

LOCAL ORATORS LOSE THREE TO RIVAL DEBATERS

Westminster Sends Boys' Team
and South Park Sends
Girls and Boys

OUR GIRLS ARE CHAMPS

Drenkle and Calfalas Debate
Roberson and Fife in
Auditorium

Tough Luck recently cast a disappointing eye on efforts of H. J. C. students to defeat debating teams from Westminster Junior College in Tehuacana, and from South Park Junior College in Beaumont.

La Roy Dorsette and Kenneth Cope-land of Westminster J. C. defeated Phil Hamberger and Gordon Jones in the music room at 9:30 p.m. Friday, April 10.

Westminsters girls' team was unable to make the trip, and ceded the district championship to H. J. C. Miss Margaret Pitcher is debate coach at Westminster. The boys' debate and the girls' debate were scheduled contests of the Texas Junior College Public Speaking Association.

Four orators and the debating coach, Mrs. Fred Fonville, of South Park J. (Continued on Page 2)

LIBRARY DEFINED BEFORE TEACHERS

"A reading teacher and a library in every elementary school has been Beaumont's aim," declared Superintendent M. E. Moore of that city in his talk to the Library Section of the South Texas Teachers' Association at their luncheon in the Rice Hotel Friday at noon.

Supt. Moore described the elementary library as an informal place full of light and color with furniture to fit the small people. The planning of the daily program should be made to include time for independent reading in the library.

In the junior high school, Library is a subject like mathematics or English and requires a teacher just as the other subjects. The library in the junior high school includes books, magazines and newspapers selected by the students. "There has been too much censorship," stated Supt. Moore.

The senior high school library should be a large room with work room for librarians and assistants. In connection with the senior high school library is a class room where freshmen are taught the use of the library, where certain students are taught how to read, where committees work, and where others make use of it.

Superintendent Moore advocates the departmental library where the multiple copy makes supplementary reading accessible to the whole class at once.

According to Supt. Moore the library is becoming more and more important as the methods of teaching evolve.

Supt. Moore was introduced by Dr. E. E. Oberholtzer, Superintendent of Houston schools. The orchestra of the San Jacinto Senior High School furnished the music.

ANOTHER H. J. C. GIRL FOUND IN HIGHER-UPS

Miss Edith Lord, Houston Junior College student is a member of the Van Hoose Little Symphony Orchestra, composed of professional players. Miss Lord plays the Viola.

Houston Junior College may rightfully be proud of its many accomplished students.

INNOCENT LITTLE GIRL, FRESH FROM COUNTRY, FOILS SEDUCTIVE SHEIK

Your Cougar now has its own confessions department. Even the "hardest boiled" reader ought to get six or eight heart throbs out of the following touching little confession from one of our charming co-eds:

"Neck?" he asked in a low, seductive voice.

I did not know what to answer; I am a girl shy by nature and slow to accept what other girls eagerly and openly rush to take up. As a result I did not have the experience with which to cope with his proposal. I was perplexed as to what to reply. I could do nothing but remain seated in embarrassed silence.

Again he asked, "Neck?"
Though his tone was as soft and alluring as before, it had an added throb of imperiousness that could not be overlooked. I was keenly aware now that I could not delay much longer. He looked at me questioningly. There was no way out other than to make a hasty decision.

"Yes," I replied recklessly. "Only you must be careful not to shave it too close. If you do it's bound to tickle unbearably when I put on my coat with the fur collar."

POETS UNDERSTAND BUT WE MERELY SEE NATURE

Interesting thoughts on life, worthy of contemplation, are given in the following essay by an H. J. C. student of English:

Life is a swift revolution of beauty, tragedy, hope, fear, anxiety, indulgence, sacrifice—in general, a condensed complicated matter, and because of the alacrity with which it revolves, we have but fleeting glimpses of its different aspects. Our conception of everything about us is so obscure and so inconsistent that we merely grope along, like the blind creatures that we are, incomprehensive of the full significance of our existence. There are only a few things, our hobbies, which attract, and hold for an indefinite time, our attention, while all else, however beautiful, is meaningless. We are blind, deplorably blind.

Why do we not have the same emotional feelings about a certain matter as our neighbor? Why do we look upon a seemingly barren mountain as a mere elevation of land, when he looks at it as a mighty, mass of grandeur and splendor? Why do we regard highly classical music monotonous and irritating when to him it speaks volumes? Ah! It is misunderstanding! Blindness!

Our lives are molded, more or less, along commercial rather than along literary lines. So commercialized are we becoming that even our mode of speech betrays us; we usually express ourselves in quick, unfigurative terms. Nor do we take a few moments to meditate on a matter outside of our routine—that is considered as idling away precious time. Hence, we are deprived of developing a keener sense for the beautiful; something we do not understand, yet, which we might understand if we only sought it out.

With what reverence the poet looks at a scene of nature! How inspiring it is to him! Certainly Shakespeare felt (Continued on Page 2)

STUDENTS TO SUPPORT WOODUL'S SENATE BILL

Senator Walter Woodul's senate bill No. 422 is up for consideration in the state legislature this week.

This bill will, if passed, mean much to H. J. C. and Houston. All students are urged to write their representatives at Austin, asking that they support the bill.

Letters favoring the bill should also be written to Senator Woodul, and Roy Holder, chairman of the house educational committee.

GENEVIEVE WELDON



Miss Weldon was elected the "most popular girl" in the contest sponsored by the Cougar Collegians.

OUTGOING CLASS ELECTS OFFICERS

H. J. C. graduates organized the graduate class and elected officers April 17, when they met to get graduate functions under way.

Officers elected were Harold Wood, president; Nelwyn Turner, vice president, and Mozelle McReynolds, secretary-treasurer.

Class pins have been selected and numerous activities are being planned, according to Harold Wood, president. Mr. Wood stated that the graduates intend to make merry at a bay party scheduled to take place May 28. Whether or not the bay party is to be only for graduates has not yet been decided.

"We are going to issue invitations for commencement," stated Mr. Wood, "and this will be the most outstanding affair of the sort that Houston Junior College has yet seen." Mr. Wood was reluctant to discuss minor details of the commencement exercises but intimated that adequate committees have been appointed to attend to the matter. "The graduates will take charge of the last assembly of the semester," Mr. Wood further remarked. "As yet we know that distinctive class pins are being decided upon, that we shall have quite a unique commencement, and that we are going to have a real bay party. Further questions will be decided at our next meeting."

John Brown's Body Brings Mystery to H. J. C. Halls

Gruesome indeed was this report sent out last week by our librarian, Mrs. Shearer:

"John Brown's Body disappeared from the library last summer before it could be indexed." Regarding it one bright student said:

"Just Imagine, the body may be wandering about the halls of the college—unnoticed among throngs of students. A few tactful questions addressed to Mr. Vanzee might disclose some clue as to its whereabouts."

ELECTION RETURNS

Miss Maurine Edminster was elected most beautiful girl, and Miss Genevieve Weldon the most popular girl at Junior College at the election held Monday.

These co-eds will represent H. J. C. at the annual reception for high school graduates to be held May 8.

OPEN YOUR EYES TO THE LOVE AND THE LIFE AND THE GOD ALL ABOUT YOU

Here is something from the pen of Evelyn Cochran which makes one pause and think. It is called:

VIDEO

I see love laboring; the mother for her wayward, unseeing child; friend for friend; man for his mate.

I see truth, blinding in its beauty. I see lies, blinding in their garishness.

I see bare feet bathing in a sparkling stream, with piles and piles of glistening sand.

I see gnawing hunger, and thirst, and nakedness in the city streets.

I see thousands and thousands of glittering windows of gold as the Sun awakens a Dream City in the greyish-lavender mist of morning.

I see jagged flashes of lightning that thrill.

I see violets hiding beside a fallen giant.

I see gaunt, bearded warriors braving the loneliness of the forest in winter.

I see little baby leaves heralding the coming spring.

I see the night, kind and soothing, oblivious of all that is harsh and ugly. I see a life beyond.

And everywhere I see God.

—Evelyn F. Cochran.

POPULAR NOVELS NOW HERE, SAYS LIBRARIAN

Mrs. Hannah Shearer, H. J. C. librarian, announced Wednesday the arrival of a new shipment of books. She called especial attention to a "Chemical Encyclopedia" and an "Encyclopedia of Social Sciences," the first two volumes only in each set being available as the entire works have not as yet been published.

Among the new fiction to be found on the shelves are the following:

"Hans Frost" by Hugh Walpole.

"The Woman of Andros" by Thornton Wilder.

"The Great Meadow" by E. Madox Roberts.

"Clarissa Harlowe" by Samuel Richardson.

"Swan Song" by John Glasworthy.

"Uncle Sam" by John Erskine.

"Victory" by Joseph Conrad.

"The Deepening Stream" by Dorothy Canfield.

"Forever Free" by Honore Willie Morrow.

"Cimarron" by Edna Ferber.

"Exile" by Warwick Deeping.

"Long Bondage" by Donald Joseph.

"Angel Pavement" by J. B. Priestly.

"Hudson River Bracketed" by Edith Wharton.

"A Lantern in Her Hand" by B. Aldrich.

Examination Blockade Is Broken by Brawny Janitor

Outside looking in, and inside looking out, was the experience of students of Journalism 123, Monday night, April 20, when the door of room 210 became locked.

As a test was scheduled for that night, students were not particularly interested in getting the door unlocked, and in fact were quite open in expressing their wishes of keeping the door permanently closed.

But alas, all good things must come to an end. A rescuer in the form of our brawny janitor came to the aid (of Mr. Birney, not the students) and opened the door to the classroom and a test.

MRS. MERCER INJURED

Mrs. Ethel Mercer, H. J. C. student, was painfully injured April 12, at Galveston.

Mrs. Mercer was walking on the jetty when she stepped on a slippery rock and fell, breaking her ankle.

FOURTH ANNUAL RECEPTION TO BE HELD HERE MAY 8

H. J. C. Students to Entertain
All Graduates of Houston
Senior High Schools

EDUCATOR WILL SPEAK

Welcoming Address To Be Given
In Auditorium by President
E. E. Oberholtzer

Senior high school graduates have been invited to attend the annual reception, given them by the students of the Houston Junior College, in the auditorium here Friday evening at 8:30 p.m., May 8.

All arrangements have been completed including the distribution of bids at the various high schools in the city. Mr. Dupre, the assistant dean, will make the introduction. President E. E. Oberholtzer is to give the welcoming address.

The queen of the reception will be elected and bouquets presented her by the Phi Honor Society. The grand march is to be led by the queen-elect and S. W. Garrison, president of the Junior College Student Association. "Previous receptions," said Mrs. (Continued on Page 2)

OLD FABLE TOLD IN CHAPEL TALK

Assembly Wednesday night, April 22, was the occasion of an address to the student body of E. P. Neilan of the Houston Land and Trust Company. Mr. Neilan was the winner of the recent American Institute of Banking Oratorical contest. The subject of his talk was "Diamonds in Your Own Back Yard."

The story involves the tale of a rich and satisfied Oriental farmer. One day he is told of the wealth and fascination of a diamond by a Buddhist priest that came to see him. When the priest had gone on his way the thoughts of this conversation still lingered in the mind of the farmer. Eventually, he sold his wonderful farm, left his wife and family, and went in search of this marvelous jewel.

The man who bought his farm was very frugal and did all that he could to improve his status in life. One day he found a glittering piece of stone in the back yard, and thinking that it was merely a piece of pretty glass he brought it in and placed it on the mantel. When the Buddhist priest stopped by on his next visit he asked the man where he had obtained the diamond. The man was very much surprised on learning this as he did not even know what a diamond was.

Far away on the coast of a sunny sea an old beggar threw himself into the blue waters to die. It was the old farmer who in his searchings for the diamond had at last given up the fight. (Continued on Page 2)

KERBOW'S CLASS PLANS DRAMA OF CLASSROOM

Plans for the dramatization of the old and new classroom procedures are being worked out by the Education 123 classes of Professor Alva Kerbow, to be given in the assembly entertainment period.

Group two is taking the old method of conducting classes with its switches, memory work, and old-fashion teachers.

The new socialized plan of school will be presented by group two. The contrast of the two methods will show the development of schools from the days of "the ole' swimming hole."

The definite date for the presentation has not been set.

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AN APPRECIATION

Before it is too late The Cougar wishes to express appreciation for all the H. J. C. athletes who have struggled to bring the school recognition in this phase of collegiate life.

During the past year our school has had few victories and made few startling records; but its teams have won the admiration of all their opponents by their good sportsmanship.

All through the year a few students have done their best in this field of work for the honor of the school. Due to the fact that many of our students work during the daylight hours the games have not been well attended. But this fact did not dampen the wonderful school spirit of our athletes.

There is talk of letters for the boys who have done their best against odds in athletics. At any rate we say, "Hats off to Coach French and his boys who have played the game."

BOOK ROOM TECHNIQUE

How many H. J. C. students know the method by which they are enabled to purchase their textbooks at a very nominal cost? Probably about one in fifty.

They all know that Professor A. L. Kerbow and his wife, and Bursar H. W. South, occupy a den on the second floor several hours each day. Most of them have visited the room to pay tuition fees, or to buy books.

But few have learned any more. They are annoyed by delays when the orders are not shipped promptly from the publishing companies. Or perhaps the publishers ship the books promptly on receipt of the orders; yet the students can not realize that the book room is not at fault.

Occasionally one hears a complaint about "the high prices of books." Only the select few know that our Junior College book room sells textbooks on an average of from 10 to 20 per cent cheaper than the average book store.

Mr. Kerbow orders books at the publisher's wholesale price. He sells them at a very small margin of profit. This "margin" is fictitious, for the book room incurs losses all its own.

Most notable among these losses is the purchase of second-hand books from students, only to discover later that they are out of date. Then, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Kerbow must be paid for their services.

That is the "Book Room Technique."

A few more weeks and then the long vacation. Let's all pull together to make a fine windup for the year's work.

Smiles and a glad hand for your fellow-students! That's the way to make school life enjoyable and our school a "regular" institution.

Nora L. Calhoun: I think it's so silly to throw kisses. Don't you?

Johnny Reagan: "Rather, I prefer to deliver mine in person."

Just Talk



BRAVE GIRL!

Can you picture a cute li'l co-ed going right up to a wild animal, looking him in the eye, and getting an interview from him, so's to write a "piece for the paper?"

Well, sir, that's just what Genevieve Pledge has done, not once but twice. And the things that wild animal does tell Genevieve, tsk, tsk:

Dear Editor:

I was wary about visiting The Cougar this week, as I didn't think he could have cooled off in this short time, but I mustered enough courage for facing him anyway, and as usual, got a big surprise! He seemed to be expecting me, but couldn't stop grinning long enough to greet me, so I took a lot for granted and settled down to hear his story.

You must be wondering what the old chap was so tickled over—well, so was I. Finally, between giggles, it came out. He had just read the last edition of his namesake and just couldn't suppress his delight!

"That was the best we've had yet," he declared, and gave a roar of laughter. "B—but I was just wondering—" here he exploded again and laughed until tears ralled down his face and dripped off his whiskers," wondering where Boyd Pegory would place Mr. South on that faculty team!

Seems to me he would make an awfully good guard; they couldn't get over him, and by the time they got around him the ball would be in the basket! Seems real unfair to have left him out just because he doesn't teach. He's sure a great fellow."

The Cougar seemed pretty hysterical by that time, so I thought I'd better leave him; but just as I got to the door he controlled himself long enough to call good-bye. And then he added, "By the way, if you see George Perry, tell the old scoundrel that he sure did a good job on that complainer."

The last I heard, the Cougar was laughing. Believe me, dear Editor, it's worth the work to get anyone in that humor.

Best regards,
Reporter Pledge.

ENJOYS WISE CRACKS

Assembly means much to L. C. Marshall, according to the following contribution from him:

"The well known little utterance which closely resembles a duck call is due those comics who are so witty that they are unable to keep their clever remarks to themselves at the assembly periods.

Of course, almost everyone realizes that this group is just too funny for words, but at the same time we believe that the student body does not appreciate the value of this bunch of wise-acres. Do they not create laughter among thier cronies when the program becomes dull? Do they not amuse those who are seated about them with their clever wise cracks? Yes!

Again we say these clowns are invaluable at our school.

But the truth of the matter is that these are two well developed pains in the neck at each assembly and these would-be comics are both of them!"

OLD FABLE—

(Continued from Page 1)

He was homeless, penniless, and broken in both body and mind. In his former back yard there were diamonds by the hundreds, but alas, he had left to search for them elsewhere. "Therefore," said the speaker in his closing statement, "whatever you do, do it your best and I am sure that you too will find a diamond in your own back yard."

Preceding the talk several announcements were given the student body by members of the faculty.

Literary Forum

HE'D DIE LAUGHING

Junior College students, with spring-time and June coming on, and all that, have turned poets. Here's a sample by that Judd Mortimer Lewis fiend, "G. Pledge."

An optimist, cheerful and true,
Lost his sweetheart—she died with the flue;
But the sadly bereaved, laughing right up his sleeve,
Said, "I'll find me another or tue."

MOTHER LOVE

This is a neat bit of sentiment from Philip Allen, a budding young J. C. poet:

A mother's love is like a ship
That bucks the strongest storm,
And makes us all feel quite as safe
As God's protecting arm.

This love will follow us through hell
Or heaven, if it be,
For mother's arms will always be
A sweet security.

And when the world has cast you out,
And left you all alone,
Then mother's love is with you still
And wants you back at home.

A MESSAGE OF SPRING

We told you so! Here's a "Message of Spring" from Kenneth Phillips. Glad to hear from our old philosopher:

Sweet, gentle, restful spring!
Season of awakened hearts!
A breath of Heaven thou dost fling
Over Nature's utmost parts.

Bringing on thy warm caress,
Thou hast repulsed the freezing blast.

Clothing all in lightsome dress,
You breathe to all that Winter's past.

Stirring every plant and seed,
To life anew, you blossom forth
In freshest green and brightest deed,
In budding leaf and living earth.

Amazing how life's faintest breath
Can quicken at thy soft behest!
Awake from Winter's tomb of death
Ye mighty hosts, and join the blest!

That's pretty, isn't it? Keep it up, Kenneth.

Another jingle from Genevieve. She's quite light-minded this time, eh?

PITY THE PROFS

The term-is done,
Exams will come,
Our books are getting busy.
The students run,
'Tis teacher's fun
To see them getting dizzy.

But bide your time,
Oh soph and slime,
You, bright, or dumb or lazy.
Revenge, in time,
Is yours and mine—
When grading makes them hazy!
—G. Pledge.

Here's a gem of real poetry by L. Shepperd:

PRESAGE

A silver seagull poised above
The foaming white-caps high;
A vivid rainbow sharply etched
Against the dulling sky.

A shower of blossoms, feathery-white,
Flung by some dancing tree
Not yet in leaf—through such as these
I glimpse Eternity.

Stirring and Romantic Book Presented Library

"Jeb Stuart," the latest book by Captain W. Thomason has been presented to the H. J. C. by the author's sister, by Miss Sue Thomason.

The book is a stirring and romantic biography of the "Sword of the South," full of the drama of Jeb Stuart's life and such exploits as his "ride around McClellan."

Not the least interesting feature of the book is a series of sketches with which Captain Thomason has illustrated it. The library also has "Red Pants," and "Fix Bayonets," by Captain Thomason.

GRINS and GROANS

Mr. Anderson (Y.M.C.A. director): Now, Paul, don't tell anybody what your salary is, or you'll lose your job.

Paul Gilder: Don't worry, I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are.

Dumbell: See that fellow over there? He's the smartest man in Junior College."

Cuckoo: Who, him? Why, he's half-witted.

Dumbell: Well?

Cougar Editor: "Your poem is so good, I think we'll put it in a box.

Reporter (eagerly): You mean a box on the front page?

Ed: No! I mean a box on the floor.

Mr. Bishkin: Fred, can you tell me what sodium stearate is?"

Fred Collins: "No sir. It might be soap, for all I know."

Genevieve Pledge: At last I've attained success!

Mr. Birney: Did some magazine buy one of your poems?

Genevieve: Sure! The Houston Gargoyle is going to use it in an advertising campaign.

Mr. Harris: Under what conditions did Wordsworth write his poem about the daffodils?

Harold Steele: Oh, I guess he had the spring fever.

We wish Kenneth Phillips would go on a Crisco diet—because it is shortening.

Did you hear about the two Junior College boys who got hurt at the football game when someone yelled, "Get that quarter back?"

We wonder why Walter Garrett doesn't come out from behind that brush; we'd like to see his face.

Geo. Perry: This vanishing cream is a fake.

Druggist: How come?
Geo. Perry: I've used it on my feet every night for two weeks and they are as large as they ever were.

Teacher: Tommy, tell the class something about Lindbergh's great feat.

Tommy: I never saw them, but I can tell them about Charlie Chaplin's.

"Robert," said the teacher, to drive home the lesson which was on charity and kindness, "if I saw a man beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

"Brotherly love," said Bobby promptly.

A car parked on a lonely road is only two generations removed from the old parlor sofa.

Dresses that button up the back are said to be returning to fashion and it is expected that husbands will be in demand once again.

From a Junior College composition book:

On A Rainy Day

"It began to rain cats and dogs and soon the road was full of poodles."

No Wonder—Remember Nero?
"When in Rome did you do as the Romans do?"
"No—my wife was with me."

Ignorance Is Bliss

John: I hear you're going to divorce your husband.

Joan: Why, how silly, I hardly know him.

Mr. Birney: I'd like a nice pair of oxfords.

Shoe Clerk: For an oak desk or mahogany?

Homer Lowe: How do they judge a beauty contest in Hawaii?

M. D. Crane: They take a straw vote.

I wish I was as religious as Abie. And vy?

He clasps his hands so tight in prayer, he can't get them open vnder collection box comes around."

'Red' Delerey: The doctor says I can't play golf.

"What-a-man" Green: Didn't you know?

Hugo Leuder: Why are you painting your car black?

John Durrenberger: In memory of my dead battery and missing spark.

"Don't you know the difference between a horse and a donkey?"

"Well, I'd never mistake you for a horse."

Poor Pa

The minister called at the Jones house on Sunday afternoon and little Willie answered the door.

"Pa ain't home," he announced, "He's gone over to the Country Club."

The minister's brow darkened and Willie hastened to explain.

"Oh, he ain't gonna play any golf. He just went over for a few highballs and a little stud poker."

In the Cafeteria

Elden Daunoy: "There's a piece of rubber tire in my hash."

Waitress: "No doubt, the motor is displacing the horse everywhere."

Pity the Fox

It seems that Louise Morgan was visiting in Alaska and chanced to visit a fox farm. After admiring a beautiful silver specimen, she is reported to have asked her guide, "Just how many times can the fox be skinned for its fur?"

"Three times, madam," replied the guide gravely, "Any more than that would spoil his temper."

POETS—

(Continued from Page 1)

a quivering sensation when he wrote:

"But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill!"

We see the beauty of that morning after it has been called to our attention, yet we cannot paint a similar picture of our own accord.

Thus we are—dead to the life about us. There are incidents, it is true, that arouse our feelings, but those incidents are comparatively few. Perhaps some day we shall wake to find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Until then, we are blind.

RECEPTION—

(Continued from Page 1)

Bender, the dean of women, "have been such successes that it will be necessary this year to take steps to eliminate others than high school seniors and Houston Junior College students from the hall to prevent it from being crowded. We are looking forward to an even larger attendance this year."

The reception is to be followed by a one-act play in the auditorium. The play, "The Immigrant," was written by Mrs. T. H. Mattingly, a Houston Junior College student.

The cast of characters follows:
Mrs. Templeton.....Jane Witherspoon
Mr. Templeton.....C. G. Hall
Son of Mrs. Templeton Jack Thurman
Madame Blanche.....Madga Shole
Kathleen Colleenan.....
Nora Louise Calhoun

ORATORS—

(Continued from Page 1)

C. made a trip to Houston Wednesday, April 15.

John Dubois and Granville Walker met Phil Hamberger and Gordon Jones in the music room at 5:30 p.m. Ida Marie Roberson and Aline Fife debated Adele Drenkle and Lucille Cafcalas before the entire student body in a general assembly feature.

Both visiting teams won in their respective contests, neither of which was a scheduled meet of the T. J. C. P. S. A.

All three debates, including one with Westminster and two with South Park, were on the question, "Resolved, That the Nations of the World Should Adopt a Policy of Free Trade."

The Cougar Scientist

VOL. I.

NO. 4

SCIENTIFIC HUMOR

Physician reports that women are not so nervous as they used to be. They are more unruffled, for one thing.

Send It Some Eye Wash

A naturalist assures us lions are nearsighted, but we wouldn't go looking for one if we knew it was stone-blind.

The Chicago Undertakers' Association says that a funeral costs less than half as much in Chicago as it does in New York. Mass production certainly cuts down the high cost of dying.—Chicago Tribune.

Pretty Nurse: Every time I take the patient's pulse, it gets faster. What shall I do?

Doctor: Blindfold him.

"Are you a doctor?" she asked the young man at the soda fountain. "No madam," he replied, "I'm a fizzician."

Two farmers met on the road and pulled up.

"Sir, I've got a mule with distemper. What'd you give that one of yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine. Giddap."

A week later they met again.

"Say, sir, I gave my mule turpentine and it killed him."

"Killed mine, too. Giddap."

BOTH WERE LYIN'

Two scientists on being chased by a ferocious lion were engaged in the following conversation.

First Smithsonian: Without doubt the width of the Zygomatic Arch makes him a Felides of Nubian origin.

Second Smithsonian: Ridiculous! His name alone signifies a migrated Felis Leo Gujratensis—not to mention the extreme claw Retractility!

A doctor declares that kissing shortens life. We presume he means single life.

Einstein says that only about a dozen men in the world probably understand his new gravitation theory, but we don't know that. A lot of us have mastered the income tax blank.—American Lumberman.

"Yes," said the Oculist, "he had a curious affliction; Everything he looked he saw double."

"Poor fellow. I suppose he found it hard to get a job?"

"Not at all. The gas company snapped him up, and now he's reading meters."

The formula for water (H₂O) reversed.

Oh H—! 2!

Anxious father on entering hospital and finding twins.

THE MOLECULE'S STORY

By Mrs. O. W. WILCOX

I dwell with millions of my kin deep in the bosom of the hard earth. We knew no terror, felt no pain, heard no sharp reverberations from the noisy, fretting world. We were secure within our rocky cavern, free to flow withersoever we pleased, oiled by the friendly pressure of one molecule upon another. Anarchy was unknown in our routine life. We obeyed, one and all, the decrees of Nature, and gladly passed age and age in darkness, in security and in that ignorance which begets bliss.

One day we were transfixed by terror. Rumblyings from the Unknown affrighted us; the noise and pounding of the Work God grinding through the walls of our sanctuary. As we drew back in consternation, a heavy mand-made pipe pierced the projecting rocks, killing quintillions of my kin. I made ready with my comrades to rush this invading enemy. With one accord we charged, but instead of driving out the intruder, we were knocked into his brassy mouth, pushed upward through his narrow black throat—to life on earth, to sunlight, to noise, and finally, to oblivion.

I am wiser, now, from all these ex-

periences. I live, to, in the great whirling world where men buy my kin by the gallon to keep their bodies moving. Today my keeper read from his daily paper that twelve and one half million gallons of gasoline were consumed in one year by the dark squatty bodies moving on wheels. I pressed closer to my pals, knowing full well that my time would come to be sacrificed to the Pleasure God or to the Work God, in the fiery furnaces prepared by men. I shook with terror when my keeper remarked: "And we shall continue to pump gasoline from the earth till the last drop is gone, and that won't be a million years either. Extinction for my race is what he meant. The thought was deadening, so much so that I desired to escape, if possible, from my lot as a small drop of this much-prized fluid.

But before I perish or escape, let me tell my story, which mayhap will reach the ears of my myriad of kin in the bowels of the earth and serve as a warning to them to evade at any cost the work God. Let them flee into the mighty ocean, or burrow more deeply into Mother Earth, or meet sure destruction. What follows is a true statement of my experiences:

As I fell from the narrow, round throat of the enemy, I saw for the first time my arch enemy, Man, and the derrick which he uses in oil fields. It was a tall, coop-like affair which holds the machinery. I was poured then into a storage tank, and for a space, I enjoyed the liberty of rolling with my relatives against its home-like sides.

After this I was forced into a pipeline, and began my long, long journey to the refinery. You, who live below the earth's crust will be shocked to know that I traveled 90,000 miles in this dark, narrow pipe under tall, busy cities, close to green fields, under rushing rivers, seeing always the squatty monsters propelled by the dead bodies of my relatives.

As I lay resting at the end of my journey thru the pipe-line, I heard the keeper telling his visitor, some interesting data—in a gallon of crude oil, my family, Gasoline, occupied only 25 per cent of the space, the rest being taken up by my near relatives—Gas, Kerosene, Gas Oil, Paraffins, Lubricating Oils, and our low-down neighbor, Coke.

Soon I was forced into the refining process. We were hurled headlong into a still, and the Fire God took possession of us. We were driven off by the difference in temperature into immediate families. The Gasolines ran pell mell up to 70°C. From 150° to 300° I watched my cousins, Paraffins, and Vaselines race from the still. Then clumsy, awkward Coke struggled forth, and when I laughed at his bulk, he exclaimed: "My cousin, Mr. Coal, will help to finish you."

As I lay nursing my burning wounds, we were hurried along to a receiving house and hurled into large agitators, where we were hurled and swirled until the offending Sulphur, a kind of Gasoline Bacteria was removed from us.

Not satisfied, our tormentors were upon us again, pitching us, un pityingly, into steam stills. From these stills we passed off in the company of vapors and were at last honored with a given name—"Pure." Small comfort for our many sufferings.

A stillman watching a gauge let some of my companions into a running still to be re-fractioned. Fortunately, I escaped the last torture chamber—the "Cracking Process."

I lay shuddering but clean-knowing full well that my cousins—the Gas Oils were "cracking" under terrific pressure and heat! They soon joined us, but to our astonishment they came as twins—each molecule of gas oil having been cracked into two separate beings.

Then we were collected and compressed, and began to warm up again. But we became giddy and light from the treatment, and were at last mixed with heavier Oils who could control our wildness.

We were next subjected to the distillation test, as we must be made according to man's specifications—100 cc exactly were placed in a flask and distilled under special condition and we

Society

PHI HONORS MEET

The first initiation for this year of the Houston Junior College Honor Society was held April 12 at the home of Mrs. Floy P. Soule. The following were initiated at that time: Marie Coppin, Mrs. Hesser, Ruth Wheeler, Marguerite Kennedy, and Louise Shepperd.

The name, "The Phi Honor Society of the Houston Junior College," suggested by Mrs. Soule, was unanimously adopted. Royal blue and gold were selected as club colors and the yellow rose was adopted as the club flower.

The Phi Honor Society of the Houston Junior College held its regular meeting at the home of Mrs. John R. Bender on Sunday, April 26.

Plans for the annual banquet of the Society were discussed and it was tentatively agreed that the banquet would be given at the Mexico City Restaurant on Saturday evening, May 30, at 7 p.m.

LIBRARY CLUB BANQUET

The members of the Library Club of the Houston Junior College attended the luncheon of the Library Division of the South Texas Teachers' Association in the Rice Hotel, Friday at 12:30. The main speaker of the hour was Superintendent M. E. Moore of Beaumont, who was introduced by Dr. E. E. Oberholtzer. The San Jacinto Senior High School Orchestra played for the occasion.

BAY PARTY

For the second time during this year the pep girls will spend the weekend of May 9 at Casa Del Mar, summer home of Y. W. C. A. at Morgan's Point.

Genevieve Weldon, club president hopes to make the bay party a smashing success and expects every member to reserve May 9 for the week end party.

Those who expect to go may sign up with Genevieve Weldon or Hazel Taylor. A fee of \$1.50 is required of everyone.

PEP CLUB BANQUET

Plans are being made for the Cougar Collegian banquet to be held on May 23.

This affair will be for the purpose of honoring the graduating sophomore club members.

CONTEST ENDS MONDAY

Here is the motto for the Pep Club during the popularity and beauty contest: "Support your candidate and be loyal Cougar Collegians."

The contest ended at 8:30 Monday May 4. The "ball started rolling on April 13 when Nelwyn Turner was nominated as candidate for the most beautiful girl and Genevieve Weldon the most popular girl. They will represent H. J. C. on the night of May 8. The cost for each vote is one cent.

SOPHOMORE PROM

H. J. C. Sophomore Prom given at Golfcrest Country Club Friday evening, May 1, was well attended and greatly enjoyed.

Proceeds from the dance will go to defray the expenses of the Sophomore class for the year.

The Birmingham "Blue Blowers" furnished the music for the occasion.

were pronounced Pure Gasoline.

Now came the exciting part, three million gallons of Pure Gasoline were poured in one tremendous storage tank, from which, almost immediately, we were placed in oil cars holding 10,000 gallons each. Now commenced our sight-seeing trip—the tank farms, pumping stations, train-loads of Gasolines, houses of laborers, cities with wonderful filling stations, machinery which filled us with dismay.

I rolled from the oil car into a large truck and was carried at once to a brick filling station. Here, my keeper was more humane; he carefully prevented the Fire God from coming near us. I was happy again and free but not for long.

To my consternation, I found my comrades escaping at every opportunity thru the tiniest openings, drop by drop. They told me to do likewise, or else be food for the hungry, hurrying autos.

I squeezed thru the rubber nozzle

(Continued on Page 4)



Our College Cutie Says

Didn't I see you at the Prom the other night? The Sophomore Prom, you know. 'Twas glorious, and wasn't the orchestra grand? Oh-h-h-h-h-h (sigh)!

Let me tell you that Gladys Jacobs looked darling in her salmon colored organdie with black mits, and so did Alice Walker—she's cute.

Bobby McCullough was there in full swing—can he dance? Not only how, but uh-huh!

Johnny and Nora were there. Nora looked darling in white.

Katherine Edminster, Maurine's little sister, was having a huge time. She looked mighty sweet in a ruffled organdie, but so did Maurine.

Adele Drenkle came in black. The effect you might guess for yourself.

Didn't Bill Jeter look nice in his tuxedo, and Harry Richards, too?

Cy was there. Think he brought Margaret Boyette; she certainly "looked"—

Didja see Frances Williard and Mary Lenox? Both in blue that was particularly suited to their individual types.

Gladys Kuykendall and Lucille Calcalas were honeys of the most emphatic sort.

Guess who I saw? Floyd Galbreath! Surprise upon surprise. Thought he'd break down and come around before long.

"Soap" McGinty was there with bells on, and J. W. Sampson, too. You know 'em both. They come around school every so often.

Newlyn Turner was having a huge time judging by the stag line following her.

Genevieve looked sweet in grey—she was having a pretty good time herself.

Kate Meyers was there in eggshell and red. She came with Gus Krell. You know him—the one with the contagious laugh.

Honestly, I wish I had space and time enough to tell you what everybody wore and who they went with, but you know how it is!

Anyhow, here's to the Second Annual Soph Prom.

See ya some more some other time,
—Cutie.

The Biology Shark

An Eastern college student went to work one summer on an Arizona sheep ranch.

He was sent up to round up the sheep. After three days' absence he finally showed up nearly exhausted.

"Why were you so long bringing in the sheep?" asked the ranchman.

"Well, you see it was like this," replied the faithful student. "I didn't have a bit of trouble with the grown sheep; it was the lambs that nearly wore me out chasing them."

Somewhat mystified, the ranchman went to the sheep pen and found that his energetic, hard-working ranch "hand" had rounded up 14 jack-rabbits.

Professor Miller says that if the average person really understood what a tariff is there would be no tariffs.

It may be interesting to those students studying Spanish to know that one hour of Spanish music is broadcast every Monday night over radio station KTLG from 10:45 to 11:45. All announcements are given in both Spanish and English.

Si: "I hear ye've give up terbaccy, Ezry."

Ezry: "Wal, I'm sort taperin' off. I don't swaller the juice no more."

JUSTICE (A Short Story)

By Everett Kendall

Stark tragedy looked forth from the eyes of the young man at the bar of justice.

Suffering almost beyond human endurance had been his during the long weeks of his trial; each hour seemed to bring new mental pangs.

Superficially, he appeared like any other young man, his dark eyes and swarthy complexion indicating foreign parentage. But it was the look of torture in his eyes that told of all that he had been through before this stern-faced judge.

At last the long drawn out trial neared its close. Like a rough-handed surgeon, the prosecuting attorney had again and again plunged his scalpel-like questions into the quivering soul of the accused young man. At each onslaught, those near the prisoner saw him wince, and at one question his face became ashen; only by supreme strength of will did he keep from falling in a faint.

At last, as the prosecuting attorney addressed the jury, he seemed to take a fiendish delight in baring the naked soul of the prisoner, and he would point dramatically at the cowering figure as he sent his accusations ringing through the court room.

"You may be asked to release this man, to loose him upon our commonwealth," the attorney shouted. "But I say no. You will not—you can not do this. There must be no thwarting of justice. Our homes, our dear ones, yea, even our nation—all are in danger unless you see that full justice is meted out to this criminal."

"Stop . . . oh stop . . . I can't stand this . . . I can't endure it any longer. I must speak." With these gasping words the prisoner was on his feet. He staggered toward the judge, holding out his arms pleadingly.

The court room was suddenly in an uproar. Even this sophisticated big-city audience was touched to the depths by the scene before them.

As the judge rapped insistently for order, the court room became quieter. Then, rising to his full height, the judge addressed the sobbing young man before him:

"Cal Apone," he said, "you may speak."

Slowly, the prisoner turned and faced the audience. He struggled for a moment for self control; then, in a clear, vibrant voice, he said:

"Little did I realize that I would come to this when I arrived in America from Italy. Then I had just one ambition—to earn an honest living as a racketeer. I worked. I became what the world calls a success. I stood at the top of my profession.

"Then came temptation. At first I fought against it. But the old lure, the old evil desire would return again and again. One day, in a moment of weakness, I yielded. An officer caught me in the act. I was taken to jail."

Apone paused for a moment while he wiped his eyes. Then he continued: "Need I go further into the sordid details of my shame? You know them all. Nothing has been covered during my trial."

Then, turning quickly to the judge, he said: "Your honor, I swear by all that I hold dear that if you will give me a chance . . . just one chance . . . I will never again drive past a traffic stop light."

"Case dismissed," said the judge, as he furtively wiped away a tear.

One Stude: "Why do Scotchmen prefer blonds?"

Another Stude: "Easy! Because of the light overhead."

George Perry was discovered the other day walking down the street with an arm load of almost new cuspidors.

"What's the idea of the cuspidors, George?" he was asked.

"I'm taking them home to my dog."

"What kind of a dog is it?"

"Spitz."

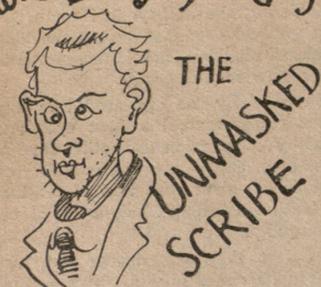
Dentist: "I'm sorry, but I'm out of gas."

Helén Davis: "Ye gods, do dentists use that one, too?"

The history of the world is the biography of great men.

PEEPING UNDER 'EM

with *Blloyd Pegory*



H. J. C. SPORTS

Since the Junior College is sponsoring all forms of spring sports, we are all represented in the sporting realm. Although baseball, track, tennis, and golf have proved to be too strenuous for our athletes, they are rapidly finding their stride at tiddly-winks, horse shoe pitching, and "you chase me awhile."

We have been asked to announce that anyone wishing to try out for these teams is requested to report to Archie French in the gym at tea time.

STYLE

It seems to have become a fad among the sporting element of this institution to come to school attired in the so-called "riding apparel." We have a sneaking hunch that their idea in wearing these "hoss clothes" is to let everyone know that they are possessed with the rare art of horsemanship. Or it may be that their plan is to wear boots in order to display their shapely legs to the feminine sex. We offer these style plates several of those little noises that so closely resemble a duck call.

PROSPECTS

The Houston Junior College for negroes has several bright football prospects out for spring training. There is an interesting list of nicknames given these stars by their team-mates. Some of these names include "Black Comet," "Dusky Flash," "Whitey," "High Stepper," "Red Devil," and several others which we can't recall.

FACULTY SPORTS

The writer suggests a fund for providing the faculty with sporting equipment several weeks ago. Contributions have failed to come in as fast as expected.

Let us again say that this fund will be used solely for the benefit of the overworked instructors of our school. We are sure that everyone is aware of the fact that our teachers deserve some sort of recreation to break the monotony of dishing out "F's" in wholesale quantities.

Let's all rally 'round our maestros and send in those contributions!

While we're on the subject of the lighter sports, news just came crashing into the editorial sanctum that Carl La Firney has been matched with Strangler Lewis for the world's strangling championship.

MOLECULE'S—

(Continued from Page 3)

hurriedly, but was caught in the act by a lovely lady, who carried me captive in a glass jar. I shall be used, she says to clean floors or clothes. At any rate, I shall be useful before I expire. I am proud to know that I am part of the most vital commodity on earth and shall die happy, because the world will be busier, cleaner, faster, and, may be happier, for my having lived in it. Moral: It is better to have suffered and served than never to have served at all.

'Doc' Addison: I don't like these pictures. They don't do me justice. Photographer: Justice? What you want is mercy.

Mr. Henderson (waxing philosophical): "A man is but a worm in the dust—he comes along, wiggles about awhile, and then, finally, some chicken gets him."

THE COUGAR'S CAVE

The Bat, the publication of the Paris Junior College, is a good little paper, with lots of humor to make it more interesting. It is a small but neatly balanced edition.

Again we hear from The Pacific Star, published by the Mount Angel College at St. Benedict, Oregon. The paper this issue contains many interesting write-ups of school activities, and a picture of their attractive new monastery. Some good humor and lots of it in this paper. We like that.

A paper decidedly different is The Pilot, published by the Port Arthur High School student. Each feature section is named according or in connection with the name of the paper. The Port Hole has lots of humor. State rooms evidently belongs to the club columns, something different from their Club Room. Unique idea, and quite clever.

Whether a special edition or not, we liked the April 9 Forty-Niner that we received. Quite humorous. Although none of the names in any of the write-ups were familiar, we enjoyed them thoroughly.

The Apache Pow-Wow is published by the students of the Tyler Junior College. Judging by headlines, they have been having elections in their clubs, and pledging in the fraternities and sororities. Nice paper. We like it.

HUMOR

Jack and Jill went up the hill To fetch a pail of water. Jack came down with a broken crown, And Jill came down with her father.

"Love fifteen."
"Love thirty."
"Love forty."
Traveler: "Ah! a tennis game, I presume?"
Servant: "No. It's not a tennis game, and you better get the 'ell away from this harem."

Doc: "This wine, women, and song racket is killing you."
"Red" D.: "All right. I'll never sing again as long as I live."

Fellow (holding one-half of one pair of twins): "You say their names are Al Smith and Herbert Hoover?"
Proud Mama: "Yep."
Fellow: "Well—er, guess this one must be Al."

Mr. Harris: "We're getting up a raffle for a poor old man. Won't you buy a ticket?"
Portia G.: "Mercy, No! What would I do with him if I won him?"

Mr. Pearson: "My daughter sprang from a line of Peers."
Doc Adison: "Well, I jumped off a dock once myself."

WHERE THEY ORIGINATED

You can't keep a good man down.—Jonah.
The bigger they are the harder they fall.—David.

So this is Paris.—Helen of Troy.
I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way.—Columbus.
Keep the home fires burning.—Nero.
I love the ladies.—Solomon.
It floats.—Noah.

The first hundred years are the hardest.—Methusala.
Keep your shirt on.—Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh.
Step on it, kid.—Sir Walter to her.

Thomsen: I have a cold or something in my head.
Moffitt: Undoubtedly a cold.

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HIT 'N HUNT



Now that football and baseball are over, golf has siezed the athletes of H. J. C. Even our coach has the bug. Last week we were pleased to see Mr. French out at Herman Park in a teachers' tournament. The event lasted from 7 until 11 a.m. Some stayed longer, however. Mr. French couldn't find his ball until 4 o'clock.

C. H. Albert reports that hereafter he will never play golf with George Perry. "It's all right to tee your ball up on the fairway I suppose," said Albert, "but he went too far when he teed them up on the putting-greens."

N. C. Jensen tells us that he once saw Bobby Jones play in Florida. "Bobby is sure good," said Jensen. All of which goes to show how educational travel is.

O. D. Brown, who operated a downtown roof miniature golf course last summer, says that his place was often visited at night by chorus girls from the nearby theatres. Although they went up there to make "short puts," O. D. says they frequently took "long drives."

Arthur Sweitzer claims that when he drives, his greatest hazard is the teebox.

Caddies tell us that in the ditch out at Camp Logan Ferd Geyer always uses his "hand mashie."

"When I drive," Carleton Thompson was saying, "I tee the ball off my left toe, place my feet wide apart, make a complete pivot and full swing, at the top of which, I cock my wrist, and then I come through with all my force!"
"And then?" asked Vincent Artale.
"Well, I cuss my caddie out for talking and making me top the ball."

Last Sunday Professor Miller played his usual game except he threw away his niblec rather than his mid-iron.

They tell us a popular golfer of J. C. plays with a hole in his right pants pocket. After making his shot he walks over to the most advantageous spot, drops a ball through the hole in his pocket, and allows it to roll out on the turf. Then he yells, "Hey, looky where I found my ball!" Pretty good idea, eh? Kinda' hard on girl players, tho'.

Next month the Freshman-Sophomore tournament will be staged. All bids for adding machine contracts must be in N. K. Dupre's office by May 3rd.

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PILLOTS

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PHIL O. SOPHIE

By Kenneth Phillips

Speakin' uv an arrer he shot, an' a song he sung, Mr. Longfellow rote this:

"Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from the beginning to
end,
I found again in the heart of a
friend."

It's a purty good thing he didn't fin' the arrer in the hart uv his frien', insted uv in the oak, wher it belonged. Knites uv the H. J. C., here's a tip:

"... Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did
move
Behind me, and drew me backward
by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery while
I strove,
'Guess now who holds thee?'—
'Death', I said. But there,
The silver answer rang: 'Not Death,
but Love.'"

Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrot thet. She mustuv been talkin' about her 'usband', Robert. I hope so, ennyhow.

Fred Collins is allus spoutin' off about an old favorit thet comes from "Locksley Hall" by Tennyson, the nineteenth an' twentieth lines, in case you wanta look it up for further ideas:

"In the spring a livelier iris changes
on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy
lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Now don't you fellers all run to th' library wantin' a copy uv Tennyson's pomes—sortuv take it easy like. Spring aint over yet by a long shot.

Speakin' uv a young man's fancy, le's talk about Miss Sally Pritchens fer awhile. My rivel is still out uv town. Her an' me are goin' on a nice, little bay party som uv these fine spring mornin's.

"Were the whole realm of nature
mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."
—Watts."

Wattsis or Wattsat or Watts somthin'

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serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of
ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the
desert air."

I know who wrot thet. It wuz
Thomas Gray. Wal, I'm glad Miss Sally
ain't out on no desert. It's sortuv lik
this, you know:

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
Therefore let us turn our clouds
about
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining."

My lining is kinduv worn, an' frayed
at the edges, an' my krees has sortuv
faded out, but its got to do for awhile.
Here's a good receipt for mixin' a
cure for the bizness deprehshun:

"Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother."
—Mrs. Charles."

I don't know whut her last name
wuz—"Charles" sounds kinduv incom-
plete.

You folks ought to reed a book,
called "Your Money's Worth" by a
feller named Chase. I ought to read it,
too. It tells all about how you get
gypped out uv your money, if you've
got any.

I guess Mr. Chase wuz a Scotchman.
If so, mabe he still is. I don't think
ennybody but a Scotchman wood hev
hed sense enough to find out wher all
his money wuz goin', an' then set down
an' rite a book about it an' make a lot
more money.

Wal, ladies an' gents an' otherwise,
I think I've ritten enuf bull (some-
times knwn as fillosofie), an' I guess
I better close down fer the present.
Perhaps if I don't flunk out by the end
uv school, I'll kontribute a few more
ideas to science an' other such deep
stuff as thet.

So, as usual, So Long. —Phil.

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