

Welcome
New
Students

THE COUGAR

Support
Basketball
Teams

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VOL. V

NO. 6

H. J. C. PUPILS TO BE GIVEN SCHOLARSHIPS

Houston Junior college has been included in the University of Chicago scholarships for students of business administration, according to an announcement by Dr. E. E. Oberholtzer, president of the Junior college.

These scholarships are open only to a limited number of schools in the United States and are awarded annually to graduates of schools of business administration.

Each scholarship provides for the payment of tuition for the first year of residence in the school of administration at Chicago university. In addition, the present tuition of \$100 a quarter and the scholarship appointment is made for three quarters.

The Junior college will select several candidates for the scholarship annually. They will be chosen with regard to scholastic standing, extra-curriculum work, personal traits and other important facts.

Dr. Oberholtzer issued the following statement regarding the scholarships:

"Such recognition of the Houston Junior college is noteworthy in that the college is only four years old. I believe the school richly deserved this honor and I am proud to say that we accepted the honor."

Dean F. M. Black described the as a fitting tribute to the high scholastic ranking of the Junior college with other such institutions in the country. "In my opinion, the awarding of the Chicago university scholarships to the Houston Junior college is a great tribute to its scholastic standing among other junior colleges in our nation," Dr. Black stated.

Assistant Dean N. K. Dupre pointed out that the scholarships will encourage a high standard for the Junior college school of business administration.

H. J. C. GIRLS IN WIN OVER RICE

Undefeated, the H. J. C. girls basketball team won over Rice in a hard-fought battle last Friday night in the H. J. C. gymnasium.

Playing a two-division game, Doris McVicker, who has formerly played forward, was able to get the tip-off from Miss Ehlert of Rice and also put the ball in the basket. McVicker scored the most points, followed by Avis Parks.

Louise Morgan, the most sensational player on the team, was put out of the game on account of personal fouls. However, she was allowed to play in the last quarter. One of Rice's players, who should have gone out on personal fouls, had to remain in the game because there was no one to take her place.

Ehlert of Rice made most of the 19 points scored by Rice.

Paul Gilder refereed the game.

Line-up	
Rice—	—H. J. C.
Simons	Morgan
Ingram	Parks
Ehlert	McVicker
Knodel	Kellogg
Ferricks	Rummell
Atkinson	Gaines

Substitutions: (H.J.C.) Scott for Morgan. Eslinger for Parks. (Rice) Stillman and Barker for Ferricks.

Cream Of The Crop!!



Nelda Smith

H. J. C.

1932



Ruth Depperman

MOST BEAUTIFUL C-O-E-D-S CHOSEN IN BEAUTY RACE

At last, the Cougar is able to announce the winners of its Beauty Contest. Nelda Smith won in the sophomore division, while Ruth Depperman won in the freshman division.

For four months the Cougar had sponsored the contest, and up to last Wednesday, there were some eleven votes cast. Purely dissatisfied and disgusted with the enthusiasm shown by H. J. C. students, the Cougar groped its way blindly in the dark, trying vainly to hit upon some new way to get student opinion.

Suddenly, the individual ballot plan sprung up. It was decided to give the plan a trial, consequently, the ballots were printed before the Wednesday night assembly. As a result, some 614 votes were cast, and the opinion of almost every Junior college student was gotten.

The votes were collected and counted by the president of the Students' Association and three faculty members Friday night. Nelda Smith had 520 votes, and Ruth Depperman had 550 votes. Hulda Alexander ran second to Nelda in the soph division, while Melbadel Wright came in behind Ruth, both being beaten by good majorities.

The staff of the Cougar is finally pleased with the attitude shown by the student body, and is now looking for some new way to further enliven it.

As an explanation to some of its readers who may think that the contest was decided mainly by the popularity of the contestants rather than beauty, the Cougar wishes to explain the word "beauty" to them. "Beauty" does not particularly pertain to outward appearance. Rather, it pertains to beauty of character, soul, and personality. Certainly, one who only has a pretty face and a shapely body is not beautiful.

All of the girls entered in the Cougar Beauty contest were beautiful, but Nelda and Ruth were chosen most beautiful. Every H. J. C. student was given votes. The Cougar congratulates you on your choice.

TUITION REDUCTION GIVEN TO STUDENTS

These students of the Junior college who paid their tuition in full during the registration period received a 10 per cent reduction in tuition for the second semester.

This reduction was made possible by the executive committee of the school in accordance with the recent cut in salaries received by the faculty.

"We believe that the students of the Junior college deserved this benefit and due to the cut the faculty recently received, the executive committee voted for the lower tuition," Assistant Dean N. K. Dupre stated.

All students who registered at the early period and who did not pay their fees in full were permitted to make additional payments in order to benefit by the new ruling.

Students unable to pay their tuition in advance did not receive the reduction in their fees. However, they were able to make notes with the college for their payments and will be able to take up these notes at various periods during the term.

"The executive committee regretted that all students would not share the reduction alike, but owing to the circumstances, we believe the new ruling to be fair to all concerned," Mr. Dupre observed.

This reduction is in keeping with the reduced school budget for 1932 and places the Junior college within its limits for the new year.

HOUSTON CLUB WILL BE SCENE OF SLIME AFFAIR

Plans are being formulated for the fourth annual mid-term reception for new students to be held February 5, according to an announcement by N. K. Dupre, assistant dean of the Junior college.

The dance will be held at the Houston club in honor of the new students who enrolled in the Junior college at the beginning of the second semester.

"Previous receptions have been such successes that it will be necessary to take steps to eliminate other than students of the Junior college to prevent the hall from being overcrowded," Mr. Dupre announced.

Members of the faculty will welcome the new students to the Junior college and all old students will act as hosts to the incoming members of the student body. The directors of the Junior college have also been invited to attend the reception.

Dancing will be held from nine until twelve o'clock with a popular dance orchestra of Houston furnishing the music for the occasion.

"ACTORS NEEDED!" SAYS MRS. BENDER

Many places are still open to ambitious actors in the play, "Polly with a Past," to be presented by the ohn R. Bender Dramatic Club March 4, according to Mrs. Pearl C. Bender, sponsor of the club.

"Some twenty-odd parts are used in the play, and we need talent," said Mrs. Bender Tuesday. "Anyone wishing to try out has only to come see me, and I will give them the necessary instructions."

The play is of three acts, and will be directed by the able Mrs. L. T. Hooker, who early in the fall term directed the three one-act plays produced by the club.

Practice for the play is going on at present, so anyone desiring a part should get in touch with Mrs. Bender immediately.

SOPHOMORE CLASS TO HOLD BALL IN MARCH

The sophomore class will hold its annual ball during the last part of February or early in March, President Jim Bertrand announced early this week.

The dance committee, headed by Fred Aebi, chairman, is investigating the various ball rooms and orchestras of the city and when a selection is made, the final plan for the ball will be announced.

Tentative plans call for a semi-formal dance. The ball room will be appropriately decorated and efforts are being made to secure one of Houston's outstanding dance orchestras.

Proceeds from the dance will be used to defray the expenses of the sophomore class for the remainder of the current school year.

Mr. French is serving as faculty advisor for the sophomore ball.

SKINNY LEGS

A Short Story by James L. Julian

If you want the real story of Freddie Bunn, All-America football star for two seasons, you must go back to the year 1928. That was his freshman year at Siwash College and my tenth year as head football coach.

I have read in the papers many times where he was a natural born football player. That isn't so, he learned everything he knew and inherited none of it.

The first time I saw him was at the beginning of the '28 season. One day while I was busy with a practice session he strolled up to me and says:

"Coach, I want to learn to play football."

"Then why don't you hire a tutor?" I snapped.

"Oh", he blushed, "I want to play for Siwash."

I told him he was big-hearted and walked off. Us coaches have gotta retain our independence and I thought it was cute to treat him that way for two reasons. First, he was a freshman, and second, he didn't look like a football player. He was six feet, four

inches tall and only weighed 165 pounds and had legs like a canary. He reminded me of a Zeppelin mooring mast.

The next day the line coach spoke to me about him. He said the kid was a trackman and fast as a streak of lightning. He informed me the kid could step off a hundred yards in ten flat, and that he should be worth something on the football field. I told the line coach the track and gridiron were two different things and I didn't like him because of the way he approached me. And on top of that he was skinny and when he spoke his Adam's apple quavered. If there are anything I dislike its skinny legs and vibrating Adam's apple. Every time I see a quavering Adam's apple I have an insatiable desire to squeeze it into applesauce.

All during that year the freshman coach gave the kid special instructions daily. But I never paid much attention to the human bean-pole until the next season when he came up for the varsity. With Bunn from the freshman squad came two of the best

blocking backs Siwash has ever produced. Graduation had hit Siwash hard the year before and we had only two veteran backfield men left from the previous season. So as a last resort, and as much as I disliked Freddie-the-Freshman Bunn and his Adam's apple that had St. Vitus' dance, I decided to build Siwash's offense around him.

That was good strategy on my part, I soon found out, but then I felt a little uncertain. I handed Bunn a ball and told him to kick it. He had learned quite a bit during his first year. I took him under my wing and gave him an hour every day of special training. This lasted for about three weeks and his progress was so remarkable that in the first game of the '29 season he was a sensation.

His running game was excellent. He had learned most of the tricks—pivot, knee action, hip swing, straight-arm, change of pace and above all, speed. He later developed into one of the most elusive runners who ever roamed a football field. He was hard to tackle and harder to bring down after he was

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THE COUGAR



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What Do We Need?

You students of the Houston Junior college are literally dead on your feet, if the statements of most of the faculty members are to be believed.

"Why," you immediately ask, "does this lifeless atmosphere continually hang in a pall around our college? Why do we lack the pep, vim, and vigor that other colleges have?"

Some of us think that it is because we are a night school. Others place the cause on our lack of proper facilities. Still others say it is because the majority of us work hard in the daytime, and are too tired to show much interest when we come to school. The more athletic-minded propose more sports as a remedy, while still more want less home work.

Surely one of these complaints is the "key-letter." The question is now, "Which one?"

We of The Cougar believe that the Junior college should sponsor more athletics. In answer, the faculty will show us how in the past, when the college had a football and a baseball team, only a bare handful of students gave them any support, and then, it was very seldom.

The Cougar proposes that Mr. Dupre let the college have a baseball team and enter it in one of the various city amateur leagues. Talent at the college is not lacking, and it wouldn't hurt to give the proposition a fair trial.

Mr. Miner promises to give his hearty support to the project, and all that is needed is the help of the students. And in the words of Cy Shaw, "That's a heckuva lot!"

Advice to Freshmen

Well, slimes, here you are in college and good luck to you. You need it. Of course you are high school graduates and know everything there is to know about everything, but here is a few pointers that should help you.

(1) Don't buy any elevator tickets. Unscrupulous sophomores like Marion Adams and Fred Aebi have been known to sell elevator tickets to frosh who thought they were as smart as you.

(2) Don't lend any money to classmates or fraternity brothers. It doesn't make you popular, it makes a goat out of you. Last year Cy Shaw "heisted" the freshmen out of enough money to buy himself a Ford coupe.

(3) Avoid all get-rich-quick schemes. Don't let anyone sell you the school, library or cafeteria. Stay clear of any syndicate gambling organizations. Take the case of Lee Stone. Last September he thought he was a smart freshman, but what happened. He "invested" some money in a Mexican jumping-bean race and the beans turned out to be ordinary kidney beans. Lee was "taken" for the grand sum of three cents, which amount was pocketed by the shrewd Bill Jeter.

(4) Don't buy any health cards. Wise sophs like Renfro and Macfee inform some unbeknowing, helpless slime

PAST EVENTS

As a special feature for this issue of The Cougar, we are glad to give you a resume of what was happened in the Houston Junior college one year ago.

This little column will be especially pleasing to the old dogs who remember the events, and also to the freshmen who will be glad to see the rapid strides that the institution has taken in one year.

Our scribe perused and looked all over The Cougar files and the following is what he heads: "Highlights of a Low Year."

DRAMA

"Nothing But the Truth" was presented by the John R. Bender Dramatic club in the school auditorium Wednesday night, February 5, 1931. The cast consisted of Warren Lemmon, Phyllis Workman, Jane Witherspoon, Harvey Richards, Kenneth Phillips, Jim Bertrand, Albert Kindel, Gladys Jacobs, Lucille Cafcalas, and Nora Louise Calhoun. The play was directed by H. V. Nigro.

COUGAR COLLEGIANS

Officers of The Cougar Collegians for the spring term of 1931 are Genevieve Weldon, president; Rena Mai Butler, vice president; Lucille Cafcalas, secretary; Hazel Taylor, treasurer. The new officers will assume their new duties at the next meeting of the sorority.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The co-ed basketball team of the Junior college has experienced a very successful season up to this date. The girls have defeated Humble Oils, Rice institute, Dr. Peppers, Baptist temple, West End Baptist church and several other outstanding teams in the city. The team is coached by Mr. Pease and Mr. French.

HASH

Flood lights have been installed on the Junior college campus to stop the draining of gasoline from parked cars.

Definition of sophomores—a group of old men and women spending anywhere from their fourth to sixth year in college.

Houston Junior college leads the state in enrollment with 730 students. Senator Woodul introduces a bill in the state senate providing for state aid to the Junior college.

Mid-term students entertained with a dance in the school gym.

Junior college debaters enter Texas Junior College Public Speaking association.

that they can not use the drinking fountain unless they have a health permit. The slime goes to "Dr." Warren Lemmon who examines them and gives them a health certificate for a small fee.

(5) Let no one sell you a pass out or rain check. Windy Smith usually sells enough pass out checks to pay his tuition. He tells the new students they can not get back in the building unless they have one of his rain checks. That's hokey. Don't buy his pass out checks—buy mine.

(6) Don't let anyone give you permission to "sock" their brother. You might be told that the brother will laugh, but you will be embarrassed when the so-called brother turns out to be a professor. Messrs. Bishkin and Harris look more like studs than they do profs.

(7) Don't lend anyone your tux. It will be returned to you looking shabby and the knees will be bulging so that the next time you wear it, you will look like you have ball-bearing joints or warts on your knees.

(8) When eating in the cafeteria, if you get some sour milk, don't hop up and try to be smart by shouting:

"The contented cows are getting sarcastic."

(9) Don't try to advertise that you are a college man. You can easily be identified by your raccoon coat, slip-over sweater, slouchy garterless socks, baggy Omar - the - tent - maker golf knickers and a dull, listless tone in your voice when you recite "Out, out brief candle. Life is but a walking shadow. . . ."

(10) Be polite. Last year Leon Green was making application in the office for admittance into the H. J. C. The dean leered at Green's illegible writing and said he couldn't read it. Green responded: "H—I, I ain't responsible for your education."

OUR HONOR ROLL—

EDITOR'S NOTE: Each issue, The Cougar will add names to its Honor Roll. The basis of judgment in naming persons on this roll is their "all aroundness." We will welcome any suggestions.

ALLYNE ALLEN

Allyne has hopes of becoming a doctor. Her spare moments are devoted to assisting Mrs. Shearer in the management of the library. Her favorite pastimes are reading, swimming, and dancing. When interviewed she admitted her most thrilling experience was being given a pink ticket for making a left-turn on Main street. Allyne coolly confessed that she is in love. This is her second year at Junior College.

V. F. (RIP) HARRISON

Rip is the sport editor of The Cougar and he is a good one, too. He writes similar to Grantland Rice, but it is generally understood that Rip is the better of the two. He is majoring in journalism and smokes an odd-shaped pipe, and girls just love a man who smokes a pipe. He is a good basketball player, but being the sport editor he thinks it is a bad policy to mention himself in his writeups. Don't be so modest, Rip, give yourself a break. He enjoys horseback riding as long as he can manage to stay on top.

BERNICE BRANUM

She can always easily be identified by her dazzling pretty red hair. Bernice intends to be a concert organist and instructor of music on the piano. She says she knows the meaning of such words as contortuplicate, testaceology, supralapsoarianism, and contabescense. Her hobbies are dancing and swimming. She is a sophomore.

MRS. BESSIE EBAUGH

Mrs. Ebaugh is now teaching her second year at Junior college. She specializes in freshman English, a hard course, which she makes easier and more interesting. She received her master's degree from Columbia and her bachelor's degree at Tulane. She enjoys reading, and probably has no peer in being well-versed.

WALLACE MINER

Mr. Miner is one of Junior college's most ardent boosters. No matter what kind of an affair is given—just so long as it is H.J.C.—he always attends. Last year at the football games he was always present and cheering the team on. In years gone by he has spent much of his time soliciting adds for The Cougar, for which he received no compensation—save the fact that he was serving the school. He spends his spare time studying international problems and current history. He holds a master's degree from Columbia university.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

BY BETTY COVINGTON

Really it is surprising how curious, or should I say "nosey," the students of H. J. C. are. Questions have been coming in by the thousands, but of course, it would be an impossibility to print all of them, and since the purpose of this column is to answer the most vital questions, or in other words, give the low down on any problems concerning students and professors of this college, have chosen the following:

1. Now that leap year is here, will Rena Mai Butler and Clyde Smalley get married?

2. What does Murray Hartt attribute his personality to?

3. Does Windy Smith ever get drunk, or do his plans always fall through?

4. Why is Irwin Eurbank's hair so white?

5. Who furnished the flowers for Christine Fitzgerald at the Fiji Island play given in assembly Wednesday night?

6. Did George Gayle hurt his back seriously when he fell last Monday night?

7. What girl will win the beauty contest?

8. Why doesn't Warren Lemon stick to one girl, instead of giving 'em all a break?

9. Why does the faculty censor all the good jokes we attempt to give our readers?

10. Who is the handsome young man who visits Junior college occasionally who resembles Clark Gable in a distant way?

Find the answers in the last column.

COUGAR CRACKS

Have you heard that Nelda Smith, winner of the beauty contest, has signed a contract to be Robert Montgomery's leading lady at \$5000 per week, in a picture called Soulmates? Well, we haven't heard it either, but it may be true—we don't know.

Gordon Jones is in business. He is selling one of these cure-all patent medicines. He calls it "Dr. Jones' Swamp Root, Jungle Strength, Fragrant Odor Brain Tonic." Besides being a medicine that will cure all ills and makes the blood ting like a giant jewsharp, it can be used for a paint remover, after-shaving lotion, mange cure, shoe polish, furniture polish, anti-freeze solution, a good substitute for paste, makes fine flavoring for pies and cakes, and if it is put in the water pipes it will keep them from rusting. One bottle of this will grow hair on bald heads, make you pass all your courses, bring you happiness and make you lucky in love. And you don't have to take my word for it—here it is written on the bottle label. How many bottles, please?

Rosemary Lawrence says she never saw a mosquito cry, but she has seen a moth ball (or maybe bawl).

Virginia Cotten thinks its tough to pay 50 cents for steak. It's a lot tougher if you only pay 25 cents, says I.

T. B. Ellis: "Do you drink?"

Avis Parks: "That's my business."

T. B. E.: "Ah, a professional."

There never has been an absent-minded prof who forgot to flunk someone.

From a newspaper account of an auto wreck: "The accident bruised her somewhat and hurt her otherwise."

She was only a pugilist's step-child, but she knocked 'em cold.

"Hard-boiled guys," asserts Evelyn Cochran, "are usually about half baked."

One way to keep your wife at home—nail her to the floor.

Jacob Abraham Weinstein is going to change his name. The other day he was in a court room and the judge fined him \$50 for perjury.

A local woman spent \$50 last year for corsets. What a waist.

Arthur Burns is so mean that he would put a tack in an electric chair.

If a father sends his first son to college, that is his duty. If he sends his second son he must be crazy.

Edmundo "Moose" Gonzales thinks it is better to have loved and lost than to be a hen-pecked husband.

L. B. Manry wouldn't marry a girl for money—he's afraid he will lose his amateur standing.

A. Marks, our blossoming cartoonist, recently entered an art contest. He says no one won—it was a draw.

The co-ed who smokes: "Let the rest of the world go buy."

She was only a life savers daughter, but she knew all the dives in town.

One way to become a good judge of human nature is to patronize the cafeteria. Most of the students act there like they do at home.

Correct this sentence: "My pupils," said the English instructor, "usually prefer to read classic literature."

Alas! You can tell the extent of a student's ambition by his punctuality.

The modern co-ed: Howling because the lessons are so long; complaining because her boy friend leaves early.

But if a good journalist is one who appreciates humor, why doesn't an editor reflect on "his humor" in advance?

PUZZLEITUS

A most astounding problem has come before the students of Junior college. It was discovered that a physics class back in 1880 left a question concerning the relativity of time to time unsettled! It is well known that Mr. Schumann never leaves any doubt in anybody's mind about anything (oh, no), so certainly this question must be settled immediately.

A cat had been much praised on the beauty of his claws, so deciding that he would show that the claws were good for other things than being looked at, he took it upon himself to demonstrate their power by climbing a glass pole. He started early one morning to accomplish the difficult task, and by dint of much effort, he struggled up three feet of the way during the day, then took time out for the night. But poor kitty; during the night he slipped back two feet, and so, awoke the next morning to find that he was only one foot up the pole. Slightly discouraged, but determined, he struggled on and climbed up three more feet during the second day, and again slipped back two feet every night. Now the unsettled question is: If the pole is 10 feet high, how many days will it take the cat to reach the top?

See if you can answer the question for that old physics class of 1880, and if you can, write it on a piece of paper with your name attached, and put it in Mr. Birney's box at the office, from where it will be forwarded to every member of that aforesaid class.

I regret to say that those who handed in the correct solution to the last puzzle forgot to sign their names to their answers, consequently I can not give the names here. Don't forget your name this time, and hand in a solution so somebody can see that you are among the smart people at Junior college. The correct answer to the last puzzle—Smith painted six more posts than Jones did.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION BOX

1. I hardly think so. Rena Mai is quite bashful.
2. He reads the Ballyhoo.
3. The cork sometimes pops off and hits him, and in that case he does.
4. He uses Jean Harlowe's recipe.
5. Jamail & Jamail, "Fruits and vegetables of all kinds."
6. He didn't fall on his back.
7. The most beautiful girl.
8. His opinion is that one "Lemon squeeze" is sufficient.
9. They are very selfish, because after reading the jokes themselves—to h—with the students.
10. "Cotton" Williams.

There seems to be a theory prevalent among some educators that pedigree plays its part in one's career; and that one can not rise above his ancestors. Thus, if your father is a janitor, all you can do is to get a brush and begin to scrub.

The young law student, searching the library for a volume called "Syllabus," can, no doubt, make progress by consulting the dictionary.

Consideration pupils have for one another, warrants silence in the library.

A test: Something dreaded, but for which no precautions are taken.

A good faculty is a body composed of philosophers, diplomats and administrators.

The goat's not my favorite mammal;

Mr. Ghandi dotes on it I know.

It's milk is nutritious,

And doubtless delicious,

But I don't like the critter's B. O.

Pat Foley: There are several things I can always count on.

Malcolm P.: What are they?

Pat F.: My fingers.

Jean W.: I'll have you know I'm related to the Boones.

Porita G.: Now I remember, your grandmother's name was Bab.

Old Lady: I wouldn't cry like that, my little man.

Boy: Cry as you damn please, this is my way.

Seismology As An Application Of Sound

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article, written by a former student of the Houston Junior college, now attending Texas university, should be of especial interest to all science students. The Cougar will gladly publish any other articles, applicable to subjects studied by Junior college students.

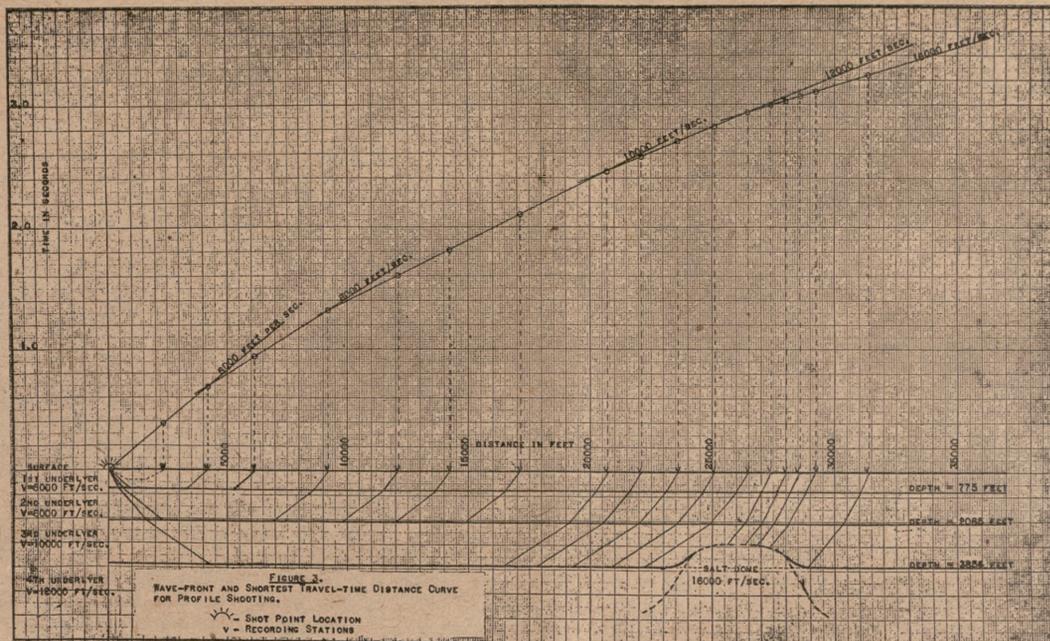
SEISMOLOGY AS AN APPLICATION OF SOUND

Royal E. Neuman

The wave-motion of sound plays a great part in electrical appliances, as we know, and the mechanical effects of wave-motion also have a place in the great field of seismology. Seismology is the scientific study of earthquakes. It is also applied (more commercially) to the location of certain structures of the earth which have proven to be oil producing formations. The theory of seismology is based upon the wave-motion of sound. For the study of earthquakes, an instrument to record the elastic wave-motion of the earth is always in operation, ready to record a quake. Such an instrument is called a seismograph, and is accompanied by a camera which produces the picture known as the seismogram.

Although the wave-motion of sound is the most important element of seismology, a time interval must be very accurately recorded before it is possible to interpret any effect of the sound. In the recording of an earthquake, the time interval is sometimes as great as two or three days, but in the recording of artificial sound wave, caused by the blasting of several hundred pounds of dynamite, the time interval is only a few seconds, this depending mostly upon the distance that the recording station is from the blast point. Another important element is light, for it is the ray of light that is reflected by a mirror in the seismograph onto the sensitized paper in the camera that gives the picture, or the seismogram.

The principal in "covering acreage,"



as it is termed in oil prospecting, is that the artificial sound source (usually 500 to 1000 pounds of dynamite loaded and electrically exploded about 30 feet under the surface of the earth) be placed in the center or to the edge of the area desired to be discovered, with seismograph recording stations located in a circle around and each at a distance of about six or eight miles from the source of sound or blast point.

There are various types of seismographs, two of which are here explained. An electrical instrument which records the wave-motion of the earth and operates a galvanometer, which moves a small thread whose shadow is

cast upon the seismogram to record the wave-motion. Another type is the mechanical instrument which consists of a mass suspended from the frame of the instrument by a very sensitive spring, with a mirror attached to the end of the mass by a hair-spring and fine threads. These mirrors have a focus point of about three feet distance and cast a ray of light onto the seismogram to record the wave-motion of the earth, which makes it possible for the instrument to record with a magnification of over 10,000 times.

The sound leaves the source in every direction with a velocity depending upon the formation or layers of earth through which it passes. The sound

usually passes through several underlyers which have velocities such as 6000, 8000, and 10,000 feet per second respectively for the first three underlyers. In the Gulf Coast country the rays of sound usually penetrate several underlyers before penetrating a salt dome which is one of the best oil producing formations. When the sound ray penetrates a high speed bed known as a fault, or a salt dome, the travel time is shortened. This is graphically shown by a shortest travel time distance curve. The shortest travel time (indicated by the first break of the seismogram) is plotted against the distance in feet, and a normal line is computed. By inspection of the above figure, we see how the

rays from the shot-point, located nearly on the surface, penetrate the first four underlyers and also the salt dome with the respective depths and velocities indicated. Some of the rays are immediately reflected and some are refracted through the underlyers and then reflected and recorded back on the surface at the recording stations. The rays indicating salt dome velocity are recorded, in this case, at a distance of 27,000 feet from the shot-point. The graph of the curve is above the surface line and shows the plotted points of the seismogram data. The area under investigation is considered normal unless the points plot off a normal curve or on a high velocity curve. This figure was drawn on the wave front theory, with depths and velocities computed by special formulae.

The velocity of sound waves in salt is in the neighborhood of 16,000 feet per second, which causes salt dome records to be easily detectable. The distances from the shot-point to the recording stations are either surveyed or computed by the time and velocity of the sound wave through air. Knowing that sound travels through air with a velocity of 1089 feet per second under normal conditions, we can find the velocity of the sound waves by making the corrections for temperature and wind by the formula—

V equals $(1039 \text{ plus } 2C \text{ plus } cw)$ feet per second where C is the temperature in degrees centigrade, and cw is the component of the wind velocity. The distance is then found by the product of the velocity and the time in seconds recorded for the sound waves to reach the recording station. This method of computing the distance is not accurate to the n th degree, but it has proven to be accurate enough for a high degree of efficiency.

This distance is plotted against the travel-time of the sound waves through the earth, and the graphical picture is complete.

CAMPUS CUT UPS

SWELL STORY

Silence. Seventy-seventh street slept. Suddenly some Sam stepped slowly streetward. Sadie Schmaltz slipped softly south.

Something stirred slowly, surely. Sadie stopped, surprised, saw Sam Simpson staring stonically. Saratorially smooth Samuel surged Sadieward. She surrendered.

Said Sam, surely, "Some secluded spot, somewhere?"

Sadie submitted slowly. Sam, Sadie stepped, soon stopped, sat.

Spoke Samuel, "Some swell scenery." "Sure," simpered Sadie.

Sam stretched, limped slowly Sadieward, squeezed Sadie. Sadie screamed; skadooed Sam, stood.

Steven Smith, strolling, saw Sadie slap Sam. Steve stepped swiftly, stopped, stood steadily, shook Sam severely. Sam sneered sullenly, swung. Steven stepping sidewise, suddenly socked Sam squarely. Sam slumped sickly, sank slowly, signified surrender.

"Stand!" shouted Steve. Sam slowly stood somewhat straight. "Scram!" said Steve sharply. Sam stepped swiftly.

Steve stepped Sadieward, softly spoke. Sadie smiled. Steve, Sadie strolled.

Suddenly Steven spoke, "Some secluded spot somewhere?" "Sure!" said Sadie Schmaltz.

With Violet cuddling in his arms, He drove his Ford—poor silly, Where once he held his Violet, He now holds his lily.

They say that the very last thing Burbank did before dying was to cross a street car track with a baby buggy.

Mr. Smith: Have you a little cocktail shaker in your home?

Father: No, he's in college just now.

"Don't walk, Hazel—he got you drunk, make him drag you."

"Young lady," cautioned the conductor, as she strove to board the train, "don't rush up and down the

platform that way. Which end do you want to get on?"

Pat L.: "You mind your own business, and I'll get both ends on."

The other day I opened our telephone book and found 75 Austins on one page.

Harold R.: A mouse crawled into my laundry and died. That's probably why.

Mr. Birney: When is a girl's weakest moment?

Adolph M.: Just after her strongest drink.

Gladys H.: For goodness sakes, use two hands.

Jonhnie: Can't, gotta drive with one.

A broken strap on a swimming suit—Oh, Lady, Godiva!

NOTHING MUCH ABOUT NOTHING I stopped in the middle of the stairs today

To talk to my friend, Loraine Romanet. She seemed in a hurry and I asked her, why rush?

But all she could do was stand there and gush.

I was so inquisitive, that she finally disclosed, Some little nit-wit had just proposed. imagine.

So to spread the good news I did try. The first person I told was Mary Jane Fly.

She stood there and yelled, yelled right out loud.

I was embarrassed and tried hard to smile.

But Mary Jane kept laughing all the while.

Among the crowd I saw Nelda Smith, I've forgotten the boy that she was with.

I immediately called her to one side, And asked her if we shouldn't take Fly for a ride.

She said she thought it would quiet her down.

So we aired that girl all over town. When we arrived at school once more, Guess who we met—right at the door?

It was Porta Garrett who loudly did swear,

Because we had gone off and left her there.

But what could we do, she wasn't even around.

Stand there and let Mary Jane act a clown?

But Portia turned to me and said, "Frankie Pearl,

What in the world did you do to this girl?"

I explained it to her the simplest I could

And let her take it any way she would. She sad she would go and ask Loraine. But, personally, she thought we were all insane

Before she could have possibly had time to go

We saw Loraine and her grand Romeo. Arm in arm down the hall they strolled.

Can't you imagine the lies they told? For anyone knowing Loraine as I Wouldn't believe she had fallen for any guy.

I decided I would follow and maybe see

What the outcome of this thing would be.

The second floor, the third floor—a climax soon.

I followed them into Miss Ebaugh's room.

Then it dawned on me, strange as it seems,

This chump wrote Loraine's English themes.

DRIFTING

You told me that you loved me;

At first I didn't believe you, And then I began to realize

That I loved you, too.

I fell for your chatter like a fool:

I took it hook, line, sinker and all; But one thing you forgot to consider: Tha t"Pride goeth before a fall."

Then you told me that you didn't mean it,

That you were only marking time, That you were giving someone else your love,

And that I was just wasting mine.

You were fickle and you were untrue,

You never played square, you'll admit.

You were a liar and a cheat And a poor sport along with it.

You were lazy and you were trifling,

But you were sweet, I'll admit; You were spoiled and selfish,

And you were just drifting, you admit.

But now the tables have changed:

I've met someone else, too; And while you've found that you love me

I sing this little song to you:

After all, it's you who are the fool: That you'd ever love me you didn't dream:

But it's too late now, so don't waste your love

Because I, too, was just drifting along with the stream.

JUST AN IDLE ROOMER

The stockings were hung

By the window with care,

They'd been worn for six weeks

And they needed the air.

Now that that is over, let's get down to the business of dealing out the dirt.

Milford Smith ("Windy" to you) was assisting a sweet young thing into his struggle buggy when she stumbled and almost fell.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but these new skirts are so tight around the bottom."

"eYs, I noticed that," replied our hero, and they fit pretty tight around the ankles, too."

We have always wondered just how old our fellow student, George Adams Lefever really is. He seems older than he looks. Having made an "A" on one of our finals, we finally got up the nerve to ask Georgia; we thought he might know.

"That is a difficult question," answered G. A., "the latest personal sur-

vey available shows my psychological age to be 30, my moral age 2, my anatomical age 15, and my physiological age 11. I suppose, however, that you have reference to my chronological age, which is 18. That is so old-fashioned that I seldom think of it any more."

Somebody must have told Harry Phillips that 'Honesty is the best policy.' Anyway, the story goes that a friend, in a moment of weakness, took Harry fishing. The two took up positions a few yards from each other and everything was quiet until Harry asked:

"How much do those red and green things cost?"

"You mean the float?" replied the friend, "about a dime I guess."

"Then I owe you a dime," said Harry, "mine has sunk."

Warren Lemmon: I kissed Grace on the forehead last night.

Gladys Jacobs: What did she say? Warren L.: She called me down.

Mary Jane Fly: A penny for your thoughts.

L. P. Marshall: A penny hell. It's the kind of thing you pay \$8.80 a seat for on Broadway.

Milford Smith: Some of the brothers, when they wake up after a drunk, feel hearty, others heavy, and still others giddy; but, for my part, I feel damn lucky.

Dad: I hated to see you come out of that speakeasy the other night, son.

Harry Phillips: Yeah, I hated it too, but it was closing time.

Melbadel Wright: Doctor, how are my chances?

Doc: Oh, pretty good, but I wouldn't start reading any continued stories.

"Where did I come from?" asked the rosebud.

"The stalk brought you," answered the rose.

OUR SPORTING WORLD

BY RIP HARRISON
Sports Editor of The Cougar



HIGH POINT BOB

Here he is, you dopes. Robert Browning Brahmam, star forward and leader of the Junior College basketball team. So far Bob has been the dominating figure in the Cougar triumphs and has proven to be the mainstay in the fast breaking offensive taught by Coach Archie French. Bob has a style all his own—and what a style! In spite of his height, Bob flashes around the court like a streak of lightning and is a whiz under the basket. Bob's sporting world is not limited to basketball alone; he is a crack athlete in track and field events, plays the infield and is a heavy hitter on the baseball diamond, boasts a fine record on the gridiron, and is recognized as an outstanding bowler. Bob has lots of ambitions in the field of sports, and is backing the proposed bowling team to represent H. J. C.

FAMOUS FIVES

Speaking of famous basketball quintets, we feel that the Junior college could come in for a little praise. We are not talking about the present varsity cage outfit which has a creditable string of victories, but about a shoulder-shoulder cage team made up of male members of the faculty.

Boasting of height of six feet and some odd inches, Mr. Rees should make a first class center. His reach should make him dead-eye when it comes to sinking crisp shots. If Fred R. Birney and Mr. Harris would go after the ball like they take an interest in school affairs, the forward posts would be in capable hands. The guard positions would be easy to fill but it seems that Mr. Keeler and S. L. Bishkin would be the best bets. Archie French could fill in at any of these places but he would do more good by acting as head man.

COUGARS SCORED UPSET

Last Wednesday's game with Nathan's Clothiers, which ended in a 19-13 victory for Junior college, stamped this school as a powerful cage outfit that can hold its own against the best of teams. In their league and in numerous contests, the Nathans bunch had established a reputation as one of the leading cage teams in the city, and they well deserved this title. With such stars as Hammet, Peltzman, Bourne, and Lefkowitz, the Clothiers can put a team on the floor to give the best of them a battle.

In the previous issue this column did a little bragging about Malcolm Pech, and his abilities on the basketball court. In the Nathan's tilt Pech put on a little scoring party and accounted for 11 of the team's 19 points. What-a-man is right; Pech proved to be the mainstay of the Cougar attack.

In spite of the fact that Junior college turned back the Clothiers we feel that the college boys could have scored a few more goals against the store-boys. Pech and Brahmam got hot and ran the Clothiers ragged. We predict that the score would have been something like 27-13 if Harry Matthews, speedy forward, had seen service during the tilt.

BOOST BASEBALL

So far only a few students have shown any interest in the proposed baseball team and have inquired about it. There is plenty of amateur talent in the school, as many of the students have played in various industrial and

commercial leagues. If you want this team let's see a little interest and enthusiasm because if the students don't get behind this there will never be a Junior college baseball nine.

We can rest assured that part of the pitching staff is in good shape and ready to start practice right now. Adolph Marks and L. B. Manry, two promising hurlers from San Jacinto, are now attending H. J. C. and have reputations of being two of the best school twirlers in the city.

SLOW DOWN, LEE!

Dope from reliable sources tells us that Lee Butler Stone, "sawed-off forward", has been warming the bench quite a bit lately. Stone says they're keeping him under cover for the big game with Paddock to take place on April 1, his birthday. "Stay in there, Stone, you're a good man even if you do run after the women too much."

BIG CROWDS

The crowds at the games are getting bigger and better than ever. Last Wednesday night when Junior college entertained Nathan's there was a fair-sized crowd that got a big kick out of the game and went away with a better impression of the Junior college cage team. Come out and see a game and we guarantee that you'll be back for more.

INTERSCHOLASTIC DOPE

Junior college will be host to the District 21 Interscholastic League athletic meet to take place in the near future. Teams representing high schools from Harris, Matagorda, Fort Bend, Brazoria, and Wharton counties will be guests of Junior college during the meet. The first contest is slated to start on February 26-27. This will be basketball and the the division plan for class A and class B schools will be used. The district track and field meet will be held at the Rice tamium, April 15-16. The dates April 22-23 will also be reserved in case Rice field is not available on the 15-16. The tennis tournament will be held in conjunction with the track events; the net events being held at the Rice courts with the class A and B divisions also scheduled to be used.

ARCHIE'S BALLETT

Have you joined Archie French's folk dancing classes? Dear old Archie has turned dancing maestro in order that he might show his pupils how to folk dance while wearing spats!

French To Issue Baseball Call

JUNIOR COLLEGE HAS ABUNDANCE OF DIAMOND STARS

With King Baseball just around the corner and all the colleges starting baseball practice, a little thought should be given to a junior college baseball team. From all the huskies and brutes in the school, it looks like nine future Babe Ruths could be assembled to represent the school on the diamond. Games could be scheduled with high school nines and teams from the commercial and industrial leagues.

N. K. Dupre, assistant dean, has left the entire matter up to Coach Archie French. French states that as soon as the end of basketball season draws near he will put it up to the students and if enough interest is shown, Junior college will boast a baseball team. French has had plenty of experience in the coaching line and can be depended to do his best towards organizing and developing a championship baseball nine.

Practice will be held sometime during the day, the time and place to be arranged at a later date. These are the plain facts and you can see that it's up to the students, so do a little inquiring and talk it up and let's have a baseball team. All interested leave names with Coach French.

SKINNY LEGS—

(Continued from Page 1)

tackled. I began liking him and was willing to forgive his shimmying Adam's apple.

Bunn was at his best when sweeping the ends, and on his sweeps we built up lateral pass play that won country-wide recognition. However, you should not think we had a one-man team, because we had more stars than they had in Hollywood. Six Siwash players made all-conference, two made All-West, and one of our guards made the All-America. Bunn himself might have made the All-America if he had played more. I never used him for more than half a game because I was afraid he would get hurt; I knew those skinny legs were delicate. When he had piled up a safe lead I always jerked him out—there was no use in taking chances on toothpick legs.

We finished the next season untied or undefeated and received an invitation to play Strawn University in the Rose Bowl game. Siwash played inspired football that day and made history. Bunn ran the Strawn ends ragged—they made four substitutions to that position alone. When the half ended Bunn, behind perfect interference, had piled up 33 points. His playing had won him All-American honors; two other Siwash players also won positions on the mythical team.

I was so delighted with the fact that we had ten lettermen returning for the next season, and two of them of All-America caliber, that I arranged a schedule so difficult I was severely criticized by members of the alumni. I didn't care, I was sure we had a great team and a greater coach (I'm not bragging, I'm merely informing you).

We started the next season off like wild-fire; we literally breezed over the first ten opponents. What-a-coach, I thought about myself. There was only Naughty Dame left on our schedule. If we beat them we would have completed three consecutive seasons of undefeated and untied football, and our second season as undisputed national champions.

Siwash College was given more publicity than the World War. The student body was increased doubly—so was my salary. Hundreds of offers were made to me. I endorsed a cigarette that I had never even smoked or wouldn't smoke, but I got a nice price for my "testimony."

Let's get back to Freddie Bunn, he is supposed to be the hero of this story anyway. The week before the Naughty Dame game the 1931 All-America was announced. Bunn was an unanimous selection—twice in two years; not bad for a guy with toothpick legs.

PASSING ATTACK BEATS NATHANS

Employing a whirlwind passing attack that built up a commanding lead in the early part of the first half, Junior College Cougars turned back the highly-touted Nathan's Clothiers quintet, 19-13, in a hectic battle at the school gym.

Taking the floor as underdogs and not given the slightest chance to win, the Cougars got going right away and soon had the Clothiers on the run. Coming from the fast Club league and boasting one of the best cage outfits in the city, the Nathan's bunch was expected to sail through the contest and emerge on top of a lopsided score, but Coach French and his charges had different ideas and proceeded to carry them out.

The famous Peltzman-Hammet scoring combination that has figured so prominently in the Clothiers' long string of victories could not get hot, and so the Nathan's attack never got started. Time after time either Peltzman or Hammet would bring the ball down the floor only to lose it attempting to work the ball under the basket. Close guarding, that featured Sam Lefkowitz and Peltzman, saved the game from being a walk-away for the college bunch.

Malcolm Pech played the game of his life for Junior college. His whirlwind passing and ball-handling under the basket paved the way for H. J. C.'s win. Besides playing a bang-up defensive game, Pech took charge of the goal-making situation and ran up a total of 11 points to taking high scoring honors for the night. Along with Pech, Bob Brahmam played a whale of a game at forward and accounted for 6 markers.

Nathan's—	Line-up	—H. J. C.
Hammet	Forward	Jeter
Peltzman	Forward	Brahnam
Bourne	Center	Weed
Lefkowitz	Guard	Pech
Moscarelli	Guard	Scarborough

Bunn had attracted more admirers than Greta Garbage, the movie actress. When he had a headache, everyone on the campus took an aspirin. And I had even quit worrying about him getting hurt, as he had played in more than thirty games and had never been seriously injured. But let's get on with the story.

The team embarked for South Send, Ind., where we were to play the great Snute Bockne's team. Six special trains were needed to carry all the rooters that followed us. When we got to South Send the stadium was full—most of the spectators were full, too. Ah, there's the whistle to start the game.

—Naughty Dame kicked. Bunn took the ball and started down the field. He stiff-armed a would-be tackler, pivoted and shook off another one. He reversed his field and ran on to the goal, untouched. Oh, boy, a touchdown on the kickoff. I almost smiled out loud. The half ended with Siwash ahead, 7-0.

I didn't send Bunn back in for the last half because we had a small lead and his knee was badly sprained. I was worried about him and then Naughty Dame came back inspired and pushed over two touchdowns before the last quarter began. The score stood 12-7, their favor. Our quarterback used everything we had but to no avail.

I had given up hope of winning when Bunn came hobbling up and asked me to send him into the game. I refused. He ran out on the field and reported to the referee. I was glad because I thought we would win, but I was also sorry because he might be seriously injured. There was two minutes left to play. I have always read of the hero going in the game in the last minute and winning the game, but I never thought that I would ever see

SCRUB TEAM BESTS CAVALRY QUINTET

A determined final quarter rally, iced the game for Junior College Scrubs, when they walloped a fast Cavalry cage team 34-21 in a headline tilt at the school gym.

High point honors for the night went to W. Peterson, scrub forward, who accounted for 11 points. Coming into the game during the last half, Peterson lost no time in getting started and began to rope the basket with steady precision. Lee Stone, sawed-off forward, and R. Marshall looked good for the Scrubs and figured in the nifty passing attack of the scrub outfit.

In Schlabach, Howard, and Detro, Cavalry had three first class performers, who were the big guns for their offensive. Although stopped dead in their attempts to get the ball under the basket for crips, the Cavalry team relied on long shots with fast follow-ups to whittle down the lead of the Scrubmen. From the corner of the court, long shots by Howard or Schlabach, Cavalry forwards, were almost cinch points and proved the leading scoring factor for the soldier boys.

From the opening whistle till the end of the first half it was anybody's game. Both teams relied on strong defenses and broke slow for the basket. Holding a 16-13 lead at the half way mark, the Scrubs increased their pace and started a passing attack that threw the Cavalry bunch into a purely defensive battle. Long passes from the guards to the forwards, who broke for the basket, rolled up the Scrubmen's score. It looked like the Scrubs were going to do all the scoring till the Cavalry outfit got right on their long shots and began to pull down the scrub lead. At the final whistle both teams were hitting top form and playing sensational ball.

Cavalry—	Line-up	—Scrubs
Schlabach	Forward	Lurie
Howard	Forward	Nirken
Detro	Forward	Raiford
Railey	Center	Gonzales
Hinton	Guard	Manry

such a rarity. That is all right for movies and dime novels, but here was one of my own players going in to do it. And I was certainly confident that Freddie would come through. I felt felt myself getting excited.

The people in the stands were yelling like mad men. I saw Bunn get in position to carry the ball. The center hadn't heard the signals clearly, and snapped the ball back over Freddie's head. The ball rolled back twenty yards past the line of scrimmage. My heart sunk. But Freddie ran back, scooped up the ball and started down the field. Before he hit his stride, two tacklers hit him simultaneously. He was literally bent double before he was borne to the ground.

I thought poor Freddie was done for, but when the teams unplied and lined up again, he was back to carry the ball. I knew there was just time for one more play. But I still thought we would win, because of the confidence I had in Bunn. The ball was snapped to him on the last play; and did he run the remaining 55 yards for a touchdown, and win the game, and become a national hero? No, he was smothered before he could get started, and thrown for a ten-yard loss. The gun sounded ending the game.

Siwash had lost the game, my team had been severely beaten, and I had lost a nice sized side-bet; but that can't be helped—there's no sense in letting the hero win every game in the last minute of play. So that's the reason why I, as the author, made Siwash lose.

Dean of Women (to co-ed): Do you smoke?

Wilma Lindsay: No, thank you, Mrs. Bender, I just had one.