

SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE
el toro
MARCH 1934

MARCH 1936



Spring Fever

What people are saying...about Camel's Costlier Tobaccos!



TO RENEW MY
ENERGY, I LIGHT
UP A CAMEL



CAMELS ARE MILD—
DO NOT IRRITATE
MY THROAT



CAMELS DON'T GET
MY WIND



CAMELS HAVE A
MILD, DELICATE
FLAVOR



I SMOKE A LOT.
CAMELS NEVER
UPSET MY NERVES

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HOUSEWIFE—Mrs. Charles Delp

FRANK HARRIS—Driving Aces

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so much to others...we are sure you'll like them too!

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OUR OFFER
TO YOU**

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(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



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—Turkish and Domestic—
than any other popular brand.



*Take a tip from this gay old
bird...you'll find the snappiest
new spring clothes at...*

HALE BROS.

ESTABLISHED ..1876

THINGS WE HAVE TO PUT UP WITH!



EVERYTHING'S ALL WRONG—
BUT WE HAVEN'T ANY IDEAS
FOR A REMEDY



TEACH ISN'T SPRINGING AN
EX— JUST A LITTLE
QUIZ FOR REVIEW



THOSE LAST FEW MINUTES OF
THE HOUR—WHEN THE CO-ED
PREPARES TO FACE THE
WORLD



YOUR FRAM WHO WENT TO
THE SHOW WHILE YOU SLAYED
AWAY AND THE NEXT DAY SEZ—
CAN I LOOK AT YOUR HOME—
WORK A MINUTE?

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Collegiate Style
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• "Well, well! My old professor—you skunk!"

—Courtney, Esquire.

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*Get into one of these
frocks and brighten up
the Campus!*

AND IF WE CAN BELIEVE
CATHERINE GUNN — THEY'LL
BRIGHTEN YOU UP, TOO, FOR
SHE SAYS THAT WHEN SHE
WEARS A **HAMMER**
DRESS EVEN PHILOSOPHY &
PSYCHOLOGY ARE 'SNAPPY
HOURS'

*You'll like the new play
suits, slacks & overalls, too*

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He—Where is the best place to
 hold the world's fair?

Wise Guy—Around the waist.
 —Winters' Roscoe Red Cat.



"Chicago, Chicago!"

The season's so round and round,

Roos

PRESENTS

THE 1936 4-PIECE
 FLANNEL SUIT FOR
 TOWN & COUNTRY
 IN THREE SHADES
 CAMBRIDGE GRAY
 OXFORD BLUE
 CAMBRIDGE BROWN
 ...THE TOP PICTURE
 GIVES THE
 FRONT VIEW SHOW-
 ING IT AS A SUIT
 FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
 ...THE LOWER
 PICTURE GIVES
 THE BACK VIEW
 SHOWING THE NEW
 EASY SWING GUS-
 SET SHOULDER
 AND SIDE VENTS.
 PLEATING IS ALL
 AT THE BELT LINE
 ...THIS PICTURE
 ALSO SHOWS THE
 FOURTH PIECE, THE
 STRIPED ZIP-ER
 SLACKS WHICH
 ARE EQUIPPED
 WITH THE NEW
 SPORTS BELT OF
 THE SAME COLOR
 AS THE SUIT...



4 PIECE SUIT COMPLETE
 FOR

\$35

Roos Bros

FIRST FLOOR, SANTA CLARA



HERE'S THE REAL LOW-DOWN
on San Jose's "help-the-athlete" policy

THAT ATHLETIC SITUATION

SAN JOSE THROWS IN THE TOWEL

By STEVE MURDOCK
Spartan Daily Editor

San Jose State finds itself at the moment ruefully rubbing its figurative pants and meditating bitterly on the fact that the publicizing of "aid to athletes" just simply isn't being done this season.

In fact, it appears that among what is commonly known as the "better institutions of higher learning" it is a crime somewhat akin to mayhem and murder to divulge the methods by which championship football teams appear on the horizon.

Now that San Jose's late lamented "help-the-athlete" policy was very small potatoes no one can deny. The room and board provided to out of town football players was, in the light of the now famous Carnegie Foundation report of 1928, mere bush league pin money when stacked up against the nefarious practices allegedly indulged in by what is known in the vernacular as "the big boys".

Yet the fact remains that these same "big boys" (and a goodly smattering of the little ones too for that matter), cocked a weather eyebrow at San Jose's bland announcement of last July and quite systematically and successfully set to work to ride herd on the outlaws of the Santa Clara valley.

Why did this crack-down come to pass? Let us review.

On July 15, 1935, San Jose startled Pacific Coast sporting circles and attracted national attention by calmly withdrawing from the Far Western conference and announcing that, in the future, football players would be provided with room and board during the playing season.

Immediately a storm of adverse criticism, coming in every case from some college or university official, not the least or most reticent of whom was the veteran Amos Alonzo Stagg, descended upon the college.

Although President T.W. MacQuarrie's letter of withdrawal to Far Western conference officials had plainly stated that "all contracts already entered into, real or implied, will be carried out to the letter and under eligibility rules now in force", the disapproval of that body was so great that by the last week in September three of the five conference schools on the 1935 schedule, Fresno State, California Aggies, and Chico State, had scratched the Spartans, leaving only the

College of Pacific and Nevada to carry out their contracts.

And so it went until, on January 22, 1936, Stanford's Pacific Coast conference representative, Dr. Joseph Hinsey, announced that San Jose was definitely off Stanford spring sport schedules and would remain so until such a time as San Jose joined "an approved athletic conference or conformed to the standards of the Pacific Coast conference." Dr. Hinsey gave a Coast conference action against San Jose as justification for his curtailment.

Then, on February 6, Dr. MacQuarrie admitted that the pressure had grown too great. Citing the curtailed minor sport program as an example of how San Jose was being "cracked down" upon and pointing out that the activity of his students was being interfered with, he capitulated and announced that San Jose would henceforth conform to the rules and practices of the Pacific Coast conference.

So ended an adventure in honesty.

Keeping in mind the fact that the much headlined "help the athlete plan" consisted simply of meals and a place to sleep for a score or so football players, a question leaps to the fore----

Was San Jose legislated against by schools such as Stanford because of what was actually being done, or because of what was being publicized?

Or, to carry the supposition a bit farther, was the objection against the fact that we helped athletes, or was it directed at Coach DeGroot because the continued publicity attending San Jose's policy was giving him a theoretical advantage in the continued race for high school and junior college talent that is such a real part of the present day game?

Competition among colleges and universities for fresh talent is admittedly keen----so keen that any advantage gained over the field by one school is bitterly resented.

Is it not possible, then, that the Pacific Coast conference's legislation against San Jose was based on the disturbing thought that perhaps all of the free publicity attending the unprecedented announcement of last July was giving the local school a distinct advantage in the race for talent?

This question must, of course, go unanswered. The policy of helping athletes, however, is worthy of further analysis from an ethical and practical standpoint.

The fact that other schools practice under cover what San Jose attempted to do openly is not itself, of course, any justification for San Jose's athletic policy or for the theory that athletes deserve aid.

Americans are slow to surrender their illusions, and one of their pet illusions is that of simon pure amateurism. There will always be bitter opponents, and many of them with just grounds, to any scheme which provides any sort of remuneration for amateur athletes.

It is worth noting here that the rules and regulations governing the conduct of amateur sport were not arbitrarily set on any one evening by any group of sports officials. They are a natural development over a long period of years, and have arisen as evil practices in sport have arisen which made them necessary. Perhaps these rules have outgrown their usefulness, are now a detriment to intercollegiate competition, and it was a grand progressive step to chuck them overboard. And then again, perhaps this was a sad reversion to the primitive; a long step backward to the pre-civilized days of competitive sport. In either case, the effect was the same regardless of the result, in effect San Jose went right back to where intercollegiate athletics started many generations ago.

It is highly significant that San Jose's procedure of providing meals and rooms for football players was entirely

justified in the mind of President T.W. MacQuarrie as an educator.

When a progressive American educator openly states that a system which requires students to carry a three-way burden of work, studies, and football is "vicious and criminal", he is sounding a revolutionary note that may be indicative of a highly important trend in thought.

Strangely enough, what others might have considered the obvious solution to this difficulty apparently didn't even occur to Dr. MacQuarrie. That is, if a student can't work, study, and play football, then----let him not play football.

"It is unfair", Dr. MacQuarrie stated, "to expect a boy to study, earn a living, and play football. In fact, it is a physical impossibility. We have decided therefore, to use our income from football to help those boys who are willing and talented by providing subsistence so that they will not have to work."

Coach Dud DeGroot will enthusiastically produce to anyone inclined to doubt the soundness of his "feed the athlete" theory figures to prove that the grades of his 1935 grid squad are superior to those of the 1934 team--when the plan was not in force and the boys had to worry about what to eat and where to lay the body. The average, Mr. DeGroot will demonstrate, for the squad was "B minus"----in contrast to the bare "C" of a year ago----and, he will point out, exceptionally high for a college football squad.

However, the critics won the first round, and San Jose is safely back in the fold of the established road.

What then, does the future hold for the deserving athlete at San Jose?



WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR FACULTY? STUDENTS!

PRES. BILL MOORE v.s. DR. CARL HOLLIDAY

"If I could only say, just once, what I thought of some of these faculty members, I would be satisfied for the rest of my life."

How many times have you said that to yourself or one of your colleagues after one of those breath-taking examinations given by your favorite professor? Well, opportunity has finally knocked and who are we, lowly as we are, to refuse its gentle taps.

Following a consensus of opinions taken in the Quad, between the one and two o'clock classes, we find that some of the remarks were rather radical, but, we, of the apple polishers society, will place a more severe ban on our commentations (or should we say condemnations) and give a true picture of the average State College professor.

In this composite picture, we find one salient factor---our professor has the stagnant idea that the two or three hours outside reference work he requires is the only work that we poor slaves are expected to do until we meet with "his highness" again. And everyone of them seems to be obsessed with the my-class-is-the-only-class idea.

Have you ever gone into a lecture hall to have the professor walk in with an attitude that would curdle milk? Our model professor is just that type. He's a sonof-a-bitch. Even in the corridors, prof either doesn't know you or he gives you one of those forced smiles that are worse than a kick in the pants.

Examinations---our professor certainly knows how to give them. If they are subjective, his grade is influenced by his mental attitude, or if they are objective, they are so ambiguous that you cannot even guess at the right answer. If he assigns twenty-five pages of work in a reference textbook, he is certain, knowing that you have done the reading for the first time in your college career to examine you on the lecture material, thinking you would be quizzed on the reading, you have ignored your lecture notes. Nice fellow! Another pet peeve is the professor who marks a paper with only the letter grade, showing malice aforethought and a prejudiced mind toward the work done.

(Continued on Page 26)

If, Mr. Editor, you expect me to imitate the modern college student, you had better get somebody else to write this article. It is certainly true that this youngster uses an unnecessary amount of offensive language---probably because the English Department has not taught him sufficient vocabulary---and that his shirt is not being ripped by his sprouting wings; but as I look back upon my Freshman year of exactly forty years ago, I freely acknowledge that your present-day student is a keener, cleaner-minded, franker young person than was the collegian of my school days.

Your student of today has faults---plenty of them---but I maintain that he is what he is largely because of the educational and social conditions thrust upon him by us, his elders.

And here goes!

Too many students do too little thinking. Why? Because we, their teachers won't allow them the time for it. One of the worst pests ever to invade the college campus is the outside world's mania for speed and "pep". The amount of reading demanded---but never accomplished---in modern High School and College courses leaves precious little time for reflection and thought. Take, as an example, a frenzied youngster pursuing the following subjects: Literature, History, Sociology, and Education. I defy him---indeed, I defy any professor---to do thoroughly all the reading prescribed in such a line-up. It simply can't be done---and is not done.

And that leads to the second defect---the Slippery Art of Getting By. Knowing that the amount of work demanded cannot be done by the average intellect, too often your modern student simply "skins the surface" or becomes an educational parasite leeching other students or degenerates into a plain bluffer in recitation or examination. What is needed in every college is a conference of instructors who require outside reading, to determine a reasonable amount for an average student, and then demand it of him, though the heavens fall.

And that leads to my third point---the common practice of college young folk of enrolling in courses in which they have

(Continued on Page 22)

Miss "X"



Who is she?



"Up the winding tower stairs."

Scoop! Sensa

Into the Tower
with
MYSTERIOUS

*First woman ever to set foot
of the clubrooms atop St*

READ THIS AM
★ • **BY THE MYSTE**

It's all the Tau Delts' fault, really. They just simply WOULD NOT invite me up into their old tower to see their clubrooms. Something about "tradition" or some such foolishness. "No woman has ever set foot in our club rooms," they told me. Just as though that would make me want to go any less.

"Well," I thought, "if they're going to be unreasonable about it, I'll just have to be insistent." After all, it is Leap Year, you know. So I decided to make use of my woman's prerogative--and invite myself up into the tower. It was really very simple. The inviting part, that is. But----it wasn't nearly so simple to get into the tower, once I had extended myself the offer. The Tower is a-w-f-u-l high--and the thought of climbing around on those slippery tiles above the Quad just simply sent shivers right up and down my back. How was I to get in?

Then once more, good old Leap Year



"There was no food prepared."

tion! Extra!

at Delt Tower the IS MISS "X"

oot in the sacred confines
ate's famous landmark!

AZING STORY! RIOUS MISS "X" ♦ ★

came to my rescue. One mighty leap----and I was in. There I stood in the sacred confines of this holy sanctum, the first woman ever to set foot in the Tau Delt club rooms.

And what did I see when I entered? Not the happy welcome that I had anticipated. Not a Tau Delt to welcome me and not a bite to eat. After hearing about your grand dinners, I'd expected at least a sample from you A-1 cooks. Not only was there no food prepared, but the cupboard looked like Old Mother Hubbard's, though I did manage to find a few things.

It is at this point that I insist that my ladylike attitude, considering my disappointment at finding no one home, should be rewarded by a vote of thanks. Not only did I wash my own luncheon dishes, but also I tried to scrub up some of the pans which had been left in the sink to soak after some previous meal. I'll just consider that as a deed done in ap-



Top—"You have a grand view from your windows, haven't you?"

Center—Mysterious Message on Tau Delt bulletin board.



"The cupboard looked like Old Mother Hubbard's."



"I wash my own luncheon dishes."

HERE SHE IS.... IN THE TOWER

preciation of the food I used.

Your den in the tower room was in confusion, chairs on sofa, no rug, and layers of dust, but I'll forgive you since you were painting the walls and floor and probably had not expected a leap year visitor so soon.

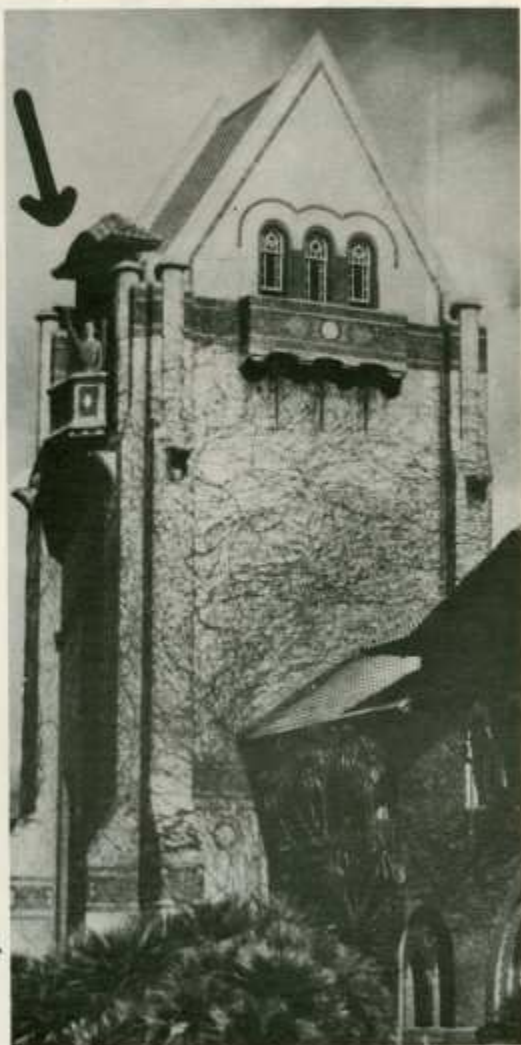
You have a grand view from your windows, haven't you? I could have stayed there all day admiring the landscape. Inside, however, your retreat could be made more attractive with the help of a few feminine touches. I should suggest cretonne curtains at the window, a tile sink, interesting decorations on cupboard doors, and a nice table cloth. Then, too, the stove could be painted and covered with a nicely-draped curtain when not in use. Your recreation room and ping pong table could certainly be enlivened a bit, too. I haven't the time just now to go into details, but invite me up again sometime and I'll show you what I mean.

Hasta la vista,
The Mysterious "Miss X"

•
Tau Delta,
Gentlemen -

I called but
you weren't at
home.

The Mysterious
Miss "X"



That Mysterious Miss "X"

What will Miss "X" do next month?

A TALE OF AN ELEPHANT AND
a Druggist who are "All-Right" Guys

SCHNITZEL AND THE ELEPHANT

By BEN MELZER

Illustrated by Burt Shannon

John Schnitzel was born a killer. Although he put the cap back on his toothpaste tube and thought an Essex was the best car on the market, he was still a killer. Not the mean vicious gunmen killer you read about but instead the killer that is the true killer. The type that takes fiendish delight in pulling wings off of live flies, etc.

When John was twelve he became interested in elephant hunting. It became an obsession with him. He must at some time go elephant hunting. His early life was spent in this pursuit of gathering details for the elephant hunt.

If you looked for John when we was supposed to be practicing the piano he could be found at the library gaining more material for the arrival of his big opportunity. But the powers that be chose a different course for John. Dad wanted him to be a pharmacist and Mother thought it was just the sanest thing for a boy that was so avidly queer for elephants; and our John did so have the right traits to be a druggist, rise up in the community, own a car, and join the country club.

John endured high school and tolerated college. He graduated and became a druggist. The queerness for elephant hunting still obsessed him. The little flame burned as brightly as ever. But John was smart. In fact, he was as smart as three Philadelphia lawyers. He would get a job, save enough money, go to Africa and hunt elephants.

He got a job in the big city. It didn't pay much but what can a college graduate expect? And anyway, they told him he had a good future ahead of him. John worked hard. For one has to work hard inasmuch as elephant hunting is expensive and costs plenty of potatoes. Besides there was something to look forward to in the form of high-powered rifles, safari, dark Africa and elephants. Unfortunately, John worked too hard. In a short while he owned the drugstore. In as close as 5 minutes to 12 John had the necessary coarse green notes to hunt elephants. He grabbed the first African-bound scow, leaving the drugstore in the hands of somebody or other. Why not? Here was his big opportunity.

Once in Africa, John quickly hired a safari. They set out armed to the tusk. But hunting elephants wasn't as fruity as John had expected. For three weeks John and his colorful safari trekked and roamed Africa. Dr. Livingstone uttered a crisp oath in his grave. And then one morning----

It seemed the elephant, in some ungodly fashion, was leaning against the tree, about 21 guys away, with his back turned on the safari. John placed his rifle to his shoulder securely. But one

(Continued on Page 22)



Much to his surprise the elephant was crying. He stopped short. He had never heard of this sort of stuff.



If you're not a culotte enthusiast, its high time that you were. The Grecian blue two-piece sports dress strolling through the daisies on the right, features this new and practical divided skirt. Worn with a carelessly tucked in Rally green kerchief and Rally green crusher felt. Navy bucko oxfords. Modeled from Roos Bros. by Alice de Back.

Knit suits such as the gay primrose with brown pigskin belt trim modeled by Mavis Crowell always herald the beginning of spring. Worn with dark brown accessories: kerchief, casual felt hat and brown bucko oxfords. Shown at Roos Bros.



Convenient kick pleats, adjustable suspender straps and a sports back blouse are the overhead smashes of the navy blue jumper worn by the tennis racketing Jeanne Briggs. Shown by Hale's Economy Shop.

The all important single breasted Spring tailored suit, complete with inverted shoulder pleats and a skirt kick pleat is modeled in a light weight tan wool tweed by Martha Sayre. A white felt Breton sailor with crisp brown straw brim tops off the costume. White dimity blouse with pleated vest showing below Peter Pan collar. Brown and white saddle oxfords worn by both models. Hale's Economy Shop.

Hold your tennis racket tenderly or swing it skillfully or just plain sit and hug your slack covered knees, but take these gay costumes for an example.

Play suit in aquamarine yacht cloth, pertly banded with gay colors, worn by Coral Kluge.

Tailor made Gaucho slacks and open necked blouse in dark brown silk crash worn by Marie Solon.

To be found at Hammer's Cotton Shop.



To be worn for spring formal.

A sleek young dress of blue-crepe, a wreath of gardenias worn at the throat. The cleverly versatile jacket conceals a strictly formal frock fashioned on svelte, smooth lines, with a deep V back.

Worn with the very intriguing flat heeled silver slippers. Modeled by Elizabeth Simpson.

Hales Economy Shop.



Kathryn Epps debonairly greets the spring season in a tailored suit from Prussia's emphasizing the combination of plaid and plain. A plaid Ascot scarf and jacket with plain wide revers are worn with a matching dark brown tailored skirt.

The sprightly brown straw hat has a bunch of lacquered cowslips perched on its upturned brim.



Bill Moore steps confidently down the steps of the Science building in a gray plaid Spring's suit for spring wear.

Front Row worsted cloth, shirred belt back, single breasted.

STUDENT TEACHERS! . . .

Here are a few tips from an acting head of the education department

ADVICE TO NEW TEACHERS

FROM A MAN WHO KNOWS

By DR. JOSEPH MARR GWINN

*Former Superintendent of Schools
of San Francisco and New Orleans*

The new teacher will be expected to continue to be new. In this good year 1936 she will be expected to be a perfect "36", but this model will not do for next year, much less for ten years from now. In this changing world, the modern teacher must be forever rebuilding and renewing herself in order to keep up with the times; in fact, we are now told that the teacher must be out in front, helping to shape the kind of times for the future.

The new teacher will be expected to solve most of her own problems for herself. Independence rather than dependence is in order. There are, of course, many problems the teachers can not solve without assistance. She will be expected to ask for this assistance. She should ask first of her immediate official superior. Note that I have said official superior, not superior. If the help needed is not provided from this source, then through this source appeal may be made finally to the superintendent. The superintendent will expect the new teacher to use the regularly established channels through the principal and up to the superintendent. While this is the usual course, all good superintendents will be ready at all times to have teachers call upon them directly for assistance in any matter which the teacher may deem of such importance or of such character as to require the attention of the superintendent immediately. The superintendent does not expect the new teacher to be afraid of the superintendent or the principal. School superintendents and principals exist for the teacher. The success of these officials depends upon the success of the teacher. Teachers should be straightforward, business-like, and friendly in their contacts with their official superiors.

The superintendent or his representative, the principal or other official, must supply the new teachers with all the materials necessary for her work and guidance, rules and regulations, courses of study, programs, building regulations, etc. In the event that the new teacher finds herself not so supplied, she must ask for the necessary supplies.

Also after the teacher has begun work, from time to time she will be expected to ask for assistance and to ask her official superiors to inspect the work which she is doing. Superintendents would like teachers who need help to ask them to visit the classroom. It is hoped that the new teacher will look upon these visits as a means of assistance to herself and not as a means of determining whether or not she should be re-employed.

The superintendent will expect the new teacher to devote herself primarily to the service of teaching. In order to be a good teacher, it is necessary that outside contacts be established and maintained. It is expected that the teacher will participate in the life of the community to the extent that such participation improves and at least does not hinder efficient work in the classroom. The school in these modern times stretches to the whole community and even to the state and nation, requiring that the teacher be widely experienced and informed.

The whole school and even the whole system of schools in which a teacher is employed must be of interest to the teacher, and not merely have her interests entirely in her own classroom. New teachers must see the woods as well as the individual trees, must see the town and not merely the houses. By this I mean that the new teacher will be expected to accept responsibility for some service to the school as a whole and to give much attention to what is taught in other grades and departments in so far as this attention is necessary for effective work within her own classroom.

The new teacher will be expected to live her life as a human being and as a citizen, to enjoy her work, and to participate with her colleagues in the professional life of educational organizations.

These are a few of the things expected of a new teacher. However, it is more important that the teacher expects many things of herself rather than to be speculating concerning the things expected of her by the superintendent.



FACE VALUE

The Typical T. C. Student—She can be seen daily . . . trudging unobtrusively on her way . . . loaded down with volumes of books . . . occasionally she will greet a passerby with a meek hello, but seldom does she loiter for gossip. She never appears to be unusually jubilant, or does she ever look particularly doleful . . . merely tolerant . . . asking no favors . . . just an even break. This is the first of a series of sketches depicting typical San Jose State student types.

SCHNITZEL AND THE ELEPHANT

never shoots an elephant in the back. He went up to the elephant with a little stick and taunted him. Much to his surprise he discovered the elephant was crying. Fat tears dropped thuddingly to the earth. John was stopped. He had never read or heard of this sort of stuff. He found that the elephant had a large thorn nailed in his foot. John was still a druggist in his own inimitable way. He produced his handy-kit and pulled out the necessary implements.

John was practical but deadly in his purpose. He applied his best first-aid pursuant to File B, Diagram 4, Handy Book to Druggists. The wound was securely gauzed. John returned to his waiting safari, grabbed his rifle and took aim again. (As thousands cheer) But this time the elephant (a honey she was) snuggly turned and began laughing. The laugh grew louder and louder. John was both perplexed and baffled. It seemed impossible. He was disgusted. He sulked. How does one shoot laughing elephants. It was as futile as throwing clam chowder with a fork. In a short while he was fomenting an uncontrollable rage. John's face looked like 7 miles of bad road as he dis-banded his safari and left in a huff (sans disc wheels) for America. John was cured.

John came home. The drugstore had gone bankrupt because it needed John. John was broke flatter than a bed-room slipper. John was a hard worker, but he was disillusioned. And when a worker becomes that way he becomes a bum. John became a bum. He hopped freights. He pan-

handled money on the streets. He slept in flop-houses. He went down as fast as he went up. Two years passed.

John had just panhandled two-bits from a Babbitt in a small town. It was enough for dinner. As he was entering a beanery he saw an advertisement in the window, "Circus in Town this Afternoon. Elephant act Featured". John's dormant elephantine nature stirred. John could not decide whether the chow or the elephant act was the better. Finally he loosened up like a dunked doughnut. He went to the circus.

For the two-bit piece he planked down John got the top-most seat in the tent. It was the worst seat in the house. He could see and hear everything. The elephant act came on. One elephant seemed to register a familiar chord in John. John's breath came in short pants. It seemed----that was this?----that elephant was coming toward him from the ring. It was THE elephant. Others screamed amidst the flying lemonade. Pink children screeched. Pandemonium and bedlam (those twin brothers) broke loose. Sirens clanged, banged and rang.

John sat still frozen to the spot. His gimlet eyes looked like crushed grapes. The elephant slowly climbed wagglingly up to John. Step by step up the bleacher seats. He was a few inches from the petrified John. John stared. The elephant stared. Slowly the elephant unleashed his trunk, wrapped it around John's neck, trundled down the bleacher seats and carried him to the Reserved Seat Section.

DR. CARL HOLLIDAY

no mortal interest. Is it simply to pile up sacred units before that golden calf known as a degree? I am strongly in favor of granting every American a degree at birth so that he may then work, unhampered, toward an education. Students enter Literature or Science classes, for instance, and wearily occupy space in the room until they have obtained three credits of any passable quality. That they do not care for Literature or Science is not at all to their discredit; it would receive F ad infinitum over in that Department where they make the air hideous with circular saws and the hammering of bronze. Such students have simply got into the wrong pew--because we, their tutors, have implanted in them an unholy hunger for the mess of educational potage wrapped up in a diploma.

This nation has gone degree-mad, and the average student has joined the procession of wild scramblers for credits of

any kind, size, or quality. Thomas Jefferson was eternally right when, in founding the University of Virginia, he laid down the principle that all should be permitted to take whatever college courses they felt inclined toward, but that few should be encouraged to seek a degree.

And this links in directly with the next cause for amazement. Aware that they can scarcely do decently the amount of reading, writing, and laboratory work supposedly required for even a fourteen hour schedule, why do so many American students sign up for sixteen, eighteen, even--with Faculty permission, God save the mark!--for from twenty-one to twenty-four units? The fact that any student is permitted to carry twenty or more hours of college studies is a plain insult to the college curriculum; either that curriculum is ridiculously easy or the student is a super-genius--and in

(Continued on Page 25)

STEP UP, PIPE SMOKERS and try 20 pipefuls at our risk!

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MILD AND MELLOW



THE BIG 2-OUNCE
TIN APPEALS TO ME!



IT NEVER BITES
MY TONGUE



OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

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This is about the remarkable "You-Must-Be-Pleased" offer...that is giving smokers a new idea of pipe-smoking contentment

We ask that you do two things...do them in your own interest.

Read the reasons we give why we are so confident that you will find a new smoking delight when you try Prince Albert. Then read the money-back offer carefully.

For Prince Albert, we use the choicest of naturally mild tobaccos—then they are manufactured under the P. A. bite-removing process that brings out the flavor of choice tobaccos in all their full, satisfying perfection!

Prince Albert is scientifically "crimp cut"—packs nicely, burns slowly and richly. You'll find mildness, combined with real man-style flavor—and around 50 pipefuls in the big 2-ounce

economy tin. A more fragrant, comforting, soothing smoke you never tried!

College men like it!

Prince Albert was deliberately created for those who appreciate the ultimate in pipe smoking. We want more college men to know and enjoy Prince Albert. And we are so sure that P. A. will speak for itself that we make a positive offer of money back if not satisfied.

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PRINCE ALBERT

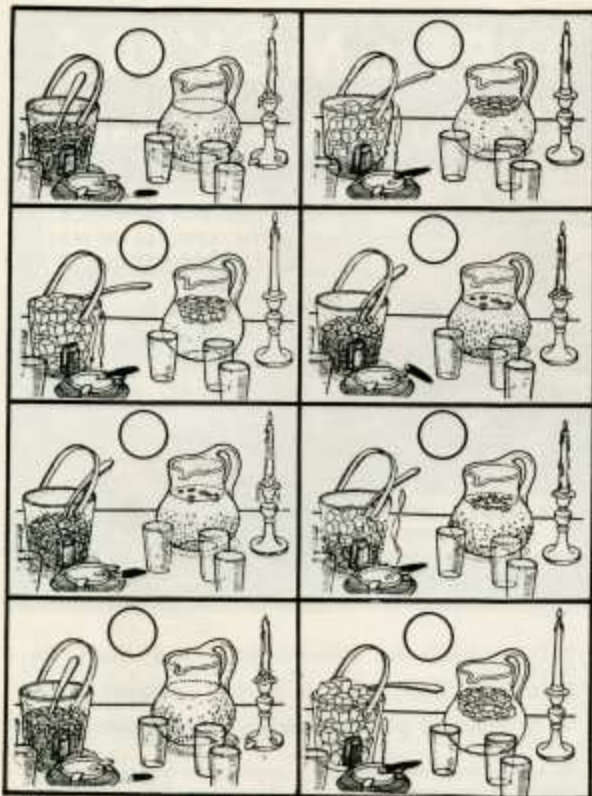
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



50 pipefuls
of fragrant tobacco
in every 2-ounce
tin of Prince Albert



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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



By Gerald Lynton Kaufman

A Summer Time Table

These eight pictures, arranged as they are, form a time puzzle.

The table is indoors near an open window. No one approached the table during the time that these pictures were made. This was a dull summer day and there are no shadows.

There is only one correct time sequence for these pictures. Can you number them in their proper order?

After you have numbered the pictures, answer the following questions:

1. Give two reasons why someone must have come to the table before Picture No. 1.
2. Give two reasons why No. 6 must be later in time than No. 4.
3. Give four reasons why No. 7 must be later in time than No. 6.
4. Give two reasons why No. 8 must be later in time than No. 7.
5. Give the reason why the statement says that the table is near an open window.
6. What is the method by which time past the cigar on the table?

Fair and Square



What six matches must be removed to leave three squares?

Some Gang

(Par 5 min.)

A party of ten consists of two grandfathers, two grandmothers, three fathers, three mothers, three sons, three daughters, two mothers-in-law, two fathers-in-law, one son-in-law, one daughter-in-law, two brothers and two sisters. How is this possible?

COLLEGE HUMOR

MODERN TYPOGRAPHY TODAY

MODERNISM IS NOT A SCHOOL OF DESIGN. IT IS A STATE OF MIND. . . . IT IS THE NATURAL AND WHOLESOME OUTCOME OF TOO MUCH TRADITION. . . THE AVERAGE MAN CALLS IT FUTURISM, OR THIS IT UP WITH SOME NEW MOVEMENT IN PUNCH, PRINTING, THE SENSATION-WORKER, CRADLY COPIES IT—OR RATHER TENDS TO—

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BLONDE OR BRUNETTE
THEY CAN'T RESIST OUR
CANDIES OR FOUNTAIN FANCIES

Margaret
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DR. CARL HOLLIDAY

thirty-six years of teaching I have met only two or three in this latter category.

Again, are you, the student, to blame? Did you invent this unit or point system, this idea that 180 or 200 figures on a registrar's book imply a trained mind, this camel theory of education--"one big drink and never again"? I am wondering just how many of this year's crop of graduates could pass a general comprehensive examination on their four years of properly isolated and insulated "courses." This rigidly departmentalized education--invented by us older wisecracks, remember--inevitably induces the youngster at the close of each term to lick up forever in a separate mental box each carefully sterilized course and sigh, "Thank God, that's over with! I shall never consider that subject again!"

There are other defects of the student that might be inspected--your own request, please remember, Mr. Editor--but you have demanded that this article be of the same admirable briefness as a Sophomore's examination paper. I am, for instance, more and more astounded at the average student's docility in campus affairs--his weak compliance with the demands of the more vociferous college "leaders", his supineness, indifference, or utter ignorance as to political, financial, and other activities in his own small collegiate world, his downright unwillingness to risk anything in a righteous struggle for an educational democracy within the college walls.

"Leave it to George"--this is too much the attitude of your modern collegian--and a few unhindered, unobserved Georges can for some time get away with murder, as the American colonists discovered. But, again, if American college Faculties make the main object of campus existence the accumulated arithmetic recorded in a registrar's office, what time has a student left for the cultivation of either reflection within or democracy without?

Mr. Editor, I am liable to be mobbed for all this by both students and Faculty. Kindly recall the fact that you promised me protection. Call out the bodyguard!



"I'm using Rover until I get a new wheel." *June*

Prussia's

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PRES. BILL MOORE

When a graduate is handed a teaching diploma, taste flies out the window. No, we don't mean food taste, but good taste in the matter of dress. In the clothes of our model, we find that he has no taste, no variety, and no sense of color combinations. We think he goes into the closet in the dark and the first two garments he touches, puts on, regardless of the color combinations. That is, if the prof has more than two garments from which to choose.

Our professor is a lecture prof, and he has the most amazing facility of talking for

Last Laugh

The students of Economics 213 came to class one morning to be confronted by a note on the blackboard that read, "Professor Hilton will meet his classes in room 234 Whitehurst Hall."

One exceedingly brilliant sophomore walked up and erased the letter "c" in the word "classes." At this the whole class proceeded to roll upon the floor in unholy glee.

The Professor, having forgotten something, entered the room at this hilarious point and saw at once the cause of the merriment. Not to be outdone, he walked to the board and promptly erased the "l".

—Oklahoma Aggieator.

Glotz—Pardon me but is your name Joe Glotz?

Clutz—No, why?

Glotz—Then get out of my top-coat, I'm going home.

—Indiana Horst Walk.

Flea Verse

Here's to the happy, bounding flea!
You cannot tell a he from a she;
For they both look just alike you see,

But he can tell . . . and so can she.
—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.

Heard at Hop, 1905—Stop! I'll call the chaperone.

Heard at Hop, 1936—Stop! Wait! The chaperone passes.

—Annapolis Log.

an hour and saying nothing tangible. Maybe this is a good trait—but—he never smiles when he is speaking with an assimilated witty tone, and to look at the class while delivering a lecture would be such an oddity that the class would wilt under that strange new face in the front of the room, after seeing the top of a head for almost an entire quarter.

Now, it would be in order to pick out specific professors to bear out each point that has been mentioned. This would be a comparatively easy job, for I would venture to say that 90% of our professors are lemons from the students' standpoint. But my ultimate goal in this school is a teaching credential and it would certainly be out of order to condemn and criticize those from whom I expect to receive this long waited for piece of parchment and also recommendations.

So let's let that be that.



The girls go round and round and, **BUY** THEIR YARDAGE at **NORRIS'**

AND SO WILL YOU... WHEN YOU SEE THE NEW SPRING MERCHANDISE NOW ON DISPLAY

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CHARGE ACCOUNTS TO STUDENTS



This is the New **EL TORO**

**We hope you like it
If not ... SAY SO!**



*This magazine can be anything the students
of San Jose State College want it to be. Sug-
gestions, criticisms, contributions are always
welcome. Our contribution box is never
closed. Let us have your ideas.*



Watch for the Next Issue

---YE EDS.



*Sun-curing
Turkish leaf tobacco.
The tobacco is strung
leaf by leaf and hung
on long racks like you
see here.*

*T*he aromatic Turkish tobaccos
used in Chesterfield cigarettes give
them a more pleasing taste and aroma.

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