

SPARTAN

25¢

SPASMS



BLACKENWITE NUMBER 1

APRIL

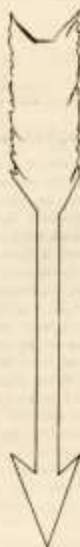
Advertising Directory

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Patronize Our Advertisers



L. B. DUGDALE

Fine Printing
156 West San Fernando Street
San Jose, California



Love in THESE DAYs

GENERATIONS crowd each other. Love in these days! How different it is from the old and simple need for each other which primitive man and primitive woman experienced. How remote it is from the gilded captivity of chivalry.

Alec Waugh, whose novel begins in the May issue, is a young Englishman well launched on a meteoric literary career. Humorist, romanticist and realist, he is very definitely of this generation. While his story is laid in London, it is as true of New York or of Oskaloosa. The illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell help make it a panorama of modern fascination.

This issue also carries three very fine and authentic short stories: *The Count's China Teeth*, by Cyril Hume; *Mrs. Davenant's Diamonds*, by Stephen Vincent Benét, and *Don Juan's Ruiny Day*, by Ben Hecht. O. O. McIntyre has closely epigrammed *Are College Flappers a Flop?*

An explanation is made of the elaborate and expensive preparations that have been made to discover new screen talent among the college men of America.

Above all, those crackling pages of campus fun which have given this magazine its distinctive character.



College Humor

Sold At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

Photographs and Sketches

in

La Torre

Done by

R. Cantu & Sons

Artists and Photographers

257 S. First St.

San Jose



SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

I first saw her in a corner near an amber light which imposed a soft, golden luminescence on her perfect profile. She was supremely fascinating. The black curls which hung carelessly about her face seemed to have devoured their way into the fairness of her skin. Her blood red lips, slightly parted, revealed a background of lustrous white. Her sparkling black eyes were paralyzing. I moved slowly to her, slipped my arm around her, and drew her slowly to me. Her body stiffened slightly, then relaxed, and as I pressed my lips to hers my mind was drowned in a surge of emotion. Slowly she drew away. "Sunny," she crooned, "I'm sure your father never did better. I am the champion at this party."

—Cornell Widow.

ECONOMY

A by-word for thrifty student teachers

And Economy in
Up-to-Date, Stylish, Dependable

FOOTWEAR

is the by-word of

The Specialty Shoe Shop

58 E. San Fernando St.

One door east of Second St.



Every Shoe in the house

No **\$3.95** No
More Less

For Satisfaction
and Service
Send Your Garments
to the



Courtesy

Service

224 E. Santa Clara St.

Phone 8206

THIS BOY WINS THE NOBEL PRIZE

Slowly he drew away from her. His arms dropped from about her and were quiet at his side. Suddenly his hands fixed themselves into a death clutch on the divan. She looked at him in surprise. Such a sudden change. He shook all over (the divan). His eyes bulged. His breath came in gasps. His scalp moved as though trying to crawl under his collar. His color faded and then came back with a roar. He shuddered. Slowly he relaxed, a peaceful expression on his face. He was silent for a moment. Then he arose, once more a man. She looked at him wondering, for she had never seen a man act thus before. She remained silent.

"At last!" he cried. "I have succeeded in yawning with my mouth closed."

—Jack O' Lantern.



A Store For College Men

The J. S. Williams Store is now recognized as the authority on

COLLEGE WEARING APPAREL

in San Jose

J. S. WILLIAMS

It is directed by a college man and merchandized for college people

227-233 So. First St.

Opposite Mission Theatre

HURRY UP!

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

Garden City Creamery

The Best Milk-shakes in Town

Everything Good to Eat

Sandwiches

Smokes



76 East Santa Clara St.



The Oyster Loaf Grill

Home-Like Cooking

—Yeastily Served—

DANCING

Wed., Fri., Sat. and Sun.

Evenings

FRANK ARNERICH

31 East Santa Clara St.

San Jose



*All you noble Spartans will have
spasms of joy when you see the*

"Fraternity Lane"

It's a wow of a suit. Put it on the meekest grind that ever cracked a text and he'll look and feel like flaming youth out for a big time.

But it's absolutely correct, too—3-button coat, rounded lapels, low slung pockets.

\$25

\$35

\$39

Spring's
SINCE 1888

Santa Clara and Market Streets

THESE SALESMEN!

He was selling washing machines. His first encounter was with an old German lady.

"Good day, madam. Do you wash yourself?"

"No!"

"I mean do you wash your clothes?"

"Do they look dirty?" she snapped.

"I'm not trying to be rude," he said,

"but I want to sell you a wonderful washing machine that will wash any thing."

"Will it wash Johnny?" she asked, pointing to a little two-year-old boy.

He is now selling hinges for a col-lapsible set of Harvard Classics.

—Princeton Tiger.



Il Risotto

Where Everyone Likes to Dine

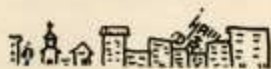
Good Food—Dancing

½ Fried Spring Chicken on Toast 50c

Plenty Parking Space

*About three miles south of
Palo Alto on San Francisco Highway*

PHONE LOS ALTOS 94





Oleanders and Lael—
 (Pale candles and coffins . . .)
 Camellias and Carla—
 Her mouth would have wrecked a citadel
 And violets were like Lynette,
 Unassumingly fragrant.
 Liane's voice
 Was moonlight on gardenias—
 I sent them to her a-plenty,
 And the subtle undulations in her tones
 Flourished, meanwhile.
 Florencia's eyes
 Held the lantern of the devil,
 And turned up at the corners—
 I sent her orchids.
 Dierdre flung irrelevant
 Anecdotes at my head.
 Apple blossoms in winter for her.
 Dublin, lithe, golden eyed
 Emanated ensnaring potencies,
 Like a wind-blown poppy.
 After the rain
 Magnolias suited her.

Well, I've met Beth-Ann.
 She's the quintessence
 Of loveliness—and everything—
 I want to send her orange blossoms
 As suggestively apropos.
 But the hell of that is
 I'm hugging a bar now
 In a two by four cell—
 Waiting for my credit to enjoy
 A pure reputation.

—Ida Faye Sachs.

"Spartan Spasms"

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1927

No. 1

Ye College Catalogue

(As It Is Not)

Botany 20R. Many a good man has flunked this course. It has a bad habit of reminding one of such things as an overdue florist's bill. The field trips are rather wearing unless one stays in the car instead of daisy-chasing. The same field-trip effect can be gained by remaining at home and dipping the shoes in a bucket of mud while your roommate throws cockle-burrs at your legs. The sensation may be heightened by breaking a hornet's nest and then jumping in a bath-tub full of water with all your clothes on.

Psychology 400E. The instructor in this subject is a fossilized old gent of the Archaeozoic era. He has a roaring voice that makes it impossible to more than snore and he asks embarrassing questions, such as, "Have there ever been any other cases of insanity in your family," or "did your great-grandmother ever chase a purple-striped cow up a telegraph pole?" etc.

Geology K. This course brings you right down to earth. It's very much of a pipe but it also has those damnable field trips. This type of a jaunt consists in going around the country tapping cement sidewalks, rock and rye and last month's biscuits with a sort of hammer. That is, you go around tapping until the police pull you in.

Philosophy A. Professor Gastritis gives this course. He has a marvelous sense of humor—the same sense of humor, in fact, that he has always had—this is also true of his jokes. A little apple-polishing gets over big, but the old boy is wise, so it isn't good policy to spread it on too thickly. This is in some respects like the course—a little bit goes a long way.

English 555Z. This is an exceptionally stupid

course. Young Professor Zeroline is a nervous chap with watery eyes and unbrushed hair. He swallows all of his words and has a bad habit of clearing his throat every few minutes. The course takes up Swift (not the Premium Ham), Bacon and the usual tripe. It's not hard to get through with a C, even with the minimum of study.

Economics 43W. The seats in the lecture room are rather hard and the sleeping is uncomfortable, but aside from these details it's pretty fair. Attendance is not exactly obligatory. The Prof. is old man Fizzlewitz and he is nearly human.

Zoology 174Q. This is a dandy course—to stay away from. You can have lots more fun with a box of animal crackers, or a trip to the zoo. The Prof. will make a monkey of you with the least encouragement.

Chemistry 68Y. This is a real practical course. You can learn how to make nauseous chemical concoctions that will smell like a fire in a mattress-factory. This will come in handy later in life in getting rid of unwanted guests. If your life work is to be that of a cook you will learn how to break containers neatly and with the minimum of physical energy.

Calculus. You boys that know a good number when you see one really ought to register in this. The instructor is a fine, big, manly fellow; quite energetic and all that. He is very much interested in the Y. M. C. A.—we need to develop the spiritual side! It's really surprising how many fellows get interested in the Y. prayer circles along about the time for finals to begin.

SPASMS



SPASMS!

No. 1—Mandy, does you recollect whom invested you wid dat gin you done giben me?

No. 2—A culled gentleman gib it to me foash eighty cents a quart.

No. 1—Ah durne think you owe him six-bits change.



Oireland—And was Ahie mad, Mrs. Finklebaum?

Ghats—He was. Ahie's Irish soon to the occasion.

He was so cheap that he bought his matches at a second-hand store and wanted his money back when they wouldn't light.

APPLESAUCE AND ASININITY

Adorable Adele ate amorous apples and, alluringly assiduous, assailed affluant Alphonse's adamantine aloofness; and affluant Alphonse, albeit aberrant, altered at last and already abides adoringly at Adele's ankles. Ah! Adoring Alphonse—adorable Adele.

FACULTY YELL

Give 'em the ex, the ex, the ex.
Give 'em the ex, the ex, the ex.
Give 'em the ex, give 'em the ex.
Give 'em the ex—Where?

Right in the neck, the neck, the neck.
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck.
Right in the neck, right in the neck.
Right in the neck—There.

She (dining at the Ritz)—Bill, the idea of wiping those spoons!

He—Hell, you don't want me to soil my pockets, do you?

Just because she's only an electrician's daughter, don't think she's easily shocked.

She was so dumb that she planted electric light bulbs and expected them to grow into a power plant.

DEFINITION OF A TOWN

A congested spot between two parking places.

She—How do you like my hat?

He (absently)—Fine! But do you realize that you have a run in one of them?

BOW WOW!

Doctor—My word, what a hairy chest! What you need is a veterinary, not a physician.

PLEASE, MISTER, WE WON'T DO IT AGAIN

Peggy—Who was that lady I seen you with last night?

Gertie—That was no lady—that was my husband.

SHEEWAZ!

She was only a washwoman's daughter but she took me unaware.

She was only a butcher's daughter but she sure could hand out the bull.

She was only a cowboy's daughter but she sure roped them in.

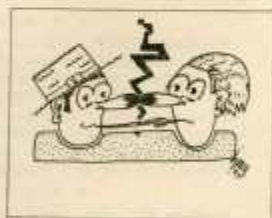
She was only a blacksmith's daughter but she slung a wicked hook.

PAGE MR. RODIN

Ahie—Whatcha doin'?

Seelle—Tryin' to think.

Ahie—Stupid! You can't improve on nature.



"Egad, this top coat is tight!"

"How come, my good fellow?"

"Forsooth, and 'tis made of imported Scotch material by a Jewish tailor."

A collegian was taking a "pick-up" to the movies. She was pretty but her education along some lines was sadly lacking. John Gilbert was the attraction on the screen.

"His physiognomy is handsome, what?" said the college boy, during the course of the picture.

"Don't know about that," was the reply, "but his face is sure 'nough swell looking."

"Where'd you get those eyes," sang the old man to me the morning after the Sigma hop.

IT'S ALL IN KNOWING HOW!

He walks, yes; the only thing fast about him is the *value* of his sweater, and that's finished running years ago. Across the quad—a couple of nasty slooches, and a female is overtaken (not so good). Another slouch, another female is taken over (better, but it's daylight). A sigh, a flop into a chair, and a class is indulged in. An hour later semi-consciousness is regained—adjournment to the lawn follows. Perhaps another lectural lullaby and day is done. Yes, he's lazy, dumb, useless—he's young—still clings to the bottle. But he goes over! All over! The women cry for him! Fight for him! Lord! How he strums the ukel!



Babette—You've got too much rouge on.

Vivienne—I don't give a darn.

Babette—You wouldn't. You're Scotch.



VOGUE

Smudges will be worn much this summer. In fact, it will be one of the smartest things. Later in the season, when the smarting is over, the most necessary article in every well-dressed person's wardrobe will be a coat of tan. Toward the end of the summer many of the Beau Brummels will carry the well known flat pocketbook.

"It's too bad about Jane losing her mind, isn't it?"

"Why, I didn't know about it. How come?"

"Yeh. Her feet got cut off in a railroad accident."

The old expression that a woman "is dressed up to kill" is too literal nowadays to be even slightly humorous.

SPASMS

MOON-DUST OR WHY WIVES LEAVE HOME

(In 2 Parts)

The yellow moon was a flaming anchor. It might have been the eye of God or the beacon of Satan.

He shrugged his shoulders (both of them) and resumed his conversation. "I tell you, Lao, this can't go on. No two-stepping side plunge this time. Yes or no, what is it? If you're fool enough to stick by that cad and watch him drink the drabs of the blackest hookleg barrel in town, while I, as that I am, have waited, damn it, waited all these—"

"Hush, Oscar." She laid a tremulous hand on his arm. "Not so loud. Yes, I have been a fool, clinging to him, playing the angel of mercy to an ungrateful beggar. I will flee with you, but I pray, dear, oh, I pray that he will have drunk himself to death by dawn."

And his content was a thousandfold greater than the shepherd who has not lost a lamb for many moons.

"Lao, Lao, dearest girl, my Sweet." He crushed her to him and drenched her in torrid embraces.

By this time the moon was a chaotic oval, neither the eye of God nor the torch of Satan—perhaps an indifferent adornment for the solemnity of the onyx night.

A sudden stamping of feet, a torrent of mad cursing—and a third figure, seeling, plunging like a drunken satyr, fell into the dead silence of the loveless hour.

"By God, you damn thief, leave my wife alone." There was an uncertain grappling, a flash—a shot—then a sad, sad thud of a falling body.

"Oh, I'm weary, so weary," she moaned. "Don't you think you've done enough—oh, oh?"

The third figure got up and brushed the dust from his lapel.

"Lights off, that's all for tonight," shouted the director.

And the moon turned a somersault and faded out of sight.



She—What do you think of this rain?

He—I think it is most decidedly all wet.

AT LAST WE HAVE IT!

A pessimist is a man who thinks every woman is bad.

An optimist is a man who hopes they are.

BOTTOMS UP

Stude—See, this chieftain highball's the hunk!

B. L.—No!

Stude—I've had seven and no sign of layin' yet.

That's what Charlie said as he swung his pig leg into place: "She's a sucker!"

"Yes, it's a tough break," said the poor student, as his last penny's worth fell to the pavement and trickled into the gutter.

Next delivery's after the dance.

As the man said, who scaled twenty-nine stories of a thirty-story building and lost his balance, "I thought so!"

We may now expect Papoose gasoline.



ME-OW!

Someone getting the "Once Over" at a rush party.

COMMENTS IN THE QUAD

* * * handed me a five—sure, two bucks a pint * * * well what does the big egg expect the first time * * * my dear I wouldn't be seen in the clothes she wears * * * dumb as the devil * * * if ye think you can make the grade? * * * said he had a date * * * all wet * * * good looking, isn't he? * * * not so much of a line, but she's there, man; she's there * * * sorry, but I can't get the car * * * they oughta boot those kind * * * just the cleverest dress * * * Jez, there goes the bell * * * late again.

"Penny's old man is awfully mean."

"I know, he wants her to stay home all the time. What's he done now?"

"Well, as soon as that medical college was established here, he planted an apple orchard."

"I don't see the point to this," said the professor, as he picked up the broken pencil.

"Carlotta's a bit obese, isn't she?"

"My dear fellow, never run down the character of a woman."

SPASMS

A WOMAN DISCUSSES HER FAVORITE TOPIC —MEN

Men are what women hate. They have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives, but never more than one clean collar or one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material, the only difference being that some are a little better disguised than others.

Generally speaking they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors and widows. An eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicions. Husbands are of three varieties—prizes, surprises and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, common sense, faith, hope and charity—especially the latter.

It's a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented (oh! Gawd—editor's comment), sweet little thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco and hay-rum scented thing like a man. If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death, and if you don't you burn him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything, you soon cease to interest him, and if you argue with him in everything, you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you he thinks you are a fool, and if you don't he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors and a startling hat he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little brown toque and a tailor made, he stares all evening at a woman in noisy colors, much complexion and a woe of a hat.

If you join him in his wildness and approve his smoking and drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you don't, he says the same thing. If you are the clinging vine type he doubts that you have a brain—and if you are a great, big modern woman, he doubts whether or not you have a heart.

If you are silly he longs for a playmate, and if you are popular with the other men, he is jealous. If you are not popular, he hesitates to marry a wallflower. GOSH DURN MEN. NO-HOW!

—Anonymous.

ODE TO SPRING—AND ALL THAT

Er-Spring!

You perfectly priceless old thing
I'm frightfully lucked by the signs
that one sees;

The jolly old sap in the topping
old trees;

The priceless old lilac, and that
sort of rot;

It jolly well cheers a chap up, does
it not?

It's so fearfully bright;

So amazingly right,

And one feels as one feels if one
got rather tight;

There's a tang in the air,

If you know what I mean;

And the grass, as it were,

Is so frightfully green.

We shall soon have the jolly old
bee on the wing—

Er-Spring!

Old fruit!

You've given old winter the boot.

The voice of the tailor is heard in
the land

(I wonder what my rotten credit
will stand?)

And the birds and the flowers (but
especially the "birds")

Will be looking too utterly price-
less for words.

We shall have to get stocks

Of new ties and new socks,

And of course we must alter the
jolly old clocks;

So a young fellow's fancy

Turns out-rally towards

The river and Nancie,

Or Betty and Lord's.

In fact—as I said—you're a price-
less old thing—

Er-Spring!

Old Bean!

It's well, it's—you know what I
mean.

It's time I was offing the jolly old
bat,

So, cutting a long story short, and
all that,

The theme of this ripping old song
that I sing

Is—er—jolly old Spring!

—Desmond Carter in London
Opinion.



College man with
good understanding

READY—AIM—FIRE!

Here is a partial list of the people
we'd like to shoot:

The prof, who hands you a five.

The young person who talks too
much.

The blind date who giggles and hits
you playfully when you spout an epigram.

The girl who could dance all night if
you gave her a chance.

The hungry girl (two bullets on this
one).

The non-cooperative feminine.

The homo who always knows every-
thing in class.

The one who invented an eight
o'clock.

The egg that plays the saxophone up-
stairs.

The man who says, "go easy, there
isn't much left."

The guy in the Ford that passes my
Cadillac.

1842

TWO LETTERS

1927

EXCERPTS FROM ELIZABETH'S LETTER TO HER FATHER—75 YEARS AGO

Miss Prudence Prim's
School for Young Ladies,

New York.
April 27, 1842

My Reverend Parent:

I humbly crave your pardon for having written you such a short epistle yesterday. However, I believe you will be able to recall that I usually write more than three pages.

You have asked me, dear father, how my studies are progressing. In answer, I believe I may say in all modesty that I am doing very nicely. I am very pleased to be able to study music, and French is very much to my taste. I hope that it will please you to become

acquainted with the fact that I am learning to cook and also that I am learning to ply the needle as well.

I hope that my dearest mother as well as you, dear father, is enjoying the best of health. If you will please be so kind I would like to ask you to convey my very best regards to all of my loving brothers and sisters. I am very anxious for the vacation so that I can see you all again.

Your dutiful daughter,

ELIZABETH.

* *

A Very Rare Letter from Betty
A Modern Girl

Dad: Make it snappy, will you, and wire me that fifty bucks, pronto. I'm awfully busy these days tearing around. I've learned to

Black Bottom (all the steps) and I'll mix you up a cocktail that's a real drink—that is if I come home this year. I guess you're all O.K. It's three months since we corresponded. Give the old lady my best and say hello to those fool brothers of mine. Cheerio.

BETTY.

P.S.—For Lord's sake send that fifty—I need it.

P.S.—I haven't flunked out yet.
B.

She was a bountie Scotch lassie and he asked her for a kiss. Her reply was characteristic:

"Nae, man, laddie, but I'll gladly trade wif ye."

Mrs. Fifty Avenue—Don't you just love a mouse?

Mrs. Ma'n Street—I really can't say. You see, my husband only belongs to one lodge—the Elix.



She—Do you love me, honey?

He—No, but I'm going to in just a minute, as soon as this reader turns the page.



TRY THIS ON YOUR UKULELE

Horace (orating)—My woman—she's perfect! Eyes like stars, teeth like pearls, neck like a swan—

Horatio—My land o' living, dear fellow, and do they?



(There's nothing in it)

These present Chinese disturbances have nothing on the time I mixed chop suey, chow mein and a couple of gin fizzes.

A man can forgive a beautiful woman anything—except her not falling in love with him. A man can forgive an ugly woman anything—except the fact that she is ugly.

What this country needs is more and bigger pedestrians.

We hear that the price of Fords is to be lower. If Henry keeps this up it won't be long before he will be giving them away—along with a twenty-dollar goldpiece.

Don't tell me that chivalry is dead. The other day I saw a little twelve-year-old girl give her grandma the last cigarette in the package.

They call chorus girls "show girls." This is evidently meant to be taken literally.

Our idea of the meanest man in the world is the chap who swiped his girl's false teeth and then asked her out to take on a little nourishment.

Do you know why they don't have rumble seats on a Ford? Well, it's this way—Fords don't need rumble seats—they make enough noise as it is.

"I'm just crazy about you," said the lady limatic to her keeper.

Our idea of a trustful soul is the wife who gives her husband a clothes brush to use at the office.

"Rather a hot sketch," murmured the artist as the flames began to consume his drawing.

I call her my little blackbird because she's always crowing about something.

Being a saxophone player, she liked nothing better than going out on a toot.
—C. G. T.

DON'T YOU DARE "ASK ME ANOTHER!"

No. 1—What is a college comic? Two shady jokes entirely surrounded by a mass of dense material.

No. 2—What is a garage? The only place where my car isn't when my son is home from college.

No. 3—Is there any difference between a hat and a chapeau? Yes, about 25 bucks.

No. 4—Who or what is the "Great Stone Face?" Coolidge.

No. 5—What is the 18th amendment? Isn't it a law or something?

No. 6—What is a "trouble car?" Most any make.

No. 7—Name an old gentleman that "knows his oil." Rockefeller.

No. 8—Where are most of the world's matches made? In Ford coupes.

No. 9—Why was Cleopatra called "The Serpent of the Nile?" Because she started the craze for "parlor snakes."

No. 10—What is a man from Chicago? A man from Chicago is a first cousin to a Swiss cheese.



He—We're out of gas.

She—Now, isn't that too bad! We ought to have brought father along. He has gas on his stomach.



CHARLEY'S DEAD!

He—You nearly lost your equilibrium that time.

She (anxiously)—Oh! I hope it's not showing.

DO YOU TAKE—?

A wedding is merely a one-ring circus without the sawdust. It happens in a church instead of a tent.

As usual, the clowns keep the people interested before the main act begins. There are plenty of these, such as Mrs. Niblick in that "atrocious purple velvet, my dear." The side-show attracts many people and consists of dirty cracks about the family of one or both of the warring factions.

There is much craning of necks as the parade starts. People on every side are heard to say, "Here they come!" The vestry door opens and the groom, clamping at the bit, comes in with his trainer but for the present the eyes of the onlookers are elsewhere. The ushers look rather wilted from the performance of the night before. Among the bridesmaids, one who is a lover of animal life readily recognizes the elephant, the shy gazelle and several species of cat.

The bride, who realizes that she is the main performer, is nervous and over-eager; something like the dog who wants to jump through the hoop before the time comes.

This is the signal for the mother of the bride. She begins to go up in the air over the whole proceeding—sort of a trapeze act.

The audience now has the pleasure of watching the groom actually put his head in the lion's mouth. He realizes afterwards that he hasn't been bitten—not yet. Later he will come to know that he has put his foot in it, not his head. As the procession exits, the bride's triumphant smile is not a little reminiscent of that of a trained seal who has just received a fish. Later the fish will undoubtedly disagree with her.

At this time some of the crowd adjourns for the Wild West Show, which takes place immediately afterwards at some large hotel. Here there is lots of noise, whooping, shouting and not a few shots. The sharpest race for the train ends the whole proposition.

HEARD IN ECON

Prof. — Our forefathers measured value by the pound of tobacco, etc. How do we measure value today?

Stade—By the pint!

VARIATION ON AN ANCIENT THEME

She is a little blonde. Her mother is a stenographer. I hope my wife never sees the stenographer's blond hair on my shoulder.

SPASMS



CORSETS FUNNY



FORE SAIL!

Have you heard the "Song of the Wanderer"?

Now. What is it?

"Show Me the Way to Go Home."

Motorist (running down pedestrian)—Damn it! Gonna I'll have to get a new hurin—this one doesn't make 'em jump far enough.

Lord Chesterfield—How can I avoid falling hair?

Lord Camel—Step out of the way.

HISTORICAL FACT—Jellyfish do NOT use Listerine.

I know a very accommodating boot-legger. He has his place fixed up very nicely, with a connecting hospital and undertaking parlor. You can pick out the coffin before you drink or after, just as you choose.

Women don't like sermons over the radio. No one can see their millinery.



Miss Intelligencia—You're a moron!

Mr. Babbitt (indignantly)—Why, you nasty thing. I'm not, either. I wouldn't think of having more than one wife.



SPASMS



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DEDICATORY

It is entirely unnecessary to dedicate this, the first issue of "Spartan Spasms," with long-winded discourse. Let us simply say—

"Here it is! May it have a long and hilarious life; may it ever be youthful, witty and clever."

We can say no more. Drink 'er down, boys.

WHAT AN EDITORIAL IS

A man has something to say that no one will listen to. He writes it. No one reads it. That's an editorial.

If all the editorials ever written were laid end to end they would undoubtedly bore one stiff.

THANK YOU!

I would like to take this means of thanking those who have co-operated in putting out this first issue of "Spasms." The kindness of the following is greatly appreciated: Mr. Stuhlman of the Owl Drug Company, Jax West, Springs Inc., and Burt Laughlin.

THE EDITOR

A Comic Romance

There was a **BLUE MOON** in the sky as the **COLLEGE WIDOW** set out for the **KITTYKAT** country klob where a big **FRIVOL** was to take place. It was a **MASQUERADER** affair but nevertheless our heroine wore her **YELLOW JACKET** and **MINK**. She had had a date with the **COLONEL**, but he had broken it off to go to **THE PURPLE PARROT** with some **SIREN** from the **SAGEHEN** district. However, having her **POINTER** as **CHAPERON** she felt safe.

When she arrived, a **JUGGLER** was performing. The costumes in the crowd were clever; there was a **GOBLIN** grinning like a **JACK O' LANTERN**, a **VAGABOND**, a **RANGER**, a **CAVEMAN** attired in a **BEAR SKIN**, and **SKI-U-MAH**, an Indian chief.

After a while she danced the **BELLE HOP** with **LORD JEFF**, who was a **CYNIC**, but a nice young **PUP** in his way. He was dressed as a **BUCCANEER**, in short red trousers.

She liked his costume and said, "I think your **PANTHER** cute." After the **WHIRLWIND** dance he took her over to the **PUNCHBOWL**. She drank a glass, **FROTH** and all, whispering.

"Someone has poured some **MOONSHINE** from the little **BROWN JUG** into this, or else I'm a **LYRE**."

Then he suggested a little walk outside, down through the **CHAPARRAL** to the old **STONE MILL**. They sat down on a **LOG** because she began to **REEL**. She claimed to see a **CRIMSON COLT**, and **ORANGE OWL**, a **RED CAT** and a **BLUE BABOON**, followed by a **TIGER**, a **FLAMINGO** and a **RICE OWL**. Then she thought she saw a **GHOST**, but it turned out to be only a **BOBCAT**. It wasn't until she saw the **PURPLE COW** that she began to **CANNON BAWL**.

"Don't be a **MANIAC**," he said, in **BANTER**, putting his arms around her.

"Don't squeeze me, you **OCTOPUS**," was her retort. "I'm only an **OLD MAID**, a **DODO**, a **PUPPET**. Nobody loves me, not even **VOO DOO**."

"Maybe you should **GARGOYLE** with listerine," returned her **AGGIEVATOR**.

"You **WOLF**—you **YELLOW CRAB**—I suppose you think that's **COLLEGE HUMOR**. I've got a **BURR** in my stocking, I saw a **WASP** and I'm going in."

She turned and ran but he caught up with her at the **SUN DIAL** and explained.

"I'm an old **PELICAN**, a **SATYR**—anything you want to call me, but let's go before the **JUDGE** and get hitched up for **LIFE**."

"**AWGAWAN**, you know you're the **COUGAR'S PAW** and your **TECHNIC** is fine," she answered, shyly.

So, thus Cupid, the little **SNIPER**, triumphed and they went to breakfast, where they had the contents of the **BEAN POT** and a **CRACKER**.

If you don't like these **COLUMNS** concerning the **RECORD** of our hero and heroine, don't compose any mournful **DIRGE**; just **LAMP** the author.

A HANDFUL OF PEARLS

When invited for a buggy ride don't imagine for a moment that you are being asked just in order to hold down the upholstery.

If the man who takes you out doesn't kiss you, don't flatter yourself that he respects you. More than likely he wouldn't sock you one on the kisser for a couple thousand bucks.

Don't make the fatal mistake of applying the kalsomine in the dark. Some day you may get the lipstick and eyebrow pencil mixed up.

Above all, don't drink. A man always respects a woman who doesn't hit the liquor and consequently leaves more for him.

If you must act coy when he starts to neck, make it snappy because it only holds up proceedings and anyway he knows it's just a line and that you've been kissed before.

If you're one of those beautiful but dumb kind, for God's sake don't open you're mouth.

If you're one of the beautiful and intellectual ladies, for heaven's sake don't open your mouth.

When you get a blind date that doesn't look too good, don't get snooty, because maybe he isn't too happy over it anyway; he was probably threatened before he condescended to take a chance.

Remember, cigarettes cost money so don't light one, take a half-hearted puff and toss it away. It doesn't get over a-tall.



She--Was it a good party?

Well, even the house was plastered.



**Dainty Flower Bowls
Any Housewife Would
Appreciate.**



We understand that this was a smart "Turnout" in its day. We thought that walking home was a comparatively new innovation.



Nit-wit Nita is of the opinion that she ought to put her talents to some use. She realizes that she is a good necker and much in demand, so she has decided to go into Social Service Work.



BIG INDIAN UPRISING
Sitting Bull Stands Up!



Miss Domino—If you only knew how you looked!

Pierrot—And forsooth, how does anyone look except with his eyes?

SPASMS



"When I was in China I saw some pictures of dragons spouting fire."

"Well, they ought not to stand so near a flame when they drink that awful stuff."

DEFINITIONS

Aborigines—College students.
Adoration—You see it all over the campus these spring days.
Aeon—The time it takes to get through collitch.
Agree—Sorry, but it isn't being done.
Dad—the guy who sends the check (sometimes).
Diversión—What we get the after-noon we cut classes.
Doldrums—During final time.
Economy—Unknown quantity.
—Times.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Uncle Bono:

The other day my boy friend asked me to go for a ride. I asked him how far he wanted to go. Was that proper?—Marianne.

Answer—Yes, he might have wanted to go too far, say as far as the next town.

Dear Unc:

How can you keep a man from two—Tuning!—Emphronia McPherson.

Answer—Shoot him!

Dear Uncle Bono:

Last night my sweetie bit me on the lip. Can I do anything about it?—Bill.

Answer—You can always bite back, but better yet take a chunk of ice along next time.

Dearest Uncle:

I'm in love with a State College man. My husband won't give me a divorce. What, oh! what shall I do?—Madame X.

Answer—Get down on your knees and thank God.

To Dear, Dear Uncle Bono:

Here I am, a little helpless girl struggling a big husky man like yourself. But dear Uncle Joe, I'm in a quandry. What shall I do?—Lovingly yours, Leesta Vall.

Answer—I knew a girl in a quandry once, Leesta. It's a mighty fine car, Leesta, but remember, the nice girls always get out and walk.

A FEW BLOSSOMS FROM A FADED BOUQUET

"I couldn't come to class Monday, Mr. Goodberry. I was sick.

Sorry, old man, but I'm flat. You know I would if I could.

That woman may rate good, but I wouldn't take her out on a bet.

Sorry, I just killed the last of it.

Yeh! I got a one in Econ.

I'll have to break that date, Myrtle. I gotta study.

I ran outta gas.

The engine isn't perking right tonite. Guess we'd better stop and let 'er cool off.

I sure fell for you the minute I saw you.

Come around some time.

After the week-end I'll sure pound the books.

I'm going to the lib to study tonite."

"Spazzems"

by

F. L. MARTIN

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

No money, no clothes. A little money, clothes. A lot of money, very little clothes.

PREFERRED STOCK

His business was flailing; her business was thriving. So they incorporated and will soon declare a stock dividend. That's 100 per cent American efficiency.

Two's a company and three's a witness for the plaintiff several months hence.

HE KNEW NOT, HE KNEW NOT

Byron said—"In her first passion woman loves her lover; in all others, all she loves is love." The poet knew not of dollars, roadsters and accessories.

Cecil says—"Free love is love as is love—but my word, how expensive."

Under the moonlight he took her in his arms and kissed the rouge off her flappy old lips. "Ah," he growled, "I love you, dearest." "Like hell you do," was the rejoinder. Go dip your bean in a bucket of H₂O three times and take it out twice. Kiss me again, you dumb jackass, and keep your eyes where they belong." Forthwith he up and near ate her, swamping her with petty pecks, and she fingered his adorable, grayish hair. "This is true love," both murmured, smacking some week-old gum. He was nauseated by her plastered complexion and suffocating wig. Then he grasped her tenderly with a vice-like grip, knocking her cold, as the director bawled, "Fine! That's all for today!"

Modern women with their \$1000 evening gowns and magazines with their \$10,000 covers have much in common. Very good looking on display, but not a thing underneath.

LAST OF THE NINTH

When explaining a baseball game to mademoiselle, providing said explanation is done in the stands, it is very indiscreet to illustrate when describing the squeeze play just pulled off.



BEACH SEEN

This doggy bathing suit makes a lot of noise for its size.

PLUS & MINUS

The economist believes that figures are those little intriguing things one tampers with in a bank.

First Stude—We had roast at the house tonight.

Second Stude—Yeh?

First Stude—Righto! My landlady roasted me for coming in stewed.

ODE TO A GOLDFISH

This is a goldfish.

He ain't got no name.

We ain't sure it's a he.

He set us back two-bits.

We had to buy the bowl to put him in.

He ain't worth it.

We don't know what he eats.

He's on a diet but he don't know it.

He'll know it when he gets hungry.

If he dies we won't miss him.

He ain't gonna be with us long.

We don't know where he learned to swim.

He's gonna go out the window too'n't.

—L. S.

1400—FROM THE DIARY OF A SOUBRETTE

And now you bid me drink
Of this antidote to pain,
Another hour and I'll be
Asleep at death's feet.
Oh, efface my conjectures
And but think
To recover me from the brink
That encloses. Scatter again
Your kisses over my head.
Ecstasy
Would repair my heart's lame beat.
Laugh—yours is the boon to
Play forever.
And now that you have done with me
Hurt my throat till I'm no more.
Forget not, though, that last caress.
This slow poison will be sweet today.
And bear with me until I say
Let rasping inconsistency
Move you to this; I implore
You keep of me a thought,
A lonely tress.

1927—EXCERPTS FROM THE PAGES OF FANNETTE OF THE FOLLIES

Say, you, I might be a flamin' Mamie,
And like to wrestle with an ermine coat,
But oo mean little Rolfe Rough
You mighta dished in my direction
Could make me too-boo to you, papa.
Not while I'm conscious
Do you tote back
The diamond studded tiara.
So go dig worms
In some one else's back yard
And get th'ell outa here.

—Ida Faye Sachs.

"We're having a big run on these silk stockings," said the clerk in the dry-goods store.

POLICE RAID LOVE NEST

He walks down the corridor, eyes front, pushing everything before him. He sees what others miss in their hurry through the learned halls. He is always there when dirty work is afoot, and makes a clean sweep of it. But, why shouldn't he? He's brushed up in every classroom—he's taken the trouble to get at the bottom of things!

Well, who is he?—the student body president? No, you say, the janitor.

She is just a mortician's daughter, and, my dear, she's simply killing.

I tell her she's just like a flower because she's always potted.

THE GOLD-DIGGER AND HER SUGAR POPPA

"Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Book Review

"*Tomorrow Morning*," by Anne Parrish. I hailed the advent of this novel with paeans of joy, for I had read with much enjoyment the writer's previous work, that splendid and charming novel, "*The Perennial Bachelor*." This latter was, it will be remembered, a Harper prize novel.

"*Tomorrow Morning*" does not come quite up to the previous standard that Miss Parrish set for herself. It is by no means a poor book but it is a little disappointing. In the first place, the story is slow in getting under way, and the reader's interest tends to lag. However, when this happens, the author always redeems herself by one of those scintillating and brilliant bits of description that she is wont to dispense. The brevity of these is remarkable and artistic.

The end of the book comes with somewhat of a rush—as though the writer were slightly tired of her char-

acters and wished to shove them into oblivion as quickly as possible. Like the "*Perennial Bachelor*," "*Tomorrow Morning*" is a bit whimsical and not a little tragic. All in all, it is a book that you will probably enjoy.

* * *

"*The Royal Road to Romance*," by Richard Halliburton. Ah! Here is a book! The theme is travel, but not travel as "she" usually is. The author, who is a young Princeton grad, doesn't tell you how he personally fed the pigeons at St. Mark's, nor does he tell you about the nice galleries in Florence. He does the unusual and he tells about it in writing that has a distinct, unusual charm. There is a great deal of wit, plenty of beauty, and yet a few thrills to be found in this volume. It is one of those books that the reader hates to put down once he has started it. The end finds one wishing for more.

* * *

"*Lord of Himself*," by Percy Marks. You will, no doubt, remember Mr. Marks as the naughty college professor who came out several years ago with a lurid book which he more or less rightly said represented college life "in those days." As books went, "*The Plastic Age*" wasn't too good; you could search far and wide and never find a boy like Hugh. Why, a chap like that would be too dumb to live. It was quite a bit overdone.

However, the author has redeemed himself to a certain extent in "*Lord of Himself*." This book doesn't make quite the noise that the other did, although it is, in short, the story of several of the characters who figured in the previous work of the author. The outstanding figure is Mrs. Peters. It tends a bit toward sentimentalism in parts, but this deficiency is not a serious one.

C. G. T.



HEARD IN THE VILLAGE

Arty—Why is an artist like a small apartment?

Authoria—And how should I know, dear fellow?

Arty—Because, foolish wench, they are both a little flat.



Jeanette—Is she dumb?

Gene—Dumb? Good Lord, I had that woman out the other day and I asked her if she'd like to stop off somewhere and have a cocktail.

Jeanette—Well?

Gene—She said no, she thought it was really cruel to pull out a rooster's feathers.

SPASMATIC CRITIC ON THE NICKEL SHEET

FAUST—A superfluous production! The mug! Gabe lets it beat hell. Faust loses his soul, pays the devil, forgets himself, and—anyway you got to know your onions to get into heaven.

AFTER SIX DAYS—Cremationously presented! Well worth the price of admission on its fourth trip to town. "—and on the seventh day he rested." (Not a sequel to *Elmer's*.)

BEN HUR—Very vicious! A hurrying race through the Vasqudney, the few instinctively hanging tight to the reins, win by six horses' necks.

ORCHIDS AND ERMINE—A telephone girl's fluctuations. She plugs in on the right number (\$4,000,000) and finds better board.

BLOND OR BRUNETTE—The blond wins, but three isn't any gentleman. Youth must have its fling.

THE PERIL OF PRUDENCE

or

VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT

Once there was a boy working his way through college. His name was Robert and he had earnest brown eyes and a mother to support. Beside this he was supporting a half-witted half-sister and helping to support a number of his fraternity brothers every night. He made the "millionaires' house, played football, basketball, baseball, codfish ball, tennis, hockey and marbles. Beside this he was a Y. M. C. A. leader, president of the Epworth League, of the Student Body and of the Japanese Students' Club. He was, of course, Phi Beta, Sigma Xi and first pick in the Mandolin Society. In spite of being in contact with the insidious undercurrent of undergraduate life, he was not degenerate—in fact he was as pure as ivory soap would like to have you think it is—that is, if ivory soap would like to do anything but float in a bathtub.

But temptation was not far away—

anyway not farther than you could toss a cow.

She was a mean mama by the name of Prudence who wore clothes that fit her too well. Her hair was coal black and her lips—ah! her lips—they were as red as the cherry.

She began simply enough by asking him to help her with her physiology. So he went over to her house one night. She calmly lit a cigarette and blew smoke out of her nose. He looked at her sadly a moment and then said:

"Little girl—dear little girl—did you ever have a mother?"

She gazed at him defiantly for a moment or so then she broke under his stern, honest gaze—

"I—I—guess I must have," she faltered and her eyes burst into tears as she tossed her cigarette into the gold-fish bowl.

He smiled softly as she cried on his shoulder and muttered happily under his breath—"virtue triumphant."

Make this row straight—I hate FIG-
CO spoken.



Short Boy—Do you go to college?
 Longfellow—No, it's my brother's hat and it got caught in a mangle machine.

A College Man Discusses Former Loves

Vilona

Vilona was almost as exotic as her name would imply. She had smoky black hair with purple shadows in it and eyes like rare jade. There was a peculiar Oriental slant to her eye-brows. She was marvelous, enchanting. She was fond of incense and used the *Narcisse Noir* by the case. (For the information of the few we will explain that said *Narcisse Noir* is not a drink.) People always turned and looked at us when I stepped with Vilona. She danced marvelously, like spilled oil on a scarcely perceptible slope. Altogether she was quite the *femme du monde*, aloof, rather bored and always well poised. But one night in a restaurant she drank her coffee without removing the spoon from the cup.

Madge

Madge was quite the sportswoman. She didn't look like one of those "horsey" English duchesses who have equine teeth and a manish stride, but she was as slim as Diana; if Diana was really

slim. It was poetry to watch her silk-stockinged legs flash across the tennis court or see her perfect form in a golf drive. She was almost as good as Helen Wills and Joyce Wethered, and it really looked as though I'd found the ideal woman at last. Just at the crucial moment, however, just as I was about to propose, she piped up and said, "Hey, big boy, ya gotta hunka gum?" Merely reversion to type, you see. I found out later that her father had been a garbage man in Oshkosh.

Evelyn

Fragile and delicate like a bit of priceless Venetian glass—that was Evelyn. Her hair glimmered goldenly and her eyes were a brilliant sparkling blue. She looked innocent—oh! man—but she was a woman who had lived and suffered in spite of her nineteen years. I loved her madly and nearly married her when I found out to my great disillusionment that she was passionately fond of those little green onions that are so tender and so odorous.

INSPIRATION

Dear Edna, I kissed you
 And you got such a thrill!
 The story I wrote—
 Paid a year's tailor bill.

Sweet Florence, the feel of
 Your brow, neck and cheek
 Inspired a lyric
 That kept me a week.

And Dagmar, you darling,
 The touch of your mouth
 Brought forth a cadenza.
 That paid my trip South.

You, Cleo, elusive,
 Could I read your eyes
 I'm sure I should capture
 The Pulitzer prize!
 —Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

SIMILE

As insignificant as a ten dollar bill
 in a night club.

NIGHT HAWK

He goes uptown in his night clothes,
 but they don't run him in because, you
 see, he's a night watchman.

SPASMS

The boss's daughter wasn't any too good looking. One day she came into the office when her old man was absent and went over to the desk where a handsome young fellow was busily employed. No one else was in the office. After a short conversation that was more or less newsworthy on the part of the young man, the girl very brazenly said:

"I'd like to kiss you."

The fellow looked at her doubtfully and considered a moment. He wasn't getting along too fast in the office and maybe if he played up to his employer's daughter a little it might get him in good with the old man. So he stood up, shut his eyes and kissed her. Just then the door opened and the old boy himself stalked in.

"Hm!" he muttered, as he took in the scene. "I ought to fire you for that!"

"Fire me, hell!" retorted the youth. "You ought to pay me time and a half."

THERE ARE CASES AND CASES

Lady (to lawyer's wife)—Where is your husband today?

Lawyer's wife—Oh! He's trying a case today.

Lady—I certainly feel for you, my dear. The last case my husband brought put him in the hospital for three weeks.

It must be irony when they refer to the practice rehearsal of a musical comedy as a "dress rehearsal."



IN THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

She might have been "Just a flower from an old bouquet," but it's a cinch she was no rose.

Radio Trouble Man—Your B battery needs charging.

Master of the House—Fine, we'll let my wife do that. She loves to charge things.

She (very intellectual)—What do you think of "Gulliver's Travels?"

He (not so dumb)—Well, er—er—don't you think it's a little swift, perhaps?

'THE KING'S ENGLISH AS SHE IS'

Frenchman—Ah, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How do you call h-o-o-g-h?

Tutor—Huff.

F.—Fine, huff; and snuff you spell s-n-o-u-g-h, yes?

T.—Oh, no, snuff is s-n-u-f-l.

F.—A beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is huff, I will remember; and o-o-u-g-h is cuff. I have one bad cuff, yes?

T.—No. We say kuff, not cuff.

F.—Pardonnez-moi, how you call d-o-u-g-h? Duff, ha?

T.—No, not duff.

F.—Not duff! Ah, cut, I know it is duff, hey?

T.—No, d-o-u-g-h spells doe.

F.—Doe! It is very fine; wonderful language. It is doe; and t-o-u-g-h is too, certainly. My stork is very too.

T.—Ah, no, no; you should say tuft.

F.—Tuft! And the thing the farmer does, how you call him—p-l-o-u-g-h—pluff? Ha, you smile! I see I am wrong; it is pluff. Not! Ah, then, it is ploe, like doe; it is a beautiful language—ver' fine—ploe!

T.—You are still wrong, my friend. It is plov.

F.—Flow! Wonderful language! I shall understand, ver' soon. One more, r-o-u-g-h is ruff and b-o-u-g-h is buff?

T.—No; bow.

F.—Ah, ver' simple, wonderful language; but I have had what you call o-o-u-g-h, what you call him?

—P. N. F.

From "World of Wits & Humors."



Lady (with the leashed mouse)—You can't make a monkey out of me, Mrs. Muldoon.

Stripes (herself)—No, that I can't, but the good Lord didn't leave much work for the one who can.

"ALL WET"
OR
**"THE RING IN
THE TUB"**
A Tragedy

Time—6:17 a. m.

Place—Bathroom and upper hall of a students' boarding house.

Characters:

No. 1. **Ye College Studs**, called *Sonny* for short. (His real name is *Horatio*.) This gent has a firm forehead and a noble chin. He is attired in a rose-colored bathrobe, trimmed with white astrakhan fur. His whiskers are very manly. From beneath the negligee the careful observer may see a voluminous stretch of yellow crepe pajamas, in an all-over design of quaint colonial influence. Also a pair of feet, hastily stuck into *Juliet's*.

No. 2. **Landlord of a Sixth street boarding house**. This *lunz*, while he may not exactly be vicious, still is bad enough to be dangerous. In short, he is the landlord. His apparel is not to be described—in fact, there isn't any to describe. The quick-thinking reader will have gathered that he is posing for the altogether, as it were. Almost right; he is taking a bath!

Properties—Bathrub, towels, soap; a thin pasteboard wall to give the effect of a bathroom door leading into the hall. Puddle of water on the floor. Anything else the producer may have on hand in the shape of properties.

Action—The curtain rises and one sees—

Sonny—Bath towel slung debonairly over left arm, beating a syncopated tattoo on the bathroom door. In a good strong voice: "Say, looka here. I crave my ablution. How's it coming?"

Landlord, with nice inflection in his voice and vivacity in his eye, reaching with appropriate gestures for the towels on the rack (they meanwhile have playfully slipped into the tub): "Till he through in a minute, sir. Please be calm."

(A speedy curtain)

RELIGIOUS CEREMONY

"Did you go to church on Good Friday?"

"No, I ate a Hot Cross bun and listened to the radio."

They called her loud-mouthed because she used such vivid lipstick.

"Let's call the roll and have breakfast," said the professor to his class.

Her father was a printer, but I can't say exactly that I liked her type.

Stop me if you've heard this one—Being the daughter of a traveling salesman, she naturally had a good line.

**A FROSH DISCUSSES
WIMMEN**

Girls are strange and varying creatures, funniest things I've ever seen.

Each has her ideal features
and by someone loved has been.
Some will wait upon a doorstep
for a long goodnight embrace,
While others shun
the innocent fun
of kissing your spurned face.

I met fast-stepping Lola,
a girl with lots of grace,
Spanish born, and Spanish bred,
pride of a necking race.
I sat out a while to please her,
made a noble advance,
But I was socked in the jaw
by her lady-like paw
when I stole a kiss by chance.

I rushed darling Genevieve,
so innocent and frail.
I placed my lips upon her,
her cheeks turned deathly pale.
She fainted in a loving swoon,
her face had the warmth of fur.
Round her waist awhile
my arm I twined.

and I loved her,
loved her, loved her.
Next was a husky gal,
said she was on the go.
Took her to a movie.

to see a clever show,
During a thrilling moment
she jumped with passion's grace,
In a sudden fit
she threw a fit
and spattered spit
all over my floral face.

Girls are strange and varying creatures,
strangest things I've ever seen.
Each has her ideal features
and by someone loved has been.
Some will slap you if you kiss them,
or insult if you won't.
Some don't like to have you love them,
others have hysterics if you don't.
D. P.

The old adage about "a stitch in time saves nine" doesn't work any more. The modern dress isn't large enough to contain nine stitches.

Whim—Going out tonight?
Simm—Yeh.
W.—Dragging the heap?
S.—Nope, walking.
W.—Why walk?
S.—Sales—can't take chances.

**A DAY IN THE LIFE
OF THE
ABSENT-MINDED
PROFESSOR**

7:30—Flings wife out the window and tells alarm clock "for Lord's sake to shut up."

7:45—Puts his bathrobe gingerly in the tub and throws himself on the floor.

8:05—Eats the laundry and tells his wife "to be sure to send the breakfast out to be washed today."

8:30—Kisses his books good-bye, picks up his wife and starts for school.

9 to 12—Classes.

12:55—Eats his luncheon check and gives the cashier his meal.

1 to 4—More classes.

4:30—Sends a cigar home to his wife and tries to light a bouquet of flowers.

5:45—Lays some old lecture notes out on the bed and throws his tuxedo into the fireplace.

7:30—Parks his wife at the curb and drives his car up the front steps of his host's home.

12 midnight—Puts the cat in his bed and lets himself out the back door.

Contemporary Wit

NOT ONLY BIG-HEARTED

It happened on a west-bound stage, out in God's country. The coach had rounded a dangerous curve and several passengers were discussing stage robberies.

"I was on a coach several years ago and we were held up in this very spot," remarked the gay little flapper. "I saved my vanity case by sitting on it."
"Umph!" snorted the hard-boiled traveling man, who had been on the same trip. "I wish my wife had been along. We could have saved our trunk."—*Iowa Fritul.*

She was just a gardener's daughter, but she knew all the takes.—*Denison Flamingo.*

Father: The man who marries my daughter will get a prize.
Ardent Suitor: May I see it, please?
—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Orphant—Who's that boy standing over there near the horse—with goggles on?
Annie—I don't see any horse with goggles on!—*N. Y. State Lion.*

Woe is the curse of our drinking classes.—*Colgate Blanter.*

"Where are my shoes? I can't find them any place."
"Here they are. Johnny had his violin in one of them."—*Rice Owl.*

My roommate's got such a low mind that he wears his socks to bed to keep his neck warm.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

CURTAIN

I didn't raise my shades to be a spectacle.

"Egad, Horatius, was your Junior Week dance a wet one?"
"Was it? Gadzooks, even the drum was lit up!"—*Cornell Widow.*

"Abie, what you mean by blaying mit matches on de sidewalk? Come right away in de store and blay mit em."
—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

THE LAST LAP

Algy—What becomes of your lap when you stand up?
Reggie—It retires to the rear and pops up under an assumed name.—*Reel.*

Jack—Was she the kind of a girl you'd give your name to?
Black—Yep, but not your right name.—*Punch Bowl.*

"This sort of thing can't go on," announced the two hundred and forty pounder as she tried to struggle into her slim society sister's one-piece bathing suit.—*U. of S. Calif. Wampus.*

AS WHICH OF US ARE NOT?

The modern college girl is judged by the flexibility of her will power.—*Middlebury Blue Blahoon.*

"IT" SHOULD HAVE "IT"

Youth—Papa.
Old Lad—Yes, son?
Youth—Has Elinor Glyn a water cooling system on her typewriter?
—*Washington Dirge.*

"Why is a bachelor?"
"Because he didn't have a car when he was young."—*Lehigh Burr.*

A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE

A gleaming, powerful sport roadster glided easily into the filling station, the muffled heat of the mighty motor reverberating through the night air. At the wheel sat a well-dressed, typical college boy, and at his side was seated one of those stunning girls who are rare outside of literature.

The driver accosted the service man: "How long does it take to drive from here to Roanoke?"

The service man looked calmly at the young man for a moment, gazed with apparent admiration at the girl for more than a moment, and replied: "Well, it takes me about two hours; you ought to make it in five."

—*Virginia Reel.*

ANY ICE TODAY, LADY?

"Why did your maid quit?"
"We installed an electric ice box."—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

BULLONEY

"Mama, why do they put cows on the milk signs?"
"Because the cows give the milk, my dear."
"Then why do they put the bull on the Bull Durham ads?"—*Jester.*

MATERIA MEDICA

"What's good for a sprained ankle?"
"From the looks of it you better try soap and water."—*Lehigh Burr.*

THE HONOR SYSTEM

"How far off from the answer to the first problem were you?"
"About four seats."—*Hucknell Belle Hop.*

"Have you read Spoon River?"
"No, I don't care for Elinor Glyn."
—*Princeton Tiger.*

DOG-GONE

The city man went to the country to do a bit of hunting. A country acquaintance provided the dogs to accompany the hunter. The hunter sallied forth only to return in about an hour.
"Well, why are you back so soon?" queried the farmer.
"I'm after more dogs."
"More dogs? Those were good dogs I gave you."
"I know, but I've shot all those dogs already."
—*Michigan Gargoyls.*

"That's one thing I like about my girl."
"What's that?"
"The guy she goes with."
—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

Luncher (to a man who is making off with his overcoat)—I beg your pardon, sir, but in case we don't meet again, may I have a couple of cigars out of the pocket?—*Stevens Sams Mill.*

"Rastus, you-all am the most narrow-minded possum Ah know."
"Say, bo, if yo' was a little more narrow-minded yo' ears would be on the wrong side of yo' head."
—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Were You Ever Bitten by a Piano?

I used to be afraid of a piano

BUT NOW I HAVE MASTERED ONE AND

Amazed my friends

Six months ago I thought a note was a baby letter. However, I took sixty-nine lessons from the BLOOIE PIANO COMPANY and now I can play anything, from tiddledy-winks to roulette. I can even play the fool.

My friends simply can't understand how anyone can play the way I do. They always clap when I finish. A few months ago they LAUGHED AT ME——now I can MAKE THEM WEEP by merely sitting down at the instrument.

WHY NOT DO THE SAME THING?

**The Blooie Piano Company
WILL TEACH YOU**



For Good Things
To Eat

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

You'll Remember Our Good Coffee. It's Delicious
and Refreshing. All You Can Drink for 10c

THINGS WE SERVE:

Cold, Crisp Salads
Sandwiches
Steaks, Chops
Ham and Eggs

3-Layer Toasted Sandwiches
Box Lunches
Fresh Fruit in Season

BREAKFAST
LUNCH
DINNER **30c**

Good, Fast Service

LISTERINE?

There's one excellent cure for dandruff annoyances and that's a tweed suit—California Pelican.

GOLD-DIGGER!

Jack (hoarsely over the telephone)—
I've got laryngitis.
Jill—I want it.—Crimson Colt.

"Wat didja do last summer?"

"I worked in Des Moines."

"Coal or iron?"

—Williams Purple Cow.

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS

She—How could you live without me?
He—Much cheaper.

—Lehigh Barr.

"I want a bottle of iodine."

"Sorry, but this is a drug store. Can't I interest you in an alarm clock, some nice leather goods, a few radio parts, or a toasted cheese sandwich?"

—Penn. State Froth.

Boofleggers in this country are now said to be stirring their stuff with the real thing—Columbia Jester.

Dear John—I'm giving a house party this week-end. Why don't you come down with the Smiths?

Dear Lydia—Sorry to disappoint the Smiths, but I'm coming down with the Mumps instead.

—Stanford Chaparral.

SO MUCH BOLONEY

There was once a lady who came home from Europe and carefully removed all the stickers from her luggage—Princeton Tiger.

"One baby is born in New York every three minutes," says a newspaper. That must be awfully tiresome for the baby.—Salt Stoker.

"Have you got a cigarette?"

"Lots of them, thanks."

—Stanford Chaparral.

Silence.

More silence.

Strained silence.

He: Don't you think the walls are unusually perpendicular this evening?

—Bliss Tucket.

ISS DEES A SEESTEM?

A theatrical troupe arrived in a New England town late one evening to find that no accommodations were to be had in the only hotel that the place afforded. The landlord did not seem a bit affected by the sad plight of the tourists, but after much persuasion the old fellow said that they could sleep in an abandoned church across the street. For want of any other shelter they accepted, and retired for the night.

About 2 o'clock in the morning the landlord heard the church bell ringing vigorously and sent his son over to see what was the matter. Jake brought back the report:

"They ain't nothing the matter, Pop, but the gent in pew twelve wants a couple of gin fizzes sent right over."

—Williams Purple Cow.

He (livingly)—What would you do if I kissed another girl during the party?

She—Congratulate you.

—Colgate Hunter.

Salt is the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on.

—Grinnell Mulbrasser.



Bum a Hump!

HUMPS ARE THE NEW FRIED CIGARETTE—
VERY SATISFYING, THANK YOU. THE FEW
SCENTS MAKE A BIG FISH OF A DIFFER-
ENCE.



Be Sure to Bum a Hump!

THEY ARE THE PERFECT, THE EXQUISITE
BLEND OF TURKISH ALFALEA AND THE
DOMESTIC STINKWEED.

A POUND OF HUMPS IN LONDON IS JUST
THE SAME AS A POUND ON THE BACK,
HERE.

SPASMS

A young passenger had been angling for several days to get a seat at the captain's table on one of the large Cunard liners. She had reached the stage where she was trying to impress that arrogant gentleman.

"You know," she said, "one of my ancestors came over on the Mayflower!"

"Is that so?" replied the captain, politely. "It's so different nowadays when they can ship the stowaways right back again."

Anton, the ladies' hairdresser, was out with his bride-to-be. It was a beautiful moonlight night, all was silent; it was a night for romance. She put her head gently on his shoulder and sighed in happiness. Anton kissed her with a great deal of expression. Then in his best professional manner he absent-mindedly said, "Which will it be, mademoiselle, windblown or boyish look?"

Slavich's

is

**THE
Place to Go!**

THE BEST OF FOOD

DANCING

PRIVATE BOOTHS

SLAVICH GRILL

(Nick Slavich, Prop.)

56 W. Santa Clara St.

Remember—"Slavich's after the show or dance"

Private Parties Catered to

**You Can't
Go Wrong**

if

**You Go
to the**

**HOTEL
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**Women's
and
Men's
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Hours: 9:00 A. M. to 7:00 P. M.

515 Bank of San Jose Building

Fifth Floor

Presenting the Great American Mel-Drammy

"FROM THE GUTTER DOWN, or WITH ANASTASIA IN THE ADIRONDACKS"

Act I

Scene—Two blades of grass on edge of boulder-lined precipice somewhere near the precincts of Dead Dick Gulf.

Hereovine tenaciously clinging to heretofore acknowledged grassy blade.

Aphasia—No, no, the river—a million times by far than the arms of that brute. His gold mountings depress me. Oh, Otto, flee to your little sylph—help...

(Knock-kneed Ned enters—or rather staggers—you know the gait.)

K. K. Ned—Ah, ah, so that you be, my blighty! Thought you'd lead me the pace, didja? Waaf, you lif' frozen faced wisp, I'll wring your purty neck afore you knock me dead with one o' them cold looks. Now, I gotcha where I wantcha!

(Aphasia releases hold on wilted grass and falls down cruel side of chasm shouting, "The river! The river!")

Act II

Scene—Bottom of Chasm. Aphasia has fallen into potential topos nine where she has opened a hot doughnut stand.

(Otto leaps in.)

Otto—By the holy hox of Satan, is it you—my little Beezleboh, where have you been since yesterday?

(They embrace furiously. Suddenly she thrusts him aside and gives him a searching look.)

Aphasia—Otto, your teeth, let me see 'em.

(He reveals the row of unblemished pearls.)

Aphasia—No, no; you are not the man for me.

Otto—It cannot be so. Is it true! Good God!

(Falls in dead swoon at her feet.)

Act III

Same Scene—Enter the villain.

Aphasia—Ned, at last you have come back. You big brute, come kiss your little sylph on the temple.

K. K. Ned—Heaven hath come to earth. Licht o' my licht, I stand in reverence afore you. (Gets down on his knees and buries his bristling chin in his arms, shaken with shame. While in this position, Aphasia gently knocks him on the head with a doughnut, softly stunning him.)

Aphasia (exultant)—His teeth! Those gold mountings! I'll melt 'em and make a topos tiara for the Queen of the Fireman's Ball, and win the Witch-hee-ha prize from the Camp Fire Gals. To hell with men!

(Nimble leaps up side of precipice, and as last vestige of her dainty call is perceived, the curtain comes down while the applause is conspicuous by its absence.)

"Spartan Spasms"

San Jose
State College's

own

Humorous

Magazine

will

be

published

4

Times a

Year

from now on!

WATCH

for

our next

issue

some time in

June

We will
appreciate
your support

25c a copy

Joe College Says:

*"Wipe Your Nose
on a
Wyde
Hanky!"*

8



JOE COLLEGE, SELECTED AS THE BEST DRESSED MAN AT "STATE," IS FIRM IN THE BELIEF THAT THERE ARE NO BETTER CLOTHES ACCESSORIES THAN THOSE OF WYDE, MANUFACTURERS OF "KUTE KUT" SHIRTS, COLLARS AND HANKIES!



Joe College was elected by his well oiled and easily swayed (quite) fellow students of "State" College as their best dressed man in the long run (upper, trunks and spikes). Therefore Joe, as he is familiarly called, is in a position to dictate fashion. He delights in wearing our collar attached, purple-striped cotton shirts with the tuxedo, and our blue denim creations for the street. He always has a big supply of our multi-colored bandannas on hand and several spare collars to wear.

"Yes," he concludes, "Wyde stuff is the dope all right. I'm all for bigger and 'Wyder' hankies, especially when one has a bad cold."

8

Oh boy!



Well here it fiz-
Folks say it fiz-
I'll hope it fiz-
an' swear it fiz-
cause fiz

The Greatest
La Torre
ever