

# THE COUGAR

Published by the Journalism Students of the Houston Junior College

VOL. III.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, DECEMBER, 1929

NO. 2

## FOOTBALL DANCE SET FOR FRIDAY

### FRESHMAN BALL IS ANOTHER BIG EVENT SCHEDULED AT H. J. C.

River Oaks To Be Scene of Merriment on Eve of January 3rd

The 1929-30 Freshman class will hold the first Junior College Freshman ball at the River Oaks Country Club, Friday evening, January 3, from 10:00 p. m. until 2.

This affair will be the first of a series of annual Freshman balls and is expected to be one of the most successful dances of the new year.

The chairman of the decoration committee has planned to decorate in the school colors, blue and white. The hall will be a mass of blue and white streamers, and the background for the orchestra will be a large blue and white satin drop.

An added attraction of the evening is that the music will be furnished by the "Collegians," one of the best and most popular "Hotter than Hot" orchestras of the city.

There will be only a limited number of outside bids sold. Those desiring to obtain bids may do so by communicating with any freshman of the Houston Junior College, or from their president, Robert McCullough.

Freshman class officers who are helping to make the dance a success are: Robert McCullough, president; "Lefty" Morris, vice-president; Adele Drenkle, secretary and treasurer, and H. W. Harris, sponsor.

The committees are: Hall and Orchestra, S. E. McGinty, chairman, Wayne Phelps and Caloma Powers; Decoration, Adele Drenkle and Max Ludtke; Refreshment, Terry Rusk, Maurine Edminster and Edna Bowen, Bids, Robert McCullough and Terry Rusk.

### COUGAR COLLEGIANS GIVE BRIDGE PARTY FOR ATHLETIC FUND

The Cougar Collegians entertained on the afternoon of December 7 with a benefit bridge at the University Club.

Funds received from the sale of tickets are to go to the athletic fund of the school.

Not only are the teachers, girls, and their mothers there, but quite a few boys joined in the games. To further entertain the players a program was given by Doris Van Demark and Willie Kessler, and Bobby McCullough, accompanied by Ruth Kidd.

The success of the party was due not only to the untrailing efforts of the club's president, Ruth Kidd, but also to the University Club, which donated its ballroom for the party, and the various merchants of the city who donated prizes.

Prize awarded were: girls' high score, a necklace to Portia Cleves; boys' high score, a bill fold; to J. W. Newton; girls' booby prize, a box of candy to Dorothy Dixon; boys' booby prize, a coin purse, to Bobby McCullough; girls' floor prize, flowers, to Margaret Boyett; boys floor prize, to Weldon Meadows.

Despite the fact that there was an important football game at Rice Field, several football boys joined the group at the party. As a result, a special football boys' prize was awarded to Donald Lang.

Committees who were in charge of the party included: Ruth Kidd, general chairman; Alice McCullough, tickets; Lois Dawson and Helen Altnoch, candy; Grace McDonald, and Isabelle Crittenden, tables.

### 'Scholia' Is New Club at H. J. C.

Among the new clubs making their appearance this season at the Houston Junior College is The Scholia, a professional educational society, organized under the sponsorship of Mr. Henderson and Mr. A. F. Kerbow of the Education Department. Meetings are held on alternate Mondays at 3 p. m.

Officers elected for the term are: President, Margaret Anne Boyett; vice president, Lissabelle Crittenden; secretary-treasurer, L. J. Christian, and reporter, Zelda Amdur.

In its nature the society presents three aspects—namely, the professional, the fraternal and the honorary. Its purpose is to support the highest educational ideals and to encourage an unswerving allegiance to those principles underlying American public education. The Scholia exists for the mutual help of men and women who are engaged in the scientific study of education.

Membership is made up of two classes—active and associate. Active membership is limited to the students of the Houston Junior College who have a record of C on all regular registered courses. Faculty members or other students of education who have completed four courses of education may become associate members.

Those interested are invited to be present at the meeting of the society.

### FROSH-SOPH MELEE DRAWS BIG GATE

Pastel shades are quite the thing for swanky weddings—but on the gridiron—not so hot. Purple, white, orange, yellow, blue, green, black and red jerseys paraded up and down the field. We say jerseys because we are modest. Personally though, we think grandpa did without his red flannels so sonny boy could play in the Soph-Fresh melee. And a certain blue shirt (so we are told) was hastily rigged out from mother's Sunday petticoat.

What a break those Sophs got when Bill Jeter was unable to play in the Blinn game. His uniform was distributed among six members of the victorious Soph gang.

Joe Cain, freshman center, was nat-

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### TIME TO FORM GOOD HABITS—IN COLLEGE SAYS H. J. C. DEAN

F. M. Black Addresses Assembly On Formation of Habits In College

F. M. Black, dean of Junior College, stressed the formation of habits in college, in his address to the weekly assembly of Junior College students Nov. 13.

"No matter why you are going to college, your ultimate ambition while there should be to form habits. By forming habits I mean doing everything by certain rules set up. Do things that ought to be done in the way that they ought to be done.

"There are four habits that I would like to impress on your mind. First, the habit of facing facts without fear. This is one of the most difficult tasks that everyone has. It not only applies to students in college, but to men and women as well. But while you are in college and are forming habits, the habit of facing facts without fear should be well remembered.

"Second, the habit of concentration. Concentration is a power which it is very necessary to cultivate. Without the power of concentration, one cannot get nearly as far as those who possess it. When you are doing a thing, concentrate on it, do it well, and finish it, before undertaking another.

The habit of not jumping at conclusions, is the third point that I want to bring out. The habit of jumping at conclusions is a common one among students and people the world over. Remember, young people, always weigh the conditions when it is possible.

"The habit of broadmindedness is a habit which should be cultivated by everyone. Broadmindedness is a necessary element in all types of society, and there is perhaps no place where it is more possible to learn it than in college.

"So in conclusion, I wish to say that if you will remember these habits that I have listed, if you will think about them and apply them to yourself, you will get a great deal more out of college than if you come here to be able to say that you have been through college, to gain social prestige, or to clear away book-ignorance."

### Students Work at Divers Occupations

Fifty and four-fifths per cent of the students in Junior College are earning their entire way through college and forty and four-fifths per cent are taking the entire five courses. This means that slightly over half of the students enrolled here are earning their own living.

Divers means are used by these students to pay their living expenses while attending school.

The majority who attend, and who are entirely on their own resources, are teachers in the city schools, both public and private.

Among us is a first aid doctor in one of the large oil refineries of the city; several pre-med dentists, a licensed girl air pilot—one of the only two in the city.

These are a few unusual occupations, but students of Houston Junior College do almost anything to obtain funds. Some wash windows, and some clerk in grocery and dry goods stores. Many are stenographers and comptometrists. One boy is an undertaker's assistant and one drives a bus for the Houston Electric company. Those who earn money as soda clerks and filling station clerks are well represented as well as those who have one or several paper routes.

### STUDENT INVENTORY OF PAST FEW YEARS

Many students have come to Junior College in these three years since the school was opened, and many have gone. Many have come and stayed—as, for instance, BILL JETER. Bill was president of the Students' Association last year and he's a great football player, but the chief thing we remember him for is his almost shadow-like ability to pick out one girl and follow her around for there or four months! We would mention names, but the feelings must be considered of one MISS MILDRED SMITH.

Then there's OPAL BEANE, who has been here three years, too. She's as much a part of Junior College as

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### BIG TIME PLANNED FOR H. J. C. STUDENTS AT UNIVERSITY CLUB

Proceeds from Dance to Buy Football Sweaters for Cougar Gridmen

Houston Junior College's first annual Football Dance is scheduled for Friday night, December 20, at the University Club. With bids selling for \$1.00 and the Collegians Dance Orchestra furnishing "hotter than hot" music, the occasion is expected to be one of the best college dances of the season.

This dance will be the first affair undertaken by the Student Association this year. Immediately following their election, the officers of the association, headed by President Howard Branch immediately began plans for an immense "get-together" of the college students, the proceeds to be used to purchase sweaters for the football team.

Assisting the Student Association officials in preparations for the dance are Smith Garrison and Robert McCullough, presidents of the Sophomore and Freshman classes respectively. These two gentlemen are held responsible for having every member of both class organizations present for the dance, and latest reports have it that they will pack the hall.

### DRAMATIC CLUB TO STAGE 'NOT SO BAD' AS INITIAL PRODUCTION

"Not So Bad," a comedy that derives its humor from the caprice of a group assembled in a mountain lodge for a week end party, will be the first production of the John R. Bender Dramatic Club. With many practices already behind them, the cast is "polishing off" the rough edges, and will be ready to display itself to advantage when the play is presented shortly after the holidays.

The play is being staged under the excellent direction of Mrs. Lillian Blocker, who for the past year has so willingly helped the college in presenting its productions.

Mrs. Bender, the club's sponsor, is assured of the success of the play. "I know that, with the excellent material and direction, the play will be a grand success," Mrs. Bender said.

The cast of the comedy is as follows:

Mrs. Markham, Grace McDonald; Mrs. Hobbs, Ruth Kidd; James, H. K. Foreman; Kitty Ransom, Alice McCullough; Harriet Wilson, Marie Coppin; Louise Markham, Hazel Taylor; Ethel Griscom, Celia Lesky; Willard Hazard, Robert Nesmith; Jimmy Tweed, Roy Hofheinz; Morris Hunter, S. Cowley; Mr. Markins, Milton Super, Mr. Betts, Francis Hinton; Edward, John Hinton; Sophy, Zelda Amdur; Bridget, Irene Calcalas; Nora, Genevieve Weldon.

### INSTRUCTOR ASKED FOR ABSTRACT FROM THESIS

N. K. Dupre, assistant dean of Junior College, has been asked to contribute an abstract from his thesis on "The Teaching of Hygiene and Sanitation" to the Science Education Magazine.

He was asked to supply about a 12-page typewritten article. The Science Education Magazine is under the supervision of the National Association for Research in Science Teaching, and is published by Puper, Whitman and Glenn.

## College Life --- A Student Viewpoint

By GEORGE LANAUX

I. "The best thing about going to college is the social life."

II. "The best thing about going to college is the applied study."

III. "The best thing about going to college is the broadening of character and personality."

Here are three different and distinct notions of college graduates about the benefits of their four years in college. And yet the first one says: "I have had more fun since I left college."

Graduate No. 2 says: "My thoughts are deeper since my graduation." The last mentioned college man goes so far as to tell us that he has met more people, studied human nature, and broadened his understanding more since he finished at the university.

After conversing with these three college men I saw that striking the happy medium in the attitude of "collegiates" toward life in general was not by any means an easy task. Approaching the subject from the "business man's" standpoint offered easier possibilities, and it did not take me long to ascertain the fact that business men have that which college students lack—responsibility.

II.

At first I thought this quite natural,

considering the youth of university students, but it was soon made clear that even the youngest of business men, namely the 13-year-old office boy, is more responsible, takes things more seriously, than the average rah-rah boy.

But do not think for an instant that this lack of responsibility on the part of the college man is a fault. The very nature of its cause proves that it is not. The business man is capable of seeing only one side of a subject—his viewpoint is very pointed; he sizes up a situation from one angle only. On the other hand the man broadened and educated by college life is able to see around the corner—he looks at a thing from every possible angle; his understanding is unimpaired.

To show you exactly what I mean, I want to quote for you the words of a friend of mine in the business world concerning the "pep" and the "spirit" of collegiates. You will be readily able to understand the business man's viewpoint—his one-sided stubborn outlook from this: "I am certainly disappointed in Junior College. I thought that it was a place where one could go to learn something, but I guess it will end up in a lot of silliness after all."

And, to top it all, the college man

beats the business man at his own game, even if it does take him longer to get there. The employment agent of a large corporation recently informed me of the difference between the working boy and the college boy when both were placed on the same job. The working boy does the job—he does it thoroughly; he does it well. The college boy does the job; he does it thoroughly; he does it well, and he is able to see exactly what part he is playing in the business function—he knows what went before, he understands what will transpire as a later result. It is this that makes the college man, who starts in just as lowly a position, forge ahead of his working friend. Many accuse the college man of being restless; they say he will not stick to the job, but I contend that a restless nature is not the cause of numerous changes of position. One time out of ten you'll find that the college man feels his importance as a university graduate and is not willing to accept and stick to the menial job which he must take, but the other nine times you will find out that the cause for numerous changes is that fault—if you want to call it that—ambition.

The college man's viewpoint shows

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## THE COUGAR

A monthly newspaper devoted to the interests of Houston Junior College. Published by the Journalism Department, Houston Junior College.

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## Exchange

The Abilene High Battery of Abilene, Texas, sends us a nice newsy paper. It is also well organized. The paper lacks humor, which is rather essential to any school paper. It has many writeups of interest and importance in it. The news is not only of the school but outside factors too. We've enjoyed it lots. Let us hear from you again soon. Here's a little verse found in the paper—don't mind that, Freshmen!!

### Disillusion

I stood upon a mountain,  
And looked out on the pain,  
I saw a lot of green stuff,  
That looked like growing grain,  
So I took another look at it,  
I thought it must be grass,  
But goodness to my horror,  
It was only "The Freshman Class!"  
—Exchange.

The Bay Window of the Muskegon Junior College is an excellent paper put out semi-monthly. The front page is rather monotonous in its regularity of the topic placement. There is one column under the head of "Library" which gives a literary criticism with each publication. This should prove very beneficial and would be a good thing if more papers had something of the same nature included in them. There is some rare humor in this little paper, some real humor. Here are just a few of them:

Hay: "Do you file your nails?"  
Stalk: "No, I just cut them and throw them away."

Then there is the Scotchman who boiled his potatoes in sea water to save salt.

Mr. Harris: "I see that there are some book-worms in school this year."  
Catheryn Meyers: "Why don't they spray the place with Flit?"—(Adv.)  
—Exchange.

The Viking hails from a school way off in Long Beach, Calif.—Long Beach Junior College. It is an interesting little paper in spite of the lack of humor. One page entirely is devoted to athletics, with numerous cartoons included in it. The arrangement of the first page is, though not unusual, a little bit different from that of the usual school paper. We like it as well as the news contained in it. Here is a sample of some of the humor:

Teacher: "Robert, your essay on 'My Mother' was just the same as your brother's."  
Robert: "Yes, sir, we have the same mother."

"They call him Luke because he is not so hot!"

The Mountaineer is a nice paper printed by the Schreiner Institute at Kerrville, Texas. It has a very attractive front page arrangement. The paper, however, may be improved with the addition of some humor. It would keep it from being quite dry. Try using a little of the space occupied with ads for jokes. A few of the local quotations of the paper that might prove useful to us as well as being clever are:

"Let's not be asses; let's not even be mules."  
Don't kid about safety. You may be the goat.—Exchange.

The Purple Pup is a well-edited paper put out by the Sidney Lanier Junior High School, Houston, Texas. The paper has quite a varied selection of writeups concerning the news of the school. It has a lot of good humor. Just a few instances are:

"McTab is a resourceful old Scotchman."  
"What has he done now?"  
"The doctor told him he had sugar in his tears so he cries over his corn flakes every morning."

Activities. Join the basket ball team; contribute to the Cougar; join a club—sleep Junior College, think Junior College, talk Junior College. We can't let Junior College become just a night school—and that's what it's going to do unless you students take some interest in the school and get some pep!

## OH, FIREMAN! FIREMAN!

### SPREAD YOUR NET OR

### LIFE IN THE BIG CITY

By GEORGE LANAU

Rain! Thunder! Lightning! The north wind shrieking its path through a city's streets! The elements were at their worst as the tower clock tolled out the hour—2 a. m.

Within a dimly lighted room of a massive old red brick building, four sullen figures sat huddled about a crude oaken table. Their features could not be discerned, save for an occasional glimpse as the lightning flared through the dripping window-pane. They spoke no word. Aside from the rear of the fire in the old iron stove, no noise was heard within the room save an occasional clicking upon the table top. What were these four doing? Did they plot the destiny of others? No! They were playing dominoes!

In spite of the hazards of the storm, in spite of everything, the city was safe. Jack, Joe, Jim, and Jack were on the job. The city's protectors were at their post. Firemen! Their's was a fierce task—the eternal saving of ladies' children, the eternal pumping of flooded cellars, the eternal playing of dominoes—a man's task—but they did it, and did it well. Jack, Joe, Jim and Jake were on the job!

2:15 a. m., and conditions were no better, but just one minute later and, though the storm raged on as before, everything was changed. The crashing of a gong and the four became instantly alive. No longer inert, they jumped about as so many bundles of nerves—arcs flared—another gong—the roar of a monster motor—a huge door pushed open against the gale—the blood-curdling shriek of a siren—Jack, Joe, Jim and Jake were on the job!

Rain! Thunder! Lightning! And through it all the engine crashed its way, reeling from side to side, skidding around paved corners, churning through muddy lanes. Jack, driving the monster muttered under his breath as the rain blinded his vision. Joe cranked the siren and, muttered under his breath. Jim and Joe muttered under their breaths as they clung desperately upon the rear step.

A right-hand swerve that piled everything pell mell into one corner of the truck, and they bolted up to the "sprung" alarm box. A forlorn figure, his wet clothing clinging tight to his body, stood solitary and alone upon the corner. He shouted—his voice was scarcely audible above the shrieking wind:

"Oh, I shay, osshiffer, I mean firemen, I losht my key; woudja help me in my winder?"

And Jack, Joe, Jim and Jake were on the job!

Moral: If you didn't like it, what the h—! did you read it for. Also—show some school spirit.

### College Life—

(Continued from Page 1)

itself to advantage when, later in life he is able to throw off his mental burdens and lighten his entire life through nothing more than his education, and his background. I know a rather wealthy gentleman whose family life is a wonderful example of this. He came from nothing, and consequently, since his entire life has been spent in accumulating financial resources, he is uneducated. But he married an educated woman, and he saw to it that his only son graduated from college. Now he is retired and the pity of it is that he cannot in any way appreciate his position while his wife and son enjoy the environment that their wealth can sustain. His work ended—his life ended.

### AROUND THE SCHOOL

Mr. Ledlow—"It seems to me, my dear, that there is something wrong with this cake."

Mrs. Ledlow—"That shows you know nothing about it, darling. The Cookbook says it's perfectly delicious!"

Gorman—"My wife's gone to the West Indies."  
Birney—"Jamaica?"  
Gorman—"No—she wanted to go."

Mr. Duggan—"Dear, will you please turn off the radio?"

Mrs. Duggan—"But it isn't on, dear. Now, as I was saying—"

## SALLY ANN AT COLLEGE

Collegians, attention! Here is a corner for the settling of your woes and troubles, heartaches, jealousies, and what-not. Just give your letters, which may be either asking for advice or giving advice to those in need from your own experience, to Louise Forrest, my solicitor. Do not be surprised if she should attempt to pry such letters from you, for she means to keep me supplied with the latest troubles and affairs whether you will or not! I, Sally Ann, promise to answer you seriously, in the best of intentions, in my very most up-to-date advice.

Dear Sally Ann:

I am in a terrible state of mind. I am desperately in love with four wonderful girls. Two are brunettes and twins; another is a little blonde, just five feet tall, and is sne cute! I SAY she is. Last, but not least, is the sweetest little red-head in the world.

Do you wonder that I am worried? Please help me decide which one I prefer.

Yours for advice,  
DALLAS HOLFORD.

Dear Dallas:

Why SHOULD you prefer one of these dear and vari-colored-headed girls above the others, which would be very hard to do, especially in the case of the twins? Really, I do not understand, for, by your letter, you do not seem to be the stable sort of person who is satisfied to be a "steady" for some time yet. You have such a charming quadruplet from which to choose your type, but do not choose it now.

SALLY ANN.

Dear Sally Ann:

Friday a young senior at the Dental college, of whom I am very fond and with whom I was to have a date that night, called when I was out and left his number. Later I called and his roommate told me that the young doctor had just stepped out, but he, himself, would deliver the message. After many apologies, he said that the doctor wanted to break his date with me because his girl from Fort Worth had arrived and that of course she was expecting a date with him; that the doctor was very sorry and would still like to have a date with me, wanted me to come to dance anyway, wanted to see me real soon; he continued to apologize.

Now, my dear Sally Ann, I suspect that I've been lied to and given up in preference to another Houston girl instead of an out-of-town girl. I want to know what position I should take against this young doctor.

"A young school teacher."  
IDA MEHR.

My Dear Ida:

You should not be too harsh to your young doctor. Poor man, between two fires! Such an innocentsounding, mopping-his-brow, young man, who was evidently so upset that he could not come to the phone, who had even made his friend upset, surely does not deserve to have a position taken against him. But although you should not, I advise that you do! Be, by no means, other than very cool to him until he has worked hard enough to get back your favor.

SALLY ANN.

Dear Sally Ann:

I'm terribly upset. What would you do if you were in love with a handsome young man (I'm sure it's love this time), and, just when everything was going good, a Junior College blonde who is really dangerous, appeared on the scene and your boy friend is a gentleman?

That's my story. I hope you understand just what it means to me.

OPAL BEAN.

My Dear Opal:

I'm dreadfully sorry your boy friend is a gentleman for they are scarce around these parts, and if the blonde is good enough to get him away even when you had things "going good," I am afraid he is gone forever. However, if I were you, I would study her technique, see what it is that most appeals to him, add that to my own technique, and strengthen any good points of my own that she happens to lack, then begin again!

SALLY ANN.

Dear Sally Ann:

Is it foolish for a girl to prepare herself for a medical career, spending

## -CLUBS-

### TENNIS CLUB

The Tennis Club held its first meeting Dec. 6 under the sponsorship of Mrs. Bender and Miss Mackey.

The club desires to organize this fall so that next spring when tennis season comes all members of the club will be ready to play.

Membership is open to everyone who plays tennis or wishes to learn to play. Instructions in the game will be given to members who do not know how to play by those in the club who are already playing.

All students interested in tennis be sure to watch the bulletin board for further information.

### HONOR SOCIETY

The Houston Junior College Honor Society, which is sponsored by Mrs. Soule, asks that all girls interested in this association get in touch with the sponsor as soon as possible so that a definite program can be arranged for the coming term.

All girls are eligible except those taking less than two courses at the college.

### FENCING CLUB

The boys of Houston Junior College are invited to join the Fencing Club which held its first regular meeting Nov. 2 and are asked to give their names to Mrs. Bender, as soon as possible.

Two members of the club gave an exhibition in the art of skillfully using a foil at assembly on Nov. 20.

The bulletin board will carry notices of each meeting that the club holds.

### Frosh Soph Melee—

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tily attired in what prisons term "the death house garb." Say Joe, you weren't outfitted by some enterprising undertaker, were you?

Aha, now we know the younger Christenson's ancestral name—Kelly Duluth. I east that's what his red fannels showed.

Fred Mil's brought along his mittens. Someone told him the field would be muddy. Aw Fweddy, did you get your precious hands soiled?

"Get that Airdale out," pleaded irate Sop's, as "Lulu" Hofheinz pranced about the track. Gee, Roy talks a great game of football. Ser you.

How's the foot J. W.? Newton would take home a bum limb for a souvenir.

"Ikey" Tracy showed up so well in the Sophomore slaughter that his services were enlisted for the Blinn fracas.

Irene Cafcalas and Celia Lesky did their duty by the teams and furnished glasses of water for the "dread big football men" during time outs.

"Stop Tamborello," was the Freshman cry. Tam's 4 hundred pounds was a big factor in the upper classmen victory.

For those that are interested, the score was 7 to 2.

Several thousand members of the fairer sex of Junior College braved red noses, and cold footsies to boost their class prides. Many a shrill "Hello" floated over the field as some girl discovered her latest crush in the thick of the battle. No wonder Joe Jacobs couldn't remember how many Hey Heys were to be used in the signal.

Virginia Rainbolt lost a few pounds toting the stick around as a lineman. Now she'll let Rosalind's clothes alone.

No one knew what everything was about, but just the same the SOPHOMORE-freshmen battle was a great affair.

her father's money and her time, when she plans to marry someone capable of taking care of her for life?

RUTH KIDD

My Dear Ruth:

Everything depends on the girl's own attitude as to whether she wishes to be "taken care of for life," or to follow her own career and be "happy though married." If she does not intend to use her medical training seriously, it would be foolish for her to take it up seriously; but if she likes the study so much that she is willing to spend the years of work necessary, she should think a long time before giving it up, for a waste of talent is one of the saddest things in the world.

### This Thing of Good Manners

To talk of good manners to people of college age ought to be unnecessary—that kind of thing should have been learned back in kindergarten days. But the rudeness of a few students during the last few weeks seems to indicate that at least some of them need to be taught a few manners. Perhaps these students are just thoughtless. Maybe they really know better. We hope so. But, often so, for their own good they should have these things called to their attention; they should be brought to realize that both teacher and other students will judge them by these discourtesies, and not only they, but their families, will be censured.

Especially discourteous are those students who come in to the cafeteria at the end of a long line, cut in ahead of others, and take places near the head of the line. Of course, not a great deal of harm is done those who have been displaced—a few more ahead don't make such a lot of difference in time—but it is irritating to have waited some ten or fifteen minutes at the end of a long line only to have others rush in late and take places near the front as if they were the only ones to be considered. Such selfishness is disgusting.

Then there are the students who congregate in the halls near the open doors of busy classrooms. They fill the air with such shouting and laughing that it is often impossible to hear what is going on in the classroom. Just another exhibition of thoughtlessness, or ill-breeding, or whatever you want to call it.

And last, but not least are those students who seem to want to drown out every word spoken by the teacher during the class period. No matter how interesting or important the lecture or discussion may be, these students insist on carrying on their own petty conversations whenever they so desire.

All that childishness ought to be put away now. You're not babies. You're of college age. Act it. You'll soon be out in the world on your own (if you're not already) and if you ever want to get anywhere you'd better learn to consider other folks sometimes. You'll be a grand flop if you don't. And they'll whine about somebody else getting all the breaks. It's up to you, brother (or sister). Take your choice!

### Let's Have Some Pep

By DORIS HORTMAN

What's the matter? Dead and don't know it! That's the trouble.

Listen, you students of Junior College! We've got to have P. E. P. to keep this school going and where is it coming from? It's got to come from the student body.

This peplepness on your part is caused by lack of interest. You are not interested in the Cougar—you aren't interested in Junior College football; you aren't interested in Junior College dances—you aren't interested in any of the clubs—in fact, you aren't interested in Junior College.

This is a plea for enthusiasm, pep—anything that remotely resembles life.

Take an interest in some of our ac-



# Some Efforts From the Literati

## FOREWORD

A recent assignment on "The College Flivver" made by Mr. Birney to his class in feature writing, unearthed a number of literary gems, some of which are printed below. In view of the number of "collegiate flivvers" now in use at Junior College, it is believed that these stories will be of interest to Cougar readers.

## An Auto-biography of a Collegiate Flivver

By GEORGE LANAUZ  
Woe is me!

Seven short years ago I made my bow to the public. Seven short years ago I was a sparkling new flivver, but to look at me now, no one would think that I have known better days. It brings joy to my pulsing carburetor to look back upon that summer of '22 when I enjoyed the thrill of carrying no less a personage than his honor, the mayor, on his frequent tours of the city.

But my days among the city's great were numbered, and it was a year before the mayor forsook me for a car of much higher price, which, I assure you, did not fill that gentleman's requirements one jot or tittle better than I. My next duty, although the work was devilish hard, was one in which I displayed my great ability in serving the public. The man for whom I slaved operated a filling station, and it was I who brought gas and tires to cars in distress. The cause was a worthy one—I served it faithfully for five thankless years, and then, my sparkle dulled, my frame weakened, my lights dimmed by the ceaseless toil, I was sold: I exchanged for a paltry handful of glittering silver pieces.

My cup indeed is bitter. The one who bought me was—Oh God! he was a college man. My worthy radiator bows in shame—I am an object of pity, but am I pitied? Not in the least, and why: all because this drooling idiot of a college man insists on painting me a dozen different colors, any one of which would madden a bull, and, too, he will affix to me articles long cast away as junk and ranging from cow bells to various young ladies' garters. To top it all, he goes so far as to print signs upon me the very nature of which make me an object of scorn to provoke mirth among those who ogle as I pass—that, my friends, is the deepest cut of all. One sign across my right front, stolen no doubt from some public rest room, reads "LADIES," and on the opposite door has been scrawled "LEAP IN, LIMP OUT," as much as to suggest that the parties I convey do not ride in absolute safety and comfort. Ah me! The day comes none to soon when for the last time I shall crash my noble self into a nearby pole, from thence onward to rest and rust in the peaceful confines of some happy home for sundry and odd junk.

## THE COLLEGE FLIVVER

All over the campus, parked here and parked there  
Is the Old College Flivver, with never a care  
That boats that are bigger and sweller and better  
Are close on the curb, to this little go-getter.

Inferiority complex, we blame its effects  
For a lot of misfits and a lot of the wrecks,  
But she is a wreck that got that way  
By a happier route that was reckless and gay.

Her poise is superb, when she's parked in the back  
Of a Packard or front of a big Cadillac,  
She knows that it takes her, the goods to deliver  
And she's simply not bothered, the Old College Flivver.

She knows she hasn't missed making the grade,  
She knows her coat lays Josephs' coat in the shade,  
And if what you need is to wake up the liver,

She knows you should ride in the Old College Flivver.  
—Mrs. P. B. Nagel.

## THE COLLEGE FLIVVER

By Frances Foster

In the year 1900, there was born in Henry Ford's domicile, Detroit, Mich., a maiden whose name was Henrietta Elizabeth Ford. Henrietta Elizabeth Ford was a beautiful child. Her complexion was as smooth as satin and her features were perfect. But time went on, as time will do, and in about thirty years Henrietta Elizabeth Ford was no longer a beautiful, popular damsel.

No longer was she wanted. Men shunned her. Women ridiculed her. Her best friend wouldn't tell her that she was full of creaks.

Says Miss Ford, "My dear, I was a wreck. I mean, I really was. I mean, I was weak and run down; I had no pep, no vitality. Then, I read in the paper that some college boys were looking for some cheap vehicle to push around the football field.

"To make a long story short, I went to the home of a great orator, Roy Hoffheinz, and asked him if there was an opening for me. He talked about two hours and I gathered that he meant if the team pulled for me and I for the team, I would get the place. "How thrilled I was. Mr. James Bute gave me eighty samples of paint and Mr. Kress gave me four umbrellas.

"I made a dress of the paint and carried the umbrellas. (By the way, Mr. Bute didn't give me any red or pink paint. This reddish and pinkish tint is due to a permanent blush which I received this summer when four young men clad in pajamas drove me all over town.) "Anyway, here I am today. A popular youngster again. After all it isn't the chassis, it's the paint that makes a woman."

Expressing these fine statements of hope for the woman of thirty, Henrietta Elizabeth Ford swayed down the avenue to the tune of "Yo-Yo-Going All Day Long."

## THE BOSSES

(More than the Usual to Kipling)  
I've taken my jobs where I've found 'em;  
I've drugged an' I've played in each one;  
I've had my pick o' positions  
An' three o' the lot was great fun.  
One was a stockbroker's office;  
One was a place in a bank;  
An' one was a real estate company.  
'Twas there that I found the most swank.

Now I wan't a good judge o' bosses,  
When I first started out in the fight,  
For you never can tell till you've tried 'em  
An' then you're most likely not right  
There's times when you think that you know 'em,  
There's times when you're mighty perplexed,  
But the things that you learn from each one in turn  
They'll help you a lot with the next.

I first went to work for a lawyer,  
So handsome and black-eyed and tall.  
He had quite a way with the ladies  
An' thought he could capture 'em all.  
I knew I'd be leavin' there shortly,  
For I don't like that kind of flim,  
But I counted it valuable practice  
For I learned about bosses from him.

An' then was a high-hatted banker,  
Who officed from ten until one,  
But the work that he gave me the while he was there  
Kept me busy till set of the sun.  
He thought that no people were counted  
Unless they were rich, old and grim;  
So I gave up the place—he was off o' his base,  
But I learned about bosses from him.  
An' one had just come from the country;  
Thought he was the chief man in town,

For he'd bought a big car and a Spanish style home,  
Though instead of payin' up, he'd paid down.

So he lorded it over the office  
Until I got tired of his whim  
An' told him I was tired—then he said I was fired,  
An' I learned about bosses from him.

The next was a bard-boiled old duffer,  
Until I had learned all his ways.  
Then he got mild, an' sweet as a child.

An' never said nothin' but praise.  
An' because I worked hard and steady  
He helped me get in the swim;  
Showed me the way to promotion and pay  
An' I learned about bosses from him.

So I've taken my jobs where I've found 'em;  
The punk ones along with the best;  
An' the things that I've learned into use I have turned  
An' they've helped me along with the rest.

For the more that you know about all men  
The easier it is to please one;  
They are all kin, and under the skin  
Each wants to be thought the big gun.

## The Song of the Zeppelin

I.  
In a Teuton country far over the sea  
Lived an aged captain bold;  
This sire conceived a great idea—  
The story has often been told.

With eager heart and ready hand  
He watched by day and hour.  
The construction of the good Graf Zeppelin,  
A plane of greatest power.

III.  
The construction of the great Graf Zeppelin  
Was wrought with every care;  
For it was the heart's desire of the captain  
That it over the world should fare.

IV.  
At last the workman's deed was done  
And in that far off land,  
Stood the Zeppelin, gigantic plane!  
Looking so large and grand.

V.  
Then the stern captain chose companions,  
Of his countrymen bold and free;  
Tgoether these three so carefully planned  
To fly forth over the sea.

They tested the plane in many, many ways  
For a flaw in any nook;  
O, cautious were these pilots three,  
E're their great flight they took.

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They flew over their own fair land,  
They flew with greatest care;  
O' cautious were these pilots three,  
For their voyage to prepare.

At last, when plans and plane were done  
And the pilots so gaily clad,  
They bade farewell to the Fatherland dear,

Leaving their friends quite sad.

Their wide country was an in'and one,  
Far from the deep blue sea;  
So they soared above the hilltops steep  
O'er many a wide country.

At last they reached the blue Atlantic,  
Saw the land fast disappear,  
They went fast toward the setting sun,  
Undaunted by any fear.

They flew for hours through fog and rain;  
They flew both high and low—  
Not once their courage true did fail,  
They conquered every foe.

O'er many a wide country they soared,  
O'er many a land and clime,  
They saw grand sights most wondrous,  
In a few swift moments' time.

At last the momentous flight was done,  
In the homeland they came down;  
Great perils they had met and faced  
Eternal fame they had found,  
—Mary Louise Pearce.

## SOME BOOK REVIEWS

"JALNA," By MAZO DE LA ROCHE  
FRANCES WILLARD  
"Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche is the book that won the \$10,000 prize in the Atlantic Monthly contest for the most interesting novel. Prize-winning novels are usually insipid and painfully new in style. "Jalna" comes as a surprise for it is unique and intensely interesting.

Jalna is the family home of the Whiteoaks. Gathered under its roof are representatives of each generation from the time the grandparents drifted to Canada, via England, from India, and there built their homestead on a lavish scale. Rennie, 37, is the

## COMPLIMENTS OF

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# J-O-K-E S-H-O-P

Opal Beane—"Pete, what do you think of the Community Chest Drive?"  
Pete Garrison—"Oh, I know a much better place to park than that."

Mr. Holford—"How is it you haven't done your outside reading, Dallas?"

Dallas Holford—"I've decided not to do any more. It's not fair. We students do the work and the professor gets paid for it."

Howard Graham—"I wonder what time it is?"

Margaret Boyett—"Well, it can't be 11 o'clock yet because Mother said I was to be home then—and I'm not."

John Aleo—"Cheer up, Bill; it's time to kiss the bride."

Bill Vincent—"You're all wrong; it's time for me to quit."

Roy H.: "What is that 'cut down' junk of a car of yours?"

Rib S.: "Oh, just an old 'hen.'"

Roy H.: "Chevrolet?"

Rib S.: "No."

Mr. Henderson, talking to a country boy, who was in a cornfield "Boy, what makes that corn so little?"

Charles Telge: "We planted little corn."

Mr. Henderson: "What makes the corn so red?"

Charles Telge: "We planted red corn."

Mr. Henderson: "Boy, you aren't far from a fool are you?"

Charles Telge: "Just across the fence."

Mrs. Birney: "Oh, I just had my heart set on that Packard roadster."

Mr. Birney: "Well just keep your heart set on it, because that is all that will ever set on it."

They call "Mickey" Mills "Hair Oil"

—she's the chief thing on a lot of sheik's brains.

J. W. Newton: "Gee, your sweetie uses plenty of makeup."

C. R. Yeager: "Yes, she's my powdered sugar."

H. Wood: "Every dollar I have was made honestly."

Joe M.: "By whom?"

Mr. Birney says: "The bigger the summer vacation the harder the fall."

Mr. Rees says: "The fellow who writes a mathematics book has a right to be proud. They are bought by people who count."

This page from Maxwell Ludke's notebook was picked up in the hall last week:

Telephone Numbers  
Vivian—Lehigh 78596 (Curly red hair).  
Clarice—Hadley 98507 (Blonde).  
Helen—Hadley 58096 (Brunette).  
Mabel—Lehigh 53395 (Half-tone).

Bob Peden: "Where are you going?"

Jeannette Day: "That's none of your business?"

B. J.: "I just wanted to know. I couldn't tell from your clothes whether you were going to the opera or an operation."

Ruth: "No, Bobby, I won't marry you, but I'll be a sister to you."

"Bobby" McCullough: "Not on your life you won't. I can't afford it. I already have one sister who swipes my collar, socks, ties, chewing gum and cigarettes."

"Slim" Bouknight Kannerdy—he's so dumb he thinks a football coach has four wheels.

Margaret Boyett: "Dad, let's buy a new car."

Mr. Boyett: "Wait till I've had a ride in the old one, will you?"

Lonnie Lyons says he calls his sweetie "vacuum" because she gathers all the dirt.

Confession magazines are things of the past.

V. Santamaria: "Once I loved a girl and she made a fool out of me."

Mary Sadler: "It just goes to show what a lasting impression some girls make."

John Driscoll: "Could I interest you in a new Ford coupe?"

Fern Sweeney: "You couldn't interest me in a Rolls-Royce."

Gerty K.: "Are you from Wisconsin?"

Louis Christensen: "You're wrong, lady, I just bummed into town in a cattle car."

Floyd G. (teaching girl to drive): The brake is something that you put on in a hurry."

Genievie: "Oh, I see. A sort of kimona."

Soapy McG.: "What a nice hand you have."

Alice McC.: "I am sort of attached to it myself."

Dum: "Thish match won't light."

Bell: "Washa madda with it?"

Dum: "I dunno; it lit awhile ago."

First Alum: "When I was in college I studied math, and now I have a job with a dentist extracting roots."

Second Alum: "When I was in college I studied fishery, and only the other day I got canned."

## ROSTRUM DEBATERS

The Rostrum, formerly the Houston Junior College Oratorical Association, elected the following officers at the last business meeting: Howard Branch, president; Lucile Sealey, vice-president; Marjorie Clark, Secretary-treasurer.

It is the purpose of the Rostrum to stimulate interest in all phases of public and private speech, including extemporaneous speaking, oratory, debate and the judging of contest. Although this club does not hold inter-collegiate debates, it is through its members that they are made possible, as it is here that the speakers get their training.

### Student Inventory—

(Continued from Page 1)

Mr. Dupre, and we couldn't have a more attractive or a more interesting part.

The first year there was MADELAINE KEEFFE, who was chosen most beautiful or some such. And CHRISTIE, whose first name we are almost sure begins with an M.

MILDRED BRAMER came out that year too and did exceedingly well in Dramatic Club productions. She's at Rice now, making good grades, a credit to dear old Junior College.

MARY ELIZABETH RIGG graduated 1st June and is in "Our Lady of the Lake" now. She was probably the most popular of all the girls who have attended here.

When one thinks of M. E. one just naturally thinks too of EUGENE TADLOCK, our most handsome chap, and CRAWFORD WILLIAMS, the reporter, who didn't learn about newspapers from Mr. Birney.

FRANK LADIN would cut class and take a poor girl riding any time, and FRED MOSK was right there with his line.

ANNIE RAY QUALTROUGH was by far the sweetest and friendliest

girl on the campus, and there aren't enough nice things to say about her bewitching dimples.

From Galveston came BROOKS DAVIS, almost red-headed. And from S. M. U. MORRIS (Speck) BROWN-LEE, who quit much too soon to give everybody a fair chance.

J. D. LARKIN was out the other night to give the freshmen a treat. After one gets inured to Junior College, there are some things sorely missed and J. D.'s sweet, sweet, smile is one of them. And of course PAT QUINN'S very sarcastic remarks.

DOROTHY DOWNMAN, brutally frank and darling, and chasing madly after her, WALLY BANKS, who, we were very surprised to learn, has actually been admitted to Rice.

This year there are more pretty girls—for instance ADELE DRINKLE, very blonde and with very nice pedal extremities. And MARY ADELE COBB with quite the most marvellous eyelashes.

Then MAURINE EDMISTER, just out of high school, and a favorite with the male contingent.

New out here is ED CUNNINGHAM, who conspires with that Adonis, HARRY SEAMAN.

And of course, TONY CRAPITTO, whom everybody likes immensely.

Another old student who is very popular—JIMMY MORRIS. And his mother calls him James.

Unless you're very dumb, you'll know by now that that Reo roadster belonged to FRED WEIGMAN. He's a very interesting personality and something very new.

And two more stars: BOBBY McCULLOUGH and ROY HOFHEINZ, both of whom have enough of that elusive quality called "school spirit" for ten other people.

And we couldn't forget those two very popular sophomores: PETE GARRISON and HOWARD BRANCH. Pete has winning ways and Howard is horribly intellectual, besides being other things.

These are some of the outstanding students who have gone and are going to Junior College. We said students, not scholars.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

To my friends of H. J. C.—  
"Health, Wealth and  
Happiness for 1930"

**Cecil B. Smith**

Merry Xmas to  
SMITH'S COUGARS.

**Bob Tracy**

May 1930 be "Banner Year"  
for our Junior College.

**Helen Cheney**

1930 isn't Leap Year, but  
here's hoping success comes  
by leaps and bounds.

**Robert Moeschel**

Merry Xmas and Happy  
New Year to all.

**Rosalind and Virginia**

**Terry and Max say---**

Merry Xmas and Happy  
New Year.

Merry Xmas to the Brunettes,  
Blonds and Redheads.

**Howard Graham**

"SHUXTE" MATTHEWS  
and TEB WARDEN  
extend to all their friends a  
wish for a Happy, Prosperous  
New Year.

**Mrs. Kathleen Rucker  
Duggan**

wishes her associates and  
friends at H. J. C. a Merry  
Xmas and Prosperous  
New Year.

Greetings from  
**Cougar Collegians**

Congratulations and Merry  
Xmas to Coach Smith's  
Junior College Cougars.

**Martin Lowe**

A Merry Xmas and A Happy  
New Year to all.

**Mrs. John R. Bender**

May 1930 be the "Open  
Sesame" to success.

**Celia Lesky**

Merry Xmas and Happy New  
Year to my friends and  
teachers.

**Joe Tortorice**

With best wishes for a  
Happy Xmas and New Year.

**R. Willard Nesmith**

Greetings to all my friends  
and profs at H. J. C.

**Elizabeth Rummell**

Let 1930 be a touchdown  
with extra point.

**Zelda Amdur**

Merry Xmas—  
"Fite 'Em Owls!"

**H. C. Nagel, Jr., and  
"Black" Klaras**

The ROSTRUM wishes you a  
real old-fashioned

**Merry Xmas**

Season's Greetings  
from

**Lewis and Chris**

"To wish you a Merry Xmas  
and One Hundred Percent  
New Year.

**Dennis Sneiger**

More College Spirit for a  
Happy New Year.

**Wallace H. Miner**

Merry Xmas and a Happy  
New Year from  
**John Jay Driscoll**

When 1930 ends, I hope my  
friends can say—"The best  
year ever."

**L. D. Grant**

Here's for a Bigger and  
Better New Year.

**Donald Lang**

A Jolly Xmas and Joyous  
New Year.

**Francis Harris**

**Micky and Bill hope**

**Santa is good to  
everyone.**

Everything good for everyone  
in 1930.

**J. W. Newton and  
Nick G. Peet**

Christmas Cheer

**Margaret Anne Boyett**

Merry Christmas.

**Genevieve Sterns**

Sincerest Greetings for  
Xmas and the coming year.

**Helen Lee Davis**

The Happiest Xmas ever,  
And a Bright New Year.

**Fred R. Birney**

A Happy Xmas and Joyous  
New Year to My Friends.

**Jane Witherspoon**

Xmas Greetings to all H. J.  
C. students and faculty mem-  
bers.

**"Pete" Garrison**

Merry Xmas and Happy  
New Year to all.

**Beatrice Biggs**

1930—May it be the stepping  
stone to success for everyone.

**Hazel Taylor**

Santa Claus—  
Be good to J. C. boys,  
girls and faculty.

**"Al" Kerbow**

Lotsa Xmas Spirit and a  
Happy New Year.

**Genevieve Weldon  
and Irene Calcala**

Heaps and heaps of Xmas  
Joy — for every good girl  
and boy.

**Joe Cann and  
Wayne Livergood**

May troubles always follow,  
but never catch up, during  
1930.

**C. H. Shaw**

May We Have More Blondes  
In 1930

**Floyd Galbreath**

Wishing all my teachers and  
friends a right jolly Xmas.

**"Boots" Horn**

**Catherine Meyers**

extends the season's greetings  
to her friends and professors  
at H. J. C.

P. S.—And be real good to  
H. J. C. students and faculty.

**Ruth Kidd**

To my friends of the faculty  
and student body, a Merry  
Xmas and a Happy New  
Year.

**H. W. Harris**

**Mrs. Soule**

Wishes a Merry Xmas  
and a Happy New Year to  
her colleagues and the stu-  
dents of Junior College.

"One is not believed if he  
becomes too splendid or too  
enthusiastic in his expres-  
sions." Good Wishes.

**Howard Branch**

Three Whoops and a  
Whoopee! Xmas is here!

**Alice McCullough**

Candidate for M. D.