

## Pen Points

New students, this Cougar is dedicated to you! The entire Cougar staff has worked diligently in an effort to make this paper of interest to you. We hope you'll enjoy reading every word of it—from the front page to the sports.

By reading the Cougar it is our aim for you to become better acquainted with the student activities and to make this college your college.

The old students are proud of this school and they want you to be. They wish that you co-operate with us and enter into all student activities. There's a special place in every organization in our institution for you and we are asking you to join in our activities. The sooner you get the good ol' H. J. C. spirit the happier your school days will be.

One of the outstanding events of the season has been the remarkable record of the H. J. C. girls' basketball team. This sport has become one of the most prominent in our college and is headed for bigger and better things. To win eight games out of ten is a record—and something to think about.

You may not play basketball, but you should certainly be interested enough to go see the games and root for your team.

While giving bouquets, let's compliment Avis Parks and Doris McVickers for their splendid performance in the basketball games, also Mary Lou Gaines, Cisco Kellogg, Ruth Sparks, Jill Jenkins and LaVerne Ferguson.

We've mentioned the boys' glee club before. After their remarkable performance in assembly recently we are even prouder of them. They are giving our school one of the essentials that it needs along cultural lines, music.

Education is of no avail unless applied.

And it is certainly being applied by Cortis Lawrence, who is enrolled as a journalism student in our college. Miss Lawrence has been named editor of the "Shell Shock", special paper edited for Shell Refinery employees. The paper is well edited and is something new in the way of special papers which many companies edit, as it has withdrawn from the usual line of obvious advertising and is both newsworthy and interesting. Much credit goes to Miss Lawrence—she is a student to be proud of.

The students' association dance is over. According to financial reports—it wasn't very successful, but it was obvious that the many couples enjoyed the affair. We profit by our mistakes. Probably in the future more interest among the student body as a whole can be aroused.

Many students, prominent in our school activities, failed the student association by not attending the dance. Maybe they had good reasons for disappointing us, but if every student unable to attend had sold at least one bid—our association wouldn't be worrying about the debt created, but would have been able to give our association the money so badly needed for the loan fund.

Spring is in the air and with the spring comes many thoughts of social events the school will enter into this year.

One thing we should begin looking forward to is the annual Junior College reception for senior high students of Houston. According to the five senior high principals over the city there will be one of the largest graduating classes ever brought together at one time and the annual reception this year should be a success.

Another thought concerns the col-

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FROSH RECEPTION IS  
ON SCHEDULE FOR  
FRIDAY NITE

Special privileges granted for the first time allow activity ticket-holders and ex-students to attend the freshman reception next Friday night in the gym. Ted Clifford's orchestra will begin playing for dancing shortly after 9:30; intermissions will be filled by special entertainment.

Planned to acquaint new and old students, this dance is usually limited to members of Junior College. At this time, ex-students must get special permits from Mrs. Bender before the dance, but surprisingly there are no other restrictions. The entertainment at intermissions will probably be furnished by several heated battles between ambitious pugilists.

As this is the second freshman reception of this Junior College term, no class distinctions between host and guest will be made. At the first freshman reception of the term the cry was "garlic for the freshman"; now the cry is changed to "frolic for the freshman". The usual transportation committee arrangements will be announced sometime this week by Jimmie Brinkley who has charge of arrangements for the dance.

Varied entertainment is offered by the contrasts of Ted Clifford's smooth, sophisticated type of music, added to by the alto voice of Madora Leach, and the fiery, ferocious actions of the boxers. By startling innovations such as this, committee members expect to make the reception a resounding success.

Both the activity tickets of students and the special permits issued by Mrs. Bender will be good for two people. President Jimmie Brinkley hopes to get the whole college out for this big dance, as admittance costs nothing, and transportation is assured. The orchestra which has already proven its ability at the freshman prom and the student association dance has been chosen.

## BOYS' CLUB OFFICIALS



Officers of the Guild Savant are pictured below. They are, seated, left to right: Pat Foley, sergeant-at-arms; Le Roy Melcher, treasurer. Standing, left to right: Orlo McGeath, vice-president; Bud Steeger, president, and James Julian, secretary.

—Courtesy Houston Post

H.J.C. SPEAKERS CLUB  
ELECTS OFFICERS

The Speaking Club of the Houston Junior College held its first meeting of the new term last Friday. Armond Castevens was elected president during the session.

He will be assisted by James Coulson, vice-president; Dorothy Tezmal, secretary and treasurer; and Ed Smartt, sergeant-at-arms.

The club is to hold regular meetings every other Friday, and at the next meeting a parliamentarian and a program committee will be elected.

Prof. Harvey W. Harris is the sponsor of the Speakers' Club.

BOYS' CLUB NAMED  
GUILD SAVANT

Junior College's newest men's organization, the Guild Savant, will have a similar purpose as the Cougar Collegians; that purpose being to promote interest in the student body and its activities.

Officers have already been elected for the following year. The newly-elected officers are as follows: Bud Steeger, president; Orlo McGeath, vice-president; James Julian, secretary; Le Roy Melcher, treasurer; and Pat Foley, sergeant-at-arms.

All members of the organization

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GIRLS' PEP SQUAD  
WILL ENTERTAIN  
BOY BOOSTERS

New members who have joined the Cougar Collegian Club for the spring term, will be honored by a morning bridge-luncheon to be given at the Harris Cream Top Dairy, Friday, February 17.

Guests may play bridge from 10 until 12, when luncheon will be served.

Every member of the club is urged to bring as their guest a friend, whether this friend is a student at Junior College or not.

All members of the Guild Savant, the boys' booster club, are invited as honor guests.

At a recent meeting new officers were elected for the spring term. The newly-elected officers are Lucille Black, president; Betty Starley, vice-president; and Laverne Lathrop, treasurer.

These new officers were elected to succeed the retiring president, Nora Louise Calhoun; the treasurer, Frances Nesmith; and the secretary, Florence Borofsky.

FIGHTING COUGARS  
FAIL TO FIGHT AT  
ICE RINK

Junior College's ice hockey team had a most unusual record for the past season. A recapitulation shows that the Cougar puck-pushers lost no games, won none, and played the same number. In other words the team did not see action from the actual competitive standpoint.

This was, no doubt, due to the unexpected early closing of the rink; and to the fact that none of the league teams showed any desire to book games with the Junior College icers.

The team was handicapped by not having a galaxy of veteran skaters, but as the season grew older the Cougars rounded in to shape as to be able to put up a good fight against any of the league teams.

Team members have expressed the desire that Jack Potter be thanked for his much-needed assistance as coach, and that Mr. Eckhardt, rink manager, be notified of the team's appreciation of his cooperation.

Last season's lineup follows:

Billy Fitzgerald, left wing (captain); Tom Crawford, left wing; Harry Flavin, center; Ed Cadena, right wing; Eddie Chernosky, right wing (manager); Mayo Albert, left defense; Jesse Darling, right defense; Starks Green, goalie; Charles Miller, spare; and Harry Gray, spare.

L. B. Fields To Address  
H.J. C. Men's Faculty Club

L. B. Fields, Houston Junior College instructor of engineering drawing, will address the Faculty Club Wednesday, February 22, when he will discuss that subject. The program for the club is to study the aims of college teaching, and how to obtain them. Each member will discuss the particular aims and methods of his field.

Although most of the plans for the coming term are indefinite, Mr. Rees, president of the club, stated that he expects the club to be prominent in the affairs of the school.

Officers of the Faculty Club are: Mr. Rees, president; Mr. Bishkin, vice-president; Mr. Kerbow, secretary; and Mr. Henderson, chairman of the steering committee.

## MORE DIARY

BY JAMES JULIAN

With tears in his eyes and a lump in his throat.

Feb. 1.

Well, here I am back at school after the holladays. I went home for a few days and then went up to Kenton to while away some time. Kenton is near Mary Coston lives that is kinda the resun I went up there. Her brother who I do not know sent me a letter telling me that they were going to have a wide open house and invited me to come to it. Mama said Mary reely was inviting me but she just had her bro. do it to be in with convention.

So I hid up to Kenton. And does Mary live in a beautiful house. It has at least a couple of dozen rooms and a doz. baths to go with them. Mary met me at the train in a great big limbozine with a showfur and everything. We drove a long ways over the hills and when we got up to her place she started presentin me to all the guests.

She told them that I was a real good football player and stuff like that. I kinda blushed and got red in the face. She staid with me the whole time I was there. I reckon what she told was true but you know a man don't like to have folks braggin about him all the time.

One fellow asked me to have something to drink and I told him I would rather have something to eat. When he insisted that I drink with him I told him I didn't drink. Not even beer he says. Well, root beer, I answered. So he told the butler, who is a fellow

who wares a monkey suit and answers the door bell, to bring me something which I never heard of. I started drinking it when the butler gave it to me. This don't taste like root beer, I said. So he said it's beer without the root. Then he luffed. Then I asked him what it had in it. Hoppers he said so I drank it. After drinking two more I felt just like I did the day I slipped off behind the barn and smoked a cigar. It just made me feel kinda dizzy.

That night I started to bed, Mary's bro. sent his valley (a valley is a feller who helps you dress and undress) in to see if everything was Jake with me. I told him yes and got in bed. He came back after leaving with some pugmamas and tole me to put them on. No I said. I have been sleeping in a night shirt for twenty-one years and I reckon one is still good enough. He started in saying how cumtable I might be and every other word was Sir. I kinda liked him since he was the only person who had ever said sir to me.

Feb. 8.  
So much has been happening lately that I sure have been busy. In fact I ain't even had time to write about it in this diary. I been studying hard and everything but I got in trouble in my Economics class. The prof (which is short for professor) was talking about how much money is wasted in the U. S. every year. Then he said

for example the average woman spends \$50 a yr. for corsets. What a waste I said, meaning in money, but he must have thought I meant some other thing because he ast me to leve the room.

Feb. 10.

Mary and I went to a show last night and saw Marlina Digaditch. She is that germ man lady who wares men's pants. Thare aint nothing left for men to do that women aint already done. The lady folks have cut there hare short like men; they smoke like men; they ware pants that look like men, and lots of other things. About the only thing that man has got left is a husky voice and a beard. And I betcha it gets to be a stile for lady folks to go around putting hare-restorer on there faces to grow beards just like men.

This Marlina woman sure is a beautiful lady though. While I was sittin in the show (and even next to Mary) I got to feeling kinda funny inside. And the more I looked at this Marlina woman the funnier I felt. I felt a kinda slow suffericating feeling with lumps in my throat. Marlina does that to a man.

The comedy at the show was funny. It was about a guy named Roscoe Ants who stutters. I sure would like to hear him try to say "crisethemanthemums" which is the name of a flower. It was so funny that I luffed real loud and

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## THE COUGAR



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## Why Not?

It was really encouraging to hear a group of students discussing the annual sophomore prom to be given soon and stating their desires that it be a barn dance. But what can a few boys do if the whole class will not stand behind their suggestions and make some of their own?

If we stand aside and do nothing, the ball will be a plain, cut and dried semi-formal affair, which is the only kind of dance we have ever had. What is the matter with everybody?

Sophs attend meetings only to hear someone get up and say that a semi-formal dance is the only kind we can have, and the matter is dropped. Many have expressed their desire for a barn dance. Not a costume or any kind of elaborate or ridiculous exhibitions, but one where all the boys wear corduroy trousers with slip-over sweaters and the girls wear sport outfits or gingham dresses with hair ribbons to match.

If we are to be a college, let's be collegiate and get out of the habit of ordering plain vanilla. We go to a dance to have fun, not to stage a fashion parade, so let's have one real good time. Universities and other colleges do it! Why should we be a stick in the mud? Let's go to the next soph meeting and tell the old boys that we have gone hot-cha, and that we are going to make history with a barn dance and a good time.

## Mud 'N Yer Eye

Jess because they call him Darling thinks he's the sweetheart of H.J.C.

See we lost quite a few friends when the term ended but we also gained a few new ones. But tell me, have you seen anyone who can fill Lou Gaines' shoes?

And what rowdy dowdy couple spends plenty of their time in that big La Salle parked in front of the school?

Fresh from the gutter, Johnny Nicholson will go for anything with a skirt on, and James Coulson, the ravishing redhead, can carry the mail.

What's come over Fax Moody. She's so quiet now you would never know she's around the school. Can it be that she is taking her studies seriously after all these years.

Who's Smart? Any girl that stays away from him is. The brute!

## JACED SQUINTS

And the cold weather brought forth:

Potent scarlet socks on Helen Wood.  
Them thar ridin' boots on Ethel Margaret Falk and Mary Elizabeth Horan.

A "Ripley" by Fred Aebi the fervent fermenter of feminine felicity — you know Frederick Augustus Lieck wears them, but what bothersome who could suspect our FRED of warm winter woolies? (long).

And the new term brought fifth:  
Jenny Waite, fledgling from San Jacinto.

Evelyn Coffey, also fledges, but a re-enters H.J.C. nevertheless.

Both are excellent dancers and stimulating as their names of gin and coffee. (Boy, oh, oh — Boy. They should pay us for advertisements like this.)

"Chop-house Charlie" has low-priced food and a boom blare radio that lures: (Phillips Cafe—to you).  
Virginia Cotten, Wilma Lindsey, Evelyn Coffey, and around one table without males. Why?

Anne Owen (and is Pat Foley rushing her?) Marjorie Wilke, and Katherine Berry with heavy attendance by Sonny Lamar and Charlie Giraud.

I want to see Elmer Hamilton dress up in his modest freshman regalia for this Freshman Reception—just to show new students an authentic "Frosh" appearance.

## PEN POINTS—

(Continued from Page 1)  
lege's most beautiful and most popular girl. Heretofore we have been fortunate in the selection of our girls—and from those seen in our halls to-day—we should be even prouder. There are some fine examples of beauty here among us—well, start looking around and begin thinking about the most beautiful and most popular girl on the campus.

Maybe this can be used as a suggestion:

Choose a girl who is natural, unassuming and a typical college student, some one we can well be proud of this year. Naturally the girl will have to have beauty—however, if she has the above mentioned qualities, she bound to have beauty.

Oscar (Le's rassel) Nolan must be slipping. Looks like he finally met his match.

## Gutter Gossip

A bit of opening philosophy: Cupid hits the mark, yet he Mrs. it!

Paul Nordling: "Don't you think my mustache is becoming?"

It may be coming, Paul, but it hasn't showed up yet.

News item: Girl gets pearl from oyster.

That's nothing, how about that Jr. College co-ed who got a diamond from a fish.

A little scandal: We believe Jack Brown and Janeva Jacobs, biology lab assistants, are in love. This may be news to some of you readers, but notice them sometime and see for yourself.

Virginia Cotten claims it's a woman's privilege to change her mind, but in her case is doubtful whether it would work any better.

Nomination for H. J. C.'s most frisky walker—Hamp Robinson. Incidentally he is studying medicine. "I'm going to be a sort of dry doc," wise-cracks Hamp.

Allan Marshall pre-Law student is already on his first case, XXX (marks do not stand for kisses).

If there had been several students to take the interest that Eddie Chersky did in ice hockey, H.J.C. would have had an unbeatable team. Congratz Eddie!

Twenty thousand years in Sing Sing may seem a long time, but if he lives that long Donald Aitken can write about 10,000 years in H.J.C. It will take him that long to finish.

After seeing Katherine Munger, swanky platinum, the Junior College boys have gone off the gold standard!

Rumor has it that one of our profs is so absent-minded that he addressed his class as "Gentlemen."

Dick: "You look just like a million dollars."

Kitty: "Yes, and I'm just as hard to make!"

The Height of Gall: George Hedrick sitting on the street car attempting flirtation with Mildred Learned who was standing before him!

Mr. Miller: (In history class) Cleopatra is one of the most remarkable figures in history.

Joe Green: (Wisecracking) Is, or had?

Ed (Tarzan) Smartt and Ethel Falk were walking down the hall when they decided that they were cold. So they tried the cover of darkness!

A bit of parting philosophy: Punctuality is the art of guessing how late the other fellow is going to be.

## IN MEMORY

No more will his kind face be seen about the vicinity where he so often frequented, for he is dead. Yes, Old Bill is dead! We bemoan the loss of this aged figure who was never known to speak an unkind word to anyone.

Bill was a tireless worker during his lifetime. He worked from sun-up to sun-down. He was a son of the soil. Bill must have come from that soil in which he worked so faithfully for a lifetime, because little is known about his early life. He served faithfully until the end, and for industrious labor and diligent toil Bill had no peer.

Despite Old Bill's industrious application to work once he got started—he had one grave misgiving—he had to be driven to work. But once at work, Bill was no slacker. In fact he died with the harness on.

No wonder! Old Bill was a plow-horse.

## THE CITY EDITOR

By A. MARKS

The city editor's job on a thriving daily must surely be fraught with many hardships. How else could the brave men who attempt the job become so fearless in one short lifetime?

I know many city eds. I am their good friend. Yet don't feel at home around them. Maybe they have to be that way.

Rushing in upon the eternal racket of a daily newspaper, the gushing reporter has a perfect scoop. His self-confidence and pride is unquenchable and his nerve is unquenchable and unquenchable before any and everything—except his own city ed.

Bursting in that office, with the scoop under his arm, the aforesaid headstrong reporter seats himself unmoved upon the very desk of the king of the office.

"Ed," he bellows, "Shell is moving their offices here. The vice-president let it out to me this morning. . . I think his tongue slipped, but I've got it down verbatim. . ."

"What of it, Joe?" Ed says, not even looking up from the game of checkers. . . The staff photographer jumps two kings. . . Ed ain't in such a good humor.

"Ed, don't you realize the importance of such a move? Don't you see that Houston will soon be the metropolis of the oil industry. . . Don't you see what that transfer means to stocks?"

Ed nonchalantly answers a phone that has been ringing for fully ten minutes and informs the party that "She will probably be in before eleven. . . Then he turns again to his checkers.

Joe sticks the story on the checker board, and Ed looks up at him with fire in his eyes. . . Joe picks up his story, and Ed moves a red king. . . The staff photog lights his pipe.

"Say, Ed," the reporter finally pleads in entirely different tones. "Take this story. . . It'll scoop the two evening papers by a whole day. . . Gimme a break."

"Copy boy!!!!!" Ed shouts, above the din.

The copy boy strides in quickly, and it looks like Joe's story will finally travel the way of all flesh.

"Say, son," Ed bawls to the young kid, "Haven't you bought me that darned Liberty yet? I been waiting for it 15 minutes already."

"They don't have one across the street," the copy boy apologizes seriously.

"Listen you little sonovagun, don't you come back into this office until you bring me a Liberty."

"Yessir. . . and all that time Joe looks on anxiously.

"How about this Shell story, now?" he gets up enough courage to politely inquire.

"Have you read today's Chronicle?" Ed asks.

"Nope," Joe replies, "Been too busy on that scoop."

"Well look on page 15 by the mortuary column kid, I think you'll see the same story with a 10 point head."

And the staff photographer loses another man.

That's just the way it goes.

## BOYS' CLUB—

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must maintain at least a "C" average in scholastic standing, thus insuring an increased interest in school work. Present membership totals 20. Various members will be added until a total of 28 is reached, which is the limit set by the club's constitution.

Pledges accepted into the Guild for initiation at the last meeting are: James Coulson, Harry Gray, Ed Boyle, L. P. Marshall, Malcolm Peck, and John Hill.

## PHARMACY CHARTERED

Almeda Pharmacy, Holman avenue at LaBranch street, was incorporated this week with capital stock of \$10,000. The firm is eight years old.

Incorporators were B. J. Thigpen, George M. Garmany and C. D. Ehrhardt, owners. An election of officers will be held in a few days, Mr. Thigpen said.

## Jinglings of Jill

To Jesse Darling goes the credit of having the loudest mouth at Junior College. This human foghorn can easily be heard from the third story when he is talking modestly on the ground floor.

Speaking of large mouths — the statue of Liberty has an oral groove that is three feet wide. She and Jesse should get together sometime.

"What's the use of looking up the meaning of words," says Billy Gandy. "I can't understand what the dictionary says anyway."

Overheard at a recent dance:  
Donald Aitken: "Will you get off my feet?"

Evelyn Coffey: "How far will I have to walk?"

One of Jr. College's blonde lady-killers ended up in the "hoosegow" last week, and had to call on one of his profs to come bail him out so he could come to class. Better watch those sawdust nickels, Milton!

The above incident may result in various and sundry excuses being offered for absences from class. How does this sound?

"Gee, Mr. Harris, I just couldn't make my English class. You know, after all, a man's first obligations is to his jail."

Several students have expressed the opinion that Le Roy Melcher's picture (which appeared in the Houston Post recently) somewhat resembles Kay Francis. Le Roy disclaims any similarity, but we think he is secretly pleased. Eh, Le Roy?

The cold weather, besides bringing forth its usual quota of red noses, caused Elmer Hamilton to dig up his spats and sport them around the campus. Elmer (accent on first E) has been endeavoring to set up spat-wearing as a precedence around H. J. C.'s campus. The only trouble is that spats look like long underwear gone out of control.

Lesson in Science: Did you ever see a goldfish when it wasn't moving? Try to sneak up on one and catch it asleep sometime!

Further Lessons: Did you ever see Pat Foley when he was moving? Try to sneak up and catch him awake some time.

By the way, goldfish is one word, same as poorfish. Get the resemblances?

And was James Coulson's face red when he had to walk across the stage in assembly the other night! So was his hair!

## SHOW BUSINESS

"Love Me Tonight," co-starring Alice Clare Luckel, pop-eyed, silver tongued beauty, and Hamp Robinson, God's gift to the weaker sex. Hamp dishes out love in large quantities, and Alice Clare shows how she can take it. The theme of this musical comedy concerns this young couple, who accidentally meet when two airplanes crash. The main love scene takes place while the planes are crashing to the ground. When the planes come to earth, they land upside down, and Hamp bursts into the theme song—"Wasn't It Romantic."

"Horse Feathers", Harpo, Donald Aitken; Groucher, Pat Foley; Chico, Leroy Melcher; and Zeppo, Fred Aebi. This picture is truly the season's biggest hit. Groucho Foley turns in an excellent performance as the father of Fred Aebi, handsome college sheik. The plot is thickened with plenty of drama and pathos. No one gets killed though, and they all live happily ever afterwards.



## Scientific Humor

Teacher: Answer my question.  
Paul Sparks: I shook my head.  
Teacher: Well, I can't hear it rattle from here.

Butcher: Your salary will be \$5 a week. Can you dress a chicken?  
"Spats" Hamilton: Not on \$5 a week.

Ben Young: Every one of my grades were made honestly.  
John Lamb: By whom?

Bob Stallings: Say, I know a guy who swallows words.  
Frances Nesmith: That's nothing. I know a guy who inhales Camels.

Red Coulson: What would you do if a man called you a fool?  
Ed Smarrt: What size man?

Paul Gilliam: Do you still play with blocks?  
Paul Nordling: No, not any more.  
P. Gilliam: Then quit scratching your head.

Le Roy Melcher: "Our history prof talks to himself. Does yours?"  
George Stephenson: "Yes, but he doesn't realize it—he thinks we're listening."

"When is a man drunk?" asks a board of fifteen London physicians. The question has reminded the director of an anecdote: A jovial, rotund German was sitting with his son at a table in a beer garden. "Fadder," said the latter, "how can von tell ven von is drunk?"

"Vell, mine sohn," replied the father, "you see dose two men over dere? Ven dose two men look like four, den ve are drunk."  
"But, fader," said the boy, "dere is only von man over dere."

Starks Green: What is a pole cat?  
Jimmie Oliver: A pole cat is a cat that should be killed with a pole, the longer the pole the better.

Shorty Holt: What does the story of Jonah and the whale teach?  
Harry Gray: You can't keep a good man down.

Al Butler: Did you hear about the Scotchman who put a dime in the box for seven cent care fare.  
Johnny Nicholson: No.  
Al B: You never will.

Visitor: How do you like school?  
Joe Patterson: Closed.

Fred Aebi: What is an example of one's empty title?  
Wilma Lindsay: The head of the house.

Mr. Dupre: Why don't you tell your wife who is head of the house?  
Mr. Bishkin: She knows.

Minnie Topek: Did you ever see a moth ball?  
Elizabeth King: No, I can't bear to see the little things cry.

Renfro: How can I leave you, dear?  
Lou Gaines: Plane, train, taxi or just walk fast.

Jules Delambre: Two dozen of these apples are rotten. I'm bringing them back.

Clerk: Oh, that wasn't necessary. Your word is as good as the apples.

Warren Lemmon: If I were you, I'd have more sense.  
Marian Robinson: Of course you would.

Lil Schwartz: Do you believe in women in public affairs?  
Blanche Dekel: If you want them public.

Milton Gregory: Why is the bell ringing?

L. P. Marshall: I'm pulling the rope.

Mrs. Birney: Make a sentence using miniature.

Mr. Birney: The miniature asleep you start snoring.



## Our College Cutie Says

My very dear Freshmen:  
You have entered Houston Junior College. What for, I do not know. Anyway, let me offer my best wishes for every success and the suggestion that you turn over four of five pages and get on with your reading.  
The main thing about Jr. College, dear Freshmen, is that you won't find your new teachers (professors to you) on your neck. You'll have to get on your own necks, and for your own comfort you'd better. Take your freshmen classes serious, and your sophomore classes will be just a breeze. At least they'll be less like trying to pick up confetti with boxing gloves.

One thing more, go out for something—even if you have to forget what I just said about your freshmen classes. Go out for the glee club, (wipe off your chin, Grandpop) or try to rate the "Boy's Club," or "The Collegians," get yourself extra—curricularly active. Only in that way will Junior College mean anything to you, or you anything to it.

Here they come, strike up the band! A parade of youth, beauty, glamour, and charm—the Cougarettes of 1933. Cute, cuddly little Mary Bradley Anderson.

Exotic, lithe, sophisticated Wilma Lindsey.

Mary Stephenson, best described as "striking in appearance."

Fairfax Moody, as modern as a Jazz Symphony, and as dizzy as an egg-beater.

Virginia Cotton, a gay, tireless creature with more vitality than the dynamo in the Gulf building.

Nelda Smith, who knows she's good and isn't surprised when others learn it.

Sissy O'Neal, who looks like a Paris model in the simplest dress. And the alluring and seductive John Hill.

This just goes to show you that you can get what you want at Junior College (if you don't want too much). We're having better assemblies of late, and better order.

Is that a football team over there?

It does seem such a muddle. Oh, pardon me, I'm wrong again, It's just a frat huddle.

If Junior College had a perfect male he would be good-looking like Hamp Robinson, have personality like Red Coulson, cars like Chili Spencer's, dance like Fulton Renfro; be sweet like Fred Aebi; versatile like Vernon Scott; have a physique like Richard Long; be accommodating like Le Roy Melcher; athletic like George Hedrick; dress like Harold Renfro; a home on the bay like Joe Patterson's; play tennis like Bud Steeger; a friendly like Jimmie Brinkley; collegiate like Rip Harrison; and intelligent like Israel Rabinowitz.

Those persons wishing to take lessons on "How to be Glamorous" apply to Virginia Cotton.

Quote, it's all in the secret of the eyebrow, unquote, says Miss Cotton.

She was very plump and bulgy in all the wrong places, when Mildred Learned saw her coming.  
"O—oh," she cried, "a balloon smug-gler."

My personal vote for the cutest

## MANY NEW STUDENTS FIND WELCOME AT H.J.C.

Oh, I'll be well, well, well, here is a new term again at dear ole J. C., and do we have new students from here and there. We have a young married couple and they are taking the same courses, they are Mr. and Mrs. Copeland. Mrs. Copeland has an airplane license and is the youngest woman to have done a solo flight.

Here comes the students from San Jacinto first, that tall dissipated blonde Libbye Lewis studying to get all the education she can get—oh what a woman. Burt Johnson studying to become a petroleum engineer. Jen E. Waite, studying to become a Physical Education instructor. Have you met that nice looking boy, Buddy Norton. Katherine Munger, graduate of 1932 going to college to get an education. She's a pretty blond, boys. We also have two sisters, Charlise and Roberta Starks.

Oh this could go on, and on, and on, writing about new students. Other new students going here are Joe Perkins Yates, studying to become an engineer. Virginia Laxarus of Harlandale. Marvin Davis, graduate of 1928 studying art, Ava Dee Jackson, pretty girl, from Abilene, Texas. William McCarthy graduate of San Jacinto, tall, blue eyes, blonde, and nice looking (I'd like to meet him).

New students, do not feel slighted if I have not mentioned your name. It will take some time to get acquainted and these are the only students I know of, and have become acquainted with them.

Well, I hope I haven't gored you with this column, and if it doesn't suit you, just forget it.

MORE DIARY—  
(Continued from Page 1)

fell out of the seat twice. Mary told me not to laff so loud that I would embarrass her so I started biting my lip to keep from 'em—from doing that to her. But the funnier I got the harder I bit until my mouth was bleeding. I took Mary home and then went back to see Roscoe Ants agin. I staid and saw it two times thru.  
Feb. 15.

Well this brings the old dirty rt. down to date. I went to see Mary last night and we talked and talked. I sure was sleepy and had a hard time keeping awake. That's the trouble with me. Every time I go to see a girl I almost go to sleep. And I'm afraid if I go to sleep that they will get mad. Last week when I had a boil on my neck I went to "Dr. Cox, Skin Specialist," and today when I got the bill I knew he sure was.

Editor's Note: More tripe like this will be run in the Cougar when we have something else to fill space.

couple in school is Hamp and Woosy.

Alice Claire Luckel is making a big, gorgeous noise with the college Romeoos.

Fred Aebi phoned today from Goose Creek—didn't have much to say, but it seems that his company allots him 50 long distance calls a month, and being that the month is well on its way and he hadn't taken advantage of the situation, Fred motored to Goose Creek to call up a few of his Houston friends.

Fred has a swell voice—wish Mr. Birney would do something about his.

Kitty is now free-lancing.

Her free-lancing activities have already caused some poor fool to run his fist thru a perfectly good Ford window the other night just to be near her.

Noticed that John Hill and Nell Wade were having quite an interesting rendezvous in a certain green La Salle last week.

"There wasn't a thing wrong," Nell said sadly, when interviewed today. Oh—John!



The Red-Eye Detective agency continues its report of investigations among the H. J. C. faculty.

Dear Chief:

Last week we interviewed 4 instructors, with the following results:

Mr. Miller, when asked how many men were killed in the Civil war, said 1,127,103, and subsequent investigation proved him to be correct. He was also asked what day of the week it was—he said Friday, but it was really Tuesday. We don't understand what is the matter with him. Did you know he swings his grading pencil from the south side? Incidentally, there have been only 5 southpaw history teachers in the United States since 1776. Something should be done about this, as most of his students are getting banjo-eyed from watching him talk with his hands.

Mister French, Esq., is the government coach and basketball instructor at this notorious college. He can do the hundred yard dash in nine second flat—according to the school stop-watch. He is also an expert with a gun. He told us, but didn't offer proof, of how he once shot a hummingbird through the eye, at 900 yards, with a Benjamin air rifle. He took the skin of this bird, dyed it gray, and started wearing it to keep his ankles warm. If anyone sees him wearing something around the tops of his shoes, they will know he told the truth.

Mr. Rees is the instructor of mathematics—or something. His ability to fathom the intricacies of calculus is almost uncanny. He can give you the fourth root of any number in a flash, and can prove that a circle is triangular if given enough time. In only one respect did he fail to answer the questions we asked him. "Mr. Rees," we said, "how much is 4 and 3", and his answer was "9". Maybe we're wrong.

Mr. Bishkin, chemistry instructor, didn't have much to say. He did tell us that he had learned his lesson, though. In one college where he was drawing his pay, he started teaching the students something useful—the president found out about it, and fired him. Now, as we stated above, he teaches chemistry.

This concludes our report for this week.

Yours very truly,  
DICK TRACY, President.  
The Wickersham Committee.

VALE!  
EX-COUGARS

We are sorry to hear that so many of our students have left us, but whatever they are doing we wish them all the luck in the world.

Virginia Wiseman, after a slight illness has not returned to school, or is it because she has broken up with Van Viebig, athlete at Texas University. Reagan's most beautiful girl in 1932, Francine Ferguson has left us, too. Francine says she's going down town every day and have lots of fun. Marshall Shively has gotten a position with the State Life Insurance Company. Ruth Depperman is staying home and working jigsaw puzzles. Louis Stewart is now attending Texas University. He has with him a 1933 Chevrolet, we hope that will not keep him from his studies. Draughton's Business School has gained one of our students—Ellen Stewart. How do you like it Ellen?

Emily Castle is now attending Southwestern where she is studying to become a nurse. Good luck.

Harry Flavin and Katherine Brown have left us, we wonder why? We

## JOKES

## TO THE SCIENTIFIC TRIPLET

Hooker, Bishkin, Schumann—Oh! What a lot we learn from them?

Hooker gives us heart failure While teaching us the cure. Bishkin makes us want to take The H2S we learn to make. Schumann talks the "Laws of Motion" Until we're just a big commotion.

And one and all they preach "Science" Until we groan in sad defiance. Tear our hair and break our bones, Drawl out formulas in dismal tones.

Hooker, Bishkin, Schumann—Oh! What a lot they learn from us?

Crooked Questions and Cross Answers: Mr. Bishkin: Is heat always generated when two bodies in motion come together?

Welton Lee Salm: No, Sir, I hit a guy yesterday and he knocked me cold.

Greta Jackson: Where's the home of the swallow?  
Jackie Busch: In the stomach, of course.

J. Bandera: Have you ever taken chloroform?  
Blanche Dekle: No, who teaches it?

Mr. Schumann: What holds the moon in place?

Richard Macfee: I guess it's the beams.

Mr. Hooker: What did you find out about the salivary glands?  
Bernice Blackshear: I couldn't find out a thing, Prof., they're too darn secretive.

## Into the Bright Lights:

First mosquito: Why are you making such a fuss?  
Second mosquito: Whoopee! I passed the screen test!

Mr. Bishkin: Which is the more effective—ammonia or peroxide?  
Totie "Butterfly" Stettner: It all depends on the blonde!

Mr. Schumann: What is energy?  
William Flanagan: I think I've forgotten.

Mr. Schumann: You don't have to tell me that.

Mr. Rees isn't sure whether math is a science or not . . .  
We admit "Science" is a weak, weak name for Calculus!

Here's a sad farewell to Flanagan, Guardian angel of the Chem. storeroom, He always helped us when all else failed, Brightened our hopes, and lessened our doom.

J. Bandera: Why does Mr. Bishkin always say: "This experiment is not guaranteed?"

Helen Tomlin: That's simple. So we can't get our money back.

Dorothy Golden: I hear that Mr. Swain is about to be married!  
Al Gardner (looking sadly at his Chem. grade): So that's the reason he didn't have a heart!

can't keep track of their love affair now. Ray Woods and Vernon have gone back to the country. How is everything there Vernon. Ovide Boulet has left us—we wonder why?

There are many other students that have left us, and this is merely a way of wishing them all success in whatever they have gone into.



## COUGAR PUCK PUSHERS



Left to right: Ed Cadena, right wing; Harry Gray, spare defense; Eddie Chernosky, right wing; manager; Starks Green, goalie (kneeling); Charles Miller, spare defense; Billy Fitzgerald, left wing; captain; Harry Flavin, center.

Not in picture: Mayo Albert, right defense; Tom Crawford, left wing; Jesse Darling, left defense; Jack Potter, coach.

## HUMOR

Warren Lemmon: "Would you marry a dumb, half-baked, goofy fellow for the sake of his money?"

Marian Robinson: "Oh, Warren, this is so sudden!"

Two is company, and three another story for a confession magazine.

Sign on Melcher's Ford: This car stops for Blondes—slows down for Brunettes, and BACKS UP for Red Heads.

Dear Editor: You know all and see all, do you think King Solomon in all his glory really found happiness? He should have. He had a thousand chances to our one.

Mae Gohlke: "Did that bank failure upset you?"

James Talk: "Sure did; I completely lost my balance."

Stillman Taylor: "I'll never gamble again."

Laurence Bettencourt: "Oh, yes you will."

Stillman Taylor: "What will you bet I won't?"

Florence Kendrick: "Your husband has a new suit."

Mrs. Fred Page: "No, he hasn't."

F. K.: "Well, something's different."

Mrs. F. P.: "Maybe it's my new husband."

Joyce Gillett: "Unless you pay up soon," wrote the black-mailer, "the gang is going to kidnap your wife."

Bill Stiles: "I haven't any money," came the reply, "but I am interested in your proposition."

Grand Eunuch: "Did you hear about the accident the Sultan had this morning?"

Royal Executioner: "No. What happened?"

Grand Eunuch: "He fell over 35 feet."

Royal Executioner: "Gosh! He musta got out on the wrong side of the bed."

Some gulls were following a ferry boat.

An Irishman said: "Nice flock of pigeons."

A tourist insisted: "Those are gulls." "Well," said the Irishman, "gulls or boys, they're a fine flock of pigeons."

To End The Depression: Put all the women in the world on one island, and all the men on another island, miles apart; then, in no time at all, everybody will be busy building boats.

A chorus girl was engaged to marry. Pretty sudden, isn't it?" asked the manager.

"It was in a way," agreed the girl. "I only met him a short while ago, and at first I wasn't sure of my feelings. But the moment I saw his car, I knew I loved him."

Little Bo-Peep Is losing sleep, Running around to dances.

Let her alone, And she'll come home, A victim of circumstances.

He says that he can Stand her turned-up nose— But what gets him Is her turn-down NO'S!

Harry Flavin: "Oh! boy, hot news, hot news!"

L. P. Marshall: "Yeah? A man bite a dog?"

H. F.: "Nope—a bull threw a congressman!"

Mr. Harris: "Now, which one of you can tell me what Marc Anthony said when he called on Cleopatra in her boudoir?" Ben Mason: "He said, 'Oh fair Cleo, I didn't come here tonight to make a speech.'"

FACULTY NOTE The absent-minded professors are assembling tonight for their big annual forget together meeting.

Elizabeth King: "Daddy, Fred asked me to marry him last night, but I told him I couldn't leave mamma." "Oh, that's all right, honey—take her with you."

It's easy enough to get a social secretary—the real problem is to get a secretary social.

Katherine Elliott: "Is Mr. John Smith staying here?"

Nurse: "Say, this is a hospital, not a hotel!"

Mary B.: "Where did you get those big sympathetic eyes?"

"Oh," Hamp replies, "They came with my face."

"So" says Mary Stephenson, "I says to the economic prof. it's my observation that some with the fewest principals draw the most interest."

Fred: "Let's sit this dance out."

Wilma: "I'm tired; let's dance awhile."

She was only a sociologist's daughter but how she knew her juvenile delinquency.

The absent minded professor jumped out of bed in the middle of the night, ran to the head of the stairs and shouted:

"Who's down there in the kitchen?" "Nobody," said the burglar.

"Well that's funny," said the professor, "I could have sworn that I heard a noise."

Mr. Miller: "What happened in 1483?"

Ethel M.: "Luther was born."

"Correct! What happened in 1847?"

E. M.: (After long pause): "Luther was four years old."

Reo King: The more I read the less I know.

Jill Jenkins: You're well read.

## Almeda Pharmacy

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## MAJESTIC

WEEK OF FRIDAY, FEB. 10TH

## "NAGANA"

A Drama of a Wild Woman Amid Furious Jungle Beasts

WEEK OF FRIDAY, FEB. 17th

JOHN BARRYMORE in

## "TOPAZE"

## I AM A FUGITIVE

BY C. W. SKIPPER

The World's Best Known Fugitive.

I am a fugitive from a female chin gang. I have been humiliated. My face has been scratched and my shins lacerated. I have been disgraced. I shall not be taken back alive.

My misfortune began when the boss gave me a half-day off from the office. In my joy in receiving the holiday, I overlooked the fact that my wife was entertaining her bridge club that afternoon.

I walked in the front door beaming. I was at peace with the world. My wife ran up, threw her arms around my neck, gave me a big kiss, then drew away and said, "Oh, so it's YOU! What are you doing home this time of day? You know I'm entertaining this afternoon!"

"But, my dear," I replied, "I assure you that I won't be in the way. I'll stay in my room and sleep."

"You'll do nothing of the sort! You can start in by freezing the ice cream, then you can bring a dozen chairs from Mrs. Wigglebottom's. After that, there are groceries to be brought from the store. You sleep? Ha, ha!"

I first chopped the ice and ran a half-inch of ice pick through my thumb. I then overturned the chocolate sauce and dropped and broke two of my wife's best cups. I ended up in a race for the back door with a coffee pot thrown by the little woman. The race was a tie.

The guests began to arrive, so I hunted the paper so that I could retire to my room. I found three women reading the society page.

I sighed, and started to leave the room, when my wife discovered that an expected guest had failed to arrive.

"Perceive dear, you'll be a fourth at bridge, won't you?"

Now, there is nothing I enjoy more than a game of poker, pinocle, blackjack, or occasionally a good, rousing game of ping-pong, but bridge! Fought!

Yet I know a command when I hear one, so I replied

"Certainly, my dear!"

Nothing important happened until the second rubber, when an excited partner removed a divot from my shin with a French heel. Who could expect a country that invents heels like that to pay her debts?

A short time later I led with the deuce of clubs, and my partner led with a right uppercut.

I was dummy the next hand, and went to my room for a smoke. I discovered too late that it was being used as a dressing room by some of the players. That accounts for the scars on my face.

My wife, afraid that I would break up the meeting, started serving refreshments. I dropped my ice cream in the lap of Mrs. Jabber.

Attempting to be nonchalant, I then burned a hole in the imported linen

tablecloth while trying to light a Murad.

I could read in my wife's eyes what my fate would be after the party, so the next time I was dummy I coolly sauntered to the door and made the ten blocks to the depot in one minute, just in time to catch the train for New Jersey. They'll never take me back alive.

I am a fugitive from a chin gang.

## Jumbled Jargon

The model well-BRED college boy is a HALF-BAKED FLOWER of youth with lots of CRUST whose studies are not WELL-DONE, and who is taking a four year LOAF on his dad's DOUGH.

He has WAVY hair, seems to live on a strong LIQUID diet, usually has WATER on the brain, and his head SWIMS if he can't SEA someone's paper on an examination.

He starts in as a GREEN freshman with a BLACK heart, and although WHITE, has a very BROWN skin. He sees RED when he is called YELLOW because he is BLUE and homesick for his home in ORANGE, and his girl VIOLET.

People say that he is a WARM-blooded, COLD-hearted shiek who gets HOT when he is called TEMPERATE.

He has usually ONE some kind of athletic contest, generally the kind where the participants shout "FOUR," but he is good at TENNIS TWO. If he loses it is because of something he EIGHT. His favorite recreation is the game of SEVEN and ELEVEN. His test papers go for NAUGHT, and usually come back the same way. He has a pet dog he always SIX on people.

The average collegian is always trying to DODGE his creditors. He likes a girl with AUBURN hair, but he can't aFORD many dates, and besides every other night is WILLYS KNIGHT out.

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## LOEW'S

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