

EL TORO



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES



Tie him in an Arrow knot!

NO need to worry about that Beau Brummel on your Holiday list. Give him an Arrow tie—and watch his eyes sparkle!

Arrow ties are right—styled with the infallible Arrow touch.

And—their construction is resilient and durable.

\$1 and \$1.50

Free Parking with
purchase of \$1 or
more. Merchants
Parking Station,
Market at Post St.

SPRINGS

70 YEARS IN THE HEART OF SAN JOSE
SANTA CLARA AT MARKET

TORO TIPS HIS HAT!!

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"Now where in 'ell did that guy go?"

—Exchange.

FIRST AT SAN CARLOS

HALE BROS

ESTABLISHED 1876

SAN JOSE, CALIF.



*What's Worse than
a Problem in Math?*

The **CHRISTMAS** **GIFT PROBLEM**

For The Women
Give a Yardley
Gift Set 2.35



Polished Glass
Perfume
Bottles 79¢

Genuine Leather
Bags 2.95

Metal
Jewelry
1.00

New Pigskin
Gloves
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Umbrellas
2.95

Fur Trimmed
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Sweater 4.95

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New BVD Pajamas
1.95

Arrow Hdk's
35¢ 3 for 1.00

Holeproof Sox
In Boat Patterns
50¢

Catalina Knit
Thru Back
Sweater 5.00



EVERY
LADY
THRILLS
ON
RECEIPT
OF
Beardsell
PORTRAITS

STUDIO - THIRD FLOOR
• 246 SOUTH FIRST STREET, SAN JOSE



Gift Notes
from **HAMMER'S**

***CORDUROY ROBES PAJAMAS**

THEY MAKE STUDYING SUCH A LUXURY THAT WE GUARANTEE THEY WILL MAKE AN 'A' STUDENT OUT OF HER

17.98

***FLANNEL ROBES**

THAT WILL TAKE THE CHILL OUT OF THE MORNINGS FOR HER AND PUT THE WARMTH INTO HER HEART FOR YOU

4.98-5.98

***TWIN SWEATER SETS**

IT WILL BE MORE THAN DOUBLY APPRECIATED, FOR THEY HAVE EVERYTHING - STYLE, COLOR, UTILITY

2.98-3.98

***SLOPOVER SWEATERS**

SHE NEVER HAS ENOUGH OF THEM - ESPECIALLY OF THE KIND HAMMER IS SHOWING - AND (WHISPER) THE MAN IS SHE WISHERS RIGHT

***SMOCKS**

NO NEED TO TELL YOU ABOUT THEM, FOR IF YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING, YOU'VE HEARD HER RAVE ABOUT THOSE. SHE'S BEEN IN OUR WINDOWS

1.98

WE'LL PACK EACH ARTICLE IN A GIFT BOX, OF COURSE!

HAMMER
SMART COTTONS • SPORTSWEAR

218 So. First St., between "The Mission" and "The Owl"



'T WAS THE NITE BEFORE
THE MORNING AFTER!



Walking down Wall Street early one morning, a cold shower enthusiast came upon a man lying in the street, sleeping.

"Get up, my good man. You'll catch cold here," he said.

The prone one turned over, looked up.

"What time is it?"

"It's eight o'clock."

"Well, beat it. The Exchange doesn't open until ten." —*Proth.*



"I was quite upset when Jack kissed me."
"Oh! Never been kissed before?"
"Oh, yes, but never in a cabine." —*Proth.*

M. BLUM & CO.

QUALITY *Gift* STORE!

*Intimate Gifts
Win Warm Thanks*

NIGHT GOWNS SATIN & CREPE ~~\$1.95~~ ~~\$7.95~~
DANCE SETS SATIN & CREPE ~~\$1.00~~ ~~\$2.95~~
COSTUME SLIPS SATIN & CREPE ~~\$1.00~~ ~~\$3.95~~

Collegienne Pajamas

Newest Fashions

DIRECT FROM NEW
YORK IN SILK, CREPE,
SATIN, ACETATE and
CORDUROY...

\$2.95 to \$15



PHOENIX
SAN TOY
BELLE-SHARMEER
GIFT HOSIERY

TICKETS GIVEN

ON

ST. LEO'S \$5000 HOUSE AND \$1000 CASH PRIZE...



SALLY BROWN BOSS THIS PRICE
SWEATER DRESS OF VIOLINA,
HAT WITH ADJUSTABLE BRIM,
BROWN, BUCKLE, OXFORDS, . . .
MISS JOYCE GRIMES IS WEAR-
ING THIS COLLEGIATE OUTFIT.
DRESS 12.95
HATS 15.95
17.50

Roos Bros

FIRST NEAR SANTA CLARA

FALLING JUST, ALL THE COMFORT
OF A BAGLAN TOPICANT CAN NOW BE
HAD IN A SUIT. THIS NEW BAGLAN
WILL BE A BIG FEATURE AMONG
THOSE WHO LOVE THE COMFORT
AND STYLE THIS NEXT SPRING
MR. THOMAS HAWKINS IS WEARING
THIS SUIT. PRICE \$32

CHRISTMAS CAROL

(To be sung to the tune of "Jingle Bells," leaving out the chorus, which won't fit.)

It's been a long and weary month
Since first we came in view
We worked and worked—oh, very hard
To send "The Bull" to you

"El Toro" came into the world
The sun did shine that day
November's chill had yet to come
But clouds were on their way.



And so again we make our stand
Of humor—old and new
It's now December, winter's come
The skies are not so blue.

But still we spread our bits of joy
And hope they're not too trite
And that the bearded gentlemen
Will call on Christmas night.

—G. B.



SAN JOSE STATE

**EL
TORO**



SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE FOUNDED IN 1857--SAN JOSE STATE "EL TORO" FOUNDED BY JORDAN KELLOGG IN 1955. PUBLISHED IN NOVEMBER THROUGH SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE UNDER SUPERVISION OF THE CONTROLLER'S OFFICE. ★ ★

TORO asks, "Do you believe in Santa Claus?" He thinks his cartoonists do. Everything they laid their hands on in this issue somehow turned into a picture of the old gentleman. Not even the Bull was spared. Witness him cheerfully supplanting the reindeer (or the airplane) and hauling Santa and a carload of greetings. They nearly got him on the fly leaf all dressed up in Santa's costume, but he refused to pose, so a couple of students were planted on Fourth street and they pinch hit for Toro in singing your Christmas carols.



TORO says that in spite of the boogey man, ultra-ultra tradition teardowners, and bloated cynicism—children still wait with wide-eyed expectancy and Santa Claus is coming to town. Perhaps not with jingle bells, but with a hi-de-ho to boot.

Maybe he's a bit old-fashioned, but faith, it is said, is a beautiful thing. Too many people conclude that such things as, for instance, virginity and Santa Claus are no longer existent. But here it is Christmas season again, spirit and carols and gifts and good cheer and all; and because he is naive enough to think that there IS a Santa Claus, this month's number is dedicated to sweethearts worrying about what to give, atrociously colored gift ties, bebagged clerks, and the uniform "isn't this lovely" expression of polite falsehood.

His faith even extends to the government's presenting us with a gift, all prettily wrapped up in red tape.



TORO inaugurates a new department this issue. He's got one of his little Bull reporters snooping around the campus. The little Bull, with not too much bull will give the low down on campus spots. (They were so nice to him in the Health Cottage that he may be rather biased—after this reporter came out of that recuperating place three other members of Toro's staff followed him in rapid succession.)



TORO is magnificently proud of his gift page. He profusely thanks his advertisers for their assistance in making the layout and hopes the boy friends and the gal friends get some hot tips from it. A Christmas toast to you the frans the advertisers.



TORO nearly forgot to wish everyone a Happy New Year, etc. Santa, he explains, is such an important old thing that he really can't be slighted. He didn't bring Toro the long pants he asked for so very politely, but he did bring him four extra pages for the December issue, which gives him a cheery send off for the New Year. But Toro hopes the little greeting the Registrar's office is sending between Christmas and New Year (to make double "Best Wishes") will bring you joy for the coming year.

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RAYMOND WALLACE**CHARLES LEONG****HUMOR • CHILD OF BEWILDERED WISDOM**



I wonder what mama is sending me for Xmas.



"SAY-ARE YOU SANTA CLAUS?"



MOTHER KNOWS BEST!



-AND NO FLIRTING WITH
BLONDES ON THE JOB-



LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY



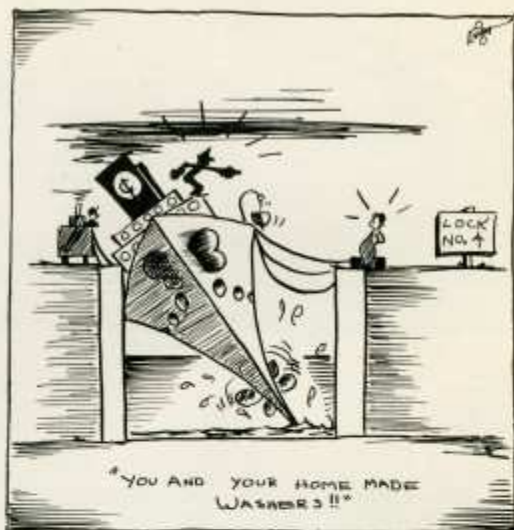
IF MRS. DIONNE HAD MARRIED
A COLLEGE YELL LEADER





Fancy seeing you this morning,
Greetings, Jones!
Still this mundane earth adorning?
Ah there, Jones.
Those chem notes of mine you borrowed,
Remember, Jones?
That new tie whose loss I sorrowed,
You wore it, Jones.
That gorgeous creature I don't rate with,
Your doing, Jones.
That five I let you have to date with—
Confess it, Jones.
Say Jones, one word before we're finished,
My pal, Jones.
What's that? Your cash is, too, diminished.
Curse you, Jones!
May the wolves howl o'er your bones!
Farewell, Jones.

IO Q



• TORO SNOODS THE CAMPUS •

(It was decided to begin this series of informal articles about interesting campus spots at the Edwin Markham Health Cottage, partly because the Toro's reporter is here at the moment and partly because those who aren't here after Thanksgiving turkey are pretty sure to be here the morning after that New Year's party.)

It is a pretty super place, this Health Cottage. You come in tired and aching and sink—or climb, to be more accurate—into bed. Nice room—soft pastel walls, the heavenly blue of a Maxfield Parrish print, and clean windows for the first time since you left home for a college education. Quiet...and warm...sleepy...and sleepier...

You are awakened by the brisk clatter of blue pottery dishes on your dinner tray. The starched nurse gives you a broad grin as she snaps on your lamp, and you begin to feel more optimistic—perhaps you won't die after all. Food specializes in quality (meaning less quantity, of course) but patients don't starve. As you demolish broth and custard, you are aware of radios—several radios—all on different stations. A bit of detective work locates yours—you turn it on and enter competition with the other dozen.

When she comes for your tray the nurse asks if you'd like a mag. or two. Having decided to survive, you agree on two or more. Here you are introduced to a delightful and unique Health Cottage feature—the gals who seem to spend all their time making life

pleasant—bringing mags. (the magazine supply is limitless and—don't mob the place—they actually have some *Esquires*! not to mention *El Toro's* adv.) They also fix radios, get extra pillows and drop in for a chat when you're lonely.

About the time you are ready to sleep some more, a nurse wanders around with hot cocoa. The radios die out and peace descends.

By next morning various pals up and down the hall have discovered you are "in" and they stick their mugs in to wish you luck. (They stick their mugs in whether they know you or not—swell place to get acquainted.) When your pal in a too short bath-robe is accosted by the nurse with "what are you doing in here!" he smiles sweetly and says, "I musta' got lost." And she will grin some more and send him back to bed. None of the cold professionalism of a hospital—the charming informality of the place is one of its greatest virtues.

The "doc" drops in twice a day. His calm expression and chatter about the game are reassuring, even though he does practically gag you while looking down your throat.

Two or three peaceful days of this calm routine and then you regretfully depart to continue the struggle with assignments, three hour labs, and library fines. However, you return fortified with good food, rest, and an amazing line of gags gleaned from radio programs.

—Round About Reporter.





KEEP AGOIN'

If you think you see a cop
Keep agoin'
If he signals you to stop
Keep agoin'
Ain't no use to sit and fight
Over what he thinks is right
Press the gas with all your might
and; keep agoin'
If your girl gives you the sack
Keep agoin'
For a guy that's got more jack
Keep agoin'
Do what love boks always teach
Hunt yourself a sunny beach
Pick yourself another peach, but,
Keep agoin'
If your dancing with your doll
Keep agoin'
If upon the floor you fall
Keep agoin'
If you see her to her door
When the town clock booms out
four
And you hear her father roar
Get agoin'



She: John, dear I wouldn't let anyone else kiss me like this.
He: My home isn't John.
—Jack O'Lantern

BATTLE OF THE SENTURY

The tale of the dogfish begins the Saturday before the end of last winter quarter. After spending a frantic morning hacking at a very dead dogfish in the zoo lab, it became evident that it would be impossible to complete excavations and drawings by noon, when the lab. was to be locked. The only out seemed to be to take the fish home and continue operations in the back yard.

We waited until most of the students had left and then, ignoring the reproachful gleam of Wistful Willy's fishy eyes, we severed head from body and hastily chucked the body into our lab. smock, the only available winding sheet.

The trip to the bus station wasn't bad—thanks to no red lights and a fresh breeze—but as soon as we mounted the bus it became apparent that grief impended. No sooner were books and smock settled than a pale green sensation crept up the aisle. At the first stop, a block later, hardy males rose in their seats and began struggling with windows stuck with the Dust of Ages. The odor of formaldehyde (in which Wistful Willy had been pickled), and the odor of Wistful Willy himself (stronger in death than in life), grew more and more potent despite the open windows. Battling Fishhead vs. Kid Formaldehyde! For six stops they were evenly matched, but in the seventh the hot blood of the scaly champion boiled over. The Kid faded.

Suspicion for this odoriferous outrage seemed to settle on a grimy individual who slumbered on the front seat. Shamelessly we joined the sniffers and glared at him with the rest. Unfortunately he got off at a way station and the aroma became even more violent. Suspicion began to settle on us, and no amount of defensive sniffing on our part could hide the fact that something drastic was being planned by our fellow passengers. Finally, the driver turned around with a bitter look and an air of stern decision. We could hear no more. Hastily grabbing books and the fatal smock we made a rush for the door. As we escaped we were aware of a profound sigh from the passengers and the chirping voice of one sprightly infant—"Mamma, Mamma, who d'ya think she killed!"

—B. B. '38.



Bull Prof.—"Mr. Gish, use the noun 'Pencil' to the best advantage in a sentence".
J. Gish—"I must wear suspenders or my pencil fall down."

See the happy moron—
He don't give a damn.
Wish I was a moron;
Gosh, I bet I am!



LUFF

Love is the thing (in the spring)
That spoils classes.
Love is as sweet as
New England molasses.
Oh boy.

(Ed. Note.—Love, like molasses,
Is sweet, used with care.
Or else, like molasses,
It gets in your hair.) J. C.



1



4



5



10-34 - GORDON
RED SATIN ONES
WITH WHITE POLKA
DOTS. THIS SUPER SWAN
FROM BLUMS.

2-APPLIED SMOKE
OF PEASANT CRASH
WITH WOODEN BUTTON
FROM HAMMERS.

3- HALL'S MEN'S SHOP SUGGESTS A NEW SHIRT
TIE - ON SWAN HANDKERCHIEFS - FOR HIM.

4- LOVELY LADIES ADORE LOVELY THINGS - SUCH AS
THESE GLEAMING SATIN UNIDES WITH LACE TRIM
FROM PRUSSIAN.

5- CHEERY RED SWEATER SET WITH WOODEN BUTTONS
AND WOVEN BELT - LACE SCARF AND WOOLY MITTENS
FROM GARDEN CITY WINTER.

6- WALGREEN'S SUGGEST A MIDGET RADIO OR DESK
SET FROM THEIR GIFT SELECTION.

Gifts



ZIPPER
FITTED DRESSING
CASE OF GENUINE
LEATHER
FROM ROOSBROS.

LEON JACOBS OFFER
KNITTED GOODS, SOCKS
AND HANKERCHIES

RED ENAMEL SMOKING STAND
VERY SWANK AND VERY MODERN

VERY SWELLELEGANT FOR HER CHRISTMAS....
ROOS MARDON BORE WITH WHITE PIPING AND
THE NEW HIGH COLLAR.

WARM FOR WIND, RAIN OR SNOW EVEN A
QUIMBLE SEAT THIS THREE PIECE SCARF SET.....
FROM HALE BROS.

FROM SPRING: ARROW SHIRT---BELT BUCKLE---BRACE
SOX---HANKERCHIES---AND A SWELLTIE



•Eel Terror•

"What's a good thing to give a girl for Christmas?" asked my roommate the other day. "I got a jane I want to make a hit with, but I don't savvy women. You oughta know somethin' good to give her."

"Why not a book?"

"She can't read."

"Oh, I see, the cultured type. Then give her a nice box of fine chocolates."

"You don't know this fem. She likes jelly beans."

"Well, give her some perfumed bath salts."

"She never takes a bath."

"A little hard to buy for, isn't she? Maybe she'll go in for it if you get her some of this fancy perfumed soap. I saw some yesterday, two bars in a nice box for a dollar."

"Well, that's an idea. I'll think it over. How do you talk to a dame to make a good impression on her, anyway?"

"That is a matter calling for the greatest finesse," I told him. "You must compliment her. Speak about



most compliment her. Speak about her beautiful hair, her lovely features, her smooth skin. You might compare her figure to some famous work of art, like this, 'Darling, your figure is like the Taj Mahal, a dream of beauty, white and graceful, perfect of its kind.'

"What's the Taj Mahal?"

"It's a tomb, you dope, but that doesn't make any difference. The point is that it is one of the finest pieces of architecture in existence."

"Well, the whole business sounds kinda silly to me," he grunted, "but I'll try it."

Christmas night he came home with a black eye and a sour look. "Fat lot you know about women," he grumbled. "See what your dumb ideas got me," pointing to his eye.



"Did you do what I told you?" I asked.

"Yeh, that's just what's the trouble. She began to get mad as soon as I gave her the soap, and she kept gettin' madder all evening."

"What kind of soap did you give her?"

"Well, four bits a bar seemed kind of expensive for the soap you was talkin' about, so I got her a dozen bars of Life Buoy. It'll last longer and be more use."

"And she got sore? How odd! I suppose you complimented her, the way I told you to?"

"Yeh, and that's somethin' else. I says, 'Kid, how swell the stars shine tonight on your incomparable scalp,' and she gave me a kind of funny look, so I thought maybe she was softening up a bit, and I ran my hand up and down her arm and says, 'Say, this skin of yours would make keen bookbinding.' She jerked her hand away, and I thought maybe I said the wrong thing, so I says, 'You sure have got pretty eyeballs, sort of a liver brown with zinc white around it, and a dash of blood in the corners. I could see then she was gettin' sore, so I tried another line. I say, 'There ain't a finer schnozzle on this coast than the one you got hangin' on front of your face.'"

"Don't see anything wrong so far. Did you remember to speak of her beautiful figure?"

"Yeh, that's what got me this eye. I couldn't remember the name of the tomb you said, so I just leans back and looks her up and down, and I says, 'Baby, you got a build like Grant's tomb,' and then she socked me. I can't understand women." R.W.

•Eel Tortoise•

Isaac Walton, "Now is the time to fish for Chavender or Chub."
—(The Compleat Angler.)

There is a fine stuffed chavender
A chavender or chub
That hangs inside the Clavender
The clavender or club
Wherein I eat my gravender
My gravender or grub.
How cosy is the chavender,
How good the honest gravender
I jump into my tavender
My tavender or tub
And there my back I scavender
I scabender or scrub.
How soothing is the tavender
How good it is to scavender
Outside there blooms a shravender
A shravender or shrub
Whose fragrance is of lavender
Of lavender or lub
Why blooms the fragrant
shavender?
Why do I in the clavender
Consume my honest gravender?
What logic for to scavender
Within the soothing tavender?
What rythm in the chavender?
Am I perface a davender
A davender or dub?
Says Hamlet, "There's the raven-
der—
The ravender or tub."



EVE'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTIE

By Raymond Wallace

CHARACTERS:

Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile.
 Antony, her sugar daddy.
 Violetta, the handmaiden, who began at the bottom
 as a chiropodist and worked up.

TIME:

The night before Xmas, 555 B. C.

(Antony bursts into room with a Santa Claus suit under his arm. The maid is dusting.)

ANTONY: "Hi, keed. Well, I got it. Verily, I was just in time. It was the last one in the bazaar."

VIOLETTA: "Thou hadst better beat it with the suit. Sooth, I hear my fair mistress barreling down the hall."

Antony ducks through a small door a second before Cleopatra enters through another.)

CLEO: "What tidings, Violetta?"

(Violetta breaks into a tap-dance, humming "Santa Claus is Comin' to Town.")

CLEO: "Leave off that. You're growing old before your time. That song won't be written for twenty-six hundred years yet."

(Antony enters in the Santa Claus suit, complete with beard.)

ANTONY: "How now, my child, hast thou been a good little girl?"

CLEO: "Don't give me that old line, big boy. get out your stylus and take down my order. I want a new mummy for my little sister, and a brace of adders for myself, and you'd better chuck in a new sword for Antony." (Aside, to Violetta: "How'm I doin', hey-hey?") And a new golden chariot with four milk-white horses, and as long as everything is on the house take out for a new beard for yourself."

ANTONY (scribbling with his stylus): "It shall be done, gracious lady." (Aside, to the audience, which is you, savage reader: "Pipe down in the gallery. What d'ya want, an eight day Passion Play? Ya get the whole magazine for a dime, doncha?") "Sweet Cleopatra, my three varlets in uniform and a Ford will bring all to you upon the stroke of twelve." (He turns as if to go.)

CLEO: "Stay, prithee, stay. I'm not half done yet. Have them bring me also a diamond necklace, a dozen assorted bracelets, the prime minister's head on a platter, a set of gold salad forks, a pyramid, a movie camera, a copy of Hans Brinker, and a—"

ANTONY: "Say, who d'ya think I am, Santa Claus?"



STUCK: they never learn.

•HEL-P•

"Anybody sitting here, buddy? Fine, don't care if I do! Say, haven't I seen you some place before? Funny, could have sworn I had. That spaghetti you're eating? Ha Ha! Reminds me of lab yesterday. We had some maggots out there. Naw, we raised these ourselves. Feed them on rotten horse meat. Well anyway, these maggots were all squirming around—you know how they sound when they squirm? Old Joe Stackerlee says, 'Gosh, looks just like the spaghetti the cafeteria served yesterday.'"

"Joe's funny that way. One time we were taking tape worms out of dogs—you know what a tapeworm looks like, don't you. About the size of that spaghetti, only bluish with little warts. Well, old Joe—"

"Say what's the matter, buddy. Your face is turning green just like—Glub! Glub! Help! Waiter! Police! That guy just pushed a plate of spaghetti in my face!"

With Violet cuddling in his arms
He drove a Ford—poor silly.
Where he once held his Violet
Now he holds a lily. Log



LOVE ME FOREVER

In my solitude I wished on the moon, it was a blue moon then, but now without a word of warning, I find that I'm falling in love with someone. When we're two together, I say "Isn't it a lovely day," but you, sophisticated lady, hum Broadway rhythm, and so I'm misunderstood.

Now I've thrilled to the strains of the piccolo while dancing cheek to cheek with the lady in red who wore the rose in her hair, but you're different. I've told every little star that I found a dream, but I've got double trouble because I'm on a see saw, and although I feel a song coming on, I'm shy about telling you for your a little bit independent. Perhaps it's the accent on youth.

Tender is the night, I am with you, and you are my lucky star so why dream? I've no strings, I'm fancy free. How's about it baby let's go to the honey moon hotel which is east of the sun and thence to treasure island where we can watch red sails in the sunset and gaily cry "Here's to Romance."

—B. V.

• • • • • TRAPPED • • • • •

Mr. Birtwhistle shoved the muzzle of his Smith and Wesson into the back of the man in the red suit who was just emerging from the fireplace. Whirling, the man dropped the heavy sack he was carrying with a clatter to the bricks.

"What means this outrage?" he spluttered through his beard.

"A felony," teased Mr. Birtwhistle. "Forcible entry into a dwelling house—(and don't tell me it didn't take force to get you down that chimney). One to twenty years, Santa Claus."

"But I was bringing this gun—"

"Oh yes, forcible entry into a dwelling house with a deadly weapon. Twenty years to life—looks bad for you, Mr. Clause."

"But I was bringing this gun to your little son—"

"Aha, contributing to the delinquency of a minor! I shouldn't wonder if—no, I guess life's all you'll get."

"But your little son wrote me a letter—"

"Certainly, breach of contract. He wanted a bicycle."

"But I have been doing this for years—"

"So, a habitual criminal! I suppose you'll get used to prison life after a time—most do."

"Can't you let me go? My reindeer get cold feet."

"And cruelty to animals. My, my, Santa, you certainly are an old rip, aren't you?"

"And all these togs here—"

"Let me see them. Oh yes, by the way, have you a permit to bring these togs into the country? Have you paid duty? Have they been inspected for noxious foreign infections?"

"No, but—"

A plaintive child—wail floated down the stairs. "Pa-pa!" As Birtwhistle's vigilance relaxed a moment, Claus knocked the revolver from his grasp, ducked, and bolted up the chimney. A moment later sleighbells could be heard growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

"Papa, who was that?"

"You wouldn't know, son. Pap just surprised an old friend."



FACTS OF LIFE

Little Oscar Pickledill's twenty-first birthday arrive.

Now, Oscar's father, realizing his duty to his son on his twenty-first birthday, and not being a person to shirk his duty, called little Oscar into his study to give him the dope.

"My son," he began, "I-uh, er-well, the thing is- ah-er- There's something you ought to know. But maybe you'd better go see your uncle Twicklestitch Pickledill, he's a doctor and can tell you better than I can."

So, little Oscar hied himself over to dear old uncle Twicklestitch's hangout to get the lowdown on the situation.

Uncle Twicklestitch was also rather reticent about breaking the news to little Oscar. "I think it's best," he quavered, "that you go see your uncle Linspoodle Pickledill—he's a man of the world and can tell you better than I can."

So, little Oscar followed his feet over to uncle Linspoodle's speakeasy in eager expectance of the facts of life.

"Well," crawled uncle Linspoodle. "I-uh, er- um— Perhaps your old, old granpappy can break the facts to you most gently. He's had more experience than I have."

In spite of his aching feet, little Oscar shambled down to see his old, old, old granpappy.

"My boy," bravely paternalized the old, old, old, old granpappy in a cacophonous voice, "brace yourself. This is harder on me than it is on you. Son, there AINT no Santay Claus—"

Roses are blue,

Violets are pink

Immediately after

The thirteenth drink.

—Yale Record.



The barber takes the red hot towel
As though he were just learning,
And drops it quickly on your face
To keep his hands from burning.
—Siren.

Lift your limpid, lazy, lips
Upward to be kissed.
How can you be uncongenial
On a night like this?

The misty, mellow, moonlight
Floods the valley through
With a curious enchanted
Love-enticing dew.

So lift those lazy, limpid, lips
Upward to be kissed.
I could love a walrus, dear,
On a night like this.

He: What a night! What a girl!
What a combination!

She: Oh, dear, is that showing too?

THE STUDENT'S PRAYER

Now I'm back upon my feet,
I pray that lunches I may eat;
Until next term is starting when
The bookstore makes me poor again.
—Panther

"Goodness, George! This is not our
baby! This is the wrong carriage."

"Stut up! This is a better carriage."
—Red Cat

"What kind of a dress did Betty
wear to the party?"

"I don't know, but I think it was
checked."

"Boy, that must have been some
party."
—Skipper





**The only difference between
Xmas vacation and the rest of
the year is that during Xmas
vacation you sleep in your
Tuxedo** — punch bowl

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We've been pals for 6 years >> you have watched us grow from swaddling clothes to maturity. You have seen a great deal of printing pass through our doors >> Now bigger and better business forces us to leave the old location >> We move to larger and better quarters just three doors south of our old place, where we proudly feel, service will be improved by better facilities. So—from 1435 South First Street we move to—

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

GLOBE PRINTING CO.
J. FELICE, PROP.

MY GLANCING LADY

I know I'm a monster, I know I'm a brute,
I know I'm a wretch, as implied by your mute
And withering gaze as you cling to the strap,
Your eyes gleaming fierce as I raise from my lap
My paper to see who's done what in the news,
If you had your way, I'd be hung in a noose,
Or chained with a vulture devouring my gizzard,
Or lost without clothes in an Antarctic Blizzard,
Or my factors reduced to a mere flock of zeroes,
Or fed to some lions by ebullient Neroes,
Or tied to an anthill all covered with honey,
Or cast in the gutter without friends or money,
Most any sad death would be pleasanter, far,
Than the Fate you consign to me here in this car.

Now Lady, I beg of you, step off my feet.
My chivalry's gone—you can't have my seat.

—Eps. '39,

"I wonder why Alice always gives me the same old stall?"

"Probably because you're the same old jackass."

—Wampus





"TAKE THE BEARD OFF
SANTA AND HE'S JUST
PLAIN FOLKS

"Let Sears Be Your Santa"

GIFTS FOR EVERY
MEMBER OF THE
FAMILY

Sear Super Sale Selection.

Sear, Roebuck & Co

350 South First, San Jose, Calif.



"Ah Ha! A stowaway!"

(At the aquarium)

Willie—"There's man-eating sharks
in that tank."

Johnnie—"How come?"

Willie—"I just pushed in paw, and
he ain't there now."

—Log.

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two:
Everything they say,
And everything they do.
—Purple Parrot.



"And I thought I was going
up per hour!"

Just a Suggestion **SWEATERS**

THEY'RE
THE LATEST



OR

BARREL
SWEATERS

MADE
IN OUR
OWN
FACTORY



OR

BLOUSES

And
THAT
ISN'T ALL



SWEATER SETS

DROP AROUND AND SEE
SOME GIFTS THAT WILL
MAKE HER HEART HURRY

at the

**GARDEN CITY
•KNITTERY•**

81 PASSEO COURT

42 S. FIRST ST.

Candies Rhyme with Christmas

AND NOTHING COULD BE
MORE SWELL ELEGANT THAN
BETSY ROSS' CANDIES AT
CHRISTMAS TIME

DROP IN AND WATCH US
MAKE THE BEST CANDIES
IN SAN JOSE JUST
NORTH OF THE MISSION
THEATRE ON 1ST.

Betsy Ross

•CANDIES•

222 SOUTH FIRST STREET
SAN JOSE, CALIF.

*Advice to
Doting Beaus
and
Bothered Belles*

SEE

Walgreen's

for
*Unlimited Gift
SUGGESTIONS*

**JUST 3 BLOCKS FROM
THE COLLEGE**

CORNER OF FIRST STREET & L
SAN ANTONIO.

"May I borrow your pen?"
"Yep."
"Would you lend me a couple of sheets of paper?"
"Yep."
"Have you an envelope?"
"Yep."
"Will you mail this letter for me?"
"What's your girl's address?"
—Sun Dial

**Don't
THROW THEM AWAY!**

FLINDT'S
SOLE AND HEEL SHOP
WILL MAKE THEM LIKE
NEW AGAIN

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157 SOUTH SECOND**

**THIS IS AN EXAMPLE OF ..
THE MANY ATTRACTIVE GIFTS
NOW OBTAINABLE AT THE ..
CO-OP. DROP IN ANY TIME
AND WE WOULD BE MORE THAN
GLAD TO SHOW THEM TO ..
YOU,**

COOPERATIVE STORE

---the assignment

The text lies clean and spotless white
The pages stick.
He'll postpone cramming 'til the night.
His dome is thick.

---contemplation

That stuff's a snap.
I'm not a sap.
The ex will be a pipe
oh hum.

---ex

These profs are nuts.
I knew this stuff
That question there ---the fifth--
Oh, well, next ex I'll make it up.

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are the
VERY
essence of
Christmas

THRILL HER WITH
ONE OF OUR
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LINE of
CHRISTMAS
CANDIES.

*You've ever
seen*

DROP IN AND
TRY THEM

33 E. SAN ANTONIO
SAN JOSE
CRAWFORD - PROP.

PRACTICAL POETRY

In days gone by
When crooners cried
Beneath a maiden's window,
To stop the sob
Was quite a job,
'Twas hard to 'scape his
winnow.

But the modern miss
Receives her kiss
From a radio by the bed,
Should the crooner bore
He'll sing no more,
A snap of the dial—he's dead.

—Carmen Dragon.



As we see it, the main difference
between a freshman and a senior is
that the former hates to leave his family
behind him, and the latter is wor-
ried about taking his home.

—Exchange.

She: Do you love children?
He: Yes. How old are you?

—Drexler.



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TAILORED *for*
COATS and DRESSES
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Says

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NEEDS

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