

## Mass Meeting In Quad At Noon Continues Talks

### Assembly Reveals Majority In Favor Of Change In School Colors

### SENATE SPONSORS MOVE

### Student Talks To Present Both Sides Of Important Current Question

To discuss further the advisability of changing the present school colors will be the object of the mass meeting to be held today at noon in the quad. If it rains, however, the meeting will take place in the Morris Dailey Auditorium. Because there was so much interest in the subject, Frank Covello decided that it is necessary to hold another discussion on the matter before taking it up officially at the executive board meeting Tuesday night.

With approximately twenty men and two women participating in the discussion of this question, the meeting Tuesday was very lively. Tom Needham, Student body forensic manager, was the first one to give his ideas, which were for the change of colors.

Richard Hughes, Harry Jennings, Charlotte Rhines, Hugh Staffelbach, Amy Nichols and Weston Castleman were the ones who upheld the view point that standardizing the present gold and white colors was the best plan.

(Continued on Page Four)

## Special Assembly Called On Tuesday

There will be a special student body assembly Tuesday morning, November 21, at eleven. All classes will be dismissed at that time. The president of the student requests that all members of the faculty be present. The principal business is the nomination of student body officers for the next quarter, but that will take only a very small part of the time. The students have felt for some time that they have not been able to get together in one grand rally recently for the purpose of building up school spirit, and have, therefore, requested this general assembly. Will you give it all the support you can.

T. W. MacQuarrie

## Library Club Enjoys Real Chinese Dinner

For the purpose of planning new activities for the month of December and of introducing new members, the Library Club, under the leadership of Louise Bidwell, held a Chinese Dinner at Winsor, Thursday evening, at 6 o'clock.

A play written by Joel Carter, and presented by the Library Club, proved very popular, and was encored several times. Miss Joyce Backus, head of the library department, spoke on the placement of those who graduate from this college in the library field. She gave the approximate number of last year's graduates who have received placements. Madeline Chargin, a student, spoke on her impressions of library work.

All new students were introduced by Miss Bidwell.

"Clothes and Your Personality," will be the topic of a talk to be given by Miss Frances Henry Thursday noon in Room 1 of the Homemaking building.

Miss Henry will speak before the three Freshman Acquaintance Groups. All other freshmen women are invited to bring their lunch and hear Miss Henry.

## ASSIGNMENT ISSUES IMPORTANT BUSINESS OF 'CADET' MEETING

General Elementary and Kindergarten-Primary student teachers for the winter quarter are requested to attend a meeting Friday, November 17, in the Little Theater, at 12 o'clock for the purpose of receiving assignments. As this is a very important procedure, students who are working should arrange immediately to attend the meeting.

The following students, who have been approved for student teaching, must make note of their group number and know it when they come to the meeting.

Group I  
Marjorie Mae Marshall, Francis Arone, Francis Buck, Betty Gill, Lorna Seward, Jane Hammond, Inez Philbrick, Beatrice Turner, William Cowan, Emma Voshall, Florence Buck, Ermelinda Roberts, Pearl Krops, Carolyn Ash, Betty Morris, Aurelia Antron, Grace Updike, Ruth Carl, Allen Bailey, Margaret Carter.

Group II  
Ruth Sandkuhle, Frances Lewis, John Stratton, Mary Howard, Helen Cowee, Rita Volante.

Group III  
Lois Andrews, Betty Chapman, Althea Harper, Mary Wheelock, Kathryn Eitzert, Myrtle Gribble.

Group IV  
Elva Armstrong, Inez Pink, Catherine Clark, Ruth Fraser.

Group V  
Anne De Paola, William Dresback, Sam Solleder, Clarence Summy, Dorothy Bond, Phyllis Foord, Lucy Papac, Bob Elliot, Marie Jacquemet, Pearl Bohnett, Mary Terrano, Robb Walt, Grace Wilder, Elmer Venter, Virginia Ricketts, Robert E. Ryan, Velma Johnson, Mrs. Amy Curtner, Dorothy Miller.

Group VI  
Shanna Broeder, Charles Marcella, Fannie McIntyre, Ronald Spink, Annette Merrill, Edna Woodham, Leatha Farris, Uva Fulton, Lyle Job, Hazel Kirk, Erma Reischke, Ruth Riedel, Lori Giovannoni, Clarence Monez, Berman Mendelowitz.

## Tickets For Turkey Feed Placed on Sale

Tickets for the Men's Turkey Feed to be held November 28 in the Women's Gym are now on sale at the Controller's Office. There are only 300 tickets available. Fifty cents is the price of the dinner.

Tickets can also be obtained from the students:

- Senior Committee:-  
Bob Elliott, Bill Threlfall, Frank Covello, Buer Burbank, Frank Gibson.
- Junior Committee:-  
Duncan Holbert, Gus Standish, Bill Burt, Bill McQuarrie, Bill Levin.
- Sophomore Committee:-  
Bryon Lamphear, Kay Martin, Wm. Jennings, Sid Abramson, Everett Wilby.
- Freshman Committee:-  
Bill Ambrose, Marshall Cowden, Phil Fanley, Eldon Fisher, Leon Green, Le Roy Margan, Bob Rector, Phil Sheridan, Ervin D. Smet, Frank Souza, John Starbird, Ralph Weaver.

## Economic Groups Plan New Programs

To plan future programs for economic discussion groups, women members of economic groups of Stanford University and the University of California will meet with women of San Jose Friday at 3 P. M. in room 14 of the Main building.

## San Jose Health Officer Offers Address Today

### Dr. H. C. Brown, Department Head, Talks To Local Pre-Med Group

This afternoon at 5 o'clock in Room 210 of the new science building, the Pre-Med club will hear a talk by Dr. H. C. Brown. Dr. Brown's many years of medical practice, superceded by a long service as the City Health Officer, have given a vast store of experience. This long record of service plus a genial and informal personality insures a healthful and enjoyable lecture. All students interested in medicine or related fields are very cordially invited to attend.

Next Thursday, the Pre-Med Club will visit the county hospital. While there they will inspect the laboratories, operating theatre, wards, etc. There will be more about that later; but don't forget this afternoon, 5 o'clock, room 210.

## Final Trip of Year Planned for Sunday By Local Hike Club

With the ridge between Umunhum and Loma Prieta as their destination, the San Jose State College Hiking Club will leave the Seventh street entrance to the college next Sunday morning, November 19, at 7:30, led by Naomi Nygaard and Karam Hindce. This will be the next to the last hike of the quarter. All students are invited to attend.

The last hike of the quarter will be December 5, and the destination Black Mountain. The meeting place will be the same as the previous hikes, the Seventh street entrance, and the time will be 8:15 a. m. The leaders will be Barbara Adams and Earl Roberts. On this hike the winter quarter planning committee will be elected.

Members of the College Hiking Club are invited by the Sierra Club to attend several hikes. On December 30 and 31 there will be an overnight hike from the Lions Den to the Los Buellis hills. Those desiring information concerning these last two hikes may secure it by telephoning Frank Lewis at Columbia 278-W, or Lottie Shafter at Ballard 1874.

Students taking these hikes are asked to bring their luncheon and water. They are requested not to smoke on the trails and not to pick shrubs and flowers.

## College Artists On Friday Musical Hour

The Musical Half Hour Committee is pleased to announce that it has been able to secure for its program of Friday, November 17, two fine artists, Miss Maurine Cornell and Mr. Robert Williams.

Miss Cornell is a cellist. Perhaps you will remember that she was one of the students who appeared on a recent broadcast over KFRC.

Mr. Williams is a flutist. He is a student of Willard Flashman, who is connected with the N.B.C. of S.J.

We feel sure that the music lovers of San Jose State will enjoy hearing Miss Cornell and Mr. Williams at Musical Half Hour on Friday the 17th.

There will be a meeting Friday at 12:30 in Room 13 of all those interested in forming a rifle club. This club will be formed independent of the rifle class and will have the purpose in mind of answering challenges received from other colleges.

## Students May Sell Turkeys for Dinner

The annual Men's Thanksgiving Banquet will be held Tuesday November 28th. It is estimated some 300 pounds will be needed for the feed. Mrs. Dowdle would prefer purchasing the turkeys locally, from students if possible. Any student who has turkeys to sell should see Mrs. Dowdle immediately, in the Cafeteria or Room 18 of the Home Making Building.

## NEW COMMERCE CLUB HOLDS DINNER-DANCE TONIGHT AT 'ITALIA'

Tonight the stage has been set for the second Commerce Club meeting, in the form of dinner to be given at the Fior d'Italia Hotel, at 6:30 this evening. The newly organized Commerce Club has fast been gaining membership, therefore a large gathering has been anticipated.

Dinner will be served at 6:30 followed by talks of interest to every commerce student. Miss Pickett of the Central Placement Bureau will talk on "What the Employer Expects of the Employee." Miss Pickett is noted for her ability as a speaker, and tonight promises concrete facts pertaining to the college student.

In addition to the talk by Miss Pickett, Dr. MacQuarrie and Dr. Staffelbach will tell something of the future of the business world.

Tickets for the event are selling rapidly, those interested are urged to purchase theirs as soon as possible as the supply is limited.

All members of the Commerce faculty are selling tickets, as are Fred Davidson, Maxine Squires, Dorothy Ratto, Joe DeBrum, Esther Glover, Sam Zeigler, Lorraine Lawson, Alberta Lewis, and Frank Robinson.

## Silver Jewelry Sale Feature Of Bazaar

Among the many features of the Dizzy Vill Art bazaar, will be the sale of handmade silver jewelry at a reasonable price.

These pieces of silver work are just the thing to give as gifts or to wear, and as it is almost Christmas, it will certainly be a good idea to do a little of Christmas shopping early and make use of the excellent opportunity to secure the jewelry at such reasonable prices.

Evelyn Wilcox, a former San Jose State and Mills College student, made and designed the pieces of silver. The designs are all original, and the work on the articles was done by hand.

During this week and the next this jewelry will be exhibited in the display cases of the lower hall of the Art wing.

## Literature Group Arranges Exhibit

The members of Miss DeVore's Children's Literature class have arranged a most fascinating exhibit in Room 53.

Many characters from favorite children's stories have been reproduced in miniature. Stick puppets, peep boxes, small stage settings, movie reels and machines, wooden figures, etc. make up some of the means used to motivate stories for primary children.

Each member of the class has contributed to the exhibit. Because of the practical value of each bit of construction, the exhibit is of special benefit to those who are interested in primary work.

## Rally Tonight In College Auditorium Honors Team Before Fresno State Game

### FINAL PREPARATIONS ARRANGED FOR GIANT RALLY DAY SATURDAY

Grand Rally Day, Saturday, November 18, invites the presence of every student, alumnus, and parent of the college to the Campus to celebrate the biggest day of the quarter. Breakfasts and luncheons sponsored by various organizations, a reduced rate to the Fresno-San Jose game, and a big student body dance in the evening are the main activities planned in honor of guests for the day.

New idea for San Jose State College, Grand Rally Day will undoubtedly become the traditional fall homecoming celebration—not replacing June Home-

Students who desire to purchase special-rate tickets for Mother and Dad for the Fresno-San Jose Game this Saturday, may secure them at the appointment office, room 108, for the nominal sum of thirty-two cents, which includes tax.

coming, however. By staging a Grand Rally now, June Homecoming is still preserved and we have the fun of one in the fall as well. It will also give us an opportunity to invite another college to play us on Grand Rally Day, just as Pacific has asked us to play them on their Homecoming day.

Since the football team has risen to such great heights, it is quite appropriate to set a day for a combined rally, get-together, and riotous good time, with a game to boot.

It has been announced that the Spartan Knights and Spartan Spears, men's

After the Rally tonight, there will be a dance in the quad. Plan to be there and enjoy this added feature.

and women's honor organizations, respectively, will again assist in making the football game a colorful, well organized event. The Spears will sell chrysanthemum corsages for the women, and boutonnieres for the men; while the Knights will officiate as ushers. An efficient corps of traffic directors will be on duty to oversee parking of cars.

## Striking Decoration Planned For Dance

With decorations of gold and white in the sports motif transforming the Men's gym into an appropriate setting, the student body dance Saturday evening will prove a most fitting conclusion to Grand Rally Day. From 9 to 12, Homecoming guests of the college will be privileged to dance to the music of Anton Hofstede's nine-piece orchestra, with no admission to be charged.

Student body and identification cards will be the only requirement for students desiring to attend, while special cards will admit the alumni. The customary twenty-five cent charge will be made for outside guests only.

Given as the third evening student body dance of the quarter, the student affairs committee is striving to make it the biggest and best, in observance of Grand Rally Day. Members of the Committee who are working with Chairman Ambrose Nichols for the success of this dance are Warren Torrey, Tom Gifford, Lionel Tilson, Jim Dunlap, Paul Becker, Franklin Russell, Bruce Allen, Lulu Murdock, Carolyn Haig, and Muriel Hood.

### Competitive Class Yells And Skits To Be Judged By Audience

### MUSIC TO BE BY HOFSTEDE

### Coach DeGroot and Football Men To Appear During Program

The Fresno-game rally will be held this evening at 7:30 in the Morris Dailey auditorium, under the direction of Howie Burns, head yell leader, and his assistants.

There will be varied entertainment including Hofstede's orchestra, the college band, yells, skits and speakers. Elected to give short talks are Coach Dud DeGroot, "Cap" Hubbard, Dr. MacQuarrie, and other personalities.

Each class has been instructed to arrange a skit to put on at the rally, and each class will be in competition. The audience will be the judge and at the end of the skits will choose the winner by applause. Some of these skits are acclaimed as being good, and should afford a great deal of fun.

The Freshman class also presents that well-known Michael Anzelo, who tosses a very amusing brush, or whatever it is he uses.

It is rumored a new victory song will be presented to the Studentbody or its approval at this rally.

The team will be there and subject to the once over, so if you don't know the boys, it is suggested that you be there and give them the once over as human beings.

Howie Burns requests a god turnout to show the Spartans that the studentbody is behind them when they venture out in the Spartan Stadium this coming Saturday against a determined and growling Fresno Bulldog. Fresno threatens the San Jose Crown, and it will take a highly spirited San Jose team to stop them. The students support will be a large factor.

Mr. Burns also wishes to thank the students for their wholesome support at previous rallies, and as this is the last football rally, he hopes it will be the best one.

## Spartan Spears Will Sell Posies at Game

Selling chrysanthemums at the annual alumni homecoming day football game, members of the Spartan Spears outlined their proposed activities at a recent meeting. Initiating the novel idea of stationing two girls at the downtown hotels and restaurants where sororities will entertain their guests, the Spears expect this flower sale to be one of the most successful yet held.

Spartan Spears, an honor sorority of the campus, specializes in rendering service for the school, and selling flowers at the football games is one of its activities. People can much more readily recognize the altered colors of the school when the white and yellow autumn flowers are sold.

Girls will begin the sale at twelve o'clock noon, in front of the stadium.

Kay O'Bannon is the president of Spartan Spears, and it is under her direction that the flower sale has been inaugurated.

### BOOK LOST

Will the person who took a black Hardin Craig Shakespeare anthology from the book rack in the entrance to the library last Friday between 12:30 and 2:00 p.m. please return it to the Lost and found office as soon as possible. The book is a numbered copy and has a blue and yellow "Scott Foresman" publishing company mark on the inside cover.

# Campus Literature

## Why Filipinos Not Suited To Conditions In United States

By Enrique F. Gascon

As a young boy in the Philippines, I always had the desire to go aboard. My young friends, too, shared my sentiments. Every time a neighbor returned home from here, we were intensely interested to hear about his adventures, the glowing tale of a rich and beautiful country was the talk of the young boys in their games and other activities. I used to write compositions on this subject, "Why I Wish to go to America."

It was not long before I was on my way to America with some friends. I was seventeen. When we arrived here, we were separated from each other, for our relatives were living in different parts of the country. The America we had dreamed of was different when we saw it.

We had come into an environment different from our own. Our friends and mothers were no longer around us. We lived in apartment houses instead of the bamboo homes we had had back home. We found we were not living among the better Americans, but we were living with people of a low class. Around us were many gambling dens together with other centers of vice that go with them. The pool rooms and boxing arenas became the center of our amusements. With this type of environment, we were easily the victims of bad influences.

Most of us did not know how to spend our money wisely. Gambling places, expensive cars, pool rooms, and liquor claimed our earnings, for when we spent our money this way, we honestly believed that we had had our money's worth.

Relatives, for the most part, no longer helped each other. A Filipino in America would rather ask help from another Filipino than from his relatives. This is because very few who are related to each other can achieve the right attitude toward one another. Thus, they often forget each other. Often we would not know that a close relative had been executed in San Quentin two years before, or a relative had been in a county hospital for six months. This state of affairs was in contrast to conditions back in the Philippines, where we had been very close to each other. There the trouble of one was the trouble of all.

And now most of us have forgotten God. When we were in the Islands, we used to attend church services on Sundays to hear the Fathers preach the better life. We feared God in heaven and on earth, but here, even when we have lived only for a while, we have lost our reverence for God. In His place, we worship money and evils.

A great number of us have forgotten our homes and our folks. I have received letters from my neighbors at home asking me where they could reach their sons through correspondence. In these letters they have told me that their beloved sons had not written to them for a long time, even for years. Many of these parents would have been glad to send money for their sons' transportation, if only they would go back home. When I chanced to meet those boys, I told them of the messages of their folks. Almost invariably, to my surprise, I got this type of answer: "Forget the old folks; I will not go home."

A great number of us became parasites. Many of us spend our money unwisely when we have jobs; but when we are out of jobs we go into the apartments of boys who have money. Many are so accustomed to this type of living that they often refuse to go to work.

The climate of America, we find, is not favorable to our health. Lung diseases kill many of us. When we contract these disorders, we live a short life, because we cannot develop resistance against them. A simple cold can easily send us to the grave in no time, especially if it develops so that it reaches our lungs. I have seen Filipinos at the county hospital dying of tuberculosis, who I found, had been

there for only two months or less.

We cannot be assimilated in American society. Our physical features are the greatest hindrance to assimilation. We are looked upon as being different from the Caucasian race. To make this problem more serious, our customs and traditions that we brought with us are looked upon by most Americans as peculiar.

Ninety-nine per cent of all Filipinos in America are males. This situation of Filipinos without women has led to improper and unnatural relations with women. As a result, friction has developed between Filipinos and Americans. This went so far that we were prohibited from marrying American girls. This problem is being very slowly solved by our marrying Mexicans, Japanese, and Chinese.

We are not American citizens, for we cannot be naturalized. This alone is a great handicap to our advancement in life. We cannot serve the American government except in time of war when we are needed to fight for the American people.

The Philippines have been affected by Filipino emigration. There is felt in one particular part of the Philippines the predominance of women over men. The loss of sixty-five thousand Filipinos, mostly men, should not be felt by our population of twelve millions, but it happened that nearly all these young men came from one tribe, the Ilocano. It is said that this tribe has most of the old men working in the fields because of the lack of able bodied men. As a result of this, there is less produce from the land.

In conclusion, I am in favor of exclusion of Filipinos in order that fewer young men, if any, may come to America. This subject of Filipino exclusion has been presented as a bill in Congress, but the American public and the Filipinos thought it unfair. It is because of this attitude that I challenge both Americans and Filipinos alike, declaring that a Filipino exclusion law is fair; that is why I tried to point out in the beginning what happened to us in America. To repeat: our purposes in coming here, namely to earn money, to improve our standard of living, and to study, were dreams that were not fulfilled. If wealth was the thing we cared for, we have more opportunities at home to get rich because one-third of our lands are yet unclaimed and uncultivated. They are open to anyone who desires land and a home. In the Islands we would not be wandering from place to place for jobs. We would marry our own kind and have children rather than make alliances with Mexicans and other foreigners. We could demand respect from our neighbors rather than be, as is here often the case, despised and belittled.

We came here to raise our standard of living. We have not achieved this. We have no homes, possess few clothes, own no furniture; at best a few of us own automobiles. As to food, we have more back home.

As to education, very few of us who wanted education really had the opportunities to study. Many were discouraged before they ever got started. If we had stayed at home, our parents might have sent us to higher institutions free of expenses, for we have universities and colleges there, but the dream of a better place to be educated was too great in our hearts. Our parents were reluctant, but our desires to come abroad overcame all opposition.

The result of our coming destroyed the opportunities of many of us, for we were not able to attend school at all. Many of us became gamblers, gangsters, and parasites. Instead of going to school, you see us in jail or in many undesirable places. Thus, our coming here is a bane and not a blessing.

## Alien Tree Creates Curious Sensation In Young Observer

By Henrietta Harris

I suddenly caught sight of it as I neared the end of the block. It was one of those sultry days with which a reluctantly departing summer sometimes defiantly surprises us. As I stood in the protecting shadow of the apartment house for a second before crossing the busy street, I looked up, and there, in front of a modest home, was a most peculiar looking tree. Aside from its great height and smoothly rounded outline, the most noticeable thing about it was its foliage, or rather the lack of it. At the very top of the tree, there was a mass of dull green. And covering the bottom branches, I could make out long, slender leaves, curving and twisting in confusion of green and brown. The remaining branches were completely bare except for their tips, from which drooped tufts of this snake-like foliage. It was as if some petulant wind had stripped away all of that which gives beauty and dignity to a tree, leaving just enough to make it appear slightly ridiculous. For ridiculous it seemed, the great bulk through whose unadorned ribs I could see the tops of many telephone wires, houses, and far beyond, the lifeless glaring blue sky. The tree seemed out of place, too. Below it, street cars and automobiles rolled endlessly, and busily by. Pedestrians passed, some hurrying to reach the shade of a clump of trees in the next block, others resignedly plodding their way home heavy laden, from town. There this stood, unable to give these passers by a moment's relief from the insistent rays of the sun, unable even to house the birds. There it stood, useless and incongruous, with long bare arms lifted in a helpless sort of appeal. A appeal for what, I wondered, as I moved on.

It was dark already when I started on my way back. It was still very warm but not uncomfortably so. In fact there were signs that it was to be a lovely night. A lazy breeze almost imperceptibly moved the dying flowers in the gardens I passed. An enormous moon was rising in the east. Nor was it the usual sickly yellow. No, tonight its color was deep and brilliant, almost an orange. I had forgotten the tree when, once again, I saw it directly ahead of me. How remote it seemed with its black outline flung up against the evening moon between its ribs. It caught the pulsing stars and held them captive there, too. Below it, the lighted street cars and automobiles seemed but annoying fire bugs swarming about its base. No longer was the tree incongruous, for it had fitted the very moon, heaven, and stars into a remarkable pattern of its own. The rest of the street faded into insignificance. The tree stood there haughty and distant with arms curved up in gesture of triumphant indifference.

Sometimes in the broken heart-beat of night, the little pale ghost of her hands will twitch at me, hurting me. The swift yearning music of her is gone from this shrugging earth; and yet the white tragedy of her hands remain a half-remembered song to grieve me... but then, both dreams and beauty die.

Perhaps what seems to you to be the futility that was she, was in reality a final strength, a less flamboyant glee. And yet she must have run through all her days, breathlessly, to be there so soon...

Strange, and a little cruel, that my loss should be a never-quite-understood gain to fleeting, transitory man.

Tonight I scribble words... with shadowy fingers clutching at my heart; and once—once I felt her heart beating under my hand...

Richard Hiatt

## POETRY

—SONGS OF DISCONTENT—  
No. II

My quiet hands, in fierce repose,  
Strain beneath your heart to hold  
You from a laugh, and something glows  
That years the fire... and then grows cold.

The tattered garments of a dream  
Stir in the wind of memory;  
You chant your platitudes; you seem  
To find new ways of paining me.

You sit before me, yawn and sigh  
Because of words I say; you sing  
Your songs; I stare past you, for I  
Recapture some remembered thing.

Richard Hiatt

—SONGS OF DISCONTENT—  
No. III

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Richard Hiatt

## PILGRIMAGE

By Erma Faxon

She was not beautiful of face,  
But no one knew it,  
For there was something in her  
That gleamed in dark places.  
She was like a color  
That is not blue, nor is it green;  
Or she was like a song  
Written in a minor key  
And strummed on muted strings—  
And men called her lovely.

## PADRE

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## The Odd Reaction of Hearing A Baby's Gurgling Cries

By Lawrence Arnold

Dust-covered, muddy blue denim overalls, an indescribably dirty face, hands and arms and feet covered with mud, he was the happiest child I ever knew.

Older folks said that the whole family should have been in the crazy house, but I knew better. Couldn't Paul fly the most marvelous blue and white (always blue and white) kites? True, his two brothers and a sister might always be whimpering and falling down. But hadn't Paul the happiest, gurgling type of laugh possible? Didn't he always let me play with his kite? Wasn't Paul the luckiest sort of fellow in that he didn't have to worry about washing or changing his clothes but just gurgle merrily on?

We would sit in the arroyo, Paul and I, for hours at a time. Paul never said anything. He just gurgled and let the saliva drool down his face, making little rivulets in the plane of dirt on his chin. His feet would dangle in the oozing mud. And he would withdraw them to the accompaniment of a sucking, churning sound.

One time a curious thing happened to Paul. An older brother was playing with an axe. He asked Paul to lay his index finger on a block of wood. Paul

did. Suddenly the finger was separated from the hand, and the brilliant red blood began to spurt forth, but Paul just gurgled on and on.

Crying, I ran home to tell my mother. And ever since then the sound of a baby gurgling makes me a bit shaky in the region of the abdomen.

## LOENIE

He did not hear the sirens' song  
(His face set to a distant goal)  
Nor gather flowers the road along,  
Nor drink from life's sweet flowing bowl.

Through morning's pulsing harmony,  
Silent and stern life's way he trod,  
Beside a shining silver sea  
He saw citadels of God.

So toiling onward painfully,  
He pressed into that promised land,  
Where lo, the shining silver sea  
Was naught but burning desert sand.

And as he reached Gethsemane  
He tried at last but could not pray:  
For God was not by shining sea,  
But by the way.

—Wilbur Bailey



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Santa Clara at Market



## HARRIS' FRESNO TEAM HAS HEAVY LINE AND GOOD BACKS

### Little Scrimmage Is DeGroot Decree For Fresno Game

#### BULLDOG SQUAD IS ONE OF BEST IN HISTORY OF RAISIN CITY INSTITUTION

San Jose has beaten Fresno State but twice in the eight times that the two schools have met and not since 1929 have the locals been able to come through with a victory. Last year's indecisive scoreless tie was the nearest to crashing the win column that the locals have come to late.

This year finds two powerful teams both apparently at the height of their form, about to engage in their annual struggle with odds absolutely even. The Conference fates of both Coach Leo Harris' Bulldogs and Dud DeGroot's Spartans depend on this battle, and everything points toward one of the most stupendous gridiron titanic in San Jose football history being enacted on the floor of the new stadium this Saturday afternoon.

#### FRESNO STRONG

Fresno comes north with the strongest team that has been developed at the valley institution since "Frenchy" Bordenary led the 1930 Bulldogs to the Conference championship.

A line that from tackle to tackle is one of the heaviest in the Conference operating in front of backs who possess

PAST FRESNO—S.J. SCORES		
S. J.	1922	Fres.
14	1922	2
7	1926	23
0	1927	34
7	1928	10
26	1929	14
12	1930	27
0	1931	32
0	1932	0

ess abundance of speed is the essence of the situation which Coach Leo Harris has developed in his first year as head man at the Raisin City school.

In Marty Kaufman, 210 pound veteran tackle; Ted Bezerides, 210 pound guard; and Horace Niswander, 212 pound experienced center the Bulldogs possess three of the bigger behemoths who played feature roles in the famous "beef trust" line of the 1932 squad.

#### VETERAN GUARDS

Charles Jacobsen, tackle, at 190; Homer Shimmis, guard, at 195; Howard Pharis, guard, at 190; Art Johnson, tackle, at 195 are a few of the just fair to average heavyweights who grace the Red and Blue roster and who will see action here.

Ends of just ordinary heft flank these portly gents, but make up in quality what they lack in scale tipping ability. Winslow Wickstrom, Tom Spivey, and Erwin Franke, all lettermen and capable performers are the lads who are taking care of the wings for the Bulldogs.

#### SOPHOMORE STAR

Another lad who is not so heavy is making his weightier team-mates step. He is Guy Householder, 168 pound Sophomore guard, who is making history down in the Raisin City.

Two men, Captain Jack Horner and Lewis Coles, are the aces of the Bulldog backfield.

Horner, a 185 pound three year veteran, plays right halfback and does a corking good job of it. He backs up the line on defense and divides his offensive

P.S. Again—We suggest that Notre Dame do the same thing.

#### BRILLIANT BULLDOG CAPTAIN



Presenting Captain Jack Horner, Fresno State's smashing right halfback from Mohall, North Dakota. Horner, 185 pound three year veteran, is one of the mainstays of the Bulldog backfield. Aside from his ball-carrying abilities, he backs up the line with relentless ferocity on defense. He is not only heavy but fast, running the quarter mile in around 50 seconds flat in track season.

### Bat Ball Tournaments To Be Held In Women's Fundamental Gym Classes

Intensive time between blocking and ball carrying.

Coles is the real offensive threat. He plays both quarterback and left half and has scored 44 points to date. Glenn Baker at fullback and Bill White and Phil Drath who alternate at left half when Coles is not playing there form the rest of the starting backfield.

Baker, a husky lad from Turlock, is getting his first real taste of varsity competition and showing that it is to his liking. Substituting for Bill Van Osdel who is out with a cracked shoulder, Baker has shown up exceptionally well in the past few games.

Drath and White are fast tricky backs who rate second only to Coles in the ball-carrying department.

That is the array which Harris intends to throw against the Spartans.

#### Dispatch From Valley Indicates Fresno in Shape

FRESNO, CALIF., November 15— Ringing up a 7-0 victory for the west in the only inter-sectional game played on the coast last week-end, the Fresno State College Bulldogs began pointing today for the final two games of the season, both of them being Far Western Conference engagements. On next Saturday the locals journey to San Jose to tackle the Spartans of that city, while on Thanksgiving Day, Alonzo Stagg's Pacific Tigers will be in Fresno for the annual "Big Game" between these two schools.

The Bulldog victory over Washburn college of Kansas, stamped the Fresno as a great defensive team. Kept in the hole during most of the afternoon by poor punting and by the offensive power of a big, fast team which has hung up an enviable record in the middle west, the Bulldogs dug their cleats into the turf to turn back four Washburn threats. Then, with three minutes to go in the game, Art Johnson, giant substitute tackle, leaped high into the air to snag a Washburn pass and race 47 yards to make the only score of the game.

However, the Bulldogs did some offensive work themselves, whenever they got away from their own territory. Lewis Coles and Captain Jack Horner got away for occasional runs that brought the stands to their feet. Fresno moved into scoring territory three times but what caught the eyes of the spectators was the brilliant defense of the Harris-coached men. Led by Horner, who made tackle after tackle, the whole Bulldog squad was tackling sure and hard.

In San Jose the Bulldogs should meet their most severe test of the year. A victory over both San Jose and Pacific would give the Bulldogs a conference championship, while San Jose must score a victory to keep its record intact.

#### LOCAL ESTABLISHMENTS EMPLOY ATHLETES

The following places of business are cooperating with San Jose State's 1933 sports program by employing Spartan Athletes.

ESTABLISHMENT	No. Employed
Hascall's	2
Maggi's	1
Round Table	1
College Inn	2
Garden City Creamery	2
General Petroleum	1
Shell Oil Company	1
Hubbard Lumber Company	2
Associated Oil Company	1
Commercial Club	1
Elk's Club	1
Stearns Leathergoods Shop	1
O'Brien's	1
Hotel St. Claire	2

The following canneries employed San Jose State athletes during the summer

Pacific Coast Cannery
Barron and Gray
U. S. Products Co.

#### CLOUDS

It takes a gentle shower To clear a cloudy day— So why not let a teardrop Wash your cloud away?

#### SPARTAN COACH FEARS INJURIES WILL CRIPPLE TEAM FOR CRUCIAL TILT

That Coach DeGroot is not taking any chances on having any of his star players injured for the all-important Fresno game became apparent this week when the Spartan Mentor decreed that there would be no "rough stuff" and cut scrimmage to an absolute minimum.

Saturday's contest represents the crucial point in the Spartan's quest for their second Conference title, and the San Jose coach is not going to risk losing the struggle through injury to some key player.

#### NO SCRIMMAGE THIS WEEK

There has been very little bodily contact this week, with the majority of the stress being laid on polishing up the plays which are being developed especially for the Bulldogs.

Whether or not the Spartans will take to the air to the extent that they have in the last two games, remains in doubt. Against both Santa Barbara and the Aggies, the locals literally filled the air with footballs, but Mr. DeGroot may not wish to hazard these reckless tactics in this all-important contest.

Speed may be the key-note of the local attack instead of the use of the air ways. With men like Bennett, Watson, Wren, Wool, Para, and Arjo all showing up well in recent games, the golden clad gridders are well fortified with rapid gentlemen who can travel the flanks in no mean fashion.

#### STARTING LINEUP IN DOUBT

Just who will start this grid-titanic for the locals remains in doubt at this time. Certain positions, however, will probably be held down by the men who have seen the majority of the action in them this year and who can be classed as "regulars".

Captain "Bud" Hubbard at left end, "Moose" Buehler at left tackle, "Shorty" Sandholdt at left guard, Bart Collins at right guard, "Si" Simoni at fullback are the lads who seem to be sure of getting the call at game time.

The positions which are in doubt are center, right end, left halfback, quarter-back, and right halfback.

The pivot position lies between Jerry Whitaker and Ralph Meyers with the more veteran Whitaker having the edge.

Three ends of almost equal ability are competing for the right wing spot in Jim Frances, Homer Laughlin, and Walden Jennings. Any one of them may start and all three of them are sure to see action.

Either Freddie Bennett or Francis Pura will get the call at left half while George MacLachlan will probably be seen at right half when the kick-off whistle blows with Arjo, Watson, and Wren ready to replace him.

The quarterback spot lies between Shehtanian and Corbett with the former having the inside track because of his brilliant showing in the last two games.

There will be a meeting of all those men interested in turning out for track, both freshmen and varsity, at 12:30 today in room 17. All men who contemplate coming out for the teams any time during the year are requested to attend by Coach Erwin Blesh. 12:30 in room 17.

Well, well, if dear old "Leo Acker" and his Fresno team aren't coming up to visit us Saturday. According to an enterprising scribe of the local morning daily, Mr. "Leo Acker" has a mighty good team, sub, and it looks to be a tough game for the Spartans. Now stop us if we're wrong, but it has been our impression for some time that Leo Harris is the coach of Fresno's Bulldogs and Art Acker the genial mentor of the Chico eleven. Perhaps the two boys are ganging up on the Spartans this week. Oh, but Gus, why didn't you tell us before and give us a chance to prepare DeGroot for the awful news? Sort of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

The Fresh football season has passed into history, with another enviable record hung up by Coach Erwin Blesh and his proteges. Losing only one game during the season, the Spartan Babes are to be complimented for their scoring. The one loss to the Stanford Frosh was not one to be ashamed of, for Blesh's team was far from overwhelmed. Congratulations to you and your men, Erwin. Also to Rogers Moore and Paul Lathrop who devoted their time to helping you put the Frosh over.

Dropped by the Seeing Eye as he passed by. At the game Saturday, one of the program vendors came up to a young high school lad and his girl friend saying, "Program, mister?" The boy threw out his chest and replied, "No, thanks."

None other than our erstwhile announcer predicts that it is going to rain for the game Saturday. Since he was bold enough to hazard this prediction we believe that it is worth printing.

Football uniforms, like everything else, seem to run in trends.

A year or so ago the trend was all to silk pants and fancy footfrase.

Now the pretty stuff is disappearing and the movement appears to be back toward the good old fashioned khaki pants and ordinary jerseys.

The biggest factor in this reverse trend seems to be superstition over losing.

For example, take the University of Washington. When Jimmy Phelan first came out to the coast he doted his teams up in purple and gold silk outfits.

Then the Huskies didn't do so well. So Mr. Phelan changed back to plain uniforms, and his charges did better. (That is, except for last Saturday.)

Then take the case of Saint Mary's. First Madigan went in for red silk pants. This was all right. The boys won some great triumphs in those red panties.

Came the next year. The honorable "Slip" took to glaring red, white, and blue combinations. Nary a game did the gallopers from Moraga win with the team wearing three different colored pants.

This year he tried colorful pants again with the same disastrous results. So the "Maestro of the Moraga" gave up the ghost. He discarded the trickier drawers, and his lads beat Fordham. Result, no more will the Gaels gallop in anything but the regulation olive drab.

Then there is Stanford. Discarding all of their red and white breeches, those fighting Indians donned old white jerseys and plain khaki pants and proceeded to knock the vaunted Trojan smack dab off his exhaled ikrons.

Yes, the trend for winning teams is quite definitely back to the more proletarian garb.

P.S. We suggest that the Trojans discard their pretty silk step-ins.

San Jose  
**State College Times**

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**The World at Large**

By Harry Hawes

Very shortly the momentous decision upon Russian recognition will be given, as President Roosevelt has said that he expects to arrive at an opinion by Friday. The recognition of Russia may prove to be an excellent thing in that it will provide a large market for our surplus goods. On the other hand, if we cannot get a guarantee that Soviet Embassies will not be used to spread communistic propaganda, recognition would be a dangerous undertaking.

Evidently the Federal Government has come to the conclusion that it knows entirely too little about the Nazis, and that they might be undesirable in this country, as preparations have been completed for an investigation into Nazi activities in the United States by Chairman Dickstein of the House Immigration Committee.

We don't want the Nazi to stir up

the trouble that the communists have in their strike activities. Far better to nip the flower in the bud than to allow it to get beyond control.

The Italians are in a manner copying our N.R.A. in that they are putting the economic affairs of the country under government control. Mussolini has announced that legislation affecting economic affairs will be entrusted to the National Council of Corporations, a new and powerful guild system. It was advocated that the council be merged with the Chamber of Deputies, or that the latter be abolished entirely. How long such a strict federal control on the business of Italy would be popular is an important point to be considered. It is wondered if in a system like this whether or not political leaders would play favorites, and cause antagonism.

**NOTEBOOK NOTES**

By Rudolph Engfer

Will California allow the Eastern gangsters to open headquarters in the land of prunes, apples, oranges, and unusual weather? This question must be answered immediately as this is the happy hunting grounds for them since the eastern field has become "too hot" for the boys that shoot and explain afterwards.

Within the past two months, five major gangsters have been known to have looked the place over. This virgin territory is to be commercialized. What is California going to do about it? Will we sit back and permit them to organize and get a foothold with their gangs? Are we ready to go through what Chicago, Detroit, and New York must submit to every day? (These cities are spending enormous sums of money attempting to eradicate these parasites of society.)

Are you familiar with the methods of this new type gangster? where he gets his revenue? If not, it would be a good idea to pick up Courtney Terrett's "Only Saps Work" at the library. A motion picture company purchased the title of this book, but failed to use the context. The author tells the story of how the gangster works, and how he gets his revenue. Bootlegging, "snatching", and other spectacular endeavors do not contribute nearly so much as a more "polite" service: protection. A shop owner is approached, told he is marked by another gang, he should be protected, the interviewers offer this protection for a fee. What does this all amount to? Nothing more or less than blackmail, and it is from this revenue the gangster is able to survive.

Now if California merchants want such a condition, and the consumer of the merchant's wares—the consumer must finally pay the bill—is not interested, the Eastern gangster will be out here shortly. He is not a moron as so many "intelligent speakers" classify him—why is it that these fellows classify

everything?—but he is a genius, as one writer observed. He has the acumen of the modern business man, the same desires for success are present. Some writers will go so far as to say both of these men are undesirable in our society: the modern business man and the gangster. This is out of order at this time.

This is an age of preventive medicine, which is based upon the premise that it is easier to prevent a malignant condition than it is to eliminate it after it is present. There are authorities of crime and crime history that advocate a similar treatment of the gangster problem. To them, the real job is to prevent the gangster in becoming rooted in the social ground. If he succeeds, the job is three times as difficult, and often the patient dies. It might prove profitable for the citizenry of this state to consider this seriously.

How to do this, or to put it another way, what kind of an antitoxin to use is still a moot problem. District attorneys are sponsoring strict vagrancy laws, which would make it uncomfortable for the undesirable parasite. It has been proved that the present law machinery cannot cope with these super business men. Al Capone was sentenced to Atlanta on a tax evasion charge.

Try to get a man to be a state witness when one of these parasites is involved. If he does come forward, he takes his life in his own hands; consequently, few people become state witnesses.

In view of these facts, the people of this state must make a decision promptly if these powerful Eastern gangsters are kept beyond the border of our commonwealth.

NOTICE

Students and faculty members are cordially invited to attend a meeting of the Christian Science Organization to be held this evening in room 155 at five o'clock.

SCRIMMAGE . . . . . By E. Hidecker



☆ Q = S = O ☆  
By BILL CRABBE

It was hard to get this one but it was worth it. I sneaked along the shady cloister during the midday heat Monday, searching for a certain sailor individual. He has tales that rival those of the Ancient Mariner, but he's much unlike that old salt. The A.M. poured his troubles in the bridegroom's unwilling ears, so to speak, but I doubt it. A.M.'s seldom are so loquacious; this collegiate seafarer wasn't.

I was searching for a mariner, but he is not ancient; I'm not a bridegroom and he turned out to be reticent. As I said, I stepped softly along on this day—wearily, in fact. Suddenly I spotted him and proceeded with all care in order not to scare him away. I was glad to see that he was pretty firmly anchored. His y.l. was with him.

But the "time" was not immediately forthcoming. Not, at least, until after much coaxing on the proxy bridegroom's part, then the interview took us under the ice in the Arctic—that was fine, it was a hot day Monday, anyway. "Yes," he said, "the operator of the submarine Nautilus was telling me over the wireless that the village ice house was a sun porch compared to the weather under the ice field where the submarine was then."

Bur-r-r, I'll surely catch a cold, but I must get back to the story. You see, the person I'm trying to tell about is none other than Dave Michaels. In case you don't know him, I want to say right now that he is a globe trotter par excellence, and incidentally, girls, a football player (par excellence also). I might add that he is a "First Class" radio operator, par-ex—well, he is!

And to start at the beginning, he says it all began when he became interested in amateur radio. Then he passed a test for a "commercial ticket", in other words, a license to operate a radio on shipboard. From that time forth, his experiences were varied and adventuresome—frequently amazing. He is a short story writer, and has the material.

"Dollar Steamship Company"—that name is significant of far-away places. Dave has shipped on many of their steamers and expects to see service on a good many more. He was on the President Fillmore off the China Coast near Hong Kong when he communicated with the Nautilus, which was near the North Pole. It was a news scoop for the Manila newspapers, and, when the Dollar ship arrived there, was Dave interviewed? Yes, he was.

He has heard so many SOS signals

that he can't remember just how many. Several were important, many just false alarms. There was one particular distress call that had a surprise ending. He was on the President McKinley just relieving Bajion Ballou (a State student) at 4 a.m. Their boat was in the Pacific near Panama and the one sending the SOS turned out to be in the Atlantic near Jamaica, so it was literally impossible for them to render aid because of the distance, and there was no serious trouble anyway. But a commercial station in New York heard part of the conversation and notified the newspapers. Reporters immediately sent messages asking Dave to snap a few pictures of the work.

Beardier stowaways; Dave says they sometimes grow quite a lengthy stubble before they are found. When they find stowaways, Dollar liners frequently call another ship of their organization that is going the other way; when they pass at sea they stop, and the ship with the undesirable puts out a lifeboat with the free riders in it, and they are transferred and sent back where they came from. Must be a pleasant journey.

This romantic fellow has been around the world three times. He has worked on the "president" steamers McKinley, Taft, Pierce, Fillmore, Monroe, and Coolidge. His globe trotting has taken him to such places as Singapore, Yokohama, Manila, Peang, Colombo, Bombay, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, and New York.

He was stranded in New York once but heard that the President Pierce was going to sail after having been laid up and there weren't any operators aboard yet. Without waiting to put their applications through the regular radio employment channels, he and two other operators went down to the dock and walked aboard the ship. There was no one around so they merely moved their belongings into the operator's quarters and filled the requirements for "ops" on that ship. Their status was never questioned.

"Did I ever tell you?" said Dave, "the time I was radio operator on the Taft? It was my first trip. There were three of us operators; one got appendicitis and the other came down with Typhoid. We left them in the Orient and that left me to operate the radio eighteen hours a day all the way back."

The bell rang and I haven't see him since. The next I know he will be bumping over the bounding main again.

**SELF-DECEPTION TRAITS SHOULD BE CONTROLLED**

(Continued from yesterday)

Thus, the child who fools himself grows into an adult. He continues to practice self-deception, and the smaller, less-important incidents of home-life develop and unfold into decisions momentous to the future life of the individual.

The goal SUCCESS startles him. The way is so rough, obstacles clutter the path, apparitions mock the traveler from all sides, and he fears the road may prove too great a handicap. He begins to offer his conscience substitutions in place of attempting to travel the road of life courageously and fearlessly. Handicaps, he says, weigh him down and force him to concede defeat—his education is neglected as compared with others, his helth prohibits any undue physical strain, he just is not talented along any certain occupation, and a number of other similar reasons. But others have succeeded when burdened with like handicaps, if one calls them such.

Actually, he is attempting to fool himself into believing that one of the previous reasons is truly the cause of his lack of ambition. His conscience demands an explanation for his failure. Unless his mind refuses to accept any such false statement, that person will continue to plod along the rocky road, stumbling, accomplishing nothing.

Success is a magic word, and all strive to attain the beckoning heights embodied in that single syllable. Success—when attained signifies a keen mind, continually alert, constantly battling the onrushing obstacles that surround the individual like the towering wall of an impregnable fortress. There is no room here for deception, and there can be no evasions. Each and every problem must be confronted by a powerful intellect, a mind that welcomes the wall of perplexities that sweep in on each person every day of the year. A mind intent upon a successful life cannot afford to accept the easiest path—that mind must fight, and by the sheer force of intellectual power dwindle opposing obstacles into insignificance.

Throw off the yoke of self-deception! Play fair with yourself, and the future will reveal itself in its true perspective, glorious in individual happiness and virgin opportunity. A successful, prosperous life, richly adorned with personal achievement, through which those dear to the individual's heart may reap a golden harvest, is every person's just heritage. Fearlessly meet each minor problem with a truthful mind and the fundamental principles of life will be dealt with similarly when they arise, unheralded, to baffile the mind untrained to face the facts.

**Covello Calls Meet To Discuss Colors Of San Jose State**

(Continued from Page One)

One of their main points seemed to be that the alumni might object to the suggested change of colors, although this was by no means the only point of the defendants.

Rudolph Engfer, Wilbur Hogevoel, S. Simoni, Tom Needham and Bill Jones, were the chief advocates of the proposed change. One of their points was to the effect that for the past twelve years students have been attempting to change the colors; therefore the alumni should surely be in favor of it.

As a result of the discussion, a vote was taken to find out how the majority of students felt on the subject. Out of one hundred thirty-six ballots cast, eighty-three per cent was for a change to some suggested color combination. Blue and white seemed to be the favorite combination, although that is the color of Nevada University.

Only seventeen per cent of the students wanted to retain the gold and white, and the most of these were for standardizing the gold. Black and white, strangely, had a rather large number of votes and black and gold also proved popular. Maroon and gray, purple and orange, red and white, green and white, blue and gold, and black and red were all suggested color combinations.

It is evident that this vote was by no means official. It was taken merely to see what the students actually wanted done. If enough interest is shown the matter will be taken before the next executive board, and from there it will be put on the ballot for a student body election to be held soon.

Be sure to attend the meeting this noon, for this is the last time public opinion may be voiced before the election.

METEOR

By Edna Bradford

Let night,  
From space appeared  
A radiant being  
Where Leo holds his sickle poised;  
She paced the moon—and then,  
To space returned,—  
Or died.

**Mrs. Hanchett Plays On Musical Program**

On the Musical Half Hour program last Friday, November 10, Mrs. Sybil Hanchett of the San Jose State faculty, presented an interesting program of piano numbers.

Mrs. Hanchett's finished and brilliant playing was heard by an appreciative audience.

Among the selections presented by Mrs. Hanchett were: Viennese Dance No. 2, composed by Friedman-Gartner, Debussy's Cortège, Griffes White Peacock and Rhapsody in F Minor by Dohananyi.

A trio composed of Althea Harper, Roberta Bubb, and Mildred Wells, of the State College music department presented a trio for violin, cello and piano, composed by Mrs. Hanchett.

