

Interclass Debaters Will Meet Today; Topic To Be Final Examination Week

Freshmen and Sophomores Will Debate at Fresh Orientation

Juniors and Seniors Will Clash at Junior Meeting This Morning

Resolved: that San Jose State College reinstate the final examination week schedule.

Well, what do you think about that question? Would you rather have that last week reserved for examinations, so that you could cram just before the exam, and maybe get a passing mark? Or, do you like the present system?

Anyway, eight students have done a lot of work on the question, and this morning at orientation classes, the freshmen and sophomore students will talk before the 1934 year orientation group, and the junior and senior people will debate in Room 124 or at Junior meeting.

Robert Duncan, Mabel Duncan, James D. Strauss and Bertha Potts will oppose them.

Mae Wilburn and Richard Frank are the junior debaters slated to defend their class against Dale Kearns and Marjorie Martin of the fourth year.

The winners in each group will meet at a later date.

Little Theatre is Cherished Dream of Dr. V. Sanderson

The Little Theatre of San Jose State is a cherished dream of Dr. Virginia Sanderson come true.

For many years Dr. Sanderson, head of the Speech Arts department of San Jose State thought, devised, and planned just such a theatre in her mind. Six years ago her dream became a reality. The demonstration school quartered in the old building soon found the space allotted to them to be altogether too small for the children.

Officials of the demonstration school looked about for an expansion of these quarters. The Speech Arts department under the head of Dr. Virginia Sanderson saw in this expansion a possibility of a place for various functions of the Speech Arts department. The Music department was equally interested.

Dr. Virginia Sanderson was allowed to draw up plans. The entire building both externally and internally, was planned. Her idea was centered upon a building that was artistic and of the most modern Little Theatres on the Coast.

She planned the lighting fixtures after studying other Little Theatres. In fact, after viewing the noteworthy features of other Little Theatres she incorporated many of them, even improving upon them.

The theatre was planned up to and including the smallest detail.

The Speech Arts department, Music, Art, and other departments now use this room continually. Speakers of note have continually graced the stage of the Little Theatre. All College Chapel holds its Wednesday noon Chapel hour there.

The dream at last became a reality and a tribute to her, Dr. Virginia Sanderson.

NOTICE

Students who have not already received their Directories are asked to obtain them at the Co-op, as there are many uncalled for. These may be had upon presentation of Student Body Card.

PRE-MEDIC SOCIETY HEARS DR. H. BROWN AT RECENT MEETING

Dr. H. C. Brown, head of the San Jose Health Department, spoke to the Pre-Med Club last Thursday, November 16. "The Activities of the San Jose Health Department" was the subject of the speaker.

Since 1899 when San Jose established its first health department, organized by Dr. Simpson, it has grown considerably.

This department keeps a record of all births and deaths in San Jose. Statistics show that principal causes of death in San Jose are organic heart diseases, chronic nephritis, cancer, cerebral hemorrhage, pneumonia and tuberculosis.

A card file is kept of all cases of contagious diseases and spot maps are kept of four of these diseases.

Diphtheria contacts are cultured, and if positive they are immunized or quarantined. All cases are released only after two negative cultures have been taken 48 hours apart.

Typhoid cases are released only after two negative cultures have been taken one week apart.

Smallpox contacts are vaccinated or isolated. The health of the schoolchild is supervised by the school authorities.

Since July, 1932 all the milk sold within the city limits has been from tuberculin tested cows. It was through the educational campaign of the San Jose Health Department that this was accomplished. Pasteurized Grade A milk and certified milks are the best.

The total number of business places concerned with foods inspected in 1931 was 6,001. The sanitary conditions of barber shops and laundries receives a great deal of care at all times.

These are only a few of the many activities of the San Jose Health Department. San Jose is truly fortunate in having such an able leader as Dr. Brown as the head of its health department.

Local Actress Is Selected for Role

Miss Adah Mae Rhoads has been selected for the role of Edith Derrick in "The Jade God," the first production of the Players Guild which will be presented in the Francis Bacon Auditorium next Friday night, November 24. Miss Rhoads is a senior student at San Jose State college and is well known for her work in local dramatic circles.

Al Girard as Jack Derrick, and Ruth Sandkuble as Jean Millicent have the leading roles in this mystery drama. Others in the cast are Mrs. Ann Davis as Perkins, Clyde Guyon as Burke, the inspector; Victor O'Neill as Blunt, Evelyn Raymond as Mrs. Thursby, and Jack Gardner as Martin.

ATTENTION J.C. STUDENTS

Beginning today and for the balance of the autumn quarter, Junior College Academic students may have their winter quarter programs approved in Room 103. Every student is urged to take advantage of this opportunity to consult with the advisers regarding adjustment of program toward major objectives as well as to part-time employment and extra-curricula activities. Make early appointments and avoid the rush.

Tickets Selling Fast for Men's Turkey Banquet

Good Entertainment Promised by Group in Charge of Affairs

A riot of fun and food—a good old get-together of the men where an informal program can only be presented and an occasion when food, more food, and still more food is the keynote of the gala festivities.

One of the best fellowship get-togethers in the history of the college is promised to those attending.

Under the direction of Professor William B. McCoard, Mr. Victor Hunt, and Mr. F. G. Macomber, faculty member, the informal program will be presented.

It has been the usual plan for men faculty members to take charge. All fellows who care to join in on the program should see Mr. McCoard as soon as possible.

Speeches of an informal nature will be given by Coach Dud DeGroot, varsity football coach; Dr. L. C. Newby and others. And fellows, when these men speak whether formally or informally, it is worth hearing.

A special German Band under the direction of Dr. Otterstein will emit musical notes which will vibrate throughout the gym.

And also, any of youse guys may be called upon to give brief, impromptu speeches so all of youse better be prepared.

Dr. T. W. MacQuarrie will also deliver a brief speech as will Dean Goddard.

All in all a fine program is promised, so get your tickets now.

Tickets for Markham Lecture On Sale

Only two more days in which to purchase your tickets for the Edwin Markham lecture.

Don't forget! Out in the quad at noon! Plenty of tickets left, but they're going fast.

SOPHS NOTICE

An important meeting of the Sophomore Class will be held today, Thursday, at 11 o'clock in room 112 of the Science building.

There will be a special meeting of the Commerce Club today at 12:30 in Room 121 for the election of officers.

POET HOLDS TRUE TO HIGH VISION THROUGHOUT EIGHTY-TWO YEARS

"He is sincere, consistent. He has a vision, and he's followed it consistently throughout his eighty-two years," says Edith Daly, city librarian, in recalling the poetry and personality of Edwin Markham, the famous poet who is coming to San Jose next Monday to give a lecture in the Little Theatre.

"Beauty, brotherhood, and bread—these are his cardinal points in life. He expresses it through extremely beautiful musical poetry and he's held true to the vision in all his works," Mrs. Daly went on. "Listen to this poem he wrote when he was eight years old:

THE LOOK AHEAD
I am done with the years that were:
I am quite:
I am done with the dead and old.
They are mines worked out: I delved in their pits:
I have saved their grain of gold.
Now I turn to the future for wine and bread:
I have bidden the past adieu.
I laugh and lift hands to the years ahead:
"Come on: I am ready for you!"
Mrs. Daly is a close friend of the

La Torre Staff Meeting Called By Ray Rhodes

Assignments To Staff Is Plan of Editor; Work Progressing At Rapid Pace

Definite assignments will be issued to members of the 1934 La Torre staff at an important meeting to be held Friday, November 24, in the La Torre office, it has been announced by Editor Ray Rhodes. In order that work on the annual may proceed without unnecessary delay, it is imperative that everyone who has signed for a position

It is not necessary for seniors to provide caps and gowns for their pictures as these are furnished at the Peter Pavley studios, where the pictures will be taken.

on the staff attend the meeting, the editor stated.

Beginning next Monday, appointments for individual pictures of organization members will be made daily in the La Torre office between the hours of ten and three o'clock. Seniors particularly, are requested to make arrangements for their pictures, as they should all be completed by the first of the year.

Mr. Rhodes also announced that he has appointed Charles Pinkham business manager pro-tem of the La Torre, filling the vacancy left by Russell Rankin, who has taken a leave-of-absence from the college.

Frances Dederick Heads Committee For W.A.A. Dinner

Choosing the Hotel St. Claire as their setting, the Women's Athletic Association has completed plans for its annual Christmas banquet which is to be held Monday, December 4. The price is fifty cents and according to Frances Dederick, general chairman of the affair, good entertainment will be provided.

There is only a limited number of tickets, and women students desiring to be among those present should get their bids as soon as possible. Tickets may be obtained from any member of the W.A.A. Council.

Following is the committee which has been chosen by Frances Boogaert, acting president of W.A.A., to handle the preparations for the banquet: Frances Dederick, general chairman; Miss Gail Tucker, Janet Hopkins, Betty Hooker, and Vera Moss.

Nominations of Quarterly Officers Made In Special Student Meeting Tuesday

HENRY STUART TALKS ON STOIC, EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY NOV. 20

Introducing his lecture with a brief history of the European people, Professor Henry W. Stuart, head of the philosophy department at Stanford University, conducted a lucid account of Stoic and Epicurean Philosophy, Monday evening, November 20, in the Little Theatre.

Epicurean Philosophers believe that one must make the best of things regardless. Do what you can, and don't worry about what you can't help. If anything proves too troublesome, give it up; avoid all harsh and painful contact with your environment.

A wise man will be aloof from affairs of the state; he will not marry, and will earn money only in case of necessity.

A philosophy for a man of a more stubborn and courageous nature is Stoicism.

The Stoic School was founded by Zeno, and progressed through the efforts of his pupil Epitulus.

Man must do the characteristic things of human nature; it is his duty to expose himself to danger, and he must be able to endure hardships. Don't sympathize with a father who has lost his son; it adds to his grief.

Dr. Stuart's lecture was in the nature of an experiment, an attempt to find out whether it would be advisable to continue the series with other visiting lectures throughout the year. Needless to say the experiment was voted a success by all those in attendance.

Bel Canto Presents Instrumental Music

Bel Canto club of San Jose State college, under Miss Alma Lowry Williams besides a repertoire of choral music, gave an instrumental performance of Haydn's "Toy Symphony" before a large audience of members and friends of the Cupertino de Oro club at the clubhouse on Friday, November 17.

The soloist was Gladys Root, and she was accompanied on the piano by Emily Schwartz. Twenty-one singers participated. A talk on Mexico was given by Miss Mabel Kimball of the college faculty.

The social hostesses were the Mesdames Emil T. Nielsen, S. E. Johnson, Warren E. Hyde, F. A. Taft, Laura J. Reynolds, W. Burrel Melone, and Miss Jennie Saunders. The president, Mrs. R. Ivan Meyerholz, presided over the gathering.

Student Articles In Lost and Found

The following people have articles in the Lost and Found Department in Room 14.

- P. Lather
- James Walter Crider
- Hensil William Mithara
- Paul A. Camp
- Florence Tewel
- Veva Treza Nichols
- E. Parsons
- Salvator De Cola
- Orcele Hunter
- Helen Hollowell
- Rita Reed
- Charles Peach
- Helen Johnson
- Eluecrua Bush
- Fenton Murray
- Ralph Weaver
- Walter Mick

Vote To Determine Student Sentiment on Color Change Taken

ELECTION NEXT WEEK

Forensics, Student Affairs, and Music Chairmen To Be Elected

In order to nominate candidates for forensic manager, chairman of student affairs, and music manager, a special assembly was held Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock in the Morris Dalley Auditorium. Nominations for these offices were: Hugh Stauffelbach, Elmer Stoll, George Harrison, Marvin Hockabout, chairman of student affairs; Don Madsen and Harry Jennings who declined due to working on the La Torre, music manager; Gus Standish and Tom Needham, forensic manager. The election will be held next week.

A vote was taken to determine student sentiment as to a change in colors. 116 voted for black and gold, 124 voted for blue, gold and white, 143 voted for blue and orange, 95 for blue and white, and 85 for some color other than the present colors.

Clarence Naas, member of the executive board and chairman of the board of publications, in an interview this morning said that the propaganda going about the school concerning the school color change has been brought up for several years. School colors are not mentioned in the constitution. There is no way of changing them, he said, as they are a tradition, and a successful vote has no action on a tradition.

Theodore Fox, president of the senior class of last year, also favored leaving the colors as they are. Gil Bishop, Times sportswriter and member of the Spartan varsity football squad, said that the affair in question was probably just a lot of ballyhoo to build up some candidate for a student body office by giving him publicity in connection with the argument.

Dick Hughes, editor of the Times, said he saw no reason why the school colors should be changed. "It is a tradition," Hughes said, "and I see no reason to object to the present colors of gold and white, but I favor standardization."

Sorority Sponsors Loan Fund Benefit

With the proceeds to go to the Student Loan Fund the active and alumni chapters of Beta Gamma Chi will sponsor a Charity Bridge on December 9.

The bridge will be held in the lobby of the Hotel St. Claire at 2 p. m. Christmas decorations will be attractively placed. Attractive door prizes will be given.

All students and faculty are cordially invited to attend the Charity Bridge and help swell the fund for the Student Loan. Tickets may be secured from members of both chapters of Beta Gamma Chi.

Girls from the campus chapter who are in charge of arrangements are Constance Knudsen, president, Dorothy Nelson, Grace Heimback, and Bea Kelley, and Lucille Moore.

Alumni members who are working for the success of the bridge are Bertha Levin, president Rowena Farnum, Anita Russell, and Muriel Burhart.

NOTICE

December graduates are requested to pay their fees in the Controller's Office. Fees to be paid are: \$8.50 graduation fee, and \$3.00 for Appointment Secretary.

Campus Literature

POETRY

Lychn Photeinos

Little candle, burning bright,
Bravely sending thy warm light
Through the darkness of the night;

Drawing to thee from the night
Winged things that love the light,
Little candle, burning bright.

Not thy fault if butterfly,
Wistful near thee winging high,
Fall upon thy flame to die.

Mad swift ecstasy to die,
Flaming glory soaring high,
Weep not for the butterfly.

Little candle, burning bright,
Shine upon my dream tonight.

Edwin Bailey

My Mother

(as said by a little boy)

In the stillness
of one white night
God came
and took her away,
And he left no footprints in the snow
To trace her by.

But I heard the song
of His angel's wings
as they passed,
And I found a star-white feather on the
ground,
And the silver sliver icicles
were brushed away
by the angel's robes,
And way up in the thin gold moon
I see a little door,
And I think—
I think I saw God
and the angel
Take her there.

Anne Stilwell.

Let Us Forget

Let us forget
that the moon is a great dead world
of silence
and creeping shade.

Let us tonight
think she is but a white disk
painted on the wall
for decoration.

Let us forget
that life is a long gray avenue
of fading dreams
and stalling joys.
Let us tonight
think that life is but
the prologue and epilogue
to this hour.

To C. H.

The god you own is but a churlish thing
That wears a mocking grin upon its lips;
Its every tongue-twist darts to bitter
sting

Which deals in curt, ungodlike quips,
Your life is like a stop-watch that it
grasps

Within its greedy fist. And you live on
Unknowing. Nor do you heed the hoarse
rasps

Of its breath breathed on your neck,
And strangely gone

It's your bright intelligence. The thing's
broad thumb

Is poised above the stem, and when it
drops,
Its cog-wheel brain completes your life
as dumb

As oiled machinery. The ticking stops.
Your aching breath lies still. Its dark
face leers;

A hollow laugh beats on your senseless
ears.

Anne Stilwell.

Day's Work

Tom Harrington, or rather 'Arrington, twirled a white mustache, closed his bible, and thus ended the funeral service for the late Percival Hodges, or rather 'Odges'. Adjusting a broad, black felt at a jaunty angle, he swung into a shining buckboard and was gone in a cloud of Tuolumne County dust. Into the main street of Chinese Camp he swung, and was soon busy unlocking a business-like padlock that graced the door of the "Boar's Head" saloon. Tom had declared a half holiday in order to properly bury one of his best customers, but—

"Business is such, sir," he added, and "I must serve the public."

In the late hours of the afternoon business consisted of handing out great glasses of foaming beer to occasional travelers. Good beer it was, and once a customer—always a customer, for as Tom said,

"It reaches well nigh seven per cent."

But today was Saturday, and already the miners from the Mother Lode were drifting in, dusty, jovial, and pockets full of good, hard gold. Soon the swinging doors of the "Boar's Head" were on a continual pivot, and drifts of cigar smoke—or maybe it was Percival 'Odges' ghost—waited out onto Main Street. The slapping of new cards told that another profitable night was coming Tom's way. Two more white aproned figures took their places behind the bar, and Tom mingled with the crowd urging refreshment and encouraging friendly card games.

Great oil lamps were lighted, and a rattling stage coach whipped in from Shawmut depositing another load of miners.

Tom slid into his store room. Cool and damp it was, and strong with the odor of purest "corn." Lovingly he rolled out a keg; tapped it with ceremony, and then came the ritual of "having one on the house." Cigar smoke increased. Men staggered to the watering trough in the street and plunged burning faces into the ice cold stream water that flowed down the gutters constantly. Then back into the smoke filled interior for more cards and better liquor.

In a far corner of the room two men, one a half breed Indian, the other a lewd faced Italian were fighting to a finish a game a "Stud" poker.

Three miles away a pinched faced boy screamed in terror as a small owl issued a great hoot from a lonely pine. With a sucking sob the boy once more ventured into the middle of the road and pushed on into blackness ahead. The pine trees sighed as the cold wind from the Sierras shivered past them. The moon slid behind a blackened cloud, and only the white, thick dust in the road guided the small, dirty feet. From far in the distance the thunder roared, and Antonio knew what always followed the thunder. His tired, little legs moved faster. Puff after puff of white dust rolled behind him, as a blinding bolt of lightning lit up the sky ahead, a weary, tear stained face blanched with terror. Steady little puffs of dust grew into miles, and finding the shadows of Main Street, the small boy drew a deep breath. Far down the street he saw it. It was just as Maria had said. The great "Boar's Head" studded with nails gleamed out a welcome to all. Antonio jerked his ragged sweater a little closer. Crouched by a watering trough, he watched the swinging doors. Unsteady feet drifted in and out, but not once did he see the soft, tan shoes of his father. The boards

on the sidewalk above him creaked; and once he was doused with water as a worthy patron cooled his "addled pate" in the trough behind which Antonio was hiding. Tense and quick as a cat, the small boy slithered his way into the saloon. Smoke blinded him, and noise made him reel. The acrid smell of alcohol made his nose burn, and Antonio began to cry.

Great John Olson was in the midst of a hearty toast when his bleary eye found the dejected figure.

"Joust look vat is here, boys, I shour must bea seeing something funny."

"Tom ya gotta new customer," came a drunken yell, and in answer to the summons, Tom came beaming.

"That's Tony's kid," volunteered a bewigged miner. "What you doin here, young feller?"

Tom grasped the frightened child by the arm and propelled him through the crowded floor and over to a far corner of the room where two men, one a half breed Indian, the other a lewd faced Italian were fighting to a finish a game of "Stud" poker.

"Sorry to interrup, boys," said Tom smoothly. "but Tony's boy here has news for his pa."

"Why you come here, Antonio? Can you see your Poppa eez ver' busy?" snarled the elder Tony. Soft, tan shoes thrust viciously near the brown, bare toes. The child stepped back, and the sobs became more convulsive.

"Come on, Tony. Clean up that Pute. Your kid can wait outside."

"Visciously the lad struggled, and clung breathless to his father's arm.

"Poppa—Maria say—Come queek! Momma eez ver' seek an' she want you to breeng Meester Tom."

The lewd face turned pale. The slick, new cards fell from a nerveless hand.

"Theresa, mia" he gasped.

"Wife worse?" came a well meaning question.

"Meester Tom, you weel come, pleez, and see Theresa? She eez so seek. She eez ver' bad. Eh-Tonio?"

"Ei, padre," gulped the boy.

"Of course, Tony, my lad. Henry, get the buggy ready."

From behind the bar, Tom resurrected a small, black book which he thrust into his coat pocket. Then hustling the wailing Italian out into the night, he piled father and son onto the high seat beside him. Fast stepping horses covered the distance in a rush of cold air. Dexteriously the driver swung the horses from the shining, white path down into a gully, black except for a faint gleam in the distance. The moon came out, and the rude outlines of a lean to took form against a background of pines.

A door swung open, and the light from the hovel washed the dirty yard with its brilliance.

"Poppa—queek—; before eet eez too late." A white faced girl pushed the benumbed man into a darkened room.

In a white iron bed lay a gaunt figure. A yellow claw clutched the mess of grimy bed clothes. A black braid hung limply over a grey pillow. Labored breathing issued from the darkness. A stifled moan came from Maria.

"Come queek, Meester Tom."

Removing his broad brimmed felt, Tom stooped to enter the low room. Small Antonio held a flickering lamp as the white haired man turned uncertain pages. From the bed came a fluttering sigh, and Tom 'Arrington administered the last rites of the Church.

—Ethel Egling

Lonesomeness

I sat and watched
One sleepy star
Blinking through
The night
And hold the moon at bay
And look so proud—
And yet it must have felt
Alone
Because
I found its tear
Upon the grass.

Love

All unawares
Love came
And lingered by my side—
Alone—
And soothed my troubled thoughts
Then left
Still unawares.

PERSONAL

"Si" Simoni—Where's my \$3.50?

120 Minutes on Yerba Buena

By Milo M. Mallory

"All right, Buddy, where do you think you're going?" The words rumbled forth authoritatively from a big-chested 'gob' as he blocked the gang plank. I flashed the badge on the back of my lapel.

"Golden Gate Bridge Commission." I tried to counter with equal importance. My 'button' got me aboard. The open government boat pounded the waves of the bay as we got under way. It was unusually rough, and a black fog obscured all that was fifty feet above sea level.

"Well, sailor, how long will it take us to make the brick fort?"

"We're not headin' in there, Buddy." I was dressed in my most imposing grey business suit and carried a brief case; still, I was only 'Buddy' to this sea monster.

"What is your port of call?"

"Why, we're headed for the island, Buddy."

"Then where?"

"Back to the dock we just left, Bud."

"How soon?"

"Four hours." The last was a growl. He was in no mood to be interrogated by a land lubber. Now I was in a jam. Evidently I had boarded the wrong boat, and evidently I was going to spend two hours on Yerba Buena Island.

Now, if you will join me, we will explore what we can of this Goat Island of the Navy, in one hundred twenty minutes.

We came into a small, symmetrical

bay on the east side of the island, and tie up to a floating landing. We hop ashore, and head down the narrow macadam roadway, walking briskly and with long strides so that the sailors, and that officer on the far end of the pier, will know that we are here on business and know exactly where we are going. The roadway follows the little bay in a semicircular fashion, keeping close to the shore. There are seven buildings; long, with broad porches, half-pitch roofs, and six light sash windows. One is a degree more tidy than the rest, and its porch is adorned with a flower box bulging with soft red geraniums. The officers' quarters. That dirty, squat building with the barrels of oil in front must be the machine shop and garage. There on the porch of this next shack are two gobs in blue crying over a sack of onions. The chow house. The roadway is becoming steeper now. We must shorten our stride. These long buildings must be the barracks. Yes, my guess was right, for there's a fellow on the second floor putting a mattress out the window onto the roof.

To the left of this small road, I notice a long, broad flight of stairs leading up the side of the island. Shall we try them? They are built of two-by-twelve planks that are very weather-worn and full of splinters. Most of the way up, the stairs have pipe railings on each side supported by a huge, elaborately turned newel posts; but in places the iron railings are rusted away, and the newel posts are mere rotten

stumps. We reach the top of the flight, out of breath and in the fog. By the smallness of the buildings and boats seen mistily below, I judge we must have climbed to an altitude of about three hundred feet.

Here is a large, rectangular, level space of about one acre. All about it are two-story conventional army or navy buildings, more wide porches full length, six light double hung sash, and muddy tan color. Only one of the buildings seems to be in use; the others are in a poor state of repair; window glass broken, roofs sagging, and steps gone.

Let's spend a minute exploring this square. Here are the remains of a volley-ball net. Over here on the east side next to the bank is a rectangular, macadamized place full of pot holes, and fashioned into a curious map by weeds growing in the long irregular crooks. It has been a tennis court. Further on to the north are five slim poles. Flag poles? No, there are no sheaves at the top. They must be May poles. What a gay, colorful courtyard this must have been! Red, yellow, green, purple, orange ribbons or streamers, interlacing, as were the Navy's children, dressed in white, lightly dappled to the merry music of a light tennis racket, flashing figures with glistering rackets driving the white ball back and forth with a rhythmic plop-plop-plop. And here in the center, by the beautiful bronze sundial set on its

(Continued Tomorrow)



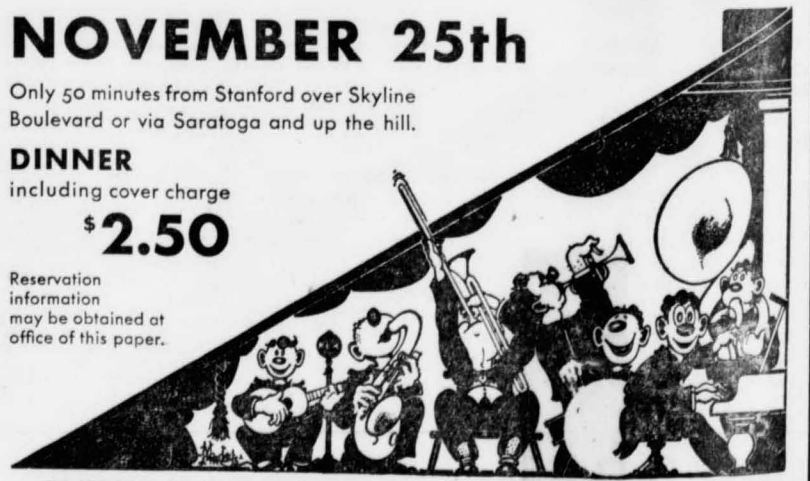
WORLD FAMOUS DINING ROOM AT BROOKDALE, CALIFORNIA

BROOKDALE LODGE ANNOUNCES DINNER DANCE BIG GAME NIGHT NOVEMBER 25th

Only 50 minutes from Stanford over Skyline Boulevard or via Saratoga and up the hill.

DINNER
including cover charge
\$2.50

Reservation information may be obtained at office of this paper.



THE ORCHESTRA WILL MAKE A CRIPPLE DANCE SO BRING ALONG YOUR INJURED FOOTBALL PLAYERS

SPARTAN SPASMS

By MURDOCK & BISHOP

The main topic of discussion now-a-days seems to be the possibility of a post-season game. No-one seems to be losing any sleep over Chico.

We suggest a bit of concern for the Wildcats.

From one standpoint, however, a post-season game is a fine thing to contemplate.

For the Spartans are just beginning to reach the form they are capable of, and it seems too bad to cut off the season with the team in its prime.

From the standpoint of man-power the 1933 varsity is the greatest team ever to represent San Jose. In contrast to the condition which existed last year when DeGroot could hardly substitute without weakening his combination, this season's outfit is three and four deep in every position.

DeGroot can substitute in any position with no noticeable resulting weakness on the field of play.

Every week at least six out of the first eleven positions are in doubt as to who will start right up until game time. That is how evenly matched the material is.

Spartan man-power discouraged Pacific, Santa Barbara, and the Aggies. Fresno freely admitted that they feared DeGroot's reserve strength more than anything else.

Take the ends, for instance. Hubbard, Laughlin, Francis, and Jennings are all splendid wingmen. Hubbard is the only one who can really lay claim to a permanent berth, and yet none of the other three lose much by comparison to the captain.

Or cast a glance at that right half-back spot. What a host of talent is gathered there. MacLachlan, Watson, Arjo, and Wren. Each and every one of their men have starred at one time or another this year, and yet one must always be a fourth stringer. All have played important parts in Spartan victories, and yet none of them get to play as much as they would like to simply because they all are so good. Oh, sad is the lot of the coach with too many good men.

The left half spot is almost as bad with Pura, Bennett, Wool, and Taylor fighting for an edge.

We imagine that it must be very discouraging for the men on these opposing teams to look up every five minutes and see a fresh man staring them in the face. Sort of spoils their fun and hampers their character building work.

All of which means that the list of letter awards for this year will probably read something like the casualty role at an Irish picnic.

And boy, will the scribes be able to go to town next fall when they start that old line. "Returning lettermen for San Jose this year will be— etc. etc.—ad infinitum.

However, all the reserve strength in the world doesn't mean a constantly winning football team. There are other things beside capable substitutes which go to make up a victorious combination, and the factors which can wreck any advantage this condition may create are too numerous to mention.

One that is worth talking about, however is overconfidence. This old bag-a-bag has smashed up more football teams than some coaches care to remember, and so we say WATCH OUT FOR CHICO!

AMERICAN LEGION BACKING MOVE TO STAGE POST-SEASON GAME HERE

Brigham Young, Redlands Among Suggested Teams

By STEVE MURDOCK

Being somewhat shy of copy do to the inactivity of Mr. DeGroot's grid-ders over the coming week-end, we hied ourselves into the presence of Mr. Webster J. Benton, genial graduate manager, the other day in search of news of one sort or another.

"How about this post-season game business," we inquired in our best reportorial tone?

"I have had nothing to do with any post-season games," came back Mr. Benton in his best managerial manner.

"We will admit that this reply stumped a bit as we had always supposed that the Graduate Manager had a great deal

FLASH! Since this article was written, President MacQuarrie has been approached on the matter of a post-season game. He announced that he "would not be opposed to such a contest as long as it did not impose upon the players." Also it has been learned that Redlands, undisputed champions of the Southern California Intercollegiate Conference, are being considered for the contest.

to do with the scheduling of football games.

LEGION GUIDING POWER

A bit of further questioning solved our dilemma, however.

It seems that the American Legion and not the college is the power behind the throne in this post-season game business, and it is from their activity that all the current rumors on the subject have sprung.

The local Legionaires are very anxious to get behind an inter-sectional contest featuring San Jose and to be played in the local stadium around December 9th. This game, similar to the Weber contest which the Elks sponsored last year, would be a big attraction, they feel, particularly if some team of known reputation could be contacted.

Consequently, they have been sending inquiries to various desirable schools to determine the reactions of those institutions.

PRICE FACTOR

As far as San Jose is concerned, no official move for a post-season game has been made, pending, no doubt, the outcome of the Conference race and the reactions of the schools contacted.

In order to gain local sanction, Mr. Benton informs us, the motion for the game would have to pass both President MacQuarrie and the Board of Athletic Control. As yet, no overtures have been made in either direction.

The schools supposedly contacted by the Legion include Brigham Young of Utah, Oregon Normal, and Whittier of the Southern California Intercollegiate Conference.

Of these, it is understood that Brigham Young is the most desirable. For there is no doubt that the Rocky Mountain school would draw well here in San Jose.

NO OFFICIAL MOVE

On the other hand, either Whittier or Oregon Normal ought to be a stellar enough attraction, as each rates high in its own particular sector, Whittier, in particular, being one of the best teams in the Intercollegiate Conference.

If such a game does come to pass, the determining factor (Mr. Benton again) will be the price demanded by the opposition for making the trip. So the team which can make the best bargain will probably be the one which is selected.

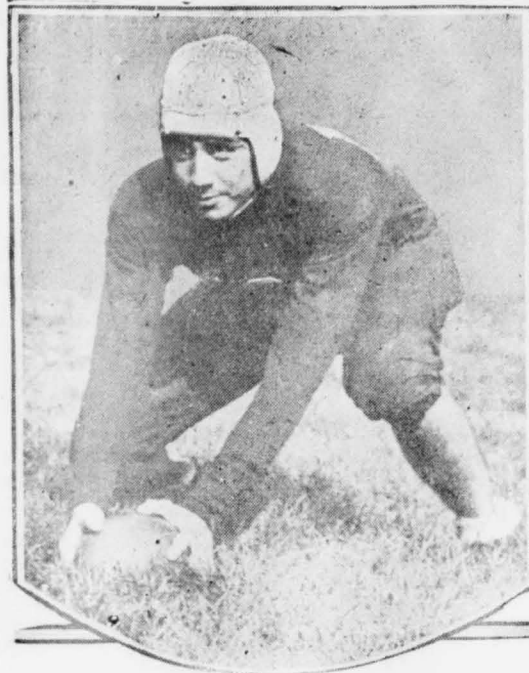
However, the Spartans must turn in a win over Chico and so assure themselves of at least a tie for the Conference title before any post-season games will come to pass.

So, dear reader, do not look for any definite announcements before then.

College Times Sports

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1933

SMART DEFENSIVE SPARTAN



Jerry Whitaker, first string Spartan center, whom Coach DeGroot is depending on to diagnose the tricky plays which Art Acker of Chico is bound to spring against the locals on Thanksgiving Day. Whitaker is rated as being one of the smartest centers ever to wear a San Jose uniform. His ability to spot the opposition's plays and "smell" passes has featured Spartan defensive play both this year and last. S. J. News, Lomar Service Photo.

Shehtanian, Sandholdt Injured; May Not Play In Chico Contest

By DICK BERTRANDIAS

With but one game remaining on their schedule, Coach Dud DeGroot's charges swung into action again yesterday after a three day lay-off following their victory over the Fresno Bulldog.

Wednesday night saw the boys limbering up the stiff points and the short respite of three days allowed numerous sore spots to heal. Tonight, however, there will be more tender spots, as DeGroot threatens a very tough scrimmage, and the same will be on the menu for tomorrow night.

INJURIES FEW

Since injuries haven't been prominent throughout this season we can dwell a little upon the subject here today. No doubt about it, DeGroot has had a lucky season with the very minimum of injuries occurring.

Still, the Spartans lost two valuable men through injuries, and one of them for the entire season. Many wonder what has become of the diminutive back, "Hardluck" Sam Filice. Every team usually has a hard luck boy and Sammy is it on this one. He was the diminutive gent in the backfield who could be seen cavorting high, wide and handsome early in the season. It seems that the lad in question obtained a bad shoulder injury that kept him on the shelf until the schedule was past the midway mark. In view of that fact, Sam deemed it wise to remain out the rest of the season and save a year of competition.

Next year a lot can be expected of Mr. Filice, who is as fleet a back as any man on the DeGroot machine.

Another backfield man who started the season with a bang, but who ran into tough luck is Jack Kellogg, reserve of promise in the first few games. Jack acquired a back injury that laid him up for the remainder of the games, but he too will be back next year and ready

PACIFIC STAR IS OUT OF GAME FOR '34 SEASON

A press dispatch from Stockton indicated that Tom Wilson, Pacific's ace passing back, will not be eligible to play in 1934 as originally thought.

Wilson played against the California Aggies when he was a Freshman, thus using up another year of competition. Pacific supporters are reported to be backing Wilson for a berth on the Western Shrine team this year.

to go.

"Shorty" Sandholt was taken from Saturday's game while it was still in its early stages with a serious hip bruise, and it may take some time to heal. It is hoped he will be ready for the Chico clash, for they will need a heady guard like Shorty to break up some of Coach Acker's fancy plays.

Freddy Bennett suffered a bad shoulder which will give him a little trouble for a while, but under the skilled hands of "Doc" Threlfall, and the heat lamp, it should be in shape soon.

Si Simoni left the skirmish with a bad gash over his left eye. Although it shouldn't be great impediment, it does a great deal of damage to his vanity and causes him to wear a covering on the wound which has a tendency to make him feel much like that famous politician, "Kingfish" Long.

There's a chance that Dee Shehtanian dynamic Spartan quarter won't play in the Thanksgiving Day Chico fracas, as he incurred a broken blood vessel in his thigh which just allowed him to leave the Health Cottage last Tuesday. The injury was not noticed until he left the field Saturday and started for

Soccer Team to Meet Dons Here In Crucial Return Contest Saturday; Spartans Seek to Duplicate Win

This Saturday the Spartan Soccer-ites play hosts to the Dons of SFU, in what may be a vital contest-as far as the final conference outcome is concerned. A victory for State will place them well up in the money, while a defeat for the Dons will definitely eliminate them from the picture.

U. S. F. has in its last three games, lost to State and Stanford, and tied California. At present Stanford seems well on the way to a conference championship, for with one game to play, they have 9 points to 7 for S.F.U. and California.

The Spartans handed the Dons a beating in their last encounter and if they play the same type of soccer, it will mean another defeat for the sons of S.F.U.

In that last encounter the margin of difference was in the forward lines. The Spartan front line of Donahoo, Higgins, Jacobsen, Mengel and Graff, functioned in a manner that had the S.F.U. defense completely baffled. Time after time the State forwards passed and dribbled the ball through and around the Don defense.

Backing up the forward line State has as good a halfback line as there is in the conference. Clemo, Stratton and Wood are a good trio of defense men, but Clemo and Wood are outstanding in their defensive work. The third member Johnnie Stratton, has had a brilliant career dimmed by an ankle injury.

S.F.U.'s captain, Donahue, and Wicklow are a sweet pair of halfbacks, but what Clemo and co. lack in skill, they make up in good old fight. So as far as the forwards and halfbacks are

concerned, everything is even.

With everything else even, the tide of battle may rest with the defense. In last game, the S.F.U. backs didn't seem too powerful, while San Jose's defense is noted as its weakest link. Hayes is a good fullback and his only glaring fault is his inclination to get excited and make foolish errors. Rhines, his running mate is a notoriously weak kicker and misses altogether too often.

In order to put the best possible team on the field, Coach Walker may shift Cy Wood to his old position of right halfback where he showed well against S.F.U. in the last game.

Harry Murphy would then be the logical choice to fill the left half spot, although Crow might get the call. At any rate, the team will be keyed to a fever pitch and the game should be a rip-snorter from start to finish.

Probable lineup.

Graff	Left wing
Mengel	Left Inside
Jacobsen	Center forward
Higgins	Right inside
Donahoo	Right wing
Wood or Murphey	Left half
Clemo	Center half
Stratton	Right half
Hayes	Left forward
Rhines or Wood	Right forward
Leland	Goal

Climaxing Grand Rally day, the last evening student body dance of the quarter attracted many students, friends and alumni to the Men's Gym Saturday night. With decorations of gold and white in an appropriate theme, the gay spirit inspired by the football game was maintained throughout the evening.

Dance!

every
FRIDAY and
SATURDAY
NIGHTS

Cover Charge
35c

ANTON
HOFSTEDÉ
to PIECE
ORCHESTRA
PLAYING
EACH NIGHT

BIG
GAME
DANCE
Saturday
COVER

Sp
B.

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
Maggi's	2
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
Stoarns Leathergoods Shop	1
O'Brien's	1
Hotel St. Claire	2

The following canteens employed San Jose State athletes during the summer
Pacific Coast Canteens
Barren and Gray
U. S. Products Co.

San Jose State College Times

Richard Hughes, Editor-in-Chief

Dolores Freitas Assistant Editor
 Corrine Kibler Assistant Editor
 Catherine Woods Assistant Editor
 Steve Murdock Sports Editor

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Evarista Uhl Copy
 Geneva Payne Society
 Harry Hawes Desk
 Paul Lukes Circulation

BUSINESS MANAGERS

Frank Hamilton Jim Fitzgerald
 Phone Bal. 7800 Bal. 1189W

Times Office—San Jose, California
 Ballard 7800

Faculty Adviser—Dr. Carl Holliday Entered as second class matter at the San Jose Postoffice.

Published every school day, except Monday, by the Associated Students of San Jose State College. Press of Globe Printing Co., Inc. 1419 South First Street, San Jose, Calif.

The World at Large

By Harry Hawes

One would never think that the U. S. S. Macon, "Queen of the Skies," would ever sink to the depths of commercialism, but such is the case. Officers of the 11th Naval District are seeking authorization from naval headquarters to have the Macon fly over Nevada, Arizona and Mexico to advertise the presence of "Old Iron Sides," when she comes to San Diego harbor next month. A product of the 20th century is to advertise a product of the 18th century!

The pageant and pomp of the opening of the session of new parliament by King George V was rudely interrupted by the cry of a Laborite, complaining of the expense, in these hard times, of all this ceremony. No doubt this man was quite right, but it seems to be that an old custom like this that picturesque and so old should be discontinued, when it has carried on this far. Its loss could never be replaced

in the hearts of some of the tradition-loving British.

The United States housing program is now ready to start. It was organized for the purpose of doing away with the city slums. Secretary of the Interior Icks announced that \$100,000,000 has been allotted to the Federal Emergency Housing Corporation. The first slum clearance project is to be in Detroit, Michigan. This project will certainly do a great deal for humanity.

Alexander Antonovitch Troyanovsky, new Russian ambassador to the United States announced that the Soviet embassy is not to allow the spreading of communist propaganda from the embassy. We have no doubt that this announcement will be carried out. The question is, will communistic propaganda not be spread just as much from other sources?

NOTEBOOK NOTES

By Rudolph Engfer

"Someone had favorite colors to put across,
 And he rode these like a worn-out hoss."

I came upon this bit of verse in the Tuesday issue of this house organ. Did the author of this verse have this writer in mind? I hope she did—not being a mystic, it is purely a guess that the author was a woman; or should one say, a dainty miss?—but how can one ride colors like a "worn-out hoss"? Probably she had to get a rhyme for "across."

The author may have had another student in mind when she wrote her masterpiece, but I am still pleased with the idea because this is the first time anything I have attempted has been criticized in verse. It puts me in the same category as old Ben Franklin and all the rest of the revolutionists.

While reading the masterpiece of the unknown "poet" it brought to mind a letter that the registrar's office received from an old graduate, of the class of 1909. She wrote in part:

"How I wish I could 'come home today among all the old familiar faces!—Mrs. George, Gertrude Payne, Mrs. Rousseau, Miss Vivian, Mr. Moore, Dr. Wilson, Miss Fisher, Miss McKenzie—"

"Years have passed since that memorable lawn party when at graduation we all stood a solid square of white with the four men of our class at each corner! Those were the happy days in the bungalows and a fine spirit of com-

radeship and accomplishment reigned." Four men in a class—no wonder the women had such a good time. Or did they? Yet, in these lines one can detect a slight nostalgia for the old haunts.

The people closer to the Hart case will tell you that the real story has not been told. They point out that it is almost impossible for one to make the trip which the men described in their confessions, in one hour and one-half. It is believed that a third party, or parties will be revealed. In fact, the government officials are "sweating" just a little on this point.

By the way, the color question will have a good old fashioned political fight. Theron Fox, Clarence Naas, and several others are planning a campaign to save the present colors.

Some of these militarists should read Beverly Nichols' "Cry Havoc," before they do their song and dance. If they can survive that book, then this writer is haywire—which he is reputed to be anyway.

Another choice item to peruse is "What Will the Character of the Next War Be?"

What happened to Lee Tracy in Mexico City?

When in doubt, lead trump.

The College of Pacific's yearbook, The Naranjado, received the highest possible rating in the country recently when the National Scholastic Press Association awarded it the All-American Honor rating at their annual convention in Minneapolis. The local book, edited by Tom Cotter and managed by Elbert Liesy, received a score of 920 out of a possible 1,000 points to rank very highly among

the other leading yearbooks in the college class. This is the first time that the Pacific publication has attained such sterling honors. The previous best rating was second class—really the third grouping.

Evere Peterson and Clayton Leonhart are editor and business manager, respectively, of the Naranjado this year.

PREPARATION . . . by Arthur Eng



A Tribute to America's Food Poisoning Topic Poet, Edwin Markham

Poets, novelists, playwrights—all are usually jealous, or at least envious, of each other, but this is not the case between Mrs. Edith Daily and Edwin Markham, for they enjoy a real friendship.

To the poet laureate of America, Edith Daily composed a tribute, and it is with her kind permission that we reprint this poem, taken from her collection of poetry, "The Angel in the Sun."

TO EDWIN MARKHAM

Did he dream as I dream—
 Watching long,
 To see a ray of promise gleam
 Within his song?

Did he hope as I hope?
 Through the bars
 Of limitation blindly grope
 Toward the stars?

Did he wait as I wait
 For a sign,
 Before he sang, with soul elate,
 His song divine?

Or did his spirit at the kiss
 Of Poesy,
 Break from the shrouding chrysalis,
 Strong-winged and free?

I know the love of Truth guides
 His Soul with flame,
 And flashes from the living words
 That seal his Fame.

I know my yearning song caught
 From hearts divine,
 An earthward echo of his thought,
 And made it mine!

Hints From Paris

A lovely evening wrap seen recently glorified the Sphaxis cape of sumptuous proportions, which means she has "gone African" in a large way. The great wrap-around cape which the Spahis wear in Africa is of white wool, but Madame Vionnet is making them in white satin and velvet for formal evening cape-coats which slip on over the head. Her newest and most striking version, however, is made entirely of ermine.

Mainbocher uses ermine to form the huge bell-shaped sleeves and yoke of the coat of a "little suit." The coat material and that of the simple dress worn under it is of black wool, as is the hat, the gloves and the purse. The hat, a version of the ever faithful beret, is trimmed with two white quills, perched jauntily at the left side of the head high up on the fore head.

Food poisoning, how it takes place, its cause and how it can be checked was the interesting topic dealt with by Miss Dorothy Noble, last Monday at Science Seminar in the Science lecture hall, Room 121.

Miss Dorothy Noble is an aid in the Chemistry supply room.

Poisoning due to food is usually accompanied by symptoms such as violent pains, a feverish temperature, constipation, etc. The individual may be conscious of these symptoms ordinarily from six to twelve hours.

Of course this is not true of all types of poisoning due to contaminated food. The two types most common are Salmonella Aertyke and Salmonella Enteritides.

Bakery goods cause a type of food poisoning that is relatively common. Custards, cream, etc which are common in bakery goods of unsanitary handling can cause food poisoning.

Contrary to popular opinion it is not the toxin that cause poisoning but the organism.

Animals are responsible for most food poisoning. The lack of sanitary procedure in slaughtering horses, improper refrigeration and even the lack of this necessity, unclean handling of the meat and the absence of cooking meat is largely responsible for many cases of food poisoning. Inspectors are making regular rounds of slaughtering houses, packing houses etc. yet they do overlook certain phases unintentionally.

Chopped meat is more apt to be refuge for germs than unchopped meat.

One of the safest measures that can be taken is the cooking of all meats, even though they have been subject to refrigeration.

Miss Noble went on to describe the causes and prevention of potulisms, another type of poisoning caused by eating uncooked food, such as sausage.

Sometimes as the result of eating this type of food the individual complains of general weakness, and other symptoms which are painful. Potulism, however, may be avoided if the meat is cooked. Cooking in fact is one of the most important preventive measures which can be utilized.

Another type of food poisoning is caused by the eating of pork which contain living larva of worms. Given half a chance these worms establish themselves quite securely in the intestine causing painful symptoms. Also the nervous system is affected to a certain extent.

Food poisoning according to Miss Noble can be checked by careful selection of foods, especially meat, cleanliness in its preparation and the cooking of the food.

IMAGINE GOLD'S EMBARRASSMENT!! Poor Fellow Has Never Been Standardized

Can you imagine Gold's embarrassment when he walks up to the reputed Pearly Gates? The Gate Keeper will adjust his spectacles, and ask, "Ahem, San Jose State. Were you Standardized?"

Imagine poor Gold's predicament. Gold has had a two-year Normal School certificate, then an A. B. degree, has been initiated, vaccinated, and fumigated, but never standardized.

Gold was needed to build the school, to build the stadium, to beautify the grounds and interiors, and it has alnumerable similar cries, mainly, "Gold that waved over the projects."

Just like the young know-it-all, who carries his diploma home to papa with the cries, "You are out of date. You are old-fashioned. You are not progressive;" so the opponents to the Gold and White have come forth with innumerable similar cries, mainly, "Gold is not standardized."

Why pick on the Gold and White

just because it is not standardized? The fact is admitted, but why should it be held against the valor and the value of the colors themselves?

Any color selected for the future will have to be standardized. Why not jump in before the cart and standardize the colors we already have, thereby saving a lot of worry, arguments, and, without a doubt, grief in the long run.

Just as our good friend, Harry Jennings once said in quad talk, "Let's push the Colors before us, and not drag them after us."

Just because everybody agreed that it would be a good idea to tear down the old training school, so has a certain group concentrated their efforts to tear down and destroy tradition in the form of our school colors.

The students must be on guard. Should the present move prove successful, the tower may be the next to fall before the radical onslaught.

OVERTONES

by Alice Parrish

It turns out that any music student aspiring to a high position in some music department must know something of high finance as well as his musical p's and q's. Interviewing Mr. Otterstein, music department head here at State, on the subject of his coming Symphony Orchestra concert, we learned a lot about the monetary expenditure that will be represented by that group on the evening of December 5.

The instruments belonging to the college alone that will be on the stage cost some \$3,500, and the music for that one program alone meant \$100 and maybe more. Play that tune on your cash register!

Speaking of Mr. Otterstein, our genial music boss is getting to be quite a favorite speaker on various programs hither and yon. Nov. 27, he speaks for an Institute meet in Watsonville on the subject of "Instrumental Music". His—

rather, Mr. Thomas Eagan's—prize product, the woodwind ensemble, will go along to demonstrate the speaker's points. Then, on the ninth of December, Mr. Otterstein will again speak, this time before a meeting of the Southern Section of California Music Supervisors in Los Angeles. His topic will be "Problems in Music Supervision." He will journey to the big southern city unaccompanied by any members of the music department.

Imagine that! Imagine that! D'you see the way our band didn't get a chance to perform for one last time on the home gridiron before the close of the season? And Don with a swell new formation all ready to spring on us! Never mind. Everyone knows what a lot of work Don Madsen has done with that band this year. He deserves a big hand! Let's give him one. And the band members themselves. It's no picnic to pack those heavy instruments around for an hour or more every afternoon, concentrating on the marching formation as well as on what you're supposed to be playing. Even if you do get credit for it!

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Don Madsen and his band! May they give us again next season what they have given us this fall!

For a person who doesn't know a great deal about music, or about the instruments which make it, we'd like to

suggest a visit to Mr. Thomas Eagan when he's cleaning his clarinet. (Provided, of course, one can get past that locked door.) First he takes off a doo-dad at the top, and then a gee-zaw at the bottom. Then he runs a long strip of chamois thru the middle thing-a-majig and starts everything all over again. Treats his instrument like a baby, and when anyone can make music like he does on a clarinet, we don't wonder at his solicitude. But it IS fun to watch him put it to bed!

Several of the music department's star performers are providing musical programs for Institute Alumni meetings. Edith Bond and Alfred Smith, pianists, and Emil Miland and Charles Hansen, tenors. Emily Schwartz will do the accompanying in her usual efficient and complimentary manner.

The woodwind ensemble played two programs at Sequoia High School in Redwood City and made such a hit that none of the members have fully recovered yet. They were beautifully received and after their performances were the luncheon guests of the student body. Their soloist, Allen Risdon, pianist, was also a great favorite.

Something very wonderful has recently come into the life of Mr. William Eriksen, piano instructor and director of the A Cappella Choir. Just the other day, there arrived from San Francisco (fooled you!) several new music racks made especially for choir use. They collapse at a given signal and are really very highly educated affairs. They are at present being subjected to a coating of shellac. They will make their first public appearance soon, we are informed.

Here's headlines for the latest measure of our song.

We were in Mr. Otterstein's office the other day with Miss Alma Lovry Williams, trying to get the low-down on the Symphony concert program coming December 5 when Mr. William McCoard of the Speech Arts Department came in. He and Mr. Otterstein were figuring out what songs to sing at the men's feed.

Said Mr. McCoard, "If you're going to lead all the songs, you'd better choose the ones you'd like to sing."

Quoth Mr. Otterstein in return, "Oh, it doesn't matter! I'll lead any song!" How do you like that? What?

Dean Dimmick Is Speaker at P.T.A.

Dean Helen Dimmick of San Jose State college spoke before the Los Gatos Elementary P.T.A. on Tuesday, November 21, her subject being "Development of Ideals for Better Types of Womanhood."

Sixth grade mothers, and teachers were the hostesses with Mrs. J. W. Cuba and Mrs. W. C. Board, chairmen. A musical program was presented by the advanced orchestra, Charles Hayward, director.

PEGASUS NOTICE

Pegasus will meet Thursday night, November 23, 8:00 in room 59 of the art building.

It's very important that all members be present to make final preparations for Edwin Markham's reception.

The following people have articles in the lost and found: Roy O'Dell, Hazel M. Fassnuct, Dorothy Rathburn, Evelyn Rasmussen, Duncan Holbert, Elucrua Bush and Helen Johnson.