

THE COUGAR



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STUDENT ASSOCIATION DANCES

The Student Association dance scheduled for Friday night has paved the way for bigger and better Junior College dances—dances where everyone will feel that it is really their dance—dances where the alumni will be as welcome as the active student body itself.

The Student Association representatives have been asked innumerable times, "When are we going to have a dance?" If everyone who has asked such a question will attend this dance at the University Club, we feel sure that they will be repaid for their trouble and will help to make the dance a success.

To that group of people who are continually complaining about our lack of spirit, we say, "Here is your chance to show that you have a spirit of loyalty yourself." If they fail to turn out for this dance, then it's up to them to keep quiet about social activities. Our dances will be only what we make them.

The Student Association has done its part. The rest is up to the students themselves. Are we going to make this dance go over as it should and as we are capable of doing, or will we allow it to fail as we have done so many times in the past? Think it over! It's entirely up to us!

THAT NEW ORGANIZATION

With the beginning of a new term next month, a new organization will take its place as one of the regular activities of the Houston Junior College. We are referring to that new 'Men's club' you have heard so much about, and seen so little of.

To date the club has chosen a name, elected officers and held three meetings.

Harvey W. Harris is sponsor, and as his democratic school spirit is well known over the entire campus, there is no question about his merit as a leader. The club has the entire sanction and support of Dean Dupre and the faculty.

Made up of fifteen charter members, and limiting its entire membership to twenty-eight, with a membership requirement that all prospective members have a scholastic average of at least "C", there can be no question as to the calibre of those gaining admission.

The purpose of the club is to establish a better relationship between faculty and student body, to promote interest in the college activities, and to formulate standards of ethics and fellowship among its members. . . . Give it your wholehearted support and cooperation. It will set a precedent in the institution.

OUR DUTY

At the beginning of each new term, the officials of the Junior College are faced with the problem of increasing the size of the student body by advertising the school to the people of Houston and South Texas.

We feel that the student body can greatly assist in the present campaign for new students by explaining the merits of the Junior College to their friends and prospective college students. The best recommendation any college can have lies in the satisfaction and pride of its students for their school. In this respect the Junior College can hold its own with any other college in the country, for who can say that we are not proud to attend this institution?

In order for H. J. C. to continue to grow it is necessary to add new students to its rolls. We should feel that it is our duty to show people the advantages of our college and convince them that they should attend themselves. By increasing our student body we will be able to have more school activities, larger classes, and greater athletic activity. All of these qualities are to be desired, but they come only with a large and active student body.

In future years we will be able to look back on our days in the Junior College and see where we helped to make the school successful and how we aided in bringing about the University of Houston.



Professor Z. Q. Whizboun, Archaeologist,
American Museum of Natural History,
New York City.

Dear Professor:

As per your orders, we have been digging for six months in Pyramid No. 147, three miles north of camel trail A, near Cairo. Undoubtedly, this was the resting place of that great little vamp, Queen Aphrexomuptol, otherwise known as Cleopatra, the man-hater. All we have been able to find so far, after digging through fifty feet of solid rock, is four bunches of love letters, all tied with pink ribbons, most of them with Roman postage stamps, and postmarked from August 14, 3 a.m. 56 B.C. to July 4, 49 B.C.

Had these letters been found two thousand years earlier, it would have caused a national scandal. We are quoting below from some of the letters, and sending all of them to you by the next air mail, which leaves five months and two minutes from today.

Quote:
Most beautiful Cleopatra:
I almost didn't get away the last time I came to see you, because 300 Roman soldiers tried to capture me as I came out the door. It took fast work on my part to kill 132 of them with my dagger, and the rest of them caught air. Can't I meet you somewhere beside in the palace? If old Julius knew that I have been coming to see you every Saturday night, he would beat the (Dear Prof. the papyrus was undecipherable at this place) out of me.

I am bringing over my fleet of nine galleys, so we can go canoe riding next week when the moon is full.

Yours,
Pompey.

Here's the last one, Professor:
Dear Miss Cleopatra:

We have submitted the architect's drawing to the contractor, and he says that a pyramid, built to government specifications, can be finished in 14 years, and will cost only 40,000 black slaves, \$100. in gold, seven camels and 4 cases of pre-war Mesopotamian fire water.

May we enter your order for one of our finest pyramids?

Great International Egypt and Algiers Contracting Co.

P. S. Dear Prof.:

Please don't forget our expense money—and wish us good luck on our excavating.

Yours truly,
Digging Deep.

Shorts and Spats

Mr. Kerbow's education certainly ruined a good farmer.

Ask anybody who had a weak imagination, how Mr. Birney looked in riding clothes.

"Don't stop me," gasped the boy running from the group of dull debutants, "I'm a fugitive from a Jane Gang."

We received information that the school board doesn't need Mr. Rees any longer. He's long enough now.

Mr. Rote would be in a bad fix if he had a sensitive sense of smell.

"Shorty" Wilke said that she was out skating. I'll bet the boy friend ran out of gas and she wouldn't lend him her skates.

Mr. Dupre can put one over on the doctors at least. They can't tell him to have his teeth taken out.

What would Mr. Hooker look like in some very baggy nickers?

The radio announcer professor repeated the pronoun "I" 75 times in one hour.

If some one would only put a cross mark on that patch that "Shorty" Sparks had on her face recently.

All those who want a group photo of Lucy G. please form a line on the left or any other place.

I went through a boy friend's mail the other day I found this in a letter addressed to Alma Stewart who had a birthday yesterday.

EXCHANGE

The past week has brought us several exchange papers from different parts of the state and from points outside of Texas.

"The Tiger" a weekly news magazine published by members of the student body of Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colorado, is a very nifty number and immediately attracts attention.

It seems that Colorado College fairly reeks with clever column writers. Why do all of the schools get all of the breaks?

Whats that screaming? Its the editor. Hit him with this club.

Students of Colorado College go in for fraternities and sororities in a big way.

From Iraan, Texas, comes the "Broadcaster," broadcasting Iraan school news. This paper is published in a convenient size, one that will enable you to read it anywhere behind text books, in a crowded bus or wherever you take the notion.

This paper was given the third highest rating for a class B paper in the recent Texas High School Press Association contest.

It is needless for me to offer my lowly criticisms of so good a paper.

"The Dial," from San Antonio, issued twice each month by students of Westmoreland College in San Antonio. Apparently students in Westmoreland despise dishonesty in any form.

In a recent questionnaire submitted to the students, asking for the worst possible fault of a student—cheating, dishonesty, lying and stealing lead the list.

Some day, boys and girls, one of those students will be president of these United States.

"The Dial's" reading public is evidently proud of the diary type of columns, imitating the immortal Pepsy's, you know.

Students at Hillsboro Junior College, in Hillsboro, Texas, call this paper "The Chieftan."

One especially good column "I only Heard," appears as if it might keep the author of it busy—as busy, maybe, as Mahatma Gandhi in a wind storm.

An excerpt from their paper follows:

WANTED—Some invention to keep me from snapping my fingers in French's governmental class—Jessie Darling.

Will Swap — Twelve pairs of long handles for one good suit of shorts, suitable for P-T wear—Donald Aiken. Call S-C-O-T-C-H, 120.

Wanted—Information concerning Elmer Hamilton. Last seen at my house Friday night. Loretta Eslinger.

From Baylor University comes the "Daily Clarion," a small paper and quite intellectually inclined. There is only one objection, the front page make up is chopped up. This paper also lacks humor.

Maybe they don't go in for columns and features like we do. But I managed to find a short joke among its few pages—one that goes something like this:

"Last night Mack Douglas was late of psychology class. Kerbow called out his name and then said, "Miss Kendrick, perhaps you can tell us where Mr. Douglas is. I believe I saw you with him last night." Everyone laughed, Miss Kendrick blushed, and in walked Mack—they laughed again. What a life!"

From San Antonio comes "El Nopal," published by students of Sidney Lanier Junior-Senior High School, in San Antonio.

Most of the members of the staff are Mexican and they take a great interest in their excellent little paper.

Students of their school are conducting an English speaking contest. Each member has to sign a pledge to use only English at school.

From their "Just For Fun" column comes the following:
"The gum chewing girl and the cud chewing cow."

Are somewhat alike, but different somehow;

What is the difference? Oh, I see it now!

'Tis the thoughtful expression on the face of the cow!"

Stop Me If You've Heard This One

By Milton Gregory

Picked up at random:

Things are tightening up all along the line. Richard Barthlemess, we have read has taken a 33 1-3 percent pay cut. Barthlemess used to make two pictures a year and get \$150,000 for each. This year he is going to make three pictures, and get only \$100,000 for each. It's the white-collar fellows like that who have our sympathy—the fellows who have to do more work in order to live at all.

Mammals You ought to know — attention future biologists. The Polar bear has a very low freezing point. His favorite seat is a cake of ice and though he never has chilblains he has crazy spells. Polar Bears live mostly upon Seals. It is a good thing to keep out of the Arctic if you look like a Seal. Polar Bears mature much later than animals near the Equator. Some polar bears live so far North that they never mature. The best ones are made into rugs for people to trip over. Some polar bears do not wish to be rugs. They never amount to much.

Tigers are very beautiful, but when they are bad they are horrid. They commit rapine and pillage and have two or more cubs at a time. Tigers seldom climb trees, but don't count on that. The Man-Eating Tiger is old and decrepit. He has lost his strength and vigor and we should feel sorry for him. Young normal tigers do not eat people. If eaten by a tiger you may rest assured that he was abnormal.

Read this sentence: Federal fuses are the result of years of scientific study combined with the experience of years.

How many F's are there in that sentence? Count them only once — don't go back and count them again.

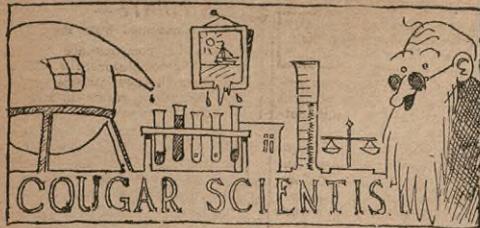
A real fish story: Jack Bryant, of Dry Fork, Virginia, and his pa started down to the creek to go fishing. They arrived at the creek and discovered they had no bait. They saw an old water moccasin lying beside a log with a frog in his mouth. Mr. Moccasin had a happy look on his face and was just ready to swallow the frog. Jack took a forked stick, clamped it over the snake's head, and took the frog away to use it for bait. The old water moccasin had such a sad look on his face at having the frog taken right out of his mouth, that the two fishermen were sorry for him. So they gave the reptile a drink of old white oak moonshine — and that's moonshine what is. The moccasin went wriggling away, and Jack and his pa cut up the frog and began to fish. In a few minutes they heard a strange thumping sound, and looking down, they saw that some water moccasin looking up at them with another frog in his mouth.

A monkey sits on top of a pole, and a man walks around the pole in a circle for the purpose, let us say, of taking a good look at his ancestor. As the man moves on his chosen path the monkey turns on top of the pole so as to always keep his face to the man. The question is, when the man has gone completely round the pole has he or has he not gone round the monkey?

A railroad train had a crew of three, and three passengers, traveling between Chicago and New York. The train crew is made up of an engineer, fireman and a guard. Their names are Smith, Jones and Robinson, but not necessarily in that order. The passengers are Smith, Jones and Robinson, but will be referred to as Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, etc.

Mr. Robinson lives in New York. Mr. Jones' annual salary is \$5000. The guard lives halfway between New York and Chicago, and his namesake among the passengers lives in Chicago. The guards closest neighbor is one of the passengers and his annual salary is exactly three times that of the guard. Smith beat the fireman at billiards.

The problem is: What is the name of the engineer?



It is the desire of the staff to make Cougar Scientist a section of the paper devoted to all branches of science, and representative of each department of science in Junior College. We appreciate the co-operation and assistance of the students and teachers in this past term, and extend an invitation to everyone interested to contribute material for this department during the spring semester.

Soldering has been found to be one of the ancient arts. It was used to stop up holes and seal joints during the 11th century.

Neither is asbestos a modern invention. This fire-resisting fabric was used in ancient Rome.

One of the night features at the Chicago World's Fair will be illuminated pictures cast in the clouds by electricity.

Dishing the Dirt

Rumors say that the last time Elmer "Spats" Hamilton, self-acclaimed gigolo, went out "gal-ing," he reported a miserable evening. His only explanation (which is enough) was that the gal was cross-eyed and kept eating off his plate at dinner.

Join the A. H. L. L. for protection. This organization was formed to offer security to those students who might otherwise be gipped, chiseled, yipped, trimmed, skinned, or what have you, out of any monetary loans to John Hill. The A. H. L. L. stands for Anti-Hill Loan League. More power to this organization.

Reports from Texas A. and M. say that Meyer Lurie, former H. J. C. student, is paying his room and board at the institution with the return of the money he invested in "galloping dominos." Those who know Lurie do not take this report to be a mere idle rumor.

H. J. C. will probably be the scene of some classy boxing bouts after the new term gets under way, according to Coach French in a recent statement. It is a pleasure to watch some of the boys working out to condition themselves for these coming slug fests. Eamp Robinson goes in for the sport because Wozy likes brutes. "Bulldog" (as Robinson is called because of his aggressiveness) says he may be a lady's man, but that fact doesn't interfere with his being an ardent boxing fan. And he is adept with his mitts according to his sparring partner—Harold Renfro.

And Renfro should know, because he himself is a nose-buster of no mean repute. At any rate Renfro will take on any one in his weight division for all kinds of competition from plectating and peanut-rolling to the more manly and vigorous sports of boxing and wrestling.

Alice "Popeye" Luckel the gal "wit the Bronx agessant an de steam roller build" made a bum bet with some lad. He (the lad) bet Popeye that inside of two years she would break into the movie game. The bet being for five simoleons. It looks like Luckel has the best chance of losing. She would make a good Japanese ju jitsu girl.

L. P. Marshall, Mack D., J. Allright, J. Darling, Bob Stallings are boys that have gone in for the dance promoting business with A-I success. Their two dances at the Junior League Club with Pat Quinn's orchestra playing have drawn good crowds from Rice, Junior College, San Jacinto and the working (lucky) boys. Even Kitty Hurluck got to go.

The Pi Beta's pulled a willy the other nite. The stage was all set for another jungle party. Bill Goggan and date thought Camp Beauty was the spot, so there they went. Hamp R. and Wozy A. hiked it to Sugarland. John H., Katie Norman, H. Rea-

Ivory combs and stone cosmetic jars of 3700 B. C. have been unearthed in Northern Iraq by an archaeological expedition working there under the joint auspices of the University of Pennsylvania Museum and the American Schools of Oriental Research.

According to Prof. W. R. Coe, of Yale, oysters usually prefer to be father one year and mother the next, but they can be father and mother simultaneously. They are bisexual.

Studies at the Yale School of Medicine show that large parts of the human brain can be removed by surgery without seriously handicapping the normal pursuits of an individual.

By means of short radio waves Prof. F. L. Hopwood, of the University of London, claims he can cook the white of an egg and leave the yolk entirely raw, or he can hard-boil the yolk inside the totally uncooked white.

fro and Nell Berry plus all the food went carousing around the bayou. Fred A., Wilma L., Leroy M. and Lucille Birmingham spent the nite hunting for burnable wood. Several couples went to Herman Park. One to a show. And one wise guy went to bed. The two winning bunches were the wise guy who went to bed and the four with the eats.

The writer can remember when Joe Patterson was a dumb egg at Fannin Grammar school. When Bert McElroy whipped two or three kids everyday at school for calling him Ethelbelt. When Bud Steeger sold more Saturday Evening Posts than any other two boys in Houston. He had the record of making you buy a magazine.

Our nomination for the best orchestra. Claude Hopkins playing at the Roseland Ballroom in New York. Theme song "I would Do Most Anything For You." Colored outfit with leader Hopkins writing his own arrangements of the big hits.

TED CLIFFORD—

(Continued from Page 1)

bow, Archie French, Naasson K. Dupre, and Sue Goree Thomason.

The dance will be semi-formal, and will be held at the University club. Ted Clifford's orchestra will furnish the music.

Houston Junior College each year has supported the Student Association dance, and with the evident high interest shown, this year will be no exception to the rule. Student Association President Jimmie Brinkley has done his best to assure the success of the dance by choosing the most convenient location and the best orchestra for the dance, and the prettiest and most acceptable type of dance.

Bids have been issued, and admission to the dance will be \$1. As benefit dances are free from taxation, students know they are helping the Junior College in its admirable policy of lending money to industrious but impecunious students and not playing taxes to an attracting and extracting federal government.

The enthusiasm for this dance is directly traceable to the students' expectation of colorful evening dresses and lively music for four hours. Not for several weeks have students faced the possibility of dancing until two o'clock in the morning, and they welcome the coming dance with exultant exclamations. According to current reports, the young ladies have only to rival flame and the flowers with their beautiful apparel to make the dance a success. All other plans are satisfactorily completed.

Judge: "Who was driving when you collided with that car?"

H. Mills, triumphantly: "None of us; we were all in the back seat."

Gutter Gossip

"I'll never fall in love" (mebbe). The immortal words of Harold Renfro (woman killer de luxe); but he has at last fallen for the charms of Nell Berry, another San Jac hotcha. Nell has an older sister (Kathryn) that attends J. C. and the older sis keeps Nelly well informed on Harold's school flirtations.

Lou Gaines would sure like to give the world an impression that her big break-up with H. D. Matthews, (Southwestern athlete and former J. C. notable) does not mean a thing to her.

Gossip has it that Hamp Robinson does not go steady with HIS Mary B. "Wozy" Anderson. In fact he only has six dates a week with her. He admits he buys her lipstick. "So I will be sure and get my special favor," he adds.

Ethel Margaret Falk quiet, unassuming and as good looking as the pick of Earl Carroll's Vanities. Makes most of the girls around J. C. take a back seat. She must have a steady or mebbe she is too young, but it is funny that we never see her at the social whirls.

Any time you think John Hill can not sing then go grab a back seat. Visited at his work down at the Chronicle the other nite and he warbled his vocal chords all over the place. His voice sounds like a blend of the Mills Brothers, Crosby, Lombardo's and the First Methodist Choir. Everything may be jam up but the Hill boy has 'got em."

Our nomination for the best sport, biggest hit, sweetest kid at this prison—Vernon Scott. Toots a sax in Ted Clifford's orchestra and is one of the best tooters in the city. Your darn tootin and he rates. What I mean.

A bunch of us dropped around the Lamar Annex a few midnites ago and gave George Stevenson (the big butter and egg man from Okla. U.) the hello. He is THE nite force. Telegram boy, bell hop, back scratcher, janitor service and the female boarders gigolo. He can tell you some interesting stories that he has run across (run across?) at the hotel. He says that he is studying to be a publisher of the Eye Opener.

Junior College's romeo makes his bow. Horace Mills. Recently gone gaga over Kathryn Norman. He is now listed with John Hill, George Stevenson, Bob Stallings and Clark Gable as her "only boy friend."

Bob's (Stalling) yen for the femmes leans towards the elite of Sam Houston High—Marian Ferrin debutante, brunette and Etta Kett Riding Club officer. She used to be an old flame of Malcolm Pech's and he says that the fire may start burning again.

Sport Shots

Saw Bob Branham the other night. Bob is attending Rice and is taking the Chem, Engineer's course. In a football game the other day between the Chem E's and the Civil E's, Branham pulled the hero act and scampered around end in the closing minutes of play for an 80 yard run which led the game for his outfit. When asked what he thought of J. C.'s basketball possibilities he was not so encouraged. Branham tells us that Malcolm Pech is one of the most promising athletes that he has ever seen and thinks that Pech will soon be grabbed by some college.

The mainstays of last seasons cage team are out as far as school basketball is concerned. Malcolm Pech has all he can do to work and get his studies. George Gayle works from the early hours till noon. Bill Jeter, Walter Scarborough and Allen Weed left school. Bob Branham is attending Rice. Harry Matthews is making a name for himself at Southwestern.

Last year Cougar cage bunch had little trouble in taking the 56th Calvary team, but this year the Calvary five looks like a real team. Junior College will have to improve rapidly if they expect to beat the horsemen. In a practice tilt the other night, the Calvary walled away with the college lads.

HUMOR

Donald Aitken: "I can't run the hundred yard dash today, sir."
Coach French: "Dash it!"

Mr. Bishkin: "What is HNO3?"
Alma Stewart: "Oh-er-is-ah, its on the tip of my tongue!"

Mr. B.: "Well, spit it out, its nitric acid."

Loretta Eslinger: "I went to Chicago this summer."

L. P. Marshall: "By Buffalo?"
L. E.: "No, by train."

Leeds Bayless: "Are you dining anywhere tonight?"

Henrietta Daigle: (Hopefully), "No, I'm not."

L. B.: "My, you'll be hungry by morning!"

Jill Jenkins: "What is the difference between dancing and jumping?"
Mack Douglas: "Idunno."
J. J.: "I thought so."

Helen Gould: "If you laugh at me again, I'll knock your block off."
Billy Goudy: "Haw! Haw! You wouldn't know what club to use!"

Harold Renfro (enthusiastically): "A wonderful night, a lovely girl—what a combination!"

Fax Moody: "Goodness sake, does she?"

Milton Gregory: "Eight o'clock."
Cortis Lawrence: "You did! Better see a doctor."

Ben Mason: "ask you again, did you ever stop to think—?"
Eves: "And did you ever think to stop?"

Pat Foley: "I could dance like this forever."
Virginia Citton: "Oh, I'm sure you don't mean it. You are bound to improve."

Fred A.: "I don't see how football players ever get clean!"
Wilma L.: "Silly, what do you suppose the scrub teams are for?"

Mr. Henderson, in assembly: "I'm pleased to see such a dense crowd here tonight."
Voice—"Don't be too pleased. We ain't all dense."

"Well, what do you think of my game?" said Melcher the golfer.
"Oh it's all right" replied the girl friend, "but I still prefer golf."

Preacher: "Matthae!" "Will you have this woman to be your wedded wife?"
Ed Boyle: "What do you suppose I came here for?"

I can find no justification for co-eds. They're blasé, Not deigning to speak, Even after numerous introductions, They converse in stilted terms, Of frigid sophistication, Condescension, sympathy to them are unknown,

They extol the virtues, Even going so far as to exal man in them, And then one hears of the purity of womanhood!

No, I can find no justification for co-eds, But then, one must have something to dance with!

—College Humor.

John: "I haven't slept for days."
Nora L.: "Whatsa matter?"
John: "I sleep at night."

Ed Smartt: "Lets play hide-and-go-seek."
Lou Gaines: "Ed, that's a child's game."
Ed: "Not the way I play it."

The average student in this institution studies about six hours a day, the other six hundred and seventeen do not study at all.

T. Cooksey to Mr. Birney: Professor, would you mind if I digressed a moment and asked a question about today's assignment?

"I was always fond of children," said the old cannibal chief as he slowly stirred the soup.

"Anybody can play a game of bridge, but only a cannibal can throw up a hand."

"Can't keep a good man down," sighed the missionary, as the cannibal began a search for a more substantial diet.

"Well, said the cannibal (with a sigh full of meaning), on seeing a ship-wreck of something or other (I think it was the Salts, Sailors of the Seven Seas), "we won't be hungry today."

An oyster met an oyster
And they were oysters two.
Two oysters met two oysters
And they were oysters, too.
Four oysters met a pint of milk
And they were oyster stew.

A baby mole got to feeling big,
And wanted to show how he could dig;
So he plowed in the soft, warm dirt
Till he hit something hard, and it surely hurt
A dozen stars flew out of his head
His grandpap picked him up half dead.

"Young Man," he said, "though your pate is bone,
You can't butt your way through solid stone."
This bit of advice is good, I've found:
If you can't go over or under, go "round."

Jaced Squints

Wanted: Three teething-rings in assorted sizes for Melvin Tweeny, Oscar Nolan, and Starks Green. These bopple-eyed boys have been bottle broke since babyhood. One bottle don't mean it. "Nuzzler" Nolan—four drinks at the last dance and then slumber.

After chasing Mack Douglas and then Donald Aitken over the too well watered lawns of junior college, Nora Louise Calhoun absent-mindedly let slip that her cross-eyes once needed an operation. Hove you noticed?

Charles and Eddie Chernosky as well as Warren Lemon are equaled by Mary Ester Waggoner to make a quartet of the world's worst drivers. The boys favorite sport is to flatter the accelerator and travel yon and there regardless of intersections, and Mesta strews wreckage whenever she parks.

Mary Brady Tuma, Wilma Lindsey, Mary Lou Gaines, Fairfax Moody, and Nora Louise Calhoun gathered with "Suitcase" Donald Aitken and told Mack (Misanthropist) Douglas how to print those Student Association bids. HOWJALIKEM?

Test times are here. Lets hope Evelyn Bashara doesn't get writers cramp—on small letters before the tests.

One Year Ago

(Old Cougar files were used in obtaining this data.)
A one act play will be sent from H. J. C. to compete in the state-wide play contest at Waxahachie.

The Cougar is sponsoring a beauty contest. Sophomores who are entered are: Neida Smith, Marguerite Comhaire, Margaret Menger, and Hilda Alexander. Freshman entries are as follows: Ruth Depperman, Wilma Lindsey, Jeanne Weatherall, Melbadel Wright and Pat Inman.

A ballyhoo edition of the Cougar will be issued next week. Nothing serious will be included in that issue. The paper will be called the Codger instead of the Cougar.

The Cougar basket ball team has been issued new uniforms. At the present date the Cougar quintet have won five victories in as many starts. Plans for a boxing bout is being arranged by Coach French.

MANY SPORT EVENTS CARDED ON JUNIOR COLLEGE'S PROGRAM

Track, Tennis, Basket Ball, Boxing, and Wrestling on Sport Calendar

COACH PLANS EVENTS

With spring just around the corner, baseball spring training begun, track enthusiasts donning the spikes, swimmers and divers pulling out the swim suits and the court followers having their tennis racquets restrung it looks as though the stage is all set for a big sport year at Junior College.

Last year's baseball aggregation did not have the proper support. Backed by a few eager students, the diamond outfit kept going till they joined with the unemployed team and helped whip the Houston Police in a recreation game. Providing some convenient practice time can be arranged, J. C. should have little trouble in getting a big call for the baseball team.

Not participating in any scheduled meet, last springs thinly clad consisted of only three. Two weight pushers and one hurdler. With a fine track at moments notice, J. C. students are missing something by not organizing a track outfit.

Swimming went over in a big way last year and will go over bigger this year. Life saving classes were organized and instructions given in this course. The males boasted a fine swimming team. Elmer Hamilton and Ed Boyles are two fast dash men and A. D. Morgan knocks off notches in the distance swims. San Jacinto walked off with Junior College in the tank meet last year but due to graduation the high school has lost many of its stars. J. C. ought to be able to take the high school this time.

Dates have been set in the tennis tournament when games in the quarter-final and semi-final brackets must be completed or the players forfeit their standing. The tournament has been slow in coming along due to the lack of general interest. Bud Steeger and Al Gardner are the two boys putting it over, with Steeger doing a large share of the match making and prize campaigning. The Pi Beta Fraternity will be having its Tennis Tournament soon. John Hill will likely repeat as winner although several of the others have been coming along rapidly.

Last year proved that the public likes the pugilistic game. Coach French has worked out a temporary fight card for the initial night with many attractive matches. Always a little slow to get started, the fight game will receive wide acclaim after the opening night. The wrestling idea is being worked in with several attempts at novelty fights.

GIRL CAGERS MAKE SPLENDID RECORD

Playing ten basketball games and losing two is the record of the H. J. C. Girls' Team, the girls, working in a heated game recently held the Rice Institute Girls' Team to a two-point lead.

Texas Company's strong team was held after gaining two-point lead. Members of the H. J. C. Team all made spectacular plays in both games. This season's team, according to Miss Speis, coach; is fast and strong. It promises to show some fine work in the future. Most of the members had experience last year, and some of the freshmen have shown promise and are proving to be good material.

High-point players for the last 10 games are: Avis Parks and Alice Clair McVickers.

McVickers and Parks played year along with Lou Gaines and "Cisco" Kellogg.

Freshmen members showing up are Ruth Sparks, Jill Jenkins, and La Vern Ferguson.

The games lost were to the strongest girls' team of the city. Uniforms of the H. J. C. Girls' Team are short blue trunks and white blue shirts. The money for the uniforms was furnished out of the activity funds.

DEBATING CLUB HOLDS MEETING

The Houston Junior College Debating club listened to a complicated debate Friday night on the taxation question in which the discussion ranged all the way from Who's Who in America to a Ballyhoo magazine.

Jimmy Brinkley and Israel Rabinowitz were the affirmative speakers and Allen Marshall and Tommie Cooksey defended the negative side of the question.

The affirmative argued that owners of tangible property in Texas were paying too much of the tax burden and proposed that the sales tax that Governor Ferguson has submitted to the legislature be adopted as a relief to these over-burdened taxpayers.

The negative contended that the only way to mend the present excessive tax burden is to have those "seat-warmers" up at the state capitol cut down on the expenditures. They advocate the consolidation or elimination of various bureaus and many other money grabbing devices.

The audience served as judges and the ballot returns indicated a tie. The debaters afterwards decided to debate again with the same arrangement in the Public Speaking Club Friday, February 10, with the hope that better luck may attend one of the sides.

BOXING TOURNEY TO FEATURE NEW GYM ACTIVITIES

Hamp Robinson and Harold Renfro Star Boxers, Say Advance Notices

NO DATE ANNOUNCED

"There'll be blood and gore All over the floor!"

These words promise to be a fore-runner of the coming H. J. C. Boxing Tournaments which will swing into action soon.

According to Coach French the bouts will get under way as soon as the final matchings can be completed and an attractive card drawn up.

With the graduation of Lurie, Adams, Green, Spitzer, Shaw, and several others, the pugilistic sport suffered a complete let-down during the past semester, compared to the fight-minded year of spring 1932.

But now things will hum around the gym and fight nights and students will witness some of the fastest two-fisted bouts ever to be staged by a college. The contestants will have none of the fineness that marks the professional batter, but will be "just a bunch of school palookas" primed for the fight and given three rounds to win recognition as a "hard egg".

Probable students who will take part in the coming matches are:

Hamp Robinson, 126 pounds. No previous ring experience. Strength attributed to throwing sides of beef around his father's cattle company. Has a style all his own, packs a hard right wallop and does not know the meaning of yellow. The fewer females in the gym, the better Robinson fights.

Harold Renfro, heavyweight. Sleeps on nails and boasts a Weismuller physique. Worked on boat last summer to build bulging muscles. Better on defense than offense and takes advantage of the slightest opening or break.

Any student whose names do not appear in the "once over" above and who are interested in taking part in the fights, leave name and weight with Coach French. If any past boxing experience please state so there will be no one-sided or pushover matches.

Wrestling as well as boxing will be included on the cards. Those wishing to rough and tumble, free-for-all, pillow fight, butt with your heads or any kind of novelty battle see the coach.

BUD STEEGER IS CHOSEN HEAD OF NEW MEN'S CLUB

Organization Ratifies Its Constitution in Second Meeting Of This Year

HARRIS IS SPONSOR

William Steeger, better known as "Bud" was elected to the presidency of the "Ace of Clubs" in a recent meeting. Orlo McGeath was chosen as vice-president, and James Julian was elected secretary. Leroy Melcher will take care of the funds of the club, while Pat Filey, acting in the position of Sergeant at Arms, will keep order.

Harvey W. Harris, English professor of the college, and sponsor of the Student Association is sponsoring the club.

To be a member, a male student must have maintained a scholastic average of at least a "C". The roll of the club has been limited to 23 members, and there are now approximately 15 already admitted.

Organized at the suggestion of Orlo McGeath, the club has as its purpose to promote all college activities, to encourage a high standard of ethics and fellowship among its members, and to assist the college in all undertakings. At present, club members have chosen to assist in the sale of tickets for the Student Association Dance Friday.

The new club has the entire support and sanction of the faculty of the college, and is working with it to attain a better relationship between student and faculty. Meetings are held every Monday night.

BILL TELL—

(Continued from Page 1)

"I don't believe I'm going anywhere at this hour of the night friend."

But Bill's uniform was on the bedpost, and the sinister rods in the hands of those "joking" beer barons threatened a lot more than did a police protector, harmless in its holster, also on the bed.

So Bill squeezed his foundations back into their unwelcome shipping crates, and did as he was told.

He also noticed that it was funny but Jill wasn't home.

When he arrived at that little shack on the Billygoat hill, he knew the reason why.

She was up there. . . Bound to a tree. . . helpless. . . guarded by four gunmen. All four as tight as the sheepskin on a bass drum, but Don had told them just to guard her. . . She hadn't been harmed. "Bill", she shouted when she saw him. "Jill", he answered her. "So they've got you too, eh? Well, Jill, whatever happens, it's all my fault. Maybe I am just and old fool, but I believe that the Lord will take good care of such fools. . ."

"I'm with you, dad," Jill whispered, and that was the first time he remembered that she called him "Dad".

"Sure is a cute kid," Don interrupted. "Take a drink Bill?"

"Naw, rat," Bill retorted. "I guess you will before the night's over."

"You can't bluff me, Don Mascara. I've told you there'll be no beer, gangs, or mobs on my beat, and that still stands. . . Don't you believe I know you. You can't bluff me, I tell you, and you know better than to harm my daughter. . . Why, why, the whole police force, and the whole

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population of the American nation would hate your guts. . . Why your life wouldn't be worth a half cent even to any other crook in the world if you harmed her and. . ."

"Wait a minute, copper," Don broke in. "Who said I was gonna hurt the dame. . . If there is any hurting to do, you'll be the man to do it."

"Me? . . . Man you're drunk!"

"Not yet, Bill, but I will be."

"Why I don't understand you, Bill gonna hurt Jill?"

"Well, your name is Bill Tell, ain't it?"

"Sure. . . What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, tonight you're gonna have to live up to that name. You're gonna have to do a modern William Tell, and your life and your daughter's life depends upon the way you do it. Ya see this package of smokes? . . . Well, Mr. William Tell, they are gonna be put on your daughter's head and you are gonna take one shot from 40 yards, and knock 'em off. . . I'm a good sport. If you do it I won't bother you again. If you hit your daughter that's your hard luck and I'll then try my luck in shooting the cigarettes off your head in six shots. You have caused me a lot of trouble in the past year, Bill, but you still can free yourself from this mess by drinking with me."

"No thanks, Don," Bill commented with much exertion. "But may I ask where Jill's boyfriend is?"

"Oh we took care of him, copper," Don responded. "He won't bother our little show."

"When does it begin," Bill asked.

"Let's get it over with."

"Okay, copper," Don answered, pouring himself another drink.

"And if I do it you'll let us both go and not bother us again."

"If you can take my word for it, Bill,"

"I'll take it, Don, where is the pistol?"

"You'll get that in plenty of time."

"Take good aim, Dad," Jill shouted. I'm not a bit afraid!"

And one of the confederates placed a brand new package of cigarettes on her head.

"Hit 'em on top Dad," she punned. "So they can still be smoked. If you put a hole through their middles they won't draw!"

Then they handed William Tell a pistol with one shell in the barrel.

"Take a drink with me, Bill," Don asked. "Last chance."

"Hell no!" Bill shot back resigned to his fate, but determined to do his best. His temples strained as he aimed. His feet hurt.

"You may fire when ready Gridley," Don joked, half drunk.

And with the help of God in heaven, William Tell, Officer Bill Tell to you, ruint, a good package of smokes, Jill fainted.

"Nice shot old man, couldn't have done better myself," Don congratulated. "You don't need to worry about me or drinks or Jill anymore. You win!"

Bill took his shoes off.

"You don't need to worry about me Don," Bill finally spoke up. "The strain is too much for me. I'm resigning from the force. . . Say, before Jill comes to, pour me a drink, willya?"

PEN POINTS—

(Continued from Page 1)

should be complimented. One important accomplishment of the term has been the new attitude established by students in regard to weekly assembly programs.

Students have conducted themselves in a most complimentary way while attending assembly and have also shown that they can be a credit to Houston Junior College rather than a hindrance.

Mr. Miller is to be complimented on his excellent programs throughout the term. He has devoted much time and thought to these weekly assembly meetings and has appealed to every type of student by presenting programs of variety.

There have been few failures reported this term and much better work has been done by the students according to faculty members.

Evidently students feel that during these depressing times it is a very good idea to get the full value of each course — not only because wasting money is becoming obsolete, but because a good education is necessary to meet the requirements of the day.

Steps in the right direction have been taken this term in regard to the forming of a college glee club. It is regrettable that the co-eds did not show enough interest to make the club a mixed chorus. However, the boys are doing splendid work and will bring honor to our college, of that we're sure. Let us hope that in time the girls will be able to form a similar club.

The new term will bring many new students. So to the old students let us remind you that it's your duty to show them that Houston Junior College is glad to have them and that it takes the co-operation and help of each student to make this college an ever forward institute.

Welcome, new students. Here's hoping you grow to love and respect our college as much as those who've gone before you.

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