

ELTORO

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• FOOTBALL ISSUE •



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BLOOM'S
Buc-co-Eds



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Heavy Crepe Sole

Make a
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CAMPUS SHOE • • •

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PEBBLE BEACH TIES—
ALL SILK—THE KIND
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"STAVE" OFF THE COLD Barrel Sweaters

IT'S THE NAKED TRUTH
—THIS BARREL DRESSES
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defies
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defies
wear!

defies
mussing!

defies
shrink!



The Pioneer Twist — is the suit with the
new twist! This one is so tough the rest
of them look like a bunch of sissies!
But—it's not too tough to pay for on our
budget plan!

HALE'S MEN'S SHOP

HOLLIDAY RIDE-OUT

There was a BLESSE on her face as he ELDER. HALL he did was cry for MOORE. NEWBY good or my father will GILLIS, and that won't FERRIS so well. We could not go riding some OTTERSTEIN. DA-VIS a kiss; this is a FREELAND. DEAN SCOTT your car and TURNER around, and MAC-QUARRIE'S will be over. DEL-MAS be no KALAS WIRTZ spoken. VAN-DER time to go WOOD come, he TUCKER home. PETER-SON he called EAGAN.

PEGASUS GETS SHOD

Virgin white sheets,
Smuttied by type,
Would-be Kents' ...
Poetry or tripe?
Sleepless day
And restless night,
To ape Millay
Or a Parker bright.
A Benchley carbon,
Tintype of Nash,
Soul expression
In metered hash.

—C. L., '36½.

Give the FOLKS
A REAL THRILL



WITH A

Beardsell
PORTRAIT

271772
246 SOUTH FIRST ST.

EL TORO

Nimmons: "I met a girl in a revolving door and now we go around together."

Briggs: "That's nothing. I got engaged to a girl with a wooden leg and I broke it off."

—Sagehen.

1/c—Say, Mister, what's the difference between a male and female worm?

4/c—A male worm puts out its hand when it turns.

—Annapolis Log.

Him: "Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"

Landlady: "Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."

—Washington Dirge.

Customer. Waiter, there's an earring in my soup.

Waiter: What do you expect for 10 cents, a watch and chain?

WHITE HOUSE STUFF

"Is the Secretary of Agriculture in?"

"Not just now, Madam. What did you want him for?"

"Well, I have a geranium that isn't doing so well."

Voo Doo.

Drag: What do you mean, this isn't a real fur coat?"

First Class: "Who ever heard of a muskrat with pockets?"

—Exchange.

SAVOIR FAIRE

A fiery tempered Southern gentleman wrote the following letter:

"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it. You, being neither, will understand what I mean."

—Owl.

Kind Visitor: "Well, Marjorie, what are you going to do when you grow up to be a big woman like your mother?"

Marjorie: "Diet." —Old Line.
During a license exam, the cop rode out with a beautiful and otherwise girl. He asked: "What is the white center line for?"

She thought a while and then answered: "For bicycles, of course."

—Punch Bowl.

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GIRLS WANT..



MODELED BY MISS BETTY BRUSH...
WORK BY BUSH'S.

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Newest
Latest
Hot-Off
the Griddle
CAMPUS FASHIONS

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* BLOUSES \$1.95
* SKIRTS \$2.95, \$3.95

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MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY US...
OUR OWN FACTORY... ALL
THE NEWEST.....

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PINKISH - AUB BLUE

ARABIAN BLUE

ALI BABA

ROSE OF BERGIA AND OTHERS

GARDEN CITY
•KNITTERY•

EL PASO COURT

42 S. FIRST ST.

* SAN JOSE'S EXCLUSIVE SWEATER
KNOW YOUR SWEATER COLOR

LAMENT OF A PRE-
DESTINED OLD MAID

Should girls be free
Or bold, or shy
I cannot see.
It cannot be
'Twill be for me
To smile and lie
To get a he
Before I die.

T. V.

Effect of Professionalism

I'm All-State from Paducah,
I punt, and box and swim
Yeah, see my golden football?
Hey—where's de gym?

Up north I was an All-Star
I got my every whim;
A really good football-star,
Hey—where's de gym?

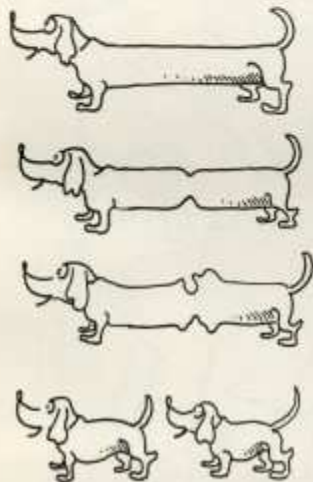
It gets to be a habit
To meet with guys like him;
The guy who shakes your hand off
and says
"Hey—where's de gym?"

—G. B., '36.

Life begins at forty—at Min-
sky's in the bald-headed row.

The price of fame is a handful
of lawsuits from guys and wenches
you never saw before.

Debunking the Stork



Single Binary fission in the dach hund
Texas Ranger

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Beautiful
Fur-Trimmed
COATS

\$15

Each and every one of all
wool material, fully crepe
lined... The furs... French
Beaver, Raccoon tails, Pointed
Manchurian Wolf and Sea-
line—backed by Zukor's far-
flung buying power... by
Zukor's meticulous attention
to the smallest details...
guaranteed from the button
hole to the quality of the fur

...

Truly Marvelous Values!

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Exactly
As
Pictured
\$15

MOTHER OF INVENTION?

The big prize goes to the Fourth-classman who, dashing madly into ranks at the last minute, was confronted with the question: "Have you any garters on, Mr. Du-Willie?"

"No, sir; I don't need them, sir."

"Why not?"

"I haven't any socks on, sir."

—Pointer.

Editor: "Now, I want you to write some snappy, new jokes for El Toro."

Ass. Editor: "Oh, so ya wants be different, huh?"

Bet: I broke my leg in two places.

Mick: Why don't you stay out of those places?

Father: "There's nothing worse than to be old and bent."

College Lad: "Yes, there is—to be young and broke."

—Buffalo Bison.

THE RULES COMMITTEE

"How about offside plays?"

"Five yards penalty for anyone starting before the whistle blows."

"And elbowing?"

"Send 'em to the sidelines for that. We've stood for enough rough stuff."

"Now about interference...."

"That's out too. They've got to jump in and do their own stuff from now on."

"Flying tackles?"

"Thumbs down."

"Say aren't you changing things too much? They've been used to the old game for so long that you can't make perfect angels out of 'em overnight."

"Listen Fiddlebaum: I used to enjoy the old rough-and-tumble scrimmages as much as anybody else. But it's too dangerous. And from now on they're going to have to be a little tamer during these special lingerie sales. Why, last Saturday those women almost wrecked the cockeyed store."

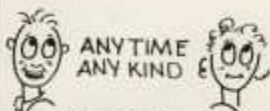
—C. G. '38.

Say a prayer for Jasper Crunch. He bought no beer but ate free lunch!

NOW!

YOU CAN GET

Waffles
WITH COFFEE
15¢



ANYTIME
ANY KIND

TRY OUR
25¢ LUNCH

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Crawford's
CANDIES

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SEAL JEWELRY

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PRICES BEGIN AT

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IDEAL FOR GIFTS OR--
FOR YOUR OWN ----
PERSONAL USE-----

SEE THESE ITEMS AT THE

COOPERATIVE STORE



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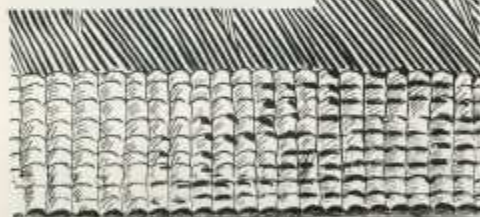


"I ALWAYS
INSIST ON
NORRIS'
FOR YARDAGE"

LIMITED CHARGE
ACCOUNTS TO
STUDENTS

NORRIS'

• 265 SOUTH FIRST STREET •



YWCA



'Love Locked Out'

Wally
272

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SPRING'S

SANTA CLARA

AT MARKET

Bill Moore

*Campus Representation
for* **SPRING'S**

Says,

THERE ARE 10 REASONS WHY
YOU SHOULD BE COMING TO
SPRING'S

THESE 10 NATIONALLY KNOWN
MAKERS OF FINEST MEN'S WEAR
ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF AUTHENTIC
STYLES AND KNOWN VALUES . . .

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CLOTHES
- 2
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- 3
STETSON HATS
- 4
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El Toro

ADVERTISING SOLICITORS:

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Bill Gamble

TO THE F. W. C.

Oh, high and mighty rulers
Who rule with iron hand,
You said you wouldn't play us,
That was your last command.

We couldn't play the farmers
Or meet the northern boys;
The southern gents it seems
Are afraid we'll break their toys.

You thought we'd never make it
And cry, "Forgiveness, please."
But now we're really laughing,
Yeah, laughing up our sleeves.

Our schedule is a lulu,
We've more than we can do,
We've no time to dally
In playing punks like you.

So fare-thee-well, you rulers,
Of stern and austere face;
Play the Spartans? — phooey!
Go try some other place!

—Gil Bishop.

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PAUL JLINGERMANN and BOB
CLEMO suggested the name "El Toro"
through the "Name the Baby Contest"
held last month.



**EL TORO**

(With apologies to A. Peacock)

Where blazes the electric light
 And mitigates the dark of night
 And lights the signboards—there you'll see
 "El Toro."

Where orators with heat berate
 To penetrate our heads of state
 Just count the major part to be
 "El Toro."

Where profs before the students stand
 And shoot us knowledge second hand
 Just smile and whisper up your sleeve
 "El Toro."

So all thru' life, where e're you turn
 There's bunk in every thing you learn,
 So just be sure you don't believe
 "El Toro."

(from El Toro's 1922 brother)





SAN JOSE STATE



SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE FOUNDED IN 1857—SAN JOSE STATE EL TORO FOUNDED BY JORDAN KELLOGG IN 1935
PUBLISHED IN NOVEMBER 1936 THROUGH SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE UNDER SUPPLY OF THE COLLEGE'S OFFICE—

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ASST. ART EDITOR



TORO stamps his hoofs and gives three snorts to MacQuarrie, Thomas, Bentel, Moore & Council—yeah, it's their fault. If they hadn't said "yes," you would be ahead a dime, the staff would not be confined to strait jackets and the administration would not be carefully searching these pages for hidden and not so hidden meanings. But Toro says he is going to try his darnedest to be a good little bull and not a bit naughty. Toro's brother went into a few naughty Spasms about eight years ago—now he hasn't any brother. Toro won't even say damn or hell or print any jokes about the man—well he said he wouldn't. In fact Toro had such good intentions at the beginning that he had a bright golden halo, but it sort of slipped and you'll see a brass nose-ring instead.

TORO had another brother 'way back in '22—bearing his name. He was just a kid brother stuck in the back of the annual La Torre, Toro guesses that he too got in an argument over what is nice and what isn't—be as it may. Toro is now the sole survivor of the humor family. The poem on the fly leaf is borrowed from this extinct brother.

TORO is being brave in the face of these family casualties—maybe it's just his innocent youth or his ability to throw the bull, but he hoists his diapers with a mannish air (he hopes to exchange them soon for long trousers), gives you a toothless grin, and says hello—

TORO gives three extra snorts to his more experienced Stanford Contemporary, the Chaparral, for assistance in guiding Toro's first uncertain baby steps. One of the oldest college comics, Chappie's advice was invaluable.

TORO thought nothing was simpler than being funny. (If you still cherish this illusion drop into the office and let Toro see your joke—200 to one he's seen it in twenty versions before.) Toro started out with a few old gag books and a lotta swell ideas. Art editor couldn't draw the ideas, and editor couldn't write 'em. Everyone in the office had heard all the jokes. Toro was stuck. He gives you the next pages as proof of this.

TORO says San Jose State has had courage to break away from the old tradition in football, and make open provision for the maintenance of its players. Under the old system, the theory was that an athlete must make practically straight A grades in addition to putting in long hours of laborious practice. If he happened to be economically straitened, he could work nights, and if were one of those odd souls who wanted sleep, why, that was his problem. No one could follow such a regime; no one did, and S. J. S. refuses to beg the issue by giving players high-salaried jobs in which their duties consist of winding eight day clocks. After all, what is the supreme good? Football! What do we live for? Football! At least, we do in this issue. Next month is the Christmas number, and then we live only for the present.





BECAUSE all they can scare up apiece in the way of weight is 160 pounds. Pura and Watson are called "pony" halfbacks. All the ponies we ever saw weighed more than 160 pounds, but that's beside the point.

Pura is the first fella. He never says very much and plays the piccolo when he is not playing football. However, to see him play football one would think that he was a sprinting riveter or a galloping boiler-maker. Anything but a piccolo player.

Just to make this pony business musical, Watson is a crooner, or, anyhow he sings. He also passes and kicks left handed, just by way of letting on that he's no ordinary man.

Tall, dark n handsome is Jimmy Stockdale, a very rapid gentleman from San Luis Obispo way who triple threats from left halfback along with Mr. Pura. He is another of the strong, silent actions-speak-louder-than-words school of football men with which the present Spartan squad is well stocked. Well stocked with Stockdales. Not so good, that one.

"Azzy" the affable — he of the beautiful smile. Genial, bulky, bulwark of the forward wall—all of which pertains to the efficient way in which the popular Mr. Azevedo is a good guard in spite of his grade A guaranteed non-warping disposition.

And then another bulky gentleman. One Mr. Ray Abernethy of Guadalupe, but then who ever heard of Guadalupe or who ever wants to hear of it? Who brought it up, anyhow. It is rumored that Senor Abernethy weighs dangerously close to 220 pounds, and who here can deny that 220 pounds is dangerous? Sold, sold to the man in the polka dot gloves!

—Steve Murdock.

IT SEEMS that it's football season, or something. Anyway, the boys pictured here are doing considerable dying for the old "Alma Mammy" to the tune of assorted cheers and things on the part of fans, rah-rah boys, co-eds, girl friends, and wives.

Of course, character is the thing, and the scores don't count which is a very good time tested formula you must admit.

The first lad is one Mr. William Lewis who, the opponents, statistics, and headlines say is very difficult indeed to hinder from going someplace when he has made up his mind to go hence. It is even rumored that Mr. Haile Selassie has approached Mr. Lewis on the topic of doing things to the Italians whom, you may have heard, are threatening good of Ethiopia's goal line.

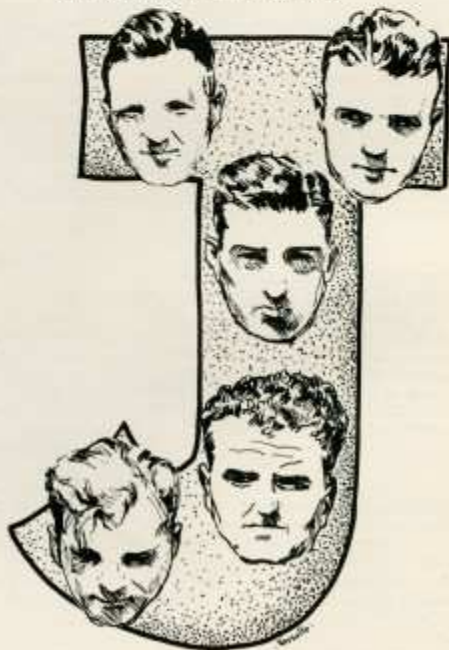
Then there is one Charlie Baracchi, more familiarly known as "the Grand Old Man of Football," who is in the process of winding up a brilliant career at what the scribes call a "terminal" position.

Right next to him on the field and on this page is a handsome tackle whom the femmes love and the opponents evade by the name of Martin, Jack Martin, to be exact.

Someone called the next guy "Hit Me Harder" Carpenter. This is a great mistake because as a blocking quarterback he hits the other guys harder.

That crack about wives was meant for the next one. It's "Pop" DuBose, folks, proud father of Glenn Junior, aged four months and as well known in local circles as the quintuplets. Oh, yes, it seems that Mr. DuBose is a guard by profession although he has been accused of being a fullback.

And now, Altogether girls—One long A-h-h-h-h. Women cry and cry for him. Our Captain—Horace "Horse" Laughlin, quiet, soft spoken, banjo playing, tea serving, hard-tackling right end.





COACH DeGROOTIDES

FAMOUS DRAMATIST OF SPARTA

(His Works of Course are Mostly Plays)

CARMELITA



"That's what I mean Elmer, Dear"

THE MOUTHROP

"DATE?" Yes, I'm going out to see Carmelita. What! you haven't heard about Carmelita. Say, stand a little closer to the phone.

"Sure I'll tell you about her. In the first place, she's the most beautiful creature in the world. I'm telling you she's gorgeous. Skin as smooth as velvet; lovely soft lips that tremble when you caress them; big brown eyes that make you wobble when you look into them; and she's built like a dream. Her hips are beautiful and her form is perfect. How do I know? Why, man, no one knows her better than I do. I'm telling you she couldn't be better.

"Why last week I took her to the Brookling Club, and the boys over there just turned green with envy. Said they had never seen anything like her.

"Oh, you'd like to see her? Well listen, drop around to Belmont next Saturday. Yeah, I'm going to run her in the second race."

Sept. 1935

Dear Mamma-

College sure is fun- went to a swell rush tea given by the Kappas yesterday. Smooth bunch. I'm not taking nature study- They make you cut up dead stuff. Well, love,

P.S. Can you please send five (5) dollars? I need a new dictionary. P

October 1935

Dear Mamma-

The dictionary came, and if you will send 15¢ you can have it back. The "lib." (short for library, ha ha!) has several and I don't need it there fore. But please send the \$5.00 because I did join the Kappas and that's the dues per quarter. Please send it soon.

No, I'm not taking a science. All else I could take was zoology, which is even deadlier, and Chem. which strikes.

Love,

Reg.

February 1936

Dear Mamma-

I wonder if you could please send me 10 dollars? I realize that's a lot, but you made me take zoo, and the fees are high for a lab. Pse.

Love,

Reg.

April 1936

Dear Mamma-

Since you were so paying, yes a lab. fee was only \$2.50. But I need the rest of the ten, and I can't turn it off as it's spent, can I?

Your financial troubles will soon be over. I'm engaged so I won't bother you much more. I gave Eddie the \$10 so he could buy me an engagement ring.

Love,

Reg.



By Raymond Wallace

Pepina, the fat, toothless old queen of the little gypsy band sat alone in her tent, mumbling. Ever since the last of her teeth had fallen out, years ago when she was only sixty, she had had a habit of rubbing the gums together and mumbling through them. With a great grunt she heaved her bulky bulk from the small stool and went to the open flap of the tent. Peering into the night with a crafty expression on her wrinkled old face, she observed that the fires before the half dozen tents of the band had died out, and no glimmer of candles could be seen. Nothing stirred.

Pepina grinned toothlessly, a contorted, hideous grimace. She closed the flap carefully, and turning, put her hand under the blanket of her rough pallet and drew forth a little goatskin bag. She sat again by the flickering candle and turned the contents of the bag into her lap. There lay three great, uncut rubies, as large almost as robin's eggs. The old queen fondled and caressed them while she mumbled.

"Ah, my great red beauties! My lovely gems, my pretty, pretty rubies! For forty years I have kept you, my children, and no other has seen you. No one!"

Outside in the darkness, a figure slunk softly away from the rear of the tent. Its stealthy departure permitted a tiny gleam of light to be seen through a small rent in the canvas. Pietro had seen.

Pietro hurried silently to the tent of his fiancée, slipped under the flap, and awakened her by an impatient shaking, keeping one hand over her mouth lest she cry out. "Sah, Maria! Get up! Get up quickly! There is not a moment to lose! Dress yourself and gether your things. We must fly!"

"But, Pietro, what is it? What has happened?"

"Sah, not so loud! It is Pepina—the old fat toad. She has three rubies. Rubies as large as brook stones, great sparkling red ones! I saw them myself. I shall take them from her and sell them in Paris. Then we may live in comfort the rest of our lives."

"But, Pietro, you cannot do that. She is our queen! Her word is law!"

"Law! Law for children and cowards, perhaps. I am strong! I take what I want. I will take her rubies!"

"We could never return to the band, nor any other band. We should be outcasts."

"What of that? In Paris we shall forget we were ever gypsies. I shall be a grand gentleman, a boulevardier, and you! You shall be my lady. You shall wear the garments of a queen yourself, and we shall play the living day. Life

ROMANY ROMANCE

is gay in Paris. But come: we are wasting time. Collect your things, while I return for the jewels. I shall bind and gag the muttering old mummy, and we must leave at once."

Persuaded thus, Maria set hurriedly about making up a small bundle to take with her, while Pietro slid noiselessly through the entrance and crept toward the tent of old Pepina. With a lithe movement he lifted the flap and sprang inside. The queen seized the jewels from her lap and thrust her hand behind her.

"Make a sound and I'll slit your throat," growled Pietro. "Give me those rubies!"

Pepina hissed at him. "You dare to command me! I shall punish you for this, Pietro!"

He leaped forward, and with a frightened squeak she snatched her hand from behind her and thrust the jewels into her mouth, swallowing hastily. Pietro's hand closed swiftly upon her throat, but too late; the rubies had gone down. With grim purpose his hands closed tighter and tighter, until suddenly old Pepina's great body went limp under his grasp. He lowered her to the floor and drew his knife from under his belt. His lack of familiarity with the structural details of interior anatomy detained him longer than he expected, but at length he emerged clutching the goatskin bag, and hurried to where he could see the gleam of Maria's candles.

"Pietro!" she cried in horror, as he entered. "There is blood in your hands! You killed her!"

"It was the only way," he muttered. "She swallowed them. Here you shall wear the bag about your neck. Come, we must scurry to more time."

She slipped the drawstrings over her head, and they hurried out into the night. Stumbling over fields and through forests, they went on and on, always hurrying, never daring to rest for fear of being overtaken by the avenging band, if by chance the body of their queen were discovered before morning. The sky turned from black to grey, finally grew pale. As they came to the crest of a little hill, the sun slowly edged over the rim



of the world. Paris lay before them.

"We are here, Maria," said Pietro. "Give me the stones and I will take them into the city and sell them to a dealer I know."

"Let me go with you, Pietro," begged the girl.

"No." His face grew hard. "This is no business for a woman. I shall sell the stones and come back for you here.

Then we will go together into another quarter of the city to begin our new life."

"But—will you come back? I am as deep in this as you, now. I must be sure of getting my share from the sale of the gems."

Pietro's face grew livid with anger. "Don't you trust me?" he shouted in a rage. "Give me the stones!"

She backed away from him. "No," she said stubbornly.

With a quick leap he sprang upon her, bore her to the ground. She gave one startled little outcry before his fingers found the leather thong about her throat and pulled it tight, shutting off her wind. In a few moments her body lay as limp as had that of the old gypsy queen the night before. Pietro arose with the bag in his hand.

"You should not have doubted me, Maria," he murmured. "The weak live only on sufferance of the strong."



He opened the bag and shook the stones into his hand; they were dull with the blood of their murdered owner. He rubbed them upon the grass, but the blood was dry, and would not come off. Impatiently he thrust them again into the bag and hurried into the city.

At the house of the dealer in jewels he bent lustily upon the door for some moments before an upper shutter was opened and a head thrust out. "What is all this uproar?" demanded a wizened little man in a nightcap.

"Rubies to sell," said Pietro, now in a nervous fever of impatience, with the consummation of his crime so near. "Open."

The head was withdrawn, and shortly he heard the scrape of a bar being removed from its socket. The little old gem dealer, still in his nightclothes, opened the door and beckoned him in. They took stools on opposite sides of a small table, and Pietro wordlessly handed over the goatskin bag. The dealer emptied it upon the table, then looked up with a start. "There is blood on these stones."

"No concern of yours, old man," growled Pietro. "Look them over and tell me what you will give for them."

The old man fetched a basin of water and a cloth, and gently washed the blood from the stones. Then he examined them minutely under a lens, while his caller fidgeted nervously. Finally he looked up.

"These stones . . .," he began, then hesitated.

"Yes, yes! Tell me, quickly!"

The dealer coughed apologetically. "They're gallstones," he said.

Decide to go to game

long wade thru
mire, weeds, to
ticket office.Team finally makes
touch-
downIn excitement
someone
steps
on one and
only
best hat

Rule

sun in eyes

Also
very
hotlose grasp on only funds—
one dimeBalls
loudly
to
bottom
of
stadium

Anguish

Rise when
coach
appearsGirl behind
moves so that it is
impossible to
lean on her
kneesHeat intense. Boy
comes around
with no
free or
credit
salesNeighbor
thoughtfully
bores two
cones—
for himselfgame not so
good
worry about
that econ exBack still
aching
Swear never
again to go thru
this torture.
End of game.
Team
wins.Great pals.
Assure every-
one you just
wouldn't
miss a game.By-ron
M. Senior & Long

From Minsk To Minsky's In One Act or Watch Your Steppe

A Tragedy by
Lemonovitch Crazzy

CHARACTERS: Peter Skratchnitch; his childhood sweetheart, Bitta Littleoff, now grown old and gone sour; and Yubyoob, the dog. (The dog plays no part in the scene, and might just as well have been left out, only he had such a swell name.)

SCENE: The one room of a Russian peasant's hut. In the foreground is a table with a stool on either side. All three pieces of furniture lean sideways. A candle gutters on the table. In the background is a small window; about it, a picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt, with a moustache and beard done on it in charcoal, to give it a Russian appearance.

TIME: The seventh year of the reign of Cuthbert the Cruel.

(Peter Skratchnitch sits on one of the stools, his head in his hands. He looks terribly dejected. Bitta Littleoff sits on the other stool, one hand on the table, the other in her lap. She looks very stern, and never changes expression throughout the scene. Peter sits in silence for forty minutes, then he gets up, goes to the window and looks out. He speaks.)

Peter: "Dark, dark. All is dark."

(He returns to his stool and sits. Four hours later he again rises, goes to the window and looks out. Again he speaks.)

"Dark! Still dark!"

(He returns to his stool, and as he sits he speaks again.)

"If we only had a radio perhaps I could be happier."

(He cups his chin in his hands, in an attitude of despair. Seventeen years pass. Peter goes again to the window, and speaks.)

"Dark! Always it is dark! Oh, Bitta, why is it so dark in this fair Ukraine of ours?"

(The woman rises, still facing the audience. Her expression does not change.)

Bitta: "Because it is midnight, you fool."

Autumn Midterm



Miss Joyce Grimsley
is wearing a Roos Bros top-
coat suit consisting of a tailored
and matching skirt with a
contrastingly patterned top coat
which can be worn separately

Miss Betty Jean Keller
wearing an M. BLUM
and CO. Black Crepe dress
back with blue ruffled
lace shoulder treatment



Softer than Brunehead English
is this two piece zephyr suit
from HAMMER'S modeled Miss Kay Epps



Schiaparelli model white form
with train and draped waist
line modeled by Miss Leary

Albertson - Accepted by
jeweled strap back and
brilliant clip at neckline - also Hale Bros



Soft blue Bradley
knit with wooden
buttons modeled
by

Miss Dolores
Freitas for
Hale Bros.



Fall Aces

CHARLES
BARACCHI IN
A REGULAR
WARM SWAGGER
COAT WITH PLENTY
OF VERVE . . .
From HALE'S



FRANK
HAMILTON IS
WEARING A
DOBBS "TYROLEAN"
HAT AND A "WRAP
AROUND" OVERCOAT
From ROOS BROS.



"THE DEL RAY" A NEW
DOUBLE BREASTED
MODEL IS WORN BY
BILL NILES
From LEON JACOBS



THE SPORT BACK
SUIT WORN BY BILL
MOORE IS A
DOUBLE-
BREASTED
BROWN GAME
FEATHER
MIXTURE BY
HART SCHAFFNER
and MARK
From SPRINGS





Co-eds may wear sweaters 'n skirts in the daytime, but when the moon comes up and the date walks in, it's time to look long and languid, or slinky and sophisticated. Miss Joyce Grimsley is wearing a cerise changeable taffeta formal .. \$19.75, at ROOS BROS.

What color is blacker than black? The answer is "Midnight Blue," and that's the color of the newest dinner coats. Mr. Frank Hamilton is wearing the new Midnight Blue, Double-Breasted Dinner Coat . . . \$25.00, at ROOS BROS.

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When a guy dons a suit on this campus, he's either trying to wear it out or else he's a student teacher.

A: My forefathers came over in the Mayflower.

B: That's nothing; my father descended from an airplane.

Nit: I always try to borrow money from a pessimist.

Twit: Why?

Nit: A pessimist never expects to get it back.

Professor Robinson: "Who can give me a definition of a hypocrite?"

Student: "A guy who comes to a philosophy discussion with a smile on his face."

A maid there was who bound her waist,

Like Milly in the drama.

"I'd rather starve," the maiden said,

"Than be as big as mamma."

—Dalkey.



"Same bench we had last Fall, ain't it?"—Chaparral.

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AND STYLED BY SAM
PERSONALLY BEFORE
YOUR PERMANENT••



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RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

1929—Marathon dancers.
1930—Tom Thumb golf.
1931—Tree sitters.
1933—Jigsaw puzzles.
1934—Hog calling contests.
1935—Scratch out the top name
and send a dime.
—Denver Rocky Mt. News.

We want to emphasize the fact that all the jokes in El Toro are absolutely new. We are cribbing them from the only existing copy of the first edition of the Joe Miller Joke Book. Other magazines are using the second edition, published ten years later; hence, they are stale stuff. We wash and polish them a bit, too, sort of making silk jokes out of sow's ears, so to speak.

"But Bill, you forgot to tell us how they catch the disease," drawled the student at the end of Poytress' lecture entitled "War on Ethiopia." —E. S.



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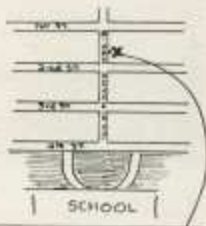
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EL TORO—CHILD OF NEWLY GAINED WISDOM

A representative of the teaching profession, a faculty member, to be exact, predicts that the Millennium is near at hand. To prove his point he has given over to El Toro the following priceless gems of learning as gleaned by him from examination papers. Each month Toro will collect these pearls of wisdom from faculty members. So, anything a student writes for those periodic examination exams will be held again of him—El Toro will catch you all if you don't watch out!

A "forecaster" is a really bad storm, such as they have in Kansas.

A census taker is a man who goes from house to house increasing the population.

A conservative is a kind of greenhouse where you look at the moon.

The future tense of "he drinks" is "he is drunk".

Gentle warfare means when both sides get up to monkey business.

There were no Christians among the early Gauls. They were mostly lawyers.

The inhabitants of ancient Egypt were called nombers.

The chief function of the stomach is to build up your pants.

A personal set of teeth consists of: 2 canines, 8 cuspid, 2 molars, and 8 cuspiders.

William Tell won his distinction in history because he shot an arrow through an apple while standing on his son's head.

The "Magen Charta" provided that no man should be hanged twice for the same offense.

Four animals belong to the cat family: they are: father cat, mother cat, and two kittens.

The people of Japan ride about in jigsaws.

The selected experts of Ireland are politicians.

Premium is when you buy a box of oatmeal and get a dog and tractor.

Chivalry is the attitude of a man toward a strange woman.

Inertia is the ability to rest.

First Mynus is an opera by Puccini.

King Alfred conquered the Dimes.

One student wrote at the bottom of his final examination paper: "Over Prof. I liked this course very much, because throughout the entire course both professor and students were kept constantly on the verge of mental exertion."



AND THEN THE BULL DIED



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