

THE MAN ON THE CAMPUS

With an expression of near intelligence the scourge of the school, the Man on the Campus, lolled in a library chair and surveyed the scene. The lib, as usual, was filled. About half the seats were occupied, and the other half had binders neatly placed in front of the chair to hold the seat for the owners who had put them there anywhere from five minutes to two hours ago. The rhythm of the room was a revelation. Although partly filled with students who apparently had one purpose in life, namely, to devour what was in the books before them, there was a definite rhythm. It was simultaneous raising of heads every time someone walked around, especially when a co-ed strolled in or out.

The Man, however, had a more ambitious program. He was looking for a new-found acquaintance—the busiest man in school; so with a final glance, out went Sir Man in quest of the Vice-president. Perhaps in the student body office—Yea, sure enough, and the man, walking rather lightly, stepped in.

"Hello, Simoni," breathed the Man with respect. "Are you busy?"

"Hello, old man," cries Si, extended a half a ham, and pumping the Man's hand nearly in two; "Have a chair. No! I haven't a thing to do. What's on your mind?"

"Well," the Man was plainly nervous. "I understand we won't have a boaride this year, and I wondered if you had any idea to replace it."

"Yes, I have," said Simoni, with his most serious business-like look. "I have an idea that the students might like. That is, a student picnic. It would be a good for the whole school to get together, and could be done with very little expense to either the students or the school."

"That's not so bad at that," agreed the Man, it was better to agree, anyway.

"We could have games, swimming, dancing—I think the students would be crazy for it. They deserve something like that every year."

"What do you think of our football chances for next year," asked the Man after a pause, since Simoni and football equal each other.

"Well, our chances look pretty good," replied Simoni. "Anyhow we are going to beat Chico."

"You know," Simoni went on. "We need a training table for the track team. I think San Jose could win the conference if we had a training table. We sure have the coach and the material."

"Yes, you're right again," agreed the Man. "I understand you were in the Health Cottage for awhile. How did you enjoy it there?"

"It was swell," replied he who makes All Conference teams with the greatest of ease. "They certainly take good care of you, and the food. What a cook they have."

"So you enjoyed the cooking, my, my!" jested the Man. "By the way, how much does football cost the students, and is it true that it paid for itself last year?"

"I really don't know, to tell the truth," answered the 190 pounds of tackle. "I heard a rumor that football broke even, but it's rather secret. It would be the first time in history if it's true."

"You know," cautiously went on the Man. "I think such things would be good to print in the Times instead of columns which attempt to advertise the local clothing stores, candy counters, and palaces of mirth. Such things as the meeting of the Executive Board. When does the Ex-Board meet?"

"Why they meet tonight," comes (Continued on Page Four)

San Jose State College Times

VOLUME 22

SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE TIMES, TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1934

Number 59

Verna Holveck Is Elected Leader Of Home Econ. Club

Member Of Delta Nu Theta Is Honored By Bay City Group

Club Plans Improvement Of Organization; To Form Constitution

Verna Holveck, a member of Delta Nu Theta, Home Making honor society, has been elected president of the Bay Section Home Economics Club for the coming year. These clubs are a part of the work of the National Home Economics Association.

Verna Holveck, Anita Patchett, and Wilma Secrest of this college attended the Bay Section conference during the Christmas holidays. It was decided at this conference, at which Miss Holveck was one of the speakers, that the honor of electing the club president be given San Jose, in which there are three clubs, Delta Nu Theta, the Home Making Club, and the Junior Home Making Club. The fact that San Jose State is the only college in the conference, which includes clubs from grammar, junior and high schools as well as no doubt a factor in this decision. The other club officers were elected by members in other cities.

A new state president having been recently elected, the Bay Section is planning an improvement of the student club organization, and under the leadership of its new president is going to draw up a constitution. In the near future, meetings will be held in various cities in the bay region.

Junior Prom Feb. 3—
All College Chapel Features Jack Ross

All College Chapel will present as its featured speaker this Wednesday at noon, Mr. Jack Ross, well-known San Josean and a devout Christian.

Mr. Ross is well-known in serious groups here in San Jose and is highly capable of speaking before a chapel audience. Although employed by a local business firm, Mr. Ross has unselfishly devoted much of his time to Christian endeavor.

A brief musical program will be presented as is usual. In all probability a male quartet will render a few selections.

All College Chapel will give a good Christian message to all and will warrant your attendance. Services begin at 12 noon every Wednesday in the Little Theater. Bring your friends.

Junior Prom Feb. 3—
Dr. DeVoss Conducts Adult Night Class

Dr. James C. DeVoss of the Personal office is conducting a class in adult education at night school at the high school, in which he is delivering a series of lectures on men after they reach the age of forty. These lectures are a survey of the behavior and mental sets of people of this age, and deal with the general problem of the psychology of the adult.

The problem of an increasing number of people who have passed forty has become vital. These lectures are for the purpose of helping the members of this group to understand themselves better, and to aid them in becoming adjusted to the present social system.

NOTICE
All girls interested in riding, meet with the Riding Club in the Women's Gym at twelve-thirty Wednesday.

Parlow-Penha Quartet Appears Here Tonight

Junior Hi Group To Hear Vice Principal At Thursday Meet

Mr. Charles E. Franzen, vice principal of Theodore Roosevelt Junior High school has consented to speak to the Junior High Majors Thursday evening, January 25, in Room 1 of the Home-Making building.

The speaker is one especially to be desired for this particular college group, as he has been active in junior high school work for some time, and formerly in college instruction. Thus he is capable of presenting practical information about the junior high school in a manner appealing to the college student.

In addition to the principal speaker of the evening, several students now practice teaching will air their own classroom experiences. Dorothea Gusefeld, Florence Sears, and Bill Threlfall are three student-teachers who have been chosen to speak.

An exhibit of free material has been arranged by Kenneth McCoy, and should prove interesting to all attending.

The musical presentations planned for the evening have been arranged by several Junior High Majors of the Music department, and their complete program will be published tomorrow.

Mrs. Cecile Hall, advisor to the group, stresses the fact that lower classmen are especially invited to attend the meeting.

Junior Prom Feb. 3—
Alma Williams To Give First Lecture

Starting today, January 23, Miss Alma Lowry Williams, of our music department, will give a series of lectures on the "Origin and Development of Musical Instruments."

Her lectures will be given in the Little Theater once a month and will be open to the public. Each instrument will be taken up separately, with illustrations on the screen, and at the close of each lecture there will be a short musical program featuring the instrument discussed in the lecture.

"Percussion Instruments" will be the topic of her first lecture. Mr. Ted Newbold, presenting the novel features of percussion instruments in the modern orchestra, will assist Miss Williams.

Junior Prom Feb. 3—
Dr. Kaucher Speaks To Les Bibliophiles

Dr. Dorothy Kaucher entertained Les Bibliophiles with a speech on her holiday airplane trip to New York City. After luncheon in the College Tea Room on Wednesday, January 17, Dr. Kaucher spoke before about twenty-five student and faculty members of Les Bibliophiles, society of library majors, minors, and technicals.

Flying to New York during the Christmas holidays, she had many interesting experiences, among which was meeting Sidney Kingsley, author of "Men in White", who is considered as a probable winner of this year's Pulitzer prize, and who attended Cornell at the same time as Dr. Kaucher.

She also made her trip to the top of the seventy story Radio Building and the lovely view from that height, very vivid to her group of listeners.

While in New York, Dr. Kaucher saw several plays including "All Wilderness" by Eugene O'Neill, "Mary of Scotland", and "The Russian Baller"

SPARTAN SPEARS NOTICE
The Spartan Spear meeting to be held this evening, January 23, will be at 715 South 5th Street.

Concert Committee Presents Famous Musical Group In Little Theater

First Of Two Chamber Music Concerts To Begin At 8:15

Presenting a type of program rarely heard in San Jose, featuring a group of unusually skilled musicians, the first of two concerts of Chamber music by the famous Parlow-Penha Quartet will be heard in the Little Theatre tonight at 8:15.

Perhaps the most interesting member of the quartet is Miss Kathleen Parlow, called the world's greatest woman violinist. Though a native of Calgary, Canada, Miss Parlow passed most of her life in California, receiving her first instruction in San Francisco where she made her first appearance at the age of six. Eight years later came her grand debut abroad with the London Symphony Orchestra. Followed a year in St. Petersburg under that famous master of famous violinists, Prof. Leopold Auer who counts among his pupils such artists as Heifetz, Zimbalist, and Ellman.

During that year, Miss Parlow played six concerts in Helsingfors, nine recitals in Petrograd, and two in Riga. When in 1907, she played in the Russian Concert during the International Music festival compositions of Glazounov conducted by the composer himself, she was so warmly received that she was immediately re-engaged. While on a Continental tour, she played by Royal Command before the King and Queen of Norway, and since then has appeared at that court eleven times.

In America, besides seven concert tours of the nation, Miss Parlow was engaged for sixteen appearances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Since that time she has had a twenty-two months tour of the Orient, and last season traveled through Austria and Roumania, appearing at the courts as well as in the auditoriums.

Another well-known artist in the group is Michael Penha, cellist. After several successful seasons as cello soloist with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stokowsky, M. Penha has come West to join the San Francisco organization in the same capacity. He is also a member of the famous Pro-Arte String Quartet.

Though not so well known as the other two, both Ralph Linsley, pianist, and Abraham Weiss, violast, are consummate artists and rarely sensitive performers on their respective instruments.

Tickets are \$1.00 and 50c, general admission and student prices respectively. They may be purchased from any member of the Concert Committee, in the music department, or at any music store in San Jose. Those students who have given their time and energies to the successful presentation of these fine programs are Alice Dixon, chairman, Jack Charnow, Frances Croney, Evelyn Cavala, Aurelie Antron, Ray Ruff, and Carl Welz.

Beethoven—Quartet for Piano, Violin, Viola and Cello, Op. 16.

Grave—Alegro, ma non troppo. Andante Cantabile. Rondo (Allegro).

Jirak—Divertimento, for Violin, Viola and Cello, Op. 28.

Recitativo Scherzo Aria

Chausson—Quartet for Piano, Violin, Viola and Cello, Op. 30

Anime Tres Calme Simple et sans hate

Anime.

Phy Ed Majors To Hold Meet In Gym Wednesday Night

Discussion To Be Centered On Topic Of Intra-mural Program Here

Big Swimming Meet In College Pool Will Close Meeting Tomorrow Night

With the express intention of discussing the plans for the quarter, Jack Prouty has called a meeting of the Men's Physical Education Majors to be held in the Men's Gym at 7:30 Wednesday evening.

We say intentions of discussing the future plans; because it takes a crowd to make a discussion and with the poor attendance at the last meeting, there certainly were not enough members present to discuss even the latest moving picture.

Among the plans to be discussed are the Intramural program and the plans for a barbecue to be held later in the quarter. If the turnout this week is not large enough, drastic steps will have to be taken in order to arouse the interest of you men who are members of the organization.

And lastly, in the words of Mr. Prouty, "Won't you please come to the meeting tomorrow night and help us out on our plans, because if the plans don't suit you, it will be your own fault for not appearing at the meeting and voicing your opinion."

After the meeting the members will repair to the swimming pool for a little exercise.

Junior Prom Feb. 3—

Meal Club Menu Has Appetizing Variety

This is an example of the meals enjoyed by thirty-six students, including student employees, during the last week. They are the members of the Student Meal Club, a group of students who enjoy three meals a day, five days a week at our college cafeteria here on the campus. There are a great variety of appetizing dishes offered during the week. Here is some good news, there is still an opportunity to join this club, and enjoy meals similar in their general plan to those above.

A typical menu of the Student Meal Club:

BREAKFAST
Sliced Orange
Choice of Oatmeal or Cornflakes and Cream and Sugar.
Poached Egg on Toast
Buttered Toast
Choice of Milk or Coffee
LUNCHEON
Salmon Loaf, Parsley Cream Sauce
Buttered Fresh Spinach
Mixed Raw Vegetable Salad
Lettuce Sandwich
Apricot Tapioca
Choice of Milk, Buttermilk, Orange or Tomato Juice
DINNER
Tomato Rice Soup, Crackers
Savory Meat Loaf
Mashed Potatoes and Gravy
Mixed Fruit Salad
Rolls and Butter—either wheat or wheat germ
Apple Pie
Choice of Milk or Hot Tea

NOTICE
Class fees are payable January 18 to 31. After January 31 a late fee of 1\$ is charged. If a student's fees are not paid by February 15, his registration is subject to cancellation. DO NOT WAIT FOR THE BILL, AS NONE ARE BEING MAILED OUT THIS QUARTER!

MARY CLEVELAND
Editor

Campus Literature

CHARLES ARSLANIAN
Assistant Editor

FLESH AND BLOOD--A Short Story

By Barton Wood

Richard Arlington beckoned imperiously to the little Italian leaning against the one and only door in the room.

"Here, Dominic. Got something to show you." Arlington was staring at a picture on the front page of the "Examiner" as the Italian slouched over to the chief's front desk.

"I'm laughing, Dominic. I just thought of something funny as hell. D'ya see that old buzzard with his mug plastered all over the front page? Well, that's my old man. That's my dear, kind-hearted sire. I was just thinking how funny it would be to see him filled full of lead, or to see him with his head twisted around until he was looking at you from the back of his neck."

Arlington slid his foot off the desk with a thud. The laugh that followed had a peculiarly mechanical sound to it which seemed to echo back and forth between the unpapered walls of the room.

Dominic shifted uneasily. This was an old scene to him, but it never failed to arouse what little remained of his scattered morals. Dominic had been brought up with characteristic Italian emphasis on filial obedience. He still respected his father's word, although his father had been killed several years ago during a dispute with "Lefty" Hill's gang.

"Now you listen here," Dominic began.

Arlington paid no attention but continued talking.

"I'd be sitting on easy street right now. Automobiles, night-clubs, people running around kissing my feet—Kicked out of all that just on account of a pimple-faced brat."

Arlington's eyes had begun to assume a far-away look, but suddenly they changed.

"See here, Dominic. I've been talking this way for a long time, haven't I? Well, get this. I've got a little plan worked up for tonight. It's a sweet little plan, but I have a hunch there's somebody that won't think it's so sweet before tonight is over. Go get Gus Barbano."

If Dominic had been asked to go out and fetch a large sized thunderbolt, the result would have been about the same. "Listen, Rica. What are you going to do? You aren't going to kill somebody, are you? Don't do it, Rica. We've gone clean so far. We haven't any blood on our hands. What are you going to do?" The little Italian was almost in a panic.

Arlington looked at Dominic contemptuously. "Never mind what I do. Did you ever see me make a mistake? All right then, shut up. Bring Gus around here."

Fifteen minutes later, the three men, Arlington, Dominic, and Gus, closed the single door to the little office and locked themselves in.

Doctor Charles Arlington knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Thank you Saunders," he said to the man-servant who had just placed a neatly-wrapped package on the smoking stand.

Doctor Arlington picked the package up. On the front of it was the inscription, "Dad. Happy Birthday from Jimmy."

The doctor's gray eyes relaxed and a slow smile began to light up his features. For a few brief moments, the Charles Arlington of twenty years ago was the sole occupant of the room.

"Saunders," the doctor called. "Ask James to come here, please."

"I'm sorry, sir, but Master James has gone out."

Doctor Arlington looked surprised. "Gone out?"

The subdued tinkle of the door bell interrupted them as the man-servant was about to reply.

Saunders returned shortly.

"It's your son, er—Richard, sir."

"What?" Gone was the doctor's introspective mood. A cold breeze seemed to pass through the hall and into the room. "What does he mean by coming here, and what does he want?"

"He wishes to speak to you."

"Tell him I refuse to see him."

"He says it's important, sir. It's concerning James."

Doctor Arlington's eyes lifted slightly. "Very well, then, send him in."

Richard Arlington laughed harshly.

He knew the old man. The old man was pretty fond of James, wasn't he? Yeh, things were working out sweet. Of course, a good wind couldn't blow everybody good. Ha, that was a pretty good one for old Rica to think up by himself, wasn't it? Pretty darn good. But then, weren't things always done right when he did them?

Just then, the huge door opened.

"This way."

So the old fossil couldn't say "sir" to him now. Well, perhaps—

Arlington's thoughts were interrupted by the sight of his father.

"Hello Pop. How's everything go—"

Say what's the big idea of the stuck-up look on your mug? Can't you even greet your long-lost son properly?

Doctor Arlington pulled himself even more erect than he had been before. Over his mouth appeared a frozen smile.

"When you have decided to discontinue your uncouth slang and address me properly as 'sir', I may attempt to talk with you. Until then, get out."

A dangerous glint appeared in Richard Arlington's eyes. His fingers tightened as he glared back at his father.

"When you learn how to keep your trap shut—," he began but after failing to think of a quick comeback he blurted out, "You're going to listen to me, and you're going to like it. I've been hearing you shoot off your face as long as I'm going to. You know the cops are looking for me and that if I don't fork over ten grand to them, they'll stick me in the jug. What did you do when I asked you for help? Yeh, what did you do? You gave me a check for a hundred bucks. That's what you did. Whacha think I can do with that? If you weren't such a dam' tightwad you'd really help me out. Well, get a load of this. You're going to help me out."

"Really? How interesting."

"Yeh, it's going to be plenty interesting. Do you know where Jim is?"

"Jim who?" asked his father attempting to appear calm.

"You know who, and I guess by your looks you know pretty well where he is. Just in case you're not sure, I'll tell you. He's somewhere, never mind where, and I'm looking after him. He won't be hurt any, unless you happen to forget that you owe me a little present. I know you won't forget it, though. I'd hate to hurt Jimmy. Dear little Jimmy. He stole my girl friend once, and he's been stealing things from me ever since. Yeh, I'd sure hate to hurt little Jimmy."

Richard Arlington laughed again. It was the same sort of laugh that Dominic had heard in the little attic office.

Doctor Arlington threw off his last attempt at appearing uninterested. Jim was all he had left since his wife had died some twenty years ago. He was the doctor's only real interest in life. If anything should happen to Jimmy—, He looked up at his son Richard.

"I never thought I'd have to pay ransom to my own son. I've seen cheats and crooks in my life that I thought were pretty low. I've seen men murdered." Doctor Arlington paused and wiped his brow. "Until now, I hadn't seen anything, though." The words came slowly. "You're worse than a murderer."

If Doctor Arlington had expected his son to show any remorse, he was disappointed.

appointed.

"And the ten grand?" inquired Richard.

His father took out his check book and wrote out a check for ten thousand dollars.

"When I have James back, I'll mail this to you. My word is as good as my check."

"Oh no, you don't. I don't want any cops around to nab me when I go to get it out of the post office. Don't forget I'm Richard Arlington."

His father shuddered. He hadn't forgotten.

"All right. Here, take it, and for the sake of an old man bring Jimmy back." Suddenly, his voice changed. "If anything happens to him, I'll kill you."

Doctor Arlington stood up, his huge frame towering above his son's.

"Now, get out!"

Richard Arlington walked jauntily up the two long flights of stairs to his office. Dominic was waiting for him. Arlington went over and slapped him on the back.

"Well, Dom, everything's jake. From now on we work fast. How's little brother coming along?"

"He's O. K."

"All right. Now you get the gang together and scram. You know where to meet me. I'll be there a little later. Got a little job to do here first."

Something in Arlington's voice made Dominic whirl around and stare at him.

"Watcha mean by that?"

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean. I'm so fond of that brother of mine I'd hate to leave without saying goodbye to him, if you get me."

Dominic stared straight in front of him. A hazy perception of what Arlington meant began to penetrate through his head. For a long minute a heavy silence settled down over the office.

Arlington broke the silence. He slipped the automatic from his pocket and glanced at it meaningfully. Then he replaced it.

"Come on. Snap out of it."

Dominic pulled himself together, looked toward the door, and slowly edged his way out of the room.

Several minutes after Dominic had gone, Arlington looked at his wrist

watch. He picked up the almost empty flask beside him and drained it at one swallow.

"Time to start the show," he mumbled to himself.

He glanced out of the dingy window and down at the traffic of Union street three stories below him. Suddenly he stiffened. On the street corner he could distinctly see Jim and his father leering up at him. They were shouting and waving their hands and making faces at him. The noises in the street seemed to echo through his head until they became unbearable. The faces blurred and then leaped up at him. The whole building and the streets were bending, swinging, falling.

Arlington backed away from the apartments beneath him. He wiped the sweat off his face.

"Got to snap out of it. Can't go on like this."

He clutched the chair desperately and pushed himself toward the door. Opposite the office was another door leading off the hall and into what was apparently a small storage room. Arlington stopped at this door and fumbled for the lock. His head was clearer now, and in place of the momentary fear crept a new and deadly passion. James Arlington. It ran through his head in a steady monotone. Clapping his automatic, he pushed open the door.

"Strange everything was so silent," he thought to himself. Suddenly he dropped his automatic. Blind terror gripped him. "What was that?"

Then he realized that he was looking across the room into the barrel of a revolver. The hand that held it was steady and sure. He saw it all now. He never thought Dominic would do it. Dominic had been his pal. But then, everybody was against him, even his pals. The silence had become oppressive.

"Jimmy, old man. You wouldn't hurt me. It's me, your brother, Jimmy. Your own flesh and blood, Jimmy." He stopped and looked at his brother. Arlington was trembling from head to foot, but the hand that held the revolver was as steady as fate.

"Jimmy, don't—don't do it. I wasn't going to hurt you, Jimmy. Honest. I was only joking to Dominic. You can have the money. You can have any-

POETRY

(Daily Californian)

I think that I shall never see
A stick so tricky as a ski.
Steer the darn thing as I will,
It always rides me to a spill;
It lies quiet till I'm on,
Then without notice we are gone.

Down, down we run; I'm filled with
glee.
My God, I'm sunk. Here comes a tree!
But it's got me telemarked—I'm back
for more;

Those are my waxed skis out by the
door.

Only God can make a tree—
But who in H— first made a ski?

Bert Harwell, Park Naturalist
Yosemite Nat'l Park

thing, Jimmy don—"

Suddenly a great light blinded him.

The thunder of the universe echoed in
his ears.

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SPARTAN SPURTS

By
Bertrandias & Conroy

We dislike arguments, and as far as that goes don't intend to argue with anyone, but why shouldn't we prophesy that the Spartans are potentialities for the Far Western Conference Hoop Crown? There are those who insist on the pessimistic, or else measure the present quintet by those of the past, but they should consider various angles before they condemn.

San Jose can boast as good a set of guards as any in the conference, a center that can get the tip-off on, as far as we know, any center in the conference, and a set of diminutive and fast forwards bolstered by the new Spartan sensation, Bart Concannon.

Considering Pacific was rated as one of the classiest outfits in the conference, and recalling the recent series in which State conceded a slight edge to the Tigers as the final gong ended the first game, and then came back to literally "trounce the pants" off the Stockton boys in the home game, gives us a new perspective to work from.

It may appear that we are being hasty or jumping at accidents or drawing impetuous conclusions simply because the Spartans show a sudden dash of brilliance, but the Tigers were rated from their showings against Stanford and St. Mary's and stacked as the best bet for the F. W. C. San Jose proved complete superiority over them last week-end.

Now, take Nevada for another example of pre-season dope. Always a threat, they were taken by a fighting Chico five in the second game of their series.

It merely goes to prove that anything might happen in basketball, anybody might step out and boot the old dope bucket all over the maple just as Bart Concannon and the rest of the boys did the other night.

Next week the Spartans pack up and hop a train for the "Biggest little city in the world", Reno, where they assault the Nevada Wolf. And simply because Chico threw the Wolf for a loss doesn't designate that the Spartan can repeat, but we hope for the best.

And because Sparta trimmed the Pacific boys casts no definite prognostications that the Stockton outfit is out of the running. Oh no, dear reader, it only tends to strengthen our belief that this year's race is going to be a very close one, and that the San Jose cagers will be right in the running.

Just remember, everybody, that the watch word for the coming contests way back in them wild and woolly regions of that romantic state of Nevada are, "Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

Fresno Schedules Grid Tilt With Broncos

Fresno State College has made overtures in the Santa Clara Broncos for a football game to be played in the Raisin City on October 27th. The Fresno authorities are said to desire the game as a part of their Navy Day celebration.

Reports from the stronghold of the Broncos are said to favor the contest if the game already scheduled with Loyola on that date can be shifted to another time.

It is remarkable that the basketball players who are taking part in intramural basketball number about seventy-five each game night. According to this a great number of our students are certainly keeping abreast of the times athletically speaking.

The Sophomores are on top in the percentage standing at the present time, having won three out of three games played. Keep up the good work, Sophs.

State College Times Sports

SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE TIMES, TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1934.

WEAK SPOTS IN STATE TRACK SQUAD

By STEVE MURDOCK

To weaknesses in the 440, two mile, and shot, most vulnerable spots in the 1933 team, add lack of talent in the javelin, and low hurdles and you have, in the proverbial encasement of a nut, the track situation at San Jose State as she exists at the present moment, pending the arrival of re-enforcements on the occasion of the opening of the spring quarter late in March.

Last year's squad was strong enough to struggle along without exceptional quartermilers, two-milers, or shot-putters, but the points accumulated by Frank Cunningham in the javelin and Noel Knight in the low hurdles were among some of the most important garnered all season. Neither of these lads are back in school although there is a possibility that Knight may return for the spring quarter.

The remaining events are comparatively strong, with the sprints, 880, mile broad jump, and pole-vault being particularly well fortified with veterans. The high hurdles, discus, and high jump, while not especially weak, could stand a bit of re-enforcement.

Salvato and possibly Taylor in the sprints, Orem, Clemo, and Harper in the 880; Harper in the mile; Taylor, Shehtanian, and Watson in the broad jump; and Prouty, Stevens, and Watson in the pole vault constitute the team's nucleus in the strong events. The fact that Harry Murphy has to answer as the lone veteran in both the high hurdles and high jump keeps the events off the extra strong list. Harry is a splendid performer, tallying 47 points third place in team scoring last year, but he could stand some support.

Coach Erwin Blesh is quite frankly worried about the javelin and low hurdles. He would like to see some creditable shot-putters, two-milers, and 440 men put in an appearance, but he is particularly perturbed about the lack of spear throwers and low stick jumpers. Cunningham ranked as one of the country's best in his event and only failed to take a first place in one out of eight meets in which San Jose participated during the regular season. Knight showed exceptional promise, being clocked in 24.8 around a turn.

Elmer Sundquist and Pete Dragon, both veterans of about 170 foot calibre, are holding down the javelin situation aided by Clark Glasson, a for-

How Capt. Liebrandt Started Hoop Career

By Randy Smith

It was only September but he was out there on the hardwood floor vigorously pretending it was winter. Winter meant basketball season and basketball season meant a chance to show his sisters that the females weren't the only ones in the family who could do things.

Sisters were such nuisances. Always doing things that brought forth a parental smile of approval. So many sisters, too, and always setting such good examples that a fellow didn't have a chance either at home or abroad.

Now he was going to show them. He might practicing and practicing. He was out on that basketball floor every picked up little pointers often from those who knew the game better. He worked. He perspired. He got thoroughly tired in a satisfying sort of way. Henry Liebrandt was determined to be-



INCHY

come a basketball player, so that those many sisters wouldn't be carrying the Liebrandt banner alone.

The sisters went on with their singer Montezuma and San Jose High star who shows great promise. He is learning the Finnish word and once he masters it there is a possibility that he may be throwing around the 190 foot mark which will remedy that situation. It is also possible that Johnny Hines of football fame, who threw 190 at Fresno last year for Modesto J.C., may return to school and help the cause in the spring quarter.

Two sophomores, Hayes and Parker both in the 26 second class, seem to be the lone hopes in the low hurdles at the present time although there is a slight possibility that Murphy might also take up this event. Hayes, although he holds no impressive times for the route, is an excellent prospect should he even get himself in condition to really step the whole route.

ing, and their writing, and their dancing, and their committee work, and—oh, so many other things! "Inchy"—for that was Henry's sobriquet—stuck doggedly to the maple floor every afternoon, absorbing the fine arts of basketball.

When basketball season finally rolled around and he made the lightweight squad, he was as happy as an ant at a picnic. Happier, even. True, the sisters didn't think so much of the achievement, and said as much, but Inchy was undeterred. Making the basketball team, he thought, was far better than being a mere secretary of the student body at Santa Cruz High School, or being president of the Girls' Honor Society.

Inchy plugged along for three years on the maples and suddenly everyone realized—his sisters included—that he was the hinge upon which the high school quintet was built. He was playing good steady ball, jumping center on tip-off plays and falling back to a guard post after the center jump. His passes fairly screamed accuracy and timing. Those passes were hot to handle—even too hot for some,—but when his teammates learned to catch the casaba which Inchy sent sizzling across the court, that team began to click.

No longer was Inchy a social outcast at home. No longer was he forced to sit fighting in silence while he listened to tales of what this sister and that sister had accomplished. The black sheep had miraculously changed his color. He had made something of himself—in a small way, of course—and had done it in a manner which forced even scoffing sisters to pay deferential homage.

Long, lanky, bony Inchy; the Inchy of the infectious smile and modest demeanor, was some pumpkins around Santa Cruz High School in his senior year. He had risen from the lowly position of being "brother to the Liebrandt sisters", and each sister had dropped in to the "sister of Inchy Liebrandt" category. He was that popular.

The Inchy whom you know better as "Captain Hank" isn't a natural born athlete, nor is he a great one. He's just a boy that was goaded into basketball by a flock of successful sisters. He's worked hard, long and determinedly until he can hold his own with any basketballer. He's a plugger, a work horse, with an indomitable spirit that takes him where he wants to go. He's an athlete made, not born. All he possessed when he started was a lanky frame and

BABES PREPARE FOR COMING CONTESTS

After defeating the Monterey High School quintet last Saturday 41 to 14, the frosh have been practicing diligently. Last Saturday, the insertion of Irwin and Bettencourt seemed to speed up the game considerably. In fact the frosh didn't get going until these two boys entered the contest.

Crawford sustained a wound on the face which put him out of the contest. Waddington seems to be about the fastest man on the squad and when he gets out in front with the ball, the distance imperceptibly widens as he blazes a trail for the basket. Brown is a nice flashy guard and he is usually inserted into the lineup to speed the game up. Although he lacks the size which bolsters up the stock of Hudson and Pease. Incidentally, Hudson seemed to be away off on his shots last Saturday. He only tanked about one out of five shots at the bucket. But he has been hitting them pretty regular in practice since then.

Swartzell played a nice game last Saturday besides capturing high point honors. Incidentally, Hudson seemed to be fairly cool-headed player and he worked especially well with Erwin and Bettencourt last Saturday night to start a concentrated drive in the second quarter which ended at the half.

In their recent games, the frosh seem to lack that vital element which goes to make a god basketball game, namely opposition.

Intramural

By PAUL COX

The foul shooting tournament which is another phase of our intramural program will be on the schedule now for the next few days.

The agility of the faculty team gives us quite a thrill to know that we are surmounted by a group of our own pros who can give any one of the teams a run for their money.

Following is the Intramural Basketball schedule for this week.

Tues. January 23—
Soph A. vs. Faculty at 7 p. m.
Junior B. vs. Frosh A. at 8 p. m.
Junior A. vs. Senior C. at 9 p. m.
Thursday, January 25—
Frosh C. vs. Faculty at 7 p. m.
Senior B. vs. Frosh A. at 8 p. m.
Soph A. vs. Junior B. at 9 p. m.

a determination to do things. Now he's captain of a major college sport. And all because he wouldn't allow any sisters to get ahead of him.

New 220 Straightaway and Rest Rooms



Snapped from the rim of the Spartan Stadium is the new 220 straightaway, the latest benifice to the San Jose State athletic plant and a boon to 220 sprinters who far prefer the the straight track o a curve lane. Also the modern rest rooms on the right are nearing completion.

—San Jose Evening News Photo

San Jose

State College Times

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A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

Last week we printed an editorial concerning married women getting a college education and at the same time neglecting her family. The returns have certainly exceeded by far anything we anticipated.

Whether or not the situation is possible can really be of no importance to anyone other than the few particular cases used as a basis for the editorial. The amazing thing to us was the lack of unity on the part of our assailants.

Not one of them could agree on more than one point with any other. Each seemed to have a particular grievance against our efforts and they ranged all the way from freshmen to a faculty member.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about the whole affair was the utter lack of understanding shown by most of our critics.

Practically all of them missed the main point, possibly because we did not make ourselves clear. But on the other hand, after talking with several critics, it is quite clear that no amount of explanation would make and difference, so perhaps it would be just as well to drop the whole matter.

CONGRATULATIONS

At one time we were forced to apply a bit of the well known pressure to certain of our females who blocked off the main entrance steps. Now we wish to congratulate them on their good sportsmanship.

No more is one forced to fight his way through that crowd of females. We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to you who have made an easy entrance to the buildings possible!

Keep up the good work, girls. State needs such cooperation as you have shown!

NO STAGS . . . By Micheal Angelo



Just Among Ourselves

I have read various short articles lately which indicated that college students throughout the country are looking a good many situations squarely in the face. One article discussed the philosophy underlying brutal initiations into



various campus groups. The writer came to the conclusion that the ones administering the punishment got altogether too much pleasure out of it to make it seem wholesome.

Another article mentioned the national affiliations of a number of organizations, particularly of fraternities. He was inclined to think that students throughout the country had permitted themselves to pay an enormous amount of money for the mere assumption that they acquired merit by a national connection. I have felt in sympathy with these remarks for a good many years. I, myself, belong to a number of organizations which have national dues. I would like to state right here that in no case, for all the hundreds of dollars I have paid, have I received what I can recognize as any help whatever from my national connection. Odd as it may seem, three of the national ballyhoo groups which I help to support have their headquarters in Chicago. Those Chicago gangs certainly know how to put it over the rest of us. I am just about ready to recommend to all college groups that they organize locally and pay no attention whatever to professional boosters off the campus. In that way I feel that we shall all get the greatest value for our money. I hardly know why I pay these national dues. About the only real reason I have, and you may take it for what you think it's worth, is that I have been doing it for so many years that it's hard to stop. What do you think of that for a reason.

Secrets. I suppose millions of dollars are paid each year for mysterious secrets. I know that must be so because I have been inveigled into paying for some of them myself. I would like to make this statement. I doubt if there is anything secret worth knowing. I am inclined to think that all of the real knowledge of the world is available to those who wish it. When some one tries to sell you something secret, go off by yourself and think it over.

The C.W.A. disappointed us a little

Man on the Campus

(Continued from Page One)

back Simoni. "Two weeks ago they had an important meeting, and not a line was printed about it. They elected a new faculty adviser, decided to have a masquerade ball, and talked over new uniforms for the band. I think the students should know about such things. The Ex-Board meetings are held in the Times office every other Tuesday and are open to all students. I wish some of them would attend tonight at seven-thirty."

"I'll be there," eagerly answered the Man, hoping to gain favor with this student leader.

"That's fine," commented Simoni. "Well, I've got a million things to do and—"

"Oh, I was just leaving," cries the man, taking the hint. Anyway, he had a lot of food for thought, and so with an admiring look, he's on his way.

Next week the Man hopes to air the views of a few of the co-ed leaders. So far he has not been able to find any with definite ideas on student affairs.

Junior Prom Feb. 3
THE AZTEC GOD

By Winbourne Bryan
I often hold within my hand
A little god of red-brown clay,
Found by a peon boy amid
The ruins of another day.

This ancient Aztec deity
Once did a mighty nation sway
Until cast down by strange, white men
Who to their own God knelt to pray.

last week. We received orders to reduce the time of our men from thirty hours to twenty-four. It disappointed the men also. We are going to find it very difficult to complete the projects we started before the time limit now that working hours have been reduced. We are hoping somehow or other that additional provisions will be made to carry on.

That was the best game I have seen in years. I think all of us had a feeling of confidence in the team. They seemed to know their business. The outstanding performances were on our side, we had the jump, the lightning speed, the stunning shots. It was a great satisfaction to me to sit in the bleachers and see that fine job develop. Probably most of you don't know Tom Maloney, but Tom was there pulling for San Jose. Tom was probably the best center we have ever had, and he still finds his interests clustering around our athletic program.

CALLING ALL CARS

Calling all cars—all cars stand by. Check activities of Howard Nelson and Eva Beryl Tree. They were seen together at the Newman Club open house.

Calling car 21—calling car two-one. Discover why Ray Arjo's girl went to the above affair alone.

Calling car 16—calling car one six. Substantiate report that Ruth Clawson is engaged.

Calling all cars—all cars stand by—Substantiate if possible the report that Dorothy Woodrow is married.

Calling car 17—calling car one-seven. Check report that Mary Binley is through with men.

Calling car 11—calling car one-one. Discover why the men flock around Virginia Gardner. She was seen with three of them last Tuesday at Johnnie's.

Calling all cars—all cars stand by. Discover the identity of the prominent State Co-ed who dines at two places the same evening. Also discover the identity of the sap who pays for it.

Calling car 19—calling car one-nine. Where was Jim Fitzgerald while his girl cavorted at the Newman Club social with a Santa Clara man.

Calling car 12—calling car one-two. Untangle the Lorraine Lawson-Mickey Gallagher mixup over "Howie" Burns and Bill Jennings by discovering the identity of the third man.

Calling all cars—all cars stand by. Identify the prominent State students who was secretly married to a Berkeley girl during the Christmas holidays.

Calling all cars—that is all.

SCREEN SHOTS

By Marge Petsch

Breathes there a gal with a soul so dead, who never to herself has said, whenever dear old Bing began, "There is my own, my ideal man." No, and again I repeat No! And now he's at it again in his new picture, "Going Hollywood," now being shown at the California theatre.

Just to give you a bit of inside information as to what songs the radio and screen idol will sing, they are "Our Big Love Scene", "Going Hollywood", "We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines", "Temptation", "Cinderella's Fella", and "After Sundown". That array should be guaranteed to give any Crosby lover the jitters.

Marion Davies, in her new starring role, offers ample proof that she is one of the most versatile dancers among the picture stars. Those who have admired her in her many years of screen work will find that she is not disappointing in her new role.

The picture, an original story from that old laugh getter, Donald Ogden Stewart, who incidentally writes plays and acts also, is a minute, key-hole view of the real Hollywood—or as near so as the screen will probably ever exhibit it. The story deals with a lonely girl in love with a crooner's voice, who trails him to Hollywood where he is to make his appearance as a film star. The poor little lonely girl, of course, is Marion Davies, who, after a few nasty scenes with a flighty, temperamental French actress, who likewise loves the crooner, becomes a picture star in her own right.

Beginning with the Grand Central Station in New York, the settings include scenes upon a transcontinental train, intimate views of motion picture life and film studios, the haunt of the film people, a really grand Spanish garden, fields of dancing cellophane daisies, a love cottage built entirely of glass (quite impractical, of course), a modernistic farm, a glittering glass island, and a number of other catchy ideas.

Other members of the cast are Fifi D'Orsay, Stuart Erwin, Ned Sparks, Patsy Kelly, and Bobby Watson.