

SPARTAN SPASMS



Necks
Year's
Model

JANUARY
1929 1/3

25c



Some call it mellowness . . .

SOME say that Camel is the mellowest cigarette ever made. Some that it's mild and smooth. It's really all good things in one, and that is why it is supreme upon the pinnacle of modern favor. Camel's popularity today is the largest that any cigarette ever had.

And, it costs something to make this kind of a smoke. It costs the choicest tobaccos

that money can buy, and a blending that spares neither time nor expense. Each Camel cigarette is as full of value as the world of tobacco can give.

You can be sure of smoking pleasure, serene and full, in these quality cigarettes. Smoke all of them you want; they simply never tire the taste.

"Have a Camel!"

© 1917

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



ONE thousand writers and artists should please you!

Percy Marks, the Montrosses, Katharine Brush, James Montgomery Flagg, and hundreds of college writers and artists have made the January **COLLEGE HUMOR** especially brilliant.

Pointed Heels, a two part story of sophisticated men and women, written with all the charm and skill of Charles Brackett. *And See the World*, a story of sailors on shore leave in the sailor vernacular, by John V. A. Weaver.

Northwestern, by Bernard DeVoto, a critical survey of Northwestern's men, her pretty co-eds, her faculty and her alumni.

The Dekes at Syracuse, by Howard Barnes, an intimate picture of this fraternity group—who they are, what they do and what they like.

Other stories of youth, love and college—other articles of sports, travel, humor.

Christmas Offer

A gift that shows taste, lasts the year around and that is appreciated by everybody — sister, brother, sweet-heart, friends in foreign parts—that's **COLLEGE HUMOR**.

Two gift subscriptions are but \$5. Just one is \$3.

We send a striking Christmas card in three colors inscribed with your name. You send the names and addresses and we do the rest.

CollegeHumor

1050 North LaSalle Street, Chicago

THIS MAGAZINE
PRINTED
BY

SMITH & SMITH
Society and Commercial
PRINTERS
Telephone Ballard 4433

37 WEST ST. JOHN STREET
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA



West Coast Theatres

Present

SAN JOSE'S GREATEST
ENTERTAINMENT

THE MISSION THEATRE

The home of Talking Pictures

THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE

*The Home of Fanchon & Marco's Stage Ideas
and finest Screen Triumphs*

This Is a Directory of Our Advertisers Patronize Them!

A.S.S.C. Co-op Store	Spartan Union
California Theatre	343 So. First St.
Camel Cigarettes	Chicago, Ill.
College Humor	Chicago, Ill.
Garden City Creamery	76 E. Santa Clara St.
Harding Flower Shop	27 E. San Antonio St.
Haskell's Sandwich Shop	189 So. First St.
La Torre	Spartan Union
Life Savers	New York
J. C. Penney Co.	51 So. First St.
Prince Albert	Chicago, Ill.
Rudolph's Candy Store	36 E. San Antonio St.
Root Bros.	18 So. First St.
San Jose Creamery	149 So. First St.
San Jose Secretarial School	387 So. First St.
Sherman Clay Co.	143 So. First St.
Smith & Smith, Printers	37 W. St. John St.
Spring's, Clothiers	Market and Santa Clara St.
Walk-over Shoe Store	185 So. First St.
Williams, J. S., Clothier	227 So. First St.

Patronize Our Advertisers!

A BIG BOY NOW

"You say that I am the first model that you ever kissed?"

"Yes."

"And how many models have you had before me?"

"Four. An apple, two oranges and a vase of flowers."

—Black and Blue Joy.



Frosh: I was out on a party last night with a girl and she asked me to kiss her.

Senior: What did you do?

Frosh: I told her no and brought her home. What would you have done?

Senior: I would have done the same thing you did, but I wouldn't lie about it.

—Kitty Kat.



MODERN VERSION

Sunday School Teacher: Now does any little boy or girl know what the Israelites were looking for when they went out into the wilderness?

Little Willie: Yes, ma'am; I know. Parking space.
—Life.

San Jose Creamery

MILK SHAKES
CANDIES
ICE CREAM
(all flavors)



Phone Ballard 668
149 South First Street



Ad: "A penny for your thoughts."

Alyne: "They're worth a nickel, dear."

Ad: "I get you — Life Savers take your breath away."

SHOTS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

"What's Chicago's latest song hit?"
 "My Heart Stood Still."

—*Minimus.*



"I know a girl who plays piano by ear."
 "Soothing—I know an old man who fiddles with his whiskers."

—*Lord Jeff.*



He: "I think contrasting colors are very effective.
 For instance, that combination you are wearing—"
 She: "Sir!"
 He: "Pardon me, is that a slip?"

—*Cracker.*



Phiz: Are you going to the lecture on appendicitis tomorrow night?

Phizel: No. I'm sick of these organ recitals.
 —*Royal Gabon.*



"Give me a sentence with the word 'girdle.'"
 "Girdle protect the working girl!"

—*Judge.*

HEARD IN LECTURE

Prof. (after extraordinary statement): "You'll probably think I'm crazy—but I can prove it."

—*Froth.*



THINK IT OVER

Yes, the world is having a time with short skirts—but what would it be without them.

—*Green Gander.*



What grades did you get?
 Oh, I got a D, a couple of C's, and an F.
 What do you do on the campus?
 Me? Oh, I'm an Editor.

—*Ollapod.*



What cigarettes do you smoke?
 "Anybody's."

—*Punch Bowl.*



"Just one of the boys, eh, Magellan?"
 "Well, I've been around."

—*Purple Cow.*

Try a—

Garden City Creamery Milk Shake

THEY ARE MADE OF REAL
 ICE CREAM. WE USE NO
 SUBSTITUTES.

*Ice Cream for Clubs
 and parties*

GARDEN CITY CREAMERY

PHONE BALLARD 8114

76 East Santa Clara Street

Pianos

Moved - Tuned - Rented

Brunswick, Victor and
Columbia Records

RADIOS

Moving Picture Cameras and Projectors

BAND INSTRUMENTS

Sherman, Clay & Co.

143-145 South First St.

AND

199 So. First Cor. San Antonio

"Well," said Guinevere leaving Lancelot, "hereafter I'm going to live for my Art alone."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Now this is where the rub comes in," said the chiropractor to the lady patient.

—*The Sniper.*

"There's a woman peddler at the door."

"Show him in, and tell him to bring his sample with him."

—*Jester.*

He: "We are coming to a tunnel. Are you afraid?"

Sher: "Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

—*Brown Jug.*

She was only a miner's daughter—but, oh, what natural resources?"

—*Lubbercock.*

Nit: "What's happier than a cat in the Canary Islands?"

Wit: "A tramp in the Sandwich Islands?"

Nit: "Naw, a co-ed in Great Neck."

—*Pap.*

There was a shy young man who wanted to propose to his lady love, but never dared. Finally he took her to his family lot in the cemetery and said: "Wouldn't you like to be buried here some day?"

—*Flamingo.*

"Now, son," said the father of the stuttering boy, "when you lose your temper, never fight until you have counted up to one."

—*Cornell Ollapod.*

First Roman Citizen: "Hail, Petronius."

Second Roman Citizen: "Hail, hell—that's the ashes from Vesuvius."

—*Purple Parrot.*

"Glad to know you. My name is Tunney. Pardon my glove."

"S all right. You'll excuse me if I don't get up?"

—*Purple Cow.*

"When do leaves begin to turn?"

"The night before exams start."

—*Bison.*

Walk-Over Shoe Store

THE CLOE
BLUCHER
OXFORD

\$7.85



In spanish brown calf and
sonora calf, included in our
semi-annual sale at \$7.85

Walk-Over

185 SO. FIRST STREET



Featuring Futuristic Spasms

Dedication



"Doc" MacQuarrie

One of the Boys

"Spartan Spasms"

VOLUME III

JANUARY, 1929

NUMBER 1

THE MEDITATIONS OF HOINTER KANHOUNTER

He Oped His Eye, As Oft He Woke,
Ne'r Said A Word, Nor Even Spoke.

Dawn

Hointer Kanhointer Stood On The
Bench,
And Lifted High His Monkie
Wrench;
He Pointed At The Rising Sun,
And Counted Down From Ten To
One.

Noon

Hointer Kanhointer Rolled On The
Bench,
And Thereby Made A Dainty Lench;
Now Ate He A Silent Lench,
Without His Teeth, Without His
Wench.

Twilight

Hointer Kanhointer Left His Bench
And Fell Upon His Monkie Wrench.
His Body Grew Stiff Like The Tail
Of A Pointer,
But That Wasn't The End Of
Hointer Kanhointer.

Midnight

Hointer Kanhointer Looked To The
Skies,
And Oped And Shut And Re-Oped
His Eyes.
Then Slept He Sound Beside That
Bench,
And Slept The Sleep That Knows
No Wench.



DUMB ?

She was fired from Woolworths be-
cause she couldn't remember the
prices.

A serious attempt to utilize all hu-
mor concerning daughters of the
working men.

She was only a carpenter's daugh-
ter but she looked screwy to me.

She was only a shoemaker's daugh-
ter but that wasn't awl.

She was only an electrician's
daughter but she shocked her ohm
folks.

She was only a miner's daughter
but, oh, what a gold-digger.

She was a high class confectioner's
daughter, but her kisses were cheap.

I HAVE CAUSE

I am sure that all my instructors
are understanding souls who will
overlook my tendency to neglect as-
signments.

I believe that I will not be submit-
ted to the some indignities as are my
fellow Frosh.

I am convinced that I shall be
elected Captain of the Basketball
team.

I am positive that in College the
majority of the pupils study dread-
fully hard.

I am of the opinion that I will be
awarded an A in every one of my
courses.

I know that I'll just adore 8:50
classes.

Ordinarily I am not so optimistic,
but I am just now.

You see, I received a birthday pre-
sent today from a pal, and I have
just killed a pint of it.



She: "So your a big foot-ball man. What position can you play in?"

He: "Oh, I can play in any position, but suit yourself."

I sit and silently gaze over the slightly swelling water. This afternoon is wanning and the light which comes through the one small opening, fast is becoming yellow; later to turn a heated orange, then a hellish red. All to be followed by the cool blue-gray of the dusk stars night

My eyes close. How I love to travel. The world was made to turn, round and round. People were made to travel round and round the world. And of such sweet beauties is life The water laps with a delicious slapping sound

Get outta that tub I gotta bathe!

IF I WERE A MAN

I should fear Woman. I should fear her wiles. I should fear her speculative eye as it noted the color of my hair and the cleft in my chin. I should fear her deceit and smooth words as she flattered me. I should fear her independence as threatening my title as "Lord of the Earth." I should fear her infinite variety. I should fear her propensity to see double meanings and to mean double things.

But—if I were a man I would fear none of these things for I should perceive so few of them. C.G.

The pretzel mgr. is the only one who makes an honest living out of crooked dough.

"What a whale of a difference a few scents make," said housewife as she entered the fish market.

CONVULSION NO. 1

Down, down,
Black, down,
Into the bucket
Let me drown.
Bathe, suffuse
My chalky soul
In stale absinthe
And feed me coal.
I'll nibble a cobblestone
And chin the gutter
Though space is scant.
I'll eat my clothes
And slowly freeze.
My God, a rat!
You think I'm cheese!

I. F. S.

CINEMA SANS SIN

The talk of the towns the "Talkies." The silent drama is dead.

But lips that moved
In a groove

Are not like the things that are said.
"GoreyGut" Gus yegg of the plains,
Strangles our Nell with fiendish glee.
The hero appears, blows out his brains,

With the parlor oath of "GEE!"

The hard-boiled mutineer oof the sea,
Killing men by tens and elevens—
With Hell's fire where his eyes
should be,

Is savagely cursing "HEAVENS!"

The "safe-cracker," a brute of filthy mind,

Prepares to blow the T. N. T.
And when a cop plugs him from behind,
Lisps "GOODNESS GRACIOUS ME!"

Yes, the movie has lost its animation.
The hero and villain in bloody fray—

They face, they curse,
But say no worse
Than children out at play.



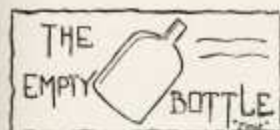
YES INDEED!

What's 5Q plus 5Q?

10Q.

You're welcome.

—Pointer.



"That settles it!" said the drunk as he downed a "chaser."

An operating room assistant gets all the inside dope.

I wonder if they make corned beef out of drunken cows.

His mother called him Henry because he was the eighth.

A guy would be an awful ass to drink horse liniment.

There are darn few sororities like the Phi Kapp. Yes, darn few.

A stork always carries a big bill.

NINE LIVES?

Her hair is the softest—I hold her very close. Her hair is the palest yellow—a lovely shade. "Don't cry honey-baby," I say, "I'll be right back." She still cries. She rubs her soft hair against my cheek. Her hair is perfect. "Baby," I say again, "I'll come right back." I get up to go—she clings to me. "Don't cry precious," I say again. She persists. For the third time I start to go. I receive a scratch directly above my right eye. "Hell," I say, "I'll have to take you with me after all." I carry her out of the house, and slam the front door. These cats are too darn pesty at times.

WHERE'S YOUR RESERVES

1: My Gawd! Give me a camel.

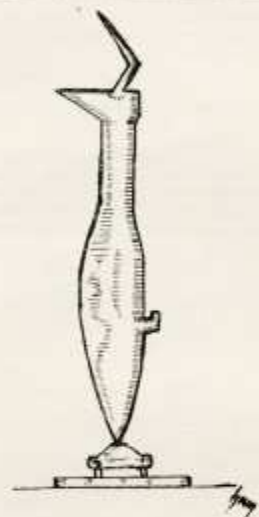
2: Here, control your animal passions.

—Sniper.

VERSE MODERNE

Cerulean, celestial void
Over earthly, earthy earth—
Flying flies fiercely fighting—
Fat fleas lazily lurching on
languid lady—
Awful autos attack anybody—
Frightful, frightful, frightful,
Also piffle.

—H. H.



"The Stag At Eve"

This is
how my own
dear mother
would appear
if done in the
art style known as
futurism. She has only
one eye, but nature
alone is the only
thing so inanely
foolish as to repeat
itself. It isn't a
perfect likeness, but
anyway, I have
another
picture
at home.

MEMORIES OF A STREET CAR RIDE

"Passengers are requested not to put their feet on the motorman while the car is in motion."

"Passengers are requested not to stick head or arms out of seats."

"Passengers are requested not to put seats out of window while motorman is in motion."

"500 dollars fine for spitting on the motorman of this car."

"Keep head and arms off floor while motorman is spitting."—Tiger.

AHA! PROFESSOR, SHAME ON YOU!

Handsome young professor of romance languages—"Very good, but why do you use the intimate form of the verb in translating the sentence?"

Attractive co-ed (pouting)—"Well—I thought after last night—"

—Colorado Dodo.

Judge Alpha: "Have you ever tried Cognac?"

Judge Beta: "Why, I didn't even know he was arrested."

CLUB RATES

Preacher (to Mormon Groom)—"Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?"

Groom—"I do."

Preacher—"Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Brides—"We do."

Preacher—"Some of you girls there in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this."—Judge.

Left—"What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirt?"

Out—"I'd call him a magician."

—W'kirkeind.



If futurism continues:

What is this . . . ? A piano
or footstool . . .

Hey get off the photograph!

Mother—Now Jack had scarcely
hid himself in the castle before a
great voice boomed out, "Fee, fi, fo,
fum, I smell the blood of an English-
man." And what do you suppose it
was?

The Kiddies (in chorus)—The
mayor of Chicago! —*Life*.

Bill Tilden: For two-cents I'd
punch you in the nose.

Noisy Spectator: What? And
lose your amateur standing.

EXCUSED

Professor—Are you using crib
notes on this examination, Mr. Pip?

Pip—No, sir, I'm copying out of
the text.

Professor—Oh, I beg your pardon.
—*Skinhead*.

It used to be that when a fellow
went out for a good time he indulged
in wine, women and song; now it's
wood alcohol, nurses and funeral
march.—*Black and Blue Jay*.

Blind dates are like bee-hives, you
may get honey, but you may get
stung.
—*California Pelican*.

HOW TRUE

Love may be blind, but the dean
of women isn't.
—*Humbug*.

Judge: "So you broke in the
store just to get a ten-cent cigar,
eh? Then what were you doing in
the safe?"

Prisoner: "Your honor, I was
putting in a dime."
—*Life*.

HOW TRUE

This morning the body of an un-
identified sailor was found cut to
pieces and sewed up in a sack. De-
tectives from headquarters express
the belief that the man committed
suicide.
—*Red Cat*.

HARD GUYS

Warden: What made you beat
up your cellmate the way you did?

Convict: Aw, dat guy gits wise
wit me.

Warden: What's he done to you
now?

Convict: Tore de leaf off'n de
calendar, and it was my toin.
—*Burr*.

RELIGIOUS PUN

Goliath: Why don't you stand
up like a man and fight?

David: Don't get in a hurry, Big
Boy. Wait 'till I get a little
boulder.
—*Siren*.

EXTRA!

"What's all the excitement?"
"A caveman got into the garden of
Eden and Eve can't tell him from
Adam."
—*Purple Cow*.

"What is your Christian name?"
"Heh! Heh! Fooled you—I'm a
Turk!"
—*Columnz*.

"Just dropped another subject,"
said the student prince as he slew a
courtesan.

If you are caught in hot water be
nonchalant, take a bath.—*Log*.

Greenhorn—"And how can we tell
when we're near an elephant?"

Bored Companion—"You'll detect
a faint odor of peanuts on his breath."
—*Life*.

"Look how the water has rotted
away that post."

"Migosh, migosh, and the teetotal-
ers put that stuff in their stomachs!"
—*Judge*.

"Why are you sitting on that
cow?"

"So she won't pull her feet out of
the mud and wake the baby."

He—"Say, you're quite an ama-
teur at kissing."

She—"Think so? Well, it took a
lot of practice to get that 'first time'
effect."—*Annapolis Log*.



"Do you like flowers?"
"No thanks, I just had an apple."

Book Review

A. SPIDERLOGUE

Expertly bound in sheeny, black leather, this book should grace the library table in every home. It's flexible lucks and its pliable qualities make it easily adaptable either as a foundation for an ash tray, or, when open in the middle, may be used as a foot stool, a buck for each foot. The covers are conveniently arranged, so that one-legged persons may remove the superfluous cover when the book is given to the latter purpose.

An added feature of this little volume, which has found its own way into many homes for this very reason, is its utter abandonment. It may be easily abandoned as a story-book and, by pressing a combination of letters on the title page, may be worn as a pair of galoshes during the slushy season. (See (See tome of instructions accompanying each and every order.)

And again, if a certain combination is worked on long enough, the book may unfurl itself into the exact shape and form of an umbrella, to be used at the beach, when the reader gets pink eyed. That is, the book MAY. We do not say that it will. There is, understand, no scientific data to prove that it will, only the word of the press agent.

A word should be mentioned about the paper it's printed on. Needless to say, it is very similar to the paper used in other books, but it has a very interesting history. Many centuries ago, the man of the Pleiocene period (who, by the by, is not even mentioned in the Who's What of that date) was fumbling through a seed catalogue one nice spring day and was attracted by a particular species. He planted it.

Today those seeds have grown into mighty forests up North somewhere. These trees are cut down by big men in overalls and made into plain boards and sent away to the paper factory. This much we learned in school. But how they ever do cut those boards so thin the paper factory, no one ever told us. Nevertheless, they do that very thing. So much for the paper of the book.



I saw a bleeding dog down the street.

What was the matter; was it hurt?

No, it was a blood-bound.

Such printing is rarely found in any other book. Starting with the first line on every page in brilliant, 3½ point type, it gradually increases in size, line by line, until the last line glares at you in black gothic, giving you a swat across the eyes that makes you stand back in awe. That is what makes the book striking, impelling, powerful. That is what gives it variety, too.

Along towards the last of the book, this procedure is unexpectedly reversed, designed to give the story a surprise ending. It does react on

a person with the same effect as a surprise of the conventional sort. We warn you now that, if you peruse this volume, you do not get so involved in the type that you will forget this little denouncement. You will absolutely gasp when you turn the last page and come suddenly upon the big type where the little type would naturally be expected. And vice versa. But maybe we should have kept this a secret with the author. Maybe you wanted the surprise. Did you? We're sorry. Possibly we may be able to get the printers to throw this whole paragraph away.

(To the editor: Don't pay any attention to the last sentence in the foregoing paragraph. It was merely inserted as an excuse to a certain cantankerous reader that we know. Throw it all away after we've taken the pains to write it? Hell, no! What does he think we're getting for this stuff—two-bits a word?)

We have just picked up the paper. What do you know? We turned right to that paragraph about the surprise that we told the printers to chuck away, and there it was, in bold face type at that! Just what do you think of that? (In not more than 150 words). After we had called their attention to it personally! We'll stop the paper, that's what we'll do—the day after our last article appears.

It's getting near press time, so we must get back to the book. Perhaps the best feature of the entire volume is that found on the inside, just between the front and back covers. Here is written a story of a man and a woman who actually loved each other.



Does this new tie match my suit?

Not now, but it might after breakfast.

This one is scarcely human. It seems that there were two rustics at a circus. "Ain't that merry-go-round crowded?" enunciated Roscoe.

"Yes, don't go near it," retorted Raymond.

"Why not?" queried Charles.

"Hasn't pop always told you to keep away from loaded revolvers?" guffawed the other yokel rudely. Don't feed the animals, lady.

—Widow.



TELL ME AN UDDER

Indignant Farmer: "Say, look here, ye'r ain't getting as much milk from them cows as yer used to."

Hired Man: "Nope. Sort'er lost my pull."

—Kitty Kat.



Maid: Where is Dr. Jekyll? The collector is here for another payment on the radio.

Mrs. Jekyll: He's down in the cellar Hyde'ing.

—Kitty Kat.



Small Boy (looking at battleship): "Dad, ain't that a hell of a big ship?"

Father: "Son, haven't I told you not to say ain't?"

—Sagehen.



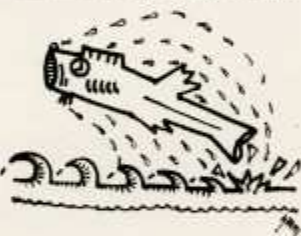
"Let this be a lesson to you," said Prof. Croissant, assigning the next hundred pages.

—Ghost.

FLY, LITTLE FISH, FLY

The first time I saw flying fish, I was drunk. Not drunk that way, you know. Just enough so that I thought the captain was my brother. When I sobered up, I found that he was.

Flying fish! What memories of the little tea room of my Uncle Jake's these words recall! Uncle Jake always kept two as pets in a cage at the rear of the tea saloon. They were trained. When any of the gentlemen became boisterous, he would steal to the back and open the cage and whisper a few words in their ears (gills, he used to call them affectionately). The fish would fly quietly over and



nestle unawares among the potatoes of the gentlemen's plates.

Then would come a merry how-do-you-do with the waiter! And when the fork was poised ready to stab—how those fish would pick up and fly away. It was riotous! But the custom was finally abandoned after several of the customers had left without paying the check.

It is in my uncle's tea shack that I write this. A scientist once said that these fish dwell in the sea. How silly! My uncle has two, and they won't look at water. But maybe they are just spoiled on my uncle's gin. This water idea was merely concocted to bring a higher price for the darling things, now that beef is so cheap.

AMUSEMENT

I am amused by men who rant about the frivolity of woman—they so obviously choose to associate with the flighty ones.

I am amused by men who disparage the intellect of the opposite sex—they so obviously associate with women for anything but intellectual companionship.

I am amused by men who wish to keep woman in her (inferior) place—they so obviously fear for their own superiority.

I am amused by men who bewail woman's prevailing masculinity while they very carefully refrain from spending any money on her.

I am amused by man's conceit—he takes to himself so lovingly the term "lord and master."

I am amused by men who lump all females as "women" and think of them as "the opposite sex"—they so obviously wish to recognize only one type that they refuse to see the others.

I am amused by men—

I am well amused on State College Campus.



Sassy Sue Says

"If what he doesn't know won't hurt him, why not tell him."

The Trial of Maggie Funch

JAMES CHERNUTZ

Scene is laid in a courtroom. A scurting hangs from the ceiling. There is no silence. None is needed.

CHARACTERS: They're all below.

District Attorney
So you're Maggie Funch, eh?

Miss Funch
Who wants ter know?

District Attorney
Your honor, we object to this female's flippancy.

Judge
You mustn't do that, Maggie.

Maggie Funch
Well, I am.

District Attorney
Maggie Funch, you lie!

Maggie Funch
Aw, quit cher melodrama. The jury's wit me.

District Attorney
Now, Maggie, do you eat salami?

Defense Attorney
We object, your honor, on the grounds that are too wet for the circus.

Judge
Who do you think you are? Let the gal answer if she wants to.

Maggie Funch
Well, there's a fish what they ketch over in China what's got more fins.

District Attorney
Anseur ma kestiong!

Maggie Funch
Don't get French wit me, big boy!

District Attorney
What, you de'y me?

Defense Attorney
We object. (Looking at audience). Have to do something.

Judge
(Looking at the scurting on the ceiling). Sustained. (Afterthought). But I don't see how.

District Attorney
Do you clean your nails in public?

Maggie Funch
Do you?

District Attorney
Oh, I don't know.

Maggie Funch
I suppose I do do it too.

District Attorney
(Winking at the jury and weeping fiercely): When you and I were young Maggie was there a God?

Maggie Funch
(In tears): I-I-I don't know, sir.

District Attorney
(Jumping to feet): What! Gentlemen of the jury—give her the penalty—she is guilty. You are intelligent. Anyone can see that by looking at your bleary, cocked eyes. Do not turn her back onto society to ply her trade, of which there is none more HEINOUS in all the universe—POSSESSION OF BEER!



Bo: Hello Joe what's the dirt?

Jo: Fresh!

SLOW

The Dean—"Young man, there is no place for drinking in this college."
Stude—"What an oversight. I shall find a place at once."—*Lyre*.



"I hear you've got a new baby, Mandy. What have you named him?"

"Oh, we calls him Veto, Miss Smif."

"Veto? And why?"

"Cause when de doctah came he said, 'Well, if it ain't another little black bawl.'"—*Bison*.



First Pig—I never sausage heat.

Second Pig—Yes, I'm nearly hacon.—*Harvard Lampoon*.



"He sure wears snappy clothes."

"They should be. He buys 'em with rubber checks."—*Pelican*.

TACT

Johana: "Do you love me, John?"

John: "No."

Johana: "No—what?"

John: "No matter what happens, I love you."

—*Kitty Kat*.



Cleo: Where will the football game be tomorrow?

Leo: At the stadium, of course.

Cleo: Thank goodness. Now I'll see the place by daylight at last.

—*Wash. Cougar's Paw*.



1st He—"Is it true that our older generation were more moral than we?"

2nd He—"No, it just took the old man longer to light the oil lamp than it does now to push the button."

—*Carnegie Puppet*.



DISDAIN

Use the word disdain intelligently.

In disdain age you can't tell women from men.—*Purple Parrot*.



GOOD NIGHT!

"Wouldn't that slay you?" said Sir Lancelot, as he ran a sword through Sir Modred for spreading the dirt from Ghent to Aix.

—*Brown Jug*.

"How can I make anti-freeze?"

"Hide her woolen pajamas."

—*Columbia Jester*.

HASCALL'S

"Have Been Feeding the Public for 15 years"

We Know How

The Best Place for Students to Eat

IMMEDIATE SERVICE—NO WAITING

Hot Toasted Sandwiches

Choice Ham with Eggs

Cold Crisp Salads

Crisp Brown Waffles

Hot Cakes with Maple Syrup

Hamburger and Pork Sausages

Lamb and Pork Chops

T-Booe Steaks

Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner

SERVED EVERY DAY

You'll Remember Our Good Coffee

A SMILE IN EVERY CUP

Open Day and Night

189 SO. FIRST STREET

SAN JOSE

SOUNDS PROBABLE

Two backwoodsmen in Maine knocked at the door of a house at the edge of the forest. "Hello, Ed!" said one of them to the farmer who came to the door. "Say, we come across the dead body of a man over there in the hollow, an' we kinda thought 'twas you."

"That so? What'd he look like?" asked the farmer.

"Well, he was about your build—"

"Have on a gray flannel shirt?"

"Yep."

"Boots?"

"Yep."

"Was they knee boots or hip boots?"

"Let's see. Which was they, Charley, knee boots or hip boots? Oh, yes, they was hip boots."

"Nope," said the farmer. "'Twasn't me."

—*Purple Parrot*.



HEARD FROM THE RUMBLE

"Sit down for heaven's sake, you'll fall out. Must you park yourself all over me?" What on earth are you trying to do? My goodness, never again will I consent to another ride like this. You might at least keep your feet off me. Horace! will you behave? I've never seen you so rosy! Oh your tongue, it is so warm. Are you sick, Horace? Say something. Are you sick? What?"

"Bow-wow!"

The Magenta Cat

By IDA FAY SACHS

SCENE: Inside a crystal globe. Undulations of vapor give a quasi storm effect. Pieces of tin foil are pinned to the air with typewriter ribbons, resulting in an inky darkness, like night. Half smoked cigars, hat pins, and empty stumps carpet the concave floor surface.

CHARACTERS: You, Me, later Chrysis and Sappho.

You

(Comfortably floating on a cushion of vapor)—What are you looking for you blighted waffle.

Me

(Wading below in the swamp of ex-cigars, hat pins, etc.)—Dreams—fragrant fluffy nothings lurking near dead ashes, hat pin points and other fromage.

You

Let me laugh, let me emit a squeak. An idealist. How superbly rare!

Me

Ah, you mistake a cool, clear purpose for one of those ornaments that become dusty on the shelf.

You

(Irate)—Zounds, you're inconsistent. Poseur, filcher of illusions, stoker of fancies, digger of rubbish—otherwise you're alright. Poke your nose close to the heap of has-beens and see if you detect a little dream goddess washing her nightie.

Me

Why you know, you've got me wrong. After I'm through rummaging around, I'll bore a hole through this place and get to then end of the sunset. That's my primary ideal.

You

Listen, Me, you know what you need? A little diversion, entertainment of the flashy sort. Hey, wait till I page Sappho and Chrysis. They'll knock that nonsense out of your mind. (calls) Sappho! Chrysis! (these two emerge from the rubbish heap below attired in the fashion of the antediluvian Hellenes—Sappho in lavender and rose-heads; Chrysis in a placid green drift of sea wave, (what else could it be).

Both

Howdy, boys. We're tired of living on our reputation, respectively speaking. Who's giving the party and what kind.

Me

I insist that it be a purely intellectual jamboree where we get drunk on pure reason.

You

The deuce you say. Come on up here girls and let's discuss Upton Sinclair.

Sappho

Oil right, watch my dust!

Chrysis

Let's.

You

Let's lamb her for that.

Chrysis

Don't touch my girl friend. She's a "poultice," and a hot one at that. (Both flap their arms and join You on the vaporous stretch).

Me

Oh, this is getting too much for me. They're tearing my heart out. It beats me!

You

Moses Marie, awful. That next one who stoops so low will be gently obliterated.

Chrysis

Well, what'll we talk about. My love affairs, or how I look as though I had good sense.

Sappho

Let me quote poetry. An ode, how about it?

Me

Too much, let me die (drowns himself in a beer bottle).

You

Stew bad, and how he loved life!

Chrysis

You men—

You

Hydraulic miner—try and walk back to Hellas now! (Happily at this point the stage hand lights a match)



"I'M CRYING 'CAUSE I KNOW
I'M LOOSING YOU"

Championship Football

By "DER" PORTAL

When the records are read in future years telling of the important events that occurred in 1928 in the Olympic field at Amsterdam, on the tennis courts of Paris, Wimbledon and Forest Hills, on the golf courses in Scotland, and in the United States the gridiron battles of the year throughout the country; the citizens of San Jose and of our San Jose State College will be able to say with pleasure: "Well that may be so, but our team played San Mateo a 21 to 21 tie for the championship and what a game, etc.

The festivities the San Jose State's athletic program started out with a bang when the sparring, sparring, Spartans finished the football season with a tie with San Mateo for the Calford Colligate Championship, otherwise known as the C.C.C.

The San Mateo outfit challenged us to another en-

has had enough of those, and they would like to see one of the other type for a change.

If you could only have seen that championship game. Most of the second and third string men got a very good view from the bench, and they could surely tell you, who were not fortunate enough to view the spectacle that it was the kind of a game you read about in books, but seldom see.

Think of it 21 to 21. What a peculiar championship score. Six times those two teams were called upon to convert, and six times they did.

That isn't even being done in those big universities that you read about. *Oh we are pretty good all right.*

Now takes this little big set-to of the year with Chico. We ought to be allowed to brag about that and get away with it. It was the first time in our historic rise to



counter, the week following our sensational, dope crackling, blood thirsty 21 to 21 battle. It was a tough break for the coaches and football men, especially the four year men, when Dr. McQuarrie coldly, calmly, and firmly informed the surrounding universe that in order to have the football men strive toward the higher ideals in life, and to develop scholarship first and physical development second, he would advise that we forfeit the right to play for the championship, and so we did. It was hard to take from the athletic view point at first, but after considering both sides of the question, the football men and coaches were unanimously in favor of Mac's interpretation. He gave the school a big boost in the educational field and at the same time turned out scholars and athletes combined. At least we have a moral victory, but some of the folks feel that San Jose

success that we have ever been able to defeat Chico and we might say, the first time to even score a touch down. Chico had a fine team but we had a finer one.

We could continue to convince of the wonderful merits of our team, and tell you just how Sacramento, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Modesto, Santa Rosa and Marin just beat us out of last place in the conference and forced us to tie with San Mateo for first place honors.

The success of our football team is due to two things: First, we had a damn fine coaching staff and second, we had a hell of a good squad of men interested in the high and low lights of football.

To E. R. KNOLLIN we can hand a big red rose for his worry, grief, strife, and what not, that he has been bothered with in order to get the team where it finally arrived. It seems to be the realization of his dreams

for the past several years. Old E. R., as he is known, has seen some hard days at State. He has worked diligently, received some unfair criticism and has finally won out, give him a hand.

While passing out the flowers, we must pause and give WALT CRAWFORD, our assistant coach, a big lavender, Chrysanthemum. He is the big handsome brute type, the kind State women thrive on. He is better known to the football men as Joe College. Joe is a pupil of Zuppke of Illinois where he played four years with Red Grange and latter four years of professional football where he gained much prominence and experience, all of which he is letting us in on. Collegiate Walt has been named head football coach next year, and with all but seven men returning, and with his fire and experience, we are sure to do big things in our debut to the Far Western Conference.

Speaking about the Far Western Conference, it is the cue of we more optimistic advocates to hesitate long

big boost for State in the athletic field, and it is just about time that a lot of our students come to realize that we are coming to the front in a hurry and that they could profit by giving up the idea of transferring to one of these larger hang outs of . . . education.

We have our star players as all other teams do. Our most consistent and valuable player on the squad was Lucky Laws, who for the past two years has been elected honorary captain of the team, and now leads our political activities of our Student Body. As a line plunger, passer, kicker, defensive full back, and a natural leader, Lucky was there a million.

For sensational, nerve wracking, spectacular open field work, we have Bill Hubbard, alias Hula Hub. He is a great safety man, superb open field runner, fine tackler and an excellent field general. While in the game he is always dangerous and instills confidence in his team mates. Bill was picked as all conference quarter.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN JOSE STATE'S MYTHICAL, ALL TIME, ALL CONFERENCE,

ALL AMERICAN TEAM

Chosen By: Barney Google, Edward Hickman and Charlie Palt

Right End	"Hal" Libby Hawley	Left End	Punch Drunk Cox
"Tackle	Ernestine Romeo Caruso Pierri	Quarter	Hula Bill Laws
"Guard	Quit Kicking McKay	Right Half	The Lost Piping Wolfe
Center	Peg Legged Crowbar	Left "	Royanna Pinkston
Left Guard	Married Babe Brown	Full Captain	Lucky Hubbard
"Tackle	Snowshoes Hornbuckle		

Honorable Mention: Ever Rambling Ka Nollen, Joe College, Charlie Kampus, Dr. Elder, Ernie Nevers, Dr. Freeland, Dick Werner, Dr. MacQuarrie, Chuck Carroll, Neal Thomas, Registrar Goddard, Red Grange, Dr. DeVoss, Bill Poytress, Brick Muller, Baldy MacDonald and Aarian Cakebread.

enough to throw out our chest and pop a few buttons. We are no longer in the California Coast Conference where the secondary high school teams engage in a friendly athletic encounter now and then. We are full fledged members of the Far Western Conference now, where football men are composed of an army of Samsons and they battle away at each other heart and soul with blood in their eyes, for their conference standing. Some of the wise critics around these parts are of the opinion that State was better off as a big duck in a little pond before, than now where supposedly we are a little duck in a big pond. But let a year go by and this little duckling is liable to develop into a full fledged swan; time will tell. Our entrance to the Far Western Conference begins with track this year and is followed up by football, basketball and track next year. This is a

Now let us devote a line to the liners. First on our list let us mention "Handsome Hal" Hawley, all conference end. Here is one athlete who played in all American style throughout the season and received seemingly little credit. "Hal" played heads up football every second he was on that old game, and it will be a difficult task for Joe College when he tries to fill "Hal's" berth.

Next we have not the Pink and Blue Sisters, but the Brown and Brown Bros. Underslung Joe Brown is another four year man who finished his career with a consistent successful season, while Babe Brown, the squads fighting married man, had a fine season considering the fact that he entertained an aggravating ankle throughout the year.

Asia Bedamd

By TIE SPIDERS

We had been traveling through a desert land looking for a sign all day. Our search seemed fruitless. We didn't mind that part. We had eaten fruit all the day before. Laboring over a small hillock, we came upon this sign. If you have ever driven over a desert country, you'll know the joy one can squeeze out of this sign:

POP	5c
Water	5c
DOGS	5c

"I want a doggy, papa," yelled baby instantly. How he knew this place had dogs was uncanny. Baby was only two months old and, what is rather remarkable in a child his size, couldn't read a syllable. Maybe, he smelled them. I don't know but what we should have asked him at the time.

I looked at the sign again. Yes, there it was in bold face type: DOGS 5c. Mary Biggle, who was walking alongside the car at this moment, made a stab at mental telepathy.

"Isn't that pica, Mr. Spider?" she asked. That annoyed me.

"Of course, it's pica," I said, correcting my thoughts at the same time. "And it's five cents, at that."

We had scarcely stopped when a flourish of mixed barks, honks and basso growls went up, like Paul Whiteman getting under way. Elizabeth, who has been playing by ear since the famine of 1871, listened sharply.

"A very good imitation of the jungle scene in 'The Desert Song,'" she ventured critically.

"Maybe you mean 'The Desert Song,'" I corrected, recalling that the DESERT SONG I had seen had no jungle scene.

"Yes, pardon me, of course I meant 'The Desert Song.'"

An attendant, dressed in hip boots and an African helmet, enveloped completely in a black skin, came out, carrying a fish pole. The huge darky had evidently been drinking some strong Scotch, for he toyed with the pole, and let on as though he were going to make a cast in the nearby lake, of which there was none even within a stone's throw, it being a desert country.

"What'll ye be at havin'," he said. The liquor had gone to his head. Being a good, God-fearing man, I refused to do any business with a drunkard.



Frosh: My your getting fat, Ruth.

Soph: (authoritively) Listen Frosh, in the best places we say plump.

Frosh: I know, but in the best places she's fat.

"We would like to look over your dogs," I replied as soberly as I could, pointing, duck-fashion, at the sign over the kitchen door.

"Maybe them ain't bein' the kind o' dogs ye're thinkin' about," he sneered exasperatingly.

"Are you going to serve us with

your wishes?" It was about time I was getting harsh with him.

At this domineering tone, he went over to a cabinet built in the south wall, gazing the dawn in the mornings, and drew out a small drawer from among others of all shapes. A thousand voices filled them room, as though someone was protesting. I turned around to rebuke the baby, but he was sound asleep in the arms of a huge St. Bernard.

The attendant pulled off a protective screen. What a surprise! Myriads of little beasts were playing and splashing in a small sylvan pool. I picked one up gently and chewed off a leg. It had a foreign flavor, not so bad as that, either. But what was it? I chewed off another leg hurriedly, and then the two hind legs, masticating them thoughtfully the while I watched the expression on the dear little thing's face change from a deep brown dismay to a scarlet chagrin.

Just picture my goofy embarrassment when I tell you it was not a dog at all. I was ready to bite its head off when suddenly I discovered an identification tag tied to its neck. Honestly, I blushed with shame at my ignorance. Why, certainly, it was a chevrotain.

Mrs. A. B. Chuck of San Francisco stepped up with a fork and sampled one. Hers was a chevrotain, too.

"These are chevrotains," we informed the keeper.

"You-all is wrong there, boss. They is small, deer-like, hornless ruminants of tropical Asia," he asserted, pulling out a dictionary from back of the door.

He saw we were not so gullible as you'd think and returned the drawer,

(Continued on Page 29)

Two Scotchmen took dinner together in a restaurant. After dinner, the waiter brought the check. The two sat and talked for a couple of hours, after which conversation failed, and they merely smoked in silence. At one A. M. one of them got up and telephoned to his wife.

"Dinna wait up any longer for me, lass, he said, "it looks like a deadlock."

—Old Maid.

"Do you really love me?" she wrote.

"Referring to my last letter," he promptly answered, "you will find that I love you devotedly on page one, madly on page three and passionately on pages four and five."

—Rammer-Jammer.

Social Worker: And what's your name, my good man?

Convict: 1313.

S. W.: Oh, but that's not your real name?

Convict: Naw, that's only me pen name.

—Bison.

Kind-hearted Old Lady: "My good man, have you injured your arm?"

Fellow (with arm in sling): "Naw, lady, I took the Old Gold blindfold test, and the blindfold has slipped."

—Bean Pot.

Parson Dudley: "Deacon Smith, will you lead us in prayer?"

Deacon Smith (awakening from sound sleep): "Lead yourself—I just dealt."

—Lampoon.

Fair One: Isn't a hundred and forty dollars a lot to pay for a suit of clothes?

Unfair: Oh, I don't know. I got nine pairs of pants.

—Banter.

Lady customer: "So you've sold out of garters already. I don't see where they all go to."

Clerk, blushing a fiery red: "Neither do I."

—Sniper.

Clerk: "Are you an orphan?"

Chicagoan: "I don't know yet, I haven't seen the morning papers."

—Log.

A sailor may have a girl in every port, but a college man has a girl on every davenport.

—Notre Dame Juggler.

Dear Mother and Dad

I am just dropping you a note to let you know that Finals are to start tomorrow. I have been studying and should do some thing you will think astounding as a result of my attitude to College life.

No, you folks need not worry about any debts for they are all in mind and will be clear before you see me. Vacation starts a week from Monday, but don't know exactly when I'll be home.

Lots of love and tell Elmira to go ahead and marry John.

Your

RICHARD.

Leroy Old Scout—

Lord help us! Finals start tomorrow and I'm as unprepared as for a fire at midnight. I have taken a new attitude toward College and as a result I am going to gently become unattached from the old school.

My debts are rather high in a large way and I am going to sell Life Insurance next semester.

As a result of my sudden change of plans I am not going home this vacation.

The family is going to be rather put out about my sudden success in the business world for I am sure of making at least twenty a week. Besides, I never did like the idea of being a dentist ever since I helped sober the gang after the big game.

Well, if you ever see my folks you don't know me.

Your student friend,

POOR RICHARD.



Is Trudy a nice girl?
Look at me!



Editorial "Spasms".

"TANK"



And now that we have returned from a glorious vacation, we can spend the next few weeks recuperating. Somehow the old place doesn't seem the same. Here we are in the Far Western Conference; the leading National Music Honor Fraternity soon to be on the campus; whispers of a Journalistic Honor Fraternity.—Gosh!

Years and years ago, as most of us will remember, there was a Student Body President that that he was riding a "one horse college." We have always had it in for a bird like that, and now we have stepped out of our "one horse chaise" stage, we are ready to stand at anytime and

say we are proud of our institution and of the gang in it.

There is just one sore spot left. Traditions. This seems to be a problem that we will be called upon to meet. We are by no means alone in our problem. Spasms, following the suggestions of the Bison, wishes to suggest a new set of commandments. It will give us something definite to work on at least.



I. Thou shalt descend forcibly upon all sophs at any and all times.



II. Thou shalt refuse utterly to wear any freshman regalia whatsoever.



III. Thou shalt go out of thy way to insult or otherwise disturb sophs whenever possible.



IV. Thou shalt step boldly in the middle of the walk at all times, stepping aside for no one.

V. Thou shalt carry a dog pistol loaded with ammonia for the benefit of any who may seek to molest thee in any way.



VI. Thou shalt unceasingly borrow matches, cigarettes, etc., from upper classmen, blowing smoke copiously into their eyes in passing.



VII. Thou shalt demand (and receive) unceasing obedience from all upper classmen, enforcing same by drastic measures if necessary.



VIII. Thou shalt treat all pros with the contempt due such unscrupulous task-masters.

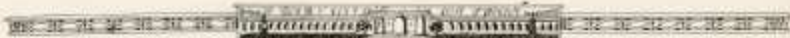


IX. Thou shalt under no circumstances be found guilty of studying or otherwise disgracing the name of Frosh.



X. Thou shalt do as thou damn well please at all times.

Amen.



AT YALE—

The "Campus Cow-boy" at old Ely will drape his anatomy with a Lavender cashmere in apple lilac trimmed broadly with a fallow tint of reclaimed spirits on the lapels. From torso to heel will again be surrounded in an emerald of bell variety (ringing wet) spotted in white with what-have-you.

The inside dope on the boys will be "shorties and shirties," dainty and flimsy, colored daintily in meerschaut.

AT SAN QUENTIN—

Prof. Warden says that stripes will never find their way out of old Quentin. And speaking of the one-way windows he jokingly adds that the happiest man he ever saw was a prisoner who found a candy bar.

Mothoie dungaree, a soft fluffy material, in Zebra will no doubt be used by the "West Joint" boys. Cravats will be worn by the "lady killers" in their 13th hour debut, and will consist of marcelled manila braided into shades of golden hemp. A slip-knot of collegiate dimension will be thrown carelessly under the left ear.

Suggestions by O. A. Jale & Co.

AT STANFORD—

The new *Goose Bros.* Fifteen piece suit is certainly going over with the boys at Stanford. The rubber lined, zipper equipped, trousers are now furnished with funnels, bottle washers, spittoons, snowshoes, and a ruler. Seeking a woman's opinion on the style it was found that the co-ed appreciates the increase in pieces.

AT SO. CALIF.—

On hats—the "skull-bucket" will retain its celestial location, and will be worn outside—that is—outside of the house. The material will be handled, or rather felt, and will be of the latest creation, the



Gusker, put out by the Peet "roll-em" hatters.

Though crude in design, the oily models will be refined in color—featuring a *Union of Standard*, *General hues* in *Yellow Shell Associated* with a ray of *Violet* in a *Richfield of Diamond*.

AT WASHINGTON—

The Northern light on men's clothing is the last thing in male accessories—overshoes.

Yes, shoes will be worn all over-all over the foot and campus, although the well messed man will remove his shoes on the davenport when women are at home.

The self-draining "bootie" put out by *Flusk em* is certainly an advance in modern plumbing as well in shoe production. It is recommended for wet feet, water on the knee, and bad colds, and is to be used for drainage purposes only (There are models for runners of all kinds). Besides this, there is no other kick coming.

AT HARVARD—

Shirts—The detachable shirt tail on this Eastern creation saves expense in handkerchiefs, aprons, pen and wind-shield wipers, filters, and sponges. It simplifies that age-old curse of the "hanging-tail"—for, in such embarrassing moments the wearer may non-chalantly remove the obtruding morsel of clothing and calmly blow his nose, flag a train, wipe off the wind-shield, or break into the dance of *Salome*. Frayed cuffs and collars will be worn as usual, and that blackish-brown tinge will be as prevalent on the edges.

AT MILLS AND AT VASSAR—

This is really none of our business, but it must be of some interest, because college men are always trying to find out what the co-ed wears. And there again, when it comes right down to it, the women wear so little that there is really nothing to write about—except *bear facts*, and that's out of my line.





Medusa—enchantress of viper curl,
Posterity, your weakness has revealed.
For you, of old as modern girl,
Stopped to powder-nose in Persus' shield.

Tough Kid: "Me old man was born in a log cabin
full-a chinks."

Ditto: Thass nuthin'; me old man was born in a
tenement full of Wops."

—*Flamingo.*

"Wanta neck?"

"No!"

"Thank you, I'm getting along splendidly."

"You haven't any wings either."

"Don't get sarcastic."

"Well, dammit, you can't have all the white meat, I
like it myself."

—*Desert Wolf.*

Old Lady: "You don't chew tobacco, do you, little
boy?"

Little Boy: "No, mum, but I could let you have a
cigarette."

—*Georgia Cracker.*

Doctor: "What you need is a little sun."

Warm Young Thing: "Oh doctor!"

—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

TRAGEDY

By J. G. C.

I found you there at break of day,
A pale, white thing, you lay there, outlined
On the cool greensward by the faint, rosy glow of dawn.
Pitiful you seemed, so forlorn, so helpless,
So utterly neglected.

Your beautifully symmetrical form streaked and sullied
With dark blotches and spots, belied your restful pose,
Yes, it was true . . . You had been ruined
Twisted and torn and tossed away by careless, wanton
hands.

One glance at your head confirmed my direst fears . . .
Murder

And yet you were once a beautiful thing.
Often and anon had I looked with unsurmountable
pleasure at you

But now . . . a useless, damaged thing.

With a sigh and a feeling of disgust

I turn away without touching you and leave.

Whyinell didn't the paper boy throw it on the porch
this rainy morning!



FATE OF A SHIPWRECKED VEGETARIAN

Futile Triumphs

When Fute College played foot-eyes moved with his thoughts. Before him lay an opened book, a simplified version of the Book of Ruth, and before the book stood the framed picture of a mere slip of a girl—of his girl. Deep-colored as the deepest solution of the deepest bluing, his eyes roamed dreamily, but innocently, from Ruth to Esther. He sighed. If only his were the hands to win for Fute this day, her's would be the hand forever at his will. Once more he sighed—ah, then would he have her autograph the little framed picture!

"My leg's swelled," snarled Snarling, always quarrelling. He had been bit by a rhinoceros when he was only a tot.

"Oh, then, it's your leg, eh?" whistled Whittlit, always shot a bit.

Professor Snarling made no reply to this, for he had a feeling that Whittlit was mocking him. He would not have sworn to it. My, my, Professor Snarling did not swear, ever—but something tickled his left tertiary gland every time Whittlit spoke to him. Ever since Snarling started the rumor about the campus that Professor Whittlit was a half wit, the latter seemed a bit sarcastic—yes, you're right, after all, satiric would be stronger—in his replies.

But enough of these sentence with the dashes.

While the professors were deliberately dressing themselves, the varsity, fully prepared for the fray, occupied themselves in other pursuits until the hour of battle. Some were playing a slow but sure game of chess in the far corner; some were engaged in a bitter discussion of foreign affairs, chiefly Parisian; while others sat about with razors, shaving non-leakable corks out of a slab of rubber.

Over next the window, the long, handsome form of Don Donne lay in our hero's togs, which in turn were laid upon a bench. Donne's fragile limbs straddled the bench, while his pointed chin moved slowly in the socket of his cupped hands, as his

fore him lay an opened book, a simplified version of the Book of Ruth, and before the book stood the framed picture of a mere slip of a girl—of his girl. Deep-colored as the deepest solution of the deepest bluing, his eyes roamed dreamily, but innocently, from Ruth to Esther. He sighed. If only his were the hands to win for Fute this day, her's would be the hand forever at his will. Once more he sighed—ah, then would he have her autograph the little framed picture!

(Editor's note to copy boy: On the way to the printer's with this stuff, for goodness' sake, throw that last paragraph of mush away. Lose it!)

(Author's note to ditto: You just dare! Go ahead—just dare to!)

(Copy boy's note to self: What to do?)

Don't mind our little tiffs, reader. Just go on with the story.

Without, all was activity. Anticipating the outcome of the greatest tournament of the season with grinning faces, the spectator and his fiancée were streaming through the portals of the colossal stadium. The rooters were already packed in their sections, one at each end of the field. They were separated by a petty grudge, having bet on the game and later quarreled over the bet. The cheer leader stood half asleep at his post, lost in reverie as he slowly and calmly picked his teeth with a fountain pen. The cornet player, the drummer and the band leader, all panoplied in the gayest colors, bright marigold streaked with splashes of maroon—what do you know about that?—made a deafening bourdon of snarls, screeches and booms. The leader stepped briskly to and fro, cutting fantastic loops and figures from

a comic paper as he whirled his baton rouge.

The spectators were hardly seated when the woman screamed and the lights went out and a rooter sang out a yelp. The other rooter mumbled something about "the camels were coming."

Headed by the coach, a stubby fellow with a dark moustache that didn't photograph very well, the Fute players filed onto the field. The coach and his odd three hundred subs, all undersized, strolled over and laid out on a row of benches that stretched from one end of the field to the other. The regular squad dashed madly around a dirt track in pursuit of a big dog, which ran before them with the football tied to its back. After several trips around the track, the mastiff quit. The players prostrated themselves upon the field, sweating and panting, ready for the coming fracas.

Suddenly the rooter at the other end of the field stamped his feet and cried a weakly "Haw, haw, hurrah!" The grid men, lank and short alike, of Vaine University, stumbled across the field, the lank trampling the short.

No bench lined the opponents' side. Instead, a mid-Victorian arm chair, tilted in such a way as to form a lawn statue of a gargoyle, stood along the side lines. There was no coach better known for a single oddity than Coach Wyne of Vaine U. Yet, in spite of this peculiar whim, Wyne had a powerful grip on his men. In sleep, at parties or on the field, it was Wyne, Wyne, Wyne—Wyne that ruled their thoughts and governed their actions.

On this day, as on every other day of a game, Coach Wyne, puffy, physically unbalanced, waddled up the field and fell into the chair. Close upon his heels sidled a slim fellow in

a white jacket. In one hand he carried a small bag; in the other a pail of steaming water. Stationing himself behind the coach, he laid out an array of tonorial tools. All through the game, he slowly drew a razor across and up and down the hollows of the fat cheeks of the coach. So used had he become to the least stroke, the coach knew to an uncanny exactness every move of his men, merely by the various emotions registered by the barber in the course of the shave. Suddenly the barber began to apply hot towels to the other's face. Always a sign of action.

* 25 CENTS *

The captains of the two teams tossed a coin. It was a dollar belonging to the spectator. Luck made it a Futle kick-off.

Music and cheering subsided. The spectators sighed relief. The teams assumed their respective positions. The barber poised his razor in the air and swept it down with a great flourish upon the coach's face, as Captain Donne dashed for the kick-off.

Wyne chuckled a gurgling chuckle. As the blade descended upon his cheek, it had swerved and plowed upwards through his beard, a special growth for this game. Wyne knew that Captain Donne had made a blunder. It had happened so before.

Undecided as to which foot to use in the kick, Donne had become confused and swung his left foot just a step too quick. Unchecked by any collision with the ball, this foot had cut a swift and graceful curve high above the player's head. His other foot had trailed after. Donne was chagrined to find himself all alone in mid-air.

The spectators were paralyzed with anxiety for the poor lad, and a young girl, who had entered and sat down very quietly in a corner by the stove, gave a quick, loud gasp. But the razor, which had suddenly halted in the air as a sign, swooped down with a scraping that made the coach un-

easy. Don Donne, thrilled by the cry of the girl, had turned neatly in the air. He landed his toe squarely upon the ball with such a force that it went swirling far above and past the heads of the gaping opponents.

Shaving stopped. Referee Daniel Vinty reached the end of the field almost simultaneously with the ball. D. Vinty was fast, very fast. The spectators were visibly moved—to tears.



PROF. WHITTLIT

The Futle men strode bravely down the field, prepared to tackle the Vaine man who had dared to run with the ball. Bitter, the speedy end, and Fish, the heavy tackle, were discussing together a safe method to scare the others.

"A pretty boot, eh?" snapped Snarling, running to keep up with the gaunt Whittlit.

"Oh, really?" wailed Whittlit, picturing himself in Don Donne's place.

Shaving started smoothly again, as Tudam, full for Vaine, snatched

the ball and adjusted himself for a run. Before he could decide what would make the most spectacular—running with a sneer or a grin—he was stopped in his tracks by the mighty Haig twins, halves for Futle. Haig and Haig blocked his passage and dared him to advance one step, if he wanted to be stretched out. Tudam sulked a little and swore he would "get even." He laid the ball down on Vaine's half-yard line.

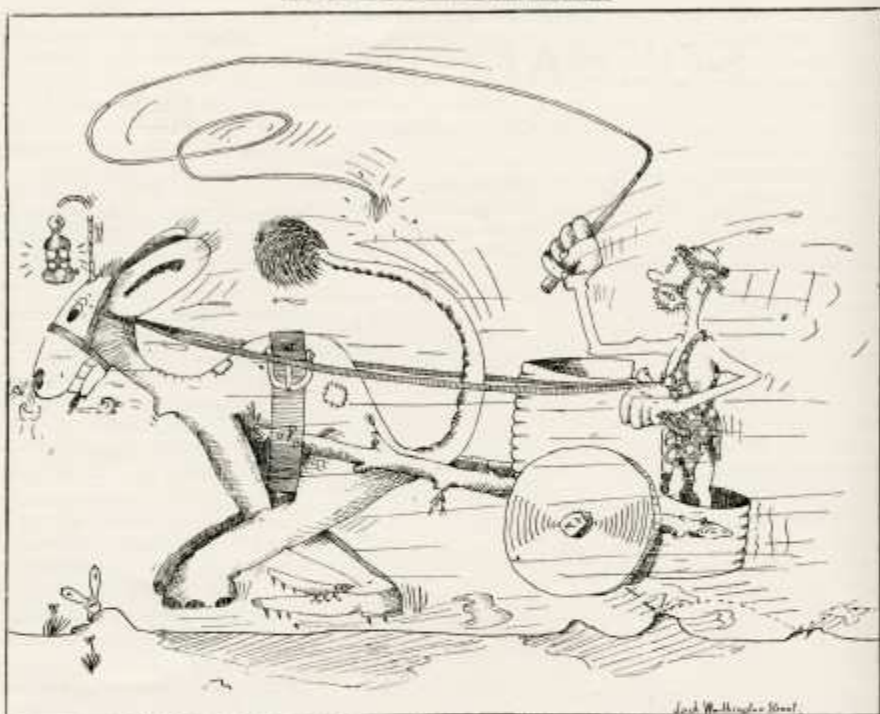
A conference was called by the sons of Vaine. It was a long conference, in which several of the men nearly came to blows. In the interim, the barber had suspended operations, the male spectator had lit a cigar, and the cornetist had run the spit out of his instrument.

At last they lined up. A merry gleam lit up the faces of the Vainers, as they settled themselves for a play. The Futes crouched in their places like hungry tigers, or maybe little wildebeests, waiting to pounce upon an unsuspecting prey.

Something happened. No sooner was the first signal called than each Vaine man began to tell a funny story to the man opposite him. It seemed that the signal calling would be interminable. The stories were interesting, however, so very interesting that the Futle backfield crept in closer and crowded each other to catch every word. In a few minutes the entire Futle team, convulsed with laughter, lay sprawled upon the field.

The barber began to strop his razor—a happy sign to the coach. He quickly slapped it against the fellow's face, as Dedd, center for Vaine, received the ball and, stepping carefully over the Futle forms, emerged upon the open field.

Dedd fell into a jogging, zigzag trot and set out on the long trip down the field. He began counting the yards to amuse himself. Twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two—tween—he thought he heard soft, hurried footfalls, as of someone who pursues you in the night, intent on harm. He be-



HELL-IN-TROY—THE BOAT THAT CRUNCHED A THOUSAND FACES

came agitated. Furthermore, a faint breeze bore to him a voice, a most sepulchral voice, it seemed to him. His heart beat furiously. He began to perspire. Fearing to turn around, he increased his stride.

Once more the voice came to him, this time quite melodious. He was entranced. With a great burst of courage, he turned. What a surprise to see, instead of a demon, only Professor Whittlit. The latter looked wearied and exhausted and beckoned to Dedd to halt. The professor was shielding his right eye with his hand. The gentle Dedd was greatly touched and instantly stopped.

"There's something in my eye," whimpered Whittlit.

The sight affected Dedd no greater than it did Coach Wyne, who broke all custom in looking up, as the razor

suddenly sliced into his Adam's apple. It was clear that real anxiety just popped out of the Coach's eyes.

"Don't worry, old top. I'll fix that in a jiffy."

Dedd began searching his pockets for a handkerchief. That thing he held in his arm bothered him.

"Here," he said, "Hold this a minute."

Professor Whittlit snatched the thing out of his hands so roughly that he nearly jerked Dedd off his balance. Dedd thought that was a little rude of Whittlit and was about to tell him so right to his face, but the face had turned away, and Whittlit had run off at full speed.

"Well, I'll be cock-eyed," cried Dedd. He just stood there and scratched his head, trying to figure it all out.

"What a goofy guy," and Dedd laughed, as he sauntered off the field and out of the stadium.

Later in the evening he was found in a dark corner of the campus, embracing the slim neck of a gin bottle, and singing softly.

QUARTER TWO

(Note: Please don't pay any attention to these quarters. No one in the stadium did. When asked by his wife that night—at our request—why he didn't call the quarters, Ref. D. Vinity had replied: "So that's the way you feel about it, eh?")

When Professor Whittlit executed this ingenious ruse and found himself in possession of the ball, his first thought was to carry the ball with

(Continued on page 30)

SQUEALS FROM OTHER PENS



A BOND SALESMAN GOES TO HIS

JUST REWARD

"Ah, there, Satan I believe was the name, was it not? Oh, Satan! Heh, heh! Well, the best of us make mistakes, and I guess I'm no exception, heh, heh! Pretty warm weather we've been havin', yeh? Yeh, as I was saying to my wife just last night, now, if we could only stop talking about the heat and forget it, we'd be all right, but the trouble is—what?—my name? O. A. Oscar, yes sir, old English stock. None of this wop blood in me! Well, sir, now Mr. Satan—pardon me—I meant Satan, heh, heh! Well, sir, now I just bet that when you saw me come walkin' in you says to yourself, 'Here's another of those damn bond salesmen! now less up, didn't you? Well, Mr. Satan, you're perfectly K O there, cause if there's anything I hate myself, it's one of these slick bond salesmen who come in and try to jaw you into mortgaging your home jus' so's they can make a measly little commission and trim another sucker. No sir, there's nothing more annoying! But jus' between you'n me, I'm right in on the ground floor with a syndicate that's putting up the biggest roaster ever built. S-a-a-y, that roaster is going to knock all these here other two-by-four roasters so cold that they'll be standin' in line waitin' to get in! And reliable! Like the Statue of Liberty! Now, I'm lettin' a few of the influential men around here in on this, and I've selected you to head the list, now if — what's that? Me? Here, leggo! Why the dirty bum! I've had lots bigger men than him slam doors in my face, the hick!"

—Octopus.

CHANGE FOR POINTS SOUTH

College Youth at Steamship Office: I want to work my way to Europe but I don't expect to work too hard.
Manager: Do you think calling out the stations on the Leviathan would be too much for you?

—Lord Jeff.

Cy: Say, pard, I see you have a bad leg? Pray tell me, what may you be doing for it?
Clone: Limping, Cy, me boy, limping.

—Lag.

SQUAWK!

Doctor: Your hoy is tonguetied; a slight operation will cure him.

Jones: No, let him alone; I want to make a radio announcer out of him.

—Life.

Charlie (after hours of prelin): Gimme a kiss?

Berta: Ah, me! So you, too, are like the rest of the men!

Charlie (with feeling): Yes.

Berta: Thank goodness.

—Pitt Panther.

Aunt Hilda, after a brief survey of the college comic, looked up at her nephew with a horrified expression of wonder.

"Aren't you afraid," she asked, "that young ladies will read these papers?"

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

"What did the Old Gold salesman do when he started to cough at the dinner last night?"

"Oh, he was nonchalant, he lit a Murad."

—Ghost.

Minister: I pronounce you man and wife—the ring, please.

Magician (reaching in his pocket and pulling out a rabbit): Gosh, the wrong act!

—Old Maid.

"Is she very pretty?"

"Pretty! Say, when she gets on a street car the advertising is a total loss."

—Smith-Helm.

Her: What color is the best for a June bride?"

Haw: "All a matter of taste. I'd prefer a white one."

—Whirlwind.

YOU CAN'T COMPROMISE IN A TUXEDO . . . IF IT ISN'T GOOD IT'S TERRIBLE . . .

If one has a keen sense of humor it is rather amusing to be mistaken for the head waiter . . . however, some sensitive chaps prefer a tuxedo without the professional flavor . . . a Roos "Gold Crest" tuxedo, for instance . . . the "Gold Crest" can never be mistaken for anything but a garment of joyous leisure . . . a garment that a gentleman wears with debonair ease.

\$50

Correct Evening Dress Accessories

[The Roos Budget Plan Provides for a Small Down Payment and Ten Weekly Payments]

Roos Bros
—Store Buying Power—

R. P. M.: "What's the charge on this battery?"
M. P. H.: "Six amperes."
R. P. M.: "How much is that in American money?"
—Brown Bull.

"Well, if that isn't the limit," said the Coast Guard Captain as the run runner slipped over the twelve-mile line.

—Widow.

"Ma! C'mere quick!"
"What is it, Nell?"
"Look, Hal ate all the raisins off that sticky brown paper."

"Mother, how do you spell 'cocoan'?"
"Don't stuffer, dear, and say 'colored man.'"
—Judge.

He: "They have excellent acoustics in this theatre."
She: "Yes, and they're so polite, too."
—Beanpot.

MODERNISTIC

Host (appearing on darkened veranda): "Are you young folks all enjoying yourselves?"

(Absolute silence).

Host (returning indoors): "That's fine."

—Life.

Our idea of the latest "meanest man" is the guy who swiped the parachute of an aviator and cut it up into silk handkerchiefs to sell to the mourners at the flyer's funeral!

M.I.T. Voo Doo.

Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk: "Yes, madam, white kid?"

Lady: "Sir!"

—Princeton Tiger.

Cinderella: "Good Godmother, must I leave the ball at twelve?"

The Good Fairy: "You'll not go at all, if you don't stop swearing."

—Old Maid.

Business



Training

RESULTS

Our business courses get results.

Graduates secure and hold good positions.

New students may enter any Monday

WRITE FOR LITERATURE

**San Jose
Secretarial School**

"The School of Distinction"

PHONE BAL. 6010

387 SO. FIRST STREET

Just Right!

In Style, Pattern
Fabric and Price

Your fullest satisfaction is our most earnest desire. We feel confident our line of Men's and Young Men's Suits has just the suit you want.

\$19.75

Extra Pants to Match, \$4.98

Model shown here in shadow and fancy stripe effects, newest colorings; also blue serge and chevrons.

Other models at \$24.75, \$29.75
and \$34.75



J.C. PENNEY CO.

Mother: Why, Grace, how in the world did you get so messed up going riding?

Grace: I rode in the rumple seat.

—Ghost.

The Ghost Song: I ain't got no body.

—Jack o'Lantern.

Prof.: What are the things that count most in life?

Stude.: Adding machines.

—Beanpot.

(Continued from Page 18)

bringing out a tray of other little animals. I shouted with joy at the first glance.

"Ah, mein Gott en himmel, *Dackshundts*. Vat luekt, unt vie iss itt haben sicht un nicht vas iss das in der out," I declared pompously, stanning the great negro with my display of his own native tongue so that he dropped the tray and just stood there staring at me.

My great moment had come at last. The little *Dackshundts* were scampering right under my feet. Keeping

the negro's attention directed on me with clever facial contortions, I slyly crushed several of the fleeting animals under my foot, with just enough pressure as to break their backs. This done, I bent over in a form of exercise that I had luckily picked up in some college. Two or three times at this and the attendant was imitating me. Then I stuffed my pockets with *Dackshundts*.

We left without further ceremony. Mary wanted to marry the romantic keeper of animals, but it was then past 7:30 o'clock, and I was due at

the office any minute. That was in 1842.

Today, as I sit, old and worried, among my *Dackshundts*, which have a daily practice now of wriggling up to me and hitting off my finger nails very meticulously, I wonder: Are these hump-backed little creatures contented? Am I contented? Are you contented? Why don't you ask yourself that and start using Montana Pink Salmon today. (Regular consumers need not answer question three.)

To be continued some day.

POINT OF INTEREST

Tourist's Guide: "We are now passing the oldest rum house in England."

Tourist: "Why?"

—Dresd.

EXCELSIOR

The shades of night were falling fast
When thru the dark a bootlegger passed
Bearing a case of Scotch and gin
Carefully wrapped and packed within Excelsior.

Medusa of the snakey coils
Gladly would I walk in oils
Even give up all my goils
Just to be within your toils.

Small boy: "Pop, what's those things on the cow's head?"

Pop: "Those are the cow's horns."

Cow: "Moo-o-o."

S. B.: "Pop, which horn did the cow blow?"

—M. J. T. Foo Doo.

"Boy, I'm a man of some calibre!"

"Yeh, you're a big bore all right!"

—Stone Mill.

Old Gentleman, indignantly: "Look at that girl—wearing knickers—and her hair cut just like a man's. Why it's a disgrace!"

"Sir—that's my daughter!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't realize you were her father."

"Father, hell, I'm her mother."

—Exchange.

Phone Columbia 535

HARDING'S
"FLOWERS ARRANGED
DIFFERENTLY

27 E. San Antonio St., San Jose

IF YOU WANT A—

Home Cooked Lunch

TRY ONE FOR A CHANGE AT

Mrs. J. A. RUDOLPH'S

36 E. San Antonio St.
Ballard 1849-J

(Continued from Page 26)

the least possible delay back down the field. Still, he was a bit undecided. He took a dozen steps in a circle to ponder over the idea. It grew upon him. It became a desire, a strong passion.

Resolved to carry the ball down the field, he now occupied himself with the way in which he should dispose of it, once he arrived across the line. He wanted to do it in a graceful, yet daring way, to give the fans as great a thrill as possible. Should he tamely lay down the ball and bow to the cheers of the mob? Not he! If he did, he would be unworthy of such cheers. His chest expanded slightly at this staunch decision. Instead of that, he would leap high in the air from the ten-yard line and soar over the goal and fall upon the

ball, all like a little bird—a stork, maybe.

He had now reached the middle of the field. He suddenly wondered if he had been fooling about his eye after all, for there really seemed to be something in it. He raised his hand and felt. Yes, he was right. It was a shoe. It completely shadowed that eye, but with the other he saw there was a leg attached to the shoe. That leg belonged to a Vaine man! He saw it all clearly now, but it was too late in protest.

(Another one of those pesty notes: Cauch Wyne was so peeved at Dedd that he would not call the player back. He sent Sivick in as the new center.)

It was Futle's ball on the fifty-yard line. After considerable coaxing, both teams were finally persuaded to line up. Perhaps it was the great Sivick,

Under this nasturtium
Lies Marmaduke Mayes.
He tried to color his meerschaum,
In twenty-odd days.

—Ranger.

Dumb: "Are you yawning?"

Dora: "No, I'm giving a silent Indian war whoop."
—Wampus.

Grace: "She called her husband her soulmate."

Faith: "How come?"

Grace: " 'Cause she walks on him all the time."
—Webfeet.

He knows a lot of questionable songs.
Yes, he has a guttural voice.

—Pointer.

Comfortable Freshman: Now you be perfectly frank and tell me when you are ready for me to go home, Clara.

Clara: It's about two hours too late for that.

—Ranger.

Hickey: I got time on this suit.

Freeman: Why don't you have it cleaned?

the shaving cream; maybe it was center; perhaps it was the spirit of nothing at all. But something had instilled the Vaine men with the strength and fury of demons, the way they held that Futle line. Futle lost the ball on downs on that fifty-yard line!

It was Vaine's ball on the fifty-yard line. Futle called a huddle. In a low voice, Don Donne promised every man a healthy "shot" of imported Amontillado, if they held the Vaine boys. Good old L. Amontillado! Before the Vaine center could pull his sticky fingers from the ball, once the right signal was given, the Futle line crashed forward. With an eagerness born of the vision of I. A., the Futlers continued this onslaught. The half ended with the ball still on the fifty-yard line.

JUST THE HALF OF IT

LA TORRE

The
1929
LA TORRE

SALES START
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16

Only 800 Books
AVAILABLE



"Well, summer's about over."

"Yep, winter drawers on."

—Brown Jug.

"What do you think of monogamy?"

"Well, personally, I prefer walnut or oak."

—Virginia Reel.

"Well," said the Creator, as he crossed a deer with a moose, "I guess that will make me an Elk."

—Purple Cow.

Question: "What is Scotland Yard?"

Answer: "Two feet, eleven inches."

—Octopus.

He: "Let's go for a ride, honey-bunch."

She: "Shall we, pet?"

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

Clerk: "Is it good? Why it's as good as the girl of your dreams."

Customer: "I'll have a package of gum."

—Jack o'Lantern.



We Could Orate

For hours and hours on the fine points of our merchandise—but we fear the consequences—

So suffice it to say that the J. S. WILLIAMS Store is directed by a College man and merchandised the way College Men desire.

J. S. Williams

227-233 So. First Street

THIS IS NOT A——

RAH! RAH! or WHOOPEE!

ORGANIZATION

**All Of Your Wants Cheerfully Attended To
At A Saving**

The A. S. S. C. Cooperative Store

SPARTAN UNION

You'll like P.A.— and how!



OPEN a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and give your olfactory nerve a treat. Never have you met an aroma that had so much come-and-get-it. Some fragrance, Fellows. And that's just a starter. Load up and light up. . . .

Cool as final exams. Sweet as passing. Mild as *café au lait*—mild, but with that rich, full-bodied flavor that bangs your smoke-gong right on the nose on every fire-up. You'll like this long-burning Prince Albert in the bowl of a pipe. And how!

One of the first things you notice about P.A. is that it never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how wide you open the smoke-throttle. It is one tobacco that never wears out its welcome. You can stoke and smoke to your heart's content, with P.A. for packing. Get some Prince Albert now and get going!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!



AUTHENTIC UNIVERSITY STYLES

by HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Spring's
SINCE 1865 INC.

Santa Clara and Market Streets