

EL TORO

OFFICIAL SPARDI GRAS PROGRAM

15¢



SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE
MAY 1936

Think how our nervous, hurried way of living affects **DIGESTION!**

Smoking Camels assists digestion to proceed normally and promotes well-being and good feeling

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INDEX of ADVERTISERS

Camels	----- 2
Hammer's	----- 3
Franco's	----- 4
Garden City Creamery	5
American Theatre	--- 5
Globe Printing Co	--- 5
Hart's	----- 6
Ross Bros.	----- 7
Prince Albert	----- 21
Co-op	----- 23
Crawford's	----- 24
Rosicrucian Press	24
San Jose Creamery	26
Chesterfield	-- backcover

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Advice

One semester
A young chap
Went to college
And never studied,
Never went to
Classes more than
Once a week
And spent most
Of his time
With the co-eds.
A young chap
Went to college
One semester.

--Pennsylvania State Froth

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Wong had a baby which turned out white. They couldn't understand it, but little Audrey (what again?), laffed and laffed because she knew two Wongs couldn't make a white.

--College Humor

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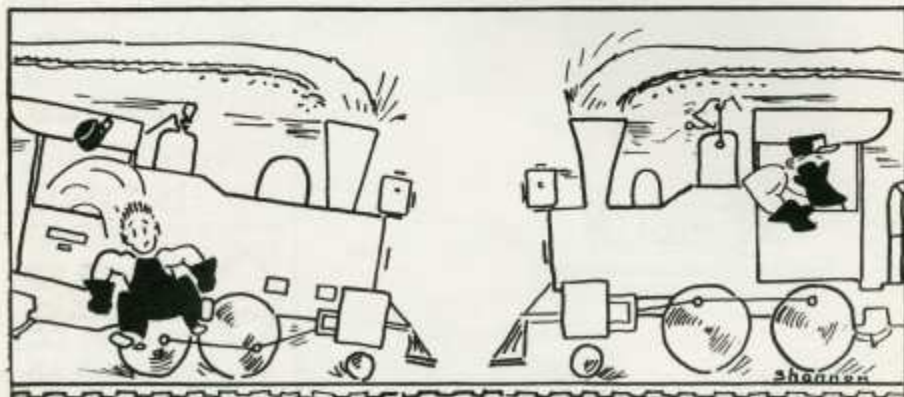
• • •

"I hate that chap," said the co-ed as she rubbed cold cream on her lips.

--The Villanovan

We've come to the conclusion that the co-ed's greatest concern is centered not about what she stands for but what she "falls for."

• • •





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SODAS
ICE CREAM
MILKSHAKES
& SUNDAES

for
QUALITY &
QUANTITY

THEN YOU
CAN'T FORGET US

"GC-C" BOYS WILL
GIVE YOU PROMPT AND
COURTEOUS SERVICE.

**GARDEN CITY
CREAMERY**

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SAN JOSE



"Good Lord! How long have
you been standing there?"

...

FAMOUS LAST WORDS:

So I took my
etchings up to her
place.

...



—Judge

"Something wrong here, men. There were only four of
us yesterday."

AMERICAN



OUR
SHOWS
ARE
ALWAYS
ENORMOUSLY
ENJOYABLE
WHETHER ITS HOT
OR
WEATHER ITS COOL

AND THE PRICE IS ALWAYS RIGHT

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TO US FOR "JOB"
PRINTING**

We don't do it.
can't do it in fact.
We are tuned up to
something better.

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PRINTING
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"He was collecting fares—says he's a guest conductor."
College Life



CEILING ZERO



WELL, THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN

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 12:30-1:30 --- NOON DANCE | 5:30 --- FREE FEED IN QUAD.
 1:30-4:00--CONTEST JUDGEING | 7:00-9:30--SPARTAN REVELRIES
 9:30 --12:00--DANCE (MEN'S GYM.)

SPARTAN REVELRIES

MORRIS DAILEY AUDITORIUM
 FRIDAY EVENING --MAY 22, 1936

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 TRIO, GIRLS' TRIO, LEONA FORREST
 AND ENSEMBLE

CARMEN DRAGON
 AND HIS ORCHESTRA

"STOP THIEF" by JIM BAILEY

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CHALK TALK by MICHAEL ANGELO

I'M LIVING JUST FOR YOU
 FEATURING FRANCES WOTEN AND RAY
 SHERWIN SHIRLEY MONTGOMERY
 AND BILL GORDON AND THE ENSEMBLE

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I'VE SAID GOODBYE TO DREAMS
 --GIRLS TRIO--

ROD MOUNT AS TIZZIE LISH

CARMEN DRAGON
 AND HIS ORCHESTRA

RUB AND DUB
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 RAINE CALLENDAR AND BILL GORDON

THERE IS NO WORD FOR LOVE
 JOE RAPOSE

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A LADY OF SPAIN--EVELYN PIERI

--TANGO--

SHIRLEY MONTGOMERY AND BILL GORDON

A CYCLE OF TUNES ^{WALTZ} EMILE
 BOURET: BY MYSELF - FROM 1934
 REVELRIES by GENEVIEVE HOAGLUN:
 CROSS YOUR FINGERS - FROM 1935
 REVELRIES by LEE BARNES: WITH
 SOMEONE LIKE YOU - FROM 1936
 REVELRIES - by GENEVIEVE
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 FAN WALTZ--RANDY FITTS

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 AND THE ENTIRE CAST



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Spartanettes swing it



Carmen Dragon



Gordon-Montgomery-romantic gliders



Evelyn rumba it

SPARTAN



Director Fitts tells
em - Leona show em



Lorraine
Sentimental...
songstress

REVELRIES



The
TYPICAL SORORITY GIRL
FACE VALUE NO. 2

•

**YOU WILL KNOW HER
ANYPLACE BY THE RIBBON IN HER HAIR • HAUNTS
TWO PLACES COMMONLY TERMED THE LIBRARY AND
THE QUAD • SEEMS TO HAVE AN ATTRACTION
FOR FOOTBALL PLAYERS • SPEAKS TO ANYONE
THOUGH • GOOD FOR TWO THINGS • DANCING
AND TYING BOW TIES.**

Sorority Susan

Dear Toots:

Well, here I am well on in my first quarter of college and getting around in spite of the fact that I became a confirmed cynic about the merits of higher education my first week here and they go and announce NO RUSHING season, and me coming all the way from Turlock.

As you know, mother came along to get me settled and landed me in the G. W. Center which was unbearable until by some stroke of fate I got Dotty, who had likewise been abandoned for a roommate and we got along swell. So, now we are both entombed here after ten thirty week nights and one on week ends, with plenty of time to compare notes.

You'd love Dotty. She went to Cal for a semester and was rushed practically everything, and then, just when every house was clamoring for her, she up and gets a wire from her dad, saying who the hell does she think she is in so many words, and that she can't join anything. She sent him five telegrams straight and no sale and here she had been stringing all the gals along and couldn't bear to face them, so she packed her duds and dashed. She sure must have a mean dad because anyone can see his daughter's future is in Jeopardy, but he didn't care a bit. After fairly rotting at home with a bunch of twits she finally got to come here and live on an allowance.

Anyway, she says getting rushed is a business not a side car, and if you know how to go about it you are set for the whole mob. The way she found out was sort of by accident. You see, her dad runs a gas station in Los Banos and her uncle's wife's brother is an ex-senator and he has a daughter and he took them both to Washington last December, and boy did she get around, you know, her being his guest and plenty cute and everything. Well, the first thing you know, she goes to one of these affairs and some guy takes her picture and says it's for the paper and who is she and why, and boy does she give him a line and mentions that she is going to college next quarter. And then one day she finds herself all over a swell society layout, and you know how the sorority gals sort of make a ritual of clipping all such things before rushing season, so when she got to college she was set.

So, Dotty said that all we had to do was get before the public in an unobtrusive and authentic manner that would convince those babes what a break for them we were here. Of course, this was all before we knew the facts of life and that there wasn't going to be any rushing.

I wrote mother and told her I simply had to have one swell spread down here or I couldn't look anybody in the face because they thought I was a nobody, sort of to arouse her family pride. It must of worked, because she went down to Turlock's

society editor, whose father we always buy our eggs from, and gave her a swell line, mom's swell, anyway, she, the editor sent down a picture to this town's biggest sheet with a note that it was a hot news story and what a break for this town. At least, that is the way it must have been because, in a few days, here I see myself in the paper with that nonchalant sophisticated look that used to floor them at H and it says that I am planning to receive an A.B. here and then take an M.A. at Stanford. For a minute I thought that last was too much, cause, you know yourself that any girl who thinks she is that smart can't be much fun, but I guess it went over because



the next day one of the gals that has a rep for never speaking to anybody unless she sees their bank book first up and starts gabbing to me in the library like they do if you click.

But don't think my only reason for joining is to show them I can do it, because they surely do have a lot of fun. They give skating parties for charity and then just cover expenses but sure have a great time doing it. And then, you know how I always have been sort of an athlete and free thinker and that sort of thing, well, when you belong no matter what you do everybody has to think it is cute. You can yell at the top of your lungs and act like a fish factory fluky and its oke. There is really no difference in them from the rest because they certainly have gone among them, but you can always tell by their manner, sort of a 'holier than thou' that is darling!

Dotty's ideas are swell, and she said we would have to wear a different dress every day for at least a week and a half and always associate with the upper status quo. Oh, I almost forgot, it sure helps a lot if you can stand some grizzly athlete with a big reputation long enough to convince them that you have him hypnotized, but that is comparatively easy because the bigger the brute the more susceptible. Or if you can't bear it and have any other opening with any guy with a reputation, act.

Well, imagine how we felt when we found out there wasn't going to be a rushing. Honestly, we would have gone right home if we had dared. We are kind of glad we stayed now, though, because our campaign was pretty good and rushing or no we



anew outfit
every day!!
LUNCH WARD

Continued on page 23



THE COLLEGE HALF-WIT TAKES A BRIDE

"Didja see that girl smile at me?" queried Pete Pettie, the campus misanthrope. "I'm going to ask her for a date."

"Better not," warned his companion. "She didn't really smile at you. She just sort of bared her teeth."

"Leave it to me," assured Pete, as he dashed across the campus. In a few minutes he was back.

"Can you lend me a couple of sheets?" he asked. "I have a date for tonight."

"Do you mean you really made the grade? I don't believe it. That girl wouldn't go anywhere with you."

"Well, it isn't her, exactly. She made the date for her sister."

"Be careful of what you're getting into. She's probably some old hag about fifty-nine."

"Nope, she said they were twins. Verena is her name. Gosh, I'm in love."

"So soon?" said his friend sarcastically. "Somebody must have dropped you out of the window on your head when you were small."

"We have screens on our windows," said Pete with dignity. "Are you going to lend me that money?"

That evening when he called on Verena Smith, she met him at the door.

"Oh, Pettie," she giggled, "sister said someone was coming to see me who was just my type. You know, I've really heard an awful lot about you."

"Reputation," he said grandiosely. "Merely reputation; take no stock in it. Character is the thing you should go by. Character," he added impressively, "is what we are in the dark."

"Oh, then I guess that certainly shows you up, doesn't it?"

"You misunderstand me. I'll have you know, young lady, that I started in the gutter, and-----"

"Oh, I know, and here you are again, you man."

"See here, some day I shall be a great man. Cream rises to the top, you know."

"Oh, yes, but doesn't the scum, too?"

"Come on," grunted Pete. "Let's go to the show. You don't talk in the show, do you?"

As they sat in the theater Pete slipped an arm about her shoulders.

"Gee, honey," he said, "I love you. I want you to marry me."

"Oh, Pettie, you do say the funniest things."

He drew back in injured dignity. Suddenly she emitted a sound reminiscent of a cow sighing from all of her seven stomachs at once.

"Verena Smith!" he exclaimed, turning upon her severely. "Don't you know any better than to burp like that in a public place?"

"How did I know it would be like that," she queried innocently. "I thought it was going to be lots louder."

When Pete took her home that night he kissed her on the front porch. "We'll be married tomorrow," he said. "You need reforming, and I'm going to do it if it kills me."

"That's awfully sweet of you, Pettie," she whispered. "I hope it does."

The next day after the ceremony they rented a little apartment.

"I can't cook, Pettie," she confessed.

He was a little taken aback. "Well," he said at last, "you can at least wash dishes, can't you?"

"I'll do the cooking."

"Oh, how nice! Why is it that you have such a sweet nature, darling?"

"I don't, really," he said, a little embarrassed. "It's just my diabetes. But tell me,

honey, what did you ever see in me that made you want to marry me?"

"Nothing, Pettie. But sister said this was my last chance, and if I snuffed it she was through, so I...ouch, Pettie, that hurt! Take your hands away from my throat! He-n-lpi!"

• • •

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

Hello. Are you the man who lives next door? Yee. Is there anything I can do for you? Or perhaps you would just like to borrow an egg.

Yes. You are right. In fact you hit the nail right on the head.

Then you would like to borrow an egg? No. There is something you can do for me.

O. K. Shoot. What do you want? Well, next door to me there lives a man who insists on keeping me awake every night just as he can listen to New York on that damned new radio of his.

Follow me? Yes, I'm with you so far.

Well, and it wouldn't be so bad, only he always disturbs my rest and I'm restless the rest of my rest period. Got it?

Still here.

And then just to prove what a nuisance he can be he sits there and drinks beer, at that ungodly hour of four o'clock. I can see him through my closet window. And while he is drinking his beer he needs much peanuts, and throws the shells out of the window into the courtyard. Can you see what an annoyance he is to me?

Yes, I got you, but just what do you think I'm going to do about it?

You might invite me over to help you drink the beer.

• • •



Loeff

College Humor

■ "What's in there? The public library?"

following Foot



Gay play days in
tricky leather
sandal... Cork
heel that flares
Roos'

For fun. Kalalo play
suit of pagan print,
yellow birds, orange
green flowers on
pinkish... Roos'



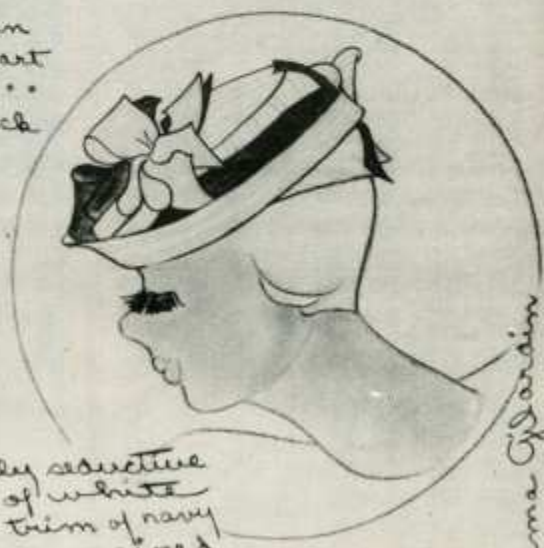
Poncho... wavy
4 cornered by
robe of tour
Rust & white
Ham

fashion's steps

Stylish slouching
in 2 piece men's
suit of traveling,
blue & yellow bl.
Van Ralste
Hammer's



No forgotten man
in a Glenurghart
plaid jacket...
Box pleated back
Hart's



Demurely seductive
Breton of white
pique .. trim of navy
& white gro-grained
ribbon
Hart's

Velma Gordin



A High School
Romance

THE SHOWDOWN

by BILLY HOOPER-

Love at
Eighteen



"Don't go in yet, Mary Ellen. Stay and talk just a little while longer."

"But Ted...you know Mother told me to be in before twelve, and it's almost one now."

"Yes I know, but let her worry."

"That's not fair, and you know it. She doesn't go to sleep until she hears me come in."

"Well, who cares? What she needs is to go out on a couple of good parties and lose a few hours' sleep. Right make a human being out of her."

"Ted, darling! Don't you talk that way about my Mother. She's doing what she thinks is right."

"But, darling, she's all wrong. She's trying to bring you up on 1850 ideas, or even earlier than that. Here's the whole thing. Your Mother didn't have much fun when she was a girl, so she's taking her meanness out on you."

"Ted honey, don't talk like that."

"Why not? It's the truth. If this house had bars over the windows you'd be living in a jail. In fact, I've seen jails I'd much rather live in."

"Ted, you're talking like a high school boy now."

"What if I am? Oh I got it. I'm not experienced enough for you. Too childish, huh? You want something more cosmopolitan, like you dear friend Mr. Williams down the street. Mountaineers and cane stuff! Perhaps your Mother would approve of that overstuffed parasite, too. Well, go ahead and marry him. He'd make a first class gigolo for your Mother."

"Oh Ted, who said I was going to marry anyone. But Don Williams doesn't talk to me like you do. He's a gentleman."

"Gentleman? Who's been stringing you along? Say, if you know what I do about that guy...."

"I don't care what you know about him. And this time I mean it. I have to go in right now. If you will be kind enough to see me to the door."

"I suppose I may kiss your hand too, like sweet little Dennis Williams probably does. 'Ah, my charming Mary Ellen! I thank you again for this too, too divine evening. Every moment with you....'"

"Ted, darling! Will you shut up and take me in?"

"With pleasure, Miss Carmen."

Together they trudged up the walk, Mary Ellen on one side, Ted on the other. At the door they stopped and faced each other, but with considerable distance still separating them. Ted thrust his hands into the pockets of his top-coat dejectedly, and eyed the object of his affection with bewilderment. Mary Ellen stood defiantly, regarding her suitor with definite disgust.

But she couldn't hold out long. Gradually her lips softened, and her blue eyes became misty. This was too much for Ted...at this point in the battle he habitually weakened too. He took one step toward those quivering red lips and downy blue eyes...that was all he could see through his own tears...and held out his arms. His reward was not long in coming. Two very possessing arms encircled his neck, and soft golden hair tickled his cheek.

"I'm sorry, sweet. You know I didn't mean all that. Just lost my temper for a minute."

"Forget it, Ted honey. It was as much my fault as yours. And, after all, what's a little scrap when it's so much fun making up again. But, darling, I wish you wouldn't talk about Mother like that."

"Okay n' honey, I won't anymore. But I do think she's an old crab. She's got it in for me for some reason or other. If you were going with someone else she wouldn't insist on this get in before dark stuff."

"If you don't stop that right now, I'll..."

"Oh, all right! Now, tell me you love me again, and then I'll clear out and let your Mother get some sleep."

"Of course I love you, idiot, and you only."

"Sure, Mary Ellen? How about Don Williams?"

"Darling, darling! Can't you get it through your head that he's merely a good friend. He doesn't mean a thing to me, except that I think he's a grand fellow. But I'm not in love with him."



"Good night hon," he managed and hit the steps at full speed.

"Grand fellow? That's choice! Don't forget to have him for one of the bridesmaids at our wedding."

"As you say, Ted. Now I must go to bed."

"If you must, then you must. Can I come over tomorrow night for a little while?"

"Better not count on it. I'll be in the dog house for not getting in on time tonight. I'll see you tomorrow at school."

"Gosh, honey, why don't you enter a convent and have some fun. Freedom is marvelous. And they talk about democratic America."

At this point Ted and his musings were interrupted...interrupted in a manner not at all gentle.

"Mary El!!!!--and! Will you get in this house this very minute! Parked right out in front of the house! What will the neighbors think? All foolishness, that's what it is."

"Yes, Mother! I'm coming right in. Good night, Ted, and I don't think you'd better come over tomorrow. I'm going to catch it as it is."

"But, honey..."

"I haven't time to argue now. Are you going to kiss me or not?"

"I suppose so. Shall I go in and kiss your Mother too? Say, how's a swell fellow like your Dad ever happen to get mixed up..."

Mary Ellen pivoted on her heel and started through the doorway. Ted seized her by the arm, and queried wistfully, "Didn't you forget something?"

"No!" she answered, but she seemed to change her mind in the brief second that it took her to reply. Ted was certain his heart missed three whole beats as her lips met his. The second manifestation of true love had already gained headway when the pat, pat of bare feet was plainly heard approaching the scene of reconciliation.

Now, Ted was indeed fond of Mary Ellen, but his fear of Mrs. Carmen's unfaltering tongue was greater, especially when the wielder of those verbal lashings was garbed in a flowing white night gown, topped off by a very lacy night cap, from the back of which hung a long braid.

"Goodnight, hon," he managed and hit the steps at full speed. At the end of the walk he heard various and sundry threats, concerning his future and happiness, and his courage reached a new low.

Mary Ellen Carmen. Don't you know enough to come in when it's time. If this sort of thing doesn't stop I am going to speak to your Father, and if he won't tell that young whipper-snapper, I will. I won't have you going out with that....

Ted didn't wait to hear more. He slammed the car door shut with a bang, as if to relieve his pent-up emotions, and departed with a roar of the exhaust. After three blocks he slowed down, and began to consider the situation. A real problem confronted him...a serious problem. Undoubtedly the most serious he had encountered in his entire 18 years.

He loved Mary Ellen. That was settled, anyway. And she loved him. She said she did, at least. But how about Doc Williams? No, she didn't go out with him. She hadn't gone six months ago, had she? He'd have to take her word for it.

They were in love, and they'd be engaged if he had enough money to buy a ring...if her Mother would let her wear it. Which reminded him that the third installment was due on the bracelet he had given her for her birthday. He a good idea to look at diamonds again too, while he was down at the jeweler's tomorrow. Let's see! Wasn't there a sale of engagement and wedding ring sets this week. A genuine diamond for \$37.85, and twelve months to pay. Might be worth looking into.

But what was the use of getting engaged if they couldn't get married...if they couldn't even go out together. Suppose they did not married. Her Mother would probably be so mean she'd want to go on their honeymoon with them. Now a girl as sweet as Mary Ellen could have a Mother like that was beyond him. Now Mr. Carmen...there was a regular fellow for you.

Say, there's an idea. Why not go to the old man, and tell him the whole story. Tell him they were in love, and were in love, and were planning to get married as soon as he got out of school and got a job. He was young once and in love with... but surely he couldn't have been in love with anyone with old fashioned ideas like that. He'd married her though, hadn't he? Gosh, suppose Mary Ellen grew up with a disposition like her Mother's.

By this time Ted had reached his own driveway. His mind was made up. The following night he would confront Mr. Carmen and demand justice.

As he mounted the stairs to his room his Mother's voice came through the dark.

"Is that you, Ted?"

"Yes, Mom. Aren't you asleep yet?"

"No, son. Just been waiting for you to get in. It's rather late for going to a show, isn't it?"

"No, Mom. It's not very late. Now, will you please go to sleep, and quit worrying."

"Did you and Mary Ellen enjoy yourselves?"

"Yes, Mom, we had a good time. Goodnight."

The next day dragged by, as it seemed to Ted. Tonight was the crisis. He had to impress Mr. Carmen with the seriousness of this problem. Time after time he formed his speech, but each time he was dissatisfied. It would be better to wait until he got there. He'd always received good grades in public speaking anyway.

That night at dinner he voiced his intentions of calling on Mary Ellen again to his parents.

"But, Ted, you were over there just last night. The Carmen's will be getting tired of having you around all the time."

Ted was unprepared for the naked truth, and for a moment he could think of no plausible answer.

"But, Mom, this is important. Honest, it is. You don't mind if I see the car for an hour or so, do you, Dad?"

"I guess not, son. But don't be as late as you were last night."

"Thanks, Dad. I'll be home by ten o'clock."

"Do you really think it's necessary for him to go over there again tonight?" continued Mrs. Markley to her husband.

"Aw gee, Mom, when you're pain' steady you've got to see your gal almost every night. If you don't somebody else'll cut your throat."

Mr. and Mrs. Markley exchanged smiles, and Ted left before the argument could renew itself.

Snapping his cigarette away with a devil-may-care attitude, young Mr. Markley rang the Carmen doorbell with much gusto. To make it more effective, he pushed the button again, and prided himself inwardly for his boldness.

"Good evening, Ted. Won't you come in?"

"Thanks, Mr. Carmen. I came over to..."

"Take off your coat and stay awhile. You're just an old man I've been wanting to see."

"Oh, yes, sir! You wanted to see me?"

"Sit down, son. I want to talk to you in a man to man fashion. Mary Ellen will be back in a few minutes."

"Mary Ellen? Isn't she...?"

"No. She went down the street to see Doc Williams just before you arrived. Something about a history text, I think. Said she'd be right back."

At the announcement of this betrayal of faith Ted lost all of his fight. Mr. Carmen had jumped the gun on him before he could start his attack, and Mary Ellen was chiseling on him. That history business was a gag.

The head of the Carmen house continued, unaware that victory was his without a battle.

"Ted! My wife and I have been talking this thing over, and we have decided that you are old enough to know what is right and what is wrong."

"Yes sir."

Continued on page 22



COULD YA STOP AND PICK UP A FRIEND?



"SO YA WON'T TALK, EH?"



THE PROFESSOR'S SON



THIS 'N' THAT

by GOSH

The wish for anonymity, it is said, springs from the souls of cowards. Although I have always prided myself on being frank and above-board with everyone, still I can't bear to think of my friends being afraid to speak to me or confide in me, and everyone else pointing at me with suspicion, saying "There's the person who spies."

Well, it is start out under the cloak of hidden identity, we can't help mentioning the "Return to the Quad", starring that ladies' man, Mel Isenberger. At last something happened between him and the tennis-playing P.E. major, Claire Wehrstedt. It seems that he has been dealt with in a manner to which he is unaccustomed.

In the meantime, Mel seems to be finding solace in the companionship of Ellree Ferguson and Vanda Thatcher, which reminds us that the former's U.C.L.A. throb came a-visiting a couple of week ends ago.

While the Rabbi has had his troubles of the heart, Charlie Baraschi, that star footballer, has started troubles of his own with husky-voiced Barbara Rinturn, ex-Edeco Jaysee lassie.

Another three day infatuation incited by the birds and the bees and the flowers, between Elaine Becker and Clair Ellis, is running smoothly, according to Ellis. Miss Becker has not been reached for a statement as yet.

Claire's former waist-pocket model, Helen George, seems not the least bit worried over the sudden turn of events. Better watch your step Ellis...two can play at these little happy fun games that mean so little, but hurt so much.

But all love is not blooming. Although your informant was unable to get all the salient details, it seems that the romance featuring Eleanor Longenecker and her Phi Beta is wilting rapidly.

Marcell McBride flew to Stockton a few days ago to see the object of last summer's affection, the bass fiddle swinger. It certainly looks like true love. George Cannell is evidently losing his grip, while waiting to catch Marcell on the rebound. At present he is trying to angle an introduction to Betty Bradley, Washington State transfer, who has been "kissin' company" with Bob "Stony-Eye" Ducoty for some time now.

One of Ducoty's best friends and ex-basketball star, Bert Concommen, has been rushing Joyce Grinsley of late. We'll admit that he has only taken her out three times, but after all, he comes clear from Mantova to do so.

While on the subject of athletics, we might as well toss a few kind words of advice to "Dench-warrior" Stone. We suggest that, whereas he derives his greatest pleasures in playing Cupid in others' love affairs, he might profit by delving into several volumes on the "Gentle Art of Subtle Approach", or vice-versa.

One romance in which Stone played an part is that of Ione Wakefield, ex-gal friend of scribe Dick Edmunds, and Cary Moore. Prexy's little brother and Ione are just getting under way.

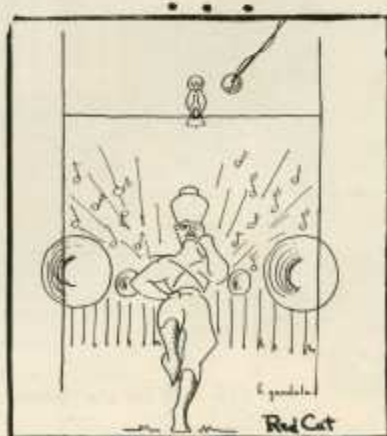
In order to inject a little brawn into our discourse, we should mention that Bob "Turkey Legs" Harris is breaking his legs for a canary. Sometimes we think these boxers are a bit punchy. Another of this sort is Ben Nelson, the fighting aesthete, who is seen these early morns taking his workout in a faded green sweater.

Three well known rah rah boys, not well versed in the art of trading punches, but more in trading wisecracks, are Lefty Evers, Al Avevedo (he of the famous words: "All we need now is some backing."), and their silent stooge, Axel Jackson. Never did we think that these three would stoop so low in their nightly childish pleasures at "Dick and Mary's" as to make noises like a motor boat training for New Year's day on Lake Marrit. For shame!

Which brings us (merely for the sake of continuity) to the troubles of Rinaldo Wron, caused primarily by the lack of discipline in the school where he does his student teaching; maybe it isn't lack of discipline, Rinaldo...it might be those five or six cups of coffee you drink every day.

Coffee drinking forms a habit, we are told, but we know another habit that has nothing to do with a beverage. For two days in succession (or does that constitute a habit?), Eary Shank has been sitting in front of a house on 6th Street with a young man who inhabits said house. We don't know whether or not she has done it more than twice, because, after all, we can't walk down 6th Street every afternoon without disclosing our identity.

So we shall end with a quotation from Gail Kessler's diary: "Watch the door boys, I'm going to swing it!"





"Yale Varsity, eh? I stroked Cornell in '29, myself."



College life

...

"What's to prevent us from having a hot time to-night?"
"Oh, my goodness!"

...

Shopper: "What can I get for my wife? She has everything."
Clerk: "Name and address, please?"



"I'll bet she tied up traffic plenty in her day."

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



ADDS
AN ODD PIPE TO
HIS COLLECTION

I PICKED
UP THAT
ANTIQUE
PIPE IN
ITALY FOR YOU.
IT'S THE FIRST
PIPE MADE OF
STEEL I EVER
SAW.



MANY THANKS, RALPH.
I HAVE A FEW MORE
METAL PIPES IN
MY COLLECTION.

THIS METAL PIPE COMES FROM
BURMA. THE ASIATICS USE
SO MUCH METAL WORK, IT'S
NOT SURPRISING TO FIND
PIPES MADE OF VARIOUS
ORES -----



TAKE THIS CHINESE
WATER-PIPE, FOR
EXAMPLE - A
LOVELY THING OF
SILVER INLAID
WITH ENAMEL.



...AND HERE'S A RATHER
TRICKY JAPANESE PIPE,
ALSO OF SILVER, BUT
TRIMMED WITH IVORY
AND JADE -



I'LL BET THAT
COPPER PIPE
FROM SUMATRA
WOULD GIVE
A MIGHTY HOT
SMOKE.

OPINIONS DIFFER
ABOUT PIPES, BUT IT'S
SMOKIN' **PRINCE**
ALBERT REGULARLY
THAT MAKES A PIPE
ONE OF LIFE'S
GREAT JOYS
AND COMFORTS!



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Pipe smokers who make pals out of their pipes agree that Prince Albert is the tobacco for breakin' 'em in—and for forever after, too. P. A. is tobacco at its friendliest—takes nicely in the bowl—smokes sweet and cool and satisfying. P. A. is

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"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



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

THE SHOWDOWN

continued from page 17

"Of course, we realize that you think a great deal of Mary Ellen, and I'm sure she is very fond of you."

"Yes, sir."

"But you are both very young and going to school. I realize how youngsters enjoy getting out and having a good time, but sometimes they forget about their parents."

"Yes, sir."

"You know, Ted, we parents worry about you when you're not home early, with so many automobile accidents occurring every night. I'll wager your Mother worries about you every time you take the car out."

"Yes, sir." Ted was quite ready to leave by this time.

"So I want you to cooperate with me, and try and get Mary Ellen home a little earlier from now on. I don't want you to feel as if I am reprimanding you. We like to have you come here, Ted, but there will be plenty of time for late hours in a few years. After you're married, perhaps."

"Yes, sir," replied Ted automatically. "YES, SIR!" he repeated, as the significance of the last sentence penetrated his despondency. He wanted to say more, but the change from depression to elation was too much. Words failed him.

"Let's shake on it, Ted."

"You bet, Mr. Carmen. I'd never looked at it that way. If you don't mind I think I'll go now. I can see Mary Ellen tomorrow."

"As you think best, Ted. Why don't you come over tomorrow night for dinner...say about 6:30."

"Thanks again, Mr. Carmen. I will. Good night."

"He'll be looking for you then. Good night, Ted."

Ted's joy knew no bounds as he descended the steps in one leap. Now all he had to do was tell Don Williams what wasn't expected of him. That would be a pleasure indeed...to be able to inform the Honorable Mr. Williams that old man Carmen had agreed to their marriage. That would put him in his place. Why, in four years he'd be out of college and....

Tomorrow during lunch hour he'd go down and look at those engagement rings again.



Al--She was as pure and white as snow.

Hal--Yes, but she drifted.

There are a lot of definitions for the modern girl but "The Grizzly" adds this one. The modern girl is one who can meet the wolf at the door and come out with a fur coat.

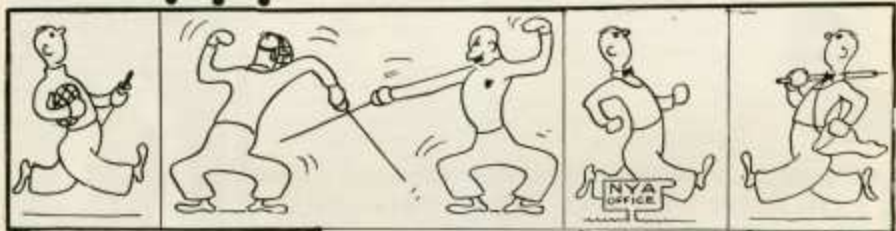
"So you want to kiss me! I didn't know you were that kind!"

"Baby, I'm even kinder than that!"

--College Life

Father: "I had a note from your teacher today."

Son: "Okay, dad, I won't tell mother."



"She--What kind of oil do you use in your car?"

He--"Oh, I usually begin by telling them how lonesome I am."

--Brown Jug



"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was my brother--he just walks that way."

--Yellow Jacket.

Sorority Susan

continued from page 11

get around. They get their boyfriend's friends to date us in the same car, and so far we have seen about every dive around.

So now, Dotty says, all we have to do is lay low and not get too well acquainted with any of them, because you know how you will tell people what you think of them when you know them real well. All we have to do is remain retiring and illusive and not let our glamour wear off until next quarter and we will have them at our feet. So, you see, college is a serious problem and Dotty and I have our heads about us.

Lovingly,

Susan

• • •

Intercollegiate Sports

(As they might be if the most popular college activities, judging from College Humor, were made competitive.)

--Chaparral

1. Stanford's first-string Necking Squad yesterday tied an all-star aggregation from California in a hard-fought contest marked by much rough playing. A Stanford man was disqualified for biting in the clinches.
2. College of Pacific's previously invincible poker Varsity met serious defeat at the hands of the San Jose State ante-raisers, when the Pacific captain bot the season's winnings on four queens against a pat straight flush.
3. The University of Santa Clara's powerful Arm-Wavers last night scored a brilliant victory over the St. Mary's squad after an exciting three-hour struggle. This practically clinches the western title for the Santa Clara gulpers, who have so far drunk all opposition under the table.

• • •

Zip! Zip!

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN SOMETHING A LITTLE BIT MORE DISTINCTIVE THAN THE USUAL COLLEGE BINDER, COME IN AND LET US SHOW YOU OUR.....

ZIPPER COVERS

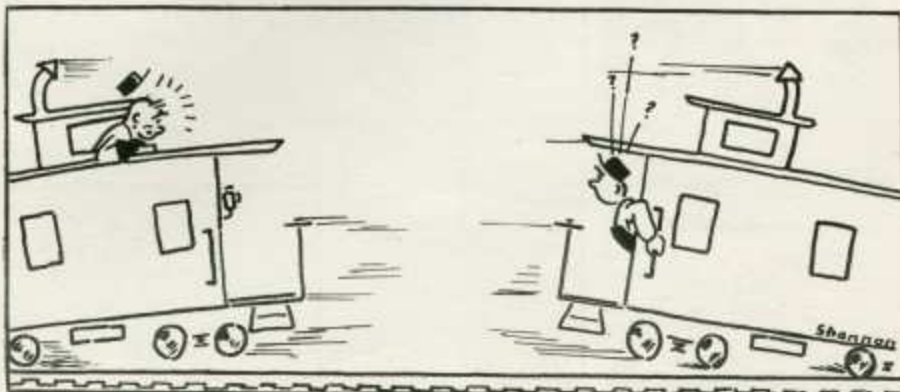
PRICES RANGE FROM \$2.85 TO \$8.25...THESE BINDERS MAKE EXCELLENT GRADUATION GIFTS FOR THOSE PLANNING TO ATTEND A UNIVERSITY...NAME IN GOLD AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.....

The
**COOPERATIVE
STORE**

"Officer, come quickly, I've just knocked down a student!"

"Sorry, lady, but today's Sunday and you can't collect your bounty until tomorrow morning."

—Lehigh Burr.



TRY

*Our delicious fresh
Strawberry Sundae*

MILKSHAKES

PONY MALTS

at

Popular Prices.

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College Humor

■ "He says that was just to attract your attention—he wants to talk to you."



**SO YOU'RE WORKING YOUR WAY
THROUGH SCHOOL**



**SUPERLATIVELY
FINE MILK
SHAKES**

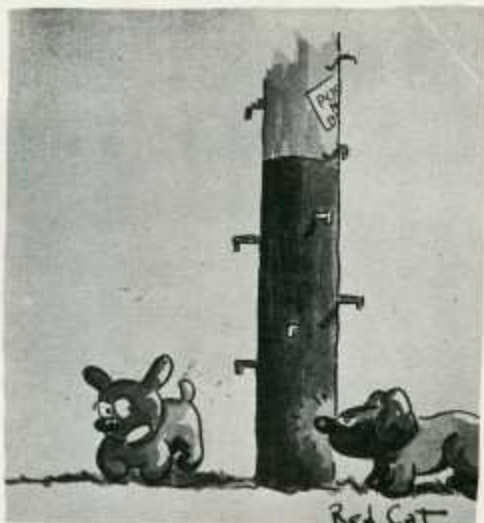
ONLY **10**^c

**"ALWAYS MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY"**

AT THE ●

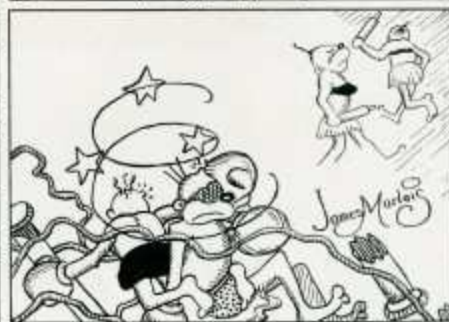
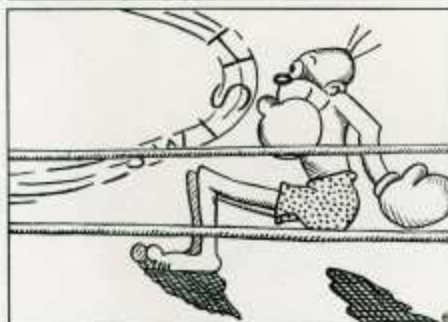
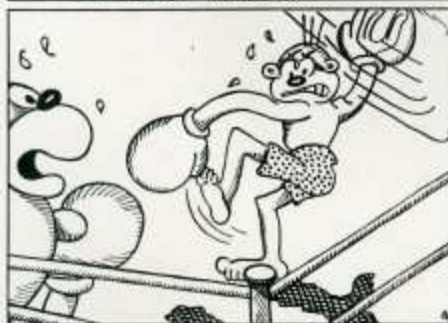
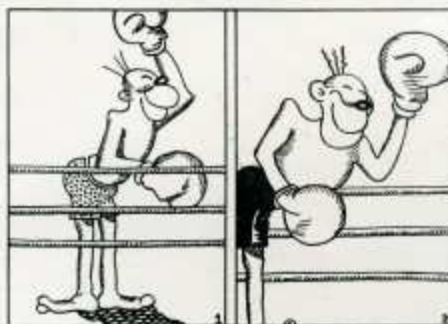
**SAN JOSE
CREAMERY**

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BALLARD 660



● "Anybody I know, Sniffy?"







—and Chesterfields
are usually there



they're mild and yet *They Satisfy*