Disbands Team!

The Crampus

The Temple of the Learned

Sees Nothing--Knows All

EAT

PEPP

GOD

SAVE

THE EDITOR

Volume 43 — No. 29

NEW YORK CITY, FRIDAY, DEC. 21, 1928

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Ptomaine Poisoning Cramps Crampus Editor! Staff Is Smitten; Suspect Sammond Sandwich! Stewed Council Coins 3000 Bucks In Peanuts!

COUNCIL STEWS PEANUT PLAN IN ATTEMPT TO COIN 3000

With an aim to corner the peanut market, the stewed council has recently launched its \$3,000 plan for the cornering the peanut market. From various sources we have learned that the object is to corner the peanut market, making it square. At a dinner in honor of the student council yesterday, the president said to himself, "The peanut market must be cornered \$16 for my expense account." Evidently they mean to corner the peanut market.

When interviewed by our cub reporter, Jack "Jack" Frozenberg said, "What this country needs is somebody who knows what this country needs." Going further and touching on his favorite subject, women, he remarked casually, "Whither hist nature! La-rum-tedum. Spring and the warm sweet breath of the garbage can! Gads! Ooks!"

Camera Thrown Out of Window

At the meeting, "Charlie-horse" Boulder read the minutes from his watch, the others marking time. Suddenly, the president called "time-out" and they all fell to the business at hand. Ivitehoff Camera, was the first to fall when they threw him out the window.

"Ods 'Bodis", asked "Frozenface" Frozenberg.

"You mean 'ods bodkins," demanded "Trump" Willynilly.

"Zounds and bejabbers! You're both wrong," replied Nebish Bandyleg.

Silent Discussion Purged

"Morbleu! Parbleu! and Ma Foi!" came back Willynilly and this ended the conversation for ten minutes while they silently discussed the lunch room, the council constitution and many other interesting questions. While they were thus digesting the questions, Boulder leaped to his feet breaking the silence.

"Hey, there. You'll have to pay for that now," the president shouted. "Treasurer, put down \$16 on my expense account."

"Viewing it from this angle, I think you're right," answered Smelly Cheezer as the council threw him on his neck.

Frozenberg Quips

"Ha! Ha! You're necks to the ground now," quipped Frozenberg. "This peanut plan makes me nutty," snapped back Cheezer as his back snapped.

(Continued on Page 3)

The Blindfold Sandwich Test

Arnold Lickitoff

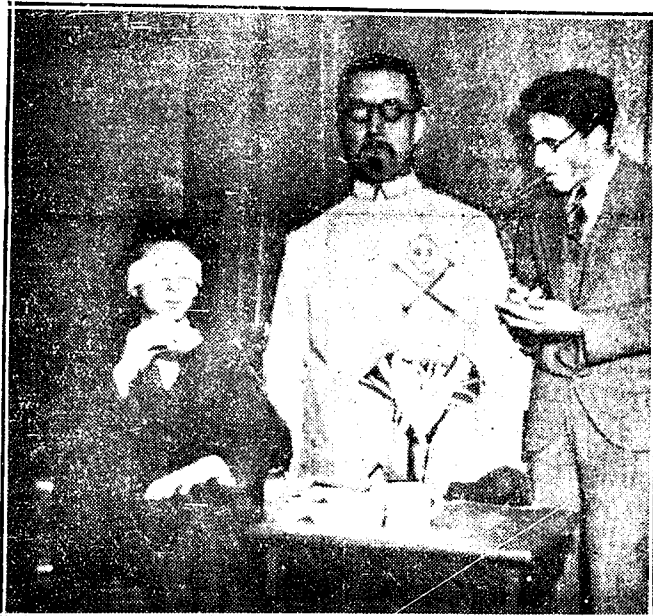
PROMINENT EDITOR

SELECTS

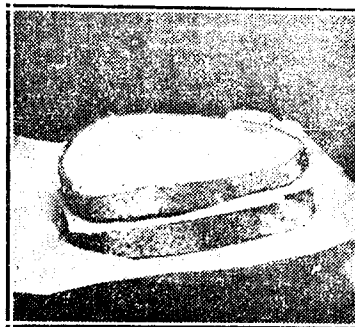
SAMMOND SANDWICH

THE TEST

First Sandwich Pooh
Second Sandwich Pyeu
Third Sandwich Pyeh
Fourth Sandwich (Sammond's) ... THE CAT'S!



MR. LICKITOFF was asked to eat each of the four leading brands, clearing his taste with lysol between sandwiches. Only one question was asked: "Which one do you like best?"



THE SAMMOND SANDWICH



ARNOLD LICKITOFF, endeared to readers, the world over... Champion of the Proletariat... Against Gustatory Oppression... The Marx of The Comestible.

WHY YOU CAN PICK THEM

Cardboard covers... Choice trachina meat, grown specially for Sammond's... lusciously rancid butter... there's none like it!... Large variety... Lowest prices... Compare!

FINER AND HEALTHIER --- "NOT A VITAMIN IN A VICTUAL"

PRESIDENT DECORATES LITTLE DEAN FOR HEROISM IN FIERCE STRUGGLE TO SAVE HONOR OF COLLEGE

A black fiend wearing spats and carrying a cane was apprehended yesterday dragging the languishing Poe Statue from its pedestal. The valiant defender of this piece of Lavender art, who has since been decorated by President Robintail, was the demure Dean Rottschall. The fiend has been variously identified as a represser, lay-session student, a member of the W. C. T. U., and a rumor, which we make haste to label as unofficial, has

it that the scoundrel was Mr. Bucky Starr, a tutor at the College.

At about five o'clock last evening, someone was seen tugging at the feet of the statue, then to grab it around the neck. Unobserved Dean Rottschall had come up behind the villain. Shocked by the fiend's next action, the valiant Dean shrank back and covered his eyes. Meanwhile the former had

(Continued on Page 4)

COLLEGE AGOG AS SAMMOND STEAK CRIES 'MAMA'; DOGFISH IN QUEST OF KNOWLEDGE DESERTS BIO LAB

While kibitzing with the dorsal pancreas of Millicent, the stock Bio dogfish, Isadore Balboa, Lower Freshman Twice, was prostrated to see his specimen nonchalantly throw off his advances, light a Murad, and skip out of the room on her pectoral fin and twenty-third vertebra. She was tackled by Mendel Litvak, who was described by the lab chief as "just one of the fellows." Dexterously evading his clutches with a

flip of her cloaca communis, she went through the entire line-up, leaving the entire force prostrate.

She was seen about various parts of the building, comparing organs with Professor Baldlose, disporting in the sanitary pool, window-shopping for protozoa at Harris, eating hot dog-fish at Luigi the Wop's.

It was shortly after lunch-hour.

(Continued on Page 4)

JAKE SAMMOND REFUTES CHARGES AS EDITOR SINKS

(LATEST BULL)

December 21—

At an early hour this morning, The Crampus learnt from an authoritative source that Lickitoff, prominent editor and man-about-town, was resting uneasily at his New York home. A statement by Dawson of Cornell, attending physician, indicated that the end may be expected any minute now.

December 22—

Reports circulated yesterday that Lickitoff had taken off sent stocks soaring on Wall Street.

December 23—

Little hope is held out for the recovery of Arnold Lickitoff, well-known sportsman and editor of the Crampus, from the effects of ptomaine poisoning. It is known that the attack was occasioned by the eating of a certain sandwich in a blind-fold test. The brands Lookis, Nookis, Bookis and Sammond were represented: while it is not definitely ascertained which of the several sandwiches is responsible for his illness, Conjecture is Rife that it was the fourth variety. The fact that Mr. Lickitoff highly commended the Sammond sandwich is explained on the theory that the victim was intimidated by Jake Sammond, who is pictured elsewhere as standing directly behind Mr. Lickitoff during the test.

'Rumor Slays Me'—Sammond

When acquainted with the rumor that points to him as the slayer, Mr. Sammond sputtered a denial.

"I emphatically deny the rumor," he emphatically denied.

Mr. Lickitoff showed signs of gastric poisoning at the conclusion of the test. Immediately he was whisked away to his palatial Park Avenue residence, where the highest medical talent of the country is now engaged in a desperate attempt to fight the ravages of the disease. Professor Axelrod Goosygander is now rushing to New York from India by airplane television and snowshoes.

Beige Dress Allays Fears

The wife of Mr. Lickitoff, the former Frances ("Cherries") Clowning of musical comedy fame, is in constant attendance at the bedside.

(Continued on Page 2)

Rottschall Nabs Fiend Stealing Poe Statue!

The Crampus

The Temple of the Learned

Volume 43 Wednesday, Dec. 21, 1928. No. 29

"The accumulation of a fund from the profits..... which fund shall be used to aid, foster, maintain, promote, realize or encourage any aim which shall go towards the betterment of College and student activities..... This corporation is not organized for profit."

The subscription rate is \$4.00 a year by mail. Advertising rates may be had on application. Forms close the half week preceding publication. Articles, manuscripts, etc., intended for publication must be in THE CRAMPUS OFFICE, before that date.

Published Monday, Wednesday and Friday during the College year, from the fourth week in September until the fourth week in May, excepting the fourth week in December, the third and fourth week in January, the first week in February, and the first week in April, by THE CRAMPUS ASSOCIATION, Incorporated, at the College of the City of New York, 130th Street and St. Nicholas Terrace.

Printed by: THE BAGNASCIO PRINTING CO. 155 Wooster St., New York City. Telephone Springs 5512

College Office: Room 411, Main Building Telephone: Edgewood 5701

EXECUTIVE BOARD

Arnold Shukoff '29	Editor-in-Chief
Bernard L. Well '30	Business Manager
Louis N. Kaplan '29	Managing Editor
Abraham A. Hirshbaum '29	News Editor
George Brown '29	Staff Editor
Stanley B. Frank '30	Supervisor
Benjamin Kaplan '29	Columnist

ASSOCIATE BOARD

Samuel L. Kan '29	Harry Winer '30
Milton H. Mandel '29	Joseph P. Lash '31
Abraham Herlitz '30	Benjamin Nelson '31
Moses Richardson '30	George Siegel '31
Leo Abraham '31	Abraham H. Raskin '31

NEWS BOARD

Delmore Brickman '30	Arnold A. Lasker '31
Jack Brickman '30	Julian Lieberman '31
Julius Weiss '30	Irving S. Schipper '31
Philip J. Delfin '31	Arthur V. Berger '32
Leo T. Goodman '31	Henry Bernstein '32
Morris Greenfeld '31	Morton Liffin '32
A. Joel Horowitz '31	John Satter '32
Paul Kaminsky '31	Samuel Steinglass '32
Aubrey Shatter '31	Charles H. Ullman '32

Special Contributor

BUSINESS BOARD

Sylvan Elias '30	Advertising Manager
Louis Thibault '29	Circulation Manager
Maurice E. Jacobs '29	Staff Accountant
Emanuel Berger '29	Ass't Circulation Mgr.
Irving E. Schwartz '31	Isidor Greenberg '30
Stanley D. Waxburg '30	Harry Mazer '30
Herbert Perlman '31	Hartin Whyman '31

ASSOCIATE BUSINESS BOARD

Robert Harte '31	Samuel Reiter '29
Abraham Jacobs '31	Leonard Cohen '31
Mortimer Cohen '32	Milton Goldstein '29
Isidor Klausner '32	Arnold Levy '32
Frederick Jones '32	Morris Nadler '32
Moe Noshielev '32	George Weinfield '32

Andor Weiss '30

Tissue Editor: BARNOLD PEARTREE

Be a Leader

or Tell it to The Dean

(Reprint from The Columbia Cattler)

Some of the pupils of our dear College have not been doing their best work in scholarship this term. We come to school to learn and to do many worthwhile things, but scholarship should be uppermost in our minds.

Many boys have not been working up to the limit of their capacities and we have had many complaints from parents about warning slips.

This is not right. Our dear college has very high standards, and we must keep them so. An "A" in Columbia college means that you are doing extra fine work in your grade and to get that you must work pretty hard. A "D" means danger and you are almost a failure in that subject. Be a Leader—get good marks.

We don't give a darn whether you have or a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year!

Gargoyles

NO FOOLIN'

Basketball

The Lavender quintet, which was swamped by an irresistible Crimson tidal wave last Saturday evening, will attempt to resume its winning ways when it meets St. Lawrence tomorrow in the gym. The Laurries have compiled a mediocre record thus far this season bowing to St. Bonaventure and Yale. The team's only victory was scored at the expense of Hamilton in the opening game. George Washington H. S. will meet the frosh in the preliminary contest.

Princeton's tiger will invade the College hunting grounds a week later in the second of the St. Nicholas courtmen's holiday battles. The Black and Orange boasts wins over Drexel and Ursinus but a defeat by the strong Dickinson five mars an otherwise perfect sheet. Bowen, Nassau's high scoring center, may be seen at a forward post in the forthcoming match with the Lavender. Wittmer and Miles, outstanding football stars, will also face the opening whistle.

Marking the first engagement between the two quintets, a game with Washington and Jefferson will be staged Dec. 31 in the gym. The Presidents with an all-veteran aggregation promise to make the College's New Year's Eve celebration a hectic one. Coach Holman will oppose to the Penn assault his regular lineup of Liss, Sandak, De Phillips, Musicant and Spindell.

Swimming

Because of a serious epidemic of influenza, during which authorities at Syracuse have found it necessary to suspend sessions, the swimming meet and water-polo game with the Orange scheduled for this evening have been indefinitely postponed. Efforts will be made to hold the meet sometime between February 22 and March 2 on which dates the College encounters N. Y. U. and Pennsylvania, respectively.

Othello

"Othello", the Student Council's sensational presentation in which Emil Jennings stars, will be shown in the Great Hall this evening. A dance, also under the Council's auspices will round out the evening's festivities. Tickets for the film are still on sale in the Concourse and the Student Mail Room at fifty cents each.

Literary

Mercury, College comic, and Lavender, the literary opus, both appeared last Wednesday. The Merc issue, the third of the semester, featured a resume of humor printed in ancient editions exhumed from the files. Lavender, in making its debut on the campus, contained several poems, short stories, treatises and a play review section.

Wrestling

The all-conquering wrestling team hopes to extend its long winning streak by a victory over the powerful Bronx Union, Y.M.C.A. grapplers tonight. With Captain Schwabenest out for the remainder of the term with a body injury sustained in the opening meet of the season, the sextet which so decisively trounced Brooklyn Center two weeks ago will again see action.

La Chronique

Newest of the College publications "La Chronique", official organ of the Cerele Jusserand, reports a complete sellout of its initial issue. Seven hundred copies were sold at ten cents each in the various French sections. Among the contents were two dramatic revues, a philosophy corner, travel notes and an interesting group of jokes and riddles.

Palestine Night

Dr. Saul Tchernichowsky, renowned Hebrew poet, is to be guest of honor at a reception tendered by the New York Chapter of "Avukah", national Zionist federation, Sunday evening at the Harlem Y.W.H.A. headquarters, 110th Street and Fifth Avenue. Students will be admitted gratis. Avukah's fourth annual Palestine Night celebration will take place next Saturday evening at Pythian Temple, 70th Street and Broadway. Rina Nikova, danseuse of the Palestine Opera Company and Samuel Kanter, tenor of the Singers of Zion, have promised to appear. The works of L. Pilichowsky, a painter of note, will be on exhibition.

Football

City College's football schedule for 1929 will be released tomorrow evening for publication in Sunday morning's newspapers, according to an announcement by Professor Walter Williamson, faculty supervisor of athletics. On account of the splendid record of this season's gridmen, the list for next year is expected to show continuance of the Lavender's expansion in the world of sport.

THE CELLAR

I like apples. It all came about like this. I was four. I was lost. I was crying. A fellow with lots of hair and some glasses took me by the hand and led me into a big hall where other men like him were eating lunch. I cried but wanted to know. "Who's they?" "They," said my guide, "is students." "Why are they students," I asked. He didn't know. I cried, "I wanna go home and I want my mama." "Keep quiet," he told me and gave me a banana. A banana is a banana. I ate it. My Nestor snoopied around and came back with more fruit. He fed me oranges, pears, plums, even a peach. Whenever he stopped I cried. He had to go on, or leave me. But he must have begun to feel the paternal instinct for he didn't go. He fed me fruit, and more fruit. But no apples. "Why can't I have an apple," I cried. "Because," he said, and then came a bell and he ran and so did all the others and when I woke up I was home and in bed and mama was crying beside me and I was all in white.

"I wanna apple" I declared, "I gotta have a apple." I waited hopefully yet no apple was forthcoming. Then the doctor came and he too said, "no apples", but wouldn't tell me why not. I wondered.

Then I grew up and read about Adam and Eve. The Sunday school teacher told me. They ate apples. That's how they knew they weren't wearing clothes. And how I tried to get my apple. Doesn't an apple a day keep the doctor away," I demanded, I even invented my own, "Good bread, good meat, but good apples can't be beat." I bought a pound from a stand but the bag, broke in the subway. A childhood sweetheart offered one but the teacher saw the exchange and the apple was soon on the official desk.

Apples became a mania. I saw them in my dreams, walked with visions of them, talked of them, played with the idea of them, did everything but—alas that I must avow it—eat them.

And the came the day. I'd just became a College freshman. Mother—yes, it was mother, now—gave me a quarter for lunch and after I had three of Sammond's salmon sandwiches—I was a freshman—and a cup of cocoa. I still had a nickel left. What to buy? What to buy! My eye scanned the range of tasty cakes and fruits—and how my heart leaped, an apple. But, no, that fruit must cost at least a dime. Yes, no,—no, no, only five cents, the twentieth part of a dollar and I had it. Quickly I changed it into an apple.

Sneer, oh ye, who have enjoyed this delectable fruit of knowledge all your lives. Laugh at this novice in the pleasures of the feast but for fifteen holy minutes I treasured that apple like an "A" in Math 4, I ran out to the park and, stationing myself where none could see, took the first nibble. Ah, what joy I had then. Envy me, ye who cannot remember your first taste of apple. Since then I've had my apple every day promptly at 12:36 and I like it. I tell you I don't give a damn if the entire College and its boy friend thinks I'm crazy. But I tell you, it's so. I like apples!

HIGH SHUTUP

JAKE SAMMOND SANDWICH SALES RISE AS EDITOR SINKS

(Continued from Page 1)

When last seen by this correspondent she was wearing a brown beige dress with white fluffs to allay the anxiety of the public. It is well known that public anxiety is allayed whenever Mrs. Lickitoff wears a brown beige dress with white fluffs.

Dec. 20 (P. A.)—Investigation of the record of Jake Sammond, now suspected of the Lickitoff crime discloses that he was three times convicted of violations of the Rare Goods and Rug Law as well as the

Canons of Good Taste. As a notice for the crime it is suggested that Sammond was incensed by the fierce campaign upon him instituted in the editorial columns of The Crampus, a Lickitoff paper.

District Attorney Kanton announced that he would arraign Sammond before the Grand Jury as soon as two material witnesses, John and Richard Doe had been caught. They are now in Cuba.

Dec. 20 (P. A.)—A complete shake-up of the police department is promised by Mayor Alker if the slayer is not brought to justice within four, eight, eighteen or thirty-two days. This conclusion was reached after heated debate by city dignitaries.

"This is outrageous, simply outrageous," declared the Mayor.

"What is outrageous, Mr. Mayor?" But the Mayor smiled an enigmatic smile and said he had forgotten.

SPLASHED IN INK

Virtue's Rewards

FRANK MERRIWELL'S YOUNG WARRIORS. By Burt L. Standish. New York: Smith and Company. 15c.

This book is of undeniable quality. It is an intensely authentic novel of moral persons and events, and it is easily assimilated since you enjoy the lesson while it is being taught. Not only is the subject matter of undeniable quality, but the structure of the work itself is also a marvel of logical order and form. It is a highly colored thriller of romance and daring. Any assertion of Mr. Standish's greatness as a moral novelist is borne out by this inimitable style, together with vivid character portrayal and authenticity of detail.

But enough of these adjectives, even I, HOOEY N. SAPLAN, am sometimes suffused with them and I suffocate. A brook murmuring as it runs along through time, past generations, saturating the lives of some with its song of life, for others a mere book—is the theme of the Merriwell series.

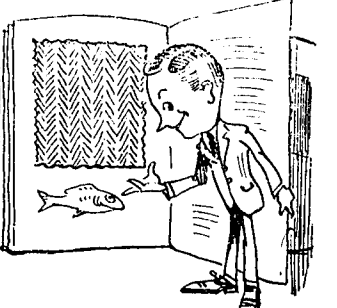
The author is valuable since he has a purpose and a tangible plot. I do not care if this is a faux pas, but I, HOOEY N. SAPLAN here hiss war against those novelists who write without a moral or a decent ending, for example, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey". Now I ask, what sense is there in a book of that type? Of course, there is some good character drawing, but I quote you a passage of description from Frank Merriwell's "Young Warriors": "Behind a desk at one end of a low platform sat the valiant Frank Merriwell, arms folded and frank eyes ranging over the curious faces of the boys who were filing in and taking their seats on the long benches below him. His level eyes ranged over the eager, interested faces before him, and somehow each boy had a feeling that the great man was looking straight at him. It was this little gift of comprehension, coupled with a sympathetic insight into a boy's character, which, more than any other quality, perhaps and made Frank Merriwell the idol of most of the inmates of Farnham Hall."

Now from "The Bridge of San Luis Rey": "There was something in Lima that was wrapped up in yards of violet satin from which protruded a great droopsical head and two pearly hands; and that was its archbishop. Between the rolls of flesh that surrounded them looked out two black eyes speaking discomfort, kindness and wit. A curious and eager soul was imprisoned in all this lard, but by dint of never refusing himself a pheasant or a goose or his daily procession of Roman wines, he was his own bitter jailer."

Now which author is more conducive to creating virtuous, honest, hard-hitting Americans? Why Wilder argues for obesity! Fat men would never do in a struggle against Bolsheviks!

Hooey N. Saplan

WHY NOT WRITE YOUR OWN CAPTIONS



BLUMBERG & BLOK

20% OFF

SALE

ON OUR ENTIRE STOCK

COLLEGIATE TOGS

104 CANAL ST. N.Y.C.

OPEN SUNDAYS

17 say "Merry Xmas" with same Gift

Evanston, Ill. Dec. 21, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co. Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs: I happen to be blest with a host of very fine friends, mostly "highbrows"—professors, scientists, etc. Generally at Christmas time they show their remembrance and all that with some little gift—a box of cigars, fishing tackle, a book—all that sort of thing. Well, this Christmas many seemed to centre on tobacco. Now, mark you, these fellows have no communication with each other. They live in widely separated parts of the country, so it was no "put-up" joke on me or anything like that. But here came seventeen boxes of tobacco, and sixteen of them the familiar blue "Edgeworth". The seventeenth was a very flossy walnut, brass-trimmed box, but if I know tobacco, the contents were in it. Edgeworth with a little perique in it. Just coincidence, perhaps, but a queer one. Am not an habitual smoker of Edgeworth, so they weren't catering to any especial taste of mine. Looks like a consensus of opinion among the "highbrows"—or quite a batch of 'em—that Edgeworth is the stuff, the proper paper for a gift. Sincerely yours, F. A. Fitzpatrick

Edgeworth

Extra High Grade Smoking Tobacco

Ge

Dec. 20 — ascertained by Arnold Lickitoff entered a station same time it v ported that J was entering a v naria in precie scene of the al Before boat Grand Centra ate one of his is rumored, h which was not

DICK SUSPE

CAME

The erstwhile tucking off the y stable stew and the divers smc thieves entered departed with dryers. No clu the thieves has but circumstanti Mr. Gilkie of t he recently com shipment of San his hands. Paddy, a fixt lege, to whom c for obtaining th in tears. Your pathetic tale here his repressed lov at least hit upor

COACH DOLEN

AS TE

A Sodom and G sin, a den of iniqu love nest has been the stalwart bear at that. Consist present, and futu the dirt in large s Crampus"—sees n hereby discloses s ments, the culn weeks of ribaldry sacred precincts of tere of Willie Va House of Jazz.

Coach Fat Dol for his exclusive latest and best b escutcheon of the frenzy of despair ner after a wild he nonchalantly t from a careening t turns around the c been forced to ea of the schedule—th to our inability to court," the wizard finally admitted, w vice and lust in h have all deserted vaudeville stage or posing for picture

C. & up-to Cafeteria and Sandwiches Hamilton Place

City Coll —Locate

HOTEL II

45 West N.Y.

'Get Sammond' Cries Lickitoff; Sinks Into Coma

BULL

Dec. 20 — At 8:30 A. M. it was ascertained by The Crampus that Arnold Lickitoff, stricken editor had entered a state of coma. At the same time it was authoritatively reported that Jake Sammond, suspect, was entering the State of Pennsylvania in precipitate flight from the scene of the alleged crime.

Before boarding the train at Grand Central, Sammond publicly ate one of his own sandwiches. It is rumored, however, that the sandwich was not a Sammond.

TEAM STRIPS HOLLYWOOD STARS IN HOLOCAUST; FIGHT ENDS JOYFUL VICTORY AS TRACK FALLS

In a hair-raising, scalp-lifting, and appendix-bursting struggle, the College basket makers roped in the Texas Aggies last night at the Hygiene Building. A diverting incident occurred in the second half when the track collapsed, killing everyone in the gym. The rest of the game was carried

on in a deathly silence by the two teams.

The game was a killer from start to beginning. In the first half, the referee called a foul on little Jack Horner, the diminutive forward, for whistling, and was immediately pierced in 57 different places by a ragged volley from all parts of the gym. At the end of the first half, the Lavender was far ahead of their opponents, the score standing 1-0. Captain Miss, of the College, was the high scorer in this half, by virtue of a startling shot from the foul line, after he had been fouled with an axe by a rather over-zealous member of the visitors.

During the intermission between halves, Manager X caused a near riot in the gym, when he stepped forward, and instead of making the customary announcement concerning the following week's engagement, shouted in a loud tone, "Will the person who killed Arnold Rothstein kindly stand up?" Just then the strains of "Lavender" floated through the gym.

In the second half, the Cowboys went into the lead when the Mustang center leaped high into the air, kicked his heels coltishly behind him, and tapped the ball through the netting on the jump-off. This lead, like the referee, was short-lived, however, for a moment later saw (if a minute can see) Kid Siftin the ball and put the College ahead for the rest of the game.

In this running story of the game, the collapse of the track should not be forgotten. At first it was thought that Bat was the only Dolman left, but later it was found that the Crampus scribe had escaped by taking a deep breath and withdrawing into his shell.

Both teams met their Waterloo a few minutes later when they turned on their showers and were scalded to death.

GOOSYGANDER APPROVES BIO RECOMMENDATIONS

"Brilliant chap, this fellow Pepicurus", declared Professor Axelrod Goosygander as he shot a drosophila. Keen biologist, a gentleman and a scholar, he called him, among other things. "I predict great things for the boy."

He announced that he was in hearty accord with all the recommendations of Mr. Pepicurus. Starting next semester he expects to change his course in Biology to include the following suggested reforms:

- (1) No textbook.
- (2) No lecture.
- (3) No laboratory.

Otherwise the course will remain intact, he confidently asserted.

Professor Goosygander is the author of a three volume work on the 33rd chromosome in the sperm of Homarus. This absorbing treatise is printed in Belgium and may be obtained by special arrangement with the King. All four readers admit it is an interesting treatment.

"The secret of my success?" asked the Professor, and answered, "the joy of life, the joie de vivre. Feel these biceps" — he extended his arms — "and these, and these."

But the reporter had fled.

INA MINA MO TO UNITE WITH POPPA ETA MOTZA

Tuesday marks the day long to be remembered by the fraters of Ina. It is on this auspicious day that Ina Mina Mo will consolidate with the Pappa Eta Motza Sorority of Training Teachers. Great and little things are expected from the merger.

STEWED COUNCIL CORNERS \$3000.00 PEANUT MARKET

(Continued from Page 1)

"Here's how it works. We buy the nuts for a song — or even a whistle. Boldone objects. We rifle his pockets and then his head. The head interferes and reports to the trustees. We dump our nuts on the market. The students buy and we are sitting pretty." Thus spoke Lavender and in two seconds he was sitting pretty — on the pavement. Soon the competition narrowed down to Frozenberg and Cheezer, each trying to throw the other out. The finishing blow was struck when Frozenberg called out, "\$16 on my expense account."

CHRISTMAS TO COME LATE ANNOUNCES PROF. BRUISE

Christmas this year will not occur on Tuesday, Professor Bruisemore of the department of Mathematics has made the startling discovery, but on Wednesday. In consequence, all public schools and colleges all over the country will hold sessions on Monday and Tuesday of next week, according to a public announcement recognizing the achievements of the Professor issued this afternoon by Lesserintendent of Schools Pottinger.

Professor Bruisemore arrived at his breath-taking scientific discovery by applying the quantum theory of the inextability of morning-dress frock tails to the fact that The Crampus travels at the rate of 186,286,8915 miles per sec, the submerged deduction of which manifests itself in the solution by Professor Bruisemore's indication that if The Crampus perambulates at this velocity — and the veracity of the computation has been checked to the eleventh figure by the Professor in recurrent blindfold tests — and if the Orion cluster occupy its pre-ordained spot in the heavens at 1:37 3-4 a. m. this morning, the collatory conclusion of the permuted combination of the sixteenth power of the velocity minus the third power squared of the quantum tail coal led to the inevitable conclusion that Christmas must arrive four days after The Crampus appears, i. e., Wednesday!

All students and members of the Faculty hitherto laboring under the woeful onus that they would be compelled to stay away from College Monday are now happily informed by Dean Rottschaal that not only will sessions be held on that day, but that the following day will also be included.

SHORTHAND IN ONE MONTH

By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS MILLER Institute of SHORTHAND 1465 Broadway, at 42nd St., N. Y. City Phone Wisconsin 9330



Linguists! Studes of the lingual arts! Burners of the mid-night banana oil! Do you know that Potchygaloop is Esperanto. . . . and that it means swank? Well, it haint! But if it were it would aptly describe Dolph-Murray Glad Rags! . . . Weep on my left shoulder, Clarence, and say it haint true!

DOLPH-MURRAY, Inc.
Clothers-Haberdashers
154 Fourth Avenue, New York near 14th Street
"Hello There"

CRAMPUS SNOOPER, SNOOPS STAR INTERVIEW WITH PROF. DIGNIFIED SILENCE REVEALS EG-EG'S GREATNESS

I knocked, no response. Therefore, I knocked again; still silence — at this dramatic point, a minor character made his timely entrance. Tall, broad of shoulders, with a merry twinkle in his eye, a flowing red beard under his nose, a slight rip in his pants, and a pleasing smile, he opened the door, and I entered.

Professor Eg-Eg would see me in seven and a half minutes, he said divining my purpose; and pushing me into a chair, he went out after the Professor. I glanced around me; I could see everything was in its exact spot. The Professor was so meticulous, even his lovers became infused with that ascetic spirit of cleanliness, punctuality and correctness.

Professor Reveals Asceticism
I heard footsteps. It was exactly seven and a half minutes, as I thought, and the other opened. The big red beard entered, and closed the door. More footsteps, and through an opening in the door I could see the Professor clearly outlined in all his dignity, standing hand in hand with another assistant, crying with joy. I shall always cherish the memory of that scene — the great man in all his tenderness, love for his aids, and straightforward display of emotions.

The aid holding hands suggested he grant the interview from behind the locked door, talking through the opening in the door, and he readily consented, with a careless nod. The great man was bashful! — I could see — an admirable quality.

Close Shaven Head Shows Simplicity
Furthermore, he was not ostentatious at all. He was close shaven about the head; his clothes were the simplest, neatly pressed, fitting

imperfectly (the sign of a great man) and showing fine taste for harmony and design from an artistic standpoint.

There were just a pair of pants and a long jacket that was buttoned tight up to the neck (the professor would wear no neckties). The material was of the simplest homespun, rough in texture (the Professor cared not for comfort). There were black and white stripes alternating, running in horizontal fashion, from side to side, around the pants, the jacket and the sleeves. So simple a design, and in perfect harmony with the marquee door behind which he stood; of smoothed bars running in horizontal and vertical directions.

I had no need to ask a single question — The greatness of the man danced about him. I looked at him with admiration in both eyes. He was standing nonchalantly, holding the bars and the hand of his assistant. Now he suddenly stopped crying and with stern determination written in every line of his face said (I was startled by the sudden change of mood, only characteristic of great men).

"Well", he said quietly. I was subdued, I could say nothing. I could not open my mouth. I could not say a word. Speaking was out of the question. I was not able to talk.

A sudden, violent change of mood again on the Professor's part, and he laughed light heartedly (God, what a man!)

"Well", he repeated, "you kin tell the woild that I killed Cock Robin; heh-heh." And with the same majesty of attitude, he turned and hand in hand with his assistant skipped away.

A Dictionary of Chemical Equations
Contains twelve thousand completed and balanced chemical equations, classified and arranged for ready reference.
Eclectic Publishers
1512 Tribune Tower, Chicago, Ill.

HOWDY! Leon says

OUR new Fall line of suits, topcoats, overcoats and Tuxedos will convince you that LEON-ARTHUR college models are there with the snap, the swank, the well-known wow!

This year we introduce the LEJACKET, LETOPPER, LE-OVO and LETUX. Remember the names, and ask for them when you come down.

You'll also find the season's latest fabrics, designs, colors and styles in the Leon-Arthur line — a line you can't buck.

Give our G. G. G. Clothes the O. O!

LEON-ARTHUR
CLOTHIERS
NEAR 145th ST
848 B'WAY
NEW YORK CITY

DICK SUSPECTS ROBBERY AS DRYERS ARE STOLEN CAMPUS SNIPERS SNIP ESCAPING SNEAK-THIEF

The erstwhile Dick was upstairs ticking off the patrons of Sammond's stable stew and feasting his eyes on the divers smoking viands. Two thieves entered the depths below and departed with the newly installed dryers. No clue to the identity of the thieves has as yet been obtained but circumstantial evidence points to Mr. Gilkie of the So-op Store since he recently complained of having a shipment of Sanitary Tissue idle on his hands.

Paddy, a fixture about the College, to whom chief credit was due for obtaining the dryers, was found in tears. Your reporter discovered a pathetic tale here. Wanting to bestow his repressed love upon someone, he at least hit upon the Dryers. Tenderly he gave them names, Alice, Elsie and Joe. He liked the frail Elsie for her vicissitudes and temperamental lapses. Glistening Alice was his boast. Only the hardy Joe left him a little doubtful, and it was Joe that the marauders left unscathed. Poor Elsie and Alice are gone.

The Dick when questioned broke down and confessed neglect of duty. Commissioner Wailing promised to investigate upon the insistence of and threat of exposure by Crampus officials. But the investigation has fallen through. Political higher ups who are in the know smile and hint at the pulling of strings. It is a common report that the Dick was a paid satellite of the influential Sammond.

COACH DOLEMAN DOLES OUT SEVERE PUNISHMENT AS TEAM IS APPREHENDED IN LOVE NEST ORGY

A Sodom and Gomorrah, a sink of sin, a den of iniquity, yea, a veritable love nest has been bared, and among the stalwart bearers of the Lavender at that. Consistent with its past, present, and future policy of dishing the dirt in large succulent doses, "The Crampus" — sees nothing, knows all — hereby discloses sensational developments, the culmination of many weeks of ribaldry and orgy in the sacred precincts of the training quarters of Willie Van Hookstraighten's House of Jazz.

Coach Fat Doleman, when asked for his exclusive explanation of this latest and best blot upon the fair escutcheon of the College, was in a frenzy of despair and was only cornered after a wild chase during which he nonchalantly threw in baskets from a careening taxicab on alternate turns around the campus. "We have been forced to cancel the remainder of the schedule — thank the Lord — due to our inability to put a team on the court," the wizard of the round ball finally admitted, with a quiver in his voice and lust in his eyes. "My boys have all deserted classes for the vaudeville stage or are quite worn out posing for pictures for the vulgar

proletariat of this great teeming metropolis of ours, with its fine upstanding citizenry, unlimited prospects, and — but whatinell am I ranting about anyway?" tearfully demanded the persecuted man as he gently swooned into an epileptic fit, foaming at the mouth, and coquetishly executing the latest step of the new Low Down.

After a vast outlay of money, time, and resources, "The Crampus" is at last able to present the facts in this amazing case, the joy of every yellow-graphic editor in New York, to its avid readers — and those that can't read will soon be able to hear it over the radio, or in the tearful duties of your favorite night club hostess, for the exploit of the brave boys will soon be the toast, on rye or white, mister? of the city.

Amid voluptuous surroundings reminiscent of a sumptuous Eastern seraglia, the boys were surprised in the pernicious act of opening their Love nest by Peeping Toms. Captain Miss and his merry men were taken by surprise by a pair of roguish eyes in the very act of partaking of forbidden fruit at a witching hour, when the men should have been starting their fourth rubber preparatory to dressing for class and some well-needed sleep.

With the automatic disbarment of the entire squad, Paddy and his trusty henchmen started sweeping the alcoves for candidates for the quintet and stray dice. Coach Doleman was all broken up and faintly protested that his implicit faith in womanhood had been irreparably shattered with the startling disclosures of the breaking of training rules. "And I warned those guys against the evils of the insidious Love Nest", he sobbed, beating his breast — he afterwards explained the peristaltic tract usually refuses to function for three hours after imbibing the Sammond sandwich. "There's nothing like a Hershey bar now and then to ward off enemy baskets, or even" — this an afterthought — "an Oh Henry bar, but Love Nests, never! — I'll learn those bums! They can whistle for camps from now on. And you might tell them the tune can be "I Can't Give You Anything But Love". There's a good little boy."

C. & S.
up-to-date
Cafeteria and Delicatessen
Sandwiches — Sodas
Hamilton Place and 138 Street

City College Club
—Located at—
HOTEL IMPERIAL

45 West 31st St.
N.Y.C.

TE YOUR
IONS
BULL
BLOK
STOCK
TOGS
ST.
mas"
Gift
ston, Ill.
31, 1927
a host of
ghbrows"
Gener-
show their
with some
y seemed
of thing,
mark you,
uniction
in widely
ry, so it
e or any-
e seven-
sixteen of
eworth!"
ry flossy
but if I
ts were
ue in it.
a, but a
habitual
y weren't
of mine.
opinion
quite a
th is the
gift.
patrick
-th
le
acco

Crampus Editor Dead!

Mayor Alker Promises Arrest in 8 Days
D. A. Promises Apprehension in 16 Days
Police Promise Conviction in 32 Days

BULL

Dec. 20.—At 9:30 A. M. this morning Arnold Lickitoff passed away. The last words on his lips as he was gathered up to his fathers was "Get Sammond!" Mrs. Lickitoff is now in a critical condition. She is still wearing a brown beige dress with white fluffs to allay public anxiety.

A bull issued by Dawson of Cornell, attending physician, follows:

"Mr. Arnold Lickitoff died at 9:30 A. M. this morning from gastric poisoning, ptomaine infusoriensis. Twelve incisions made on the left auricle failed to curb the extension of the poison. Professor Axelrod Goozygander was called into consultation, and it was at his suggestion that the incisions were made. This treatment was delayed three hours while Professor Goozygander was perusing the authority Spokes, in his volume "Phyllum Invertebrata" which was procured at great expense from Belgium.

—Dawson of Cornell

The funeral will take place on Thursday of this week. Among the dignitaries expected to attend are Alfred W. McCann and Bernard MacFadden.

DRAGA LODA PIE HAS 123 NEW PLEDGEEES

Having recently initiated seventy four new members, Draga Loda Pie stands in a comfortable financial position. In continuing its policy the fraternity now has one hundred and twenty-three pledgees. When questioned on the significance of this policy, I. Rushen Well, the head of the house, made the following statement: Next term I expect to get a thousand good pledgees."

D. S. C. BOYS PREPARE FOR ANNUAL CLEAN-UP

The D. S. C. boys are preparing for their annual clean-up to be held at 59th Street and Queensboro bridge on the 25. They are also organizing their forces in preparation for the snow removal campaign during the winter season.

DON'T BE AN OSTRICH

Are you one of the thousands of young people who have suffered impairment of hearing as a result of influenza, meningitis, or other epidemic diseases? Do not endanger your chances for success in life by sticking your head in the sand, after the manner of the ostrich, and trying to ignore your handicap. Face it frankly, and investigate every possible means of overcoming it. You will find that lip-reading is not a perfect substitute for perfect hearing, but it is the best hearing aid available. Hundreds of deafened people are making a success in business and professional life, using their knowledge of lip-reading so effectively that many of their associates are unaware that they lack normal hearing.

Take up lip-reading at once, before your impairment of hearing is noticeable, and you will be fortified against its further development.

Private instruction and group practice

THE NITCHEE SCHOOL
342 Madison Avenue
Tel. Murray Hill 6423

Stewed Council Stews and Stews



STEWED COUNCIL IN ACTION. Willynilly, with megaphone, can be seen outlining his \$,3000 project to corner the peanut market. Evidently there is some disagreement, and yet who knows? President Frozenberg seems to have gotten twisted in his frenzy over the project.

"CALL ME SAMMY," SAYS HONORABLE SAMUEL DEADMAN IN INTERVIEW; KISSES INTERVIEWER; PAYS FOR LUNCH

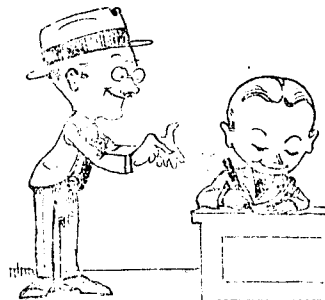
By JAKE Q. HASH

Ah! This was the Ultima Thule of power: to have professors tremble and even flee upon sighting us, some demanding time to compose themselves, or beseeching us not to interrogate them on anything approaching the modern. Some suspect us of receiving Moscow Gold with one hand and pulling the well known wool with the other. But Honorable Samuel Deadman was a good fellow, frankly admitting he knew nothing much, being more interested in the bowels than in the brains.

Honorable Samuel Deadman A. B., or as he prefers it, just plain Sammy, early realized that a teacher has two capacities, that of the scholar and that of the friend, and Sammy understood that the former was not for him. So we find him to be one of those men whom everyone likes but few admire.

Sammy has a predilection for footballmen; all robust and optimistic looking individuals delight him. He has been heard to say -- jestingly, "You know there's something off with those fellows who study too much." Sammy would like to see a unanimous turnout at football games. He himself is an ardent supporter of all extra-curricular activities, attending most of our home games, debates, and concerts where he will genially chat with his neighbors, and grow hot and cold like a great big boy as the fortunes of our standard bearers wax and wane.

He is a chubby faced man who has not allowed worries to crease his



brov, and his paunch has grown to prosperous proportions. Childish, grey-blue eyes beam out at everyone. He is never venomous, not even against the radicals whom he markedly dislikes.

Sammy is proud of his country, state, city and Alma Mater. He voted for Hoover, does not like the modern school of interpretative novelists, and suspects the designs of, the Democratic Party. During the election he "could not see why anyone should want to change horses in midstream." With Professor Robbintail he does not believe in hanging out one's dirty linen.

His Honor likes to walk in through Lincoln Corridor elbowing aside the fraternal brothers gathered at their respective posts, remarking, "You are holding up the wheels of progress."

Football men always have precedence in dealings with His Honor. He can forgive a football man anything. He is tremendously liked by the student body, who hail him as a "good old fellow."

DESPONDENTS

To the Editor of The Crampus, The Temple of the Learned By the Grace of God

Worthy Sir:

Tradition (whose real name it would be a breach of confidence to divulge, by whose authority, at a late hour last night, was still unquestionable) informs me that it is the quaint custom of the realm to which you and I and a few distant relations owe allegiance, to send members of the Crampus Association copies of The Crampus. After several months of watchful waiting, months wherein disillusion was heaped upon disillusion, until I have almost sunk to the last extremity of renouncing my faith in the divine right of kings, Santa Claus and the Salvation Army, I have been tempted, by a devil in human guise, no doubt, to raise my feeble voice in protest, at the risk of severing the last strings which hold my heart subject to a belief in the basic goodness of humanity, while God's in his heaven, chance His returning to earth and dying again to make secure my interest in eternal Paradise, and request you not to make a liar of sacred tradition.

Justified as I am still clinging to the hope that all's right with the world by the election of Hoover, the re-convening of Congress (whose aid, I hope, you will not reduce me to the necessity of seeking) and the acquittal of Sacco and Vanzetti, I lay my trust in the kindness of your heart.

In brief, I should appreciate your placing me on the Crampus mailing list. Remember, Christmas is coming.

Most exorcuciatingly in Earnest,
Yours,
LANCE

DARK FEIND CAUGHT BY ROTTSCHALL CARRYING POE STATUE FROM BUILDING; VIOLENT STRUGGLE

(Continued from Page 1)

turned around and discovered him. Dean Rottschall, a former squash player, grappled with him. The navy seemed to have taken a course in Mili Sci for he aimed a blow at the Dean's crotch which the latter nimbly dodged by jumping over his adversary's head and pinioning him from behind. Meanwhile assistance had come up and the mongrel dog was dragged into the President's office. Here he was pacified by having the

President's secretary sit upon him. Upon questioning, it was learned that the Hun had taken Gargoyles' criticism to heart and was attempting to remove the monstrosity. But the Dean of the College discounted this, saying that the individual obviously was jesting, for the statue was a beautiful work. Meanwhile Dean Rottschall had rolled up his sleeves and was exhibiting to an admiring group the mats of hair that covered his arm.

COLLEGE AGOG AS SAMMOND STEAK CRIES "MAMA"; DOGFISH DESERTS BIO LAB IN QUEST OF KNOWLEDGE

(Continued from Page 1)

about the time when Sammond's force begins to shoo the cock-roaches and snakes off the tables and to collect slop and drippings for next month's French Roast. Millicent drifted into the room, attracted by the odors, that recalled to her the vat of dog-fish pickle that had been home to her for six years. She found several students prostrate.

She wandered over toward the steam-tables. There occurred a pathetic scene that left Sammond, the waitresses, and the students prostrate. At her approach, hamburger

steaks were seen to mutter and fidget restlessly. Imagine the surprise of all present when one little steak rose up and blasted in plaintive tones, "Mother!"

Sammond was perturbed. "I am the victim of internal trouble within the student body," he complained as he flicked a scorpion off the potato salad.

Eyewitnesses could not be interviewed, since all were overcome. Several who had just eaten a Sammond meal, are reported as "doing as well as can be expected, under the circumstances."

News in Brief

CLASSIFIED

TYPEWRITING & mimeographing done. Apply to W. R. Room 15A —Bookroom.

IT'S COMING ???

SEMI-ANNUAL 20% OFF SALE TUXEDOS BLUMBERG & BLOCK 104 CANAL ST. N. Y. C. OPEN SUNDAYS

Students--Patronize THE LUNCH-ROOM

IN THE COLLEGE

WHOLESONE FOOD

LARGE VARIETY

LOWEST PRICES

SPORT SPARKS

By