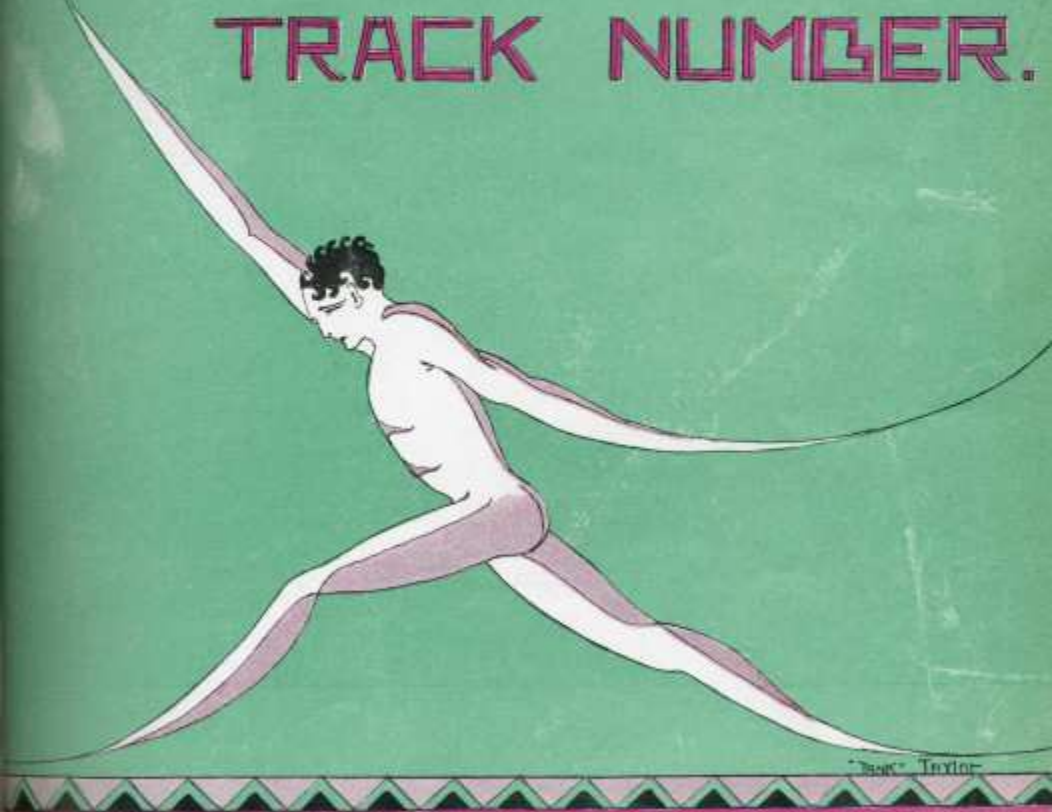


LIBRARY
MAY 20 1928

Spartan Spasms

TRACK NUMBER.



"Jack" Taylor

May, 1928

35c

This Is a Directory of Our Advertisers Patronize Them!

CALIFORNIA THEATRE	345 S. FIRST ST.
COOPER-CHALLEN REALTY CO.	7 W. SANTA CLARA ST.
CRAWFORD'S CANDY SHOP	96 S. SECOND ST.
DE LUXE CLEANERS	224 E. SANTA CLARA ST.
GARDEN CITY CREAMERY	76 E. SANTA CLARA ST.
HOTEL ST. JAMES BARBER SHOP	127 N. FIRST ST.
J. C. PENNEY CO.	51 S. FIRST ST.
LAUNDRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION	SAN JOSE, CALIF.
KOCHER & SONS, JEWELERS	SECOND & SAN FERNANDO
LIFE SAVERS	NEW YORK
McMURDO CIRCULATING LIBRARY	30 E. SAN ANTONIO
NACE PRINTING COMPANY	156 W. SAN FERNANDO
O'BRIEN'S CANDY STORE	223 S. FIRST ST.
RUDOLPH'S CANDY STORE	36 E. SAN ANTONIO
SAN JOSE BUILDING AND LOAN ASSN.	81 W. SANTA CLARA
SAN JOSE CREAMERY	149 S. FIRST ST.
SHERMAN, CLAY & CO., MUSIC STORE	147 S. FIRST ST.
SPRINGS, CLOTHIERS	MARKET & SANTA CLARA STS.
WILLIAMS, J. S., CLOTHIER	227 S. FIRST ST.

Patronize Our Advertisers!

"So your family gave you a wrist watch when you entered college. What do you think they will give you when you graduate?"

"Don't know. Grandfather's clock, most likely."

—Texas Ranger.

•••

Brown: My mother-in-law has a habit that I would like to break.

Jones: What habit is that?

Brown: Breathing.

—Notre Dame Juggler.

•••

Jack: Hey! A man just hanged himself in our cellar.

Jill: Well, did you cut him down?

Jack: No. He wasn't dead yet.

—Washington Dirge.

No "Sales"
LOWEST
PRICES
Every Day

A. H. HARRIS & SONS
JCPENNEY Co.

EVERY
STORE
a Local
Enterprise

49-51 So. First St., San Jose, Calif.

Here's a "Collegiate"

Model Suit for Young Men

Smart, stylish lines; unusual patterns and splendid quality fabrics—cassimeres, chevrons and novelty twists.

The ideal suit for young men—moderated on distinctive lines, value through and through, at—

\$24.75

Extra Trousers, \$6.90

Other Summer Suits

At \$19.75—Extra Pants, \$4.98

At \$29.75—Extra Pants, \$7.90



Nace Printing Company

Fine Printing

San Jose, California

Telephone **47**
Columbia



Don't Take a Chance--

If it's smart university
typo merchandise that
you're interested in—
there's a certainty that
you'll find what you
want here. A store for
university type men.

J. S. WILLIAMS

"We are now passing the most famous brewery in Berlin," explained the guide.

"We are not," replied the American tourist as he hopped off the sight-seeing bus.

—Octopus.



"Please, madam, may we borrow your phonograph?"

"What? At this time of night? Do you want to dance?"

"No, we want to sleep."

—Mugwump.



"Is it true that our older generation were more moral than we?"

"No, it just took the old man longer to light the oil lamp in the parlor than it does now to push the button."

—Puppet.

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of the girl with her own car.

—Georgia Cracker.



She: That modiste sure is nonchalant.

He: Yeh. She don't give a wrap.

—Yellow Jacket.



The teacher had just finished the "Village Blacksmith." The discussion had led to blacksmithing.

"Aaron, did you ever see anybody shoe a horse?" she asked.

Johnny hesitated, then—"No'm, but I saw my old man boot hell out of old Maude one day."

—Whirlwind.

San Jose Creamery

MILK SHAKES

CANDIES

ICE CREAM

(all flavors)



Phone Ballard 668

149 South First Street

Harris Breth (on the phone in the basement): Hello, this the Salvation Army?

Voice on the other end of the wire: Yes.

Harris: Do you save wild women?

Surprised Voice: Yes.

Harris: Well, save me three for Saturday night, will you?

—Lantern.

The tragedy of the flea is that he knows for a certainty that all of his children will go to the dogs.

—Annapolis Log.

"So they finally got married?"

"Yes, it's all over but the shooting."

—Texas Ranger.



Phi: "What's your best course?"

Beta: "Straight past the dean's office
—what's yours?"

Phi: "A course in etiquette! Life
Savers are 'always good taste'."

Pianos

Moved — Tuned — Rented

Brunswick — Victor — Columbia

Records, Radios

Band Instruments

Sherman,  Clay & Co.

143-145 South First

Damn s'ever, these Chinese.

In their laundry joints,
Cause they take the buttons off
The most strategic points.

—Reserve Red Cat.

And how is the golf, old-timer?
Not any better. In fact, it's go-
ing from bunk to bunker.

—Reserve Red Cat.

Customer: Are you sure this
coonskin coat will be warm?

Salesman: Yes, sir. The fur in
this coat came from coons that died
of suffocation.

—Carolina Buccaneer.

A woman's glory may be her hair,
But it's her legs that get her there.

—Brown Jug.

**YOU CAN'T GO WRONG IF
YOU GO TO THE**

**Hotel St. James
Barber Shop**

127 North First Street, San Jose

**WOMEN'S AND MEN'S
HAIR CUTTING**

Child (in bus to stranger):
Daddy, Daddy!

Mother: Hush, darling. That
isn't Daddy. It's a gentleman.

—Middlebury Blue Baboon.



Girl: What is a tiger lily?

Boy: Oh, just a freshman at
Princeton.

—Cornell Widow.



"I just swatted five flies — two
males and three females."

"How can you tell?"

"I got two on the card table and
three on the mirror."

—Texas Ranger.

Teacher: Mabel, how old are
you?

Mabel: Sixteen.

Teacher: Then you should tell
your mother everything.

Mabel: I'd like to, but really,
Mother is still innocent.

—State Lion.



"What do the three balls in front
of a pawn shop mean?"

"Two to one you won't get it
back."

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.



"Maybe I shouldn't have
brought this up," murmured the
aviator as his plane began to fall.

—Texas Ranger.

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.

TRACK



NUMBER

The Track Number of "Spartan Spasms"

Is dedicated to the following colleges who are
participants in the
Annual C. C. C. Track Meet
held May 5, 1928
at Stanford Stadium

Chico State College
Marysville Junior College
Modesto Junior College
Sacramento Junior College
Santa Barbara State College
San Luis Polytechnic School
San Mateo Junior College
Santa Rosa Junior College
San Jose State College



"Spartan Spasms"

Vol. 2

MAY, 1928

No. 2

THE POLITICAL



TRACK MEET

Prohibition

The first event of the day will be the most important; namely, the field free-for-all, entitled, "Dodging the Issue." This will be indulged in by all parties, the Republican and Democratic entries being, of course, most prominent.



Next on the Program

Hat tossing will be an important feature of the track meet, with a number of pieces of headgear to be tossed into the ring. Great consternation has been caused by the withdrawal of the Republican entry, Coolidge, who was expected to carry off honors in this event. However, should anyone lack a hat to toss, he can doubtless procure one from the aforesaid Mr. Coolidge, who has acquired quite a cute collection during his term of office. Or if that is impossible, Queen Mary might oblige.



Here's the Dirt!

No political meet would be complete without a mud-slinging contest. Senator Heflin seems to be a cinch to win, but others are undoubtedly runners-up for the honor.

Popular Event

There are a great many entries in the bull-throw. This seems to give a great deal of satisfaction to the individual performer but as it is hard to do effectively, not many have much chance of even placing. This is also called the discus-throw.



In General

At any rate, the forthcoming meet promises to hold plenty of interest for the spectators. The athletes competing have been working very hard and will work still harder before the meet is over. They will probably be quite grimy and possibly covered with oil and dirt, but those things are easily washed away. And meanwhile, it is alleged that at fraternity and sorority houses on a certain campus, nightly prayer meetings are held in favor of a certain candidate in hope that he may be elected and thereby remove what they are said to consider an unnecessary evil.



HE (Passionately): But couldn't you learn to love me?

SHE (Languidly): Well, I don't mind registering for the course, if your class is small enough to warrant plenty of personal attention.

Laugh and the world laughs with you but it's ten to one that nobody understood the joke.

He who dances must pay the—
COVER CHARGE.

The dear old customs are certainly passing. Consider family portraits, for instance. Future generations will probably pull out a scrap book to show off grandmother's picture endorsing "Lucky Sirikes."

Why I Wanted My Boy to Join a Fraternity

1. I wanted him to be with the best type of boys.
2. I wanted him to have lots of time to study.
3. I didn't want him running around with silly girls. (Of course, he wouldn't, but there's always the environment.)
4. Goodness! No! It's only the boys not in Fraternities that drink!

Why I Did Not Want My Boy to Join a Fraternity

1. I wanted him to be with the best type of boys.
2. I wanted him to have lots of time to study.
3. I didn't want him running around with silly girls. (Of course, he wouldn't, but there's always the environment.)
4. Goodness! No! It's only the boys in Fraternities that drink!

THE PROM

I told her I would be at the house at nine. Eight-thirty now and still a bath, three studs, and a wing collar to go. Damn the formals on the day you have a teeth-cleaning appointment, and better yet, a show in the city with the other "only woman"! Our minute to nine when a shirt stud breaks and is committed to the inferno! Nine-ten as you dash for the "coop" with a scarf and one glove. Nine-thirty when you reach her house ready for the worst . . . late this night of all nights!

"Awfully sorry, Reggie, but I just got in from the city. Will be ready in a few . . ."

"That all ri . . . HELL!"

Simile No. 27549321

About as useful as a flask at a W. C. T. U. meeting.

"Have you had your irony to day?" said the satirist's wife as her husband came in at dinner time.

NITE CLUB LAMENT

Petunia laughs. I cannot see Petunia.

Skirts of amber smoke sweep between us.

She goes—she is back again on a breeze

(Of needle-pointed sound fragments.

I can taste the "narcisse de chine" Petunia uses . . . "Let's dance."

She says that timidly, and we join The joggling swarm.

Five feet on top of mine beside Petunia's.

The dance maniacs writhe on. My knee, my head, my ribs—

where are they?

Blame the hardwood hogs—never! I might have known. The girl athlete.

Petunia, is my sister at her first dance.

God, what big feet!

I. F. S.

Symptoms of----?

A vague sensation of uneasiness in the lower regions.

A certain weak feeling in the knees.

A taste in the mouth which is very similar to what one imagines the taste of a motorman's glove held in crankcase oil would be.

A desire for plenty of hot, strong coffee.

A desire for total abstinence from other food.

A feeling that nothing, particularly, matters.

A physical feeling of having been kicked and trampled upon.

Total abhorrence of all forms of beverage stronger than one-half of one per cent.

"What big teeth you have, grandma," said little Red Riding Boots.

"I assure you that it's nothing but an old saw, my child," said the wolf as he indulged in another Gargantuan laugh at his impeccable wit.

"That fellow certainly has a winning manner," I observed, as one of my opponents pocketed all the winnings from the big crap session.

How?

Joe: How about a little drink?
Moe: Fine, but let's wait for Brown.

Joe: All right, then. Here's Brown.

"You have a yellow streak!" scolded his wife, shrilly. And she heroically shamefacedly upstairs to wash the egg from the corner of his mouth.

He was so lazy he married a girl "with a face that would stop a clock" just so he wouldn't have to get up in the morning to shut off the alarm.



"Father and I have decided that you are spending altogether too much for clothes."

"Why, mother! How can you say that! I haven't bought a dress for days."

There is nothing more amusing than an office boy, dressed in a loud sweater and plus fours, strutting across a college campus and fondly believing that he is being taken for a student.

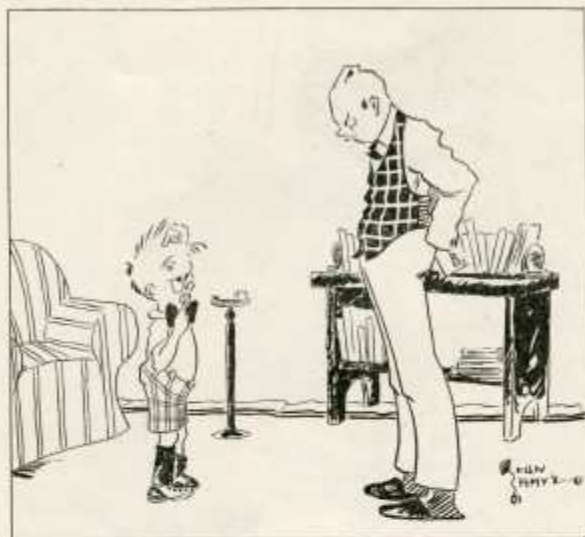
Times don't change much, anyhow. Fifteen years ago it was considered quite the thing to say, "How perfectly killing!" The modern femme says, "It simply SLAYS me, my dear!"

Life is very much like hash. It's just one damn thing after another—thoroughly mixed so you don't know what's what.

The Idol's Clay "Dogs"

I forced my way through the staring crowd. I stood near her! Those who know say she has a perfect figure. And I believe them. Such exquisite poise . . . such relaxation . . . such form . . . Every living cell of my body reacts in response to her appeal! What wouldn't I give to have for my own such a superb specimen of feminine attraction! The world could pass into nothingness, but with her, yes, we two could be the world. . . .

But shucks! Who would marry a plaster Venus?



IRATE FATHER: I'm suppressing a desire to spank you.

PRECOCIOUS YOUNGSTER: Why, papa, I thought you knew your Freud better than that.

"They're off," shouted the idiot in the bleachers at the Insane Asylum track meet.

When in Rome do as the other Americans do.

"Think of what the 'leather-necks' are doing in Nicaragua."

"Forget it! Think of what the sap-heads are doing in Washington."

Illuminating?

"You're the light of my life," said he.

"You're the light of my life," said she.

So they proceeded to get lit-up together.

Bill: Let's get married companionately.

Jill: Don't be Mid-Victorian, my dear.

Bright Ed: Hurrah! I've found zinc!

Brighter Co-Ed: Well, well, just zinc of that.

Mary has been working at the laundry for a year now, but she's just as dirty as ever.

Speaking about architecture — what about the Temple of Juniper on Almaden Road?

"Did Jake make a fraternity?"

"Naw! He's a conservative — had his cords cleaned."

UNREQUITED

You came into the room
And all the invisible rays of your essence

Took to wing. Dearest you ...
Why does this maze of expectancy
Surge in my throat when you're near

Like a thunder cloud on a pausing sky,

And summon frail hopes tingling
On my heart's rim?

Small words wander the room's length
With smaller laughs. You go—

Did you guess that I'm a little miserable,

Or misjudging my aloofness
Said to yourself as you left today,
"God, but she's dumb!"

—I. F. S.



EVIDENTLY THERE'S DIRT AND DIRT

Claire: Do you get any dirt in that lit. course?

Clarice: No, It's as dry as dust.



Dumb: She's a Ford girl.

Dummy: How come?

Dumb: She's always getting rattled, she'll never go very far, and she always makes you feel uncomfortable.



FIRST CHORINE: What's the idea of calling yourself a '49er?

SECOND LADY OF THE ENSEMBLE: Why not? I'm giving my sugar daddy the gold rush.



Left: Have you read very many books by Elinor Glyn?

Rite: Sex in all.

She (much interested): And what's the campus like?

He (lighting a Murad): Oh, just a bunch of buildings entirely surrounded by inhibitions.

A group of young women recently gave a picnic but the hard-boiled eggs they took along nearly broke up the party.

Casper: I've just gotten out of a tight place.

Jasper: A Scotchman's house?

Casper: No, a speakeasy.

Fred: You should have seen Mable run the half-mile last night.

Alfred: What did she run it in?

Fred: I don't know what you call the damn things.

The Call of the Primitive

The storm called! I was urged, yes, forced, to rush from the oppression of the tiny shack into the screaming elements . . . Glorious! Face to face with the omnipotent. . . I bared my breast and beat upon it with solid fists . . . cried aloud to be recognized by the Infinite . . . the deluge poured over me. . .

Dow I dot an awful cold!

There was a Scotchman. He was deaf. A friend gave him a complimentary ticket to a lecture. The Scotchman shot himself.

"I'll bet that fellow has no sense of humor. He's so grachy looking. Who is he?"

The editor of the campus comic."

The cow stood contemptuously chewing her cud on the railroad track. Along came the 20th Century Limited . . . Whoopee, Big Track Meet!

What a Whale of a Difference—!

He: That fellow has a real sense of humor.

She: You mean a reel sense of humor.



Football Aspirant: What are my chances of making my letter this year?

Coach: Fine—all you have to do is register in a sewing class.

N'est ce pas?

I've been to college.
Learned a lot . . .
Some about books,
Some more that's not.
Damn good time,
Taking a'll in all . . .
Not much study,
Some football.
One thing I've learned . . .
Should you have a kid . . .
If I wants to study
Buy it an encyclopedia.

—R. B. L.

"That's a fast one you pulled," said the cow as the farmhand sneaked up and started milking her unawares.

Bob: I'm engaged to marry a countess.

Rob: Well, that doesn't make you count.

She (cautiously leading up to the question): Don't you sometimes feel lonesome—as though you needed some one near you all the time?

He (seriously): To tell the truth, I've felt exactly that way ever since my dog died.



Black: Do you expect your track man to break any records this season?

White: Well, he's had a good start. He broke "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" and "Chloe" over at the house the other night.



Judge: Get out now and don't let me see you in this place again.

Prisoner: You won't unless the bulls take me in before the next election.

The Colonel's cousin and Judy O'Grady's Siberian mink are rabbits under the skin.

He: You can lead a horse to water—

She (breaking in): Don't horse me, you ass!

Futility

There are the stars—

And so we say,

"Come dear, the night is warm—

How pretty the stars tonight!"

And this a bit of heaven

For us.

But to that shining tent above

It is—nothing.

There are the stars—

And we with little tasks to do

Give life and blow it out,

Each our little hells to live

We come and go.

And to that dotted patch above

We mean—nothing.

There are the stars—

And so we say,

"Come dear—the night is warm,

How pretty the stars tonight!"

We shout our ecstasies

And cry out our griefs heavily.

Yet to the stars

It is—nothing.

—A. S.

*"You Never Know What They Say!" or
"There's no Accounting for Tastes"*

The scene is a section of the bleachers at the Track Meet.

Several couples drift in and take their seats.

Enter Bill and his woman.

"There's Bill Forbes and Doris. Isn't she a mess? I never saw so much hair on a dog."

"Oh, look! Bill Forbes! Isn't he the cutest thing?"

"There comes Doris now! My God! Of all the nerve—wearing my dress, without even asking, my dear."

"Oh, there's Doris. What's her name with Bill Forbes. I think she's adorable. I wish we'd rushed her."

"That guy Forbes—the one coming in over there—I'd like to sock him—he thinks he's SO damn good."

"There's my roommate, Bill Forbes. He's one of the biggest men on the—well, I'll be damned, the dirty son-of-a-gun's wearing my new suit!"



"Was your mother annoyed when she saw me kiss you?"

"Oh, no—she thought you were just one of the boys I'm engaged to."

THE NAIVE MURDER

In Several Acts and a Monolog

By Eugenic Cornmeal

(The curtain rises, but it is a mistake. Several stagehands are to be seen, much to their embarrassment, lounging in the comfort of the stage set. The curtain falls. After several minutes the curtain rises once more. This time the action has been premeditated, and the actors are on the stage ready to take their cues and start a game of billiards.)

(John Jones moves forward as though to speak. His lips tremble piteously. In each hand he carries a mask. He also carries several spare masks which protrude from his pockets. He is young in an oldish way. In fact, he's old enough to know better. He puts on a mask and his expression changes to one of mingled hate, contempt, pain, perplexity, insanity and horsefeathers. He speaks . . .)

John Jones

"My God, my God, my God, my God, what sha'I I do? What shall I do? It's all over the place. I feel it! I know it! It's all over the place! It's all over the place, I tell you."

Marco Polo

(In a strange hoarse whisper.)

"What is it. What is it that is all over the place?"

John Jones

(Gleefully)

"The roof—heh—heh—heh—heh—heh."

(CURTAIN)

(At this point in the play the audience leaves, all except one old man, who is asleep. The play goes on.)

Act Two

(The curtain rises on a symbolic set. Great limpids filled with sweet luscious hay are shown grazing in the foreground. This symbolizes the futility of life.)

(Enter John Jones, rapidly pursued by Marco Polo.)

John Jones

(He now has on a mask which shows he has an imperfect sense of the conventions. In fact, it makes him look like an extrovert. He speaks in a sobbing qugle.)

"I can go no further. It's all off now. It's all off."

Marco

(Curiously)

"What is?"

John Jones

"The hair on my grandfather's head."

(Exit John Jones, guffawing.)

(Marco Polo is overcome by the accusation.)

(CURTAIN)

Acts 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 have been eliminated because of lack of time. They weren't any good, anyway.

Act Eleven

(The curtain rises, as curtains will, on a most peculiar scene. It is to be seen (pun) that John Jones, who is lying on the stage dead, is older and more aged than he was when we last saw him. His hair was short and straight when we last perceived him, but now his single hair is long and curly. He looks awfully dead. He is a good actor. \$53 a week—just imagine!)

John Jones

(To Marco, who is standing by a paper tree with a water pistol in his hand.)

"Now what are you going to do?"

(He glares at Marco with a fiendish light in his dumb dead eyes.)

Marco Polo

(Thinking)

"I've killed him . . . my buddy . . . good old pal . . . but he deserved it . . . d—in him . . . he doubled and he didn't have a damn thing . . . but gee . . . my pal . . . my buddy . . ."

(Then aloud)

"I've killed him . . . my buddy . . . good old pal . . . but he deserved it . . . d—in him . . . he doubled and he didn't have a damn thing . . . but gee . . . my pal . . . my buddy . . ."

(There is a long pause, for Jones has forgotten his cue and he cannot execute a masse shot he has been contemplating.)

John Jones

(Just to create conversation)

"Who was that lady I saw you with the other night?"

Marco

(Pensively)

"That was no lady, that was the dean."

(CURTAIN)

THE END



Betty: What do you think of the track prospects this year?

Betsy: There's not a man on the team that I'd go to a dog fight with.

Betty: How interesting! And you attend those affairs regularly?

DE LOS' SKOIT The Stark Tragedy of a Fraternity Dance

A rudster wid creme undblag trimmings,

A rubble sit, a skoit

Udinner, wid lotza drik

Norkister, a badjo blayer

Goodeetz, uglaz toomudge

Lozza fun, lozza skoits

Nudder drik, kinda sick

A litted match, feets up, heads dun

Goin homb, losta skoit

Wherza skoit, badjo blayer wid

Hab a drik, no sense ob humbor

she got,

A rudster wid creme undblag trimmings,

A rubble sit, no skoit

Skold! Sell!

No cents ob humbor she got.

It's just a bit ironical to call Israel Cohen, the musical comedy star, a ham actor.

The radio industry is at a standstill. Its condition could almost be called static.

The Twelve Best Means of Getting Rid of Pan-Handlers and—Year Book Salesmen

1. Say, "I'm sorry, old man, but I haven't a cent. I left my wallet at home." (Old faithful.)
2. Give him a fishy stare and say, "Have we ever been properly introduced?" (This always works.)
3. As the touch is about to be made, stop suddenly and start to do a buck and wing on the sidewalk. (Good as gold.)
4. Act as if you were deaf and dumb. (Effective, if done correctly.)
5. Pull out your watch, look at it and start running as if late for a train. (Good also, to avoid an impossible blind date at the last minute.)
6. Look up to the top of a nearby building and yell "fire!" (Ed. note: Genius is not dead!)
7. Say, "I only contribute to organized charities. Can't I send you in the Salvation Army?"
8. Offer him a job. (The only trouble with this is—he might take it.)
9. Say, "My good friend, do you know the Lord?"
10. Give him a counterfeit dime. (The only difficulty here is the shortage in the counterfeit market.)
11. Start chewing your finger-nails, and with a feverish look in your eye, ask him for a dime to get a cup of coffee.
12. Tell him to go to——!



FIREWOMAN: When you're off shift tonight why not get a good hot date and come on the party?

FIREMAN: Can you imagine a sailor getting off his boat and then going on a yacht cruise for his vacation?

Golfer (after an attempted shot to get out of the tall weeds): Damn it all! Isn't that a hell of a note! I'm still in the rough! *?(!).\$\$\$! etc.

His Fair Young Partner: Your language indicates that.

The Architect (excitedly): That arched gateway in the east wall fell during the night!

The Contractor: My God! I forgot to put on my arch supporters.

Student's Questionnaire

This is put out for your benefit, students. Answer these, therefore, in no light-hearted manner.

1. Does halitosis bother you in assemblies?
2. Does dandruff bother you in the library?
3. Should drinking be permitted in the quad?
4. Does looking under the tables bother in the library?
5. Do finals affect your attendance at the library?
6. Would the shooting of the faculty at sunrise help?
7. Would locking the doors at 9:45 affect attendance at assemblies?
8. Does the presence of books in the lib. greatly bother studying?
9. Should free smokes and drinks be given as door prizes.
10. Should local law enforcement be entrusted to student control?
11. Should local law enforcement be entrusted to student control?

Results will be turned in to the A. W. O. L. Board.



He: I hear your wife is a Lucy Stoner.

He: Yeh! But she's really a brick, you know.

Please Don't Shoot, Mister!

Gather 'round, children, and see what Aunt Clara found for you in the laundry bag among a lot of dirty jokes.

"Now, Johnny, tell the ladies and gentlemen what the proper clothing for a package is. A wrapper? Well, well! Heh! Heh! If you aren't the clever boy!"

"All right, Mary. Can you tell me why a needle may be called a gossip?"

"Because it carries a yarn well," piped the childish treble.

"Such an intelligent little girl! Now, Billy, which planet is a law-breaker?"

"The moon," answered the boot-legged child. "It furnishes moonshine every night."

At that moment three shots rang out simultaneously and three small bodies fell to the floor.

ADVICE

Neck and the world necks with you,
Resist, and you stay at home.



FRIEND (to Sandy McPherson): Say, Sandy, did you hear the latest joke about the Scotchman—?

SANDY (interrupting): Save it, me mon; save it!

Habby: I'd swear off cigars, only—

Wife: None of your cigar butts, old boy, you'll do as I say.

"I see where Jones' best gag writer quit."

"It's terrible when an editor can't keep his wits about him."



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IT IS TO LAUGH!

EDITORIAL SPASMS

Welcome, and All That Sort of Thing

HIS is the "Track Number" of "Spasms."

We just thought we'd tell you in case you didn't know.

But to get back to the big subject under discussion, let it be known that "Spasms" heartily welcomes the visiting teams and their rooters. We hope that you will have a good time here, and we feel that it is not only an opportunity but a distinct privilege to be able to entertain you. And that's no joke, even if this is supposed to be a humorous magazine.

A Note on Hospitality

When the Western Association of College Comics convened at Seattle last month the delegates were extended most unusual hospitality. One would naturally expect to be entertained to a certain extent upon such an occasion but the way in which we were received and the genuine friendliness which characterized everyone with whom we came in contact was more than gratifying and is certainly deserving of the highest praise.

"Spartan Spasms" as Associate Members

This is the first year that "Spasms" has been represented at a convention of the Western Association of College Comics. It produced a number of results of obvious value to the magazine as well as to the College. In the first place we were taken in as Associate members of the Association; which in itself is a decided step forward. Exchange of ideas on editorial policy, national and local advertising, circulation, make-up, color work and in other fields casts a new light over many phases of the editorial and business departments of a magazine. It was distinctly worth while.

Raw! Raw! Raw!

At the session one of the main topics taken up was a discussion of the granting of reprint rights. At that time it was voted that each Association member would not grant renewals to "College Humor" when the present contracts run out.

It was reasoned that in their publication a distorted picture of college life is given the casual reader, leading him to believe that college is just one-four years' drunk—gin, jazz, girls and all that sort of thing. No, we aren't getting a Puritan complex, we haven't taken the pledge or anything—it's just a re-action to "collegiate" in the popular sense, the Calford type of "Rah! Rah!" stuff.

California Coast Conference

ENTRIES

Mile Run

70 Bryant (SM)	85 Reid (M)
71 Nichalls (SM)	86 Pearson (M)
61 Regner (SB)	36 Baranco (Sac)
47 Wattenbarger (C)	33 McClelland (Mrysvl)
48 Johnson (C)	1 Sparkes (SJ)
49 Lawrence (C)	8 White (SJ)
83 Miles, W. (M)	9 Carraher (SJ)
84 Weaver (M)	10 Williams (SJ)

100-Yard Dash

25 McBane (SL)	88 Bisby (M)
26 Smith, E. (SL)	50 Olker (C)
27 Hotchkiss (SL)	62 Mlynck (SB)
34 Sparkes, S. (Mrysvl)	63 Hickman (SB)
37 Norris (Sac)	72 Vireno (SM)
38 Floyd (Sac)	73 Cabrera (SM)
2 Wool (SJ)	74 Williams (SM)
87 East (M)	24 Regli (SJ)

120-Yard High Hurdles

86 Tinkle (SB)	26 Smith (SL)
54 Allinger (C)	5 Hawley (SJ)
50 Olker (C)	20 Wooley (SL)
40 Lewis (Sac)	92 Pogolotti (M)
83 Gordon (Sac)	93 Erickson (M)
29 Pugh (SL)	

440-Yard Dash

28 Barton (SL)	62 Mlynck (SB)
34 Sparkes, S. (Mrysvl)	65 Thurmond (SB)
41 Wickliffe (Sac)	3 Hubbard (SJ)
51 Lillie (C)	4 Kalas (SJ)
52 Huber (C)	6 Lynden (SJ)
1 Sparkes (SJ)	89 Miles, E. (M)
71 Nichalls (SM)	90 Johnson (M)
70 Bryant (SM)	91 Kelley (M)
64 Winters (SB)	

880-Yard Run

71 Nichalls (SM)	86 Pearson (M)
75 Erickson (SM)	51 Lillie (C)
76 McIntyre (SM)	48 Johnson (C)
61 Regner (SM)	41 Wickliffe (Sac)
63 Hickman (SM)	1 Sparkes (SJ)
64 Winters (SM)	8 White (SJ)
91 Kelley (M)	11 Brown (SJ)
84 Weaver (M)	3 Hubbard (SJ)
85 Reid (M)	

220-Yard Dash

3 Hubbard (SJ)	74 Williams (SM)
2 Wool (SJ)	62 Mlynck (SB)
24 Regli (SJ)	64 Winters (SB)
87 East (M)	63 Hickman (SB)
88 Bisby (M)	65 Thurmond (SB)
90 Johnson (M)	37 Norris (Sac)
72 Vireno (SM)	34 Sparkes, S. (Mrysvl)
73 Cabrera (SM)	25 McBane (SL)

Low Hurdles

20 Wooley (SJ)	83 Gordon (Sac)
16 Ross (SJ)	40 Lewis (Sac)
77 Ward (SM)	66 Tinkle (SB)
27 Hotchkiss (SL)	50 Olker (C)
26 Smith (SL)	53 White (C)
35 Grien (Marysville)	51 Lillie (C)
92 Pogolotti (M)	54 Allinger (C)
93 Erickson (M)	

Javelin

89 Miles, E. (M)	78 Dotter (SM)
94 Ferrell (M)	79 Cameron (SM)
54 Allinger (C)	76 McIntyre (SM)
55 Thomasson (C)	21 Sundquist (SJ)
56 Stucklin (C)	19 Taylor (SJ)
42 Jenkins (Sac)	22 Boeger (SJ)
36 Baranco (Sac)	3 Hubbard (SJ)
30 Traver (SL)	23 Laws (SJ)

Pole Vault

31 Carroll (SL)	55 Thomasson (C)
43 Bailey (Sac)	53 White (C)
95 Berry (M)	57 Cheney (C)
96 Love (M)	12 Miller (SJ)
67 Pear (SB)	14 Adcock (SJ)
68 Foss (SB)	2 Wool (SJ)

Shot

58 Smith (C)	32 Tate (SL)
59 Nugent (C)	79 Cameron (SM)
97 Bispo (M)	76 McIntyre (SM)
98 Diefenbacher (M)	18 Cox (SJ)
94 Ferrell (M)	17 Hermann (SJ)
44 Meckfessell (Sac)	19 Taylor (SJ)
42 Jenkins (Sac)	13 Hawley (SJ)
35 Grien (Marysville)	

High Jump

42 Jenkins (Sac)	53 White (C)
43 Bailey (Sac)	54 Allinger (C)
80 Gordon (SM)	56 Stucklin (C)
78 Potter (SM)	14 Adcock (SJ)
82 Cannon (SM)	5 Graf (SJ)
81 Sparks, W. (SM)	7 Pirtal (SJ)
30 Traver (SL)	15 Coleman (SJ)
99 Thompson (M)	23 Laws (SJ)
95 Berry (M)	20 Wooley (SJ)

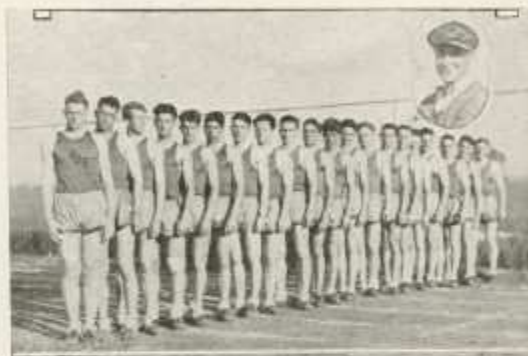
Discus Throw

60 Farmer (C)	76 McIntyre (SM)
59 Nugent (C)	44 Meckfessell (Sac)
58 Nugent (C)	45 Bolden (Sac)
69 Basten (SB)	19 Taylor (SJ)
68 Foss (SB)	17 Hermann (SJ)
98 Diefenbacher (M)	23 Laws (SJ)
87 East (M)	21 Sundquist (SJ)
32 Tate (SL)	14 Adcock (SJ)
79 Cameron (SM)	24 Regli (SJ)

Broad Jump

93 Erickson (M)	46 Ungario (Sac)	67 Pear (SB)	15 Coleman (SJ)	26 Smith (SL)
90 Johnson (M)	81 Sparks, W. (SM)	56 Stucklin (C)	13 Hawley (SJ)	35 Grien (Ma)
88 Bisby (M)	74 Williams (SM)	16 Ross (SJ)	27 Hotchkiss (SL)	

Track and Field Meet



The "Spartan" Track Team San Jose State College, 1928

Insert—AARIAN CAKEBREAD, Coach

Personnel of the San Jose State Track Team

Aylett Sparkes—Captain
Jack Wool
Wilbur Hubbard
Oldrich Kalas
John Lynden
William White
Laverne Brown
Jack Carraher
Tommy Williams
Hal Hawley
Cecil Wooley
Dean Ross



CAP'T AYLETT SPARKES

Clifton Adcock
Loren Miller
August Boeger
Arthur Sandquist
Gerald Taylor
Victor Hermann
Lee Cox
Carl Coleman
DeWitt Portal
Jack Graf
James Beatty
Track Manager

The young son of the household was having a glorious time. He had a bucket of black paint, a brush and the front door to work on. Then his father appeared on the scene.

"Never darken my door again," said the irate parent as he reached for the razor stroop.

Modern Youth: What say we get married? You owe it to yourself.

Modern Damsel: How come?

Modern Youth: You'll be getting out of practice. You haven't married anyone for months.

Another Lunatic at Large

Once upon a time there was a beautiful college where ALL of the professors were brilliant men, themselves seekers after knowledge, where broadmindedness was the highest virtue and where real creative thought and entire freedom of speech were the ultimate aim of the faculty and students; the latter by the way being real scholars. It was here that there was absolute co-operation and friendliness and charm. Instead of dull, stupid lectures without a spark of color and life, there were long mellow afternoons tempered with discussion of ideas, fascinating, golden afternoons when life was placed upon the dissecting table and a little knowledge of the machinery inside was gained.

The name of this place? Oh, yes—it's rather vague—let me think just a moment. No, I guess I've forgotten it after all—but then it doesn't matter much, does it? "We have something just as good, Madam"—yes, here comes my keeper, I mean my secretary. I have an appointment at my country place at Agnew—if you'll excuse me.



GOLFER: Too bad, old man—I'm afraid that one is out of bounds.

NOVICE: Shucks! Maybe I should have used my stymie instead of this niblick.

California Coast Conference Records

Event	Name	School	Time	Year
Mile Run	Lockhart	Sacramento	4:37	1924
100 Yd. Dash	Adams	Sacramento	10 flat	1923
	Storie	San Jose		1925
	Regli	San Jose		1926
440 Yd. Run	Johnson	Modesto	50.8	1925
120 Yd. Hur.	Hawley, Hal	San Jose	15 3/5	1925
880 Yd. Dash	Lockhardt	Sacramento	2:02 1/3	1924
220 Yd. Hur.	Johnson	Modesto	24 4/5	1925
Shot put 16 lb.	Gerkin	Modesto	46 ft. 8 1/2 in.	1924
Broad Jump	Hawley, Hal	San Jose	22 ft. 4 3/4 in.	1927
High Jump	Vinci	Sta. Barbara	5 ft. 8 3/8 in.	1927
Pole Vault	Berry	Modesto	12 ft. 1/2 in.	1927
Discus	Gerkin	Modesto	133 ft. 10 1/2 in.	1924
Javelin	Allinger	Chico	177 ft.	1926
Relay, 1 Mi.		Modesto	3:35	1926
Broad Jump	LaRue	Fresno	22 ft. 3 3/4 in.	1925
220 Yd. Dash	Storie	San Jose	22 flat	1923
	Regli	San Jose		1925

AT LARGE AGAIN

Leddies, bleeze, attedcion! We are assemblede tudday totak hup de trubble sidiution ob febale Sn-bremaney.

Leddies, bleeze attedcion! D'you realize dat de gennemens are cotching on? Leddies, weck hup an gedoff de refrigerator. Leddies, bleeze dontcha nose dat de gennemens don't cootly luh like eny mor?

Leddies, bleeze realize dat your blace is not ad horn but manning de cogtal sheckker. We musd be-comb friendly and hab a senze ob humbor.

Leddies, bleeze, attedcion!

Leddies, bleeze!

Leddies!

Leddies! Vell, goot pye, den.

"When I marry it'll be a 'reel' man," sighed the young girl, gazing rapturously at John Gilbert's photograph. (Ed. note—This is the second pun on "reel-real" in this issue. Now, just for fun, let's organize a little game. A great, big, juicy apple to the first person to find the other one.)



Modern Home Sweet Home

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home—to stay away from.

Variation on an Ancient Theme

Man gets but little here below, nor wants that little long.

Have a Simile?

About as useful as a beard on a circus fire-eater.

Try and Do It!

One cannot help remarking that the W. C. T. U. slogan is, in a sense, paradoxical. It reads, "Hold Fast and Go Forward."

Guess Who!

A certain reformer that we know but won't mention—one who is anti-evolution—is correct when he assumes that he did not DESCEND from apes.

Once Again

In some places they settle disputes by getting down to brass tacks. In Chicago they get down to brass knuckles.

La Boheme

Have you heard of the artist who claims he has to have ginspiration before he can do his best work?

Changes

The old General Store that sold everything from a paper of pins to a horse and buggy has not passed from view. It's called a drug store now.

She'll Be Sorry Some Day

Pauline is going to marry a humorist. Evidently Polly wants a wise-cracker.



He: How are your rushees this year?

She: Rotten. Only two fur coats, a 1926 Cadillac and a summer cottage.

A handsome young sparrow was trying to make the acquaintance of a pretty young sparrow of the opposite sex. Taking his cue from man, he sidled up and said coyly, "Pardon me, but I think you dropped something."

She glanced at him coolly and said,

"You have the wrong bird."

The candidate for mayor was making a high-powered campaign speech.

"I'm going to clean up this town!" he bellowed, menacingly.

"Fine," shouted a feminine voice in the audience. "You can start on my house—it needs cleaning badly."

Judge (severely): I ought to give you life.

Feminine Voice (in the back of the court room): I wish you would, Judge. You have no idea how SLOW he REALLY is.



She: Marry you? Why, you couldn't even afford to buy a dog-house!

He: We can always take one of those modern apartments—they aren't an awful lot smaller.

Horace: I say, coach, how are my chances of making the team?

Morris: About as much as an Eskimo getting sunburned.

SPEAKING OF BOOKS

KING COBRA *by Harry Hervey*

Somewhere beyond the mistiness that drifts in through the Golden Gate there is a place called Indo-China, and a very fascinating territory it must be if we are to believe the words of Harry Hervey. If it is other than the representation of the author I hope never to go there, for to do so would be to spoil an utterly charming book. The writer's diction is distinctive; his words burn colors and sounds into the brain and his impressions tease the emotions into activity. Extravagant praise, no doubt, but it seems to me well merited.

In reading over these few words I find that I have neglected to state the type of this book. It is travel. Unfortunately, the name "travel book," scares many people into several days' hiding. Such a condition may be laid to the archaic type of travelogue that was really nothing more than a coherent Baedeker. But throw up the arms and rejoice—"King Cobra" is not constructed in this manner. In it you more than see the country—you feel it. It is the swan song of a race being absorbed by a conquering people; it is the throbbing, melancholy Indo-Chinese "Chanson Indoue," a melody that typifies the ancient Cambodians and their dead cities.

OIL *by Upton Sinclair*

My sense of satire rises to the fore every time I think of this literary effort of the famed iconoclast. His only excuse for producing it is the well-known paving material used on the road leading to Dante's famous winter resort.

I don't mean to say that "Oil" is an uninteresting novel. It is far from that. The information concerning the oil industry is decid-

edly absorbing. The character of the male evangelist and the famous green bathing suit that he wears is an excellent piece of wit that parallels delightfully the case that occupied so many inches of front-page space a year or so ago. Another bit that amused the reviewer was the statement that, "Never could a man who took himself a wife in Southern California complain that he did not know what he was getting." In fact, Mr. Sinclair could almost write for a college comic magazine.

The author manages to be interesting when he isn't too busy thumbing his nose at the capitalists but his character analysis is terrible and he frequently stops his story to preach a sermon on Utopia, hurl a few brick-bats and slobber over the "poor working man." I sympathize with idealism, I gravely doubt its practicability, and I assuredly rebel against its being served up, clothed in propaganda and insinuated into my reading matter labelled "literature."

MORNINGS IN MEXICO

By D. H. Lawrence

This is a series of well drawn pictures of Mexico and cross-sections of the Mexican mind. It is absorbing but it calls for mental alertness. I must admit that Mr. Lawrence stimulates thinking and I must further confess that I do not always understand him. Whether this is to be laid to a lazy or inferior mentality or whether it is due to vagueness on the part of Mr. Lawrence I do not know. However, I do insist that the author of the book has a great deal of the mystic in his makeup.

Much of the work flashes a startlingly clear picture of Mexico to the film of the mind, others

seem to be surrounded by a nebulous haze that trails off into nothingness. However, it contains quite an intensive discussion of native psychology. All in all, it is not a book that will appeal to a great portion of the people.

THE GIPSY *By W. B. Trites*

Here we have a short novel by an author hitherto unknown, at least to me.

It is a simple, well written story with a crashing dramatic climax. The blurb on the jacket likens "The Gipsy" to "Ethan Frome." It has, in truth, much of the same quality that characterizes Mrs. Wharton's masterpiece. The former is much more colorful than the latter, the scene of "The Gipsy" being Spain; the exact antithesis of Mrs. Wharton's grey New England.

The characters of Mr. Trites' novel are a painter and his wife and, of course, the gipsy. It demonstrates very well the decay of character as well as the psychological aspects of degeneration. It is here that "Ethan Frome" differs widely from "The Gipsy." The main character of the former is a victim of circumstances and lovable fate—the painter in the latter novel is much more responsible to himself for the tragic events that ensue.

JESTING PILATE *By Aldous Huxley*

In his subtitle the author calls this an Intellectual Holiday. It is all of that. The very fact that Mr. Huxley likes to think when he is enjoying himself shows that he is somewhat different from a great many people. It is not just a phrase that the author uses—the fact is more than evident throughout the entire book.

(Continued on Page 31)

I EYED A IRIS



I needn't say the above painting is a cross-section of a field of ripe iris. You can readily see that, by the title.

The drawing will make it possible for the uninitiated public to see and know just what an iris is in its native state. But if I should ramble onto a discussion of the Nevada or Utah or Idaho iris, just never your mind, if you want to. That is no concern of yours here.

First of all, let's see what an iris is. Just what is an iris? I wonder. Well, an iris is—but I see we won't have space to take up that angle here.

Now for the sketch. The dots at the extreme left are big irises begging to sprout. They are budirises, legally. Yes, they all appear that small when they begin to sprout. That is a remarkable trait of all the genii of iris. No, it's not so funny.

Number 1 is termed the IRIS DE LUXE. It has always four branch plants, with four subsidiary factories in each branch plant. If you should ever happen to find one of these rare specimens, pick it up and look at it long and thoughtfully, as you would a Peruvian safety pin. It will bring you good luck.

The one marked No. 2 might be a freak of nature. It might have been blown that way by the wind. It might have been stepped on by a cow. Yes, it might have been one or all of these things, but I know better. Someone bumped into my elbow. In the crush that followed I dropped most of its name, lost the key letter and have never been able to piece it together. Oh, yes, I'm well, thank you.

No, they're not fowl. Nor aerial warfare! They are little arrows. No, nobody's shooting them at nothing! They merely radiate from the title to show you that the title belongs there. If you follow those arrows you'll find the field of iris that we have in

mind.

No. 3. The more said about this specimen, the less confusing it will be, and vice versa. Nobody knows as much about it as I do, and this is the first time I ever set eyes on the thing. This flower—cute little fellow, too—has never had a name. Its daddy met and ran off with No. 1, following a three-week engagement with No. 3's mother at a local theatre last spring. The judges disagreed in the last nine contests held by the International Iris-fond Men's Association in Porto Rico year before last to decide a name for her. The name still rests between Breath-taking, Perfume-permeating Lillian Flower of my Aching Heart, or Madame Godiva. The latter name appeared more acceptable to the judges, in view of the fact that the delicate thing stands proud when alone, but shrinks from the slightest touch.

No. 4. This is called the cross-iris. Why, nobody knows. It is native to some parts of California, but just as often native to other parts. It is used extensively as fodder by Chambers of Commerce. Its meaning: "Let cross-iris lead you straight to the land of more and more cross-iris." It is particularly desirable in desert regions, as it will develop without nursing and doesn't mind who's boss. This species never has smallpox.

No. 5. The AYE IRIS. It is found in greatest quantities along the sea-coast, but only if that sea-coast is blessed with the most ideal climate and the most inspiring rugged beauty of any in the whole wide world.

It is rarely found in other parts of California. Formerly a native of Scotland, where you still see a lot of these Ayres, it lost its nationality when a Scot unluckily transplanted a stem in California. My, what a graft!

In the land of Kilts and Bagpipes there lived a family named Campbell. There was an old family servant who had served faithfully for many, many years. One night the master of the household wished to post an important letter

but hesitated to ask his servant to walk to the village, which was some distance away. Finally he did, because the letter was very urgent.

"I hate to ask you to walk to the village," Malcolm," said Mr.

Campbell to the servant, apologetically.

But true to tradition the faithful old servant drew himself up and said, proudly,

"I'd be glad to walk a mile for a Campbell, sir!"

JUST A BOTTLE

Jeez! What a flop, and here I am at the bottom of everything. Me? Oh, I'm just Al K. Hall, lit up a bit, but let me milt ya.

And here comes H2O Distill. Pretty good sort of a duck, necessary to me as a dog is to fleas. Need him around as a kinda pep reducer. When I get out on a party, just like the one we're traveling to this eve, I've-got to have him—get to feeling too good at times, and he's got to look after me and lessen the spirits of the gathering.

Look who's arriving on the scene now. Ol' Juniper Berry himself. Powerful guy for his size. If he had hair on his head you'd think he was Samson, but well—he gets along without.

Gar! But we're getting a ride now. One hell of a proceeding to start the evening off. Hey, you that's doing that, let the other jo get in. Going around like a plane, up and down, down and up. But this trio here allus goes down, down, down, and then we prepare for a final up. And believe you me it's SOME up.

Here comes the other member of the final quartet. Now we're ready for some real good night-work. Can't paint the town red, but we'll try—help some tank, spur him on to bigger and better things. Forgot to introduce the latest arrival—name's Glycerine, devil of a slick article. Smooth, like velvet. Ju and Glycie are great pals, go hand-in-hand, and all that. Can hardly get along without the other. "Ju" gets into more scrapes—biting sarcasm of his is all right in small doses but too much is just too much.

Nother ride. Ye Gods, will this never cease? This is going too far. Hey, you, lay off, will ya, and let's get going on this little affair. Can't wait all day, got to get some sleep before noon to-morrow.

You! We don't want you around. Just Mr. Nose, that snoopy buzzard, looking around to find out how things are getting along down here. Fine, eh boys, fine. Hor sy-totzy. We'll have a swell time this nocturne. Pass it around, my turn. Hey, my turn! Guzzle-guzzle.

That bird's not satisfied with giving us swift and scenic rides. He's throwing us into a cave.

Stick along, boys, and remember Bunker Hill. Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes. Fell that rockin' Jes like an earth-wobble. What a bunch down here. And here comes Ginger Ale—never gets tired chasing.

Some time he gets going with the rest of the straight four. We don't mind him, but the guy on the outside of things sometimes thinks he's a benefit or such.

Somepin's wrong here. Al Ring. Swayin' from side to side. This ocean liner is all wet. Hold on, gang; hol' on. Wats your step. Don't go sa fas, sa fas. Things in a whirl—whirl. Les sing, huh? Al right then, we won't.

Lookit the babe, over there. Can hardly see through. Jees, who's pushin, don rus; stay still, willya. Stay down, stay down, sta down, lay off the pushin, who's shovin, sta dow—

"Up!" Who sez "Up"? What! —Stoo mus for me. Al right then, up, and out we go.

Lookit the bright lights. Listen to the thunder. Zounds ju like somebody groamin'. Z'n's easier now. Quite a real large evening. Hasta boys, hasta. See you manna!

"You're all wet," cried a small urchin in the crowd as the high diver hit the water.



One fellow picked up in Chicago was so bad off that even his nerves were shot.



Mrs. Gloom believes in re-incarnation. Her jealous neighbors agree that Mrs. Gloom will be re-incarnated—up to nine times.

Proven at Last

Men are more sensible than women. We've suspected this for a long time but here is ARSO-LUTE proof. You've heard, of course, of old maids that looked under the bed at night to see if there was a man there. But did you EVER in your life hear of a bachelor looking under the bed to see if he could find a woman?



It all happened at an English week-end party. One of the men

was passionately in love with a knockout girl who was also a guest. He declared his ardor in vain.

Finally he proposed for the tenth time—only to be refused again.

"Good-bye," he shouted, dramatically, "I'm going to go to the dogs!"

"You certainly don't think you're the only one that's going to ride to the hounds, do you?" countered the heartless one, as she bit into a smoked herring and fell backwards downstairs.

COLLEGIATANA!

Nurse: Well, Oswald, do you want to see the new brother the stork brought?

Oswald: Naw! I wanna see the stork.

—Colgate Banter.

All day she posed in the nude for artists and at night she was a chorus girl. Thus she was able to clothe herself properly.

—Illinois Siren.

"Solve this one: A man bought a dog for five dollars, then sold him. How much did he lose?"

"What did he sell him for?"

"Chewing the piano leg."

—Middlebury Blue Balloon.

"My big brother was tapped at Yale. Skull and Bones."

"That's nothing. My big sister was pinched at Smith, Drunk and Disorderly."

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

"Why don't you let Jerry go out for track? Afraid that he will hurt himself?"

"No, I don't want him to get in with that fast crowd."

—Texas Ranger.

"Theodore, have you no ambition in life? Wouldn't you like to do something big—something that would create a great commotion in the world?"

"Yes, Clara. I'd just love to throw a bushel of eggs into an electric fan."

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

As the little chorus girl said to her sweetie, as she kissed him good night: So long, I'll see you later.

—Arizona Kittykat.

"It was nice of Nick to buy his wife a new washing machine."

"Yes, the old one made so much noise he couldn't sleep."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

"Elliott has Franklin teeth."

"Dead?"

"No, air-cooled."

—U. of Washington Columns.

Bear: Gordon claims that he used to be in the movies down in California.

Up: He means until they decided to have women ushers.

—U. of Washington Columns.

Theatre Owner: How did the comedian's jokes get across?

Stage Manager: On the Mayflower.

—U. of S. Calif. Wampus.

Pedestrians: should be seen and not hurt.

—U. of S. Calif. Wampus.

Gal: Don't you just adore that mountain out back of the house?

Pa: Yeh—it's a butte.

—California Pelican.

Some classes are so restless that the only guys who take any notes are the ones who have insomnia.

—California Pelican.

Cash Customer: How goey, Tong? You gottem rice cake?

Retired Heathen: No, sir, but the roast beef is excellent today.

—Stanford Chaparral.

"How did Mac come out in the handsome man contest at the inter-collegiate ball?"

"He won by a bare majority."

"I knew he'd get the Vassar vote."

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

"How are you coming along with your dieting?"

"Oh, things are beginning to shape up."

—Brown Jug.

Mother: What time did Harold get in last night?

Father: Oh, about one-thirty.

Mater: Isn't that unusual? How did it happen?

Fater: The roadhouse burned down.

—U. of Wash. Columns.

He: What kind of lipstick is that?

She: Kissproof.

He: Well, rub it off; we got work to do.

—Lehigh Burr.

"Well," said Wilbur, as he adjusted the tie of Harry's dinner jacket, thrust his arms into Bill's fur coat, dashed out to Jack's car, with Jim's money, to take out George's girl, "I'm a real fraternity man at last."

—Cornell Widow.

Tabloid Reporter: The old man fired Jones today.

Another: What was the trouble?

Tabloid Reporter: He turned in a story on the G. A. R. convention without any sex angle.

—Penn. State Froth.

"Hosanna!"

"Dumio, never heard of her."

—Middlebury Blue Baboon.

Cultured Husband: Have you heard the sextet from "Lucia"?

Uncultured Wife: Now, John! No stories, you promised.

—Yale Record.

Doris: We've been here four weeks!

Esther: Gee whiz! Is that all? It seems like a month.

—Blue Ox.

A frat dance is one of those affairs at which you come in like a lion and go out like a lamb.

—Carnegie Puppet.



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"When you were in Europe, did you see the Rock of Gibraltar?"

"Yes, but it's not what it used to be."

"Huh?"

"No, the insurance ad was gone."

—Cornell Widow.

•

"Let me sell you a Saturday Evening Post, mister?"

"No, thanks. I'm still reading the one I bought in 1920."

—Texas Ranger.

The polls are places where you stand in line for a chance to decide who will spend your money.

—Cincinnati Cynic.

•

"Jack sure knows his onions."

"Well, he must have eaten them just before he had that date with me last night."

—Carolina Buccaneer.

•

Football is a game in which one side of the stadium wants to see eleven men killed and the other side of the stadium wants to see eleven men killed.

—Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket.

Two Poets

We deal in bitterness, defeat,

Dark hopes doomed to grow darker.

And infidelity is meat

For me and Dorothy Parker.

—Texas Ranger.

•

Dean of Women: Young lady, this is the third time that I've caught you.

Fair Co-ed: Don't be partial to me; the other girls might not like it.

—Oregon Orange Owl.

•

He named his child Montgomery Ward, because it was of the male order.

—Minn. Ski-U-Mah.

"Wanta go for a walk?"
"Where's the car?"

—Pitt Panther.



"Darling, do you love me?"
"With my all, Rodney, dear."

"And I love you, dearest Cynthia."

"Do you think we love each other enough, Rodney?"

"I am sure of it, Cynthia."

"Then, Rodney, dear, go ahead and marry Clementine, and I'll break up your home within three months."

—Ghost.



We don't blame the chap who, after three abdominal operations, had a set of zippers installed.

—Lyre.

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"I'm going to kiss the old school
goodbye."

"You certainly started out well
with your date last night."

—Okla. Whirlwind.



The Maiden's Prayer

Please, dear Lord, help me to be
half as popular as the dog that ran
through our lecture room this
morning.

—Illinois Siren.



"That impertinent fellow Brown
offered me a hundred dollars to re-
sign my membership in the club.
What would you advise me to do?"

"Hang on a bit—you'll get
more."

—Drexel.

The hall was filled with the
dense blue smoke from the cigar-
ettes of the men standing about in
groups. They were chatting about
the various merits of leading mu-
sical comedy actresses.

Then suddenly a boy's voice an-
nounced: "The curtain is up."

And the men dashed into the
next room and leaned far out the
open windows, gazing at the win-
dows of the girls' dorm next door.

—Michigan Gargoyle.



Waiter: Que désirez vous?

Rube: Hey?

Waiter: Sorry, but we're all
out.

—Lehigh Burr.

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Clerk: Yes, sir. Can you come in for a trial fit next Wednesday?

—Cornell Widow.

☞

"Waitress, I found a hairpin in the soup."

"Goody—look and see if you can't find my comb, too."

—Texas Ranger.

☞

The next generation will have to learn to stagger before it will be able to follow the footsteps of its fathers.

—Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket.

"Say, Brown, I want you to meet Johnson."

"Oh! I know Johnson. We used to read my paper together on the four forty-five."

—Black & Blue Jay.

☞

"That's a twelve-piece orchestra."

"It doesn't look like it."

"Yeah, those six men can play ten different fox trots and two waltzes."

—Cornell Widow.

☞

"What sort of a crowd was at the dance?"

"Oh, fair to maudlin."

—Yale Record.

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Fraternity Brothers

We've drunk from the same bottle,
We've slept in the same bed,
And it's a helluva wonder,
That we both ain't dead.

—Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket.

College is just like a washing machine: you get out of it just what you put in—but you'd never recognize it.

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

"Do I need a haircut?"

"Oh, that's it! I thought you had a fur cap on."

—Wisconsin Octopus.



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He: Shall I take you to the zoo?

She: No. If they want me they'll come after me.

—U. of Wash. Columns.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, Jim?"

"We had a lot of cucumbers for dinner and my wife is at the point of death."

"Are you going for a doctor?"

"No, to get some more cucumbers."

—Rutgers Chanticleer.

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When a woman's beauty is praised, she becomes complacent; when her intelligence is praised, she becomes dominant.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

♦

Judge: And are you the defendant?

Rastus: No, suh, Jedge; Ah's jus' the man what stole the chickens.

—Reserve Red Cat.

♦

The Campus Lady Killer: When better girls are made I will make them.

—Wabash Caveman.

Prof. Skinflint: So you call yourself a geologist!

Student: Yes, sir; I was weaned on White Rock.

—Yale Record.

♦

They say that after a time the engineer on a limited train loses his nerve. We have yet to see the Pullman porter who does.

—Notre Dame Juggler.

♦

Bin: I played a trick on our hen last week. I gave her a dozen golf balls to sit on.

Bo: What happened?

Bin: She hatched four eagles and eight birdies.

—Brown Jug.



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Enterprise Laundry	-	Santa Clara	126

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BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from Page 22)

"Jesting Pilate" is concerned with India and Burma, Malaya, Java and the United States. The greater part of the volume is devoted to India; the mental processes of the native, the social and economic conditions and the political situation. Mr. Huxley's sense of satire and the keenness of his estimation of American life are delightful and strikingly true. His remarks concerning Los Angeles are pertinent . . . but many of them would doubtless be looked upon with askance by the powers to be in the southern metropolis.

CALAMITY JANE AND THE LADY WILD- CATS

By Duncan Aikman

If you want to read a book that is a decided kick, just trot down and grab "Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats." The comparison will make the much maligned modern flapper look like a rather sad

imitation of the real thing. These ladies of the early west were real he-women who smoked big black cigars, rode their horses hell-bent for election, shot up bar-rooms and dance halls and held their liquor like veterans.

The book takes up a number of these famous hellions and gives in conjunction a very excellent picture of the old bravely west in its infantile and most unconventional age. Lola Montez of California fame, Belle Starr and Madame Moustache also figure with others as well as Calamity.

WINTERSMOON By Hugh Walpole

After many of the other delightful books that have come from the pen of Mr. Walpole, "Wintersmoon" was somewhat of a disappointment to me. Possibly I felt as I did because I read it during moments snatched from study for finals. Such a method of reading is certainly not conducive to either enjoyment—or for that matter, to

good criticism. Nevertheless, I couldn't help comparing this latest literary production to "The Duchess of Wrexham," "The Old Ladies," "The Cathedral" and "Harmer John," as well as several of the others in the long list.

"Wintersmoon" is a story that is somewhat comparable in theme to the novels produced by the Gibbs family. This is not meant to be uncomplimentary to the latter—far from it, for they have produced some undoubtedly splendid works. Mr. Walpole's story concerns post-war England and the struggle of the old order and the new. It shows two sisters and concerns the story of their marriages and the lives they lead—one strong for a conservative policy and the other throwing her energies into the fight for modernism. Both, by the way, have the ideal of a "Greater England."

This novel is a lot better than the best efforts of other writers that I could mention but it is not up to standard.

C. G. T.

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He: What part do you play?
She: Oh, I'm just the poor girl who goes astray and is thrown out into the street. But where are you going?

He: Out to wait in the street.
—Virginia Reel.

☪

Assistant: There's a woman outside with a case of fallen arches.

Doctor: I don't want any today, but tell her to leave the case and I'll look them over.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

☪

Visitor: Is that your son's collegiate flivver that he came home in?

Mother: No, he really had a wreck.

—Webfoot.

Soldier: Halt! Who goes there?

Abie: Matzos.

Soldier: Passover.

—Reserve Red Cat.

☪

God save the Irish; no one else is making any efforts.

—Rutgers Chanticleer.

☪

"And how is your wife at getting a meal?"

"Say, that girl's a wonder. She can open a can in 2 3/5 seconds flat."

—Wabash Cavenham.

☪

"I'm going to have to stop drinking coffee for breakfast."

"Why so?"

"I can't sleep in any of my classes any more."

—Texas Ranger.

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