

MOVING PICTURE SHOWS BENEFITS OF KRAFT CHEESE

Shades of Beethoven; slices of Kraft. So went the Wednesday night general assembly program, the first held in three weeks.

Not to be outdone by the masters of music, the H.J.C. Quartet waxed eloquent, even to the verge of tears, in its rendition of "Sweet Ado-line," and "Girl of My Dreams." The bass tuba played no mean part as assistant to the quarteters.

The program was opened very earnestly to the martial strains of the "American March" played by the San Jacinto high school band. Three H. J. C. students took part in this performance. Beethoven's "Minuet in G No. 2" came next, followed by selections from Victor Herbert's capricious comedy operetta, "Mlle. Modiste." Thunderous applause marked the close of this impressive part of the program, and the second half was begun amidst the whirring of machines, the shrieks of a heterogeneous mob, and the violet darkness of the auditorium.

A curtain was raised from the bottom of the platform, ceilingward, and the show was on . . . that is, the movie began.

Our interpreter, who sat just in back of us, very dramatically enlightened that part of the audience near him.

"That's the Illinois Central," "That's Michigan Boulevard," "That's . . ." and "That's . . ." he crisply announced.

The picture was shown as an introduction to the World's Fair which will be held at Chicago this year. The information most vividly portrayed, however, was that Mr Kraft, to keep merchants from eating stray bits of cheese after serving a customer, erected his factory on the site of the old Dearborn Fort so that cheese might be wrapped in sanitary packages. Quite colorful were the scenes depicting life in the old fort. . . . All in all, the World's Fair will probably be interesting if it can be found located as it is, somewhere back of the Kraft Cheese factory.

It was during the showing of the film that the aforementioned quartet exhibited its talents . . . o say nothing of the tuba.

HUGHES TOOL WINS FROM H. J. C. TEAM

The Hughes Tool volleyball team defeated Junior College in 3 out of 5 games in a thrilling contest. Staging a close race for 4 games in which each team won 2, Hughes Tool finally won the deciding game 17 to 15 after Junior College had forged ahead by a score of 15 to 14.

Volleyball is steadily gaining in favor among the students and is certainly a game in which team work is an essential element. Players participating for Junior College were Pat Foley, Bob Stallings, Ed Smart, Jesse Darling, J. J. Ross, Fred Aebi, John Hill, and Edgar Nerkin. Future games will be booked from time to time and everyone is invited and assured of an exciting game.

NOTICE

If you are planning on being graduated in June see Mrs. Bender or Lucille Black regarding the time of class meetings. Several social functions are being planned by the graduates.

MEN'S CLUB HOLDS TREASURE PARTY

Orlo McGeath, Jim Fowler Win Novel Treasure Hunt

The Guild Savant, newly organized men's club at H. J. C., opened a series of spring social functions by sponsoring a novel treasure hunt Sunday evening, March 19.

Approximately twenty members of the club met at the school and were given clues to the hidden articles, two hours being allowed for finding the various treasures. The party then assembled at the home of Orlo McGeath where refreshments were served.

The club has laid plans for several bay parties to be held as soon as the weather becomes warmer. It is expected that these parties will create much enthusiasm among the members.

At the last meeting of the club, Jimmy Fowler was accepted for membership and a change in the constitution was made concerning finances. The Guild Savant meets every other Monday in Mr. Harris' room.

SUMMER SESSION WILL EMPLOY 14 H. J. C. TEACHERS

Fourteen Junior College instructors are included in the faculty for the 1933 summer session, as announced by Dr. E. E. Oberholzer, president.

These teachers will be in charge of class work, provided that enrollments justify offering the courses which they offer.

The following instructors are assigned to summer work: H. W. Harris, English; Warren A. Rees, mathematics; Archie W. French, government and education; Fred R. Birney, journalism; E. W. Schuman, German and physics; Mrs. Floy P. Soule, French, Spanish; L. T. Hooker, biology; M. A. Miller, sociology and history; A. L. Kerbow, education; S. W. Henderson, education; S. L. Bishkin, chemistry; Miss Lula M. Stevens, public school music; Miss Pearl Rucker, public school art; and Miss Helen Steele, industrial education.

SOPH DANCE IS SUCCESS; HELD AT COLLEGE INN

Dancing for three and a half hours to the rhythmic strains of the Birmingham Blue Blowers the Cougar sophomores last Friday night staged their annual dance at Ye Olde College Inn and came through in sporting fashion.

The hall was neatly decorated in St. Patrick's Day style. Figures of Shamrocks, clay pipes, and hats hung upon the walls and windows. Green was the keynote in decoration, but every color of the rainbow was the keynote in dress. The dance brought forth a barrage of bright colors and spring apparel.

Mr. Aitken, president of the Sophomore class, seemed very pleased with the result of the dance. "The dance was a success," he stated, "and I hope that everyone there had an enjoyable time."

The dance started promptly at ten o'clock and lasted through until about 1:00 a. m. As a whole the crowd arrived early and remained until the Blue Blowers struck the last chord of "Home Sweet Home." This dance may set a precedent for the sophomores of Houston Junior College. Heretofore the Sophomore Prom has been a formal or semi-formal affair. This Prom, a sport dance, may usher in an era of varied proms.

H. J. C. GIRLS WIN OVER OIL CAGERS

In one of their hardest battles of the season Junior College defeated the Texas Company Girls by a score of 43 to 34. In the opening minutes the Texas team took a 5 point lead but was soon passed during the second quarter. Jenny Wait was extremely right in all her shots scoring 14 field goals for a high score of 28 points. Avis Parks and Doris McVickers missed numerous easy shots and had they been right the score would have been much more decisive. The Junior College defense showed absence of Cisco Kellog, flashy little grad who was unable to play. Moers and Green of the Texas Company divided scoring honors for their team with 15 points each.

FRENCH ISSUES BASEBALL CALL

First Practice to Be Held Wednesday, March 22

Coach Archie W. French calls for the first baseball practice to be held Wednesday, March 22, with a large squad having already been signed up and available for play. Mr. French states that practice will be conducted in the mornings, and due to the fact that a few of the players on the squad are working, a seasoned team can be entered in one of the local baseball leagues. Humble Park is to be obtained for all practice games and equipment will be issued to candidates next week.

Some of the players of proven ability out for the team include Starks Green, star catcher formerly of Tarleton College, Yates, recent Missouri Pacific shortstop, Raymond Dupree, sensational outfielder of the championship IGA Grocers of last season, Adolph Marks, pitcher for the Post team, Paul Sparks, former outfielder from Reagan High and numerous other candidates. Players may have to use their own uniforms but will be provided all other equipment necessary. All boys interested in playing baseball are urged to get in touch with Coach French as soon as possible.

Women's Faculty Club Hold St. Patrick's Day Bridge Entertainment

A St. Patrick's bridge was enjoyed Saturday afternoon by the Women's Faculty Club at the home of Mrs. F. L. Dugan with Mrs. N. K. Dupre assisting hostess.

The rooms were artistically decorated with Irish green and bright spring flowers. Five tables of bridge were arranged for the enjoyment of the guests. Several members dropped in during the late afternoon for the social hour.

An ice course was served on bridge trays. The color scheme was also carried out in the refreshments. The cakes were in the shape of shamrocks.

High score was a beautiful basket of flowers. Low score was small pot plant.

The primary function of the club is Continued on page 2

SUMMER SCHOOL PLANS ARE MADE BY H.J.C. FACULTY

Many requests for information concerning summer school classes have already been received in the office of Mrs. Pearl C. Bender, registrar.

Classes will be offered in both sophomore and freshman courses, but all courses scheduled as announced elsewhere in this issue of The Cougar will be given only in case sufficient students register for each course to justify the expense of offering the work.

Classes scheduled include English, mathematics, government, physics, French, Spanish, biology, sociology, journalism, history, education, chemistry, and special courses for teachers or art, music, and industrial education.

"A total of 39 courses are scheduled at present, and will be offered if enrollments justify," N. K. Dupree, dean, said in discussing plans for the summer session.

Students wishing information concerning summer session or any of the courses to be offered should consult Mr. Bender or Mr. Dupre concerning their schedules.

Fees for summer session, which will last six weeks, will be as follows: matriculation fee, \$5.00; library fee, \$2.00; tuition for two courses, \$30.00, totaling \$37.00. Students who have ever been enrolled in Junior College will not pay the matriculation fee, thus reducing their tuition to \$32.00.

Laboratory fees for the various sciences are as follows: Chemistry, \$3.75; biology, \$5.00; physics, \$2.50; education, \$2.50; practice teaching, \$7.50.

Tuition for one course in the summer session is \$18. New students, paying matriculation and library fees, will pay \$25.00, while students not paying for matriculation will be able to take one course for \$20.00, unless enrolled in courses requiring laboratory fees.

GIRL CAGERS END WINNING SEASON

The Junior College Girls' basketball team closed the season with their most successful campaign by winning 20 out of 23 games played. A total of 713 points were amassed by Junior College averaging 31 points per game while 394 points were scored by all opponents or an average of 14 points per game. The following players constituted the squad used in games throughout the season: Avis Parks, Doris McVickers, Jenny Wait, Lou Gaines, Cisco Kellog, Evelyn Veach, Ruth Sparks, Bonnie Shelton, Lavern Lathrop, Maize Lyle, Ferguson, M. Hogan, Helen Tomlin, and Lucile Waite.

Avis Parks was high scorer for the season with 226 points with the other players following with: Doris McVickers 167, Jenny Wait 120, Bonnie Shelton 55, Evelyn Veach 28 and Ferguson 2. A splendid offense built around Avis Parks, Jenny Wait and Doris McVickers enabled Junior College to score almost at will in all their games. Much credit must be given to Cisco Kellog, Helen Tomlin and Lou Gaines for their work during the season on the defense.

Miss Irene Speiss is to be com- Continued on page 2

REALLY, NOW, IS IT LIKE THIS?

GO TO HOLLYWOOD AND FIND OUT

(Note: This is to give you an idea of what might happen if H. J. C. was suddenly moved to Hollywood and turned into a motion picture studio.)

CHARACTERS: Mr. Dupre, president of the company; Mr. French, director (He got this position because of his spats); Harold Renfro, hero (Pffffffft!); Kitty Hurlock, female menace (Scenes in which Miss Hurlock appears must be shot with asbestos film.); James Julian, punch-drunk boxer; and James Conlson, villain.

SCENE: Location on a Hollywood set.

Mr. Dupree: "Ah, Mr. French, you may now proceed to being the first scene."
Director French: "Now Miss Hurlock, remember, in this scene you are supposed to be a society girl. Now let's hear you say something in

precise English. Go ahead, say something."

Kitty: "Hot dog, you tell 'em kid, hot cha cha!"

Director French: "Well I'll be a . . . say, is that what you call precise English?"

Kitty: "Gee, I . . ."

James Julian: "Say, did I ever tell youse guys about the time I almost licked Dempsey? I led wit me right, and . . ."

Director French: "Yes, you've told us. Now, Miss Hurlock, go ahead and say your lines."

Kitty: "What is your name? You have the prettiest hair, and I think . . ."

Director French: "Ye Gods, what is this? You don't see that in the script?"

Kitty: "Well, you told me to say

my lines. Ask any of those H. J. C. boys if that isn't my line."

Director French: "Not that! Read your lines from that paper you have in your hand."

Kitty: "Once upon a time a traveling salesman . . ."

Director French: "Oh Lord! You dope! You are reading the wrong paper."

Kitty: "All right. 'Ah, alas! Look at you forest fire approaching. I am doomed!'"

James Coulson: "Aha, fair lady. It is only me. My fiery thatch is no forest fire. Heh, heh, heh."

Kitty: "I am still doomed. Will no one save me?"

Harold Heart-throb (Played by Mr. Renfro.): "I will save you, fair maiden!"

(Hamp Robinson does a tap dance Continued on page 2

THE COUGAR



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THE ADVANTAGES OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION IS SHOWN IN THIS OBVIOUSLY TRUE ONE-ACT PLAY

Scene: An office, where applicants are being interviewed for a job.

Characters: Business man, and student from H. J. C. (or other college).

B. M.: What is your name?
 Student: I'm Bill Jones, from Houston Junior College.

B. M.: So you are a college man. eh?
 S.: Yes sir, I certainly am.

B. M.: We need young college men of your caliber in our business—men with ambition, enthusiasm, and above all, knowledge; and with the ability to use it.

S.: That's what we get in college, all right.

B. M.: You won't mind if I ask you a few questions before I show you where your desk is.

S.: No sir; go right ahead.

B. M.: Well, here is an easy one—"What do you think of the League of Nations will do to the Sino-Japanese situation?"

S.: To tell you the truth, sir, I took history for two years, but that only brought us up to the American Revolutionary war, so I really can't say anything about the League.

B. M.: What about arithmetic? Are you good at figures?

S.: Well, I used to be while I was in high school, but our professor has been dealing entirely with proving that a circle is square, and that 4 is greater than 6, and the theory of

infinity, I am now just a bit rusty on the multiplication table.

B. M.: I see. Did you have any courses in science?

S.: Yes sir, I took biology. I can tell you offhand ten characteristics of the amoeba, and I made an A in dissecting earthworms, but I don't know very much about human biology.

B. M.: That's peculiar. Just to save time, you tell me some of your qualifications for this position.

S.: I can recite "Chaucer" and "Paradise Lost."

B. M.: What else?

S.: I was in a Dramatic Club at school. Maybe you will let me use some of my talent to sell customers your merchandise.

B. M.: People don't exactly like to have a dramatic salesman call on them these days.

S.: My thesis on "Plant Life in Antarctic Regions" won a prize. Are you interested in anything about why cabbage won't grow at the South Pole?

B. M.: (getting ruffled) No! Is there anything you can do that is worthwhile?

S.: I can debate. Do you need a good debater to write your letters?

B. M.: Hell No. And I don't need you or any other of you smart college guys in my business. Here's your hat, but don't hurry off.

A little boy punished by his mother and that night he prayed thus:
 "Dear Lord, bless papa, sister and brother, and make me a good boy—Amen.

Then looking up at his mother he said "I guess you noticed you were not in it."

Housewife—"This morning, my husband threw a biscuit at me. A biscuit I made myself."

Neighbor—"The idea! It might have killed you."

Salesman—Ladies and gentlemen, I have here the famous flexible comb that will stand any kind of treatment. You can bend it double—you can hit it with a hammer—you can twist it—you can

Interested Listener—Say mister, can you comb your hair with it?

Foreman: (on excavation job) "Do you think you are fit for really hard labor?"

Applicant: "Well, some of the best judges in the country have thought so."

"An old colored man," said the minister, came to me one day with the request that I pray for his floating kidney."

"Why, Sam! I remonstrated, 'how do you expect me to pray for some particular thing like that?'"

"Well, parson, 'Sam retorted, 'last week you all was a-praying' for de loose livers."

Babies are born with only one emotion—fear! The fear of falling, thru lack of support.

MUD'N YER EYE

That modest violet, Pat Foley, has developed an inferiority complex. He recently admitted that there were some pretty good guys in the school besides him.

Minnie Topek recently met with disaster at the hands of that Darling boy Jesse. And right in the halls of the school too.

And who around this school would look good with a fractured skull?

"Svengali" Robinowitz has taken up polo, but you won't get 'em mixed up. Who ever saw a horse wearing glasses.

"Paddlefoot" Aitken, the guy with the good understanding, kinda gets around. He's probably been over more ground than any three people in school.

There are a lot of swell dishes around this school, but most of them are slightly cracked.

There were many fair damsels disappointed last week because they didn't go to the Sophomore Prom with "Mountain Lion" Mills. Those wishing to go with him to the next dance will please file their names at the office, giving age and past experience.

SEEN AT THE PROM

Fairfax Moody looking like a million dollars and dancing the same way.

Mr. French showing the boys how they hid died twenty odd years ago.

Red Coulson with his dream girl Dorothy Wisner.

"Mountain Lion" Mills running wild.

Sissy O'Neal, about as cute a girl as you'll find at any old prom.

The orchestra leader "Little Cab" getting hot.

Ethel Margaret Falk, a beautiful addition to Junior College dances. Escorted by Rip Harrison, in person.

Harold Renfro, taxing his mentality to the utmost by working in the check room.

Mary Stephenson looking as swell as ever.

Mrs. Bender, Mrs. Hooker, and Mrs. Ebaugh.

Frances Bates giving the boys a break.

John Hill, the man women dream about, lighting up a weed.

A couple of San Jacinto girls, Kate Norman and Marjorie Cheek.

Virginia Moran and Evelyn Coffey two more reasons why the dance was a success.

Melvin Feeney trying to figure out the score.

Don Aitken, we mention him last because after all he's just the president, breathing just a little more freely each time a bid was bought. Don deserves a lot of credit for working as he did to put this dance over. The Sophomore class picked a darn good president. When? Why this year, ya mug.

Girls' Cagers

Continued from page 1

mended for the way in which she coached her team and for the fine sportsmanlike spirit which prevailed at all games. Prospects are bright for another star team next year to be built around Avis Parks and Jenny Wait who will both be back in school then. Miss Spess announces now that basketball is over a girls indoor baseball team will be formed and invites girls interested to get in touch with her at once.

Liza: "Ah wants to git a pair o' shoes fo' my little gal."

Salesman: "Black kid?"

Liza: "Yo mind yo own business and git dem shoes."

THRU THE KAMPUS KEYHOLE

BY SEYMOUR SCANDAL

To give an appropriate opening for this column, we will defend the name of a fair lady. An unknown scribe stated in the Cougar that a certain female lab assistant (J.J.) was that way about a certain male ditto (J. B.). As we would like to right a great wrong, we will refute that statement and print the truth. It is not Jack that Geneva is interested in, but an individual who shall be known in these fair sheets as "Tubby". Thanks J. C.

FLASH: Information on the other party mentioned above has just been received. Jack used to visit a lass in San Antonio, but it appears that he has loved and lost. Betty was her name, and while the cause of the break is not known for sure, we think it is because he arrived home one afternoon at 2 o'clock in his evening clothes. Which reminds us of the saying, "Love knows no time."

Now that we have seen Elmer Hamilton, creator of Shorts and Spats, in his spats, we would like to see him in his—oh pshaw, YOU say it!

And you should read the letters a former San Jacinto boy writes M. E. Horan from A.&M. She also received letters from from a boy who writes from Austin on T. U. paper. Can it be that Miss Horan cannot get interested in local boys, or is it the opposite?

Dopey Daniel would like to know why Sitting Bull couldn't take out Squatters' Rights.

Call Mesta Waggoner "S. A. E." and duck. It all started several issues back when she edited the Cougar.

The best way we know of to get ahead is first to get a head.

Minnie Topek, the co-ed who sells advertising for the Cougar and who has nominated herself as H. J. C.'s most popular girl, violates a journalism rule by turning in stories written on both sides of the paper. One well-meaning lad who misunderstood her reasons, offered to give her a sheet of paper. Did that gal blow up!

Ignatz the inventor tells us how to make a million. He says to make jig-saw puzzles out of the plates that little Willie drops while helping mother with the dishes.

We realize that all good things must come to an end, so we close this column with regret. While we admit that this is a rather tame start if the student will co-operate by sending bits of scandal to Seymour Scandal, we promise to furnish you with more entertainment by next issue. —TNX.

MURDOCK GOES IN CLEANING BUSINESS

Grady Murdock, popular Junior College student, invites his friends to give him a trial with their cleaning and pressing business.

Murdock is paying his way thru school from the returns of his business. Satisfaction is guaranteed on every job with the slogan "Economy yet Efficiency" predominating.

A special contract enables Murdock to compete with the establishments that advertise cleaning at reduced prices.

A call to Wayside 5098 will bring a driver to your door.

JACED SQUOINTS

Trust Donald Aitken for surprises. Now we learn that the Annual Soph Ball, which really whicked on March 17, positively did not have committees on decorations, entrances and exits, et al.

And Tommy Cat Feeney advertised in THE LOW DOWN as slain by Kitty Cat Norman in favor of Mountain Lion Mills too heartily and vociferously denies all.

Yowsa . . . Chili Spenser and Wilma Lindsay are two good reasons for buying at half-past hallelujah in the morning. Does Fred Aebi want gas now?

Not particularly plotting, but John Hill and Horace Mills were alone together rathal late in Le-Blanc's the other night. Query is: do those gigolos discard dates before taking nourishment or are they just girl and fancy free.

Cork: "Well, well, here comes Harold Renfro, Fred Aebi, and Le-Roy Melcher."

Pint: "Good-bye forever old pal." Which indeed is an ancient but appropriate joke.

Mary Lou Gaines and Lulu Grace Kellogg are ex-college basketball players of cheerful characteristics. Can't someone keep such girls in Junior College!

Mr. Harris sadly gives up volleyball because of the flu. The 7:30 to 8:30 p. m. gymnasts say they'll miss that congenial personality.

Mr. Dupre, Mr. Ledlow and other members of the faculty also used to drop in. Flu doesn't excuse their not having shown up lately.

Even watch Lucy Grady at an H. J. C. RECEPTION? Not so humorous—she can really dance. Some of these scintillating shadows might well gain poundage if they would pound the dance floors as easily as does Lucy. She can follow like Mary's lamb—but don't follow her too closely when she leads the dance. Lucy's no tripping damsel, but she's fallen once or twice.

Really—

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to give the sound effect of horse's hoofs approaching.)

James: "Did you ever hear de time I almost licked Dem—"

Director French: "Shut up! All that you are supposed to say is 'no' Can you remember that?"

James: "No."

Director French: "Correct. Now go ahead, Mr. Renfro."

Harold: "I will save you fair maiden!"

Director French: "Go ahead Julian. What is the matter?"

James: "Gee, I've forgotten me lines!"

Women's Club

Continued from page 1

social. It was organized during the fall of 1931. At present there are 25 members in the club, including women of the college teaching staff and wives of the men faculty members.

Mrs. W. H. Miner is the chairman of the association, Mrs. E. E. Oberholzer is honorary chairman, and Mrs. Sue Thomason vice-chairman.

Mose: "What is yo' all doing now, Rastus?"

Rastus: "I'se a cafeteria black-smith."

Mose: "What do yo' do?"

Rastus: "I shoo flies."

SCANDAL SHEET

Hello everybody, here's your new Walter Chinwell: I see Wilma (gorgeous) Lindsey has a new coiffure, and it's even more alluring—my personal nomination for H. J. C.'s best boaster in Pat (Tootpick) Foley (ever hear him brag about Ann?) . . . Who is that certain boy friend that waits for Betty Starley every night? None other than Jerome "Slim" Ross (Rice student) . . . if any boy desires his heart broken, just let him look up Katherine Berry . . . Jen E. Wait giggles more than any girl I know . . . Jessie Darling (Junior College darling) seems to be that a way about Nell Wade (and she's mighty little and cute) . . . Wonder what charm it is that Andrew Shebay has over the girls? Is it his sex appeal? . . . Charles (Smile) Miller raves about a certain person named Roberta Starks. Ever see him waiting for her in front of Miss Thomason's room? . . . This issue by Minnie's request is dedicated to her. She had her name jerked from some gossip that was in this column . . . Wonder where her friend Libbie was? . . . Don't you just love Paul Nording's salutation—a wink of his eye . . . Mr. Birney runs Walter Chinwell a close race when it comes to knowing secrets. Don't let him know you have any . . . Bill Henderson's face reminds me of a school-girl's complexion (that is, when just shaven) . . . Israel (to smart) Rabinowitz has his quiet moments . . . I wonder if Totsie (sweet tooth) Stettner knows how exceedingly fortunate he is — The reason Helen Friedman . . . Saw J. J. Ross at school unshaven and sleepy on the evening of March 6th. (reasons, JJ-?) . . . I wonder if Saul Cobb wouldn't mind coming down to earth (a certain young girl would like to meet him . . . Will any one tell me who Dot Golden's real heart's desire is? . . . Kitty (popular) Hurlock has been going out pretty steady. Too bad fellows . . . A pretty newcomer is Peggy Fisher. Already she is forgetting Rice Institute and is "conquering" H. J. C. lads.—Well folks, I have to be going!



Our College Cutie Says
BY EVELYN COFFEY

Are We Sparing the Rod

"What is wrong with the older generation?" The younger generation believes this is a legitimate and timely question. The status between parent and child is undergoing a change, and the children are awakening to the realization that the change is not for the best. Carpet-baggers, working in the ranks of the parents, are spreading malicious doctrines of a hypocritical and unjust emancipation, and the older generation is foolishly warming to their dogma.

The following cases have been brought to the attention of the writer of this column, and show in frightful reality just how far the self-styled "emancipation" movement of the parents has been allowed to go:

"I have always been kind to my parents," says Jimmie Brinkley, "and have raised them under the Montessori system, starting them out with sets of varied sized blocks to be fitted into corresponding holder, and gradually working up to the proper splitting of kindling wood. I was entertaining a few friends yesterday at my home when Father entered the room without permission and, to my great mortification, crudely suggested that I dismiss my friends.

"My friends were as greatly concerned as myself over this outburst, and hurried home to look after their own parents. Am I at fault, some-

SHORTS AND SPATS

Pat Foley and Harold Renfro in a florist shop.
Pat: "So you wire flowers."
Operator: "Yes."
Pat: "Well wire me to New York—I'm a pansy."
Operator turning to Harold: "And you sir."
H.: "Oh, I'm just a black-eyed susan."

Imagine—
Jill Jenkins wearing the tight pants she was telling about. (Basketball pants of course).

Evelyn Basher light and willing. We think that chewing gum is a vulgar habit. The following people chew gum. Dorothy Golden, Frances Jordan, Frances Nesmith, Helen Wood, Jessie Darling, Mary Cohen, and—Oh! The whole darned school.
Kitty Hurlock just swishes along. Mr. Miller, says Mildred Learned, "frightens me to death." I'll bet he sticks his thumb in his ears and wiggles his fingers.

When will the faculty volley ball team play the girls volley ball team?

Warren L.: "May I kiss you?"
Marian R.: "Have you ever been kissed before?"
W. L.: "No."

M. R.: "Go ahead then, I don't like people who kiss and then tell."

Helen Gould is a pretty swell girl. She can ride, play tennis, skate, and swim just like a man, but I'll bet she can't scratch matches where my dad does.

Have you seen the four people who call themselves the racketeers? They are "Shorty" Sparks, "Kid" Jordan, Lucy, and Lucy.

Overheard at the zoo.
Charlie Shearn: "Good Heavens, something's wrong with me."
"Shorty" Wilke: "Sick?"

C. S.: "Nay, Just the fact that that elephant over there isn't pink."

Mack Douglas, "How did the Eagle become the national emblem?"
J. C. Allwright: "He isn't national yet. He was only elected to congress a few weeks ago."

how? Have I spared the rod and spoiled the parent?"

"Father is upset," Eugene Harris says, "so I stay away from home as much as possible, only sleeping and taking my meals there. Father knows that I never rise before noon and in the past has been considerate enough to make as little noise as possible while I was sleeping, but yesterday he woke me at ten o'clock to read me a letter that came in the morning mail. My day was ruined."

"If this keeps up much longer, I think I'll send him down the river."

The experience reported by Paul Nording is an especially alarming one:

"I came home at three o'clock one morning recently," he says, "after spending an exceedingly pleasant evening with my companions. Refreshments had been served and I was still feeling fine when I crossed the family threshold. My parents were sitting up waiting for me, and accused me in no uncertain terms of being 'lit.'" Can you tie that? And, besides, they had nothing to base their accusations on except that I had knocked over the bureau during my progress into the house.

"Is this the answer, the climax to the years I have devoted to the bringing-up of my parents? This happened only today. What new sorrow and degradation will they bring down upon me tomorrow? I shudder and wait!"

But these questions will not long



(The following letters were found accidentally, but if you don't believe them, send us a \$5.00 bill and we will give proof.)

The Cougar:

As long as I have to pay for that slice of newsprint you call a paper, why don't you put something in it worth reading. It wouldn't be so terrible if you would leave out everything but the business manager's name.

Minnie Topek

And here's our answer, gentle reader.

We are sorry that we cannot satisfy everyone, but as this is an institution of higher learning, we must appeal to the cultured, refined, and ambitious students. There is no room in our columns for the vulgar nonsense and low wit which would appeal to the very few. So we will continue to print only the highest quality of literature as usual.

The Editors.

Second National Bank
Gentlemen:

We are uniting in a body to ask your assistance helping us to get our frozen assets in your good bank, totaling \$13.76. We are now eating only one meal a day twice a week, and part of this we feed to the wolf at our door to keep him from starving.

Yours truly

Mr. Dupree
Mr. Birney
Mr. French

Houston School Board:
Gentlemen:

We are counting very much on you this summer, and will certainly feel slighted if you do not issue orders to keep all the boilers running full blast with the windows closed. All this winter these said boilers have had cobwebs on them, and there are more drafts than dizzy ideas in the school. Yours for more heat in the summer, and none, as usual, in the winter.

The student Body,
with ears frozen.

rest unanswered! Youth is an awakening to its responsibilities toward the older generation.

Screwiest Gags 'O the Month

Garnett Pickett has heard it said that often a girl has to choose between a four-cylinder shiek in a sixteen-cylinder car and sixteen-cylinder shiek in a four cylinder car. When the telephone company shuts off your phone because of an unpaid bill, concedes Henriette Daigle, there's no use talking.

Items of More or Less Interest

Practically, the whole of H. J. C.'s male population is competing for Daisy Lee and Mae Gahlke's smiles.

Marion Adams, an honorary member of the Pi Betas, has recently been elected president of the Delta Phi Epsilon fraternity at the University of Texas.

(Local boy makes good)
For the benefit of Pat Foley who likes to see his name in print—Pat Foley, Pat Foley, Pat Foley, Pat Foley.

Romantic Echoes

Harold Renfro's new love is Sissy O'Neale. Reporting his many romances is a task.

Despite the amorous glances and

STOP ME!

IF YOU HAVE HEARD THIS ONE

BY MILTON GREGORY

BUGS BLACK BLOOD cannot be said twice quickly. Try it.

Mt. Everest is not the highest mountain in the world. Mt. Chimborazo, in Ecuador is 2 1/2 miles higher.

It is impossible to see the sun, which is only 92,000,000 miles away from us. It takes the sun's rays eight minutes and thirty-eight seconds to reach our planet. In the meantime the sun has moved, and is really two of its own diameters away from the spot on which we seem to see it.

How is this? Place a jug of water on the ground in front of a bumble bee nest—stir up the bees—and they will fly into the jug one at a time. And down! A guaranteed trick!

Cleopatra, the famous Egyptian queen of antiquity, noted for her wisdom and beauty, was a direct descendant of four generations of of brother and sister marriages. She even married two of her own brothers and afterwards killed them.

Cheese can be sliced thinner with a dull knife than with a sharp knife.

An Indian fakir of Bengal held his hand aloft for 10 years, until a little bird built its nest within his immobile palm.

The Battle of Waterloo was not fought at Waterloo at all.

Oranges, Watermelons, and lemons are not fruit, neither are they vegetables. They are berries!

Can you prove that half of 12 is 7?

Few drops of black paint will make a can of white paint whiter.

John Paul Jones, United States Naval Hero, was not an American citizen, did not command a fleet of American ships, and his name was not Jones.

"I am not here" is a sentence entirely correct. Yet—it can never be used.

Leuben, famous German lunatic, bet that he could turn up a pack of cards in a certain order. He turned the cards 10 hours a day for 20 years, exactly 4,246,023 times before he succeeded.

sugary words of Nell Wade an Jesse Darling, I think it's madness.

Corn Weaver again has the inside track in Mildred Learned's affections, with George Hedrick running a close second.

Rumors persist, as this is written, that Fulto Renfro is that-a-way about Frances Nesmith.

This Catherine Berry—Pat Foley romance, which is one of those on-again-off-again things, is on again at present.

Euphonious Adjectives

Serene—Eather Tejml
Vermillion—Jenny Wait
Whoopee—Kitty Hurlock
Chic—Ruth Elrod
Glamorous—Virginia Cotton

Mr. V. T. is in the kitchen washing up the jugs.

Mr. J. is in the cellar bottling up the suds.

Mr. W. is in the parlor putting on the tops.

Mr. B. is on the porch watching for the cops.

PAGE WATSON! THERE'S SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS AFOOT—OR MAYBE IT IS JUST LEAVES RUSTLING

One evening about two months ago, I was rummaging thru the effects of my paternal ancestor, the late Herr Brush. Suddenly, I came across a most interesting scroll literally submerged in hydroglyphics. I immediately recognized it as one of the many ancient and original manuscripts that my ancestor made a habit of collecting. Sensing a momentous literary discovery and everlasting fame for myself, I immediately set about translating the hydroglyphics into Greek and then into English. After about six weeks of working thirty-six hours a day, I knew that success had come to me at last. The scroll was the outline and part of the score of the famous opera "Gesundheit Charley" by that dean of all German composers, Epsen Saultz. A condensed version follows:

Act One
Scene: A local speakeasy
Opening Chorus: "Cuh-ray-zee Peepul"
Solo: "Here it is Monday and I still got a dollar"
Oscar Hemmingway; the hero
Solo: "I'm your for tonight"
Iva Payne; the heroine.
Ditto: "I'm getting sentimental over you."
Oscar;
Same: "Puh-leez Mr. Hemmingway"

Duet: "Let's go on a party"
Mr. Hemmingway and Miss Payne

Chorus: "She Didn't say yes; she didn't say No"

Curtain; End Act One
Act Two
Orchestra: "At Dawning"
Duet: "Pink Elephants"

Hemmingway and Payne
Solo: "Look What You've Done to Me"

Miss Payne
Solo: "It was wonderful while it lasted"

Mr. H
As thunder crashes, Anacut Payne, the girl's father enters with a shotgun.

Solo: "Good-bye forever"

Hemmingway
Exit Hemmingway (fast)
Solo: "You Better Run, You Rascal You"

Mr. Payne
Curtain
Orchestra: "Goofus"
Epilogue

Solo: "And So I Married the Girl"

Mr. Hemmingway
Curtain
(collection of fruit and vegetables.)

P.S.—I just looked at the other side of the scroll and discovered it to be a roll of 1887 wall paper. The hydroglyphics were fly-specks I guess.

GIRL CAGERS BEAT COLLINS MEMORIAL

Junior College defeated the Collins Memorial 44 to 11 which terminated with a very unsportsman-like Collins team walking off the court late in the fourth quarter after disputing numerous decisions. Jack McGeath who has refereed all of the girls' games to date should be commended for his fine work and at no time should the inferior Collins team have complained of his officiating. Bonnie Shelton proved to be a new star by scoring 10 points and playing a fine offensive game. Avis Parks and Doris McVicker featured in their smooth passing combination while Jenny Wait was high scorer with 6 field goals and 4 free shots. Miss Hubernal proved to be a very poor sport in leading her team off the court due to the huge lead piled up by Junior College.

**BELIEVE IT!
IT'S TRUE**

Baltimore has developed a "Junior Fire Department" of 80,000 boys who are being taught the principles and practice of fire prevention.

In India there are about 2,300 castes or hereditary social classes, each of which establishes the status and usually the occupation of those who are born into it, and from which it is impossible honorably to escape—even through education and wealth

The consumption of both hard and soft coal is decreasing slowly in proportion to the population, but the use of fuel oil, natural gas and water power is developing quite rapidly.

In the United States today, not more than 5 out of every 100 families employ even one full-time servant.

Lightning flashes in three directions—from clouds to clouds, from clouds to the earth and from the earth to clouds.

Alekhine the chess marvel—Dr. Alexander Alekhine, world's champion chess player, has often played against a dozen or more opponents while blindfolded, and has always won a large majority of his games. Recently he played 21 games at the National Chess club, and on the following day called off every move—over 1500—without error. He emerged with 12 wins, four losses and five draws. At present Dr. Alekhine is touring the United for a series of exhibition games.

Candle light "goes out" when you blow it, because you blow away the gases which feed the flame! In lighting a candle, the match must be held to the wick long enough for the wax to begin to melt and form gases.

A record put out—The flicker, a species of woodpecker indigenous to northern and eastern North America, ordinarily lays six eggs. But if its production be stimulated by robbing the nest daily this production can be increased considerably. Seventy-one eggs in 71 days by a single flicker has been produced, by actual experiment.

Bats have a peculiar faculty of avoiding objects in their way. If a bat is blinded and placed in a room with threads and branches strung about it will flit in and out without touching a single barrier. Scientists, endeavoring to learn the reason for this skill, believe that bats possess feeling intensely, the membranes of the nose and wings being filled with numerous nerves in addition to blood vessels. Many have curiously shaped fleshy appendages called nose-leaves around nose and mouth that are peculiarly sensitive.

CAN YOU TAKE IT?

FULTON RENFRO, once a high-flier at Sam Houston, has fallen for our magazine cover advertisement for spinach—FRANCES NESMITH.

That crazy, itzy, bitzy MARJORIE WILKE pulled one the other day. Mr. Hooker told his class that the tiny foramanifera died and made the chalk cliffs of England. "Dern white of 'em," approved Margie.

Slender OPAL WILKINS worries about being too fat.

EDWIN BAKER entered at mid-term and now knows everyone from the janitor down to Dupre. He was the highest officer in the R. O. T. C. at Sam Houston.

ELAMEY FISHER, late of Rice, is another Sam Houston grad that entered at mid-term. Mesta Wag-ganer, who knows her, is kept busy handing out info about the charming young lady. Yes, lady!

ISRAEL RABINOWITZ every night undresses into track clothes, runs a couple miles around the front campus, takes a cold plunge, then skips merrily home—or maybe he has the order wrong. Enyhoe, he does it all to top off his six course schedule.

SARAH MOLLY SCHIMMEL, who has reached the merry old age of 15, had a story published in the AMERICAN, and other of her literary attempts is to be published in LIBERTY in December.

We want our name in the paper but can't think of anything that we've done to have it put in about.

Have you noticed the ring on the engagement finger of MARY MOORE?

C. W. SKIPPER is a typical newspaper man.

In the spring a young man fancies himself—and also in the summer, winter, and fall.

SISSY O'NEAL is delicious enough to eat.

Oh, that play! Was anything so terrible as hearing AL GARDNER recite "Friends, Romans" etc. And poor HENRIETTE. She had to lie dead on the stage for ten minutes without moving. And we just can't get over a red headed Hamlet. By the way, EVA LYN and LILLY ANN, what was it all about?

If EVELYN COFFEY starts keeping bad company the bad company will then be good company. Yeah, this is code.

"SPITFIRE" WADE can make us blush. Our little NELL (very little, mentally, physically, and otherwise) wouldn't be wuffed up to the angels if her Uncle Tom should go down the river.

A Boomerang

Lodger—"This steak is like a cold day in June, very rare."

Landlady—"And your bill is like March weather, very unsettled."

He—"Goodness, George! This is not our baby! This is the wrong carriage."

She—"Shut up! This is a better carriage."



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**MUD AND MEDALS
BY MESTA**

Oh, hear the moan of womanhood's plight

As mothers sit up late and quake,
"Oh, Heaven, guide my boy tonight,
"Cause Kitty's on the make."

Minnie's best friend Minnie is beloved

By Minnie most of all, tis said.

And, tho' Minnie by the world be snubbed,

Her esteem for Minnie is never dead.

"They're just too awfully silly," say some;

And 'tis no doubt but they're both nertz

But name two females an inch more fun

Than brunette Cocky and blondy Swertz.

Ethel Margaret Falk, sophisticated is she,

Her perfume flutters hearts as nostrils it assails,

Her face and figure are as pretty as can be,

But, Lord, she bites her finger nails.

Staggering down the hall come Hamp and Mary,

They cling to each other a while, then shove,

And tho' their eyes are awful starey, 'S not liquor 'at makes 'em drunk —'s love.

There is no question more current, now, than beer;

About his skinny tallness and his looks were glad,

His eyebrows—shades of Mercury! So right now and here

We ask, why doesn't Joe Beer drive the woman mad?

Breathes there a man more alive than our own Brinkley?

Holds a nine hour job, makes "A's" in some of six courses,

Dates every night—no halo 'round that hair so crinkly;

Horse sense? No! but has the energy of several horses.

"Little boy," said the minister to the urchin, who was tying a can to a dog's tail, "do you know the wages of sin?"

"Is dis a sin?" queried Johnny, without looking up.

"It certainly is."

"Well I don't want any wages fer dis. I'm doin' it for fun."

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H U M O R

Jimmie Miller: "The president of the First National Bank gyped me out of a hundred thousand dollars."
Ralph Mouret: "Why do you mean he gyped you?"
Jamie: "He won't let me marry his daughter."

Lamar Harlan: "I sure was lousy in that last bout tonite. For two cents I'd let you sock me on jaw."
Ev Ames: "I'll take a dollars worth."

Mary Burleson: "Haven't seen you for months; where've you been keeping yourself?"
Maxine Fowler: "What makes you think I've been keeping myself?"

Mule in a barnyard, lazy, and sick. Boy with a pin on the end of a stick. Boy jabbed the mule—mule gave a lurch (services Monday at the M. E. Church).

Mamie: "What's the matter? What are you quarreling about now?"

Gertrude: "Sister and I were playing shipwreck and she won't go in the bathroom and drown herself."

Mr. Killough: "Has that young man who has been calling on you given you any encouragement?"

Myrtle: "Yes sir, last night he asked me if you and mother were agreeable to live with."

Mr. Robert Hopson, Sr.: "My son came out today. He got four years taken off his sentence for good conduct."

"There you are. I always said you would be proud of that boy."

Ausine Buster: "What is your worst sin,"

Juanita Buller: "My vanity. I spend hours before the mirror admiring my beauty."

"That is not vanity, Juanita—that is imagination."

A taxicab driver was hailed by a speakeasy doorman, who escorted four men to the cab, arranged them carefully within, and instructed the chauffeur:

"That man on the left (Hamp)

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goes to —Park Avenue, the next one (Rip) to —East Sixty-fifth Street, the one on the left in the front seat (G. Hedrick) goes to —East Fiftieth, and the other (H. Mills) to —Riverside.

The driver nodded understandingly and drove away. In a few minutes he was back, beckoning to the doorman.

"Hey buddy," he said, "would you mind sortin' these guys out again? I hit a bump on Sixth Avenue."

"Is it very far to the next town?"
B. Hoffman: "Well it seems further'n it is, but it ain't."

Pi: Skyppeer's girl is just like the drink of the Gods.
Beta: How's that?
Pi: Eevrybody's nectar.

Richard Gustave: It certainly is dark in this parlor. Gosh, I can't even see my hand in front of me.

Ruth Gribble: That's all right. I know where it is.

Fairfax M.: Hey Mom, do you think it is windy enough for me to wear my new undies.

Says Dee Jackson: Love may be blind, but it has a marvelous sense of touch.

"So you are undertaking to keep bees?"
"Yes," answered Farmer Corn-tassel. "I don't want to miss anything, and I've been stung every other way there is."

Mrs. Gabb—"So your husband objects to cats?"

Mrs. Stabb—"Yes, indeed. He says that I feed all the cats in the neighborhood. Won't you stay and have tea?"

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