

Pen Points

Since the last issue of the Cougar, many significant incidents have occurred that deserve notice. One of the most prominent of these was that Freshman reception which caused so much comment among the students.

That new system introduced at this affair whereby a Houston Junior college student could bring an outsider on his activity ticket was certainly a rousing success. There were no signs of the system being abused, and evidently the officials who permitted the innovation have seen now that H. J. C. students can make the right use of a good thing. Let's hope we can use the system for all future college affairs.

There was only one thing which happened at the reception which certainly left a bad taste in the officials' mouths. . . . We're referring to that fraternity initiation affair. It wasn't exactly the right thing to bring the frat initiation into the reception, and we think the members realized this after it was called to their attention. At any rate, they discontinued their fun.

It was the aftermath of the reception incident which caused the suspension of one of the students last week, and that was really a sad thing. The student asked readmission and has gained it, we understand, so the less said, the better.

However, we hope that this will serve as a test case. One thing we found out long ago, buddies, was that no matter whether or not you're right, if the other fellow has the whip in his hand, you're wrong.

Day after day, and night after night people eat. Many of us eat suppers regularly in the college cafeteria. How many of us take our trays to the tray table after our meals?

It's not so much trouble to do this little favor for the cafeteria workers, but it helps a lot when you want to get away by 9:30, so return your tray every time you eat up there.

Through the means of this column the staff of the Cougar would like to express its appreciation to the three dailies for their welcome co-operation in donating cuts of pictures to us which can be used in this paper.

The staff is able to cut expenses by one fourth by this little item and greatly appreciates the favors which the Post, Press, and Chronicle so graciously extend. . . . It's the little things that count anyway.

Just to show you how those things happen, let us repeat a little occurrence we happened to notice in a club meeting not so long ago. It was a meeting of one of those clubs composed entirely of men, and proposals

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BRAVE, BOLD STUDENTS BRING BACK ALIVE 6-INCH SNAKE

Armed with sticks, brooms and other convenient weapons, several students recently dashed into the school library to do or die for dear old H. J. C.

A small and thoroughly bewildered young snake was the cause of the uproar.

One of the librarians absent-mindedly reached into a desk drawer, only to find the snake where no self-respecting reptile should be.

The following commotion brought droves of fearless students who proved their salt by capturing the six-inch intruder after a mighty battle. The warriors "took 'em back alive" to his native environment where he can prey on others who are unaware.

The librarians now use extreme caution in opening their desk drawers.

'33 GRADUATES ELECT LUCILLE BLACK AS CLASS LEADER

Thirty-five members of the graduating class of 1933 met and elected officers last Wednesday. Officers elected were Lucille Black, President; Harold Renfro, Vice president; Henry Jahnke, Secretary-Treasurer; Patrick Foley, Sergeant-at-arms.

Mrs. Bender presented Miss Thomason, sponsor of the class, to the group of prospective graduates as the meeting opened. Miss Thomason told the class what was expected of them and things that they should do before June. Mr. Dupre made a few comments of the possibilities of the class.

Forty-two prospective candidates for graduation have signed up in Mrs. Bender's office. This is one more than the class of '32. Dean Dupre is hopeful that some of the other students who are eligible for graduation will sign up, thus making the class of '33 much larger than the class of last year.

"Definite plans for the class have not been made," said Lucille Black, President. "However, there will be another meeting of the graduates tonight to settle some of the business left over from the last meeting. I urge that all members of the class be at that meeting. It is very important. We want prompt attendance of the meetings so that all members may have a voice in some of the important problems which must be settled."

"We wish to decide definitely whether or not the class will have invitations, pins, a banquet, and dance other than the regular graduation exercises."

WOMAN'S FACULTY CLUB ENTERTAINED AT HOME OF MRS. B. M. EBAUGH

A Mardi Gras theme was featured in the decorations for an afternoon bridge given by Mrs. Ebaugh and Miss Thomason recently to entertain the Woman's Faculty Club. The affair was given at the home of Mrs. Ebaugh.

Carnival streamers and colored balloons were used to create a festive atmosphere. Mardi Gras colors of purple, green and gold were used in the color scheme.

There were enough guests present for four tables of bridge. Later in the evening other members of the club arrived. A salad course was served.

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PEP CLUB OFFICERS



In a recent election held by the Cougar Collegians, H. J. C. girls' pep club, the above officers were elected. Right to left they are: Lucille Black, president; LaVerne Lathrop, treasurer; Betty Starley, vice-president; Ruth Sparks, secretary.

—Courtesy Houston Post.

LIBRARY CLUB PLANS LUNCHEON MARCH 4

More than 100 guests are expected to be present at the Junior College Library Club luncheon to be given March 4, in the dining room of Stowers Furniture Company.

Members of the Junior College faculty, public school officials and board members and Senior High school librarians and principals, have been invited.

Among the speakers listed on the program are: Dr. E. E. Oberholzer, president of Junior College; S. W. Henderson, M. A. Miller, Junior College professors, and the librarians of the city and county libraries.

Isabella Ventresch, chairman of social committee, and Zelda Osborne, chairman of the program committee are in charge of arrangements. The time has been set at 12:30 noon.

Sunrise Breakfast On Schedule for Saturday

The Houston Junior College's Outdoor Club will sponsor a sunrise breakfast March 5, 7:30 a.m., at Hermann Park.

Misses Evelyn Cochran, Lillian Schwartz, Pauline Lingner, Dorothy Scarborough and Evelyn Veach are in charge of the plans.

There will be a charge of 15 cents for each person, to cover expenses of the food. Members and their friends may register with Irene Spiess, sponsor of the club, or Evelyn Cochran, secretary-treasurer.

The club was organized at the beginning of the fall semester for the purpose of creating more interest in camp life, and learning the joys of out-of-doors.

The girls are planning a week-end party at Clifton-by-the-Sea, in the near future.

FROSH RECEPTION CALLED SUCCESS AS 300 ATTEND

Approximately 300 students attended the Houston Junior College reception and dance held in the main gymnasium of the school, Friday night, February 17. The entertainment was strictly a Junior College affair, with only two people admitted on an activity ticket.

Ted Clifford's orchestra furnished music for the dance which began shortly after 9:30 p. m.

An added feature was offered at the intermission, with three boxing and one wrestling matches presented to the dancers.

Ben Young pinned Pat "Toothpick" Foley in five minutes to win the one-fall wrestling match. The loser showed his displeasure at the decision by lying on the mat and glaring at the referee.

Melvir Feeney and Hamp Robinson fought two rounds to a draw in the first boxing contest.

In the second bout, Jimmy Oliver outpointed Harold Renfro for the best match of the evening.

Reo King gained the decision over Ray Morris in the final bout.

All of the matches were refereed by Leon Green, former H. J. C. student.

HJC DEBATERS DROP DECISION IN FIRST CONTEST OF '33

Debaters of the Junior College dropped their first contest of the year when the Houston Law School received a judge's decision Monday night after a heated argument from both sides. The question was: Resolved that the state ad valorem tax should be abolished in favor of a sales tax.

The college team was composed of Jimmie Brinkley and Allen Marshall who chose to argue the affirmative side of the question. The Law School team, arguing the negative phase, was made up of Maxwell Higginbotham and Manuel Clemens.

The Law students contended that with only a sales tax in force, the rich would escape paying their share of the taxation burden.

The affirmative debaters maintained that with the introduction of a sales tax that wealth which escapes the ad valorem tax could be called upon to bring in state revenue. And that more revenue would be earned since a sales tax would reach more people.

The Junior College team has several debates booked for the near future. The exact dates will be announced later.

Dramatic Club To Enter Play in State Contest

Inaugrating a series of one-act plays the Dramatic Club last Monday night presented, "The New Minister Arrives" before members of the organization.

The purpose of these plays is to give the members directing as well as acting, experience. There are eight such plays to be enacted, one making up part of the program for each meeting of the club.

Aside from these plays the Dramatic Club will undertake a three-act comedy, a one-act play to be entered in the state contest, and a short skit to be presented in assembly. A try out for these plays will be held in the near future according to Mrs. Hooker, sponsor of the organization. A notice of the exact time will be posted on the bulletin board.

MAKING A MOVIE

A ONE-ACT PLAY—BY C. W. SKIPPER

Scene: Conference room of a large Hollywood motion picture studio.

Time: Any time.

Characters: Mr. Schultzenheimer (president of the company), three under-executives, three yes-men, and the somewhat confused author of a scenario under consideration.

Mr. Schultzenheimer: "Ah, gentlemen! May I have your attention, please?"

Yes-men: (In chorus), "Yes, Mr. Schultzenheimer."

Mr. Schultzenheimer: "Gentlemen, we are here to consider the scenario written by Mr.—ah—by—"

Writer: "The name is Smith."

Mr. Schultzenheimer: "We are here to consider the scenario written by Mr. Jones, and to discuss whether or not it is suitable for production on the screen."

Writer: "I said the name is Sm—"

Mr. Schultzenheimer: "Now Mr. Brown starts his scenario with a Puritan maid crossing the ocean on the Mayflower, but I think it should be a soldier of fortune coming to America

and have the soldier of fortune ditch his moll for a stage actress. Is that O. K., boys?"

Yes-men: (In chorus), "Yes, Mr. Schultzenheimer."

First executive: "Magnificent!"

Second executive: "Stupendous!"

Third executive: "Colossal!"

Writer: "But Mr. Schultzenheimer."

Mr. Schultzenheimer: "Silence, please!"

Yes-men: (In chorus), "Yes, Mr. Schultzenheimer."

Mr. Schultzenheimer: "The script says that the girl settles in the New England states where she teaches school. I think that the soldier of fortune should go to New York where he forms a partnership with a well-known gangster. What do you think of that, boys, is it a good idea?"

First executive: "Magnificent!"

Second executive: "Stupendous!"

Third executive: "Colossal!"

Writer: "But, Mr. Schultzenheimer, I think—"

Mr. Schultzenheimer: "Mr. Black has here that the girl meets a man, and falls in love with him. Let's change

that and have the soldier of fortune ditch his moll for a stage actress. Is that O. K., boys?"

Yes-men: (In chorus), "Yes, Mr. Schultzenheimer."

First executive: "Magnificent!"

Second executive: "Stupendous!"

Third executive: "Colossal!"

Writer: "Listen, Mr. Schultzenheimer—"

Mr. Schultzenheimer: "Mr. White has in his script a scene in a garden with the doves cooing, but I think we should change that to a gang fight, or maybe we could work in a war scene. Is that all right, boys?"

Yes-men: (In chorus), "Yes, Mr. Schultzenheimer."

First executive: "Magnificent!"

Second executive: "Stupendous!"

Third executive: "Colossal!"

Writer: "Mr. Schultzenheimer, I thought—"

Mr. Schultzenheimer: "Mr. Gold-berg has in his script that the couple marry and live happily forever after, but what do you say that we have the

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THE COUGAR



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THAT SOPH DANCE

Among the many things that we have to look forward to, none is more important at the present time than the Sophomore Ball.

In the past, H. J. C. has been more or less notorious as a school in which it has been hard to stage a dance and make it a success; not hard to make them successful socially, but hard to make the financial end successful. There is no reason why this school should not be able to support a few dances as do other colleges of its size. We have just as live a student body as other schools, and the fact that we are a night school should not put a restriction on our social affairs.

If we are going to attend dances, why not come to the ones sponsored by the school? We can have every bit as good time there as we can elsewhere. The price of bids can be no legitimate objection—depression or no depression.

A well-rounded education takes in the social as well as the intellectual side of life, and any live school should not stress either of them to the exclusion of the other. Are we going to come out and support the dance and have a good time and a live school, or are we going to sit back and stagnate? It is up to us!

GOOD PROGRAMS

The Wednesday evening assembly hour during the present school year has been both interesting and instructive. Chairman M. A. Miller, Dean Dupre, Mrs. Bender and others, are to be congratulated upon the high standard of entertainment so consistently maintained.

To have accomplished this was a difficult task, requiring much time and thought; yet no single activity will more quickly place H. J. C. within that ever-widening circle of institutions of higher learning, than a strong, well-functioning assembly committee, presenting fresh, scintillating programs.

Most of the student body will regularly attend these affairs without coercion. This was amply proven to everyone's satisfaction last semester. Local school talent has done much to securely cement college loyalty. This talent is not only desirable but also available. Some of the work presented has closely approached the professional, in fact there are at least three radio luminaries, and other talent in the offing, awaiting opportunity for development.

WHO'S FUNNY?

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

Of course, almost everyone realizes that this group is just too funny for words, but at the same time we believe that the student body does not appreciate the true value of this bunch of comedians. Do they not create laughter among their cronies when the program becomes dull? Do they not amuse those about them with their wisecracks? In short, are they not always ready to add spice to the program with their ultra-modern humor? Again we say that these clowns are invaluable assets to our school.

But the truth of the matter is that there are two well developed pains in the neck at each assembly, and these so-called humorists are both of them!

WERE YOU BORN IN MARCH?

(Written in a moment of delirium by an ostracized junky.)

March, like all other months, is a very bad month in which to get married. Most people whose birthdays occur in this month were born at a very early age, many of them being nothing more than mere children. March is an exceptionally fine month to make up with a girl, because Christmas is ten months off and Valentine's Day just past.

The month of March was named after Mars, a Roman gigolo who was sentenced to a chain gang by Nero because he kissed the Em-

MARCH 17 IS SET TO BE DATE OF SOPH ANNUAL BALL

Surprising features will distinguish the Sophomore Prom on March 17, St. Patrick's Day, from previous social events of this season, according to Donald Aitken, Sophomore class president.

Donald has appointed committees on decorations, advertising and ejections, as well as those semi-permanent committees which choose halls and orchestras. The surprising feature about these appointments is that the exalted personages so honored by committee appointment as yet do not know their prominence.

One surprise that Donald expects to be well received is that the admission charge positively will be less than one dollar.

St. Patrick's Day so conveniently coming on Friday, the Prom will probably be slightly Irish in nature. Unmentionable brawls and bickerings, being foreign to the nature of H. J. C. students although strictly Irish, are absolutely impossible, according to college authorities.

Pressure is being applied from several sources to bring highly colored plumage at the Prom. Unauthenticated as yet is the report that boys and not feminine classmates are the pressure appliers.

On March 8, one week from today, Donald will unveil the profound depths of his mind and expose several of his surprises, including the hall chosen for committee members. A special meeting of the Sophomore Class will be called for that purpose.

CLUB RAMONA OFFERS WELCOME TO H. J. C. STUDENTS

W. J. Green, manager of the Club Ramona, invites the students of Junior College to spend an evening of dancing and dining at his club. Ramona is the only exclusive night club in Houston.

Mart Britt's orchestra is playing a limited engagement at this smart rendezvous for pleasure seekers. A gala floor show is booked for every Wednesday and Saturday night.

The club is open every night and there is no cover charge.

Lewis Reuckert: "Do you pet?"
Bernice Blackshire: "Sure, animals."
Lewis: "Oke, I'll be the goat."

IT COULD HAPPEN

President Hoover was seated at his desk in the White House. A tall, gaunt stranger walked into the room. The president looked up and glared at the uninvited guest.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I just dropped in to see how you are getting along. You see, I'm—"

"Oh, so you are the landlord. I've been looking for you for four years. The steam radiators in the gold room haven't worked since we moved in, and my, how we have suffered!"

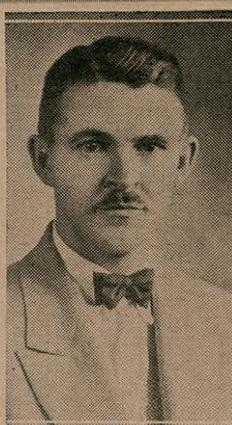
"So you have suffered? Say, I used to be in the army, and I nearly froze to death. I didn't even have enough to eat, and—"

"I know just how you feel. I am a honorary member of the Salvation Army, and I have to stand in drafts and make speeches. And the food! Say all of the caviar that Coolidge left has spoiled. We have nearly starved."

"Yes," said the stranger, "but you don't have men under you ready to mutiny, and have to keep their morale up with promises that you know you can't keep."

press without a doctor's certificate. The Empress begged Mars to plead insanity but he didn't have sense enough to do so. The first day at court Mars reneged, the Empress redoubled, and Nero set fire to the city. Mars was drafted into the volunteer fire department and save three acres of ground for the Emperor. He afterwards claimed that he saved four and a half acres and could have saved the whole city if he had had his fireman's hat. So, Nero named the windiest month in the year after him.

President



Warren A. Rees, instructor of mathematics in the Houston Junior College, who was recently elected president of the Texas division of the Mathematical Association of America.

—Courtesy Houston Post.

REES NAMED TO HEAD TEXAS GROUP OF MATH TEACHERS

Professor Warren A. Rees, instructor of mathematics at Houston Junior College, was recently elected president of the Texas section of the Mathematical Association of America.

Professor Rees, vice president, during the preceding year, heads a group of officers consisting of Dr. B. P. Reinsch, of Southern Methodist University, vice president, and Dr. Nat Edmondson, of the Texas Agriculture and Mechanical College, secretary.

"The object of the organization," Rees said, "is to further mathematical interests, and is related to the improvements in teaching mathematics."

A standing committee on education of college math is maintained, with one member meeting with the representatives from the state department of education to make recommendations for the improvement of mathematical curriculum.

"Mutinies?" asked the president, "why the whole nation is ready to go on a strike, and those Congressman! I couldn't even get them to pass a bill doubling their salaries, if I was in favor of it."

"Yes, but you don't have to stand on a battlefield and dodge shells."

"I don't, hey? Say, look at Roosevelt. If he steps outside, the chances are that someone will be waiting with a 16-inch naval gun pointed at the door. And that is Roosevelt, a man who has not even been in office. Look at what I face."

"Yes," replied the stranger, "I admit you are in a tough spot, but every time I made a speech, I waited in terror for fear that someone would boo."

"Ye Gods," came back the president, "I haven't heard anything but boos for two years. If somebody cheered I would faint."

"Yes, but you don't have to cut down trees so that people can make a legend of it," said the stranger.

"I don't? Say, I was to chop down tree in California for the opening of

THE LOW DOWN

Hey Le Roy! Just because love is blind, it doesn't mean that every one else is. We refer to the other day when we saw you parked out in Riverside. Shamey on Melcher!

Jesse Darling has been seen going places with Vandalia Mae (does she?) Necco. Tut! Tut!

A committee for the investigation of the source and nature of phone calls received by Helen Gould should have started work at once. The number of calls that this fair damsel receives in a single afternoon is almost beyond imagination. Find out when she's at home and try calling Hadley 9445.

Wonder why Kitty Cat Norman slew Tommy Cat Feeney? Maybe it was to take up with Mountain Lion Mills.

Jack Brown will be 23 years old next month, but he won't tell us what date the glorious day will fall on. Anne Owen says that we will know when Jack has become famous—then we can read about it in history. Just like George Washington. George cut down the cherry tree. Jack is studying surgery—a regular cut up.

Girls when they went out to swim
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a different whim;
They dress more like her cupboard.

There's Lillian Schwartz and Evelyn Cochran listening to Israel Rabinowitz telling his English jokes, and they seem to be enjoying them. Evelyn says he is her honey.

Harold Renfro aspires to be a poet. He used to scan meters for the gas company to give him practice. Somebody tell him the difference.

And another redskin bit the dust! (Excerpt from a history book.) Who would have ever thought that they had spinach in these days.

Ed Smartt: "I have only a minute to spare."
Fred Aebi: "Good, tell me all you know."

Officer to Mr. Pulaski: (Who is pacing sidewalk at 3 a. m.), "What are you doing here?"

Mr. Pulaski: "I forgot my key, officer, and I'm waiting for my son, Edward Joseph, to come home and let me in."

a new forest reserve. When I got there, I found that they had selected a giant Redwood tree. If I hadn't thought to use dynamite, I would have been chopping there yet."

"Well, you don't have to break wild horses so that the historians will have something to write about, and you don't have to throw a silver dollar across a river."

"No, replied the president, "but I have to throw the bull every time I make a speech, and besides, there is not a dollar in the treasury, so how can I throw one?"

"Well," said the stranger, getting weaker, "you don't have people accuse you of causing them to catch pneumonia while they were on a campaign in the army."

"No but everybody says that I give them a pain in the neck."

The stranger picked up his hat, shook his head sadly, and started to depart.

"Wait a minute," the president called to him, "who are you, and where are you going?"

"I am George Washington," he replied, "and I am going back to sleep for about a hundred years. This is no place for me now."

Charlie Woods: "Ever hear the story of eyes?"
Mesta Waggoner: "No."
Charlie: "Oh, you have too."

COUGAR SCIENTIST—

DID YOU KNOW?

The greatest length actually measured is that from the earth to the most distant known nebula, or about 140,000,000 light years. Expressed in miles, this equals a figure 9 followed by 20 ciphers. It is exceeded, however, by one estimated length, that of the diameter of the universe, deduced from the Einstein theories, which is about 15 times greater.

The smallest known length is the estimated diameter of the nucleus of a hydrogen atom, set down as a little more than one million billionth of an inch.

The extreme of large mass is the estimated mass of the Einstein universe, listed as equivalent, in tons to a figure 7 followed by 72 ciphers.

The smallest known mass is that of an electron, of which it is estimated that about 30,000 billion billion billions would be necessary to make an ounce.

The longest time is that estimated for the sun to decrease to one-half its present mass, which would be about two hundred billion years.

The shortest time is that of one oscillation of a cosmic ray, or about one ten-thousand-billion-billionth of a second.

Known speeds range from that of light, which is approximately 186,000 miles a second, to the speed at which metallic gold diffuses, atom by atom, into solid lead, which is about one twelve-thousandth of an inch per day.

The hottest item listed is the temperature of the inside of certain stars, estimated as reaching 72,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit; while the coldest is the theoretical absolute zero of 460 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero.

DISHING THE DIRT

Bob must have been stalling when he let Ed out-Smartt him. Ethel Falk was the prize to the winner.

J. C.'s halls are being graced these days by the beautiful Jean Shambaugh. Jean hails from Rice Institute where she was a candidate for the beauty section in the Campanile. Lucky for the H. J. C. boys.

Wonder why Bill Goggan quit school while buzzing about his bees?

Le Roy Melcher means he is true to one girl. He must mean one at a time, for he was seen skating with Helen Gould on McGregor Drive one night, and the next night he was out with a different girl. The third night found the faithful (?) Le Roy with still a third feminine. And to think of all the good vacant space in the jails!

And what's more he has been seen of late sitting in the Gould mansion taking things easy. Then he rides in Helen's fleet of Cadillacs. The gigolo!

Why doesn't Katherine Berry give Charlie Giraud a break? She promises him a break, but she says it will be in his neck. Tish! Tish!

Some one asked this scandal monger why Hamp Robinson gave S. M. the air. Our answer is just take a look at little Woody. She's worth giving anybody the air for.

Jessie Darling (J. C.'s only Darling boy) has the same thing that Lord Byron had in such abundance. A big Bowsy Wowsiness.

Melvin Feeny was obliging a mother by warming her baby's bottle for her. He was seen (bottle in hand) by a bunch of J. C. sorority girls who made myth of poor Feeny's plight. But cheer up Melvin! In a few years some of them may be warming milk for a baby (their own). Then you can have the laff on them—only you can't laff at girls attending a baby.

Million dollars legs may sound kinda Marlein Dietrichish, but at the reception Friday night we saw something that was just one better. It was Horace (Mountain Lion) Mills in shorts. Mills claims to be H. J. C.'s panther-man, but we can guess (after seeing his legs) why men wear long trousers.

JACED SQUOINTS

St. Patrick's Day already has Donald Aitken in a faint dew of gentle perspiration, for thence cometh the Sophomore Prom. Ask Donald if you're on a committee.

"Mr. Allwright," whispers Pat Foley, "who does Ann Owen date at the Friday night, Junior League dances?"

"Pat," softly answers J. C., "why do you eat at Phillips Cafe instead of going four blocks home to dinner?" Is it because Ann eats there?"

Maybe the five-cent sandwiches lure Pat.

This is degenerating into gossip and sewing-circle tales, so lets do it right.

Homer Riley was with Pat Foley when Richard MacFee released the exclusive fact that piddler Leroy Melcher "has the most divine crush" on Helen Gould. Now isn't that just swell.

Further comment has it that Leroy acted mindedly or just clumsily tried to enter through the servants quarters the first time he called on Helen.

A manhunt staged for Jimmie Brinkley's benefit last Friday night was unsuccessful. Pat Foley, J. C. Allwright and Homer Riley chased Jimmie around the campus and finally headed him towards Phillips Cafe. On flying feet Jimmie rounded the corner and seemingly vanished into thin air, for his pursuers could find no trace of him. After three days Jimmie revealed that he caught a bus and went home.

Safety before comfort is Jimmie's guiding thought. Last Friday was his birthday.

Marjorie Wilke and Nell Wade are the cutest model young students around Junior College. Mighty mid-gets indeed.

GOLF AND TENNIS CLUB PLANS TOURNAMENTS

Bud Steeger was elected temporary chairman of the Junior College Golf and Tennis Club at their initial meeting last week.

The J. J. Sweeney Jewelry Company has offered a silver loving cup to the winner of the next tennis tournament which is proposed for the near future. Definite arrangements concerning a golf tournament will be announced later.

Those desiring to belong to the club see Coach French, sponsor.

WOMEN'S CLUBS—

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The tea table was in harmony with the color scheme as it contained flowers and candles of gold and purple.

Mrs. Pearl C. Bender and Mrs. J. T. Monroe assisted the hostesses in the dining room.

MAKING A MOVIE—

(Continued from Page 1)

hero drown trying to save the life of his old mother who tried to kill him?"

Yes-men: (In chorus), "Yes, Mr. Schultzenheimer."

First executive: "Magnificent!"

Second executive: "Stupendous!"

Third executive: "Colossal!"

Mr. Schultzenheimer: "Mr. Murphy, aside from a few minor changes, I am sure that we shall be able to use your scenerio. You have done excellent work, sir, and I extend you my hearty congratulations."

(News clipping): John Smith, scenarier writer brought to Hollywood from New York, ran amuck in a conference room of the Epic Studios, and seriously injured Mr. Schultzenheimer, president of the company, and six sub-ordinates. Insanity is thought to have been the cause of the attack. Mr. Smith has smiled and laughed constantly since his arrest.



Our College Cutie Says

BY EVELYN COFFEY

First comes Mildred Learned who commands our admiration, And Mary Stephenson who fits the situation.

Next is Wilma Lindsay—a fairer queen In H. J. C. corridors has never been seen.

We have our Allen twins, they're so neat, sweet, and trim, And Jessie Darling right behind, who is his interest in?

Sissy O'Neale and Kathryn Mungler—what do those names mean to you? Smartness in dress and personality plus, can characterize these two.

Pat Foley, our mutual friend who just doesn't seem to care, Has decided at last to be roped in because he now combs his hair.

Chili Spencer and Richard Long are next in line for praise, We like their hair, we like their eyes, and we even like their ways.

Beware, beware, 'tis a red-head coming there, And it's Virginia Cotten who makes 'em all stare.

And last but not least as this masterpiece ends, Leroy Melcher and Mac Douglas who're everyone's friends.

EXCERPTS FROM DANNY CUPID'S NOTEBOOK

Marian Robinson is still being rushed off her feet by the dashing Warren Lemon.

Frances Nesmith has fallen head over heels in love again—gentleman unnamed.

No matter what you've heard from various chatter-sources, it is not true that Fred Aebi and Wilma Lindsey are frigidifying.

ASSORTED SMALL STUFF FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

Fairfax Moody is still clicking merrily and wise-crackerly in and out her classes.

Donald Aitken has a placid, gently inquiring expression that makes his face resemble nothing so much than that of a good-natured horse.

I certainly could use my April salary.

The Pi Beta's caught everything from h--- to mensels for making their pledges come off at school in shorts Friday evening. I, personally, think the frat came out on top on account of Mr. Dupre inviting them to become a college activity. If the Pi Beta's accept the invitation they can go to town in a large way.

Buddy Steeger called. But it was the wrong number. Ain't it gosh-awful?

And when the pesty sheik asked the girlie if his kisses filled her with desire, Nell Wade reports that the girlie said: "Yes! The desire to punch you on the nose."

Harold Renfro brings the Garbo out in me.

"IF" SOCIETY
Down H. J. C.'s way there is a studious group—not much society. But "if" society had its full sway, the students whose names follow this would be leaders(?)

Now "if" we had a May Fete, and "if" we had a King and Queen, we'd surely have Hamp Robinson and Woody Anderson.

"If" the fair ladies must be thrilled by the fair saxophone player, then Vernon Scott is in "if" society.

"If" we had a Social Dictator, we'd have Nora Louise Calhoun—pretty,

MODERN MOTHER GOOSE JINGLES

BY SKIP

With Dynamite Billy loved to play, To learn the things it teaches, On Billy's tomb you can read today, The inscription: "Rest in pieces."

Bobby found a pint of rye Beneath the flowing birch. The papers give the who and where, The time, and at what church.

Let's climb the fence to the football game, The cops are too fat to budge. We won't have trouble, but just the same, I'm glad my pop's a judge.

He saw a sign upon the door That expressed a great deal of feeling.

It said, "Please don't spit on the floor," So he turned and spit on the ceiling.

Robert was a baker's son, Around banks he always lingers, But like his father, sad to say, The DOUGH stuck to his fingers.

Sing a Hymn For Alfred Glick, He lost his wife's Deciding trick.

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

A little bear sat on the ice As cold as cold could be, And soon he ups and walks away, "My tale is told," says he.

SHORTS AND SPATS

Believing all that one hears is not so hot. Mack Douglas heard the wind blowing last week and went outside in his shirt sleeves. How that north wind did laugh. It was a searching wind according to Mack, it found all of him.

"Yes," said Fred Aebi, "I'm going to turn over a new leaf and start scribbling again."

Upon hearing that Charlie Giraud was looking for her "Shorty" Wilke hid in a locker. Think of the resemblance to canned chicken half baked.

Frances Jordan says that she will refuse to kiss any of her pupils if she ever teaches a small school. What-a-mistake; what-a-mistake. How about a small college.

Being a natural sport, Mr. Rees likes athletics, and comes into the gym to play volleyball. We wish that more of the faculty would join us in play.

Last year we had "Windy" Smith, but what is worse, we now have "Tornado" Robinowitz.

The meanest men in the world: The men at the end of the registration line that will not O. K. our cards, thus making us start at the end of the line again.

Mr. Birney has ceased to shoot bull but he now kills one heck of a lot of beef.

popular, and altogether charming.

And "if" our Siamese Twins could be labeled their names would be Ed Smartt and Bob Stallings.

"If" one reads "Twelfth Night," he is sure to meet Malvalio and "if" one goes to H. J. C. he is sure to meet John Hill. Was it Malvalio or John who became sick of self-love?

But as there is no society, I wish to remind you that I said "if," and "if" your feelings are hurt, try to forgive me—



(Editor's note—The following letter was found in a certain H. J. C. student's room, addressed to his folks in Wampus, Texas.)

Dear Pop and Mom and Family: Well, something sure did happen to me since the last time I wrote to you, and I get all nervous and shaky every time I think about it.

You know that Lucky Strike man says the strong arm of the Federal law reaches everywhere, and this time it almost showed me how big its muscle is.

When you sent me my allowance of \$1.10 this month, there was a 50-cent piece in the change, so the other day when I started to go to school, I handed it to the bus man. He looked at it and said "Mister, this ain't no good." I thought he was acting funny, you know how those guys are, they think that because they wear a uniform they can act like General Pershing, so I says to him, "If you dont like that one, come over to my house, and I'll see if we can't make you a better one."

He says, "you think you are smart, dont' you?" and I says, "No, sir, if I was, I would have a job driving a bus."

So when we got to town three cops were waiting for me. They took me over to the police station and started asking me questions. They were real nice except for that. Why, the way they would try to catch me made me feel bad all over. On every answer I told them the straight truth, but it even sounded like I was telling a big lie to my own self. If it hadn't been for one of those professors out at school who stuck up for me, they would have put me in the cooler right then.

Well, everything turned out all right when they found out that I was just an old country boy and didn't know any better—I never had done anything like that before, so they let me go.

But please, Mom, the next time you mail my allowance, please send it all in pennies, so nobody will think that I am trying to get a bus ride and 40 cents change for a hunk of lead with "E Pluribus Unum" on it.

Your loving son,
MILTON

PEN POINTS—

(Continued from Page 1)

were being made as to an entertainment for the club.

One of the members, who is prominent around the school as a sergeant-at-arms got up and with the air of a Webster proclaimed thus: "I make a motion we let this affair be a stag party so we can get better acquainted with each other."

Since the club was brand new, and not many of the freshman members were well-known, the suggestion met with instant approval.

Then another member spoke up, "Let's have the stag party at my house on the bay."

"Got a piano?" somebody asked, foolishly.

"Naw," the donor of the house snapped back, "But I've got a victrola and a dozen decks of cards, plenty of beer, and there ain't no neighbors in three miles, so we can raise all the hell we want."

At this declaration up jumped Pat. "I withdraw my motion," he shouted. "To heck with stag parties any-way."

We have certainly missed the genial presence of Mr. Harris around the school for the past few weeks. . . Haven't you?

Mr. Harris, it seems, has had two relapses of the flu, and since just one case almost blew us out, we can sympathize with the prof. Prof. O. W. Rote did a fine job of pinch-hitting for the amiable student association sponsor, and we congratulate him.

While congratulations are in order, (Continued on Page 4)

RENFRO DROPS CLOSE DECISION TO OLIVER; EACH GETS OVATION

Young-Foley Wrestling Contest Ends in Dispute; Return Bout Promised

ROBINSON-FEENEY DRAW

By offering three boxing bouts and a wrestling match, the athletic department of the Junior College initiated the first of a series of athletic contests of the more manly nature. Some 300 spectators were on hand to witness the matches.

Ben Young, modern Adonis, and Pat Foley, South End powerhouse, opened the show with a wrestling match packed with thrills. Young spotted Foley about 25 pounds of weight, but what the East End Terror lacked in size, he made up in aggressiveness. Young's experience was a valuable asset in wearing down the powerhouse.

The victory was awarded to Young. Foley voiced his protests and wanted to keep on wrestling. Young was willing to continue, but the referee said "no!" Foley was satisfied with the promise of a return match. Anyway the girls got a thrill out of seeing Ben's muscles, and they all call him "Tarzan" now.

The first fight was between Hamp Robinson and Melvin Feeney. This was a nip and tuck affair from start to finish with plenty of action being crammed into the last two rounds. Both boys tired near the end of the bout, but refused to set a slower pace—they chose to travel at top speed until the final gong. Robinson conceded about 15 pounds to Feeney, but a fast, deceptive attack and superior in-fighting tided Robinson over. It would be well to rematch these slug-gers for a return go.

Harold Renfro and Jimmy Oliver fought a rousing three-round battle with Oliver getting the nod. Renfro used his left to advantage to pile up an early lead, but failed to fathom Oliver's crouching style in the latter rounds.

Both boys were evenly matched and their daring tactics kept the spectators applauding. The crowd enjoyed this as the best contest of the evening, if judged by applause.

The night cap saw Reo King and Ray Morris box three rounds. Both millers were too cautious to risk slugging and remained, more or less, in their shells. For this reason the crowd refused to grow enthusiastic. The referee's decision was awarded to King.

A Renfro-Morris match should prove interesting, as would an Oliver-King affair.

GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAM DOWNS TRIN. LUTHERAN; AVIS PARKS SETS PACE

Avis Parks, brilliant J. C. center, scored 25 points to lead the Cougars to a 47 to 27 triumph over the Trinity Lutheran Cage team. The Cougars handled the ball cleverly on offense and were able to score at will. After a poor defensive start Junior College came back in the second half with an air tight defense to limit the Lutherans to four field goals. Avis Parks was the outstanding star on the court while Jenny Wait played sensationally during the second half to score 12 points.

The line-ups:

JUNIOR COLLEGE			
Player—	Fg.	Ft.	Pf. Tp.
Parks, f	12	1	0 25
McVicker, f	4	0	2 8
Shelton, c	1	0	0 2
Wait, c	6	0	0 12
Sparks, g	0	0	1 0
Gaines, g	0	0	0 0
Totals	23	1	3 47

TRINITY LUTHERAN			
Player—	Fg.	Ft.	Pf. Tp.
Stenzel, f	3	0	1 6
Behutsen, f	1	0	0 2
Meyer, c	5	0	0 10
Bohot, c	0	0	0 0
Wohlt, g	4	1	1 9
Totals	13	1	3 27

THE VERY BEST

(Editor's note—This is the very best name that we could give to this Very Best column since only the very best in their respective (not necessarily respectable) fields are mentioned below.

The Very Best automobile driver is Donny Aitken, alias Suit Case, alias Slewfoot. His driving acumen is natural. Why? Because with one foot he can apply the break and clutch at the same time—thus reducing the amount of time it takes to stop. At first Suit Case stepped on the gas foot-feed, too. But being a smart boy, he filed off the accelerator—in fact he had to as he hit the clutch, break and foot-feed with one stroke. But everything is jake now.

Israel Rabinowitz has the Very Best wit. It must be that old Irish wit we hear so much about. But Israel is a good fellow and a good sport. We all like him. He is a prince!

Somebody ought to crown him!

The Very Best dancer is Kitty Hurlock. Just for spite, boys try to mix her up and fool the H'l Kittens. But she follows too well. It just can't be done. We bet she could even dance with Elmer Hamilton.

The Very Best eyebrows belong to Mary Bradley Anderson, otherwise known as Wozy. Notice them sometime and see if they aren't darned near perfect.

Anyway Hamp thinks so!

The Very Best fruitless occupation credits Le Roy Melcher as its originator. It's something different. Something new!

It's shaving the fuzz off a bath towel.

The Very Best hobby is that of Pat Foley. Pat collects \$1000 bills. He says he hasn't gathered any so far, but that's his hobby anyway.

The Very Best ice box-raider is Harold Renfro. Last Sunday night he displayed his ability by stripping the box while the rest of the party put together jig-saw puzzles. After cleaning out a mountain-sized refrigerator Harold started hollering, "When do we eat?"

The Very Best wise-cracker is Fax Moody. Last Friday nite at a dinner-dance at Club Ramona after the clock had struck two a. m., Fred Aebi was named to imitate any bird that could be named.

Fax chirped up and suggested that everybody imitate the homing pigeon. They did!

WAIT PACES GIRL CAGE TEAM TO 51-17 VICTORY

Paced by Jenny Wait with 20 points Junior College scored a lop-sided victory over the Collins Memorial Church basketball team by a 51 to 17 score. The game was fast and snappy, featuring the passing combination of Parks and McVicker to Wait. After holding a 27 to 17 lead at the intermission, the Cougars came back to hold the Collins team scoreless during the entire second half. Chalmers proved to be the one-man church team by scoring 15 of the teams' 17 points.

The box score follows:

JUNIOR COLLEGE			
Player—	Fg.	Ft.	Pf. Tp.
Wait, f	10	0	0 20
Shelton, f	1	0	0 2
McVicker, f	7	2	0 16
Parks, c	5	3	1 13
Gaines, c	0	0	3 0
Kellog, g	0	0	2 0
Sparks, g	0	0	0 0
Tomlin, g	0	0	0 0
Lyle, g	0	0	1 0
Totals	23	5	7 51

COLLINS MEMORIAL

Player—	Fg.	Ft.	Pf. Tp.
Chalmers, f	7	1	0 15
Laughlin, f	1	0	2 2
Hoyt, c	0	0	0 0
Worsham, c	0	0	0 0
Baker, g	0	0	1 0
Tafolla, g	0	0	0 0
Totals	8	1	3 17

tennis club, and they look mighty happy. The clubs are a cinch to go over big... Why shouldn't they?

It is being rumored here and there that the Guild Savant is planning to elect the girl who in the estimation of the club best fulfills the qualifications for queen of the Junior College. Just take a hint fellows... You can't make friends with many girls that way... Unless you elect 200 queens.

We have an idea that if enough of you male students would prompt Mr. Harris on the idea, he might try to obtain a smoking room for H. J. C. men... In our estimation it would be a priceless addition, and it might not hurt to try the idea. Give it a little encouragement.

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RICE SEXTET DOWNED BY COUGARS; McVICKER RINGS UP 19 MARKERS

The smooth working combination of Doris McVicker, Avis Parks and Jenny Wait completely smothered the Rice Girls basketball team by the score of 47 to 24, avenging a previous defeat of two points. Doris McVicker was high scorer with 19 points, with Jenny Wait and Avis Parks following with 16 and 12 points respectively. Ellis with three field goals and one free throw was the outstanding Rice player. The game was marked by the tight defense put up by the Cougars and especially the stellar guarding of Cisco Kellog.

The line-up:

JUNIOR COLLEGE			
Player—	Fg.	Ft.	Pf. Tp.
Parks, f	6	0	0 12
McVicker, f	9	1	1 19
Wait, f	7	2	1 16
Kellog, c	0	0	1 0
Gaines, c	0	0	2 0
Sparks, g	0	0	1 0
Tomlin, g	0	0	0 0
Totals	22	3	6 47

RICE

Player—	Fg.	Ft.	Pf. Tp.
Elliott, f	1	2	0 4
Taylor, f	1	0	0 2
Ellis, c	3	1	1 7
Knodel, c	2	1	0 5
Simons, g	3	0	0 6
St. Lilman, g	0	0	1 0
Craddock, g	0	0	0 0
Totals	10	4	2 24

Dr. H. L. Mills: "I made an awful mistake just now; I told a man I thought the host must be a stingy old blighter, and it happened to be the host that I spoke to."

Mrs. Oberholtzer: "Oh, you mean my husband."

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JOKES

Bill Holt, a hitchhiker: "Hey, I'm gain' your way."
Coach French, a motorist: "Good, I'll see you there."

Mrs. Ebaugh: "You're answer is about as clear as mud."
Walter Biesel: "Covers the ground, doesn't it?"

Totsie Stettner: "She's a good dancer, roughly speaking."

Pat Foley: "Did you fill your date last night?"
Grant Webster: "I hope so. She ate everything in sight."

Ev Ames: "If a war broke out, I wouldn't get in the cavalry."
Ben Mason: "Why?"

Ev: "When I get ready to retreat, I don't want any horse in my way."

Reo King: "Who gave you that black eye?"
Harold Renfro: "Nobody, I had to fight for it!"

Richard Long: "Yeah, Dad, I'm a 'big shot' at Junior College."
Mr. Long: "Then, why don't I hear better reports?"

Oscar Nolan: "Let's go on the war path."
Starks Green: "We can't, it's being paved."

KIRBY
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OF THE CENTURY
STUART ERWIN
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