

WAS IT MOIDER?
 Was it moider? An' what did de cops say? See page two for exciting review of what might happen at the Press Dance. Then you'll be sure to get your bid right away.

Spartan Daily

San Jose State College

CHAPEL TODAY
 Dr. A. H. Saunders will be presented on the Chapel Quarter Hour program today at 12:30 in the Little Theater. A flute duet will be featured on the musical portion of the Chapel program.

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PRESS DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT

'Tovarich' Opens Tomorrow Night In Little Theater

Dr. Boris Lubowski To Have Lead Role

"Tovarich", hilarious French comedy, produced by members of Iota Delta Pi, honorary French fraternity, will open tomorrow in the Little Theater at 8:15 p.m. Dr. Boris Lubowski, of the modern language department, will play the lead role of Prince Mikail Alexandrovitch Ouratief, while Beatrice Cubicciotti will play Grande Duchesse Tatiana Petrovna. Peter Mingrone is stage director. Tickets to students sell for 25 cents, to others 40 cents.

Talk On Public Service Slated

Dr. Martha A. Chickering, who is in charge of the curriculum in Social Service at the University of California, will speak before San Jose State college Social Service majors at a meeting to be held tomorrow in Room 165 at 2 o'clock. All persons enrolled in Social Service courses or associated fields, and all those who are interested in or intend to enroll in the new School of Public Service to be founded in the Fall of 1939 are urged to attend. The Social Service major was established several years ago at San Jose State college for persons interested in social work. It will form the main branch of the new school.

Winner Of Truckin' Contest Tomorrow To Get Free Bid

MUSIC and THRILLS ON PROGRAM

A HILARIOUS NIGHT IN NEWSDOM, enough excitement to keep even the hardest boiled city editor tearing his hair in frenzy, and especially styled dance music by Scott Held's popular orchestra, all await State college students at the banner-line Press Dance to be held in the Scottish Rite Temple, Saturday night. Offering a free airplane ride as door prize and lining up an unprecedented bill of entertainment, the sponsoring Press club members pledge a net return of at least five hundred per cent on each \$1.00 expended by San Jose State collegians for bids to the Headline Hop. Dance bids are selling on the campus this week and will be on sale at the Temple door. The affair is informal.

FRANK OLSON
Press Club President



WILBUR KORSMEIER
Executive Editor



BEN HITT
Associate Editor



EUGENE HARVIE
Copy Editor



MARSH and BAILEY TO JUDGE

A WIDE-OPEN TRUCKIN' CONTEST will be held in the Student Union tomorrow at 12:30 to select the champion "Harlem flingers" of the college! To the winners will go three bids to the Press club dance, including a bid to the winning couple and one each to the best men and women dancers. The contest will be judged by Jack Marsh and Jim Bailey, ace proponents of the hi-de-ho dancing art locally; Bull Lewis was expected last night to also assist in selecting the winners. Every student on the campus is eligible to enter the novel competition which comes about as a result of the interest in truckin' shown at recent college dances.

WALT HECOX
Special Men's Editor



WILLIAM McLEAN
Feature Editor



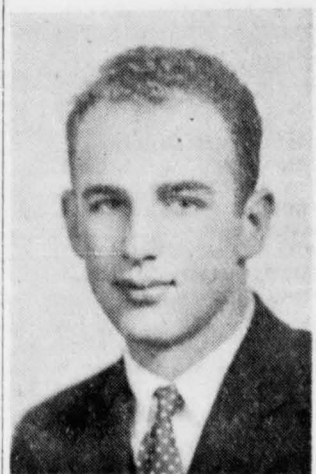
Junior Class To Meet Tomorrow In Room 24 At 11

Secret Plans For Sneak Day To Be Discussed

Psssst! Don't look now, but the Junior class is to have a meeting Thursday morning in Room 24 at eleven bells. Class officials do not want this information to get beyond the ears of the school, so keep it from those old women called Seniors. "Furthermore," says one third year man, "if our secret plans ever leak out to the Seniors our geese will be stewed! The element of surprise is imperative for the success of our system."

Picture Of Club Heads Required

A representative of each of the following campus organizations is asked to come to the Publications Office today to make appointments for an informal picture of the officers of the organization for La Torre. These pictures are to be taken during the noon hours of Thursday, Friday, and Monday. Radio club, Press club, Globe Trotters, Sociology club, Rainbow club, Entomology club, Y.M.C.A., Radio Speaking club, Bibliophiles, Pre-Nursing club, Home Economics club, Yal Omed, Newman club, Spartan Stags, Kappa Phi club, YWCA, Block S.J., P.E. Majors (men), Sigma Delta Pi, Pre-Legal club, Italian club, National Music Society, Social Affairs Committee, Police club, Forestry club.



FRED MERRICK
Sports Editor

HERE IT IS! THE ALL MEN'S SUPER ISSUE

First Male Paper In College History

Clearing the office of every trace of femininity and going to work in a clear atmosphere free of female whims and fancies, the male journalists of the Spartan Daily today bring you this first all-men's edition in the history of San Jose State college—the greatest edition of the paper ever published—and all by the men, for the men, and of the men of Sparta. Ladies—make way for the Gentlemen! (The surrounding pictures are of this special editorial staff)



RAY MINNERS
Managing Editor

editorial page

From Our Side..

By WILBUR KORSMEIER
Spartan Daily Editor



Come to think of it, in a few years it appears that the men will dominate student life more than they are doing now.

Probably the only feminine hand that had anything to do with the making up of this special edition was that of a little girl in the Registrar's office who dug up some ancient figures to show how the men are gradually forging to the front.

It seems that back in the distant past, 1931 to be exact, there were about 890 men enrolled in San Jose Teachers college.

The fall of 1936 saw the men hold down 48.2 percent of the entire enrollment, but in the next quarter the males came up to within 75 of the number boasted by the women.

So you see, it won't be long now. With the decided up-swing of men's athletics, and the increased interest in two-year technical courses, the days of the "school marm" seem to be giving way to newer days when the men are coming out of hibernation and gradually moving to the front in the education world.

And so, we give you this special edition, written-edited-and-censored-by the Spartan Daily men staff members.

HITT-ING THE HIGH SPOTS

With BEN HITT

If ever I should be in New York City on one of those days when the dying sun erupts down into the west with a final sullen blaze of heated colors, I hope that I may spend that last hour of the day in a leisured stroll across Central Park (at its narrowest).

I doubt if there lives anywhere in the United States a reasonably literate man who will ever again stroll through the park at sun down without a thought in homage to the country-boy-in-the-big-city

who personified Manhattan to us outlanders, whose death left his day by day readers minus an intimate friend, and who evidenced the greatest rhetorical ability of any living American, the ability which could have made O. O. McIntyre "the" American novelist, but which he chose to dissipate on the annual cycle of a Hearst column.

In this second week of his death, it is surprising that the "Thoughts While Strolling" music does not permeate every corner of the nation, for there could be no more fitting tribute to the beloved boy from the banks of the Ohio than Meredith Wilson's "O. O. McIntyre" suite.

SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE SPARTAN DAILY

Dedicated to the best interests of San Jose State

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Features appearing on the editorial page of the Spartan Daily reflect the opinion of the writer. They make no claim to represent student or college opinion. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor.

RUNGS IN THE LADDER

After The Fights, The Little Dark Man Told Him A Thing Or Two

"Eight-nine-ten; you're out. The winner, Frankie Fidello." Amidst mingled cheers and boos, the crowd rose from its seats and filed slowly out of the smoky arena.

James Wilkins, wealthy and wilted financier, took a cigar from his vest pocket and absent-mindedly removed its tip with his thumb-nail.

"Got a match, mister?" A small, dark man was the questioner.

Wilkins offered him one and resumed his way toward the door.

"Go to the fights every week?" The small man seemed to want to start a conversation.

"Yes, I do now" Wilkins replied, "but I didn't use to come very often. Sort of a fascination in it, isn't there?"

"Yeah. I guess everybody likes to see one guy get licked by another. Anyway, that's the main reason I come."

Wilkins recalled the days not so long before this that he had never thought of going to fights. That was before Grace had left him for a Reno divorce. A frown of defeat came over his face as he remembered the nappiness of his first few months with her.

"I didn't used to come much myself" the small dark man was

saying. "That is, not until my wife divorced me a couple of years ago Darn her anyway! I used to sweat all day long at the factory. And when I come home at night, I expected a little comfort and rest. But that babe kep me goin' every minue. Always buyin' flashy dresses and wantin' to meet influential people. Boy, I tell you, she kept me goin' all the time."

Wilkins smiled to himself. Here was another poor fool whose wife was too much for him. He wondered how things were turning out in the small man's case. Perhaps he could help him out, and avert the ending that had taken the happiness out of his life.

"Tell me; what does your wife want to accomplish by meeting these influential people?" asked Wilkins.

The small man laughed bitterly. "What did I just tell you? She left me with hardly any warning one day. Man, How that broke me up! She was the prettiest girl I've ever seen—wnat a build. Made the movie stars look silly. I guess I was lucky to have her as long as I did. One guy told me she married me on a dare—but I sure fixed him."

Wilkins realized he hadn't heard the first part of the man's conversation. So this man's wife had left him, too. He became interested in his companion.

"Where do you work?" "I run a polisher at the Acme shoe plant. Been hauling down 45 bucks a week steady for six years now—but that wasn't enough for Mamie. She—"

"Her name was Mamie?" asked Wilkins. He was amused that anybody actually had such a name. He thought it was merely in books to describe gun molls.

"Yeah. Mamie McGinnis, before I married her. Gosh, I was sure happy the first couple of months after I married her. That was before she started spendin' more money than I could earn, and before she dyed her hair."

"Why did she dye her hair?" "Aw she thought that blondes had a better chance to get to the top of the ladder. She met some big shot on Wall Street. But she didn't stay with him long. Last I heard she went to Reno, got a divorce, and then went to Hollywood."

"What did you say her name was?" Wilkins felt a sweat beginning to break out on his forehead.

"Mamie. Why?" "Oh, nothing," Wilkins for some reason was relieved. It wasn't possible that Grace—

"Of course she changed her name after she left me. Changed it to Grace. Said that it sounded more high class."

—by Victor Carlock.

WAS IT MOIDER, AN' WHAT DID DE MOB SAY?

By Juss Missed

The orchestra was going full steam on one of the hottest numbers of the week and the happy, hilarious gang of collegians which jammed the Scottish Rite Temple near to a point of overflow was swirling and whirling in a close rhythm with the torrid dance music.

It was swing, with a capital "S", and nowhere in all Santa Clara county (or even the whole peninsula) was there a more care-free crowd of young people. Around and around the ball room went the dance and the dancers, and no one paid any attention whatsoever to the trio of low-browed huskies in dark top-coats who came stealthily through the unguarded doors.

Slowly, menacingly, the sinister figures moved up to the edge of the dance floor, poised hawk-eyed, staring at the whirling crowd. "There He Is!" the middle thug growled in guttural tones.

"Check," mouthed the tall, thin one. His hand came up slowly out of his coat pocket and the ugly muzzle of a squat automatic pointed briefly into the dancers.

Three staccato shots bit the air. The orchestra ran down like a split phonograph record. The entire throng stopped short, stared widely around. Then a girl screamed. The dancers moved toward her in horror-stricken silence, their steps beating a cadence to her wild sobs. . . . And the three men in the black top-coats were nowhere to be seen.

Was it murder? Or was it just one of the many fantastic, blood curdling, thrilling and definitely entertaining stunts the Press club lads and lassies had cooked up for their annual

dance, the most brilliant affair of the winter quarter?

(Editor's Note—this thrilling serial will be continued and concluded Saturday night for the special benefit of State collegians who swing and sway at the Headline Hop. Remember, anything can happen and probably will. Buy your bid this week. \$1.00

DO YOU BELONG ? ?

Do you belong to the Lemon club?

It costs only a nickel to become a full-fledged member of this rapidly spreading organization, whose actions are secret and conducted under cover.

In continuance of its faithful resolve to expose all fraudulent and undesirable organizations on the campus, the Spartan Daily hereby denounces the Lemon club and warns all students against its evil "come on" technique.

Those campaigning for new members walk up and innocently ask for a nickel claiming they are in a tight spot and are in sore need of the modest sum. When the nickel is handed over the victim is given a card which reads: You are now a full-fledged member of the Lemon Club. "Squeeze, Brother, Squeeze" Get your nickel back the same way you lost it. —V. C.

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School F... Expose Ori... Appearing i... time, the Ra... will present a... senior orien... eleven in the... Although a... programs and... original plays... regularly over... KQW, this wi... public demons... which was or... pus last quar... ber as preside... lock as progra... TECH... The special p... cated to the se... and will take... radio broadcas... originate on th... Theater, and v... audience over... they will hear... it were an act... will be able t... of turntables... ing, announcin... radio practises... It is rumo... tious society w... on the campus... wave hook-up... African chiefta... ed, and will b... costume. BOM... An exposure... is also promi... with the promi... will be burst... of the college... Taking part... he Willis Green... Ryan, Wilbur... Carlock, Jack... Jeanne Bronson... Garrett Starn... Ben Sweeney, ... Frances Oxley... Charles Leach... Mosier, Jack B... Roth.



Dutch Treat Policy To Hold Sway For Gigantic Boat-Ride

DEEP SEA FROLIC SET FOR MARCH 12; TWO DOLLARS TO COVER ENTIRE TRIP

It might be possible to look at this boat ride thing through an unbiased masculine eye, but I doubt it. The feminine angle is bound to poke its head through the maze of promotional adjectives that have been spread about this sheet.

Amazing point number 1 is that the little darlings have agreed to help-mate us for \$2.00 per copy. Ticket chairman Wayne Ellis assures us that tickets have been moving feminine-ward at a faster rate than male-ward. That means, my frans, an abundance of what it takes to make boat rides real successes.

But away with the ethereal for a dip into material.

The \$2.00 entitles you to train rides, ferry rides, Crowley Excursion rides, dancing, swimming, a barbecue, and a chance to explore Paradise Cove, long noted for its exploration possibilities. You leave

RADIO SPEECH CLUB TO GIVE NOVEL SHOW

School Politics To Be Exposed at Senior Orientation

Appearing in public for the first time, the Radio Speaking society will present a variety program in senior orientation tomorrow at eleven in the Little Theater.

Although a number of special programs and a series of one-act original plays are being presented regularly over the local station, KQW, this will be the first actual public demonstration by the group, which was organized on the campus last quarter with Jack Gruber as president and Victor Carlock as program director.

TECHNICAL SIDE

The special program will be dedicated to the senior class as a whole and will take the form of an actual radio broadcast. The program will originate on the stage of the Little Theater, and will be heard by the audience over a loud speaker. Thus they will hear the program as if it were an actual broadcast, but will be able to see the operation of turntables, sound effects, timing, announcing, and other actual radio practises at the same time.

It is rumored that the ambitious society will pioneer television on the campus with a special short-wave hook-up to Africa, where an African chieftain will be interviewed, and will be seen in his native costume.

BOMBSHELL!

An exposure of campus politics is also promised on this program with the promise that a bombshell will be burst right in the middle of the college political machine.

Taking part in the program will be Willis Green, Jim Bailey, George Ryan, Wilbur Korsemeier, Victor Carlock, Jack Gruber, Olga Hardy, Jeanne Bronson, Neal Warwick, Garrett Starmer, Barbara Powell, Ben Sweeney, Dorothy Leeverenz, Frances Oxley, Ben Johnson, Charles Leach, Bill Davis, Johnson Mosier, Jack Baldwin, and Gordon Roth.



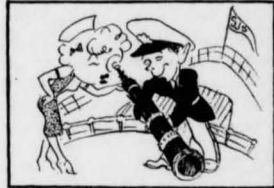
Newman Club To Give Dance

A new slogan floats around Washington Square these days and it runs like this: Swing and sway the Newman way with music that's sweet for dancing feet.

All of which foretells that the annual Newman club dance unfolds Friday night at Newman hall with Scott Held and his syncopating rhythm-makers providing the melody. Marjorie Malloy promises to lend a helping hand with her vocal chords.

Bids for the dance, a semi-formal no-corsage event, are still available either at the controller's office or from Newman members. The price has been set at one dollar.

Hampton Richey, as publicity chairman for the Newmanites, declares this year's dance will be superior to previous ones. "We are determined to give State students the best dance of the quarter," asserts Richey.



San Jose at 10 A. M. and return about 11 P. M.

It is, says Chairman Van Vleck and his committee, going to be the biggest all-day venture in San Jose's history. It appears that everyone and his uncle are going to be there, and devotees of former boat rides swear by them.

Tickets may be procured from



any member of the committee or from a booth quad Tuesday and Wednesday from 12 noon to 2 P. M. Deadline for tickets is definitely set for Tuesday, March 8.



FOR CAMPUS MEN ONLY

THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST

By BEN MELZER

Right here and now, we'd like to blast an old belief—timeworn, honored, but alas, outmoded. It is the notion that the citizen who grasps your hand in a steel-like grip, fixing your eyes steadfastly with a burning look, is a noble character. We realize of course, that all our substantial heroes of the Horatio Alger pattern are hand crushers and eye fixers. As such, these "newsboy to 3rd Asst. Vice-Pres." types barged through life, invariably to reach an ultimate pinnacle of great success.

There is no larger world problem to the shy, sensitive college neophyte today, than this over-gushing 'Algerian' specie in the flesh. Specifically, we have reference to those adolescents who set themselves up as character judges of the first water, while at the same time seeking to impress on our plastic mind that they're a true Peter B. Kyne he-man. They are charter members of the "Read Character by a Glance and Handshake" school. There should be a word describing them. In fact, we have a word describing them that would be appropriate, however, it is not fit for publication.

You've met him, of course—much to your chagrin. His usual method of approach is to take a leech-like grip on your hand, stare horribly at the supposed 'windows of your soul', and await your reaction. If you flinch—and you can scarcely help yourself—you are immediately categorized as a weakling—a spineless, flotsam-like bit of humanity. Point one has been scored in his favor. His smug smile of self satisfaction is pretty sickening. But really, there's little you can do about it. Clearly, he's the master of the situation.

Hasn't he read McCormack's "Characterology"? Isn't he the proud owner of copy number 111-111 of "How to Win Friends and Influence people"? Sure. So, when you fail to return stare for stare, grip for grip, he immediately nominates you for oblivion. You're a nobody. As it is, you are now ready to hiss oaths and go off in a huff. However, you finally manage an insipid push-button smile, this from sheer nervousness. And that is where the great mistake is made. He now knows definitely you are exhibiting a fear complex, your grin being nothing more than a defense mechanism. Hmm.

The origin, we believe, of this alleged herculean test of masculinity has been laid to the pulp writer of yester-year. Browse through an old Horatio Alger pulp and you will invariably come across a passage which with little twist unfurls to-wit, "Philip gazed strongly from his level blue eyes. Although a lad of fourteen summers, our Philip possessed in his hands the strength of most men." Time staggers on and we find the scientific writer of character, Dr. McCormack, having completed a bulky tome on reading character at a glance. He contributes drippingly, "If the man's hand is moist and handshake weak, keep away from this man, he is dangerously cunning. If he averts your gaze shiftingly, you know he has treachery in his heart."

For the present, nothing would massage my heart more, than to have Mr. Alger, Dr. McCormack, and the host of handshakers, eye burners to witness the recent fight pictures of the Joe Louis-

The Social SNARL

By WALT HECOX

It has been suggested that I satirize the respective columns of Miss Schumann and Miss Gurney. I will not. It has been done, and probably will be done again by better men than myself. However, I shall always claim that these two journalistic gems have no need for

Tom Farr shambles. They would gulp and gaze bug-eyed at seeing these two hulking he-men feebly shake hands as if they were individually pawing a dead fish, and avert each others stare shamefully. We sit in curious silence at the argument our audience could produce. Possibly none. Nevertheless, we consider it a conclusive argument against this juvenile fallacy.

One who is of the firm hand-shaking and eye glarer school is predestined for a life of extinction. This, from the true unassuming, social school. The admiration of strength should cease at the same time the average 10 year old juvenile decides to resign from the brave Mounted Police to become a long suffering "Red Skin". Accordingly, an older social world does not appreciate that which we can call physical violence. The person using the aforementioned tactics, after graduating from college, and attempting to ease into an average social group will soon discover people edging away, and himself, in the end sulking in some remote corner . . . which is, of course, as it should be.

satirization. To transplant them with quotes is enough. Besides this is a man's world and I feel it my duty to insist that we completely ignore those who would trespass on our natural superiority and hereditary privileges.

A woman's place is in the home . . . providing she keeps her mouth shut.

A man's place is anywhere you find him. It is for him to climb the tallest mountains and fall off the steepest cliffs; to dig the deepest ditches; and to deliciously squander his money on members of the less intelligent sex.

Enough of that.

It might be well to inform a few people that men are still supposed to wear the trousers in this world . . . Sometimes I wonder if anything exists that is for men only . . . and then I remember moustaches—and razors.

Recently a much publicized Spartan Daily style specialist entered this comforting thought in her column:

Let the rain pitter patter
It really doesn't matter.

Inasmuch as the citizens of Morgan Hill and Alviso were running their errands in boats at this time, I cannot help thinking that this young lady was all wet. No ditty such as that would ever have appeared in an all-male edition.

Sooo?
A woman's place is at the second table.

When all is said and done, I suppose it is a man's world. In

FAT IN THE FIRE

By JIM BAILEY

GENTLEMEN:

No better opportunity affords itself than this edition for the chance to explain those little niceties so essential to a true gentleman and of such delicate nature as to prohibit their mention in the company of the opposite sex. Having many times been addressed as a gentleman, and for that matter many times addressed as other things, I do not feel presumptuous when here-with proffering certain rules and regulations pertaining to the correct procedure at various social functions, particularly dining.

Our first consideration is anent our companion in relation to our pocketbook. If you are flush, the appetite of the girl is only a minor detail, but if the contrary is the case, then the appetite is definitely important. Let us presume our pocketbook is distressed. In this case the issue is how we are to
In spite of claims of the opposite sex, one cannot help noticing that men are still doing whatever really big things there are to be done. Whether this is just through hereditary right or not, I don't know. It doesn't really make any difference.

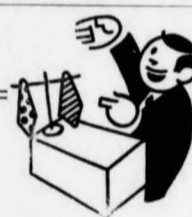
Women want all the privileges of man and none of the duties.

convey this information to the girl without being blunt.

Some girls are naturally considerate of their companion's finances and will take it easy. On the other hand, the greater majority are out for the fill and a kick in the slats won't deter them. This latter type, lass can easily be thwarted by keeping a presence of mind when the check is brought, by gazing at it with rising ire, and by finally jumping to your feet shouting, "Two dollars?" and then, tossing the check down in front of the girl, add, "If I were you, I wouldn't pay it!"

This information was given me by Dr. Poytress during one of our infrequent talks, and that is why I have passed it on to you, for it is my opinion that anyone with as well a fed appearance as he, must be wise in the ways of the table. In fact, from a reliable source comes confirmation of a rumor that during the course of a recent Poytress class, his frustrated students hurriedly dashed off notes for fifteen minutes before they realized that he was merely snacking his chops.

FAMOUS FINALE: They can't pin nothin' on me!



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J. S. Williams

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SPORTS Merrick-go-Round By FRED MERRICK

It's been a long time since we commented through this column about the athletic activities of the Washington Square representatives in the sports field.

Of the many things which have occurred since that time, the affair Monday night most likely ranks at the top of the ladder. A true "Cinderella" finish brought the Spartans through to the championship in the N.C.I.B.C. cage race.

It is nice to think back over a short four week period during which time Coach Bill Hubbard and his team kicked the other conference squads in the face and walked into the titled spot. Of course, the Spartans had to have a few breaks on the side, but they were alert enough to take advantage of everything which came their way.

The University of San Francisco was responsible for one of the best breaks in San Jose's favor. Without the aid of the Dons' upset victory over Santa Clara, the Spartans could only have gained second place. Given another shot at the title, Hubbard's squad removed all doubt concerning the first victory over the Mission five some two weeks ago.

Credit the Spartans with one great comeback. Rated out of the race when St. Mary's stepped nimbly over San Jose to hand the locals their second defeat, the Hubbardmen turned around to hand all of the conference teams a lacing and gain the playoff spot with Santa Clara. Washington Square will buzz for quite a spell with talk of this feat.

Everyone said it couldn't be done, but the Spartans did it, and although even the members of the team can hardly believe it is true, the situation remains.

Although Coach Dee Portal's ring squad did not fare so well in the northwest, the team lost to a pair of the strongest glove teams on the coast. The Spartan leathermen open their home schedule tomorrow night against the University of San Francisco in Spartan Pavilion. U.S.F., also listing a few prize packages on its ring squad, figures to give the Spartans plenty of action.

Thanks to Dale Wren, member of the Spartan boxing team, who sent the results of the matches from the northwest when the local squad invaded that region last week-end.

Local followers will also get another look at Coach Gene Grattan's undefeated wrestling squad Friday night, when the local team faces the California Bears. The Berkeley squad, rated as "the" power of the mats, will undoubtedly be the strongest team to face the Grattan squad this season.

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HUBBARD FIVE NEARS END OF 1938 SEASON

With the conference title safely within the walls, and the pressure of the close race released, Coach Bill Hubbard's cagers ease into the closing stages of the basketball season tonight when San Francisco State invades Spartan Pavilion at 8 o'clock.

Only tonight's game, the last local contest, and a double header with Humboldt State in the north over the week-end remain on the local schedule.

Monday's victory over Santa Clara ran the Spartan win streak to eight straight. Nevada, 52-48 winners over San Jose in the first of two games, was the last team to down the Hubbard five.

Although the Spartans had little trouble defeating S.F. State 58-39 when the two squads met nearly four weeks ago, they may have to battle tonight. The 'gators defeated Nevada twice last week and appear to have found new strength.

Coach Hubbard is expected to substitute freely tonight, and give all members of the squad a chance to see action.

Spartan Baseballers Drop 5-1 Contest To Athens Club

Unable to bunch their hits to manufacture pay-off runs, Coach Gil Bishop's Spartan baseballers dropped a 5-1 game to the Athens club yesterday in Oakland.

San Jose never threatened the powerful club team, except for a brief flurry in the ninth inning when Morati tallied the only Spartan score.

Although the Athens club garnered only 10 hits while the locals were collecting nine, the home towners massed their bingles to account for runs. Steengraft, Athens twirler, tightened at the proper time to snuff out embryo rallies.

The fast club team, which defeated California's Bears last week and Stanford at a previous date, counted two runs in the second and added another pair in the third inning. The other run came in the eighth frame.

The Spartans did not boot the game, only one error being chalked up during the fracas and that to the Athens club. Leroy Zimmerman went six innings for San Jose while Martinez took up the pitching duties for the last three.

Bishop's nine will face the Oakland Oaks Thursday in the first home game of the season and then will travel to San Francisco Saturday to meet the U.S.F. Dons.

Netters To Open Schedule Today

Weather permitting, the Spartan racquetees open the net season here this afternoon at 2:00 o'clock in a practice match with San Mateo junior college. This fray will be a warm-up for the opening conference game here Saturday against St. Mary's.

Following is the San Jose lineup: No. 1—Ed Harper; No. 2—Don Miner; No. 3—Don Graves; No. 4—George Egling; No. 5—Sterling Silver; No. 6—Frank Olson; No. 7—Walter Nasif; No. 8—George Quetin; and No. 9—Allen Howes.

Cal. Wrestlers Meet Spartans

There is going to be plenty of howling and growling at Spartan Pavilion come Friday night. The occasion is the annual wrestling festival between University of California's Golden Bears and Sparta's warriors of the four-squared circle.

State's matmen have been putting in some extra innings this week in preparation for their stiffest match of the year. Coach Grattan feels that his undefeated squad can safely hurdle the California aggregation, but like all other mentors, he is taking no chances. The Golden Bears are of unknown quantity but they usually crop up with one of the best teams in the nation.

Right now Sparta's wrestlers are in the tip of condition and barring any upsets, should go through the campaign undefeated. If they can hurdle the Bears Friday—and State partisans emphatically declare they will—San Jose's wrestling colors will dominate on the Pacific slope. That's what Coach Grattan and his gang are gunning for, and they're not going to let a little Bear halt this desire.

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The box score:

PLAYER	AB	R	H	PO	A
Sanchez 2b	5	0	2	1	0
Riordan ss	2	0	0	0	0
Martinez if	4	0	0	0	1
Garcia rf	4	0	1	3	0
Luque 3b	3	0	1	3	3
Smith cf	3	0	1	4	0
McPherson 1b	3	0	0	11	0
Morati c	4	1	2	3	0
Zimmerman p	3	0	2	0	7
Haney cf	1	0	0	1	0
Rhodes ss	2	0	0	1	0
Cranford	1	0	0	0	0

TOTALS—35 1 9 27 11

RADIO SPEAKING

Final dress rehearsal of Radio Speaking orientation program at 12:00 noon today in the Little Theater. Everyone must be there. Rehearsal will be over at 12:30 if everyone is prompt. All persons with scripts, please bring them.

ENTOMOLOGY CLUB

Entomology club meeting in Room S213 at 12 noon today. Bring your lunch. Tea will be served. Important business.

D.T.O. FEED

D.T.O.'s—Don't forget the "for men only" feed at Francis Cahape's joint at seven o'clock. Meet at Harvey Green's joint at six o'clock sharp. —Scorp.

NOTICES

The following people please meet today at 3:10 in front of Room 110: Carlton Ross, Hetty Sovy, Antionette Bakotich, LaVila Risten, June Potter, Joe Zerga, and Bob Drexel. —Dot Rakestraw,

Men's P.E. Majors special meeting Thursday, 12:30, Room 13. Important. Be there!

Very important Japanese Student club meeting Wednesday at 12:30 in Room 20. Please be there. —A. K.

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Here is just one of the devastating little numbers that will impress the faculty, panic the campus, stun the stag lines—and it's from Hale's Downstairs Campus Shop where there's everything in clever sportswear toggery priced within the reach of a co-ed's limited budget!

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Spartan Sports

FRED MERRICK, Editor

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 23, 1938

BEN JOHNSON, Assistant Editor

OUTSTANDING ATHLETES LEAD SPRING SPORT ACTIVITIES

Captain Owen Collins Is Three-Sport Athlete

By Fred Merrick

Winner of eighth position on the All-Spartan Sports Poll last year, Captain Owen Collins of "Tiny" Hartranft's track team is now closing his final year of competition for San Jose's Spartans. Outstanding in three sports, Collins established himself as one of the best quarter-milers in Spartan history last year.



Captain Owen Collins

Coming to Washington Square from Hayward high school in 1934, Collins performed on the frosh football, track and swimming squads during his first year. Again as a sophomore he was a member of the trio of athletic teams.

The blond captain moved into the backfield of Coach Dud DeGroot's grid squad last year, proving to be one of DeGroot's best half backs. His speed again made him one of the outstanding backs on this year's successful football eleven.

Collins gave up swimming during his junior year, spending more time on the cinder track. Although he is an outstanding sprint man in the pool, the former Hayward prep has abandoned the tank to devote added attention to track.

Last year's track season saw Collins continually lower his time for the 440 yards until in the Fresno relays, Owen anchored the mile relay quartet with a 48.5 quarter mile. Now as a senior, Collins leads the Spartan cinder squad into a stiff schedule which lists most of the outstanding meets of the Pacific coast.

CAPTAIN STAN LEADS SPARTA SAGA OF SOCK

By Walt Hecox

Leading character in the fourth chapter of Coach DeWitt Portal's Saga of Sock at San Jose State college is Captain Stan Griffin, hollow eyed maestro of knuckle bouncers on Washington Square.

MANY TITLES

Possessing most of the amateur titles in the light-heavyweight division on the Pacific Coast worth winning, Stan is able to weigh in at the 179 pound maximum only when he is fully clothed and dripping wet. Ordinarily he enters the ring at 173 pounds . . . with his shoes on.

A junior, fighting his third year for the Spartan's Stan will defeat his Pacific Coast Intercollegiate title in March. The long captain won this crown easily last year but appears to be in for more trouble when he defends it.

AERONAUTICS

Other than boxing Stan's principle interests on Washington Square are aviation and an effervescent brunette who thinks so much of Stan's prowess that she doesn't even bother to bite her nails when he crawls into the rings.

Griffin has no intentions of carrying his boxing career outside of the amateur ring. His chief aim in life is to pass the entrance requirements for Pensacola, where he wants to finish his education and then devote his life to the air.

Howie Withycombe Holds Three Captaincy Honors

By Ben Johnson

For the past three years, Howard Withycombe has been the most outstanding splasher to represent San Jose State College in any swimming competition, and during that time he has held three captaincy positions.

As a sophomore, the Spartan backstroke ace went through the entire season of intercollegiate and AAU competition with a single defeat in the windmill stroke, which he has mastered so well. As a junior, Howard was elected captain of the team, and led the Spartan mermen to numerous triumphs during the 1937 season.

The most outstanding victory of last year was Howard's 100

yard achievement in the Call Bulletin championships in San Francisco when he showed the way to the finish to the three dorsal artists, who were considered tops in northern California competition. He hopes to repeat this victory again this year.

His only defeat last season was at the hands of Ken McNicol, brilliant backstroke from Fullerton junior college, who set a record in defeating the brilliant Spartan.

In recognition of his great water-polo ability, Withycombe was elected captain for the season just concluded, and he led his team to a league championship.

Now in his final season of intercollegiate competition, Howard Withycombe is again the captain of the San Jose swimming team. So far this season, he has scored victories over the best the Olympic Club, Athens Club, San Francisco YMCA and the University of California could offer.



of last year was Howard's 100

Ed Harper Hails Captain Olavarri From Dakota Leading Grappler

By Ray Minners

Captaining the Spartan netters this season is Edwin Harper, a veteran from last season's championship team.

Born in the Black Hills of South Dakota, Harper attended high school in Billings, Montana, where he starred on the tennis team and



captured the state junior championship in the summer of 1933. Each summer since he has returned to the northwestern state to work in the mines and play in the net tournaments.

At San Jose State college Harper is majoring in general chemistry and plans to do graduate work at Stanford or elsewhere.

Last year the boy from the cow



country played second singles on the Spartan varsity and the year before was one of the outstanding players on the freshmen aggregation of that year. This year he

By Dan O'Neill

Wrestling captain Martin Olavarri can look back with pride over his outstanding scholastic and athletic career at San Jose State college.

Since coming to State from Los Gatos high school, "Ollie" has been a standout in basketball, wrestling and soccer. Playing for Charley Walker's skin-kicking aggregation last season, the curly-headed Spaniard was acclaimed the outstanding player in the conference.

For three years now he has been a standout on Gene Grattan's Spartan wrestling squad. Competing in the 135 pound division, Olavarri has suffered few defeats. His appointment as captain of this year's squad—considered the best team on the coast—is a just award for the popular Olavarri.

Olavarri is a language major and a member of Tau Delta, men's scholarship society. Whenever conversation bobs up about State athletes, Mr. Martin Olavarri will certainly come in for a good share of the discussion.

has advanced to the No. 1 position where he is expected to be a consistent winner for the locals.

Martinez Playing Final Season Outstanding For Four Years at State

By Jim Cranford

Captain Tony Martinez, star outfielder and head man on Gil Bishop's 1938 baseball aggregation, hails from Winters high school at Winters, California where he was a four sport man in athletics and was very prominent in Student Body activities.

At Winters high, Marty is rated one of the greatest baseballers ever to graduate from the prep institution. He was all-league half back in football and played a "mean" game at forward on the casaba court.

Upon graduation from high school, Martinez enrolled at San Jose. This is Marty's fourth year at State where he has established himself as one of the greatest baseballers ever produced from the Spartan institution. The former Winters youth has played three years on the varsity baseball squad, and from results of games played all ready played this season he is headed for high spots in the national past time activity.

At the present, Marty plans on finishing his degree here in commerce before he considers any professional contracts. After graduation in June, he plans on considering these offers.

Illustrating how a Roos "British Lounge" Suit improves on nature!

Wider shoulders, slightly lower waist line, longer coat: all help to add breadth to the chest and "phantom" inches to height.



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Extra folds of fabric at the chest for extra comfort and to help the illusion of fuller chest development.



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Campus Reps—Keith Birlem & Bill Van Vleck

The Old Guy and The One-Armed Bandit

A Short Story In Which Even Grotesque Death Couldn't Make the Kid Stop Laughing

Sometimes when the three oily Liberties were temporarily stilled and we lay coasting up and down the big slick green ones south of Clemente, this old guy and I would sprawl out in the lee of the wheel house and talk. He'd been pretty nearly everywhere, the old guy had. He could tell you about the green wastes back of Rio and imitate the jabber of natives in the Malay straights. When he described the smells of Singapore harbor, you felt nauseated.

This old guy had been up in San Quentin for a stretch once and he had been in more county jails than there are counties in the state. All and all, he was a pretty interesting old duck, and I don't doubt but what he had done a good many of the things he claimed for himself since something of his life was storied in the little trenches which seamed his harsh face.

Two things mainly I remember about him; of course, I remember the night he got knocked off, and I remember what he told me about the fight he once had with a slot machine.

Just as we were entering the little harbor one night, an unlighted vessel came slinking down from the northern darkness, and even before they poured out their searchlight on us we knew what was coming. If you think a 65 foot runner can't be turned in its own length, it is to laugh. By the time they let go with their first blast from the one pounder our stern was where they thought our bow was going to be. As a salute it was distinctly unethical.

The old guy was the only one of us on deck. When they saw that even with half a load aboard we could still stay in business, some blue-panted pride of the C. G. raked our tall with a five-minute stream of machine gun lead. The old guy took his neat. When finally we hauled him below there wasn't enough blood left

the scars. For an hour and a half, he said, he wrestled with that machine, fighting the thing all over the room. When finally he freed himself, his hand was more or less shredded and the late opposition was a glorious wreck. It must have been gory—and exceedingly funny.

Appreciating full well something of the writhing which was sure to fall around his ears should he tarry there much longer, the old guy picked up all the nickles he could find, laboriously unslung the barge's skiff and using only one hand sculled to shore, more than two miles away. That was all there was to it, but when he told about it, I nearly blew a gasket laughing.

And seeing him lying there dead as a mackerel, I couldn't help but laugh again, thinking of how funny he must have looked wrestling around that barge with the vicious, unrelenting slot machine. I thought I could hear him cussing and see sweat glisten in the murky lantern light, and in my fancy the three other machines were dancing excitedly around on their hind legs, egging on their fellow.

There with the old guy finally dead, I laughed and laughed, and when they took him up on deck to toss him overboard, it got funnier and funnier until I could feel the top of my head lifting off—and from a distance my own voice was high and shrill, cackling like a hysterical woman. Dimly I saw the old guy go over the side, and then the skipper slugged me.

When I came to, we were back in Ensenada, and the skipper had left a pot of java for me on the little galley stove.

—By Ben Hitt

SHACK HOUSES COLLEGE HAMS

By Bart Maynard

If one should wander around the back quad between the old Co-op building and the Industrial Arts building, he might be surprised to find a small two room house or, more aptly called, a shack, partly hidden behind a young Redwood tree. It is painted a sickly yellow with a green front door that was probably colored with some of the paint left over when they painted the old Co-op, heaven knows when.

Coming out from one side of the shack are a few heavily insulated wires that come to the top of the building and eventually dead-end at the top of the campus water tank. From these wires and the fact that on the door are four meaningless hieroglyphics that read W6YL, one infers that probably this is the San Jose State Amateur Radio shack.

Should one enter the not-so-sacred portals of the shack, since the door is always open, it may be found to be so if one would just turn the knob, he sees a two room affair, one room with a few cast-off chairs and tables and the other room with not too much radio equipment. A sound comes from this latter room and investigating, one finds a licensed amateur or "Ham," as he is fraternally called, using a radio key to send some greeting, "Hash," or some other meaningless dictation by means of the radio code.

CQ, CQ, CQ

Now suppose one was inferred with the power to interpret this broken up dot-and-dash jargon noise that comes from the transmitter as it purveys the waves into the ether, he might find it going something like this:

"Calling CQ, CQ, CQ, CQ, CQ. Calling CQ, CQ, CQ, CQ, CQ. W6YL calling CQ, CQ, CQ, CQ."

W6YL—Y as in Yokohama, L as in London calling CQ. W6YL located on the campus of San Jose State College, San Jose, California calling CQ. This goes on indefinitely until the "Ham's" wrist begins to tire, so he turns off the transmitter and switches on the receiver. Turning the dial a few times he suddenly hears a faint dot-and-dash signal answering his call. Interpreting this we find that it goes:

"Hello W6YL. Hello W6YL. Hello W6YL, W8PDQ in Oskaloosa calling W6YL. W8PDQ—P as in Portugal, D as in Denmark and Q as in Quebec. W8PDQ calling W6YL." This also goes on indefinitely until the signal says, "There is a little QRM (noise) to your signal, probably your modulator, otherwise it sounds O.K. So W3 PDQ off and by for W6YL. Come in Old Man."

Calling Oskaloosa

Immediately hearing the signal, the "Ham" comes back with: "W6YL calling W8PDQ. O. K. Old Man your signal coming in strong. Swell to have this chance to have a QSO (message) with you," and etc. etc; the "Ham" giving the Oskaloosa amateur local news, what his equipment is comprised of and any thing else that might enter his head. Finally he stops and lets Oskaloosa have a chance till he can think of something else to talk about. W8PDQ comes in with "W8PDQ calling W6YL. W8PDQ calling W6YL," etc., etc.—"O. K. Old Man. I've been wanting to have this QSO with you for some time. We just got the news back here that our own "Rocking Chair Philosopher" and corn-cob smoker Sarah McClatchey will be leading the Big Apple at your Press Dance. How about sending a few free bids so we can fly out there and attend the hop. We want to see if she can still cut as good a figure as she did when she used to lead the Virginia Reels back home. So W8PDQ off and by for W6YL."

W6YL calling W8PDQ—Hello Old Man. Say, what do you guys think you are asking for free bids. If you guys want to go to the dance remember the bids SELL for \$1.00, they're not given away, and don't forget the date. February 26 at the Scottish Rite temple, corner of Third and St. James. So W6YL off and by for W8PDQ. 73's (good-bye) to you old man."

Get Your College Haircut AT THE SPORT HAIR CUTTING PARLOR HAIR CUTTING 50c 32 E. San Antonio CARL FERANNA prop.

"MAN'S PLACE IS IN THE SARAH WANTS A CONSORT HOME," MME. McCLATCHEY

By Stover Tremaine "I believe that man's place is in the home." So stated Mrs. Sarah McClatchey, Oskaloosa's rocking chair philosopher and leading business woman.

"Women make the best business men", she declared. "A woman after a little experience can sit behind a desk, smoke cigars, and chew the fat as well as or maybe better than a man."

"On the other hand, there is no doubt in my mind that men make the best housewives," Mrs. McClatchey said. "In the field of domestic science men are tops."

If you've ever seen a man demonstrating a vacuum cleaner, you know what I mean," she stated. "They sure know how to clean up."

"Men are the best cooks in the world," Mrs. McClatchey related. "I seldom pass a hamburger joint that hasn't a man behind the counter. Men really sling the hash."

"In the field of dress design and tailoring men are supreme," she said. "They can turn out glad-rags like hotcakes."

"Now that the home is becoming so mechanized, a man is a handy thing to have around. With his superior mechanical knowledge he can tinker with the electric refrigerator in summer and the refrigerator in winter," McClatchey declared. "After he has put the gadgets on the blink, women can set in and repair them."

"If a man can be found that has all of these abilities, he'll be in great demand," she said. "I'm on the lookout for one now to make my home complete."

It Could Be Verse

(Skeptical fragments which rhyme somewhat)

You looked at me. I looked at you. We hated so dearly to part. You looked at me. I kissed you. Your lipstick was LOUSEY sweet-heart.

Out of an eye in the sky, I thought, Uncolled, unspoiled, came a tear. Lean and lank, It dropped as I drank, And was lost in the dregs of my beer.

—B. H.

Here We Go 'Round The Prickley Pear

By William McLan

The cinema industry is one of the greatest, most lucrative, most influential business on earth. It has found its way into the smallest towns, the most remote places. People who have never read a book are familiar with the plots, methods, and actors of the movie industry. People who have never heard of Napoleon, or Shakespeare, or Raphael, recognize and adulate the many stars of the screen, and when one of them dies, or does something unusual the papers headline the story throughout the country, for the papers know what seems to be important to the general public.

Yet, viewed with detachment, the activities of Hollywood are for the most, part farcical and inane. It is farcical to spend millions of dollars, years of time, and the skilled efforts of thousands of men and women to produce such a movie as "Rosalie". For 90 minutes one is bombarded with a lodge-podge of music, noise, and rapidly shifting scenes, alternated with bits of an unimportant and

Plain Philosophy ON WORK

How much easier our work would be if we put forth as much effort trying to improve the quality of it as most of us do trying to find excuses for not properly attending it.

—George W Ballinger.

listless plot. This is not entertaining. It is not startling.

You may say: "Why all the shouting? After all, it's only a movie."

I'm shouting because I can't forget the immense effort, and the incredible amount of money that is spent on a picture like this. To pour out millions of dollars to produce such a trifle is completely ridiculous. To pay actors and actresses a thousand a week, even if they are the best actors and actresses in the world, is out of all reason.

And not only is it ridiculous: it is tragic. It is tragic because all this capital used so freely is being wasted, when it could be used for a thousand purposes a thousand times more important than that to which it is put.

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MEN AMONG MEN--THEY LEAD THE WAY



1. Captain William Ambrose Pitcher of the Spartan soccer team.
 2. The ALL-MEN student council. (left to right) Ben Melzer, Jack Wiles, Jack Gruber, Bob Free, Walt McPherson, and Prexy Jack Marsh seated. Don Walker

3. Reginald Knight and Joe Jurosky, former students, doing a bit of fencing.
 4. Editors Korsmeier, Hitt, Hecox, and McLean get together.

5. Harland Smith does some work on the forge in the Industrial Arts department.
 6. The Spartan-Bronco basketball game. Carroll, Radunich, Heffernan, and Ayers scramble for the ball.
 7. Wrestling Coach Grattan shows

wrestling Captain Martin Olavarr a hold. 8. Police Students Bob Drexel and Renato Simoni demonstrate the lie detector to Eleanor Raney. She tells about the Press Dance and isn't fibbing. The fellows didn't believe her, but the lie de-

tector showed Miss Raney was right.
 Sincere acknowledgements to Anella Ross for the photography and to Mrs. Gladys Kinny for the art work and layout.