

THE COUGAR

VOL. IV.

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NO. 3

Just Talk



Apparently students fail to realize that smoking is against the rules of the Junior College. Probably many of those offending students forget that they are restricted in this matter, and do so merely as a matter of habit and not in a direct attempt to break a rule of the college.

The school board, in allowing the night use of the San Jacinto High School, required that the rule against smoking in the building be rigidly enforced. Mr. Dupree has done all in his power to see that this promise should be fulfilled. But it is impossible for one person, even though acting in an official capacity, to enforce a rule of this nature.

Aside from that fact, however, is it not a fact also that the students of Houston Junior College are a self-styled group of law-abiding citizens? Assuming that such is the case, it appears to us that a request in the form here given should be sufficient to cause the rule against smoking in the building to be enforced as a matter of personal pride on the part of each student.

The recent primary election of officers for the Students' Association was the biggest flop on record in the history of Junior College affairs.

In the first place, the directors of the election handled it in very poor style. No exact information as to the details of balloting was at the disposal of the student body. No information was dispensed generally as to the time, place or manner of balloting. Announcements in the cafeteria on Tuesday and Wednesday served to inform approximately one-third of the student body as to what was to occur. Of this third, only one-third was interested enough to vote. Eighty-seven students cast ballots.

At that, 12 per cent is not a bad representation of the group interested in Junior College affairs. Six per cent attendance at a football game would excite editorial comment in several local daily newspapers and perhaps a casual pun from the scathing tongue of a popular Houston weekly.

As to the election of yell leaders, one must be shocked at the lack of information pertaining to the relative candidates. The affair in this regard has excited much comment from members of the student body which if published would furnish grounds for libel charges.

Charges alleging the operation of a clique, charges claiming tainted politics, and counter-charges of varied natures have resulted from the election. All of which will serve merely as a bone of contention among those making the charges.

It is high time that an organization of the students, operated by the students under legally sanctioned authority, shall be placed in charge of student affairs and have under its jurisdiction all matters pertaining to student government and policies.

This column sincerely hopes that the powers-that-be shall soon be convinced that student government must come and that they will allow the Junior College to take its place among the scores of other institutions that have found internal co-operation in such an arrangement.

HAZEL TAYLOR



COUGAR COLLEGIAN PRESIDENT

There is no more effective college organization than the Cougar Collegians, popularly known as the Girls Pep Club, of which Hazel Taylor is the popular and efficient leader.

FIRST CONSTITUTION FOR JUNIOR COLLEGE CLASS IS ADOPTED

Legalized, class activities are in store for the sophomores as soon as their new constitution goes into effect.

Meeting with Robert McCullough, president of the sophomore class, Margaret Boyett, Tom Walker, Helen Lee Davis, Jane Witherspoon, Hazel Taylor, Edward Bennett, Harry Seaman, Max Ludtke, Willard Nesmith, Pete Garrison, and Bill Jeter, all active upperclassmen, decided to formulate the first constitution any class in the Junior College has adopted.

The purpose of the constitution is to legalize all the actions of the sophomore class. Provided the activities they sponsor are within proper bounds, the officers of the class will be free to act on their own judgment, without the burden of outside comment or criticism.

The members of the committee were chosen because of the part they have taken in student activities.

NEW INSTRUCTOR ADDED TO ENLARGED FACULTY

Due to the increased enrollment, Mrs. B. M. Ebaugh, instructor of English, joined the Houston Junior College faculty last week.

Mrs. Ebaugh comes to H. J. C. from Newcombe College, New Orleans, La., where she has been engaged in teaching Latin for the past three years. She received her B.A. degree from Newcombe College in 1925, and M.A. degree from Columbia University in 1927.

At present, Mrs. Ebaugh is teaching only one class, but it is hoped that she will become a full-time instructor soon.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTICE

The John R. Bender Dramatic Club will meet Monday, November 10, at 9:30 p.m., in the Junior College auditorium. An interesting program will be presented.

PEP CLUB ENJOYS WEEK-END OUTING AT CASA DEL MAR

Stunts and Initiations Feature Cougar Collegians Sojourn at Bay Shore.

"Lin-iment," a three-act play, written by Celia Lasky, and "Eight Stages of a Woman's Life," planned by Lucile Cafcalas, given as stunts by the sophomores and freshmen, respectively, were the main features of the week-end outing of the Pep Club at Casa del Mar.

In the first act of "Lin-iment," Hazel Taylor, bride, and Celia Lasky, groom, were united in marriage, with Rev. Ezekiel (Margaret Boyett) reading the service.

The bride wore a long white gown, with a veil fashioned from a window curtain. She entered with Lewellyn Ross, trainbearer, who came "sweeping in" with two straw brooms. The groom, who had a very red nose, was dressed in white trousers and dark coat and wore a straw "Katy."

The marriage proved unsuccessful in the second act, but a complete reconciliation was effected at last.

Dorothy Lasky, three years old; Cecile Taylor, six years old; Allyne Allen, high school girl; Marion Banta, college girl; Maurine Keach, debutante; Gladys Kuykendall, bride; Nora Louise Calhoun, mother, and Eleanor Stanfield, grandmother, were dressed to effectively portray the eight stages in a woman's life.

More than 20 members of the Pep Club, with Mrs. Pearl Bender and Miss Sue Thomason, sponsors, gathered around an open fireplace, Saturday night, on the sun porch at Casa del Mar, for the first business meeting of the term where no time limit was set. A lengthy discussion followed in which several important problems were brought before the club by Hazel Taylor, who presided over the meeting. When the meeting adjourned, the members were enthusiastic over the plans for a bigger and better Pep Club.

Initiation of the Pep Club freshmen was fully carried out by the sophomores. Soon after arriving at Casa del Mar, the beds were made for the night. Freshmen did this under sophomore supervision. Penalties were assessed for neglect of duty. Dorothy Lasky, the first transgressor, counted 1736 boards in the Y. W. C. A. pier.

All freshmen girls were given the opportunity to do K. P. duty at regular meal times as well as at the midnight lunch. Recitations, in which freshmen proved themselves to be decidedly tongue-tied, songs and contests were part of the initiation. Mary Jo Elliot won first place in a cracker eating contest, and Menalee Garrett was winner of a difficult foot race.

Genevieve Weldon and Maurine Edminister, Pep Club members, came down Saturday night with Howard Branch and Terry Russ for a short visit.

Sunday morning a short service was held; songs were sung, Mrs. Bender read a Scripture lesson and offered a prayer.

The Pep Club appreciated the hospitality of Mrs. Tryon, Casa del Mar hostess, the music furnished by Nelwyn Turner at the piano, and the transportation to and from the outing by Mozelle McReynolds, Howard Graham, Lewellyn Ross, Margaret Boyett and Mrs. Bender.

SMITH W. GARRISON



STUDENT ASSOCIATION HEAD

The Students' Association endeavors to promote a variety of activities. Mr. Smith W. Garrison, popular sophomore and president of his class last year, has been elected president.

THOMASON SUCCEEDS MACKEY AS SPONSOR OF GIRLS PEP CLUB

The appointment of Miss Thomason to succeed Miss Mackey as sponsor of the Cougar Collegians has been announced by Hazel Taylor, president of that organization.

Miss Mackey has served as sponsor of the girls since the organization of the club in 1927. She not only teaches physical education at Junior College, but also at Jefferson Davis High School. Miss Mackey stated that it would be impossible for her to give to the club the attention that is necessary for its growth.

Miss Thomason, the new sponsor, is well acquainted with the work of the club and has helped to make the plans for this year.

Freshman Social Committee Is Named by Warren Lemmon; Plans of Freshman Ball Made

Warren Lemmon, president of the freshman class of Houston Junior College, Friday appointed Fairfax Moody chairman of the social committee. The following will serve with Miss Moody on the committee: Christine Fitzgerald, C. G. Hall, and Roy Tienert.

In choosing committeemen, President Lemmon took an outstanding representative graduate from each of the senior high schools of the city.

Plans have already begun for the freshman ball in January, which promises to be a gala affair in the ensuing social calendar of the college.

DEBATERS TO MEET

The Houston Junior College Orotorical Association will hold its first meeting under the direction of the newly elected officers, Monday night in the biology lecture room at 9.30.

MUSIC AND WIT ON TAP AT PEPPIEST ASSEMBLY OF YEAR

Newly Elected Student Association Officers Make Their Bow to the Student Body; Dupree Promises Future Innovations.

With the introduction of Student Association officers and announcements of importance to the student body, the peppiest assembly of the year was held at H. J. C. auditorium Wednesday night.

Highlighting the program with several popular numbers, J. D. Larkin with his piano accordion was overwhelmingly received. He responded gracefully to calls for an encore.

Bob McCullough, sophomore class president, introduced the newly-elected officers of the Student Association who are: Pete Garrison, president; Donald McKibben, vice-president; Christine Fitzgerald, secretary; and Maurine Edminister, treasurer.

Speaking to the student body, Pete Garrison thanked them for placing him in such a position of trust and responsibility, and promised to do his best to capably fulfill the duties of his office.

Donald McKibben also pledged his whole-hearted support to the students in the association activity.

The following yell leaders were introduced: Roy Tinert, Vincent Artale, Genevieve Weldon, and Virginia Smith. Mr. Dupree requested that they give one yell, which was rendered in good style by the students.

Some time was occupied in changing the seating arrangement, and the next week's assembly will be conducted in an entirely different manner, with many and new interesting features, according to Mr. Dupree.

SCHOLARSHIP STUDENTS FETED IN ASSEMBLY

Marked by several introductory speeches, vocal numbers, and announcements of interest, the regular Wednesday night assembly was held in the college auditorium October 22.

The first speaker of the evening, introduced by Mr. Dupree, was Miss Kinyon of the Delphian Assembly of Houston. Miss Kinyon introduced the winner of the Delphian scholarship, Miss Christine Fitzgerald, popular freshman student. In her short talk to the students, Miss Kinyon made the statement that the Delphian Club hoped to be able to present another scholarship next year. She explained the motto of the Delphians was, "Not what we have, but what we share." Miss Kinyon was a former student at Houston Junior College.

The next speaker, Mr. Gossett, who is president of the American Business Club, was also introduced by Mr. Dupree. In his speech which was full of good sound advice, Mr. Gossett told the history of the scholarship offered by his club. He then turned over the reins of introducing the winners of the club's scholarships to Edgar Soule.

In his introductory speech Mr. Soule said, "Sophomores, I am with you; freshmen, you are mine."

He introduced the two winners of the Business Club scholarships, R. Willard Nesmith, first, and Jack Thurman, second. His speech contained much of the humorous element, and he urged the students to (Continued on page 4)

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nell, Harold Wood.

These Terrible Young People

"Vice, if we may believe the gen-
eral complaint, ripens so fast nowa-
days, and runs up to seed so early
in young people, that it is impossible
to keep a lad from the spreading con-
tagion, if you will venture him abroad
in the herd, and trust him to chance
or to his own inclination for the
choice of his company at school."

Sounds like the babbling of some
pessimist of the generation to which
our parents belong, does it not? But
no, it is the remark of John Locke.
He wrote not of the present genera-
tion of bobbed-haired, cigarette-smok-
ing flappers and flask-toting cake-eat-
ers whose manners and morals it is
fashionable now to deplore, but of
the favored, pampered English youth
of 1692.

Two hundred and thirty-eight years
seem not to have diminished the
pleasure which grown persons experi-
ence in berating the oncoming genera-
tion!

Like so many of our present day
critics, however, John Locke did not
feel any serious concern over the
younger generation. For the wise old
philosopher had the wit to realize in
even that remote time that children
do not create the conditions in which
they are reared.

The truth of the matter is that the
children of every age imitate their
elders. If the ways of the young have
changed it is because the elders them-
selves have created a new mode of life
and themselves adopted new habits.
The pocket flask is not an invention
of young people nor is the bootlegging
business in the hands of infants. No
more are the loose manners and mor-
als of our time a product of juvenile
philosophy. We believe and practice
what we are taught.

We believe in a different age; life
has undergone a revolution since
1900. Wealth and luxury have in-
creased with miraculous rapidity. At
the same time the code of approved
morals has itself been altered.

Life was harder and more limited a
generation ago. Electricity, the auto-
mobile, and the marvelous develop-
ment of the Machine Age have made
the difference. We are children of
the Machine Age.

We can not be blamed for being
born in an age which does not need
to wring toil from human hands.

We are not to be censured if our
parents provide automobiles and mon-
ey to satisfy our momentary desires.
We take the things of life as we find
them.

We have accepted the code which
our elders have provided. The right
to self-expression has been preached
by novelists and philosophers. In-
creased wealth has made practicable
the application of these new teach-
ings.

The marriage and divorce evil that
has been thrown upon us by our for-
bears is an example. Marriage has
been made to look like only a trial, a



Decidedly handsome is BERT
FREIDBERG, and is every whit a
man's man—(or is it a ladies' man?)

Petite NEWLYN TURNER, coyly
vamping every one's fellow. Big
things often come in small packages.

At this point we will "pay our trib-
utes" to JOHN MARASEK and
"FROG" MARZIZA. They do not
play fast and loose; in other words,
slow but sure.

A countenance which beautifully
expresses a deep interest in all col-
legiate activities belongs to none other
than our vigorous "Frosh" presi-
dent, WARREN LEMMON.

"2-4-6-8-etc.," quoth lil' win-
some DOT LASKY as she was re-
quested (?) to count accurately all
the planks that composed the pier ad-
joining Camp Casa Del Mar for being
considered "the laziest freshman" in
the Pep Club.

Find 'em, fool 'em, and forget 'em,
is CLIFFORD WHITEHEAD'S motto.
A good one, considering the source.

In pink of perfection is VANDALIA
MAE NECCO (with apologies to Rich-
ard Hudnut). But she knows the art.

Witty and clever is A-1 Freshman
FRED AEBI who has the gift of
clothing his opinions in piquant dress.

Who should we see over the week-
end who were in to see the Rice-
Texas game and the "ladies of their
choice," GENEVIEVE WELDON and
MAURINE EDMISTER,—but those
inimitable inseparables, HOWARD
BRANCH and TERRY KUSS.

"So my proud beauty, you would
repulse me, eh?" barked BOBBY Mc-
CULLOUGH, as he nonchalantly lit
a Murad.—(Paid advertisement).

Wholeheartedly JACK THURMAN
agrees that he is noble of mind and
(Continued on page 4)

momentary thrill, a bizarre theory.
Preference controled our teachers and
we of the younger generation observe
this and use it as a precedent.

This is not a melancholy view in-
tended to stir up the minds of our
clan, but is really a typical character-
ization of the mental attitude of the
younger generation presented to show
th unfairness of the light in which we
are held.

The generation from which we are
descended can at least do better than
to the dark stories of our extrava-
gances and follies. John Locke was
all for going out and meeting us on
our own ground. That's not a bad
idea now. The civilization which has
been provided for us is certainly dif-
ficult enough at best. A little friendly
understanding between the two gen-
erations will do no harm. And, too,
it might remove some dangerous il-
lusions.

The truth is that in every age chil-
dren are what their generation makes
them. The human race learns chiefly
by imitation. When fathers and moth-
ers patronize bootleggers, sons and
daughters see little evil in the pocket
flasks.

Youth is conservative. Youth ob-
serves and listens and, despite the
tumult of its new strength, it is in-
clined to believe what the old folks
say. Wouldn't it be just as well to
give a little more thought to the be-
havior of the elder generation? If our
example were better, our words might
be more convincing. For too often
it is true that what we are speaks
so loudly that our neighbors can not
hear what we say.

A NIGHT OF TERROR

A Hallowe'en Story

BY EVERETT KENDALL

(Prepared in Journalism 213 Class)

"Why, come to think of it, this is
Hallowe'en. The scene out there cer-
tainly is in keeping with the spirit
of the occasion," I remarked, idly,
to a tall, gaunt, scholarly-looking man
who sat near me. He leaned toward
the window, gazed intently at the
flying landscape for a few moments,
then said: "As long as I live I'll never
forget a frightful experience I had
one Hallowe'en in country that looked
just like this." I thought I saw a
slyly humorous expression momen-
tarily cross his face; it may have
been a wisp of cigar smoke that
caused the impression.

"It was about 15 years ago," the
scholarly looking man began, when
my friend, Dr. J. Q. Stanley, suggest-
ed that we make a trip to a lonely
spot near the Canadian border
where he could carry on certain
scientific experiments and I could
finish writing my masters' thesis. "We
could not find a better place for our
work," my friend told me. "There
are two comfortable, one-room cabins
up there; we can work there as long
as we please without interruption,
and without disturbing each other."

Dr. Stanley had gained consider-
able fame because of his investiga-
tion into the cause of crime and in-
sanity; and during the progress of
his research he had actually lived
with criminals, insane people and
other social misfits, and had visited
jails, penitentiaries and asylums.

"I consider any risk worthwhile, if
it will enable me to benefit the race,"
the doctor had remarked to me that
fall as we traveled in a rickety auto-
mobile up the winding forest trail
that led to our secluded retreat in
the north woods where we were to
work. Our nearest contact with the
outside world was a small mountain
village about 35 miles from our cabins.

We were soon comfortably located
in our cabins which we found were
surrounded by heavy pine timber.
About 100 yards to the northward
from them, the ground broke off
sharply at a cliff, dropping from that
point almost straight down 300 feet
to the rocky shore of a mountain
lake. From the brow of this cliff we
had an inspiring view of the lake
whose clear waters reflected the sur-
rounding forest and mountain peaks.

The doctor had taken his test tubes,
specimen jars, reference books and
other equipment to his cabin which
was located about 50 yards from
mine. We were to take our meals
together in my cabin, while the rest
of the time we would spend at work
in our separate cabins,—ideal condi-
tions for the highly concentrated
mental labors we had planned. Very
soon we became so absorbed in our
work that we often missed our meals,
and at times we would work an en-
tire night through without stopping.
We did not take the time to cut our
hair or shave; within a few weeks we
began to look like a couple of cave
men. Then came the Hallowe'en, I
mentioned before, with its frightful
experience.

On that Hallowe'en night I had
been so busy that I took no notice
of the passing hours. Since the
night was unusually warm for that
season of the year, I sat writing at
a small table near my cabin window,
which I had thrown wide open. Stan-
ley must have been equally busy. I
had not talked to him since our early
morning breakfast, at which time he
had remarked that he expected some
important results, and for this reason
he might work continuously until
the following morning. I gave his
words little thought at the time; they
came back to me later, poignantly.

I could hear the steady wash of the
waves against the rocky shore as I
sat writing at my window that night.
Through the gloom of the forest I
could see the dim light of a kerosene
lamp in Stanley's window, and at fre-
quent intervals his form was silhou-
etted against the light as he moved
about his room. It was his habit,
when he was most intent on his work,
to sing; and I could hear his voice
softly crooning his favorite melody—
the song of the trade wind:

"And at night there are fireflies,
And the yellow moon,
And in the ghostly palm trees
The sleepy tune
Of a quiet voice calling me
The long, lower moon."

Abruptly, the song ended in the
middle of a line. As I look back on
that night now, it seems to me that
the last word of the song was a sort
of choking gasp. But I was so intent
on my writing that the meaning of
that strange sound escaped me. I re-
member, however, that I was vaguely
aware of a growing sense of unrest,
—a feeling of chill fear that caused
my scalp to tingle. I drew my coat
tighter about me.

Suddenly, Stanley's light went out.
I thought I heard breaking glass.
"What's wrong, Stanley?" I called
out. There was no answer. The
dark forest echoed back my voice.
There was no other sound save the
sighing of the night wind through the
pines, and the wash of the waves on
the shore at the foot of the cliff.
"Strange, he doesn't answer," I
thought. "Perhaps he's had an acci-
dent." Perhaps he's had an acci-
dent with his test tubes and is busy
cleaning up his work table."

Then there came a faint rustle in
the dry grass directly under my win-
dow. "Is that you, Stanley?" I asked.
There was silence. I stopped writing,
and turned my eyes toward the win-
dow which framed the blackness of
the night outside. Something about
that black void held my gaze as if by
a spell. Then I saw it. Sliding slow-
ly up over my window sill, there came
a clutching, claw-like hand. Before I
could rise from my chair, something
leaped out of the night through my
window, scurried across the floor, and
then crouched in the shadows at the
far corner of my dimly lit room.

The only weapon within my reach
was a walking stick which I leaned
against the table back of me. The
creature began slowly creeping along
the further wall of the room, never
once taking those horrible eyes from
my face. Evidently, it was trying to
get behind me. Turning to face it, I
reached behind me for my walking
stick. My groping hands struck the
lamp chimney. There was a crash of
glass, and the room was swallowed up
in inky darkness.

Instantly the creature was upon me.
Clutching hands reached for my
throat. I felt the hot breath and
foam from those slaving jaws upon
my face. In a frenzy of fear, I fought.
I stumbled and fell. The thing was
upon me, crushing me. Desperately,
now I struggled for breath, but I
was no match for those gorilla-like
arms. I felt my sense leaving me.
Then with a shriek, the creature re-
leased me, leaped through the win-
dow, and—just as I lapsed into un-
consciousness—I heard it go crash-
ing through the undergrowth in the
direction of the cliff.

For hours, I must have lain uncon-
scious upon the cabin floor. When I
finally opened my eyes, I saw the sun
rising over the feathery tops of the
pines. As its warm beams came
through my window, the affair of the
night seemed like a horrible dream;
yet there were the evidences of the
struggle. My throat was lacerated;
my clothes were ripped to shreds.

Painfully I got to my feet. Under
my bunk I found my suitcase, opened
it, and took from it my automatic
pistol. What secrets those dark
woods held, I knew not; but I was
determined to be prepared for any-
thing that might happen in this
strange land. Stiff and lame, I made
my way to the brow of the cliff and
looked down. There, directly below
me, crushed among the rocks at the
edge of the lake, lay the body of my
assailant, its limbs sprawling about
grotesquely.

Descending to the lake shore by a
roundabout path through the brush,
I clambered over the rocks to where
the body lay. I looked at it and
started in dismay. It could not be...
yes... the clothing was familiar.
I leaned over closely, examining the
features. Hardly believing my eyes,

WARREN LEMMON



PRESIDENT OF FRESHMAN CLASS

Warren Lemmon, president of the
freshman class, has been untiring in
his efforts to make a bigger and bet-
ter class than ever before. He is a
graduate of Mlby Senior High School
and held many responsible positions
there last year.

I saw that it was, indeed, the body of
Dr. Stanley. Yet, what a change!
The body appeared shrunken, shivel-
ed as if by a long wasting illness.
Even in death, the face still held the
expression of mad ferocity I had seen
the night before, a madness so terri-
ble that—had it not been for the fa-
miliar clothes—I would have hardly
recognized him.

My mind began to grope for a solu-
tion. What had happened to my
friend? Shocked almost beyond the
point of reasoning, I clambered back
up the steep pathway and entered
Stanley's cabin. There I found a scene
of wild disorder. The room was lit-
tered with broken glass, and the
leaves of books that had been ripped
from their bindings. Stooping, I pick-
ed up a sheet of paper upon which I
found, in Stanley's familiar handwrit-
ing, these words:

"I have made my discovery. I have
found the bacillus that causes
crime and madness in mankind.
A skeptical world will not
believe without absolute proof,
therefore I have inoculated myself
with the germ. In case of my death
or disappearance, full data concern-
ing my discovery will be found in
my wall cabinet. The world can no
longer doubt... my..."

The last words of the message were
mere scrawling lines, as if written by
one who was struggling, vainly, for
self control. Mechanically, I turned
to the wall cabinet, but I found that
it had been ripped from its moorings
as if by a mighty hand. Among the
debris scattered about the cabin, I
searched for the cabinet, but found
only a few blackened nails and
charred bits of wood in the dead ashes
of the fire place. True to his theory,
Dr. Stanley, or, rather, the thing that
had been Dr. Stanley—had destroyed
that which he most cherished.

As the speaker ended his story,
there was silence for a few moments
in the smoking compartment. The
listeners started nervously, then look-
ed sheepish, when a porter suddenly
thrust his head in the doorway to
announce: "We's gettin' into Ogden
where we change engines. Does any
of yo' gemmun want to get out and
stretch yo' laigs?"

The fat traveling salesman arose,
lighted a cigar, and as he strode down
the aisle I heard him mutter: "I reck-
on it might have happened, at that.
Still... I dunno."

TAKEN FOR A RIDE

Lost ballconist (as his ship swings
low over a farm house): Ahoy!
Where am I?

Farmer: Heh! Heh! Can't fool me.
You're up there in that fool basket.
Giddap, Bess.

Rastus: You say anything to me,
big boy, an' I'll make you eat yo'
words!

Mose: Chicken dumpl'n, hot b's-
cuits, watuhmelon!

SPORTS

Cougars Schedule Return Game with Teachers College

Local Team to Have Grudge Battle with Sam Houston Reserves Saturday on Local Gridiron.

The Houston Junior College Cougars will play a return game with the Sam Houston Teachers College, Saturday, November 1, at San Jacinto field. The game will be called at 2:30 p.m.

The Cougars are out to avenge a 25-0 drubbing plastered on them last Saturday at Huntsville and Coach Joe Kirk's charges will be in for a busy afternoon.

The reserves opened the season with a 24-0 defeat handed to them by the San Jacinto Golden Bears. Blinn Memorial College also turned back the Bearkats. But Coach Joe Kirk's proteges promise the Cougar eleven plenty of trouble in the personages of R. H. Burk and Morris Haltom, two 200-pounders who hold down the tackle positions.

On November 7, the Victoria Junior College will come to Houston. Little has been heard from the Victoria bunch but lots can be expected.

Bryan, Texas, is the next objective of the Cougars, who engage there the Allen Academy Cadets. This struggle will give ample opportunity for action and thrills. The Cadets recently swamped Westminster Junior College 47-0. Allen, Gillman, Lewis, and Pratt shine in the backfield for the academy.

One of the strongest opponents of the season will be met on November 15, when the Lutheran Junior College Bulldogs come to Houston. This strong aggregation defeated Kingsville and St. Mary's Rattlers, but lost to the Edinburg Junior College Bronchos. Lutheran also defeated Blinn Memorial 25-0. "Chick" Dannhaus of the backfield seems to be the big threat for the Bulldogs.

Another foe, not to be taken too lightly is Coach Nemir's Blinn Memorial Junior College of Brenham, Texas. The Memorial boys sent the S. H. S. T. reserves home with a 13-0 defeat, and did the same to St. Edwards of Austin, 25-0.

Dipple and Ware seem to form a very effective passing combination, which the Cougar backfield men will have to watch closely. Godby, an end, is also a pass snatcher of merit. He tips the scales at 190 pounds and towers 6 feet 6 inches. Stinchcomb fits in with his mates very nicely, helping to form a dangerous set, which will prove to be destructive unless guarded.

H.J.C. Held To Scoreless Tie By Temple Junior College

In a game played at San Jacinto field on October 25, the Houston Junior College was held to a scoreless tie by the Temple Junior College. But for a bad break in the final minutes of the game, the Cougars would have pushed over the score that meant the game.

Inability of the backfield to hold the ball after a lucky break had given the Cougars the ball on their opponents' nine-yard line lost a chance to score as it was first down and goal-to-go.

While Temple tallied twice as many first downs as the locals, McKibben, who did the punting for the Cougars, constantly gained from 10 to 20 yards on exchanges of punts.

Barziza, Sikes, Kalmans, and McKibben were outstanding for the Junior College.

Of all the sad surprises, there are none that can compare With treading in the darkness on a step that isn't there.

S. HOUSTON NORMAL GAINS 25-0 DECISION ON JUNIOR COLLEGE

Cougars Weaken in Final Period Before Hard Driving of Reserve Forwards; Barziza, Marasek and Jones Star.

Playing a great defensive game for three periods the Houston Junior College withered in the final period before a slashing running attack by the Sam Houston Teachers College reserves and were swamped by a score of 25-0.

Twice the reserves swept up the field in the opening quarter only to be stopped inside the five-yard line. The Cougar offense was helpless before the hard-charging reserves' forward wall. The Cougars were very unfortunate as not once did they have a chance to open their offense. The reserves piled up 17 first downs to the Cougars' three.

Helped with a 15-yard penalty and a pass, Walker to Ruff, put the ball on the Cougars' one-yard line as the third quarter ended after three unsuccessful attempts were killed at the line of scrimmage. Dick Richards, piling driving fullback, dove over the line for the touchdown. Speer missed the try for point.

Several minutes later Richards scampered around left end for 30 yards and touchdown. His drop-kick for point was wide.

The Cougars, still fighting hard, quit their defensive tactics and opened up their air attack. Walker intercepted one of Bertrand's heaves and running behind perfect interference for 35 yards scored the third touchdown. Walker passed to Irwin for point.

The Cougars played a bang-up defensive game until McKibben, stellar halfback, went out with injuries. Barziza, Jones, and Maresek were outstanding for the locals.

Sam Houston	Position	Ho. Junior
Lowe	Left End	Warden
Hall	Left Tackle	Maresek
Allen	Left Guard	Barziza
Pittman	Center	Hensch
Ager	Right Guard	Jones
Edwards	Right Tackle	Kalmans
Rodgers	Right End	Matthews
Speer	Quarterback	Nesmith
Walker	Left Half	Bertrand
J. Hall	Right Half	Cox
Richards	Fullback	McKibben

Substitutes—Sam Houston: Ruff, Lowe, Clayton, Thompson, Middleton, Hodges, Sowers, Malone, Morris, Weatherby, Irvin, Rhoades, Bell, Bennett, Grathouse; Houston Junior College: Stoddard, Close, Foster, Lowe, Rhodes, Winfree, Whitehead, Speer.

Referee, Graham (Ames.); umpire, Little (A. and M.); field judge, Camp (Sam Houston); headlineman, Hardy (Sam Houston).

SAFETY FIRST

Bill Jeter: I'm a different man since I met that girl in New York. Maurine Edminister: How's that?

Bill Jeter: I gave her the wrong name and address.

Sport Sidelights

It is football time and there is a band of huskies that works out every night under the lights of San Jacinto field in an attempt to build a team that will carry the Blue and White of the Junior College through a successful season.

Thus far the Cougar team has not shown up as well as was expected but after consideration has been made of the difficulties and hardships under which Coach French and his charges perform, it is found that the team has worked miracles.

Practice begins after classes are over every school night and lasts until midnight or later. This is an obstacle to the players who, almost to a man, work at full-time jobs. In spite of this fact, however, the members of the squad continue to show their love of the game by meeting regularly and taking their lot with a grin.

One of the outstanding players of the team is Donald McKibben who hails from Conroe. "Bone-Crusher" has come to be known as the backbone of the team and his absence from the line-up in Saturday's game will weaken the team considerably.

Heights has made a generous contribution to the team in the personages of Sam Kalmans, "Frog" Barziza, "Platter" Marasek, "Dutch" Jones, Willard Nesmith, and Jimmy Moulden. These six men are certain to see service Saturday and have contributed much to the splendid fight that the team has thus far shown.

Marshall "Vic" Welborn, a former student from Sam Houston, has been out of the game for some time with a dislocated shoulder but will probably be available for service in another week.

Edwin Oshe has also been a victim of injuries and will be unable to take his place in the line-up for a couple of weeks.

Bill Cox takes his football seriously and has developed into a hard-hitting fullback who knows how to get an extra yard when needed.

Jimmie Moulden was converted from a star trackman at Reagan High into a splendid end who shares the wing positions with Warden and Matthews, the two lettermen.

Jim Bertrand is the most adept member of the team at running the halfback position as it should be run in those powerful smashes at the tackles that resolve into cut-backs through the secondary defense.

Clifford Whitehead is perhaps the smallest man on the team but he is also one of the hardest tacklers on the squad. His famous tackle in the Temple game that laid out a big six-footer will go down in the annals of the school as a deed of valor.

The team is blessed with a great kid who is doing his college football career a la Grange. Tom Studdert is working for the Port City Ice Company in the wee small hours of the morning when all of the rest of the team is working hard at getting a few more snoozes out of a perfectly good pillow.

Tom is one of the hardest working men on the team and is the best liked as well. In the first football game that he ever played, Tom stood the Baylor Cubs on their ears at Waco in the opening game of the season.

Jack Sikes is a relative of the famous All-American end, "Siki" Sikes, who starred at A. and M. a few years ago. Jack plays center and is a bang-up defensive man whose size is a great asset.

Samuel "Percentage" Kalmans mans one of the guard positions and does the job in great style. Sam has improved over his style of last year a great deal and has proved to be one of the most consistent players on the squad.

The game Saturday should show the Cougars at their top-speed and give the Junior College something to talk about in the way of football victories.

FOOTBALL

When you've seconds to play and its two yards to goal,
And you're aching to win in the depths of your soul,
Then the quarterback calls for the plunge through the line;
A cramp grips your muscles, the sweat makes you blind—
But you grit your teeth hard, hunch your shoulders and strain,
And you thrill through and through with the love of the game.

It's the red-blooded call of it sets you afire,
The rending and tearing and foaming desire;
The spirits of vikings the seas cast ashore
Are revived in the hearts of young manhood once more.
For whether the struggle is heavy or light,
The gridiron has taught them to put up a fight.

FOOTBALL TEAM IS HONORED AT PARTY GIVEN BY STUDENT

Games and Dancing Offered at Delightful Party at Home of Nora Louise Calhoun.

Members of the Junior College football squad were honored with a party and dance, Tuesday night, at the home of Nora Louise Calhoun.

School colors of blue and white featured in the decorations, supplemented by silver stars hung about the rooms.

For those who did not care to dance, games offered diversion for the evening.

Hostesses for the affair were: Misses Nora Louise Calhoun, Margaret Boyett, Celia and Dorothy Lasky, Nelwyn Turner, Genevieve Weldon, Cecile Taylor, Irene Kelly, Margaret Mungar, Virginia Williams, Mozelle McReynolds, Marian Banta, Lucille Calcalas, Hazel Taylor, Allyn Allen, Llewellyn Ross, Menalee Garrett, Opal Beane, Eleanor Stanfield. The guest list included in addition to the entire squad, Si Shaw, Howard Graham, Mr. Miner, Mr. Dupre, Mrs. Bender, Miss Thomason, Mr. Harris, and Miss Mackey.

An Indian Adagio number was given by little Miss Esta Lasky and Barney Jones, pupils of the Lillian McCordell School of Dancing.

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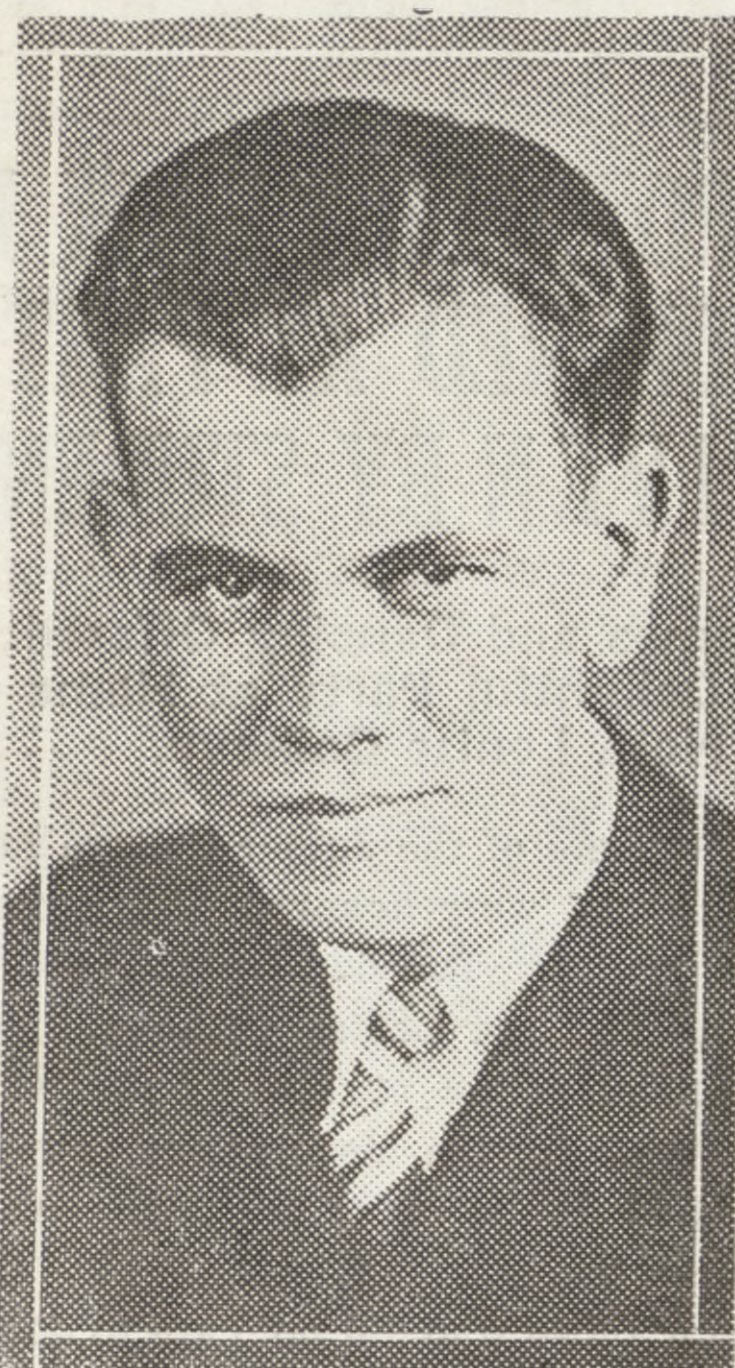
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ROBERT W. McCULLOUGH



PRESIDENT OF SOPHOMORE CLASS

The sophomores have chosen as their president, Robert W. McCullough, who has proved his ability as a social leader as president of the freshman class of 1929-30. "Bobby" graduated from Sam Houston Senior High School.

COUGAR RAZZ

(Continued from page 2)

purpose. He says, "In order to form a more harmonious body we must practice 'huddling'."

An athletic young co-ed with boyish bob and fascinating smile—that's FAY GENE LAURENCE.

Oh, girls! PETE GARRISON says, "March is women's month,—windy."

A Centralite,—and apparently proud of it—is MAURINE KEACH destined for bigger things. We have 200 pounders here, too!

Studious (with apologies to R'p-ley) is TEB WARDEN, matriculating at the Houston Law school (adv.), carrying courses at the Houston Junior college, working (?), and at the same time holding down end on that superb team of our "Alma Mammy."

Jubilant and enthusiastic over Junior college are RENA MAI BUTLER, GLADYS KUYKENDALL, ALLYNE ALLEN—all still healthy despite the late hours.

Oh, Boy! Who's that adorable kid coming down the stairs now? Why ADELE DRENKLE, of course. Beautiful, but not dumb.

MARY GEORGE HARRIS, is glad she didn't go to Rice since she has met—Jun'or college—(Ha, fooled ya again).

Several Rice studes seem to prefer H. J. C., for instance—"LEFTY" MORRIS. "Lefty" was vice president of our freshman class and co-captain of our football team last year. Maybe its not H. J. C. that he prefers, probably just—our blondes.

BENTON POWELL—"IT" runs in the family.

Petite LLEWELLYN ROSS seems to be a magnet for Rice frosh,—judging from appearances.

SCHOLARSHIP—

(Continued from page 1)

set the scholarship as their goal, and strive to win it.

To open the assembly, Willard Nesmith sang several popular numbers, which were well received by the students. Announcements were made by Mr. Dupree, Coach French and Hazel Taylor, president of the girls pep squad, and the meeting was adjourned. This assembly was adjudged to have been the most interesting of any held this year.

SOUR SUBJECT

Mr. Birney: How about the freshman ball story?
Student: Oh, I managed to squeeze it out of Mr. Lemmon!

::: POETS' NOOK :::

With the season at hand when the pigskin heroes are biting the dust of the gridirons throughout the country and since our own team is meeting the rush of oncoming battles this bit of verse catches and holds our interest.

This column is devoted to poems composed by students of H. J. C. All interested college students are requested to submit their compositions to the COUGAR for future publication.

HALLOWE'EN

There's mischief in the air!
All of Satan's hosts
Have made of it their lair,
And filled the world with ghosts.

There's mystery astir!
Spirits of dead leaves
All float down in a blur
From solemn ghosts of trees.

There's Hallowe'en anon!
Frightened children hark
To witches riding on
Their brooms out in the dark.

There's spooky fun ahead!
Owls out in the night
Fill all with silent dread,
Fill all with quaking fright.

—Kenneth Phillips.

Very much in keeping with the season, Kenneth, and you are quite "up and coming" as a poet. Someday we'll be saying "I knew him when—"

SING A SONG OF COLLEGE LIFE
Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic—
Oh! how the "profs" try to teach us.
Surely, fellows, we shouldn't kick
When the grades we get don't suit us.

Just think of the time it takes them
To give us the proper dope,
We ought to try and think hard when
We're close to the end of the rope.

Gee! these "profs" are regular fellows,
They're willing to help any time,
They'll put you up there, fellows,
Right at the head of the line.

If you really want to be someone,
Someone that's really worthwhile,
Then buck up, don't think you've won
At the end of the very first mile.

Let's fight for the name of our college,
Stand by our amiable "profs,"
"Thanks" for a chance at more knowledge,
Back up the "Fish" and the "Sophs."

—Opal Beane.

Great work, Opal,—a very inspirational bit of verse. Optimism is always acceptable.

Verna German, an ex-H. J. C. student submits the following poem to the COUGAR. Miss German is now studying in Greenwich Village of New York City. We are very proud that she could contribute to the COUGAR.

QUIETUDE

Alone,
Weary and worn,
On a hilltop.
Whispering winds;
Murmuring pines;
Beauty of earth,—
Silence of soul,—
Peace.

—Verna German.

ILLUSION

I always thought of Love
As of a lace valentine.
Something made of pink and white
rosebuds,
Lavender-edged ribbons,
And crisp paper frills.

Then you came
With eager, searching hands,
You tore away the fanciful lace trimmings,
The colored bits of toys and ribbons;
And left revealed
Beneath the tattered fragments

A naked heart
As red as blood is red.

—Dorothy McGraw.

SCRAPS

From Here and There

All of us are in the gutter,
but some of us are looking at
the stars.—Oscar Wilde.

"In love" is a wide term now-
adays and covers a multitude
of poor and passing emotions.

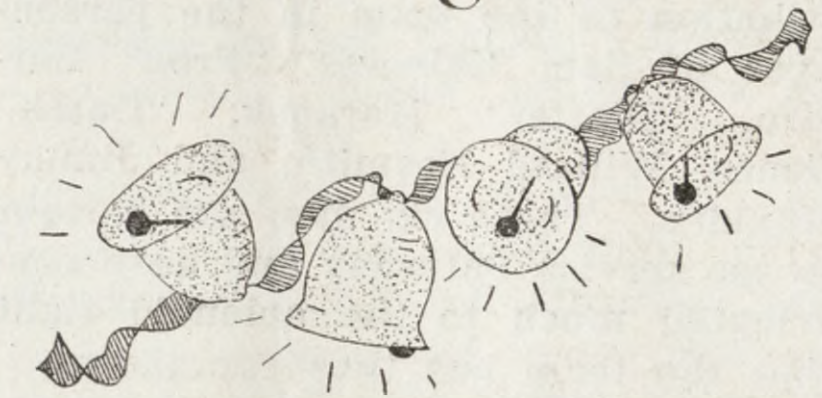
When nations are too deeply
in wrong to argue, they call on
God and go to war. When
women are too deeply in the
wrong to argue, they sit and
grin.—M. Arlen.

She was the sort of woman
who could not look at an arch-
angel without winking and mak-
ing h'm feel self-conscious.—A.
Abdullah.

The world is a great mart
where all things are for sale to
him who bids the highest in the
currency of our desires.—H. R.
Haggard.

"Such a sweet girl" implies a
girl without adenoids and large
front teeth—and with only a few
blemishes to her complexion.

Wedding Bells



WEDDING BELLS ring out again!
Congratulations and friendly greet-
ings are the order of the day when
these bells toll their message to
COUGAR readers.

PHILLIPS-NELSON

Miss Sarah Phillips, former Junior College student, was married to John Nielsen of Pocatello, Idaho, at her home, October 20, at 8 p.m.

Mr. Nielsen traveled by automobile to Houston to claim Miss Phillips as his bride. He is a metal worker in the railroad shops at Pocatello, where the couple will make their home. They left Houston early in the morning of the 21st.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. C. Phillips, uncle of the bride, at their residence at 235 West 22nd Avenue. Only the relatives of the bride were present. Miss Phillips attended Junior College the second semester of the 1929-30 school year.

BIGGS-FERGUSON

Miss Beatrice Biggs, who attended Junior College in 1928, was married October 18 to Mr. John Ferguson at the home of the bride in Humble. Mr. Ferguson is connected with the Texas Oil Company at Humble, Texas.



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IN THE BEST of HUMOR

HE BELIEVES IN SIGNS

Margaret Mounger: What would you do if I should cry?
Bill Seaman: Hang out a sign, "Wet paint."

USEFUL FRED

Hulda Alexander: Gee, Fred, that candy in the window sure makes my mouth water.

Fred Aebi: Well, darling, here's a blotter.

—Dallas Sunset High Stampede.

LAST RESORT

Reporter Wood: Do you believe in clubs for women?

Warren Lemmon: Yes, Harold, if kindness fails.

HEAR YE!

Marasek: Lucille seems like a good sensible girl.

Barziza: Uh, huh, she wouldn't pay any attention to me either.

HAPPY THOUGHT

Lawrence Lennie: There's something in the world besides money.

LaFleur Smith: Yes, there's the poorhouse.

ROOMMATE'S RIGHTS

L. Godard: Say, what's the huge idea of wearing my raincoat?

H. Sommers: Well, I got your suit on and I didn't want to get it wet.

It's all right for a woman to want to hold on to her youth, but not while he's driving.

THE DUMB BELL

Charles Woods: Look and see how much gas we've got, will you?"

Lamour Dattner: It points to 1/2, but I don't know whether it means half full or half empty."

—Texas Utility News.

BEYOND WORDS

Doctor: Are you feeling very ill? Let me see your tongue, please.

Charles Warren: Its' no use, doctor; no tongue can tell how bad I feel.

—Boy's Companion.

GOOFY

"Soapy" McGinty: Did you hear

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