

BARBARY BLURS

Vol. XXI

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1942

No. 25

Eckles Snuffs Out Candles

OPRIE HOUSE Opens Tent show

A comin ta the Santie, Barbaree oprie house fur a three night stand purty soon is Freddie Hile's travelin ten show actors who are gointa do somptin from a guy that writes classy drama, by the name a Bill Shakespir. Wall, tickets ain't much an I seen some a that stuff onct when I was up ta Gooleeta fur a holiday, and its purty good. I ain't sayin that I get the drift of the stuff, but they wear awful purty coostumes and say some mighty fine soundin words. Mosta the time, they shout and wave their arms around, and jump up and down, but I think that everybody should grab a little a the cuulture that there dishin out, cause its really high class.

After the regular play i heerd that there a gona take some curtain calls . . . don't rightly know what they are, but they ain't chargin extry fur them, so don't guess it'll hurt anybody. Gonna be purty funny . . . I seen some a them pictures that they put up in front a the oprey house, an there sur a howl. One of em is about some ladi mcbath who don't wash, so she got some kind a dirt on her hand, and her husband kills somebody. Don't make an awful lot a sents, but that guy Shakspir really knows what hi class stuf was.

Waal, seen as Freddie Hile onct was in San Franciscy, with his troupe a actors, might be worth while to drop into the oprey house about April 23 ta see whats gon on.

Pink lemonade and bakin powder made cake were on hand for all the little babies which attended the recent birthday party given by the Eckleses for their growing up son Howard.

After playing boogie man and stick the tale on the jackass which was wined by Pudgy Squires and Sonny Boy Greybehl, all the little quests presented their gifts.

Among those invited were sweet Margaret Mae Slocum, brate Jen U'Ren, Patsy Louisy Bass, she needed her nose wiped; Joshua Howard Clapp, named after one of the apostles; Skinny Pound; Chubbins Barbara Berry; Lucy pulled her pigtails in Sunday Belle Chester, who is dying for the theater and has thrown up goin to church; Glary Cherini, the bankers fair heaired dotter; Robert Sherman, dam yankee; Tootie Helen Mitchell of the drinkin Mitchells; Little Nell Martin, you know the storey; Joany Nucomb; and Cornelius Gill another little brat what needs a good spankin.

RECEIPT FOR FRYE'S COCKTALE

(To be served every afternoon in El G's din of eniquity)

Assemble the following ingredients before going further . . .

1. One quart corn licker
2. ½ pint good gin (bathtub will do)
3. 1 qt. Benedictine and Brandy or what have you
4. 2 tubes empty toothpaste
5. Large inner tube
6. 1 pogo stick and 1 red yoyo

Mix all these in salad bowl, stir well, add dash pepper, salt, add yokes from 7 eggs, beat some more, stir a little parsley in, beat some more, add ½ pint acme beer, beat some more, add gravel, bird seed, whiskey, wine anything else on hand stir, beat, beat, beat, beat, beat me daddy 8 to the bar. (Guaranteed to produce results will keep them flewin instead of flying.)

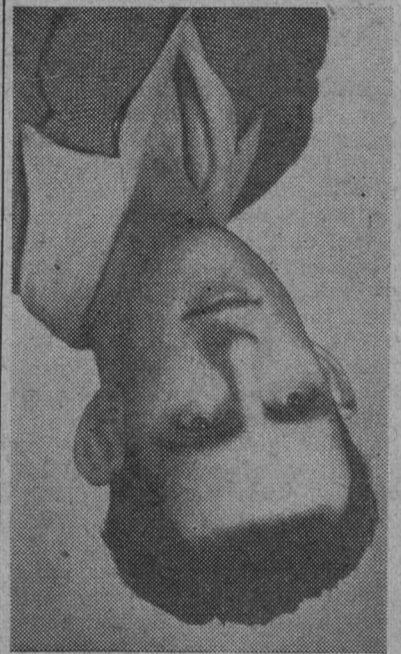
Bruisin' Brawl Tomorrie

Bruising, brousing, brawling and ballet will reign supreme at the Barnacle Bounce come Saturday nite at ye olde Roackwood saloon, when Douglas Hoag's super orchestra gives out with an evening of modern tunes.

The dancing and black bottomin will be led by Stinky Davis fram over the tracks. Altho the eleat are not gona be on hand cause it mite turn out to be a brawl, it is free to the stewdents of the collitch and who ever they can get to come.

This is the closin finale of stewdent bodi dances afore the formal balls which will be held beguning in May.

Punch will be passed out during the rest periods.



Stalwart STAN BARTLETT has been standin' on his head in an effort to catch up with the whirl of society as the Barbary Coast Carnival goes into production tonight.

Parson Krebs Dotter Chased By Fiend Around City Streets

Poolce on Lookout for Dirty Man Which Plied Fair Belle With Drink

Peoples of our sunshiny and upbrunging cit Santa Babary joined up in sarful morning this weak for the trajedy which almost overcome Parson and Mrs. Krebs's little dotter Georgia Mae. When she were chased down Haley street by a vulturis fiend on her way home from Wednesday prayer meetin.

Accordion to the latest roomers little sweet Georgia Mae had been somewhat upspot during the past weak and had decided to take a little stroll out to Goleta. Well when she came out of the daze which had enveloped her she was walking along saloon row. Well jist at that minute a dark, dirty, fiend stepped out from behind the swinging doors of that ugly Greek, Ko Pitskii's "Gut Bucket," wine, womenin, and songin place.

"Weeeeeee!!! How is you my

pretty maid," spoke the mean man, as he grabbed her lily white arm. "Could I buy ya a drink," he further said without consideration of the morales of the innocent baby.

"Sure," answered Georgia Mae, for she was hungary and had sauntered a long piece and apprishiated a glass of cool milk. But little did she knew that the vile monster was reefering to hard intoxicating licker.

Well she was lead into the "Gut Bucket," sot on a seat amidst dancing women led by Sugar Belle Cockins and given a glass of foamed up bier. One taste made her recal what the good book said so's she up and run from the devils den.

But did she get away free? No! That unscruples Ko Pitskii stopped her in the midst of her fleeing and made her pay the bill.

This gave the viol fiend time to catch up to our parson's daughter who was taking her Sunday collection money to pay. Well he

started chasing her like a dog does a flea. He chased her up State street past the momen pic-tour house, up Anapamu to Mil-pas, out Milpas to the beach, up Laguna to the Mission, through Mission canyon to the collitch, around the pool in the potio six times, down the hill to Valerio, out Valerio to the choo choo tracks. It were here he almost accused her but by fates strong, sterling Paul Hector Alioysus Shipley saw her plight and saved her from the brute.

She is to home safe in the arms of her ma. But Hector Shipley did get to see the mans face and he sez it was Mouse Mann, the skunk. Anybody seein him should grab hold him and yell fur the poolce.

Hector Shipley will be givin a thank you party, with refreshments, right after Sunday evenin vespers in the church social hall. God bless us that we have sich men as Shipley lefted in the nasty world.

"Cuddlesome" Calls Confab

Ex-Gauchos to be who'll be rolling out of this here institute come June will gather Tuesday to let their innerds soak up gastro-intestinal reactants. Dr. Lynne "Give the Faculty a Pat" Monroe will inform graeates on matters of the birds and bees. Dues will be accepted at the breakfast (or at any time for that matter) to line the pockets of all class executives.

Final event for the class (what they ain't got) will be a brawl which will be held the evening preceding graduation at El Paseo Inn, a respectable joint with booths for the ladies. Theme for the address, which will pierce the smoke-filled den in the words of Dr. Walter Scott Franklin, will be "Mighty Oaks," a truly philosophic thought.

President Paul "Cuddlesome" Shipley announced a compulsory meeting for Thursday at 4 p.m. in Pine hall. Roll will be taken and those who are absent will miss out on free cigars. You high 'n' mighty seniors had better drage yore bustles 'n' britches over thar or you don't get a gold star.

WE HAVE A LIMITED NUMBER OF VACANCIES

STILL AVAILABLE FOR OUR SPRING SESSION Monday, April 13

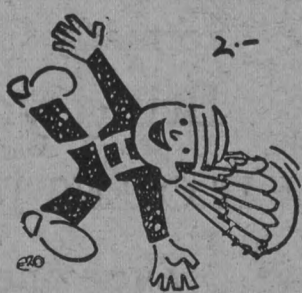
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About Nothing

Wal, it's high time that the vigilantes got themselves busy agin and done somthing about the turrible things whut is goin on in Santy Barbary. Yes sir, we seen at least twenty womans walking around in the streets in broad daylight smokin tobacco—cigarettes they calls them. Yes sir, and these are supposed to be respectable women; not the type whut you would expect to find down on Front Street.

Whut is happenin to our morales? Jest because ther is a war agoin on the morales slack up and us respectable men dont know whut to expect next. We will grant the fact thet there are large numbers of men a workin in the army but thet aint no reason fur the women to be a gallivantin around the way they are? Whut will the men folks a say when the war is over and President Lincoln sends them home to ther women folks?

We sat in on a poker game the other night and ther sartinly wuz some durt ywerk agoin on. The cards a delt and No-Shirt Phelps opens the pot fur 500. Wal, me a-sittin ther with four kings goes in fur the five hindred and right on my heels Cue-Ball Porter raises me two hundred and Skinny Bill Russel he calls. So I throws in the two hundred to call, and throws away my four kings on account of I know that they aint no good in this game.

Wall, along about this time we felt the need of some refreshment, so we had Little Legs Bie-ster mix us up some Purple Plague. (2 qts Vodker, one quart ginn, on qt wine and some mixer—half bottle of coke) It wuz pretty good but not so good like Nude Noggin Micko mixes. Anyway, we drewed our cards and I got four queens. I got beat and I aint mentioning no names, but if Cue-Ball Porter wants to ever get into the navy he had better not dra wno more four kings whut I throw away.

Doring the last week which was quite eventful many people went to a lot of places and did a lot of things but as nobody cares about most of these people anyway ther aint no use in telling about the. Lots of people didn't go no place and didnt do nothing but nobody cares about these people anyway. In fact nobody gives a d--- about nobody.

Sumpins Got to be Done 'Bout Lambpost Hangin'

Consern it, sumpin hez got to be done. Last week wneh us citizins come down State Street erly in the morning ther wuz five corps ahangin from the lambposts. Yes sir, stiffen boards they wuz, too. Now this has got to stop. We can't a-go around ahangin our citizens from the lambposts on account of its a tough job to cut them down.

So we are aperтин a Vigelonce comitee to see that this is stoppid. We has got on this commitee nothing but nondrinkin men and men what wont stand fur no noncents. Heading the comitee is non othir than that stirling character Honist John Ikles. Ikles is one far and wide f or his honestie and we no that he wont take no bribes without he dividis them up with the rest of the comitee. Yes sir, three cheers for Honest John Ikles.

Also on the comitee is Hansum Howie Klupp who is not to honist but we dont have to worie about him becuz there are plenty of other gys on the comitee who will see to it that he dont get more than his share of the grift. In additionn to these peapul is that great exponent of prohibition, that advokate of the W. C. T. U., that non-drinkin, non-woning-non-womin man, Honest-as-the-day-is-long-without-war-time-on-Decembur-21-George Blumenson.

As sune as we can git this comitee sobired up and out of jale we will hev our furst meetin.

AMS finally comes thru

Members of the state college women' sdefense battalion were taken to the St. Francis hospital an M arch 25 ,for treatment for over-exertion, it was announced by Dr. Edward J. Lamb, unfortunate physician who was assigned to care for the group.

Treatment for broken ribs was administered to seven members or the battalion. These injuries ocured during the first aid class when they were practicing artificial respiration. Another member suffered a dislocated knee when two enterprising operators were demonstrating the application of a traction splint to her leg. Too much leg pulling was administered.

All members were treated for severe shock which is s aid to have resulted from a joke told to company captains by Major C. D. Woodhouse. "It must have been overheard."

Patients are all recovering well after receiving a good shot of bourbon it was announced yesterday by hospital authorities.

Bonnets 'n' Bustles

Due to the terble sityashun the world is in with the Japs and Hitler and all we gals hev got to conserve on materials, and still be sweet and womanly to help divert the mens minds from the horrors of war. To help conserve material skirts are getting shorter all the time, in fact some gels are wearin' tem so indecently brief thet an unrespectable amount of limbs show. I ain't menshunin' no names, but some women on this honorable camous should be told that even patriotism can be carried too far. Bustles are gong definitely ze BAC Kthis year, in spite of rumors to any other effect. Blouses are frillier and rufflier than ever, with high lacy collars and baby blue ribbons. This type of dress is especially suited to women majorin' in gymnastics, when worn with a peg top skirt, and yaller high buttom shoes with tassels.

Seen in public lately lookin' uncommon elegant were—Frances "I got all A's" Bedford in a red satin dress with lace ruffles around the knees—Frances "Musxle Bound" Boynton in a white dotted swiss gown with rosebuds scattered hither and youn—Nancy "Fat Girl" Darrow wearing a tailored suit of black and white vertical striped burlap—Muriel "Light on the Toes" Woolfe in a wine colored morey taffety suit with legamutin sleeves and a hobble skirt—Rosalie Unger, one of our more patriotic members (see above), in an ankle length alpaca dress of oxford gray (you should live so long)—one of the Strieby twins in a pale blue lawn dress—t'other in a red plaid wool—Barbara "Sourpuss" Simpson sporting an effective choker necklace of black velvet with a cameo locket.

POST Mortem

Dear Miss Whetmore,
My dear, dear child, I was terribly shocked to think that you were common enough to let a young man sit in your front parlor until eight o'clock at night If you take my advice, you will not encourage such actions in the future, and sever all connections with aforementioned gentlemen(?).

Dear Mr. Darrow,
It is quite permissible to escort a lady for a drive through the park, providing that you are accompanied by a chaperone, and regarding your other question, I would suggest that if you wish to hold a young ladies hand, you should wear gloves.

Dear Mr. Osborne,
It was quite proper for Miss Larsen to slap your face publicly I am heartily ashamed of you for suggesting such a thing in the first place.

Dear Miss Bandy,
Despite your pride in your limbs, I do not consider it proper to wear your dresses above your ankle. I am sure the good ladies of the community will back me in my decision.

Dear Beta Sigma Chi's,
If you dooed it, you get a whoopin! ! !

Dear Mr. Hile,
I absolutly would not advise resorting to violence to obtain audiences for your programs. We have law and order in our community, and we must maintain it.

Nuist Dope On Burlesque Show

Becuz on account of Hank Garcia got himself in the sailors corpse, the rehearsals fur the Rodronner Revoo hez been postponed fu rone weak, according to Temperance Gawge Blumenson. Temperance Gawge is now ritin the show all by his lonesum, and he says if the censors leaf him alone the show will be prutty good.

Twinkle Toes Cockins is a-doin the dancez, while Gloomy Bobby Clark is the teknikle direktor. Wild Bill Faulkner is the adviser. Muggsie Mitchell is the dramatic adviser and Oily Cheever is the set adviser.

Temperance Gawge wants that all the people who sined up to be in the show should show up in the auditorium on Monday afternun when the cast will be announced and the furst rehearsal will be held. Also enny body whut hez sum songs should also show up with ther songs.



Frum Our Reader

Being of unsound mind, failing in studies, and without a penny to my noble name, or any love to keep me warm, I hereby commit on common copy paper my intentions, last wishes, and memories before I cast my lot with the gods by taking the gas pipe (cheaper).

But before I strike the match I would like to record for posterity my opinions of the people I have been thrown together with during the agonizing months since I fell in to the clutches of the lurid city of Santa Barbary.

The first association that comes to my mind is the one with a woman I wish I had never met. I cringe when I am forced to expose myself and admit that I once new her or even talked to her. That soulless she-devil is a sot named Helen "Set me up"

Morrison, of the Montecito Morrisons. Gad what a woman! Prayer did no good here. Many times did I get down on one knee and have a moments meditation for her soul when I saw her drinking from the bottle or slumped over the brass rail of Maine Miller's bar. But prayer was of no avail. She still drinks like a fish. If you could but see the insider stomach (heaven forbid) you could see the evil scars of drink and hash brown potatoes.

A choking lump comes to my throat every time I think of this woman and the evil that surrounds her.

I can't go on, I can't!

Modal Krebs?



Barbary Blurb (EL GAUCHO)

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Feature Editor.....Scarlett Stewart
Journalism Adviser.....Dorothy Thompson Bennett
Typography Adviser.....Cue Ball Porter
Business Manager.....Shyster Martin
Sports.....Rin Tin Tin Thompson
News.....Tubby Mann, Carrot Marquart,
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Track Meet Soon Says Coach, But We Did Eet Before And We Will Do Eet Again I Hope

Horse collared to the rear of the northbound stage coach, a dozen spikesters (so called locally because they sharpened the nails on their shoes to facilitate picking up waste paper) (school budget says no janitors, no sports, no nothing) started north Tuesday morning, bound for the notorious crossroads of San Jose where they meet the drooling Spartans of that city tomorrow afternoon.

"The idea of the trek by foot" Overseer Nicholas "Can I Tell You About Peru" Carter said, perched comfortably on top of the vehicle just before the trip, "is that we are prepared to give our fores every possible advantage by being completely fagged by meet time."

Captain Bess, Arturo Carter and Owen Van Buskirk are entered in the sprint events, i. e., running fast as the devil. Bess, ran pretty good against Stephens college a few days ago or maybe it was a week, but all in all he's not so terribly good. He did manage to run the 100 in 5 minutes and 3 seconds though.

Dick Snead, "Just Call Me Sneady" is expected to give evidence of his stirring ability if he can remove the ball and chain he inherited last week when he was found searching for Wilkie buttons in President Phelps' private powder room, located in the rear of Janie Abraham's office. Rumor has it he broke up a pretty good crap game.

Freshman (first year college student) Skeeter Malcolm will hop over the hurdles along with Bess, who will also hop. Uncon-

firmed reports say that the two were so disgusted when they were impolitely left far behind in their last race at Long Beach that they sat down on the ground and produced a pack of cards with which they whipped thru a fast game of the new rage "Old Maid."

George Soule, who usually runs the mile, will probably do so again, but the last time Carter saw him he was miles u pin the air. It seems that someone had swiped Soule's trunks, and donning the only pair in the locker room, which belonged to Man Mountain Dean, Soule went out to run. The wind picked him up, and just like a kite, Soule went up high. Of course, one couldn't truthfully say that Soule was higher than a kite, but that is exactly what he was.

The squad has adopted the new theme song "We Dia It Before (1876) And We Can Do It Again" but as far as what they did, no one seems to know. No?

Bob "Golden Larynx" Sherman hopes to shine in the high jump, and stakes all his hopes on the '49er bar in San Jose. "Nothing like a go od stiff shot of the old rot gut to put me in shape" says Sherman.

The pole vault competition will be represented by Hartford Archibald, while Sherman, Vinve Jacobsmeyer and Cliff Wrightson will round out the track team.

PATRONIZE
EL GAUCHO ADVERTISERS

Sports, Sports by Short Snorts

Some of the boys are trying to drum up a little match of athletic ability between the members of the faculty (teachers) and the few male students left on the campus. Just what form this contest will take, no one nose, but pogo stick racing seems the best bet. Faculty and students will both ride the same type of pogo stick, but the faculty's will be painted a touching robin's egg blue, while those of the athletes will just be painted.

Quite adept at the hickoory hopping is one professor Nettles "Just Call Me Granite Puss" who holds the world's record in the mile. He hops through the mile in the astouping time of 19 hours and 65 minutes. Nettles likes the sport quite well, but so far has been unable to find a satisfactory non-slip powder for his false teeth. "I don't mind them bouncing around, he says, but when they begin to beat a pearly tatoo on my tonsils, I get sore." End quote by Granite Puss.

The feminine contingent of the faculty will be represented by Mrs. Ruth Doolittle, (which name means exactly what it implies) who expounding her doctrine of not wasting any time, or in other words, utilizing every single moment, will undoubtedly rule the favorite. Doolittle, who tips the scales at 450, has an exceptionally strong pogo stick, but will have no trouble with her false teeth slipping . . . he hasn't got any teeth.

In the hopes that his racket will work again, Coach "Baby Face" Dearborn, accompanied by his four protege henchmen in crime which combine the local tennis squad, travel south to Redlands university Saturday a.m. to engage the southern netters tomorrow afternoon.

The quartet, composed of Ed Doty, Norton Dewhirst, Dick Cobos and Tom Hamilton, are gunning for their second collegiate killing of the season having butchered a hapless Pomona J.C. band several weeks ago.

Agitated Athletes Assemble; Heartily Hiss Hothead Harder

The athletes at State (college on the mesa and riviera) got together the other night to discuss. Reporters who sat in at the meeting are still trying to figure out what they discussed. However, as I entered the room where the meeting was held, the boys ordered another keg of brew and we got down to bizness.

"Iron man" Sherman, who they say will box John L. Sullivan as soon as J. L. gets up enough nerve, was chairman of the meeting, and started things off with a bang by a hearty "Will the meetin come to order." Whereupon the boys all ordered another keg of the malty.

Things were buzzing along in good shape by now, and most everyone believed the best policy would be to hold the rest of the meeting under the tables, just in case of air raids. AS EVERYONE was there already, this was a good idea.

Dick Rider, from Comanche country, staggered to a standing position, and thumped heartily on the table with a beer bottle (empty of course) and demanded order. Quote! Order! Order! Order another keg!"

About this time Ace Acevedo, punchin cows at Joe Nunez Bar-Bar-Who's got the Bar" ranch, said in no uncertain terms: "Shay, fellowsh, I don't like thish guy Harder." So unanimously was this statement received, that one and all the sterling members of the State athletic council gave three drunken cheers that went something like this: "Ta H wish Harder, who ish a nashty old man!"

This approval started things off again, so reeling to his knees, Wild Bill Russell slobbered: "Fellowsh; what ish so un-useful ash an athletic director, eh?" Several answers came back at him viz, empty beer cans, burned out matches, etc., but none so useless as the athletic director's job.

"And furthermore," stated Russell (weaving slightly by this time due to the tremendous exertion) "Harder hashn't done a

thing all year. Not one little, eensy, teensy, little thing."

"Lesh tar and feather the ---- (censored)" said everyone in perfect enbriated unison. Russell had collapsed by this time, but a leetle feller who goes by the moniker of Stewed Steward was making motions on the floor. In fact he made so many motions, he finally managed to roll over. The glean in his eye was not to be mistaken, but I'm not sure if he had eyes by that time.

"I shay, fellersh," Stew stewed, "Lesh not do anything rash. Lesh jus let the ole walrus sit in his chair, on his d--- (censored again) and lesh let him think he'sh really a so-called dictator of sportsh. Eh?"

This idea was approved burp, excuse me, because everyone wash sho bloated that no one could shpeak, eggshept me.

The shek-retary of the meeting had prepared a list of questions which the athletes answered and sho here ish the resultsh:

1. Who the ---- does Harder think he ish? Ans. He thinks he ish Napoleon on Mondays, Ceaser on Tooshdays, Hicroheetoe on Wednesdays, Wendell Wilkee on Thursdays, and on Fridaysh he doesn't think he ish anybody, jush good ole, palsy, walsy, coachy, woachy. (ed. note: Harder doesn't know that there are 7 days in the week)

2. Question: Who, actually, ish Harder? Answer: (censored, censored, censored, censored).

Pershonally, I don't shее anything wrong wish Harder. He seemsh to be an average bum to me. Of coursh, maybe he ish suffering from inhibis, inhibish, inhibishuns, or shomthing else wrong in his head. Far be it from me to condemn people, and I always go by the motto, Itsh an ill wind that blowsh. No? Good!

The meeting wash over, sho all the boys got their respective pink elephants and shtole off into the night, drunkerem skonks.

Inshidentally, all thish drinkin broke the athletic budget, but the boysh have lots and lots of shiny Wilkie buttonsh.

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One of the lurdiest, rottenest, stinkingest, occurrences on the whole rough and rowdy Barbary Coast happened yesterday in Pancho Aggeler's cuarto sala. We think there are lots of dirty dogs but for pure downright lice we'd like to nominate the front row quintet: Baby bob Templeton, 21 skidoo Stevens, Wah hoo McDougall, Lula Belle South, and that little paragon of virtue, O. O. (for further reference consult masthead.)

Pancho Aggeler is maybe, as it has been noised about, a very illiterate character. Granted he may not speak a word of English and his garbled Spanish may be well nigh unintelligible to the intelligentsia of the assemblage but that still doesn't give these dirty rats the rite to take thinks into their own hands.

What started all the rowdyism was the P. of V's plainyive pleas of "let's have a party teacher. We want a party with ice cream, and pie and coffee." Pancho being a pretty good Joe, thought well of the idea and agreed to let the little ophanage brats throw their party and told the housemother that yes indeed, he would certainly chaperone them.

The day for the party arrived and what do you stink jappened. Templeton came in with a reel that would put a sailor's hornpipe to shame, Stevens brought some of the good old corn his pappy distilled in 1840, McDougall brought the Scotch and O.O. just brought O.O., in a very unstable condition.

The juice of the grape flowed like the proverbial agua and soon all the little kiddies, entrusted to the tender administration of Pancho, were looped, or in 1855 parlance, shall we say stinko.

Sosietea!
Frats Are
Disgraced

Pledges ran rampart over actives in all socil greke groups this week, as the new boys of these very active orders put their feet down on members practicing their form of humor on poor innocent boys who have been lead astray. Other business of the week included continued ideas, plans for various socill activities that, as usuall, will hilite the spring socill calender, Accordion to ech fraternitie's very active publicity man, much seems to be happening at their weakly meetings, but as customerly, these ordours are shy of having to sea their names in print.

Beta Sigma Ki, actives, had one of their bad days. They couldn't find ther pleges so had to invite the Dizzy Dees over for a brawl. When asked what else of interest had happened active Alex Mac Gillivray sed "I don't remember."

Sligma Alfa Cupie pleges gave plege capitan Robert Shelley a treat to a new haircut and clothes moneday evening as business for the weak was put aside for a few moments. After all members had been rounded up a lively discussun of the teen and fassion show and of barbary coast and of a dance was held till the wee hours of 9 pm.

The Tau Omega glamour kiddys discussed again the barbary coast, their formal, and the weather Monday nit or evening.

Gamma Sig Pie did some thing unusual; they discussed the barbary coast and their formal. Declared Howard Eckles when confronted on what had been happening at his greek meetings of late he said, and I quote "Not much, but Don't say anything as it is not ready for publication."

BALD TRIO FORMS
COIFFURE CONFEDERCY

Wild Bill Reads of Parisian Hair Styles

McGuffey's Reader was finished this week by Wild Bill Ellison and he feels able to go into fancier littature. Said Wild Bill, "I'm fer a-gettin one a them travelin books."

Responding to the call, Cue Ball Porter printed up some matter that he copied from a Parisian manual brung from Stanford's kin and the urging of E., P. and B. They include "Wisyy" Weins,



Responding to the call, Cue Ball Porter printed up some matter that he copied from Stanford's k indergarten by Kinky Buchanan. This here book, "C h e v a u x, How to Do It," (that there word is French for hair!) inspir-

SAK's Show
Spring Styles

Out at Samarkand those fraternity henchmen, in more sedate circles entitled the Sig Alphas, will stage a fashion show nex Sunday from 2 to 5 in the afternoon or thereabouts.

ed all three boys As a result, Ellison, Porter and Buchanan have formed the Coiffure Confederacy of Santa Barbara Gulch. Strengent requirements must be met for entrance, and it looks like that those charter members will have to hold down the fort for awhile. The Confederacy has as its motto: "A Clean Top, You've Got to Got". Six of the most eligible men are

Dizzy Dees
Have Purty
Good Brawl

There was a big brawl down to the El Passo the other nite when them Delta Zeta Deltas got there pledges all dressed up with noo clothes and showed em to evrybuddy what snowed up. Most everybuddy what I talked to had a purty good time, -except the gals what was in line being showed off, and they all hed a bad case of sor feet, becuse they was wearin shoos. In there dainty little hands they was graspin a bunch of prarie flowers, and they was all in white also.

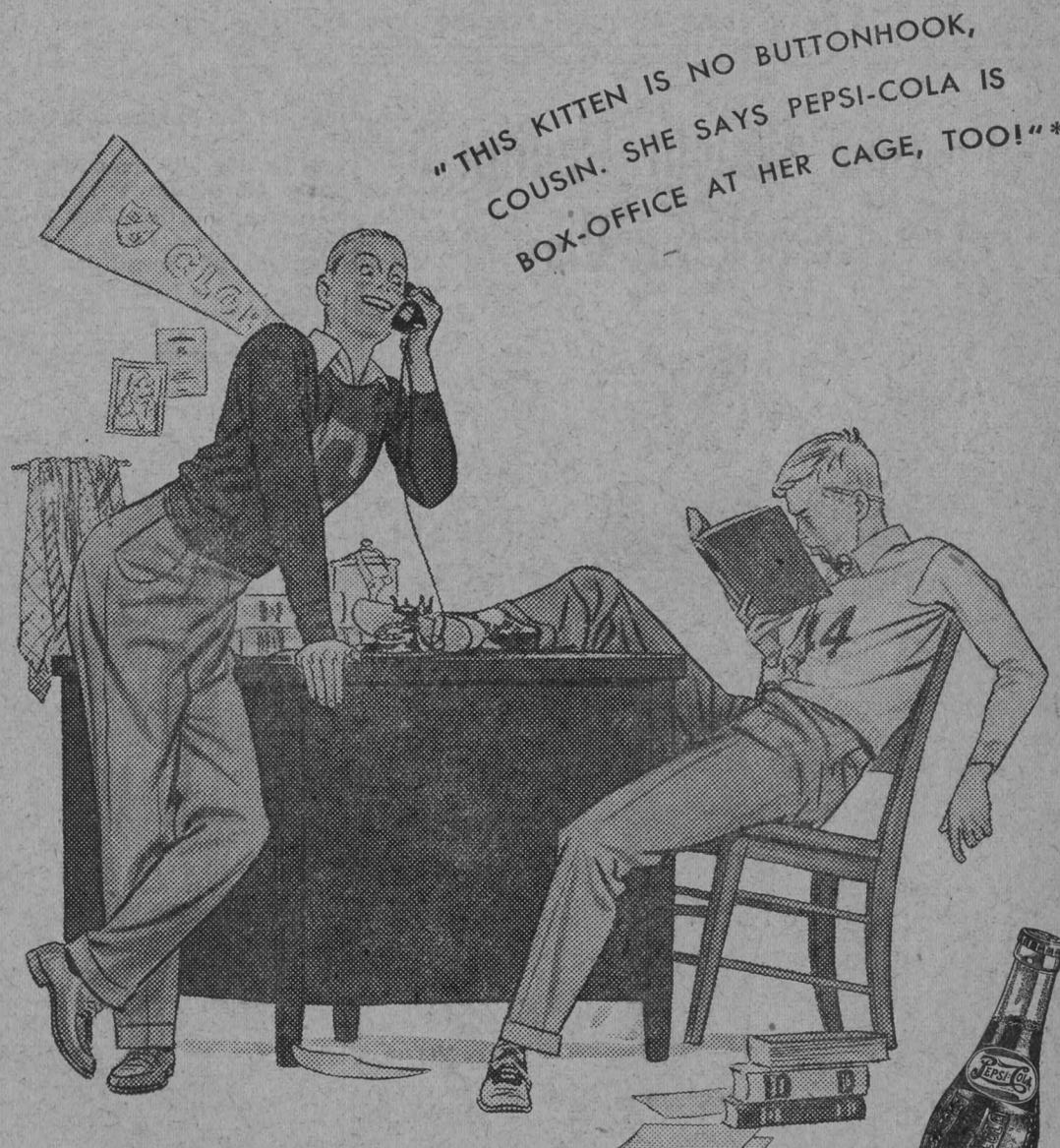
There was square dancin in the parlor, and a punch bool near by, which made all the guys what got sweated up from dancin purty happy, cause youre bound to get pruty hot and tired when ya drag a gal all over the floor.

Lots a men (?) showed up ta see all the good lokin womin, and they wazznt disapinted, too, cause there was sure a lot of them there. And lots a womin showed up to awe the men and cat about

soon to come into the Confederacy, with the help of their wives and the urging of E., P. and B. They include "Wispy" Weins' "Ousty" Outland, "Ankles" Ashworth, "Bashful" Barnes, "Naughty" Nettles and "Willing" Woodhouse.

PATRONIZE
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DO YOU DIG IT?



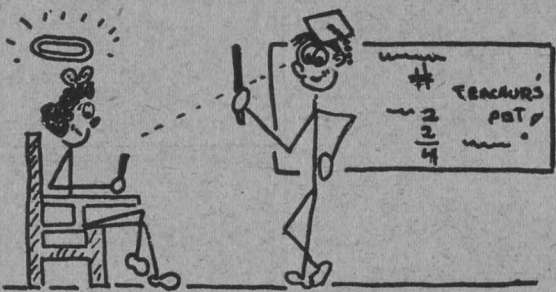
*ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This hammerhead is arranging a blind date and he's merely telling another meatball that his "date" won't be any problem because she says Pepsi-Cola is the rage at her school, too. Just as it is at most schools all over the country.

WHAT DO YOU SAY? Send us some of your hot slang. If we use it you'll be ten bucks richer. If we don't, we'll shoot you a rejection slip to add to your collection. Mail your slang to College Dept., Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y.



Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers.



How to Win Friends
and Influence Profs

Is as easy as falling off a log when you dress in one of the trimmest pinafores to hit the fashion world. Distinguished by a hob-nailed belt this particular pinafore is climaxed with a matching striped blouse that has been dyed in the same vat.

It's a knockout if there ever was one—for it's easy to wear and it's easy on the purse. (Blouse \$2.95—Pinafore \$5.95)

If I miss you on campus today, be sure to drop in Saturday at Campus Corner and let me show you what I'm really raving about.

JACK ROSE
1117 State



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