

SANTA BARBARA STATE COLLEGE

ROADRUNNER

Vol. IV.

Santa Barbara, California, Thursday, July 30, 1931.

No. 6

BIG PROGRAM ON TUESDAY

Many Artists Perform;
Two Blackface Skits

The assembly program on Tuesday morning was the last of a very fine group of programs which have been given this summer. It was entirely musical with the exception of a brief farewell from President Phelps and some announcements.

The program opened with the "Glow Worm" played by the College Kindergarten Rhythm Band, directed by Mrs. Norma Larsen, and accompanied by Mrs. Prinnie Shimmin.

Then followed two negro character dances, "Contagion" and the "Carolinas" by a group of students from Mrs. Hodgins' classes. They were accompanied by Miss Alice Gross, regular accompanist for the Physical Education department.

Ansgar Larsen sang two lovely numbers, "Across the Daisy Field" and "For You Alone." Miss Gross accompanied him.

A group of six young ladies comprising the Summer Session Glee Club directed by Mr. J. W. McAllister and accompanied by Miss Marjorie Low, sang "June," "The Big Brown Bear," and Kreisler's "Cradle Song."

An instrumental tria consisting of Miss Rachel Burns, piano; Miss Audrey Moore, violin; William McDavid, flute, played "A la Bien Aimee" and "Last Dream of the Virgin."

(Continued on Page Five)

A WORD OF THANKS

To those who have so willingly assisted in making the summer session social program an outstanding success I wish to express my personal thanks. At no time were we without the heartiest cooperation of faculty and students and it was indeed a pleasure to serve with so willing a group.

Sincerely,

RAY CASEY,

President, Summer Session
Student Body.

Wirths Is Maker Of Prexy's Desk Set

Mr. Carl Wirths is back again this summer. Mr. Wirths is another of our own graduates who comes back to us year after year to give courses in Art Metal and Sheet Metal in the summer session. Mr. Wirths is an instructor in these subjects at the John Muir High School in Los Angeles. He is a master of his art and his classes produce marvelous results.

Mr. Wirths himself made the desk set which President Phelps uses in his office. The story goes that the copper used for making this desk set was secured from a confiscated still. Nevertheless, whatever its origin may have been, it is now fulfilling a highly respectable mission in a most artistic fashion.

Weidler B. Musselman, Jr., former summer student, is now taking graduate work at the Claremont Colleges. He recently won second place in the Fiesta de San Diego outboard hydroplane races.

LAST DANCE IS SUCCESS

Samarkand Informal Is
Attended By Many

As a fitting climax to a successful social season, the social committee of the summer session staged a gala evening of dancing and entertainment at the Samarkand Hotel last Friday night. In the ballroom dancers swayed to the strains of an excellent orchestra, stopping occasionally to be refreshed by punch or coffee and cakes. In one corner card tables were well patronized by those who did not care to dance, or who preferred to give over the none-too-ample space to the members of the younger set for their peregrinations. Out in the Persian gardens couples strolled where the almost full moon spilled its light through a scattered mist, dimming the glory of the hundreds of colored lamps that make the hotel grounds so enchanting after dark.

In the middle of the evening, or so it seemed, before anyone had time to quite realize just how wonderful was the setting, the atmosphere, the entertainment, — suddenly the orchestra was seen to begin packing up, and disappointed cries arose of "Why, that can't be all." But it was, and the dancers departed regretfully with memories of another delightful evening at one of the summer session affairs. Mr. Ray Casey and Mrs. Abraham and their helpers are indeed to be congratulated for the success of all the college social events of the past few weeks, and in particular this remarkable occasion.



No sir, folks, I knew you'd all be surprised. Radio, folks. That's what did it. As you all guessed, the above foto is *not* of the milkman, but none other than "Hermie" Howard, the inventor from Pomona, dashing on his radio-equipped bicycle to the waiting arms of his soulful-eyed mama—the gum-chewing Eda.

The fastness of the library doesn't keep "Runt" Hadley from displaying his beautiful rows of teeth—nor from dreaming of his bewitching "theme song." Reclining on one elbow, he plans and devises a scheme by which he might hypnotize "Little Eda" or even get her to chew a stick of his gum. Ah, bitter as love may be—deep as it may pierce — and cruel tho be its effects — these two friends, for friends they are you know, kindle and fan the flames of their burning hearts.

"Little Eda" Robinson might have to sprinkle a little kerosene, or throw a few sticks of gum on the smoldering embers that glow and flicker in her great big bubbling heart, but that's oke with her. "Tut-tut, or a twitter" quoth she as she pulled off a leg of a library chair and whittled herself a toothpick, Love? Sure — she'd give the kids a break. "Hermie" is such a nice guy and he wears such cute bow ties—and, gee, Hadley, he's such a cute a little shaver, too. Sure, she could study with one eye, adjust her locks with the other, and listen to them coo with her other two ears.

Ah, but she didn't suspect, nay, not for a cackle of her gum did she realize that her heart strings pinged-plucked on lent ears in other directions. Sad though it is to relate—ah, galling or vinegaring though the

taste may become—and as true as Ray Casey's moustache (?) is black—"Georgie" Davidson sighed and twitched his toes dejectedly. "Dab nab it," he cursed in Turkish. "Ah, woe is me," he answered himself in English. "Fate, oh, cruelish fate—what have I done to lose my appeal? Is it my feet—the brand of soap I use? Oh! Oh! Ho-Ha!

Friends, this is an intimate and pure love affair between four pure and simple school teachers. What will happen between now and our next meeting? Watch or wait — subscribe for your next year's Summer Roadrunner now.

And—

Would you believe that

1. Pete Dearborn doesn't like it because she hasn't had her name in the paper?
2. Mrs. "What - a - Lady" Webb popped Molly Cheroske for copying her notes?
3. Pearl Reiger thought grunion made a whistling noise when they came on shore?
4. Doctor Jacobs hasn't found another school teacher with four kids?
5. Kay Bishop drives sixty miles to school every day.

Well, if you didn't—some-time put on your boots and go wading in the pond with your face flapping in the breeze and you'll learn a lot.

And I'll bet a lot of you didn't know that Lester Blount was president of the Date Bureau—in fact, I'll bet you didn't know there was a Date Bureau, but Les says that if any be-whoooped and begiggled mama lost out on a date with her "dream daddy" he'll gladly furnish you with their name, address and family connections. Of course there is a small fee charged, and no refunds in case of blank shots. For the benefit of the Scotchmen and other old maids and philanthropic bachelors—he does not give green trading stamps.

The other day Doc' Maxwell was talking about the seriousness of the German situation,

and Ida Laughlin pops out with "Well, we're all interested in our 'marks' now, anyway."

According to "Lizzie" Gee, reporters are oke, but when it comes to editors they just don't register. She says they're all a bunch of drunks, goofs, bums and what have you,—and there Dick Waterman sat with a line of editorial ancestors running all the way back to Noah.

Mrs. Hal Davis was saying now that she has summer guests she is eating again. Guess the coaching profession isn't as remunerative as it appears!

And now, folks, for the benefit of those who didn't get their names in the paper — Mrs. Abraham suggests that you leave your names in her office, and when you leave town a special "Public Improvement" column will be run in all the papers.



A great rush of coeds patronizing a certain gas station on the corner of State and Mission streets after six o'clock every evening. Wonder if Danny Britton's smiling personality has anything to do with it?

A young co-ed complaining that Morgan Smith held her too tightly during their dance.

Coach Davis sprawled out on the lawn in front of the gym.

Eleanor Tubbs walking into the pool at the Samarkand.

Everett Brown, Paul Hylton, Lowell Washburn, and Frances Newland engaged in a terrific croquet game.

Floyd Parks exhibiting the rattles of a snake he killed near Rockwood last week.

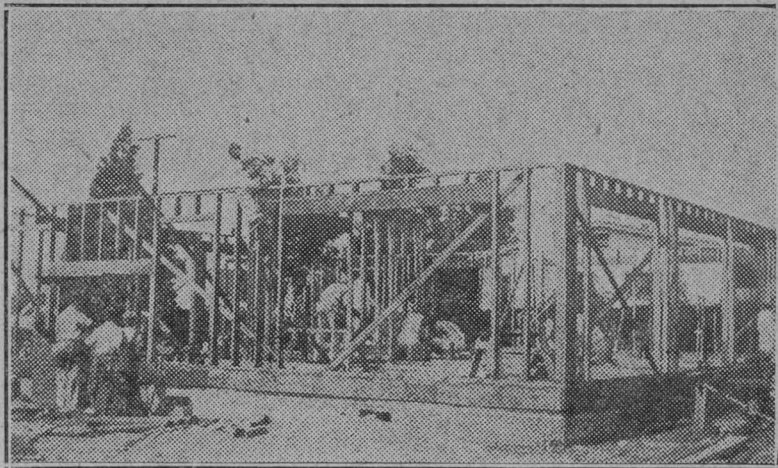
Dick Cooper, next year's Roadrunner editor, preparing to leave on a three weeks' vacation trip to Seattle and points north.

MODEL HOUSE WALLS RAISED BY CARPENTERS

By Paul Hylton

Last Friday morning saw the completion of an important stage in the construction of the model home being built by the House Carpentry class of the State college. The men were all on the job promptly at a quarter to eight and by working with the skill and efficiency they have acquired from the past five weeks' training under Mr. J. Douglas Wilson, were able to have every outside wall and every inside partition raised and braced by twenty minutes past eleven. The volunteered assistance of Mr. Rollo Elliott and Mr. Ralph Lee, men of considerable carpentry experience who are enrolled in academic subjects this summer, was of great help in checking the work of the students and helps explain the speed with which the wall raising was accomplished.

Visitors to the job Friday afternoon expressed great surprise at the sudden progress that was apparent. The appearance of the project has changed comparatively slowly owing to the fact that the student carpenters work only during the forenoon, slightly more than three hours each day. Five weeks, then, really amounts to but seventy-five hours actual time put in, or about ten days. This ten days' labor has been expended not solely on above-ground work, but began with the laying out and erecting of batter-boards and the building of foundation molds. When the class made their initial trip to the job on the third day of school they found a vacant lot with a pile of lumber at one corner—nothing else. From this beginning they have progressed through the laying of the foundation, mud-sill and joist work, sub-flooring, the laying out of doors and windows, raising of walls and partitions, and are now in the process of laying ceiling joists. Molds for the



foundation occupied more time than is the case with the common construction, this particular foundation being far from common. It is, in fact, the ideal construction for a house of this type. Every major room is entirely supported under all four walls, not by girders suspended on occasional piers, but by a solid concrete wall, thus affording a rigidity and margin of safety much greater than is found in the ordinary house. This additional foundation work required, of course, a longer time to be spent in mold building, and it was not until the middle of the third week that the concrete was ready for mud sills. The remainder of the work—the part that is visible—has been done during the past two and a half weeks (less than five days' actual working time).

Surprisingly little time is spent during the morning in class instruction. Mr. Wilson, by virtue of his many years of instruction and supervision in the building trades field, is able in a few minutes each morning before work is begun to clearly present the situation to be faced that day and to anticipate the questions likely to arise in the minds of the students from time to time. This ability, coupled with the clarity and conciseness with which the subject is handled in the textbook being used by the class, precludes the possibility of frequent interruptions with consequent loss of time. As was mentioned in a previous article on this interesting project, the book in use was

written by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Scheurer O. Werner of Santa Barbara State.

With one whole week, plus the week of post-session, in which yet to work, it is hoped that the students will be able to follow the various phases of building construction to the end, and thus close the summer session with the feeling of a big thing well done, many things well learned. In their behalf the Summer Roadrunner wishes to extend an invitation to the rest of the college to drive out Puesta del Sol and view the work they have done. Even Mr. Peters is pleased, and when the builder himself is pleased, it must be good!

Sixteen Youngsters Attend Kindergarten

Under the able direction of Miss Edith M. Leonard, sixteen lively youngsters are attending the college kindergarten classes. The kindergarten boasts of a student body with Miss Betty Ferree as president. She conducted her first meeting Monday morning, July 6th.

The youngsters are learning songs, making baskets for their beach clothes, are making a Cadillac automobile and other toys in the elementary shops. At the end of the summer the children will edit a magazine, "Kindergrams."

Miss Leonard and the Elementary department cordially invite college students to visit the kindergarten, which is in session from nine to eleven-thirty in the morning.

CO-ED DIARY RELEASED FOR PUBLICATION

By the merest chance the Summer Roadrunner has been able to print this choice bit. It was found early this morning by one of the reporters who rushed it to the editor as a real scoop. This was too good to leave out, so here you have it—a real story of a co-ed's impression of the summer session.

Monday, June 22. Well, here I am. This morning was a mad scramble to get registered, get a program made out and cards filed on time. I think it's going to be nice here. There seems to be a good crowd. If I am to spend six weeks out of my young life pursuing knowledge in Santa Barbara I certainly hope it will be a pleasant experience. They gave us all a cute little paper with all the dope in it.

Tuesday, June 23. — Found my program wouldn't work and had to make out a new one and file a new set of cards. I had such a good start yesterday and it wasn't so hot to have to do it all over again today. I was hot, though when I found that two of the things I wanted most were given the same period, due to a change in schedule. Well, I hope this schedule will work. Had a good assembly program today. Elected Ray Casey summer session student body president. He is a little fellow from Los Angeles. He gave a pianologue for part of the program and I guess they thought that was a good way to punish him.

Wednesday, June 24. — Just got back from a wonderful picnic at Tucker's Grove. Had supper out there and danced out of doors. Met some awfully nice men. The trouble is that most of them are married and have wives who are teachers, too, so they brought 'em along this summer. There ought to be a law against that. Bringing them along, I mean.

Sunday, June 28. I've been too busy to report my comings and goings since Wednesday.

Some of these profs think you come to summer school just to study. They don't intend to let you have any fun. I thought I would go to church this morning and pray for strength to last the summer through, but turned over on the other side and slept a couple of hours more, instead. After lunch I went down to the beach with one of the girls. Saw several of our fellow-sufferers down there. One smart guy we saw that is going to college told us we ought to be home studying. We said that might be, but then so should he. He said he was studying physical education right there. We told him that was O. K. but he didn't deserve any credit for that. I've been reading Ed. Psych. till I'm nearly blind. I'll probably forget it all before nine o'clock in the morning. Thank goodness I had brains enough not to take a first-hour class.

Friday, July 3.—Here it is the evening before the Glorious Fourth of July. Had a college supper at the beach pavilion and a swim tonight. Had a grand time. They told us to bring our own cup, fork and spoon. Well, I took my own cup and fork but I certainly did *not* spoon! What do they expect of us girls on such short acquaintance. Tomorrow I'm going down to see the parade, then go out and call on the navy. The U. S. S. New York is in the harbor and I might know somebody on it. I spent a couple of days in New York once myself.

Friday, July 10.—This is getting to be a weekly affair instead of a diary. Well, I feel kind of weakly myself. Anyhow one-half of this sentence has been served and I guess I'll live through it after all. Had a terrible ex. in Ed. Psych. this morning. I just know all my hope of rating an A has gone glimmering now. It was one of

those things that you think ought to easy because you can just mark plus or zero in front of the question. but the hard part of it is knowing where to put plus and where to put zero. I'll bet Dr. Jacobs will put it in front of my name in his grade book. Went on a Garden Tour this afternoon. Visited the gardens of the Oakleigh Thorne estate and the J. J. Mitchell estate. Mrs. J. J. Mitchell is Lolita Armour of the famous Chicago Armours. Some day when my ship comes in I'm going to have a fine home with heavenly gardens like those.

Wednesday, July 15.—Study and study and study. That's all I have been doing. Oh, well, I did better than I thought in that Ed. Psych. test. I drew a B. Dr. Jacobs isn't so bad after all. If anybody should ever read that they would think I wasn't anything else, but I spend all the afternoon in Public School Art and Weaving. I have my runner nearly done and I'm so proud of it. Some summer I'm coming here and do nothing but weave.

Saturday, July 18.—Oh, boy, did I have a good time last night? I'd say so! Went to a college dance at Rockwood (that's the Woman's Club House) with a brand new date. It was beautiful down there. The main room was all decorated in Oriental thing-a-ma-jigs and there is a lovely terrace outside where you can cool off between dances. Going swimming this afternoon. There is the grandest beach down on Channel Drive near the Biltmore where the college crowd goes. I have a lovely time pretending I'm ritzing it at the Biltmore.

Tuesday, July 21.—I've just come up to the library from hearing the most wonderful address by a Jewish Rabbi in assembly. Told us about a lot of interesting stories in Jewish Literature. Have to rush over to the cafeteria now, or else all the good food will be gone, and the Captain's Table, where all the notables sit, will be too full for me to find a place. Maybe I don't rate the Captain's Table anyway, but I love to sit there and take in all the gossip, and

RAY'S BARBER SHOP

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Santa Barbara, Calif.

SHAVE 25c HAIRCUT 50c

believe me, there's plenty! And most of the gossips are men, too. Gee, I'd better not bring this document up here any more. I almost lost it this morning. That would be terrible. I'd hate to have anybody find out how really rattle-brained I am. After teaching school for three years in a big city I ought to know better than to keep a diary anyway.

Sunday, July 26.—Well, just one more week of this grind. But I shouldn't kick. I've had the time of my life, really. Attended the big social function Friday night at Samarkand Hotel. They had a keen Spanish orchestra besides the regular dance orchestra. Part of the dancing was out doors and part inside. Served the swankiest supper. Cute little sandwiches n' everythin'. That is certainly some hotel. The name of it means "Heart's Desire." It is where all the big shots come to spend their honeymoons—every one of them! I think I'll come here on my first one. Oh, by the way, I saw Superintendent Kersey on the campus one day last week. I hope he saw me and recognized me. I'd like to have the big chief know that I'm trying to improve myself. I think he was here to do something about buying more land for the college. I understand the last legislature allowed an appropriation for \$100,000 to buy land, but that Governor Rolph thought they ought to give him ten per cent discount for cash I guess, so he cut it to \$90,000. Well, they ought to have a lot of fun spending that much money. You know, Diary, I'm just beginning to appreciate this place. It is my first summer here, but I'm promising myself right now that it isn't the last. It sort of grows on a person. There are a lot of people who come here summer after summer. They sort of plan on it as their vacation. I really don't believe any time spent in Santa Barbara could be wasted. It is too delightful whether you are working or playing. Well, I don't want to fall down on the job the last week, so I'd better get busy and do a little studying before I'm too sleepy.

Bench Grinders Are Made By I. E. Class

By Paul Hylton

What were once three sets of Ford pistons are now twelve clever little bench grinders, due to the instruction of Mr. Morgan Smith and the efforts of his class in elementary machine shop practice. By cutting away the skirt and part of the ring grooves, the Model T piston is adapted admirably to acting as a bearing block and stand for the shaft which holds twin emery wheels. Mr. Smith developed the project in Glendale High School and it became so popular with the boys that he brought blueprints of it up here and offered it to the summer session students, who like it equally as well. The idea of making something out of nothing may have a lot to do with it, but the project really is very useful in a home workshop or in a small rural school where lowness of funds limits the variety of shop equipment. Some of the men have incorporated a drill into the grinder by fitting an inexpensive drill chuck on one end of the shaft—one that does very satisfactory work up to five-sixteenths of an inch.

The turning of the shaft, pulley, washers, and nuts that make up the rest of the grinder affords the beginning students an opportunity to learn thread-cutting as well as ordinary turning on the lathe, and teaches them how to use the valuable fund of information contained in the Machinists Handbook and similar machine and engineering guides. Despite the fact that they have probably the hottest place on the campus in which to work, directly over the forge shop and under a low flat roof with the old sun beating down on it, the class has turned out some nice work on the grinders and is well along on its second project in the form of a bench vise. This problem calls for the

use of the planer, the shaper, and the milling machine, and thus rounds out their practical experience with the special machines of the shop.

Both of these projects are ones that could be used in high school and junior high school shops. In his method of instruction as well as his choice of projects, Mr. Smith carries out the idea of learning not only how to use the machines themselves, but how to teach young boys to use them and use them correctly, in the business-like manner with which powerful machinery must be handled.

Samarkand Informal Proves Successful

(Continued from Page One)

Mr. J. W. McAllister sang two tenor solos, "Ah, Love, But a Day," and "Weary Wisher."

Another blackface act, by Louie Taylor and Lester Blount, followed, in a more humorous vein.

Quite the most polished musician who appeared on the morning's program was young Ralph Pierce, son of Prescott Pierce, son of Prescott Pierce of our summer session student body, who displayed unusual stage presence and marvelous technique in rendering Wollenhaupt's "Whispering Winds," a concert number for the piano.

The final number was an ensemble of piano, guitars, mandolin and voices. It was entirely unrehearsed but gave an opportunity to hear those musicians who would otherwise not have appeared for the reason that the time was too short. This group consisted of Vene Smith, DeFoe Miller, Prescott Pierce, Ray Casey, Walter Ford and John Roebuck.

Merl A. Jaynes, June, 1931 graduate of the Industrial Education department, has been elected for manual training and playground work in the Visalia elementary schools for the ensuing year.

SANTA BARBARA STATE COLLEGE
SUMMER

ROADRUNNER

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SIX WEEKS WELL SPENT

Summer school has been a source of enjoyment to every one of us. It has had its trials, to be sure, but we leave it with a satisfied feeling that our six weeks have been well spent. The editors have enjoyed issuing the Summer Roadrunner.

SQUABBLE MEET OF JULY 22 IS A HUGE SUCCESS

Before the time for the Squabble Club to meet last Wednesday night, about fifty of the Industrial Arts men inspected and admired the work of the summer session class in Carpentry. The neighbors must have thought the biology class got out again to hunt wood-boring specimens. Mr. Peters surely will have a commodious and well constructed house, for Doug Wilson knows how it should be done.

President Phelps was the first and leading speaker of the evening, and his topic was "The Future of Industrial Education." He assured the men of his interest in this department, and hoped the state would make possible better buildings and equipment for Santa Barbara. We were assured that there will always

be a place for the Industrial Arts in such a mechanical age as this.

Gene Boyle next took up the debatable question, "Should Smith-Hughes Work be Continued?" He backed up the opinion that it should not be. Well, what started next was just what the club has been waiting for all summer. The out-of-door atmosphere, the mist covered moon and subdued lights must have helped for even the dogs of the vicinity caught the spirit. No, Gene was not embarrassed at all. It was just that sunburn hue he has carried about for so long.

Ralph Bush wanted to keep up the interest and tried to make us believe "The Shop Should be a Dumping Ground for the low I. Q. Student." He regarded it as a compliment that the academic teachers show such confidence in the shop men by sending these difficult cases to them. This I. Q. question is certainly interesting. Mr. Boyd, an experienced electric teacher from Oakland, told of one of his boys with an I. Q.

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS

Please leave in the registrar's office a stamped, self-addressed envelope in which your grades will be mailed to you. If you wish a transcript of your record sent to another institution, fill out a request blank which may be secured from the registrar's office. One complete transcript of record will be sent free. Additional copies are \$1.00 each. Grades will be sent out at the earliest possible date, but do not expect them in less than two weeks. In very urgent cases an effort will be made to supply records earlier.

Please remember that registration for Post Session or Extension work takes place on or before August 3. Complete data on this matter was published in the Summer Roadrunner of June 30. Get your petition from the registrar, have it filled out, and get it approved by the credentials committee. When it is approved, secure registration card from registrar's office and pay fees to financial secretary. Registration fee is \$1.50 and fee for instruction is \$8.00 per unit.

of only 60 who a short time after leaving school was earning more than his teacher. This ought to be of interest to teachers in one way or another. According to this case we regard it as a discovery of what we might call Boyd's law—a man's income is inversely proportional to his I. Q. (We always did think college teachers were underpaid).

Mr. Douglas Wilson opened up another vista concerning the shop teacher and his ability to teach the related subjects. This did not change "the order of the meeting" for the interest was so keen that Morgan Smith, the time-keeper, found it difficult to stop the squabble with only a toy cap-pistol.

We must not say much about the refreshments served for those who were not there would feel quite uncomfortable. Many of the charter members said it was the best squabble we have had this summer. The attendance has been going steadily since the first and there were about seventy at this meeting.

—Prescott Pierce, Secretary.