



THE COUGAR

GLAMOUR BOY
VOTING
NEXT WEEK

Volume 6—No. 15

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HOUSTON, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1940

12 Pages

ENROLLMENT STARTS MONDAY

Cougar Contest Voting Next Week Naming 20 Leap Year Candidates For "Outstanding Male" Honors

Balloting to select the 20 nominees for the "Most Eligible Males on the Campus" will be conducted next week, Alice David, editor of The Cougar, announced. Original contest plans called for the ballots to be printed in this issue of the paper, but due to conflict with exams and enrollment, it was decided to conduct the poll Friday of next week.

Twenty boys are to be named University of Houston "Glamour Boys of 1940," with final selection of the 10 winners to be made later. Boxes will be placed at various places in Cullen Hall and the Science Building for the votes. The ballots will be printed in The Cougar and everyone will be allowed to vote.

After the final ten winners have been named, their picture and qualifications will be published in The Cougar and also in a local daily newspaper. The ten selections will be formally presented at a dance to be given late in February and also feted in other ways.

Selection by the students of the nominees is to be based on the following qualifications: (1) Looks; (2) Personality; (3) Accomplishments on the campus and in life off the campus; (4) Dancing and Good Mixer Ability.

Student voters will be expected to sign their tickets.

Creamery Quintet Hands Cougars An 8 to 1 Spanking

The Lone Star Creamery hockey team evened the score with the University of Houston skaters Sunday night at the ice rink, by handing them the short end of an 8 to 1 score. This was the first time this season that the Lone Star boys could sink the puck into pay dirt enough times to win.

Led by the Studdert brothers, Gerald and Morgan, the Lone Star team tallied four markers in the first period, with Gerald accounting for four of the total points.

The Cougars seemingly were not up to par, because of their lack of practice for the past couple of weeks. Their defense was shaky and the offense would not click because of poor passing, while their opponents showed up well on both defense and offense. It could be attributed either to practice of the winners or the lack of practice on the part of the Cougars.

The game opened with a freak goal by Jack Glauser that never left the ice, and easily slipped through goalie Jack Busby. This was soon followed by a shot from mid-ice by Cougar substitute Marcus Jones. From then on it was the Creamery's game.

Alcalde Invites Girl Representative

A representative to the Annual Coronation Ball given each year by the Alcalde staff, the yearbook of Sam Houston State Teachers College, will be chosen during registration next week from the university.

The ball will be held February 19 in Huntsville and any girl student in the university is eligible to receive this honor. Invitations have been issued to only major colleges in Texas.

Registration Expected To Increase Several Hundred Over Last Term; Tuesday Last Day For Enrollment

Because of the large number of inquiries pouring into the university office concerning the next term's registration, preparations for an increased enrollment of several hundred students over last semester's are being made by the office force for the registration period Monday and Tuesday of next week announced Dean N. K. Dupre Wednesday. Approximately 2200 students were enrolled in the university last fall.

Stated times for registering these days are 9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m. and 6 to 9 p. m. for both old and new students. Day and night students may register at any one of these times.

The evening classes this semester will include one more hour beginning at 5 and lasting until 9 o'clock, while the day school schedule will remain the same.

Classes will begin on the Wednesday following registration.

In registering, old students will secure a classification card and grade book at the first desk of the registration line. These cards will bear the students classification and are essential to the student when he registers.

Student grade books which have not been returned to the office should be returned before the enrolling of the student. A fine of \$1 will be assessed against each student who has permanently misplaced his who has misplaced his book.

Night Adds New Beauty To Snow Blanketed Campus



The first major snow in ten years transformed the new University of Houston campus into a Magical winter playground. Ice skating on reflection pools, snow fights, and cold feet featured the busy day which found most students and faculty worn out by night. Staff photographer Art Meyer braved the cold to make this five-minute exposure of the new Cullen Building.

Heads Discusses Engineering Plans

At a Tuesday meeting of the committee planning the new engineering building, proposed suggestions for the changing of the plans to include a larger structure were discussed.

Those present were Dr. E. E. Oberholtzer, Mr. R. C. Kuldell, Mr. H. L. Mills, Mr. N. K. Dupre, and Dr. W. W. Kemmerer.

Student Poll Tax Station In Cullen

University students 21 this year or last get a free poll tax for the elections coming up this year.

A station is in the lower hall of the Cullen building and students may receive their free poll tax receipt here. Any student over 21 may purchase one for \$1.50.

Intercollegiate Meet Scheduled Jan. 16, 17

An intercollegiate debate will be held February 16 and 17 in Huntsville, Texas, in which the University of Houston team will participate.

Debaters on the men's teams, Samuel Wiesenthal and Robert Botts lost a decision to the Sam Houston debaters last week. Wiesenthal and Lois Alders in the mixed debate team won the decision from their opponents.

GENERAL MEYER HERO?

And How Says "Leg Art" Who Claims "Propergander" Caused Collaring of Mighty Snowball Army by Cops

By Art Meyer

Being that I am a "Yanky" from the North end of Houston, I sure was a happy little boy when everything froze over with ice here and the dainty, dancing, soft snow flakes filtered gently onto the frigid terrain. (Wow, I oughtta be editor with that kinda lingo). I really got a kick out of the guy what works for the Chamber of Commerce when he had to carry water into his house to bathe in. He was the guy whom says that it never get cold enough

here in Houston, to cause the water to freeze in the pipes. I didn't want to doubt him on account of I was pretty embarrassed when old Snow White gave me the cold shoulder, so I just kidded him that he was only out for the exercise. Well, I guess the plumber only came to see his wife for pleasure, and being that this is a leap year I am curious what he will say when he gets a bill. But he's pretty dumb. He's the genius that writes all of those pretty letters to people what might chump

off and leave Alaska to seek warmer climes. Oh well, clime doesn't pay.

Well I finally got Snow White in the mood and took out for town. (65 minutes later) I got to Houston Avenue, and I guess old Snow White cast a wicked eye at a Mercury, or at a 19-cent a gallon gas sign. No matter what she did, she didn't. I got out and hopped on a bus and warmly came into town. (Fares 7 and 10 cents—adv.)

Continued on page 4

Round Table Group Holds Open Forum On Latin-America

Round Table Discussion Forum last Tuesday evening held the second in a series of discussions on the question, "How Important is Latin-America?"

The forum was composed of four men, Dr. J. S. Werlin, professor of Sociology, and chairman of the Round Table forum; James M. Manfredini, professor of Latin-American Studies; Val Jean McCoy, Professor of Economics; Murray A. Miller, Professor of Economics, and assistant to the Dean; and Thomas Purcell, agent from the United States Department of Commerce.

Questions relevant to the general topic were, "Does the United States Need Latin-America?" "Do They Need Us?" "Has Latin-America Any Reason to Distrust the United States on the basis of previous Experiences?" and "How May the United States Best Promote Latin-America?"

After the members of the Round Table group had presented their views on the question, the meeting was opened to the forum in general, which made it possible for members of the audience to ask questions concerning the issue.

Inclimate weather prevented a large attendance at the forum.

THE COUGAR

Editors

ALICE DAVID

WELLINGTON ABBEY

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 Art Meyer.
 Photography Art Meyer
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BEAUTY SELECTION UNFAIR

Since the Houstonian dance last week at which the year-book beauty section nominees were presented, there has been much discussion around the campus as to the fairness of the methods employed in picking the beauty nominees.

It has been the custom in past years for the editor, at times in conjunction with the business manager, to select what he thought the most beautiful girls in the school and send the nominee's pictures off to some Hollywood producer for the movie magnate to choose the most beautiful photographs from these. Many times in the past, the cry has been raised that the editor in making the selections was biased—that he had a grudge against a certain girl who was conceded to be a beauty in everyone's eyes but the editors—that the editor couldn't know all the girls who might be beauty candidates.

The defending editors have stood on the grounds that if the school were allowed to vote that it would be a popularity contest instead of a beauty contest—and the pictures do have to be of beauties to go in the "most beautiful girl" section. Yet, the way this selection of nominees is conducted now, isn't it a popularity contest as far as the editor is concerned?

As the eight beauties have been picked this year from the list of twenty-seven nominees, it is too late to institute reform for this issue of The Houstonian, but the Cougar would like to see a more representative selection made next year.

Editor Guy Hamilton claims that he was aided in choosing the nominees by the staff so that it was more representative this year than ever before. Yet take this staff of eight people and subtract it from 2200 students and you will have the number of people who are complaining that several girls were left off the list of nominations that are among the most attractive co-eds on the campus, while there were several beauty candidates picked that they couldn't concede of Vanity Fair calibre.

Also under fire was the method employed in naming the eight most beautiful from the 27 nominees. Many claim that Producer Walter Wanger out in Hollywood couldn't tell enough about one lone picture of these 27 girls who was the prettiest or had the most charm or attractiveness. And too this one photo might be highly complimentary while another really more beautiful girls might have a poor likeness. They suggest that the girls are picked locally in a contest or by judges that are fair and would name the girls impartially.

A solution to this problem is one which has been tried in this university several years ago. Have a popular election in the individual classes and through elimination the eight will be chosen as the lucky girls whose pictures will appear in the Vanity Fair section of the Houstonian.

CAMPUS CHATTER

By Kitty Lou Dawson and Norma Jean Kluever

Well, chilluns, your regular columnist is rather indisposed this week—yeah, he's sick in bed, so we're gonna pinch-hit for Guy.

Our friend, Billy Sparr, is either holding back on us about his age, or else he has taken to telling falsehoods. A dance step that he claims to have originated was being done by Vernon and Irene Castle 'way back in 1917 . . . Ya know, this Jeppesen guy is really ok; maybe he just started out wrong. Keep up the good work, Donald . . . How many of you know that Jimmy Manley is engaged? Her name is Billy Lou Bigley, and she hails from Oklahoma . . . Congrats, both of you!!

It has been rumored around that Dean Dupree was dunked in the snow Monday. He was a good sport about it, though . . . P. J. Sterne and Elizabeth Carlon are seen together too much of late for it to be

merely a coincidence . . . Leg Art Meyer and Pamela Wood seem to be making it a steady proposition. She's got a twin sister, too . . . Say, did you notice how pretty Gloria Kibbee looked at the Houstonian Ball or could you help it? . . .

Weed Peterson serenades Virginia Christianson with "It Had to Be You," while Henry Taub is telling Norma Jean Schwecke, "I Didn't Know What Time It Was, 'Til I Met You" . . . the daze he's in now shows that he hasn't found out yet . . .

Art Meyer's contribution to this column: "Hello, Snow, whatta know? I just got back from the Frigidaire show. Brrr." One of Jerry Leinweber's most recent remarks: "Some of the best times I've ever

Continued on page 3

Sterne

What Does Council Do? Explained For Students

I don't know about the balance of the Council members, but I for one am beginning to get rather tired of hearing from Abbey, and others on the staff of the paper, and from various students I meet in the halls remark, "What does the Council do?"



They invariably follow this up with, "We never hear anything about meetings, and for all we know you never have any." At this point I generally become totally speechless, and so this attempt to justify the Council for being.

To begin with, the Council meets regularly the first and third Wednesday in the month. They are generally set to last not over an hour and a half, and always run at least an extra forty-five minutes.

And this is not all taken up with idle argument, not all of it anyway. The best way to make a student statesman out of an old time arguer is to let him get on his feet in the Council, stick out his neck on some point of discussion, and then have the rest chop it off with logic. This is only necessary once.

For a training ground in which to become adept in the not so gentle art of cross-discussion with a group, and in gaining experience in thinking quickly and under fire there is no better place in the University than the council.

I know that this does not sound as though the school benefits as much as the council, but as the individual members gain knowledge and experience in parliamentary procedure and student administration so does the school benefit by this through more and better legislation and administration.

Now, as to what the council has done this year: First, there have been three elections held by the council. Vacancies for the assistant editor of the Houstonian and a councilman at large were filled. Nominations for Editor of the Houstonian were reviewed and an appointment ratified.

A system for the ratification of measures of the council by the Dean in an orderly manner was passed and signed by the Dean. As reported in the Cougar last week, a resolution to require freshmen to wear "fish caps" was passed at the last meeting.

As in the national congress, the structure of the council rests on its committees which during the time the general body is not in session, do the actual work. For the matters introduced in the meeting which cannot be settled immediately, or which require additional investigation, there is usually a committee appointed.

Despite the fact that there is much concrete work done by the council, actually the most good comes from the representation to the administration of the good of the students and the student viewpoint. The members of the council through conferences with the Dean and the members of the faculty committees exercise considerable influence in shaping policies before they are announced.

In this it is fulfilling its original purpose for which it was created by the Dean some years ago. It was

Letter To the Editor

Dear Editor:

Upon several occasions you have seen fit to mention the name of a small unimportant cog in the machinery of the U of H hockey team.

Now I fully realize that a third string wing is not deserving of much attention, in fact, not even worth mentioning. But—sometime ago I noticed the name of Joe Jarrard in the line up of the Cougars. I was surprised, because the name sounded unfamiliar, and I thought I knew all the members of the team. This Joe, struggled through the first three games the team played, doing his little part. I still didn't know him.

Then came the day of "our victory. I eagerly scanned the pages of the Cougar and the Press, feeling sure that I would read the news that "Joe" had scored. Imagine my surprise when I found, no mention of "Joe," but there in black and white it said that the captain of the Rice team, Louis Girard was credited with a score. This seemed odd, I was sure that I had not seen Louis in uniform the previous night; but, I reasoned, the reporter must know, and so forgot it.

I had almost forgotten my concern over the antics of "Joe" and "Louis," when last week's edition of the Cougar came out. There was a very nice picture of the team, but, again I was puzzled by a new and unfamiliar name in the lineup. I eagerly scanned the faces in the picture to see who the newcomer may be. I didn't know him, though he did look slightly familiar.

Later I chanced to look in a mirror, and who do you suppose I saw, (no, not a monkey) it was Eddie Girard, or possibly Louis Girard, or maybe even Joe Jarrard.

Now, if I had my druthers, I'd rather you wouldn't mention my name at all. But, if you find you are forced to, please I beg of you, on bended knees, try just once to spell it right.

"Buddy" Harry J. Girard
 P. S.: Louis is my brother.

DUPRE HONORS

Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Dupre entertained the members of the council at a games party in their home Saturday night.

Those attending the council party were Mr. and Mrs. Harvey W. Harris Nell Schedler, Foster Montgomery, Suzanne Larimer, P. J. Sterne, Elizabeth Carlon, Gerald Leinweber, Alice David, Harry Montgomery and June Carter.

Others included Johnny Goyen, Ray Campbell, Billy Miller and Weed Peterson.

first used entirely as a consulting board on student affairs by the Dean, and had no legislative duties at all.

It is unfortunate that so much of the business of the council is routine and not of the sensational type. For this reason, regardless of the importance of the meetings, little news of the meeting is printed, or read if printed.

For this reason, I do not feel that it is the duty of the council to try to publicize itself to the student body. We would only raise the cry of politics on the campus. I realize that this column somewhat resembles publicity. But, it is the column to end all columns on the council.

Greeting Cards
 Stamps for Collectors
Wolfe's Fountain Pen Service
 J. R. Wolfe, Prop.
 Fountain Pens Repaired
 719 Fannin St. P-2666

Beautifulizing of Site Completed In Sept. States Kemmerer

By Johnny Goyen

Dr. W. W. Kemmerer, comptroller, announced yesterday that the school engineer had been sent to San Antonio to arrange for the completion of plans for the beautifulizing of the university campus.

This will include concreting the sides of the pond which will be approximately two feet deep. A few feet from the pond there is to be a sidewalk encircling the reservoir, and between the pond and sidewalk will be planted shrubbery.

As soon as the sprinkler system is set in, the shrubs will be planted around the pool. This is expected to be completed in September.

Women's Feet Have Increased Full Size In Generation

AMHERST, MASS. — (ACP) — Plenty of evidence has been brought out to prove that the size of women's feet has increased a full size in two generations. Now comes an indication that men's feet are on the up and up.

When the R. O. T. C. supply department at Massachusetts State College came to uniforming the freshmen, they found that all the larger sizes of shoes were quickly exhausted and 50 freshmen couldn't be shod.

This doesn't mean, the supply department points out, that the freshmen have unusually large feet, merely that more of them were the larger sizes than is usual. Shoes are furnished the military department in a range of sizes presumed to outfit an average group of men. But these men aren't average.

Poet's Corner

LINES ON LOSING AN ILLUSION

Perhaps it worries you no whit
 That I have stayed away.
 Perhaps you bothered not a bit
 As day passed into day.

And yet I feel I owe you some
 Little explanation
 Of why I chose to shake me from
 Your subtle fascination.

Your beauty is a fitting guise
 For lack of intellect,
 And yet I think it would be wise
 To be more circumspect.

When some new lad shall come
 your way
 From out the file and rank,
 Think twice before you gawk and
 say,
 "Your last two sonnets stank!"
 —George Chiasson

ICE SKATING

AFTERNOON SESSION

3 to 5:30 p. m.

EVENING SESSION

8 to 10:30 p. m.

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McGOWEN and HUTCHINS

Every Friday Night at 10 p. m.
 Is University of Houston
 Session.

Let's go
Dining and Dancing
with Wellington Abby



I hold a glass up to the light and toast
 Your memory in blood-red wine and sing
 A rhyme to you in blue, a vivid ghost,
 Who waits in vain for my familiar ring.

Tonight is much the same as nights gone by,
 Except that you and I are far apart;
 And while I dance the night away you sigh
 And nurse the pain of your now broken heart.

For such must be the fate of girls who break
 A date, and laugh in hidden, secret glee:
 The price is yours to pay, and I may take
 The only way left clear for guys like me.

I lift my glass and drink a toast to you;
 A girl who bit off more than she could chew.

Cassa Nova.

THINGS I NEVER KNEW 'TIL NOW

ABOUT SCHOOL DANCES: That a good dance such as The Houstonian ball last Friday could be so chilled by an intermission in the dancing . . . That it can take so long to present 27 beauties when everyone wants to dance . . . That spotlights can be so revealing . . . That Guy Hamilton can pick 27 beauties and only hit 6 pretty girls . . . That anyone could overlook Norma Jean Kluever as a beauty . . . That there is a place in Houston as nice as the Houston Club . . . John Sullivan, is tops in local dance orchestra fields . . . That a dance depends on the number and rapid tagging of the stagline . . .

ABOUT THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT: That council meetings are closed to the public . . . That three out of four students don't know what the student council is or does . . . That nine out of 10 of the council don't know what they are doing (authority for this, several council members, who admit that nothing transpires in meetings except arguments about rules of procedure) . . . That the council has formed a political combine to railroad Weed Peterson into next year's council presidency . . . That Ellison Miles is unpopular with the other council members because he prefers sleep to arguing on who has the floor, and also because he may run against Peterson this spring . . . That Foster Montgomery has made a good president this year so far . . . That the faculty is against any unfavorable publicity on the council or any member . . .

ABOUT EXAMS: That the more we study the more we find out we don't know on these tests . . . That exams are the student's last opportunity to prove to the professor he hasn't really been asleep, but that he can concentrate better when his eyes are closed . . .

ABOUT CO-EDS: That they think its funny to break a date . . . That more dates have been broken on the Houston U. campus these last few weeks than in all other years totaled . . . That the list of date breakers include Helen Rankin, Margaret Ross, Louise Brown, Thelma Issacks, Grace Keller, Gloria Kibbee, Josephine Hightower, Betty Jenks, Norma Jean Schwecke and Mrs. Bender . . . That no one knows anything about women . . . Not even women . . . That psychologists claim blondes are less trustworthy than brunettes.

ABOUT NIGHT CLUBS. That the Empire Room welcomes Lawrence Welk and his Champagne music Monday with collegiate night scheduled Tuesday at the special 49 cents rate . . . that the High Hat makes more money on vice-versa night than on regular week nights with the boys paying the bill . . . that Selman Houston and Billy Shirley are handling ticket sales for the reserved section at the negro dance at which Jimmy Lunsford is to play next month at the Pilgrim Hall.

JOE COLLEGES: That Franklin "Tommy" Walker sees red when hailed by the tag line "Tommy" . . . that a certain well-known publicity man on the campus will be in a hot spot at mid-term when the other steady girl friend enrolls in school. He's wondering how to stroll down the hall with both at the same time . . . that Stan Lane has gone overboard for that former Lake Charles pretty . . .

Oberlin College has a Pullman car named after it.

A 500-pound elephant skull has been acquired by the University of Texas.

A crime prevention club has been formed by Canisius College students.

You Are Always
 Welcome at the
TURKISH VILLAGE
 LEELAND at
 TELEPHONE RD.
 Opposite Eastwood Theatre
 A Large Selection of Wholesome
 Foods at Popular Prices . . .
 Pleasantly Served
 From 11 a. m. until 2 a. m.
 Saturday until 4

**Les Mousquetaires
 Elect Officers Feb. 5**

Les Mousquetaires will hold a meeting in Room 116-C February 5 to elect officers for the new term. Announcements to be made at the meeting will be the date for the picture of the club to be taken for the annual, and also the date for the French film which the club plans to bring here in early spring.

The world's worst joke—
 "Why is milk?" Answer: "Becows."
 —Round-Up

**Deerman's Bicycle
 Academy**
 Students Come and
 Ride With Us
 2111 San Felipe Rd. J-2-0004

EXCHANGES

A Flighty Young Lady's Lament
 "I know that the world's in a flurry
 And that the war birds fill the skies,
 But for goodness' sakes, leave me
 alone
 Until my fingernail polish dries!"
 —Parrakeet

He looked up—
 Then—in a flash—
 Vivid colors played on his cheeks,
 His head swam,
 A wild look appeared in his eyes,
 He fell—hard.
 He was never the same man again.
 She looked up—
 To her, too, the giddy feeling
 came—

A blanket of scarlet hid her face,
 She gasped—
 She fell—hard—very hard
 And she was never the same again.
 Has Dan Cupid scored again?
 Has the flower of romance bloomed
 once more?
 Ah no, my friend—
 It was only an icy sidewalk.

Wise Counsel—
 Opportunity doesn't always knock.
 Sometimes he just sits outside in
 the car and honks.—Papoose.

We is broommates
 We sweep together
 Dust us two.—Exchange.

The lives of broadcasters remind us
 We can say good night, and quit
 And departing leave behind us
 Listeners quite glad of it.
 —Bison

Sometimes I wished I had lived
 three hundred years ago. I wouldn't
 have had nearly so much history to
 learn.—Bison.

Just remember—
 It ain't the bullet that kills you;
 it's the hole it makes.—Bagpipe.

Sparkle, sparkle little star
 How we wonder how you are.
 Up above the world so high
 Ain't you scared?
 —Coyote News

A brick's best friend is his mortar.
 —Exchange

"What did the hungry little calf
 say as he looked in the silo?"
 "Is my fodder in there?"
 —Parrakeet

Blood vessels is the last definition
 for a pirate ship.
 —H-SU Brand

Campus Chatter—

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 had are being spent with Grace Keller—quite a change in attitude, I'd say . . . Another cunning coed, Dot Lemke, is out of circulation now and all because of a certain Jimmy from Hearne . . .

Ah, Love is a wonderful thing, and if you don't think so, just ask Della Belle Collier and Fubba Paris . . . Ed Cotton has been remarking that at last he has found the right girl. Why is it that everyone is wanting to get married.

Another popular day-school girl is going to be missed after mid-term . . . Thelma Isaacks is going to quit school and maybe move to Lake Charles . . . The dance every one has been waiting for is the Cougar Collegian Valentine dance, February 9. It is to be held at the Arabia Temple with Johnny Sullivan furnishing the "JIVE." This dance is scheduled to be semi-formal . . . Found in the Wichitan—

"In the parlor there were three,
 The girl, the parlor lamp, and he.
 Two is company and no doubt,
 That is why the lamp went out."

The THEATRE

By Joe Maberry

Some weeks ago this columnist mentioned the fact that vaudeville was on the way again. While a few old timers struggled through those hard ten years after vaudeville was officially declared dead, the general entertainment trend during the thirties was toward movies and Hollywood's productions.

As the theatre-goers began demanding more entertainment for their money the double-feature policy was taken up by most movie-houses as a possible solution. This was accepted for a time, then began the rumble of dissatisfaction. It was during this unstable period that a few pioneer groups of actors began organizing into vaudeville units.

Dance bands during stale periods began surrounding themselves with a few specialties and began advertising in Variety and Billboard for bookings. A few actresses in Hollywood who foresaw their end in films began to organize stage shows and went on the road with the hopes of cashing in on their picture publicity.

This season the Interstate circuit brought such road shows as Seger Ellis and his band, Follies Bergere, Dave Apollon, The Weaver Brothers, and now Jane Withers and her show.

Now when little Janies goes on the road fronting a vaudeville unit of her own I feel even surer that vaudeville is back. Quote Edward E. Gloss, theatre editor of the Beacon Journal: "In the days when vaudeville knew itself by that name and was proud the crack performers would have called Jane Withers 'a natural'."

Barricade
 In the slant eyed inland of China amid pigtailed bandits and a flurry of Chinese dialects is laid the background for excitement that is "Barricade." Revolving about Alice Faye, lady of mystery, and Warner Baxter, "nothing more or less than a

newspaperman," and Charles Winninger, as a loyal American consul, everyone seems doomed when up come the Marines. Sounds strenuous. It opens at the Met Friday.

Majestic Presents

"The Fighting 69th," faint reminiscence of such films as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Big Parade" opens tomorrow at the Majestic.

Based on the adventures of New York's crack Irish regiment during the World War, when the unit went overseas with the Rainbow Division as the 165th infantry, it stars James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and George Brent in an all male cast.

Cagney has a definitely unsympathetic role as the smart-aleck recruit from Brooklyn whose mental and physical fibre disintegrates under fire.

Pat O'Brien plays the role of Father Duffy and spends his greatest effort trying to reform Cagney.

Watch for George Brent, "Wild Bill" Donovan, head of the outfit. And for an excellent "sleeper" be on the lookout for Jeffrey Lynn. His enactment of the role of the poet is excellent.

"The moving finger writes
 And having writ moves on."

MAIL GRADES

Grades of the past semester will be mailed out Monday afternoon and none will be revealed over the telephone.

Of the 435 departments of engineering in U. S. colleges, 75 per cent do not require theses for bachelor degrees.

METROPOLITAN
 ONE BIG WEEK **FRIDAY**
 STARTING
 America's Beloved Rascal
ON THE STAGE
IN PERSON
JANE WITHERS
 Heading Her Own
HOLLYWOOD REVUE
 Featuring a Host of
HEADLINE STARS
 IN A SOLID HOUR OF
 ENTERTAINMENT





ON THE SCREEN!
ALICE WARNER FAYE-BAXTER
BARRICADE
CHARLES WINNINGER ARTHUR TREACHER KEYE LUKE WILLIE FUNG

FOUR COMPLETE SHOWS DAILY
 POPULAR PRICES

Perfect Gentlemen Leads Hound's Life As Well As Expensive One, Goyen Says

By John Goyen

Why be a gentleman? Where does it get you? The answer, as I've found out, is NOWHERE.

Your mother brings you up to the best of her ability to be a nice little boy, which will later turn you into a gentleman. She sends you to school with your shirt tucked in nicely, your hair slicked back; and, of course all nice little boys wear ties, so you, too, must wear a noose. You don't associate with Tommy Jones or his gang because he's what people call a roughneck. He's very untidy, no tie, shirt tail out, and hair always messed up. My! my! he's just a mess, but not you. No, you are dressed as a miniature Ray Campbell, but not quite that extreme. Some boys call you "sissy," but hosh, you've heard people tell your mother what a nice, polite little son she has, so you naturally figure that she's molding you into a future Don Juan. Of course, girls don't enter into your childish mind as YET.

The next scene takes place when you have passed the awkward age. You start going to parties and pretty soon you don't go any more. Why? Because you aren't asked. Oh well, they play post office and that game is so silly and embarrassing anyway, so you stay home and a good book.

You pass a few of these years and then you find yourself well along in High School. Your folks buy a new (couldn't get an advertisement) car, so you decide to get a date with a very popular girl. We'll call her Frances. She seems unconcerned, but finally consents to go, but, boy, do her eyes pop when she sees your new car. You go to the dance, and who should cut in but Tommy? Tommy goes with Frances, but he's no competition, because he doesn't have much money, and his car is worse than Art Meyer's. Imagine that (if you can)! You feel that Frances is so swell that she goes with Tommy because money and cars mean nothing to her. You have a few more dates with her and blow in a lot of money and hear rumors about what a "nice" boy you are. This swells you up. You check up on your past dates and find that you haven't told her how you feel toward her. Well, you decide to show her a swell time on your next date, and then reveal your affections. Where will you go? You've been to the Empire Room a few times, but not when Torrin Ucker was there. That's it, you'll take her to dinner. You count your money. Not enough. Your stamp album. You'll sell it. You get twelve buck for eight years' of hard work. Why do you care? Frances will really appreciate it. You send her an orchid and then you're off (I'll say you are). You dance with her all night long. Ouch! that bill must have been wearing brassknucks. You do have enough to buy a few meals, that is if you eat at Nick's Slop House (Chili 10 cents, coffee 5 cents, hot dogs 5 cents, and soft drinks 5 cents). You leave, and are riding along when from her side of the car, you know the D. L. type, comes the expression, "Oh, isn't that a cute drive-in stand—must be new." Of course, you suggest stopping and darned if she doesn't consent. You drive over in the corner where you can be away from the bright lights. Your radio is playing soft music when all of a sudden Nick O'Lodien and his swingaroos bellow forth with "Flata Foota Floogie." This disgusts you. You leave, and she asks what time it is. You tell her 1:45 a. m. She exclaims: "I had no idea it was that late. I'd better hurry home." You are boiling, but you

don't let her know it.

You tell her goodnight and cool off on the way home. You decide to call her the next day and ask her for a date that night and have a showdown. You call about 10:30 a. m. Her mother says that she's asleep and you ask when she will be up. Her mother hasn't the remotest idea. You call again at 1:30 p. m. She's playing tennis. Again you call. This time about 3:30 p. m. She's home. You ask her for a date. She has one. You can't go out on school nights so you ask for one a week ahead. She tells you that she can't. You seem puzzled and ask, "Well, don't you want to go with me any more?" She says, "Oh, it's not that—but Tommy and I decided to start going steady on the 15th and today is the 15th." Boy, are you boiling? You can see those green backs flying away and laughing at you.

What's the matter with you? You can't figure it out. You decide to call Bill. Bill's your pal and his sister is a good friend of Frances. You call him and ask him what's the matter with you. After much coaxing he finally opens up. He tells you that you are too good to the girls you have gone with. He tells you that they have nicknamed you "goodtime Chump," and that they don't enjoy your company, because you are always so agreeable. They even have the nerve to think you are a sissy. Well, it does do you good to hear the truth. You want to "cuss," but only know a few words. You say them over and over until they become monotonous. You decide to change, but you can't change over night. You are truly disgusted with yourself and with everyone. Fellows, it's nice to be polite and gentlemanly, but you can carry anything TOO FAR.

"Leg Art"—

Continued from page 1

And was town a mimic edition of life on the Maggot and Zig-zag Line. In fact it looked like the General Motors Line, or it could have been the line Doc Hiller pours out, because it was pretty lousy. Well, as I turned into the building I heard a thud. Wowie, I looked down and it was me on my ear (for journalism's sake). I looked up and there was Ray Campbell pushing a snow ball in someones face. I guess it was mine, cus' when I walked in my office I got a big ribbing about taking a bath on Monday. Well, thirty minutes later I was General Meyer at the head of a mighty army fighting to defend the Gulf Building from invasion by the Communists of the Kress Building. Lt. Campbell was right beside me, and Private Johnny Goyen was there too—on the front line, at least in front of us.

We was holding our own with brilliant success while camera man Walter Kuritza took a shot of the enemy lines for use in our "artillery" division. Now this division was ok at is reigned snow from the upstairs windows, but they couldn't quite get the range. It was these attacks on the "rear" that caused me to later accuse them of "sabotage."

Well, just about the time that I gives the order to charge, both armies were scattered by a cloud of blue who whizzed down on us with their dainty feet softly plodding in the snow. As both armies were taken prizners, I fled the scene to plot another purge. I was sad on account of the loss of Lt. Campbell and Sergeant Goyen (got promoted for bravery in action). Of course, they might have escaped. But alas and alack, the rest of my army was in the jug.

Now I don't want you all to think

that I am a capital-ist, even though my name does start with an "A," but I ask you as future representatives of democracy, "Is it fair for the cops to pick up my army for defending a broken window, and leave the people who broke it free?" Students! the answer is NO. Now in the case Mr. Ferguson, the U. of H. cop, reads this, the answer is

"no." Well, I guess that if even the Dean and Doc Hiller got their face washed with snow, no one got mad except bosses who stayed in the offices alone. I heard a good joke on the whole matter. It all came about when a bunch of the gang were washing other peoples faces in the snow. Dr. Kemmerer came out, and was immediately set upon. A second

later the whole bunch scattered to the wind. Was he boired up? I don't mean about getting soaked with snow balls, but it seems that some scoundrel busted a eight-cent window glass. My, my! Mr. Sakowitz really must have been sore too when his window dummies wearing new winter clothes got into a draft and started shivering.

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