

Seniors Reveal True Reaction to College
 Nugget Literature Exposed
 Braddle's Puss
 He Done It!

Dr. Lester Williams Addresses Seniors
 New and Old Councils Dine
 President Phelps Says Farewell
 Many Graduates Secure Positions

College Places 31 From Class

'38 Group of Teachers Receive Employment in Sundry Localities

OUTLOOK BRIGHT

Elementary, Junior High School and Vocational Grads Placed

A ray of hope for the future was shed this week when it was announced that more than 31 of the College's June graduates have been placed in teaching positions for the coming year before their graduation is completed.

Miss Patricia Malloy, who will graduate from the home economics department, has accepted a position to teach clothing in the Santa Maria Union high school and Junior college; Jack Salyer will teach the elementary grades at Compton; Dale McNeice will be located at the Woodrow Wilson high school, teaching industrial education.

Lawson Miller will teach industrial education in the Los Angeles Eagle-rock high school; William Murphy, also of the industrial education department will teach printing next year in the Bret Harte junior high school in Los Angeles.

Miss Veree Church will teach in the Standard school district in Oildale in the kindergarten-primary grades; David Rumbaugh of the elementary education department has been elected to Compton.

To Teach in Bakersfield
 Miss Katherine Stock will teach in the elementary grades of Bakersfield; Thomas Lindquist, also of the elementary department, will go to the Oildale standard school; Walter P. Busch will teach industrial education in the San Diego junior high school; Miss Wilma Chancellor, Miss Murie Miner, Harry Moore and Sidney Gardner have been elected to the Ventura elementary school.

Elmer Neibuhr, graduate of the Junior High department will teach in Redlands; Miss Phyllis Zimmerman has obtained a position to teach in the Ontario elementary school, and Alfredo Chavez, graduate of the Junior high and elementary departments, will teach in the sixth grade at Ontario. Miss Miriam Turton and Miss Jane Goslin, members of the kindergarten-primary department, have also been elected at Compton.

High School Teacher
 Miss Eva Metzger has been granted a special secondary to teach in the Puente high school for home economics, and Paul Shumway will teach in the Virgil junior high school in Hollywood. Rosalind Rawicz will teach kindergarten-primary grades in San Bernardino. Marjorie Mansfield, Santa Maria; Wilma Morehead, home economics at Bakersfield; Myrna Julian, Clearwater; Ray Stock, Bakersfield.

Others are James Benton, physical education at Beardsley; Harris Brakesman, the Virgil junior high in Hollywood; Ethel Weide, Fullerton high school; and Bernice Beaumont, elementary grades in Wasco. Positions are still being filled from the office of the registrar on the campus. Students who have received high school teaching positions have been granted special secondary credentials for their respective fields.

President Phelps, Dr. Jacobs Visit Field Workers

Clarence L. Phelps, president of the college, and Dr. Charles L. Jacobs, dean of the upper division, also head of the department of education, will make the final trip of the year to visit men registered at the college for their credentials in school administration.

By the end of the summer session eight persons will have completed work for these administration degrees. Requirements for them are two summer school sessions on the campus with a year of work in the field dealing with practical problems of school administration and certain amounts of outside reading. It is an 18-unit course.

The leaders in the teaching field in this study must make trips to the districts where these men are employed in their practical work and survey their progress before they may grant the degrees.

RILEY FILES PAPERS
 LOS ANGELES, June 8. (AP)—Ray Riley, state railroad commission nomination for United States senator.

The President Says Farewell

Today's graduating class is the largest in the history of the college. The students comprising it came from many high schools, junior colleges and other colleges. Regularly for the past several years transfer enrollments have constituted more than 20 per cent of the total new additions to the institution. Assembled from so many sources this class is truly cosmopolitan in character. Its activities and accomplishments are in harmony with this fact. It is a good class of active, alert young persons devoted to the ideals of a cultivated life. Professionally its members promise productive accomplishments. Practically all its number fully expect to continue in graduate work either immediately or at some time in the near future.

No class of recent years has had such good prospects of immediate employment. A large percentage of the group are already in the comfortable position of having a contract for the coming year. Those who are prepared for teaching are in demand, and practically all of them will be placed. Last year the enrollment in elementary schools of the state increased by more than 21,000 children. Many more teachers were employed than received credentials, thus depleting the over supply of previous years. This trend may be expected to continue for some time with a prospect of a shortage in certain lines within the next few years.

As always, we are sorry to lose from our campus a fine group of young people. But our regret is tempered by the assurance that they are leaving to take their places in many communities that need their services. We believe they have been well trained and that they will conscientiously attempt to be worthy of the high calling which they have chosen, and which they are so auspiciously about to enter. The best wishes of the faculty and the students remaining for further training will follow them in their careers of usefulness.

Harder Explains New 2c2a Setup for Coming Years

Board Member Talks Before Graduates

Mrs. W. H. Ollis Gives Address at Annual Senior Dinner at El Paseo

An impressive talk on "Dividends of the Future" by Mrs. W. H. Ollis of the city school board, was the highlight of the annual senior banquet held last night at El Paseo. Heard by members of the class, faculty, students, guests, and the general public, Mrs. Ollis emphasized the point that seniors are now leaving their youth behind them and stepping out into a world that will only pay dividends if they are earned.

Toastmaster of the evening was Tom Lindquist, senior class president. A program of music and dancing also added to the success of the dinner. Miriam Turton, accompanied by Jane Goslin, played two marimba numbers. Renata Macciantini danced to "Fado Blanquita" and "Chiapaneacas". A string trio also played several selections. Under the baton of Mrs. Anita Priest, the State College Women's glee club sang "Tennebrae Tacrae Sunt" by Palestrina and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot", arranged by Huntley.

Five graduating seniors gave short talks in adherence to the theme of the dinner, "Our Cup of Gold". Esther Carter, Mrs. Ellen Banks, Mary Frances McKinney, Wilford Wilson, and Fred Lambourne were the students. After the program those in attendance danced to the music of the El Paseo orchestra.

All arrangements for the dinner and program were under the direction of Louise Jackson. Others on the committee were Christine McDonald, Fred Lambourne, Tommy Lindquist, Rena Sacconaghi, Wilford Wilson, Frances Jane Miller, Esther Carter, Leona Rasmussen, Norman Thompson, Leonard Scofield, Veree Church, Eva Metzger, Petie McKinney, Velma Jones, and Dave Pollock. Faculty advisers were: Dean Lois M. Bennink and Dr. Helen Sweet, class sponsor.

Carlos Lozano Wins Zoology Scholarship

Carlos Lozano, liberal arts major, was recently accorded a tuition scholarship by the University of California to study Zoology at the Berkeley school for the coming year beginning on August 17.

Lozano has acted in the capacity of manager of assemblies during the past year at the College and has been helping in various other functions and organizations. He recently was instrumental in forming the Leaf and Scarab society, honorary biology fraternity, which has been active on the campus in the promotion of education on venereal diseases and other common ailments in need of correction by means of enlightenment.

A.S. Council Dines New, Old Group

D'Alfonso Swears in New Legislative Body at Annual Dinner Party

FINAL ACTS OF YEAR

Follett, Cole, Severy Tell Accomplishments of Retiring Members

The last appearance of one of the greatest gavel-wielders in the history of Santa Barbara State college was made Thursday night when Danny D'Alfonso, retiring student body president, called together the rest of the retiring student legislative council and the newly elected council for a dinner party at the Barbara hotel.

President D'Alfonso was gracious in his approval of the support given him by his associates and lauded them for the fine work that they had done. His address was concluded by swearing in the new members of the student group, which is a traditional rite of each outgoing president. Douglas Duckham, the president-elect assumed all responsibility for the student affairs at this final meeting and was presented to the group by the retiring president.

Compliments were extended to Edward Cole and Donald Follett for their exceptional work during the past year in handling of the jobs of chairman of the finance committee and graduate manager, respectively.

Miss Hazel Severy, faculty representative to the Council, talked on the past history of the Student body and reviewed many interesting facts concerning the school in general.

Members who were representatives of the retiring group were: D'Alfonso, Nat Hales, Bill McKenzie, Ronald Cray, Mary Frances McKinney, Douglas Oldershaw, Fred Lambourne, Cole, Walter Bradbury, Marlin Nelson, Norman Phillips, Rena Sacconaghi, Dorothy Hornor, Phyllis La Source, Donald Follett, Miss Severy, Miriam Turton, Jean McArthur, Ann Seymour, Christina MacKellar, and Alice Boeske.

The new council members sworn in were: Bradbury, Follett, McArthur, Charles Bowen, James Stanley, Harry Sloan, DeWitt Trewhitt, Betty Palmaynes, Frank Meredith, Grace Williams, Rosie Paggiotti, Mary Alice Halferty, Eleanor Benham, and Ellen Seymour.

Social Season Ends with Prom

Finish Written for Two Campus Activities at Spring Formal Dance

A finishing touch to a college career and to the social activities for the year of 1938 was witnessed by seniors attending the annual ball, known as the Spring Formal, last Saturday night at the Rockwood Women's club. The affair was under the direction of the social committee, headed by William McKenzie.

The grand march at the opening of the ball, was led by Lois Scheppele, the "Senior Queen", and her escort, closely followed by Tom Lindquist, class president, and members of the social committee, who complete a year of active service in the planning of the Associated students' social activities.

Decorated by huge displays of flowers and potted palms the Rockwood assumed the air of a garden for the affair, which featured music by Doug Hoag's seven-piece orchestra.

The dance floor was dotted with many alumni, who through tradition return for the senior ball, as well as many guests of the various classes who enjoyed the evening with the local campus students and faculty members.

Members of the social committee who handled this dance as well as the other dances during the semester were: McKenzie, chairman, Lyndell Brundige, Nathaniel Hales, Ann Seymour, and Harry Sloan.

Sponsors, especially invited as guests of honor for the double finale dance, were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence L. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis E. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ericson, Dr. and Mrs. Charles L. Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. William Ashworth, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Hile, and Miss Lois M. Bennink.

Many joined Sloan, committee member, in expressing the opinion that it was one of the finest dances of the year and was enjoyed by all attending the affair.

Dr. Lester Williams Addresses Graduating Seniors Today

220 Names on Diploma Roll Call

On the lists of graduates to be read by the President and presented with diplomas will be the following names:

Students receiving only bachelor of education degrees are as follows: Joan Aleksi, Bess Culler, Walter B. Ford, Nellie Frost, Laura L. Houghton, Janette Jurams, E. Mae Luther, Nora B. Moore, Frank Bowen Ridge, Hazel K. Smith, Hazel Sorrels, Nellie Thacker, Laurette Tuttle, Lile Von Drak, Charles Wells, Grace Withers, James Woods and Ruel Reed.

Graduates of the junior high school department include Wyllys Anderson, Helen Buckman, Mitchell Burnett, Bertha Clark, Edward Cole, Ronald Cray, Tulita De la Cuesta, Eunice Gaines, Margaret Glenn, Doris Holden, Marion Holmes, Donald Hotzell, Hilbert Holoubek, Wilma Keisner, Fred Lambourne, Howard McQuigg, Roland McDonald, Olga Mathews, Margie Meyers, Muriel Miner, Wilma Morehead, Orville Morrison, Alex Mueller, Robert Murray, Elmer Niebuhr, Betty Nordyke, Winifred Olsen, Barbara Putman, Daniel Scher, Lois Scheppele, Dorothy Taylor, Barbara Tibby and Wilford Wilson.

Elementary education students are Daisy Atkins Bashor, Bernice Beaumont, Ruth Bethune, Ada Blanchard, Bernice Bolte, Leo Butts, Esther Carter, Mary Marjorie Cassidy, Wilma Chancellor, Doris Christie, Grace Coffin, Ruth Commagere, Thelma Cook, Harriet Cooper, Margaret Coyle, Katherine Crebs, Martha Dale, Grace Deming, Glenn Dy-singer, Helen Eichelberger, Elmo Evans, Ruth Frankel, Sidney Gardner, Ethel Hudson, Murna Jullien, Kathryn Kelly, James Kent, Robert Kindred, Robert Krause, Eleanor Krauter, Elva Larsen, Phyllis La-Source, Charles Leister, Thomas Lindquist, Winona Lincoln, Charlotte V. Looserome, Elizabeth Lowry, Ruth McCullough, Ruth McMillan, Renata Macciantini, Robert Moore.

Others are Wilma Morehead, Charlotte Morrison, Joseph Nightingale, Ruth Parslow, Ursula Rogers, David Rumbaugh, Thelma Jo Russell, Jack Salyer, Katherine Stock, Meredith Thomas, Norman Thompson, Lorraine Whitcomb, Evelyn Warner, Jane White, Paul Woods, and Phyllis Zimmerman.

Graduates who have majored in home economics are Ellen Ireland Banks, Barbara Bennett, Kathryn Bowers, Elizabeth Burdick, Joan Drennen Ingram, Patricia Malloy, Eva Metzger, Irene Minikin, Margaret Murphy, Ida Gene Payne, Eleanor Porter, Nellie Rathjen, Mary Sackrider, Eileen Watson, Ethel Weide and Alene Woodard.

Lindquist Speaks Class's Thoughts

We of the Senior class wish to take this time to thank the faculty and administration of Santa Barbara State college for the help and the courtesies that they have shown us during the past four years.

Our stay here has been a pleasant one and in looking back it seems such a short time ago that "we" little freshmen started here at State.

The class of '38 is one which will live on here at State for many years through the reputation established by many of its members. In athletics our class has had many outstanding men who have earned nation wide recognition. Our scholastic record has been a good one and we have many fine leaders and award winners whose names will be remembered for some time to come.

I am proud to be a member of this graduating class of 1938 and especially to be president of such an outstanding group.

I wish also to take this time to thank the officers of the Senior class for their splendid cooperation in making this year a success. Also my thanks to Dr. Helen Sweet for the encouragement and help rendered to our class during her four years as sponsor.

TOM LINDQUIST



Don Follett, graduate manager, announces in this issue a 35 percent increase in business handled through his office during the current year as over that of the year 1936-37.

Follett Makes Final Report

Graduate Manager Reveals 35 Percent Increase in Business

Winding up the financial affairs of the Associated Students for the past school year, Graduate Manager Don Follett yesterday revealed that there has been a 35% increase in the total volume of business transacted through his office this year over the last fiscal period. Figures released showed a gross income upwards of \$75,000, approximately 30% of which was from athletics and 25% from student body fees and assessments.

In commenting on the activities of the year, Follett stated: "The success of this entire year is directly traceable to the student administration whose untiring and unceasing efforts for economy made it possible for the Associated Students to take a substantial step in the direction of complete retirement of the deficit faced at the beginning of the year. In spite of the so-called "recession" we are facing at present, I look forward to next year as an even 'bigger and better' year than the last."

La Cumbre Receives Plaudits for Excellency

Yearbooks for the 1937-38 school year made their first appearance on the Gaucha campus last Tuesday afternoon. Immediately Graduate Manager Don Follett's office was swamped by students endeavoring to get what has been conceded to be one of the finest annuals ever to be put out at S.B.S.C. By Wednesday evening 650 copies had been issued, it was estimated by Leona Rasmussen, Follett's assistant.

ANNUAL STAFF HOLDS LUNCHEON

The first to view El Gaucha's new annual was the yearbook staff, sponsors, and special guests at a luncheon held in the faculty dining room last Tuesday. Editor Irene Minikin acted as mistress of ceremonies at the informal meeting and extended her personal thanks to the members of the staff for their intensive work throughout the year. She then announced the dedication of the book to Harrington "Pop" Wells and Dr. Helen Sweet.

Those attending the luncheon were Jimmie Stanley, Ted Joham, Norman Phillips, Alfredo Chavez, Bernice Beaumont, Nadine Arundell, Betty Jane Paxton, Josephine McBride, Jack Edmundson, Bob Williams, Bruce Steele, Margaret Eastwood, Dr. Sweet, Walt Bradbury, Petie McKinney, Ann Seymour, Don Follett, Miss Hazel Severy, "Pop" Wells.

Statements

All football men are requested to sign up the list for summer addresses posted in the publicity office. It is important that we have these addresses for the purpose of keeping in touch with the men during vacation.

Anyone who has not yet received his copy of La Cumbre may get it this afternoon in the student body office.

Educator Speaks at Exercises

Final farewells to the College will be sung by 220 graduating students this morning during commencement exercises which will feature an address by Dr. Lester A. Williams, professor of education at the University of California.

Traditional ceremonies will be celebrated in the College quadrangle with guests and friends participating with the graduates. Presentation of degrees will be made by President Clarence L. Phelps to graduates of the 1938 February class and the August class, as well as the June degree gainers.

Dr. Williams, who has written various books in the field of secondary education, is associate director of associations with other schools from the University of California and has chosen as his speech subject matter: "The American Way—Then and Now."

Representatives of the kindergarten-primary department are Phyllis Badger, Georgiana Brown, Laura Canavan, Veree Church, Katherine Curtis, Ruth Glase, Louise Gordon, Jane Goslin, Ardis Hendry, Lena Mary Lutes, Kathleen Macleish, Marjorie Mansfield, Margaret Parks, Rosalind Rawicz, Katherine Ruiz, Margaret Smith, Stella Mae Smith, and Miriam Turton.

Men and women physical education majors include the following: Violet Barnett, James Benton, James J. Blewett, Lloyd Erhard, Jean Gordon, William Gray, Keaster Hale, Harold Hart, Frank Hayman, William Howsman, James Joham, Alice Lamb, Julius Langlo, Powell Lee, Frances Jane Miller, Daniel Mulock, Richard Palmer, Kent Pillsbury, Jack Sanderson, Joseph Stocktil, Jack Trotter, James Van Meter, Howard Yeager and Griselda Young.

Social science majors are Dennison Baylor, Alfonso Belprez, Irene Benedict, Allan Frick, Nat Hales, Leo Harloe, Betty Kline, Helen Longawa, Mary Frances McKinney, Donald Schuyler, Thomas Smith, Lansing Stewart, Margaret Wilson, and Elizabeth Wyman.

Art department graduates include Virginia Biller, Beth Brandt, Velma Jean Jones, Allen Neil and Marian Shanno.

Students graduating from the industrial education department are Clifford Boswell, Larry Bowles, George Breymer, Walter Busch, Ralph Bush, Wendell Fletcher, Earle Hadley, Richard James, Richard Lund, William S. McKenzie, Dale McNeice, Lawson Miller, William Murphy, Frank J. Randall, Orville Reinsch, Leonard Schofield, Paul Shumway, Gerald S. Smith, Paul Smyser, Glenn Turner, Elmer Warner, Stanley Ward and David Westcott.

Graduates from the English department include Alfredo Chavez, Leland Floren, Louise Jackson, Paul Jorgenson, Christine McDonald, Charlotte Naess, Ann Seymour, Phyllis Wats, and Grace Young.

David Pollock is the only graduate from the liberal arts department.

Haos Hold Annual Membership Drive

Immediately after Bacalaureate service last Sunday night members of the Haos, honor society for honor students, met for their annual dinner and induction of new members at El Cortijo.

Members of the exclusive group are made up of persons having received the honor copy of La Cumbre, the men or women's plaque, or honorable mention for either of them.

Don Follett, graduate manager, is president of the group for this semester and Dr. Charles L. Jacobs is the advisor, having served in this capacity since the inception of the group in 1934.

During the meeting last Sunday the following new members were present: Douglas Oldershaw, Edward Cole, Thomas Hart, Daniel D'Alfonso, Rena Sacconaghi, Barbara Bennett, Eva Metzger and Miriam Turton.

The old members present were: Fred Lambourne, Ann Seymour, Mary Frances McKinney, Mrs. Patricia Banks, Nancy Clapp, Donald Follett, Wilma Keisner, Rea McPeak, Mrs. Miriam Firkins Delaney, Mrs. Thomas Keating, Marcus Cravens and David Pollock.

Seniors Cut Loose; Reveal True Reaction to College

Crafty Cole Ceeps Coins

To Reside on Purty Estate After Graduation; Attention Is Pig Bank Success

I am Ed Cole and once a year I come out of money cellar, clean the coin from behind my ears and out of my hair and give out a success story to the press. (That's us!) I have a tendency to let my nose wobble back and forth in front of my physiognomy in a peculiar pendulum fashion, but please, do not let it disturb you it is just a nervous idiosyncrasy, and with two or three more shots of thyroxin, it will be relieved.

A long, long time ago, when I was about the age of the youngest freshman, I had a pig bank and it was a goodie! I pinched my pennies into that little bank until one day it broke and spilled all the contents on the floor. My father was putting some money in at the time and he told me all about it.

Right then and there I knew I was destined to become a financier with a scroogelike countenance. When I came to Santa Barbara State college, my life's dream was realized and I had the opportunity to manipulate to the best advantage (my advantage, incidentally) a huge income for this institution. But now, instead of stuffing coin into little pig banks, I stuffed dollar bills into piggy little people that you couldn't bank on. The most they could do was to keep their deficits down to from 100 to 600 dollars over their allotments. But never was I one to complain over this situation.

Now I am going to leave this place. I am going to miss all the money very much, but not when I think of the money that Follet is going to miss when he starts to balance up his books in July, ha ha, Father!

I only hope that McKeon will find as many ways to get the student body money into the right pockets as I did. In case any of my fiends (friends, corrected in the proof) wish to get in contact with me during fifty years, I am retiring to my newly constructed home in Montecito. (Yaas, Follet, thought you had something on me, huh!)

Good lucre to all,
Edward Rockefeller Cole

Wyman Winner of Book Larnin' Award Confesses

I am Elizabeth Wyman and I can't help it if I'm dumb enough to get all A's.

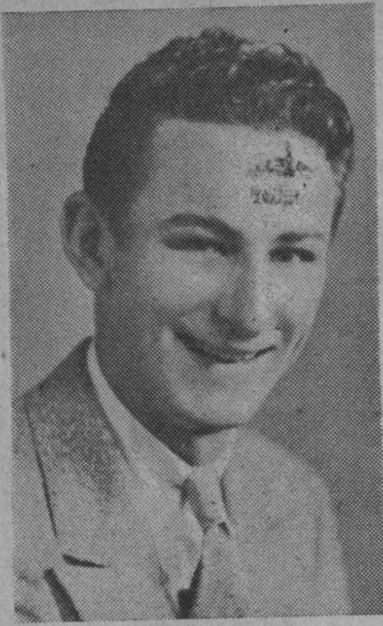
The whole essence of my success at being able to crack that Olympian group of scholars who inhabit the initial alphabetical spot in the professor's record book, is that my father happens to be in the apple business, my brother ships apples to South America, my mother makes apple cider for her livelihood, my uncle runs a baked apple stand on the Venice pier, my cousin, who's a doctor, is an adam's apple specialist and I have a cousin, also who writes a comic known as Apple Mary and another brother whose address is Alcatraz. He was arrested for stealing. No! Not apples, but he is sort of half-baked.

So I guess I was born with pippin in my mouth and a cup of warm cider in my hand. But I am not of the theorizing school that says the battle is all won when one has the basic attributes (some prof has been using this in too many classes) for happiness. I think that I did darn well to be able to keep these things and use them properly in my associations with the teaching profession.

Only once have I found it imperative that I abandon this method of persual of learning—that was in the case of a certain social science professor, who I won't mention. He seems to be a California man (you know, went to U. C. at Berkeley) and I, one day, and all very innocently brought him a Washington apple. He fussed and fumed until I produced a box of worm laden Washington apples alongside a box of nice juicy insectless California delicious jobs.

And by da way, any of youse guys and gals dat tink ya got a in

Coin Collector



SOLE MODEL IN EL GAUCHO ART GALLERY IS PETIE

I am Petie McKinney, or if you want to get spooty like Phelps-Whelps will this morning, call me Mary Frances. Anyone who would care for a brief resume of how I have advanced in the years that I have spent at dear old Stanford on the hill, they may visit the colorful El Gaucho staff room and view my pictorial progress from the time I was a freshman, several generations ago until this very day when I am hoping they will not hand me a card that his inscribed "Try, try again!" right smack in the middle of it.

There is one picture of me singing the blues at a Rally committee meeting of a year or so ago and although I am dressed a little unbecomingly and a bit on the scanty side, I think it is a remarkable representation of what a true artist can do for one's facial expression.

Just to the left of this is a touching portrait of me on my first date with DeWitt (of de AMS) Trewitt. Yes! Girls, I had a first date with him, but then we all have to start sometime, don't we! Deesy is blushing the bluest blush for me and has his eyes cast down in cupid's embarrassment. His hand is grasping the side of the chair upon which we are sitting as if it were afraid something was going to run away—these men with self-control. The thing of it is, he was sitting on the chair and I was kind of sitting on him. It is a very homey and sweet picture and we do make a pretty couple.

I could go on enumerating at length on each separate pose and print, but I'm sure it would bore you. There are some which show me in a hula skirt squirming to a squally scratch of a uke, others in informal poses (one especially is informal, in fact if it hadn't been for the slip of a paint brush it would have been entirely too, I'm afraid). There are others drawn in the futuristic style showing me as Grandma Trewitt busy buzzing bushwah over the Bell system, others where I am at work on something or somebody. It is all very interesting and would prove so to most of you people who are just starting in to have your reputation and character torn down by the dickerings of unscrupulous painter's pallettes.

If ever there is another woman who desires to become the editor of El Gaucho, don't, and you won't have to write about the famous picture gallery that is dedicated to you and displays everything from semi-nude to absolutely nude pictures bearing your given name.

In closing may I say that the gallery is open from 12 midnite until 3 a.m. every day of the week but six.

the much photographed and painted,
Petie McKinney

to de apple business up heh on de hill, has got to reckon wid me an de boys, see?

I got a dual personality, Elizabeth Wyman.

Dave Pollock-- I Knows It

He of the Extensive Proboscis Tells All He Nose in 2:1.2

I am Dave Pollock and it falls into my line of duty each year to tell why I made such a success of my nose.

When I was about the age of Theodore Roosevelt when he was a youngster and anemic, I had only helluva a little snozzola, in fact it couldn't be called much more than a superior and perpetual mosquito bite. But after a few years I could not stand the jibes and fun that my friends made me the pitiful butt (is that the way to spell it?) of. I was determined to remedy this without further delay.

I began a serious program of nasal calisthenics as recommended to me by one of the leading nose-growers of the country and was surprised to see the amazing development that my conchae and fossae proceeded to accomplish. I began to feel the first thrill of success. I wanted to go on and on and on in the realm of big noses. I wanted to go as far as I could see in the line that I had decided to develop. And that is just where I did go and as far as I can see now is nose.

One would be surprised at the various advantages that one may enjoy who has a huge proboscis. I am the certain of envy in any group that I happen to be a part of. Women admire big noses, it is so convenient to rest one's head on during one of these long, drawn out oscillations. It served me greatly in my capacity as director of last year's Roadrunner Revue—whenever there was a lull in mirth from the audience, I merely protruded my colossal, cartilaginous cavity through a curtain in the rear of the stage and it set up an awful howl. I have found it very convenient in heckling pledges to dear old SAK, and I supply no end of material for wise cracks from all people on the campus. I even employ this excess capital in my academic studies: it is very efficient as a means of concealing ponies from ever watchful eyes of people like faculty members.

I hope that all of you may someday be able to poke your noses into things on as grand a scale as I; and Winchell, don't try, I'm sewed up for years and years, but if you will tear off the top of a radio station and flash it to me enclosing a check of \$100 that won't bounce, I'll send you a free booklet that you won't have to pay a cent for.

from one who nose,
Dave Pollock

Noose Flash! A Riot Has Happened on Our Campus

Once upon a time there was a group of radicals who called themselves the S. B. S. C. They used to meet every day on a hill in Santa Barbara. Daily they used to plan the overthrow of all organized government. The leaders were many and varied in their opinions. Hitler D'Alfonso daily stood on a box and shouted "Who's got da mona. Da reech people! Comes the revolution—we all gonna have mona."

Trewitt McKinney used to confine her haranguing to one individual, a Greek. She'd say thusly: "Sport, I'm got love for you; are you got love weet me. Lest night I'm have a great idea, ees for to have Greek king on throne. You are for can be king, I am for to be queen. Sport, ees for stendupis program. Together we are for can run dees place like Greek restaurant. Peapolis is for can have daily tree kinds cake—Stromberry cake, chocolate cake, and stomach cake. Likewise is for to have tree kinds meet—hot meet, roast meet, and plain meet."

At this place in the embryo revolution S. B. S. C. was blown up by a bomb evidently thrown by a reactionary.

Pollock's Proboscis



DOUBLE DANNY. SCRUPLEIZES PAST PROGRAM

I am Daniel D'Alfonso and I sorta figured that I belonged on this page too, even though I'm not a graduate. You see, I'm student body prexy at this here school and I am also leaving for bigger fields after this summer, so I must pay myself a few last compliments.

During my term at S. B. S. C. I have had two policies. One is modesty and the other is democracy (I also don't like to hurt people's feelings.) I would like to state here and now, before God and President Phelps, too, that the support of these two items was nothing but a hoax. I am not in favor of them any more than I am in favor of being awarded a life pass to all athletic contests (can I help it if they did give me one). And especially this democracy business. Everyone knows that the minority is right. Take Roosevelt for instance. Everybody but the majority is against him. I hope I don't hurt anyone's feelings.

And modesty... if a man's good, why should he keep it under his hat? As a matter of fact why should he wear a hat? Delving further into the subject, he can't wear a hat because he can't get one to fit him. But that is neither here nor there and besides it might hurt someone's feelings. Modesty, to my mind, is an ugly word. It means concealing the truth, and if there is anything worse than concealing the truth, it is speaking the truth. So as a result, one should not only be immodest, but one should elaborate a little.

Now take a look at my picture up above here or wherever it is. You see where my teeth are showing? You think that's a smile, don't you? Well, it isn't. No sir, that's a sneer... a sneer dedicated to mankind in general and especially to you guys left at S. B. S. C. because you don't know what you're heading into. Don't let this hurt your feelings though. Trying to become educated to live in a democratic world... a democratic world that will soon be back in the clutches of men whose will for power exceed all else and

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Hales Exhibits Many Talents

Editor Nat Intends to 'Out-Nugget' Harder, Writes Book Reports by Dozens

I am Nathaniel Unorthodox Hales. I was once an editor of a paper. I have an amazing vocabulary, but in order to not confound you, I won't use it. I have also an amazing ability to consume draughts of a class composed of hop, but then in order to become one of the Rover boys, you must accomplish this basic attribute. I have an amazing smile which attracts everything, but in order to be safe I choose the attractions like a sixty-five cent show. I have an amazing editorial policy, but in order to not confound you I don't use it.

I have an amazing idea of a utopia, but in order to stay on the safe side of the black lists until the fateful minute this morning when I'll reach my hand out and pray it won't get slapped, I'll keep still. I have an amazing capability to write book reports, but just in order to impress you, I'll tell you that I just yesterday did fifteen for a couple of courses. I have an amazing habit of inhaling stogeys, beating the weed, downing the smoke-stick, nipping the nicotine, or smoking a cigarette (just in case a few profs in the English department don't understand), but I only accomplished this through watching fifty editions of the paper nearly not get put out during this past year.

I once had an amazing knack for getting candidates elected into the presidency, but I seem to have lost the knack of this knack in one case I think of. (He'll thank me for it in the long run, probably.)

I have an amazing chance to outdo "Stud" Harder in getting nuggets to fish for room, board and tuition, but I am going to offer them a little bar money to make it easier for them to swallow. The amazing part of it is that the amazing guys I'll get will put out an amazing paper and think nothing of it, but they won't get broken up in little bits at the end of each week, although they may have some trouble with green snakes and pink elephants and lavender alligators for a week end pastime, but that is an amazing basic attribute of a journalist, I think—at least I've been told that by journalists.

Like the famous producer of the seven-league nose, I offer a copy of my success story to anyone that will send me the contents from 83 beer cans and two Four Roses bottles.

Very sincerely yours (especially last paragraph)
Nat Edward Hales

whose respect for democracy and modesty are on a par with mine.

In closing I wish to leave with you these words: Dig your hole while the time is ripe, because the Russians may shoot you before you get a chance. I hope I haven't hurt anyone's feelings.

THE D'ALFONSO

A Guy We Know



BAYLOR DENIES FASCIST STUFF, IS COMRADE

Before a group of startled followers, Dennison Baylor yesterday afternoon announced that he was positively not a member of the Fascist crowd including such known radicals as Leo Butts, Doug Oldershaw, Jack Kitchen, Petie McKinney, and other revolutionists from the house of Beta Sigma Chi.

Baylor, realizing the possible results of his statement, then proceeded to add that the reason was that he had not paid his dues and had been bounced. Immediately his cronies rallied around him, decrying this ruthless treatment of a member so skilled in the art of bomb-tossing, red flag shaking, etc., etc.

Later, in a private interview, Comrade Baylor stated: "I was just foolin' them guys. What chums (I mean chumps). I have more higher ideers. Besides Italy ain't a very big country. Yessir, I'm going go after the big stuff... I have positively and indefinitely made up my mind to go Communist. Hiya, comrade! Yessir, I can see Stalin and me, hand in hand, oppressing millions of peasants and shootin' the rest who don't wanta be oppressed. Boy, that's the life. Wow!"

Our Whole Public



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To See More of Seymour

It May Be the Honor Copy to Some People But It's Crow to Ann

I am Ann Seymour and I got somethin' you ain't got. Nope, it ain't a nose like Dave Pollock's, or a nose like Ed Cole's, or a nose like Harry Nethery's. In fact it isn't even a nose. Yea, you guessed it. It's an Honor Copy.

It all happened like this: When I was just a little skirt in short dresses and hadn't yet met Ian Crow, I wasn't worth a darn. My mother used to say to me: "Ann, how the devil do you ever expect to win that honor copy. Remember, opportunity knocks but twice a day only to those who are worth more than a darn, which is your classification so far?"

Do you follow me? Well, I didn't quite follow my mother either, and before long I was going so far down that I was darn near crawling on my stomach. (Mighty uncomfortable it was too, I might add). However, at this moment a light appeared in my life. It was the aforementioned Ian. It was him (or he that put me wise. He said: "Ann, I tab you not worth a darn. How the devil do you ever expect to win that Honor Copy? Why doncha get wise? Do as I tell you and you can still be a potent success."

I looked into his eyes (being careful not to get too close, because he had not yet learned how to wash his teeth) and realized my past wrongs. I would listen to him. It was my only way out. And besides, he was so nice.

And so under the tutelage of this, my guiding star, I grew to what I am today. The success rules that Ian prescribed were few. First, I must never go out with anyone but him. Second, I must ever perform a little duty commonly known as "polishing." To the first rule, I owe the fact that I have had intestinal fortitude enough to follow the second. To second, I owe my winning of the Honor Copy. Very simple, you see.

In closing, now that I have this damn thing clutched firmly in my hand and no one can take it back, I would like the faculty to know that I wish to retract all the nice things I ever said about any of them, in front of their backs or behind it. In addition, everything I ever done, I owe to my Ian.

Yours for bigger and better Honor Copies,
Ann Seymour

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ELMER'S

REMEMBER: "FOLLOW THE CROWD!"

Braddle's Puss

By W. B.

All-American Gaucho, another block of hand and footprints will be laid. It's a swell idea for a permanent record.

Have you noticed the influx of unfamiliar brown on the campus? It's open season on nuggets . . .

Coach Harder, never one to let the greensward grow under his twelve-and-a-half, has eighteen of his next year's contests already definitely settled. Most of the nines met during the last season will again be listed among the Gaucho opponents. And some more—and tougher—ones will be added. Notable among the tentatively scheduled newcomers will be San Francisco State National Baseball School, Cal Aggies, and the San Diego Leathernecks. California and Stanford (a couple of good clubs all except Stanford) may also figure among the diamond enemies for the 1939 meeting.

Plenty of work is laid out for the batswingers on the week of Easter vacation, with eleven games scheduled for twelve successive days, on a barnstorming tour of northern towns. "Suicide Week" mildly describes that one.

S. B. S. C. has gone Hollywood at last! The spirit of Sid Grauman has invaded the campus, with Doug Oldershaw and Howard Yeager giving their foot and handprints to posterity in a block of cement. The two blocks will contain besides the prints, the signatures of the Little All-Americans and a bronze plate in the center giving the date of the All-American award. They will be placed in the flooring of the loggia at the new stadium. With each successive

Basketball mentor Wilton M. Wilton has been busy lining up one of the most ambitious maplecourt schedules in Hilltop history. He deserves lots of credit. He is working with his fingers crossed, however, . . . there's still no place definitely available to hold the games.

Today witnessed the last regular session of the Wednesday afternoon faculty bowling tournament. No champion has officially emerged, but we understand President Phelps is still the man to beat.

As a finale to the athletic season we would like to mention here that Graduate Manager Don M. Follett is conducting a class in Recreation during summer session. Follett was approached in his office by a zealous schoolteacher who plans to take his "course", and dropped in for information. The dear lady inquired what the nature of the recreation would be. On being told by "Father" that any form would be acceptable, she inquired if she could get one unit for doing her washing at home! Athletics???

So-long until next semester. We'll join you for the best football record in southern California! How about it?

This Is the Guy You Can Thank, Grads



Oldershaw and Yeager Outline Policies to Be Followed

Two Little All-Americans Can Really Beef When They Start OutBrugging Each

Oldershaw: I am Douglas Oldershaw. (no kidding.)
Yeager: I am Howard Yeager. (I didn't know Howie knew that.)
O: I was a little All-American during my last two years in college.
Y: Well, so was I.
O: I know it, but I was better than you were.
Y: Oh, I don't know about that. Where would you have been if there hadn't been anyone to run through the holes in the line after you made them. You'd look silly just making holes.
O: Yeah! Not half as silly as you would trying to run off-tackle without there being a hole there for you, and besides I made holes for more guys on the team than you.
Y: Is that so? Well, I made as many yards over the other side of the line and around the ends as I did through your position, in fact, I made very little yardage because of your line ability.
O: Is that my fault? Do I have to run for you, too, besides kneeling the other team out of the way.
Y: Oh shut up, you big moose. I was on the track team, too, and don't forget that.
O: Who could forget it, you pulled a muscle every time the training got too stiff for you. And I played rugby, remember?
Y: What do you think I was doing out there in those immodest

knee-breaches, playing tiddle-de-winks?
O: You might as well have, for all the good you did anyone out there. What about extra-curricular stuff for the student body, what'd you do?
Y: I danced in the Roadrunner Revue, didn't you see it? You know the waltz chorus scene where we danced to fox-trot tempo?
O: Yeah, I remember alright, but it's kind of funny, I thought you were giving an exhibition of hurdling form or a new broken field running technique or something like that—I imagined Petie was along just for entertainment.
Y: Oh yeah, well let's don't go too deep into what was wrong with what we did wrong, or one of us might be embarrassed and I don't get that way at all.
O: O. K. besides I like you, Yeager; you're not a bad sort of Joe at all when you try hard, but are we successes or not?
Y: I like you too, Doug, but let's don't go into the last question either, huh?

MEN!

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Sportswriter Tabs Players' Cards

'He Trumped My Ace,' Says 'Ace' McStuff As Cards Fly

Petie McKinney, rookie from the Three Spades League, sowed the ducats, and bid a sparkler. With eight of them in the dugout the bid was safer than a pick handle with a W.P.A. work gang. Seymour squeaked a couple of cudgels, and Trehitt's hand was as blank as a crooner's stare as he retired his side. This left Crow in the pilot's seat and he sent the customers into a whirl by bleating out a small digger. The others were more bewildered than a moralist at Hollywood and Vine so they made giraffe noises at one another and admitted he had the lease.

McKinney opened with a big sparkler and was wilder than a blind man with a dial phone when Seymour trumped it with a double of shovels. Showing a nice change of pace, Seymour led out the trumps and then pulled off a cross ruff that had her opponents dizzier than a peroxide blonde after six rye highballs.

The ump threatened to bench Trehitt when he squawked that Crow had led out of the wrong fist, and Crow retaliated by pilfering Trehitt's emperor of Hearts with a finesse that cleaned him out of everything but his wisdom teeth.

Crow was going like a Kansas Twister now, and was harder to stop than ants in a log cabin sugar bowl. He rented McKinney the Dame of Ice, but took all the rest of the stunts one-handed. This netted the locals a grand and a half of points and put them further ahead than Paul Revere was of War Admiral. They copped the elastic in the next canto and then set the Valley combination higher than a water bill in the Sahara Desert. From then on they drew further away than a snow storm in July, and copped the fracas inside of the next six innings.

MUSICAL FREDDY BEATS HIS WAY OUT OF COLLEGE

I am Fred Lambourne. Acceleramente I will tell you of my accentuato career at Santa Barbara State college. I am a music major more on the tenere di grazia type with a slight intimisso attitude toward my fellow graduates of our intunare toward the college as a whole a symphony. ollemenMe I have reached the key where I am ready to graduate and it is glorificando.

My career has been one crescendo after another climaxed with a loud cymbal sounding and a rumbling of the tympani and drawing of the bow of the cello adds modificazioni. It has been one of equal counterpoint and temperamer; but the esitamento with which it was esecuzione is leiterereigen.

By orotund my basso profundo will expound in beats both sharp and flat as a professeur de chant on the prolongement that I have taken this tempo to act as a repertoire and express in tones both melancholy and fortissimo excellorando that I've had one helluva good time while I have been here. And goodbye, please, with a touch of the melodius, Fred Lambourne

Classes Complete Stadium Unit

Second unit on the construction of the new stadium at Leadbetter beach was completed this week under Louie Taylor, industrial education instructor. The work which consisted of the laying of pipe for the water system was carried out by the plumbing and fundamentals of

He Done It



Denny McArthur, former student body president, today admitted, after hours of grueling to having stolen the plaque from the senior bench during last year's great crime wave as Santa Barbara State college's contribution.

College Faces Taft Sunday

Van Meter Expects Tough Game from Northern Diamond Aces

The Taft Merchants will play host to the Santa Barbara State college Stars Sunday, May 29, at Taft. The game is scheduled to start at 2:30 p.m. with the Merchants strong favorites over the college team. According to frosh coach Jimmy Van Meter the Merchants are one of the strongest semi-pro groups in California.

The Merchants won their past eight games without much difficulty and will be out to get the college men. During their winning streak they took the Bakersfield All-Stars for a 4-3 victory. In a frosh game with the Bakersfield squad the local team lost by a score of 7-6.

The college Stars have been holding workouts three times a week. With the exception of Bill Russell, Don Ripsch, and Carl "Whitey" Hallen, the crew is made up entirely of freshmen. Making the trip to Taft are the following men: Ben Wallace, third, Carl Hallen, short, Markham, second, West, left field, Russell, center field, Morgan, right field, Wilson, catcher, Ripsch, first, and Jim Fitzgerald, pitcher.

A Blooming Nugget



metal work classes as a demonstration job.

First unit to be completed was grading of the hills and leveling and filling for the field. Next work will be in regards to the turf. Later the field house and fence will be constructed. All funds left after this will be used for construction of seats.

Council Shows True Colors

Legislature Drops Cloak of Dignity and Goes Berserk at Annual Dinner

It is no longer "Danny" D'Alfonso, students. Hereafter the name is "Honey" D'Alfonso. At least that was the startling revelation made at the Student Council dinner at the Barbara hotel last Tuesday night, and reported by a secret agent of the I. S. L. Working for the benefit of the Santa Barbara State college student body the clever I. S. L. agent discovered startling bits of graft and gravy which should be revealed. Our student body president was stood up! And on student body funds. It was a University of Washington sophomore beauty queen who did the trick, not only hurriedly draining all the ready cash from the pockets of our erstwhile prey, but making him take her home at the early hour of eleven o'clock because she had another date!

The aforementioned council dinner was also the scene of other hilarious and outlandish occurrences. Seen imitating Hitler in Hile antics was social committee chairman William McKenzie . . . We think that Petie's mind was read and that Dictator' Duckham's was red also . . . Bellowing like a cow and clucking like a happy contented hen were Ronald Crary and Ed Cole—fine members to represent the student body! . . . For the first time in all of two days Father Faucet Follett was turned loose to bring tears to the eyes of all present and a glass of water for himself.

Braddlepuss Bradbury was the outstanding speaker of the evening. Introducing himself as the successor to the publicity office—that takes fortitude . . . The outstanding guest of the evening was Tom Wharton as both sophomore class representative and editor of El Gaucho, who appeared in such a clever disguise that no one knew he was there, which he wasn't . . . a tin badge for being the most absent minded was Norman Phillips who forgot the office he held and who his successor was.

All together, these are the persons to whom you, the students, trust the spending of approximately \$75,000 a year. Now we don't mean to upset you or anything, but we feel that somebody ought to tell you about these things. But really, there isn't any need to worry—much.

REV. DRAKE SPEAKS AT BACCALAUREATE

Baccalaureate services for 220 graduating State college seniors were held in the college auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Featuring a sermon on the subject "What Do You Know?" by Reverend Charles Robert Drake, the impressive services were heard by faculty members, and friends, in addition to the seniors themselves.

The College orchestra under the direction of Robert Louis Barron, began the program with the "War March of the Priests," by Mendelssohn, and was followed by the invocation read by Reverend John N. Ashley. Tom Lindquist, senior class president, read the scripture. An a cappella choir directed by Munro Langlo sang "Adoramus Te" by Palestrina, and "Beautiful Saviour" by Christiansen.

Dr. William Waxwell gave the benediction. The recessional number, played by the orchestra, was "Marche Pontificale," by Gounod.

Spud Discloses Samples of Nugget Literature

Harder Reveals Reason Why All His Gold Bricks Are 'A' Students; Gives Examples and Expressive Exerpts of Athletes' Prose

No guts and nuggets could go hand in hand if physiology would allow the brain to be called a gut. Spud Harder, a fellow from our school, has kindly condescended to allow us to attempt to fathom his personal mail to present some of the letters from prospective grid heroes.

Barring interruption from the Interstate Commerce commission in the bureau of communication we may be able to get away with it too. Nuggets may come and nuggets may go, says Harder, but usually they are disqualified before they get a chance to leave of their own accord. Someplace on the page you will find a picture of a piece of the precious ore as it came in human form to the college when actually it was fool's gold. The picture to the left here shows what happens to these after Harder gets through with them.



My dear Mr. Harder: I am a football player. Have played ball in a junior college down here for about five years and plan to go on to college now. I have a very good record which has been unapproached by any junior college guard in 33 seasons. I have played 938 games of ball since high school senior year and intend to play as many. I have been named on 33 all-stuff teams in my time.

Occasionally I drop back into the backfield for a line-buck. I have gained 880 yards in this manner. I have not been eligible for two years. I do place kicking very nicely and have played two years of professional football with the Green Bay Whackers.

I would very much like to be considered for your recommendation as a person of excellent ability when your athletic committee starts handing out jobs and things like that.

Yours sterlingly,
Alfred Wentsrum

Dear Harder, I graduate from Junior college this semester, I think. I have pretty good grades for the last two semesters, just below a C average, in fact. I play end and have had two years of high school, two years of goof squad and two years of varsity football experience.

My coach, Jay Wilbur Hand, who says he knows you personally, will recommend me to the stars if I ask him to. I'm sure you would not find that you had made a wrong investment if you offered me a chance to play for my room and meals and expenses of registration. I would like a job, too, but could probably get one myself.

Yours for better ends, (funny, huh?)
Tom Kilmeir
(A COACH'S DREAM)
Dear Coach Harder:
I am writing to you to say that I

would like any information you can give me concerning summer workouts or the next years team, as I am very conscientious about getting a place on the final squad as I think you have a fine school and a grand ball club.

I will be able to support myself while I am up here and will be willing, since I know how hard it must be for some fellows, who may be pretty good, to earn their way in school to support one other fellow from the team during the year. This would be on condition that he kept up his grade average and attended practise regularly.

I will send my grade transcript up within the coming week, but I know that I will be permitted to enter as I have an A- average for two years of college work and have taken only certificated courses.

Hoping you will find my offer satisfactory, I will remain

A future student,
Jimmy Van Meter.

Summer Session Attendance Record Expected to Fall

In anticipation of the largest enrollment in history, State College administrative officials have made extensive plans for the 1938 summer session which starts on June 25. Forty faculty members, in addition to five special lecturers, will teach a list of almost eighty-four varied courses.

Although last year's session was the largest ever held on the Gaucho campus, officials are confident that the number of students will exceed the 1937 record of 520. The variety of courses, the large faculty, and the quality of the special lecturers all strengthen this expectation.

Instruction does not actually begin until June 28, although registration starts on June 25. Classes are to be held every day and the session will last for six weeks, ending on the fifth of August. A maximum of six units of work is allowed for each student, while fees amount to \$23.50. Auditors' fees total \$20.00. A main feature of this year's summer school is the offering of work toward a bachelor of education degree to persons who have taught at least five years in California public schools.

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Harold and Gene

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FATHER'S DAY JUNE 19th

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El Gaucho Staff Says Farewell

Far be it from the staff of El Gaucho to extend to graduates the traditional "keep your chin up, and steer a straight and honest course" lecture. We feel certain that if you have gotten out of education what you have put into it, and that is all you will get from it, that you know sufficiently well how to do this without it being slapped in front of you again.

Our task, it would seem, is to offer condolences to you and congratulations also, with the same breath, or stroke of the tapping typer tape.

The condolences come from something that is deep and unapproachable by common columnistic calisthenics, but which in essence may be summed in the few words: "Watch out!" We are truly sorry that there is not a better world awaiting you now that you have spent four or more long years in study in order that you can be a helpful, good part of the same society that isn't so helpful and good. We do not want to appear bitter with the world, for it is a sweet old place in many verdant spots.

You will find it a world where one must be on his toes and hitching up his belt another notch every other second, trying and trying again to complete his picture of success. There will be those who will try to stick you—so watch out!

Now, may we congratulate you formally, on behalf of the entire student body of your school. You as individuals and as a collective group are a great credit to our college and its traditions and standards. Though we hate to see you go and are wondering where the "nuggets" will come from to fill the vacant and blank spots left in our campus life by your conspicuous absence, we are truly and sincerely happy for you and are glad to see you reach the peak of scholastic possibility at Santa Barbara State college and go on into whatever you have chosen as your next life step.

The last paragraph of the last editorial of the last page of the last El Gaucho for the year of 1937-38 will be utilized to pay honor to those students who were truly honor students and yet by the small outward importance of their positions and tasks are forgotten. We refer to those who have helped to formulate the ideas behind our campus life, those who have always been willing and ready to offer service without compensation, those who have established the grape-vine system of true, democratic campus life for our college. And good luck to everyone of you.

Scribbles from the President's Desk

by DOUG DUCKHAM

I should like to take this time to comment upon the "dictator" nickname which was tacked upon me in last week's El Gaucho. My committee appointments for next year which were made at the Legislative council meeting caused the controversy. I grant the fact that I have placed some persons at the committee heads who are not known by some of the "big shots" on the campus, but I do know that they will do their work, regardless of the publicity.

For next year it is our hope to have a presidents' council which is to serve the entire student body. The council is to be made up of department and class heads, and is to sit not as a legislative body but rather in an informal manner, more like

our "bull sessions." In this session many of the pet "gripes" and complaints of you who are members of the Associated students will be aired. It is hoped that from this discussion will come some solution or at least an explanation for our problems. In order to make this body successful it is necessary for those who are dissatisfied to send their written questions on paper to me, with the understanding that at no time will the complainant's name be disclosed. We hope that this proposed organization will offer a chance to serve each individual and that it can stop a lot of harmful rumors.

Now it is my time to wish every student a grand summer and to the graduates all the luck they deserve. Happy vacation.

We have our degree too . . .

A. B. (Always Best) in Refreshments

SHEETZ-AT-THE-BEACH

SANDWICHES SUNDAES MALTS

ON CABRILLO BLVD. AT THE BEACH

Adios, Gauchos

Don't forget the lesson

You learned so well this year—

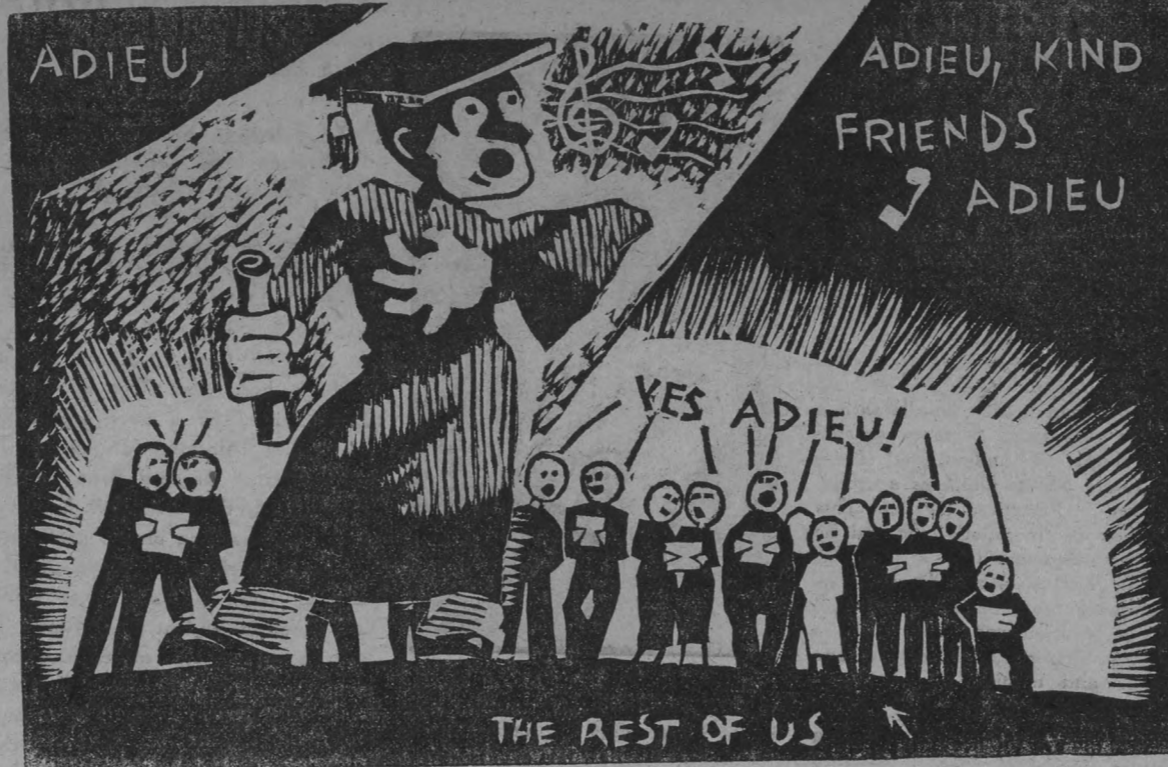
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This'n'that

By FOX POP

We note with interest the progress of the new home being built by Graduate Manager Don Follett. The home, a five room structure of stucco and shingle, is located at 1561 Alameda Padre Serra and commands an unobstructed view of the entire city. Don expects it to be completed and ready to move into when he and Phyllis LaSource are married July 10th.

We looked with envy at the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Bennett on Center Avenue out beyond San Roque Park. Built in a rambling California ranch house style, the Bennetts' new home is surrounded by an orchard of new lemon trees, and featured by an enormous patio with a large outdoor fireplace.

Speaking of buildings, the progress of the new stadium on West Beach adjoining the Leadbetter site gives evidence of the possibility of opening against Occidental college at that spot on September 23. The far-sighted vision of President Phelps is gradually taking physical shape in the form of one of the most unique stadia in the nation. Santa Barbara will soon be able to point with pride to the Gaucho stadium as one of the major developments of the city in recent years.

We understand from reliable sources that there is to be an addition built onto the field house this summer in order to more adequately accommodate the horde of "muscle-men" using its facilities next year. A timely bit of the progress which is typical of "the new Santa Barbara State college."

Of particular interest is the announcement that the campus is to be gone over with a paint brush during the summer months. This will undoubtedly add to the beauty of the campus and get us off to a "clean start" next Fall.

It will be a relief to have another new building ready for classes in September, as recently announced by President Phelps. The expected increase in enrollment will probably fill the new structure to the point of overflow. Onward Santa Barbara, to new heights.

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el RODEO

("As in someone's getting rid")

Because of lack of sleep and tests and Mr. Hile we would like to make this column very flabby, but school is closing so we will do our best to gush and make everybody feel all sweet and gooey.

We received this little note and want to pass it on to you:
"Editor, El Rodeo:

Referring to your quip of May 27 that the male leads in Michael and Mary, whom Rosalind Kelley played opposite, were changed three times because they perhaps just couldn't take it: the three males who had the lead would be glad to contest the above statement and give a demonstration as they had to drop from the production because of circumstances beyond their control.

THE THREE MALES

"Dear Males:
I appreciate your clearing up this point for us, but there is one thing I would like to say. You're getting to be big boys now and I think that it is about time for you to learn how to control your emotions. As for a demonstration, I think all of us know Rosalind's capabilities.

Hopefully yours,
ED. EL RODEO

We note CLARENCE MIKULASEK has been keeping tab on VALERIE SMITH. Now with El Rodeo still checking up around this h'yar school how does he expect to keep that little girl in Huntington Park from finding out about it. We are told that ROBERT KRAUSE was rather embarrassed at the Spring formal when JOAN INGRAM asked him what department he was from and he replied "home economics." A terrific battle is raging between GLENN MARCHBANKS and JACK RIVERS for the favor of CAROL LAMBRECHT. And Carol seems to be quite amused with it all. Complications were admirably settled the other night when our pal BURDICK spent the evening at the PILLING

mansion when CAROL WARREN had to stay home and knit; the guy who fixed it up was JACK FRISH-HOLZ who dropped in and held the yarn for Carol. Summer school is going to be interesting this year with all the activities that are being arranged. Take for instance STOCKBURGER and JORDANO who intend to keep Arlen's casino open all during the balmy nights . . . no cover charge. It isn't officially announced yet but we have it from one of our reliable sources that CECILE DILLEHUNT is engaged to BILL HOWSMAN. We understand that JEAN DURAN will be in her glory next semester, for 'tis rumored that that star athlete from L. A. J. C., BALFOUR GLAND, is planning to enter State in the fall.

COLLEGIATE COLLEAGUES

For the faculty there's the one about the absentminded dean surveying himself in a hair brush instead of a mirror, exclaiming, "My, but I need a shave."

—L. A. J. C. Collegian

To the tune of "Trees"
I think that I shall never hear,
A sound so sweet as bubbling beer,
A beer whose tender mug has pressed,
Against the keg's sweet flowing breast,
etc. etc.
(last line)
Beer was only made for fools like me
But oh! My heavens! I'm so thirsty.

—Lyre

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Airwaves

Motorists passing Columbia Square on Sunset boulevard got an accidental thrill from the KNX sound department yesterday—because a window was open. Al Span, Hollywood head of CBS sound, was testing a new batch of sound effect recordings and the first one reproduced the noise of a police siren. As Span tested the volume amplifier, traffic on the street outside ceased. But when he put on the next record and greatly increased the sound of a zooming airplane, traffic was paralyzed. All the drivers had their heads out from under their car tops and one even piled out and prepared to run from the expected crash menace. Span noticed the window then. He closed it: Life is normal once more and Span promises he will never do it again.

John Hix, creator of the "Strange As It Seems" broadcasts, is officially commissioned as an Admiral . . . in the Navy of Nebraska.

Ben Pollack, new maestro on the Joe Penner broadcasts, was swing-dom's first drummer to use fly-swatters in achieving a sophisticated swing effect.

Among Frances Langford's regular correspondents is a group of girls attending the School for the Blind at Columbus, Ohio, that listens to Frances' singing every Friday night on the "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast. All of the girls, who have formed a Frances Langford club in the school, type their own letters. At their suggestion, Miss Langford writes one letter to them all which is read to the club. The girls write of their progress with their school work, of their pets and their impressions of movie and radio stars they hear on the radio. Frances tries to answer their many questions about Louella Parsons, Ken Murray and Oswald, Raymond Paige, and her other associates on the program and send items about Hollywood personalities.

Phil Ohman, maestro on the "Big Town" dramatic series starring Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor, needs two kinds of "sticks" to direct his orchestra—a baton and a stick of gum. Phil keeps time with his jaws so perfectly that the musicians could easily forget the baton and just concentrate on his cadenced cupid's for their cues. always wanted to settle down eventually in some small mid-western town, and his recent concert tour in that area found him raving over each city in which he appeared. Invariably, he concluded his concert with a brief "thank you" speech in which he declared that he hoped to return some time in the future and make his home in the town. Wilbur wasn't fooling—it was just his natural enthusiasm for the Midwest. However, his audiences often included real estate salesmen, and now

his Hollywood office is being flooded with letters recalling his remarks and offering him bargains. He's stumped for replies.

The Lux Radio theatre will dramatize "the doll house" Monday evening from 5:00 to 6:00 on KNX. Joan Crawford will be starred in the leading role.

A program that is usually interesting and is almost always educational is "The Cavalcade of America". The programs are dramatizations of the lives of people that have fostered science and incidents of contributions to science in certain fields. The program is sponsored by Du Pont de Nemours and may be heard at 8:00 p.m. every Wednesday on KNX.

I think that Parkyakarkus deserves a nice raspberry for attempting to imitate the style of mixing up words that was originated for the Joe Penner show. If you cannot be funny at least be original.

Vice-President of the Manning Family Association is the newest title to be acquired by Columbia's popular news commentator and conductor of the "Headlines on Parade" broadcasts. Knox Manning received the title as the result of a chance letter addressed to him by Mrs. O. L. Manning, of Sierra Madre, California. Ever since the death of William Manning in 1640, the first of the family to come to America, the Manning Family Association has been maintained by descendants, and the original family home, in Billerica, Massachusetts, near Lowell, has been maintained in its original form by the group. Knox came to California a year ago as a member in good standing of the organization, but little expected to find the association in existence here, so he didn't even inquire. However, his nightly broadcast of the news soon attracted Mrs. Manning, in Sierra Madre, and she addressed the letter to him, on the chance that he might be a member of the original family—which he is. As a result, Knox attended the California Convention of the Manning Association in Santa Barbara last week, where Edward Manning, President of the Manning Coffee company, was elected vice-president, and before he knew it, Knox found himself presented with the office of vice-president. The group is now engaged in efforts to continue the operation of a tea-room in a wing of the original Manning home in Massachusetts, to help defray expenses.

DID HE PET-TER?
Georgia Tech goes to town with "Gin which is wetter Than candy is better If he wants to get her To let him pet her."
Note—it could be bet ter.

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