

Sophomore
Hop
Saturday

SANTA-BARBARA STATE-COLLEGE EL GAUCHO

Attend
Rugby
Opener

Vol. XVII

Z59

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1938

No. 31

World News

• SANTA BARBARA, Jan. 20.—The brisk northwest wind which swept the coast regions today, made so much noise in the canvas school houses in Carpinteria, erected until a new elementary school can be constructed, that teachers and pupils could not hear each other and classes, adjourned. A motorcycle was also blown off the road in Serena, injuring two riders.

• SANTA BARBARA, Jan. 20.—Notice that the Santa Barbara Channel islands are closed to trespassing hunters was given with the conviction of three for trespass and theft in the justice court of Ernest Wadner. K. Kramer, George Dawson and Ralph Grimsle pleaded guilty to the charges, made for landing on the island on a boating trip, and shooting hogs.

• GRASS VALEY, Jan. 20.—Violence in the labor field broke out today as C.I.O. pickets clashed with officers conveying 100 mine employees through picket lines to resume employment interrupted Saturday by a strike. Officers of the state highway patrol aided a sheriff's contingent to clear the roads. Pickets numbering 125 gave opposition but have agreed to reduce their line to but 25 men.

• WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—The senate judiciary subcommittee voted unanimous approval of the appointment of Stanley Reed as a justice of the supreme court. The nomination will be made to the general judiciary committee on Monday with final confirmation expected by the end of the week.

Alpha Theta Chi Alumnae Stage Paseo Dance

• Alumnae members of Alpha Theta Chi, campus social sorority, will hold a dinner-dance tomorrow evening at 6:30 in El Paseo, with approximately thirty couples expected to attend.

The sorority will hold its first rush event, an open-house, this Sunday afternoon from three o'clock until six o'clock at the home of Mrs. Anita Hitchcock, patroness, on Alameda Padre Serra.

Committees for the event include Cecile Dillehunt, refreshments; Mary Alice Halferty, clean-up; Phyllis La Source, service; and Ann Seymour, reception. Barbara Tibby, rush captain, will act as general chairman for the affair.

Stella Mae Smith, graduating senior, has received a teaching position in Santa Paula, according to word received by the sorority.

Delta Zetas Hear Rushing Report

• Active and alumnae members of Delta Zeta Delta gathered at the home of Ester Porter on Monday evening to hear the report from their active chapter on rushing events. The meetings were presided over by the two presidents, Betty Palmaymesa and the hostess.

Mrs. Byron Abraham, who just returned from an extended vacation, was an honored guest.

Plans for the open house and the two rush parties were presented by the actives. Following the business gathering the members were entertained by the two prexys.

Those who attended were Mrs. Abraham, Dr. Helen Gregory, Persis Harrison, Florence Prince, Viola Girsh, Judy Ingram, Helen Smith, Jean Townsend, Julia Lynch, Frances Holt, Myrtle Holt, Margaret McKee, Jean McSkimming, Janice Westwick, Alice Boeseke, Rosalind Rawicz, Edna Arnold, Winifred Nichols, Eleanor Porter, Colleen Murphy, Miriam Hendy, Margaret Eastwood.

Fire of undetermined origin totally destroyed the chapel at Park college, Parkville, Missouri, causing an estimated \$155,000 damage.

In Play



Staters Play Bruins Here

First Rugby Season Opens Saturday in Stadium Against U. C. L. A.

• After having the first game called off, rugby will finally get underway, for Santa Barbara State will see its first rugby game when the Bruins of U.C.L.A. will invade Peabody Stadium to meet the Gauchos ruggers Saturday. Coach John Pettus, reverend at All-Saints by the Sea Episcopal church of Montecito is preparing the boys for this first game and will have a real team ready to go.

The fifteen man teams will be made up of football players and will see a clashing of forces for the first time in many years between the two groups. With entirely different personnel the teams will be aiming at each other with special care in effort to give a fitting comparison of the two schools.

Bruins Favored

The Bruins who have played rugby for several years are coming to Santa Barbara strongly favored after having won their first two games while the Santa Barbara team is so far untested in intercollegiate competition. One point in favor of the local team is the skill of Reverend Pettus and the possession of several ruggers who played on the local club team that rode their way over all opponents in Southern California.

Pettus was all-three quarters when he played in South Africa and later in England for Oxford. South Africa is probably the world's stronghold of rugby as it is the major sport of that nation. The annual South African games with Oxford are the greatest events in the sport.

Gridders Play

Football men playing on the U.C. L.A. team are Lawrence McConnell, Ladin Zarubica, tackles; Earle "Two-Gun" Harris, quarter and end; Merle Harris, Bill Troxel, Don Ferguson, halfbacks; Jim Mitchell, end; Lester Sutherland, Bill Hesse, halfbacks; Jack Cohen, guard; Johnnie Baida, Norman Padgett and Francis Wai, quarters; Johnnie Ryland, center.

Gamma Deltas Plan Open House Tea

• A special meeting of members of Gamma Delta Chi social sorority was held Monday evening at the home of president Velma Jean Jones.

Business of the evening was the final arrangements of plans for Open House tea to be held at 1802 Grand avenue. Mrs. G. H. Clapp will be hostess for the affair. Sponsors and alumni who will pour tea for the event are: Mrs. P. J. Miller, Mrs. I. G. Steuart, Dr. H. E. Sweet, Mrs. Chas. Hoffar, Miss Florence Longawa, Mrs. J. A. Sabella, and Mrs. Laurence Werbury. Plans for the coming informal party were discussed at the meeting also.

Federal Study Shows Lack of Jobs

Unemployment Poll Records 1,209 Jobless Persons in Local District

VOTE INCOMPLETE

1,712 Jobless in County is Number Given by National Bureau

• Washington, D. C., January 18.—Registration of totally unemployed persons in Santa Barbara, California, totalled 1,209. John D. Biggers administrator of the employment census conducted November 16-20, reported to President Roosevelt here today.

An additional 720 persons reported that they were partly employed but wanted more work, and 609 persons signified that they were working on WPA, CCC, NYA or other work-relief jobs. The report thus indicated that 2,400 persons needed jobs or additional work in this city. Population of Santa Barbara in 1930 was 33,613.

Not Complete

However, said Biggers, the number of totally unemployed persons was undoubtedly greater than this because a door-to-door check of 1,950,000 people on 1,864 postal routes indicated that the voluntary census was about 72 percent of the total unemployment. Biggers declared that the true figure would probably lie somewhere between the low figure of the voluntary registration and the high figure of the house-to-house census.

Another factor that would make unemployment greater than indicated by the voluntary census was the business recession which had just set in at the time the cards were filled out and returned.

County Figures

For Santa Barbara County 1,712 persons, 1,262 men and 450 women reported themselves totally unemployed. On relief jobs were 483 men and 167 women. Partially unemployed were 1,180 persons, 999 men and 181 women.

By sex, the number of unemployed in the city of Santa Barbara were: 853 men and 356 women totally unemployed; 593 men and 127 women partially unemployed, and 449 men and 160 women on work relief jobs. Jobs will not have to be provided for all these people in order to end unemployment, Biggers said. Usually where a breadwinner of a family is unemployed there are two or more members of his family seeking work.

Y GROUPS MEET AT BREAKFAST

• The combined College Y and Tri-Y organizations met for the first time in the college cafeteria Wednesday morning for breakfast.

Mr. Carmen of the local Y.M.C.A. introduced the speaker, Mr. Thomas Elliott, who has spent many years in China. He told of the conditions of China during and before the war with Japan.

"We, of the United States, can stop this war in China by not sending Japan any oil, cotton, or iron and by not purchasing any Japanese goods. This course means that the ladies may have to do without silk stockings for about two weeks, as that will be all of the time required to put a stop to the war. On the other hand, if the United States doesn't take this action Russia will step in and help China. China will become communist and will absorb the Japanese race," said Mr. Elliott.

Plan Breakfasts

There are to be more breakfasts of this nature in the future but there have been no definite dates set for them at present. The College Y will continue to hold a regular breakfast meeting every other Tuesday.

Those attending the meeting were: Betty Nishida, Thelma Archibald, Carol McQuiddy, Dot Daniels, Velma Stewart, Helen Simmons, Valerie Smith, Dr. Kinsel, Pauline Miller, Marcellus Jones, Robert Woods, Clarence Mikulasek, Oliver Eitzen, Frank Ellings, Bruce Steele, Mr. Conley Davis, and Mr. Carmen.

Heads Dance



Gauchos Beat Cal Poly

Santa Barbara Squad Takes Second Victory Over San Luis Team

• Teamwork again produced profitable results Wednesday evening when Santa Barbara's Green-clad masters of the hoop sport turned back Cal Poly in the second game with the mechanical minded northerners this season. After going into an extra session the game finally came out with Santa Barbara leading 41-40.

In the first game with the Cal Poly team State won by a score of 33-32. The game was the hottest encounter of the season as the score was almost always within a three point range. At the half Cal Poly had a lead 24-21. This was evened when Tooley Palmer tore loose on the Cal Poly defense and scored 11 points to even matters as the second half ended at 36-36.

From this point the game was all Buck Bailey. The hard-plunging full-back from the gridiron turned on the heat and proved that the hoop court was just as good place as the gridiron as far as he was concerned. In this short overtime period he scored more points than he had scored the entire game as he sank two field goals. This with a free throw by Palmer gave the Gauchos 41 points while Cal Poly was collecting four to make their side 40. Then with five seconds to go Cal Poly seemed to get hot and then to cool off unexpectedly as Wineroth missed one shot from under the basket and another pair of free throws.

Playing a preliminary game the Frosh quintet revenged themselves for a loss to the Cal Poly jayvee squad early this season when they won 39-31. Leading the peagreeners were McLain and Sears with ten points each.

Science Teachers Open Seminar

• Members of the science department who are interested in biology have organized a Biology Seminar to be held twice a month. The purpose of this seminar is to review and discuss recent papers in the field of biological science.

These meetings are a stimulus to thinking and enable participants to keep abreast with newer developments in such fields as bacteriology, biochemistry, parasitology, and experimental zoology.

The first meeting was held in room 52 on Wednesday afternoon. Dr. Elmer Noble reviewed some recent papers on enzymes and hormones. Other faculty members present were Miss Hazel Severy, Dr. Helen Sweet, Dr. Katharine Kinsel, and Mr. Harrington Wells.

ARETA'S CHANGE DATE

Areta Gamma will hold its open house next Sunday afternoon at 1704 Grand avenue, instead of at 636 East Sola as previously announced.

Hop Features Student Talent

First Get-together for Sophomores Opens Series of Dances

ATTEND SOPH DANCES

Urges Students to Get Class Membership Cards

• Members of the sophomore class will hold the first of a planned series of dances Saturday evening, January 22, in the college cafeteria. It will be first of a number of class dances which will serve as an informal get-together for members of the class and their guests.

The affair is scheduled to begin at 8:00 o'clock in the evening. During the intermission student talent will be featured in a program prepared by Betty Palmaymesa, program committee chairman.

Other committees working with Theda Call, class social chairman, are Jean McSkimming, punch, and Arnold Rose, music.

Try Experiment

According to David Jones, sophomore class president, this first dance will serve as an experiment to determine whether or not class members will cooperate to make the affairs a success. Those in charge of arrangements are planning only to pay expenses, not to increase the class treasury. However, it is hoped that the slight difference in prices will serve as an incentive to those members of the class who have not paid their dues to get their class cards now. These class cards are available through David Wright, treasurer.

Sophomores who have paid their dues will be admitted for ten cents. Those who have not been recorded paid will be charged twenty-five cents, and guests will be admitted for twenty-five cents.

Crown and Scepter Meets to Plan Initiation

• Meeting in the faculty dining room, Crown and Scepter, senior women's honorary organization, discussed the eligibility of members for the group next semester.

A ritual drawn up by a committee headed by Ethel Weide, was accepted, and plans were made for formal initiation to be held after the beginning of the new semester. A committee composed of Ann Seymour, president, Dorothy Hornor and Petie McKinney was appointed to investigate the institution of the "honor system in examinations" as a policy of the college.

Pat Ireland Banks is the only mid-year graduate of the organization, whose membership includes Miriam Turton, Jane Goslin, Leona Rasmussen, Rena Sacconaghi, Frances Hoelscher, Velma Jean Jones, Jane White, Ester Carter, Pauline Michael, and Frances Jane Miller.

Journal Publishes Outland Article

• Dr. George Outland, professor in sociology, is the author of an article, "Relationship between School Drop-outs and Boy Transiency," recently published in the journal, Education, Administration, and Supervision. The magazine may be obtained at the college library.

The article was written for the purpose of analyzing data under three main headings of time elapsing between stopping school and of the relationship of dropping out with the state truancy laws.

Under the first of these questions Outland reached the conclusion that it was between one and three years in a plurality of cases. The reasons for the problem were in the order of economic, educational, graduation, still attending, social difficulties, and those who had never attended school. Little was distinguished as to the importance of the truancy laws.

RUDOLPH RUMPLESNITZ

By JACK SALYER

• Rudolph Rumplesnitz was what is called a soda dispenser by the Acme Drug Company and a soda "jerker" by the unlettered scruff who patronized the Acme's marble fountain. He was tall, nimble, well-proportioned, and had a well shaped skull without a great deal in it.

Every day at 8 o'clock, with monotonous regularity, Rudolph went to work at this uninspiring trade a cruel fate had selected for him. In ten years or so, according to the beefy, red-faced supervisor, he might accomplish the miracle and become an Acme supervisor himself. In reality, however, his chances were little better than a convict working his way up to be warden.

But Rudolph aspired to greater heights. He wanted to soar to the lofty altitude occupied by the wearers of frock coats, spats, gloves, and waxed moustaches. He wanted to be rich like the people he had seen in the movies, and he did not quite believe that his dexterity behind the soda fountain would bring him wealth.

At first he dreamed of what he would do when he got rich, much the same as a convict dreams of what he will do when he gets out of prison. For a time this sufficed him, although it sometimes got him into difficulties, because he often mixed strawberry instead of pineapple sodas, and reality, in the form of an angry customer, reentered the scene.

It was Mary, the putative blonde who ran the cigar counter that gave him his plan. Mary was in no wise different from her sisters—pert, vivacious, a master of witty sallies such as, "says you" or even more cleverly "You ain't lying" or "Truck on down." True she hadn't invented these catch phrases but she regarded them singularly her own. She was quite fascinated by Rudolph. During slack moments she would sit at the end of the fountain and gaze admiringly at Rudolph's black curly head, but Rudolph never noticed her, except when he wanted free cigarettes and then he treated her to his best smile.

Yet, he would have been grateful to Mary, for she provided him with his big idea.

"You know, Rudy," she began. "Rudolph," he corrected her, for he disliked Rudy.

"All right, Rudolph, you know, you are the kind of fellow girls like." This profound observation was accompanied with a tinkling little giggle.

He considered this a moment and found the thought reasonable and pleasant. However, his comment was a curt, "Says you."

"Really, Rudolph," her eyes had what she imagined Marlene Dietrich's had in her last picture whilst revealing her soul. She also looked as if she needed an aspirin.

"How come," Rudolph asked, interested.

"Oh, you look so aristocratic and—*you know, like Robert Taylor.*"

The conversation was interrupted by a customer who rapped a coin impatiently at the cigar counter and Mary had to scurry back to her stand and as far as this story goes out of existence.

For the rest of the day Rudolph pondered over her words and admired himself in the mirror back of the fountain from various angles. He would face the fountain and then turn his head back trying to catch a glimpse of his profile, until the manager asked him if he had a sore neck.

After this he paid great attention to Robert Taylor pictures and in one of them Taylor, an unscrupulous adventurer without a penny posed as a rich man's son and married a genuinely rich girl. She forgave him in that understanding fashion of the movie world and all turned out well. Rudolph decided that he would do just this in real life.

His plan began to take shape. He saved his money, spent not a cent on movies (this was a real sacrifice to an ideal) and by a frugality that would have delighted Benjamin

Franklin scraped up enough money to buy a good wardrobe.

Summer finally came (as it often does) and with it his two weeks vacation. Meanwhile Rudolph had not been idle. He read novels dealing with society—faithfully digested Emily Post, and lowered his speaking voice.

Like a great general, Rudolph had a grand strategy. Caution was the keynote of his campaign. Merrydell was a luxury hotel built on the side of Merrydell Lake. The place was expensive and pleasant. To this hotel Rudolph went on his vacation. He felt a little apprehensive and awed at the glitter of the doorman and soft rugs and quiet dignity that pervaded the lobby, but in a few days began to feel at home, and regarded his previous life as a bad dream. He played tennis and swam. He kept his eyes open. Most of the girls were a trifle aloof and were not quite as pretty as his standards demanded, and even for money he couldn't fancy a spindle-legged or pimply faced girl.

He was beginning to despair of finding the right girl when he went to the swimming pier and mournfully dove into the water.

He swam about for awhile aimlessly and decided to go back to the hotel for a drink. Climbing up the ladder from the water he saw her for the first time. She was a neat little trick with blonde hair and she smiled at him with unreserved friendliness. The smile led to conversation. "How's the water?" "Fine." "Just going out?" Obviously he was and admitted that such was the case.

Needless to say they danced together that night, and Rudolph learned that her name was Cornelia Wells. The next day they went riding and at the end of five days he became Rudy and she, "Baby."

The great moment had arrived. They were waiting in the garden (just as they do in the movies) in the evening when Rudy slipped his arm around her. This preliminary skirmish being successful, he kissed her and asked her to marry him. Very simple; just like that and Rudolph was an engaged man for she accepted him.

They decided upon a quick elopement. In the course of discussing their plans Cornelia asked Rudy what his father did.

"Bonds," was Rudy's succinct reply, "and yours?"

"Father is dead."

This was an excellent piece of luck. Rudy had been burning with curiosity, but had not considered it prudent to ask before.

So the next night they ran off to Yuma and got married.

On the way back Cornelia looked depressed.

"What's the matter darling?" Rudy asked tenderly.

"Oh, Rudy, I have a confession to make; I didn't tell you before, but I'm just a lady's maid and I went to the resort on my vacation just so I could be a lady for two weeks."

Rudy said nothing, but there came a gurgling sound from his throat which may have been love.

Statements

• All books, magazines and pamphlets borrowed from the College Library must be returned by Wednesday, January 26. All fines must be paid by that date also. Grades and credits are not given, and the student is not allowed to register next semester until the Library record is clear.

KATHARINE F. BALL

• Anyone interested in trying out for the position of frosh basketball manager should get in touch with Coach Bill Russell immediately.

El Gaucho Prints Pledge Papers

• The short stories appearing in this issue of El Gaucho are papers submitted by pledges to Alpha Phi Gamma, national honorary journalism fraternity, for admission to that group. During the week of final examination El Gaucho is using this means of publishing its edition, thus allowing the staff a short vacation. There will be but one issue on Wednesday of next week.

He who laughs last . . . flunks

You were sitting next to me. I remember it quite plain; Your eyes were staring wide with fear, Your lips did twitch with pain.

You chewed your pencil to a shred, During this examination . . . Your paper covered with scrawling marks, An illegible conglomeration.

As soon as I'd write the answer down You'd seem to relax a bit, And when I took away my hand You began, and copied it.

Another question . . . another page . . . Another painful frown. Answer for answer . . . word for word, You copied all mine down.

I remember back a month or so, You'd sit in class and dream; And for a grade . . . you'd copy mine! I saw through your evil scheme.

I should have hung one on you, Or blacked up both your eyes; But instead I pulled a fasty . . . You are due for a surprise.

And now the test is all complete. WE answered every one; But my foolish copying friend, The fun has just begun.

You thought that you were pretty smart, As you copied all along . . . But I am a smarter man than you, For I wrote all the answers wrong!

Soph Women Hear Flower Report

• Members of Las Espuelas, sophomore women's honorary organization, held their regular breakfast meeting in the college cafeteria, Tuesday morning, at 7:15.

Under business of the meeting, a report was made by President Ellen Seymour of the work with the Sophomore Squires during the holidays planting flowers on the hill of the campus. Plans to continue this work were discussed. A list of new members was made up to be presented to the A.W.S. board at its next meeting.

Dean Lois Bennink, sponsor of the group was present at the meeting. Members in attendance were, Ellen Seymour, Betty Palmaymesa, Alice Boeseke, Scharleen Horner, Theda Call, Gwelda Loyd, Marion Dredge, Ruth Patchett, Lesbalyn Fitzgerald, Mabel Forth, and Marjorie George.

• A pinch of salt is greatly improved by dropping it into a stein of beer.

—The Occidental

goin' formal?

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January Clearance

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TOUGH GUY

By BOB WILLIAMS

• He lives across the corner from our house.

He is an old prizefighter.

Not "old" as men count their age but old in the sense that he has passed the day when the eye and the muscle co-ordinated with that swiftness necessary for the prize ring; when the power of recuperation is slowed and when he could no longer react to the flash and speed of the younger man in action.

His face and body are scarred with the marks of numerous conflicts in the ring. His nose shows the results of many blows and his ears take on strange contours. His hands are broken and the knuckles are enlarged and beaten out of shape from many forceful blows struck in the "squared circle." One eye has a drooping eyebrow resulting from a cut in some long-forgotten ring battle, his shoulders are heavy and well-padded without being ungainly, and his stomach is without that old-man slouch.

Married "between trains" enroute from the training camp to a fight in New York, his wedding night was spent in the prize ring and his good-night kiss to his waiting bride was the terse telegram, "Stopped him in the eighth." They took a belated honeymoon and then back he went to the training stables.

His proud boast is that his is a "roughneck" and likes to be "dirty." There is nothing too "dirty" for him to do, but he has entirely changed the section in which he lives.

Men, who shortly before passed as strangers, speak to each other now and are gradually becoming acquainted.

Leisure time he spends in working on his yard or sprinkling the grass in hot weather. No one passes without hearing his cheerful "Hi-yah, howyah feelin' this morning?" It makes no difference whether he has ever seen them or not. Consequently, the face of "that old grouch" down the street has come to take on a pleased, expectant expression whenever he approaches the corner. The urchin, with all the woes of the world on his face as he remembers the rank injustice of having his ears washed "just to go to school," grimly replies to this tough guy's "Hi, Kiddo," with a pleased "Hi, Ol' Timer" and goes on with the thought that the world is not such a bad place after all. The high-school girl's worry as to whether Eddie was out with another girl last night is lessened by his "Hello, Blondie, how's the boy-friend?"

Lines of worry are gradually being erased from the face of the widow down the street since the day that her rather wildly-inclined son, Jimmie, went fishing with the old prizefighter. Jimmie is steadier now and has finally gotten a job. Once a week he goes down to the "training stable"—no fancy gymnasium for him—with this "ex-pug that likes to be dirty" and has a good workout. Jimmie's shoulders have taken a new set and he has quit hanging around with the fellows up at the pool room. He has quit cigarettes, too. They're hard on the wind, you know.

Stories of the battles fought in the ring? This old prizefighter is full of them. All that is needed to start

him on one of his interesting narrations is a question about one of his opponents of long ago. This is the golden key to a storeroom of memories that is full to overflowing. Stories of the time when he fought twice for the welterweight championship of the world. Any day of the week you may see him surrounded by adoring youngsters listening to these tales of the "good old days" or receiving instruction in the pugilistic art. "Kids are a nuisance," he says, but woe be unto the person who inadvertently makes this statement within his hearing. Immediately they are engaged in a lengthy argument in which this old-timer drives home his points with many, more or less shady, words that were certainly not learned in the higher levels of society but are faintly reminiscent of the old-time training camp. Gladly he will leave any task that happens to be engaging him in order that he may talk or play with one of his five or six grandchildren. They come to him with their childish troubles and tell him everything in the complete faith that "Grandpaw" will have a solution for all that is bothering them.

Yes, to use his own words, he's just a "dirty, tough, old ex-prizefighter."

Questionnaire

• What do ou' think of? Take either side.

JACK KITCHEN:

Bobbie and six hours good sleep.

DOROTHY MARVIN:

Colorado and what's there.

RUTH GOODMAN:

Final exams.

L. LAFLER: I'm not telling but it's very important to me.

J. ADAMS:

What I didn't study.

LYNN J. BORSTELMANN:

I think the question is irrelevant, immaterial, uncouth and uncalled for; sooooo, I won't commit myself.

NELLIE SHULTS:

I don't think unless I have to.

THEDA CALL:

The long drawn days that pass so slowly while waiting for those divine moments in which I will be playing opposite Macbeth.

McPHEE and JONES:

Our chief and big moments as a broadcaster.

ROBERT SCALAPINO:

Why can't something be made to rhyme with orange?

HAM:

Vicki and I'll take both sides. Hm mmmmmmmmm.

MARGARET BUSBBY:

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Enemy Sighted

● The federal investigation into the question of how many men and women of America need employment appears as what may be the true test, not only of the ability of the federal government to meet current problems, but also of the scientific method to answer any given problem.

When the depression began it was a subject of great talk in government circles, but little else of basic importance appears to have taken place. In the question of unemployment conditions that were raised by various spokesmen of plans that were sure to prove a surcease for all difficulties of the American nation, there was little else but talk. In this rather vague, hazardous type of talk, there was plenty of everything except actual fact. In the single question of unemployment figures alone, there were no two groups agreeing on the same answers. And certainly there were no two groups able to place their fingers on the cause of such unemployment, and probably no one group which could agree on the procedure which might best eradicate it.

Any plan was merely a projected scheme of handling a mass problem as a single problem rather than a multitude of individual problems requiring a similar number of cures. Oversimplification went to great extremes, but at least everyone found himself talking about the great problem facing our land of freedom. Educators themselves, who were often the leaders of various groups, and rightly so, but many were also teaching one method in the classroom, practicing a second, and advocating a third. Whether or not the sensible sequence of planning will follow the first federal survey is very uncertain, especially with congressmen and some of the senators, and all presidential aspirants keeping one eye on the ballot box or on any who might influence the coming elections.

Let us hope that after our representatives have finally decided through their own investigation that a few million are unemployed, that they aim their "shots," which seem to have been to a large part, "shots in the dark," in the direction of the enemy. Even a gun that will go off is not of much worth, if it is pointed the wrong way. In fact, it might even be pointing towards its own army or towards the army headquarters behind the lines.

Letter to Editor

WANTED, A SYSTEM

When one of the many organizations here at school decides to have an election of officers they usually hold it something like this:

"Jerry has the best way of playing the clarinet (or just about anything). I think that he should be president! Jack can sure dance nice. Let's make him the secretary."

And so Jerry and Jack became president and secretary of the club, the club taking no more consideration of their qualities than those of the man in the moon. And so it is in most of our organizations. Of course this is exaggerated but not very much. As the result of this system the organization loses and will continue to lose as long as they tolerate such a system.

Members should be elected to the lower positions and then if they work and make good in these lower positions they should be advanced to higher places. If they don't make good they should not be considered for office in the future.

With this system there would be more efficiency in our various organizations.—C.B.S.

Gauche Expresses Sympathy

● El Gauche wishes to express its sympathy to friends and relatives of Edwin T. Maier, former member of the college faculty, who died recently following a long illness. Funeral services will be held today at 3:30 p.m. at Holland's.

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● "Final-ly" we're back . . . with our backs to the wall . . . the ol' campus doesn't look the same . . . romantic ideas of examination week perfectly express . . . haggard students rushing around carrying blue books and dark circles . . . the last minute coffee, coke, or cigarette . . . swarms of students here now . . . gone the next minute.

To DR. ELLISON, according to pupils of U.S. and California history, should go the blue ribbon and a tomahawk for his use of Indian hieroglyphics in grading term topics. Grades ranged from N, Z, X, X', X., checks, dates and "7's," until the popular query will be, "What, you got a Q. Why I got a W. Shame, shame."

RONALD CRARY and RUTH WELLER seem to be hitting on all cylinders . . . VIVIAN GIRVETZ and BOB HALFERTY may be seen riding around most anytime in his tomato-colored car.

According to reports, WELLS GIBSON's car has been parked on a secluded lane below Alameda Padre Serra . . . reward for companion's name is being offered by friends.

The campus being overrun with butterfly hunters with nets last week . . . practically hitting BOBBIE ELIS . . . on the street near the institution. BOB STROSNIDER's mother refuses to let him consider marriage which irks him . . .

Over The Fence

By BOB STROSNIDER

● She: "Don't you dare kiss me again."
He: "Alright, I'll stop."
She: "Don't you dare, kiss me again."

● Now I sit me down to sleep,
The lecture's dry, the subjects' deep.
If he should quit before I wake,
Give me a punch, for goodness sake.

—Purple and White.

● All week I wait for Friday night,
That night of nights sublime
For she is mine alone that eve—
Mine, for that short, short time—
Monday night's my roommates
night,
And Tuesday night's Phill's
And Wednesday well, that's
George's turn
And Thursday night is Bill's
But Friday night, oh Friday night
That evening glorious, when,
The other boys have had their turn
It's all my bathtub then!.....
z—Daily Trojan

● This diary was found on the campus. Will the owner please find same in Gauche office—
Monday: Bill tried to kiss me.
Tuesday: Tried same thing.
Wednesday: Ditto.
Thursday: Said if I didn't let him next time, he would turn the car over and kill us all.
Friday: Saved seven lives.....

● Remember the college boy who thought that life was just a song???

● "What were you doing outside the Biltmore, last night?"
"I live there."
"Where?"
"Outside the Biltmore."

Southern Cal Conference Opens Play on Hoop Court

● From Ray Gough, Secretary Southern California Conference, January 17, 1938. Bulletin No. 11.

With most of the practice games behind them, basketball quintets of the Southern California Conference are slated to open the 1938 title chase within the next two weeks.

Whittier college, runnersup to San Diego last year, and Redlands university jumped the gun by a few days and officially opened the Conference season last Friday night at Redlands, when a hard fought game ended with the Poets from Whittier edging out the Bulldogs, 38-34. Whittier, with All-Conference forward Wayne Wilson leading the attack, is hoped to fight it out with the San Diego Aztecs for the Conference championship.

Aztecs Lead
On the basis of returning team strength and also on their impressive pre-season showing, Coach Morrie Gross' San Diego Aztecs have been tabbed again as the team to beat if the Conference gonfalon is to be garnered. The Red Devils have played fourteen practice tilts to date and have bowed only to the seemingly invincible Chapman college cagers. Big gun of the San Diego offense is Milton 'Milky' Phelps, sophomore sensation who has averaged 14 points per game to date against the toughest sort of opposition. All-Conference guard, Ben Palmgren, is another reason for the selection of the Aztecs as championship repeaters.

Coach Ashel Cunningham's Redlands Bulldogs served notice on future opponents that they were not to be ignored in the Conference race, when they held the highly touted Quakers to a four point victory last Friday night. Redlands has long been noted for the strength of her basketball teams and this year seems to be no exception.

La Verne Able
La Verne definitely established the

fact that her quintet could handle itself in any company when they held U. C. L. A., a Pacific Coast Conference team, to a 25-27 score recently. Coach W. E. Elder has formed a combination that is sure to spell grief to several of the championship contenders.

Bill Anderson, Oxy mentor, states his team has a fighting chance but prognosticates that Whittier and San Diego will battle it out for the top position. After losing four of last year's regulars, two of them All-Conference selections, Coach Anderson is finding it necessary to build from the ground up.

The Southern California Conference teams finished in the following order in the 1937 race:

	W.	L.	Pct.
San Diego State	9	1	.900
Whittier College	8	2	.800
Redlands University	5	4	.555
Occidental College	5	5	.500
Santa Barbara State	2	8	.200
La Verne College	0	9	.000

RESULTS

Fri. Jan. 14—at Redlands—Whittier 38, Redlands 34. At Redlands—Whittier Fr. 51, Redlands Fr. 29.

Sat. Jan. 15—at Pomona—Occidental 35, Pomona 37. At Pasadena—Redlands 31, Cal-Tech 26. At Whittier—Whittier 44, Chapman 43. At Santa Barbara—Santa Barbara 31, Fresno State 32. At Whittier—Whittier Fr. 51, Redlands Fr. 29.

SCHEDULE

Tue. Jan. 18—Whittier vs. Chapman at Chapman. San Diego State vs. House of David at San Diego.

Wed. Jan. 19—Occidental vs. Cal-Tech at Occidental.

Fri. Jan. 21—Redlands vs. Whittier at Whittier. Santa Barbara State vs. La Verne at La Verne.

Sat. Jan. 22—San Diego vs. Pacific Coast Club at San Diego. Occidental vs. Hollywood Y. M. C. A. at Occidental. La Verne vs. Santa Barbara at La Verne.



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HEBREWS XIII, 1

By FRANK DOUGLAS

• Joe Green picked up his five cards in a half-hearted, dragging fashion as if they were heavy weights being lifted in a vaudeville act. For 15 seconds he looked as if he was thinking of something far away. Then he peered down at his chips, calculating his pile—ten blues, one hundred each—fifteen reds, fifty each—twenty-five whites, ten each—two grand.

Lifting his eyes Joe scrutinized Mart Schuler with a glint of serious trouble in his eyes while his face displayed a serene impassiveness. Mart Schuler, cold and white-faced, was as friendly looking as a man-eating shark. His long, slender nose was beaked at one end and bulging at the other. A streak of dirty grey ran straight back through a head of thick black hair, intimation of a muddy streamer in black water. His face was long and slender. Across the left cheek was a splotched redness where a vial of acid had once been thrown. He was not the type of person Joe played with for pleasure but big-time gamblers are scarce around minor leagues such as the Belt League that could scarcely support three pitchers to a team.

"How long do I have to wait?" Schuler commented stoically. Mart didn't sneer. Sners are no longer fashionable and Mart was. From his blue four-in-hand necktie to his white buck shoes he looked like a sign board advertisement for a textile company.

"Okay, Mart. Hold you pants on," was an equally frigid reply from Joe. Joe's emotions never left his eyes and people didn't study those eyes. It wasn't polite.

"I'll be holding yours before long."

"You think so."

"Well, get going."

"Okay, Mart. I'll match you for the table on this hand pat." Joe was talking abruptly and nonchalantly about an entire season's salary.

"Your poison, boy. Spread 'em."

"My poison?" Joe replied as he

carefully swept his cards out in a straight line on the table still turned with their backs toward Mart.

"You wouldn't care to write the stake up a bit?" Mart tapped his slim index finger on the table in staccato rhythm.

"What's your number?" was Joe's comeback.

"Two G's," Mart laid his own cards out in a like position to Joe's and took a checkbook out of his coat pocket. He handed it to Joe who wrote out a draft for that amount silently and handed it back to Mart.

Joe turned over his cards with the zest of an eager greyhound following the bunny. Four fours. Joe chuckled and his eyes lost their worried look for the slightest interval and then immediately regained their somberness as he watched Mart flick his cards over. Six, seven, eight, five, and nine all hearts. A straight flush.

Things began to flash through Joe's mind. A straight flush. No, it couldn't be. But it was. The club. No salary. Four thousand. Lost. Gone. Mart Schuler. Why—

But Mart wasn't through. Joe had snapped. Completely demoralized he was like molding wax. Mart didn't intend to let a chance like this go by.

"Joe, I've got a proposition."

"Yeah," was the dismal emission.

"Do you want your money back?"

"What do you want?" Joe was

red with shame.

"I want the Cubs to lose tomorrow."

"I'll pay five G's for the job," Mart

had his ideas and also few clever

methods of winning bets.

"You damned crook," Joe mut-

tered as he stalked out of the room.

Mart chuckled to himself. "I'll be

too sadly mistaken if the Cubs lose

tomorrow."

That night as Joe dropped off to

sleep he was murmuring to himself,

"five grand, five grand."

"Joe Green, catcher, will lead off for the Cubs," announced the public address system.

"Batter up!" The game was starting.

Joe turned and studied the outfield. He'd strike out. It'd be simple. The first ball came sailing across the inside corner of the plate just above his knees. Strike one. He'd strike at the next. Swish, strike two. It was working. He'd slow ball easily and be out the next strike. The pitcher wound up a slow ball easily and suddenly snapped it out. Joe expecting a slow ball swung hard and fast. Crack! He had connected. He stood and watched the ball speed in whirling shot towards the right field bleachers. There wasn't anything to do but run. Home run doesn't sound like strike-out. The next three men went down one, two, three on pop flies.

Joe slammed a bat down disgustedly and began to fit on his catching guards. Nice losing he was doing. He walked over to the plate and began to work out the infield. The pitcher was feeling out his curve-balls. Joe stood back automatically waiting for the umpire to open the play. 1-0, second half of the first. Batter up. Joe called for a slow ball. Wham! The ball went sailing in a gull-like glide far over the short stop's head. Home run, thought Joe and turned around to look for Schuler. Not bad. The score was tie. But far out in the left field a different story was to be seen in action. Bryson, cub fielder, was standing in the bleacher directly behind the wooden rail that was built along the front of the stands. The ball began to drop towards the ground. Suddenly. Bryson went diving over the rail—the ball was falling short. A cloud of dust shot up into the air and Bryson landed on his stomach with the ball gripped tightly in his bare hand. Putout. Joe turned to see what had happened. The score-keeper cried, "One away." The next two flew out to short on lop-sided pop flies. Joe was calling anything he thought of.

The Cubs followed with two walks

and then three outs on attempted sacrifices. For six innings no more men reached further than first and no hits were scored on the Cubs.

The seventh inning found Joe at bat with three men on and one out. The first ball was wide. The second clipped the outside corner of the plate. The third sizzled across right above his knees. Two strikes and one ball. The pitcher wound up and threw another fast one. Joe closed his eyes and stood still. Thud, a solid smash and Joe's thigh collapsed deadening all feeling for a full minute. Slowly, he flexed his thigh and then kicking the air motioned back the relief runner. That dumbbell pitcher had forced in a run and the score stood at 2-0 with one out.

Make a force-out, thought Joe. He stepped off the bag and began to run. The pitcher saw him and threw towards first instead of holding the ball for the home-plate. The man on third saw the player on second coming towards third and sensing a force-out ran for home. First threw for third to make a put-out and then seeing the runner so close to home and realizing there was only one out, threw home. The catcher took the ball as the Cub slid in. All eyes except Joe's turned towards the umpire as he passed his hand through the air in a horizontal motion. All men safe. Score 3-0. The next two players tried to bunt and only succeeded in putting their side out. Joe was disgusted with everything. Why couldn't the Cubs lose?

The seventh inning and then the eighth passed. No action. The first half of the ninth saw the Cubs go down one, two, three. Then the last half of the ninth.

Joe looked at the huge scoreboard in right field. 3-0 and a half inning to go. Feeling his leg he swore beneath his breath. If something didn't happen, it would—it would have to. Money, five grand. That straight flush. Something was queer. Nice time he'd have doing anything about it. Ready now.

The Cub pitcher took an order for a ball inside and low. One ball. Now

came a strike. A swing of the bat and pop, a ball went shooting out towards the first base foul zone. First took the play for an out. The next ball was a strike, another, and then a third. Two away. One ball and then a straight ball down the groove. Smash, the bat had connected and the ball was shooting out into left field. The runner was circling second and the ball was leaving the left-fielder's hands. The runner was throwing himself by third, lengthening his stride, sprinting for home. Second received the ball and whirling it, threw a long, looping ball. It was reaching home, the runner slid. Joe had it. Slam. Collision. Out. The game was over.

Joe stood up and rubbed his thigh. He'd won. He should have dropped that ball. The check. Barker, Mart would give it to him. What should he do? Pacing along slowly, he suddenly jolted up. There in the door of the club-house was Mart. What now—

Joe dragged himself toward the club-house. He didn't dare look. Then as he was within ten feet of the door it happened. Mart grinned, a wide fathomless grin. Like a white-washed fence he looked like a different man from the gambler of the night before.

Mart spoke as he grinned, "Got something for you, ball player."

"What do you want?" Joe was

beaten.

"Nothing," Mart continued to grin.

"I tried, I did," Joe, white-faced

was trying to defend himself.

"Sure, here it is," Mart held out a

wallet and a slip of paper.

"But," Joe stammered, "We won,

we won."

"I'll say we did. I made 25 grand

off the Cubs."

"But you said—," Joe began excitedly.

"Yeah, I know, but you're too

dumb to understand such things.

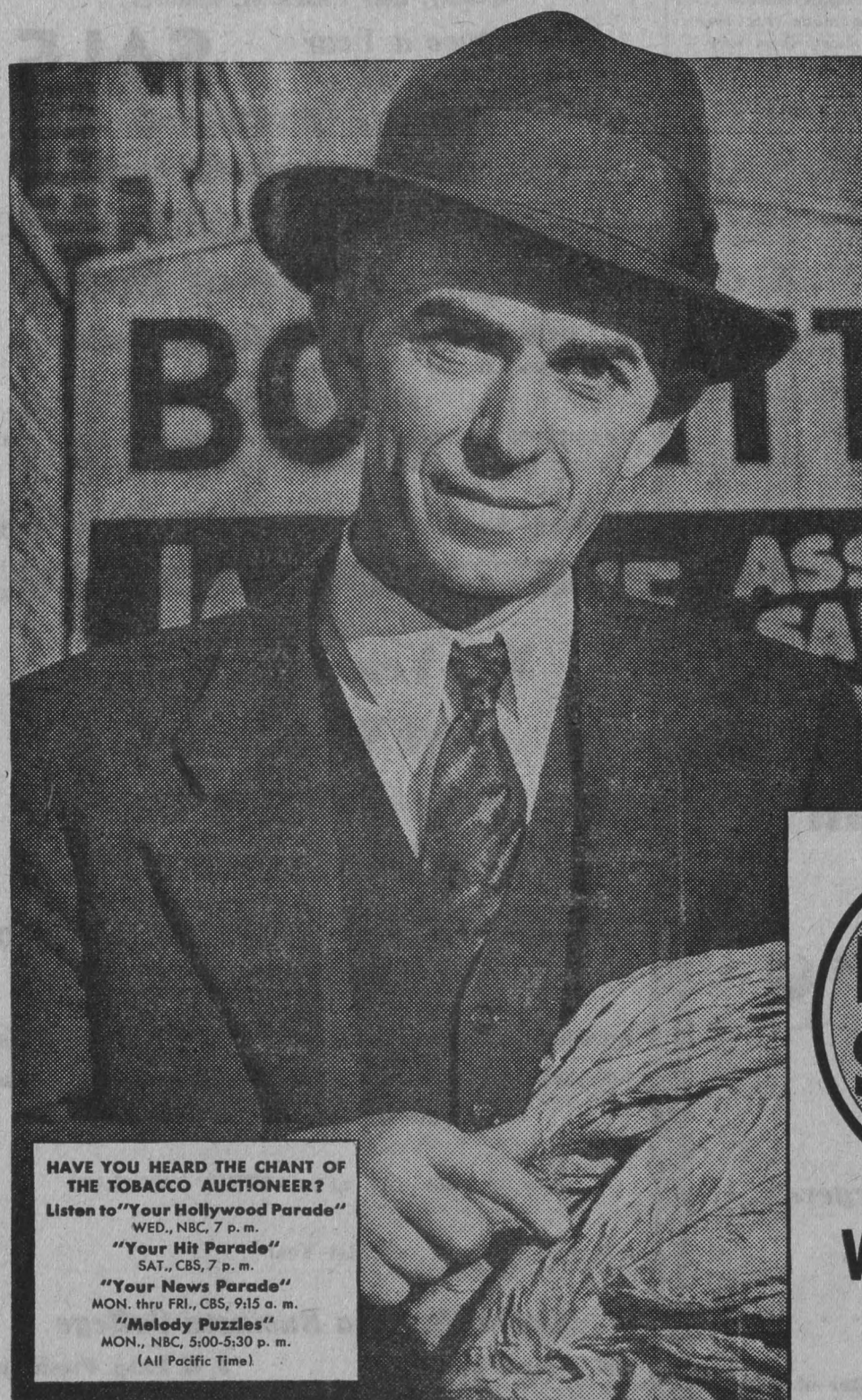
You're just a ball-player."

"Okay," Joe was grinning sheep-

ishly as the gambler and ball-player

walked into the house.

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