EL TORO

MERRY XMAS

10¢

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Michaelangelo
Tie him in an Arrow knot!

No need to worry about that Beau Brummel on your Holiday list. Give him an Arrow tie—and watch his eyes sparkle!

Arrow ties are right—styled with the infallible Arrow touch.

And—their construction is resilient and durable.

$1 and $1.50

SPRINGS
70 YEARS IN THE HEART OF SAN JOSE
SANTA CLARA AT MARKET
What's Worse than a Problem in Math?

The CHRISTMAS GIFT PROBLEM

For the Women
- Give a Yardley Gift Set 2.50
- Metal Jewelry 1.99
- New Flannel Gloves Buckle Trim 3.95
- Silk Umbrellas 2.95
- Genuine Leather Bags 2.99
- Waffle Knit Sweater 1.95

For the Men
- Arrow Shirts 1.00
- Non-Wool Collars
- McCarrach Ties Hand-Turned 1.50
- Hickock Belt Set Santa Fe Ash Tray 2.95
- New BVD Pajamas 1.95
- Arrow Hakis 35¢ 3 for 1.00
- Holeproof Socks in Men's Patterns 50¢
- Catalina Knit Sweater 50¢
'Twas the nite before the morning after!

Dear Santa,—
I have a very, very singular request to make of you. Please replace the eleven guys who graduate with eleven who can block and tackle.

—Lind B.

Walking down Wall Street early one morning, a cold shower enthusiast came upon a man lying in the street, sleeping.

"Get up, my good man. You'll catch cold here," he said.

The prone one turned over, looked up.

"What time is it?"

"It's eight o'clock."

"Well, beat it. The Exchange doesn't open until ten." —Proth.

M. BLUM & CO.

QUALITY GIFT STORE!

Intimate Gifts Win Warm Thanks

NIGHT GOWNS SATIN & CREPE $1.95 TO $7.95
DANCE SETS SATIN & CREPE $1.00 TO $2.95
COSTUME SLIPS SATIN & COTTON $1.00 TO $3.95

Collegienne Pajamas

Newest Fashions

DIRECT FROM NEW YORK IN SILK, CREPE, SATIN, ACETATE AND CORDUROY...

$2.95 to $15

PHOENIX
SAN TOY
BELLE-SHARMEER
GIFT HOSIERY

Tickets given
ON
ST. LEO'S $5000 HOUSE AND $1000 CASH PRIZE...
CHRISTMAS CAROL
(To be sung to the tune of “Jingle Bells,” leaving out the chorus, which won’t fit.)

It's been a long and weary month
Since first we came in view
We worked and worked—oh, very hard
To send "The Bull" to you

"El Toro" came into the world
The sun did shine that day
November's chill had yet to come
But clouds were on their way.

And so again we make our stand
Of humor—old and new
It's now December, winter's come
The skies are not so blue.

But still we spread our bits of joy
And hope they're not too trite
And that the bearded gentlemen
Will call on Christmas night.

—G. B.
TORO asks, "Do you believe in Santa Claus?" He thinks his cartoonists do. Everything they laid their hands on in this issue somehow turned into a picture of the old gentleman. Not even the Bull was spared. Witness him cheerfully supplanting the reindeer (or the airplane) and hauling Santa and a carload of greetings. They nearly got him on the fly leaf all dressed up in Santa's costume, but he refused to pose. So a couple of students were planted on Fourth street and they pinch hit for Toro in singing your Christmas carols.

His faith even extends to the government's presenting us with a gift all prettily wrapped up in red tape.

TORO inaugurates a new department this issue. He's got one of his little Bull reporters snooping around the campus. The little Bull, with not too much bull will give the low down on campus spots. (They were so nice to him in the Health Cottage that he may be rather biased — after this reporter came out of that recuperating place three other members of Toro's staff followed him in rapid succession.)

TORO is magnificently proud of his gift page. He profusely thanks his advertisers for their assistance in making the layout and hopes the boy friends and the gal friends get some hot tips from it. A Christmas toast to you the fans the advertisers.

TORO nearly forgot to wish everyone a Happy New Year. etc. Santa, he explains, is such an important old thing that he really can't be slighted. He didn't bring Toro the long pants he asked for so very politely, but he did bring him four extra pages for the December issue, which gives him a cheery send off for the New Year. But Toro hopes the little greeting the Registrar's office is sending between Christmas and New Year (to make double "Best Wishes") will bring you joy for the coming year.

HUMOR • CHILD OF BEWILDERED WISDOM
I wonder what mama is sending me for Xmas.

“SAY—ARE YOU SANTA CLAUS?”

MOTHER KNOWS BEST!

—AND NO FLIRTING WITH BLONDES ON THE JOB—
LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY

Toasts: Here's to the land we love, and vice versa! — Purple Parrot

IF MRS. DIONNE HAD MARRIED A COLLEGE YELL LEADER

*The letter edged in black.*
Fancy seeing you this morning,
Greetings, Jones!
Still this mundane earth adorning?
Ah there, Jones.
Those chem notes of mine you borrowed,
Remember, Jones?
That new tie whose loss I sorrowed,
You wore it, Jones.
That gorgeous creature I don't rate with,
Your doing, Jones.
That five I let you have to date with—
Confess it, Jones.
Say Jones, one word before we're finished,
My pal, Jones.
What's that? Your cash is, too, diminished.
Curse you, Jones!
May the wolves howl o'er your bones!
Farewell, Jones.

**TORO SNOOPS THE CAMPUS**

(It was decided to begin this series of informal articles about interesting campus spots at the Edwin Markham Health Cottage, partly because the Toro's reporter is here at the moment and partly because those who aren't here after Thanksgiving turkey are pretty sure to be here the morning after that New Year's party.)

It is a pretty super place, this Health Cottage. You come in tired and aching and sink—or climb, to be more accurate—into bed. Nice room—soft pastel walls, the heavenly blue of a Maxfield Parrish print, and clean windows for the first time since you left home for a college education. Quiet... and warm... sleepy... and sleepy...

You are awakened by the brisk clatter of blue pottery dishes on your dinner tray. The starched nurse gives you a broad grin as she snaps on your lamp, and you begin to feel more optimistic—perhaps you won't die after all. Food specializes in quality (meaning less quantity, of course) but patients don't starve. As you demolish broth and custard, you are aware of radios—several radios—all on different stations. A bit of detective work locates yours—you turn it on and enter competition with the other dozen.

When she comes for your tray the nurse asks if you'd like a mag. or two. Having decided to survive, you agree on two or more. Here you are introduced to a delightful and unique Health Cottage feature—the gals who seem to spend all their time making life pleasant—bringin' mags. (The magazine supply is limitless and—don't mob the place—they actually have some Esquires! Not to mention El Toro's adv.) They also fix radios, get extra pillows and drop in for a chat when you're lonely.

About the time you are ready to sleep some more, a nurse wanders around with hot cocoa. The radios die out and peace descends.

By next morning various pals up and down the hall have discovered you are "in" and they stick their mugs in to wish you luck. (They stick their mugs in whether they know you or not—swell place to get acquainted.) When your pal in a too short bath-robe is accosted by the nurse with "what are you doing in here?" he smiles sweetly and says, "I musta' got lost." And she will grin some more and send him back to bed. None of the cold professionalism of a hospital—the charming informality of the place is one of its greatest virtues.

The "doc" drops in twice a day. His calm expression and chatter about the game are reassuring, even though he does practically gag you while looking down your throat.

Two or three peaceful days of this calm routine and then you regretfully depart to continue the struggle with assignments, three hour labs, and library lines. However, you return fortified with good food, rest, and an amazing line of gags gleaned from radio programs.

—Round About Reporter.
BATTLE OF THE SEXTURY

The tale of the dogfish begins the Saturday before the end of last winter quarter. After spending a frantic morning hacking at a very dead dogfish in the zoo lab, it became evident that it would be impossible to complete excavations and drawings by noon, when the lab was to be locked. The only out seemed to be to take the fish home and continue operations in the back yard.

We waited until most of the students had left and then, ignoring the reproachful gleam of Wistful Willy's fishy eyes, we severed head from body and hastily chucked the body into our lab smock, the only available winding sheet.

The trip to the bus station wasn't bad—thanks to no red lights and a fresh breeze—but as soon as we mounted the bus it became apparent that grief impended. No sooner were books and smock settled than a pale green sensation crept up the aisle. At the first stop, a block later, hardy males rose in their seats and began struggling with windows stuck with the Dust of Ages. The odor of formaldehyde (in which Wistful Willy had been pickled), and the odor of Wistful Willy himself (stronger in death than in life), grew and more potent despite the open windows. Battling Fishhead vs Kid Formaldehyde! For six stops they were evenly matched, but in the seventh the hot blood of the scaly champion boiled over. The Kid faded.

Suspicion for this odoriferous outrage seemed to settle on a grumpy individual who slumbered on the front seat. Shamelessly we joined the sniffrs and glared at him with the rest. Unfortunately he got off at a way station and the aroma became even more violent. Suspicion began to settle on us, and no amount of defensive sniffing on our part could hide the fact that something drastic was being planned by our fellow passengers. Finally, the driver turned around with a bitter look and an air of stern decision. We could bear no more. Hastily grabbing books and the fatal smock we made a rush for the door. As we escaped we were aware of a profound sigh from the passengers and the chirping voice of a sprightly infant—"Mamma, Mamma, who d'ya think she killed?"

—B.B. '38.

LUFF

Love is the thing (in the spring)
That spoils classes.
Love is as sweet as
New England molasses.
Oh boy.

(Ed. Note.—Love, like molasses,
Is sweet, used with care.
Or else, like molasses,
It gets in your hair.)
1. Grand Red Satin Ones with White Dots. This Super Swan from Blums.

2. Appliqued Smock of Peasant Crash with Wooden Buttons from Hammers.

3. Hale's Men's Shop suggests a new shirt—the swank handkerchief—For him.

4. Lovely Ladies adore lovely things—such as these gleaming satin unders with lace trim from Prussias.

5. Cheery Red Sweater Set with Wooden Buttons and Woven Belt Lace Scarf and Wooly Mittens from Garden City Knittery.

6. Walgreen's suggest a midret radio or desk set from their gift selection.
Eel Terror

"What's a good thing to give a girl for Christmas?" asked my roommate the other day. "I got a Jane I want to make a hit with, but I don't savvy women. You oughta know somethin' good to give her." "Why not a book?" "She can't read." "Oh, I see, the cultured type. Then give her a nice box of fine chocolates." "You don't know this fem. She likes jelly beans." "Well, give her some perfumed bath salts." "She never takes a bath..." "A little hard to buy for, isn't she? Maybe she'll go in for it if you get her some of this fancy perfumed soap. I saw some yesterday, two bars in a nice box for a dollar."

"Well, that's an idea. I'll think it over. How do you talk to a dame to make a good impression on her, anyway?" "That is a matter calling for the greatest fineness," I told him. "You must compliment her. Speak about her beautiful hair, her lovely features, her smooth skin. You might compare her figure to some famous work of art, like this. 'Darling, your figure is like the Taj Mahal, a dream of beauty, white, and graceful, perfect of its kind.' '

"What's the Taj Mahal?" "It's a tomb, you dope, but that doesn't make any difference. The point is that it is one of the finest pieces of architecture in existence."

"Well, the whole business sounds kinda silly to me," he grunted, "but I'll try it."

Christmas night he came home with a black eye and a sour look. "Fat lot you know about women," he grumbled. "See what your dumb ideas got me," pointing to his eye.

Did you do what I told you?" I asked.

"Yeh, that's just what's the trouble. She began to get mad as soon as I gave her the soap, and she kept gettin' madder all evening."

"What kind of soap did you give her?"

"Well, four bits a bar seemed kind of expensive for the soap you was talkin' about, so I got her a dozen bars of Life Buoy. It'll last longer and be more use."

"And she got sore? How odd! I suppose you complimented her, the way I told you to?"

"Yeh, and that's somethin' else. I says, 'Kid, how swell the stars shine tonight on your incomparable scalp, and she gave me a kind of funny look, so I thought maybe she was softening up a bit, and I ran my hand up and down her arm and says, 'Say, this skin of yours would make keen bookbinding.' She jerked her hand away, and I thought maybe I said the wrong thing, so I says, 'You sure have got pretty eyeballs, sort of a liver brown with zinc white around it, and a dash of blood in the corners.' I could see then she was gettin' sore, so I tried another line. I says, 'There ain't a finer schnozze on this coast than the one you got hangin' on front of your face.' '

"Don't see anything wrong so far. Did you remember to speak of her beautiful figure?" "Yeh, that's what got me this eye. I couldn't remember the name of the tomb you said, so I just leans back and looks her up and down, and I says, 'Baby, you got a build like Grant's tomb,' and then she socked me. I can't understand women." —R.W.

Eel Tortoise

Isaac Walton, "Now is the time to fish for Chavender or Chub." —(The Compleat Angler.)

There is a fine stuffed chavender
A chavender or chub
That hangs inside the Chavender
The chavender or club
Wherein I eat my gravender
My gravender or grub.
How cozy is the chavender.
How good the honest gravender
I jump into my tavernder
My tavernder or tub
And there my back I scavennder
I scabender or scrub.
How soothing is the tavernder
How good it is to scavennder
Outside there blooms a shavender
A shavender or shrub
Whose fragrance is of lavender
Of lavender or rub
Why blooms the fragrant shavender?
Why do I in the tavernder
Consume my honest gravender?
What logic for to scavennder
Within the soothing tavernder?
What rythm in the chavernder?
Am I perchase a tavernder
A tavernder or dub?
Says Hamlet, "There's the ravennder—
The ravernder or rub."

Hotel Clerk: Scrape the mud off them shoes!
Rainburg: What shoes?
CHARACTERS:
Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile.
Antony, her sugar daddy.
Violetta, the handmaiden, who began at the bottom as a chiropractor and worked up.

TIME:
The night before Xmas, 555 B.C.

ANTONY: "Hi, kid. Well, I got it. Verily, I was just in time. It was the last one in the bazaar."

VIOLETTA: "Thou hast better beat it with the suit. Sooth, I hear my fair mistress barreling down the hall."

Antony ducks through a small door a second before Cleopatra enters through another.

CLEO: "What tidings, Violetta?"
(Violetta breaks into a tap-dance, humming "Santa Claus is Comin' to Town."

CLEO: "Leave off that. You’re growing old before your time. That song won't be written for twenty-six hundred years yet.

(Antony enters in the Santa Claus suit, complete with beard.)

ANTONY: "How now, my child, hast thou been a good little girl?"

CLEO: "Don't give me that old line, big boy, get out your stylus and take down my order. I want a new mummy for my little sister, and a brace of adders for myself, and you'd better chuck in a new sword for Antony." (Aside to Violetta: "How'm I doin', hey-hey?" And a new golden chariot with four milk-white horses, and as long as everything is on the house take out for a new beard for yourself."

ANTONY (scribbling with his stylus): "It shall be done, gracious lady." (Aside, to the audience, which is you, savage reader: "Pipe down in the gallery. What d'ya want, an eight day Passion Play? Ya get the whole magazine for a dime, doncha?") "Sweet Cleopatra, my three varlets in uniform and a Ford will bring all to you upon the stroke of twelve."

(He turns as if to go.)

CLEO: "Stay, prithee, stay. I'm not half done yet. Have them bring me also a diamond necklace, a dozen assorted bracelets, the prime minister's head on a platter, a set of gold salad forks, a pyramid, a movie camera, a copy of Hans Brinker, and a——"

ANTONY: "Say, who d'ya think I am, Santa Claus?"

---

BEDFORD & SERIO

STUCK: they never learn.
Commuters Nightmare
‘FOOLER’ DOPE DISCOVERED BY STATE SAVANT

Discovery of a sensational new injection which when applied makes students seem interested while they are actually asleep, has been made by Dr. R. M. Pickleswell, noted State savant and alchemist.

Asked for a statement on the find which rocked the hard heads of science, the good man refused to talk.

It is rumored that a controlling company has already been started to bootleg the stuff. Line form to the right, boys!

We Protest — We Protest

The dance is over! The jig is up and the fiddler must be paid. Only there is no fiddler to pay because ALL DANCES have been abolished from the campus. The fraternities and sororities and all campus groups have joined with Socials chairman Heckler and his hecklers protesting that Spartan Sadie DOES NOT give due publicity. WHY DANCE, DUNCE?

Honesty Is Best Policy — So We Think!

Sackcloth and ashes are the order of the day. For years we have been fooling the public. Ah, repentance! Ah, suckers! We now tear off the mask of hypocrisy and reveal our alleged witty columnists, the following: Hither, Yon and Never-Come-Back; Let ‘Em Eat Snakes; Notebook Bloats; and a CuppaBitta Coffee, in their true-blue contents:

Real Bears With Several Santa Is Coming

Sport Scoop . . . .

“Beef” Sandwich and “Frenchy” Fried, two of Sparta’s heaviest eating linemen who usually play at the wrong end and missed tackle respectively, have declared mutiny in the ranks and quit the team.

This temperamental terminal of the gridders’ careers will no doubt lessen the DeGroot grocery bill and also the team’s chances for the Rose Bowl consideration.

Pressed for a statement, the board and room behemoths merely intimated that genuine Russian caviar was no longer served at the training table.

Well, some other school which WOULD afford the real McCoy in caviar will probably have to foot their food bill.

Populace Ired By El Bullo Humor; Police Called In

DENMARK EXEMP ODOR TRACKED TO SOURCE

JOKES ARE JOLTS

Combined forces of latest criminology methods and psychological observation are working up a sweat of Turkish bath proportions trying to find out what makes El Toro, the bull (no pun) tick.

Members of Deen De Vosse’s oh-so abnormal psychology class are taking advantage of an advanced step in serious observation work by having living, animated subjects.

Members are concealed at strategic points about the campus to observe the reactions and responses of readers of the December issue of El Toro.

Any students detected in laughter or even polite tittering will be summoned before the personnel committee for further examination.

RUN, COP, RUN

In the meantime, the police department is doing a prison lockdown with the nut-crackers by having the police school students assigned to the task of locating the JOKE in the November issue of El Toro. It is understood that 437 copies have already been subjected to various tests. “Willie” Willberger, that molder of flat-feet and men and character, in a statement to the local press asserted that his men had picked up a promising scent, and they emphatically deny that it is something rotten in Denmark.

Why Denmark? Maybe the stench arises from the carcasses of the Bull.

WEATHER REPORT

Santa Claus is coming because it is Christmas. It is snowing because it is Christmas. It is snowing because it is winter because it is Christmas. This weather report is free because it is Christmas and because you probably won’t pay for it.
HELP

"Anybody sitting here, buddy? Fine, don't care if I do! Say, haven't I seen you some place before? Funny, could have sworn I had. That spaghetti you're eating? Ha! Reminds me of lab yesterday. We had some maggots out there. Now, we raised these ourselves. Feed them on rotten horse meat. Well anyway, these maggots were all squirming around—you know how they sound when they squirm? Old Joe Stackelee says, 'Gosh, looks just like the spaghetti the cafeteria served yesterday.'

"Joe's funny that way. One time we were taking tape worms out of dogs—you know what a tapeworm looks like, don't you. About the size of that spaghetti, only blueish with little worms. Well, old Joe—

"Say what's the matter, buddy. Your face is turning green just like—Glub! Glub! Help! Waiter! Police! That guy just pushed a plate of spaghetti in my face!"

With Violet cuddling in his arms He drove a Ford—poor silly. Where he once held his Violet Now he holds a lily.

LOVE ME FOREVER

In my solitude I wished on the moon, it was a blue moon then, but now without a word of warning, I find that I'm falling in love with someone. When we're two together, I say "Isn't it a lovely day," but you, sophisticated lady, humbroadway rhythm, and so I'm misunderstood.

Now I've thrilled to the strains of the piccolino while dancing cheek to cheek with the lady in red who wore the rose in her hair, but you're different. I've told every little star that I found a dream, but I've got double trouble because I'm on a see saw, and although I feel a song coming on, I'm shy about telling you for your a little bit independent. Perhaps it's the accent on youth.

Tender is the night. I am with you, and you are my lucky star so why dream? I've no strings. I'm fancy free. How's about it baby let's go to the honey moon hotel which is east of the sun and thence to treasure island where we can watch red sails in the sunset and gaily cry: "Here's to Romance."

-B.V.

TRAPPED

Mr. Birtwhistle shoved the puzzle of his Smith and Wessen into the back of the man in the red suit who was just emerging from the fireplace. Whirling, the man dropped the heavy sack he was carrying with a clatter to the bricks. "What means this outrage?" he sputtered through his beard.

"A felony," tersed Mr. Birtwhistle. "Forcible entry into a dwelling house—(and don't tell me it didn't take force to get you down that chimney). One to twenty years, Santa Claus."

"But I was bringing this gun—"

"Oh yes, forcible entry into a dwelling house with a deadly weapon. Twenty years to life—looks bad for you, Mr. Clause."

"But I was bringing this gun to your little son—"

"Aha, contributing to the delinquency of a minor! I shouldn't wonder if—no, I guess life's all you'll get."

"But your little son wrote me a letter—"

"Certainly, breach of contract, He wanted a bicycle."

"But I have been doing this for years—"

"So, a habitual criminal! I suppose you'll get used to prison life after a time—most do."

"Can't you let me go? My reindeer get cold feet."

"And cruelty to animals. My, my, Santa, you certainly are an old rip, aren't you?"

"And all these toys here—"

"Let me see them. Oh yes, by the way, have you a permit to bring these toys into the country? Have you paid duty? Have they been inspected for noxious foreign infections?"

"No, but—"

A plaintive child—wait floated down the stairs. "Pa-pa!" As Birtwhistle's vengeance relaxed a moment. Claus knocked the revolver from his grasp, ducked, and bolted up the chimney. A moment later sleighbells could be heard growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

"Papa, who was that."

"You wouldn't know, son. Pap just surprised an old friend."
FACTS OF LIFE

Little Oscar Pickledill’s twenty-first birthday arrived.

Now, Oscar’s father, realizing his duty to his son on his twenty-first birthday, and not being a person to shirk his duty, called little Oscar into his study to give him the dope.

"My son," he began, "I uh, er—well, the thing is—ah-er. There’s something you ought to know. But maybe you’d better go see your uncle Twinklestitch Pickledill, he’s a doctor and can tell you better than I can."

So little Oscar hied himself over to dear old uncle Twinklestitch’s hangout to get the lowdown on the situation.

Uncle Twinklestitch was also rather reticent about breaking the news to little Oscar. "I think it’s best," he quavered, "that you go see your uncle Linspoodle Pickledill—he’s a man of the world and can tell you better than I can."

So, little Oscar followed his feet over to uncle Linspoodle’s speakeasy in eager expectancy of the facts of life.

"Well," crawling uncle Linspoodle, "I uh, er—um— Perhaps your old, old granpappy can break the facts to you most gently. He’s had more experience than I have."

In spite of his aching feet, little Oscar shambled down to see his old, old, old granpappy.

"My boy," bravely paternalized the old, old, old, old granpappy in a cacophonous voice, "brace yourself. This is harder on me than it is on you. Son, there AINT no Santay Claus..."

---

Roses are blue,
Violets are pink
Immediately after
The thirteenth drink.
—Yale Record.

---

The barber takes the red hot towel
As though he were just learning,
And drops it quickly on your face
To keep his hands from burning.
—Siren.

Lift your limpid, lazy, lips
Upward to be kissed.
How can you be uncongenial
On a night like this?
The misty, mellow, moonlight
Floods the valley through
With a curious enchanted
Love-enticing dew.
So lift those lazy, limpid, lips
Upward to be kissed.
I could love a walrus, dear,
On a night like this.

He: What a night! What a girl!
What a combination!
She: Oh, dear, is that showing too?

THE STUDENT’S PRAYER

Now I’m back upon my feet,
I pray that lunches I may eat;
Until next term is starting when
The bookstore makes me poor again.
—Panther

"Goodness, George! This is not our baby! This is the wrong carriage."
"Shut up! This is a better carriage."
—Red Cat

"What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the party?"
"I don’t know, but I think it was checked."
"Boy, that must have been some party."
—Skipper
MY GLANCING LADY

I know I'm a monster. I know I'm a brute,
I know I'm a wretch, as implied by your mute
And withering gaze as you cling to the strap,
Your eyes gleaming fierce as I raise from my lap
My paper to see who's done what in the news,
If you had your way, I'd be hung in a noose,
Or chained with a vulture devouring my gizzard,
Or lost without clothes in an Antarctic Blizzard,
Or my factors reduced to a mere flock of zeroes,
Or fed to some lions by ebullient Neroes,
Or tied to an archill all covered with honey,
Or cast in the gutter without friends or money,
Most any sad death would be pleasanter, far,
Than the Fate you consign to me here in this car.

Now Lady, I beg of you, step off my feet.
My chivalry's gone—you can't have my seat.

—Eps. 39,

"I wonder why Alice always gives me the same old stall?"
"Probably because you're the same old jackass."
—Wampus
"Take the beard off Santa and he's just Plain Folks"

"Let Sears Be Your Santa"
Gifts for Every Member of the Family
Sears Super Sale Selection

Sears, Roebuck & Co
350 South First, San Jose, Calif.

"Ah Ha! A stowaway!"

(At the aquarium)
Willie—"There's man-eating sharks in that tank."
Johnnie—"How come?"
Willie—"I just pushed in paw, and he ain't there now."
—Log.

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two;
Everything they say,
And everything they do.
—Purple Parrot.

Candies Rhyme with Christmas

And nothing could be
More swell elegant than
Betsy Ross Candies at Christmas Time.

Drop in and watch us
Make the best candies
In San Jose just north of the Mission Theatre or it.

Betsy Ross
Candies
222 South First Street
San Jose, Calif.

Just a Suggestion
Sweaters

They're
The Latest

Or

Barrel Sweaters
Made in Our Own Factory

Or

Blouses
And
That Isn't All

Sweater Sets

Drop around and see
Some gifts that will
Make her heart hurry

at the

Garden City
Knittery.

El Paseo Court 42 S. First St.
Advice to Doting Beaux and Battered Belles

Walgreen's
for
Unlimited Gift Suggestions

JUST 3 BLOCKS FROM THE COLLEGE
CORNER OF FIRST STREET AT SAN ANTONIO.

"May I borrow your pen?"
"Yes."
"Would you lend me a couple of sheets of paper?"
"Yes."
"Have you an envelope?"
"Yes."
"Will you mail this letter for me?"
"What's your girl's address?"

---Sun Dial

---the assignment
The text lies clean and spotless white
The pages stick.
He'll postpone cramming 'til the night.
His dome is thick.

---contemplation
That stuff's a snap.
I'm not a sap.
The ex will be a pipe.
Oh hum.

---ex
These profs are nuts.
I knew this stuff.
That question there...the fifth.
Oh, well, next ex I'll make it up.

FLINDT'S
SOLE AND HEEL SHOP
WILL MAKE THEM LIKE NEW AGAIN

REASONABLE PRICES
157 SOUTH SECOND

---This is an example of the many attractive gifts now obtainable at the Co-op. Drop in any time and we would be more than glad to show them to you.---

COOPERATIVE STORE
FLOWERS are the very essence of Christmas
THRILL HER WITH ONE OF OUR CHRISTMAS BOUQUETS
Hill's Flowers
PHONE BAL. 7774 266 RACE STREET MAE F. HILL

Christmas Special
$15 Oil Painted Miniature on Porcelain
for $5 Brushnell

WE'RE READY WITH THE GAYEST ASSORTMENT OF GIFTS
AS ILLUSTRATED \$8.95

Lingerie 1.75 2.95 15.95
Lounging Robes 14.95 to 14.75
Evening Bags 11.00 to 14.93
Handkerchiefs 15.00 to 1.73
Scarfs 50¢ to 2.95
Sweaters 1.95 to 5.95
Skirts 2.95 to 15.95

Prussia's
127-133 SOUTH FIRST

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS
34 NORTH FIRST ST. - SAN JOSE
PRACTICAL POETRY

In days gone by
When crooners cried
Beneath a maiden’s window,
To stop the sob
Was quite a job.
Twas hard to ‘scape his winnow.

But the modern miss
Receives her kiss
From a radio by the bed.
Should the crooner bore
He’ll sing no more.
A snap of the dial—he’s dead.

—Carmen Dragon.

G. Bonnet Co.
37-50 Second St.

As we see it, the main difference between a freshman and a senior is that the former hates to leave his family behind him, and the latter is worried about taking his home.

—Exchange.

She: Do you love children?
He: Yes, how old are you?

—Dressed.

FUR COATS & GARMENTS

TAILORED COATS AND DRESSES

FURS CLEANED AND REPAIRED

AN UNDERSTANDING

See them at the
J. W. Dixon
121 South Second Street

GRANTS

EVERYBODY SAYS

“GRANT’S” for HOLIDAY NEEDS

GRANT’S IS THE PLACE TO BUY "IT" SEE THE QUALITY AND LOW PRICES DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE AT ECONOMY PRICES

SHOP AT GRANT’S

W. T. GRANT CO.
166 South First Street

Genuine Suede Leather GOODS

The Ideal Christmas Gift

An...

UNLIMITED VARIETY OF BAGS, WALLET, BRIEFS, CASES, GLOVES, AND NOVELTIES OF ALL KINDS
Customer: "Waiter, are you sure that the sandwich I just ate was fresh?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir, it was wrapped in cellophane."

Customer: "I wish I had known that."

—Green Griffin.

Speaking of Christmas Gifts

The Farmers Union,

is a virtual horn of plenty when it comes to unlimited gift selection.

A gift for every member of the family.

Don't take any chances

Bring your shoes to us

for a real first class job

National Shoe Rebuilding System

41 East San Antonio St. Phone Bal. 4755 N—
Merry Christmas

Reserved for

CHESTERFIELD