









# EDITORIAL - COMMENT



## SANTA BARBARA State College Roadrunner

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Official publication of the Associated Students, Santa Barbara State college, Santa Barbara, California. Edited and published weekly on the State college campus. Entered as second-class mail matter, Sept. 17, 1926, at the Postoffice, Santa Barbara, California, under act of March 3, 1897. Subscription price, one dollar per year, 50 cents a semester, mailed.

### Campaign for Beauty

Highly commendable is President Phelps' action in starting a movement to beautify the college campus.

With four attractive buildings now in use and two more planned for erection in the near future, it is high time that the grounds be brought up to their best appearance. The leveling off of bare spots and planting them with grass, shrubbery and vines, and the enhancement of the now barren walls of the Administration building and Ebbetts hall should serve to make this one of the most beautiful of the college campi of the country.

### A Word About Parents

Following is a paragraph from a letter written by a senior at the University of California to his parents:

"... and in applied psychology I'm really learning something about human nature and myself. Believe me, it has opened my eyes to the fact of my offenses against you—my parents. If at times I seem unappreciative of all you have done for me—if I cause you worry and trouble, as I know I do—if I fail to come to you for the advice you always so lovingly give when I so rarely seek it—please know through it all that I do love you, I do appreciate all you have done. My greatest wish is to be able to do something so worth-while that you can feel justly proud of your son, repaid for your effort in his behalf, recompensed for those times when you could not be proud of him. This thought is with me always: I must succeed, not merely for my own sake, but for yours—my mother and father."

This letter was brought to the attention of the writer by a sister of the young man, whose parents, thrilled and happy over the message contained had forwarded it to her.

There were other paragraphs like this, all illustrative of the realization which comes to us, sometimes gradually, sometimes suddenly, of the debt we owe our parents.

To us these words are an embodiment of the ideal attitude of the college student toward his or her parents. They are what we should like to have written to our parents long ago. They have brought a resolve to try to express, by more frequent and more thoughtful letters to "home," the feelings toward mother and father that too long have lain buried and neglected, smothered by the old chant, "too busy! too busy!"

How about YOU? —P.H.

### Grades—or No Grades?

More than a little attention seems to be centering on the question of whether a "Passing—Failing" system of grading is of more value than the present graduated system of grading. Dr. James F. Rogers, of the federal office of education, has endorsed the idea of stating only that a student is passing or failing in a subject at the end of the semester.

The idea has been set forth on State's campus by students at various times, and some of the instructors do not seem to look with disfavor upon the plan.

This system would seem ideal for the person who wants only to "get by" in his subjects, as it places his grades on a par with those of the best students in the college. And while "working for a good grade" is not a good policy, yet many students who profit by doing that very thing would have no objective for their work under the new system. The element of competition would be almost entirely removed except for the most conscientious of students, who would try to do good work under any grading system.

While subject to human weaknesses, and probably not the best plan that can be devised, the present grading system would seem superior to the proposed plan.

### Prosperity Plan



### Ye Kampus Commente

By CASEY BEE

THE OTHER day.  
 I GOT a note.  
 IN MY box.  
 THAT SAID.  
 I MUST report.  
 TO THE health office.  
 AT A certain time.  
 AND SO I went.  
 AND THEY gave me.  
 A LIST of things.  
 THAT I must do.  
 SO THAT I will.  
 BECOME VERY well.  
 AND I must take.  
 MY TEMPERATURE.  
 EVERY HALF day.  
 AND I must take.  
 COD LIVER oil.  
 AND I must take.  
 MORE REST at noon.  
 AND I must report.  
 TO MY family doc.  
 AND I must take.  
 A QUART of milk.  
 EACH DAY.  
 AND SO I said.  
 I'D DO it all.  
 AND THE next day.  
 I WENT to take.

MY TEMPERATURE.  
 AND THE figures.  
 ON THE thermometer.  
 WERE ALL rubbed off.  
 AND SO I couldn't take.  
 MY TEMPERATURE.  
 AND NO one can make me.  
 TAKE COD liver oil.  
 AND I haven't time.  
 TO REST at noon.  
 BECAUSE AT college.  
 THEY WANT too much.  
 WORK FROM you.  
 AND I can't report.  
 TO THE family doc.  
 BECAUSE OUR family.  
 DOESN'T HAVE a doc.  
 BUT I thought.  
 THERE WAS one thing.  
 THAT I could do.  
 AND THAT was.  
 TO DRINK the milk.  
 AND SO I went.  
 TO EAT at the cafe.  
 HERE ON the campus.  
 AND I'll be  
 IF THEY hadn't.  
 RUN OUT of milk.  
 I THANK YOU!

### EXCHANGES

At the university of Washington it was decided that there wouldn't be any orchids at the Varsity Ball this year.

In fact, there won't be any corsages, Bud Cohn, sub-chairman of the Varsity Ball committee, said Tuesday. Fraternity men agreed Monday night that co-eds will be corsageless for the first time in University history for the annual winter formal on December 4 at the Civic auditorium.

Co-eds who appear at the ball with flowers on their shoulders will have them removed at the door by representatives of the Orthopedic hospital of Seattle. No woman will be allowed on the dance floor with a corsage, Cohn said. The confiscated flowers will be turned over to the hospital.

Men of the University decided Monday to veto corsages for their dates by a close vote, Cohn said. Of the 40 houses interviewed by Cohn, 22 voted against corsages.

Two propositions were put before the men's houses, Cohn said. They were allowed to choose between not giving any corsages at all or spending a set price for the corsages.

Not much has been heard of the "Independents," "Barbs," or what

have you at the University of Illinois since Ted Wang graduated. He was a non-fraternity man who was a credit to non-fraternity men. It was he who discovered that the Greeks gained strength through advertising. He found that a good "sweetheart" song and a couple of strong grid names would help any club gather in the freshmen. So he applied reverse English. The best stunt in his career was throwing a dance at Chicago's Dill Pickle club. It clicked.

Walter Howle, Longhorn center, University of Texas, bought a thirteen dollar Ford last summer, toured three thousand miles without leaving the state, still has the car and fifty cents more than he started out with. (The correspondent neglected to mention whether he started the trip on Friday the thirteenth.)

The world champion bull thrower has been discovered at last! Dallas Longe, 213 pound fullback at Centre college, Kentucky, is nominated for the honor. Longe caught a bull which had escaped from a local stock yards, threw the animal and held it until onlookers procured a rope.

### From the Old Bird's Nest

By FRESH EGG

"Eggsactly, omelet you," chirped the Freshette Eggrette demurely, "if you aren't too aggressive or hardboiled."

"Now that I have y-oke, I shall not white longer," crowed the Fresh Egg.

Because of the present national inferiority complex, commonly known as the Depression, the Editor is considering auctioning off dates with the staff members, only bidders of unquestionably unswerving moral character allowed, to bolster "Roadrunner" finances.

While objecting to the restriction as to bidders, for the benefit of State men, the Fresh Egg agrees with the spirit of the innovation. He is working on a schedule of publicity rates for this column, that will run somewhat as follows:

Name mentioned ..... 20c  
 Name, bold-face ..... 30c  
 Mention as author of wisecrack, 30c  
 Mention as author of risque joke ..... 60c  
 And other rates on a like basis.

Instead of merely omitting the names of those delinquent in payments, the F.E. has a much worse punishment in store for them: he will print their names, in capitals—misspelled.

Weekly quotations:

"If you wish to be an artist, put away all grief and care from your mind, save that for art itself. Let your soul be a mirror reflecting all objects, all colours, all movements, but itself remaining ever clear and unmoved."

"Beauty without love is like matins without a paternoster."—Merejkowski's "Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci."

Hearing stories of beautiful women, very sinful, F.E. has often wondered to himself whether even the worst of these women were without virtue. He can't help but look at beauty itself as a virtue.

Of course, strikingly beautiful people are born with their looks—these denote no special strength of character. However, a person has just as little control over other phases of his moral or spiritual makeup; every human being is what he is entirely because "the Lord made me that way."

The Fresh Egg looks on beauty as, of itself, a great virtue. However, he is male and young, so

that the reasons for this attitude, especially as respects women, will probably be dismissed as entirely Freudian.

Dick Waterman has let out the secret of the significance of the date "1721" on Chappy Harrison's sweatshirt. He says that it is the year Chappy last shaved.

F.E. is working on an invention that will make him famous, and that he hopes to sell to the Gargleine people for a fabulous sum. It will be indispensable in preparations for dates or other social engagements. It will be an odorograph or breath gauge, into which the user breathes, the sweetness or halitosis content of his breath being recorded by a barometer attachment at the side of the instrument. If he finds that he is one of the unfortunate four out of five (or is it seven out of ten?), a quick gargle will remedy the situation.

The name of this important new product will be the "Child Breath Gauge," for, whereas "your best friend won't tell you," a "Child" will. It will be out by Christmas, so men, get one to send as a present to that garlic grower's daughter from Poduk that you took out once.

Thoughts while loafing:  
 (Omitted out of courtesy to the "Around the Campus" and "I Observed" departments). (Shouts: "And to the rest of the college.")

This column is launching another campaign. It is to have the pretzel adopted as the international symbol of friendship.

Are not the strands of a pretzel wound beautifully together, like the hearts of true friends? Is not the pretzel sprinkled with salt, the symbol of purity? And is not a great, unselfish, friendship one of the most noble and pure things in the world? The pretzel is humble, and so are true loyalties.

How many firm comradeships have been cemented in shaded beer gardens, over pretzels and beer! Also, consider the wonderful harmony that has existed so long between the two ancient friends, pretzels and beer!

We want the pretzel as the inspiring, international, symbol of brotherhood and friendship!

"Listen, officer, I didn't mean no harm."

### Book Reviews

By JEAN DUNCAN

"Mourning Becomes Electra

Eugene O'Neill has once more justified his name as the greatest living dramatist. "Mourning Becomes Electra" is a trilogy of plays dealing with the relationships of a family in the time shortly after the Civil war. It is written in O'Neill's inimitable style which defies all criticism. Suffice it to say that this play is considered by many to be O'Neill's masterpiece, which, in itself, is saying a good deal. The play is truly great. It deals with life on a broad scale. There is nothing trivial or petty about a single line, which is so often the case with our modern drama. Compatible with its name and theme, it has the sweep of the finer of Greek tragedies. It is a book that you will want to read and own—something you will want to put on your bookshelf alongside of Shakespeare and Euripides.

"Westward Passage"

Margaret Ayer Barnes, who won the Pulitzer Prize with her novel "Years of Grace," has written a shorter novel based on an experience which could only happen in these times of divorce. Olivia, who had divorced Nick to marry Harry ten years previous to the time of this story, meets Nick whom she has not seen during the intervening years. Her husband is not with her, but little Olivia, her daughter by Nick is there. The story deals with Olivia's wavering between Harry and Nick with whom she has fallen in love. This novel is well written but for the rather annoying habits. One is a constant repetition of phrases. "Little Olivia's ice-green gaze" is mentioned as many as three times in a page, and the reviewer would not venture to count the number of times in a chapter. Another thing which is disturbing is her custom of writing so much of the past. After getting the action going smoothly along, Miss Barnes retreats to former events for many pages. But it cannot be denied that this is a good book and one that is destined to be popular with practically every type of reader.

"Diary of a Provincial Lady"

E. M. Delafield has written a truly delicious book. It is the diary of an English country woman, written in a completely engaging style. It is, to a great extent, subjective, the writer analyzing more or less psychologically her own reactions to the little happenings of her daily life. There is no great problem, no dramatic scene, and no particular strife dealt with in the course of the book. But one is conscious all through of a discontent, a dissatisfaction. But this is so subtly dealt with that it is not in any sense of the word what one remembers about this book. The thing that you want to tell your friends is that here is the most refreshing and delightful story you have read in years, and that they simply can't afford to miss it.

### Failure of Stabilization

Chairman James Clifton Stone, of the Federal Farm Board, revealed the transactions of this organization to the Senate committee on agriculture last week. In 1929, at the formation of the Farm Board a revolving fund of \$500,000,000 was put at its disposal by the government. The purpose of this huge capital allowance was to enable the board to stabilize the price of grain, livestock, cotton and other commodities. It was believed that with government aid the farmer could get a better price for his wheat in the early fall, when wheat is most abundant and thus save him the expense of holding his grain until the price rises.

At the meeting of the Senate committee, Chairman Stone stated that the board has purchased 329,642,052 bushels of wheat at 81.9 cents per bushel, and of this purchase it still holds 186,656,187 bushels which are worth but 56 cents per bushel. It has also bought over one million bales of cotton at a price more than double the market price today. The total loss, plus exorbitant carrying charges, amounts to over \$177,000,000 of the United States government's money; the money collected from you and I in the form of taxes. Yet in spite of this effort toward stabilization, the world price of wheat and cotton still obeys the laws of supply and demand. World grain traders obstinately refuse to play blind man's bluff with the Farm Board but continue to base the price of wheat on the amount in existence.

In addition to the losses suffered by the government through the purchases of this organization it has recently been stated that the board members have disregarded the original instructions provided for their use by congressional act and have engaged in promoting cooperative marketing associations which are alleged to be profit organizations that in no way help the individual farmer. In 1929 the farmers swapped votes with the promoters of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff on the promise of government aid. The American farmer has somehow been led to believe that a high tariff is beneficial to his economic life. You can rest assured that the manufacturing interests will not disillusion him. The wheat crop of America is but a small part of the world's total output and for this reason the only way to stabilize the price of American wheat is to stabilize the price of world-wheat, which is impossible under present conditions. The American farmer will find it more beneficial to him if he demands legislation which will put him in the world market both as a buyer and a seller of world goods. As long as he is dictated to by American industry, as he has been in the past, little hope is held for the recovery of American agriculture. H.W.

### POET'S CORNER

Spring Fever

Give me a hill on which to roam,  
 And a perfect day in spring;  
 There I shall find my Sylvan home,  
 When the birds forever sing.

Give me a day that I may dream—  
 Yes, a day that never dies;  
 There I shall trace some vagrant stream  
 To the pool where Naiad lies.

Give me a trail on which to chase  
 Fleeting shadows o'er the brim;  
 Daisies and ferns here interlace  
 And the pines moan God their hymn.

Harold U. Buntain