



November, 1927

25c

THE EYES HAVE IT

This Is A Directory of Our Advertisers Patronize Them!

APPLETON AND CO.	301 S. FIRST ST.
CALIFORNIA THEATRE	345 S. FIRST ST.
CAMPUS STORE	SEVENTH ST., OPPOSITE CAMPUS
COLLEGE HUMOR MAGAZINE	CHICAGO, ILL.
DE LUXE CLEANERS	224 E. SANTA CLARA ST.
FERGUSON'S MUSIC HOUSE	252 S. FIRST ST.
GARDEN CITY CREAMERY	76 E. SANTA CLARA ST.
HASCALL'S SANDWICH SHOP	189 S. FIRST ST.
HOTEL ST. JAMES BARBER SHOP	131 N. FIRST ST.
LAUNDRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION	SAN JOSE, CALIF.
MASONS	275 E. SAN FERNANDO ST.
MODEL, MEN'S WEAR	49 W. SANTA CLARA ST.
NACE PRINTING CO.	156 W. SAN FERNANDO ST.
OYSTER LOAF CAFE	31 E. SANTA CLARA ST.
PORTOLA CREAMERY	202 E. SANTA CLARA ST.
RACHE MODES	80 W. SAN CARLOS ST.
SHERMAN, CLAY & CO., MUSIC	147 S. FIRST ST.
SILVER, HARRY, SHOES	58 E. SAN FERNANDO ST.
SPRING'S, CLOTHIER	MARKET & SANTA CLARA STS.
TUCKER'S, PHOTOGRAPHS	PORTER BLDG.
WILLIAMS, J. S., CLOTHIER	227 S. FIRST ST.
WOLFF DRUG CO.	94 S. FIRST ST.

Patronize Our Advertisers!



Nace Printing Co.

Fine Printing

San Jose, California

Telephone
Columbia
47



On the Sporting Page

Bill read about

**"SWAGGER
GROUP"**

of Shoes for smart
dressers retailing at
\$8.00

He's heading now for

J. S. Williams

227-233 S. First St.
Collegiate Headquarters



The Oyster Loaf Grill

Home-Like Cooking

—Tastily Served—

DANCING

Wed., Fri., Sat. and Sun.
Evenings

FRANK ARNERICH

31 East Santa Clara St.

San Jose

Pianos

Moved — Tuned — Rented

Brunswick — Victor — Columbia
Records

Band Instruments

 Sherman, Clay & Co.

143-145 South First

WHASSAT?

Little Willie broke in on his mother's tea. The very elite of the town were there. His mother, wanting him to appear as a worthy youngster, had him give a little recitation, much to Willie's disgust. When he had finished, all the ladies gurgled over him.

"You are my little boy, aren't you, Willie?" gushed Mrs. Zilch.

"Oh, no, he isn't; he's my little boy. Aren't you, Willie?" gargled Mrs. McCrump.

"Why, the very idea," glabbed Mrs. Plimp. "Willie is my little boy. Aren't you?"

"Well, said Willie, "you'll have to settle that with the old man. But I will say he must have been some boy."

—Colgate Banter.

MOOD

By Virginia Taylor Weiss

I think, were I a man,
That I would keep a large tobacco
can

Filled with my dreams . . .
And I would roll them one by one
Into white papers.

Then, when that was done,
I'd smoke them . . . wistfully
Perhaps . . . or casually.

You wonder why. . .
Well, cigarettes are pleasant
things.

And that, I think, would be a
charming way
for dreams to die. . .

—College Humor.

ECONOMY

Many students attending college
have to study **ECONOMY** from
every angle.

When it comes to Footwear that
has Style, Comfort and Service . .

The Specialty Shoe Shop

58 E. San Fernando St., near 2nd St.,

spells **ECONOMY** in big letters.

Footwear for Men and Women

\$3.95 at one price \$3.95

Students are cordially invited to in-
spect this wonderful store with won-
derful shoes at wonderful prices.

"Bag-Dabs"

*Solid Perfume to
Carry in Your Purse*

This is the new way to carry perfume—a little jar of paste ready to put a bit on the tip of the ear. All the popular fragrances.

Price, \$1.50 and \$1.75

Wolff Drug Co.

94 S. 1st St. Ballard 47

Don't Waste Time

Shopping around
for

**MUSICAL
MERCHANDISE**

Come direct to

**The
MUSIC CENTER**

Our Stock is
Complete

**Ferguson
Music
House**

250 S. 1st. Ballard 8585

Come Over
to the

Campus Store

*Lunches
Pastries
Soda Fountain
Smokes*

Seventh Street
Opposite High School

Compliments of Tucker's Studios

*Official La Torre Photographers
for 1927-1928*

Porter Building

THE ETERNAL COLLEGE BOY

The president of the college looked up questioningly at the man who had entered his office and now stood regarding him gravely.

"And what can I do for you, sir?" he inquired.

"I don't suppose you remember me," the visitor began, and seeing the look of doubt on the president's face, went on: "I am Pollard, of the class of '07. The year I left school I was very hard up and you lent me ten dollars. And I told you that when I had made good I would come back and remind you of it and pay it. So—"

"Go on," said the president, beaming at him.

"So, here I am. You don't happen to have another ten-spot on you, do you?"

—Wabash Caveman.

The Model

Men's Wear

New Fall Topcoats

at

\$25.00

Without question, these Coats are the best in quality and the lowest in price of any stock in San Jose. . . .

Come and See

The Model

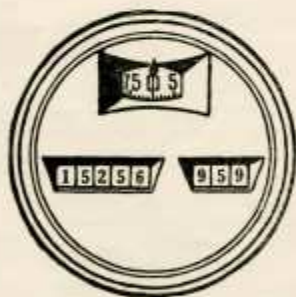
49 West Santa Clara St., San Jose

For Satisfaction
and Service
Send Your Garments
to the



224 E. Santa Clara St.

Phone Ballard 8206



Show Your Speed

Dress up the old body in a spanking new suit that's just a bit sporty.
You'll look like a millionaire's pet nephew
—all for

\$39

Clothiers and Furnishers to Men

Spring's
SINCE 1895

Santa Clara and Market Streets



NUMBERS

SLEEK and suave, Laird's caresses
Were as soft as blue mist on leaves.
He promised diadems and paisley shawls.
But Otto, with a hint of peccadillos
Still glaring in his path,
Stirred a hundred yearnings in my heart,
Despite the garlic sausage on his breath.
And Johnny, with his puerile platitudes,
Made me want to romp with him on low mauve hills.
Frank, blond, bronzed as Antinous
Was a playful bear. And Leland's voice
Magic toned, could uproot the dead idols
Beneath the soul's gray gossamer.
Then Kirk, Bobby, Dune, Don and Tom—
Each whispered tender adorables in my ear.
I heard them all and loved them. But still,
I was immune, insusceptible and as coldly
Inanimate as every little cardboard lady
On a telephone must be.

—Ida Faye Sachs.

"Spartan Spasms"

Vol. 2

OCTOBER, 1927

No. 1

THE COLLEGIATE DATE

(As imagined by the general public)

Gerald Van Hoosis, immaculately dressed in well-fitting evening clothes, swallows a half-pint of gin and steps into his Rolls Royce roadster for his Monday night date. He drives the shining car to the Alpha Pi Nu house, where he calls for Gwendolyn Vanderblatt, a perfectly marvelous creature dressed in cloth of gold and a diamond tiara. They ride around for awhile because it is only twelve o'clock—"really too early to go anywhere, you know"—and then dash in for a dance or so at "The Golden Horse-collar"—a very exclusive night-club, where the cover charge is \$15, and a bottle of gingerale and a ham sandwich cost ten bucks. Here they drain a couple of fifths of Gordon water apiece. After this they try one or two more of the expensive clubs before going out in the country, where they neck for five hours and kill a couple of quarts of real Scotch. During all this they are terribly bored and trying their hardest to suppress yawns of ennui. However, about dawn they stagger home, admitting that it has been a pretty terrible evening.

(As it generally is)

Jack Smith, dressed rather sloppily in an almost pressed suit of clothes, grabs a glass of water and hurries out on his Monday night date. He tries to start "that damn Ford"—an old wreck of a heap that misses on three out of the four cylinders. He manages to get the galloping bath-tub as far as the Alpha Pi Nu house, where he honks his horn for Mary Jones who comes running out in a sweater and skirt. They have to hurry or they won't make the 9 o'clock show—where Jack spends most of the \$2.00 that he has in his pocket. Afterwards they take a little ride and neck for a half hour or so and then go grab a sandwich at "Greasy Pete's," where, luckily, Jack is able to charge the refreshments. They wander home about 12 o'clock, admitting that it has been a pretty terrible evening.



"You have a charming wife."

"Sorry, old man, but she's spoken for two divorces ahead."



HALF WAY TO PARIS

Scene—Over the Atlantic ocean. The pilot is a college man and his companion is a very, very fair young damsel.

College Boy: Something's wrong with the old can tonight—engine trouble, or we're nearly out of gas or something. I guess we better pull over to the side and let 'er cool down.



Why all the argument about Trial marriages? Any marriage is bound to be pretty much of trial.



"Do you think this is according to convention, kind sir?" blushed Seraphina, prettily.
 "Forsooth, and damndifino," replied the brutish chap, "I never went in for politics."
 Whereupon, Seraphina tapped him gently with a coconut and ran off to dress for dinner.

"Don't that beat the deuce?"

Slick Pete was heard to say,
 As he scratched his old bald-head,
 And then slapped down the trey.



Yeary Willie: So youse sent a
 story to College Humor under an
 assumed name. Whatsa idea?

Ditto: Well, you see, I don't
 wants me name to give me no pull.
 I wants me story to sell on merits
 alone.



Disappointed Father: You lit-
 tle brat! Darwin certainly was
 right when he said you sprang
 from an ape.

The Kid: Papa, when I look at
 you, and you remind me of it, I
 think he was right, too.

THE EVIL OF KNOWLEDGE

"Poor Reggie—education got
 him."

"What happened? Did he have
 a breakdown?"

"No, he blew the dust off his
 text-books and choked to death."



The Doctor: Congratulations!
 It's twins.

Distracted Father: Good Lord!
 And I never believed my wife
 when she said she had a dual per-
 sonality.



Mawruss: I just went over to
 Mary's. She gives me a pain.

Hawruss: How odd! She al-
 ways gives me champagne.



The poor bozo thought a "one-
 arm joint" was an elbow.

She was an exceedingly beauti-
 ful young thing; she had every-
 thing—plus! She wasn't one of
 the four out of five; she read
 Physical Culture, Ellert Cap-
 board's Five Foot Scrapbook. Her
 friends didn't keep a damn thing
 from her and she could cuss a
 French waiter in his own tongue,
 and furthermore her friends never
 laughed when she sat down at a
 piano. Aside from this she was
 enrolled in the Alexander Hamil
 Institute and could brilliantly dis-
 cuss even the advertisements in
 Vanity's Scare. But, sad to relate,
 as she took the last drag from the
 last cigarette in the last package
 in the last carton of a carload of
 "Bad Colds"—she—she—she
 COUGHED!



"Did you hear that Jerry was shot at sunrise?"

"I'm not a bit surprised. I saw him about one o'clock and he was well under way then."

He: She's rather fast, isn't she?

Haw: I think so—she looks very respectable.



SPORTSMANSHIP

Hi-Hat (just back from shooting in Scotland): We had some wonderful hunting!

Dim-Wit: Oh, yes! Whadija shoot?

Hi-Hat: Mostly pheasants.

Dim-Wit: They certainly do give the lower classes a rotten deal over there.



Hi-Hat—How do you part your hair?
Last—Dead Center.

Life "behind the footlights" may be glamorous, but it has nothing on life behind the head-lights.



He walked into the "the" slightly under the weather.

The librarian, noting his condition, trotted up and inquired:

"Young man, do you know where you are?"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the college boy, with studied politeness. "This is a circulating library, madam. Right now it's circulating to beat hell."

CAMPUS FEVER

(Sorry Mr. Massfield)

I must go down to the C's again,
To the minus D's and the F,
To the prosy prof's and instructors dull,

Who lecture me almost deaf;
And all I ask is an easy course,
That there's no risk flunking,
And a room that's warm in a friendly dorm,
And a banjo plunking.

I must go down to the C's again,
For a B I'll never rate,
Because of the lure of the football squad,

And the call of the heavy date;
And all I ask is a coon coat,
And a cutdown crimson flivver,
And a saxophone and a hip flusk,
And gin that blasts the liver.

I must go down to the C's again,
To the carefree campus life,
To the dance guests, and the damned tests,

And tea with the Prexy's wife;
And all I ask is a co-ed fair,
In reach of the week-end rover,
And a passing mark and a soft job,
When the long year's over.

—John R. Swain
in "Judge" 1927.



IN LUNNON

"Where does she live?"

"Soho."

"I said where, you ass; not how."



"Who wath that lady, Pericles, that I thow you with lath night?"

"That wath no lady, Aristophenes, that wath only a Gwerthian myth."

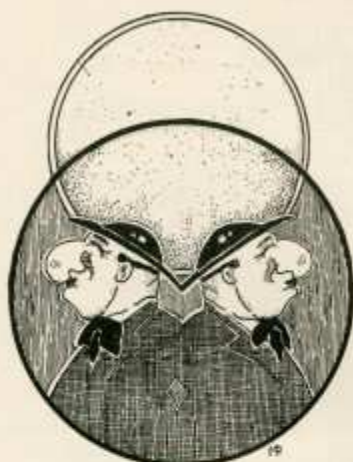


Never tell your wife that "woman's place is in the home." Always specify whose home.



Mae: I hear Percy's a dealer in hides and skins now!

Belle: Yeh! He does the hiring for a large revue.



Mr. Dinkelstein: Prometheus was a Hebrew.

Mr. Finkelspeil: Yi! Yi! How vos dot?

Mr. Dinkelstein: Didn't he brought fire to hoo-man bings?

INSEPARABLE OR INSUFFERABLE

"Say, you two seem to be inseparable!"

"Yeh! We're the Siamese twins."

"Jack is a whole-souled young pagan, even as he grows older he seems to be always youthful—full of animal spirits, if you know what I mean."

"Oh yes, I get you—White Mule, and all that sort of thing."

He. Comb your hair! Haven't you any pride?

She. No, I haven't any comb.

"Seek your own level," directed Mother as she aimed Willie and a scrub-brush at the bath-tub.

Cora: Did you hear about Limberg?

Larry: I don't see how anyone can eat the evil-smelling stuff.



AESCHYLUS: Whither goest thou, Agamemnon?

AGAMEMNON: Why, out to see my fair young damsel.

AESCHYLUS: And she lives where?

AGAMEMNON: Out i' the Styx, of course.

Would you call Ruth Elder a flighty girl?

Wet: I call her Dynamite.

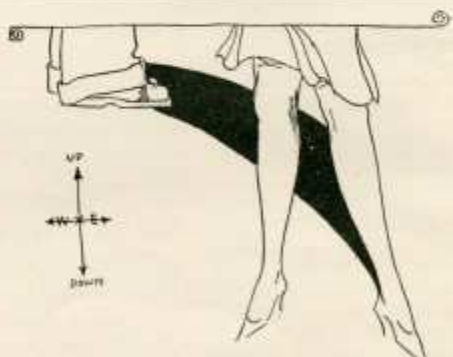
Wetter: And why?

Wet: 'Cause Dyna might change her mind about me.

Where did you get that hat?

Dunno.

Thought so. It's mine.



Oxfords: Where are those good-looking legs carrying you, young lady?

Pumps: To be precise, they're taking me home, and there aren't going to be any heels dragging along, either.



"Hey, frosh, are yuh sending your woman a corsage for the dance tonight?"

"I may be a frush, big boy, but you can't fool me. Do yuh think I don't know that women don't wear those whale-bone contraptions any more?"

DEMPSEY—TUNE—Y

—The gong—he comes out weaving—he lands a hard right to the mid section—but is stopped by a 1-2 to the head—now they are spar—
—HE LANDS A terrific left to the body—and a right—he gets a hard right to the jaw—and a—HE IS DOWN ON ONE KNEE—
But he is up without taking a count—waving—circling—ducking—now they are sparring—he lands a hard right to the head—and a LEFT—AND ANOTHER RIGHT—AND ANOTHER—AND ANOTHER—AND STILL ANOTHER—AND HE IS DOWN!—4-5-6-7-8-9—and UP—he is chasing him around the ring—now he motions him to come and fight—THE GONG—
National Broadcasting Company in the greatest hookup in history—broadcasting the Paderewski concert—The "Seventh Caprice" has just been finished—The concert grand took the count of nine—this movement certainly goes to Paderewski—

M.



"My woman is awfully absent-minded; she's always forgetting things."

"I know just how you feel, old man—my woman's always forgetting things, too."

RONDO

When I was in the cradle
I started stepping out.
Don't blame me, I've got IT,
But what is IT about?

I know I'm not bad looking—
My line rates, without doubt.
But just the same, I've got it;
Born that way, I have IT;
But four out of five all have it,
So I guess that let's me out.

I. F. S.



RADIO ANNOUNCER: And now folks, Mr. Isaac Goldstein will sing, "That Old Irish Mother of Mine."

LOVE'S OLD SONG!

You kissed Diane last night, you churl;
You kissed me, fool, the night before
And said you loved no other girl;
Well, you told her that and then some more.

Ha, she fell for your line and hair
Until today—I set her right.
So please don't think you're going great.
Oh—how about a date tonight?

—I. F. S.

He—Is she a hot number?

He—Nay, she froze me with a glance.

Frat—There is one little lady that certainly has her degree.

Ternity—Degree in what?

Frat—Fahrenheit.

"That's a fine dog. What do you call him?"

"Call him anything, but not too late to eat."

He was one of these slumb boxes that thought the eagles flew high in Siam merely to escape the more dangerous of the air currents. His brother was the chap that was looking for an epicure because he wanted his finger-nails attended to.

HOW THEY DID IT IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS BEFORE THE INSIDIOUS JAZZ AGE

"He sipped the honey from her lips,
As under the moon they sat,
And wondered if ever a man before
Had drunk from a mug like that."

Senior Year Book—1910.

It seems too bad that these quaint customs have to pass, what?

Bob: I suppose you heard about Bill going to that hot revue and taking a naval telescope along, didn't you?

Harry. Why no, tell me about it.

The jury decided it was suicide.

Barb (sadly): I just heard that the old man kicked off.

Barbara: Why, I just think that's marvelous! I wish we had a football player in OUR family.

AGAIN

The Scotchman who was so tight he smoked "Old Golds" so he wouldn't have to cough up any money for the wife.

The wife was chiding her husband for being extravagant.

"Well," he replied, "would you rather have a husband who would sap the family resources or a sap that would husband them?"

HAVE YOU A LITTLE WIDOW OR ORPHAN IN YOUR HOME?

"If the boys approach you and ask you to buy a ticket," (FIRE-MAN'S BALL) "buy one, for all the money goes to the benefit fund of the widows and orphans of those who risk their lives daily in our service."

—From an editorial in San Jose Evening News.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR

Hell hath no fury like a woman corned.

MODERN COMMENTARY

It's terrible how people in this hectic, modern age refuse to pay homage to antiquity. Why, they even refuse to laugh at the jokes in the college comics.



Helene, the football girl, believes in school spirit. She likes to encourage the football team—individually, of course.

COLLEGE, AS SEEN BY THE MOVIES

CO-ED. Any young woman of surpassing beauty, brief skirts and a tendency to dance on tables or pianos, who falls in love with the **FOOTBALL STAR**, who is a handsome brute of about 33, who always has to work his way through and who places a 75-yard drop-kick neatly between the goal posts in the last 32nd of a minute before the game ends.

COLLEGE ROOM. A place hung with pennants and full of davenports and easy chairs.

FRATERNITY. A place where everybody stands around in a hallway, slapping everyone else on the back.

PROM. Any large room hung with serpentine where the flappers are all spiced to the eyebrows, passing out on all sides and necking all over the place.

HAZING. This consists of the whole college chasing someone through miles of underbrush.

FRESHMAN. Anything that wears peg-top trousers and a funny hat and carries a wicker suitcase.



HE TOLD HER—

—he was a bookmaker and she married him and then wanted to be taken down to the printing plant.

—he did plastering and after they had the knot tied she found out that he did do plastering—in fact, almost every night in the week.

—that his father was near to a millionaire; they got married and she discovered that the old man was valet to John dee Boulderfel-low.

—that he was the owner of a large plant. After the wedding bells, the large plant turned out to be of the sunflower species.

—that his old man was a musical instrument manufacturer—specializing in lyres. When the honeymoon was over she came to the conclusion that her husband was the biggest lyre that his father had ever made.



Have you heard, dear friends, of the absent minded Ford owner who used castor oil for flushing the crank case? He's the cousin of the man who used Zeroline for indigestion.



He: That's a hot-looking dress. I think I know where you got it.

She: Where's that?

He: Fire sale.



Soph: Oh, Boy! Hasn't that girl got pretty lips, though?

Frosh: There's only one thing I'd have against them.

Soph: What?

Frosh: Mine.



Carl: My neck's stiff.

Carlotta: She must have been an intoxicating young filly.

King Arthur: Lordy! but that woman has a long neck.

Galahad: Yes, about 7 minutes to be exact.



Bosco: I've got a new girl.

Roscoe: Oh, yeh?

Bosco: Sure, and the wife's doing fine, thanks.



HALLELUJAH!

or

Good News for College Students

"We have just paid two bills totalling over \$1200.00. Oh, how good the Lord is to us."—From the "Free Tract Messenger," a publication printed in Los Angeles (a suburb of Hollywood) and devoted to the work of the Lord!

This news will be received with acclamation by several thousand college men and women throughout the land—men who never thought of praising the Lord for overdue tailor and florist bills. **HALLELUJAH!**

Book Agent: Madam, I'd like to interest you in this beautiful copy of "The Imitation of Christ."

Busy Housewife: I can't be bothered—anyway, I dislike imitations. If I can't have the real article I don't want anything.



POOR PAPA

The teacher was telling the class about oysters and how pearls were formed.

Up shot the hand of the well-known little Willie who abides in every classroom throughout the land.

"Well, Willie, what is it?"

"You jus' said that pearls came from oysters, but my mama has some that she said came from a big shrimp."



NOW, I'LL TELL ONE

I'm a connoisseur of men all right,
And seem to like them fine,
But I've come to the conclusion
I lost an illusion
With this, "Oh, you're so different" line.

It haunts me in my dreams at night,
And I've worried more than enough.

It stabs like a knife;
It's a blight on my life;
This "O, you're so different" stuff.

This wonder and worry about myself,
Will make bitter Death soon be mine.

So men, you're to blame
On account of your game;
With this, "Geeze, but you're different" line.

L. F. S.

Pie: How did the blind date turn out?

Pie: Just great. He handled his neck like a gentleman.



A SAD JOKE!

"Is the woman good looking?"
"Well, she's a Stanford co-ed."



Only the Scotch know how to HOLD their licker.



SIGN IN THE LIBRARY.

"All bags, brief-cases, candy and other foods should be left outside."



The school of agriculture has announced a course in grafting. They ought to get some of our campus politicians to act as instructors. Such a course should be helpful to embryo law majors and future congressmen.



Impression of a Frosh on entering College

Editorial "Spasms".



"TANK"

Business Manager
FRAZIER REED

Assistant
WARNER WILSON
Secretary
GLADYS HARES

CLARENCE G. TAYLOR
Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editor
IDA FAYE SACHS

CONTRIBUTORS

Leon Amyx, Anita Pearson, Guy Street, Miriam Poundstone, Daniel Mendelowitz, Joyce Eaton, William Mangold, George Busch, John Maloney, and Louis Petithomme

Faculty Advisors
MR. GODDARD, MR. WOOD

Art Editor
AUSTIN HAM

Publicity Manager
PHIL McMILLAN
Circulation Manager
GEORGE BUCHANAN

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WITH the fall comes "Spasms"—sneaking out of the underbrush and figuratively thumbing his nose at a gloom-sodden world. Cheerio and all that sort of jolly old Tommy-rot.



TOLERANCE

The only wisdom is tolerance—tolerance of everything—including these editorials.



It has been suggested by Doctor McQuarrie that the amorously inclined refrain from walking on the cream-colored walls of the main corridor while talking to the object of their attentions. In other words—don't emulate the crane, and stand on one foot—unless you put the other in your mouth or your pocket.



LAFF! DARN YOU, LAFF!

If you don't like the jokes printed herein, write a few yourself. There are lots of funny things in this institution and in this world—and not all of them have two legs, either.

ROMANCE

HE was a simple, good-looking chap, and she was a marvelously put-together concoction. She was complete and perfect—that is—well, you know what I mean, anyway. Put it this way—she was a co-ed.

SHE—You don't know how tired I am of this same wearying line that every man hands out—the same sickening sentimental hokey. I think if a man ever told me anything original or different I'd be willing to marry him!

HE (anxious to please)—Well, to tell you the truth, I think you're a horrible mess and I wouldn't marry you if they paid me a million to do it. Your complexion is rotten—why, I never saw such a mess of pimples outside of an advertisement; you lay the paint on with a shovel. Why, you look like a dirty name! You have small, beady eyes like a snake and a mouth that resembles a horse's. I'll bet you're as bald as a china egg and I must say that your wig is the greasiest, stringiest thing I ever saw aside from an unwashed French poodle. Intellectually you're absolutely nil—you're not even a very high grade moron. Your figure looks like a couple of coal sacks in distress. Geeze—the circus ought to get hold of you.

And the next morning she married her bootlegger's son, which only goes to show how very, very inconsistent women really are. Now run along to bed Aloysius and some time grandpa'll tell you the big scandal about the blonde college widow and the Professor of Ancient History.



Alas, poor frush—he did not choose to run



Old Gentleman: Is your dog a mongrel?
Little Boy: No, sir. He's a Russian
wolfhound.

Mother (anxiously): Aren't you going with rather a fast set these days?

Daughter: Why, mother, of course not. These people are of the leisure class.



DARING CONFESSION FROM THE LIFE OF A WORLD- FAMOUS GRAND OPERA STAR.

They used to say that my voice sounded like a cat being thrust into a buzz-saw or a peacock with the delirium-tremens. My dear old dad used to chain me in the kennel with his prize chow, but, nothing daunted, I still tried to sing. The neighbors objected and so did the dog, so finally I went to Europe but I came back with my voice no better. It still sounded like a fire siren amplified. Then all of a sudden I discovered the secret—now I smoke nothing but Fortunate Dramedaries: they seem to do SOMETHING to my throat and voice. Now I can sing in the bathtub without having the police at the door!

DID YOU EVER SAUSAGE WIT?

Let's get the clubs and go out'n the links," said the frankfurter to the salomi."

"Boloney," said the pork sausage.



MENU

Omelette savoyard and pomme de terre,
Café au lait (No, I really don't swear).
Just a few hot whoops from a bill o' fare.
Say them aloud but try to take care
How you mutter this epicure's prayer.

—L. F. S.



THE JUNIOR PROM

The above scene is the picture of the big brawl at the height of its revelry. The girl in blue wants to go out on the porch to neck—but her escort is interested in the marvelous blonde who wants to make a swan dive into the fountain.

"Slips don't count," said the belle femme, as she laid down the losing hand in the strip-poker game.



"Waiter, did you make this pie?"

"No, sir."

"It must have been your brother, then, because the hair is identical."



International Complications

(Next morning after the beer bust)

Fee: And how did your prize pledge Swedish shot-putter react to the vile fluid?

Gee: Hey, he put so many shots away it soon made a Finnish of him.



HOW DID THEY LETTER?

"Is Dora a good correspondent?"

"Yea, in boarding school she had a huge mailing list."



"That's where the rub comes," said the laundress as she bent anew over the washboard.



He: Do you drink?

She (cooly): Try me.

He—What do you think I'm doing: going around the country giving tests?



WAS HE?

"You'll be paid six months in advance," promised the haggard poet as he wiped his brow.

"Just an idle rumor," snapped the boarding house lady as she lunged the door.



Joe: Do you believe in this "hands across the sea" stuff?

Josie: No, friend, 'tis better to keep your hands where they belong.



L'ITALIENNE

Carissimma, there lurks topar fire in your eyes,
Your mouth's first fair lines dare not disguise.

Bellissimma, your pose it is elegant—wise,

As soothing to see as your Capri skies.

But throw off your mask—your heart's mean and petty—

I'd get that way, too, if I dished out spaghetti. —I. P. S.

Sir Knight: Quickly, Squire, bring me a rivet, I have a run in my sock.



"Use the word decrease in a sentence."

"His pants look sloppy without decrease."



She's only a school teacher — but, my gawd! what class!

Steve: I lost fifteen bucks yesterday.

Eve: My Lord! How?

Steve: Levin's suits dropped a third and I had one already.



BEAUTY!

"Vera has such a beautiful ivory complexion, hasn't she?"

"She certainly has, but the ivory is more than skin deep, though."

—Exchange.



Mac: How are the rusbees this year?

Maxine (absently): An awfully good-looking bunch of fellows.

AT LAST THE TRUTH

Now, some of us can sleep by night,
 But some must sleep by day,
 So we're the ones who sleep in class
 While instructor has his say.
 There're some who can't enjoy their sleep
 Unless it comes just then,
 And they wake in perplexity
 To wonder where they've been,
 And look around and blink their eyes
 And yawn a bit—you know—
 And whisper to their neighbors,
 "What was that he said just now?"
 If the profs. didn't work us so
 We'd get our sleep at night,
 Instead o' burnin' up the juice
 To run our study light.
 We'd wake up bright and early,
 And we'd get to class on time
 And stay awake and listen—
 Yes, but that's another rhyme!
 I know this reads like fiction,
 Now I'll tell the truth. I must.
 There are many texts unopened
 Which are covered thick with dust.

FUTURISTIC?

It was 1945 P. D. Q. Poised like sleek grey homids in the fin-schia glow of the room they awaited the signal. The anxiety was agonizing. Come back ten laps—they were fraternity brothers. Suddenly, one of them spoke. "Rollo, hell would be heaven to me. I wait, wait—and no sound."

His friend replied in like accents, "I too, know the torture of the vigil. God, I shall do something rash! Let me gnaw a poison oak leaf," and he groaned.

Spoke Rollo again, "Fully a month I have yearned for her voice. She asked for a date when we first met, but Yvonne was taking me dancing and I couldn't make it. Oh, oh, I can't be brazen enough to phone her. It wouldn't be gentlemanly," and he broke into sobs.

"My plight is even more pathetic," said his friend, "My Amazon has been rushing the prize frosh here so I am waiting for her to tire of him. How could she forget me. Oh, if she'd only phone."

So they waited and waited—in vain.

Bang—the sudden sound of a bell swept the lethargic veil from their sensibilities. It was 1922 again—all a dream, muttered our hero and rushed to the phone.

"Hello," her voice swift and low bade him, "reserved a table at the Rialto, got tickets for 'Yes, Yes Marie' this Saturday night. Be ready when I come for you."

"I'd adore it," he replied to her click of the receiver.

And he tumbled in a faint from the violence of the thrill.

I. F. S.



"My husband is a lingerie salesman."

"How do you keep him interested?"

—N. Y. Medley.



Frankie: Jane looks very sleek and panther-like in that dress, n'est ce pas?

Billie: Well, you can almost hear her say, "Me-ow."

THE COLLEGE SWEET-HEART

At nineteen first she lies her wiles
And snares the boys with passing
guiles—

Risque.

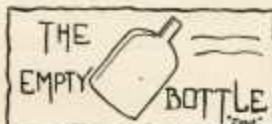
At twenty-one, sophisticate,
Herself alone she does not hate—
Blase.

At twenty-nine downhill she goes.
No longer chased by eager beaux—
Passe.

—Yale Record.

The other day I strolled into a stationery store where fountain pens were being sold. The agreeable salesgirl asked me if I cared to try the pen I picked out. After carefully filling the pen, I proceeded to write my whole knowledge of Latin—Tempus Fugit, Tempus Fugit, Tempus Fugit—in various styles. The bright young thing smiled sweetly and said, "It writes beautifully, doesn't it, Mr. Fugit?" Now I ask you, wasn't it justified homicide?

—Pup.



(There's nothing in it)

Most of the Big Game Hunting isn't done in Africa—it merely consists of trying to find the players through field-glasses after you take your seat in the stadium.



It's taking the new Ford a long time to arrive—but then, that's the way with most Fords.



If all the text books bought by students were laid end to end, they'd still never be read.



He sold his brain to a research laboratory—but he fooled them—he didn't have any brain.



The latest automobile accessory is a cow-catcher arrangement, designed to push pedestrians from in front of the car after knocking them down.



Is it dead? Yea, god's man—it's only a one-horse town, and the horse has sleeping sickness, at that.



With all the progress in rapid transit it won't be long before we get our Sunday papers on Friday night.



Damn these Greeks—we have to eat their greasy food and digest their indigestible literature.



The fall of the mark ruined many Germans—it has also rolled a number of college students.



It is said that the insurance companies refuse to risk fire insurance on our co-educational institutions.

SPEAKING OF BOOKS

A Good Woman, by Louis Bromfield

I must confess to a rather inordinate liking for Bromfield, and while confessions are still in order, I would further say that I like "A Good Woman" the least of his four panels depicting the American Scene. This is not to say that the book lacks merit—far from that—I defy Mr. Bromfield to write a poor novel! But I'm afraid that I missed the glamour that surrounds Lily Shane, the fascinating and charming bussy who dominates the stage in "The Green Bay Tree." I'm afraid I missed the keen analysis to be found in "Possession" and the wit and loveliness of "Early Autumn." In "A Good Woman" there is little to delight—and Mr. Bromfield does write charmingly of charm.

The "good woman" of the novel is, of course, one of those militant female meddlers—pious and extremely respectable. Like all of her breed she wreaks a great deal of havoc—but she's right and she knows it—so there's no room for argument. Her son Phillip marries an anaemic young boobess called Naomi—a travelling evangelist full of religion and nothing else. She suffers somewhat but she is too small a soul upon which to waste an ounce of pity. Alice is the only woman in the book that seems at all human, aside from the cursing English poeess who meets Phillip in Africa where he has gone to force Jesus Christ on more or less unwilling natives. Lily Shane steps into the story for a moment but her part is brief and of a minor nature. I really enjoyed this novel but I feel that it is somewhat inferior to the other three.

Trader Horn, by Alfred Aloysius Horn in collaboration with Ethelreda Lewis

Nima T—, the half-breed goddess, descended from a noble English family—bull elephants trumpeting at the stars—native boatmen singing mournful, age-old songs in the moonlight, their gleaming paddles dipping rhythmically in the starlight—blackest Africa—an ivory trader charting unknown rivers—Little Pern—native wars, and an old Englishman peddling iron and tinware from door to door, a quaint philosopher with an amazing fund of reminiscences—all this, and more, is "Trader Horn."

An interesting feature of this unusual autobiography is the conversation at the end of each chapter, between the author and his collaborator, concerning his reactions to people and things—all taken down verbatim by Mrs. Lewis. The reader finds that he constantly looks forward to these dissertations. His comments on what America's likes as to literature are invariably amusing. Coming as it did on a wave of comment, one feels at least that there is ONE book that justifies the blurb on the jacket and the advertising devoted to it.

Jarnegan, by Jim Tully

If you haven't read this, do so! It isn't the very latest out, but then one can't read everything.

The author is an ex-hobo who knows life and paints it in an unsparing manner, in the blarneyest of colors. In this work he takes the story of Jarnegan, a moving picture director, an Elmer Gantryish person (without the hypocrisy). The experiences of this chap unfold in a vivid and realistic way through the author's direct-

ness and extreme simplicity of treatment.

Jarnegan is a poetic roughneck, an uneducated ruffian with a spark of divine fire. He is what the world calls immortal: he likes his liquor; he possesses one mistress after the other but his Celtic soul calls forth beauty. No; he is anything but a lovable person but he is, above all, an artist—a creator, and that in itself is worth more in hell than in a heaven full of dull, virtuous morons without an idea between them. The best scene in this book is at the last, where Jarnegan in a more or less spifflicated state breaks into a shooting star display of extravagant rhetoric; a perfect mixture of the vulgar, the beautiful, the poetic, liberally seasoned with underdrawing-room-like curses.

Jarnegan is rather splendid as a book, but don't read it for amusement—it's too much life for that.



Circus Parade, by Jim Tully

Here is another novel that is easy to enthuse over. It is a vivid picture of life among the workers and hangers-on of a cheap circus. It is riotously colorful, brutally frank and utterly simple and unpretentious. It is nothing more than it claims to be—a section of life, admirably handled by a true artist. It is an epic—a succession of pathetic, devil-may-care humans, most of them crooks and outlaws, sharply silhouetted for a moment against a tumultuous, flame-colored sky. You'll enjoy the story of the Moss-Haired Girl and the tragedy of Whiteface, the clown. I can't quite resist repeating the anecdote about Jumbo the elephant. When said animal was a baby, weighing only a few thousand pounds, it was extremely fond of milk, capable of chasing a cow

(Continued on Page 31)

Appletons

First Street and San Carlos

Smart Clothes for College Girls

Exclusive Models

Moderately Priced

SOMETHING OF INTEREST FOR GIRLS

MEN



GOOD, CLEAN SPORT

Johnny: For two cents I'd knock your block off.

Bill: Get away from me, you professional.

—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.



HOPEFUL

"Doctor," he murmured, "what are my chances?"

"Not so bad, not so bad. But don't start reading any long continued stories."—Laffodontia.



"Who's Jay Brower?"

"Why, don't you know? He's the funny little hat that runs around town with the man."



She's got the cutest . . .
Yeah, I noticed that, too.

LOVE LIFE AMONG OUR FINNY FRIENDS

Once upon a time there was a beautiful dog, who was as popular as she was beautiful. Picture her, then, lying in the sun, dreaming dreams of Rin Tin Tin and Strongheart, for it was spring.

Not far away lived a fox who was noted for his quickness of foot and brownness of pelt. "Marry me" he said to the maiden dog. "For you are warm and comely and it is spring."

"You forget who I am," she returned proudly. "My mother was hunted by the Prince of Wales."

"Well, let's keep it out of the papers anyway," said the suitor.

"Listen, then," she whispered coyly, "if you expect to win me you'll have to get the jump on lazy Joe Collie, who's been wooing me lately."

"Done!" he cried. And with that he stole carefully over to the corner where Joe Collie was dozing in the sun. The coast was clear! Now or never! And so—

The Slick Brown Fox Jumped Quickly Over the Lazy Dog.
—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

"My man," she breathed.
"That reminds me. I forgot to
phone the wife."



More Similes—

—as unreasonable as my wife.
—as agitated as our editor just
before this damn thing went to
press.



No. 1: Your woman is a honey.
No. 2: How in hell do you
know?



I love you, I'm wild, crazy, hot
for you. Be good to papa; come
across—roll up a Li'l Joe, babies.
—Hell, seven!

AS THEY WERE DANCING

She: Oh dear, dear!
He: Do you really mean that,
Geraldine?
She: I should say I do, old
horrie. Some brute just stepped
on my toe.



Where doth my Wanda wanda?
I wonda.



He (to returned traveler): Did
you see the Blue Grotto at Capri?
Returned Tourist: No, but I saw
some swell purple snakes and pink
tigers in Paris.



One good thing about Mr.
Ford's aeroplanes — they'll never
hold back traffic on the hills.

AT THE PARTY

Host: Have a cigar.
Guest: No thanks, I don't
smoke.
Host: Have a drink?
Guest: I really don't drink.
Host: Maybe you'd like to go
in the ballroom and dance a bit.
Guest: Sorry, but I don't dance,
either.
Host (desperately): Well, my
wife has a ball of yarn and some
needles — perhaps you'd care to
knit a little.



Traveling Salesman (to new ac-
quaintance): What's your line?
New Acquaintance: Oh, gener-
ally the line of least resistance.

DIRTY

"I don't know, I rather like her
looks."
"I don't! The ones she gives
me are terrible."



Little Boy: Mama, I wanta see
papa ride the bird.
Mother: What on earth—?
Little Boy: I wanta see papa
ride the bird.
Mother: Why, I don't know
what you mean. See papa ride the
bird! What bird?
Little Boy: Well, I heard Mrs.
Jones tell Mr. Jones that daddy
was out on a bat last night.



"She's a card."
"Yeh. Joker."

COLLEGIATANA!

"See those women out there?"

"Yeh."

"They're members of the temperance union. They are trying to stop gin drinking in college."

"Well, it's about time some of the old women went on the wagon."

—Michigan Gargoyle.



Speaker (excited): Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you: Do I look like I descended from a monkey? Do I?

Back Seat Wit: No, ye don't now, for a fact. Tell us how it happened.

—Virginia Reel.



DEDICATED TO COLLEGE "BANQUETS"

Recipe for salad as made by domestic science class:

Turn ice box upside down, shake thoroughly until well mixed. Serve with forks.

—Drexlerd.



She said she would never bare her secret, but, of course, I couldn't tell from the twenty-eighth row.

—Cincinnati Cynic.



Helen: Can he drink much?

Dot: No, he can't even pick dandelions without getting dizzy.

—Pap.



"How are you getting on with the typewriter?"

"Fine. I can make twenty mistakes a minute now."

—Lehigh Burr.



"Where did you ever learn to kiss like that?"

"I play the saxophone."

—Penn. State Froth.

"Boy, I met one smooth woman at that dance; a countess from some foreign country."

"Russia?"

"Not much; her husband was with her."

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.



Mr. Whoosis—What is your son going to do after college?

Mr. Wheezer—If he's as successful getting money out of other people as he has been with me, he'll be a huge success.

—Exchange.



Mary had a little wolf,

His hair was white as snow,
And every place that Mary went,
The wolf paid the cover charge.

—California Pelican.



"Is Miss Brown, the mind reader, taking a vacation?"

"Yes, she's spending a couple of months in a college town."

—Notre Dame Juggler.



The fortunate youth gazed delightedly at his stunning date, as she gracefully descended the stairway. His heart beat violently as he realized that all this beauty was his. Charming, she stood before him and whispered, "How do I look, dearest?"

"Sweetheart," he murmured, as he took her in his arms, "you look mighty good to me."

"Don't let your impressions mislead you," she breathed, snuggling closer.

—Virginia Reel.



All that stands between the college graduate and the top of the ladder—is the ladder.

—Middlebury Blue Baboon.

Belligerent Cop (to couple in parked car): Wot's going on here, eh?

Flustered Young Man: Er—that is—n-nothing, officer.

B. C.: Well, get goin'; get goin'.

And so they did.

—Wisconsin Octopus.



1st Drunk: Who's that lady standing over there?

2nd Drunk: That's isn't a lady; that's a drinking fountain.

1st Drunk: Well, I don't like her anyway.

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.



The other day an awfully queer thing happened to me. I was out on a rather large binge the night before, and woke up with an unusually terrible headache. My mouth tasted like the inside of a motor-man's glove! However, I got up, and while brushing my teeth, what should I find in my mouth but a motorman's glove!

—Lehigh Burr.



Commodore Peary (standing): So I sez to the cap'n, "Cap'n, the minute we reach port I'll get us two of the warmest wimmin and a quart of the worst gin in the old U. S. A."

Dr. Cook (dropping an anchor): An wot did the cap'n say?

Commodore Peary: Wal, he just looks at me and sez, "Pittsburgh ain't no seaport."

—Penn. State Froth.



"Have a drink of elephant whiskey?"

"What's that?"

"Take one drink and you throw your trunk out of the window."

—Rutgers Chanticleer.

Rache Modes

For Exclusive Apparel
of Distinctiveness
and Chic

visit the

"SALON"

80 West San Carlos
Hotel Sainte Claire

MOTORISTS' MOTTO

Don't toot until you see the whites of their eyes.

—Notre Dame Juggler.

"What a wonderful diamond! Are you engaged?"

"Naw! I've just been out playing glassies for keeps."

—Annapolis Log.

Anxious Father: Is it a him or a her?

Nurse: It's a them. —Catalink.

Customer (to drug clerk): Is this candy good?

Clerk: Is it good? Why, it's as pure as the girl of your dreams!

Customer: I'll have a package of gum.

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

He: You are beautiful. You are adorable. You are sweet, fine, wonderful. You are everything that is good.

She: Oh, you flatterer, how you exaggerate.

He: Well, that's my story, and I'll stick to it.

—U. of S. Calif. Wampus.

Rod (during a lull in the game): She's an awfully nice girl.

Tod (making conversation): Why, I've always heard that she's a trifle wild.

Rod: Sure, that's it. She's just awful enough to be nice.

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

Mrs. Oskins: I hear you an' your husband ain't on speakin' terms.

Mrs. Owsley: That's a lie! Why, only this mornin' he told me I was a damned old hag.

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.



"Bring me another sandwich, please."

"Will there be anything else?"

"Yes, a paper-weight. That last sandwich blew away."

—Webfoot.



Two are company, three are a crowd and four are a table of bridge.

—Wesleyan Wasp.



Bill: Don't you think the violinist's obligato is very beautiful?

Jim: Can't tell. Wait till she turns around.

—Bobcat.



Gert: When is she thinking of getting married?

Tess: Constantly!

—Cornell Widow.



"Waiter, a rum omelet."

"Same—without eggs."

—Cornell Widow.



Introducing the waterproof wrist watch for those who dip doughnuts in their coffee.

—Rutgers Chanticleer.



Jane: I want some insect powder.

Clerk: Do you want to take it with you?

Jane: Of course not. I'll send the bugs to you and you can give it to them.

—Witt.



"Cutter is what you might call an athletic opposite."

"Why so?"

"Well, an athlete is supposed to have big shoulders and taper down to almost nothing, but cutter has big feet and tapers up to nothing."

—Scream.

ANCIENT HISTORY

It was at the royal ball in celebration of the king's coronation. All the counts and no-accounts were there. Suddenly, a fanfare of bugles split the atmosphere, and between two lanes of spectators came Daniel. A great shout went up from the populace.

"What, ho!" cried the king.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Daniel, thus scoring a point for the common people.

Thereupon the king became wrathful, and had Daniel cast into the lion's den. One of the beasts playfully bit his left ear.

"Ouch! Ouch!" screamed Daniel.

"It tickles!"

"What tickles?" demanded the king.

"Spectacles," replied Daniel.

Whereupon, fifty thousand subjects rolled on the grass in mirth, for in those days the king's word was law.

—Reserve Rod Cat.



Heebie: Have you heard the latest Ford joke?

Jeelie: Heard it? Why say, man, I own it!

—Yale Record.



She: You're the third man that has kissed me tonight.

He: Courage, it's only eleven o'clock.

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.



One Friday night at a dance given by a school we all know there was a certain Andy Protheroe whose spirits had reached the point where he cared not a whit about what might happen. He was so joyous that he undertook to break in on a young lady whom he had not been introduced to. She froze him utterly and silenced him forever with one little remark:

"Say, kid, when did sex appeal take the place of an introduction?"

—Mink.



I broke a date with a hot woman and she certainly burned me up.



something's in the air!

THERE'S something everywhere about you—something as sparkling as the crisp November sunshine. Gay as the pennants fluttering from the stadium walls. Into that something goes the dull percussion of punted footballs . . . chrysanthemums . . . hawkers' cries . . . crowds hurrying, laughing, happy. . . .

Does it catch you up—sweep you along?

If it does—if you warm to the charm, the verve, the gay light-heartedness of Youth—we believe you will like COLLEGE HUMOR. You clever collegians write the things we feature; our stories by today's front rank writers are written with you in mind, as an audience.

Scott Fitzgerald's article on *Princeton*, and a complete novelette by Lois Montross, *The Return of Andy Protheroe*, are two features of the many that compose the December issue.

CollegeHumor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

MOVIE OF A COLLEGE STUDENT HOME FOR THE WEEK-END

- SATURDAY, 1 P. M. Arrives home. Finds mother on verge of bridge party. Is seized as gift from the gods.
- 3 P. M. Sees bridge players approaching and has vision of self forced to fill in as a fourth for three old hags. Escapes to movies by back door.
- 5:30 P. M. Telephones home and finds he is expected to return and repair radio before dinner. Makes flimsy excuse.
- 6 P. M. Meets girl friend. Takes her to dinner and another show.
- 11 P. M. Gets home and goes to bed. Has rosy dream of self rising at noon and dawdling over Sunday paper.
- 6:30 A. M. Awakened by father, who declares it's snowing and will be go down and look at the furnace, as it feels very cold in the house and the furnace man is always bound to be late Sunday morning. Descends to cellar. Finds furnace is out; spends three futile hours trying to revive it.
- 9:30 A. M. Breakfast. Lumps in the oatmeal. Mother requests him to shovel snow off sidewalk.
- 10:30 A. M. Mother asks him to put on some decent clothes and get out the car to drive her to church. Finds car has three flats and no gas. Almost gives up ghost attending to this.
- Noon. Reproved for spilling cigarette ashes on rug. Father asks why he doesn't smoke a pipe, anyway.
- 2 P. M. Dinner. Doesn't like Brussels sprouts. Told he knows what he can do.
- 3:30 P. M. Suggests family go out for a drive. Rebuffed; glad he can at least go out by himself.
- 4:30 P. M. Asked why his mid-year marks weren't any better. Makes evasive reply and states he must go back right after supper to get some studying done. This is the last straw. Refuses to say anything more to family until time to leave.
- 7:16 P. M. Breathes sigh of relief as train pulls out.

—Columbia Jester.

HURRY UP!

IF YOU'RE COMING WITH ME,
I'M GOING TO THE

Garden City Creamery

The Best Milk-shakes in Town

Everything Good to Eat

Sandwiches

Smokes

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YOU GO TO THE

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We Know How to Feed Students

Salads—Toasted Sandwiches—Ham and Eggs

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In, Eat, and Out In 10 Minutes



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Hot Lunches

Sandwiches

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School Supplies of all kinds

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MILK SHAKES

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Jay
Brower

Just a Poor
College
Boy
Trying to Please
You at the

CALIFORNIA

School girl complexions nowadays are covering a multitude of grown-up ideas.—Laffodintia.



First Negro: What lodge do you belong to?

Second Negro: K. C.

First Negro: You don't mean the Knights of Columbus, do you?

Second Negro: No. The "Koons of Chicago."—Laffodintia.



Tony was having his second son Christened and, being very anxious to have his name recorded correctly on the birth certificate, remarked to the clergyman:

"Will ya please name my baby same like I giva you?"

"Tony, why do you make such a request?" asked the clergyman.

"Well, ya see, it's lika dis: My first boy I tella ya I want him chris'nd 'Tom' and you putta 'Tomass' on heesa paper. Now I want dis boy name 'Jack' and no want heem name 'Jackass'."

—Laffodintia.

A HESITANT CANDIDATE

Coach: I want a man for quarterback who will never call a hasty signal.

Stuttering Third Stringer: H-h-h-here, C-coach, I-I-I'm you're m-man.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.



"In one Italian city the people go swimming without anything on."

"Is that Nice?"

—Pitt Panther.



"I'm twenty-one today, and I can vote."

"No, you can't."

"Why not?"

"There's no election."

—California Pelican.



"Do you know him?"

"Yes—well enough not to speak to him." —Mink.



"See that man over there?"

"Yeh. What about him?"

"Well, he saves five hundred dollars every day."

"Gosh, he must be ambitious!"

"Oh, no. He rides to work every morning on the subway and there's a five hundred dollar fine for spitting; and he doesn't spit."

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

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Consolidated Laundry	-	Ballard	90
Empire Laundry	-	Ballard	1890
Home Laundry	-	Ballard	1786
Individual Laundry	-	Ballard	340
R&W Laundry	-	Ballard	1589
Red Star Laundry	-	Ballard	69
Temple Laundry	-	Ballard	129
Troy Laundry	-	Ballard	891

MEMBERS

Laundryowners Club of San Jose, California

BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from Page 22)

down the aisle of a church and "pumping her dry." The author goes on to tell how Jumbo once chased a bull in New York state—"and he was sure sore, too."

The ending is tremendous. Read the book if you're not squeamish. If you're looking for some sweet simple romance or if you're easily shocked or revolted better leave it in the bookstore. DON'T BUY IT FOR YOUR GRANDMOTHER.



Zelda Marsh, by Charles Norris

A great actress and a greater woman—such was Zelda Marsh. The story unfolds on the background of another decade. The greater part of the action takes place in old fascinating San Francisco, which Mr. Norris evidently knows well and loves greatly. The scene shifts to New York—but that's merely another town, lacking any special quality, such as the

charm with which the author invests the western city.

The book reeks of the atmosphere of lousy theatrical boarding houses and third-rate hotels; it tears the tinsel trappings and the glamour from the tawdry life "behind the footlights" and reveals the "small time" troupers—commonplace souls who smile and smirk and strut their uninspired stuff before cheap and fickle audiences three times a day. Mr. Norris has shown the narrowness and intolerance of petty fools, blinded by egotism—he has portrayed weakness, strength, understanding, sordidness, all the forces that contribute to the development of Zelda Marsh's character.



*Heavenly Discourse
by Charles Erskine Scott Wood*

This is propaganda—but what propaganda!

The scene is laid in heaven, and God, Jesus and the angels, ably as-

sisted by the notable dead, discourse on human affairs on this "pill" known as earth. Among the famous angels we have Wayne B. Wheeler, Thomas Paine, Ingersoll, Buddha, Sappho, Rabelais, Mark Twain and Voltaire, not to mention Billy Sunday, Anthony Comstock, and Bishop Montgomery Brown. The angels discuss politics, theology, marriage, prohibition, morality, the K. K. K. and war. This is all done in a highly satirical and diverting manner. Mr. Wood's pen drips a compound mixture of T. N. T. and vitriol—he is never vicious and he always attempts to be fair. The following quotation gives an idea of the author's literary gymnastics.

GOD: "Listen, Peter, you know as well as I do there was not a word of Christ's taken down or written for nearly a hundred years after he was executed as an obscure criminal, and what was then written was filled with a hundred years of imaginings, ideas and sa-

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perstitutions of many priests and other men—a lot of devils, threats, promises, miracles contrary to my own laws; stuff pleasing to the childish minds of an ignorant and credulous people."

The author very neatly explodes the nice little myths and fairy-tales concerning Noah's famous pleasure jaunt, and other incidents of the same ilk. The idea underlying the whole work is that the only salvation of the world is absolute freedom and removal of oppression from all phases of human life. It advocates brotherhood and love. The book is priceless and should be read by every person whose mind has any pretensions towards broadness.



Death Comes for the Archbishop, by Willa Cather

The latest work that Miss Cather has produced in a novel that is

really not a novel at all. It is a sort of glorified biographical travelogue that has fascinating bits of history and legend thrown in for good measure. The story takes place in the early part of the last century. The main character, a young French priest, later a bishop and finally the archbishop, travels unselfishly through the miles of sun-baked desert territory that form his diocese. The facile pen of the authoress admirably describes the ever-changing waste lands, the desolate plateaus and the picturesque native dwellings. Her style, with its ease, color and undoubted charm delights the reader and makes up for any lack of detailed characterization. And furthermore, she has written a western story without a cattle rustler or a masked bandit that turns out to be Lon Chaney or Ann Pennington in disguise. *Shades of Zane Gray and his cohorts!*

This Believing World by Lewis Browne

The above is an easily read, convincing, and well written book on comparative religions. Nothing of the mustiness or boredom usually associated with theology, is contained within, rather it presents religion in an unorthodox way with absolutely no bitterness attached. If your beliefs aren't already shaken and your mind is open to inquiry the work may change a few of your ideas—anyway it will open your eyes, unless you insist upon keeping them closed. There are a great many people that will proclaim it a rank heresy but you can draw your own conclusions as to its worth. I, for one, found it intensely interesting and recommend it to any thinking person—don't crowd, there's lots of time.

C. G. T.



Real Estate Agent: Well, what do you think of our little city?

Prospect: I'll tell you, brother, this is the first cemetery I ever saw with lights. —Drexler.



TO VIVIENNE

I love the way you hold your head,
The way you hold your lips so red,
But best of all (none does it slicker)
I love the way you hold your liquor.

—Goblin.



She: I never go out with the same man twice.

He: If I were you I wouldn't boast about it.

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.



An out-of-towner walked up to Officer McGinty and asked him if Greenwich Village was Hell's kitchen. The witty Irishman replied, "No, lady, only Hell's Kitchenette." —Stevens Stone Mill.



Papa Kangaroo: Where's the baby, dear?

Mother Kangaroo (feeling in pockets): Now, that's funny. Guess I must have left it in my other clothes! —Goblin.



When ice cream grows on macaroni trees,

When Sahara's sands are muddy,

When cats and dogs wear overshoes,

That's when I like to study.

—Amherst Lord Jeff.



Gritty George: 'Good mornin', lady,

Kind Housewife: Well, what do you want?

Gritty George: Please mum, I feel a fit comin' on an' I'll go somewhere else an' have it fer the small sum of a dime.

—Goblin.



Verte: Well! I know of one fond parent who doesn't have to cope with the problem of the spoiled "only" child.

Brate: Whozat?

Verte: The guinea pig!

—Middlebury Blue Baboon.



FREE VERSE

My room's, sad to rel8,
Came 2 in a terrible str8,
Though he'd had 2 glasses
Of whisky str8,
He st6 to the story
'Twas something he 8.

—California Pelican.

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