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Sophomore  
Dance  
On April 3

# THE COUGAR

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Published by the Journalism Students of the Houston Junior College

VOL. IV.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1931

NO. 9

## LOCAL EDUCATOR INTERVIEWED BY H. J. C. REPORTER

Assistant Superintendent Gives  
His Views Concerning  
Education

## PROVE PRACTICAL MERIT

Describes Commercial Value of  
This Training to  
Students

Values in education are difficult to determine. If education were a material thing, visible, measurable, and definitely determinable, it would not be difficult to calculate its worth. But since the amount gained through the various types of educational training differs with each type of training offered and with the individual trained, the question of value becomes very complex and difficult to determine, according to G. T. Cunningham, assistant superintendent of Houston schools.

Said Mr. Cunningham: "Measured on a monetary basis in this commercial era education is invaluable. Employers are convinced of the fact that the person who has attended college makes a better employe and will advance faster and to a greater extent than will one who has received less training along educational lines. Other things being equal, when two applicants appear before an employer, the one having the greater amount of formal educational training is selected.

"At first glance it would seem that the army would be the least interested, of all organizations, in college training for prospective aviators. It is true that until recently such requirements were not high in this field, however, today the applicant for an appointment to an army primary training field for aviators must prove that he has successfully completed a minimum of two years of college work, or that he has had educational training of equivalent value.

"Many persons today wish to measure all things by the dollar and cents rule. While education does not adapt itself to such a scale, it is nevertheless, a fact that in any line of industry, those men and women who have the best equipment for their work are the best paid. Outstanding individuals have been highly successful with very little so-called formal education. Yet for one such person who succeeded without academic training, hundreds have been able to add to their yearly salaries because of their advanced educational equipment, which enables them to attain higher positions in all lines of business and industry.

History is filled with the men and women who have achieved great heights. Many of them lacked riches, but most of them were trained intellectually. Culture and education go hand in hand. For this reason, most leaders of men who have gone down in history have acquired, in one way or another, a superior mental training.

"Today we place the names of such men as Woodrow Wilson, Pasteur, Richard E. Byrd, Calvin Coolidge, and Oliver Wendell Holmes on the pinnacles of the heights of fame. Comparatively few individuals have achieved such fame as these five. Yet they were not 'born to the purple.' Whatever success they have attained has been the direct result of their own abilities.

"Education is democratic. No rank or title is necessary as a prerequisite to becoming an educated person. Whatever ambition the individual may have can be realized through the acquisition of an educational training and through persistent effort.

"Education today, as never before, trains every child for life. It does not set the school child aside, apart from the rush and turmoil of life, rather, it guides and directs the education of that child giving him only such knowledge as will better prepare him for the part he is to play in the business and professional world."

## STUDENTS SEE DISPLAY OF ORIENTAL RELIC IN JOURNALISM CLASSES

Mind pictures of other days and other customs are created by the ancient gold-embroidered Persian robe owned by Prince Darab Mirza Kadjar who allowed the garment to be exhibited before the journalism class at H. J. C. on Friday, February 27.

Weighing five pounds and nine ounces, and made of the finest materials, this ancient garment brings a strange note of contrast to present day matter-of-fact atmosphere. Looking at it, one's mind involuntarily wanders far in the past amid scenes of oriental splendor. There come visions of moonlit Persian gardens, soft eastern music, Persian ladies of strange exotic beauty, dark intrigue, and sudden death. Two of the owners of the robe were assassinated. One wonders if the bright scarlet of the cloth has been mingled with the crimson of freshly shed blood.

This regal garment was made in 1794, and it was first worn by Agha Mohammed, who that year conquered Persia. Because of his manner of handling the affairs of his new kingdom, Agha became known far and wide as "Agha the Cruel." No doubt many a trembling wretch now wandering afar in some oriental heaven—remembers this robe, worn by the monarch, as his last earthly scene before being beheaded.

In 1797 Agha the Cruel succumbed to his own evil designs and was assassinated. The throne then descended to his nephew, Fath Ali Shah, who founded the adjar Dynasty which endured until 1929 when it was overthrown by revolution.

From the early owners the robe has descended directly to the present owner, Prince Darab Mirza Kadjar, who is an oil man. At the time of the Persian revolution the prince was at school at St. Cyr, France, and the robe was in the hands of his uncle, Ahmed. After the revolution Ahmed fled to Paris, where he died insane.

Most of the time since 1849 the robe has been in the state museum at Teheran, Persia. It was recently sold for \$500.

## MISS GUNN HEADS HONORARY SOCIETY

Considerable interest is being shown in the newly organized honorary society at H. J. C.

This society is composed of students who have made an average grade of B. So far about 20 students have qualified for membership.

At a recent meeting of the society Miss Earlene Gunn was elected president. Other officers are to be selected at a meeting to be held at Mrs. Brenders' office on March 27 at 7 p.m. All qualifying students are requested to be present at that time as pins are then to be selected and a name for the organization will be chosen.

## Football Lettermen To Receive Sweaters

Football lettermen of Houston Junior College will receive sweaters from the proceeds of a dance to be given by the school, April 20. This dance will also serve to pay several bills that the freshman class owe at the present time.

Pete Garrison, president of the Student Council, urged all to come to the dance and make it a big success. He stated that members of the Federated Clubs of Houston will turn out in large numbers for this dance and have pledged their support. They will also aid the college by selling tickets for this dance.

## CUTS ENLIVEN COUGAR

Through the co-operation of the Texas Engraving Company the Cougar is enabled to enliven its columns with cuts. The art work for these cartoons and feature column cuts was done by Miss Vandalia Mae Necco, who was a student at H. J. C. last semester.

## MAN LONGS FOR STABILITY SAYS H. J. C. SPEAKER

Dr. E. P. West Speaks of Reasons  
For Decay of Former  
Nations

## WARNS AGAINST DANGER

Speaker Advises Students to  
Build Lives On Sure  
Foundations

Mankind has always longed for a state of harmony that will endure, according to Rev. E. P. West, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, who addressed the student body at the regular assembly meeting Wednesday.

Mr. West was introduced by Professor Miller who told of the speaker's work among the young people of the city.

In his opening remarks Mr. West said that he is interested in the Junior College and considered it a privilege to be present and address the students.

He then proceeded to tell of the many former nations and institutions that have passed away, and he brought up the question as to whether our nation is showing the same signs of decay that were evident before the fall of Rome.

"Men have always longed for the 'city that hath foundations,' something that will last. Examples of this yearning are Thomas Moore's Eutopia, Augustine's City of God, and Milton's Paradise Regained," said the speaker.

"Life to be on a firm foundation must have seven pillars," he continued. "These are stability, the dignity of labor, purity in society, exaltation of womanhood, education, freedom in religious worship, and harmonious home life."

Mr. West then pointed out the dangerous things to society which are: Concentration of wealth among a few, worship of wealth, corruption of wealth, extravagance of wealth, and ignorance of the common people; while the things that have survived all evil influences are the state, religion, the Sabbath Day, the right of owning personal property, and the family.

## LIBRARIAN HURT IN CAR ACCIDENT

Mrs. Hannah Shearer, well known librarian at Houston Junior College, was injured last Thursday evening when she was struck by a Ford truck while walking across a street intersection, near the school building. She was knocked down and severely bruised.

At first complications were feared, but later reports are that Mrs. Shearer is recovering, and will soon be able to resume her work at the library.

## FORD ROADSTER STOLEN

Automobile thieves have been active in the vicinity of the Junior College. At the assembly Wednesday evening Mr. Henderson asked all students to watch for the number "F16278" which was on a Ford roadster that was recently stolen from a student who had parked it near the college building.

## BASEBALL PRACTICE BEGINS

The smack of wood against horsehide can be heard any morning at West End ball park. Coach French has a likely squad out for the Cougar nine. Any one who wishes to try out may report at the park any morning at 10 o'clock.

The sort of imagination that brings success is one that sees a distant summit, a general route to it, and just where to put the feet for the next ten steps.

## COLLEGE 'PHONE TELLS VERY SAD TALE OF USE BY LOCAL STUDENTS

(Editor's Note: The following graphic pictorial of the most intimate experiences of the college telephone was received, much to our surprise, only five minutes before The Cougar went to press, therefore we publish it without comment.)

Sometimes I wish I had never been invented at all; for after all, I am only a tool—a mistreated instrument and a plaything of men's vanity.

My only enjoyment in life is that little rest I get on Saturdays and Sundays—but, oh my, how I earn that rest. How I pay for every bit of it from seven to seven-thirty on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

That awful half hour. The mere thought of it makes me shudder so that my wary bell tinkles without the usual stimulus. Sometimes I think that it will be impossible to emerge from that hectic thirty-minute period without having a melted mouthpiece; or without having had a cruel amputation of the hook performed by some enraged pre-med student all because a sweet voice at the other end of the wire said something about being dated up.

And what language those boys from the Dental College can use. One would think that it is my fault because nobody answers at the other end. I wish I worked at a beauty parlor or a florist shop; then life would be worth living.

And out of all the places in Houston that they might have put me, they picked out Junior College. Were there only some way I could arrange a transfer; but I suppose there isn't. Or if Junior College would only hurry up and get a permanent building, but—my gosh, there's that seven o'clock class bell.

THE TELEPHONE.

## CLASSICAL MUSIC ASSEMBLY FEATURE

Miss Genevieve Pledge, student violin artist at Houston Junior College, entertained the student body at its weekly assembly Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

"I can just say that it is not jazz. You must judge for yourselves," was all the introduction Miss Pledge gave to her selections. Miss Vivian Kenney was at the piano.

If the hearty applause could be taken for the judgment of the audience, Miss Pledge chose wisely and played well. In response to the demand for an encore, "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" was rendered.

N. K. Dupre, assistant director of the college, issued an appeal for aid in making the library a quiet room suitable for research and study.

Immediately following the adjournment of assembly, a call meeting of the sophomore class was held in the auditorium.

## STUDENTS PRESENT PLAY AT RICHMOND THURSDAY

"Nothing But the Truth," the comedy success presented at H. J. C. by the student players, was presented Thursday at Richmond under the auspices of the Richmond public schools.

The members of the cast were accompanied to Richmond by Miss Nellwyn Turner, Willard Nesmith, and Jack Thurman. Miss Turner played during the entertainment.

## MISS FOWLER ILL

Miss Sammie Lane Fowler is reported to be ill in a hospital at Cameron, Texas.

Miss Fowler attended H. J. C. last semester, but was obliged to withdraw from the school because of illness.

Things are never as bad as they seem, which means that we are never as happy or as unhappy as we think we are.

## FAMOUS POET BRINGS JOY TO STUDENT BODY

Judd Mortimer Lewis Reads  
His Own Poems at  
Assembly

## TELLS OF ADVENTURES

Gives "The Old Wash Place,"  
A Song of Mother Love  
and Heroism.

Judd Mortimer Lewis, Houston's own poet, spoke before an interested audience of students and patrons of the college in the auditorium Wednesday night, February 25.

"Uncle Judd," as he is familiarly known, recited many of his poems, the themes of which were love, home life, and children. Humor also played an important part in his recitations, and he had the audience constantly in an uproar.

The titles of some of his poems are, A Texas Boy, Love, Little Children, and The Old Wash Place. He also recounted many incidents of his travels which were especially interesting.

Round after round of applause greeted each of his offerings and the regular assembly period was allowed to run 30 minutes over time for the popular visitor.

"Uncle Judd" is nationally famous. His poems with their genial and inspiring atmosphere have cheered the hearts of multitudes.

The sacrifices and heroism of a typical mother are poignantly pictured in the famous poem, The Old Wash Place. The students were interested to know that Mr. Lewis wrote this poem in a little more than an hour as a result of numerous requests for such a composition.

Mr. Lewis was presented by Mr. Harris who lauded the poet in his introductory speech.

## LEWIS ENJOYS VISIT

That Mr. Lewis enjoyed his visit to H. J. S. is indicated by the following taken from his column, Platinum Poems, in the Houston Post-Dispatch:

Recently I visited the Junior College, which functions nights at the San Jacinto High School, and learned much which I had not known about this educational institution, about its faculty and the student body made up of eight hundred individuals on their way to making educated and useful citizens of themselves. Houston knows very little about the activities, the aims and accomplishments of Junior College, and it would be well for our citizens to avail themselves of the opportunity to attend chapel there on Wednesday evenings from seven-thirty to eight o'clock. Such a visit furnishes an experience with a thrill to it.

## H. J. C. WILL DEBATE WESTMINSTER APRIL 10

"Resolved, That The Nations of the World Should Adopt Free Trade," the first debate subject for the T. F. C. P. S. meet of which H. J. C. is a member for the first time in its history, is scheduled for April 10, between H. J. C. and Westminster Junior College at Houston.

April 24 marks the final debates to be held at Temple Junior College at Bryan. These debates will determine the state champions.

Oratorical contest for both boys and girls will be held April 3 at Westminster Junior College at Teahuacana. One-act plays are scheduled for the latter part of April at Hillsboro.

Dates for two special debates will be announced later by Coach Harris between H. J. C. and Temple Junior College at Bryan and H. J. C. and South Park Junior of Beaumont at Houston.

Your sole contribution to the sum of things is yourself.

I see only one means of knowing how far I can go: that is by going.—Bergson.

# The Cougar

Of The Houston Junior College,  
Houston, Texas Established 1928

Published semi-monthly during the college year. Subscription, \$1.00 per year. Single copies, 10 cents.

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## ENROUTE

Going through college is more or less analogous to the process of going through life. And we are not possessed with sufficient boldness to say whether it is better to go through life, or college either, in the manner of an oyster or perhaps in some other way. But we do have our ideas.

We believe that a certain amount of awareness to college conditions, an interest in things in general and the ability to respond actively to what one thinks right or wrong, is many times better than being a trained seal and thinking that life is a printed fact and a fact because it is printed.

It is not our purpose to create false values. And should we indicate that extra-curricular college life is of more import than the formal element or class room activity we would be doing that. But what we are saying is simply this: a college career like life is not endless, therefore make the most of it.

You are embezzling the time life has allotted to you when you remain inert and refuse to realize any worthwhile experience proffered you by either college or life.

## SPEEDERS

Malcom Campbell is fairly good in his field. But in competition with the curve artists of the Houston Junior College we feel that he would simply fail to qualify.

The British speed monarch is a sickler for good visibility, track conditions, and what not. In fact in the world of dare-devildom his performances are far inferior to those of some of our worthy students.

And as this editorial does not set out to attain great length, it will include no accident statistics or phrases couched in the darker shades of crepe. Suffice to say that when Death takes a holiday those holidays must perforce end. And since it is he who is a master of conclusions, let's not immitate him by ending his vacation.

## I AM THE NEWSPAPER

Born of the deep, daily need of a nation, I am the voice of now, the incarnate spirit of the times, monarch of things that are. My "cold type" burns with the fire-blood of human action. I am fed by arteries of wire that girdle the earth. I drink from the cup of every joy and sorrow. I know no death, yet am born again with every morn, with every noon, with every twilight I leap into fresh being with every new world's event. Those who created me cease to be; the brains and heart's blood that nourish me go the way of human dissolution. Yet I live on and on. I am majestic in my strength, sublime in my power, terrible in my potentialities, yet as democratic as the ragged boy who sells me for a penny. I am the consort of kings, the partner of capital, the brother of toil. The inspiration of the hopeless, the right arm of the needy, the champion of the oppressed, the conscience of the criminal. I am the epitome of the world's comedy and tragedy. My responsibility is infinite. I speak, and the world stops to listen.

## Just Talk



### OUR COUGAR GROWLS

It seems that even a nice peaceable kitty will become peeved if it is sufficiently goaded. Just Talk believes that somebody must have walked on The Cougar's paws. Otherwise, how could our Cougar have been growling the other day when our reporter, Genevieve Pledge, visited him for an interview? Here's how Genevieve explains it:

Dear Editor:

I dropped in again last night for my customary chat with The Cougar, and believe me, he was belligerent! He met me at the door, mouth foaming and teeth bared. I was tempted to turn and run, but I could see well enough that he had something on his mind, and I knew from the looks of him that it would make a good story. So I gritted my teeth and commandeered my shaking knees long enough to reach a seat. A lack and alas, the lief of a reporter is hard!

Well, The Cougar didn't even sit down—much less curl up comfortably as he usually does when I visit. He slunk from one side of the room to the other, wiggling the end of his tail like a wild animal stalking some prey.

Then came the storm! At first I could hardly get what he was saying, he talked so fast, and roared in between words. Finally it dawned on me The Cougar had heard some gossip. Someone has whispered in his ear that his school lacked spirit—my! was he angry!

"And this," he roared, "is the most OB-STRE-PER-OUS part of it; the school has spirit—it just doesn't show it. Everyone leaves it to the other fellow to do the boosting. I am so sick of the word co-operation that I refuse to use it but you get what I mean." I gave a weak nod of affirmation and rescued my hat from a rather depressed position in the seat of my chair and left.

Dear Editor: I may live over it, but I'll never look the same. Personally, I see nothing that will appease our beloved pet but to prove to him that he's right!

Best regards,  
Reporter Pledge.

### HOW TO USE LIBRARY

Have you ever considered studying in our library. Here is an idea or two, on the subject, that Irene Johnson contributes:

Do we college students recognize and appreciate the school library and the possibilities it offers us? I am afraid that we do not.

The large room with good lighting, the tables, the chairs, and the books all offer a very desirable place for study, but have you noticed the conduct of the majority of the students who use the library? How few use it for study! There are groups who hold lengthy social chats, others who roam from the hall into the library and out again, with no apparent aim in view, but they disturb the students who would like to concentrate on their work.

Just the other day two of our most likeable girls entered the library. They approached one of the social groups. One seated herself upon a corner of one of the tables, opened her compact and, between comments and giggles (which by the way sounded hysterical), re-did her face. The other was chewing gum, and continually popped it so loudly that it could be heard almost the entire length of the room.

Did this show disrespect for Mrs. Shearer or for fellow students? I am

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I say the word, and the battle flames the horizon. I counsel peace, and the war-lords obey. I am greater than any individual—more powerful than any public opinion. Rightly directed, I am a creator of confidence, a builder of happiness in living. I am the teacher of patriotism. I am the hands of the clock of time, the clarion voice of Civilization. I am the newspaper.

—JOSEPH H. FINN.

## Literary Forum

A Junior College student who wishes to remain anonymous gave us the following verse. Each of us could he H. J. C. a great deal if we would adopt these sentiments:

H—ere's to the Junior College—  
O—h, let's work through smiles and tears  
U—ntil we have it peerless, and  
S—pread its renown through the years.  
T—he name of it should be our pride;  
O—ur efforts here will its fate decide,  
N—ot one of us but should say we've tried.

J—ust a little loyal pulling  
U—ntil we've made its fame—  
N—o less should we expect to do  
I—n the Junior College name.  
O—n our way then, let us be  
R—eaching up for H. J. C.

C—ome on, you sophs and freshmen,  
O—ur school lies in our hands.  
L—et's make it bigger and better—  
L—et it be known through lands.  
E—ach one of us can do our part,  
G—ive loyalty and a loving heart  
E—very day, and make ourselves a part.

OF HOUSTON JUNIOR COLLEGE.

Whew! Thank goodness those six weeks exams are finished at last . . . even The Cougar is breathing a sigh of relief. Here's Kenneth Phillips' view of the situation.

### EXAMS! EXAMS!!

When do "sophs" pass up a date  
To burn the midnight fire?  
It's when to pass it's rather late,  
Then comes disaster dire.

When do "fish" begin to squirm,  
And call themselves "Big Hams?"  
When do leaves begin to turn?  
The night before EXAMS!

—KENNETH PHILLIPS.

From one of Texas' own poets, Grace Noll Crowell, we quote this poem:

### A PRAYER FOR COURAGE

God make me brave for life,  
Oh, braver than this!  
Let me straighten after pain  
As a tree straightens after the rain,  
Shining and lovely again.

God make me brave for life,  
Much braver than this!  
As the blown grass lifts let me rise  
From sorrow with quiet eyes  
Knowing Thy way is wise.

God make me brave—Life brings  
Such blinding things,  
Help me to keep my sight,  
Help me to see aright  
That out of the dark—comes light.

### Fil-o-Sophie

By KENNETH PHILLIPS

Do ya ever feel kinda blue? Well, somethin's wrong with ya if ya don't. Just wonderin' if you folks needed any bolsterin' or boostin' or whatever the word is, Phil decided to let ya in on a few of his fillosofies. He hasn't got no degree from a universalty yet, but he's seen perty nigh all a pusson needs to see. Phil's be.

Here's a little verse that sorter gets under yer skin—makes yo wonder if you'll ever be liek it says:

"The wounds I might have healed!  
The human sorrow and smart!  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part;  
But evil is wrought by want of thought

As well as want of heart!"  
Perty good, isn't it? Reminds me of a litle motto I heard once: "Oh, loyal to the royal in thyself!" I guess everybody hez somethin' royal about him.

Shakespeare wrote a line or two on that order. If I can think it up, I'll pass it on. Oh, yes, it ran somethin' like this: "This above all: as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

William was a reg'lar feller. You all didn't know I was such a hound fer literature, did ya? My Sunday School teacher told me another verse one time. You folks might not go to church an' prayer meetin', but this might help ya, anyway:

"There's so much good in the worst of us,  
And so much bad in the best of us,  
That it does not behoove any of us  
To criticize the rest of us."

I don't know what "behoove" means, an' I don't suppose you do, but we kin

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## GRINS and GROANS



Fred Stark: "Yeah? That's where I clean the paint off my brushes."

Absent-minded College Professor (after a date): "We'll go on from here next time."

Carlton Moore: "What's on the radio?"

Marian Moore: "Oh, just a little dust."

Old Gentleman (in crowded street car): "Has anyone here lost a roll of bills with an elastic band around them?"

Chorus from a Dozen Car Riders: "Yes, I have."

Old Gentleman (calmly): "Well, I just found the elastic."

### CAMPAIGN NOTE

"Beatrice," said Mrs. B. to her daughter, "if Harold asks you to be his wife, tell him to speak to me."

Beatrice nodded and then said: "And, if he doesn't ask me, mother?"

"In that case," said her mother, "tell him I want to speak to him."

### OUT-O-LUCK

A man pinned under his car after an auto accident was being questioned by a policeman. "Married?"

"No," he replied, "this is the worst fix I've ever been in."

Fond Uncle: "You boys of today want too much money. Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?"

Nephew: "No, and I'll bet you didn't."

## HIS BIG MOMENT

By ABBY GABDAB

Snookums University was in a high state of frenzy. The blue and gold was behind ofr the first time in a basketball game this year. The maroon and white of Whoopumup College were in the lead and almost half of the game was over.

On the substitutes bench slumped down in despair was "Guggles" Moonstone. He was one of the subs and there was a long story about this youth that would clutch at the heart strings of a man (or woman, too).

When he had first come to Snookums he was a lad who neevr had a worry but since then his manly brow was continually in a frown as he sat alone thinking. Many people and even his class mates wondered as to what was wrong with him as an explanation to them and my dear readers I will tell you the sad story that wrecked "Guggles" poor heart.

He was one of the few boys that had made good on the freshman basketball squad and received their letter. Ah, he was sweet and agile center if there ever was one. Then came his sophomore year and trouble began to pursue him. He was confident that he would win his first varsity letter but alas, it was the same old story, there were too many that were better than he, and he was destined to be a lowly sub. Such was the case in his second year and time passed and then came his junior year. It seemed as though he would, after so long a time, finally have his desire at last fulfilled but "Spike-Eye" Jackson proved that he was more capable than poor Guggles and back to the subs was again the cry for our hero.

Now he was in his senior year and still he was one of the poor eads that warmed the bench. His poor heart was being torn to smithereens bits by bits. After being out ofr the squad for three years he was going to graduate without having lettered in his one big moment, basketball.

From the start it was a known fact that the championship of the Crazy Nine conference would be between Snookum and he old rival, Whoopum-up College. Neither team had lost a game, and now the story is brought up to the present time.

Guggles was sitting on the bench chewing his finger nails off one by one. Would the half never end? It seemed as though it would not to our hero. Finally his wish was gratified and the shot was fired ending the half. Snookum's team left the floor weary and tired. It was the first time this season

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He: "I could hang on your very words."

She: "Is my line as strong as that?"

Bill Smith: You know, I got a bright idea out of a corner of my brain today.  
John Hill: Huh! Must have been a "stow-a-way."

Little Girl: Aunty, why do you put powder on your face?

Aunt: To make me pretty.

Little Girl: Then, why doesn't it?

### A GOAT GETTER

He: Do you pet?  
She: Sure—animals.  
He: Go ahead; I'll be the goat.

Harold Steele calls his fraternity pin "the soldier" because it has been on so many fronts.

Fairfax Moody: What ya wating for?  
Julia Green: A joke.  
Fairfax: Send him my love.

Fond Father: Your studies are suffering. Do you need a coach?  
Marion Moore: No, dad, a roadster'll do.

Fresh: I'm in a terrible fix and have no idea where to get money from.  
Soph: Good, I was afraid you thought you could get some from me.

Mr. Birney: This is the plot of my story. A midnight scene. Two burglars creep stealthily toward the house. They climb a wall, force open a window and enter the room. The clock strikes one.  
Gladys Jacobs (breathlessly): Which one?

He wandered into the tennis club tournament and sat down on a bench. "Whose game?" he inquired.  
"I am," murmured the flapper sitting next to him.

Joe Ed Winfree: "My good man, you had better take the street car home."  
Lefty Morris: "Sh'no use. Mother wouldn't let me keep it in the house."

Visitor in Lnuchroom (suspiciously): "How is the hash made here?"  
Attendant: "Made, sir? Hash ain't made—it accumulates."

"Not many fellows can do this," said the magician (Herbert Sawyer) as he turned his Ford into a lamp post.

Ora D. Brown (who has cornered a burglar in his living room): "Hands up or I will shoot"

Quick-Witted Burglar: "Five for de gat."  
O. D. B.: "Sold."

Kenneth Phillips: "That woman in the box hasn't taken her eyes off me for an hour."

Milton Moffitt: "How do you know?"

"I'd prefer being a chauffeur to being a jockey," said Albert Kindel, "for a jockey sees only the horse's neck while the chauffeur sees everybody neck."

Gordon Davis: "How quickly can you stop your car?"

Mac Dougherty: "It all depends on the size of the pedestrian—a big one stops me right away, but if he's under-sized it slows me down gradually."

John Reagan: "That garage man says we're carrying entirely too heavy a load."

Nora Louise Calhoun: "Couldn't you throw out the clutch, dear?"

Harvey Richards: "Ah, and what is this? It is superb. What soul. What expression."

# The Cougar Scientist

VOL. I.

NO. 3

A psychologist declares that single men are more truthful than married ones. But then they are not asked so many embarrassing questions.

Doctor: "H'm. Severe headache, bilious attacks, pains in the neck—h'm!" (Continuing to write) "What is your age, madam?"

Patent (coily): "Twenty-four, Doctor."

"H'm!" (continuing to write): "Memory affected, too?"—Life.

The scientists who were unable to account for the dark weather prevailing in Europe seem to overlook the fact that Mr. Einstein is busy explaining his theory.—Boston Transcript.

The surgeon had just operated on his barber, removing his appendix.

"And now," said the surgeon, after his patient had regained consciousness, "how about a little liver or thyroid operation? And your tonsils really do need trimming terribly."

Fortunately, sustained oratory can't be prolonged by taking on more gas.—Memphis News-Scimitar.

In spite of all this agitation against perjury, we notice that a Chicago motorist had the nerve to tell the judge, when arrested for speeding the other day, that he was on his way to the dentist's office.—New York Evening Post.

Time to Calcimine.—A minister, in addressing his flock, began: As I gaze about me, I see before me a great many bright and shining faces. (Just then 87 powder puffs came out.)

A Scotsman rang up a doctor in a state of great agitation. "Come quick," he said, "ma wee bairn has swallowed a saxpence." "How old is it?" asked the Doctor. "1894."

The fossilized remains of an extinct ganoid, or armor-plated fish, has been discovered in Southern Illinois. It must have lived in the Chicago River.—Judge.

Small boy: I want some medicine to reduce flesh.

Shop assistant: Anti-fat?  
Small boy: No, uncle.

## THROUGH A CHINESE MATCH FACTORY

By C. R. Allen

Sung Fat was the proud owner of the Pekin Match Factory—proud in his own peculiar way. So it was no difficult task to gain entrance to the factory, for Sung Fat was a friend of ours—friendship which we had developed while he was in America.

The general appearance of the factory was one that only a Chinaman would be proud of, for it was absolutely "old style," following traditions that were handed down from years gone by.

We first entered a hallway, dirty, damp, with dust flying everywhere. From this numerous other hallways branched off; leading to a room for the mixers and dippers, to another where the dry ingredients for the match heads were ground, and to a room for filling the boxes.

In every case we found the rooms lacking cleanliness, ventilation and light. We were told by Sun Fat that, at the present time, he was doing a rushing business and that there were about 500 people now employed.

We asked him how many men he had. He replied, in a casual way, that he had about 50 men; 35 of them being used as mixers and dippers. We later found out that the rest of the people employed were young men, boys, girls and women.

We asked how much he paid his help, and we got one of the biggest surprises of our trip, for, in a most nonchalant manner, he said the average worker received about \$5 per month, Sundays included. We were getting thoroughly disgusted with such an environment and left about noon time.

Our last impression of this horrible life was a true example of life at that factory. For sitting at their workbenches, the workers ate their lunches

with hands reeking with phosphorous—lunches which had stood for hours in the poisonous phosphorous fumes before being eaten.

## War and Chemistry

By Mrs. Annie Roberts Wilcox

The chemistry of war developed under the stress of the poison gas campaign during the world war. The term "poison gas" is a misnomer. Most of the chemicals which appeared on the battle field as gases were transported and projected as liquids or even as solids.

As the poison was developed, a large number of different chemicals became available by the opposing armies. These chemicals may be classified as asphyxiating, toxic, lachrymatory, burning, and sneezing. The first two classes produced a higher percentage of deaths than the other three classes, but the latter were responsible for more casualties.

The asphyxiating gases produced death by suffocation. The best known substances of these types were chlorine and phosgene, both used in the manufacture of dye. Chlorine was first used by the Germans in 1915 at the battle of Ypres. It was released from cylinders and produced a white cloud which slowly enveloped our wholly unprepared troops. Had the Germans had the vision and initiative to follow up this surprise attack of poison chemicals, they might have driven through to the channel ports and gained an immediate and decisive victory while the Allies were still struggling with the problem of respirators and gas helmets, and the production of means of retaliation.

The toxic compounds chiefly affected the nervous system. It was either kill or cure, for recovery was rapid from any concentration not causing death. Prussic acid is the best example of a toxic poison.

Lachrymators were employed on a large scale. They produced temporary blindness by weeping.

The introduction of vesicant or blistering compounds was the culmination of the use of chemicals in warfare. Mustard gas was the chief of these blistering compounds employed. It produced skin-burning which, though rarely mortal, put a man out of action for many months.

The last class produced the familiar and annoying sneezing effect accompanied by intense pain and irritation of the nose, throat, and respiratory membranes. These were mostly arsenic compounds.

It is a misconception that gas was only discharged from cylinders in huge clouds or used as artillery shells. A number of special weapons adapted for gas were developed—the Livens projector producing a gas cloud far from the point of discharge, and the Stokes used for rapid fire of large numbers of gas shells.

Poison gas was used not only as an effective means of producing deaths and casualties, but it was employed to neutralize batteries, cross-roads, and render whole areas uninhabitable. The ground was often poisoned to a depth of several feet.

Germany early abandoned cloud gas attacks because large gains of ground could not be obtained by this means, and because of the enormous mental and muscular effort required in preparing for a cloud gas attack. The cylinders had to be in position in special emplacements in the front lines within certain time limits. Naturally, all the work occurred in the dark. Picture to yourself the amount of mental and physical activity necessary to place 2,000 cylinders on a two-mile front,—the darkness, the possible enemy shell, the need for haste and care, the interference with the busy night-life of the trenches, the lead-like weight of the projectiles, the sudden flaring of shells making the after darkness more intense, the organization of thousands of officers and men for this work, the filtering of these special groups into the front trenches without attracting the enemy's suspicion.

The English improved both the magnitude and method of cloud-gas attack. They used it as an efficient means of local surprise.

The chemical struggle became very intense in the summer and autumn of



## Our College Cutie Says

Dear oh dear. I'm so lonesome—Where's Bobbie McCullough? Never see him anymore.

Guess Julia Green will miss Fax Moody. Fax's going to Southwestern. Lucky!

Lookee! There's Louie Godard. The tall good-looking brunette. Wish he'd give me a break. But that's my luck.

Strawberries! Two of 'em. I mean strawberry blondes. The two most prominent the school boasts of: Opal Beane and Hazel Taylor.

Oh, Bobbie, where art thou going? going? It's Bobbie Branham tagging some lucky lil' femme.

Palpitating heart be still. Here's my L. L. L. (long lost love) Cy Shaw.

Hey there, Sonny! You know him. His real name is Harwood Staniker.

A couple of new comers ambling around in no particular direction are C. E. Boykin and Margaret Moss.

There's that cute and attractive Pauline Ault.

Have you heard? Magda Sohle has at last turned chorus girl. She always vowed that she would.

Hi there, Jim. It's James Morris, the bachelor.

Speaking of blondes! Say, the rest of us had better hang together. Have you noticed Marguerite Comhaire? Plenty of reason!

Did you know that Harry D. Mathews plays the fiddle? Not only yes but uh huh!

Cheerio, darling, 'till next time. Must toddle along.

CUTIE

1917. Projector attacks multiplied, the use of chemical shells increased on both sides, gas discipline tightened up, officers and men acquired a kind of gas sense—a peculiar alertness toward gas. At this stage mustard was the chief chemical used. Fortunately, its most fatal effects could be prevented by wearing a respirator. Mustard was the war gas par excellence for causing casualties.

So much for chemical warfare of the past. The future is our chief concern. What would characterize the early stages of a future war? It would be distinguished by attempts of the various belligerents to win instant and decisive victory by various types of surprises. Chemical surprise will depend upon peace industry, the organic chemical industry. German chemical industry was the vital factor of this new method of warfare employed in the World War. The dye industry was concentrated almost exclusively in six great firms located favorably to the front line.

The only logical conclusion in regard to the outcomes of future wars, is that the country which does not possess a strong dye industry or enormously expensive chemical arsenals, can not hope to escape serious military results, possible defeat from enemy chemical surprises. Let us then as patriotic, foresighted citizens, prepare for war in time of peace. Let us not yield again the dye industry to be monopolized by any country.

From the point of view of atrocity, gas has a hopeful outlook as compared with other weapons. Chemicals may be found which temporarily influence human functions, enabling military objectives to be attained with a remarkably small amount of pain and death.

## SIGHT SEEING

Whozit: "Do you see the young man standing over there next to the flivver with golf pants on?"

Whyzit: "I see the young man all right; but where is the flivver with golf pants on?"

## Society

KIDD-SCOTT

Reverend and Mrs. J. O. Kidd announce the marriage of their daughter, Ina Ruth, to William Harvey Scott. The wedding will take place at the North Side Methodist church, Sunday evening, March 22, at six-thirty o'clock. The service will be read by Reverend J. O. Kidd, the bride's father.

Ruth Kidd was formerly a student of the Houston Junior College, where she was very popular. She held many offices, one of them being president of the Pep Club. The Pep Club will give a party in Miss Kidd's honor in the near future.

## SOPHOMORE BALL

The annual ball to be given by the members of the sophomore class of H. J. C. will be held at the Lamar Hotel ballroom on April 3. Good music has been arranged, and many students are planning to attend.

## STUDENT ASSOCIATION DANCE

April 20 is the date that has been set for the dance to be given by the H. J. C. Students' Association. This dance will be held at the "End of Main" dance hall. This is the third annual dance of the association.

## TO ENTERTAIN GRADS

All graduates of Houston's senior high schools will be invited to attend the ball to be given in their honor by the Houston Junior College on May 8. This dance will be held at the college gymnasium, and an attractive entertainment for the graduates is being prepared by the H. J. C. students.

## LITERARY FORUM—

(Continued from Page 2)

all get the gen'ral drift of the conversation.

When Rockefeller fust joined the Church, one of the good Deacons remarked that he never would kick in a nickle. Wal, you all know what he is today. If I warn't gettin' kinda old myself, I might figger on becomin' a rich feller some day. I guess I might as well not count on that; wouldn't know what to do with four bits if I had it. Maybe I would chew it in two, testin' it to see if it was all right.

Here's a good one to clip an' stick in yer coat pocket:

"This is what I'd like to be:  
Kind and brave and neighborly,  
Big of heart and broad of mind,  
Glad with every joy I find,  
Friendly as I go my way,  
Generous-handed, day by day.  
Keeping, though I rise or fall,  
The love and good esteem of all."  
Whoever wrote that must have been a fine pusson. It's about time fer me to close. Hope you're efelin' better by now. So just keep pluggin' away, and you're bound to come out right the top. An' just remember:  
"It's mighty hard a stone to roll  
Without the help of an earnest soul,  
But the man who wins  
Is the one who begins  
Right now to work for his goal."  
That's all for the present. So long!

## QUIZ BONERS

Keats is a poet who wrote on a greasy urn.

Name three tragedies by Shakespeare.

Mcbeth, King Lear, and Twelve Nights in a Bar Room.

When Adam Bede was an old man he entered a convent and became the father of English Literature.

A poetic license is a license you get from the Post Office to keep poets. You get one also if you want to keep a dog. It costs two dollars and you call it a dog license.

In what order do the Gospels come? One after the other.

## HECTIC JOURNALISM

The reporter came idly into the office. "Well," said the editor, "what did our eminent statesmen have to say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, keep it down to a column."

"Didn't I see you eating peas with a ladle last night?"

"That wasn't no ladle; that was my knife."

## THE COUGAR'S CAVE

By James Brough

Ye old Cougar is receiving many friendly visitors. Since the warm weather has again descended he has been smelling less fried onions and seeing more pleasant sights. For the moral uplift of our profs. and students here is an incinerating truth from the HERALD, the Arkansas State College newspaper.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime  
And by asking foolish questions  
Take up recitation time."

The HERALD is a spirited sheet and it puts its news forward in an interesting manner. It has a Believe It or Not column that makes it a little hard on some of its students. Here is an extract.

"Rat Schnee missed a free dance last week-end."

It seems to the Cougar that our friend, "Rat" must be getting careless.

The GUSHER at Bender High School, Humble, Texas, is a fine little High School paper with excellent humor and a good general appeal. The Cougar notices in the GUSHER'S exchange column that there has been some trouble with the Jay Dee at Jeff Davis High. Be careful GUSHER, Roy Neelham came from Humble, you know.

A neat newspaper with a focused makeup is the FORTY NINER from Yuba County Junior college. Its contents are interesting and almost all-inclusive. A paragraph quotation will give an example.

"A man recently sued New York university, claiming that smoke from the university chimneys turned his white poodle dog black in five minutes. The editor of THE NEW YORKER went him one better in claiming that smoke in the same district turned his cream of wheat to grape nuts in four minutes."

The Cougar commented on LONE STAR LUTHERAN last week. In the current issue of this paper we find an excellent "snap exam" suggested. Here are a few of the questions. Mr. Minor might try them on some of his brighter students.

"What kind of wood is used in making mahogany pianos?"

"Why are green blackberries red?"

"What nationality of people belong to the Hebrew church?"

"When was the war of 1812?"

"Of what is a brick building made?"

O-o-h! Mr. Kerbo, for an exam like this.

## HIS BIG MOMENT—

(Continued from Page 2)

that they had not been in front when the half ended.

In the dressing room the coach bellered and cussed and made nasty cracks about how the team had played during the first half. Guggles was aroused to a high state of enthusiasm and hoped that the coach would send him in, but when the game was renewed Guggles was still on the bench.

The game was almost over now and still he sat on the bench, sad eyed and his shoulders slumped down. Surely the coach would send him in, as Snookums was at last in the lead and the game was almost sewed up. Finally the coach looked at Guggles and the boy snapped erect. He motioned for our hero to come over to his bench.

"Guggles, I want you to go—" he began but he was halted by the light in the youth's eyes.

"Moonstone, I want you to go out there and take Jackson's place," said the coach in a very queer and forced voice.

Guggles ran out on the court and took Jackson's place, thereby playing enough in a major game to at last win his coveted letter. His main ambition had been fulfilled at last.

The next morning at breakfast Coach Wilson was talking to his wife about the game last night. "You know that I just could not send that boy down to the dressing room to get my pipe. I started to, but when I saw that look in his eyes, I had to send him in the game."

The end.

Wife (to husband in bath tub): "Henry, don't start on that song. You know we haven't much soap left."

"How old are you, Mary?"

"Fifteen."

"A girl of fifteen should tell her mother everything."

"I know it. But mother is so innocent, really I haven't the heart."

# PEEPING UNDER

WITH LLOYD LEGORY

## Initial Appearance

With the initial appearance of this column, we wish to state that we make no apologies to the Hon. Lloyd Gregory, Post-Dispatch Sports Editor, or to his column, "Looking 'Em Over." However, we will say that his column is also good.

## Coach French

As the basketball season is almost over, the time for the bestowing of laurels is here. The first person we find to laud is none other than Coach Archie French, late of France as his name implies. Dear old Archie! What would our team do without him? In his absence, we can picture the team running around as if lost, and looking hither and yon for its beloved coach. We believe everyone realizes the necessity of Coach French for winning teams at the Houston Junior College.

## The Team

It seems as though the Cougars have at last discovered that they are capable of winning once in a while. We have always maintained that they had it in 'em, but it had begun to appear as if we were mistaken. 'Tis true, they didn't play Arkansas, T. C. U., or any of the best quintets in the amateur circles of Houston. If we wore a hat, it would be off to the Cougars for their fine record this season.

## Female Sextet

And let's not forget our demure co-ed team. Those lassies really have completed a successful season. We believe that the best game on their card was against the Dr. Peppers. The team gave the "Ten, Two, and Four" girls a run for their money. Considered as one of the outstanding girl's teams in the city, the Dr. Peppers were able to win over our "collich" by only six points. We're proud of our girls!

## Faculty Basketball

The writer takes the opportunity to suggest that a faculty basketball team be organized. It's a shame not to have some form of recreation for the poor, overworked "maestros" of this institution. Just think of it; the hard-working faculty is slaving itself to death because they are not able to secure enough exercise!

As a tentative lineup, we suggest the following: Harris and Miller, forwards; Miner, center and "capping"; Bishkin and Kerbow, guards; Birney, waterboy; French, trainer; Dupree, manager; Nigro, Rees, Schuhmann, and Herrington, bench-warmers. We also suggest that the women instructors form a pep club to support this team. What a club, what a club! Ho, hum!

The scoring power of the team would come from the center, "Flash" Miner. It is rumored that he was a "hot-shot" before he turned professional to become a history authority. The remainder of the squad is sure to lend valuable assistance to Mr. Miner in his scoring sprees.

Let's all get behind the movement and start a fund to equip the faculty for basketball. We owe it to them! Contributions may be sent to the sports department of this paper.

## PERSONALS

Some fellows believe in safety first; Irene got a ball and chain on Friday night before Christmas.

Pauline got "action" when she encountered "Big Bertha."

We are trying to find out who it is that Melanee walks past the front stairs to see. Can anyone help us find out?

There go Elizabeth Phelps and Helen Tomlin, former Heights "champions."

Helen has an interest in a chemistry class.

Wonder if Mr. Pease will feel lonesome when basketball season is over?

Here comes Captain Elizabeth Rummell, ready for practice. She is one who is always there. M. M.

We rarely gain a higher or larger view except as it is forced upon us through struggles which we would have avoided if we could.

## MORE MANUSCRIPT COME FROM MYSTERIOUS ONE OF JOURNALISTIC BENT

Well, I'm back again. You could not get rid of me after one issue. Bigger and better than ever. I want to thank you, first of all, for publishing the work I sent in last time. It was really unexpected, I appreciate it. Thanks for the name of Marcus Aurelius. That's a good one. No one knows who Marcus Aurelius was, nor does anyone know who the new Marcus Aurelius is. I'm scared to ask people what they think about the material I sent in least they might get wise, so I really don't know how the column went over. I'm feeling kinder proud having my articles take up a whole column and part of another. I think it was used only for a fill-in, but I don't mind that.

I am swinging a little off course this time by enclosing a poem I have just found in a magazine. I think it is a good one and is true to life. It is interesting because it is written about Babe Ruth, who we all like to read about. His fight for success in baseball is the same as our fight for success in other fields. If we follow his policy, it will help us immensely.

I am enclosing again a page of pointed sayings, which are self-explanatory.

I am also enclosing three short articles, each of which has a point to bring out, and I think they succeed in their purpose.

As I said before, you may print as much of this material as you see fit. And I want to thank you again for printing the material of mine in the last issue.

Hint toward identification: I have black hair and brown eyes.

### BATTING SLUMP

Babe Ruth, the mighty King of Swat, Is only human, after all, Tho' far and near he has no peer

At batting out the homrun ball. He's always up there trying hard;

He has his days of triumphs great But now and then, like other men,

He fails to clout 'em from the plate. One knows, with canny baseball sense,

No batter always can connect; Oftimes the "breaks" or pitcher's curve

Will keep him checked or double-checked.

But still he goes to bat to meet The crucial test of each day's game;

He's on the jump to beat his slump, He's in there swinging just the same!

"This batting slump can't last for long."

Says Babe, the sturdy Son of Bam, And son the crowd, with cheering loud,

Applauds once more his four-base slam!

He's found his batting eye again And blasts the ball clean on the knob;

The homerun hitter wins success, Because he's swinging on the job!

The game of ball, and life's great game—

They're much the same, you're bound to find;

The men and boys who scale the top Just keep a winning state of mind.

To each must come his "Batting Slumps,"

Who goes to tussle in the fray, But he who wears the victor's smile

Goes right on swinging every day!

### STEAL

There are only three things which you are allowed to steal. They are second base, third base and home. You can't steal first base or anything else in the game of life without violating the rules.

What a dandy thing it is for all of us to remember that there is nothing like playing fair and strictly observing all the rules. Honesty is the most important rule in the big book. Observe that one, and the rest will be easy. To the student who is honest in all things, at all times, the game is half won. Nobody will have anything on you and you won't have to make excuses to anybody. Remember this: There is no substitute for honesty. You either have it or you have it not.

### THE MOVING FINGER

Every day "the moving finger writes—"

You cannot help making a record of some kind in school or in any other undertaking. It is an open record to those who will look at the results of your work.

Should you attempt to dodge mak-

ing a record, the dodging will become part of that record. So why not make the pages look as good as possible? Then when—

"The moving finger writes, and having written moves on," we can look back to our record with a feeling of pride.

### ATTRACTING ATTENTION

When your manners attract attention, something is wrong. In fact it is a very good thing to have your dress and manners, your way of talking, and so on, something that does not startle the observer into immediate attention. If you turn your head to see how a young man is dressed, it is a pretty good sign that he is not well dressed. Manners that make you think about them, are not the natural outgrowth of the personality, but an affection. If you talk so that all over the street car people's heads turn in your direction, it is clear something is wrong with the way you are talking. Anybody can attract attention, and no one is more likely to attract it than an idiot. Aim for something higher.

### THE QUITTER

Is there a boy or girl who reads this paper that does not hate a quitter? Have you not seen a runner receive the applause of the stands, though he finished long after everyone else? De-feated. Yes. But he was not a quitter; he entered the race with the intention of running it, and he ran it.

There is a message for you in such stories that are being enacted every day in the athletic world, for there the majority finish, only the few quit. So it should be in life. We should grapple with hard tasks with a determination to win, and not shun a difficult task because it defeats us the first few times.

### BARBS

The greatest thrill is not in having done but in doing, not in having earned but in earning, not in having won, but in winning. The greatest thrill is not in attainment, but in attaining.

There is nothing to recommend a rubber vacuum cup except the stick-to-it-iveness, but that one quality makes them most useful.

Your first dollar in savings bank is a declaration of independence. Each succeeding deposit represents a minor battle for that independence until you have worked and saved enough to acquire your objective, which should be one to insure independence.

If you fly off the handle don't expect to hold on to business.

The place for a go-getter is at the top, and there you will find him—except when he will be on his way to a new top.

First-class ambition and third-rate effort are like a long and short leg. They won't get you anywhere in the race.

The student who is getting the most pleasure, the most downright fun, out of his school life, is the one who is doing his work right.

Every person meets with obstacles, and when he does he must either promptly conquer them or else they will quickly conquer him.

When you have laid a little money by for a rainy day, don't be fooled by a shower from a garden hose.

The greatest indication of future success is an attempt to improve every day.

Ability creates capital. You are your own mint.

A good personal appearance is notification to the world that you are getting good results in taking care of yourself, which leads them to think that you can take care of your job.

Our idea of a perfect student is not one who has no faults but one who endeavors each day to correct them.

Happy is the person who throws his whole being into what he does. During the hours he sleeps he is as well off as Rockefeller, the hours he works he is as contented as Edison, for the remainder of the time he is probably better pleased than President Hoover.

There is no fun in doing things that are easy.

Day by day we make a record of success or failure. There is no way of escaping it.

Great fortunes are begun with small savings.—From Campus Cub.

## JUST TALK—

(Continued from Page 2)

sure they did not intend this. It was just plain thoughtlessness. I am sure that we fellow students all agree that we have no better friend in the college than our librarian, Mrs. Shearer. Her gentle manner, her patience, and her willingness to help us at any time is appreciated, but let us show our appreciation and our willingness to cooperate with her by being orderly and by strictly obeying the rules of the library.

\* \* \*

### LETTER STARTS CONTROVERSY

Some really pungent controversy has been started in the Just Talk department by the following letter which has been answered by George Perry. Both letters follow:

To the Editorial Board of The Cougar, Gentlemen:

I am a student who is not particularly active in student activities, but that is neither here nor there. I am a part of the group for which the Cougar is published and have, therefore, a right to an opinion. I will ask you a few simple questions which I wish you would answer in your paper. The questions are:

Why is the Cougar so lifeless from a news standpoint?

Why are the names of a select few always mentioned?

And why, with a capital "W", does the Cougar have no editorial aggressiveness or editorial backbone?

(Signed) A Student of the College and a Dissatisfied Reader of The Cougar.

Dear Sir:

Just to prove that our editorial policy is spineless we will deviate from our rule of placing all anonymous letters, after neatly folding them, in the waste basket.

In answer to question one, we wish to point out that our news area is within the school. It is limited to the activities of the students during the few hours they are at school and are behaving generally in accordance with a set rule of decorum. This limits the paper's scope and precludes many unusual occurrences that might ordinarily fill its columns.

The answer to your second question is almost self-evident. Some students are, of course, more active than others, although what usually occasions the use of a name in the paper where a choice might be exercised is the acquaintanceship of the reporter. The dearth of social cohesion in the school is a cause, not a result, of this condition.

And as to editorial backbone and aggressiveness we can state our case clearly and without shame. Primarily The Cougar is a student organ, and we do not believe in a completely democratic school government. We believe

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in government by a capable few. We realize that were we here to dictate school policies we would not be students but instructors. And should we feel called upon in any particular instance valiently to oppose the faculty, would be called editorial backbone or simply yboneheadedness? We do not have to be pleased with everything around the college. But we would be oblivious to our limitations should we point out and magnify inner-college blemishes even when we are aware of their existence.

We admire but do not envy dead heroes.

George Perry.

A dainty, bright-eyed little co-ed with a joyful manner that seems, somehow, out of keeping with her obvious youth is MELANEE GARRETT. The "King of Wit" suitably characterizes LUCIAN BUKOWSKI who always seems to enjoy himself wherever he goes.

Irresistible GEORGIA NELL KING with mischief sparkling in her eyes and bubbling over from her lips always curved in a merry smile.

From the mass of her lustrous wavy hair to the tips of her neat little shoes MARGARET TAYLOR is the spirit incarnate of the sport-loving, fun-seeking co-ed.

Southern California (home from a vacation trip out of the state)—"Ahhh! Doesn't the old bus ride nice, now that we've got the tires filled again with this wonderful Los Angeles air!"

### EXCUSE IT, PLEASE

He said while they were in Montreal Miss Halperin had told him that she had lured Rotherberg to the street corner where he was struck down by a fake telephone call.

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