

Register
Monday or
Tuesday

THE COUGAR

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PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON

Volume 5

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Z 739

Number 15

Girl To Represent U. At Huntsville To Be Voted On Soon

Sam Houston State College Will Have Coronation Ball

A girl will be elected next week by popular vote from University students to represent the school at the annual coronation ball on February 11 sponsored by the Alcalde, 1939 yearbook of the Sam Houston State Teachers College, at Huntsville.

A ballot will be published in next week's paper.

The school yearly invites representatives from various colleges to take part in this affair. Arrangements for the room, meals, and entertainments as well as an escort will be made by the college.

Girls formerly holding this honor are ineligible in this year's contest.

Press Club Charter Approved By Dupre; Club Meets Feb. 8

Following the approval of Dean N. K. Dupre of the constitution, the Press Club will hold its first official meeting on February 8 at 9:30 p. m. in Room 214, when officers for the new term will be elected.

The primary purpose of the club is to promote interest in journalism and encourage social intercourse. All members of the journalism department of the University are eligible for membership in the club, as well as those who are in sympathy with the aims of the group.

Meeting will be held on every second and fourth Wednesday of the month, under the sponsorship of J. R. Whitaker, instructor.

Billy Roberts, president, will have charge of the meeting until the new officers are elected.

The constitution was drawn up by the committee consisting of Patricia Antoine, Harold Skains, Lee Keding, and Billy Roberts.

'39 Houstonian Will Be Largest Yet Published

That this year's annual, the Houstonian, will be the largest yet published by the University of Houston was made known in a statement by Jack Palmer and Arthur Dimney, editor and business manager respectively of the yearbook.

The size of the annual has grown from 60 pages in 1938, to 70 pages in 1937-38, to over a hundred pages this year. Subscriptions total 300 at present.

Students may subscribe to the annual when they register and the amount of the book, \$3.50, will be added to the bill of tuition. This price

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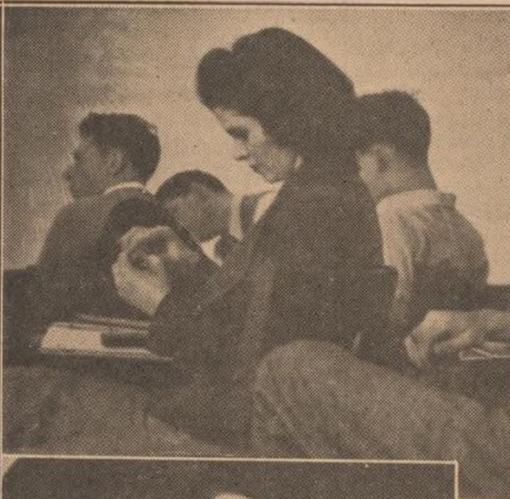
Notice

The University of Houston Squires urge all members to be present at their smoker tonight at the Davis Grill, Franklin and Main, at 9 o'clock.

The Day School Club meets every Tuesday at 12:30 and Friday at 11:30. Mrs. Carlton invites all students interested to attend.

The Fencing Club will hold its regular meeting one week after registration.

WHAT THE CAMERA CAUGHT



Photos by Camera Club

Dupre Announces Important Facts About Registration

Students To Sign Up In Secondfloor Gym; No Catalogs Here

Several important announcements regarding the ushering in of the new term and finishing the old business of the fall term have been made by Dean N. K. Dupre, and are as follows:

Registration will take place on the second floor in the gym from 4 to 9 p. m. on Monday and Tuesday. Old students must have grade booklets which will be available at the first desk.

A \$2 fee will be charged to those who register late.

Deposit refunds will be made by Dr. C. F. Hiller in the University office until 9 p. m. today and until 1 p. m. tomorrow.

Class schedules are available in the office, but there are NO CATALOGS AVAILABLE FOR DISTRIBUTION. Students are requested to bring their own catalogs.

The book exchange will purchase books from students not later than tomorrow. No books will be bought during registration or for two weeks thereafter.

Grades will be available after registration.

Temporary Cast Of "Red Harvest" Will Read Monday Night

A reading of the temporarily-assigned parts in the Red Masque Players next production, "Red Harvest," will be held Monday night in the old auditorium at 8:30 p. m. announced L. Standlee Mitchell, director.

A grim denunciation of the horrors of war, the play take place behind the lines during the World War. A make-shift hospital is set up in partially demolished cathedral, and the drama centers around the ebb and flow of life and death.

Eight Members Of Camera Club To Enter Photo Meet

Eight members of the Camera Club have announced their intentions of entering the annual amateur contest sponsored by the Collegiate Digest.

The eight boys are Louis Shepherd, Eddy De Young, Vic Lambert, Bob McMillan, Gerald Schlieff, Charles Brigrance, Bernard Green, and Bill Kirk.

Entries must be submitted before March 1, and should be sent to Salon Editor, Collegiate Digest, 323 Fawks Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

All members of the Camera Club have been requested by Louis Shepherd to see him about a group picture of the club.

Catholics Plan Party

A roller skating party will follow the regular meeting of the Catholic Young People's Club of St. Anne's Parish next Thursday at the parish school.

Visitors are welcome to attend.

HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL

"Skip's" Discussion of Baseball Ends As Discussion Of Screwball Babe Herman, Cold-Footed Brooklyn Dodger

By "Skip"

Good Evening, class. My lecture for tonight will be mostly for the male element, but the gals may hang around if they wish and hear a discussion on "How to Play Baseball."

Again your professor must take a back seat as far as this business of actual experience is concerned. I gave up baseball as a career at a tender age when an adolescent pitcher—with much more enthusiasm than aim—bounced a high, fast one off my skull. My friends—perhaps "acquaintances" would be a better word (If I was sure I knew how to spell

it)—darkly hinted that the blow I received on the head was responsible for any number of things, but for the time we will just say that it caused me to abandon baseball.

Personally, I never did care much for the game. Any game that has such terms as, "Caught stealing," "catching flies," and "thrown out at home" is much to rough and brutal for me. But for the barbarians around the school, I will give a few pointers on the game.

To give a thorough demonstration I must use some famous baseball player as an example, so for the

human Guinea Pig tonight we will use the one and only "Babe" Herman—late of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Now "Babe" Herman and "Babe" Ruth had one thing in common. They could both powder that ball at the plate, but there the similarity ended. Mr. Ruth could field his position as well as any outfielder in the major league, a fact that was often overlooked because of his tremendous hitting.

Mr. Herman, however, is a horse of a different color. In fact, the only thing he ever caught in right field

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THE COUGAR

Editor Patricia Antoine
 Business Manager John Stewart
 Sponsor John R. Whitaker

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 Keding.

SELECTING BEAUTIES

By Pat Garney

(Editor's note: This is the second of a series of articles comparing the method used at the University of Houston with those used at leading Southern colleges in selecting representative girls for the beauty section of the yearbook.)

A letter received from R. H. Wiggins, faculty manager of the Gumbo, University of Louisiana yearbook, sets forth several plans by which representative girls can be selected for the beauty section. The methods he suggests deal largely with enrollment sizes to be considered. An excerpt from Mr. Wiggins' letter follows:

"There seems to be about three stages in the matter of selecting beauties. For the institution of an enrollment of around 2,500, popular election is apparently quite successful. With a student body no larger than that it is easy for all the students to become acquainted with the outstanding personalities on the campus."

With the increase in enrollment in the late '20's editors "gradually turned to the fad of having actors and outstanding personalities select the beauties," write Mr. Wiggins.

"As the enrollment figures reach upwards from 7,000 to 14,000, the beauty sections were enlarged into personality sections that included not only women but also men," he said.

Mr. Wiggins, in his time as student manager and faculty manager, has examined annuals from all over the country and can be regarded as somewhat of an authority on this particular subject. He states that in schools with a small enrollment, popular election has proved successful.

It should prove successful here as well as bring more democratic.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

"He must not only be a person of refinement and culture, but a person of broad sympathy and appreciation of other departmental interests. And, more by example than by precept, he should influence the students on his campus." Dr. Guy E. Snavely, director of the Association of American Colleges, maintains that the college teacher should not be a narrow specialist lacking in some preparation and considerable general interest in other subjects.

"Sooner or later there must be a separation of those institutions which look upon intercollegiate athletics as mere adjuncts of educational programs from those whose teams are made up of hired performers." A report of the University of Michigan athletic board asks that colleges which subsidize athletes be barred from membership in the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

"The future of the non-state-controlled colleges in the next decade depends on the degree to which we can demonstrate to the public our social responsibility and our social conscience." Wesleyan University's Pres. James L. McConaughy points the way for the private colleges and universities.

Houstonian—

Continued from page 1
 will include the cost of the student's picture which will go in the class section.

Contracts with the engraver and the printer have been signed for some time and the work of make-up on the sheets has been progressing rapidly. Several sheets of the snapshot section have been turned over

to the engraver, but this section will be completed last in order to allow for the pictures taken during the spring semester.

Of the eighteen nominees for the Vanity Fair section, eight will be selected by King Vidor, motion picture producer and director.

Clubs on the campus may reserve a page for \$10, or two pages for \$19. All photographs are being made by the Eidson Studios.

Negley Farson's Book Reveals War Machine of Russia

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

By Negley Farson

By J. D. Atkins

Negley Farson's "The Way of a Transgressor" was published in 1936 and was a Literary Guild selection that year, but it is a story upon which time will have no effect. In view of the present European situation, valuable information can be gained from Mr. Farson's experiences as a munitions salesman in Russia just prior to the United States entry into the World War. His convincing expose' of the manner of handling and of the power of war propaganda during that period will tend to make us less gullible in the event of future "flag-waving."

Mr. Farson is of an extremely restless nature and anything even approaching the conventional is hum-drum. Because of this his life has been one interesting adventure after another.

Joined Munitions Syndicate

His story starts with his enrollment in prep school at Andover. He loved Andover, but after a short while, was expelled. An athletic coach persuaded him to finish his education in engineering at the University of Pennsylvania. Here he became a member of the rowing crew and won many field and track events for Penn.

His first engineering job offered him an opportunity to go to Manchester, England, to further his professional ability and he liked it. However, it soon became monotonous to him and he jumped at a chance to represent an American munitions syndicate just going into Russia. It was at the very beginning of the war and he was among the first of the many war material salesmen there. This was during the regime of Czar Nicholas II and Mr. Farson's knowledge of who and when to bribe in the unbelievably corrupt Russian War Department enabled him to enjoy much success in business. His prowess with the Russian ladies enabled him to enjoy, to say the least, an interesting social life.

Exposed Russian "Steam Roller"

Newspaper correspondent and Farson's good friend, John Reed, the man who Pancho Villa had made a general while covering his, Villa's Mexican campaign, was in Russia. Attempting to disclose to America the true picture of the mythical Russian "steam roller" caused Reed no end of trouble and eventually the cancellation of his passports and the loss of his job in America. While the mercenary technical or purchasing department played about and delayed the placing of desperately-needed orders for shells, guns and rifles, Reed and Farson saw regiments marching off to the front, one with and one without rifles—the latter to pick up the rifles of the dead. And it was with stories of the great Russian war machine that the allies were attempting to gain the American public's support.

Farson saw the Russian Revolution; he spent some time in the British Air Force; he interviewed Mussolini shortly before his Ethiopian campaign; with his wife, he spent two years of almost primitive living on a lake in British Columbia during his career as a newspaper correspondent.

Jeannette: "I maintain that love-making is just the same as it always was."

Bill: "How do you know?"

Jeannette: "I've just been reading about a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all evening."

Parade of Opinion

By Associated Collegiate Press

LAUGH: "Little things are important to little men." With this quotation from Goldsmith, West Virginia University students entered the second round of their battle of words with the staff of Das Schwartz Korps, official organ of Adolph Hitler's Nazi police guard.

When that particular unit of the newspaper chorus maintained for the exclusive playing of "Heil Hitler" tunes received the cabled announcement of the Mountaineers that they were going to "break off relations with Germany," its editors called out some new adjectives for their reply: "The telegram is not very original. Nobody could expect that the dripping-nosed offshoots of Babbits who lust for war profits would deal frivolously with diplomatic relations of two nations than do Jews assembled around President Roosevelt. Prosit."

To end the second round of diplomatic battle between the all-powerful, serious-minded journal of one nation and the fun-loving students of another nation's state university, the W.V.U. student newspaper, "Daily Athenaeum," came back with this: "You take things too seriously over there! . . . A country that bans Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck obviously lacks humor . . . And if anyone should feel insulted, gentlemen, we should; for our cablegram was at least civil, and in neither of your editorials has the tone been other than defamatory . . . Well, we are still laughing. We hope to be able to laugh at posturings and grimaces always, no matter where they appear. Heaven help us when we can no longer laugh!"

WAR: But while West Virginia University students were giving us a laugh as a pleasant interlude in all of this talk about war, armaments and diplomacy, other collegians were becoming more and more concerned over the state of our relations with other nations. With opinions ranging all the way from "mind our own business" to "protect democracy," students as a group expressed no definite opinion. A quick survey will illustrate the point:

The college press most of all urges caution in deciding the merits of any possible cause for war. Typical is this statement by the MacMurray College for Women "College Greetings:" "Wars are fought—and won—in the minds of the people before the first army begins to maneuver. Let us be careful, very thoughtful and very reasonable before we start throwing any mental bombs."

JUSTICE: Entirely commendatory have been college students of President Roosevelt's appointment of Prof. Felix Frankfurter of Harvard to the U. S. supreme court bench. Not averse to punning on such a grave subject, the "Toreador" of Texas Technological College labled its editorial, "Frankfurter—Hot Dog!" Like most college editorial writers, it gave the appointment its stamp of approval, but added: "One can hardly expect his decisions to be other than favorable to the administration."

THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD

When a local theatre operator at Oregon State College began grading his movie offerings in advertisements, students sat up and took notice. But when he began charging admission on the basis of the ratings he gave his own pictures, they almost swooned.

In his advertisements in the Oregon State "Barometer," the theater-man rates his movies like this: hotter-'n-a-fire-cracker, supercolossal, just colossal, not so hot, and stinkeroo.

And to top it off, he charges fifty cents for the top-rank showing, only thirty-five for those that are "just colossal" or below.

College women have been accused of making matrimonial bureaus out of colleges before, but no one has done it so scorchingly as Helga Bourse, a German student at Muskingum College. Says she: "They're so silly. They sit around and gab about their dates, who kissed who, and whatever became of Sadie." She says they're after an MRS. degree, not an A. B. or B. S.

Just in case you're getting a bit fed up with the bazooka music of that famed Robin Burns from down Arkansas way, you'll be interested in the announcement that has just zoomed from out Philadelphia way. It concerns the new "musical" instrument invented by Temple University's Jimmy Cartlidge and which he calls the "hosette." It's made of a 20-foot piece of common garden hose, and press reports say he has received the acclaim of audiences for his varied repertoire.

"Through the years my performances are becoming a trifle more polished," he says. He better practice a lot, we sez, that 20-foot hose is pretty handy for any disgruntled listener!

Owner: I want a careful and reliable chauffeur who takes no risk.
 Applicant: Sir, that is my life-long rule, so if you will kindly pay my salary in advance, it's a bargain.

Oregon State College has new class in sports appreciation that meets every week.

The first students of Villanova College were required to furnish themselves with large silver spoons.

CAMPUS CHATTER

By Guy Hamllton, Jr.

(Ed.'s note: Chatter is brief due to politics and stuff).

If any of the University casanovas have been squiring Betty Lou Maddox around we haven't been able to unearth their doings. But some guy, or guys, really must be lucky . . . for she is really a beautiful girl, in the fullest sense of the word. The self-styled Don Juan's in these halls of higher learning really must be losing their esthetic senses.

We have Foster Montgomery's word for it that his main attraction is a Rice co-ed . . . which should spike the rumor about his marrying Ethel Barrington this summer, which was itemed by our competitors across the page, "More Dirt." . . . J Q. Baldrige is wooing Carmelita Lansford these days and seems to be doing pretty well—but would like to be doing better . . . The Jimmy Rice-Louise Butler match has long since passed the tepid stage and is now getting warmer than a four alarm fire . . . Dot Hohl can't make up her mind whether Tom Yerxa or Paul Sanders is her favorite, and is going to be left holding the well known bag if she's not careful.

You footloose and fancy free lassies will do well to be on the lookout for one Horace Jennings next week . . . he's an ex-student who is returning to the fold, and as handsome a man as ever walked the face of this earth . . . but beware of his line, for it's longer than an old maid gossip's tongue.

'Sa funny thing! In this very school, where one prof gets so furious when he lectures on Hitler, that he can't control his rage and has to dismiss the class, there is a student who is an open supporter of the Nazi cause. We all have cause to be thankful we're in a country where such a thing goes unnoticed . . . there are countries where open support of a government so radically different from our own would bring on immediate imprisonment in a concentration camp—or worse.

For two reasons we know that Spring is here, even though we have had cold weather this week. We saw with our own two eyes, a robin one day this week, and what is an even more certain harbinger of balmy breezes and moonlight nights soon to come, the air is thick with talk of spring elections.

There is a dark horse in the field

Poet's Corner

By George Chiasson

Lines at Eleven

A toast to the ladies!
Come, lad, lift your stein
And drink to the ladies,
To your maid and mine.
Drink to their red lips,
Drink to their eyes,
As sparkling as diamonds,
As blue as the skies.
Or drink and be merry
Oh drink and be sad.
Drink and be noble
Or drink and be bad.
Drink 'till you stagger
Or drink 'till you choke.
What good is a dollar?
We're better off broke.
But drink to our ladies,
Our ladies so fair
Who spend all our money
Then give us the air!

L'envoi

We're off the hooks—free men at last,
But wait, my friend, just wait.
We'll bite again as soon as they
Can give their hooks fresh bait.

of candidates who will be in the race for president of the Student Association. Junior Councilman P. J. Sterne will be well up in the front ranks. Don Miller was washed up as a political leader two years ago. Vernon Kelly was selected as the man to push in '39 because of his Jim Farley personality. Sterne has plenty of experience in student affairs, and from this corner, at the present time, it look like his race.

If you don't mind, we'd like to make it plain that the only reason we've written so much about the Empiroom at the Rice is simply because it is the number one night spot of the town . . . and is good enough to deserve even more than we've written. And we will be the first to come forth with loud huzzahs and a couple of hurrahs, when there is any other place in town that provides equal entertainment.

Students From 22 States Enroll Here

The University of Houston for the past semester has had many students transferred from other state colleges and universities, out of state institutions, foreign schools, and also from nursing schools in and out of Texas.

The following states are represented by transfer students here in the University:

Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Arkansas, Louisiana, Washington, D. C., Wisconsin, Illinois, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kansas, Ohio, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Pennsylvania, Missouri, California, New York, Maryland. The two foreign countries are Mexico and England.

The nursing schools represented are Memorial, Jefferson Davis, Herman, and St. Joseph's Infirmary of Houston; Medical and Surgical School of Nursing, San Antonio; St. Mary's, Port Arthur; Hendrick Memorial, Abilene; Baylor School of Nursing, Waco; Hotel Dieu, Beaumont; St. Mary's Infirmary, Galveston.

In the Spotlight

His name is Thomas Patrick Ingram, a modest, quiet spoken, well groomed native of Louisiana. He is a pre-law student here at the University and is taking a full course program. Aside from his studies here, Mr. Ingram works as manager of the stock room at Minimax Food Store number three. He is making above average grades and is efficient in his job.

A graduate of Jesuit Catholic High School in New Orleans, Mr. Ingram came to Texas to study law at the University of Texas. His father had been transferred to Houston, so Thomas enrolled in the University.

Asked about the time his job and studies must consume, Mr. Ingram modestly admitted that he "found time for a little recreation and diversion once in a while.

"Although I don't feel that I can advance any further in my work, I can state that I am perfectly satisfied with my job," said Mr. Ingram.

When he is not engaged in study for his courses and not working at his job, Thomas can be seen dressed in top hat and tails stepping at the Empire Room. It is his favorite night spot because he likes to dress formal.

Ingram is of sophomore standing and plans to enter the University of Texas law school next year. He lives at 3600 Mt. Vernon.

CROSS BLADES

By Conrad Mang

Party

All the University Fencers are urged to attend the fencing tournament tomorrow at 7:30 p. m., at the Root Square gym. Everyone is supposed to bring their own equipment and if they haven't equipment they are to bring tennis shoes. A lot of informal fencing and some novelty numbers have been prepared. Fencers from the University of Houston, A. and M., Recreation Department, and Baylor have been invited, also fencers of Houston and the Airport.

There will be a balloon contest at 8:30. Everyone is to participate in this contest. There will be two sides as in a battle royal. The object of each contender will be to stick the balloon of a competitor. As soon as the balloon is punctured, the person who had the balloon is dead. The winner then goes and helps someone else on their side. This goes on until every one of the contenders are dead, except one on each side, then whoever wins, for their side.

There will also be a Blind Fold Contest. Each fencer will be blind folded and will have one leg tied to the leg of one other fencer. The rope holding these two together will be about four feet long to keep the two from getting too far apart.

Plans have also been made for a Saber and Epee Exhibition.

"Skip"—

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was a cold. And many baseball fans will swear that it was a cold in his chest, the theory being that Mr. Herman couldn't even have a cold in his HEAD.

However, we will not discuss Babe's mentality in this column what with the libel laws being what they are, and will go back to his fielding.

It is a matter of history that the Babe (Herman, of course) was standing idly in right field while the opposing team batted. Mr. Herman had been trying to catch the eye of a little blonde in the right field bleachers when he heard the crack of a bat.

Babe turned his head and out of the corner of his eye saw a speck moving rapidly toward right center field. Without further thought, he started a furious dash in that direction. Never had the Babe moved so fast. With the speed of an antelope he ran toward center field and the startled center fielder.

For you see, the ball had hit about three feet from Babe's former position while he had been chasing the flight of a BIRD! (I am told that he had many more BIRDS he could have chased when he went in to the dugout).

Mr. Herman, despite all his fielding faults, was a very ambitious young man. Somebody once told him that Ty Cobb, "one of the greatest fielding outfielders of all time, had a pet trick that he would often pull. At the crack of the bat Mr. Cobb would turn his back to the ball and run at full speed without looking around until the last minute, when he would turn and take the ball in full stride.

This trick appealed to the Babe so much that he decided to pull it in his next game. He awaited his chance and sure enough, as it has the habit of doing, along came the ninth inning with the score tied and a man on third for the other club. One of the hitters planked the unfortunate pitcher's first pitch far into right field. Babe gave the ball one quick glance, turned his head and started back toward the fence.

Let me say here that Mr. Herman's judgment was absolutely correct. However, he overlooked one little matter. He forgot to turn around in time. Total results: one knot on Babe's cranium, one lop-sided ball, and—two runs in.

There is one more incident in Babe's career that has brought him much fame, although THIS time it was not entirely his fault. He came

MORE DIRT

Thanks for the send off, kids. We're glad that you who didn't get stung like it—but your time will come!

Talmage Callihan should practice viewing the female scenery oftener. Seems that a gal has a crush on him—and she's cute, too! . . . Before the holidays Glenn Swink was on the downward trend, but now he's hitting the high mark. Cherchez la femme . . .

Kitty Lou Dawson is now going steady and has a frat ring to prove it . . . Charlotte Herzog has another sparkler. A ring watch with lots of ice . . . Couples seen at the Hat recently: Mickey Sloan and T. W. Pearson, and Rosalie Sullivan with Ted O'Leary . . . Christine Martin's stock is still up this year. Well, beauty is beauty . . . Boyd Shinn's patriotism runs high while he runs with a gal named Liberty—give me Liberty, etc . . . Jean Marie Clevenger is the southern edition of Sonja Henie. She sports a swell pair of skates when she goes for a twist and a spin . . . Dorothy French is teaching school, in case you haven't heard.

We University students are a fortunate group. Not only are we blessed with things any good college has, but also with students who formulate our policies to save us the trouble.

A good example of this is found in the selection of campus beauties for this year's annual. It seems that the present editor and business manager have taken it upon themselves the pronounced responsibility of selecting the girls they think will look best in the Vanity Fair section. Incidentally, (and of course this has no bearing upon the subject and is beside the point) most of the girls are friends, one way or another.

Jack Boyd and Nina Lois Bunting would make a swell pair—and why not? . . . Wilson Morris and Pecky Hinds just can't see too much of one another . . . Frances Helton is planning a party for several Huntsville students . . . Bill Williams and his jokes—ah me . . . Flo Stallings and Hal Berry, and little Henry Taub and Frances Sherril are among the seen-together-lots mob . . . Seems that a former Rice boy, Billy Burklin, followed Betty Heinrich to the University—Dr. Hiller ought to put her on the payroll . . . Freeman Nixon is aging before his time try-

to bat one day with a runner on second, a runner on first, and murder in his heart. And as Babe has a habit of doing, he drove the pitch on a line far into right-center field.

The runner who had been on second rounded third and started for home when he got cold feet. After all, you could not blame him too much. He played for Brooklyn and had not been that far all season. He finally dashed back to third.

The runner who had been on first ran to third, and seeing that the other runner had hesitated at the plate, decided to play safe and hold third. In the meantime Mr. Herman, with his head low and his hopes high, was coming around second with the happy vision of a three base hit in his mind. He had pulled up at third when he noticed that the bag seemed crowded. He recognized two of his teammates also standing on the bag and was shaking hands all around when the third baseman on the opposing team brought the ball over and tagged all three men. Two were out and the other had legal possession of the bag. Along with about a thousand pop bottles.

Let's see. This lecture started out to be a discussion on baseball and ended up a discussion on a screwball. Oh well, who want's to play ball anyway.

ing to keep order in the book exchange . . . Leroy Fulghum is going steady with "Tiny" Murpay . . . Hill Feagin has crashed through the line of admirers of Virginia Brunner to attain first place on her list . . . Nanaline Williamson is sitting around in the book room mooning over someone—who can it be? . . . George Hogwood and Gloria Del Castillo are celebrating the arrival of spring the usual way . . . Seen around: Billy Roberts and Frances Beatty, Bob Holberg and Grace Keller . . . Mildred Cannon is sporting a '39 Buick her poppa gave her for Christmas—quit shoving boys . . . Aubrey Mang is on the make, gals, if you're interested . . . Walter Babic has hallucinations about a wonderful time at the bay recently . . . Jane Rogers, former editor of the Cougar, is back in Houston to stay . . . If a contest selecting the Robert Taylor of the University faculty should ever take place, Jean ValJean McCoy would win in a walk. McCoy has many admirers among the co-eds and the eds, not only for his ability to look handsome, but to teach well as well—er sumpin . . . Johnny Bowling is still receiving fan mail from North Texas . . . Dot Hohl is leading Guy Hamilton a merry chase. Looks like the rougher Dot treats him, the better he likes it—what fun . . . Two people who seem contented with each other are Kempton Pierce and Pat O'Brien. Hear tell there may be a wedding and stuff . . . One of the finer students in school is Vernon Ploeger, a tall dark handsome engineer . . . Bill Meier may have the right idea—he has as many gals as Bing Crosby has horses, and treats them in like manner. If they kick at the starting post, they're very gently led back to the stable and then promptly forgotten—and you know Crosby's luck with the horses! (Still love me? Yah! D. S.) . . . An obvious fact: Helen Ford is leading Jimmy Grant around by a ring in his nose. Wise up, Jimmy. Gals are as thick as telephone poles . . . We hear tell there's a stranger in the Hart family; namely, a fellow by the name of Hooper. The least mention of aforesaid guy and Jackie's eyes light up like a street light at dusk. Well, Jackie deserves the best . . . A report from Memorial Hospital reassures us that Louise Pridgen, former backbone of the Cougar, is getting alone fine following an appendectomy. She'll be able to have visitors after Friday. She goes home Satidy . . . In an exclusive interview with George Chiasson we were surprised and disheartened to find that Georgie-Porgie hasn't the slightest idea of parting with the hirsute adornment on his chinny-chin-chin—it is being cultivated for a part in "Red Harvest," in which George will again become a villain. A Russian one at that . . . Back to Billy—why did that gal turn him down when he asked for one eentsy dance the other night at the Hat? Speak up, Mr. Roberts . . . Dorothy Hollis and Charley Linton are a neat twosome . . . What does Jimmy Crayton's being engaged to a French girl named Rita have to do with his being in love with Margie Blanco? Or does he . . . Ted O'Leary's hat size is increasing rapidly, so we hear . . . The rumor is that four of the members of the student council will participate in a four-alarm fire in the near future. . . . With the administration lighting the matches . . . Ed Durett is good for lessons on how to be a chump in a big way in little time . . . The unhappy endings of Dyer Fulton's stories may be accounted for. He and Alece Brigance have yet to find a happy ending for their romance.

FATE'S MUSIC

A SHORT STORY

By Dyer Fulton

Josef Andreev was born a musician, for he could have been nothing else. As an infant his fingers were long and lean, his eyes were deep and dreamy; even his crying voice possessed that musical feeling, that preciseness that sets a master apart from the world. The Andreevs had, for generations, been musicians—some famous, some poor; and Josef's family was poor. But even so, music was his life—so had he been told, taught, convinced. He never had the chance to become anything but a musician, for music was his work, his hobby, his topic of conversation, his constant companion, his objective, his ambition. So Josef learned from his father's music, he absorbed his father's temperament.

And at last it came time to depart from his fellow Bulgars, for a great musician (and Josef's ambition was to be a great musician) must study and suffer—must learn not one master but many.

The next ten years were spent in work and worry, suffering and starvation. Vienna and Paris, days of hunger, dark days of discouragement; and Berlin, and London, and Milan, periods of street singing and unsatisfied appetite.

Joins Small Band

Until finally, pride gone, humiliated, ambition destroyed, Josef Andreev allowed himself to become a violinist in a small orchestra—or rather a small wandering band of musicians. But here was money—much needed money—for music now shared Josef Andreev's love, shared it with one Bernedette—a French girl from the Pyrenees sector; a woman rich in love, rich in dreams, rich in ambition, rich in initiative. She became the stimulant to Josef's desires, the rebuilder of his ambitions.

Hardly had months passed before Josef, inspired by his Bernedette's determination, had been snatched from his roving companions, and placed in a position from whence he could strike at the top.

Bernedette became invaluable to him—his constant inspiration. The waves of her brunette hair rippled through his music; her large brown eyes brightened his compositions; her dark complected face rounded and smoothed his works. They became famous together, great musicians—but the world never heard of her.

The road had been long since this little French girl married the wandering Bulgarian troubador—it had been hard and rough. The strain told on her, who had suffered the most, and just as she pushed him

to the top of the high—almost insurmountable—wall of success—she died.

Music Changes

Men hardly knowing of Madam Andreev wondered why the change had come over Andreev's music. The composer, still young, idle for a year, suddenly thrust onto the world a new type of music, a kind of music Andreev had never written before—a music that quenched the fire his former compositions had kindled. Josef skyrocketed to new heights—before him and his violin sat kings and princes, beggars and paupers—thrilled, inspired by his music. Before him sat the world, yet before him was only Bernedette, still lovely, still youthful, still inspirational. Her life boosted him upward to the top; her death insured his position there.

But as years passed, brooding became greater; music, his only outlet, became unable to carry this increasing emotion. Work, that was the answer. Concerts, public appearances, tours, one night stands, leaping all over the continent, all over the continents. Josef, who had realized his ambition, saw the futility of life. He could not stop—the world would not let him. Joseph Andreev, in person, playing his own compositions. The educated and the elite, the simple and the rabble, from castle and farm, from science and art, all came to listen, for seldom does the world have the opportunity to hear a Josef Andreev.

Pace Must Stop

One year, two years, three years this pace continued—Josef had circled the globe, from temperate,

through heat, to temperate—the world had cheered, but Josef now realized the strain must be relieved, the pace must stop.

The doctor said too much work, nerves can't stand it, must have change, must have diversion. But Josef could not stop—so it was decided that long walks, visits to anything foreign to his own sphere must be started.

And Josef started them, did them and liked them. Since childhood he had loved the burlesque—not to participate, but rather to watch; so he, when on his long walks, seldom failed to enter any theater, and especially the third-rate type, that he passed. Almost every night after some tedious performance Josef would hurry out of his dressing room, coat pulled up high, slip out into the night, and walk—walk toward some well-hidden theatre, which he would enter, relax, and upon leaving find his nerves were as steady as ever, steady enough for the next night's performance.

And so this continued for about a year. And on a cold New York night, Josef, tired after an especially hard day, was seated on his usual seat (on the front row) watching a violinist accompanied by a "strip-tease artist."

Suddenly from the back of the hall there came several waves of thick black smoke. Fire! Fire! Fire! The crowd rioted toward the exits; children screamed, women fainted, men stared, then bolted—the thundering multitude swept up to the doors, people fell and were trampled over. Bedlam prevailed, disorder reigned.

And Josef had leaped to the stage, seized the violin—and played. Played music by Andreev, music as only Andreev can play, music that could draw emotion from stones, music that could make mankind stop and listen—and the mob stopped, and listened. As the shrill strains of his violin echoed through the hall, trampled humans rose to their feet; as the music moved the hearts of the awe-stricken canalle, order was established—riot was avoided—death by a trampling mob averted.

One reporter remarked to another that Andreev, the great violinist, was at that big fire last night.

The other replied only "So I hear, but the thing that I can't understand about that fire is why all those people didn't try to get out instead of staying in there and burning to death!"

Harpers Sponsors Contest For Writers

Harpers Magazine is sponsoring a country-wide contest for all college and university students interested in short stories, essays, or poems. The contest closes May 1, 1939.

Prizes of \$50 each for the best short story and essay and \$35 for the poem are being offered. In addition to the cash awards, certificates of excellence will be awarded to students who may not win a cash prize but whose writing shows definite merit and promise deserving of recognition and encouragement.

For further details, see the English instructors.

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